

PROGRAM NOTES

Author's Note: Tennyson's poem, *Ulysses*, is a literary gem worth reading in its entirety. As Ulysses looks back on his life and contemplates the years he has left, he is inspired to head out for one more grand adventure. The particular inspiration for this composition comes from the latter portion of the poem—some of it quoted here exactly and some paraphrased, with a few bits of original text spliced in. The result is a fresh challenge to all of us, inspired by the spirit of Ulysses, to pursue the noble work that is yet to be done, and together, seek a better world. Come, my friends, it's not too late!

—Mark Patterson

TEXT

Come, my friends,
it's not too late to seek a better world.
Ere the end
some work of noble note may yet be done.

The lights begin to twinkle,
the slow moon climbs above,
and the deep cries out with so many voices:
“Come, my friends, set sail. My friends, it's not too late!”

Though much is taken, much still abides.
And though some may long
for the strength of our younger days, that which we are, we are:
One equal temper of heroic hearts
made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield!

Come, my friends,
it's not too late to seek a better world.
Ere the end
some work of noble note may yet be done.

The lights begin to twinkle,
The slow moon climbs above,
And the deep cries out, “Set sail!”

Let us seek a better world.
Come, my friends, it's not too late!

—Mark Patterson,
inspired by and incorporating lines from *Ulysses*
by Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

CURRICULUM GUIDE

COMPLIMENTARY



Mark Patterson (b. 1969)

For biographical information visit: www.ecspublishing.com

Ode to Ulysses

for SAB Chorus and Piano

Mark Patterson
based on *Ulysses*
by Alfred Lord Tennyson

Mark Patterson
(ASCAP)

With strength and determination (♩. = 64)

Piano

f

5

S
A

Come, my friends, — it's not too late to seek a bet-ter world. —

B

Come, my friends, — it's not too late to seek a bet-ter world. —

9

Ere the end — some work of no - ble note may

Ere the end — some work of no - ble note may

Words: Inspired by and incorporating lines from *Ulysses* by Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1982) (PD).

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13 *unis. mf*

yet be done. — The lights be - gin to twin - kle,

yet be done. — *mf* the

17 ($\text{♩} = \text{♪}$)

slow moon climbs a - bove, and the deep cries out, the

($\text{♩} = \text{♪}$)

21 *f*

deep cries out with so man - y voic - es:

f

deep cries out with so man - y voic - es:

mp
24 Come, my friends, _____ set sail, set

mp
Come, my friends, _____ come, my friends, _____

mp
Come, my friends, _____ come, come _____ my

mf
27 sail, my
come my friends, _____ friends it's not too late!
f

mf
friends, my friends it's not too late!
f

mp
31 Though much is tak-en, _____
much is tak-en, _____

mp

35

much still a - bides. *mp*

And though some may long for the

39

strength of our young-er days, *cresc.* that which we are,

43

mf One e - qual tem - per of he -

mf we are: One e - qual tem - per of he -

47

p *mp*

ro - ic hearts _____ made weak by time and fate, _____ but

ro - ic hearts _____ made weak by time and fate, _____ but

p *mp*

51

rall. *mf* Slightly broader

strong in will _____ to strive, _____ to

strong in will _____ to strive, _____ to

rall. *mf* Slightly broader

55

f

seek, _____ to find, _____ and not to yield! _____

seek, _____ to find, _____ and not to yield! _____

f

Descant (a few sopranos)

59 *a tempo* *f*

Desc. Come, my friends, it's not too

S
A Come, my friends, it's not too

B Come, my friends, it's not too

a tempo *f*

62

late, come my friends.

late to seek a bet - ter world.

late to seek a bet - ter world.

65

End Descant

Ere the end some work of note can be done.

Ere the end some work of no - ble note may yet be done.

Ere the end some work of no - ble note may yet be done.

69

unis. mf

S A The lights be - gin to twin - kle,

B the slow moon climbs a -

73

and the deep cries out, the

bove, and the deep cries out, the

76 *f*

deep cries out: set sail, set

deep cries out: let us seek a bet-ter world, —

80 *ff cresc.*

sail. Come, my friends, it's

let us seek a bet-ter world. Come, my friends, it's

83 *fff*

not, it's not too late!

not, it's not too late!