Rosanna

One-Act Opera

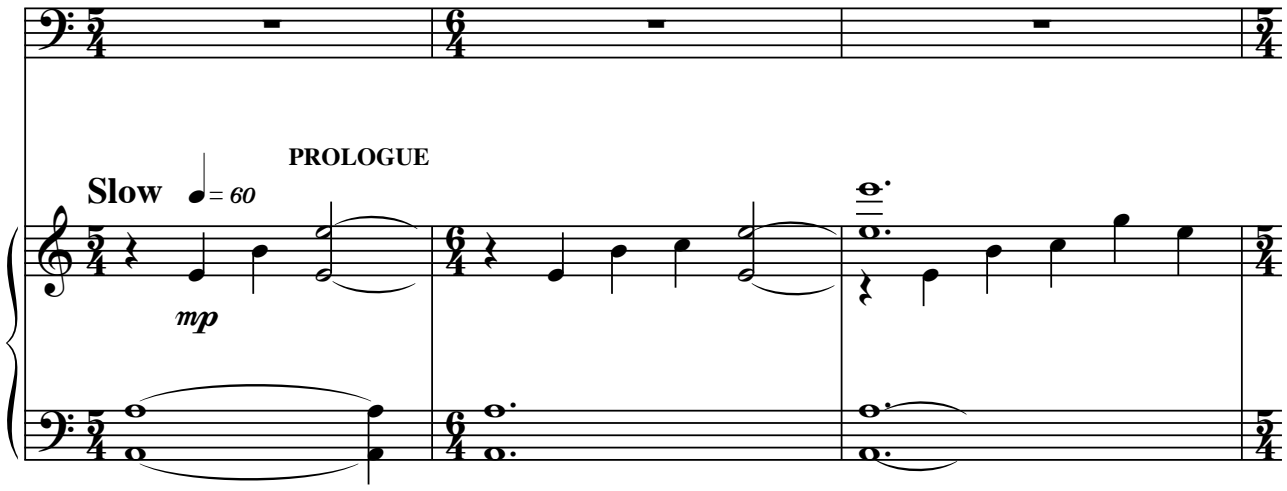
LRC 241

Libretto: David Madden

Dinos Constantinides
(b. 1929)

PRIEST

Slow ♩ = 60 **PROLOGUE**

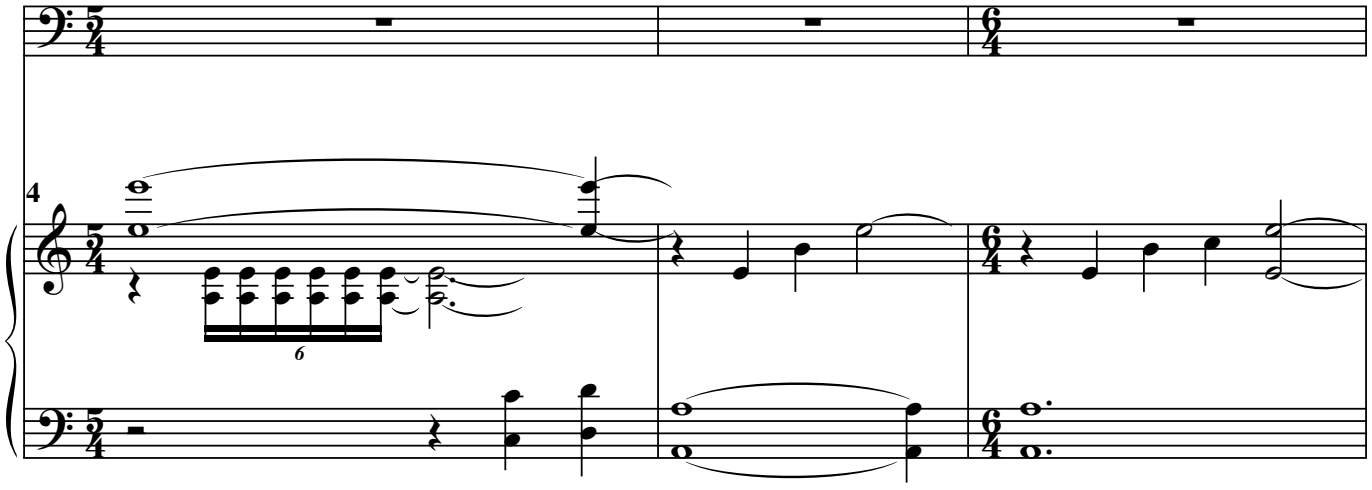


PROLOGUE

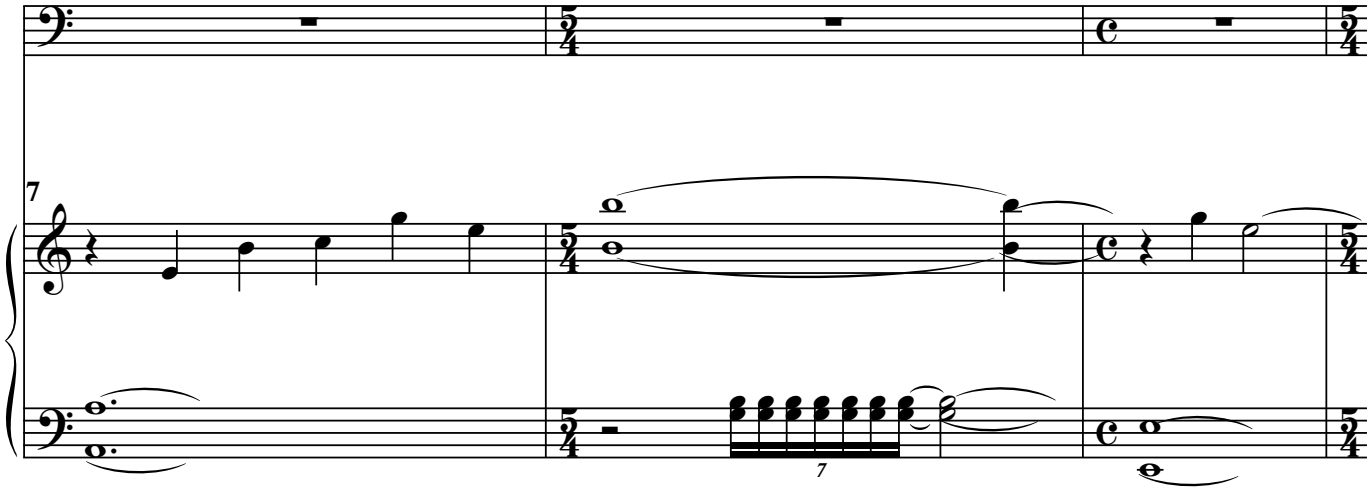
Slow ♩ = 60

mp

4



7



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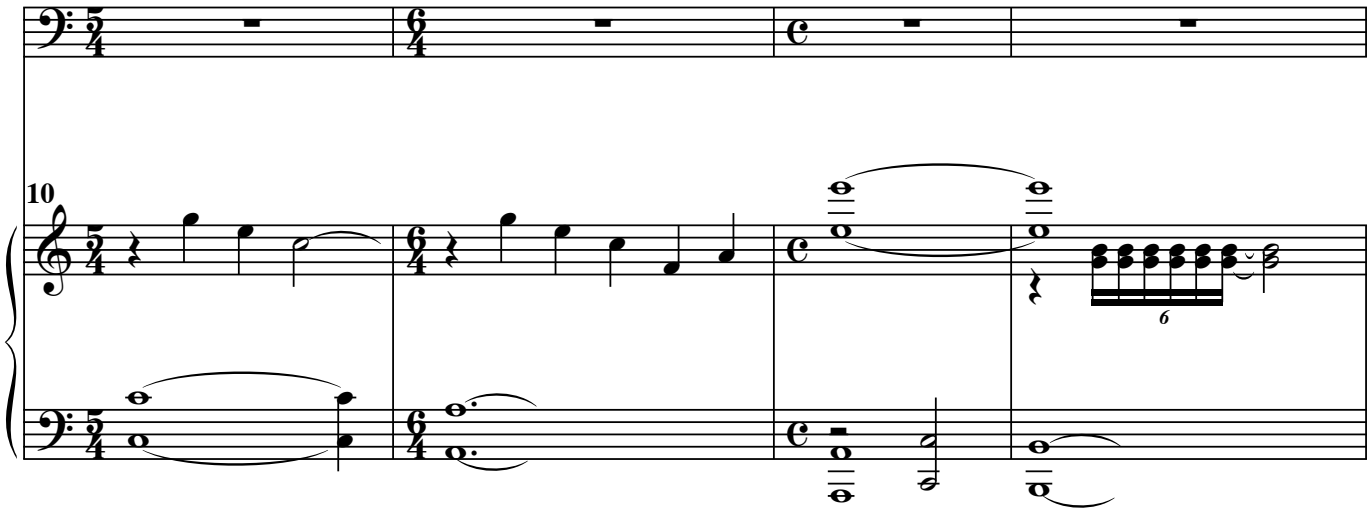
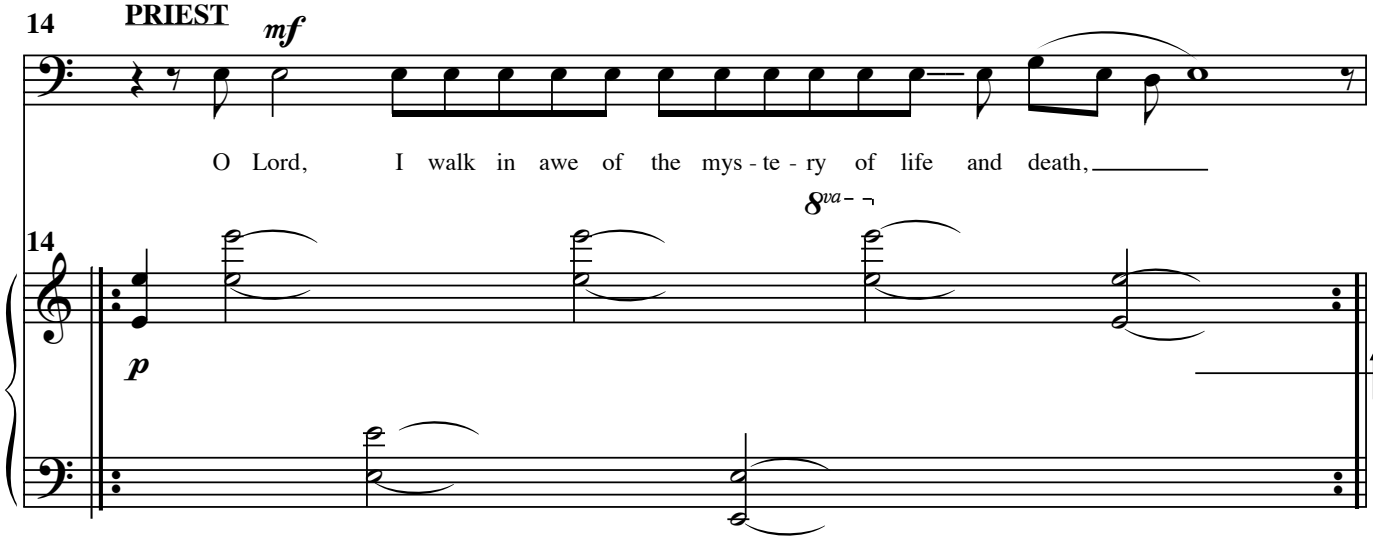
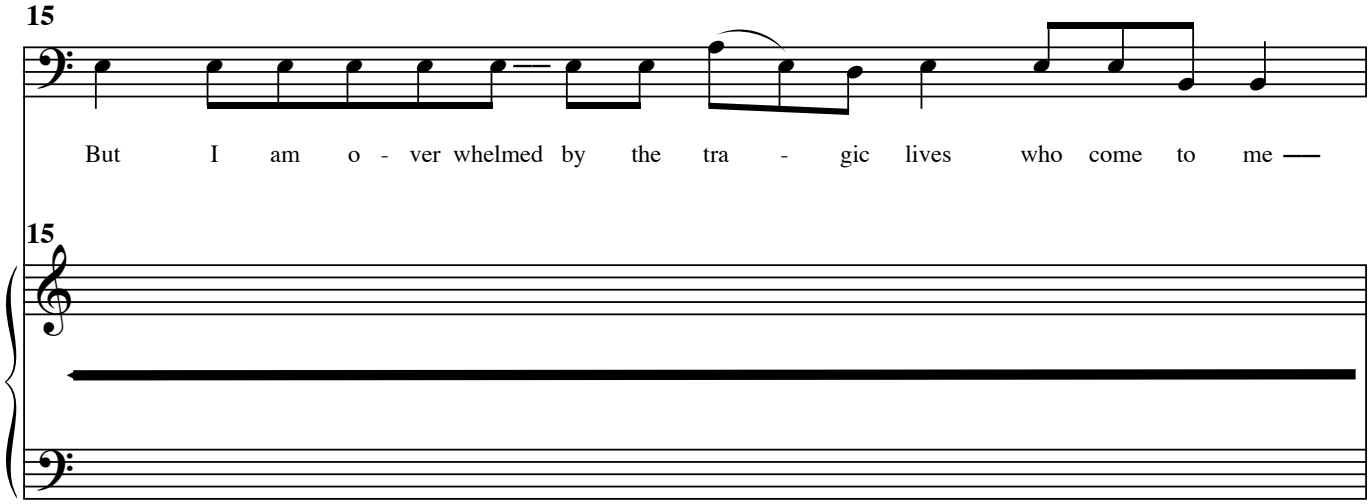
10 *(The priest appears in front of the curtain)*



14 **PRIEST** *mf*



15



16 *(spoken)*

and do not come - for help. This child is with you, O Lord, in pa - ra dise.

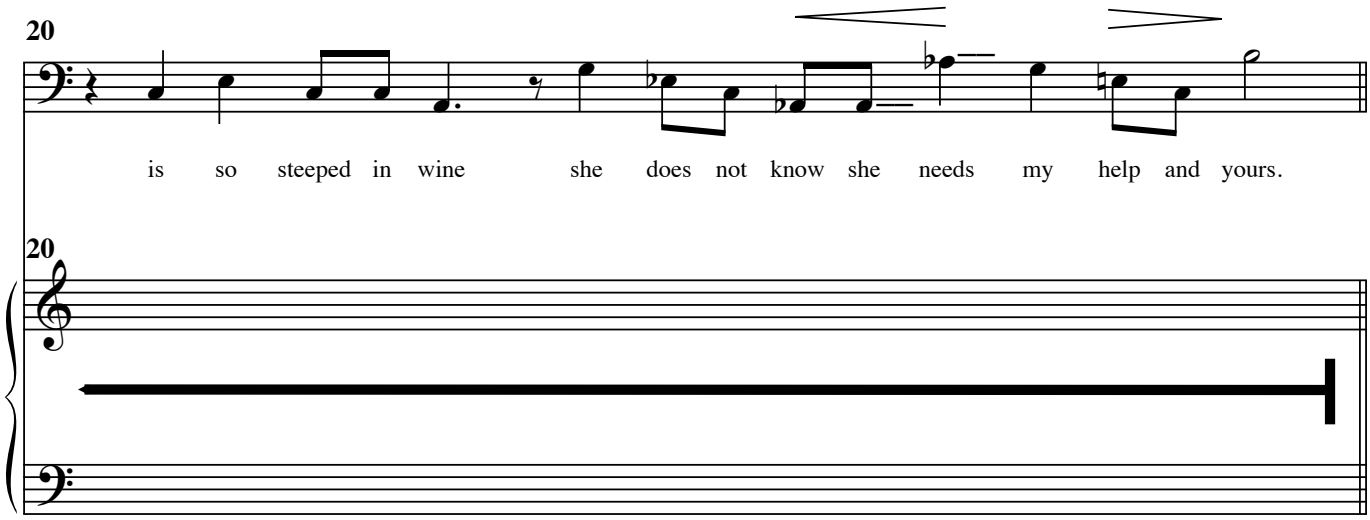
17 *(spoken)*

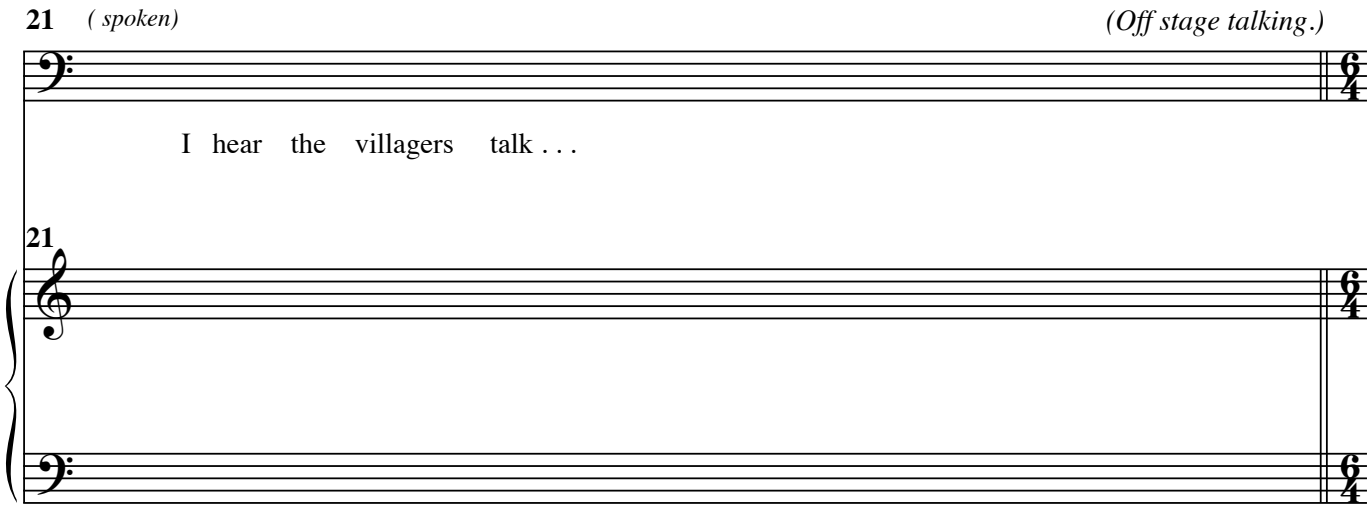
Rossana who loved him most is so steeped in sorrow she does not appeal to me for help. But I know, I know. . .

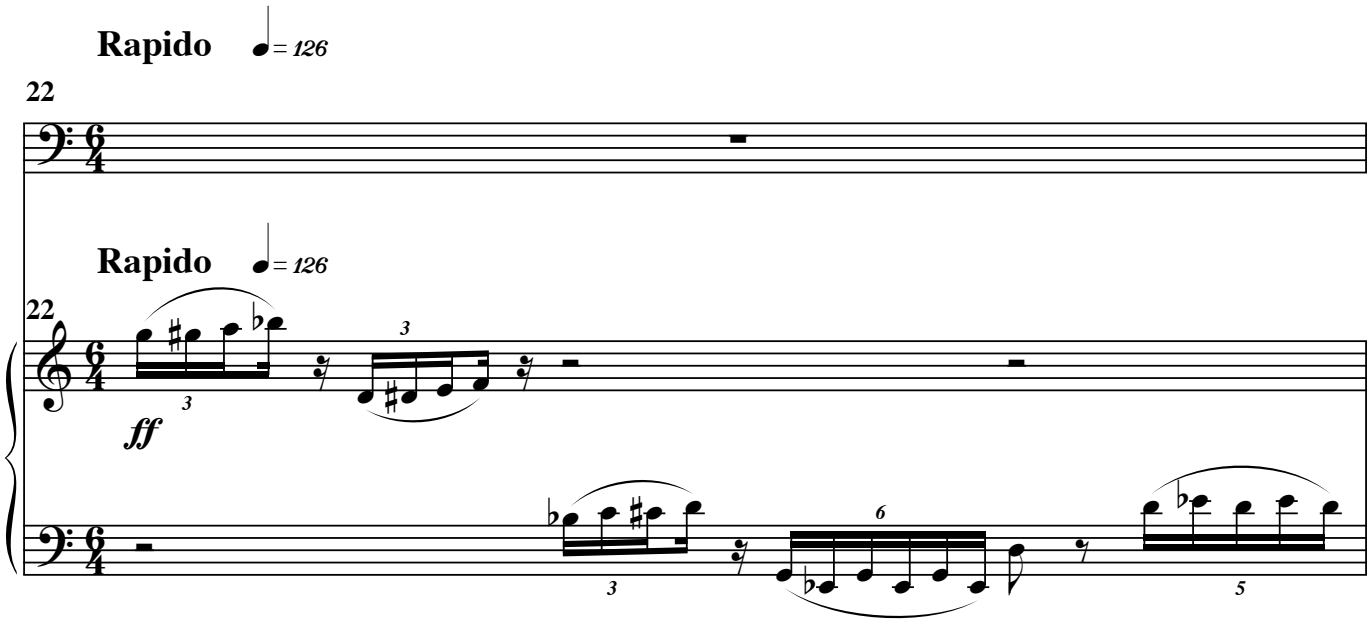
18 **Rapido** ♩ = 126 **Slow** ♩ = 60 *mf*

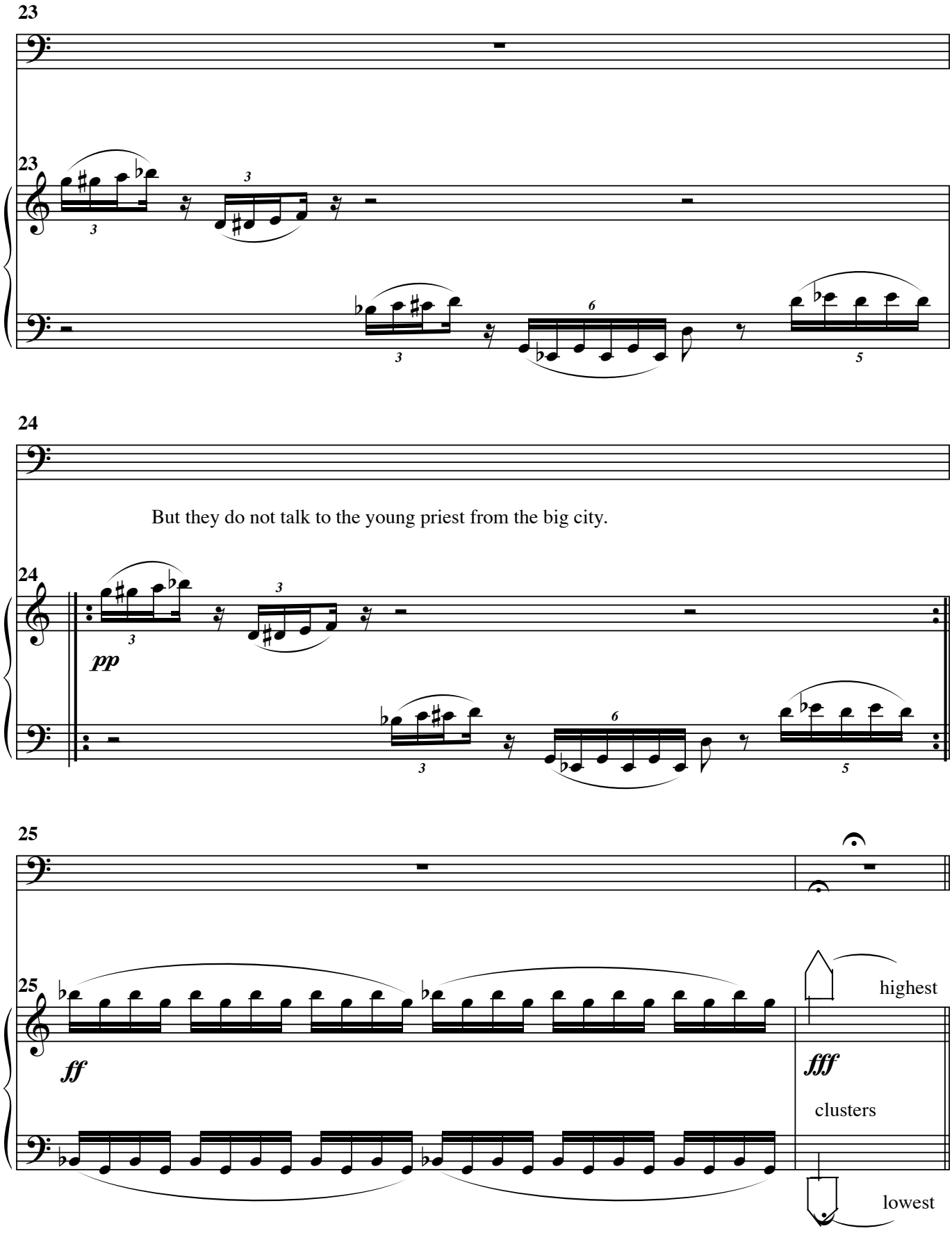
The child's mo-ther who ne-glect - ed him

ff *p*


20
is so steeped in wine she does not know she needs my help and yours.
20


21 (spoken)
(Off stage talking.)
I hear the villagers talk . . .
21


Rapido = 126
22
Rapido = 126
22
ff
3
3
6
3
5


23
23
24
But they do not talk to the young priest from the big city.
24
pp
25
25
ff
highest
fff
clusters
lowest

Slow *(spoken)*

27 *mp*

As children, Rosanna and Angelina lived in the same poverty.

28 **Interlude** ♩ = 60

Interlude ♩ = 60

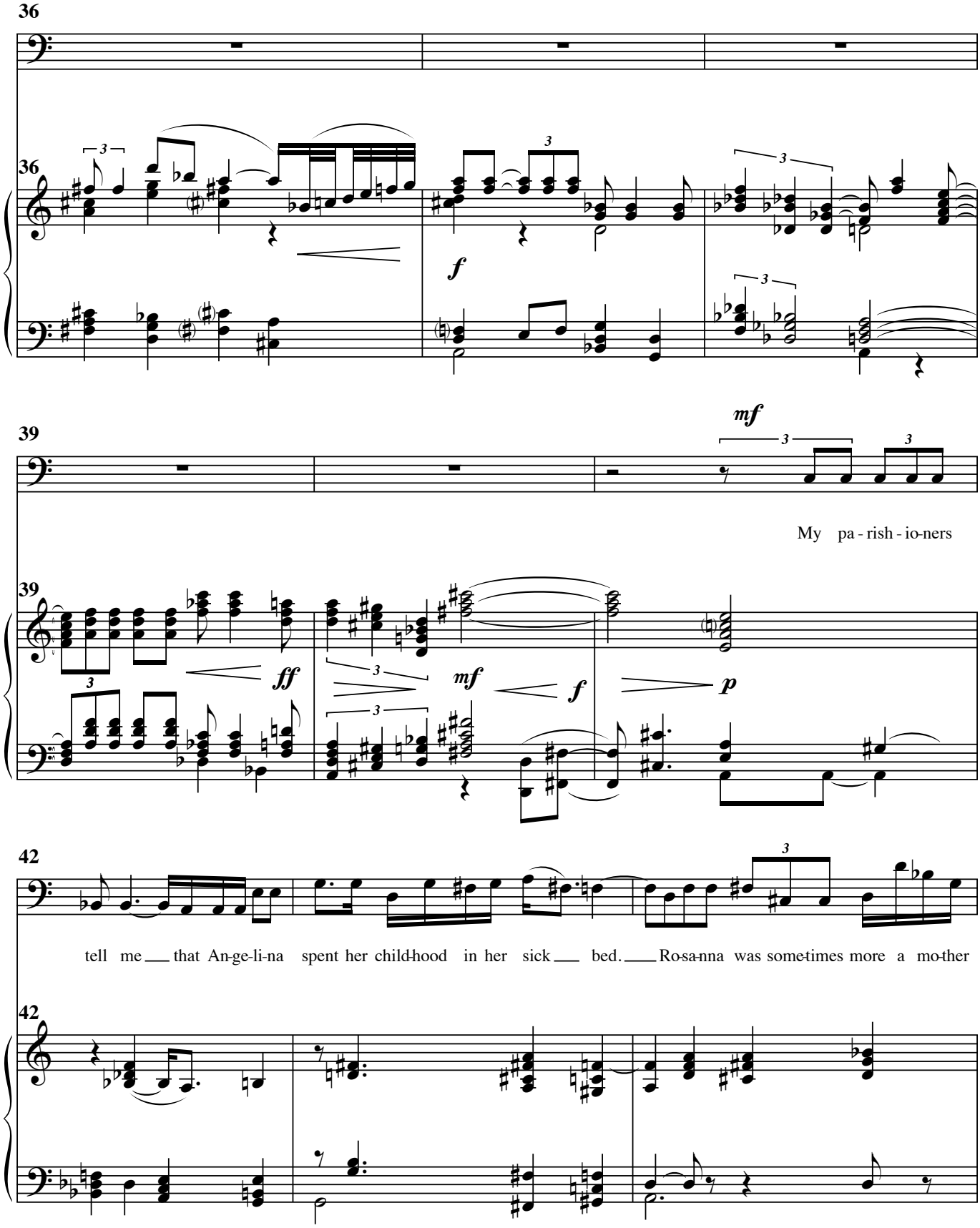
rit.

