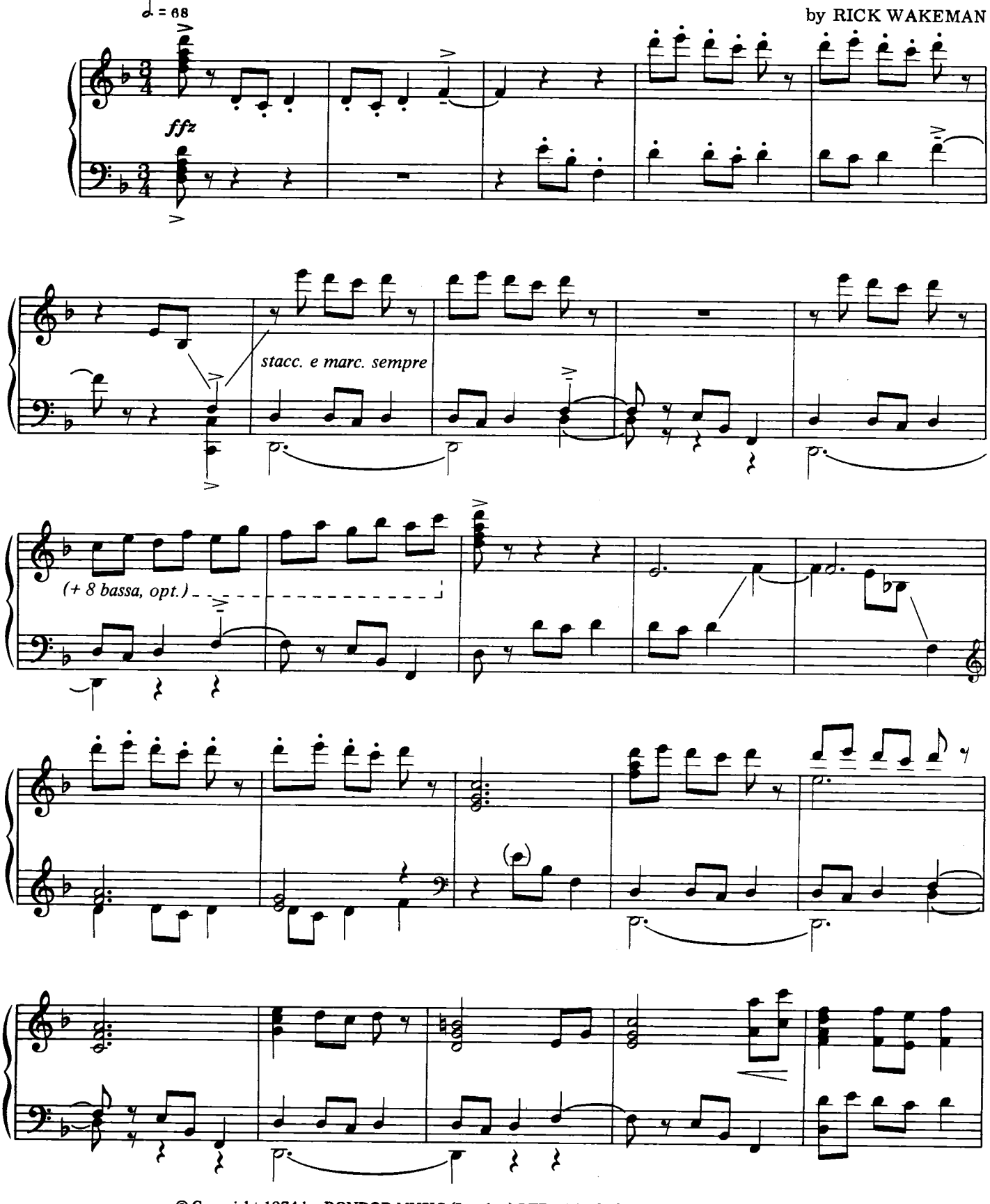
ORIGINAL MASTER RECORDING™

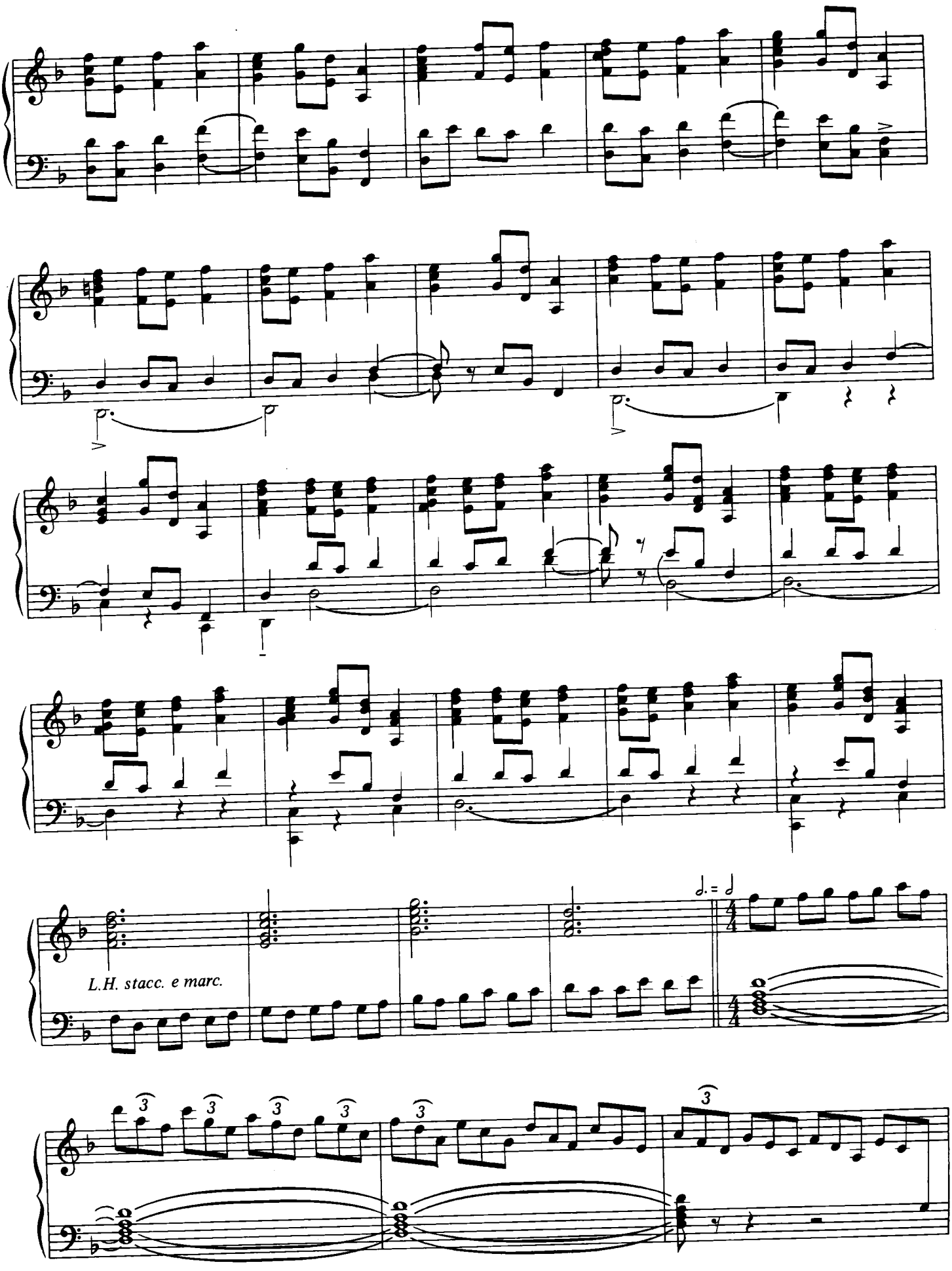
Journey To The Centre Of The Earth

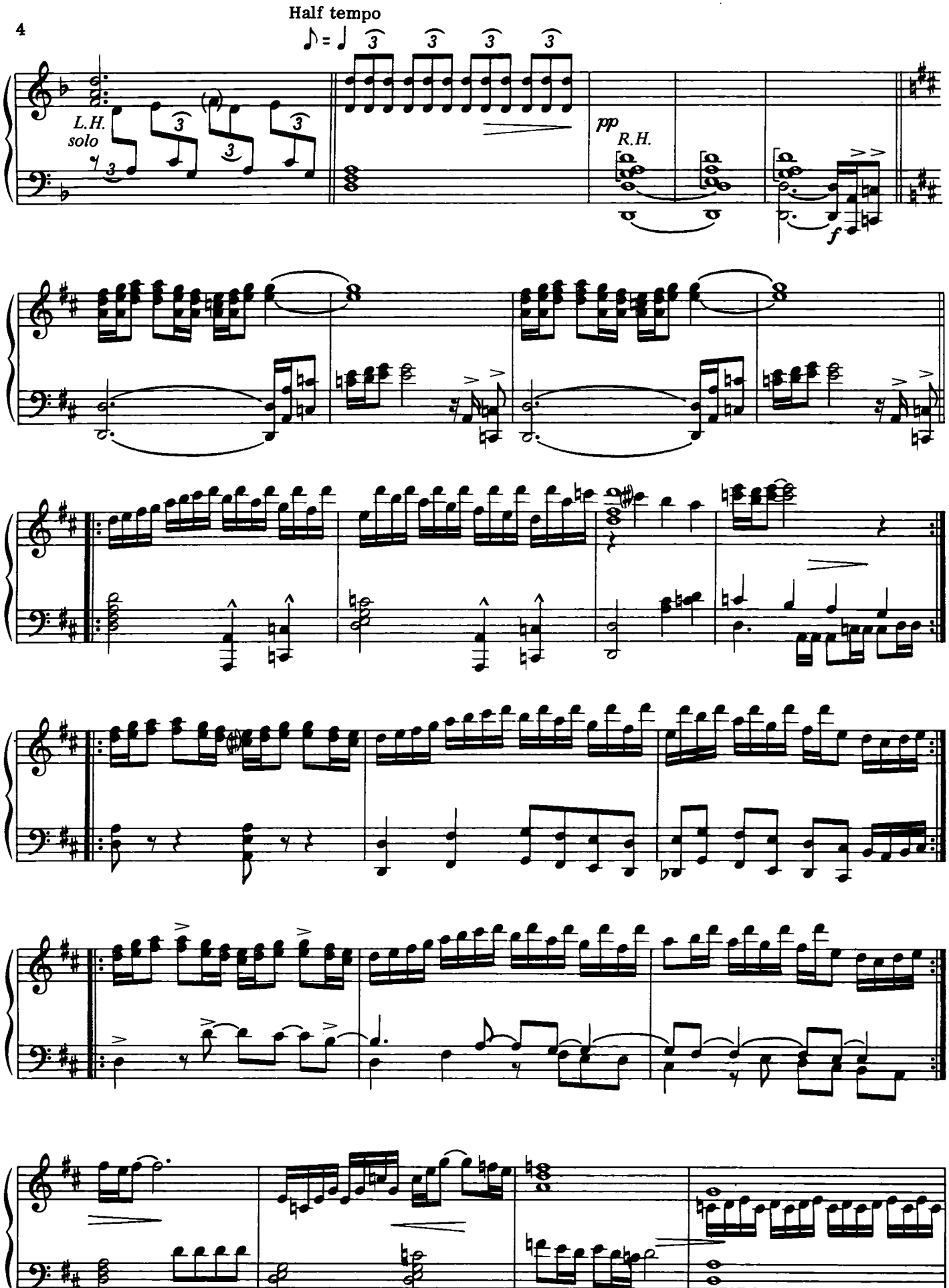
Part 1 THE JOURNEY

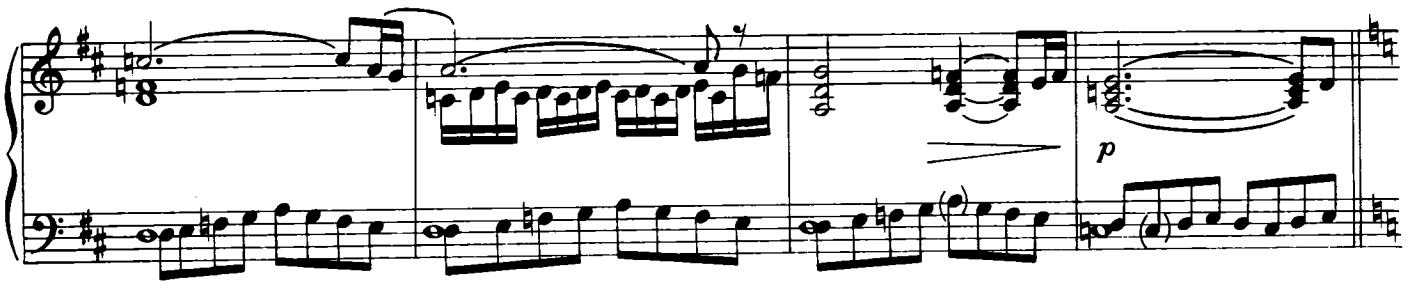
by RICK WAKEMAN

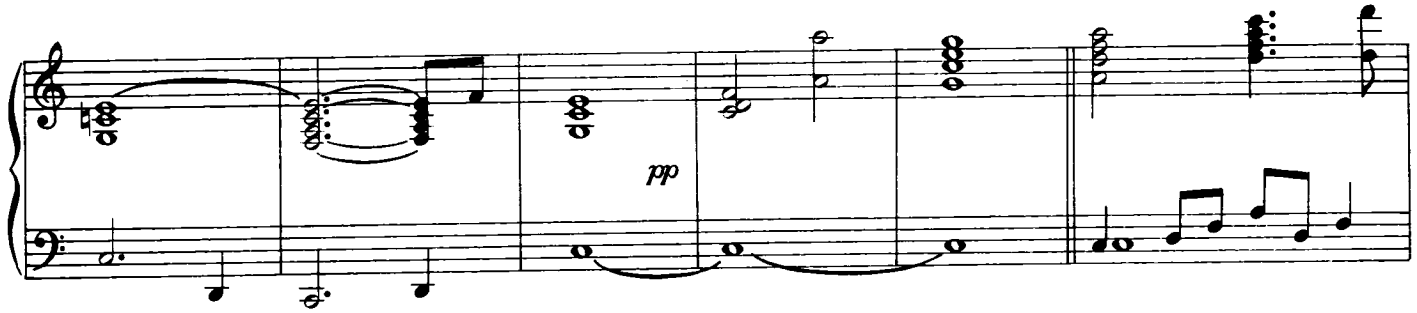


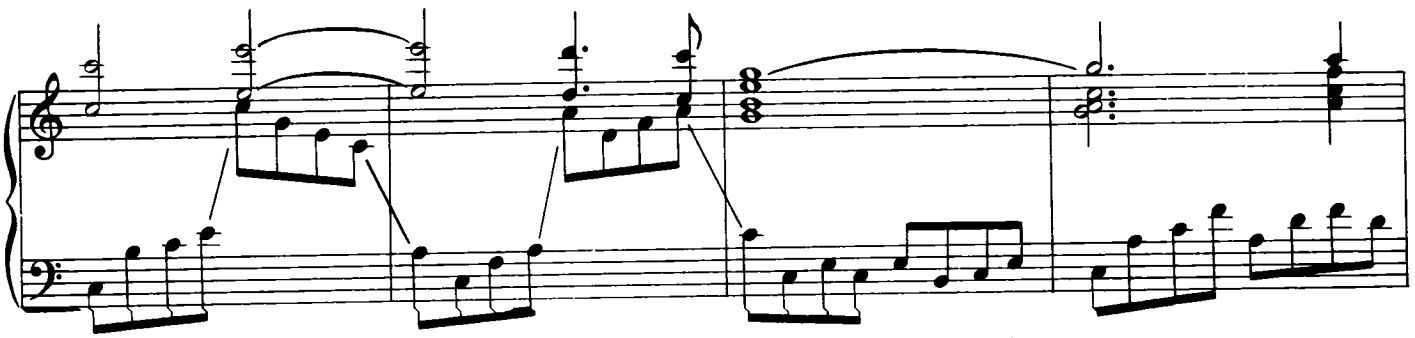
© Copyright 1974 by RONDOR MUSIC (London) LTD., 147 Oxford Street, London W1R 1TB.

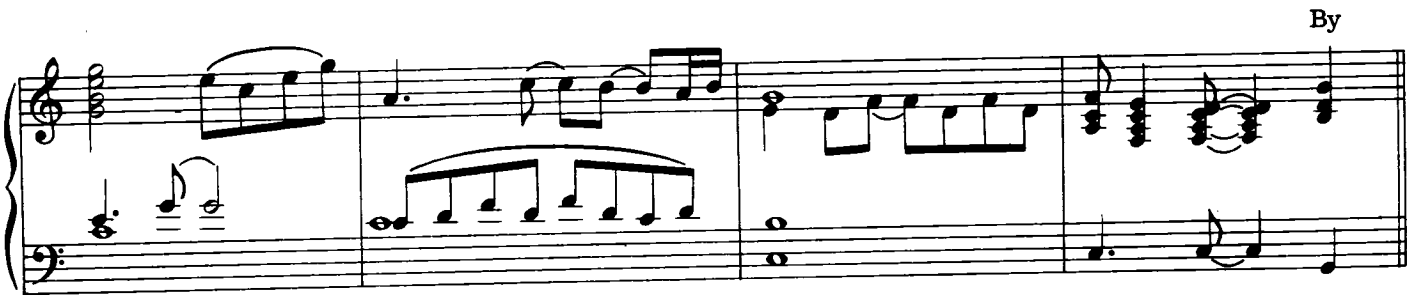

L.H. stacc. e marc.


Half tempo
L.H.
solo
pp
R.H.
f

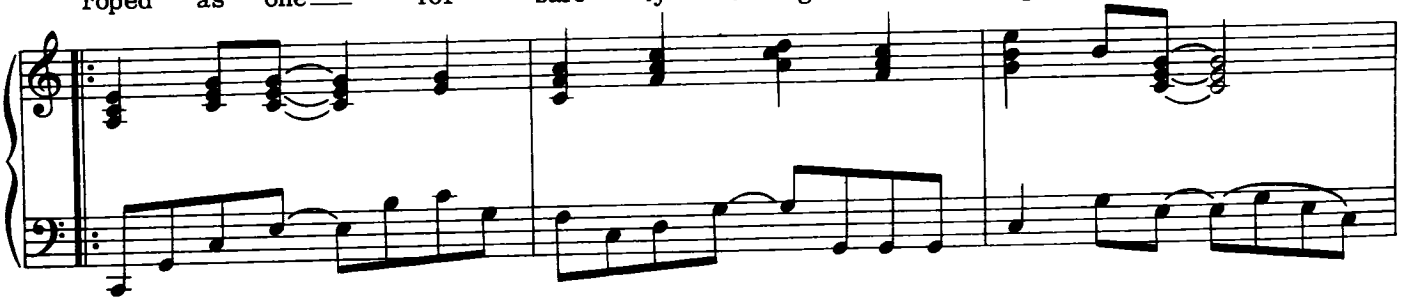




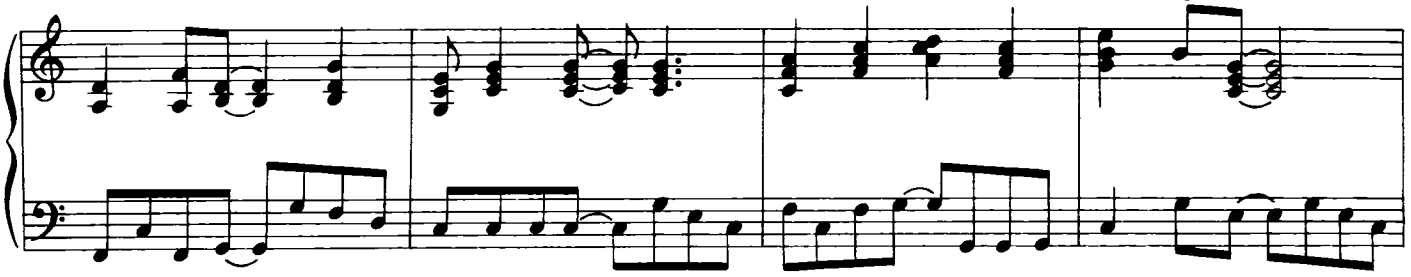




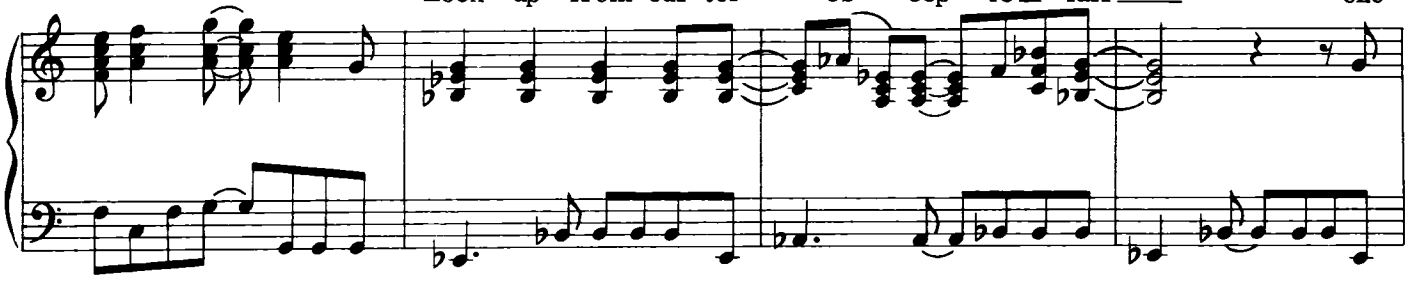
horse by rail by land by sea our jour - ney starts
roped as one for safe - ty through the long des - cent



