NAKED REVOLUTION
A socialist realist opera drawn from immigrant dreams

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

His wings will grow, Komar & Melamid

composed & premiered 1997
Soloists:

soprano    Molly Pitcher / Russian soothsayer / Vera Pavlovna / Isadora Duncan

countertenor Vladimir Lenin

tenor      Alexander Ulyanov / Citizen George Washington (George I) / King George III's head

bass       General George Washington (George II)

Ensemble

3 sopranos
2 mezzos  
(among them the Russian maidens Irina and Masha, sopranos, and Sasha, mezzo)

2 tenors,  1 solo as slave
2 baritones 1 solo as slave
1 bass      1 solo as slave

(among them three soloists, 1 tenor, 1 baritone, 1 bass)

additional chorus members as desired

Duration one hour
Orchestra:

1 oboe (English horn)
1 clarinet (bs clar.)
2 violins
1 cello
1 double bass

1 acoustic steel string guitar (balalaika optional double), with amplification

1 synthesizer (numbered sounds are for the Kurzweil 2000: if available, a cymbalon or hammer dulcimer sound or a live harpsichord could play that part, possible electronic zing sounds on 16 as desired)
1 piano
1 accordion

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

soundman with recorded effects (crickets and nightbirds on 5, wind on 6, church bells on 7, explosions on 8, Lenin’s speeches on 9, recorded church bells on 9, street noises with children playing on 10, 11 and 16, electronic zingy electronic sounds on 16 that can be adjusted as desired with optional conga/bongo)

Additional violins, cellos, and basses as desired.

An optional conga or bongo player playing with the track, can be a choir member on stage on 16. Hysteria.
Index

Act I
New York City, 1776, Bowling Green

1. Truth, Truth, Truth  p 16
Molly Pitcher
Male ensemble

2. Heave Ho boys  p 26
Molly Pitcher
Male ensemble

3. Washington’s entrance  p 27
George Washington II
Female ensemble

4. Bullets  p 34
Molly Pitcher,
George Washington II
Ensemble

5. I was not my father’s eldest son  p 36
Three male ensemble soloists
George Washington II
King George III’s head

Act II
Moscow, 1917

6. Russian Maiden’s Trio  p 46
Irina, Masha, Sasha

7. When the Devil Comes to Moscow  p 51
Soothsayer
Ensemble

8. And When You See a Fire  p 72
Vera Pavlovna
Alexander Ulyanov
Four ensemble women
9. Lenin at Smolny  
Vladimir Lenin  
Alexander Ulyanov  
Ensemble  

Act III  
New York City, 1989, Washington Square  

10. Remember  
George Washington I  
George Washington II  

11. Lenin’s entrance  
12. instrumental  

13. I still Remember  
Vladimir Lenin  
George Washington I  
George Washington II  
Ensemble  

14. Lenin and Washington’s trio  
Vladimir Lenin  
George Washington I  
George Washington II  

15. Oh No  
Isadora Duncan  
Vladimir Lenin (speaking only)  

16. Sing of Nature  
Isadora Duncan  
Vladimir Lenin (speaking only)  

17. Hysteria  
Isadora Duncan  
Vladimir Lenin (speaking only)  
George Washington I  
George Washington II  
Ensemble
ACT I
New York City 1776, Bowling Green

Orchestra clangs as scrim rises, revealing a gilded equestrian statue of King George III as it stood on Bowling Green in New York 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

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

Molly, draped 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 as they tear apart the statue:

Heave ho boys
put 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 with chorus women in thrall behind him.
3. Washington’s entrance

Washington

Why have my militia abandoned their posts? (women sigh)
Why do my soldiers riot and boast? (women 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. He touches statue - clang. Young Lady. This statue’s made out of lead.

Molly and choir

And?

Washington

And so my friends are bullets.
Forty thousand bullets,
forty thousand enemy dead.

4. Bullets

Choir, Molly, and Washington

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, the head of George III as a Roman Emperor appears as the moon high in the stars upstage left. Three male choir members sing wordlessly as slaves. The rest of the choir exits. Sounds of crickets and nightbirds.

