

TRUMBORE
HIGH VOICE AND PIANO

SNOW WHITE TURNS 60

High Voice and Piano

Texts by

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daletrumbore
c o m p o s e r

3. Afraid to Look Afraid to Look Away

Moonlight breaks on the fir trees
in the deep forest
she waits for you.

The garden of stones casts
shadows
hover on the ground.

The breadcrumbs are
the old trail
of pebbles is white in

the moonlight
has no beginning.

Leave this false trail
and all trails:

walk toward what
you don't know
the moon will take you there.

The house is
gingerbread and sugar
will fill you up at first.

You will think you
have found childhood.

But she is inside
what you eat
devours you.

Stay with her, let her feed you
as she will
stoke her oven.

Keep your brother safe from
her dim eyes
cannot see you

Wait for her to go to
the fire
will move you.

You must stay and
watch her burn if you forget
and look away

you will forget.

Now the fire burns on
in the garden
you wake the stones.

—Kathleen Jesme

4. Gretel

It was like waking up.
One minute she was doing as she was told,
stoking the fire so Hansel could go into the pot,
the next hearing a tiny voice inside :

*Push her into the fire, it said,
Push the mother.
Push her hard as you can
into her own fire
so it will consume her.*

Her hands then,
on the witch,
like they had been on the sweets
she'd won them over with,
only pushing away this time,
unlocking the cage of addiction
that held them both.

—Eileen Moeller

5. Sleeping Beauty

Like a frog out of the water,
like a big clumsy fly caught in a screen,
I entered womanhood
flailing my long legs.

Jumping Double Dutch,
in sneakered feet
pounding a Morse Code of denial into
the sidewalk,
so it echoed throughout the
neighborhood :
*not me, it said, not me,
I'll play with dolls forever, I'll be a boy
if I want to, I'll go off and play by the
railroad tracks.*

Or spinning crazy like a top
in the grass of the backyard,
almost mowing mother's roses down
with my arms,
then swooning beneath our peach tree
heavy with ripe fruit.

Dizzy it always made me dizzy,
and sleepy too, this newly tilting
pigeon thrumming inside me.

Thought I'd never want a prince
bending over me
his face so much like a brother's
with its teasing wheedling eyes
and mouth that kisses too hard.

—Eileen Moeller

6. Rapunzel after her marriage

Every morning in front of the mirror
I take the silver scissors
and cut my hair and my daughter's
shorter

the hand-maidens, the ladies
all snigger behind their veils
the queen gifts us with emerald-encrusted
combs
pleads with me to stop this daily snip

my husband, my prince, talks soft in my ears
tells me we are safe

but all those years
I yanked brush through tangles
snarled in pain
all the years my neck bent
with the weight of wet washed hair
all the hours sitting still
waiting within the spreadcircle of hair
a heavy cloak I could not set aside

It was not Dame Gothel's heavy climb
or you dear husband
that burdened my head
but the braided ropes tying
my time in care

now my daughter runs hind-swift
and I, tower free lock free
gladly light headed

—Eve Rifkah

7. Bluebeard's Wife

Stood on the dock
and shrugged her shoulders, shawl
close,
as red birds fluttered across her eyelids,
his shaving brushes strewn
across the cobblestones behind her
like little fish spilled from a bucket,
flip-flopping, gasping for air
in the purple twilight.

The lanterns outside
The Customs House made them
look so much like body parts,
fresh cut, headless knobs,
submerged arms, and knees, hair
like kelpy fronds, and thin cattail
bones, all caught in a vat of cherry
amber.

No help for it. No help for it.

She stood tall
and still as a heron preening,
eyes on a ship at anchor
down the quay, keening,
his razor a slice of moonlight
in her hand. Soon she would
have it speak his name.

—Eileen Moeller

8. The Mermaid Story

We've all heard half of the fairy tale:
A mermaid rescued a drowning prince,
swam him to shore, then pined away
because she missed the weight of him

and the heat of his breath against her
neck;
nothing at all like the trickle of cool
saltwater flushed from delicate gills
when she kissed the mermen back in school.

