Maeve's Aria

for Mezzo soprano

Ben Lunn

Written for the Music Theatre Wales Write an Aria Project 2013

Maeve Scullion.

Maeve's Aria

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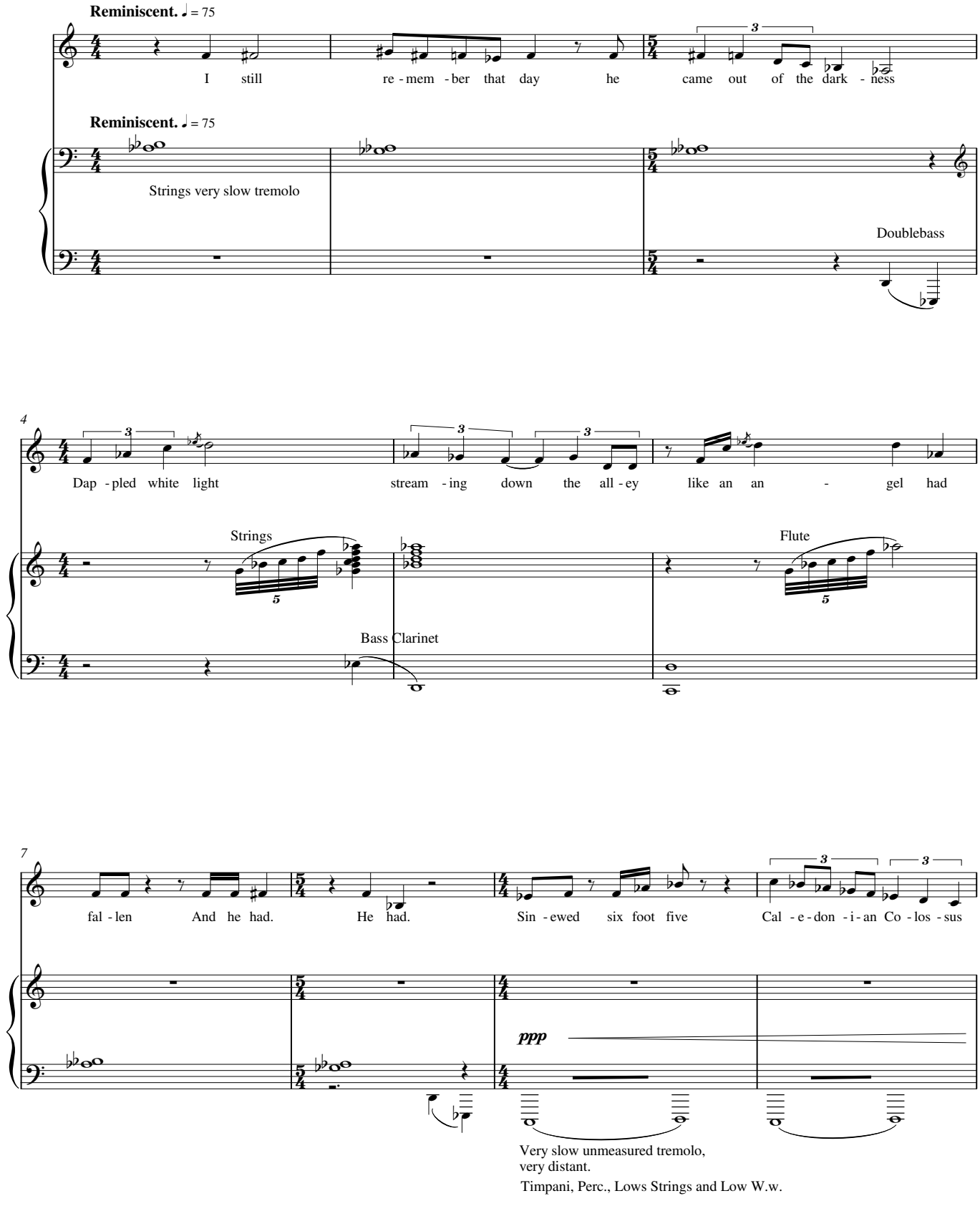

