

NOTES

All of the songs in this volume are connected, in one way or another, to renowned tenor and new music champion, Paul Sperry. Paul has been my dear friend for over 25 years, and he has influenced my work and my thinking about music more than almost anyone else. Like many other contemporary American composers, I owe him more than I can possibly express.

The Long Island Songs were composed in 1992 and premiered in December of that year by Paul with me at the piano. The bittersweet poems, drawn from William Heyen's book *Long Island Light*, brought back memories of my own youth on that island, a place far different than the traffic jams and strip malls of today would lead you to believe. *The Long Island Songs* underwent extensive revision in 2005. *The Land of Nod* was commissioned by, and is dedicated to Paul. In 1992, he telephoned me and exclaimed, "I've just read a new book of poetry and thought immediately of you." I was quite flattered until I read the poems and discovered their subject matter ranged from a hitch-hiking Manson-family devotee to matricide. Still, I had to admit that Paul was right. Alice Wirth Gray's quirky sense of humor was right up my alley. Paul and I premiered the work together at Merkin Hall in 1993.

—Tom Cipullo
July 9, 2019

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TEXTS

Long Island Songs

William Heyen

1. Invocation

Outside our bedroom window
a nightshift of crickets works hard in the heavy dark.
To lie awake is to live,
to sleep is to die, I think, as I open and close my eyes.

A crescent, your cheekbone floats real
as the pale moon beside me—
Is this the secret, then? Is this the love
I could once only imagine?

In the air of the night of this room,
I breathe your breath, deeply, slowly.
I am drifting back, into your body, drifting
back, into your body.

2. The Odor of Pear

No wind bends the branches of those trees
behind my eyes, way back past
any distance I've a name for.

Though tears begin to gather like the rain,
they cannot bend the leaves of those trees
behind my eyes, far back past
any distance I've a name for.
For I remember pears, globed
to rust and gold, that yellowjackets tunneled
to the end of heavy summer. They'll never
rot and fall: for now, once more,
for all my time, the deep
odor of pear drifts up,
from any distance I've a name for.

3. The Nesconset Crickets

Either the crickets stopped,
or I fell asleep as they kept on.

But sometimes I'd count their song
all night, when I couldn't sleep,
or dreamed I couldn't sleep, or dreamed
from under grass that I helped them sing.

4. The Crane at Gibbs' Pond

The boy stood by the darkening pond
watching the other shore.
Against pines,
a ghostly crane floated
from side to side,
crooning. Maybe
its mate had drowned. Maybe
its song lamented
the failing sun. Maybe
its plaint was joy,
heart-stricken praise
for its place of perfect loneliness. Maybe,
hearing its own echoing,
taking its own phantom gliding
the sky mirror of the pond
for its lost mother
in her other world,
it tried to reach her
in the only way it could. Maybe,
as night diminished
all but the pond's black radiance,
the boy standing there
knew he would someday sing
of the crane, the crane's song,
and the soulful water.

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The Land of Nod, A Death in the Family, Deer in Mist and Almonds, and On a 19th Century Color Lithograph of Red Riding Hood by the Artist J. H. © Copyright 1993 by Alice Wirth Gray. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

The Land of Nod

Alice Wirth Gray

1. The Land of Nod

Dreams of pure spirit
are other people's dreams.
Animal animas appear as guides.
Lobsters befriend them in rocky times,
or their dreams are in French,
or painted in archaic style on vases:
objets d'art. You couldn't hire a guide
the hot spots my dreams go.
I don't go my nightly journey
with friendly totems.
There are no areas of abstract color,
pure form. Along my way
to dreamland are gas stations
you need keys to use the rest room.
You wouldn't want to get out of the car,
not even run down the window
in my dreams.

3. Deer in Mist and Almonds

It's rained for months
and the deer step delicately,
trying to shake dry their hooves.
It's so muddy down by the creek,
they've come up close to the house.
They stand in the mustard,
it's flowered early this year,
when a sudden fog, thigh-high,
eradicates all below,
and all colors not grave go.
Only metal stays: pewter, silver, steel
stainless sight, lodestones,
black holes in the light,
great tin gods, pinchbeck
on a damask cloth of white,
eating the hips off the roses
near the road.
They browse into the invisible mustard.

Stags in the winter orchard
bear their bare branches
past the almonds' antlers,
float above the white;
great inflexible crafts of zinc.
Before sunset the sky is icy pink.

