1979

Enchanted Land

Michael Mauldin

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ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue
II. Where the River Makes a Noise
III. Dance to Life
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right…
V. The Rain Will Come
I. Prologue
II. Where the River Makes a Noise
III. Dance to Life
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right…
V. The Rain Will Come

This narrative is taken from the story of Edith Warner, the woman who lived in the little house at the Otowi bridge, and of Los Alamos—before, during and after the time it was home to the Manhattan Project. Peggy Pond Church had grown up on the Jemez mesas before her father’s boys’ school had been chosen by the government as the isolated site for atomic weapon research.

Notable in the Prologue is the reverence of the Indians for the earth and all nature, and their belief that it is the duty of man, himself a part of the same creation, to maintain the beauty and harmony he finds around him.

The second movement follows the river as trapped between canyon walls below Otowi, it turns, darts, plunges, and curls whitely back upon itself, always struggling toward the sea.

In the third movement, we see colorful costumes and hear drums and moccasined feet on hard earth, until we ourselves are caught up in the dance and are one with the dancers’ prayer to the sun, the lifeguard.

A more somber, even tragic tone pervades the fourth movement, as it tells of adversities. And on the ‘hill’ men were experimenting with another kind of power, a power so far of death, not life.

In the final movement, the work comes full circle, recycling—but adding to—the music and text of the Prologue. The rains came, bringing also the message that if our hearts are right, whatever is needed will come.
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue

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...there are certain places in the earth where the great powers that move between earth and sky are much closer and more available than others... this region, this arid stretch of valley, plateau and...
circling mountain, was one of them.

CUE: Was it the nature of the land itself...
some quality of rock, some effect of light or cloud or shaped horizon? Or was it because here the old relationship between man and the earth has for so long been kept fresh and new by the Indians?
CUE: The Pueblos have always believed that the earth they live upon is sacred. The gods lean from
the clouds. They walk the earth in the shape of rain and rainbows. When a man dies his spirit joins those of the Ancestors and comes with the clouds to rain upon the
earth and make it fertile.
It is the duty of all living men to maintain the harmony.
in the world around them. They live in community not only with one another but with earth and sky, with plants and animals. They believe that the orderly functioning of the universe depends on them.
II. Where the River Makes a Noise

Fls.
Obs.
B♭ Cts.
Bssns.
Hns. (F)
B♭ Tpts.
Tbn.
Tuba
Vibs
S. D.
Timp.
Narrator
Vlns.
Vla.
Cello
Bass

\( \text{\( \frac{1}{4} \)} \) = 66

\( \text{\( \frac{1}{4} \)} \) = 66 (tacet mvt. II)

no mute

Sim. Cym.

\( \text{mf} \rightarrow \text{mp} \)

\( \text{mf} \rightarrow \text{mp} \)

Div.

Sim.

Sim.
The Rio Grande at Otowi is a tawny color, heavy
with sand and silt swept down from the high mountains of Colorado and northern New Mexico. Clear and clean in its
origin, it ripples, cascades, twines among the roots of grasses and old trees, pulling out
little by little the stitches and seams of earth, transporting mountain slopes grain by
grain onto the level land. It splits the black, basaltic crust that shields the plain and wedges itself...
through the gravels of vanished times and climates. The water is
never clear again until it is lost in the Gulf of Mexico, swept away and
dispersed in the blind tides of ocean.
Just below the bridge at Otowi the river... begins to flow past strong resistant rock into a canyon
formed by two great mesas. The Indians call the spot "the place where the river makes a noise." The darkness wells up
out of the valley like the tide rising from the bottom of an extinct sea.
The two mesas seem to grow larger as though being drawn from the earth by a giant hand.
CUE: For many thousands of
years the river had torn its way between these mesas. Clouds had burst
over them, dusty winds assailed them. The sky leaned upon them with all its weight of light.

Narrator
and darkness.

