

Alastair White

Hareflight

A Fashion-Opera for Tenor & Flute (2022)



♩ = 95

Tenor

8 *f* $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^3$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^3$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^3$

The quick beat_ of the leg o-ver hea-ther, gorse - soil sands va-nish its

Flute

f $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^3$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^5$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^{5:3}$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^{7:6}$

5

T.

bo - dy_ in the grass. A flash_ of_ pur - ple. What is the

Fl.

p $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^{7:6}$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^{5:3}$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^{5:3}$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^{7:6}$

11

T.

mark_ of this pur-ple on the eve - ning? What trace left_ like

Fl.

ff *mp* $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^{7:6}$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^{5:3}$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^{5:3}$

16

T.

chest or clue?

Fl.

mf $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^{7:6}$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^{5:3}$ $\overbrace{\quad\quad\quad}^{7:6}$ *p*

mf

A

20 Hedge-row on the edge of win-ter earth, the mar-king trees cane - whi-tled by wind on frost, the

Fl. *mf* 5:3 7:6 5:3

24 o-pen earth is brown, blown o-pen, soun-ding des-per-ate un-der foot fall. As though it urged

Fl. *p* 7:6 7:6 5:3

29 qui - et for nur-se-ries of dream - ing seeds. What are these

Fl. *fffz* *p* 5:3 5:3

35 dreams, watched al - ways by two black eyes?

Fl. *mp* 5:3 7:6

39 What are the eyes that blink in time a-long hoar-frost of the hides' edge?

Fl. 5:3 7:6 5:3

B

43 Af-ter the sea-son of rain and im-pen - ding win-ter, the dark eve-ning dark-ened

Fl. *mf* 7:6 *f*

46 *f*

T. fur - ther, the leaves' ca - no - py shorn bare to days as

Fl. *f*

49 *p* *pp*

T. black as the watch-ing eye, there is a time when the land fla - tten-s the sun

Fl. *pp*

52 *ff* *mp*

T. tilts like a light and hares walk mad-ly on the new-ly dis - co-vered green hi - dden by

Fl. *ff* *mp*

55 *mf*

T. no - thing, whack-ing a - ny coll-eague, sui - tor. run - ning for the hell of it from ber - ry - bush to

Fl. *mf*

58 *fff*

T. den, paw wet - tened by some slip in bo - gland, un - bo - thered, crazed be - fore this

Fl. *fff*

62 *mf* *molto rubato*

T. mar - king sound seals pa - ssage from box - ing to the jug. This is a song of the hare's mathe -

Fl. *mf*

67

T. ma - tics the curve that car - ries speed be - yond know - ledge. What is the book of what the hare knows as it

Fl.

71
 T. *mp*
 struts be-fore the wait-ing gun, or coo-ries to the grass land? This is a song of the know-ledge of the
 Fl. *mp*

76 **D**
 T. *f*
 hare. And this is the me-tho-do-lo-gy of hare - song: to fol-low that which has va-nished, on - ly
 Fl. *f*

82
 T. *p* *mf* *f*
 just va - nished, to chase light up - on wa - ter, brush-strokes, me-di - a,
 Fl. *p* *mf* *f* *p* *f*

87
 T. *pp* *ff*
 va-ni-shing In - sta of some beau-ti-ful boy, your first am-phe-ta-mine, hair lit by
 Fl. *pp* *ff*

91
 T. *ppp* *f*
 club - light and pe - rox - ide. The turn up-on the al-ley-way and no - one there: life grins
 Fl. *ppp* *f*

95
 T. *fff* *mp*
 _ like a wheel-ing child thrown to the air to trail through field bush, club and brow - ser, the
 Fl. *fff* *mp*

102 **E** ♩ = 100 *mf*
 T. *mf*
 spoor of the hare ah ah ah
 Fl. *mf*

115

T. ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah

Fl.

129

T. ah ah ah ah ah

Fl.

140

♩ = 80 **F** *ppp* *p*

T. The first thing the hare knows is the glo - ry of god

Fl.

