

## **NOVEMBER 15, 1935 — LEAVING SANTA BARBARA**

(text transcribed by Harry Partch while hitchhiking — fragment from *Bitter Music*)  
song by Marc Sabat / performance by Lorenzo Pompa and Marc Sabat

### **LIBRETTO**

**MS:** Hand me down my walking cane, Oh, hand me down my walking cane,  
Oh, hand me down my walking cane I'm a-goin' t' leave on that midnight train,  
'Cause all my sins are taken away.

November 15, 1935 — Leaving Santa Barbara.

**LP:** “Do you know the Lord? How do you know Him? Have you seen Him?  
I'm telling you, brother, you won't see Him until you come to Jesus and confess  
your sins...”

**LP** (*whistling*)

**MS:** (the Filipino who has picked me up is talking).

**LP:** “For two years I gave my life to sin and the devil. I had gambling,  
whiskey, women. I can make a good living gambling. Yes! But do I do it? No!  
I give my live to Jesus. I saw the Way of Salvation and came to Him –  
'Whosoever believeth in me shall have everlasting life' - See?  
And now I am saving souls for Him.  
I don't want your body. Jesus doesn't want it. But your soul, brother!...”

**MS:** (I gaze out over the ocean, and into the depths.)

**LP** (*whistling the tune*) :

*Could my tears forever flow -*

*These for sin could not atone -*

*Thou must save and Thou a-*

**MS:** “Why do you say ‘depths of the sea’?”

You could say ‘the bottom of the sea.’

It sounds so strange to me when other people speak of the depths of the sea.”

**LP:** “Whatever the Lord gives me to do - Amen! If I have work, Amen!  
If I have no work, Amen! Glory to His Name!...”

**LP** (*whistling*)

**MS:** (the Filipino talks continuously).

**LP:** “God gave us everything. God created everything, isn't it?  
And two thousand years ago He gave his only begotten Son to the world to be  
crucified on the Cross for its sins. And He gave us the New Testament.  
Glory to God that He did! Praise His Holy Name...”

**MS:** (I rest my head against the joggling window and close my eyes, listening to  
the sweet music from the throat of the Filipino. He is talking so low now that he  
is barely audible above the motor.)

**LP/MS:** *When my eyes shall close in death -  
Rock of ages cleft for me -  
Let me hide myself in -*

**LP:** “Come to Jesus, beloved! I'm telling you, brother, no man  
can wash your sins away.  
Only Jesus, Jesus, brother! God will take care of His beloved children if they  
will come to Him. You will see the day when you will remember what I say  
now. Amen!...  
May God go with you and have mercy on you, brother...”

**LP** (*whistling*)

**MS:** (the Filipino is leaving me at Ventura).

**LP:** “Perhaps we will meet again someday.  
And then I hope you will come to Him.  
You can wash your body, but only Jesus can wash your heart.

**LP/MS:** Jesus - wash - all - your - sins - away.

**LP:** May God bless you, my brother!”  
*... could not atone - Thou must save and thou alone -*

**MS:** “May God bless you,” I reply (softly).