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# Erzsébet

## A Monodrama

### The Blood Countess Story

## The Complete Score

Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

# Erzsébet

## An Operatic Monodrama in Three Acts

Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

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# Erzsébet:

## An Operatic Monodrama in Three Acts

**2010**

Words and Music by
**Dennis Báthory-Kitsz**

The Westleaf Edition
**W104**

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in Three Acts

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# Erzsébet


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## Original Production, October 28-30, 2011

Hyde Park Opera House, Hyde Park, Vermont
Haybarn Theatre at Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont
Black Box Theater at Main Street Landing, Burlington, Vermont

### Lisa Jablow as Erzsébet

### Ann Harvey, Director
### Anne Decker, Conductor

### The Vermont Contemporary Music Ensemble,
### Steven Klimowski, Music Director

Berta Frank, flute/piccolo • Steven Klimowski, Eb/Bb clarinets/bass clarinet • Daniel Gordon, soprano saxophone • Thomas L. Read, violin • Elizabeth Reid, viola • Bonnie Thurber Klimowski, cello • Alison Cerutti, cimbalom-keyboard • Brian A. Johnson, percussion.

### Pavel Kraus, Visual Design
### Mark O'Maley, Lighting
### Meg Hammond & Katy Knuth,, Costumes
### Alex Vitzthum, Graphics

# Erzsébet

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# Erzsébet

An Operatic Monodrama in Three Acts

Score

Words and Music
Dennis Báthory-Kitsz

**Overture**
*csárdás tempo* ♩=72

1

*take flute*

Flute/Piccolo

*take Eb clarinet*

Eb/Bb/Bass Clarinet

*pp*

Soprano Saxophone

Violin

*arco*

Viola

*mp*

Violoncello

Guitar, Harp, Cimbalom or Elec. Keybd.

Percussion

**Erzsébet**

6

*mp*

*mp*

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6

14

arco

*mp*

*mf*

19

3

22

24

8

26

♩=84

*mf*

5

6 6 6 6

*f*

28

*f*

*f*

*f*

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

30

mp

mp

mp

arco

f

f

f

6 6 6 6 6 6

mp

32

6 6 6 6 6 6

34

36

38

40

ff

12

42

44

pp

p

p

p

mp

p

× muted bass drum

47

6

6

50

*mf*

*mf*

*ff*

*mf*

14

53

*ff* *mf* *ff*

56

*molto rall.*

*mf* *ff*

59

♩=40

p pp ppp

63

♩=72
*Repeat as needed*

*pppp*

15

15

70

**Prologue**
♩=100

*pp*

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

*p*

*pp*

*pp*

*p*

**ERZSÉBET** enters laughing, amused. Changes to laughing, horrific. Back to amused.

*mp*

O, the horse, the sad horse. His bel - ly is split and sewn closed. Split and

79

*pp*

*p* *pp*

*p* *pp*

*pp*

8

sewn with coarse cord. He has died, He has died, is dead. Yet he moves.

88 ♩=84

*take Bb clarinet*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

8

× snare

*p*

ERZSÉBET laughs.

5

My fa-ther was an-gered by peas-ants -- fools -- cer-tain they were strong. A

*mf*

92

rev - o-lu-tion is but a straw___ a-gainst the wind, for none___ are as strong as a Bá -

97

*p*

- tho - ry. "Ba - tor" is va - lor and bra - very.___ And her-alds a ser -

104

pent strong e-nough to live and pros - - per while gor - ging up - on its own

107

tail. That is strength. That is our strength. Ba - tor. Bá - tho-ry. We are the

wind that blows down and builds up, lifts and en - cir - - cles. We are the Bá - tho -

118

*p*

ry. And so the peas-ants -- fools -- raised weak arms that were cut off by the blade of wind.

121

Blood coursed and was gone from our breath. Now no peas-ant speaks or

125

eats or takes a crumb.

breve

9

Did I tell you I was a Count-ess? Yes, the Count-ess

22

131

♩=100

p

p

p

pp

p

p

p

p

tr~

tr~

tr~

× cymbal

mp

Erzsébet. Oh, the horse, the sad horse. His

mf

139

5

5

5

5

5

mp

tr~~~~~~~~~~

tr~~~~~~~~~~

tr~~~~~~~~~~

bel - ly is split o - - pen and sewn closed. Split and sewn,

144

with coarse cord. He has died, is dead,

149

♩=84

yet he moves. For in-side is a peas-ant who would steal crumbs. His

× hi tom

153

hands are cut off and he is sewn in - side the bel - ly where he and horse bleed and suc-cumb in gasps.

