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 artistic 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
This year is a very good year indeed.

Oh, this year's a very good year, a very good year in deed.

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

Chorus Group 5

change is in the air,
A very good year in

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

This year's a very good year, in

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

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

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.
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.
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,
And

We might win the war, we might

We might win the war, we might

We might win the war, we might

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

crush stubborn resistance to restore military and

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, we might win the war.
Hn. 58

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

Our team's in first place, first

might, our team's in first place, first

the war,

mor-al pres-tige.

war,
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 res-ist-ance,

To crush the stub-born res-ist-ance

To crush the stub-born res-ist-ance

to res-tore mi-li-ta-ry and mor-al pres

to res-tore mi-li-ta-ry and mor-al pres

To crush the stub-born res-ist-ance, mor-al pres
lieve, through de-fi-nance, if we all just be-

if we could all just be-lieve, through de-fi-nance if we all just

if we could all just be-lieve! This year's a ve-ry good year, a

tige, This year's a ve-ry good

tige, mi-li-ta-ry and mor-al pres-tige, mi-li-ta-ry and mor-al pres-tige,
tige, mi-li-ta-ry, mi-li-ta-ry and mor-al pres-tige, mi-li-ta-ry and mor-al pres-tige,
Chorus Group 1
lieve!

Chorus Group 2
be - lieve!

Chorus Group 3
ve-ry good year in-deed!

Chorus Group 4
year in - deed!

Chorus Group 5
mi - li - ta-ry and mor-al pres-tige!

Chorus Group 6
mi - li - ta-ry and mor-al pres-tige!

We all go to
S. D.

Chorus Group 3

work adding value to a chain caring or not for human well being

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Hn.

S. D.

Chorus Group 4

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

Chorus Group 5

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

Chorus Group 6

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

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
What can we acquire?  

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, a very good year,  

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

buy-ing and sell-ing we pave our way, cra-dle to grave, think-ing we a-

What can we acqu ire?

ve-ry good year in-deed, What can we acqu-
buying and selling we pave our way, cradle to grave, thinking we achieve, pave our way,

chieve, pave our way, cradle to grave, thinking we achieve,

What can we acquire? What can we acquire?

What can we acquire? What can we acquire?
Cradle to grave, what can we acquire?

Cradle to grave, what can we acquire?

Thinking we achieve, what can we acquire?

We acquire? What can we acquire? By buying and selling we pave our way

What can we acquire? What can we acquire? By buying and selling we pave our way

What can we acquire? By buying and selling we pave our way

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By buying-selling we pave our way, by buying-selling we pave our way,
By buying-selling we pave our way, by buying-selling we pave our way,
By buying-selling we pave our way, by buying-selling we pave our way,
By buying-selling we pave our way, by buying-selling we pave our way,
Cradle to grave!

Year's a very good year in deed, a very good year, buying and selling we pave our way, cradle to grave thinking we achieve! This year's a very good year in deed, a very good year, buying and selling we pave our way, by buying and selling we pave our way thinking we achieve! A very good year in deed, a very good year, buying and selling we pave our way cradle to grave thinking we achieve!

buying and selling we pave our way, cradle to grave thinking we achieve!
In deed! a very- good year in deed!

indeed, a very- good year indeed!

year indeed, a very- good year indeed!

This year's a very- good year indeed!

A very- good year indeed!
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.

bright future that once beckoned American patriots from the time of the Revolution.
April—

The cruel month, lilacs and the

dead,

boots and rain.
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Timp.
Spring
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

most American Spring. Crushing Southern rebellion, celebration,

bitter hope for a new nation, wetting the earth with blood and water

tuning: A2 to B2, E3 to F#3
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.

be fore the war, you need a new one.

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

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

With this Spring, the armies will be marching—
In this American Spring-time of

soon, our gamble will pay off or be lost.

Eighteen Sixty Five, headquarters of the Army of the Potomac Colonel Joshua Chamberlain prepares for an
Joshua

Lee cannot last another summer boys, I feel the end must beat hand. With this
Spring, the roads are gonna hard'en boys. With this Spring, we're going on to Richmond boys. With this Spring we'll...
In this American Spring-time, boys we'll sleep in old Jefferson's bed.

Eighteen Sixty Five, in the White House of the Confederacy Betsy knows not what to do.
Tom, she ain't mean but the fed- rals are close. I'm scared. With this Spring, the roads are gon - na

hard en Tom. With this Spring, the fed- er- als are so close____now. With this Spring Miss Va
*ri-na's get - ting mean - er now, don't know what's com - in' next Tom.*

Four years of bat-tle and noone has won. New York-ers and Bost-on-i-ans slay Georg-ians, and Vir-gin-ians.
Spring

Can-nons and musk-ets, knives and bay-on-ets, dys-ent-ar-y and dis-ease.

