

Excerpts from  
**POWERS OF TWO**  
 ACT 2 : THE SIBYL  
 The Golden Age

*I am the voice of the ages*      *aah een, aah een*

*aah een aah een aah een*

*me the mother of the fathers and the mothers of the fathers*

*of a je, aah een, aah een aah een*

*at je,*

*aah een aah een*      *re-mem-ber*

*aah een*

ossia

Sibyl

the golden age

mem-ber; re-mem-ber and tel-er-esc. of long-gon-den age

eresc.

( marimbá )

ritard

a tempo, faster

Sibyl

of long-gon-den age must give to you. Blest golden

lape

lightly

when ev-ry pur-ling stream ran in-dis-ur-bed and clear when an e-ter-nal spring dressed

er-ry-thing and blossoms lee- by new ones dispossesed,

Sibyl

or when young zephyrs fanned the gen-tle breeze, my gath- ring fresh sweets from

pebbles cur-ved

Sibyl

the at-bay-ny daisy-powers and trees, met more them on their wings & perfume-

*a tempo, us de for a but darker and more urgen*

*(aria)*



*I must go on but eve ning comes, and a daug her I must find to tell this sto ry to*

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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*Tape*

*cc. 1:55*


*truce jaas*

*stronger, faster*





*world the needess use of arms, there is a high south of us a shun the hang the*


*a tempo*  
(aside)

Sibyl *mf*   
 my heart for I must need to tell this story to you now and let the Golden


*a tempo*


Sibyl *mf*   
 my heart for I must need to tell this story to you now and let the Golden


*mf*   
 Ye-Nume the gracious ruler the spring of life and when the win

Sibyl *mf*   
 the spring of life and when the win

Sibyl *mf*   
 when the fresh re-sets on your cheeks shall die like flowers that wither in the shade

*mf*   
 ocarina

Sibyl *mf*   
 when the fresh re-sets on your cheeks shall die like flowers that wither in the shade

Sibyl *mf*   
 and no kind spring their sweetness shall supply e-ter-nal-ly they will for-got-ten-ly, and

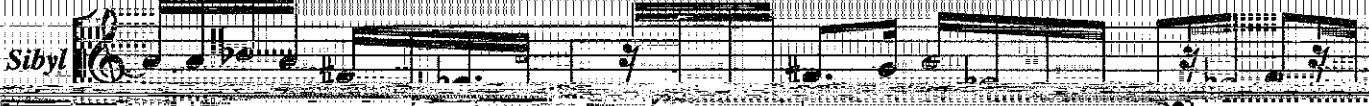
*Give us back, our  
 when show show on these times us are  
 you see your eyes in more sim  
 -earing*

*their point, loss, dark, in this, number, note in vain  
 Sibyl*



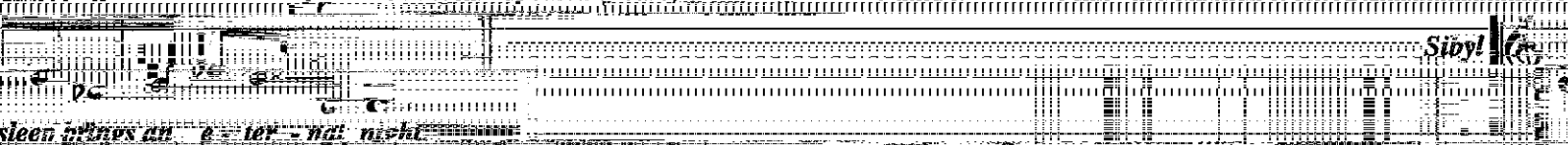
*Tab*

*minutes prize: the sun and spring re-ceive but our short light, once set, a  
 and the gay has - ty*



*Sibyl*

*seen eyes an e - ter - nal night*



*Sibyl*

*Tab*

Hymn To The Moon

text: Lady Mary Wortley Montagu  
(1689 - 1762)

music: Barry Truax

3  
 m.  
 Sleer now Sleer now and dream  
 (repeats two times)

Sibyl  
 your be-loved will come to you there

Sibyl  
 Thou sil-ver  
 your love

Sibyl  
 stream  
 through the de-ri-ty of secret night, di-rect my footsteps

ossia

Sibyl

Tape

1:36 1:45

Sibyl

Tape

2:00 2:08


Sibyl

Tape

2:08 2:12

se - rene - ly sweet

ic - mee my ten-er-ty grie

Sibyl  *my goddess, and my guide, E'en thee, you guid the si-lent grove, my friend.*

*ee - ooh ee ee*

2:21 2:36

*fore me a mazing heron, the courts of yonder r-h-ymon are, with all thy great*

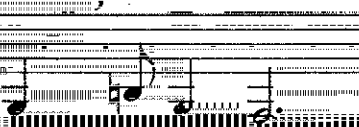
*oooh ee ooh*

2:39

*and thy valley with the mantle at con-stant noh with all thy great*

*oooh*

2:46

Sibyl  *coldness, coldness, too.*

Tape 