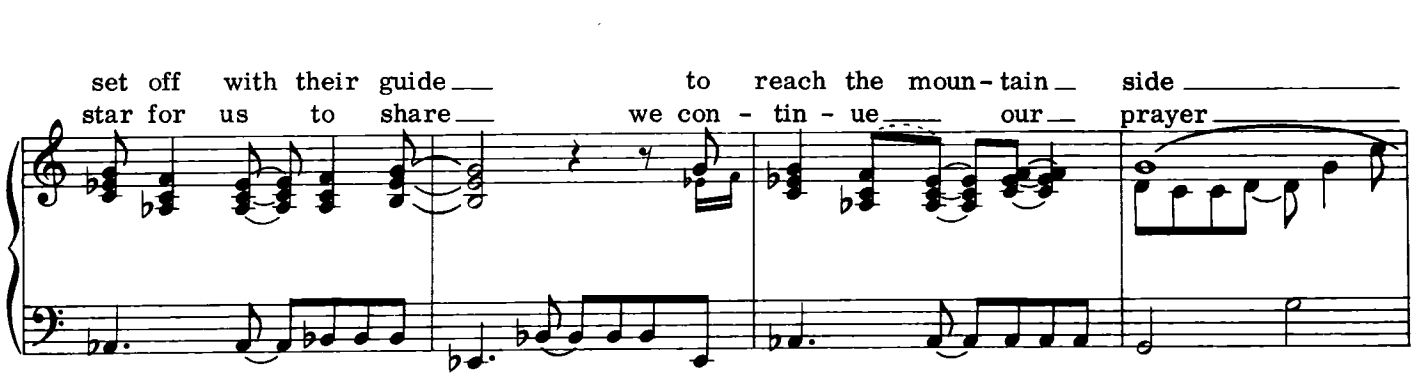
Two men in - censed by one man's jour - ney from the past
in - to the cra - ter of vol - can - ic rock they went



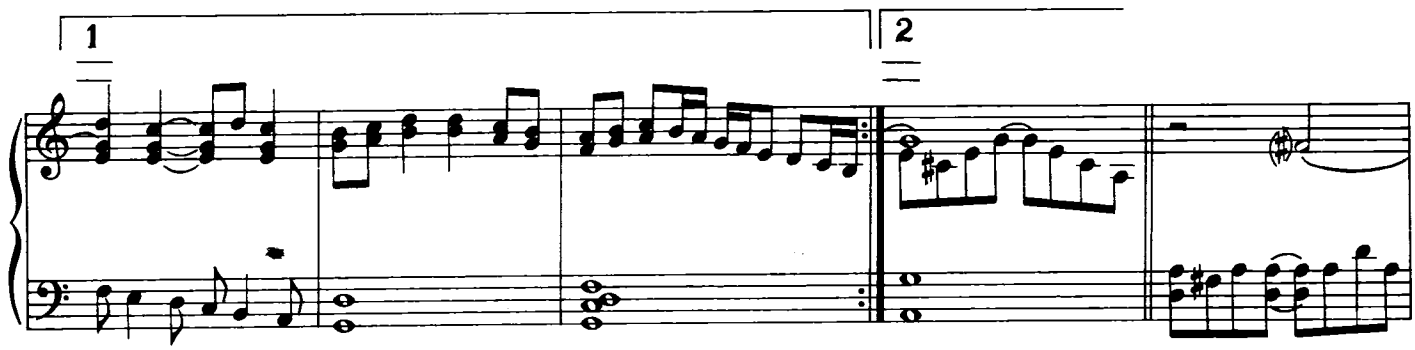
in Ice - land where the moun - tain stood with pride They
Look up from our tel - es - cop - ic lair one

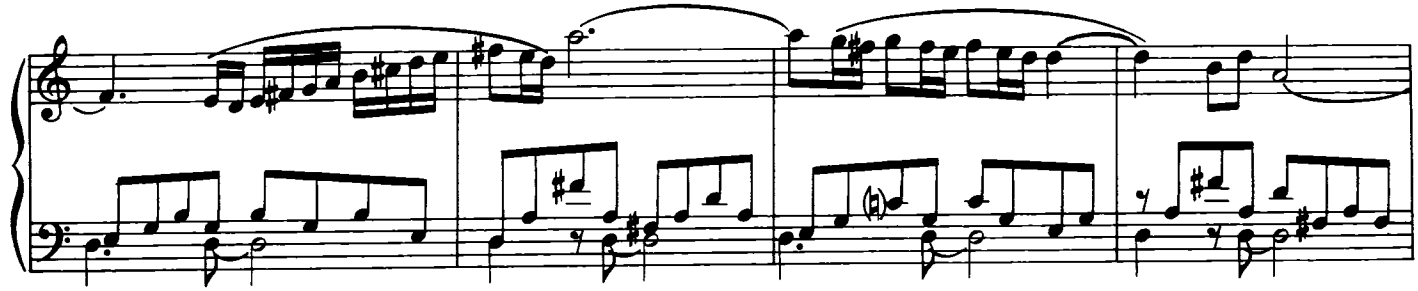


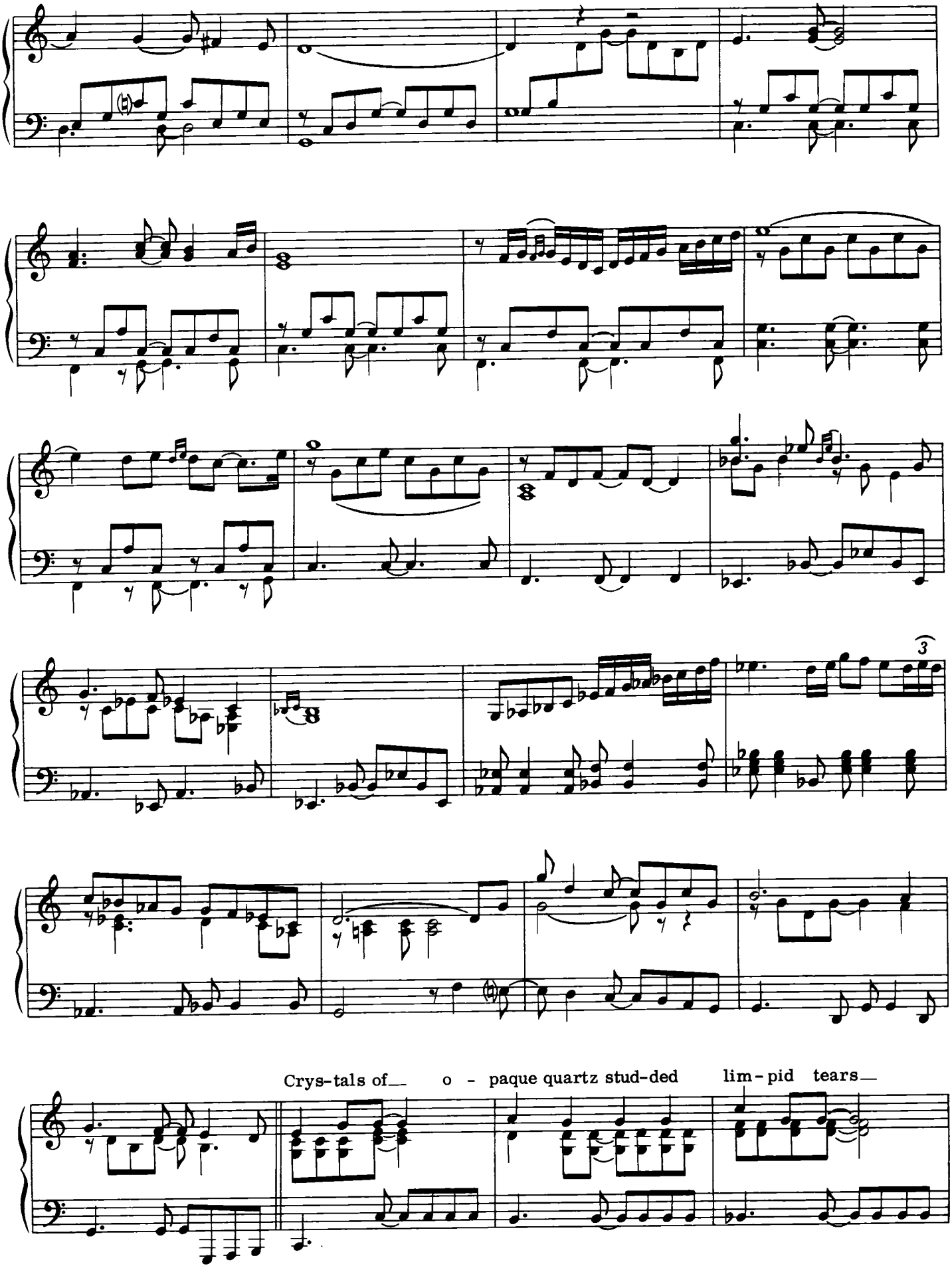
set off with their guide to reach the moun - tain side
star for us to share we con - tin - ue our prayer

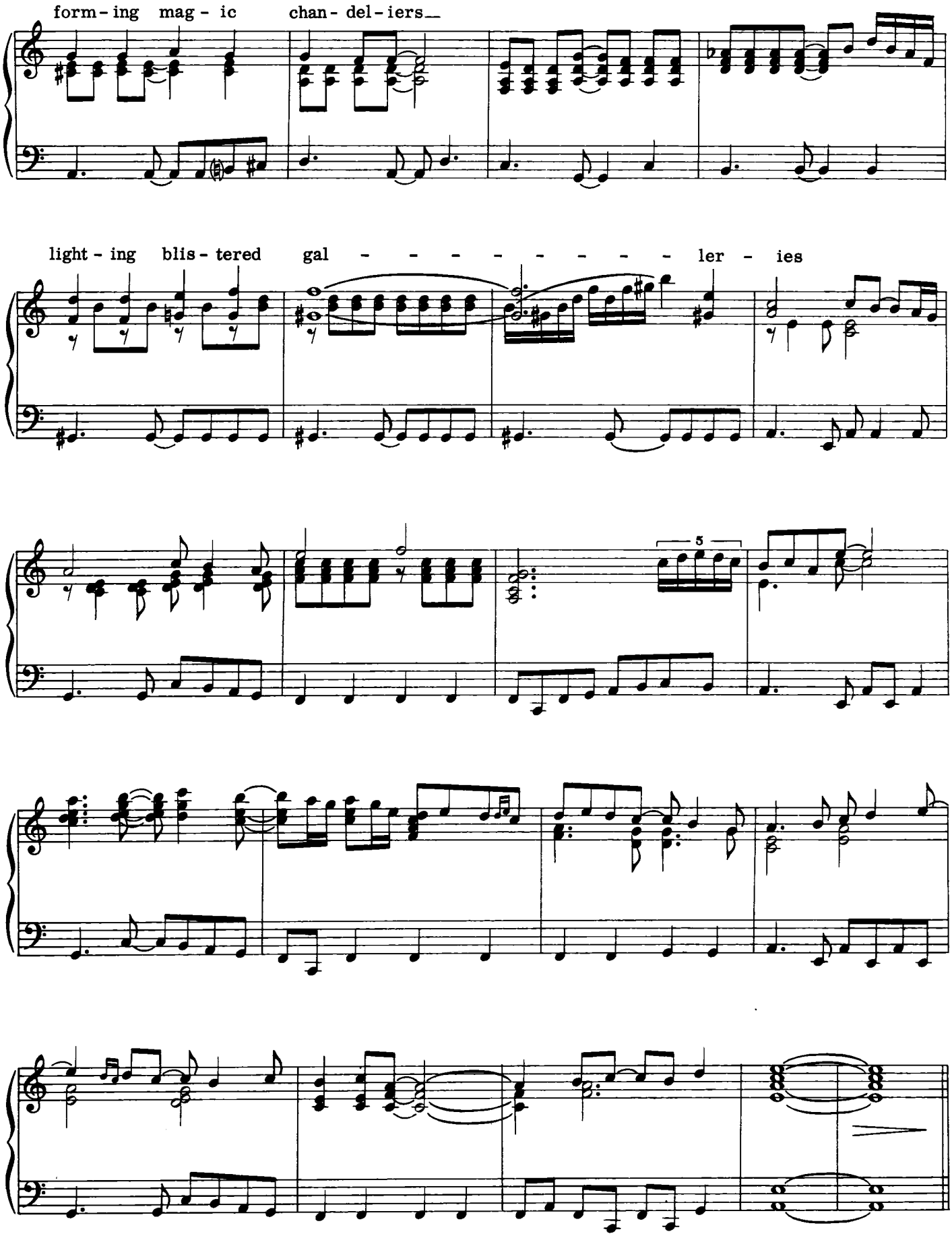


1 2



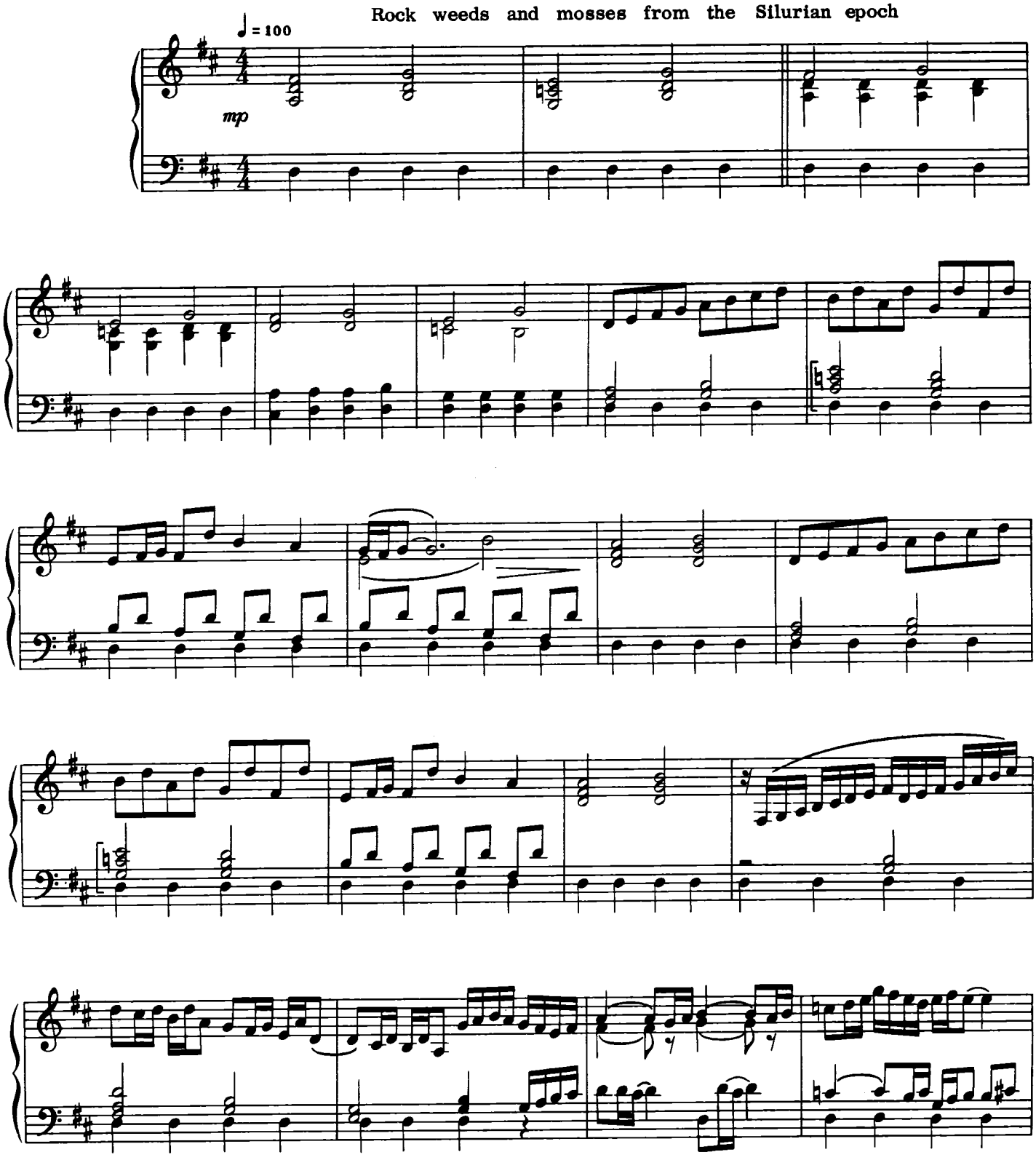


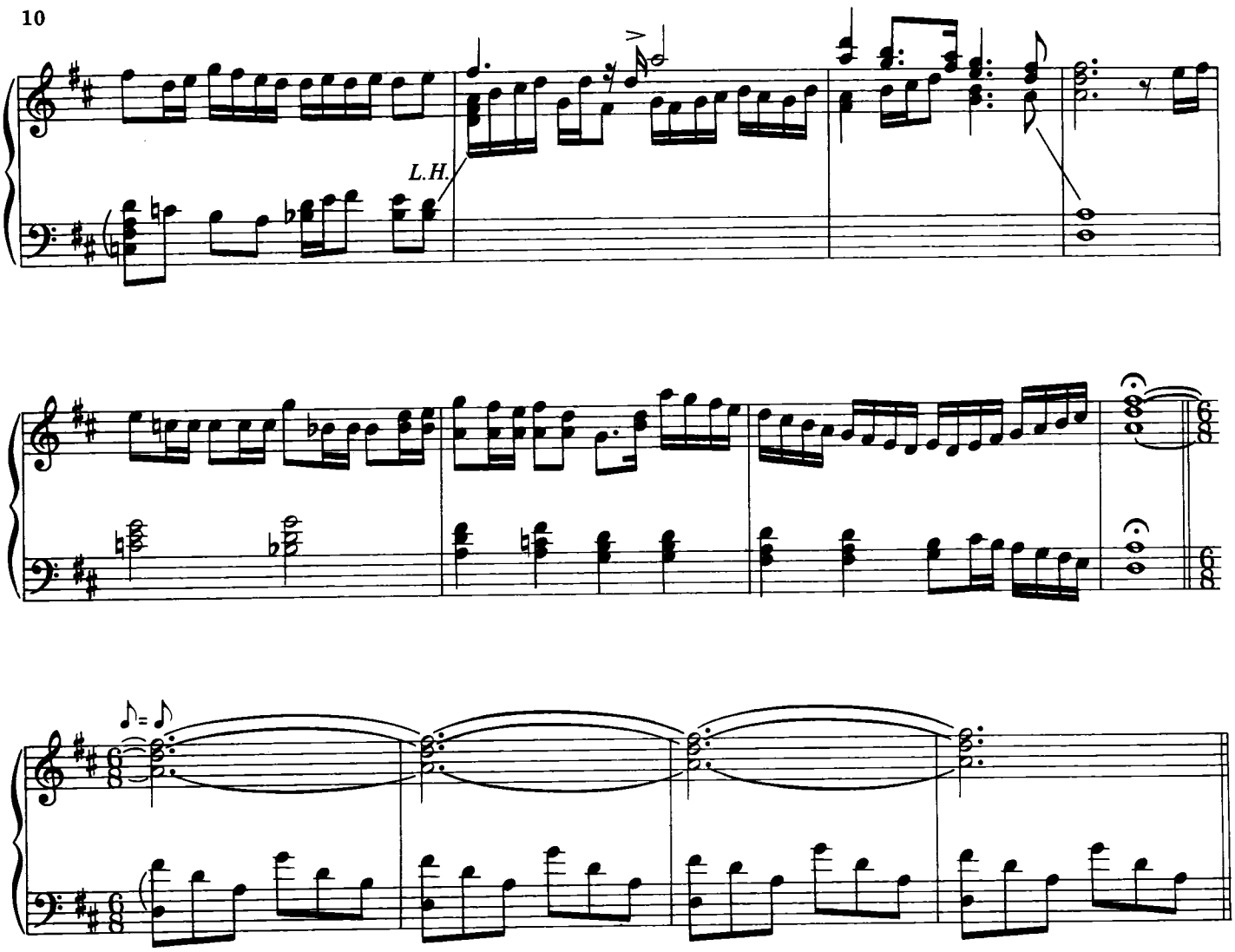

3
Crys-tals of— o - paque quartz stud-ded lim-pid tears—


form - ing mag - ic chan - del - iers
light - ing blis - tered gal - - - - - - - - - ler - ies
5

Admiring shades of lava which imperceptibly passed from reddish brown to bright yellow, their way lit by crystals appearing as lighted globes, they continued through the lava gallery, which gently sloped until they reached the inter section of two roads. Without hesitation Professor Lidenbrook chose the eastern tunnel. And the journey continued through a succession of arches, appearing before them as if they were the aisles of a gothic cathedral; the walls were enhanced with impressions of

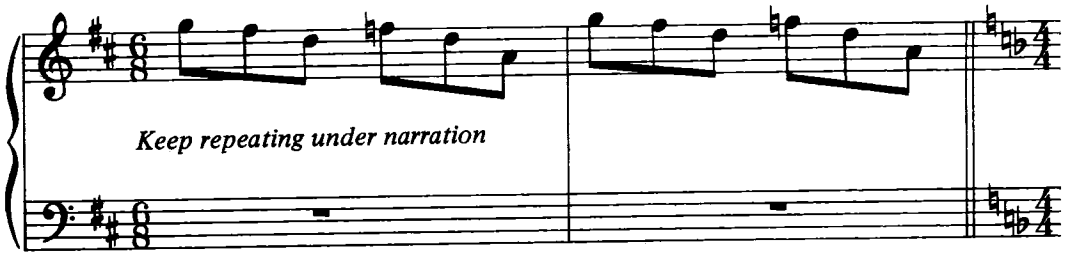
Rock weeds and mosses from the Silurian epoch

