2016

American Spring

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AMERICAN SPRING

Music by Sam Mullooly
Libretto by Tom Mullooly
Act I

Scene 1 - Overture/”A Very Good Year”
   All Chorus

Scene 2 - “With This Spring”
   Spring, Varina, Betsy, Joshua, Christopher, Male Chorus

Scene 3 - “An Elegant Belle”
   Spring

Scene 4 - “The Richmond Women”
   Varina, Female Chorus

Scene 5 - “Why Do They Fight”
   Varina

Scene 6 - “I Would Follow That Man”
   Christopher, Joshua, Male Chorus

Scene 7 - “I’m Runnin’”
   Varina, Betsy, Female Chorus

Act II

Scene 1 - “Victory”
   Mary Todd

Scene 2 - “The Salute”
   Joshua, Male Chorus

Scene 3 - “The Burning of Richmond”
   Varina

Scene 4 - “Back To Washington”
   Joshua, Male Chorus

Scene 5 - “Lamentations”
   Mary Todd, Joshua, Varina, All Chorus

Scene 6 - “They Knew”
   Mary Todd

Scene 7 - “Song Of Spring”
   Spring

Scene 8 - “Mercies”
   Varina, Christopher, All Chorus

Scene 9 - Instrumental

Characters

Spring (soprano)
   Narrator
   
Varina Davis (soprano)
   Wife of Confederate President Jefferson Davis

Betsy (mezzo)
   Varina’s Slave

Joshua Chamberlain (tenor)
   Union Colonel, officer of the 20th Maine

Christopher Melody (baritone)
   Union Soldier of the 20th Maine

Mary Todd Lincoln (mezzo)
   Wife of Union President Abraham Lincoln

Chorus
   Townspeople, Soldiers, Messenger

Instrumentation

1 Flute
1 Oboe
1 Bb Clarinet
1 Bassoon
1 Horn
1 Bb Trumpet
1 Trombone (bass-baritone)
Percussion (one player)
   Timpani (2), Snare Drum, Chimes, Tambourine

Violin I
Violin II
Viola
Violoncello
Double Bass

Duration: ca. 1 hr. 30 min.
Act I: ca. 40 min.
Act II: ca. 50 min.
Synopsis

The Chorus reflects on the meaning of the good in a moment in time. Transitioning to the time of April 1865, Spring leads a tour of the major characters, with Varina being served by Betsy, with Joshua Chamberlain and his men of the Army of the Potomac plotting Lee’s downfall, Betsy talking to her slave husband, and Private Christopher Melody in camp. Spring relates Varina’s upbringing. The women of Richmond trade contrasting views of their First Lady, Varina Davis. Meanwhile, Varina, clearing old papers, comes across a copy of a letter she had sent to Mary Todd Lincoln. Varina expresses her deeply conflicted views on the conflict, what brought the sides to this point, and her own responsibility in the genesis of such horror. Outside Richmond in the Union camp, Christopher Melody sings of a soldier’s life in the army. Joshua is overheard by Christopher Melody reminiscing about army life before turning in. Christopher Melody, on the cusp of victory, looks back to the Battle of Gettysburg and of his admiration for the hero of that hour, his commander Joshua Chamberlain. Back in Richmond, Varina shares with Betsy her own views about slavery and the war. Betsy responds only in asides. Finally alone, Betsy decides to take matters into her own hands and escape, which concludes Act I.

After intermission, Mary Todd Lincoln opens Act II, sharing the news that Richmond has fallen and reveling that victory seems clear. She finds a copy of her old letter to Varina Davis. She speaks of the costs of war and questions her hopes in expectation of peace. Joshua Chamberlain recounts the last of the fighting and the chase that ensued, resulting in the final capture and surrender of Lee’s army. The defeated rebels parade in sullen defeat to surrender their weapons and battle flags. Chamberlain, overseeing all, orders the men of the Army of the Potomac, lining the route, to raise their muskets in salute, paying honor to their now-beaten foe. Later, men of the Army of the Potomac on their way back to Washington sing a victory chant. Varina picks up the story from the Confederate side, relating the events in Richmond the day Lee abandoned his lines, culminating in the burning of the city that night, and the entry of Union forces. Joshua Chamberlain, on the march to Washington, instructs his men on dealing with the defeated population, while reminding them of their heroism and accomplishments. A messenger arrives with news from Ford’s Theater that President Abraham Lincoln has been shot. The Chorus represents the people of Washington gathered and waiting for news outside the rooming house across the street. Mary Todd Lincoln reacts to the news, as Joshua, initially despairing, is moved by the sight of his men and attempts to bring some perspective by quoting from Lincoln’s Second Inaugural, is overcome with anger. Varina shares her own lamentations. Mary Todd Lincoln has moved from her initial sanguine outlook on peace to full vent of her anger, blame, and grief. Spring returns to speak of the spring of 1865. Varina, now visiting her husband being kept prisoner in a cold stone naval fortress on the coast, encounters Christopher Melody, who has been transferred to guard duty, and begs for a blanket for her sick husband. Christopher and Varina speak. Finally the Chorus and the characters sing of return to their homes.
Composer’s Notes

I composed American Spring during the 2015-2016 school year, my final year as an undergraduate at Illinois Wesleyan University, in connection with the 150th anniversary of the end of the Civil War. This opera takes place mostly in April 1865, the year Richmond burned and Lincoln died, and deals with America’s feelings of pride and shame in war. The opera’s main character is Varina Davis, the wife of confederate President Jefferson Davis. Varina offers the 1860’s Southern perspective on slavery and the war, one glossed over in most readings of our history because it is so obviously repugnant today. Varina’s personal slave, the character Betsy, offers direct counterpoint. The Civil War’s final moments are also seen from the fervent perspective of the soldiers, as well as from the greiving eyes of Mary Todd Lincoln.

