JOHN AYLWARD

ANGELUS

a monodrama for soprano and ensemble
John Aylward
Angelus
for soprano and ensemble

I. What is Possible
II. Angelus Novus
III. Dream Images
IV. Life in the Abstract
V. Supreme Triumph
VI. Secret Memory
VII. Anima
VIII. Angelus
IX. The Wing
X. A Distance From the Sea

Notes:
All movements played attacca. All tempo markings are flexible. Relationships between tempos should be observed. Accidentals are used in the traditional manner. Some courtesy accidentals are used. Microtones are all quarter tones. All extended techniques are described within the score for each instrument.

Percussion:

Vibraphone
Tam tam
Bass drum
Crotales (both octaves)
Snare
Low / Med Toms
Low / Med Congas
3 Cymbals of varied timbres
Guiro, tinfoil, sandpaper, two wood blocks, flexatone, lions roar, triangle, two castanets, two woodblocks, three temple blocks, metal sheet.

Composer's Note:

Angelus is a monodrama in ten through composed movements. The work draws on the writings of Adrienne Rich, DH Lawrence, Plato, Schopenhauer, C.G. Jung, Freud, Joseph Campbell, Nietzsche, Walter Benjamin and Weldon Kees to explore the human condition from physical, spiritual and psychological aspects.

The libretto’s two poems, by Adrienne Rich and Weldon Kees, frame the work, which is otherwise prose excerpts. As the opening poem by Adrienne Rich ends, the music slips into a setting of a text by Walter Benjamin that describes Paul Klee’s work Angelus Novus, from which the piece takes its name. The final movement, based on Kees’ epic poem A Distance from the Sea likens the psychological sensation of memory to the often confusing physical sensation of viewing the depth of the horizon and landforms between. The work is in itself a kind of poem or treatise on the human experience that became a flashpoint for me after experiencing Paul Klee’s work and reflecting on my mother’s childhood as a refugee in Germany after World War II. The work is meant to be a raw exploration of life felt through the lenses of various cultural histories, represented in the pastiche of authors that inhabit the work’s landscape.
Libretto:


1. What is Possible. Poem by Adrienne Rich

A clear night if the mind were clear
If the mind were simple, if the mind were bare
of all but the most classic necessities:
wooden spoon knife mirror
cup lamp chisel
a comb passing through hair beside a window
a sheet
thrown back by the sleeper

A clear night in which two planets
seem to clasp each other in which the earthly grasses
shift like silk in starlight
If the mind were clear
and if the mind were simple you could take this mind
this particular state and say
This is how I would live if I could choose:
that is what is possible

A clear night. But the mind
of the woman imagining all this the mind
that allows all this to be possible
is not clear as the night
is never simple cannot clasp
its truths as the transiting planets clasp each other
does not so easily
work free from remorse
does not so easily
manage the miracle
for which mind is famous
or used to be famous
does not at will become abstract and pure
this woman’s mind
does not even will that miracle
having a different mission
in the universe

If the mind were simple if the mind were bare
it might resemble a room a swept interior
but how could this now be possible
given the voices of the ghost-towns
their tiny and vast configurations
needing to be deciphered
the oracular night
with its densely working sounds
If it could ever come down to anything like
a comb passing through hair beside a window
no more than that
a sheet
thrown back by the sleeper

Its eyes are staring, its mouth is open, its wings are spread. Its face is turned toward the past. He sees one single catastrophe which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage.

The angel would awaken the dead -- make whole what has been smashed. A storm is blowing in from Paradise. Such violence that the angel can no longer close its wings.


The destruction of an illusion does not produce truth, but only one more piece of ignorance, an extension of our 'empty space', our desert... Reverence for truth is already an illusion. Value more the force that forms, simplifies, shapes, invents. The ascertaining of truth is fundamentally different from forming, shaping, overcoming, willing. Thus it is with sounds, but also with the fate of people. We discover in ourselves needs for untruth....

Deception, flattering, lying and cheating, talking behind the back, posing, living in borrowed splendor, being masked, the disguise of convention, acting a role before others and before oneself -- in short, the constant fluttering around the single flame of vanity is so much the rule and the law that almost nothing is more incomprehensible than how an honest and pure urge for truth could have arisen among us. We are deeply immersed in illusions and dream images; our eye glides only over the surface of things ... our feeling nowhere leads into truth,


Besides our life in the concrete, we live a second life in the abstract. In the former, we are abandoned to all the storms of reality. We struggle, suffer and die like animals. But our life in the abstract, as it stands before our rational consciousness, is a calm reflection of our life and of the world in which we live. Here in the sphere of calm deliberation, what previously possessed you completely and moved you intensely appears to you colorless, and for the moment, foreign and strange.

