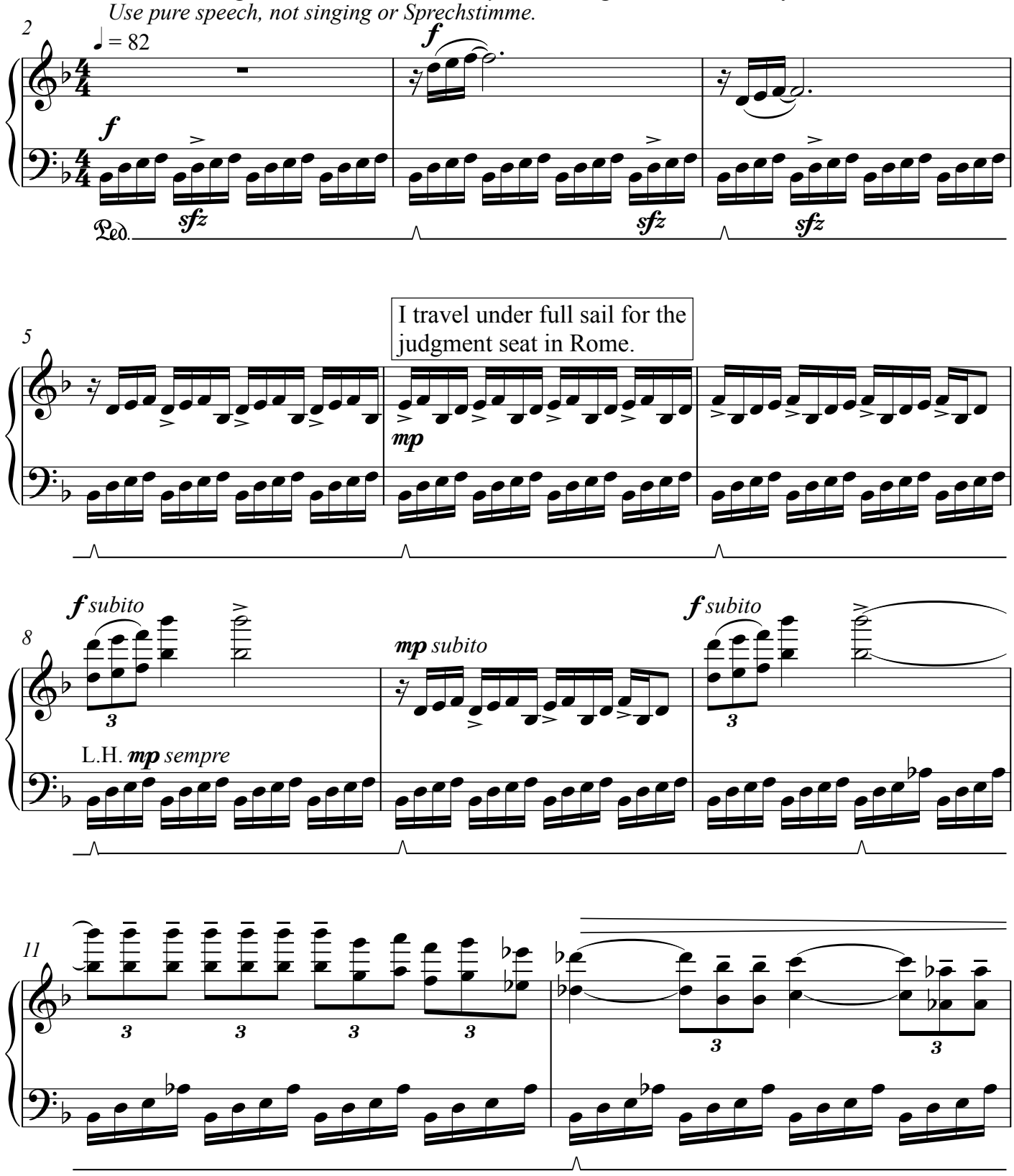
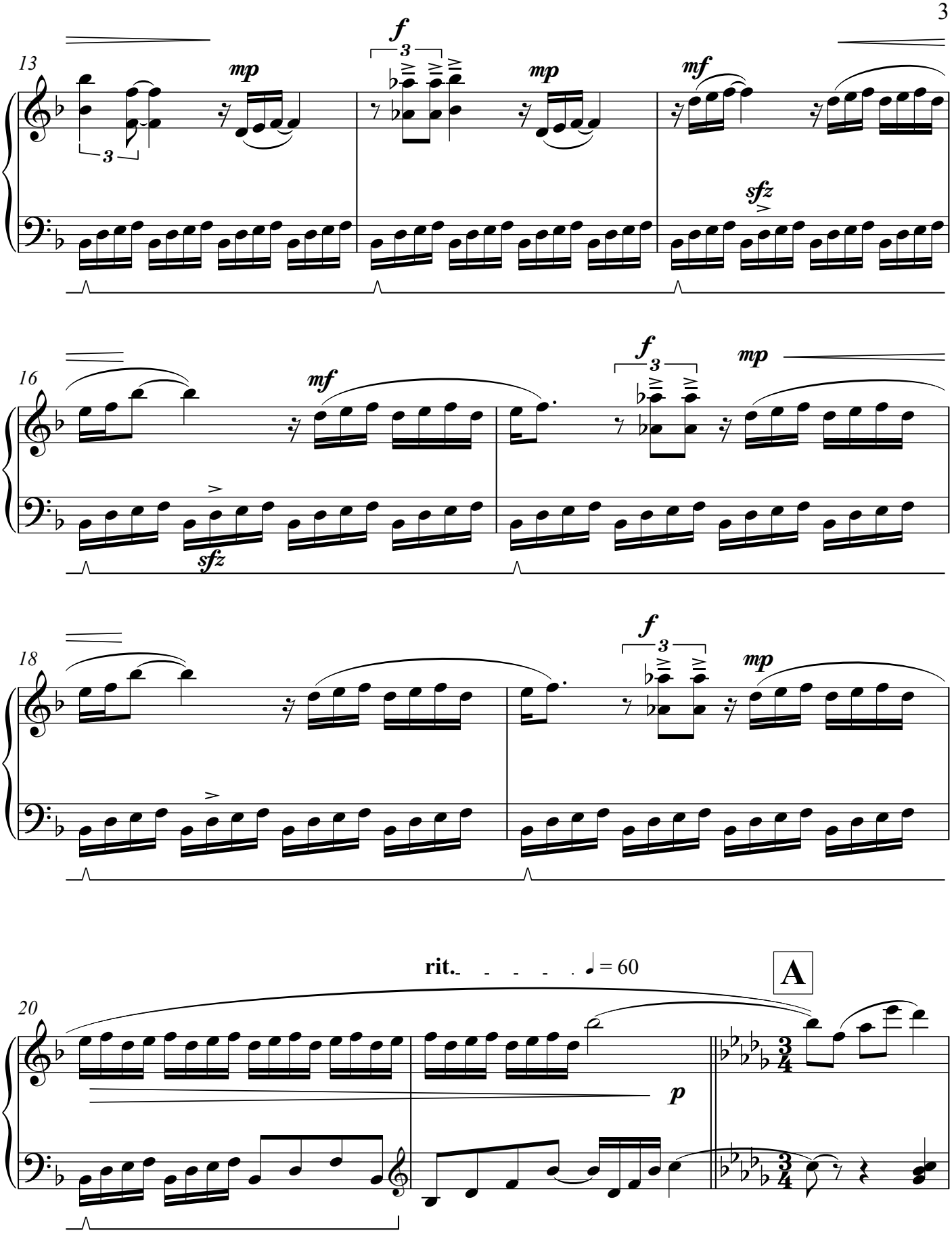
Malta

Text by the composer

Erzählungen beginnen, wo angezeigt hat, aber können länger als die Breite vom Textkasten ausdehnen. Benutzen Sie reine Sprache. Singen Sie nicht und nicht benutzt Sprechstimme.

Narrations begin where indicated, but may extend longer than the width of the text box. Use pure speech, not singing or Sprechstimme.




13
f
3
mp
mp
mf
sfz
16
mf
f
3
mp
sfz
18
f
3
mp
20
rit.
♩ = 60
A
p

We journeyed as far as Fair Havens.
We had lost much time.
The weather was changing.
Cold wind whipped the mast, and
slapped the bow with harsh wet salt.

