G. SCHIRMER'S
COLLECTION OF ORATORIOS
AND CANTATAS

ON SHORE AND SEA
A DRAMATIC CANTATA
WORDS BY TOM TAYLOR

THE MUSIC
BY
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN

NEW YORK: G. SCHIRMER
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On Shore and Sea:
A Dramatic Cantata

The action passes in the sixteenth century, at a port of the Riviera, near Genoa, and on board of a Genoese and a Moorish galley at sea.

The persons represented are:

La Sposina, a Riviera Woman—Soprano
Il Marinajo, a Genoese Sailor—Tenor

Chorus of Riviera Women—Chorus of Genoese Sailors—Chorus of Moorish Sea-Rovers.

ARGUMENT.

As a subject not inappropriate to a celebration intended for the honor and advancement of the Arts of Peace, this Cantata has for its theme the sorrows and separations necessarily incidental to war. A dramatic form has been chosen, as lending itself best to musical expression. In order to keep clear of the national susceptibilities, and painful associations connected with recent warfare, the action has been thrown back to the time when constant conflict was waged between the Saracen settlements on the shores of Northern Africa and the Christian powers of the Mediterranean sea-board—particularly the Genoese. The action passes on shore at one of the many small seaports dependent on Genoa, such as Cogoletto, or Camogli, Ruta, or Porto-Ferio—in which galleys were manned and fitted out for her service—and at sea, on board, first of a Genoese, and afterward of a Moorish galley. The Cantata opens with the fleet weighing anchor to the joyous song of the sailors as they heave at the windlass, and spread the sail, and the lament of wives and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, left sorrowing on shore.

Then the scene changes to the sea. Aboard one of the galleys, in the midnight watch, the thoughts and prayers of the Marinajo go back to the loved ones left behind, and invoke for them the protection of our Lady, Star of the Sea. Months pass. The scene changes again to the shore. The fleet, so long and anxiously looked for, shows on the horizon, and the crowd flocks to the port to greet its triumphant entry, headed by the young wife or maiden whose fortunes the Cantata follows. But the price of triumph must be paid—the galley aboard which her sailor served is missing: it has been taken by the rovers. Her beloved is captive, or slain. She gives expression to her desolation, amid the sympathizing sorrow of her companions. Her lover, however, is not slain, but a slave, toiling at the oar, under the lash of his Moorish captors. He plans a rising on the rovers, and while they are celebrating their triumphs with song and feasting, possesses himself of the key of the chain to which, as it ran from stem to stern of these galleys, each prisoner was secured, and exhorts his fellow-prisoners to strike for their liberty. The galley-slaves, after encouraging each other to the enterprise while they toil at the oar, rise on their captors, master the galley, and steer homeward. Re-entering the port, they are welcomed by their beloved ones; the sorrow of separation is turned to rejoicing, and the Cantata ends with a chorus expressing the blessedness of Peace, and inviting all nations to this her Temple.
No. 1.—Chorus of Sailors.
The windlass ply, the cable haul,  
With a stamp and go, and a yeo-heave oh!  
Your sails to the wind let fall!—  
Joys of the shore we must forgo,  
But ours are the joys of the sea—  
To brave the storm and to sink the foe,  
And the spoil of victory.

Chorus of Women.
You leave us here, to watch and weep—  
The lonely night—the dreary day—  
'Tis women’s hearts your anchors keep,  
Their lives you bear away!—  
Then up with the Red Cross broad and brave,  
And sweep the Crescent from the wave.

Tosti.

No. 2.—Recitative (Il Marino).  
'Tis the mid-watch of night—stars glister keen—  
The winds are piping loud in sheet and stay—  
Over the bulwark gazing on the sea,  
The sailor thinks of those he left on shore.

Song.
The wave at her bows is afire,  
And afire in her wake behind—  
And higher, and ever higher  
Are rising sea, and wind—  
As in man's heart love's desire,  
And home thoughts in his mind.

Chorus of Sailors.
Maris Stella—from on high  
Guard our homes that sleeping lie!  
Maris Stella, comfort pour  
On the hearts we left ashore.

