Pearl, An Opera in Two Acts

by

Amy Scurria

Department of Music
Duke University

Date:_______________________

Approved:

___________________________

Stephen Jaffe, Supervisor

___________________________

Anthony Kelley

___________________________

Philip Rupprecht

___________________________

Allen Anderson

___________________________

Robyn Wiegman

Dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Department of Music in the Graduate School of Duke University

2015
ABSTRACT

Pearl, An Opera in Two Acts

by

Amy Scurria

Department of Music
Duke University

Date:_______________________

Approved:

____________________________________
Stephen Jaffe, Supervisor

____________________________________
Anthony Kelley

____________________________________
Philip Rupprecht

____________________________________
Allen Anderson

____________________________________
Robyn Wiegman

An abstract of a dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Department of Music in the Graduate School of Duke University

2015
Abstract

As Catherine Clément argues in her 1979 publication “L’Opéra ou la Défaite des Femmes”¹ most female operatic characters befall a tragic ending: death, suicide, madness, murder. Building on Clément and observations of more recent feminist scholars (Carol Gilligan, Susan McClary, Marcia Citron), and on the compositional work of Paula Kimper and others, the current project strives to problematize opera’s dominant paradigm, and to use my artistic work as a composer to present a different one. With a dearth of stories that highlight the relationship between a mother and a daughter, I have sought to create an artistic work with strong female leads featuring women whose lives carry on and, even, thrive. It was a propitious opportunity to have been approached by conductor Sara Jobin and feminist theorist and author Carol Gilligan (under the auspices of A Different Voice Opera Project) to develop such an opera based upon Nathaniel Hawthorne’s “The Scarlet Letter”. What better way to break free from a paradigm than to do so with a popular and well-loved novel? The present artistic foray seeks thus to depart from an accepted paradigm while remaining within the bounds of something fundamentally familiar and popular. In a separately available essay “Gender and Music: A Survey of Critical Study, 1988-2012“, I explored a wide survey of scholarship on gender.

¹ An English translation was published in 1988 as Catherine Clément, Opera, Or, the Undoing of Women, trans. Betsy Wing (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota, 1988).
The feminist reinterpretation of “The Scarlet Letter” was first developed into a play, “The Scarlet Letter”, work-shopped and staged at Shakespeare & Company in Lenox, MA, the Culture Project in New York City, the National Players, and the Primary Stage Theatre. It was ripe for development into a libretto for operatic presentation by a Different Voice Opera Project. As the selected composer, I began a long collaboration with Sara Jobin, Carol Gilligan, and poet Jonathan Gilligan (co-author of the libretto). 

*Pearl*, the opera, was presented in workshop versions by A Different Voice Opera Project at Shakespeare and Company in Lenox, MA during the summers of 2012 and 2013.

Subsequently, our collaborative efforts were expanded through the addition of Sandra Bernhard, a dramaturg and director for a community outreach program at the Houston Grand Opera. Through conversations with Sandra, the opera became more streamlined and I was able to give it a smoother dramatic flow. In particular, Sandra’s advice informed much of the opera in terms of increasing the presence of the chorus to provide the medium through which Pearl understands her past. Musically, the chorus also becomes the third part of what I call “Dimmesdale’s triangle of pressure” in which he is caught within a patriarchy and pulled by three separate forces: his love and family (Hester and Pearl), his responsibility as a minister (the townspeople represented by the Chorus), and a father figure and mentor (Reverend Wilson). The present work, extensively revised during 2013-2015, grew out of these experiences.
In Hawthorne’s “The Scarlet Letter”, Pearl is a seven-year-old girl, born from the love affair of Hester Prynne and minister, Arthur Dimmesdale. The pregnancy of Hester immediately places her upon dangerous footing with her only preservation being silence. She is required to permanently wear a scarlet A upon her chest, whereas the minister, Dimmesdale, hides his identity as the father of the child both for himself and for the protection of his lover and child, also through silence. In the times of Puritan New England during the 17th century, a crime such as adultery (a term that is never mentioned in Hawthorne’s novel) would have been punishable by death. Needless to say, the ability of Pearl and others to speak the truth within this story becomes much too perilous for the characters to voice. The silence surrounding the life of this little girl is the focus behind the development of our main character for the opera: Pearl as a grown adult, thus making this opera a sequel, of sorts, to “The Scarlet Letter”. As quoted in Gilligan’s 2003 publication, “The Birth of Pleasure”: “At turning points in psychic life and also in cultural history – and I believe we are at one now – it is possible to hear with particular clarity the tension between a first-person voice, an “I” who speaks from human emotional experience, and a voice that overrides what we know and feel and experience, that tells us what we should see and feel know.”

Pearl as a grown woman, reflects back upon her life as a child where she is both the main character and the narrator of the story, often breaking the fourth wall. In this sense, this opera is reminiscent of the term “memory play”; a term coined by Tennessee about his work, “The Glass Menagerie”. In the opening of his play, Tom, the main character, begins with:

The play is memory. Being a memory play, it is dimly lighted, it is sentimental, it is not realistic. In memory everything seems to happen to music. That explains the fiddle in the wings. I am the narrator of the play, and also a character in it.\(^3\)

With the creation of Pearl, a new character, the opera is able to integrate the relationships that do not exist within Hawthorne’s novel, providing the libretto fertile material through which to explore Carol Gilligan’s psychological theories\(^4\). (See page vi, Note 2). We now see the story through the lens of Pearl as she remembers her childhood with highlights upon her relationships with her mother (Hester Prynne), her father (Arthur Dimmesdale), her mother’s husband (Roger Chillingworth, née Roger Prynne), the townspeople, her father’s mentor, Reverend Wilson, and herself as a child, allowing

---

\(^3\) Tennessee Williams, “The Glass Menagerie,” (New York: New Directions Publishing, 1999). Reprinted from the Random House Publication, 1945. Williams also wrote about his take on memory on other occasions, quoted from “The Timeless World of a Play” in which he states: “It is this continual rush of time, so violent that it appears to be screaming, that deprives our actual lives of so much dignity and meaning, and it is, perhaps more than anything else, the arrest of time which has taken place in a completed work of art that gives certain plays their feeling of depth and significance.” From: James L. Calderwood and Harold E. Toliver, eds, “The Timeless World of a Play,” in Perspectives on Drama (New York: Oxford University Press, 1968), 247-250. Reprinted from The Rose Tattoo, New Directions, 1950.

\(^4\) Carol Gilligan, *In a Different Voice: Psychological Theory and Women’s Development* (Boston: Harvard University Press, 1982).
for the creation of duets, trios, and ensembles to highlight these relationships. The most
notable of these relationships is the one between Adult Pearl and her child self, Child
Pearl. In this way, and reminiscent of Williams’ “memory play”, Pearl’s memories and
current life can now be juxtaposed, together in time, memorialized through the music
that binds these events and memories together.

In life we can experience our past through memory. In film we can be provided
with visual flashbacks to offer a retrospective. However, it is only within music where
the relationship between two eras of self can be juxtaposed. Thus, the gambit of my
opera is to find musical means where the audience may now experience the character of
Pearl as a child, as an adult, and as both child and adult in duet, as an echo, as a
memory, a reflection. This phenomenon is most effectively evoked within opera or
musical theatre. While a libretto must fundamentally be created using fewer words than
say a novel or a play – it takes longer to sing a line than it would to speak it – it falls to
music to express that which cannot be extrapolated through words alone. This dilemma
creates a most wonderful opportunity for music to soar with tension and emotion. It is
the music that can bridge together certain characters and scenes through the creation of
themes that represent (in the case of this opera) truth/honesty, a patriarchy, and love,
among other themes as well as the representation of particular characters. The necessity
for the score to embellish the drama through music’s tools: melody, harmony, motivic
development and orchestration, essentially enables the audience to draw closer to the
story and the characters by means that only music can provide.

In creating Pearl, it was my hope to birth the first of many such operas that shift
one operatic paradigm on its head. To create an opera where the main characters are
women and where they both have independent voices and thrive.

As I have written elsewhere: “Some, throughout history, have argued that music
has been exhausted. That everything that can be said, particularly within the Western
language of tonality, has already been said. However, I must wonder, did any of the
authors of such statements consider that the female voice has yet to really sing? For, we
are just beginning. And I cannot wait to hear what ‘she’ has to say.”
Contents

Abstract ........................................................................................................................................ iv

Acknowledgments ....................................................................................................................... xi

Cover Page ..................................................................................................................................... 1

Characters and Synopsis .............................................................................................................. 2

Scenes .......................................................................................................................................... 3

Act I ................................................................................................................................................ 4

Act II .............................................................................................................................................. 132

Appendix A: Pearl, Complete Libretto ...................................................................................... 205

Appendix B: Pearl, Performance History of an Opera in Development ................................. 241

Biography .................................................................................................................................... 242
Acknowledgments

Pearl: An Opera in Two Acts was created as the main portion of my dissertation to earn my PhD in Music at Duke University. While that pursuit is great enough, what it became to me personally was that and so much more. It became, in part, my own journey through the beginning of motherhood, my own reconciliation with my childhood and one of the most challenging and fulfilling projects I have ever had the honor to pursue.

Pearl could not have been created without the support and guidance of so many people and institutions. First and foremost, I’d like to thank Duke University for the financial and academic support to pursue this project. Through extended and supplemental grants above and beyond the already generous graduate stipend provided by Duke, and through various teaching opportunities, I was able to complete this project with the time and resources needed. Special thanks are in order for supplemental fellowships received through the Duke University Graduate School, including the Evan Frankel Endowment, the Aleane Webb Endowment, and the Duke Summer Research Fund. Further gratitude is extended to the incredible Department of Music, to its professors and staff, to my PhD advisory committee, Stephen Jaffe, Anthony Kelley, Philip Rupprecht, Allen Anderson, and Robyn Wiegman (from the Women’s Studies Program) and so many more professors who have helped, guided, mentored, and supported me in numerous ways along my journey at Duke. Many have become
mentors and, I hope, lifelong friends. I could not have imagined selecting a better department or growing in more positive ways as a person, as a scholar, and as a composer because of the people in it. Their support and encouragement is unparalleled.

With the support of DVOP (Different Voices Opera Project), *Pearl* was developed through two live workshops hosted at Shakespeare and Company and one private workshop at Carol Gilligan’s beautiful home. I feel much gratitude for the following singers, conductors, performers, supporters, and collaborators who made those workshops happen and created a tremendous learning environment for this composer (listed in no particular order): Sara Jobin, Sandra Bernhard, Carol Gilligan, Jonathan Gilligan, Tony Simotes and all of the staff at Shakespeare and Company, Tina Packer, Liane Curtis, Marnie Breckenridge, Maureen O’Flynn, Olivia Marchione, John Bellemer, John Cheek, Michael Corvino, Stephanie Otto Orvik, Jack Brown, John Demler, Steve Ledbetter, Nancy Shippen-How, Steve How, Norman and Susan Scurria, and many others who dedicated their time and personal funds out of a belief in this project.

My deepest gratitude goes to my incredible advisor, Stephen Jaffe. All who have had the honor to study with him know that his heart is larger than life, his talent runs deep, his knowledge is vast, and his willingness to go the extra mile for his students never falters.
To Dorene Goodfriend: I don’t know what to say other than thank you for guiding me and helping me to reclaim my life, to embody the wings that have always been there, and to fly higher than I ever imagined possible.

To my parents, Norman and Susan Scurria: I look back at my life and can always say to myself, “what an adventure!” Through all of the things that you taught us, some things resonate deeply for me to this day: to always pursue what I love, to believe that anything in life is possible, to always treat the greatest and roughest patches all as “an adventure” and a learning experience, to always follow my heart, to always strive for greatness, to live the most bold life possible, to know that success is not in never failing, but in the getting up after you do... and finally, for that day that you purchased my piano for me, if I had to pick one moment that solidified your belief in me as a composer (and there are many), that would be the moment.

And finally, thanks does not come close enough, but to my husband, Zane Corriher, and my daughter, Lily Corriher: you are my greatest loves, always and forever, even above music.
Music by: AMY SCURRIA

Libretto by: CAROL GILLIGAN
&
JONATHAN GILLIGAN

PEARL

A Story of Self Discovery

An opera in two acts

Piano / Vocal Score

Based on the novel, *The Scarlet Letter*, by Nathaniel Hawthorne
CHARACTERS

Adult Pearl, a writer and mother  soprano
Child Pearl, Pearl at 7 years old  child soprano
Hester Prynne, Pearl’s mother  soprano
Arthur Dimmesdale, the minister, Pearl’s father  tenor
Roger Chillingworth (Prynne), Hester’s husband  baritone
Reverend Wilson, a Reverend, Dimmesdale’s mentor  bass

Synopsis

Based upon Nathaniel Hawthorne’s novel *The Scarlet Letter*. Pearl, a young girl in the novel, is now a grown woman reflecting upon the events of her childhood when the love of her parents, Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale, was considered sinful and punishable by death. Hester Prynne travels to Puritan New England and awaits the arrival of her husband, Roger Prynne. His ship is assumed to have wrecked and he is presumed dead. Hester falls in love with Arthur Dimmesdale, the town minister. They keep their love affair secret until Hester becomes pregnant and is ordered to wear a Scarlet A upon her chest to signify the sin she has committed. With the identity of her lover, Dimmesdale, hidden, Roger Prynne reappears, but upon seeing his wife with a child by another man, he forbids her to reveal his identity in public, taking instead the name of Roger Chillingworth, and swearing eternal revenge upon the father of Pearl. When Dimmesdale finally musters the courage to reveal his true identity as the lover of Hester and the father of Pearl, the townspeople and Reverend ignore his admission and implore him to return to his duties as minister and turn his back on his lover and daughter. Caught within personal crisis and the pressures of a patriarchal society, Dimmesdale finds himself unable to turn his back on his lover, his daughter, or his congregation. Captured in this inextricable conundrum, the pressure surrounding him causes his heart to fail and he dies. Pearl carries with her the hope of a better future when “one brighter day, when the world should have grown ripe for it, in heaven’s own time, a new truth shall be revealed, a new relation, a union founded not on dusky grief, but on shared joy.”