You are like an actor who has played your part and takes your place in the audience where you quietly look on at whatever may happen, even if it be the preparation of your own death.

V. Supreme Triumph. Text by D.H. Lawrence.

What you really want is pure passion. In your living wholeness and your living unison, not the isolated salvation of your soul. No! You want physical fulfillment first and foremost, since now, once and only once, you are in the flesh and potent. For the vast marvel is to be alive. As for flower and beast and bird, the supreme triumph is to be most vividly, most perfectly, alive. Whatever the unborn and the dead may know, they cannot know the beauty, the marvel of being alive. The magnificent here and now. Yours, and yours alone, and yours only for a time.

There is nothing of yours that is alone and absolute except your mind. And you will find that the mind has no existence by itself, it is only the glitter of the sun on the surface of the waters.
VI & VII. Secret Memory & Anima. Texts by Carl Jung, Joseph Campbell and Thomas Mann
(Adapt. / Trans. Aylward)

Further, you find unsatisfied longing … A desire to touch reality, to embrace the earth. But you make no more than a series of fitful starts, crippled by a secret memory. A fragment of the world which you, like any other, must encounter again and again. Never quite the right one since it remains resistant, submits only to force. It makes demands on courage and resolution when it comes to throwing your whole being into the scales. For this, you would need one capable of relinquishing your first love. A faithless Eros….

---Jung

…An inspiration. Reason for living. An awakening to life! … But just the same, an illusionist, a mirage. A great paradox: hope and ruin, faith and despair. All a reflection of your destiny. Your lover. The conscious face of your anima. Sating your inmost needs? … What about your need for temptation? And experience? Your Ethos! Ethos! People have hidden desires that society won’t condone. Some say these impulses get sublimated, processed down, into the unconscious. Others ask what if those impulses are there always.

---Campbell

Der geheimnisvolle Gedanke ist der das genau wie im Traume unser eigener Wille, ohne es zu ahnen, als unerbittlich-objektives Schicksal auftritt, alles darin aus uns selber kommt und jeder der heimliche Theaterdirektor seiner Traeume ist, -- so auch in der Wirklichkeit, diesem grossen Traum, den ein einziges Wesen, der Wille selbst, mit uns allen traemt, unsere Schicksale das Produkt unseres Innersten, unseres willens sein moechten, und wir also das, das uns zu geschehen scheint, eigentlich selbst veranstalten

---Thomas Mann

VIII & IX. Angelus & The Wing. Text by Plato. [Latin Angelus from Catholic Liturgy].

The ancient inventors of names! If they had thought madness a disgrace, would they have called it by the same name as prophesy? Just as prophesy is more perfect than divination, madness is superior to a sane mind, for the one is human but the other divine!

Where plagues and woes have bred,
Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae;
madness lifts her voice and flows to prayers and rites.
Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.
One who is truly possessed and fully out of mind,
Gratiam Tuam, quæsumus, Domine, mentibus nostris infunde;
made whole and delivered from evil.
ut qui, Angelo nuntiante, Christi Filii Tui incarnationem cognovimus,
per passionem Eius et Crucem ad resurrectionis gloriam perducamur.
Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

There is also a third kind of madness, which is a possession of the Muses. This possession is of a delicate and virgin soul, inspiring frenzy.

The wing is the corporeal element which is most akin to the divine, by nature it tends to soar aloft into the habitation of the gods. The divine is beauty, wisdom, goodness; and by these the wing of the soul is nourished, and grows.

Souls are eager to behold truth, suited to the highest part of the soul and the wing on which the soul soars. The soul which attains vision of truth is preserved from harm. When she is unable to follow, and fails to behold truth and sinks beneath vice, her wings fall and she drops to the ground. The soul which has never seen the truth will not pass into the human form. And he who employs aright these memories is ever being initiated into perfect mysteries and alone becomes truly perfect. But, as you forget earthly interests and you become rapt in the divine, the vulgar deem you mad, and rebuke you; they do not see that you are inspired.
X. excerpt from *A Distance from the Sea* by Weldon Kees.

--The traveler on the plain makes out the mountains
At a distance; then he loses sight. His way
Winds through the valleys; then, at a sudden turning of a
path, The peaks stand nakedly before him: they are something
else Than what he saw below.