2. A Death in the Family

I dreamed last night I murdered Mother
Something with poison in it, I think,
although I was determined, had she refused to drink,
if no luck with one method to try another.

It's for sure, one thing we could all agree:
she had it coming. What a nasty character,
needlessly obnoxious. Egregiously
unloving, always unfortunate with children.

Quarrelsome, hostile, insistently unattractive,
not pleasant, no way. And so
(snarling, twisted, jealous, plain mean)
two cups on the kitchen counter are the way to go.

There were no guilt feelings involved.
I left the two glasses on the sideboard:
one plain, one in which poison was dissolved,
and she, always greedy, drank up both and died.

I was perfectly safe, no one suspected me.
But nothing's easy: I had attitudinal problems.
I worried I would betray myself unnecessarily.
Perhaps I'd get drunk and blurt out everything.

I reasoned,
I wouldn't like prison.
I saw a gray, lonely cell and myself
like Mrs. Harris, looking irritably at my watch
to see how long till I got out.

I reasoned
I could write a lot in there.
I would manage, but I would not like it.
I reasoned
if I lived an exemplary life
from then on, never did anything naughty again,
no one would turn me in.
No one wanted me punished or put in jail.

I just have to keep calm, be careful,
keep my psyche under control,
watch my little quirks,
not go confessing for the excitement of it,
and life will go on as usual.
That's what I'll do.

What a peculiar person I am.
It's a wonder my life has gone
as well as it has.
In the window
in my dreams.

On a 19th Century Color Lithograph of Red Riding Hood by the Artist J. H.

Alice Wirth Gray

The wolf makes a funny face
not to be taken seriously as evil,
but as if there's something wrong
with his eyes. He's old
and getting cataracts or he's
trying to start a conversation
by winking at Riding Hood,
where she stands by a cheery spread
of amanita phalloides, wondering
how to get back to her basket of goodies
which she left on the other side
of the clearing while gathering flowers,
and now of course the wolf blocks her way.
Some people have a crucifix over the bed:
I have a wolf.

The NIGHT POLICE Interrogate Riding Hood:
Nice try, kid, but daisies don't grow
in that woods. Look at those trees,
their trunks acid-green with moss.
There's not enough light in there
for an impatiens or a cineraria.
And that basket with the bottle
of Bordeaux sticking out. Explain that.
This is a German forest if ever one was:
grim Grimm, blacker than Black.
Don't you tell us about Perrault:
for you all stories with fear in them
will always be German. Your mom
is sending you through these woods
by yourself with a bottle of imported wine?
You expect us to buy that?
Save us all time.
You knew that wolf.
You've been encouraging him.

I've always loved that picture
because there's Riding Hood far left
and the wolf far right
and the center absolutely empty.
So much space between girl and wolf
that is so much more interesting
than either of them. You can see
into and into the woods
until it's so dark you can't.
You can see such a long way
into the story.

What RIDING HOOD Told the Cops:
Of course I talked to him,
it's what the books say to do:
try to keep them talking.
Reason with them. Look, Mr. Wolf,
sit down. We'll drink the bottle.
Then we'll go on to Grandma's
and redden our teeth on her.
They sent me here.
They must have known
the way the world is.

Myself, I would like to get past
all that little-girl-and-the-wolf thing
into the dark beyond them both.
Honestly, I thought it must be
a rite of passage. That the solution
might be hidden in the basket
under the white cloth.
When I peeked, I found
she'd sent me off in the dark
without so much as a flashlight.

The Report of the NIGHT POLICE
continues:
We picked the girl up in the woods.
Rather, what we mean to say is
that's where we took her into custody.
She looks like an angel,
but you just can't tell
What was in the basket,
we wanted to know. Was she
trying to get rid of something?
We asked her to explain herself,
and she says her mother
hung the lithograph of a wolf
over her bed. A likely story.
What woman would do a thing like that?
There may be enough evidence
to run her folks in, too.

The WOLF:
For God's sake.
I was lost.
Can't you tell?
She seemed to mistake me
for someone she knew.
I didn't want to frighten her.
You're not going to try
to hang this one on me,
are you? I'd never
have gone there alone.
That's why we always
travel in packs.
I mean it's dark in there.
Dangerous.

