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CONTENTS

<i>Libretto</i>	5
1. Prologue	15
2. A Dinner Party	20
3. Mulberry	27
4. Fort Sumter	31
5. A Long War	43
6. First Coda	47
7. Rallying the Troops	48
8. A Letter from Colonel Chesnut	54
9. A Game of Chess	58
10. The Lists	60
11. Sherman's March	66
12. Second Coda	72
13. Returning Prisoners	74
14. So Lovely Here in Spring	77
15. Epilogue	81

Duration: 45:00

PROGRAM NOTES

Mary Chesnut (1823–1886) was the wife of confederate Colonel James Chesnut. They owned a plantation near Camden, South Carolina during the mid-to-late nineteenth century. They also owned many slaves, both field hands and household servants. They moved in privileged social circles, dining with politicians, judges, and ranking military leaders. Mary was a well-read, educated, and articulate southern woman. The words, emotions, and events that follow were diligently entered into her diary, creating an impressive chronicle of the times. No attempt was made to alter her views. Nor was any attempt made by the composer to make a political point or take a position on any issue. This story is Mary Chesnut's, and it is from her singular point of view from which the drama springs. Some of her opinions and attitudes were very much of-the-day, and may offend current sensibilities. While slavery plays a critical role in the events contained herein, I have decided not to lean too heavily on it (that is another piece), focusing more on how the war impacted Mary's personal life.

Cobbling together a libretto from her 400-page journal was a daunting task. I have used as many of Mary's words as possible, always starting with her entries in their original form. Beyond that, tremendous artistic license has been taken. Phrases from different dates were conjoined if they helped to complete a dramatic moment. Words were then changed, or in some cases created, to fashion something singable and flesh-out an idea into a complete song. Historical chronology has been tampered with a bit in the interest of storytelling. I have telescoped battles and deaths to connect them into a broader movement. This judicial tampering does not lessen the dramatic weight of her story.

A Diary from Dixie was originally published in 1905, edited by Isabella D. Martin and Myrta Lockett Avary. While there are other collections of Mary Chesnut's writing available, this libretto was derived principally from *A Diary from Dixie*.

DRAMATIC CONSIDERATIONS/PROPERTIES

This work was designed to fill the second half of a vocal recital. Though it is a song cycle, it should be treated like a dramatic stage play. To lift the action from what might otherwise be a static recital performance, I make the following suggestions:

A writing desk/table with chair should be prominently positioned at the front of the stage.

On the desk sit the following:

1. **Mary's journal**
2. **A quill pen and inkwell**
3. **Two letters from her husband, and one dispatch to him**
4. **One, as yet unwritten letter with an envelope**
5. **A candle or oil lamp**

A coat rack, settee or period chair should be positioned behind Mary.

You will also need a blood-stained hospital apron, which Mary will put on later in the piece.

I recommend some sort of **period costume**; a hat, hair ribbons, shawl, a waistcoat, hoop skirt, etc, whatever might lift the singer into more of an acting part. (Consulting an expert on women's antebellum fashion might be a good idea.) As the piece progresses, **I have notated five points in the drama where the singer will remove a piece of her costume and place it on the coat rack or settee.** As the piece goes on, the singer will be gradually transformed, and when the piece concludes, she has become a war-weary shadow of whom she was at the onset. Suggestions of clothing to remove:

1. **Hat**
2. **Gloves**
3. **Shawl**
4. **Waist Coat**
5. **Hair net/ribbons/clips/jewelry/accessories**

During the piece, the actress should move about, between her desk, where she can write or read her husband's letters, the settee, or anywhere on stage, even interacting with the pianist, who might also wear period attire. (I always encourage more interaction between singers and their accompanists!)

Other props can be used to flesh out the scene, perhaps a water pitcher and glass, which she could fill and drink from periodically. These are only suggestions. I heartily endorse the use of more ambitious production forces, which might include lighting, projections of historical photographs, lists, et al. A director's touch would certainly be welcomed. If it is not possible to kill the house lights, so the players can get into position, I suggest the pianist escort Mary to her desk, hold her chair, etc, and then take his/her seat at the piano.

PERFORMANCE NOTES

This work is to be performed in a continuous manner with movements flowing one into the next. A great deal of freedom should be taken during the underscored spoken sections. In general, the words are not meant to be placed exactly where they appear in the score, unless it is one isolated word or phrase. Sometimes spoken text is written in paragraph form, to be read freely until it connects to the next written line. A little rehearsal and some good dramatic instincts will give the performers the best indication of how to pace these passages.