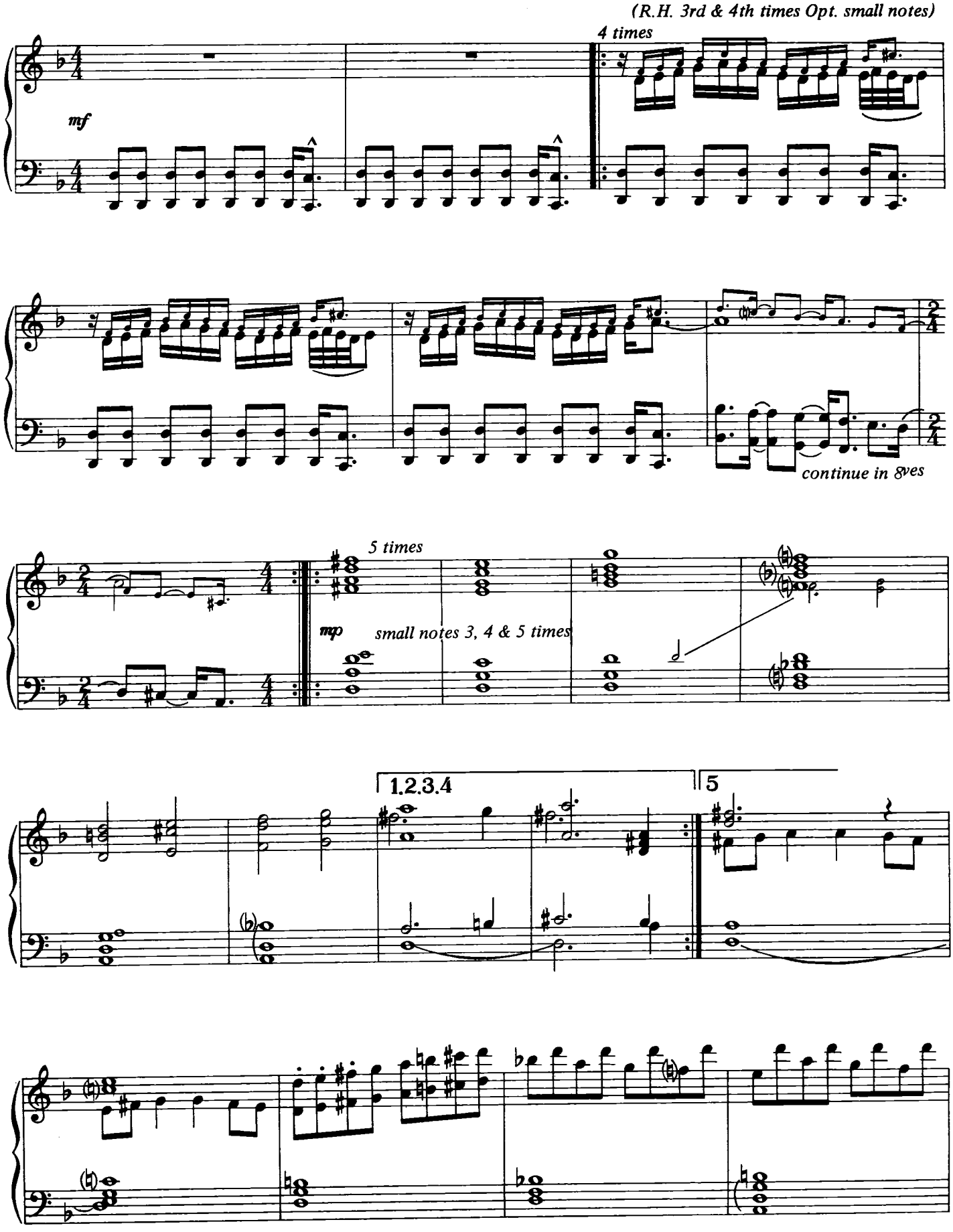


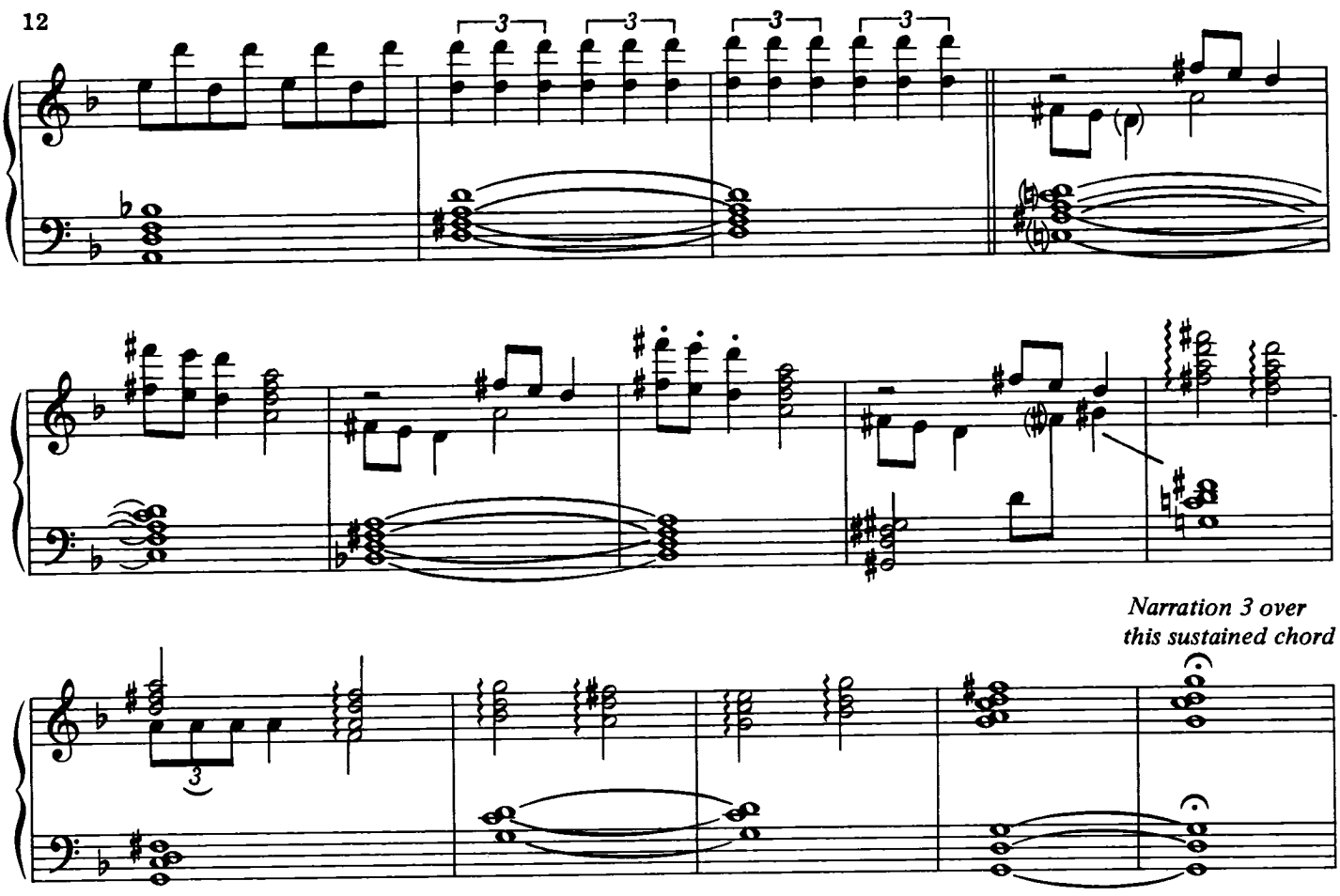


Narration 2.

The Eastern route they had taken had come to a dead end. With three days' walk back to the fork to find Arne Saknussemm's original route, they found their water rations were limited to one day. Knowing their only chance of finding water was on that route, they set off for the fork and there finally they fell almost lifeless on the third day. After sleep, they continued down the other tunnel in their quest for water, and whilst searching on his own, Hans, the guide, heard the sound of water thundering behind a granite wall, and, with a pick axe, attacked the wall so as to allow a stream of boiling water to enter and cool in their tunnel. Not only had they found life in the water but they had also found a flowing guide to the Centre of the Earth. They called the stream the Hansbach.

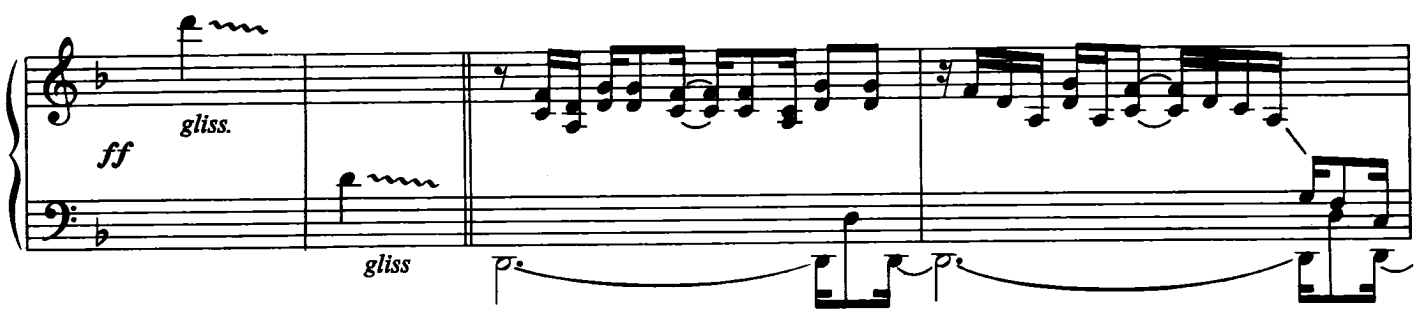


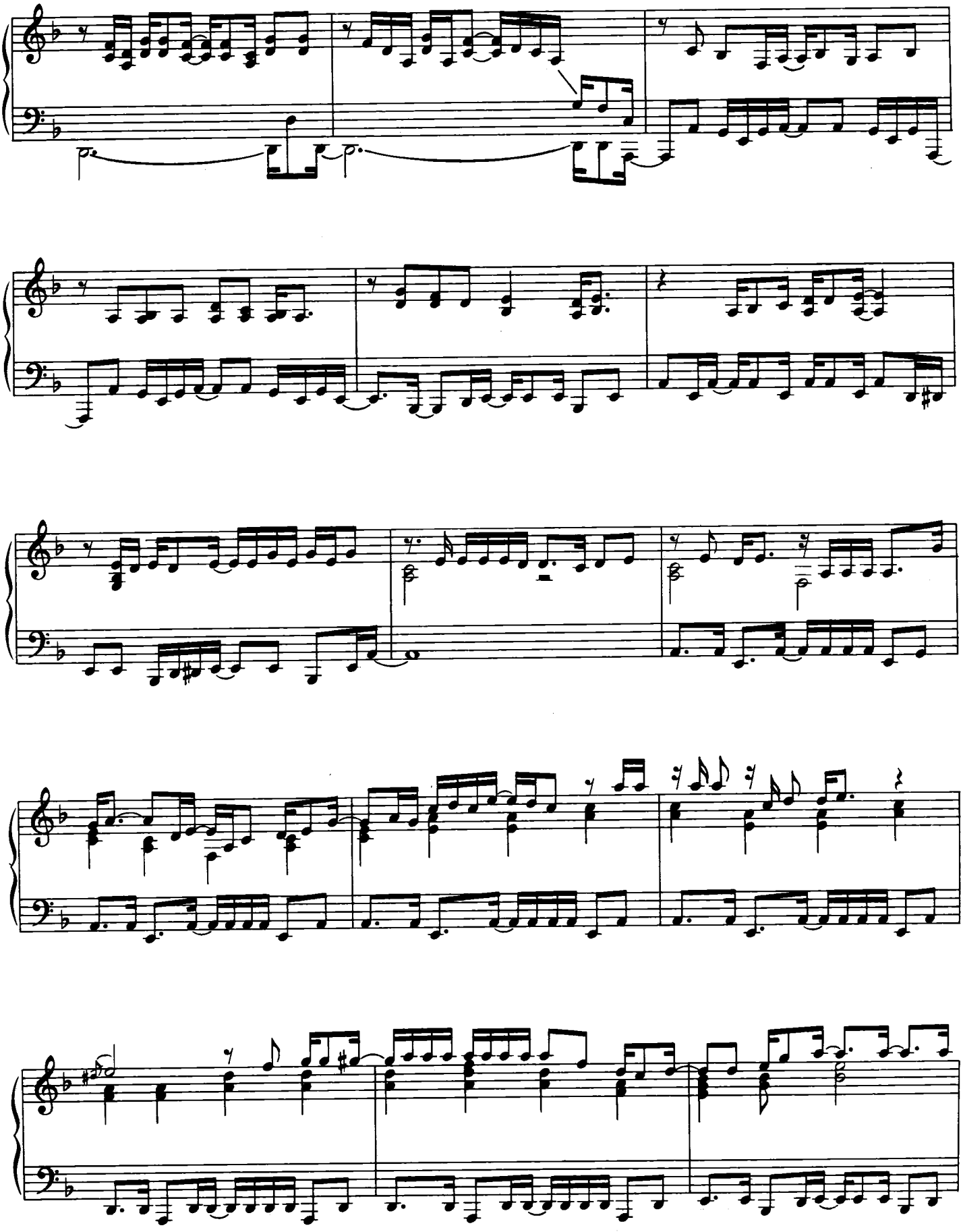

(R.H. 3rd & 4th times Opt. small notes)
4 times
mf
continue in 8ves
5 times
mp
small notes 3, 4 & 5 times
1.2.3.4
5

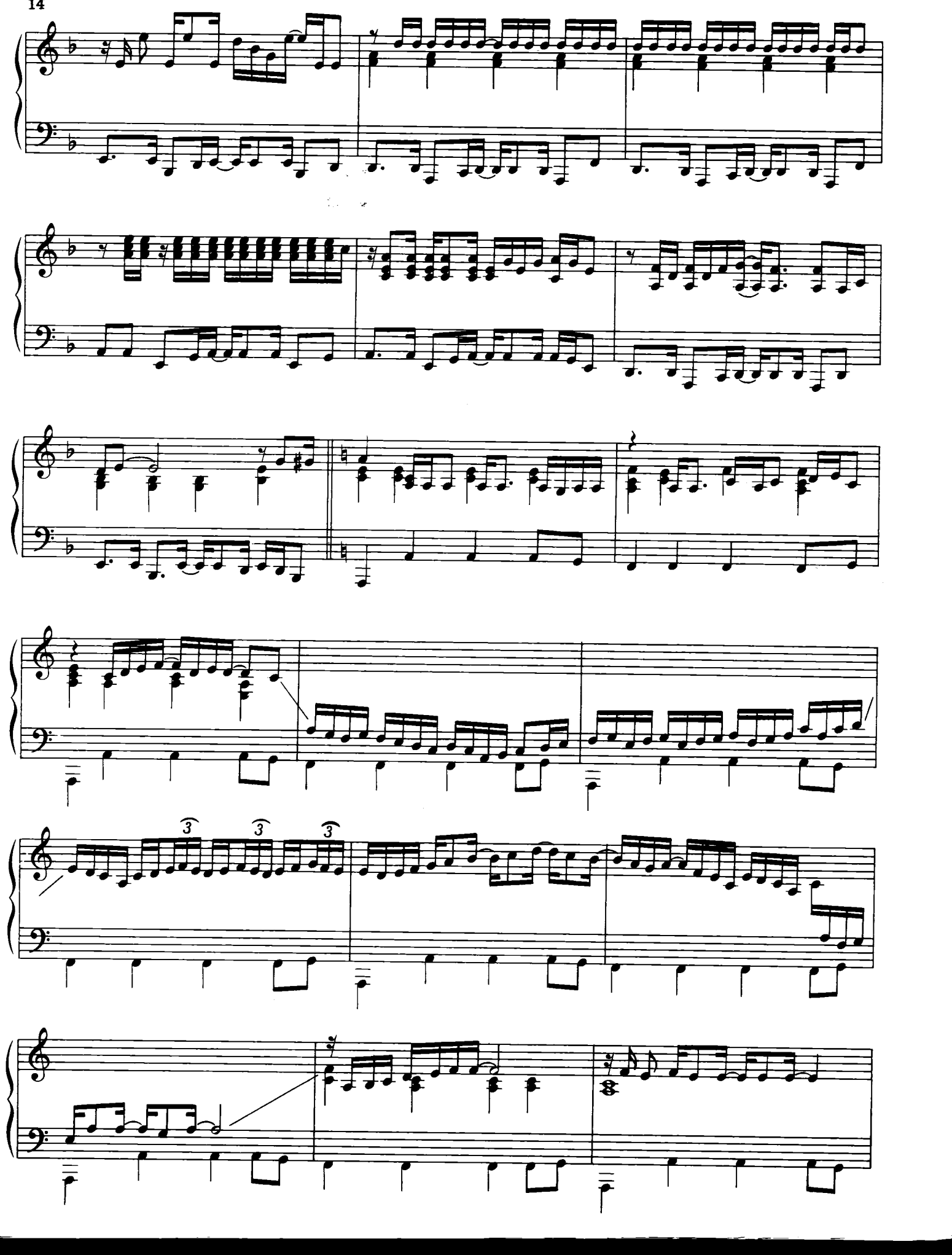


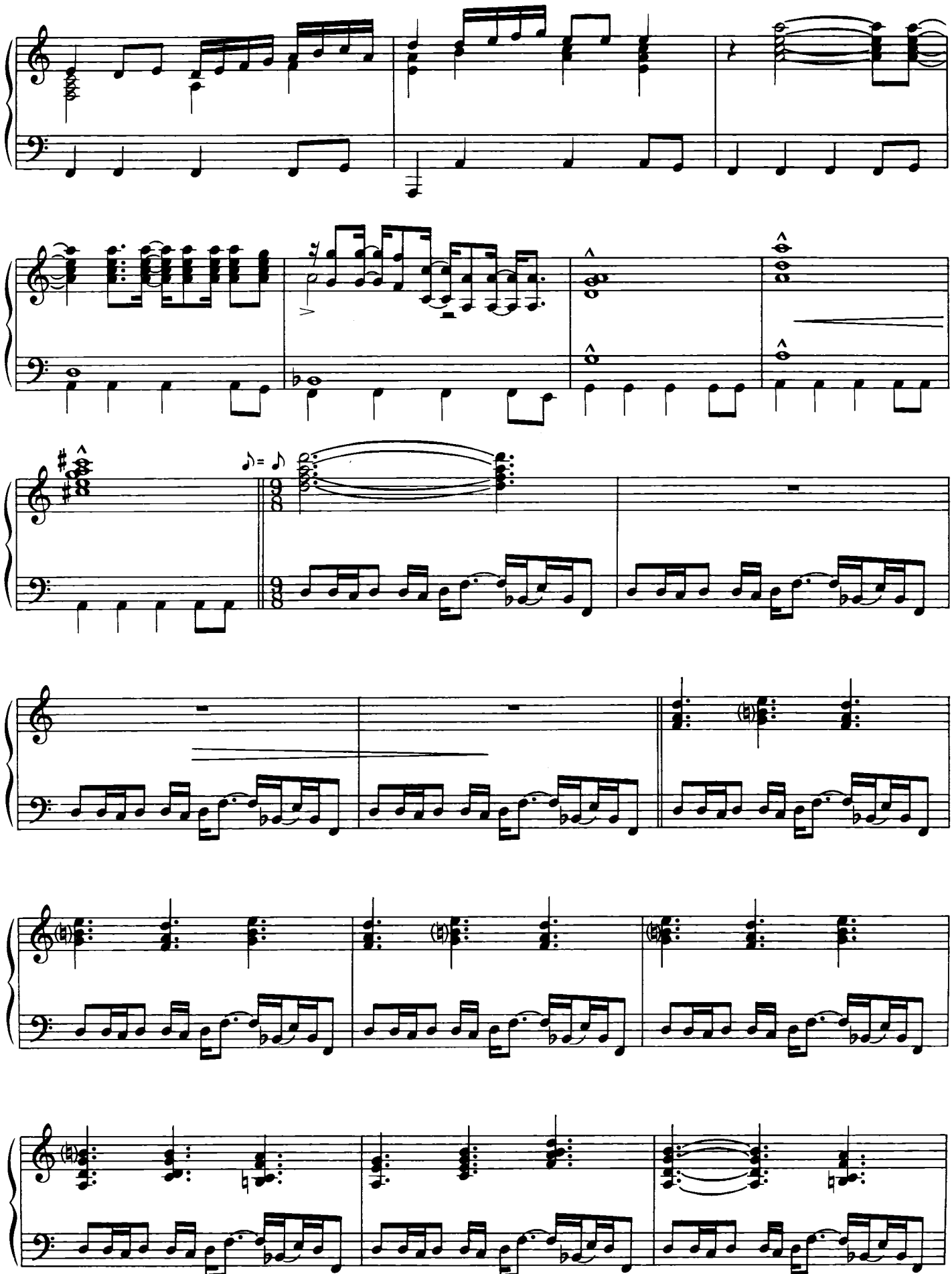
Narration 3.

