

Tlatelolco

A Song for Three Voices



For soprano, cor anglais, (bass) trombone and marimba

Music by David Lancaster

Poetry by Marcela del Rio, translated by Victoria Carpenter

Tlatelolco – A Song for Three Voices

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For soprano, cor anglais, (bass) trombone and marimba

Duration c. 45 minutes

Programme note:

It is the early autumn of 1968 and the eyes of the world are on Mexico, where the Olympic Games are about to begin. At that time - all around the world - student protests are challenging the establishment, and Mexico – under the authoritarian government of Gustavo Díaz Ordaz - is no different.

On October 2nd, around 10,000 university and high school students have gathered in the Plaza de las Tres Culturas to protest the government's actions and listen peacefully to speeches. Many local men, women and children also watch and listen. The students congregate outside the Chihuahua Building, a thirteen-story apartment complex on one side of the square. The students are chanting *¡No queremos olimpiadas, queremos revolución!* ("We don't want Olympics, we want revolution!").

Rally organizers do not try to call off the protest when they notice an increased military presence in the area: 5,000 soldiers, 200 armoured vehicles and trucks surround the plaza. Two helicopters, one from the police, and another one from the army, fly over the plaza. They fire coloured flares above the crowd. The first gunshots ring out.

Subsequent events are still shrouded in mystery: the number of people killed at Tlatelolco is not known. The official memorial lists 27 names, but the consensus is that the final death toll was between 300-400 people; others suggest that that it was more than 1000. Witnesses to the event claim that the bodies were first removed in ambulances and later military officials came and piled up bodies, not knowing if they were dead or alive, into military trucks, while some say that the bodies were loaded onto garbage lorries and sent to unknown destinations. The soldiers rounded up the remaining students onto the Chihuahua Building's elevator walls, stripped them, and beat them.

The 'three voices' of the title are firstly the words of an eyewitness (spoken by the soloist), secondly, her poetic internal monologue (arioso singing) and, thirdly, extracts from the 16th century Manuscripto de Tlatelolco, which describes the fall of the Aztec capital Tenochtitlan, providing a strange parallel narrative which seems to anticipate the events of 1968.

Dr Victoria Carpenter, then a colleague at York St John University, approached me in 2015 with a view to collaboration. Her interest in the subject was a significant part of her research, and her book *The Tlatelolco Massacre, Mexico 1968, and the Emotional Triangle of Anger, Grief and Shame* (Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 2018) was published on the 50th anniversary of the massacre. At our first meeting she outlined the narrative of events at Tlatelolco and introduced me to the epic poem by Marcela del Rio, which she was translating into English at that time. I was immediately drawn to the project, attracted by the many ambiguities and inconsistencies in the narrative and the multi-layered nature of the poetry which re-tells events from multiple perspectives, something which has long been a feature of my writing. I wrote the score in the spring of 2016 and the music was first performed during York's Festival of Ideas that summer, with soprano soloist Anna Snow.

Notes for performance:

Any staging of the work should attempt to clarify the distinction between the three voices, and demonstrate (using available space or projected backdrops, for example) the multiple perspectives on the narrative.

Key to the text:

Lines in italics (not bold): this is a third person narrative about a poet being witness to the 1968 Tlatelolco massacre. These words are spoken, in a manner which is calm and detached.

Lines in regular font (not italics or bold): this is her internal monologue, possibly the poem she is writing. These words are sung (accompanied by marimba and cor anglais) in a freer, expressive arioso style.

Lines in bold: quotations for Manuscrito de Tlatelolco, a 16th century account of the fall of the Aztec capital Tenochtitlan'. These are sung (accompanied by cor anglais and trombone, sometimes with marimba) in a more overtly dramatic style, sometimes with a declamatory edge but elsewhere (in the slower sections) a greater sense of sympathy and sadness.

Instrumental Ensemble:

Ideally, the instrumental ensemble should not be conducted. If the work is staged, the instrumentalists should be visible to the audience. The trombone part was originally conceived for bass trombone but does not explore a wide range; it is perfectly playable on tenor trombone.