—Steven Mark Kohn, 2012

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

In referring to this title as a "dramatic song cycle," we are respecting the composer's original intentions. However, given his description in the first section above on this page, it can and arguably should also be regarded as a "monodrama," thus making opera companies and opera departments at schools aware of its existence for use both for half-an-evening's entertainment for chamber opera productions, and in opera workshops. Thus, the publisher intends to market this title in both the vocal and operatic music worlds.

LIBRETTO

1. Prologue

*Music begins. A light comes up to reveal Mary, sitting at her desk, writing in her diary.
After a moment, Mary looks up and speaks.*

(Spoken)

That little girl, Lizzie Hamilton?
That plucky, beautiful little thing?
A Yankee raider tried to take the ring she was wearing.
“You shall not have it,” she said.
Then the man put a pistol to her head.
“Take it off and hand it to me, or I will blow your brains out.”
“Blow way,” said she.
“Even Sherman would not stand for that.”
The man laughed in her face.
Then he swaggered off and stumbled down the steps.
His revolver went off, and shot HIM dead.
The Lord does work in mysterious ways.

During Stoneman’s raid, I had to burn some personal papers.
Molly kept saying, “Missus, listen to de guns. Burn up everything!
Them Yankees are sure to come, and they’ll put in the newspapers
whatever you write here every day.”
The guns did sound very near,
and I confess I lost my head.
So, I burned a part of my journal.

(Sung)

**I have always kept a journal,
A line of poetry or prose
That only I understand and no one else.
It helps to get me through the long day.**

**For I can’t place my restless spirit
Into those pompous, lazy men,
The ones who, like it or not, will write our history.
Alas, that’s how it is today
So, I’ll tell the story in my own way**

**Five years have come and gone.
How it chills my heart
When I remember
All the events which crowded in
I am very weak with dates,**

But my memory, my implacable enemy, lets me forget nothing.

2. A Dinner Party

*As she speaks, Mary removes first article of clothing and places it aside.
Spoken, as if gradually recalling.*

The drawing room was crowded with judges,
lawyers, generals, and congressmen.
Everyone was there.

**Jefferson Davis, Henry Brewster, Robert Barnwell,
General Scott, Senator Douglas,
And of course, my husband, Colonel Chesnut.
Everyone talking all at once,
Chattering like a bunch of hens,
and all the talk was
Abraham Lincoln! Abraham Lincoln! Abraham Lincoln!
Newly elected president of these—*United*—States of America.**

**“Lincoln is a vulgar man, an awful man,” said Brewster,
“His wife and son as well, seen to be believed!”
“Maybe so,” said Douglas,
“But he’s a very clever fellow, and the hardest man that I have ever met.”
Mr. Scott called Lincoln “a true American, A rough and strong, good-natured fellow.”**

“But he’s so ugly!”
That was *Mrs.* Scott.

**“He’s a very ugly man, grotesque in appearance,
the kind you always see sitting on boxes,
whittling sticks,
and telling vulgar stories!”**

**Just then, a woman came running from the next room
Screaming at us,
“Yankees are no worse than you!
They’re just as good as you are!
People from the north are every bit as good!”**

Now, if I were in the North, and they were berating us,
I might hold my tongue, being one against many, but she would have none of that.

**She harangued us for several minutes,
Shrieking like a hag!**

A moment later, she’s playing “Yankee Doodle” on the piano in the other room.
We stared at each other in disbelief!
Finally, one of the judges, who had had quite enough of this,
requested she just play the “Doodle,”

And leave out the “Yankee!”

Mary laughs.

3. Mulberry

Here at Mulberry our house is filled to overflowing,
 people coming and going,
 carriages driving up and driving off.
 A wealth of forest trees lining the roads,
 a bridge, canopied with overarching branches,
 and the cherokee rose entwining each pillar and post.

Our home is a massive brick building,
 one of the homesteads of olden times,
 Where comforts and blessings,
 birthdays and weddings,
 merry Christmases,
 departures for school and home returnings,
 have enriched this place with the treasures of life.

A warm welcome greets us whenever we enter.
 Our people are there, respectful and orderly,
 while my husband is out on his usual ride around the plantation.
 These are the soft, mellow days of our own gentle autumn.

4. Fort Sumter

But we are all becoming a bit restless.
 The Republicans are in power now.
 The New York Herald says, "Slavery must be extinguished, if in blood."
 I have no love of slavery, but we can handle our own affairs,
 thank you, without the meddlesome North telling us what to do.
 They're calling us "rebels" up there.

The air is full of news.

Talk of a civil war.

