St. Francis of Assisi
(Little Flowers)

ORATORIO
In
A PROLOGUE AND TWO PARTS

Poem by
GABRIEL NIGOND
English version by Claude Aveling

Composed
FOR SOLI AND CHORUSES OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, WITH ORCHESTRA

By
GABRIEL PIERNÉ

Vocal Score
Price, $1.50 net
Cloth, $2.50 net
Book of Words, $1.00 a Hundred

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A MES ENFANTS
JEAN, SIMONE ET ANNETTE
G. P.
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ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

PROLOGUE

I. THE YOUTH OF ST. FRANCIS

Francis, his Friends, Youths and Girls

Chorus
Cecco, come down! Come down, I pray thee!
There’s dancing here to repay thee!
Come down to wine and laughter, rondel and song!
Come down, gay farandole soon will rouse thee!
Join our throng!
Why so rapt is thy gaze, as there upon the terrace
Thou lookest out? On what does it brood?
Why this mood,
Cecco, to-day?
So perverse, so fey!

Chorus and Tenor Solo
(First Song)
Nuncia, pretty sweeting,
Ere twilight glow be fleeting,
Without thy garden see
Thy true love, gentle maiden,
With salvie and bokhia laden,
His humble gift to thee;
He brings wine in good measure,
This red rose for thy pleasure,
And with this fairing goes
Great wealth of hidden treasure,
His fond heart in that rose!

Chorus
Cecco, come, the revel calls!
Awake, thou dreamer! thou poet! Art demented?
Thy father Bernardone, doth he keep thee close?

Hath it gone ill with him in trading?
Why, ah, why art thou so morose?
Why this frown, this air discontented,
On this day of birth and masquerading?

(Second Song)
Red wine did I drink of thee in full measure,
Cortona!
Perfumed was thy breeze that filled my cloak,
Orvieto!
Snow-white was Perugia, violet thou,
Spoleto!
I fared to Assisi one summer day,
Hence I would depart, yet in thrall I stay!

Chorus
Clanging of bells sends through the air
Tidings of joy swelling and soaring!
Leopards whine and tigers are roaring,
There’s sport afoot here in the square!

Ringlets aflush Nina now shows!
Jacopo has thrown her a rose!
Fiora is dressed
All in her best!
Cecco! Two score are we that attend
On thy coming! Lucia grows impatient!
Holst! Lucia grows bold!
And our banquet spread waxes cold!

Francis
Leave me to-night, good friends, feast alone!

Chorus and Tenor Solo
And forsake thee?
Thee? Our Prince of Youth we did make thee!
First in all our adventures thou,
Wert thou not our standard inspiring?
Does thy doubt offend, art thou for braver tiring?
Once more don thy gay velvet now,
And come!
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

FRANCIS
Nay, leave me here!

CHORUS
Ceeceo playeth the truant!
O Ceeceo, son of Bernardone,
What secret dost thou hide, moody swain?

LUCIA
See ye not that love is his base?

CHORUS
He's in love! And dares thus to conceal it!
He's in love! Good reason, I own!

FRANCIS
Fair Lucia has fathomed the truth: I will reveal it!
Why do I hide within my house, brooding alone,
In wild unrest, strangely thrilled and moved?
I await to-night my bride belov'd!

CHORUS
Thou art betrothed! Can this be so?
Bridegroom and bride! Let the wine flow!
Her name?

FRANCIS
In good season shall ye know!

LUCIA, TENOR SOLO, AND CHORUS
O crafty schemer!
Then no more will we chasten thee,
We take our leave, hermit and dreamer!
Bestow on thy lady for me
Just one kiss! Give her my fair greeting!
My heart before her feet I lay!
Guido! Luigi! Hasten away!
Dancing's afoot now, and time is fleeting!

(Repeat of Second Song)
Red wine did I drink of thee in full measure,
Cortona!
Perfumed was thy breeze that filled my cloak,
Orvieto!
Snow-white was Perugia, violet thou,
Spoleto!
To Assisi I fared one summer day,
Hence I would depart, yet in thrill I stay!

FRANCIS
Like to a wind-swept flow'r, that leaf by leaf
must perish,
Scent-laden day must fade, and ere long
sink to rest;
A shroud, amber and gold, spreads a veil
o'er the west,
Oh, fair the sun whose red glow lights on the
home I cherish!
Between the rock and torrent there,
Down Mount Subasio, a shepherd seeks the
hollow,
So fleet glides through the base that the eye
cannot follow,
While the lift of his burden comes faint
through the air.
The dews swell sweet of earth, the waters
enchant me,
The night hath stirred the leaf and tree;
God above! Give me strength and grant me
Pow'r to love these, but still serve Thee!

II. FRANCIS AND THE LADY POVERTY

THE LADY POVERTY

FRANCIS

Voice, faint yet soft and tender,
Low and gentle as zephyr's sighing,
Lucent form defined in the shadows
As thou drawest near to me now,
When flowers to slumber surrender,
When above the fires that are dying
Circling vapours float o'er the meadows:
Is it thou, My Lady, is it thou?

THE LADY POVERTY

Francis! I seek thee in pain, in torment that
oppresses!
Though my lips and mine eyes be fair,
And though jasmine gay adora my flowing
tresses,
My feet are bleeding, despite the gentle winds'
careses,
And my white robe men soil and tear!
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

No kindly friend have I to tend me,
Children deride me, the dogs yelp at my feet
And would rend me;
The world doth revile me! Wouldst thou learn what I am?
O Francis, I am Christian Poverty!

FRANCIS

Deign to give me thy hand, by this ring men shall know
We are betrothed, my beloved!

THE LADY POVERTY

Fair are thy words, and with pity thy heart is moved,
But wilt thou succour all from whose eyes the tears flow?

FRANCIS

This will I do!

THE LADY POVERTY

If one suffereth, wilt thou relieve him,
Revive him that is faint, give him bread in his need?
If one be stained with guilty deed,
Still as brother wilt thou receive him?

FRANCIS

Lo, I kneel at thy bruised feet,
Poverty, since I do adore thee!
The tears of all that mourn shall turn to laughter sweet;
Take thou this ring of me, I implore thee!

FRANCIS AND THE LADY POVERTY

My trust in thee makes two hearts one! My hand in thine
For ever joins us in tether,
Thine appointed task shall be mine,
To tread the path of life together!

FRANCIS

The night is tranquil, the valley is peaceful:
Below
Sound the echoes of voices and chimes harmonising!

