

The Resurrection Engine

A Chamber Opera
in One Act

Evan Meier

Libretto by E.M. Lewis

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Characters:

Edward Combe (Baritone)

The groundskeeper on the Carminow Estate in Dartmorr. Gruff, uneducated, hard-working, religious. A widower. His beloved sixteen-year-old daughter Clara has just died, in the cholera epidemic that swept through England.

Dillon Combe (Tenor)

Edward's younger brother. He also works for Professor Carminow, who has found, his knowledge of local plants and herbs useful. He is intrigued by Carminow's work, though he remains wary.

Professor Tomas Carminow (Bass-baritone)

A scientist. He studied in London, but has returned to his family's estate in Dartmoor to pursue his own projects, specifically building a machine that can raise the dead. Ruthlessly intelligent, he is impatient with those who cling to what he considers old ideas.

Time

1867

Place

Dartmoor, England

The estate of Professor Tomas Carminow

The story moves between the brothers' cottage, and the professor's laboratory. A split stage would allow both action and music to flow smoothly between the two.

The Combe brothers' cottage is plainly appointed -- table and chairs, a work bench strewn with fresh herbs and glass medicine jars, and a make-shift cot, set up in the corner of the room. The body of Edward's daughter, Clara, lies on the cot, draped with a white sheet. Tied bunches of rosemary have been hung to ward off the foetid smell of death.

Tomas Carminow's laboratory is dominated by the Resurrection Machine, which fills half the room. It is a strange contraption, iron springs and glass tubing, levers and indicators, and a gleaming metal vat in which to lay the dead.

Notes

The Anglican hymn that Edward sings excerpts from is "All Praise to Thee, my God, This Night," words by Thomas Ken, set to a canon by Thomas Tallis.

While accidentals carry through the measure, they do not carry across octaves.

Scene I

Edward and Dillon Combe's Cottage. Night

Edward sits beside Clara's bed, weeping. Her body is shrouded with a white sheet.

Grave $\text{♩} = 48$

ff p pp p pp

5 sfz p

8 *molto accel.* *molto rit.* A tempo

11

8^{vb}

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3 Attempting to sing the Anglican hymn with a broken voice. Unsupported, reaching into falsetto.

14 *p* poco rit. A tempo

E. *Praise God from Whom all bles sings flow; Praise Him all crea-tures here be - low; Praise*

19 poco rit.. A tempo rit.

E. *Him a -bove, ye heav-enly host; Praise Fa -ther, Son, and Ho -ly*

22 A tempo sfz Meno mosso

E. *Ghost. Teach me to live, that I may dread the grave as lit - tle*

25 *rit.* *A tempo* *rit.* *A tempo*
norm. pp Edward looks over at Clara

as my... — bed. Teach me to live that I may...

pp sub. *ppp* *ff*

Edward lurches to his feet with a sudden, vicious anger.

29 *Piu mosso* ♩ = 58 *f* *p sub.*

How can she be gone? Cla-ra. Sweet Cla-ra.

Piu mosso ♩ = 58 *p* *sfz* *p*

34 *f* *p sub.*

Dear God, How can you take_ her from me? Sweet-est daugh-ter. My

f *p sub.*

38

poco rit. *A tempo*

E. *gol - den flow - er. All is lost. My wife... my*

poco rit. *A tempo*

41

molto accel. .

E. *sweet, strong sons... And still, I sing to Thee in*

molto accel. .

molto rit.

A tempo

45

E. *Sun day prayer. But now you take my girl from me?*

molto rit.

A tempo

Sub

51 *f* *p sub.*

E. How can you take her from me? Sweet-est daugh- ter... How can you take her? My

56 *pp* *pp* *pp*

E. gol- den flow - er... How can you take her? There are things we

Colla voce

60 *molto accel.* *molto accel.*

E. can - not bear to lose.

7 **Con moto** ♩ = 100

63 *p*

E. Teach me to die so that I may rise glo - rious at the

Con moto ♩ = 100

p sub.

67 *Edward touches the white sheet that drapes Clara's face.*

E. judg - ment day. Rise glo - rious

sfz

70

E. at the judg - ment day... But that's too late...

f *p*

f *p*

8^{vb}
ppp sub.

74 *f* Edward searches the work bench.

E. *f* If there's a-no-ther way, where I don't have to wait.

p *fp*

(8)-----

77 *f*

E. *f* I should-n't think it. Wrong Im-pos si ble and wrong. Im-pos-si-ble.

f *fp*

Dillon enters, cringing at the smell and putting a cloth to his face. He freezes, there in the shadows.

80 *Colla voce, poco meno mosso* ♩ = 88 *p*

D. *p* So - ur, pier - cing, foe-tid

E. But if they could....

Colla voce, poco meno mosso ♩ = 88

sfp *f* *sfz* *pp sub.*

84 *poco rit.*

D. *smell of death. Sweet Cla - ra. I am too late. I've failed you both.*

88 *Giusto* ♩ = 100 *p*

E. *Where is it?*

Giusto ♩ = 100 *sfp*

90

E. *Green - gold ma - gic tinc - ture that pow - ers the ma - chine*

Edward discovers Dillon's satchel.

