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The Lightning Rod Man

Martin Dixon & Amy Parker
The Lightning Rod Man

Flute (Piccolo)

Oboe (Cor Anglais)

Clarinet in B♭

Bass Clarinet in B♭

Bassoon

Horn in F

Trumpet in B♭

Aalto Trombone

Piano

Harp I

Counter Tenor

Tenor

Baritone

Violin I

Violin II

Viola I

Viola II

Violoncello I

Violoncello II

Double Bass
A tempo

A tempo
B

Flute

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

A. Tbn.

Pno.

Hp

A.

T.

Bar.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vla.

Vc.

Vc.

Db.

senza sord.

senza sord.

senza sord.

Two men, two Worlds! One sacred,
Whilst trades in Fear!

One

Whilst Faith guards the heart of the oth-er

Meno mosso

Faith!

guards

the

heart

of

the

oth-
er

Meno mosso

A tempo

rall.

sub.

mp

sub.

mp

sub.

mp
These Men are thrown to-gether un-der the
Aus-pice of a Storm which fires the strength of their difference.

The Crisis rests the business of the
They meet, they fight, they go on their way. And yet, I suppose they...
stand on common ground: Free Speech! The Rights of Man! f Free Trade! Private
To begin our first character, I think of him as a Man.
Henry David Thoreau, philosopher of peace and quiet and solitude.

Harmonize.
Bravissimo, Simplicity, Salt of the Earth! Yet blessed with an uncommon ear for poetry.
Like a charge of spear points on my low shingled roof.
The rain brings trouble in the form of a stranger, approaching like an army on his stead.

The Lightning Rod Man knocks ad lib.
Who is this, making calls in a time of Thunder?

He knocks once more - ad lib.
Have I the hon of add-re-sing the ill-us-tri-ous god Ju-pit-er To nans? (Still no response.)

"Ju-pi-ter To-nans"
God of Thunder! How clever, how vain. But a reference too oblique for this.
Fl.

Ob.

Cl.

B. Cl.

Bsn.

Hns.

Tpts.

A. Tbn.

Pno.

Hp.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vla.

Vc.

Vc.

Db.

stu - pid sales-man. Make your wit strike him twice!
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
B. Cl.
Bsn.
Hrn.
Tpts.
A. Tbn.
Pno.
Hp.
A.
T.
Bar.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vla.
Vc.
Vc.
Db.

L = 68 slower than before, ad lib.

Have I the hon our of add - ress-ing the il - lus tri - ous god Ju-pit - er To nans? Pray be seat - ed?

(Present a chair.
LRM does not move...)

Presents a chair.
Sir, I solemnly warn you stand with me here! I warn you sir, quit the hearth!
In a tempest such as this, you stand in danger.
Call me not by that pagan name. You are profane in this
(Slowly and Impressively)

I am a deal-er in Light-ning Rods.
This is my spe-ci-men!
Mine is the on-ly

(Trs.)
Are you Mad?

Yon It on bar is a swift con - duct or. De - sist!
Then let me call my boy to bring me a woo den bar. Pray touch the bell-pull there...
Grave 4/46 (quasi-blues)
But of all things, lonely barns, upland pastures, running water, flocks of cattle.
Fl.  
Ob.  
Cl.  
B. Cl.  
Bsn.  
Hns.  
Tpts.  
A. Tbn.  
Pno.  
Hp.  
A. T.  
Bar.  
Vln. I  
Vln. II  
Vla.  
Vla.  
Vc.  
Vc.  
Db.  

246

S

Fl.  
Ob.  
Cl.  
B. Cl.  
Bsn.  
Hns.  
Tpts.  
A. Tbn.  
Pno.  
Hp.  
A. T.  
Bar.  
Vln. I  
Vln. II  
Vla.  
Vla.  
Vc.  
Vc.  
Db.  

S  Hymn-like

Hymn-like

dul-gens from di-vine or-di-
 nations False ne go-ti-a-
 ter a-way? The days of our lives are

Hymn-like

dul-gens from di-vine or-di-
 nations False ne go-ti-a-
 ter a-way? The days of our lives are

Hymn-like

dul-gens from di-vine or-di-
 nations False ne go-ti-a-
 ter a-way? The days of our lives are
Is this the end? Tell me man...
should I side with you? Yet I can not muster the same faith that the
Deity will not make war on Man's Earth!
Should I then co wer with you? But_
Meno mosso \( \rightarrow \) 80

molto accel.

\[ \text{Fl.} \]
\[ \text{Ob.} \]
\[ \text{Cl.} \]
\[ \text{B. Cl.} \]
\[ \text{Bsn.} \]
\[ \text{Hns.} \]
\[ \text{Tpts.} \]
\[ \text{A. Tbn.} \]
\[ \text{Pno.} \]
\[ \text{Hp.} \]
\[ \text{A.} \]
\[ \text{T.} \]
\[ \text{Bar} \]
\[ \text{Vln. I} \]
\[ \text{Vln. II} \]
\[ \text{Vla.} \]
\[ \text{Vla.} \]
\[ \text{Vc.} \]
\[ \text{Vc.} \]
\[ \text{Db.} \]

\text{The Man and the Lightning Rod Man Converse in silence for a few moments.}

\text{We put it to}
you that there are three ways out: One, Side with him. Put your faith in
you that there are three ways out: One,
Eventually my God will die, my words will be as ash.
These or know that we are fiction. A

fig-ure you pale as one dead in the ground. 

Three, or know that we are fiction. A

Y
A. Fabrication

We strut our hour upon the stage, we sing of nothing

Let this dilemma stand

B. Fabrication

We strut our hour upon the stage, we sing of nothing

Let this dilemma stand

Pno.

Hn.

Tpts.

A. Tbn.

Pno.

Hp.

A.

Fabrication

We strut our hour upon the stage, we sing of nothing

Let this dilemma stand

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vla.

Vc.

Vc.

Db.