G. SCHIRMER'S
COLLECTION OF ORATORIOS
AND CANTATAS

THE CROSS OF FIRE
A DRAMATIC CANTATA
Founded on an incident in Sir Walter Scott's
"Lady of the Lake"

FOR SOLO, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA
(WITH ORGAN AD LIBITUM)

Poem by HEINRICH BULTHAUPF
English Version by HENRY G. CHAPMAN

THE MUSIC
BY
MAX BRUCH
Op. 52

VOCAL SCORE
Edited by FRANK DAMROSCH
Price: net $1.00

NEW YORK: G. SCHIRMER
BOSTON: THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.
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Preface

Long after the introduction of Christianity, and down to the early Middle Ages, there still survived in the Highlands of Scotland a singular heathen custom. When one clan declared war upon another, the chief, with solemn ceremonies, consecrated the so-called "Cross of Fire." A cross of yew was set on fire at an altar and quenched in the blood of a sacrificed goat; it was then given to a messenger of noble birth, whose duty it was to carry it with all possible speed to the next post, and there hand it on to a second messenger, who must also be a noble. This one must then carry it on without delay till he could deliver it to a third, and so on. In this way the Cross of Fire went the round of the whole country, in the shortest possible time, as a signal of war, and rallied to the flag every man-at-arms who saw it and responded to the call to battle.

The present poem is founded on this custom, which Sir Walter Scott has made use of in his "Lady of the Lake."
Argument

Accompanied by Highland warriors and dames, 'mid the festive sounds of marriage music, *Norman*, a young Highlander of noble birth, and his bride *Mary*, a noble maiden, are sailing across a lake to celebrate their nuptials at a neighboring mountain chapel (No. 1). The notes of an organ and festal shouts greet the wedding train as it lands on the shore, and to the sound of a marriage anthem approaches the church (No. 2). Just as the ceremony is about to begin, *Angus*, the messenger, bursts in, announces that war has broken out and hands over to *Norman* the Cross of Fire, at the chief's behest, as a signal of war, with the command that he carry it on. *Norman* brokenheartedly takes leave of his bride and rushes away with the Cross of Fire in his hand. The men seize their arms and hasten to the rendezvous, while the women surround *Mary*, speaking words of comfort (No. 3). The next scene (No. 4) describes *Norman*'s emotions while engaged in the fulfilment of his task. True to the command of his chief and the dictates of honor, he has carried forward the Cross, till now, torn by conflicting emotions, he sinks exhausted on a lonely path in the mountains. But soon his sense of duty is victorious, and the hope that he will return as a conqueror, and hold his beloved for ever in his arms, lends
wings to his feet anew. While the Chorus (which at this point assumes the rôle of narrator) is following his distant course with the mind’s eye and describing the effect of the fiery cross upon the people, Norman comes to the end of his journey. In No 6 (Ave Maria) are expressed the emotions of the bride who has been left alone. No. 7 (War-song) shows us Norman full of heroic emotion at the head of the Highland warriors, whom by the ancient battle-cry of “Clan Alpine!” he rouses to the highest pitch of bravery. In the Finale (No. 8) Mary and her women are standing on the top of a hill, from which, with the deepest interest, they watch the changing phases of the battle so evenly fought. Fleeing men-at-arms spread fear and dismay among the women by shouting that Norman has fallen and that the battle is lost; but soon sounds of victory are heard approaching—Norman’s heroic valor has secured a victory, and won for the lovers a most happy reunion, amid the joyous shouts of warriors and the celebrations of the populace.
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IN order to facilitate the reading at sight of the choruses in this work by choirs which are accustomed to the use of the "movable do," the modulations have been indicated by placing figures above the notes wherever the transition from one key to another takes place.

Chromatic tones have also been provided with figures designating their position in the tonality.

