Erzsébet:

An Operatic Monodrama in Three Acts

2010

Words and Music by
Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

The Westleaf Edition
W104

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in Three Acts

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Erzsébet

Overture 5

Prologue 16

Act I Scene 1 28
Act I Scene 2 42

Act II Prelude 54
Act II Scene I 55
Act II Scene 2 74

Act III Prelude 86
Act III Scene 1 87
"The Mirrors" 94
Act III Scene 2 116
"Elizabeth's Prayer" 119
Act III Scene 3 127

Epilogue 137

Original Production, October 28-30, 2011
Hyde Park Opera House, Hyde Park, Vermont
Haybarn Theatre at Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont
Black Box Theater at Main Street Landing, Burlington, Vermont

Lisa Jablow as Erzsébet

Ann Harvey, Director
Ann Decker, Conductor

The Vermont Contemporary Music Ensemble,
Steven Klimowski, Music Director
Berta Frank, flute/piccolo • Steven Klimowski, clarinets/bass clarinet • Daniel Gordon, soprano saxophone • Thomas L. Read, violin • Elizabeth Reid, viola • Bonnie Thurber Klimowski, cello • Alison Cerutti, cimbalom-keyboard • Brian A. Johnson, percussion.

Pavel Kraus, Visual Design
Mark O'Maley, Lighting
Meg Hammond & Katy Knuth,, Costumes
Alex Vitzthum, Graphics

Erzsébet

The composition and production of this opera are made possible by:

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D'Anne Hotchkiss & Brad W. Smith
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Erzsébet

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Score

Words and Music
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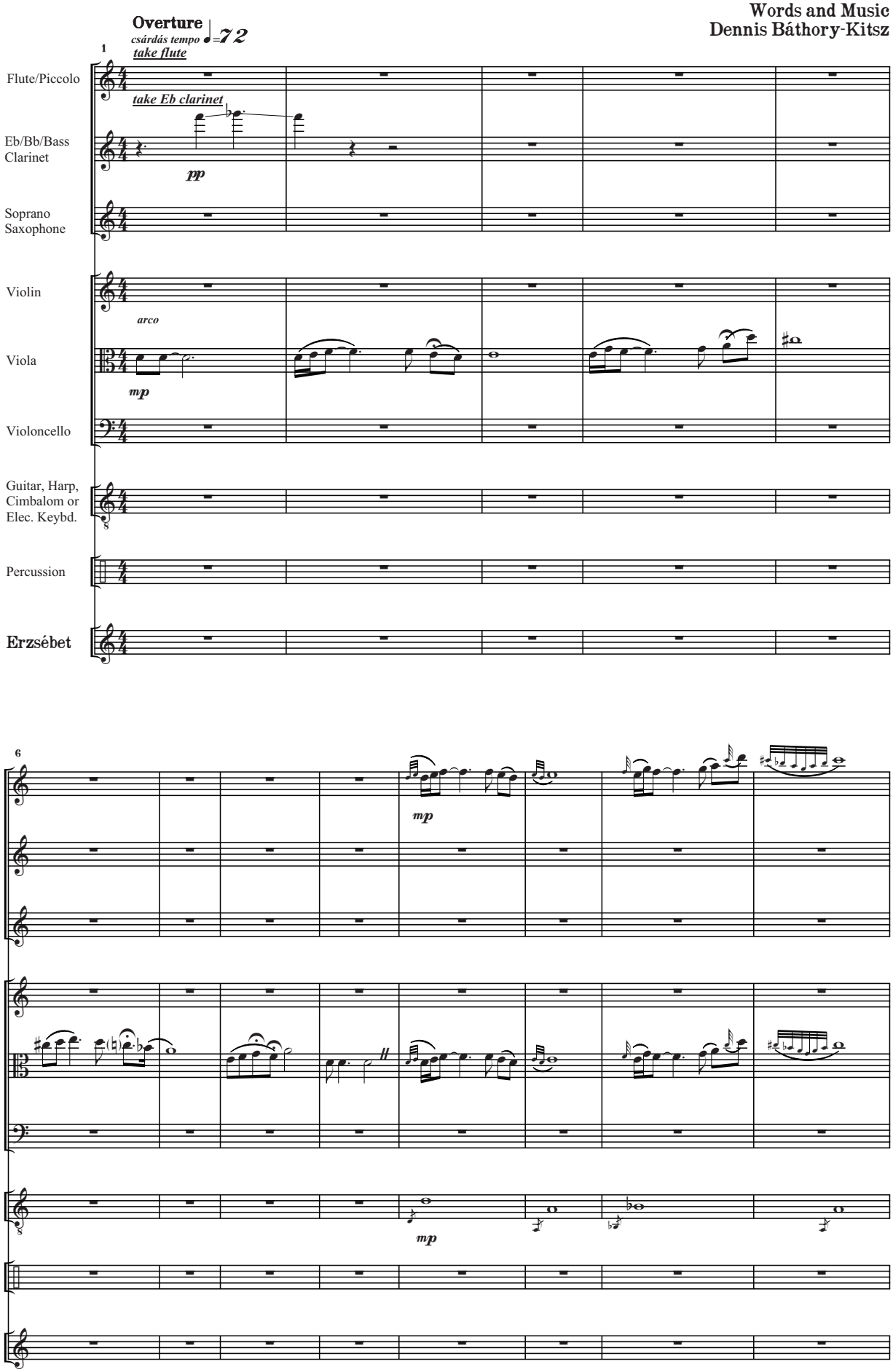

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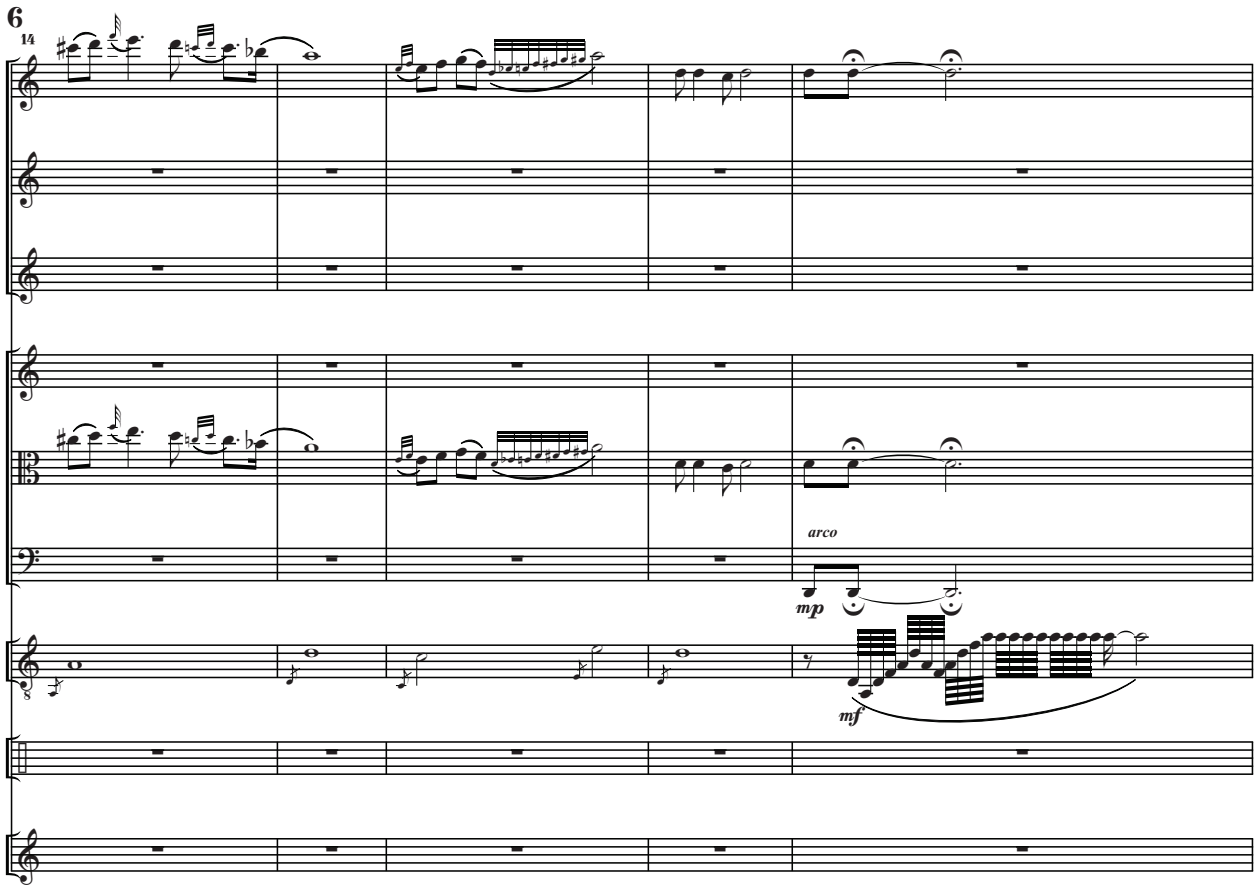
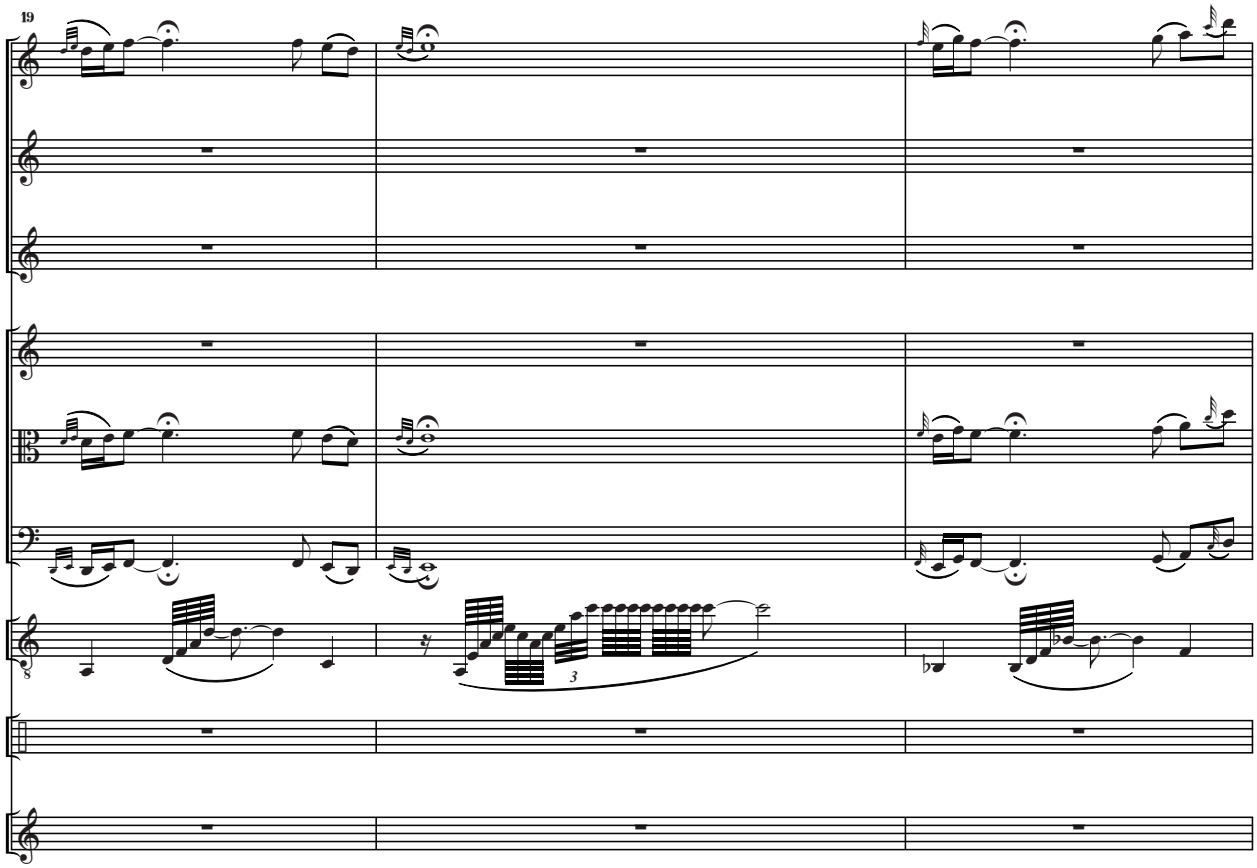

14
arco
mp
mf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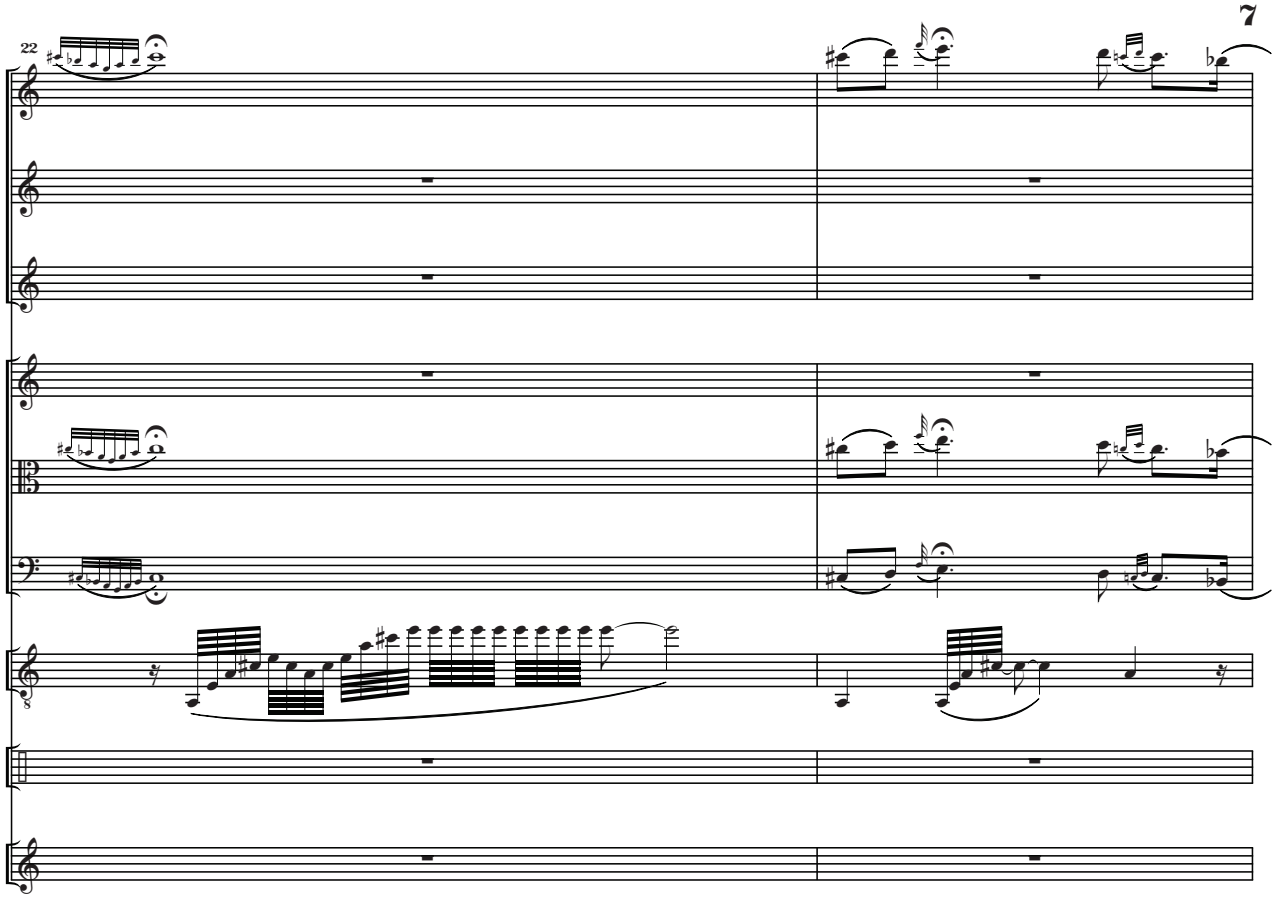
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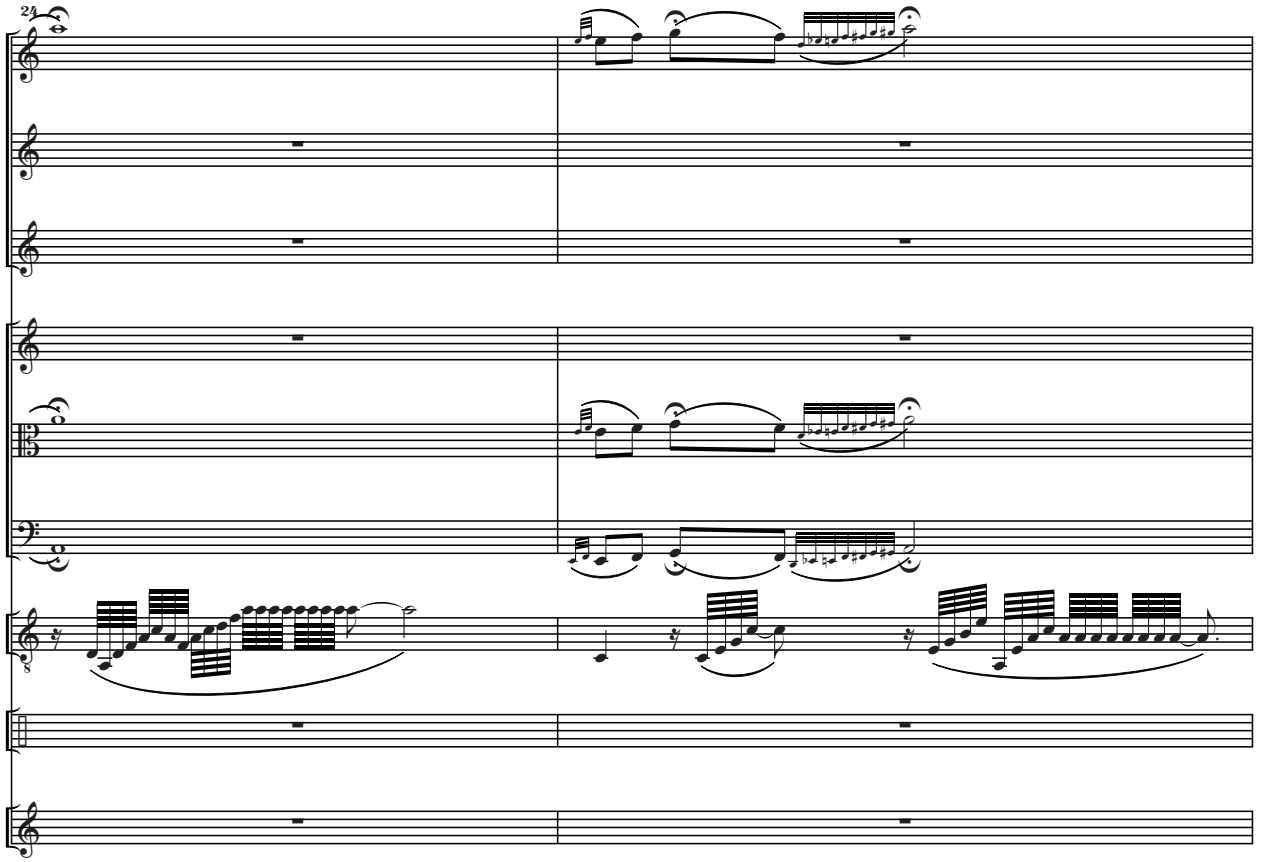
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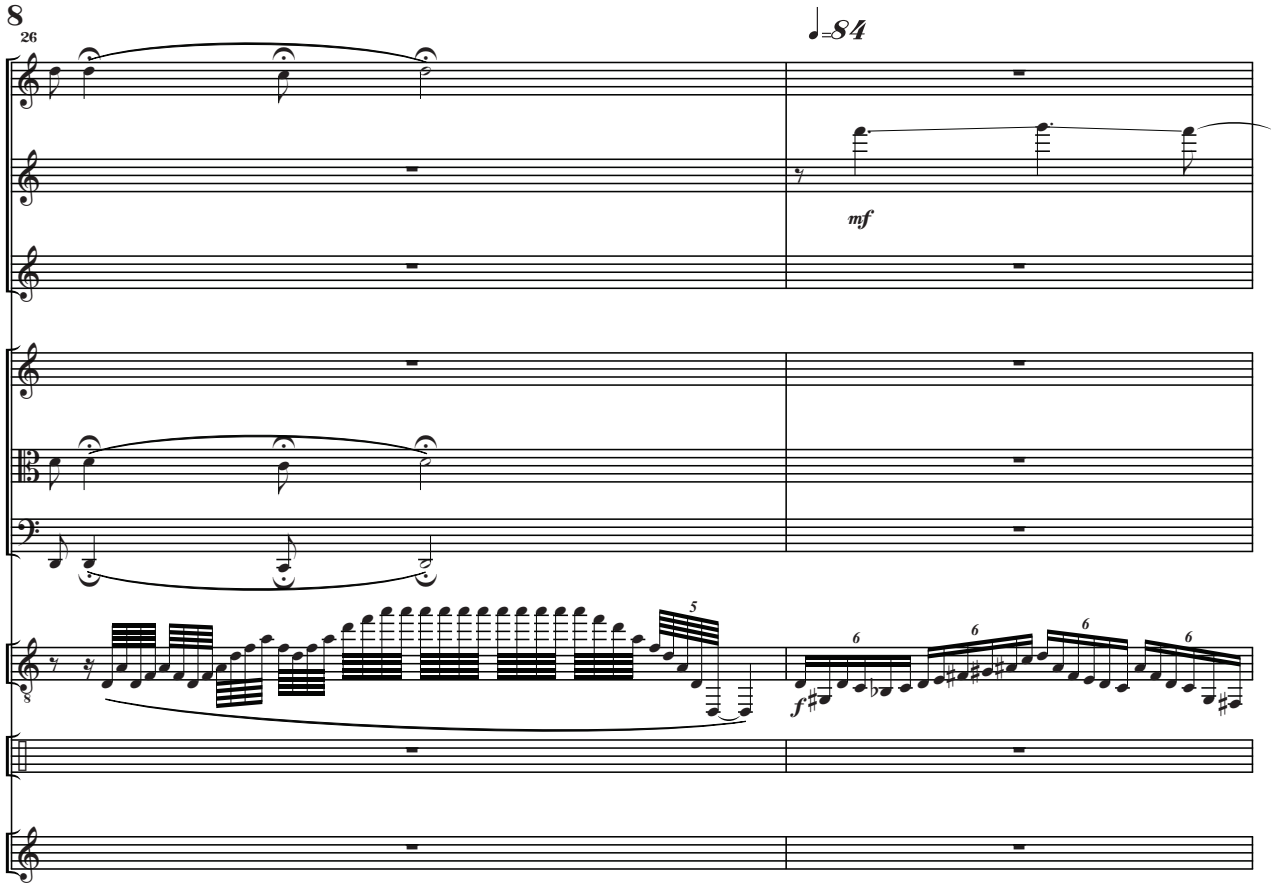
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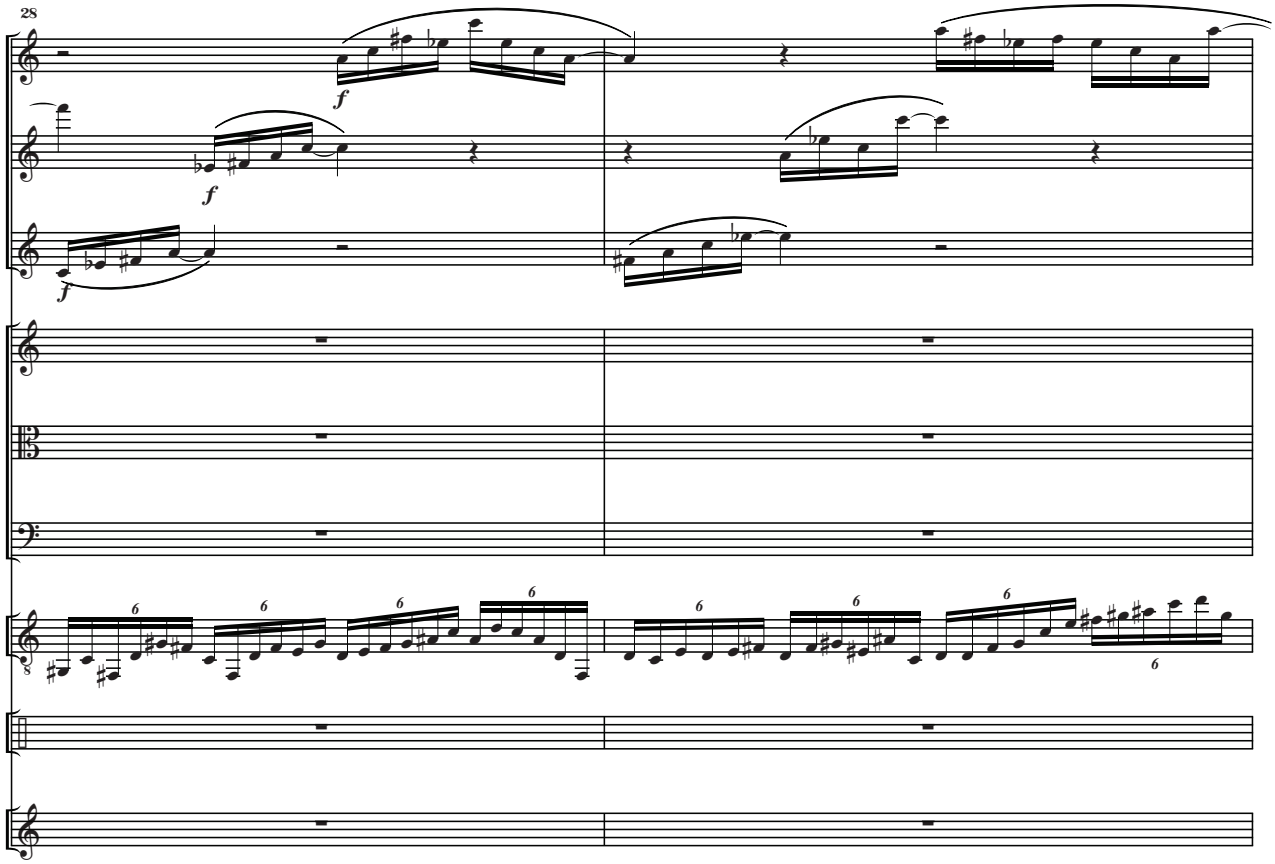
♩=84
mf
f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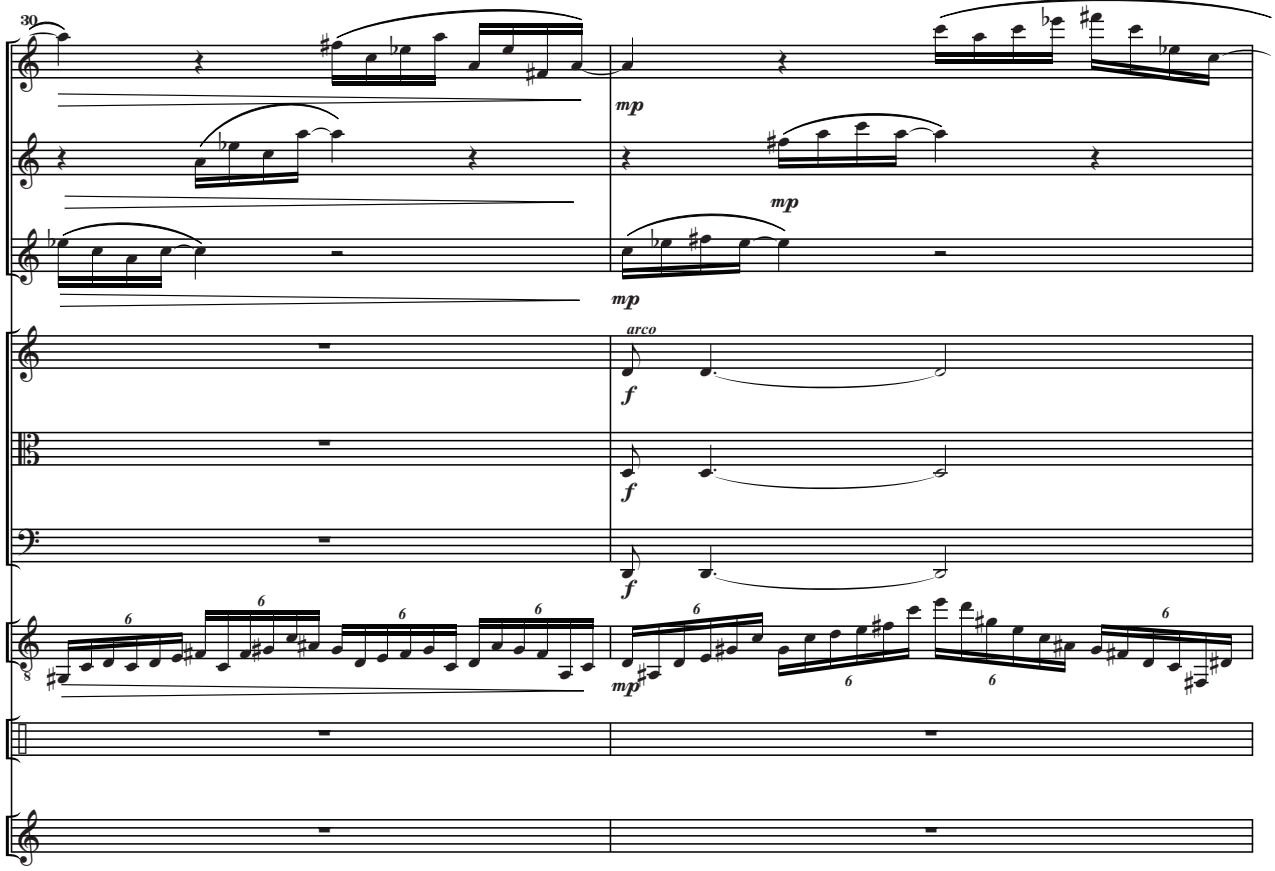
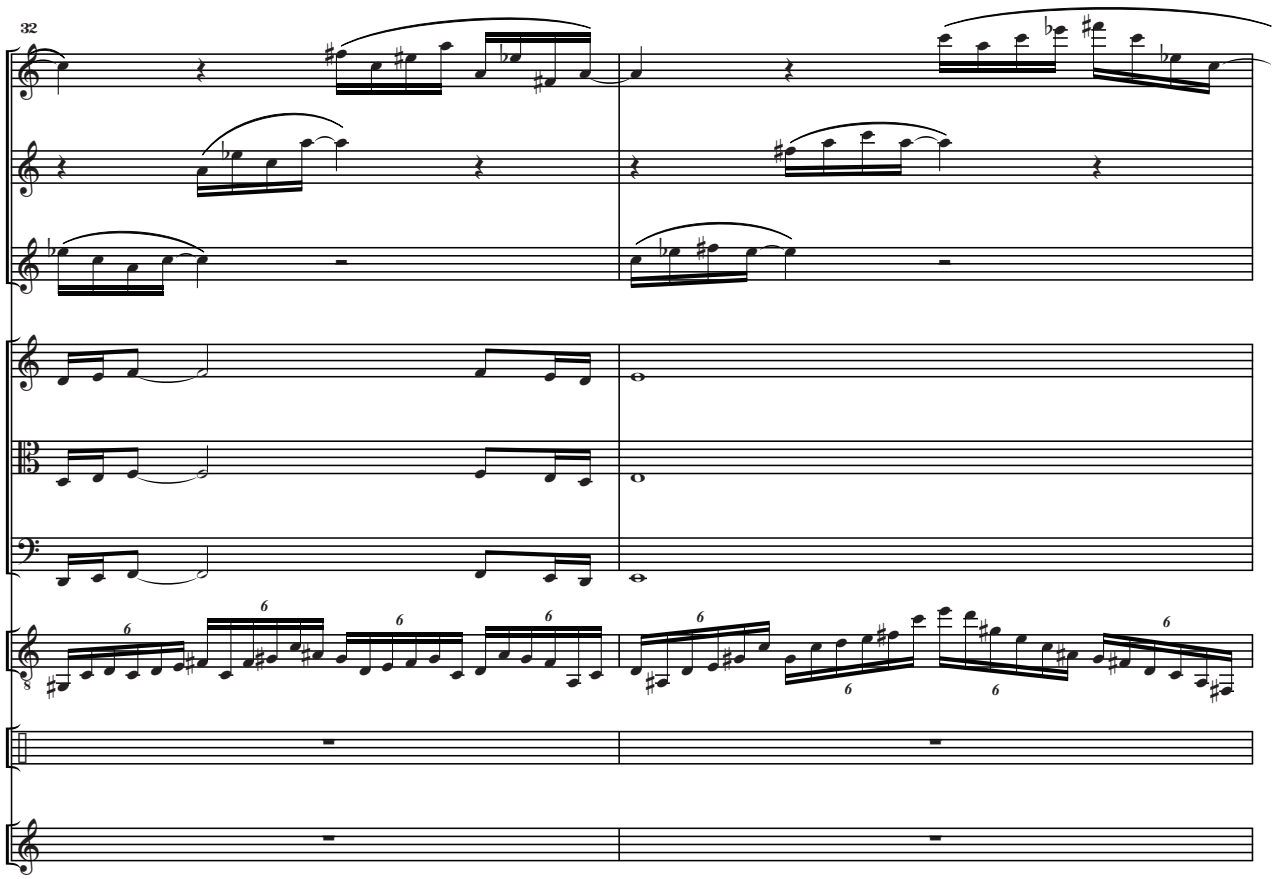
f


30
mp
mp
mp
arco
f
f
f
mp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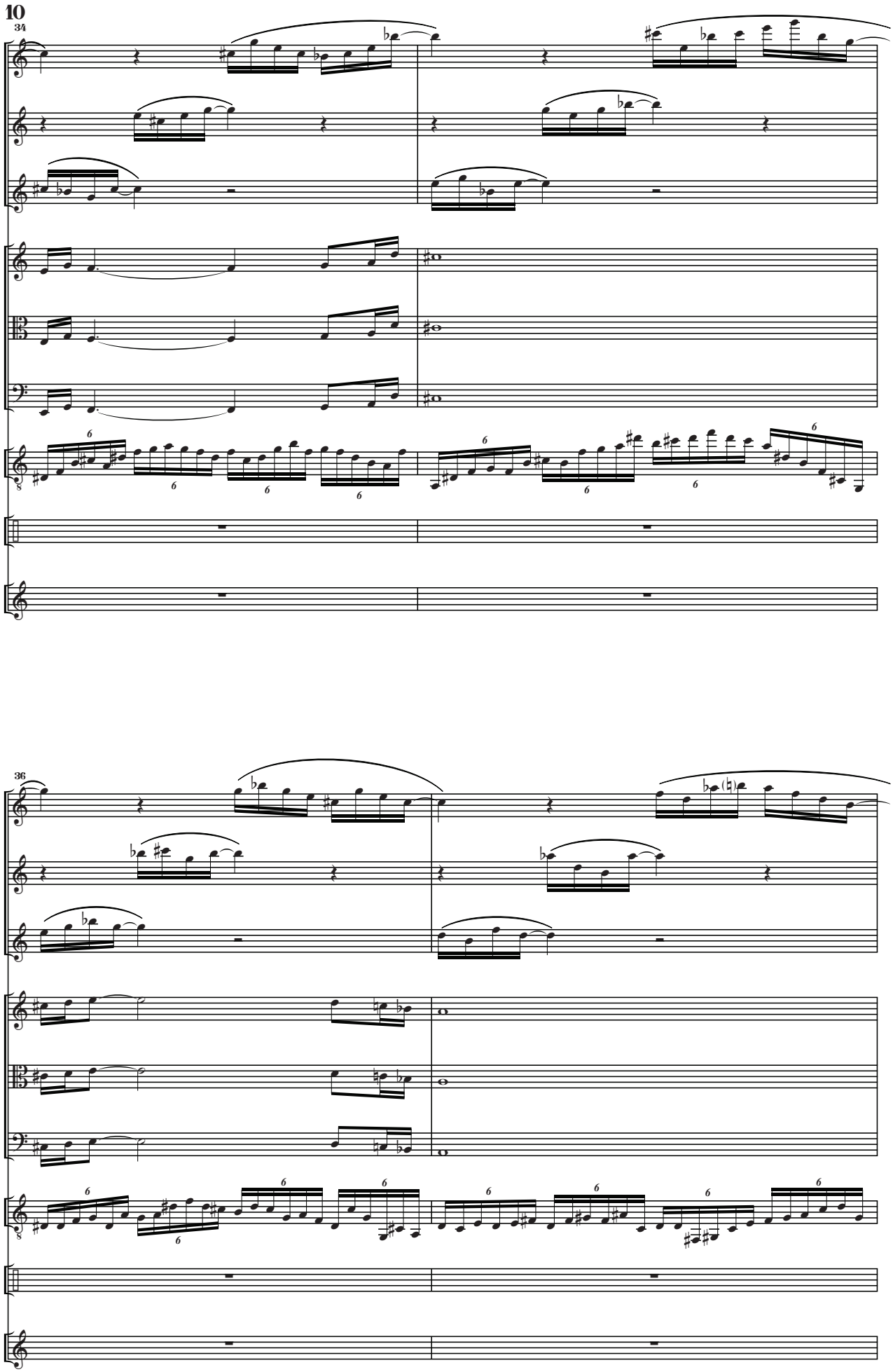
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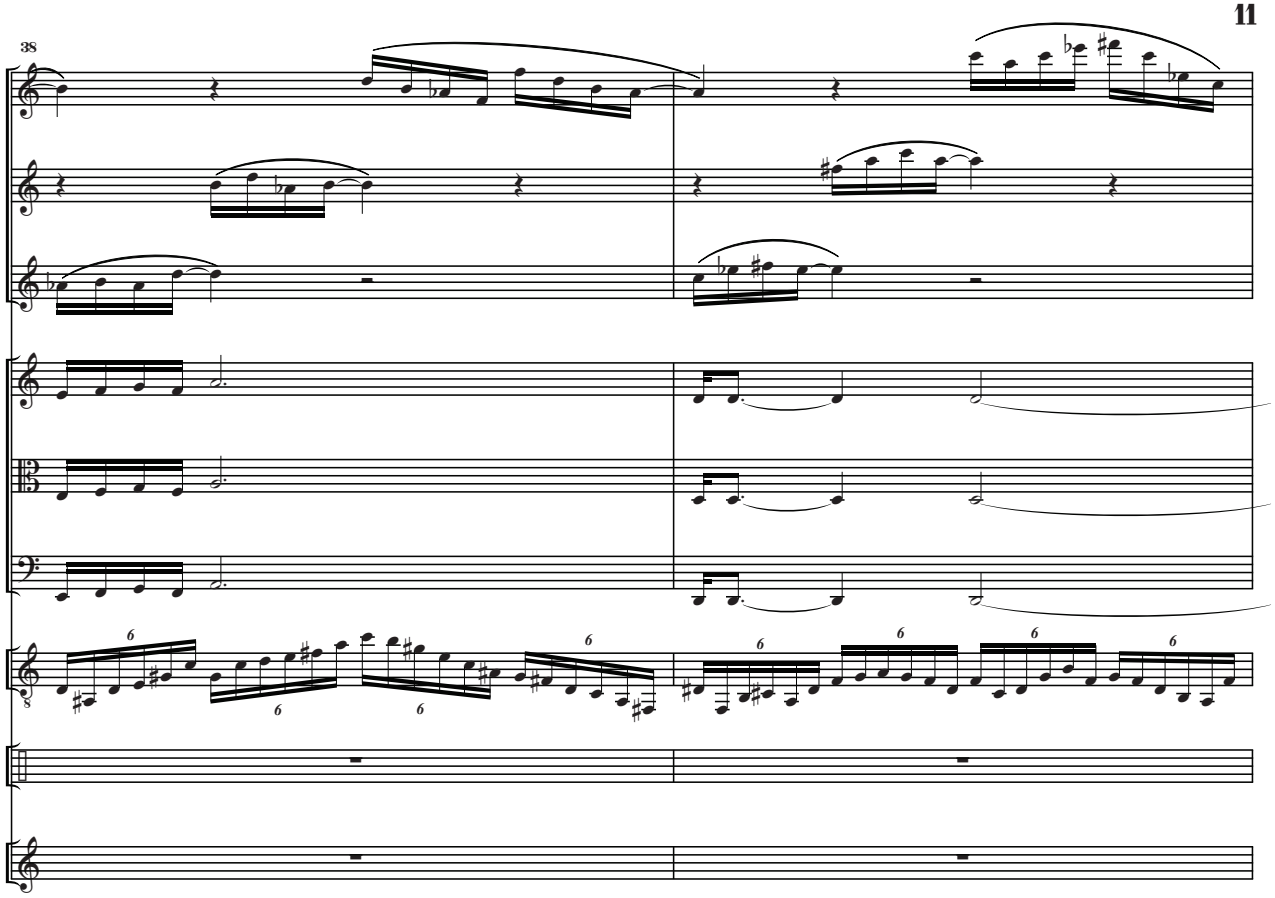
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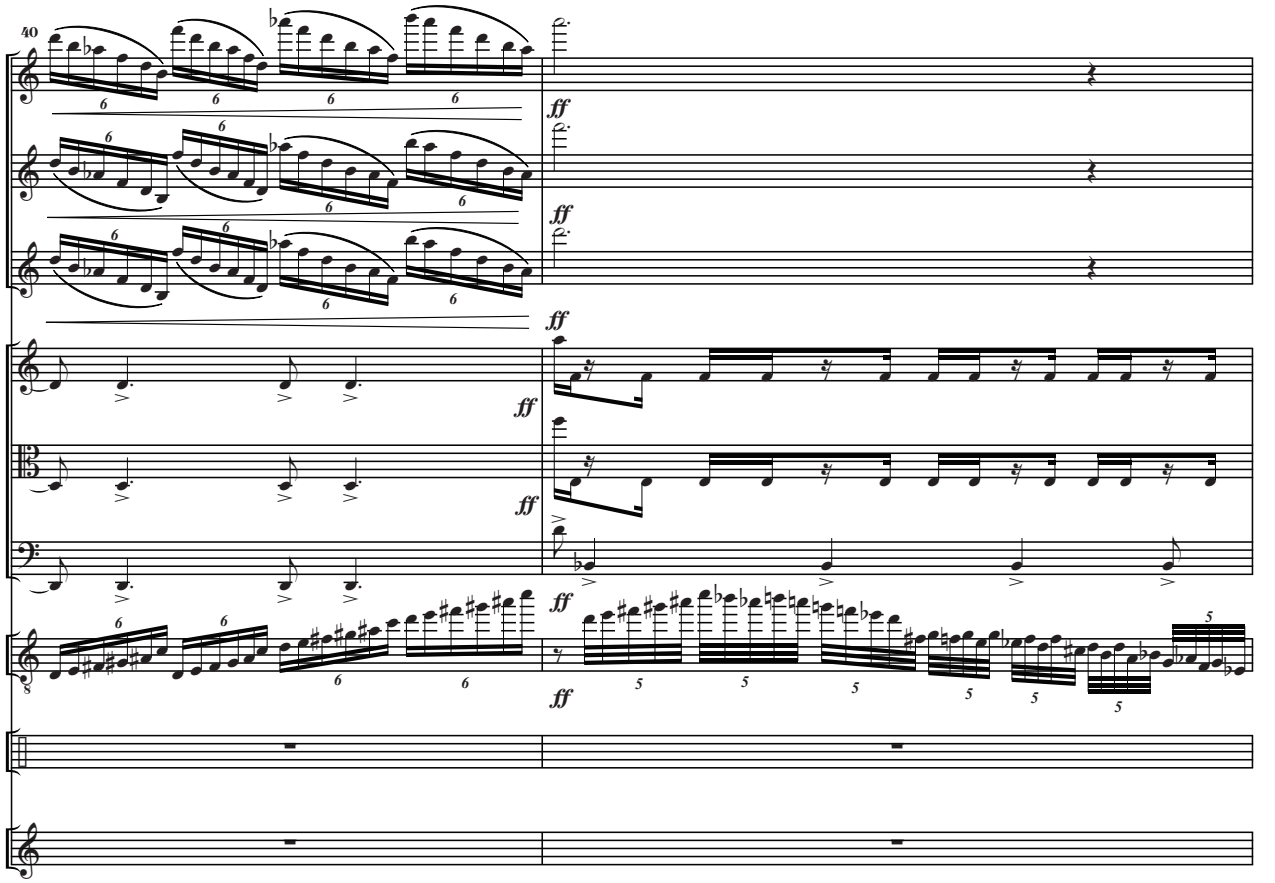
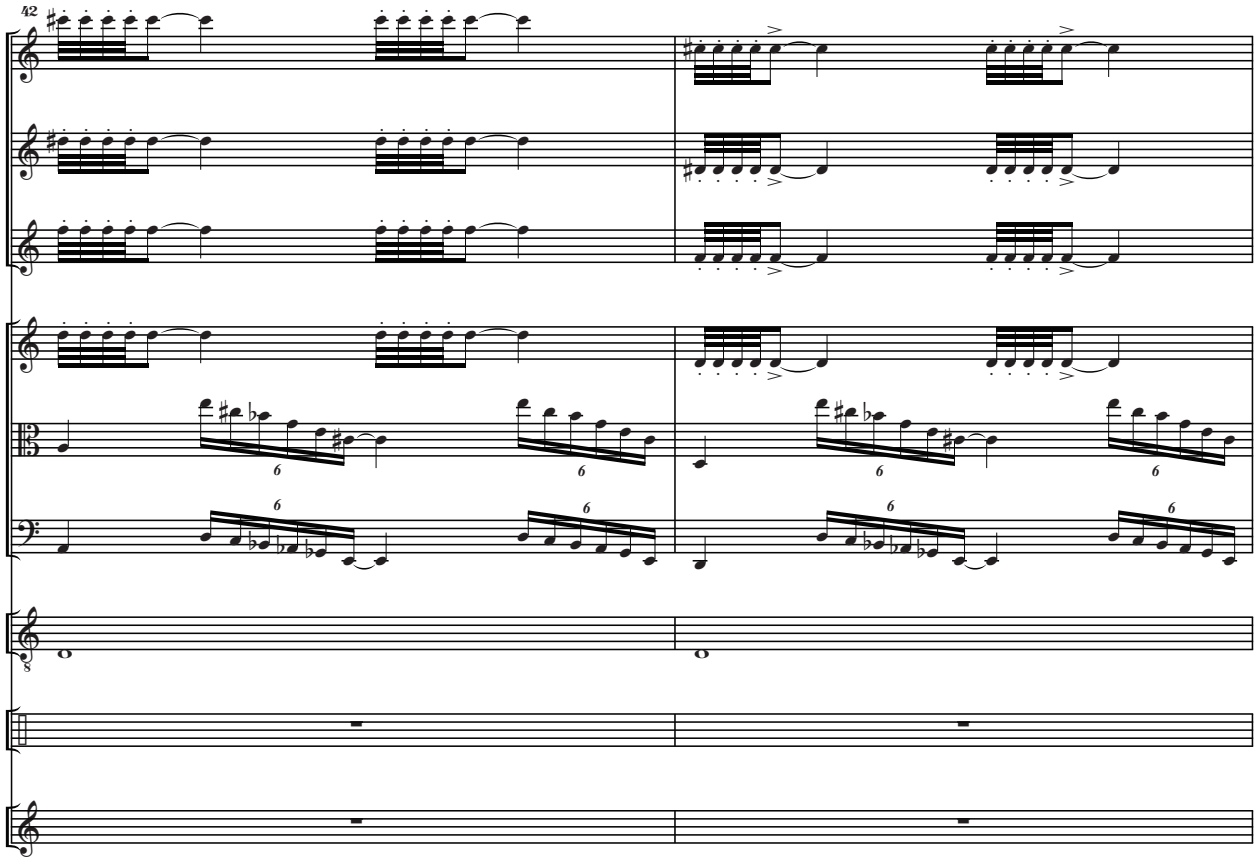

