This Is the Truth
from *Lillian Alling*

Music: John Estacio
Libretto: John Murrell

♩ = 64

LILLIAN:

You do not un-der-stand. You would be the first one I have

(Then tell me!)

colla voce

(She stares past Scotty, where her brother Petya appears, playing with the "perpetual motion.")

3

told. No. I am

(You're shaking!) (Are you cold?)

p

9

not that kind of cold. My life is bound to Jo - zéf's life. But

mp

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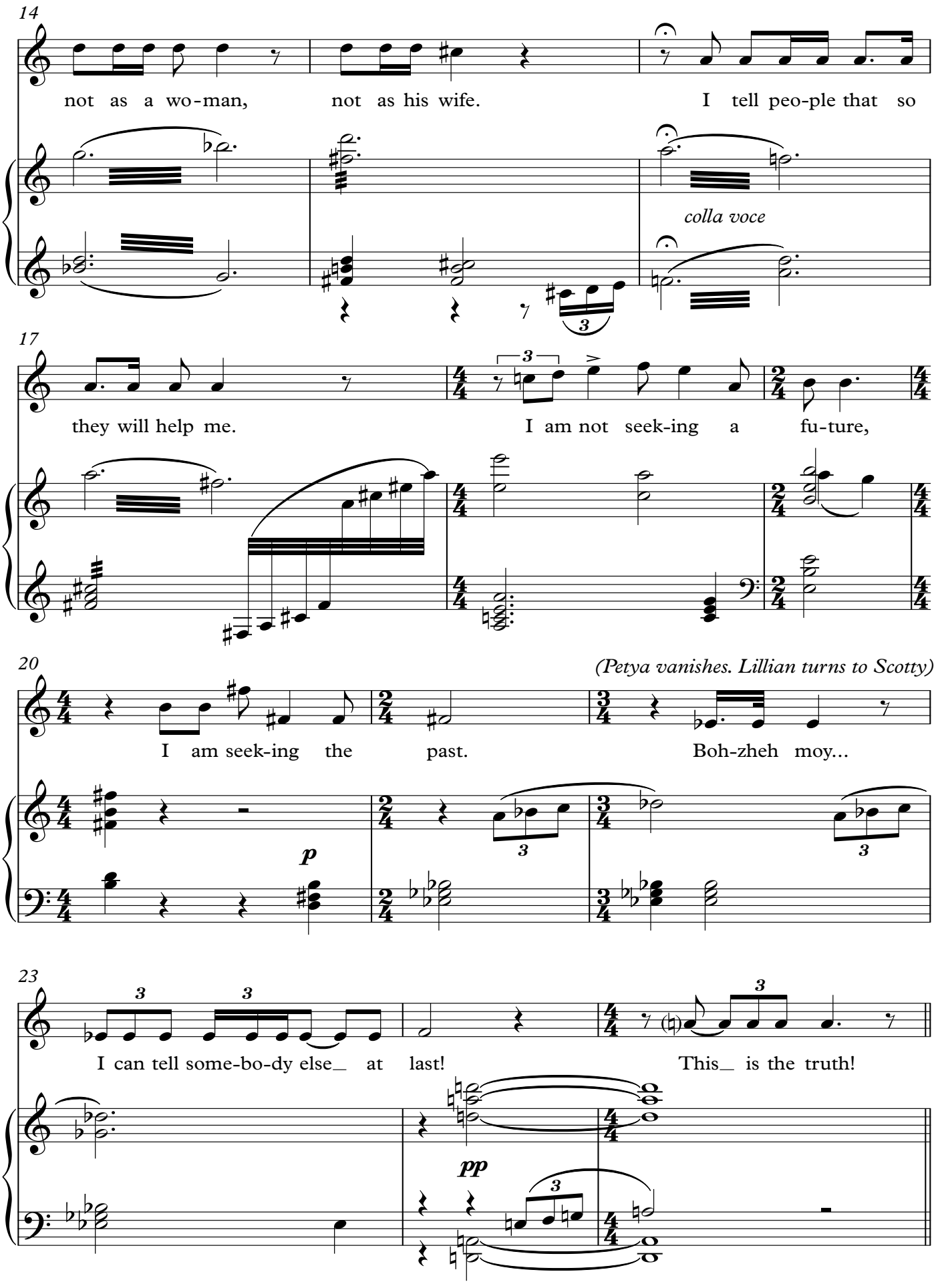
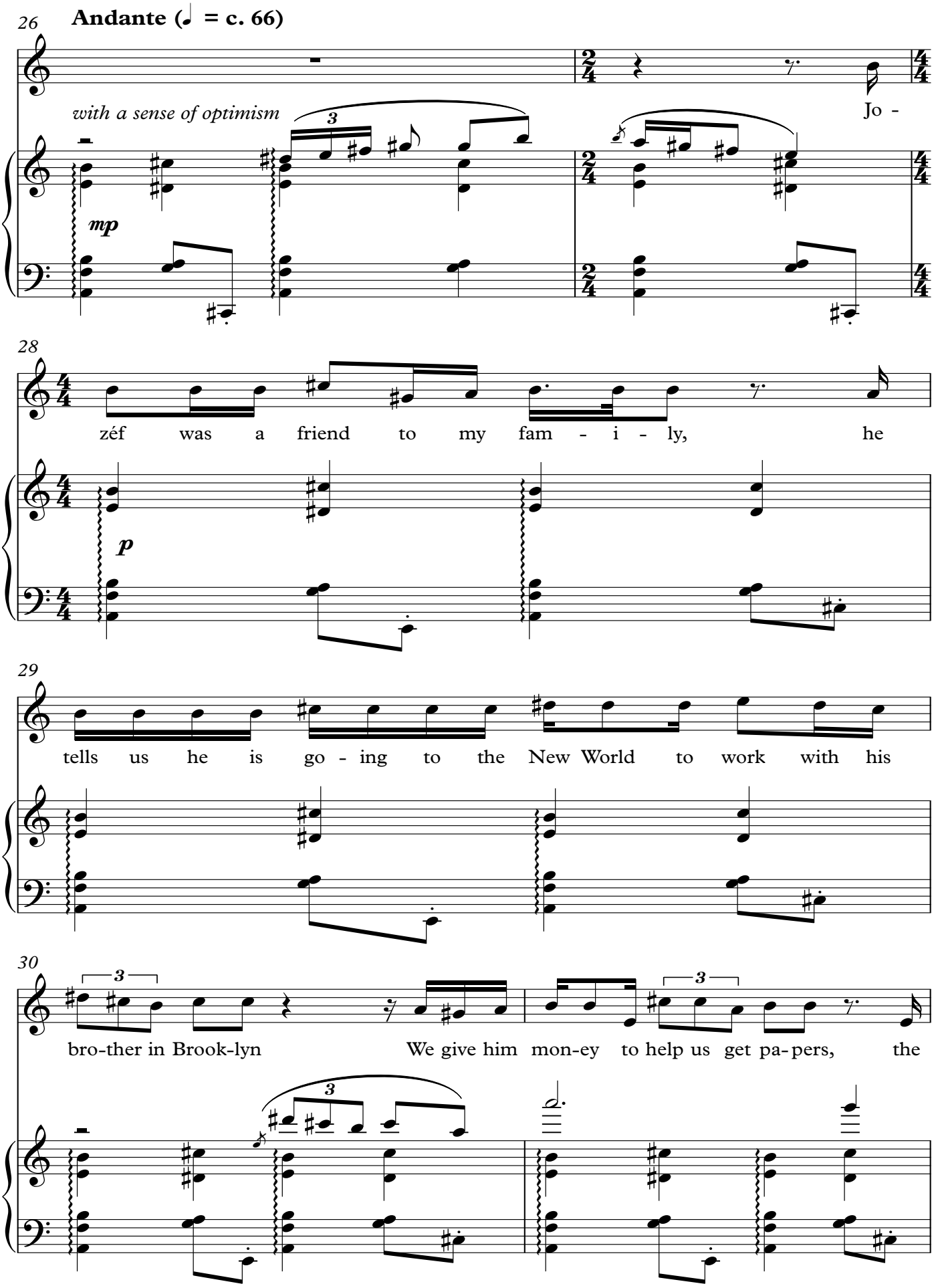
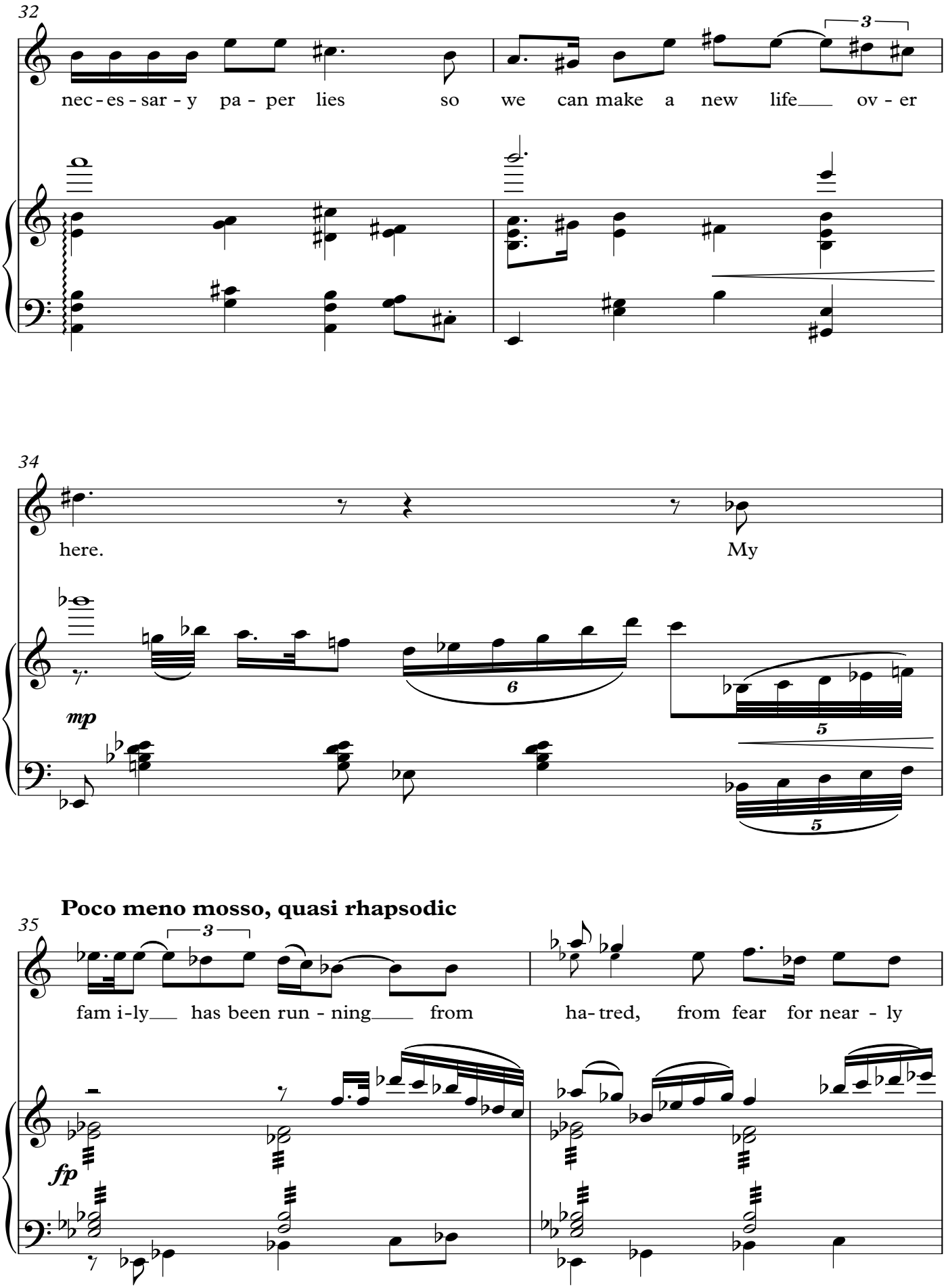
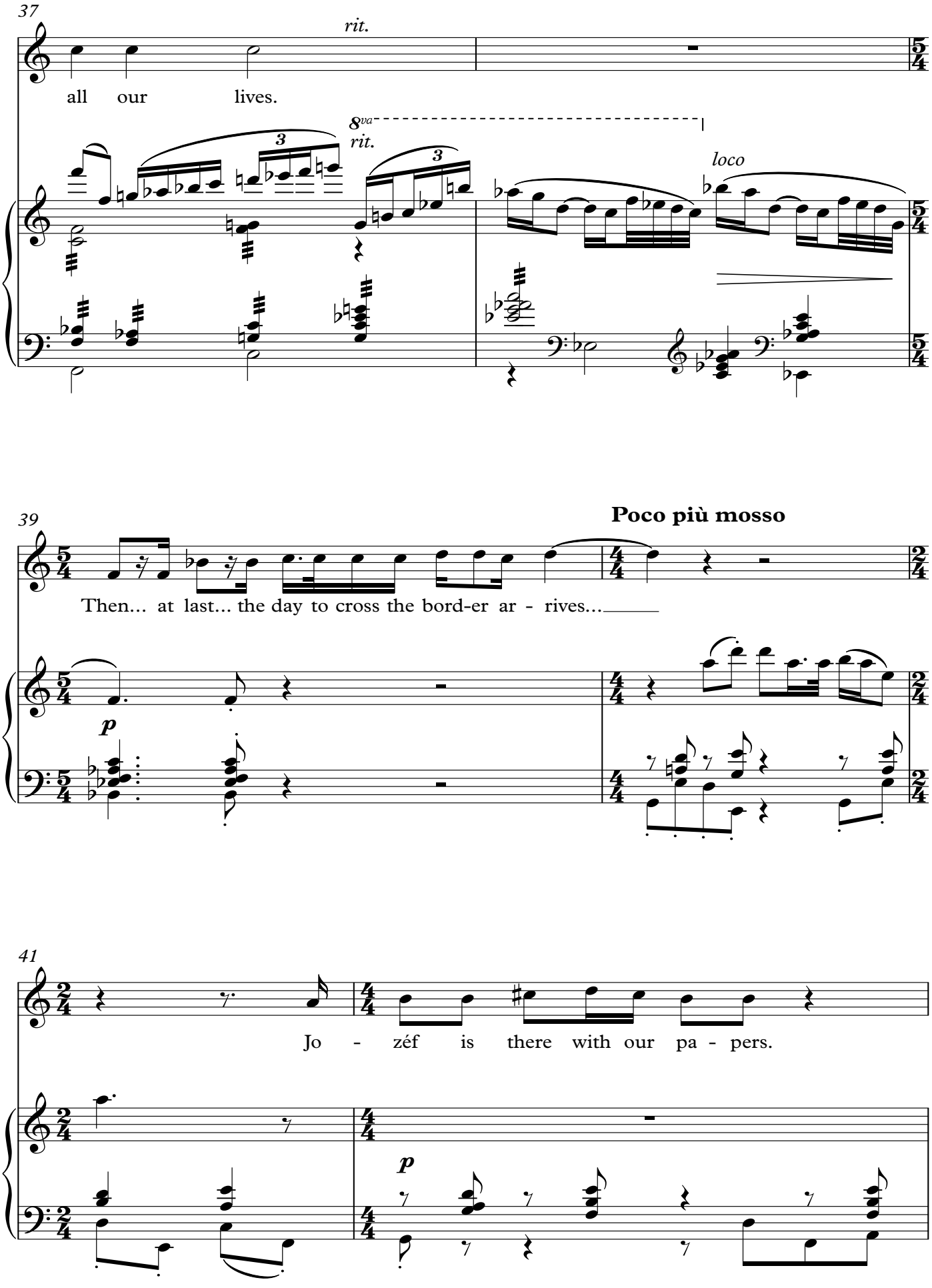
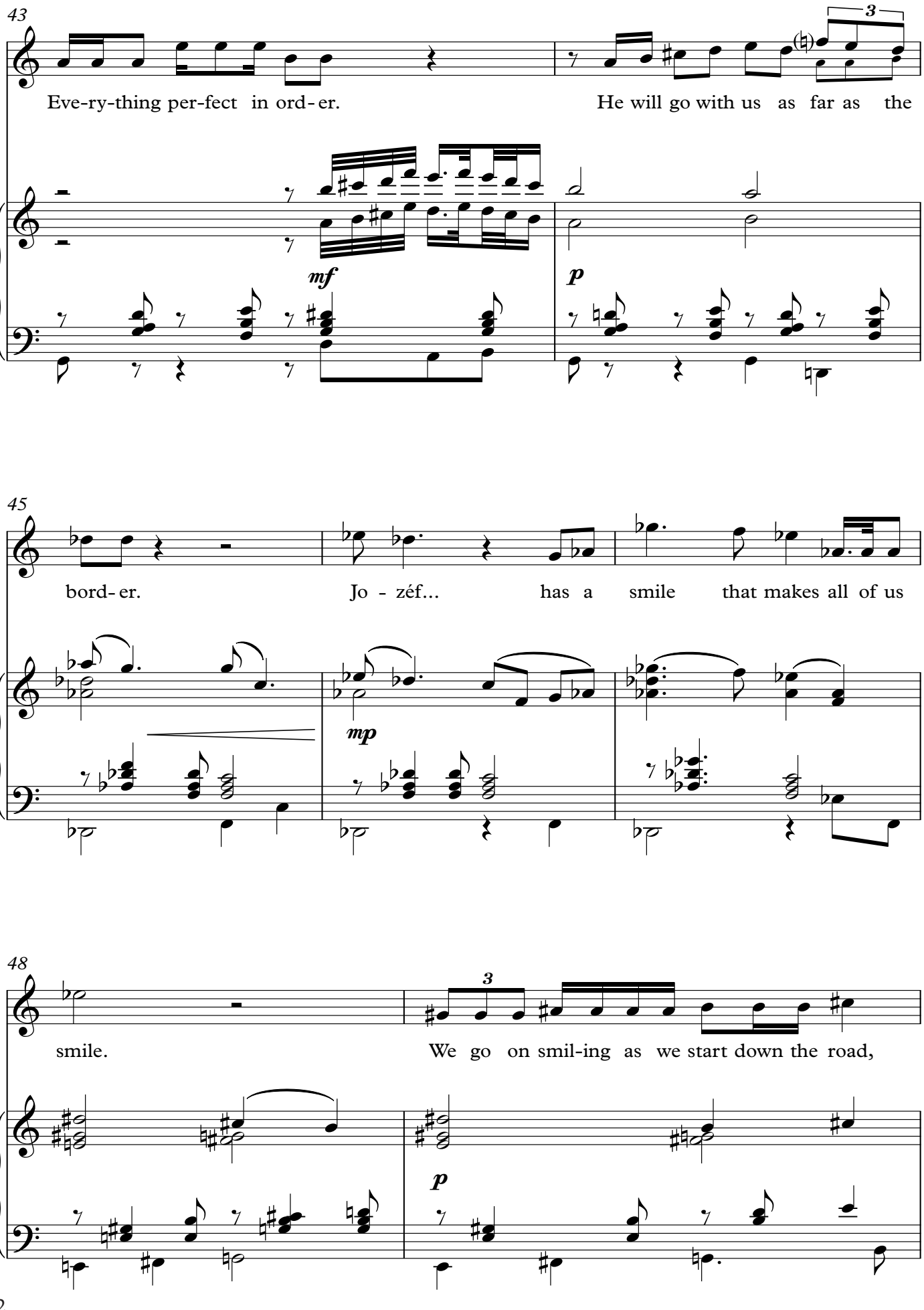
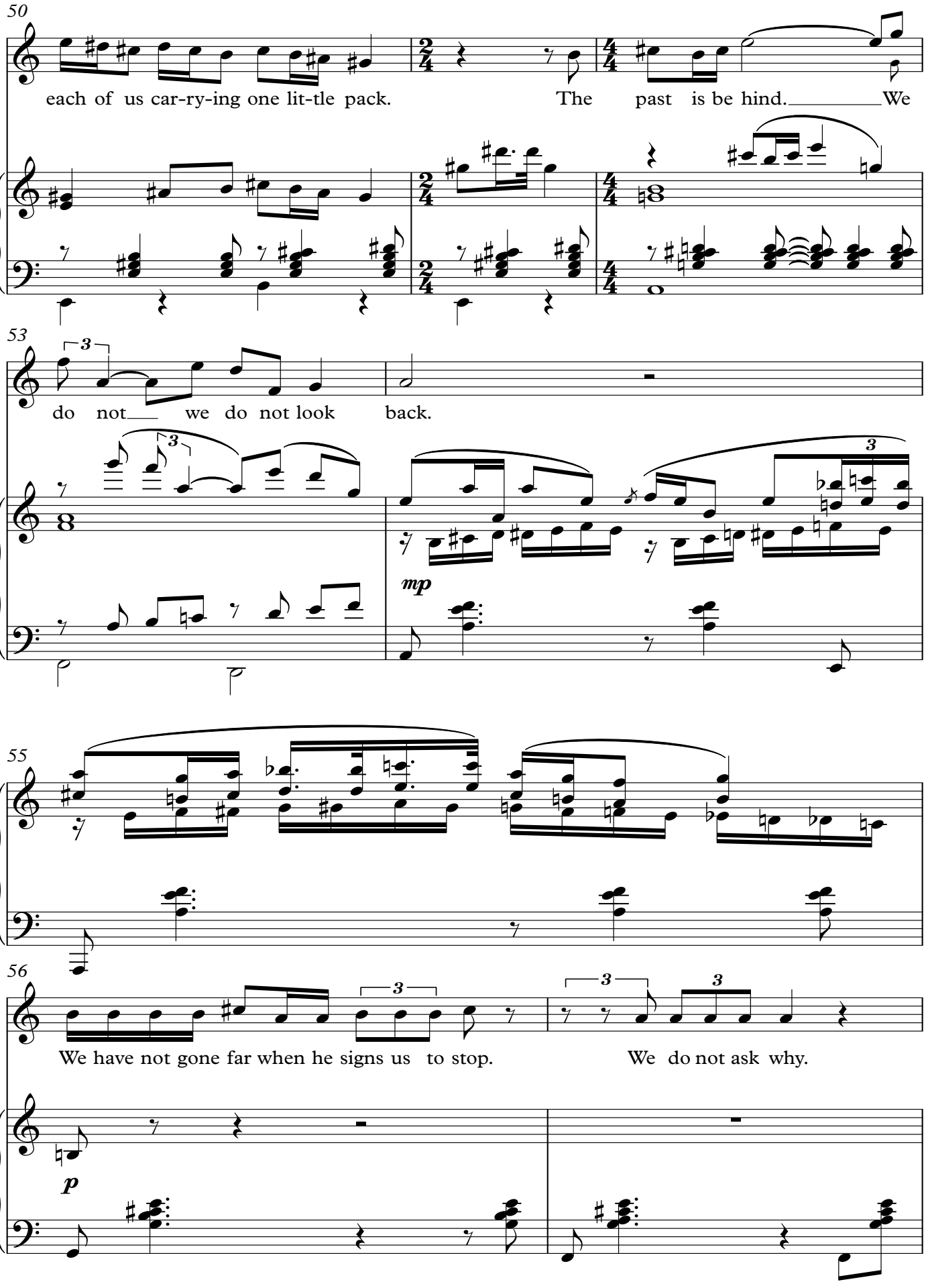

