



YAP / OAO Workshop

Young Artist Program / Opera Australia Orchestra Workshop

Thursday 30 October, 7pm

Joan Sutherland Studio, The Opera Centre

The Opera Australia Young Artist Program is generously supported by Principal Patron Maureen Wheeler AO

Igor Stravinsky

The Rake's Progress

1948-51

Opera in three acts

English libretto by W H Auden and Chester Kallman

Soloists, Chorus and Orchestra

Publisher: Boosey & Hawkes

Benjamin Britten

Gloriana

1953, rev.1966

Opera in three acts

English libretto by William Plomer after *Elizabeth and Essex* by Lytton Strachey

Soloists, Chorus, Orchestra, Stage Band of historical instruments

Publisher: Boosey & Hawkes

Jonathan Dove

Flight

1998

English libretto by April De Angelis

Soloists, Orchestra or Chamber Orchestra

Publisher: Wise Music

Benjamin Britten

Peter Grimes

1945

Opera in three acts and a prologue

English libretto by Montagu Slater based on the poem *The Borough* by George Crabbe

Soloists, Chorus, Orchestra, Dance Band

Publisher: Boosey & Hawkes

Program

The Rake's Progress - Igor Stravinsky

Act 1 Scene 3: Recitative - Aria - Recitative - Cabaletta

Act 2 Scene 1: Aria (reprise) - Recitative - Aria - Duet

Anne Truelove: Chelsea Burns

Tom Rakewell: Elias Wilson

Nick Shadow: Leon Vitogiannis

Gloriana - Benjamin Britten

Act 1 Scene 2

Prelude & Dialogue

The Queen's Song

Cecil's Song of Government

Recitative & Essex's Entry

First Lute Song

Second Lute Song

The First Duet for the Queen & Essex

Soliloquy and Prayer

Queen Elizabeth I: Shikara Ringdahl

Sir Robert Cecil: Leon Vitogiannis

Robert Devereux, Duke of Essex: Elias Wilson

Flight - Jonathan Dove

Act 1: Darling! - Welcome!

Act 2: My name is Bill

Act 3: Goodbye, goodbye. We're going on holiday

Tina: Chelsea Burns

Bill: Elias Wilson

Refugee/Minsk Woman: Ruth Strutt

Stewardess: Shikara Ringdahl

Steward: Leon Vitogiannis

Older Woman: Keara Donoghue

Peter Grimes - Benjamin Britten

Act 2: Interlude III - Scene 1

Ellen Orford: Chelsea Burns

Rector Horace Adams: Leon Vitogiannis

Peter Grimes: Elias Wilson

Members of **Opera Australia Chorus**

Chorus Preparation: Francis Greep

Opera Australia Orchestra

Associate Concert Master: Huy-Nguyen Bui

Conductor: Simon Bruckard

Music Preparation: Francis Greep, Chad Kelly, Jem Herbert

Chorus & Orchestra

Opera Australia Chorus

Soprano

Jennifer Bonner
Emma Castelli
Louise Keast
Celeste Lazarenko
Kirsten Paull
Leah Thomas
Katherine Wiles
Kathryn Williams