Thus, on page 2 the modulation from E major to C major is indicated thus:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{E major} & : \quad \text{C major} \\
E & \quad 8 \quad C & \quad 3 \\
\text{E} & \quad 7 \quad C & \quad 2 \\
\text{E} & \quad 3 \quad C & \quad 5 \\
\text{E} & \quad 1 \quad C & \quad 3
\end{align*}
\]

It is believed that this will be of great assistance to many choral societies, and will tend towards a more intelligent study of the work, while interfering in no wise with the usual reading of the notes by those who read by interval, "fixed do," or by intuition(!).

FRANK DAMROSCH.
The Cross of Fire.
Dramatic Cantata.

No. 1. Chorus.


Allegro moderato.

Piano.

Copyright, 1903, by G. Schirmer.
2 B Chorus.
SOPRANO.

ALTO. P poco Hail, dew laden

TENOR. Hail, dew laden Orient!

BASS. Hail, dew laden Orient!

trattutto

Orient!

Smiling West!

Smiling West!

dolce

Hail, dew laden morning!

morning!

Smiling
West! Drowsily

West! Drowsily

Drowsily heaves the lake its
Drowsily heaves the lake its
heaves the lake its crystalline
heaves the lake its crystalline

crystalline waters!
crystalline waters!
waters!
waters!

sempre p f
rf5 f5
Play, lads, now play!

Our bark with garlands is gay and gay!

Blow! Blow!

Waken the sleepers with Highland singing,

Waken the sleepers with Highland singing.
Blow!

While the Pride of Clan Alpine bringing, Joy-

Joyous and glad, to his marriage feast!
Dare I gaze with eyes undaunted

On the

brightness of our pleasure?

Do I clasp thee on my bosom, Mountainstar, my love, my treasure?
Yes! it is the blessed morn-ing!

Light of life on us is dawning!

All the earth is golden bright!

With a heav'n-ly, ho-ly light!

Light of...
is the blessed morning,
life on us is dawning,
All the earth is golden
With a heavenly, holy

H a tempo ($d = 108$)
bright!
a tempo
light!
SOPRANO.
ALTO.

Chorus. TE.
BASS. Play, now play!
Play, now play!

18843
Play, lads, now play!

Wake—en the

Scare me the eagle on lazy sea-folk to—day!

high in his nest!

Blow till ye

Blow till ye

Blow till ye
set the shores a-ring-ing! Blow till ye
set the shores a-ring-ing! Blow till ye
set the shores a-ring-ing! Blow till ye
set the shores a-ring-ing! Blow till ye

set the shores a-ring-ing, While the Pride of Clan Al-pine
set the shores a-ring-ing, While the Pride of Clan Al-pine
set the shores a-ring-ing, While the Pride of Clan Al-pine
set the shores a-ring-ing, While the Pride of Clan Al-pine

bring-ing, Joy-ous and glad, to his mar-rriage
bring-ing, Joy-ous and glad, to his mar-rriage
bring-ing, Joy-ous and glad, to his mar-rriage
bring-ing, Joy-ous and glad, to his mar-rriage
No. 2. Chorus.

Soprano.  pp  A  From the shades of the forest

Alto.  pp  From the shades of the forest

Tenor.  pp  From the shades of the forest

Bass.  From the shades of the forest

Andante.

Calls the church-bell sweet and clear, Charms fear away,

Calls the church-bell sweet and clear, Charms fear away,

Calls the church-bell sweet and clear, Charms fear away,

Calls the church-bell sweet and clear, Charms fear away,

sempre pp
Plant ye flowers of love and grace! Follow Him, who by His birth comforts and will save the earth! Enter here!

sempre dim. e decresc. pp morendo
No 3. Concerted Piece.

Allegro agitato.

Mary.

Norman. Recit.

Who comes, as on wings of the storm he were

Recit.

Begrimed with borne!

dust, and tatter'd by thorn?
The Cross of Fire!
Of

The Cross of Fire!
Of

The Cross of Fire!
Of

The Cross of Fire!
Of

war 'tis the brand!
war 'tis the brand!
war 'tis the brand!
war 'tis the brand!