14
not as a wo-man, not as his wife. I tell peo-ple that so
colla voce
17
they will help me. I am not seek-ing a fu-ture,
20
(Petya vanishes. Lillian turns to Scotty)
I am seek-ing the past. Boh-zheh moy...
p
23
I can tell some-bo-dy else_ at last! This_ is the truth!
pp

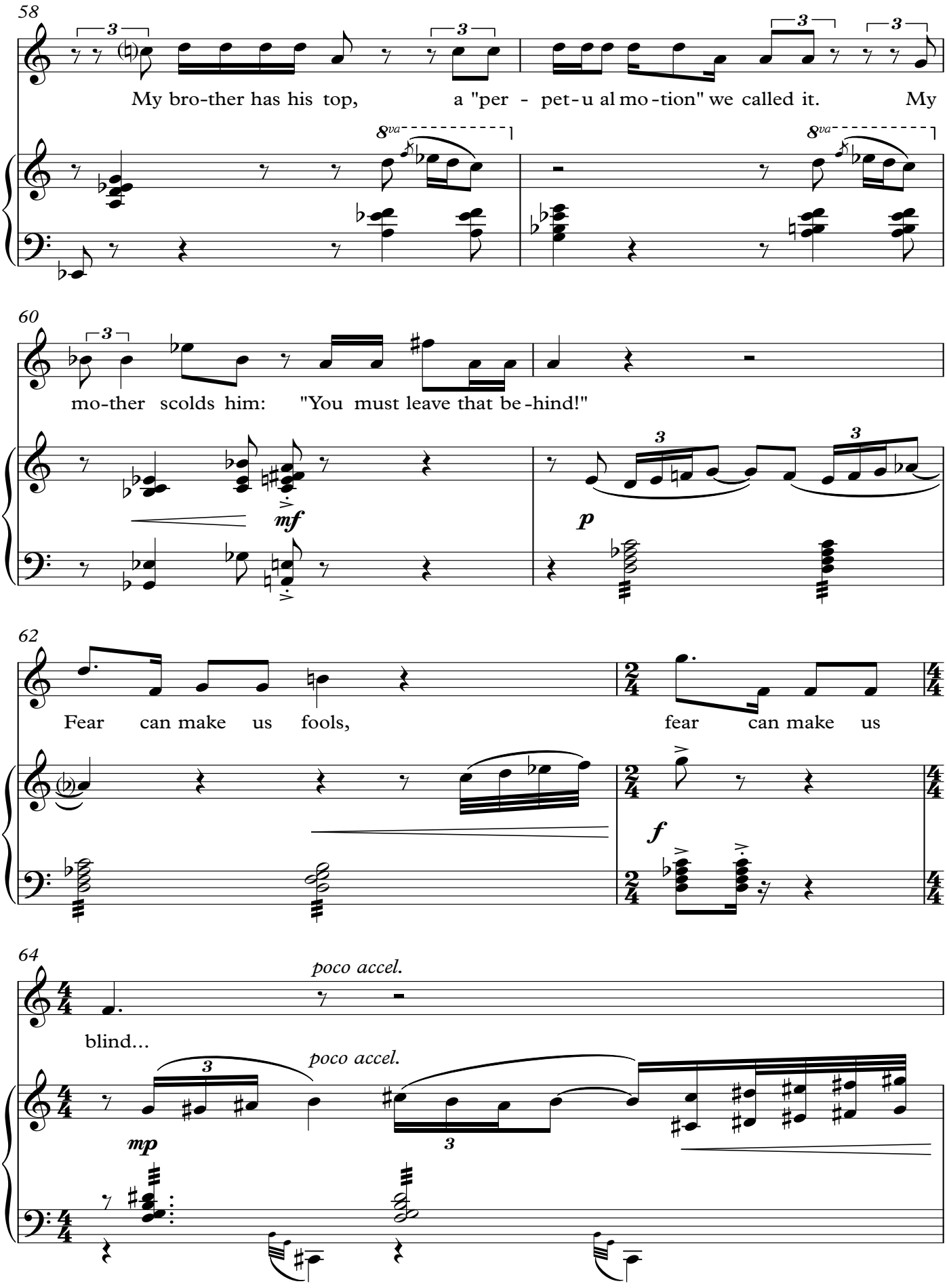

26
Andante (♩ = c. 66)
with a sense of optimism
mp
Jo -
28
zéf was a friend to my fam - i - ly, he
p
29
tells us he is go - ing to the New World to work with his
30
bro-ther in Brook-lyn We give him mon-ey to help us get pa-pers, the

