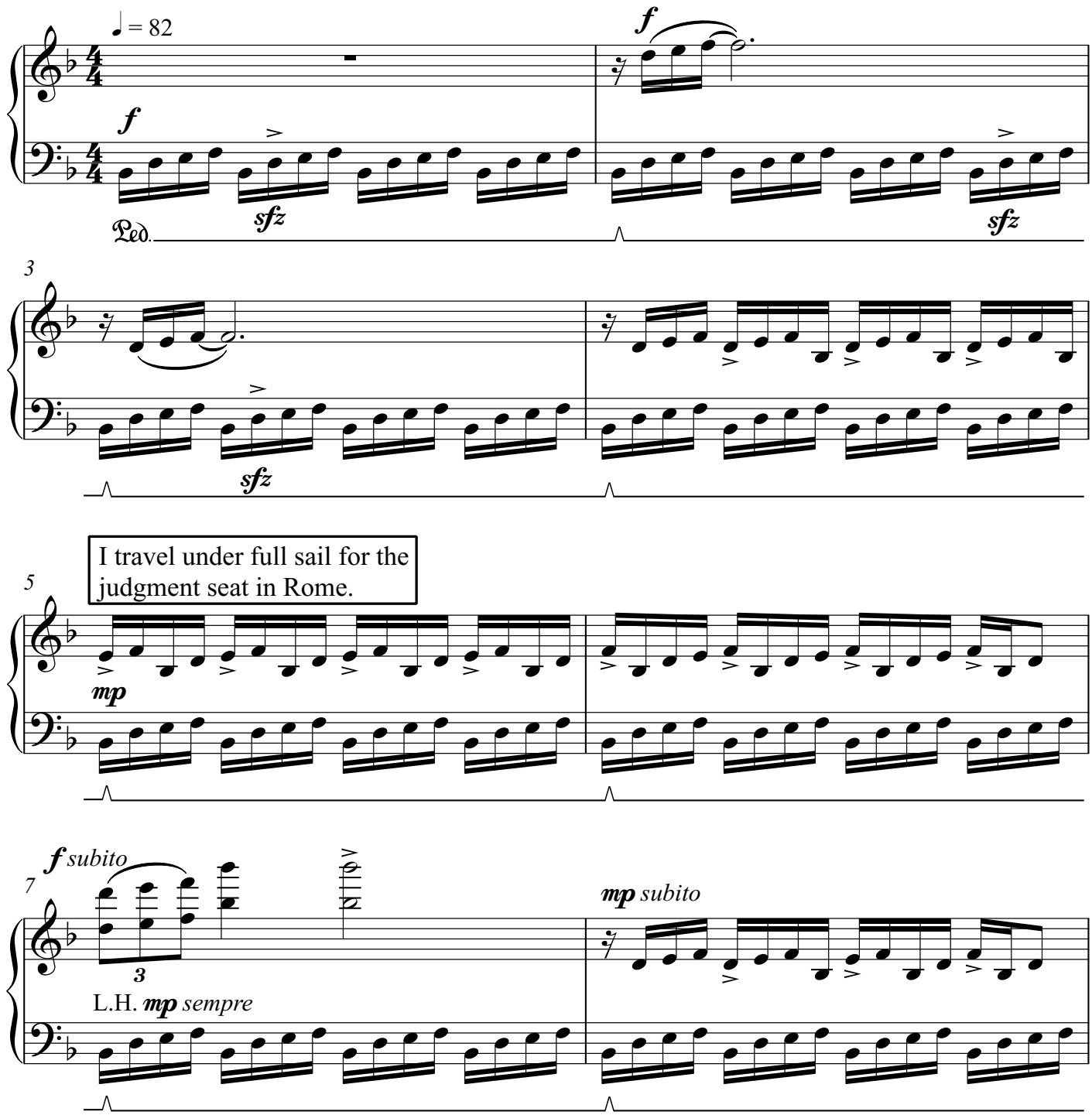
Malta

For solo piano and optional narrator

Text and music by Mark Feezell / DrFeezell.com

Narrations are entirely optional. The piece can be performed 3 ways: (1) for solo piano, with a program note that it describes the story of Paul's shipwreck on Malta, or (2) with the full text projected during the performance or printed in a program, or (3) with a narrator speaking on stage. Narrations, if used, begin where indicated, but may extend longer than the width of the text box. Use pure speech, not singing or Sprechstimme.



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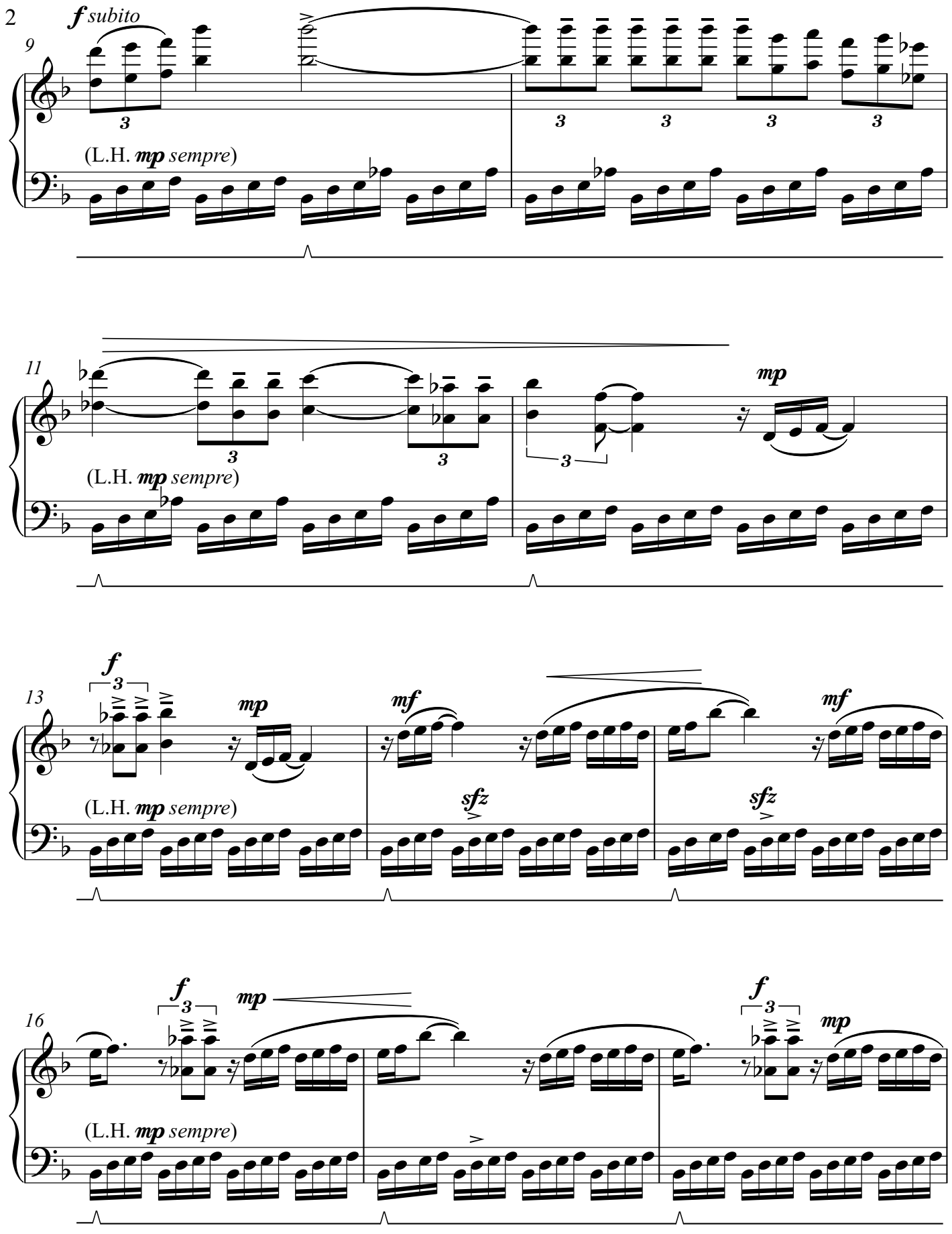

9
f subito
(L.H. mp sempre)
11
mp
(L.H. mp sempre)
13
f
mp
mf
sfz
mf
sfz
(L.H. mp sempre)
16
f
mp
f
mp
(L.H. mp sempre)

rit. - - - ♩ = 60

A

19

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.