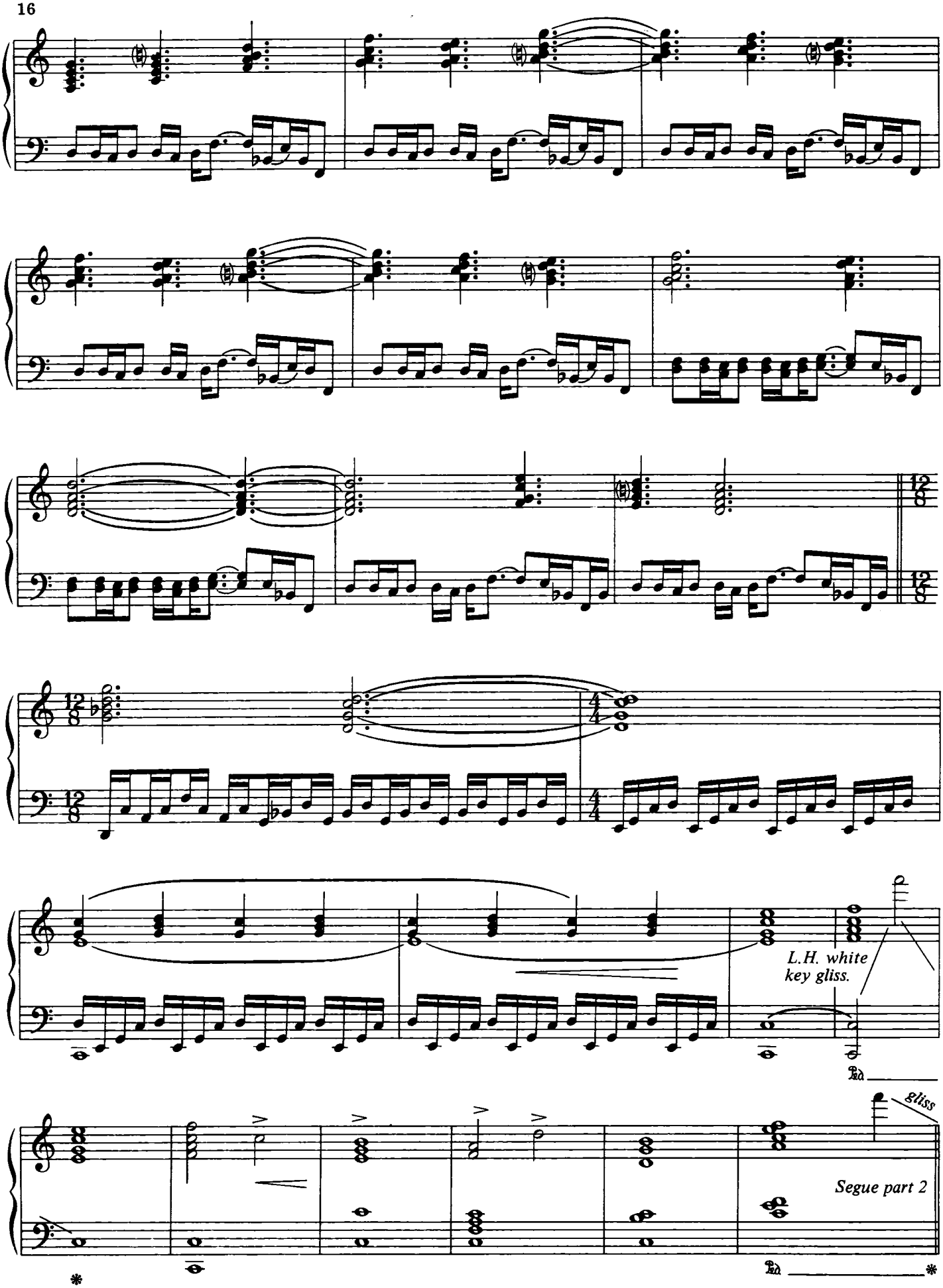
Replenished with the water the journey continued with haste, but somehow they find themselves separated. Professor Lidenbrook's nephew Axel found him - self alone. His mind was seized with unparalleled fear and he saw memories of home flashing before him. His fiancee Grauben, his house and friends in Hamburg. He saw hallucinations of all the incidents of the journey. And, unworthy as he felt, he knelt in fervent prayer and then, in panic, he ran blindly through a tunnel only to reach a dead end, where he fell panting for breath. In the darkness he cried....voices....voices....voices.... He heard voices. He heard his uncle's voice. Due to the shape of the gallery and the conducting power of the rocks, his uncle's voice was uncannily travelling around the walls. By means of their chronometers they discovered they were four miles apart, so Axel set about the task of rejoining the Professor and their guide.



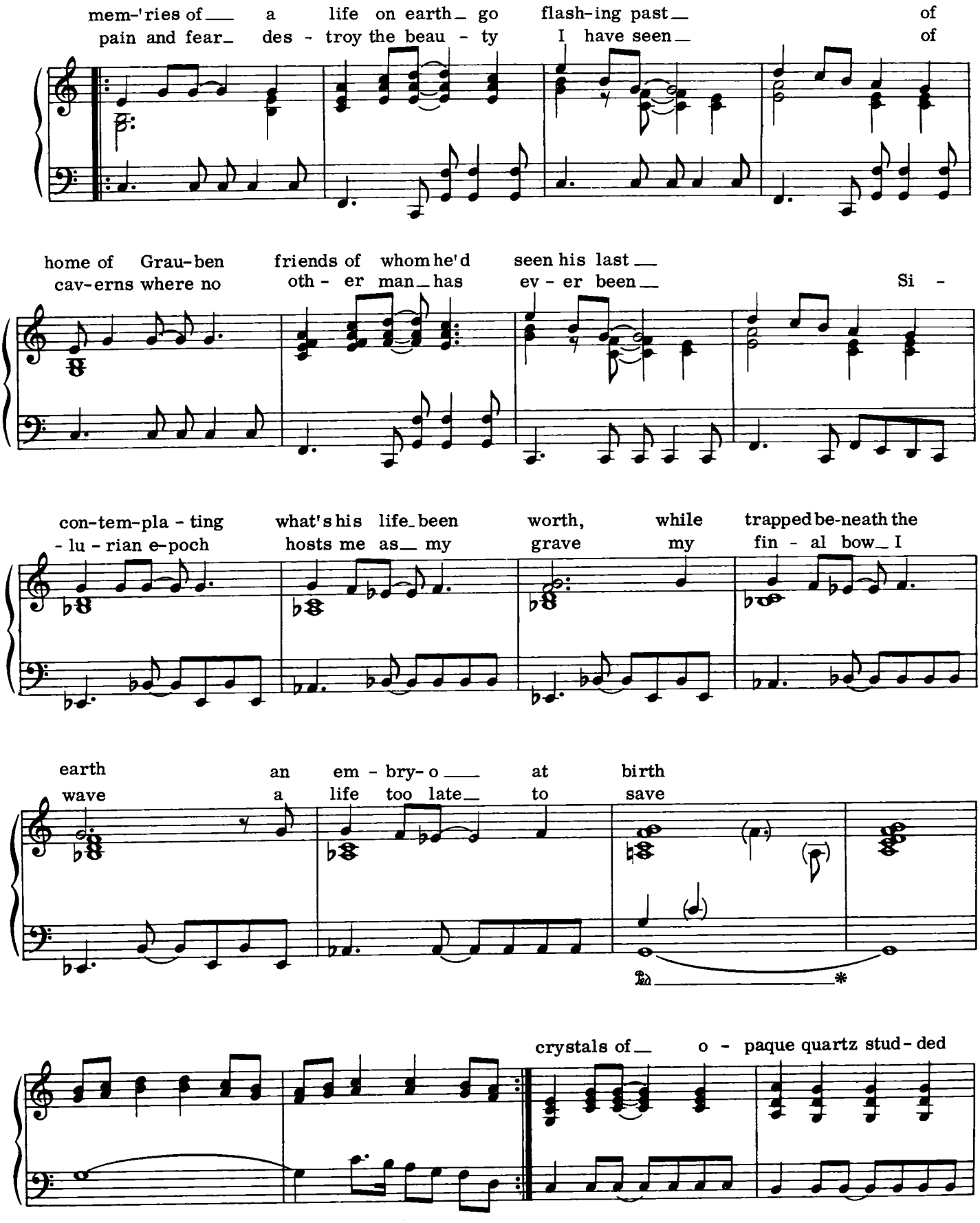


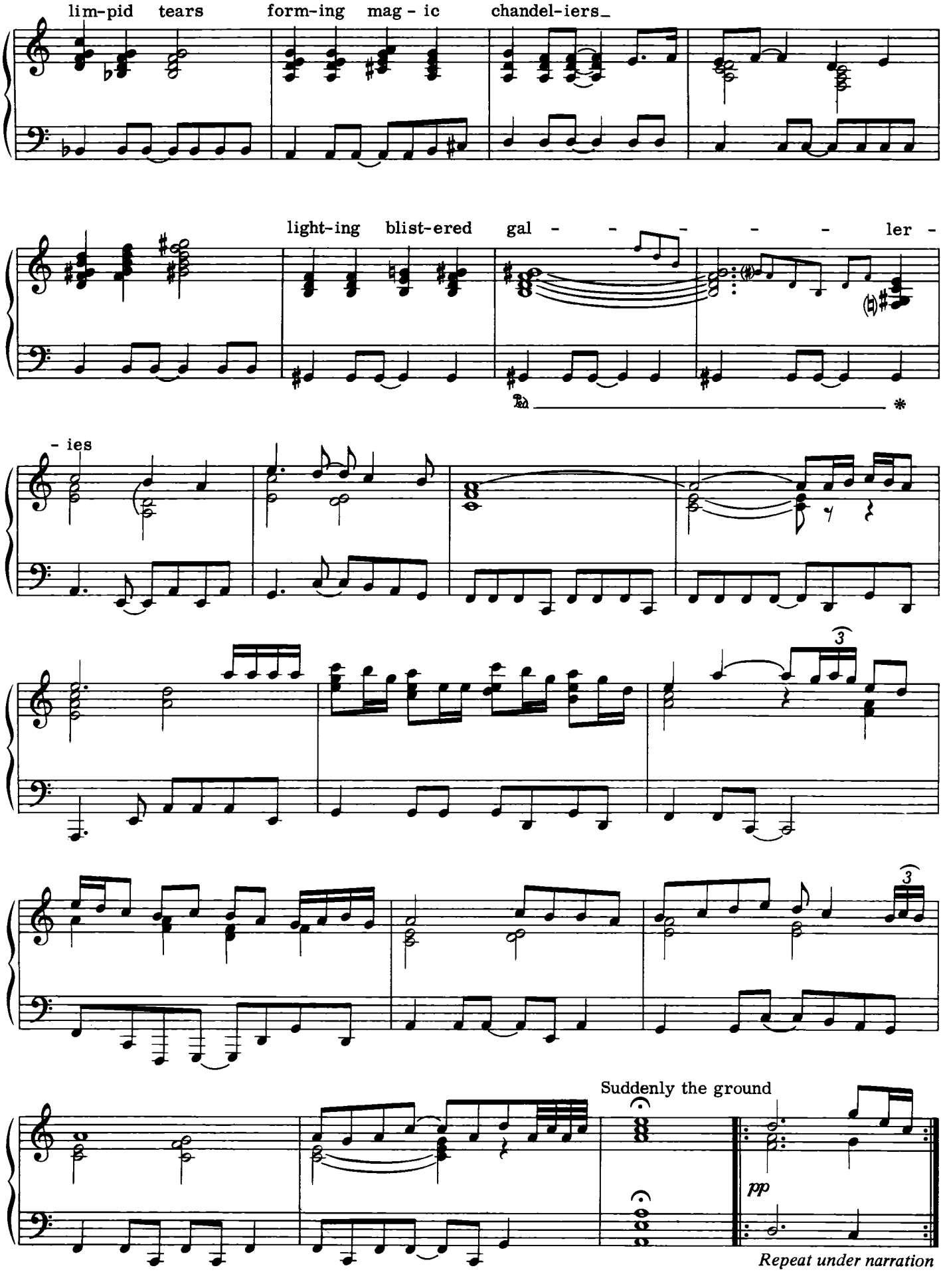





L.H. white
key gliss.
gliss
Segue part 2

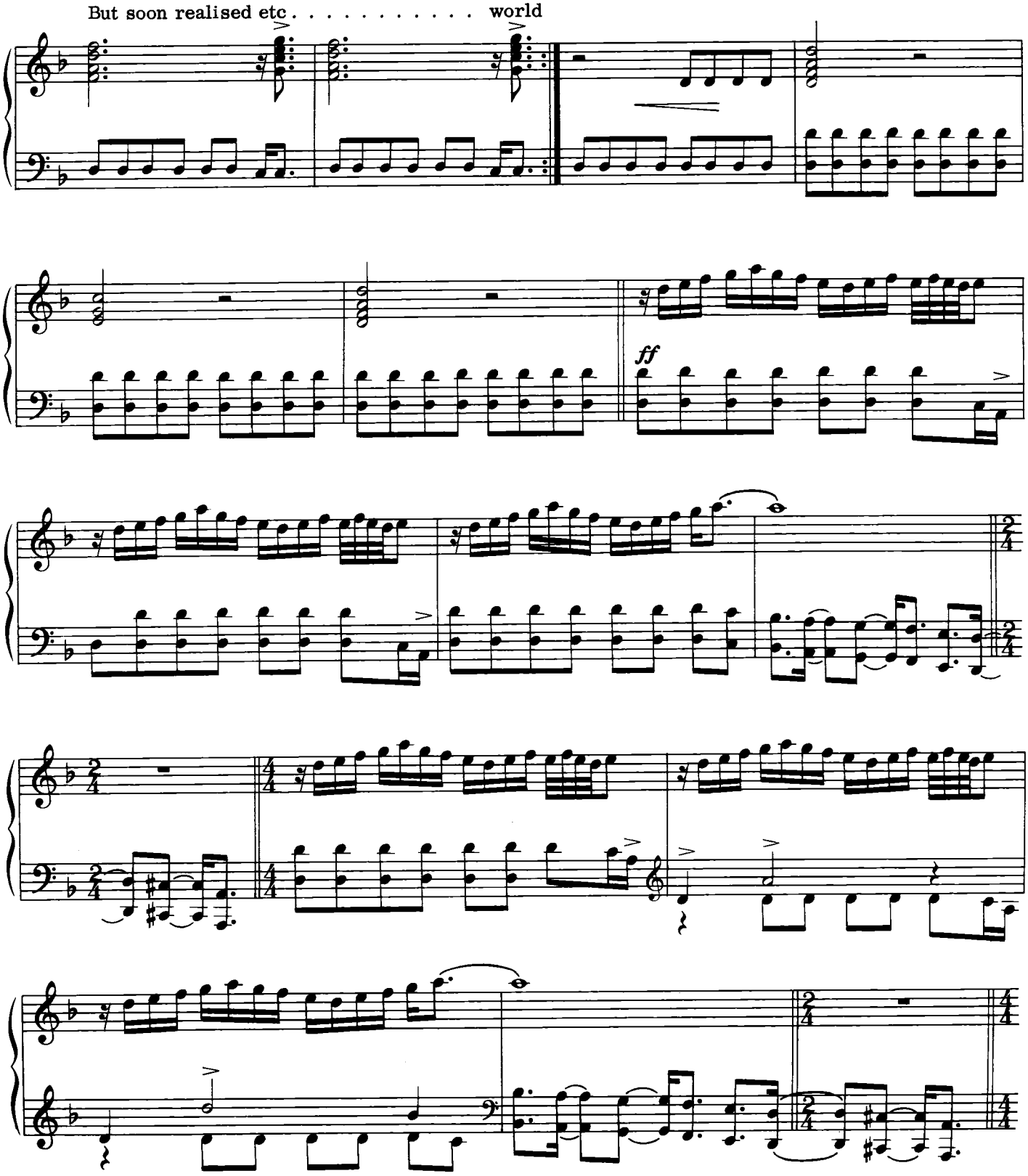
Part 2 RECOLLECTION

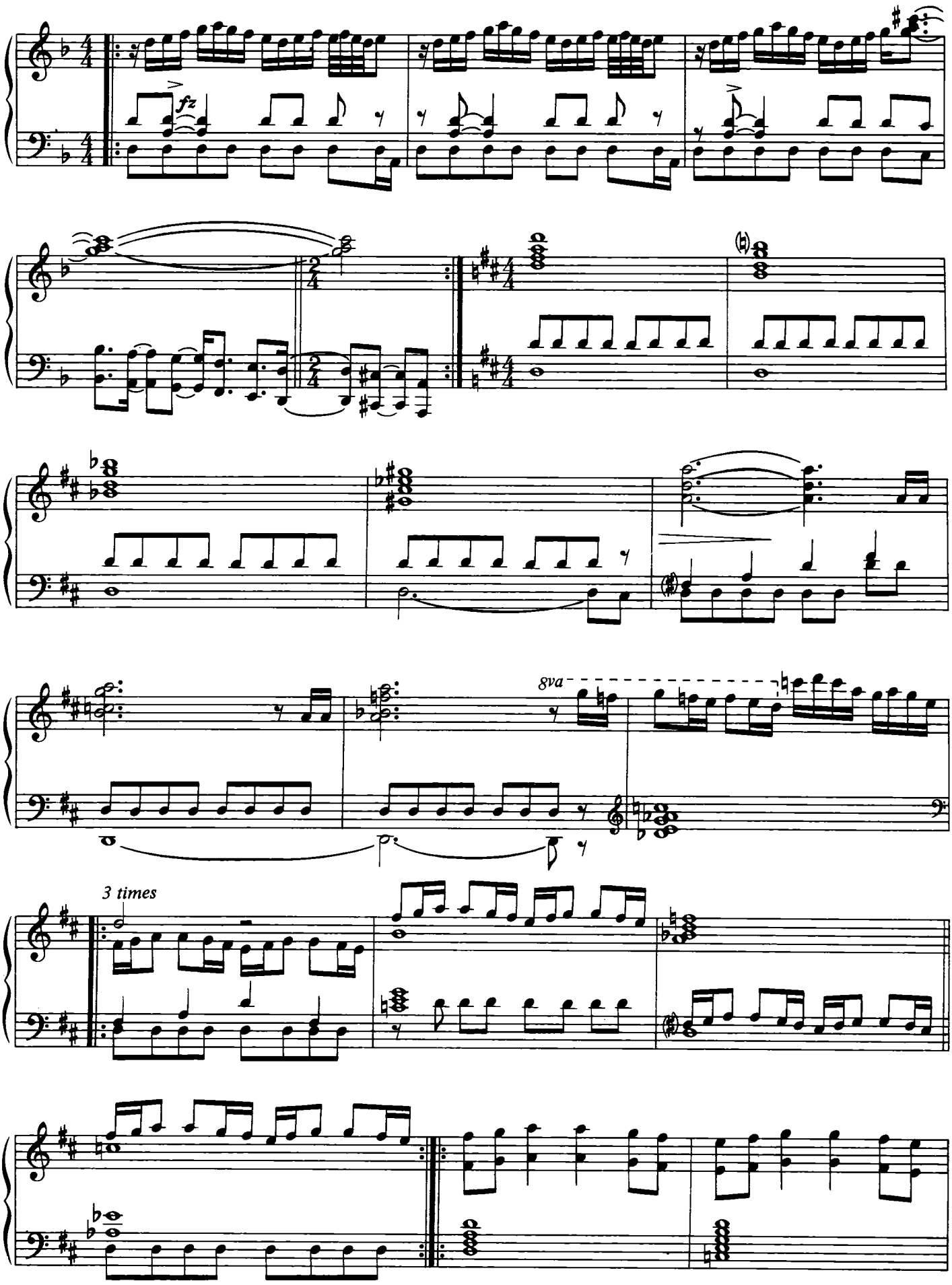


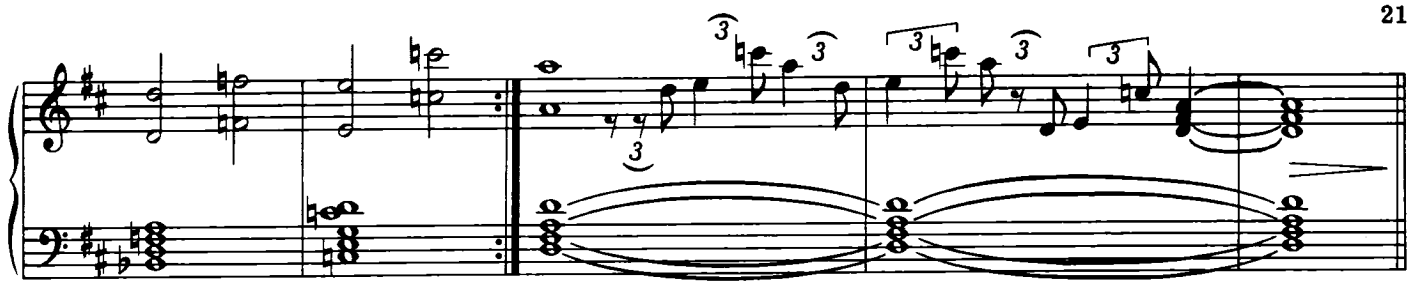

lim-pid tears form-ing mag - ic chandel-iers_
light-ing blist-ered gal - - - - - - ler -
- ies
3
3
Suddenly the ground
pp
Repeat under narration

Narration 4.

Suddenly the ground disappeared from beneath his feet. He fell down a vertical shaft, his head hitting a sharp rock. He lost consciousness. On opening his eyes, he found himself with the Professor and the guide, and, looking around him, he saw an ocean stretching as far as the eye could see, a giant forest of mushrooms, a line of huge cliffs, and strange clouds hung overhead, as he lay on a deeply indented shore of golden sand strewn with shells. For a moment, he thought he was back on the surface of the earth, but soon realised that they had reached a world within a world.

