

GOLD'S FOOL
A TALE OF KING MIDAS AND THE GOLDEN TOUCH

LIBRETTO
CHARLES PELTZ

FREELY ADAPTED FROM NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S
"A WONDER-BOOK FOR GIRLS AND BOYS"

MUSIC
KATHRYN SALFELDER

Program Listing:

Gold's Fool: A Tale of King Midas and the Gold Touch (2013)

Kathryn Salfelder (b.1987)

Program Note:

Gold's Fool: A Tale of King Midas and the Golden Touch is a musical retelling of the journey of King Midas and his lust for gold, scored for children's chorus, narrator, and chamber ensemble.

I first encountered the story of King Midas as a small child. I remember listening to the tale read aloud, transfixed by Midas and his daughter, Marygold, yet completely taken aback by the notion that a wish or dream could come true...but lead to unforeseen disaster. When approached by Boston Musica Viva to write a new work for a family concert, I turned to King Midas's story as told by Nathaniel Hawthorne in the 1852 collection, "A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys". Librettist Charles Peltz freely adapted Hawthorne's text, crafting a riveting and expressive libretto that takes us into the mind and heart of our title character.

Instrumentation:

Flute

Clarinet in Bb

Violin

Violoncello

Piano

Percussion (tibetan bowl (C4), glockenspiel (small brass mallets), ride cymbal (brushes), tambourine, set of house keys, vibraphone (med. & hard yarns, bow), bass drum, brake drum, tom-toms (2))

Children's Chorus (SSA)

Narrator

Duration: ca. 20'

Premiere: February 9, 2014, Boston University's Tsai Performance Center PALS Children's Chorus, Andy Icochea Icochea, artistic director Boston Musica Viva, Richard Pittman, conductor
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Gold's Fool: A Tale of King Midas and the Golden Touch

Charles Peltz

Freely Adapted from Nathaniel Hawthorne's "A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys"

CC = Children's Chorus

N = Narrator

I

CC - Glitter, glitter, glitter, all, all, all, gold, gold, gold (etc.)

N - All that glitters may be gold,
And that is why this story is told.
There is a truth seldom understood,
About how glitter blinds to good.
And how wishes too, when easily gained,
Can make one's heart more easily stained.

II

Once in a time most long ago,
There lived a rich man, a King besides,
whose name we are told was Midas.
His fondest love was shallow though,
For in his heart a deep greed did reside:
A steed of gold with greed's madness astride.

Midas he did keep a small place in his heart
In which dwelled his daughter Marygold.
This child aptly named he so loved,
For her gleaming sweetness and light were manifold.
Her love for a rose in its simple beauty,
Mirrored her heart in its simple purity.
A wish for this girl Midas held with pleasure,
To give her great wealth in golden measure.

III

CC - As time passed he took a narrow view
And began to dream of how each thing he knew
Would be worth more to him if turned into gold:
The flowers to gold
The leaves to gold
The bowers to gold
The trees to gold
The sunbeams to gold
The starlight to gold
The clear streams to gold
Even the night to gold
All should turn from its present beauty
To a solid and glittering golden body.

IV

N - King Midas sat in his dungeon 'mongst the treasure he needed;
 For with each nugget and coin he counted, he pleaded:
 "more and more and more and more!" his voice resounded,
 Off the cold damp silent walls by which he was surrounded.

When one day from the shadows a shaft of light surged
 And from it soon a radiant stranger emerged.
 Midas thought, might this bright ghost be a savior,
 Come not to do harm but bring me favor?
 "Why comest thou?" Asked Midas, as he begged reply.
 With a knowing smile, the stranger did comply:

"You are a wealthy man, King Midas
 I doubt whether any other four walls
 contain as much gold as these."

Said Midas in reply:
 "It is but a trifle, when you consider
 that it has taken me my whole life to get it together;
 If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich!"

"What, then you are not satisfied?" exclaimed the stranger. "And pray what would satisfy you?
 Just for the curiosity of the thing, I should like to know."