92 *ff*

E. they're build - ing in the dark. There!

Dillon grabs the satchel and wrenches it away from his brother.

95 *f*

D. What are you do - ing? What do you want with my sat - chel?


98 *Meno mosso* ♩ = 76

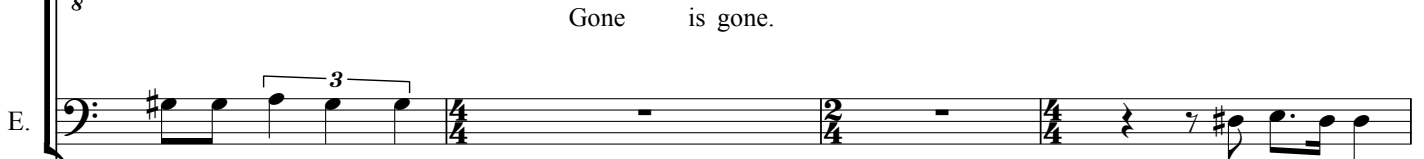
D. I know.

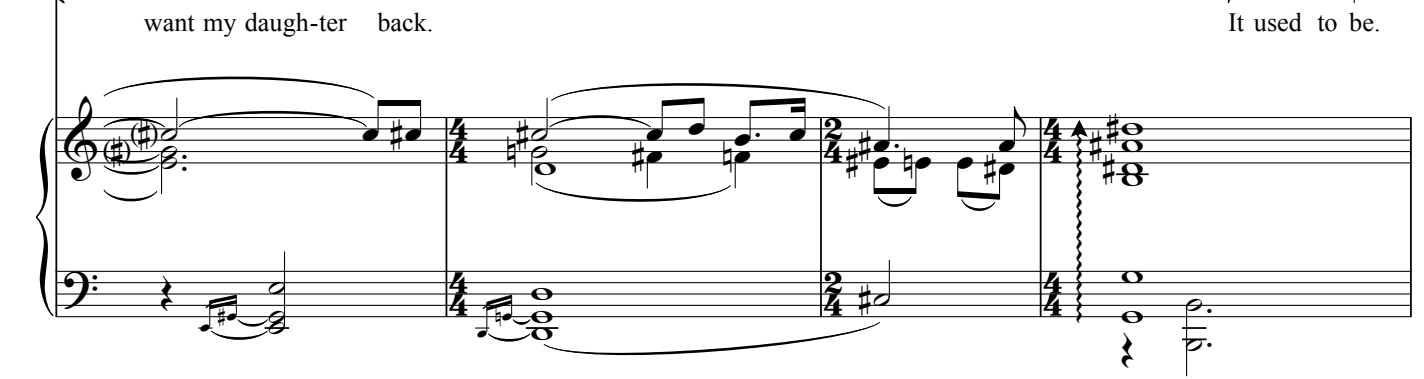
E. She's gone. — I

Meno mosso ♩ = 76

102

D.  Gone is gone.

E.  want my daugh-ter back. It used to be.



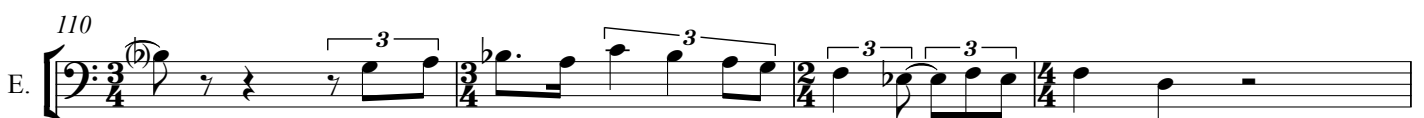
106 rit. Misterioso ♩ = 72 *p*

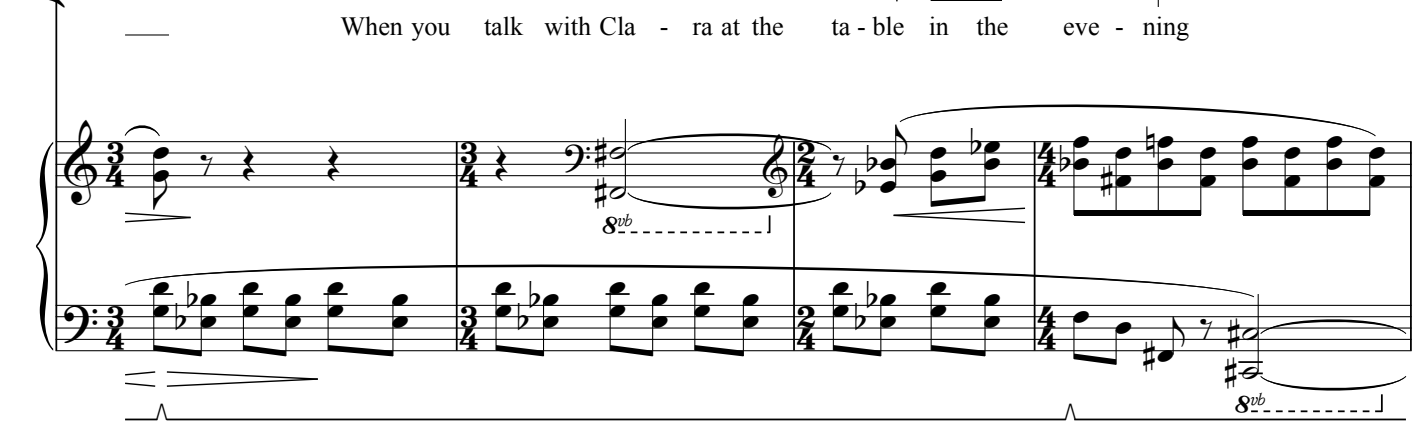
E.  No more. You think I on ly tend the grounds? I lis- ten.

