CHORAL BALLAD FOR MIXED VOICES
WITH BARITONE SOLO

LORD HOWE'S
MASQUERADE
(A REVOLUTIONARY LEGEND)

TEXT BY
FREDERICK H. MARTENS

MUSIC BY
N. CLIFFORD PAGE

Boston: OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
New York: CHAS. H. DITSON & CO. Chicago: LYON & HEALY
Important Notice

**Performance** of this work without the permission of the owner of the copyright is forbidden and subject to the penalties provided by the Copyright Laws for unlawful performance.

**Copying** of either the separate parts or the whole or any portion of this work by any process whatsoever is forbidden and subject to the penalties provided by the Copyright Laws of the United States.

**Orchestrating** the whole or any part of this work is forbidden and subject to the penalties provided by the Copyright Laws of the United States.

For the **Right to Perform** this work permission in writing must be obtained from the *Oliver Ditson Company*, sole owner of the publishing and performing rights.

*Orchestra parts may be rented from the publishers only*
Lord Howe's Masquerade

(A Revolutionary Legend)

This legend, one of the most dramatic to which the American War of Independence has given birth, has been chosen by author and composer for poetic and musical treatment as one calculated to emphasize and glorify that passionate love of liberty and its highest ideals out of which has sprung a deeper and more intimate union of the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples. From its introductory "clash of Hessian cymbals" to the end it is an indictment of the tyranny of the "Hanoverian king," whose despotism, exercised against the best English opinion of the day, led the great Chatham to write: "Would to Heaven England be not doomed to bind round her own hands and wear patiently the chains which she is forging for her colonies!"

The story, in brief, is that of the brilliant masquerade given by Lord William Howe at the Manor House in Boston, at which, the legend runs, the apparitions of the ancient royal governors of Massachusetts, from Endicott down to the double of Lord Howe himself, solemnly left the place in which they had held sway; while the booming of Washington's cannon heralded the downfall of the autocracy which, brought from electoral Hanover, had compelled brethren to bear arms against each other.

In the music, though effective opportunities for programmatic development have not been overlooked, they have been made subservient to the chief end in view, the treatment of a striking episode of our national history with the inspiration and dramatic effect it demands.

THE PUBLISHERS
Lord Howe's Masquerade

The clash of Hessian cymbal and the roll of kettle-drum,
The shrilling note of martial sife made the ballroom rafters hum
At Province House in Boston Town, the while their music swayed
The dance of British captain and of Tory belle and blade,
With a one-two, one-two, one-two, one-two, at Lord Howe's masquerade!

The hem of Roman toga and the fold of Grecian dress,
They brushed the fringe of the ranger's shirt, and the skirts of the wilderness,
Grim buccaneer with nun was paired, and knight with Indian maid,
And London beau with gipsy across the waxen floor clasped
With a one-two, one-two, one-two, one-two, at Lord Howe's masquerade!

While rousing gales of laughter in their rags of buff and blue,
Were merry wags, who were taking off (with their shabby wigs askew)
With noses false and messroom jibes too broad to please the staid
The rebel Mister Washington, his generals on parade,
With a one-two, one-two, one-two, one-two, at Lord Howe's masquerade.

The clash of Hessian cymbal and the roll of kettle-drum,
The shrilling note of martial sife made the ballroom rafters hum
At Province House in Boston Town, but dancers gay who surge
Stop short, for sombre, solemn echoes, as though their joy to scourge
Before the door, upon the street,
The pulse of muffled drums that beat
A funeral dirge!

While yet the startled dancers stand amazed,
From upper chambers of the Province House,
Down the broad stair a stern procession comes,
Dark men, with steeple hat and beard apoint,
Bible in hand, sword girded at their right,
Cast on the masqueraders looks of scorn,
And past them stride, and vanish in the night;
While ever sounds the throbbing, pulsing beat of muffled drums!
"Who were these men?" my Lord Howe cries
To Colonel Joliffe, too infirm to strike a blow for liberty;
Yet honored by his foes. And he replies:
“Endicott, Winthrop, Vane, Dudley, Haynes and last
Bellingham, Leverett. Bradstreet—these who passed
Were Massachusetts’ governors, the Puritans!
Now comes the tyrant Andros mailed and grim;
Sir William Phipps, the courtier, follows him;
There the proud Earl of Bellomont, and Dudley sly,
Shute, with his red nose, Burnet;
Belcher, wry his face with twinge of gout,
There’s Shirley, too, Pownall, Bernard, Hutchison, but who,
Who can this be whose cocked hat hides his face? I know him!”