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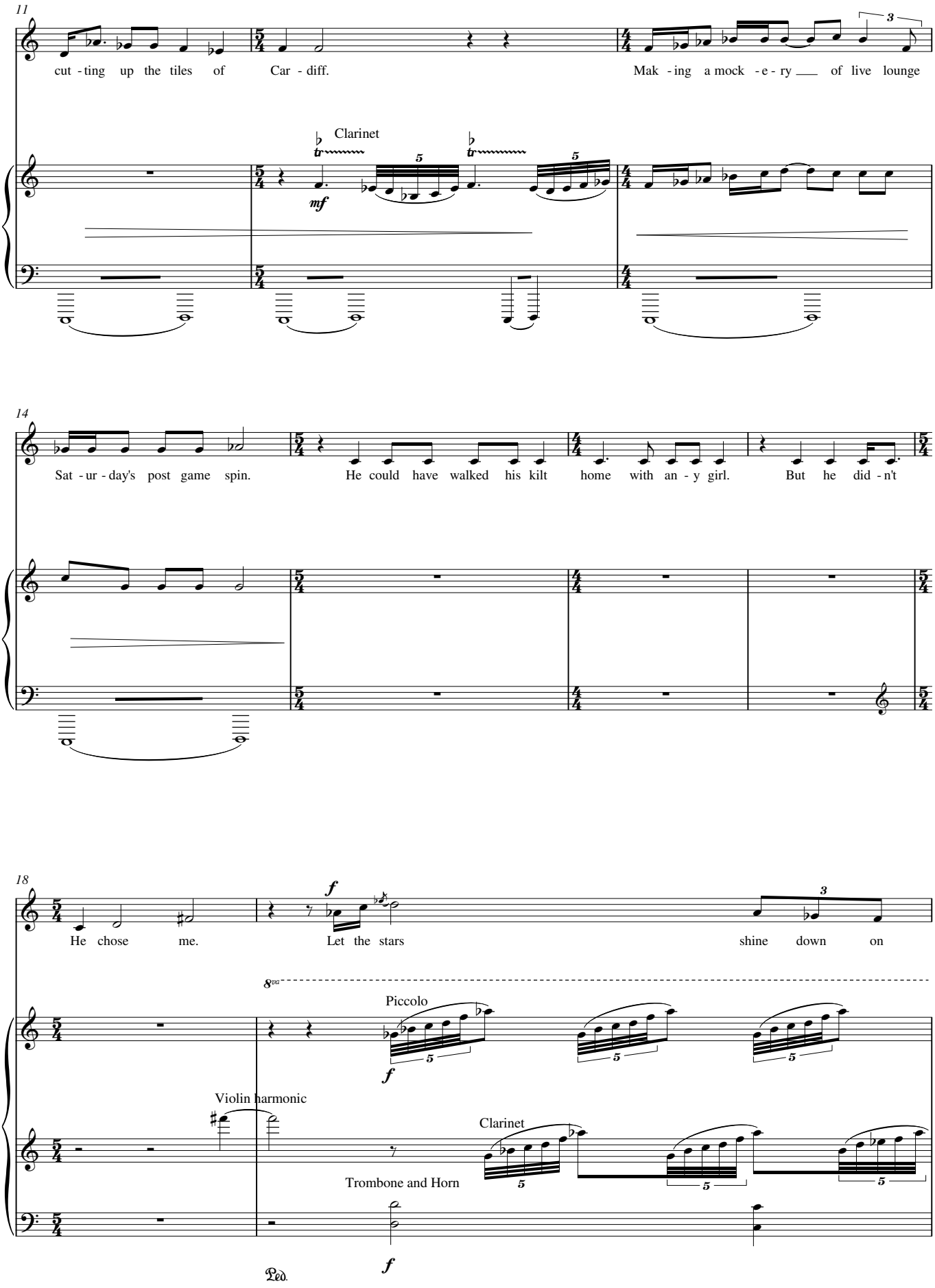
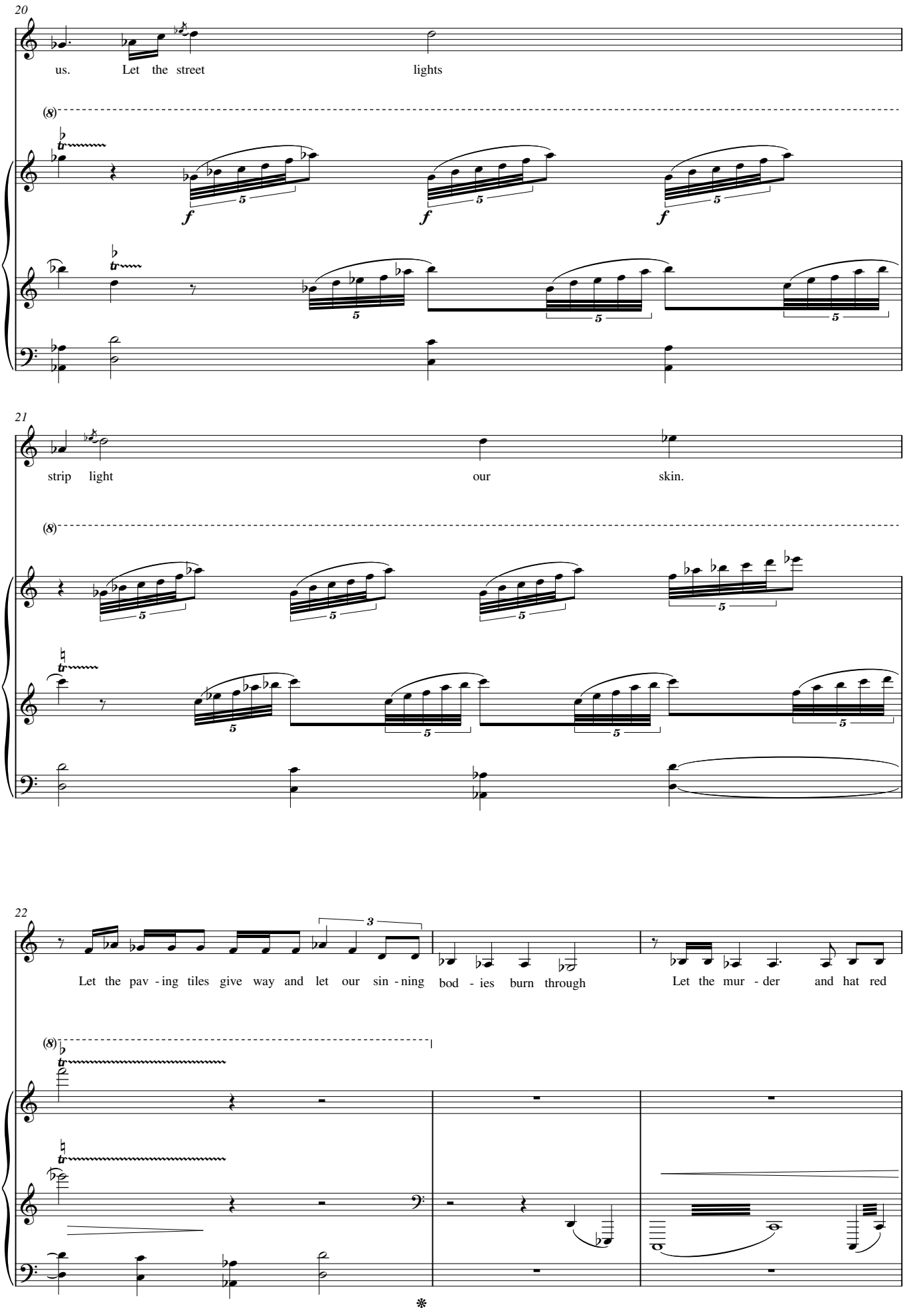