THE LADY POVERTY

Dost thou see, where yon hill-slope is rising,
That little flame that trembles with faint persistent glow?

FRANCIS

Ah!

FIRST PART

I. THE LEPER

FRANCIS, FRIAR LEON, THE LEPER, AND THE POPULACE

CHORUS

(Women's Voices)

Ye shepherds all, dance on the lawn,
Fair April calls to mirth and laughter,
Silvern the olive-trees gleam after
The kiss of dawn!
Blithe and gay, the lark carols soaring,
Unseen on high,
In flaming sky,
Yet shrill and clear his note we hear
Outpouring!

Green blades anew shoot out their sprays,
And safe nestle there mock and cricket,
And lightly the grasses brush the stem of the thicket
That sways!

FRIAR LEON

O good Friar Francis, great joy is mine!
For the spring drones a note divine,
Vibrant hum heralds April morning:
Though not yet the ripe fruit can fall,
The glycine doth enrich my wall,
My cell-door with its bloom adorning!
Rosy children tray and pannier bring
On this golden morn of the spring,
And load them with blossom and berry:
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

There's no heart so hardened, I vow,
But can feel some tenderness now.

Birds unite with bees, making merry!
Earth delights with her charm, in glory trees appear.
All awakes!

Francis

Thanks to God, that spring is here!

Friar Leon

O Spring, thou art clothed in gladness!—
Hither a man, veiling his eyes,
Comely near in piteous guise,
In garb of affliction and sadness!

Boxed down with weight of misery
That his leader feel scarce can carry,
What ails him?—O horror! Away, nor tarry!
Hasten away! He is a leper!

Chorus

Unclean is this leper defiled,
From his eyes the scales ran with blood!
He chokes! How he fights for his breath!
Let him die, outcast and reviled!
To death! Let him be stoned to death!
The wheel! Mangle and rend each limb!
Death to him!

Francis

Ah! Fly not so! Here fain would I stay thee!
O brother, to whom this earth is as hell,
Let the peace of heaven now repay thee,
Which thy suffering earns thee well!

The Leper

Go! Keep thee far from me! Ere the pangs of this hell o'ertake thee!
I warned thee, my rattle counselled all to take flight,
Prudent was thy friend to forsake thee,
Thou, too, shouldst have fled from my sight!

Francis

Nay, friend, thy warning stayed me!

Chorus

Wretched man! Fly! And leave us!

The Leper

Knowest not, we are held accurst?
To exile doomed, not even the Church will receive us,
The world casteth us out, nor may we quench our thirst,
Alas, at the spring or the fountain!

Chorus

Go on thy way, and seek the mountain!

The Leper

See these hands, these lips and these eyes,
This body, that wasting mortifies
With disease, relentless, appalling!
Mark these scars and these wounds all festering and galling!

Francis

Nay! I love thee, thou shalt love me!
Thy hand laid on mine binds each other,
My kiss on thy lips greets my brother:
Come, rest in mine arms; come, one are we!

The Leper

In thine arms?

Francis

Is it thou, brother, turnest from me?

The Leper

Who then art thou, at whose voice
Weeping eyes grow dim? Who canst thou be?

Francis

God's lowly servant!

The Leper

Thy name?
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Francis

The Lepers
That same Francis famous in story,
Who wrought miracles divine,
In whose bright eyes the stars do shine,
And whose speech doth foretell God's glory?
What mockery is this? Ah 'tis some jest
of thine!

Francis

Brother, I am Francis, one of God's "little
poor"!

The Lepers
I was vile, crawling vermin, despised and
lowly,
Yet this night shall lay me down to sleep,
Secure in my faith strong and deep.
Alas, with hope radiant and holy!
The fever that did rack my temples
Now hath broken its cruel chain,
Now eased are my limbs of their pain,
And my wounds are cooled of their burning;
I, accursed and foul in men's eyes,
Now go to my lazaret-house returning,
Like man redeemed to Paradise!

Francis

O Friar Leper, simple in faith art thou,
Noble in grief, patient in woe;
I kneel to thee, and ask thee now
To absolve and bless me ere thou go!

Chorus
Ye shepherds all, dance on the lawn,
Fair April calls to mirth and laughter!
Silver-tipped olive-trees glean after
The kiss of dawn!

II. SISTER CLARE

Francis, Sister Clare

Francis

Sister Clare, whither away? The weary day
is ending;
Shadows fall one by one, on hill and slope
descending;
The distant woods faintly are seen;

Angelus bell, its liquid notes with twilight
blending,
Hath reached Saint Dianan's walls, so white
in bow'r of green!

Sister Clare

With my sister am I come
From woodman Costa's mountain home;
Crushed and bruised by a leg he lies stricken
and dead,
His orphaned children famish for bread.
Now the first star of eve glows faintly,
The crimson sky grows grey and dim,
We hasten on!

Francis

Sister Clare, merciful, kind and saintly,
Worthy art thou to tell for Him!

Sister Clare

Good father, thou art my guide, all my
thoughts wait on thine.
Well I recall that hour divine,
A child was I, when in the church thy voice
proclaimed
Its message of faith and love,
Round San Giorgio's aisles soaring above,
As on the wing a mighty bird;
And with tears that message I heard,
Full of wonders new and truths appealing,
Mine own self to me there revealing!
Then from the evil world, far away I sped in
flight,
And to God swift my footsteps bore me!
Serene and calm, night lay before me,
Palm Sunday night!
I do remember!—So fitful the zephyr's caress,
And so faint the gleam from the well,
The pathway so white, the smell
Of the bracken, perfumed bitterness:
The moon ere long arose on high,
Moon whose thin crescent lights us to-night
from her heaven!
And the wind kissed my robe with an
eloquent sigh!
I do remember!
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

FRANCIS
I saw thee yester-even,
From my garden, musing in prayer,
Afar I saw thee, Sister Clare:
Thou wast gathering posies!

SISTER CLARE
Yes, I was tending my roses;
Evening had come so peacefully,
And from my home, as thine, my gaze fell on thee:
In thy hands a book I could see;
Bright was the night and clear,
Meseemed thou wert quite near... 
Late grows the hour.—Farewell! No more may I stay,
Brother. The Angelus bell dies away.

FRANCIS (alone)
All praise to Thee, O Lord, for Sister Clare, for Thou hast made her constant and zealous, and through her Thy marvellous light illuminates our hearts!