Midas was drawn into thought by this.
 This companion he was eager to please
 He imagined then mountains of golden bliss,
 Which prompted this brightest of ideas:

"I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble
 and to have so little to show for the effort.....
 I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!"

The stranger now smiled more broadly and bright,
 So bright that like gold it illumined,
 "The Golden Touch!" he exclaimed, to confirm he heard right.....

"But are you quite sure it will satisfy you?"

"How could it fail?" asked the King.

"And you will never regret the possession of it?" the stranger queried.

"I ask nothing else to render me perfectly happy."

"Be it as you wish, then," replied the compliant stranger.
 "Tomorrow you will have the Golden Touch."

And with these words in a blinding blaze
 Our stranger did depart.
 And though now gone from Midas's gaze,
 The words danced wildly in his heart.

The following morn in grayest dawn,
 Midas awoke from uneasy dreams.
 Eagerly he tried to touch, but none
 Of the objects he touched would gleam.

V

CC - But upon first golden rays of light,
 Which brightly beamed through morning's cold,
 The bedsheet on which his hand alights,
 Is furrowed folds of gleaming gold.
 A radiant cloth of brilliance and bright
 Stymied the monarch's disbelieving sight.
(with increasing fervor until "cried he")
 What joy! What happiness! What dream fulfilled!
 Now empowered did the regal hand unbound reach forth,
 In a frenzy did the royal body fly about the room:
 The bedpost from wooden beam to golden gleam transformed
 The paper book humbled by golden pages now reborn.

Then to Marygold's playground, her roses, he ran
 To bring to her petaled treasures his plan.
 To their living soft rainbow of hues,
 He did bring the killing hardness imbues -
 Gold! Gold ! Gold ! Everywhere! Everything! Gold!
 Gleaming Glorious; Brilliant Brandishing; Radiant Ravishing; Gold!

N - As our King his breakfast table he approached,
 His plates of delicious food presented:
 A lovely fish, a favorite treat, and so divinely poached
 Awaited the royal grab, but soon the King's hand relented.

For as he touched every morsel,
 The toothsome treats became
 Inedible golden gill and dorsal,
 Hard as gilded rock obtained.

CC - And so it goes and goes and goes,
 As every task and object he meets
 The Golden Touch always bestows
 The same shining inedible, unusable treat.

And then as the Touch spins out of control,
 who rushes in with thorn and petal,
 what once was a rose of true beauty now shorn
 and garishly leafed in golden metal?

Marygold. The object of Midas' heart's loving place,
 To his arms she runs to embrace.
 Though heartbroken at seeing her flower revealed
 As abused and defiled by glittering steel
 She sees at the first her father's ordeal.
 By her decent spirit and absent greed
 She offers him love in his time of need.

N - Her forehead he kisses
 as one of a thousand daily given.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he.

But Marygold gave no answer.

VI

CC - Alas what had he done?
 How fatal was the gift bestowed?
 The moment that the lips had touched
 The change had taken place.
 Her sweet face, the ringlets of hair,
 Her very form, soft and tender,
 And even, yes even the tears
 on her cheeks of gentle rose;
 all now hard and inflexible.
 Gleamingly, glitteringly gone was the child.

N - "She was worth her weight in gold," the King
 had always said. He realized only now that
 The love of Marygold's heart
 Exceeded all wealth on earth.

VII

N - It would be too sad a story to end it here
 With Midas and the fate he'd brought to bear.
 And wishing now that he were poor but free
 Of the heartsick he was now forced to wear.

But end it we shall not; for in his grief he saw
 By one of his now golden walls a figure standing tall.
 The Stranger! Back to taunt him, yes?
 To mock him in his deep distress?

"Well friend Midas, pray how did you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

"I am very miserable."

"Very miserable, indeed! And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you?
 Have you not everything your heart desired?"

"Gold.....is not everything. And I have lost everything my heart really cared for."