To them:

the dead

the imprisoned

the humiliated

To

the fallen

the ridiculed

the tortured

A woman. A poet. Sitting in front of an electric typewriter, her fingers jump, skip, whirl across the keys, not noticing its make, brand or origin.

Tlatelolco

A Song for Three Voices

Marcela del Rio
Translated by Victoria Carpenter

David Lancaster

Grave ♩=36

Cor Anglais

Bass Trombone

Soprano Solo

Spoken: To them, the dead, the imprisoned...

Marimba

pp



7 **Andante** ♩=60

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

mp

I need to write a song of my an-ces-tors long gone. Of those who be-queathed to

Mar.

mp

Andante ♩=60

11

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

me in their blood-stream Their pain, their tears that beat in my veins, Heart-beats of

Mar.

14

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

stone cut in my ar-ter ies. I sing the thir-teen skies of their myths as vast as the Lord

Mar.

17

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

and their earth-ly a-go-ny_ as fleet-ing as hu-man- kind. *Speak: The poet stops writing...*

Mar.

p *pp*

Grave ♩=36

The poet stops writing. The bibles of the peoples are alike. The histories too. Everything is written in the same aged ink of her veins. She walks to the window of her apartment on the 13th floor of a brand new building adorned with the two intertwined 'H's of its name.

Thirteen skies. Thirteen floors. An ominous analogy.

From her window she watches them appear: they come two by two, three by three, four by six, six by two, but never one by one.

22

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

27 **Andante** ♩=60

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mp

mp

I will tell their sto - ries. I will de - scribe their skies of tur - quoise and ba - salt. _

Andante ♩=60

30

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

I will speak of their skies of on - yx and jet, of their ma - ny sor rows. _ Oh, ti - gers and ea - gles of

34

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

gil - ded fur and fea - thers! I will tell these youths (who to - day glide o - ver the

p

p

37

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

square on their young wings) a - bout the pain that their fa - thers and grand - fa - thers

mf

mf

mf

39

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

suf - fer'd. I will tell them to re - mem - ber the po - ets of old, those who told Moc - te - zu - ma of the

mp

mp

p

42 **Allegro** ♩=144

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

ho-rrors of an-cient wea pons...

Allegro ♩=144

Mar.

46

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

49

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

52

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

f

f

They were ve-ry scared when they heard how

57

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

loud the can - non fires;

60

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

The rum - - ble

63

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

is so loud that it makes you faint it deaf-ens you.

Mar.

68

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

And when the shot is fired

Mar.

71

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

from its in - nards comes a ball of stone:

Mar.

73

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

it flies rain - ing fire, it flies in a show - er of sparks, and the

78

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

smoke it makes smells foul, it smells of old mud, it gets deep in - to your

83

Grave ♩=36

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

skull. Speak: When they were saying this... Grave ♩=36

pp

*When they were saying this, they didn't know they were poets
whose fate was sealed.*

89 Allegro ♩=144

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
 So if it hits a hill _____ it splits a- part, cracks it

Allegro ♩=144

Mar.

94

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
 o - pen; and if it hits a tree _____ it shat-ters in-to splin -

Mar.

99

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
 ters, and it's an a - ma-zing sight _____ as if some-one had _____

Mar.

104

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

blown_ it up from the in - side.

Mar.

110

Andante ♩=60

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

And then a po-et from a de-feat-ed na- tion. Split o - pen like a hill, a

Andante ♩=60

Mar.

114

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

tree of his bo - dy. Splin - tered, ripped a -

Mar.

116

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

part, not by di-vine blast, but by a man - made blast of fire.

Mar.

119 **Grave** ♩=36

Allegro ♩=144

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Speak: The poet, once again in front...

Mar.

pp

f

125

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

pp

f

The poet, once again in front of her American typewriter, is composing an ode to extoll ancient nations, as she reads of their exploits, their defeats, their pointless sacrifices.

131

C. A. *p* *f* *p*

B. Tbn. *f* *f*

S. Solo *f*

Mar.