III. THE BIRDS

FRANCIS, FRIAR LEON, THE BIRDS

FRIAR LEON
Fierce the relentless sun
Beats down, cruel, unsparing!
Heat stokes me, and faint am I
With pain and torment overbearing!
Dost thou see, where Perugia lies there,
On the crest of yonder mountain?
Here at the foot are thine
And turf and hillock and fountain;
Let me rest in this shelter fair!

FRANCIS
Do as thou wilt, and nurse thy folly till even!
There, in the field, to countless birds
I will rehearse in chosen words,
Preaching them the gospel of Heaven!

FRIAR LEON
A sermon?—O truly hast thou set
For these poor birds a cunning net!
And thou of late didst rail at folly!
By my faith, prithee understand,
That ere thou move a foot or hand,
They will fly from thee far away!

FRANCIS
Not so! Behold, onward I go.
Look, do they flee?

FRIAR LEON
They stay!
Amazing! To thy voice they listen,
Delighted rushing to and fro!
Ah! Behold round thee now descending,
They seek the earth, and pause in their whirl,
And fluttering wings slowly furl,
Their heads to thee in homage bending!

THE BIRDS

Light is our wing; gay our song,
Welcome thou each feathered rover,
While o'er thy head we do hover;
Fluttering hand, clustering throng,
Each bird hides in its narrow breast
One frail heart throbbing timidly;
Above, beneath, from East, and West,
Swift on the wing come we,
Little children of God!

THRUSS
The Thrush am I, the merry Throstle!

RED BREAST
And I, the Redbreast!

SPARROW
And I, the Sparrow!

LARK
I, the Lark in sombre habit!
Like thy grey habit!
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

LINNET
I, the Linnet!

CHAFFINCH
The Finch am I, darling of angels!

NIGHTINGALE
And I, the Nightingale!

WABLER
I, the Blackhooded Wabler!

TOMTIT
I, the Tomtit!

WAGTAIL
With the worker from morn to eve,
So shrilly piping do I go,
To cheer his toil: A merry Wagtail!

THE BIRDS
O Francis, we would listen to thee!

WREN
The Wren am I, wilt thou take me,
The smallest bird of all? Let me not be denied!
Here I wait, a-flitter and coy,
In the leaves, crouching by thy side,
Lest cruel foes drive me away;
Brother, though my heart is so gay,
Yet my poor trembling tongue scarce can sing for very joy!

FRANCIS
(Sermon to the Birds)
Brethren Birds, who sit with folded wing,
Call me your friend and greet me with accord;
Know ye now that God is the Lord,
In praises to Him should ye sing!

For he hath clothed you with plumage fair,
And for your flight fashioned the air,
And of old He preserved your kind,
And shelter for you in the Ark did He find!

And tho’ ye labour not, God’s blessing giveth ease,
Your food is the grain and the fountain,
Your domain the hill and the mountain,
And your home the nest in the trees!

Lest lightning and tempest dismay you,
His tender care gathers them in,
With loving thought He doth array you,
Who, weak and frail, toil not, nor spin!

Brethren Birds, be mindful of His grace,
With thankful hearts His love reward,
Ingratitude is vile and base,
Let man alone forget his Lord!

THE BIRDS
Light is our wing, gay our song,
Welcome thou each feathered rover,
While o’er thy head we do hover;
Fluttering band, clustering throng,
Each bird hides in its narrow breast
One frail heart throbbing timidity:
Above, beneath, from East, and West,
Swift on the wing come we,
Little children of God!

FRANCIS
Fly away! And proclaim in the song that ye sing
Your gospel to valley and hill!
Now shall this Cross direct your flight and guide your will,
This Cross that I trace on each wing!
Go, the first of you, Westward go ye forth:
Others, find ye the South; and to the East a throng:
Let all the rest go seek the North!
Praise God, sing aloud your sweet, heavenly song,
Pure and holy message forthtell!

THE BIRDS
(Flying away in four groups)
Farewell! Farewell!
IV. THE STIGMATA

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE

Francis, then Friar Leon, Friar Angelo, and Friar Masseo: the Voice of Christ

Francis

The fierce autumn blast assails me, raging and whirling.
Rocks the yellowing beech, sets the black fir-tree groaning.
While the storm howls its dirge without end o'er the land:
Every leaf is the sport of winds, eddying, swirling.
The rain—the path obscured—a faint moaning:
Like a rock hurled down from the heavens Alverna doth stand!

The Murmur of Voices

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Francis

I would not shun the storm! Drop by drop on me fall,
O Sweat of His Passion, His Agony divine!
Atoning pauseth the storm for response to its call:
Slowly creeping, the clouds veil the earth with a pall,
But the blue sky beyond is mine!
Frail thou art, kneel to God in prayer:
Doth not prayer heal for thee thine ills?

Yonder lieth Romagna, and Umbria is there,
Tuscany, too, beyond the hills,
While, distant and blue, gleams the sea,
And messeems its voice calls to me!
O, how dear was that oft-trodden plain,
Where I cast the seed with a loving hand,
Lowly sower of grain!

The Murmur of Voices

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

Francis (in prayer)

Lord! I tremble before Thee, and scarce can I speak:
Now art Thou near to me, now nearer again!
"God's poor man" doth give Thee thanks in his pain!

The Voice of Christ

Francis!

Francis

I come!

The Voice of Christ

Francis!

Francis

Gladly I obey!
Ah! I hasten, my belovèd Master, unto Thee!
Lord, do Thou point me the way!
Steep and irksome this path is for me!
The Cross! Ah! What lightning-flash doth blind me?
I see Thee now, blessed Lord!
Ah! Nailed to the Cross!

The Voice of Christ

Francis!

Francis

The Cross is there, thrust in the stones,
The crowd affrighted, the rabble horde!
Naught, save a weed where the chill wind moans;
Darkness descends, unlovely darkness!
Oh, Golgotha!

The Voice of Christ

Behold me!

Francis

Lord, I behold Thee!
O, monsters of hell, inhuman fiends!
O, my Master!
THE VOICE OF CHRIST
I thirst!

FRANCIS
Those nails have torn Thee! Thy Feet!
Thy Hands!
Blood flows from Thy Side!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST
O, sweet are thy words of pity!

FRANCIS
O my Saviour! My heart doth ache indeed!
Ah, carnion brood, abate your greed!
Begone! Oh—Thy Head is drooping!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST
I suffer!

FRANCIS
Ah, for Thine Agony!
Ah, that hill, where Thee dost languish!
Master! And naught can I do for Thee!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST
Ah! Ah!