The days get longer. It was a long time ago.
And I have come to that point in the turning of the path
Where peaks are infinite--horn-shaped and scaly, choked with
thorns.

Life offers up no miracles, unfortunately, and needs
assistance. Nothing will be the same as once it was,
I tell myself.--It's dark here on the peak, and keeps on getting
darker.

It seems I am experiencing a kind of ecstasy.
Was it sunlight on the waves that day? The night comes down.
And now the water seems remote, unreal, and perhaps it is.
ANGELUS

I. What is Possible

\( \text{\textbf{mf}} \) spoken (natural speaking rhythm)
quiet, confident

\( \text{\textbf{Still, Spacious}} \) 72

A clear night if the mind were clear if the mind were

\( \text{\textbf{breathy, subtone}} \)

\( \text{\textbf{p}} \) giocoso; quixotic

John Aylward
Simple

If the mind were bare of all but the most classic necessities

A wooden spoon
sheet thrown back by the sleeper

arco
sul pont.

poco sul pont.
Percussion

(cantabile)

A clear night

norm.
gliss.
gliss.

(speckled, delicate)
in which two planets seem to clasp each other

breathy, subsone

in which the earth-ly grass-es shift like silk in

buoyant, lilting

buoyant, lilting

Toms brushes
poco a poco mosso

star light

If the mind were clear and if the

mind were simple you could take this mind this partic...
This is how I would live if I could choose:

This is what is possible.
A clear night but the mind

P very breathy (emphasize key sounds)

sul pont.

poco sul pont.

slow, wide vib.
possible is not clear as
the night is never simple cannot

sul pont.

sul pont.

clasp its

truth as the transmitting
does not so easily manage the miracle for which mind is famous

or used to be famous does not at will become abstract and pure

spoken (natural speaking rhythm)
poco a poco mosso

72

S

\( \text{p} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

this woman's mind
does not even will the miracle

72

Fl.

\( \text{mp} \) \( \text{cantabile} \)

72

Vln.

\( \text{III. temato} \)

Vc.

Perc.

\( \text{p} \)

castanets

76

S

\( \text{p} \)

\( \text{norm.} \)

having a different mission in the universe

76

Fl.

\( \text{Tongue Ram} \)

\( \text{(resultant)} \)

Ob.

B-Cl.

\( \text{pp} \)

\( \text{p} \)

76

Vln.

\( \text{p} \)

\( \text{III.} \)

Vc.

76

Vibrphone

\( \text{arco} \)

Perc.
if the mind were simple
if the mind were

bare it might resemble a room
S

Fl.

Ob.

B-Cl.

Perc.

87

\[ a \text{ swept interior} \]

89

\[ \text{but} \]

89

\[ \text{how} \]

89

\[ \text{sul pont.} \]

Sul pont.

Poco sul pont.
how could this now be possible
their tiny and vast configurations ready to be deciphered the o-rac-u-lar
poco sul pont.

night with its densely
sul pont.
If it would ever come down to anything like a comb

working sounds

spoken (natural even rhythm)

passing through hair beside a window A sheet rolled back by the

If it would ever come down to anything like a comb

working sounds
S

\[ \text{sleeper} \]

But the mind... of the woman

Fl.

pp sotto voce

Ob.

pp

B-Cl.

norm. harmonic gliss.

Vln.

sul pont.

Vc.

p

crotale

Perc.

P delicato

\[ \text{poco a poco mosso} \]

S

\[ \text{thinking this is wrapped in battle} \]

Fl.

Ob.

B-Cl.

Vln.

poco sul pont.

Vc.

poco sul pont.

Perc.
S

in snow

Fl.

P subito

Ob.

B-Cl.

P subito

Vln.

sul pont.

Vc.

P subito

Perc.

P subito

\[
\text{S} \quad 127 \quad \text{ff} \\
\text{Fl.} \\
\text{Ob.} \\
\text{B-Cl.} \\
\text{Vln.} \\
\text{Vc.} \\
\text{Perc.} \\
\text{\textit{somber, with a natural speaking rhythm}}
\]

\[
\text{\textit{somber, with a natural speaking rhythm}}
\]

\[
\text{in frozen air stirring} \quad \text{a fierce wind graphing}
\]

\[
\text{(key clicks)}
\]

\[
\text{turning to breath fluctuating between pitch and breath}
\]

\[
\text{turning to breath fluctuating between pitch and breath}
\]

\[
\text{\textit{somber, with a natural speaking rhythm}}
\]

\[
\text{in frozen air stirring} \quad \text{a fierce wind graphing}
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\text{(key clicks)}
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\text{turning to breath fluctuating between pitch and breath}
\]

\[
\text{\textit{somber, with a natural speaking rhythm}}
\]

\[
\text{in frozen air stirring} \quad \text{a fierce wind graphing}
\]

\[
\text{(key clicks)}
\]

\[
\text{turning to breath fluctuating between pitch and breath}
\]

\[
\text{turning to breath fluctuating between pitch and breath}
\]
Her finger also tracing pages of a book