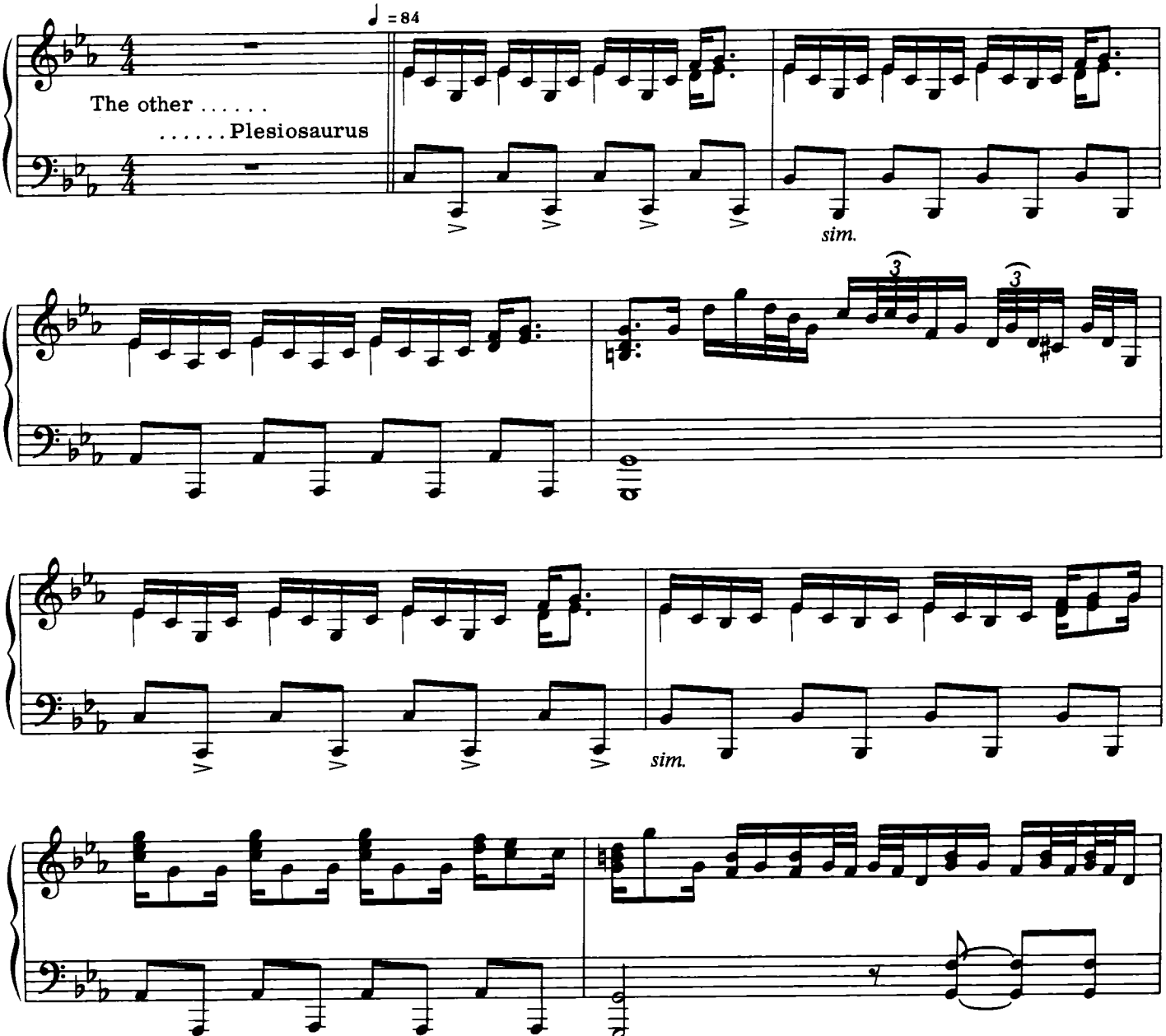


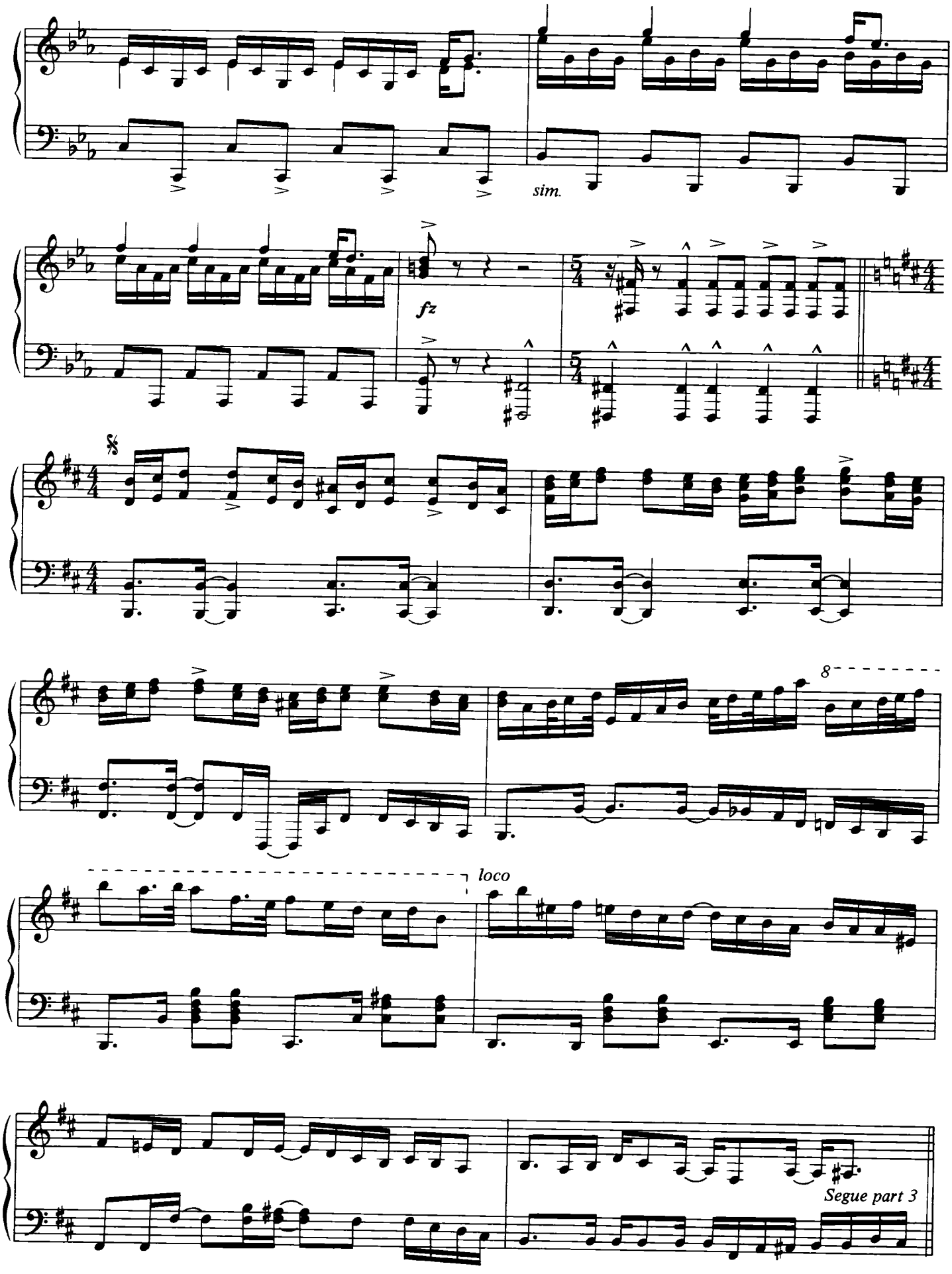

fz
8va
3 times



Narration 5.

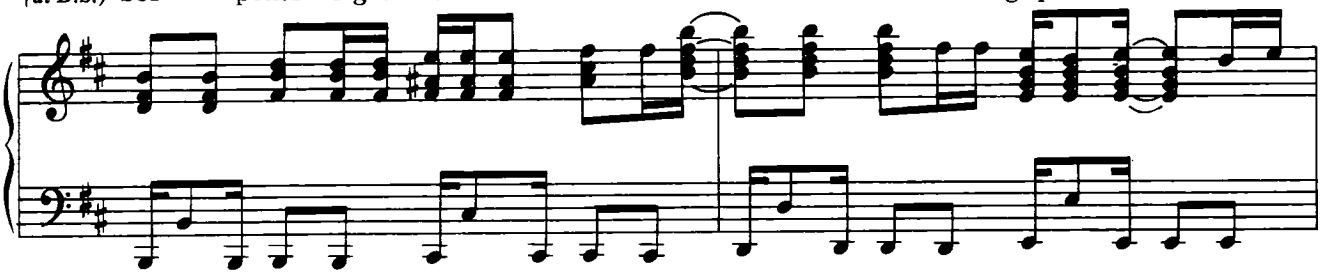
Having made a raft from wood taken from the giant mushroom forest, with rigging consisting of a mast made of two staves lashed together, a yard made of a third, and a sail borrowed from their stock of rugs, they set sail from the harbour - Port Grauben, named after Axel's fiancee. With a north-westerly wind propelling them along at about three miles an hour, silvery beams of light, reflected here and there by drops of spray, produced luminous points in the eddy created by the raft. Soon all land was lost to view. Five days out to sea, they witnessed a terrifying battle between two sea monsters. One having the snout of a porpoise, the head of a lizard, and teeth of a crocodile - an Ichthyosaurus. And the other, the mortal enemy of the first, a serpent with a turtle's shell, the Plesiosaurus.



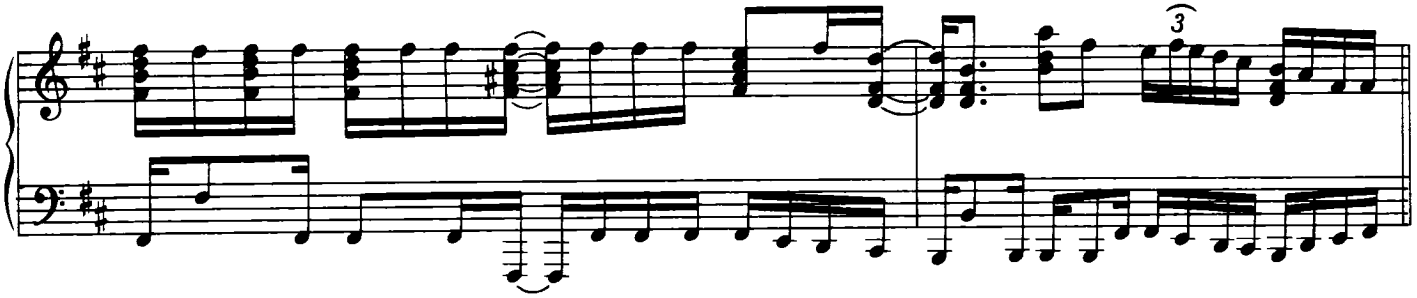

sim.
fz
8
loco
Segue part 3

Part 3 THE BATTLE

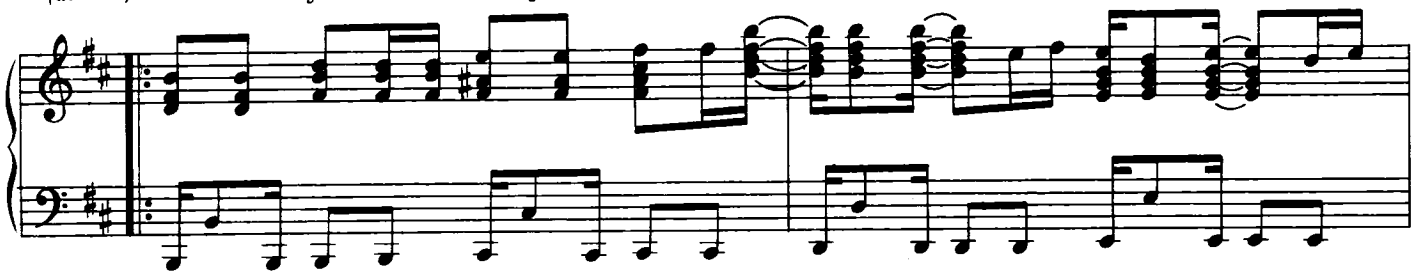
Five days out on an in-fin-ite sea they prayed for calm on an oc-ean free__ but the
(at D.S.) Ser - pents' fight went on for hours two__ mon-sters soaring up like tow - ers and



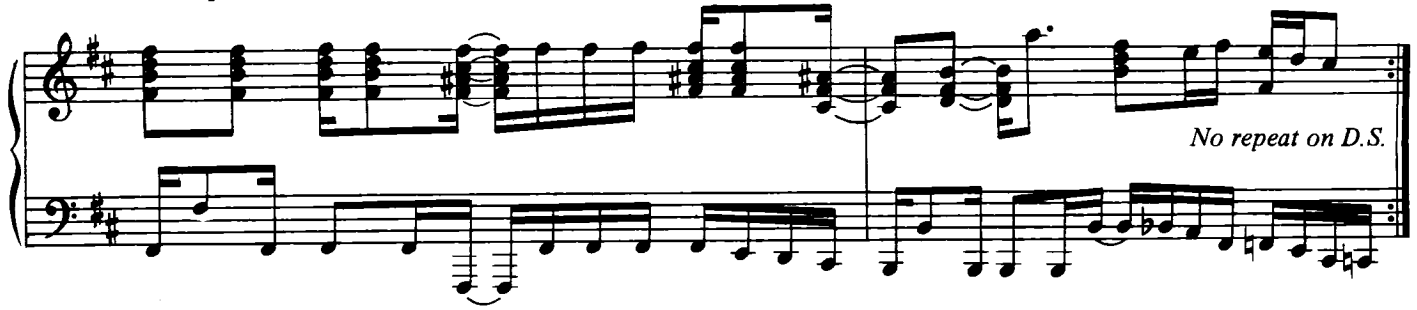
sur-face of the wat-er was in - dic-at-ing some dis-turb - ance The
div - ing down to the depths in a sing - gle mo - tion

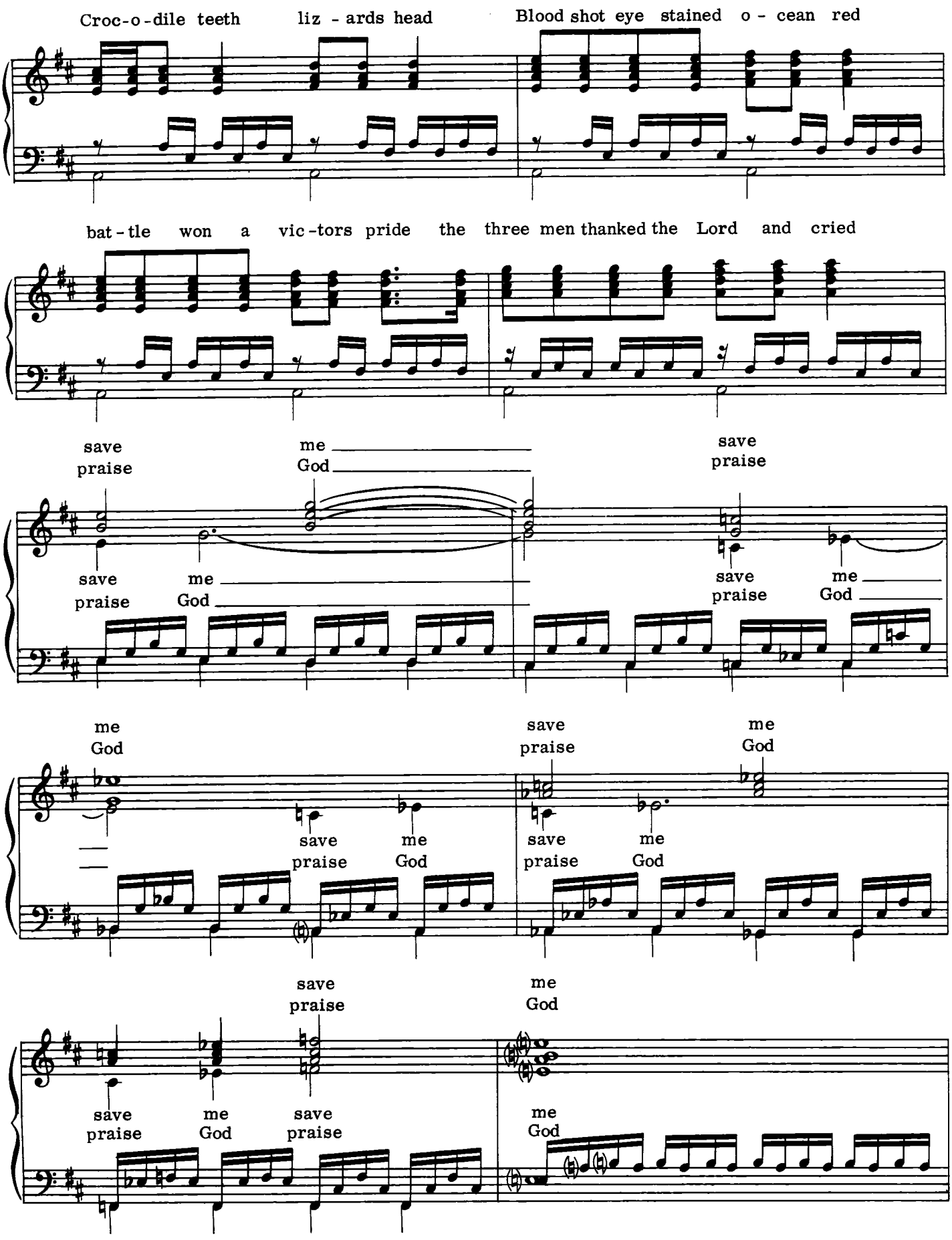


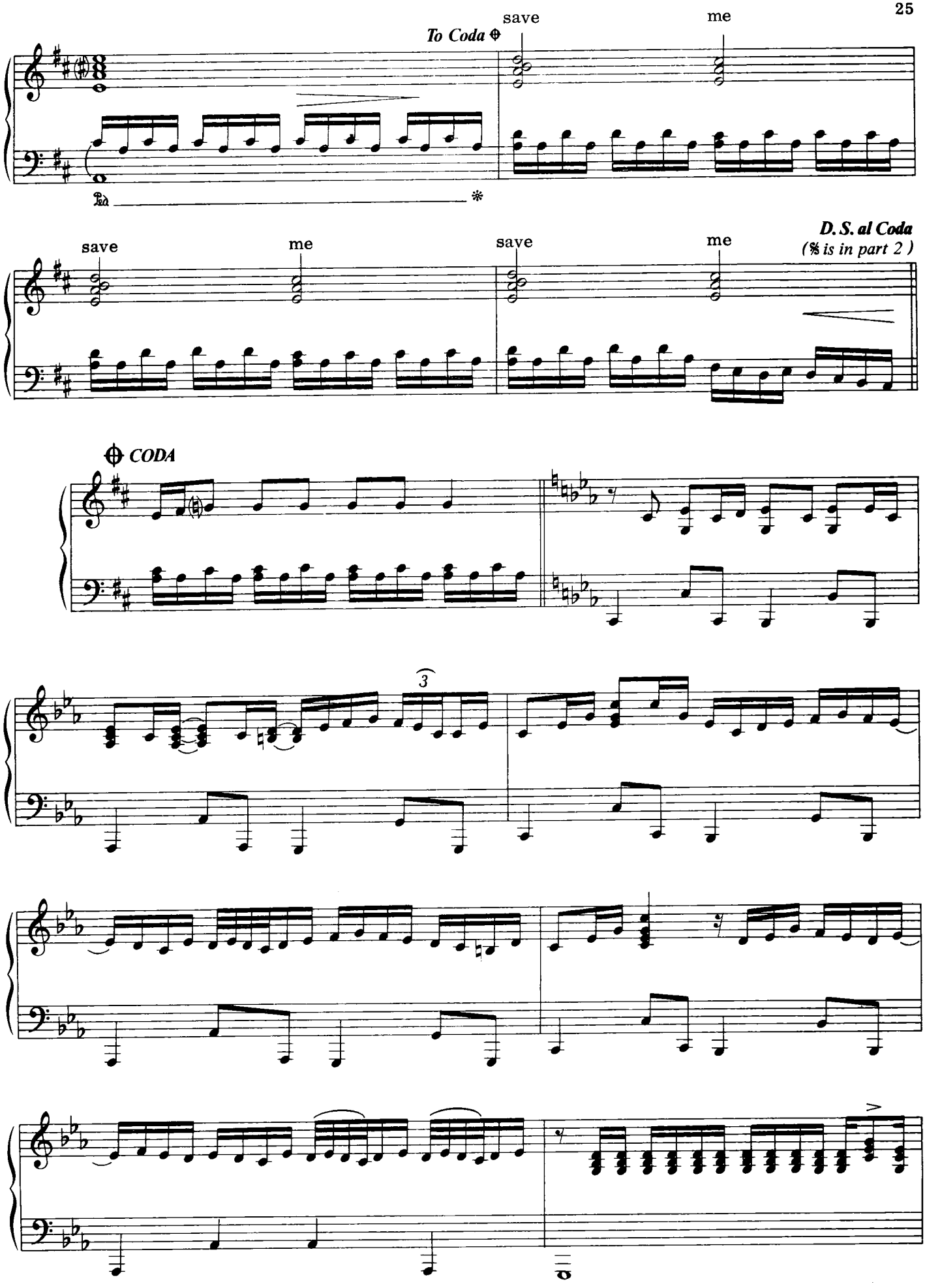
raft was hurled by an un-seen source two hun - dred feet with a fright'ning force and a
Ris-ing out of an ang - ry sea tow - ered the creature's en-e - my__ and
(at D.S.) Sudd en - ly the ser-pent's head shot out__ of the wat-er bathed in red__ and the

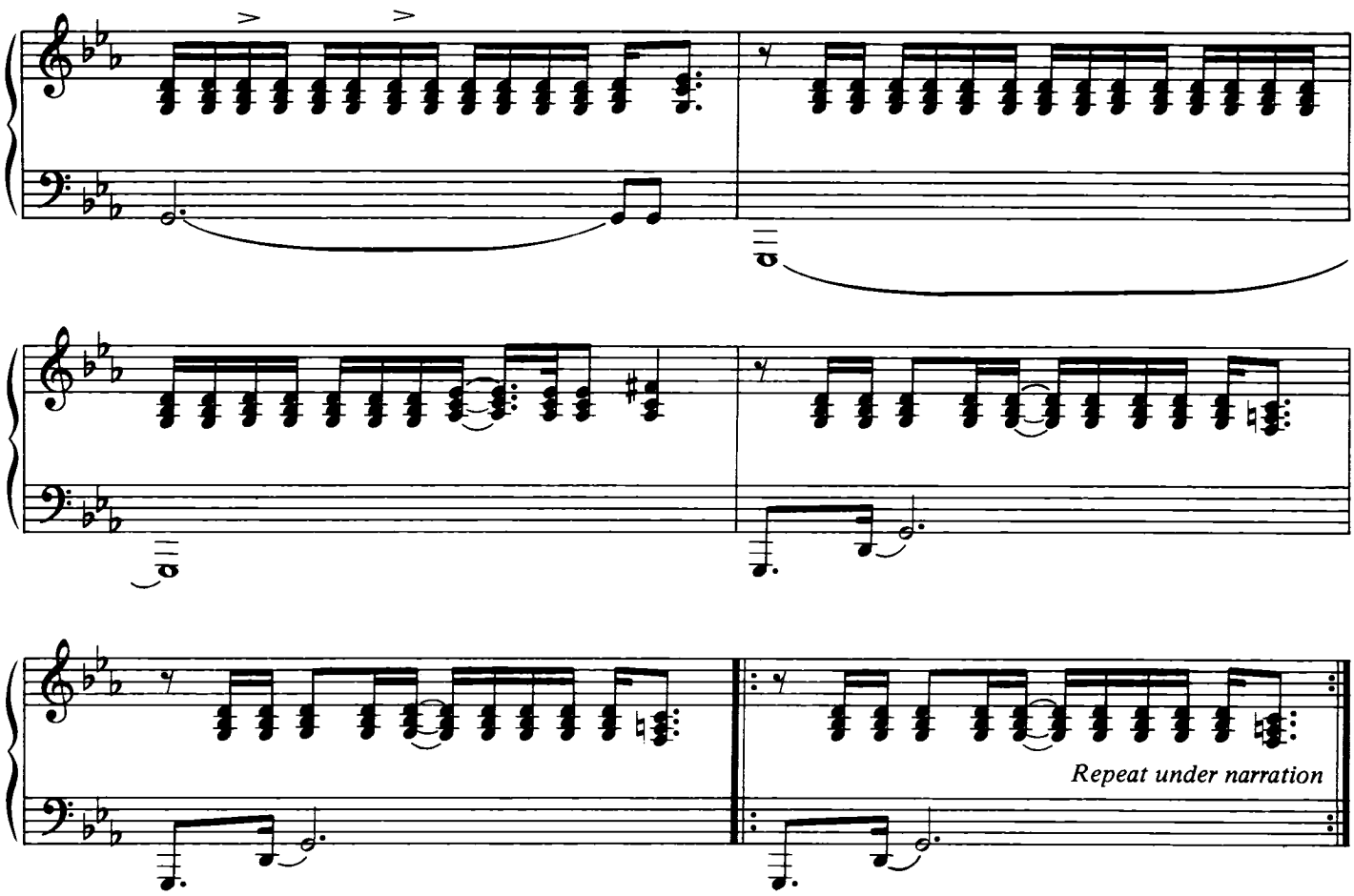


dark mass ri-sing showed to be a gi-ant por - poise__
so the two sea mon - sters closed for bat - tle__
ser - pen - tine form lay life less on the o - cean__



