

# Beyond the Garden

Libretto by Aoife Mannix

## Prologue

In a Dream-Like World

Music by Stephen McNeff

Slowly ♩ = 46

Suspended Cymbal

rit.

Percussion **pp**

Glockenspiel **pp**

Harp **pp** (actual pitch) **pp**

Violin **pp** **pp**

Not rushed ♩ = 40

*Klara speaks as if to herself...*

\*Was hast du unterlassen als Leib und Seele saßen  
zu meinem Trost und Freud, in ihrem größten Leid?

a tempo

rit. . . . .

4 Kl. **pp**

Cl. **pp** After 1st dialogue stops

Perc. (S.Cymb.) **ppp senza cresc.** (L.V.) **ppp**

Glock. **ppp**

Hp **pp** **ppp**

Vln **pp** **mf** **ppp** **pp**

Db. **ppp** **mf** **ppp**

\*Why Lord did you despise me my joy and comforts take?  
And in the flesh chastized me or none but my soul's sake.  
Your kingdom's peace and pleasures I did no longer see.  
Until you brought your treasures, bestowed your grace on me. (Paul Gerhardt, 1653)

rit. . . . .

8 Als mir das Reich genommen,  
da Fried und Freude lacht,

da bist du, mein Heil, kommen  
und hast mich froh gemacht....

da bist du, mein Heil, kommen  
und hast mich froh gemacht.

Kl.

Cl.

Hp *pp*

Vln

Moving ahead a little ♩ = 72

rit. . . . . a tempo

*mp* (lyrical, but somehow remote)

13

Kl.

Cl.

Hp *pp*

Vln

The emp - ty rooms of a Christ - mas ca - rol in Ven - ice The fear the

rit. . . . .

a tempo

20

Kl.

Cl.

Hp *mp*

Vln

fear of dy - ing a - lone. You stand in the door - way, an o - a - sis of masks. This town where the

24 *rit.* . . . . . *a tempo* *poco rit.* . . . . .

Kl. *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Cl. *pp*

Hp

Vln *arco* *p* *pp* *pizz.* *p*

dead are more real than the liv - ing, — where it is im - pos - si - ble not to get lost. And the

29 *(ad lib.)* *a tempo* *rit.* . . . . . *a tempo*

Kl. *pp* *f* *p* *f* *pp*

Cl. *p*

Hp *pp* *f* *p* *f* *pp*

Vln *arco* *p* *pp* *f* *p* *f* *pp*

Db. *p* *pp* *p* *pp*

*pizz.*

streets are floo - ded — with the shim - mer of past par - ties. —

34 *rit.* . . . . . **Flowing** ♩ = 60

*mf* 4+4+3

Kl. *f* *pp* *pp*

Cl. *f* *pp* *pp*

Hp *f* *p*

Vln *f* *pp*

A white an - gel by the o - pen win - dow sips a glass of wine, her lips red with blood. —

(actual pitch)