



duration: ca. 10 min.

Stalin and the Little Girl

words & music by
William Vollinger
(ASCAP) ©2012

AN ICON

(for unaccompanied bass-baritone voice)

♩ = ca.40

very rubato, especially silences

mf

mp

Gel-ya! I do not want to hold you a-ny - more, _ my love-ly

p

gross ff

lit-tle daugh-ter. I can-not re-main gen-tle ve-ry long. _____

NOTES: If possible, the above picture should be projected on a screen on a darkened stage, the soloist to one side. The use of an iPad with a pdf of the score makes the face of the singer glow ominously. If this is not possible, the photo should then be printed in the program. (The words are hyphenated the way they are actually sung or said, not as in a dictionary.)

mp I want to put you down for-e-ver. *f* *mp* I

tired do not want your flo - - - wers, *p* Be-

cause eve-ry time they're o - pen-ing up their bright love-ly pe - tals, they're

mf al - so swal-low-ing up me! me! me!

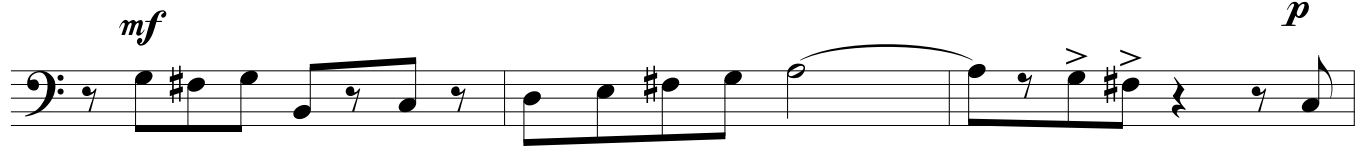
mp *tired* And then it takes near-ly se-ven-ty-two years to stop you from

smi - ling at me. *f* Pho-

stentorian to-gra-phers, put a-way your came-ras, un-til I can ful-ly and

sfz *mp* to-tal-ly sen-tence all of you to death, and then leave me a -

p lone on-ly for one mo-ment of peace.



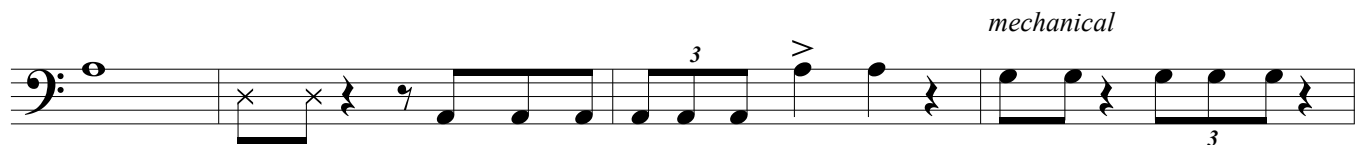
mf I do not want to hold you a - ny - more, _____ *p* Gel-ya, Be -



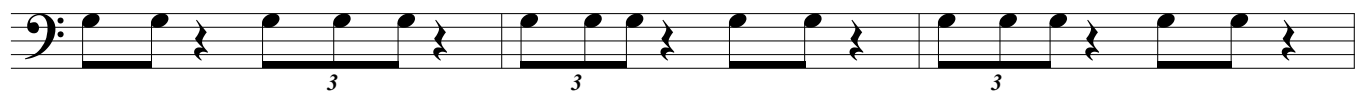
cause I'm ex-treme-ly a-fraid that your name real - ly is "Gel-ya". And I



mf do not want to real - ly know your name. I knew your fa - ther's



mechanical name some-times, but wrote it on-ly that one time. Num-ber sev-en-teen -



mil-lion - four-hun-ded - twen-ty-six - thou-sand - two-hun-dred four-teen:



Ardan Markizova, Se-cond sec-re-ta-ry of the Bur-yat Mon-gol Au-ton-o-mous



So-vi-et So-cial-ist Re-pub-lic with spe-cial re-spon-si-bil-i-ties for a-gri-cul-ture.



p It was on-ly that one time that I de - ci-ded that he was a Jap-a-nese spy,



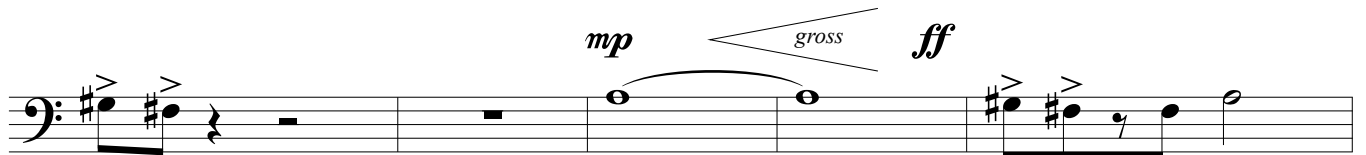
f and there-fore had him killed be-fore he could kill me. *pp* But no - bo-dy can



