COMALA,

A

DRAMATIC POEM,

AFTER OSSIAN.

SET TO MUSIC FOR

SOLI, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA.

By

NIELS W. GADE.


TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN, BY

J. C. D. PARKER.

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Dudley Buck

Brooklyn, 1847.
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ARGUMENT.

Comala, the daughter of Sarno, King of Innistore, so says tradition, entertained a violent passion for Fingal, King of Morven. Fingal returned her love; and Comala, clad as a warrior, followed him in an expedition against Caracul, King of Lochlin. On the day of battle, on the shores of the Carun, Fingal leaves her on a height whence she can overlook the fight, and promises, if victorious, to return at evening. Comala, full of anxious forebodings, awaits Fingal's return. Amid the howling of the storm, the spirits of the fathers appear to her, as they move toward the battle-field to conduct to their home the souls of the fallen; she imagines the battle lost, and Fingal slain. Overcome with grief, Comala dies.—Fingal returns victorious, with songs of triumph, and learns from her weeping maidens the death of his beloved; lamenting, he bids the Bards praise her in song, and with her attendants to waft her departing soul with hymns to the abodes of the fathers.

INTRODUCTION.

Comala.—My hopes, my fond dreams are all departed!

Dersagrena.—See! yonder sits Comala, and gazes into the vale where they were marching; sorrow and doubt her eye doth sadden. Come, Melicoma, and strive with your song to cheer her spirit.

Melicoma.—So let us then sing her a song of Fingal's exploits, till echo come from the hills of Morven.

BALLAD.—Dersagrena.

From Lochlin came to battle Suanan, the haughty knight, Over the rolling billow, On Morven's plain to fight. For Fingal's life-blood thirsting, He vowed revenge to take. And came for land and sceptre With him the lance to break.

Melicoma and Chorus of Virgins. O hear'st thou, Comala, what Fingal hath done, Whom foe ne'er yet hath vanquished!

Chorus of Warriors.

On! on! the standard upraise, Fingal to victory leads, Follow the brave king of Morven. Challenge the foes, &c., &c.

Comala.—My hopes, my fond dreams are all departed, and nought but peril remains. O, dreadful is the stillness; nothing I hear, nought but the distant stream that yonder murmurs; nothing I see, save dark and frowning clouds that lower in the heavens. My hopes, my fond dreams are all departed.

Dersagrena, Melicoma and Chorus of Virgins.—Sorrow not, why art thou weeping! Fingal yet lives, the brave. O why dost thou trouble for him, who no fear doth know? O sorrow not!
Comalas.—Still, all now is hush'd, no sound is heard, save
the roar of the stream; darkness veils the mountain heights.
See there, Melicane, what is'n't near yonder wood, that so
quickly moves! Oh! woe is me! Is it not one of Fingal's
warriors?

Melicane.—O banish thine anxious vision. 'Tis a deer
thou seest, swift darting through the vale.

Comalas.—See ye the pale moving shadows giant-like? See
how they're bowling o'er us. The lightning did reveal their
awful forms approaching.

Daragheena.—O Comalas, what thou seest are no spirit forms,
but rocky cliffs, illumined by the lightning's flash.

Comalas.—Where art thou, Fingal? All around me night
draweth on. Hast ye not wild distant tumult, the cry of woe,
the clash of armor! They fly now, they come in their
hurried flight.

Daragheena and Melicane.—It is the storm amid the tree-
tops howling, and from the distant hills the echoes answer.

Comalas.—Say why, O stream, is thy wave crimson'd in
blood? Look on, thy shores now and forsaken; slumber.
Fingal the brave! O daughter of night, look down from
thy throne in the sky, that I may see by thy bright ray the
glitter of his corses. Or else, slay thou, O death, be
welcome. Thou light of the fathers, come and show me the
hero in death reposing.

Chorus of Virgins.—Madly rages the storm—come, let us
fly, ere death o'ercast us in the lightning's flash. See how
the pale shadows of the slain are guided by; woe to us, when
the conquering foe shall approach.

Chorus of Spirits.