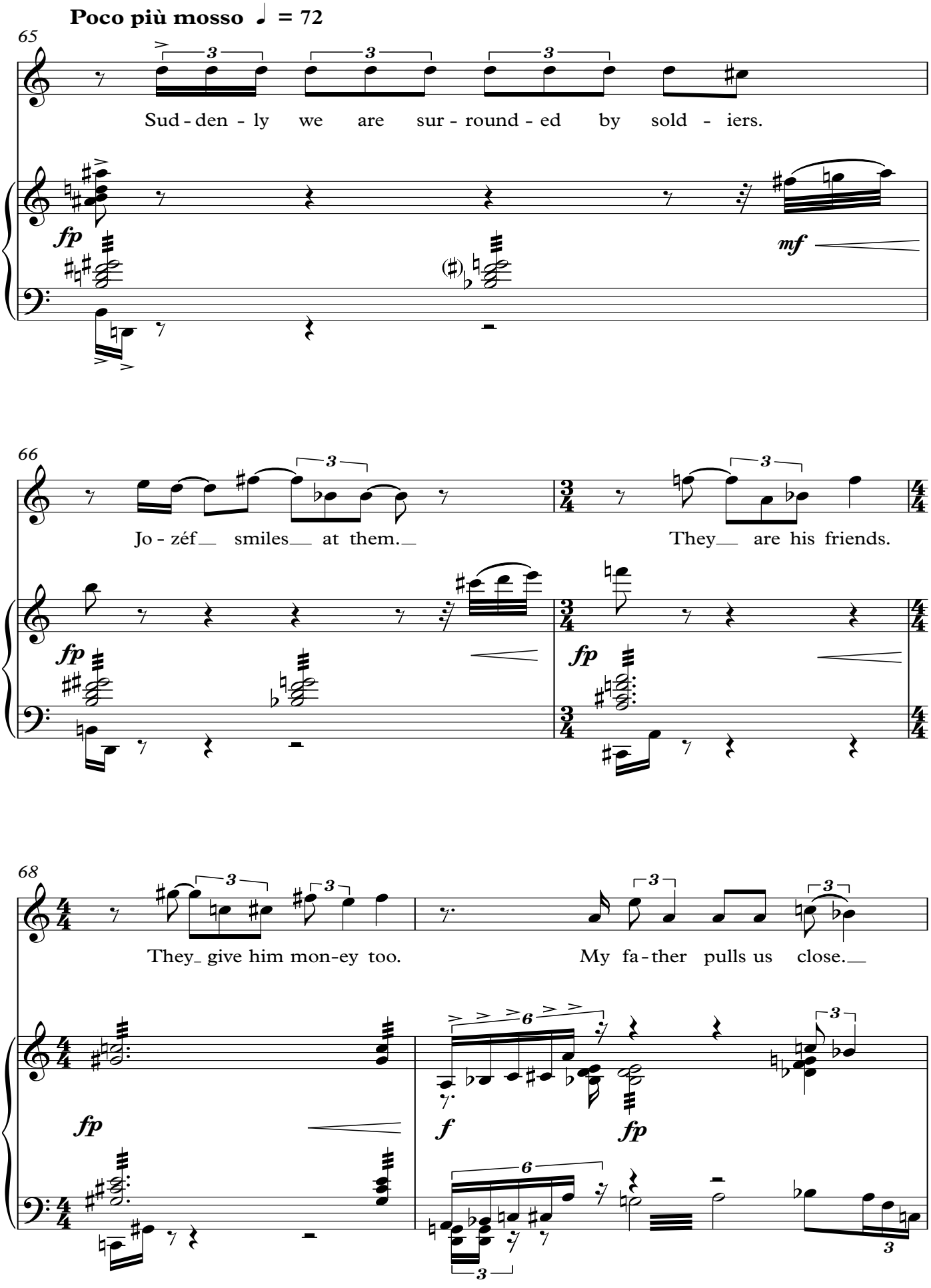

32
nec - es - sar - y pa - per lies so we can make a new life ov - er
3
34
here.
My
mp
6
5
5
Poco meno mosso, quasi rhapsodic
35
fam i-ly has been run - ning from ha- tred, from fear for near - ly
3
fp

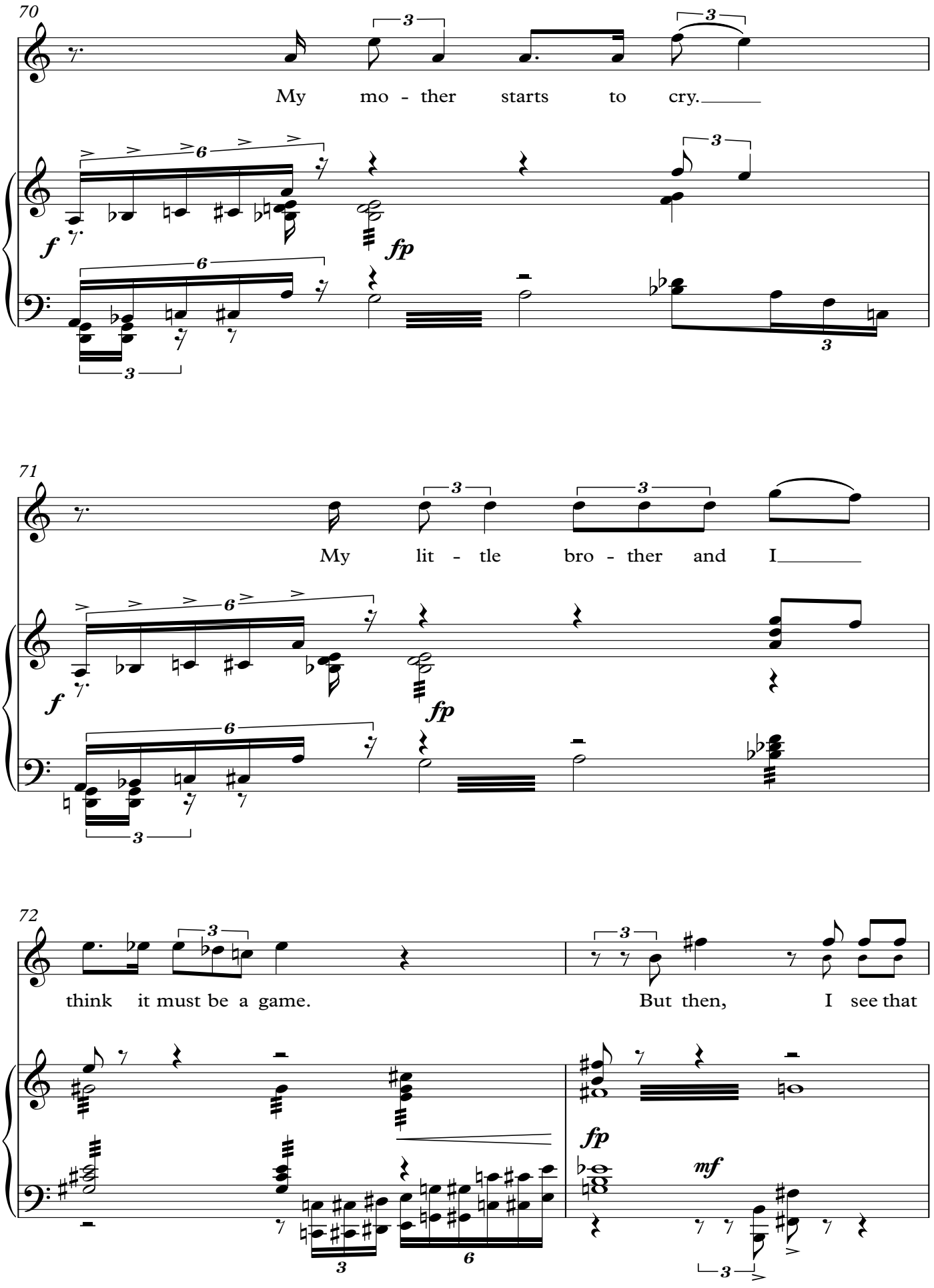

37
rit.
all our lives.
8va
rit.
loco
39
Poco più mosso
Then... at last... the day to cross the bord-er ar - rives...
p
41
Jo - zéf is there with our pa - pers.
p

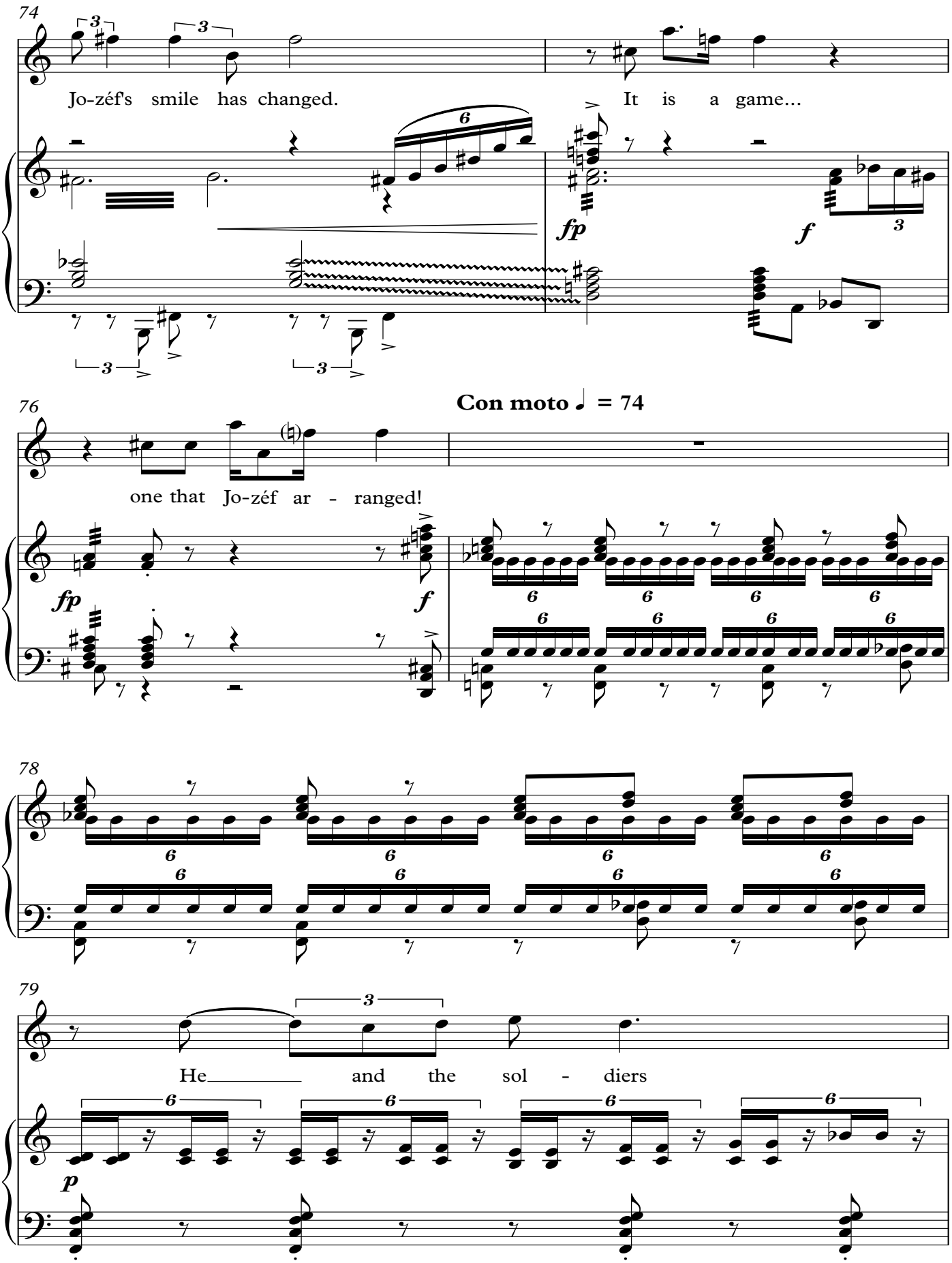

43
Eve-ry-thing per-fect in ord-er.
He will go with us as far as the
mf
p
45
bord-er.
Jo - zéf...
has a
smile
that makes all of us
mp
48
smile.
We go on smil-ing as we start down the road,
p