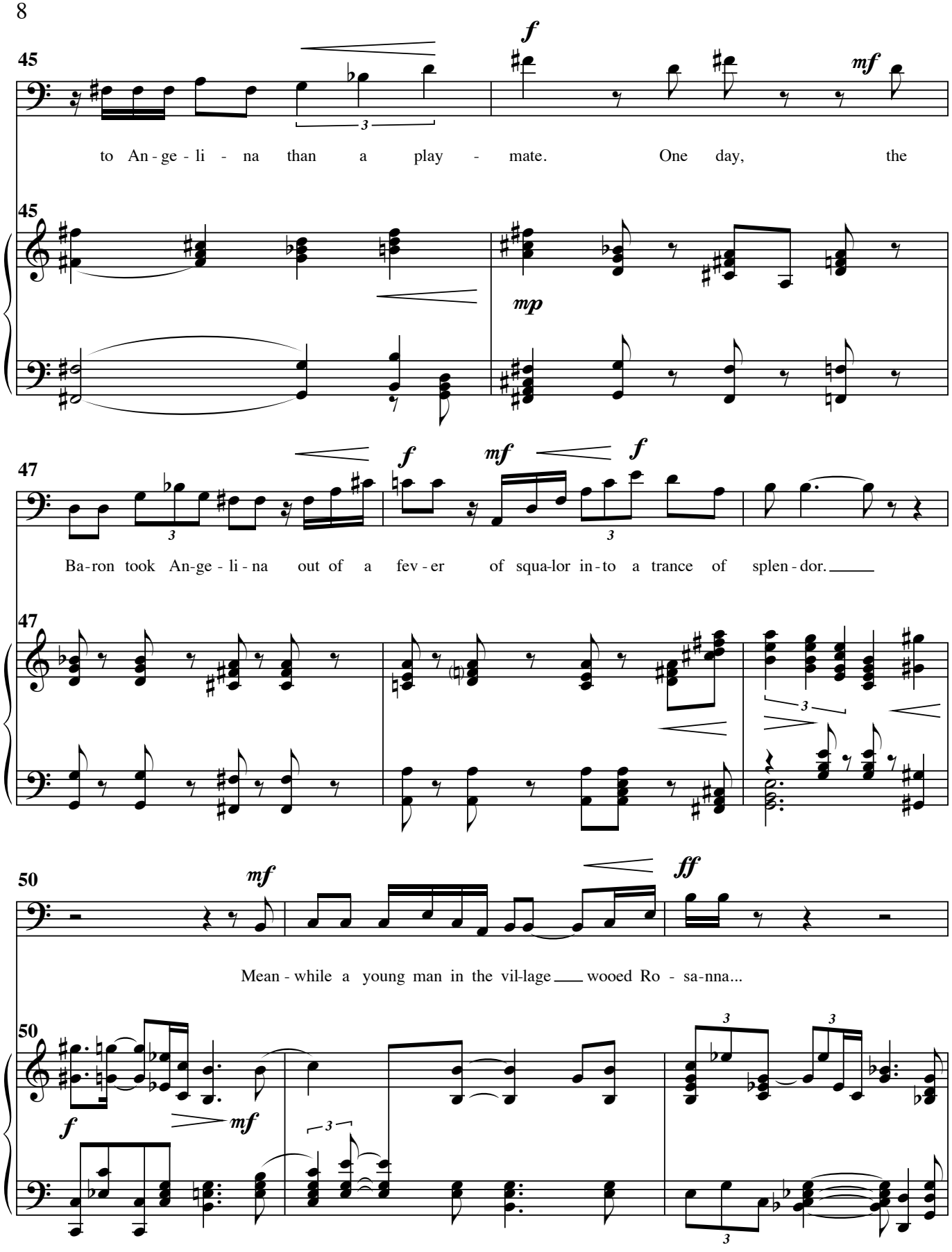
mp *mf* *mp*

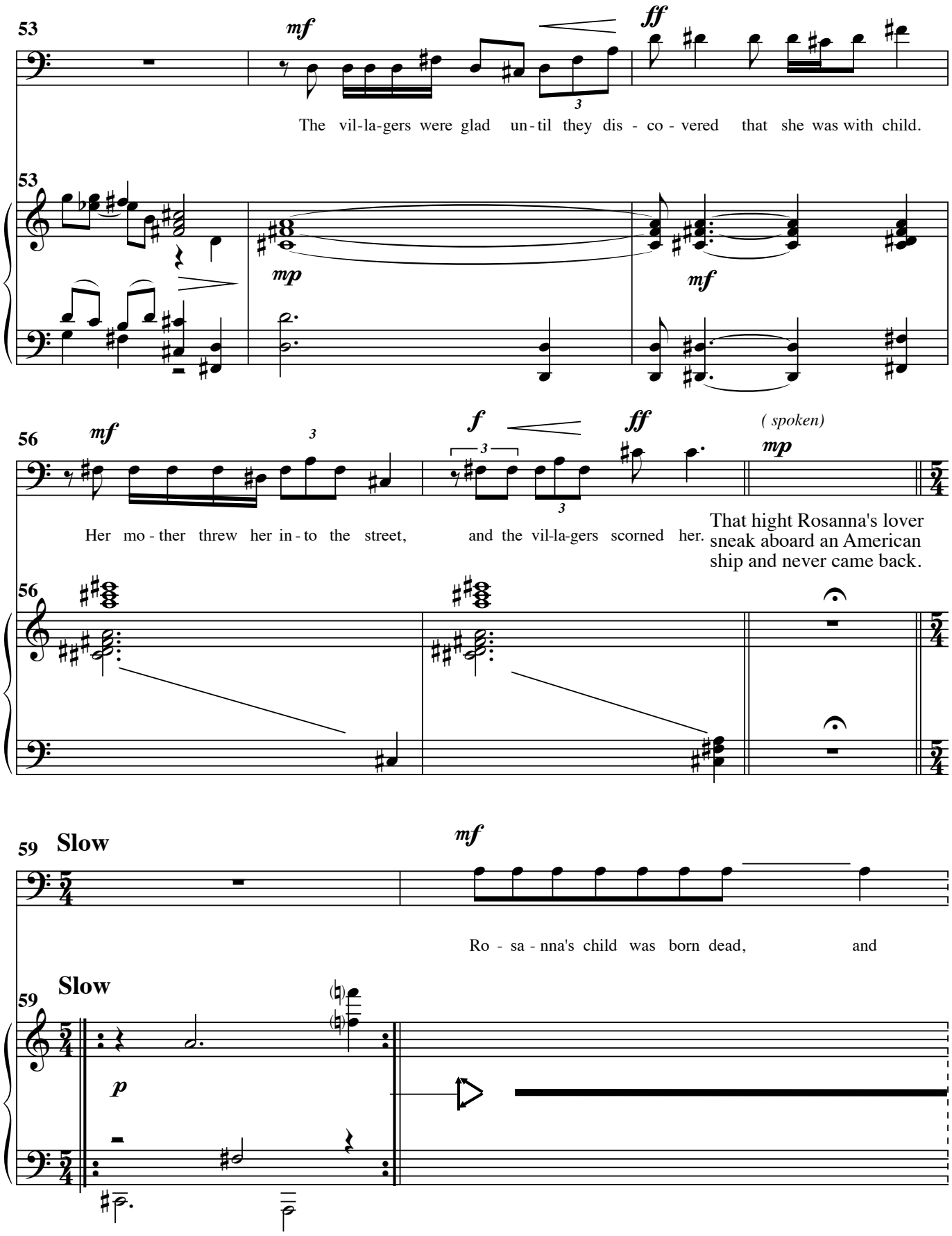
33 **Poco più mosso et ritmico**

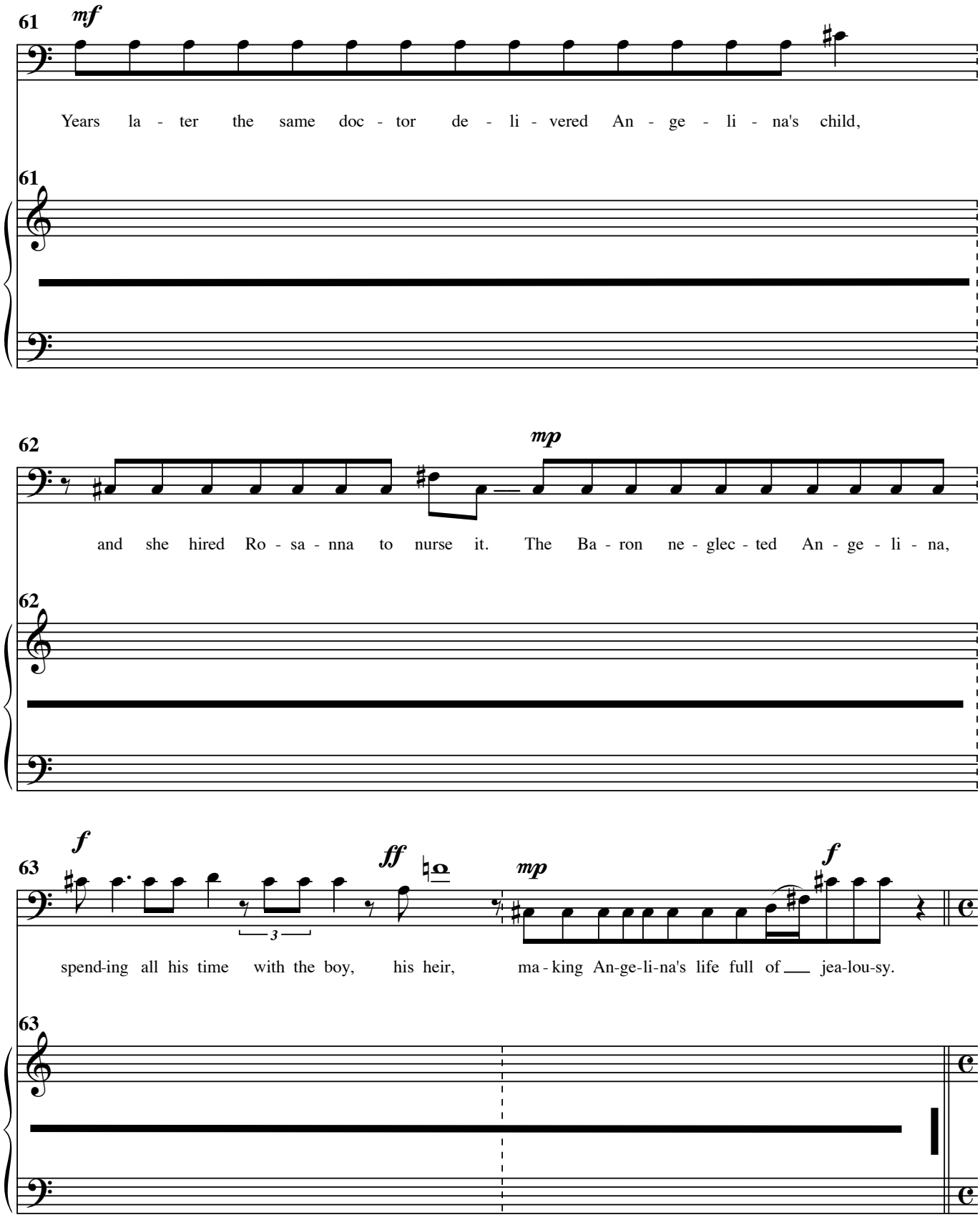
Poco più mosso et ritmico

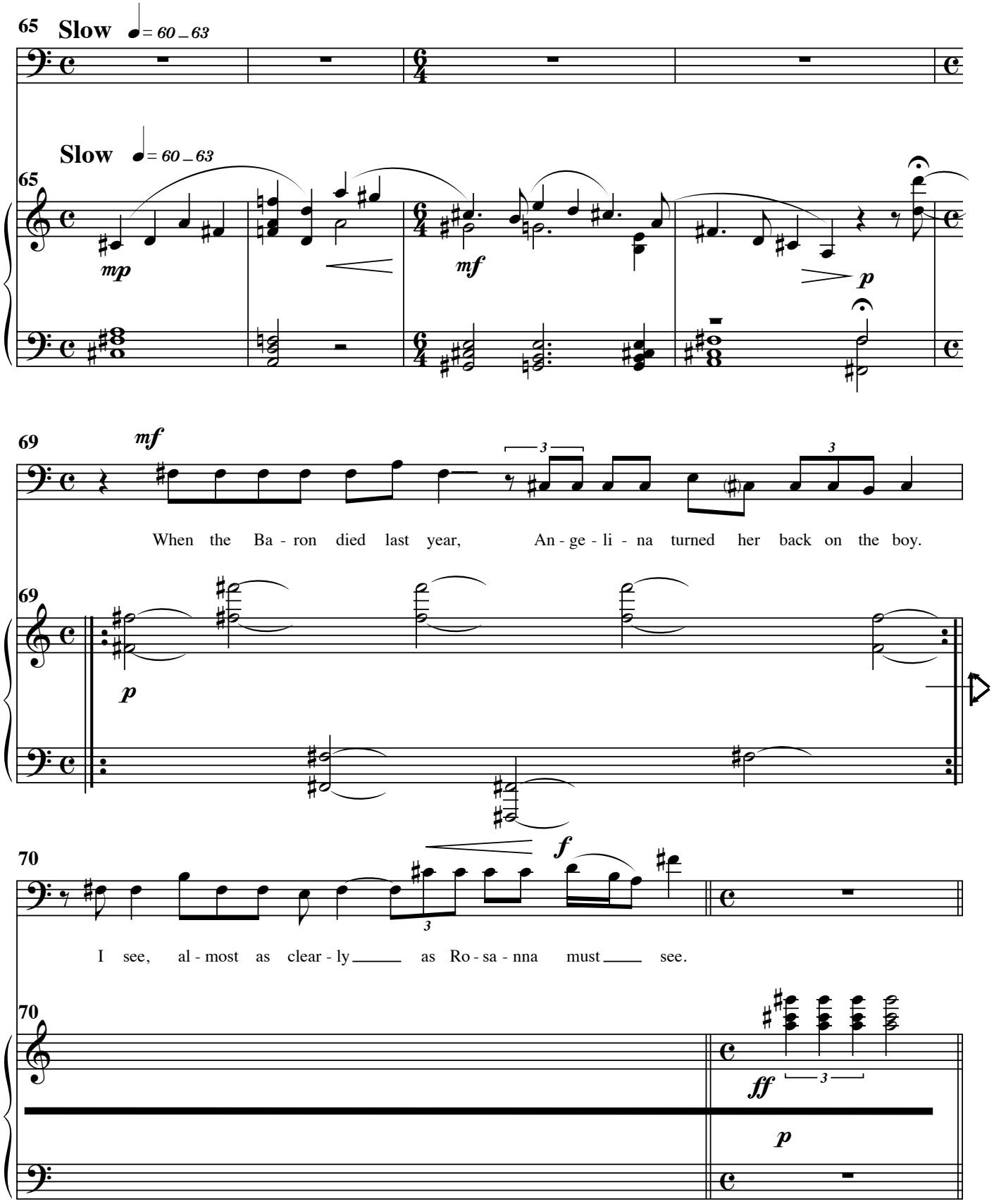
mf

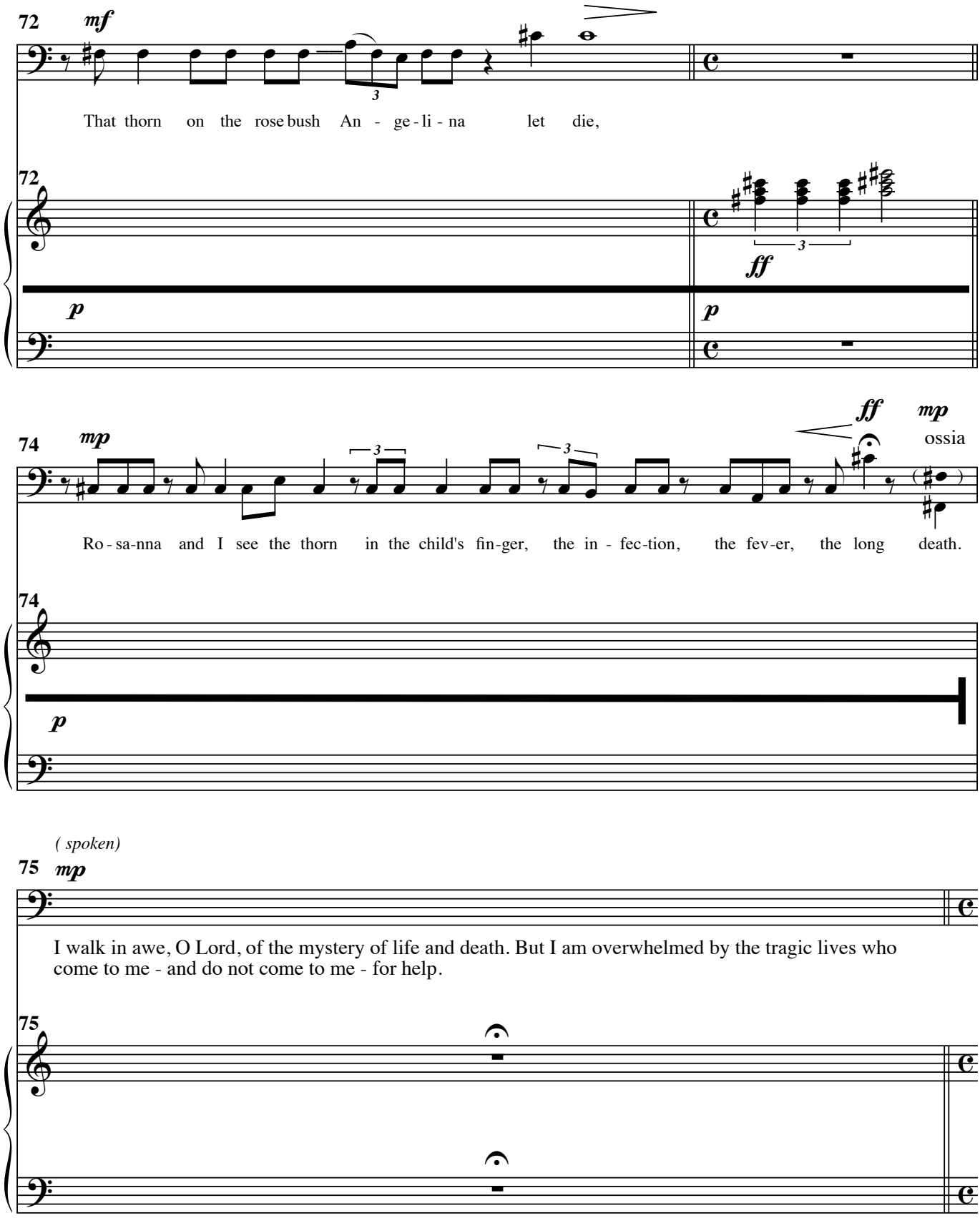

36
36
f
39
mf
My pa - rish - io-ners
39
ff
mf
f
p
42
tell me that An-ge-li-na spent her child-hood in her sick bed. Ro-sa-nna was some-times more a mo-ther
42


45
f
mf
to An - ge - li - na than a play - mate. One day, the
45
mp
47
f
mf
f
Ba-ron took An-ge - li - na out of a fev - er of squa-lor in - to a trance of splen - dor.
47
50
mf
ff
Mean - while a young man in the vil-lage wooed Ro - sa-nna...
50
f
mf


53
mf
ff
The vil-la-gers were glad un-til they dis - co - vered that she was with child.
53
mp
mf
56
mf
f
ff
(spoken)
mp
Her mo - ther threw her in - to the street, and the vil-la-gers scorned her.
That hight Rosanna's lover sneak aboard an American ship and never came back.
56
59 Slow
mf
Ro - sa - nna's child was born dead, and
59 Slow
p


61
mf
Years la - ter the same doc - tor de - li - vered An - ge - li - na's child,
61
62
mp
and she hired Ro - sa - nna to nurse it. The Ba - ron ne - glec - ted An - ge - li - na,
62
63
f
ff
mp
f
3
spend-ing all his time with the boy, his heir, ma - king An-ge-li-na's life full of jea-lou-sy.
63


65 Slow ♩= 60 – 63
Slow ♩= 60 – 63
65
mp
mf
p
69
mf
3
3
When the Ba - ron died last year, An - ge - li - na turned her back on the boy.
69
p
70
f
3
I see, al - most as clear - ly as Ro - sa - nna must see.
70
ff
3
p


72
mf
That thorn on the rose bush An - ge - li - na let die,
72
p
ff
p
74
mp
ff
mp
ossia
Ro - sa-nna and I see the thorn in the child's fin-ger, the in - fec-tion, the fev-er, the long death.
74
p
(spoken)
75
mp
I walk in awe, O Lord, of the mystery of life and death. But I am overwhelmed by the tragic lives who come to me - and do not come to me - for help.
75

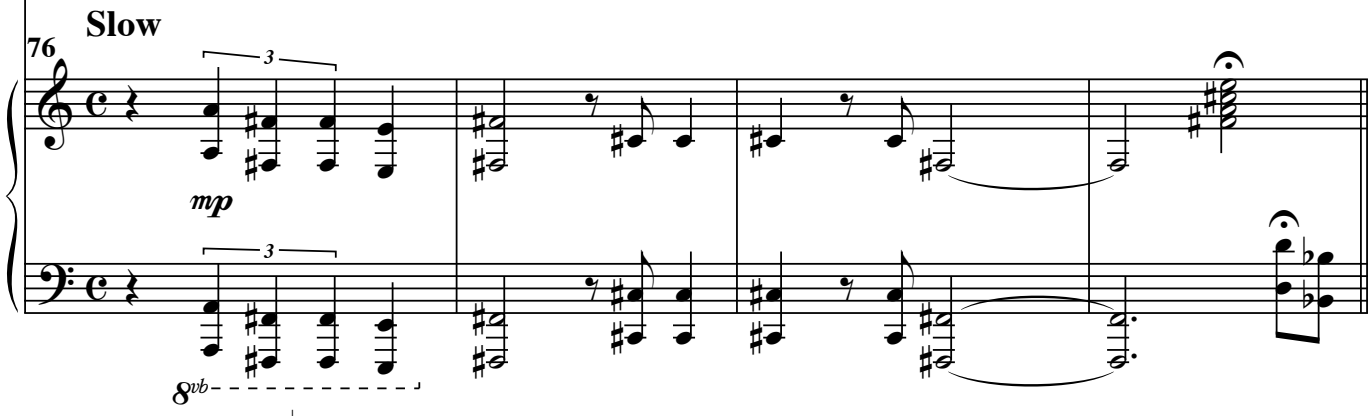
(He exits - the curtain opens slowly)

76 **Slow** *mf*

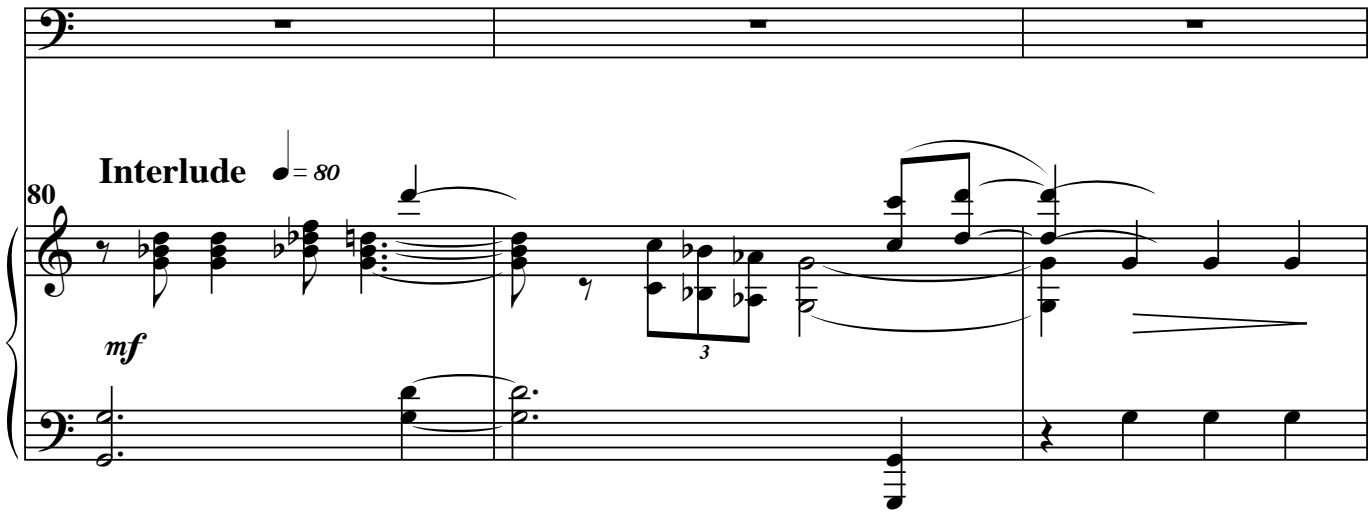
ossia

p

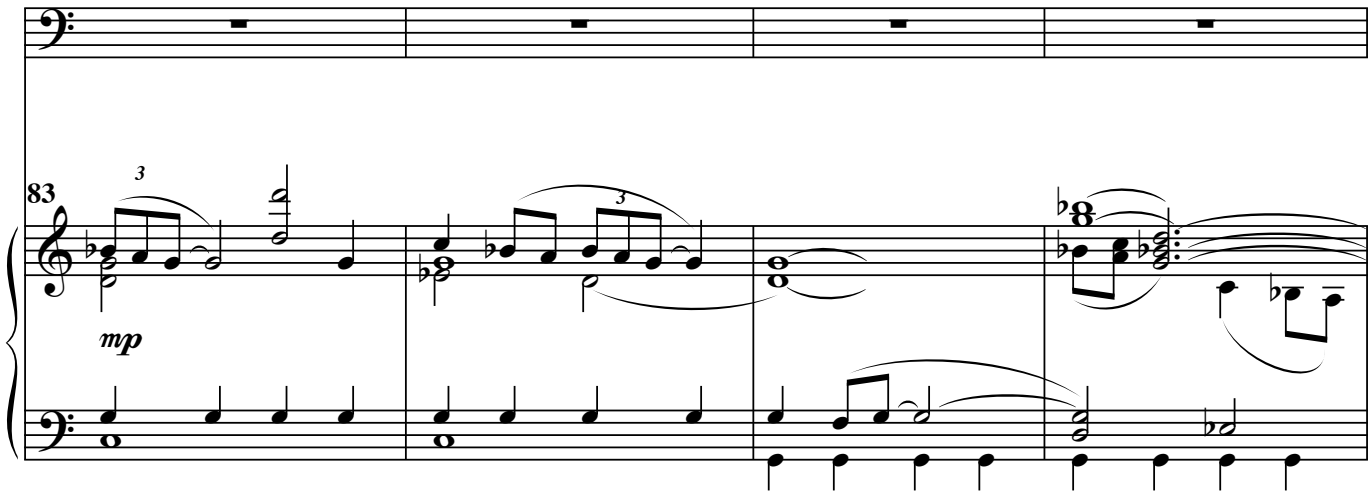
For - give me, O Lord, I must hide from them.