We wander in the storm o'er plain,
Thro' cloud and mist our pathway leads us:
We guide them to the fathers' home,
The heroes in the battle fallen.
Where the battle joined
In valley, on height,
There rest we and call them,
There summon and welcome
Each one that falls.

Comalas.

Ye spirits of the fathers,
Tell me each one that falls,
But Fingal not—
What whisper they? what say they?
Oh woe! he hath fallen, he is no more,
O why, ye spirits, appear ye to me?

Chorus of Spirits.
The battle's rage is past and o'er,
In combat fell the warrior prince,
And now his shade is homeward fleeting.

Comalas.

O could I were sitting by Carun's waters!
O that I may tears with its wave might mingle!
Fall of sorrow, in youth now I follow
Thee to the grave where thou sleepest.
Shade of Fingal, that dwell'st in the clouds,
Hearer o'er me! O come!
Comalas follows thee!

Chorus of Warriors.

Escaped is the foe's wild tumult,
His steed treads no more on the mountain;
Before Fingal's arm they have fled.

As thunder doth roll in the heavens,
As o'er the plain bowls the tempest,
So raged in his fury Morven
From the hills comes the glad shout of victory!
And armor of Fingal is clasping,
All stained in Carun's blood.

Chorus of Virgins.

O cease thy song of triumph now,
Ye knights of Fingal, still, O still!
The foe hath fled before your arm,—
But mourn for us and you!

Fingal.

Why doth thy song thus lament?
The foe hath fled before mine arm,
The battle slain by Carun's blood,
Thrice echo each mountain height,
Where Comalas waits for me.

Chorus.

O cease thy song of triumph now,
For never shall thou see Comalas!
In grief for thee her spirit fled,
O mourn for us and you!

Fingal.

O Comalas!
The foe hath fled before mine arm,
The storm is o'er, the sun breaks forth;
But thou, light of my soul,
O Comalas, art lying dead and cold
In the grave.
Let me see now my beloved,
Show me where his fair one sleeps;
Pale and lifeless is she now
Whom I so dearly loved.

Chorus.—O mourn!

Fingal.

O would thou mightest live as one thou didst live!
Would I might bear the gentle tones
Of thy voice, O Comalas!

Chorus.—O mourn! mourn Comalas!

Fingal.

O'er the mountain must I wander,
Forvokest day and night!
No more thro' the forest shalt thou walk,
No more by the mountain stream.

Chorus.—O mourn!

Fingal.—O would thou mightest live, &c.

Chorus.—O mourn, mourn Comalas!

Fingal.

Strike now your harp strings, and raise your song.
Sing, ye maidens of Morven, sing, ye bards,
Comalas's praise; wait her with song.
Above to the fathers' dwelling.

Chorus of Bards and Virgins.

From their cloud-home above,
Spirits ancestral are watching,
And lightnings around her are flashing,
When resounds o'er the meadow her call?
When comes she for the chase from the mountain?
Moonbeams are bearing aloft
The soul of the maiden.
Send us thine image in visions bright,
And lighten our sorrow;
Comfort our sorrowing hearts.
Born on the moonbeads now arises
The soul of the maiden departing;
The shades of the +bears+ are calling.
INTRODUCTION.

*Molto moderato.*

No. 1. CHORUS OF BARDS AND WARRIORS.

Andante.

Allegro non troppo.
On! on! on! loud peals the horn, loud peals the

on! The standard upraise, the standard upraise! On to the fight!

horn, on! on! on! on to the fight!

Fin - gal to vic - t'ry leads, Fin - gal
to victory leads; Follow the brave king of

Mor - ven. On! loud pealeth the horn, On,

On! the standard upraise, the standard upraise, On,

on to the fight, on to the fight, on to the
fight.

Fall...... on Caracul's armies like spirits of

Fall on Caracul's armies like spirits of upper air.

air,

Fall on Caracul's armies like spirits of

fall on Caracul's armies like spirits of upper air.

air, follow the king of the lances,

follow him,
follow him, follow him, follow him, follow! Challenge the
foemen, challenge the foemen all to the fight. Death must ye fear not, Fear on-
ly flight. On! on! Hear, hear the
voices of the fathers! hear, hear the voices of the fathers! On! On!

