Commissioned by Joanna Bonnett with funds provided by Eastern Arts.

THE ARCTIC NEEDLE

for solo cello

Alan Bullard
1989

BRITISH MUSIC INFORMATION CENTRE
10 STRATFORD PLACE
LONDON W1N 9AE

♩ = c. 88

dramatically

fff dim poco a poco

pp

pp cresc. poco a poco

fff

dim. poco a poco

pp

pp più espress. cresc. poco a poco

fff

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as fast as possible rit - - -

pp as fast as possible

rit - - - pp ppp as fast as possible

ff pp ff ff pp ff pp

pp pp

ff sempre

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lunga

quasi barcarolle (♩. = c. 72)

pizz.

p

accel - - - - - - - - - - - rit - - - - - - - - - - -

poco

a tempo

arco

p

p

pizz

arco

mf

pizz

arco

f

poco accel - - - - - -

pizz

f

mf

a tempo

arco

p

più espressivo

mp

mf

mf

cresc poco a poco

accel e cresc.

a tempo

p

pp senza espress -

mp espress

poco a poco dim.

ppp

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arco pizz arco pizz arco pizz arco

pizz arco pizz arco pizz arco pizz

arco pizz arco pizz arco pizz

arco

ff cm forza

pizz arco

ff

arco pizz

arco pizz

arco

pizz arco

pizz arco

pizz

arco

pizz arco

pizz

cresc

sub p

fff

sempre fff

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con moto
con sord.

pp calmer

pp

pp sempre

pp

pp sempre

pp. sempre

pp

pp

pp

Fast (quasi $\frac{3}{16}$)

sempre pp : leggiero

pp

p

(pp)

p

pp

(pp)

dim.

Senza Sord

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senza sord

mf

fp tr fp mf tr fp

mf trem fp

f

Sub. p f

mf f pp (sul D)

f (sul G) pp

f

(accel - - - - - -) tr# (accel - - - -

f ff

tr# furiously

ff

(poco accel - - - - - -)

(poco accel - - - - - - - - - - -)

(poco accel - -

mf (poco accel - -

e rit - - - -)

mp more relaxed

(poco rit - - - - -)

cantabile e espress - po

p

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(poco rit - - - - - -)

p

mf

gradually increasing in tension

exciting but not too loud (save it up!)

f

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ff

poco a poco accel..

con forza (getting wilder

(accel)

and wilder)

(accel)

(accel)