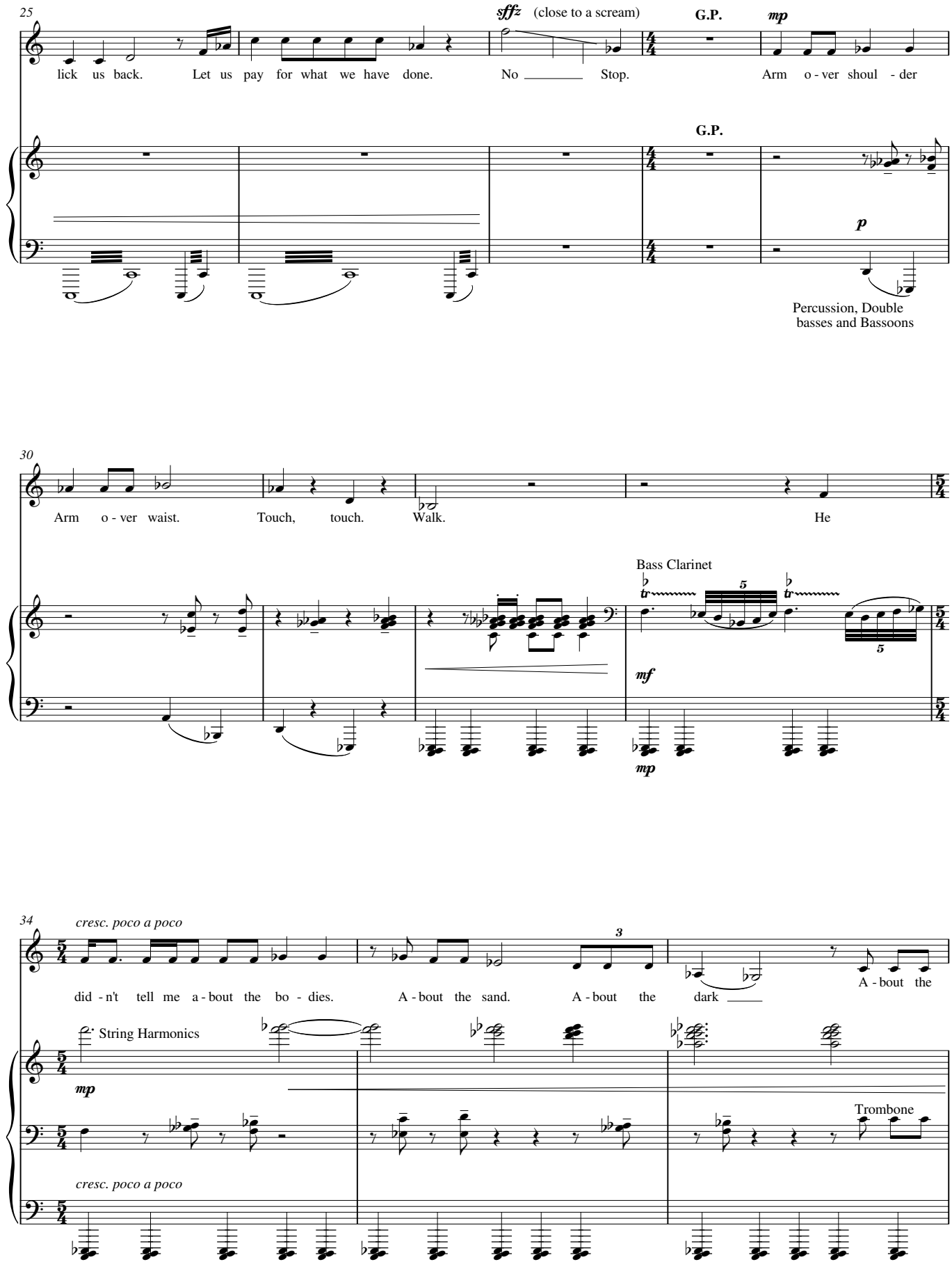
