

Evan Meier

Libretto by Luke Richmond

She is in the Sea

Monodrama for Coloratura-Soprano
and Piano

Composed for Opera from Scratch workshop, Halifax Nova Scotia August 20-26th, 2012

Scenario - Loosely based on the ballad "The Cruel Mother," recorded by Helen Creighton in Nova Scotia.

A young woman falls in love with a man who shortly leaves her to fight in the French and Indian War. Although he has assured her he will return, he does not. She soon discovers that she is pregnant with his child, and gives birth to a daughter in the winter after his departure. Disowned by her family and embittered by her fate, she throws her child into the Sackville River. She fears the possibility that her crime will be discovered and punished, but soon realizes that amidst the violence of the war, none will miss a dead child, nor care to seek her mother out for justice.

Duration - 8'45"

Performance Notes:

Accidentals carry across the measure, but do not carry across octaves.

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Tranquillo $\text{♩} = 60$

p
She is in the

6 *poco rit.* *A tempo* $\text{♩} = 60$
sea. With-in the sum - mer sea. Lost down this

11 *mf* *p*
black ri- ver_ and swirl - ing in the flood

15

My help-less child, whose sob-bing eyes and lit-tle lips I kissed,

sim.

17

mf

Re mains for-ev-er si - lent, fall - ing in the sea.

pp

20

rit. - - - - **Meno mosso** ♩ = 56

p

24 **Colla voce**

p

More is-sued from an hour-long love than pro-mis es be-

Giusto

29

trayed That sin re-mits a pain-ful toil in

rit.

Tempo I ♩ = 60

Colla voce

32

se - quel to its joys. Love is gasp - ing, burst - ing

35

Giusto

spring chased by a reck-less fall An ef-flor - es-cence gone to seed to bear its

39

Colla voce

fruit a - lone Thus life goes on, yet love does not,

45 *mf* **Giusto**

it with-ers on the vine. It blos-soms for abreath of time and dies.

mf 3 3

mf 3

Ped.

50

Ped.

55 **Piu mosso** ♩ = 66

And we by faith-less

p *pp* *p*

tr

8vb

Ped.

59

love de-ceived must shun our love in turn. Or face the shame of wo - men bear-ing

fpp *p* *sfz* *sfz*

tr

72 *rit.* *mf* *A tempo* $\text{♩} = 56$ *Colla voce* *pp* *Giusto* *rit.*

moon - light draws a - way the sea may car-ry home

A tempo $\text{♩} = 56$ *p* *mf* *p*

77 She may be found in Bed - ford Bay a - wash a-mong the shoals.

81 *Grave* $\text{♩} = 48$ *pp* *pp*

The rock - weed tan gled in her limbs. Glist-en-ing in the sun

85

89

Urgent $\text{♩} = 88$

mf How will I an - swer? How will I

93

an - swer if they find a mo-ther's mur - dered babe? I am no

98

chaste and nu - bile_ girl. I've lost all trace of that.

101

They will know a mo-ther's breast... A tur - gid wast - ed

104

womb. My God, my God, this bur-den

f

mf *sfz*

108 **Piu mosso quasi alla marcia** ♩ = 96

cuts so deep...

mp

112

But so is ev-ery liv - ing brow re - crossed with nag-ging sins.

p *mf*

117

There's hell in ev-ery heart that beats with

mp *mf* *mp*

121 *ff* **Meno mosso** ♩ = 84 *mp*

rush - ing mur - derous blood. — A-midst the rud-dy clash of war,

poco rit. — — — — — **Tempo quasi alla marcia** ♩ = 96 *p* *pp* *mp*

what's one more lit - tle life?

129 *p* *f*

One dead child is no-thing when the *live* live by the knife.

poco rit. — — — — — *mp* *p*

No, none will dare con - demn me. — No spring tides will

137

soil my name... They'll on - ly serve to rinse a - way my

140

shame, to rinse a way my shame, to

143

rinse a - way my shame.

pp *mf*

145

p