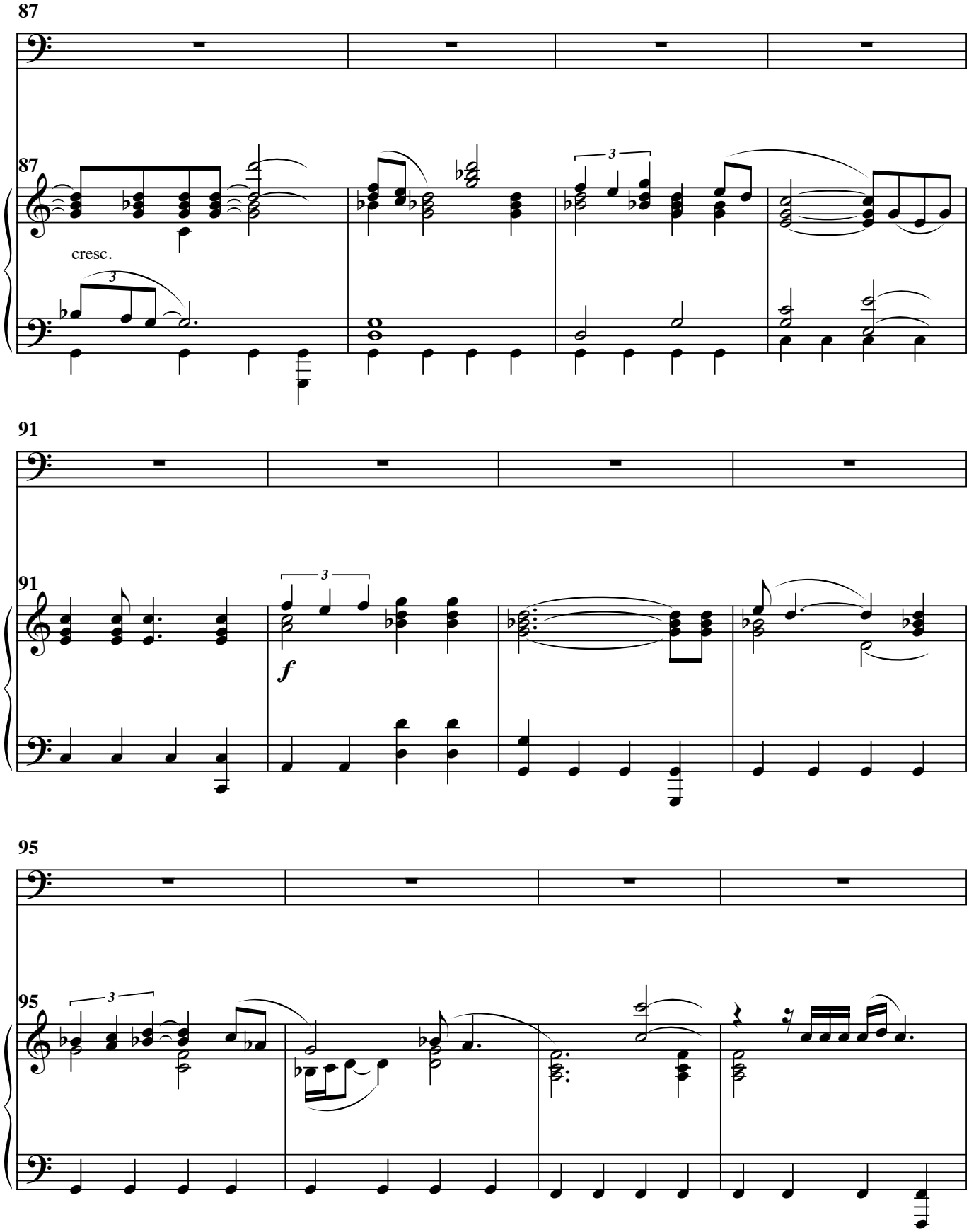


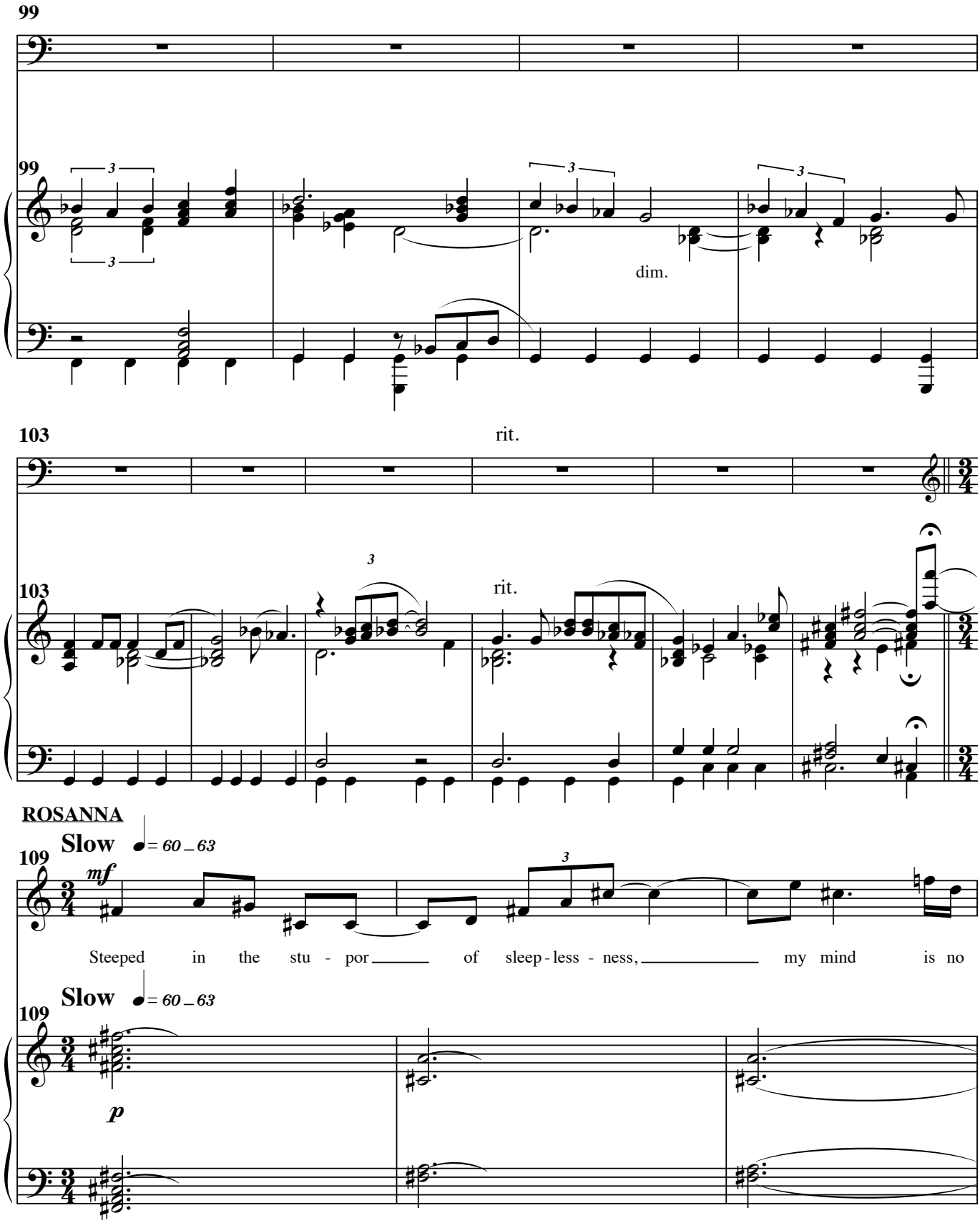
80 **Interlude** ♩ = 80

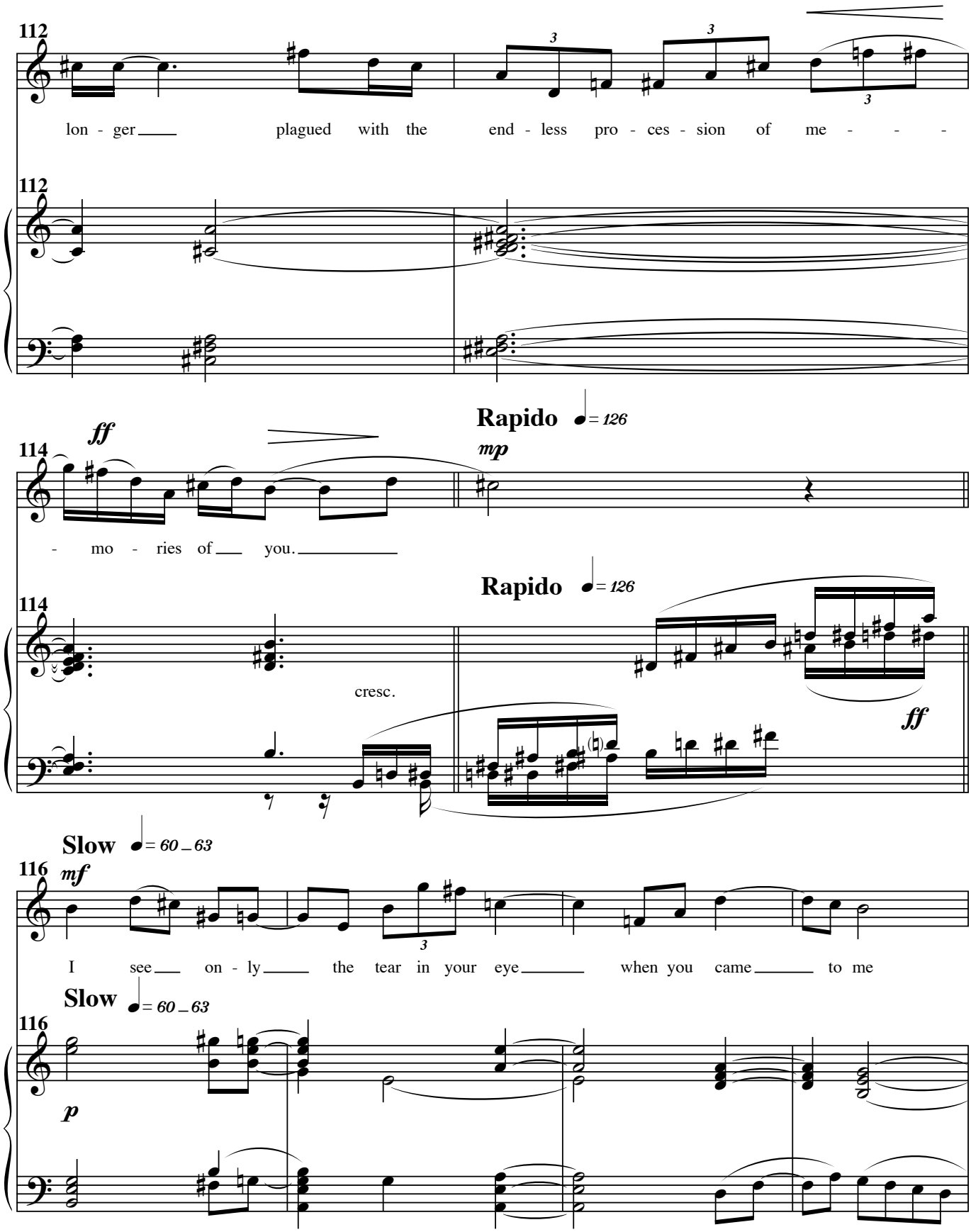


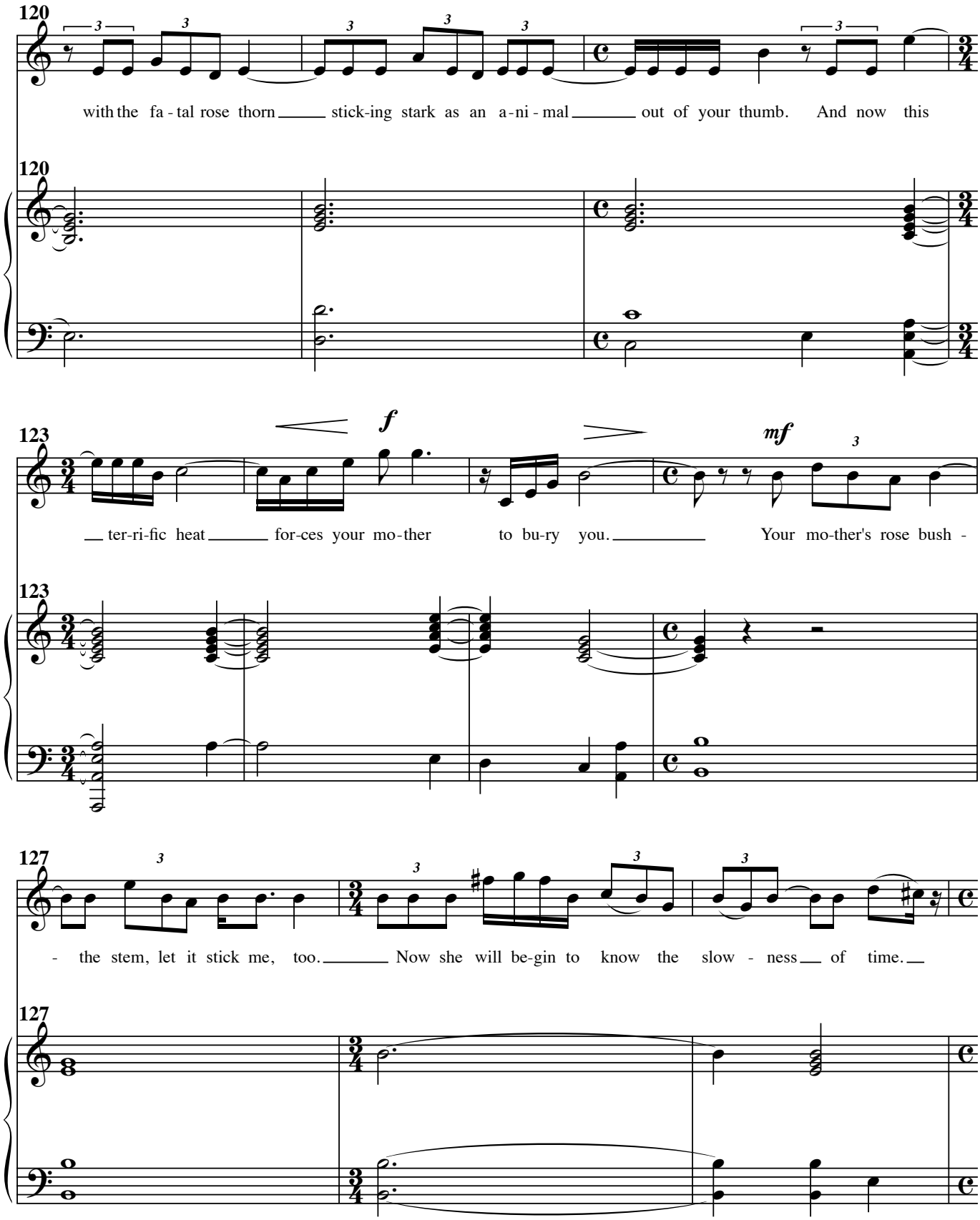
83

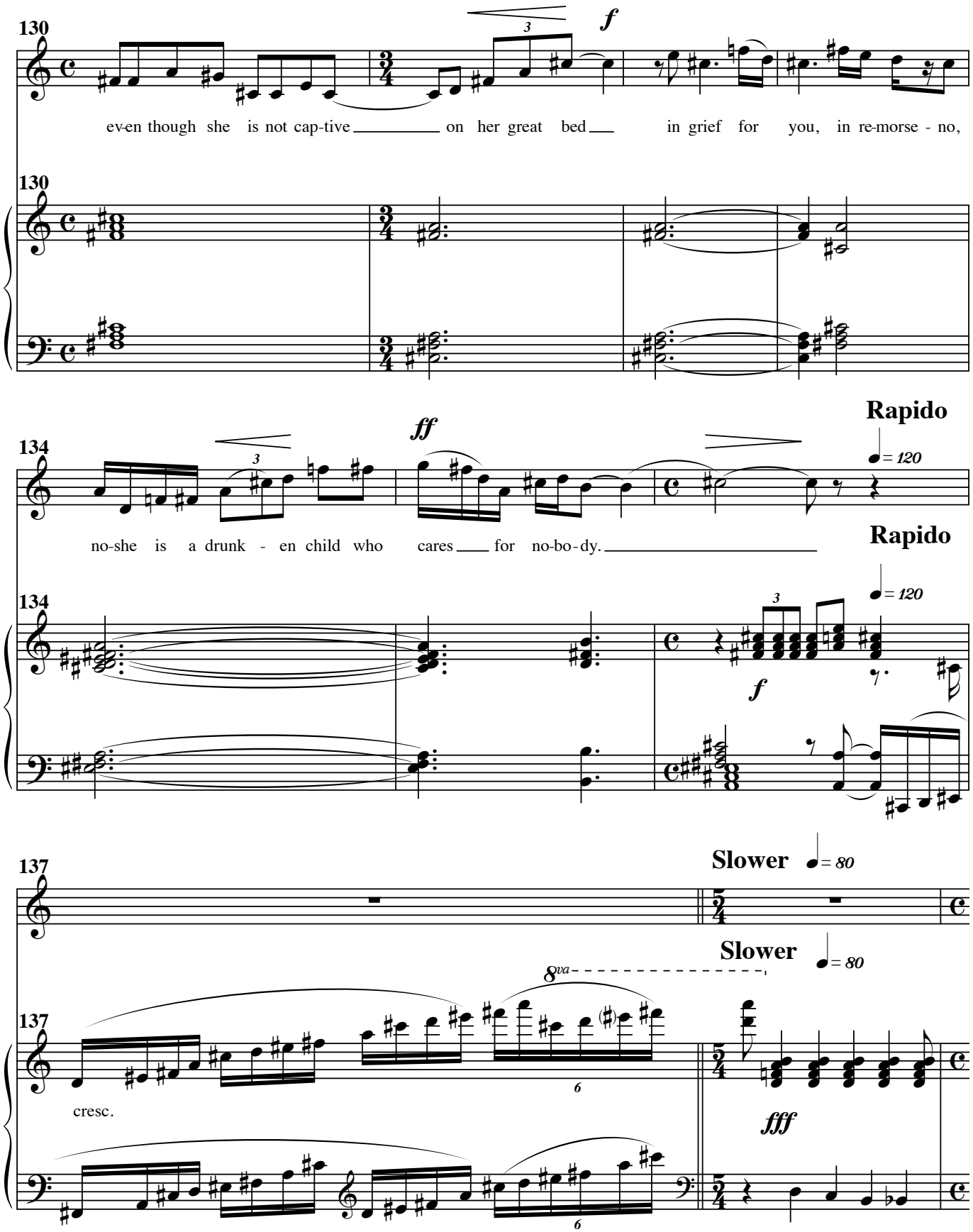


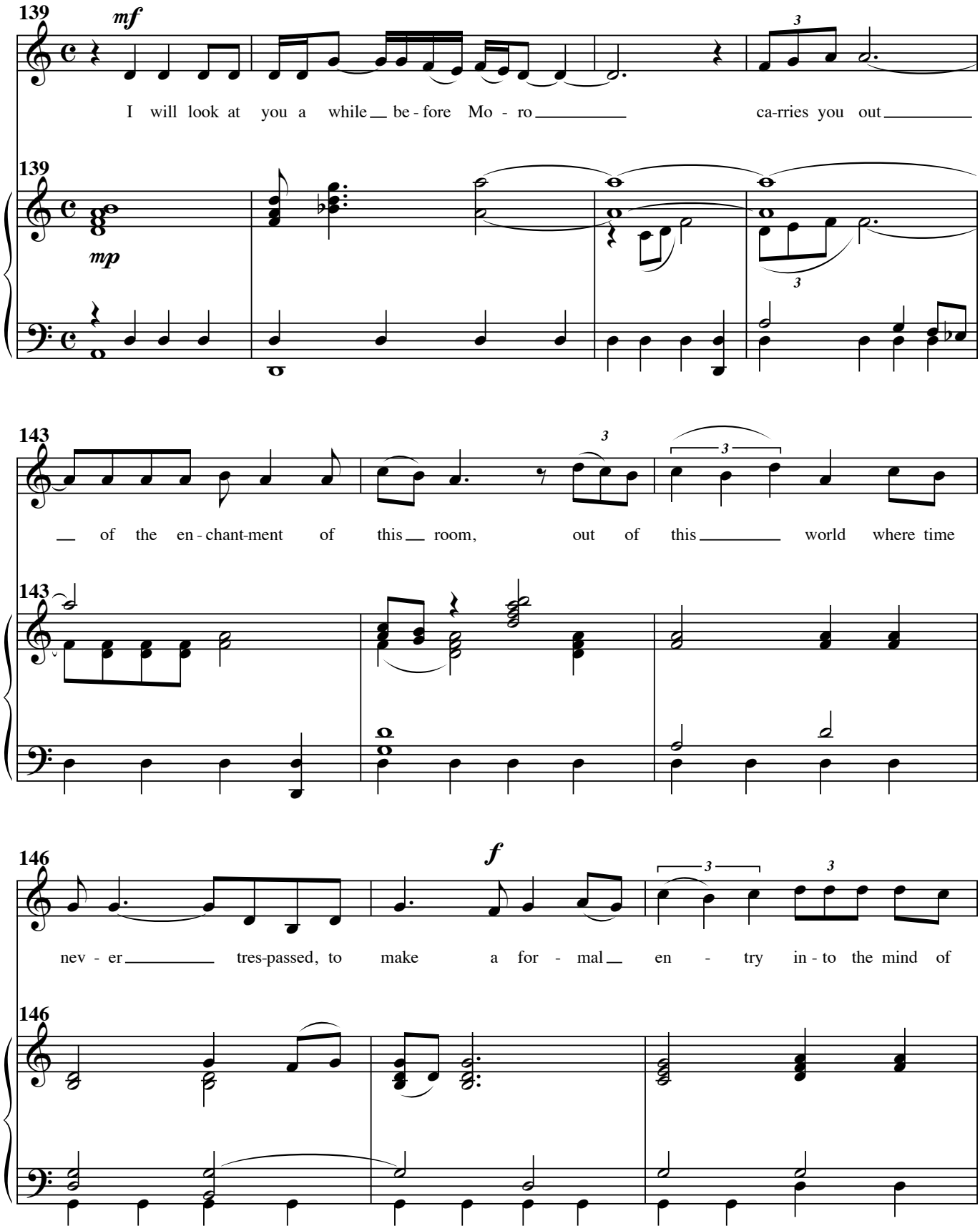

87
87
cresc.
91
91
f
95
95


99
99
dim.
103
rit.
103
rit.
ROSANNA
Slow
= 60 – 63
109
mf
Steeped in the stu - por of sleep - less - ness, my mind is no
Slow
= 60 – 63
109
p

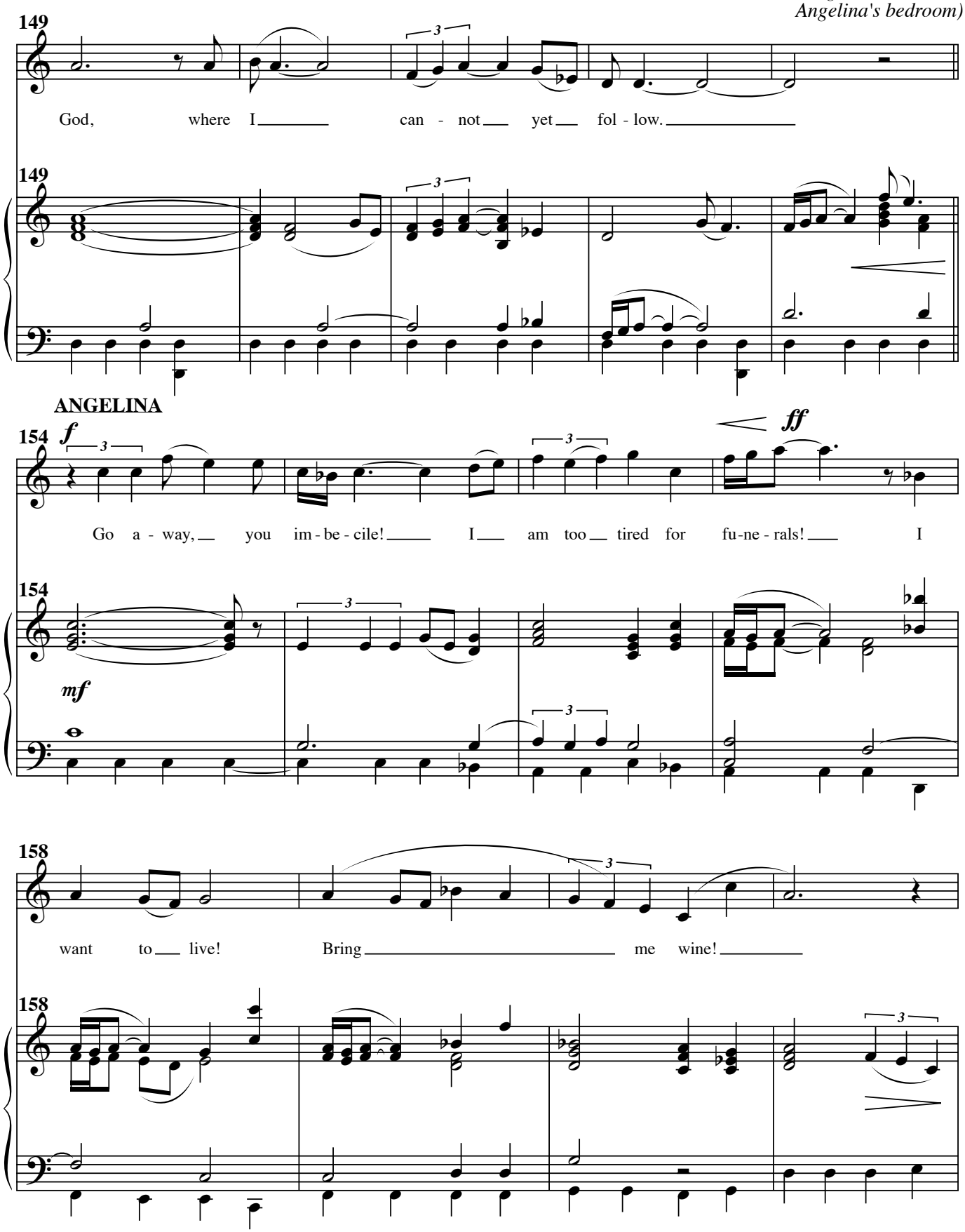

112
lon - ger plagued with the end - less pro - ces - sion of me - - -
112
Rapido ♩= 126
ff
mp
114
- mo - ries of you.
Rapido ♩= 126
114
cresc.
ff
Slow ♩= 60 – 63
116
mf
I see on - ly the tear in your eye when you came to me
Slow ♩= 60 – 63
116
p

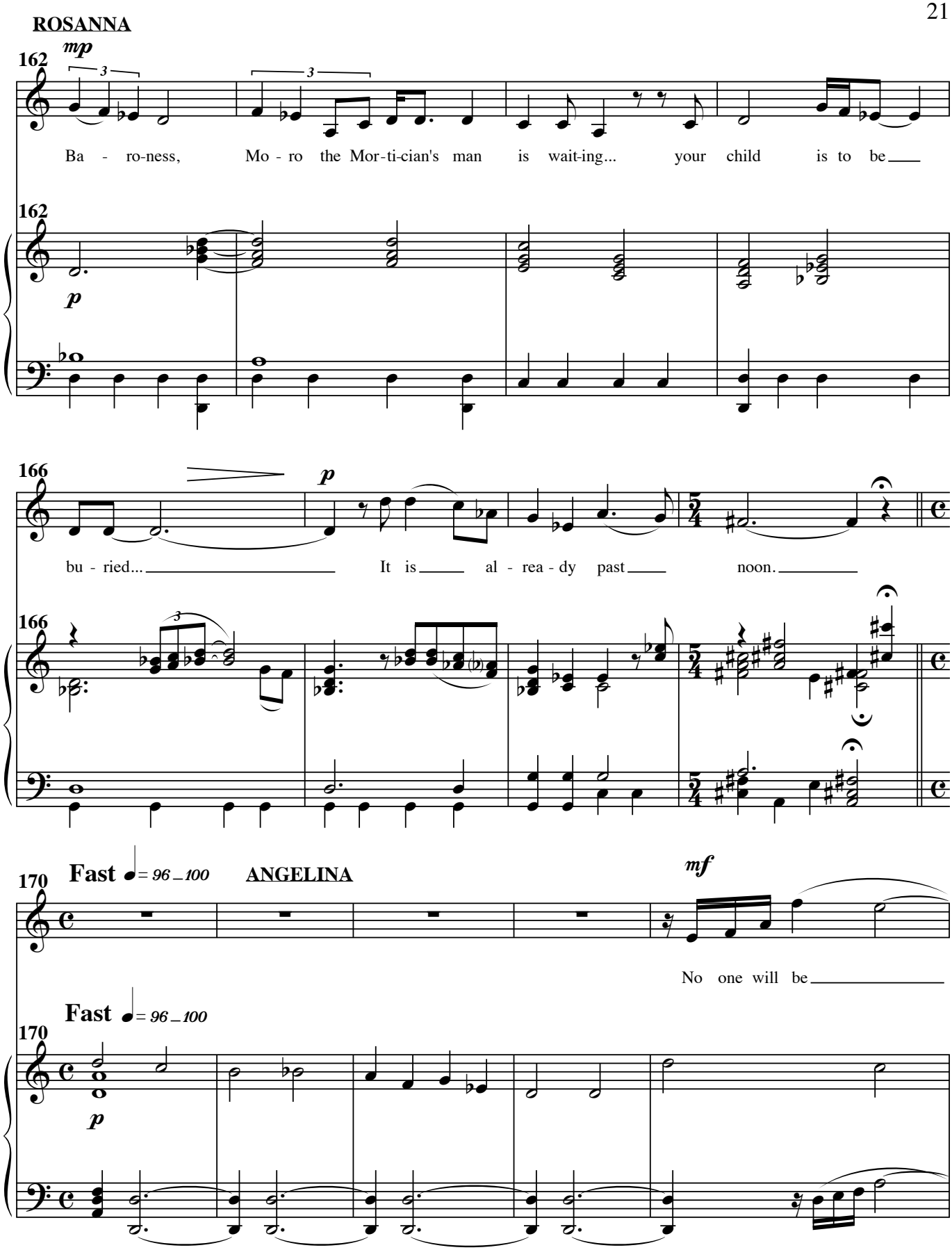

120
with the fa - tal rose thorn stick-ing stark as an a - ni - mal out of your thumb. And now this
120
123
f
mf
ter-ri-fic heat for-ces your mo-ther to bu-ry you. Your mo-ther's rose bush -
123
127
- the stem, let it stick me, too. Now she will be-gin to know the slow - ness of time.
127

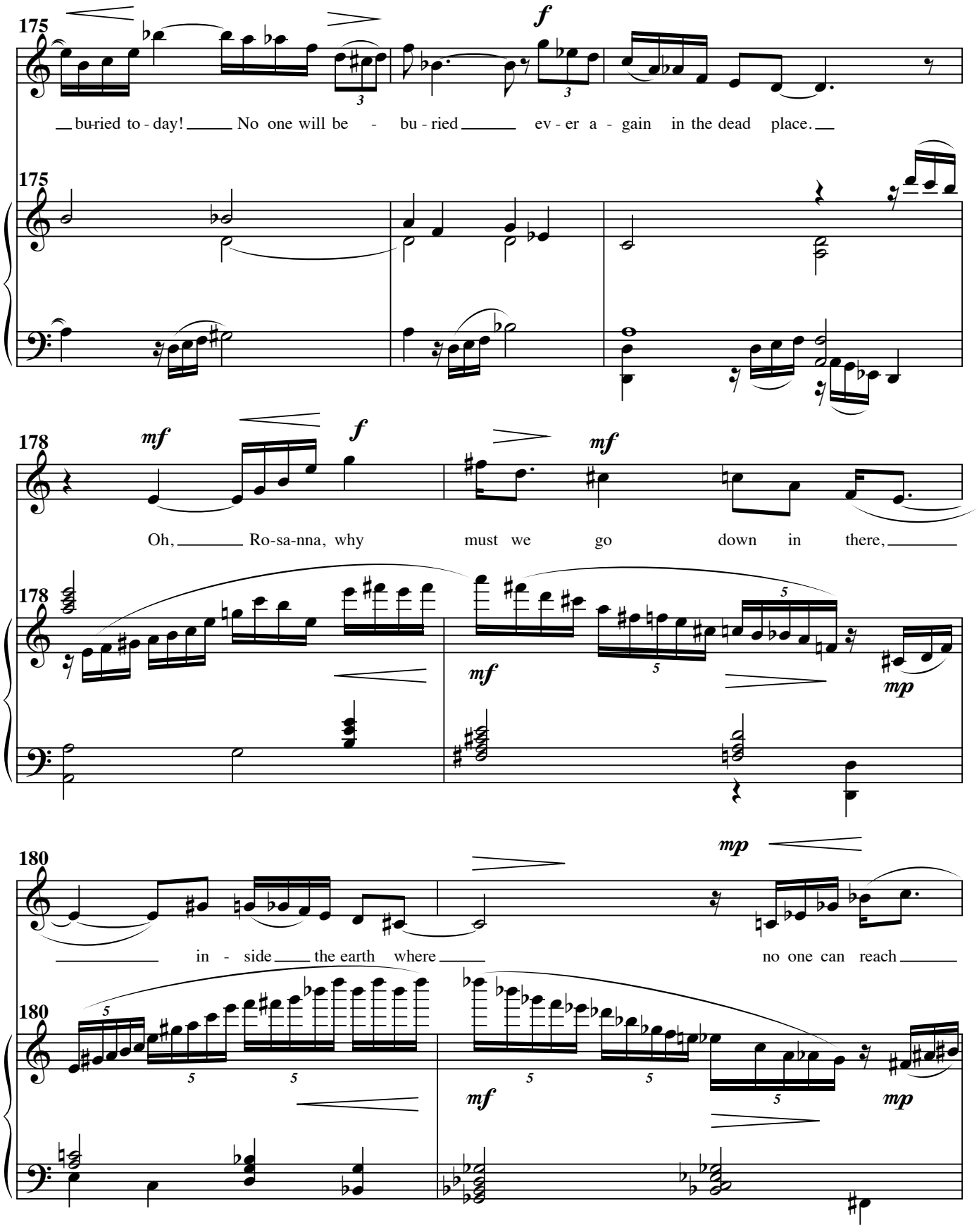

130
f
ev-en though she is not cap-tive on her great bed in grief for you, in re-morse - no,
130
134
ff
Rapido
= 120
no-she is a drunk - en child who cares for no-bo-dy.
Rapido
134
= 120
f
137
Slower
= 80
Slower
= 80
8va
137
cresc.
fff