Knowing better than the poem she

reads knowing through the poem

quasi ad lib rhythms, low rumbling w/ hands or brushes
brush strings, no pitch (quasi-circular motion)

brush strings, no pitch (quasi-circular motion)

brush strings, no pitch (quasi-circular motion)

through ice feathered panes

brushes

BD and toms, ad lib
Inhale

Inhale

flexing its talons

the hawk wind

Metal Plate

P

Inhale
poised to kill

(key clicks)

attached to mvmt. II

half sung / half spoken
party intoned mf

Its
II. Angelus Novus

\[ \text{\( \frac{1}{4} \)} = 96 \]

Steady, with fluttering swirls

Soprano:

Flute:

Oboe:

Clarinet in B♭:

Violin:

Cello:

Vibraphone:

\( \text{P} \) delicate, nervous

\( \text{poco sul pont.} \)

\( \text{P} \) delicate, nervous

L.V.
wreck- age_ upon wreck- age_ The angel

norm. harmonic gliss (slow, irregular, erratic)

Toms brushes

PP sotto voce

would awa- ken the dead. Make
whole what has been smashed

A storm is brewing  Ah  over paradise  Ah

sul pont. (scratchy)

sul pont. (scratchy)

(poco gliss...rapid...)

norm.

norm.
increase bow pressure, turn to complete noise

pitchless, noise

angel can no longer close its wings

attacca mvmt. III
III. Dream Images

\[ \dot{\text{=}} \text{72} \]

\text{mf} \quad \text{confident oration: Socratic}

(Spoken text should feel rhythmically free and natural. Try to align with downbeats.)

\begin{align*}
\text{Soprano:} & \quad \text{The destruction of an illusion does not produce truth but only} \\
\text{Flute:} & \\
\text{Oboe:} & \\
\text{Clarinet in B-:} & \\
\text{Violin:} & \quad \text{(norm.)} \\
\text{Cello:} & \quad \text{(norm.)} \\
\text{Vibraphone:} & \quad \text{(sempre sotto voce)}
\end{align*}
one more piece of ignorance
an extension of our empty space
our desert...
mumble audibly into flute,
nonsense syllables, nothing defined

wood blocks
congas
sandpaper

poco sul pont.

poco sul pont.
We must value more the force that forms shapes.

(poco sul pont.)

(f)
The ascertaining of truth is fun da mensally different from forming shaping.
Thus it is with sounds!

But
also with the fate of people increasingly less and less pitch until pitchless bowing/brushing

We discover in ourselves needs for

moving quickly;

flexible and fast \( \text{q} = 112 \)
impatient

Deception flattering lying and cheating talking behind the

back posing living in borrowed splendor

being masked the disguise of convention!

Acting a
role before others and before oneself

*S*  

B-Cl.  

Vln.  

Vc.  

In short, the constant flutting

*S*  

B-Cl.  

Vln.  

Vc.  

broadening ($\lambda = 100$)
\( \mathcal{F} = 96 \)

\( mp \)  more calm and matter of fact

is so much the rule of law that nothing is more incomprehensible than how an honest and pure urge for

\( \sum \)
truth could have arisen among us deeply

s embedded in illusions and dreams images

Our eyes glide over our eyes glide over our eyes glide over the surface over the

eyes over the glide over the surface over the
Our eyes glide only over the surface of things, and our feeling nowhere leads to truth.

hold, attacca to mvmt. III

attacca to mvmt. IV
Besides our life in the concrete, we live a second life in the light, dolce.

