Hänsel and Gretel
a Fairy Opera
In three Acts by Adelheid Wette
Translated and adapted into English
by
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The Music composed by
E. Humperdinck

Complete Vocal Score by R. Kleinmichel
id. Pianoforte Solo id.
id. Pianoforte Duet id.

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Hänsel and Gretel.

Dramatis Personæ.

Peter, a broom-maker ........................................... Baritone.
Gertrude, his wife .................................................. Mezzo-Soprano.
Hänsel ................................................................. Mezzo-Soprano.
Gretel ................................................................. Soprano.
The Witch who eats children ..................................... Mezzo-Soprano.
Sandman (the sleep fairy) ........................................ Soprano.
Dewman (the dawn fairy) ......................................... Soprano.
Children ...................................................................... Sopranos and Contraltos.

Fourteen Angels ...................................................... Ballet.

First Act. ................................................................. Home.
Second Act. ............................................................. The forest.
Third Act. ............................................................... The witch's house.

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Hänsel and Gretel.

Once upon a time there was a poor couple, a broom-maker and his wife, who had two children; the boy was called Hänsel, and the girl Gretel. One day the parents had gone tramping over the country to try and dispose of their goods. On leaving the children the mother had given them the last bit of bread that was in the house, and had told them to be very industrious while she was away.

It was not long before the lively children tired of their work, and began to get hungry, till Hänsel was on the point of crying, when Gretel came to the rescue and cheered him up again. So they sang and danced till they both forgot their hunger and work, and at last in tremendous spirits they tumbled over one another on the floor.

Now it happened that just at this moment the mother came home again, tired and out of sorts, for she had not taken a single farthing, and consequently had brought home nothing to eat. When she found the children sitting on the floor and making such a noise, instead of being quietly at their work, she got very angry and drove them out with blows into the wood hard by. They were not to come back until they had filled their basket with strawberries. Then she sank wearily down on a chair, and dropped asleep from hunger and fatigue.

The children soon got happy again over their strawberry picking, and did not notice that they were losing their way and getting deeper and deeper into the wood, until at last they halted by the Bienenstein.

Full of fun and high spirits they imitated the cuckoo’s cry, and accused him of turning his little ones out of their nest and eating the eggs of other birds. And as they imitated him in this, making the strawberries take the place of the eggs, their basket aborrows got empty.

Meanwhile it got gradually dark, and the children became frightened. They could not find their way, and wandered helplessly about. The wood seemed full of ghosts, and the trees rustled in an uncanny fashion. The birds were all silent, and only the cuckoo was still heard in the far distance. But from the Bienenstein there arose queer shapes in the mist, so that the poor lonely children were frightened out of their wits. They cowered under a great beech-tree to try to find shelter from the terrors of the night, until the Sandman, who comes at night to strew sand over people’s eyes to send them to sleep, appeared and quieted them with kindly gestures. Then, after they had said their usual evening prayer to the fourteen angels, they lay down and went to sleep on the soft moss. And the fourteen angels hovered around and watched over the good children so that no harm might come to them.
The next morning they were awakened from their dreams by the little Dervish, whose business it is to run over the hills and fields awakening everything that is still slumbering. And what should they see before them but a little house all made of cakes and sugar-candy, and glistening in the light of the sun, and smelling so delicious that the hungry children, who could scarcely believe their eyes, were quite wild with delight.

They cautiously approached the cottage, and as they did not see anybody about they became bolder, and broke a piece off the wall, which tasted exceedingly nice. At this moment a voice was heard from within the house, saying,

"Nibble, nibble, mouskin.
Who's nibbling at my housekin?"

At first they were rather alarmed, but they soon regained their courage, and called to one another that it was only

"The wind, the wind,
The heavenly wind,"

and went on nibbling. But the door of the cottage softly opened, and a very old and ugly woman came out of it. Now there was something very wicked about this old creature. She was a witch, who rode on a broomstick through the air at night, and in the daytime enticed little children into her sugar-house, where she popped them in the oven and made them into gingerbread, which she afterwards eat. She tried to be very friendly with Hänsel and Gretel, and coaxed them in with honeyed words.

However the children distrusted the horrible old woman, and tried to run away. Then the witch raised her magic wand and spell-bound them both, so that they were rooted to the spot. She next took Hänsel and shut him up in a stable, and fed him with almonds and raisins to make him fat. She was so delighted, when she had done this, that she seized a broomstick and rode wildly on it round her house. After that she called Gretel, and told her to look into the oven and see if the cakes were done. But Gretel was sharper than the witch, and saw through her little dodge, so she pretended to be very stupid, and begged the old woman to show her how it was to be done. The old woman unsuspectingly bent down over the oven to show Gretel what to do, and peeped in. No sooner had she done this, than the children gave her a good push and in she tumbled. They quickly shut the iron door, and left her to bake in her own oven, while they danced away in good earnest. Suddenly a crack was heard, and the magic oven fell to pieces with a loud crash. And behold! the gingerbreads, which were standing in a row round the cottage, were transformed into living, pretty children, who joyfully surrounded Hänsel and Gretel, and thanked them for their happy release.

And what joy when the sorrowing parents appeared, and Hänsel and Gretel rushed delightedly into their arms once more! Then all sadness and want was banished for ever, for in the sugar-cottage they had found all sorts of treasures which would make them happy and rich for the rest of their days. And they all thanked God, who had taken care of them in their great need!

Adelheid Wette.
Allegro non troppo. Munter. (Die halben ungefähr wie vorher die Viertel.)
Im Zeitmass. (Ein wenig zurückhaltend.)
a tempo. (un poco ritenuto)
First Act.

Home.

Allegretto con moto. (\( \text{Allegretto con moto.} \)

\( \text{(A small and poorly furnished room. In the background a door; a small window near it, looking out to the forest. On the left a fireplace with chimney above it. On the walls are hanging beams of various sizes.} \)

\( \text{Flame is shining by the door, making become; and Gretel opposite him by the fireplace, knitting a stocking.)} \)

Gretel.

Su - sy, lit the Su - sy, pray what i - the news?
The goose are running bare-foot because they've no shoes!