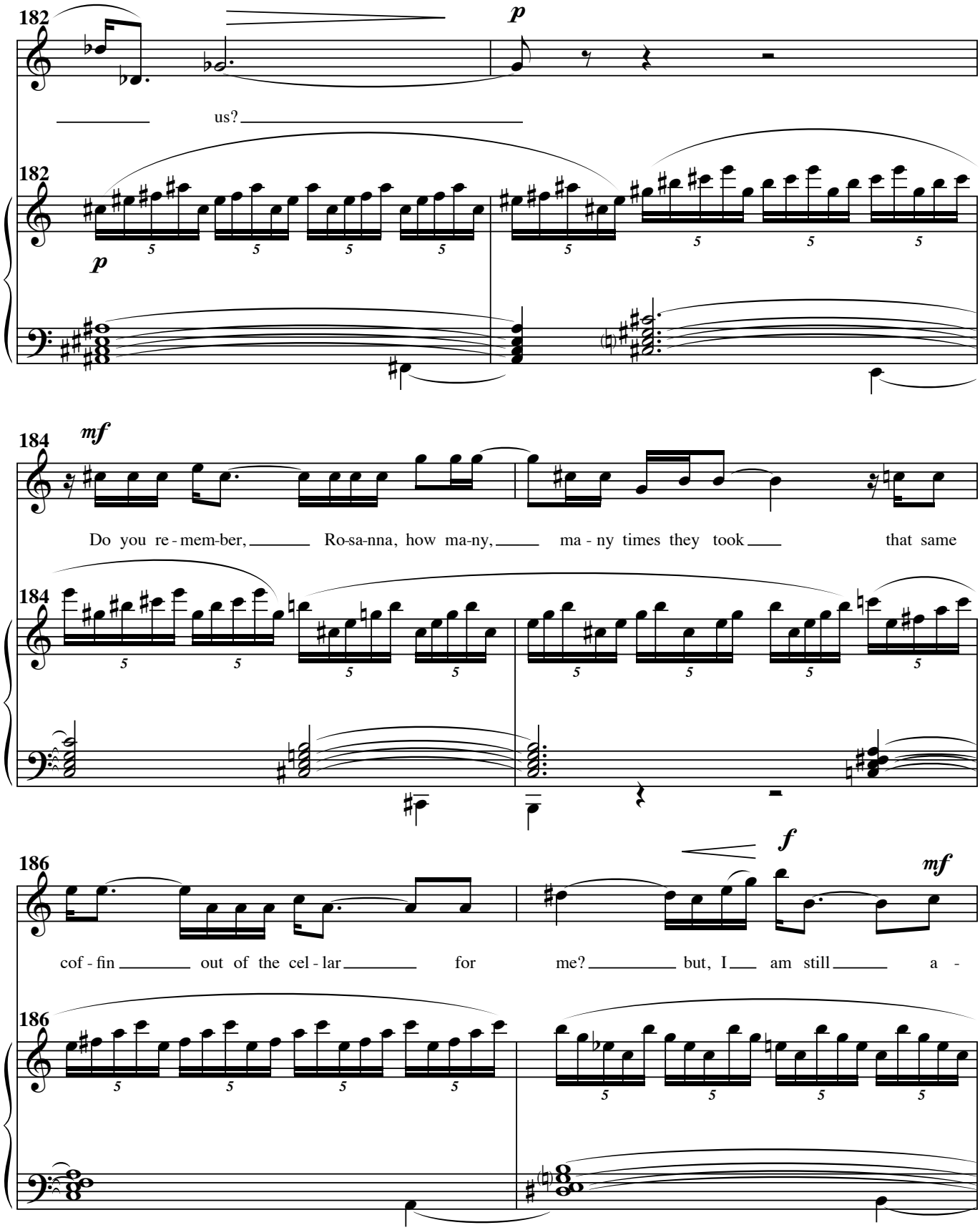

139
mf
I will look at you a while be - fore Mo - ro ca-rries you out
139
mp
143
of the en - chant-ment of this room, out of this world where time
143
146
f
nev - er tres-passed, to make a for - mal en - try in - to the mind of
146

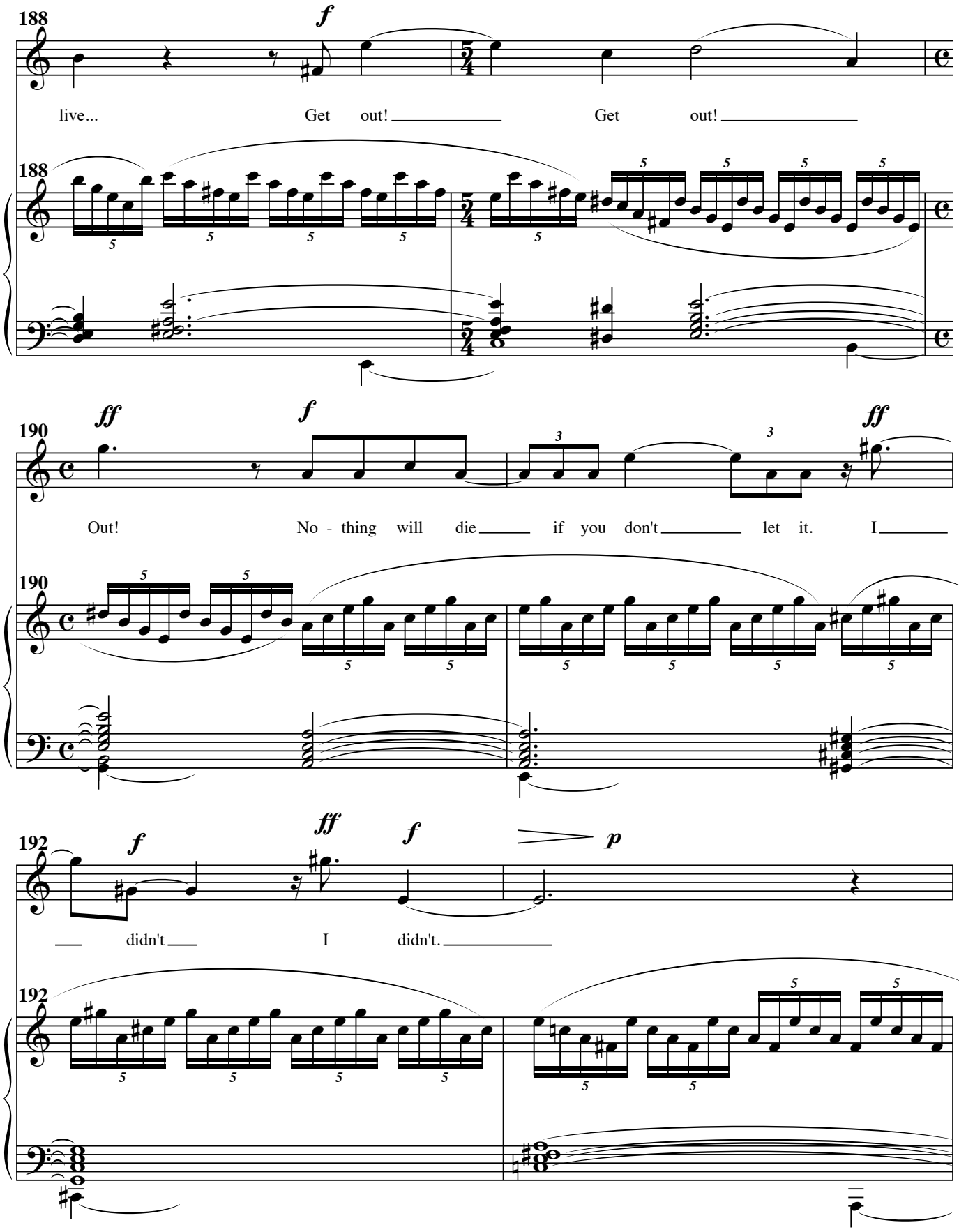
(She goes to Angelina's bedroom)

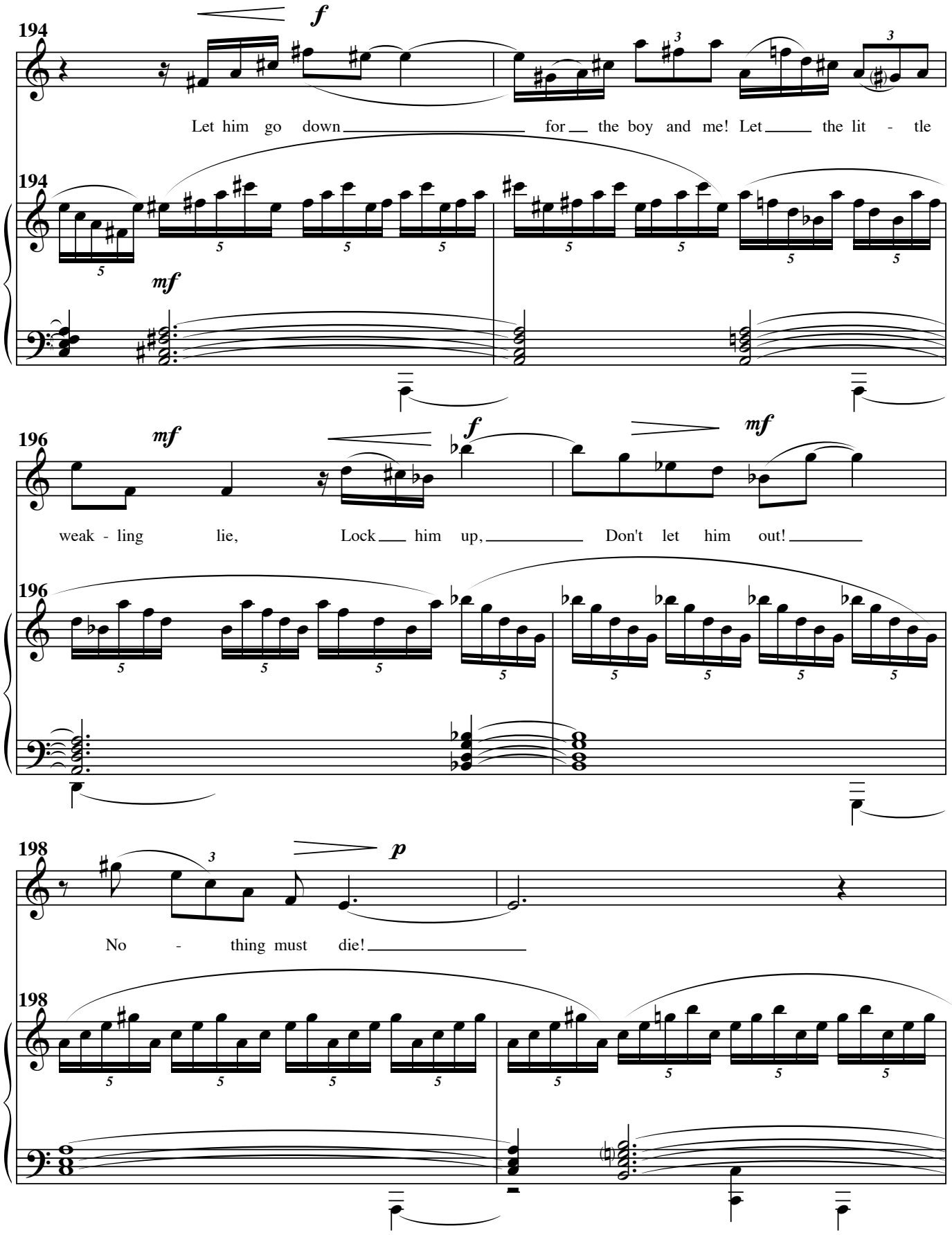



ROSANNA
mp
162
Ba - ro-ness, Mo - ro the Mor-ti-cian's man is wait-ing... your child is to be
p
166
bu - ried... It is al - rea - dy past noon.
Fast ♩= 96 – 100
ANGELINA
mf
170
No one will be
Fast ♩= 96 – 100
p

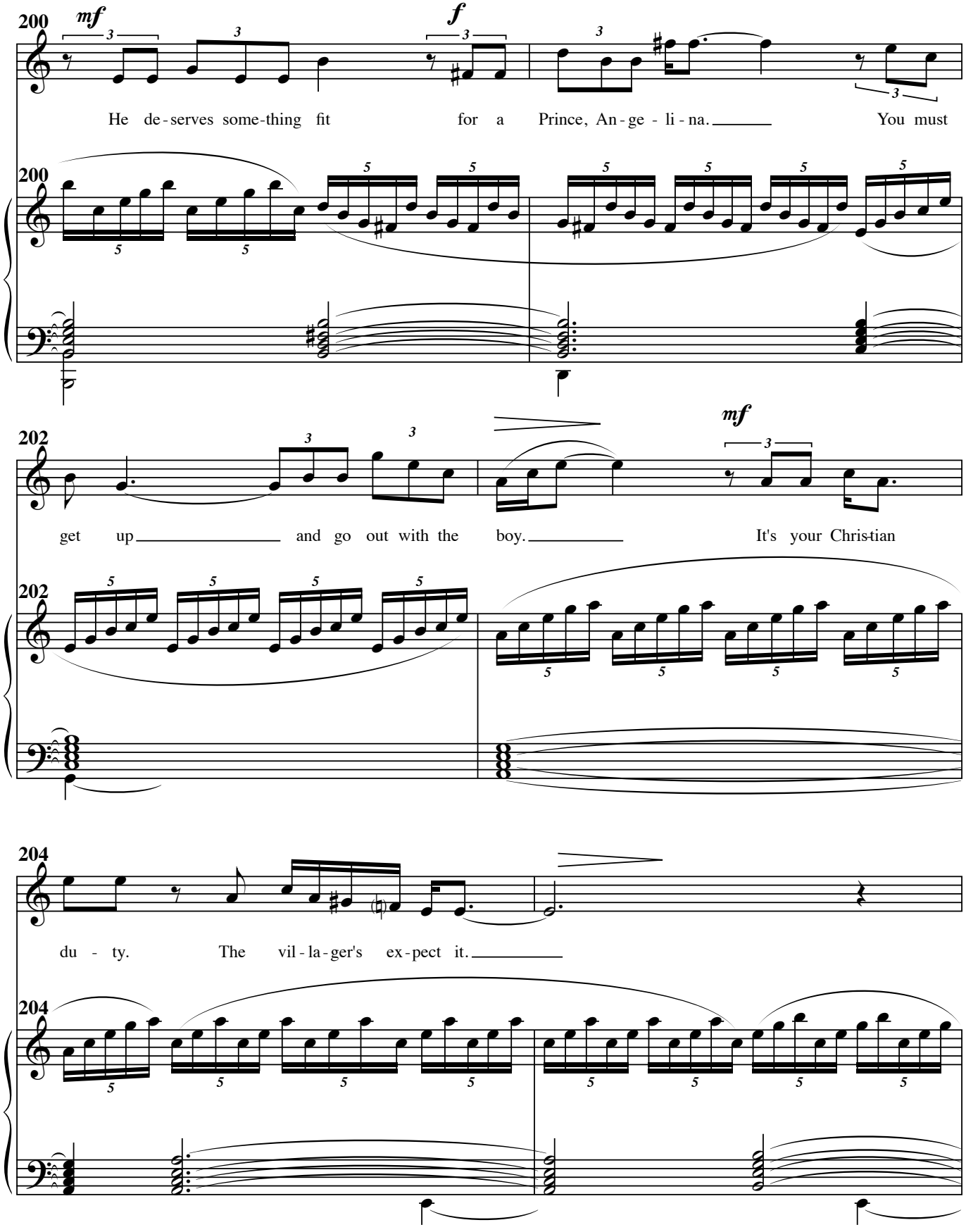

175
f
bu-ried to-day! No one will be - bu-ried ev-er a-gain in the dead place.
175
178
mf
f
mf
Oh, Ro-sa-nna, why must we go down in there,
178
mf
mp
180
mp
in - side the earth where no one can reach
180
mf
mp


182
p
us?
182
p
184
mf
Do you re - mem-ber, Ro-sa-nna, how ma-ny, ma - ny times they took that same
184
186
f
mf
cof - fin out of the cel - lar for me? but, I am still a -
186

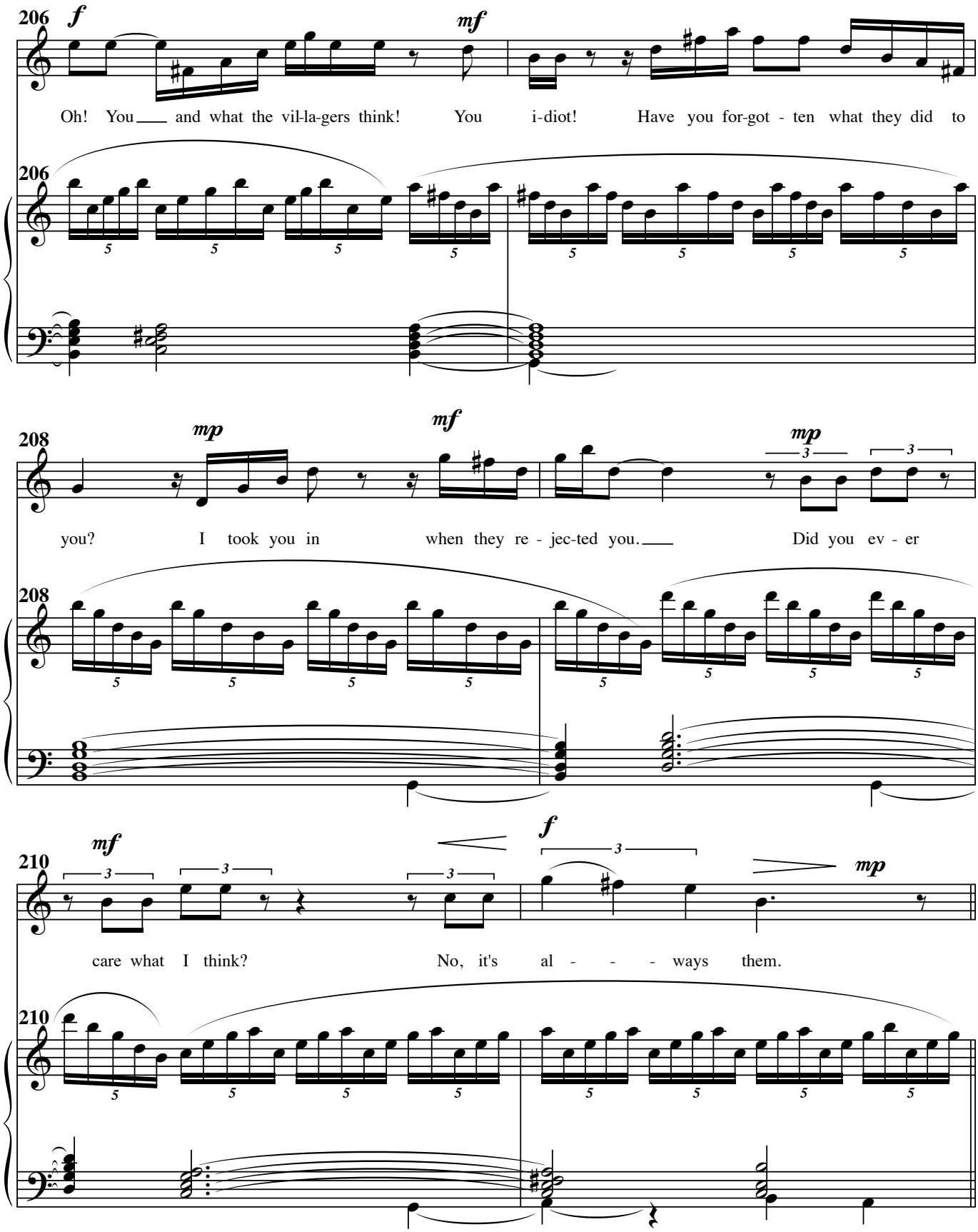

188
f
live...
Get out!
Get out!
188
190
ff
f
ff
Out!
No - thing will die
if you don't
let it.
I
190
192
f
ff
f
p
didn't
I didn't.
192

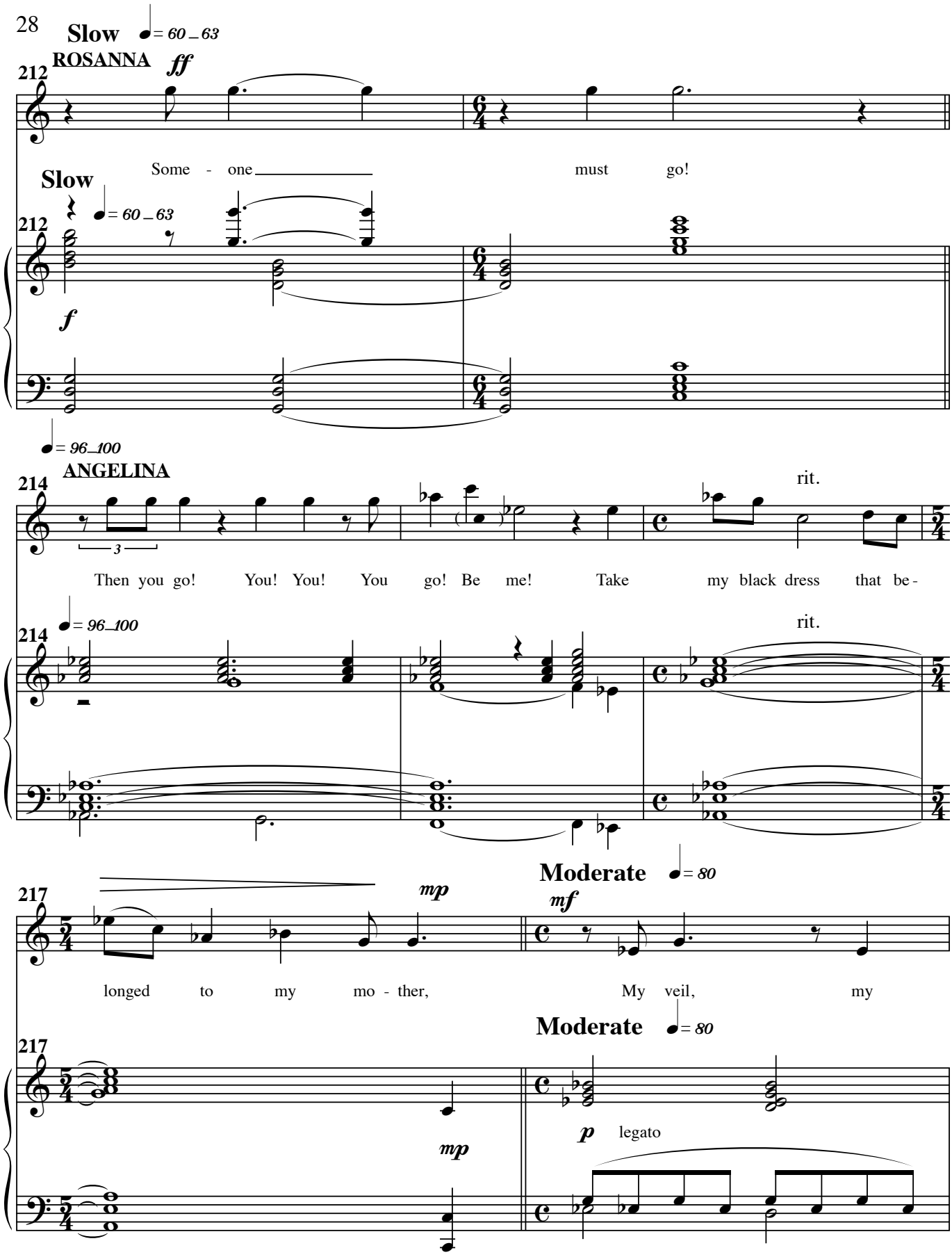

194
f
Let him go down for the boy and me! Let the lit - tle
194
mf
196
mf
f
mf
weak - ling lie, Lock him up, Don't let him out!
196
198
p
No - thing must die!
198

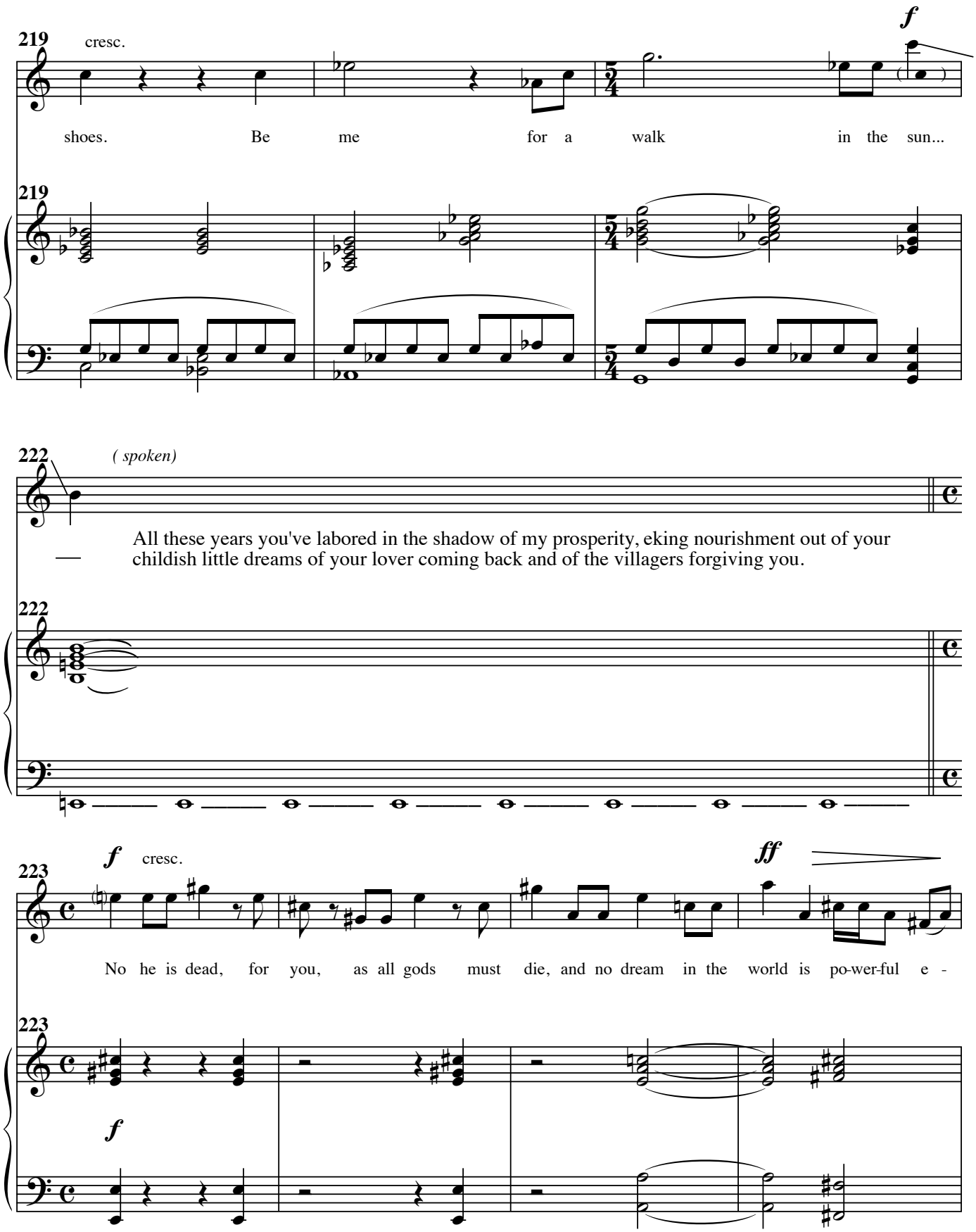
ROSANNA

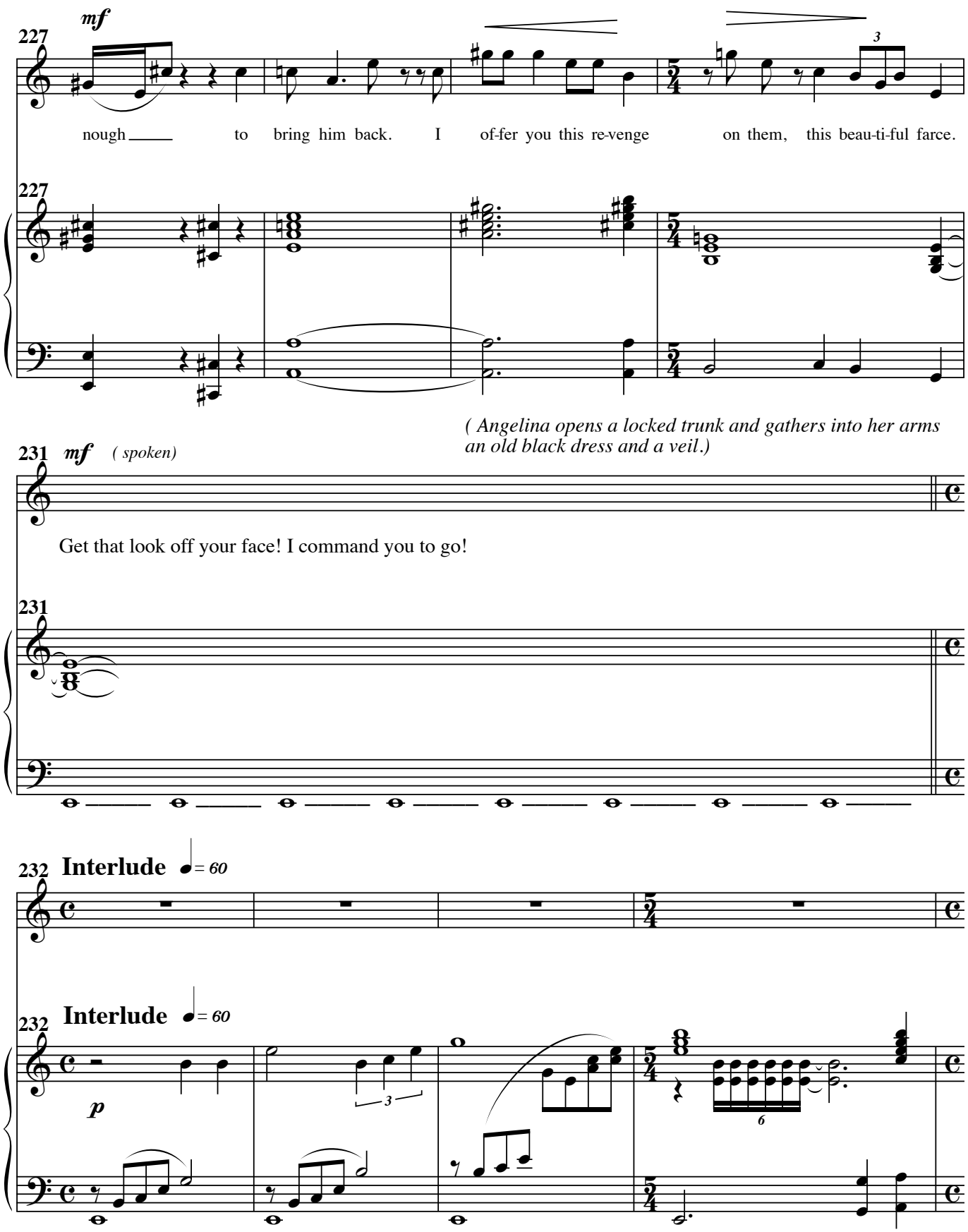

200
mf
f
He de-serves some-thing fit for a Prince, An-ge-li-na. You must
202
mf
get up and go out with the boy. It's your Christian
204
du-ty. The vil-la-ger's ex-pect it.