40
ff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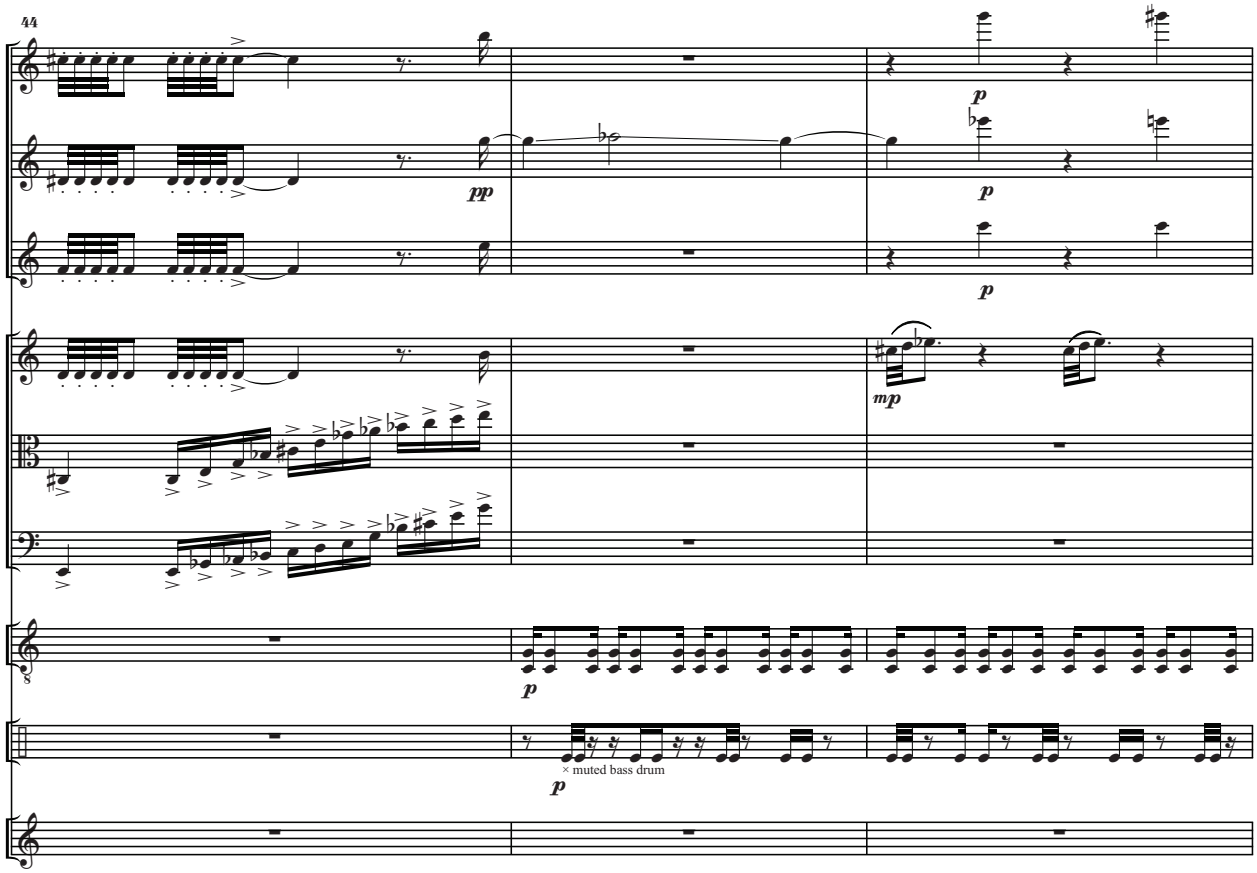
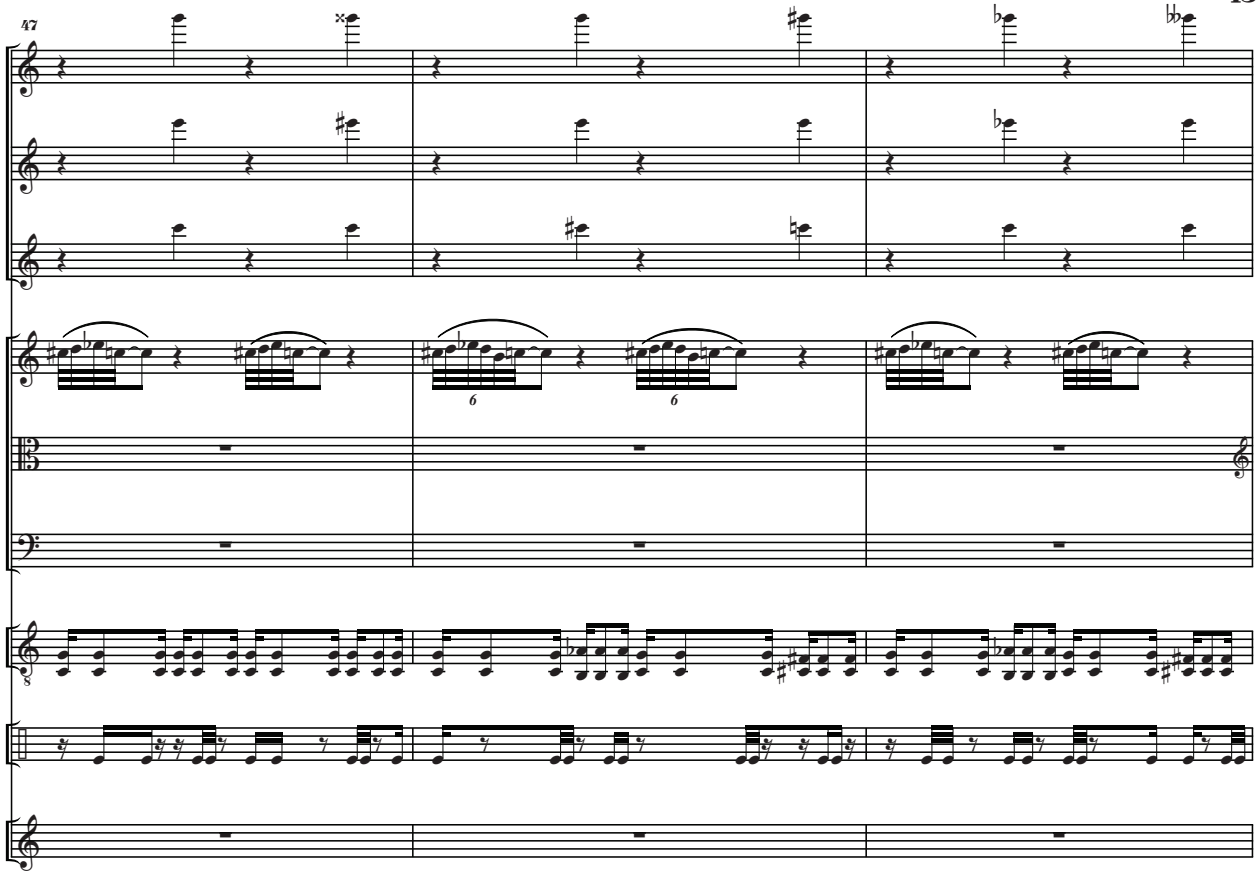
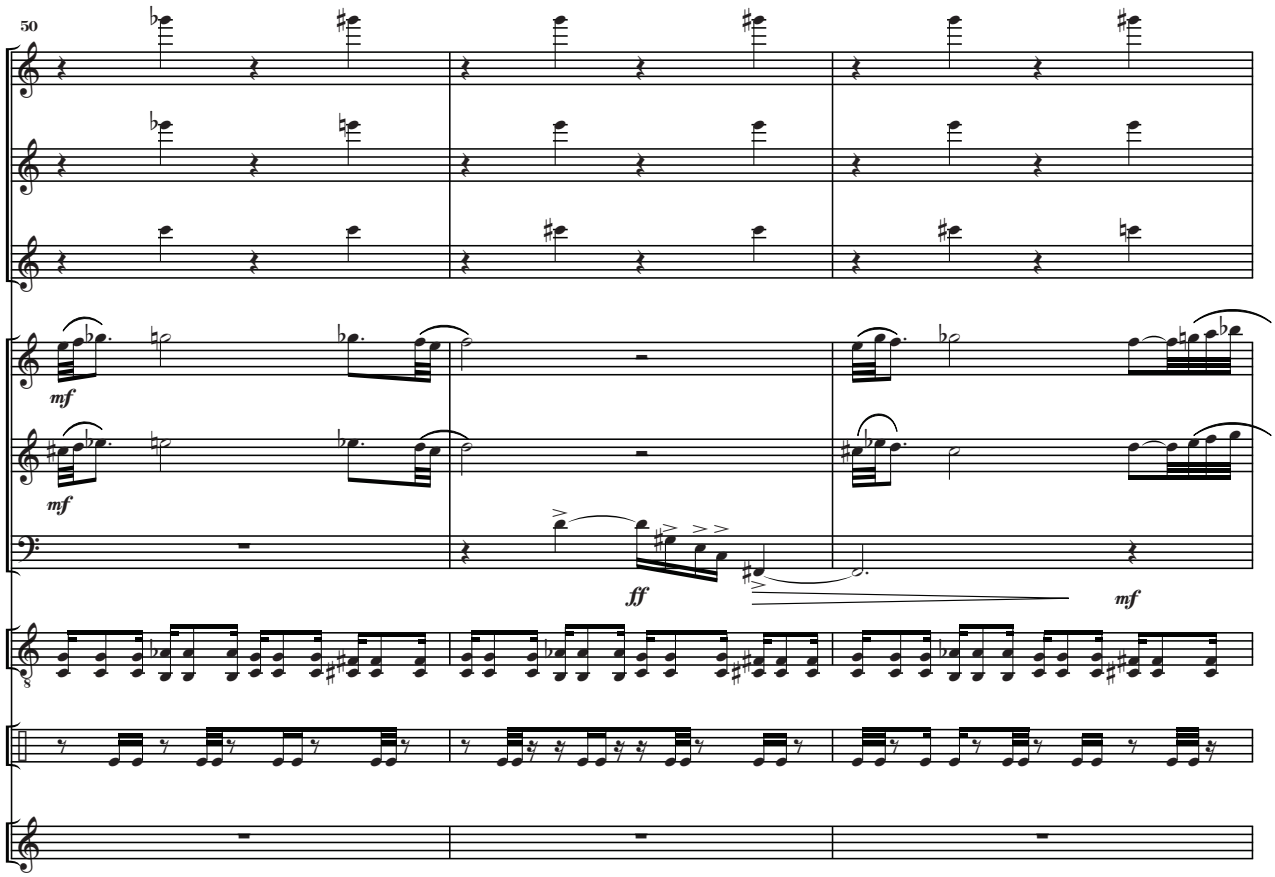
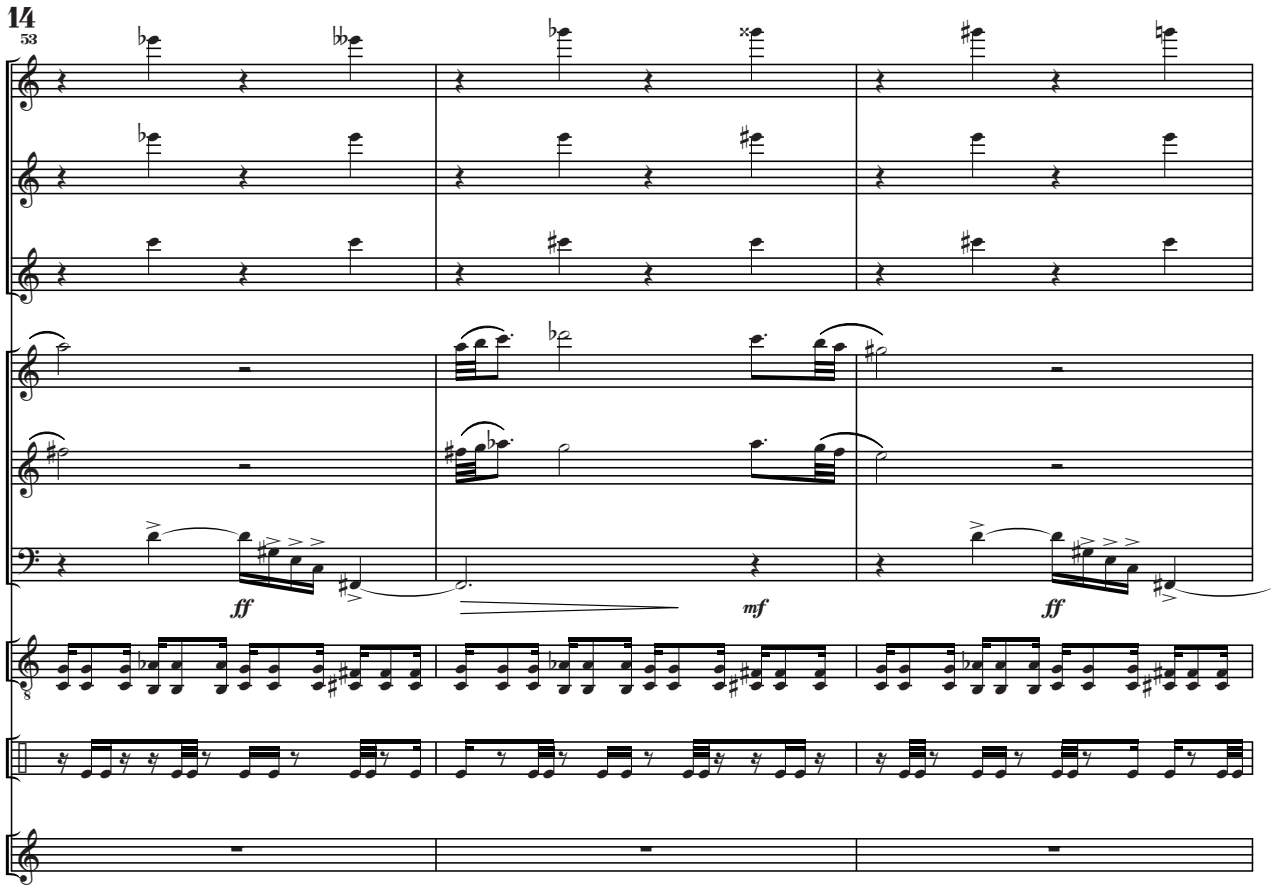
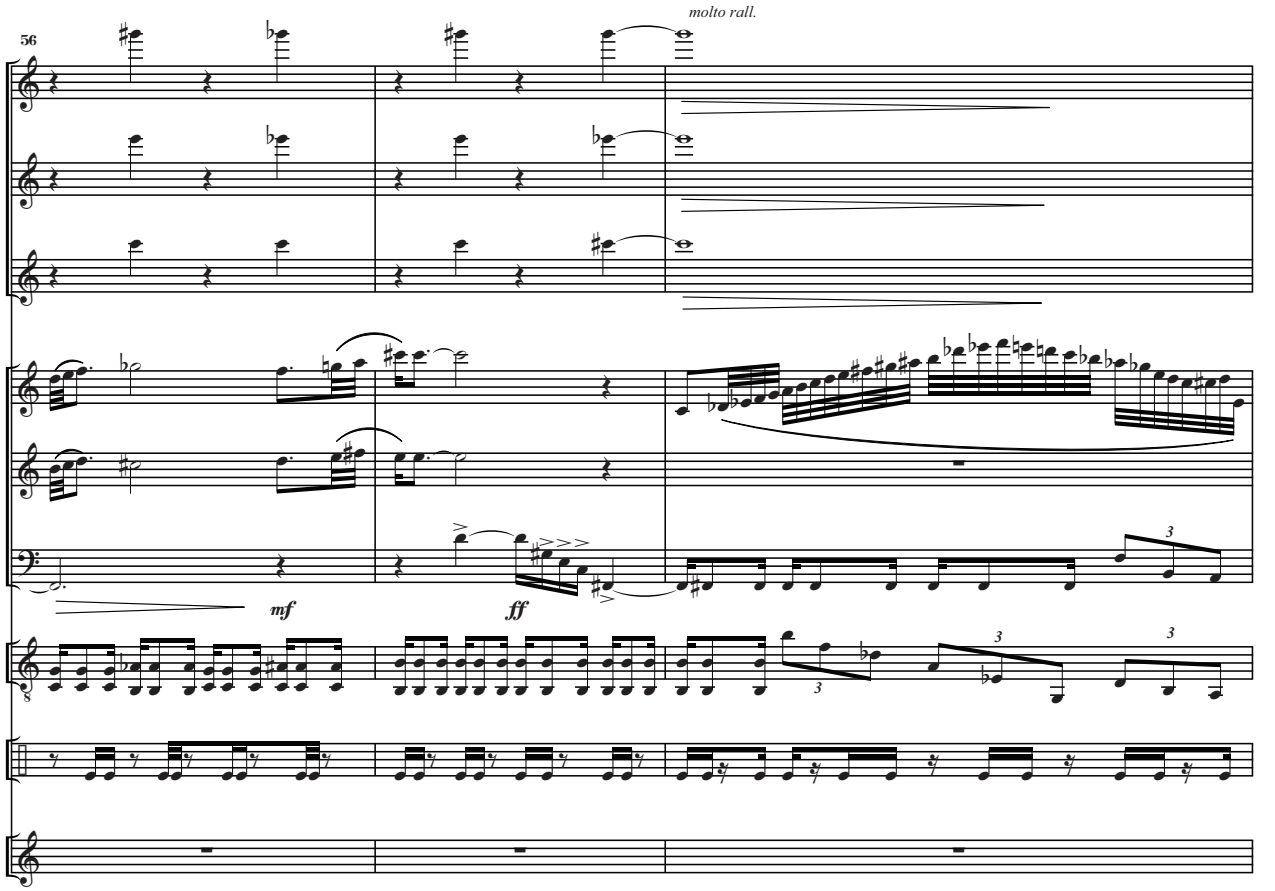
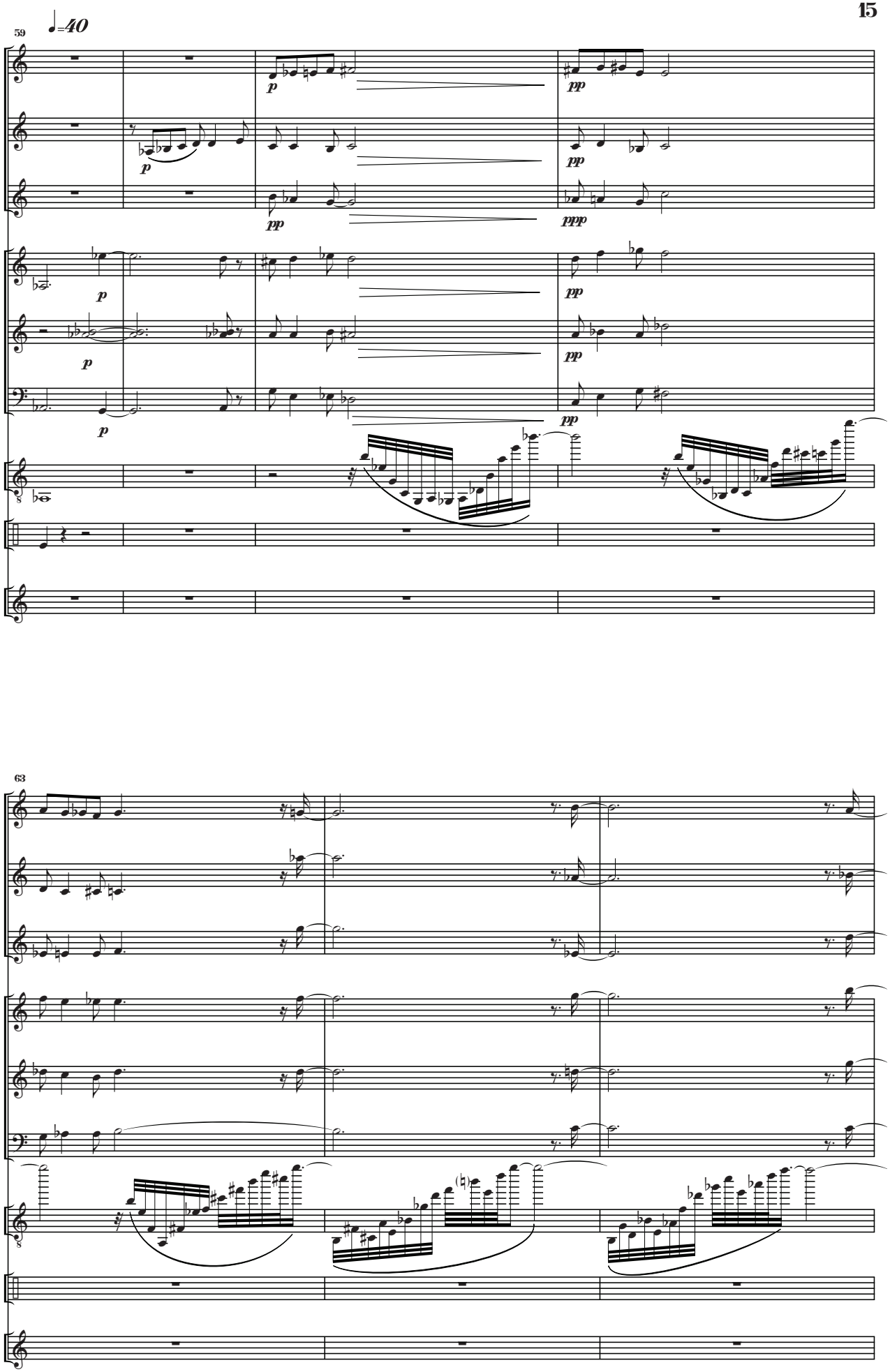

44
pp
p
p
p
mp
p
× muted bass drum
p


47
6
6


50
mf
mf
ff
mf


53
ff
mf
ff


56
molto rall.
mf
ff


59
♩=40
p
pp
ppp
63

66

♩=72

Repeat as needed

pppp

15

15

Prologue

70

♩=100

pp

p

pp

pp

p

pp

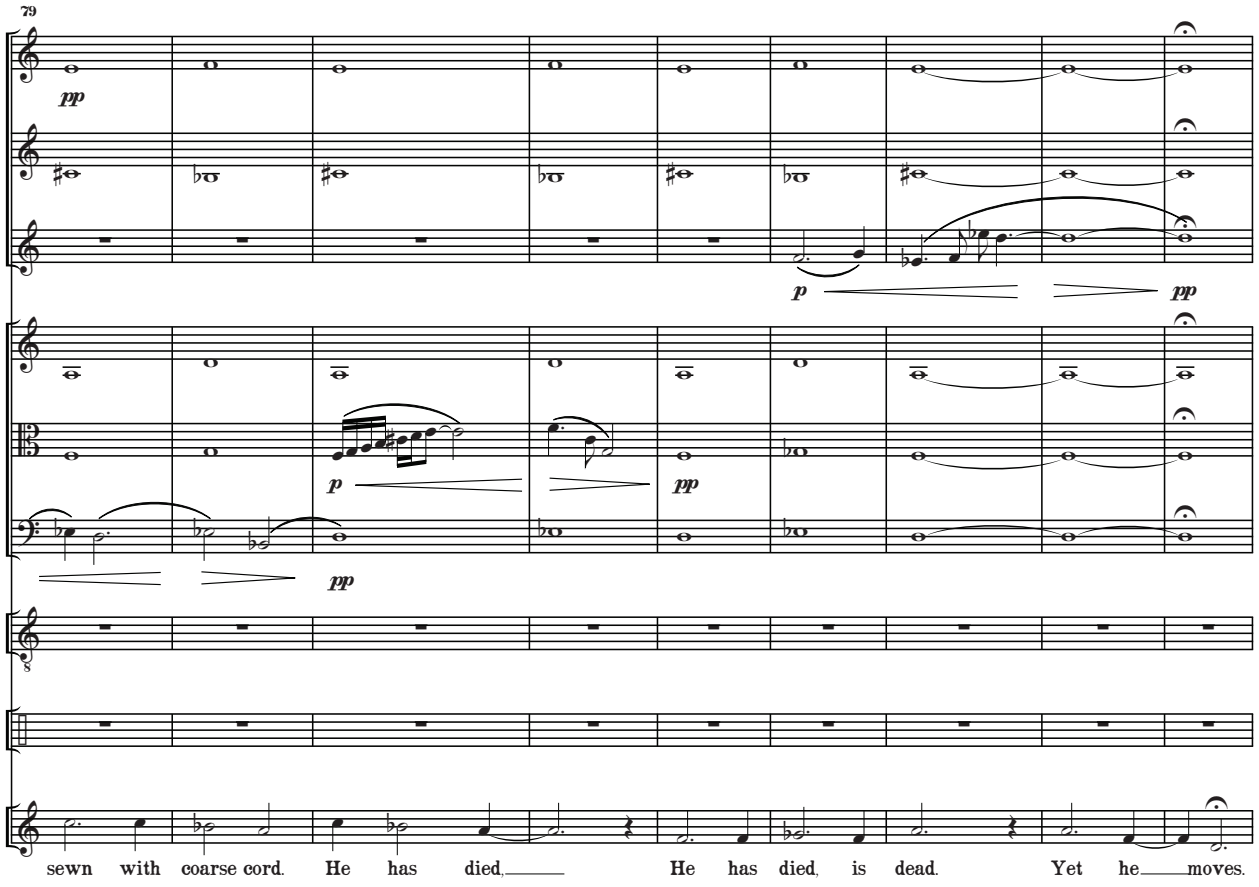
pp

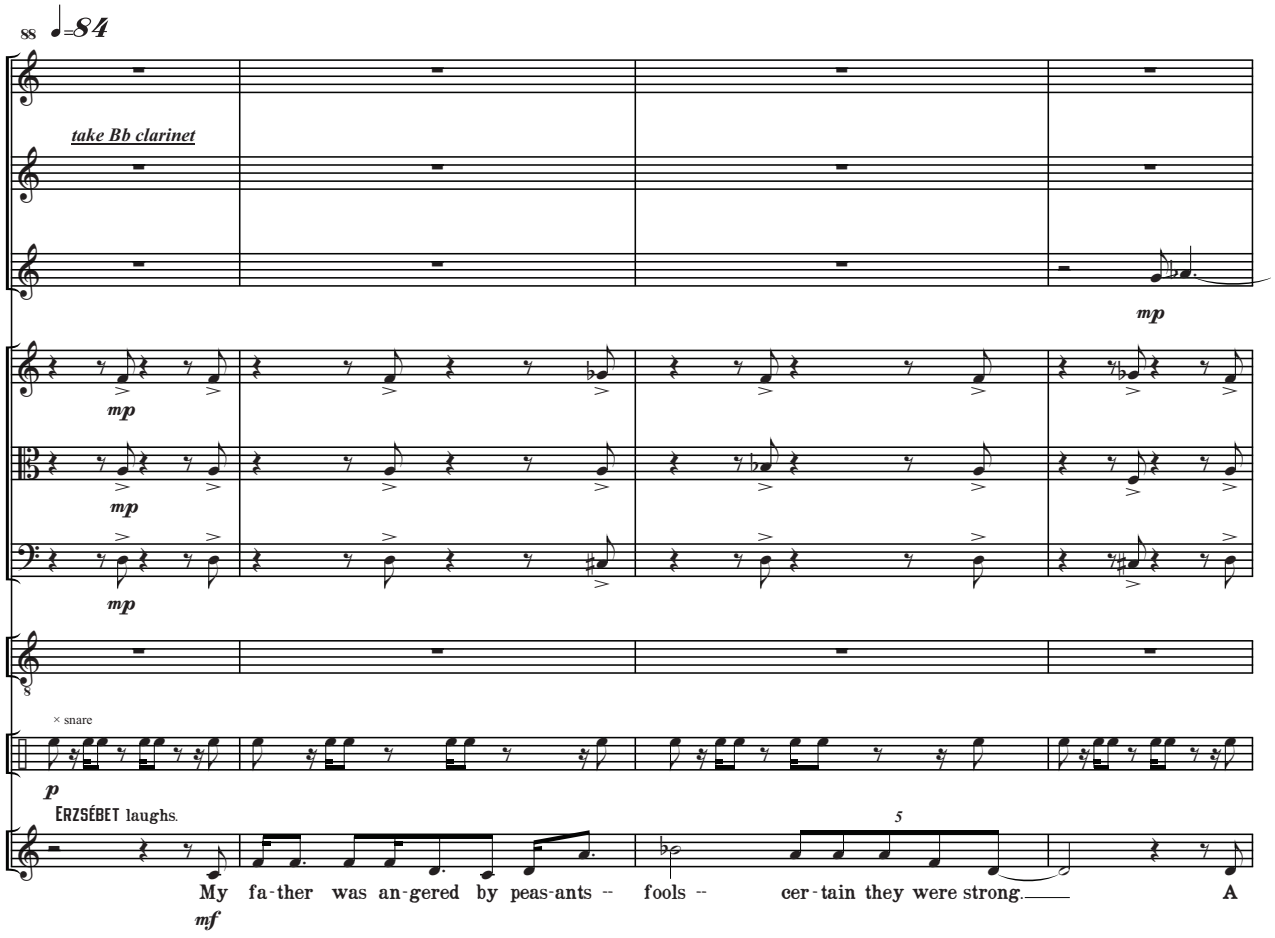
p

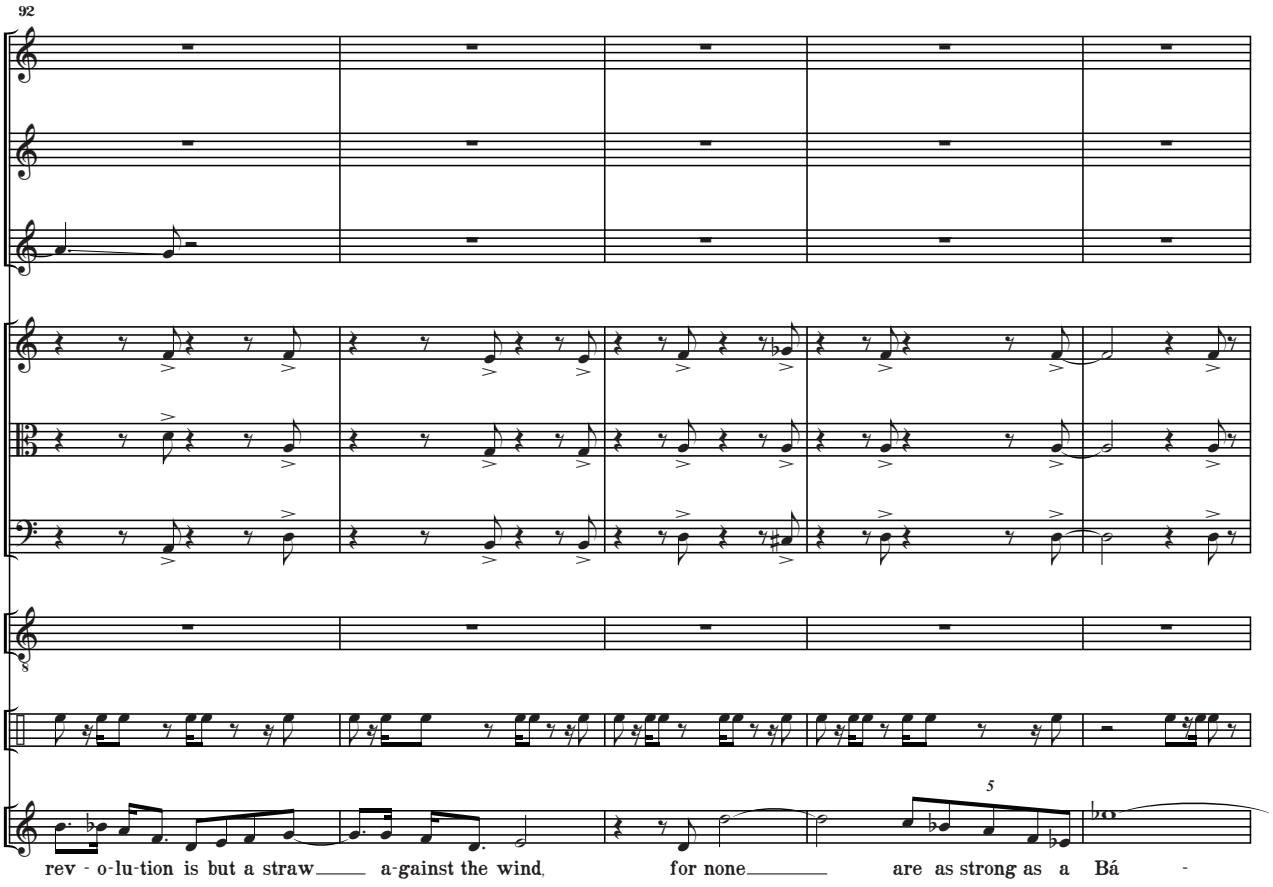
ERZSÉBET enters laughing, amused. Changes to laughing, horrific. Back to amused.

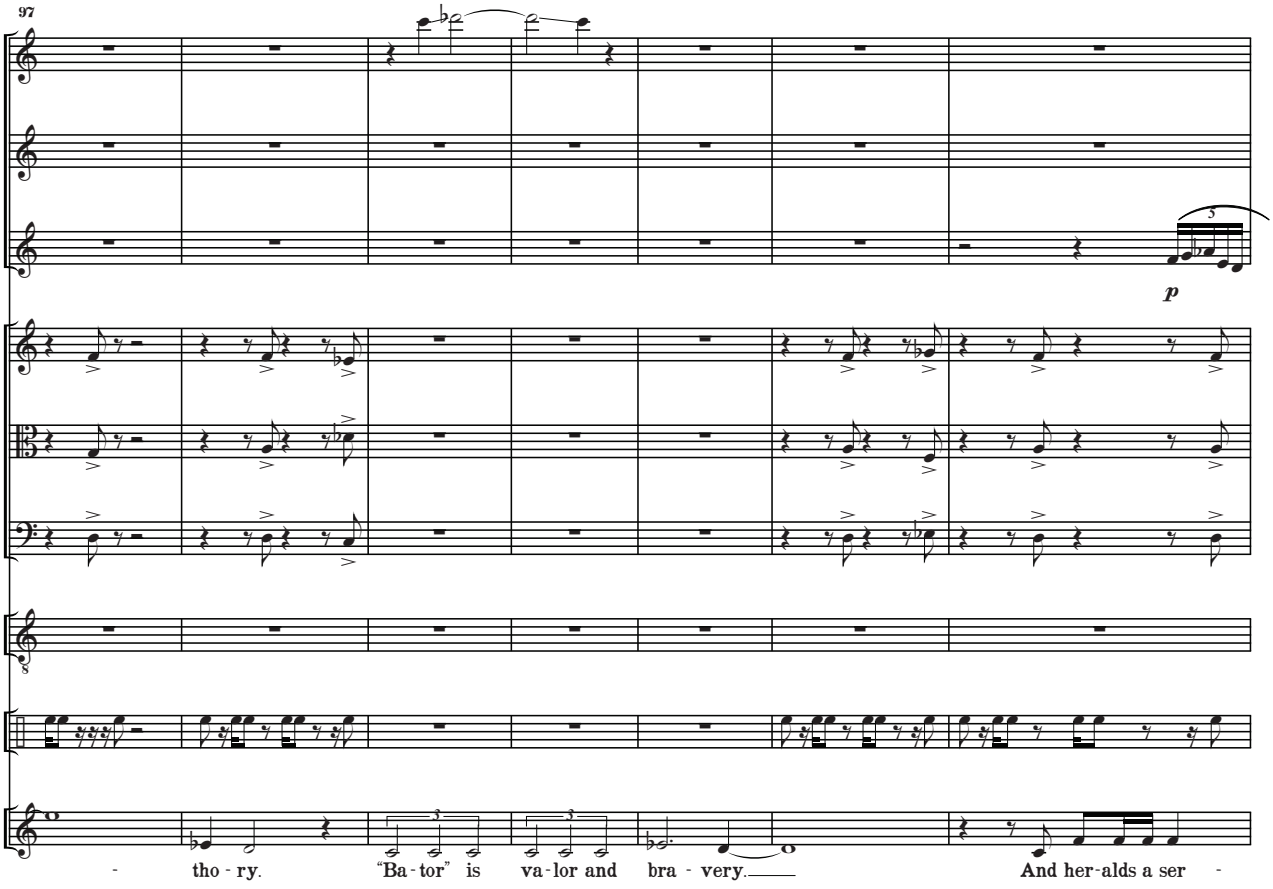
mp

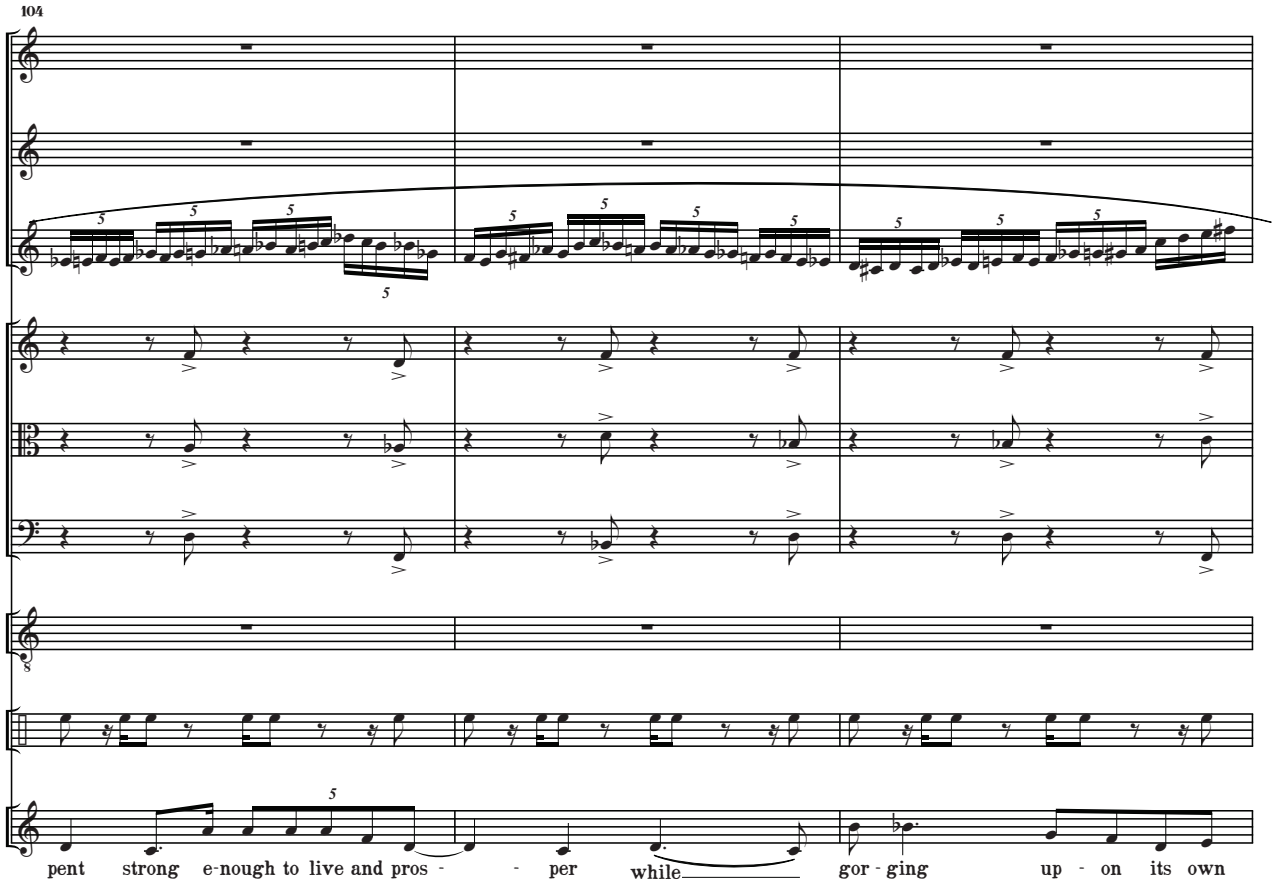
O, the horse, the sad horse. His bel - ly is split and sewn closed. Split and

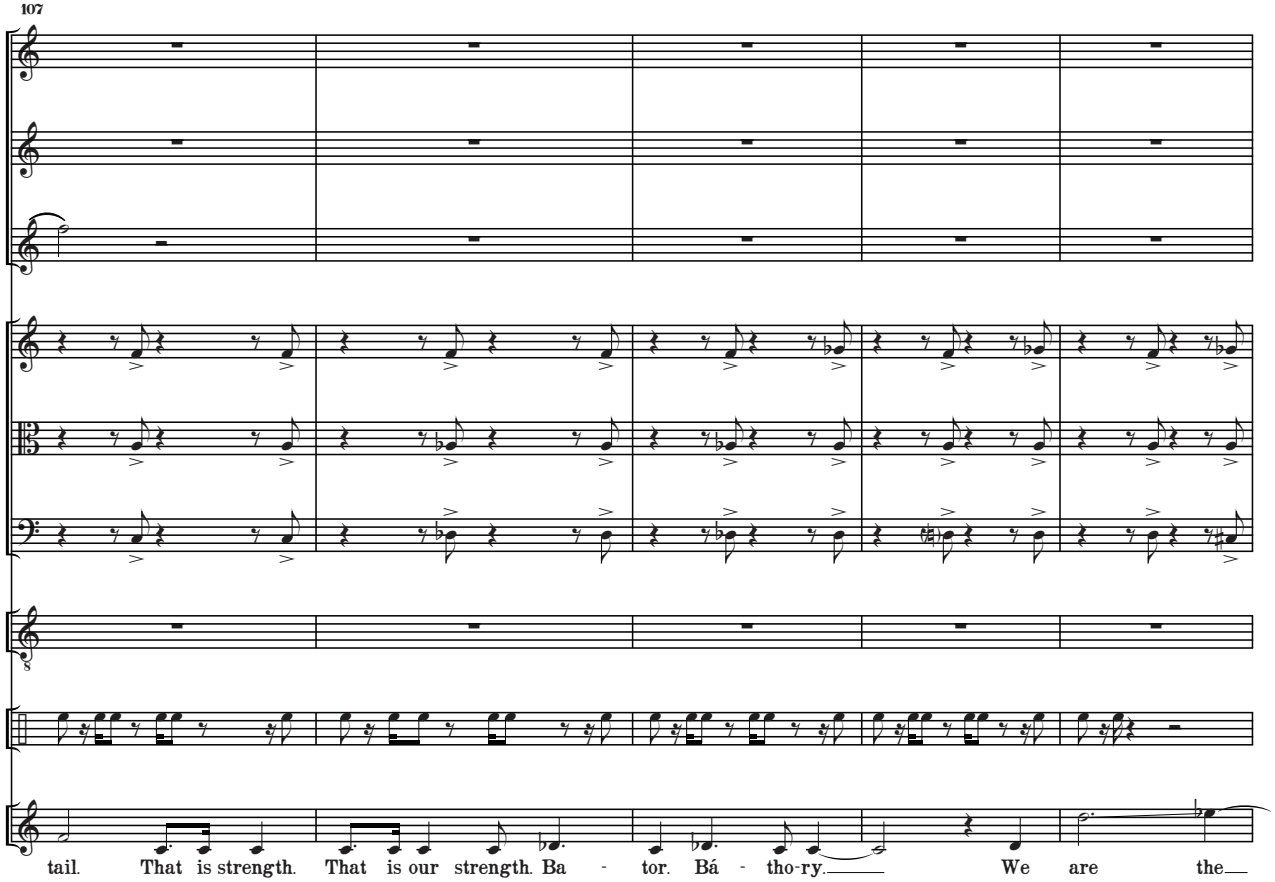

79
pp
p
pp
p
pp
pp
sewn with coarse cord. He has died. He has died, is dead. Yet he moves.


88
♩=84
take Bb clarinet
mp
mp
mp
mp
× snare
p
ERZSÉBET laughs.
5
My fa-ther was an-gered by peas-ants -- fools -- cer-tain they were strong. A
mf


92
rev - o-lu-tion is but a straw a-gainst the wind, for none are as strong as a Bá -


97
p
- tho - ry. "Ba - tor" is va - lor and bra - very. And her-alds a ser -


104
pent strong e-nough to live and pros - - per while gor - ging up - on its own


107
tail. That is strength. That is our strength. Ba - tor. Bá - tho-ry. We are the

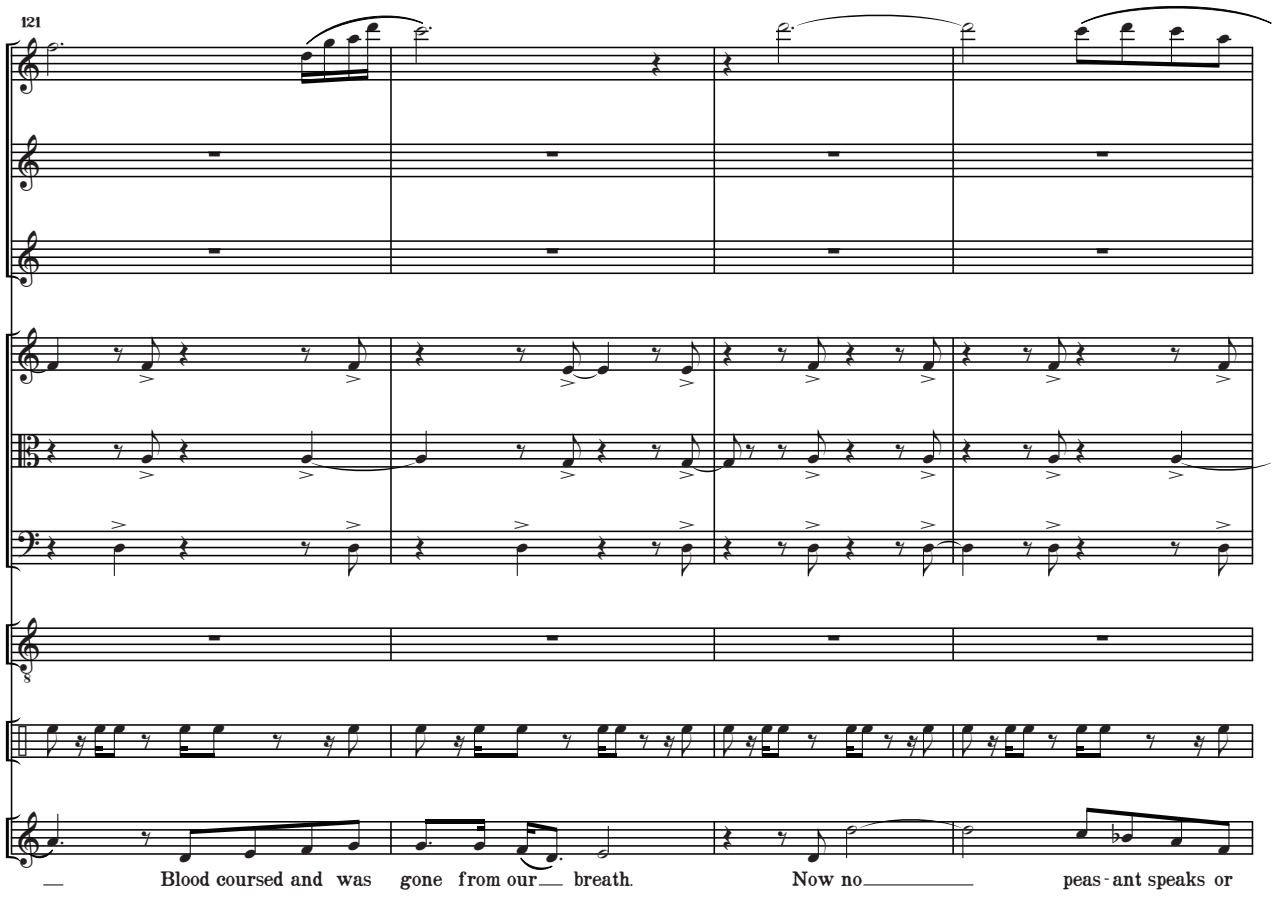
112

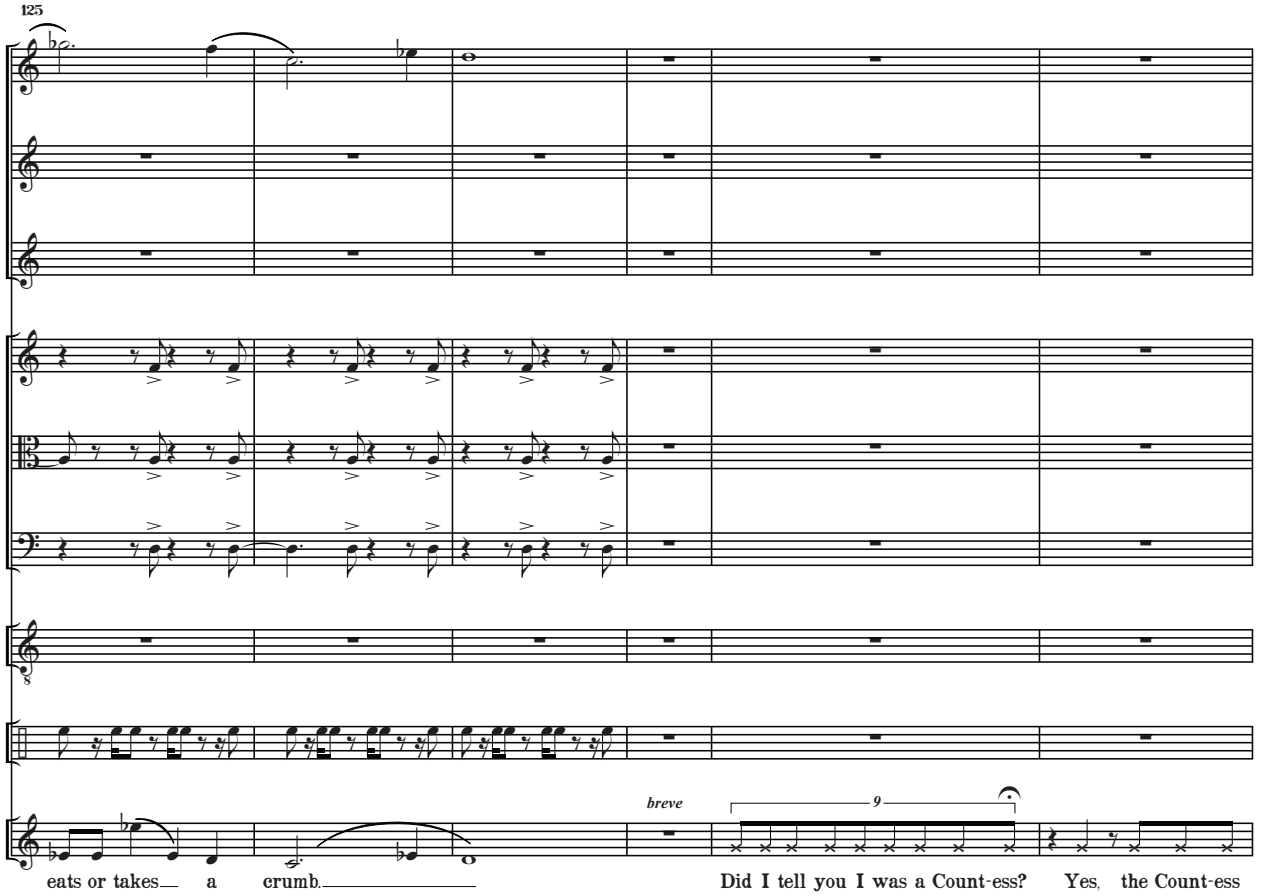
— wind that blows down and builds up, lifts — and en - cir - - cles. We are the Bá - tho -

118

p

ry. And so the peas-ants -- fools -- raised weak arms that were cut off by the blade of wind.


121
Blood coursed and was gone from our breath.
Now no peas-ant speaks or


125
breve
9
eats or takes a crumb.
Did I tell you I was a Count-ess? Yes, the Count-ess

131

♩=100

p

p

p

pp

tr

p

tr

p

tr

p

p

× cymbal

mp

Erzsébet. Oh, the horse, the sad horse. His

mf

139

5

5 5 5 5

mp

tr

tr

tr

bel - ly is split o - - pen and sewn closed. Split and sewn,

144

with coarse cord. He has died, is dead,

♩=84

149

p

p

p

p

p

× hi tom

p

yet he moves. For in-side is a peas-ant who would steal crumbs. His

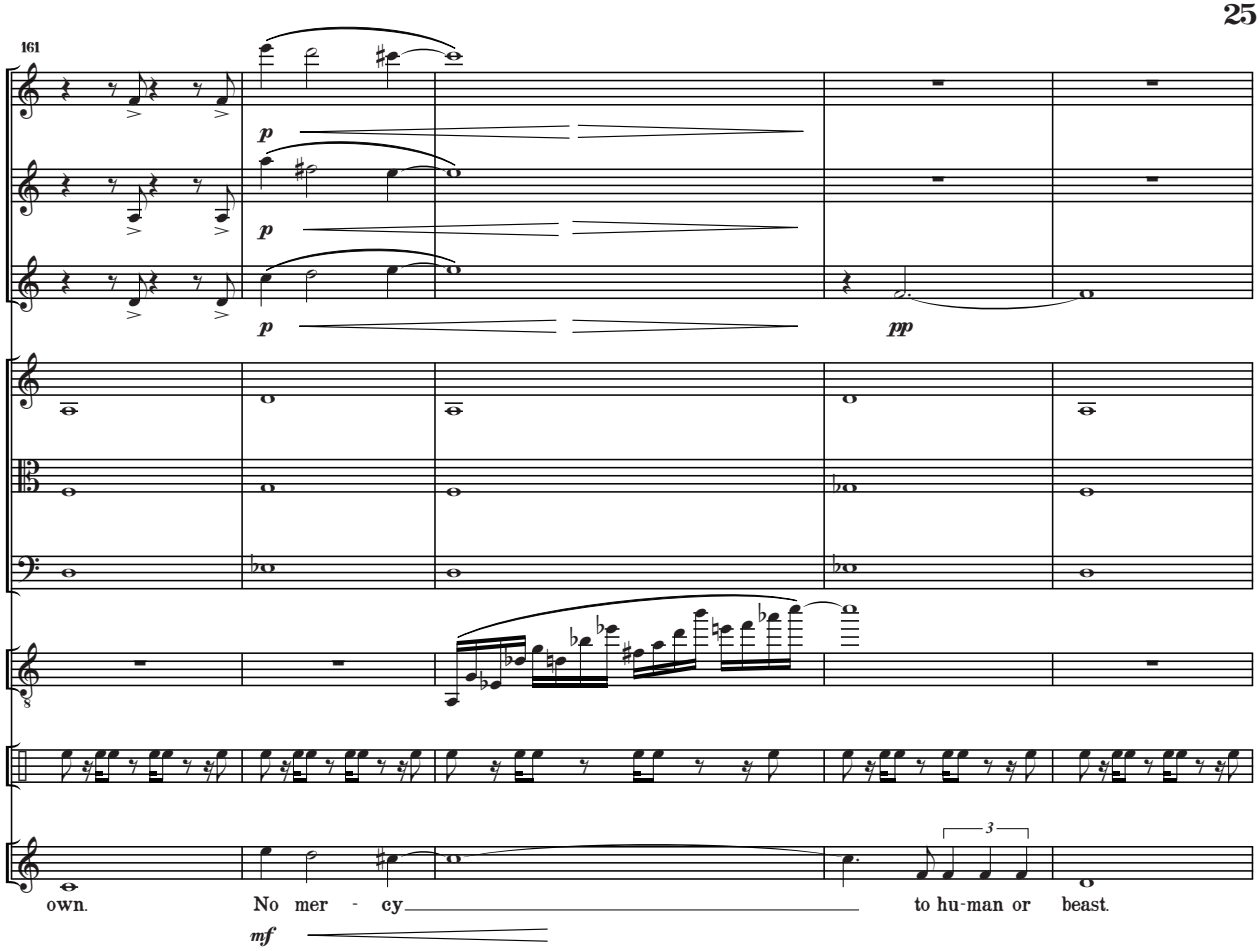
mf

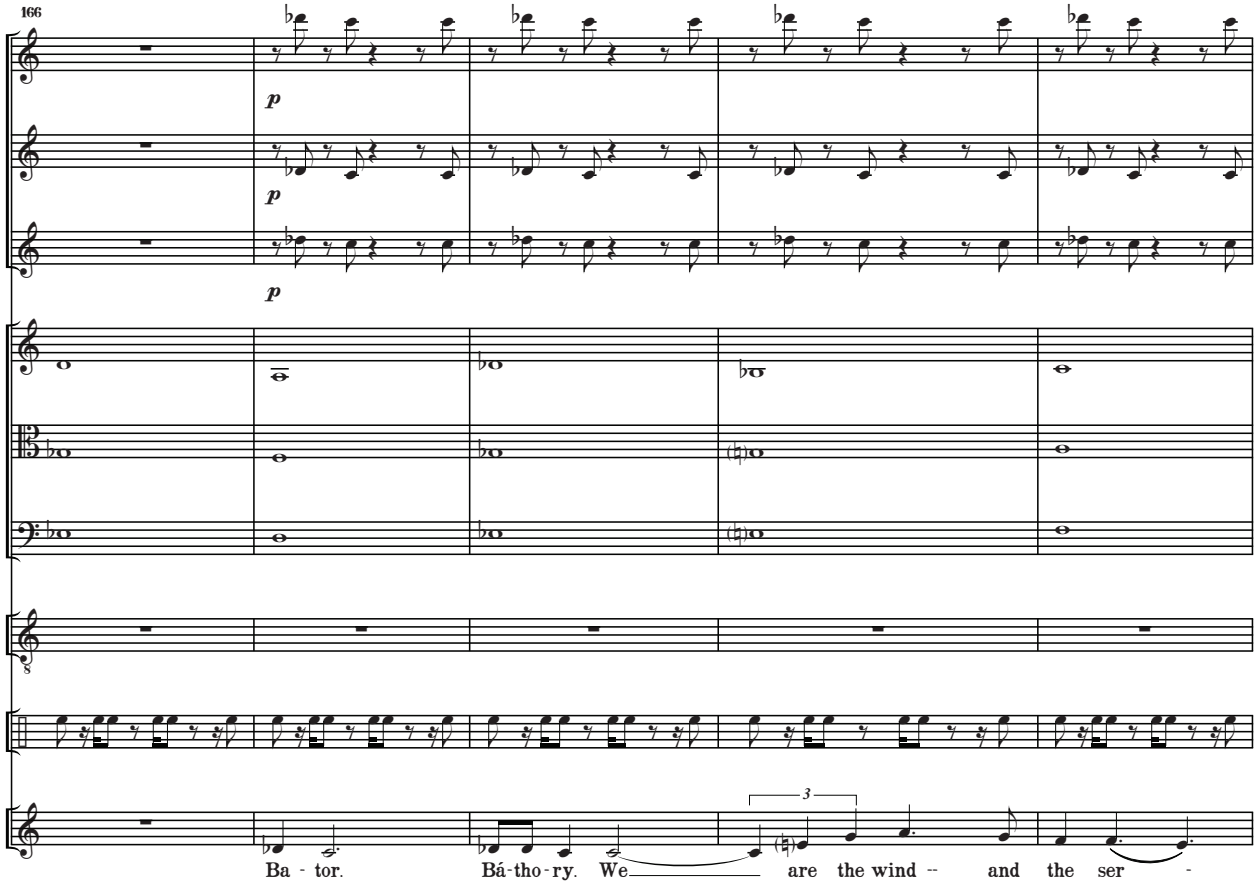
153

hands are cut off and he is sewn in-side the bel-ly where he and horse bleed and suc-cumb in gasps.

156

And pu-tre-fy to-geth-er. That is the mean-ing of strength, of power, of love of one's


161
p
p
p
pp
own.
No mer - cy
to hu-man or beast.
mf


166
p
p
p
Ba - tor.
Bá-tho-ry. We
are the wind --
and the ser -

171

♩=72

Repeat as needed

♩=144

p

pp

mf

ff

ERZSÉBET laughs and exits. Transition.

pent.