The cobbler has leather and plenty to spare, Why can't he

(makeup)

(making)

Hansel (interrupting her)

Then they'll have to go bare-foot!

Hansel.

Ei - a po - pei - a, pray what's to be
done?  Who'll give me milk and sugar, for bread I have none?

I'll go to bed and I'll be there all day. Where there's nothing to

Gretel (interrupting)

Then we'll have to go hungry!

out then there's nothing to pay!

Hänsel (showing his work, pride and getting up)

If mother would only come home a..
Gretel (getting up)

Hänsel.

Gretel.

Hänsel.

Gretel.

Hänsel.

Hush, Hänsel, don't forget what father

broad. It's very hard, it is indeed!

When mother wished she were dead, "When past bearing

is our grief, God will send relief!"

Yes, yes, that
sounds all very fine, but a lazy off morning we cannot dine!

Gretel, it would be such a treat if we had something nice to eat! Eggs and butter and suet paste, I've almost forgotten how they

Gretel (stopping his mouth)

Such, don't give way to grumps.

O Gretel, I wish...
Have patience a while, no dole, let dumps! This we fun face.

Whew! what a sight, Looks like a horrid old cross patch

Allegretto con moto. (She takes a spoon in her hand)

fright! Crosspatch a way, Leave me I pray!

Just let me reach you, Quickly I'll teach you How to make trouble Soon mount to double!
Growling and grumbling, off with abuse, off with you, that with you.

Shame on you, goose! (pretending to sweep sweep.) That's right! Now you, with you!

Tempo primo. if you leave off complaining I'll tell you a most delightful secret! It must be something
nice! Well listen, broth-er-kin, won't you be glad!

Look here in the jug, here is fresh milk. 'Twas given to-day by our

neigh-bour, And mother when she comes back home. Will certainly make us a rice blanc-mange!

Hansel (with glee)

Rice blanc-mange!
Hänsel (dancing round the room)

When blanc-mange is anywhere near, then Hänsel, Hänsel,

Hänsel is there! How thick is the cream on the milk, let's

(takes cream off his fingers)

taste it! 0 Ge-zi-nil. wouldn't I like to

Più animato.

Gretel.

What, Hänsel, testing? Aren't you ashamed? Out with your

drink it!

Più animato.

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fingers quick, greedy boy! Go back to your work again, be quick, that we may both have done in time! If mother comes and we haven't done

\textit{Tempo come prima}

Hänsel (sticking)

right! Then—badly it will fare with us tonight! Work again?

his hands into his trousers pockets)

\textit{poco ritard.}

No, not for me! That's not my idea at all, It doesn't
suit me! It's such a bore! Dancing is jol-i-er far. I'm a tempo

Gretel:
Danc-ing! Danc-ing! O yes, that's bet-ter far.
sure!

And sing a song to keep us in time! One that our grand-mother

used to sing us: Sing, then, and dance in time to the sing-song!
Allegretto con moto. \( \text{\(d=100\)} \)

(stepping her hands)

Brother come and dance with me,

Both my hands I offer thee, Right foot first, Left foot then, Round about and

(Hansel tries to do it but awkwardly)

I would dance, but

back again,

Hänsel.

Don't know how, When to jump or when to bow, Show me what I ought to do,
Gretel.

So that I may dance like you.

With your foot, you tap tap tap,

With your hand, you clap clap clap.

Right foot first, Left foot then, Round about and back again!

With your foot, you tap tap tap, With your hand, you clap clap clap.

Hänsel.

back again! With your foot, you tap tap tap.

Right foot first, Left foot then, Round and back again!

That was very good indeed,
O I'm sure you'll soon succeed! Try again and I can see Hänsel soon will

dance like me! With your head you nick nick nick, With your fingers you

click click click, Right foot first, Left foot then, Round about and back again!

Hänsel.

With your head you nick nick nick, With your fingers you click click click, Right foot first,

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Gretel.

Left foot then, Round and back again! Brother, watch what next I do.

You must do it with me too! You to me your arm must proffer, I shall not re-

(takes Hansel by the arm)

tune your offer! Content!

Hansel.

What I en-

joy is dance and jol-l-i-ty, Love to have my fling, In
joy in dance and jollity, And all that kind of thing! What I en-joy in dance and
fact I like frivolity, And all that kind of thing! In fact I like fri-

jollity, Love to have my fling; I like frivolity, And
vo-litiy, Love to have my fling, In fact I quite prefer frivolity, And

(all): Blind alon, and dances round him. ---
all that kind of thing! Tru la la la la la la la la la, tru la
all that kind of thing!
Hänsel, (großst) —

Yay! Go away from me, go away from me, I'm much too proud for you! With

Gretel.

lit - le girls I do not dance, And so, my dear, a - dieu! Go,
Hansel, Come and have a turn with me, I pray.
la la la, Tra la la la la la la la! O Gretel dear, O

sister dear, your stocking has a hole! O Hansel dear, O brother dear, Hey!

Gretel.

la la la, Tra la la la la la la la! O Gretel dear, O

Hansel (tango round Gretel)
take me for a fool? With naughty boys I do not dance. And so, my dear a-

Hänsel.

Hänsel.

Gretel.

dear! Now don't be cross, you silly goose. You'll see I'll make you dance! Tra la

(they dance as before)

tra la la tra la la la, tra is la tra la tra la la! Come and have a

Hänsel.

Hänsel.

tra la

twist, my dear, est Hänsel. Come and have it turn, my dear, est Hans! Sing

tra la la tra la la la, tra la la tra la la la! Sing

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lu-sti-ly hur-rah hur rah! While I dance with you! And if the stockings
are in holes why mother will knit some new!

2:3700
(Then they seize each other's hands and dance round and round,
	twirl my dearest Hänsel! Tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la
la tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la
la tra-la, tra-la tra-la la, tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la
la la la, tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la
la tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la
la tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la
la tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la
la tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la
la tra-la la tra-la la, tra-la

quicker and quicker, until at last they lose their balance, and tumble over one another onto the floor.)

la la!}

la!}

f
Scene II.

Allegro.

