

BEYOND
for baritone and tape

IN MEMORIAM A.H.H.
for tenor, baritone and tape

excerpts of POWERS OF TWO

BARRY TRUAX

BEYOND

for baritone and tape

Barry Truax

slowly, freely

Baritone

fearful

f eeeh eeeh *mf* I do not see,

Tape

long exhale

inhale

0:00

8va

0:13

0:21

0:32

Bari.

gliss

I cannot breathe.

Nothing is there for my eyes to grasp,

and I no

Tape

0:45

Bari.

gliss

longer e-xist.

no eye,

I do not see,

not I,

I cannot breathe

Tape

0:50

Bari.

a little faster

It is strange to no longer live

on the earth,

to a-bandon one's habits,

Tape


1:08

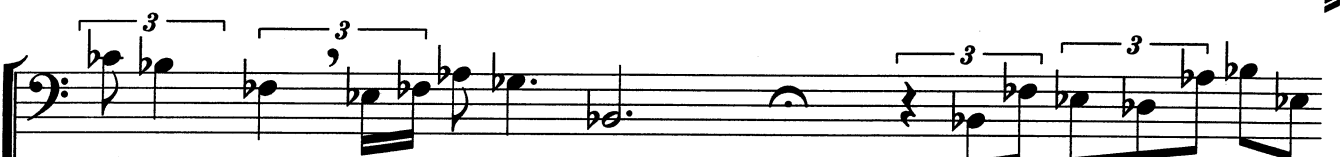
Bari.  *so re-cently ac-quired, to no longer give to the rose the sig-nificance*

Tape  *1:25*

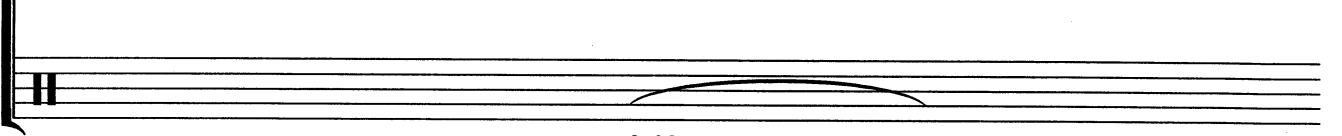
Bari.  *of a human fu-ture; to no longer be that which with endlessly trembling*

1:35

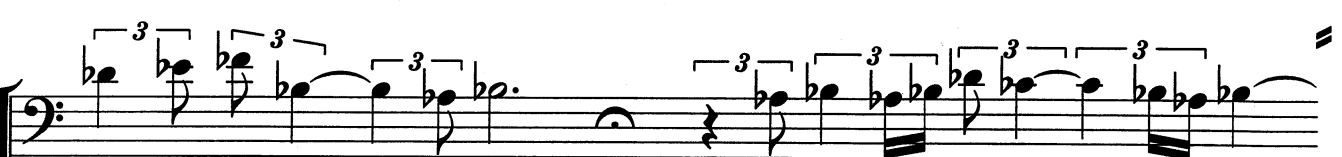
Bari.  *hands one once was, and to have e-ven one's name drop a-way like a*

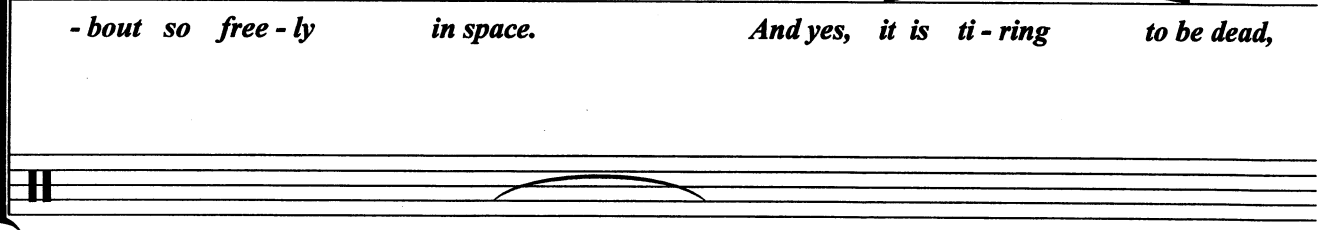
Bari.  *broken toy, like a broken toy. It is strange to no longer*

rit. -----

Tape  *2:00 2:10*

Bari.  *wish _____ for things, to see all that once had substance, connection, flutter a-*

Bari.  *-bout so free-ly in space. And yes, it is ti-ring to be dead,*

Tape  *2:30*

Bari. *filled with re - col - lection,* *until gradual - ly one might sense a piece of e -*
cresc.

Tape

2:40

Bari. *lyrically*
- terni - ty. Mi - ran - da, Mi - randa is it you, or are you only in my dreams?

Tape

2:58

Bari. *I need to see if you are real and bring you to my arms. mp Mi - ran -*

Bari. *- da Mi - randa is it you, or are you on-ly in my dreams?*

Bari. *a little faster*
mf Music, which tunes the soul for love and stirs up all our soft de - sires,

3:38

Bari. *does but the growing flame im-prove which powerful Beauty first in-spires.*

Bari. *as before* *sweetly*
 Tape (b) (e) 4:21 Thus, whilst with

Bari. art she plays and sings, I to Mi-ran-da, stan-ding by,

Bari. im-pute the music of the strings, and all the mel-ting words apply.