Mezzo Soprano

Keara Donohoe
Bree Meara
Olivia Payne
Nicole Smeulders
Ruth Strutt

Baritone

Malcolm Ede

Opera Australia Orchestra

Associate Concertmaster

Huy-Nguyen Bui

Violin 1

Catalin Ungureanu
Tony Gault
Amanda Chen
Daniel Rosenbaum
Michele O'Young

Violin 2

Airena Nakamura
Benjamin Smith^
Dominic Azzi
Jing Lin
Kelly Tang

Viola

Luke Spicer#
Tara Houghton
Amanda Murphy

Cello

Minah Choe#
Ruben Palma^
Francis Yoon

Double Bass

Andrew Meisel*^
Edmund Bastian^

Flute

Lisa Osmialowski*
Kate Proctor

Piccolo

Diane Berger

Oboe

Matthew Tighe*
Harry Wagstaff

Clarinet

Philip Green*^
Richard Rourke^

Bass Clarinet

John Lewis

Bassoon

Greg Taylor#
Jack Cremer

Contrabassoon

Timothy Murray

Horn

Sydney Braunfeld
Bourian Boubbov*
Lee Wadenpfuhl
Rafael Salgado

Trumpet

Daniel Henderson#
Chris Moran

Trombone

Gregory van der Struik
Brett Favell*

Bass Trombone

William Farmer^

Timpani

David Clarence

Percussion

Shanie Klas
Kevin Man*

Harp

Natalie Wong

Piano/Organ/Harpsichord

Jem Herbert

KEY

Italics Principal
*Associate Principal
^Associate Principal/Principal
#Guest Principal

Management

Head of Young Artists Francis Greep
Young Artist Producer Jane Hennessy
Young Artist Co-Ordinator Sammie Bailey
Young Artists Chelsea Burns, Jem Herbert, Claudia Osborne,
Shikara Ringdahl, Leon Vitogiannis, Elias Wilson

Chorus Master Paul Fitzsimon
Assistant Chorus Master Michael Curtain
Chorus Manager Sophie Janet

Head of Orchestra Management Emma In der Maur
Deputy Orchestra Managers Andrew Collins, Valerie Morgan-Pertus
Orchestra Production Manager Rhonda Jones
Orchestra Coordinator Angela Moore
Orchestra Production Coordinator Will Angus

Senior Music Librarian Peter Alexander
Music Librarian Jennifer Fung
Assistant Music Editor Noel Grove

Synopses & Libretti

The Rake's Progress

The opera begins with Tom Rakewell rejecting a job offer from his love Anne Trulove's father and expressing a desire for money. The mysterious Nick Shadow appears, claiming Tom has inherited a fortune and offers to help him in London, where Tom is soon seduced by a life of vice in a brothel. We begin our scene with Anne worried by Tom's silence and deciding to find him in London.

ACT 1 Scene 3 Outside Anne's house

Recitative

ANNE

No word from Tom.
Has love no voice?
Can love not keep a May-time vow in cities?
Fades it as the rose cut for a rich display?
Forgot! But no! To weep is not enough.
He needs my help.
Love hears, love knows, love answers him
across the silent miles and goes.

Aria

Quietly, night, oh! find him and caress.
And may thou quiet find his heart,
although it be unkind. nor may its beat confess,
although I weep, it knows of loneliness.
Guide me, oh! moon, chastely when I depart.
And warmly be the same he watches
without grief or shame.
It can not be thou art a colder moon
upon a colder heart.

TRUELOVE (*from inside*)

Anne!

Recitative

ANNE

My father!
Can I desert him and his devotion
for a love who has deserted me?
No. My father has strength of purpose,
while Tom is weak and needs
the comfort of a helping hand.
Oh God! protect dear Tom,
support my father and
strengthen my resolve.

Aria

I go to him.
Love can not falter, can not desert.
Though it be shunned, or be forgotten,
though it be hurt, if love be love, it will not alter.
Should I see my love in need,
it shall not matter what he may be.

ACT II Tom's house in London

Aria (reprise)

TOM

Always the quarry
that I stalk fades, or evades me.
And I walk an endless hall of chandeliers
in light that blinds, in light that sears,
reflected from a million smiles.
All empty as the country miles
of silly wood and senseless park.
And only in my heart... the dark.

I wish I were happy

Recitative

NICK Master, are you alone?

TOM And sick at heart. What is it?

NICK (He shows the poster)

Do you know this lady?

TOM Baba the Turk!

I have not visited St. Giles' fair as yet.
They say brave warriors who
never flinched at the sound of musketry
have swooned after a mere glimpse of her.
Is such a thing possible in nature?

NICK Two noted physicians have sworn
that she is no impostor. Would you go see her?

TOM Nick, I know that manner of yours.
You have some scheme afoot.

Come, sir, out with it!

NICK Consider her picture.

TOM Would you see me turned to stone?

NICK Do you desire her?

TOM Like the gout or the falling sickness.

NICK Are you obliged to her?