The Mother.

Hush-ho!

Gretel.

(At this moment the door opens; the children see their mother coming and jump up quickly.)

Hänsel.

Here's mother!

The Mother.

What is all this disturbance?

Tempo primo.

Gretel.

(Embarrassed.) Twas Hänsel... he wanted...

Hänsel.

Twas Gretel... she said.

Tempo primo.
Mother (comes in, moistens her basket and sets it down.)

Silence, idle and ill-behaved children!

Call you it working, yodelling and singing? As though twas fair time.

hop, ping and springing?

And while your parents from

ear-ly morn-ing

Till late at night are slaving and toil-ing.

Tempo

poco ralent.

Tempo

poco ralent.

poco rallent.
(given Hinkel a box on the ear)

Take that! Now come let's see what you've done!

Why Grete: your stocking not ready yet? And you lazy bones: have you nothing to show? pray how many brooms have you finished?

I'll fetch my stick, you useless
children, And make your idle fingers tangle!

(to her anger at the children she gives the milk jug a knock, which sends it clattering onto the floor.)

Gra-cious! There goesthe jug all to pieces!

(diminished)

(swooping) (she looks at her skirt, down which)

What now can I cook for supper?
the milk is streaming)

(Joining excitedly)

How, how dare you

(Going with a stick after Hansel, who is running out at the door)

laugh?

Wait, wait till the father comes home!

(With sudden energy she snatches a basket from the wall and thrusts it into Gretel's hand)

Off, off to the wood!

there seek for strawberries quickly! And if you don't
A - las! There my poor Joules in pie - ces!

Yes, blin - d en - cements brings ru - in.

(writhing her hands) (whining)

O God, send help to me! Nought have I to give them,

No bread, not a crumb for my starv - ing child - ren!
No crust in the cupboard
No milk in the pot,

No, no—thing but wa—ter to drink!

Wea—ry am I, weary of liv—ing!

Father, send help to me!
Scene III.

Commodo. (A voice is heard in the distance)

Father.

Tra la la la, tra la la

la, Lit-tle mo-th-er, here am I Tra la la la, tra la la la. Bringing luck and jol-li-

ty!

1. Oh for you and me, poor

mo-th-er, Ev'-ry day is like the o-th-er; With a big hole in the

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purses. And in the stomach an even worse. Tra la la la, tra la la

tra la la, Hunger is the poor man's curse!

(The father appears at the window, and)

during the following he comes into the room in a very lively mood, with a basket on his back.)
2. 'Tis a melancholy thought we require, Just a little food and
3. Yes, the rich enjoy his dinner, While the poor grows daily

fire! But alas, it's true enough. Life on some of us in
this, Strives to eat, as well he may, Some what less than you...

(Dancing, )

ough! Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Hunger is a customer
ough! Tra la la, Tra la la la, Hunger is the devil to

ough! Tra la la, Tra la la la, Hunger is a customer
ough! Tra la la, Tra la la la, Hunger is the devil to
Tough! Pay! Yes.

Hungry's all very well to feel if you can get a good square meal, but

when there's nothing what can you do, supposing the purse be empty too?

Tra la la la, tra la la la, O for a drop of "mountain dew!"
(Looks over to his sleeping wife and gives her a smacking kiss.)

Tra la la la la, tra la la la la, Mo- ther, look what I have brought!

Più animato.

ho! Whist sing - sing - sing ing all round the house, And tra la la la - ing the out of my sleep?

Father (sardonically)

How now? The hungry beast.
Father.

Within my breast Called so for food I could not

rest! Tra la la, tra la la la. Hunger is an urgent

Mother.

So, so! And this will beast,

rest! Wind.
You gave him a feast, he's had his fill. To say the least!

Father.

Well yes! Hm! It was a lovely day, don't you think so, dear wife? (Pushing him angrily from her.)

(Wants to kiss her) Have done! You have no troubles to bear, 'm I must keep the house!

Well, well!
(Turning to his basket.)

then let us see, my dear, What we have got to eat to -

Un poco più moderato.

Mother.

Most sim. ple is the bill of

day?

Un poco più moderato.

Father.

face.

Our sup per's gone, the Lord knows where!

rit. a tempo

ritard.

rit. a tempo

ritard.

Lar der bare, cel iar bare, Nothing, and plen ty of it to

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Come prima.

Fare! Father.

Tra la la, tra la la, cheer up, mother, for here am I,

Come prima.

Bringing back and joy - fy!

(he takes his basket and begins to display the contents.)

Look, mother! doesn't all this

Mother.

Man, mon, what

food please you?
Tempo come prima.

Father (He enters her by the arm and dances round the room with her.)

Tra la la la, tra la la la,

Mother (Joining in.)

Wear we have a festive time?

Hip hur-rah! Wear we have a happy time?

Hip hur-rah! Wear we have a festive time?

Now

(He sits down. The mother

listen, how it all came to pass!)
Meanwhile packs away the things, lights a fire, breaks eggs into a saucepan, etc.)

Weddings, fairs, and preparation for all kinds of jubilation!

Now's my chance to do some selling.

So for that you may be thankful! Vi. He who wants a feast to keep, He must scrub and brush and sweep.
So I brought my best goods out, Tramped with them from house to house:

Buy besoms! Besoms! Besoms!

Buy my brushes, sweep your carpets, sweep your cobwebs!

And so I drove a roaring trade, and sold my brushes at the highest prices!
(He knocks down some tuppets off the chime-spoon with a clatter.)

Now make haste with cup and platter, bring the glass-es, bring the ket-tle:

Mo ther.

Her health to the bos-on

Her's a health to the bos-on

(maker! (He puts the glass of taddy to his lips, but suddenly stops short.)

(maker! But why, where are the children?

(Shrugs her shoulders with a pained air.)

Ooh!

Hansel, Gre-te, what's gone with Hansel?

Un poco più animato.
Mother.

whom to know? But at least I do know this. That the

jug is smashed to bits. Father. (sourly) And the

What? the jug is smashed to bits? wod.

cream all ran away! (Signs his feet on the table h a -

Hung it all! So those little cows.cows Have

(hastily) Been in

been a - gain in mischief?
Mischief! I should think so! Nothing have they done but their mad prancing;

As I came home I could hear them hopping and cutting the wildest capers,

Till I was so cross that I gave a push...