156

And pu-tre-fy to - geth - er. That is the mean-ing of strength, of power, of love of one's

161

*p*

*p*

*p*

*pp*

3

own. No mer - cy to hu-man or beast.

*mf*

166

*p*

*p*

*p*

3

Ba - tor. Bá-tho-ry. We are the wind -- and the ser -

26
171

♩=72

*Repeat as needed*

♩=144

*p*

*pp*

*mf*

*ff*

**ERZSÉBET** laughs and exits. Transition.

pent.

178

*ff*

× mil. drum

*mp*

× bass drum

184

*ff*

*ff*

190

28

196

202

Act I Scene 1

♩=40

*mp*

*mf*

5

209 ♩=60

5

mf

5

mf

An - na, An - na Dar-vu - li-a,— do you re-mem-ber we as chil - dren— watch - ing? Watch-ing the

213

♩=108

mf

p

p

p

p

6

5

6

5

peas - ant sewn in-to the horse? I spied both you and Fer-enc that day, my love. My love! Yes on-ly a child of thir-teen

218

but the glint - ing young eye sees beau-ty and blood as one does it not? A

224

=144

mf

mf

mp

mp

mf

mp

shim - - mer. Speak to me. Where are my chil-dren You

mf

230

know the first An-as - ta-sia of the sta-ble boy's seed. On-ly you know where she is, An-as - ta-sia. Where _____ are my

237

chil-dren? Where are they? Good, they are play-ing and rid - ing. Did you know that_Fer - enc comes home from the

243

pizz.

*mp*

wars soon? Yes, he comes home from the wars. He and Thur - zo... and Thur - zo. I loathe Thur -

250

*arco*

zo and his eye not toward me but toward my for-tune. It - is mine. I am the Count-ess Bá-tho -

259

♩=72

♩=144

mp

mp

mp

mp

mp

[Catching herself]

ry. - He, Thur-zo al-most no-thing, a crumb. Like Fer-enc, my be-lov-ed hus-band fa-ther

f

265

p

p

p

p

× cymbal

of my child-ren He is my hus-band but I keep my name. For I am the Count-ess Bá-tho-ry.

mf

34

271

♩=144

pp

pp

pp

p

p

pizz.

pizz.

pizz.

p

p

p

pp

pp

pp

p

× mil. drum

pppp

[Anger rises and falls as she speaks.]

Speak to me. I struggle to be a leader. It is a burden.

278

To negotiate with my tongue and sign with my hand in languages... What language are you, my love?

284

*pp*

My native Magyar? Perhaps German? Latin? (Slovak.) Kepler is my friend. And the King my cousin.

290

I am the Countess. O, Anna, where are my children? Speak to me. Have you been to

36

296

*mp*

*p* *ff*

*arco* *ff*

*arco* *ff*

*arco* *ff*

the Mátyás-Templom? So glor - ious the heart of Bu - da.

302

*ff*

× muted bass drum

*ff*

named for our be - lov - ed Mát - yás Kir - ály, is now the mosque of the Mus - ul - man.

*ff*

307

(My tongue negotiates, my hand signs, to what end?) We wor - ship just one or the oth - er. Which now?

313

*f*

*ff*

Which now? Which now? For the church where wed the love-ly Be -

38

318

*ff*

- a-trice of Ar-a-gon and our old King Mát-yás is cloaked. Be-hind

324

*ff*

× triangle

× wood block

× med tom

its walls hides the vir - - gin. She will be-re-vealed one

330

*mf*

*mf*

× lo tom

day. She will be re - vealed, she will be re-vealed one day. Do you won - der An - na.

*mf*

336

*mf*

An - na a - bout the cats and their Lord and how they pro-tect us? Pro-tect - us? Pro-tect

40
341

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

us (Or a - bout the horse? Who pro-tect-ed the horse?)