144

T. learned in the lean swift-ness, the just - be - yond of the wolf's jaw,

Fl.

147

fff

T. and sound of the close tongue lick-ing, its hot air warmed by ki - ne - tic

Fl.

150

T. chase, bel - ly up-on the lung. One knowledge, here, from dogs of the

Fl.

153

T. earth and sea, moon - dog, dogs of all worlds in a U - ni - verse of dogs, U - ni - verse of the

Fl.

156 *pp*

T. *pp*
shark, the wolf, the hawk's plun - der is the hare: its know-ledge won here.

Fl. *pp*
5:3 7:6 5:3 7 5

160 **G** *f*

T. *f*
The hare teach - es first The Les-son of the Un-bound Bound:

Fl. *f*
3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 5 7 7:6

163

T. *f*
poin-ting, ges - tu - ring, look: a spin-ning che - rub; a che - rub u - ri - na-ting and

Fl. *f*
5:3 7:6 5:3

166

T. *f*
red-black wood a - gainst Cal-va-ry's day. Al - so a u - nique, pho-to-bom - bing

Fl. *f*
5 7 3 5:3 5 7

169

T. *f*
horse. The pain-ter de - clares: the glo-ry of god is te - res-trial laugh - ter. The

Fl. *f*
7:6 5:3 5 7 3 7:6

173

T. *f*
glo-ry of god is the light - ness of the dance. The glo-ry of god is in the blue, flaked

Fl. *f*
7 3 7:6 5:3

176

T. paint as much as: ci - der in the bush-es saved, the gor-geous

Fl. *H*

178

T. light-ness of its two li-tre-weight. Glo - ri - a ah

Fl. *mp*

183

T. *p* Glo-ri - a Glo - ri - a ah

Fl. *p*

191

T. ah Glo - ri - a.

Fl.

198 **I**

T. *ppp* The se - cond thing the hare knows is the mi - li - tan - cy of death

Fl. *ppp*

200

T. and, in fact, there is a sto-ry of hare swarms set a - mok up on la-bo-ra-tories and Au-brey de Grey. See the

Fl.

202 *ff*

T. 8 bliz - zard of tufts, ears, the black eyes' shin - ing di - o - ra - ma shows

Fl. *ff*

204 *mf*

T. 8 test tubes, sta-sis cham-bers tossed a-sun - der. Smashed monks-head root. Shards of

Fl. *mf*

206 *f* *mp* *p*

T. 8 pe - tri dish plas-tic be- come crumbs be-neath the paws. Death's

Fl. *f* *mp* *p*

208

T. 8 sen-ti - nel, the hare is, li-ving al-ways in the space bet-ween death and li-ving, earth and

Fl.

210

T. 8 sky as though the tips of grass-stalks held it high plan-ing the mea dow, a

Fl.

212 *pp*

T. 8 ter-ri-to-ry marked bet-ween mouth and heart-beat: the hare - flight. Death's

Fl.

215 **J** = 110 *pp*

T. 8 mi - li - tant, the hare is, un - be-ing's ban-ner - man. Death's mi - nis - ter, the

Fl. *pp*

219 *p*

T. *p*

hare, teach-es se-cond-ly The Les-son of Re-vo-lu-tio-na-ry Ter-ror_ and in fact it is a sto-ry_ of the

Fl. *p* $\text{♩} = 90$

223

T. *p*

end of the world. O,

Fl. *p*

228 *mf* **K**

T. *mf*

Once up-on a time there was a foun-tain_ brought youth_ and life and all dived in_

Fl. *mf*

232 *p*

T. *p*

_ to splash me-di-cine on grey haired shoul-ders, swea-ting breasts. They drank deep-ly,

Fl. *p*

236 *f*

T. *f*

gree-di-ly and lines smoothed to youth, fat necks thinned as eyes blinked o-pen_ and clear. In

Fl. *f*

240 *f*

T. *f*

youth's u-ni-form they bowed, winked. They bought the world. And no child could be_ but wor-king for them as

Fl. *f*

244 *mp* *p*

T. *mp* *p*

wai-ters_ and in fac-to-ries. O, toil_ with co-loured fish, with ma-ga-zines! In

Fl. *mp*

248 **L**

T. *p* bel-ly-tops, mo-hawks, they coun - ted their mo - ney. They

Fl. *p*

250 *fff* danced. *mp* But was it dan - cing?

