CARD SOLITAIRE



CHAMBER OPERA IN TWO ACTS ADAM SPRY



Adam Spry

Card Solitaire

2023 - 2024

Chamber Opera in Two Acts



INSTRUMENTATION

${ m Reed} \ 1$
Piccolo
Flute
Contrabassoon
Reed 2
$Alto\ Flute$
B ightharpoonup Clarinet
$A\ Clarinet$
Bassoon
Reed 3
Oboe
Cor Anglais
$E \flat Clarinet$
Bass Clarinet

French Horn Trumpet Trumpet in Bb Trumpet in C
${f Trombone}$
Percussion
Violin
Double Bass

Crotales
Glockenspiel
$Tubular\ Bells$
Vibraphone
Xylophone
Untuned Percussion
Bamboo Wind Chimes
BassDrum
Bongos
Chinese Cymbal
Congas
Crash Cymbal
Cymbals
Mark Tree
$Snare\ Drum$
Suspended Cymbal
m m

Tuned Percussion

Trungie
Auxiliary Percussion
ACME Siren Whistle
Claves
Cowbell
Death Whistle
Flexatone
Rainstick
Ratchet
Shaker
Tambourine
Vibraslap
Whip
Wood Blocks

Thai Going Thunder Sheet Toms

CONTENTS

ACT ONE	page 1
Scene 1	page 13
Scene 2	page 24
Scene~3	page 29
Scene 4	page 38
Scene~5	page 51
Scene 6	
ACT TWO	
ACT TWO Scene 7	page 62
	page 62 page 72
Scene 7	page 72 page 85
Scene 7 Scene 8	page 72 page 85 page 96
Scene 7 Scene 8 Scene 9	page 72 page 85 page 96 page 100
Scene 7 Scene 8 Scene 9 Scene 10	page 72 page 85 page 96

PERFORMANCE NOTES

This work is designed such that the vocalists and instrumentalists share the same stage, with the conductor acting also as the narrator. If the wind doublings aren't feasible, then extra instrumentalists are plausible. When staging this work, it is important to keep in mind the relationship between the three vocalists and the narrator – None of the vocalists can perceive the narrator and the Tenor and Bass can't perceive the Soprano, with the single exception of the beginning of Scene 10. The sections in scene 2 with intensely difficult rhythms can be performed without exact precision. The score was created in Musescore 4.4.2, a version of Musescore which includes a transposition bug. This means that the score is in C, and any instrument that octave transposes has an ottava on its clef.

SYNOPSIS

As the opera begins with the sound of the forest, a young man is heard distinctly detached from it. As the young man starts to sing about a flower, a new voice is heard. This voice eventually reveals itself to be the inner voice of the young man. The forest around this young man notices and give its varying opinions of the man, ranging from awe to distain to apathy. The attention is then turned to the scent in the air, implying it to have recently rained. The young man eventually finds what he's looking for, that being the old man. When he finds this old man, he immediately begins to sing praises, as the old man is reminded of his youth. Both men then agree to play cards. In their first game, the old man manages to bluff the young man into folding when they had virtually the exact same hand. As the two men carry on playing cards, they learn more about each other and realise they're similar in many ways. The voice from earlier become more potent for both men, until the young man snaps and drives this voice away. The two then finish their poker games, and the young man decides to continue his path.

Card Solitaire is an opera drenched in symbolism, as each aspect within the story represents something deeper. Card Solitaire in its narrative presents the pursuit of mastery from the perspective of the person on the journey, exploring the themes of perspective, sacrifice and self-worth within this journey, as well as the introspective issues one might face. Card Solitaire also challenges the notion of mastery itself, presenting the "master" as simply someone further along the journey as the student.

Duration: 50'

LIBRETTO

Narrator

Two birds cheep from their trees,
Beneath, mushrooms of cliques and crops.
And a wind curates with breeze,
The sweet susurration of leaves,
Whose tune is a backdrop
To the man that walks alone.

A leaf danced with the air.
T'was gentle, its landing upon
A twig, as they blossomed a flow'r.
The man turned his back to where
The flower lay, forlorn,
But his call does not dour.

A wry smile honoured a branch.
The ants detoured towards
Berries in awe, birds trilled
A tune of revere and rebuke that snatch
The ear of him who pours
His journey like milk.

But the silver smell of rain Compressed the branches, the birds, The mushrooms. Faded, the lane Washed as there was little to remain The past, struggles, the words That spoke his soul; inferred.

He found the man he sought.
Mastery was etched into his face,
Immune was he to the rain.
Frail his body but his eyes taught
Of wisdom, an aura of such grace.
He was a kingdom the man could never reign

Praise dribbled from his lips
As the old man watched, his eyes
Glistening with recollection.
His mind, as their paths, eclipse
With recalls of highs and cries,
And his ambition.

A black ace and three diamonds.
He gambled but saw a shyness
Of desired cards to him.
They raise, with grin and charades,
As he folds, but in their hand he sees
A black ace and three spades.

