To Miss Katherine Seymour Parsons

HORATIO PARKER

Op. 76

ALICE BRAND

CANTATA

FOR
THREE-PART CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES
WITH
SOLOS AND PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

POEM BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT

Vocal Score, 40 cents net

Book of Words, $2.00 a Hundred

G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK : 3 EAST 43d ST. • LONDON, W. : 18, BERNERS ST.
BOSTON • THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.
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ALICE BRAND

(Sir Walter Scott)

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

Now I must teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must sheaf from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away.

O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the raset gray,
As gay the forest-green.

And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood:
So lilt the Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who woned within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a rain'd church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

Why sounds ye stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?

Up, Urgan, up! to yoe mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ba,

Lay on him the curse of the withered heart.
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze did Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
I fear not sign, quoth the grisly elf,
That is made with bloody hands.

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear,—
And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer.

Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand.

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign,—
And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

And I conjure thee, demon elf,
By Him whom demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here.
"Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
Where fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle dream that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

It was between the night and the day,
When the Fairy King had power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And 'twixt life and death was snatched away.
To the joyless Elfin bower.

But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine.

She crossed him once, she crossed him twice—
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand,
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethen Brand!

Merry it is in the good Greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,
When all the bells were ringing.
To Miss Katharine Seymour Parsons

Alice Brand
Cantata
For Three-part Chorus of Women's Voices
with Solos and Piano Accompaniment

Poem by
Sir Walter Scott

Horatio Parker. Op. 76

Allegro moderato

Piano

SOPRANO I

Merry it is in the
good green-wood, When the
mavis and merie are sing-ing,
When the

SOPRANO II

Merry it is in the
good green-wood, When the
mavis and merie are sing-ing,
When the

ALTO

Merry it is in the
good green-wood, When the
mavis and merie are sing-ing,
When the

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deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry, And the

hunter's horn is ringing, the hunter's horn

hunter's horn is ringing, the hunter's horn, the

is ringing, ringing.

hunter's horn is ringing, ringing.

hunter's horn is ringing, ringing.
Richard (Baritone or Mezzo-Soprano)

O Alice Brand! my native land Is

lost for love of you; And we must hold by

wood and wood, As out-laws wont to do.

O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so

bright, And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luck-less flight Thy broth-er

bold-I slew.

O Alice

Brand!

Now I must teach to

hew the beech

The hand that held the
glaive, For leaves to spread our lowly bed, And

stakes to fence our cave.

And for vest of pali, thy

fingers small, That went on harp to
stray,

cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,

keep

the cold away.

dim.  mf express.
Alice (Soprano)

O Richard! if my brother died, 'Twas but a fatal chance, For darkling was the battle tried, And fortune sped the lance.

pall and vair no more I wear, Nor thou the crimson sheen, As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray, As gay the forest green.
And, Richard, if our lot be hard, And lost thy native land,

O Alice Brand, my

Still Alice has her own Richard,

native land is lost for love of you; For your locks so bright,

And he, and he his Alice Brand,

for your eyes so blue, my native land is lost for you, my native

land is lost for you.
Chorus

SOPRANO I

SOPRANO II

ALTO

\(\text{tis merry, tis merry, in good green-wood; So}\)

\(\text{tis merry, tis merry, in good green-wood; So}\)

\(\text{tis merry, tis merry, in good green-wood; So}\)

blithe Lady Alice is singing; On the beech’s pride, and the

blithe Lady Alice is singing; On the beech’s pride, and the

blithe Lady Alice is singing; On the beech’s pride, and the

oak’s brown side, Lord Richard’s axe is ringing; Lord Richard’s axe is

oak’s brown side, Lord Richard’s axe is ringing; Lord Richard’s axe is

oak’s brown side, Lord Richard’s axe is ringing; Lord Richard’s axe is
ringing, ringing, ringing, ringing, ringing,

Lord Richard's axe is ringing, ringing, ringing,

Lord Richard's axe is ringing,

Piu mosso

ringing. Up spoke the mood-y Elf-in
ringing. Up spoke the mood-y Elf-in
ringing. Up spoke the mood-y Elf-in

Piu mosso

King, Who woned with-in the hill, Like
King, Who woned with-in the hill, Like
King, Who woned with-in the hill, Like

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wind in the porch of a ruined

church, His voice was ghostly

shrill.

shrill.

shrill.
The Elfin King (Contralto)

Why sounds your stroke on beech and oak, Our moon-light circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer, beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear the fairies' fatalgreen?
Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal bie, For thou wert
christen'd man; For cross or sign thou
wilt not fly, For mutter'd word or ban. Lay on him the

curse of the wither'd heart, The curse of the sleep-less eye;

Till he wish and a tempo

pray that his life would part, Nor
yet find leave to die.