Testimony of the HUNTER:
So I heard all this yelling
from the old lady's cottage
a female in distress I sez
and I don't think twice
but bust down the door
gun at the ready
and that kid and the wolf
(that's him over there,
yer honor) well, you wouldn't
believe it, the amount of blood
and that kid does she have
a mouth on her it embarrasses me
when girls talk so foul like that

if she was my daughter
I'd beat her till she was civil
and I'd crack all the teeth
in her dirty mouth and I'd
take away her clothes and lock her up
to sit in her own filth until
she'd learned a little respect.
What's that, sir? You want me
to stand down? Well, sure,
if you say so.

MOTHER:
Of course I hung the lithograph
over her bed. It's a work of art.
You think something like that
is going to scare that child?
Anyway, I had to put it somewhere,
it was a gift. And let me tell you,
there was a perfectly safe path
around those woods,
through a public park,
and well patrolled.
But not her.
You couldn't keep her
from looking for trouble,
and able to find it
where there is none.
My husband was no help at all:
what do you expect a mother to do?
Oh, if only
we'd been rich enough
to buy her a car.

It was all so complicated:
who was this Riding Hood?
I never liked the grandmother.
Sometimes the wolf wasn't so bad:
he could have eaten the girl
there in the forest but he
put off a present treat
to eat a stringy old lady
in the future. That's not
the reasoning of a beast.
Then, never did I doubt
he liked Riding Hood
more than the others did.
What do you mean?
What do I see in the picture?
Is this some kind of Rorschach?
I want to talk to my attorney.
It was my mother
who hung the picture
over my bed.
Those dark woods,
beckoning,
a challenge.
A place to go to
from the place you are

Long Island Songs

for Soprano and Piano

William Heyen

Tom Cipullo (ASCAP)

1. Invocation

Not too slowly, somewhat free, always expressive
(♩ = 88) *poco riten.*

Soprano

Piano

Not too slowly, somewhat free, always expressive
(♩ = 88) *poco riten.*

p *mf* *ppp* *p* *mf* *ppp* *p* *f*

3 *a tempo*

p *mf*

Out - side our bed - room win - dow

a tempo

pp *poco* *legato*

6

6

6

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5 *mf* *sub. p*

a night-shift of crick-ets works hard in the heav - y

mp *sub. p*

7 *poco riten.* *a tempo mp* *ff*

dark. To lie a - wake is to live, to

poco riten. *a tempo* *sub. pp*

9 *pressing forward* *riten.*

sleep is to die, I think, as I o - pen and close my eyes.

pressing forward *riten.*

11 *a tempo*

p *mp* *mf*

A cres-cent, your cheek-bone, floats _____

a tempo

sub. ppp

6

p *mp*

7

poco *poco*

13 *f* *riten.* *a tempo* *p*

_____ real as the pale moon be-side me- Is

riten. *a tempo*

mp *mf* *sub. pp*

6

6

6

8va

15 *pressing forward* *mf*

this the se-cret then? Is this the love I could once on-ly i-ma-gine?

pressing forward

p *mf*

poco *poco* *poco*

for Christopher Cipullo

2. The Odor of Pear

William Heyen

Tom Cipullo (ASCAP)

Presto possibile ($\text{♩} = 200$)

feroce

Piano

ffp *ff* *ffp* *ff*

3

sim.

(8^{vb})

5

ff

7

come sopra

ffp *ffp*

8^{vb}

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9 *f*

No

11

wind bends the branch - es of those

13

trees be hind my eyes,

6

(8^{vb})

15 *p*
way back past

17 *p*
an - - - y dis - tance I've a

19 *mf*
name for.

f

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47 *mp*
that yel - low - jack - ets

ff *p*

49
tun - neled to the end of heav - y

51 *ff*
sum - mer.

fff

65 *mp* *accel.* *p*
 from an - y dis - - - - -

67
 tance I've a

69 **Prestissimo** *ff*
 name for.

Prestissimo
ff

71 *8va* *fff*

3. The Nesconset Crickets

William Heyen

Tom Cipullo (ASCAP)

Not too slowly, free (♩ = 72)

Voice

Piano

p *mf* *f* *p*

4 *pp sotto voce* *mp* *f*

Ei - ther the crick-ets stopped, or I fell a-sleep as they kept on.

passione *f*

* Perform all grace notes quickly before each beat.