Their suits of ar-mour are of iron, — they wear iron, — they put iron — hel

137

C. A. *f* *p* *f*

B. Tbn. *f* *f*

S. Solo *f*

Mar.

- mets on their heads — their words are iron, — their

142

C. A. *p*

B. Tbn. *p*

S. Solo *p*

Mar.

bows are iron, — their shields are iron — and their lan-ces are

148

C. A. *f*

B. Tbn. *f*

S. Solo
iron.

Mar. *f*

153 *Andante* ♩=60

C. A. *mp*

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
mp *p* *mp*
I will tell these beard-less youths, these nu - ble girls, in-ex - per-i-enced in war and death a-bout the

Andante ♩=60

Mar. *mp* *p*

157

C. A. *mf*

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
mf
i-ron slaugh-ter of their an-ces- tors, their po-ets, who were paid in fire for the ho-ney of their verse.

Mar. *mp* *mf*

161 Grave ♩=36

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Speak: Below, the square is filling up...

Grave ♩=36

Mar. *pp*

168

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

174 Moderato ♩=72

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo *p*
Cry, oh na - tion the pain of your fall-en,

Moderato ♩=72

Mar.

*Below, the square is filling up with young spirits.
They come like birds from a Hitchcock movie.
There doesn't seem to be a plan or purpose, but they come.
They come two by three, three by four; two by six,
But never one by one.*

*The October sun chills the pavement.
Peace in the trees. Not in the leaves. Through their trunks
Sap runs,
Traverses,
Flows,
Not knowing dates, premonitions or flaming skies.*

*The five of the clock rolls across the square
In the incantations of sulphur,
And the thirteen of the skies, through the air.*

*The afternoon comes along.
The bells call for the hour of mass.
But they don't go to church, they stay in the square.
A square of celebrations, fiestas,
A harvest square on market days,
A bazaar,
A square of colours, songs and flowers.*

179

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

p

p

p

ring, shells in the four winds, drums, turn your beats in-to

184

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

Andante ♩=60

mp

mp

pain, and let God's light feed you. It's hard to describe

Andante ♩=60

190

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mp

mp

the fall of a de-fea-ted ci-ty with-out ha-ving lived it, with-out let-ting the smell of

194

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mp

blood in-fest our bo dy But I can i-ma-gine a po-et who wrote these lines:

199 **Allegro** ♩=144

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

f

f

f

The te-no-cha are sur-round-ed by

Allegro ♩=144

204

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

f

f

f

war The Tla-te-lol-ca are sur-round-ed by war.

209 **rall.** **Andante** ♩=60

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

215

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

220 **Grave** ♩=36

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

*The square is filling up with youthful tempers, murmers of protest,
demands as angry as they are ancient.*

*Those who don't want to know why. Those who know, demand. Those who
know and those who don't unite; everyone demands, everyone wants to
know why.*

*They have filled the square, they sit down like the poet, not to write, but to
listen to the siren songs.*

The songs of earthly passions with the air of eternity.

The poet's insatiable eyes read the truths of ancient words.

226

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

233 **Allegro** ♩=144

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

pp *f* *f* *f*

While they are en - joy - ing the ce - le - bra - tion

Allegro ♩=144

239

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

f *f* *f*

and the songs are like beat-ing wings

245

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mf

mf

mf

At this ve - ry mo - - ment the sol - diers de - cide to

250

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mf

mf

p

p

kill them, kill kill them all.

254 **Grave** ♩=36 **Andante** ♩=60

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Speak: A green light, not a ray... *mp* Their backs are iron, their bows are

Grave ♩=36 **Andante** ♩=60

Mar. *pp* *mp*

259

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

iron, their shields are iron, their spears are

Mar.

264 **Grave** ♩=36

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

iron. *Speak: The soldiers burst out on either side of the church, firing.*

Grave ♩=36

Mar. *pp*

*A green light, not a ray from the sky,
Falls from above, from an iron bird.*

The soldiers burst out on either side of the church, firing.