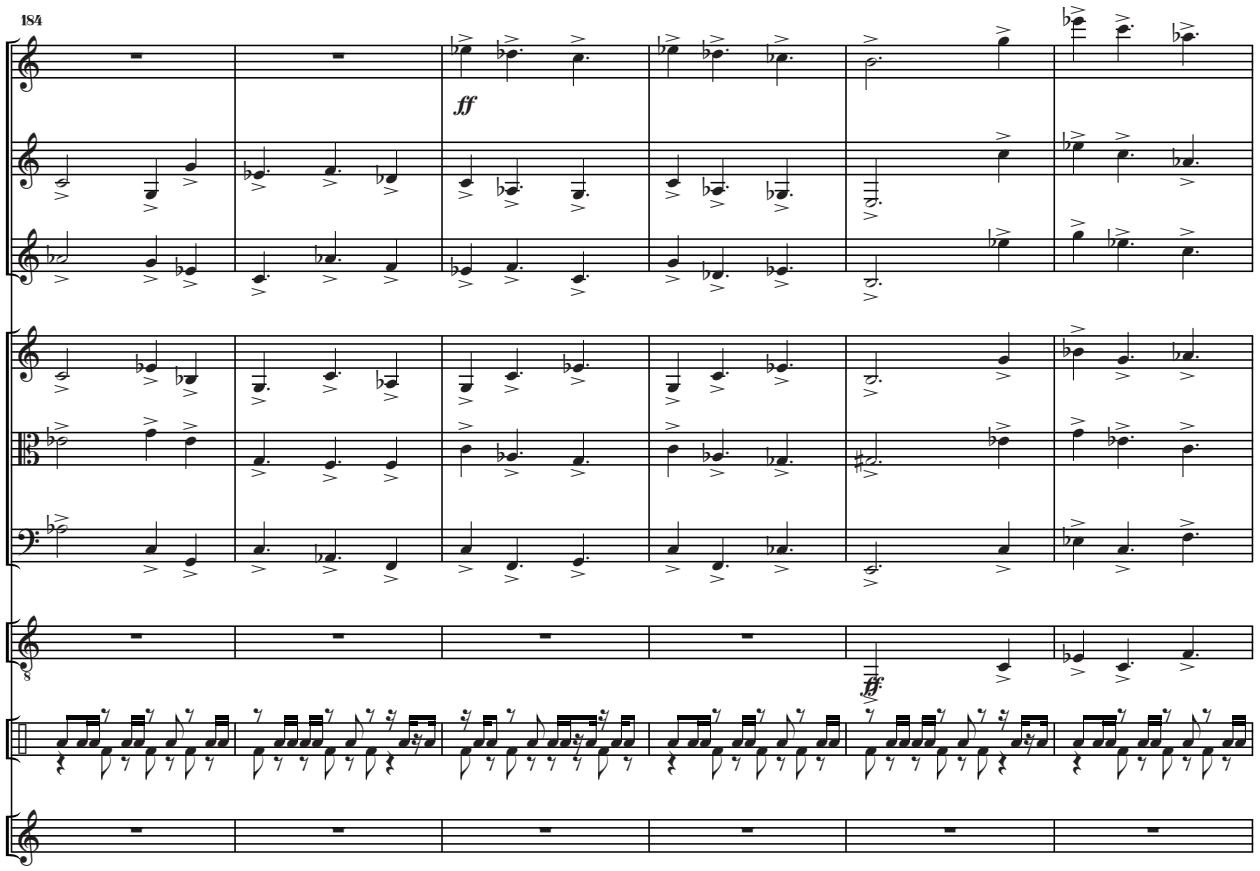
178

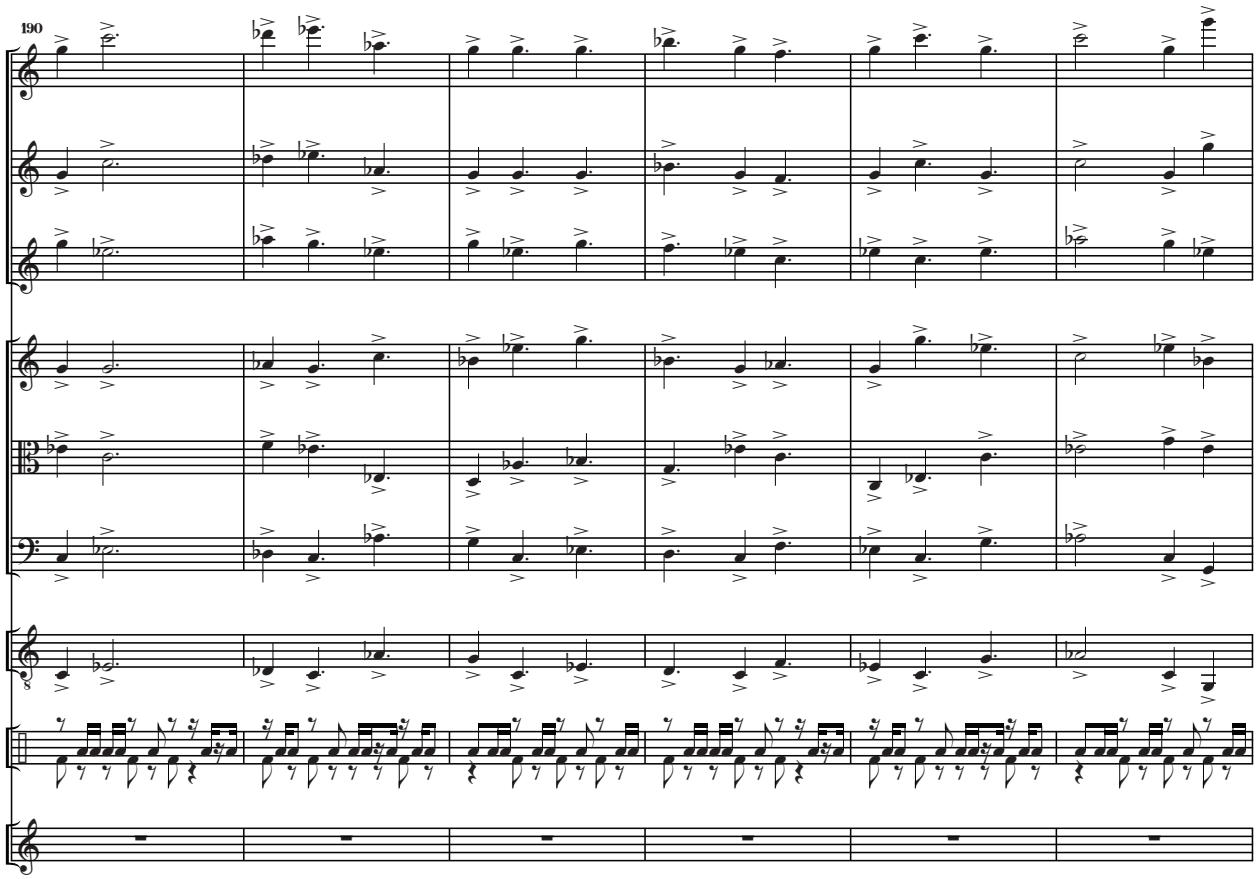
ff

× mil. drum

mp

× bass drum


184
ff
ff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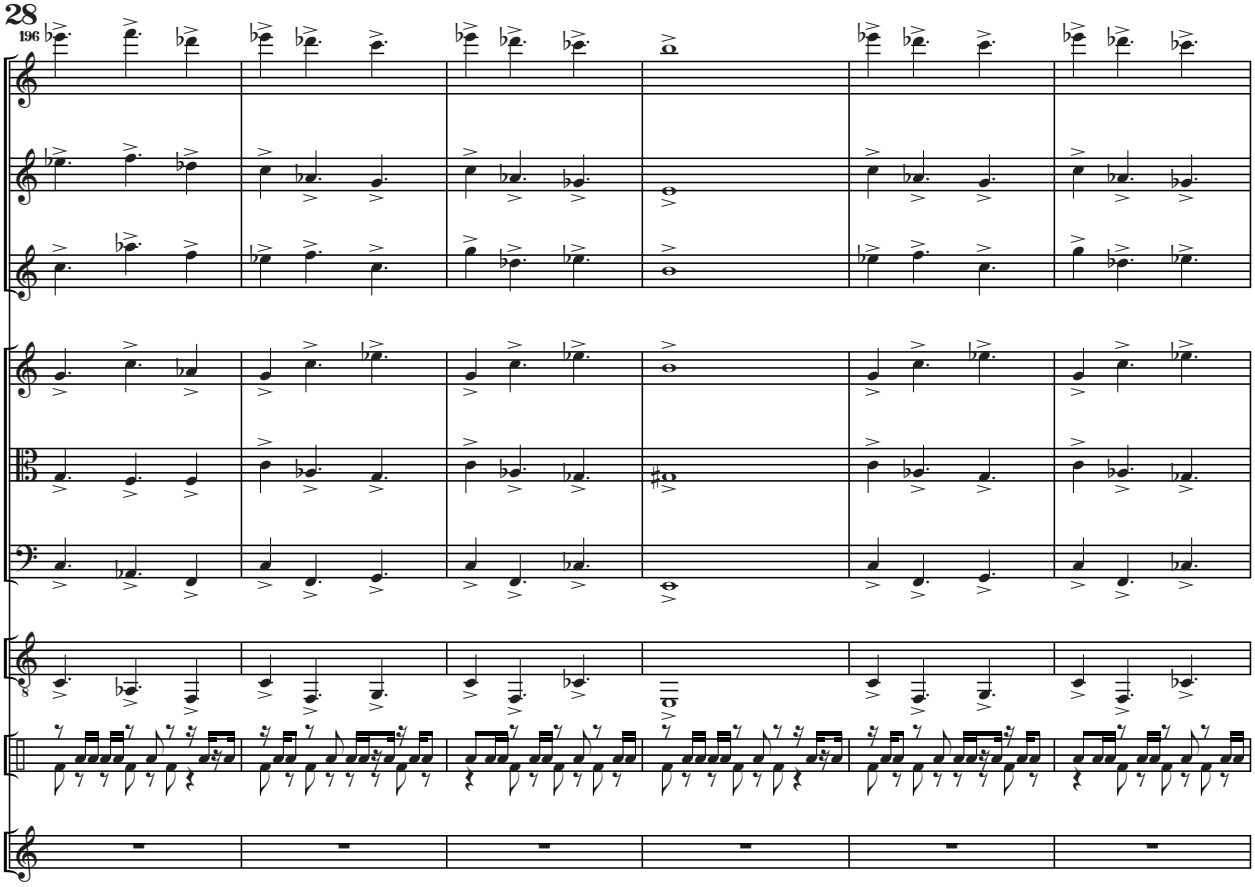
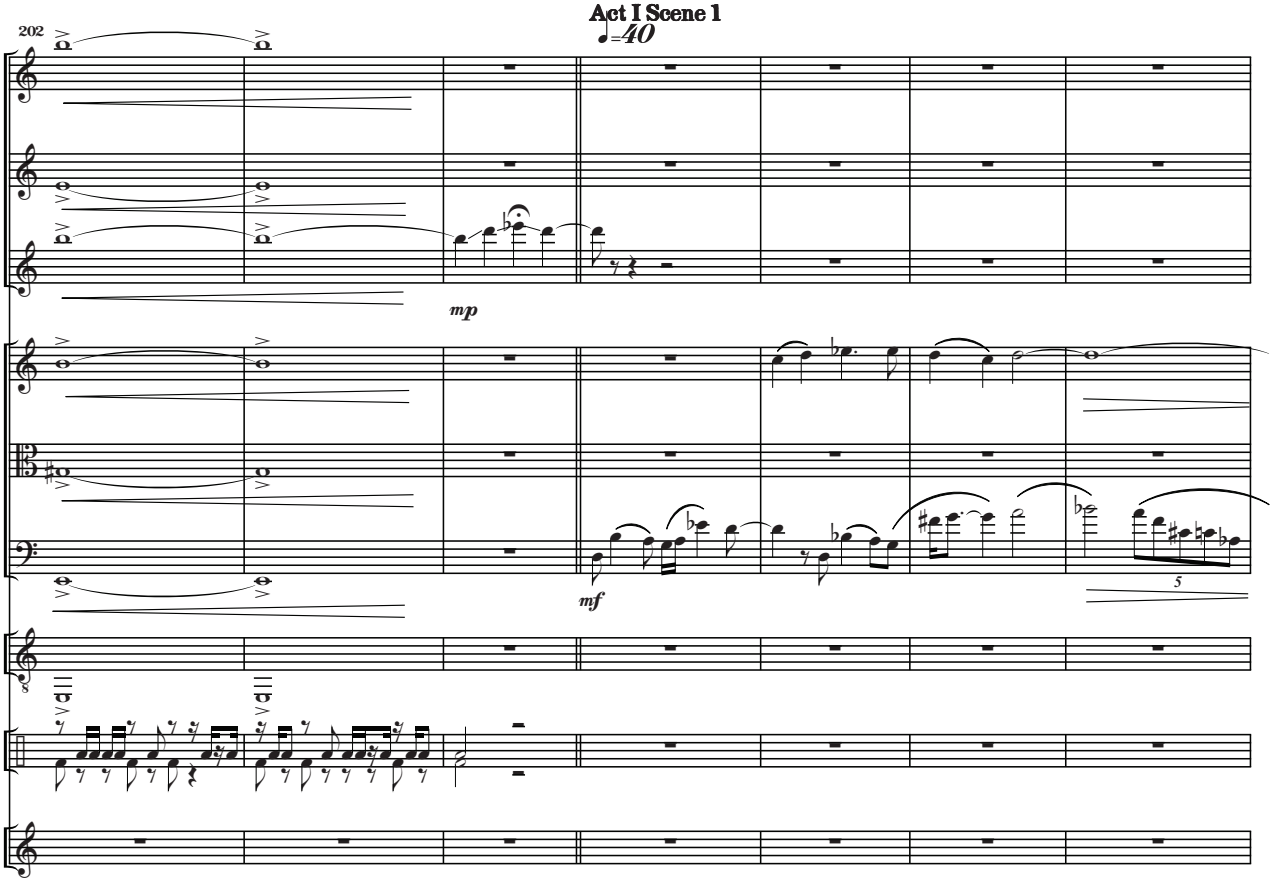
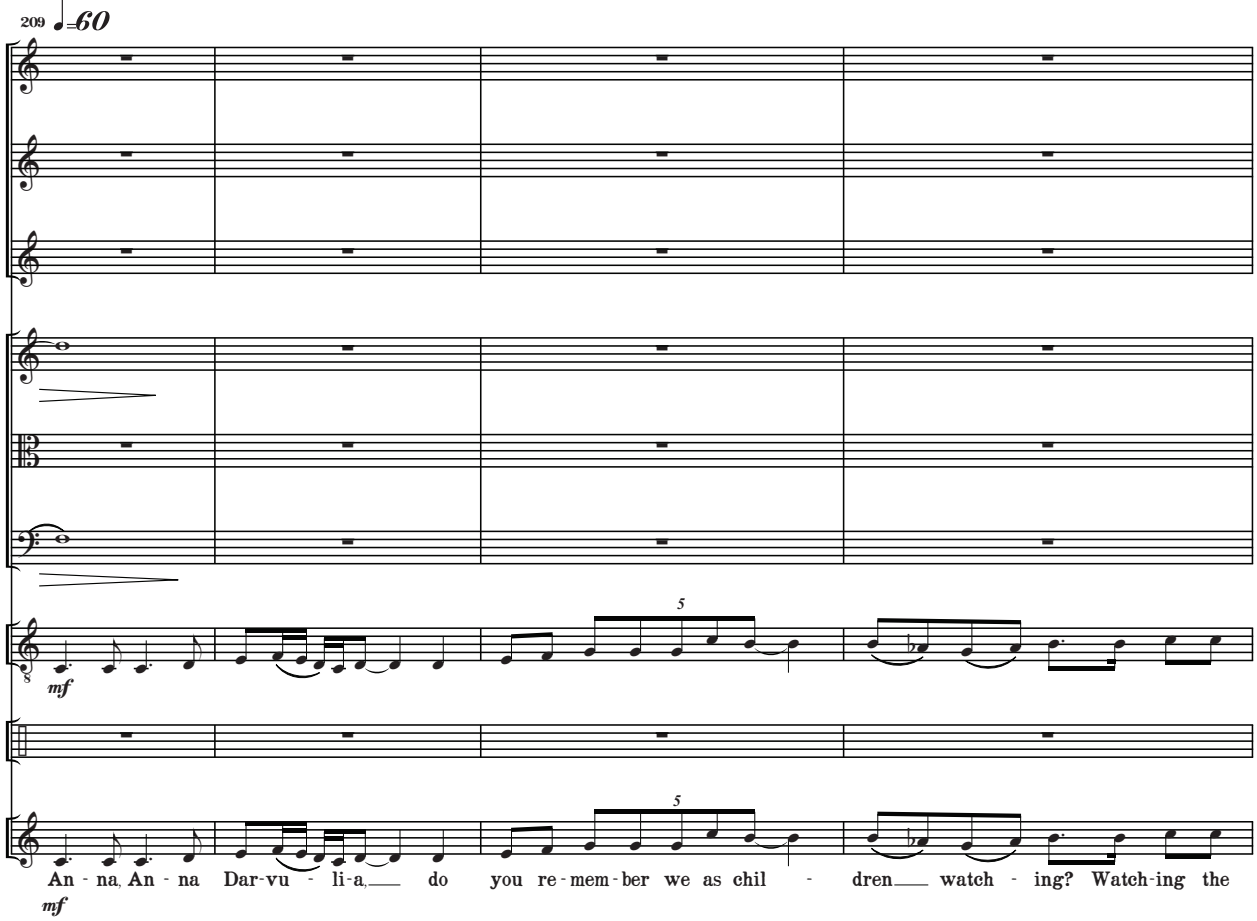


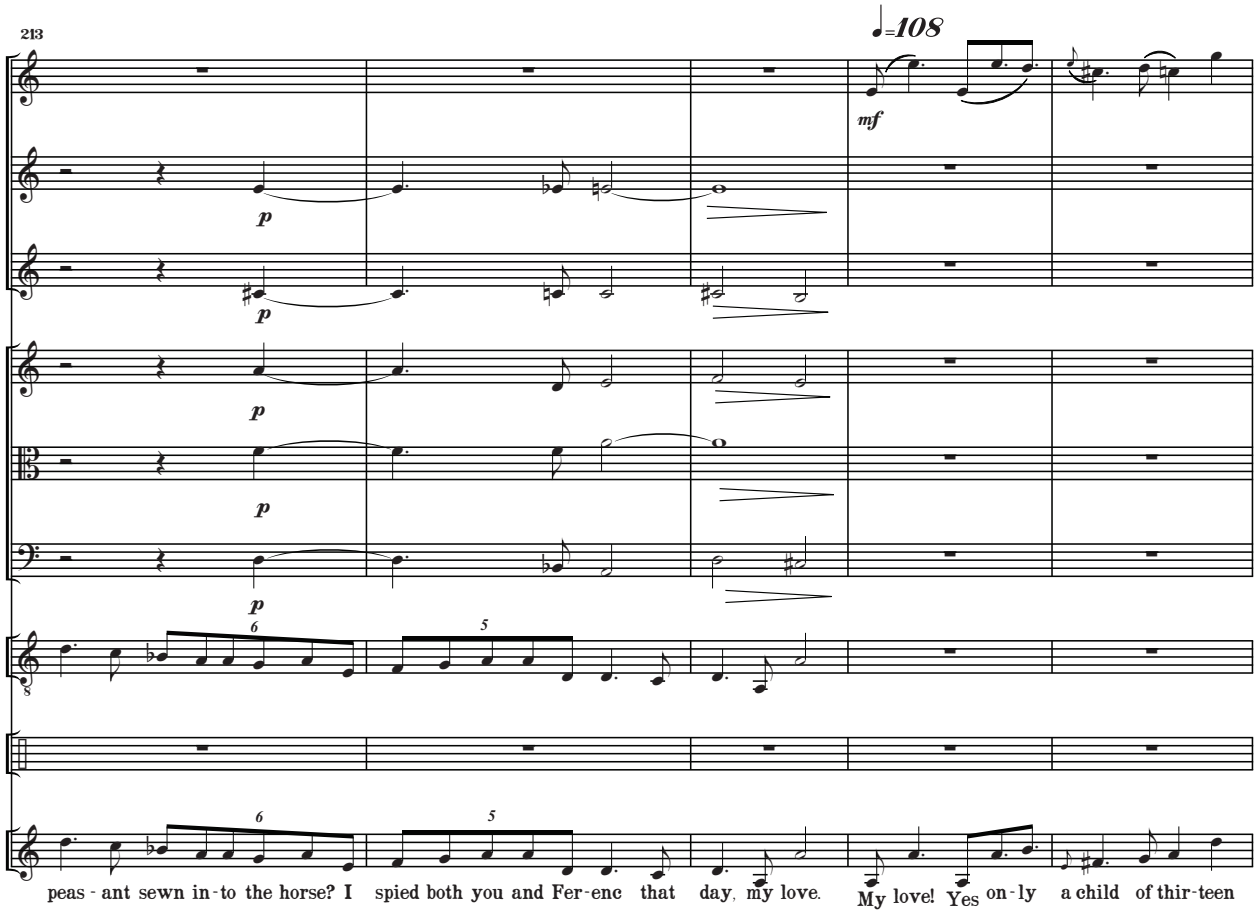
202

Act I Scene 1

♩=40




209
♩=60
mf
An - na, An - na Dar-vu - li-a, do you re - mem - ber we as chil - dren watch - ing? Watch-ing the
mf


213
♩=108
mf
p
p
p
p
p
peas - ant sewn in - to the horse? I spied both you and Fer - enc that day, my love. My love! Yes on - ly a child of thir - teen

218

but the glint - ing young eye sees beau-ty and blood as one does it not? A

224

♩=144

mf

mf

mp

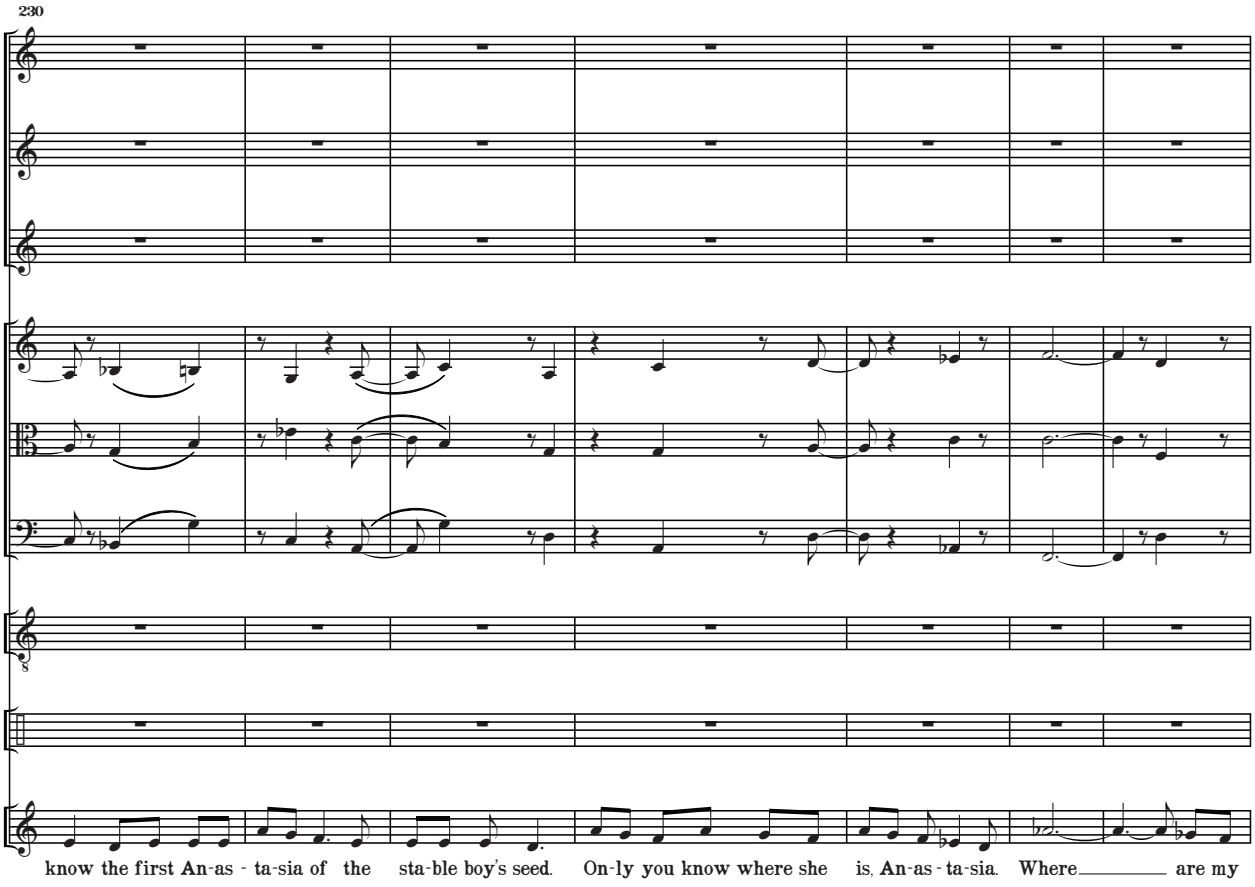
mp

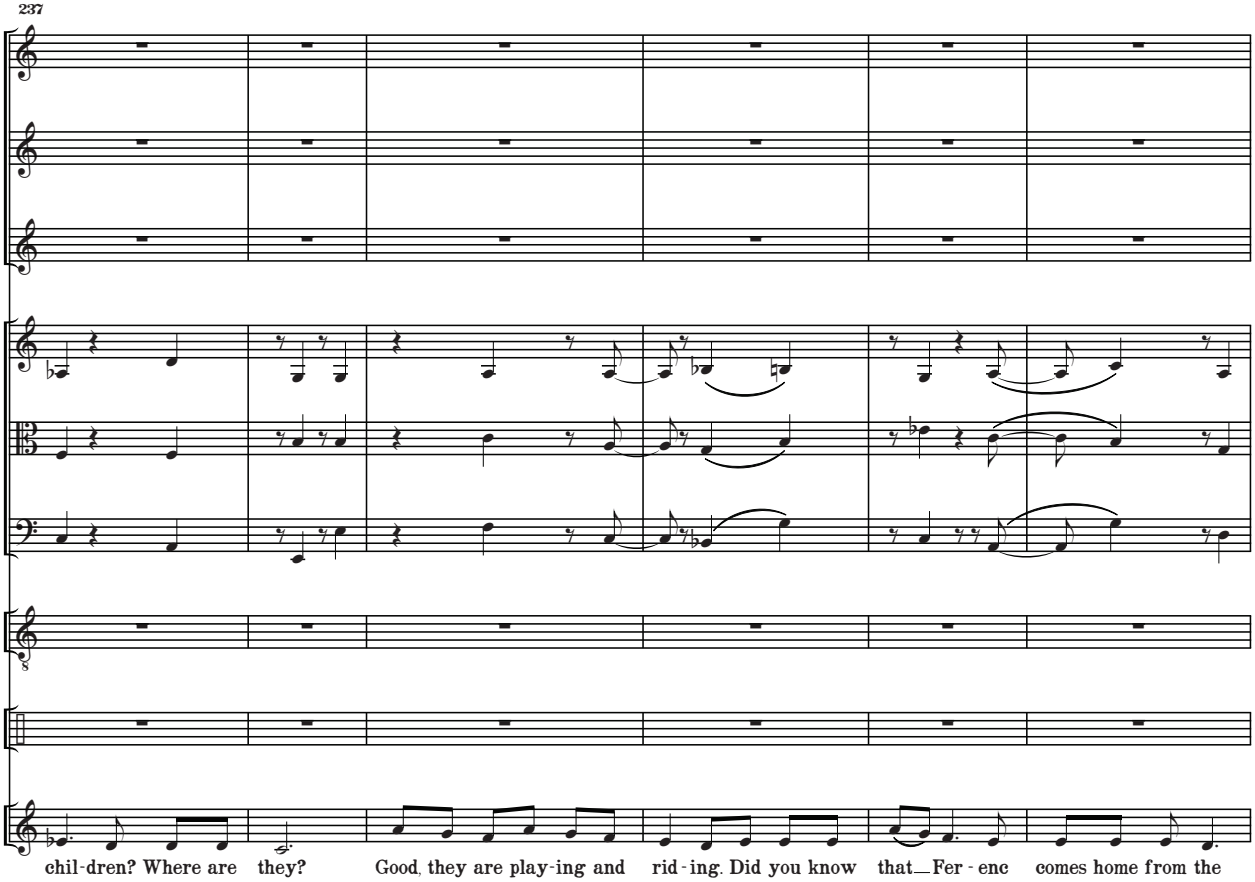
mf

mp

shim - - mer. Speak to me. Where are my chil-dren You

mf


230
S
know the first An-as - ta-sia of the sta-ble boy's seed. On-ly you know where she is, An-as - ta-sia. Where are my


237
S
chil-dren? Where are they? Good, they are play-ing and rid - ing. Did you know that Fer - enc comes home from the

243

pizz.

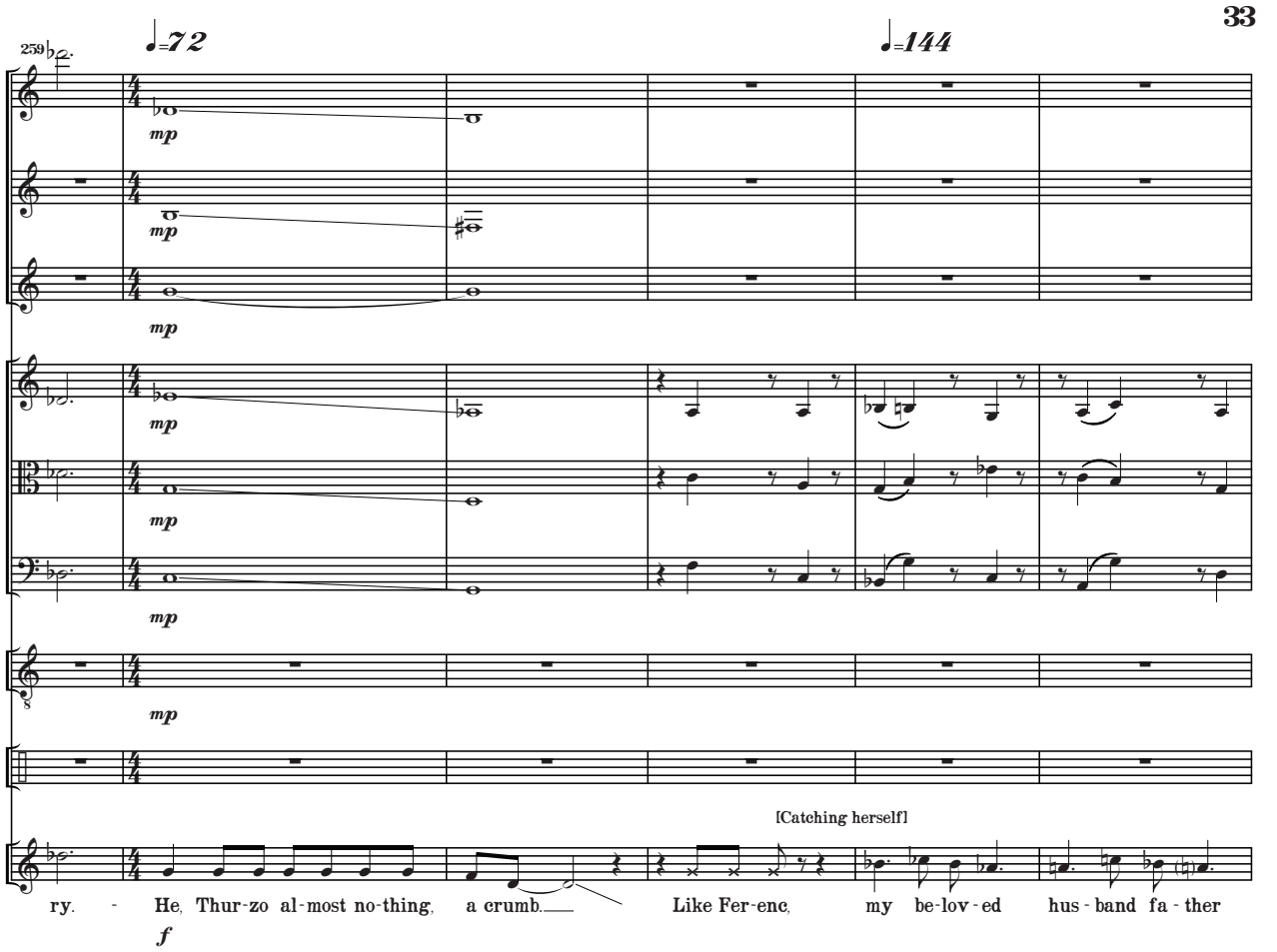
mp

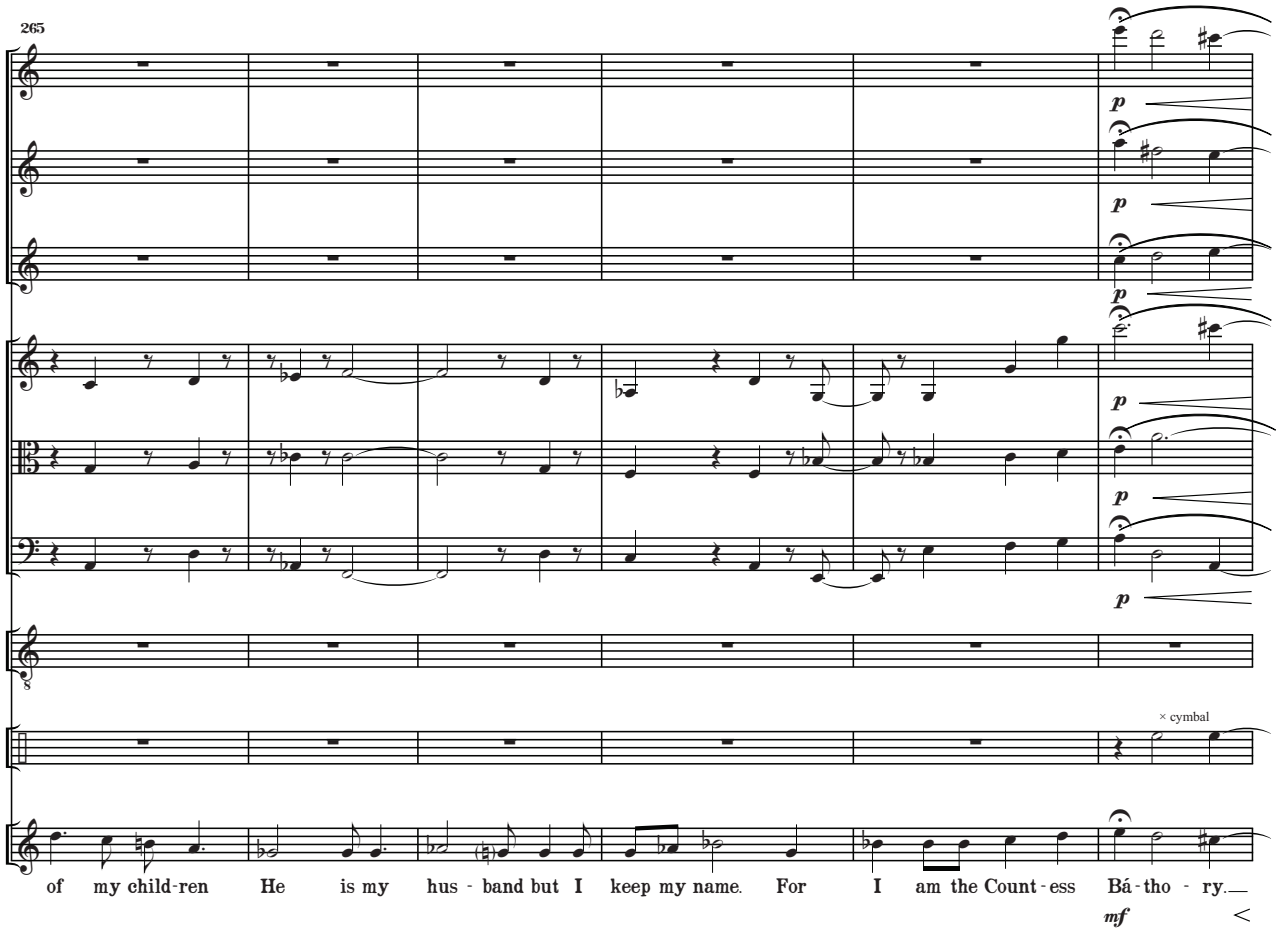
wars soon? Yes, he comes home from the wars. He and Thur - zo... and Thur - zo. I loathe Thur -

250

arco

zo and his eye not toward me but toward my for-tune. It - is mine. I am the Count-ess Bá-tho -


259
♩=72
♩=144
mp
[Catching herself]
ry. - He, Thur-zo al-most no-thing, a crumb. Like Fer-enc, my be-lov-ed hus-band fa-ther
f


265
p
× cymbal
of my child-ren He is my hus-band but I keep my name. For I am the Count-ess Bá-tho-ry.
mf

271

♩=144

pp

pp

pp

p

pp

pizz.

p

pizz.

p

pp

pizz.

pp

p

p

× mil. drum

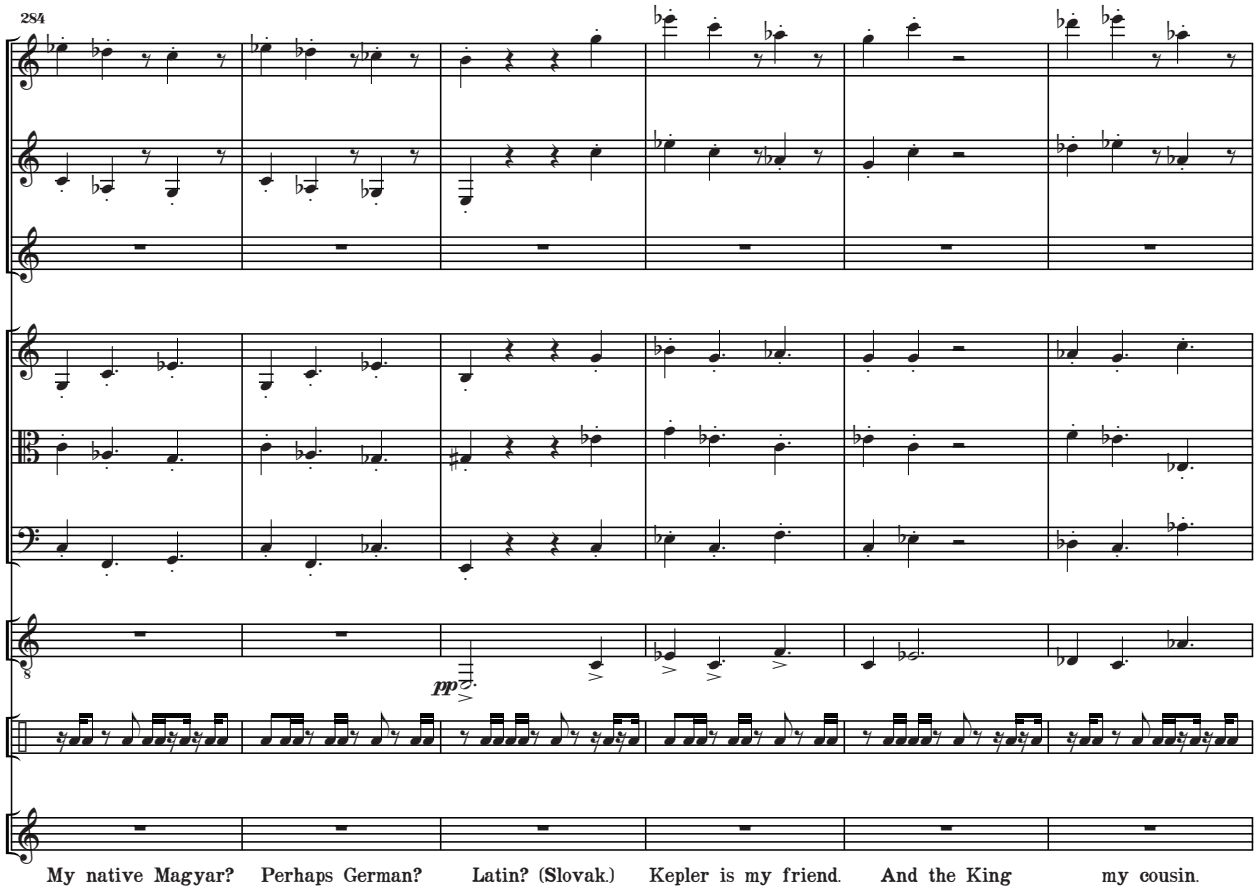
ppppp

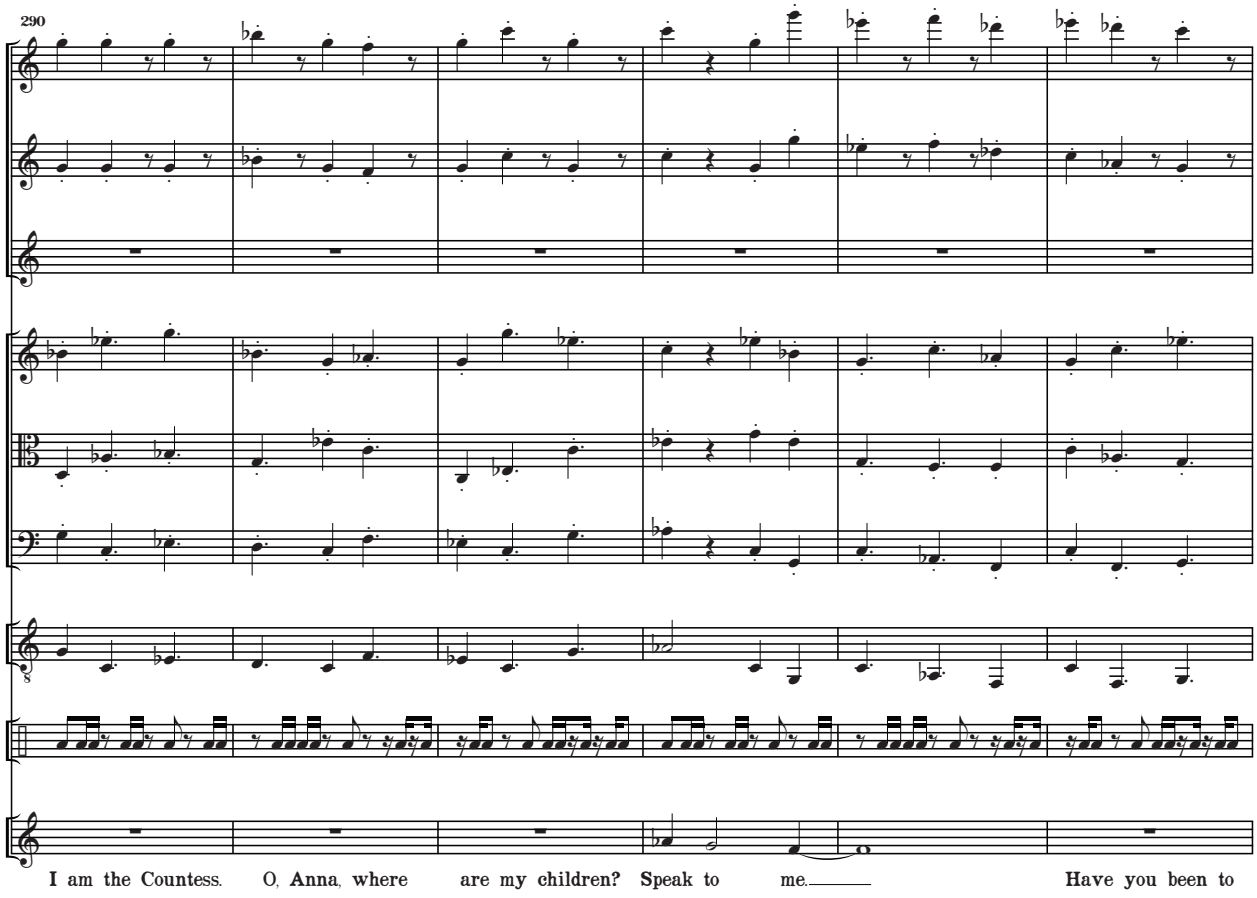
[Anger rises and falls as she speaks.]

Speak to me. I struggle to be a leader. It is a burden.

278

To negotiate with my tongue and sign with my hand in languages... What language are you, my love?


284
pp
My native Magyar? Perhaps German? Latin? (Slovak.) Kepler is my friend. And the King my cousin.


290
I am the Countess. O, Anna, where are my children? Speak to me. Have you been to

296

ff

mp

p *ff*

arco *ff*

arco *ff*

arco *ff*

the Mátyás-Templom? So glor - ious the heart of Bu - da.

302

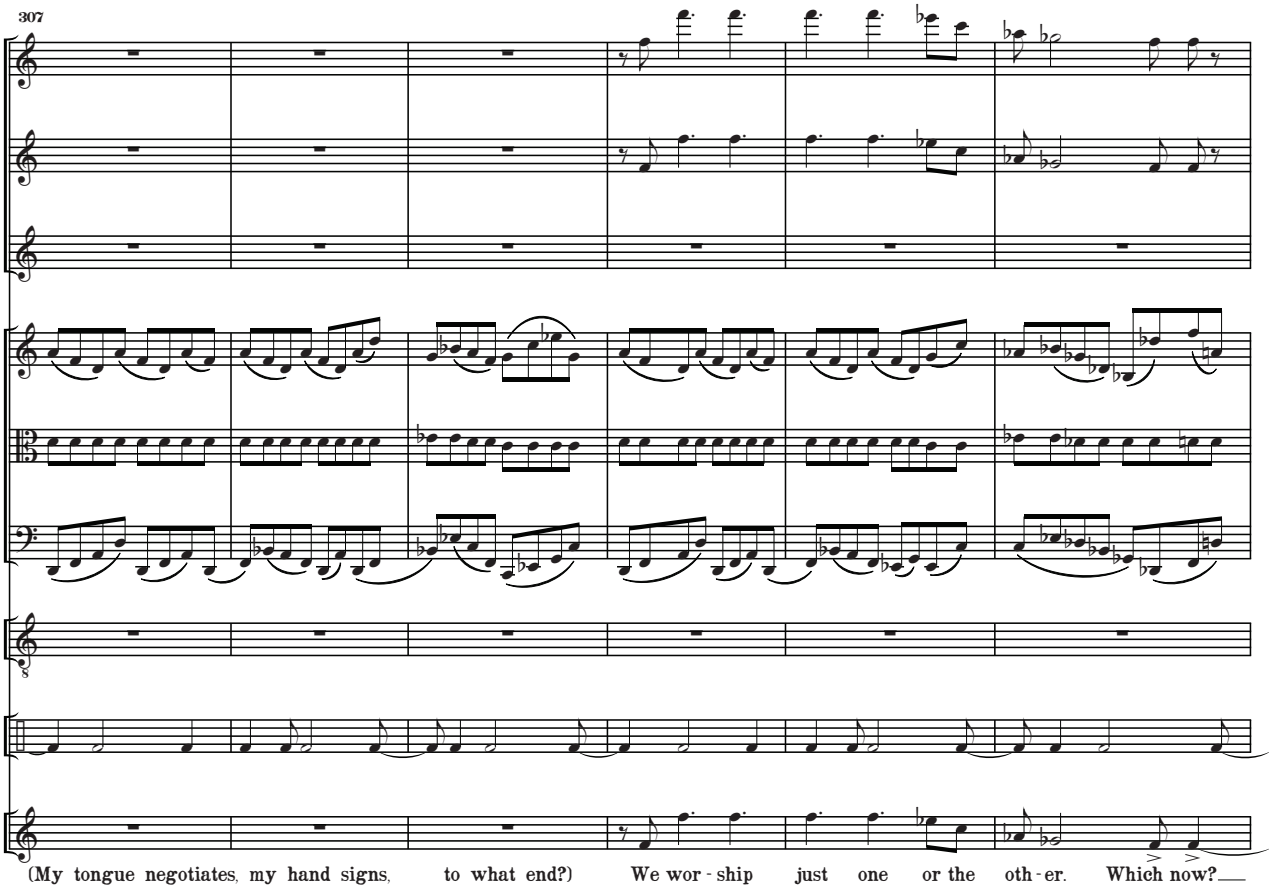
ff

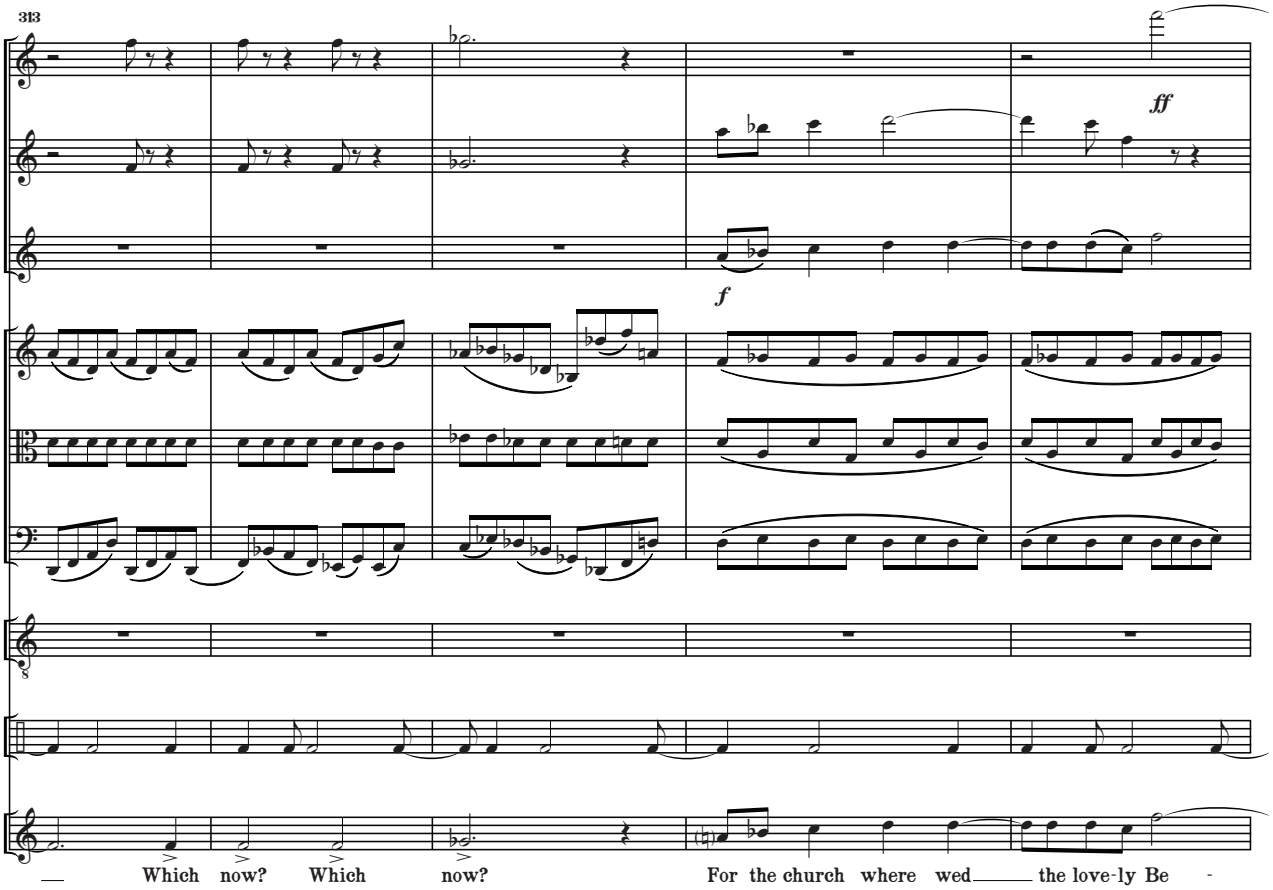
× muted bass drum

ff

named for our be - lov - ed Mát - yás Kir - ály, is now the mosque of the Mus - ul - man.

ff


307
(My tongue negotiates, my hand signs, to what end?) We wor - ship just one or the oth - er. Which now?


313
ff
f
Which now? Which now? For the church where wed the love-ly Be -

318

ff

- a-trice of Ar-a-gon and our old King Mát-yás is cloaked. Be-hind

324

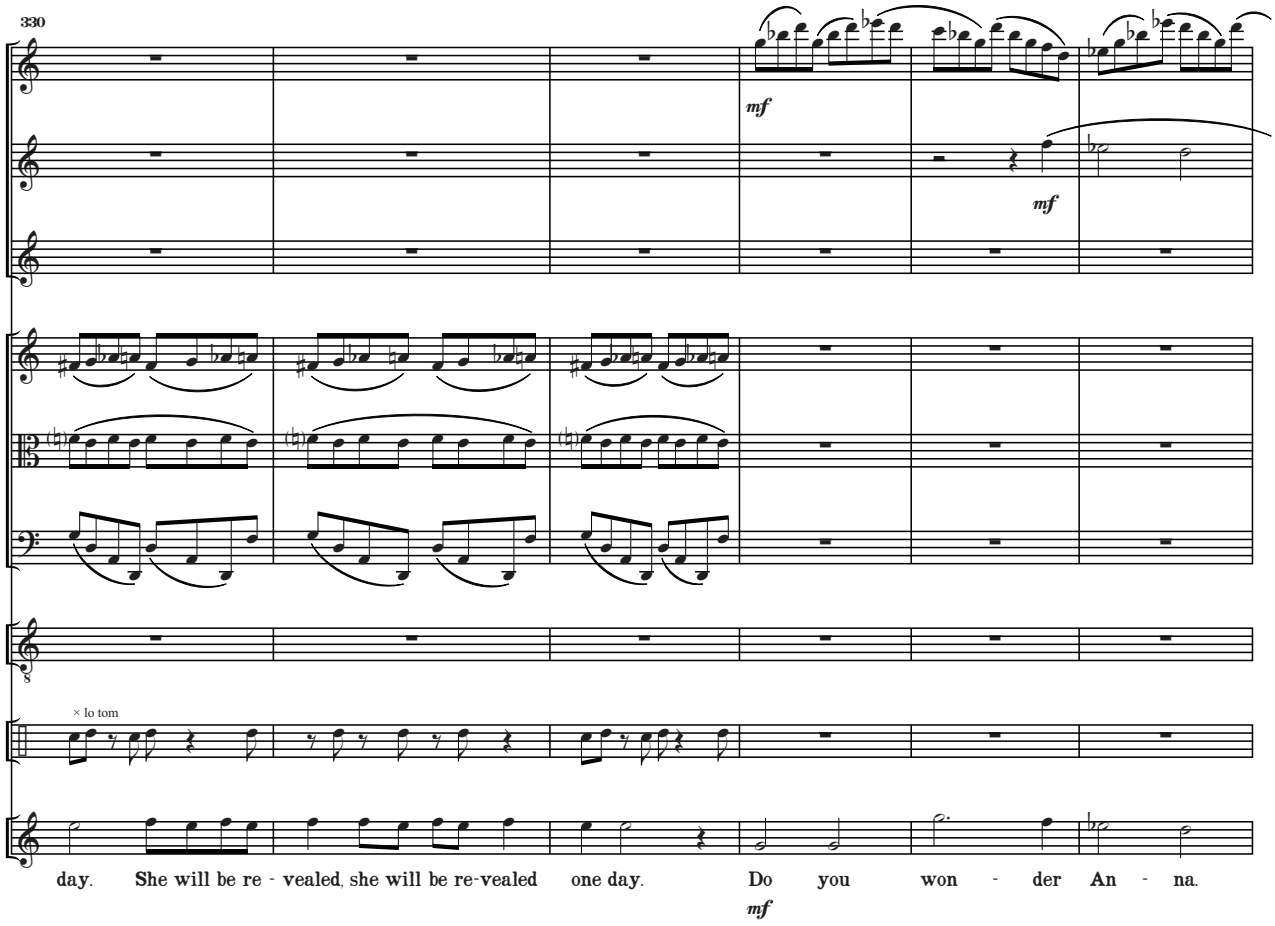
ff

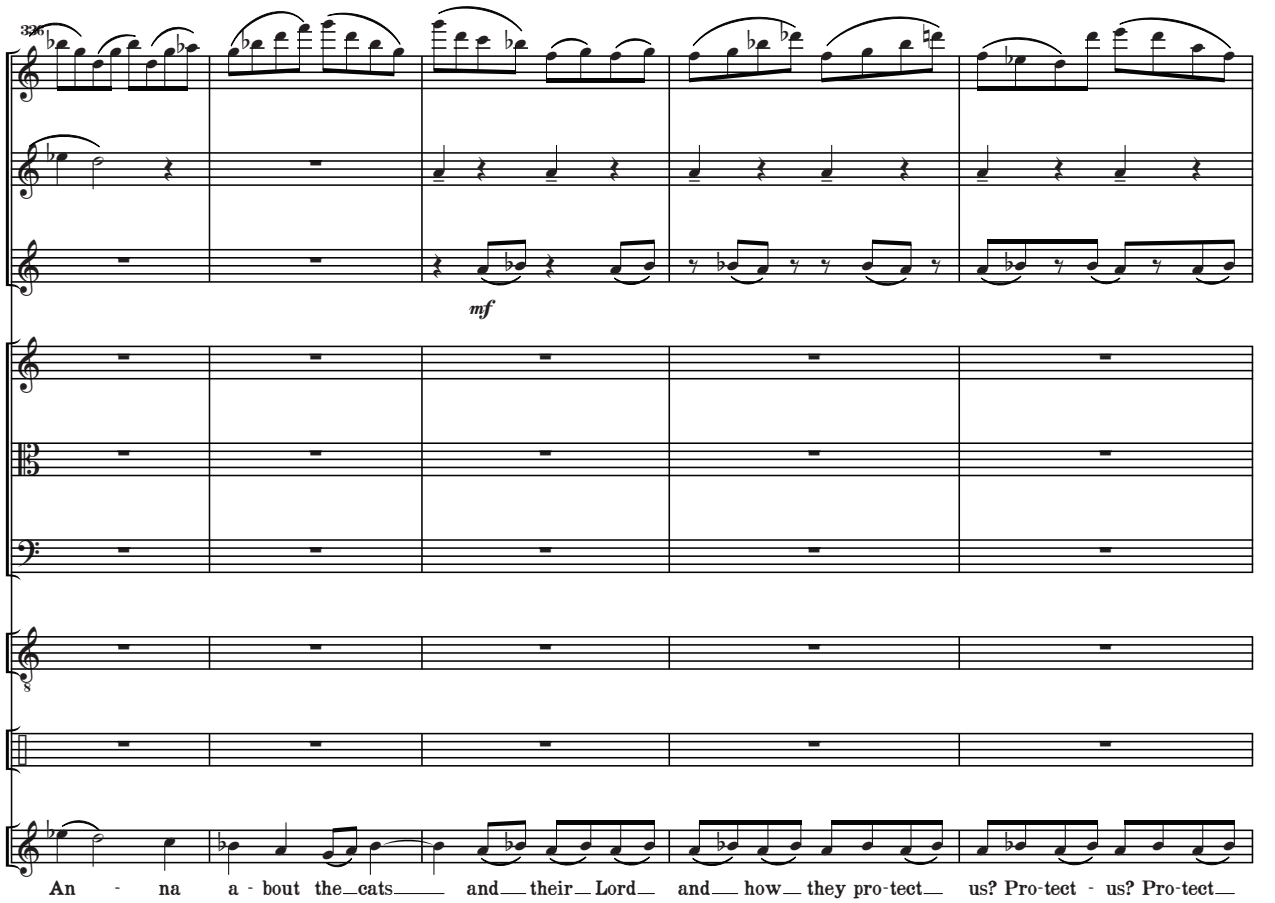
× triangle

× wood block

× med tom

its walls hides the vir - - gin. She will be-re-vealed one


330
mf
mf
s
× lo tom
day. She will be re - vealed, she will be re-vealed one day. Do you won - der An - na.
mf


336
mf
s
An - na a - bout the cats and their Lord and how they pro-tect us? Pro-tect - us? Pro-tect

341

mp

mp

mp

mp

mp

mp

us (Or a - bout the horse? Who pro-tect-ed the horse?)

