In writing this work for Michael I wanted to somehow incorporate our shared Florida background. This text from a book written by my father, Dr. Paul Wehr, lent itself with its beautiful imagery in prose, to an equal imagery in music. As one who toils in the craft of music, I often lack the strength of discipline to adequately translate what I have done with melody and rhythm into words. I gladly refer to the following text, as well as the natural state of Florida, for the beauty and inspiration of this work - Sanford Soliloquy.

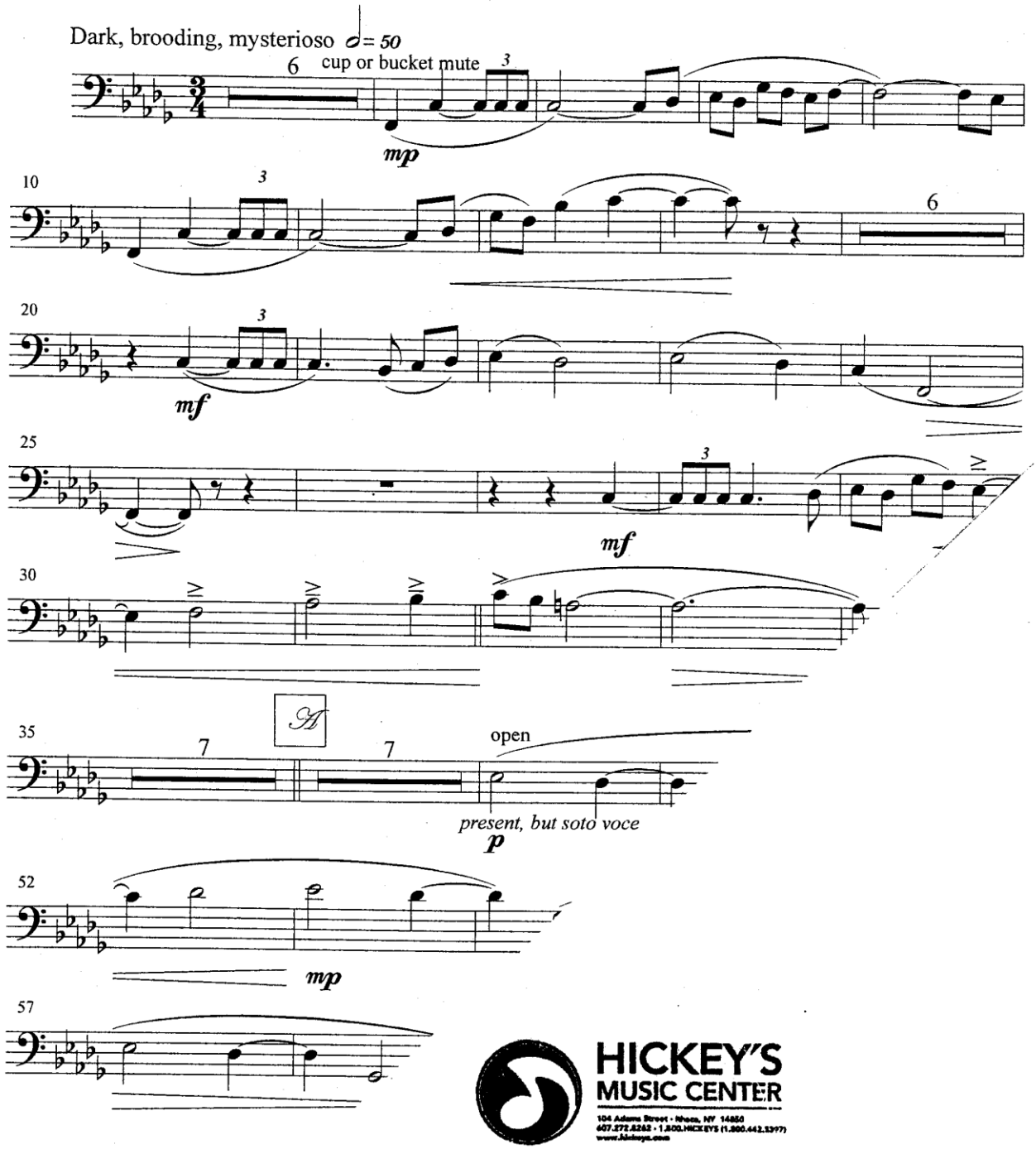
Harney's perception captured the essence of the sunrise and his narrative demonstrated his skill in translating sights and feelings into words. The dawn began with "a slower splendor broadening on the east. That pale luster of reflection from the sinking moon is Suddenly transferred with a vital effulgence. It would be impossible for language or palette colors to distinguish that silver gray tone from the same mellow luster of the moon, and yet it is decidedly different.