(accel . . . . . double speed) ♩ = ♩ quasi tempo primo

sempre ff

pp sul ponte

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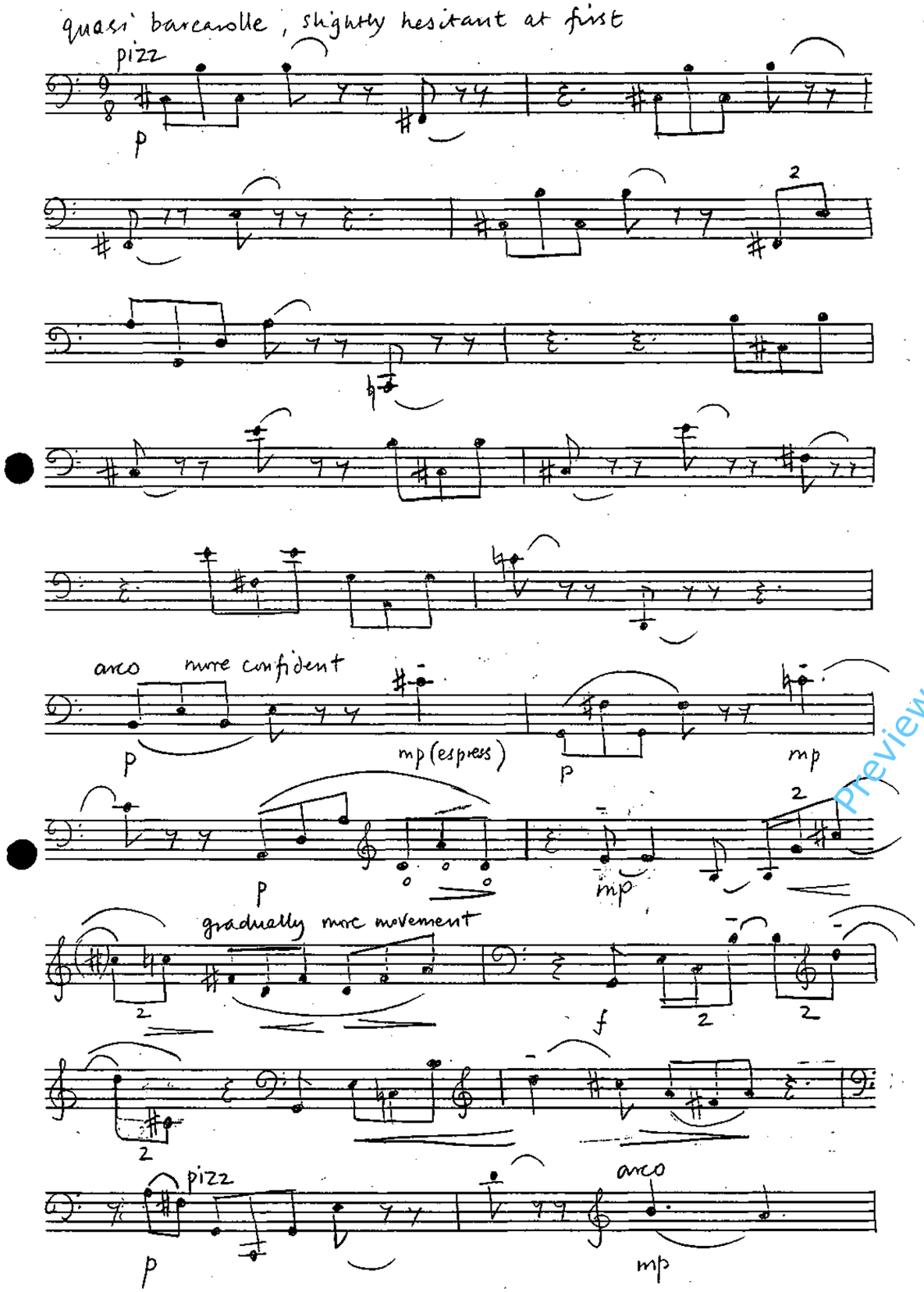

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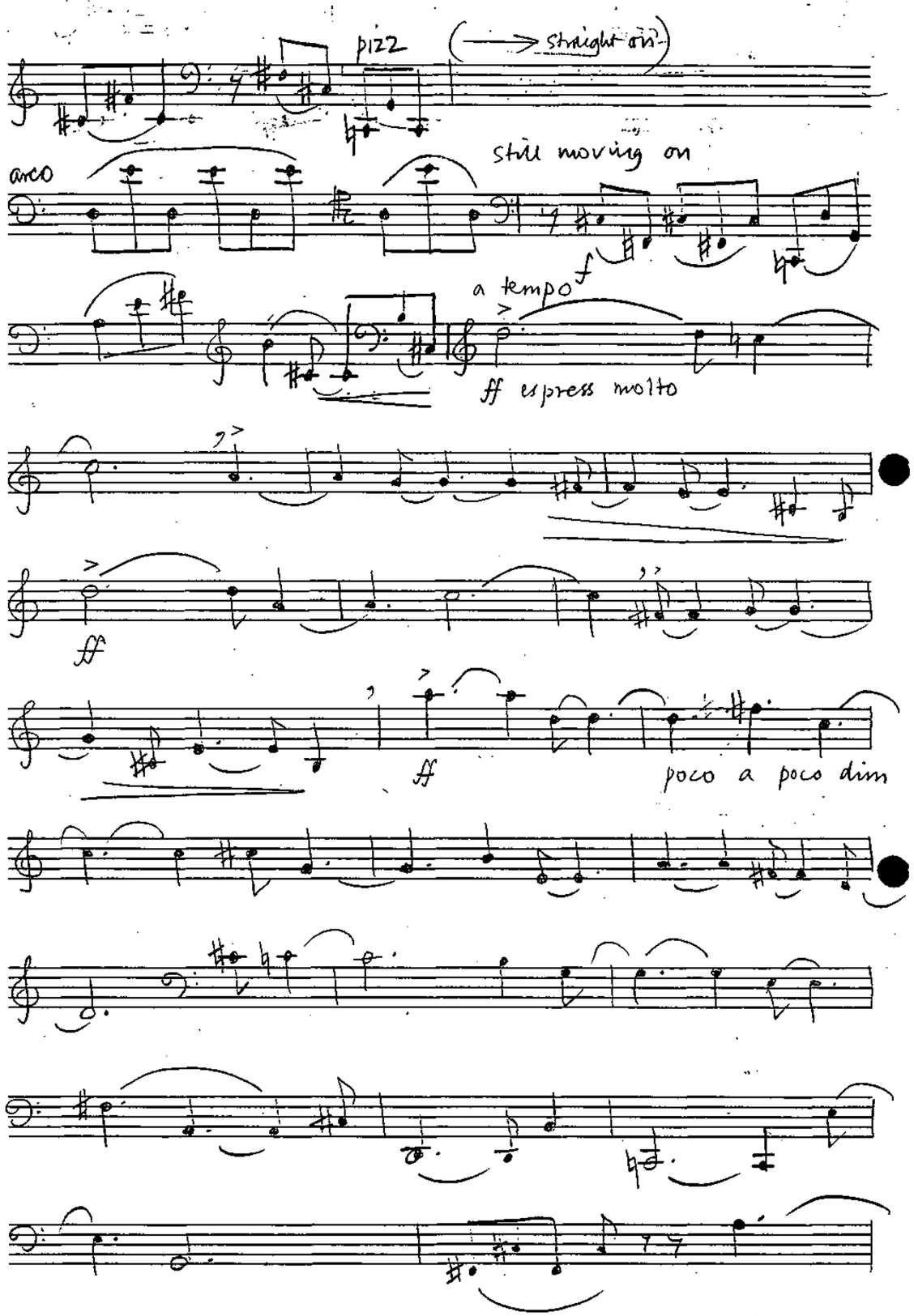

