A CANTATA FOR SOUL, CHORUS
AND ORCHESTRA

IN MUSIC'S
PRAISE

WORDS BY
G. F. R. ANDERSON

MUSIC BY
HENRY K. HADLEY
OP. 21

$1.00

BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

New York
Chicago
Philadelphia

G. H. DITSON & CO.
LYON & HEaly
J. E. DITSON & CO.
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TIME OF PERFORMANCE:
FORTY MINUTES

FULL ORCHESTRA SCORE AND PARTS,
in manuscript, can be rented
from the publishers.
NOTE

In the competition instituted by the Monacan Record in 1899, this cantata was awarded the first prize of $550.00 for works of this class, by the judges, Professor Horace W. Parker, Mr. Arthur Foeow, and Mr. Reinhold Herrmann.
IN MUSIC'S PRAISE

PART I
MUSIC AND THE ARTS

Salt and Cookies

All hail to Music! Great she, whose art
Inspires the soul or eases the heart;
She pours throughout the world the glory
And wonder of her ancient story.
In sounds that trembling start,
Might, the majesty
None can captivate;
Sounds that rise and gravelly soar,
Immemorial strains remembered yore
Hear them! Hear the winds that sweep
The forest grove, the foaming deep;
Hear the notes that gallop, and leap,
They fill the word;
Hither, thither, tossed and hurled,
Means that sudden,
Tones that gladden,
Sounds that are ever telling, telling
Of her who rides on each wild and gale
And makes the viols her dwelling;
Music, whose glorious spell prevails,
Whose glorious power we hail,
Music—Enchantress, Siren, Queen,
Who holds the chordel-casts in thrall,
All hail!

From east and west, from east and west,
Troop all those Arts that make each bliss;
From east and west, from east and west,
They troop to him loved Freedom's mouth.
Painting, the maid whose wand of gold
Can weave and vitalise t'night unfurled,
Her touch inspires the artist's hand;
Her color burns as one;
She rules the sunset-fires; she spelt command.
The sun now and the sun,
Painting, whose eyes reflect the sea,
A princess golden-fair is she.
Sculpture, with sad, far-gazing eyes
And bosom maiden cold,
Her heart knows not love's sweet surprise
And ecstasy unalloyed;
Past, as the chill white snow is she,
A princess wondrous fair to see.
Blind Poetry whose blue eyes shine!
With hope's auroral light;
And rare imitation, whose triumphant dream
Crowns Freedom's land supreme—
Each comes, and tells
The wonder of her sight.
From east and west, from east and west,
Troop all those Arts that make each bliss.
And lust, and beat of all,
Comes she of noblest mien,
All hail to Music! Great she, whose art
Inspires the soul or eases the heart.
Music—Enchantress, Siren, Queen—
Who holds the chordel-casts in thrall.
PART II
THE MUSIC OF NATURE
SONGS AND CHORUS

Ah, what sweeter music breathes
Than morning's, when the summer woods
Are rich with gold the dawn beareth,
And dovelike o'er all a Salemsean brooks.
Leaves are rustling, rustling—nothing
Wisened from enchanted dreaming.
And murmuring their dreams to air
In music, heavenly music, soft and low.
And on, the song of the birds—'tis seen to flow
Everywhere, everywhere,
Chanting the music of joy.
Madly melodic, rushing forth, rushing forth
Ever and ever.
Sweet, sweet song of the birds that never can cease.
Never, Ah, never—
Music's own minstrelsy, ensnared forever

In the oaks, the numbing trees,
In the dreamy hum of bees,
The whispered cadence of the evening breeze
All is music, heavenly, pure and free,
Winter, Summer, Spring and Fall,
Are but grand interludes in the Symphony
Of Nature's golden Music heard over all.
Music that echoes to echoes by angelic mood;
The world's own music, ever praising God,
Loud blows the gale from the north,
And the black clouds threaten and swarm,
And the voice of nature is thundering forth:
Oh, back to the rage of the storms!
What wilder music?—what wilder music?
The fury that comes in transition.
Oh, back to the thunder
And deafening wonder
That comes with the rage of the storms.
Now all is still, the storm is o'er
And welcome are returns once more
And calmness reigns supreme.
Ah—what sweeter music breathes
Than morning when the summer woods
Are rich with gold the dawn beareth,
And dove-like o'er all a Salemsean brooks.
The world's own music—ever praising God.