CUE: Now they stood firm, balanced between the
upthrusting, the down-pulling forces in the earth.
In these strong shapes time itself became visible, time that works
to bring forth from all things the lines of essential beauty hidden in them.
III. Dance to Life

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Fls.} & \quad J = 132 \\
\text{Obs.} & \\
\text{Bb Cls.} & \\
\text{Bssns.} & \\
\text{Hns. (F)} & \quad J = 132 \\
\text{Bb Tpts.} & \\
\text{Tbn.} & \\
\text{Tuba} & \\
\text{Vibes} & \\
\text{S. D. Perc} & \\
\text{Timp.} & \\
\text{Narrator} & \\
\text{Vlns.} & \\
\text{Vla.} & \\
\text{Cello} & \\
\text{Bass} & \\
\end{align*}
\]
All during the night we were aware of the moving river.
Across it drifted the sound of chanting voices and drums hid deep in the Kiva. The stars above us were
magnified by an icy wind until they shone like giant snow crystals. The outline of
the mountains slowly grew firm
against the eastern sky.

CUE: Just as I entered the plaza,
the door of the Deer House
opened and a blanketed
figure came out, followed by the dancers... I pressed close against the wall of an adobe house as they began the lifted step that seems
to take into the dancer strength from the mother earth. Bodies painted with black and white circles I saw; red yarn fluttering on legs
that moved in unison; great collars of fur; gay feathers dancing on black hair;
The rich low tones of the song and the rhythm of the movement filled me. From the earth itself and from the house made of earth it flowed into me and I can find no word for it.
As the dancers faced the east,
the sun rose. To the sun, the life-giver, that
song seemed to go, and into the plaza the sun-power to come into those bodies so
concentrated on the prayer.
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...
CUE: On Easter Day the wind blew stinging sand on the naked bodies of the Buffalo dancers. Fruit blossoms blackened with frost in May.
In June the corn and beans dried under a cloudless sky. In July thunderstorms,
brief and violent, washed out the road and filled the road and filled the garden with gravel. Late in September a hailstorm washed the mud plaster off the housewalls. After that no rain fell at all.
Now on the high plateau where lizards scuttled among the roofless kivas, mankind
was experimenting with another kind of power. It had been so far a power of death rather than of life.... How strange it seemed that that which had
created such waster and... suffering had been made on the plateau where
the ancient people had for

so long invoked their gods in beauty. In
the smallest atoms of dust the forces

Narrator

so long invoked their gods in beauty, In
the smallest atoms of dust the forces

Vlns.

Vla.

Cello

Bass
that hold the worlds together lay slumbering. Long ago men had learned to call them forth with prayer, with the prayer of dancing bodies, of soaring voices, making themselves one
with the need of earth for rain. "If our hearts are right, the rain will come." Had men forgotten the
wisdom of the heart, the knowledge that all men everywhere are of one substance?
I saw a cloud pass over the earth on long, grey stilts of rain... I saw its shape and knew that over the pueblo moved the Thunder Bird. Down from his breast fell feathers of rain and out from his
heart the lightning flashed its message... that the gods never forget.
The gods lean from the clouds. They walk the earth in the shape of
rain and rainbows.

When a man dies his spirit joins those of the Ancestors and comes with the clouds to rain upon the earth and make it fertile.
It is the duty of all living men to maintain the harmony in the world around them. They live in community not...
only with one another but with the earth and sky, with plants and animals. They believe that the orderly functioning of the universe depends on them.
It matters not... that the color of skin be different, that language be not the same, that even the gods of our fathers be known by a different name. We are people, ...human beings who live and love and go on..."
III. Dance to Life

\( \text{\textit{snare}} \)

\( \text{\textit{poco più mosso}} \)

\( \text{\textit{cello, bass}} \)

\( \text{\textit{poco rit.}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Tempo I}} \)
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...
V. The Rain Will Come

\[ \text{\textbf{1st Flute - 5}} \]
2nd Flute

ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

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I. Prologue

II. Where the River Makes a Noise
III. Dance to Life

\( \text{J} = 132 \)
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...
V. The Rain Will Come
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

Michael Mauldin
1976

I. Prologue

II. Where the River Makes a Noise

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1st Oboe - 2

[15-17] mf


[27-28] [30-31]

[32-34] [35-37] mf

[38] sim.