But since there are witches underwater
as well as over, within a year
she'd bargained away her tail for legs—
and her tongue, too, as legs were dear.

She married the prince. His body hair
tickled like beach grass parched in sun.
An eel grew where his legs forked.
(She couldn't speak this to anyone.)

—Julie Kane

9. For the Nixie

What do you want from me?
Why do I need to comb

*Power of this black hair,
Power of this metal voice,*

And play the flute, or spin
At the edge of your drowning home?

*Power of this black hair,
Power of this metal voice,*

I am not the same.
I have turned hard as a toad.

*Power of this black hair,
Power of this metal voice,*

I'll raise him back alive
Out of your swimming air.

I will only be a wife again
At the end of a hard, equal road.

*Power of this black hair,
Power of this metal voice,*

Nixie, I can send
A song down through the water.

(It will reach your home.)
(I have been your daughter.)

—Annie Finch

10. Hazel Tells LaVerne

last night
im cleanin out my
howard johnsons ladies room
when all of a sudden
up pops this frog
musta come from the sewer
swimmin aroun an tryin ta
climb up the sida the bowl
so i goes ta flushm down
but sohhelpmegod he starts talkin
bout a golden ball
an how i can be a princess
me a princess
well my mouth drops
all the way to the floor
an he says
kiss me just kiss me
once on the nose
well i screams
ya little green pervert
an i hitsm with my mop
an has ta flush
the toilet down three times
me
a princess

—Katharyn Howd Machan

11. Masquerade

Ladies' slippers bloom:
pouchy satin on waxy roots,
but no one now wears dancing shoes.

The ball is over, Cinderella,
the stars are blown out.
The prince wears velvet sneakers,
a media man, his glossy
image tacked on every tree.

Glass cuts deep in your veins
when your life is spent dancing
to the ragged beat of the band.
The matched pearls grow cold
on your windpipe; the cummerbund
reticulates and swallows
to the rhythm of the dance.

It's past midnight now, tired lady.
The pink slippers glow in the dark,
spent weapons of the betrayers.
The black velvet night is all you need
on your bare damask skin.

—Barbara Crooker

12. Kinder- und Hausmarchen

Saint Nikolaus had a giant gunny sack
to put the children in if they were bad.
It was a hole so deep you'd never come back.
A porch swing full of stories, where the smoke
went up in hot, concentric perfect rings
and filled our heads with unbelievable things.

A nursery heavy with history
where nothing was whatever it had seemed,
where Aschenputtel's sisters cut their feet
half off—so desperate they were to fit.
And in the end, they also lost their eyes
when steel-grey birds descended from the skies.

Rotkappchen's wolf was someone that she
knew,
who wooed her with a man's words in the
woods.

But she escaped. It always struck me most
how Grandmother, whose world was
swallowed whole,
leapt fully formed out of the wolf alive.
Her will came down the decades to survive

in mine—my heart still desperately believes
the stories where somebody re-conceives
herself, emerges from the hidden belly,
the warring home dug deep inside the city.
We live today those stories we were told.
*Es war einmal im tiefen tiefen Wald.**

**Once upon a time in the deep deep wood.*

—Diane Thiel

program note

Snow White Turns Sixty is a 12-song, 30-minute-long cycle retelling traditional fairy tales. Some songs are modern updates; some are twisted reinterpretations of familiar stories. All utilize texts by contemporary female poets. *Snow White Turns Sixty* was premiered as a staged work by the Chamber Opera of the University of Southern California (COUSC) on November 5, 2010, in Los Angeles, CA and recorded and released on CD by soprano Gillian Hollis and pianist Dale Trumbore in September 2011 (*Snow White Turns Sixty*; Dissonant Gorgeous Productions).

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Snow White Turns Sixty

Text by Barbara Crooker

Music by Dale Trumbore

Swing eighths; ♩ = ca. 88

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Swing eighths; ♩ = ca. 88'. The dynamics are marked with a forte 'f'.