April, 2015 Version
The opera is a memory play. The Prologue and Epilogue occur in the present day of 1663. All other scenes represent Adult Pearl’s thoughts of how events in her childhood may have occurred, as she pieces together and attempts to make sense of her childhood. Ideally, the stage will be split between memory and present day, perhaps as two tiers.

**SCENES**

**ACT I (~ 1:15:00)**

**Prologue:** England, present, 1663; Pearl’s house.

- Adult Pearl 4

**Scene 1:** Massachusetts, past and present; The town square.

- Chorus, Hester, Roger, Adult Pearl, Child Pearl 8

**Scene 2:** The Meeting House. Child Pearl is seven.

- Child Pearl, Adult Pearl, Hester, Chorus, Reverend Wilson, Arthur Dimmesdale 29

**Scene 3:** England, present; Pearl’s house.

- Adult Pearl, Hester, Dimmesdale 60

**Scene 4:** The town square.

- Hester, Child Pearl, Chillingworth, Reverend Wilson, Dimmesdale, Adult Pearl 70

**Scene 5:** Outside by the seashore.

- Child Pearl, Hester, Adult Pearl, Chillingworth 94

**ACT II (~ 58:00)**

**Scene 1:** Adult Pearl’s house and the town square.

- Adult Pearl, Hester, Child Pearl, Reverend Wilson 114

**Scene 2:** The Forest.

- Child Pearl, Hester, Dimmesdale, Adult Pearl 119

**Scene 3:** Dimmesdale’s House.

- Dimmesdale, Chillingworth 137

**Scene 4:** The Meeting House.

- Adult Pearl, Dimmesdale, Chorus, Reverend Wilson, Chillingworth 142

**Scene 5:** Wilson’s Study.

- Reverend Wilson, Dimmesdale 153

**Scene 6:** Town square.

- Child Pearl, Hester, Adult Pearl, Dimmesdale, Chorus, Reverend Wilson, Chillingworth 158

**Epilogue** England, present, 1663; Pearl’s house.

- Adult Pearl 180
Pearl

Prologue

Adult Pearl

England, present, 1663; Pearl’s house. Pearl sits at a desk writing with her daughter Ruby in the background.

Tempo semplice, espressivo (\(\sim\)58)

\[
\text{Adult Pearl}
\]

\[
\text{Piano}
\]

\[
\text{Adult Pearl}
\]

\[
\text{Pno.}
\]

\[
\text{Adult Pearl}
\]

\[
\text{Pno.}
\]

\[
\text{Adult Pearl}
\]

\[
\text{Pno.}
\]

\[
\text{Adult Pearl}
\]

\[
\text{Pno.}
\]

\[
\text{Adult Pearl}
\]

\[
\text{Pno.}
\]

\[
\text{Adult Pearl}
\]

\[
\text{Pno.}
\]

© 2015 by Amy Scurria. All Rights Reserved
Prologue

Adult Pearl

Script to finish. The players need it by Wednesday.

Pno.

Adult Pearl

My daughter wants me. Tomorrow she will be seen.

Pno.

Adult Pearl

Sitting with me Mama. She says.

Pno.

Tempo semplice, espressivo (♩=58)

Adult Pearl

I have work. I tell her.

Pno.

Con tenerezza

Adult Pearl

She will be seven. I was seven when we left.

Pno.
Prologue

Lamentoso

mf

The year my father

Adult

Pearl

Pno.

Adult

Pearl

Pno.

Prologue

Meno mosso, incalzando, animato (\(\text{h}<\text{h}\))

Adult

Pearl

Pno.

Adult

Pearl

Pno.

Adult

Pearl

Pno.

Adult

Pearl

Pno.

Adult

Pearl

Pno.

Adult

Pearl

Pno.

Adult

Pearl

Pno.

Adult

Pearl

Pno.

Adult

Pearl

Pno.

Adult

Pearl

Pno.

Adult

Pearl

Pno.
Prologue

Appassionato, with urgency (≈63)

If I could un-der-stand my

mo- ther my mo- ther. If I could un-der-stand what went on then.

I would know how to write this sto- ry, I tell my

haunting, like a mystery

poco a poco rit.

daugh- ter, do not fear the dark, Wait and your pu-pils will o-pen,

see what you see: See what you see: This is what I saw...
ACT I

Scene 1

"The Spirit in Our Hearts Chorale"

Chorus

Past. The townspeople are gathered and working in the town square.

Allegretto (with both gravity and anticipation, \( \frac{1}{3} \times 132 \))

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Piano

Who so ever will, Oh let him, let him freely come. When we are called

Who so ever will, Oh let him, let him freely come. When we are called

Who so ever will, Oh let him, let him freely come. When we are called

Who so ever will, Oh let him, let him freely come. When we are called
Act 1: Scene 1

S

called to part, It gives us mutual pain; But

to part when we are called it gives us pain it gives us gives us

A

are called to part it gives us gives us pain

T

are called to part it gives us gives us pain

B

are called to part it gives us gives us pain

Pno.

we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.

A

But we shall still But we shall still be joined to meet again.

T

But we shall still be joined But we shall still be joined to meet again. Be-

B

But we shall still be joined But we shall still be joined to meet again. Be-

Pno.
Act 1: Scene 1

Before our Father's throne, we pour our ardent prayers.

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one. Our comforts and our prayers are one.

We pour our prayers, our aims, our hopes are one. Our comforts and our prayers are one.
Descant solo (or small group)

Ah... cares. From sorrow, toil, and pain, From sin, we shall be free; And

Ah... cares. From sorrow, toil, and pain, From sin, we shall be free; And

Ah... cares. From sorrow, toil, and pain, From sin, we shall be free; And

Ah... cares. From sorrow, toil, and pain, From sin, we shall be free; And

Ah... perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity

Ah... perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity

Ah... perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity

Ah... perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity

Act 1: Scene 1
Act I: Scene 1

“Letters”
Chorus, Hester, Roger

Hester Prynne in New England and Roger Chillingworth still in England are reading their letters that they write to one another. We see them as Pearl (still writing, top stage lit) envisions them.

Allegro (with anticipation, $\frac{2}{4}$ - 120)

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Piano

(Ooh)  \hspace{1cm} (Ooh)  \hspace{1cm} (Ooh)

(Ooh)

legato

mf  \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm}

mf  \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm}

mf  \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm}

mf  \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm}

mf  \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm} \hspace{1cm}

(Ooh)

"Letters"
Act I: Scene 1

With energy and hope

Spot goes up on Hester writing.

My dear Roger the air here is sharp the rocks many
Act I: Scene 1

Hester

the grass little the trees in-nu-me-ra-ble yet truly this wil-der-ness

Pno.

(fingering)

(fingering)

(cymbal roll)

She writes, she writes.

8

letters. She writes, she writes.

letters. She writes, she writes.
Act I: Scene 1

Hester

My dear Roger, I trust you are well and pray for your safe voyage.

She writes letters. Ah

Hester

hoping to greet your arrival soon. Ah

She writes letters. Ah

Will he arrive, will he arrive? She waits alone.

Ah... Will he arrive, will he arrive? She waits a lone, she waits a lone.

Spot on Roger, writing.

Be-loved Hester your letters filled me with joy. I write with good news.
Act I: Scene 1

Roger and Hester should randomly sing gestures as they slowly turn from each other and walk off stage away from one another.

 senza misura

Chord repeated after each audible decay
The townspeople in the town square are working to secure their goods fighting against a fast approaching, violent storm.

**Act I: Scene 1**

"The Storm and Shipwreck"

*Chorus*

**Agitato (♩=104)**

**Soprano**

A storm! A storm! A storm! A storm!

**Alto**

A storm! A storm! A storm! A storm!

**Tenor**

A storm! A storm! A storm! A storm!

**Bass**

A storm! A storm! A storm! A storm!

**Piano**

The townspeople in the town square are working to secure their goods fighting against a fast approaching, violent storm.
Act I: Scene 1

"Pearl's Recitative and Aria"
Chorus, Adult Pearl, Child Pearl

Pearl thinks back to what it might have been like for her mother, alone in New England. She realizes that though the times were tumultuous, she was ultimately born a child of love.

Allegretto deciso, energico e marcato (mm 144–147) (q=144)}

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass

Piano

"wreck, will wreck!"

"wreck, will wreck!"

"wreck, will wreck!"

"wreck, will wreck!"

Allegretto deciso, energico e marcato (q=144) (Allegretto deciso, energico e marcato (q=144) (Allegretto deciso, energico e marcato (q=144) (Allegretto deciso, energico e marcato (q=144))}

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"

"wrecked!"
Act I: Scene 1

She is alone! A - lone! A - lone! A - lone!

His ship was wrecked! He is dead! He is dead! He is dead!

She was alone.

Moderato espressivo (0:04)

She

A. Pearl

Sp

B
A. Pearl

No word. Had he a-ban-done her? Was he dead? Should

S

word. Had he a-ban-done her? Dead!

A

word. Had he a-ban-done her? Dead!

T

word. Had he a-ban-done her? Dead!

B

word. Had he a-ban-done her? Dead!

Pno.
Act I: Scene 1

A. Pearl

166

she go back to the old world and seek him, or should she stay?

172

Stay in the new world and wait, or should she stay?

178

And after seven years, if he never came, she would be free to start a
Act I: Scene 1

Allegretto deciso, energico e marcato (\( \frac{q}{4} = 144 \))

new life.

To start a new life!

She was alone.

To start a new life!

She was alone.

To start a new life!

She was alone.

To start a new life!

She was alone.

To start a new life!

His ship was wrecked!

She was alone.

She is alone.

A lone!

His ship was wrecked!

She was alone.

She is alone.

A lone!

His ship was wrecked!

He is dead!

He is dead!

He is dead!

He is dead!

He is dead!

He is dead!

He is dead!
Act I: Scene 1

Moderato espressivo (÷104)

A. Pearl

S

A

T

B

Pno.

was alone, living in limbo, waiting... he's not going to come... What was

A. Pearl

S

A

T

B

Pno.

He will not come.

He will not come.

He will not come.

He will not come.
Act I: Scene 1

What was she to do? Could she act on her own? An

What was she to do? Act on her own?

What was she to do? Act on her own?

What was she to do? Act on her own?

What was she to do? Act on her own?

An independent woman?

An independent woman.

An independent woman.

An independent woman.

An independent woman.
A. Pearl

211

wo - man?

Skilled at the needle, she had a

213

An in - de - pen - dent wo - man.

S

215

An in - de - pen - dent wo - man.

A

217

An in - de - pen - dent wo - man.

T

219

An in - de - pen - dent wo - man.

B

Pno.

221

trade.

Even the Governor wore her linens.

An in - de - pen - dant

A

An in - de - pen - dant

T

An in - de - pen - dant

B

Pno.

Act I: Scene 1

223

Senza misura, haunting

A. Pearl

225

Did she like being alone? It was I who exposed her...

Pno.
"Pearl's Aria"

Act I: Scene 1

Largo appassionato, cantabile, dolce, e espressivo ($\frac{4}{4}=126$, $\frac{3}{8}=58$)

222

Pno. $\text{mp}$

224

A. Pearl

Little grain of sand.

She called me Pearl...

I was her

228

Pno.

231

A. Pearl

pearl, she said.

A child of passion...

234

Pno. $\text{mf}$

237

A. Pearl

They were over-taken, a

240

Pno. $\text{mf}$

243

A. Pearl

force washing-over them like the sea

246

Pno. $\text{mp}$

249

A. Pearl

Then, she was alone with me.

252

Pno. $\text{mp}$
Act I: Scene 1

My mother taught me to

attacca
Act I: Scene 2
"A Aria"
Child Pearl, Hester

Adult Pearl remembers back to when she was a child and wondering what the scarlet A on her mother's chest meant.

Adagietto, dolce (÷66)
Act I: Scene 2

Hester

 ecstasy became my shame. My shame became my liberation.

Pno.

Hester

A is for apple and Adam and angel and apostle. My

Pno.

Hester

The A that branded me, set me free, free.

Pno.

C. Pearl

mo - ther wears an A.

Hester

Defiantly

Ad - mit, a - tone they said. He hides his shame in si - lence.

C. Pearl

Be - cause, be - solved. Never! A - part, a - lone.
Hester

I answer no earthly master. How can they degrade an act of love? An act of love?

C. Pearl

A is for apple and Adam and angel and apostle. My mother wears an A.

Hester

The A that branded me, set me free.
Act I: Scene 2

C. Pearl

Hester

Pno.

Turning to face the audience.

C. Pearl

Hester

Pno.

A is for ant and a corn and any body.

free.

Set me set me free.

A is for able and amazing and a dor ing.

free. Set me set me free.

A is for an swer. Tell me now express.

Turning to face the audience.

freely

A is for any body.

Turning to face the audience.

Turning to face the audience.

Act I: Scene 2

32
Hester sits with Pearl before the church service. She is teaching her daughter the alphabet, creating a song and trying to drown out the sounds of the gossip that surrounds them.

---

**Act I: Scene 2**

"Order Chorus"

Child Pearl, Adult Pearl, Hester, Reverend Wilson, Chorus

---

Andante dolce (\( \frac{3}{4} \approx 80 \))

**Child Pearl**

**Adult Pearl**

**Hester**

---

C. Pearl

A. Pearl

---

Hester

---

S

---

Do you...
Subito vivace con fuoco (114)

Act I: Scene 2

S
know what she did? (3.5 women)

A
Who is he? For ever firm thy

T
You can see it, she's pregnant!

B
For ever firm thy

S
Justice stands, As mountains their foundations keep; Wise are the wonder

A
Justice stands, As mountains their foundations keep; Wise are the wonder

T
Justice stands, As mountains their foundations keep; Wise are the wonder

B
Justice stands, As mountains their foundations keep; Wise are the wonder
of thine hands, Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Who is he?

You can see it, she's preg-

A is for apple and

A is for apple and

A is for apple and

A is for apple and
Subito allegro con fuoco, furioso (4\(\times\)144)

Act I: Scene 2

C. Pearl

A-dam and an-gel and a-pos-tle.

A. Pearl

A is for ap-ple. B is for ba-ker.