In the former, we are abandoned to all the storms of...
reality or most struggle suffer and die!

but your life in the abstract As it stands be fore your ra tion al con scious ness is a
What previously possessed you completely and moved you intensely appears to you colorless and for the moment.
You are like an actor who has played your part and takes your place in the audience, where you quietly look on at whatever may happen, even if it be the preparations of your own...death.

and what you really want is

attacca to mvmt V.
V. Supreme Triumph

\( \frac{3}{4} = 104 \) with fierce contrasts; probing

Soprano

\[ \text{pure} \quad \text{Ahh} \quad \text{pash} \quad \text{sh} \quad \text{shah} \quad \text{pash} \quad \text{pash} \quad \text{ah} \quad \text{on} \]

Percussion

\[ \text{Lion's Roar. (or super-ball mallet on toms)} \]

\[ \text{wood chimes} \]

In your living whole-ness and your living

Lion's Roar. (or super-ball mallet on toms)

Vibrations not your own isolated sal—

Vibrations

Congas
rapidly pound on desk
duo w/ percussionist

move to percussionist,
wave hands through wood chimes

Sop

Perc.

va - tion of your soul! No! you want

bass drum

Sop

Perc.

t physical fulfillment

temple blocks castanets

Sop

Perc.

first and foremost since now now now

congas

Sop

Perc.

now once and only once you

crotales triangle
guiro vibraphone
Whatever the un-born and the dead may know
they cannot know the beauty

improvise tremolo, irregular rhythms never cover soprano

Spoken, ceremoniously
$= 84-92$ intense, poco a poco mosso

Sop

Fl.

Bs Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Perc.
the marvel of being alive
*a tempo*

Sop

the magnificent, the magnificent, here and now

Fl.

Ob.

Bs. Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Perc.

cymbal  Toms  cymbal  L.V.
poco a poco mosso

yours!
Ah_____________
yours only
Ah_____________

L.V.
yours alone

Ah

yours only for a short
Ah yours only for a short time

a tempo

There is nothing of yours that is alone

sul pont.

( bring out variable harmonics)

vibraphone

P contemplative

P dolce sempre l.v.
and absolute except your mind your mind

poco sul pont dolce

(sempre L.V.)

vibraphone

L.V. toms / BD
and you will find that the mind has

no existence by itself
it is on-ly the glit-ter of the sun on the sur-face of the
water
attacca to mvmt. VI
VI. Secret Memory

$\text{♩} = 76 - 84$ \text{mercurial and melancholy}

You

soprano

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{find unsatisfied longing} & \quad \underbrace{\text{A desire to touch reality}} \\
\text{earth the earth the earth the earth and fructify the fields}
\end{align*}
\]

oboe

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{to embrace the earth the earth}
\end{align*}
\]
But you make no more.

than a handful of fitful starts, crippled by a secret, becoming subdued.

memory
30

Sop

frag-ment of the world which you en-

Ob.

with more energy; becoming erratic

34

Sop

counter a-gain and a-gain and a-

Ob.

always fluid, shimmering

36

Sop

gain and a-gain

Ob.

pressing forward

38

Sop

never quite right since it re-mains re-sist-ant sub-mits on-ly to force

Ob.

p poco ruvido
it makes demands on courage and resolution

when it comes,
Sop

Fl.

Ob.

53

comes to throwing your whole

57

mysteriously intoned

b eing into the scales.

For this you need one capable

59

61

of relinquishing your first love. A faithless Eros....

attacca mvmt. VII
VII. Anima

Magical and free $\frac{3}{4} = \text{ca. 72}$ Very flexible

Your inspiration? Reason for living? your awakening to life

$p$ between pensive and wild

Soprano

Flute

S

Fl.

But just the

w/ some breath

S

Fl.

same an illusion is (t) a mirage A paradox!

S

Fl.
Hope and ruin faith and despair becoming an exhale gliss.

A reflection of your destiny Your lover the conscious

erratic gliss.
Sating!

What about your need for temptation?

gliss w/ air flange

and experience
Key clicks and air / breath

slow, wide vibrato

stay close to flute to blend sounds

sharp contrast between conversation and expressive singing

stay close to flute to blend sounds

stay close to flute to blend sounds
Giocoso

stay close to flute to blend sounds

percussive, angular

others ask (k) k k ka ki kah ko ah kah k ki ka koh kss

sk what if those impulses are there there there there

al ways?