[58-59] [60-62] mp

[64-66] [68-74]

[75] solo

[68-74] mf

[81] 87 bssns. perc.

[87] mp
III. Dance to Life

\[ J = 132 \]

1st Oboe - 3
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ J = 126\text{-}132 \]
V. The Rain Will Come
2nd Oboe

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1976

I. Prologue

II. Where the River Makes a Noise
III. Dance to Life

\[ J = 132 \]

\[ \text{snare} \]

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{p} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{f} \)
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ j = 126-132 \]

\[ \text{fls. 4} \]
\[ \text{fls. 6} \]
\[ \text{fls. 2} \]
\[ \text{vlns. 2} \]

\[ a \text{ tempo} \quad \text{poco rit.} \]
V. The Rain Will Come
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Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

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Michael Mauldin
1976

I. Prologue

II. Where the River Makes a Noise
III. Dance to Life

\( \text{J} = 132 \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{fls.} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{poco più mosso} \)

\( \text{poco rit. to} \)
Tempo I

IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...
V. The Rain Will Come
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue

II. Where the River Makes a Noise
2nd B♭ Clarinet - 3

III. Dance to Life

\( \textit{snare} \)

\( \textit{fls.} \)
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ J = 126-132 \]
V. The Rain Will Come
III. Dance to Life

\[ \text{\textit{Tempo I}} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{\textit{poco rit. to}} & \quad \text{\textit{poco più mosso}} \\
\text{vlns.} & \quad \text{vla., cello} \\
\text{cl. 1} & \quad \text{cl. 1} \\
\text{\.} & \quad \text{\.} \\
\text{\textit{mf}} & \quad \text{\textit{mf}} \\
\text{\textit{poco rit. to}} & \quad \text{\textit{poco più mosso}}
\end{align*}
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\( J = 126-132 \)
V. The Rain Will Come

\[ J. = 66 \] 10 cl.

\[ 17 \] 9 hns. 28 ob. 2

\[ 35 \] 36 solo 43 54 vibes

\[ 55 \] mp mf f mf

\[ 68 \] mf mp p
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III. Dance to Life

\( \text{Tempo I} \)

\[ \text{poco più mosso} \]

\[ \text{poco rit. to} \]

\[ \text{Tempo I cl. 1} \]
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ j = 126-132 \]
V. The Rain Will Come

\( \text{J.} = 66 \)
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue

II. Where the River Makes a Noise
III. Dance to Life

\[ J = 132 \]

\[ \text{snare} \]

\[ \text{bssns.} \]

\[ \text{solo} \]

\[ \text{strings} \]

\[ \text{fls.} \]
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ \text{Tempo I} \]

\[ \text{cl.} \]

\[ \text{tpts.} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{cresc.} \]

\[ \text{ff} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{f} \]
1st Horn in F - 4

V. The Rain Will Come
III. Dance to Life

\[ \text{\textbf{2nd Horn in F - 2}} \]

\[ J = 132 \]

\[ \text{\textbf{III. Dance to Life}} \]
V. The Rain Will Come

J. = 66

V. The Rain Will Come
1st B♭ Trumpet

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Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

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Michael Mauldin
1976

I. Prologue

TACET

II. Where the River Makes a Noise

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III. Dance to Life

\[ J = 132 \]

\[ \text{snare 9} \quad \text{fls. 18} \quad \text{hn. 26} \quad \text{strings 35} \quad \text{fls. 44} \]

\[ \text{poco più mosso} \]

\[ \text{vla., cello} \]

\[ \text{poco rit. to Tempo I} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ j = 126-132 \]

\[ \text{1st B♭ Trumpet - 3} \]
V. The Rain Will Come
I. Prologue

II. Where the River Makes a Noise
III. Dance to Life

J = 132

poco più mosso

Tempo I
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...
V. The Rain Will Come

\[ j = 66 \]


[33-35] [36-42] [43-53] [54-59]
I. Prologue

TACET

II. Where the River Makes a Noise

\[ J = 66 \]

bssns.  
perc.  