The more they play and weasel,
The more in their pockets, more equal.
Jack in his hand, King in the other,
But they both need a Queen for the straight.
They both match, trying to cover
The crown of their fate.

Leaves watch with showings of bugs, Pride flung with eight clubs. Branches speculate and commentate, A raise, a river, an envious flop, To the birds that sigh and date The skies away from this fop.

Two clubs, five spades, diamonds of nine, But the deck was not benign, For it was incomplete; a lone king, Which they both knew, but played on. They both chose to their craft their ring, But in making are they kings or his pawns?

The last suit fell as his lips shift
For the man who was just a man.
And who had walked the same clearing,
Shimmering silver, which thrift
The scents in their rain. A clan
Of which two are both fearing.

With his cards on the table,
The young man set off, pausing,
Deciding the route of his fable.
But still he pressed on from this stable,
Smiling, waving, and coursing
From the man that was him.

Tenor

Oh, how this gale surrounds and streams
From the ears stirred by shrieks of swifts,
To the feet which stride across leaves
That crunch and snap, as I sight adrift
Clippings of radiance falling
From where the clouds lie, onto
Butterflies and beetles crawling
Out from lofty roots of germ to
Flowers. I stand adjacent
As I am to seek a facient.

Why must I be shackled to daze
Upon the beauty of inflorescence?
No, I shan't glare forth agaze,
For I'm blossoming a much greater pretence,
Such prosper the other will disturb.
I relish the rustle beneath my feet,
Such passion can supplant any herb.
I may turn, but not in deplete.
But perhaps, a soft woe
Is apt, though a dais to grow.

But this verdure is glaring
With a thousand perspectives,
Suffocating and blaring.
These ants and their invectives,
These berries upon the bush
Ignorant to their poison,
As their ripe flatter they push
Is seeding with imposing
Degrading, like the branches' fawn
Or the snarled bird song.

Greetings, Hi! Hello, How are you?
It is for you I have been searching.
Such an honour to meet, it's true!
Your nonpareil awe, I am learned
How the roots of your oak born,
How the lane scraunched with fallen leaves,
How your path was not with rain worn,
But rather, regal light it receives?
I have come with many questions.
My senior, please grant me lessons.

A seven, Jack and eight
Of which diamond and two spades.
This flop is useless to my plate I shall match his grades.
Three clubs pollute the turn,
For shelter I shall bet.
He must have the hand I yearn
I must fold, I can't beset.
His hand is a dead ringer for mine,
A fool I've been played, a suine!

I see your bluff raise! I know you need t vo of hearts But if your b ablazeWouldn't the fate we I shan't diminish t I will ind p en two of h shall b s such card i neither han flower you i have canned.

I scream my name sans regret,
A boast runs through these roots.
Instability may be of threat
But honour guarantees my route,
And I have my mortal coil
To spin the web of a new forest
Devoid of those bugs and boil.
My woodland shall ever be August,
I need no bird nor toad.
Away my life I have throwed!

Soprano

Oh, my my, do you not see?
That the metal of your chains
Is branded with your ink.
You fool yourself with fraudulence and feign
As you craw the flowers, I see
No bird sings for you on a tree.
In deplete you wish to reign.
Proficiency, thereafter a wink
In some faux reward. You strain
Echoic logic to be realised highly.

My Pitiful ramblings
Of how Mother Earth Observes
Are not testable thoughts.
An impression of an impression serves
Myself wrong, And my samplings
Are a villainous fiction hatching
From a fixation of my nerves
Crying true, as I, a wart,
Desire my empire be heard,
Despite one not even standing.

I am the rain that pours coarse
This earth we amble, though not
Her nature, I utter a plane, cruel,
Devoid of the sunlight you rot
To acquire. You should divorce
Your lane from your pride and endorse
I am your Sovereign, your only knot.
My kingdom, my sun, my rule.
Your envy of the flow'r I wrought,
Your lust of the sun I source.

You two are blinded by ego
The table you sit at is a mirror,
If not so, why am I one voice?
How can you chase the sun's aura
When all you can bloom is keno?
You suppressed your libido.
Proud? Angry? Jealous: In horror
Of your empty, vain choice!
On this table I see one river
Hiding in two tuxedos.

What is your reaction
To the apathy around you?
Proud of the world's retraction
Or envious of what it accrues?
Clearly you're alone either way.
And when your closing hour blooms,
Will your vocation provide abstraction?
Your lies are on display,
Yes, degenerate yoursel onto
The true King of this transaction!

Tenor (cont.)

Shut up!

I snan't despair as my art is true.
I am not pathetic for my walk,
Nor is that the forest's view.
And just because I do not gawk
Upon every flower and bird,
Does not mean my heart is chalk.
Even to think so, I find you absurd.
My heart is subtle and tending,
One day will be my happy ending.