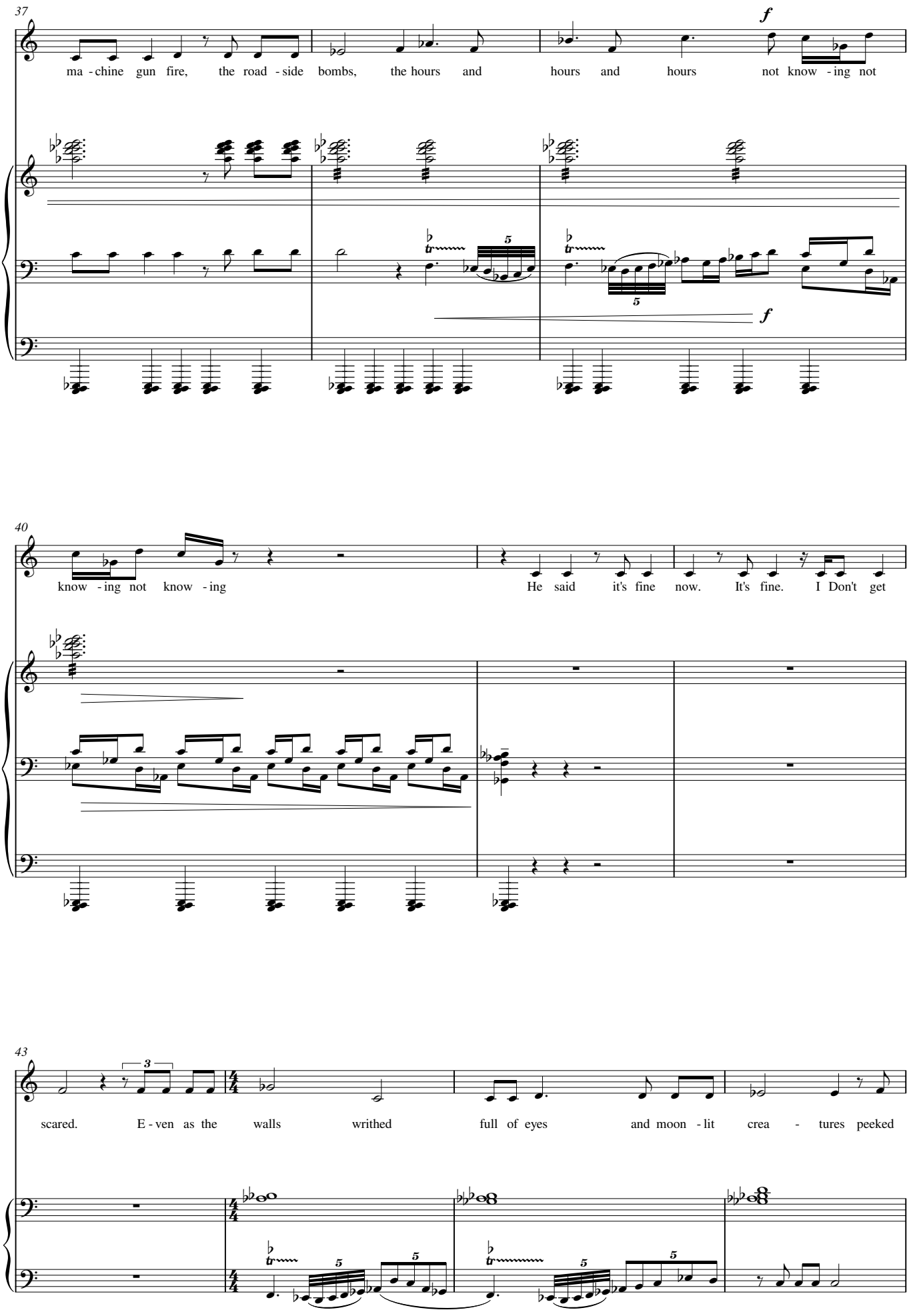
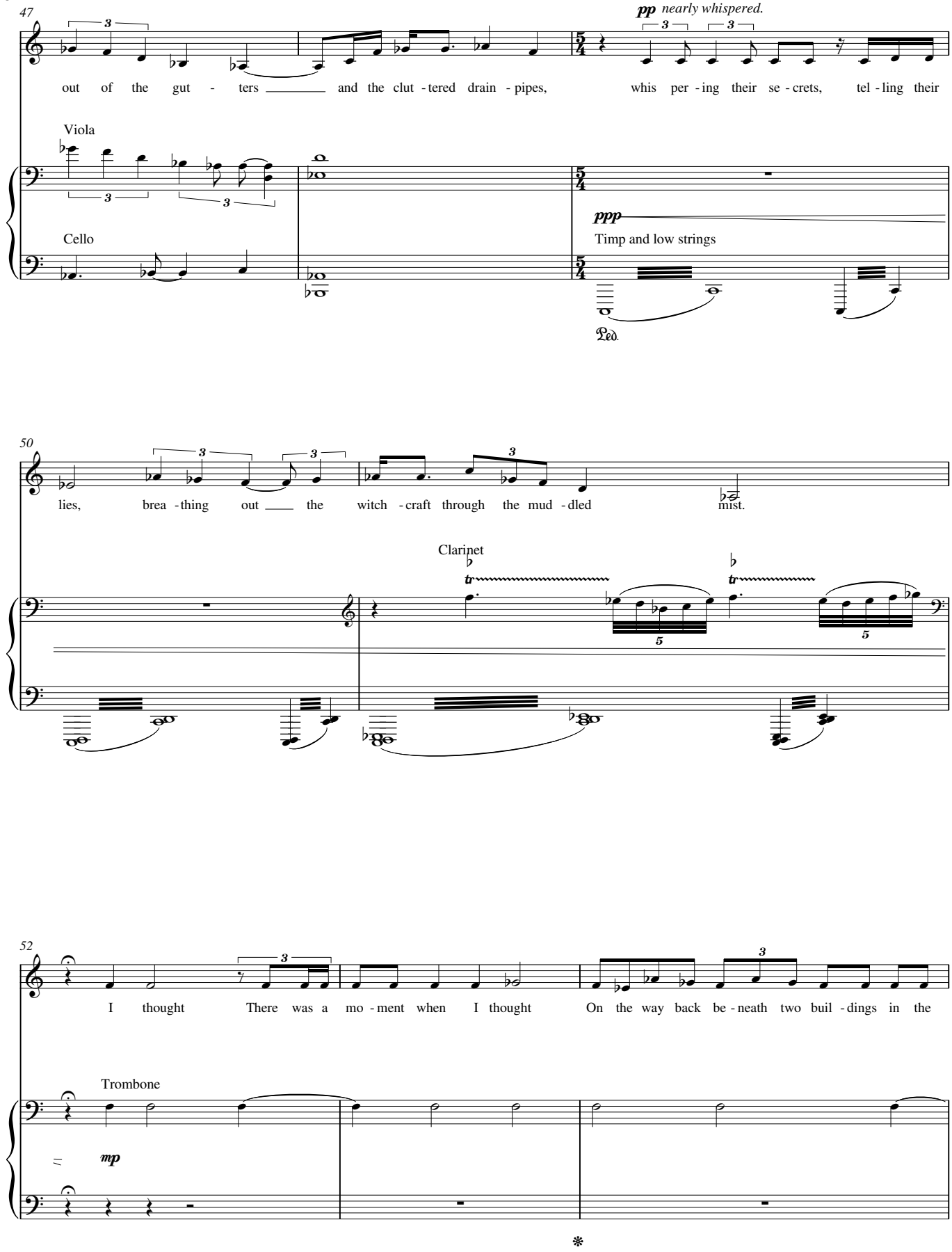