rit. Misterioso ♩ = 72 *pp*



110

E.  When you talk with Cla - ra at the ta - ble in the eve - ning



114

E. *a-bout the herbs you've gath- ered... their pro-per - ties... The ma-chine Pro -*

117

E. *fes - sor Car-mi-now is build - ing... Old Ed - ward lis - tens.*

120

E. *You're build - ing some - thing Build - ing a ma - chine to*

122 *f* *mf* *f*

E. raise the dead. I've heard it. rum-bling, shriek-ing, tick-ing, hum-ing.

f *p* *f*

sfz

8^{vb}

126 *mf*

E. I've seen a crea-ture I've flung in to the grave stand star-ing at

p sub. *sfp* *sfp*

8^{vb}
Ped.

129 *f*

E. me then run in to the woods be - yond. I did not trust my eyes.

f *fp*

(8)

133

D. *p* *3* *3*

E. I did not want to know. But now I must.

We should call the priest.

fp *sf*

8^{vb}-----|

136

D. *p* *3* *3*

E. *f* *f* *p*

To dig a hole for my sweet girl? God does-n't need her. I do.

She's with God now.

sfz *sfz* *p* *sfz* *pp*

8^{vb}-----|

141

D. *f*

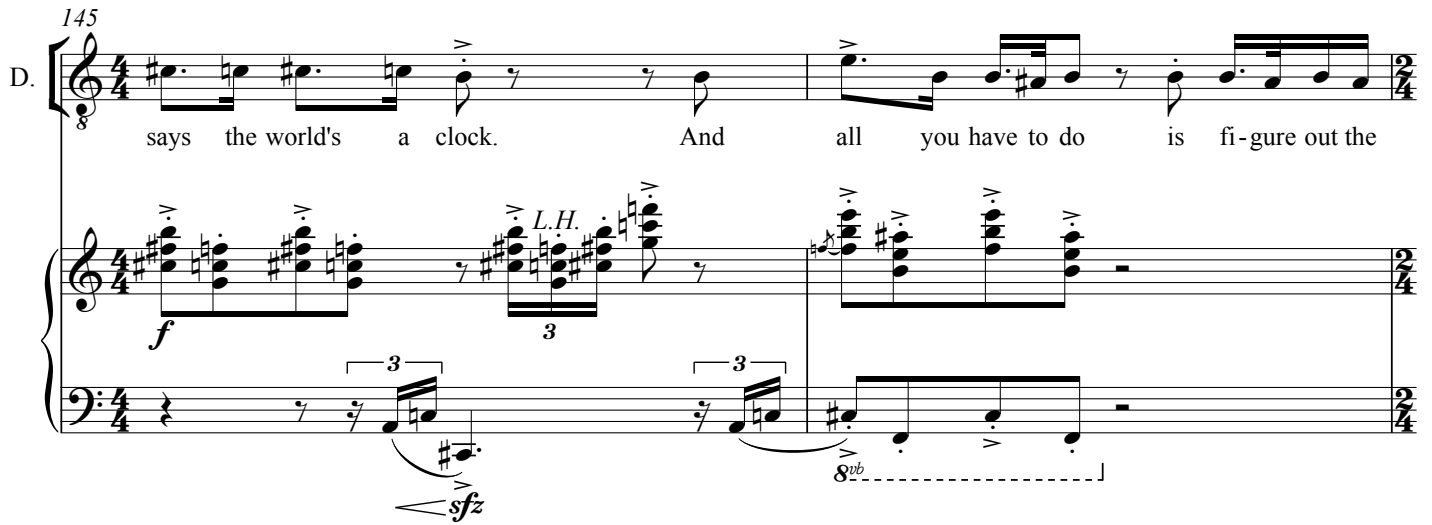
E. *f*

Tell me how it works. He

f *p* *3* *3*

8^{vb}-----|

145

D. 

says the world's a clock. And all you have to do is fi-gure out the

f

L.H.

sfz

8vb

147

D. 

works and build them. Pour the tinc-ture in Pull the le - vers down...

fp

p

150

D. 

Pul-leys, cranks, gears, bear-ings.

f

L.H.