22

28

mp

33

mf

B ♩ = 106 sub.

f subito

39 R.H. R.H. *simile*

L.H. L.H.

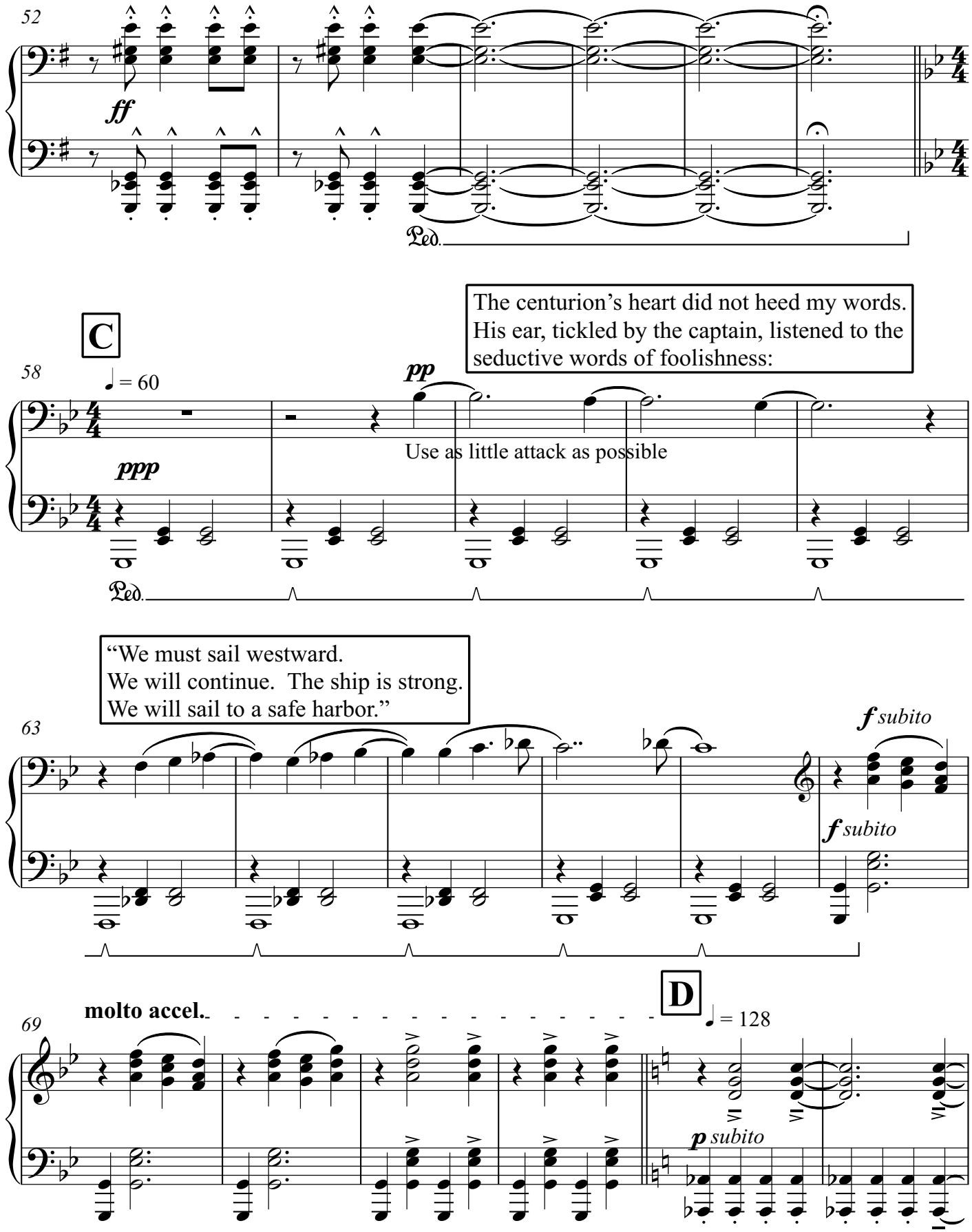
I foresaw dangers the others missed:
Our voyage in disaster - great loss - ship and cargo gone -
and our very lives resting on the mercy of sharks' teeth.

41

44

47

50


52
ff
Ped.
C
The centurion's heart did not heed my words.
His ear, tickled by the captain, listened to the seductive words of foolishness:
58
♩ = 60
pp
ppp
Use as little attack as possible
Ped.
"We must sail westward.
We will continue. The ship is strong.
We will sail to a safe harbor."
63
f subito
f subito
D
69
molto accel.
♩ = 128
p subito