TOM Heaven forbid.

NICK Then marry her.

TOM Have you taken leave of your senses?

NICK I was never saner.
Come, master, observe the host of mankind.
How are they? wretched.
Why? because they are not free.
Why? because the giddy multitude are driven
by the unpredictable "Must" of their pleasures.
And the sober few are bound by the inflexible "Ought"
of their duty. Between which slaveries
there is nothing to choose.
Would you be happy?
then learn to act freely.
Would you act freely?
then learn to ignore those twin tyrants
of appetite and conscience.
Therefore, I counsel you, master:
Take Baba the Turk to wife.
Consider her picture once more,
and, as you do so, reflect upon my words.

Aria

In youth the panting slave
pursues the fair evasive dame.
Then, caught in colder fetters,
woos wealth, office, or a name.
Till, old, dishonoured, sick, downcast
and failing in his wits, in virtue's narrow cell at last
the withered bondsman sits.
That man alone his fate fulfills.
For he alone, for he alone is free who chooses what to will,
and wills his choice as destiny.
No eye his future can foretell, no law his past explain,
whom neither passion may compel,
nor reason can restrain.
Well?

Duet

TOM My tale shall be told both by young and by old.

NICK Come, master, prepare your fate to dare.

TOM A favourite narration throughout the nation,
remembered by all, in cottage and hall,
with song and laughter for ever after.

NICK Perfumed, well-dressed, and looking your best,
a bachelor of fashion, eyes hinting at passion.
Your carriage young and upon your tongue
the gallant speeches that Cupid teaches.

TOM For tongues will not tire around the fire.

Oh! sitting at meat, the tale to repeat
of the wooing and wedding,
likewise the bedding of Baba,
that masterwork whom nature created
to be celebrated for her features dire.

NICK Shadow will guide, seek your bride.

On Baba the Turk, your charms work.

What deed is as great as
this gorgon to mate?

All will admire Tom Rakewell, Esquire.

TOM My heart beats faster. Come, come Shadow.

NICK Come, master, and do not falter,

TOM, NICK To Hymen's altar!

Ye powers, inspire Tom Rakewell Esquire!

Gloriana

In Act 1 of *Gloriana*, Queen Elizabeth I is introduced at a jousting tournament where the ambitious Earl of Essex is wounded after picking a fight with Lord Mountjoy. As punishment, she orders them to attend court together as friends, and they make peace. We begin at the opening of Act 1 Scene 2, where The Queen's advisor, Cecil, warns her of Essex's impulsiveness and the looming Spanish threat, while Essex later begs her to be appointed as her Deputy in Ireland to lead the fight against the rebel Tyrone. Elizabeth hesitates, concerned about his impetuous nature.

QUEEN

Too touchy and too hot they fought like boys.
Too touchy, too hot.
Lady Rich, Penelope, what did she say or do
when she heard of the fight?

CECIL

My lord of Essex is her brother;
my lady was much concerned.

QUEEN

Concerned for both?

CECIL

Madam, rumour declares
Mountjoy and Lady Rich are closely fond.

QUEEN

'Tis true, I know: 'tis true: the dark Penelope!
To have a brother and a lover fight
would banish all tranquillity.

CECIL

The touchier of the two received the wound.

QUEEN

'Twas right someone should take our Essex down,
or he might grow unruly, and unrul'd.

CECIL

The Earl will not be schooled, will never learn restraint.

QUEEN

My pigmy elf, ah! 'tis for that I love the lordly boy!

CECIL

Ah, Madam, Madam, pray take care!

QUEEN

Hark, sir! This ring I had at my crowning: with it I wedded
myself to the realm. My comfort hath been
that my people are happy:
happiness theirs because you are discreet.
I seek no husband: but good Master Ascham
in my infancy taught me love's better than fear.

CECIL

And caution is better, sweet Highness, than ruin,
than rashness and ruin!
O Princess, whom your people love as their protector,
long and long my noble father served you:
o let me serve you now, recite
the precept that my father taught!

