Thalassa

Phillip Matty

The sea, the wild bold sea, It has hill and dale, It has heat and cold, It has sand and shale, It has wealth untold So vast and free.

The sea, the long-lined sea, It has countless dead, It has sleeping souls In its world-wide bed, Between the poles, That deep dark lee.

The sea, the eternal sea.
It has tossed the same
Where the condors tread
Cycles before man came;
It will rise and roll when all are dead,
When man has ceased to be.

George Cecil Ives (1867-1950)

Performance Notes:

For Convinience Loops 1 and 2 can be pre recorded into a loop pedal. This reduces the durration by 1'00".

ISE ON

End loop at the double barline.

May be performed with a dancer who should improvise, in this case the dancer should embody the sea. This is best achived using a large piece of blue fabric.

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