23

mp

31

mf

38

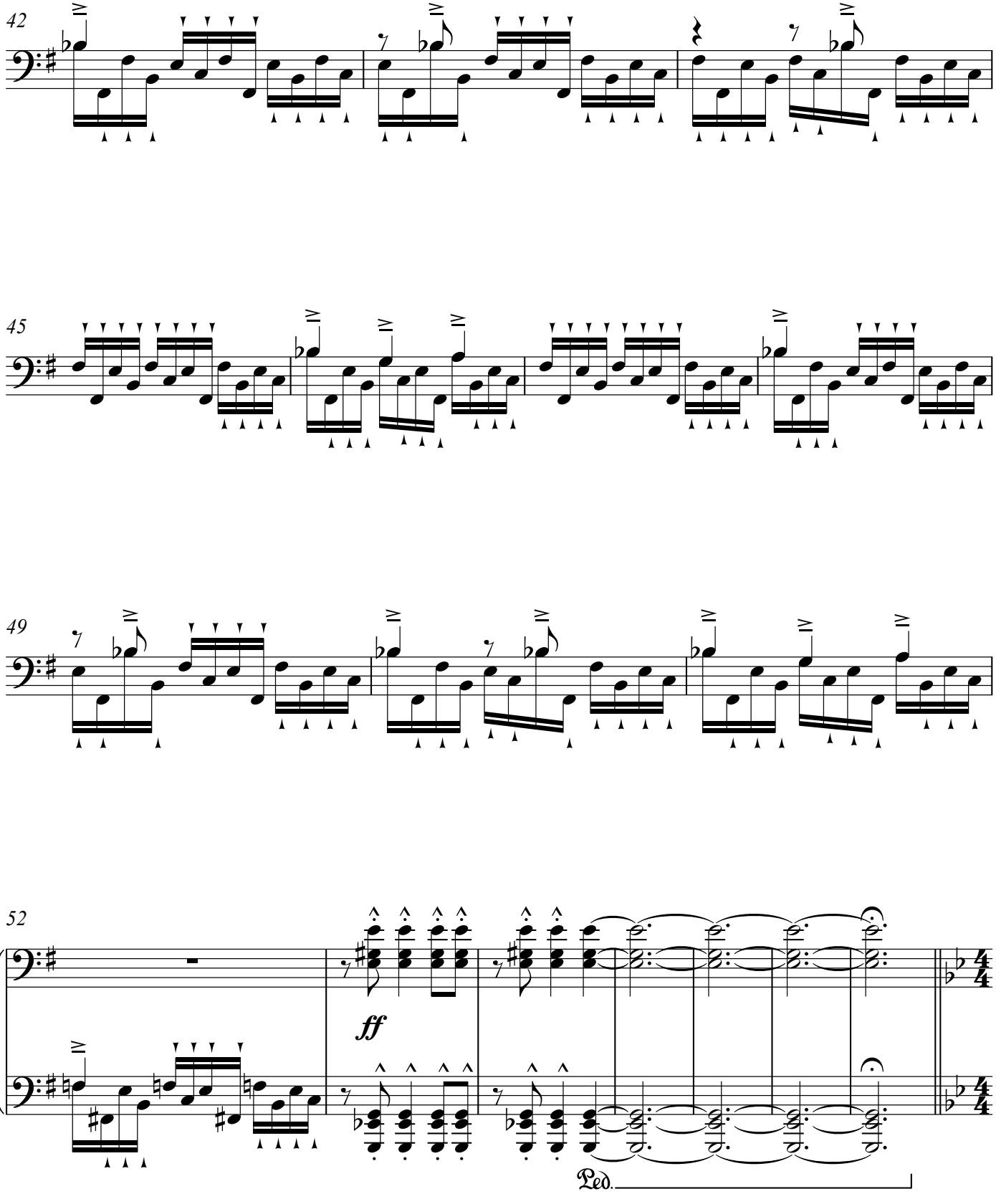
B ♩ = 106 sub.

