

DINOS CONSTANTINIDES

Walls of Time

for orchestra and double chorus

LRC 103



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Walls of Time *for orchestra and double chorus*

Poetry: "The Builders" by H.W.Longfellow

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Duration:15:00

Walls of Time was commissioned by the LSU School of Music for the inauguration of the new music building in 1986. The piece opens in a highly chromatic manner and employs frequent changes of harmonies. This portion is followed by a section which is rhythmic, diatonic, and very jubilant in character. The latter portion was later used by the composer in the work *Tale* for trumpet, trombone, and piano.

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The music of Dinos Constantinides has been performed throughout the world. He is the recipient of many grants, commissions and awards, including first prize in the 1981 Brooklyn College International Chamber Opera Competition and the 1985 First Midwest Chamber Opera Conference. He also received the 1985 American New Music Consortium Distinguished Service Award, the 1989 Glen Award of l'Ensemble of New York, several Meet the Composer grants and numerous ASCAP Standard Awards. In the 1994 he was honored with a Distinguished Teacher White House Commission on Presidential Scholars.

Poetry: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE BUILDERS

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

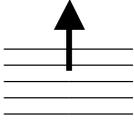
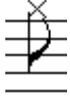
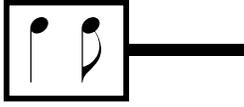
Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

Notation

	The highest possible pitch
	Shouting, screaming
	Spoken
	Keep repeating