347

× lo tom

*mp*

5

We wor-ship we wor-ship them and the oth-er Have you been to the Mát - yás - Tem -

351

♩=40

fff

fff

fff

fff

fff

fff

× hi tom
× med tom
× lo tom

× bass drum

fff

plom? It has changed. Speak to me.

fff

mf

356

5

Ferenc comes home from the wars soon. Hold me!

42
359

♩=72 *Repeat as needed*

**Act I Scene 2**

♩=132

*take Eb clarinet*

*pizz.*

× bass drum

**ERZSÉBET** dances in an invisible circle, laughs.

Here are the chil - dren! come!

365

Come! Were you play - ing? In the close in - side the ram - parts? Were you rid-ing? Rid-ing?

369

*mf*

*mf*

*pizz.*

*mf*

*pizz.*

*mf*

On the path to the vil - lage?

373

*mf*

× lo tom

You love to ride An -

377

*arco*

*mp*

*arco*

*mp*

*arco*

*mp*

8

5

na. Al - ways the pon - ies with the round bel - lies. And Kat - a - lin - a day-aft - er day the

381

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

8

hors-es, hors-es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es.

385

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

× mil. drum

× lo tom

× hi tom

ppp

You love to ride An - na Al - ways the pon - ies with round bel - lies. And Kat - a -

f

388

lin - a, day af - ter day the hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es. hors -

391

es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors - es, hors -

394

*rallentando*

*ppppp*

[Ferenc appears, in a dream, and another child is born.]

es, hors - es!

398 ♩=40

ppp

ad lib.

5

ad lib.

Sensual. Satisfied. Labor. Scream. Birth Joy.

6

Your father is home from the wars. Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Your

400

ad lib.

fa - ther is at war to de - fend

402

us.

From e - ne - mies both for - eign and do -

404

mest - ic.

And here is Paul, our horse -

406

man,

our lit - tle

408

war-ri - or.

mp

He shall fol-low his fath - er In ac-tion

♩=100

mp

mp

mp

f

f

ff

mf

× cymbal

mp

[The circle slows, in a gentle motherly way]

and in name. (For I am the Count-ess Báth - or - y.)

My An - na my Ka - ta - lin - a, my

ff

416

♩=144

ppp

ppp

ppp

pp

f

f

f

f

Paul.

Your mother is tired now.

Your moth - er must ne - go - ti -

p

f

421

ate and sign. Your moth-er has guests at ta - ble this night. Go now with Il - o - na Joo, she-will

426

guard you un-til I-come to sing you Lul - la - bies... Il-on-a Joo, Il-on-a Joo Send in Dor - at-tya and Kat-a-lin and the

*ff*

*ff*

*ff*

**ERZSÉBET** watches them leave and turns around.

oth-er ser-vant girls. Thur - - zo!

*ff*

438

3 3

What do you want? I have no mon - ey for

445

*ff*

you.

449

*fff*

*sfp*

× muted bass drum

*mf*

*fff*

Go!

54

453

*a tempo*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

8

× mil. drum

*ppp*

*pppp*

**Act II Prelude**

462 ♩=144

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

8

× med tom

*mf*

468

## Act II Scene 1

473

*take piccolo*

*take Bb clarinet*

*f*

*pizz.*

*mf*

*pizz.*

*mf*

*pizz.*

*mf*

*p*

*p*

*p*

× bass drum

*pp*

Dor-at-tya, my Dor-ka,

*mf*

478

there is much to be done. Kep - ler will be here. And the priest, what is his name Po - - ni-ken-usz.

482

These names stick un - like my be - lov - ed Mag - yar, so full of har - mon - y. Po -

487

ni-ken-usz. Po-ni-ken-usz. Kep-ler. Po-ni-ken-usz. Dan-ke, Kep-ler. Da-ku-jem Po - ni-ken-usz. k k k k k k k k k k k

492

*arco*

*arco*

*arco*

Kö - szö - nöm! [sigh] Kö - szö - nöm... An - na

58

piccolo

498

mf

Dor-at-tya, my Dor-ka, there is much to be done. Kep-ler will be here. And the priest, what is his name Po-

f

502

take flute

mp

mp

mp

× muted bass drum

pp

- ni-ken-usz. My col - lar's *re* - *ba-to* must be read-ied, the gown pre-pared

507

*mp*

— the blouse— i-roned— the lin-en starched.— I must— read. Who is this young Kep-ler?—

512

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*mp*

*mp*

— *Mys - ter - - i - um Cos - mo-graph - i - cum,* The Cos - mo - graph-ic mys-ter - y.

