

*November 15, 1935 – Leaving Santa Barbara*

*for solo male Intoning Voice and Violin*

*with spoken voice aside*

*words & melody notated by* **Harry Partch**

*intonation, musical arrangement & harmony by* **Marc Sabat**

**PLAINSOUND MUSIC EDITION**

**Note:**

The words and melody of “November 15, 1935 - Leaving Santa Barbara” are taken from a sketch by American composer Harry Partch, originally notated in “Bitter Music”, a diary of his hobo travels across America during the Great Depression. In this particular fragment, while hitchhiking Partch is picked up by a truck driver who is a born-again-Christian of Filipino origin.

The microtones are intended to be performed in Just Intonation and are explicitly notated using The Extended Helmholtz-Ellis JI Pitch Notation, developed by Marc Sabat and Wolfgang von Schweinitz in Berlin, 2000-2004.

The violinist’s voice and instrument may be somewhat amplified if necessary; in general the voice should follow the character of American traditional folk singing (e.g. as recorded by Harry Smith in his “Anthology of American Folk Music”). Ideally, all of the voices should retain a character of unadorned simplicity based on ordinary speech, without vocal mannerisms.

## November 15, 1935 - Leaving Santa Barbara

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“Do you know the Lord? How do you know Him? Have you seen Him?  
I'm telling you, brother, you won't see Him until you come to Jesus and confess your sins...”  
(the Filipino who has picked me up is talking).

“For two years I gave my life to sin and the devil. I had gambling, whiskey, women. I can  
make a good living gambling. Yes! But do I do it? No!  
“I give my live to Jesus. I saw the Way of Salvation and came to Him – ‘Whosoever believeth in  
me shall have everlasting life’ - See? And now I am saving souls for Him. I don't want your  
body. Jesus doesn't want it. But your soul, brother!...”  
(I gaze out over the ocean, and into the depths.)

*Could my tears forever flow*

“Why do you say ‘depths of the sea?’”

*These for sin could not atone -*

“You could say ‘the bottom of the sea.’”

*Thou must save and Thou a-*

“It sounds so strange to me when other people speak of the depths of the sea.”

“Whatever the Lord gives me to do - Amen! If I have work, Amen! If I have no work, Amen!  
Glory to His Name!...”  
(the Filipino talks continuously).

“God gave us everything. God created everything, isn't it? And two thousand years ago He  
gave his only begotten Son to the world to be crucified on the Cross for its sins. And He gave  
us the New Testament. Glory to God that He did! Praise His Holy Name...”  
(I rest my head against the joggling window and close my eyes,  
listening to the sweet music from the throat of the Filipino.  
He is talking so low now that he is barely audible above the motor.)

*When my eyes shall close in death -*

*Rock of ages cleft for me -*

*Let me hide myself in -*

“Come to Jesus, beloved! I'm telling you, brother, no man can wash your sins away.  
Only Jesus, Jesus, brother! God will take care of His beloved children if they will come to Him.  
You will see the day when you will remember what I say now. Amen!...”

“May God go with you and have mercy on you, brother...”  
(the Filipino is leaving me at Ventura).

“Perhaps we will meet again someday. And then I hope you will come to Him.  
You can wash your body, but only Jesus can wash your heart. *Jesus - wash - all - your - sins -  
away.* May God bless you, my brother!”

*... could not atone -*

*Thou must save and thou alone -*

“May God bless you,” I reply (softly).

November 15, 1935 - Leaving Santa Barbara  
for solo male Intoning Voice and Violin with spoken voice aside

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Intoning Voice & Violin

Hand me down my wal - king cane, Oh, hand me down my wal - king cane, Oh,

*pizz.*

*ritenuto* *Slower*

hand me down my wal - king cane I'm a - goin' t' leave on that mid - night train, 'Cause all my sins are ta - ken a -

way.

*pizz.* "Do you know the Lo - r - d? How do you know Him?"