And the jug of milk was

And the
Più animato.

spill! (laughing with all his might)

spill!

Più animato.

Ha ha ha ha ha!

Ha

(jerking it)

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

Ha

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

Ha

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

He

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

Ha

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

Ha

ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

Ha

an - ger, mo - ther, don't take it

dim.
ill, seems stupid to me. I must

(snappishly and curt.)

Prelight! I know of the

any! But where, where think you the children can be?

II, sen-stein!
(hurriedly)

Wend. The II, sen-stein! Come, come, have a care!

(with an expression of contempt.)

Mother.
The be - som, just put it a, why a.
(He lets the brow fall and wrings his hands.)

Un poco ritard.

Father.

My children astray in the

dimin. poco rit., p

a tempo

in a wood, all alone without moon or stars?

a tempo

Come prima.

Heaven!

Dost thou not know the awful magic place, the

a tempo

(energically)

place where the evil one dwells?

The evil one? What means this?
Un poco ritenuto.

a tempo

mysterious emphasis) The gobbling ogress? He picks up the besom again. But —
gobbling ogress?

Un poco ritenuto.

a tempo

tell me, what is the besom?
The besom, the besom, why

what is it for? They ride on it, they ride on it, the

witch — es!
An old witch with-in that wood doth dwell, And she's in league with the powers of hell.

At mid-night hour, when nobody knows, A way to the witches' dance she goes.

Upon the chimney they fly, on a broomstick they lie.
O'er hill and dale, o'er ravine and vale, through the middle night they gallop full tear.

On a broomstick, on a broomstick, hop, hop, hop, the witches! O horror!

But the gobbling witch? And by day, they say, she

Father.

Mother.
stalks around with a crinching, crunching, munching sound, and

children, plump and tender to eat she lures with magic gingerbread sweet.

Un poco più animato.

on evil bent, with

fell intent she lures the children, poor little things, in the
even red hat she pops all the lot, she shuts the door down, un-

til they're done brown In the...
(wringing her hands)

For the ogress? O horror! Heaven help us! the
served up for dinner! For the ogress!

(runs out of the house)

children! What shall we do!
Hi, mother, mother,

(takes the whisky bottle from the table and runs after her)

wait for me! Will both go to gather the witches to seek!

(The curtain falls quickly)

(goes on to the "Witches' Ride."
The Witches’ Ride.

Prelude to second Act.
Poco a poco più animato.
Un poco più tranquillo.
(The curtain rises.)  
**Molto tranquillo.**  
(The middle of the forest. In the background)

is the "Hederaeum", thickly surrounded by fir-trees. On the right is a large fir-tree, under which Gretel is sitting on a snowy tree-trunk, and making a garland of wild roses. By her side lies a nosegay of flowers. Amongst the bushes on the left - Hare, looking for strawberries. Sunset.)
Second Act.
In the forest.

Scene I.

Molto tranquillo

Gretel (whispering quietly to herself)

There stands a little man in the wood a-

lone. He wears a little mantle of velvet brown, Say who can the

mankin be, Standing there beneath the tree, With the little mantle of velvet

brown?

His hair is all of
gold, and his cheeks are red. He wears a little black cap upon his head, say who can the munkin be, standing there so silently, with the little black cap upon his head? (she holds up the garland of roses and looks it all round)

With the little black cap upon his head
Poco animato come prima. ($ = 84$)

Hänsel (comes out swinging his basket joyfully.)

Hä - nsel! My strawberry basket is nearly

Poco animato come prima. ($ = 84$)

Gretel (standing up.)

My

My

brimful! Oh won’t the mother be pleased with Hä - nsel!

garland is ready also! Look, I never made one so nice before.

(she tries to put the wreath on Hänsel’s head.)

Hänsel (drawing back roughly.)

You won’t catch a boy wearing that!
(puts the wreath on her.)

It is only fit for a girl!

Ha, Gretel,

fine feathers! O the dence! Now you shall be Queen of the

Gretel.

if I'm to be Queen of the wood, then I must have the nosegay

Hänsel (gives her the nosegay).

Queen of the wood, with snip, trim and!
Tempo.

(He gives the basketful of strawberries into her other hand, at the same time kneeling before her.)

con brio

glioria

Gretel (unawares)

(At this moment a cuckoo is heard.)

Hänsel (pointing with his hand.)

Cuckoo, cuckoo, where are you?

Cuckoo, cuckoo, how are you?

Cuckoo-instrument (behind the stage, heard as if quite in the distance.)

ppp
(tack a strawberry from the basket, and puts it into his mouth, he imitates the sound of the bird)

Koënsel (springing up)

O, ho! I can do that just like you!

(takes some strawberries and lets them fall into Gretel's mouth; free and without restraint to the rhythm of the cuckoo's wing)

Let us do like the cuckoo, Whom more than his lawful due.

(it begins to grow dark)

Gretel (does the same)

Koënsel (helping himself again)

Cuckoo, how are you? Cuckoo, how are you?

(cuckoo, how are you?)
Gretel (helping herself.)

Hänsel.

Cuckoo, cuckoo!

In your neighbour's nest you go.

Bass.

Cuckoo, cuckoo! Hänsel pours a handful of strawberries into his mouth.

Cuckoo, why do you do so?

And you're very greedy too (greatly himself.)

Till me, cuckoo, why are you cuckoo

Cuckoo, cuckoo!
Poco a poco animato.

Gretel (bewildered, clasping her hands together)

Hansel, what have you done? Oh, you've eaten all the strawberries! You'll have a punishment!
Gretel:
O Hansel, Hansel, o what shall we
Un poco ritenuto.

Piu mosso.

It's getting dark already here!

Hansel:

What bad disobedient child we've been! We ought to have thought and gone home sooner!

Hansel:

Tu-Ku-Ko (behind the forest, faster than before)

what a noise in the bush - ed!
Know you what the forest says?