5

E. 

He has en-gine - ered the

155 *ff* *f*

E. re - sur - rec - tion. I have to talk to him.

ff *fp*

8^{va} Ped.

158 *p*

D. Here,

E. Con - vince him to help me. Edward stands, and sways.

smorzando *fp*

160 rit. ♩ = 63

D. lie down. You're ex-haus-ted. You can bare-ly stand.

E. She's my daugh-ter.

rit. ♩ = 63 *sfz* *p* *sfz*

164

E.

If I can-not stand I'll crawl... You've ne-ver been_ a fath-er. You

p sub.

168

E.

can't un-der-stand. My one good thing in all the world. If he could bring her

p

Doloroso ♩ = 84

p

Doloroso ♩ = 84

sfz

p

173

D.

mf

E.

back to me, the world will turn from dark to light. To Cla-ra's grave, he holds the key.

178

D. can - not bear to let you go. I should-n't want to keep you here. You're sing - ing with the

E. *p* My one good thing in all the world. If he could bring her

183

D. an - gels now. But how to lose a thing so dear?

E. back to me, the world will turn from dark to light.

molto rit. *f*

Edward moves toward the door, but stumbles. Dillon puts a hand on his shoulder and picks up the satchel.

187

A tempo ♩ = 84

D. You sit.

E. *p sub.* To Cla - ra's grave, he holds the key.

A tempo ♩ = 84

sfz *p sub.* *sfz* *sfz*

192

D.

I'll do it. I'll ask the pro-fes- sor. God help me.

p

8vb

196

D.

p

3

Go sit with her. Sweet Cla - ra.

Edward returns to Clara; sinks down in the chair beside her.

200

D.

p sub.

sfz

I should-n't want to keep you here u - pon this wret-ched

f

p sub.

sfz

205 *p*

D. *p* earth, which has no sweet-ness now that you are gone. *f* We *p*

210 *rit.* *Poco meno mosso* ♩ = 76

D. have to let you go. This is a test of our faith. I be

rit. *Poco meno mosso* ♩ = 76

214 *mf*

D. lieve Don't I? In God and Hea-ven and the an-gels' choir. We have to

mf *p*

A tempo ♩ = 84

220

D. *p* 3 3

let you go. In to the dark - ness? In to a

A tempo ♩ = 84

rit. - Poco meno mosso ♩ = 76

mf

225

D. cold, wet, mud-dy hole? No. I be - lieve Don't I? I be

rit. - Poco meno mosso ♩ = 76

sfz

f

230

D. lieve. I be - lieve. Don't I? We

f

*Dillon glances back at Edward, then
puts the tincture into the satchel.*

235 *A tempo* ♩ = 84 *p*

D. *have to let you go. I'll give this back to the pro - fes sor. He'll send for a*

239 *A tempo* ♩ = 84 *p*

D. *priest. And it will be done. Dear-est bro - ther.*

243 *A tempo* ♩ = 84 *p*

D. *It will be done. —*

Dillon exits, satchel in hand. attacca

Scene II

Professor Tomas Carminow's laboratory.
*Prof. Carminow works on the machine intently, sleeves
 rolled up, oil marring his pressed white linen shirt.*

Meccanico ♩ = 126

249

256

263

T.

Tick tock. Tick tock.

269

T.

Tick tock. The world is a clock. Tick tock. Tick tock.

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275

T. Build the fu - ture my key in it's lock.

8va

sfz

p

8vb_1

282

T. Stu - dy the plans. make them real. Pro me - the - us the fire

288

T. steel. Pro me - the - us the fire steal.

Colla voce *pp* **Giusto**

Colla voce

sfz

mp

294

T. Build to - mor - row. Turn the gear. Feel the hum of the fu - ture here. Feel the

mf **Colla voce** *pp*

Colla voce

mf

Colla voce

pp

Colla voce

300

Giusto

T. hum of the fu-ture here. Tigh-ten the

p

Giusto

sfz

p

306

T. bolt. Turn the screw. To - mor-row's co ming in - to view. I

f

f

sfz

p

312

Dillon enters.

D. Pro - fes - or!

T. feel it. Go a-

f

f

mf

sfz

p

Dillon grabs
Tomas' arm.

319

D. *mf*
It's im - por - tant. Cla - ra's dead.

T.
way! I'm wor - king.

mf *p*

sfz

326

T. *Colla voce* $\text{♩} = \text{♩} (\text{♩} = 126)$ *p*
This cho le - ra keeps up and Dart - moor will be emp - tied of

Colla voce $\text{♩} = \text{♩} (\text{♩} = 126)$ *p*

331

D. *p*
I'm

T.
eve - ry - thing but sheep and ghosts. Sit be - fore you fall.

fp

ped.

337

D.

sor-ry. I can't stop weep-ing. I've failed them both.

342

T.

You have good rea-son to be dis - traught. Beau-ti - ful girl.

Giusto, Misterioso

347

T.