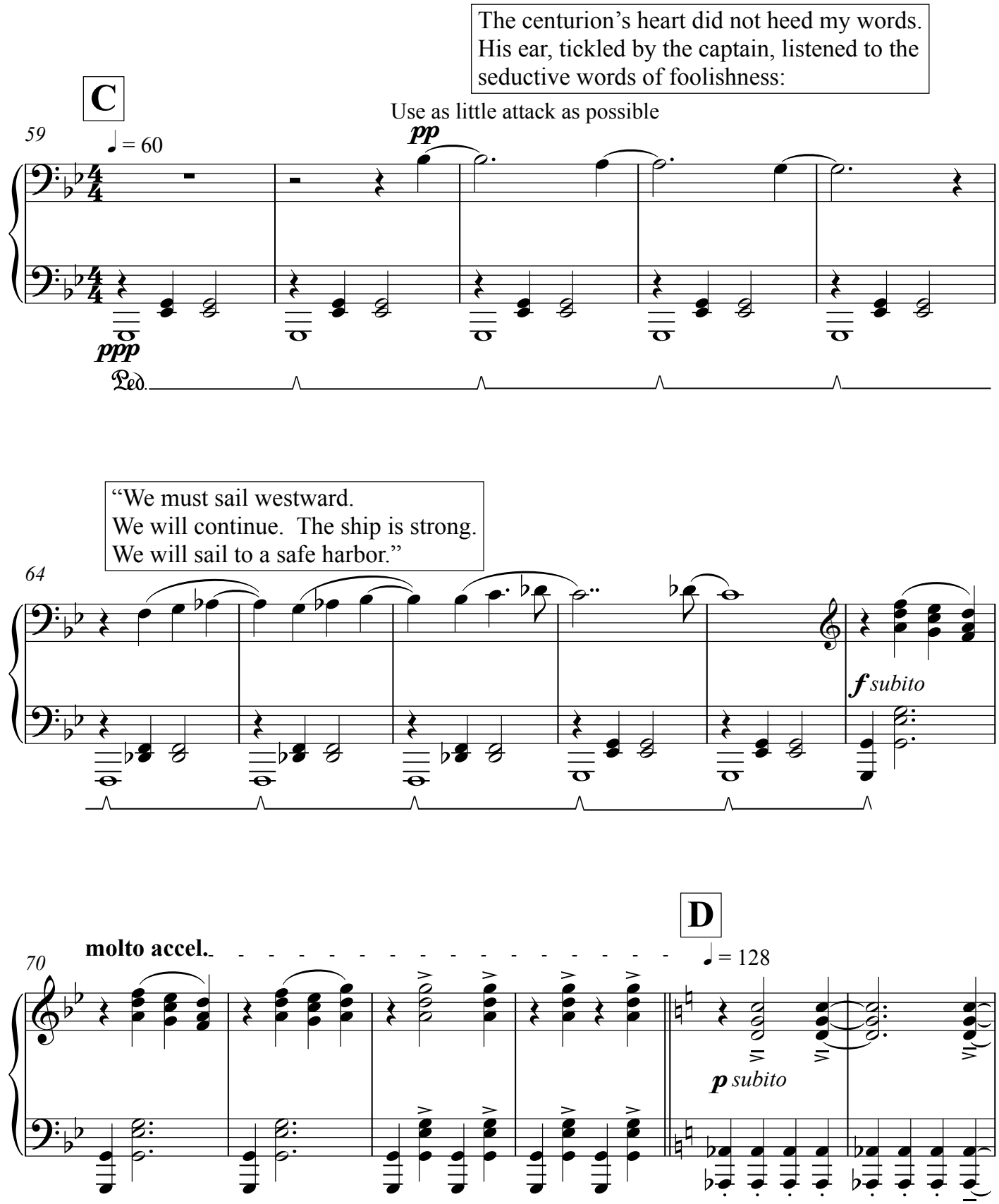
f *subito*

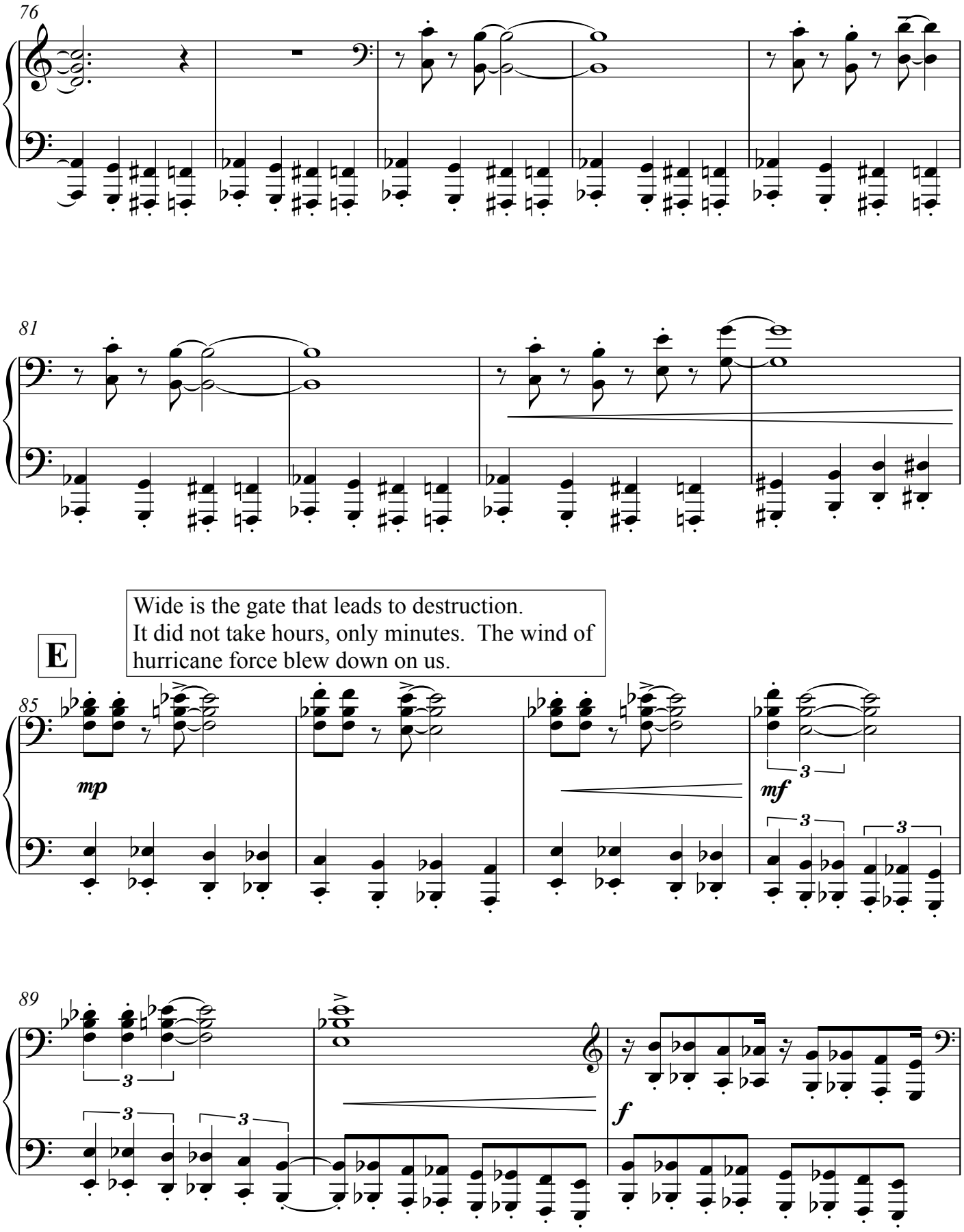
R.H. R.H. *simile*

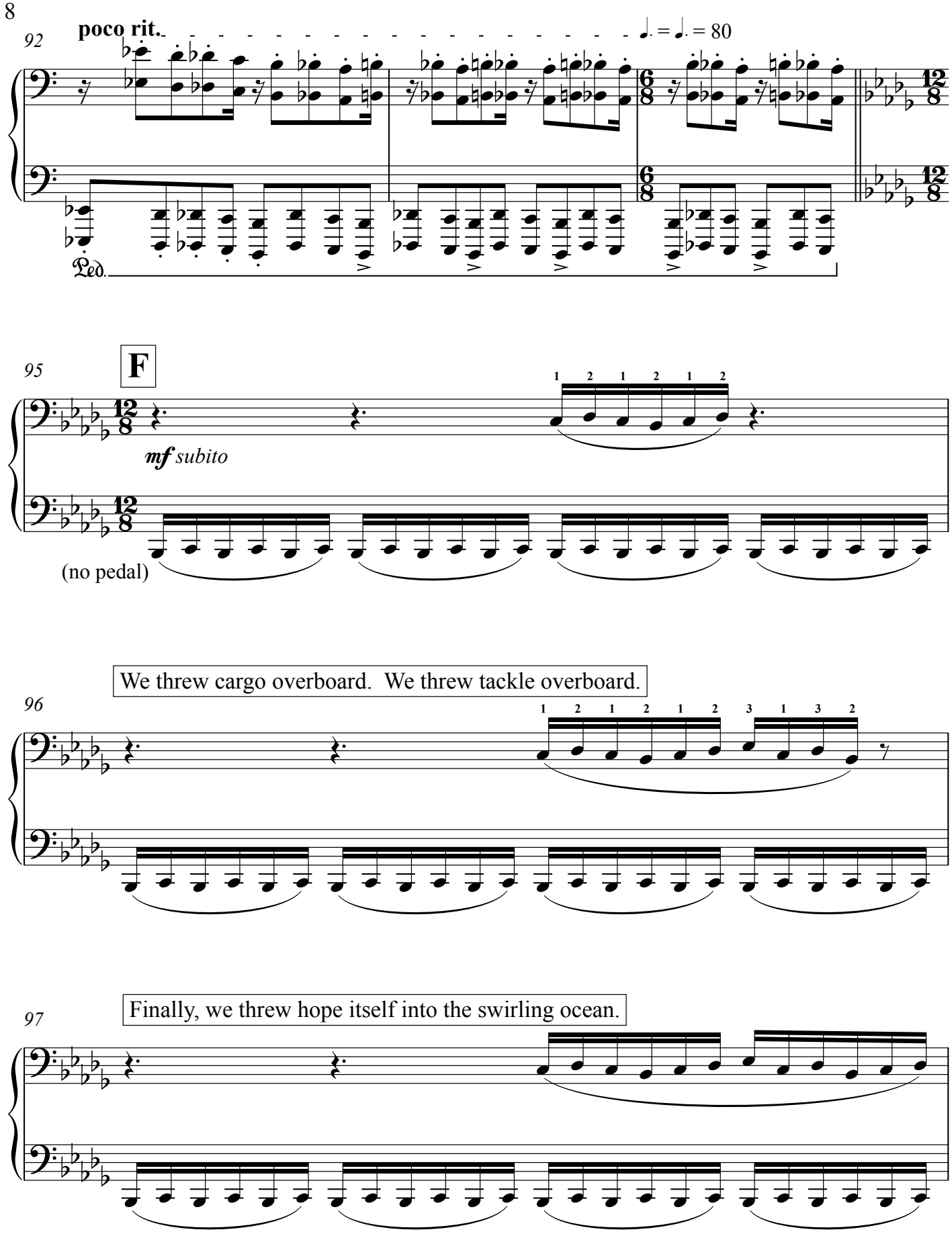
L.H. L.H.

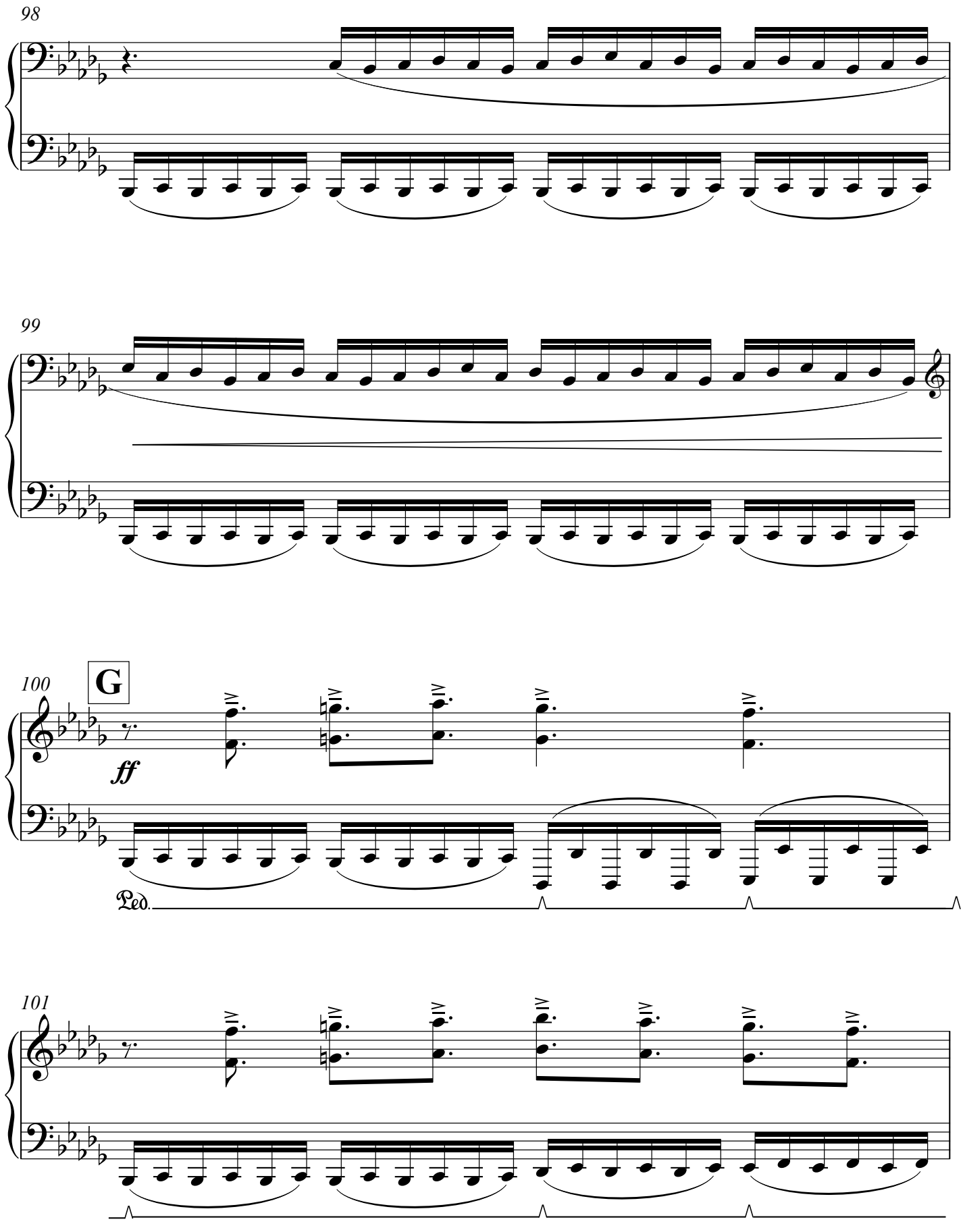
I foresaw dangers the others missed:
Our voyage in disaster - great loss - ship and cargo gone -
and our very lives resting on the mercy of sharks' teeth.