(male voice - aside : spoken in free rhythm)

November 15, 1935 - Leaving Santa Barbara

Have you seen Him? I'm tel - ling you, bro - ther, you won't see Him un - til you come to

(big breath!)

Je - sus and con - fess your sin - s For two yea - r - s I

*whistled* *voiced-*

(voice aside)

the Filipino who has picked me up is talking -

*pizz tremolo* gave my life to Si - n and the De - vil I had gam - bling, whis - ky, wo - men.

*sfzp* wavy lines indicate sustained tone (NO vibrato) *sfzp*

I can make a good liv - ing gam - bling. *pizz.* Ye - s! But do I do it? No!

*p* *sf* *mf*

*arco* I give my life to Je - sus I saw the Way of Sal - va - tion and came to

*mp*

Leaving Santa Barbara

Hi - m 'Who - so - e - ver be - lie - veth in me shall have e - ver - las - ting li - fe' *lv.*

*mf*

See? And now I am sa - ving souls for Hi - m I don't want your bo - dy

+ *L.H. pizz.* *arco* *arco* *lv.*

*p* *mf* *f* *fz*

Je - sus does - n't want it But your soul, bro - ther!..."

*pizz.* *whistled* *arpeggiando*

*f* *f* *mp*

(voice aside)

I gaze out over the ocean, and into the depths.  $\frac{3}{4}$

"Why do you say 'depths of the sea'? You could say 'the bottom of the sea'... it sounds so strange to me when other people speak of the depths of the sea."

"What - e - ver the Lord gives me to do - A - me - n! If I have work, A -

*voiced* *arco* *fz* *fz* *fz*

me - n! If I have no work, A - me - n! Glo - ry to His Na - me!

*fz*

God gave us e - v'ry - thing. God cre - a - ted e - v'ry - thing,

*whistled* *voiced* *arco tremolo, flautando* *pizz.* *(voice aside)* *p* *p*

the Filipino talks continuously -  $\frac{3}{4}$

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is - n't it? And two thou - sand years a - go He gave His on - ly be - got - ten

*take time!*  
*(flautando)*  
*sfz* *pp* *(?) ord.* *sfzp*

So - n to the world to be cru - ci - fied on the Cross for its

*mf* *fp* *fp* *fp* *mf even*

si - n-s And He gave us the New Tes - ta - ment. Glo - ry to

*breathe!*  
*pizz.*

Go - d that He di - d Prai - se His Ho - ly Na - me

When my eyes shall close in death - Rock of a - ges cleft for

*pizz.*  
*(thumb)*  
*(voice aside)*

I rest my head against the joggling window and close my eyes, listening to the sweet music from the throat of the Filipino.

me - Let me hide my - self in "Co - me to Je - sus, be lo - ved! I'm

*f possible*

He is talking so low now that he is barely audible above the motor.

tel - ling you, bro - ther, no ma - n can wash your si - ns a - way.

*take time!*  
*sfz* *simile*

On - ly Je - sus Je - sus, bro - ther, God will take care of His be - lo - ved chil - dren

*arco*  
*(continue sustaining throughout following text until cutoff indicated)*

if they will come to Him. You will see the day when you will re - mem - ber what I say

*(?)*

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Voice & A.Vla.

no - w. A - men!... May Go - d go with you and have mer - cy on

L.H. pizz. + pizz. tremolo \*

*p*

you, bro - ther

whistled

(sotto voce)

Per - haps we will meet a -

pizz. norm.

*p* *mp*

gain some - day. And then I hope you will come to Him.

Voice & A.Vla.

You can wash your bo - dy, but on - ly Je - sus can wash your heart

pizz. norm.

*ff*

Je - sus wash all your sins a - way May God bless you my

*p*

bro - ther Could not a - tone Thou must save and Thou a - lone

*3* (voice aside)

*4* "May God bless you," I reply.