Solo (Il Marino).  
What doth now the maid I love?—  
Does she sleep, and dream of me?—  
Or prays she her saint above  
Shield of her sailor to be?  
Sending her heart, like a dove,  
Hither across the sea.

Chorus of Sailors.
Maris Stella—from on high  
Guard our homes that sleeping lie!  
Maris Stella, comfort pour  
On the hearts we left ashore

No. 3.—Recitative (La Spozina).
From Spring time on to Summer draws the year,  
And still they come not, still we watch, and weep—  
But see, yon cloud of canvas—fairest and far!  
They come, the loved, the longed-for, home from war.
Streamers ad pennons wave! They near the shore,  
Signal to signal answ'ring—fleet to fort.  
But many a noble ship and gallant crew  
That sail'd exulting forth, returns no more.
Where is the galley that bore hence my love?—  
It shows not with the rest! Oh, presage dire!  
Mourn, mourn with me,—my love is lost, or slain.

No. 4.—Song and Chorus (La Spozina and Women).
Soft and sadly, sea wind, swell,  
Soft and sadly roll, oh wave—  
Wind that toll'd my sailor's knell—  
Sea that made my sailor's grave.  
Dark my life for evermore  
As that ocean-grave shall be.  
Sad my voice along the shore  
As the wind that sails for thee!
CHORUS OF WOMEN.
Dark her life for evermore
As that ocean-grave shall be;
Sad her voice along the shore
As the wind that wails for thee!

No. 5.—MORESQUE. (Instrumental.)

No. 6.—RECITATIVE (IL Marina)jio).
The Crescent o'er the Cross is hoisted high,
And cymbals clash, and pipe and drum are loud,
While o'er the Christian captives, chained and sad,
The unbelievers' song of triumph sounds.

CHORUS OF MOSLEM TRIUMPH, AND CALL TO PRAYER.
Alla'lu akbar! Alla'lu akbar!
Mohhammad rasoolu-lla'h! La'ila'ha illa-lla'h!*

No. 7.—RECITATIVE (IL Marina)jio).
They chain not Christian souls, that chain their limbs!
While now the Moslem feasts, or sleeps secure,
Shape we our freedom; brothers as we are,
In faith, and suffering, be brothers too In striking for release, and for revenge!
This key, won from the sleeping Moslem's hold,
Unlocks our chain,—a stout stroke does the rest!

No. 8.—CHORUS OF CHRISTIAN SAILORS AT THE OAK.
With a will, oh brothers, with one will for all,
Think of wives and mothers as the oars rise and fall;
Heavy hearts make weary hands, and heavy ours should be

* God is most great! God is most great! Muhammad is God's apostle! There is no Deity but God.

Toiling for the Infidel far out at sea!
But there is comfort, brothers, in life, and in death—
Hold to Christian manhood, firm in Christian faith.
Faithful hearts make fearless hands, and faithful hearts have we,
The Christian 'gainst the Infidel, chained though we be.

Pass the word, my brothers, pass it light, and low,—
Oars will break to weapons, chains will weight a blow—
Manly hearts make mighty hands, it is but one to three,
Then up, and on the Infidel—a blow—and we are free!

No. 9.—RECITATIVE (IL Marina)jio).
Hark! on the night—the clash of falling chains,
The rush of sudden feet—and desperate hands
That make, or master weapons! Smite, nor spare!
The galley's ours!—'bout ship, and steer for home.

DUET (La Sposina and IL Marina)jio).
LA SPOSINA.—Here on thy heart, where I ne'er hoped to rest
The weight of my brow, and the woe of my breast—
Here on the heart of my love let me lie—
Here in my joy, let me live, let me die!

IL MARINA)jio.—Come to the heart that ne'er thought to find rest
In the chain of thy arms, on the wave of thy breast;
The lash and the oar as a dream are gone by,
While thus in the clasp of my true love I lie.
No. 10.—CHORUS (*Tutti*).

Sink and scatter, clouds of War!
Sun of Peace, shine full and far!
Why should nations slay and spoil,
With hearts to love, and hands to toil?
Wherefore turn to mutual ill
God-given strength and skill?

