

Hyperion an Diotima

Hartmut Hecker

The image displays a musical score for the piece "Hyperion an Diotima" by Hartmut Hecker. The score is written for piano and is organized into five systems, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 12/8. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system starts at measure 4 and includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The third system, starting at measure 7, is partially obscured by a large, semi-transparent orange oval watermark that contains the word "musicalion" in a bold, sans-serif font and the text "click for more" below it. The fourth system begins at measure 10. The fifth system, starting at measure 13, features a piano (*p*) dynamic, a crescendo (*cresc.*) marking, and a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. The score concludes with a final whole note chord in the bass staff.

16

decresc.

rit.

19

a tempo

pp

22

25

ppp

pp

28

2

1

2

31

mf

musicalion
click for more

34 *rit.* *a tempo*

f *p*

37

f *p*

40

p

43

mf *p*

46

p

49 *rit.*

p

Type: Sheet music

Título: [Hyperion to Diotima](#)

Compositor: [Hartmut Hecker](#)

Época: Música viva

Tema: .Misceláneas

Categoría: Hölderlin texts accompanying music

Dificultad: Leicht

Instrumentación Grupo: Teclado solo

Arrangement: Piano

Instrumentación: Piano = Pno(1)

I have it, dear Diotima!

My chest is light and my tendons are fast, ha! and the future excites me, as a clear depth of water excites us to jump into it and cool the exuberant blood in a fresh bath. But that's gossip. We love each other better than ever, my Alabanda and me. We are freer around one another and yet it is all the fullness and depth of life, as usual.

Oh, how right were the old tyrants to forbid friendships like ours! One is strong, like a demigod, and does not tolerate anything outrageous in one's area! -

It was the evening when I went into his room. He had just put his work aside, was sitting in a moonlit corner by the window, poring over his thoughts. I stood in the dark, he didn't recognize me, looked at me unconcerned. Heaven knows who he might take me for. Well how are you doing? he shouted. Pretty much! I say. But the hypocrisy was in vain. My voice was full of secret exultation. What's this? he started; is it you? Yes, you blind man! I called, and flew into his arms. Oh now! Alabanda finally shouted, now it's going to be different, Hyperion!

I think so, I say, shaking his hand happily.

Do you still know me, Alabanda continued after a while, do you still have the old pious belief in Alabanda? Magnanimous! I have never felt so well as when I felt in the light of your love.

How? I cried, asks Alabanda? That wasn't said proudly, Alabanda. But it is the sign of this time that the old heroic nature begs for honor, and the living human heart, like an orphan, cares for a drop of love.