

Please note that not all pages are included. This is purposely done in order to protect our property and the work of our esteemed composers.

If you would like to see this work in its entirety, please order online or call us at 800-647-2117.

MRS. DALLOWAY

an opera in two acts based on Virginia Woolf's novel,
"Mrs. Dalloway"

libretto by Bonnie Grice

music by LIBBY LARSEN

Act I

$\text{♩} = 52$

1 Light on Mrs. D.
on the landing.

niente *f* *niente*

(cit.) 3 3 (bowed cymbal)

2 Light on Septimus.

f *p*

3 3 5 5 5

3

f

3 3

accelerando ----- **4** $\text{♩} = 60$ ----- *ritard.* -----
 (helping Richard on)

LUCY Mrs. Dalloway!

RICHARD Clarissa!

accelerando ----- **4** $\text{♩} = 60$ ----- *ritard.* -----
 (rit.)

P (timp.)

with his jacket **5** *meno mosso* ($\text{♩} = 80$)

LUCY Sir... But sir, the

(distracted, looking at his watch)

RICHARD Good heavens, nearly eight o'clock!

5 *meno mosso* ($\text{♩} = 80$)

P *f* *mf*

Mrs. Dalloway descends the stairs as Richard moves to the door.

hesitates *poco agitato* *recitativo*

LUCY 25
Missus looks so pale and the party...

RICHARD
-her parties, her life! Always worrying about these parties!

26
(stg.) *poco agitato*
(pizz.) *p*

Lucy opens the front door, looking concerned. Richard leaves; Lucy closes the door behind him.

a tempo *recitativo*

LUCY 27

RICHARD
I should-n't let her give them. *(he looks at Mrs. D. tenderly)* Take care, my dear, please don't o-ver-do. *(he kisses her on the forehead)*

a tempo *recitativo*

28
(cit.) *3*

Takes a deep breath,

32 6 a tempo

Mrs. D. *p* Yes, — Rich-ard, of course.

Richard You know what the doc-tor said.

32 6 a tempo

mf (cit.) *p* *vnc.*

renewing her energy and strength. 7 freely 7A *J:120*

Mrs. D. Lucy? I will buy the flow'rs my-self...

Lucy Yes, mum?

Lucy brings Mrs. D. her hat and flowerbasket. Lucy opens the door and Mrs. D. leaves, heading toward the flower shop.

36 7 freely 7A *J:120*

mf *f*

(+ bowed cymbal)

Mrs. D. actually doesn't move - instead, everything moves around her, giving us a sense of hustle and bustle of the streets of London.

40

8 *freely* -----

Mrs. D. 44

What a morn — ing! Fresh, as if is-sued to chil-dren on a beach. What a lark! What

8 *freely* -----

44

Musical interlude / as we observe with Mrs. Dalloway life in London.

rallentando — a tempo (♩=120)

She looks at shop windows, nods at passers-by. We feel London — "the dead, the flag, the Empire."

Mrs. D. 48

— a plunge!

rallentando — a tempo (♩=120)

48

9 ♩=60 *freely*

Mrs. D. 52

Such fools we are. — Heaven on-ly Knows why we love it so.

9 ♩=60 *freely*

52

pp

a tempo (♩=60)

ritard.-----

56 Mrs. D. *7* *quietly*
 Life. Lon-don. Lon-don feeds me. It rests me _____ as noth-ing else can...

56 *mp*
 a tempo (♩=60) ritard.-----
 Westminster Bells (tape or percussion)

60 Mrs. D. **10** ♩=120
 Lon _____ don _____ has a ho _____ li-ness. _____

60 *mf*
 (bells)

We feel that a procession is happening in the streets.

64 Mrs. D. *f*
 Lon-don will go on. _____ Lon-don _____ will go on af-ter

64 (bells)
 (vln.) *f*
 3-7

10A

Ritard. - Freely, slowly

It is a military procession, which begins to feel overwhelming.

The mood darkens.

Mrs. D.