And by these words the Stranger knew
 That Midas's heart was now more true.
 And so three questions, to really make sure,
 Were posed to the King to make change inured:

"Would you wish the Touch or a drink of pure water?"

"My parched throat yearns for the simple blessing of water."

"The Touch or a crust of bread?"

"My aching stomach begs for a simple crumb."

"The Touch or your Marygold?"

“Oh my child, my dear child! I would not have given that one small dimple on her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!”

“You are wiser than you were! Do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of the Golden Touch?”

And with this question our Midas saw
His moment of redemption near;
And grasping now at this hopeful straw
He begged the stranger, “yes, so clear!”

And because it was not sufficiently good
To stop the Touch from doing harm,
The Stranger offered, as he should,
The means to undo the alchemy’s harm:

CC - “Go to the river and plunge right in
and washed away this sin will be.
And of that water a vessel fill
and sprinkle it on all that you see
that has been turned to gold by greed.
And those on whom the droplets fall
Their former being will revive
And join with you in joyous song
Of a life for good, from love derived.

And remember when upon the star you ask
Your wishes to come real and true,
That wishes by coming true may pack
Within themselves the seeds of ruin.”

N - Our King rushed to the clear cool stream,
And diving in its deepest pool,
Emerged a different, better man
Whose touch no longer was gold’s fool.

His vessel he now duly filled
And brought it back with glee,
And blissfully baptized the prisoners
Now from golden cages free.
The last of the most precious drops
He saved for Marygold;
And when her rosy cheeks renewed,
His joy most overflowed.

And ends now well the “Golden Touch”
The story of Midas now repeated.
It is the telling of goodness - much -
And of greed by love defeated.

GOLD'S FOOL

A TALE OF KING MIDAS AND THE GOLDEN TOUCH

CHARLES PELTZ

KATHRYN SALFELDER

I

♩ = 120

Tibetan Bowl (perceived fundamental = C4; strong F#5 overtone)

Percussion

Narrator (Begin circular singing motion; aim for as pure a fundamental as possible Bowl will begin to speak around m. 4-5)

Children's Chorus

Soprano 1 *soli* (3-4) *pp*

Soprano 2 *soli* (3-4) *ppp*

Alto *soli* (3-4) *pp*

Lyrics: Glit-ter, Glit-ter, Glit-ter, Glit-ter, Glit-ter Glit-ter

Lyrics: All, All, All, All

Lyrics: Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold

8 Perc. *vamp*

Narr. (End circular motion when narrator enters, but allow bowl to continue to ring)

Sop. 1 *p*

Sop. 2

Alto

Lyrics: All that glitters may be gold, There is a truth seldom understood, And how wishes too, and that is why this story is told. about how glitter blinds to good. when easily gained,

Lyrics: All, All, All, All, All, All, All, All

Lyrics: Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold, Gold

Lyrics: Glit-ter Glit-ter, Glit-ter, Glit-ter Glit-ter, Glit-ter, Glit-ter Glit-ter, Glit-ter, Glit-ter Glit-ter, Glit-ter

12 Perc. dampen

Narr. can make one's heart more easily stained.

Sop. 1 *tutti pp* *poco a poco cresc.* *mp*

Sop. 2 *tutti pp* (loud whisper) *mp*

Alto *tutti p* *poco a poco cresc.* (loud whisper) *mp*

Lyrics: Gold, All, All, All, All

Lyrics: Glit-ter, Glit-ter, Glit-ter, Glit-ter

Lyrics: Gold, Gold

II

1 (♩ = 120)

Fl. *f* *p*

Bb Cl. *mp*

Vln. *mf* *p*

Vc. *mf*

Pno. *f* *mp* *mf*

Narr. Once in a time most long ago, there lived a rich man, a King besides, whose name we are told was



7

9

Fl. *mf* *p*

Bb Cl. *mp*

Vln. *p*

Vc. *p*

Pno. *mf* *mp* *mf*

Narr. Midas. His fondest love was shallow though, for in his heart a deep greed did reside:

12

Fl. *mf*

Bb Cl. *f*

Vln. *non dim.*

Vc.