267 **Allegro** ♩=144

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Allegro ♩=144

Mar.

272

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

Allegretto ♩=120

277

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mf

mf

mf

mf

They come from o-ver there,

Allegretto ♩=120

282

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

mf

all dress'd for war. They come and close the ex-its, the walk-ways,

Mar.

287

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

mf

the en-tran-ces. And when e-v'ry-thing is closed.

Mar.

291

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

mf

they block ev'-ry-thing so no-bo-dy could

Mar.

295 **rall. independantly - it all falls apart.**

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
leave. No-bo- dy could leave. ah _____

rall. independantly - it all falls apart.

Mar.

300 **Andante** ♩=60

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
ah _____ *mp* No! It's not true! They can't kill _____ them, it can't be

Andante ♩=60

Mar.

306

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
true. Could it be the dark- est truth, dark-er than the o-nyx of their eyes. They must be fi- ring in the air. *f*

Mar.

310

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

My eyes must not be-lieve what bur-rows through my ears. In-to my brain. It can't be true! — It can't be

Mar.

314

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

true! They were just sit-ting there, lis-ten- ing, They were sing- ing their ce - le-

Mar.

318

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

bra-tion of wild youth. But they were sing- ing, just sing - ing. —

Mar.

324 **Grave** ♩=36 **Allegretto** ♩=120

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Speak: The woman, hidden, shielded behind a wall...

Mar.

pp

f

331

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

336

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mf

mf

mf

mf

They en-ter the sa - cred court-yard

*The woman, hidden, shielded behind a wall barricaded with books,
does not dare face the square where a man-made lightning turned
a party into a tempest.*

342

C. A. *mf*

B. Tbn. *mf*

S. Solo *mf*
to kill peo-ple. They come on foot,

Mar.

347

C. A. *mf*

B. Tbn. *mf*

S. Solo *mf*
car-rying woo-den shields, and some me-tal shields

Mar.

351

C. A. *mf* **rall. (in time!)**

B. Tbn. *mf*

S. Solo *mf*
and their swords.

Mar. **rall. (in time!)**

Andante ♩=60

356

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mp

...bay - on-ets fixed to their guns.

mf

mp

360

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mp

And the smell of tar and pu - trid mud in the bel - ly. They wear green too, like the

363

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

p

light rob - bing leaves of their colour, But sap does - n't run through them,

366 **Allegro** ♩=144

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
life_does-n't flow_through them, death does not bo-therthem.

Allegro ♩=144

Mar.

371

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

376

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
They approach'd the dan - cers. They rush to where the

Mar.

381

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

drums _____ are: they slash at the drum-mer _____

Mar.

f

386

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

f

They cut _____ both his arms off. Then they cut his head _____

Mar.

392

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

off: _____ and his head fell.

Mar.

f

Andante $\text{♩} = 60$

397

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mp

mp

They hit them in the bel-lies,

mp

Andante $\text{♩} = 60$

402

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

some are left wri-thing na-ked, torn_ by bay-o-nets. From an i-ron ma chine, fire_ keeps fall-ing.

407

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

The sol diers_ fol - low or-ders, they full-fill their role as men: be a good fa-ther, be a good

mf

mf

411

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

son, a good ci-ti-zen. and a friend. And of all these roles that the Lord has cre-a-ted, where could

Mar.

mp

mp

p

416

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

kil-ling a fel-low man__ have come from? They cut, they slash at

Mar.

Allegro ♩=144

f

f

f

f

420

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

e - v'ry-one, and they stab__ them, they__wound them with

Mar.

425

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

swords. Some are at-tack'd from be-hind; and they fall_ to theground spil - ling their

430

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

in nards. They crush o-thers heads Their heads are split o-pen.

436

Grave ♩=36

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

Speak: The poet doesn't sing any more. Her whole body...