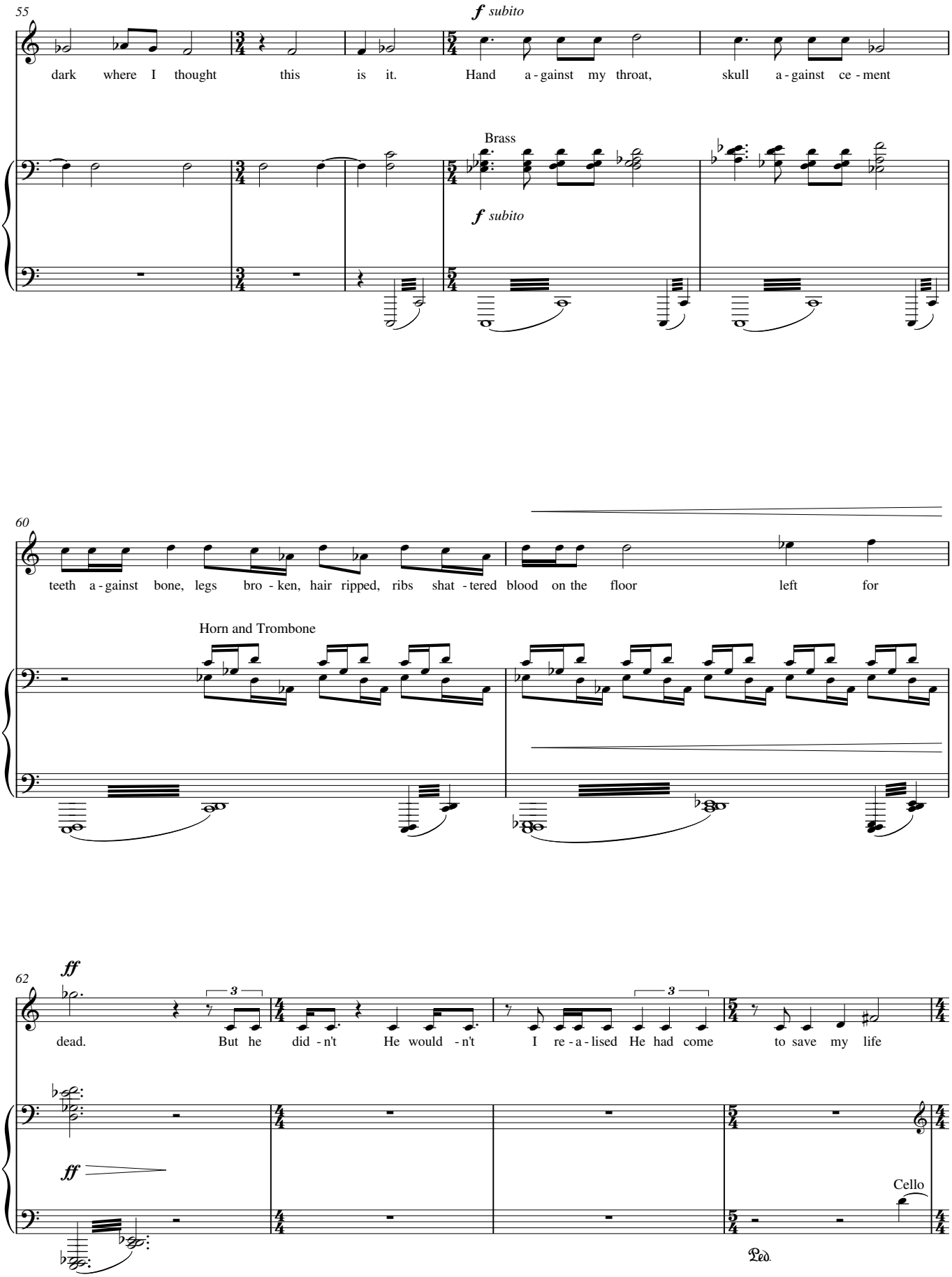