The large variety of musical elements in this opera are meant to depict the complex and dynamic layers of the story while still being tied together by memorable themes. Musical styles range from bitonality and non-tonality to chant and chorale singing, with a rock n' roll groove stuck in the middle. Despite the stylistic differences within the opera, every bit of music contains a sense of the unique American spirit. The music, although it can be seen as a captivating entity in itself, is ultimately meant to serve the drama.

My father, a Civil War enthusiast, had the original idea for the opera. We worked together on shaping the story, and the final product became a combination of historical retelling, personal drama, and modern political allegory. Many lines from the opera come directly from the actual words, spoken or written, from these historical characters. American Spring is meant to document the rise and fall of American morale during a particularly triumphant yet ruinous Spring of American history, as well as ask important questions about American values, and our capacity to make mistakes, for modern audiences.

- Sam Mullooly

Librettist’s Notes

Collaborating with Sam on American Spring has been a real joy. I spent many hours over the years sharing Civil War battlefield tours with my Dad, Jack Mullooly. So in a way this is the work of three generations. I am so lucky and blessed to have had this opportunity. Besides Jack and Sam, I would also like to thank the authors and works who helped surface many of the voices that found life here in song, including the speeches of Joshua Chamberlain, his fabulous work, The Passing of the Armies, Ashley M. Whitehead’s article Varina Davis and the Elusive Paradigm of the Politically Elite Confederate Woman, Jefferson Davis - a Memoir by His Wife Varina Davis, Mary and A.A. Hoehling’s The Day Richmond Died, James R. Gilmore’s Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War, John J. Pullen’s The Twentieth Maine, and Anthony Dawson, John Finerly, Delia Garlic, and other former slaves and interviewers and editors involved in the slave narrative interviews compiled by the Library of Congress in Life Under the Peculiar Institution. I would also thank the many historians and authors who have helped shape my views and interest in the Civil War over the years, including friends from the Civil War Roundtable in Milwaukee and in Chicago. Finally, I would note that, while many of the details in American Spring are historical, it is foremost a work of artisitic expression, and Sam and I have felt free to take license where we judged it appropriate.

- Tom Mullooly
Oh, this year's a very good year, a very good year in deed. Oh, this year's a very good
Change is this year's a very good year indeed.

This year is a very good year indeed.
in the air, with those recent elections, and the directions of troubles over-

in the air, with those recent elections, and the directions of troubles over-

in the air, with those recent elections, and the directions of troubles over-

deed. Change is in the air, change is in the

Change is in the air, with those recent elections, the elections and the directions of troubles over-

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.
A very good year in

Oh, this year's a very good year, indeed,

This year's a very good year, a very good year in

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Cl.

Hn.

Tpt.

Tbn.

Chorus Group 1

Chorus Group 2

Chorus Group 3

Chorus Group 5

Mullooly and Mullooly: American Spring

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Oh, this year's a very good year, a very good year indeed.

We

Oh, this year's a very good year
We might win, we might win the war, we might win the war, we might win the war, we might win the war, we might win the war.

Oh, this year's a very good year, a very good year, indeed. Oh, this year's a very good year, indeed.

We might win, we might win the war, we might win the war, we might win the war, we might win the war, we might win the war.

Oh, this year's a very good year, indeed. Oh, this year's a very good year, indeed.
Fl.
Cl.
Bsn.
Tbn.

Chorus Group 1
might win the war.

Chorus Group 2
war, win the war, we might win the war.

Chorus Group 3
might win the war, we might win the war.

Chorus Group 4
might win the war, we might win the war.

Chorus Group 5
war, And crush stub-born res

Chorus Group 6
might win the war, we might win the war.

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

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We might win the war,

We might win the war,

And

We might win the war,

Chorus Group 2

Chorus Group 3

Chorus Group 5

Chorus Group 6

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

instance to restore military and moral prestige.
we might win the war, we might win the war,
we might win the war, we might win the war,
we might win the war, we might win the war,
we might win the war, we might win the war,
crush stub-born res-ist-ance to res-tore mi-li-ta-ry and
we might win the war, we might win the war, we might win the war.
Hn.  
Tbn.  
Chorus Group 1  
Chorus Group 2  
Chorus Group 3  
Chorus Group 4  
Chorus Group 5  
Chorus Group 6  
Vln. I  
Vln. II  
Vla.  
Vc.  
Db.

win the war.  
Our team's in first place, first
might, our team's in first place, first
the war,
mo - ral pres-tige.
war,

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Chorus Group 1

place, first place, and could triumph through defiance if we all could just be-

Chorus Group 2

place, first place, first place and could triumph through defiance if we all could just be-

Chorus Group 3

place, and overall could triumph through defiance, if we all could just be-

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
lieve, could triumph through defiance, if we all just be-
lieve, could triumph through defiance,
lieve, could triumph through defiance,
To crush the stub-born resist-ance, moral pres
To crush the stub-born resist-ance to restore military and moral pres
To crush the stub-born resist-ance, military and moral pres
lieve, through de-fi-ance, if we all just be-
lieve, through de-fi-ance, if we all just be-
lieve! This year's a ve-ry good year, a

This year's a ve-ry good

mil-li-ta-ry and mor-al prestige, mil-li-ta-ry and mor-al prestige,
lieve!
believe!
very good year indeed!
We all go to
military and moral prestige!