PART III
MUSIC'S GLORY

All hail to Music!—Greet the Queen whose art
Inspires the soul or fed the heart.
She pervades throughout the world the glory
And wonder of her ancient stop
In sounds that trembling start.
In sounds that rise and grandly soar
Imnortal strains remembered evermore.

G. F. X. ANDERSON.
TO MY MOTHER
IN MUSIC'S PRAISE
A CANTATA

Part I
MUSIC AND THE ARTS

SOLI and CHORUS

G.F. R. ANDERSON

Moderately

KENT K. HADLEY

Op. 21

SOUFFLE

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

PIANO

All hail to Music!

Copyright, 1924, by G. Schirmer, Inc.
All hail to Music, All hail to Music! She
pours through the world the glory And wonder of her ancient story In
sounds that trembling start, In sounds that trembling start.

pours through the world the world the wonder of her ancient story In
pours through the world the world the wonder of her ancient story In
pours through the world the world the wonder of her ancient story In
pours through the world the world the wonder of her ancient story In

Hear them! hear them! Hear the winds that sweep,

The forest grove, the

foaming deep, The

waves that leap. They fill the world.

The forest grove. They fill the world.
Agitato con moto.

Hither, tossed and hurled,
Hither, tossed and hurled, tossed and hurled, tossed and hurled,
Hither, tossed and hurled, tossed and hurled, tossed and hurled,
Hither, tossed and hurled, tossed and hurled, tossed and hurled,

Horns

bear the winds that sweep,
They fill the world,

bear the tones that leap,
They fill the
dwell- ing, Mu- sic, whose glo- ri- ous spells pre- vail,

dwell- ing, Mu- sic, whose glo- ri- ous spells pre- vail.

cresc.

Music, whose glo- ri- ous power we hail. Music, En-
cresc.

Music, whose glo- ri- ous power we hail. Music, En-
cresc.

cresc.

chan- tress, Si- ren, Queen, Who holds the cho- ral stars in thrall

chan- tress, Si- ren, Queen, Who holds the cho- ral stars in thrall

1-04-6860-54
Enchantress, Siren, Queen, All
Beau- teous Siren, Queen, All
Enchantress Siren, Queen, All

hail the Queen who holds the stars is
who holds the choral stars in
hail the Queen who holds the stars in
Queen who holds the stars in

Tempo 1.

drawn.

Tempo 1

ff molto sostenuto
Più moto.

From north and south, from east and west, Troop

From north and south, from east and west, Troop

Più moto.

all those Arts that make earth blest, From east and west, from

all those Arts that make earth blest, From east and west, from
Painting, the maid whose wand of gold can scenes and visions bright unfold, her touch spins the artist's hand.

Her colors burn as one.

She rules the sunset fires; her spells command the sun rise and the

1-71-2380-66
sun. Paint ing whose

eyes re flect the sea. A prin cess gold en -

fair gold en - fair is she, a

prin cess gold en - fair is she.
Moderato quieto

SOPRANI.
Sculpture, with sad, tear-gas-ing eyes. And bos-om mar-ble cold

ALT.
Her heart knows not love, sweet sur-prise, and ec-sta-sy.
Pure as the chill white snow is she, A princess wondrous fair to see.

Pure as the chill white snow is she, A princess wondrous fair to see.
SOLO TENOR
Moderato ma non troppo

Blest Po-e-try, whose blue eyes shine With

poco a poco più moto

hopes au-ru-r-al light; And rare In-ven-tion, whose tri-amphant dream Crowns

poco a poco più moto

CHORUS.

cresc

Each comes, and tells The

Free-dom’s land su-preme; Each comes, and tells The

cresc

cresc
Each comes, and tells The
to the spell...

From north and south, from

Troop all those arts that make earth blest.

east and west, Troop all those arts that make earth blest.
And last and best of all
Comes she of noble mien

All hail! all hail!

