

GREG BARTHOLOMEW

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# Three Gnostic Poems

Settings of three poems by  
Fletcher LaVallee Bartholomew

for unaccompanied mixed choir  
with piano reduction for rehearsal only

1. An Open World
2. When I Land
3. And the Wind

**BURKE & BAGLEY**



*Fletcher LaVallee Bartholomew*  
(1918 - 2006)

# An Open World

There is a certain madness born of sailing  
From port to distant port the world around.  
There is a certain way it has, unveiling  
Unused chambers of the mind so that the sound  
Of many different voices can be heard.  
– The range of human thoughts and views,  
From which with joy can be inferred,  
An open world, and paths to choose.

For unaccompanied mixed choir  
with piano reduction for rehearsal only

Duration: 3 minutes

*An Open World* is the first in a group of three settings of poems from Fletcher LaVallee Bartholomew's collection entitled *And the Wind: Gnostic Poems 1945 - 1979*. Minneapolis native Fletcher Bartholomew spent most of his life in aviation, beginning with a childhood flight in a Curtis Robin in 1929. His work in aviation started with a job as an inspector in an aircraft factory. He went on to become a test pilot in World War II, serving at the South India Air Depot at Bangalore, India, where he was sent by ship, an experience he always remembered.

For information about composer Greg Bartholomew, visit [www.gregbartholomew.com](http://www.gregbartholomew.com).

## BURKE & BAGLEY

1284 North 53<sup>rd</sup> Street  
Seattle, WA 98103-6116  
Tel: 206.632.4487  
Email: [burkeandbagley@comcast.net](mailto:burkeandbagley@comcast.net)



# An Open World

2

15 **a tempo** ♩ = 60 *p* **mp** **accel.** . . . . . ♩ = 80

S. There is a cer-tain way it has, un-veil-ing un-used cham-bers of the mind

A. There is a cer-tain way it has, un-veil-ing un-used cham-bers of the mind

T. There is a cer-tain way it has, un-veil-ing un-used cham-bers of the mind

B. There is a cer-tain way it has, un-veil-ing un-used cham-bers of the mind

Pno.

21 *mf* **mp**

S. so that the sound of ma-ny diff-erent voi-ces can be heard, the

A. so that the sound of ma-ny diff-erent voi-ces can be heard, the

T. so that the sound of ma-ny diff-erent voi-ces can be heard, the

B. so that the sound of ma-ny diff-erent voi-ces can be heard, the

Pno.

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# When I Land



*Fletcher LaVallee Bartholomew*  
(1918 - 2006)

I fly da Vinci's dream on wings of speed,  
With effortless delight I cleave the air,  
Free in the boundless realm of sky, I feed  
My soul with wonder, questions seeming fair.

Why brought forth to wander on this earth?  
Why given this brief breath of life,  
To wonder at our enigmatic birth,  
To reach for stars, want reason for the strife.  
Yet, being here, why try to find a plan?  
Why waste time in thought before we go?  
Is not life enough for any man?  
How many have, as theirs, my answer, "No."

When I set foot again upon the land,  
And darkness gains upon the setting of the sun,  
I long to feel the welcome of your hand  
In mine, to rest, let Time its silly cycles run,  
Life's nights are all too few.  
No other hand, no other's look, no other one,  
Can bring that peace to mind or heart or soul,  
No peace. Although I know there's always fun  
In life, to reach that sublime goal,  
I must return to you.

For unaccompanied mixed choir  
with piano reduction for rehearsal only

Duration: approx. 5 minutes

*When I Land* is the second in a group of three settings of poems from Fletcher LaVallee Bartholomew's collection entitled *And the Wind: Gnostic Poems 1945 - 1979*. Minneapolis native Fletcher Bartholomew spent his professional life in aviation, including service during World War II as a pilot in the United States Army Air Corps and, later, working in airport planning and management.

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# When I Land

Fletcher LaVallee Bartholomew  
(1918 - 2006)

Greg Bartholomew

$\text{♩} = 90$

**SOPRANO**  
*mf* I fly, I fly, I fly. *f*

**ALTO**  
*mf* I fly, I fly, I fly. *f*

**TENOR**  
*mf* I fly, I fly, I fly. *f*

**BASS**  
*mf* I fly, I fly, I fly. *f*

**Piano for rehearsal only**  
 $\text{♩} = 90$

12

**S.**

**A.**

**T.**  
*mf* lightly  
I fly Da Vin-ci's dream on wings of speed. With ef-fort-less de - light I cleave the air. —

**B.**  
*mf* lightly  
I fly Da Vin-ci's dream on wings of speed. With ef-fort-less de - light I cleave the air. —

**Pno.**

When I Land

21

**rit.** **a tempo**

S.