Wak-ing from sleep at day-light

Christopher

on-ly this morn-ing, men wrapped in-blank ets, on a fros-ty-ground. The cough-ing of sev-en-ty thou-sand
men drown ing bug les and beat ing drums. There's war that must be done.
this American Spring time of Eighteen Sixty Five, in the Capitol Richmond desperation begins to set in, almost
With this Spring, the roads are gonna-

circ-led, Rob-ert E. Lee's line can-not hold, it is the end.

With this Spring, the roads are gonna-

With this Spring, the roads are gonna-

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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
1.3
"An Elegant Belle"

Mullooly and Mullooly: American Spring

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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 South at Nineteen, engaged to old Jeff Davis of the Hurricane Plantation,

Jeff elected to the senate, and Washington D.C. Varina now a lady of the owner of slaves.
high-est soci-ety. One off-ic-er told a-no-ther, she shines like Ve-nus. Bright-est of all lad-ies

wit-ty but grac-i-ous. A mag-ni-fi-cent la-dy to grace a-ny ta-ble of Cong-ress-man and Sec-ret-ar-ies of War and
Fl.  
Ob.  
Cl.  
Spring  

Na- vy.  Crude but hon- est, a lead- ing com- pan- ion.  She did not like the news of war arr iv- ing.  When the  

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

South sec- ce-ded the lead- ers chose their voice.  Jeff Da- vis would lead a- bly with Va- ri na as First  

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La - dy. She knew from the start that her family would be at the heart of a great storm.
"The Richmond Women"

"My dear Mary, congratulations to you and"

"A-bra-ham, being the President's wife must be a horrible burden. We do not wish to"
cause trouble. But Jeff can no longer abide a Fed’ral go-vern-men’work-ing its tyr-an-ni-cal will u-pon the peo-ple. You’ve heard him talk, no-bo-dy 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 mis-er-ly bus iness
this has since become. Can you hear those women of Richmond? Even in death and destruction they remain the same. Chat-ter and pat-ter and clat-ter, blind but full of airs.

She's too

She's too

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

pride-ful, this Yan-ke-daugh-ter. Our Rich-mond knows its blood ties!

pride-ful, this Yan-ke-daugh-ter. Our Rich-mond knows its blood ties!

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

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

She's Rich-mond's moth-er of Rev-ol-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.

Richmond. A woman of warm heart and impetuous tongue, witty and caustic. With a
Chorus B 2

sensitive nature under-lying all; a devoted wife and mother, and most gracious mistress of a salon.
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.

No witt-er talk was e-ver band ied o-ver the tea- 
cups in a- ny

land. She lifts our spi-rits from war andhorr-or-s of hos-pi-tal work.

I went a-lone to herman-sion, No one
else would listen. My slaves had run. My children sick and starving. I was a lone. My husband left the army to

rescue his family but was arrested for desertion. God bless Mrs. Davis, whom I smiled upon my woe.
Left me in the parlor and parayed for his pardon.
Returning with my husband's freedom grant for me.
Did you hear she saved a slave boy?

Chorus A 1

Chorus A 2

Chorus A 3

Chorus B 1

Chorus B 2

Chorus B 3

Did you hear she saved a slave boy?
We are a lost nation.
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Bsn.
Hn.
Tpt.
Tbn.
S. D.

Chorus A 1
Chorus A 2
Chorus A 3
Chorus B 1
Chorus B 2
Chorus B 3

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

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

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-ent-y Six a live a gain!

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

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

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

J=86

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Our Federation is writhing in the throes of mighty agony. Can we live with...
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.
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

\( \text{\( q=86 \)} \)
\( \text{\( q=64 \)} \)
\( \text{mf} \)
\( \text{mp} \)

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Those wo-men call me Queen Varina, but they do not know my heart.

They do not know my mind. Do they know of the child I car-ried? Did they hold the child I car-ried?

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buried? This war will kill them. Whose idea this war? It seemed so im-
portant.

The North could not see reason elected Mister 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 marching. 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
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

e-vils. Have not relig-ion, ed-u-ca-tion, 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
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 tonight.
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
Christopher

scene and rise with the moon. Con - tent to do our du-ty, let come what may. Con

Chorus

Come sing to me of hea-ven.

Vln. I

tent to bear our part in this ter ri-ble war and sing sad thoughts a-way.
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
magical light of thousands shining white ly.
At inter vals camp-fires colored
Joshua

company tents with patches of orange glow. Whip-poor-wills sung
and I did not want to sleep.

and I did not want to sleep.
We have Richmond almost in hand, this could be the very night. With General...
Lee's line stretched so thin the end must be in sight. But in-

Poco Più mosso

stead I think of that time when per-il was at its peak. Sec-ond day, Get-ty-sburg, on the Union left,
of heroism I speak.