Bari. *slower* *rit* -----
 and all the mel-ting words apply. 5:10

Tape x x x
 5:00

In Memoriam A.H.H.

for tenor, baritone and tape

Barry Truax

strong, yet tender

Tenor *f* Thy voice is on the rolling air, I hear thee

Tape *percussive chord*
gong *string* *sim.*

0:09

Tenor where the waters run. and in the setting thou art fair.

Baritone Thou standest in the rising sun, and in the setting thou art fair.

0:30

Tenor What art thou then? but though I seem and flower to feel thee

Bari. I cannot guess, but though I seem in star to feel thee

Tenor some dif-fu-sive power, I do not therefore love thee less.

Bari. some dif-fu-sive power, I do not therefore love thee less. My love in-volves the

Tape : *percussive chord*

0:51

Tenor *my love is vaster passion now, though mixed with God and nature thou,*

Bari. *love be-fore, though mixed with God and nature thou,*

Tenor *I seem to love thee more and more. but e - ver nigh, I have thee still,*

Bari. *I seem to love thee more and more. Far off thou art,*

1:11

Tenor *and I re - joice. I prosper, circled with thy voice, I shall not lose thee though I*

Bari. *and I re - joice. I prosper, circled with thy voice, I shall not lose thee though I*

1:33

slower

Tenor *die, I shall not lose thee though I die.*

Bari. *die, I shall not lose thee though I die.*

rit. ----- ca.1:50

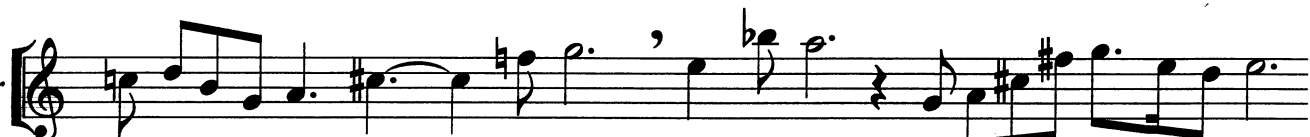
Tenor *Dear friend, dear friend,*

Tape

2:09

wistful, expressive

♩ = 50

Tenor 
 8 *who-e-ver you are, take this kiss, take this kiss, I give it es-pec-ial-ly to you.*
 2:16 *ossia*

Tenor 
 8 *Do not for-get me, do not for-get me. An unknown sphere more real than I*

Tenor 
 8 *dreamed, more di-rect, darts a-wakening rays a - bout me, so long,* 2:58

Tenor 
 8 *so ——— long!* 3:04 *f Remember my words, remember my words, I may a -*

Tenor 
 8 *- gain return. I love you, I love you. I de - part from ma -*
 3:20 *(high harmonics)*

Tenor 
 8 *- te - ri - als, I am as one dis-em - bo - died, tri-um-phant, dead,*

with resolve a tempo
 Tenor 
 8 *tri - um - phant, dead.* *f* *To the Seer I will go, his dis-em-bo - died mind will*
P rit. 3:37 3:45
tam-tam

Tenor 
 8 *show me the path my art must take to reach my re - jec - ted love.*
 3:59 *tape fades*

In Memoriam A.H.H., and *Beyond*, are excerpts of my electroacoustic opera *Powers of Two*. In the Act 1, the duet (a setting of one of 131 stanzas written by Tennyson in memory of his friend, Arthur Hallam) is sung by two male characters, one gay, the other straight, followed by a solo using a Whitman text from *Leaves of Grass* which also celebrates male bonding. *Beyond* opens Act 4 where the male singer appears to have passed into another realm beyond our reality, yet longs for his lover.

In Memoriam A.H.H.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Tho' mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson: *In Memoriam A.H.H.*, CXXX

Dear friend whoever you are take this kiss,
I give it especially to you, do not forget me,
An unknown sphere more real than I dream'd, more direct
darts awakening rays about me, So long!
Remember my words, I may again return,
I love you, I depart from materials,
I am as one disembodied, triumphant, dead.

Walt Whitman: *Leaves of Grass, Songs of Parting* (1860)

To the Seer I will go,
His disembodied mind will show me
The path my art must take
To reach my rejected love.

BEYOND

Eeeeh, eeeeh
I do not see, I cannot breathe.
Nothing is there for my eyes to grasp
And I no longer exist
... no eye, not I

It is strange to no longer live on the earth,
to abandon one's habits, so recently acquired,
to no longer give to the rose
the significance of a human future;
to no longer be that which with endlessly trembling hands
one once was, and to have even one's name
drop away like a broken toy.
It is strange to no longer wish for things,
to see all that once had substance, connection,
flutter about so freely in space. And yes, it is tiring
to be dead, filled with recollection,
until gradually one might sense
a piece of eternity.

R. M. Rilke: *Duino Elegy I* (trans. by Norbert Ruebsaat)

Miranda, is it you,
Or are you only in my dreams?
I need to see if you are real
And bring you to my arms.

Music, which tunes the soul for love
And stirs up all our soft desires,
Does but the growing flame improve
Which pow'rful Beauty first inspires.

Thus, whilst with art she plays and sings,
I to Miranda, standing by,
Impute the music of the strings
And all the melting words apply.

Anne Finch, Countess of Winchilsea (1661-1720)