We all go to military and moral prestige!
work adding value to a chain
caring or not for human well being.
What can we acquire? By

year, a very good year, Oh, this year's a very good year, a very good year,

Oh, this year's a very good year, a very good year, Oh, this year's a very good year, a
By
buy-ing and sell-ing we pave our way, cradle to grave, think-ing we a-

What can we acqu ire?
very good year in deed,

What can we acqu-

Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.
buy-ing and sell-ing we pave our way, cra-dle to grave, think ing we a chieve, pave our way,

chieve, pave our way, cra-dle to grave, think ing we a chieve,

What can we acqu ire? What can we acqu ire?

What can we acqu ire? What can we acqu ire?
cra-dle to grave, what can we acqu ire?

think - ing we a-chieve, what can we acqu ire?

we acqu ire? By buy-ing and sell-ing we pave our way

What can we acqu ire? By buy-ing and sell-ing we pave our way

What can we acqu ire? By buy-ing and sell-ing we pave our way
By buying and selling we pave our way, by buying and selling we pave our way,

By buying and selling we pave our way, by buying and selling we pave our way,

By buying and selling we pave our way, by buying and selling we pave our way,

cradle to grave thinking we achieve!

cradle to grave thinking we achieve!

cradle to grave thinking we achieve!

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Chorus Group 1

cradle to grave, thinking we achieve!

Chorus Group 2

Oh, this

Chorus Group 3

cradle to grave, thinking we achieve! By buying and selling we pave our way

Chorus Group 4

buying and selling we pave our way, thinking we achieve! By buying and selling we pave our way

Chorus Group 5

buying and selling we pave our way, thinking we achieve! By buying and selling we pave our way

Chorus Group 6

buying and selling we pave our way, thinking we achieve! By buying and selling we pave our way

Vln. I

mf

Vln. II

mf

Vla.

mf

Vc.

mf

Db.

mf
Fl.

Cl.

Tpt.

Tbn.

Chorus Group 1

Chorus Group 2

Chorus Group 3

Chorus Group 4

Chorus Group 5

Chorus Group 6

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Cra dle to grave!

year's a ve-ry good year in- deed, a ve-ry good year in- deed, a ve-ry good year,

buy-ing and sell-ing we pave our way, cra-dle to grave think-ing we a-chieve! This year's a ve-ry good year in-

buy-ing and sell-ing we pave our way, by buy-ing and sell-ing we pave our way think-ing we a-chieve! A ve-ry good
In deed!

indeed, a very good year

indeed!

year in deed, a very good year

indeed!

This year's a very good year

indeed!

A very good year
1.2
"With This Spring"

Flute
Oboe
Clarinet in Bb
Bassoon
Horn in F
Trumpet in Bb
Trombone
Timpani
Snare Drum
Chimes
Violin I
Violin II
Viola
Violoncello
Double Bass

q = 70
mp
mf

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A very good year. How does that happen?
Can our decisions bring about these conditions? Religion? Politics? Economics? They do not always lead where we would like. Is America still that shining city on a hill?

A beacon for what humanity can achieve? Think of Eighteen Sixty Five. It is
spring time in Richmond. The Virginia air is filled with smells: Gunpowder, and decomposition.

The bright future that once beckoned American patriots from the time of the Revolution.
Spring

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

mp

mf

mp

mf

mf

mp

mf

mf

mf

Dialogue has led them strangely to this. April, the cruel month, lilies, and the

dead, boots and rain.
"most American Spring. Crushing Southern rebellion, celebration,"

"better hope for a new nation, wetting the earth with blood and water, tender shoots and"
terrible shot. In this American Spring-time of Eighteen Sixty-Five, in the

White House, the First Lady is deep in thought.

My dress, please.

This Keckley dress from Washington,

Oh Betsy, there's not a new dress in Richmond.

You need to look your best, you are First
First Lady of not much left Bet sy. Yank-ees to the North, Yank-ees to the East, ev-en Yank-ees to the 
La-dy.

Well I don't know much ab-out that, but I do know that the new patch here at your back won't hold the old patch-es to 

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With this Spring, the end seems so much nearer now. With this Spring, the cause that so comp-
teger.

With this Spring, the armies will be marching-

elled us seems disheartening. With this Spring the armies will be marching.
In this American Spring-time of 1865, headquarters of the Army of the Potomac Colonel Joshua Chamberlain prepares for an...
Lee cannot last another summer, I feel the end must beat hand. With this
Spring, the roads are gone
With this Spring, we're going
With this Spring we'll
In this American Spring-time of end this rebellion boys we'll sleep in old Jefferson's bed.

Eighteen Sixty-Five, in the White House of the Confederacy Betsey knows not what to do.

What's comin' next, Betsy?
Tom, she ain't mean but the fed-rals are close. I'm scared.

With this Spring, the roads are gonna-
F

Four years of battle and no one has won. New Yorkers and Bostonians slay Georgians, and Virginians.


Spring

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Spring
can nons- and musk etknives and bay on- 
dys-ent-ar-y and dis - ease.