Ere morning dawns shall Caracul fall before the brave king of
Morven, follow the brave king of Morven.

follow the brave king of Morven. follow the brave king, follow the

Morven, follow the brave king, follow the brave king, the

brave... king of Morven.
No. 2.  

Fingal.  

Andante. (Ad Libitum.)  

Yet to-day will I destroy this proud king's might; This day his blood shall mingle with Carun's limpid waters; The

hills the dreadful shout re-echo, When he and all his host in battle perish.

As leaf by the wind, before mine arm the foe shall
Piu lento.

scatter,

Co- ma-la! ere yet the night is ended, I will return to thee.

Andante con moto.

Fare-well, thou beloved! Fear thee not, fear thee not, For I am in league with Victory, And with
Love, ........ Love, ................

Fare - well, thou light of my soul! ........

There is no ray my path to illumine; And all ........... a

round me is veill’d .... in night. Fear thee not, fear thee

not, for I am in league with vict’ry, and with
Love,... Thou be-loved, O... fear thee not, Fare-well, be-

O Fin-gal, O may the fa-thers pro-tect

not be-loved;

Fare-well, Fear thee
thee! And, fall'st thou, then here upon this
not, beloved!

mountain, I die, O Fingal, O
fear thee not, O fear thee not, be-

dolce.

may they, the fathers protect thee! O Fingal, O may the
loved! farewell, beloved,
faith. protect thee!

fear thee not, O thou beloved, fare well, thou beloved, fear thee

not, beloved, fear thee not, Ere yet the morning dawns, shall Caracul fall,

and I return to thee, O... fear thee not, fare...
No. 3. CHORUS OF WARRIORS.

Allegro non troppo.

On! on to the fight, Fingal to victory!

On! on to the fight, Fingal to victory!

On! on to the fight! Fingal to victory!
leads,

On,

Follow the brave king of Mor-

ven.

On!

On! the standard up-

Loud pealeth the horn, On, on to the fight.

On to the raise, the standard upraise,
fight, on to the fight! on, on,

follow him, follow him, follow, follow

follow him, follow him, follow him, follow him

follow him, follow! challenge the foemen, challenge the foemen, all

follow him, follow him,
to the fight, Challenge the foe to the fight, all to the fight,

On, on to the fight, on, on to the fight, On, to the fight, on, on to the fight,

On, on to the fight, on, on to the fight, on, on to the fight, on to the fight,
No. 4.  

_Andoante. ad lib._

_PP

**Comala.**

O, dreadful is the stillness,

My hopes, my

**Piano-forte.**

_semper pp_

PP

fond dreams are all departed,

And naught but peril remains;

O, dreadful is the

stillness, nothing I hear, naught but the distant stream that yonder murmurs; nothing I see, save dark and

frowning clouds that lower in the heav'ns. My hopes, my fond dreams are all departed, yes, all!
Comala.

Andantino.

Dersagrena.

Sor-row not, why art thou weeping? Yet lives Fin-gal, the brave. O sor-row not, why

dol.

Melcomma.

Chor. of Virgins.

Sor-row not, O sor-row not, why

Andantino.
why, why dost thou tremble, O, why, why dost thou tremble for him, who no danger

fears? O, sorrow not, sorrow not, sorrow not, sorrow not,
Recit. poco lento.

My hopes, my fond dreams are all departed, yes, all!

Andantino.

See! yonder sits Comala, and gazes into the vale where they were marching;

Sorrow and doubt her eye doth sudden.
Come, come, Melicoma, and strive with your song...... to cheer her spirit.

So let us then sing her a song of Fingal's exploits, till echo come from the hills of Morven.
No. 5. **BALLAD.**

Dersagrena. *Andante.*

1. From Lochlin came to battle, Suan-
2. The storm raged over the mountain, The
3. As sinks the moon in the waters, So

Piano-Forte.

ran, the haughty knight; Over the rolling billow, On
storm raged over the plain; Suan-ran, in jewelled armor,
sank bereft of life, The king, his blood fast flowing, And

Mor-ven's plain to light, For Fingal's life-blood thirsting, He
Sought the brave king of Mor-ven, High on the mountain, all armed Stood
bit-ter-ly rued the strife, They fled like deer o'er the meadow, Pur-
vow'd re-venge to take, And came for land and seep-tre, With him the lance to
Fin-gal, a flash in the night; Came king Sea-ran to meet him. All ready was he to
sued by the huntsman bold; For there in his jewelled ar-mor Lay he all dead and

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.
DERRAIRE A CHORUS.