I'm dead. Life! Lon-don! This mo-ment of June! This late age has bred in us all a well of tears....

(bells)

(bass)

71 A 71 B

10A Ritard. - freely, slowly

Mrs. D.

11 intensely

This late age has bred in us all a well of tears, tears and

11

pp

11

Mrs. D.

12 port.

sor-rows, cour-age and en-dur-ance.

12 meno mosso (painfully, angrily)

f

How does one en-dure?

12 meno mosso

sub. pp

f

(snare drum)

poco accel.

Mrs. D. 81

Nev-er con-tent. Nev-er quite se-cure. For at an-y mo-ment the brute

poco accel.

81

Westminster Bells

Mrs. D. 85

can stir... How it rasps me! This ha-tred with-in me, this bru-tal mon-

85

(bells)

cresc.

13

14

Mrs. D. *pp* *ster.*

Miss Pym *(going to the window)*

Septimus *f extremely agitated*

The world has raised it's whip.... where will it descend?

Dear! These motor cars!

13

14

(snare) *mp*

(bells)

bowed cymbal.

eb. pizz.

14A

♩ = 120-132

(to herself)

Mrs. D. *3* *3* *3* *3*

Fear no more the heat of the sun nor the fu-rious win-ter's rag-es. Fear no

Miss Pym

Sept. *Mrs. Dalloway... (to himself)*

Fear no more, fear no more...

14A

♩ = 120-132

93

5 *5* *5* *5*

There is a pause,
and then Big Ben is
heard striking the hour - 9:00. **15** (spoken)

Mrs. D. *more.* First, a warning, musical, then the hour, irrevocable. The leaden circles dissolve in the air.

Miss Pym Are you all right Mrs. Dalloway? And of course the white roses.

chimes (chimes)

(bowed cymbal) **15** (synthesizer) (citt.)

16 ♩ = 52-56, Quietly

fortissimo
I re-mem-ber... I re-

16 ♩ = 52-56, Quietly

mf *p*
stgs.

Mrs. D. 103

mem-ber _____ long _____ be-fore the choi-es _____ were

Mrs. D. 106

made. _____ I _____ re-mem-ber. _____

mp 17

Mrs. D. 109

I _____ re-mem-ber. _____ Dreams, —

Mrs. D. 18

111

dreams _____ and wild _____

18

111

p *mf*

Mrs. D. 19 *poco animato*

114

flow'rs. _____ Ah, _____ Laugh _____ ter in the garden. _

19 *poco animato*

114

mf *pp*

Mrs. D. 20

117

Hours spent, _____ spent in love. _____

20

117

p *c*

Mrs. D. 120

But was it love? _____

21 freely, but still slowly

Mrs. D. 123 *P*

And now, in-vis-i-ble, un-known. Mis-sus Rich-ard Dal-lo-way. Missus Richard

21 freely, but still slowly

123 *pp* (weak tap)

Mrs. D. 126

22 a tempo

Dal-lo-way. Mis-sus Rich-ard Dal-lo-way. That is all. No room for Clar-issa any-more...

126

22 a tempo

23 poco animato

Mrs. D. 130
That is all. _____

Regia
Septimus, mio ca-ro, look at me!

Sept.
That is all...That is all...

23 poco animato

130

p

5

5

tr

p (*ho*)

Mrs. D. is now in her bedroom, where she takes off her hat and lays it on the bed. Dresser with mirror. Bedside table with a few books. Small cupboard that holds her few dresses.

freely

24 a tempo

Mrs. D. 133
So Long a-go... _____

Regia
Why are you so strange? So far a-way... _____

freely

24 a tempo

133

Very stark, almost prison-like. She sees herself in the mirror.

Mrs. D 137

(wistfully)

"Love-ly in girl-hood..."

25

She purses her lips, gazing at her reflection. She looks thoughtful for a moment, but quickly experiences a "spasm" - the "icy claws of the monster within."

Mrs. D 140

(angushed)

I am not old yet!