Blest the Prince whose People's choice
Bids the land in peace rejoice.
Blest the land whose Prince is wise,
Peaceful progress to devise—
Closed the brazen gates of Mars,
Peace her golden gates unbars—
Let the Nations hear her call—
Enter, welcome, one and all!
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TENOR.

The windlass ply, the

BASS.

The windlass ply, the

cable haul, With a stamp and a go, and a yo-heave-ho! Your

cable haul, With a stamp and a go, and a yo-heave-ho! Your

sails to the wind let fall; joys of the shore we must fore-
sails to the wind let fall; joys of the shore we must fore-

go,

But ours are the joys of the sea: To

But ours are the joys of the sea: To
brave the storm and to sink the foe, To brave the storm and to

sink the foe, And the spoils of victory, of

sink the foe, And the spoils of victory, of

To brave the storm and to

To brave the storm and to

sink the foe, And the spoils of victory.
SOP.  
You leave us here to watch and weep, The

ALTO.  
You leave us here to watch and weep, The

lone-ly night, the drear-y day.  
The

lone-ly night, the drear-y day.  
The

lone-ly night, the drear-y

lone-ly night, the drear-y
day, 'Tis women's hearts your anchors keep, Their
day, 'Tis women's hearts your anchors keep, Their

dim.  
TENOR.

lives you bear away. The windlass ply, the
dim.  
BASS.

lives you bear away. The windlass ply, the
cable haul, With a stamp and a go, and a yo- heave-ho!
cable haul, With a stamp and a go, and a yo- heave-ho!

mf

Joys of the shore we must forego, But ours are the joys of the

Joys of the shore we must forego, But ours are the joys of the
'Tis women's hearts your anchors keep, Their sea.

lives you bear away,

Heave ho! heave ho! heave ho! heave ho.

Their lives you bear a-

Heave ho! heave ho! heave ho! heave ho!
way, You leave us

The windlass ply, the

cable haul, With a stamp and a go, And a

cyheave-ho! Your sails to the winds let

Here to watch and weep, The lonely

night, the dreary day,

14001 122.
The lonely night, fall; Joys of the shore we must forego,

The dreary day. But ours are the joys of the

'Tis women's hearts your anchors sea, To brave the storm and to

19001
keep, Their lives you bear a
sink the foe, To brave the storm and to
way, Their lives you bear a
sink the foe, And the spoils of victory, of
way. Then up with the Red Cross, broad and
vic - to - ry. Then up with the Red Cross, broad and
brave, To sweep the crescent,

brave, To sweep the crescent,

brave, To sweep the crescent,

brave, To sweep the crescent,

and sweep the crescent from the wave!

and sweep the crescent from the wave!

and sweep the crescent from the wave!

and sweep the crescent from the wave!

dim.
No. 2. “The wave at her bow is afire.”

Recitative, Tenor Solo and Chorus of Men.

Allegro moderato.

Recit. Il Marinajo.

'Tis the midwatch of night,

stars glisten keen, The winds are piping loud in sheet and stay.

O - ver the bul-wark
Allegro moderato.

**Song.**

Gazing on the sea, The sailor thinks of those he left on shore.

The wave at her bows is a fire,

And a-fire in her wake behind,

And higher and ever ever
higher, Are rising sea and

wind higher, and ever higher,

As in man's heart love's desire, And

home thoughts in his mind.
Chorus of Sailors.

TEN. I. Maris stel-lal! from on high Guard our homes that sleep-ing lie.

TEN. II. Maris stel-lal! from on high Guard our homes that sleep-ing lie.

BASS I. Maris stel-lal! from on high Guard our homes that sleep-ing lie.

BASS II. Maris stel-lal! from on high Guard our homes that sleep-ing lie.

Maris stel-lal! com-fort pour On the hearts we left a-shore.

Maris stel-lal! com-fort pour On the hearts we left a-shore.

Maris stel-lal! com-fort pour On the hearts we left a-shore.

Maris stel-lal! com-fort pour On the hearts we left a-shore.