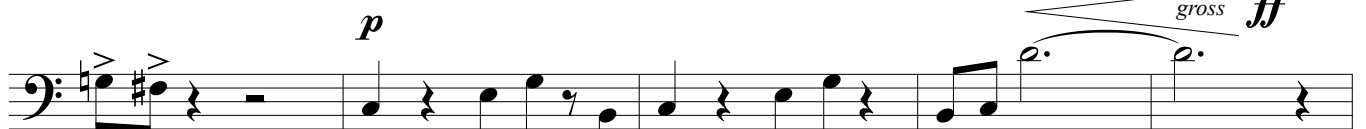
kill me now. I wish that some - bo-dy could.



Could you please kill me Gel-ya? Stop_____



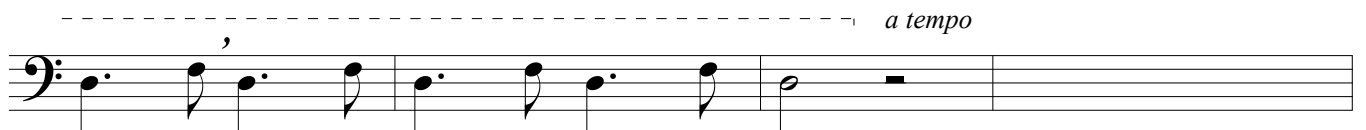
smi-ling and_____ kill me in-stead,



Gel-ya! I can-not re-main gen-tle ve-ry long._____



mm_____ I keep on wai - ting for your fa - ther's name to



come up on my list for one more time: Ardan Markizova,



Se-cond sec-re-ta-ry of the Bur-yat Mon-gol Au-ton-o-mous So-vi-et So-cial-ist Re-



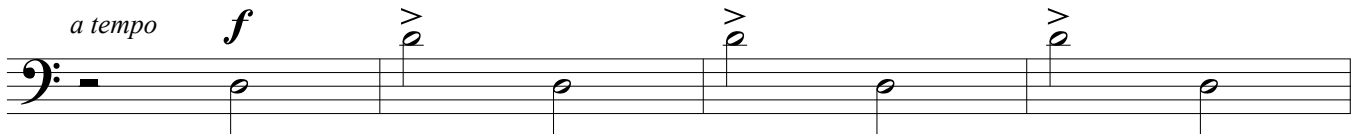
pub-lic with spe-cial re-spon-si-bil-i-ties for a-gri-cul-ture and a



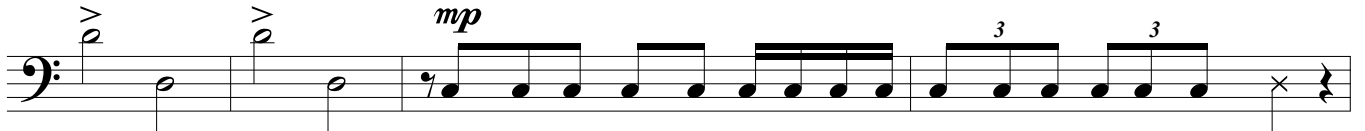
Jap-an-ese spy. And then it takes near-ly se-ven-ty-two years

mf molto accel.

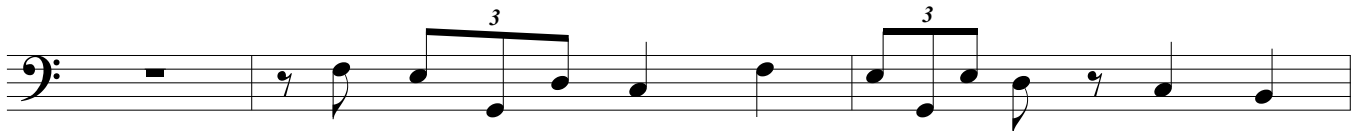
un-til my list comes to its end and fi-nal-ly it rea-ches the last name,



