NAKED REVOLUTION
A socialist realist opera drawn from immigrant dreams

libretto by Maita di Niscemi
composed by Dave Soldier
artistic conception by Komar and Melamid

“His wings will grow”, Komar & Melamid

1997, this version August 23, 2017
Soloists

**tenor**  Alexander Ulyanov; Citizen George Washington (George I); King George III’s head

**soprano**  Molly Pitcher; Russian soothsayer; Vera Pavlovna; Isadora Duncan

**bass**  General George Washington (George II)

**countertenor**  Vladimir Lenin

Chorus:

3 **sopranos**  2 solos for Irina, Masha, Russian maidens

2 **mezzo**  1 solo for Sasha, Russian maiden

2 **tenors**, 1 solo as slave

2 **baritones**, 1 solo as slave

1 **bass**, 1 solo as slave

sound man with recorded effects as indicated

**ORCHESTRA**

1 oboe (English horn)
1 clarinet (bs clar.)
2 violins
1 cello
1 double bass
1 acoustic steel string guitar (balalaika if possible), with amplification
1 synthesizer (numbered sounds are for the Kurzweil 2000: requires a cymbalon or hammer dulcimer sound or a live harpsichord could play that part,

1 piano
1 accordion
1 percussion (snare, rattle, hi-hat, cymbal, tambourine, kick drum, bass drum, glockenspiel, chimes, 2 tympani)

*Additional violins, cellos, and basses are welcome.*

One optional conga or bongo player, can be a choir member on stage; or the soundman or conductor can trigger a tape. This is on **16. Hysteria**.

The orchestra should be amplified for most uses. The synthesizer, guitar, and bass will also need their separate amps

**Duration of music is about one hour**
Naked Revolution

LIBRETTO

ACT I
New York City 1776
Bowling Green

Clangs (Voiced as in score)

Scrim rises revealing gilded equestrian statue of King George III as it stood on Bowling Green in New York City after 1770 - the King is dressed as a Roman Emperor. Horse and rider are one-third larger than life. They stand on a white marble pedestal 15 feet high behind a 10 foot black wrought iron fence. Molly Pitcher wears a sash reading Don’t Tread on Me.

1. Truth, Truth, Truth

Molly, singing like Julie Andrews

It’s Truth Truth and Truth
Truth in whose glorious name
All true Sons of Freedom
Now rise to proclaim
It’s Truth, it’s Truth, Truth forsooth
On this glorious day
All true sons of freedom now rally to say

Chorus

We hold these truths to be self-evident,
That all men are created equal
That they are endowed by their creator
with certain unalienable rights
among these are life liberty and the
pursuit of happiness

spot on piano

Molly, draping herself on the piano

It’s Truth Truth and Truth
Truth in whose glorious name
All true Sons of Freedom
Now rise to proclaim
It’s Truth, it’s Truth, Truth forsooth
On this glorious day
All true sons of freedom now rally to say

Chorus

We hold these truths
yes we do.
2. Heave ho boys

Molly & Sons of Liberty:

Heave ho boys
pull your back in it fellows and haul
The true rule of riot
is willful destruction of all
The sole rule of warfare
is willful destruction of all
We hold these truths
yes. we. do.

Washington enters stage left, entering like Elvis with women in the chorus in thrall trailing behind him.

3. Washington’s entrance

Washington

Why have my militia abandoned their posts? (girls sigh)
Why do my soldiers riot and boast? (girls sigh)
Dismembering statues as if they were foes? Tell me all.
Is the enemy fled?

Molly

The King’s mighty army is spread

Washington

around our supply lines. They’ll starve us.

Molly

But Congress - it’s said-

Washington

Lies. snare roll
Rumors.

Cue 3A

He touches statue - clang.

Young Lady.
This statue’s made out of lead.

snare roll

Molly

And?

snare roll

Washington
And so my friends are bullets.

*Clang and snare*

Forty thousand bullets,
fifty thousand enemy dead.

4. **Bullets**

*Choir and Washington*

*Washington leads*

LORD
Forty thousand bullets.
The King shall give us bullets.
Forty thousand bullets. Forty thousand enemy dead.
Bullets, bullets, bullets.
The King shall give us bullets.
Forty thousand bullets.
Forty thousand enemy dead.