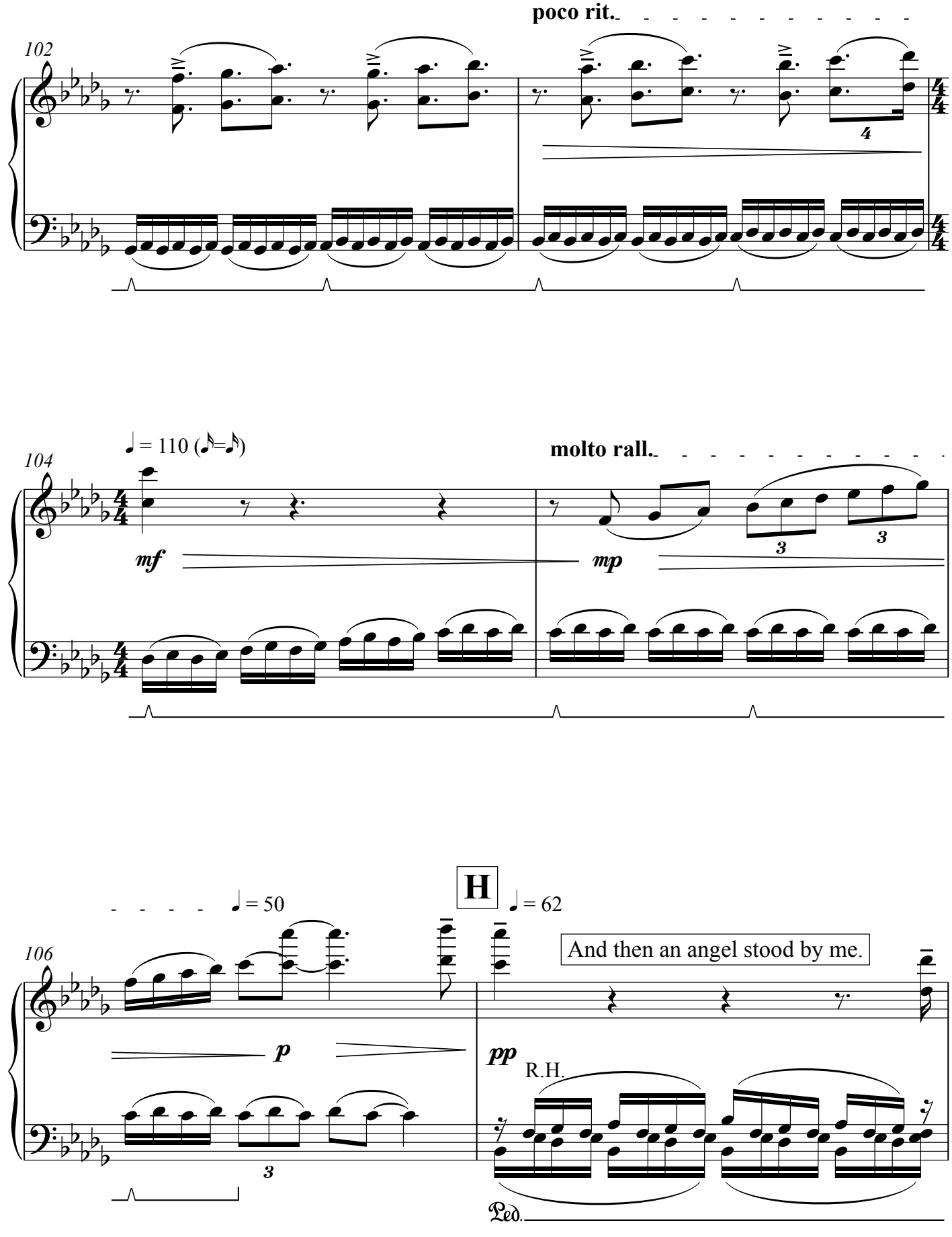


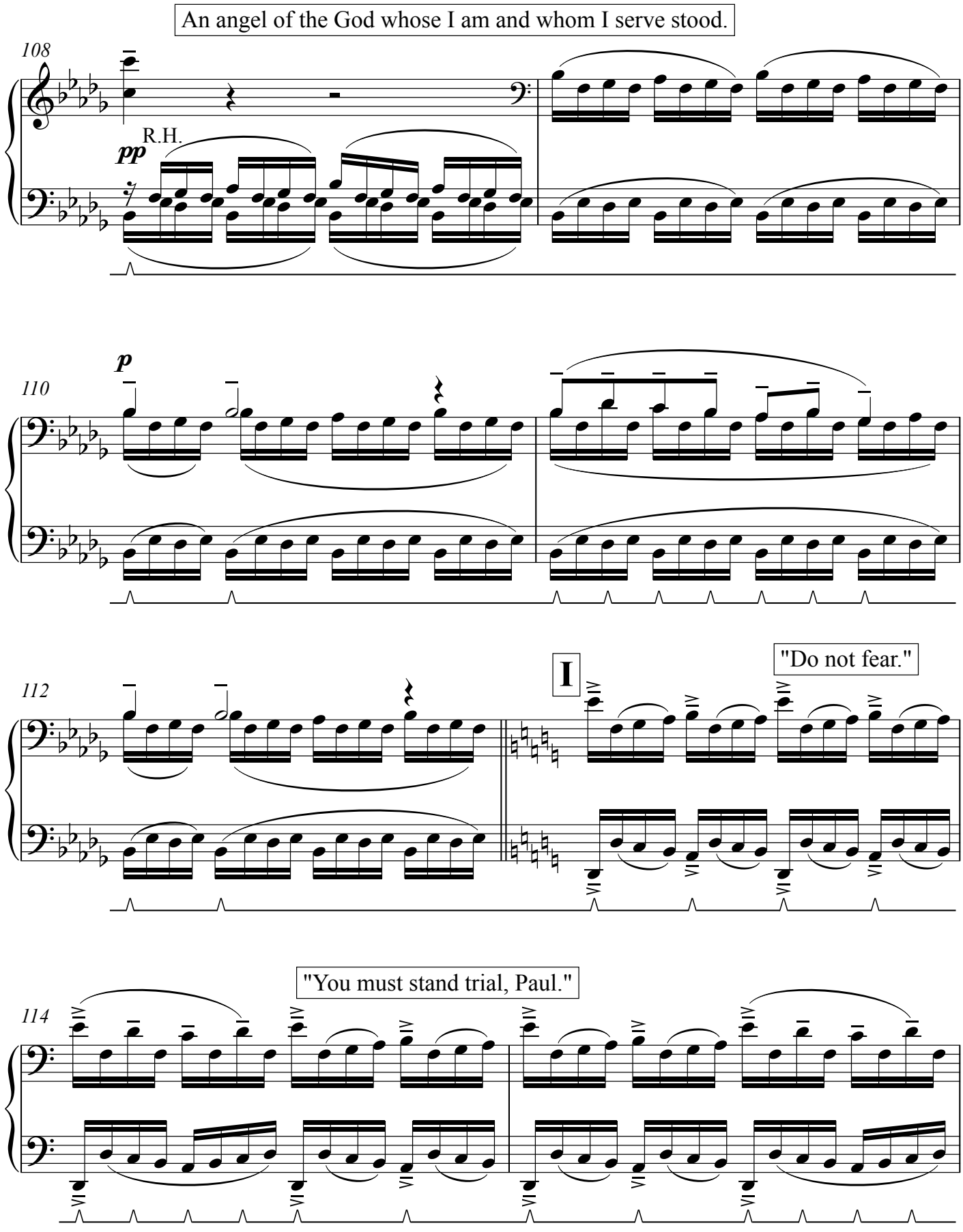

The centurion's heart did not heed my words.
His ear, tickled by the captain, listened to the seductive words of foolishness:
C
59
♩ = 60
Use as little attack as possible
pp
ppp
Ped.
"We must sail westward.
We will continue. The ship is strong.
We will sail to a safe harbor."
64
f subito
D
70
molto accel.
♩ = 128
p subito


76
81
Wide is the gate that leads to destruction.
It did not take hours, only minutes. The wind of hurricane force blew down on us.
E
85
mp
mf
89
f

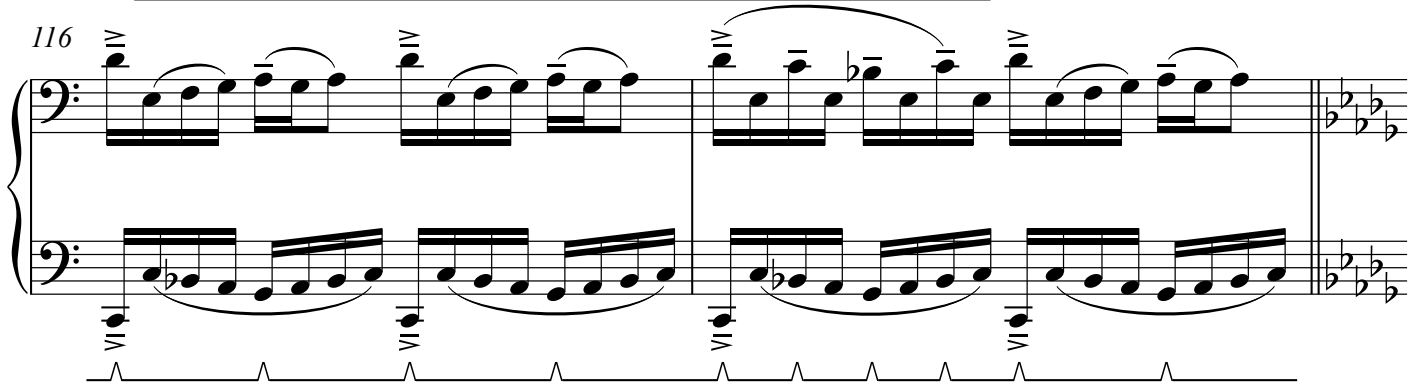

92
poco rit.
♩. = ♩. = 80
Ped.
95
F
mf subito
(no pedal)
We threw cargo overboard. We threw tackle overboard.
96
Finally, we threw hope itself into the swirling ocean.
97


98
99
100
G
ff
Ped.
101

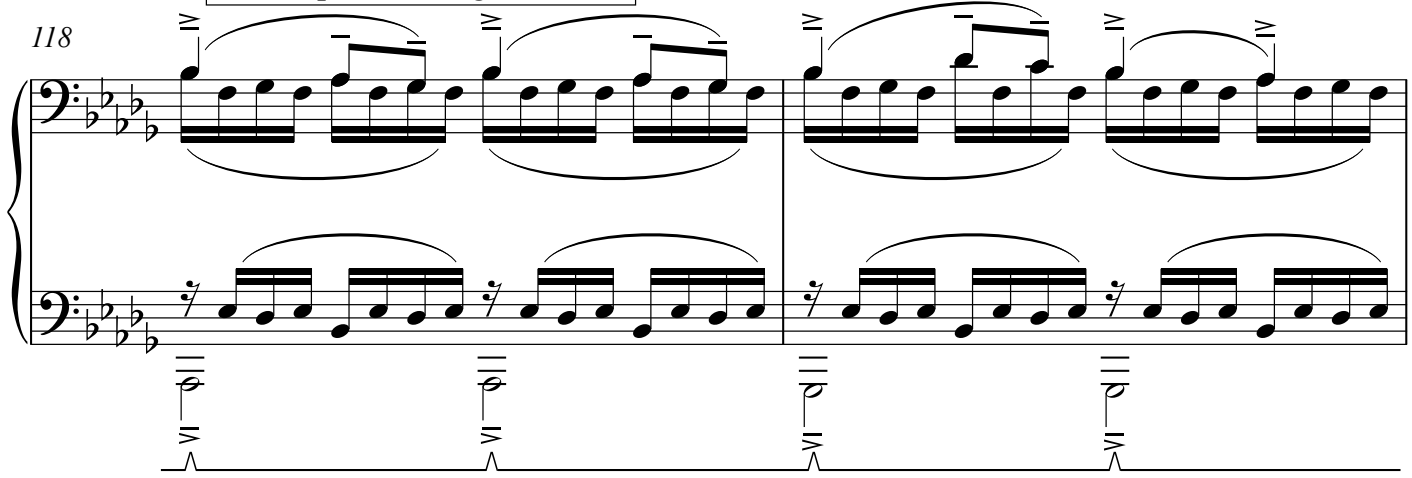

poco rit.
102
♩ = 110 (♪=♪)
molto rall.
104
mf
mp
♩ = 50
H
♩ = 62
106
And then an angel stood by me.
p
pp
R.H.
Ped.