Hester

A-dam and an-gel and a-pos-tle.

S

Like floods, the an-gry na-tions rise, And

A

Like floods, the an-gry na-tions rise, And

T

Like floods, the an-gry na-tions rise, And

B

Like floods, the an-gry na-tions rise, And

S

aim their rage a-against the skies: Vain floods, that aim their rage so high! At

A

aim their rage a-against the skies: Vain floods, that aim their rage so high! At

T

aim their rage a-against the skies: Vain floods, that aim their rage so high! At

B

aim their rage a-against the skies: Vain floods, that aim their rage so high! At
Act I: Scene 2

C. Pearl

A. Pearl

Hester

S

T

B

Did you see how she

breaks the captive's

bounds!

Her defiance knows no bounds!

Subito allegro con fuoco, becoming hysterical (~144)

A is for apple

Adam Angel.

pos-tle.

A is for apple
Act I: Scene 2

S

heav-y chain, And pris-ners see the light a-gain; But

S

walks a-bout. She has no shame!

A

heav-y chain, And pris-ners see the light a-gain; But

T

heav-y chain, And pris-ners see the light a-gain; But

T

She does not fol-low the law.

B

heav-y chain, And pris-ners see the light a-gain; But

S

re-bels, who dis-pute his will, Shall dwell in chains and dark-ness still

S

She has bro-ken the com-mand-ments. You can see it she's

A

re-bels, who dis-pute his will, Shall dwell in chains and dark-ness still

T

re-bels, who dis-pute his will, Shall dwell in chains and dark-ness still

T

Is there no sancti-ty in mar-riage?

B

re-bels, who dis-pute his will, Shall dwell in chains and dark-ness still


39
A. Pearl

Hester

S

Deep are his counsels, and unknown: But grace and truth sup-

pregnant! You can see it she's pregnant!

Hester Pryne, she's

A

Deep are his counsels, and unknown: But grace and truth sup-

You can see it she's pregnant!

T

Deep are his counsels, and unknown: But grace and truth sup-

B

Deep are his counsels; and unknown: But grace and truth sup-
Act I: Scene 2

A. Pearl

A is for apple. A is for apple. A is for apple.

Hester

A is for apple. A is for

S

Port his throne: Though gloomy clouds his ways surround, Justice is their e-

S

Pregnant! There is no order! There is no order!

A

Port his throne: Though gloomy clouds his ways surround, Justice is their e-

A

Port his throne: Though gloomy clouds his ways surround, Justice is their e-

T

Port his throne: Though gloomy clouds his ways surround, Justice is their e-

B

Port his throne: Though gloomy clouds his ways surround, Justice is their e-

Rev.

Wilson

Order!

S

Terror ground. How can we live with this sinner a-mong us? Is there no or-

A

Terror ground. How can we live with this sinner a-mong us? Is there no or-

T

Terror ground. How can we live with this sinner a-mong us? Is there no or-

B

Terror ground. How can we live with this sinner a-mong us? Is there no or-

attacca
Reverend Wilson reminds Dimmesdale that they must be firm with sin. The fear of the congregation is too great and they need strong and decisive leaders.

Allegro (≈q=126)

[for later orchestration - add voice in canon]
Wilson

Act I: Scene 2

tes - ti - fy - ing to her shame. But here, as in E - den's gar -

Pno.

den, jus - tice falls on man and wo - man.

Pno.

Her part - ner lurks a - mong

Pno.

us, And we must know his name.

Pno.

You have a shin - ing
Act I: Scene 2

Wilson

280

fu-

turn

Your ser-
mous

move

Phno.

290

the con-

gregation,

You have a sym-

pa-

thy with the

Phno.

300

people. With you

they feel God's

love. but you

Phno.

310

must be firm with

sin, lest cor-

ruption eat a-

way our

Phno.

320

Dimm.

330

Wilson

340

D

hol-

ly ci-
ty

Phno.

350

The people judge her harsh

Phno.
Yet our saviour did not condemn the

sinful woman

We showed her mercy

On judgment day we

all stand equal; But in this world we must have leaders:

governor, a minister, and a husband over ev’ry fami-

Act I: Scene 2
Wilson

by. It is the order of this world.

Moderato (\(f\) \(q=120\))

"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice."

Pno.

\begin{align*}
\text{T} & \quad m f \\
\text{B} & \quad m f \\
\text{S} & \quad m f \\
\text{A} & \quad m f \\
\text{T} & \quad m f \\
\text{B} & \quad m f \\
\end{align*}

Pno.

\begin{align*}
\text{T} & \quad \text{f'f} \\
\text{B} & \quad \text{f'f} \\
\text{S} & \quad \text{f'f} \\
\text{A} & \quad \text{f'f} \\
\text{T} & \quad \text{f'f} \\
\text{B} & \quad \text{f'f} \\
\end{align*}
Reverend Wilson leads an interrogation against Hester Prynne.

**Allegro, animato**

"The Interrogation"

Reverend Wilson, Chorus, Dimmesdale, Hester, Adult Pearl
waves; You so young and fair... Compassion moved the magistrate's hearts. They spared you, the full measure of the law, which would be...
Act I: Scene 2

Wilson

Brother Dimmesdale, you are her pastor. Persuade her to speak.

S

A

T

B

Pno.

Più mosso (\textit{p=72})

Dimm.

Good Rev'rend Wilson, it would wrong the very

Wilson

S

A

T

B

Pno.
Wilson

Expressive and with longing

Hester looks at Dimmesdale.

Hester

It is not these good men, but God alone who can redeem me. You are my pastor...
Act I: Scene 2

Hester

Dimm.

If you feel it be for your soul's peace speak speak the name of your fellow sinner.

Pno.

Wilson

Your compliance may remove the scarlet letter from your breast.

Pno.

with urgency and tension

Piu mosso

Hester

Wilson

Ne- ver Ne- ver ne- ver! Ne- ver! Ne- ver! It

Pno.

is too deeply branded you cannot take it off.

Pno.
Would that I might hear his agony as well as mine.

I was her child. Her child!

My child. My child!

Never!

Speak! Speak! Speak! Give your child a father
Act I: Scene 2

A. Pearl

Hester

Dimm.

Wilson

T

B

Pno.

I was her child.

Never! Never! Never! Never! Never!

Her child. Her child

Do not mock God's commandments

Do not mock God's commandments

Speak!

Speak!
There is a delicacy in these matters. Give your child a...
Act I: Scene 2

A. Pearl

Hester

Dimm.

Wilson

S

A

T

B

Pno.
A. Pearl

Hester

Wilson

S

A

T

B

Pno.

I will not speak!

My child must de·li·ca·cy to hide sin.

Speak!

Speak!

Speak!

Speak!

Speak!

Speak!

Speak!

Speak!

Speak!

Speak!

Speak!

Speak!

Speak!

Seek a heaven·ly fa·ther. She will ne·ver know her
Act I: Scene 2

Hester

earth·ly fa·ther

Dimm.

earth·ly fa·ther mf losing conviction mp

Wilson

Speak Speak Speak Speak

S

Speak Speak Speak

A

Speak Speak

T

Speak

B

Speak

Pno.

519

Wilson

Speak Speak

519

S

Speak

A

Speak

T

Speak

B

Speak

Pno.
Act I: Scene 2

To audience.

mp

Won - drous____ won - drous strength____ won - drous strength and

rit.

ge - ne - ro - si - ty of a wo - man's heart,____ She will not speak She will not

a tempo

accel.

Speak

Ah____ Ah____ Ah____ Ah____ Ah____

mf

Ah____ Ah____ Ah____ Ah____ Ah____

mp

Ah____ Ah____ Ah____ Ah____ Ah____

Ah____ Ah____

Ah____ Ah____
Act I: Scene 3

"Pearl's Reflections"

Adult Pearl, Hester

Adult Pearl, Hester

"Pearl's Reflections"

Adult Pearl, Hester

Adult Pearl, Hester
Act I: Scene 3

Our cottage at the edge of the forest. The sounds at night kept me awake. The owls...
Act I: Scene 3

Act I: Scene 3
Act I: Scene 3

[Music notation]

A. Pearl

to re - mind her of the

A. Pearl

sea

A. Pearl

like a distant memory

A. Pearl

and of her hus - band.

A. Pearl

let ring slowly, as if from very far away

A. Pearl

Drowned sail - ing from Am - ster - dam

A. Pearl

And the

[Music notation]
Act I: Scene 3

A. Pearl

42

flower, I sent her from my

44

wedding

46

begged her

48

it was too far to

50

come.
Act I: Scene 3

A. Pearl

Why did you return to New England?

A. Pearl

asked her. She said that she had a mission to tend to these people.

A. Pearl

She turned to her.

A. Pearl

She mis-
Act I: Scene 3

62

A. Pearl

to bring a new

64

A. Pearl

truth in that wild and

66

slowly

A. Pearl

thorny place let ring She had found a

70

mf

love and freedom a love and freedom She had

78

found love in that wild and thorny place in that
Act I: Scene 3

A. Pearl

with and thorny place

Pno.

Hester

in her a new strength had grown. How could you have loved him I

Pno.

A. Pearl

asked her. She shook her head and sighed. Then a light

Pno.

A. Pearl

came into her eyes

Hester

as if from a deep memory

slowly

You saw his face. You heard his voice. It start'd my soul. He would sing to me.

Pno.
Dimmesdale off stage.

Adagio (as if in memory \( \frac{1}{4} = 58 \))

\[
\text{Dimmesdale} \\
\text{Piano}
\]

\[
\text{Dimm.} \\
\text{Pno.}
\]

(On stage) \text{mp}

\[
\text{Hester} \\
\text{Dimm.} \\
\text{Pno.}
\]

\[
\text{Hester} \\
\text{Dimm.} \\
\text{Pno.}
\]

Act I: Scene 3

"Look Oft"

\[\text{Dimmesdale, Hester, Adult Pearl}\]
Hester

noe. Look oft, look oft. Look a-new, a-new.

Dimm.

noe. Look oft up the river, look a-new, a-new.

Pno.

Pearl reaches into the box and pulls out a red ribbon.

A. Pearl

Oh, here's that ribbon.

Hester

He was not one of them.

Dimm.

He was not one of them.

Pno.

A. Pearl

I remember. It was my birthday, I was seven years old.
Act 1: Scene 4

"The Meeting"
Hester, Child Pearl, Roger Chillingworth
Act I: Scene 4

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.
Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Hester

Roger

Pno.

Roger

The Al-gon - quin res-cued me. For nine long years they held me captive. and taught me the healing pro-por-ties of herbs.
Act I: Scene 4

Roger

All that time I dreamed

Pno.

dreamed dreamed dreamed of seeing you again

Pno.

But now what do I see? a scarlet A on your

Pno.

You never came. I thought you were at the bottom of the sea.

Breast and a child? You said you

Pno.
I did not know what love was.

Roger loved me. You said we'd build a new life.

Slowly

Hester Hester Hester

Who is he? The man who has wronged us both?

I am not who you remember.
Act I: Scene 4

Hester

I am a seamstress now
I earn my living
I care for the child.

Roger

But who is he?

Pno.

I earn my living
I care for the child.

Hester

That I will never say.
I will not say his name.

Roger

What? Do you protect him?

Pno.

Then do not say mine.
I will seek this man like gold in alchemy.
There is sympathy.
Roger

Act I: Scene 4

Roger

that will make me conscious of him. I will see him tremble, feel myself

Roger

shudder. Suddenly, unawares, sooner or later I will know him. But breathe not a

Roger

word to any living soul that you know me. Should you expose my shame to any one I will de-

Roger

clare my name in public. Think what they would do to you and this child.
Act I: Scene 4
"It is as I thought"
Chillingworth

Street in front of the scaffold. Dimmesdale rushes in, ascends the scaffold and kneels in prayer. He takes out a leather strap and begins lashing himself with growing intensity until he blacks out, falling backward into a deep sleep. The light dims.

Wilson crosses, seeing nothing. Chillingworth enters, sees the minister and ascends the scaffold. Standing over the sleeping minister, he pulls his garment aside to expose his chest. Dimmesdale stirs but does not wake. Chillingworth draws back in astonishment.

Piano

Chillingworth

"It is as I thought"
As I thought!

Can this be you?

Well, well, in deed, we men of study whose

Sub. Cresc.
Act I: Scene 4

Chill.
heads are in our books, have need to be straight-ly looked af-ter. We dream, dream in our

Chill.
wa-king mo-ments and walk in our sleep

Chill.
Come sir and my dear friend. You are not well. Let me lead you

Chill.
home. I will make you a broth. Come I be-seech you

Chill.
— Rev-end sir, else you will be poor-ly able to do Sub-bath du-ty to mor-row
Chill.

or make your mon-thly vi-sit to the A-pos-tle E-li-ot, or pre-pare your e-lec-tion day

Chill.

ser-mon. Ah! Ah! See how they trou-ble the brain.

Chill.

These books, these books. You should stu-dy less good sir. And take a lit-tle

Chill.

pas-time. Or these night-whim-seys will grow on you.

Chill.

Come with me I will lead you home.
Chillingworth:

My name, my name is Roger Chillingworth.

Wilson:

Hester Pryne, we were just. But who is this with you?

Chill.

I am a physician.

Wilson:

Well then, welcome Mr. Chillingworth. As a physician you can be of service here.

But please excuse us. There is a matter we must attend to.

"The Governor's Garden"

Reverend Wilson, Chillingworth, Hester, Dimmesdale, Adult Pearl, Child Pearl

Hester:

What

Wilson:

Hester Pryne, there are questions concerning you.
Act I: Scene 4

Hester

206 ques-tions?

Wilson

We heard that Pearl took off her

Pno.

215 clothes and went into the stream. She is head-strong and un-

Pno.

220 But she
dis-ci-plined.
The point is whe-ther we can trust the im-mor-tal soul of this

Pno.

225 child the im-mor-tal soul of this child to one who has fal-len a
Act I: Scene 4

Dimm.

Would you take the child a

mid the pit-falls of this world.

Pno.

f

way from her mo- ther?

Pno.

p

Is it not bet- ter that she be ta- ken out of your charge and raised with the gui- dance of a fa- ther's firm

Hester

Bet- ter? Bet- ter?