Christopher

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Wak-ing from sleep at day light

Christopher

on-ly this morn-ing, men wrapped inblank et on a fros -
tyground. The cough-ing of sev-en-ty thou - sand
Fl.  
Cl.  
Bsn.  
Hn.  
Tpt.  
S. D.  

Spring

Christopher

men drowning bugs and beating drums. There's war that must be done.
this American Spring-time of Eighteen Six-ty Five, in the Capital Rich mond des- per-a-tion begins to set in, almost en
circ-led, Rob-ert E. Lee's line can-not hold, it is the end.

With this Spring, the roads are gon-na

With this Spring, the roads are gon-na

With this Spring, the roads are gon-na
hard-en boys. With this Spring, we're going on to Richmond boys. With this Spring we'll
end this rebellion boys we'll sleep in old Jeff Davis's
Mississippi Plantations provide a


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mother's rule. Granddaughter of the Governor of the state of New Jersey who had fought with George Washington.

in the first rebellion. Schooled in Philadelphia for over a year, Northern friendships held ever.
Back at Nineteen, engaged to old Jeff of the Hurricane Plantation,

Jeff elected to the Senate, and Washington D.C. Varina now a lady of the owner of slaves.

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One officer told another, she shines like Venus. Brightest of all ladies.

Witty but gracious. A magnificent lady to grace any table of Congressman and Secretaries of War and...
Na- vy. Crude but hon- est, a lead-ing com- pan-ion. She did not like the news of war ar-riv-ing. When the

South sec-ee-ded the lead-ers chose their voice. Jeff Da-vis would lead a-bly with Va-ri-na as First
Lady. She knew from the start that her family would be at the heart of a great storm.
1.4
"The Richmond Women"

My dear Mary, congratulations to you and

Abras-ham. Being the Pre-sident's wife must be a horrible bur-den. We do not wish to

A=68
A=82
cause trouble. But Jeff can no longer abide a Fed’ral go-vern-ment work-ing its tyr-ran-ni-cal will u-pon the peo-ple. You’ve heard him talk, no-bod-y gets the best of Jeff. He’s con-vinced, he trusts in God, he would die for his cause. Let’s hope it does’nt come to that.” What a mi-se-ry bus iness
this has since become. Can you hear those wo-men of Rich- mond? E-ven in death and des-truc-tion they re

main the same. Chat-ter and pat-ter and clat-ter, blind but full of airs.

She's too
pride-ful, this Yan-keafaugh-ter. Our Rich-mond knows its blood ties!

Chorus B 1

She's Rich-mond's moth-er of Rev-o-l-u-tion.

Chorus B 2

She's Rich-mond's moth-er of Rev-o-l-u-tion.

Chorus B 3

She's Rich-mond's moth-er of Rev-o-l-u-tion.
Seventy-Six a-live again! With Varina the social life of Washington came to...
Richmond—A woman of warm heart and impetuous tongue, witty and caustic—With a

Richmond—A woman of warm heart and impetuous tongue, witty and caustic.
Mrs. Davis is I hear A Phila-del-phia wo-man!

That ac-counts for her white

Mrs. Davis is I hear A Phila-del-phia wo-man!

Mrs. Davis is I hear A Phila-del-phia wo-man!

sensi-tive nature un-der-lying all; a de-vot-ed wife and mo-ther, and most grac-i-ous mis-tress of a sa-lon.
I fear that she's not worthy of her husband, for learned that she's neither neat nor lady-like in her dress. Travels in old re

Would that our President, God bless him, had a finery with bare arms covered in bracelets.
true-heart-ed South-ern wo- man for a wife.

Nowitt-i er talk was e-ver band ied o-ver the tea-cups in a ny

land. She lifts our spi-rits from war and horrors of hos-pi-tal work.

I went a- lone to her man-sion, No one
else would listen. My slaves had run. My children sick and starving. I was alone. My husband left the army to rescue his family but was arrested for desertion. God bless Mrs. Davis, wham! U-pon my woe.
Left me in the parlor and parlayed for his pardon. Returning with my husband's freedom grant for me.
And she is grow-ing ve-ry fine  
I do not like the

And she is grow-ing ve-ry fine  
I do not like the

And she is grow-ing ve-ry fine  
I do not like the

Oh, those la-dies slay her, but she trusts them!
Did you hear she saved a slave boy? His
Did you hear she saved a slave boy? His
Did you hear she saved a slave boy? His

if Spar-tan aus-ter-i-ty would win our ind - ep-end - ence
if Spar-tan aus-ter-i-ty would win our ind - ep-end - ence
if Spar-tan aus-ter-i-ty would win our ind - ep-end - ence

signs
signs
signs
We are a lost nation.

Vr. was beating him in the street. Vr. interceded, led the boy a
She's too - pride - ful, this Yan - kee daugh - ter.  Our Rich - mond knows its blood ties!

way.

She's Rich - mond's moth - er of Rev - ol - u - tion.  Sev - en - ty - Six a live a - gain!

way.

She's Rich - mond's moth - er of Rev - ol - u - tion.  Sev - en - ty - Six a live a - gain!

way.

She's Rich - mond's moth - er of Rev - ol - u - tion.  Sev - en - ty - Six a live a - gain!
Our Confederacy is writhing in the throes of mighty agony. Can we live with
Fl.

Chorus A 1

fear but with-out flour? She is First La-dy, Queen Va-ri-na, im-per-fect ach-ing heart of the South.