System 1: The vocal line begins with a forte 'f' dynamic. The lyrics are: "Snow White turns six - ty and does-n't care a - ny more a - bout what the". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

System 2: The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "neigh-bors think. The prince just sits there, — in his re-". The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line and a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand.

System 3: The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "cli-ner, flick-ing chan-nels, pop-ping brew - skis. Bel-ches. He got down-sized last". The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line and a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. The score ends with a double bar line and the instruction "8^{va}..1".

Snow White Turns Sixty

- 2 -

11

year from the Ro - yal King - dom, Too young_ for so - cial se -

14

cur - i - ty_ Too old_ for a - noth - er car - reer. She just does - n't

molto rit.

18 **A tempo**

care They have - n't touched in years.

21

The kids are grown, the house runs it - self And

24 (speech-like) rit. Freely, with time

who wants to go to a-noth-er ball, or sup-port a -noth-er cha-ri-ty? She's in - to

27 Straight eighths; A little faster (♩ = ca. 100) Swing

yo - ga or-gan - ic gar-den-ing, book club... She's high-light-ing her hair,

31 **Straight eighths** **rit.**

lift - ing weights, feels bet-ter a-bout her bo - dy than she has in years.

35 ♩ = ca. 80

She sees the fu - ture roll out a - head,

38

A road through the woods in aut - tumn,

Snow White Turns Sixty

- 5 -

40

yel - low leaves scat - tered on the ground There might be a

43

snug lit - tle cot - tage just for one. Maybe a cat curled by the chim - ney,

47

soft as smoke. And a ket - tle on for tea.

Snow White Turns Sixty

- 6 -

51

Pull up a chair and list - en. You

53

won't be - lieve her sto - ry.

55

rit.

rit.

16

la - vish - ly you licked their juice from my thumbs

19

mp *mf*

This was the path where we a-greed to ren-dez - vous, this the pine.

mp *mf*

23

f

I'm ea - sy to spot, my lips in Ru - by But-ter gloss,

f

26

I'm on time. I

29

met a man in town who re - sem-bles you but too sal-on sleek, with -

32

out your mos - sy smell, your si - lent feet. He sent car -

35

na - tions round to mo - ther's place.

37

Speech-like **A tempo**

I won't set-tle for man-nered in of-fen-sive-ness. I want moon - wit-nessed trysts,

Where's Wolf?

- 10 -

41

Wind bat - tling my bo - dy, the bed of

44

needles, Bark. The rogue hap - pi - ness we cap - tured

49

once, O where o where

53

have you hid - den since?

Afraid to Look Afraid to Look Away

Text by Kathleen Jesme

Music by Dale Trumbore

$\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 44$

p *ppp* *p* *rit.*

una corda *tutte corde*

7 **A tempo** $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 88$

Moon - light breaks on the fir trees in the deep for - est she waits_____

p *Ped.*

13

— for you._____ The gar-den of stones casts

3 3

Afraid to Look Afraid to Look Away

- 12 -

19

sha-dows ho-ver on the ground. The bread - crumbs are the old trail of peb-bles is white in the

24

moon - light has no be - gin - ing leave this false trail and

30

all trails walk toward what you don't know.

34

The moon will take you there.

p *poco accel.* *poco rit.*

Ped.

A tempo (♩ = ca. 44) (A tempo)

38 poco rit. . .

The house is gin-ger-bread and su-gar will fill you up at

poco rit. . .

mf *sub.* *p*

42

first You will think you have found child-hood.

mf *p*

47 *p*

But she is in-side what you eat de - vours you.. Stay with her, let her

p *mf* *p*

50

feed you as she will stoke her oven

54

Keep your brother safe from her dim eyes cannot see you

59

accel. rit.

Wait for her to go to the fire will move you

61 - *accel.* ♩ = ca. 100 *rit.* . . .

You must stay and watch her burn if you forget and look away you will forget.

ff

Ped.

66 *A tempo* ♩ = ca. 44

Now the fire burns on in the garden you

p

71

wake the stones

p

una corda

slow roll
8va

pppp

Ped.

