1979

Enchanted Land

Michael Mauldin

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MICHAEL MAULDIN

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
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra
by Michael Mauldin
Narration from The House at Otowi Bridge
by Peggy Pond Church
University of New Mexico Press ©1959, 1960

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 lifegiver.

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.

Michael Mauldin
http://www.mmauldin.com
Duration: 21:30

Published by
Michael Mauldin
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Albuquerque, New Mexico 87112
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue
...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?
The Pueblos have always believed that the earth they live upon is sacred. The gods lean from
When a man dies his spirit joins those of the Ancestors and comes with the clouds to rain upon the

the clouds. They walk the earth in the shape of rain and rainbows.
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

Fls.
Obs.
B♭ Cls.
Bssns.
Hns. (F)
B♭ Tpts.
Tbn.
Tuba
Vibes
PERC
Timp.
Narrator
Vlns.
Vla.
Cello
Bass
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...
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.
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
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

\[ J = 132 \]
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...
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.
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

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
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?
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 the 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...."
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

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by Peggy Pond Church
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Michael Mauldin
1976

I. Prologue

II. Where the River Makes a Noise

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

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

\[ j. = 66 \]
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue

II. Where the River Makes a Noise

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

\[ j = 126-132 \]

\[ \text{2nd Flute - 4} \]
V. The Rain Will Come

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ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

1st Oboe

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Michael Mauldin
1976

I. Prologue

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

\( J = 132 \)

\( \text{snare} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

\( \text{p} \)

\( \text{f} \)

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

\[ \text{\textcopyright 126-132} \]

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

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

\[ \text{\textcopyright mf} \quad \text{\textcopyright f} \quad \text{\textcopyright cls.} \quad \text{\textcopyright mf} \quad \text{\textcopyright f} \quad \text{\textcopyright poco rit.} \]

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

\[ \text{\textcopyright mf} \quad \text{\textcopyright f} \quad \text{\textcopyright mf} \quad \text{\textcopyright f} \quad \text{\textcopyright poco rit.} \]

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

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

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

\[ \text{\textcopyright } \]

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

\[ J = 126-132 \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{[1-3]} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \\
\text{[12]} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \\
\text{[20]} \quad \text{46 fls.} \\
\text{[34-37]} \quad \text{brass} \\
\text{[52-53]} \\
\text{[64-68]} \\
\text{[88-91]} \\
\text{[96-106]} \\
\end{array} \]
V. The Rain Will Come

2nd Oboe - 5

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

\[ J. = 66 \]

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

\[ 12 \]

\[ 19 \]

\[ 23 \]

\[ 28 \]

\[ 36 \]

\[ 65 \]
III. Dance to Life

\( \text{b} = 132 \)

\( S_n \) snare

\[ \text{mp} \]

\( \text{p} \)

\( \text{fls.} \)

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{f} \]

\( \text{f} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{p} \)

\( \text{poco più mosso} \)

\( \text{vla., cello} \)

\( \text{poco rit. to} \)
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...
V. The Rain Will Come

\( J = 66 \)

1st B♭ Clarinet - 6

The Rain Will Come
III. Dance to Life

\[\text{\textit{2nd \textbf{B} clarinet - 3}}\]

\[J = 132\]

\[\text{snare}\]

\[\text{mp}\]

\[\text{p}\]

\[\text{f.l.s.}\]

\[\text{mf}\]

\[\text{f}\]

\[\text{poco più mosso}\]

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

\[\text{mf}\]

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

\[ J = 126-132 \]

[1-3] \[ mp \] \[ mf \] \[ mp \]

[12] \[ 2 \]

[12-13] \[ mf \] \[ mp \] \[ p \]
V. The Rain Will Come

2nd B♭ Clarinet - 6

J. = 66

[1-9] mf


[17-22] mf

[28] ob.

[26-27] mf

[37-42]

[43-53] vibes

[54-63] mf

[74-77]
III. Dance to Life

\( \text{\textcopyright\textregistered\texttrade\texttrademark} \)}
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

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

\[ J = 66 \]

\[ \text{fl., cl.} \]
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue

J. = 66

II. Where the River Makes a Noise

J. = 66

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2nd Bassoon - 2
III. Dance to Life

\( \mathbb{J} = 132 \)

\( \mathbb{9} \) snare \( \mathbb{9} \)

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{[1-8]} \\
\text{[9-17]} \quad p
\end{array} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{[35-43]} \\
\text{[44-52]} \quad mf \quad < \quad f
\end{array} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{[75-76]} \\
\text{[77-85]} \quad \text{poco più mosso} \quad \text{[86]} \quad \text{cello} \quad \text{[100-104]} \quad \text{[105-106]} \quad \text{[112-113]} \quad \text{mp}
\end{array} \]

poco rit. to

Tempo I

cl. 1
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ J = 126-132 \]
V. The Rain Will Come
1st Horn in F