The art of government is in procrastination
and in silence and delay:
blazing bonfires left to burn
will soon consume themselves away.
Of evils choose the least:
great foes will tumble down in time, or wither, one by one.
He that rules must hear and see
what's openly or darkly done.
All that is not enough:
there comes a moment when to rule is to be swift and bold:
know at last the time to strike —
it may be when the iron is cold!

QUEEN

Your Princess thanks you, trusty elf.

CECIL

Now if I may obtrude myself,
he new ambassador from Spain —

QUEEN

Is at the old one's tricks again!
With one care ended, others are begun.

CECIL

The newest is an old care now renewed.

QUEEN

What new old care is this?

CECIL

Word has been brought
the King of Spain designs
a new Armada to be sent —

QUEEN

How soon? How nearly can they guess,
our faithful eyes and ears?

CECIL

Perhaps before the spring.

QUEEN

God's death! What men,
what money must be thrown
into the maw of cannon!

CECIL

Madam, we are in the hands of God.
He at a breath can melt the steel of Spain:
we can but watch and wait.

QUEEN

We can but watch and wait.

(Essex enters)

Welcome, my lord. Sir Robert here,
so wise in counsel, will return anon.

(Cecil bows himself out)

Cousin, I greet you.

ESSEX

Queen of my life!

QUEEN

Ah, Robin!

ESSEX

Queen of my life!

QUEEN

Cares of State eat up my days. There lies my lute;
take it and play.

ESSEX

(taking up the lute)

Quick music is best

when the heart is oppressed; quick music can heal
with dancing, by night and by day. Hallaloo, hallalay...

Quick music is best

for the pipe or the strings;

quick music can heal

with dancing, the pleasure of kings. Hallaloo, hallalay...

QUEEN

Too light, too gay:

a song for careless hearts.

Turn to the lute again,

evoke some far-off place or time, a dream, a mood,

an air to spirit us both away.

ESSEX

Happy were he could finish forth his fate
in some unhaunted desert, where, obscure from all society,
from love and hate of worldly folk,
there might he sleep secure;
then wake again, and give God ever praise,

content with hips and haws and brambleberry; in
contemplation spending all his days,
and change of holy thoughts
to make him merry: where, when he dies,
his tomb might be a bush
where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush;
happy were he!

QUEEN

Robin, a melting song: but who can this unworldly hermit be?

ESSEX

It might be any man, not one you know.

QUEEN

'Tis a conceit, it is not you.

ESSEX

Queen of my life, I cannot tell.

QUEEN

You man of moods.

ESSEX

I know it well.

QUEEN

Victor of Cadiz.

ESSEX

Loser of esteem.

QUEEN

Leader of armies.

ESSEX

Follower of a dream!

QUEEN

Now up, now down,
and cautious never!

ESSEX

But to one passion constant ever!

QUEEN

To advance in fortune, as becomes a man.

ESSEX

To advance in favour, as a suitor longs.

QUEEN

Do I not favour thee, promote thy pride
and right thy wrongs?

ESSEX

Sovereign most loved —

QUEEN

O heretofore, though ringed with foes,
 I only bled with arrows of the spring,
 my sense was only wounded by the rose:
 and I too then could sing.
 But years decline and go:
 video et taceo! Video et taceo!

ESSEX

What solace more can I disclose?
 Better than tears the faithfulness I bring.
 What my heart holds, only thy heart knows,
 and I too now can sing:
 are tears a sign to show
 that we shall reap but as we sow?
 Ah, Madam, than your voice with me
 no song is sweeter.

QUEEN

Then rejoice with me!
 I am a woman, though I be a Queen,
 and still a woman, though I be a Prince!

ESSEX

Then let me dare assert the man I am, avow
 mine humble duty is far more than duty now.
 Call me not malapert if from thy feet I start
 a subject, who declares a more than subject heart —

QUEEN

Robin, no more! Blow not the spark to flame —
(seeing the silhouette of Raleigh, through the curtain)
 Look, my lord, we are not alone!

ESSEX

The jackal lurking by the wall,
 how vain his hope the lion will fall!

QUEEN

Be less impetuous, my lord.