75

80

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

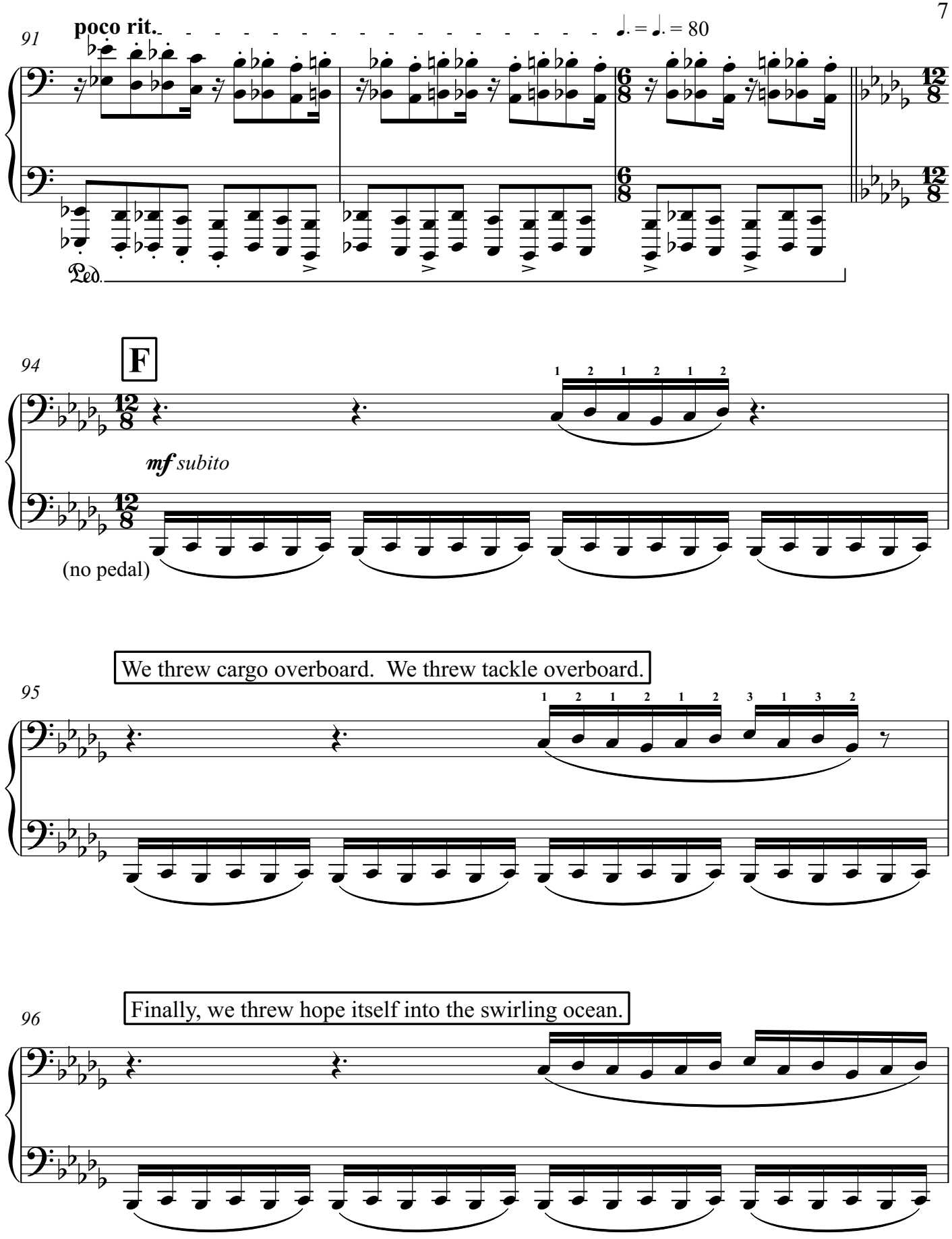
84

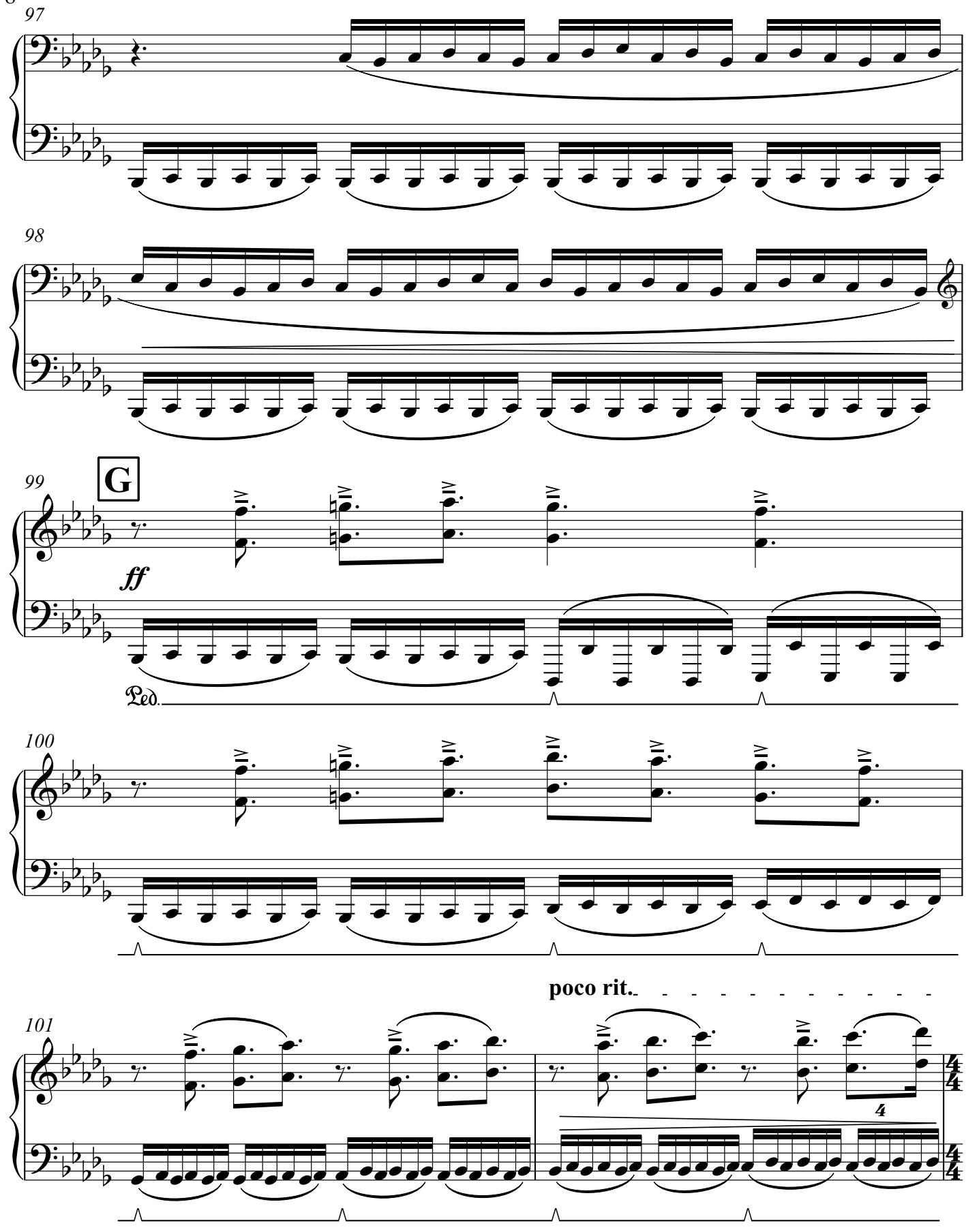
mp