What doth now themaid I love? Does she

Maris stel-lal! from on

Maris stel-lal! from on

Maris stel-lal! from on

Maris stel-lal! from on
sleep and dream of me, Or
prays she her

high Guard our homes that sleeping lie.

high Guard our homes that sleeping lie.

high Guard our homes that sleeping lie.

high Guard our homes that sleeping lie.

saint above, Shield of her sailor to

be, Shield of her sailor to be,

Maris stella! comfort

Maris stella! comfort

Maris stella! comfort

Maris stella! comfort
Sending her heart like a dove, Hither a-
pour.
pour.
pour.
pour.
cresc.

cross the sea, hither across the sea. What doth

Maris stel-lal from on
Maris stel-lal from on
Maris stel-lal from on
Maris stel-lal from on
now the maid I love, Does she sleep and dream of

Guard our homes that sleeping lie.

Guard our homes that sleeping lie.

Guard our homes that sleeping lie.

Guard our homes that sleeping lie.

me, and dream of me, sleep and dream of me?

Maris stella!
No. 3. "From Springtime on"

Adagio moderato.

Recitative.
Recit. La Sposina.

From spring-time on to summer draws the year,
Recit.

still they come not, still we watch and weep;

But

see yon cloud of canvas faint and far, They come! the lovd, the longd for,

home from war. Streamers and pennons wave! they near the

shore,

Signal to signal answering,

signal to signal answering,
Andante.

But many a noble ship and gallant crew that sail'd exulting forth re-

turns no more; Where is the galley that bore hence my love? It shows not with the rest!

oh, presage dire! Mourn, mourn with me, my love is lost or slain.
No. 4. "Soft and sadly."
Soprano Solo and Chorus of Women.

Voice. Andante, non troppo lento. (La Sposina.)

Soft and sady sea-wind swell.

Piano.

Soft and sadly roll, oh, wave, Wind that told my

sailor's kneel, Sea that made my sailor's grave.

Dark my life forevermore As that ocean

grave shall be; Sad my voice along the shore,
As the wind that wails, that wails for thee,

**Chorus.** Dark her life for-ever-more,

Dark her life for-ever-more,

ocean grave shall be;

Sad her voice along the shore, As the

ocean grave shall be;

Sad her voice along the shore, As the

Soft and sadly
sea-wind swell, Soft and sadly roll, oh, wave

Sad my voice along
Sad her voice along the shore, As the
Sad her voice along the shore, As the

the shore, As the wind that waits for thee, that waits,
wind that waits for thee, the wind that waits, that waits,
wind that waits for thee, the wind that waits, that waits,
dim.
that wails for thee.

Dark her life forever.

Dark my life, sad my voice more,
Sad her voice along the shore, As more,
Sad her voice along the shore,

As the wind wails for thee, wails for thee.

As the wind that wails for thee.
dim. al Fine

dim. al Fine

dim. al Fine
No. 5. Moresque.
Il Marinajo.

The crescent o'er the cross is hoisted high, And cymbals clash,

and pipe and drum are loud; While o'er the Christian captives, chain'd and sad, The unbeliever's song of triumph sounds.

Allegretto pesante. Chorus of Moslem Triumph.

---
Andante. Il Marinajo.

They chain not Christian souls; that chain their limbs, While

now the Moslem feasts or sleeps secure, Shape we our freedom; Brothers as we

are, In faith and in suffering, Be brothers too in striking for release and for re-

venge. This key, won from the sleeping Moslem's hold, unlocks our

chain. A stout stroke does the rest.
TENOR I.

With a will, oh, broth-ers, with one will for all, Think of wives and

moth-ers, as the oars rise and fall. Heavy hearts make wea-ry hands, and

moth-ers, as the oars rise and fall. Heavy hearts make wea-ry hands, and

moth-ers, as the oars rise and fall. Heavy hearts make wea-ry hands, and

moth-ers, as the oars rise and fall. Heavy hearts make wea-ry hands, and

moth-ers, as the oars rise and fall. Heavy hearts make wea-ry hands, and
heav-y ours should be, Toil-ing for the In-fi-del,
heav-y ours should be, Toil-ing for the In-fi-del,
heav-y ours should be, Toil-ing for the In-fi-del,
heav-y ours should be, Toil-ing for the In-fi-del,

far out at sea,
far out at sea,
far out at sea,
far out at sea.