Chorus A 2

fear but with-out flour? She is First La-dy, Queen Va-ri-na, im-per-fect ach-ing heart of the South.

Chorus A 3

fear but with-out flour? She is First La-dy, Queen Va-ri-na, im-per-fect ach-ing heart of the South.

Chorus B 1

fear but with-out flour? She is First La-dy, Queen Va-ri-na, im-per-fect ach-ing heart of the South.

Chorus B 2

fear but with-out flour? She is First La-dy, Queen Va-ri-na, im-per-fect ach-ing heart of the South.

Chorus B 3

fear but with-out flour? She is First La-dy, Queen Va-ri-na, im-per-fect ach-ing heart of the South.

Vc.

Db.
1.5
"Why Do They Fight"

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in B

Bassoon

Horn in F

Trumpet in B

Trombone

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass
Those women call me Queen Varina, but they do not know my heart.

They do not know my mind. Do they know of the child I carried? Did they hold the child I...
buried? This war will kill them. Whose idea this war? It seemed so im-
portant.

The North could not see reason elected, Mr. Lincoln against just-ice,
blind to grievance. George Washington was right, but now are we? Why do they fight? It's just a border. Why do they fight? Leave us alone. Why do they fight? They don't control us. Why do they fight? We're on our own.
That flag. How could we fight that flag? Could not our oppressors see our fear? Whose idea this war? Stop

Talk-ing and start march-ing. Start shoot-ing and stop liv-ing. These sons and hus-bands dy-ing...
for some cause. What cause? What cause this horror? patriots give blood and
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Bsn.
Hn.
Tpt.
Tbn.
Varina
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

**treasure to main-tain free-dom, e - qua-li-ty, and in-dep- end-ence.** But have we made an earn - est ef-fort at

**self ex-am-in a-tion?** Is his-to-ry e - ver spent re - peat-ing it-self? A - noth-er life spent choo - sing be-tween
Varina

Fl.

E

Vln. I

E

Vln. II

Varina

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

e-vils. Have not reli-gion, edu-cation, sci ence and art less ened the bru

ta-li-ty of men?

For ev-ery arg-u-ment, a jus-ti-fi-ca-tion. Ev-ery claim, we meet with facts. Slav-ery is
wrong, they say it's simple, let them practice what they preach in their own lands.

Our only desire is peace and to be left alone. But Lincoln, vile wretch, will only allow peace if we
sware allegiance to him and his proc-limation, becom-ingslaves to our own ne-groes. Could we be
wrong? We joined the Union. Could we be wrong? Why can't we leave? Could we be wrong? This union no lon-ger helps us to be
free. This was a choice, to leave the union. This was his choice, my husband Jeff. This was our choice for fear of
black men. This was my choice, will God forgive? My husband seems so righteous; he leads us where men's honor gives birth to war as I stand by his side and carry on.
"I Would Follow That Man"

How I wish you could hear the music of my encampment to-night.

Tuning: C#3 to E3, F#3 to A3
Stand in the open air and listen, the companies are singing,
I'm going home to die no more.

Watch fires of a hundred circling camps and all seems happy. Yet thoughts of loved ones left at home temper the
scene and rise with the moon. Content to do our duty_ let come what may. Content to bear our part in this terrible war and sing sad thoughts away.
There was one night, it must have been the most beautiful of this whole war. We had

marched one of the hardest marches our bodies ached just to lay on the ground. But the moon lit a
ma-gi-cal light of thou sands of small tents shin-ing white ly.
At int-er-vals camp-fires co-lored
Joshua

company tents with patches of orange glow. Whip-poor-wills sung
and I did not want to sleep.
We have Richmond almost in hand, this could be very night. With General
Lee's line stretched so thin the end must be in sight. But in-

steady I think of that time when per-il was at its peak. Sec-ond day, Get-ty-sburg, on the Un-ion left, Poco Più mosso

http://digitalcommons.iwu.edu/crisscross/vol4/iss1/5
of heroism I speak, The Fifteenth Allegro

Poco Meno mosso

D = 76
ba-ma fought our Twenty-first Maine led by one brave man, Joshua Chamberlain.
fight at Little Round Top. His story coming to rest one day upon a man and his ordinary men.
tack-ing, the reb-el reg-im ent would turn our flank. It had hap-pen-ed be-fore and

cost us. Reb els tri-umph ing o-ver Yanks. Des-perate
grappling back and forth, with Southerners fierce as hornets.

Christopher

gives the order “Men of Maine: Fix Bayonets.” And swept
Christopher

down like a hinged blade, shocking with glinting steel.
Chamberlain wins the day keeping our army on the field.
I would follow that man. Watch him give off, his com
mand. And, on his surviving horse, ride a stride the battalion, leading free men
"Over green fields, I would follow that man. It is skill, it's per
it is bravely, it is fight. It's Chamberlain, our captain, my command.
Christopher der, our knight!

Più mosso

\( \text{ff} \)

\( \text{fff} \)

\( \text{Più mosso} \)

\( \text{rit.} \)

\( \text{=82} \)
1.7
"I'm Runnin"

Bet-sy, this war is kill-ing us all. I can't im
a giné this is what those ab-ol-it-ion-ists prayed for. They should have known this was com-ing.