"Your sleepy eyes acknowledge the coming of the god. But precipitate as the transfusion is, it is succeeded by imperceptible washings of light whose, infinitely refined shadings melt and flow into each other. It is half an hour before they have separated, and a dusk red bar lies before the harbor of the day, with a thin, white star like a pilot boat fading in the offing. Soft but grand auroras divide the heavens, with scarcely perceptible shadings that gradually deepen; and then, just as you fancy they are about to discover grand prisms ascending to the zenith, they dissolve into halos of bizarre radiances. You can fix nothing; there is no light on lake or sky that is instantly the same; but all are glowing, melting, rising, flowing into each other. I have seen the low skirt of sky touched with pale green, and frosted gold; and then in a moment a sea of white or crimson light overflows; the margin of the horizon, and it is broad day. Every leaf is tremulous with light; a sort of mist fringe fires the vegetation from exhaling dews, as if the foliage burnt with vital breathings. The horizon which seemed an hour ago to be slipping off into infinite distances, comes rushing on you - as you have seen the engine of a railway train broaden on the eye. A few minutes ago the fringe of forest over the lake, two miles away, resembled a cloudbank; now the rising sun has picked out trunks of trees, and set distinctly in contrast the bright green of the sugar-cane, against the deeper umbrage of the pine ponds. The roof of your neighbor's house, smitten with the sun, puts on a sudden fury of luster, as if it was up for a holiday."61 So the new day began in Florida, and, perhaps allegorically, Harney was saying to his readers that so began his new life in Florida and that theirs could begin anew here as well.

Trombone

Sanford Soliloquy

by Jamie Wehr



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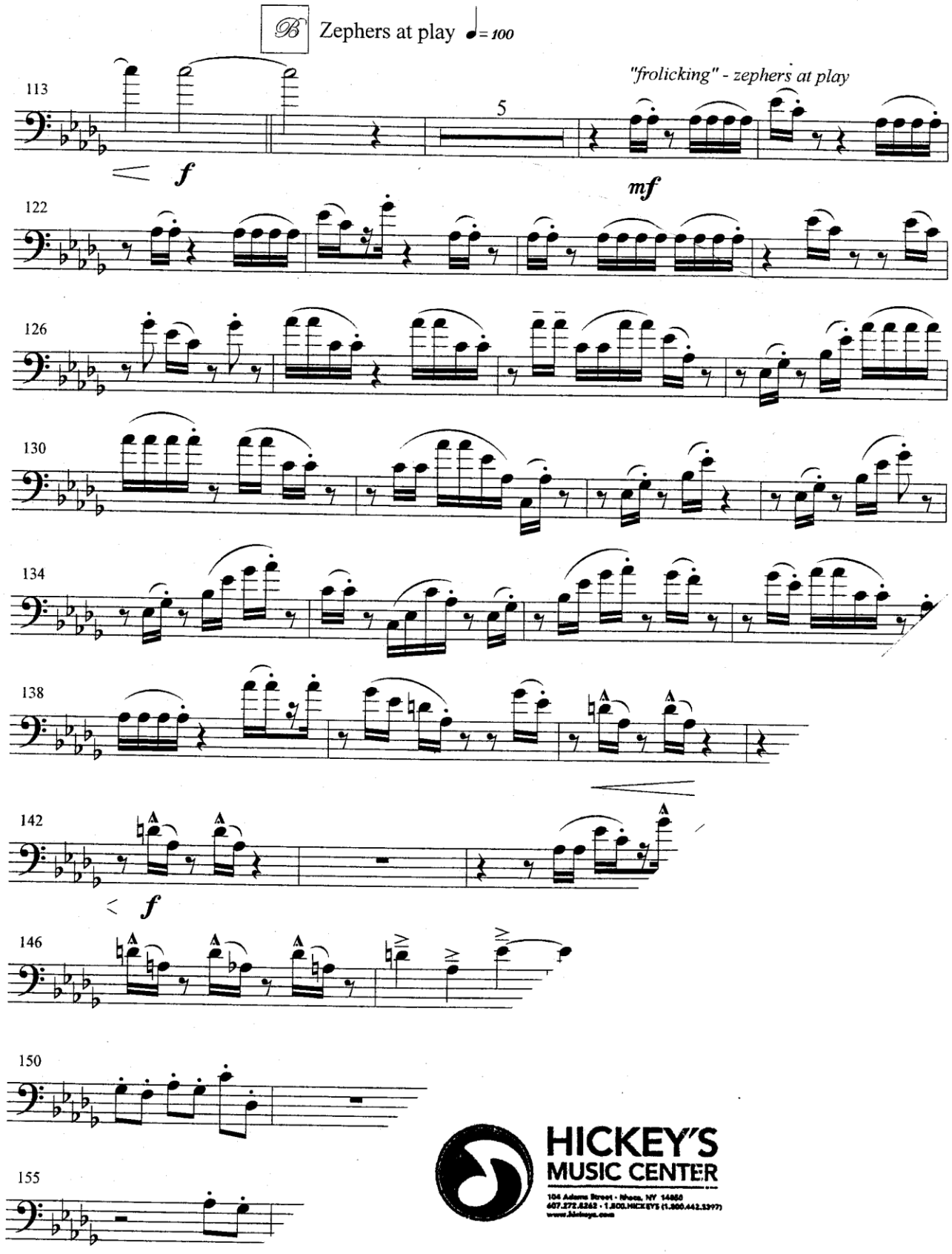