Wilson

hand?

Pno.

f

p

4
Act I: Scene 4

Wilson

240

\( mf \)

I will ex-a-mine her here and now this Pearl since that is her name.

Wilson

251

\( mf \) imperiously slowly

Has she re-ceived such Chris-tian nur-sure as be-fits a child of se-

Wilson

257

\( mf \)

He reach'd out to draw me to him but I e-

Wilson

262

\( mf \)

Where is she? She's taken off like a tro-pi-cal bird in

A. Pearl

262

\( mf \)

lu-ded his grasp.

Wilson

262

\( mf \)

Where is she? She's taken off like a tro-pi-cal bird in
Act I: Scene 4

Wilson

265

flight.

266

A. Pearl

269

I stood next to my

269

mother keeping my distance from him.

274

Wilson

274

Oh there you are little

279

Hester

279

My heavenly Father.

279

Wilson

279

Pearl. Can you tell us who made you?
Act I: Scene 4

C. Pearl

You are not my father.

Wilson

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! This is true. But who made you?

C. Pearl

I was not made at all. My mother plucked me from the bush of wild roses by the prison door.

Wilson

Here is a child of seven years and she

Hester

No! No! No!

Wilson

cannot tell who made her? We will take the child. My poor woman, the
Act I: Scene 4

Hester

Defiantly

No! No! No! God gave her in-to my

Wilson

child will be well cared for, bet-ter than you pos-si-bly...

Hester

keep-ing I will not give her up! I will not give her up!

Chill.

The child is a pawn See how they play her. The

To Dimmesdale

mp more intimate

Hester

You know me. You are my pas-tor. You know you know what is in my

Chill.

child is a pawn!

Hester

heart You know what are a mo-ther's rights and how much strong-er they
Hester

are when all she has is the child and the scarlet letter. You have sympa-thies these o-ther men lack.

To the men and Dimmesdale

With defiance

I will not lose the child.

God gave me the child. He gave her in re-

qui-tal. For all that has been ta-ken from me. She is the scarlet

let-ter on-ly ca-pa-ble of be-ing loved, loved, loved

Point is my hap-pi-ness, She keeps me in life. God gave her
Act I: Scene 4

Hester

to me a child of love, She is the scarlet letter.

Hester

on-ly ca-ble of be-ing loved, loved Oh loved.

Hester

Loved. God gave me the child, gave me the

Hester

child She keeps my soul alive.

Hester

She keeps my soul alive. A-live.
Act I: Scene 4

Hester

A - live.

God has wrought a so-lenn mi - ri -

This child was sent to keep her mo - ther's soul a -

live._

To re - mind her at eve - ry mo - ment of her fall, but

al - so to teach her that if the mo - ther bring the child to hea - ven

the child may bring the mo - - ther too.
Act I: Scene 4

Dimm.

For the sake of Hester Pryne's soul and no less for the child's let us leave them as we found them.

Wilson

The governor's election is upon us. Already the people say his sister is a witch. He cannot tolerate further scandal in this woman.

Dimm.

People look to her for comfort. She visits the sick. She sews the garments and provides for the
Act I: Scene 4

Dimm.

child—People value her industry. This is no time to sow dissent. The governor's relection is pending.

Wilson

let us not interfere with the hand of God.

Then Pearl must show herself a Christian child.

Hester

1 will.

Chill.

Worthy minister if I may.

Wilson

Hester Pyrane, you will see to this.

Chill.

This child's presence bears witness not to one
Act I: Scene 4

488 Chill.

sinner but two. As the flow of blood

492 Chill.

washes a wound clean so the scarlet letter. It is the hidden

497 Chill.

sin that festers like an abscess breeding corruption. The

502 Chill.

woman should not stand alone and the child needs to know her father.

508 Dimm.

Good physician, let us not burrow into people's

92
Act I: Scene 4

Dimm.

You have just come among us. You see the A

Dimm.

On this woman's breast many people say

Dimm.

the A means A-ble that the A means A-ble

Dimm.

So strong is Hester Prynce with a

Dimm.

woman's strength

attacca
Child Pearl enters with Child Pearl. Adult Pearl looks on. Chillingworth is gathering seaweed. Hester enters with Child Pearl. Adult Pearl looks on.

Child Pearl: Mother, he will catch you. He has already caught the minister.

Hester: I must talk with him again.

Child Pearl: Mother, come again.

Hester: No, you must stay where I can see you. Run along, but I will be safe. Run along, stay where I can see you.
Act I: Scene 5

A. Pearl

Lamentoso

Hester

Misterioso

Chill.

Some thing that would make me weep... but let it pass. I would speak to you ear-nest-ly?

L.H.

Hester

What of him? Speak free-ly

Chill.

He has...
Hester

given him-self o-ver to mi-se-ry. He stands on the verge of lu-na-cy.

Chill.

I tell you Hes-ter Prynne, that he still breathes and creeps a-bout on earth is ow-ing to me.

You tread be-hind his ev-ry foot-step. You are be-side him. sleep-ing and wa-king, bur-row-ing in-to-his

heart. Yet he knows not who you are.

He feels an in-flu-ence dwell-ing al-ways u-pon him.

For the cre-a-tor ne-ver made a-no-ther be-ing so sen-si-tive as he. He fan-cies him-self gi-ven
Chill. o-ver to the fi-end, But it is my con-stant sha-dow, The man he has most vile-ly wronged.

Pro.

Hester Is it I who have made you so in-hu-man?

Chill. No, he. Tak-ing ad-va-ntage of my age, Tain-ing my ho-nor with

Pro.

Dolce, reminiscent

Chill. shame. He calls me his friend. I could have been his friend. From the mo-ment we came down those church steps

Pro.

Becoming angry

Hester Then

Chill. Hes-ter I should have seen that scar-let let-ter blaz-ing at the end of our path.
A. Pearl

Hester

Chill.

Pno.

Act I: Scene 5

why not tell him who you are? spitting with anger

I will not be known as the hus-band of a faith-less wo-man!

A. Pearl

called him Mis-ter Chil-ling. Hus-band, he was her hus-band? I did not

A. Pearl

know my mo-ther was mar-ried. Who was this Mis-ter Chil-ling?

A. Pearl

worth? And what did the A mean?

Pno.
Act I: Scene 5

Hester

I know you as a man of worth. Why stoop so far? Purge this terrible hatred. Forgive.

Pno.

You have been deeply wronged. But it is in your power to pardon.

Pno.

A. Pearl

Had they wronged him? My mother and the minister?

Pno. (but intense)

Chill.

Peace. Hester. It is not
Chillingworth picks up his basket of seaweed. He starts to leave, hesitates.

He looks at Hester for a long moment, moves toward her, then stops abruptly.

Chillingworth.

...I have no such power as you claim.

...You who wronged me are not sinful... Nor am I.

Chillingworth.

...fiend-like. It is our fate. I have uncovered his secret so thanks to you. I have found him out. Deal with him now as you will. Let the shade grown flower blossom as it may.

He leaves.

Act I: Scene 5
Act I: Scene 5
"The Argument"
Child Pearl, Adult Pearl, Hester

Allegretto, steady tempo (\( \frac{q}{4} = 100 \))

Hester

Piano

C. Pearl

A. Pearl

Hester

Pno.

C. Pearl

A. Pearl

Hester

Pno.
Act I: Scene 5

It is the great \( p \) let-ter A.

The great \( p \) let-ter A.

You taught it to me.

You taught me.

Do you know why your mo-ther wears this let-ter?

For the

same rea-son the mi-ni-stur keeps his hand o-ver his heart.
Act I: Scene 5

[Music notations]

Hester

What has the let-ter to do with a-ny heart save mine?

Pno.

Act I: Scene 5

C. Pearl

told you all I know. But why do you wear the scar-let let-ter? And why does the min-is-ter keep his

Pno.

hand o-ver his heart?

Hester

Pearl, I che-rish your cour-age, your scorn of

Pno.

things that have false-hood in them. One day, you will

Pno.

be a no-ble wo-man but
Act I: Scene 5

Hester

I cannot hide these questions. For your own sake stay out stay out.

Pno.

Stay out! Stay out! Stay out! For your own sake.

Pno.

For your own sake! You saw how they

Pno.

A father would protect me. Ma-ma

C. Pearl

slowly and freely

A. Pearl

Ma-ma

Hester

tried to take you a-way.

Pno.  

mp
Tell me what does the A mean? 

world a child should not trouble herself with.

Stay out of

C. Pearl

Mama—Tell me What does the A mean?

Mother tell me, tell me the truth. 

The truth

Meno mosso (q = 66) mp cresc.

Meno mosso (q = 56) mp cresc.

a tempo
Act I: Scene 5

C. Pearl

Tell me the truth.

A. Pearl

Tell me the truth.

Hester

Why won't you tell me the truth?

Pno.

They'll take you away away.

C. Pearl

Why? Why?

Hester

Stay out of this

Pno.
Why will they take me away?

Pearl, Pearl I can't! Stop it, stop it!

What know I of the minister's heart? You want to know why I wear the scarlet letter?

I wear it for the sake of its gold thread.

You are not telling the truth.

Why does the minister stand with us only at night? In the dark?

Hold your tongue child. Do not tease me.
Act I: Scene 5

C. Pearl

A. Pearl

Hester

You told a lie.

Angry. On the verge of tears. You told a lie.

Or I will shut you in a dark closet.

You hate you!

I hated you!

Screaming

attacca
Marcia moderato con fuoco (♩=84)

Hester

Are they afraid of women's aspirations? They assure us

Piano

We are alike in God's appraisals. But in this

A. Pearl

We are alike. She did not

Hester

world autonomy is aberration. Is it atrocious?

Pno. (grand Staff)

Act I: Scene 5

"I Press My Pen"

Adult Pearl, Hester
A. Pearl

dress me in gray garments, she em-boi-dered the A with gold thread

Hester

Is it a-tro-cious?

Pno.

Is it a-tro-cious?

Hester

I a-base my-self to no man; Ac-cept no man's do-mi-na-tion.

Pno.

A. Pearl

She did not let them take me from

Hester

Seek no man's ab-so-lu-tion.

Pno.

A. Pearl

Was the A________

Hester

My Pearl.

Pno.
Act I: Scene 5

A. Pearl

Hester

Pno.

her passport into regions others feared to tread.

My art is with the needle.

I show what I cannot say aloud.

I press my pen.

At
Act I: Scene 5

A. Pearl

Ah— I press my pen.
Ah
tend-ing to my daugh-ter,
Ah— An-ti-ci-pating some aus-pi-cious day.

Hester

When she a-rises,
when she a-

Pno.

A. Pearl

I press my pen.
I press my pen.

Hester

a tempo

ris-es,
when she a-ris-es,

Pno.

A. Pearl

shamed, a-fraid, a-bashed,
but ac-com-plished,
a-then-tic
Hester

352

strong and true

Pno.

352

true

A. Pearl

I press my pen!

Hester

Pearl arise!

End of Act I
Act II: Scene 1
"The Reconciliation"
Adult Pearl, Hester

Adult Pearl remembers as we see Hester and Child Pearl in the child's bedroom.

Allegretto, affetuoso (q = 100)

That night, I

Child Pearl starts to sob, Hester takes her in her arms

She got up, lit the candle.

A. Pearl

Hester

Pno.
Act II: Scene 1

A. Pearl

asked her, why would we stay here one more day? Why?

Hester

Listen to me Pearl you are still a little girl. You see things

Hester

other cannot see I cannot tell you

Hester

what you want to know, not now. It is not wrong for

Hester

you to see what is true. But these people they think it is
Tempo semplice

It is not wrong.

Act II: Scene 1

A. Pearl

Hester

Pno.

48

It is not wrong.

56

To know what is true.

63

a tempo

f

[Brass]

71

attacca
"The Minister's Health"

Child Pearl, Reverend Wilson, Hester

Scherzando e leggero \( \text{SPRITZLE} \) \( \text{mf} \) 


Bravura 

a tempo

Very good

Well done, Mistress Prynne. Where are you off to, Mistress Prynne?

Rev. Dimmesdale should be returning from his visit to the Apostle Eliot and we are going to...
Wilson

Act II: Scene 1

Hester

meet him.

Wilson

I fear for our minister's health. Even in his weakened state, he goes into the

Pno.

wil-der-ness to vi-sit that ho-ly man.

Wilson

You are so good with the sick. Would you en-cour-age him now to at-tend to his

Pno.

health? Miss-ness Pynne?

Wilson

Act II: Scene 1
Act II: Scene 2
"The Forest"
Child Pearl, Hester, Dimmesdale

Misterioso e scherzando (q = 120)

She dances, Hester joins in

Extending her hands to Pearl

Follow me. I will show you my

wind.
Stay, where you can hear the brook.

Dimmesdale enters, haggard and feeble. Hester and Pearl notice him, but he does not see them.

Look, mushrooms are growing beside that log. Go now, Pearl and play in your house. I will speak to the minister.
With sadness and love

He reaches out to touch her.

In the life that has been

mine these seven years.

Do you yet live?

Hester

He stretches out a hand.

Pearl exits singing.

Act II: Scene 2
Act II: Scene 2

Moderato patetico (4/90)

Hester

Have you?

Dimm.

See me Hester, I live in torment, a man who loves the truth

Pno.

and yet I live a lie. How can I show my love for you without thrusting us

Pno.

both into danger? How can I take my place

Pno.

f

mf

f

legato
V
either of our Pearl?

You have deep-ly re
pent - ed.

No Hes-ter, no. I have done
Act II: Scene 2

[Hester] Looks at her, waiting for her to take this in.  
a tempo

[Dimm.] looks at her, but re-pen-tance?  

[Dimm.] Pno.  

You have an e-ne-my dwell-ing with you.  The phy-si-cian, he is my

[Dimm.] What?

[Hester] You have an e-ne-my dwell-ing with you.  The phy-si-cian, he is my

[Dimm.] I might have known, I did

[Hester] bus-band

[Dimm.]  

Pno.  

sub. p

124
Act II: Scene 2

Hester

I told him nothing. He found you know.