*mp*

*mp*

Will his sci-ence free the Mát - yás - Temp - lom? Will his stars bring

522

*p*

har - mon - y to our land? Will his ge - o-met-ry of the un-i-verse re-veal the

527

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

Lord - Christ, the Lord Al - lah, the Lord Cat?____ Kep - ler writes of Cop - er - ni - cus,

532

*mf*

more dis-har-mon-y of vowels.____ Who can trust ca - co-phon-y? Cop-er-ni-cus, ca - co-phon-y, k. k. k. k.

62

536

× med tom

*p*

Who is this young Kep-ler?

Dor-at-tya, my Dor-ka, there is much to be done.

540

*p*

*p*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

*mf*

**ERZSÉBET** turns away from Dorka to the servant girl.

Kep-ler will be here. And that fraud priest Po-ni-ken-usz.

Girl,

545

♩=84

*take Eb clarinet*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

wash me now, whit - en my skin gent - - ly. Tie me in-to my cor-set and cam - i - sole,

551

*take piccolo*

*pp*

*p*

pull on my dress and gown. And sing to me, calm me, and sing to me, calm me, for

Kep - ler will be here. And Po - ni - ken-usz. Sing to me, calm me, to me sing.

562 ♩=144

× med tom

ERZSÉBET imitates motion of being dressed, including occasional vocal emphasis.

Girl, give me my mir-ror, read-y the *re-ba-to,* to, do it now! Quick - ly for Kep - ler will

567

be here! (Sing to me, calm me.) Straight-en the wires, pin

571

on the cloth, quick-ly now for Kep-ler will be here! (Sing to me, calm me.)

575

[Servant girl accidentally sticks her with a pin]

For Kep - ler will be here! For Kep-ler will be here! For Kep-ler will be here! For Kep-ler

579

× med tom

× bass drum

× muted bass drum

will be here! Be here! Be here! Be here!

♩=132

583

f

× cymbal
× mil. drum
× muted bass drum
× bass drum

ERZSÉBET quickly reacts and slaps the servant with a partly closed hand, scratching her face.

Ow! Blood! Once a

fff

587

× hi tom
× med tom

child of thir-teen -- and now a grown wo-man -- but the glint-ing eye sees beau-ty and blood

68

591

5

as one

5

does it not? A shim -

595

ff

pp

pppp

- - mer.

600

× med tom

3

**ERZSÉBET** slaps again.

Mem - o - ries of a horse and a peas-ant and laugh-ter. beau - ty and blood

*p*

604

*take Bb clarinet*

5

**ERZSÉBET** slaps again, harder, and appears to be spattered in blood.

are one are they not?

70 608 ♩=144

fff f ff mf

Blood! Beau - ty and blood are one! Dor-ka, my mir-rors!

612

Girl, sing to me! To me sing! Beau - ty and blood! I will ride the horse, for I am the Count-ess...

617

Beau-ty and blood are one! Sing to me! To me sing! Sing and bleed, sing and scream, sing to me -- To me

621

scream! I ride the blood - ied horse... it is I in the mir-rors! Ba-tor is val-or

72

626

and bra-ver - y. We are a ser - - - pent strong e-nough to live

631

and pros - per while gorg-ing on its own tail. Beau-ty and blood are one!

635

Sing to me, scream to me. Blood! (I am sewn in-to my own bel - ly, for I am the beast.) I am the Count-ess

639

Bá-tho-ry in whose cast-le beau-ty and blood are one! Scream for me, scream to me, sing to me, to me sing!

74

643

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

ff

Dor-ka, the hot i - ron; I will burn a-way this sin. Clean this.