Dillon takes the tincture out of the bag. *He hands it to Tomas.*

The tinc-ture. You made a new

Giusto, Misterioso

ppp

351 *p*

D. *I made it yes - ter - day. But you have to*

T. *batch?*

354 *sfz*

D. *take it. Ed - ward's mad with grief.*

Tomas sets the tincture on the table between them. **A tempo** ♩ = 126

358 **Meno mosso** *pp*

D. *He want's to know if you can bring her back*

T. *When did she ex-*

Meno mosso *pp* **A tempo** ♩ = 126

f *p*

362

T.

pire? _____ Breathe her last? _____

Musical score for Tenor (T.) and Piano accompaniment, measures 362-365. The Tenor part has lyrics "pire?" and "Breathe her last?". The piano accompaniment features a bass line with triplets and chords in the right hand.

366

D.

An hour a-go. No more than that. But... We can't

Musical score for Soprano (D.) and Piano accompaniment, measures 366-369. The Soprano part has lyrics "An hour a-go. No more than that. But... We can't". The piano accompaniment features a bass line with triplets and chords in the right hand.

370

D.

do this. We've ne- ver tried it on a per- son.

Musical score for Soprano (D.) and Piano accompaniment, measures 370-373. The Soprano part has lyrics "do this. We've ne- ver tried it on a per- son.". The piano accompaniment features a bass line with triplets and chords in the right hand.

373 *mf* *ff*

T. Some - one must be first.

377 *Colla voce* *ff* $\text{♩} = \text{♩} (\text{♩} = 126)$

D. Not her! You're mad.

T. *p* Not mad.

Colla voce $\text{♩} = \text{♩} (\text{♩} = 126)$ *pp*

383

T. Prac-ti cal. If we're go-ing to do this, We must

388

T. do it now. And we want it, don't we?

394

T. This is ever-y-thing we've been work - ing towards, Mis-ter Combe.

Giusto
Tomas puts his hand on the machine.

Giusto

401

408

T. The world is a clock The world is a clock The world is a clock

mf

413 *f*

T. *f*

And I am the watch mak-er's ap - pren - tice. Stud-y-ing_ the

(8)

sf

419 *mf*

T. *mf*

works Stick-ing my hands in side Not con-tent to

(8)

ff *p*

424

T.

sit and watch the time tick tick tick... Not con-tent to sit and watch the time tick

430 *sfz* *f*

T. *sfz* *f*

tick tick past like all the rest who

ff *p* *f*

436

T. *mf* sit and wait and sit and wait and sit and wait like all the rest who sit and wait and

441

T. *ff* sit and wait and sit and wait for what? *mf* For God? The

447

T. *f* world is a clock The world is a clock The world is a clock and

452

T. *p*

I am the watch mak-er's ap - pren - tice. I want more time.

(8)

ff

p

458

D. *f*

T. *f*

God's ap - pren - tice? Is

And what I want, I'll make.

ff

sfz

8va

464

D. *ff*

T. *ff*

that what you think you are?

Why not? If

ff

(8)

469

T. *p*
I can do what he does? What does your bro - ther

D. *mf* *f*
He wants to bring her back.

T. *mf*
want us to do?

D. *f*
But...

T. *f*
Are you go-ing to fail him a - gain?

488

T. Do you want to save _____ your niece?_

496

T. Why should we lose what we have the pow - er to

502 **ff** *Tomas presses the tincture into Dillon's hands.*

keep?

509

515

fp

2

D. 520

mf

Our one good thing in all the

2

D. 526

world. If you can bring her

T. *mf*

Tick tock. Tick tock. Tick tock.

2

fp

531

D. *8* back to me, the world will turn from

T. The world is a clock. The world is a clock. We'll do this

536

D. *8* dark to light. To Cla - ra's grave you

T. *f* for your bro - ther's sake. He wants more time; we want more time and

541

D. *8* hold the key. Tick tock.

T. *p* what we want we'll make. We'll do this for your bro - ther's

547

D. *sfz* *f*

The world is a clock. Our one good thing in all the world.

T. *f*

sake. We'll do this for your brother's sake.

8va

553

D. If you can bring her back to me,

T. We want more time; he wants more time.

8va

558

D. the world will turn from dark to

T. And what we want, we want, we'll

8va

562

D. light. To Cla - ra's grave you hold the key.

T. make. He wants more time; we want more time and what we want we'll make.

8va

567

D. To Cla - ra's grave

T. He wants more time; we

(8)

572

D. you hold the key.

T. want more time and what we want, we want, we'll make.

(8)

Tomas presses the tincture into Dillon's hands.

578 (8) *p sub.*

584 D. *p*
Why should we lose what we

589 D. *f* *p sub.*
have the pow - er to keep.

596 T. *f*
Bring her bo - dy here im - me - diate-ly.

mf *sfz*

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The musical score is divided into four systems. The first system (measures 578-583) features a piano accompaniment with a treble clef and a bass clef. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth notes and slurs, while the left hand provides harmonic support with chords and some single notes. A dynamic marking of *p sub.* is present. The second system (measures 584-588) includes a vocal line for the Soprano (S) part, starting with the lyrics 'Why should we lose what we'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures. The third system (measures 589-595) features a vocal line for the Soprano (S) part with lyrics 'have the pow - er to keep.'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *f* and *p sub.*. The fourth system (measures 596-600) features a vocal line for the Tenor (T) part with lyrics 'Bring her bo - dy here im - me - diate-ly.'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *mf* and *sfz*.