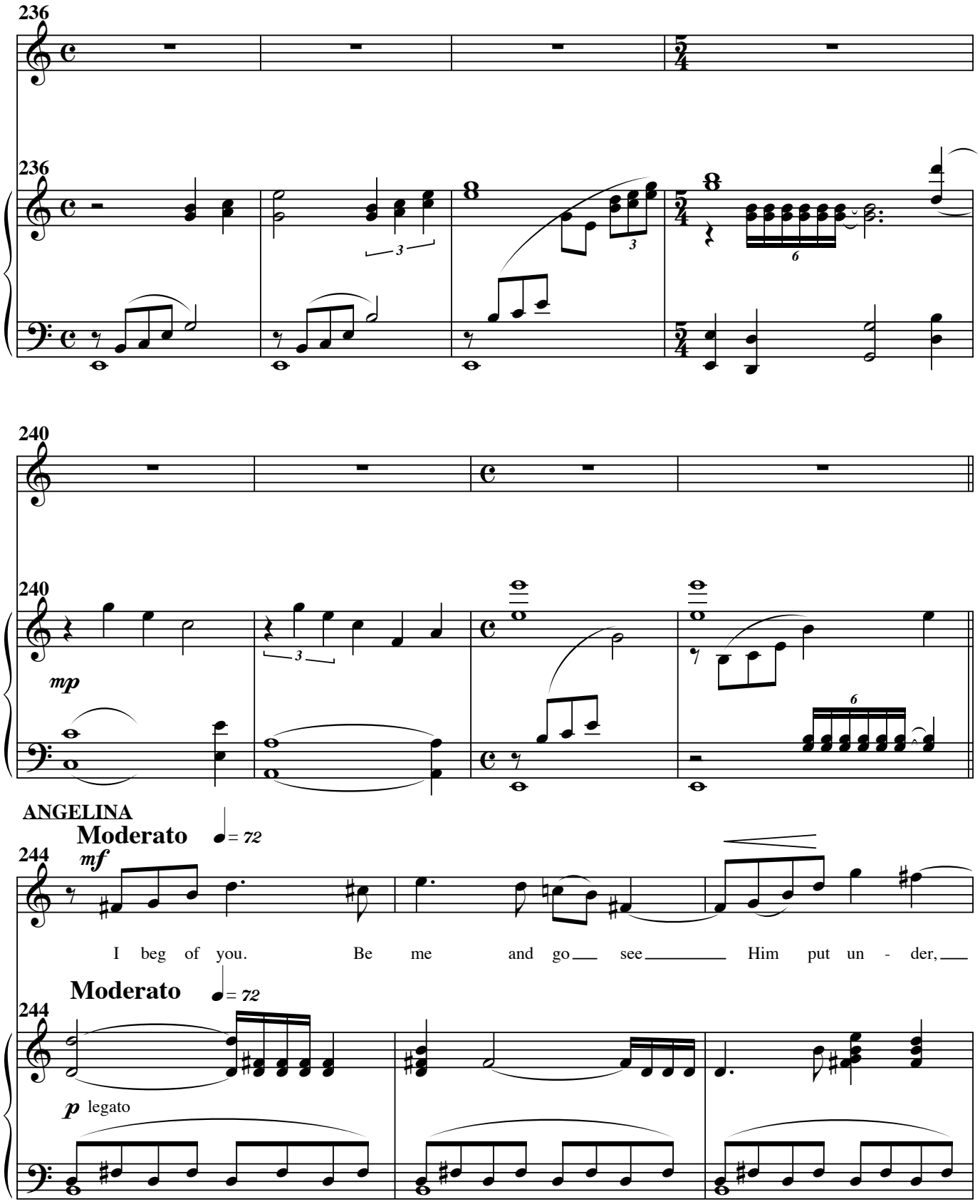
ANGELINA

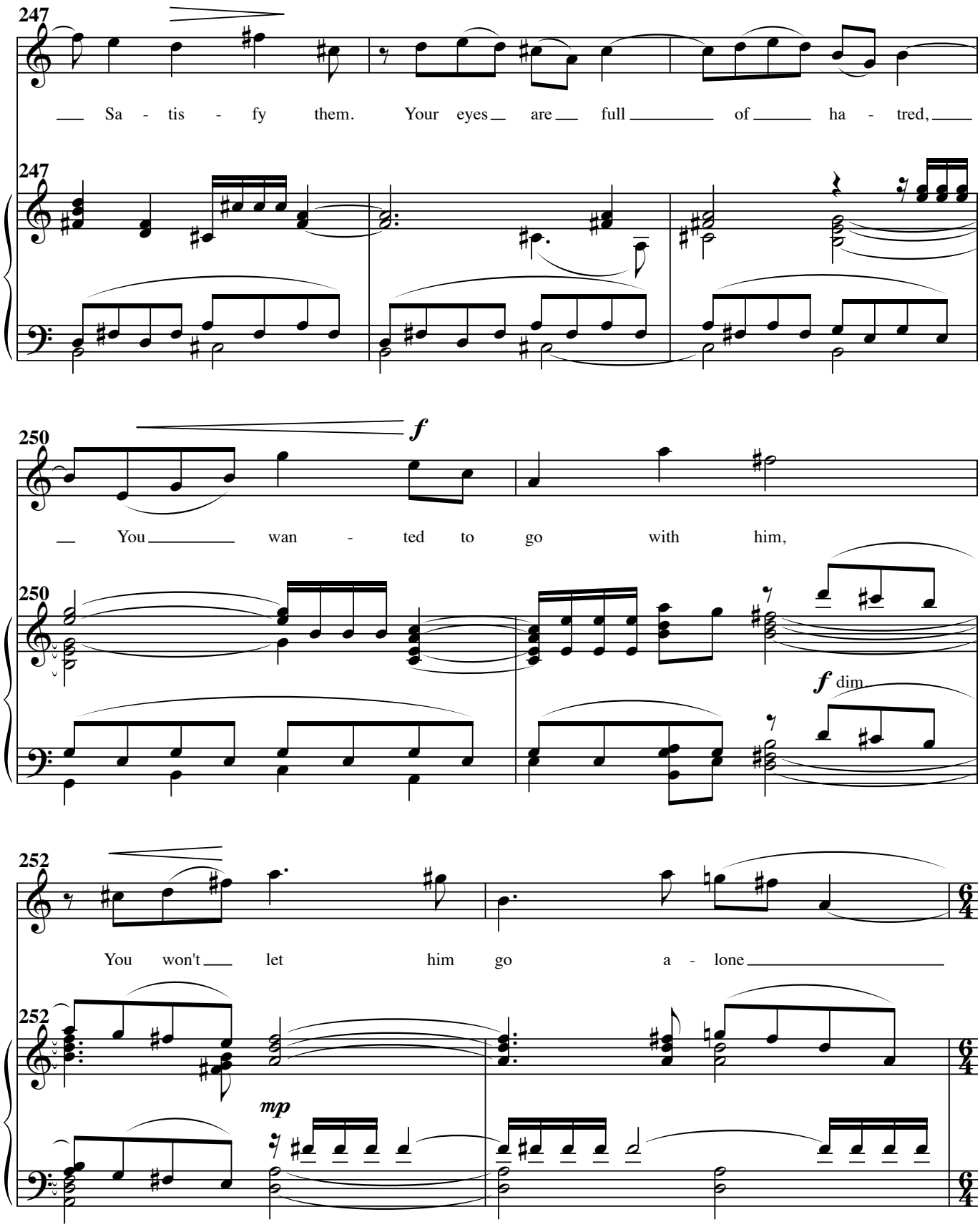

206
f
mf
Oh! You and what the vil-la-gers think! You i-diot! Have you for-got - ten what they did to
206
208
mp
mf
mp
you? I took you in when they re - jec-ted you. Did you ev - er
208
210
mf
f
mp
care what I think? No, it's al - - - ways them.
210

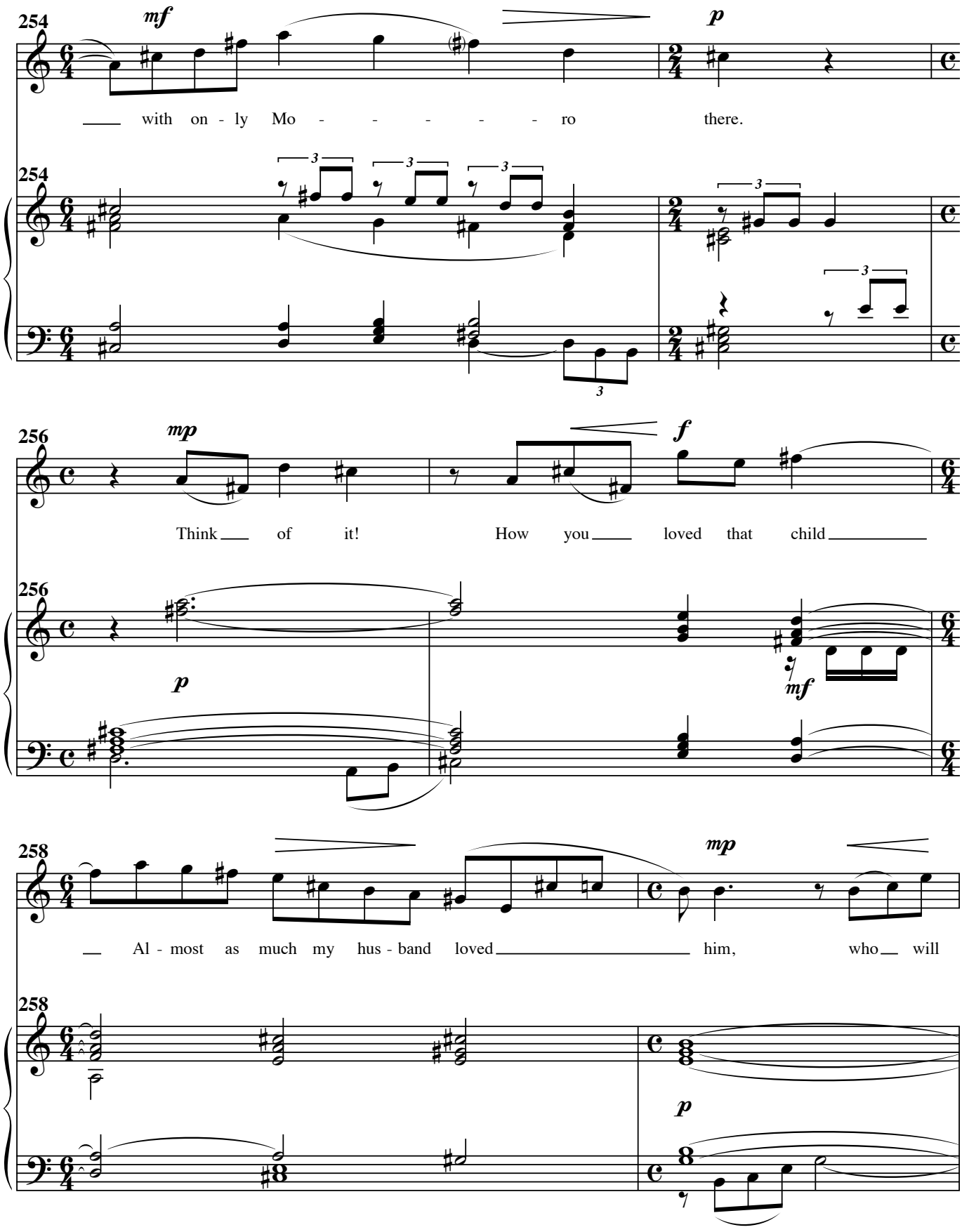

Slow
♩= 60 – 63
ROSANNA
ff
212
Some - one must go!
Slow
♩= 60 – 63
212
f
♩= 96–100
ANGELINA
214
3
Then you go! You! You! You go! Be me! Take my black dress that be -
rit.
♩= 96–100
214
rit.
Moderate
♩= 80
217
mp
mf
longed to my mo - ther, My veil, my
Moderate
♩= 80
217
mp
p legato

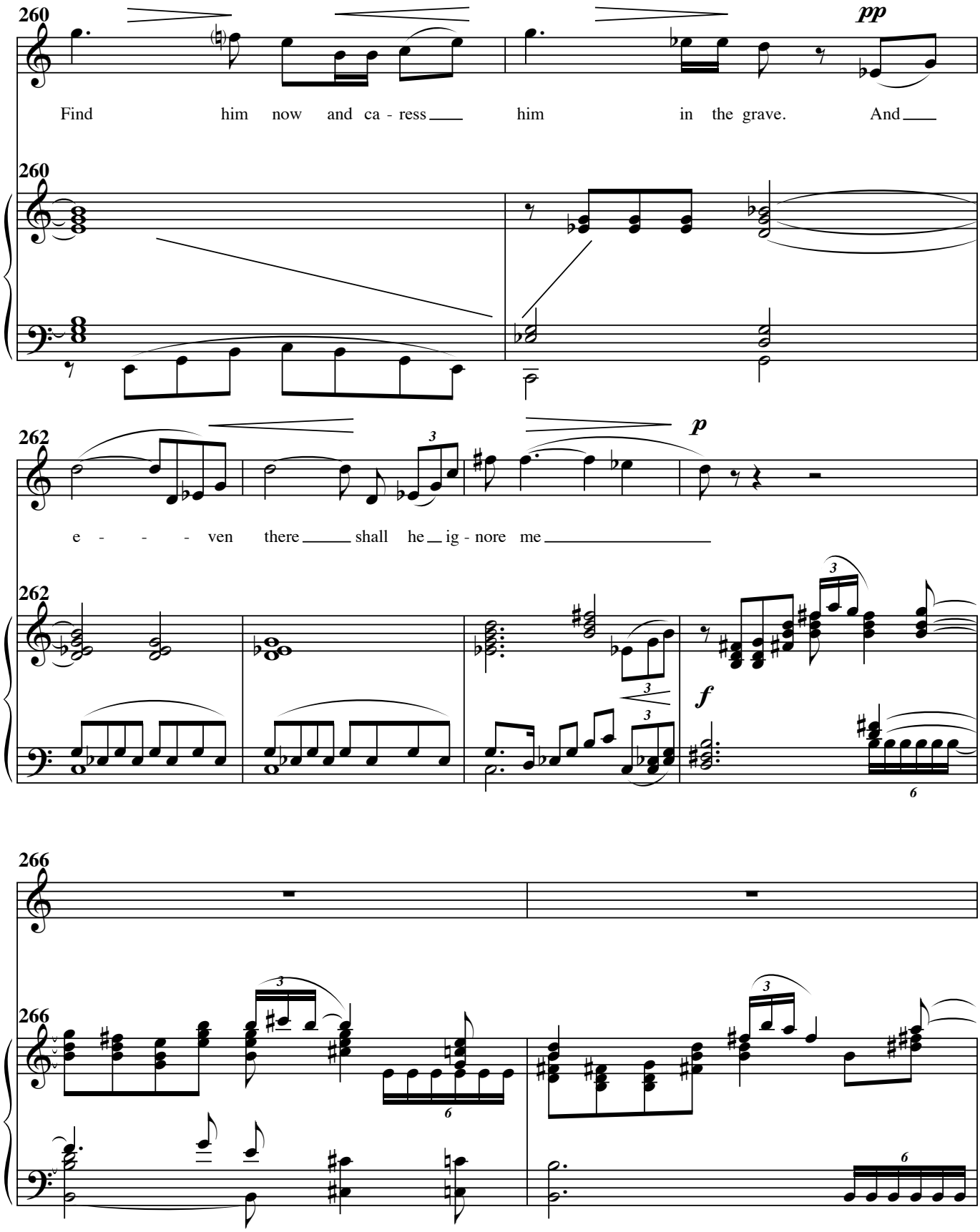

219
cresc.
f
shoes. Be me for a walk in the sun...
219
222
(spoken)
All these years you've labored in the shadow of my prosperity, eking nourishment out of your childish little dreams of your lover coming back and of the villagers forgiving you.
222
f
cresc.
ff
223
No he is dead, for you, as all gods must die, and no dream in the world is po-wer-ful e -
223
f

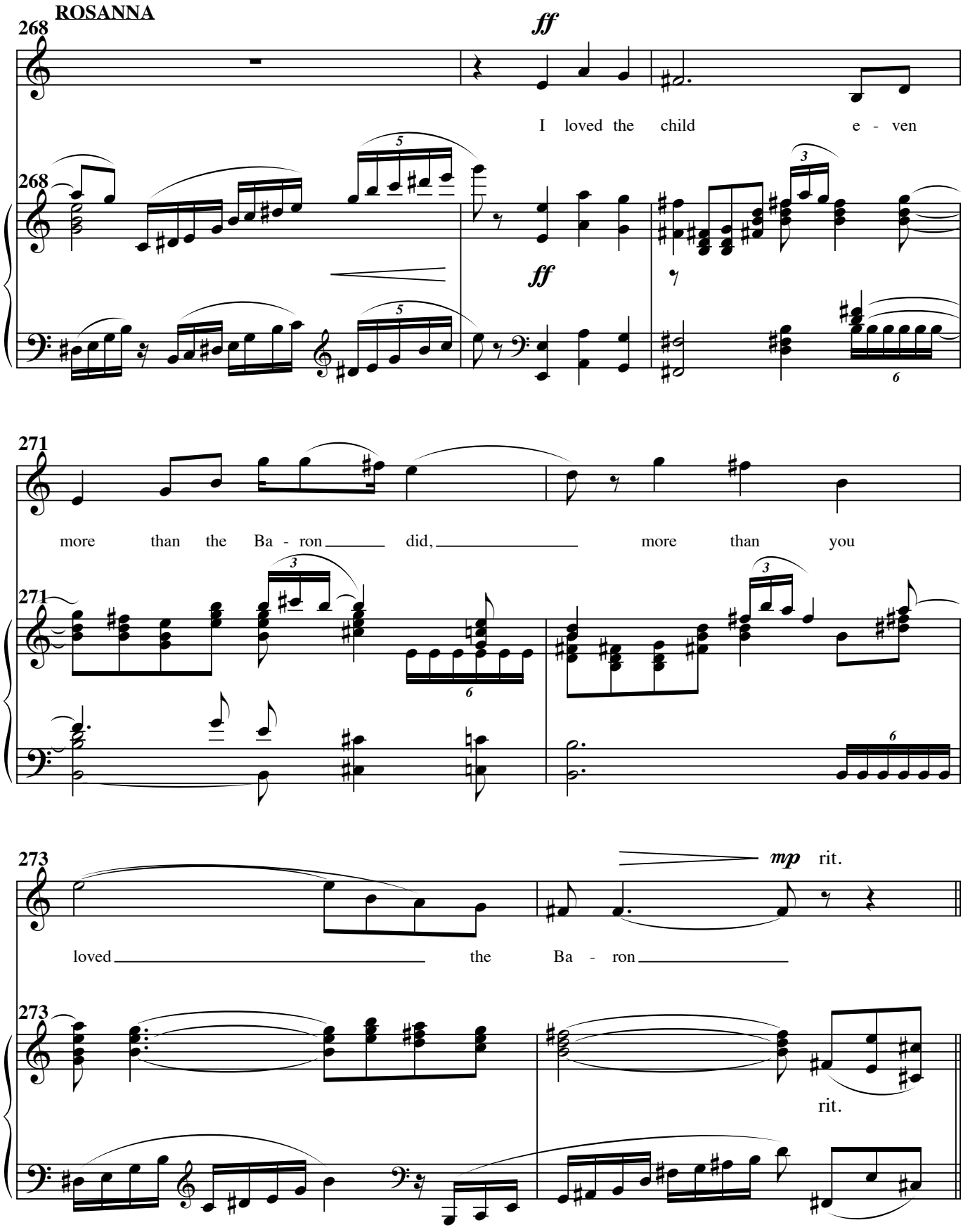

227
mf
nough to bring him back. I of-fer you this re-venge on them, this beau-ti-ful farce.
227
(Angelina opens a locked trunk and gathers into her arms an old black dress and a veil.)
231
mf
(spoken)
Get that look off your face! I command you to go!
231
232
Interlude
= 60
232
Interlude
= 60
p

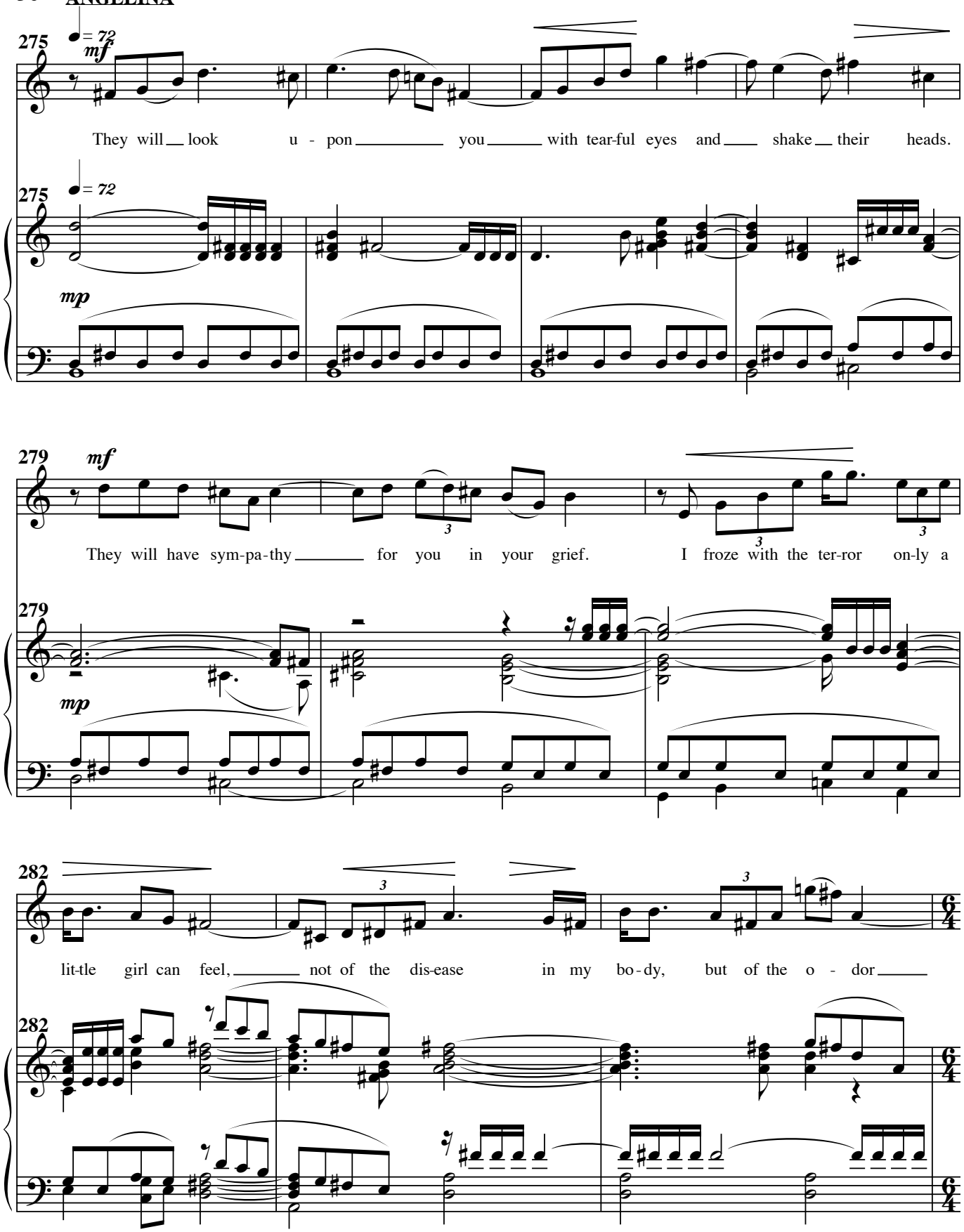

236
236
240
240
mp
ANGELINA
Moderato
= 72
244
mf
I beg of you. Be me and go see Him put un - der,
Moderato
= 72
244
p legato

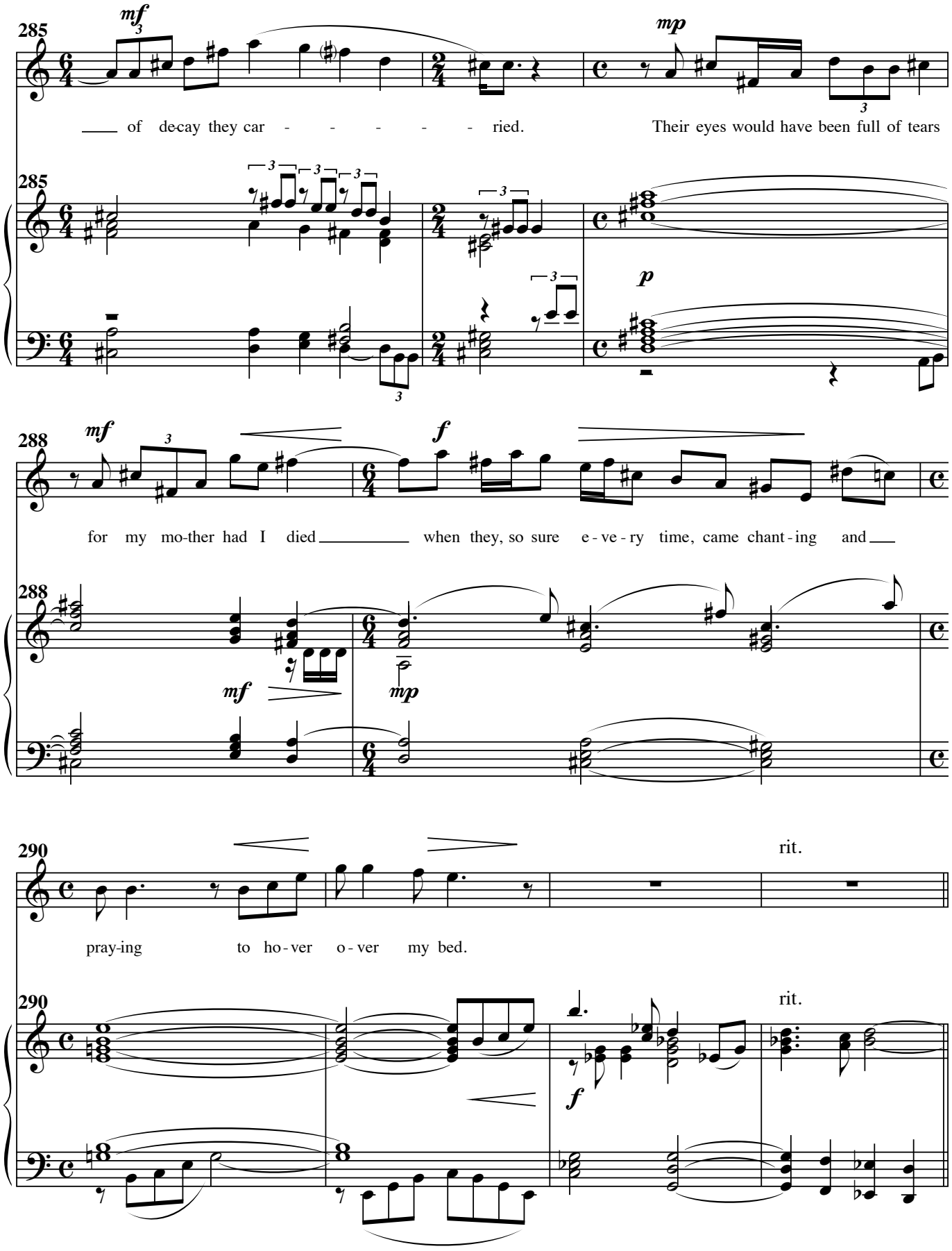

247
Sa - tis - fy them. Your eyes are full of ha - tred,
247
250
f
You wan - ted to go with him,
250
f dim
252
You won't let him go a - lone
252
mp
6/4
6/4

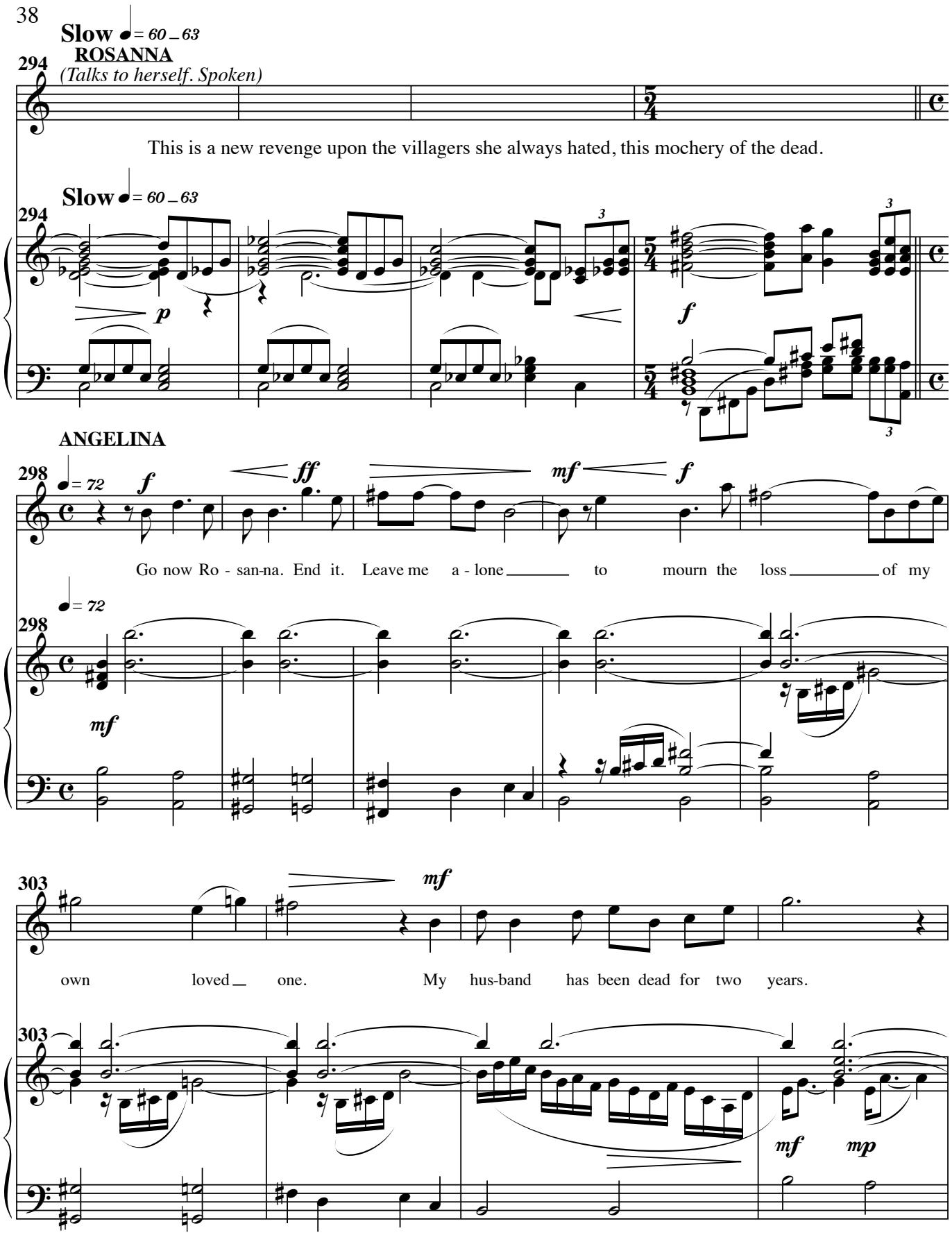

254
mf
p
with on - ly Mo - - - - - - ro there.
254
256
mp
f
Think of it! How you loved that child
256
p
mf
258
mp
Al - most as much my hus - band loved him, who will
258
p