And you told him L.

The shame, the ugliness. Exposing my sick and guilty heart to the very eye that would gloat over my suffering.

He threatened to expose you,

to send you from your pulpit to the gallows. You must dwell no longer with this man.

But how
Act II: Scene 2

(Meno mosso, furioso \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{d}} = 120 \))

Dimm.

\( \text{could you not have told me? I have pro-ct-ed you. Spo-ken for you, how could you ex-pose me to this} \)

Pno.

Hester

\( \text{It is not yours to speak to me of shame. For se-seven years I have pro-shame?} \)

Dimm.

\( \text{shame?} \)

Pno.

\( \text{Lamentoso} \)

Hester

\( \text{tect-ed you! You! You! But you left me a lone, a-} \)

Dimm.

\( \text{And I pro-ct-ed you!} \)

Pno.

Hester

\( \text{lone! You left me a lone, a-lone, a-} \)

Dimm.

\( \text{Why do you think they were le-nient with you? I pro-ct-ed you!} \)
The two of them stare at one another in fury...
Then their anger spent, they suddenly see one another and recognize what they have done.
Act II: Scene 2

Hester

Is the world then so narrow? Which leads you down to the forest track?

Dimm.

back to the settlement

This settlement was once a forest. Built up in one way, it can be

or deeper into the wilderness.

Hester

We came here to build a new Jerusalem. Men of the sword

Dimm.

We came here to build a new Jerusalem.

Pno.

Dolce, with hope

a tempo

Hester

have overthrown nobles and kings. Think what men of love might do. If God is love, how can love be

Pno.
Act II: Scene 2

Hester

Dimm.

Pno.

Colla voce \( mf \)

Moderato appassionato (\( \frac{3}{4} \)92)

Act II: Scene 2

Hester

Dimm.

Pno.

If God is love,
Act II: Scene 2

Hester

If God is love, how can love be sin?

Pno.

Dimm.

If God is love, how can love be sin?

Pno.

Hester

If God is love, how can love be sin?

Pno.

Dimm.

If God is love, how can love be sin?
Act II: Scene 2

Hester

one more day?

Dimm.

I thought I had died

You are my angel,

Pno.

Caressing her

love

Yet in thy face, shall I see God,

He is a loving God,

a merciful

Pno.

The

God

Pno.

Più mosso, animato, filled with hope (\( j = 70 \))

ship in the harbor, it sails day after tomorrow.

To-mor-row is elec-tion

Pno.
Act II: Scene 2

They laugh, kiss, undress

Hester

Dimm.

Pno.

Calando e dolce ($h = 54$)

Hester, take down your hair

Lights fade
"Then What Happened?"

Adult Pearl, Hester

Tempo semplice e misterioso, as if suspended in time ($q = 55$)

Somehow, you always knew, even things you weren't there to see. Yes, that's how it was.

Più mosso ($q = 64$)

Remember you, so beautiful, you and I together.
You and he to-gether I felt a-lone, where was my place?

You to-gether You felt a-lone. You felt a-lone.

Where was my place? I always want-ed a fa-mi-ly. a fa-


ther a fa-ther Yes, but then what hap-pened?

Then what hap-pened
Act II: Scene 3
"My World is With Hester"

Dimmesdale's House. Dimmesdale rushes in.

Allegro animato (\( \dot{q} = 140 \))

Piano

Dimm.

To servant.  \( f \)

Dimm.

Hands him a purse, servant exits. Chillingworth enters. \( \textit{vit} \)

Dimm.

Go to the inn and bring a full dinner.

Chill.

accel.  \( \textit{a tempo} \)  \( mf \)

Pno.

I know who you are.

Pno.

And I know who you are.
Act II: Scene 3

He holds out a broth he's prepared.
Dimmesdale waves him away.

He has no need of your remedies now.
God's love has the power to open the soul and body to a new and wider world.

God's world is rich and...
Vast.

Your world and my world are one.

My world is with Hester. Hester.

is my world Leave me

He tears up a draft of his sermon and begins to write furiously. Lights down on Dimmesdale. spot on Chillingworth.

now. I have much to do.
"Chillingworth Aria"

Chillingworth

Furioso e pesante ($\text{M} = 132$)

Chill.

Pno.

Why is my heart racing? Why do I find myself unable to

Chill.

Pno.

speak? Never in my life have I felt blood surging through my

Chill.

Pno.

body, as my hatred for this man does now

Chill.

Pno.

How dare a

Pno.

140
Act II: Scene 3

Chill.

say that car-nal love is
truth

Is sin-ner to be pun-ished?

Pno.

Scor-pions fill my mind
Never has a man loved a
wo-man
as I hate this

Chill.

mi-ui-ster

No-thing can ease the gnaw-ing
vul-ture of my soul.

Pno.

I am the on-ly blame-less one here!
Act II: Scene 4
"The Meeting House"
Adult Pearl, Dimmesdale, Chorus, Reverend Wilson

Dimmesdale opens the Bible and reads: "My beloved is gone down into His garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens, and to gather lilies. I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine."

Meno mosso (J = 80)
Act II: Scene 4

let Your voice come through me now.

Al-migh-ty God, let your voice come through him now.

Al-migh-ty God, let your voice come through him now.

Al-migh-ty God, let your voice come through him now.

let Your voice come through me now.

Brothers and sisters, we came to this New England, to live as a people of God. God is in our midst.

Ah to live as a people of God.

Ah to live as a people of God.

Ah to live as a people of God.

Ah to live as a people of God.
Act II: Scene 4

Dimm.

midst. I am a man who loved yet did not trust God's love. The

S

God Loved Live as a people of God

A

God Loved Live as a people of God

T

God Loved Live as a people of God

B

God Loved Live as a people of God

Pno.

law

Followed

world-ly

In fear I hid my face from my beho-

S

Law. From my

A

Law. From my

T

Law. From my

B

Law. From my

Pno.

slowly

law I fol-

law

of

From

From

From

From

man

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

who

world-

world-

world-

world-

world-

world-

world-

world-

world-

world-

world-

world-

world-

love.

love.

love.

love.

love.

love.

love.

love.

love.

love.

love.

love.

love.

love.

love.

love.
And hid my self from you and from God.
Then in the forest,

Triumphantly spoke.
Rise up, rise up,

My beloved spoke.
Rise up, rise up,
Act II: Scene 4

Dimm.

rise up my love,

and come a way.

S

rise up my love,

Rise up,

A

rise up my love,

Rise, rise up,

T

rise up my love,

Rise, rise up,

B

rise up my love,

Rise up,

Pno.
For lo the winter is past, the rain is over and slowly

gone... Come Hester, come Pearl, come stand here with me. Hester and
Act II: Scene 4

Dimm.

Pearl, come stand here with me. You have stood with me in the darkness;

up my beloved.

up my beloved.

up

stand here now in the day light. I am the man you have sought.
We who dwell in love, dwell with God.

Let us pray.

Let us pray.

I am the father of this Pearl.

I am the father.

I am the father.
The congregation, in fear and anger, follows Reverend Wilson's lead and ignores Dimmesdale's admission.

Maestoso \( (\frac{3}{4} \times 60) \)

Dimmesdale

Our father who art in heaven, 
hal lowed be Thy name. Thy

Soprano

Pearl is God's child!

Alto

Our father who art in heaven, 
hal lowed be Thy name. Thy

Tenor

Our father who art in heaven, 
hal lowed be Thy name. Thy

Bass

Our father who art in heaven, 
hal lowed be Thy name. Thy

Piano

Our father who art in heaven, 
hal lowed be Thy name. Thy
We who dwell in love! love

daily bread and forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but de-

daily bread and forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but de-

daily bread and forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but de-

daily bread and forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation but de-

Pearl is our child

love love!

deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, for

deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, for

deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, for

deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, for
Act II: Scene 4

Chill. To the audience

210

To the audience

This mi-ni-ster can-not pro-tect him-self, his spi-rit is too ex-posed Ob-serve him well.____

Pno.

attacca
Act II: Scene 5  
"Wilson's Study"

Rev. Wilson, Dimmesdale

[Music notation and lyrics]

Think of your congregation. God has brought you to a rich and free grace,

but this is not offered lightly. These people look to you now as a fa-

ther. Do not separate your self from them and from God.

I have pledged my self to God, to live in the spirit of His love. I have choose-

God's way.

What you have chosen is heresy, and sedition: to follow a woman
Act II: Scene 5

But if God is love, how can love be

to re-verse the natural order?

The question is:

The question is:

The question is:

Pleading, patetico (p = 60)

How can sin be love?

How can sin be love?

How can sin be love?
Wilson exits his study leaving Dimmesdale by himself.

155
"Dimmesdale's Aria"

Dimmesdale

The Rev. Wilson

Piano

He has been a father to me. I cannot dis-
sweetly and with the deepest love

But Hester, she is my love,

Or did

God want our love to be seen?

Love.
Act II: Scene 5

Adult Pearl offstage

Moon-light in a fa-mi-liar room shows all its ob-jects so dis-tinct-ly

yet so un-like the light of noon.

leads us to see love as a sin? Ah!

in despair Where? Where? Where is God's

Dimmesdale buries his face in his hands.
Act II: Scene 6
"Will He Go With Us?"
Child Pearl, Adult Pearl, Dimmesdale, Chorus, Reverend Wilson, Chillingworth

The town square. Hester and Child Pearl enter.

\[ \text{\textbf{Piano}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{C. Pearl}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Hester}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{A. Pearl}} \]

\[ q = 130 \]

With building tension

\[ \text{Child Pearl, Adult Pearl, Dimmesdale, Chorus, Reverend Wilson, Chillingworth} \]
Act II: Scene 6

A. Pearl

I was seven then, now I am a writer.

Why can't I write this scene?

Dimmesdale enters

You could have come with us.

No, I could not abandon my congregation.

We
came to New England to live in God's truth, with His

You speak of truth and love, but I saw people

hiding from truth and living in fear.

The fear of God

I keep asking, was it God you feared? I feared for my congre - ga -
A. Pearl

But you loved my mother. She loved you too.

Pno.

A. Pearl

She wanted you to be with us.

Pno.

A. Pearl

She wanted that too.

Pno.

A. Pearl

You are my father. I wanted you to

Pno.
Act II: Scene 6

It was an agony, I wanted that

but I had no

It was your choice, not to go with
I was compelled, I could not betray my congregation.

Your mother she could have been a prophet.

Led her into sin? How many Sundays.

had I not led her into sin.
A. Pearl: "did I hear you preach? We are born into sin."

Pno.

A. Pearl: "You and she were so alike, so full of pride. As though"

Pno.

A. Pearl: "you were exempt from imperfection."

Dimm.

A. Pearl: "my imperfection. And then I could hide it."

Dimm.

Dimm.: "hide it no longer."

Pno.
But you hid your self from me.

From me.

What is this cra - ven state?

Hush Hes - ter.

Would you for - sake Pearl now? And turn your back on God's grace?
Act II: Scene 6

The people live in fear. The wilderness surrounds them only their faith to cling

I cannot leave them.

Remember your

mf

p

f

Re- mem- ber re- mem- ber your
Act II: Scene 6

Hester

ser - mon Ah! that is God's way.

spi - rit in our hearts is whi - spring

See now how your af -
You are my father.

You are my father.

You are my father.

You are my father.

You are my father.

You are my father.

You are my father.

You are my father.

You are my father.

You are my father.

You are my father.

You are my father.

You are my father.

You are my father.
Act II: Scene 6
You are my father.

Remember!

He lied to his congregation.

Oh let him freely come.
I want-ed you to be with me.

Re-mem-ber!

I em-brace my af-flic-tion.

When you for-got your God.

Oh sin-ner come.

Oh sin-ner come.

Oh sin-ner come.

Oh sin-ner come.
Act II: Scene 6

Hester

Re - mem - ber! Re - mem - ber!

Dimm.

Chill.

S

ner. The spi - rit in our hearts come.

A

ner. The spi - rit in our hearts come.

T

ner. The spi - rit in our hearts come.

B

ner. The spi - rit in our hearts come.

Pno.

You are my fa - ther.

Hester

It is not too late to live in truth.

S

Come! The spi - rit. The spi - rit

A

Come! The spi - rit. The spi - rit

T

Come! The spi - rit. The spi - rit

B

Come! The spi - rit. The spi - rit

Pno.
It was vain to hope.

It is not too late.

It was vain to hope.

in our hearts

The spirit in our hearts.

in our hearts

The spirit in our hearts.

in our hearts

The spirit in our hearts.

A. Pearl

Hester

Dimm.

S

A

T

B

Pno.
A. Pearl

be with me.

Hester

Sum-mon your cour-age. Show your-self to be a man of God.

Dimm.

Chill.

Show your self to be a sinner come!

S

is whis-pering sinner come! Come!

A

is whis-pering sinner come! Come!

T

is whis-pering sinner come! Come!

B

is whis-pering sinner come! Come!

Pno.

How can they
Act II: Scene 6

A. Pearl

It's not too

embrace my affliction.

Wilson

When you violate your reverence, each for the

speak of God?

Hester

Why let shame infect you And guilt stop

Wilson

Others soul.

Pno.
Act II: Scene 6

Hester

up your heart?

Dimm.

It was vain to hope

Wilson

The sin here revealed.

Pno.

We could meet again.

Hester

It is not too

Dimm.

We could meet again.
Hester: late, it is not too
Arthur: late not too late! To live in

S:
A:
T:
B:

C. Pearl: Father

Pno.:
Act II: Scene 6

C. Pearl

Fa ther!

Pno.

\textit{slowly}

\textit{for rehearsal only}

S

A

T

B

Pno.
Act II: Scene 6

"You comfort us in grief. Our hearts embrace you.

To you we look for guidance. Minister. Minister.

Father. Father. Father. Father."
Epilogue

Larghetto appassionato (h=52)

Epilogue

Adult Pearl

(hold sustain pedal until m. 303)
Epilogue

A. Pearl

Pno.

It was too bright

that day in the meeting house

when he spoke the

truth.

And then he himself was blind.

In the night he

stood with us,

in the forest they were together.

I press my

pen

like a candle

into the shadows

glimpses in a

flickering light.