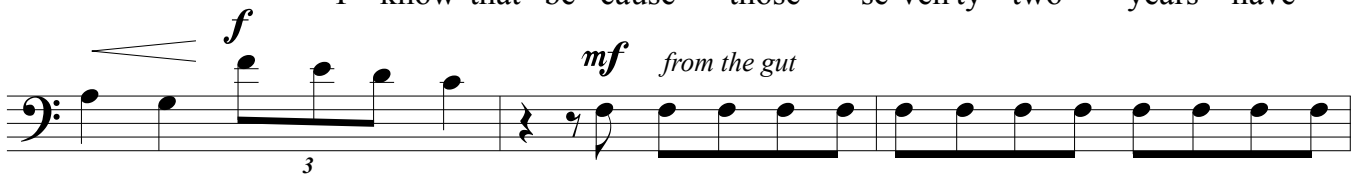
It's my name my name my name



my name my name, And then it starts im-me-di-ate-ly back to the ve-ry first name.



I know that be-cause those se-venty-two years have



hap-pened mil-lions of times. Oh God oh God oh God oh God oh God oh God oh



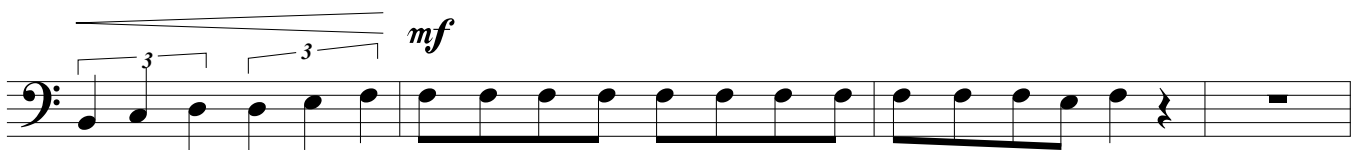
God, please make me an a-the-ist if on-ly for one mo-ment of



peace, till You and I can ful-ly and to-tal-ly sen-tence each o-ther to death,



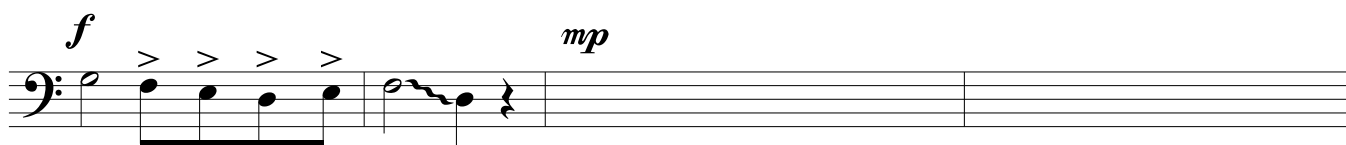
and then I can put Gel-ya down.



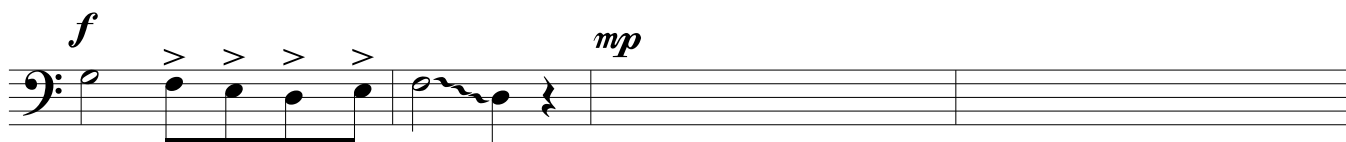
Let us both do that oh God oh God oh God oh God oh God oh God I pray,

f back of throat, *alla marcia**mp* introspective

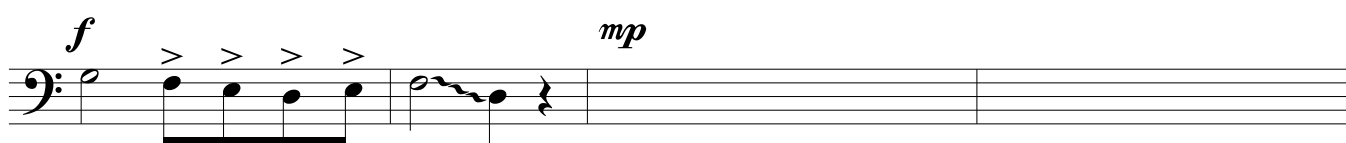
dee dee dee dee dee dee before this photograph turns into a poster,