All of the leaders in South Carolina are in favor of secession.
 "Dissolve the union!" they say.
 Meanwhile, our new Confederacy is busy writing its own constitution.
 My good friend, Jefferson Davis, is to be our president.
 Those who want a fight are in high glee.
 Captain Humphrey folded the United States Army flag,
 and ours was run up in its place!

State after state is joining us and, one by one,
 they are taking back their fortresses!

"Fort Sumter must be taken!" That is the talk.

**It is one of their strongest forts, with a large arsenal.
 The streets are alive with marching soldiers, shouting, waving, and singing!
 Several thousand men, ammunition wagons, rumbling along the streets
 all night.**

Beauregard and Pickens are holding a council of war.
 Hostilities are soon to begin,
 they say.

Jefferson Davis has sent my husband to demand the surrender of Fort Sumter.
 Colonel Anderson has until four o'clock
 to accept the terms and surrender,
 surrender or be fired upon!

And now, patience.

We must wait.

What is the next move?

We stand in need of wise counsel.

Something more than courage.

I pray God to guide us.

I hear the bells of St. Michael's chime out.

I count four,

and I begin to hope.

Then it is half past four.

I sprang to my feet,

the heavy booming of a cannon!

I fell on my knees and prayed as I have never prayed before!

There was a sound of stir all over the house

a pattering of feet in the corridors.

We ran to the housetop all women at the iron railing

staring out to sea...

Men could barely be heard running toward the roar of the cannon.

Explosions lighting up the harbor could be seen in the distance.

And who could tell what each volley meant in death and destruction!

As night fell, so fell my heart, aching in silent dread.

I knew my husband was floating in a boat in that dark bay

with bombs bursting over his head

And through all of this, I saw no change in our negro servants.

Lawrence sits at our door, sleepy, respectful, and profoundly indifferent.

You could not tell that they heard the awful roar going on in the bay,
though it had been dinning in our ears all night and through the next day

Could it be they are they wiser than we are,

silent and strong,

biding their time?

Then there was shouting in the streets.

I could hear it getting closer.

Someone called, "Come out, there's a crowd coming!"

I ran outside. A mob it was indeed,

They were shouting, but as messengers of good news!

Fort Sumter is on fire!

Anderson's surrendered!

And our flag is flying there now!

Willie Preston fired the shot that broke Anderson's flag staff!

"Well done, Willie!"

That's what Missus Hampton said.

And she's the mildest, gentlest of old ladies.

A spirit's waking up inside us!

North Carolina and Virginia

are coming to our aid, lining up beside us!

5. A Long War

As she speaks, Mary removes second article of clothing and places it aside.

In Mrs. Davis's drawing room, the President, Jefferson Davis, took a seat by me on the sofa.
He seems to prefer my company to his Generals.

We joked about how we think one southerner is equal to three Yankees at least.
He believes we can win this war with patience and perseverance.
He talked for nearly an hour.
But there was a sad refrain running through it all.

**"It'll be a long war, a bitter war," said he,
"and long before we're through,
we may lose our will,
we may want for courage**

**There will be hard times, anxious times.
We'll be outnumbered, guns and men.
Only fools will doubt or mock the courage of the Yankees.
We have stung their pride.
They will fight like devils."**

He told me of how the Northern papers said we are to be exterminated in short time.
"They have been preparing for war," he said. "While we argue and bicker, they organize.
Their men are well-trained and well-armed. We have patriotism, but will that be enough?
Our army is in confusion. We have much to do,
and far to go.

**It'll be a long war, a bloody war.
We'll lose our sons, and brothers, too.
Take a fond last look at a changing world.
Have no illusions.
May God have mercy on us all."**

6. First Coda

Today I saw a negro woman sold on the auction block.
A pretty young thing, surrounded by men shouting and bidding for her.
South Carolina slave holder as I am,
I must say that my very soul sickened.
I tried to reason—this is no different than the willing sale
most women make of themselves in marriage.
It's in the Bible, you know.
Whether in slavery or marriage,
women sell themselves from queens on down!

7. Rallying the Troops

As she speaks, Mary removes third article of clothing and places it aside.

An unwilling bride is what *we* are.
 I don't understand why the North wants to keep us.
 All we want is to be left alone.
 But they are willing to risk life and limb, and money, just to hold on to us.
 They must love us so.
 Mr. Lamar says, "he fight had to come."
 The quarrel has lasted long enough."

**Soldiers everywhere,
 they seem to be in the air.
 South Carolina troops pass every day.
 They march with a gay step,
 and bow to us from their horses.
 From Camden to Richmond, girls at every window,
 lining up to look at the passing troops.**

Mary picks up a letter from her desk and reads.