"Children, children," it says, "are you not afraid?"

(Hänsel sees all round uneasily.) Hänsel.

(At last he turns in despair to Gretel.) Hänsel.

(Vi.)
Gretel (duet)

a tempo

O God! what say you? not know the way?

I am not find the way!

Why how ri - dis - culous your are! I am a boy, and

O Hansel, some dreadful thing may

know not fear!

O Gretel, come, don't be a-fraid!
Gretel.

What's glimmering there in the dark?

Hansel.

That's only the birch in silver.

Gretel.

But there, what's grinning so there of dress?

me?

(stammering)

That's only the stump of a willow tree.
Gretel (hostily)

But what a dreadful form it takes! And what a horrid face it makes!

Hänsel (lowly speaking)

Can't I make faces, you fool! Do you hear? There — see!

Hänsel

a hastern, it's coming this way! Will o' the —

is hop — hop — hop — hop — Gretel: come out, look out, this is!

Wait, I'll give a good loud call! Some back some-steps to the back of the stage, and rally through his hands!
Cuckoo (in the far distance behind the scene, scarcely audible)

1 Soprano
(very soft) Ppp

You there!

1 Alto
(somewhat more distant) pp

You there!

Hänsel.

(very loud) Pp

Who's there?

2 Soprano.

Ppp

Here!

2 Soprano.

PP

Where?

Gretel (somewhat plaintively)

Is someone there?

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Gretel (softly)

Did you hear? a voice said "Here!" Hänself.

Surely someone is here?

Hänself. I'm frightened, I'm frightened,

I wish I were home... I see the wood all filled with

The wood is filled with

Hänself. Gretel, stick to me close and tight. I'll

Wood.
(A thick mist risen and completely hides the background.)

I see some shad-owy

shelter you, I'll shel-ter you!

Wo-men com-ing! See how they sod and

book-on, book-on! They're com-ing, they're com-ing,

they'll take me away!

(crying out)

(crescendo)
(Rushes horror-struck under the tree and sits on her knees, hiding herself behind Hänsel.)

Più animato.

Farther, mother, Hänsel. (At this moment the mist lifts on the left; a little grey man is seen with a little sack on his back.)

Ah!

there, the man-kin, sister dear!

(covering widow)

Ah!

I wonder who the mankin is?

Un poco più tranquillo.

(The little man greets the children with friendly gestures, and the children gradually calm down.)
Scene II.

Moderato.

Sand-man (the Sleep-Fairy; strewing sand in the children's eyes.)

I shut the children's eyes, sh! And guard the little sleep, sh! For dearly do I love them, sh! And gladly watch a love them, sh! And with my little bag of sand I stand; then little tired,

[Music notation]
ev'ry close, last lit the limbs have sweet repose. And

poco ritard.

if they're good and quickly go to sleep.

poco ritard.

Piu lento.

Then, from the distant shore a voice, the angels come with peace and love, And

seed the children happy dreams. While they keep.

Then slumber, slumber, children, slumber. For
Happy dreams are sent you thru the hours.

Hansel (bunt s.p.)
Gretel (sotto)

Sandman was there!
Let us first say our evening pray-er! (They cross-down and hold their hands)

L'istesso tempo.
Gretel, mezzo forte

When at night I go to sleep, Fourteen angels watch do keep.
Two my head are

When at night I go to sleep, Fourteen angels watch do keep.
Two my head are

guard-ing. Two my feet are guard-ing. Two are on my
Scene III.

Pantomime.

Poco a poco più animato.

Fourteen angels, in light feathered garments, pass down the staircase two and two, at intervals, while it is getting gradually lighter. The angels place themselves, according to
the under-mentioned in the evening by no, around the sleeping children; the first couple at the head.

the second at their feet, the third on the right, the fourth on the left; then the fifth and sixth couples
distribute (remember amongst the other couples so that the circle of the angels is complete.)
Lastly the seventh couple comes into the circle, and takes its place as "guardian angel" on each side of the children.
Tempo moderato.

(The remaining angels now join hands and dance a lively dance around the group.)
(The whole stage is filled with an intense light)

(Whilst the angels group themselves in a picturesque tableau the curtain slowly falls.)

Wind.

Harp.

Br.

Sax.

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Third Act.
The Witch's House.
Scene I.

(Scene as at the end of Act II. The background is still hidden in mist, which gradually rises during the following. The angels have vanished. Morning is breaking. The Dew Fairy steps forward and shakes dewdrops from a bluebell over the sleeping children.)

Dew-Fairy.

I'm up with early dawn ing, And know who loves the morn ing, Who'll rise fresh as a daisy, Who'll slink in slumber.
Lazy, ding! dong! ding!

And with the golden light of day I chase the fading

night away. Fresh dew around me, shaking. And hill and dale a -

walking. Then up, with all your pow'rs En - joy the morning

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hours.—The scent of trees and flowers, Then up, ye sleepers a—

wa—kend! The rosy dawn is smi—

(Hurry off singing. The children begin to stir.)

wake!
Un poco più lento.

Gretel (shuts her eyes, looks around her, and raises herself a little, whilst Hinkel turns over on the other side to go to sleep again)

Where am I? Walking? Or do I dream?

How come I in the wood to lie?

high in the

branch. I hear a gentle twittering, Birds are be-
gin - ning to sing so sweet - ly, From ear - ly

down they are all a - wake, And war - ble their morning hymn.

of grate - ful praise. Dear lit - tle sing - ers, lit - tle

(turns to Hazel)

Sing - ers, Good morn - ing!
See there, the sleepy lazy bones! Wait now, I'll wake him! Ti-rea-li-re-li, it's getting late! The bird's flight is wing-ing. On high his matin singing.
Hansel!

I feel so well,

Gretel.

But

I know not why!

A wonderful dream was sent to
Hänsel (meditative)

me!

Boa!—ly! I too had a

Gretel.

dream!

murm’ring and rush’ing,

As though the

angels in Heaven were sing’ing.

Re-

clouds above me were float’ing.

Re-

voring und

257-8
floating in the distance away.