Fl. *fff* *mp*

252 *mf* What is that grim shape that man makes u - pon the floor, as he pays

Fl. *mf*

255 ten pounds an hour to the girl be - hind the bar?

Fl. *mf*

258 **M** *mp* Had it not been for the swift - ness of the hare, that cut down those mon - sters with age and

Fl. *p* tongue pizz.

260 care sealed them like re - lics be - neath the earth of the ground, shut up their mouths with ill - ness and time...

Fl. *mp*

279

T. curls_ from the ear in a spi-ral be-fore the neck ga - rotte - like wrap-ping o-ver the shoul-der and round_

Fl. *mf* *f* *mf* *pp* *p* *pp*

281

T. so-lar_ plex-us_ to a pre-ssure point of the spine, wrist, then, then fin-gers wo-ven shut, tight, stitch

Fl. *mp* *ff* *p* *f* *p* *pp* *mp* *pp*

284

T. pa - tterned. The legs and groin are spared_ but

Fl. *mf* *p*

air sound → normal tone → air sound

286

T. just be-low the gut the weight tigh - tens, tigh-tens... It turns you to look from the win-dow to see

Fl. *mp* *ff*

normal tone

289

T. noth-ing, then tur-ning, to see noth-ing with-in, though the o-ven on_ the wine o-pen the

Fl. *p* *pp* *mp* *mf*

293

T. phone_ ring-ing. Its su - mmer. From this the hare teach-es Cold-ness of Grass, its

Fl. *f* *p* *pp* *ff* *pp*

O accel.

296

T. *8* *3* *3* *3* *3*
 third le-sson. The le-sson re-gards the re-main-der of the sub-trac-tion of the hare of the wood-cut from the

Fl. *Bb/B* *C#C* *Bb/B* *D#* *B* *C#CB*
mp *f* *ff*

299 *♩* = 80

T. *p* *mf* *3* *3* *3* *3*
 hare of the field the rid-dle from the grid, the mink from cuff or clue from bur-glar, the dwe-lling place and its

Fl. *f* *p* *C#CB* *C#C* *mp* *C#*
Bb/B *Bb/B* *Bb/B* *Bb/B*

302

T. *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*
 mar-riage vows. The les-son is for-mal. Though a me-ta-phor might be the hare's

Fl. *B* *Bb/B* *D#* *C#* *mf* *p*
D# *C#*

305 *accel.*

T. *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*
 form: that dip in the grass for rest or lit-ter. No hide in depths of bad-ger set or wa-rran, its deep - ness

Fl. *mp* *mf* *p*

307

T. *3* *3* *3* *p* *3* *3* *3* *3*
 on-ly this fold in the mea-dow this sha-llow earth rut, fur-lined be-low rock or tus-sock,

Fl. *mp* *ppp* *timbral trill* *timbral trill*

309 *f*

T. *3* *3*
 cramped hole bare-ly a-ny-thing but a hole and place for child-birth the hare form, this sole mark of its

Fl. *p* *mp* *mf* *p* *mp* *p* *pp*

312 *♩* = 120

T. *3* *3* *P*
 pas-sing up-on the world. As it hud-dles in the shal-low, watch-ing the ear-wig slide

Fl. *p*

314

T. a-cross the rock, listen-ing to the beat-ing wings a - bove, its heart stills in sad-ness, a me-lan-cho-ly that is

Fl.

316 *accel.*

T. not of-ten spo-ken of. It is not the fast-bea-ting pulse of en-dan-gered cubs or the

Fl.

318

T. mo - ther's taught breath watch - ing, it is not the a - go - ny of

Fl.