Gretel

Text by Eileen Moeller

Music by Dale Trumbore

$\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 96$

f

It was like wa - king up one min-ute she was do - ing as she was told,

$\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 96$

f

6

sto - king the fire so Han-sel could go in - to the pot the next

10

molto rit. $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 74$

hear - ing a ti - ny voice in - side: *p* Push her in - to the fire, it — said,

molto rit. $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 74$

p

14 molto rit. . .

Push the mo-ther. Push her hard as you can in-to her own fire— so it will con-sume her.

18 $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 70$
mp

Her hands then on the witch, like— they had been on the

22

sweets she'd won them o-ver with, on-ly push-ing a-way this time,

25

un-lock-ing the cage of a-dic-tion that held them both.

Sleeping Beauty

Text by Eileen Moeller

Music by Dale Trumbore

♩ = ca. 140

Introduction for piano. The piece is in 4/4 time with a tempo of approximately 140 beats per minute. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *f*, *pp*, *f*, *p*, *f*, *p*, and *mf*. Pedal markings are present at the end of the first and second measures.

7

Like a frog out of the wa - ter like a big clum - sy

First line of the song. The vocal line starts at measure 7. The piano accompaniment continues. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

12

fly caught in a screen I en - tered wo - man hood flail - ing my

Second line of the song. The vocal line continues. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet in the right hand at measure 12. Dynamics include *f*. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

16 (poco)

long legs.

Third line of the song. The vocal line continues. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet in the right hand at measure 16. Dynamics include *mp*. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

Sleeping Beauty

- 19 -

21

Musical score for measures 21-24. The vocal line is in treble clef with lyrics: "Jump-ing Doub-le Dutch in sneak-ered feet_ pound-ing a Morse Code of de-ni-al in-to the". The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a 7/8 time signature. The music features a mix of eighth and quarter notes with some triplets.

25

Musical score for measures 25-29. The vocal line is in treble clef with lyrics: "side-walk so it ech-oed through-out the neigh-bor hood. not me, it said". The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a 7/8 time signature. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present. A *Ped.* (pedal) marking is shown at the bottom.

30

Musical score for measures 30-34. The vocal line is in treble clef with lyrics: "not me_ I'll play with dolls for-e-ver, I'll be a boy if I want to,". The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. It includes triplet markings and a *Ped.* (pedal) marking at the bottom.

35

Musical score for measures 35-38. The vocal line is in treble clef with lyrics: "I'll go off and play by the rail-road tracks." The piano accompaniment is in bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. It includes dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *p* (piano), and a *rubato* marking above the vocal line. A *Ped. ad lib.* (pedal ad libitum) marking is at the bottom.

40 *A tempo mp*

Or spin-ning cra - zy like a top in the grass of the back - yard

45

al-most mow-ing my mo-ther's ro - ses down with my arms, then swoon-ing be-neath our

49 *A little slower (♩ = ca. 135)*

peach tree hea - vy with ripe fruit. Diz - zy it al-ways made me

53 *mf*

diz-zy and sleep-y too this new-ly tilt-ing pig-eon thrum-ming in - side of me

58 *poco rit.* *A tempo*
mf

Thought I'd ne-ver want a prince bend - ing

63

o - ver me_ his face so much like a bro-ther's with its teas-ing wheed-ling eyes_____ and

68 *ff*

mouth that kis-ses too hard_____

Rapunzel after her marriage

Text by Eve Rifkah

Music by Dale Trumbore

Lively; ♩ = ca. 100

mp

Ev - 'ry morn-ing in front of the mir - ror

5

I take the sil - ver scis-sors and cut my hair and my daugh-ter's short - er,

8

the hand - maid - ens, the la - dies all snig-ger be-hind their veils,

Ped. _____

12

mf

the queen gifts us with eme-rald - en-crust - ed combs,

16

pleads with me to stop this dail - y snip

20

More tenderly

24

p

my hus - band, my prince talks safe in my ears, tells me we are safe, we are safe

mf *accel.*

$\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 120$

29

f

but all those years I yanked brush through tan - gles, snarled

Rapunzel after her marriage

- 24 -

33 *ff* *f*

in pain, all those years my neck bent, with the weight of

Ped.