Grave ♩=36

pp

*The poet doesn't sing any more. Her whole body
Has become one enormous ear: she just listens
To the voices, cries, screams, moans.*

*Through the open windows
Come gunpowder and lead mixed with screams.
Under the powdered plaster of damaged walls
White asphixia is the stone's promise of a shroud.*

*She still doubts that what she hears
Is true.*

443 **Andante** ♩=60

C. A. *mp*

B. Tbn.

S. Solo *mp*
They can-not be, no!— Not ca-pa-ble of kil-ling these child-ren, who

Mar. *mp*

448

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo *p*
still don't know what death is. Be-cause they leave it___ to their par - ents. How can a son die_

Mar. *p*

451 **Grave** ♩=36

C. A. *mf* *pp*

B. Tbn.

S. Solo *mf*
___ be-fore his fa ther?_ And a daugh- ter_ be-fore know-ing love? Speak: A book falls...

Mar. *mf* *pp*

Grave ♩=36

*A book falls, split in half:
The Life of St John, Patron Saint of Youth.
A bullet in the middle opened its pages like a flower,
Black petals fell, the bullet remained inside.*

*It's the moment of truth. If the window is not free,
Neither is her body. The poet gets up
From her book trench, walks to the window
And her whole body becomes eyes watching death.*

456

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

462 **Allegro** ♩=144

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

f

f

f

Allegro ♩=144

f

They stabb'd o-thers in the shoul - der; the bo-dies split

467

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

f

f

f

o - pen. Oth-ers werestabb'd in the thigh, some in the

472

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

calf and oth-ers in the bel - - ly And

f

f

477

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

all their in - nards spil - led on the ground.

f

482

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

Andante ♩=60

Andante ♩=60

487

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mp

mp

In the mid-dle of the square a moun-tain of bo - dies, a hun-dred arm

489

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mon ster with a thou-sand bel-lies pul-sates with-out a heart, blood cir-cu-la-ting be-tween the

491

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

bo-dies. It's a li-ving corpse. The woun-ded, mixed in with the

494

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

dead, can - not move un-der the weight of bo-dies, some cold, some warm, some moan - ing, some

497

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

swear-ing: "One died___ on my chest, a - no - ther threw up in my face, now__ I can't move my

500

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

arm". Why is the squire get-ting clou- dy? There they are__ on the pave-ment, rot-ting in the jui- ces,

503

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mf

mf

u-sing hu-man shields some a live_ some dead, to co-ver their bo-dies. "This time we're screw'd, see you in

507

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

f

mf

hell! Bud-dy, don't you die on me! Co-ward! You've a - ban-doned me".

Allegretto ♩=120

511

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mf

mf

516

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

mf

And there were some who tried to run. Des-p'rate to hide,

Mar.

520

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

they did not know which way to go

Mar.

525

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

mf

So the sol-diers stabbed and speared them.

Mar.

529

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Oth-ers climb'd walls but could not es-

Mar.

533

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

cape.

Mar.

rall.

f

537 Andante ♩=60

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

They ran up the stairs and got mur-der'd on the land-ings by those wear-ing a white glove,

Andante ♩=60

Mar.

541

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

a gloved hand, a gloved hand. of trea- son. They ran

545

Allegretto ♩=120

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

up and down the stairs and noth- ing mat- ter'd to them.

Allegretto ♩=120

550

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mf

O-thers hid in the com- mu- nal house

555 **rall.**

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

think-ing they would be safe there.

Mar.

mf

560 **Andante** ♩=60

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

The church doors closed so no-one could get in, so that no-one could es- cape.

Mar.

mp

564 **Moderato** ♩=72

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

the pu-nish-ment of man. O-thers hid

Mar.

mf

p

Moderato ♩=72

569

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

p

p

p

p

a-mongst the dead pre-tend-ing they are dead

575

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

p

p

p

p

to es cape. But if some-one tried to get up

581

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

p

p

p

p

they would see him and stab him to death.