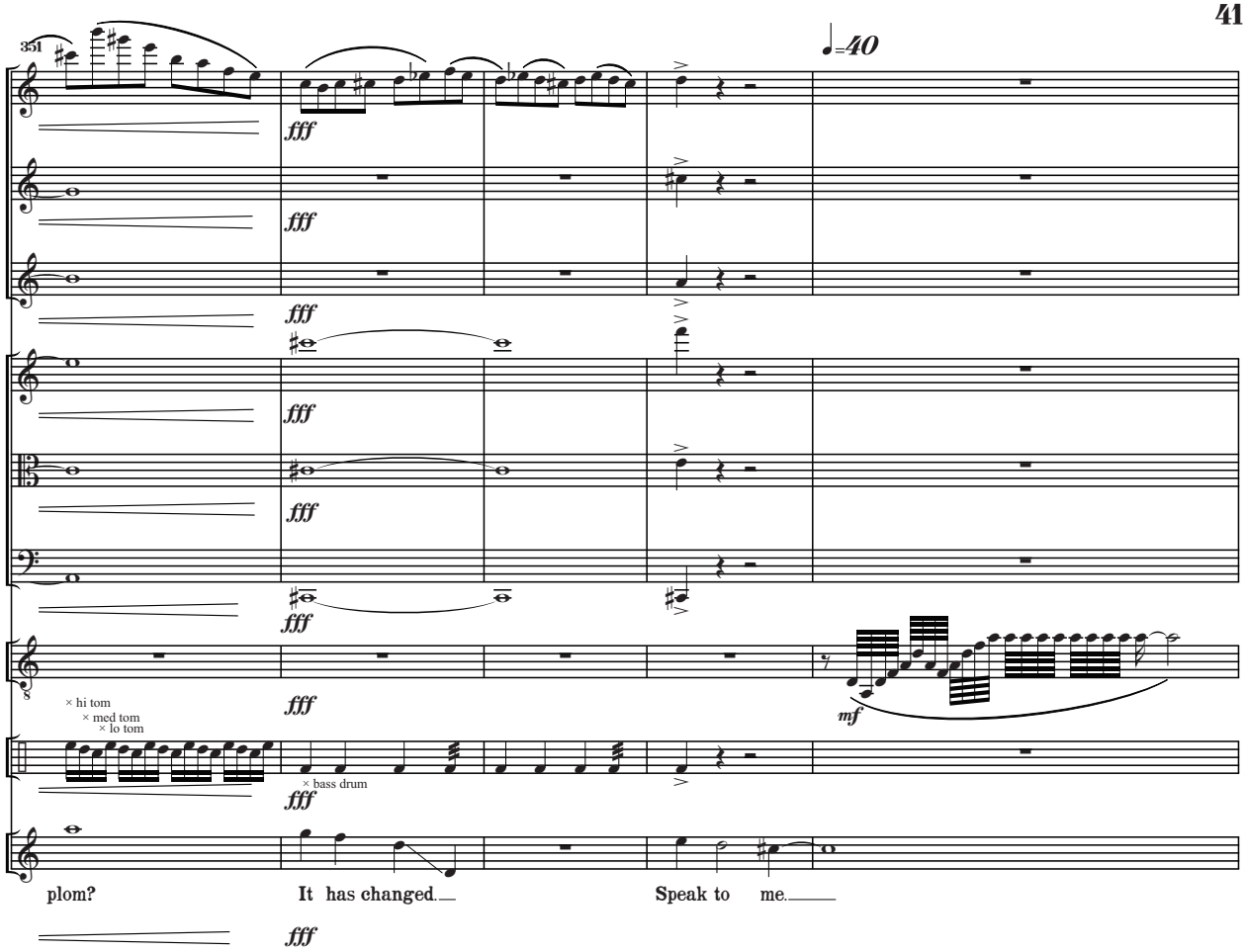
347

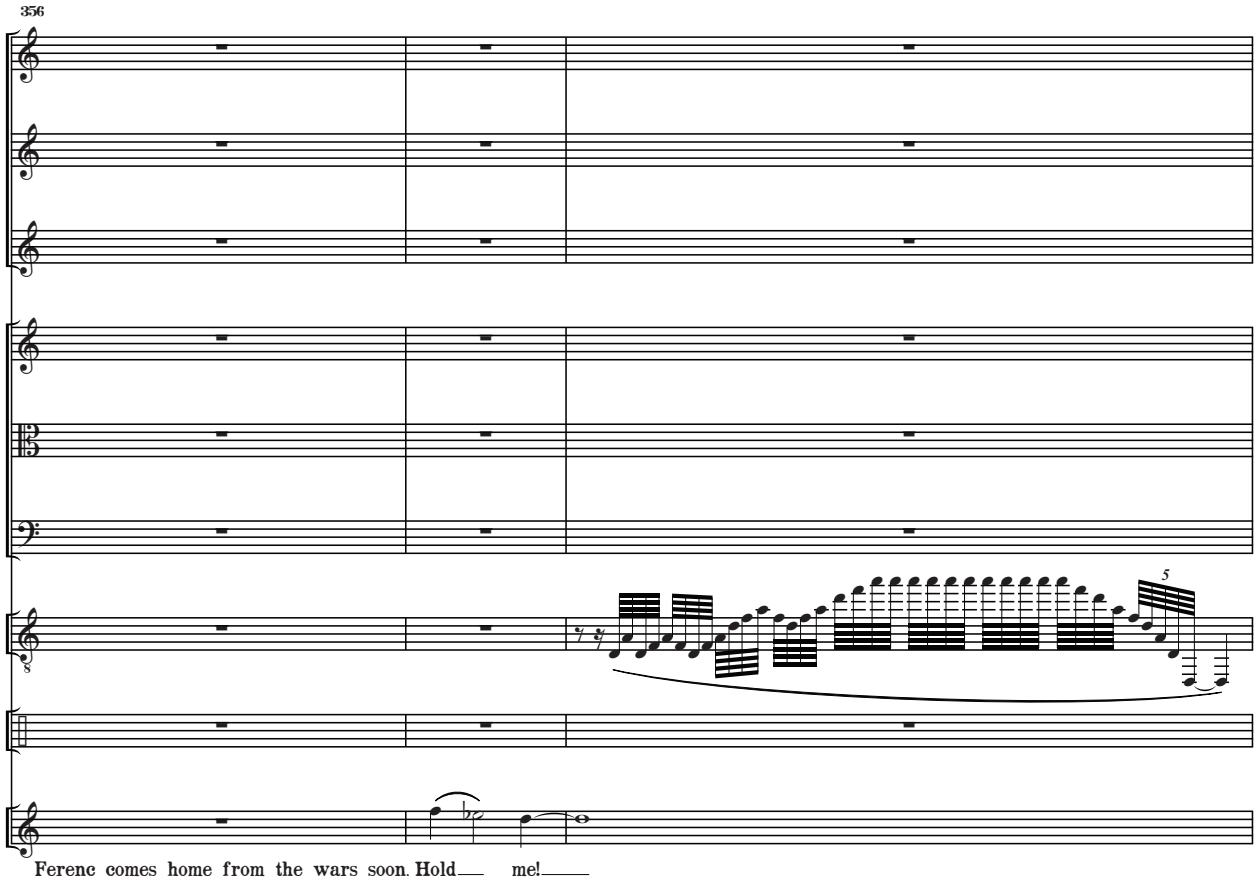
× lo tom

mp

5

We wor-ship we wor-ship them and the oth-er Have you been to the Mát - yás - Tem -


351
♩=40
fff
mf
× hi tom
× med tom
× lo tom
× bass drum
plom?
It has changed.
Speak to me.


356
5
Ferenc comes home from the wars soon. Hold me!

359

♩=72 *Repeat as needed*

Act I Scene 2

♩=132

take Eb clarinet

pizz.

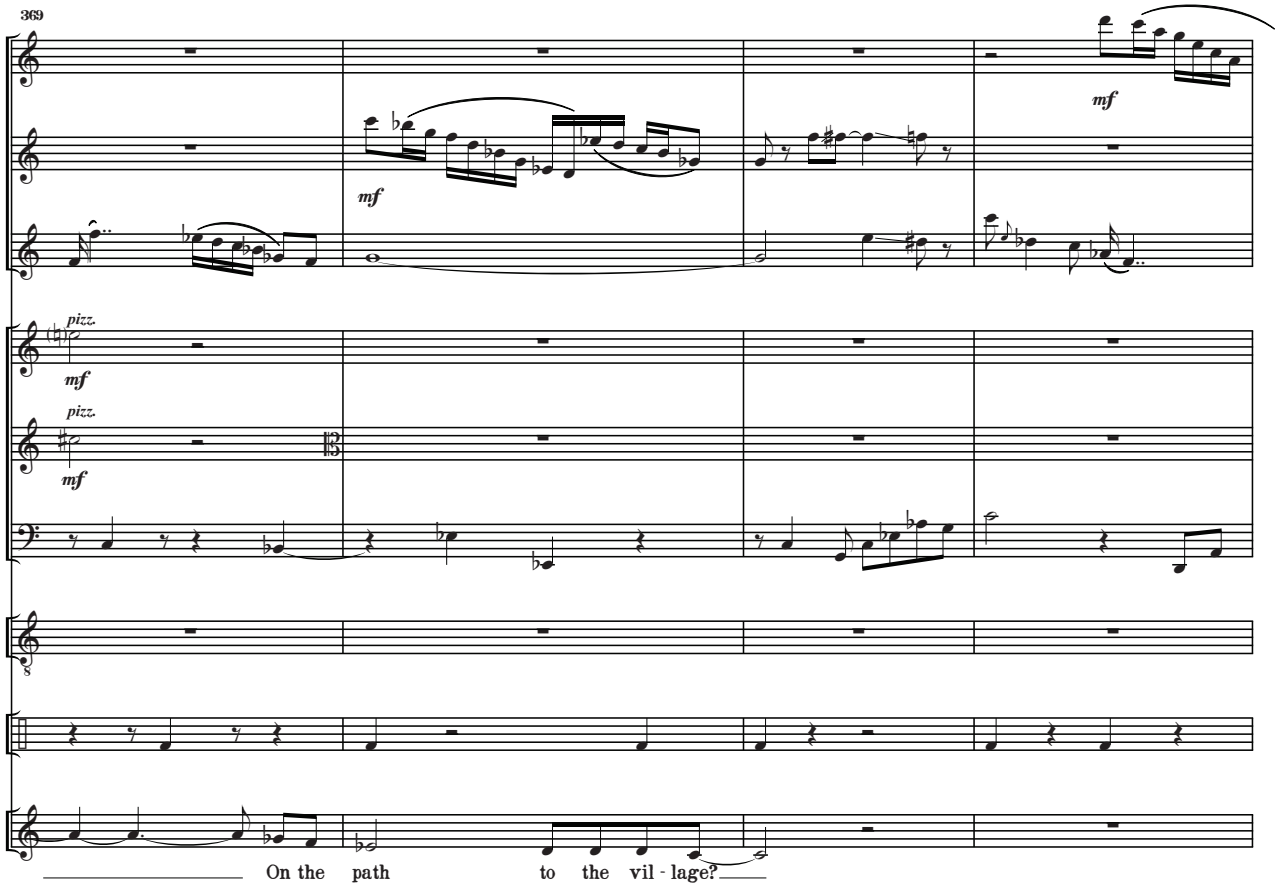
× bass drum

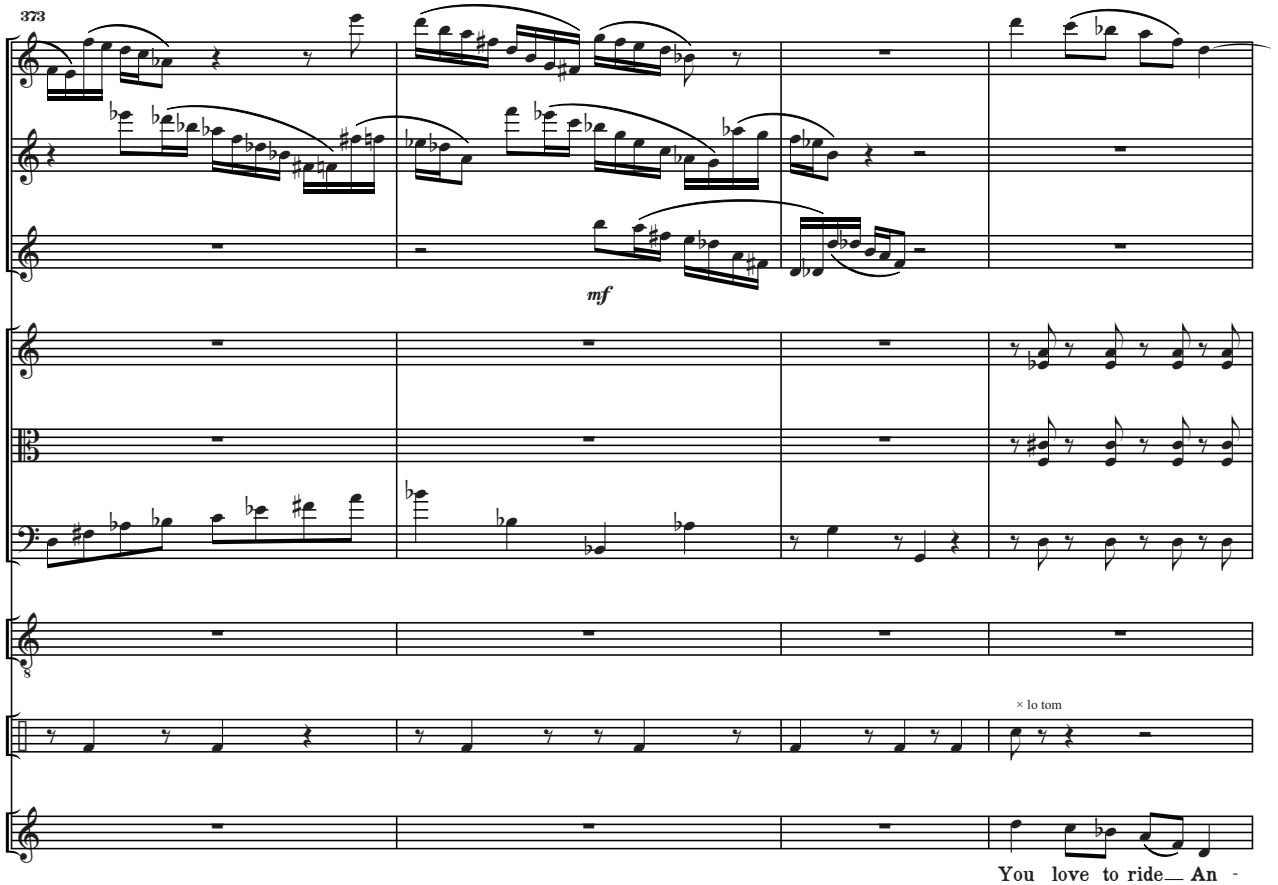
ERZSÉBET dances in an invisible circle, laughs.

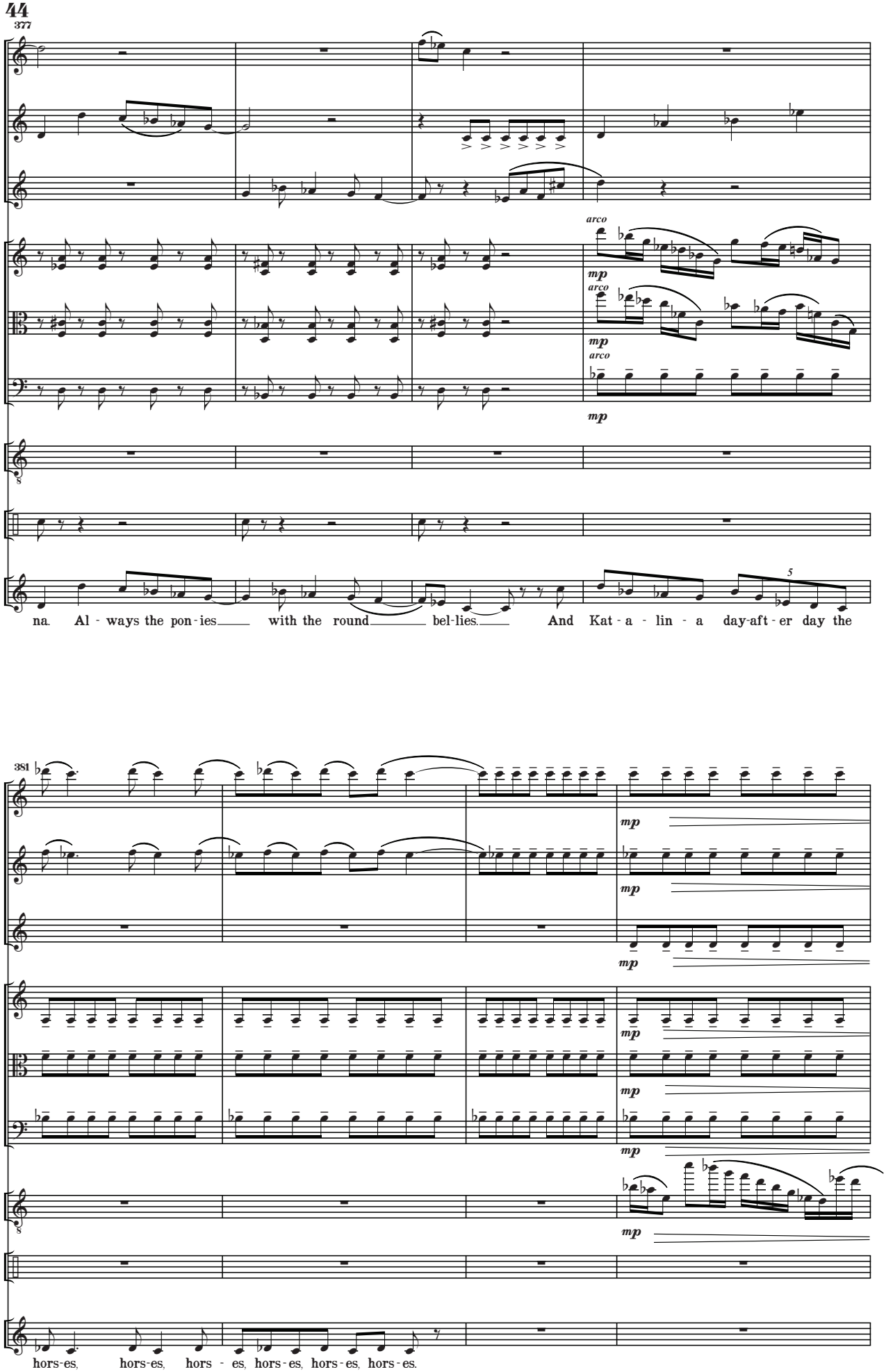
Here are the chil - dren! come!

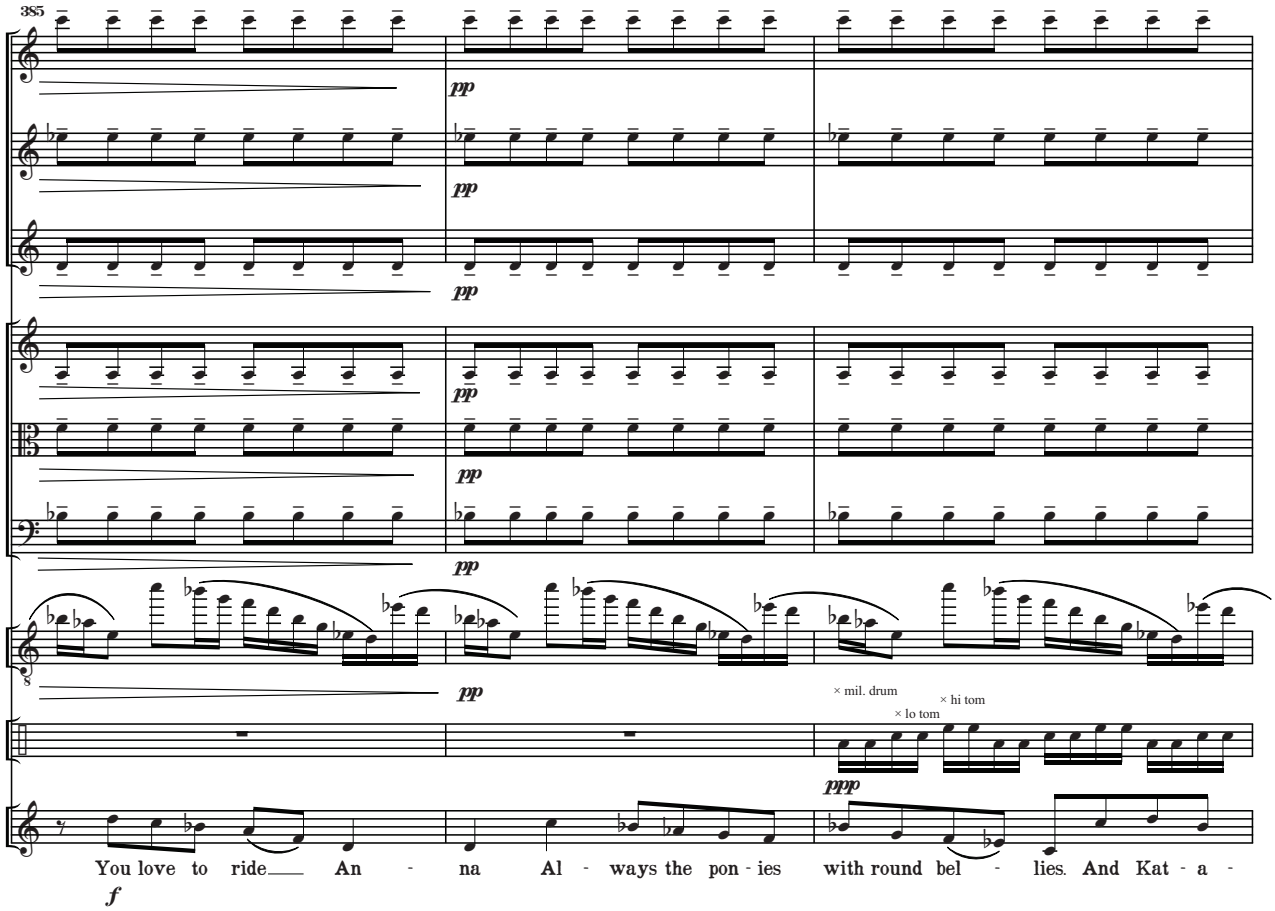
365

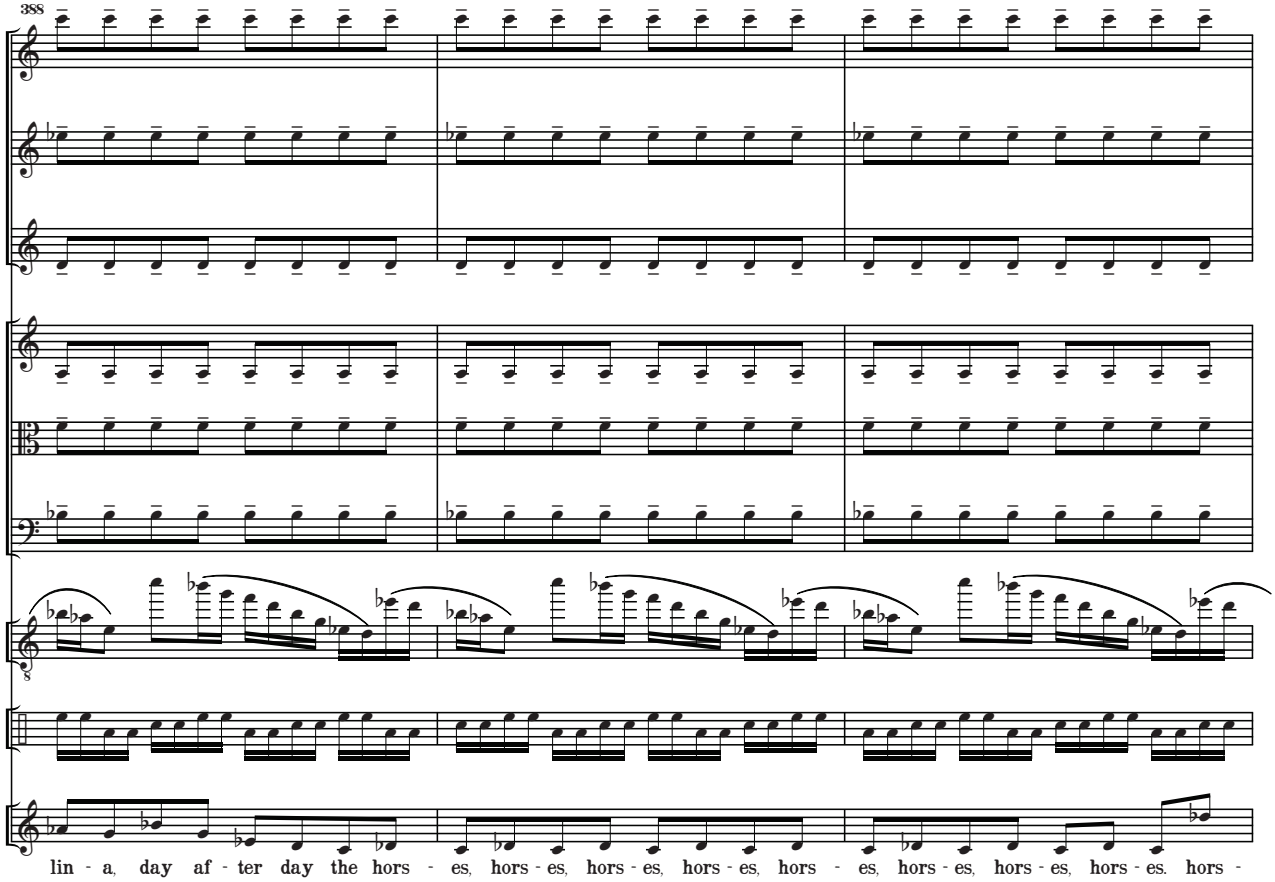
Come! Were you play - ing? In the close in - side the ram - parts? Were you rid-ing? Rid-ing?


369
mf
mf
pizz.
mf
pizz.
mf
On the path to the vil - lage?


373
mf
× lo tom
You love to ride An -


377
arco
mp
arco
mp
arco
mp
5
na. Al - ways the pon - ies with the round bel - lies. And Kat - a - lin - a day-aft - er day the
381
mp
mp
mp
mp
mp
mp
mp
hors-es, hors-es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es.


385
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp
s
× mil. drum
× lo tom
× hi tom
ppp
You love to ride An - na Al - ways the pon - ies with round bel - lies. And Kat - a -
f


388
s
lin - a, day af - ter day the hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es. hors -

391

es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors -

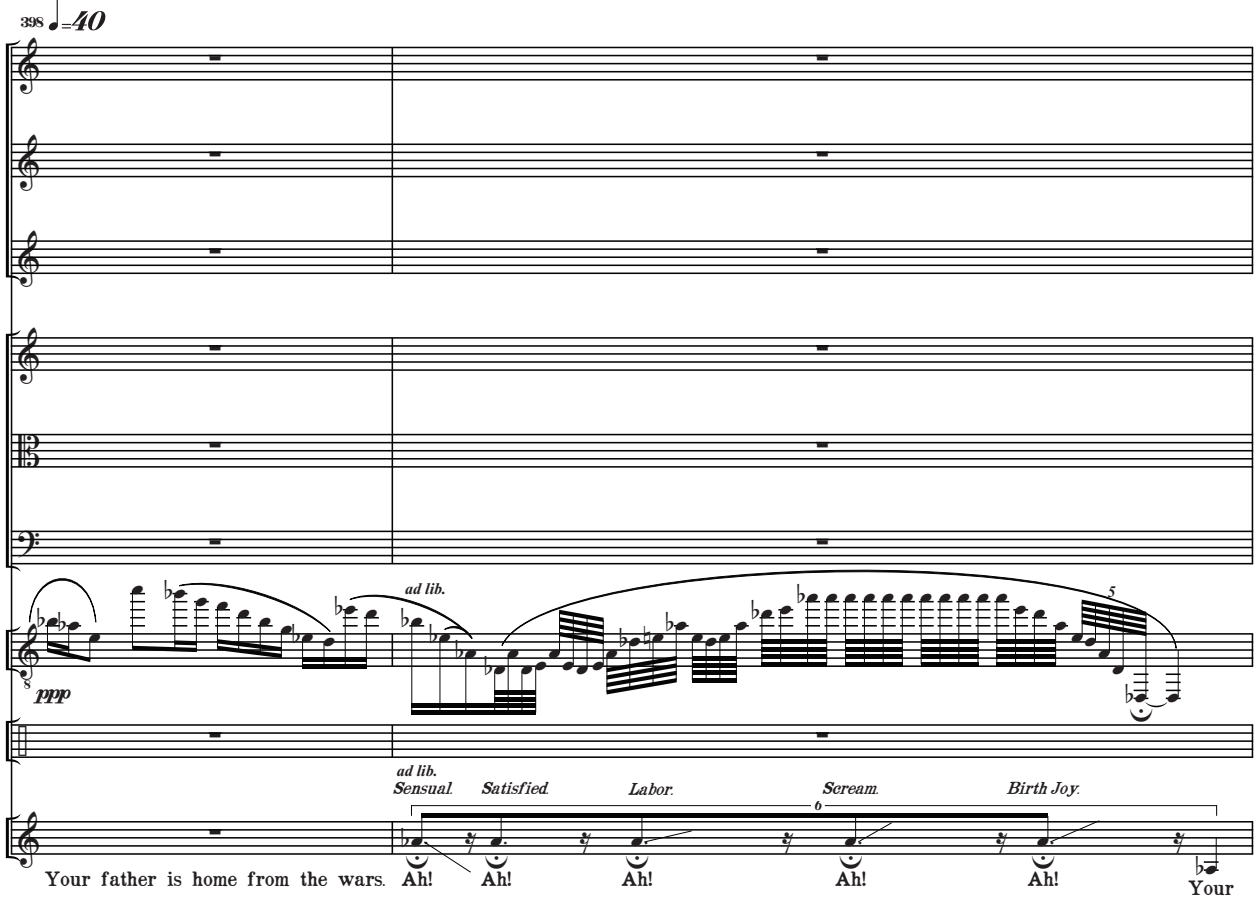
394

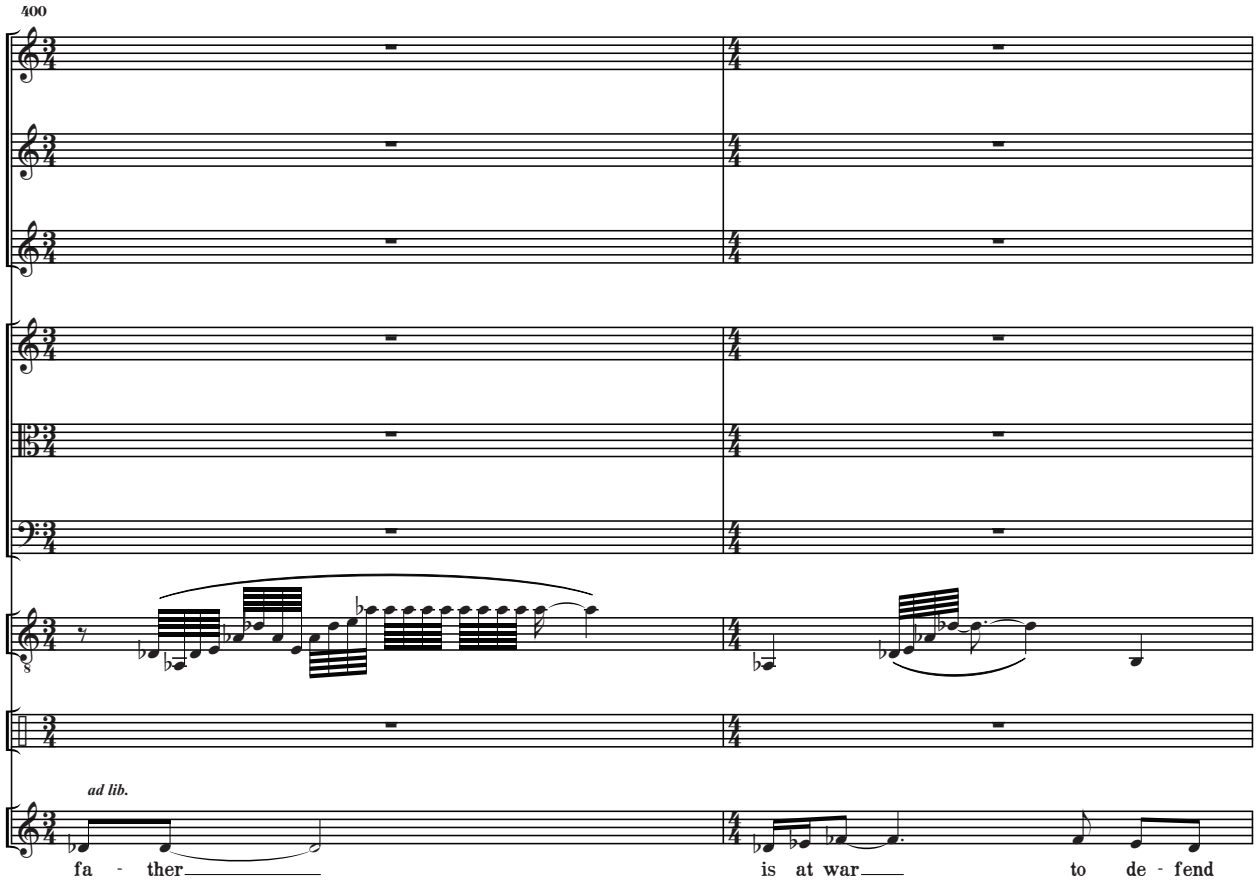
rallentando

pppp

[Ferenc appears, in a dream, and another child is born.]

es, hors - es!


398
♩=40
ppp
ad lib.
5
ad lib.
Sensual.
Satisfied.
Labor.
Scream.
Birth Joy.
6
Your father is home from the wars.
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Your

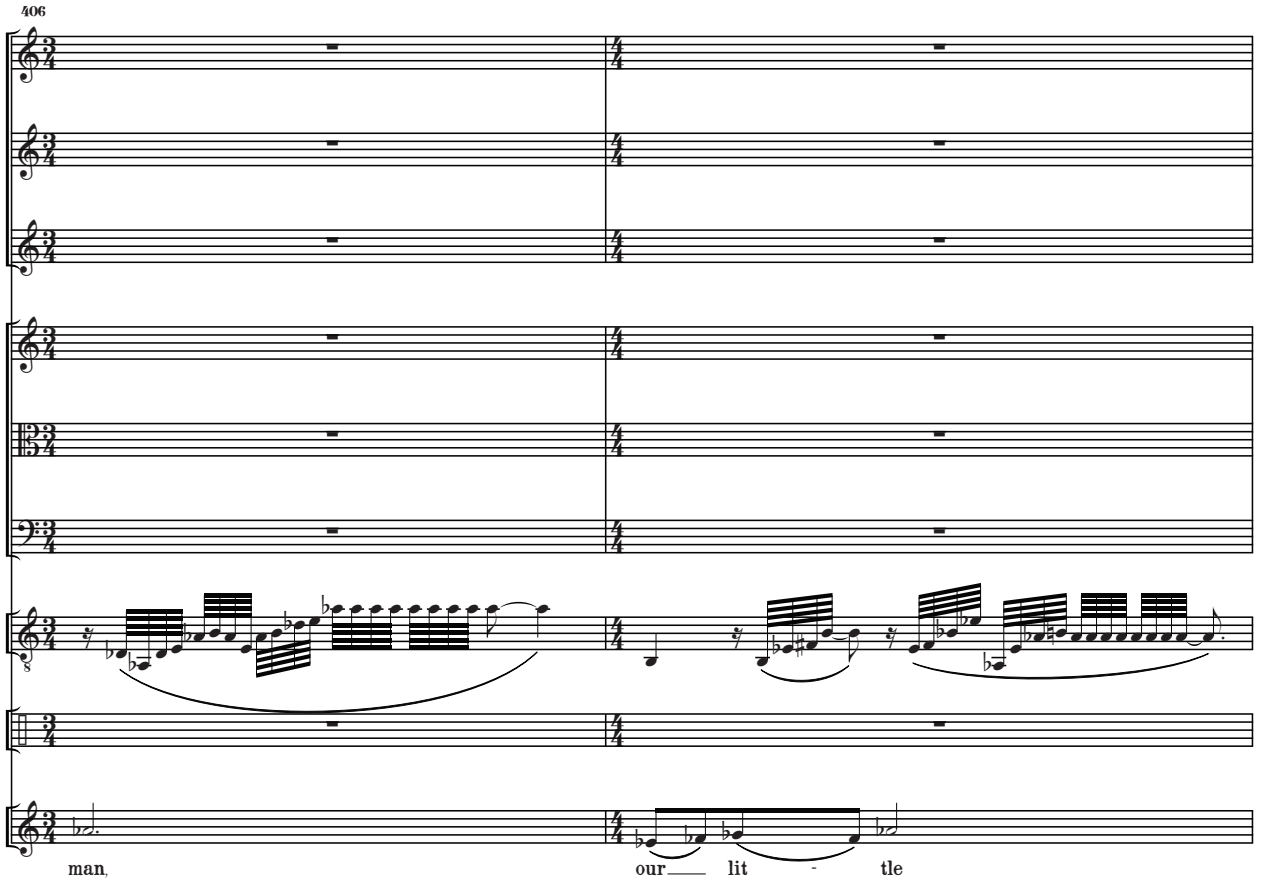

400
7
ad lib.
fa - ther
is at war
to de - fend

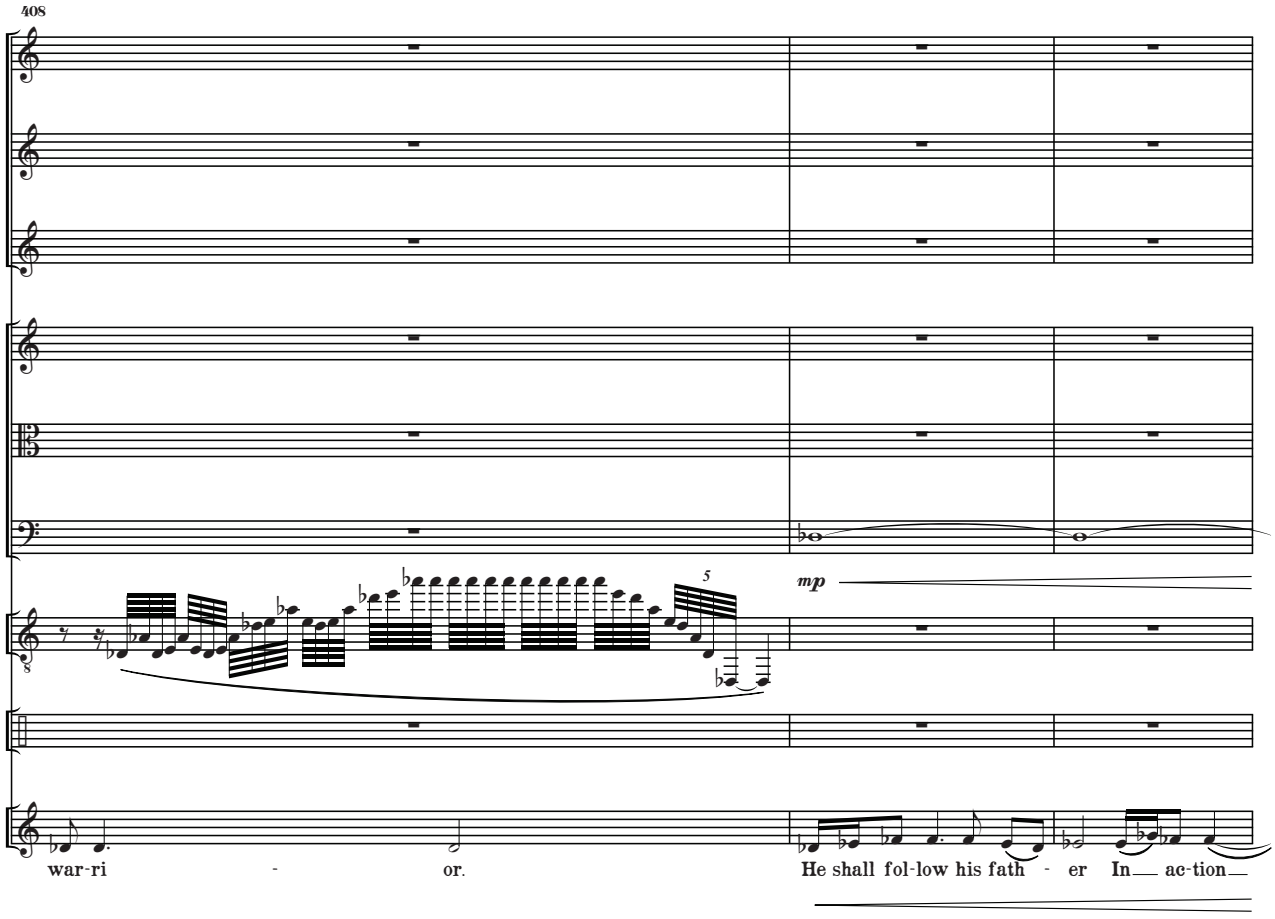
402

us. From e - ne - mies both for - eign and do -

404

mest - ic. And here is Paul, our horse -


406
man,
our
lit
-
tle


408
5
mp
war-ri
-
or.
He shall fol-low his fath
-
er
In
ac-tion

411

♩=100

mp

mp

mp

f

f

ff

mf

× cymbal

mp

[The circle slows, in a gentle motherly way]

and in name. (For I am the Count-ess Báth - or - y.) My An - na my Ka - ta - lin - a, my

ff

416

♩=144

ppp

ppp

ppp

f

f

f

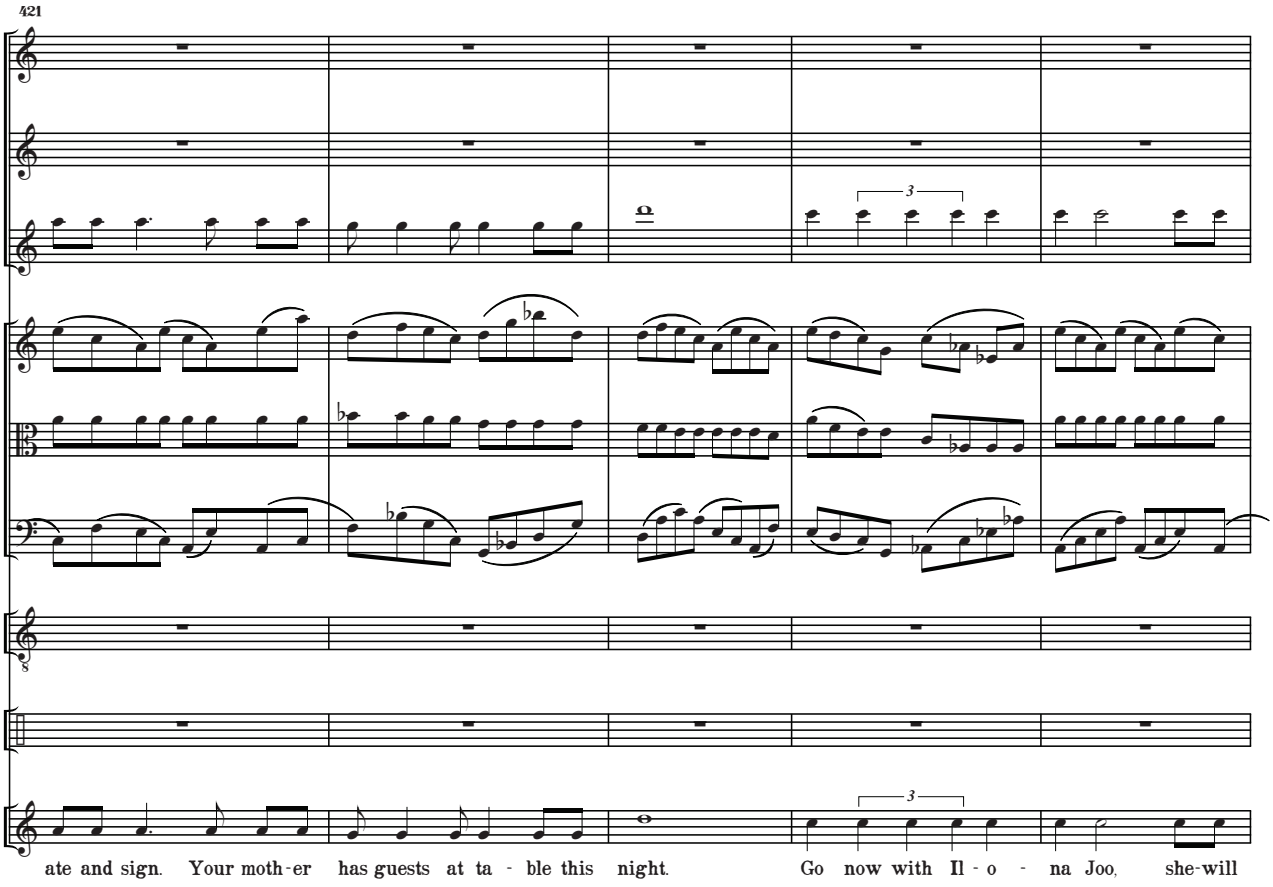
pp

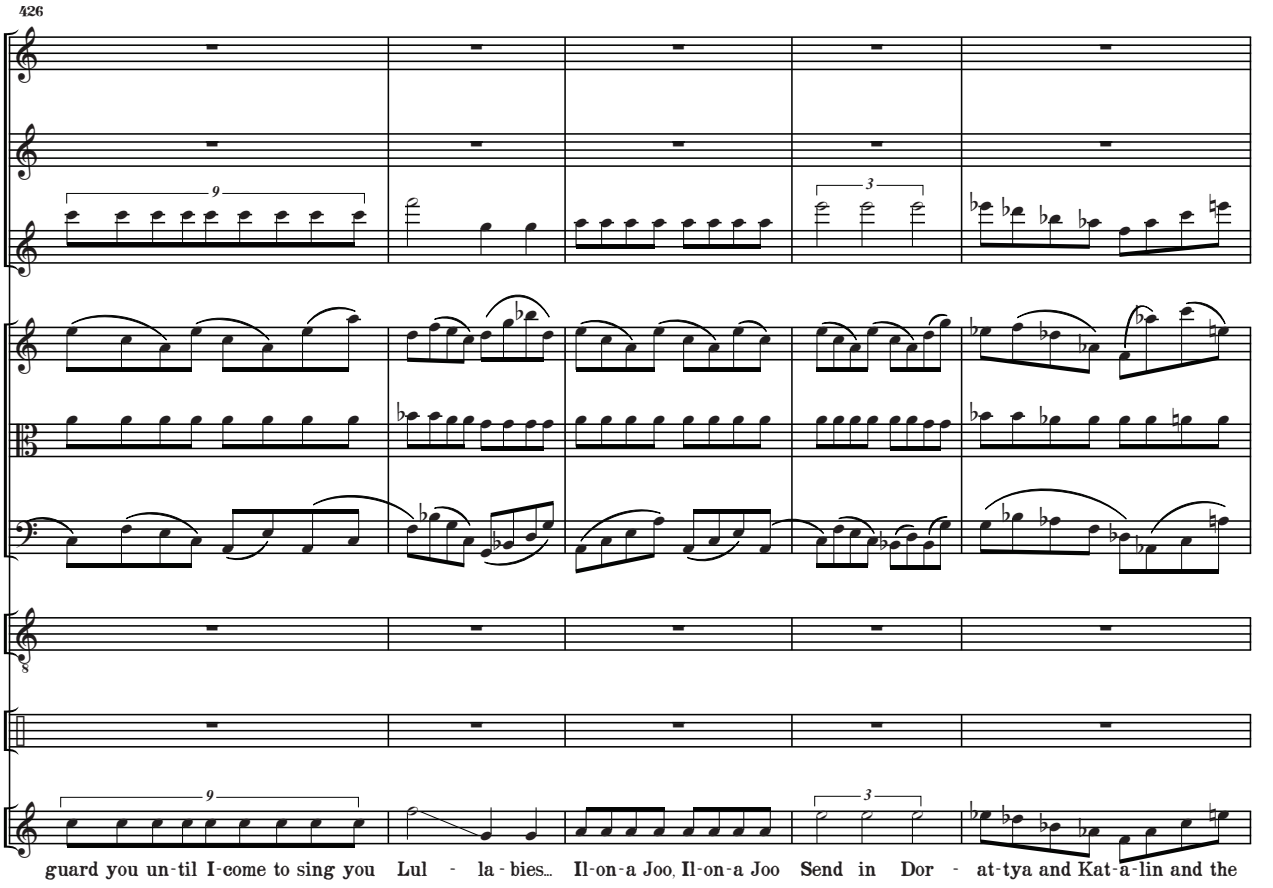
f

Paul. Your mother is tired now. Your moth - er must ne - go - ti -

p

f


421
ate and sign. Your moth-er has guests at ta - ble this night. Go now with Il - o - na Joo, she-will


426
guard you un-til I-come to sing you Lul - la - bies... Il-on-a Joo, Il-on-a Joo Send in Dor - at-tya and Kat-a-lin and the

431

ff

ff

ff

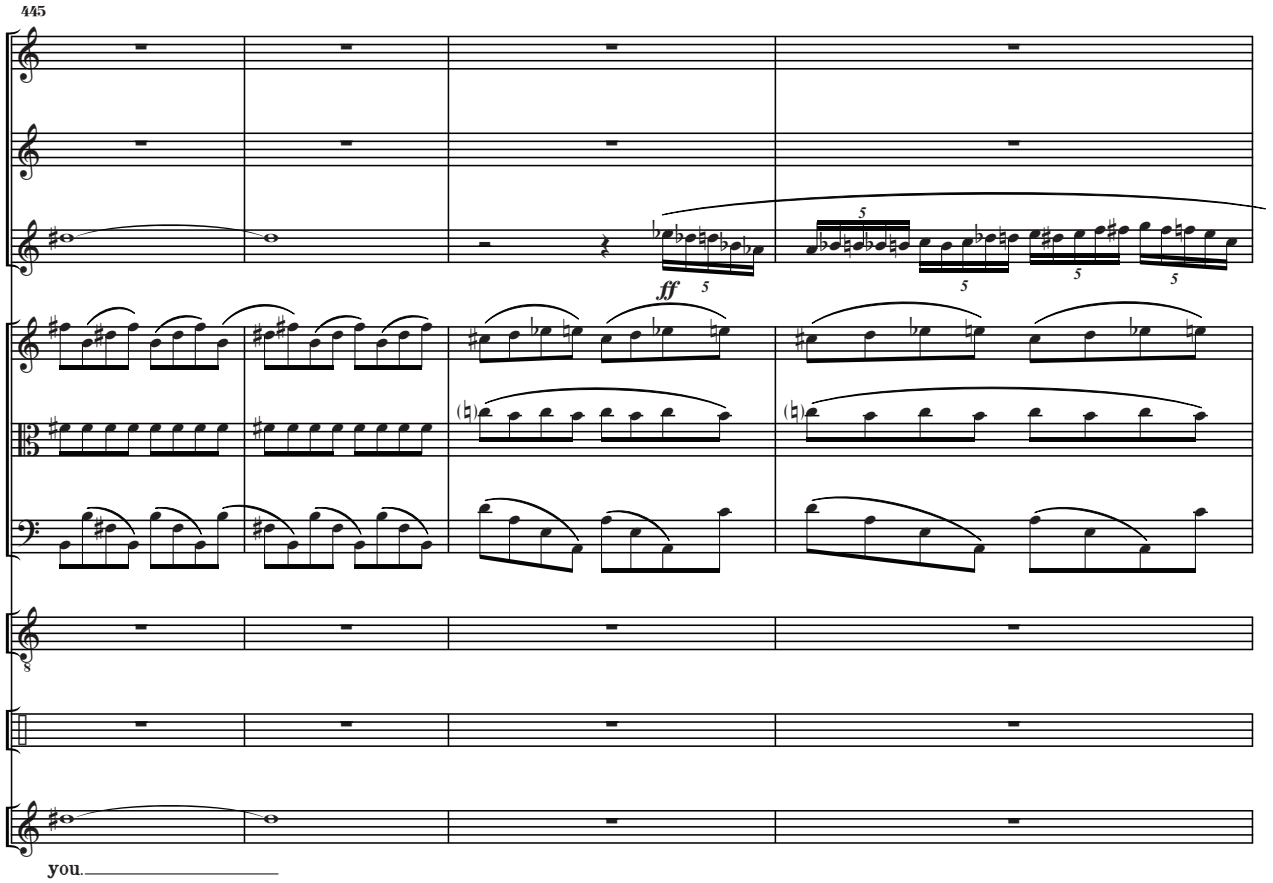
ERZSÉBET watches them leave and turns around.