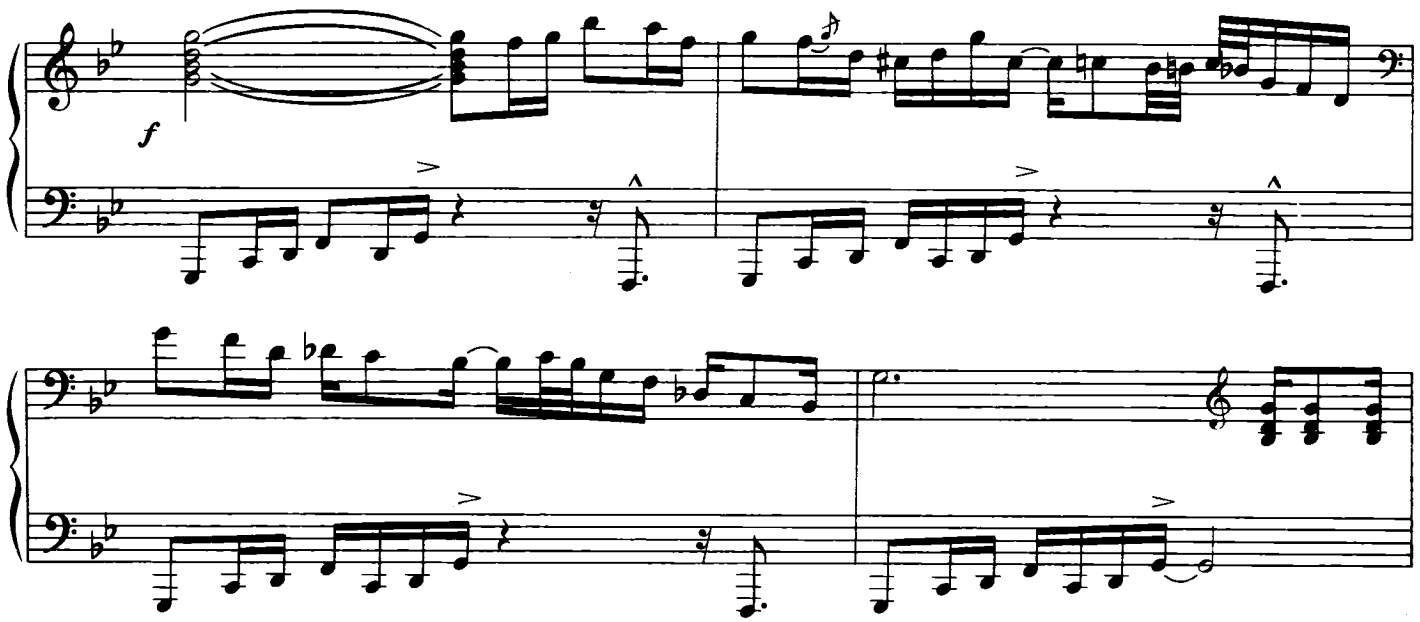

Croc-o-dile teeth liz - ards head Blood shot eye stained o - cean red
bat - tle won a vic-tors pride the three men thanked the Lord and cried
save praise me God save praise
save praise me God save praise me God
me God save praise me God
save praise me God save praise me God
save praise me God
save praise me God save praise me God

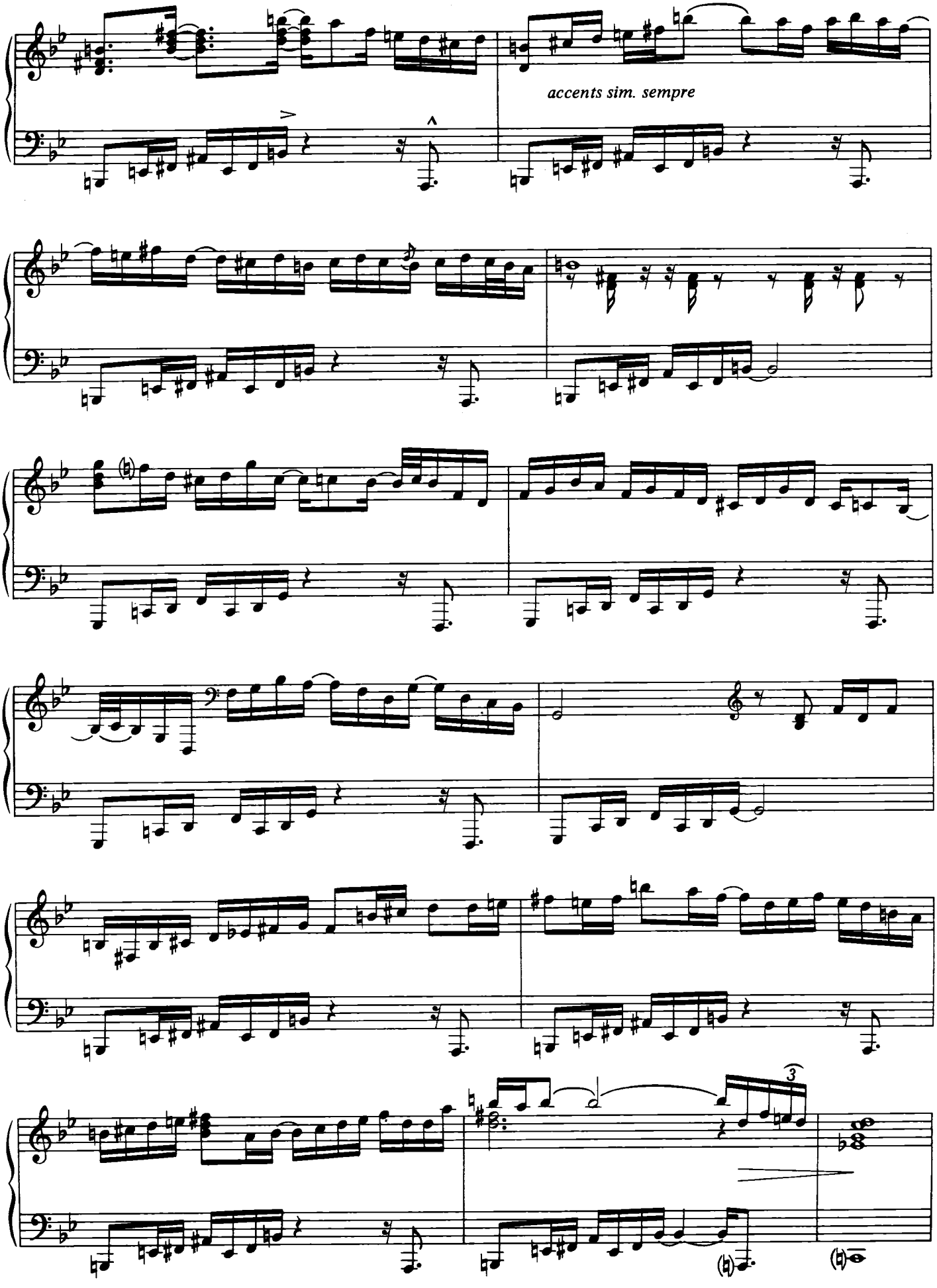

To Coda
save
me
save
me
save
me
D. S. al Coda
(% is in part 2)
CODA
3

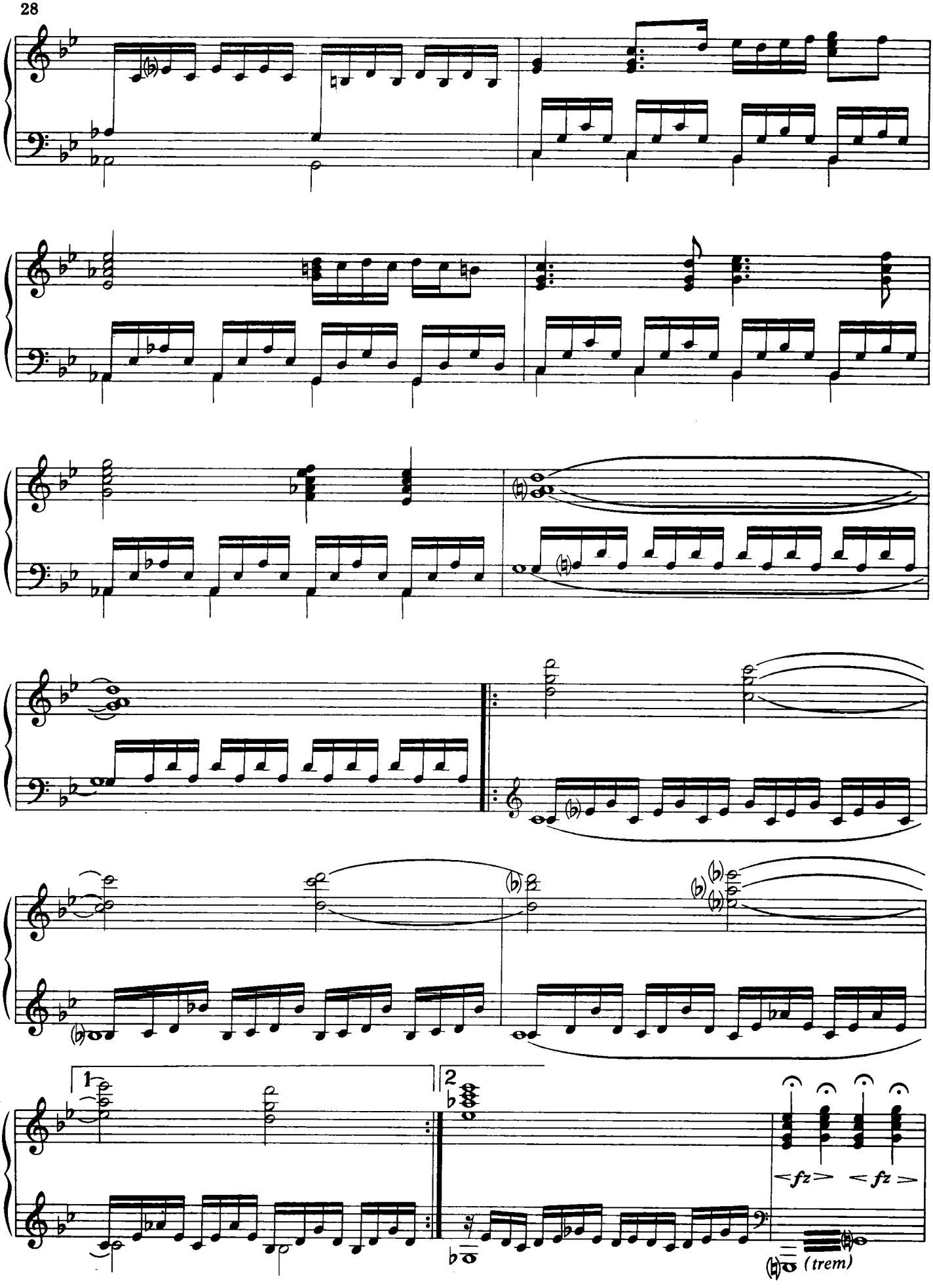


Narration 6.

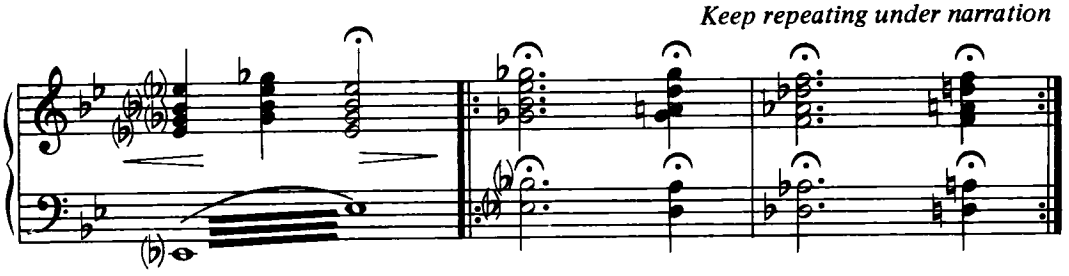
Cumulus clouds formed heavily in the south, like huge wool packs heaped up in picturesque disorder. Under the influence of the breezes they merged together, growing darker, forming a single menacing mass. The raft lay motionless on the sluggish waveless sea and in silence they waited for the storm.




accents sim. sempre

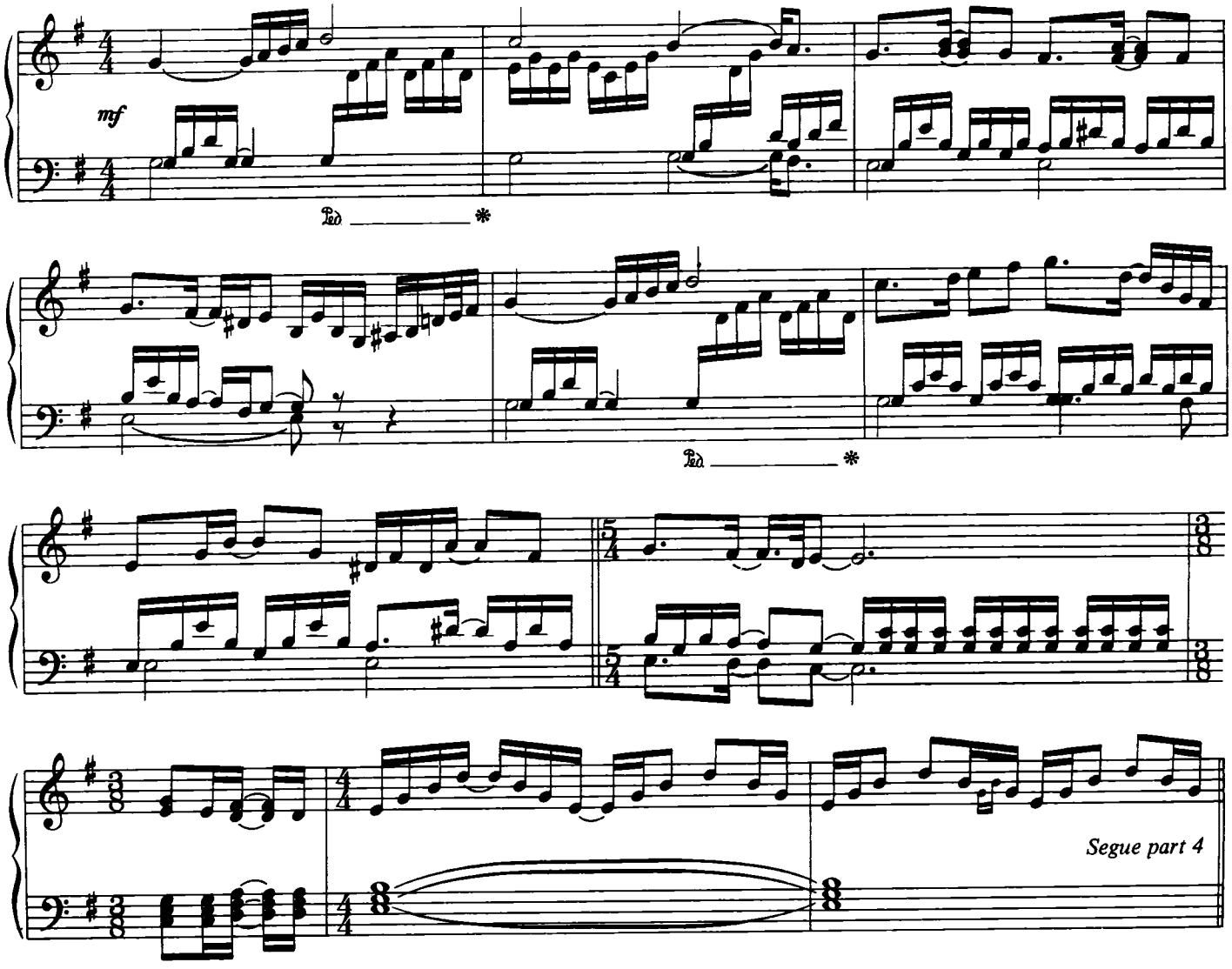

1
2
fz
fz
(trem)

Keep repeating under narration

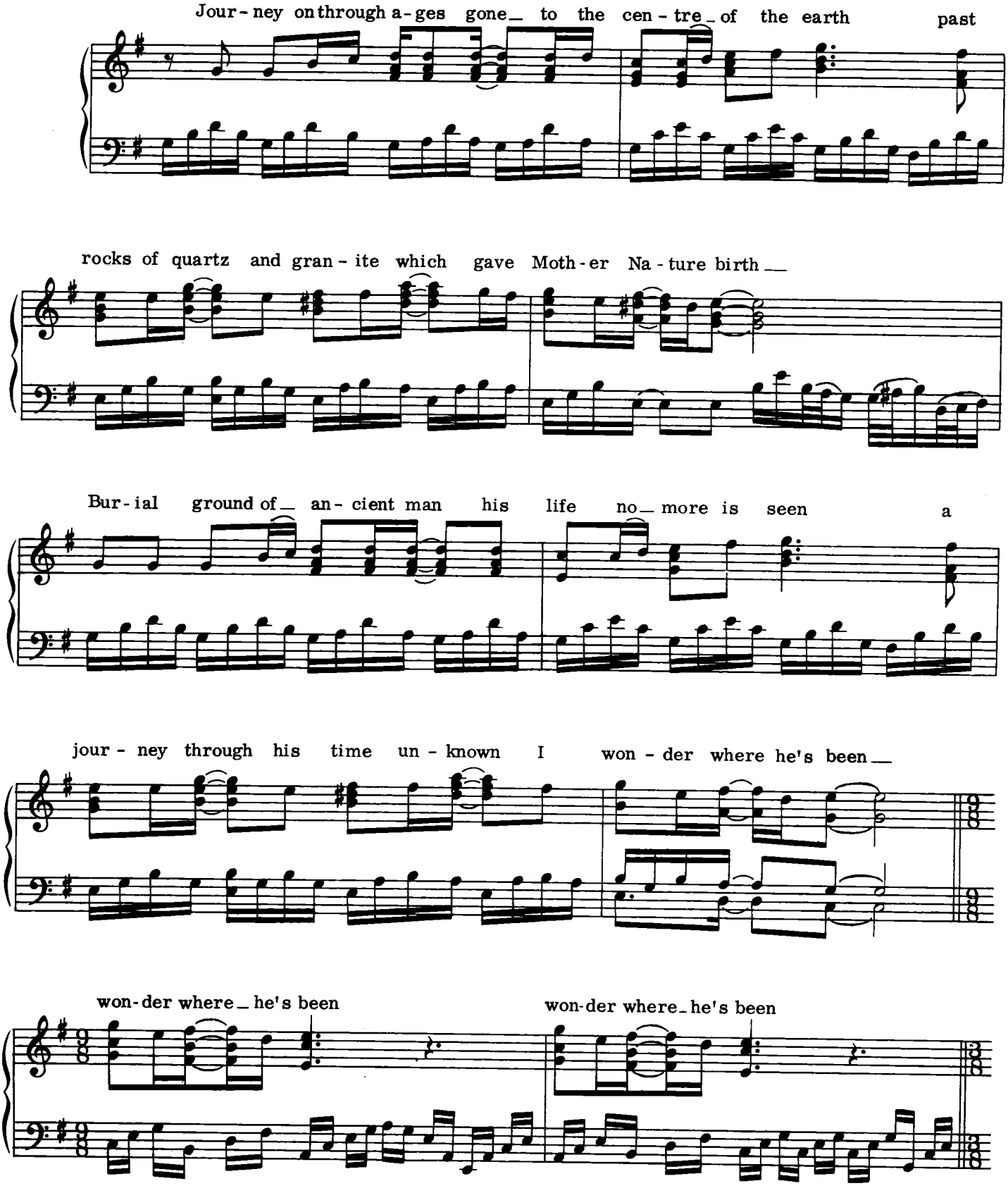


Narration 7.