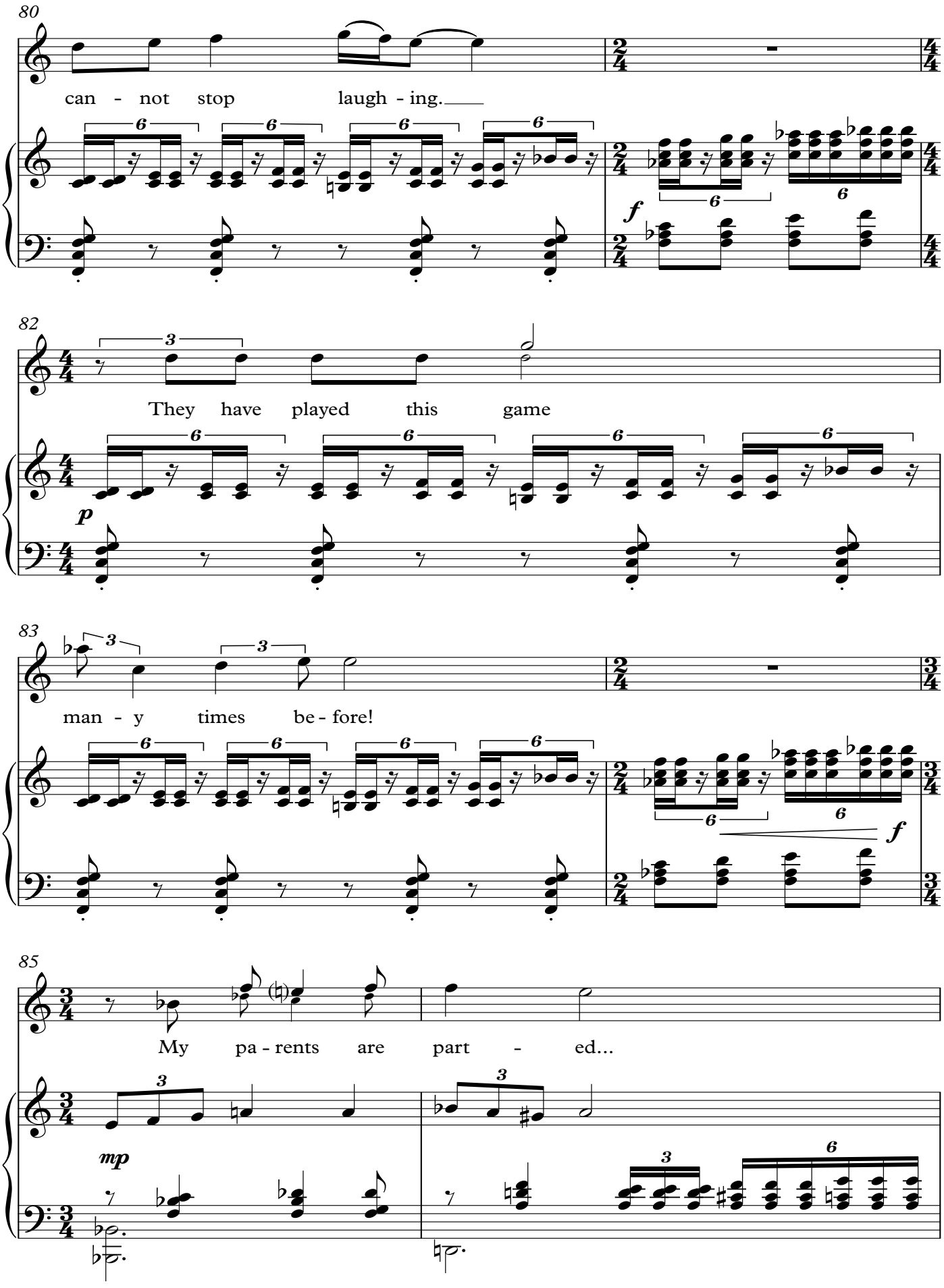

50
each of us car-ry-ing one lit-tle pack.
The past is be hind.
We
53
do not
we do not look back.
mp
55
56
We have not gone far when he signs us to stop.
We do not ask why.
p

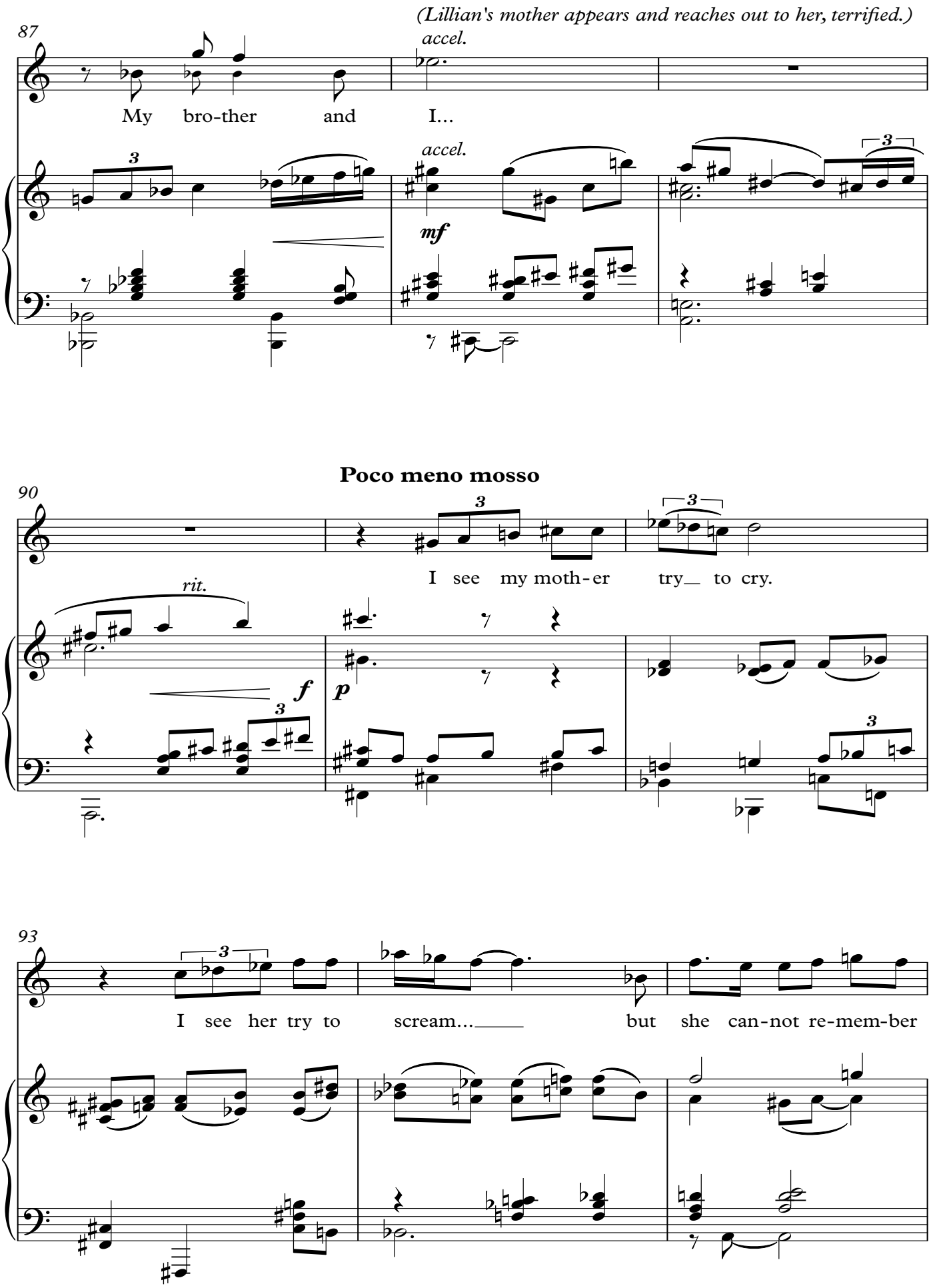

58
My bro-ther has his top, a "per - pet-u al mo-tion" we called it. My
8va
8va
60
mo-ther scolds him: "You must leave that be-hind!"
mf
p
62
Fear can make us fools, fear can make us
f
64
poco accel.
blind...
poco accel.
mp


Poco più mosso ♩ = 72
65
Sud - den - ly we are sur - round - ed by sold - iers.
fp
mf
66
Jo - zéf smiles at them.
They are his friends.
fp
fp
68
They give him mon-ey too.
My fa - ther pulls us close.
fp
f
fp


70
My mo - ther starts to cry.
f
fp
71
My lit - tle bro - ther and I
f
fp
72
think it must be a game.
But then, I see that
fp
mf


74
Jo-zéf's smile has changed.
It is a game...
fp
f
Con moto ♩ = 74
76
one that Jo-zéf ar - ranged!
fp
f
78
79
He and the sol - diers
p


80
can - not stop laugh - ing.
f
82
They have played this game
p
83
man - y times be - fore!
f
85
My pa - rents are part - ed...
mp


(Lillian's mother appears and reaches out to her, terrified.)
87
accel.
My bro-ther and I...
accel.
mf
Poco meno mosso
90
rit.
f
p
I see my moth-er try to cry.
93
I see her try to scream... but she can-not re-mem-ber

(Lillian's father appears from another direction, staring at her, terrified.
A moment later, Petya reappears, holding on tightly to the top, staring at Lillian.)