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4. The Crane at Gibbs' Pond

William Heyen

Tom Cipullo (ASCAP)

Not too slowly, always expressive (♩ = 66)

Voice

Piano

Not too slowly, always expressive (♩ = 66)

ppp *sempre legato loco* *loco* *loco*

8^{va} 8^{vb}

4 *p* *mp poco*

The boy stood by the dark-en-ing pond watch-ing the oth-er shore...

p *mp loco*

8^{vb}

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poco riten. *a tempo* *p dolce* *mf*

7 A - gainst_ pines, a ghost - ly crane float - ed from

poco riten. *a tempo*

mf *f* *sub. pp* *mf* *poco*

loco

10 *f* *riten.* *a tempo* *pp* *poco riten.*

side to side, croon - - - ing.

riten. *a tempo* *poco riten.*

f *pp*

13 *a tempo* *p* *3* *f* *passione* *3* *3* *3*

May - be its mate had drowned. May - be its song la - ment - ed the fail - ing

a tempo *8va* *p* *loco* *loco* *mp* *loco* *f* *3*

8vb *8vb*

16 *mf* 3
sun. May - be its plaint was

p *mf* *passione* 3

19 *f* *riten.* *a tempo* *pp*
joy, heart-strick-en praise for its place of per - fect lone - li -

riten. *a tempo* *f* *pp* 3

23 *p*
ness. May - be,

p *poco* *poco* *poco*

The Land of Nod

1. The Land of Nod

Alice Wirth Gray

Tom Cipullo (ASCAP)

Allegro giocoso (♩ = 140)

Allegro giocoso (♩ = 140)
leggero

pp

p

Voice

Piano

Dreams of pure spir - it are

oth - er peo - ple's dreams.

cresc.

mp

An - i - mal an - i - mas ap - pear

poco a poco cresc.

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13 *fp*

as guides.

molto cresc.

fp

16 *poco f*

Lob - sters be -

cresc.

poco f

19

friend them in rock - y times,

poco

22 *f* with disgust

or their dreams are in French,

cresc. *f*

25 *fp* *f*

or paint ed in ar -

poco f *f* *poco f*

28

cha - ic style on vas - es:

31 *poco riten.* *a tempo*
ob - - jets d'art.

pp

poco riten. *a tempo*
ppp

34

cresc. *mf* *poco f*

37 *f* *ff* *fff* *poco f*
sdegnante
You

The musical score is for a voice and piano piece. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system (measures 31-33) features a vocal line in 4/4 time, marked 'poco riten.' and 'a tempo', with lyrics 'ob - - jets d'art.'. The piano accompaniment includes triplets and a 'pp' dynamic. The second system (measures 34-36) continues the piano part with triplets, a 'cresc.' marking, and dynamics 'mf' and 'poco f'. The third system (measures 37-39) includes a vocal line with the word 'You' and a piano part with a 'sdegnante' marking, dynamics 'f', 'ff', 'fff', and 'poco f', and a triplet of sixths. The score is marked with a large 'Copyright is illegal only' watermark.

2. A Death in the Family

Alice Wirth Gray

Tom Cipullo (ASCAP)

Fast, frantic, accented (♩ = 172) (♩ = ♪ unless otherwise marked)

liberamente

Voice

Spoken: I dreamed last night I murdered mother.

Fast, frantic, accented (♩ = 172) (♩ = ♪ unless otherwise marked)

liberamente

Piano

2 *a tempo* *liberamente*

Something with poison in it, I think.

a tempo *liberamente*

5 *a tempo* *liberamente* **attacca (no pause)**

Although I was determined

a tempo *liberamente* **attacca (no pause)**

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8 *a tempo* ***ff*** *liberamente* *a tempo* ***f***

had she re - fused to drink, if no luck with one method to try another. It's for sure, one

a tempo *liberamente* *a tempo*

ff *poco f*

11

thing wer could all a - gree: She had _____

16 ***fp*** ***ff***

it com - ing.

f ***mf***

20 *p intense* , *mp*

What a — nas - ty char - ac - ter, need - less - ly — ob - nox - ious. E -

24 *cresc. poco a poco* *mf* *poco f*

gre - gious - ly — un - lov - ing, al - ways un - for - tu - nate with chil -

29

dren. Quar - rel - some, hos - tile, in - sist - ent - ly un - at -

33 *ff*

trac - tive, not pleas - ant, no

f *poco f* *ff*

37

way. And so

41 **Much slower** ($\text{♩} = 120$) *accel.* *f* *ff* **Tempo I** ($\text{♩} = 172$)

(snarl - ing, snarl - ing,

Much slower ($\text{♩} = 120$) *accel.* *poco* *poco* *poco* *poco* **Tempo I** ($\text{♩} = 172$)

8^{vb}

44 *pp* sotto voce **Maestoso** (♩ = 132) *f* wobbly sound

twist - ed, twist - ed, jeal - ous,

poco *poco* *poco* *poco* **Maestoso** (♩ = 132) *ff*

47 almost screaming

plain mean.)