Act II Scene 2

649

♩=60

♩=72

fff

fff

fff

fff

p

pp

pp

pp

mp

mp

mp

pp

mp

fff

656

(piccolo)

*mp*

661

*p*

*p*

*take bass clarinet*

*p*

*p*

A strange young man, that

76

667

Kep-ler. And the priest, he is a crumb. Thur - zo, I des-pise host - ing his loathe-some be-ing.

672

*Repeat as needed*

♩=84

*pp*

*pppp*

*pp*

We are

680

val - iant and brave, de - scen-ded from no - bles Gut and Ke-lad a - midst Pe - ter's reign. Bald

684

*p*

An-drew of Rak - o - méz fol-lowed Gut-kel-ed, the, pa-tron of Sár - vár and bro - ther of Ha - dos. Grant-ed es -

689

tate were Bric-cius and Be-ne - dict the lands of Bá - tor from Vaj - da — of-Lán-gos. — Bric-cius was first to name —

694

*bass clarinet*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*p*

— us 'of Bá - tor' — and Bá-tho - ry rose in great power and breadth.

701

*p*

*p*

*mf*

'Twas Bric - cius who first made the hor - ri - ble ser - pent, a drag - on who grows strong con - sum - ing its

705

tail. The drag - on took ven - geance up - on the des - cen - dants, so Som - lyó and Ecs - ed were

709

*p*

*p*

*p*

ri-vals es-tranged. In four gen-er - a-tions each side gave us her-oes, the build-ers of na-tions and church-es a -

*mf*

714

like. The Habs-burgs held sway with the peo-ple of Ecs-ed, while Som-lyó and Zá-po-lya Já-nos were fast.

720

♩=108

Your grand - fa-ther György was good Hun - -ga-ry's Sa-vior, al -

726

mf

mf

mf

mf

lied with Ninth Ist - ván the land's great - est King. The

82

731

♩=132

3 3 3

Habs-burgs and Mus - lims were brought to a still-ness, Ci - ca - va then Cséj - the our homes to this day.

735

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

× lo tom

pppp

mf

Dream hors - es and war - riors, and cats to pro -

740

tect you, my sweet gen - tle child-ren, the heirs to our power. Look out

744

from the ram - parts and see your dom - in - ion: it sings

84

748

♩=84

ppp

ppp

ppp

ppp

ppp

sweet - ly as breath from the trees. Ask them to sing to you, sing to you, sing -- and

mp

753

cry for your tongue to grant wide ab - sol - u - tion, and beg to for - give them for ev - ery trans - gres - sion, and

757

× lo tom

× muted bass drum

× bass drum

× snare

× hi tom

× bass drum

*ppp*

scream when you find them a po - ny to die in. Sleep, sweet ones, for you are the child-ren of Er - zsé -

765

*ppp*

- bet... An - na! They have washed the walls and floors.

772

♩=132 **Act III Prelude**

*take flute*

*fff*

*fff*

*fff*

*pppp*

× bass drum

*pppp*

*ff*

× lo tom

× mil. drum

× muted bass drum

Come, we will sleep.

781

*fff*

*fff*

♩=126 **Act III Scene 1**

787

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*ppp*

*p*

Dor-ka,

*mp*

793

*take Bb clarinet*

I am tir-ed. My face is old-er The young ser-vant girls come here to

*p*

*p*

Csé - the al - ways sweet & fresh and then they die. Why must they die? There is a deep

802

— sad - ness with - in me, a sad - ness in need of song. —

*ad lib.*

I have ne - go - ti - a - ted and

807

*ad lib.*

signed, and yet... and yet... The tongue and hand do not suf-fice. Mát - yás Temp - lom is

812

still-a host-age, and the love - ly Kep-ler no long-er vis-its. Fer - enc is long

817

— dead -- in the year of young Kep-ler's su-per - no - va -- and Paul— grows as a limb

822

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*p*

un-fixed to the Bá - tho - ry trunk. On - ly my daugh -

*mf*

826

ters An - na and Kat - a - li - na -- and__ where is A -

829

nas - ta - si - a -- grow__ with

me.

835

♩=60

p

p

p

There was a love-ly young sing - er in the church

840

— to - day,

A no - ble wo-man of no oth - er ac-count. But a love - - ly voice.

845

p

p

p

Bring her to me. I wish for her to sing to me. And bring me my mir - rors.

