

Piano with Soprano, Flute, Clarinet

Tale of Three Deities

Words by
BARBARA KUPFERBERG

Music by
DAVID RUBENSTEIN

Andante (♩ = 64)

Andante (♩ = 64)

pp *mp*

mp

pp *mp*

pp

p

Aph - ro - di - te is my name, On a scal - lop shell I came, A - pol - lo likes to strum his ki -

24

hide, please greet them, What is the pur - pose you may

hide, please greet them, What is the pur - pose you may

27

ask? Just en - joy this pleas - ant masque.

ask? Just en - joy this pleas - ant masque.

31 **Vivace** (♩=140)

Vivace (♩=140)

34

37 *f*

Where in the wood shall I wan - der to - night,

41

Where in the wild wood by Moon's glow - ing light,

mp

mp

45

She is my lan - tern my friend and my guide. Where shall I

p

sim.

50

hunt, in these woods so wide? Who in the wild wood will

p

55

hear the song? Of my fine silver arrow my bow bending

60

strong. I've only to dream and it

64

reach - es its mark. In the heart of my prey in the heart of the dark.

68

I am called Ar - te - mis — hunt - ress yet car - ing All of my

72

att - ri - butes take some com - par - ing

mf

mf

75

I nur - ture, I kill

ff

ff

80 *mf* *f*

To quite com - pre - hend me, _____ 'twill be a

mp *f* *mf*

mp *ff* *mf*

Ped.

85 *ff* **Andantino (♩=80)**

vic - to - ry!

ff **Andantino (♩=80)**

ff *p*

Ped.

88 *mf*

My sis - ter, my twin, her

p *p*

sim.

91

name is Ar - te - mis. She roams - the woods in the guise of a hun - ter - ess

94

Differ - ent are we, yet close as the sides of a

97

coin or a clam - shell, and just now we hide, Back of a fan mask we

100

turn at a whim Hard to tell if we're her or we're

ff *mp*

ff *mp*

ff *p*

ff *mp*

103

him

3 3

mf

106

pp *f*

Ped. *rit.* *sim.*

rit. *A tempo* (♩=64)

110

Now to be se-ri-ous I am A-pol-lo, — an

mp *pp*

rit. *A tempo* (♩=64)

p

115

o-ra-cle — heal-er and guide to the mus-es I ride my —

f *ff*

118

cha - ri - ot — bring - ing - the sun. I

121

think of all ³the gods I have most fun!

124

Swing
mp

It has oc - curred to me — more than one time — that gods, be - ing

Swing
p

128

god - like — must think in rhyme. Hav - ing great rhy - thm

131

we swing — and sway No

133

one has chan - neled us, — So who's to say?

Straight

Straight

136

ppp mp

p pp

140

tr

mp

143

mp mf

I love the sound of the dove on its nest. But the song of the swan at its

pp mp

pp mp

146

end is the best. I've ta - ken you — far on this trip to fair Greece Yet

149

giv - ing you — com - fort, and bring - ing you — peace. I hope you've en - joyed my

ff

f

152

beau - ty, and theirs. Good things come a - long — a - lone and in pairs.

155 *mf* **rit.** *p*

Good things come ³a-long a - lone and in pairs. _____

mp *p*

mp *p*

rit. *pp*