“It is Gage!” the maskers cry
And silent fall as he goes by.
The candles dim
And there appears in military cloak, a stately shape
And plain to all, in him they recognize Lord Howe!
“Treason” cries Howe! His sword is in his hand.
He rushes on the figure, bids it stand!
It faces him; sheer horror holds him banded,
For ‘tis his very self he’d challenged,
Aye, his double!

Now it turns to stay its foot upon the threshold
In despair it shakes its fist, is gone!
While ever sounds the throbbing, pulsing beat of muffled drums!
And mingled with the muffled beat of funeral drums along the street,
The tolling bells of South Church sound
The midnight hour with peal profound.
The candles gutter, Lord Howe’s guests
Haste from the mansion, fear oppressed!
They know the portent fraught with dule
For George the king and kingly rule;

When faring forth into the night, the governors by royal right
Desert the Province House where they ruled Massachusetts in their day.
But wail of bells a-tolling and the beat of muffled drum,
They rise again to a martial note, to a note of joy to come,
Cling! clang! cling! cling! they rise again to a martial note,
To a note of joy to come,
As rebel guns to the southward roar their heartening cannonade
Oh, Washington is on the way nor may his march be stayed!
And entering into Boston Town, he’ll haul the royal standard down,
A fitting climax for to crown
My Lord Howe’s masquerade!
Lord Howe's Masquerade
(A REVOLUTIONARY LEGEND)

Choral Ballad for Mixed Voices with Baritone Solo

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

Allegretto moderato ($\frac{4}{4}$: 116)

Trumpets and Kettle Drums

Copyright, MCMXIX, by Oliver Ditson Company
International Copyright Secured.
SOPRANO

Allegretto moderato

The clash of Hessian cymbals and the

ALTO

The clash of Hessian cymbals and the

TENOR

The clash of Hessian cymbals and the

BASS

The clash of Hessian cymbals and the

Allegretto moderato (d.112)

72911-44
roll of kettle-drum, The shrilling note of martial fife made the
roll of kettle-drum, The shrilling note of martial fife made the
roll of kettle-drum, The shrilling note of martial fife made the
roll of kettle-drum, The shrilling note of martial fife made the
roll of kettle-drum, The shrilling note of martial fife made the
Fife

ball-room rafters hum At Province House in Boston Town, the
ball-room rafters hum At Province House in Boston Town, the
ball-room rafters hum At Province House in Boston Town, the
ball-room rafters hum At Province House in Boston Town, the
ball-room rafters hum At Province House in Boston Town, the

72911-44
while their music swayed
The dance of British captain and of

while their music swayed
The dance of British captain and of

while their music swayed
The dance of British captain and of

while their music swayed
The dance of British captain and of

To - ry belle and blade,
The dance of British captain and of To - ry belle and

To - ry belle and blade,
The dance of British captain and of To - ry belle and

To - ry belle and blade,
The dance of British captain and of To - ry belle and

To - ry belle and blade,
The dance of British captain and of To - ry belle and
blade, With a one-two, one-two, one-two, one-two, at

blade, With a one-two, one-two, one-two, one-two, at

blade, With a one-two, one-two, one-two, one-two, at

blade, With a one-two, one-two, one-two, one-two, at

Lord Howe's masquerade!

Lord Howe's masquerade!

Lord Howe's masquerade!

Lord Howe's masquerade!
Moderato

The hem of Roman

The hem of Roman

The hem of Roman

The hem of Roman

"Sir Roger de Coverly"

Toga and the fold of Grecian dress, They brush the fringe of the
toga and the fold of Grecian dress, They brush the fringe of the
toga and the fold of Grecian dress, They brush the fringe of the
toga and the fold of Grecian dress, They brush the fringe of the

cresc.
ran-ger's shirt, and the skins of the wil-derness,— Grim buccaneer with
ran-ger's shirt, and the skins of the wil-derness,— Grim buccaneer with
ran-ger's shirt, and the skins of the wil-derness,— Grim buccaneer with
ran-ger's shirt, and the skins of the wil-derness,— Grim buccaneer with
nun was pair'd, and knight with In-dian maid,— And
nun was pair'd, and knight with In-dian maid,— And
nun was pair'd, and knight with In-dian maid,— And
nun was pair'd, and knight with In-dian maid,— And
London beau with gipsy across the wax-en floor 

Allegretto con grazia

With a one-two, one-two,

With a one-two, one-two,

With a one-two, one-two,

"Oh, Dear! What can the matter be?"

Allegretto con grazia (4-96)

With a one-two, one-two,
one two at Lord Howe's masquerade!