37

wet-washed hair. all those hours sit - ting still,

43 *mp*

wait - ing with - in the spread cir - cle of hair, a hea - vy

48 *mp* *rit.* *mf* $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 66$

cloak I could not set a - side. It was not Dame Go - thel's hea - vy climb nor

poco accel. ♩ = ca. 120 *f*

52 *mp*

you dear hus-band that bur-dened my head but the braid-ed ropes

56 ♩ = ca. 66 *mf*

ty-ing my time in care. now my daugh-ter runs hind-swift and

61

I, to-wer free, lock free, glad-ly light-

65 *f*

head-ed.

Bluebeard's Wife

Text by Eileen Moeller

Music by Dale Trumbore

♩ = ca. 60

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The first measure is in 6/4 time, the second in 2/4, the third in 2/4, and the fourth in 3/4. The music is marked *p* (piano) and features a series of chords and melodic fragments in both the treble and bass staves.

Measures 5-9 of the song. The vocal line begins at measure 5 with a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment is marked *mp* (mezzo-piano). The lyrics are: "Stood on the dock and shrugged her shoul - ders, shawl close as red birds". The time signatures are 2/4, 2/4, 3/4, and 3/4.

Measures 10-13 of the song. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "flut-tered a-cross her eye - lids, his sha - ving brush-es strewn a-cross the". The piano accompaniment is marked *mp*. The time signatures are 2/4, 2/4, 5/4, and 3/4.

13 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

cob-ble - stones be - hind her, like _____ lit - tle fish spilled from a buck - et,

17 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

flip - flop - ping, gasp - ing for air in the pur - ple twi - light...

21 $\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 60$

The lant - terns out - side the Cu - stoms House

Ped. _____
una corda

24

made them look so much like bo - dy parts, - fresh cut,

gva

mp

simile
tre corde

28

head-less knobs, sub-merged arms, and knees, hair like kelp y fronds, and thin-cat-tail bones,

Ped.

32

all caught in a vat of cher - ry am - ber. No help for it, No help for it.

ff

rit.

ff

A tempo ♩ = ca. 60

36 *mp* *poco*

She stood tall and still as a he-ron preen - ing, eyes on a ship at

39 *sub. mf*

an-chor down the quay, keen - ing, his ra-zor a slice of moon light in her

Ped.

43 *f* *p*

hand. Soon she would have it speak his name.

Ped.

The Mermaid Story

Text by Julie Kane

Music by Dale Trumbore

♩ = ca. 80 *mp* *mf* rit.. ♩ = ca. 50 *mp*

We've all heard half of the fai-ry tale: A mer-maid_ res-cued a drown-ing prince, swam him to

5

shore, and pined a way be-cause she missed the weight of him (mm)* and the

8

heat of his breath a-gainst her neck; no-thing at all like the trick - le of cool salt - wa - ter

*Close to "mm" from "him."

11

mf

flushed from de-li-cate gills When she kissed the mer - men back at school.

14

p

17

mp *mf*

But since there are witch-es un - der wa-ter as well as o - ver, with-in a

20

year she'd bar-gained a-way her tail for legs and her tongue too, as legs were dear.

24

She mar-ried the prince. His bo-dy hair tick-led like beach grass

rit. ♩ = ca. 40

28

parched in sun. An eel grew where his legs forked She could-n't speak this to an-y-one.

For the Nixie

Text by Annie Finch

Music by Dale Trumbore

$\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 50$

mp What do you want from me? Why do I need to

mf comb *p* Po-wer of this black hair, - *mf* Pow-er of this me-tal voice, And play the

10 flute, or spin *mf* At the edge of your drown-ing home? Po - wer of this black hair, -

13 *f* Pow - er of this me - tal voice, - I am not the same

mf *p*

I have turned hard as a toad. Pow-er of this black hair. Pow-er of this me-tal voice,

With intensity

mf

I'll raise him back a-live Out of your swim - ming air,

mf *pp*

I will on-ly be a wife-a-gain At the end of a hard e-qual road. Po-wer of this black hair,

una corda

28 *poco rubato* **A little slower** ($\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 84$) , **Lyrally** *mf*

Pow-er of this me-tal voice, *Ni-xie,* *I can send a song* down through the

tres corde

32 *p*

wa-ter. *(It will reach your home.)*

Ped.