A letter from my husband has just reached me.
 "My dear Mary,
 We are strongly posted and entrenched.
 We have at our command 15,000 of the best troops in the world.
 We have also two batteries of artillery, and expect more from Richmond.
 The morale of our men is high.
 The opinion here is that Lincoln's army will not meet us.
 Not if they can avoid it!"

She places the letter down.

**The noise of drums, the tramp of marching regiments,
 bands of men coming in from every quarter!
 Soldiers everywhere,
 they seem to be in the air.
 South Carolina troops pass every day!**

8. A Letter from Colonel Chesnut

It seemed like just yesterday. Our brave young boys,
parading through the streets, so full of spirit and hope.
Some months have passed since then, and the war,
which we all thought would end in a few weeks, hasn't.
I receive many letters from my husband. Here is another.

Mary picks up a letter from her desk and begins to read.

“My dear Mary,
I have been a witness to one of the most stirring events of modern times.
The fight on Friday was the largest and fiercest of the whole war.
Some 60 to 70 thousand enemy troops.
The numbers and armaments all in their favor.
But our men behaved with a resolution and dashing heroism
that will never be surpassed in
any country or any age.
Our line was three times repelled by superior numbers and artillery.
Then, Lee assembled his generals and told them that victory depended
on defeating the army before nightfall,
or all would be lost.

Our men made a rapid and irresistible charge.
The enemy melted before them.
The fight was terrific and sublime.
The field became one dense cloud of smoke,
so that nothing could be seen.

The victory was full and complete.
We took twenty-three pieces of artillery,
many small arms and ammunition,
and burned most of their stores and wagons.

But we have lost many men and officers.
Alex Haskell and young McMahan are among them.
We are fighting again today.
Will let you know the result as soon as possible.
I hope to be home sometime next week.

With devotion. Yours,
James Chesnut”

Mary places the letter on her desk, and sits down, speaking as she writes a reply.

“My dear husband,
The war seems everywhere now.
Here at home, I saw 200 soldiers lying on a platform,
wounded and sick. The memory haunts me still.
May God keep you safe, and bring you home soon.
Love, Mary”

She folds the letter and places it into an envelope.

Our soldiers are doing their duty.
But is it enough?
Our losses are mounting.
And many are wondering how much longer we can go on.

9. A Game of Chess

War seems a game of chess.
 We have Kings and Queens, Knights and Bishops
 They move across the board
 With a casual wave of a general's hand.
 Take a man, lose a man, one more or less.
 But we're running out of pawns,
 and the generals can't arrange the board to suit them.
 War is a game of chess played by little children dressed like generals.
 And when our best are dead and gone,
 maybe then we'll learn there are no winners,
 only survivors.

10. The Lists

As Mary speaks, she puts on a blood-stained hospital apron.

I have felt myself a coward and a skulker for some time now.
 The way men must feel who hire others to fight for them.
 Something inside me kept calling out,
 "Go, you shabby creature! See what those brave fellows have to bear."
 So, I have begun regular attendance at Wayside Hospital.
 No more dodging of duty.
 Today we gave wounded men their breakfast.
 Those who could come to the table did so.
 The badly wounded remained in the wards.
 So much suffering. Such wounds, such distortion,
 with stumps of limbs half-cured.
 One poor creature had one arm taken off at the socket.
 Another was blinded, his face covered in bandages.
 And those were the living.
 Each day we gather 'round the bulletin board
To see the lists of those who've died
First came Colonel Means,
Then John L. Miller.
 Edward Cheves' name was written there.
 He was John Cheves' only son.
 As the days went on, the lists got longer.
 Jacob Taylor was shot three times.
 "Oh, my God" was all he said.
 Then he breathed his last in a distant field;
 Only seventeen years old.

As if reading a list.

George Cuthbert was shot at Chancellorsville.
 Frank Hampton killed at Brandy Station,
 a saber wound across his handsome face.
 Robert Barnwell is buried now with his wife and newborn babe
 in the same grave in Columbia.
 In all my life I have never seen such bitter weeping

She reads a list, pointing to names.

Willie Preston,
 his mother's darling,
 never did a boy enjoy life more.
 Joe Davis,
 how well I remember him
 in all the pride of his magnificent youth!

With growing indignation.

Colonel Bartow,
 Johnson Pettigrew,
 John Poykin,
 Henry Pott,
 Albert Luryea,
 Stonewall Jackson is with them now,
 among the unreturning brave.
 Marching side-by-side
 through the gates of heaven!
 God will have mercy
 on them all.