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**

*all three*

We shall never see Paris
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 a 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

*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 tomorrow Not today
when the devil comes to Moscow
How long will the devil stay?

*Chorus (Repeat and fade as they exit)* Angels and ministers of grace defend us
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.

Vera
Dear friend, we're not alone.

Alexander
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 climbs ladder and gives speech from balcony. As the speech progresses they are joined by the chorus dressed as workers, sailors, peasants, etc, revolutionary posters. Starts with quiet mob and bell 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

Lenin and Alexander
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

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

Choir member, spoken

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.

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) (dreamily) Remember

George II (military) (impatiently) of course I remember
George I

The apples

clattering vision of teeth
sounds of cars or car crashes

George II

The forests (*steps down from niche*)
the trees

George I & II

huge oaks
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.
Drank 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.

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 II
The meadows.
George I
The clearing.
George I & II
The sky.

An on-stage trio of street musician including Lenin’s accordionist, solo violin, and the orchestra’s guitarist, if available 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
The meadows.
George I
The clearing.
George I & II
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 am your successor.
The incarnation of the people's will.
George I (to George II)
(laughing) First in war?
George II (to George I)
(first) First in peace?
(to Lenin) Have you enjoyed the hundreds
George I
The thousands
George II
(continuing) of wreaths?
George I
tributes,
George II commemorations, George I statues 
(obnoxiously in Lenin’s ear) 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 
George I & II Washington, Washington 
Now and forever Washington 

Lenin I can’t believe 
George I & II First in peace 
Lenin don’t understand 
George I & II First in war 
Lenin I gave my life 
George I & II and more and more and more 
Lenin that I might 
George I truthful 
George I & II dignified 
George I self-respecting 
George I & II honest pride 
Lenin equal comrades 
George I equal to the task at hand 
Lenin Comrades 
George II beloved 
George I revered 
Lenin (to passersby) help me Comrades shoot them! 
George II throughout the land 
George I & II and more and more and more and more. 
Lenin Help me shoot them help me 
George I & II Revered throughout the land 
Equal, equal to the task at hand 
and more and more and more and more.

14. Oh no

George I & 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. Orchestra plays the introduction of Truth Truth Truth

Lenin Oh no. 
Isadora I greet you in the sacred name of beauty. 
Lenin Not again / (or I can’t stand this)

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

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, in 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*

Washingtons dance a minuet to the Appassionata.

*Tape of electronic zing sounds or conga/bongo begins and ends at score cue.*

**George I & II**

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 brandishing George masks from the face on the dollar bill*

Who where why what do you think you’re doing?
Who where why 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**

George George George George
George George George George
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, Isadora dances off, and the Georges waltz together.

**Chorus**

la, la, la.

*Lenin attempts to leave with only his trusty accordionist following. He hails at a cab with his trademark salute hailing a cab at a McDonalds.*

**Lenin**

Taxi!

*Lights out, final clang optional.*
Naked Revolution
a socialist realist opera drawn from immigrant dreams

1997
version 3.4.18

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

ACT I, 1776 Bowling Green, New York City

1. Truth Truth Truth

Oboe
Clarinet in Bb
Glockenspiel
Tubular Bells
Guitar
Violin I
Violin II
Cello
Double Bass

Synth.

Piano

3.4.18
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution

B♭ Cl.

Cym. ride cymbals add crash

Pno.

Synth. Voice 974

Sop. all true Sons of Freedom now rally to say

C Ten 1

C Bari 2

C Bass 3

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.
Naked Revolution

they are endowed, with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

spoken (Julie Andrews)

they are endowed, with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed, with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed, with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed, with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed, with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed, with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed, with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed, with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed, with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed, with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed, with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed by their Creator with certain inherent

they are endowed, with certain inherent
Naked Revolution

do now rise to proclaim
It's truth it's truth

truth for sooth on this glorious day

23
Naked Revolution

Ob.

B-Cl.

Glk.

Pno.

Sop.