Pno. *mf* *mp*

Narr. A steed of gold with greed's madness astride.

15

♩ = 80

Fl. *p*

Bb Cl. *mp* *n* *sfz* *pp*

Vln. *p espress.*

Vc. *pp espress.*

Narr. Midas he did keep a small place in his heart in which dwelled his daughter Marygold.
This child aptly named he so loved, for her gleaming sweetness and light were manifold.

20

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Narr. Her love for a rose in its simple beauty, mirrored her heart in its simple purity.
A wish for this girl Midas held with pleasure, to give her great wealth in golden measure.

III

As If Wishing Upon a Star

$\text{♩} = 120$

Fl. *mp*

Bb Cl.

Pno. *p*

Glock. *pp sempre*
small, brass "magic flute" mallets
 Glockenspiel leggero, like a music box, sempre l.v.

Sop. *p*
 Glit-ter Gold All Gold Glit-ter Gold Gold Glit-ter All Gold Glit-ter Gold

(Chorus divisi a 2)
 Alto *mp*
 As time passed, he took a nar-row view and be-



8

rit. . . . ($\text{♩} = 108$)

Fl. *mf* \rightarrow *mp*

Bb Cl.

Pno. *mf* \rightarrow *mp*

Glock. *mf* \rightarrow *mp*

Sop.

Alto *mf* \rightarrow *mp*
 gan to dream of how each thing he knew would be worth more to him if it turned in - to

14

♩ = 54

Bb Cl. *mp espress.*

Pno. *mp*
Ped. *sim.*

Perc. Ride cymbal (w/brushes, diffuse) (sempre l.v.)
ppp pp < p

Sop. *mp*
The flow-ers to gold The bow - ers to gold

Alto *mp*
gold: The leaves to gold



22

Bb Cl. 20

Pno.

Perc. *mp p*

Sop. *p wistfully, an echo*
The sun - beams to gold flowers and leaves and

Alto *p*
The trees to gold The sun - beams to gold

26 27 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Bb Cl.

Pno. warm, resonant

Perc. *mp* *pp* *p*

Sop. *p*
 bowers and trees and sun - beams to gold
 The clear streams to gold, ev - en the night

Alto *p*
 The star-light to gold



32 $\text{♩} = 120$ 34

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Pno. *mf* (warm, resonant) *pp*

Perc. Glockenspiel come sopra *pp* *pp*

Sop. *p*
 to gold
 Glit-ter Gold All Gold Glit-ter Gold All Gold Glit-ter Gold Gold Glit-ter All

Alto *mp*
 All should turn from its pre - sent

4 ♩=120

Fl. *pp* *mfpp* *mf*

Bb Cl. *ppp* *mp ppp* *mp*

Vln. *pp sempre*

Vc. *pp* *mfpp* *mf*

Pno. *mp* *mf* *pp*

Perc. *pp* *mf* *pp* *mf*

Narr. When one day from the shadows a shaft of light surged
And from it soon a radiant stranger emerged. Midas thought, might this bright ghost be a savior come not to do harm but bring me favor?

9

Fl. *p*

Bb Cl. *pp*

Vln. *pp* at the tip

Vc. *pp*

Pno. shimmering *mp*

Perc. Ped. *Rustle of House Keys (imimidating gold coins), light texture* (stop after: "...whole life to get it together")

Narr. "Why comest thou?" asked Midas, as he begged reply. With a knowing smile, the stranger did comply:
"You are a wealthy man, King Midas. I doubt whether any other four walls contain as much gold as these".
Said Midas in reply: "It is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken me my whole life to get it together; If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich!"

12 13

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Vibes (medium yarns)

Perc.

mp

Narr.

"What, then you are not satisfied?" exclaimed the stranger. "And pray what would satisfy you? Just for the curiosity of the thing, I should like to know." Midas was drawn into thought by this, his companion so eager to please. His imagination saw mountains of golden bliss, and prompted this

pp

sul tasto, at the tip

pp

16 19

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Perc.