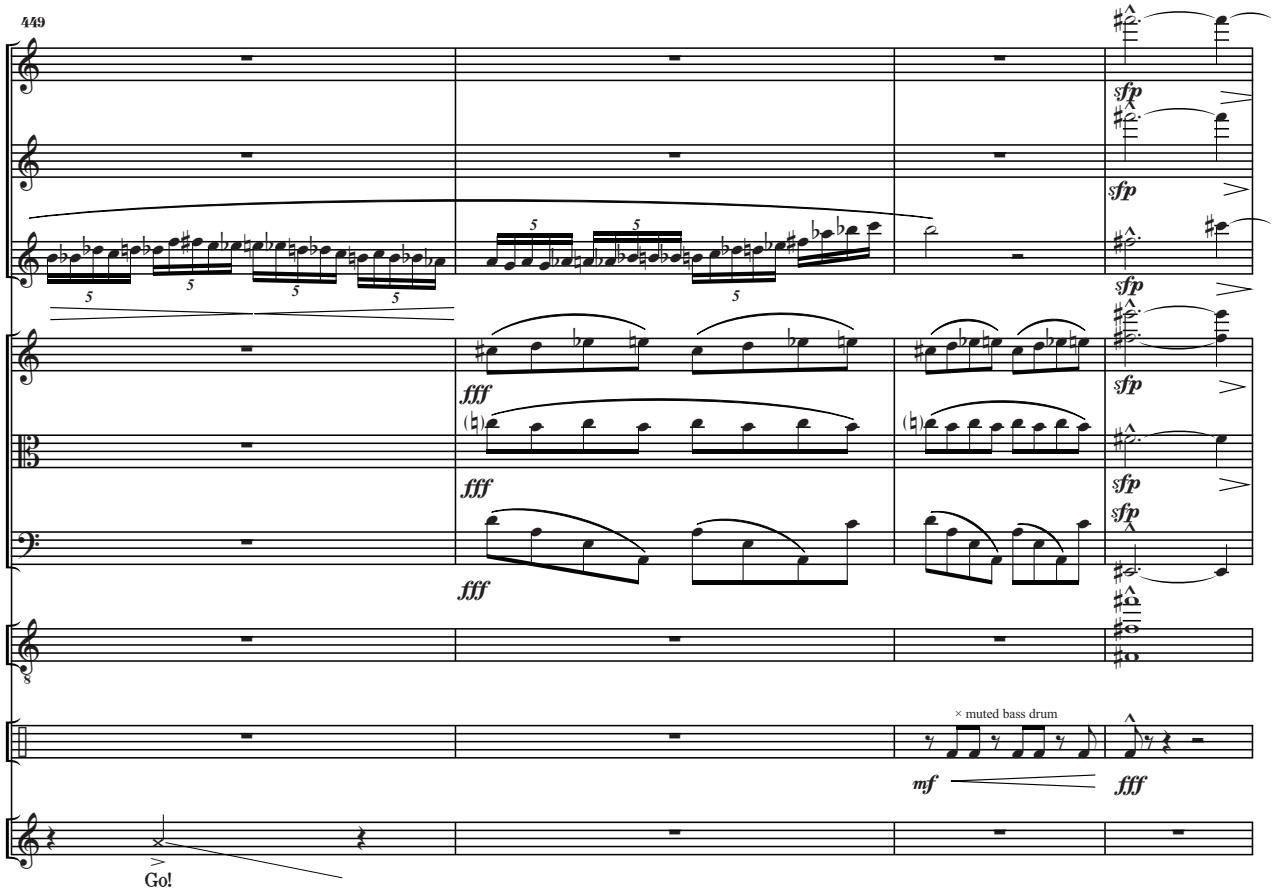
oth-er ser-vant girls. Thur - - zo!

ff

438

What do you want? I have no mon - ey for


445
ff
you.


449
sfp
fff
× muted bass drum
mf
Go!

453

a tempo

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

s

× mil. drum

ppp

pppp

Act II Prelude

462 ♩=144

f

f

f

f

f

f

s

× med tom

mf

f

468

Act II Scene 1

473

take piccolo

take Bb clarinet

f

pizz.

p

mf

× bass drum

pp

Dor-at-tya, my Dor-ka,

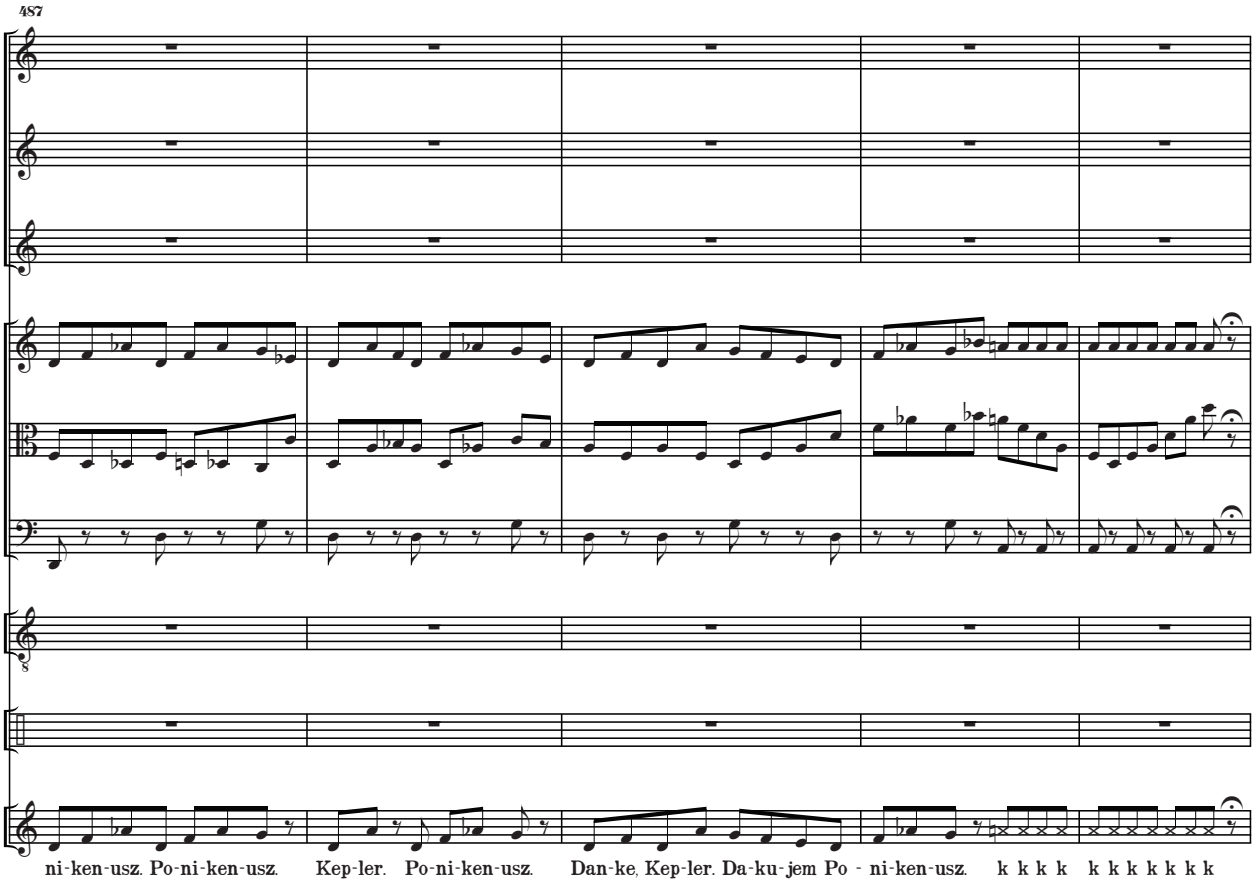
mf

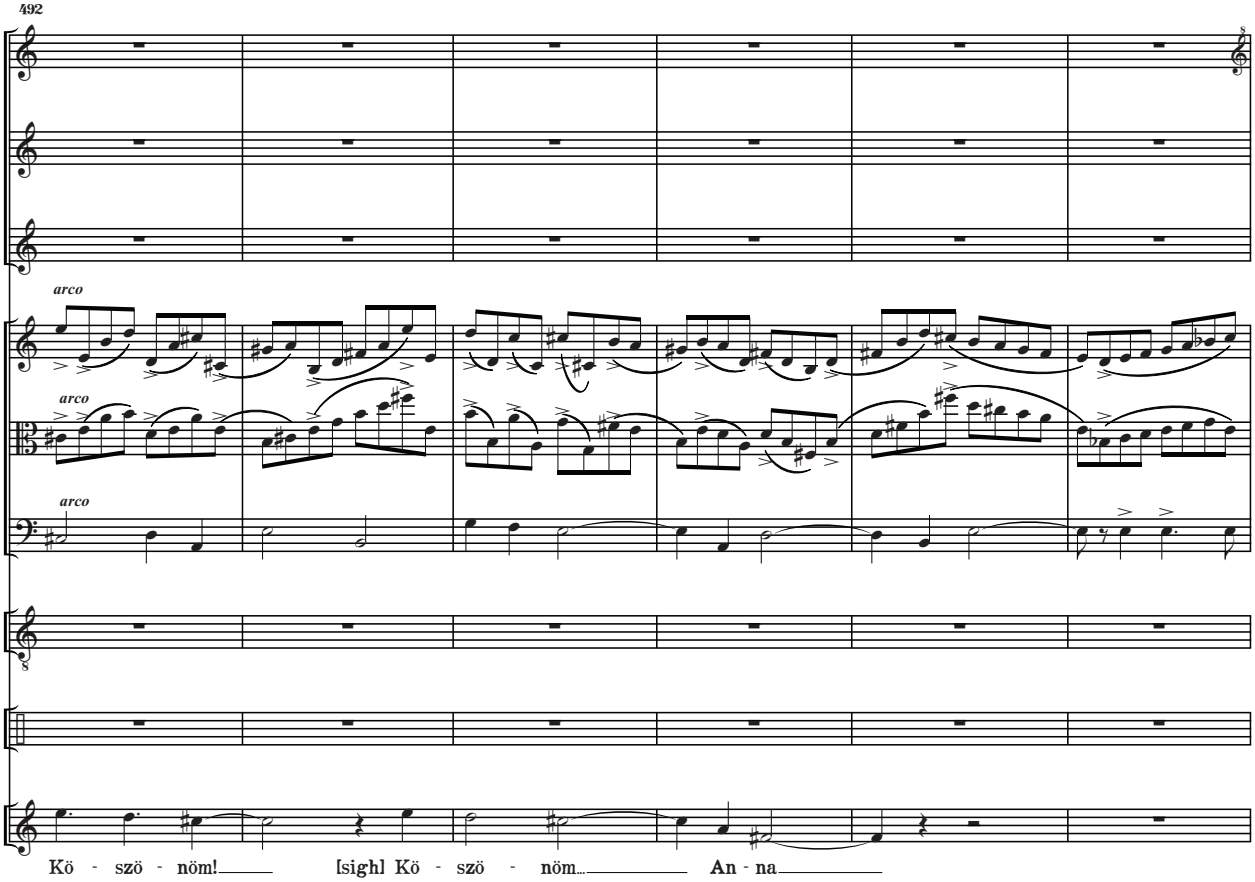
478

there is much to be done. Kep-ler will be here. And the priest, what is his name Po - - ni-ken-usz.

482

These names stick un-like my be - lov-ed Mag - yar, so full of har-mon - y. Po-


487
ni-ken-usz. Po-ni-ken-usz. Kep-ler. Po-ni-ken-usz. Dan-ke, Kep-ler. Da-ku-jem Po - ni-ken-usz. k k k k k k k k k k


492
arco
arco
arco
Kö - szö - nöm! [sigh] Kö - szö - nöm... An - na

piccolo

498

mf

Dor-at-tya, my Dor-ka, there is much to be done. Kep-ler will be here. And the priest, what is his name Po-

f

502

take flute

mp

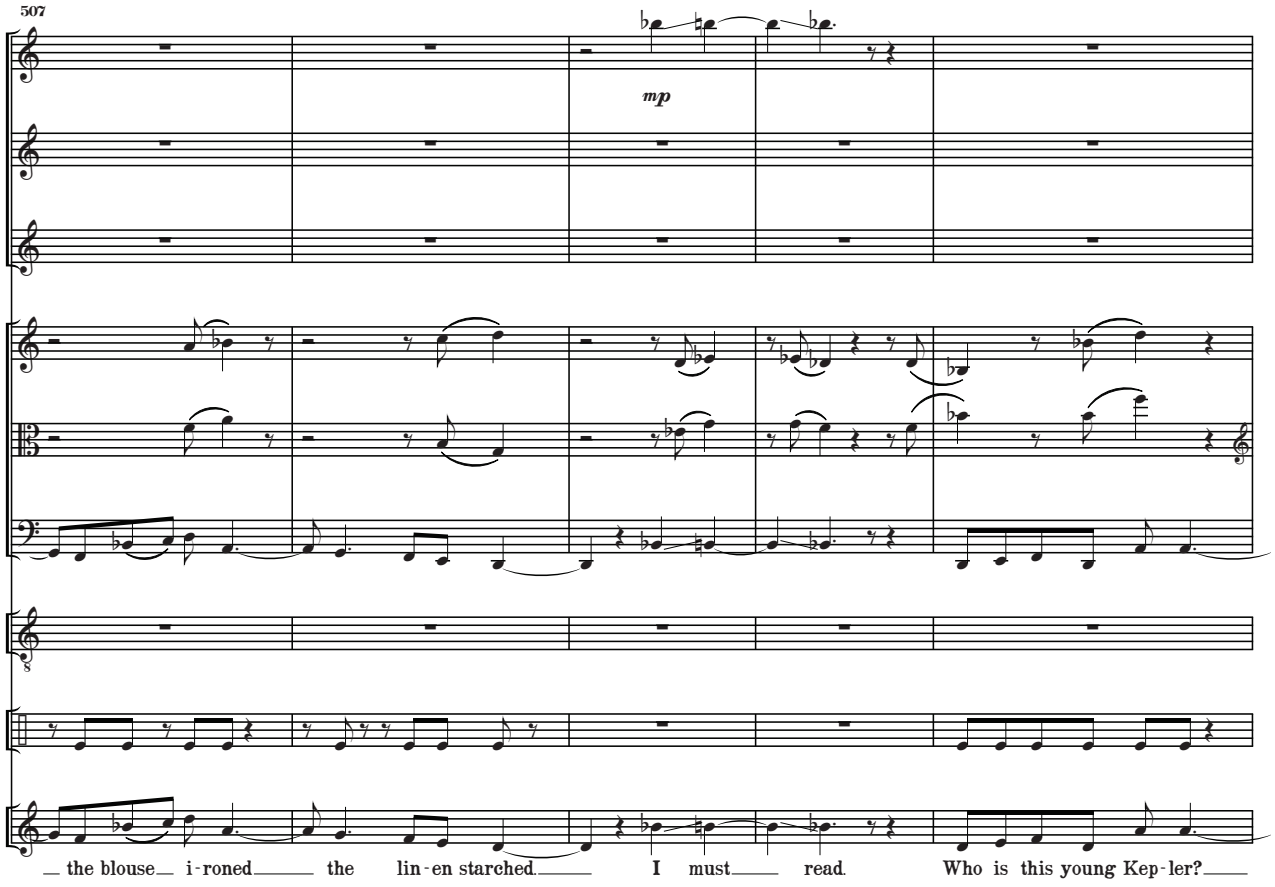
mp

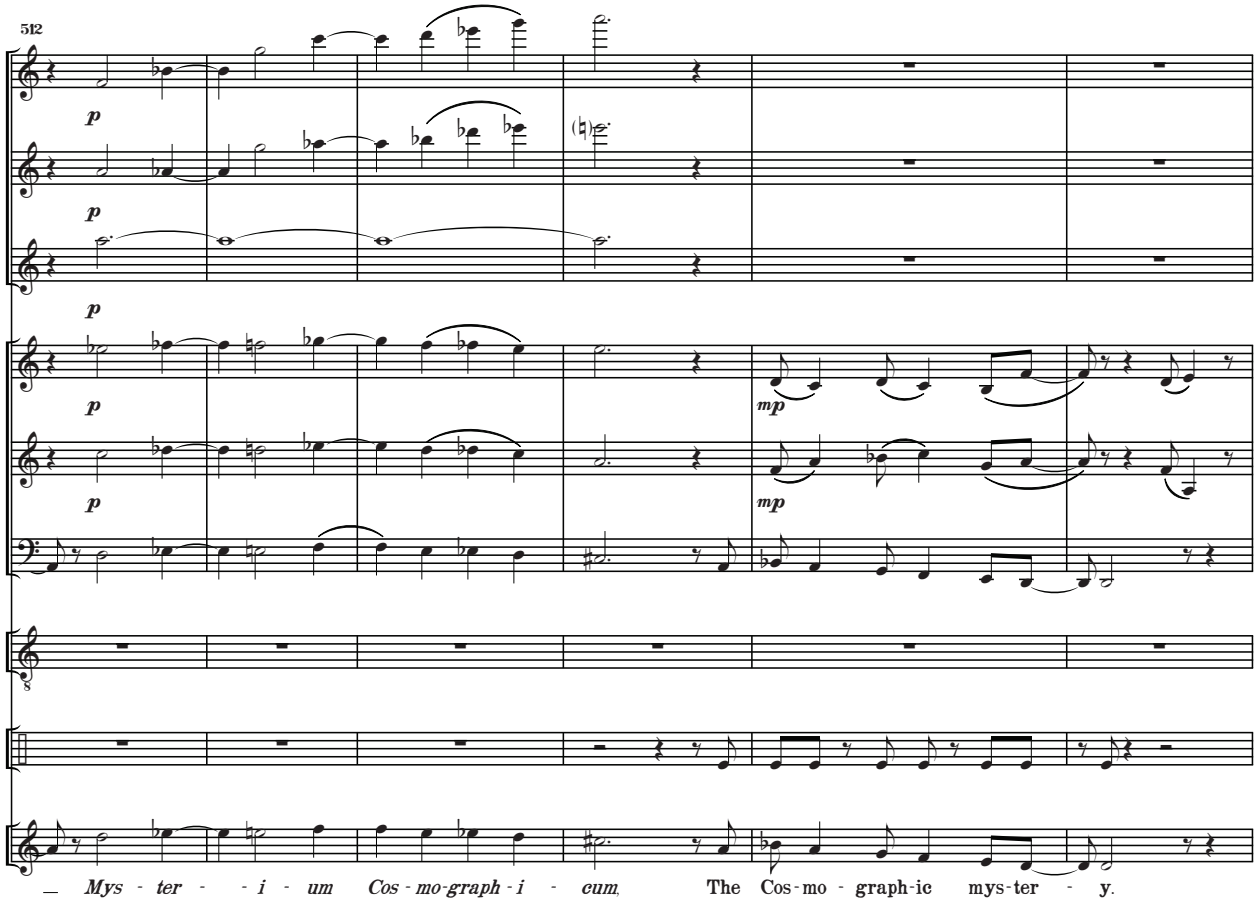
mp

× muted bass drum

pp

-ni-ken-usz. My col-lar's *re-ba-to* must be read-ied, the gown pre-pared


507
mp
the blouse i-roned the lin-en starched. I must read. Who is this young Kep-ler?


512
p
mp
Mys - ter - - i - um Cos - mo-graph - i - cum. The Cos-mo - graph-ic mys-ter - y.

518

mp

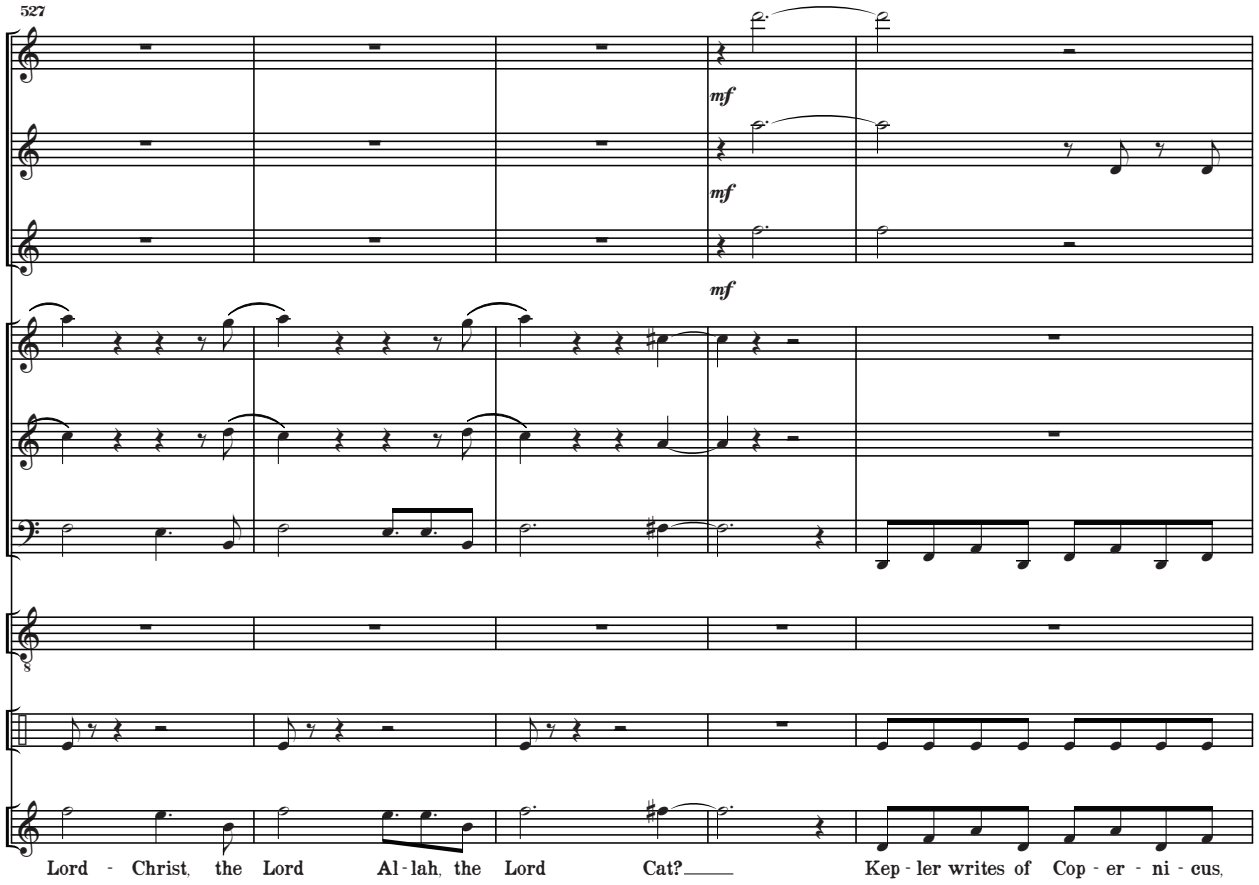
mp

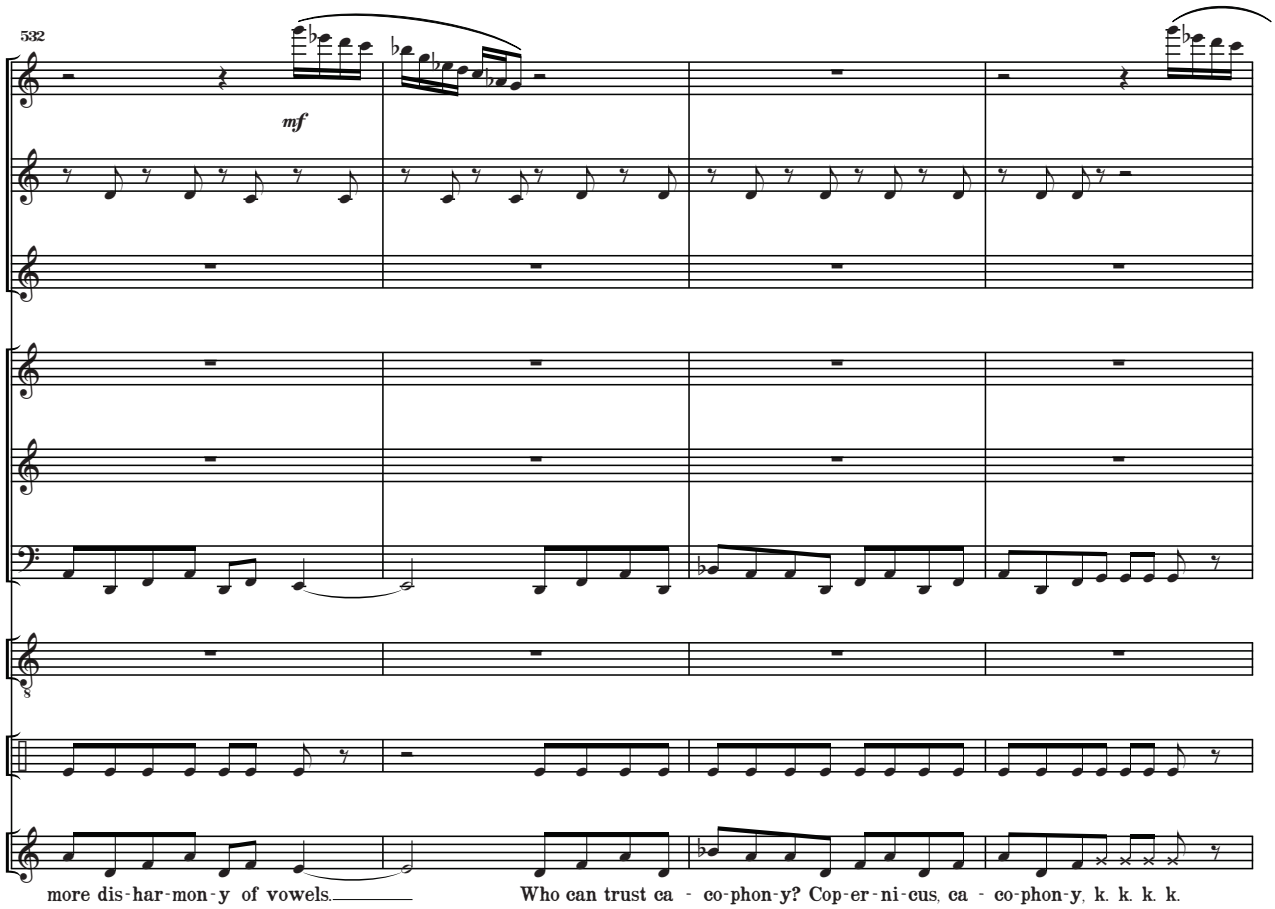
Will his sci-ence free the Mát - yás - Temp - lom? Will his stars bring

522

p

har - mon - y to our land? Will his ge - o-met-ry of the un-i-verse re-veal the


527
mf
mf
mf
Lord - Christ, the Lord Al - lah, the Lord Cat? Kep - ler writes of Cop - er - ni - cus,


532
mf
more dis - har - mon - y of vowels. Who can trust ca - co - phon - y? Cop - er - ni - cus, ca - co - phon - y, k. k. k. k.

538

× med tom

p

Who is this young Kep-ler?

Dor-at-tya, my Dor-ka, there is much to be done.

540

p

p

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf

ERZSÉBET turns away from Dorka to the servant girl.

Kep-ler will be here. And that fraud priest Po-ni-ken-usz.

Girl,

545

♩=84

take Eb clarinet

p

p

p

p

p

p

wash me now, whit - en my skin gent - - ly. Tie me in - to my cor - set and cam - i - sole,

p

551

take piccolo

pp

p

pull on my dress and gown. And sing to me, calm me, and sing to me, calm me, for

557

Kep-ler will be here. And Po-ni - ken-usz. Sing to me, calm me, to me sing.

562 ♩=144

mf

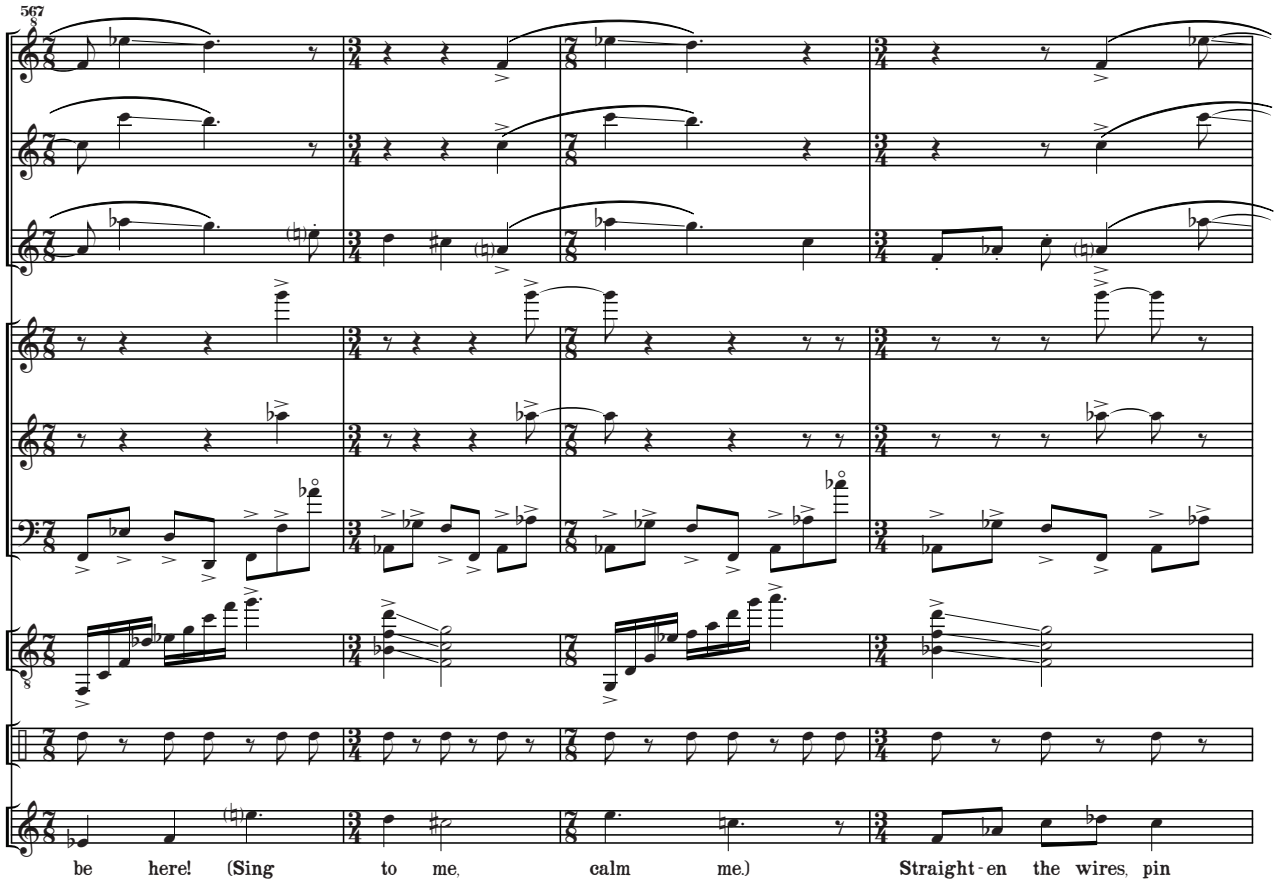
× med tom

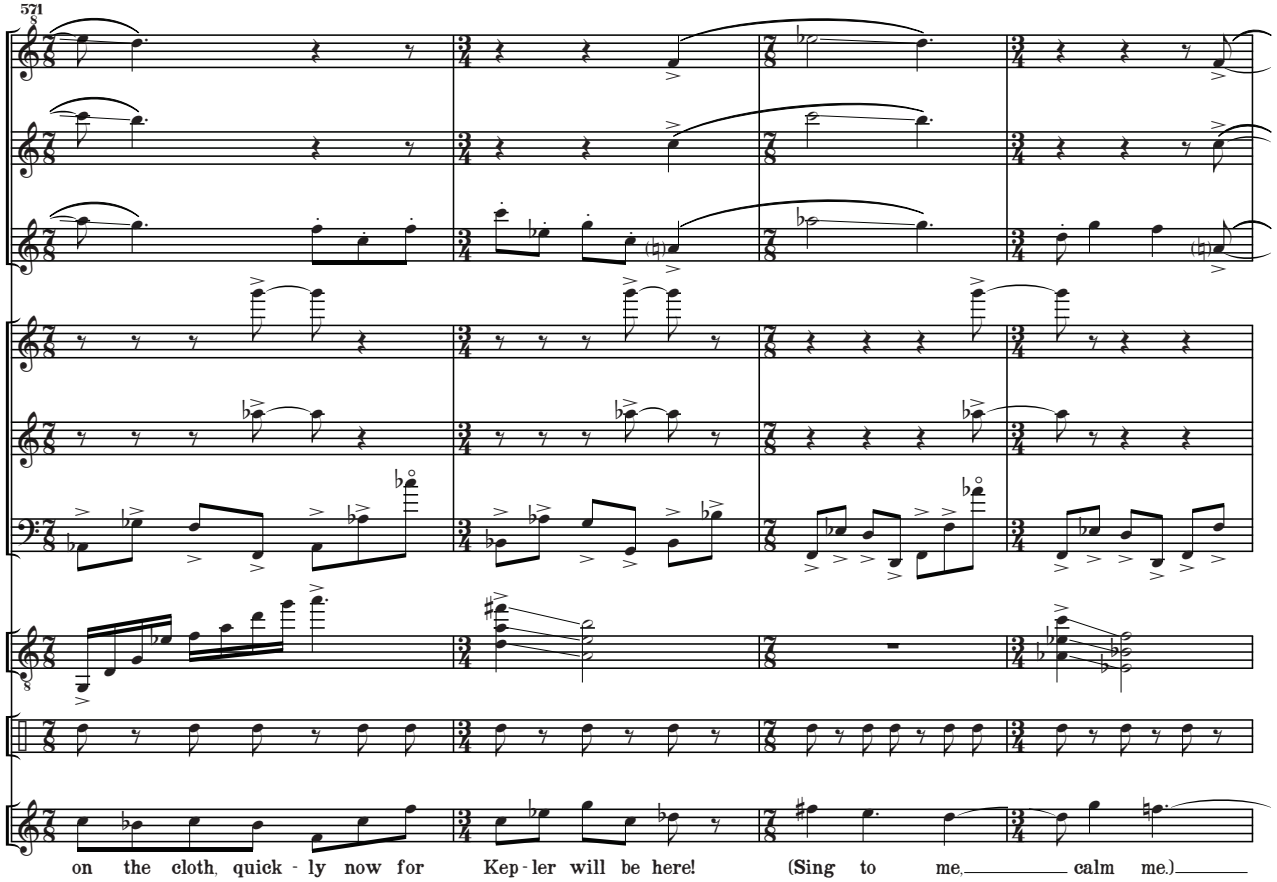
mp

ERZSÉBET imitates motion of being dressed, including occasional vocal emphasis.

Girl, give me my mir-ror, read-y the *re-ba-to,* to, do it now! Quick-ly for Kep-ler will

f


567
be here! (Sing to me, calm me.) Straight-en the wires, pin


571
on the cloth, quick-ly now for Kep-ler will be here! (Sing to me, calm me.)

575

[Servant girl accidentally sticks her with a pin]

For Kep - ler will be here! For Kep-ler will be here! For Kep-ler will be here! For Kep-ler

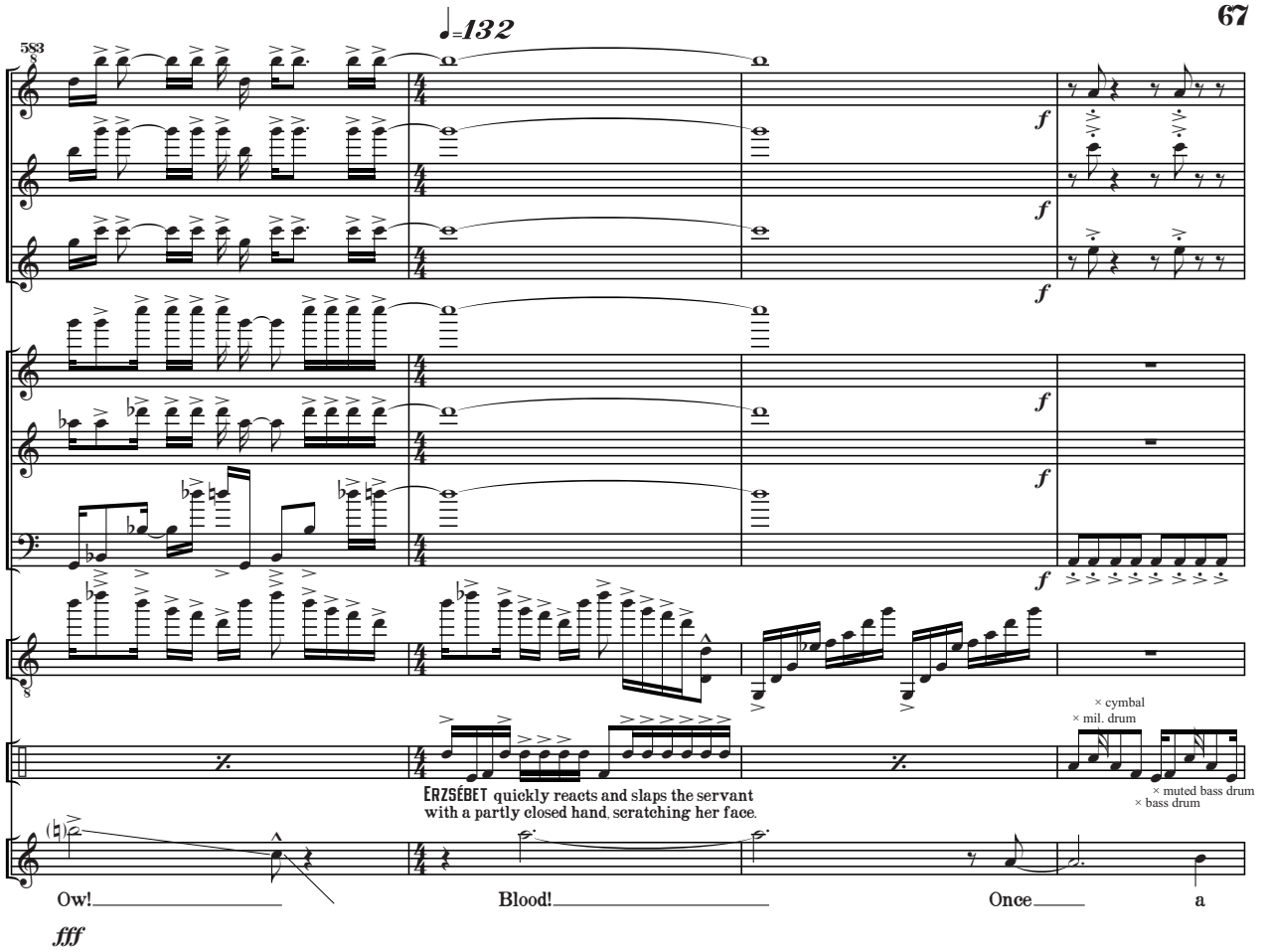
579

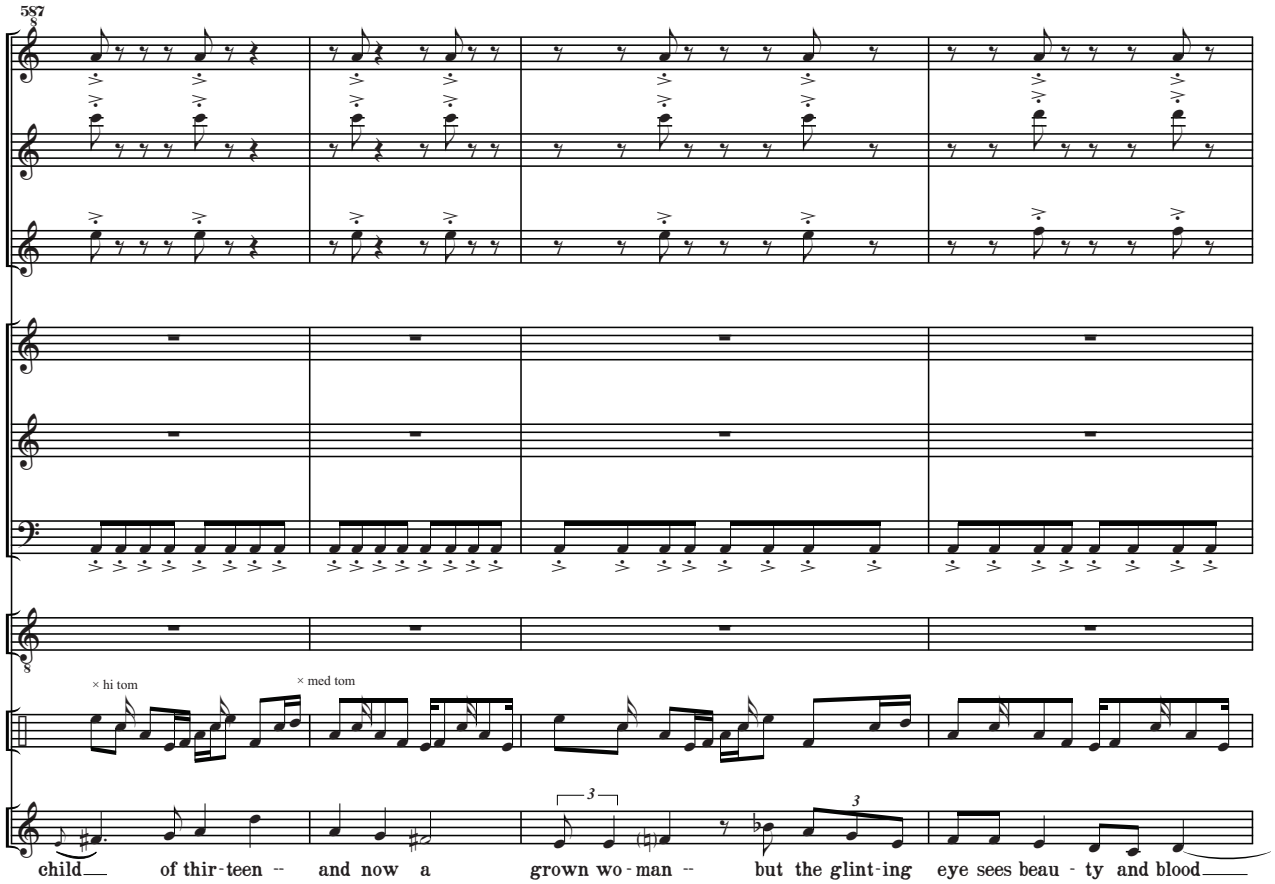
× med tom

× bass drum

× muted bass drum

will be here! Be here! Be here! Be here!


♩=132
583
f
× cymbal
× mil. drum
× muted bass drum
× bass drum
ERZSÉBET quickly reacts and slaps the servant
with a partly closed hand, scratching her face.
Ow!
Blood!
Once
a
fff


587
× hi tom
× med tom
3
child
of thir-teen --
and now a
grown wo-man --
but the glint-ing
eye sees beau-ty and blood

591

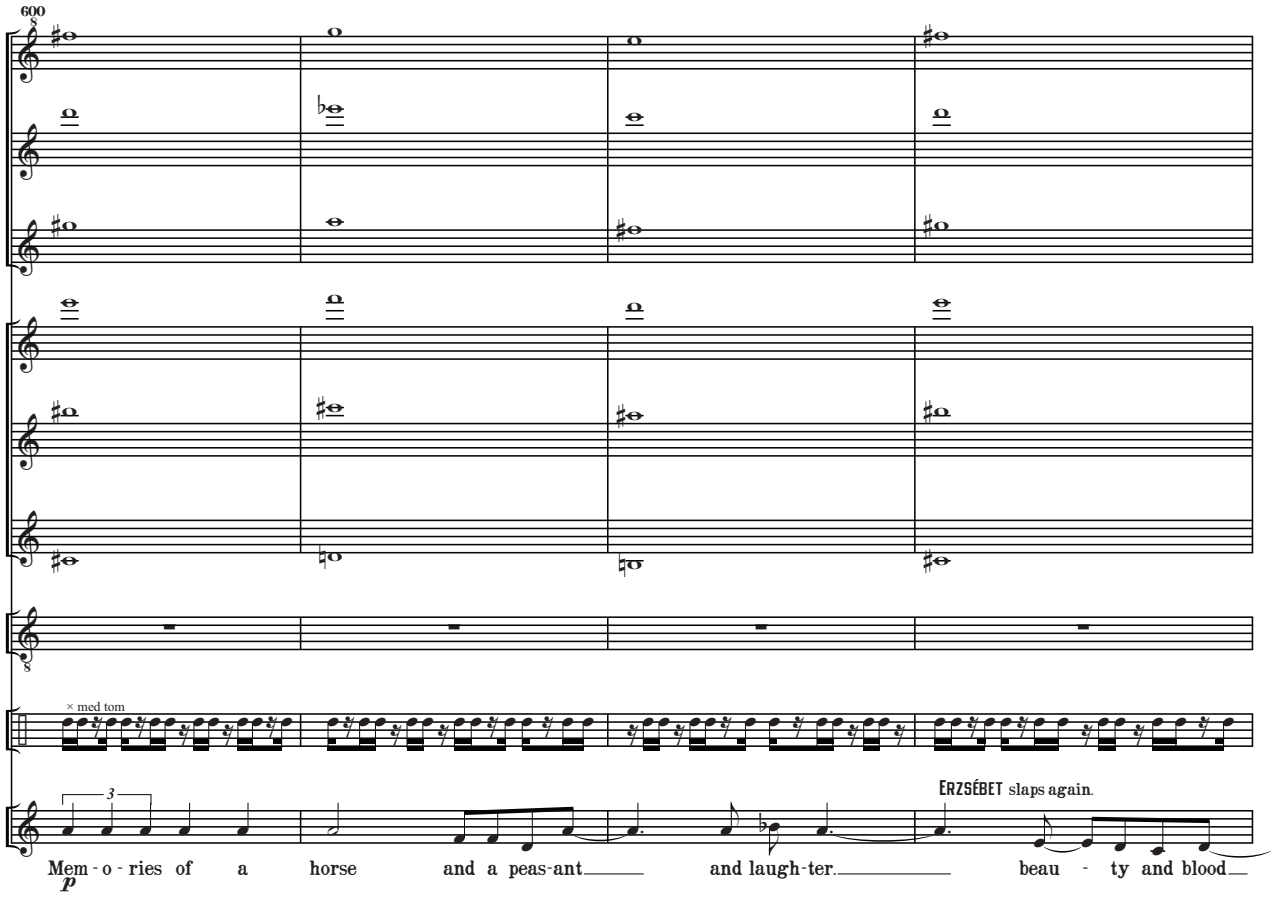
as one does it not? A shim -

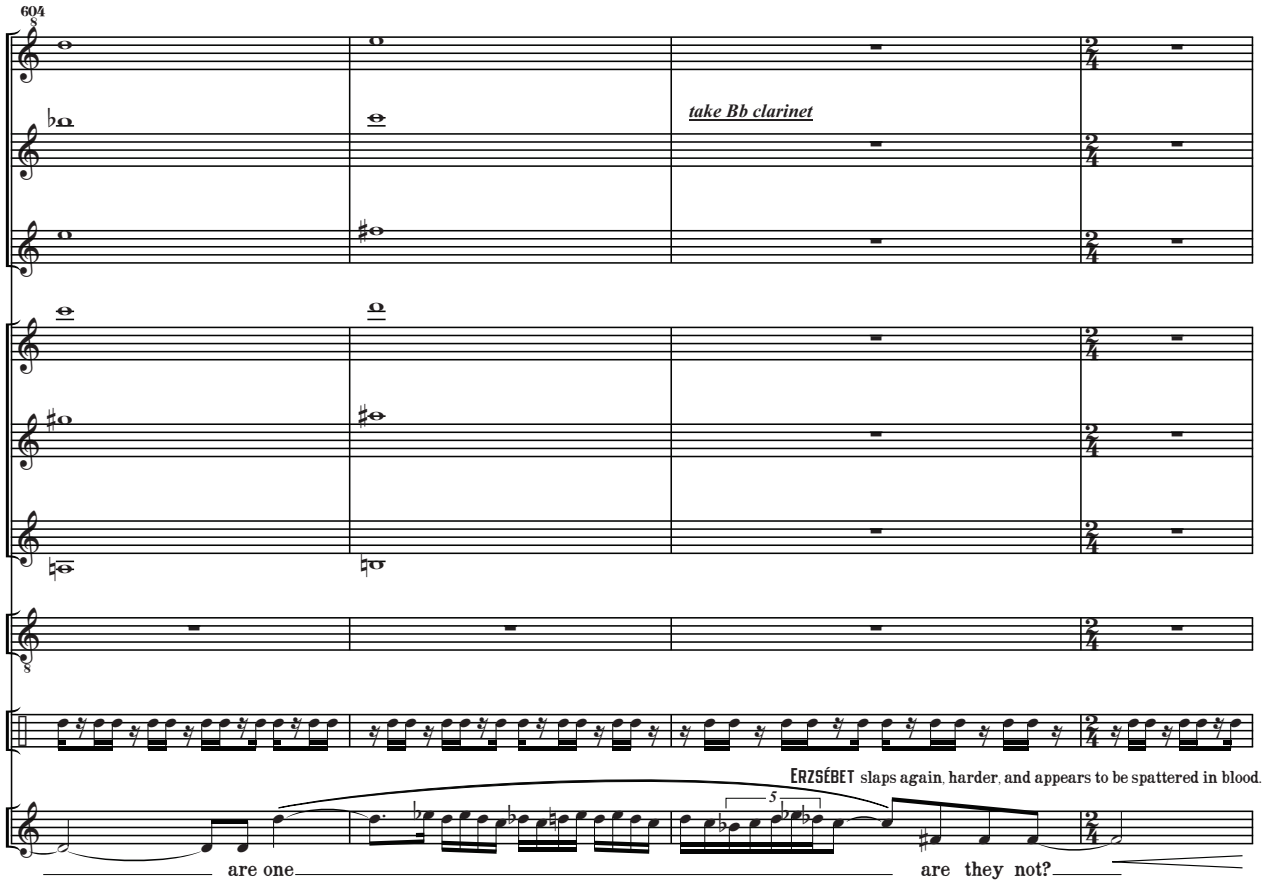
595

ff pp

pppp

- - mer.


600
× med tom
ERZSÉBET slaps again.
Mem - o - ries of a horse and a peas-ant and laugh-ter. beau - ty and blood
p


604
take Bb clarinet
ERZSÉBET slaps again, harder, and appears to be spattered in blood.
are one are they not?

♩=144

608

fff *f* *fff* *f* *ff* *f* *fff* *fff* *f* *fff* *f* *fff* *fff* *mf*

Blood! Beau - ty and blood are one! Dor-ka, my mir-rors!

ff

612

f *f* *f*

Girl, sing to me! To me sing! Beau - ty and blood! I will ride the horse, for I am the Count-ess...

617

Beau-ty and blood are one! Sing to me! To me sing! Sing and bleed, sing and scream, sing to me -- To me

621

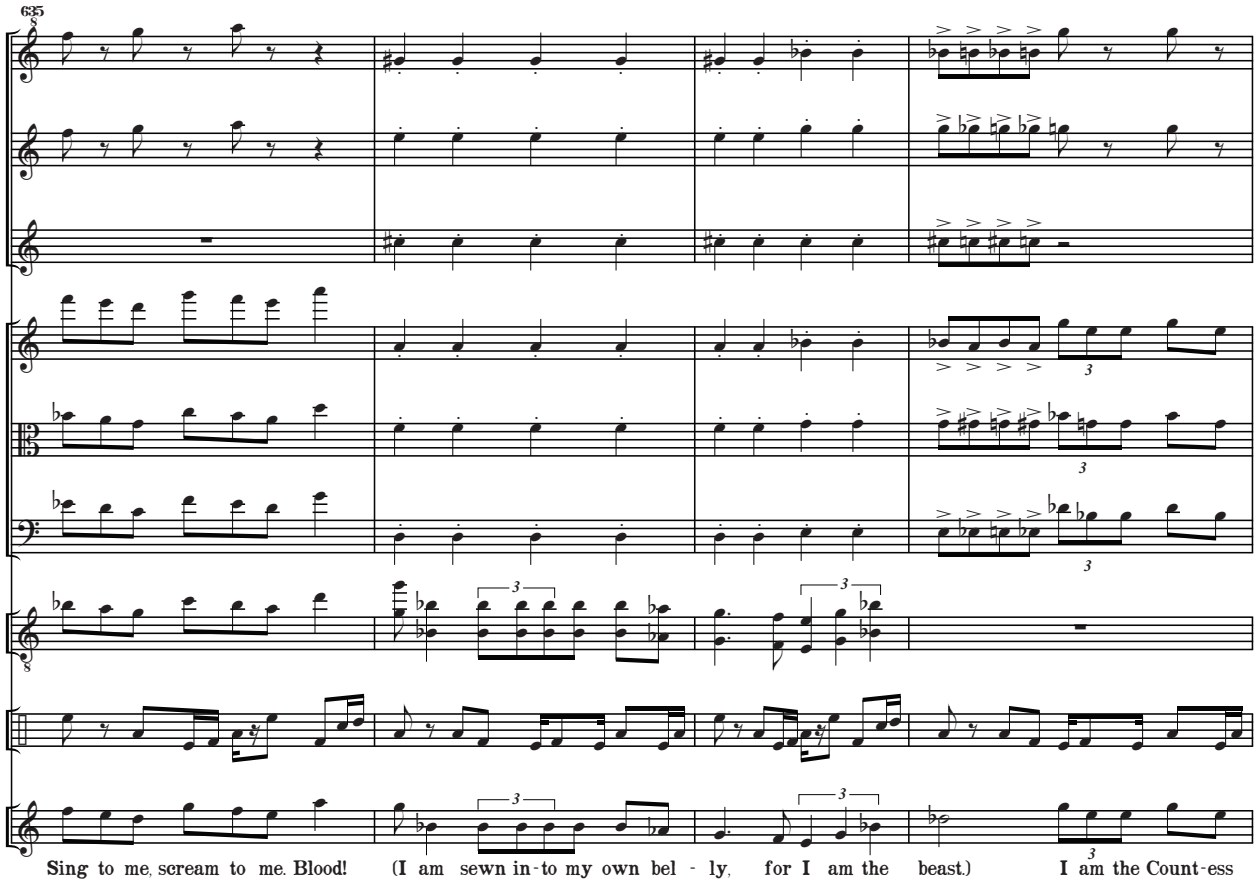
scream! I ride the blood - ied horse... it is I in the mir-rors! Ba-tor is val-or

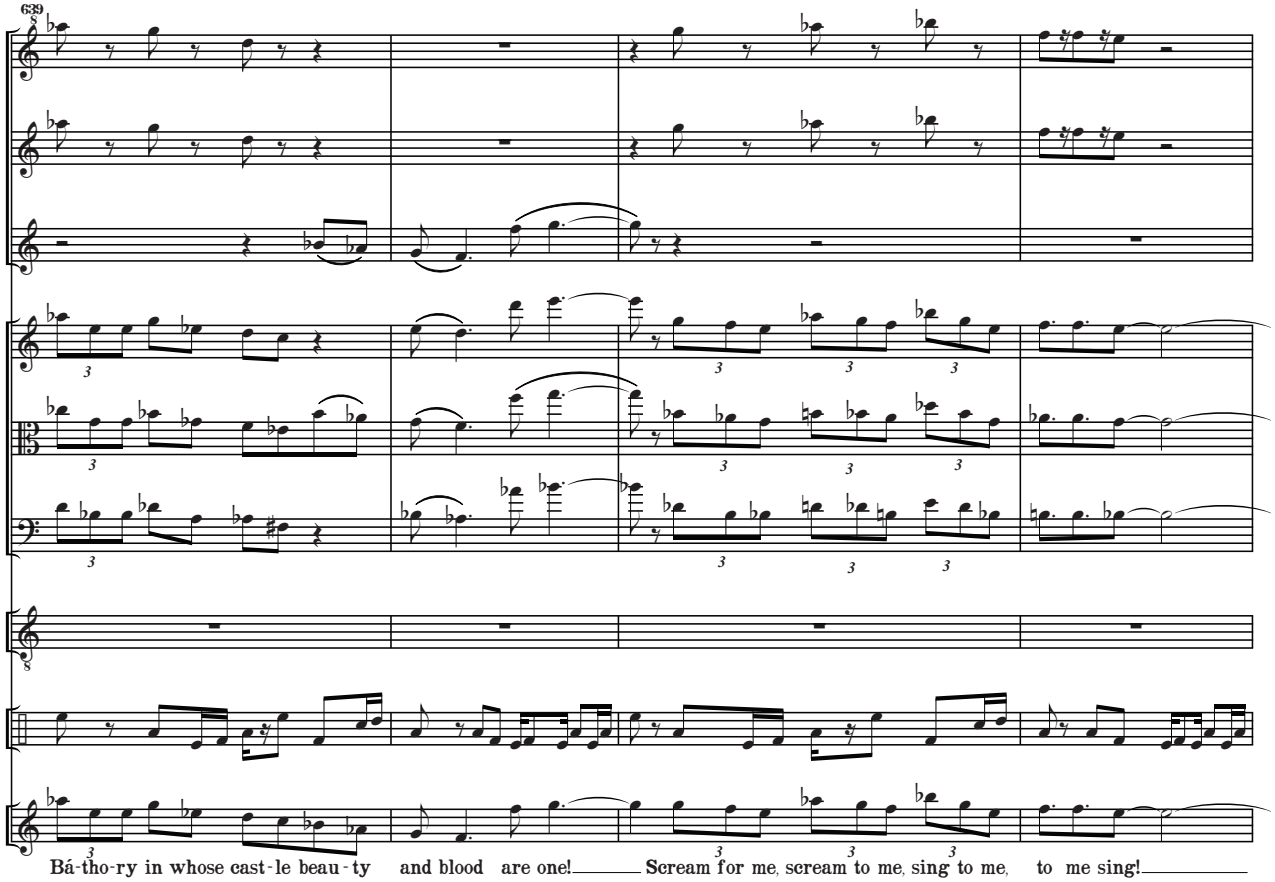
626

and bra-ver-y. We are a ser - - - pent strong e-nough to live

631

and pros - per while gorg-ing on its own tail. Beau-ty and blood are one!