O hear'st thou,

MELICOMA.

O hear'st thou, Co-mala, what Fingal hath done?

BASSANO II. SOLO.

O hear'st thou,
Co-ma-la, what Fig - gal hath done, Whom ne'er a foe yet hath vanquished?
No. 6.  

Comala.

Moderato.  

\( \text{p tranquillo.} \)

Still all now is hush'd ...

Piano-forte.

---

no sound is heard, save the roar of the

stream; darkness veils the mountain

heights.

See there, Meli-
poco animato.
poco animato.
co-ma, what is't near yonder wood, that so quick-ly
tempo 10.
war-rriors?
O ba-nish thine anxious vis-ion, 'Tis a deer thou see'st,
swift darting thro' the vale.

See ye the pale moving shadows, giant like! See

cres. stringendo.

how they're hover'ing o'er us,

The light

ning did reveal their awful forms approaching.
O Comala, what thou see'st are no spirit forms, but rocky cliffs, but rocky cliffs illum'd by the light'ning's flash.

Where art thou, Fingal, Where art thou, Fingal, all around me night draweth on.
Hear ye not wild distant tumult. The cry of woe. The clash of armor? They fly now, they fly, this way, they come in their hurried flight.
It is the storm amid the tree-tops howling,

and from the hills afar the echoes answer.
Allegro non troppo Agitato.

why, O stream, thy wave is crimson'd in blood? Say why, O stream, say,

why,.............. O stream? Lone............. are thy

shores now and forsaken. Say
why...., O stream, say why...., O stream, say why...., O stream, say

why is thy wave erim-sor'd in blood, O why?.........

Mad - ly rag - es the storm, Mad - ly rag - es the
Mad - ly rag - es the storm, Mad - ly rag - es the

Come let us fly........... now, let us
storm, let us fly now, let us fly now, let us fly now, let us fly now, let us fly now, let us fly now,

come, O come, let us fly now, let us fly now, let us fly now, let us fly now, come, O come, come, let us fly now, let us fly now, let us fly now, let us fly now, come, O come, come, let us fly now, let us fly now, let us fly now, let us fly now.
now, ere death o'ertake in lightning's
now, ere death o'er-take us in the lightning's flash, come,
fly now, ere death o' er-take us in the light ning's

COM.LEA.

Say
flash, let us fly, let us fly, let us fly, let us fly,

let us fly.......... now, let us fly now,

flash, let us fly, let us fly.......... now, let us fly, let us fly,
why, O stream, thy wave is crimson'd in
let us fly, let us fly,
let us fly, let us fly,

blood? Slumbers Fingal the brave?
See how the pale shadows of the slain, are
See how the pale shadows of the slain, are

dim.
Slumbers Fingal?

gliding by,

daughter of night, O daughter of night, look

come,

O come,

O come,
down from thy throne in the sky, That I may see by thy bright

Come let us fly, let us fly,

Come let us fly, let us fly,

let us fly, . . . let us fly,

ray, The glitter of his corslet, the

Come let us fly, now, Come let us

Come let us fly, now, Come let us
glitter of his corslet, O... daughter of...
fly now, O come,
fly now, O come,
night, O... daughter of... night, look
O come,
O come,
down, O look down, O daugh - ter of

See how the pale shadows of the

See how the pale shadows of the

night, look down, Or else . . .

plain are gliding by; Woe, woe, woe,

plain are gliding by; Woe, woe, woe,
shall thou, . . . O death, be wel - come, too

Woe, woe, when the

Woe, woe, when the

Piu Allegro.

wel - come! Thou light of the

con-quering foe shall ap - proach, Let us fly, now,

con-quering foe shall ap - proach, Let us fly, now,

Piu Allegro.
fa-thers, Come and show me, light of the
let us fly, now, Woe to
let us fly, now, Woe to
let us fly, now, Woe . . . to

fa-thers, Come and show me, show me the
us, See, ah! see the sha-dows
us, See, ah! see the sha-dows
glo-rious he-ro, Show... me the glide!
Woe to us! woe to us!