They had no i-de-a how well we got a-long here. Do you re-mem-ber liv-ing down at Hurr-ic-ane? Plant-at-ion life was so good to us. Jeff had an un-aff-ect-ed sym-pa thy for the slaves’ sor-row. To a man they loved him
and were willing to bear any little impatience on his part. The corn crib was never locked.

and they all fed their chickens and sold them to us at market price. Now what will they have? Can't mr. Lincoln
see, slaves will be worse off than they were before.

One step from jungle or 'gins, too trifling to work without a

They work and rest and know they'll be fed. Slaves have no-thing to


worry about if they act right.

Yes, that's the way it
is. Devils and good people walking in the road at the same time, and nobody can tell one from the other._

Never before has the race of Central Africa attained a condition so civilized and so
physically and morally improved. Free them, and without work, they'll die.

Of course there are owners, but meanness will not be erased.
know in my heart I am good. My husband is a good man. I know in my heart I'm en

deared to my slaves. I provide for them. Who would take my place? Did not father Abra-ham own slaves?
Was not the marble of the Parthenon cleansed by slaves? It is order. It is justice. It

regulates the freedom of society. Who would provide for my Betsy better than I?

bad to belong to folks that own you, soul and body. They can tie you up to a tree, they
This proclimation of Lincoln seeks at a

take a long curling whip and cut the blood every lick.

single dash of the pen to annihilate four hundred billions of our property.
And to pour over our country a flood of evils. Would that we had silenced those pharasaical

grievors, and their strange obsession with other men's sin. Who decides slavery is sin?
Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Hn.

Tbn.

Varina

Not the constitution, which protects property. Not the Bible, which justifies it. Not the good of society, for we

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

＝

Recog-nize it as good. Is it the good of man-kind? Does that justify diminished re-sour-ces, dimin-ished
Not one particle of good has been done to any man of any color by this aboli-tionist agitation and war. Only the des-truc-tion of our old Union.

com forts of the world?
Lord, you can take any-thing, no mat ter how good you treat it— it wants to be free. You can

treat it good and feed it, give it ev-ery-thing it seems to want, but if you leave— that cage o pen—
Driving Rock Feel

The fed'rs are near us. Slaves talk about—

running a way.

Run-ning a-way to free-dom. I think of some home joy-ment. Miss Va-
ri-na is mi ghty fine. And I don't know what to do, but I'm run - ning._

Run, Bet - sy, run! The pat-rol-ler's gon-na get you! The pat-rol-ler come! Watch Bet sy watch! The pat-rol-ler's gon-na trick you! He's got a big gun,
This slavery is hell.

Babies snatched from their mother's breast and

he's got a big gun!

sold to speculators.

Children separated from sisters and brothers and never see each other again.
Last week ten slaves run away. Next day we hear nothing. So I says to myself, the patrol's gon' get you. I'm running!

Run, Betsy—run! The patrol's gon' get you!
I'm running!

The patrol-ler come!
The patrol-ler's goin' to trick you!

Watch Bet-sy watch!

He's got a big gun,

He's got a big gun,
I'll keep my eyes open, watching for the patrol-lers.

he's got a big gun!
The Yanks camped near, that's where I'm going.
That's where I'm going.
Run, Betsy,- run!
The patrol- ler's- gon na- get you!
Run, Betsy,- run!
The patrol- ler's- gon na- get you!
The patrol- ler come!
I'll leave the children by the fire and Miss Varna's bed all turned out. I'm stepping out of this life. Today I'm running!

Chorus

Running!
2.1
"Victory"

Flute
Oboe
Clarinet in B♭
Bassoon
Horn in F
Trumpet in B♭
Trombone
Snare Drum
Violin I
Violin II
Viola
Violoncello
Double Bass

\( j=68 \)
My dear Vari- na,- thank you kindly for your thoughtful note. Of course, your burden is much.

Mary Todd
heav-ier than mine. Sure-ly Jeff should know his cause is lost. Wash- ing- ton is full of sold-i-ers, more ar-rive ev-ery day.

You must ask your-self, Va-ri-na, where your du-ty and loy-al-ty lies. Your vows as a wife as a ci-ti-zen, as a mo-ther.

Please give up. You know I'll not. They tell me Rich-mond is burn-ing. My hus-band's ar-mies have
conquered. The rebel capital has fallen. Serves them right. Rebels to their own flag.

Fight-ing their own coun-try-men. Vic-to-ry. It is said to be sweet.
I just want to move on. The President at home, with malice toward none having served justice on all. Surely the work of peace and reconciliation should begin.
Most wo-men see their hus-bands off to war. And suf-fer a-lone. Not the Pre-si-dent's wife. My sol-dier bears the bat-tles at home. He bleeds not, but suf-fers. What does a man...
Fl.

Cl.

Bsn.

Mary Todd

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Mary Todd

know of war? He cannot create life, but he destroys it. Wives become widows.

Db.

Mary Todd

Farms become barren. Life loses to death. My husband tells me people are free. It seems to me they come very dear. But since it is

Db.

Mary Todd

o-ver we tal-ly not the cost, re-joicing in vic-to-ry.
2.2
"The Salute"
This spring the April winds evoked a strangely moving mood of sadness and gus ty op ti-mi-sm. Lee must be expelled from his tun nels and...
breast-works. Ex-pelled in-to fields, to a-ban don__ his ca-pi-tal of Rich-mond and flee.
Battle at the Five Forks crossroads. We delivered a
Blow that finally shattered Lee's long siege line. But first overmatched, we faced a
furious charge. "Once more! Try the steel! Hell for ten minutes and we are out of it!"
a hill there burst upon a mighty scene. En-com-passed by Blue coron ing heights a mile from crest to crest,
at valley's bottom, lay Lee's army corps, far-famed foe in our magnificent history captured.

