SIGISMOND STOJOWSKI

PRAYER FOR POLAND
Modlitwa za Polskę

A CANTATA

FOR MIXED VOICES
WITH SOPRANO AND BARITONE SOLOS
AND ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENT

(Piano Score)

For Piano by SIGISMOND KRAVINSKI
English Version by Geo. Harris, Jr.

Price: $2.00 each

NEW YORK: G. SCHIRMER
BOSTON: THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.
PRAYER FOR POLAND

Thou Queen of Poland, thou Queen of the angels.

Thou who beneath the deepest woes didst languish,

When thy Son to earth's dark valleys descended,

End thou for bleeding Poland her deep anguish!

Thou Queen of Poland, thou Queen of the angels.

Let thy love's rainbow o'er her head be bending,

Her hands unloosen from the doomed one's scaffold.

Be thou her angel now and time unending!

Thou Queen of Poland, thou Queen of the angels.

Stainless white lily, bright star of our mornow,

Seven times wounded with the sword of sorrow,

Like to lead boilling was the pain within thee.

Thorns, and the cross, and the driven nails thou knowest,

Thou knowest the blood and tears from Him descending.

And how the pangs of that hurt have no measure;

Be thou our angel now and time unending!

Thou Queen of Poland, thou Queen of the angels.

Likewise thou knowest with what ardor thou gavest Me.

When crucified, even unto Heaven stood He:

Hurt us not into Hell's internal meshes!

Weapons immortal, gainst death unending,

Show unto death that death's power now is no longer;

Bring us, O Lady! our resurrection's glory!

Be thou our angel now and time unending!

Thou Queen of Poland, thou Queen of the angels.

This world is shattered, shattered into pieces!

No single one of its rent and ruptured fragments

Prays any more unto thee, O heavenly Virgin?

We, only we now, burning at the scaffold,

Forth into boundless space our prayers are sending;

Thou'lt know thy subjects by their invocation;

Be thou our angel now and time unending!
To my beloved Mother, Ubochnej Mote

Prayer for Poland

Modlitwa za Polskę

Poem by Sigismond Krasinski
English version by Geo. Harris, Jr.

Sigismond Stojowski, Op. 40

Andante con moto

Piano
Like to lead boiling was the pain with
Wieszco roz-pacy wresi wy serce o-

Like to lead boiling was the pain with
Wieszco roz-pacy wresi wy serce

Like to lead boiling was the pain with
Wieszco roz-pacy wresi wy serce

poco a poco crese e string.

thee.
low.
in thee.
slow.
in thee.
slow.

poco allarg.
marc.
Thorns and the cross and the driven nails thou knowest.
Oskrzyż i gwóź, dźieł rany i clerrie.

Thorns and the cross and the driven nails thou knowest.
Oskrzyż i gwóź, dźieł rany i clerrie.

a tempo

Thorns and the cross and the driven nails thou knowest.
Oskrzyż i gwóź, dźieł rany i clerrie.

mp

Poco maestoso
quasi marcia funebre.

PP

Poco maestoso
quasi marcia funebre.

PP
SOPRANO

Likewise thou knowest what arder glowed He, When, cruel

ALTO

Likewise thou knowest what arder glowed He, When, cruel

TENOR

Likewise thou knowest what arder glowed He, When, cruel

BASS

Likewise thou knowest what arder glowed He, When, cruel
Poco vivace

Hurl us not
Nie daj nas

Hurl us not in-to hell's infernal mesh-es, hurl us
Nie daj nas sie-kiem pie - kielnym na po-tów, Nie daj

Poco vivace

Hurl us not in-to hell's infernal mesh-es, hurl us
Nie daj nas sie-kiem pie - kielnym na po-tów, Nie daj

Not in-to hell's mesh-es, hurl us not in-to hell's infernal
Nie daj nas sie-kiem na po-tów, Nie daj nas in-to hell's infernal
Queen of Poland!

Angeles!

Poland, thou Queen of the Angeles!

Allegro feroce

pianissimo cresc.
This world is shattered!
Ten. świat sie rozpadł.

Shattered into pieces,
Shattered into parts,
I rozdziera sie. bis.
I rozdziera bise

Tenor

Bass

Poco a poco cresc.
SOPRANO

ALTO

This world is shattered!
Ten swiat sie rozpad,

This world is shattered!
Ten swiat sie rozpad,

piec-es, shat-terd in to piec-es, this
sie-bie, i roz-dzie-ra sie-bie, Ten

ed toscando

shat-terd! This world is shat-terd, is
roz-pad, Ten swiat sie roz-pad, sie

piec-es, this world is shat-terd.
sie-bie, Ten swiat sie roz-pad,

world is shat-terd, this world is
swiat sie roz-pad, Ten swiat sie
QUO VADIS?

Cantata for Soli, Chorus of Mixed Voices, Orchestra and Organ

By FELIX NOWOWIEJSKI

Op. 30

Price, Vocal score, set $2.00

This Cantata is deserving the serious consideration of every choral society. In the first place, the subject is one that will prove interesting to audiences everywhere, because of the strong appeal of the story—the fall of Rome and the struggles of the early Christians—especially as told by Sienkiewicz in the book which forms the basis of the present work. If again, the music as conceived by Nowowiejski is of such a character as to be attractive to all choral organizations, large and small; for it is sufficiently easy to be within the grasp of the average choruses of the small cities which are not equipped to do the most difficult works, and at the same time it is of so great dignity and power as to entitle it to a place on the programmes of even the largest and best societies in the big cities. If the Cantata has already, in the brief course of its existence, proved its value for actual performance. It has been received with extreme favor both in Europe and this country; and in some instances, notably as rendered by the Oratorio Society of Baltimore, its first performance has created so favorable an impression as to demand a rehearing.