635
Sing to me, scream to me. Blood! (I am sewn in-to my own bel - ly, for I am the beast.) I am the Count-ess


639
Bá-tho-ry in whose cast-le beau-ty and blood are one! Scream for me, scream to me, sing to me, to me sing!

643

ff

Dor-ka, the hot i - ron; I will burn a-way this sin. Clean this.

Act II Scene 2

649

♩=60 ♩=72

fff *p* *pp* *mp*

656

(piccolo)

mp

661

p

p

take bass clarinet

p

p

A strange young man, that

mp

667

Kep-ler. And the priest, he is a crumb. Thur - zo, I des-pise host - ing his loathe-some be-ing.

672

Repeat as needed

♩=84

pp

pppp

pp

We are

680

val-iant and brave, de - scen-ded from no-bles Gut and Ke-lad a - midst Pe - ter's reign. Bald

684

p

An-drew of Rak-o-méz fol-lowed Gut-kel-ed, the, pa-tron of Sár-vár and bro-ther of Ha - dos. Grant-ed es-

689

tate were Bric-cius and Be-ne - diet the lands of Bá-tor from Vaj-da of-Lán-gos. Bric-cius was first to name

694

bass clarinet

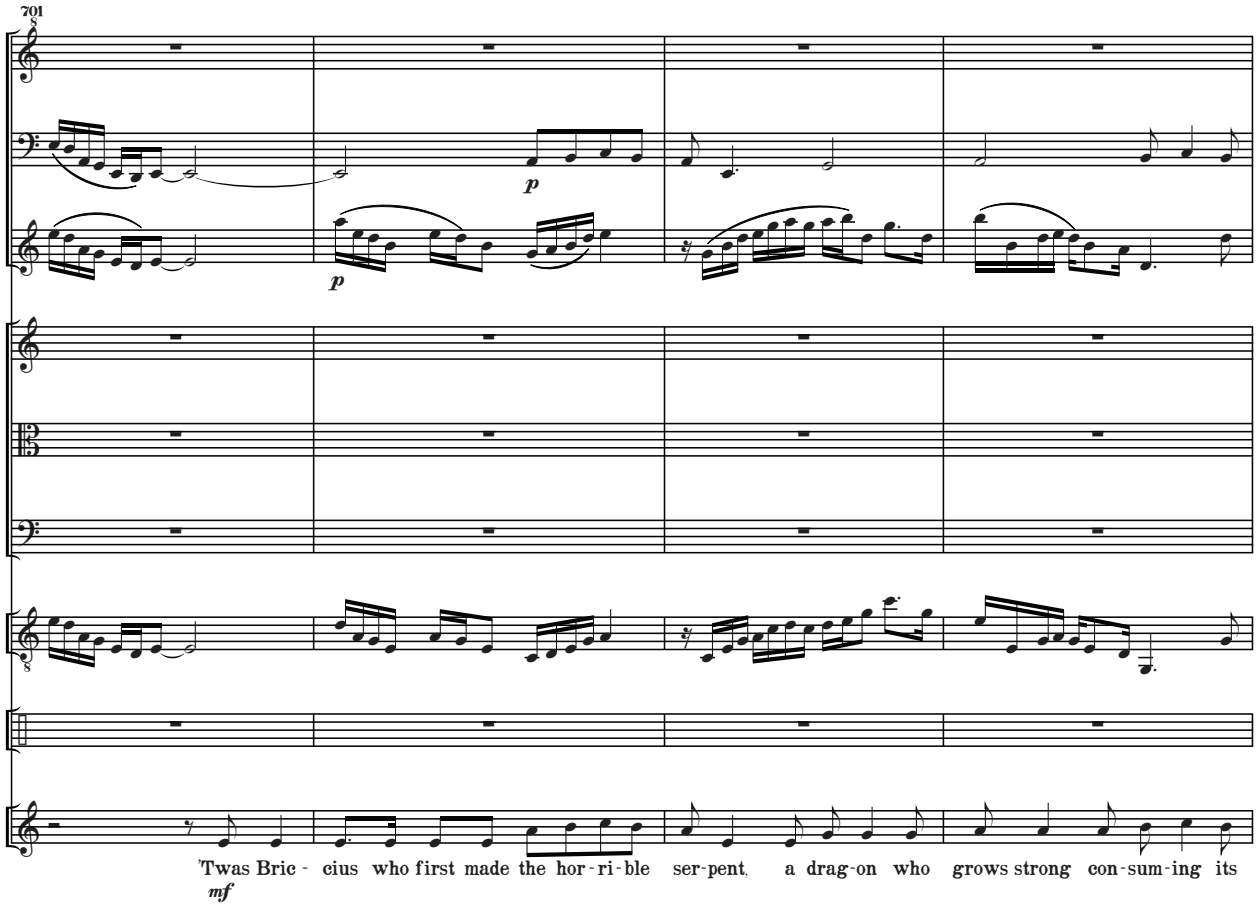
pp

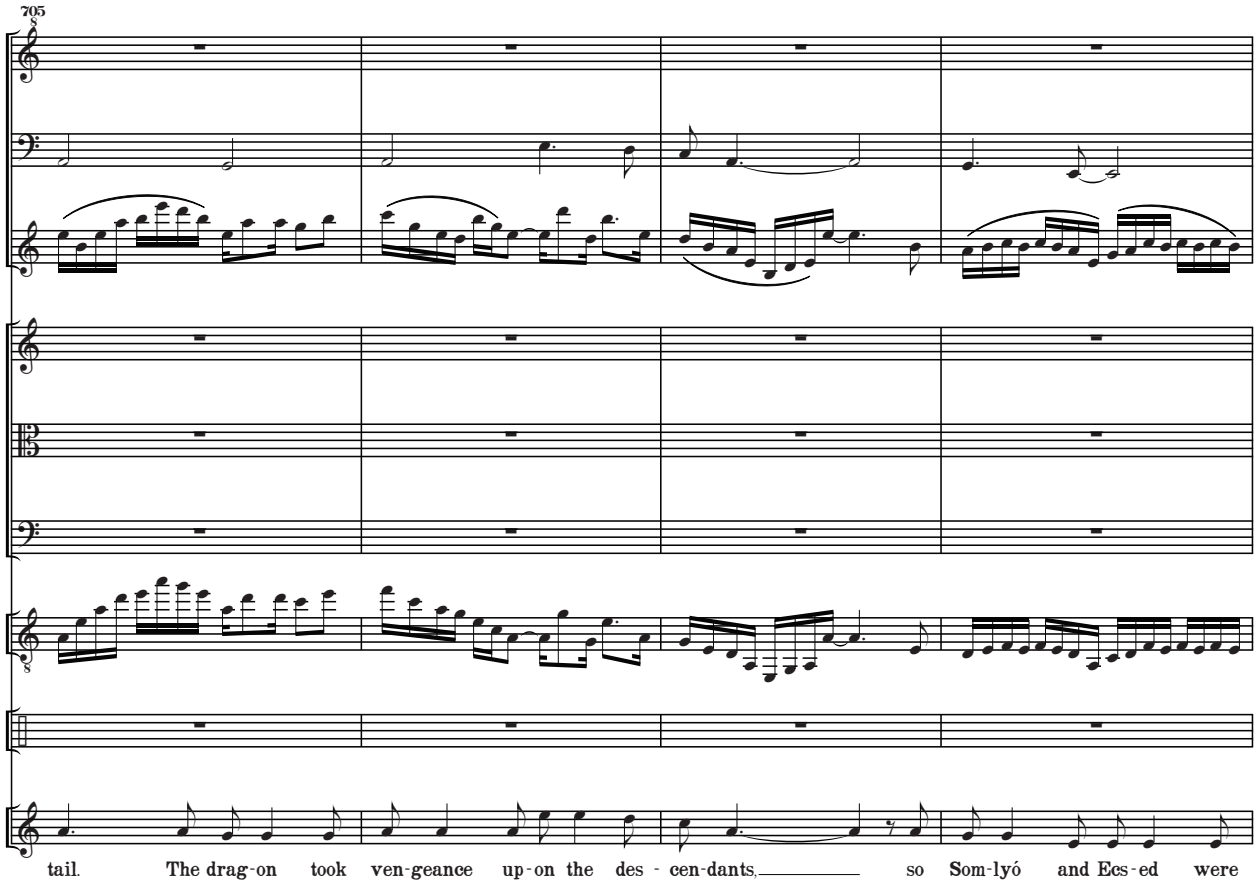
pp

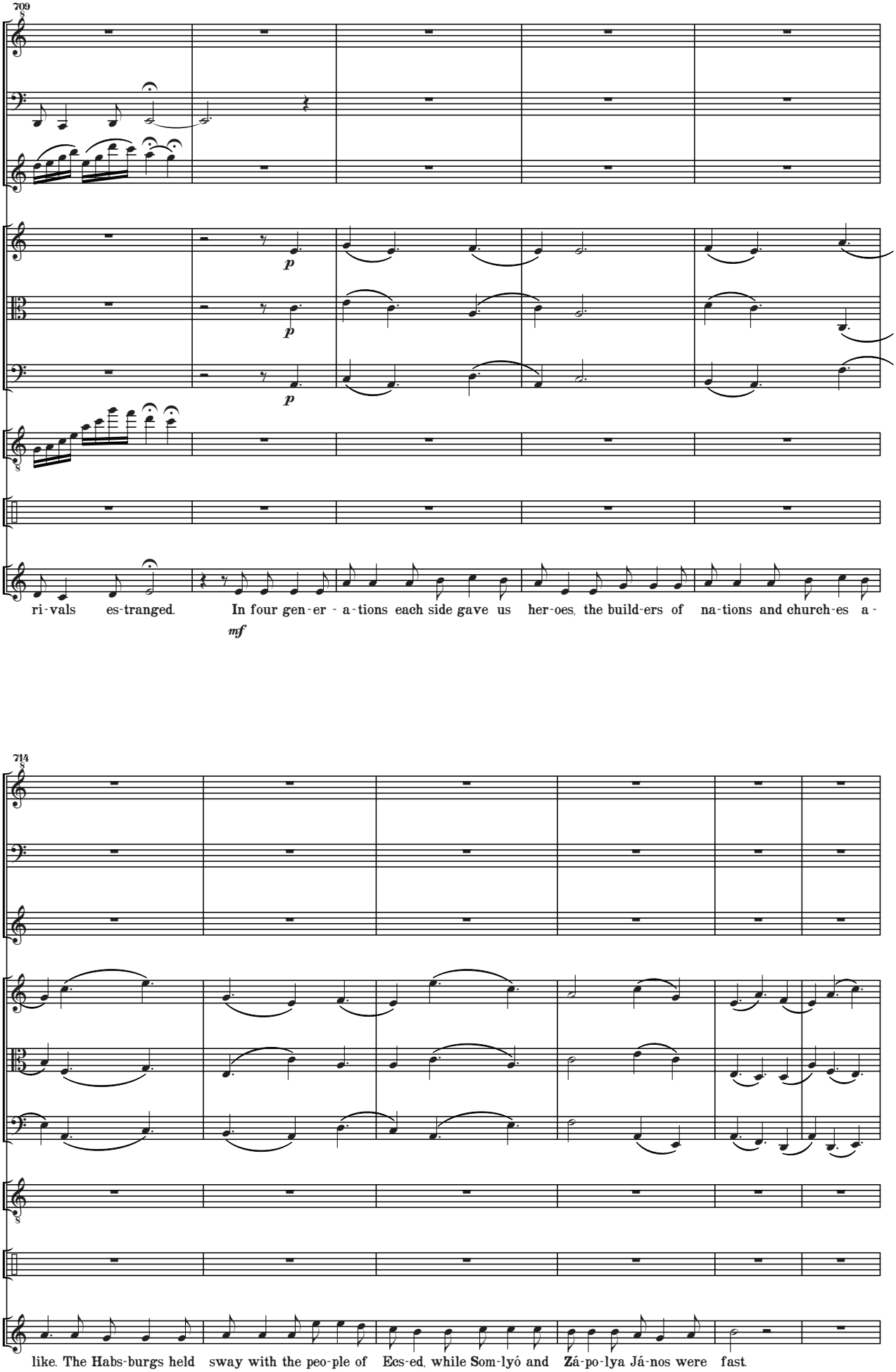
pp

p

us 'of Bá-tor' and Bá-tho - ry rose in great power and breadth.


701
p
p
mf
'Twas Bric - cius who first made the hor - ri - ble ser - pent, a drag - on who grows strong con - sum - ing its


705
tail. The drag - on took ven - geance up - on the des - cen - dants, so Som - lyó and Ecs - ed were


709
p
p
p
ri-vals es-tranged. In four gen-er - a-tions each side gave us her-oes, the build-ers of na-tions and church-es a-
mf
714
like. The Habs-burgs held sway with the peo-ple of Ecs-ed, while Som-lyó and Zá-po-lya Já-nos were fast.

720

♩=108

Your grand - fa-ther György was good Hun - -ga-ry's Sa-vior, al -

726

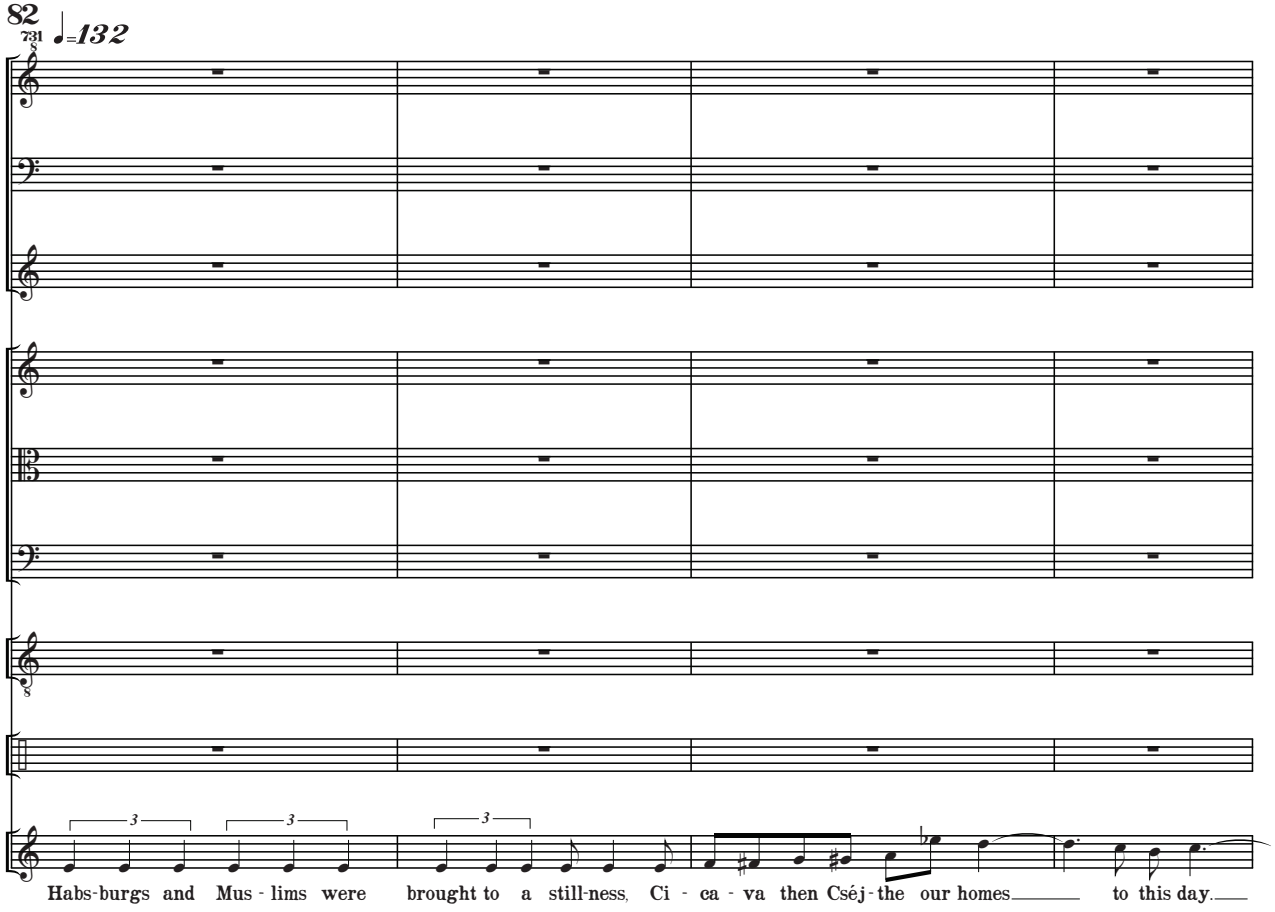
mf

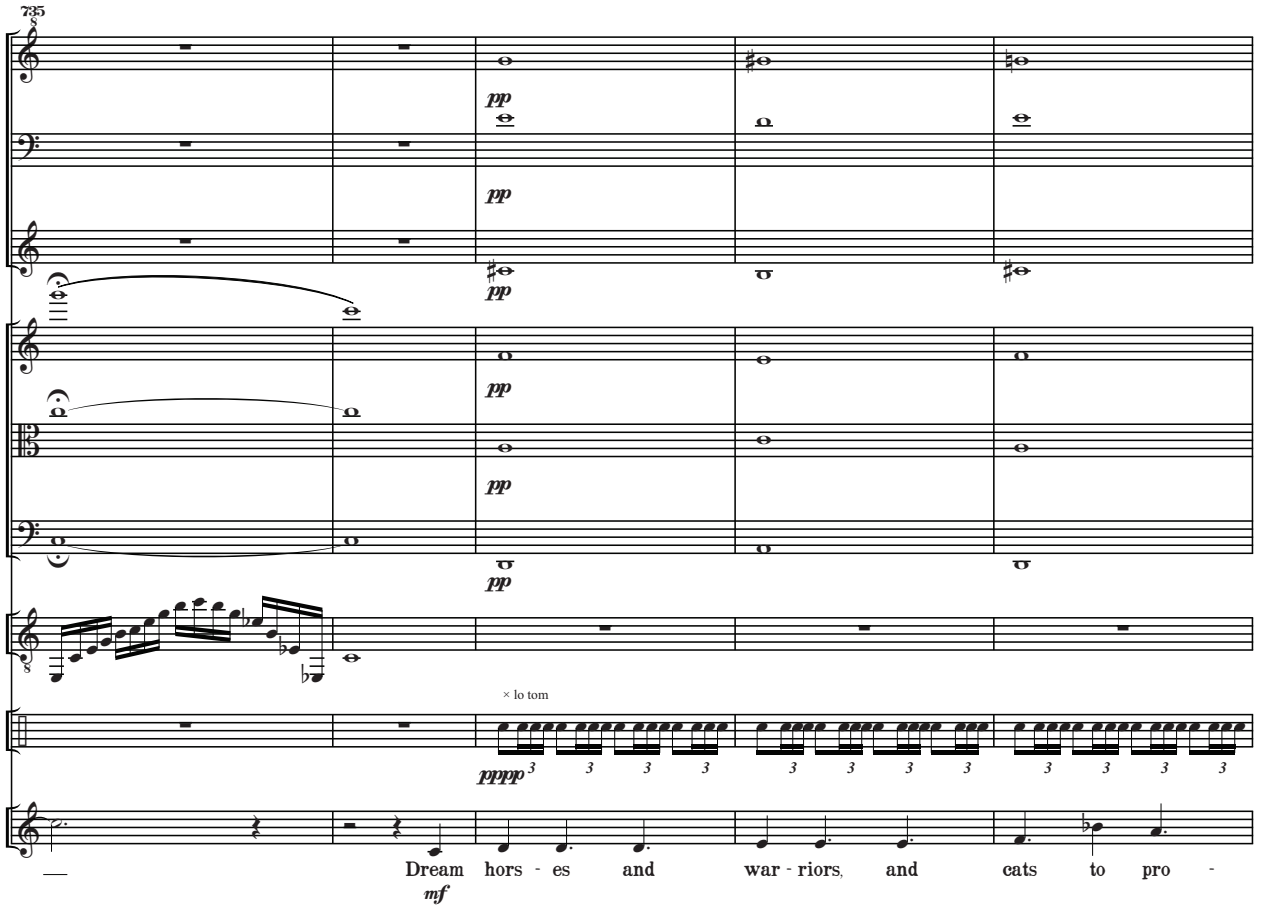
mf

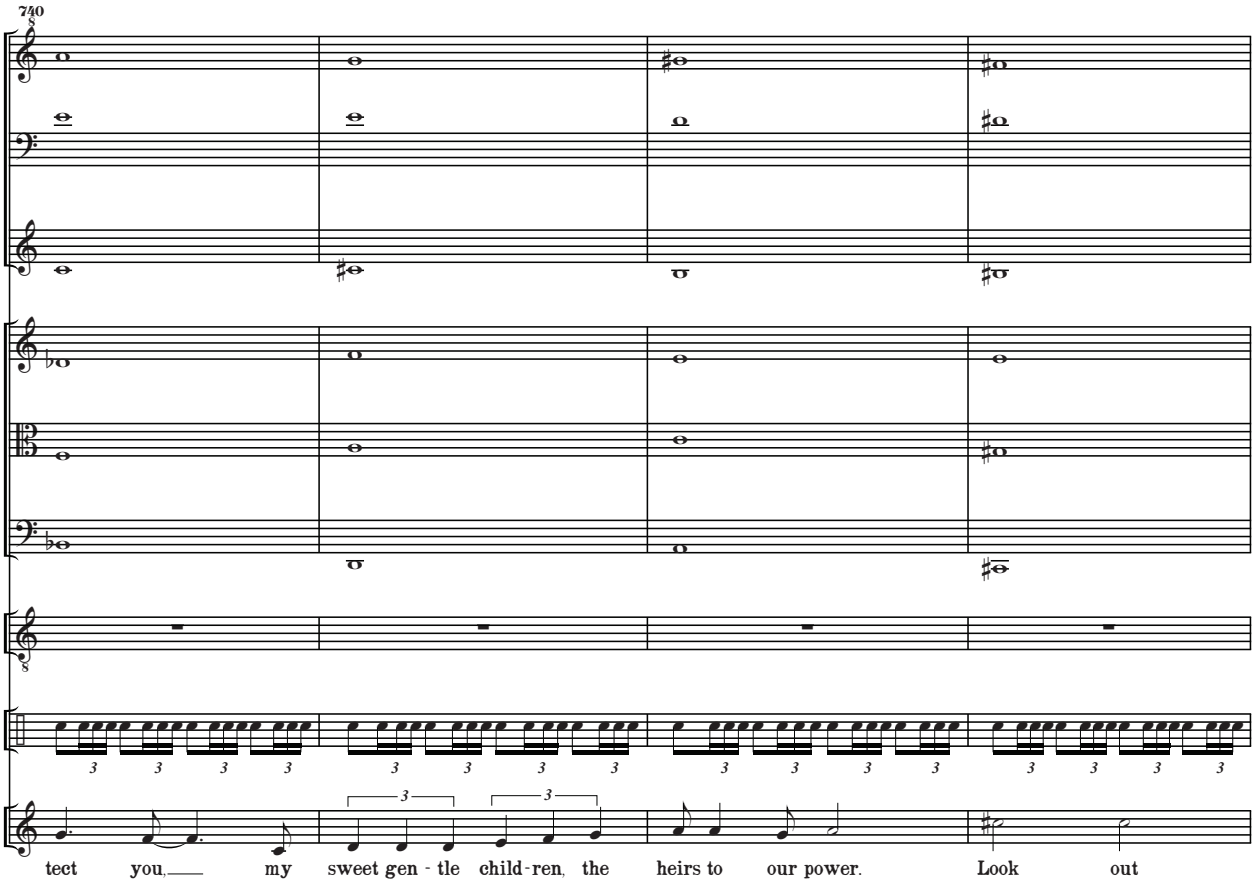
mf

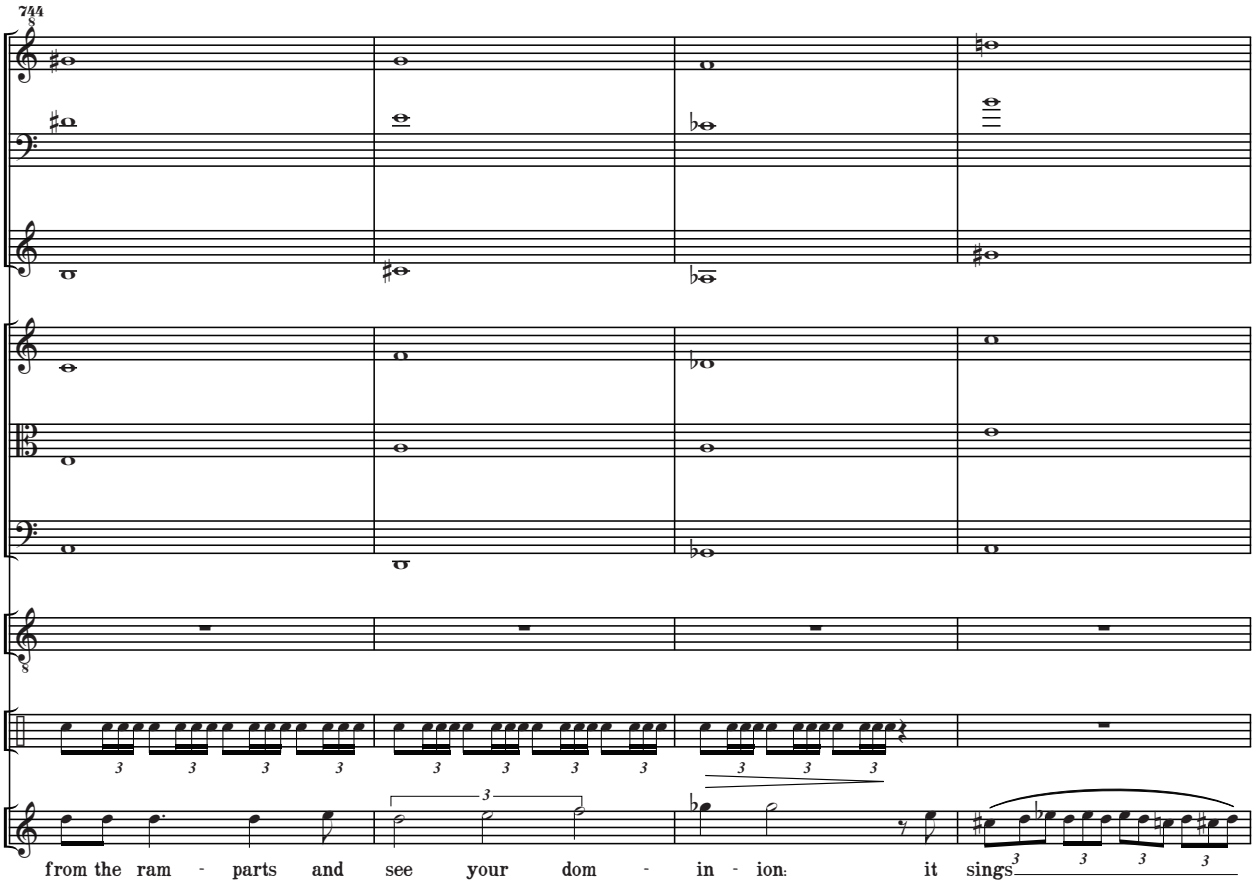
mf

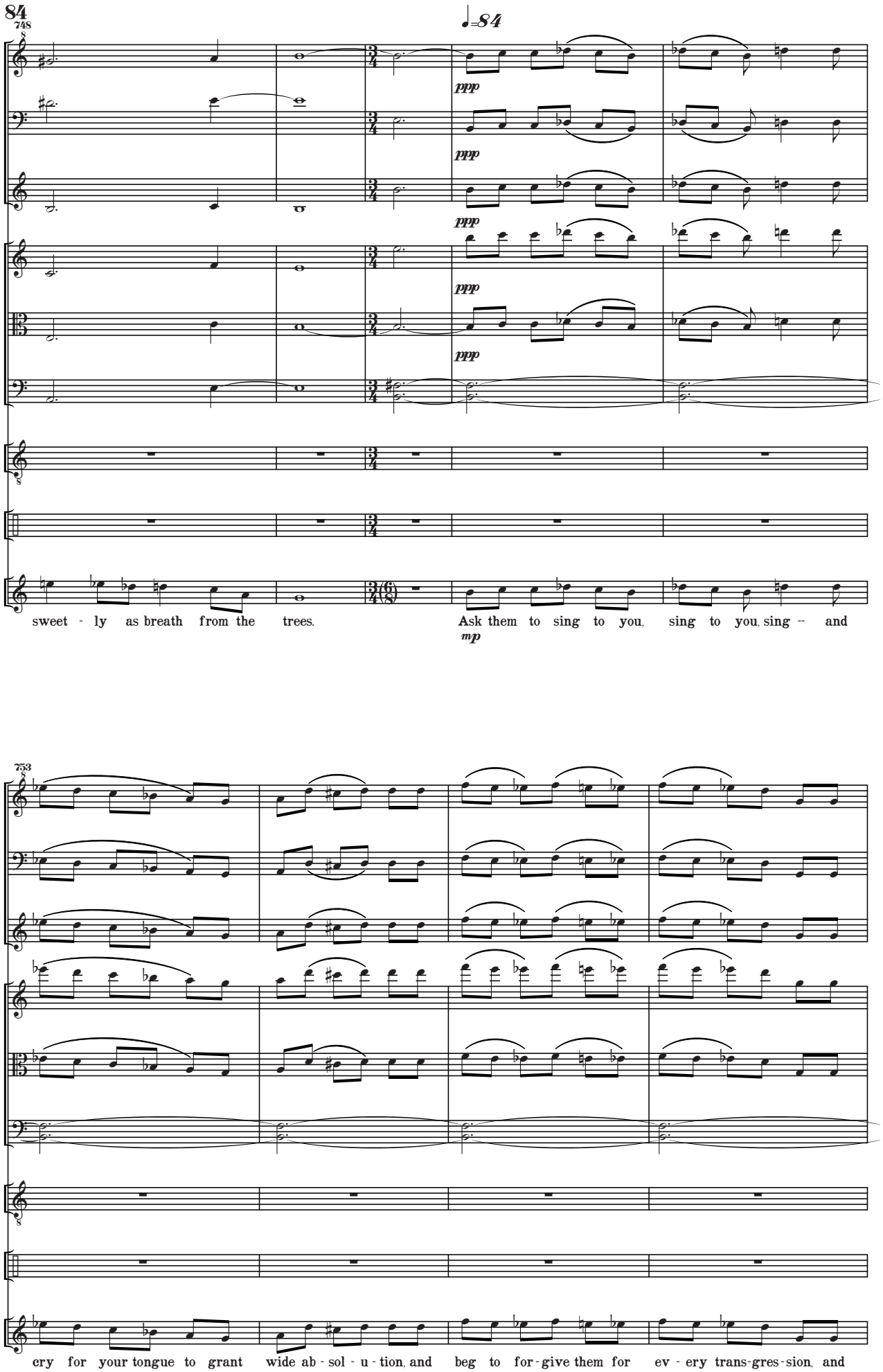
lied with Ninth Ist - ván the land's great - est King. The


731
♩=132
Habs-burgs and Mus - lims were brought to a still-ness, Ci - ca - va then Cséj - the our homes to this day.


735
pp
× lo tom
pppp
Dream hors - es and war - riors, and cats to pro -
mf


740
tect you, my sweet gen - tle child - ren, the heirs to our power. Look out


744
from the ram - parts and see your dom - in - ion: it sings


748
♩=84
ppp
ppp
ppp
ppp
ppp
ppp
sweet - ly as breath from the trees.
Ask them to sing to you, sing to you, sing -- and
mp
753
cry for your tongue to grant wide ab - sol - u - tion, and beg to for - give them for ev - ery trans - gres - sion, and

757

× lo tom

× muted bass drum

× bass drum

× snare

× hi tom

× bass drum

ppp

scream when you find them a po - ny to die in. Sleep, sweet ones, for you are the child-ren of Er - zsé -

765

ppp

- bet... An - na! They have washed the walls and floors.

772

♩=132 **Act III Prelude**

take flute

fff

fff

fff

fff

pppp

× bass drum

pppp

ff

× lo tom

× mil. drum

× muted bass drum

Come, we will sleep.

781

fff

fff

♩=126 **Act III Scene 1**

787

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

ppp

p

p

p

Dor-ka

mp

793

take Bb clarinet

I am tir-ed My face is old-er The young ser-vant girls come here to

797

p

p

Csé - the al - ways sweet & fresh and then they die. Why must they die? There is a deep

802

ad lib.

sad - ness with - in me, a sad - ness in need of song. I have ne - go - ti - a - ted and

807

ad lib.

signed, and yet... and yet... The tongue and hand do not suf-fice. Mát - yás Temp - lom is

812

still-a host-age, and the love - ly Kep-ler no long-er vis-its. Fer - enc is long

817

— dead -- in the year of young Kep-ler's su-per - no - va -- and Paul —— grows as a limb

822

mp

mp

mp

p

un-fixed to the Bá - tho - ry trunk. On - ly my daugh -

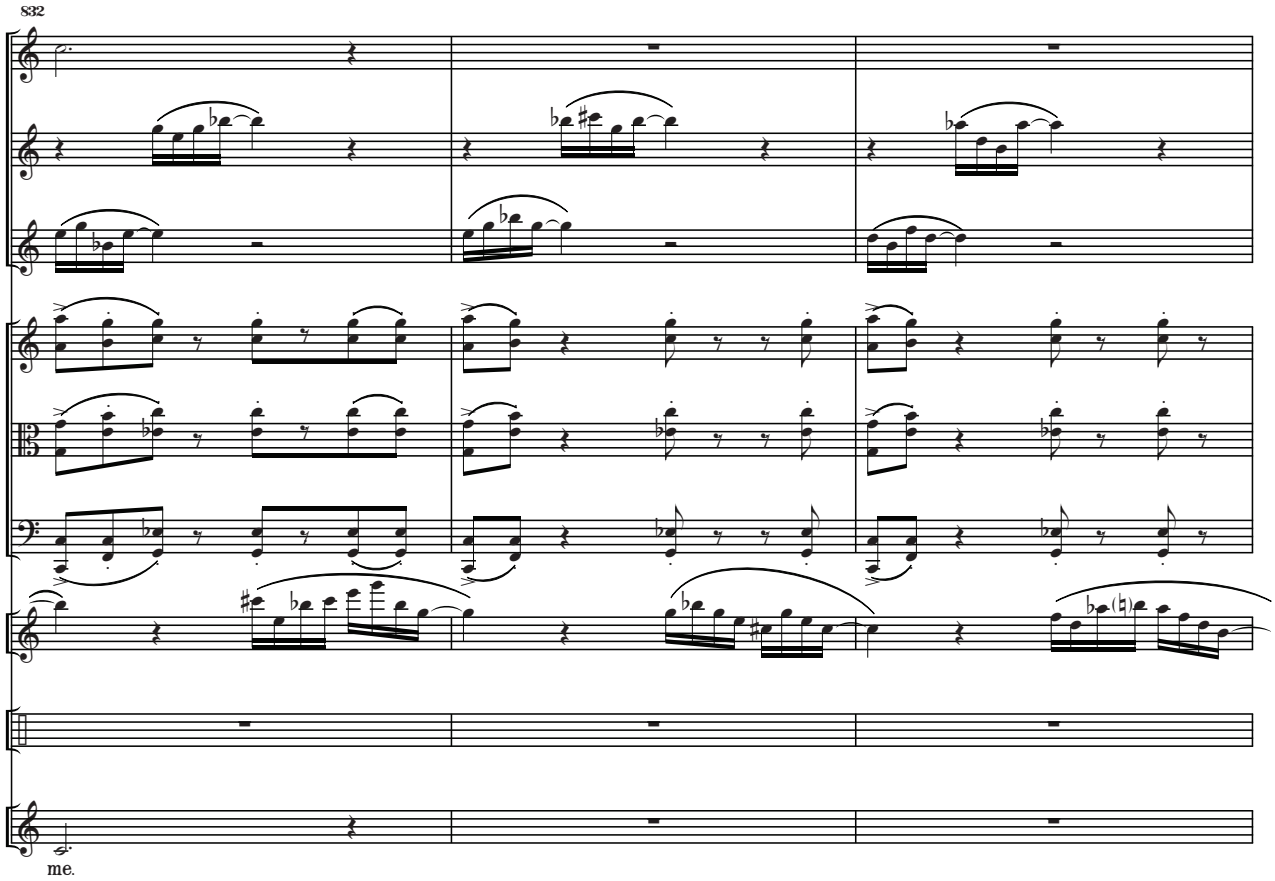
mf

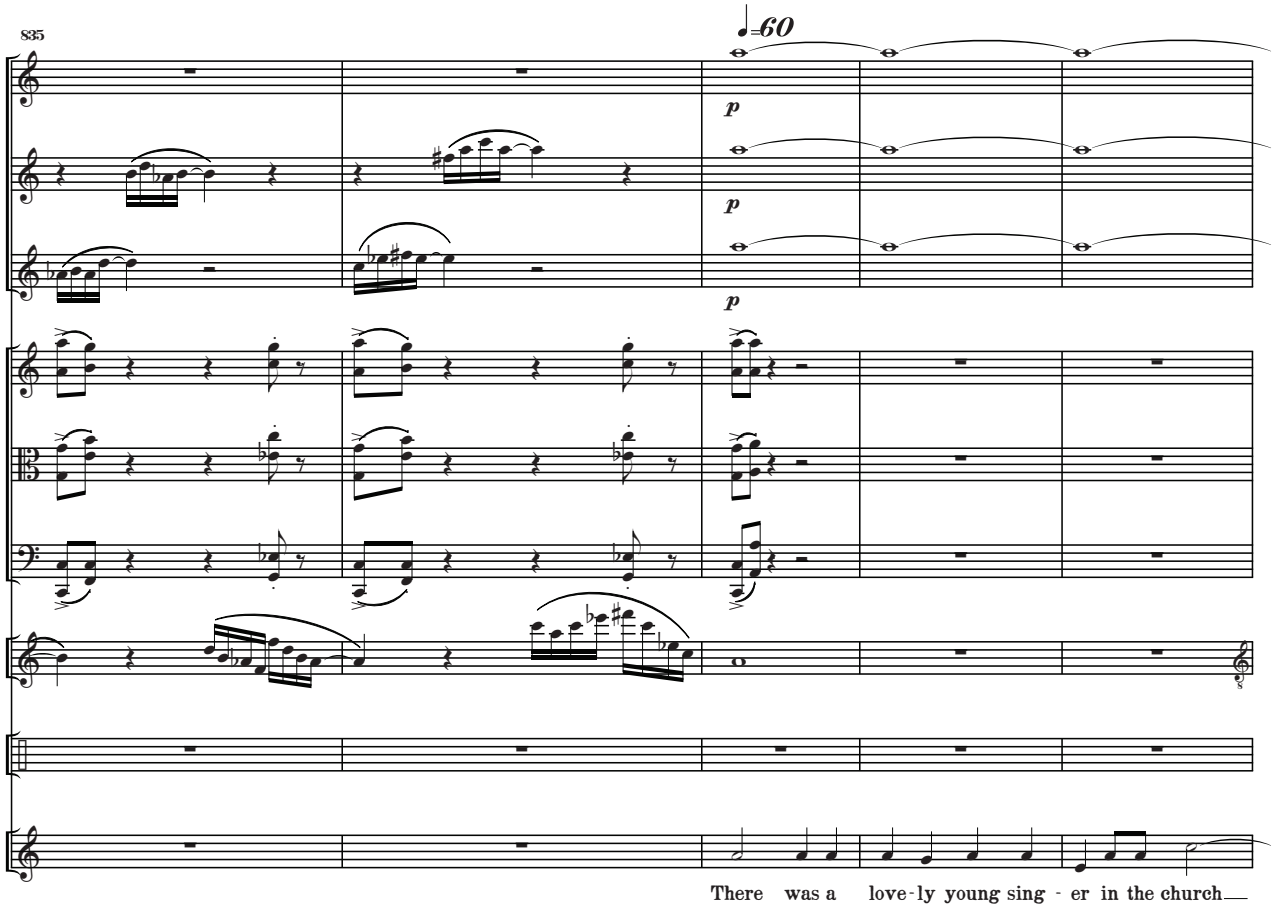
826

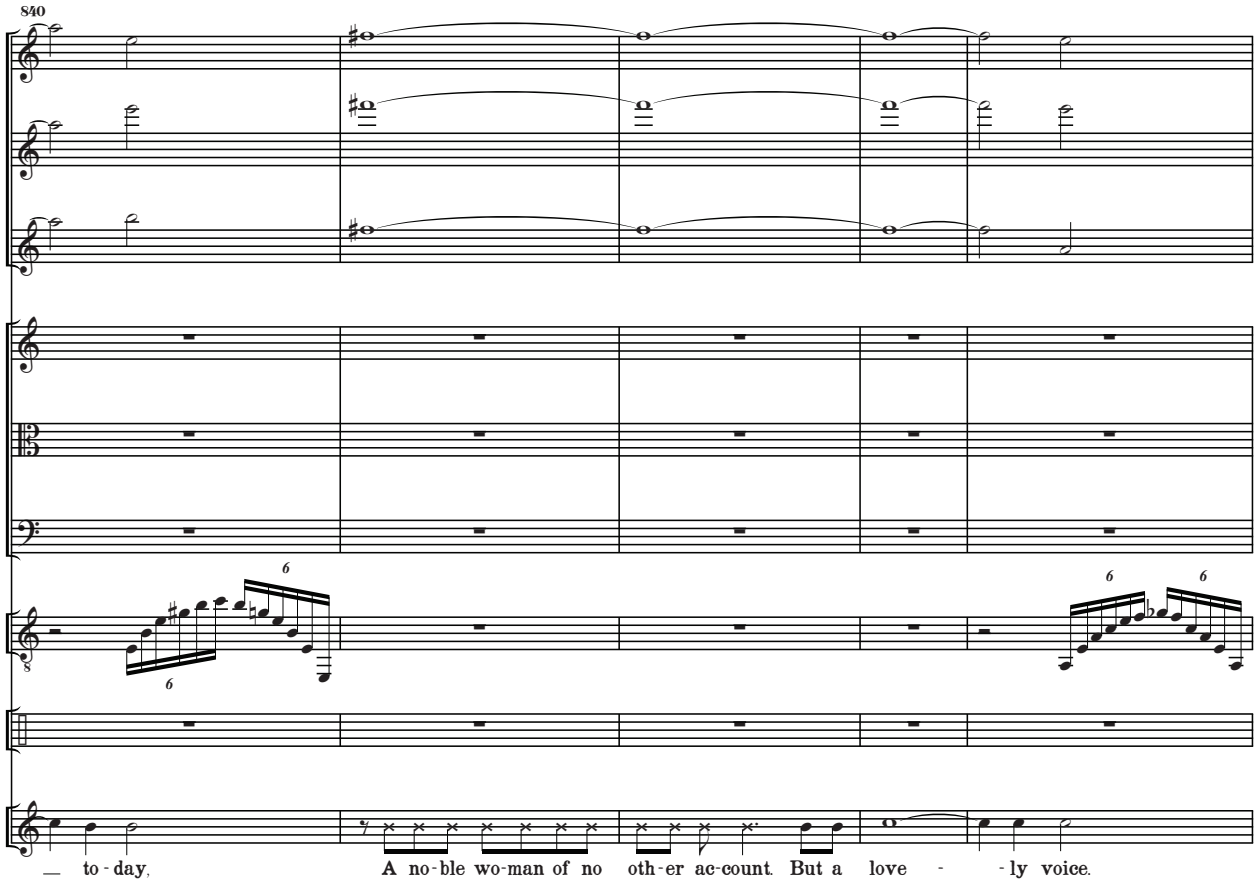
ters An - na and Kat - a - li - na -- and where is A -

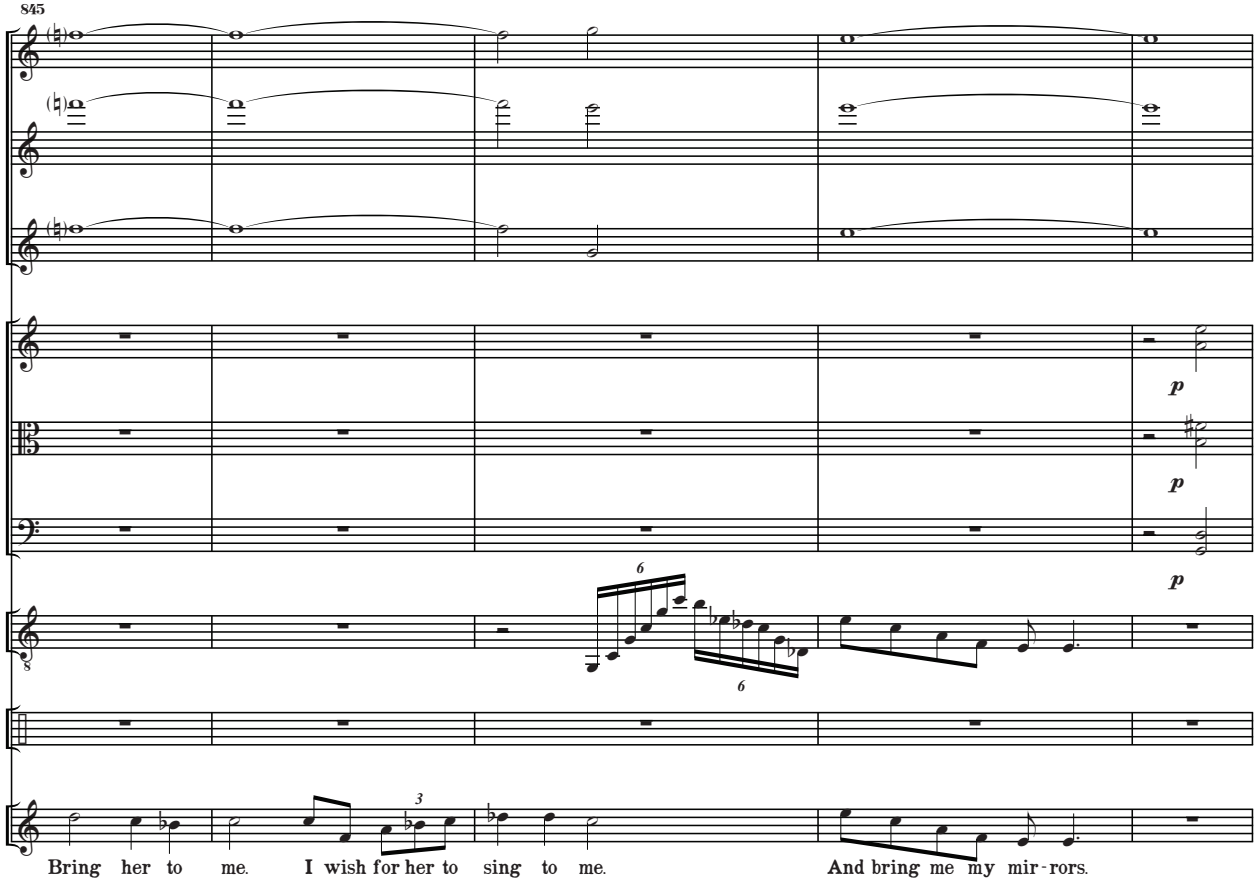
829

nas - ta - si - a -- grow with


832
me.


835
♩=60
p
There was a love-ly young sing - er in the church


840
to - day,
A no - ble wo - man of no oth - er ac - count. But a love - - ly voice.


845
p
p
p
Bring her to me. I wish for her to sing to me. And bring me my mir - rors.

850 **"The Mirrors"**

p *pp* *pp* *p* *pp* *ppp* *pp* *pp* *pp*

ERZSÉBET is facing her mirrors. The singer ILONA may be there, or it may be the Countess herself.

853

856

♩=100

15

15

You are a

mp

859

p

p

p

p

p

p

3

beau-ti-ful girl and your voice, your voice pro - nounc - es the heav - ens. What is your name? Bar-

867

p

p

p

S

o - ness Il - o - na Har-czy. Ilona, I am the Countess Báthory. You will sing to me.

874

♩=126

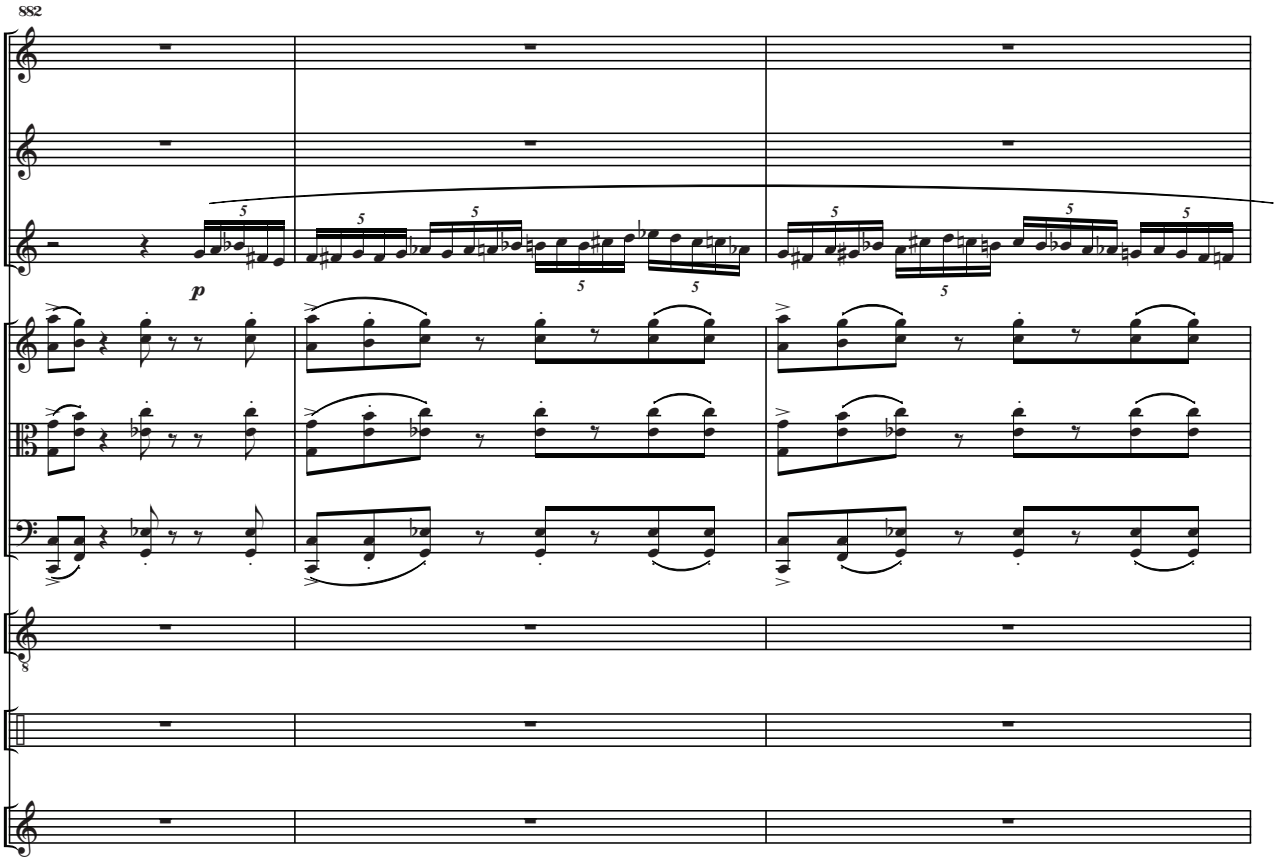
pp

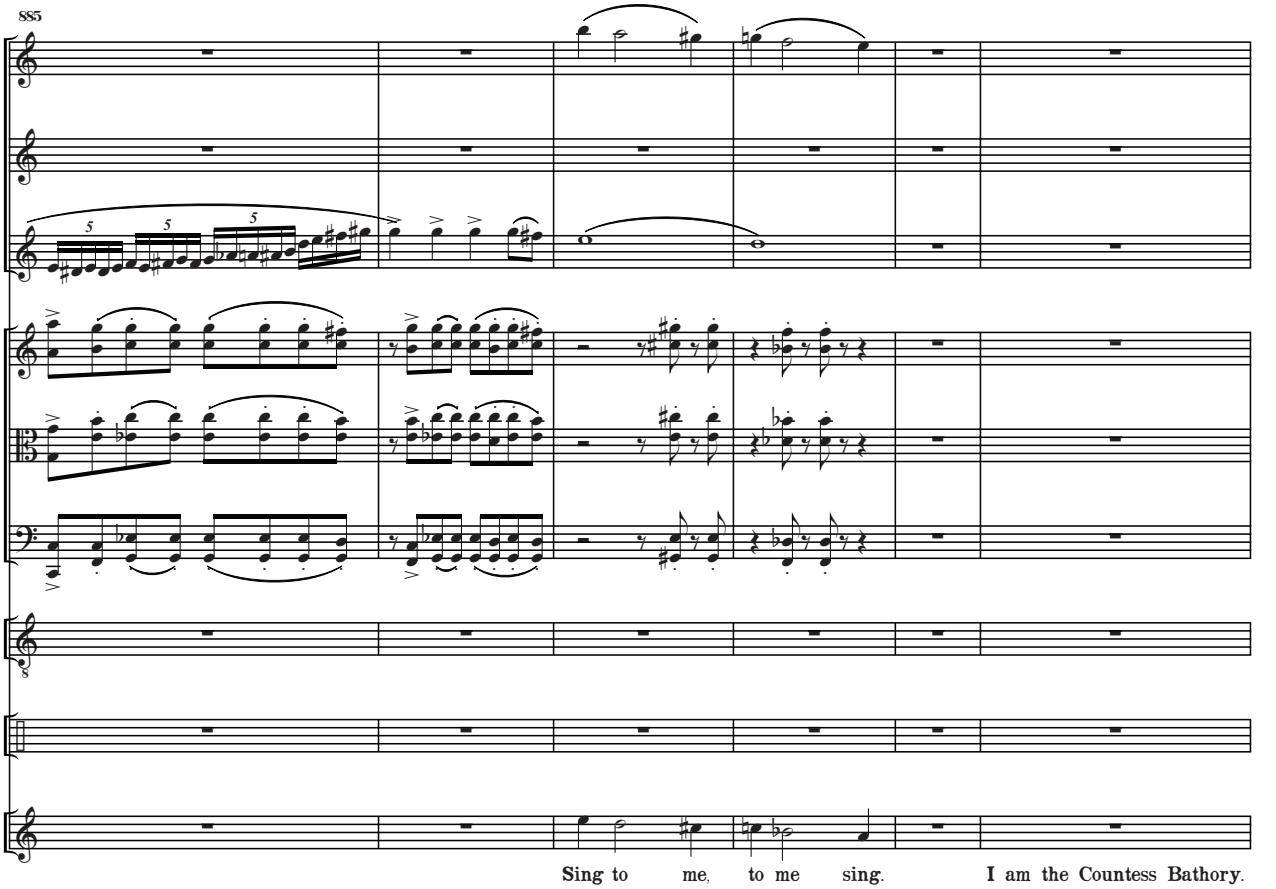
pp

pp

S

Sing to me with your voice that pro-nounc-es the heav - ens. Come, sing to me.