ESSEX

The jackal waiting in the night,
 he keepeth long his evil spite.

QUEEN

You wrong Sir Walter Raleigh there.

ESSEX

Raleigh, Cecil, seek to ban my claim to Ireland, if they can.
 I am the man to conquer Tyrone —
 for God's sake let me go!

QUEEN

Your plainings I can ne'er refuse...

ESSEX

For God's sake let me go!
 I am the man Tyrone to overthrow, I am the man.
 Sweet Prince, for God's sake let me go!

QUEEN

Robin, I must spare your presence:
 the business of the kingdom waits. Make your adieux!

On rivalries 'tis safe for kings to base their power;
 but how their spirit longs for harmonies and mellowings
 of discords harsh, of real and phantom wrongs!
 If life were love and love were true,
 then could I love thee through and through!
 But God gave me a sceptre, the burden and the glory —
 I must not lay them down:
 I live and reign a virgin,
 will die in honour, leave a refulgent crown!

O God, my King, sole ruler of the world,
 that pulled me from a prison to a palace
 to be a sovereign Princess
 and to rule the people of England:
 thou hast placed me high, but my flesh is frail:
 without Thee my throne is unstable,
 my kingdom tottering, my life uncertain:
 O maintain in this weak woman the heart of a man!
 Errors and faults have beset me from my youth,
 I bow myself before the throne of Thy grace:
 Forgive me and protect me, O God, my King,
 that I may rule and protect my people in peace.
 Amen, Amen, Amen.

Flight

Flight is a comic and tragic story set in an airport terminal where passengers and crew are stranded overnight by a storm. The plot revolves around a stateless refugee who has been living in the airport, inspired by the true story of Mehran Karimi Nasseri. As the other characters confront their own dramas—a couple's arguments, a diplomat's expectant wife, and a flight attendant's secret—they eventually are moved to help the refugee.

ACT 1

BILL Darling!

TINA Darling!

BOTH Are you happy? Perfectly!

We're here in plenty of time.

TINA And we've our lucky donkey for luck!

BILL We don't need luck!

BOTH We'll feel the way we did before, on holiday.

BILL Our holiday will be fantastic.

TINA My costume is just shells and elastic.

BILL Double fantastic!

TINA We'll walk on the beach and do things together.

BILL Like swimming.

TINA And walking.

BILL And drinking together.

TINA And maybe even talking to each other.

BILL We'll feel the way we did before, on holiday.

BOTH We won't argue

TINA And you won't snore

BILL I don't snore.

TINA You'll lose a few pounds.

BILL And you'll lose a few pounds.

TINA Do you think I need to lose a few pounds?

BOTH We'll feel the way we did before. Like one person.

The whole world disappeared except you...

What if we don't feel the way we did before?

REFUGEE Excuse me. Have you any English money?

BILL Why's that?

REFUGEE Lost my ticket. Mislaid my luggage.

Most unfortunate. And of course I need to eat.

I can tell on holiday you'll feel the way you did before.

BOTH Really?

REFUGEE Sure.

BILL & TINA We'll feel the way we used to feel on holiday.

REFUGEE You'll feel the way you used to feel on holiday.

TINA Here's 50p.

REFUGEE Merci. See!

BILL & TINA Now just leave us alone.

ACT 1

STEWARD & STEWARDESS Welcome.

We're always smiling as you can see.

REFUGEE They're always smiling.

STEWARD & STEWARDESS

In uniform we represent the company.

Anything we can do to give assistance to you we will do. Travelling far?

OLDER WOMAN Mon Dieu!

STEWARD & STEWARDESS Have a nice day, don't be sad.

OLDER WOMAN Fromage! Café! Veuve Clicquot!

STEWARD & STEWARDESS

Looks like she's petrified to go.

Scared of flying? Don't be.

We're very friendly, super sane,

Reassuring on the plane.

We know where the blankets live.

We can sooth an upset kid

And serve coffee without spilling it!

OLDER WOMAN Bonbons! Chanel! Jacques Chirac!

STEWARD & STEWARDESS I think she's having an attack.