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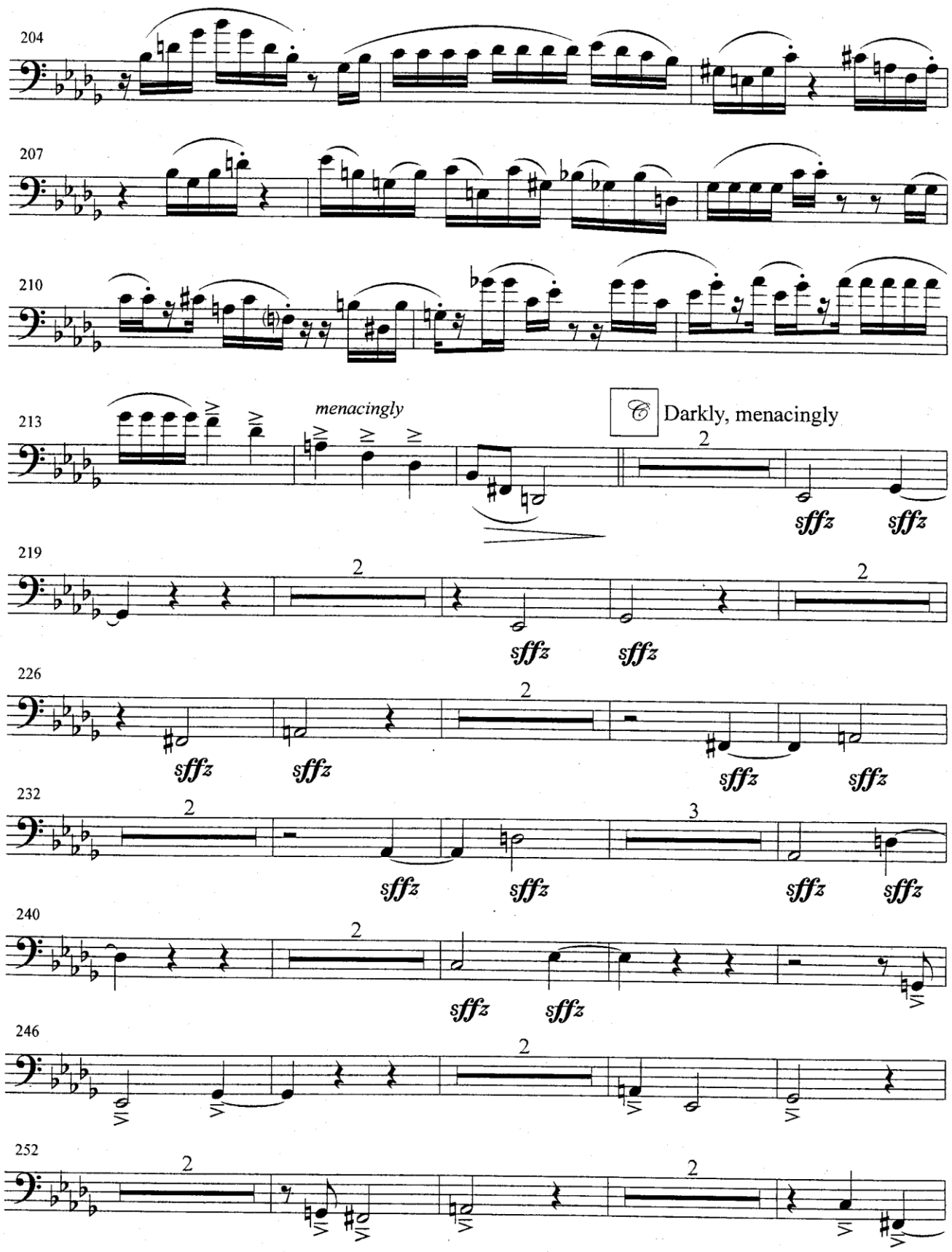