96

a tempo

how!

poco rit.

I see her,

a tempo

ff

pp

100

Scot - ty, I see my fa - ther... I see my

102

bro - ther... I see they are a -

104

fraid... I see them... I see them now!

(Scotty moves to her and holds her. At the same time, a dark man, Jozéf, appears from within a looming group of soldiers and moves quite near to Lillian, smiling at her. Scotty sees only Lillian)

108

This is the truth. My life is bound to

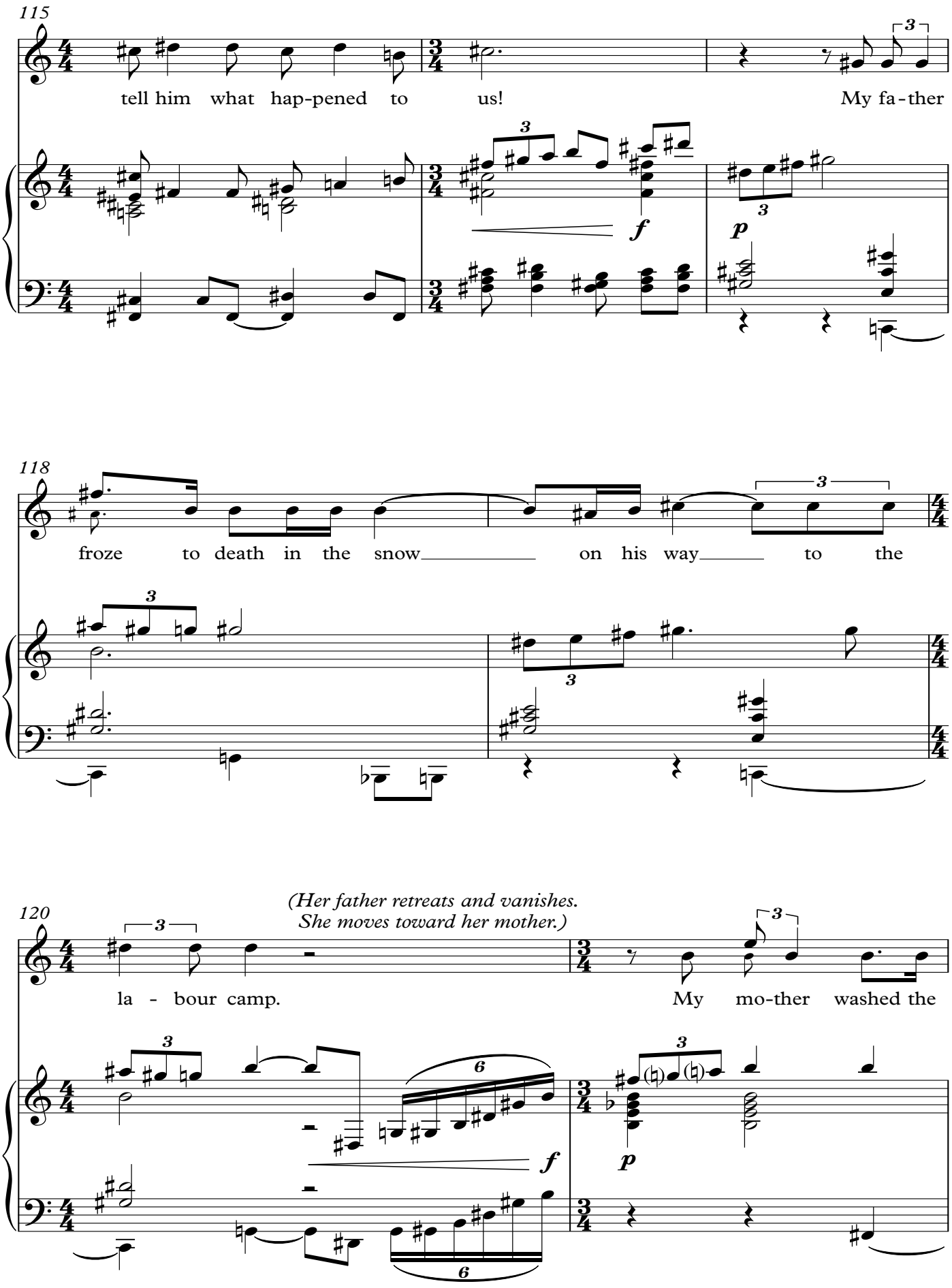
p *mp*

112

his life. When I find him I will

(What will you do if you find him?)

p


115
tell him what hap-pened to us!
My fa-ther
118
froze to death in the snow
on his way
to the
120
(Her father retreats and vanishes.
She moves toward her mother.)
la - bour camp.
My mo-ther washed the

(Her mother retreats and vanishes. Lillian turns toward Petya.)

122

dead in a cho-ler a ward, un-til she be - came one of them.

f

125

My bro-ther went to live with one of the sol - diers... but

p

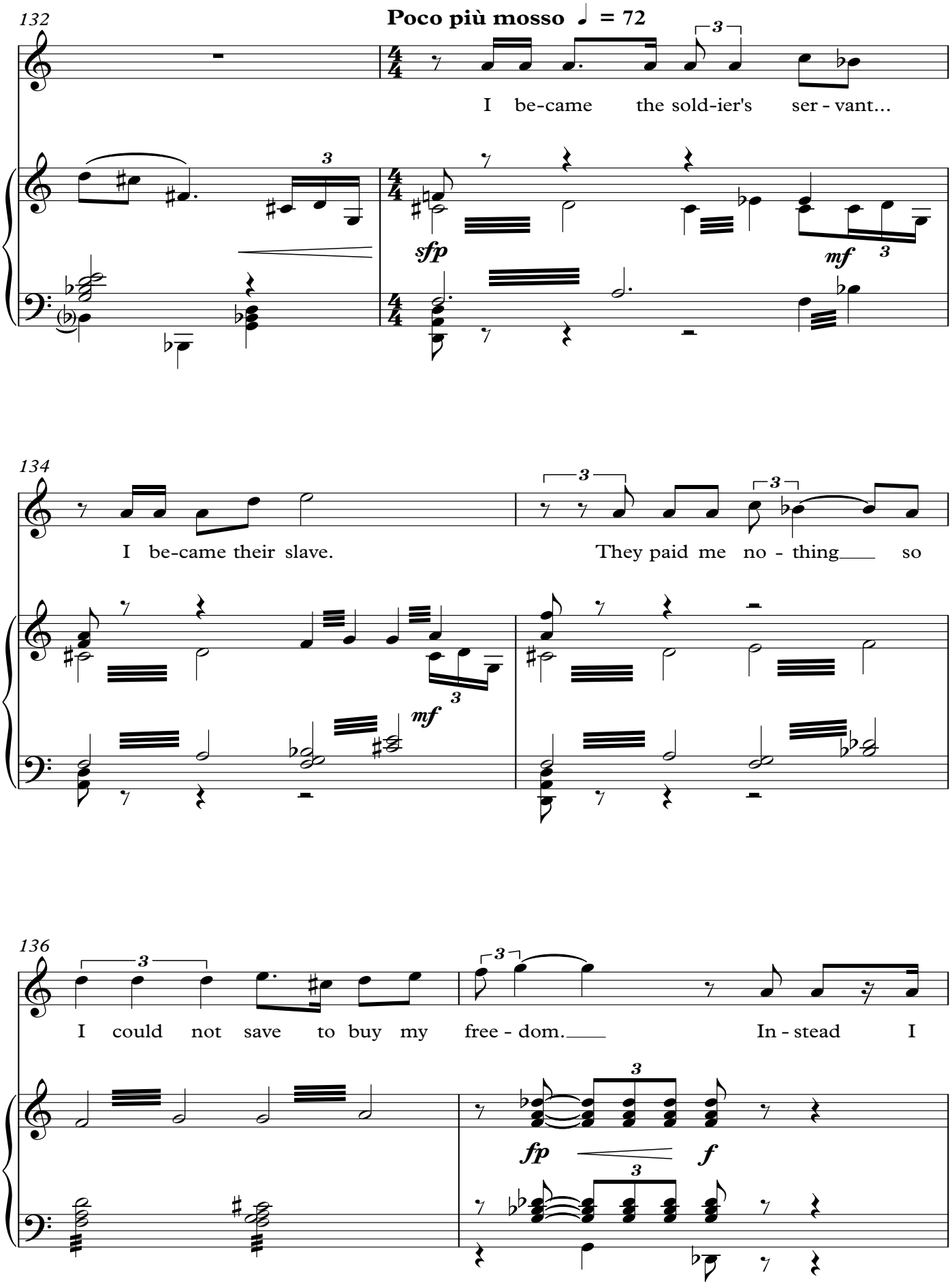
(Petya vanishes. Lillian turns back to Jozéf, who walks slowly past her, smiling, then vanishes with the solidiers.)