FRANCIS
Let me share in Thine anguish!
That bitter cup of Thine,
Give me to drink, O Lord, let it be mine!
O my Saviour! O my Master!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST
Francis, come!

THE MURMUR OF VOICES
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

FRANCIS
In the darkness to Thee I cling,
And lay my head on Thy Breast!
Precious boon!—Surpassingly blest!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST
Come! Come!

FRANCIS
What embrace holdeth me captive!
Lord! Lord! Ah, how the mallet resoundeth!
For whom? What sigh doth answer the blows?
Ah! The nails that do tear my hands, the blood flows,
The heart that fails me, the tortures that rend me!
Master! Wilt Thou defend me?
Saviour! Saviour! Hear me call!

THE THREE FRIARS
Brother! we are thy friends!
Brother! calm thyself!

FRANCIS
Kneel with me!
I did see the Lord, nailed to the Cross!
Lift and unfold, ye clouds!
I saw the Lord crucified!

THE THREE FRIARS
Christ crucified!

FRIAR LEON
Behold! Those wounds on thy hands!
Thy bruised feet, thy pierced side!

FRIAR ANGELO
Best art thou a thousandfold!
The Stigmata!

FRIAR MASEO
Thy feet? Thy hands? Behold!

FRANCIS
Is it true?

FRIAR MASEO
True is this wondrous marvel!

FRANCIS
A sweet and precious wound from my side doth flow!
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

Friar Leon
Dost thou falter?

Francis
No! no!

Jesus! My Redeemer divine!
Dear unto my soul is the hurt that He
giveth,
And all my joy in suffering liveth:
By blood alone the true Salvation shall be
mine!

V. THE CANTICLE OF THE SUN
Francis, Sister Clare, The People

Francis
O Saint Damian’s walls, my affliction is sore,
But ye give me comfort tender,
My heart opens wide in yearning for your
splendour,
Since my closed eyes open no more!
O Saint Damian! O shelter sweet in pain,
To my sorrow a refuge fair,
O the abbey that gleamed white on the russet
plain,
Where in days long ago I welcomed Sister
Clare!
Now in thy turn, with benediction,
Dear Sister, welcome thou the blind!
Do thou, O sun, be kind,
Comfort thou mine affliction!

These eyes see thee no more, yet will they
suffer less,
If they feel, O sun, thy mystical caress!

Chorus: Women’s Voices (in the distance)
On casement-pane falls summer’s gleam;
That evil men He might redeem
Christ died!
Good Saint Peter, to mercy be won,
Thy stern displeasure, Saint John,
Set aside!

Francis
Dear Sister, wilt thou describe to me my lost
Assisi,
That I shall see no more till the great Heal-
ing?
Assisi!

Sister Clare
Round yonder house a flight of birds is wheel-
ing,
Where thou wast born!

Francis
Ah, my home!
I seem to hear the shouts of a laughing boy!
So, laughing and merry and wild,
Fast I ran, and cried in my joy,
When I was a little child!

Sister Clare
Assisi!

Francis
Bereavèd land, that I counted so dear!
Sun, shine on those tawny hills, summer’s
glory is here!

Chorus (in the distance)
Dawn’s finger-tips glisten with dew!
Adorned the altar gleams anew
In its splendour.
Incense rises to Thee above;
Partake of our joy, Lord of love,
Pure and tender!

Sister Clare
In calm now repose thee! Dost thou hear?
Friar Leon’s at work, his song falls on thine
car!

Chorus (in the distance)
Bearing the Cross, wounded sore,
And pale, and wan, Jesus once more
Doth faint and languish.
Loud resound the mocking and jeers,
Soft and low are the bitter tears
Of Mary’s anguish!

Sister Clare
Francis! Rest thee awhile!
FRANCIS
Why? Now no more do I tire,
Gloows all my being as a burning fire!

SISTER CLARE
Francis, go in with me,
For this sun is too fierce for thee!

FRANCIS
No, dear sister, I need no tending,
I hail the mighty sun descending!
On mine eyes let it fall, nevermore to depart,
And let its blazing rays, fierce and strong,
fire my heart!

FRANCIS
THE CANTICLE OF THE SUN
All praise to Thee, O Lord, for all Thy things created,
And, chiefest of them all, my great Brother, the Sun;
Light by his red glory is won,
And nature illuminated!
All praise to Thee, O Lord, in mercy good and kind,
Praise for the Stars and Sister Moon that Thou hast given!
All praise to Thee for Brother Wind,
And for the Air, and for the Clouds of Heaven,
And for our Sister Water, too,
Humble, precious, limpid and blue!
All praise to Thee, O Lord, for Brother Fire,
Lighting the darkness at our desire.
Joyous and bright and strong!
All praise for Mother Earth that sustaineth,
Kindly protector whose love never waneth,
Earth which feedeth the living throng!
Earth which untiring yieldeth her bounteous fruit,
The fruits and the flowers, grass and sword!
Bless and praise ye the Lord,
Thank ye the Lord,
All with humble heart praise the Lord!

CHORUS (Men’s Voices)
Awake, praise ye the Lord!

VI. THE DEATH OF FRANCIS
FRANCIS, FRIAR LEON, FRIAR ANGELO, SISTER CLARE, THE LADY POVERTY, FRIENDS OF FRANCIS, AND THE PEOPLE
CHORUS (Men and Women, in the distance)
Along the path, where cypress and elder hang over,
To thee we come!
Above the convent’s snowy dome
Yellowing leaves a-rustling hover;
To leaden feet the way is long,
Naught we sing of joy or of gladness,
Sorrow hath filled our hearts with song
Of autumn sadness!

FRANCIS
Good Friar Leon, is night at hand?
What of the day?

FRIAR LEON (in tears)
The day is dying—Ah, me!

FRANCIS
My friend, I would not have thee weeping!
This day that sinks to rest holds my last hour in keeping;
With the closing day must I die!

CHORUS (the Friends of Francis)
All men won by thy words enthraling,
All who by thine aid undaunted stood,
Yea, followed thee first at thy calling,
And strove by thine example to fight for the good,
Attend thee and crave thy last blessing;
Bowed in their grief and misery,
Thy friends, in throng around thee pressing,
Kneel unto thee!
SISTER CLARE

Now Sister Clare, thy handmaid, giveth
Comfort: ah, how thou art faint for thy
breath!
Ains! If Francis lie stricken to death,
’Tis anguish to Clare that liveth!