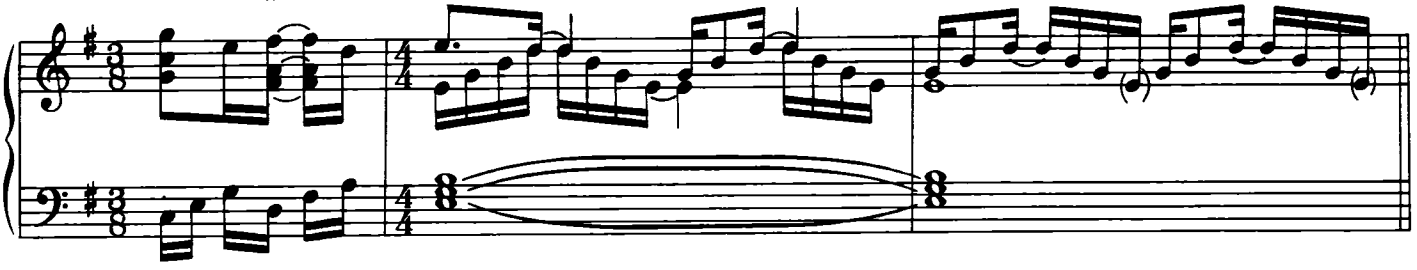
For four days the storm had raged as they clung to the mast of their raft for safety. Finally, with their raft wrecked after being bashed against the reefs, they lay sheltered from the pouring rain beneath a few overhanging rocks where they ate and slept. The next day all trace of the storm had disappeared and what remained of their stock seemed intact. Checking the compass brought only heartbreak as it showed that a change of wind during the storm had returned them to just a few miles north of Port Grauben. So, deciding to try and find the original route they advanced with difficulty over granite fragments mingled with flint, quartz, and alluvial deposits, eventually reaching a plain covered with bones, like a huge cemetery. A mile further on, they reached the edge of a huge forest made up of vegetation of the Tertiary period. Tall palms were linked by a network of inextricable creepers, a carpet of moss covering the ground and the leaves were colourless, everything having a brownish hue. Exploring the forest they discovered a herd of gigantic animals, Mastadons, which were being marshalled by a primitive human being, a Proteus. He stood over twelve foot high and brandished an enormous bough, a crook worthy of this antediluvian shepherd.



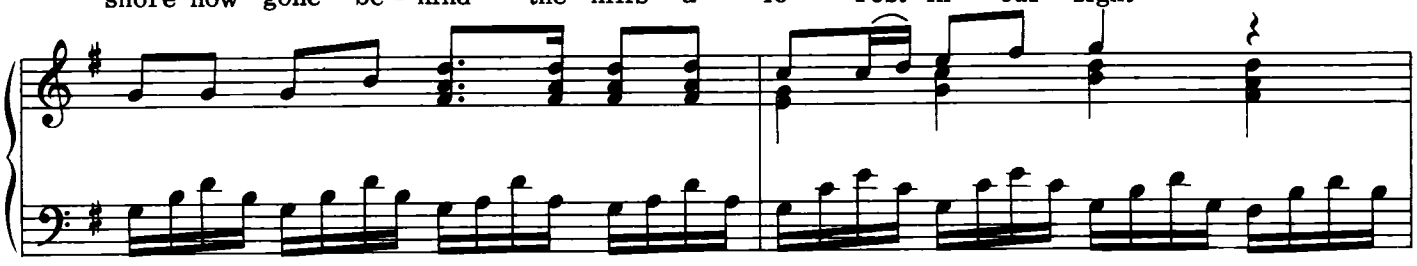
Part 4 THE FOREST



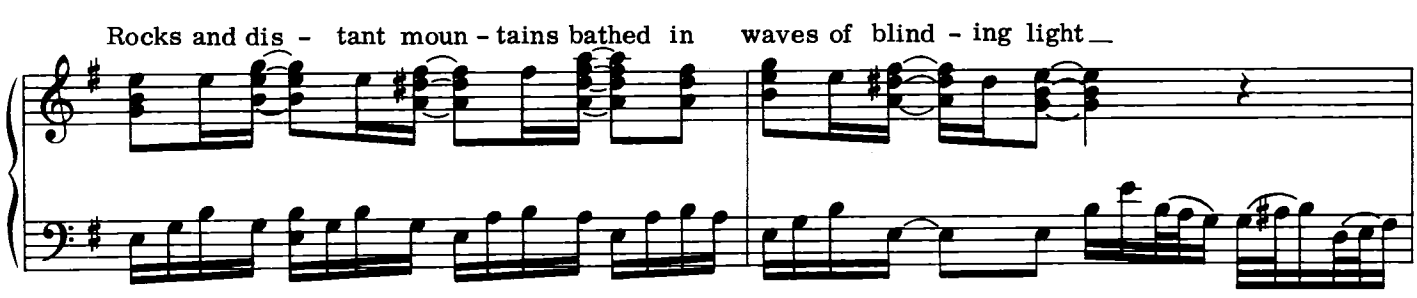
won-der where he's been The



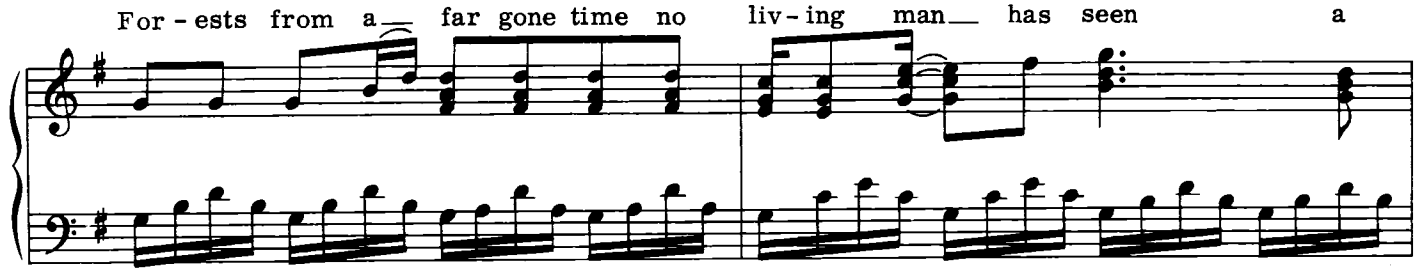
shore now gone be-hind the hills a fo-rest in our sight



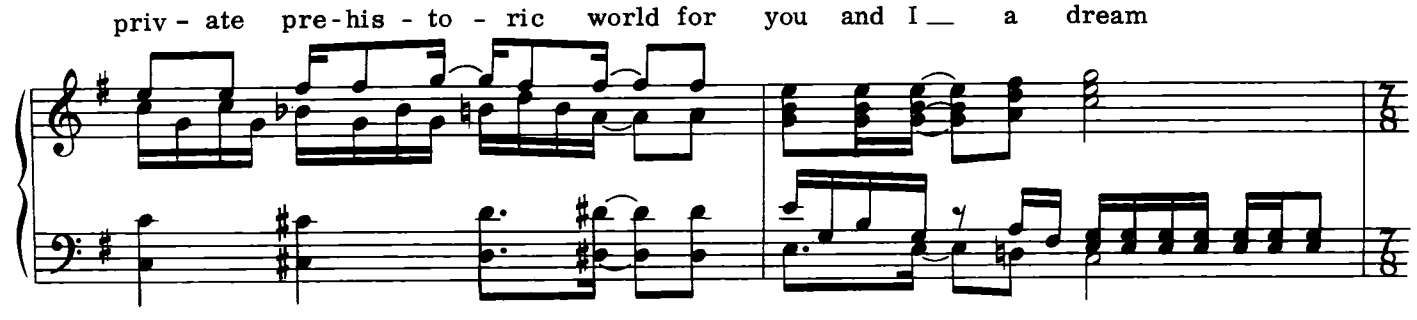
Rocks and dis-tant moun-tains bathed in waves of blind-ing light

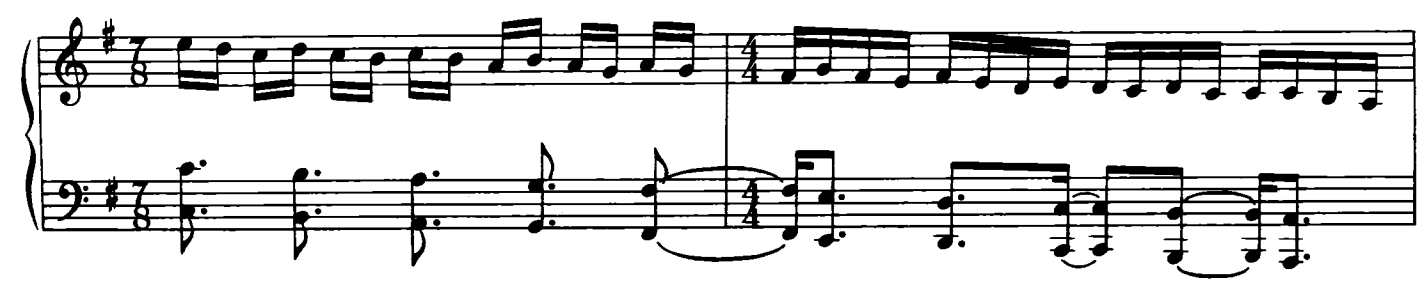


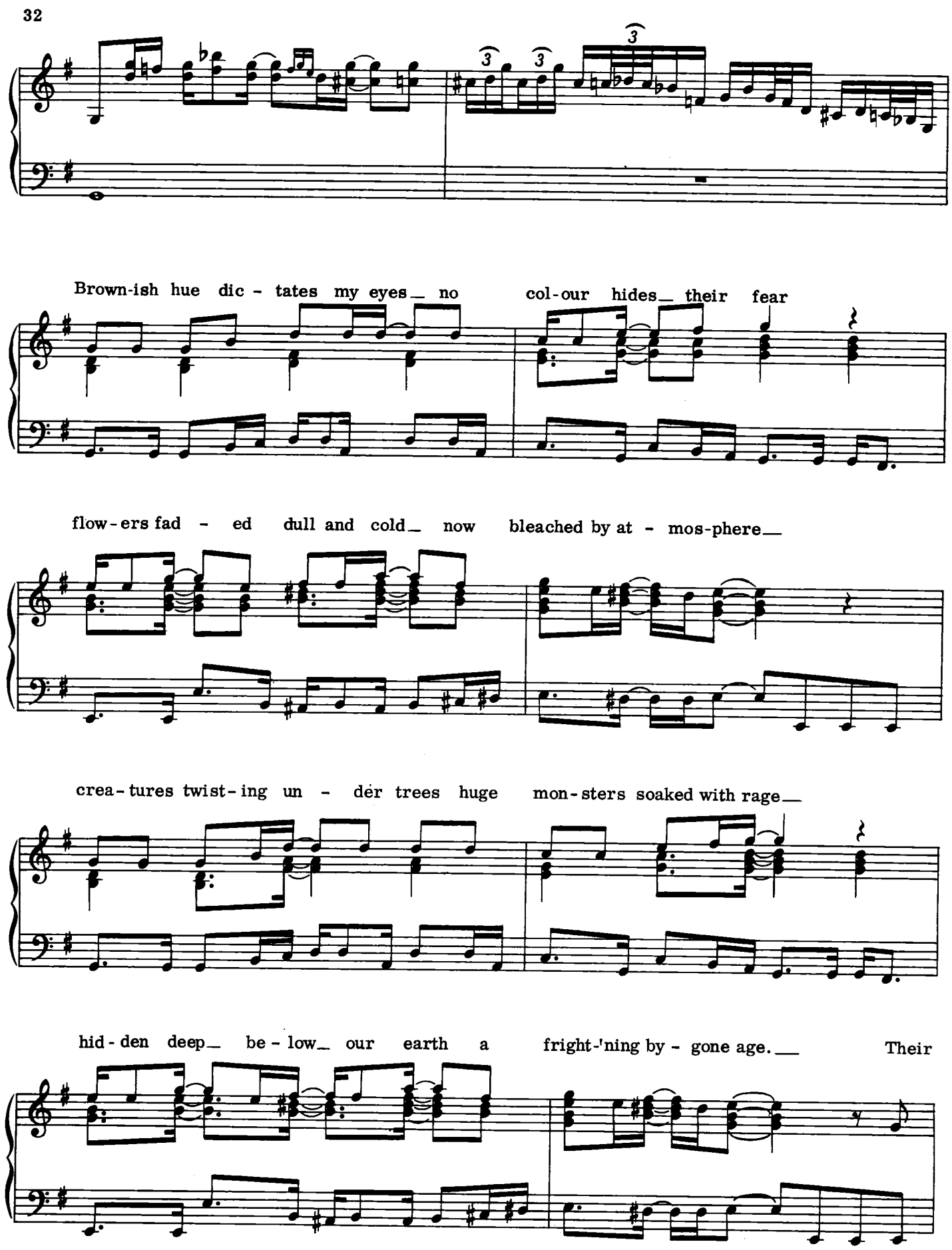
For-ests from a far gone time no liv-ing man has seen a

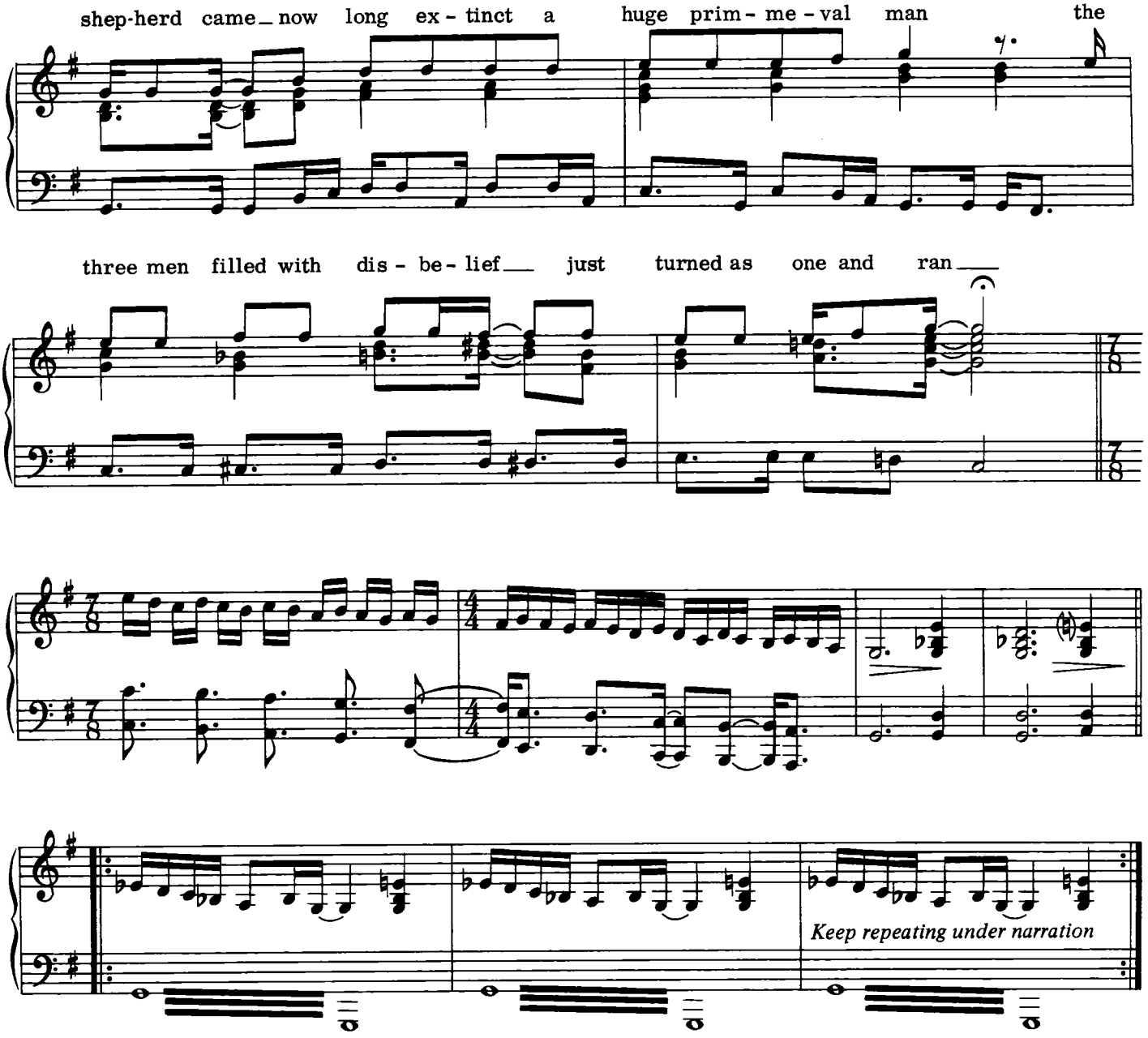


priv-ate pre-his-to-ric world for you and I a dream



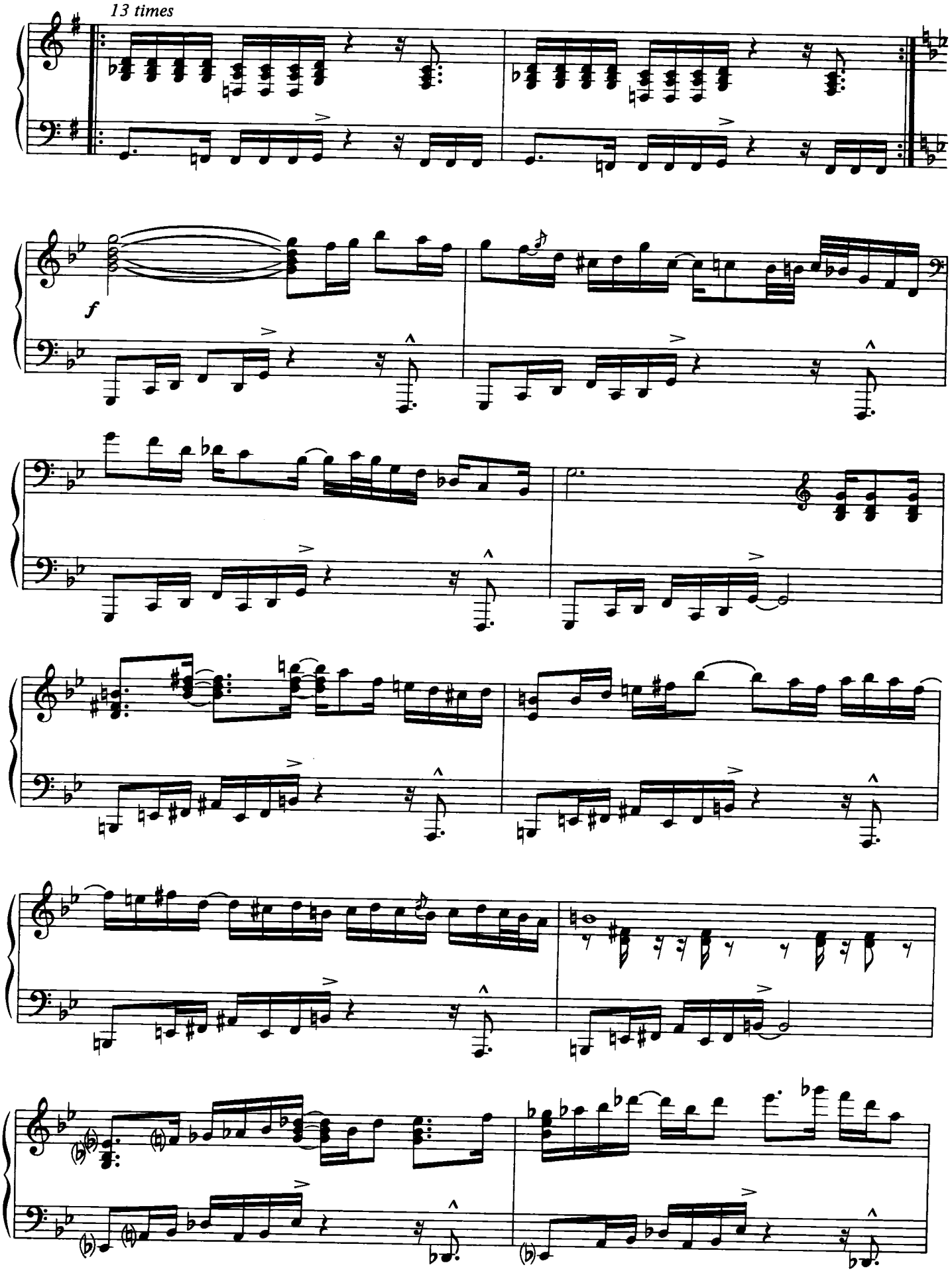


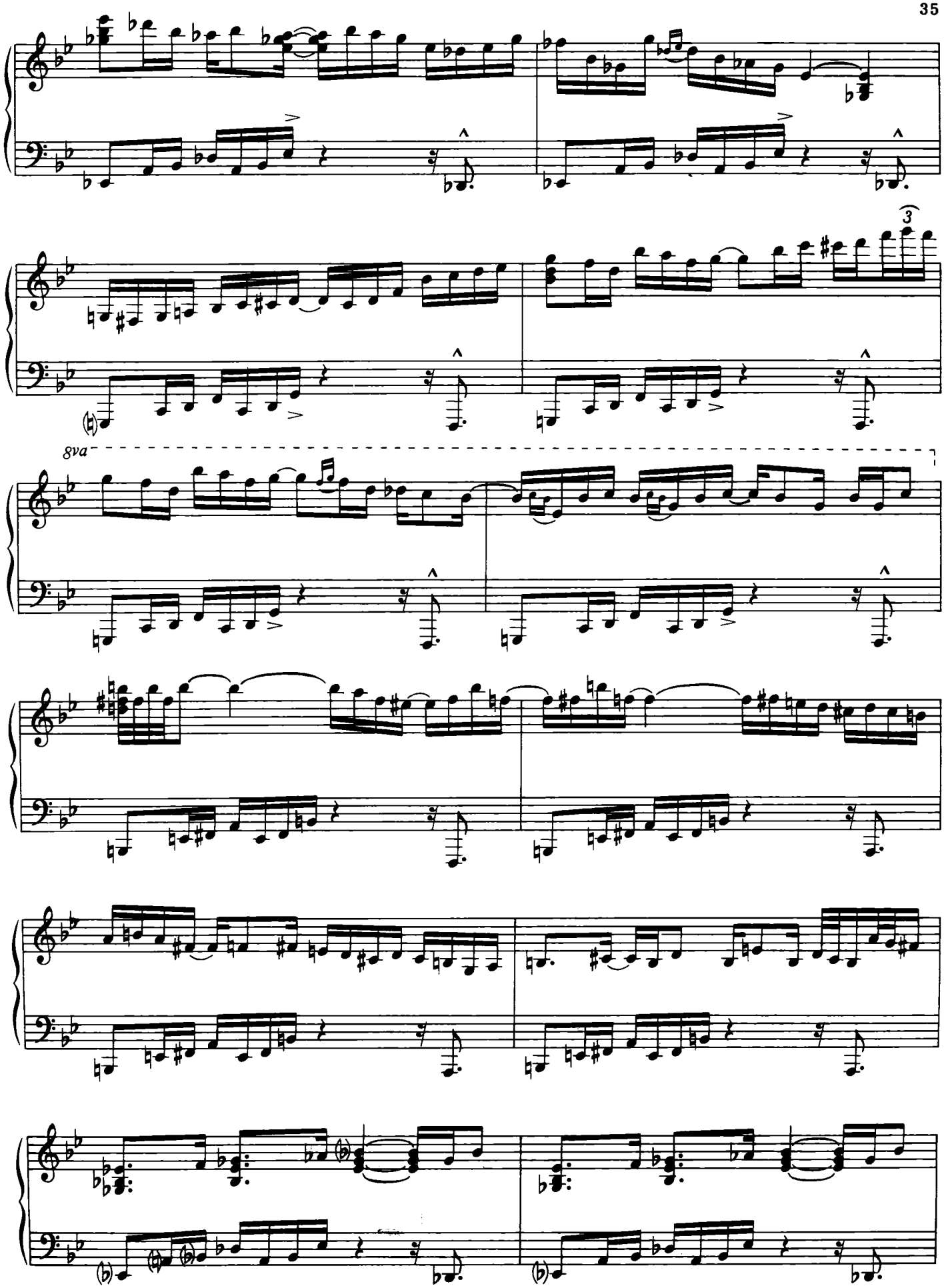

Brown-ish hue dic - tates my eyes_ no col-our hides_ their fear
flow-ers fad - ed dull and cold_ now bleached by at - mos-phere_
crea-tures twist-ing un - der trees huge mon-sters soaked with rage_
hid-den deep_ be-low_ our earth a fright-'ning by - gone age.__ Their