C Ten 1

C Bari 2

C Bass 3

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.

all true Sons of Freedom now rally to say

We hold

We hold

We hold

We hold

We hold
Naked Revolution

Ob.

Timp.

Synth.

C Ten 1

C Bari 2

C Bass 3

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.

---

Ob.

Timp.

Synth.

C Ten 1

C Bari 2

C Bass 3

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.

---

Senza sord.
2. Heave Ho Boys

Naked Revolution

Timp.

\[ \text{glock sound (971)} \]

Synth.

Sop.

Tenor

C Ten 1

C Bari 2

C Bass 3

put your back in it fel-low(s) and haul

The true rule of ri-oit is will-ful destruc-tion of all

put your back in it fel-low(s) and haul

The true rule of ri-oit is will-ful destruc-tion of all
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
Tell me all is the enemy fled?

The King's mighty army is spread around our supply lines.
Naked Revolution

They'll starve us but Congress it's said

Pno.

Bass

Vln. I

Vln. II

Synth.

Sop.

B. Cl.
Naked Revolution

W: "Young lady, this statue's made of lead"

Molly and Chorus: "And?"

and so my friends are
Naked Revolution

4. Bullets

Sop.

Bass

C Sop 1

C Sop 2,3

C Mezz 2

C Ten 1

C Bari 2

C Bass 3

LORD - For-thy thousand bullets the king shall give us bullets For-thy thousand bullets and thou-sands en'implead the king shall give us bullets

LORD - For-thy thousand bullets the king shall give us bullets For-thy thousand bullets and thou-sands en'implead the king shall give us bullets

LORD - For-thy thousand bullets the king shall give us bullets For-thy thousand bullets and thou-sands en'implead the king shall give us bullets

LORD - For-thy thousand bullets the king shall give us bullets For-thy thousand bullets and thou-sands en'implead the king shall give us bullets

LORD - For-thy thousand bullets the king shall give us bullets For-thy thousand bullets and thou-sands en'implead the king shall give us bullets

LORD - For-thy thousand bullets the king shall give us bullets For-thy thousand bullets and thou-sands en'implead the king shall give us bullets

LORD - For-thy thousand bullets the king shall give us bullets For-thy thousand bullets and thou-sands en'implead the king shall give us bullets

LORD - For-thy thousand bullets the king shall give us bullets For-thy thousand bullets and thou-sands en'implead the king shall give us bullets
5. I was not my father's eldest son
I was not my father's eldest son left three worthless lots in

Fredrickburg Twelve slaves, only half of Deep Run my mother
Naked Revolution

Gtr.

Bass

a - cres mapped and sown

pie - ces of the Dis - mal swamp

or un - lo - cated fron - tier

Vln. I

Vc.

D.B.

claims or Cus - 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

I have done well
I shall do

better
I shall not reply to my female parents
begging
letter

mute on
slower

Gtr.

Pno.

Bass

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.

Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution

I have lost my colonies lost my colonies my beloved colonies it is you who de-

sort me my Lord not I you do not call again

End Act 1
Naked Revolution

Act II, Moscow 1917

6. Russian Maiden Trio

- Oboe
- Piano
- Choir Soprano 1
- Choir Soprano 2,3
- Choir Mezzos 2

Why do the dark woods weigh on my soul?
Why is mere living beyond my control?
Naked Revolution

If I were able just once to reach my goal

Despair

Hopeless

With out money?

With out permission?

With out money or permission

To Paris

To Paris

and then to

To

To

To
C Sop 1

ne - ve see Rome

We shall sit in our par - lour sit and de - spair

play-ing Cho-

C Sop2,3

ne-ver see Rome

We shall sit in our par-lour sit and de-spair

play-ing Cho-

C Mezz 2

We shall sit in our par - lour sit and de - spair

play-ing Cho-

Vc.

mf

also

D.B.

mf

Gtr.

singing rock sound

Pno.

pin, pres-sing flo- wers weav-ing rib-bons in our hair

C Sop 1

pin, pres-sing flo-wers weav-ing rib-bons in our hair

C Sop2,3

pin, pres-sing flo-wers weav-ing rib-bons in our hair

C Mezz 2

pon, pres-sing flo-wers weav-ing rib-bons in our hair
Why do the dark woods weigh on my soul?