Narr.

brightest of ideas: "I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble and to have so little to show for the effort....I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!" The stranger now smiled more broadly and bright So bright that like gold it illumined; "The Golden Touch" he exclaimed to confirm he heard right.... "But are you quite sure it will satisfy you?"

pp

sul tasto

sul tasto, non vib

p < *mf*

triumphant

poco f

repeat gesture, ad lib.

Vibes, bowed

p < *f*

cue: "The Golden Touch"

Glock.

p

Vibes (medium yarns)

mp

28 "... the words danced wildly in his heart"

 $\text{♩} = 168$ ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ throughout)

Musical score for measures 28-32. The score is for Flute (Fl.), Bb Clarinet (Bb Cl.), and Piano (Pno.). The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked $\text{♩} = 168$ ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ throughout). The Flute part is marked *capriciously*. The Bb Clarinet part starts with a dynamic of *f*, then *ff*, and then *f*. The Piano part starts with a dynamic of *mf*. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

Musical score for measures 33-37. The score is for Flute (Fl.), Bb Clarinet (Bb Cl.), and Piano (Pno.). The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked $\text{♩} = 168$ ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ throughout). The Flute part is marked *capriciously* and *f*. The Bb Clarinet part is marked *f*. The Piano part is marked *mf*. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings. Measure 37 is marked with a box containing the number 37.

Musical score for measures 38-42. The score is for Flute (Fl.), Bb Clarinet (Bb Cl.), and Piano (Pno.). The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked $\text{♩} = 168$ ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ throughout). The Flute part is marked *capriciously*. The Bb Clarinet part is marked *f*. The Piano part is marked *mf*. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

molto accel.

43

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Pno.

49 $\text{♩} = 168$

crisply

ff

crisply

ff

crisply

f

gliss.

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Pno.

55 $\text{♩} = 50$

n

mp *leaden, weighty*

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Pno.

The following morn in grayest dawn, Midas awoke from uneasy dreams. Eagerly he tried to touch, but none of the objects he touched would gleam.

Narr.

attacca

V

$\text{♩} = 152$ ($\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ throughout)

I *leggiero* (non-slurred eighths slightly detached)

Bb Cl. *pp*

Vln. *pp* *mf*

Vc. *pp* *mf*

Vib. Vibes (med. yarns) *p*

Chorus (unis.) *p*

But up - on first gol - den rays of light, which bright - ly beamed through mor - ning's

8

Bb Cl.

Vln. *pp* *mf* *pp* *mf*

Vc. *pp* *mf* *pp* *mf*

Vib.

Chorus (unis.)

cold The bed-sheet on which his hand a - lights is fur - rowed

14 16 (non-slurred eighths slightly detached)

Fl.

Bb Cl. *mp*

Vln. *p* *n*

Vc. *p* *n*

Pno. *mp*

Vib. *p*

Chorus (unis.) *mp*

folds of gleam - ing gold A ra - di - ant cloth of brill - iance and bright sty - mied the mon - arch's

20 21

Fl. *mf* 6

Bb Cl. *mp*

Vln. *pp* *mp*

Vc. *mf* (pizz.) + arco

Pno. *mf* Ped.

Vib. *mp*

Chorus (tutti) *mf*

dis-be-liev-ing sight. What joy! What hap-pi-ness! What dream ful - filled! Now em-power-ed did the



26

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln. *pp* *mp*

Vc.

Pno.

Vib.

Chorus (unis.)

re - gal hand un-bound reach forth, in a fren-zy did the roy - al bo - dy fly a - bout the

36 38

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Vib.

Chorus (tutti)

room: the bed-post from wood - en beam to gol - den gleam trans - formed the



44

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Vib.

Chorus (tutti)

pa - per book hum - bled by gol - den pa - ges now re - born

52

Fl. *mp*

Bb Cl. *p*

Vln. *mp*

Vc.

Pno. *mp*

Vib.