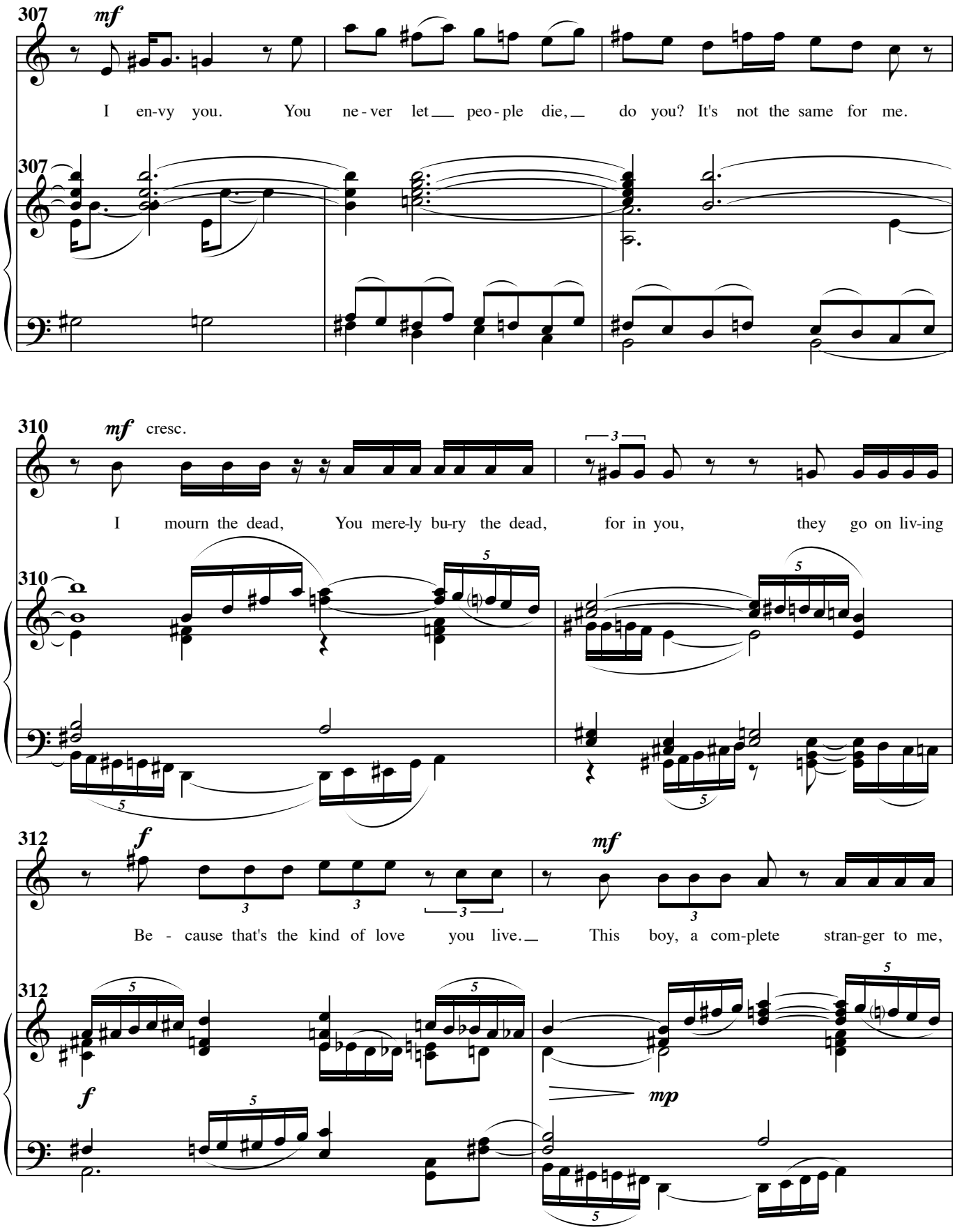

260
pp
Find him now and ca - ress him in the grave. And
260
262
p
e - - - ven there shall he ig - nore me
262
f
266
266

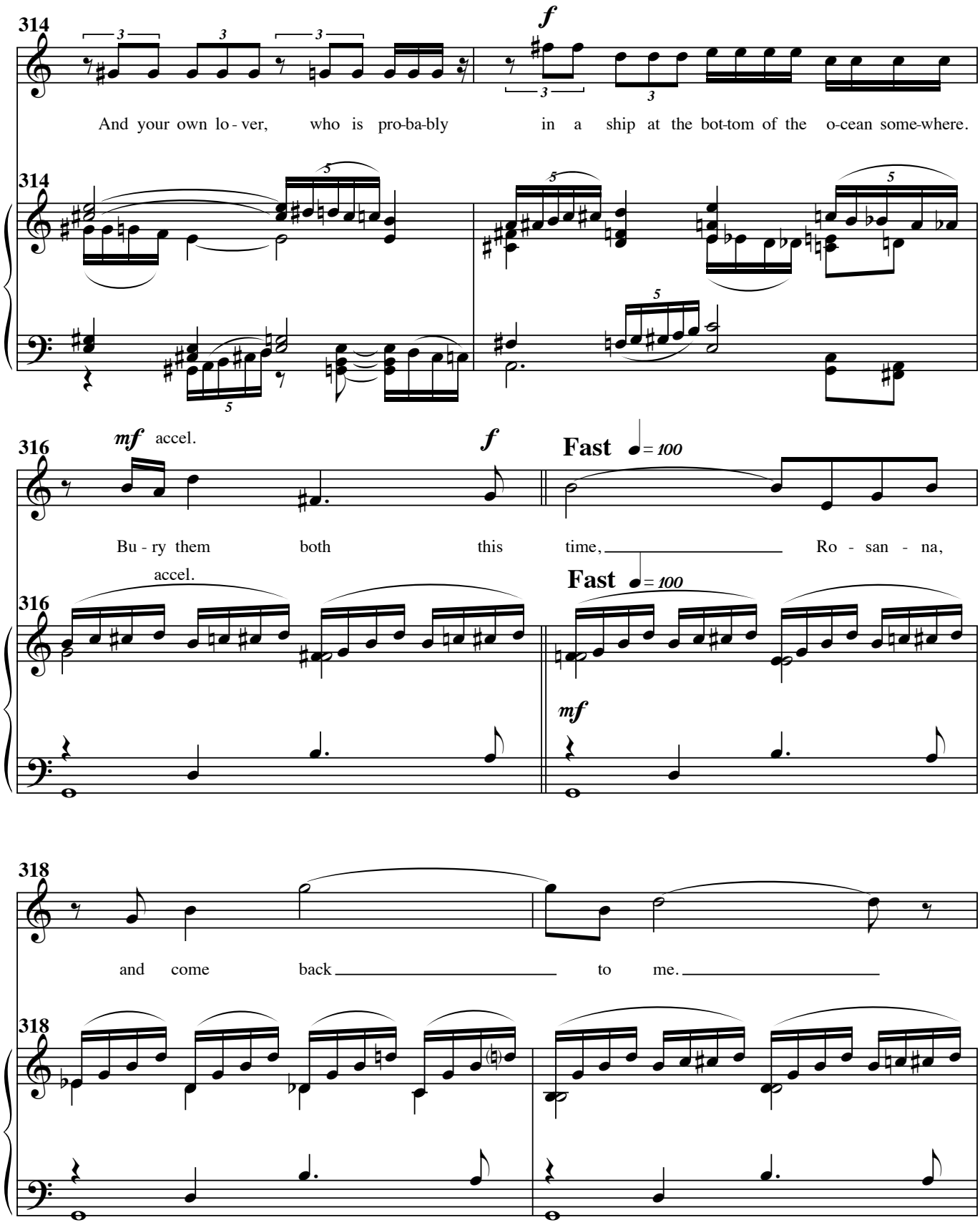

ROSANNA
268
ff
I loved the child e - ven
268
ff
271
more than the Ba - ron did, more than you
271
273
mp rit.
loved the Ba - ron
273
rit.

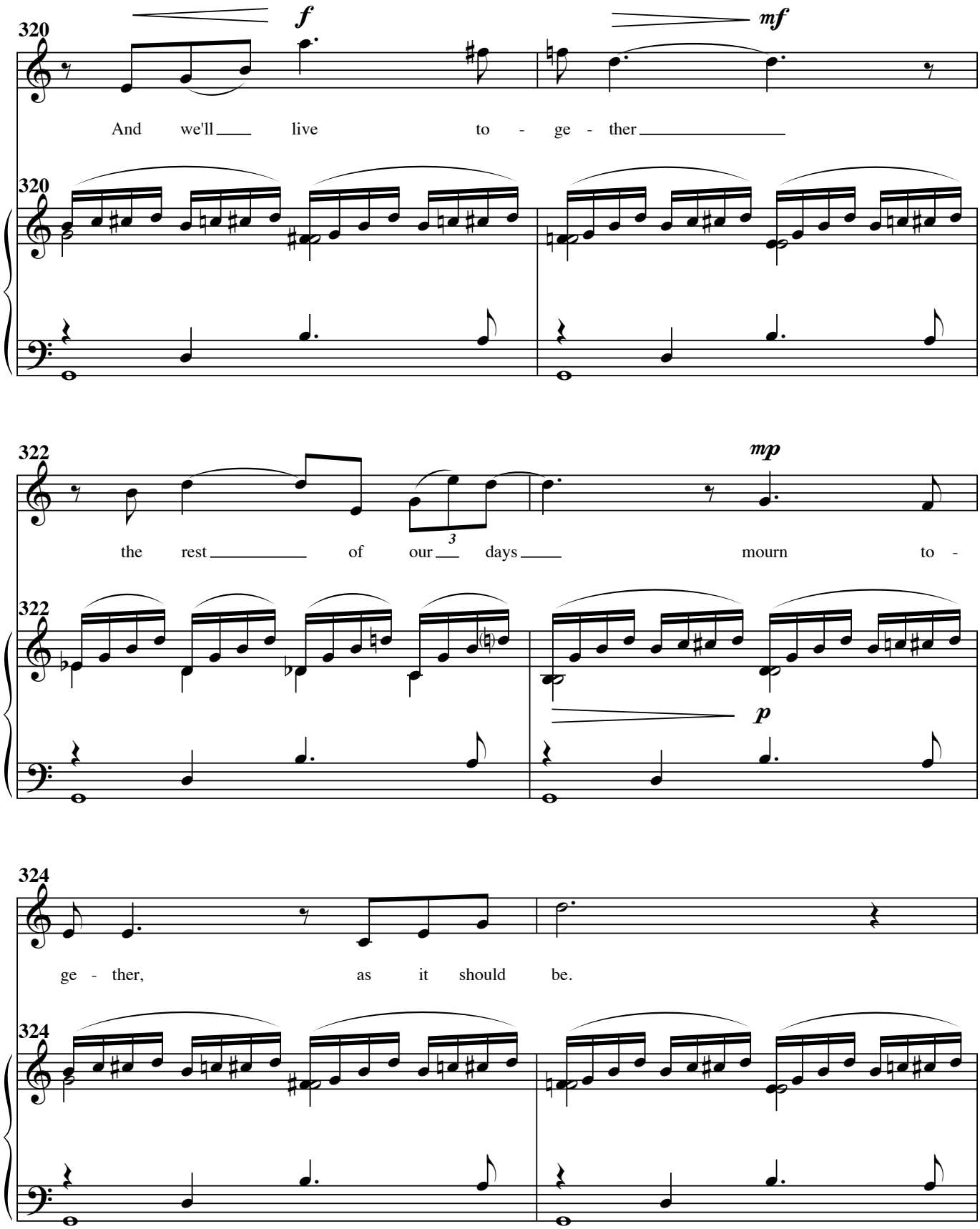

275
♩= 72
mf
They will look u - pon you with tear-ful eyes and shake their heads.
mp
279
mf
They will have sym-pa-thy for you in your grief. I froze with the ter-ror on-ly a
mp
282
lit-tle girl can feel, not of the dis-ease in my bo-dy, but of the o - dor
6/4

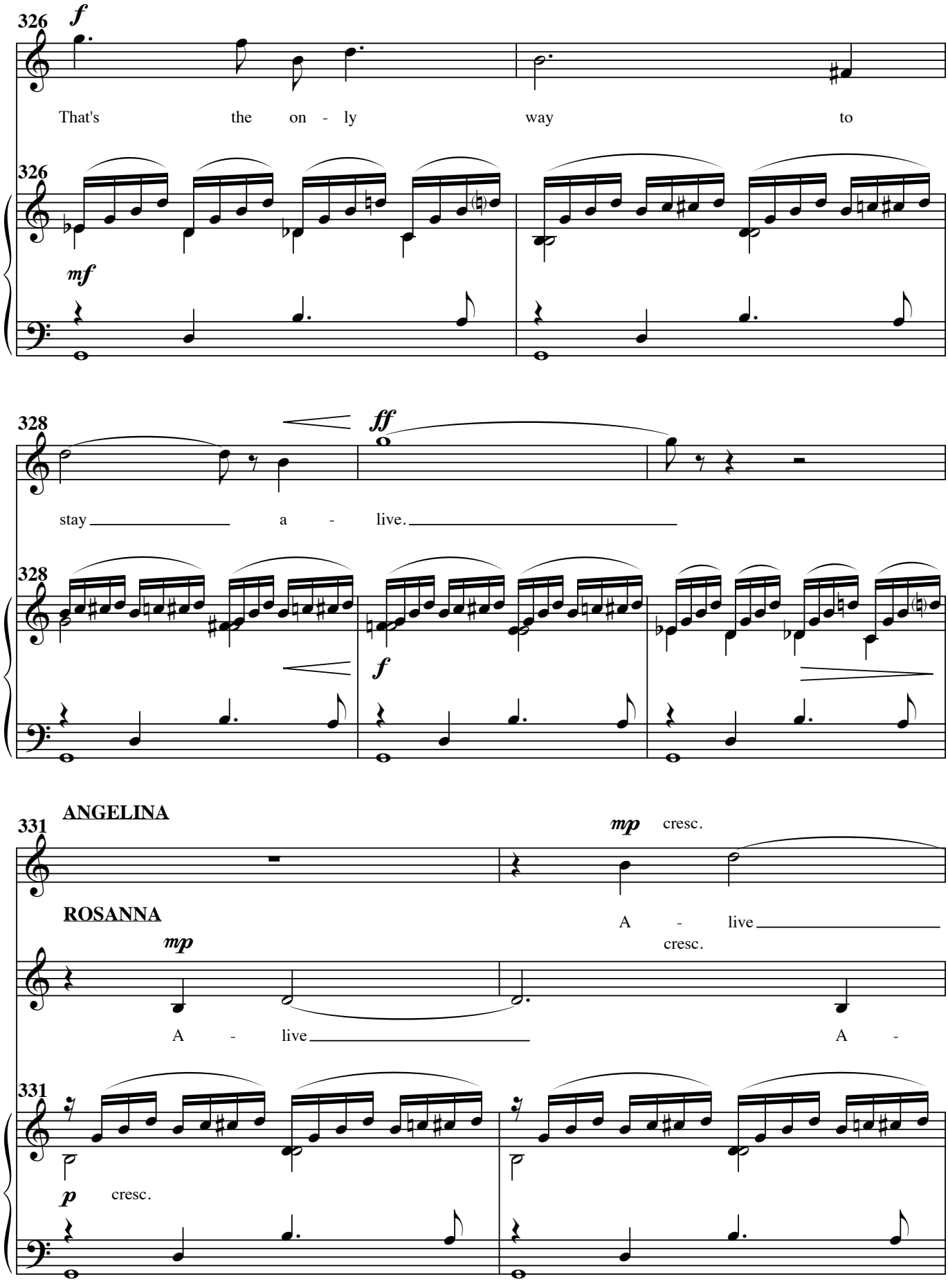

285
mf
mp
of de-cay they car - - - - - - ried.
Their eyes would have been full of tears
285
p
288
mf
f
for my mo-ther had I died when they, so sure e - ve - ry time, came chant - ing and
288
mf
mp
290
rit.
pray-ing to ho - ver o - ver my bed.
290
rit.
f

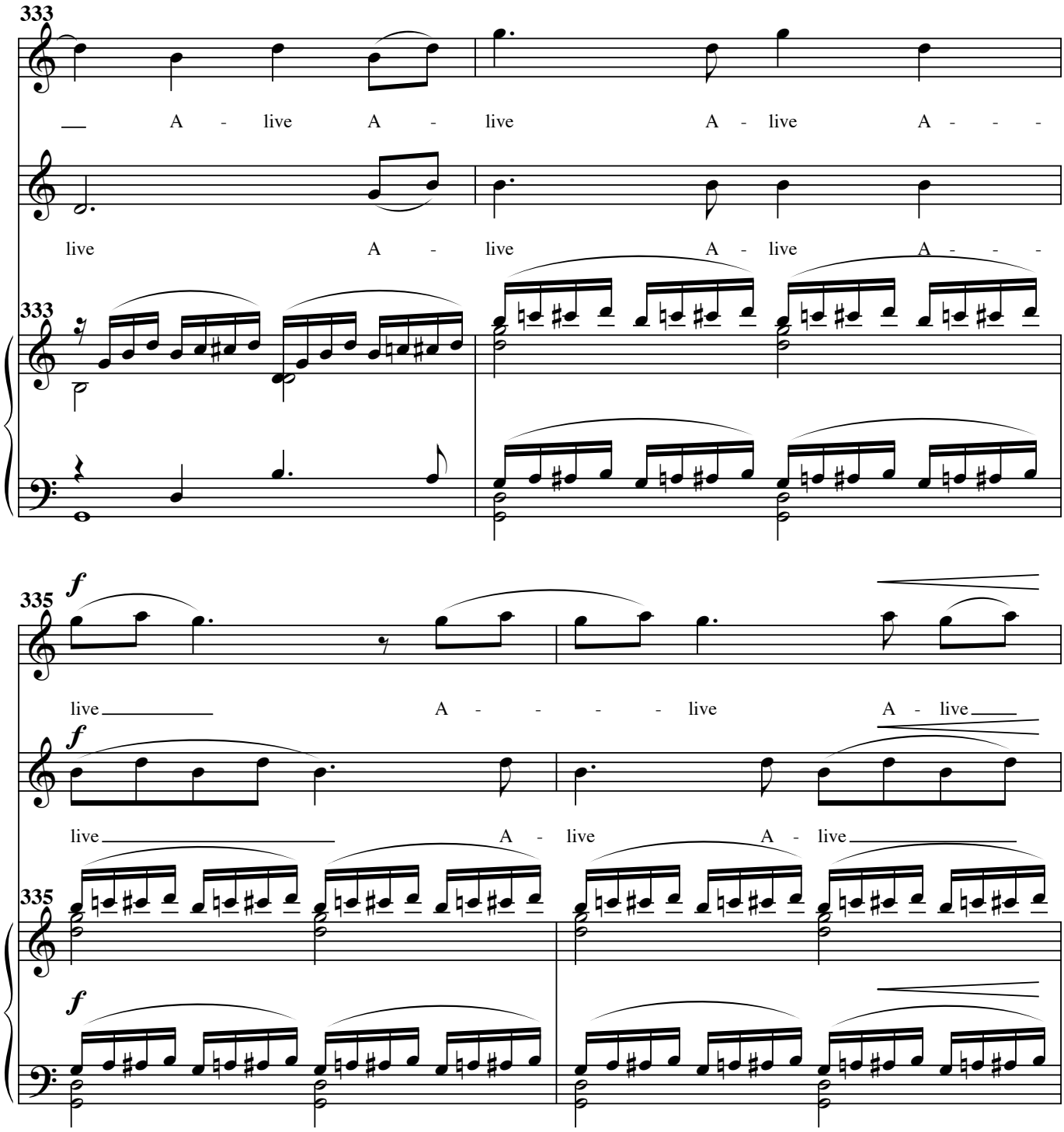

Slow ♩= 60 – 63
ROSANNA
(Talks to herself. Spoken)
294
This is a new revenge upon the villagers she always hated, this mochery of the dead.
Slow ♩= 60 – 63
294
p
f
ANGELINA
298
♩= 72
f
ff
mf
f
Go now Ro - san-na. End it. Leave me a - lone to mourn the loss of my
298
♩= 72
mf
303
mf
own loved one. My hus-band has been dead for two years.
303
mf
mp

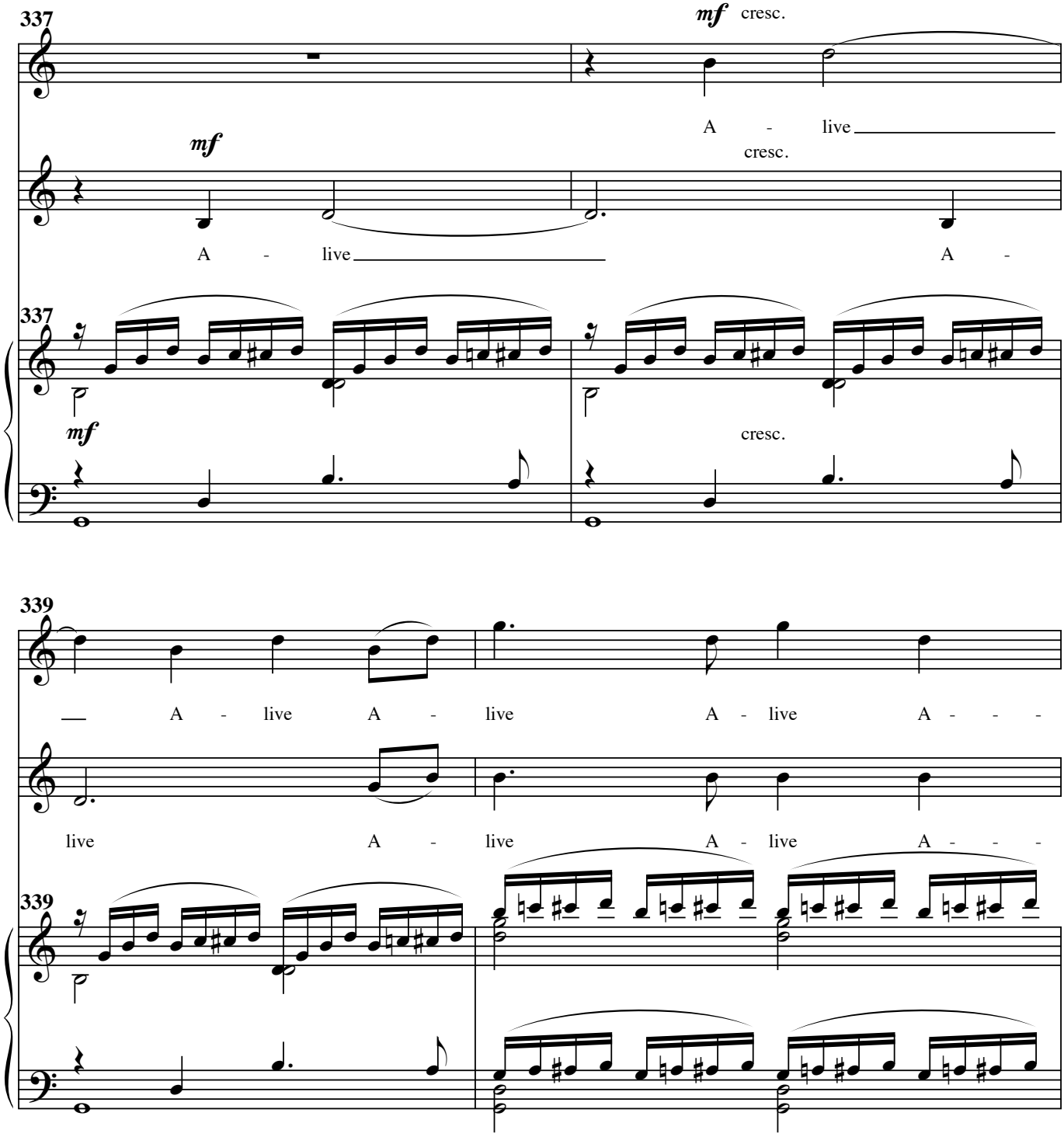

307
mf
I en-vy you. You ne-ver let peo-ple die, do you? It's not the same for me.
310
mf cresc.
I mourn the dead, You mere-ly bu-ry the dead, for in you, they go on liv-ing
312
f
mf
Be - cause that's the kind of love you live. This boy, a com-plete stran-ger to me,
mp

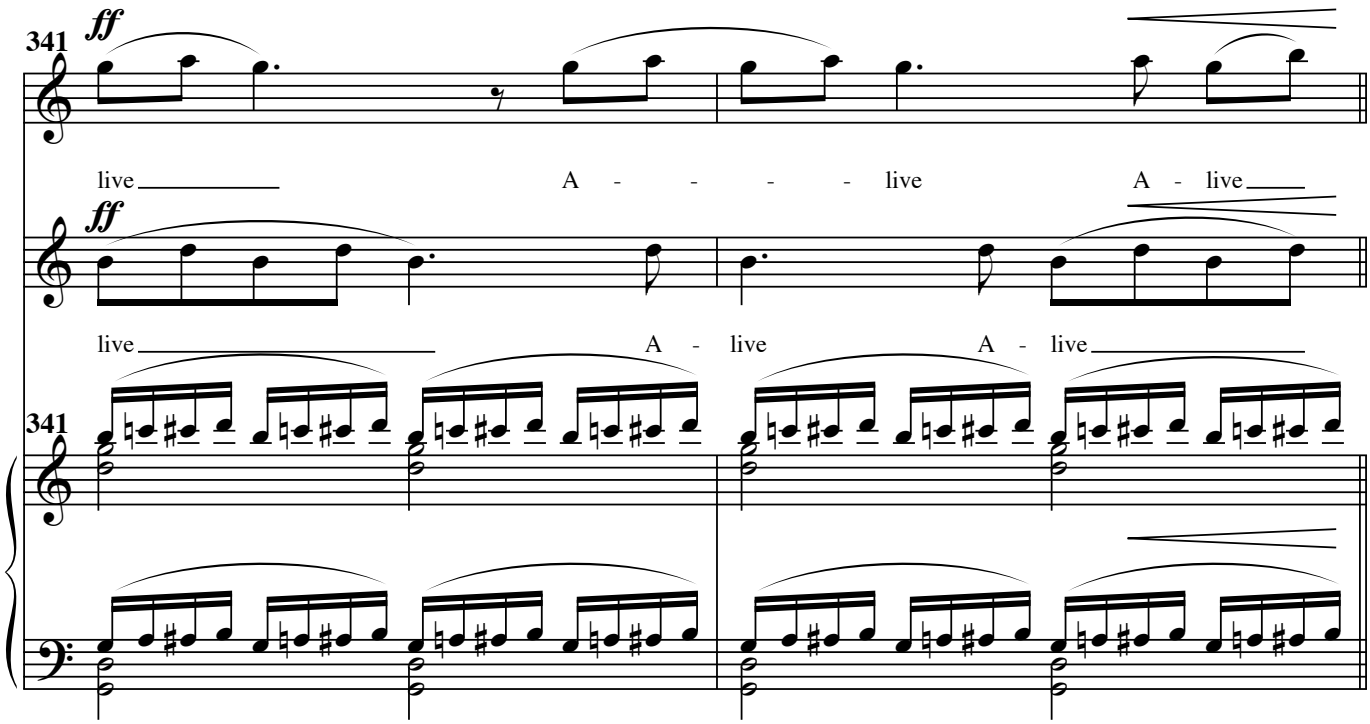

314
f
And your own lo - ver, who is pro-ba-bly in a ship at the bot-tom of the o-cean some-where.
316
mf accel.
f
Fast ♩= 100
Bu - ry them both this time, Ro - san - na,
accel.
Fast ♩= 100
mf
318
and come back to me.


320
f
mf
And we'll live to - ge - ther
320
322
mp
the rest of our days mourn to -
3
322
p
324
ge - ther, as it should be.
324

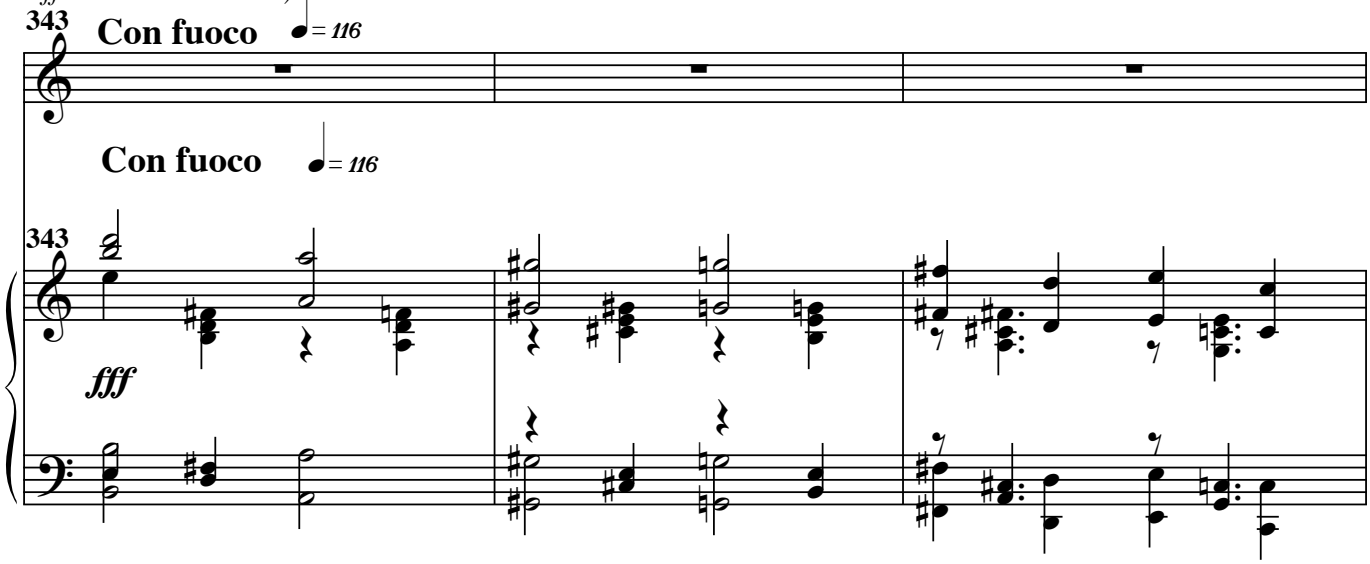

326
f
That's the on - ly way to
326
mf
328
ff
stay a - live.
328
f
ANGELINA
331
mp cresc.
ROSANNA
A - live
mp
cresc.
A - live A -
331
p cresc.