B Allegro moderato.
Angus.
Haste, Nor-man!
Take this rev-e-rend gage,
That
priests have consecrated in gore! The chief has sent it! Bear thou it onward To nearest clan time presses sore! On! Hasten! Ye men, to your arms, there, and for—
C Allegro.  
Norman.  
Recit.  

From my lips the cup is dashed!

Woe!  
Woe!

Woe!  
Woe!

Woe!  
Woe!

Woe!  
Woe!

C Allegro.  
Recit.  

molto cresc.

\[ \text{\textit{a tempo}} \]

Recit.  

Near, so near the draught of pleasure, simile

\[ \text{\textit{a tempo}} \]

Recit.  

\[ \text{\textit{agilito}} \]

Mast I lightly up, and leave thee? Oh! my
Allegro agitato.

D

a tempo

love, my life, my treasure! Aye! perchance for ever-

cresc.

more! (Non troppo susers)

Mary.

Let me clasp

_thee to my bosom! Nay! 'tis all

cresc.

be-yond, above me! Wilt thou leave me, thou

love me? Go where trouble lies in store?
Wilt thou leave me, thou love me?

Go where trouble lies in store,

colla parte

E

store?

Norman.

Angus.

Ah! thou my

Go! thy oath will else be broken!

a tempo

cresc
Cross of Fire, must thou brandish on high! A herald of

Mary.

Let me

war thro' the land must thou hie!
clasp thee to my bosom! Nay, 'tis all beyond, a-

Angus.

Must I light - ly up and leave thee? must I

Go!

bove me! Wilt thou leave me, tho' thou love me? Go where

light - ly up and leave thee?

Go!

Go!

Go!

46843
trouble lies in store?

must I lightly up, and leave thee?

On! on! on! on! Thy oath will else be

O stay! O stay!

O stay! O stay!

Go! the Lord of Hosts now

Wilt thou leave me, wilt thou love me?

Leave my darling, leave my

rendered! Save our land, whatever be -

Ah! shall her heart be broken, her

calls thee! The Lord of Hosts now calls thee!

calls thee! The Lord of Hosts now calls thee!
Go where trouble lies in treasure, Ay! perchance for ever falls thee, our land, whatever be falls heart be brother her heart be brother Go! The Lord of Hosts now calls G store? more! thee! ken? thee! thee! thee! G
Alla breve, molto moderato.

well then, beloved, I must, I wish!

Thrice eyes, they are weeping,
Thy lips, how they tremble!

Sweet sorrow,

this!
Tis the farewell kiss!
Recit.

A- way! No wav'ring! no doubt or fear!

The

un poco ritard.

con forza

cross on high! 'tis of the Lord! His star

coll'voce

— of grace doth hope afford!

For I shall return in honor, I
trow, From the wrack of the fight with a wreath on my brow!

TENOR.

Chorus of Men. With wreaths on our brow, in

BASS. With wreaths on our brow, in

hon - or, I trow, hon - or, we trow, From the wrack hon - or, we trow, From the wrack
Agitato.

gone!

gone!

Agitato.

ff con fuoco

SOPRANO.

The Cross of Fire shall be lifted on

ALTO.

The Cross of Fire shall be lifted on
SOPRANO I.

high, A her-al-d of war thro' the land he will hie!

SOPRANO II.

high, A her-al-d of war thro' the land he will hie!

ALTO.

high, A her-al-d of war thro' the land he will hie!

Allegro molto (Tempo I.)

And tho' thine eye wander far and wide,

And tho' thine eye wander far and wide,
Andante.

Thou no more shalt see him, pale, love-ly bride!

Andante con moto (The as before.)

Thou no more shalt see him, pale, love-ly bride!

The Cross is his

The Cross is his shield, the
The Cross is his shield! It is the Lord's,
Cross is his shield, is his shield! It is the Lord's,

Trust to the grace the Cross affords!

