

Mother of Water
A Musical Tale in One Act

(All lines are sung.)

A lakeside village – thatch-roofed grass huts are around the perimeter. A stream runs town the center of the stage.

Ensemble:

The Mother of Water guides our fate,
In her eyes, we find love and hate.
When storms brew fierce and anger's near,
Her mighty tail fills us with fear.

Mother of Water, hear our plea
Grant us mercy when we're at sea.
Becalm the waves so we find our way.
Guide us through the night and day.

An old fisherman steps forward – he's gnarled and wrinkly, and his song is more like a sea chanty.

Old Fisherman:

I put to sea at the break of dawn

Seamen's Chorus:

Mother of Water, guide me on.

Old Fisherman:

I search for where the fish have gone.

Seamen's Chorus:

Mother of Water, guide me on.

All:

Mother of Water, mother of waves!
Other lives she takes but ours she saves!

Old Fisherman:

We pray for fish, we fish for life.

Seamen's Chorus:
Mother of Water, lead the way.

Old Fisherman:
We bring home fish for child and wife.

Seamen's Chorus:
Mother of Water, lead the way.

All:
Mother of Water, mother of waves!
Other lives she takes but ours she saves!

Children take over center and splash in the stream throwing water at each other as they sing.

Children's Chorus:
Water-Mother, come and play.
Frolic in the sunlit day.
Bring us love and joy to keep.
Make sure we will never weep.

The children run off and a young woman appears, as does a crone who is decked in fishing nets, barnacles, and fish scales.

Woman:
Tell me mother, why I walk on land.
You're a creature of the sea – I don't understand.
My father was a mortal – did you love him true?
Why cannot I live in the water with you?

Mother of Water:
Your father was my truest love
Your birth was my greatest joy.
You will join me, child of mine.
When you swim Beyond the Buoy.

Woman:
I thought the buoy was just a tale
To amuse as our elders grew frail
I did not realize we would someday be
Beyond the buoy, immortal and free.

Mother of Water:
Careful, Daughter, what you wish.

Your time will come all too soon.
The buoy marks a moment in time.
You won't reach it for many a moon.

The light dims, flashes, a storm is represented. When the light returns to normal, the Old Woman are gathered near the stream.

Old Women:
Mother of Water, hear our cry.
One of us is soon to die.
Lead her to her eternal place.
Beyond the Buoy, forever at peace.

One Granny:
Through life and death, come what may
With the Mother of Water to lead the way
We move beyond the buoy's line
One with the wind, the water, and time.

Old Women:
Mother of Water, hear our cry.
One of us is soon to die.
Lead her to her eternal place.
Beyond the Buoy, forever at peace.

The Woman appears again, looking slightly older, but serene. The Mother of Water appears on the opposite shore of the creek.

Woman:
Mother of Water, teach me to be
In the water, beyond the buoy.
My time has come, I understand
No more will I exist on land.

Mother of Water:
Daughter, step across the stream
Join me in the ocean's flow.
In memories you'll live eternally.
Those you loved will know it's so.

The Mother of Water leads the Woman across the stream, and ocean sounds fill the theater.

The ensemble returns to the village.

Ensemble:

The Mother of Water guides our fate,
In her eyes, we find love and hate.
When storms brew fierce and anger's near,
Her mighty tail fills us with fear.

Mother of Water, hear our plea
Grant us mercy when we're at sea.
Becalm the waves so we find our way.
Guide us through the night and day.