587 **rall.** **Andante** ♩=60 **Allegro** ♩=144

C. A. *mp* *pp* *f*

B. Tbn. *f*

S. Solo *mp* *f*

Soon iron tanks came... iron, they wear iron,

rall. **Andante** ♩=60 **Allegro** ♩=144

Mar. *pp* *mp*

593

C. A. *f*

B. Tbn. *f*

S. Solo

they put iron hel- mets on their heads

Mar. *mp*

599 **Andante** ♩=60

C. A. *mp*

B. Tbn.

S. Solo *mp*

Iron tanks to fight chil- dren, wo- men, lo- cals. An old wo- man go- ing out for milk, the

Andante ♩=60

Mar.

604

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

shop-kee-per the tai-lor. "Make sure no-bo-dy tries to es- cape" the tank said with fire... And no-bo-dy

Mar.

608

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

es-cap'd. From the roof of the church till six in the eve-ning: in - no-cent; from the

Mar.

613

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

roofs of the buil dings from six in the eve-ning: burn - ing. Shrap-nel flies north, south, east, west,

Mar.

619

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mp

And beard-less youths and nu - ble girls, re- main there. There re-mains their spi - rit: In the

623

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

north of the square_ in the south of the square, in the east of the square in the west of the square. Those who

627

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

hide in the bush-es, Those who hide in the shops, All will be chas'd, vi- o-la- ted, grabb'd, tor-tured

631 **Moderato** ♩=72

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
 shot, no-one will es-cape. **Blood ran**

Mar.

637 **Moderato** ♩=72

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
 and pooled like wa-ter, and the smell of blood rose

Mar.

643 **Andante** ♩=60

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
 in - to the air...

Mar.

Andante ♩=60
 mp

649

C. A. *mp*

B. Tbn.

S. Solo *mp*

Stair-ca - ses are ri-vers of blood and the smell in-flames the nos-trils.

Mar.

653

C. A. *mf*

B. Tbn.

S. Solo *mf* *p*

Wa-ter from the pipes burst by bul-lets has mix'd up with blood to help it flow. The

Mar. *mf* *p*

658

C. A.

B. Tbn. *p* *pp*

S. Solo

buil-ding is a-no-ther woun-ded bo-dy, not its sha-dow: its me - mo-ry.

Mar.

662 Allegretto ♩=120

C. A. *f* *mf*

B. Tbn. *mf*

S. Solo *mf*
And the sol-diers ran ev-'ry - where, they

Allegretto ♩=120

Mar.

667

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo
stabb'd ev - 'ry-thing in sight.

Mar.

672 Andante ♩=60

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo *mp*
No, I as-sure you,

Andante ♩=60

Mar. *mf* *mp*

676

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mp

3

I'm not hi-ding a-ny-one, the pho-tos of stu-dents are not mine.

680

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

Grave ♩=36

Allegretto ♩=120

mf

mf

mf

pp

mf

Spoken: Since when is owning a photo a crime? Look-ing

Grave ♩=36

Allegretto ♩=120

685

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

3

to see if a-ny-one was hid-ing there.

*Since when is owning a photo a crime?
Since when do you have to disown your children?*

690 **Grave** ♩=36 **Andante** ♩=60

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Spoken: The building, brilliant before... *p*
A-no-ny-mous and

Grave ♩=36 **Andante** ♩=60

Mar. *pp* *p*

696

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

e - ter - nal youth sit - ting on the pave - ment, who list - en'd to the si - ren's song..

Mar.

699

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

A mo - ther calls: 'Car - li - tos!' Knock - ing on e - v'ry door. Bul - lets whizz by...

Mar.

*The building, brilliant before, now in flames, is burning.
And even in agony, in a heroic battle, covers,
Hides, shelters, conceals children, friends,
Children's friends,
Not children,
Not children's not friends...*

703

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

Fire ra-ges on. Choose: fire_ in-side or gun - pow-der out- side? Some

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for measures 703 through 707. The C. A. part (Cornet A) features a triplet of eighth notes in measure 704. The S. Solo part (Soprano Solo) has the lyrics: "Fire ra-ges on. Choose: fire_ in-side or gun - pow-der out- side? Some". The Mar. part (Maracas) has a bass line with triplets and a crescendo line starting in measure 706.

