ESTHER'S MONOLOGUE

A CANTATA FOR SOPRANO, OBOE, VIOLA AND CELLO

Allan Blank

a queen today and only yesterday a girl of simple birth, what transformation, transfiguration, slumbers, thunders in my bosom!

from tender slumber I must now awake a whirling thunder to succumb, for as a women of such stately honor, I must give my allegiance to king and kin alike.

oh! I beseech you, God almighty,
put not to test my frail and tender veins.
yet, if in fear and trembling
I tend to falter in my steady pace,
lend me your strength
that I'll find new delight
in search of truth within these royal plains.

my prayers hardly risen above these earthly grounds, when from within I feel a quiver, since from without I hear such whispering sounds!

"cloaked in a shredded sack, filled with ashes, Mordecai moves about these quarters"- can I, gilded with gold and emeralds, be free from all this plight?

what means this wailing of my father? it's not my fate which he bemoans! to an endearing princess, a gracious queen, he always likened me.

a demon must be lurking in these hallways!

I am resolved to leap upon his tracks.
in every trace I shall reveal his cunning,
and lay it bare before my king and realm,
then, shall Mordecai have restored his honor
our people be absolved from dread and shame.

text by Margot Blank

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