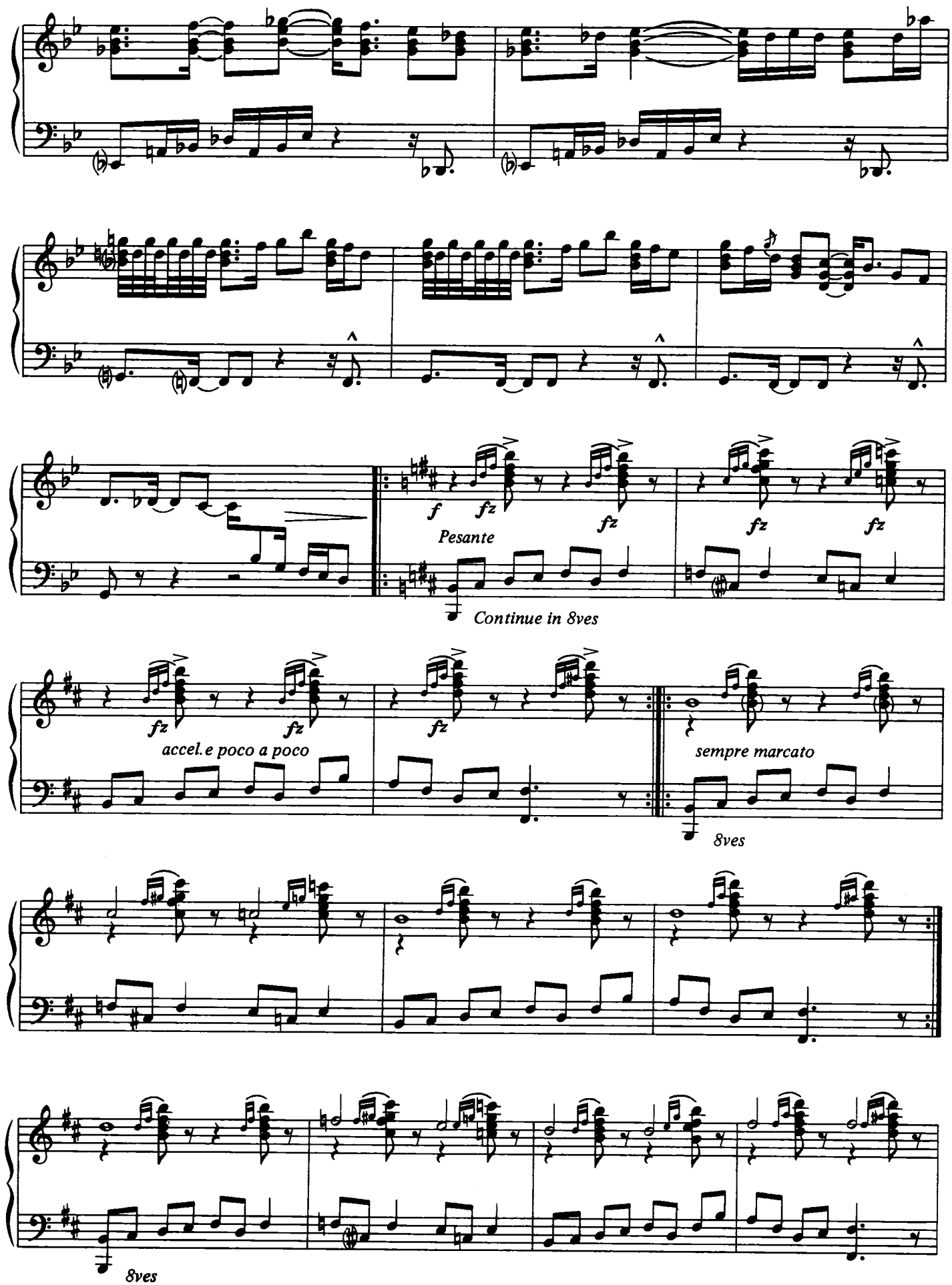


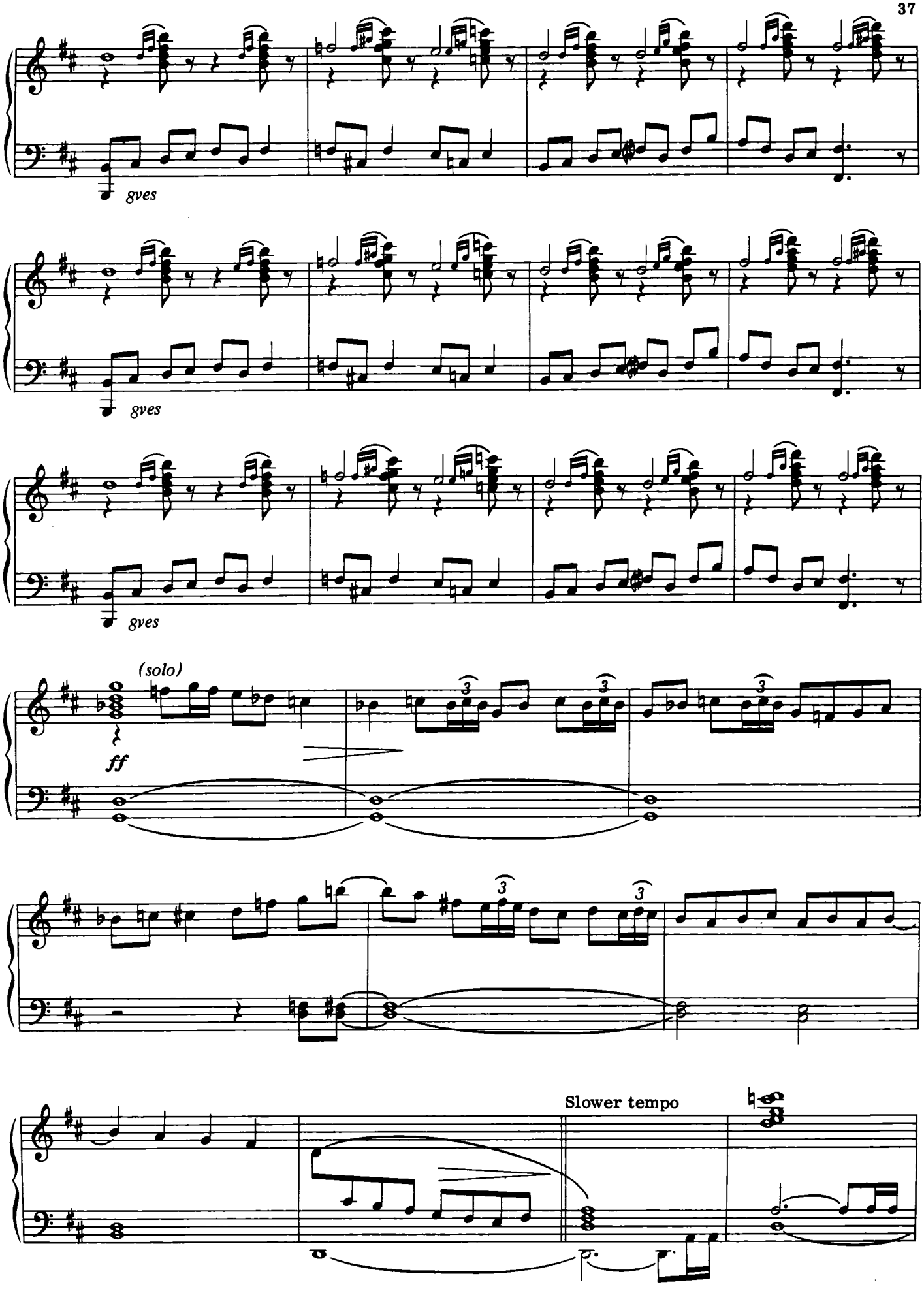
Narration 8.

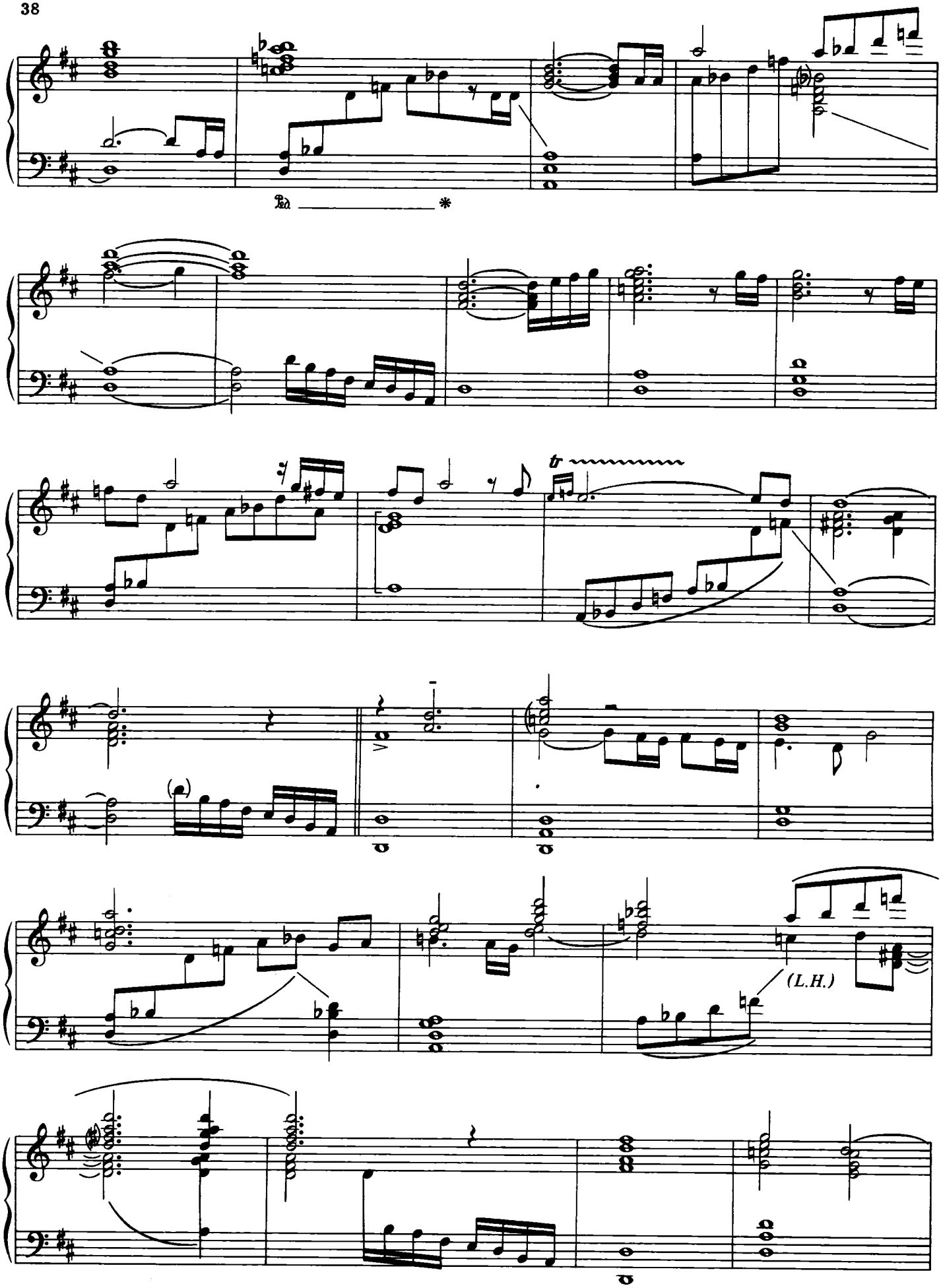
Dumb with astonishment and amazement which bordered on stupefaction, they fled the forest. Instinctively, they made towards the Lidenbrook Sea. Discovering a rusty dagger on the beach, and the carved initials of the explorer before them on a slab of granite, they realised that they were once again treading the route of Arne Saknussemm. Following a short sea journey around a cape, they came ashore where a dark tunnel plunged deep into rock. Venturing down, their progress was halted by a piece of rock blocking their way. After deciding to blow their way through, and setting the charge, they put out to sea for safety. With the explosion, the rocks before them opened like a curtain, and a bottomless pit appeared in the shore. The explosion had caused an earthquake, the abyss had opened up, and the sea was pouring into it. Down and down they plunged into the huge gallery, but on regaining their senses found their raft rising at tremendous speed. Trapped in the shaft of an active volcano they rose through the ages of man to be finally expelled out on a mountain-side riddled with tiny lava streams. Their journey was completed and they found themselves 3000 miles from their original starting point in Iceland. They had entered by one volcano and they had come out by another. With the blue mountains of Calabria in the east they walked away from the mountain that had returned them. The frightening Mount Etna.

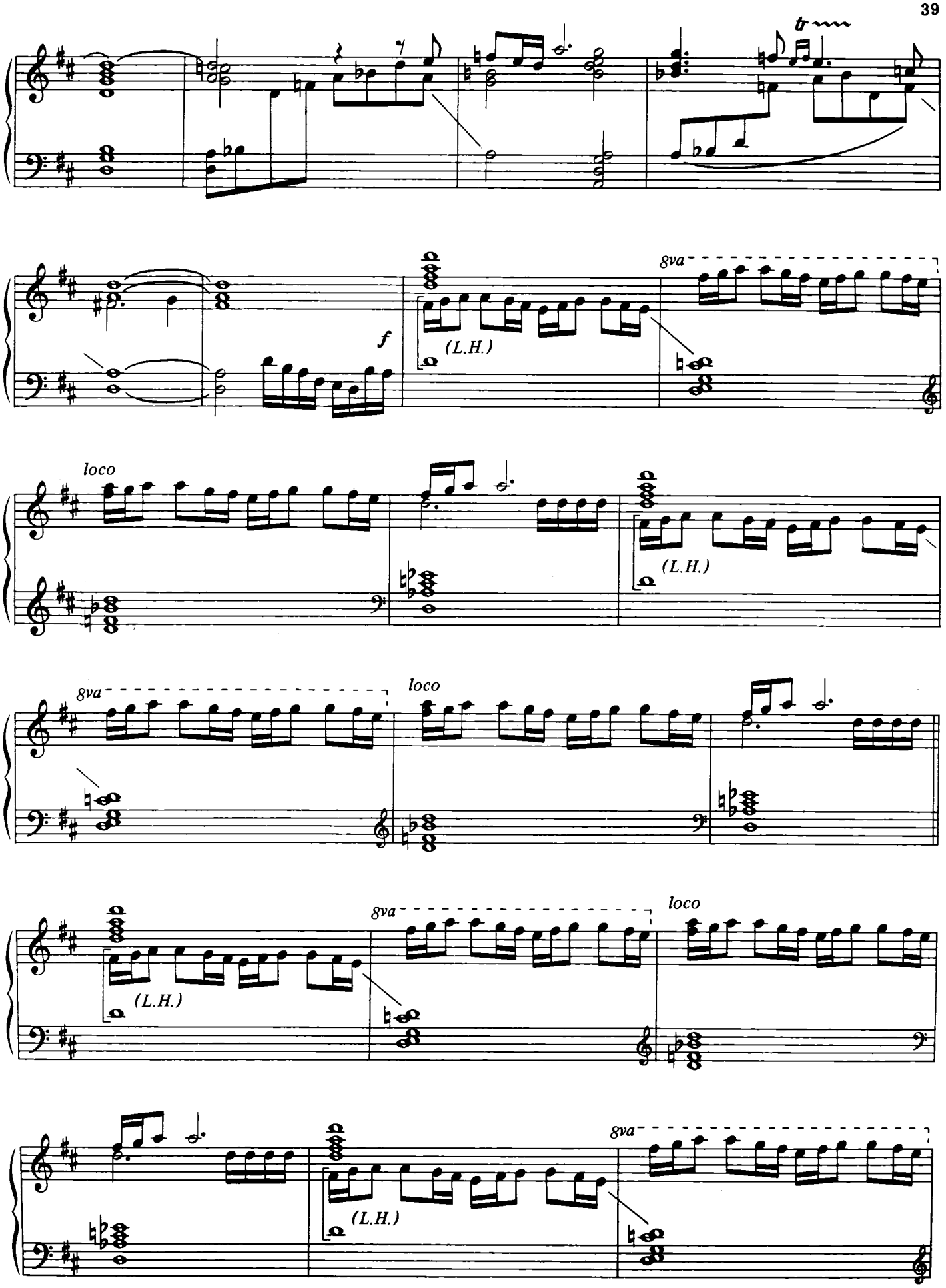

13 times
f

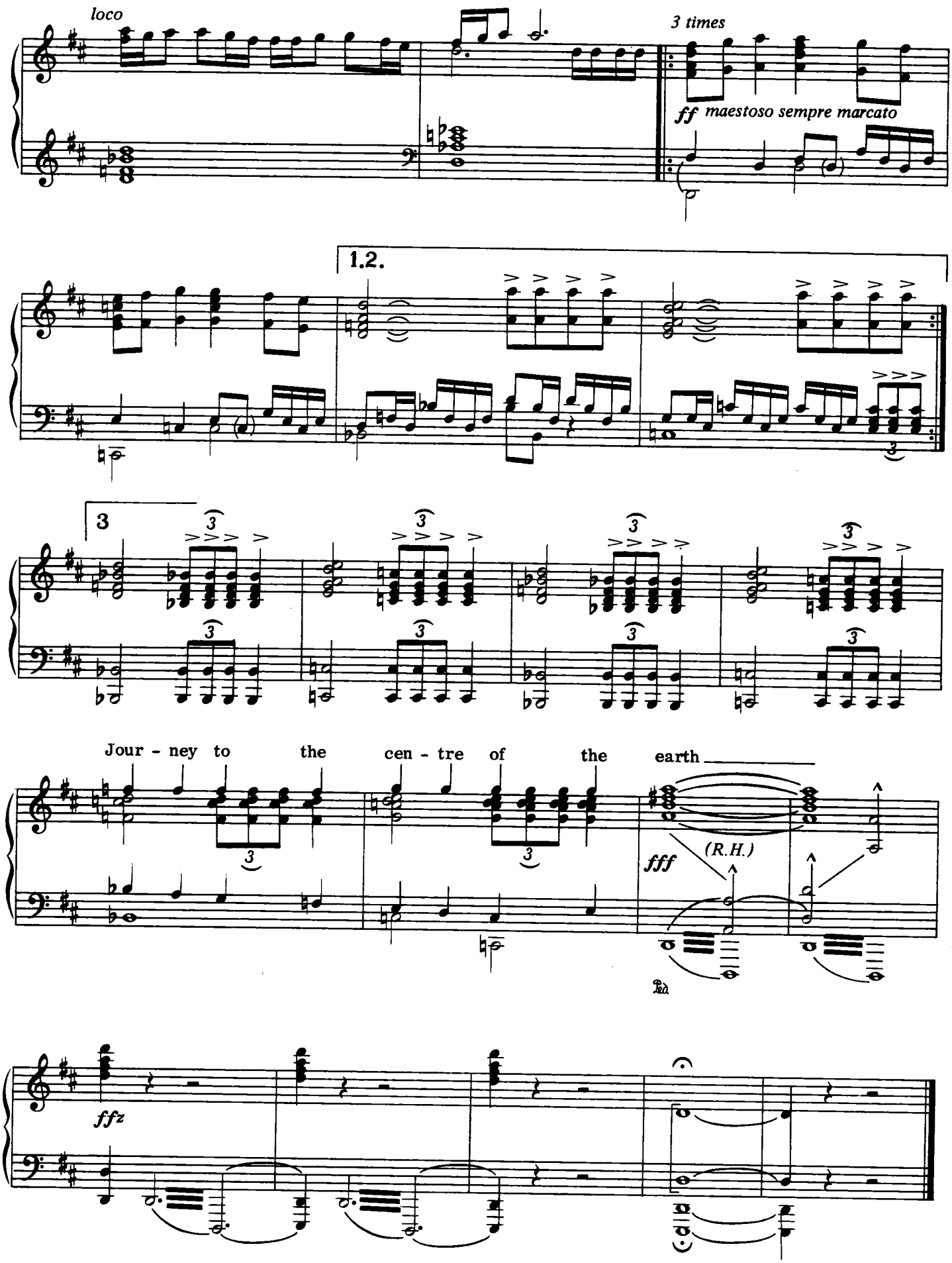

3
8va


f
fz
fz
fz
fz
Pesante
Continue in 8ves
fz
fz
fz
accel. e poco a poco
sempre marcato
8ves
8ves


gves
gves
gves
(solo)
ff
Slower tempo


tr
(L.H.)


tr
f
(L.H.)
8va
loco
(L.H.)
8va
loco
8va
loco
(L.H.)
8va
(L.H.)
8va



Printed in England by
WEST CENTRAL PRINTING CO. LTD., London.