The Fifteenth Alleluia
Christopher

ba-ma fought our Twen-ti-eth Maine led by one brave man, Josh-u-a Cham-ber-lain.

https://digitalcommons.iwu.edu/crisscross/vol4/iss1/5
This the regiment This the colonel, the
Christopher

fight at Little Round Top. His story coming to rest one day upon a man and his ordinary men.

At the left of our line, at

Christopher
tack-ing, the rebel regiment would turn our flank. It had happened before and

cost us. Rebels triumphing over Yanks. Desperate
grappling back and forth, with Southerners fierce as hornets. Chamberlain

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

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down like a hinged blade, shocking with glinting steel.
Chamberlain wins the day keeping our army on the field.
rit. . . . . . .

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
I would follow that man. It is skill, it’s per...
sɪs-ten- cy, it is bra- ve ry, it is fight. It's Cham- ber- lain, our cap- tain, my com- man- -
"I'm Runnin'"

Bet-sy, this war is kill-ing us all. I can't im-

https://digitalcommons.iwu.edu/crisscross/vol4/iss1/5
a gine_ 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 atHurr-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 chick-ens and sold them to us at market price. Now what will they have? Can't mis-ter Lin-coln
see, slaves will be worse off than they were before. One step from jungle or 'gins, too trifling to work without a
Varina: They work and rest and know they'll be fed. Slaves have no thing to worry about if they act right.

Betsy: Yes, that's the way it is.
is. De-vils and good peo-ple walk-ing in the road at the same time, and no- body can tell one from the oth-er.

Ne-ver be-fore has the race of Cen-tral Af-ri-ca at-tained a con-di-tion so ci-vil-ized and so
physically and morally improved. Free them, and without work, they'll die.

Of course there are mean owners, but meaness 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
dea red to my slaves. I provide for them. Who would take my place? Did not fa ther Ab ra 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?

It's bad to belong to folks that own you, soul and body. They can tie you up to a tree, they
This proclamation of Lincoln seeks at a 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 phar-ases-al
agitators, and their strange obsession with other men's sin. Who decides slavery is sin?
Not the constitution, which protects property. Not the Bible, which justifies it. Not the good of society, for we recognize it as good. Is it the good of mankind? Does that justify diminished resources, diminished re-sources, dim-inished
Varina

com forts of the world?

Not one par-ti-cle of good has been done to a- ny man of a- ny co-l or by this ab-ol-it-ion

Vln. I

mp

Ob.

mp

Cl.

mp

Bsn.

mp

Vln. II

f

Vla.

mp

Vc.

mp

Db.

mp
Lord, you can take anything, no matter how good you treat it—it wants to be free. You can
treat it good and feed it, give it everything it seems to want, but if you leave that cage open,
Driving Rock Feel

The feds are near us. Slaves talk about running away. Running away to freedom. I think of some home joyment. Miss Va-
ri-na is mi gh ty 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

Run, Bet-sy Run!_ The pat-rol-ler come!

He's got a big gun,_

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 gonna get you.

Run, Betsy—run!
The patrol's gonna get you!

Run, Betsy—run!
Run, Betsy—run!
Run,  Betsy— run!
I'm running!

The patrol-ler come!

Watch Betsy watch!

The patrol-ler's gon-na trick you!

He's got a big gun.

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

he's got a big gun!
The Yanks camped near, that's where I'm going. That's where I'm going. Run, Betsy! The patrol-ler come!

Run, Bet-sy, run! The patrol-ler's gon-na get you! The patrol-ler come!
I'll leave the children by the fire and Miss Varina's bed all turned out. I'm stepping out of this life. Today I'm running!
2.1
"Victory"

J = 68

Flute

Oboe

Clarinet in B♭

Bassoon

Horn in F

Trumpet in B♭

Trombone

Snare Drum

Violin I

Violin II

Viola

Violoncello

Double Bass

https://digitalcommons.iwu.edu/crisscross/vol4/iss1/5
"My dear Varina, thank you kindly for your thoughtful note. Of course, your burden is much
Please give up. You know I'll not. They tell me Richmond is burning. My husband's armies have
Mary Todd

con quered. The re-bel ca - pi - tal has fal len. Serves them right. Re - bels to their own flag.

Mary Todd

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

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

over we tally the cost, rejoicing in victory.
2.2
"The Salute"
This spring the April winds evoked a strangely moving mood of sadness and gusty optimism. Lee must be expelled from his tunnels 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 cross roads. We delivered a
blow that finally shattered Lee's long siege line. But first overmatched, we faced a
fu-ri-ous 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 cor don of steel crown-ing heights a mile from crest to crest,
at valley's bottom, lay Lee's army corps, far-famed foe in our monumentary 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 April 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 simultaneous salute.

We won, 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!
2.3
"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.
Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

Bsn.