9  
tpts.  

15  
mf  

19-24  

27  
fls.  

29-31  

38  
tpts.  

44  

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III. Dance to Life

\(J = 132\)  

\[\text{snare} \quad \text{fls.} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{muted} \quad \text{no mute} \]

\(f\)  

\(poco più mosso\)  

\(vlns.\)  

\(vla.,\)  

\(cello\)  

\(\text{poco rit. to tempo I}\)  

\(\text{cl.} \quad \text{tuba}\)
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\( \textit{J} = 126-132 \)
V. The Rain Will Come

\[ \text{J.} = 66 \]

\[ \text{mp} \]
III. Dance to Life

$J = 132$

1. Dance to Life

Tuba - 2
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ J = 126-132 \]
V. The Rain Will Come

\[ J. = 66 \]
**I. Prologue**

\[ J = 66 \]

motor on, slow

\[ \text{motor on, fast} \quad J = 132 \]

**II. Where the River Makes a Noise**

*TACET*

**III. Dance to Life**
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ J = 126-132 \]
motor off

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Percussion I - 2} \quad \text{Vibraphone}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Vlns. 9} \quad \text{Vlns. 9}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
vlns. 9 \quad vlns. 9
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Percussion I - 2} \quad \text{Vibraphone}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Vln} \quad \text{Vln}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Brass} \quad \text{Brass}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Percussion I - 2} \quad \text{Vibraphone}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Vln} \quad \text{Vln}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Brass} \quad \text{Brass}
\end{align*}
\]
V. The Rain Will Come

\( \text{J. } = \text{66} \)

\text{motor on, slow}  \[1-9\] \text{[10-13]}  \[10\] \text{cls.}  \[4\]  \[17\]

\text{mp}  \[9\] \text{hns.}  \[2\] \text{ob.}  \[4\]  \[28\]  \[18-25\] \[26-27\] \[28-31\]

\text{mp}  \[18\] \[36\] \text{hns.}  \[7\]  \[43\]  \[6\]  \[43-48\] \[33-35\] \[36-42\]

\text{mp}  \[49\] \[54\]

\text{woodwinds}  \[64\] \[10\] \[64-73\]  \[p\]  \[64-73\]  \[56-63\]  \[64\]  \[52-53\]  \[51\]  \[49\]  \[46\]  \[42-44\]  \[36\]  \[79\]  \[71\]  \[70\]  \[69\]  \[59\]  \[58\]  \[57\]  \[56\]  \[55\]  \[54\]  \[53\]  \[52\]  \[51\]  \[50\]  \[49\]  \[48\]  \[47\]  \[46\]  \[45\]  \[44\]  \[43\]  \[42\]  \[41\]  \[40\]  \[39\]  \[38\]  \[37\]  \[36\]  \[35\]  \[34\]  \[33\]  \[32\]  \[31\]  \[30\]  \[29\]  \[28\]  \[27\]  \[26\]  \[25\]  \[24\]  \[23\]  \[22\]  \[21\]  \[20\]  \[19\]  \[18\]  \[17\]  \[16\]  \[15\]  \[14\]  \[13\]  \[12\]  \[11\]  \[10\]  \[9\]  \[8\]  \[7\]  \[6\]  \[5\]  \[4\]  \[3\]  \[2\]  \[1\]  \[0\]
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue

(Snare Drum
\textit{tacet} mvt. I, II, V)
\[ J = 66 \]

\begin{align*}
\text{Percussion II} & \quad \text{Snare Drum} \\
\text{Suspended Cymbal} &
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
& \quad \text{Susp. Cym. with snare sticks} \\
& \quad \text{(Snare Drum} \\
& \quad \text{\textit{tacet} mvt. I, II, V})
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
& \quad \text{Susp. Cym.} \\
& \quad \text{vibes} \\
& \quad \text{hns.} \\
& \quad \text{cls.}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
& \quad \text{fjs.} \\
& \quad \text{bssns.} \\
& \quad \text{ob.} \\
& \quad \text{soft mallets}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
& \quad \text{hns.} \\
& \quad \text{vlns.} \\
& \quad \text{vct.}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
& \quad \text{snare sticks} \\
& \quad \text{poco rit.}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
& \quad \text{fls.} \\
& \quad \text{tpts.}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
& \quad \text{trb.,} \\
& \quad \text{tuba}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
& \quad \text{cello} \\
& \quad \text{trb.,} \\
& \quad \text{tuba}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
& \quad \text{tpts.}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
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\end{align*}
Percussion II - 2
Snare Drum
Suspended Cymbal

III. Dance to Life

\( \text{\textit{\textbf{Tempo I}} S. D.} \)

[1-8] \( p \)

[12-16] \( p \)

[22-24] \( mp \)

\( \text{Susp. Cym. with snare sticks} \)

[29-30] \( p \)

[35-43] \( p \)

[44-54] \( p \)

\( \text{poco più mosso vlns.} \)

[86-98] \( \text{poco rit. to} \)

[100-104] \( \text{cl.} \)

[105-106] \( S. D. \)

\( \text{Tempo I} \)

\( \text{S. D.} \)

\( \text{S. D.} \)
Percussion II - 3
Snare Drum
Suspended Cymbal

IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ J = 126-132 \]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Measure</th>
<th>Notation</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>116-120</td>
<td>vlns. 4</td>
<td>mf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>122-123</td>
<td></td>
<td>mf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>126-128</td>
<td></td>
<td>f</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>129-132</td>
<td>S. D. 4</td>
<td>mf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>f</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>137</td>
<td></td>
<td>f</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>145</td>
<td>tuba 2</td>
<td>mf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15-18</td>
<td></td>
<td>p</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>mp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>vln. 14</td>
<td>f</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>brass 4</td>
<td>mp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>vibes 7</td>
<td>f</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>soft mallets</td>
<td>mp &gt; p</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>brass 2</td>
<td>[46-51]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>64</td>
<td>cello 2</td>
<td>[52-53]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>hns.</td>
<td>[55-63]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>S. D.</td>
<td>[64-65]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td></td>
<td>p</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>[69-70]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>[72-75]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>f</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>mp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>79</td>
<td>a tempo</td>
<td>snare sticks 87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>82-85</td>
<td></td>
<td>mf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>poco rit. f</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>88</td>
<td>trb. 4</td>
<td>vib 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>95</td>
<td></td>
<td>(snare stick) 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>89-92</td>
<td></td>
<td>mp</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>[93-94]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>[96-103]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>p</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>[105-106]</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
V. The Rain Will Come

\[ \text{J.} = 66 \]

- Susp. Cym. [1-9]
  - soft mallet

- Snare sticks [14-16]

- Tpt. [17-19]
  - soft mallets

- Hns. [22-25]
  - [26-27]
  - [28-31]
  - [32-35]
  - [36-42]

- Hns. [36-43]
  - [37-45]
  - [46-50]

- Tpt. [51-55]
  - [56-60]

- Hns. [61-65]
  - [66-70]

- Tpt. [71-75]
  - [76-80]
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue

II. Where the River Makes a Noise
III. Dance to Life

\[ J = 132 \]
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ j = 126-132 \]

change C to A

\[ \text{mp} \rightarrow \text{p} \]

12 vibes

\[ \text{mp} \rightarrow \text{p} \]

20

\[ \text{mp} \rightarrow \text{pp} \]

34 brass

\[ \text{p} \]

46

\[ \text{p} \]

53

\[ \text{mf} \rightarrow \text{mp} \]

54 brass

\[ \text{p} \]

64 hn.