11
cut - ting up the tiles of Car - diff.
Mak - ing a mock - e - ry ___ of live lounge
Clarinet
mf
14
Sat - ur - day's post game spin.
He could have walked his kilt home with an - y girl.
But he did - n't
18
He chose me.
Let the stars shine down on
Piccolo
Violin harmonic
Clarinet
Trombone and Horn
Ped.

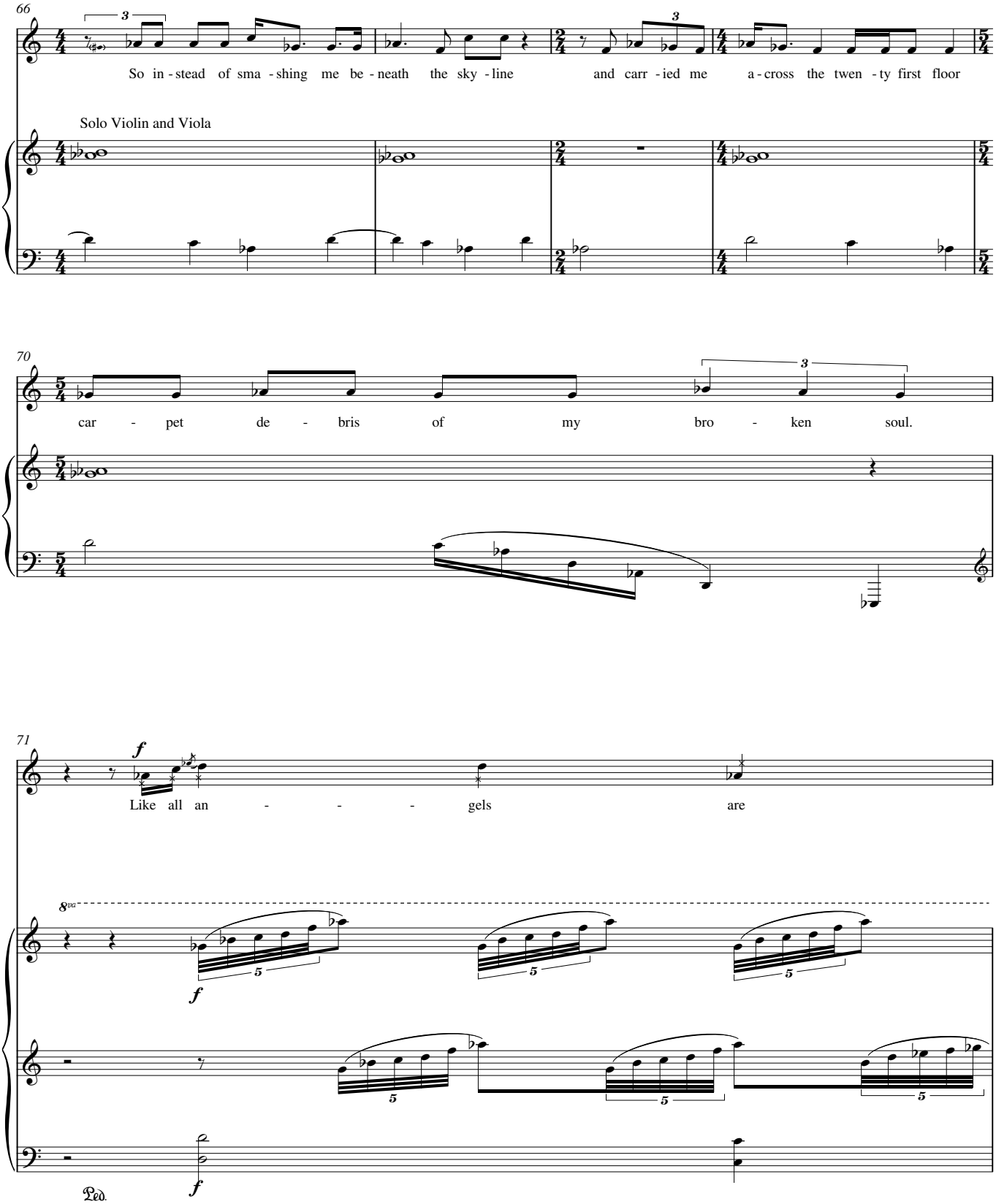

20
us. Let the street lights
(8)
f
21
strip light our skin.
(8)
22
Let the pav - ing tiles give way and let our sin - ning bod - ies burn through Let the mur - der and hat red
(8)