Copying is illegal
 Review copy only

11. Sherman's March

Mary removes her apron and hangs it up.

After three days of travel, we came to a road laid bare by General Sherman's torches.
I saw it with my own eyes.
Nothing but smoking ruins was left in Sherman's track.
No house, no living thing, man or beast.
The countryside was burned.

And on and on they come, thundering at our very doors!

**Some have faith in the mercy of General Sherman
They say he's a Catholic.**

**We can count on his good graces, but I put my silver in a box,
in the hands of a trusted servant.**

**My husband cares for none of that now,
but I'll hold on to what I can.**

And on and on they come, thundering at our very doors!

**There is talk of his crimes,
of what he did in Mississippi, millions of our property destroyed.
Ruthless, cold-blooded, he takes his time,
he does things leisurely,
For there are none left to stop him.**

**I counted fourteen Generals sitting in church.
Less piety and more drilling would serve us better.**

And on and on they come, thundering at our very doors!

**He marches constantly, that ghoul, that hyena!
Leaving a track of death fifty miles wide!**

In Columbia, women ran from burning homes carrying bundles of clothes.
Sherman's soldiers tore the bundles from their arms, and dashed them back into the flames!
They were howling round the fire like demons, dancing in their joy and triumph!

**Fire and the sword are for us now!
They mean to wipe us off the face of the earth,
leaving only ashes and dust, as they have at Dalton!**

Lancaster!

Atlanta!

And on and on they come, thundering at our very doors!

12. Second Coda

As she speaks, Mary removes the fourth article of clothing and places it aside.

The Prestons have lost everything, their private fortunes gone.
 What money remains is virtually worthless anyway.
 I paid five hundred dollars for candles, sugar, and a lamp.
 Oranges are five dollars apiece.

Molly is full of airs these days.
 The smell of freedom must have gone to her head.
 My husband said, "Let them go, if they wish.
 It is too much bother to clothe and feed them now."

I've been driven from my home, yet I continue to write daily.
 It is principally a diversion, but may, at some future day,
 afford facts about these times, and perhaps prove useful
 to people more important than I am.

A dispatch came for my husband. I opened it.

She opens the dispatch and reads it.

Abraham Lincoln has been killed, murdered in the capital.
 He may be the first president put to death in the *United States*,
 but he will not be the last, for I see no end to this madness.

She places the dispatch down on her desk.

13. Returning Prisoners

Yesterday we went to the capital grounds to see our returning prisoners.
**I looked straight in their faces as they moved slowly past,
 a strange vacant look in their eyes, as if they had been dead to the world for years.
 A poor suffering woman was searching for her son,
 moving in and out among them.
 The anxious dread and expectation seared into her face
 was more than my heart could bear to see.
 It is hard not to envy those who are gone,
 their difficulties ended.
 Those who have found peace in death.**
 And now it is my turn to go home.

14. So Lovely Here in Spring

Holding on to what little remains.

The live oaks and willow oaks still stand, silent and untouched.
 The roses and yellow jasmine still perfume the air.
 It is so lovely here in spring.
 It is so lovely.

Our old house is waiting there, it stands,
 clear against a sunlit sky.
 The Gardens are overflowing, food enough to share.
 It is so lovely here in spring.
 It is so lovely here.

From my window, I look out
 on many a gallant youth, and maiden fair.
 The street is so crowded.
 It's such a gay sight.
 Almost as if nothing's really changed.

Our people are all at home.
 I hear voices ringing in the halls.
 My husband is in the parlor reading in his chair.
 It is so lovely here in spring.
 It is so lovely here.

Mary removes her final article of clothing and sets it aside, completing the transformation.

15. Epilogue

Mary approaches her writing desk.

I have always kept a journal, a line of poetry or prose
 That only I understand and no one else.
 It helps to get me through the long day.

For I can't place my restless spirit into those pompous, lazy men,
 the ones who, like it or not, will write our history.
 Alas, that's how it is today.
 So, I'll tell the story in my own way

Mary sits at her desk, arranges her papers, dips her quill, and resumes writing in her diary.

Mary looks up, lights slowly fade to black.

Catalog No. 8676

Mary Chesnut

A Civil War Diary

for Mezzo-Soprano and Piano

A Diary from Dixie
 Mary Chesnut (1823–1886)
 Adapted by Steven Mark Kohn

Steven Mark Kohn

1. Prologue

Evenly, with sober weight, not too slowly
 ♩ = 60

Music begins. A light comes up to reveal Mary, sitting at her desk, writing in her diary. After a moment, Mary looks up and speaks.