ENCHANTED LAND
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I. Prologue

II. Where the River Makes a Noise

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III. Dance to Life

\[ j = 132 \]

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{snare} \quad 9 \\
&\text{bssns.} \quad 18 \\
&\text{solo} \quad 26 \\
&\text{fls.} \quad 44 \\
&\text{strings} \quad 35 \\
&\text{mf} \quad 32
\end{align*}
\]
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\( \text{Tempo I} \)

\( \text{cl.} \)

\( \text{tpts.} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{cresc.} \)

\( \text{fff} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{f} \)

\( \text{poco più mosso} \)

\( \text{vln., cello} \)

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

\( \text{Tempo I} \)

\( \text{cl.} \)

\( \text{tpts.} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{cresc.} \)

\( \text{fff} \)

\( \text{mf} \)

\( \text{f} \)

\( \text{poco più mosso} \)

\( \text{vln., cello} \)

\( \text{poco rit. to} \)
V. The Rain Will Come
III. Dance to Life

\[ \text{\( j = 132 \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{snare} \)} \text{\( \text{bssns.} \)} \text{\( \text{hn.} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{fls.} \)} \text{\( \text{mf} \)} \text{\( \text{f} \)} \text{\( \text{mp} \)} \]

\[ \text{\( \text{poco più mosso} \)} \text{\( \text{vla., cello} \)} \text{\( \text{poco più mosso} \)} \text{\( \text{poco più mosso} \)} \text{\( \text{poco più mosso} \)} \text{\( \text{poco più mosso} \)}}
V. The Rain Will Come
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue

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

\[ J = 132 \]

\[ \text{poco più mosso} \]
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

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

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

\[ \text{\textbf{IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...}} \]
V. The Rain Will Come
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

Michael Mauldin
1976

I. Prologue

TACET

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

\[ \frac{J}{= 132} \]

\[ \text{poco più mosso} \]

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

\[ \text{Tempo I} \]

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

[Music notation for the piece]
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

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Michael Mauldin
1976

I. Prologue

TACET

II. Where the River Makes a Noise

\[ J = 66 \]

bssns.
perc.

\[ 6 \text{ fl., ob.} \]

\[ 9 \text{ tpts.} \]

\[ 15 \text{ hn.} \]

\[ 27 \text{ fls.} \]

\[ 38 \text{ tpts.} \]

\[ 44 \]

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III. Dance to Life

\[ \text{\( \textit{j} = 132 \)} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{\( \textit{snare} \)} & \quad \text{\( \textit{f} \)} \\
\text{\( \textit{muted} \)} & \quad \text{\( \textit{f} \)} \\
\text{\( \textit{no mute} \)} & \quad \text{\( \textit{f} \)}
\end{align*}
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\( \frac{3}{4} \quad \text{If Our Hearts Are Right...} \)

\( \text{mf} \qquad \text{f} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{f} \)

\( \text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{f} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{f} \quad \text{mp} \)

\( \text{mf} \quad \text{f} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{f} \quad \text{f} \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{mp} \)
V. The Rain Will Come

J. = 66

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

\[ J = 132 \]

\[ \text{snare 9} \quad \text{fls. 8} \quad \text{hn. 5} \]

\[ \text{strings 35} \quad \text{fls. 44} \quad \text{fls. 56} \]
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

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

\[ \text{\textit{a tempo}} \]

\[ \text{poco rit.} \]
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

Michael Mauldin
1976

I. Prologue

\[ J = 66 \]

\[ \text{motor on, slow} \]

II. Where the River Makes a Noise

\[ \text{TACET} \]

III. Dance to Life

\[ J = 132 \]

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IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ j = 126-132 \]  
\[ \text{motor off} \]
V. The Rain Will Come

\( J = 66 \)

motor on, slow

\[ \text{mp} \]

\[ \text{cls.} \]

\[ \text{hns.} \]

\[ \text{ob.} \]

\[ \text{hns.} \]

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

\[ \text{ \( \frac{\text{S. D.}}{\text{mp}} \) \( \frac{\text{p}}{\text{mp}} \text{ with snare sticks} \) \( \frac{\text{35 strings}}{\text{44 fls.}} \) \( \frac{\text{poco più mosso vlns.}}{\text{9}} \) \( \frac{\text{vlns.}}{\text{9}} \) \( \text{Tempo I} \) \( \text{S. D.} \) \( \text{p} \) \]
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

\[ J = 126-132 \] Susp. Cym. with snare stick

\[ \text{S.D.} \]

\[ mf \]

Soft mallets

\[ f \]

Susp. Cym. with snare sticks

\[ p \]

Snare sticks

\[ mf \]

Soft mallets

\[ f \]

Susp. Cym. with snare sticks

\[ mf \]

Soft mallets

\[ f \]

Susp. Cym. with snare sticks

\[ mf \]

Percussion II - 3
Snare Drum
Suspended Cymbal
V. The Rain Will Come

\[J = 66\]

\[\text{Susp. Cym. soft mallet} \quad \text{snare sticks}\]

\[f\]