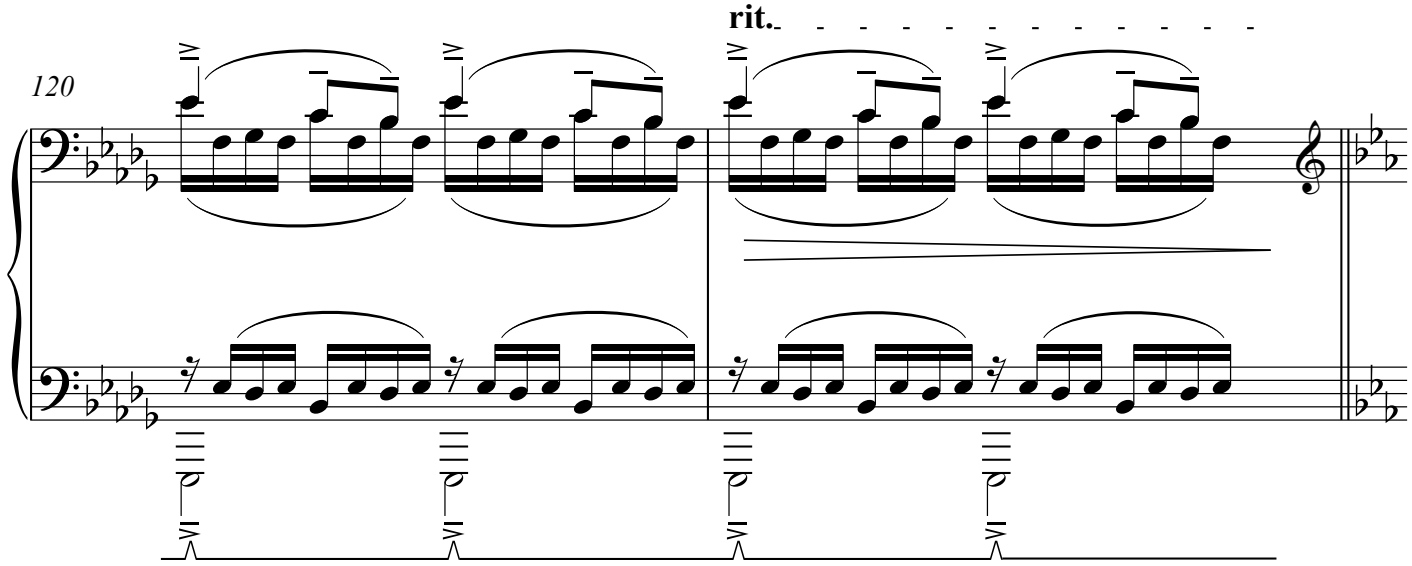

An angel of the God whose I am and whom I serve stood.
108
R.H.
pp
110
p
112
I
"Do not fear."
"You must stand trial, Paul."
114

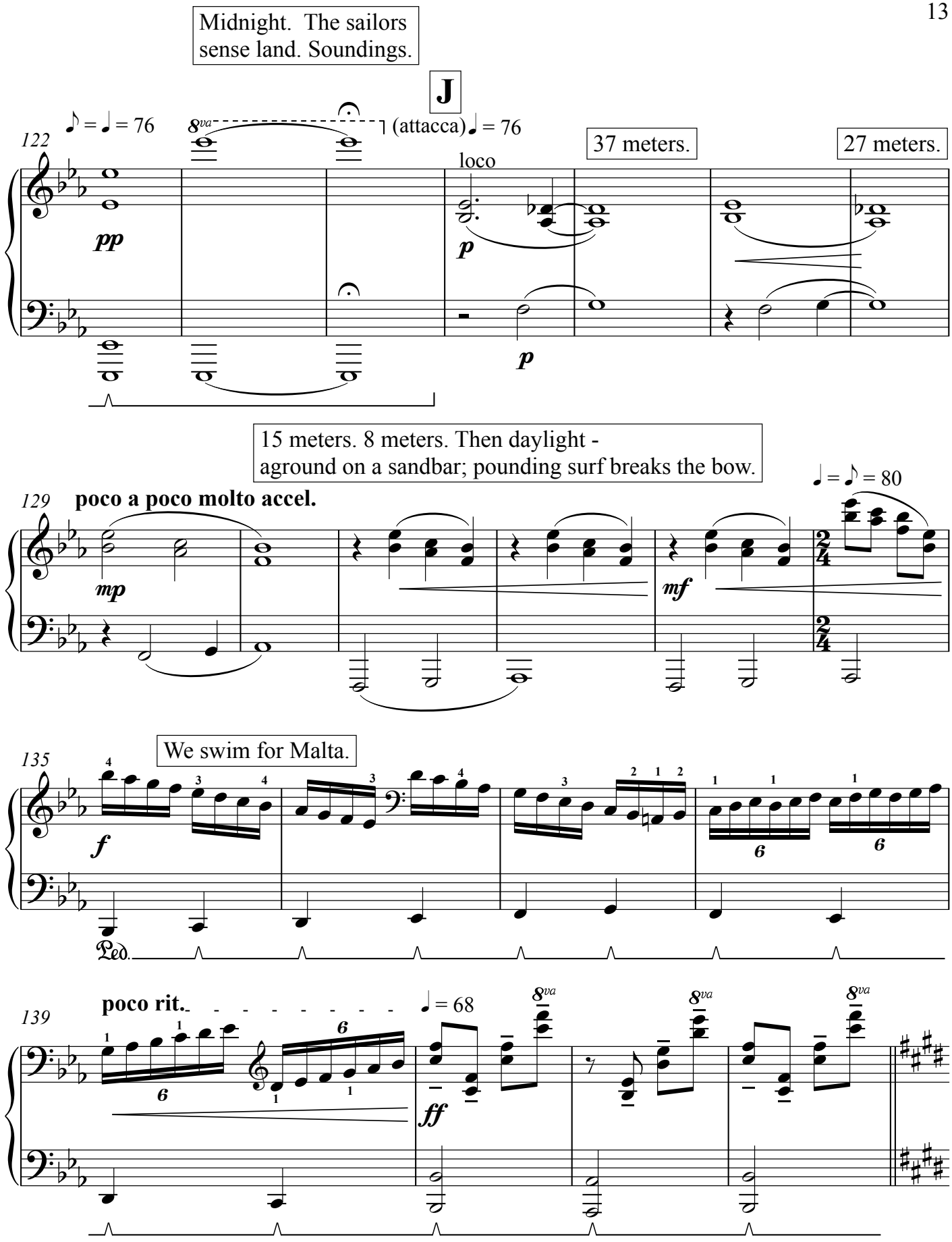
"God graciously gives you the lives of the men on the ship."