But there is com-fort, broth-ers, in life and in death,
But there is com-fort, broth-ers, in life and in death,
But there is com-fort, broth-ers, in life and in death,
But there is com-fort, broth-ers, in life and in death,
Chained though we be,

Chained though we be,

Chained though we be,

Chained though we be,

Brothers, pass it light and low,

Brothers, pass it light and low,

Brothers, pass it light and low,

Brothers, pass it light and low,

Weapons, chains will weight a blow;

Weapons, chains will weight a blow;

Weapons, chains will weight a blow;

Weapons, chains will weight a blow;
No. 9. Recitative and Duet.
Soprano and Tenor.

Voice.

Il Marinajo.

Hark, on the night the

Piano.

clash of falling chains, The rush of sudden feet and desperate hands that make or master

cresc.

wepons, Smite, nor spare! The galley's ours!

'Bout ship and steer for home.
Allegro vivace e con passione.

La Sposina.

Here, on thy heart, where I ne'er hoped to rest

The weight of my brow, and the woe of my breast.

Here, on the heart of my love let me lie,

Here, in my joy, let one live, let me die!

Here, on the heart of my
Il Marinajo.

Come to the heart that ne'er thought to find rest, In the chain of thy arms, on the wave of thy breast; The lash and the oar as a dream are gone by, The lash and the oar, as a dream, are gone
La Sposina.

Here, on thy heart, where I ne'er hop'd to rest

Il Marinaje.

Come, to the heart that ne'er thought to find rest

The weight of my

brow, and the woe of my breast,

arms, on the wave of thy breast,

love let me lie,

The lash and the oar, as a dream, are gone
No. 10. Final Chorus.

Arthur S. Sullivan

Allegro, tempo di marcia.

Soprano.
Sink and scatter, clouds of war,

Alto.
Sink and scatter, clouds of war,

Tenor.
Sink and scatter, clouds of war,

Bass.
Sink and scatter, clouds of war,

Sun of peace, shine full and far!

Sun of peace, shine full and far!

Sun of peace, shine full and far!

Sun of peace, shine full and far!
Sink and scatter, clouds of war!

Sink and scatter, clouds of war!

Sink and scatter, clouds of war!

Sink and scatter, clouds of war!

Sun of Peace, shine full and far!

Sun of Peace, shine full and far!

Sun of Peace, shine full and far!

Sun of Peace, shine full and far!
Sink and scatter, clouds of war!

Sun of Peace, shine full and far,

Sun of Peace, shine full and far,
ALTOS. *dolce, ma con energica*

Why should nations

slay and spoil, With hearts to love and

hands to toil? Wherefore turn to
mutual ill God-given strength and

SOPRANOS. dolce, ma con energica

skill? Why should nations

slay and spoil With hearts to love and

hands to toil? Wherefore turn to

mutual ill God-given strength and skill?
Blest the Prince whose people's choice Bids the land in peace rejoice.

Blest the Prince whose people's choice Bids the land in peace rejoice.

Blest the Prince whose people's choice Bids the land in peace rejoice.

Blest the Prince whose people's choice Bids the land in peace rejoice.

Blest the land whose Prince is wise, Peaceful progress to devise.

Blest the land whose Prince is wise, Peaceful progress to devise.

Blest the land whose Prince is wise, Peaceful progress to devise.

Blest the land whose Prince is wise, Peaceful progress to devise.

Marzato
f

Why should nations

Why should nations

Why should nations

Why should nations

Why should nations

Why should nations

slay and spoil With hearts to

slay and spoil With hearts to

slay and spoil With hearts to

slay and spoil With hearts to
### ORATORIOS AND CANTATAS

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY

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(FOR MIXED VOICES, UNLESS OTHERWISE MENTIONED)

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<td>—The Seven Last Words of Christ</td>
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<td>Fauré, Gabriel</td>
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