

Crime and Punishment

LYRIC SHEETS

1. Credo

After having deliberately killed an old pawnbroker in order to distribute her riches to the poor of St. Petersburg, Raskolnikov is alone with his conscience.

RASKOLNIKOV and PSYCHE

I had a right to do it.
A private right.
A duty.
There are certain men in life
Napoleon, or Caesar, or Solon or Mahomet,
Duty-bound extraordinary men
Above the law
Lords of the future
Who must not be denied!
The glory of the human race on them depends!
These extraordinary men!
We extraordinary men!
Extraordinary men!

2. Assessment

Raskolnikov has been coyly, nervewrackingly questioned about the murder by detective Petrovich, who has released Raskolnikov without charges. RASKOLNIKOV thunders through the city alleyways to his apartment.

RASKOLNIKOV

Facts! He has no facts.
He has no evidence, there is no evidence, I hid the evidence;
If he had facts then he would
Thrust and parry, play a little cat and mouse
Poise and pounce.
And try to make me stumble.
Stumble!
But I didn't stumble, saw no painter,
Said I saw no painter, quick as clever was I then,
Quick as clever
For if I'd done it, he would think, he would think I'd
Shift the focus, look to him, to the guilty,
Yes I saw him, saw the painter, I would say,
It wasn't I, it wasn't I, but quick as clever was I then,
Quick as clever, saw no painter, never stumbled,
Now he thinks me --

(He opens his apartment door and startles immediately at what he
sees: his mother.)

3. Reminiscence

Raskolnikov's Mother despairs that her son seems no longer to care about family, career, or himself.

MOTHER

Rodya, my sweet first-born,
Not yet home, and nearly dawn.
Is it I who keeps you this night away?
I will leave and never write nor speak to you
If it would make you smile again.
How you used to hug and kiss me
When your father was alive.
You, you were my only consolation,
You alone my deliverance.
How many times we wept together,
Our arms about each other.
All my hope I put in you,
All my life I've lived for you,
Rodya. Rodya!
Can't we go back to what we were?
I see such torment in your eyes,
I know, I know how you suffer.
Only tell me. Tell me, Rodya.
Rodya. Rodya....
All my hope I put in you,
All my life I've lived for you.
Rodya! Rodya!
Can't we go back to what we were?
Can't we go back to what we were?

4. Covenant

Raskolnikov befriends a prostitute, Sonya, who urges him confesses his crime, to the prosecutor, to himself, and to God.

RASKOLNIKOV

To see if it was possible.
That is why.
That is why I killed her.
As a leap beyond.
To vault from my present pain
To my future glory.
Why, you yourself have done the same.
You've committed moral suicide,
Selling your body to save your self.
We're you and I alike,
You've also stepped across.
You've broken laws,
What laws you had to break
Just to survive.
But you'll go mad, like me, my Sonya,
On your own you won't endure,
So now we must go on together, Sonya,
You and I are cursed together.
Cling to me, Sonya, cling to me and so endure!

SONYA

What have you done?
What have you done to yourself?
The suffering you have caused yourself!
No one, no one can bear what you have taken on.

RASKOLNIKOV

You will not leave me, Sonya.

SONYA

No. Wherever you will go
I'll follow you, Raskolnikov.

SONYA

(then: simultaneous with Raskolnikov)

Wherever you will go
I'll never leave you now
Wherever you will go.
I'll follow you.
I will follow you where you will go.
O God, God of mercy,
Why have you sent him to me now?
Why have you sent him to me now
And not years ago, and not years ago?
I will never leave you now
Wherever you will go
Wherever
Wherever you will go.

RASKOLNIKOV *(simultaneous with Sonya)*

You and I are cursed together.
Cling to me, Sonya, cling to me
And so endure.
We are on the very same road,
Sonya, we both broke what needed to be broken,
Now you and I are cursed together,
Cling to me, Sonya,
Cling to me and so endure! &c.

PSYCHE *(simultaneous with Raskolnikov)*

You'll suffer now, for me.
You will cry, you will comfort me.
And I will feel less pain.
What a coward am I!
What a coward am I!

RASKOLNIKOV

Stop it, Sonya. Stop it....