850 **"The Mirrors"**

*p*

*p*

*pp*

*pp*

*ppp*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

**ERZSÉBET** is facing her mirrors. The singer **ILONA** may be there, or it may be the Countess herself.

853

856

♩=100

15

15

You are a

mp

859

p

p

p

p

p

p

3

beau-ti-ful girl and your voice, your voice pro - nounc - es the heav - ens. What is your name? Bar -

p

p

p

o - ness Il - o - na Har-czy. Ilona, I am the Countess Báthory. You will sing to me.

874

♩=126

pp

pp

pp

Sing to me with your voice that pro-nounc-es the heav - ens. Come, sing to me.

882

*p*

885

Sing to me, to me sing. I am the Countess Bathory.

*p*

*pp*

*ppp*

*ppp*

*ppp*

Sing to me. To me sing. Il - o - na, Il - o - na: Sing to me!

*mp*

898

*fff*

*ff*

*ff*

*ff*

× cymbal

*p* *mf* *f* *fff*

Sing to me! to me sing! Sing!

*fff*

905

♩=132

*pp* *mp*

*pp* *mp*

*p* *mf*

× lo tom
× mil. drum

*ppp*

[Shocked whisper-speaking changing to pitches.]

Il - o - na I am the Count-ess Bá - tho-ry, once a child of thir-teen --

*p* *mf*

911

*mf*

*mf*

3

*tr*

a child of thir - teen whose glint - ing eye saw beau - ty and blood as one

6 6

916

tr

tr

pizz.

mp

pizz.

mp

pizz.

mp

8

3

As one, a shim 6 - 3 6 - 6 - mer. I re-mem-ber a

921

tr

8

horse and a peas-ant and laugh-ter. But you are no peas-ant 6 3

926

6 Bar-o-ness Il - o-na. - - Your voice is - beau-ty to ear

932

3 tr tr

3 6 6 - 6 3

as blood to eye. Sing shim - mer glint -- for me to me sing

102

937

*take Eb clarinet*

*tr*

*arco*

*arco*

*arco*

*p*

*p*

*p*

8

6 6 3

Re - mind me of pon-ies with fat round bel-lies, Re -

943

5

8

5

mind me of pon - ies with fat round bel - lies run - ning be - low me through thick for - ests

946

tr

— down to the vil-lage where my joy was the peas - ants fear. They would be brought up here to Cséj-the to work for

949

pp

pp

pp

me... for me, for me, for me, but they were slop-py and need-ed dis - ci - - - pline.

955

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

8

*f*

× stopped cymbal

*ppp*

ERZSÉBET slaps.

Il - o - na, sing to me. There is no horse for you -- just a blade or a hot iron. Il - o - na, sing to me.

*f*

960

8

× crash cymbal

*ffff*

To me sing!

968

*mp*

*p*

*p*

*p*

8

*mf*

× stopped cymbal

× crash cymbal

× mil. drum

*ppp*

*ffff*

*p*

ERZSÉBET slaps again, harder, and appears to be spattered in blood..

3

Blood! Beau-ty and blood are a - gain one! Sing! Blood! Beau-ty and

*ppp*

*pppp*

*mp*

976

8

× med tom

× hi tom

× lo tom

× bass drum

blood are one! Your voice pro-noun - ces the heav-ens! Il - o - na, sing to me! To me sing! Song and blood!

I will ride the horse for I am the Coun-tess... Beau-ty and blood are one! Sing to me! To me sing! Sing and bleed, sing

984

and scream, sing to me, scream to me -- To me scream! I ride the blood-ied horse... I hear my voice

988

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*mf*

— and yours! Ba - tor is val - or and brav - er - y. We are a ser - - - pent strong e -

992

*f*

*f*

-nough to live and pros-per — while gorg-ing up-on our own tail. Beau-ty and blood and song and heav-en are one!

Sing to me, scream to me. Blood! (I am sewn in - to my own bel-ly, for I am the beast.) I am the Coun-tess

1000

Bá - tho - ry in whose cas - tle beau - ty and blood and song and scream and death are one! Scream for

100

take Bb clarinet

fff

fff

fff

ff

fff

me, scream to me, sing to me, To me sing!