Chorus (tutti)

then to Ma - ry - gold's play-ground her ro - ses he ran to bring to her pe - taled trea - sures his plan



Fl. *61*

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno. *poco a poco cresc.*

Vib.

Chorus (tutti) *poco a poco cresc.*

to their li - ving soft rain - bow of hues he did bring the kil - ling hard - ness im - bues

70

Fl. *mf* *f*

Bb Cl.

Vln. *f*

Vc.

Pno. *f* *gliss.*

Vib. *f*

Chorus (tutti) *f*

Gold! Gold! Gold! Eve - ry - where! Eve - ry - thing! Gold! Gold! Gold! Eve - ry - where! Eve - ry - thing!



77

Fl. *f*

Bb Cl.

Vln. *f*

Vc.

Pno. *f* *gliss.* (LH)

Vib.

Chorus (tutti) *sfz* (unis)

Gleam - ing - ly Glor - i - ous Brill - iant - ly Bran - dish - ing Ra - di - ant Ra - vish - ing Gold!

84

$\text{♩} = 84$

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr.

p

(non-slurred eighths slightly detached)

p

As our King his breakfast table he approached, his plates of delicious food presented: A lovely fish, a favorite treat,

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr.

88

p

and so divinely poached awaited the royal grab, but soon, the King's hand relented.

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Perc.

Narr.

91

Brake Drum (w/metal mallet)
Bass Drum

(deadstrokes)

mf

For as he touched every morsel, the toothsome treats became inedible golden gill and dorsal, hard as gilded rock obtained.

94

Fl.

Bb Cl. *mf*

Vln. *mf*

Vc. *mf* (non-slurred eighths slightly detached)

Pno.

Perc.

Chorus (unis.) *tutti, unison mf*
And



98

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno. *mp*

Perc.

Chorus (unis.)
so it goes and goes

101

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Perc.

Chorus (unis.)

and goes. As ev - ery task and ob - ject he meets, the

p *mf* *mp* *mf*



107

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Perc.

Chorus (unis.)

Gol - den Touch al - ways be - stows, the same shin - ing, in - ed - i - ble un -

125

Fl.

Chorus (unis.)

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Perc.

Chorus (unis.)

shorn and gar-nish-ly leafed in gol-den me - tal?

p *mf*

mf *ff*

p *f*



131

132

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Perc.

Sop. 1

Sop. 2

Alto

mf

mf

mf

mp

leggiere

f

mf

leggiere

Ma - ry - gold the ob - ject of Mi - das's

Ma - ry - gold the ob - ject of Mi - das's

Ma - ry - gold the ob - ject of Mi - das's

136

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Perc.

Sop. 1

Sop. 2

Alto

heart's lov - ing place. To his arms she runs to em - brace.

heart's lov - ing place. To his arms she runs to em - brace.

heart's lov - ing place. To his arms she runs to em - brace. Though

mf *mp* *mp* *intensely* *mf* *pp* *mp* *p* *mf* *f*

141

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Perc.

Sop.

Alto

Glit - ter! Gold! Glit - ter!

heart - bro - ken at see - ing her flo - wer re - vealed As a - bused and de - fi - led by

mf *pp* *mf*

149

147

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln. (sul D) *V* (ord.)

Vc.

Pno. *mf*

Perc.

Sop. *f*

Alto

All! Gold! Glit - ter! She sees at the first her fa - ther's or deal. By her

glit - ter - ing steel She sees at the first her fa - ther's or - deal. By her



153

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln. *poco a poco cresc.*

Vc. *f*

Pno. *poco a poco cresc.*

Perc. *p mp*

Chorus (tutti) (unis.)

de - cent spir - it and ab - sent greed She of - fers him love

158

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Perc.

Narr.

Chorus (tutti)

f

mf

ff

submf

ff

f

poco a poco cresc.

Her forehead he kisses as one of a thousand daily given.

in his time of need

163

164

G.P.

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Perc.

Narr.

fff

fff

fff

fff

f

fff

"My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he.