Dillon nods and goes.

601 T. There is no time to waste.

605

609

613 *fp* *fp*

617 *ff*

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Scene III

The cottage.

Edward kneels by Clara's bed. He is calmer, his voice stronger.

620 **Maestoso** ♩ = 84 *p* *rit.* *f*

E. *All praise to Thee, my God, this night for all the bles-sings of the light! _____*

Maestoso ♩ = 84 *p* *rit.* *f*

625 **Meno mosso** *rit.* **A tempo** ♩ = 84 *rit.*

E. *...for all the bles-sings of the light! Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, be-neath Thine own al-*

Meno mosso *mf* **A tempo** ♩ = 84 *rit.*

631 *f* **Meno mosso** **A tempo** ♩ = 84

E. *migh-ty wings. ...be-neath Thine own al-migh-ty wings. _____*

Meno mosso *f* **A tempo** ♩ = 84

636

D.

f

Ed-ward! We're to bring her o-ver right a-way.

pp

f

641

D.

p

The pro-fes-sor's go-ing to bring our Cla-ra back.

ff

646

E.

ff

On-ly God has the pow-er to bring her back to life.

651

D.

f

Not an-y more.

p

I've failed you once, when I

654 **poco rit.**

D. let her die. I won't fail you a-gain. We must try._____

E. I

poco rit.

p sub.

659 **Meno mosso** ♩ = 76

E. ne-ver said you failed me... us. I ne-ver thought that e-ven once._____ Dil-lon. You will

Meno mosso ♩ = 76

664

E. ne - ver have peace if you take life and death_ in - to your own hands.

668

D. *P* What is

E. That is God's do- main, not man's.

673

D. known can-not be un- known. The pro-

poco rit. Dillon holds up the tincture.

pp

677

D. *A tempo* *f* *p sub.* fes - sor plucked that ap - ple from the tree. And there's no put-ting it back a-

A tempo *f* *p sub.*

681

D. gain. He holds the

pp
Ped.

683

D. key to the grave, and he's put - ting it in our

f

685

D. hands. Do you love Cla - ra?

ff
p sub.

687

D. *mf* *3* *3* *3*
 Can we live with our-selves, if we could bring her back

E. *ff*
 More than life.

ff *mf*

691

D. *3* *3*
 a gain, and we don't try?

Edward closes his eyes for a moment, but then squares his shoulders, and picks up Clara's sheet-draped body.

696

rit. *Misterioso* ♩ = 58

pp

701

8va

3

Edward steps to the threshold between the cottage and the laboratory. Dillon moves to his brother's side. For a moment, they stand there, looking across into the laboratory at what Carminow is doing, as if there were no space between.

poco accel.

705

f

4/4

In the laboratory, a low, rumbling hum comes from the machine. Tomas circles it briskly -- adjusting wires and tightening bolts. Getting ready.

709

8va

ff

♩ = 100

Meccanico ♩ = 126

713

ppp

sfz

ppp

f

719

*Dillon and Edward step into the laboratory.
Edward clutches Clara's sheet-draped body
tightly to his chest. Dillon carries the tincture.*

E. *f* What do we do?

T. I knew you'd come.

729

D. *f* The vat. There. Set her down in it.

T. *f* Put her in. Lay her down.

Edward gently lowers Clara's body down into the vat.
The sheet remains, draped over the top, pale and soft
against the hard steel workings of the machine.

734 *f* *pp*

8vb

Ed. _____

740 *mf* *p* Edward steps back. $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

E. I'm a - fraid. I can-not bear to let you go.

sfz *p sub.*

8vb

746 *p*

D. Tick tock. The world is a clock. We'll do this for my bro-ther's sake.

E. I should-n't want to keep you here.

T. Your one good thing in all the world.

750

D. *mf* Tick tock. The world is a clock.

E. *mf* You're sing - ing with the an - gels now. But how to lose a

T. *mf* If I could bring her back to thee..... the world will turn from

mf

sfz

754

D. *f* He wants more time we want more time and what we want we'll make.

E. *f* thing so dear. The world will turn from dark to light!

T. *f* dark to light. To Cla - ra's grave I hold the key.

f

758

D. *p* _____ *f* _____ *p*
 The world will turn from dark to light _____ The

E. *p* _____ *f* _____
 The world will turn from dark to light _____

T. *p* _____ *f* _____ *p*
 The world will turn from dark to light... The

sf *p*
p sub.

763

D. *mf*
 world will turn from dark to light... _____

E. *p* _____ *mf*
 The world will turn from dark to light... _____

T. *mf*
 world will turn from dark to light... _____

mf

767

T.