OLDER WOMAN I'm not having an attack!

ACT 2

BILL My name is Bill. I'm not predictable.

You seem a nice kind of girl.

Willing to be of assistance, you said. Perhaps you and me?...

STEWARD What's that, sir?

BILL Oh my God!

STEWARD Not to worry, sir.

BILL I thought you were her!

STEWARD Does it matter, sir? Let's take a walk, sir.

BILL Why not?

STEWARD Out of this field, sir.

BILL My name is Bill. I'm not predictable.

OLDER WOMAN Excuse me,

can I trouble you for some advice?

You see my fiancé is coming for me... Silly word fiancé...

Still he's coming anyway... Tomorrow, I mean today...

He's twenty-two... isn't it a scandal?...

Now, should I wear the shoe or the sandal?

TINA The sandal.

MINSKWOMAN How do you know he's coming for sure?

OLDER WOMAN I... just do. I've no perfume...

STEWARDESS You can borrow my Dior.

OLDER WOMAN I've only been married twice before.

TINA Your hair definitely up.

OLDER WOMAN

Let's get drunk.

ALL Let's get drunk.

OLDER WOMAN It's turned into a perfect night.

TINA You just need to accessorize.

STEWARDESS Something blue about the eyes.

MINSKWOMAN For a look of permanent surprise.

(Bill and the Steward have made their way up to the control tower)

BILL We're so high up here. I'm so high.

Do you come here often?

BOTH We're so high up here.

ACT 3

TINA Goodbye, goodbye.

We're going on holiday. Come along.

BILL In a minute.

TINA Bill! Hurry up and bring the cases.

BILL The cases.

TINA Yes, the cases.

BILL The cases.

(He is still holding on to his towel for dear life)

TINA Darling.

BILL Yes darling.

TINA The cases.

(He cannot pick up the cases and hold onto the towel)

STEWARD I'll get the cases.

BILL Thank you. What marvellous service.

STEWARD Anything we can do to give assistance to you we will do.

TINA Bill! Pick up the cases!

(Bill drops his towel to reveal that he has no trousers.)

BILL Oh my goodness!

TINA Where are your trousers?

BILL My trousers?

TINA And why is he wearing your trousers?

BILL Fancy that.

BILL & STEWARD How strange. Still, we can explain.

TINA & STEWARDESS Explain!

MEN Well, it was very dark and clearly there was a mix up.

WOMEN A mix up?

MEN A... mix up.

In the dark one pair of trousers
is the same as the other.

WOMEN I see.

MEN So you see.

WOMEN If you were sleeping here
and he was over there
then how did they get
from over there to over here?

Perhaps they walked?

MEN They didn't walk.

WOMEN Well then explain.

BILL You explain.

STEWARD No you.

BILL No you.

WOMEN Explain.

BILL He stole my trousers.

STEWARD I did not.

BILL Yes in the night.

STEWARD Oh well, alright...

WOMEN Fabrication beyond belief!

BILL I think he liked the way they fell.

I think he felt he'd never seen trousers
quite as fine as these...

STEWARD ...In all my travels to and fro...

BILL ...Across the world. And that is why...

STEWARD ...And that is why...

BILL ...And that is why he had his eye on my trousers.

WOMEN Do you expect us to believe such a story?

STEWARD I liked the colour.

BILL He liked the cut. He liked the colour.

STEWARD I liked the cut.

WOMEN Do you expect us to believe such a story?

BILL Yes.

STEWARD Not really.

WOMEN Such a cock and bull story!

BILL Oh my God, why did I do it?

I think it was you that drove me to it.

TINA You couldn't even drive yourself to it!

BILL Oh my God why did I do it?

TINA I drove you to it. Ha ha!

How could you?

I feel a rage raging through me. Ah!

BILL Let's talk it over on holiday.

STEWARD It was nothing. I couldn't sleep.

TINA Fabrication beyond belief!

STEWARD It was nothing.

BILL It was fantastic.

TINA What?

BILL Better than shells and elastic.

TINA Pig!

BILL Sweetheart...

TINA Shithead!