140

p *f* *sf* *f*

(b.c. multiphonic)

meno mosso

(distantly)

(spoken)

26

accel.

molto agitato

Mrs. D 144

Months and months — untouched...

Sept. 144

I am not dead yet, not dead!

meno mosso

26

accel.

molto agitato

144

p *sf*

cym.

cym.

Act II

Peter, having left the Dalloway house, is walking toward the park.

116 ♩ = 132; agitated

733 (str.) > (pno. + mba.)
 ff decresc.
 (+ s.dr.)

738 (cl.)
 pp
 117
 ritard.
 118 ♩ = 92
 mf
 (vln. I)

accel. ♩ = 132

744
 p
 sub. pp
 sf
 (vlns., vlnes.)
 sub. p
 (str. pizz.)
 kb. dr.

750
 119
 poco a poco cresc.
 (p)

755
 sf
 + snare

He becomes more and more agitated.

120 *subito accel.* *subito* *d=60* *subito* *d=60*

Peter 759
 Remember my party, re-mem-ber my party, re-mem-ber my party, re-mem-ber my party...

759 *subito accel.* *subito* *d=60*

perc. *s.dr.* *mf*

He seems to move "in time with the flow of Big Ben. ... any gentleness becomes agitated again.

Peter 762
 Clar-is-sa! Clar— is sa, Clar-is-sa, Clar-is-sa, Clar-is-sa, Clar-is—

gently *accel.*

(vin.) *pp* *accel.*

762 *pp* *fp*

perc. *sleigh bells/wdoblk.*

He becomes more annoyed as he walks.

accel.

121 subito $\text{♩} = 60$

Peter 767

— sa! Clar-is-sa's parties. Why does she give them?

121 subito $\text{♩} = 60$

(Alto) *mf*

767

accel.

122 $\text{♩} = 132$

Peter 771

"Here is my E-liz-a-beth!"

123 (agitated)

122 $\text{♩} = 132$

771

123

He becomes thoughtful at the mention of Elizabeth.

124 $\text{♩} = 60$

Peter 775

Why not, simply, "Here is E-liz-a-beth"? A queer looking girl...

dolce

124 $\text{♩} = 60$

775

(cl.)

He thinks of Clarissa again and his resolve
accel. returns.

freely. $\text{♩} = 80$ (broadly)

125

Peter 778

Clar-is-sa has grown hard. And

125

accel. freely $\text{♩} = 80$

He breathes in new life and walks on with determination.

ritard. 126 $\text{♩} = 100$ accel. $\text{♩} = 120$

Peter 784

I at last am in love!

784

ritard. 126 $\text{♩} = 100$ accel. $\text{♩} = 120$

(str.)

f *p* *ff* *p* *mf*

pizz.

Soon, though, his mood changes, thinking of Clarissa again. 127

Peter 789

Clar

789

(pno.)

mf *p*

127

792 Peter is sa!

128

792

f

(begin clock pendulum)

pp poco a poco cresc.

tape

ritard. 129 :88 Swing

796

mp

f

tape

(musing to himself)

802

Peter Per-haps I an-noyed her, calling at this hour. I an-

decisively

802

(musing to himself)

Peter 806

noyed her! Per-haps I con-fused — her,

(becoming more emotional)

Peter 811

act-ing the fool, — tell-ing her ev — ry-thing...

130 meno mosso

131 ♩ = 54-60, freely

Peter 815

I con-fused her.

130 meno mosso

131 ♩ = 54-60, freely

(resolved but introspective)

Peter 819

I confused her, telling her ev—'ry-thing, as I al-ways do!

819

p + crotale

Gradually, Peter begins to externalize his discoveries.

132 *poco animato, rubato, accelerando*

Peter 822

Break-ing down. Break-ing down, act-ing the fool,

822

p *mp* *tr*

132 *poco animato, rubato, accelerando*

Peter 827

I an-noyed her, I con-fused her, tell—ing her

827

mf *cresc.*

71
133 $\text{♩} = 120, \text{rubato}$

134 $\text{♩} = 80$
subito

Peter 832 *f*
ev-ry-thing...