Tbn.

Chim.

Varina

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

as the night falls.

gliss.

fu-gi-tive mass of knap-sacks, wa gons, seek-ing es cape. Hu-na-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 shower's of fire points spark'ling like blaz-ing stars.

Huge ed-dies draw great bla-zes 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
mills, fac-tor-ies, foundries, draw-ing the life of thou sands.

Ne-gro troops then rode in grin-ning like Se-ra-phim. South-ern pride spurned. They
raise their Stars and Stripes, and their an-them de lights their dan-cing to the pipes, and Rich-mon-d burned.

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"Back To Washington"

Men, we're marching now...
back to Washington, like the victorious legions returning to Caesar's Rome. Keep your discipline, and
They were raised from a small age to dominate and abuse. Custom and comfort are no small things. To sur

They were raised from a small age to dominate and abuse. Custom and comfort are no small things. To sur

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They were raised from a small age to dominate and abuse. Custom and comfort are no small things. To sur

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 tone.
Rem-ember men that you are

heroes. Ask you-elves, 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 slain?

fe-ver-above the mang-led slain?

fever above the mang-led slain?

fever above the mang-led slain?

fever above the mang-led slain?

fever above the mang-led slain?

fever above the mang-led slain?

fever above the mang-led slain?

fever above the mang-led slain?

fever above the mang-led slain?
bravely risked death to ensure these precious ends, not for yourself but for others. Ours is not a country re
stored but a coun-try re-born.  And broad-er yet the strug-gle was for man-kind. to mark a tide in hu man
his to- ry and an Ep och in time
In Wash-ing-ton we'll have a pa rade they'll re-member for a ges!
Let him in.

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 Theatre?
"Lamentations"

The President's been shot!

We wait,

The President's been shot!

We wait,
A
great work of this war. and they finally have killed him.

No chance now to thank him for lifelong devotion to me and mine. No chance now to ask for forgiveness for any pain I may have caused him. Why? Why?
Why?

"Four years ago all thoughts were anxiously dif...
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
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
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 long-ger ar-chi-

tects of a coun-

try, by this fail-

ure we are now

bro-

thers.

cr - mi-

als.

I and my hus-

band are theca-

use of mi se-

ry and des truc-

tion.

The grief of this war, has

drowned e-

ven the grief of my young son.

My flesh, my blood, my Jos-

eph. Died fall-

ing from the rail-

ing.
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!

My blood boils. Insane acts of violence without honor. Not rebels but devils...

That horrible
Lincoln! walked through my own home, ran his bony hands over my Joseph's railing.

He was the cause. He would not let us be free. We had good reasons to fight.
Why shouldn't God and the opinion of judicious men be on our side? Oh God,
I've lost my son! I've lost my ci-ty. The hor-ri-ble gore. The pain. Can this ter-ri-ble Spring
tell me a-gain why this war?
"They Knew"
When they took up arms, when they loaded their
Mary Todd

guns, when they made their rebellious government they knew. Jefferson Davis may he burn in

gun hell, 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

honored. No further would he be pushed. My honored will not permit.

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But he knew! She knew! What kind of conscience risks blood and threats?
Mary Todd
peace? Why persist? Why persist? When you know others will
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.

Mary Todd

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 un-cloud-ed by doubt will lead you a-stray. These are bad peo-ple

de-lu-ding them-selves that they are good. Greed dri-ving men to don the cloak of pride and ho-nor.
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.

Justice 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 avoid 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.

La-dy I tell you a-gain no
Why is he allowed to freeze? Please, just warm clothes? This blanket?

Contra-band for this prisoner.

My lady, since the death of Lincoln,

I tell you again he nears death in these conditions.

My government is not kindly disposed to Mister Davis.

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

Ob.

mp

Cl.

mp

Bsn.

Varina

Christopher

I have my orders. But I also have questions. Perhaps you could answer.

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

answer your questions if you will grant thesemercies to my hus-band.

Ma'am, I have been fighting you for four years.
Left my home. Seen my friends die. Done things I cannot forget. Nowhere you are. Do you hate me?

What is your name, private? Private- Melody,- in truth, I do not hate you. I used to wish sometimes that my husband was a

I believed I hated you. You caused an awful lot of trouble.
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?

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?
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.

Ma'am, you may deliver your mercies. I will not add to your misery.

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. We face the truth in these dark ashes, greed and pride that's in our...

Christopher

Chorus

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.
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 hat-red's game. Let's

MARY TODD and BETSY join

(MARY TODD and BETSY join)

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

Db.

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Mullooly and Mullooly: American Spring

Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Bsn.
Hn.
Tpt.
Tbn.
Timp.
S. D.

Varina
Christopher
Chorus
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.

find that hill, we'll climb it still, a shining city ours to claim.

rit.

tuning: Eb3 to F3

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