A. *lightly mp*

T. Why brought

B. Free in the bound - less realm of sky, I feed my soul with won - der, ques-tions seem-ing fair.

Pno. **rit.** **a tempo**

29

*lightly mp*

S. Why brought forth to wan - der on the earth? Why brought forth to wan - der on the

A. forth? Why brought forth to wan der on the earth?

T. *p* Why brought forth?

B. *p* Why brought forth?

Pno. *p.*

37

S. *mf* *rit.*  
earth? Why gi-ven this brief breath of life to won-der at

A. *mf*  
Why gi-ven this brief breath of life to won-der at

T. *mp* *mf* *mf*  
*with a bit more gravity*  
Why brought forth to wan-der on the earth? Why gi-ven this brief breath of life to won-der at

B. *mp* *mf* *mf*  
*with a bit more gravity*  
Why brought forth to wan der on the earth? Why gi-ven this brief breath of life to won-der at

Pno. *rit.*

45

S. *gently* *f*  
our e-nig - ma - tic birth? To reach for stars, want rea-son for the strife.

A. *gently* *f*  
our e-nig - ma - tic birth? to reach for stars, want rea-son for the strife.

T. *gently* *f*  
our e-nig - ma - tic birth? to reach for stars, want rea-son for the strife.

B. *gently* *f*  
our e-nig - ma - tic birth? To reach for stars, want rea-son for the strife.

Pno. *gently* *f*



When I Land

52 *mf* **rit.** ♩ = 90

S. Why brought forth to wan-der on the earth?

A. Why brought forth to wan-der on the earth? Yet, be-ing here, why

T. Why brought forth to wan-der on the earth? Why

B. Why brought forth to wan-der on the earth? Yet, be-ing here, why

Pno. **rit.** ♩ = 90

58 *p* **rall.** *mp*

S. Why waste time be-fore we go? Is not life e-nough for an-y man?

A. try to find a plan? Why waste time be-fore we go? Is not life e-nough for an-y man?

T. try to find a plan? Why waste time be-fore we go? (melody) Is not life e-nough for an-y man?

B. try to find a plan? Why waste time be-fore we go? Is not life e-nough for an-y man?

Pno. **rall.**



*Fletcher LaVallee Bartholomew*  
(1918 - 2006)

# And the Wind

There is an awesome beauty found in sailing  
Through black of night upon the open sea,  
Your vessel mauled by unseen waves and trailing  
Her phosphorescent wake, as steadily,  
She plows into the darkness,  
And the wind.

For unaccompanied mixed choir  
with piano reduction for rehearsal only

Duration: approx. 4 minutes

*And the Wind* is the final piece in a group of three settings of poems from Fletcher LaVallee Bartholomew's collection entitled *And the Wind: Gnostic Poems 1945 - 1979*. Minneapolis native Fletcher Bartholomew spent most of his life in aviation, beginning with a childhood flight in a Curtis Robin in 1929. His work in aviation started with a job as an inspector in an aircraft factory. He went on to become a test pilot in World War II, serving at the South India Air Depot at Bangalore, India, where he was sent by ship, an experience he always remembered.

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# And the Wind

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**Adagio** ♩ = 70

*mf*

SOPRANO  
O - pen sea, o - pen.

ALTO  
O - pen sea, o - pen.

TENOR  
*p* *mp* *mf* *mp* *mf* *fz*  
Sh\* Sh Sh Sh Sh Sh

BASS  
*mf*  
Awe - some beau - ty, awe - some

Piano for rehearsal only  
**Adagio** ♩ = 70

\*\*"Sh" as the sound of ocean spray

7

**accel.**

S. (Melody #1)  
O - pen sea. There is an awe - some beau ty,

A. (Melody #1)  
O - pen sea. There is an awe - some beau ty,

T. (Melody #2)  
*mf* *fz*  
Sh Sh Sh There is an awe - some beau ty,

B. *f*  
beau - ty. \*(There is an) awe - some beau ty.  
Awe - some.  
\*Only low E on first 3 notes unless lower octave is not "present."

Pno. **accel.**

And the Wind

16  $\text{♩} = 90$  **poco accel.**  $\text{♩} = 100$

S. There is an awe - some beau - ty found in sail - ing through black of night up -

A. There is an awe - some beau - ty found in sail - ing through black of night up -

T. There is an awe - some beau - ty found in sail - ing through black of night up -

B. There is an awe - some beau - ty found in sail - ing through black of night up -

Pno.  $\text{♩} = 90$  **poco accel.**  $\text{♩} = 100$

26

S. on the o - pen sea, there is an awe - some beau - ty beau - ty

A. on the o - pen sea, there is an awe - some beau - ty, beau - ty

T. on the o - pen sea, there is an awe - some beau - ty, beau - ty

B. on the o - pen sea, there is an awe - some beau - ty, beau - ty

Pno.