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accel.

cresc.

f mf p

pp

♩. = ♩ approx

Slow and relaxed (♩ = 72)

pizz

p dim. pp

ppp cresc

p mf

p

faster rit

f

arco faster rit arco

pp pizz pp ppp

f

faster rit

pizz

f

(8ve ?) faster rit

pizz

pp ff

(8ve ?) faster (senza rit.)

pp ff dim

♩=72 arco

pp pp

Preview File Only

Sempre PP

mf espress e legato

dim

f

p

p

Preview File Only

PP

P

peacefully

poco

PP

PP

PP

gradually dying away to nothing at all and gradually

moving nearer and nearer to the bridge.

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11 Christ Church Court
~~Colchester CO3 3AU.~~

Colchester, ~~Brex and~~
Dymock, Gloucestershire
May 1989

19' 30"

FRANCIS QUARLES

1592–1644

55

Like to the Arctic Needle

Like to the arctic needle, that doth guide
  The wand'ring shade by his magnetic pow'r,
And leaves his silken gnomon to decide
  The question of the controverted hour,
First frantics up and down from side to side,
    And restless beats his crystal'd iv'ry case,
    With vain impatience jets from place to place,
And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride;
    At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest
His trembling point at his bright pole's beloved breast.

E'en so my soul, being hurried here and there,
  By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would be settled, but she knows not where;
  She likes at morning what she loathes at night:
She bows to honour; then she lends an ear
    To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
    Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
Now flatter'd with false hope, now foil'd with fear.
    Thus finding all the world's delight to be
But empty toys, good God, she points alone to thee.

But hath the virtued steel a power to move?
  Or can the untouch'd needle point aright?
Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,
  Unguided by the virtue of thy sprite?
O hath my leaden soul the art t'improve
    Her wasted talent, and, unrais'd, aspire
    In this sad moulting-time of her desire?
Not first belov'd, have I the power to love?
    I cannot stir, but as thou please to move me,
Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me.

The still commandress of the silent night
  Borrows her beams from her bright brother's eye;
His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light;
  If he withdraw, her flames are quench'd and die.

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E'en so the beams of thy enlight'ning sprite,
    Infus'd and shot into my dark desire,
    Inflame my thoughts, and fill my soul with fire,
That I am ravish'd with a new delight;
    But if thou shroud thy face, my glory fades,
And I remain a *Nothing*, all compos'd of shades.

Eternal God! O thou that only art
  The sacred fountain of eternal light,
And blessed loadstone of my better part,
  O thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight!
Reflect upon my soul, and touch my heart,
    And then my heart shall prize no good above thee;
    And then my soul shall know thee; knowing, love thee;
And then my trembling thoughts shall never start
    From thy commands, or swerve the least degree,
Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.