

# Stay, I Pray You

CUE:

**ANNOUNCER:** Paris via Budapest on Track Four.

All aboard!

**VLAD:** We should go.

*(But no one moves. It is as if they are all frozen. They each realize - rich, poor, old, young, etc. - that this is probably the last time they will see their beloved St. Petersburg or ever be in Russia again.)*

## START

**Moderato, somber**

**Passionately, melancholic**

**COUNTESS IPOLITOV:**

How can I de - sert you? How to tell you why?

*mf*

Coach-man, hold the hor-ses, stay, I pray you. Let me have a mo-ment. Let me say good-bye to

(The CROWD joins the singing with hums and ahs.)

(COUNTESS IPOLITOV:)

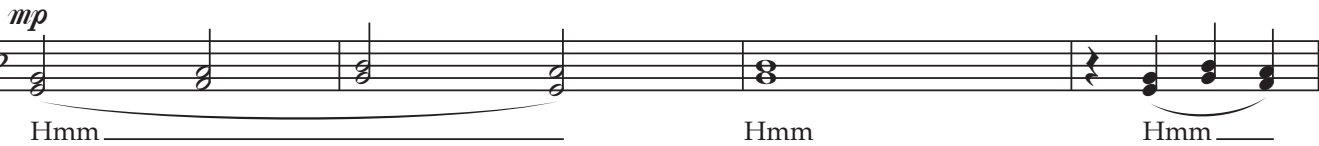
8



bridge and riv - er, for - est and wa - ter-fall. Or - chard, sea, and sky.

SOPRANOS & ALTOS:

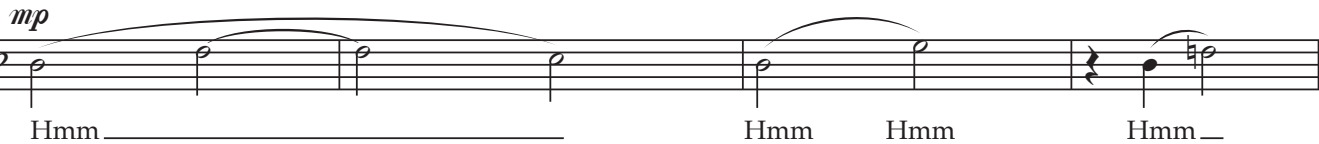
*mp*



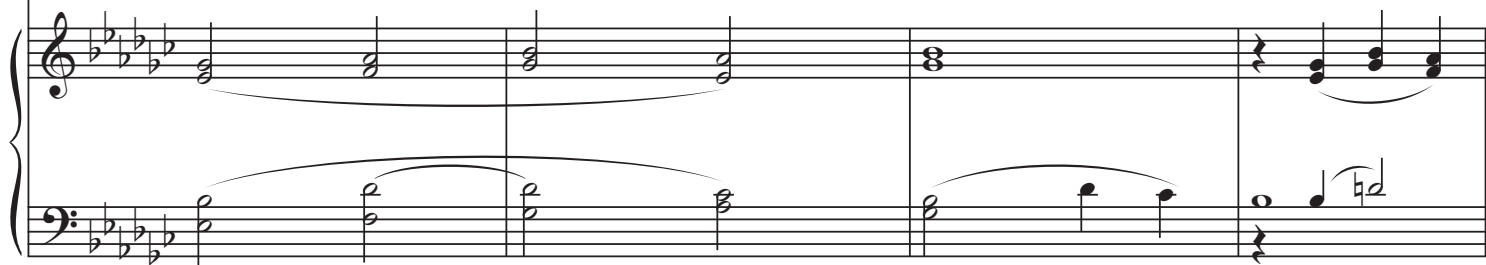
Hmm \_\_\_\_\_ Hmm \_\_\_\_\_ Hmm \_\_\_\_\_

BARITONES:

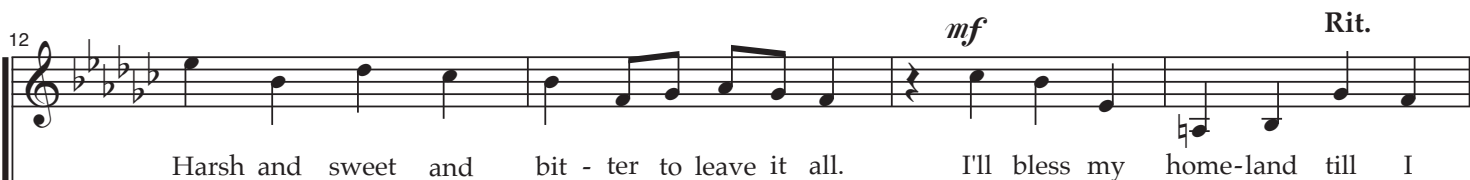
*mp*



Hmm \_\_\_\_\_ Hmm \_\_\_\_\_ Hmm \_\_\_\_\_

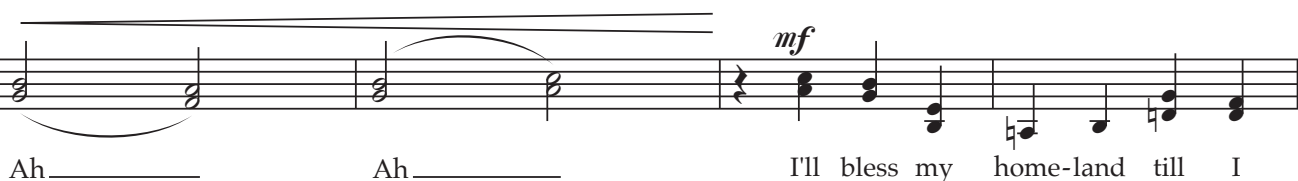


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Harsh and sweet and bit - ter to leave it all. I'll bless my home-land till I

*mf* **Rit.**

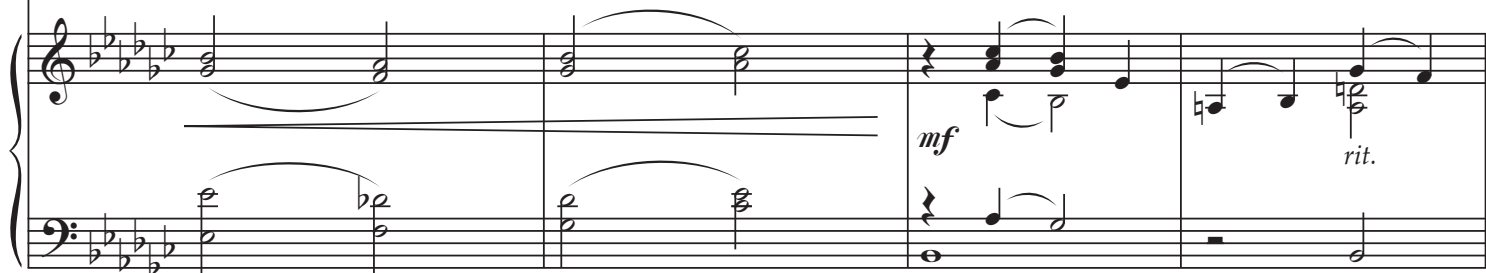


Ah \_\_\_\_\_ Ah \_\_\_\_\_ I'll bless my home-land till I

*mf*



Ah \_\_\_\_\_ Ah \_\_\_\_\_ I'll bless my home-land till I



# END

Faster (quasi 2-feel)

DMITRY  
& ANYA:

*div.*

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ANYA:

DMITRY:

Nev-er to re-turn, Fin-'lly break-ing free. You are all I know. You have raised me.

(IPOLITOV, SOPRANOS & ALTOS:)

*subito p*

die.

(BARITONES:)

*subito p*

die.

*p*

*Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

VLAD:

ANYA, DMITRY &  
VLAD:

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How to turn a-way? How to close the door? How to go where I have nev-er gone be -

*mp* *poco a poco cresc.*