Poco animato
Allegretto con spirito

While rousing gales of laughter in their rags of buff and blue,
Rags of buff and blue, were merry wags, who were taking off (with their)

poco rit. f

shabby wigs a-skew) with noses false and mess-room jibes too

Meno mosso

poco rit.

shabby wigs a-skew) with noses false and mess-room jibes too
broad to please the staid,
un poco rit
broad to please the staid,
un poco rit
broad to please the staid,
un poco rit
broad to please the staid,
The rebel Mister Washington, his
un poco rit

With a
The
With a
gen'-rais on parade. The rebel Mister Washington, his
one two, one two, one two, one two, at
reb el Mis ter Wash ing ton, his gen rals on par ade, at
one two, one two, The reb el Mis ter Wash ing ton, at
gen rals on par ade, his gen rals on par ade, at

Allegretto moderato

Lord Howe's Mas quer ade. The clash of Hess ian cymb als and the
Lord Howe's Mas quer ade. The clash of Hess ian cymb als and the
Lord Howe's Mas quer ade. The clash of Hess ian cymb als and the
Lord Howe's Mas quer ade. The clash of Hess ian cymb als and the

Allegretto moderato (4:112)
roll of kettle-drum, The shrilling note of martial fife made the

roll of kettle-drum, The shrilling note of martial fife made the

roll of kettle-drum, The shrilling note of martial fife made the

roll of kettle-drum, The shrilling note of martial fife made the

ball-room rafters hum, At Province House in Boston Town, but

ball-room rafters hum, At Province House in Boston Town, but

ball-room rafters hum, At Province House in Boston Town, but

ball-room rafters hum, At Province House in Boston Town, but
Andante (Marcia Funèbre)

dancers gay who surge Stop short, for sombre, solemn
dancers gay who surge Stop short, for sombre, solemn
dancers gay who surge Stop short, for sombre, solemn

(Muffled Drums)

&ca bassa

Andante (Marcia Funèbre)

echoes, as though their joy to scourge.
echoes, as though their joy to scourge.
echoes, as though their joy to scourge.
echoes, as though their joy to scourge.
Before the door, upon the street,

The pulse of muffled drums that beat a funeral dirge! While

The pulse of muffled drums that beat a funeral dirge! While

The pulse of muffled drums that beat a funeral dirge! While

The pulse of muffled drums that beat a funeral dirge!
yet the startled dancers stand amazed, From
yet the startled dancers stand amazed, From
While yet the startled dancers
While yet the startled dancers
upper chambers of the Province House,
upper chambers of the Province House,
stand amazed, From upper chambers,
stand amazed, From upper chambers,
Down the broad stair a stern procession comes,

Dark men, with steeple hat and beard a-point,
Bible in hand, Bible in hand, Bible in hand,
sword girded at their right,

f fieramente

Cast on the masqueraders looks of scorn And
Cast on the masqueraders looks of scorn And
sword girded at their right, Cast on the masqueraders looks of scorn And
past them stride, and vanish in the night; While ever

past them stride, and vanish in the night; While ever

past them stride, and vanish in the night;

past them stride, and vanish in the night;

sounds—The throbbing, pulsing beat of muffled

sounds—The throbbing, pulsing beat of muffled

While ever sounds The throbbing, pulsing beat of

While ever sounds The throbbing, pulsing beat of

fp misteriosamente
"Who were these men?" my Lord Howe cries to Colonel Joliffe,

Allegro agitato
Lento con sensibilita

too infirm to strike a blow for liberty. Yet

honored by his foes. And he replies:

f deliberately

mf deliberately

mf deliberately

honor'd by his foes. And he replies:

honor'd by his foes. And he replies:

honor'd by his foes. And he replies:

Deliberately

rit. molto
Moderato \( \text{\textit{mf declamando}} \)

Baritone Solo

Endicott, Winthrop, Vane, Dudley, Haynes and last Belkington, Leverett,

Bradstreet—these who pass'd were Massachusetts' governors, the

Puritans!

Now comes the tyrant Andros

mail'd and grim; Sir William Phipps, the courtier, follows him;
There the proud Earl of Bel-lo-mont, and Dudley sly.

Shute, with his red nose, Burnett; Bel-cher, wry his

face with twinge of gout, There's Shirley, too, Pown-all, Ber-

nard, Hatch-in-son, but who, Who can this be whose cock'd
hat hides his face? I know him!"

chorus ff

"It is"

chorus ff

"It is"

cresc. e stringendo poco a poco

ff

"It is"

Moderato mf — p sotto voce

Gage!" The mask-ers cry and si- lent fall as he goes

mf — p sotto voce

Gage!" The mask-ers cry and si- lent fall as he goes

mf — p sotto voce

Gage!" The mask-ers cry and si- lent fall as he goes

Gage!" The mask-ers cry and si- lent fall as he goes

Moderato (J:\=84)
Pomposo

And there appears in military cloak, a state-ly shape And plain to all,

Pomposo (C 100)
Poco animato

in him they re-cog-nize Lord Howe!

in him they re-cog-nize Lord Howe!

in him they re-cog-nize Lord Howe!

in him they re-cog-nize Lord Howe!