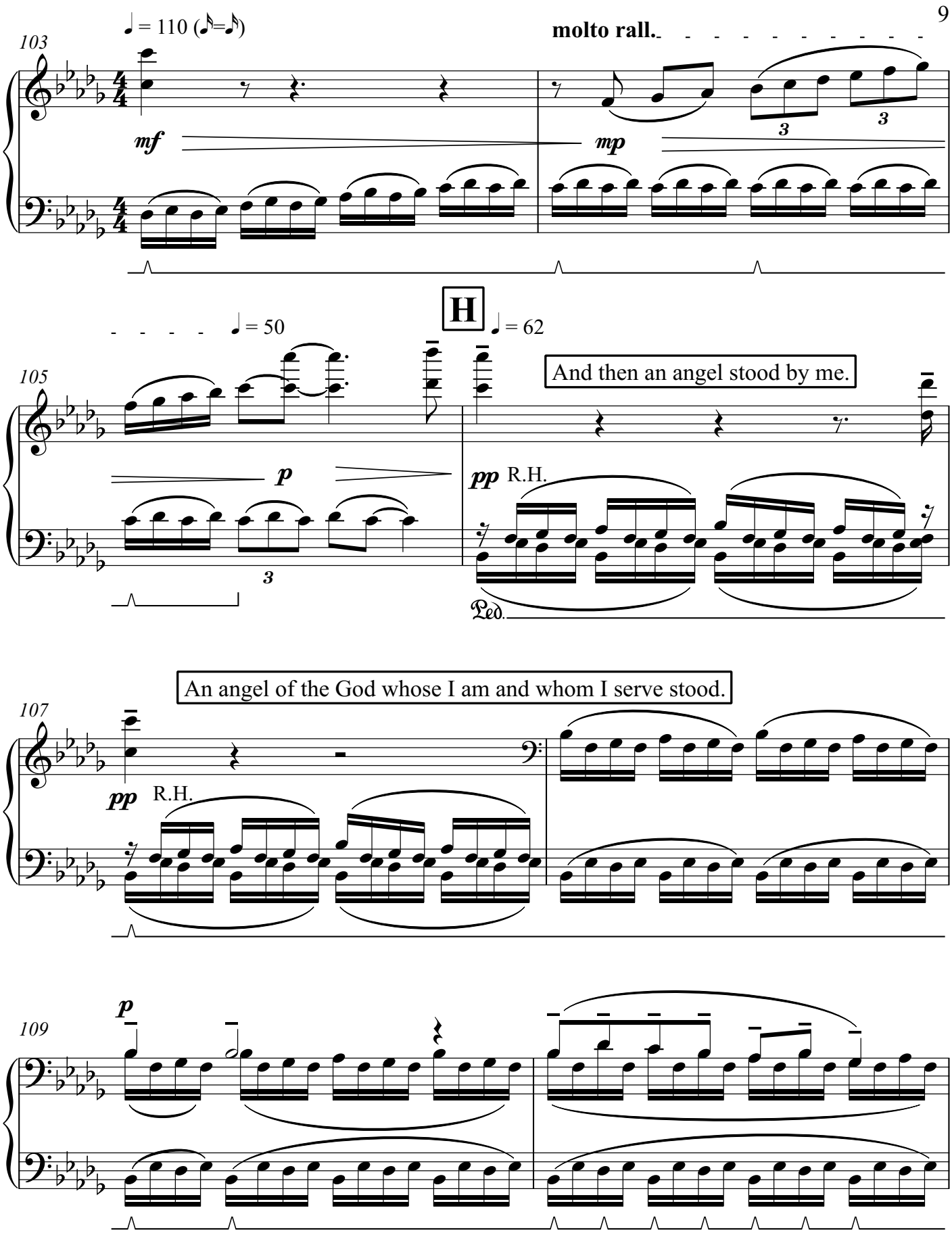
mf

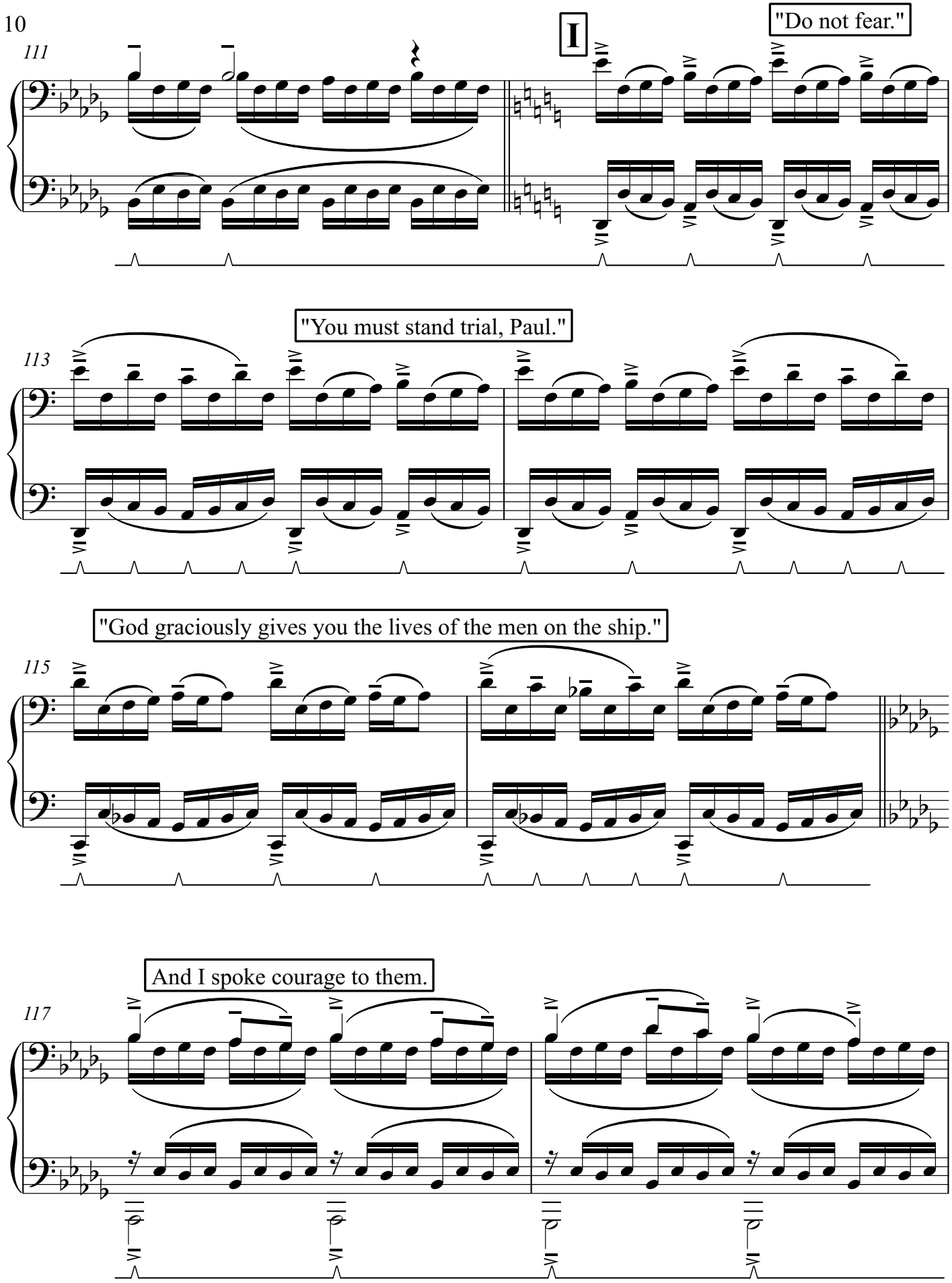
88

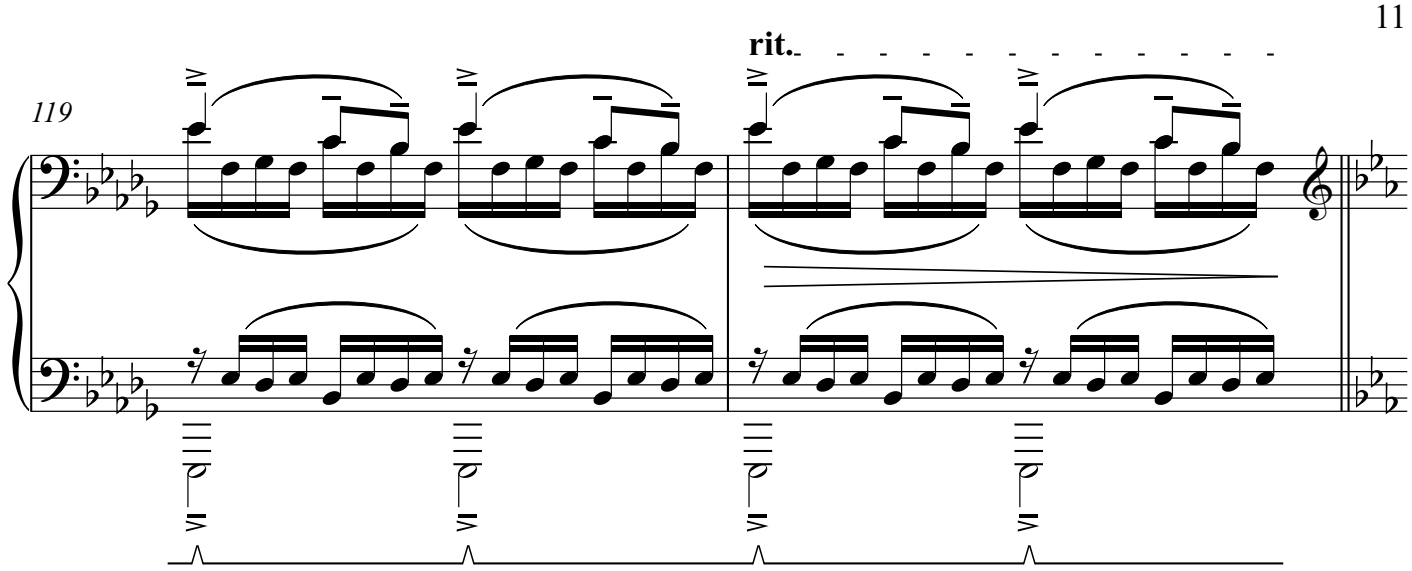
f

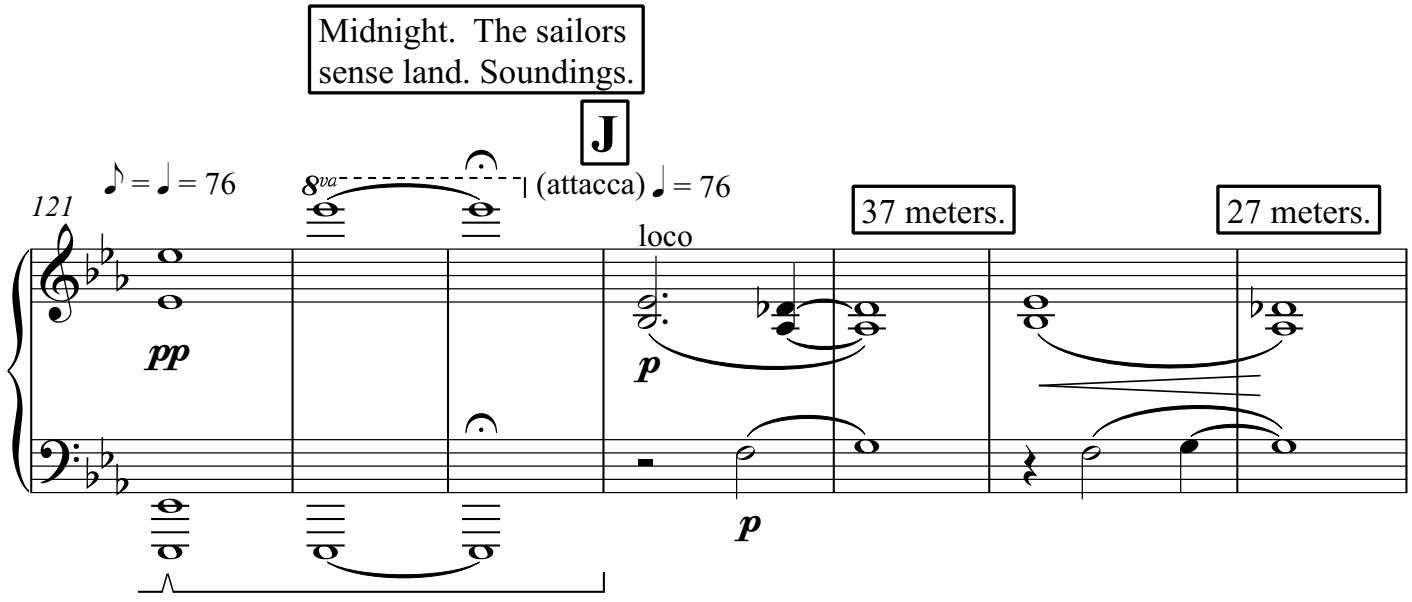

91
poco rit.
♩. = ♩. = 80
Ped.
94
F
mf subito
(no pedal)
We threw cargo overboard. We threw tackle overboard.
95
Finally, we threw hope itself into the swirling ocean.
96