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

\[\text{tpt. soft mallets} \quad \text{hns.} \quad \text{ob.}\]

\[\text{snare sticks} \quad \text{p}\]

\[p\]

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

\[p \quad \text{pp}\]
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue

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

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{F-C} & \quad p \quad < mp \quad > p \\
\text{cello} & \quad 8 \quad p \quad < mp \quad > p \\
\text{vln.} & \quad 31 \quad p \quad < mf \quad > p \\
\text{hns.} & \quad 36 \quad p \quad < mp \quad > p \\
\text{poco rit.} & \quad 66 \quad p \quad < mp \quad > p
\end{align*}
\]

II. Where the River Makes a Noise

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

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{mf} & \quad < mp \\
\text{mf} & \quad < mp \\
\text{mf} & \quad > \\
\text{trb.,} & \quad 11 \quad \text{tuba} \\
\text{hns.} & \quad 2 \quad \text{[11-12]} \\
\text{hns.} & \quad 2 \quad \text{[13-14]} \\
\text{hns.} & \quad 3 \quad \text{[15-17]}
\end{align*}
\]
III. Dance to Life

$J = 132$

8

$9$ snare

15

$18$ fls.
Timpani - 3

obs.

hn.

strings

vibes

vlns.

poco più mosso

poco rit.

Tempo I

harder mallets

change F to G
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

$J = 126-132$

change C to A
V. The Rain Will Come

\[ \text{\textit{The Rain Will Come}} \]

Change G to F

Change A to C

Change G to F

Change A to C
Narrator
(speak distinctly but not slowly)

ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

Michael Mauldin
1976

I. Prologue

\[ \text{\textit{CUE:}} \quad \ldots \text{there are certain places in the earth where the great powers that move between earth and sky are much closer and more available than others...} \]

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

\[ \text{\textit{CUE:}} \quad \text{Was it the nature of the land itself...some quality of rock, some effect of light or cloud or shaped horizon? Or was it because here the old relationship between man and the earth has for so long been kept fresh and new by the Indians?} \]

\[ \text{\textit{CUE:}} \quad \text{The Pueblos have always believed} \]

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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. 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 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?
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...."
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

Narration from The House at Otowi Bridge
by Peggy Pond Church
University of New Mexico Press ©1959, 1960
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Michael Mauldin
1976

I. Prologue

\( J = 66 \)

\( \text{con sordino} \)

\( \text{vln. 2} \)

\( \text{vla.} \)

\( \text{hns.} \)

\( \text{fls.} \)

\( \text{bssn.} \)

\( \text{cls.} \)

\( \text{senza sordino} \)

\( \text{pp} \)

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II. Where the River Makes a Noise

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

\[ \text{bssns.} \quad \text{perc.} \quad \text{cello} \quad \text{trb.} \]

\[ \text{Violin I - 2} \]
III. Dance to Life

\[ J = 132 \]

\[ \text{snare} \]

\[ \text{div.} \]

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

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

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

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

\( \text{pp} \)

\( \text{mp} \rightarrow p \rightarrow \text{mp} \rightarrow p \)}
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue

Violin II

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1976

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II. Where the River Makes a Noise
III. Dance to Life
V. The Rain Will Come

\[
J. = 66
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{mp} \\
\text{p} \\
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{mp} \\
\text{mf} \\
\text{f} \\
\end{array}
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\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{mp} \\
\text{mf} \\
\end{array}
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\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{p} \\
\text{mp} \\
\text{mf} \\
\end{array}
\]
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

I. Prologue

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

\( \text{J} = 132 \)
IV. If Our Hearts Are Right...

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

\( j = 66 \)

\( \text{mp} \)
II. Where the River Makes a Noise
III. Dance to Life

\[ j = 132 \]

pizz.
bass

\[ \text{snare} \]
classical

\[ \text{flutes} \]
octave

\[ \text{horn} \]
26

\[ \text{arco} \]
f
g3 - g3

\[ \text{pizz.} \]
f3 - f3

\[ \text{Cello - 4} \]

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

\[ j = 126-132 \]

\[ \frac{1}{2} \]

\[ \text{div.} \]

\[ \text{unis.} \]

\[ \text{cresc.} \]

\[ \text{sim.} \]

\[ \text{soli} \]

\[ \text{pp} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{p} \]

\[ \text{mp} \]

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

P. 66

...
ENCHANTED LAND
Suite for Narrator and Orchestra

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I. Prologue

\( J. = 66 \)

\[ \text{pp} \]

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1976

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

\[ J = 132 \]  pizz.

III. Dance to Life

\[ J = 132 \]  pizz.

III. Dance to Life

\[ J = 132 \]  pizz.

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

\[
\text{\textit{Bass - 5}}
\]
V. The Rain Will Come

\( \text{L.} = 66 \)
Bass - 7

13

19

26

38

45

52

67

73