882
p


885
Sing to me, to me sing. I am the Countess Bathory.
p

891

pp

ppp

ppp

ppp

Sing to me. To me sing. Il - o - na, Il - o - na. Sing to me!

mp

898

fff

ff

ff

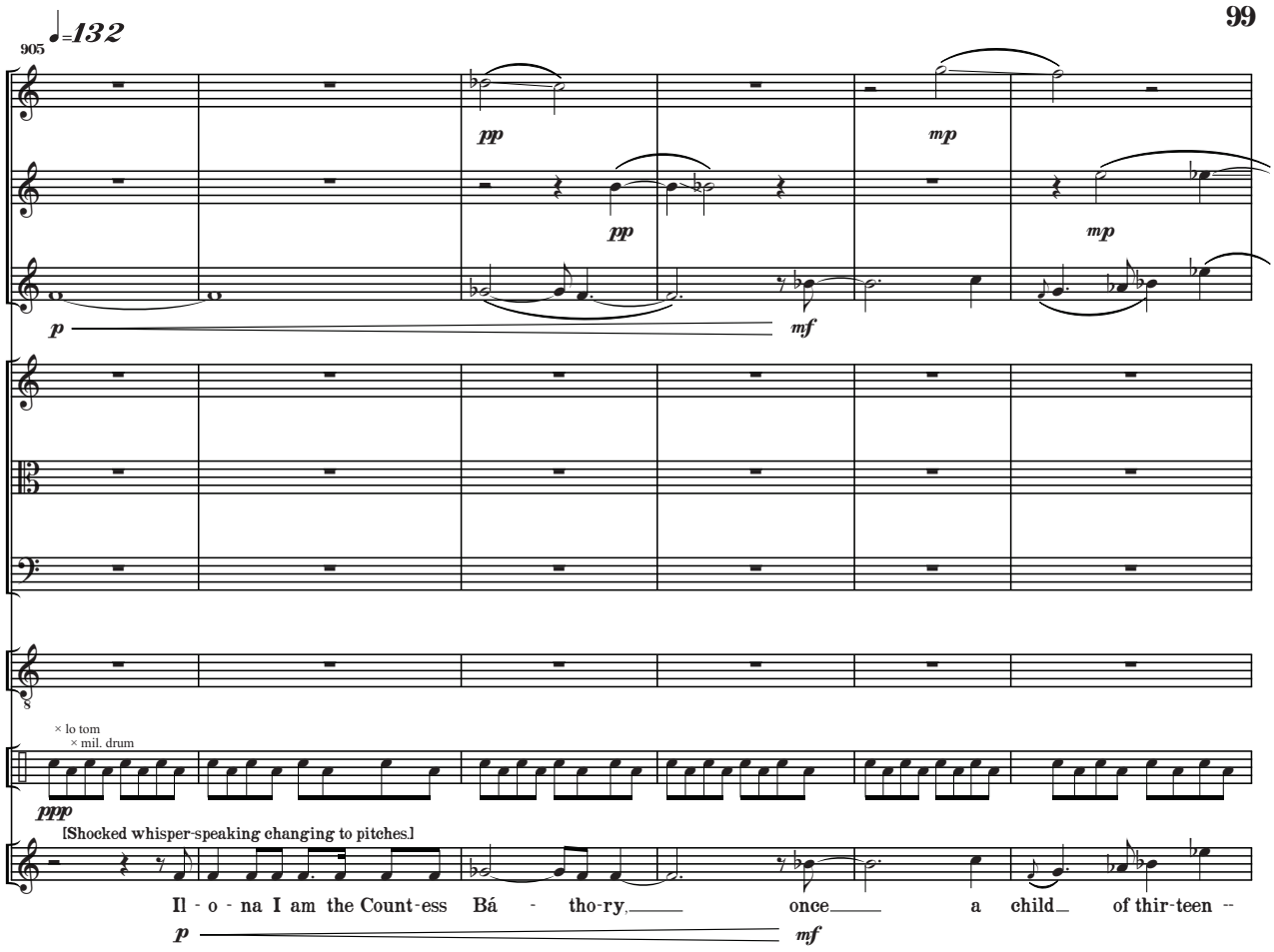
ff

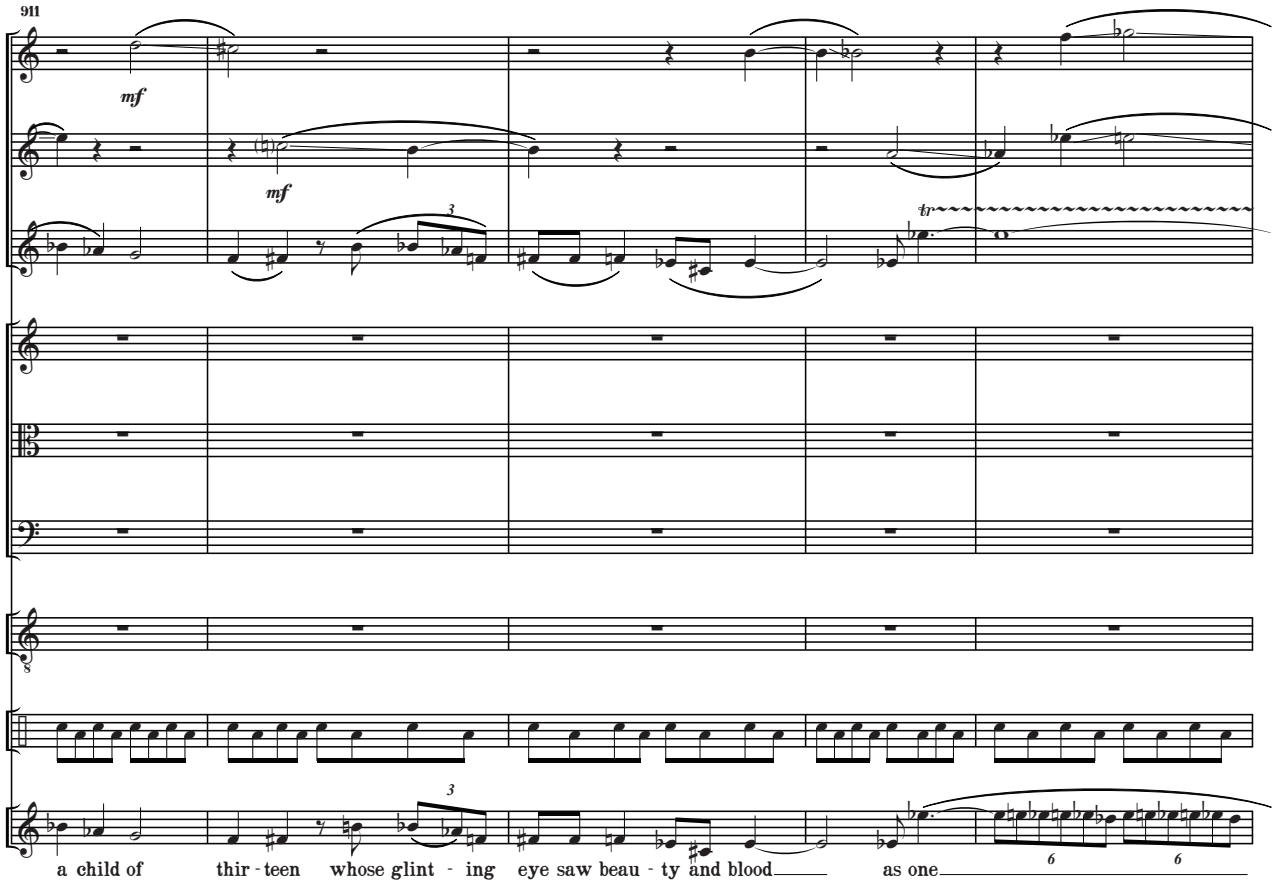
× cymbal

p mf f fff

Sing to me! to me sing! Sing!

fff


905
♩=132
pp
mp
pp
mp
p
mf
× lo tom
× mil. drum
ppp
[Shocked whisper-speaking changing to pitches.]
Il - o - na I am the Count-ess Bá - tho-ry, once a child of thir-teen --
p
mf


911
mf
mf
tr
a child of thir - teen whose glint - ing eye saw beau - ty and blood as one

916

pizz.

mp

pizz.

mp

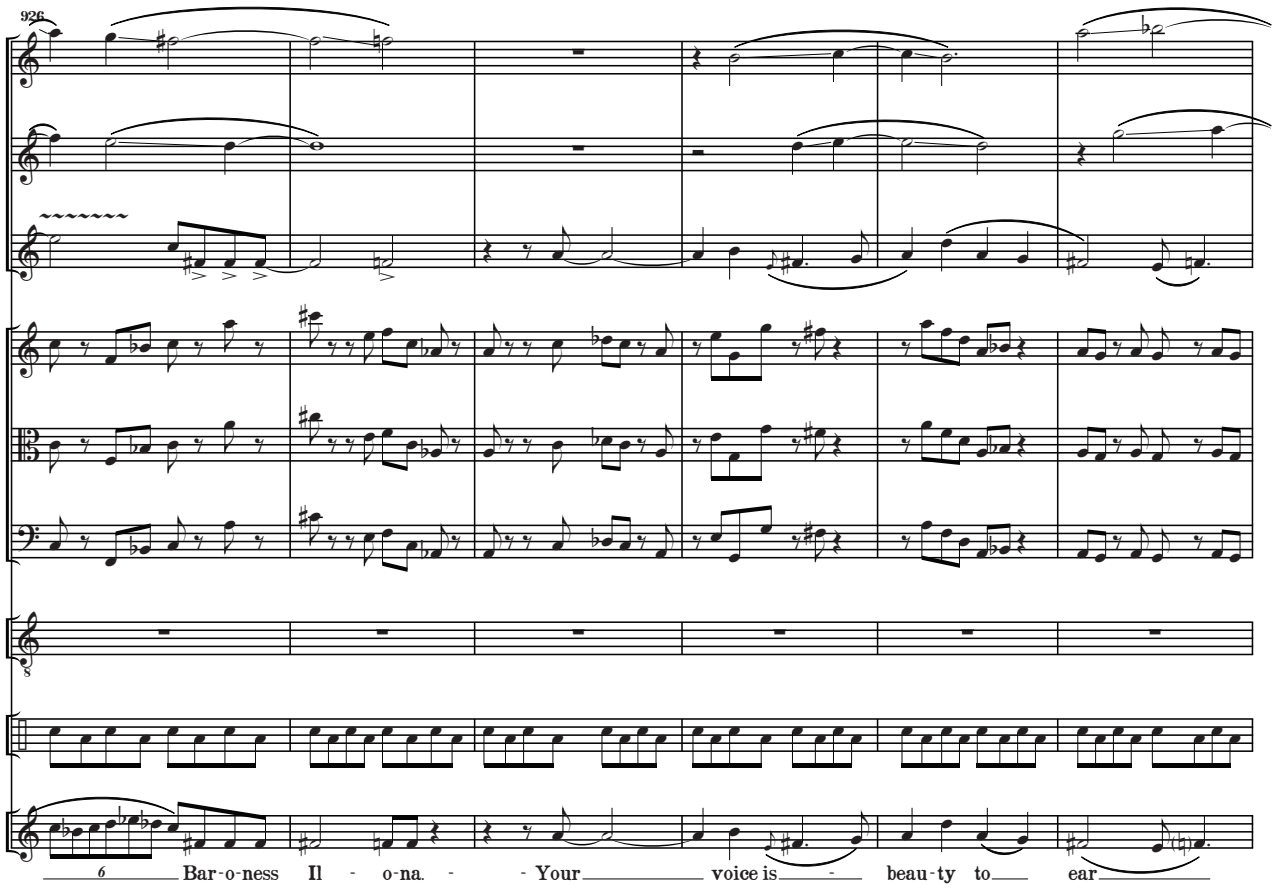
pizz.

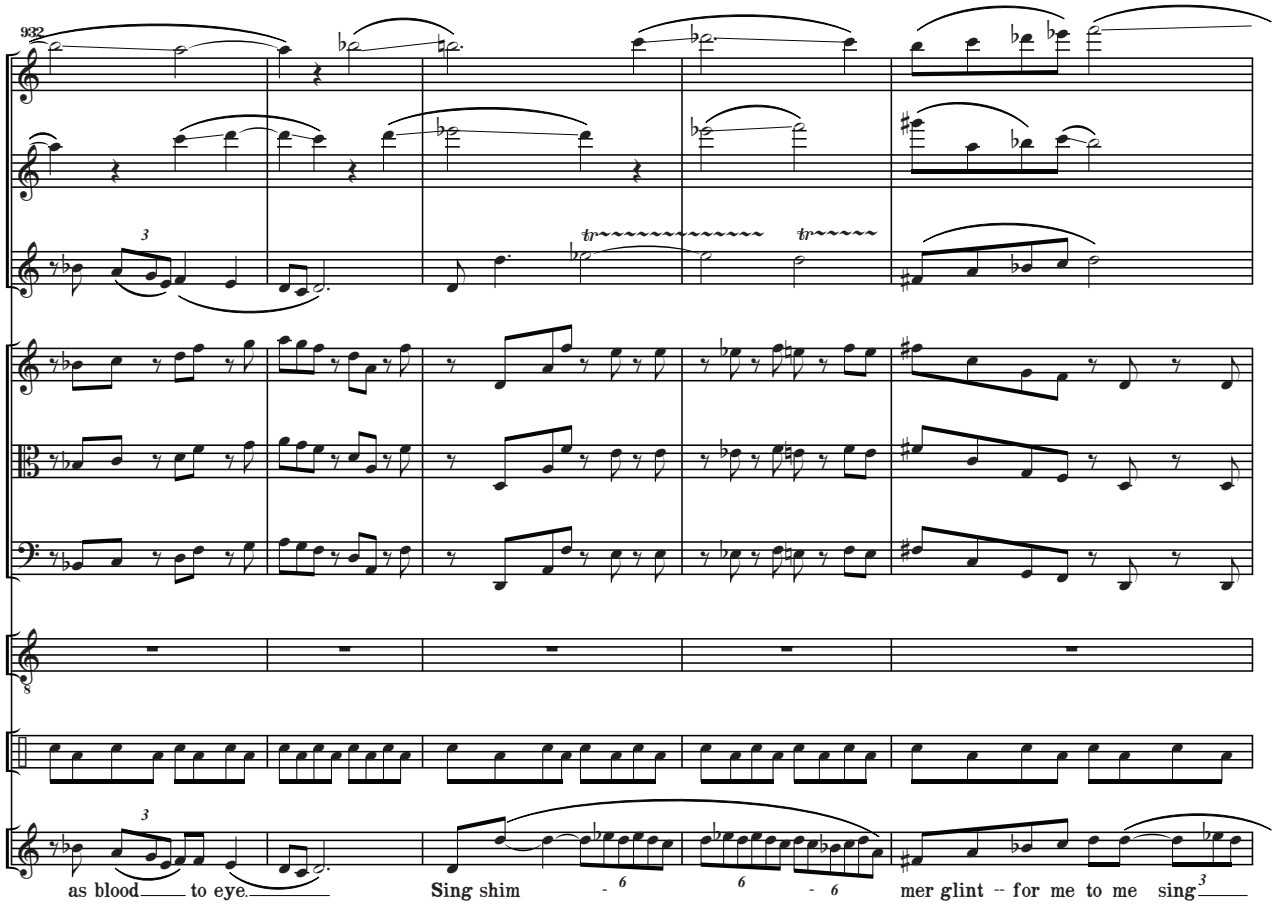
mp

As one, a shim - mer. I re-mem-ber a

921

horse and a peas-ant and laugh-ter. But you are no peas-ant


926
Bar-o-ness Il - o-na. - - Your voice is - beau-ty to ear


932
as blood to eye. Sing shim - mer glint -- for me to me sing

937

take Eb clarinet

tr

arco

p

arco

p

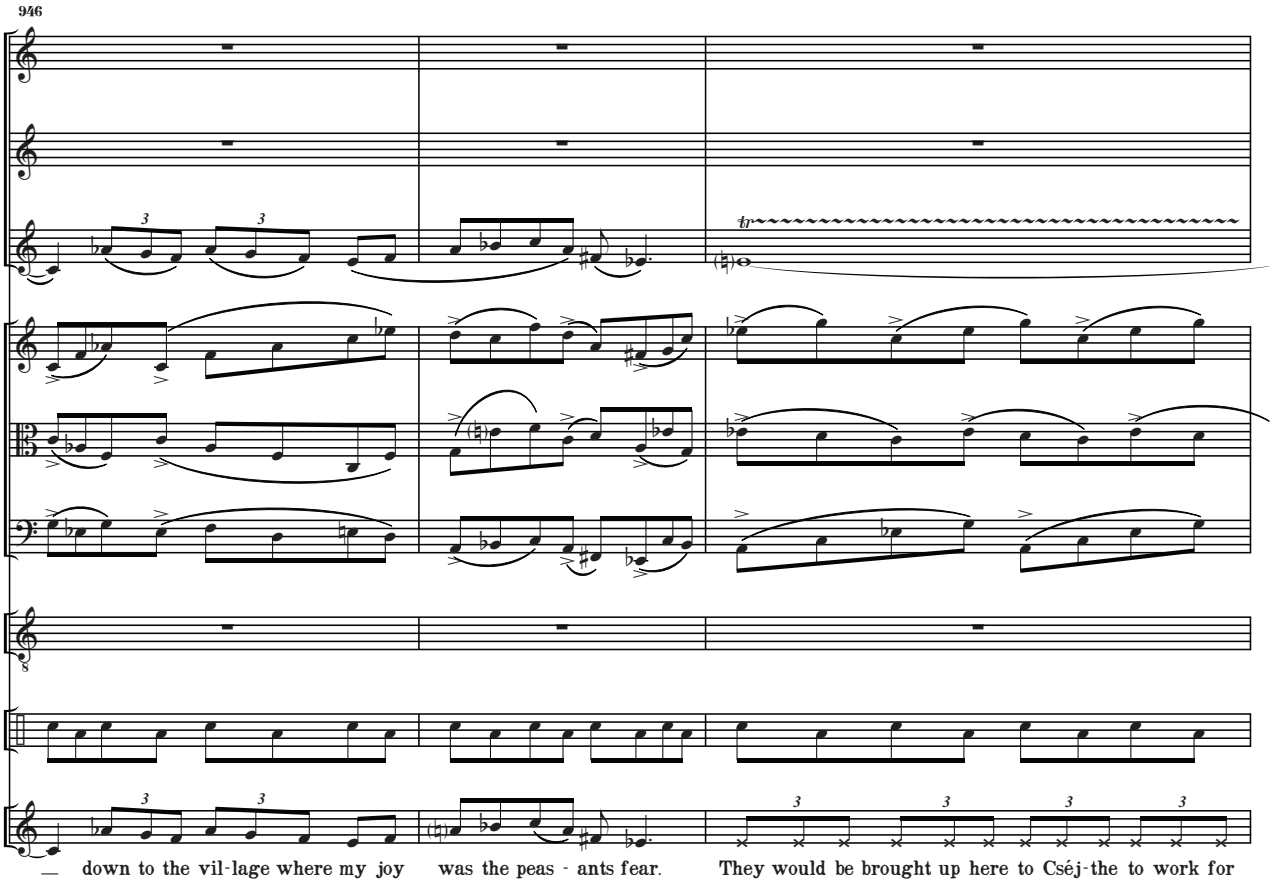
arco

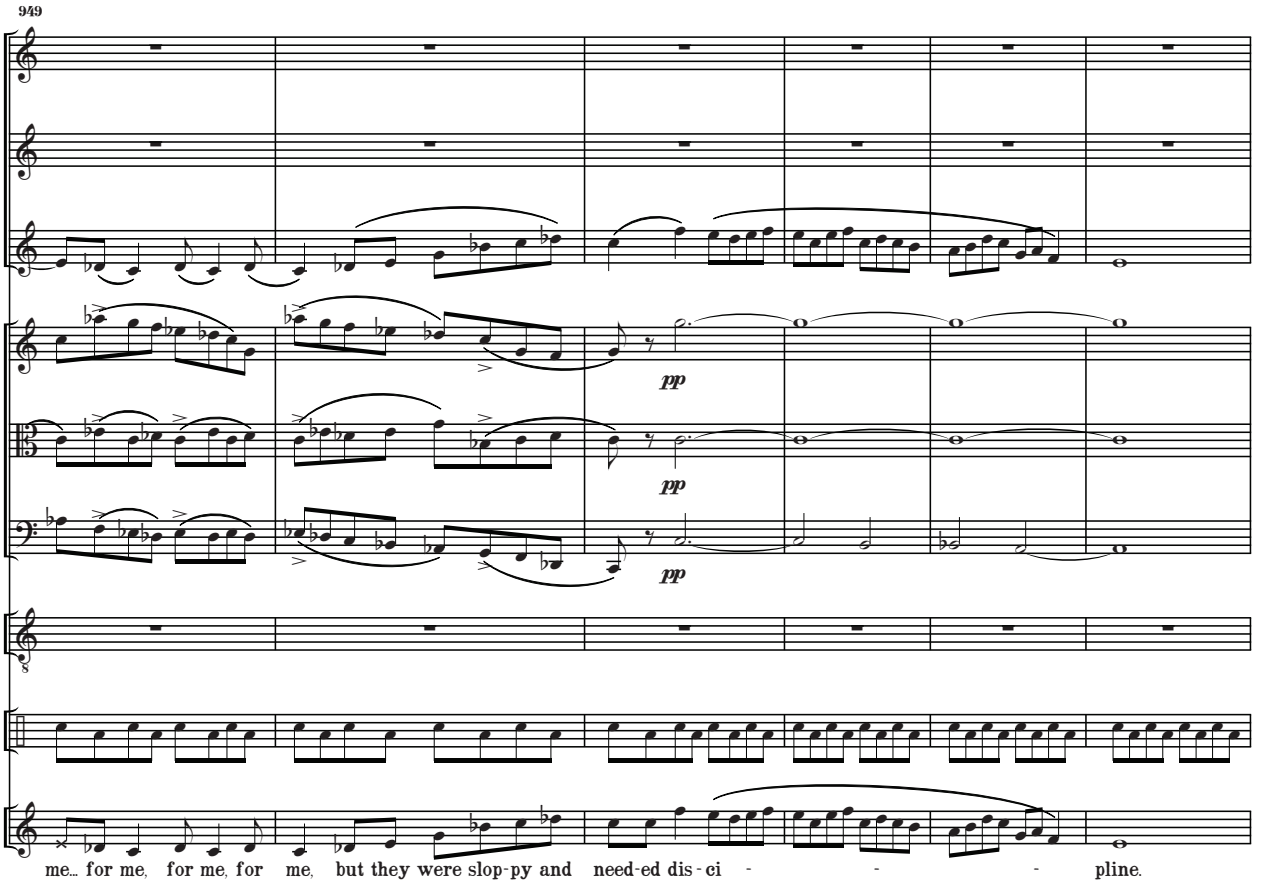
p

Re - mind me of pon-ies with fat round bel-lies Re-

943

mind me of pon - ies with fat round bel - lies run - ning be - low me through thick for - ests


946
tr
— down to the vil-lage where my joy was the peas - ants fear. They would be brought up here to Cséj-the to work for


949
pp
pp
pp
me... for me, for me, for me, but they were slop-py and need-ed dis-ci - - - pline.

955

f

f

f

f

s

× stopped cymbal

f

ppp

ERZSÉBET slaps.

Il - o - na, sing to me. There is no horse for you -- just a blade or a hot iron. Il - o - na, sing to me.

f

960

s

× crash cymbal

ffff

To me sing!

968

mp

p

p

p

mf

× stopped cymbal

× crash cymbal

× mil. drum

ppp

ffff

p

ERZSÉBET slaps again, harder, and appears to be spattered in blood.

Blood! Beau-ty and blood are a - gain one! Sing! Blood! Beau-ty and

ppp

pppp

mp

976

× lo tom

× bass drum

× med tom

× hi tom

blood are one! Your voice pro-noun - ces the heav-ens! Il - o - na, sing to me! To me sing! Song and blood!

980

I will ride the horse for I am the Coun-tess... Beau-ty and blood are one! Sing to me! To me sing! Sing and bleed, sing

984

and scream, sing to me, scream to me -- To me scream! I ride the blood - ied horse... I hear my voice

988

f

f

f

f

f

f

mf

f

— and yours! Ba - tor is val-or and brav-er - y. We are a ser - - - pent strong e -

992

f

f

-nough to live and pros-per — while gorg-ing up-on our own tail. Beau-ty and blood and song and heav-en are one!

996

Sing to me, scream to me. Blood! (I am sewn in - to my own bel-ly, for I am the beast.) I am the Coun-tess

1000

Bá-tho - ry in whose cas - tle beau-ty and blood and song and scream and death are one! Scream for

1008

take Bb clarinet

fff

fff

fff

ff

fff

me, scream to me, sing to me, To me sing!

1009

♩=72

pp

bowed cymbal

ERZSÉBET looks down at ILONA, who has expired and fallen to the floor. pppp
After a pause, the door bursts open; ERZSÉBET is briefly startled.

Thurzo! The crumb I swept from my tablecloth! And Paul, my dear son, my dear son, war - ri - or

p

1015

pp

and horse - man! You to-geth-er? What are you do-ing? What have you done? What have I done?

1022

♩=84

ppp

I am the Coun - tess Bá - tho-ry. Il - o na is - noth-ing, noth-ing at all. She cried for my tongue to

mp

1028

× lo tom

× muted bass drum

ppp

grant ab-sol-u-tion, and begged to for-give her for ev-ery trans-gres-sion, and screamed when I found her a po-ny to die in.

1033

pp

× bass drum

Thur - zo, you are in the cas-tle of song, of glint, of

1040

pppp

blood.

Go

1043

pppp

15

15

× hi tom

p

now.

Go.

Go!

1046 ♩=100

mf

mf

mp

mp

mp

mp

ERZSÉBET is being taken into custody, and momentarily begins to cry out, then regains her fortitude to reprise the opening power song.

My fa-ther was an-gered by fools but like straw a-gainst the wind,

mf

1051

they were nev - - er as strong as a Bá - - tho-ry. Ba - tor is

1057

mf

va - lor and bra - very. We are the wind that
(ver - y)

1063

blows down and builds up, lifts and en - cir - - cles. We are the Bá - tho - ry. And so fools

1069

such as you Thur - zo raise weak arms to be cut off by a blade of wind. Your blood will course and be

1072

gone from our breath. You will neith - er speak nor eat nor take a crumb.

1077

Act III Scene 2

♩=72

f

f

f

f

f

f

that is ours.

1085

f

mp × bass drum

1093

mp

p

p

p

1098

Repeat as needed

mp

mp

mp

They have taken my handmaidens Dorka and Ilona Joo

1104

pizz.

mp

pizz.

mp

mp

and Katalin and split them apart and torn them asunder. Where are my child-ren? Paul has be-trayed me, but

mf

1109

An-na and Kat-a-lin-a, where are you? And An - as-tas - ia? The hand-maid-ens gone, the

1113

arco

arco

child-ren, where? I am the Coun-tess Bá - tho-ry -- a ser-pent whose teeth con-sume its en - e-mies.

1118

"Elizabeth's Prayer"

pp

pp

pp

× lo tom

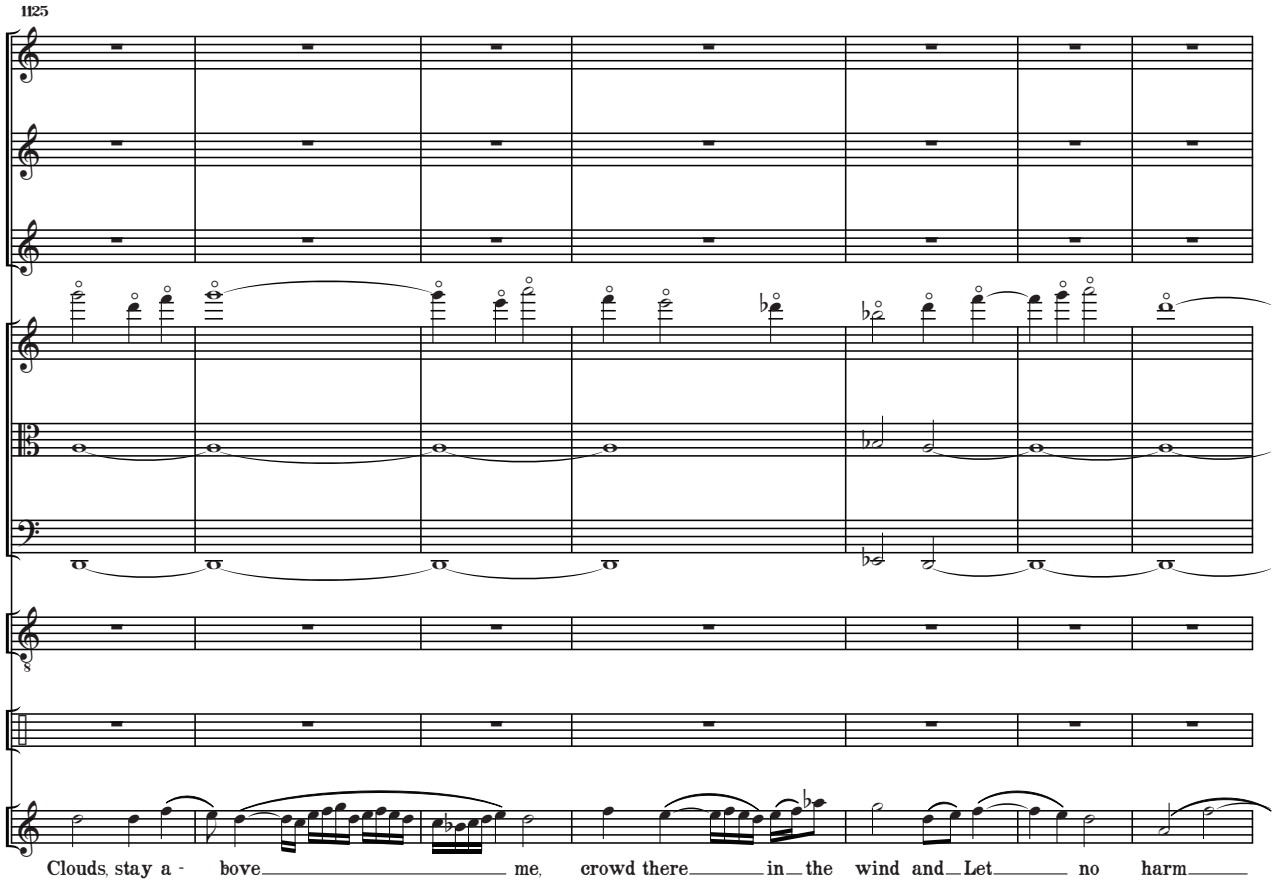
× med tom

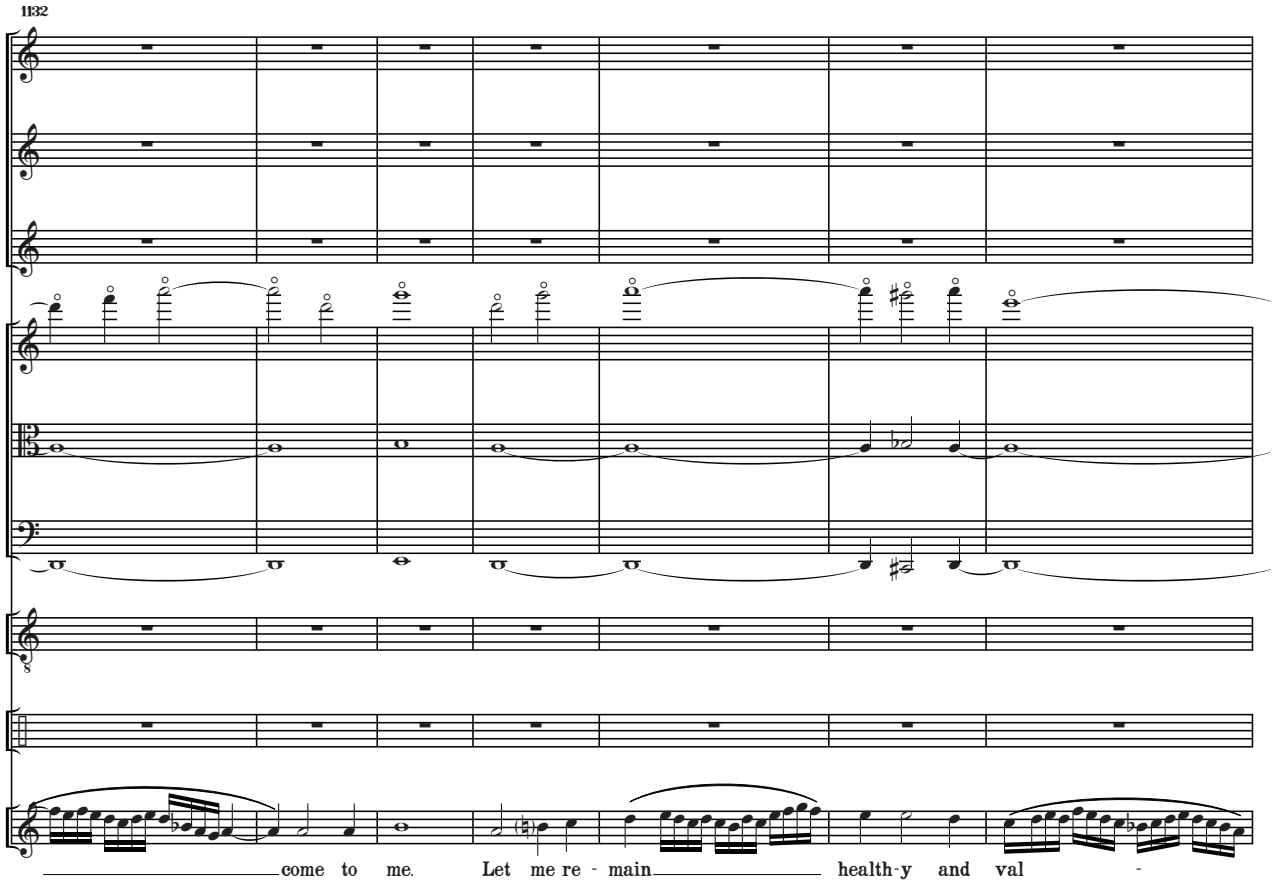
× bass drum

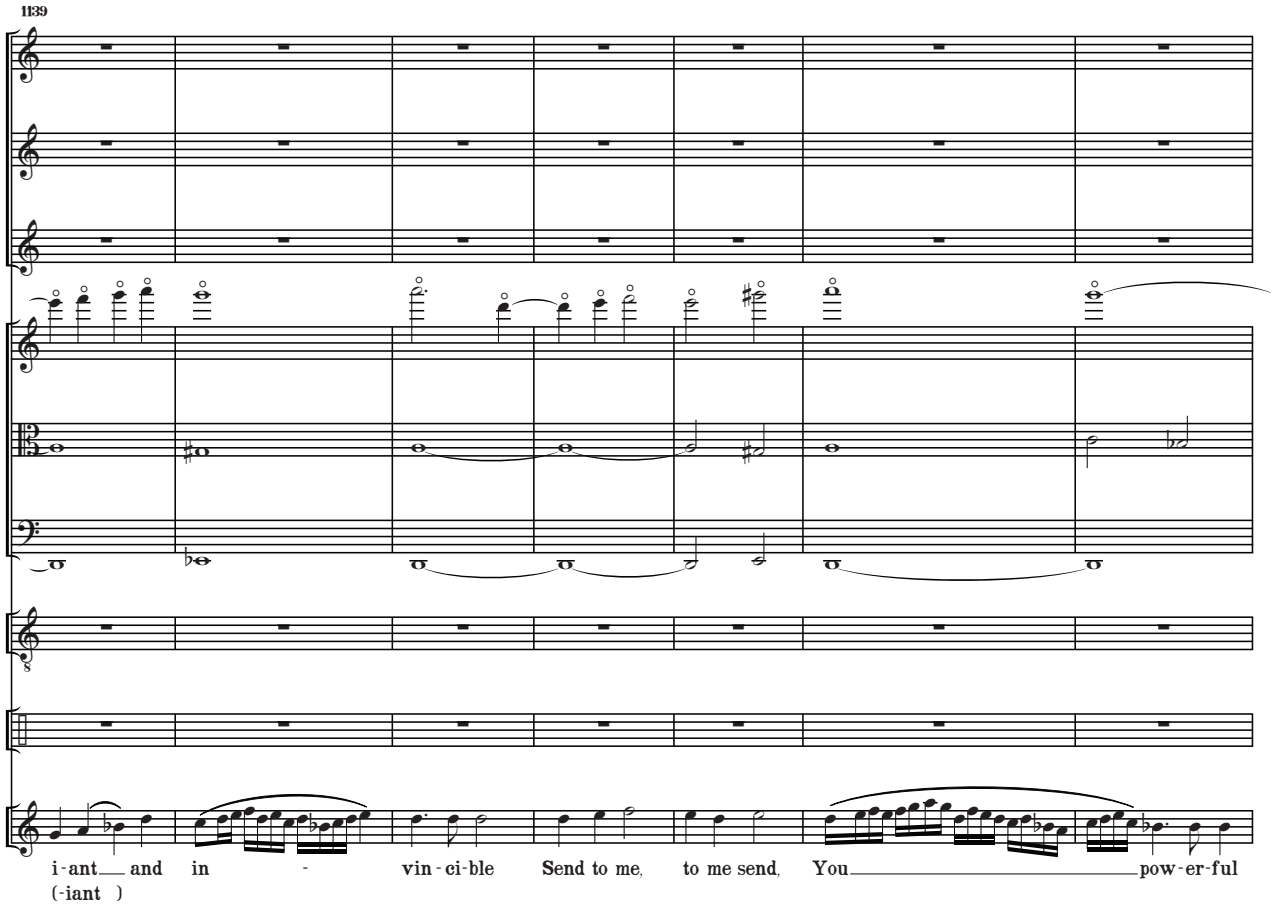
ppp

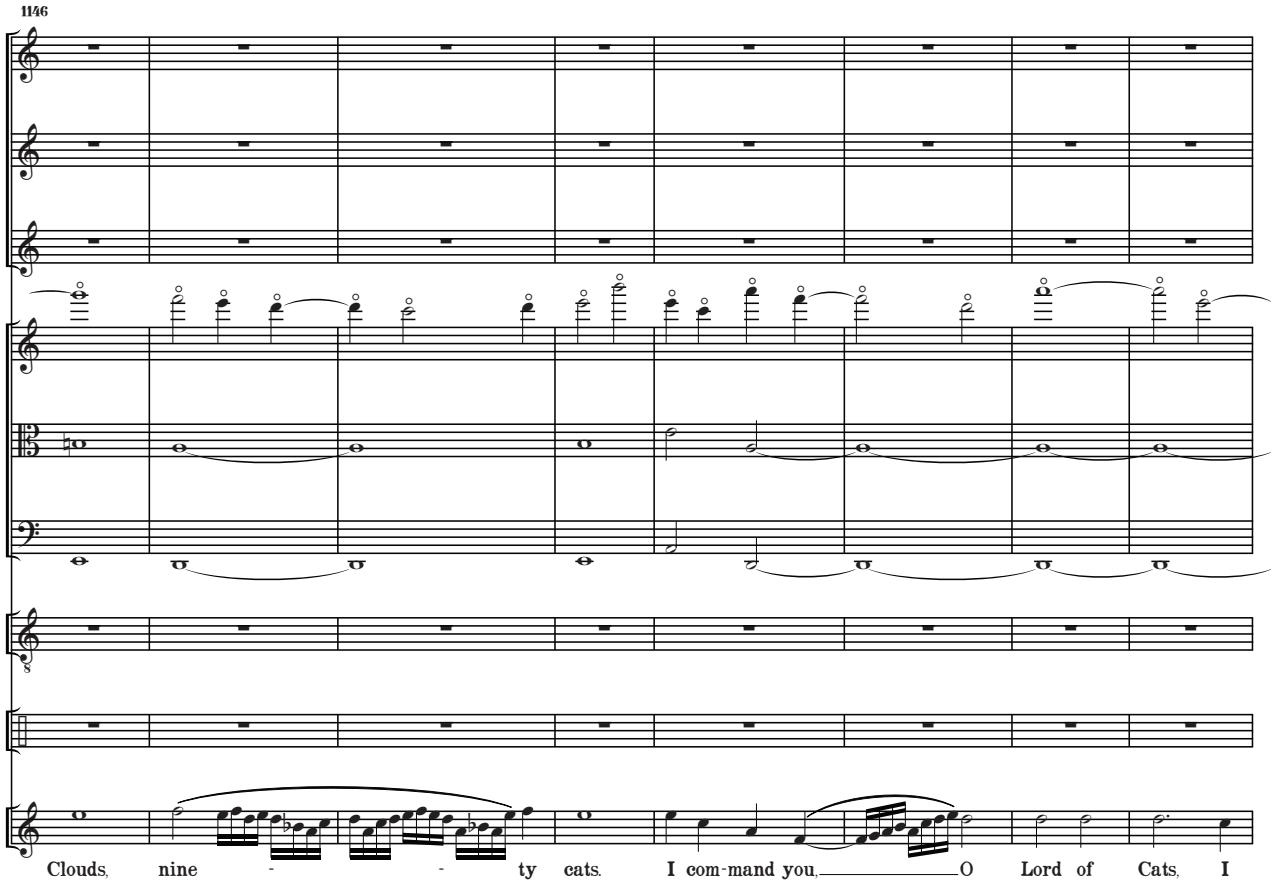
senza vib. (until m. 1186)

I am... Help me, O Clouds, O


1125
Clouds, stay a - bove me, crowd there in the wind and Let no harm


1132
come to me. Let me re - main health-y and val -


1139
i-ant and in - vin-ci-ble Send to me, to me send, You pow-er-ful
(-iant)


1146
Clouds, nine - - ty cats. I com-mand you, O Lord of Cats, I

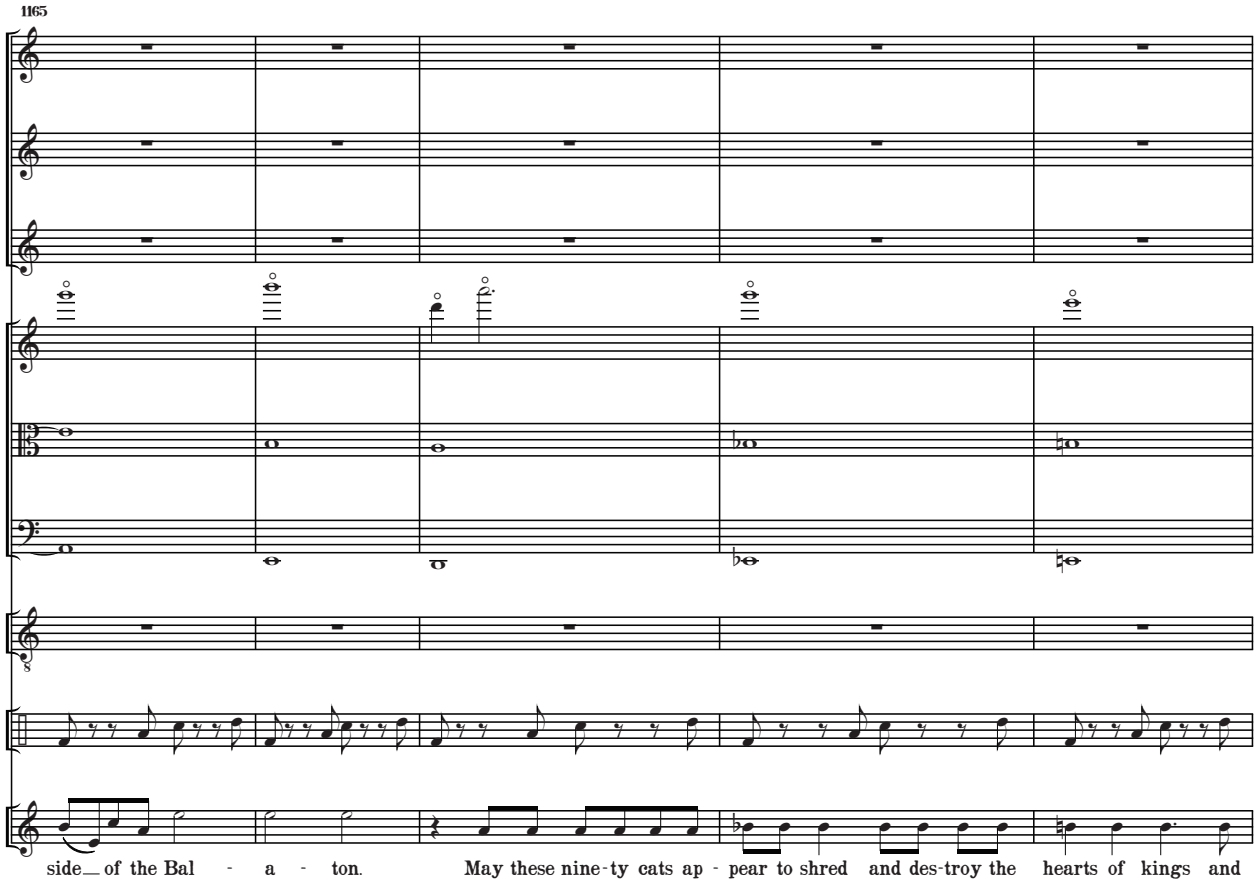
1154

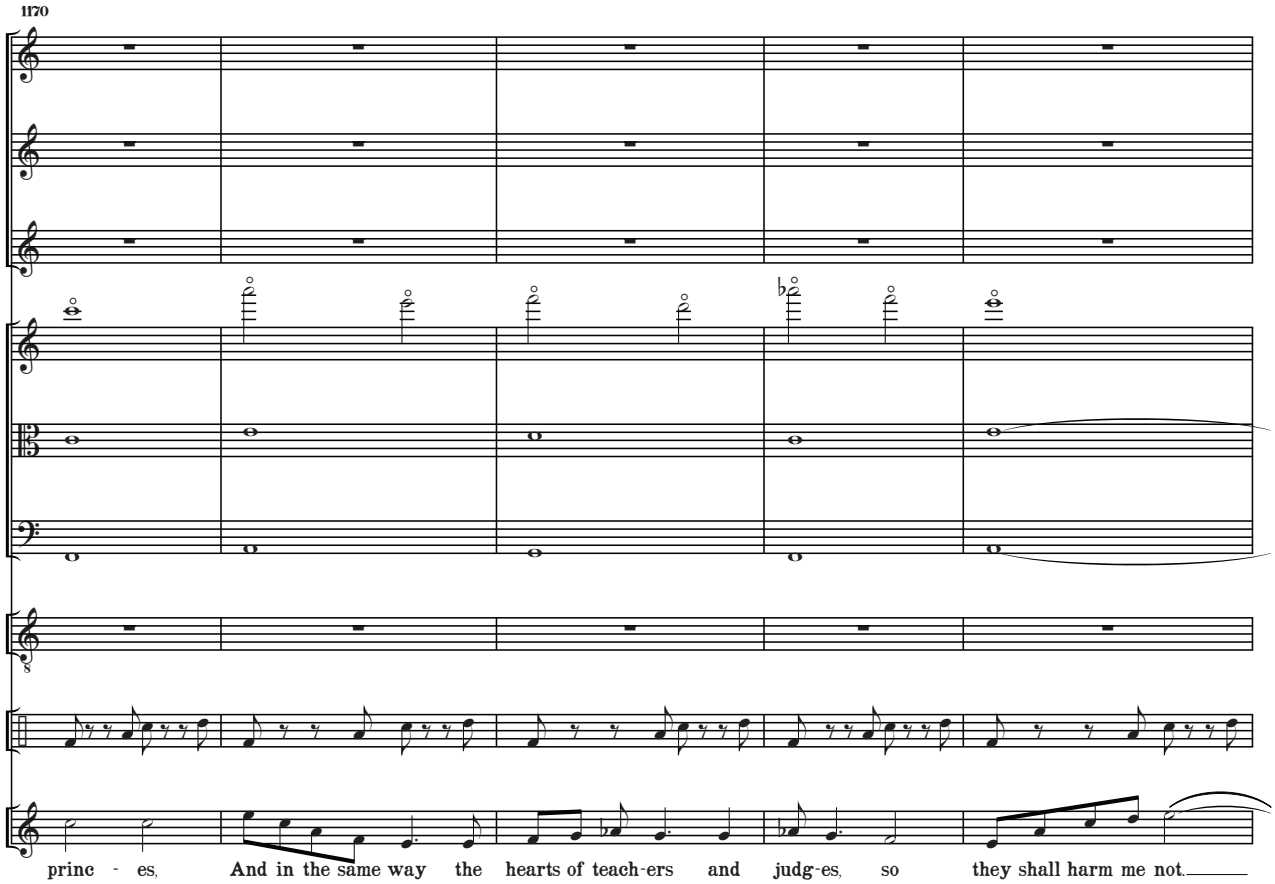
ppp

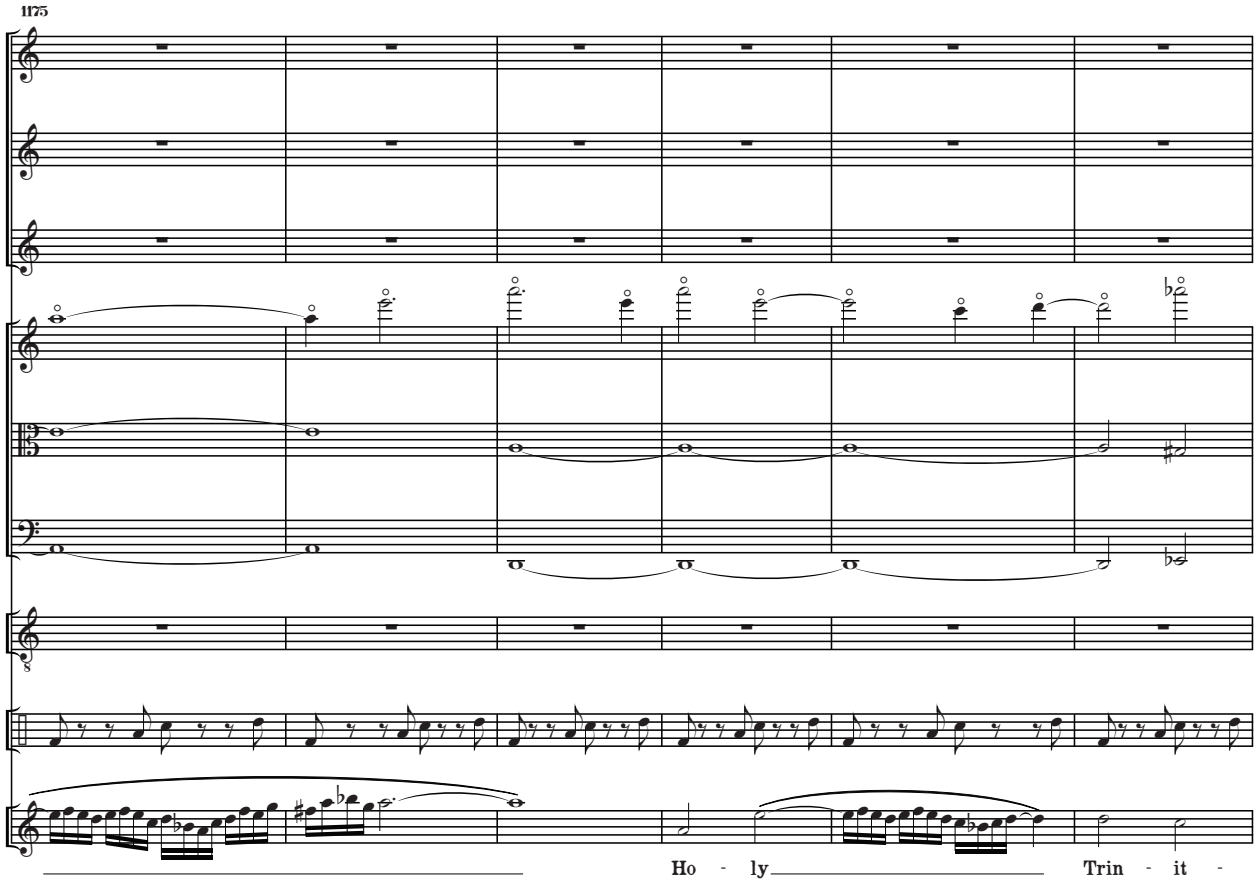
pray you. May you gath-er them to-geth-er, wheth-er you a-bide in the

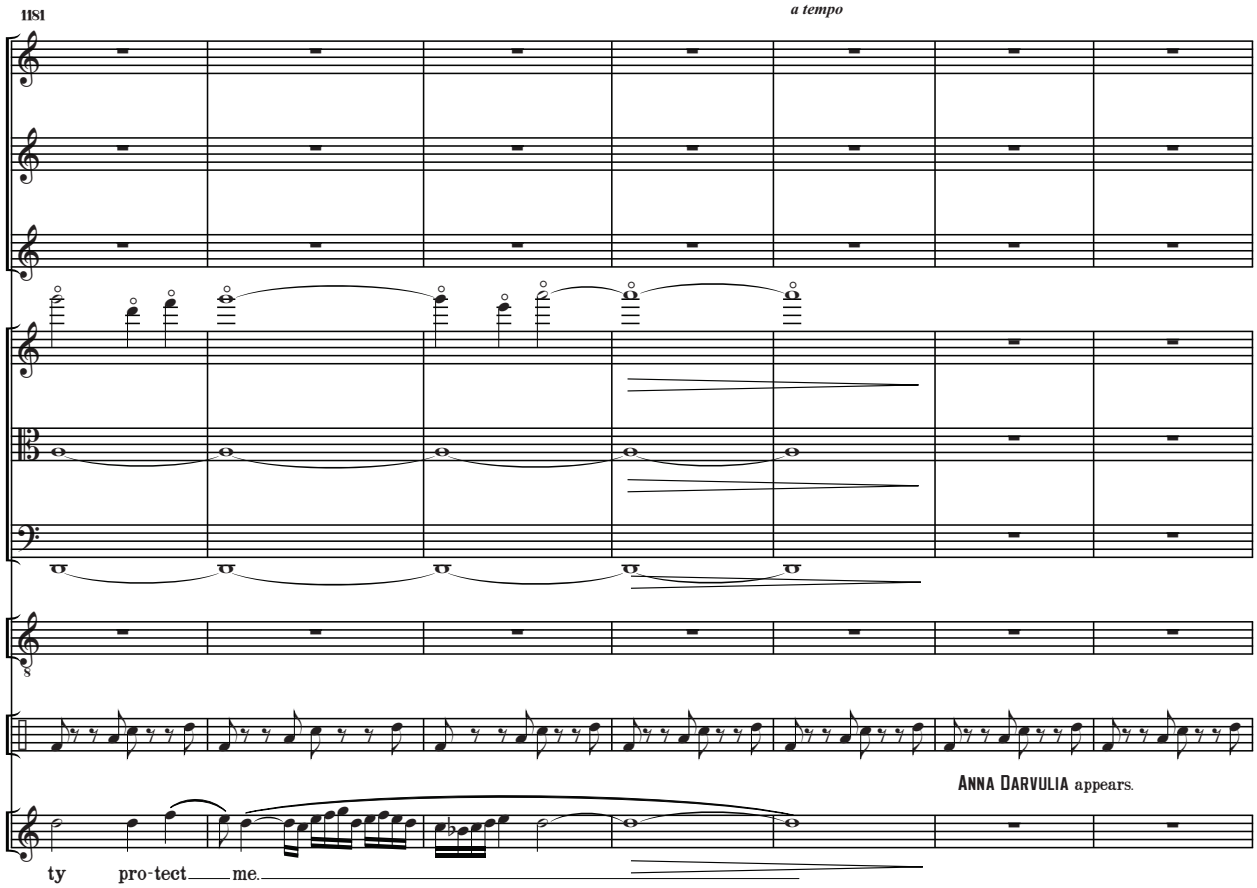
1160

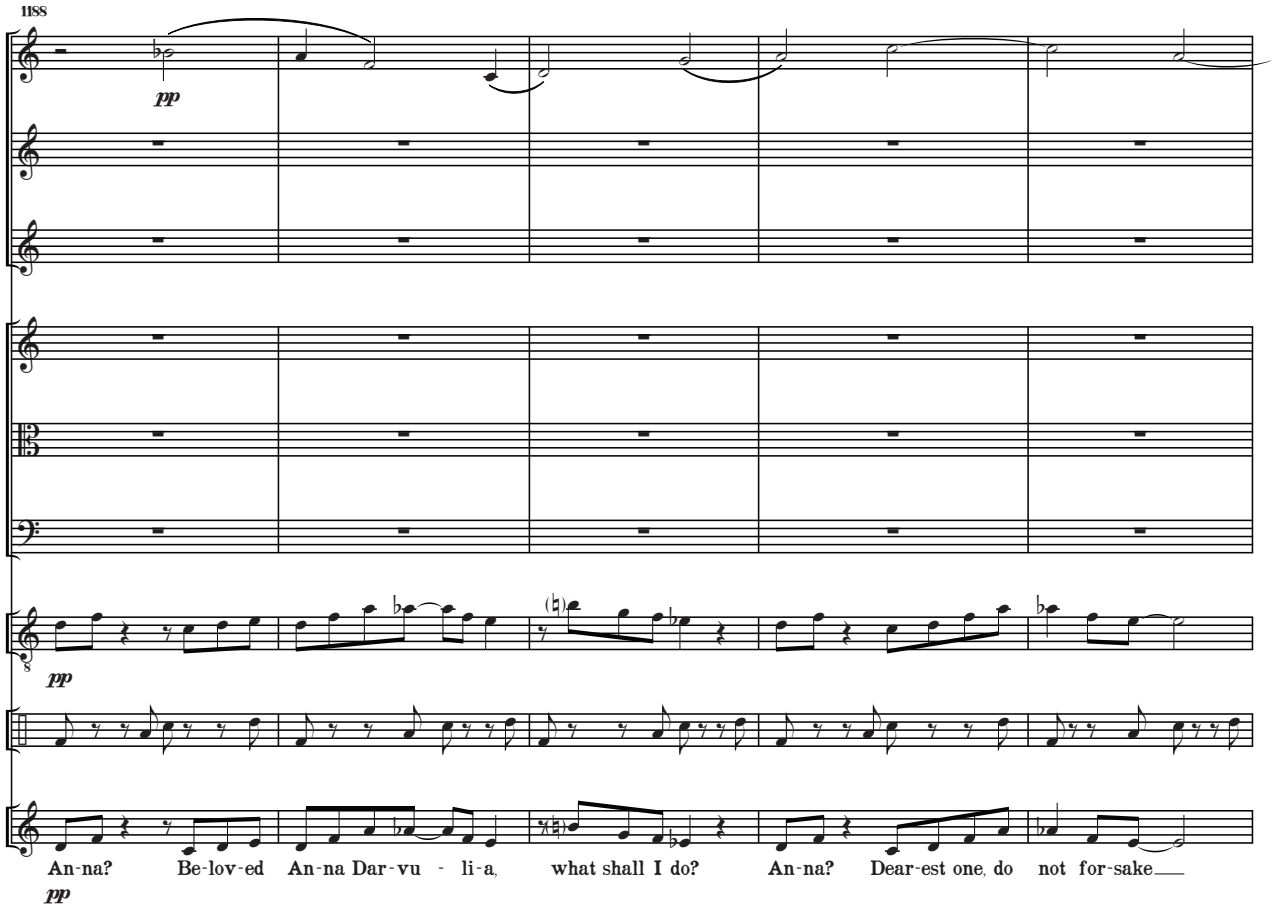
moun-tains, or on the shim-mer-ing wa-ter or on the roof tiles or on the oth-er

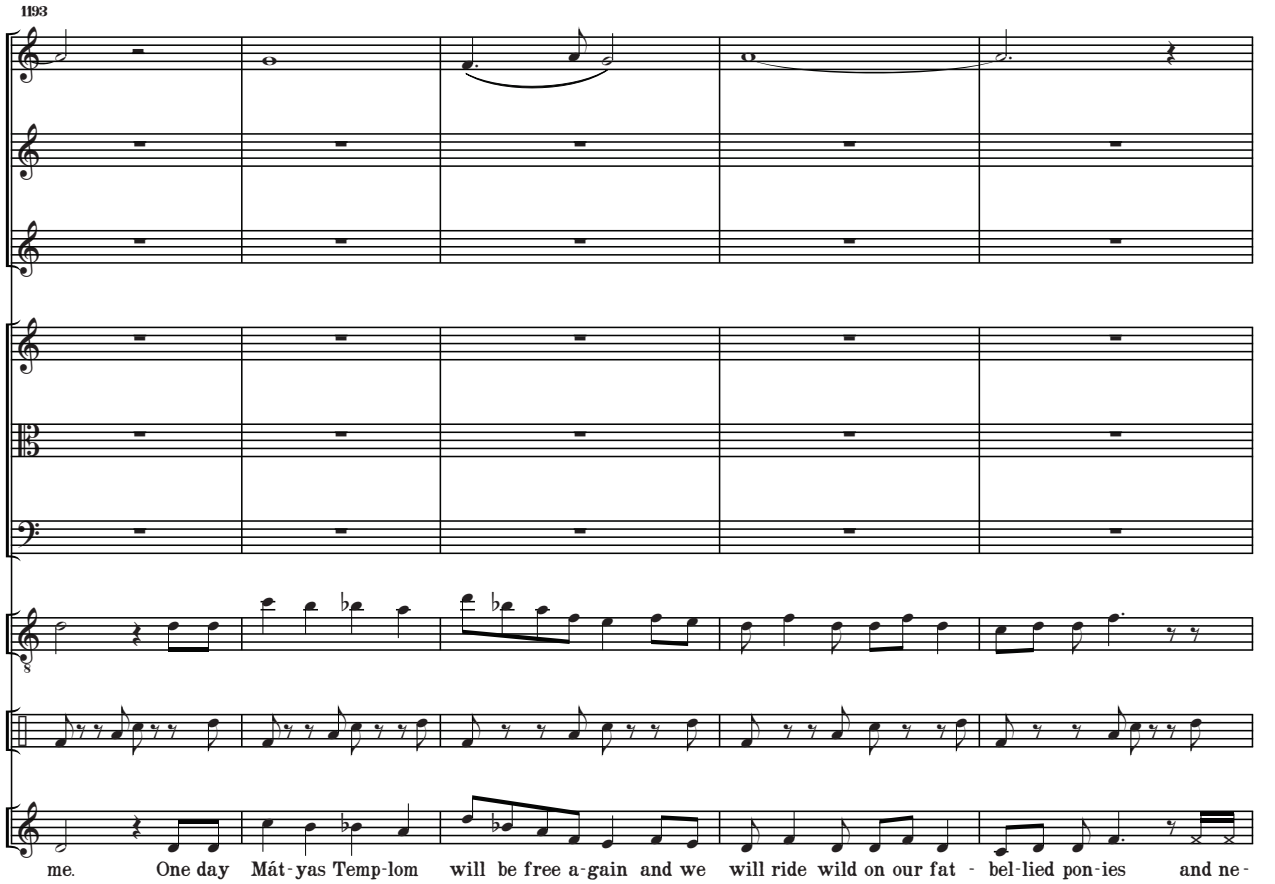

1165
side of the Bal - a - ton. May these nine-ty cats ap - pear to shred and des-troy the hearts of kings and


1170
princ - es, And in the same way the hearts of teach-ers and judg-es, so they shall harm me not.