708

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

ran from fire and burn'd in a - no - ther fire.____ There were wit-nes ses, we were wit-nes- ses.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for measures 708 through 712. The C. A. part (Cornet A) features a triplet of eighth notes in measure 710. The S. Solo part (Soprano Solo) has the lyrics: "ran from fire and burn'd in a - no - ther fire.____ There were wit-nes ses, we were wit-nes- ses.". The Mar. part (Maracas) has a bass line with a triplet and a crescendo line starting in measure 710.

712

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

he and she are wit - nes - ses and you are a wit - ness.



715

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo


Mar.

p I will be the pro - se - cu - tion.


718 **Grave** ♩=36 **Andante** ♩=60

C. A. 

B. Tbn.  *con sord.*

S. Solo  *mp*  *mp*

Speak: Rain has come to put out the fire... And I wan-ted to write a

Mar.  *pp*  *mp*

723

C. A.  *mp*


B. Tbn.  *mp*


S. Solo  *mp*

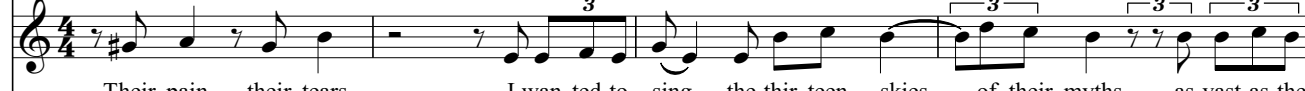
song ___ of my long gone an-ces - tors. of those who pass'd on to me in their blood - stream_

Mar. 


727

C. A. 

B. Tbn. 

S. Solo  *mp*

Their pain, their tears, I wan-ted to sing the thir-teen skies ___ of their myths, as vast as the

Mar. 

*Rain has come to put out the fire
Saving the wounded building from death.
The day is done. Stars in the sky
Hid - they can't bear to watch what the new Herods have done.*

731

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Lord. But I have seen how carv'd earth was turn'd to

Mar.

mp

734

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

blood that no lon-ger beats in my ar-te - ries. And I have heard from the lips of the youth an an-cient

Mar.

mp

737

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

sto-ry of its earth - ly a-go- ny as flee-ting as hu-man kind. I wan-ted to sing but I

Mar.

741

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

on - ly lis - ten'd_ I wan-ted to tell of yes-ter - day's sor - row, but I have seen to -

744

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mor-row's sor- row_ in the death of to- day. The me-mo- ry is shat ter'd_ like a woun ded_

749

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mir-ror. Look at the square that once was full of co- lours, songs_ and flow'rs: All that's left are

754

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

shoes_with no feet to fill_ them._____ Belts of all si - zes. On-ly red is left of all the

Mar.

760

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

co - lours_____ the songs are now moans and on the pave-ments in the mis-ty rain_____ in-stead of

Mar.

764

Grave ♩=36

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

flow - ers fa - ded bo - dies. *Speak: A glow in the eyes, and the poet is a statue...*

Grave ♩=36

Mar.

pp

*A glow in the eyes and the poet
is a statue in the window.
A single landscape: a memory
Remains forever burned into her eyes.
The body was: her eyes.*

*The bodies go as they came
Before they became memories:
Two by two
Three by three
Four by six
Six by two
But never one by one.*

*They are collected and piled up on white stretchers,
Like milk, that's put into white trucks.*

It's the colour of innocence!

*Iron tanks search
And search
Leave
And come back
Their reflectors shining:
One-eyed iron giants.*

They have taken the living and the dead.

771

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

779 *Andante* ♩=60

Grave ♩=36

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

mp

(con sord.)

mp

mp

pp

This is the Last Judge-ment

Speak: The sun rises in the thirteen...

784

C. A.

B. Tbn.

S. Solo

Mar.

*The sun rises in the thirteen October skies
That the poet will not see any more from the thirteen floors
Of the new building that has stopped being new
Because now it has a past
A memory
Intertwined like the two H's of its name.*

*A soldier;
Now that the roar of the massacre
And the memory have passed,
Opens a magazine and reads new comics
In the first light of dawn.*