Suddenly all around a light was streaming, rays of glory from

Heaven beam-ing, And a golden ladder

I saw I descend-ing, An-gels down it gliding,

Such lovely an-gels with shin-ing golden wings.

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Scene II.

(Her face turns towards the background: at this moment the last remains of the mist clear away. In place of the fifteen is seen the Witch's House at the [Hausberg], shining in the rays of the rising sun. A little distance off, to the left, as an even opposite this, on the right, a large expanse, both joined to the witch's house by a lane of (fathery) figures.)

**Gretel (sadly Grows back in astonishment)**

Front. Stand still! Be still!

**Hansel (surprised)**

O Heaven, what warren place is
Say, do I dream? A cottage all made of Hausel.
treat? Ah could she but visit our
little cottage barn. She’d ask us to
little cottage barn, she’d ask us to
to dinner her kindness to share, she’d ask us to
dinner her kindness to share, I’m sure she’d
dinner her kindness to share, as both
ask us to dinner, as both
ask us to dinner, as both
Hansel.

No sound I hear, No, nothing is stirring! Come, let's go in.

to dinner there, to dinner there!
Gretel (pulling him back horrified)

Are you quite sensel-oh? Hänself, how can you

poor vil.

make so bold? Who knows who may live there, in that lovely house?

Hänself. a tempo

look, do look, how the house seems to smile!

(Enthusiastic)

Ah! the angels did our footsteps hear?
Gretel (reflectively)

The angel? Yes, it must be

Hänsel.

Yes, Gretel, the angels are beckoning us

Hänsel.

in!

Più animato.

Gretel.

Yes, let's nibble it, yes, let's nibble it

Come, let's nibble a bit of the cottage! Come, let's nibble it like

Più animato.
(They hop along, hand in hand, towards the back of the stage; —

and then steal along cautiously on tip-toe to the house. After some hesitation, Mimi breaks off a bit of cake from the right-hand corner.)
Scene III.

Listesso tempo. (4-4)

A voice from the house.

Nib-ble, nib-ble, mouse-kin, whole nib-bling at my house-kin?

Hänsel (starts, and in his fright lets the piece of cake fall.)

O, did you hear?

Gretel (somewhat timidly)

The wind, the hea-venly wind!

The wind, the hea-venly wind!

Gretel (picks up the piece of cake and tastes it.)

Hänsel (looking longingly at Gretel.)

Dyou like it?
Gretel

Just taste and try it!

Hänsel (says his hand on his breast in surprise):

Hi!

Hi!

Hi!

Hi!

Hi!

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Hi!
His most de-
et such plum-cake!

Ah, O how good,
itous!

How tun-ty! How sweet!

How sweet,

Hi! sweet-y-maker!

Hi's g'rops the house of a sweet-y-maker!

(sails out.)
tun-ty!
Have a care!

(He breaks a big piece of cake off the wall)

lit - the mouse your sweet - less would share!

The voice from the house.

Hansel, the voice from the house.

Nibble, nibble, mouse-kissed at my housekin?

wind, the wind, the hea - venly wind!

wind, the wind, the hea - venly wind!
(The upper part of the house-door opens greatly, and the Witch's head is seen in it. The children at first do not see her, and go on feasting merrily. Then she opens the whole door, extends warily up)

Gretel.

Well, you gob-smacked mousekin, here comes the cat from the house-kind!

to the children, and throws a rope round the neck of Hinsel, who, without any misgivings, turns

Hinsel (taking another bite.)

Not what you please, and leave me in peace! Hints.

his back to her.)

Gretel (snatches the piec from his hand.)

Dear be un-kind, Sir wind, Sir wind. Heavenly wind.

Gretel (laughing.)

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha (laughing.)

Hinsel takes it back (from her.)

Ha ha ha ha ha!
Allegro non assai.

Hänsel (horror-struck)

But!

The Witch (laughing shrilly)

Let go! Who are you?

He he, he he, he he he he he he!

Allegro non assai.

Hänsel.

Let me go!

The Witch (drawing the children towards her)

And gose back! (And gose ney-)

Poco ritenuo.

(The-executes the children)

You've come to
what makes you say such things?

I am Ro-ti-na Daln-ty-mouth,
And dear-ly

love my fel-low men,
In act-less as a new-born

child!
That's why the chil-dren to me are so dear,
Più animato.

Hansel (turning roughly away) (stamping with his foot)

Hansel: So! Go, get yourself out of my sight! (stamp)

The Witch (laughing shrilly)

Witch: Hahahaha! Hahahaha!
Allegro non troppo.

These daint-y mor-sels I'm real-ly float-ing on,
And you, my

Un poco più tranquillo.

lit-tle maid-en, I'm dou-ing on!

Come, lit-tle mou-sey, Come in-to my hou-sey?

Come with me, my pre-ious, I'll give you sweet-meats de-li-cious!
Of chocolate, tart and marzipan
You shall both eat all you can,

And wedding cake and strawberry ice, mango and every thing

else that lovely is,
And raisins and almonds, and peaches and citrons are

waiting. You'll both find it quite captivating,

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Hansel.

I would come

yes, quite captivating!

Gretel.

You are quite too friendly! The Witch.

with you, hideous fright!

See, see!

See, how shy! Isar children, you really may

trust me in this, And living with me will be perfect

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Come, little moosey, come in to my honey!

Gretel. But say, what will you
Come with me, my precious, I'll give you sweetmeats delicious!

Gretel. The Witch.
with my brother do? Well, well, I'll ed and fat'tem him up well,

With every sort of dainty delicious, To make him tender and
And if he's brave and patient too,
AndIST and o-

be-dient like a sheep.
Then, Elz. cell, I'll whisper it

you, I have a great treat in store

Hansel.
Then, speak out loud, and whisper for you!
The Witch: What is the treat in store for me?

What? (dimin.)

The Witch: Yes, my dear children, hearing and sight

Hansel: In this great pleasure will disappear quite. 

El? both my hearing and seeing are good! I told

not.

Hansel: (repetitive) 

better take care you do me no harm! 

Gredel, trust not her flat-towing words,

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Come, sin-become, let her run a way!

