Scatter
Soprano with computer-generated sound
(DVD plays sound straight through and includes video conductor for rehearsal)

William Reedy

The City that has Fallen (1906) freely adapted

Chris Chafe

Soprano

accel. \( \bar{\text{j}} = 92 \)

\[
\text{Fris-co it was called in that affection}
\]

deaccel. \( \bar{\text{j}} = 50 \) accel. \( \bar{\text{j}} = 116 \)

which prompts expression in diminutives.

Sha-ken

deaccel. \( \bar{\text{j}} = 78 \)

to shards in the dawn, gulped in

part by a mad sea, swept

by flame. Ruin covering agony, crowned by hunger, thirst, fever,

pest. Beau-tiful, soft Fris-co, luscious
as a great pear or a lush cluster of grapes.

Frisco sleekly fair and like

the Pacific, as treacherous, as fair. There gathered

ered the seekers of the Golden

Fleece to

scatter their shavings, their palaces

rising in uncouth ostentation, setting
Soprano

up insane speculation,

developing rivalries that flowered

into duels and into remorseless combines to drive one

man, thinking himself broken, into

the sea.

Business, politics, the Law, life,

all life was picturesque and blood color.

Then out of

the aureate din and dust came the constructives, taking mighty

chances on building railroads across the continent,
piercing the mountains and grabbing subsidies

that made imperial
do-mains look like kitchen gardens. Its peo-ple loved
dea-cel. it with that in-tensity with which we love what

w-e a-re li-ke-ly to lo-se. accel.

Th-e gongs and mad fiddlers kept go-ing

and the or-che-stras in the mul-titudinous,
gorgeous,

risque, restaurants never

ceased a strain, and the women walked

with an added lure in their

motions and a deeper softness in

their eyes, and as in the old fable, Love and

Soul blended to make the climax of pleasure,
and the town was rapt in voluptuous, autolatry, and then

the earth-quake came!

And flood, and

fire, and death in his most fantastic

disguises

in on the dreams that came through the ivory

gate of dawn. There ran
through and beneath the town many

a little tremor that the town personified,

might have

superstitiously interpreted,

the individual the slight

shudder as he talks with a friend, some

one walks or dances over my grave.