Chorus

SOPRANO I

SOPRANO II

ALTO

Tempo I

merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood Though the birds have still'd their

Tempo II

merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood Though the birds have still'd their
singing; The evening blaze doth Alice raise, And Richard is fagots

bringing. Up Urgan starts, that hideous
dwarf, Before Lord Richard stands, And, as he croasid and
I fear not sign
That is made
with
bless'd himself,
quoth the grisly elf,
the grisly
bless'd himself,
quoth the grisly elf,
the grisly
bless'd himself,
quoth the grisly elf,
the grisly
blood-y-hands.
elf.
But out then spoke she, Alice Brand, That woman void of
elf.
But out then spoke she, Alice Brand, That woman void of
elf.
But out then spoke she, Alice Brand, That woman void of
Alice   risoluto

And if there's blood upon his hand, 'Tis but the blood of deer.

Now loud thou fear, void of fear.

f

Liest, thou bold of mood! It cleaves unto his hand, The

f

Stain of thine own kind blood, The blood of Eth...

24404
Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand, And made the holy

Alice                molto
And if there's blood on Richards hand, A spotless hand is mine. And I con-
sign:
sign:
sign:

risoluto            ad lib.
jure thee, demon elf, By Him whom demons fear, To show us whence thou art thy.
self, And what thine errand here.

Chorus

Soprano I

Soprano II

Alto

Tempo come sopra

merry, tis merry, in Fairy-land, When fairy birds are

merry, tis merry, in Fairy-land, When fairy birds are

merry, tis merry, in Fairy-land, When fairy birds are

Tempo come sopra
singing, When the court doth ride by their monarch's side, With
singing, When the court doth ride by their monarch's side, With

bit and bridle ringing, with bit and bridle
bit and bridle ringing, with bit and bridle

Più mosso

ringing: And gaily shines the Fairy-land, But
ringing: And gaily shines the Fairy-land, But

Più mosso And gaily shines the
all is glistening show, Like the idle dream that December's beam can
Fair-land, But all is glistening show, Like the idle
dart on ice and snow. And
beam on snow. And
fading, like that varied gleam, Is our inconstant shape, Who
fading, like that varied gleam, Is our inconstant shape, Who
fading, like that varied gleam, Is our inconstant shape, Who

legg. PP
Andante un poco lento

Urgan

now like knight and lady seem, And now like

It was between the night and the day.
— When the Fairy King had pow'r,

That I sunk down in a sinful fray, And 'twixt

life and death was snatch'd away To the joy-less Elf-in

bowl.
But wist I of a woman bold, Who thrice my express.

Brow of my sign, I might regain my mortal mould, As fair a form as thine.
She crossed him once, she crossed him twice, That lady was so brave; The fouler grew his goblin hue, The darker grew the cave. She crossed him thrice, that lady bold; He rose

She crossed him once, she crossed him twice, That lady was so brave; The fouler grew his goblin hue, The darker grew the cave. She crossed him thrice, that lady bold; He rose

She crossed him once, she crossed him twice, That lady was so brave; The fouler grew his goblin hue, The darker grew the cave. She crossed him thrice, that lady bold; He rose
poco a poco cresce.

beneath her hand, he rose,

he rose

He rose

poco a poco cresce.

poco a poco cresce.

rose, he rose beneath her hand,

be neath her hand, be neath her

be neath her hand, be neath her

The fairest knight on Scottish mould,

hand, The fairest knight on Scottish mould, Her brother, hand, The fairest knight on Scottish mould, Her
Her brother, Ehrert Brand!

brother, her brother, Ehrert Brand!

Alice

Tempo I?

Merry it is in the good greenwood, When the
Merry it is in the good greenwood, When the
Merry it is in the good greenwood, When the
Merry it is in the good greenwood, When the

ma-vis and merle are singing, When the deer sweeps by, and the
ma-vis and merle are singing, When the deer sweeps by, and the
ma-vis and merle are singing, When the deer sweeps by, and the
ma-vis and merle are singing, When the deer sweeps by, and the
hounds are in cry, And the hunter's horn is ringing.

hounds are in cry, And the hunter's horn is ringing, And merry 'tis in

hounds are in cry, And the hunter's horn is ringing, And merry 'tis in

hounds are in cry, And the hunter's horn is ringing, And merry 'tis in

Now Alice has her

Alice Brand, My heart is lost for love of

Fair-y-land, When fair-y birds are sing-ing, When the

Fair-y-land, When fair-y birds are sing-ing, When the

Fair-y-land, When fair-y birds are sing-ing, When the
own Rich-ard, And he his Al-ice Brand.

you, For love of Al-ice Brand.

court doth ride, With bit and bri-dle
court doth ride, at their mon-arch's side, With bit and bri-dle
court doth ride, at their mon-arch's side, With bri-dle

p piu mosso
ring-ing, But mer-ri-er were they in Dun-ferm-line gray, When
ring-ing, But mer-ri-er were they in Dun-ferm-line gray, When
ring-ing, But mer-ri-er were they in Dun-ferm-line gray, When

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The bells were ringing,

When all the bells were ringing,

When all the bells were ringing,

When all the bells were ringing,
All the bells were ringing,

When all the bells were

All the bells were

All the bells were

cresc.