FRANCIS

Sister!

CHORUS

If Francis lie stricken to death,
’Tis anguish to Clare that liveth!

CHORUS (in the distance)

Along the path where cypress and elder hang
over,
To thee we come!
Above the convent’s snowy dome
Yellowing leaves a-rustling hover:
To leaden feet the way is long,
Naught we sing of joy or of gladness!

FRANCIS

That song, is it of men who love?
Is it a prayer that comes not near?
Fainter now it sounds, now more clear,
Now lost in the maze of the grove!

FRIAR LEON

There by the hill, treading the moor,
Where shadows of night are descending,
Forth from Assisi come hither wending
Young and old, the wealthy and poor;
Even the beggar totters groaning,
And there the leper crawls along!

SISTER CLARE

In the shadows a man I see that shuns the
throne,
I hear him, in his pain, feebly moaning!

FRANCIS

I can see him! Yea, my closed eyes can see
thee there apart!
Come, brother leper, well-beloved brother,
come to my heart!
O my brother, I can see thee!

CHORUS (in the distance)

Down the long path, where cypress and elder
hang over,
To thee we come!
Leaden our feet, weary the way,
Naught we sing of joy or of gladness!
To thee we come, Francis!

FRANCIS

Dear Sister Death, souls long tormented
Languish till thy call set them free,
On this lowly couch I wait for thee,
At rest in spirit and full contented!
See, I am ready, thou phantom guest!
Come, wrapt in thy shroud let me rest!
Thy sickle falls swift as thy sands,
Now on my brow lay thou thy hands!

CHORUS (the People)

Francis, thou who didst love the poor,
Francis, thou who didst tame the wolf,
Francis, thou who didst bless the birds,
Francis, thou who didst beg for the kiss of a
leper,
Francis, by thy pain,
Francis, by thy wounds,
Pray for us, Francis, God’s “Poor Man!”

FRANCIS

Wife belovèd, faithfullest bride,
When Death is nigh, dear Poverty,
Canst not thou be at hand?

THE LADY POVERTY

I am here at his side!
Have I ever failed thee?
In this hour, when the autumn wind doth
moan and weep,
When the flower’s droop, withered and dead,
Here shall mine arms cradle thy head,
And here my heart hull thee to sleep!

FRANCIS

Turn my face to Assisi!
O sweet Nature! Mother Earth!
Hush of twilight! Reddening sky!
Assisi, thou gavest me birth;
I bless thee now in this hour when I die!
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

FRIAR LEON
Saint Francis is dead!

CHORUS (the People, sobbing)
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

FRIAR ANGELO
A flight of birds! I will drive them hence!

FRIAR LEON
Nay, brother!
They come to mourn him who loved them!

THE BIRDS
Weary our wing, sad our song,
Mourneth now each feathered rover,
While o'er thy head we do hover,
Fluttering band, clustering throng;
Each bird hides in its narrow breast
One frail heart, that is sorrowing;
Above, beneath, and East and West,
Here we await thy spirit, little children of God!

Francis!

CHORUS (the People)
Alleluia!
PROLOGUE

I. The Youth of St. Francis
II. Francis and the Lady Poverty

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SECOND PART

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Saint Francis of Assisi
(Little Flowers)
ORATORIO
Poem by Gabriel Nigond

PROLOGUE

I. The Youth of Saint Francis
Francis, his friends, youths and maidens

English version by Claude Aveling

Allegro non troppo (d = 112)

Gabriel Pierné

Copyright, 1912, by Max Eschig
Copyright, 1912, by G. Schirmer
Come down, I pray thee!
Cec-co, come down! come down, I pray thee!
There's dancing, there's dancing here to repay thee! Come down, Cecco!
Come down to wine and laughter, rondel and
song! Join our throng! Cec-co! Come!

song! Come! Cec-co! Come! Join our

song! Come! Cec-co! Come! Join our

song! Join our throng! Cec-co! Come!

Come down, I pray thee! Gay farandole soon will

Come down! Gay farandole soon will

Come down! Gay farandole soon will

Come down, I pray thee! Gay farandole soon will

Come down, I pray thee! Gay farandole soon will

Come down, I pray thee! Gay farandole soon will

Come down, I pray thee! Gay farandole soon will

Come down, I pray thee! Gay farandole soon will

Come down, I pray thee! Gay farandole soon will

Come down, I pray thee! Gay farandole soon will
rouse thee!

rouse thee!

rouse thee!

rouse thee!

rouse thee!

rouse thee!

Why so rapt is thy

Why so rapt is thy

Why so rapt is thy

Why so rapt is thy

Why so rapt is thy
Nen-cia, pret-ty sweet-ing, Ere twil-light glow be
fleeting.

With-out thy gar-den see Thy true love, gen-tle
maid-en, With salve and bod-kin la-d'en, His hum-ble gift to
thee;

He brings wine in good mea- sure, This red rose for thy
plea- sure, And with this fair-ing goes Great wealth of hid-den trea- sure, His fond

23380
poco rit. 15 a tempo

heart in that rose!

ALTO I
dolce express.

ALTO II
dolce express.

Nen-ci-

a tempo
Nen-ci-a, Nen-ci-a, Ere

p espress. molto

a, pret-ty sweet-ing, Who gives greet-ing to thee?

twi-light glow be fleet-ing, Who gives greet-ing to thee?

BASS I
Nen-ci-a, Nen-ci-a, pret-ty sweet-ing,

BASS II
Thy true love, gen-tle maid-en, With salve and bod-kin

(cresc. poco a poco)

Thy true love, gen-tle maid-en, With salve and bod-kin

(cresc. poco a poco)

Thy true love, gen-tle maid-en, With salve and bod-kin

23380
bod-kin laden, His hum-ble gift to salve and bod-kin laden, His hum-ble gift to laden, Doth bring his hum-ble gift to laden, Doth bring his hum-ble gift to

Tenor Solo
dolce sostenuto express.

SOPRANO
dolce sostenuto express.

ALTO I

ALTO II

TENOR
dolce sostenuto express.

BASS I

BASS II

Come! Cec-c-o!

Come! Cec-c-o!

Aye, and wealth of hid-den
twilight glow be fleeting, Without thy garden see

Why, ah, why art thou so morose?

treasure, His fond heart in a rose!

Thy true love, gentle maiden, With

Thy true love, gentle maiden, With

Come! Cec-co! The revel calls!

Come! Cec-co! The revel calls!
salve and bod-kin lad-en, His hum-ble gift to

Thou dream-er! Thou po-et!