69 vln.

\[ \text{p} \rightarrow \text{mp} \]

72 brass

\[ \text{p} \rightarrow \text{mf} \]

87 cls.

\[ \text{poco rit.} \]

\[ \text{sub. p} \]

\[ \text{cresc. mf} \]

\[ \text{mp} \rightarrow \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{f} \rightarrow \text{ff} \]
V. The Rain Will Come

\[ J = 66 \]

change G to F

10

change A to C

[1-9]

[18-20]

[22-25]

[26-27]

[28-31]

[33-35]

[36-42]

[47-48]

[52-53]

[54-56]

[58-62]

[65-76]
...there are certain places in the earth where the great powers that move between earth and sky are much closer and more available than others...

this region, this arid stretch of valley, plateau and circling mountain, was one of them.

Was it the nature of the land itself...some quality of rock, some effect of light or cloud or shaped horizon? Or was it because here the old relationship between man and the earth has for so long been kept fresh and new by the Indians?

The Pueblos have always believed
that the earth they live upon is sacred. The gods lean from the clouds. They walk the earth in the shape of rain and rainbows.

When a man dies his spirit joins those of the Ancestors and comes with the clouds to rain upon the earth and make it fertile.

CUE: It is the duty of all living men to maintain the harmony in the world around them. They live in community not only with one another but with earth and sky, with plants and animals. They believe that the orderly functioning of the universe depends on them.
II. Where the River Makes a Noise

The Rio Grande at Otowi is a tawny color, heavy with sand and silt swept down from the high mountains of Colorado and northern New Mexico.

Clear and clean in its origin, it ripples, cascades, twines among the roots of grasses and old trees, pulling out little by little the stitches and seams of earth, transporting mountain slopes grain by grain onto the level land. It splits the black, basaltic crust that shields the plain and
wedges itself through the gravels of vanished times and climates.

The water is never clear again until it is lost in the Gulf of Mexico,

swept away and dispersed in the blind tides of ocean.
Just below the bridge at Otowi the river... begins to flow past strong resistant rock into a canyon formed by two great mesas. The Indians call the spot “the place where the river makes a noise.” The darkness wells up out of the valley like the tide rising from the bottom of an extinct sea. The two mesas seem to grow larger as though being drawn from the earth by a giant hand.
For many thousands of years the river had torn its way between these mesas. Clouds had burst over them, dusty winds assailed them.

The sky had leaned upon them with all its weight of light and darkness.

Now they stood firm, balanced between the upthrusting, the down-pulling forces in the earth. In these strong shapes time itself became visible, time that works to bring forth from all things the lines of essential beauty hidden in them.
III. Dance to Life

All during the night we were aware of the moving river.

Across it drifted the sound of chanting voices and drums hid deep in the Kiva.

The stars above us were magnified by an icy wind until they shone like giant snow crystals. The outline of the mountains
slowly grew firm against the eastern sky.

Just as I entered the plaza, the door of the Deer House opened and a blanketed figure came out, followed by the dancers....

I pressed close against the wall of an adobe house as they began the lifted step that seems to take into the dancer strength from the mother earth. Bodies painted with black and white circles I saw; red yarn fluttering on legs that moved in unison; great collars of fur; gay feathers dancing on black hair;
The rich low tones of the song and the rhythm of the movement filled me. From the earth itself and from the house made of earth it flowed into me and I can find no word for it.

As the dancers faced the east, the sun rose. To the sun, the life-giver, that song seemed to go, and into the plaza the sun-power to come into those bodies so concentrated on the prayer.
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

On Easter Day the wind blew stinging sand on the naked bodies of the Buffalo dancers. Fruit blossoms blackened with frost in May. In June the corn and beans dried under a cloudless sky. In July thunderstorms, brief and violent, washed out the
road and filled the garden with gravel. Late in September a hailstorm washed the mud plaster off the housewalls.

After that no rain fell at all.

mankind was experimenting with another kind of power. It had been so far a power of death rather than of life....