8va

49

Two cups on the kitch-en count - er are the way to go.

53 *p* happily

There were no guilt feel - ings in - volved. I left the two

leggiero

p *f* *p*

57

glass - es on the side - board; one plain,

f

61 *ff*

one in which poi - son was dis - solved,

f *ff*

Commissioned by Paul Sperry

3. Deer in Mist and Almonds

Alice Wirth Gray

Tom Cipullo (ASCAP)

Slow, very expressive (♩ = 62)

Piano

pp

poco

poco f

ppp

pp

10 *pp teneramente*

very delicately

It's rained for months and the deer step del - i - cate - ly, —

The musical score is for a piano piece in 2/4 time. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Slow, very expressive (♩ = 62)'. The first system (measures 1-4) features a piano accompaniment with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both marked *pp*. The second system (measures 5-8) continues the accompaniment, with a *poco f* marking in measure 6 and a *ppp* marking in measure 7. The third system (measures 9-12) includes a vocal line starting in measure 9, marked *pp teneramente*, and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues in measure 10, marked *very delicately*. The piano accompaniment in the third system features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both marked *pp*. The score is watermarked with 'Copyright is illegal only' and 'Review only'.

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14 *p* *mp* *poco* *poco* *f*

try - ing to shake dry their hooves, It's so mud - dy down by the creek, They've come up

18 *p* *f*

close to the house. They stand in the

22 *sub. ppp* *pp dolciss.*

mus - tard, It's flow - ered ear - ly this year.

26 *p poss.* *rall.*

30 *Slightly faster* ($\text{♩} = 104$) *a tempo mp*

When a sud - den fog, thigh - high, e - rad - i - cates all be - low,

Slightly faster ($\text{♩} = 104$) *a tempo*

p poco accente

33 *poco f* *rall.* *a tempo poco f*

and all col - ors not grave go. On - ly met - al stays:

rall. *a tempo*

mp poco f

37 *f* *ff* *riten.* **Relaxed**
a tempo *ppp*

pew - ter, sil - ver, steel stain - less sight, lode - stones, black holes in the light, _____

40 *pressing forward* *mp* *pressing forward* *mp* *p poss.*

great tin gods, pinch - beck on a

43 *pressing more* *f* *pressing more* *f*

dam - ask cloth of white, eat - ing the hips off the ros - es near the

5 6

On a 19th Century Color Lithograph of Red Riding Hood by the Artist J. H.

for Soprano and Piano

Alice Wirth Gray

Tom Cipullo (ASCAP)

Slowly and very freely (♩ = c. 52)

Voice

Spoken: The wolf makes a funny face not to be taken seriously as evil, but as if there's something wrong with his eyes. He's

Piano

colla voce sempre

p

pochiss. più f

pochiss.

pp

poco

ppp whispered secretly

p

poco

old and get - ting cat - a - racts, or he's try - ing to start a con - ver -

pp

p

mp

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

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7 *mf* *3* *cheerfully*

sa - tion by wink - ing at Rid - ing Hood where she stands by a cheery spread of amanita phalloides,

mf *poco f* *meno f* *molto legato p*

10 *dolce p* *sost. poco* *a tempo parlando rapidamente mp* *3* *3*

won - der - ing how to get back to her bas - ket of good - ies which she

a tempo parlando rapidamente *p sempre*

12 *mf* *sost.* *a tempo poco f* *3* *sost. f* *3* *ff* *dolciss. sub. pp*

left on the oth - er side of the clear - ing while gath - er - ing flow'rs,

a tempo *mp* *poco f* *f* *ff* *sub. pp*

15 *mf conversational* **Più mosso** (♩ = 72) *poco f*

and now of course the wolf blocks her way. Some peo-ple have a cru - ci - fix

p teneramente *poco f*

19 *rall.* *ppp whispered*

o - ver the bed: I have a wolf.

