HEATHER-BELLES
A Cantata,
for
TREBLE VOICES,
WITH ACCOMPANIMENT FOR PIANOFORTE.
The Poetry by
Mrs. Alexander Roberts,
The Music Composed and Dedicated to
Alice, Marian & Margaret,
by
JOSEPH L. ROECKEL,

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10,000.
HEATHER BELLES.

CANTATA.

POETRY BY
MRS. ALEXANDER ROBERTS.

MUSIC BY
JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.

NO. 1. INTRODUCTION and DUET.
Più mosso.

Con spirito.
"THE INVITATION" DUET. (MARGARET & MARION)

{M.M. \( \pm 100 \)}

Allegretto

\[ \text{Marcato.} \]

Animato.

MARGARET.

Come with us, where the river flows,

Come, where the purple heather grows;

Come, where the birch and the fern so tall

Bend

MARION.

Come with us, where the river flows,

Come, where the purple heather grows;

Come, where the birch and the fern so tall

Bend
o'er the dazzling waterfall, And the silent mountains,

o'er the dazzling waterfall, And the silent mountains,

f \textit{colla voce.}

rall. \textit{a tempo.}

high and grand, Stand like sentinels guarding the land;

high and grand, Stand like sentinels guarding the land;

\textit{a tempo.}

\textit{MARGARET.}

Stand like sentinels guarding the land.

We will

Stand like sentinels guarding the land.

dolce.
wander at will thru' the wooded glen, Till the evening shades des-

MARIAN.

Then laden with flow'r's from its leafy bow'r's, Our

steps well homeward wend; Then laden with flow'r's from its

.10,000
silent mountains high and grand, Stand like sentinels

guarding the land; Stand like sentinels guarding the

Land!
NO. 2. CHORUS. "THE RESPONSE."

Allegretto conodo.
{M.M. = 100}

L’istesso
Tempo.

We will go, we will go, Where the
We will go, we will go, Where the

waters flow, And the pine tree rears its head; Where the
waters flow, And the pine tree rears its head; Where the

.10,000
heather grows, and the blue bell blows, and the roses fragrance shed. We will
search the dell for the drooping bell of the foxglove, proud and tall.
In nooks may be seen the winter-green, the
daintiest flow'r of all... A garland we'll twine Of the sweet woodbine And the

wild rose sweeter still,... Of the maid-en-hair And the

lily fair And berries from the hill... Then a-

con spirito.
-way, and a-way, for the lon-gest day Will be all too short, we

-trow... To roam the dell For the heath-er bell Which at
eve must deck our brow... To roam the dell For the
heath-er bell Which at eve must deck our brow. Then a-

way! Then a-way! Away! Away! A-

way! Then a-way! Away! Away! A-

way! Away! Away!
No. 3. RECITATIVE. (ALICE.)

Recit:

How lofty are those mountains, how they rise With towering tops to meet the summer skies! And on their slopes I see an old gray tower Half-hidden 'mongst the trees, like nest in bow'r; Has it no tale to tell, of lady bright, Of darksome dungeon, or of warlike Knight?

19,000
N° 4. BALLAD. "LADY BARBARA." (MARGARET)

{M.M. \( \frac{3}{8} \)}

Allegretto

Leggiero.

marcato.

With spirit.

Lady

Barbara was the fairest flower In a' the coum-tree

arpreggiando.

side; An' monny a lord cam to her bow'r, To

woo her for his bride... But aye she said "No" to each
lover gay, For her heart was true and true.
To her

ain dear love so far a way, Fighting the In li-
colla voce.

del... An he was a Knight o' high degree But had

neither gold nor land... And her guardian had said none

poor as he Might win her li ly hand. So he

10,000
locked her fast wi' his cruel key In a turret chamber


sternly.

high...

"Now be ye the bride of the Lord Glenlie, Or

colla voce.

bide here till ye die?... a tempo.

I've

plighted my troth to my ain true love Who fights on Syria's

10,000
shore And have vow'd by the sa-cred Heav'n a-bove To

love him e-ver-more!... Twelve roll-ing moons have

pass'd a-way Of her dire cap-ti- vi-ty... When her

Red Cross Knight from Eas-tern fray Came crown'd wi' vic-to-

sadly & slowly.

ry! Wae was his heart when he heard o' her With-

 Cycle more slowly.