(Here they are stopped by the Witch, who imperiously raises against them both a stick which hangs at her girdle, with repeated gestures of spell-binding.)

The Witch.

Hold!

(The stage becomes gradually darker.)

Hecate, power, witch's charm! Move not, as you fear my arm!

Back or forward do nottry.
Fixed you are by the evil eye!

Head on shoulders fixed away! Poco a poco più animato.

Hokus, hokus, now comes hokus. Children, watch the magic.

Più tranquillo.

Head, eyes are staring, dull as lead! Now, you a- tom off to bed!
Hansel, who is grating firmly at the illuminated head, into the stable, and shuts the lattice door...

(Expressivo)

(The stage gradually becomes lighter, whilst the light of the magic head diminishes.)

Molto tranquillo.

The Witch (contentedly to Gretel, who still stands three motionless.)

While Gretel, be obedient and wise.
Hansel growing fat and nice. We'll feed him up, you'll see my reason. And with sweet almonds and with raisins season. I'll go in doors, the things to prepare, And you remain here where you are! Gretel (stiff and motionless) O, what a horrid
Un poco più animato.

Bansel (whispering hysterically)

with she is!

(re-echo, shh!)
don't speak so loud! Be ve-ry

sharp, watch well! And see What-ev-er she may do to me!

pretend to do all she com-mands. 0 there she's coming

Più animato.

(The Witch comes out, contrives herself that

back—shh!  shh!  hush!  hush!  circlel. is still standing motionless and the

spreadt before Bansel. animals and plants

from a basket.)
Allegro.

The Witch.

Now, little man. come peer thee en-

Molto ritenuto.

(sticking a pin into his eye's mouth)

joy yourself!

Eat, min- lion,

Piu animato.

eat or die!

Here are sakes, 0 no more.

(Shakes his fist and turns it with a jingle and hunger.)

Hocus pocus, elde-ski-a!
Allegro.

Rigid body loosen, hush! Now up and move again.

Bright and blithe, limbs all become supple and lissome! Go my pop, pet,

Go my pet, You the table now shall set: Little knife, little fork,

Little dish, little plate, Little server, viette for my little mate!
Now get everything ready and nice. Or else I shall

(Shriekers and titter. Gretel hurries off.)

lock you up too in a trice! He he he he he!

Molto più lento.

(To Blaine, who pretends to be asleep.)

The fool is slumbering, it does seem

 queer. How youth can sleep and have no fear! Well, sleep a
way, you sim - ple sheep, — Soon you will sleep your

last long sleep!

But first with Gretel I'll begin, Off

you, dear maid-en, I will dine; — You're so ten - der, plump and

(ritard.

do - lce)
Allegro.

good — just the thing for witches' food!

(She opens the oven door and sniffs in.)

lighted up by the deep red glare of the fire.)

Wind

poco ritenuto

dim —

The dough has risen, so well go on pre-par-ing.

Bark, how the sticks in the fire are crackling!
(She pushes a couple more faggots under the fire flames up and then dies down again.)

The Witch (rubbing her hands with glee.)

Yes, Gretel mine, how well off you I'll dine!

See, see, O how shy!

When in the oven she's peeking, quickly behind her Tin-creeching!

One lit-the-push, bang

When
Then soon will gree the door, clung!

And then from the oven I take her shell

look like a cake from the baker!

By magic fire red dung is to gus-gered!

See, see how sly! He he, he he, he he, he he, he he, he he, he he, he he, he he!
Listessee tempo. (a: 3:)

(In her wild delight she seizes a broomstick and begins to ride upon it.)

So hip, hop, hop, gallop, lop, lop! My broomstick is none do not lag!

(She rides excitedly round on the broomstick.)

At dawn of day I ride a-way, Am

(She rides again; treacle meanwhile is watching at the window.)

At midnight hour, when none can know, to join the witch of dance I go,
And three and four are witches' lore, And

five and six are witches' tricks, And nine is one, And

ten is none, And seven is ill, Or what she will!

And thus they ride till down of day!
(Hopping madly along she rides to the back of the stage, and vanishes for a time behind the cottage.)

(Here the Witch becomes visible again; she comes to the foreground, where she suddenly pulls up— and disappears.)
(Hansel peeks out a small hole.)

Hansel: Oh how scraggly, how lean!

Grimm: Och, you're a scraggly one, As bad as a skeleton!


(Gretel appears at the door.)

The Witch (sings): (Gretel appears at the door.)
The Witch.

Bring some raisins and almonds sweet, Hünstel wants something to

(Gretel runs into the house, and returns immediately with a basket full of almonds and

raisins)

Gretel.

(Whilst the Witch is

feeding Hünstel, Gretel gets behind her and makes the

gestures of disenchanted with the juniper-branch.)

Gretel (slyly).

Hören, pöss, el-der-bush,

The Witch (turning suddenly round).

Hündi, hand, hush! What were you saying, little goose?
Gretel (confusedly)
The Witch.

Gretel (loudly)

On - ly much good may it do to Hans! Eh? Much good may it do to Hans!

The Witch.
(sticks a raisin into Gretel's mouth)

He-hehe! my little Miss, I'll stop your mouth with this!

E-at, mi - tion, eat or die. Here are cakes, O so nice!

(She opens the oven door; the heat has apparently diminished. Meanwhile Hänsel makes violent signs to Gretel.)
Hänsel (softly opening the stable door)                    The Witch (looking greedily at Gretel)
Sis-ter, dear, — O be-ware! —  She makes my mouth vu-ter,

This pretty little daughter!  Come, Gretel mine!  sugar-maiden mine!

(Gretel comes towards him)
Peep in the oven, he says,  See if the gingerbread’s ready!

Care-ful-ly look, pet,  Wheather it’s cooked yet,  But if it wants more

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(Gretel hesitates.)

Hänsel (slipping out of the stable)

Shut quick the door!

Sis-ter dear,

Gretel (making herself out very awkward)

Have a care! I don't understand what I have to do!

The Witch.

Just stand on tip-toe, head bending forward, try it, I pray. It's merely play!