5. **I was not my father's eldest son**

Lights fade to night as the music portrays the sounds of nightfall,

*Head of George III as Roman Emperor appears as the moon high in the stars upstage left.*

*Three male choir members sing wordlessly as slaves near the piano. The rest of the choir exits.*

*Sounds of crickets and nightbirds between slave’s singing, especially prominent at score cues.*

*Washington*

I was not my father’s eldest son.
Left three worthless lots in
Fredricksburg
Ten slaves
only half of Deep Run
my mother proved unkind
and took Perry Farm
that should have been mine

*George III*

Sanctissima mea uxor Elizabeth
Liza my life
Let me divorce my German queen
and make you my wife
Washington

Today I hold Mount Vernon
and I call Mount Vernon home
and stand possessed in Virginia alone
of twelve thousand seven
hundred thirty-eight acres of my own.

Gentlemen's acres mapped and sown
Not parts of the Dismal Swamp
Nor unlocated frontier claims
or Custis lands in my good wife's name
cultivated farmland stone by stone
Foreclosing the improvident
I have made twelve thousand seven
hundred thirty-eight acres of the old
Dominion my own.

I have done well. I shall do better.
I shall not reply to my
female parent's begging letters.

George III

I have lost my colonies, lost my
colonies. My beloved colonies.
It is you who desert me my lord
not I you.
Do not call again.

Lights out.

ACT II
Moscow, 1917

6. Russian maiden’s trio

Lights up on three middle class Russian maidens. The set suggests Moscow, circa 1900.

Irina       Why do the dark woods weigh on my soul?
Masha       boredom
Sasha       sadness
Irina       Why is mere living beyond my control?
Masha       Hopeless
Sasha       Despair
Irina       If I were able just once to reach my goal.
Masha

Your goal?

Irina

Travel

Sasha

Without money?

Irina

To Paris

Masha

Without permission?

Irina

To Paris

Masha & Sasha

Without money or permission

Irina

and then to Rome

Masha(to Irina)

You shall never see Paris

Irina

I shall never Paris

Masha & Sasha

We shall never see Paris

all three

We shall never see Rome
We shall sit in our parlors
Sit and despair
Playing Chopin
Pressing flowers
Weaving ribbons in our hair.

Why do the dark woods weigh on my soul?

7. When the devil comes to Moscow

Chorus, dressed as Russian peasants, enters carrying statue of the Czar.

Chorus

Angels and ministers of grace defend us
Angels and ministers of grace defend us

Soothsayer (frightening)

When the devil comes to Moscow
on a Wednesday late in May
will his eyes be black or yellow?
will his beard be black or gray??

With a dog’s head on each saddle
will the devil's henchmen ride?
ride forth from the separate kingdom?
ride forth at the devil's side
Men
Opri chiniki

Women
Ivan Grozny

Soothsayer
Men of darkness on dark horses
brooms and daggers in their hands
all in black upon black stallions
will the black brooms sweep our land

Music becomes psychotic, Lenin begins to appear on rear stage

Chorus
Angels and ministers of grace defend us (repeat)

Soothsayer
Will the devil’s witches whistle?
long loud keening by highest soprano and lowest bass
will they straddle

Soothsayer and women
human swine?

Soothsayer
riding broomsticks through the stars
flown to drink the devil’s wine?

Soothsayer and women
when the devil comes to Moscow

Chorus (not in rhythmic unison)
Not tomorrow
Not today
How long will the devil stay?

chorus exits

Chorus (Repeat and fade) Angels and ministers of grace defend us (repeat until necessary).

8. And when you see a fire

Set of a romantic version of Russia during a revolution. Vera Pavlovna and Alexander Ulyanov. She is brushing his hair. Distant explosions and snare rolls.

Vera
And when you see a fire
threatening your home
in night’s darkest hour
the hour after midnight
the hour before dawn.
Run bravely to it through the forest.
No raging fire can prevail
against the coming dawn of freedom.
The people's will shall be unveiled.
Alexander

Among the Russian people
at any given time
Some men, perhaps a dozen
will answer for the nation
will answer with their lives
No power on earth can terrify us
No raging fire can prevail
against the coming dawn of freedom
The people's will shall be unveiled.

