

WEBBER 83-9

PTOLOMY'S JOURNAL

OB HARDISON JR

MELODRAMA

two flutes, clarinet, violin, cello and narrator

Whole notes are long notes. They continue until the next event.
Sixteenths are short, almost acciacaturas.

Play from score, clarinet part is transposed.

Repeat contents of boxes for duration of dotted line.

First performed in the Folger Great Hall, Washington, DC, December 1983.
Jefferson Cronin narrating.
John Webber conducting.
members of the New Music Orchestra of Washington, DC.

WEBBER MUSIC - PORTSMOUTH ENGLAND

WEBBER 83-9
PTOLOMY'S JOURNAL
 O.B. HARDISON JR

NARRATOR:
 I looked for you
 everywhere,
 Spent days in the
 happy forest of
 your hair

FLUTE 1
 FLUTE 2
 CLARINET in Bb
 VIOLIN
 CELLO

NARRATOR:
 (What wildness of trees,
 What shades with green commingled light
 I carved them all with anagrams of you)

2

FL. 1
 FL. 2
 CL.
 VL.
 VC.

3

G.P.

A

FL. 1
 FL. 2
 CL.
 VL.
 VC.

NARRATOR:
 Then moved to
 two bright lakes

-Your eyes-

NARRATOR:
 Immersed, amazed, could breathe, finless,
 my snorkel cast aside,
 Floated suspended in translucent tides;

G.P.

pizz.
arco
ffz
p

B

FL. 1
FL. 2
CL.
VL.
VC.

57
58
59

NARRATOR:
I would have stayed, but now my crew, ungrateful rble, babbled of home (what could be but this?) And kin and duty; and I, new geocentrist. Owed still to scholars my discoveries. By those pillars that support Not walk but dance that swaying motion should be called. More far by far than those of Hercules. For those the known but these the world's transcendent antipodes

FL. 1
FL. 2
CL.
VL.
VC.

61
64
65
66
71

FL. 1
FL. 2
CL.
VL.
VC.

NARRATOR:
Then carefully, all passion spent Returning, removed each pebble from the road, For it is written: She must not dash her foot against a pebble: And at my desk, at dusk, I, Ptolemy, began to write this journal.

6

NARRATOR:
Grown hungry, sought the pasture of your mouth (Sweet mouth where sheep may safely graze). To which, that I might thrive,

FL. 1
FL. 2
CL.
VL.
VC.

7

NARRATOR:
I offered up my quickening Spirit

NARRATOR:
Your neck, white minaret before which Sole traveler on that warm and throbbing desert, This fedahen of love.

FL. 1
FL. 2
CL.
VL.
VC.

9

NARRATOR:
And then - then no mirage, To glimpse two gentle hills. To reach, after long and tedious journey, That warm and merciful snow.

NARRATOR:
How greater and kisses pledge fast faith, (If eyes give hope and kisses pledge fast faith);

B

G.P.

FL. 1
FL. 2
CL.
VL.
VC.

50 **M**

FL. 1

FL. 2

NARRATOR:
(If time went by I did not know,
If space, it was annihilated)

CL.

VL.

VC.

52 **N**

FL. 1

FL. 2

NARRATOR:
And claimed it for

CL.

VL.

VC.

G.P.

NARRATOR:
My Empress

G.P.

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

f

glissando scrubatto

55

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

12

FL. 1

FL. 2

NARRATOR:
To climb, after that holy pilgrimage,
Past freshets sprung from those tender slopes,

NARRATOR:
On mazy paths; to reach at last, the summits mastered,
Those rosy cupolas erected there
By antique worshipers to Cupidon.

CL.

VL.

VC.

14

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

G.P.

f

f

f

f

f

17 **C**

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

mf

mf

mf

f

49

VC.

VL.

CL.

FL. 2

FL. 1

fu

NARRATOR:
I thought: till now I have seen through a glass darkly
But now I stand face with face with truth. I planted my flag on that spot.

48

VC.

VL.

CL.

FL. 2

FL. 1

fu

L

NARRATOR:
To feel creation roll around that place.
The stars and the planets too and the great sun and the moon.
All turning on that place.

47

VC.

VL.

CL.

FL. 2

FL. 1

fu

NARRATOR:
Then on the rising slope, A greater Hillary, I knew what it was to stand,
To stand at last, a god amongst men, at the centre,

23

VC.

VL.

CL.

FL. 2

FL. 1

22

VC.

VL.

CL.

FL. 2

FL. 1

20

VC.

VL.

CL.

FL. 2

FL. 1

D

39 **J**

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

NARRATOR:
 When the sun from a coral sky first touched the sea
 With shafts of splendor,
 He on the mast, lashed to the perilous top

42

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

NARRATOR:
 By my command cried, "LAND!"
 And "Blessed Land!" And after
 prayers, we named it Salvador.

45 **K**

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

G.P.

NARRATOR:
 In longboats, weeping, we
 broached its sloping sands,
 Silent with wonder walked
 its fair meadows (I thought:
 not more fair, fair Enna's
 garden where Proserpina,
 gathering flowers, by the
 dark god herself was
 gathered. Past fragrant
 groves Cinnamon and
 thyme and mint - and there
 were flowers,

G.P.

NARRATOR:
 Wisteria, quince, flowering dogwood, trellis of rose, and without thorns those roses.
 And others, more beautiful still, whose names I knew not.

24 **E**

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

26

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

27

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

p

p

sul G p
slow gliss.

p *sul D*
slow gliss.

p

35 **H**

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

NARRATOR:
Those trades, as warm and gentle as a sigh;
Proved true; the currents, too, proved true;

36

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

NARRATOR:
So, when they poke again, I nailed my heart,
A red medallion, to the mast: "Sail on."

37

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

NARRATOR:
Cowed, they worked the ropes.
And on that morning

9

29 **F**

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

NARRATOR:
Knowing I would return Descended, the sky filled with singing.
Found then my ship.
And random oracles that struck,
As doves circled the blue and golden air,
Their voices chimed, my dazzled eye:
"Live fairest Lesbia, let us live and love"
Chastised, I knew then: men seek glory
on his mountain tops.
Yes, but neglect their love. And knowing moved
sadly on, but marked the spot,

30

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

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32

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

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8