

All the Trees of the Field Clapped Their Hands

Stephen Montalvo

This statement may optionally be read aloud before a performance of *All the Trees of the Field Clapped Their Hands*. Performers are encouraged to reword, paraphrase, add to, and/or omit any segment as desired.

Thank you for joining me for this performance of *All the Trees in the Field Clapped Their Hands*. The work is one in a series of compositions that highlight the voices of women and their experiences with sexual assault. The work begins with a short period of silence. You are encouraged to step away during this time if you would prefer not to participate in a performance of this nature. If you wish to stay, please use the time to reflect on and acknowledge the ways in which you have chosen to be a part of this event. Contemplate the ways in which you engage, whether actively or passively, with artistic performances through the decision to attend, the costs of admission, traveling to the venue, etc.; the ways in which your listening experience may be affected by activities of the day, where or how you choose to listen, or your own unique lived experience. Thank you again for choosing to be here, please enjoy the performance.

All the Trees of the Field Clapped Their Hands

for unaccompanied Mezzo-Soprano

Nikki Ummel

Stephen Montalvo (BMI)



Breath in out

p



Hiss

p

dim.

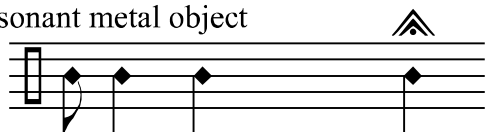


s

Let pitch fall naturally as air is expelled

♩ = c. 78

Found resonant metal object



p



mp

Whisper

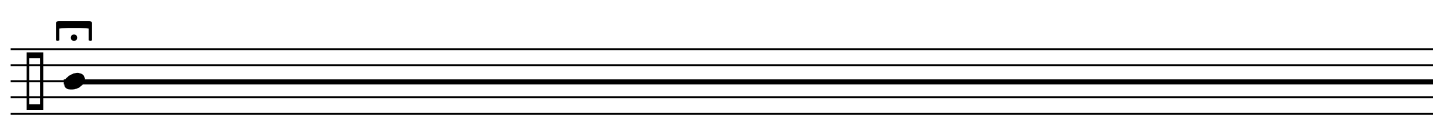


t³t t tə

f

pp

mf



ai

m

ai

p

mf

p



æ

pp

f



s

ε

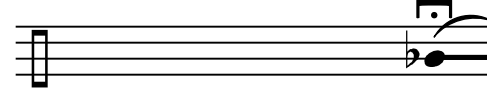
Looking down

Lift gaze rapidly
with exhalation

Whisper

mp

b.c.



All the Trees of the Field Clapped Their Hands

pp *mp* *mp*

was Hold pitch and let tone fail naturally through the end of the breath

mp

mp

in a

∅

@

•

(forcefully attempt to enunciate "ba" without making a sound)

with resolve *mf*

mp *pp*

He laid me down

Sprechstimme
p

like a blan-ket,

mf

Smoothed me o-ver.

mp

mp *p*

My ed-ges we-re tucked.

b.c.

mf *p*

Win-dows wide, I saw *mp* I saw

p

the trees sway,

mp

mf *pp*

heard the hor - ses moan. Hold pitch and let tone fail naturally through the end of the breath

$\text{♩} = 56$
mf

The A - pril fields of la - ven - der — looked love - ly, — buds

mp *f*

ripe,

mp

$\text{♩} = \text{c. } 60$
pp *mf* *p*

seed rea-dy to spread

ppp b.c.

p

When

All the Trees of the Field Clapped Their Hands

p

he

b tan

Whisper

ppp

b.c.

his

p

∅
@
●

(forcefully attempt to enunciate "pæ" without making a sound)

p

mf

pp

he told me he loved me.

mp

du

p

A horse head but-ted the door

mf

The trees scratched at the

mf *p* *b.c.* *mp*

frames.

mp *pp*

The la - ven - der lif - ted. I knew

p

I knew

Spoken

× × ×

he was gone

mp *p*

when the air

p *pp*

re - turned to the barn.