Vera & Alexander

Believe in the coming dawn of freedom.
Believe in the people's will
Believe in love and courage.
Dear friend, we're not alone.
Dear friend, we're not alone.
Dear friend, we're not afraid.

BLACkOUT.

Lights up on Lenin seated downstage right in the pose of his portrait in the Smolny Institute October 27, 1917. Alternate: Lenin (Alexander) limbs ladder and gives speech from balcony. As the speech progresses they are joined by the chorus dressed as workers, sailors, peasants, etc. Church bells, revolutionary posters, mob sounds Starts with quiet mob sounds that build.

9. Lenin at Smolny Institute

Lenin and Alexander's ghost (rising to address his audience)
(when Lenin sings here, two voices emerge- Lenin and Alexander's ghost)

The Tsar himself recalled the touching frankness of my brother.
Alexander did not beg or betray or excuse himself in anyway.
Caught with a bomb in a book
He accused no one but took his time in court to praise the people's will.
A martyr to the people's will. My brother was hanged. My brother a martyr at the age of twenty-one.

A body dressed like Alexander is revealed hanging.

Choir

Brother Illich

Lenin with Alexander

Comrades, martyrdom has never been my way.
I survived assassins, exile, hunger and despair. I have survived, we have survived, we shall prevail and see our vile oppressors destroyed.

*Lenin gives speech in Russian. Use supertitles in English? Choir sings “ooh” behind him.*

*Choir members, spoken (subset)*

Batushka, we are your children
Tell us what to do.

*Lenin (with building anger)*

Shoot the traitors
Shoot them all.
Scatter them like the dust they are.
Let the garbage heap of history
turn the corpses of our enemies
to compost to enrich our Revolution’s crops.

(The following spoken lines could be in Russian.)

Running dogs. Lackeys.
Why should they see another dawn?
Who dares say the naked revolution
should not prevail?
Who dares? Do you?

*mob yells*

No never. Comrade. We’re yours. Forever. All power to the Supreme Soviet. All power to Comrade Lenin.

*They disassemble the horse during instrumental music. Lenin assumes his typical salute that he will use again at the end of the piece.*

*Lenin & Mob*

Shoot the traitors
Shoot them all.
Scatter them like the dust they are.
Let the garbage heap of history
turn the corpses of our enemies
to compost to enrich our Revolution’s crops.
THE WATERS OF REVOLUTION ARE DRAWN FROM VILLAGE WELLS!
Majestic instrumental interlude (The Factory Worker and the Collective Farm Girl) with recorded mob sounds and recording of the real Lenin.

Act III
Washington Square, New York, 1989

10. Remember

In the Washington Square Arch, a statue of 1792 civilian George Washington faces a statue of 1776 military George Washington. The statues come alive and sing.

George I (civilian, the tenor)
dreamily) Remember

George II (military, the bass baritone)
impatiently) of course I remember

George I

The apples
possible clattering vision of teeth
sounds of cars or car crashes

George II

The forests (he steps down from niche)
the trees

George I & II

huge oaks

George II

unblighted chestnuts
fern fronds and leaves

George I

Poplars marking property
and the winter of 1753, remember?

George II

Of course I remember.

George I

What was that Indian’s name?
Kustaloga? Shingiss? Jeskakaka?

George II

No, no the one who said the French had killed boiled and eaten his father.

George I

Of course, let me think
just the thing
Half King.
George II

That’s right, Half King.
A strong man.
Always singing.

George I

Always sleeping.
Always drunk in the deepest woods.

George II

In the deepest snow,

George I & II

Half King

George II

half beast
he would have murdered us all had he dared
felled us like oxen in the snow
murdered us all
murdered us there

George I & II

Where the Allegheny
and the Monongahela Rivers
join the frozen Ohio
Well I know
Half King would have drunk our blood
had he dared.
Drunk our blood in the snow.

11. Lenin’s entrance

Enter Lenin stage right with his accordionist dressed as he was when he crossed
Petrograd disguised as a laborer in 1918.