A-wake! Thou po-et! Art de-

Why, ah, why art thou so mo-rose? Why, ah, why, ah,

thee. He brings wine in good

Fool de-ment-ed, O Cec-co! Revel-

thee. He brings wine in good

ment-ed! Thy fa-ther, Ber-nar-

why art thou so mo-rose?
measure. This red rose for thy pleasure, And with this fair-ing

calls thee! Why, ah, why art thou so mo rose? Why this frown, this
do ne, doth he bid thee keep close, Hath it gone ill with him in
Thy fa ther Bernar do ne, Hath it gone ill with him in

poch. rit.

Great wealth of hid ded treasure, His fond heart in that

ALTO I & II

poch. rit.

air dis content ed, Cce co! On this day of mirth and mas que poch. rit.

BASS I & II

poch. rit.

trading? On this day of mirth and mas que rad ing, mas que poch. rit.
(Second Song)

Red wine—— did I drink of thee in full measure, Cor- to- na!
Orvieto!

was the breeze that filled my cloak, Orvieto!
Snow-white was Pe-
— to Assisi one summer day,
Hence I would depart,
yet in thrall I stay,

— to Assisi one summer day,
Hence I would depart,
yet in thrall I stay,

— to Assisi one summer day,
Hence I would depart,
yet in thrall I stay,
in thrall I stay, in thrall I stay!
in thrall I stay, I stay!
in thrall I stay, in thrall I stay!
in thrall I stay, I stay!

21 (d< del precedente)

The clang ing!

Clang ing of bells sends thro' the air Ti dings of joy swelling and

The clang ing, swelling and

Clang ing of bells sends thro' the air Ti dings of joy swelling and

21 (d< del precedente)

*) Bells of Assisi

23380
Leopards whine and tigers are roaring, There's soaring!

soaring!

soaring!

soaring!

sport a-foot here in the square!

Ring-lets a-flame Nina now shows! Jacopo has thrown her a

Leopards whine and tigers are roaring, Down here in the

Ring-lets a-flame Nina now shows! Jacopo has thrown her a
Fiora is dressed. All in her best!
rose!
square!
rose!

SOPRANO
Cec-co! Two score are we that attend on thy

ALTO
Cec-co! Two score are we that attend on thy

TENOR I
Cec-co! Two score are we that attend thee

TENOR II
Cec-co! Two score are we that attend on thy

BASS
Cec-co! Two score are we that attend on thy

23380
coming! Luci-a grows im-pa-tient! Ho-

tend on thy com-ing! Come! Cec-co! Ho-

la! Luci-a grows bold! Ha!

SOPRANO
cre-

ALTO
cre-

TEN.
cre-

BASS
cre-

cresc.
Ha!
And our banquet

Ha!
And our banquet

2nd BASS *ad lib.*

Ha!
And our banquet

spread waxes cold!

spread waxes cold!

spread waxes cold!

spread waxes cold!
Leave me to-night, good friends, feast alone!

And forsake thee?

Our Prince of Youth we did see.

Thee?
Tenor Solo  

First in all our adventures thou, make thee!  

Cec-co! Come down, I pray thee! Cec-co! Come! O, make thee!  

Cec-co! Come! O,  

Wert thou not our standard inspiring? Does thy come! Come down!  

Cec-co!  

Cec-co! Come down! O Cec-co!
doub-let of-fend, art thou for brav-er tir-ing? Once more don thy

Come down! Cec-co! Come down! Once more don thy gay—

Come down! Cec-co! Come down! Come! Cec-co!

gay vel-vet now, And come!

vel-vet now, And come!

Come!

Come!
Nay, leave me here!

Cec-co play-eth the

Cec-co play-eth the

Cec-co play-eth the

Cec-co play-eth the

truant!

O Cec-co, son of

truant!

O Cec-co, son of

truant!

O Cec-co, son of

truant!

Cec-co, son of

23380
Ber-nar-doe-ne, What se-cret dost thou
Tell
Tell
Tell

poco rit.

poco rit.

poco rit.

poco rit.

poco rit.

Tempo I

23380
Lucia

See ye not that love is his bane? He's in

16 SOPRANOS  pp

Ha! Ha!

8 ALTOS  pp

8 1st TENORS  pp

Ha! Ha!

He's in love?

8 1st BASSES  pp

He's in love?

love! And dares thus to con-ceal it!

a 8

He's in love?

a 8

He's in
Francis express.

Fair Lu-ci-a has fathom'd the truth: a 8

Good rea-son, I own! a 8

He's in love? love?

I will re-veal it! Why do I bide with-in my

house, brood-ing a lone, In wild un-rest, strangely thrill'd and
moved? I await tonight my bride beloved!

Soprano

Ha!

Alto

Tenor

Bass

poco rit. a tempo

Her name?

Can this be so?

Ha! Thou art betrothed?

Bridegroom and bride! Let the wine flow!

Her name?

Her
In good season shall ye know?

name?

name?

Lucia \textit{p espress.}

Then no more will we chasten thee,

Then no more will we chasten thee,

\textit{espress.}

23380
We take our leave, hermit and dreamer!

We take our leave, hermit and dreamer!

Tutti

Ha! Ha!

Tenor Solo

p espress.

Bestow on thy lady for

pp Alto I

We take our leave, hermit and dreamer

8 1st Tenors

Bestow on thy lady for
me just one kiss!  Give her my fair greeting!

SOPRANO II  sost. express.

My heart be-

ALTO I  er,

We take our leave!

ALTO II  sost. express.

My heart be-

me just one kiss!

TENOR II  sost. express.

My heart be-

Give her my fair greeting!

BASS I  p.

BASS II  sost. express.

My heart be-
My heart before her feet I lay!
SOPRANO (pronunziato assai)

Red wine did I drink of thee in full measure,

ALTO

way!

TENOR (pronunziato assai)

Red wine did I drink of thee in full measure,

BASS

Has ten away!

Cor.

(4:100)

Perfumed was thy breeze that filled my to-na!

Perfumed was thy breeze that filled my to-na!
To Assisi I fared one summer day,
Dancing's a-foot now, and time is fleeting,

Hence I would depart, yet in thrall I stay!
Dancing's a-foot, now haste away!
Molto lento

Francis (alone)

Like to a wind-swept flow're that

leaf by leaf must perish, Scent-laden day must fade, and ere long sink to rest;
A shroud, amber and
dolcissimo

gold, spreads a veil over the west;
Oh, fair the sun whose red

glow lights on the home I cherish!
express.
sost. il basso

Between the rock and torrent there,
Down Mount Su-ba-si-o,
a shepherd seeks the hollow,

So fleet glides thro' the haze that the eye can-not fol-low,

While the lilt of his burden comes faint thro' the air.