Woe to us! woe to us!

he-ro, Show... me the he-ro, the he-ro, the woe to us, woe to us, woe to us, woe,

When our woe to us, woe to us, woe to us, woe,

When our
he - ro in death,
foes ap - proach, Woe to us,
foes ap - proach, Woe to us,

\[ \text{dim.} \]
\[ \text{p} \]
\[ \ldots \text{re} \text{-} \text{pos} \text{-} \text{ing}, \]
\[ \text{Come and} \]
\[ \text{Come let us fly, now,} \]
\[ \text{Come let us fly, now,} \]
\[ \text{dim.} \]
Come and show me, O show me in splendor the hero in woe to us, When the conquering foe shall appear woe, woe to us, When the foe shall appear now, let us fly, now. When the foe shall appear
No. 7.  
CHORUS OF SPIRITS.  

Allegro moderato.  

Soprano.  

Alto.  

Tenor.  

Bass.  

Piano-Forte.  

We wander in the storm, we
der in the storm,

storm,

wan-der in the storm,

we wan-

in the

we wan-der, we
o'er

wander in the storm,

Thro' cloud and mist our pathway leads us;

plain, in the storm,
we guide them to the fathers, the heroes in the battle
guide them to the fathers' home, the heroes in the battle fall

fallen.

fallen.

Where the
Where the battle joined, in valley, on height, where the battle joined, in valley, on height, where the
height.

battle joined,

valley, on height, there

rest... we, and
call them, There summon, And
wel come, each
And welcome, each
one that falls, Ye spi-

each one that falls.

one that falls.

- rits of the fa-
thers,

dim. m£

tell me, each one that
Chorus.

In the storm, o'er plain, we wander in the storm, o'er plain, we wander in the storm. What whisper falls, but Fingal not, but Fingal not.
they? what say they? what whisper they?

fathers' home, the heroes in the

dim. pp

dim. pp

fathers' home, the heroes in the

what say they? O why, ye spirits, appear ye to

battle fallen.
The battle's rage is past and o'er, the battle's rage is past and o'er.

me? O woe! he hath fallen, he is no more! past and o'er, the battle's rage is past and o'er.

The battle's rage is past and o'er, is past and o'er. past and o'er, the battle's rage is past and o'er.
In combat fell the warrior.
the warrior

prince, in combat fell the warrior,

and now his

prince, and now his

and now...
shade is home.

ward flee
No. 8.  

Comala.  

O! O! would I were sitting by Ca-run's waters! O!

Piano-forte.  

O...that I my tears with its waves might mingle! Full of sorrow, in

youth now I follow thee to the grave where thou sleepest! O, O, would I were

dol.

sitting by Ca-run's waters, O, shade of
Fingal that dwell'st in the clouds,Hover o'er me! O

Come! O come! oh over

Come, O come!

Comala follows thee.
TENOR

CHORUS.

Escap'd is the foe's wild tumult, Escap'd is the foe's wild tumult, His steed treads no more on the mountain, Before Fingal's steed treads no more on the mountain;

BEFORE FINGAL'S ARM THEY HAVE

BEFORE FINGAL'S ARM THEY HAVE
arm they have fled, before him have fled,
fled, before him have fled, escap’d is the foe,
fled, before, him, have fled, escap’d is the
foe’s wild tumult, escap’d, escap’d,
est-cap’d, est-cap’d,
As thunder doth roll in the heavens, doth
roll in the heavens,
As o'er the heavens,

plain howls the tempest,
So raged in his fury, Morven, Escap'd is the
foe's wild tumult, His steed treads no more, no more on the
cap'd is the foe, His steed treads no more on the

mountain, His steed is no more on the mountain, Before Fingal's

arm they have fled, Before him, Before him, before
fore him have fled,
before him, before him have fled,
fore....... him be...

