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CHARACTERS

The March sisters

Jo	Low Lyric Mezzo-Soprano
Meg	Lyric Mezzo-Soprano
Beth	Lyric Soprano
Amy	Lyric Coloratura Soprano

Their lovers

Laurie (Theodore Lawrence)	Lyric Tenor
John Brooke	Lyric Baritone
Friedrich Bhaer	Bass-Baritone (or Mezzo-Soprano)

Their elders, and others

Alma March	Mezzo-Soprano
Gideon March / Mr. Dashwood	Bass-Baritone
Cecilia March	Mezzo-Soprano/Contralto
Quartet of female voices	

to my mother and father with love
LITTLE WOMEN

Prologue

Introduction: "Four little chests"

Mark Adamo

(Concord, Massachusetts. The 1870s. The attic of the March house: dusty, not uncluttered, but a living space, a refuge. Slanting light of a dark afternoon. Upstage, glimpsed as if through mist, four chests, each with a name—Meg, Jo, Beth, Amy—carved into the lid.)

Dreamy, childlike $\text{♩} = 52$

Piano *p*

And. sempre

S1 *p* Four lit-tle chests, All in a row, in a row, *gliss.*

S2 *p* Four lit-tle che lit-tle chests, All in a row, in a row,

S3 *p* Four lit-tle che lit-tle chests, All in a row, in a row,

S4 *p* Four lit-tle che lit-tle chests, All in a row,

**Inside piano with soft brush.*

Scene 2

Recit: "Rigmarole?"

(The path in front of the March house, weeks later. Twilight. Meg and Brooke—quiet, keen-eyed, maybe 30—walking. Courtly, but low-key.)

$\text{♩} = 69$

Meg: *mp* It's an-oth-er

Brooke: *mp* Rig - ma - role?

p *tr* *tr*

$\text{♩} = 69$

p

M. 5

game. The word is I-tal-ian

I'd teach you Truth or Fab-ri-

mp *p*

*Play eighth notes, *quasi-larghetto*, in free rhythm. Do not synchronize with other music. Ornament and displace octaves *ad lib*. Repeat, as indicated by heavy line, to the end of m. 14.

Recit: "Our own Fanny Mendelssohn"

266 *p dolce* $\text{♩} = 132$

A. Our own Fan - ny Men - dels - sohn!

f (outraged)

J. Chris - to - pher Co - lum - bus, "tame and fond."

$\text{♩} = 132$

269

J. You're con - sid - er - ing a man who com - pares court - ing a wom - an to break - ing a horse!

271 *mp (coolly)*

M. I'll not con - sid - er an - y - thing - un - til he speaks, And he won't, be - cause Fa - ther said I was too young.

Ensemble: Letter Scene

(Now we are several places at once: Mrs. Kirke's boarding house in New York City; the March house; on tour in England. Jo and her family, in their respective locales, corresponding over some months. Jo has returned in triumph to her room in the New York boarding house of a friend of her mother's.)

$\text{♩} = 76$
 mf

65 J. $\text{Driz-zl-ing in New York; still hor-rid-ly loud and o-ver-}$

68 J. $\text{crowd-ed-but, more-ex-cit-ing, I'm sell-ing my writ-ing and mak-ing a}$

71 J. $\text{for-tune! The sto-ries I sell in New York are large-ly}$

30 (scrutinizing)

J. Chris - to - pher Co - lum - bus! Look at you. Small ways. —

L. same, Mad - am. — I've hard - ly changed —

mf

33 (circling him)

J. Big - ger. Bon - nier. Oth - er - wise — the same scape - grace as

L. — — — — —

mp *f*

36 *p* (awkwardly)

J. al - ways. So... *p* (awkwardly)

L. It's won - der - ful to see you, — Jo. — So... Jo, can you for - give me?

mf *mp* *pp*