The dusk smells sweet of earth, the waters en-chant me, The
night hath stirred the leaf and tree;  
God a-bove!  
God a-bove!

Give me strength and grant me  
Prow' to love these, but still serve

Thee!

sost. espress.
II. Francis and the Lady Poverty

The Lady Poverty

Francis! Francis! Francis!

Voice, faint yet soft and tender, low and
col canto

gentle as zephyr's sighing, lucent form defined in the

shadows as thou draw-est near to me now, when flow-ers to slumber sur-
Francis!

render, When above the fires that are dying Circling vapours

float o'er the meadows: Is it thou, My Lady, is it thou?

The Lady Poverty

I seek thee in pain, in torment that opp-

Molto lento (d = 68) (d del precedente)

presses! Tho' my lips and mine eyes be fair,

dolente epress.
And tho' jasmine gay adorn my flowing tresses,
My feet are bleeding, despite the gentle winds' caress,
And my white robe men soil and tear!
No kindly friend have I to tend me,
Children de-ride me, the dogs yelp at my feet And would
poco animando

rend me; The world doth re-vile me! Wouldst thou learn what I

am?

O Francis, I am Christian Poverty!

Deign to give me thy hand, by this ring men shall know We are be-

Fair are thy words, and with pity thy heart is

trothed, my beloved!
mov-ed, But wilt thou succour all from whose eyes the tears flow?

If one suffereth, wilt thou relieve him, Re-do!

L.P.

L.P.

If one be stained with guilty deed, Still as brother wilt thou receive him?
Lo! I kneel at thy bruised feet,

Pover-ty, since I do adore thee!
The tears of all that mourn

shall turn to laughter sweet;

Take thou this ring of me, I im-

My trust in thee makes two hearts one!

My trust in thee makes two hearts one!
My hand in thine For ev-er, for ev-er joins us in teth-er,

My hand in thine For ev-er, for ev-er joins us in

dim. rall.

Thine appointed task shall be mine, To tread the path of life teth-er, Thine appoint-ed task shall be mine, To jour-ney to-

dim. rall.

geth-er!

geth-er!

23380
Lento, come prima
Francis

SOPRANO (humming)  
The night is tranquil,

Bells (in the distance)

Lento, come prima

The valley is peaceful: Below

Sound the echoes of voices and chimes harmonizing!
The Lady Poverty

Dost thou see, where yon hill-slope is rising,

That little flame that trembles with faint, persistent glow?

Ah!

Francis

23380
First Part

I. The Leper

Lento e grazioso (♩= 108)

(con sentimento di freschezza)
SOPRANO I (CHORUS)
dolce (con sentimento di freschezza)

Ye shep-herds all, dance on the lawn, Fair April calls to

mirth and laugh-ter! Sil-vern the olive-trees gleam after The kiss of dawn!

Blithe and gay the lark carols soaring Un-seen on high, In flaming

sky, Yet shrill and clear His note we hear Out-pour
Green blades a new shoot out their sprays And safe nestle there

Moss and cricket, And lightly the grasses brush the

Friar Leon dolce, motto espress.

Good Friar

Stem of the thicket That sways!

a tempo tranquillo

Francis, great joy is mine! For the Spring drones a note di-
vine, Vibrant hum heralds April

morn- ing, Tho' not yet the ripe fruit can

fall, The gly- cine doth en- rich my

dim.

wall, My cell- door with its bloom adorning!
Ros-y children tray and pannier bring

On this golden morn of the sprig, And load them with

blossom and berry; There's no

heart so hardened, I vow, But can
feel some tenderness now,

a tempo (tranquillo)

Birds unite with bees making

merry! Earth delights with her charm, in

glorious trees appear, All awakes!
All a-wakes!

 Thanks to God,

 thanks to God, thanks, that spring is here!
Spring, thou art clothed in gladness!

Friar Leon

Hither a man,
express. (poco marcato)
veiling his eyes, Cometh near in piteous guise, In

un poco rinf.

garb of affliction and sadness! Bowed down with

rinf. cresc.

weight of misery, That his leaden feet

cresc.

scarce can carry! What ails him?
senza ritardare

sempre cresc.

f cresc.

O hor - ror! O hor - ror! A - way, Nor
tar - ry! Has - ten a - way! He is a
le-per!

SOPRANO  ff

ALTO  ff

TENOR  ff

BASS  ff

68

Le-per!

Le-per!

Le-per!

Le-per!

Le-per!

Le-per!

Le-per!

Le-per!

Le-per!

Le-per!

Le-per!

Le-per!

Le-per!

Un-clean
is this le - per de - fil - ed,

From his eyes the

Death!  Death!  Death!  Death to him!

scales run with blood!

Death!  Death!  Death to him!

scales run with blood!
Ah! He chokes! How he fights for his breath! Let him die, un-

Ah! He chokes! How he fights for his breath! Let him die, un-

Death! Death! Death to him!

clean and de-fil-ed! Let him die! Let him die! Outcast and revil-ed!
Ah! He chokes! How he fights for his breath!

A- rise! Let him be stoned to death!

Ah! He chokes! How he fights for his breath!

A- rise! Let him be stoned to death!

Let him die, all un-clean and de-fil - ed!

The wheel! Man- gle and rend each limb!

Let him die, all un-clean and de-fil - ed!

The wheel! Man- gle and rend each limb!
Death! Death! Death! Death! Let him die!
Death! Death! Death! Death!
Death!

Death! Death!

die!
Death!

Death!

Death!

Death!

stroplitoso
Ah! Fly not so!

Here fain would I stay thee!

O brother! to whom this earth is as hell,

senza rigore

Let the peace of heav’n now repay thee, which thy suffering earns thee

colla voce  sf  poco f
Tempo I (ma sempre con moto)

well!

The Leper

Tempo I (ma sempre con moto)

Go! Keep thee far from me!

Ere the

p sostenuto

pangs of this hell o'er-take thee!

I warned thee, my

rat-tie counselled all to take flight!

Prudent was thy friend to forsake thee.

dim.

Francis p molto rit.

Nay, friend, thy warning stayed me!