1175
Ho - ly
Trin - it -


1181
a tempo
ANNA DARVULIA appears.
ty pro-tect me.


1188
pp
S
pp
An-na? Be-lov-ed An-na Dar-vu - li-a, what shall I do? An-na? Dear-est one, do not for-sake
pp


1193
S
me. One day Mát-yas Temp-lom will be free a-gain and we will ride wild on our fat - bel-lied pon-ies and ne-

1198

go - ti - a - tion and sign-ing will be faded in - to the past and free-dom and beau-ty and wind and song and

1201

shim - mer ing blood will be all. They will sing first for— us and then— a-bout

1206

♩=144

fff

fff

fff

fff

× lo tom

× mil. drum

ff × bass drum × muted bass drum

ANNA DARVULIA is gone and ERZSÉBET is alone.

us. We are e-ter - nal. An-na? An-na?

1213

× bass drum

1219

fff

fff

× cymbal

× med tom

1225

ffff

ffff

ffff

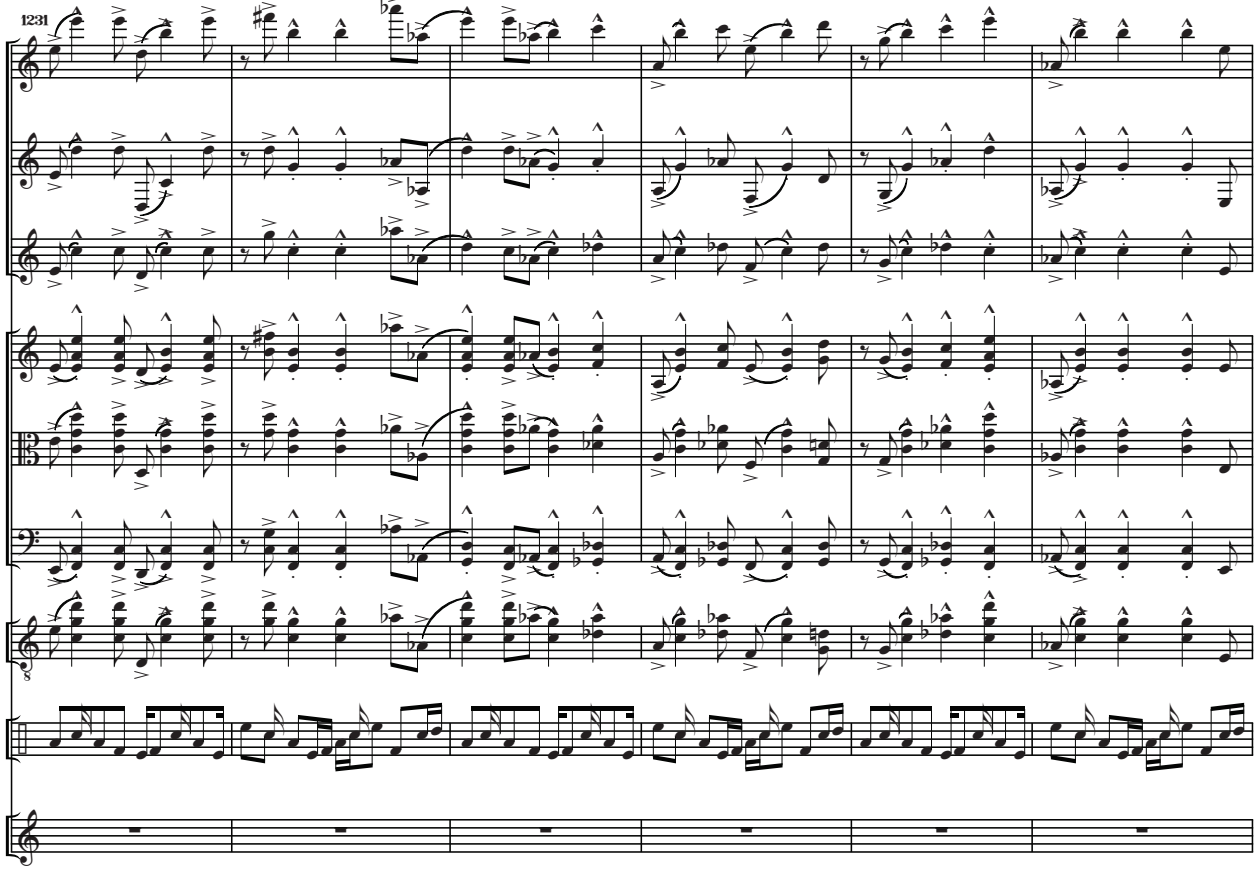
ffff

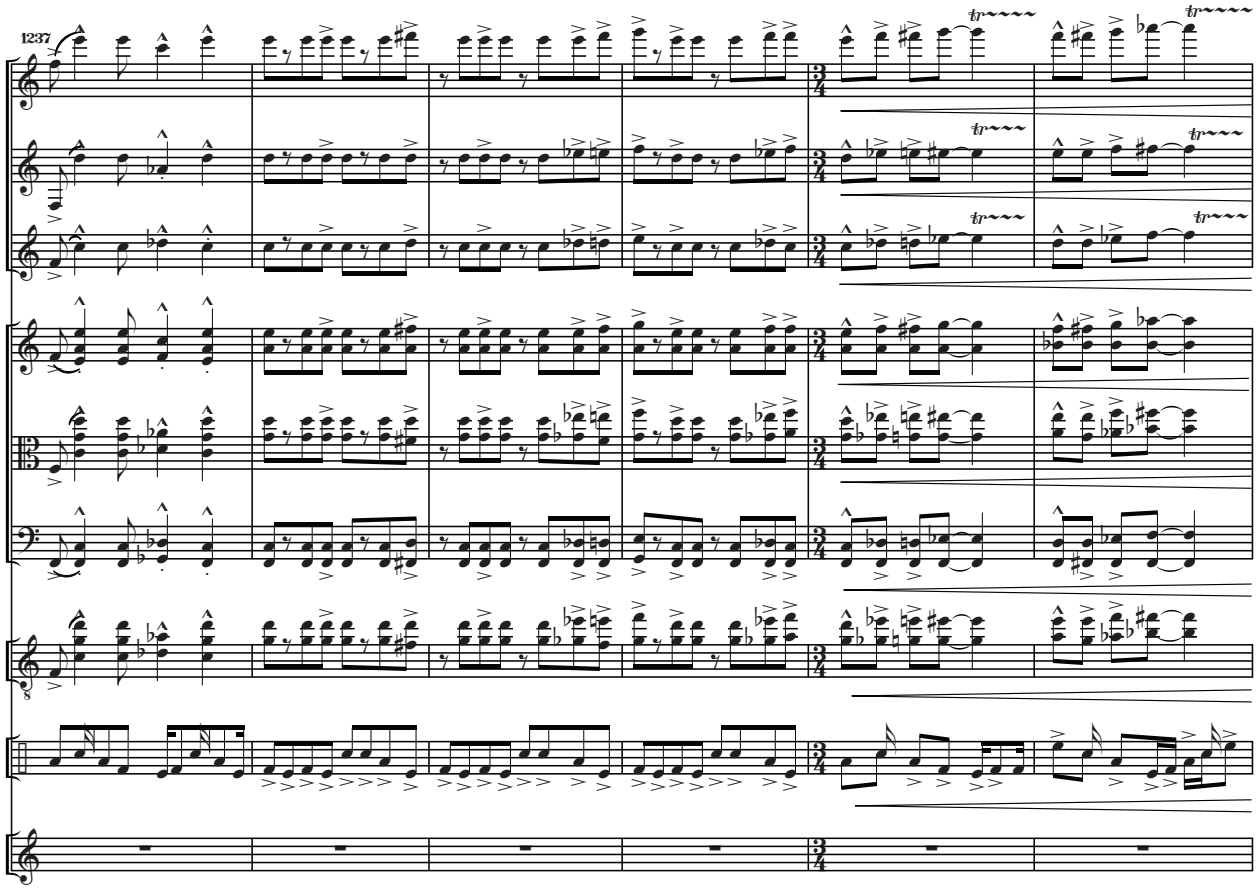
ffff

ffff

ffff

× stopped cymbal


1231


1237
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr

1243

× bass drum

× lo tom

× mil. drum

× muted bass drum

Po - ni-ke-nusz! He de-served no place at my ta-ble with the love-ly young

1248

Kep-ler. Po - ni-ke-nusz! He is a crumb with Thur-zo -- and with my be-lov - ed Paul. Po-

1253

fff p *fff p fff p fff p fff p* *fff p fff p*

ñi - ke - nusz! He has killed my hand - maid - ens with his words. Po - ñi - ke - nusz! May he

1257

p fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p

fff mp fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p

rot in the bel - ly of a horse. Bar - o - ness Il - o - na Har - ezy, the tool of Thur - zo, who would have my

1262

p *fff p fff* *p* *fff p* *fff p* *fff* *p* *fff p fff* *p*

purse. Paul Ná - dasdy, my son the tool of Thur-zo, who would have my lands. (Il -

1267

o-na is dead. Paul will soon be dead I know it. Thur-zo is a crumb.

a tempo

1273

ppp

ppp

ppp

ppp

ppp

ppp

mf

ppp

ppp

Kö - szö - - nöm, Dor - rat - tya. Kö - - szö -

mf

1278

nöm, Il - o - na Joo. Kö - szö - - nöm, Ka - ta - lin.

1283

× bass drum

× lo tom

× muted bass drum

For I am the Coun-tess Bá-tho-ry -- val-iant and brave -- who thanks you in your blood - y death.

1288

mp

mp

mp

p

p

p

mf

× mil. drum

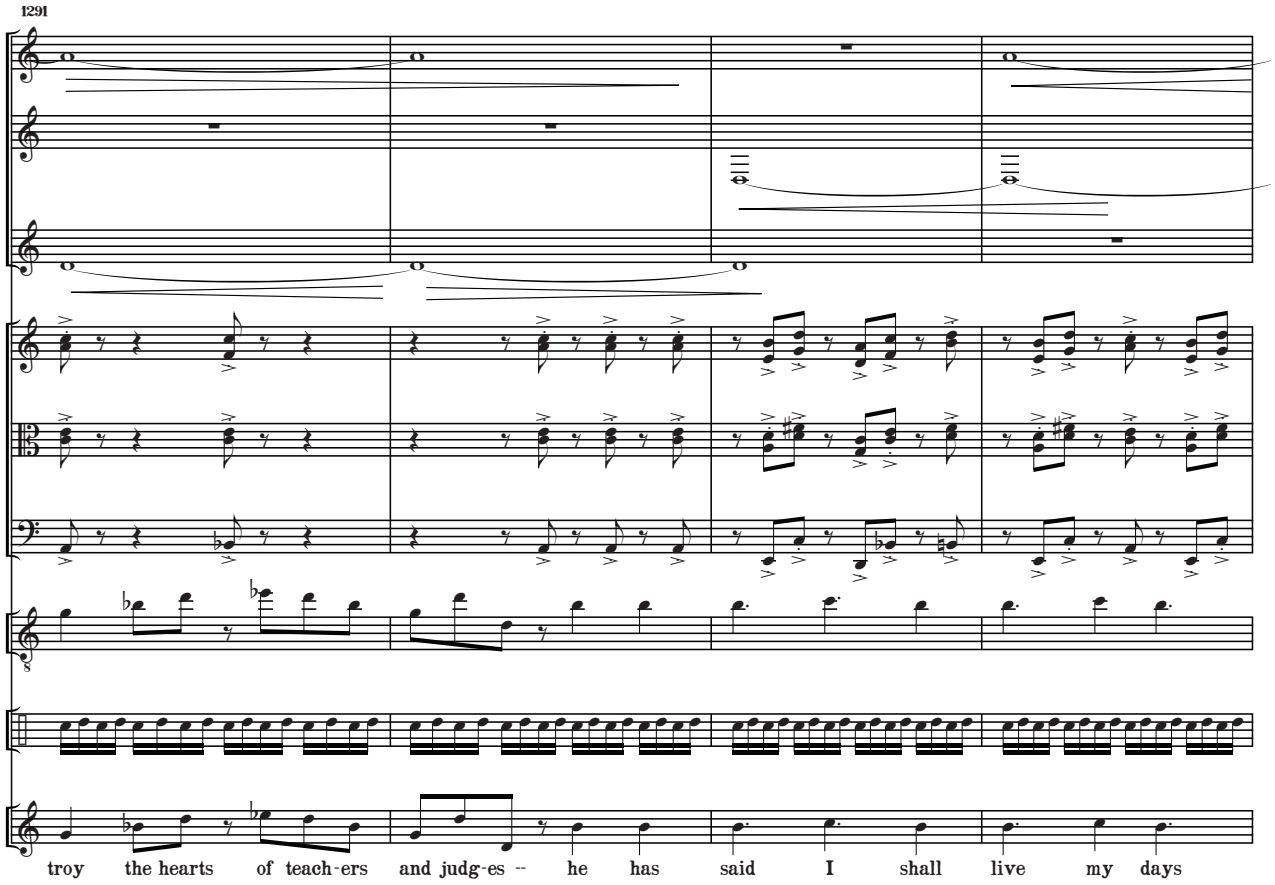
× med tom

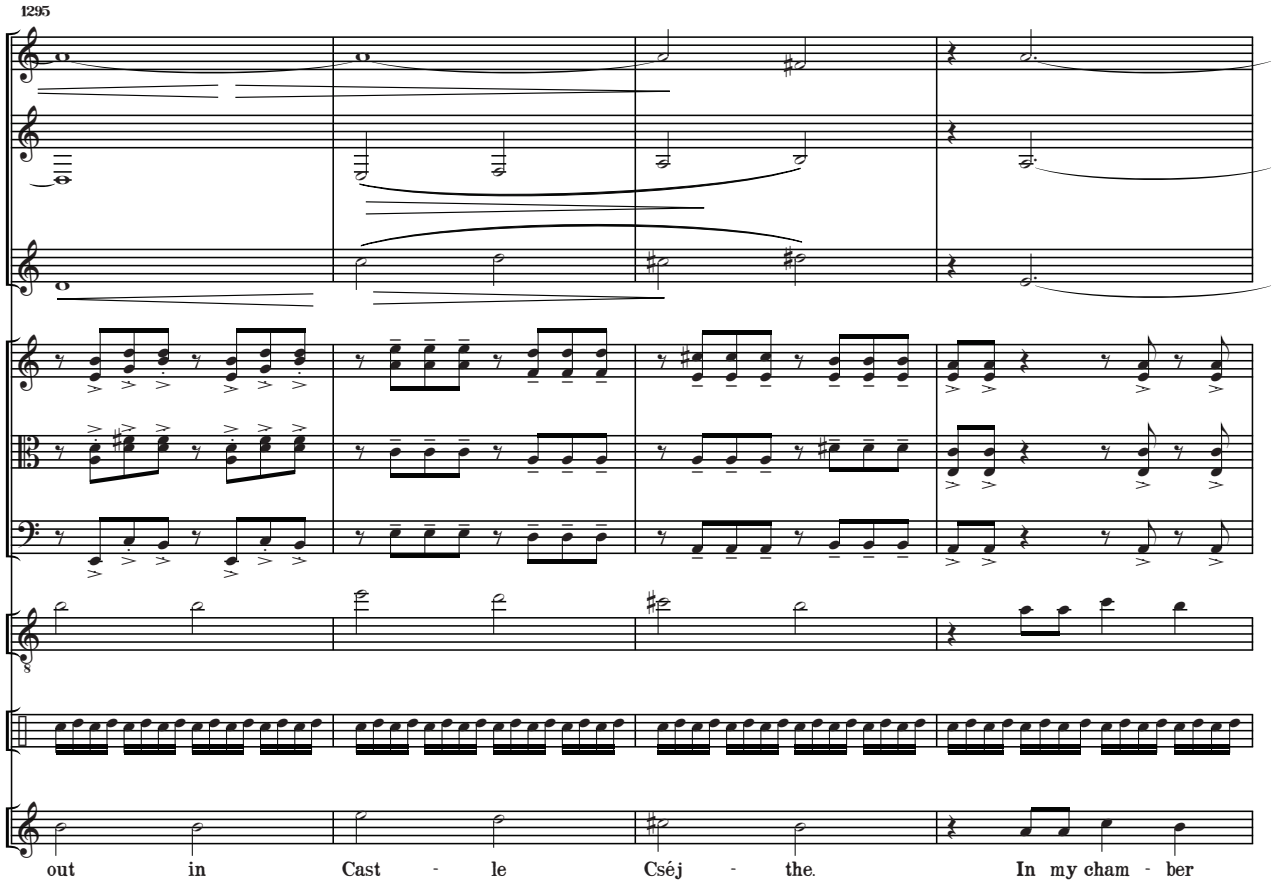
× lo tom

pppp

The judge -- may nine - ty cats ap - pear to shred and des -

f


1291
troy the hearts of teach-ers and judg-es -- he has said I shall live my days


1295
out in Cast - le Cséj - the. In my cham - ber

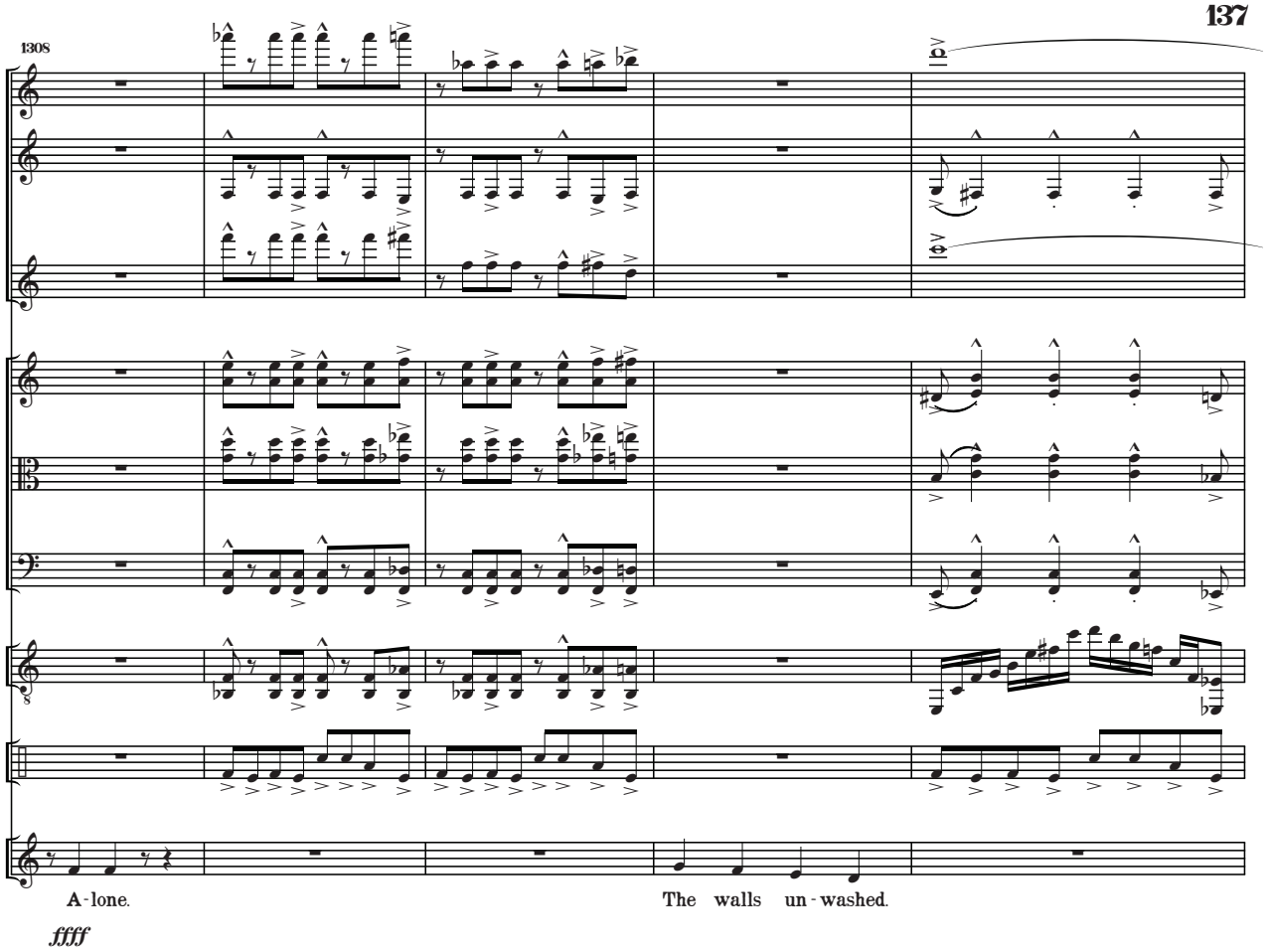
1299

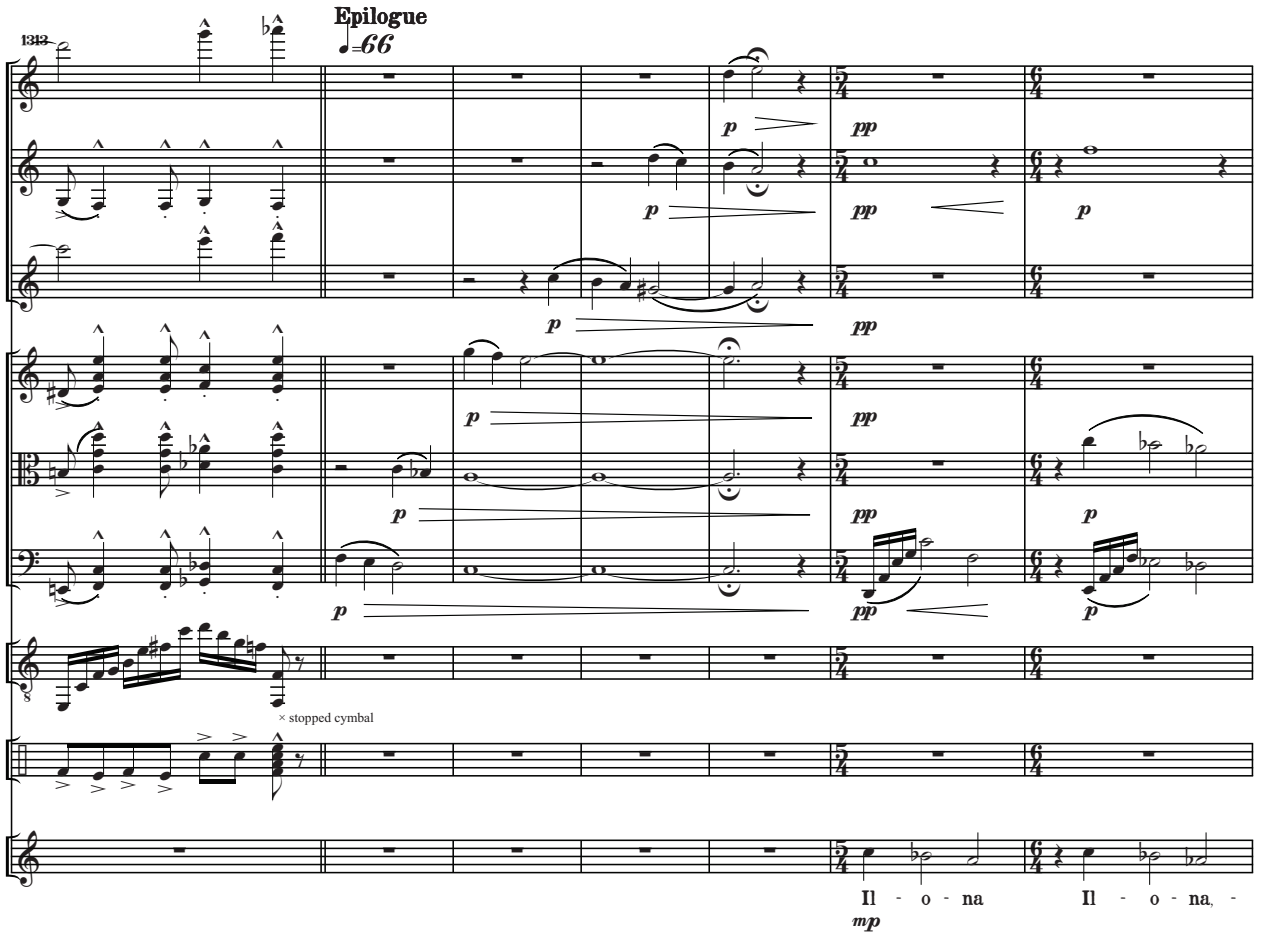
(where young ser - vants gath - ered to glint and shim - -

1303

fff

mer and sing).


1308
A - lone.
The walls un - washed.
ffff


1312
Epilogue
♩=66
p
pp
× stopped cymbal
Il - o - na
Il - o - na, -
mp

1320

p

ppp

Sing to_ me. Sing to_ me. To me sing- - .

1324

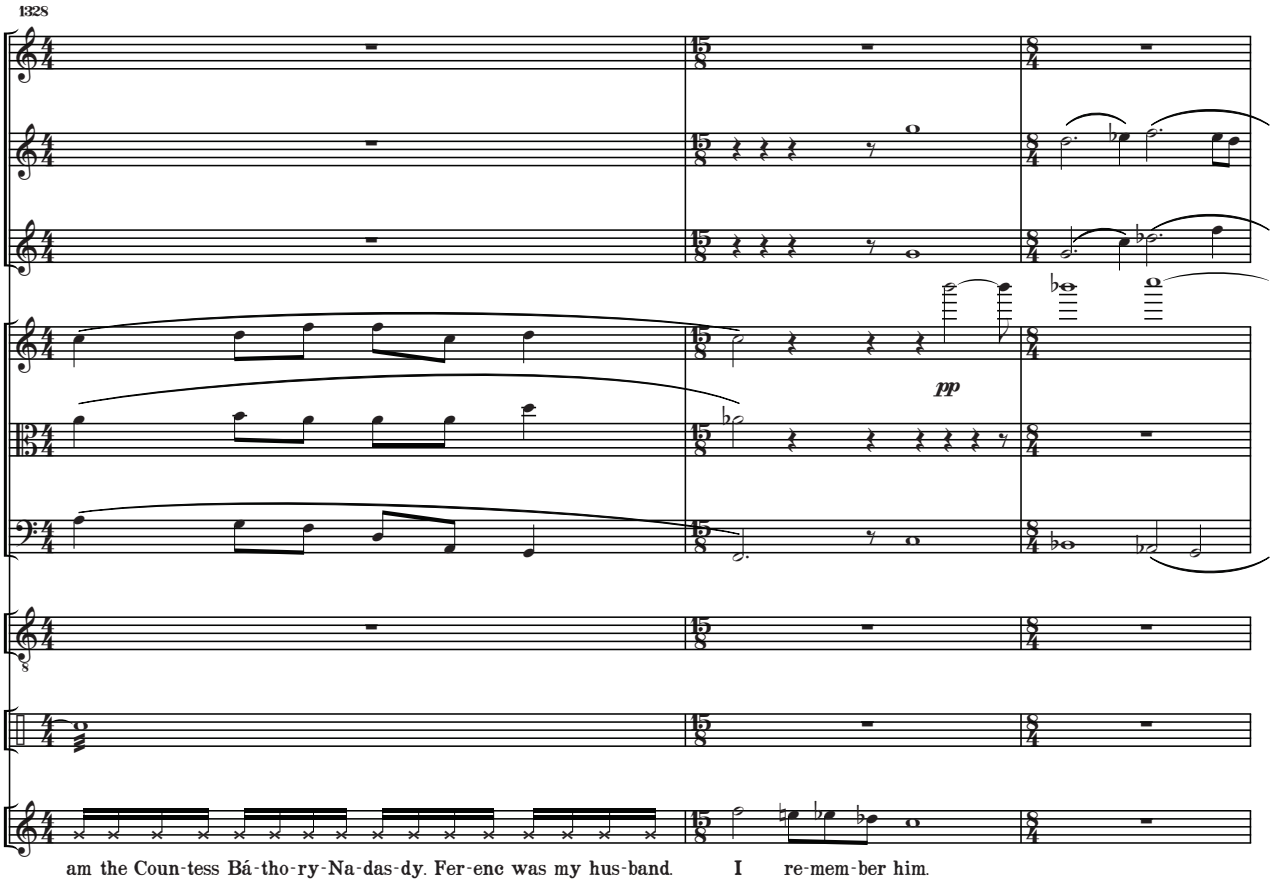
p

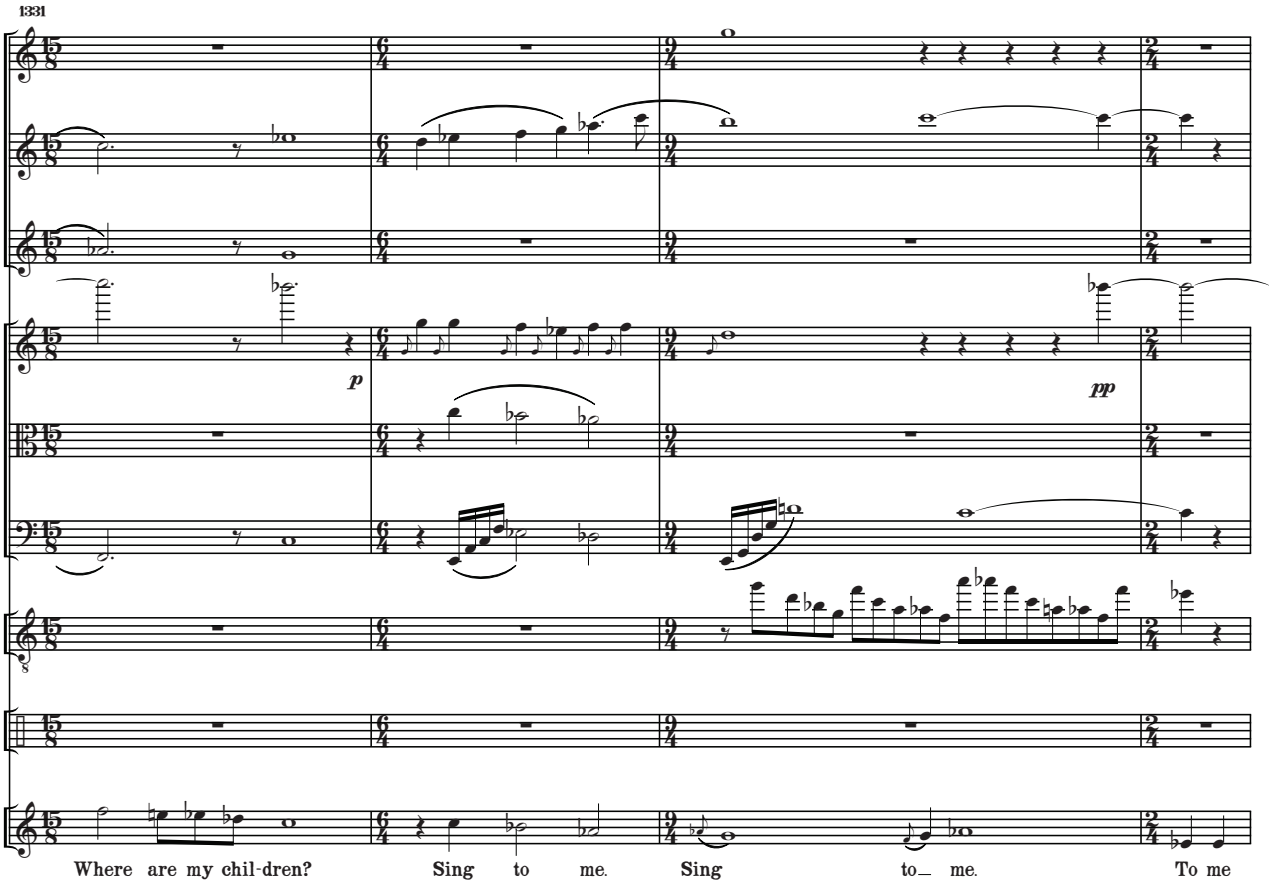
× lo tom

pppp

determined whispering

I am Er - zsé - bet. I am the Coun - tess Bá - tho - ry. The Coun - tess. I


1328
pp
am the Coun-tess Bá-tho-ry-Na-das-dy. Fer-enc was my hus-band. I re-mem-ber him.


1331
p
pp
Where are my chil-dren? Sing to me. Sing to me. To me

1335

p

Sing - . And the King my cous - in. I am the Coun - tess!

1340

tr

p

19

17

15

devolve to mumbling, distracted

I am cold, not hun - gry, but cold... and sick. Sick with age. Pale. Blood - less,

1342

tr

19

17

mp

15

need - ing more. My chil - dren, where___ are they?

1345

reserved but confident

The bar - bar - i - ans... I turned them back East, I turned them back West. My tongue ne -

1346

p

p

p

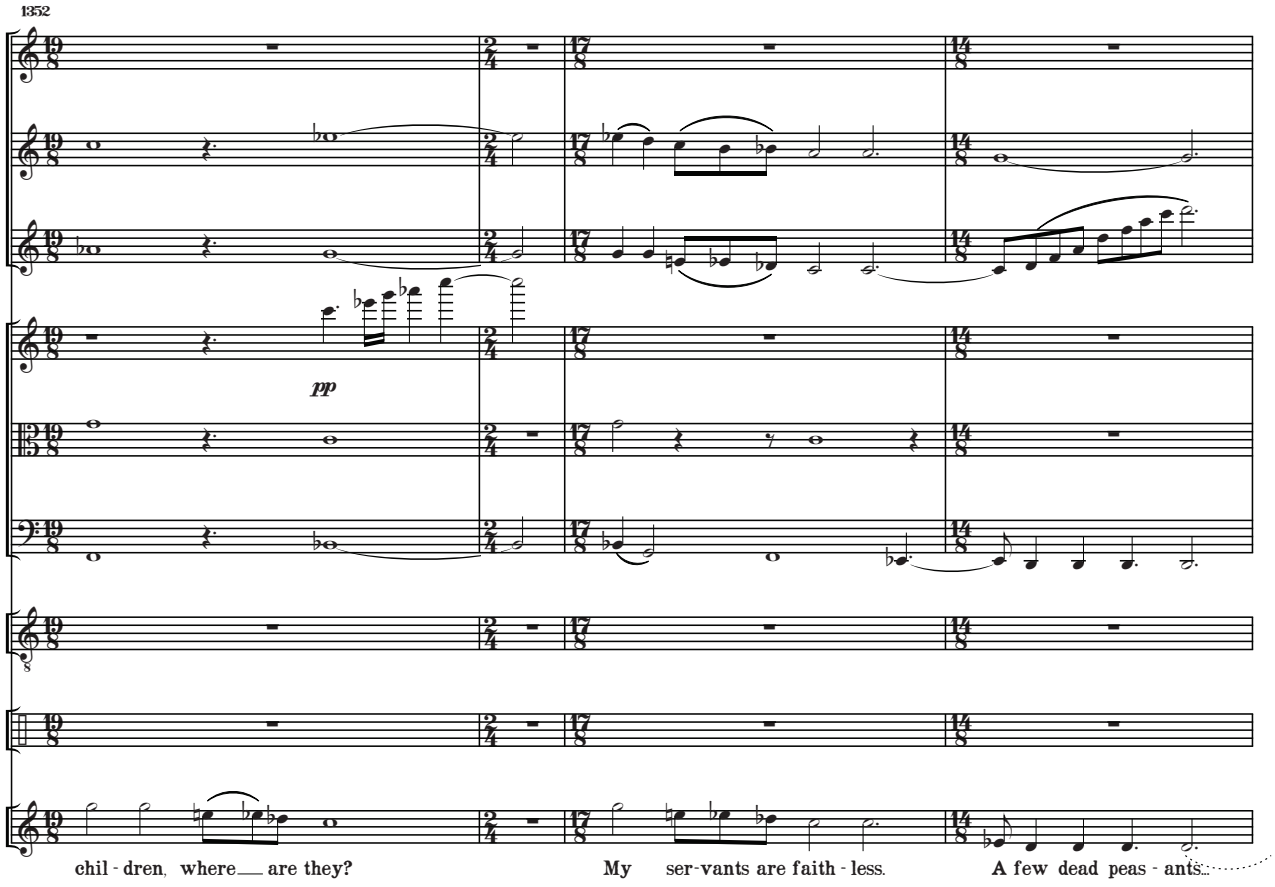
p

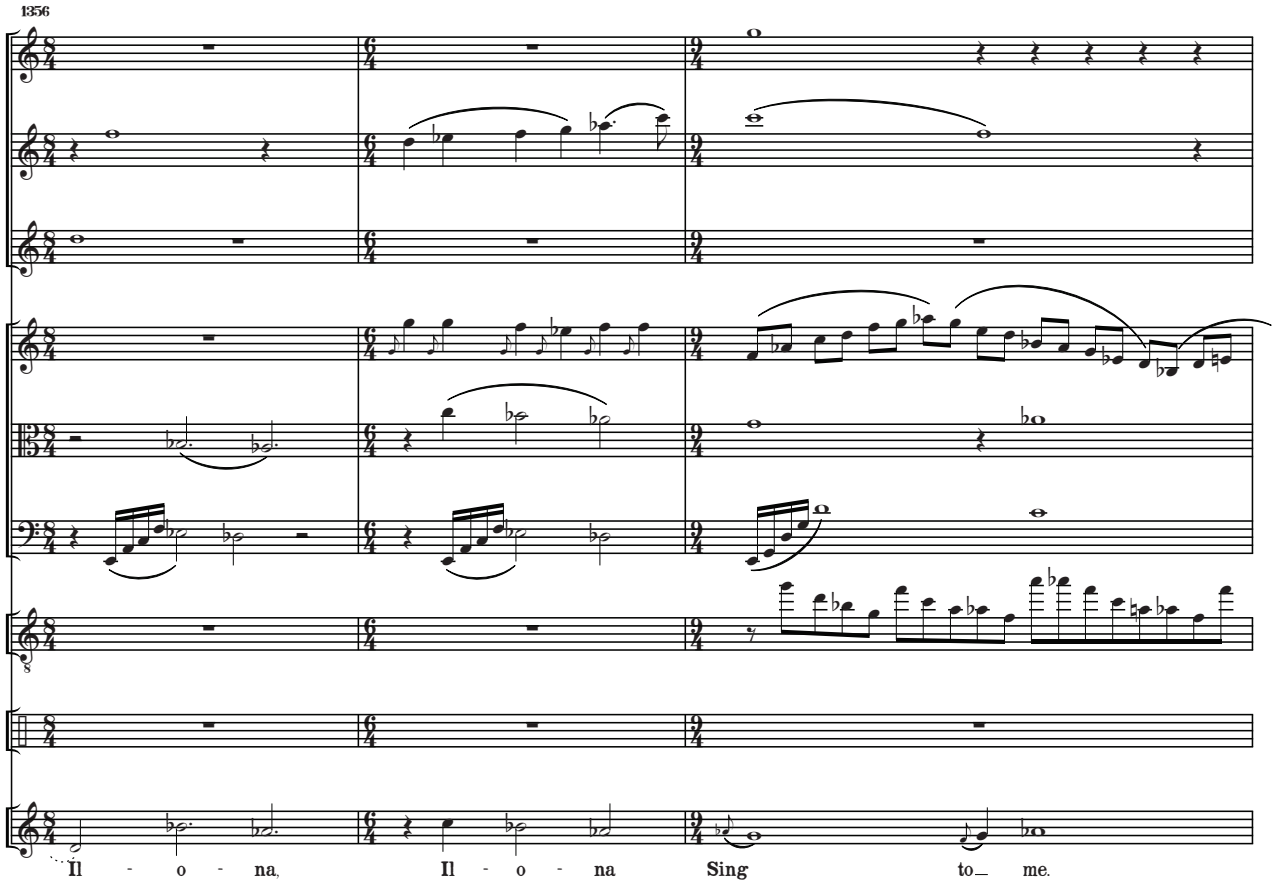
go - ti - a - ted, my hand signed. I turned back my en - e - mies, and each oth - ers'. Sing to me.

1348

pp

Sing to me. To me Sing- - . My


1352
pp
chil - dren, where___ are they?
My ser - vants are faith - less.
A few dead peas - ants...

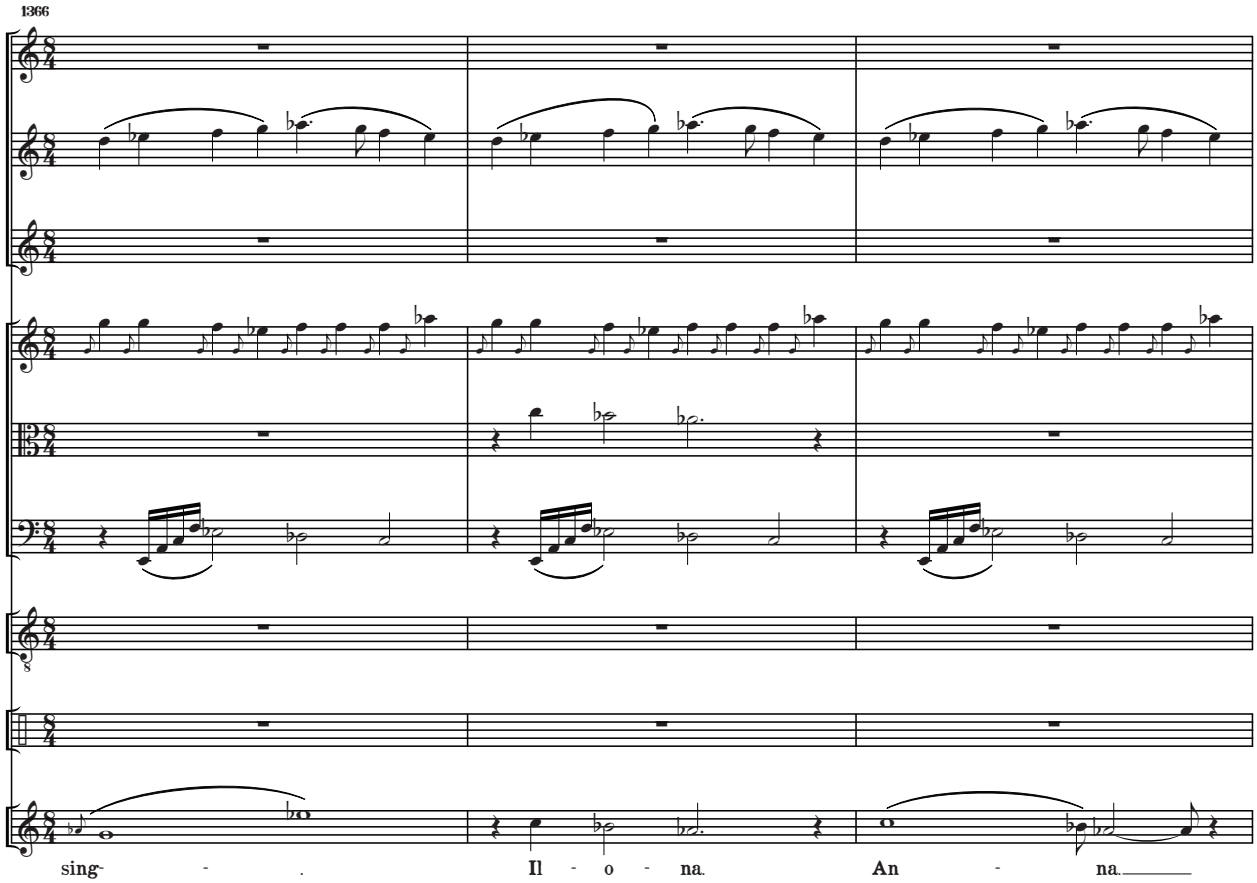

1356
Il - o - na, Il - o - na Sing to___ me.

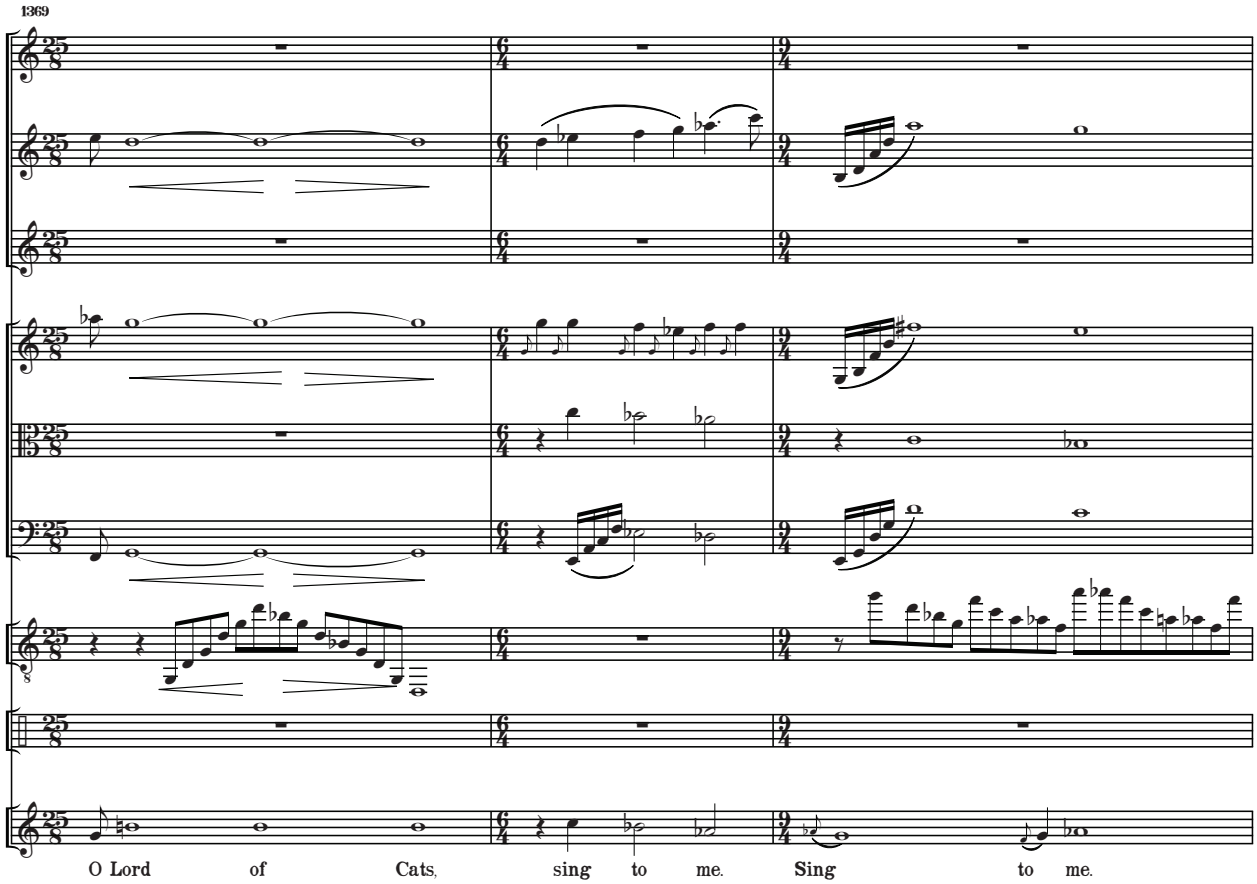
1359

Sing to_ me. To me sing- - . An - na,

1363

sing to me. Sing to_ me. To me


1366
sing- - . Il - o - na. An - na.


1369
O Lord of Cats, sing to me. Sing to me.

1372

Sing to me. To me sing . I am the Coun-tess Bá-tho-ry.

1376

pp

The Coun - tess - . Sing to_ me.

1379

ppppp

ppp

ppp

ppppp

ppp

ppppp

Sing to_ me. To me Sing..... .

Northfield Falls, Vermont
July 12 - August 3, 2010
Revised October 17-18, 2010
Revised November 5, 2010
Revised May 23, 2011