(percussive, nonsense syllables)

breath / air

breath / air

key clicks
96

\( \text{fl.} \)

99

\( \text{f} \quad \text{p} \)

99

\( \text{f} \quad \text{p} \)

102

\( \text{mf} \)

102

\( \text{pp sempre sotto voce} \)

99

\( \text{S} \)

99

\( \text{Fl.} \)

99

\( \text{Vib.} \)

102

\( \text{S} \)

102

\( \text{Fl.} \)

102

\( \text{Vib.} \)
diesem grossem traum der einziges wesentlichen willens will mit uns aller trauent

unserer shiek sale das produkt unserer innersten

unseres willen sein moechten und wir also das das

Key clicks and air / breath slow, wide vibrato
uns zu geschehen scheint

becoming air / breath....

attacca to mvmt VIII
VIII. Angelus

\[ \text{\textbf{j} = 84 Ecstatic} \]

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Soprano</th>
<th>(C flute)</th>
<th>Flute</th>
<th>Oboe</th>
<th>Clarinet in Bb</th>
<th>Violin</th>
<th>Cello</th>
<th>Percussion</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The an-cient inventors of names</td>
<td>f</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

\[ \text{proud, strong} \]
If they had thought madness a disgrace why would they have called it mad—a dis—
grace just as prophesy is more 
S

perfect than divination

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Perc.

perfection

madness is superior to the sane mind

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Perc.

poco sul pont.
for the one is human but the other divine

broadening

S

Fl.

Ob.

B-Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Perc.
broader and a bit slower

What plagues and woes have bred
scorrevole

third kind of madness

Ah

which

is

Ah

a possession

poco a poco sul pont.
slow, wide vibrato

congas

cymbal
Perc. — $p$ textured and somewhat erratic tremolo
Gratiam tamen quae mus

Dominem most nos tris in fun de ut qui

Angeloninte Christi filii in car nat io nem no vi bus per passi o nem e us et

An - gel - o nun - ti - an - te Christi filii ta i in - car - nat - io nem no vi bus per passi o nem e us et
Crucem ad resurrectionem Gloriam per duem Christum dominum

noster

The vibratone
poco a poco accel

wing is the corporeal element which is

most akin to the divine

attacca to mvmt. IX
IX. The Wing

\( \text{\textbullet} = 96 - 108 \text{ Agile, spritely} \)

by nature it tends to soar a long into the habitations of the

Gods the divine is beauty

(by) goodness wisdom

and by these the wing

molto sul pont. poco sul pont. norm.
poco accel.

a tempo

eager to behold truth suited to the highest part of the soul and the

wing on which the soul soars
The soul which attains a vision of truth

and is preserved from harm

when she is unable to follow and fails to be

poco a poco accel

poco sul pont (gliss.)
S

Vln.

Vc.

mf

f

mp

p

S

Vln.

Vc.

p

S

Vln.

Vc.

p

S

Vln.

Vc.

p
The soul which has never seen the

truth Ah will not pass

(poco sul pont.)
"is being initiated into perfection"

"mySTERies and becomes truly"

(norm. vib.)

(norm. vib.)

(norm. vib.)

(norm. vib.)

(norm. vib.)

(norm. vib.)
accel...
erratic gliss, screech and glissando
various sliding pitch and/or no pitch
ad lib (possible contour)

castanets
attacca to mvmt. X
X. A Distance from the Sea

\[ \text{\( \cdot \)} \quad \text{= 72 contemplative} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{Soprano} \\
\text{Flute} \\
\text{Oboe} \\
\text{Clarinet in B\textsubscript{b}} \\
\text{Violin} \\
\text{Cello} \\
\text{Vibraphone}
\end{array} \]

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{Bass Flute} \\
\text{Bass Clarinet}
\end{array} \]

moving more quickly
The traveler on the plain makes out the mountains at a distance then he loses sight His way winds through the valleys Then at a certain turning point the
peaks stand nakedly before him. They are something else than what he saw below.

The days get longer. It was a long time ago.

molto sul pont. (bring out upper various upper partials)

very delicate

very delicate

(breathy and woozy)
And I have come to that point in the turning of the path where the peaks are

Infinite horn-shaped and scaly choked with thorns

Life

Let ring
S

Fl.

Ob.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Vib.

S

Fl.

Ob.

Bb Cl.

Vln.

Vc.

Vib.

and needs assistance

No thing will be the same as it once was

breathy, with slow, wide vibrato

breathy, with slow, wide vibrato

breathy, with slow, wide vibrato

breathy, with slow, wide vibrato
It's dark here on the path and keeps getting darker. It seems I am experiencing a kind of path and keeping getting darker.

freely spoken

becoming sung...

broadening  \( \frac{\dot{\text{\|}}}{\text{\|}} = 60 \)
Was it sunlight on the waves that day?

The night comes down and now the water seems remote.
and perhaps it is very delicate.