But Marygold gave no answer.

VI

With Despair

f $\text{♩} = 52$

Sop. 1 *f* A - las, what had he done? How fa - tal was the gift be - stowed the mo - ment that the lips had touched (unis.) the

Sop. 2 *f* A - las, what had he done? How fa - tal was the gift be - stowed

Alto *f* A - las, what had he done? How fa - tal was the gift be - stowed the mo - ment that the lips had touched the

7 Inwardly; Reminiscing

Sop. 1 *mp dolce* change had tak-en place. Her sweet face, the ring - lets of hair, Her ve - ry form, soft and ten - der, And ev - en, yes ev - en the

Sop. 2 *f* *mp dolce* change had tak-en place. Her sweet face, the ring - lets of hair, Her ve - ry form, soft and ten - der, And ev - en, yes ev - en the

Alto *mp dolce* change had tak-en place. Her sweet face, the ring - lets of hair, Her ve - ry form, soft and ten - der, And ev - en, yes ev - en

Sop. 1 *mfp* tears on her cheeks of gen - tle rose now all hard and in - flex - i - ble. Gleam - ing - ly, glit - ter - ing - ly gone, gone was the

Sop. 2 *mfp* tears on her cheeks of gen - tle rose now all hard and in - flex - i - ble. Gleam - ing - ly, glit - ter - ing - ly gone, gone was the

Alto *mfp* the tears on her cheeks of gen - tle rose. Gleam, glit - ter gone, gone was the

p articulately

"She was worth her weight in gold," the King had always said. He realized only now that the love of Marygold's heart exceeded all wealth on earth.

(hold if needed for narr.)

16 rit. **18** *Piu mosso* $\text{♩} = 60$

Narr. child, Gone was the child Mmm

Sop. 1 *sfp* child, Gone was the child Mmm

Sop. 2 *sfp* child, Gone was the child Mmm

Alto *sfp* child, Gone was the child Mmm

attacca

VII

Ominously

I ♩ = 100

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Vib.

Narr.

It would be too sad a story to end it here with Midas and the fate he'd brought to bear. And wishing now



5

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Vib.

Narr.

that he were poor but free of the heartsick he was now forced to wear.
But end it we shall not; for in his grief he saw by one of his now golden walls a figure standing tall.

10 13

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Vib.

Narr.

mf

pp

Red.

hard yarns

#8

p

"Well friend Midas, pray how did you succeed with the Golden Touch?"
"I am very miserable."

The Stranger! Back to taunt him, yes? To mock him in his deep distress?



17 With Cautious Optimism

15

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Vib.

Narr.

solo

p espress.

p

pp 6 6 6 6

"Very miserable indeed! And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything your heart desired?"

"Gold.... is not everything. And I have lost everything my heart really cared for." And by these words the Stranger knew that Midas' heart was now more true. And so three questions,

19

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Narr.

to make really sure, were posed to the King to make change inured:

22

Tib. Bwl

(circular motion)

Narr.

"Would you wish the Touch or a drink of pure water?"

"The Touch or a crust of bread?"

"The Touch or your Marygold?"

"My parched throat yearns for the simple blessing of water."

My aching stomach begs for a simple crumb."

Oh my child, my dear child! I would not have given that one small dimple on her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"

25

28 ♩=120

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Vib.

Narr.

pp

pp

pp solo

p espress.

mp

mp

mp

mp

shimmering

vibes (hard yarn)

bowed

Glock.

"You are wiser than you were! Do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of the Golden Touch?"

And with this question our Midas saw his moment of redemption near;

And grasping now at this

33

31

Fl. *p sub*

Bb Cl. *p sub*

Vln. *mp espress.* solo (from cello)

Vc. *p sub*

Pno. (tr)

Vib.