Pour the

773

T.

tinc - ture in the ma - chine Mis - ter Combe,

Dillon pours the tincture into one of the glass tubes.

777

8va

ff

783

8va

4

ff

8vb

The machine begins to hum and hiss and billow steam.

790

E.

f

What's hap-pen- ing?

T.

p

It's work -

fff

pp

8va

(8).....

Tomas waves Dillon toward a set of gears, which he begins to turn, one after another. Tomas guides Edward to the side of the machine and has him pull a lever there and hold it down.

795

T.

f

ing.....

ff

Hold this.

mf

ff

mp

800

T. *Turn this. Come on!*

f *p sub.* *f p sub.*

Ped. *p sub.*

804

f *p sub.* *f* *p sub.*

8va

808

f *p sub.* *f*

15ma *8va*

812 (15)

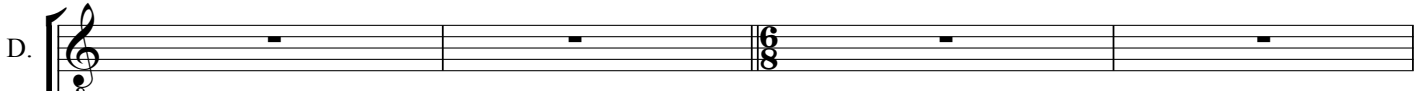
f *ppp*


(8) *15*


816 (15)


ppp *fff* *fff*

(15) *8vb* *8va*

D. 

E. 

T. 



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D. 

E. 

T. 



828

D. *p* *p* *f*
 fu - ture here. Pull the le - ver. turn the gear. Feel the hum of the

E. *f* *p* *p* *f*
 Feel the hum of the fu - ture here. Pull the le - ver. turn the gear.

T. *p* *f*
 Pull the le - ver. turn the gear. Feel the hum of the fu - ture here.

832

D. *ff* *f*
 fu - ture here. fu - ture here. Pow - er to

E. *ff* *f*
 Feel the hum of the fu - ture here. Pow - er to keep. Dark to

T. *ff* *f*
 Feel the hum of the fu - ture here. Pow - er to keep. Dark to light. World is a

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837

D. keep. Dark to light. World is a clock. We'll make it right. Pow-er to

E. light. World is a clock. We'll make it right. Pow-er to keep. Dark to

T. clock. We'll make it right. Pow-er to keep. Dark to light. World is a

sfp *sfp* *sfp* *sfp*

841 *ff*

D. keep. Dark to light. World is a clock. We'll make it right. We'll make it

E. *ff* light. World is a clock. We'll make it right. World is a clock. We'll make it

T. *ff* clock. We'll make it right. World is a clock. We'll make it right. World is a

sfp *sfp* *sfp* *sfp*

845

D. *p*
right. We'll make it right. Pull the le - ver turn the gear.

E. *p*
right. We'll make it right. Pull the le - ver turn the

T. *p*
clock. We'll make it right. Pull the

pp *p*

8^{vb}

851

D. *p*
Pull the le - ver turn the gear. Pull the le - ver turn the gear. Pull the le - ver turn the gear.

E. *p*
gear. Pull the le - ver turn the gear. Pull the le - ver turn the gear. Pull the le - ver turn the

T. *p*
le - ver turn the gear. Pull the le - ver turn the gear. Pull the le - ver turn the gear. Pull the

(8)

857 *ff*

D. Pull the le - ver turn the gear. Pull the le - ver turn the gear. Turn the gear. Pull the le - ver

E. gear. Pull the le - ver turn the gear. Pull the le - ver turn the gear. Pull the le - ver

T. le - ver turn the gear. Pull the le - ver turn the gear. Turn the gear. Pull the le - ver

ff

(8)-----

863 *Dillon pulls the first lever.*

D. turn the gear.

E. turn the gear.

T. turn the gear.


ff


8va

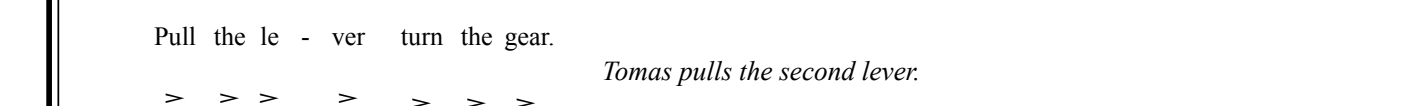
ff

8va

867 ♪ = ♩

D. 

E. 