This weapon in the hand that's
This weapon in the hand that's
This weapon in the hand that's
cresc. molto

16842
pure\nPure \MakeLowercase{makes death of Hell's defiance}\n
sure!\nThe Cross \MakeLowercase{is the fight!}\n
Mary.\n\textit{expr.} O_{\textit{pesante}}\nThe Cross \MakeLowercase{is his shield,}\n
The Cross \MakeLowercase{is the right!}\n
Cross \MakeLowercase{is the right!}\n
Cross \MakeLowercase{is the right!}\n
16843
No 4. Norman in the Mountains.

Scene.

Agitato, ma non troppo vivace.

Norman.

My bed to-night the heath a-

lone, My pillow but a mossy
stone!

And

lulled to sleep by sentry's drone,

So

far from thee, my Light, O Mary!

espress.

calando So far from thee, my Light, O

Mary! So far, so far from thee,
far from thee, my Light, O Mary!

Far, far from thee, my Light, O Mary!

B a tempo

Mary!

ff a tempo
Espress.

Ah! who can tell, my lovely bride,

But by tomorrow's even tide,

That pale and dumb I here may
bide, Nor canst thou wake me then, my Mary.

Ma-ry, That pale and dumb I here— may bide, Nor

un poco cresc. sempre cresc. e string.

un poco stringendo cresc. molto

ff C

ten. ten. ff

sforz.

16843
Oh! how my heart within me swells,

When on thy face my memory dwells, Sees in thine eye the
dolce espress.

tear that wells, Because we two must
part, my Mary! Because we two must

molto cresc.

part, because we two must part, my

Mary!

That tho' so far from love and thee In

soul and body, I shall be Swift as an ar-

16843
When once this dreadful night is gone,
Then, tho' in battle I'm o'er-done, Believe me, thoughts of thee a-lone In throes of death were mine,

Mar-ry! Believe me, thoughts of thee a-lone In throes of death were mine,
O, believe
me, thoughts of thee alone,

O be-

molto rit.
lieve me, thoughts of thee a-

lone!
How fair the world will seem a-

Dolce ed
gain!

How

Espressivo
dolce e tranquillo

Sweet the lin-net's bridal strain, 'Mid scent-ed el-der-
colla parte

Tranquillo

A tempo cresc.
boughs, my Mary! How sweet the lin-net's bridal

A tempo cresc.
\textit{Mid scented elder-boughs, my Ma-

ry! The 

ery's wreath,}

the 

ty's wreath should I __

--obtain______O Ma-

\textit{ten.} 

\textit{ten.} 

\textit{ten.}
ry, my Mary, my

Mary!
No 5. The Rising.

Allegro molto.

Chorus.

The Cross of

Fiery Cross!

The Cross of

The Cross of

Fire!

Speed, Norman,

Fire!

Speed, Norman,

Fire!

Speed, Norman,
speed! speed! speed!

O'er hill and dale, O'er moor and fen, Thy perilous course Must thou
O'er hill and dale, O'er moor and
urge a - main!

O'er hill and dale, O'er moor and
urge a - main!

Fen, Thou must
Ten, Thy per - i - lous course Thou must
Speed, Nor - man! Thy per - i - lous

course a - main!

urge a - main!

B con *fuoco*

18843
BASS.
Where the chasm doth yawn, where the rocks tow'r

TENOR.
Be-ware! for there's man-y a steep,
Be-ware! for there's man-y a steep,

BASS.

SOPRANO.
Where the
dang-rous leap!

ALTO.
Where the
dang-rous leap!
chasm doth yawn, where the rocks tow'r steep. Beware! for there's many a dangerous speed! Beware! for there's many a dangerous leap!

Beware! a dangerous
Speed, Norman, speed! Norman, speed!

leap! Norman, speed! Norman, speed!

Speed, Norman, speed! Norman, speed!

leap! Norman, speed! Norman, speed!

By land,

By land,

By land,

By land,

By water, a foot,

By water, a foot,

By water, a foot,

By water, a foot,
They're coming, they're gathering force on force, they're gathering force on force!