133 $\text{♩} = 120, \text{rubato}$

134 $\text{♩} = 80$
subito

ritard.

135 Everything stops here, including

Peter 838
break-ing down... Clar-issa! She re-fused me.

ritard.

135

Peter as he faces reality. Peter has reached the entrance of the park. We see an old beggar woman clasping her side with one hand while she holds out the other to passers by.

136

137 $\text{♩} = 54$

Old Woman
(spoken) ee um fah um so too swee too eem oo

Peter
Clarissa refused me.

136

137 $\text{♩} = 54$

(b. cl.)

846 **138** "... the voice of no age or sex, the voice of an ancient spring sprouting from the earth." *earth.*

Old Woman

ee um fah so foo swee - too - eem oo

846 **138**

847 **139** **140**

Old Woman

ee um fa um so swee - too - eem oo

847 **139** **140**

(b.c.)

Old Woman

141 ♩:52

swee - oo

141 ♩:52

(cl.)

At the same time, we hear the tolling of a late bell. It sounds like a death knell. A light comes up stage right.

852 Old Woman

142

852 *gently* *mp* *P* *P* *chimes* *sub. mf*

142

We see Mrs. D. on the landing where Peter left her. She seems suddenly very fragile, very weak.

858 Old Woman

Peter

She has been

858

Peter now takes out of his pocket the withered rose Clarissa had dropped on the landing earlier. The rose is dead. The petals fall to the ground. At the same time we see Mrs. D. collapse. Peter reaches out frantically in front of him, as if trying to save her.

864

Old Woman

Peter

ill. I re-mem-ber. It was her heart.

864

tape

143 $\text{♩} = 80$, subito accelerando

143 $\text{♩} = 80$, subito accelerando

(vln.)

(str.)

(fade up - evening bells)

The lights fade on Mrs. D. and Peter is once again alone at the entrance of the park.

869

Peter

(screaming) Clarissa!

869

tape

144

145 $\text{♩} = 52$

145 $\text{♩} = 52$

(cl.)

p *f*

(end tape)

874 Peter *sotto voce* **146** $\text{♩} = 60$ *accelerando*

No! _____ She is not dead. I am not old, I am not

874 **146** $\text{♩} = 60$ *accelerando*

Peter **147** $\text{♩} = 132$ *ff*

old, I am not old, I am not old, I am not old!

879 **147** $\text{♩} = 132$

P cresc.
(str. pizz.)

Old Woman 883 *ritard.*

He looks at the Old Woman who is now reaching out to him.

Peter *p*

883 *ritard.*

mp *p*

148 freely ----- ♩=92

887 Old Woman

Look in-to my eyes — with thy sweet eyes in-tent-ly, give me your

148 freely ----- ♩=92

887 (DX7-orch. bells)

(str. trem.) *mp* lightly

892 Old Woman

hand — and let me press it gent-ly, — and — what if some-one should

892 (vln.°)

She smiles
an ugly smile

897 Old Woman

see, — what mat-ter they? — what mat-ter they?

897

and Peter looks away.

903 *f* 3 **149** *pp*

Old Woman

Peter

Poor old wretch. I am not old or

903 *pp* **149**

908 *p* 3

Old Woman

Peter

set or dried in the least! Not in the least! I don't care what

908

rallentando

912

Old Woman

Peter

(sarcastically)

150

they say! The Dal-lo-ways and their set. I am not old yet!

912

perc.

150

rallentando

s.dr.

pp

151 *accelerando* — — — ♩ = 132

916

perc.

pp non cresc.

decreci.

We begin to hear the faint strains of martial music.

921

perc.

152 ♩ = 80, subito

P

mf

927 Peter I have a fu-ture! I was a So-cial-ist... read-ing sci-ence

perc.

932 Peter and phi-los-ophy. I believe that man-kind should be

perc.

153 (cl.) *mp legato*

935 Peter free! The fu-ture be-longs to men like me!

perc.

154 (f.) (ltg.) *d* (h) *d* *p*