From the hills comes the
fled,

From the hills comes the
hills comes the glad shout of victory, comes the

glad shout, the glad shout of victory, the hills comes the

glad shout of victory, from the hills comes the

'gainst

glad shout of victory, And armor 'gainst armor is

armor is clashing,
clashing, All stained in Caracul's blood, All
stained in Caracul's blood, And armor 'gainst
armor is clashing, 'gainst armor is clashing. From the
ery, the glad shout of victory, Escap'd is the foe's wild tumult, Escap'd is the foe's wild tumult, His steed treads no more on the mountain, His steed treads no more on the mountain, Be-
Before Fingal's arm they have fled, Before Fingal's arm, Fingal's arm they have fled, Escap'd, Escap'd, Before Fingal's arm, Before Fingal's
arm, Escaped is the foe, before Fingal's arm,

Es-cap'd be-fore Fingal's arm.

cap'd, be-fore Fingal's arm,
Andante con moto.

O cease your song of triumph now, Ye

PP

knights of Fingal, still, O still! The foe hath fled before your arm, But

Pp

PP

PP
mourn, O mourn, for us................ and you!.........

Why doth your song thus lament? The foe hath fled before mine arm, The foe hath fled be-
fore mine arm, The battle sing, by Caru's flood, Till echo reach you

mountain height, where Comala waits for me.

O cease thy song of triumph now,
triumph now, For ne'er shalt, O ne'er shalt thou see Comala!

triumph now, For ne'er shalt, O ne'ershalt thou see Comala!

mourn, mourn, mourn... for us! O mourn for us and you! In grief for thee her

mourn, mourn, mourn for us! O mourn for us and you! In grief for thee her

mourn, O mourn, O mourn for us! O mourn for us, and you! In grief for thee her
thou light . . . of my soul! . . . . . . . . . .

The spirit fled . . . ne'er, O ne'er shalt thou see Comala.

foe hath fled before mine arm. The storm is o'er, the sun breaks forth; But thou, thou

light of my soul, O Comala, art lying dead and cold in the grave.
No. 11.

Andantino.  
dolce.

1. Let me see now my beloved, Show me where the fair one sleeps;  
   Woe! on the rocks she lieth pale and dead, Whom I so dearly loved.  
   O mourn, O mourn! O would thou might live as once thou didst live!  

2. Mountain must I wander, Lonely by day and night!  
   No more thro' the forest shalt thou walk, By the mountain stream no more.

Piano-Forte.
Would I might hear the gentle tones Of thy voice, O my Comala! O

mourn, O mourn, mourn, O mourn, Comala!

2. O'er the

Allegro maestoso.
FFINGAL.

Strike now your harp strings, and raise ye your song, Sing,

ye maids of Mor-ven, Sing now ye bards

sing Co-ma-la's praise, Co-ma-la's praise,

dolce.

Waft her with song a-bove to the Fa-ther's dwell-ing.
No. 12. CHORUS OF BARDS AND VIRGINS.

Allegro moderato maestoso.

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

From their cloud-home above, Spirits ancestral are watching,
And lightnings around her are flashing, lightnings around her are flashing, lightnings around her are flashing.

From their cloud-home above, from their cloud-home above, from their cloud-home above,

Spirits ancestral are watching, lightnings around her are watching, lightnings around her are watching.
flash ing.

When resounds o'er the meadow her call? When comes she for the chase from the moun-

tain? Beams... of the moon bear now a-
loft the soul of the maiden, Send
us thine image in visions bright, And
lighten our great sorrow, Comfort our sor

rowing hearts.

From their cloud home above,

spirits ancestral are watching. And lightnings around her are
flashing, and lightnings around her are flash-

The shades.

The shades of the fathers, the fathers are calling,

The shades of the fathers are calling above, the shades of the fathers are calling,
The shades of the fathers, the shades of the fathers are calling, calling, from
clouds, from above, from clouds from above;

'Tis the fathers are calling, are calling;

The...
shades of the fathers are calling;
Borne on the moon's bright beams now ascending.... The soul of the
The shades of the fathers, The shades of the fathers are calling, are calling.
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