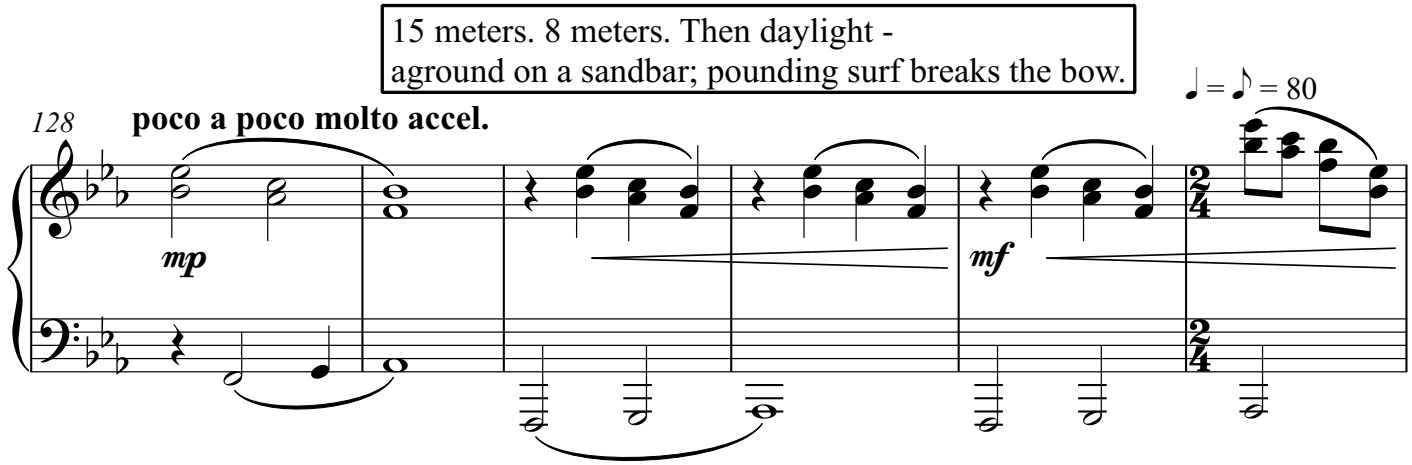

97
98
99
G
ff
Ped.
100
poco rit.
101
4
4/4

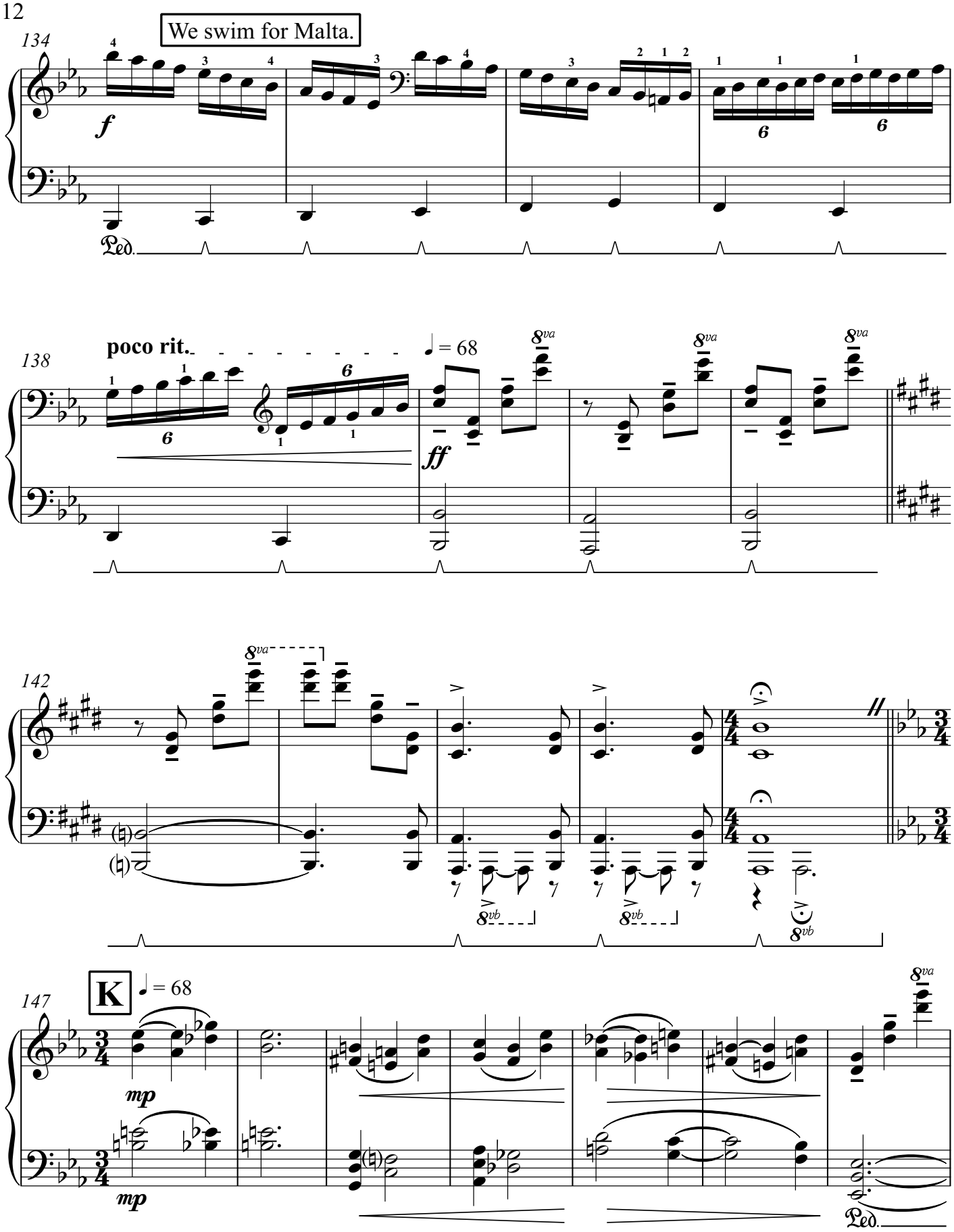

♩ = 110 (♪=♪)
molto rall.
103
mf
mp
H
♩ = 50
♩ = 62
105
And then an angel stood by me.
p
pp R.H.
Ped.
An angel of the God whose I am and whom I serve stood.
107
pp R.H.
109
p


I
"Do not fear."
111
"You must stand trial, Paul."
113
"God graciously gives you the lives of the men on the ship."
115
And I spoke courage to them.
117


rit.
119


Midnight. The sailors
sense land. Soundings.
J
121
♪ = ♩ = 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.
128
poco a poco molto accel.
♩ = ♪ = 80
mp
mf


We swim for Malta.
134
f
Ped.
138
poco rit.
♩ = 68
ff
8va
142
8vb
147
K
♩ = 68
mp
mp
Ped.

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

154

p

I gather firewood.

160

8va

8va

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

165 *sub.* ♩. = 120

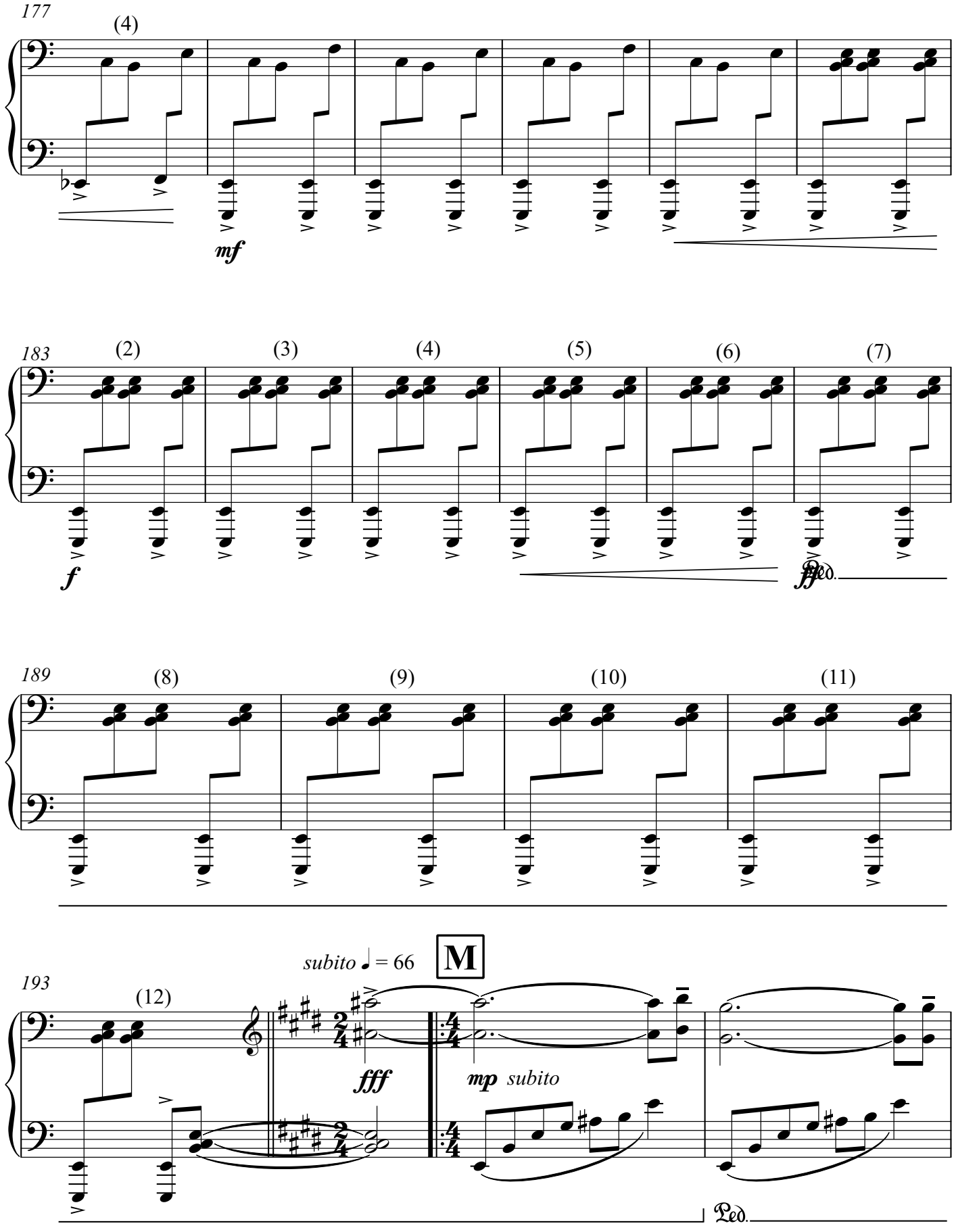
(2) (3) (4)