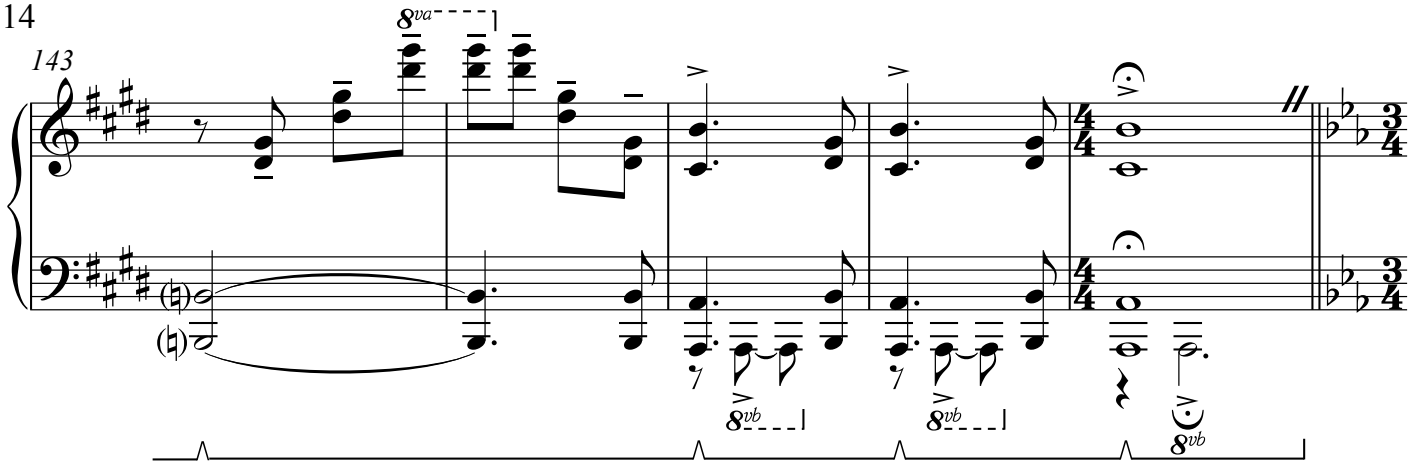


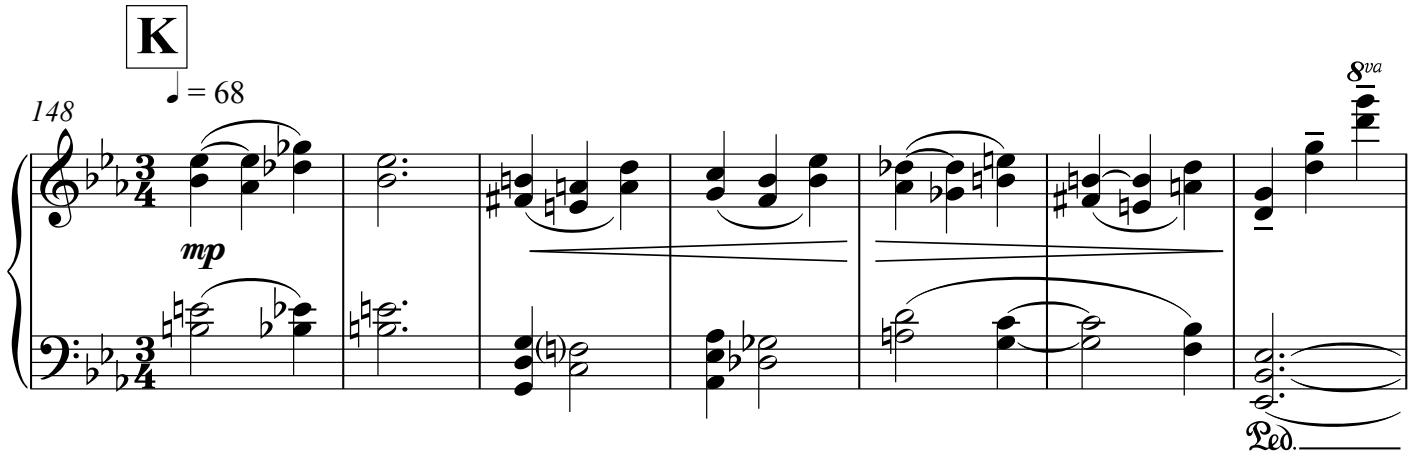
And I spoke courage to them.



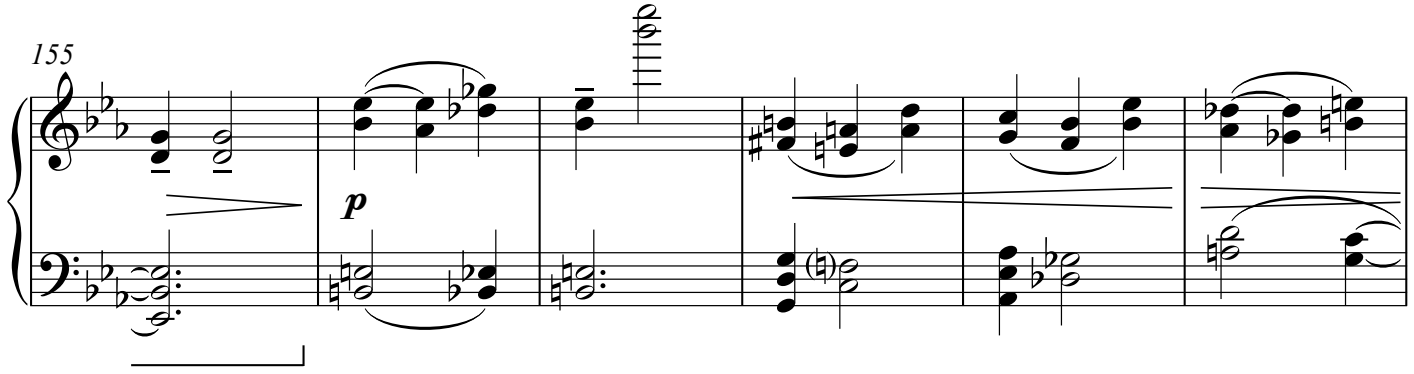



Midnight. The sailors sense land. Soundings.
J
122
♪ = ♩ = 76
8va
(attacca) ♩ = 76
37 meters.
27 meters.
loco
pp
p
p
15 meters. 8 meters. Then daylight - aground on a sandbar; pounding surf breaks the bow.
129
poco a poco molto accel.
♩ = ♪ = 80
mp
mf
135
We swim for Malta.
f
Ped.
139
poco rit.
♩ = 68
ff
8va

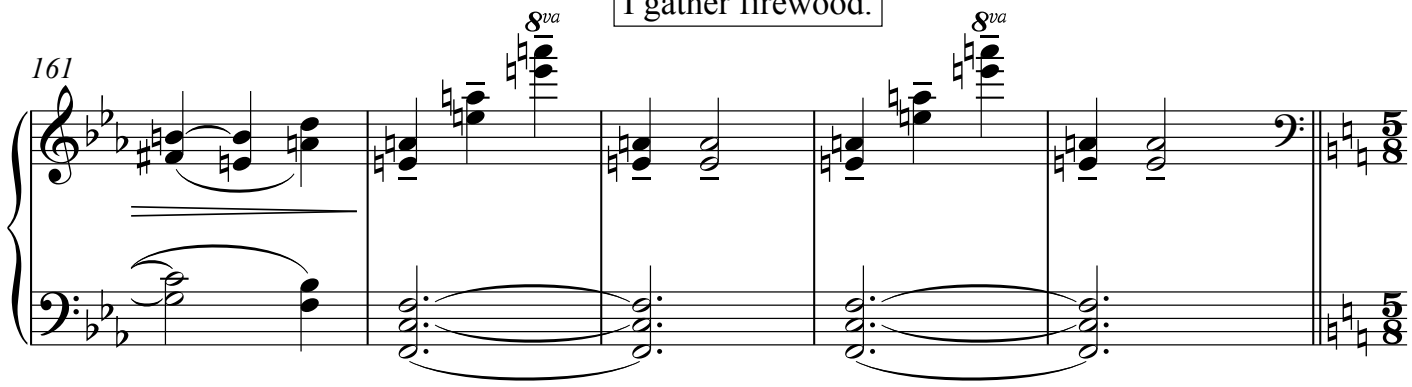




The islanders cook us fish and bring fresh bread. A fire and food at last!

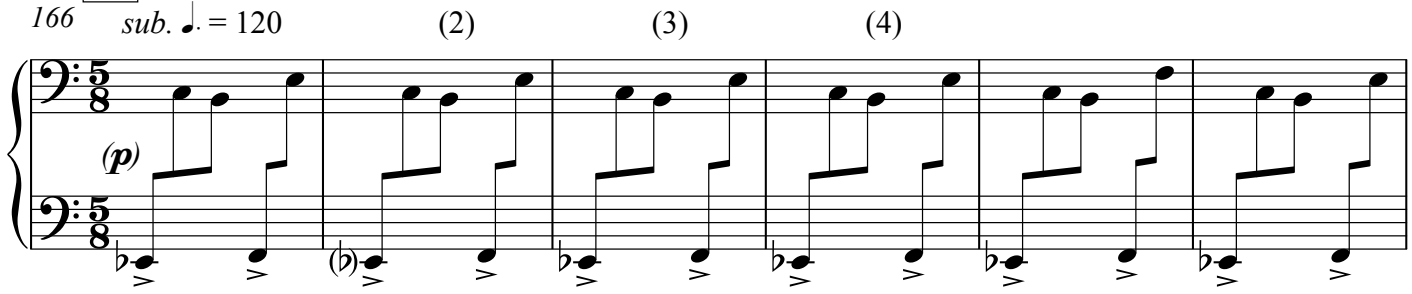


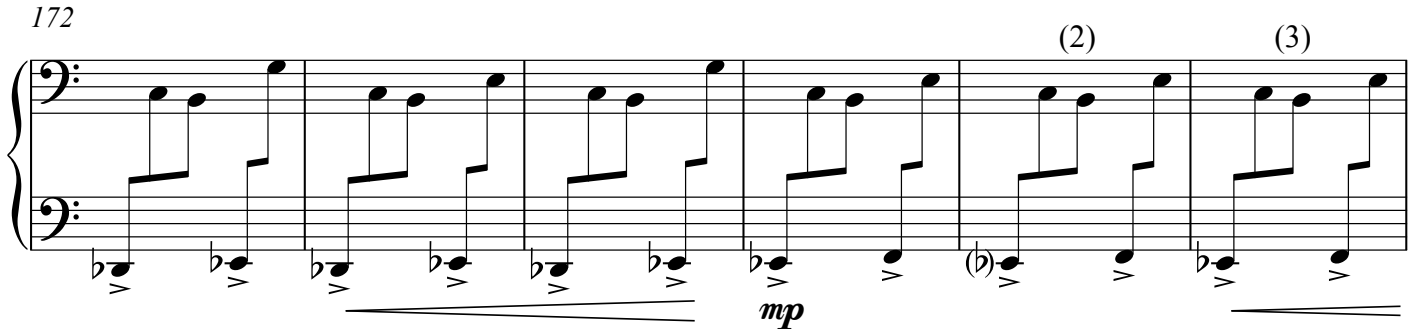
I gather firewood.