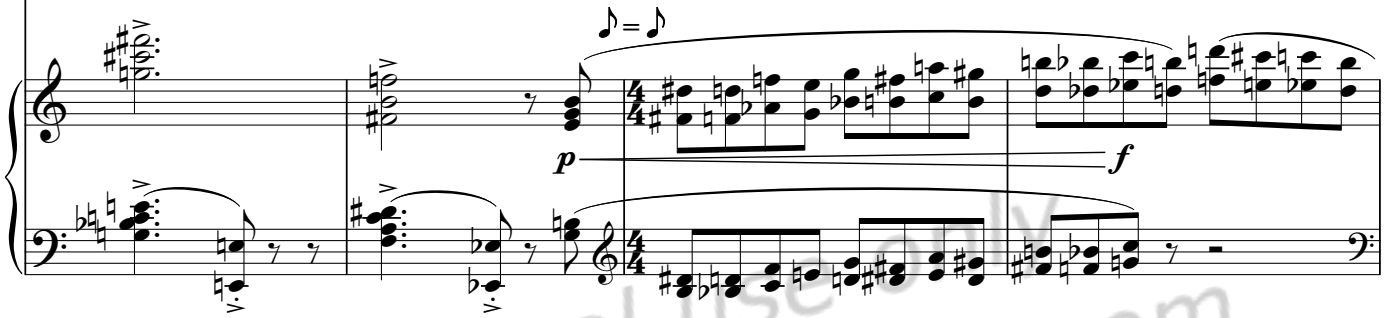
T. 

Pull the le - ver turn the gear.

Pull the le - ver turn the gear.


Pull the le - ver turn the gear.

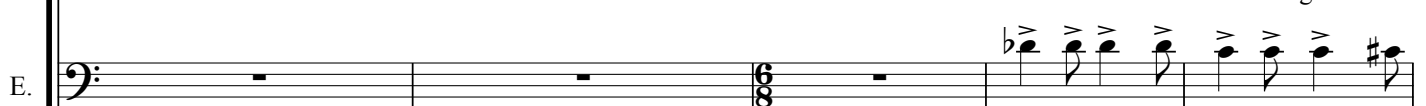
Tomas pulls the second lever.

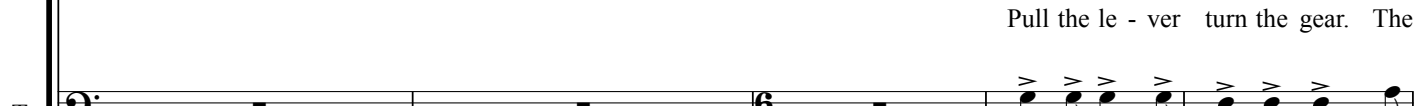


p *f*

871

D. 

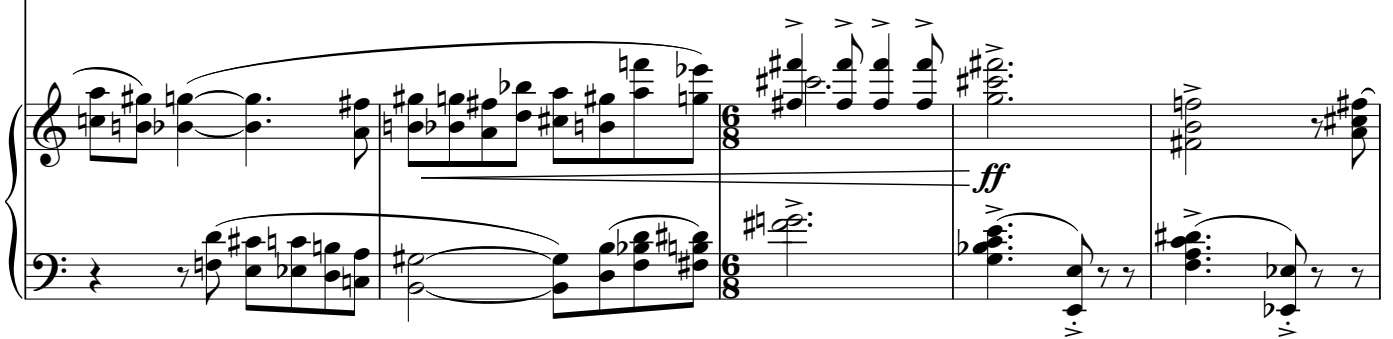
E. 

T. 

Pull the le - ver turn the gear. The

Pull the le - ver turn the gear. The

Pull the le - ver turn the gear. The



ff

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876

D. *p*
world will turn from dark to light! The world will turn from dark to light! The world will turn from

E. *p*
world will turn from dark to light! The world will turn from dark to light! The world will turn from

T. *p*
world will turn from dark to light! The world will turn from dark to light! The world will turn from

882

D. *f*
dark to light! *Dillon pulls one last lever.*

E. *f*
dark to light!

T. *f*
dark to light! *There is a great rumbling sound from the machinery.*

888

890 **molto accel.**

894

A green-gold light shoots up from the vat. The sheet that shrouds the vat begins to tremble.

Dillon goes over to the vat. He reaches down, lifts the sheet.

898 **Subito meno mosso** ♩ = 94

D.

E.

T.

Tell me what's happening!

Did it work?

Subito meno mosso ♩ = 94

misterioso
8va

Dillon drops the sheet.
His face is a mixture of
horror, wonder, and fear.

905

D. *fff* She is ri - sen. She is

E. Edward falls to his knees.

T. Tomas backs away from his machine.

(8)

fff *ff* *fff*

pp *f*

sffz

Dillon stares down at Clara in horror.

909

D. changed.---

E.

T.

ff *ff*