They're coming, they're gathering force on force, they're gathering force on force!
waves of tumult Growing and growing!

Speed, Norman!

Speed, Norman, speed!

Nor - man, speed!

Speed, Norman, speed!
Allegro energico, ma non troppo vivace.

F.

speed!
speed!
speed!
Now far and farther
speed!
Allegro energico, ma non troppo vivace.

F.

con brio

For all are a-glow with
For all are a-glow with
spreads the fire!
spreads the fire!

bat-tle-ire!
bat-tle-ire!

Men with
Men with
ladies and grand sires living,

ladies and grand sires living,

Yearn for the honor and

Yearn for the honor and

Men with

Men with

glory of dying!

glory of dying!
earth thunders low, 'Tis the tramp of the

Folk, to our freedom a

foe! War-songs re-

foe! War-songs re-

foe! War-songs re-

foe! War-songs re-

foe! War-songs re-
sound and the earth thunders low, 'Tis the

tramp of the Folk, to our

freedom a foe!
War-songs resound and the earth thunders low!

con fuoco

War-songs resound and the earth thunders low!
N° 6. Ave Maria.

Adagio ma non troppo.

Ave Maria, Virgin Queen! Ave Maria!

O come to me when night is dark,

With light surrounded,

on my heart sore wounded!

The
storm is raging without on the lea,

O come, bring thou some light to me! Maria, I'm but a reed, wind-shaken: Help me, forsaken! Ave Maria,
Vir- gin! A- ve Mar- ia! A- ve Mar- ia!

Andante con molto di moto. 

Where art thou, my lov'd one;

Andante con moto.

in ter- rors of dark- ness?

Who spreads thee the couch thy re- fresh- ment de- mands?

Who covers thee gently with lov- ing hands?  When comes the day, Who
guards thee in the heat of the fray?

a tempo (Allegro)

Reed.

Arrows, bolts and lances are flying!

trem.

stringendo

Alla breve, ma non troppo.

stringendo

Woe's me!

woe's me!

Spent and

molto cresc.
dying, On our warriors' outermost wall The horses fall!

They're charging again!

Saviour of man!

Nor—man!
Norman! He sinks! He's

Molto cresc.

Slain!

Adagio. (Tempo I)

Cresc.

Express.

Molto express.

Ave Maria, Virgin Queen!

Violoncelli

Tranquillo
Ave Maria!

If o'er the stormy sea thou fare,

It stills the wildest waves to meet thee!
Thou smil'est, and from rock and thorn Sweet summer flowers spring up to greet thee. For we are naught, with all our power! Be thou our help in danger's hour! Those thou
No 7. War Song.

Allegro energico.

(Scottish melody)

B Norman.

Clan Alpine! Clan Alpine! Clan Alpine! Who wears a wound up-

TEN. I. II.

Chorus of Men. Clan Alpine!

BASS I. II.

B Clan Alpine!

Copyright, 1903, by G. Schirmer.
on his breast, As 'twere a rose?  Who with a song and

Clan Alpine!

Clan Alpine!

merry jest To battle goes?  Then on like a

Clan Alpine!

Clan Alpine!

wolf that has scented prey!

Clan Alpine! Clan

Clan Alpine! Clan
Our songs, like eagles,
Alpine!
Alpine!
Alpine!

leading the way!
Clan Alpine! Clan Alpine!

Tho’dearly our lives we cherish,
Alpine!
Alpine!

16943
Clan Alpine! Clan Alpine! Clan Alpine!

The Saxon maid en cow's, And clasps her
wretched hands,

The blood of him she loves is
The air with cymbal clash resounds!

Tho' dearly our lives we cherish,

Sweet 'tis, sweet for our freedom to perish!

Sweet 'tis,
sweet for our freedom to perish!

'tis, sweet for our freedom to perish!

ish!

ish!
sweet for our freedom to per-

a tempo

ish!

ish!

ish!

poco rit.

a tempo

poco rit.