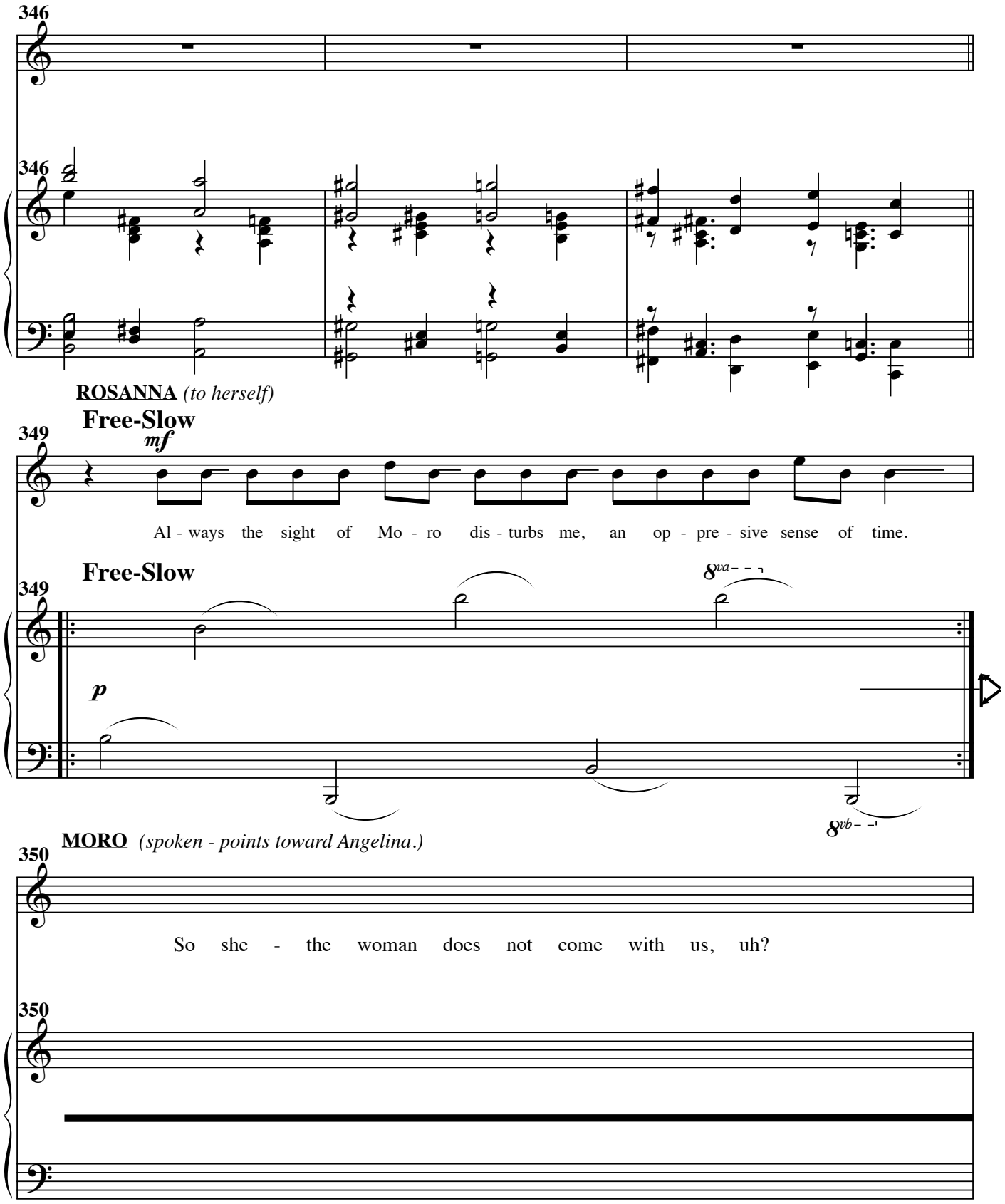

333
A - live A - live A - live A - - -
live A - live A - live A - - -
333
335
f
live A - - - - live A - live
f
live A - live A - live
335
f


337
mf
cresc.
A - live
mf
cresc.
A - live
A -
337
mf
cresc.
339
A - live A - live A - live A - - -
live A - live A - live A - - -
339

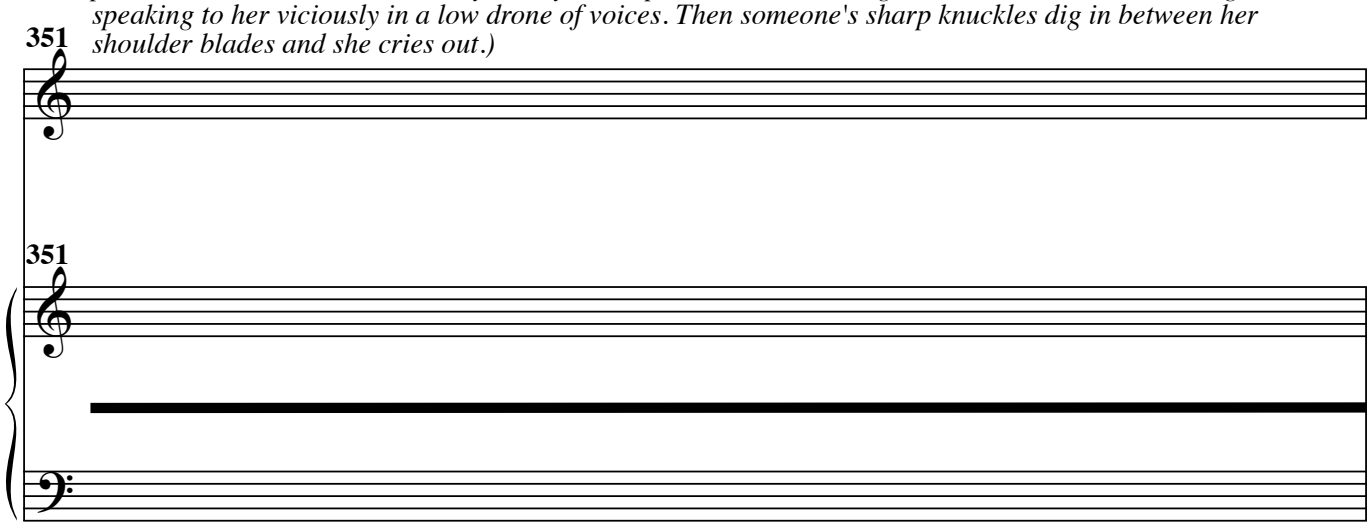


(Rosanna turns and walks out of the room. When she approaches the door of the child's room, Moro comes out, the coffin on his shoulders.)

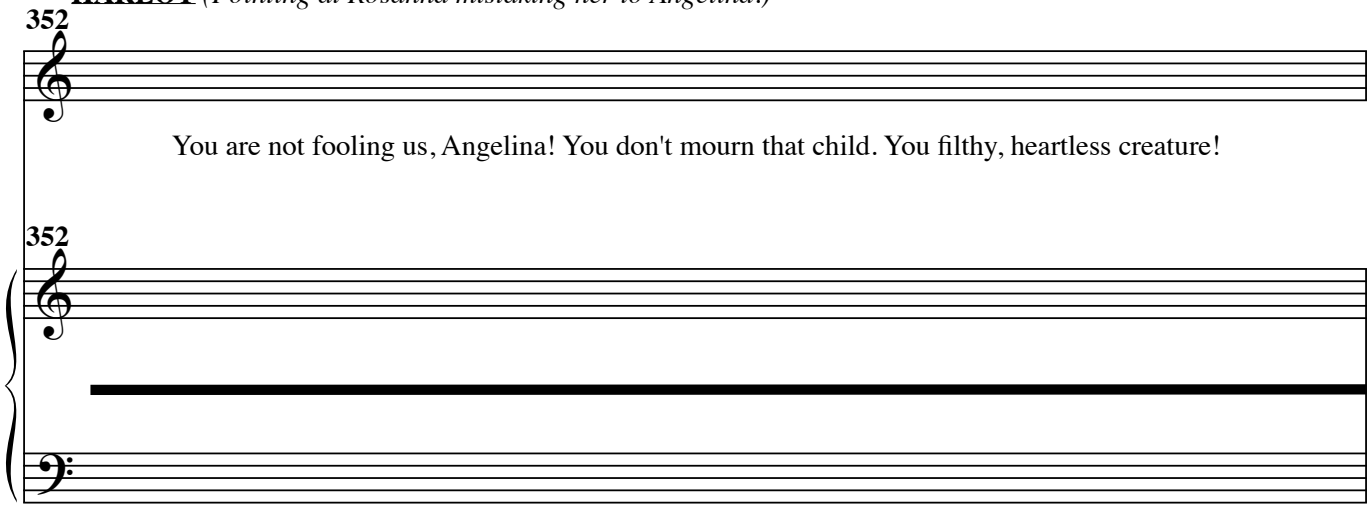



346
346
ROSANNA (to herself)
Free-Slow
mf
349
Al - ways the sight of Mo - ro dis - turbs me, an op - pre - sive sense of time.
Free-Slow
8va
349
p
8vb
MORO (spoken - points toward Angelina.)
350
So she - the woman does not come with us, uh?
350

(Rosanna shakes her head. She follows ten paces or so behind. Moro carries the coffin. The Harlot stands in doorway, looks at Rosanna with contempt. She pushes herself away from the wall, and walks beside her, stumbles in her rage. Gossip an old woman, comes out into the street and watches them pass. Two more women from the church approach her from the rear. Mistaking Rosanna for Angelina the women make a procession. The women move very slowly in the procession, crowding in around Rosanna, elbowing, speaking to her viciously in a low drone of voices. Then someone's sharp knuckles dig in between her shoulder blades and she cries out.)

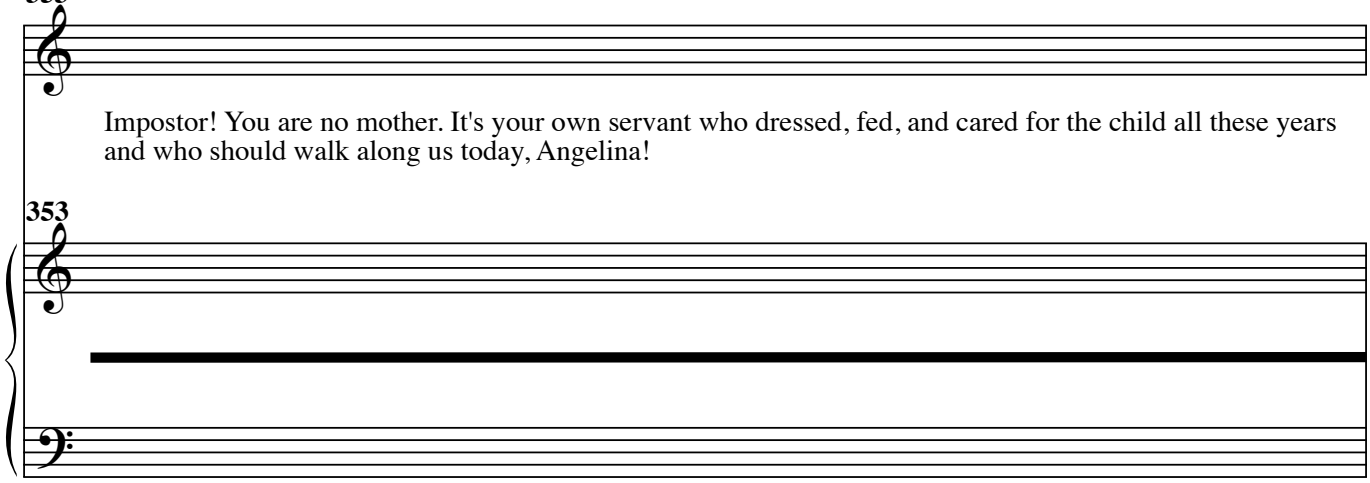


HARLOT *(Pointing at Rosanna mistaking her to Angelina.)*



1ST CHURCH WOMAN

353



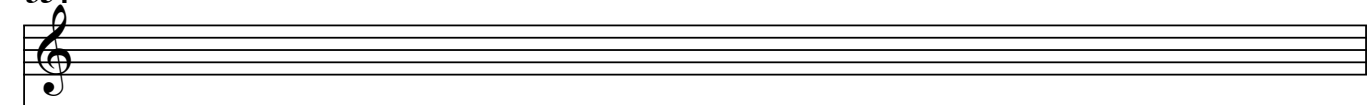
Impostor! You are no mother. It's your own servant who dressed, fed, and cared for the child all these years and who should walk along us today, Angelina!

353

(The harlot shuffles alongside Rosanna.)

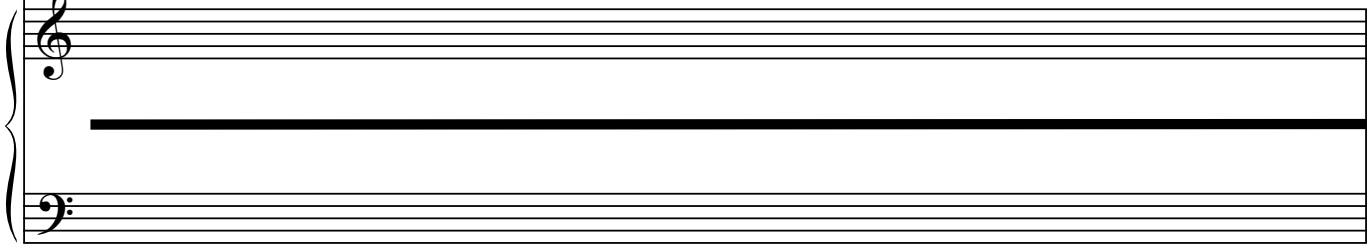
GOSSIP

354



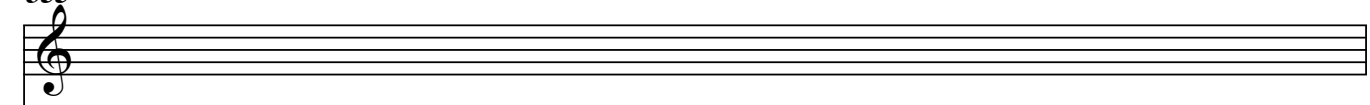
My mother is buried in there and so is yours, Angelina. You're unfit to enter those gates, with the evil that is your heart.

354



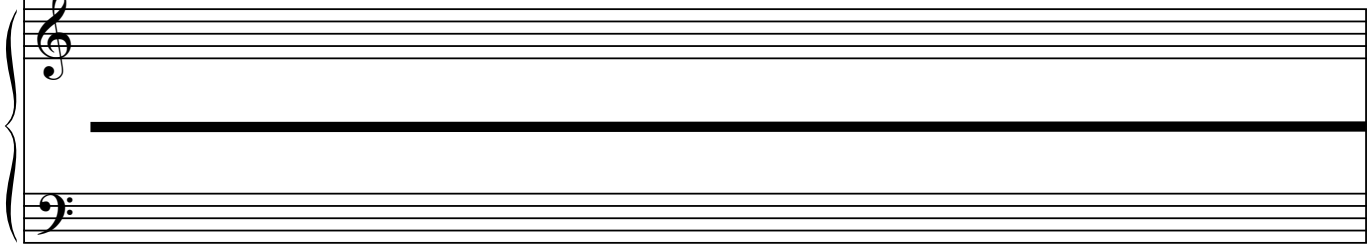
2ND CHURCH WOMAN

355



Go home! Angelina! Leave the child in peace. Let Rosanna come out and mourn, as it should be!

355



ROSANNA *(Stunned by the totally unexpected reaction to Angelina.)*

356 *mf* *(To herself.)* *p*

I knew they re - sen - ted An - ge - li - na for es - cap - ing their own po - ver - ty!

356

357 *f* *mp*

But I did not know they hate her for my sake!

357

(The harlot strikes Rosanna - "Angelina" across the face. The veil drops away. The women stop, their uplifted hands fixed in incredulity, their eyes stinging with recognition. Pity soften their faces.)

358 **HARLOT**

Rosanna! Look, it is Rosanna - not Angelina!

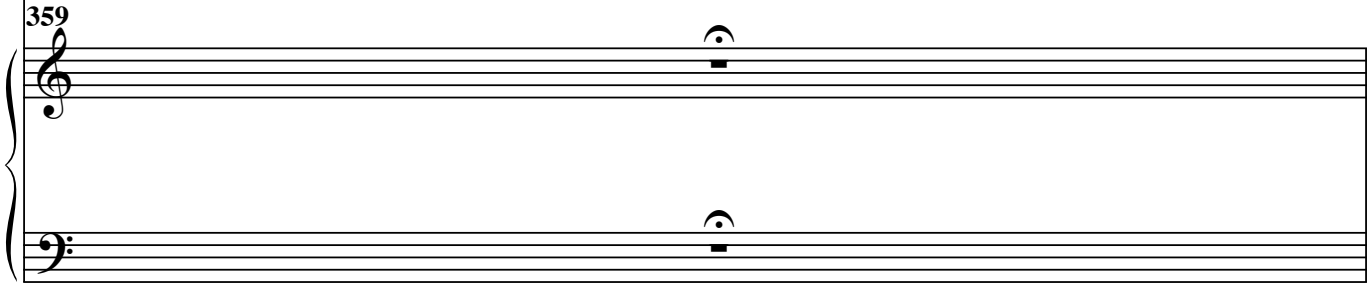
358

ALL *(Chorus - spoken)*

359 *f*

Rosanna! Rosanna! Rosanna! *(Free repeats for 20 seconds.)*

359

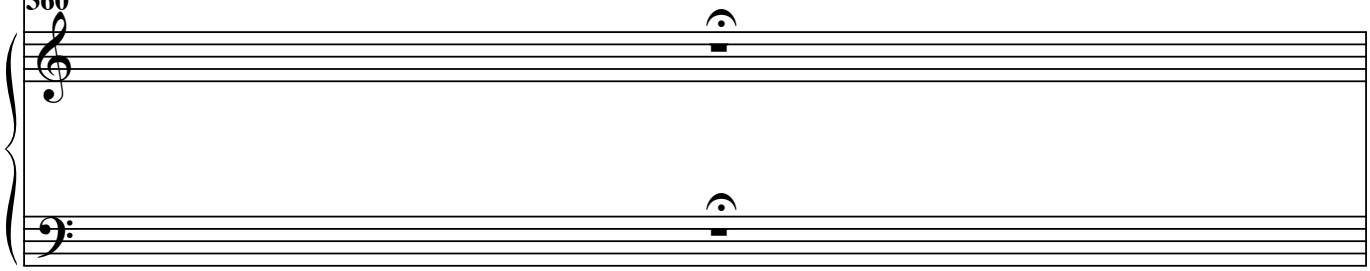


HARLOT

360

We marvel at all years of misery and sorrow, Rosanna, O, O, how we pity you.

360

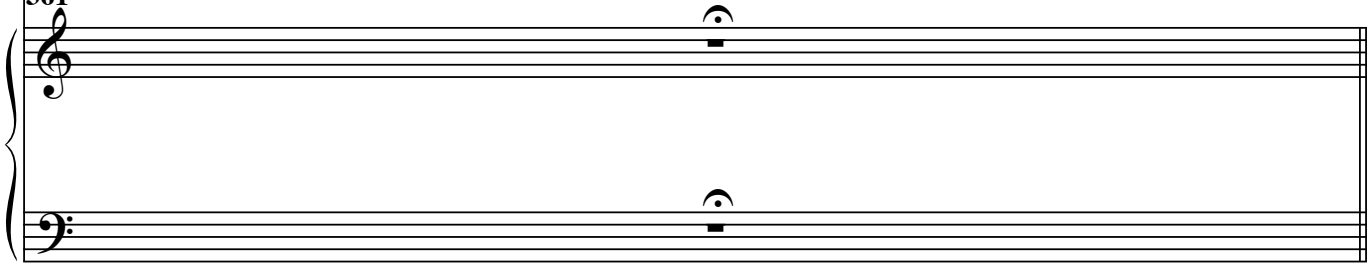


ALL *(Chorus shouting)*

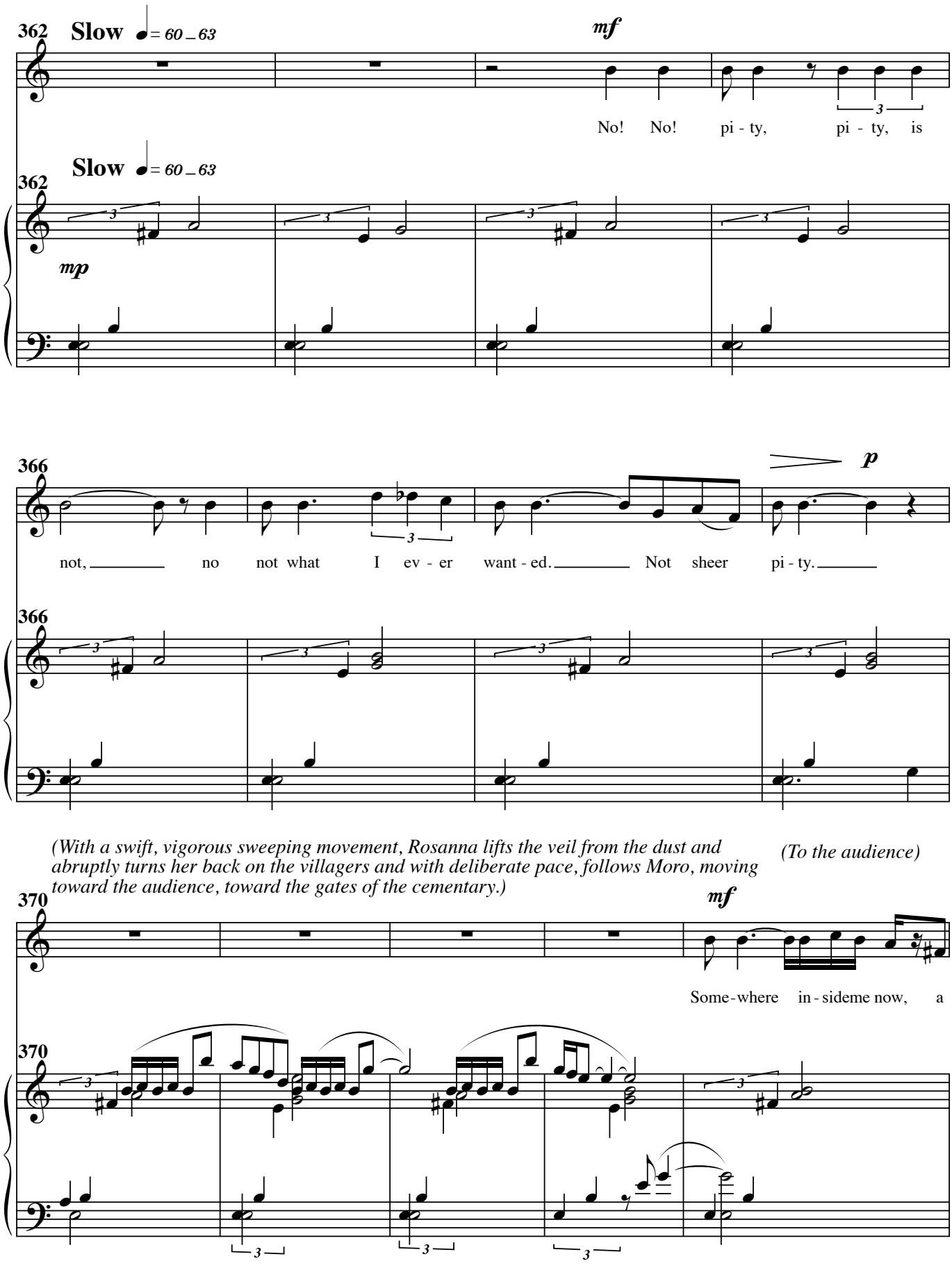
361 *ff*

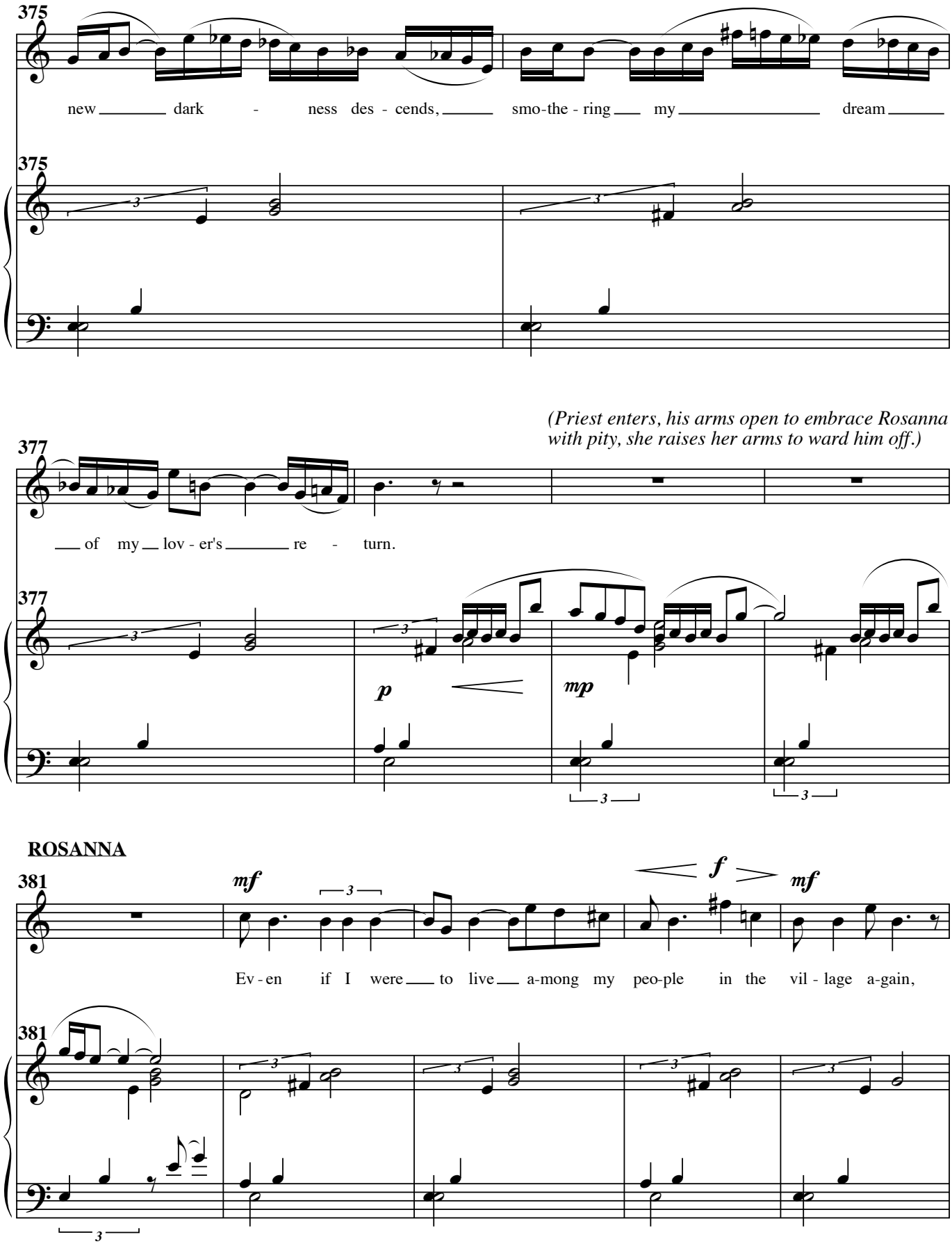
Pityful... pityful...pityful... *(Free repeats for 20 seconds.)*