Narr. hopeful straw he begged the stranger, "yes, so clear!" And because it was not sufficiently good to stop the Touch from doing harm, the Stranger offered, as he should, the means to undo the alchemy's harm:



38 (♩=120)

48

Fl. *n*

Bb Cl. *n* bell-like *mp* *mp*

Vln. *n* *pp* *mp*

Vc. *n*

Pno. bell-like *mp*

Vib. Vibes (hard yarns) bell-like *mp*

Chorus (tutti) *mp*

"Go to the ri - ver and plunge right in and washed aw - ay this sin will be And of that

49 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Fl.

Bb Cl. *mp* *sim.*

Vln. *n* *pp* *mp* *n*

Vc.

Pno.

Vib. *secco*

Chorus (tutti)
wa - ter — a ves - sel fill and sprink - le it on all that you see that has — been turned to gold — by greed

61 $\text{♩} = 60$ 67 $\text{♩} = 80$

Fl. *mp* *mf* *fp*

Bb Cl. *p* *mp* *mf* *fp*

Vln. *mp* *mf* *fp*

Vc. *mp* *mf* *fp*

Pno. *mp* *mf* *f*

Sop. 1 *mp* *mf* *f*
And those on whom the drop-lets fall their for-mer being will re - vive — and join with you in joy ous song

Sop. 2 *mp* *mf* *f*
And those on whom the drop-lets fall their for-mer being will re - vive and join with you in joy - ous song

Alto *mp* *mf* *f*
And those on whom the drop-lets fall their for-mer being will re - vive and join with you in joy - ous song

73 Reminiscently

68 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ ($\text{♩} = \text{ca. } 54$)

Fl. *(non dim.)*

Bb Cl. *pp* *mp* *p ma espress.*

Vln. *pp*

Vc. *pp*

Pno. *pp* *delicato* *p*

Perc. Ride cymbal (w/brushes, diffuse) *pp*

Sop. 1 (Sop. 1 only) *mf* *mp* *tutti, sotto voce p*

Of a life for good, from love de - rived And re - mem - ber when up -



74 $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$

Fl. *mp* *p*

Bb Cl. *pp* *mp*

Vln. *p ma espress.*

Vc. *p ma espress.*

Pno.

Perc. *mp* *p* *ppp*

Chorus (tutti) on the star you ask your wish-es to come real and true, that wish-es by com - ing true may

83 Joyous!

$\text{♩} = 80$ $\text{♩} = 160$

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Narr.

Chorus (tutti)

p *mf* *p*

Our King rushed to the clear cool stream, and diving in its deepest pool, emerged a different,

pack with-in them-selves. the seeds of ruin."

91

Fl.

Pno.

Narr.

mf

(Bb) (C)

9 9 9

better man whose touch no longer was gold's fool. His vessel he now duly filled and brought it back with glee,

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Pno.

Narr.

mf

9 9 9 9

and blissfully baptized the prisoners now from golden cages free.

98

Fl. *leggiero*
mp sempre

Bb Cl. *leggiero*
mp sempre

Vln. *mp*

Vc. *mp*

Pno. *p* 9 *tr* *leggiero*

Glock. Glockenspiel tiny brass mallets, *sempre* l.v. *pp* 5

Narr. The last of the most precious drops he saved for Marygold;

Fl. 104

Bb Cl.

Vln. *V*

Vc. *V*

Pno. (D) 9 (A) 9 *delicato* *mp* 9 *p* *leggiero*
pp

Glock.

Narr. And when her rosy cheeks renewed, his joy most overflowed.

Chorus (tutti) *p* *mp*

(oo)

110

109

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Glock.

Narr.

Chorus (tutti)

pp mp p mp mf

And ends now well the "Golden Touch", the story of Midas now repeated.

(gradual change from "oo" to "oh") (oh)

116

114

Fl.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Glock.

Narr.

Chorus (tutti)

mp mf con forza poco f f

It is the telling of goodness - much - and of greed by love defeated.

120 121

Fl. *ff*

Bb Cl. *mf sf sf*

Vln.

Vc.

Pno. *più f* *boldly*

Glock. *poco f f*

Narr.

Chorus (tutti) *più f*

(slight vowel modification toward "ah"; not too bright)