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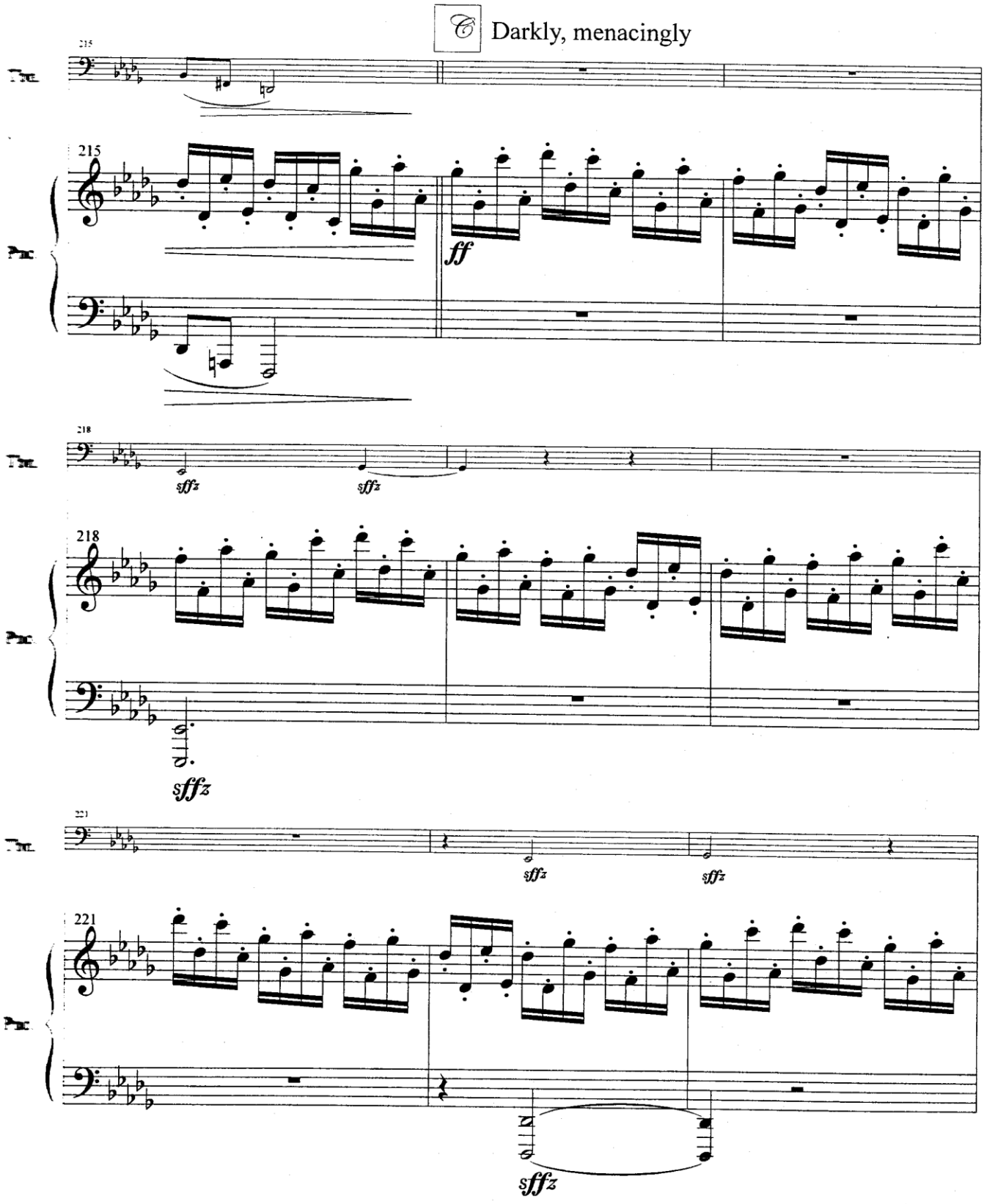

Piano accomp. sample