1009

♩=72

pp

bowed cymbal

ERZSÉBET looks down at ILONA, who has expired and fallen to the floor. pppp
After a pause, the door bursts open; ERZSÉBET is briefly startled.

Thurzo! The crumb I swept from my tablecloth! And Paul, my dear son, my dear son, war - ri - or

p

1015

*pp*

and horse - man! You to-geth-er? What are you do-ing? What have you done? What have I done?

1022

♩=84

*ppp*

*mp*

I am the Coun - tess Bá - tho-ry. Il - o- na is - noth-ing, noth-ing at all. She cried for my tongue to

1028

× lo tom

× muted bass drum

*ppp*

grant ab - sol-u-tion, and begged to for-give her for ev-ery trans-gres-sion, and screamed when I found her a po - ny to die in.

1033

*pp*

× bass drum

Thur - zo, you are in the cas - tle of song, of glint, of

112
1040

pppp

pppp

pppp

pppp

pppp

8

blood.

Go

1043

4/4

pppp

15

15

× hi tom

p

now.

Go.

Go!

1046 ♩=100

*mf*

*mf*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

**ERZSÉBET** is being taken into custody, and momentarily begins to cry out, then regains her fortitude to reprise the opening power song.

My fa-ther was an-gered by fools but like straw a-gainst the wind,

*mf*

1051

5

5

they were nev - - er as strong as a Bá - - tho - ry. Ba - tor is

1057

*mf*

va - lor and bra - very. We are the wind that
(ver - y)

1063

blows down and builds up, lifts and en - cir - - cles. We are the Bá - tho - ry. And so fools

1069

such as you Thur - zo raise weak arms to be cut off by a blade of wind. Your blood will course and be

1072

gone from our breath. You will neith - er speak nor eat nor take a crumb.

Act III Scene 2

♩=72

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

that is ours.

108

*f*

*mp* × bass drum

1093

*mp*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*Repeat as needed*

1098

*mp*

*mp*

*mp*

They have taken my handmaidens Dorka and Ilona Joo

1104

*pizz.*

*mp*

*pizz.*

*mp*

*mp*

and Katalin and split them apart and torn them asunder. Where are my child-ren? Paul has be-trayed me, but

*mf*

1109

An-na and Kat-a-lin-a, where are you? And An-as-tas-ia? The hand-maid-ens gone, the

1113

3

arco

3

arco

child-ren, where? I am the Coun-tess Bá - tho-ry -- a ser-pent whose teeth con-sume its en - e-mies.

1118

"Elizabeth's Prayer"

pp

pp

pp

× lo tom

× med tom

× bass drum

ppp

*senza vib.* (until m. 1186)

I am... Help me, O Clouds, O

1125

Clouds, stay a - bove me, crowd there in the wind and Let no harm

1132

come to me. Let me re - main health-y and val -

1139

i-ant and in - vin-ci-ble Send to me, to me send, You pow-er-ful
(-iant )

1146

Clouds, nine - - ty cats. I com-mand you, O Lord of Cats, I

1154

*ppp*

pray you. May you gath-er them to-geth - er, wheth-er you a - bide in the

1160

moun-tains, or on the shim - - mer - ing wa - ter or on the roof tiles or on the oth-er

1165

side of the Bal - a - ton. May these nine-ty cats ap - pear to shred and des-troy the hearts of kings and

1170

princ - es, And in the same way the hearts of teach-ers and judg-es, so they shall harm me not.

1175

Ho - ly Trin - it -

1181

*a tempo*

**Anna Darvulia** appears.

ty pro-tect me.

1188

*pp*

*pp*

An-na? Be-lov-ed An-na Dar-vu - li-a, what shall I do? An-na? Dear-est one, do not for-sake

*pp*

1193

me. One day Mát-yas Temp-lom will be free a-gain and we will ride wild on our fat - bel-lied pon-ies and ne-

go - ti - a - tion and sign-ing will be faded in - to the past and free-dom and beau-ty and wind and song and

1201

shim - mer ing blood will be all. They will sing first for_ us and then_ a-bout

1206

♩=144

*fff*

*fff*

*fff*

*fff*

× lo tom

× mil. drum

*ff* × bass drum

× muted bass drum

**ANNA DARVULIA** is gone and **ERZSÉBET** is alone.

us. We are e-ter - nal. An-na? An-na?