10,000
in that cas - tle drear... But her well-tried love made his

colla parte.

rall: tempo I! with spirit.

life-blood stir to think he was still so dear. tempo I! He has

brought his faith - ful fol - lowers a’ In war-like pomp and

joyously.

pride... And they hae storm’d the cas - tle wall And

won his bonnie bride!

10,000
N° 5. RECITATIVE. (Marion.)

Andantino.

This is the spot; here let us rest a while, and we'll with

song and tale the time beguile. Beside the waters of this gay cas-

cade, where sighing alders form a pleasant shade. Allegretto:

rall:
No. 6. Chorus. “We know a cave.”

{M.M. c'84.}

Allegretto
Piacere

We know a cave by the ocean lone, where the pretty spleenwort hides,

We know a cave by the ocean lone, where the pretty spleenwort hides,

We know a cave by the ocean lone, where the pretty spleenwort hides,

And the...
kindly moss-es clothe the stone On its cold and drip-ping sides.

By some it is said that in days gone by, 'Twas the haunt of pirates bold, And at night you may hear the "16,000"
Meno mosso. \{M.M. $\frac{\dot{j}}{4} = 78\}\ .

fear have we of the soundless feet At the glowing noonday
hour... To us 'tis only the cool retreat Or
shield from summer show'r... To us 'tis only the
cool retreat, Or shield from summer show'r.

rall. Tempo I.
How oft 'mid soft and sun-lit days In numerous groups so gay,
Camp-like gypsies at the base Of the cliff that guards the bay.
And then for a scamp er along the beach Or a search on the rocky height, For the golden wave we can scarcely reach And the speed will blue and bright.

Meno mosso.

Would you find our cave by the shingly shore Where the fern we sing of grows? 'Tis

Meno mosso.

10,000
No 7. CHORAL RECITATIVE.

ALICE. RECIT.

Hark! What scream is that I hear? So loud and

Allegro con spirito.

shrill, so fraught with fear?

CHORUS. RECIT. Andante.

'Tis the eagle's cry From his eyrie
Andantino.

high On those distant mountain peaks;

Recit.

gva... See, how he floats in the

azure sky And scans the earth with his piercing eye.

rit: Andantino.

For the victim which he seeks.
No. 8. Trio. "Were I a Bird." (Alice. Marion. Margaret.)

\{M. M. \(\text{\textdollar} = 58\}\)

Alice.

Andantino.

Were I a bird, I'd

dolce.

choose to be a dweller by the lonely sea Where giant cliffs beat back the waves And storm-winds hide in sounding caves; And

storm-winds hide in sounding caves; Where nought is heard but the
wakers' roar, Or wild fowl's scream on the barren shore; A white sea-mew I'd

like to be On a rugged rock by the lonely sea, On a rugged rock by the

Marion.

Were I a bird, I'd fly away, To some lofty mountain
Old and gray, And build my nest on the toppling crag. Mid

Roll. Tempo.

Haunt of deer and antlered stag, Where foaming torrents
Roll. Tempo.

Madly flow Wild offspring of the winter snow, A

Noble eagle I would be, Clefting the air, so bold and free.

-10,000
cleaving the air, so bold... and free.

Neither of these I'd choose to be,

Wore I a bird I'd choose to be a dweller by the

don't go

Wore I a bird I'd fly away to some lofty mountain

on a tree, Gladdening the little child at play.

Lonely sea, where giant cliffs beat back the waves, And

old and grey And build my nest on the toppling crag. Mid
With my simple roundelay,
Storm-winds hide in sounding caves, And
Haunt of deer and antler'd stag. 'Mid haunt of deer and

tempo. express:
Roundelay. Or cheering the weary heart and brain That listen,
Sounding caves. a tempo.
Antler'd stag. a tempo.

cres:
To my hopeful strain.... No soaring bird I'd care to be,
A white sea mew I'd choose to be,
A noble eagle I would be,

.10,000
On a warbler only on a tree;
No soaring bird

On a lone rock above the sea,
A white sea mew

Cleaving the air so bold and free,
A noble eagle

I would be a warbler only

choose to be

Cleaving the air so bold

...a tree!

...the sea!

and free!

con spirito.
No. 9. BALLAD. "THE ELFIN SPRITE." (ALICE)

Marion, recit:

Come sweet Alice sing a lay Of sylvan

Allegretto grazioso.

nymph, of elf, or fay. {M. M. = 112}

In the

dim old times when fairies Still linger'd on the earth, They
came to shed their benison On Gertrude's happy birth.