319

T. fledge-ling, paw - ba-ttered or wai-ting with o - pen mouth, no sense of time be - yond

Fl.

320

T. hun - ger. No, and though not like a - ny band or me - moir -

Fl.

321

T. ist, the hare is de - pressed. Watch-ing through the grass-leaves its

Fl.

322

T. lack of mo-tion the sud-den death that stalks it, it thinks, brief-ly, rub - bish!, then for-

Fl.

R

349 *mp* *mf* *mp*

T.

Fl.

359

T.

Fl.

368 *mf* *p*

T.

Fl.

373 *f* *fff* *f*

T.

Fl.

377

T.

Fl.

S

383 *p* *mp*

T.

Fl.

393

T. *p*
 these the hare hates a-bove all things. How it des - pi-ses this e-ne-my! How it hates,

Fl.

402

T. hates, hates this beast! It hates its

Fl.

407

T. mean self - su - ffi - en - cy. It hates its

Fl.

411

T. co - ward - ly eyes. It hates its smug self - re - gard. It hates its

Fl.

417

T. grim meal. It hates its green, aw - ful co-lour-ing. It hates the know-ledge of its age.

Fl. *trmm*

426

T. **T** The fifth thing the hare knows is where the trea-sure is

Fl. *trmm*

433

T. *f* bu - ried. For it is trea-sure its-self and has been hid-den in the earth as

Fl. *f* *p* *mf* *p* *mf*

438 *mp* *p* *mf*

T. gold and pre-cious stone. This les - son it calls The Tale of the Gol - den

Fl. *p* *mf* *p* *mf* *mp*

445 $\text{♩} = 93$ **U** *mp*

T. Hare. I was once gi - ven a brass keep - sake, hare - shaped like an or - na - ment, if too

Fl. *p*

450 *mp*

T. small. But it fit - ted per - fect - ly in your palm. Kept in the breast - po - cket and you'd hard - ly know. I was a

Fl.

455 *mp*

T. child then, al - so. O, it's legs were tucked in, the ears shot out straight and high:

Fl.

459 *mp*

T. un - na - tu - ral - ly ge - o - me - tric. A - cross its back etched lines in bur - nished me - tal showed the un - e -

Fl.

463 *mp*

T. ven - ness of the scul - ptor's hands. It rat - tled like a me - cha - ni - cal chest: some - thing hid - den in - side.

Fl.

V

467 *mp*

T. In - side. If you squeezed its bel - ly like a tube of tooth - paste, the bo - dy split at a hare line

Fl.

473

T. *f* crack, o-pened. In-side: a ti-ny, ri-tua-lis-tic phal-lus, a_

Fl. *f*

481

T. *mp* fer-ti-li-ty sym-bol, ful-ly e-rect and carved al-so with the sculp-tors sha-king hands:

Fl. *f p*

488

T. *fff* sym-bols, an-cient lan-gua-ges that prayed for chil-dren.

Fl. *fff*

$\text{♩} = 150$

492

Fl. *mp* **W**

494 *very expressively, using dynamics freely*

Fl. *mp*

502

Fl. *mp*

513

Fl. *mp*

522

Fl. *mp*

X531 *mf* ♩ = 170

T. I was once gi - ven a book called Mas-que-rade and e-ver since, when - e-ver I was luck-y e-

Fl. *p* 5:6 5:6 11:12

538

T. nough to be drunk on a bridge, with a new friend per - haps, the whole of the world _____ shin-ing

Fl. 7:6 5:6 5:3 7:6

546

T. the brid - ge's bur-nished red me-tal in the sun, shin-ing the eyes of the

Fl. 5:6 5:3

553

T. peo-ple walk-ing home their heads tur-ning slight-ly to the sun, or the light up - on the

Fl. 5:6 11:12 7:6

Y

559

T. wa - ter, (when, of - ten, long af - ter, when ne-ver would I stand on bridge or make new

Fl. 5:3 *fff* *pp*

568

T. friends to drink with and laugh, I would sit a - lone, re-mem-be-ring fond - ly the bridge and the

Fl. *f* *mp* *f* *> p*

621 *p*

T. *p*

Fl. *ppp* *tr*

rid-dled vir-tu-al-i-ty and a pa-the-tic, hid-den purse. Gold stowed from the world in dull vault and greed. Un-

624 *f* **CC**

T. *f*

Fl. *f*

shin-ing, the col-lec-tor counts its beads. But... Eve-ry day, the world chan-ges and dares.