Evenly, with sober weight, not too slowly
 ♩ = 60

pp

with Ped.

5 *She speaks.*

That little girl, Lizzie Hamilton? That plucky, beautiful little thing?
 A Yankee raider tried to take the ring she was wearing. "You shall not have it," she said.

9

Then the man put a pistol to her head. "Take it off and hand it to me, or I will blow your brains out."
"Blow away," said she. "Even Sherman would not stand for that."

ppp

12

The man laughed in her face. Then he swaggered off, and stumbled down the steps. His revolver went off,

rit. poco

rit. poco

Ped.

15

and shot HIM dead. The Lord does work in mysterious ways. During Stonemen's raid, I had to burn some personal papers.

A bit faster ♩ = 76

A bit faster ♩ = 76

pp gently, espr.

* *Ped.* each bar

18

Molly kept saying, "Missus, listen to de guns. Burn up everything! Them Yankees are sure to come, and they'll put in the newspapers everything you write here every day." The guns did sound very near,

2. A Dinner Party

70 **Very distantly, in a foggy haze** ♩ = 52 *rit.*
As she speaks, Mary removes her first article of clothing and places it aside.

Very distantly, in a foggy haze ♩ = 52 *rit.*
very distantly

ppp (bring out r.h.)

73 *a tempo* *accel. poco a poco*
Spoken as if gradually recalling.

The drawing room was crowded with judges, lawyers, generals, and congressmen. Everyone was there.

a tempo *accel. poco a poco*

ppp (still distantly) *cresc.*

76 *accel. molto* **Up tempo, with spirit** ♩ = 112 *f*

Jef - fer - son Da - vis, Hen - ry Brew - ster, Ro - bert Barn - well, Gen - eral Scott,

accel. molto **Up tempo, with spirit** ♩ = 112 *mf*

79 *p*
 Sen - a - tor Doug - las, and of course, my hus - band, Colo - nel Ches - nut.

82 *mf*
 Ev - ery - one talk - ing all at once, chat - ter - ing like a bunch of hens, and all the talk was

85 *f* *ff*
 A - bra - ham Lin - coln! A - bra - ham Lin - coln! A - bra - ham Lin - coln! —

88 *mf*
 Newly elected president of these - United - States of America.

3. Mulberry

154 With gentle lilt, not too fast $\text{♩} = 138$

p

Here at Mul - ber - ry our house is

With gentle lilt, not too fast $\text{♩} = 138$

p legato sempre

with *Ped.*

158

filled to o - ver - flow - ing, peo - ple com - ing and go - ing,

Ped. changes

161

car - ria - ges driv - ing up and driv - ing off. A wealth of for - est trees _

p delicately

164

lin - ing the roads, a bridge, can - o - pied with o - ver - arch - ing

167

branch - es, and the Cher - o - kee rose en - twin - ing each pil - lar and

più p

170

post. Our house is a mas - sive brick build - ing,

f

173

one of the home - steads of old - en times, Where com - forts and bless - ings,

più p

pp tranquillo

4. Fort Sumter

207

With steady forward motion ♩ = 120

But we are all becoming a bit restless. The air is full of news. Talk of a civil war.
 The Republicans are in power now.
 The New York Herald says,
 "Slavery must be extinguished, if in blood."
 I have no love of slavery, but we can
 handle our own affairs, thank you, without
 the meddlesome North telling us what to do.
 They're calling us "rebels" up there.

With steady forward motion ♩ = 120

212

All of the leaders in South Carolina are in favor of secession. "Dissolve the union!" they say.
 Meanwhile, our new Confederacy is busy writing it's own constitution. My good friend, Jefferson Davis,
 is to be our president. Those who want a fight are in high glee. Captain Humphrey folded the
 United States Army flag, and ours was run up in it's place!

217

222

State after state is joining us and, one by one, they are taking back their fortresses!

225

f

“Fort Sum - ter must be tak - en!” That is the talk. It is one of their

229

strong - est forts, with a large ar - se - nal. The streets are a - live with

232

march - ing sol - diers, shout - ing, wav - ing, and sing - ing! Sev - eral thou - sand men,

236

p

am - mu - ni - tion wag - ons, rum - bling a - long the streets all night.

mp sub.

5. A Long War

389 *As she speaks, Mary removes second article of clothing and places it aside.*

In Mrs. Davis's drawing room, the president, Jefferson Davis, took a seat by me on the sofa. He seems to prefer my company to his Generals.

(l.v.) hold and fade

390 **With even, measured pace** ♩ = 72

We joked about how we think one Southerner is equal to three Yankees at least. He believes we can win this war with patience and perseverance. He talked for nearly an hour. But there was a sad refrain running through it all.