f *ppp*

23 *a tempo* *accel.*

a tempo *accel.*

p legato *mp* *mf* *f*

Spoken: The NIGHT POLICE interrogate Riding Hood:

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

84 **Not too slowly**
very freely *p* *mp* *p*

Whispered:
I've always loved that picture be-cause there's Rid-ing Hood far left and the wolf far right _____ and the

Not too slowly
pp colla voce *p* *p* *mp*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

88 *mp* *pp* *mp parlando rapidamente*

cen - ter ab - so - lute - ly emp - ty. So much space be-tween girl and wolf that is

mp *p* *mp colla voce*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

91 *mf* *sost. assai pp*

so much more in - t'rest - ing than ei - ther of them. You can see

mf *poco f*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

♩ = 63

*more strictly in tempo*93 *sub.*
p con espressione

in - to and in - to the woods un - til it's so dark you

pp teneramente

Ped. Ped. Ped.

*riten.**a tempo**rit.*

96 can't. You can see such a long way in - to the

mf *f* *molto* *ppp*

pp stringendo *mp* *mf*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

99 *a tempo**accel.**semplice*

sto - ry. Spoken: What Riding Hood Told the Cops Of

a tempo *accel.* *poco f* *f*

p

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

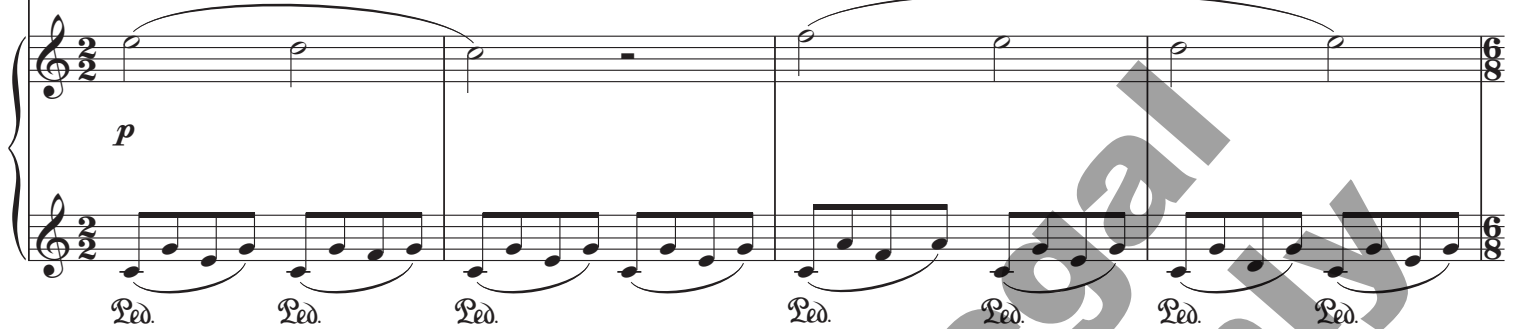
Lebhaft (♩ = 126)

105

p

Lebhaft (♩ = 126)

(♩ = ♩)