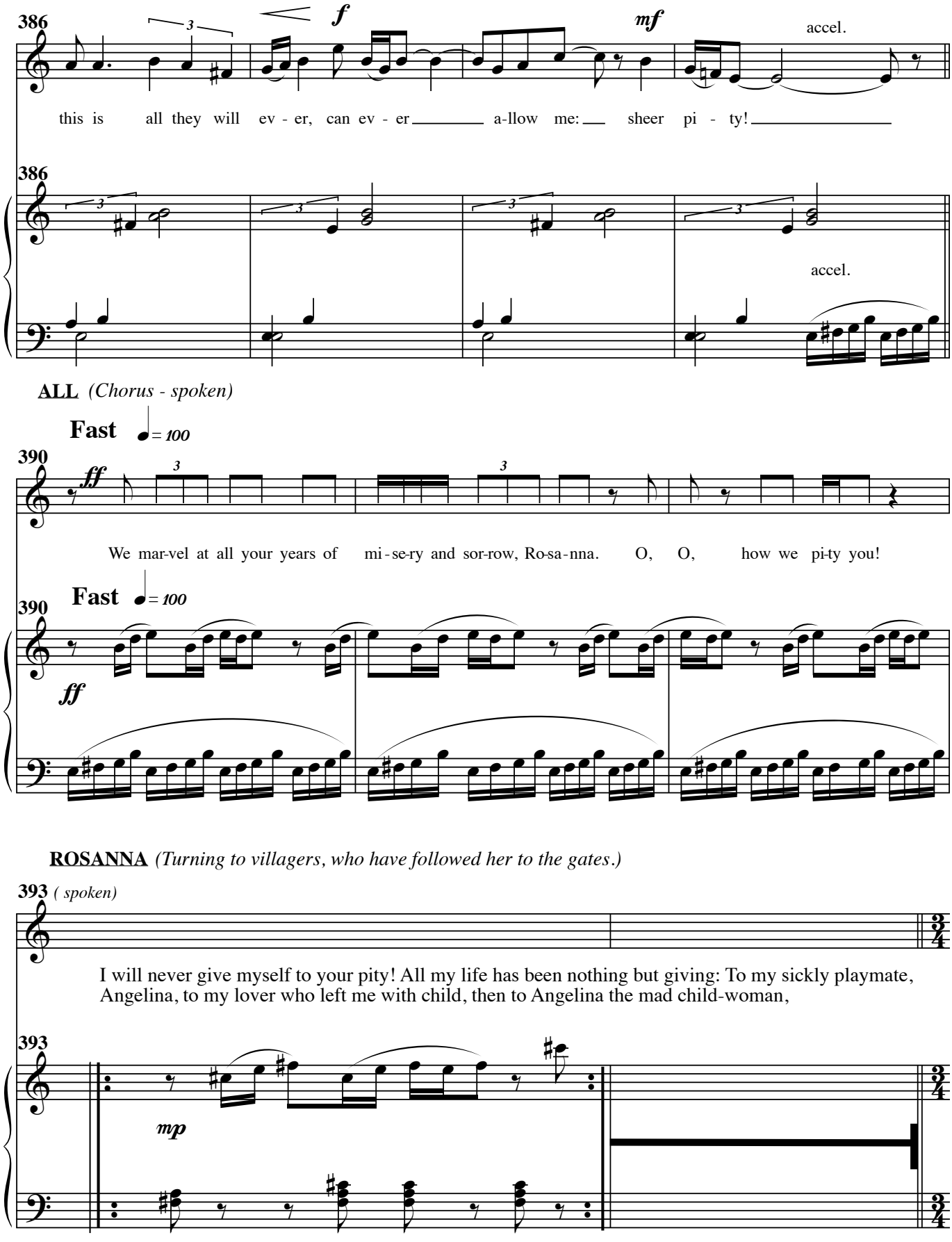
361

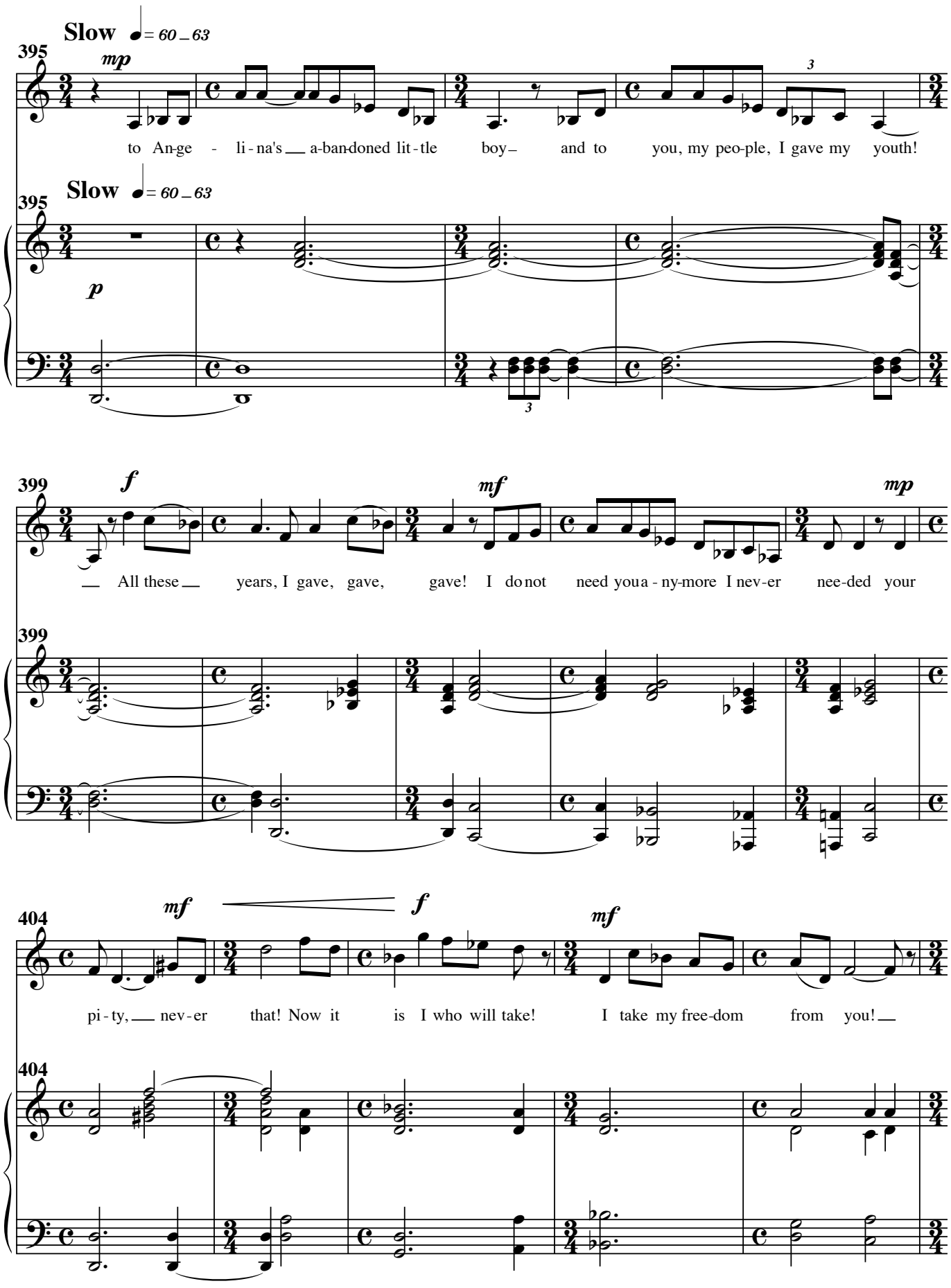


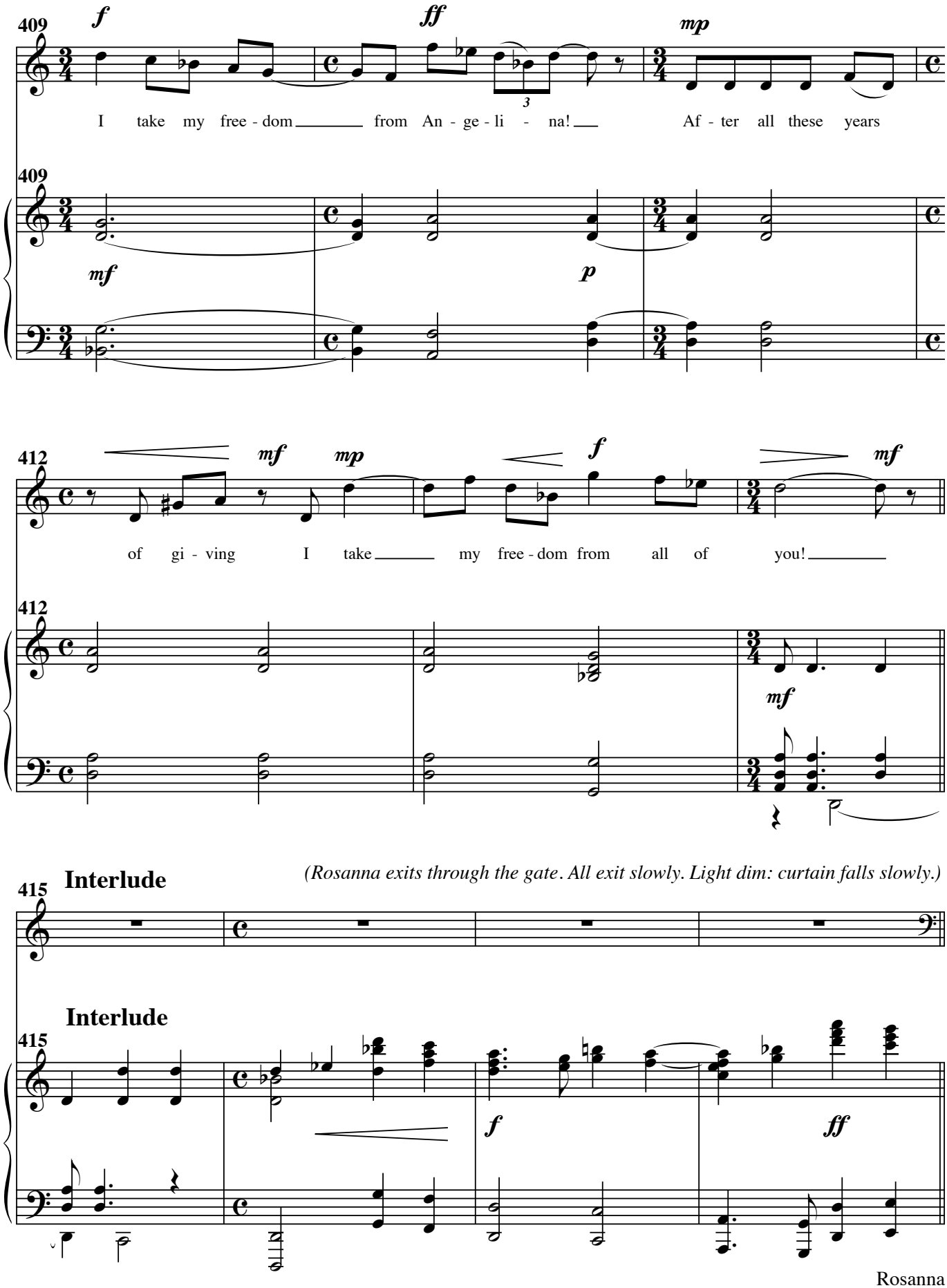
ROSANNA *(Recoiling from their pity)*



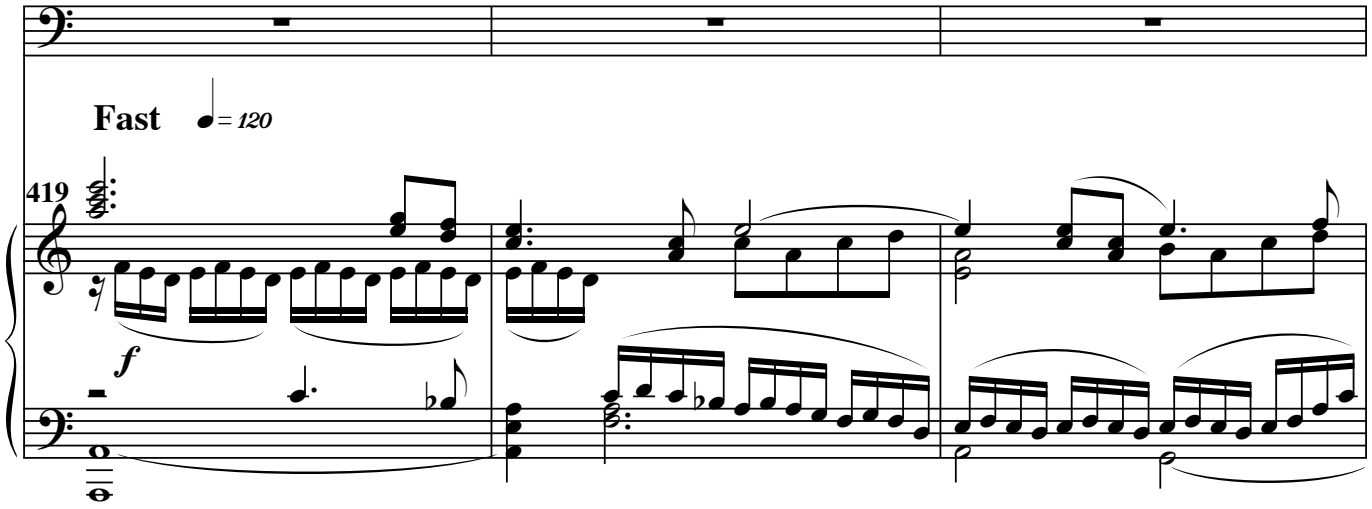

375
new dark - ness des - cends, smo-the - ring my dream
375
(Priest enters, his arms open to embrace Rosanna with pity, she raises her arms to ward him off.)
377
of my lov - er's re - turn.
377
p
mp
ROSANNA
381
mf
f
mf
Ev - en if I were to live a-mong my peo-ple in the vil - lage a-gain,
381


386
f
mf
accel.
this is all they will ev - er, can ev - er a-llow me: sheer pi - ty!
386
accel.
ALL (Chorus - spoken)
Fast = 100
390
ff
We mar-vel at all your years of mi-se-ry and sor-row, Ro-sa-nna. O, O, how we pi-ty you!
Fast = 100
390
ff
ROSANNA (Turning to villagers, who have followed her to the gates.)
393 (spoken)
I will never give myself to your pity! All my life has been nothing but giving: To my sickly playmate, Angelina, to my lover who left me with child, then to Angelina the mad child-woman,
393
mp

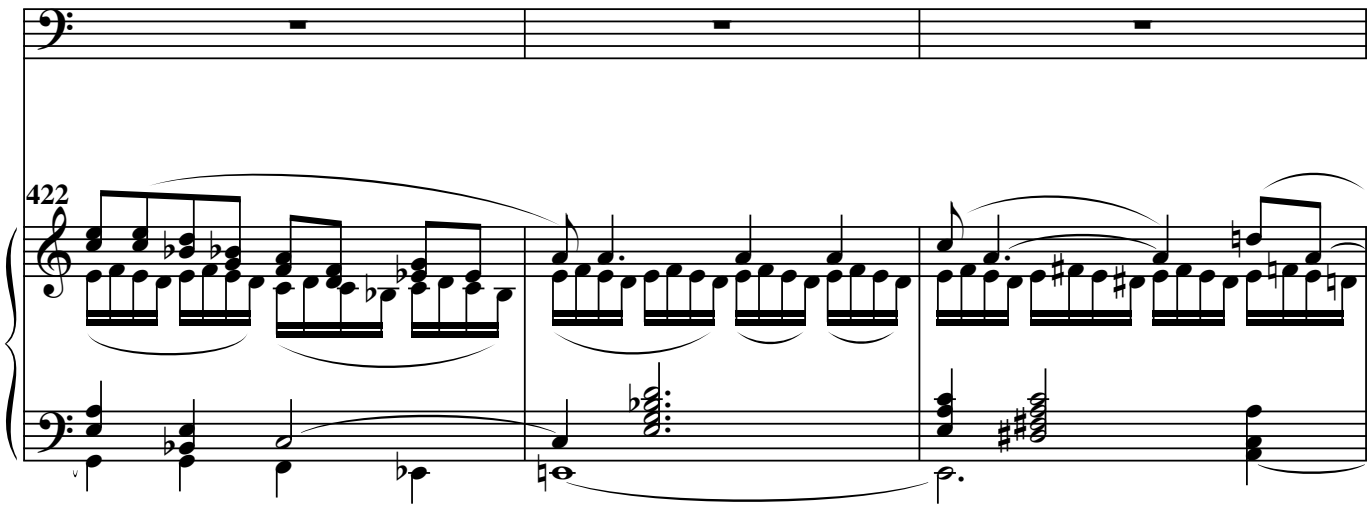

Slow ♩= 60 – 63
395
mp
to An-ge - li-na's a-ban-doned lit-tle boy and to you, my peo-ple, I gave my youth!
Slow ♩= 60 – 63
395
p
399
f
mf
mp
All these years, I gave, gave, gave! I do not need you a-ny-more I nev-er nee-ded your
399
404
mf
f
mf
pi-ty, nev-er that! Now it is I who will take! I take my free-dom from you!
404


409
f
ff
mp
I take my free - dom from An - ge - li - na! Af - ter all these years
409
mf
p
412
mf
mp
f
mf
of gi - ving I take my free - dom from all of you!
412
mf
415
Interlude
(Rosanna exits through the gate. All exit slowly. Light dim: curtain falls slowly.)
415
Interlude
f
ff

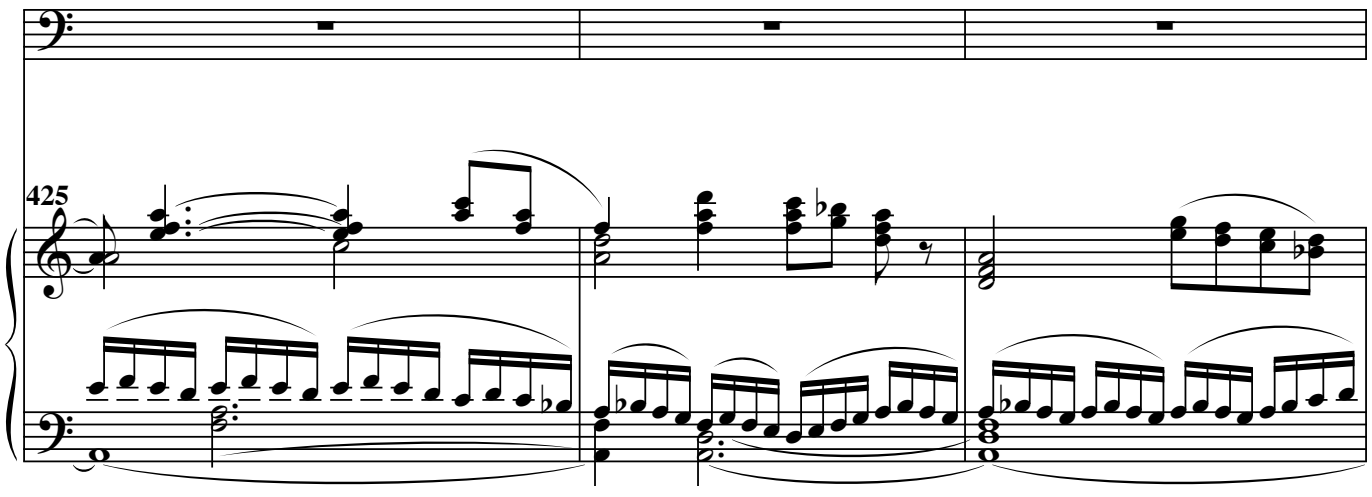
419 **Fast** ♩= 120

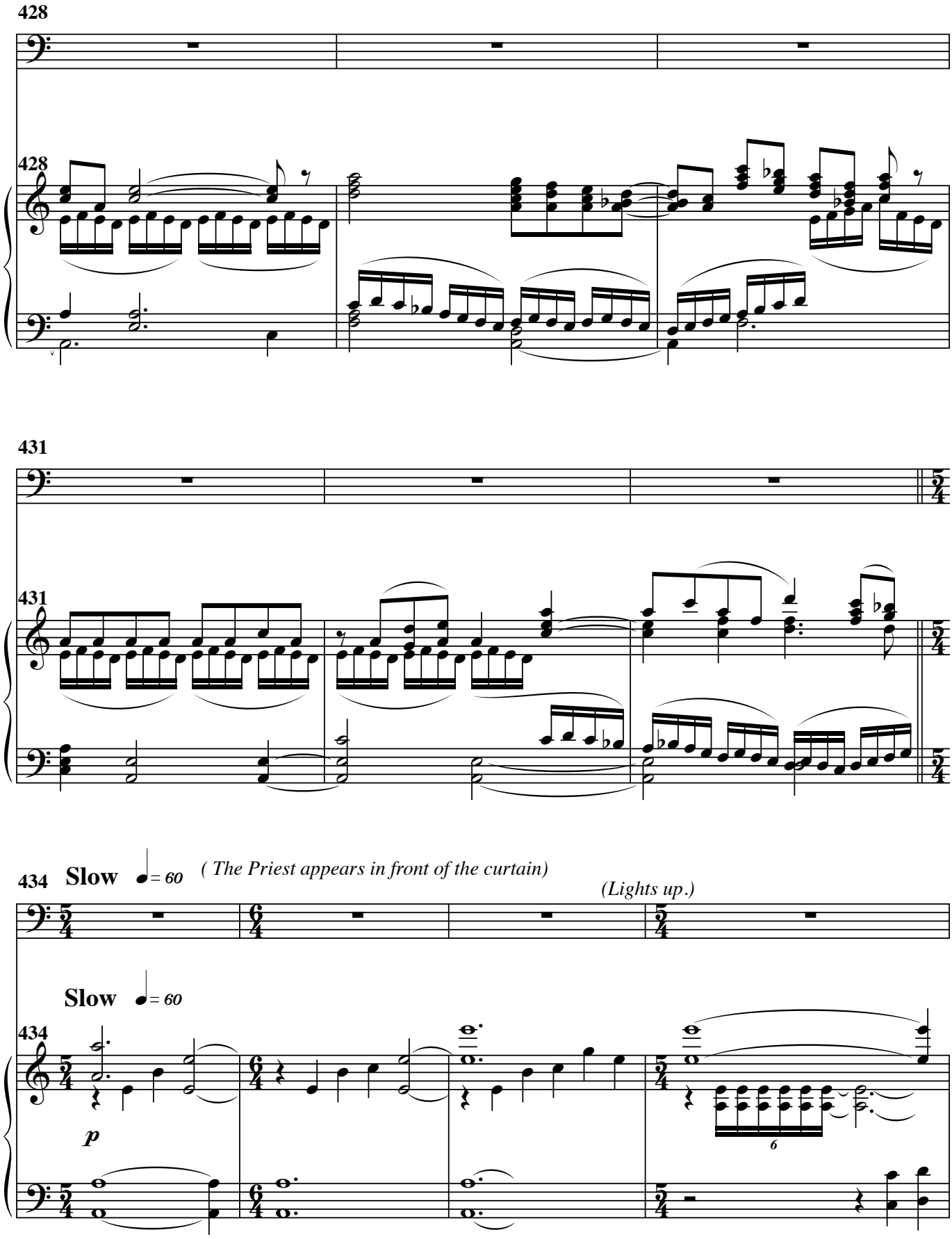


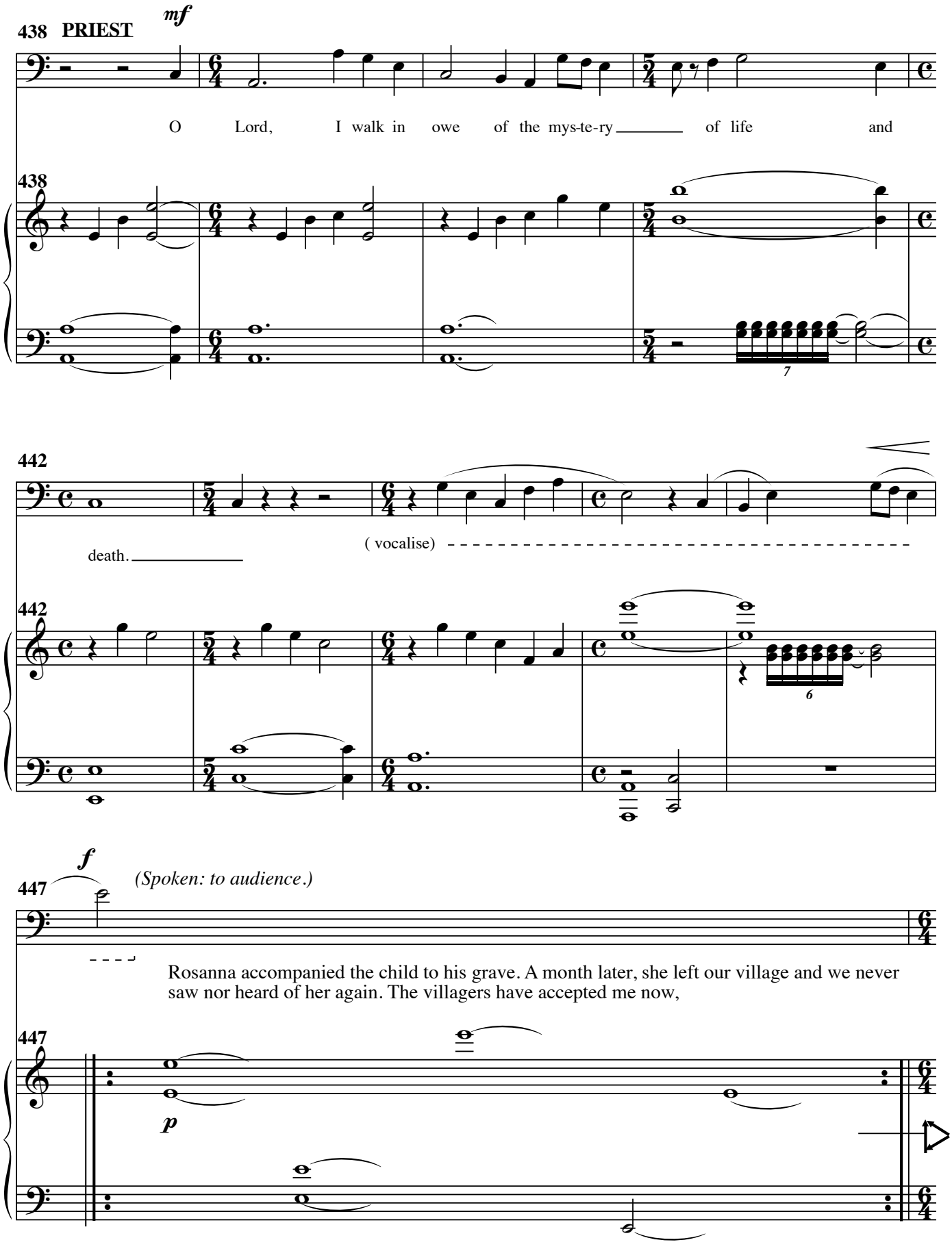
422

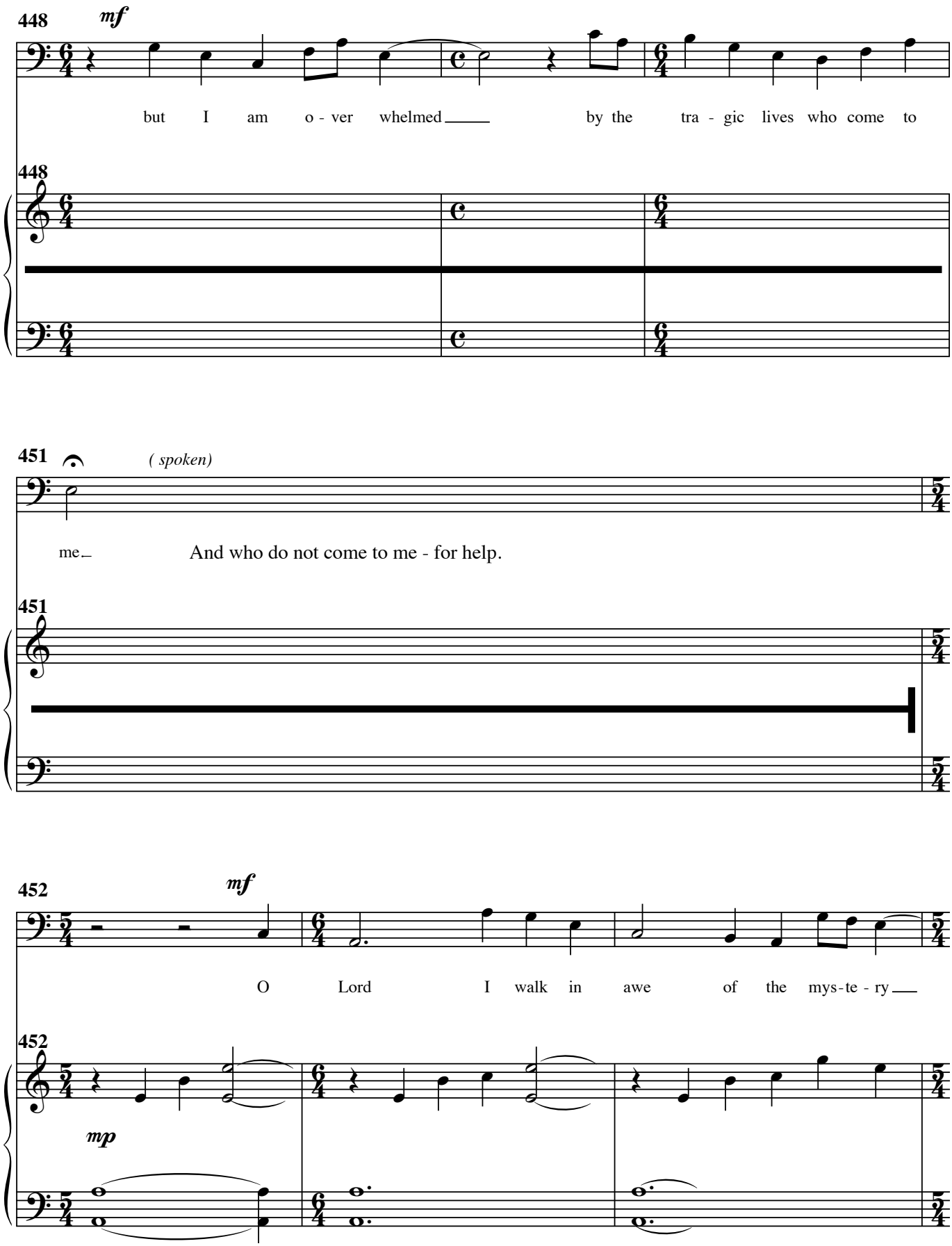


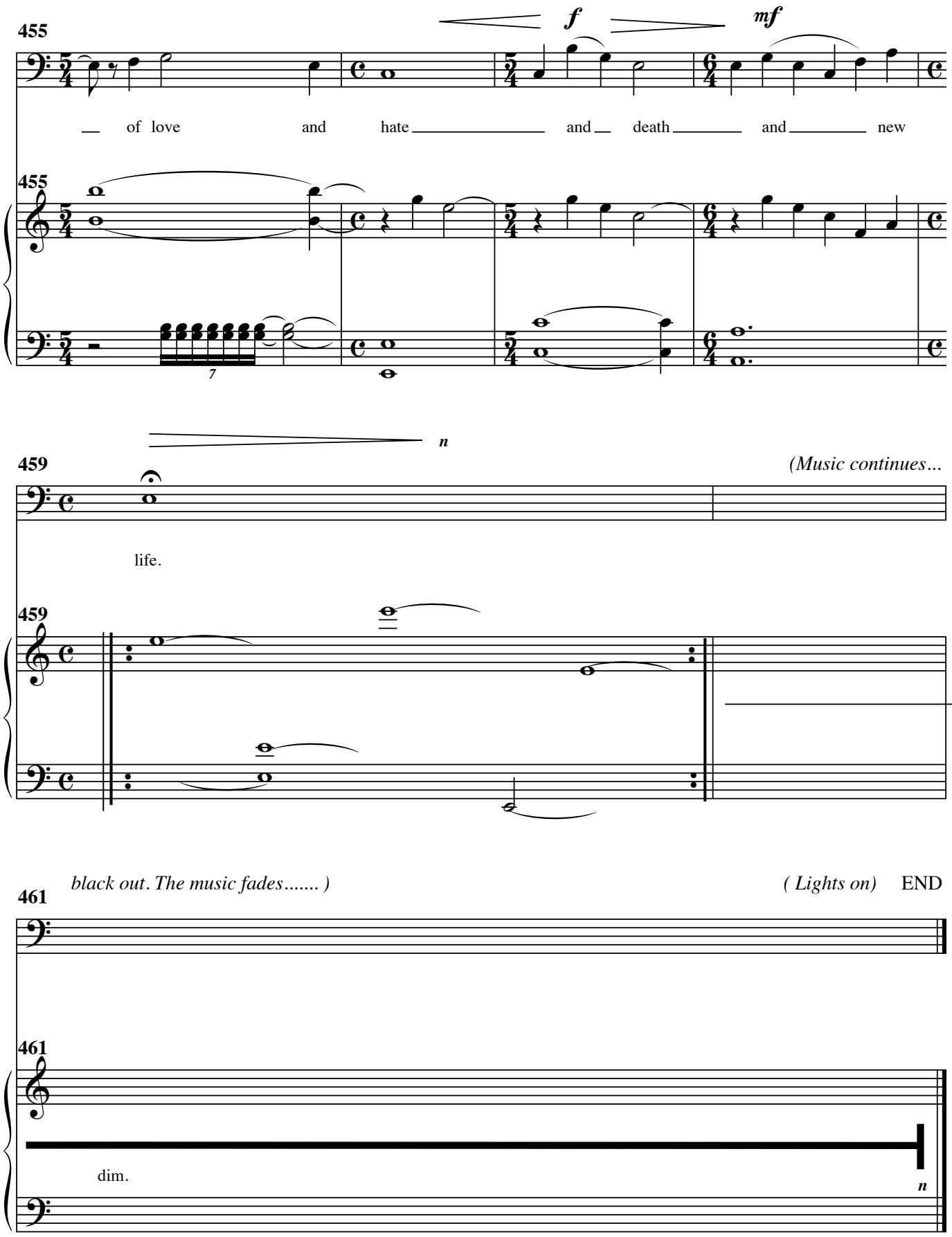
425




428
428
431
431
434 Slow ♩= 60 (The Priest appears in front of the curtain)
(Lights up.)
Slow ♩= 60
434
p
6


438 PRIEST
mf
O Lord, I walk in owe of the mys-te-ry of life and
438
7
442
death.
(vocalise)
442
6
f
447
(Spoken: to audience.)
Rosanna accompanied the child to his grave. A month later, she left our village and we never saw nor heard of her again. The villagers have accepted me now,
447
p


448
mf
but I am o - ver whelmed by the tra - gic lives who come to
448
451
(spoken)
me
And who do not come to me - for help.
451
452
mf
O Lord I walk in awe of the mys - te - ry
452
mp


455
f
mf
of love and hate and death and new
455
7
n
459
(Music continues...
life.
459
black out. The music fades.....)
(Lights on)
END
461
461
dim.
n