Poco animato (d':tos)

BARITONE SOLO

ff con rabbia

“Trea-son” cries Howe! His sword is in his hand He

poco stringendo

rush-es on the fig-ure, bids it stand! It

poco stringendo e cresc.
Molto moderato (d-76) (sotto voce) timoroso

fa-ces him; sheer hor-ror holds him bann'd, For 'tis his

strangolare

ver-y self he'd chal-lenged, Ayé, His dou-ble! Now it

c-on moto

turns to stay its foot up-on the

thresh-old In de-spair it shakes its fist, is gone!
Andante (Marcia funebre)  

While ever sounds — The throbbing,

Cornet — misteriosamente

While ever sounds — The throbbing,

un poco accel.

pulsing beat of muffled drums!

Deep Toned Bell
Moderato

And mingled with the muffled beat

And mingled with the muffled beat

And mingled with the muffled beat

Moderato (♩=88)

Funeral drums along the street, The tolling bells of

Funeral drums along the street, The tolling bells of

Funeral drums along the street, The tolling bells of
Lord Howe's guests
Haste from the mansion,
fear oppress'd! They

Lord Howe’s guests
Haste from the mansion,
fear oppress'd! They

Lord Howe’s guests
Haste from the mansion,
fear oppress'd! They

Lord Howe’s guests
Haste from the mansion,
fear oppress'd! They

Moderato
know the portent
fraught with dule
For George the king and

know the portent
fraught with dule
For George the king and

know the portent
fraught with dule
For George the king and

know the portent
fraught with dule
For George the king and

Moderato (~88)

poco rit.
largamente

poco rit.
largamente

poco rit.
largamente

poco rit.
largamente
Molto pesante  

**Andante con moto**

king-ly rule,

When

king-ly rule,  When far-ing forth in-to the night,

When

king-ly rule,  When far-ing forth in-to the

king-ly rule,

Molto pesante  

**Andante con moto (d-so)**

far-ing forth in-to the night,  The gov-ernors by roy-al

far-ing forth in-to the night,  The gov-ernors by roy-al

night, in-to the night, The gov-ernors by

When far-ing forth in-to the night,  The
right Desert the Province House whence they Ruled Massachussets in their royal right Desert the Province House whence they Ruled Massachussets in their governor Desert the Province House whence they Ruled Massachussets in their

day, Ruled Massachussets in their day!
day, Ruled Massachussets in their day!
day, Ruled Massachussets in their day!
day, Ruled Massachussets in their day!
Un poco animato (♩ = 82)

Moderato a cappella

But wait of bells a-tolling and the

But wait of bells a-tolling and

But wait of bells a-tolling and the beat of muffled

Moderato (♩ = 96)

f (For rehearsal only)
beat of muffled drum, They rise again to a
beat of muffled funeral drum, They rise again to a

funeral drum, They rise again to a martial note, to a

martial note, to a note of joy to come.

martial note, to a note of joy to come. But

note of joy to come, of joy to come. But
Cling! clang!... wail of bells a-tolling and wail of bells a-tolling and wail of bells a-tolling and

Cling! clang!... They beat of muffled drum... They beat of muffled drum... They
rise again to a martial note, to a note of joy to
rise again to a martial note, to a note of joy to
rise again to a martial note, to a note of joy to
rise again to a martial note, to a note of joy to

ff poco animato

come, As rebel guns to the

ff poco animato

As rebel guns to the

ff poco animato

As rebel guns, rebel guns to the

ff poco animato

As rebel guns, rebel guns to the
Southward roar. Their heart 'ning cannon.

(Trumpets)

Adieu, as rebel guns to the

Adieu, as rebel guns to the

Adieu, as rebel guns, rebel guns, to the

Adieu, as rebel guns, rebel guns, to the
way nor may his march be stay'd! And

way nor may his march be stay'd! And

on the way, nor may his march be stay'd! And

on the way, nor may his march be stay'd! And

Jubiloso

en'tring in to Bos-ton town, He'll haul the roy-al

en'tring in to Bos-ton town, He'll haul the roy-al

en'tring in to Bos-ton town, He'll haul the roy-al

en'tring in to Bos-ton town, He'll haul the roy-al

Jubiloso (d : 100)
stand - ard down, Oh, Wash - ing - ton will

stand - ard down, Oh, Wash - ing - ton will

stand - ard down, Oh, Wash - ing - ton will

stand - ard down, Oh, Wash - ing - ton will

hau - l it down, A fit - ting cli - max

hau - l it down, A fit - ting cli - max

hau - l it down, A fit - ting cli - max

hau - l it down, A fit - ting cli - max
for to crown My Lord Howe's masquer