How strange it seemed that that which had created such waste and... suffering had been made on the plateau where the ancient people had for
so long invoked their gods in beauty. In the smallest atoms of dust the forces that hold the worlds together lay slumbering. Long ago men had learned to call them forth with prayer,

with the prayer of dancing bodies, of soaring voices, making themselves one with the need of the earth for rain. “If our hearts are right, the rain will come.”

Had men forgotten the wisdom of the heart, the knowledge that all men everywhere are of one substance?
V. The Rain Will Come

I saw a cloud pass over the earth on long, grey stilts of rain... I saw its shape and knew that over the pueblo moved the Thunder Bird. Down from his breast fell feathers of rain and out from his heart the lightning flashed its message... that the gods never forget.

CUE: The gods lean from the clouds. They walk the earth in the shape of rain and rainbows. When a man dies his spirit joins those of
the Ancestors and comes with the clouds to rain upon the earth and make it fertile.

It is the duty of all living men to maintain the harmony in the world around them. They live in community not only with one another but with the earth and sky, with plants and animals. They believe that the orderly functioning of the universe depends on them.

“It matters not... that the color of skin be different, that language be not the same, that even the gods of our fathers be known by a different name. We are people, ...human beings who live and love and go on....”
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue

Violin I

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by Peggy Pond Church
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II. Where the River Makes a Noise

\[ \text{J. = 66} \quad \text{bssns.} \quad \text{perc.} \quad \text{f} \]

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{f} \]

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{f} \]

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{f} \]

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{f} \]

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{f} \]

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{f} \]

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{f} \]

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{f} \]
III. Dance to Life

\[ \text{J} = 132 \]

\[ \text{div.} \quad \text{snare} \]

\[ \text{pp} \]

\[ \text{unis.} \]

\[ \text{ms} \]

\[ \text{mp} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{div.} \]

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...
V. The Rain Will Come

\[ \text{\textit{poco rit.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{unis.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{mf}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{pp}} \]
I. Prologue

\[ J. = 66 \]

\[ \text{pp} \]

\[ \text{con sordino} \]

\[ \text{senza sordino} \]

\[ \text{cresc.} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]
II. Where the River Makes a Noise

\[ f = 66 \]

\[ \text{cello, trb., tuba} \]

\[ \text{fis.} \]

\[ \gg \text{mp} \]
III. Dance to Life

\( \text{Violin II - 4} \)
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...
V. The Rain Will Come

\( J. = 66 \)
I. Prologue

II. Where the River Makes a Noise
III. Dance to Life

\[ j = 132 \]
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ \downarrow = 126-132 \]

\[ \text{div. } \]
V. The Rain Will Come

\( \text{J.} = 66 \)

\[ [28-30] \]

\[ [37-40] \]

\[ [54-63] \]

\[ [64-68] \]
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

Michael Mauldin
1976

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II. Where the River Makes a Noise
III. Dance to Life

\[ \text{\textbf{Cello - 4}} \]

\[ J = 132 \]

\textit{pizz. bass}

\[ \text{\textbf{snare cls.}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{fls. obs.}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{hn.}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{mf}} \]
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ j = 126-132 \]

\[ \text{div.} \]

\[ \text{unis.} \]

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{mp} \]

\[ \text{cresc.} \]

\[ \text{sim.} \]

\[ \text{soli} \]
V. The Rain Will Come

\[ \text{\textbf{V. The Rain Will Come}} \]

\[ J. = 66 \]

\[ p \quad \text{mp} \quad p \]

\[ mp \quad \text{mf} \quad f \quad \text{mf} \]

\[ mp \quad \text{mf} \]

\[ p \quad \text{mp} \quad p \]

\[ mp \quad \text{mf} \]

\[ p \quad \text{mp} \quad p \]

\[ \text{\textbf{V. The Rain Will Come}} \]
II. Where the River Makes a Noise
III. Dance to Life

\[ J = 132 \]

\[ \text{pizz.} \]
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ J = 126-132 \]