White flags come out as we bury the clinching fight's final
vic-tim. Two ar-mies now slept side by side with-out fear. Men breathe as fires dim, soft Ap-ril rain fall-ing on their tents. Who will pro-tect us from be-com-ing too fond of war? Ho-nor is due to our van-quished foe.

We won,
Musk-ets rise gleam in simul-ta-ne-ous salute.

We won, we won, we won, we won, we won the battle fight. We beat Bob-by Lee, the slaves are free, and God has
said we're right! the slaves are free, and God has said we're right!
"The Burning of Richmond"

Richmond burned on Sunday. War's wrath came to betray all I held dear.
Eating but rice and peas, knowing death and disease, Richmond never believed the end was near. Sabbath sun sweetly bright, trees in bud, wrens in flight, prayer at St. Paul's. The Lord we do not treat until news from the street that Lee's force must retreat.
as the night falls.
Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Chim.

Varina


Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

Varina

fu-gi-tive mass of knap-sacks, wa-gons, seek-ing es-cape. Hu-ma-ni-ty in tur moil took hi-a-tus of law as
Swiftly now darkness closed as clerks burned papers and set ware-houses a flame.

Burn-ing ware-houses lift tow-ering flames and smoke, with showers of fire points spark'ling like blazing stars.

Huge ed-dies draw great blazes into one vast li-vid flame. lick-ing its red tongue

con-su-ming the core of Rich-mond, ev-ery bank, ev-ery off-ice, and store-house
Varina

mills, fac-tor-ies, found-ries, draw-ing the life of thou sands.

Vla.

Tbn.

Varina

Ne - gro_ten then rode in grin-ning like Se ra-phim. South-ern pride spurned. They

Vla.

p

Vc.

Db.

p

rit.

Hn.

rit.

Tbn.

raise their Stars and Stripes, and their an-them de lights their dan-cing to the pipes, and Rich-mond burned.

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
"Back To Washington"

Men, we're marching, now...

Tuning: E3 to F#3, A3 to B3
back to Washington, like the victorious legions returning to Caesar's Rome. Keep your discipline, and
stay to your duty. The rebellion is crushed, and they are fellow countrymen now.

They were raised from a small age to dominate and abuse. Custom and comfort are no small things. To sur
render your means of living, even where evil, comes easy to none. Remember men that you are heroes. Ask yourselves, why did we risk the shock and clash, the waves of blood surging beneath the waves of flame, the
fe ver a bove the mang led slai n? Free dom, home, love, and joy! You have
bravely risked death to ensure these precious ends, not for yourself but for others. Ours is not a country re
stored but a country reborn. And broader yet the struggle was for mankind to mark a tide in human
Più mosso

Joshua

his to ry and an Epoch in time In Wash ing ton we'll have a pa rade they'll re member for a ges!
I beg your pardon. I have an urgent message for Colonel Chamberlain.

Who's this? Who's this?

I'd rather not say.

Give it here. Why news from Ford's Theater?
The President's been shot! We wait,
Fl. 

Ob. 

Cl. 

Bsn. 

Hn. 

Tpt. 

Tbn. 

Chorus 

Vln. I 

Vln. II 

Vla. 

Vc. 

Db. 

wait, in vi-gil we wait. Ooh

in vi-gil we wait.
Killed be-fore my eyes. Killed be-fore my eyes. Ev-ery vi-le charge they brought a gainst my hus-band, who did the
great work of this war, and they finally have killed him. No chance now to thank him for lifelong de-

No chance now to ask for forgiveness for any pain I may have caused him. Why? Why?
“Four years ago all thoughts were anxiously di

rec ted to an im-pend ing civil war. All dread ed it, all sought to a-vert it.”
Joshua

Our beloved Lincoln said this, but a mere few weeks ago. "But one party would make war rather than let the nation survive. The other would accept war rather than let it perish."

And the
war came. Each looked for an easier triumph. Both
Joshua read the same bible, and pray to the same God. The prayers of both could not be
answered. With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as...
Joshua

God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to achieve a lasting peace among ourselves and all nations. These words will now haunt my thoughts to death. We have borne the battle, boys, and now Abraham has too.

We are the most powerful army on earth, but we could not protect our president. Dead as many of our...
No longer architects of a country, by this failure we are now
brothers.

I and my husband are the cause of misery and destruction. The grief of this war has
drowned even the grief of my young son. My flesh, my blood, my Joseph. Died falling from the railing.
These men who died in battle think God has plans to save them. Would God want for us this glory?

To maim and break men's bodies? The child that grows within me, more fodder for the cannons.

I read revenge in your eyes, boys. If we had just one damn reb in our sights, we'd...
My God, My God, are they savages? To destroy peace, without victory?

Teach him a lesson in malice!

That horrible

My blood boils. Insane acts of violence without honor. Not rebels but devils...
Lincoln! walked through my own home, ran his bo-ny hands o-ver my Jos -eph's rail-ing.