35 *p*

(I have been your daugh-ter.)

pp

Ped.

Hazel Tells LaVerne

Text by Katharyn Howd Machan

Music by Dale Trumbore

Self-assured; Swing; ♩ = ca. 100

mf

last night im

p *> p* *mp* *mf*

Detailed description: This system contains the first five measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a rest for four measures, followed by the lyrics 'last night im'. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic, increases to *> p* in the second measure, then to *mp* and *mf* in the subsequent measures. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

clean-in out my how-ard john-sons lad-ies room when all of a sud-den up pops this frog

mp *mf*

Ped.

Detailed description: This system contains measures 6 through 9. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'clean-in out my how-ard john-sons lad-ies room when all of a sud-den up pops this frog'. The piano accompaniment features triplet rhythms in both hands. The dynamic markings are *mp* and *mf*. Pedal points are indicated at the end of the system.

10 must-a come from the se - wer swim-min a roun an try-in ta climb up the sid-a the bowl so_

mp

Detailed description: This system contains measures 10 through 13. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'must-a come from the se - wer swim-min a roun an try-in ta climb up the sid-a the bowl so_'. The piano accompaniment continues with triplet rhythms. The dynamic marking is *mp*. A bracket underlines the first three measures of this system.

14 *mf*

i goes ta flush-m down butso help me god. he starts talk-in bout a

mp *mf*

Ped.

18 *p*

gold-en ball an how I can be a prin-cess me a prin-cess

p

8va

Ped.

22 *mp* **Straight 8ths**

well my mouth drops all the way to the floor an he says

mp

Broadly; a little slower

rit.

(Sung as high as possible)

25 **ff**

kiss me just kiss me once on the nose well i screams_

ff (spoken) **ff**

Ped. (half pedal)

29 **accel.**

A tempo; swing; ♩ = ca. 100

ya lit-tle green per-vert an i hits-m with my mop an has ta flush the

ff **f** **mp**

Ped.

Straight 8ths

rit.

A tempo; swing; ♩ = ca. 100

32 **mf** (poco) **mf** (poco) **mp** (spoken)

toi - let down three times me a prin-cess.

mf (poco) **mf** (poco) **mp** **sfz**

Ped.

Masquerade

Text by Barbara Crooker

Music by Dale Trumbore

Waltz-like (♩ = ca. 92)

(Ped. ad lib.)

La - dies' slip-pers bloom: pouch - y sa - tin on wa - xy roots,

but no one now wears dan - cing shoes.

The ball is o-ver, Cin - der - el - la, The stars

Masquerade

- 40 -

22

are blown out. The prince wears vel - vet snea - kers, a me - di - a man, his

26

poco rit. A tempo; ♩ = ca. 92

glos - sy i - mage tacked on ev - 'ry tree.

30

mf

Glass cuts deep in your veins when your life is spent dan - cing to the rag - ged

34

beat of the band. The matched pearls grow cold

Masquerade
- 41 -

39 *f*

on your wind - pipe; the cum - ber - bund re - ti - cu - lates and

43 *mp* *mf*

swal - lows to the rhy - thm of the dance.

49 *f*

f

53 *mp* *ff* *mp*

It's past mid - night now, tir - ed la - dy.

Masquerade

- 42 -

57

The pink slip - pers — glow in — the dark, spent

61

poco rit. . . . A little slower; ♩ = ca. 80

wea-pons of the be - tray - ers... The black vel - vet — night — is

p *pp*

Ped.

67

all you need — on your bare da - mask skin.

pp

(8) ----- |

(without pedal; let fade)

Ped.