12. I still remember

Someone rides by on a ridiculous bicycle – it is Marcel Duchamp.

pause

Lenin
(to the accordionist)

I still remember
on grassy afternoons
I have lain on hay I never raked
Eaten bread I never baked
And dreamed in honeyed sunlight.
Dreamed young dreams  
on perfumed afternoons  
birch trees lime trees hollyhocks  
mignonette fresh peas for tea  
and colored kites flying high high high  
above the meadow  
above the clearing  
high in the sunset sky.

George I  The forest.

George I I  The meadows.

George I  The clearing.

together  The sky.

An on-stage trio of street musician including Lenin’s accordionist, solo violin, and the orchestra’s guitarist preferably on balalaika, perform a gypsy interlude.

Chorus (like Red Army chorus)

I still remember  
on grassy afternoons  
I have lain on hay I never raked  
Eaten bread I never baked  
And dreamed in honeyed sunlight.

George I  The forest.

George I I  The meadows.

George I  The clearing.

together  The sky.

13. Lenin and Washingtons’ trio

Lenin  Perhaps I’m the fool.  
Because while listening to Beethoven  
I forgot to be cruel.

George I (to George II)  Beethoven?

George II  Beethoven?

Lenin  The Appassionata to be precise  
is such strange music  
it makes me want to be kind  
I cannot be weak, no leader can.
George I
What makes you a leader?

George II
You seem an ordinary man.

Lenin
I'm your successor.
The incarnation of the people's will.

George I (to George II)
(laughing) First in war?

George II (to George I)
First in peace?
(to Lenin) Have you enjoyed the hundreds

George I
The thousands

George II
(continuing) of wreaths?
tributes, commemorations, statues
throughout the land?
A century of gratitude.

Lenin
Don't you know who I am?

George I
Just another would-be Washington

George II
Tin horn Washington

George I
Ersatz Washington

George I & II
Another small beer tyrant who thinks he can be

in counterpoint

Lenin
Washington
Washington, Washington
Now and forever Washington

I can't believe
First in peace
don't understand
First in war
I gave my life
and more and more and more
that I might
truthful
stand as equal comrades
dignified self-respecting
(to passersby)
help me
modest pride
equal to the task at hand
comrades

shoot them!

beloved

revered throughout the land

and more and more and more and more and more.

Help me

14. Oh no
George 1 & II start sketching out a dance to the strains of the Appassionata,

Banner: Republic of Greenwich Village.

Isadora lit on a swing behind the scrim.

Violins intro truth truth truth

Lenin

Oh, no.

Isadora

I greet you in the sacred name of beauty.

Lenin

Not again.

15. Sing of nature

Isadora (coyly, always centered on Lenin)

Sing of nature
Sing of numbers
Sing of sunflowers turning in time
one two three
see the petals on lilies
the petals on lilies
five on each buttercup
eight dressed delphiniums
thirteen marigolds
twenty-one asters
thirty-four daisies
fifty-five daisies

dances with accordionist, looks at Lenin

sing of petals
sing of daisies
next flowering number
eighty-nine

sing of nature
sing of numbers
sing of sunflowers
turning in, turning in time
and all the florets
in all the sunflowers
thirty-four clockwise to George I
fifty-five counter to George II
onward through nature
beyond eighty-nine

That’s right, think about it
want to know more
the next circle of florets
one forty-four.

circles triumphantly to Lenin

Lenin (spoken, Russian)
That woman!! Get rid of her.
Tell Podvowsky I will not see her!! I don’t care how
many orphans she’s found for her school.

Isadora:
On Sparrow Hill in Moscow
Five hundred little girls
greet the nation’s newfound way
wave red scarves in the sunlight
raise their garlands in unison
to bless the coming day.

Lenin (spoken, Russian) she’s crazy, etc.

Isadora (sung) And anybody’s child
shall know the story of this dawn
shall know the glory that is born
of art and truth and beauty
shall know the grandeur of the hope
that makes man free.

16. **Hysteria**

Washingsons dance a minuet to the Appassionata.

Tape or conga/bongo begins at score cue.

George Washingsons State your business.

