

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*

6

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

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

7

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

**NARRATOR:**  
I offered up my quickening Spirit

**NARRATOR:**  
Your neck, white minaret before which  
groveled on his dusty rug,  
Sole traveler on that warm and  
throbbing desert,  
This fedaheen of love.

9

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

G.P.

**B**

**NARRATOR:**  
And then - then  
and it was  
no mirage,

**NARRATOR:**  
To glimpse two gentle hills.  
To reach, after long and tedious journey,  
That warm and merciful snow.

**NARRATOR:**  
(If eyes give hope and kisses pledge fast faith,  
How greater than these is charity);

12

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

**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.

14

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

*f*

G.P.

17

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

**C**

*mf*

*mf*

*f*

**D**

20

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

22

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

23

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

**E**

24

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*

FL. 1 **F**

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

**G**

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

**NARRATOR:**  
 As chance would have it, I had brought my book,  
 And pausing, opened, This the sacred text  
 And random oracle that struck,  
 As doves circled the blue and golden air,  
 Their voices chimes, my dazzled eye:  
 "Live fairest Lesbia, Let us live and love"  
 Chastised, I knew then: men seek glory  
 on high mountain tops,  
 Yes, but neglect their love, And knowing moved  
 sadly on, but marked the spot,

**NARRATOR:**  
 Knowing I would return Descended, the sky filled with singing.  
 Found then my ship.  
 And sailed, for years it seemed, that creamy ocean.  
 "Turn back," the crew cried (craven slaves),  
 "This is the edge, the edge, surely, of the world!" "Sail on," I said.  
 At night, huddled on the after deck, the wake a phosphorus gleam  
 Floating under the moon, they plotted.  
 I watched my star, saw the heavens turn around it,  
 Knew my course. "Sail on," I said.

G.P.

G.P.

G.P.



**H**

35

FL. 1

FL. 2

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

CL.

VL.

VC.

36

FL. 1

FL. 2

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

CL.

VL.

VC.

37

FL. 1

FL. 2

**NARRATOR:**  
Cowed, they worked the ropes.

**NARRATOR:**  
And on that maorning

CL.

VL.

VC.

**J**

39

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.

**K**

45

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,

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

G.P.

47

FL. 1

Musical staff for Flute 1, containing a dashed line with an arrow pointing to the right.

FL. 2

**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,

CL.

VL.

VC.

Musical staff for Violoncello, starting with a *mf* dynamic marking and containing a melodic line with a box around the first two measures.

48

FL. 1



FL. 2

**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.

CL.

VL.

VC.

Musical staves for Violin and Violoncello, both starting with a *mf* dynamic marking and containing melodic lines with a box around the first two measures.

49

FL. 1

FL. 2

**NARRATOR:**

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

CL.

VL.

VC.

Musical staves for Clarinet, Violin, and Violoncello. The Clarinet staff starts with a *mf* dynamic marking and contains a melodic line. The Violin and Violoncello staves contain dashed lines with arrows pointing to the right.

50 **M**

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

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

52 **N**

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

**NARRATOR:**  
And claimed it for

**NARRATOR:**  
My Empress

G.P.

*f*

G.P.

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*f*

*glissando scrubatto*

55

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

**P**

57

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

59

FL. 1

FL. 2

CL.

VL.

VC.

*p*

**NARRATOR:**  
 I would have stayed, but now my  
 crew, ungrateful rubble, 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 fair by far than those of  
 Hercules,  
 For those the known but these the  
 world's transcendent antipodes

61

VL.

64

VL.

65

VL.

71

VL.

**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.