1
Allegro moderato.

Chorus of Women.
SOPR. I.

SOPR. II.
ALTO.

Storm-clouds whirl in rifts thro' the vale,
Swirling, waving, dividing!

Swirling, waving, dividing!

Lead-grey thro' the browning

Lead-grey thro' the browning
heather Rushes the heather Rushes the

An eagle's cry!

stream.

stream.

cresc. molto

O - ver - head

cresc. molto
Wild - er,

the ra - vens are flap - ping,

wild - er the mist chas - es by!

Wild - er, wild - er the mist chas - es
Here on the height no sound one hears,

Here on the height no sound one hears,

See, see yonder bristling spears!

See, see yonder bristling spears!

See, see yonder bristling spears!
Lances whistle and crossbow crack,
The trumpets blare and the clarions rally!
Down in the valley is battle and wrack!
L'istesso tempo. (ad lib.)

Mary.

Clan Alpine's blood-ree banner bright!

How proudly thou wav'st in the
Ah, God save thee now! May the Leader above us safe-

express.

Ah, God save thee!

Mary.

now! May the Leader above us safe-

SOPRANO 1.

Safe guard him, O God, Thou Leader, Thou

SOPRANO II.

Safe guard him, O God, Thou Leader, Thou

PALTO.

Safe guard him, O God, Thou Leader, Thou
But woel! It has vanish'd!

But woel! It has vanish'd!

But woel! It has vanish'd!
me!

Woe's me!

The me!

Woe's me!

The me!

Woe's me!

The

Mary.

Nor-

foe comes on, 'tis we that fly!

fee comes on, 'tis we that fly!

fee comes on, 'tis we that fly!

man!

Nor- man!

Woe- and de-

colia voce
M a tempo

spair!

Chorus of Men.

TENOR I.

Norma's

TENOR II.

Norma's

BASS I.

Norma's down!

M a tempo

down!

Save yourselves, comrades!

Now all is

down!

Save yourselves, comrades!

Now all is

Save yourselves, comrades!

Now all is over!

All has been lost!

All has been lost!

All, ay!
Chorus of Women.

SOP. I. *a tempo (Andante.)*

SOP. II. A-las, poor bride! 'Twas with death thou wast al- lied!

ALTO. A-las, poor bride! 'Twas with death thou wast al- lied!

*a tempo (Andante.)*
Chorus of Women.

O Allegro maestoso, ma non troppo vivace.

SOPRANO I.

SOPRANO II.

ALTO.  

Are they nearer now the battle draws?  Are they

O Allegro maestoso, ma non troppo vivace.

our men, or the foe?

our men, or the foe?

Is it not the ancient pi-broch That Clan Alpine

Is it not the ancient pi-broch That Clan Alpine
Sounds are

ten. ten. ten.

sempre cresc.

joy - ful, thro’ the night Breaks a ray of

joy - ful, thro’ the night Breaks a ray of

are joy - ful, thro’ the night Breaks a ray of

hope - ful light!

hope - ful light!

hope - ful light!
Chorus of Men.

TEN. I. II.

Hail!

BASS I. II.

Hail!

Hail!

Chorus of Women.

SOPR. I. II.

Hear it, Lady

Hear it, Lady

hear a right!

hear a right!

Q Allegro energico.
TEN. I.  

Lord Norman has destroy'd the foe,

TEN. II.  

Lord Norman has destroy'd the foe,

Chorus of Men.  

Lord Norman has destroy'd the foe,

BASS I.  

Lord Norman has destroy'd the foe,

BASS II.  

Lord Norman has destroy'd the foe, (d now equal to d before)

His eagle talons the
viper tore, The Earth doth
viper tore, The Earth doth
viper tore, The Earth doth
viper tore, The Earth doth
semper ff

know it, she drank his
know it, she drank his
know it, she drank his
know it, she drank his

And Heav'n never
And Heav'n never
And Heav'n never
And Heav'n never

16843
sweeps a long

sweeps a long

sweeps a long

sweeps a long

High

High

High

High

Ancient song!