Isadora Here I stand today
and here we promise to forgive
all debts we owe to sorrow shall cease
the world shall know peace.

Chorus of Georges
Komar and Melamid have made George masks using the face on the dollar bill that the chorus can brandish
Who why where what
do you think you're doing?
Who why where what
do you think we are

Isadora

and anybody's child
shall know the story of this dawn
shall know the glory that is born
of art and truth and beauty
shall know the grandeur of the hope
that makes man free.

Chorus of Georges

This is our country.
Our world, our century.
We're taking it back!

George George George George
George George George George

Chorus of Georges grows more and more frenetic. Lenin tries to cut in to dance but is rebuffed.

At waltz cue, drums stop and Isadora and Marcel dance off together, and the Georges waltz. Maybe some of the chorus too.

Chorus sings

la, la, la.

Lenin attempts to leave with only his trusty accordionist following. He hails at a cab with his trademark salute. This can be coupled by the Komar & Melamid painting of Lenin hailing a cab at a McDonalds.

Lenin yells

Taxi!

Lights out.

Clang from the introduction.

Lights on and bows.
Naked Revolution
a socialist realist opera drawn from immigrant dreams

Dave Soldier, composer
Maita di Niscemi, lyrics
Komar & Melamid, concept

1. Truth Truth Truth

Act I New York City 1776

Oboe

Clarinet in B-

Glockenspiel

Tubular Bells

Guitar

Piano

Synth.

Violin I

Violin II

Cello

Double Bass

Pizz.  Arco

=72

\[ \text{mm} \]

\[ \text{nf} \]
Naked Revolution
It's truth it's truth truth for sooth on this glorious day
3. Washington enters

use slapback echo on piano or double on piano sound in synthesizer

patterns on these notes can vary, keep sharp attack

piano sound, be at least a little off from the pianist

use electronic slap back echo to increase note density

Naked Revolution

use electronic slap back echo to increase note density
177

Why have my militia abandoned their posts?
W. "Young lady, this statue's made of lead"

but Congress it's said

Lies rumors pizz.
Naked Revolution
5. I was not my father's eldest son

Bass

C Sop 1

C Sop 2,3

C Mezz 2

C Ten 1

C Bass 2

C Bar 2

C Bass 3

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.
Naked Revolution

Ted's son

left three worthless lots in Fredricksburg

Twelve slaves, only half of Deep

eldest son

Run

my mother proved unkind

and took Perry Farm, that should have been
German queen and make you my wife.

To day, I hold Mt.

Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution

Vln. I

of twelve thousand seven hundred thirty eight acres of my own

Vln. II

can be an octave lower

Vc.

solo obbligato

D.B.

can be an octave lower

Gtr.

Gen - tle - man's acres mapped and sown 

Bass

not pieces of the

Pno.

can be an octave lower

not pieces of the

...
Dis - mal swamp or un - lo - ca - ted fron - tier claims or Cum - tis lands in my good wife's name

cul - ti - va - ted farm - land stone by stone fore - clos - ing the im - prov - i - dent I have made

twelve thou - sand se - ven hun - dred thirty - eight a - cres of old Do - min - i - on my own

going a bit crazy

Do - own good dent wife's name

F
I
Ω
Ω
Naked Revolution
Act II Moscow 1917

6. Russian Maiden Trio

Why do the dark woods weigh on my soul?

Why do the dark woods weigh on my soul?
Naked Revolution

If I were able just once to reach my goal

Your goal? Without

Your goal? Without

to Paris

to Paris

and then to Rome

mooney? Without permission? Without money or permission to Rome

mooney? Without permission? Without money or permission to Rome

With

With
We shall sit in our parlour sit and despair playing Chopin, pressing flowers.

We shall sit in our parlour sit and despair playing Chopin, pressing flowers.

We shall sit in our parlour sit and despair playing Chopin, pressing flowers.

singing rock sound

Weaving ribbons in our hair

Weaving ribbons in our hair

Weaving ribbons in our hair
Naked Revolution

T.T.

T.B.

Synth.