I see now how your eyes do hint
Of imitation, of example.
Of a ruined blueprint
And of rain, like I, trampled.
I will hold you to your flatter
But will also seek another
To make my flowers matter.
I urge you to your memory, smother
Your mind of your conjunction.
Do not weep for my construction.

The winds have changed from East to North,
And the trilling has subdued.
My path is charmed in front
From the sunlight it alludes.
I shall not advance for a should or must,
Or a blossom's smoke and mirror
Or for a voice I once trust,
But for my smile to be wider.
What I thought was once objective
I now see it as a matter of perspective.

Bass

Gracious Evening, Stranger.
Oh now, what do we have here?
Interesting, these eyes, endangered
As I share a strong likeness, I fear.
Enough to recognise even a tear
I am sure may have been shed
In fire, in angst, I see where he's bled,
Only a lake needed to see the gashes.
But I'm no Narcissus, no ashes
Shall be summoned, no threads
Of anguish in flashes.
These here eyes speak of no danger
I shall entertain this stranger.

Son, let us escape our imagination
Tonight we seek the kingdom of innovation
Let me grant you a revelation
Let me show you the world of my creation.
I shall raise! I shall cheek! I shall match!
Four clubs, I shall raise! Do I
Be of tampering this batch?
Your head, do I scratch?
To this game, you must be more spry,
And ouit this commotion.

The cards we seek are the same,
Same deek in a different play.
Son, we pose an unstable game
Whilst you can, conquer and lay,
But not in learian deeay,
Swallow a substance stronger than milk!
You don't listen and should bethink.
Weren't you overwhelmed by their awing?
It is true, I sit here in mourning
At the chains branded with my ink.

This fickle table shifts
Impermanence, its impish seed.
I've seen through into your rifts,
Insecurity is what bleeds.
I'ried in my craft to succeed,
Now at the end of the road
To whom a flower have I owed?
I play now the only King,
Can't you see the warning I sing?
Away my life I have throwed!

Do not worry, my heir,
For I know the scraunch's itch.
But a crown will be flared,
Just a different gem it will rich.
Sisyphus must laugh and twitch
At the man before the other.
I urge you to your memory, smother
Your mind of your conjunction.
Do not weep for my construction.
Such impermanence shan't bother.







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*If needs be, the conductor can pause at the comma for the tam-tam overtone to sound, bringing back time following the note in the piccolo.





































































































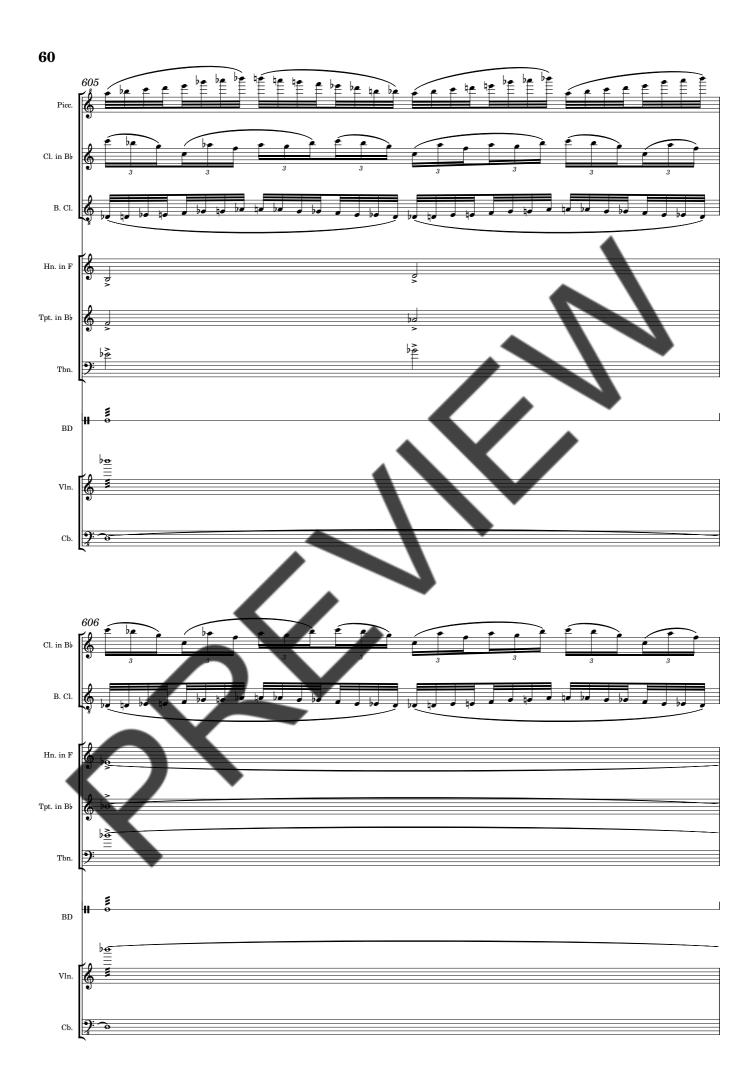














ACT TWO