He was the cause. He would not let us be free. We had good re-a-sons to fight.
Why should n't God and the opinion of judicious men be on our side? Oh God,
I've lost my son! I've lost my city. The horrible gore. The pain. Can this terrible Spring
tell me a gain why this war?
2.6

"They Knew"

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

Bassoon

Horn in F

Trumpet in B♭

Trombone

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass

\[ \text{Music notation for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet in B♭, Bassoon, Horn in F, Trumpet in B♭, Trombone, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Violoncello, Double Bass.} \]
When they took up arms, when they loaded their
guns, when they made their rebellious government they knew. Jefferson Davis may he burn in

gold, like his own city. He rots in jail but lives and breathes. Blood on his hands, his face, and
knees. Blood his bath. Six hundred thousand dead for his cause dead for his

hon. — No further would he be pushed. My honor will not permit.

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But he knew! She knew! What kind of conscience risks blood and threatens...
Mary Todd: American Spring

peace? Why persist? Why persist? When you know others will...
Mary Todd  

die? Be- ware such a man who is wil- ling to die for a cause, he will cause the death of thou- sands.

They knew what peo- ple want. Peo- ple ask for peace, the free- dom to love and noth- ing more.
In grief, words are poor consolation.
Silence and agonizing tears are all that's left to the sufferer.
2.7
"Song of Spring"

April, cruel month, lilacs and the dead, boots and rain. Was this a very good year in deed?
Ah, spring. Did we need the pain? Did we need the blood? Did we need to keep beating each other in the head?

Are we ready to admit that our deeply held beliefs may be wrong? May be evil? These are good people.
who have done bad things. The shout of a mind unclouded by doubt will lead you astray. These are bad people.

Greed driving men to don the cloak of pride and honor.
to lift the umbrella of God's holy blessing. Over six hundred thousand men, once living, now...
dead. Is this our spring of American renewal? We told ourselves we were better than this.

justification will arise for any cause. The first shot is always fired too soon.
We choose the stories we tell of war. Men are so good at using words to sanctify go-ry-deaths, but not good enough to a void battle. You know how this ends. The men who win the war write the his-to-ry of glo-ry, not death.
"Mercies"

Sir, I bring provision for my husband.

Lady I tell you again no
Varina: Why is he allowed to freeze? Please, just warm clothes? This blanket?

Christopher: contraband for this prisoner.

Vla: pizz.

Vc: My lady, since the death of Lincoln,

Db: My lady, since the death of Lincoln,

Varina: I tell you again he nears death in these conditions.

Christopher: my government is not kindly disposed to Mister Davis.

Vla: p

Vc:

Db:

Bsn: p

Varina: He cares not if he lives. Sir, you have the one kind face in this cold wick-ed fort-ress. Is there no thing you can

Vla:

Vc:

Db:
Ob. \( j=66 \)  

\[ \text{Ob.} \]

\[ \text{Bsn.} \]

\[ \text{Varina} \]

\[ \text{Christopher} \]

\[ \text{Vc.} \]

\[ \text{Db.} \]

\[ \text{Fl.} \]

\[ \text{Ob.} \]

\[ \text{Bsn.} \]

\[ \text{Varina} \]

\[ \text{Christopher} \]

\[ \text{Vc.} \]

\[ \text{Db.} \]

\[ \text{Fl.} \]

\[ \text{Ob.} \]

\[ \text{Bsn.} \]

\[ \text{Varina} \]

\[ \text{Christopher} \]

\[ \text{Vc.} \]

\[ \text{Db.} \]

\[ \text{Fl.} \]

\[ \text{Ob.} \]

\[ \text{Bsn.} \]

\[ \text{Varina} \]

\[ \text{Christopher} \]

\[ \text{Vc.} \]

\[ \text{Db.} \]

\[ \text{Fl.} \]

\[ \text{Ob.} \]

\[ \text{Bsn.} \]

\[ \text{Varina} \]

\[ \text{Christopher} \]

\[ \text{Vc.} \]

\[ \text{Db.} \]
Christopher

Left my home. Seen my friends die. Done things I cannot forget. Nowhere you are. Do you hate me?

Varina


Christopher

I believed I hated you. You caused an awful lot of trouble.
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Bsn.
Varina
Christopher

clerk. Then we'd dine in peace.

Respectfully, ma'am, there were other ways that we could have all had peace.

It is not as if I'm responsible.

Are we so blind? We are all Americans, both you that wanted slaves and
We did not want it. But in this dark

we that fought for Abe. Did we choose you leaders who talk us into hate and fear?

I will not defend the war. At first it's all just words. Glowing, fiery political words. You
drink the intoxicating lyrics of a cause bigger than yourself. Then you are elected. You become prominent. Your cause becomes the vital thing. Not service. Not people. And in the end, not...
peace. Thank you, Private Melody. May you
find your way home soon.

Let us go home and leave this battle, turn our backs on hatred’s game. Let’s find that hill, we’ll
Fl.  
Bsn.  
Hn.  
S. D.  
Christopher

climb it still, a shining city ours to claim.  
We face the truth in these dark ashes, greed and pride that's in our

Chorus

We face the truth in these dark ashes, greed and pride that's in our
heart. But still we sing this song of spring, a single nation torn a-part.
Let us go home and leave this battle, turn our backs on hatred's game. Let's...
find that hill, we'll climb it still, a shining city ours to claim.
find that hill, we'll climb it still, a shining city ours to claim.
find that hill, we'll climb it still, a shining city ours to claim.
find that hill, we'll climb it still, a shining city ours to claim.
"Instrumental"

Flute
Oboe
Clarinet in Bb
Horn in F
Violin I
Violin II
Viola
Violoncello
Double Bass

\[ \text{q} = 52 \]