With even, measured pace ♩ = 72

pp espr.

397 ***p* with thoughtful tenderness**

"It'll be a long war, — a bit-ter war," said he, "and long be-fore we're

(pp)

401

poco più f

through, we may lose our will, we may want for cour - age. There will be

poco più p

406

hard times, — anx - ious times. We'll be out - num - bered, guns and men. On - ly

poco più f

410

poco più p

fools will doubt or mock the cou - rage of the Yan - kees. We have

poco più p

414

stung their pride. They will fight like dev - ils.

p

6. First Coda

441 Distant and dreamy $\text{♩} = 60$ *p*

Today I saw a negro woman sold on the auction block.
A pretty young thing, surrounded by men
shouting and bidding for her.

Distant and dreamy $\text{♩} = 60$

pp

Ped. Ped.

444

South Carolina slaveholder as I am,
I must say that my very soul sickened.

I tried to reason - this is no different than the willing sale
most women make of themselves in marriage.

Ped.

447

rit. poco

molto

It's in the Bible, you know. Whether in slavery or marriage, women sell themselves from queens on down!

rit. poco

pp *molto*

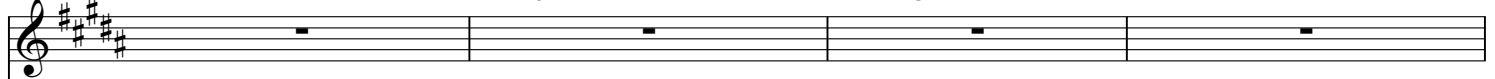
attacca

7. Rallying the Troops

With military airs ♩ = 140

450

As she speaks, Mary removes third article of clothing and places it aside.



An unwilling bride is what we are. I don't understand why the North wants to keep us.
All we want is to be left alone. But they are willing to risk life and limb,
and money just to hold on to us. They must love us so. Mr. Lamar says, "the fight had to come.

With military airs ♩ = 140

sf mp secco sempre

454

detached

458

The quarrel has lasted long enough."

462

mp

Sol - diers ev - ery - where, _____ they

mp
repeat as needed

This block contains the musical notation for measures 462 through 465. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has four sharps (F#, C#, G#, D#). The vocal line begins with a double bar line and repeat sign. The lyrics are "Sol - diers ev - ery - where, _____ they". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand.

466

seem to be in the air.

This block contains the musical notation for measures 466 through 468. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "seem to be in the air.". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a melodic line.

469

mf

South Car - o - li - na troops pass ev - ery day. _____

mf

This block contains the musical notation for measures 469 through 471. The vocal line has the lyrics "South Car - o - li - na troops pass ev - ery day. _____". The piano accompaniment features a more active melodic line in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *mf* is present in the piano part.

472

They march with a gay step, _____ and

secco sempre

This block contains the musical notation for measures 472 through 475. The vocal line has the lyrics "They march with a gay step, _____ and". The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *secco sempre* in the right hand.

8. A Letter from Colonel Chesnut

531

It seemed like just yesterday. Our brave young boys, parading through the streets, so full of spirit and hope. Some months have passed since then, and the war, which we all thought would end in a few weeks, hasn't. I receive many letters from my husband. Here is another.

With a military undercurrent, not rushed

532

$\text{♩} = 108$ *Mary picks up a letter from her desk and begins to read.*

“My dear Mary, I have been a witness to one of the most stirring events of modern times. The fight on Friday was the largest and fiercest of the whole war. Some 60 to 70 thousand enemy troops. The numbers and armaments all in their favor. But our men behaved with a resolution and dashing heroism

With a military undercurrent, not rushed

$\text{♩} = 108$

p

537

543

that will never be surpassed in any country or any age.

Our line was three times repelled by superior numbers and artillery. Then, Lee assembled his generals and told them that victory depended on defeating the army before nightfall,

repeat as needed

pp

548

or all would be lost.

repeat as needed

551

Our men made a rapid and irresistible charge.
The enemy melted before them.
The fight was terrific and sublime.
The field became one dense cloud of smoke,

mf

555

so that nothing could be seen.

repeat as needed

9. A Game of Chess

Moderately, with quiet intensity, not too slowly

♩ = 96
pp

582

War seems a game of chess. We have Kings and Queens, Knights and Bish - ops.

Moderately, with quiet intensity, not too slowly

♩ = 96

pp

586

They move a - cross the board with a cas - u - al wave of a gen - eral's hand.