But an elfin sprite there was Who wish'd that maiden ill.

And mark'd her steps where'er she stray'd By wood, or stream, or hill.

The misterioso.

elfin hid himself in flowers With star-like brilliance drest.

And there an arrow he prepared For that fair maiden's breast.

She
came and pluck'd the blossom Where lurk'd her ruthless foe,
And

in.stant.ly she reel'd and fell Beneath his dead.ly blow,
And

rall:

in.stant.ly she reel'd and fell Beneath his dead.ly blow.

rall: a tempo.

She lies each day as dead, Till that dread hour is run.

The
hour in which the el-fin sprite His aw-ful pow'r had won

But as it haps, the maid One bright, au-spi-cious day,

holds an old and with'rd crone Sink help-less on the clay,

express:

hand of love lifts up... That weak and was-ted frame - When

colla voce.

all at once, ap-pears instead A laugh-ing fae-rie dame! One
A glimpse, and she is gone, There stands the fatal flow'r! But

now one act of love has burst The elfin's baneful pow'r, But

now one act of love has burst The elfin's baneful pow'r!

rit.: f  con spiriti

.10,000
No. 10. Finale. "Now let us away."

Chorus with Soli.

Allegro con spirito.

Now let us away to

Now let us away to

Now let us away to

Wood and dell To gather the fern and the heather bell, With

Wood and dell To gather the fern and the heather bell, With

Wood and dell To gather the fern and the heather bell, With

10,000
lovely flowers of every hue, From meadow sweet to violet blue.

lovely flowers of every hue, From meadow sweet to violet blue.

Away, away, Away, away, Away, away, Away, away, Away, away, Away, away, Away, away.

Away, then, to wood and dell away. Now
Away, then, to wood and dell away. Now
Away, then, to wood and dell away. Now
Away, then, to wood and dell away. Now
let us away, to wood and dell, To gather the fern and the heather bell,
let us away, to wood and dell, To gather the fern and the heather bell,

Away, away, away to wood and dell....

Away, away, away to wood and dell.... A-

Away, away, away to pluck the heather bell,

Away, away, away to pluck the heather bell,
Away, Away, Away, Away! Away, Away, Away, Away! Away, Away, Away, Away!

Andantino. {M.M. 88} I've twined a wreath of the blooming rose, At eve to deck my hair For me the loveliest flow' that grows Is England's emblem fair.

10,000
**Scottish maidens, all are we,**
And we love our
**Più mosso.**

**f pesante.**

**f marcatissimo.**

**country well.**
What so meet to
deach our hair
As the

**fieramente.**

**purple heather bell?**
Roman eagles never flew,

10,000
Where it has its lovd a-bode,
By the shores which bound its home,

Where it has its lovd a-bode,
By the shores which bound its home,

Where it has its lovd a-bode,
By the shores which bound its home,

Roman galleys never rode!
Daughters of th' unconquer'd Scot,

Roman galleys never rode!
Daughters of th' unconquer'd Scot,

Roman galleys never rode!
Daughters of th' unconquer'd Scot,

Love we not our country well?
Let us then a

Love we not our country well?
Let us then a

Love we not our country well?
Let us then a

.10,000
garland weave Of the purple heather bell, Let us then a
cres: ff

garland weave Of the purple heather bell!

marcato

poco diminuendo

sempre diminuendo

tranquillando

- 10,000
Andante espressivo. \{M. M. \( \mathfrak{f} = 62 \) \}

Margaret.

The mists are gathering on the hill,

Marion.

Andante espressivo.

The mists are

The sun sinks

gathering on the hill,

The sun sinks

in the west;

in the west;

cantando.

... 16,000
The song of bird is hush'd and still,
The song of bird is hush'd and still,
still,
still,
still,
still,

10,000
Lento.

still, The eagle seeks his nest... The

still, The eagle seeks his nest... The

rall:

molto - rit: e - dim:

eagle seeks his nest... Allegro come prima.

molto - rit: e - dim:

cres:

cres:

.10,000
English and Scotch we'll blend our flowers, Oh,

Let the Thistle and Rose agree! On this bright day we'll

On - ly feel that Heather-Belles are we!

-10,000
English and Scotch we'll blend our flowers, Oh, let the Thistle and
Rose agree, On this bright day we'll only feel That
Heather-Belles are we!... On this bright day we'll
R. 10,000