A child impatient would jerk a dink-y-observer.
When patience proceeding slowly like the dawn would reveal the textures

At a pace the eye can follow. A child can see. A child can see the river

Rushing madly over stones, but cannot apprehend the slow emission.

A child can see. A child can see. One brighter day.
Epilogue

A. Pearl

° when the world should have grown ripe for it in heaven's own time.

Pno.

° A new truth will be revealed a new relation

Pno.

° a union founded not on dull y grief. But on shared

Pno.

° joy. On shared joy!
And like a flower, once plucked, ther's roots ran deep.

My father's roots ran

A. Pearl

Epilogue
Epilogue

A. Pearl

1. did not last a day, but like the winds

A. Pearl

2. my mother carried their seed

A. Pearl

3. I sank my roots in a new land. I pray now

A. Pearl

4. these winds will blow each generation

A. Pearl

closer to the truth. Truth.

A. Pearl

5. subito pp

A. Pearl

6. sostenuto pp
Epilogue

A. Pearl

How can I be a good mother? What do I want my daughter to see? For I have a

A. Pearl

daughter a wild impatient Ruby. See! I have kept the

A. Pearl

rub bon Today is her birthday she is seven years old

A. Pearl

Ruby, Pearl’s young daughter, runs into her arms.

Curtain down.
Appendix A

PEARL LIBRETTO

PROLOGUE

England, present, 1663; Pearl’s house. Pearl sits at a desk writing with her daughter Ruby in the background.

ADULT PEARL

Our eyes open in darkness,
Our pupils widen
To take in what is near.
The noonday sun so bright
Makes distant things clear.
But moonlight is the writer’s friend,
Showing the familiar in a new light.
So night reveals,
What daylight conceals.

The sun is going down,
I have a script to finish,
The players need it by Wednesday.
My daughter wants me,
Tomorrow she will be seven.
Sit with me Mama, she says.
I have work, I tell her.

She will be seven.
I was seven when we left,
The year my father died.
How brightly the moon lit
That wild New England place.
I did not say then what I saw,
I did not know what I was seeing.
I press my pen now
Like a candle into the shadows,
Glimpses in a flickering light.
If I could understand my mother,
If I could understand what went on then,
I would know how to write the story.

I tell my daughter,
Do not fear the dark.
Wait and your pupils will open,
See what you see.

ACT I: SCENE 1

Past. The townspeople are gathered and working in the town square.

CHORUS:
The spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering “Sinner come!”
Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let them, let them freely come.

When we are called to part,
It gives us mutual pain;
But we shall still be joined
In heart, and hope to meet again.

Before our Father's throne,
We pour our fears,
our hopes, our prayers,
and our cares.

From sorrow, toil and pain,
From sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign,
Through all eternity.

*Hester Prynne in New England and Roger Chillingworth still in England are reading their letters that they write to one another. We see them as Pearl (still writing, top stage lit) envisions them.*

(spot goes up on Hester writing)

HESTER:
My dear Roger
The air here

Is sharp,
The rocks many,
The grass little,
The trees innumerable.
Yet truly this wilderness
Has become a house of God.

CHORUS:
She writes her letters.

HESTER:
My dear Roger,
I trust you are well.
And pray for your safe voyage,
Hoping to greet
Your arrival soon.

CHORUS:
Will he arrive, will he arrive?
She waits alone.

ROGER:
Beloved Hester,
Your letter filled me
With joy.
I write with good news.
I have settled my affairs
Here in Amsterdam
And soon, God willing,
I will join you in the new world.

HESTER:
My dear Roger

ROGER:
Beloved Hester

*The townspeople in the town square are working to secure their goods fighting against a fast approaching, violent storm.*

CHORUS:
A storm! A storm!

His ship will wreck!

Hester Prynne’s husband!

A storm!

His ship will wreck!

A storm!

*Pearl thinks back to what it might have been like for her mother, alone in New England. She realizes that though the times were tumultuous, she was ultimately born a child of love.*

CHORUS:
His ship was wrecked!

She was alone!

She is alone!

He is dead!

ADULT PEARL:
She was alone,

He never came.

She met every boat,

No sight of him.

Nothing.

No word.

Had he abandoned her?

Was he dead?

Should she go back to the old world and seek him,

Or should she stay in the new world and wait?

And after 7 years if he never came, she would be free to start a new life.

CHORUS:
She was alone.

To start a new life!

His ship was wrecked!

She was alone!

She is alone!

He is dead!

She was alone,

Living in limbo,

Waiting....
He's not going to come…
What was she to do?
Could she act on her own?
An independent woman?
Skilled at the needle,
She had a trade.
Even the Governor wore her linens.
Did she like being alone?

It was I who exposed her…

*Pearl's Aria*

Little grain of sand…
She called me Pearl…
I was her pearl, she said.
A child of passion…
They were overtaken,
A force washing over them,
Like the sea.
Then, she was alone
With me.

My mother taught me to sing…

*ACT I: SCENE 2*

*Adult Pearl remembers back to when she was a child and wondering what the scarlet A on her mother's chest meant.*

CHILD PEARL:

A is for apple and Adam and angel,
And apostle,
A is for animal and atrocious
And abominable…
My mother wears an A….

A is for apple and Adam and angel,
And apostle

HESTER:

An act of nature,
A mark of shame:
How can that be?

CHILD PEARL:

A is for animal and atrocious
And abominable…

HESTER:

My ecstasy became
My shame,
My shame became,
My liberation.

CHILD PEARL:
A is for apple and Adam and angel,
And apostle.
My mother wears an A…

HESTER:
The A that branded me
Set me free.

Admit, atone, they said.
He hides his shame in silence.
Accuse, be absolved.
Never, I told them.
Apart, alone,
I answer no earthly master.
How can they debase,
An act of love,
In the city of God?

CHILD PEARL:
A is for apple and Adam and angel
And apostle.
My mother wears and A…

HESTER:
The A that branded me,
Set me, set me free.

CHILD PEARL:
A is for ant and acorn and anybody,
A is for able and amazing and adoring,

HESTER:
Set me, set me free.

CHILD PEARL:
A is for answer,
Tell me now.

ACT I: SCENE 2
Hester sits with Pearl before the church service. She is teaching her daughter the alphabet, creating a song and trying to drown out the sounds of the gossip that surrounds them.

CHILD PEARL:
A is for apple and Adam and angel
And apostle.
ADULT PEARL AND HESTER:
A is for apple and Adam and angel
And apostle.

CHILD PEARL:
B is for baker.
C is for cookie.

ADULT PEARL:
But there were always voices…

VILLAGERS:
Do you know what she did?
You can see it, she’s pregnant!
Who is he?
CHORUS:
Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thine hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
VILLAGERS:
Who is he?
You can see it, she’s pregnant!

CHILMe PEARL, ADULT PEARL AND
HESTER:
A is for apple and Adam and angel
And apostle.
A is for apple.
B is for baker.
CHORUS:
Like floods,
The angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies:
Vain floods,
That aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke
The billows die.
VILLAGERS:
Hester Prynne,
An adultress!

ADULT PEARL:
A is for apple.
VILLAGERS:
I never felt safe with her walking around!
Her defiance knows no bounds!
An errant wife,
Sets a bad example for our wives and daughters.

ADULT PEARL:
A is for apple and Adam and angel
And apostle.

CHILD PEARL AND HESTER:
A is for apple, Adam, angel

CHORUS:
He breaks the captive’s
Heavy chain

VILLAGERS:
Did you see how she walks about?
She has no shame!

CHORUS:
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels,
Who dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains
And darkness still.

VILLAGERS:
She has broken the commandments!
You can see it,
She’s pregnant!
Is there no sanctity in marriage?

CHORUS:
Deep are his counsels,
And unknown:
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

ADULT PEARL AND HESTER:
A is for apple.

VILLAGERS:
You can see it,
She’s pregnant!

Hester Prynne,
An adulteress!

There is no order!

CHORUS:
How can we live with this sinner among us?
Is there no order?

REVEREND WILSON:
Order!

ACT I: SCENE 2

REVEREND WILSON:
The case before us touches many things.

In the old world, Hester Prynne would be hanged
Or her face branded with badges, testifying to her shame.

But here, as in Eden’s garden, justice falls on man and woman.

Her partner lurks among us, And we must know his name.

You have a shining future.
Your sermons move the congregation,
You have a sympathy with the people With you, they feel God’s love.

But you must be firm with sin Lest corruption eat away our holy city.

WILSON:
The people rejoice.

CHORUS:
Amen.

Reverend Wilson leads an interrogation against Hester Prynne.

CHORUS (interspersed):
Hester Prynne.
Temptations.
They spared you.
Law.
Hester Prynne.

REVEREND WILSON:
Hester Prynne.
We can imagine
The temptations…
Your husband
Two years sunk Beneath the waves;
You so young and fair…
Compassion moved the magistrates’ hearts.
They spared you
The full measure Of the law, which would be death.
Speak now.
Who is your fellow sinner?
Who is the father of this child?
Brother Dimmesdale, you are her pastor. Persuade her to speak.

DIMMESDALE:
Good Reverend Wilson,
It would wrong
The very nature of woman
To open her heart’s secret
In broad daylight.

WILSON:
Master Dimmesdale,
The care of this young woman’s soul
Lies with you.

DIMMESDALE:
Hester Prynne…
Hester Prynne. You hear what these good men say.

HESTER:
It is not these good men,
But God alone who can redeem me.

You are my pastor.

DIMMESDALE:
If you feel it to be for your soul’s peace,
Speak… speak, the name of
Your fellow sinner.

WILSON:
Your compliance may remove the scarlet letter from your breast.

HESTER:
Never, never!
It is too deeply branded.
You cannot take it off.
Would that I might bear
His agony as well as mine.

ADULT PEARL:
I was her child, her child!

HESTER:
My child, my child!

DIMMESDALE:
Her child, her child!

WILSON AND CHORUS:
Speak! Give your child a father.
Do not mock God’s commandments.

DIMMESDALE:
There is a delicacy in these matters
That her young spirit seeks to preserve.

WILSON:
Give your child a father
It is no delicacy
To hide a sin.
Speak the name of your fellow-sinner.
Give the child a father!
HESTER:
I will not speak!
HESTER AND DIMMESDALE:
My child must seek a heavenly father.
She (the child) will never know her earthly father.
CHORUS:
Speak, speak!
DIMMESDALE (to audience)
Wondrous strength and generosity of a woman’s heart.
She will not speak.

ACT I: SCENE 3

Pearl’s Reflections
ADULT PEARL:
It was so dark there.
Our cottage at the edge of the forest,
The sounds at night kept me awake.
Owls screeching, a rustling of leaves.
(she reaches into the treasure box and holds up a blue paperweight)
Oh look, she kept this on the mantle.
To remind her of the sea.
And of her husband
Drowned, sailing from Amsterdam.
(she takes a dried flower from the box)
And the flower I sent her from my wedding.
I begged her, but it was too far to come.
Why did you return to New England, I asked her.
She said that she had a mission
To bring a new truth in that wild and thorny place.
She had found a love and freedom.
In that wild and thorny place.
Within her a new strength had grown.
“How could you have loved him?” I asked her.
She shook her head and sighed.
Then a light,
Came into her eyes.
HESTER:
You saw his face,
You heard his voice.
He would sing to me,

Look Oft
DIMMESDALE AND HESTER:
Look oft up the river,
Look oft and oft;
In spring at the breaking of the ice,
Look oft.
You may see me coming down in my canoe.
Look oft up the river,
Look a-new, a-new.
He was not one of them.
HESTER:
He was not one of them.
ADULT PEARL:
Oh, here’s that ribbon. I remember. it was my birthday, I was seven-years-old...

**ACT I: SCENE 4**

_Hester enters carrying a basket of linens. Pearl lags behind picking flowers. She wears a red ribbon. Roger enters from the opposite side._

ROGER: (startled, joyous)
Hester!

HESTERT: (uncertain)
Roger?

ROGER:
Hester, I have dreamed of this moment.

HESTER:
Roger? Am I seeing a ghost?

ROGER:
Hester, It’s me.

HESTER: (in shock)
I thought you were dead.

ROGER:
My ship was wrecked.
The Algonquin rescued me.

For nine long years, they held me captive,

And taught me the healing properties of herbs.

All that time, I dreamed of seeing you again.

But now,

What do I see?

A scarlet A on your breast,

And a child?

HESTER:

You never came,

I thought you were at the bottom of the sea.

ROGER:

You said you loved me.

HESTER:
I didn’t know what love was.
ROGER:
You said we’d build a new life.
Hester, who is he?
The man who has wronged us both?
HESTER:
I am not who you remember.
I am a seamstress now,
I earn my living,
I care for the child.
ROGER:
But who is he?
HESTER:
That I will never say.
ROGER:
What? (spitting with anger)
Do you protect him?
HESTER:
I will not say his name.
ROGER:
Then do not say mine.
I will seek this man like gold in alchemy,
There is a sympathy that will make me
Conscious of him.
I will see him tremble, feel myself shudder,
Suddenly and unawares.
Sooner or later, I will know him.
But breathe not a word to any living soul
That you know me.
Should you expose my shame,
To any person,
I will declare my name in public.
Think what that would do to you,
(he points to Pearl)
And this child.

Street in front of the scaffold.
Dimmesdale rushes in, ascends the scaffold and kneels in prayer. He takes out a leather strap and begins lashing himself with growing intensity until he blacks out, falling backward into a deep sleep. The light dims. Wilson crosses, seeing nothing. Chillingworth enters, sees the minister and ascends the scaffold. Standing over the sleeping minister, he pulls his garment aside to expose his chest. Dimmesdale stirs but does not wake. Chillingworth looks, then draws back in astonishment.

CHILLINGWORTH:
It is as I thought,
As I thought!
Worthy sir,
Pious Mister Dimmesdale,
Can this be you?

Well, well indeed,
We men of study whose heads are in our books,
Have need to be straightly looked after.
We dream, dream in our waking moments
And walk in our sleep.