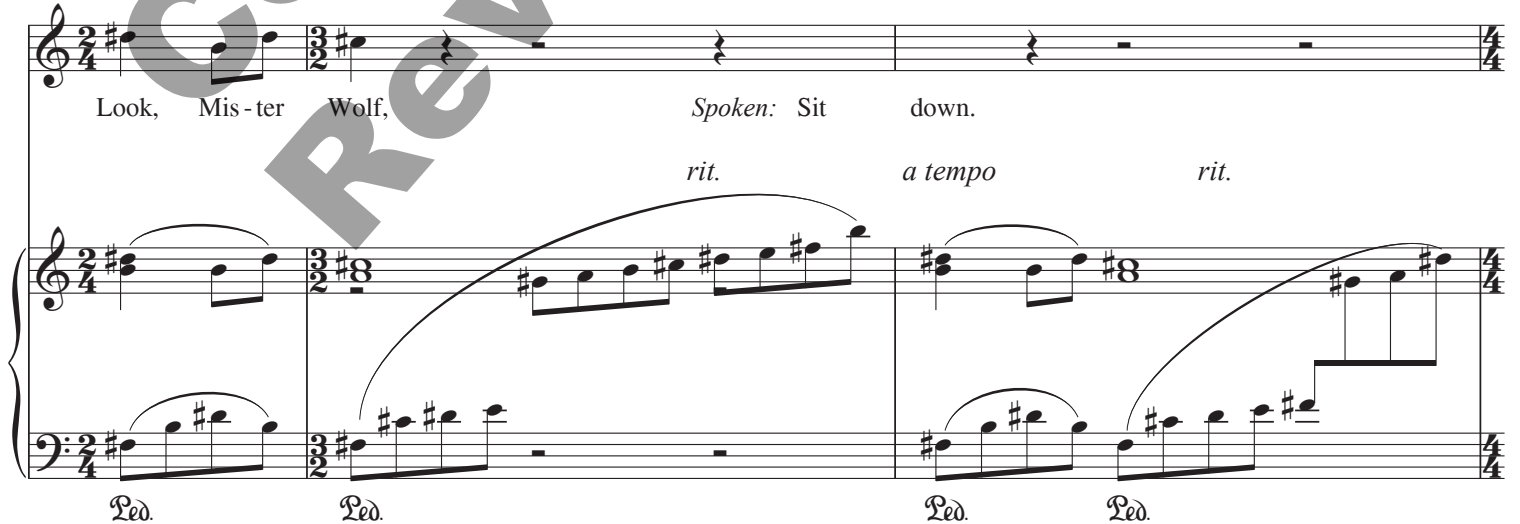
p109 *poco f**p*

Try to keep them talk - ing. — Rea - son with them.

112 *mp**rit.**a tempo**rit.*

Look, Mis - ter Wolf,

Spoken: Sit down.

*rit.**a tempo**rit.*

155 *sotto voce* *p* *mp*

We picked the girl up in the woods. Rath - er,

pp *mp*

Ped. *Ped. liberamente*

159 *p*

what we mean to say is That's where we took her in - to cus - to - dy.

pp

163 *f* *passione*

She looks like an an - gel, but you just can't

ff

Ped. *Ped.*

166 *f*

tell. What was in the bas - ket, we want - ed to

pp *f*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

169 *p*

know. Was she try - ing to get

ff *p*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

173 *ff*

rid of some - thing? We asked

ff

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

177

her to ex - plain her - self, _____

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Broadly

181 *ff*

and she says her moth - er _____ hung the lith - o - graph of a

Broadly

ff *colla voce*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

185

wolf o - ver her bed. take time

Ped. Ped.

230 *ff*

That's why we al - ways tra - vel

Ped.

234 *fff*

in packs.

fff *f*

Ped.

239 *p* *ppp*

I mean it's dark in there.

p intense *p*

245

G. P.

Spoken: Dangerous.

pp *ppp*

15^{ma} 6 8^{vb}

G. P.

249

Spoken:
Testimony of the Hunter

8^{va} *f* *sost.*

Fast, accented ♩ = 184

254 *a tempo*

mf

So I heard all this yell-ing from the

Fast, accented ♩ = 184
a tempo

f *poco f*

260 *f*

old la - dy's cot - tage a fe - male in dis -

266 *sub. p* *poco f*

tress I sez and I don't think twice but bust down the door

273 *f*

gun at the read - y and that kid and the

335 *f*

An - y - way I had to put it some - where. *Spoken:* It was a gift.

f

sub. p

Ped. liberamente *Ped.*

339 *poco f*

And let me tell you,

p softly *sim.*

Ped. liberamente *Ped. sim.*

343

there was a per-fect-ly safe path a-round those woods,

poco f *p softly*

346 *mp* *mf* *f*

through a pub - lic park, and well - pa - trolled. But not her. _____

mp *mf* *f*

349 *ff* *f*

— You

ff *f*

sus. *Ped.*

351 *ff*

could - n't keep her from look - ing for trou - ble, and

ff

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

353

a - ble to find it where there is none.

sus. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

356 *fff passione*

My hus - band was no help at all;

ff *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

359 *ff melodramatically*

What do you ex - pect a moth - er to do? Oh, if

f *ff* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

399

pp ————— *p* *ppp sost.* *pp*

Those dark woods, beck - on - ing. A

ppp *pp* *ppp* *pp*

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

402

chal - lenge.

A place to go to

p *sub. ppp*

p *ppp sost.*

Ped. Ped. Ped.

405 *pp* molto sost. *ppp* ,

from the place you

molto sost.
pp colla voce *ppp*

Ped. Ped.

408 *pp*

are.

pp

premere Ped. al fine

411 *n*

8va

ppp

(l.v.)