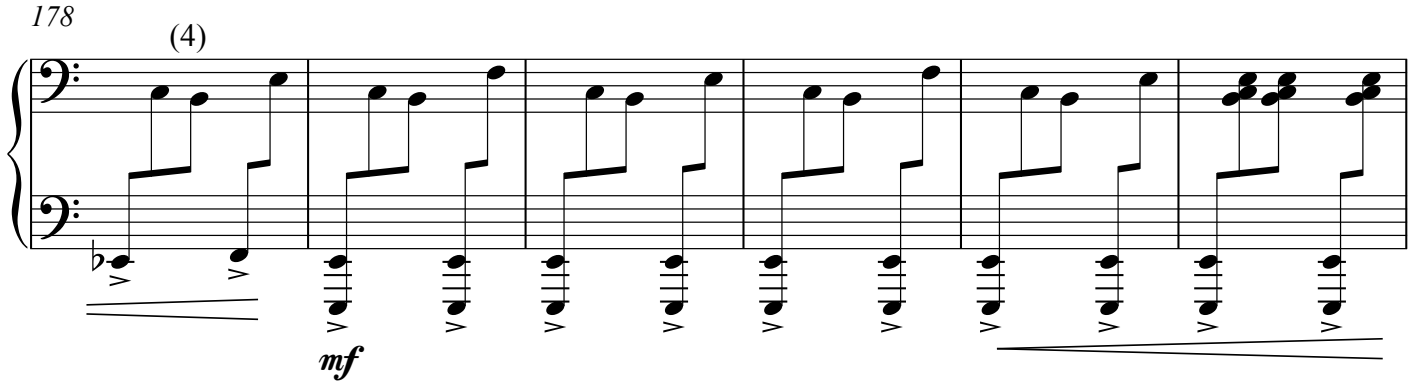


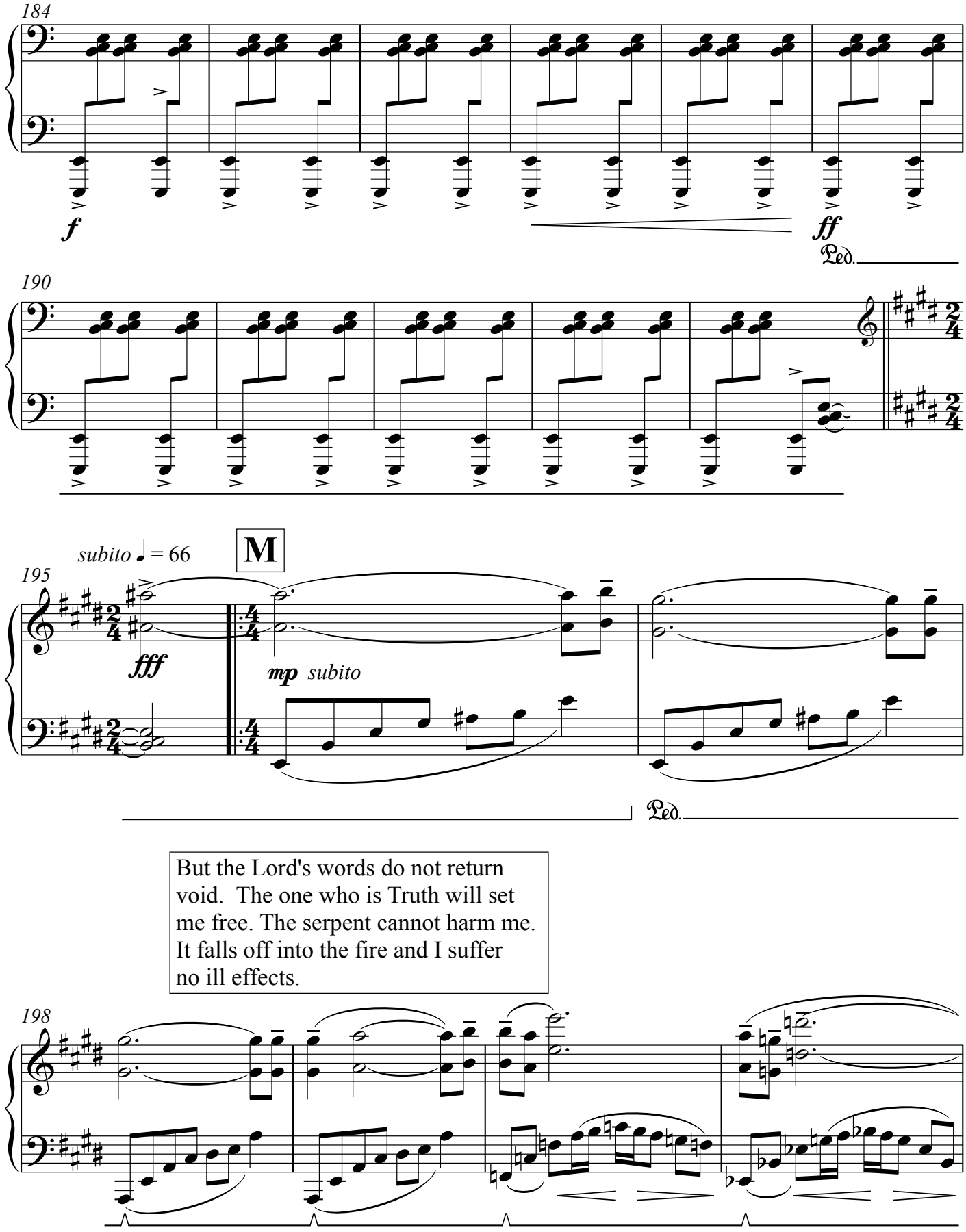
A serpent in the branches, driven by the heat of the flames, sinks fangs into my arm. I feel the poison. I feel the pain of death in my flesh.