72

p *mp*

Kinder- und Hausmarchen

Text by Diane Thiel

Music by Dale Trumbore

♩ = ca. 120

p

The piano introduction consists of four measures. The first three measures are in 5/4 time, and the fourth is in 4/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

5 *mp*

Saint Ni - ko laus_____ had a gi - ant gun - ny sack to put the

Measures 5-8. Measure 5 is in 5/4 time, measure 6 is in 5/4 time with a whole note rest, measure 7 is in 5/4 time, and measure 8 is in 4/4 time. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature has one flat.

9

child - ren in if they were bad._____ It was a hole so deep

Measures 9-12. Measure 9 is in 5/4 time, measure 10 is in 5/4 time, measure 11 is in 3/4 time, and measure 12 is in 4/4 time. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature has one flat.

14 *mf*

you'd ne-ver come back. A porch swing full of sto - ries

mf

20

Where the smoke went up in hot, con - cent - ric per - fect

25

rings and filled our heads with un - be-liev - a - ble things.

30 *mp*

A nur-ser-y hea-vy with his-to-ry where no-thing was what-ev-er it had

35 *mp*

seemed, where Ash-en-put-tel's sis-ters cut their feet half

38

off so des-per-ate they were to fit.

42

And in the end they also lost their eyes

46

when steel grey birds descended from the skies.

50

55

Rot-kap-chen's wolf was some-one that she knew who wooed her with a man's words

59

in the woods _____ But she es- caped. _____

f

64

It al-ways struck me most how Grand - mo ther _____ whose world was swal lowed

f

68

whole leaped ful - ly formed out of the wolf a- live. _____ Her will came down the de-cades

mf

74

to sur - vive in mine. My heart still

78

des - per - ate - ly be - lieves the sto - ries

81

— where some - bo - dy re - con - ceives her - self e - mer - ges from the hid - den

85

bel - ly, the war - ring home dug deep with-in the ci - ty.

90

mf

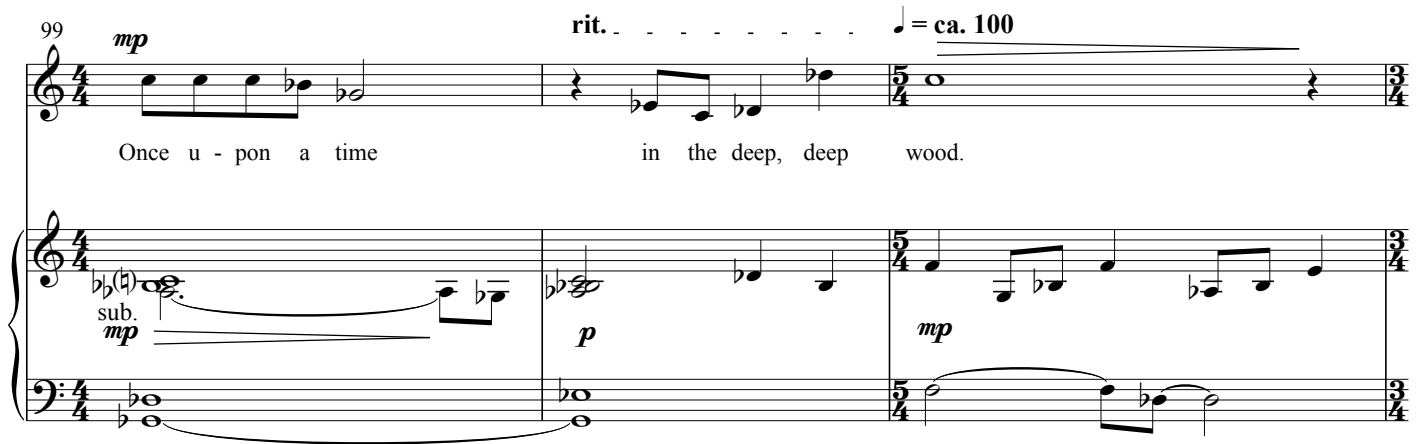
We live to - day those sto - ries we were told.

94

f

Es war ein - mar im tie - fen tie - fen Wald.

99 *mp* rit. ♩ = ca. 100



Once u - pon a time in the deep, deep wood.

102



106