627 *p*

T. *p*

Fl. *p*

One day, we will have back the hare that be-came pi-xel grid, pain-ting, a gol-den ob-ject and the

631 *mf*

T. *mf*

Fl. *mf*

sto-ry of the hare is not o-ver yet. But the song of what the hare knows must now be. Time has run

635 *ff* *mp*

T. *ff* *mp*

Fl. *ff* *mp*

out. And if we're hon-est, we'd see how lit-tle we've learned from cha-sing it's trail, how our quar-ry has foxed us.

638 *fff*

T. *fff*

Fl. *fff*

We've failed. Five les-sons it teach-es, but to write them down, sexed up with bel can-to and pleat-ed

641 *ppp* *f* *p* *fff*

T. *ppp* *f* *p* *fff*

Fl. *ppp* *f* *p* *fff*

gowns tells less than noth-ing of le-ssons them-selves, their sun-bur-nished brid-ges or dew-we-ttened dells. To

DD

644 *ppp* *f*

T. learn of what the hare knows, you must go where the hare goes: Ve-nice, ci-ty of la-pis la-zu-li!

Fl. *ppp* *f*

647 *mp* *mf*

T. Hea-ven on Tues-day (when en-try is free.) Or, bet-ter still, just o-pen a book where

Fl. *mp* *mf*

649 *p* *f*

T. hare-flight is (beau-ti-fully) mi-sun-der-stood. Climb up a moun-tain with bot-tles of booze, where

Fl. *p* *f*

651 *pp* *mp*

T. hare-flight is (thank-fully) un-like-ly to cruise. Bow your head in the clas-room. Raise it

Fl. *pp* *mp*

653 *mf* *ff* *p*

T. up on the beach. The song that is si-lent and the words preached on hare-flight are les-sons in a right of their own but

Fl. *mf* *ff* *p*

656 *mf* *fff* *ppp* *f*

T. look for a hare there? You will find none. Live as a hare in mea-dow and scrub. Get stin-king and star-ving and co-ved in

Fl. *f* *fff* *ppp* *f*

659 *mp* *p* EE *mp*

T. mud where hare-flight's (un-ex-pec-ted-ly) trick-y to find... But, but... I've men-tioned Ve-nice now a num-ber of

Fl. *mp* *p* *mp*

663 *mf* *f* *mf* 25 *ppp*

T. times, Ti-e-po-lo, wa-ter, the net-work of vec-tors that reach east and west like pid-geon post le-tters. The

Fl. *mf* *f* *mf* *ppp*

666 *ff* *mp* **FF** *f*

T. light on la-goan as it shim-mers in gloam, its in-scrip-tion in paint. This is hare-flight's home. Or per-

Fl. *ff* *mp* *f*

669 *p* *fff*

T. haps the bridge. No, wait, in wri-ting. O K def-nit-ly (this time) the dog gu-llet bi-ting.

Fl. *p* *fff*

674 *pp* *ppp* *mf* *mp*

T. No, speed. No. Ab-sence. Skin. Ah lip-stick! In sick-ness. In cab-bage. In

Fl. *pp* *ppp* *mf* *mp*

680

T. bal-let. In shit. In death. In love. In gold. In glove. In cart-ridge

Fl.

687 *f* *mf* *p*

T. and on bridge, the hare-flight pa-ses.

Fl. *f* *mf* *p*

26 **GG**

694 *ff* *ingressive*

T.

Fl.

699

T.

Fl.

701

T.

Fl.

703

T.

Fl.

704

T.

Fl.

705

T.

Fl.