Ancient song!

Ancient song!

Ancient song!

O'er lake and woodland

O'er lake and woodland

O'er lake and woodland

O'er lake and woodland

The ancient lay, the

The ancient lay, the

The ancient lay, the

The ancient lay, the
proud - ly, proud - ly in
lake and wood-land sweeps a-long The an - cient,

proud - ly, proud - ly in
lake and wood-land sweeps a-long The an - cient, the

trem.

Allegro agitato.

morn - ing light!
morn - ing light!

High - land song!

High - land song!
Allegro agitato.

Mary.

Norman.

Norman!

Belov - ed!
love li - est

16843
Hear I thy voice now at my bride!

Thy side? My grief has vanish'd, and bride groom wakes thee, the morn is gone is fear.

here!

Once again to me art
given, is it thy dear face I see?

Can it be so,

what a thousand voices seem to sing to me?

Norman.

affassionato

'Twas of thee I dreamed in darkness
In the fight my sun thou wert,

That a flood of spring-tide pour est Hot.

Mary. U a tempo

and young against my heart?

SOPRANO. U ff

All our sadness

ALTO. ff

All our sadness

TENOR. ff

All our sadness

BASS. ff

All our sadness
All that banished

Turns to gladness!

Thee has vanish'd!

Me has vanish'd!

Union will our
Hold we closer, hand in hand.

Halt we closer, hand in hand.

foes withstand!

foes withstand!

foes withstand!

foes withstand!

foes withstand!

Union, Union will our

Union, will our

Union, will our

Union, will our

con brio Union, will our
Hail to thee, proud
foes with-stand!
foes with-stand!
foes with-stand!
foes with-stand!

life of free-

dom In our own free Father

16843
Mary.

Hail to thee, proud life of freedom
Hail to thee, proud life of freedom
In our own free Father-land!
In our own free Father-land!

Hail to thee, proud life of freedom
Hail to thee, proud life of freedom
Hail to thee,
Hail to thee,

In our own free Father-land!
Hail to

In our own, free Fa-ther-land!

Hail to thee!

All

Hail to thee!

Hail to thee!

Hail to thee,

proud

All hail, proud life of free-

hail to thee!

Hail to thee,

All

hail!

All hail!

All hail!

Hail to thee!

hail to thee!

sempre f
Hail to thee, proud life of freedom, life of freedom!
Hail to thee, hail to thee, all hail!
Hail to thee, all hail!
All hail, proud life of freedom, life of freedom!
Hail, proud life of freedom, life of freedom!

18843
Come, we will take our stand
On the shores of the new land,
Where the banner of freedom shall wave
Over the land of our love.

Hail to thee, O home of the free,
Where the heart of our people doth breee,
O home of the brave, land of the free,
Hail to thee, sweet land of the free.

Poco rit.  
A tempo, un poco string.

Freedom in our own free Fatherland!
Freedom in our own free Fatherland!
Freedom in our own free Fatherland!
Freedom in our own free Fatherland!

Hail to thee!
Hail to thee, proud life of freedom!
Hail to thee, proud life of freedom!
Tempo I.

thee, proud life of freedom in our

thee,

thee, proud life of freedom in our

thee,

thee,

All

Tempo I.

sempre ff

own free Fatherland! Hail to

proud life of freedom!

own free Fatherland! Hail to

proud life of freedom!

proud life of freedom!

hail,

hail, all hail!
Hail to thee, hail to thee!
Hail to thee, proud life
Hail to thee, proud life of freedom in our
Hail to thee! All hail!
Hail to thee! All hail!
Hail to thee! All hail!
Hail to thee! All hail!
Hail to thee! All hail!
Hail to thee! All hail!
Hail to thee! All hail!
All hail!
All hail!
All hail!
All hail!
## ORATORIOS AND CANTATAS

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