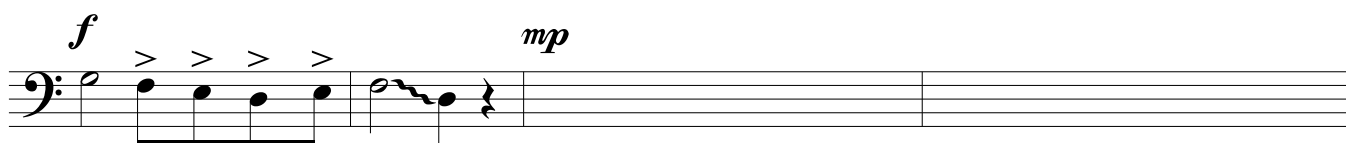
dee dee dee dee dee dee and this poster keeps growing larger and larger and larger,



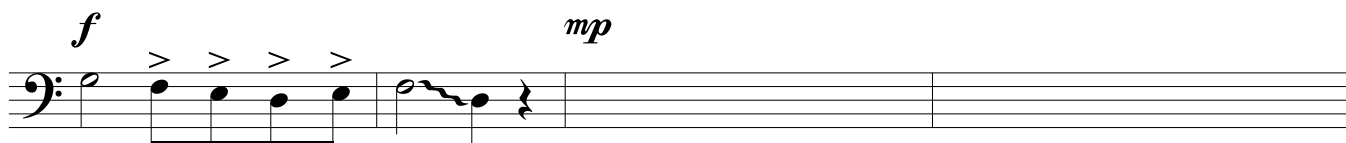
dee dee dee dee dee dee much larger than a man can ever hold a little girl,



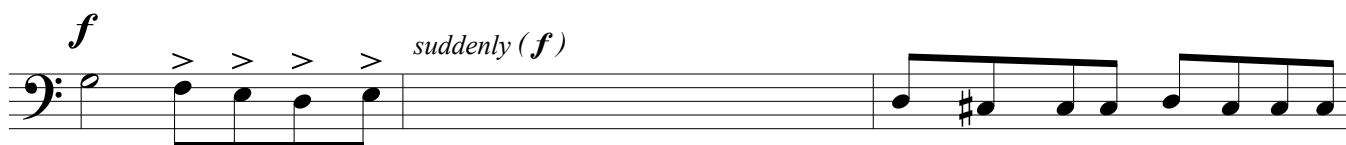
dee dee dee dee dee dee for this parade that takes nearly seventy-two years



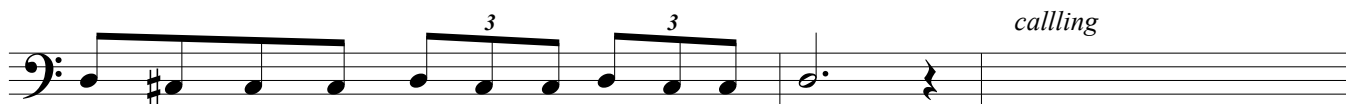
dee dee dee dee dee dee to pass by this tomb that my predecessor is safely encased in,



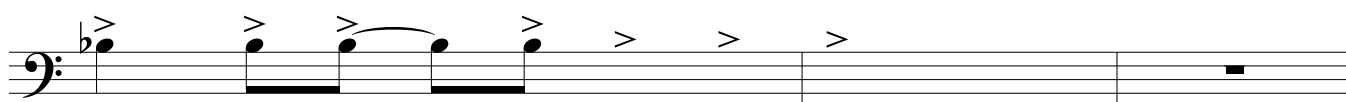
dee dee dee dee dee dee on which I eternally and everlastingly stand in review.



dee dee dee dee dee Where is your mother, Gelya? She should be re-spon-si-ble e-



nough to take you from my de-tes-ta-ble arms, Dominca Markizova!



Come for - ward and claim your child!

What do you mean that you were murdered? You were not murdered!

I still can see you! You are her mother!

So take this love _____ ly little daughter of yours away.

Here she is. I can-not re-main gen-tle

ve-ry long. _____ Now peace and hap-pi-ness my

friends, my friends, my friends, da da da

da! No! Please don't hand her back to me!

Take her from me! RRRRAHHH! _____

If on-ly I could tear _____ off your

face. If on - ly I could tear off my

face. If on - ly I could tear off those

pret - ty lit - tle flo - wers and they o - pen all their love - ly lit - tle

pe - tals and they swal - low me up, to di - gest me in - to the roots of my own cre -

a - tion. *ff* Oh put me down, Gel - ya! *loud whisper* (I'm afraid.)