C Sop 1

C Sop 2,3

C Mezz 2

C Ten 1

C Bari 2

C Bass 3

f Angels and ministers of grace declare
When the devil comes to Moscow
On a Wednesday late

in May Will his eyes be black or yellow will his beard be
Naked Revolution
With a dog's head
on each saddle  Will the devil's henchmen ride?

Ride forth from the separate kingdom
Ride forth at the
Naked Revolution

on dark horses

brooms and daggers in his hand

All upon black

will the black

sweep our land?
Naked Revolution

B. Cl.

S.Dr.

Tamb.

Gtr.

Sop.

Acc.

D.B.

broom sticks through the stars Flown to drink the de-
When the devil comes to Moscow...
Not to mor-row not to day when the de-vil comes to Mos-cow how long will the de-vil

Not to mor-row not to day when the de-vil comes to Mos-cow how long will the de-vil

Not to mor-row not to day when the de-vil comes to Mos-cow how long will the de-vil

Not to mor-row not to day when the de-vil comes to Mos-cow how long will the de-vil

Not to mor-row not to day when the de-vil comes to Mos-cow how long will the de-vil
8. And When You See a Fire

Timp.

T.T.

T.B.

Pno.

Acc.

Syn Cym

C Sop 1

C Sop 2, 3

C Mezz 2

C Ten 1

C Bari 2

C Bass 3

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.
And when you see a fire threatening your home in night's darkest hour the
Naked Revolution

hour after midnight, the hour before dawn, run bravely to it through the forest.

no raging fire can prevail against the coming dawn of freedom the people's
Tenor

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.

Ob.

B.C.

Naked Revolution

61
Believe in the
will shall be un - veiled
T.B.

Pno.

Sop.

Tenor

C Sop 1

C Sop 2,3

C Mezz 2

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.
Lie in love and courage
Dear friend we're not alone.

one pitch for each singer

Ah

Ah

Ah

Dear friend we're not afraid

Naked Revolution
Alexander did not beg or betray or excuse himself in any way.
Naked Revolution

Vln. II

Vln. I

Tenor

D.B.

Ob.

B-Cl.

Glk.

Acc.

CTen.

Tenor

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.

"caught with a bomb in a book he accused no one but took his time in court to praise the"

"caught with a bomb in a book he accused no one but took his time in court to praise the"

"people's will"

"people's will"

"A man — tyr to the people's"

"A man — tyr to the people's"
will My brother was hanged My brother a martyr at the age of twenty one
Naked Revolution

\[ \text{C Sop 1} \]

\[ \text{C Sop 2,3} \]

\[ \text{C Mezz 2} \]

\[ \text{C Ten 1} \]

\[ \text{C Bari 2} \]

\[ \text{C Bass 3} \]

\[ \text{Vln. I} \]

\[ \text{Vln. II} \]

\[ \text{Vc.} \]

\[ \text{D.B.} \]
Ob.

Bc.

Timp.

Gtr.

Pno.

Acc.

CTen.

Tenor

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.

Scat

Scat

Naked Revolution

ab

ab

Scatter them like the dust

Scatter them like the dust

they are

they are

let the garbage heap of history turn the

let the garbage heap of history turn the

garbage heap of his
garbage heap of his

to
to
Naked Revolution

- OB
- B-CL
- Timp.
- Glk.
- Gtr.
- Pno.
- Acc.
- Synth.
- CTen.
- Tenor
- Vln. I
- Vln. II
- Vc.
- D.B.

corp-ses of our en-em-ies

to com-post

to en-rich

our rev-o-lu-tion's crops

Lenin gives 2nd speech in Russian

corp-ses of our en-em-ies

to com-post

to en-rich

our rev-o-lu-tion's crops

marcato

marcato
Shoot the traitors shoot them all
Scatter them like the dust they
The waters of revolution are drawn from village wells
continue both sounds if possible
patterns can be altered at will, but keep sharp attack

Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution

Pno.

Bass

Vln. I

Ob.

Bs.Cl.

Pno.

Tenor

Bass

Vln. I

B+Cl.

Pno.

Tenor

Vc.

D.B.
impatiently

Of course I remember

What was that individual's name?