BILL Pearldrop...

TINA Vermin!

BILL Sugarcube.

TINA Bastard!

Peter Grimes

The opera opens with a prologue at the inquest into the death of Peter's apprentice William Spode, where no charges are laid. Act 1 commences with the townspeople singing about their hard lives as they witness Peter Grimes returning from a fishing trip, largely shunned by the community. Ned Keene arranges for a new apprentice for Grimes from the workhouse, but the town is suspicious. A storm brews, and Grimes comes into the Boar Inn, singing a song of human fate while the villagers sing a mocking round. The act concludes with Grimes leaving with the new apprentice, despite the storm and the townsfolk's growing hostility. Our scene commences in Act 2, when it's Sunday morning. While the villagers attend church, the schoolteacher and Peter's only ally, Ellen Orford sits outside with the new apprentice, John.

ELLEN

Glitter of waves and glitter of sunlight
bid us rejoice and lift our hearts on high.
Man alone has a soul to save,
and goes to church to worship on a Sunday.
Shall we not go to church this Sunday
but do our knitting by the sea? I'll do the work, you talk.

CONGREGATION (*from within the church*)

Now that the daylight fills the sky...

ELLEN

Nothing to tell me, nothing to say?
Then shall I tell you what your life was like?
See if I'm right. I think you liked your workhouse
with its grave empty look.
Perhaps you weren't so unhappy in your loneliness?
When first I started teaching
the life at school to me seemed bleak and empty
but soon I found a way of knowing children –
found the woes of little people hurt more,
but are more simple.

(*Congregation continues singing*)

John, you may have heard the story of the prentice
Peter had before. But when you came, I said,
now this is where we make a new start.
Every day I pray it may be so.

RECTOR Wherefore I pray and beseech you ...

ELLEN

There's a tear in your coat.
Was that done before you came? Badly torn.
That was done recently. Take your hand away.
Your neck, is it? John, what are you trying to hide?
A bruise. Well...it's begun.
Child, you're not too young to know
where roots of sorrow are.
Innocent you've learned how near life is to torture.
Let this be a holiday, full of peace and quietness
while the treason of the waves glitters like love.
Storm and all its terrors are nothing to the heart's despair.
After the storm will come a sleep like oceans deep.

CHOIR O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord ...

PETER Come boy.

ELLEN Peter – what for?

PETER I've seen a shoal. I need his help.

ELLEN But if there were then all the boats
would fast be launching.

PETER I can see the shoals to which the rest are blind.

ELLEN This is a Sunday, his day of rest.

PETER This is whatever day I say it is! Come boy!

ELLEN You and John have fished all week night and day
without a break painting boat, mending nets,
cleaning fish, now let him rest.

PETER Come boy!

ELLEN But your bargain...

PETER My bargain?

ELLEN His weekly rest.

PETER He works for me, leave him alone, he's mine.

ELLEN Hush, Peter, hush!

This unrelenting work.

This grey, unresting industry,
what aim, what future, what peace
will your hard profits buy?

PETER

Buy us a home, buy us respect
and buy us freedom from pain of grinning at gossip's tales.
Believe in me, we shall be free!

CHOIR I believe in God the Father Almighty ...

ELLEN Peter, tell me one thing,
where the youngster got that ugly bruise?

PETER Out of the hurly burly!

ELLEN

O your ways are hard and rough beyond his days.
Peter, were we right in what we planned To do?
Were we right, were we right?

PETER Take away your hand.

My only hope depends on you.
If you – take it away – what's left?

ELLEN Were we mistaken when we schemed
to solve your life by lonely toil?

PETER Wrong to plan? Wrong to try?
Wrong to live? Right to die?

ELLEN Were we mistaken when we dreamed
that we'd come through and all be well?

PETER Wrong to struggle? Wrong to hope?
Then the Borough's right again?

ELLEN

Peter! You cannot buy your peace.
You'll never stop the gossips' talk
with all the fish from out the sea.

We were mistaken to have dreamed...
Peter! We've failed.

CHOIR Amen.

PETER

So be it! – And God have mercy upon me!