Come sir, and my dear friend.
You are not well.
Let me lead you home.
I will make you a broth.
Come, I beseech you, Reverend Sir,
Else you will be poorly able to do
Sabbath duty tomorrow,
Or make your monthly visit to the Apostle Eliot,
Or prepare your election day sermon.
Ah! Ah! See how they trouble the brain.
These books, these books,
You should study less good sir.
And take a little pastime.

Or these night whimseys will grow on you.
Come with me,
I will lead you home!

WILSON:
Hester Prynne, we were just…
But who is this with you?

ROGER:
My name…(pause, looks at Hester)….my name is Roger…Chillingworth.
I am a physician.

WILSON:
Well then, welcome Mr. Chillingworth.
As a physician,
You can be of service here.
But please excuse us.
There is a matter,
We must attend to.
Hester Prynne, there are questions concerning you.

HESTER:
What questions?

WILSON:
We heard that Pearl took off her clothes and went into the stream.
She is headstrong and undisciplined.

HESTER:
But she…

WILSON (cutting her off)
The point is whether we can trust the immortal soul of this child
To one who has fallen amidst the pitfalls of this world.

DIMMESDALE: (alarmed, to Wilson)
Would you take the child away from her mother?

WILSON:
Is it not better that she be raised with the guidance of a father’s firm hand?

HESTER: (horror-stricken)
Better?

WILSON:
I will examine her here and now….this Pearl, since that is her name. Has she received such Christian nurture as befits a child of seven?

(he looks sharply at Hester)

We will judge.

(Child Pearl runs off stage)

ADULT PEARL:
He reached out to draw me to him, but I eluded his grasp.

WILSON:
Where is she? She’s taken off, like a tropical bird in flight…

(he starts to chase her, then stops, catching his breath. Child Pearl runs in wildly and stands next to Hester)

ADULT PEARL:
I stood next to my mother, keeping my distance from him.

WILSON:
Oh, there you are.

Little Pearl, can you tell us who made you?

HESTER: (whispering to Pearl)
My heavenly father…

CHILD PEARL: (speaking to Wilson)
You are not my father!

WILSON: (jovial)
This is true.

But who made you?

CHILD PEARL:
I was not made at all.

My mother plucked me from the bush of wild roses by the prison door.

(Hester gasps)

WILSON:
Here is a child of seven years, and she cannot tell who made her. We will take the child.
HESTER:

No!

WILSON:

My poor woman, the child will be well cared for, better than you could possibly…

HESTER: (Interrupting)

God gave her into my keeping. I will not give her up!

CHILLINGWORTH: (observing)

The child is a pawn.

See how they play her.

(Hester crosses to Dimmesdale)

HESTER:

You know me. You are my pastor.

You know what is in my heart.

You know what are a mother’s rights.

And how much stronger they are

When all she has is the child and the scarlet letter

You have sympathies these other men lack.

I will not lose the child.

_Hester’s Aria_

God gave me the child

He gave her in requital

For all that has been taken from me.

She is the scarlet letter,

Only capable of being loved.

Pearl is my happiness,

She keeps me in life.

God gave her to me.

A child of love.

She is the scarlet letter,

Only capable of being loved,

Loved, oh, loved.

God gave me the child.

God gave me the child.

She keeps my soul alive.

DIMMESDALE: (to the audience, the congregation)

God has wrought a solemn miracle.

This child was sent to keep her mother’s soul alive,

To remind her at every moment of her fall,

But also to teach her that if the mother

Bring the child to heaven, the child may bring

The mother too.
(To Wilson)
For the sake of Hester Prynne’s soul,
And no less for the child’s,
Let us leave them as we found them.

WILSON:
The governor’s election is upon us.
Already the people say his sister is a witch.
He cannot tolerate
Further scandal in this woman.

DIMMESDALE:
There is no further scandal in Hester Prynne.
People look to her for comfort,
She visits the sick.
She sews the magistrates’ linens.
And provides for the child.
People value her industry.
This is no time to sow dissent.
The governor’s re-election is pending.
Let us not interfere with the hand of God.

WILSON: (taking this in)
Then Pearl must show herself a Christian child.
Hester Prynne, you will see to this.

HESTER:
I will.

CHILLINGWORTH: (coming forward, speaking to Dimmesdale)
Worthy Minister, if I may,
This child’s presence bears witness not to one sinner but two.
As the flow of blood washes a wound clean,
So the scarlet letter.
It is the hidden sin that festers like an abscess,
Breeding corruption.
The woman should not stand alone.
And the child needs to know her father.

DIMMESDALE:
Good physician---let us not burrow into people’s secrets.
You have just come among us.
You see the A on this woman’s breast...
Many now say, the A means Able
That the A means Able.
So strong is Hester Prynne,
With a woman’s strength.
(Chillingworth stares at Dimmesdale, then scans the audience)

ACT I: SCENE 5
*Chillingworth is gathering seaweed. Hester enters with Child Pearl. Adult Pearl looks on.*

**CHILD PEARL:**
Mother, come away, there’s that man again.

**HESTERT:**
Pearl, run down to the edge of the water and play. Gather some seashells for us.

**CHILD PEARL:**
No mother, he will catch you. He has already caught the minister.

**HESTERT:**
I must talk with him alone, but I will be safe. Run along, stay where I can see you.

(Pearl hesitates, Hester looks at her sternly. Pearl moves upstage)

**ADULT PEARL:**
The wind, blowing out to sea, Carried their words.
I stood very still, Straining to hear them.

**CHILLINGWORTH:**
What do you see in my face that you look at it so earnestly?

**HESTERT:**
Something that would make me weep….but let it pass.

I would speak to you about the minister.

**CHILLINGWORTH:**
What of him? Speak freely.

**HESTERT:**
He has given himself over to misery. He stands on the verge of lunacy.

**CHILLINGWORTH:**
That he still breathes and creeps about on earth is owing to me.

**HESTERT:**
You tread behind his every footstep You are beside him sleeping and waking, Burrowing in his heart. Yet he knows not who you are.

**CHILLINGWORTH:**
He feels an influence dwelling always upon him, For the creator never made another being so sensitive as he. He fancies himself given over to the fiend, But it is my constant shadow---the man he has most vilely wronged.

**HESTERT:**
Is it I who have made you so inhuman?

**CHILLINGWORTH:**
No, he.
Taking advantage of my age,
Tainting my honor with shame.
He calls me his friend. I could have been his friend.
From the moment we came down those church steps Hester,
I should have seen that scarlet letter blazing at the end of our path.
HESTER:
Then why not tell him who you are?
CHILLINGWORTH: (exploding in fury)
I will not be known as the husband of a faithless woman!
ADULT PEARL:
I called him Mr. Chilling.
Husband! He was her husband?
I did not know my mother was married.
Who was this Mister Chillingworth?
And what did the A mean?
HESTER:
I know you as a man of worth?
Why stoop so far?
Purge this terrible hatred
Forgive.
You have been deeply wronged,
But it is in your power to pardon.
CHILLINGWORTH;
Peace, Hester.
It is not granted me to pardon.
I have no such power as you claim.
You who wronged me are not sinful,
Nor am I fiend-like.
It is our fate.

(Chillingworth picks up his basket of seaweed. He starts to leave, hesitates. He looks at Hester for a long moment, moves toward her, then stops abruptly)
I have uncovered his secret, no thanks to you.
I have found him out.
Deal with him now as you will.
Let the shade grown flower blossom as it may.

(he leaves)
HESTER:
Pearl, Where are you?
CHILD PEARL:
I made an A with eel-grass and put it on my chest.
ADULT PEARL:
I made an A
HESTER:
Get that thing off your chest. Someone might see it.

CHILD PEARL AND ADULT PEARL:
It is the great letter A. You taught it to me.

HESTER:
Do you know why your mother wears this letter?

CHILD PEARL:
For the same reason the minister keeps his hand over his heart.

HESTER:
What has the letter to do with any heart save mine?

CHILD PEARL:
Mother, I have told you all I know.

(pause)

CHILD PEARL:
But why do you wear the scarlet letter,
And why does the minister keep his hand over his heart?

HESTER:
Pearl I cherish your courage,
Your scorn of things that have Falsehood in them.
One day you will be a noble woman,
But I cannot abide these questions.

For your own sake, you must stay out of this.

You saw. Those men tried to take you away.

CHILD PEARL:
A father would protect me.

CHILD PEARL AND ADULT PEARL:
Mama, tell me. What does the A mean?

HESTER:
What questions are these, silly Pearl?
There are many things in this world
A child should not trouble herself with.

CHILD PEARL:
Mother, tell me. Tell me the truth.

HESTER:
I….Pearl….Stop it.

CHILD PEARL:
Why won’t you tell me the truth?

HESTER:
What know I of the minister’s heart?
You want to know why I wear the scarlet letter?

I wear it for the sake of its gold thread.

(Pearl pulls away sharply)
CHILD PEARL AND ADULT PEARL:

(shouting at Hester)
You are not telling the truth.

HESTER:

(She loses it, screams at Pearl)
Hold your tongue child! Do not tease me.
Or I will shut you in a dark closet.
CHILD PEARL AND ADULT PEARL:

(hysterical)
You told a lie!
CHILD PEARL:
I hate you!
(lights out)

I Press My Pen Duet

HESTER:

Are they afraid,
Of women’s aspirations?
They assure us,
We are alike.
ADULT PEARL:
We are alike.
HESTER:
In God’s appraisal.
But in this world

Autonomy is aberration.
Is it atrocious?
ADULT PEARL:
She did not dress me in gray garments.
HESTER:
Is it atrocious?
ADULT PEARL:
She embroidered the A with gold thread.
HESTER:
Is it atrocious?
ADULT PEARL:
She did not let them take me from her.
HESTER:
My Pearl.
ADULT PEARL:
Was the A her passport
Into regions others feared to tread?
HESTER:
My art is with the needle.
ADULT PEARL:
Others feared to tread.
HESTER:  
I show what I cannot say aloud.  
HENRY:  
I press my pen!  
HESTER:  
I am a mother.  
HENRY:  
Ah, I press my pen.  
HESTER:  
Attending to my daughter.  
HENRY:  
Anticipating some auspicious day.  
When she arises.  
HENRY:  
I press my pen.  
HESTER:  
Neither ashamed, afraid, abashed,  
But accomplished, authentic,  
Strong and true.  
HENRY:  
Like a candle into the shadows,  
I press my pen!

END OF ACT I
ACT II: SCENE 1

ADULT PEARL:
That night, I went into her room.
Mama?
(Hester enters, tentatively)
HESTER:
What is it now Pearl?
ADULT PEARL:
I climbed into her bed. She got up, lit the candle.
(Child Pearl starts to sob, Hester takes her in her arms)
I asked her: Why would we stay here one more day?
HESTER
Listen to me Pearl. You are still a little girl.
You see things others cannot see.
I cannot tell you what you want to know, not now.
It is not wrong for you to see what is true,
But these people, they think it is wrong.
ADULT PEARL:
It is not wrong
To know what is true.
CHILD PEARL:
Reverend Wilson! Reverend Wilson! My heavenly Father sent me.
WILSON:
Very good, little Pearl,
Well done Mistress Prynne.
Where are you off to, Mistress Prynne?
HESTER:
Reverend Dimmesdale should be returning from his visit to the Apostle Eliot,
And we are going to meet him.
WILSON:
I fear for our minister’s health.
Even in his weakened state,
He goes into the wilderness
To visit that holy man.
You are so good with the sick,
Would you encourage him now
To attend to his health, Mistress Prynne?

ACT II: SCENE 2

The forest.

CHILD PEARL:
Mamma, I love it here in the forest.
(Shedances, Hester joins in.)

208
HESTER: (looking around, extending her hands to Pearl)

Come and play our circle game. We will spin fast, like the wind.

CHILD PEARL:

Follow me. I will show you my secret house on the other side of the brook.

HESTER: (rising, brushing off her clothes)

Look, mushrooms are growing wild beside that log.

(Dimmesdale enters, haggard and feeble. Hester and Pearl notice him, but he does not see them.)

HESTER:

Go now Pearl and play in your house.

I will speak to the minister. Stay where you can hear the brook.

(Pearl goes off singing. Dimmesdale approaches slowly, his eyes on the path)

CHILD PEARL:

A is for apple and Adam and angel

And apostle.

HESTER:

Arthur Dimmesdale.

DIMMESDALE:

Who speaks?

Hester Prynne?

Is it you?

Are you in life?

(he reaches to touch her)

HESTER:

In the life that has been mine these seven years.

(he withdraws his hand)

And you?

Do you yet live?

DIMMESDALE:

Hester, have you found peace?

HESTER:

Have you?

DIMMESDALE:

See me Hester,

I live in torment,

I am a man who loves the truth

And yet I live a lie.

How can I show my love for you,

Without thrusting us both into danger?

How can I take my place,

The father of our Pearl?

I listen for God’s voice,

And hear only silence.
HESTER:
You have deeply repented.

DIMMESDALE.
No, Hester, no. I have done penance,
(pause)
But repentance? No, I have none.
(looks at her, waits for her to take this in)

HESTER:
There is something I must tell you.
You...you have an enemy,
Dwelling with you,

DIMMESDALE:
What?

HESTER:
The physician----
He is my husband.
(pause)

DIMMESDALE:
I might have known.
I did know.
And you told him I....?

HESTER:
I told him nothing. He found you out.
(pause)

DIMMESDALE:
The shame, the ugliness.
Exposing my sick and guilty heart
To the very eye that would gloat over my suffering.

HESTER:
He threatened to expose you,
To send you from your pulpit to the gallows.
You must dwell no longer with this man.

DIMMESDALE:
But how could you not have told me?
I have protected you.
Spoken for you.
How could you expose me to this shame?

HESTER:
It is not yours
To speak to me of shame!
For seven years
I have protected you.

DIMMESDALE:
And I protected you!

HESTER:
But you left me alone, alone!
DIMMESDALE:

Why do you think they were lenient with you?

HESTER:

You left me alone, alone!

DIMMESDALE:

I protected you!

HESTER:

Alone!

DIMMESDALE:

Why do you think they did not take Pearl away, take her away?!

HESTER:

I have protected you, To bear the shame, While you…

DIMMESDALE:

While I…

HESTER:

While you…

DIMMESDALE:

While I, Sickened in silence.