Jes - ka - ka - ka
one who said the French had killed boon and eaten his father

That's right, Half King A strong
Organ

Tenor

Cl.

Bass

Vln. I

Vln. II

4.4.4.

modern traffic sounds

11. Lenin's entrance

Half King would have drunk our blood had he dared drank our blood in the snow
never naked 

Eat - en bread I neverbaked and dreamed of hon-eyed sun - light

 summarized

ne - 

ver

bread

I

ne -

ver

bread

I

ne - 

ver

bread

I

ne -

ver

bread

I

ne - 

ver

bread

I

ne -

ver

bread

I

ne - 

ver

bread

I

ne -

ver

bread

I
Naked Revolution

peas for tea
colorful kites flying
above the meadow, above the clearing
high in the sunset sky

the forests
the clearing
the sky

the meadows
the sky

on stage
play from memory
Gypsy-like
tremolo like balalaika

solo
Naked Revolution

E. Hn.
B-Cl.
Timp.
Gtr.
Acc.
CTen.
C Sop 1
C Sop2,3
C Mezz 2
C Ten 1
C Bari 2
C Bass 3
Vln. I
Vc.
D.B.
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution

E. Hn.

Bb Cl.

Timp.

Acc.

Synth.

CTen.

C Sop 1

eat - en bread____ I ne - ver baked____ and dreamed of hon-eyed sun____ light____ and

eat - en bread____ ne - ver ba - ked dreamed of hon-eyed sun____ light____ Oh

eat - en bread____ ne - ver ba - ked dreamed of hon-eyed sun____ light____ Oh

eat - en bread____ ne - ver ba - ked dreamed of hon-eyed sun____ light____ Oh

eat - en bread____ ne - ver ba - ked dreamed of hon-eyed sun____ light____

eat - en bread____ ne - ver ba - ked dreamed of hon-eyed sun____ light____

C Bari 2

C Bass 3

Vc.

D.B.
dreamed of honeyed sunlight

The forest
Naked Revolution

13. Lenin & Washington’s trio
Duchamp on a bicycle

\( \text{B+Cl.} \)

\( \text{T.B.} \)

\( \text{S.Dr.} \)

\( \text{Pno.} \)

\( \text{Organ} \)

\( \text{Tenor} \)

\( \text{Bass} \)

\( \text{Vln. I} \)

\( \text{Vln. II} \)

\( \text{Vc.} \)
Perhaps I'm the fool
Because I forgot while listening
Bee-hoven
I forgot to be cruel

Chimes

The Ap-\_


Strange music
It makes me want to be kind
I cannot be weak
No leader can
What makes you a leader?

You seem an ordinary man.

I am your successor. The incarnation of the people's will.
Naked Revolution
shoot them

and more and more

and more and more

Revered through

and more and more

and more and more

Revered through

help me

shoot them

Revered through

Revered through

shoot them

Revered through

- and more and more

- and more and more

- and more and more

Naked Revolution
Bass:
out the land e - qual - e - qual - to the task in hand - - - - and more and more and

Tenor:
out the land e - qual - to the task in hand - - - - and more and more and

Vln. I:

Vln. II:

Vc.:

D.B.:
Naked Revolution

14. Oh No

h. = 82

ff

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15. Sing of Nature

Sing of Nature

Bright & hard, no pedal

Glockenspiel sound (sounds 15 va higher)

Sacred name of beauty

Sing ______ of nature

Not again

Sing of numbers

Sing of ______ Sun flowing turning in time

Pizz.

D.B.
See the petals on the lilies, the petals on the

Five on each buttercup. Eight...
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution
bout it want to know more the next circle of
sunlight raise their garlands in unison to bless the

coming day and

Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution

Cym.

Gtr.

Pno.

Sop.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.

a - ny bo - dy's chil - id shall know the glo - ry

that is born shall know the sto - ry of this da - wn of

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Naked Revolution
C Sop 1
C Mezz 2
C Sop 2,3
C Bass 3
C Ten 1
Vln. II
Vc.
D.B.

Naked Revolution

146
Anybody's child, shall know the story of this dawn shall know the glory that is born.

Naked Revolution
Lenin: “Taxi!” and End

Naked Revolution