Nunc, all hail to Nunc.
Part II.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

SOPRANO SOLO and CEORUS.
SOLO SOPRANO

Ah, what sweet music,

breathes Than mourn ing,

woods Are rich with gold

dawn be quenches And

dove like  rec all a calm ness
Leaves are rustling, seeming Wan-kesh from enchant ed

 dreaming, Mo-nor-ing their dreams to air.

 Heavenly music, soft and low And o\’er the song of the

 birds, it seems to flow every-where.

 Chant-ing the music of
In the trees, the murmuring trees,
In the dreamy hum of
In the trees, the murmuring trees,
In the dreamy hum of

The whispering cadence of the evening breeze,

All is music, heavenly pure and free.
Winter,

Crescendo,

All is music free.
Winter,
Music that mounts to realms by angels trod, The
Loud blows the gale from the north, And the black clouds threat-en and
Loud blows the gale from the north,
What wilder music? Hark to the

Loud blows the gale from the north,
What wilder music? Hark to the

Hark to the storm, Hark to the storm and the thunder,
Hark to the storm, Hark to the storm and the thunder,
Hark to the storm, Hark to the storm and the thunder,
	Hark to the thunder, Hark to the thunder,
Hark to the thunder that comes with the

rage of the storm.

dim poco a poco
Piu lento. SOLO SOPRANO

New all is still, the storm is oer.

And welcome sun re-turns once more, And calm-ness

Andante tempo primo.

reign... su- preme... cresc. ma-fio... rit...
Ah, what sweeter music
Ah, what sweeter music

breathes Than morning, when all the summer
breathes Than morning, when the

woods Are rich with gold the
Part III.
MUSICS GLORY.

CHORUS.

Largo.
Allegro moderato.

All hail to Music, the Queen whose art inspires the soul or-
All hail to Music, the Queen whose art inspires the soul or fires the heart.

All hail to Music, the Queen whose art inspires the soul, All hail to Music, Queen whose art inspires the soul or fires the heart, All hail to Music, the Queen whose art inspires the soul or fires the heart.
Music, the Queen whose art inspires the soul or fires the heart. She pours throughout the world the glory.

Music whose art inspires the soul or fires the heart. She pours throughout the world the glory.

Music, the Queen whose art inspires the soul or fires the heart. She pours throughout the world the glory.

Music, the Queen whose art inspires the soul or fires the heart. She pours throughout the world the glory.

Music, the Queen whose art inspires the soul or fires the heart. She pours throughout the world the glory.
Music, the Queen whose art inspires the soul or fires the heart, inspires the soul or fires the heart, inspires and fires the heart. Hail to Music, Music.
spires the soul or fires the heart. The Queen whose
tires the heart and in-spires the soul.

Hail the Queen whose art in-spires the soul, whose art in-

art in-spires the soul or fires the heart and fires the heart

All hail the Queen, All hail the Queen

All hail the Queen, All hail the Queen

All hail the Queen, All hail the Queen, whose art in-spires the

All hail the Queen.
whose art In - spires,
whose art In - spires,
whose art In - spires, whose art In -

soul and heart, whose art In -
whose art In - spires, whose art In -

spires, Whose art In - spires the
spires, Whose art In - spires, whose

spires, Whose art In - spires the
soul or fires the heart, or fires the heart.

art In - spires the soul, the soul, or fires the heart.

soul or fires the heart, In - spires the soul, or fires the heart.
spires the soul and heart.

She pours throughout the world.

glory And wonder of her story.
grandly rise and soar, re-membered ev'er more.

Maestoso.

All hail to Mo-

Vio-

sin, the Queen whose

Maestoso.

et al strains re-membered ev' er more.

Immortal strains re-membered ev'er more.

et al strains re-membered ev'er more.
art In - spires, whose art in - spires the soul,
In - spires the soul, art In - spires the soul.

Più moto.

whose art in - spires the soul, Grew the Queen whose
whose art in - spires the soul, Grew the Queen whose

art In - spires the soul or fires the
art In - spires the soul or fires the

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