(p)

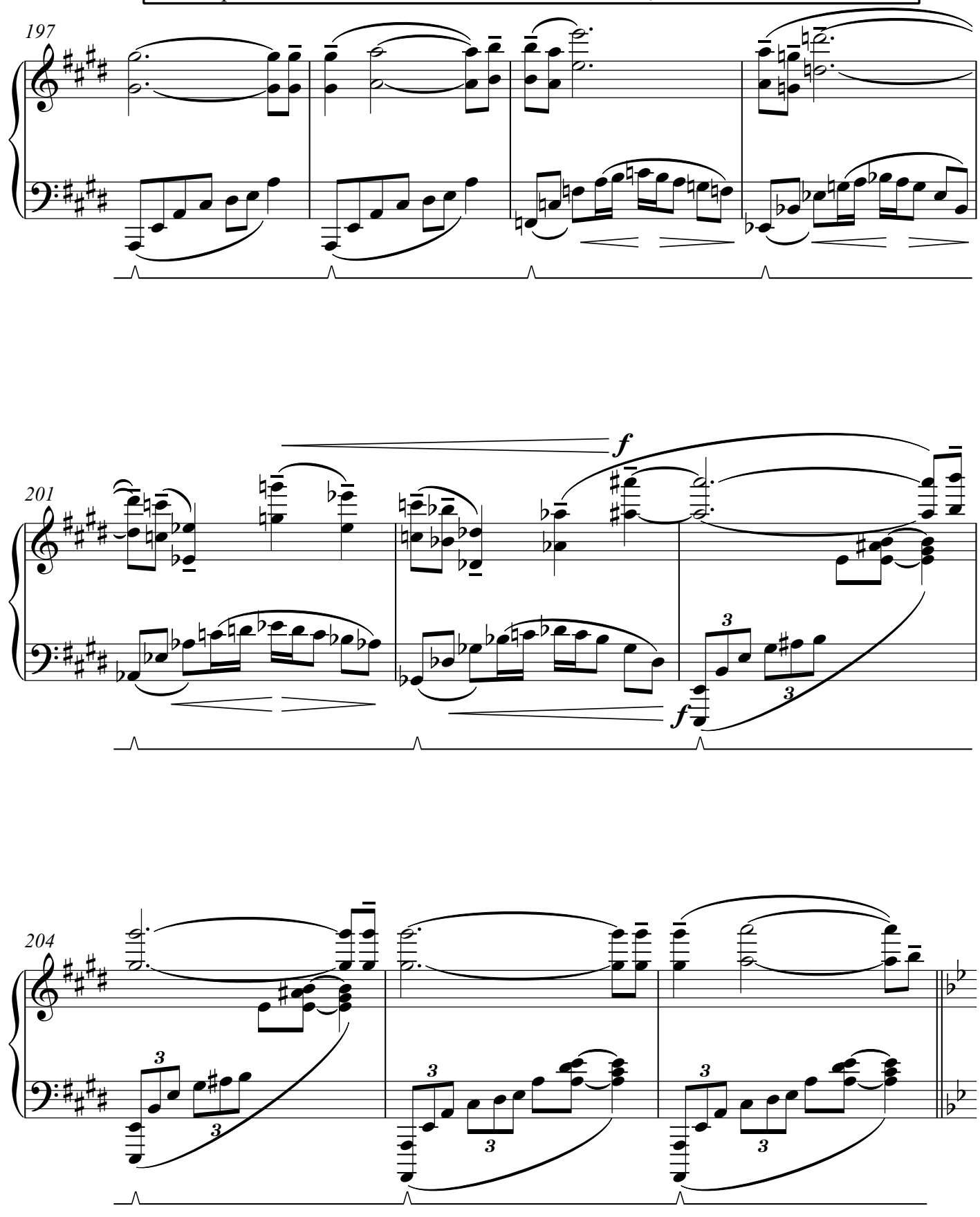
171

(1) (2) (3)