Hänsel (pulling Gretel back by her frock) Gretel (sturdy)

Sis-ter dear, now take care! I'm such a goose, don't und-erstand!
The Witch (makes a movement of impatience)  (She begins creeping up to the

door, muttering all the time, and just as she is bending over it, Hänsel and Gretel give her a good push, which sends her toppling over into it, upon which they quickly shut the door.)

Gretel (mocking her)

"Then one little push, bang! Goes the door, clang!" You,

Hänsel (mocking her)

"Then one little push, bang! Goes the door, clang!" You,
spell is over, Really over. We fear no more! Yes, let us

boppy be, Dancing so merrily. Now the old witch is gone! We have no end of fun!

Hey! hurrah, hurrah! Hip hurrah! Hip hurrah!

They take each other round the waist and wait!
together, first in the front of the stage, and then gradually in the direction of the Witch's house.)

(When they get there, Hansel breaks loose from Gretel and rushes into the house, shutting the door after him. Then from the upper window he throws down apples, pears, oranges, gilded nuts, and all kinds of
sweetmeats into (Freda's outstretched apron.)

(Meanwhile the oven begins crackling loudly, and the flames burn high. Then there is a loud crash, and the oven falls thundering into bits.)
(Hänsel and Gretel, who in their terror let their sweetmeats all
fall down, hurry towards the oven startled, and stand there motionless. Their astonishment increases when they become aware of a troop of children around them, whose disguise of cakes has fooled them.)

Gretel. (spoken) There, see those little children over there! I wonder how they all came here!
Scene IV.

Molto tranquillo. $\mathcal{L} = 80$

Soprano (Turns)

Gingerbread Children.  
Alto (Boys)

Molto tranquillo. $\mathcal{L} = 80$

Str. (con sordino)

and with closed eyes as the cake figures were before.

saved, we're freed for e - ver - more!

Gretel.

Your eyes are shut, pray who are you? You're sleep - ing, and

Wind: Tre.

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yet you're singing too!

Hänsel (embarrassed.)

pray, that we may all awake!

Gretel.

Yes, let us stroke this innocent face!

me, I dare not try!
(She caresses the nearest child, who opens its eyes and smiles.)

(O touch me too, O touch me too, that

I also may awake!)

(Poco a poco accelerando sin al

Hansel.

Hocus pocus el derbush! Rigid body loosen, hush!

exxnnn
(The Children jump up and hurry towards Hänsel and Gretel from all sides.)

Single.

We thank.

Tempo vivace. (d: so)

We thank.

You.

All.

Thank you both!

The spell is broke and we are free. Well.

Well.

Sing and we'll dance and we'll shout for glee! Come children all, and form a ring, join
hands to - ge - ther while we sing! Then
sings and spring, then dance and sing. That through the wood our song of praise may
sings and spring, then dance and sing. That through the wood our song of praise may
sound, and echo repeat it all around! sound, and echo repeat it all around; all around!
(drawing back.)

We thank!

We thank!

---

Angels whispered in dreams to us in silent night!

(Four Gingerbread Children at a time surround Hänsel and Gretel, and bow gracefully to them.)

Gretel.

Ye angels,

What this happy, happy day has brought to light... Ye angels...

Praise and thanks!

We
who have watched over our steps and led them right, You we praise and
who have watched over our steps and led them right. We

Single.

We thank you both
thank you both for all our joy and wondrous delight!

thank for all our joy and wondrous delight,

praise and thank, we praise and thank for all our

for all our joy and wondrous delight, for all our

We thank you both for all our wondrous delight! We
for all our delight!
joy and won- drous delight! All
joy and won-drous de-light! All We'll thank you
thank you both for our de-light! We'll thank you

(They all press round Hansel and Gretel to shake hands with them.)

all our life! We'll thank you all our life!

with Hansel.

We thank you now, we
We thank you now,
We thank you both, we
We'll thank you all our life!

Gretel.

We thank you, we
We thank,
thank you now. We thank you for our delight!

We thank you now. We thank you for our delight!

thank you both. We thank you all our life!

We thank you all our life! We

We praise and thank you both for

praise and thank you both for all our joy, all our delight, for
thank we thank for our
dain and thank you now for our
dain our joy and for all our
dain our joy and our delight, for all our
din

un poco rit"ento.

ight!
ight!
ight!

ight!
Father (behind the scene)

tra la la, tra la la, We are our children on ly here!

Wind

un poco rit"ento.
(The Father appears in the background with the Mother, and stops when he
(half spoken) Tra la la la, tra la la la, Ha! Why they're really there!

Vivo.

Last Scene.
Hansel (running towards them.)

Allegro molto. (dolce)
Fa - ther! Mo - ther!

Gretel. (as same.)
Mo - ther. Fa - ther! Chil - dren dear!

(joyful embraces.)
wel - come, poor chil - dren in - no - cent!
Meanwhile two of the boys have dragged the Witch, in the form of a big gingerbread cake, out of the

raise of the oven. At the sight of her they all burst into a shout of joy. The boys place the Witch in the

middle of the stage.

Father.

Child: devote to the wonder wrought. How the witch's self was caught,

Unaware, In the snare Laid for you with cunning.
All the rest.

See, O see the wonder wrought, how the witch herself was caught,

rare!

Un - a - ware In the snare Laid for us with cunning

(The two boys drag the Witch into the cottage.)

rare!

Such is Heaven's chastisement, Evil works will have an end.

Poco a poco più allargando.

When past bearing is our grief, God the Lord will send us sure relief! Yes,

23788
Maestoso.

Griech.

When past bearing is our grief, God the Lord will send re-

Più allargando.


Mutter.

When past bearing is our grief, God the Lord will

Faher.

li-f!

God the Lord will

When past bearing is our grief, God the Lord will

Maestoso.

When past bearing is our grief, God the Lord will
Molto vivace. ($\sim 120$)

send        \textit{re-lief!}

send        \textit{re-lief!}

send        \textit{re-lief!} (Whilst the children dance in a joyous circle round the group, the caprice falls)

send        \textit{re-lief!}

send        \textit{re-lief!}

send        \textit{re-lief!}

Molto vivace. ($\sim 120$)

The End.