Why do the dark woods weigh on my soul?

Why do the dark woods weigh on my soul?

Why do the dark woods weigh on my soul?

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

7. When the Devil Comes to Moscow

E. Hn.

B♭ Cl.

T.T.

Acc.

Synth.

C Sop 1

C Sop 2,3

C Mezz 2

C Ten 1

C Bari 2

C Bass 3

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.
Naked Revolution

E. Hn.

B+ Cl.

T.T.

T.B.

Acc.

Synth.

C Sop 1

Grace de-fend us

C Sop2,3

Grace de-fend us

C Mezz 2

Grace de-fend us

C Ten 1

Grace de-fend us

C Bari 2

Grace de-fend us

C Bass 3

Grace de-fend us

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution

On a Wednesday late in May Will his eyes be black or yellow will his beard be black or gray?
Naked Revolution

With a dog's head on each saddle...
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution
B. Cl.

S.Dr.

Tamb.

Gtr.

Acc.

Syn Cym

Sop.

C Sop 1

C Sop 2,3

C Mezz 2

C Bass 3

D.B.
Naked Revolution

broom sticks through the stars
Flown to drink the de...
Naked Revolution

E. Hn.

S.Dr.

Tamb.

Gtr.

Acc.

Syn Cym

Sop.

C Sop 1

C Sop2,3

C Mezz 2

D.B.

vil's wine

When the de vil comes

When the de vil comes

When the de vil comes

When the de vil comes

When the de vil comes

When the de vil comes

When the de vil comes
Naked Revolution

8. And When You See a Fire

recording of distant explosions

Timp.

T.T.

T.B.

Pno.

Acc.

Syn Cym

C Sop 1

Grace de fend us

C Sop 2,3

Grace de fend us

C Mezz 2

Grace de fend us

C Ten 1

Grace de fend us

C Bari 2

Grace de fend us

C Bass 3

Grace de fend us

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.
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
will shall be unveiled
Naked Revolution

Tenor

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.

Ob.

B♭ Cl.

Tenor

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.

254

Naked Revolution

men perhaps a dozen will answer for their 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

war "
Believe in the
will shall be unveiled
T.B.

Pno.

Sop.

Tenor

C Sop 1

C Sop 2,3

C Mezz 2

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.

lieve in love and courage Dear friend we're not alone

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

lieve in love and courage Dear friend we're not afraid

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

Courage Dear
Naked Revolution

Ob.  
Bb Cl.  
Acc.  
CTen.  
Tenor  
Vc.  
D.B.  

"solo"

"f"

"mp"

"mf"

"arco"

"mf"

"mf"
Naked Revolution

Ob.

Acc.

Synth.

CTen.

Tenor

to the people's will My brother was hanged My brother a martyr at the age

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.

brother was hanged brother was hanged brother a martyr at the age
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution

shoot shoot them all
Scatter them like the dust they are
let the

shoot shoot them all
Scatter them like the dust they are
let the

they are
let the

let the
Naked Revolution

Ob.

Bb Cl.

Timp.

Gtr.

Pno.

Synth.

CTen.

Tenor

garbage heap of his story turn the corpses of our enemies to compost to enrich our revolution

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vc.

D.B.
Naked Revolution

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops

his to ry turn the corps-es of our en em-is es to com post to en rich our rev olu tion's crops
The waters of revolution are drawn from village wells
Naked Revolution

End Act 2
Act 3, New York City, 1989, Washington Square

Patterns can be altered at will, but keep sharp attack

10. Remember

q=90
Of course I remember.

What was that Indian's name?

ta-lo-ga

No No the
one who said the French had killed his father

Of course let me think

just the thing

That's right, Half King

man always singing

Always sleeping

Always drunk in the deepest woods

Naked Revolution
In the deep est snow

Half King

Half beast he would have murdered us all had he dared

mur dered us all had he dared

Where the Al le ghe-

Where the Al le ghe-

- - - - - -

Naked Revolution
Tenor

Bass

Vln. I

Vln. II

Organ

Half King would have drunk our blood
had he dared
Drunk our blood in the snow
12. I Still Remember

mf

stil_re_mem_ber  on  gras - sy  af - ter - noo ns  I  have  lain  on  hay  I

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

Vln. I

mf
Naked Revolution

Acc.