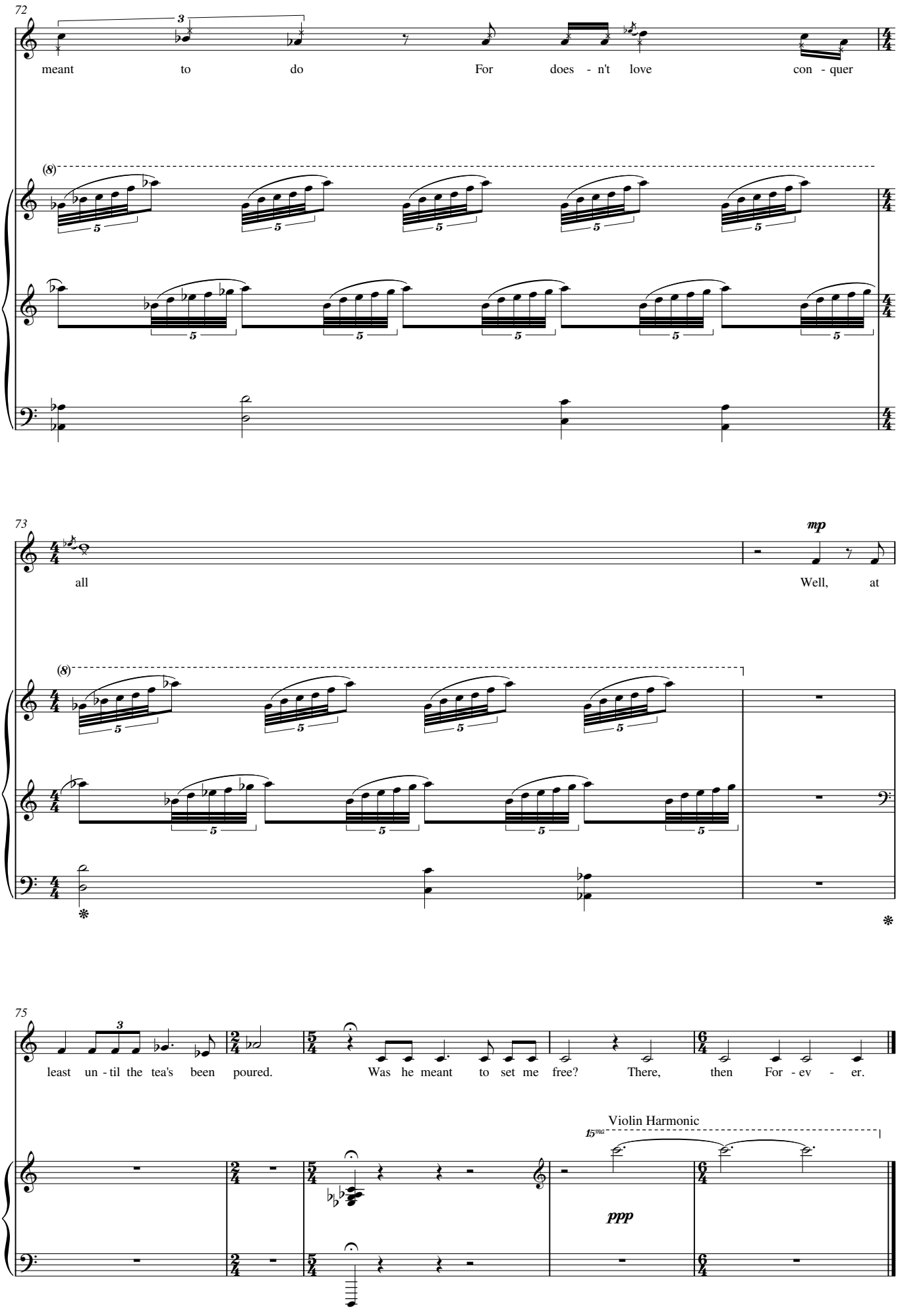

25
sffz (close to a scream)
G.P.
mp
lick us back. Let us pay for what we have done. No _____ Stop. Arm o - ver shoul - der
G.P.
p
Percussion, Double basses and Bassoons
30
Arm o - ver waist. Touch, touch. Walk. He
Bass Clarinet
mf
mp
34
cresc. poco a poco
did - n't tell me a - bout the bo - dies. A - bout the sand. A - bout the dark _____ A - bout the
String Harmonics
mp
Trombone
cresc. poco a poco


37
ma - chine gun fire, the road - side bombs, the hours and hours and hours not know - ing not
f
f
40
know - ing not know - ing
He said it's fine now. It's fine. I Don't get
43
scared. E - ven as the walls writhed full of eyes and moon - lit crea - tures peeked


47
pp nearly whispered.
out of the gut - ters and the clut - tered drain - pipes, whis per - ing their se - crets, tel - ling their
Viola
Cello
ppp
Timp and low strings
Ped.
50
lies, brea - thing out the witch - craft through the mud - dled mist.
Clarinet
tr
tr
52
I thought There was a mo - ment when I thought On the way back be - neath two buil - dings in the
Trombone
mp


55
f subito
dark where I thought this is it. Hand a - gainst my throat, skull a - gainst ce - ment
Brass
f subito
60
teeth a - gainst bone, legs bro - ken, hair ripped, ribs shat - tered blood on the floor left for
Horn and Trombone
62
ff
dead. But he did - n't He would - n't I re - a - lised He had come to save my life
ff
Cello
Ped.


66
So in - stead of sma - shing me be - neath the sky - line and carr - ied me a - cross the twen - ty first floor
Solo Violin and Viola
70
car - pet de - bris of my bro - ken soul.
71
f
Like all an - - - gels are
8va
f
Ped.
f


72
meant to do For does - n't love con - quer
(8)
73
mp
all Well, at
(8)
75
least un - til the tea's been poured. Was he meant to set me free? There, then For - ev - er.
Violin Harmonic
15ma
ppp