HESTER:

We are not the worst sinners in the world.

DIMMESDALE:

What we did had a consecration of its own.

HESTER:

Is the world then so narrow? Whither leads yonder forest track?

DIMMESDALE:

Back to the settlement, Or deeper into the wilderness.

HESTER:

This settlement was once a forest floor. Built up in one way, It can be torn down and built anew.

HESTER AND DIMMESDALE:

We came here to build a new Jerusalem,

HESTER:

Men of the sword, Have overthrown nobles and kings, Think what men of love might do. If God is love, How can love be sin?

DIMMESDALE:
Hester, you to whom I dared not lift my eyes,
Can you, can you yet forgive me?
HESTER:
I do.
DIMMESDALE:
I can no longer live without you.
HESTER AND DIMMESDALE:
The night we conceived our Pearl
The light of heaven shone upon us,
As though God wanted our love to be seen.

If God is Love Duet

HESTER AND DIMMESDALE:
If God is love, how can love be sin?

DIMMESDALE:
Hester, I feel my strength returning.
HESTER:
Why would we stay here one more day?
DIMMESDALE:
O Hester…I thought I had died.
You are my angel, love.
(caressing her)
Yet in thy face, shall I see God.

He is a loving God…a merciful God
HESTER:
The ship in the harbor, it sails day after tomorrow.
DIMMESDALE:
Tomorrow
(They laugh, kiss, undress)
is Election Day….I will give the sermon…
HESTER:
And I will book our passage
DIMMESDALE:
I will tell the truth, the truth about love.
And then we will go….
Hester, take down your hair.

Is That How It Happened Duet

ADULT PEARL:
I’ve always wondered….is this how it happened?
HESTER:
Somehow you always knew,
Even things you weren’t there to see.
Yes that’s how it was.
ADULT PEARL:
I remember you.
So beautiful,
You and he together.
I felt alone,
Where was my place?
HESTER:
You always wanted a family,
A real father,
ADULT PEARL:
A father.
Yes, but then what happened?

**ACT II: SCENE 3**

*Dimmesdale’s house. Dimmesdale rushes in*

DIMMESDALE: (to servant)
Food! I’m ravenous—go to the inn and bring a full dinner.

(hands him a purse, servant exits. Chillingworth enters)

DIMMESDALE:
I know who you are.

CHILLINGWORTH:
And I know who you are.

(he holds out a broth he’s prepared. Dimmesdale waves him away)

Minister, be careful.

DIMMESDALE:
I have no need of your remedies now.

God’s love has the power
To open the soul and the body
To a new and wider world.

CHILLINGWORTH:
Your world is here, Minister.

DIMMESDALE:
God’s world is rich and vast.

CHILLINGWORTH:
Your world and my world are one.

DIMMESDALE:
My world is with Hester.

(long pause)

Leave me now, I have much to do.

(He tears up a draft of his sermon and begins to write furiously. Lights down on Dimmesdale, spot on Chillingworth)

CHILLINGWORTH: (*aria*)
Why is my heart racing?

Why do I find myself unable to speak?

Never in my life have I felt blood surging through my body

As my hatred for this man does now.

How dare a minister

Say that carnal love is the truth?

Is sin never to be punished?

Scorpions fill my mind.
Never has man loved woman
As I hate this minister.
Nothing can ease the gnawing vulture
of my soul.
I am the only blameless one here!

ACT II: SCENE 4

ADULT PEARL:
That day in the Meeting House,
The apple trees were in bloom,
Branches at the front of the room,
Light coming through the high
windows.
Light. Light.
DIMMESDALE:
(opens the Bible and reads)
“My beloved is gone down into His
garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in
the gardens, and to gather lilies. I am
my beloved and my beloved is mine.”
(he closes the bible)
Almighty God, let your voice come
through me now---
CHORUS:
Almighty God,
Let your voice come through him now.
DIMMESDALE:
Brothers and sisters,
We came to this New England,
To live as a people of God.
CHORUS:
Ah, to live as a people of God.
DIMMESDALE:
God is in our midst.
CHORUS:
God!
DIMMESDALE:
I am a man who loved
Yet I did not trust God’s love.
CHORUS:
Live as a people of God.
DIMMESDALE:
The law I followed was a wordly law.
In fear, I hid my face from my beloved,
CHORUS:
From my beloved.
DIMMESDALE:
And hid myself from you and from
God.
CHORUS:
God!
DIMMESDALE:
Then in the forest, my beloved spoke,
DIMMESDALE AND CHORUS:
Rise up, my love, and come away.
For lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone...
Come Hester. Come Pearl.

CHORUS:
Rise up!

CHILLINGWORTH:
Don't do this!

DIMMESDALE:
Come stand here with me.
Hester and Pearl come stand here with me.
You have stood with me in the darkness; stand here now in the daylight.

(Hester and Pearl move toward him.)

DIMMESDALE (to the congregation)
I am the man you have sought.
I am the father of this Pearl.

(he reaches for her hand and she takes it, standing with him)

(Dimmesdale bows his head, then to the congregation)
We who dwell in love, dwell with God,

WILSON:
Let us pray. Let us pray!

CHORUS:
Our father, who art in heaven,

DIMMESDALE:
Pearl is God's child!

CHORUS:
Hallowed be Thy name.
They kingdom come,
Thy will be done.
On earth as it is in heaven.

DIMMESDALE:
Pearl is God's child!

CHORUS:
Give us this day our daily bread
And forgive those who trespass against us.

DIMMESDALE:
We who dwell in love!

CHORUS:
And lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from evil.
For thine is the kingdom
And the power

DIMMESDALE:
Pearl is our child.

CHORUS:
And the glory,
For ever and ever.
Amen.

CHILLINGWORTH:
This minister cannot protect himself,
His spirit is too exposed.
Observe him well.

ACT II: SCENE 5

(Wilson’s study, just after)

WILSON:
Think of your congregation,
God has brought you to a rich and free grace
But this is not offered lightly.
These people look to you as a father.
Do not separate yourself from them
And from God.

DIMMESDALE:
I have pledged myself to God,
To live in the spirit of His love.
I have chosen God’s way.

WILSON:
What you have chosen is heresy,
And sedition:
To follow a woman, reverse the natural order?

DIMMESDALE:
But if God is love, how can love be sin?

WILSON:
The question is: how can sin be love?
How can sin be love, my son?
Arthur, do not betray me,
Do not betray yourself.
Our life on earth is but a moment.
With God, it is everlasting,
My son, my son.

(Wilson exits his study leaving Dimmesdale by himself.

DIMMESDALE: (aria)
The Reverend Wilson,
He has been a father to me
I cannot dismiss his words.
But Hester, she is my love.
Have I confused sin with love?
Or did God want our love to be seen?
Moonlight in a familiar room
Shows all its objects so distinctly
Yet so unlike the light of noon.
What is the light
That leads us to see
Love as a sin?
Where, where, where is God’s voice?
(Dimmesdale buries his face in his hands).

ACT II: SCENE 6

The town square. Hester and Child Pearl enter.

CHILD PEARL:
Will he go with us?

HESTER:
You will see,
He will come.
He will come!

ADULT PEARL
He did not come.
I ask myself why.
I was seven then,
Now I am a writer.
Why can’t I write this scene?
If only for myself?

Dimmesdale enters

ADULT PEARL
You could have come with us.

DIMMESDALE:
No, I could not abandon my congregation.
We came to New England
To live in God’s truth,
With His love.

ADULT PEARL:
You speak of truth and love,
But I saw people hiding from truth
And living in fear.

DIMMESDALE:
The fear of God.

ADULT PEARL:
I keep asking:
Was it God you feared?

DIMMESDALE:
I feared for my congregation.

ADULT PEARL:
But you loved my mother…
She loved you too.
She wanted you to be with us,
I wanted that too,
You are my father,
I wanted you to be with me.

DIMMESDALE:
It was an agony,
I wanted that too.
To be with her and you,
But I had no choice.
ADULT PEARL:
It was your choice,
Not to go with us.
DIMMESDALE:
I was compelled,
I could not betray my congregation,
Or my God.
Your mother,
She could have been a prophet
Had I not led her into sin.
ADULT PEARL:
Led her into sin?
How many Sundays
Did I hear you preach,
We are born into sin.
You and she were so alike,
So full of pride.
As though you were
Exempt from imperfection.
DIMMESDALE:
I hid my imperfection,
And then I could hide it,
Hide it no longer.
ADULT PEARL:
But you hid yourself from me.
HESTER
Arthur....
DIMMESDALE:
Hush Hester,
HESTER:
What is this craven state?
Would you forsake Pearl now?
And turn your back on God’s grace?
DIMMESDALE:
The people live in fear,
The wilderness surrounds them
Only their faith to cling to.
I cannot leave them.
HESTER:
Remember, remember your sermon---
Ah! That is God’s way.
CHORUS:
The spirit in our hearts
Is whispering sinner come.
HESTER:
See now how your affliction returns.

DIMMESDALE:
I embrace my affliction.

ADULT PEARL:
You are my father.

WILSON:
The law you broke,
The sin here revealed.

DIMMESDALE:
I embrace my affliction.

CHILLINGWORTH:
She forsook her marriage.

CHORUS:
The spirit in our hearts.

ADULT PEARL:
You are my father.

HESTER:
Remember!

CHORUS:
Oh sinner come!

DIMMESDALE:
I embrace my affliction.

HESTER:
Remember! Remember!

CHORUS:
Oh sinner!

CHILLINGWORTH:
The spirit in our hearts.

HESTER:
How can they speak of God?

CHILLINGWORTH:
Come.

CHORUS:
The spirit in our hearts.

HESTER:
It is not too late! To live in truth.

CHORUS:
Come! The spirit.

ADULT PEARL:
You are my father.

CHORUS:

HESTER:
Remember!

CHILLINGWORTH:
He lied to his congregation

ADULT PEARL:
I wanted you to be with me

DIMMESDALE:
It was vain to hope!
HESTER:
It is not too late.

DIMMESDALE:
It was vain to hope!

ADULT PEARL:
I wanted you to be with me.

HESTER:
Summon your courage.
Show yourself to be a man of God.

CHORUS:
Is whispering sinner come!

CHILLINGWORTH:
How can they speak of God?

DIMMESDALE:
I embrace my affliction.

WILSON:
When you violate your reverence,
Each for the others soul.

ADULT PEARL:
It is not too late!

HESTER:
Why let shame infect you,
And guilt stop up your heart?

WILSON:
The sin here revealed.

DIMMESDALE:
It was vain to hope…

CHORUS:
Minister!

DIMMESDALE:
We could meet again.

HESTER:
It is not too late.

Arthur, it is not too late.

Not too late!

To live in truth!

CHORUS:
Minister!

CHILD PEARL:
Father, father!

Father, father, father.

CHORUS:
Minister!

Minister, you assuage our fears.

You comfort us in grief.

Our hearts embrace you.

To you we look for guidance.

Minister. Minister.
CHILD PEARL:
Father, father.
Father, father.

HESTER:
Pearl

CHILD PEARL:
Mama

HESTER:
Pearl

ADULT PEARL:
Mama, mama,
Mama!

END OF ACT II

EPILOGUE

ADULT PEARL:
It was too bright,
That day in the meeting house,
When he spoke the truth.
And then he himself was blinded.

In the night, he stood with us,
In the forest, they were together.
I press my pen

Like a candle into the shadows,
Glimpses in a flickering light.
A child, impatient, would jerk
A dusky observation
Unprepared into light
Rendering it bleached and blinking.

When patience, proceeding
Slowly like the dawn
Would reveal the textures
At a pace the eye can follow.

A child can see.
A child can see the river
Rushing madly over stones
But cannot apprehend
The slow erosion

A child can see.
A child can see.

One brighter day,
When the world
Shall have grown ripe for it
In heaven’s own time
A new truth will be revealed:
A new relation
A union
Founded not on dusky grief,
But on shared joy!

My father’s roots ran deep.
And like a flower,
Once plucked
Did not last a day.
But like the winds
My mother carried their seed.

I sank my roots
In a new land.
I pray now
These winds will blow
Each generation
Closer to the truth.

And in this time, I ask myself,
How can I be a good mother?

What can I tell my daughter?
For I have a daughter
A wild, impatient Ruby.

See!
I have kept the ribbon.
Today is her birthday.
She is seven years old.

CURTAIN DOWN
Appendix B

Pearl List of Live Performances from August 2012 – August 2013

2. December 19-22, 2012 – Lenox, MA – Workshop with singers and creative team. On December 22, we sang through the opera and read through the additional or changed libretto sections.

Pearl Review from the Boston Musical Intelligencer

The Boston Musical Intelligencer Review by Liane Curtis: A Bold Opera Experiment

http://classical-scene.com/2012/08/17/opera-experiment
Biography

Amy Scurria earned a Bachelor of Music Composition at the Shepherd School of Music at Rice University, a Masters of Music Composition at the Peabody Conservatory of Johns Hopkins, a Masters of Music Composition at Duke University and will defend her dissertation for a PhD in Music Composition at Duke University. She has attended composition programs at the Westminster Choir College in Princeton, NJ, the Aspen Music Festival in Aspen, CO, and La Schola Cantorum (EAMA) in Paris, France.

Scurria has been commissioned by the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Minnesota Orchestra, the Fort Wayne Philharmonic, Sigma Alpha Iota, the Long Leaf Opera Company, the Richmond Symphony, Youth Pro Musica, Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church, Shepherd College Concert Choir, SHE, Vermont Youth Orchestra, as well as received several private commissions. Along with the aforementioned organizations, her music has been performed by organizations such as Alarm Will Sound, the Bridgeport Symphony, the Rockford Symphony, the Duke University Chorale, Sonam, the Laredo Philharmonic, and many others. Her music has been performed throughout the United States and internationally in England, Brazil, Spain, Portugal, France, China, and Japan.

Scurria has been the recipient of the 1998 Haddonfield Young Composers Competition, the Evan Frankel Fellowship, the Aleane Webb Dissertation Research Fellowship, the Duke University Summer Research Fellowship, and twelve consecutive ASCAP Plus Awards.