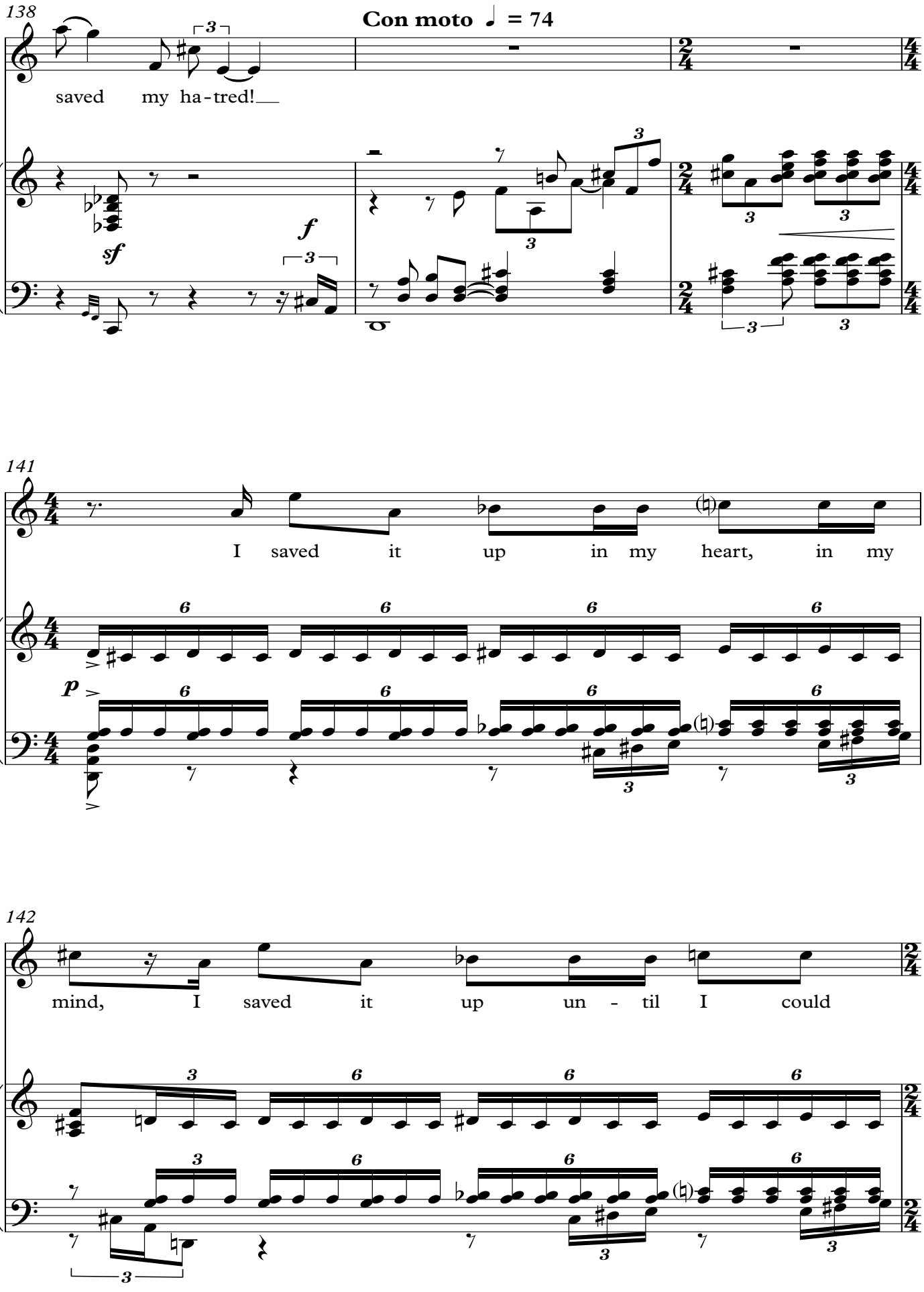
128

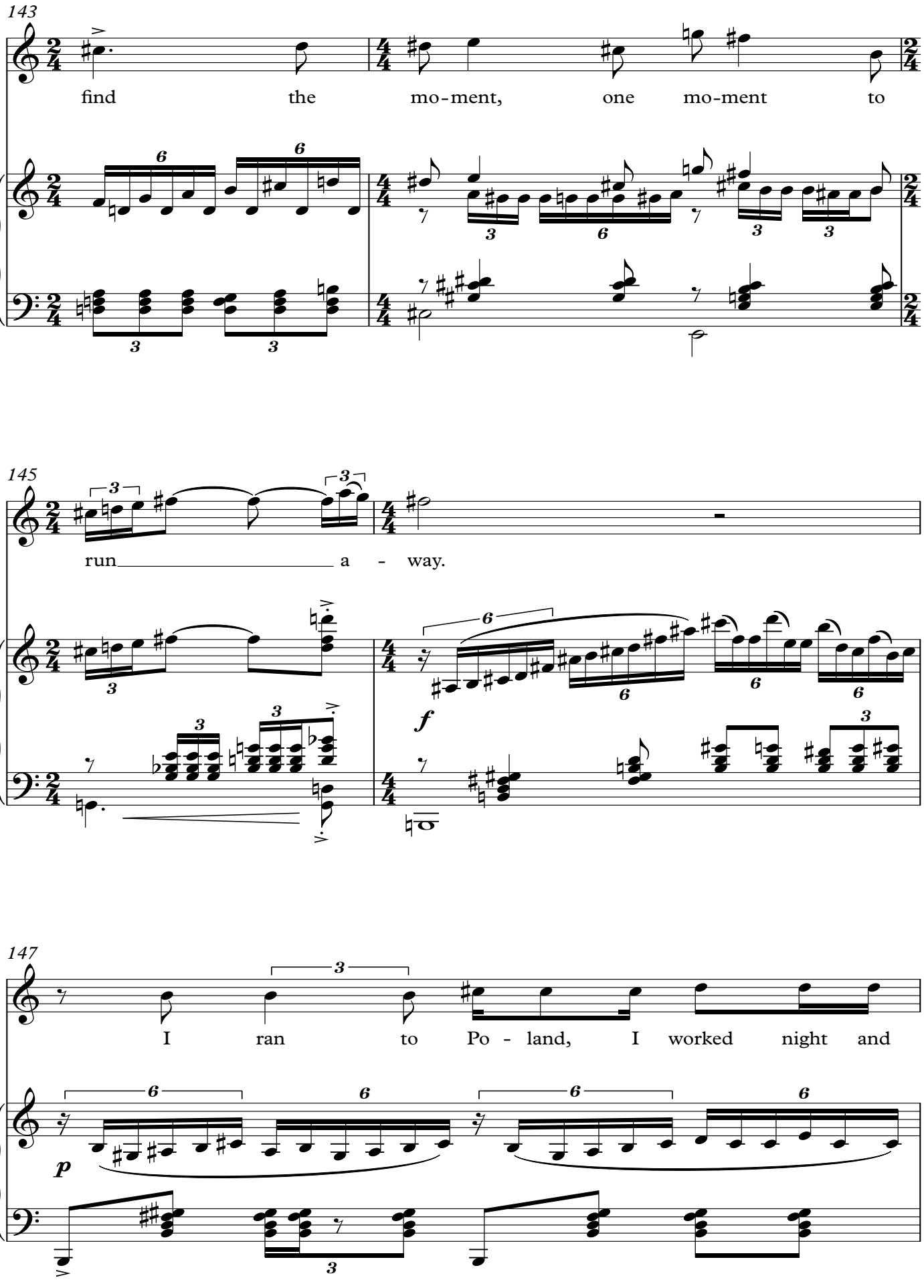
he is not liv-ing an - y - more.

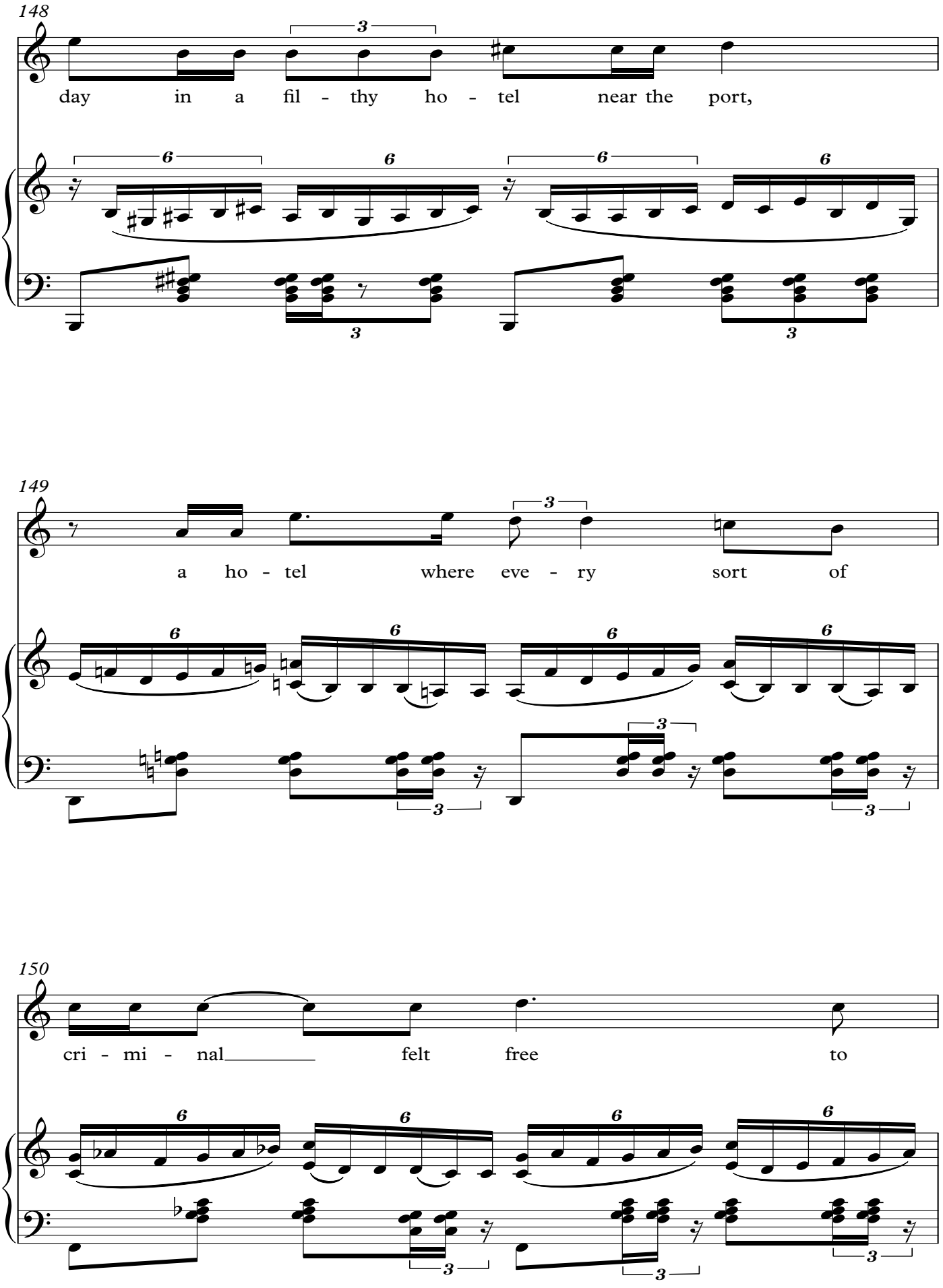
accel.