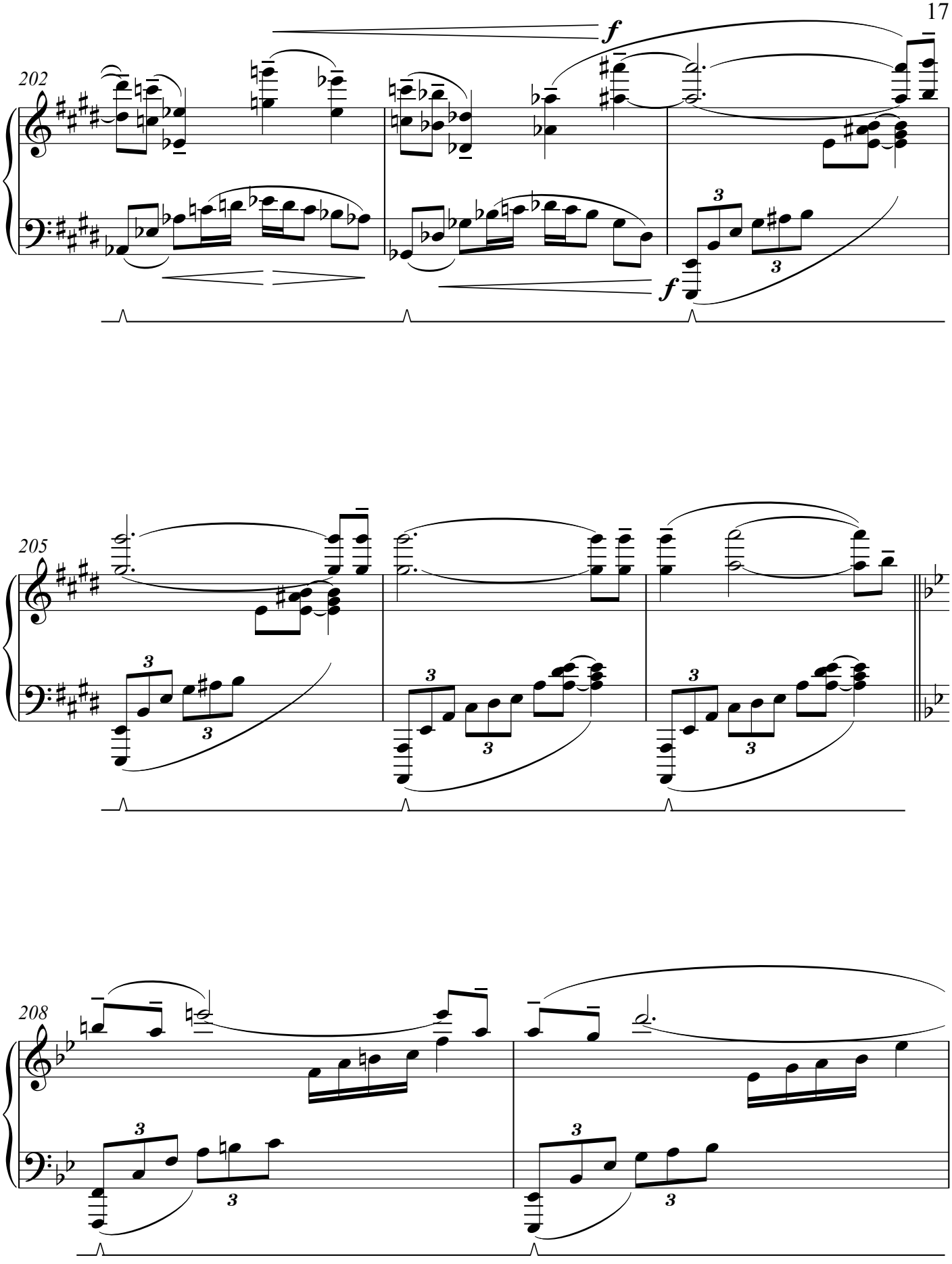
L



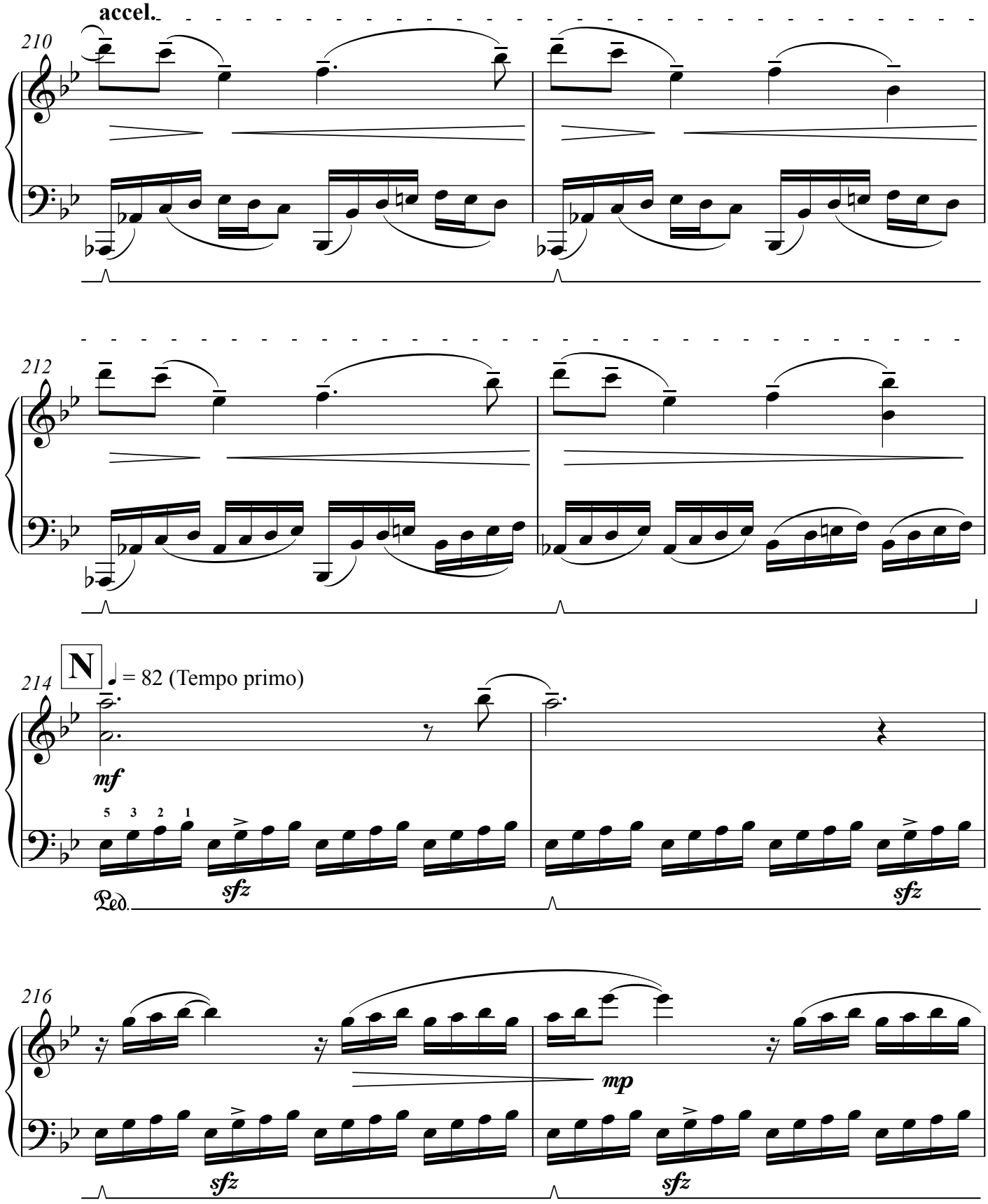


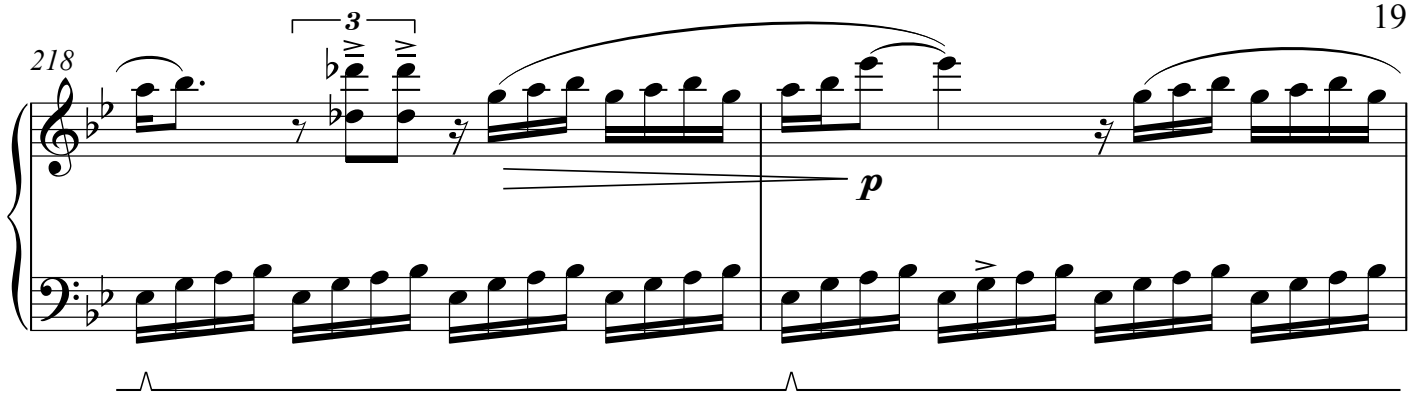


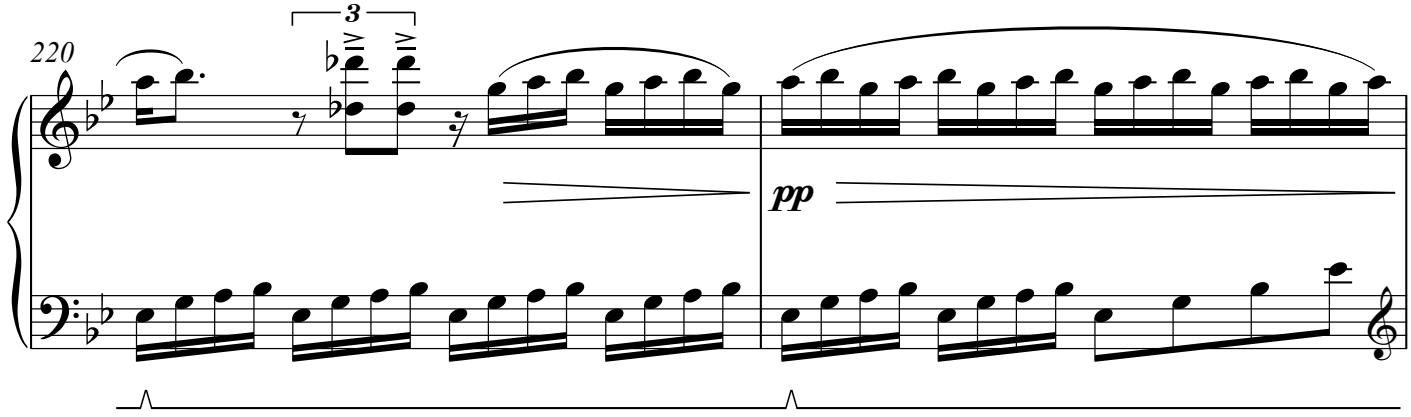

184
f
ff
Ped.
190
subito ♩ = 66
M
195
fff
mp subito
Ped.
But the Lord's words do not return void. The one who is Truth will set me free. The serpent cannot harm me. It falls off into the fire and I suffer no ill effects.
198

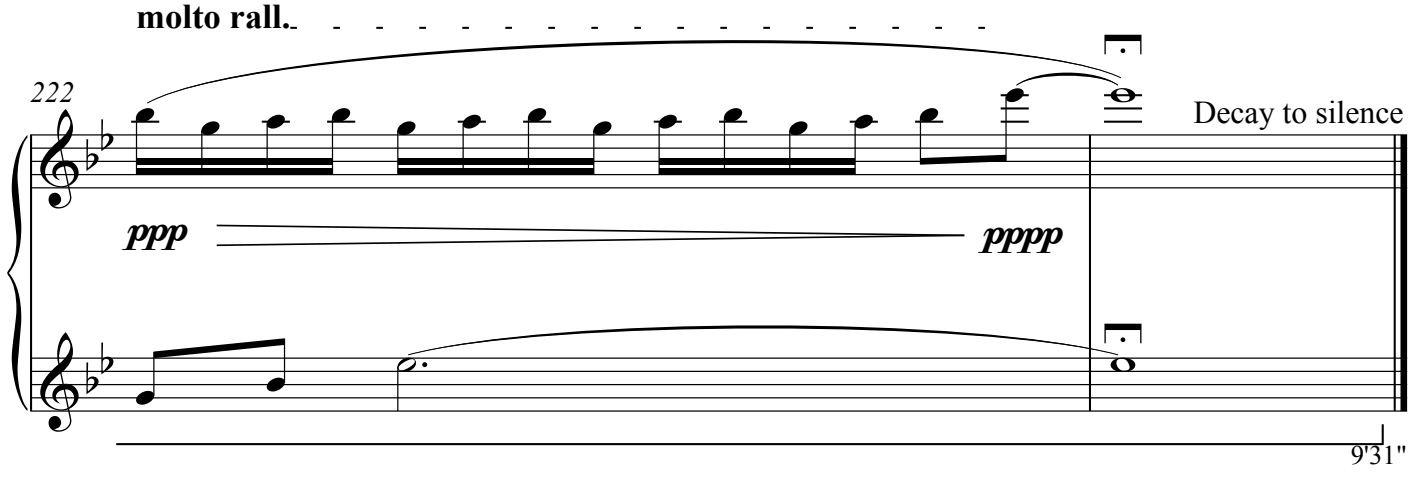

202
f
f
3
3
205
3
3
3
3
3
3
208
3
3
3
3

I sail for judgment in Rome. God is my savior and defender.




218
3
p


220
3
pp


molto rall.
222
Decay to silence
ppp
pppp
9'31"