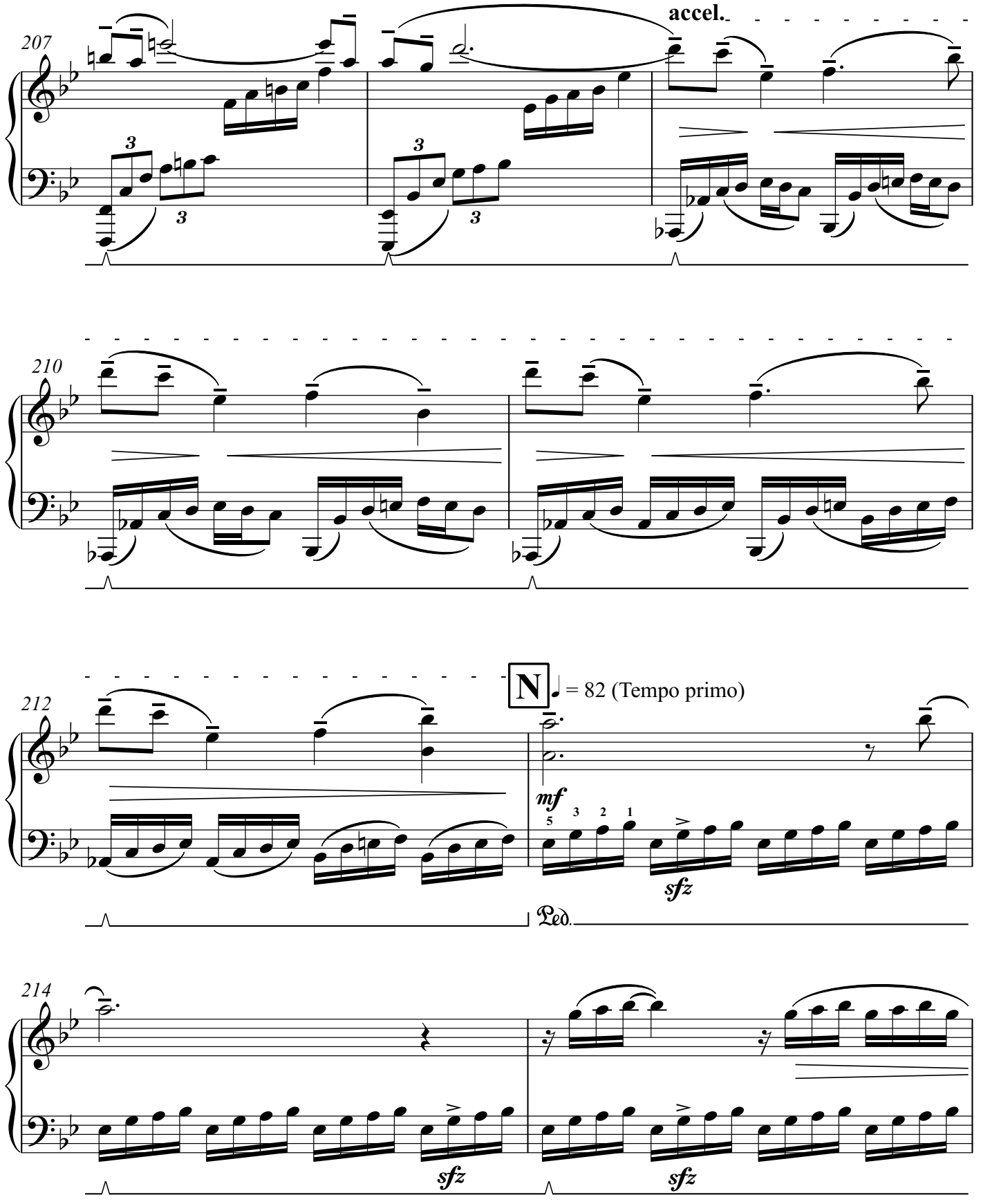
mp

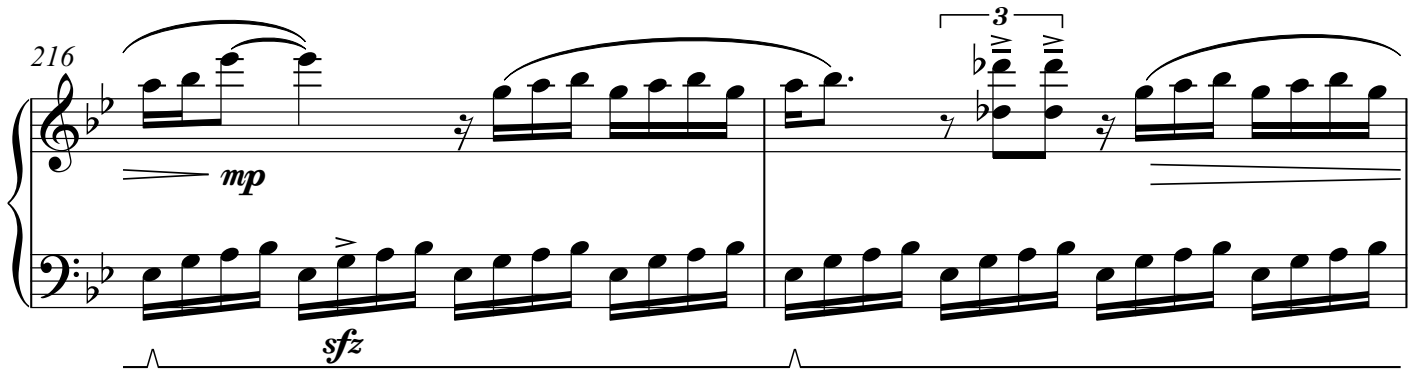

177
(4)
mf
183
(2)
(3)
(4)
(5)
(6)
(7)
f
ff
Ped.
189
(8)
(9)
(10)
(11)
193
(12)
subito ♩ = 66
M
fff
mp subito
Ped.

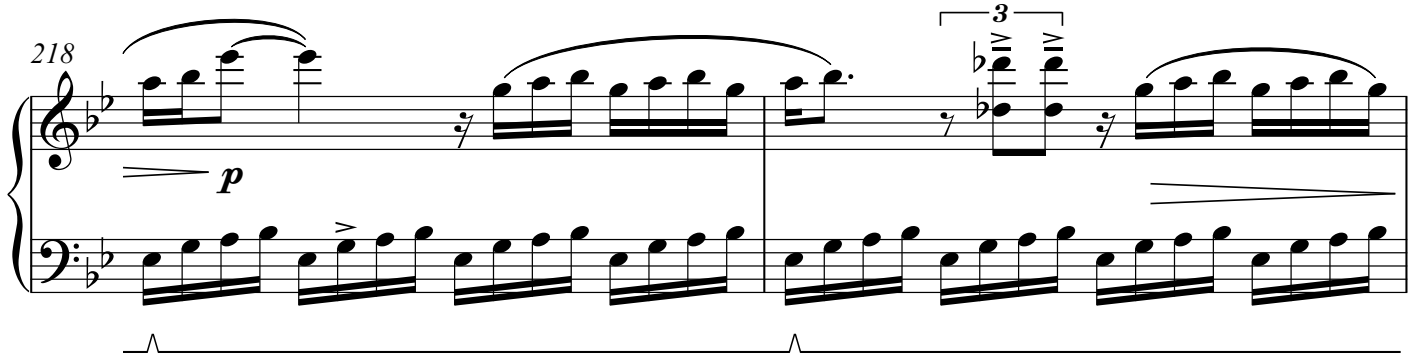
But the Lord's words do not return void. The one who is Truth will set me free.
The serpent cannot harm me. It falls off into the fire, and I suffer no ill effects.

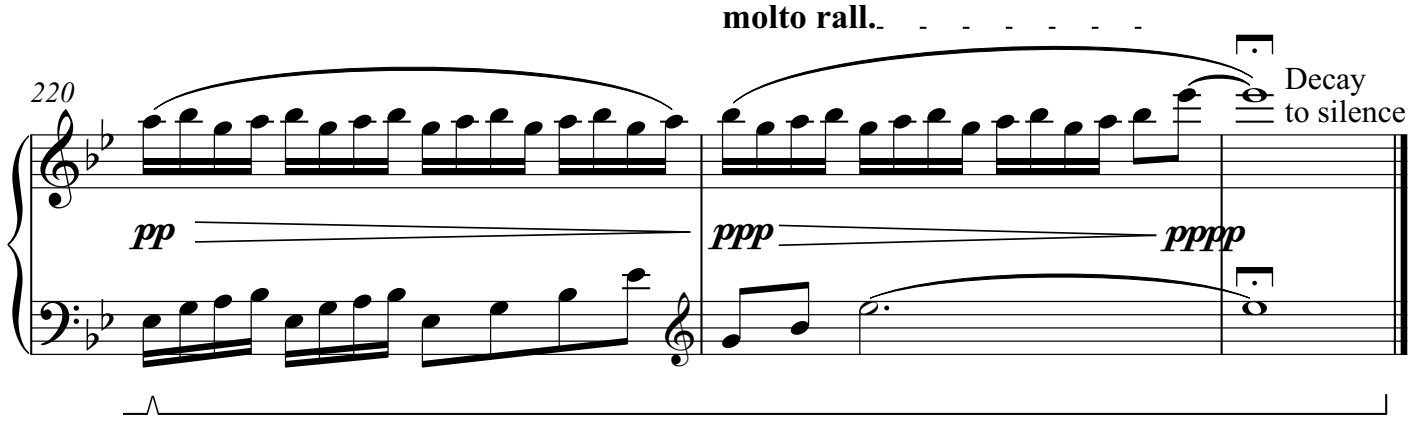


I sail for judgment in Rome.
God is my savior and defender.




216
3
mp
sfz


218
3
p


molto rall.
220
Decay
to silence
pp
ppp
pppp

Malta

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I travel under full sail for the judgment seat in Rome.
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.
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:
"We must sail westward. We will continue.
The ship is strong. We will sail to a safe harbor."
Wide is the gate that leads to destruction. It did not take hours, only minutes.
The wind of hurricane force blew down on us. We threw cargo overboard.
We threw tackle overboard. Finally, we threw hope itself into the swirling ocean.
And then an angel stood by me.
An angel of the God whose I am and whom I serve stood.
"Do not fear. You must stand trial, Paul. God graciously gives you the lives
of the men on the ship." And I spoke courage to them.
Midnight. The sailors sense land.
Soundings. 37 meters. 27 meters. 15 meters. 8 meters.
Then daylight — aground on a sandbar; pounding surf breaks the bow.
We swim for the island of Malta.
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.
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.
I sail for judgment in Rome. God is my savior and defender.

This text was inspired by the following scriptures:
Acts 27 and 28, Matthew 7:13, Isaiah 55:11, John 8:32, John 14:6.

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