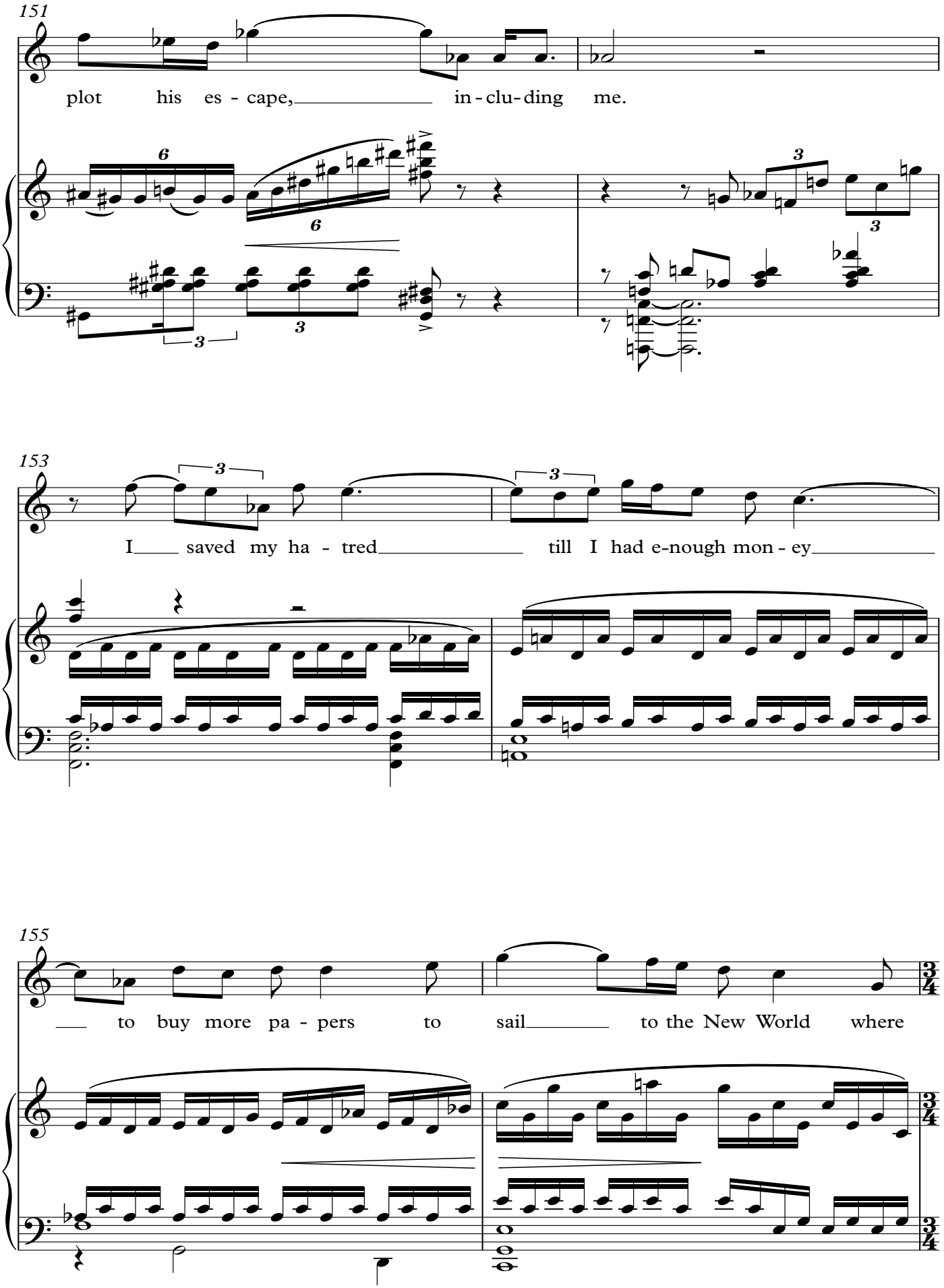
mp *mf*

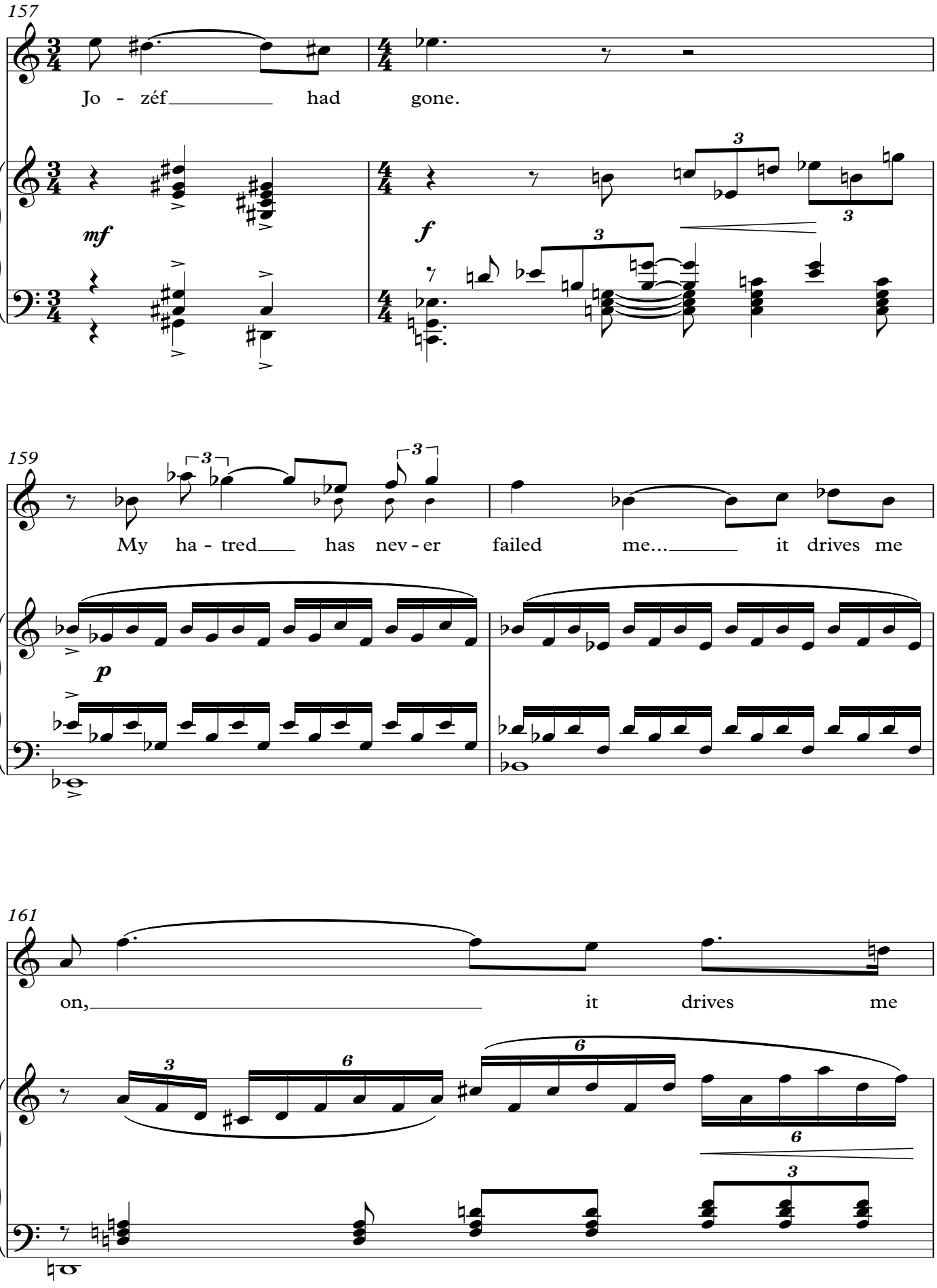

132
Poco più mosso ♩ = 72
I be-came the sold-ier's ser - vant...
sfp
mf
134
I be-came their slave.
They paid me no - thing so
mf
136
I could not save to buy my free - dom.
In - stead I
fp
f


138
Con moto ♩ = 74
saved my ha-tred!
sf
f
141
I saved it up in my heart, in my
p
142
mind, I saved it up un - til I could


143
find the mo-ment, one mo-ment to
145
run a - way.
f
147
I ran to Po - land, I worked night and
p


148
day in a fil - thy ho - tel near the port,
149
a ho - tel where eve - ry sort of
150
cri - mi - nal felt free to


151
plot his es - cape, in - clu - ding me.
153
I saved my ha - tred till I had e-nough mon - ey
155
to buy more pa - pers to sail to the New World where


157
Jo - zéf had gone.
mf
f
159
My ha - tred has nev - er failed me... it drives me
p
161
on, it drives me