1213

× bass drum

128

1219

fff

fff

× cymbal

× med tom

1225

ffff

ffff

ffff

ffff

ffff

× stopped cymbal

1231

1237

130
1243

tr~~~ tr~~ tr~~

fff

× bass drum × lo tom × mil. drum × muted bass drum

p fff p fff p ff p fff p fff

Po - ni-ke-nusz! He de-served no place at my ta - ble with the love-ly young—

fff

1248

p fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p

Kep - ler. Po - ni-ke-nusz! He is a crumb with Thur-zo -- and with my be-lov - ed Paul. Po -

1253

fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p

ni - ke - nusz! He has killed my hand - maid - ens with his words. Po - ni - ke-nusz! May he

1257

fff mp fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p fff p

rot in the bel - ly of a horse. Bar-o-ness Il-o-na Har - ezy, the tool of Thur-zo, who would have my

purse. Paul Ná - dasdy, my son the tool of Thur-zo, who would have my lands. (Il -

1267

o-na is dead. Paul will soon be dead I know it. Thur-zo is a crumb.

*a tempo*

1273

*ppp*

*ppp*

*ppp*

*ppp*

*ppp*

*mf*

*ppp*

*ppp*

Kö - szö - - nöm, Dor - rat - tya. Kö - - szö -

*mf*

1278

nöm, Il - o - na Joo. Kö - szö - - nöm, Ka - ta - lin.

1283

× lo tom

× bass drum

× muted bass drum

For I am the Coun-tess Bá-tho-ry -- val-iant and brave -- who thanks you in your blood - y death.

1288

mp

mp

mp

p

p

p

mf

× mil. drum

× med tom

× lo tom

pppp

3

3

The judge -- may nine - ty cats ap - pear to shred and des -

f

1291

troy the hearts of teach-ers and judg-es -- he has said I shall live my days

1295

out in Cast - le Cséj - the. In my cham - ber

1299

(where young_ ser - vants gath - ered to glint and shim - -

1303

fff

mer_ and_sing).

1308

A - lone.

*ffff*

The walls un - washed.

1313

**Epilogue**

♩=66

*p* *pp*

× stopped cymbal

Il - o - na Il - o - na, -

*mp*

1320

*p*

*ppp*

Sing to_ me. Sing to_ me. To me sing- - .

1324

*p*

× lo tom

*pppp*

*determined whispering*

I am Er - zsé - bet. I am the Coun - tess Bá - tho - ry. The Coun - tess. I

1328

*pp*

am the Coun-tess Bá-tho-ry-Na-das-dy. Fer-enc was my hus-band. I re-mem-ber him.

1331

*p*

*pp*

Where are my chil-dren? Sing to me. Sing to_ me. To me

1335

*p*

Sing- - .

And the King my cous - in. I am the Coun - tess!

1340

*tr*

*tr*

*p*

19

19

17

17

15

15

*devolve to mumbling, distracted*

I am cold, not hun - gry, but cold... and sick. Sick with age. Pale. Blood - less,

1342

tr

19

17

15

mp

need - ing more.

My chil - dren, where are they?

1345

*reserved but confident*

The bar - bar - i - ans... I turned them back East, I turned them back West. My tongue ne -

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

go - ti - a - ted, my hand signed. I turned back my en - e - mies, and each oth - ers'. Sing to me.

1348

*pp*

Sing to me. To me Sing- - . My

1352

*pp*

chil - dren, where__ are they? My ser-vants are faith - less. A few dead peas - ants...

1356

Il - o - na, Il - o - na Sing to_ me.

1359

Sing to me. To me sing- - . An - na,

1363

sing to me. Sing to me. To me

1366

sing- - . Il - o - na. An - na.

1369

O Lord of Cats, sing to me. Sing to me.

1372

Sing to me. To me sing . I am the Coun-tess Bá-tho-ry.

1376

pp

The Coun - tess - . Sing to_ me.

1379

*pppp*

*ppp*

*ppp*

*pppp*

*ppp*

*pppp*

Sing to_ me. To me Sing..... .

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