590

pp *ossia*

Push slightly

Take a man, lose a man, one more or less. But we're run - ning out of pawns,

Push slightly

pp *mysterioso*

♩ on each ♩ beat

10. The Lists

612

As Mary speaks, she puts on a blood-stained hospital apron.

I have felt myself a coward and a skulker for some time now. The way men must feel who hire others to fight for them. Something inside me kept calling out, "Go you shabby creature! See what those brave fellows have to bear." So, I have begun regular attendance at Wayside Hospital. No more dodging of duty. Today we gave the wounded men their breakfast. Those who could come to the table did so. The badly wounded remained in the wards.

let chord fade away

613

Evenly, solemnly ♩ = 76

So much suffering. Such wounds, such distortion, with stumps of limbs half cured. One poor creature had one arm taken off at the socket. Another was blinded, his face covered in bandages. And those were the living.

Evenly, solemnly ♩ = 76

pp espr.

617

tenderly

621

pp

Each, day we gather 'round the bulletin board to see the lists of those who've died. First came

625

mp

Colo - nel Means, then John L. Mil - ler. Ed - ward

629

poco

Cheves' name - was writ - ten there. He was John Cheves' on - ly son. As the

633

f

days went on, the lists got lon - ger. Ja - cob

636

Tay - lor was shot three times. "Oh, my God," was all he said. Then he

11. Sherman's March

702 Distantly ominous, measured, relentless ♩ = 72



After three days of travel, we came to a road laid bare by General Sherman's torches. I saw it with my own eyes.
Nothing but smoking ruins was left in Sherman's track. No house, no living thing, man or beast. The countryside was burned.

Distantly ominous, measured, relentless ♩ = 72

707

pp

And on and on they come, thun-der-ing at our ver-y doors! —

711



Some have faith in the mer-cy of Gen-eral Sher-man. They

714

say he's a Cath - olic. We can count on his good grac - es, but I put my sil - ver in a box, in the

717

hands of a trus - ted ser - vant. My hus - band cares for none of that now, but I'll hold

720

on to what I can. And on and on they come, thun - der - ing at our ver - y

723

doors! There is talk of his crimes, of

p sub. *mp*

12. Second Coda

763 A bit slower $\text{♩} = 66$ *As she speaks, Mary removes her fourth article of clothing and sets it aside.*

The Preston's have lost everything, their private fortunes gone. What money remains is virtually worthless anyway. I paid five hundred dollars for candles, sugar, and a lamp. Oranges are five dollars apiece.

A bit slower $\text{♩} = 66$
l.v.
p
l.v. sempre
 3
 repeat as needed

769

Molly is full of airs these days. The smell of freedom must have gone to her head.
 My husband said, "Let them go, if they wish. It is too much bother to clothe and feed them now."

mp
(l.v. sempre)
pp
 3
 repeat as needed

774

I've been driven from my home, yet I continue to write daily. It is principally a diversion, but may, at some future day, afford facts about these times, and perhaps prove useful to people more important than I am.

pp
 5
 3
(l.v. sempre)
rit.
 repeat as needed

13. Returning Prisoners

790 **Evenly, remotely, desolately** ♩ = 60*p non vib, thin tone*

Yesterday we went to the capital grounds
to see our returning prisoners.

I looked straight in their fac - es as

Evenly, remotely, desolately ♩ = 60

repeat as needed
pp *l.v. sempre*

Ped.

793

they moved slow - ly past, a strange, va - cant look in their eyes, as if

796

they had been dead _____ to the world for years.

Ped.

14. So Lovely Here In Spring

Expressively, with rubato, not too slowly $\text{♩} = 66$ *Holding on to what little remains.**p*

826

The live oaks and wil - low oaks still

p

Expressively, with rubato, not too slowly $\text{♩} = 66$

830

stand, si - lent and un - touched. The ros - es and

p

834

yel - low jas - mine still per - fume the air. It is so love - ly here in

rit. poco

pp

838 *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

spring. It is so love - ly.

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo*
mp espr.

843 *mp*

Our old house is wait - ing there, it stands,

847 *mf*

clear a - gainst a sun - lit sky. The Gar - dens are o - ver - flow - ing,

851 *p* *a tempo*

food e - nough to share. It is so love - ly here in spring. It is so

a tempo
p

15. Epilogue

Evenly, as in the beginning

884 ♩ = 76

Mary approaches her writing desk. p

I have al - ways kept a jour - nal, a line of

with Ped.

Evenly, as in the beginning

♩ = 76

889

po - e - try — or prose — that on - ly I un - der - stand and no - one else. It helps to

893

get me through the long day. For I can't