CTen.

Vln. I

Acc.

CTen.

Vln. I

Acc.

CTen.

Vln. I

Organ

Tenor

Bass
on stage trio - play from memory! gypsy-like

Naked Revolution

tremolo like balalaika
Naked Revolution
I still re-mem-ber__ gras-sy af-ter noons__ I have lain on hay__ I ne-VER raked__ and

I still re-mem-ber__ gras-sy af-ter noons__ I have lain on hay__ I ne-VER raked__ and

I still re-mem-ber__ gras-sy af-ter noons__ I have lain on hay__ I ne-VER raked__ and

I still re-mem-ber__ gras-sy af-ter noons__ I have lain on hay__ I ne-VER raked__ and

I still re-mem-ber__ gras-sy af-ter noons__ I have lain on hay__ I ne-VER raked__ and

I still re-mem-ber__ gras-sy af-ter noons__ I have lain on hay__ I ne-VER raked__ and
dreamed of hon-eyed sun-light

The for-est
Perhaps I'm the fool Because I forgot while listening
perhaps I forgot to be cruel

The Apassionata is such 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
Naked Revolution

Gtr.

Acc.

Synth.

CTen.

Tenor

Vln. I

Vc.

D.B.

Bass

Vn. I

Vln. I

Vc.

D.B.

Just another would be Washington

Another small beer tyrant who thinks he can be

Falsetto

Falsetto

Tin horn Washington

Another small beer tyrant who thinks he can be
Naked Revolution

Ob.

B-Cl.

Timp.

Glk.

Gtr.

Acc.

Synth.

CTen.

Tenor

Bass

Vc.

D.B.
Naked Revolution

Don't understand I gave my life that I might

First in peace First in war and more and more and more and more

First in war First in peace

...and more and more and more

...and more and more and more

That I might...
Naked Revolution

15. Sing of Nature

Glk.

Pno.

bright & hard, no pedal

glockenspiel sound (sounds 15 va higher)

Synth.

Sop.

D.B.

f Sing of nature
Sing of numbers

Ob.

Pno.

f Sing of Sunflowers
turning in time

D.B.

Sing of Sunflowers

Ob.
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution

Ob.
B. Cl.
Sop.
D. B.

Synth.

Gr.

Pno.

Sop.

Vln. I

Vln. II

D. B.
Naked Revolution

Wave red scarves in the sunlight

raise their garlands in unison to bless the coming day.
Naked Revolution

State your business

Oh here I stand to day and here

State your business

Mute
we promise to forgive all debts we owe to sorrow shall cease the
Naked Revolution

Who why where what do think we're doing? Who why where what do you think we are?

world shall know peace and
Naked Revolution

[Music notation]

"any body's child shall know the story of this dawn shall know the glory that is born"

[Music notation]
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution

George George George George George George George

This is our country Our

George George George George George George George

This is our country Our

George George George George George George George

This is our country Our

George George George George George George George

This is our country Our

George George George George George George George

This is our country Our

George George George George George George George

This is our country Our

George George George George George George George

This is our country Our

George George George George George George George

This is our country Our

George George George George George George George

This is our country Our

George George George George George George George

This is our country Our

George George George George George George George

This is our country Our
Naked Revolution

Ob.  

Bb. Cl.  

Acc.  

Organ  

C Sop 1  

C Sop2,3  

C Mezz 2  

C Ten 1  

C Bari 2  

C Bass 3  

Vln. I  

Vln. II
Naked Revolution
Naked Revolution
T.B.  
S.Dr.  
Gtr.  
Pno.  
Synth.  
CFln.  
Vln. I  
Vln. II  
Vc.  
D.B.

Lenin: "Taxi!" and End

Naked Revolution

171