Thou, too, shou'dst have fled from my sight!

dim.
The Leper

Know - est not, we are held ac - curst? To ex - ile

doomed, not e - ven the church will re - ceive us,
The world cast eth us out, nor may we slake our thirst, Alas, at the spring or the fountain:
SOPRANO
ALTO
TENOR
BASS
Go on thy way, and seek the mountain! Go!
Go on thy way, and seek the mountain! Go!
Go on thy way, and seek the mountain! Go!
Go on thy way, and seek the mountain! Go!

23380
The Leper
(con agitazione sempre)

See these hands, these lips and these eyes, This body, that wasting
(con agitazione sempre)

mortifies With disease, relentless, appalling!

Mark these scars and these wounds all festering and gall -

ing!

23380
Francis

Nay, I love thee, thou shalt love me!

mf (senza rigore)

Thy hand laid on mine binds each other, My kiss on thy

calmo

lips greets my brother—Come, rest is mine arms, come, one are

The Leper

Is it thou, brother, turnest from me?

In thine arms?

The Leper, dolce espress.

Who art thou, at whose voice Weeping eyes grow dim? Who castst thou
Francis

God's low-ly ser vant!

(sempre la stessa battuta)

Thy name?

dolciss. ed espress.

Francis.

That same Francis famous in story, Who worketh mir-a-cles di-

vine, In whose bright eyes the stars do shine, And whose speech doth fore-tell God's

poco sf

ad lib.

glo-ry? What mock-er-y is this? Ah! 'tis some jest of thine!

col canto

pp

Ω

23380
Tempo I (ma molto tranquillo)

Brother, I am Francis, one of God's little poor!

The Leper

\( p \) molto espress.

I was vile, crawling vermin, despised and lowly,

Yet this night shall lay me down to sleep, Secure

in my faith strong and deep, Aflame with hope radiant and
holy! The fever that did rack my temples

Now hath broken its cruel chain, Now eased are my limbs of their pain,

And my wounds are cooled of their burning. I, accurst, and foul is men's

eyes, Now go, to my lazarette turning, Like
man redeemed to Paradise!

Francis

O Friar Leper, simple in faith, art
dolce

thou, Noble in grief, patient in woe; I kneel to thee,
and ask thee now To ab-solve and bless me ere thou go!

Tempo I. (Lento e grazioso)

A few Sopranos

Tempo I. (Lento e grazioso)  Ye shep-herds all, dance on the
dolciss.

PPP

lawn, Fair A-pril calls to mirth and laugh-ter!

(perdendosi)  a tempo

Sil-ver-tipped ol-ive-trees gleam af-ter The kiss of dawn!
II. Saint Clare

Andante ($d = 56$)

pp dolciss. espress.

Sister Clare, whither away? The weary day is
ending, Shadows fall one by one, on hill and slope de-

pp sempre

seend-ing, The dis-tant woods faint-ly are seen, An-ge-lus bell,

its liq uid note with twi-light blend-ing, Hath reached Saint Damian's walls, so

white in bow' r of green!

espress.
St. Clare

With my sister am I come from wood-man Co-sa's mountain home;

Crushed and bruised by a log he lies stricken and dead, His orphaned children fam-ish for bread!

Now the first star of eve glows
faintly, The crimson sky grows grey and dim, We hasten on!

Francis

un poco rinf.

Sister Clare, merciful, kind and saintly,

Clare
dolce espress.

Worthy art thou to toil for Him! Good

father, thou art my guide, all my thoughts wait on thine,
Well I recall that hour divine, A child was I when in the church thy voice proclaimed its message of faith and of love, Round San Gior gio's aisles soaring above, As on the wing a might-y bird;

molto espress. cresc.

il basso sostenuto espress.
poco cresc.
And with tears that message I heard, Full of wonders new and truths appealing,
Mine own self to me there revealing,
Then from the evil world far away I sped in flight,
And to God swift my foot-steps bore me!

Se- rene and calm, night lay before me,

Palm-San-day night!
I do re-mem-ber!

So fit-ful the ze-phyr's ca-

(mormorante)

And so faint the gleam from the well,

The

path way so white,

the smell

Of the brack-en,
per-fumed bit-ter-ness!
The moon ere long a-rose on

high,
Moon whose thin cres-cent lights us to-night from her

heav-en!
And the wind kissed my robe
do-ciiss.

with an elo-quent sigh!
I do re-
mem - ber!

espress.

Francis

I saw thee yes - ter - e - ven, Sis-ter Clare, From my
gar-den mus-ing in prayer, A - far I saw thee, Sis-ter Clare:

Thou wast gather-ing pos-sies! Yes, I was tend-ing my ros-es,
Evening had come so peacefully, And from my home, as thine, my gaze fell on thee: In thy hands a book I could see;

Bright was the night and clear, me-seemed thou wert quite near.

Late grows the hour! Farewell! No more may I stay, Brother.
The Angelus bell dies away.

Francis (alone)

doiciss. express.

All praise to Thee, O Lord, for Sister Clare, for Thou hast made her constant and zealous,

and thro’ her Thy marvelous light illumines our hearts!

23380
III. The Birds

Andante con moto (\( \text{\textcopyright} \text{ \textregistered} \))

Frilar Leon

Ah!

Fierce the re-
lent-less sun beats down, cruel, unsparring!

Hot dust chokes me, and faint am I With pain and

torment overbearing!
poco a poco rall.

Dost thou see where Perugia lies there, on the crest of yonder mountain?

Here at the foot are elms and turf and hillock and fountain;
Francis

Friar Leon

Do as thou wilt,

Let me rest in this shelter fair!

_and nurse thy folly till even!

There, in the field, to countless birds I will re-

hearse in chosen words, Preaching them the gospel of Heaven!
Friar Leon

A sermon? O, truly hast thou set For these poor birds a cunning net!

And thou of late didst rail at folly!

By my faith, pri-thee understand, That ere thou move a foot or hand, They will

Francis

Friar Leon

fly from thee far away!

Not
Francis
so!
Be-hold, on-ward I go.

Friar Leon

Look, do they flee?

They stay!

A-maz-ing!
To thy voice they do listen, delighted rushing to and fro!

Ah! Behold, round thee now descending,

They seek the earth and pause in their whirl, And fluttering wings slowly

furl, Their heads to thee in homage bending!
Doppio movimento

\( \text{\small-del precedente} \)

\( \text{\small-p leggero} \)

The Birds
dolce

Light is our wing, gay our song,

Welcome thou each feathered rover,
While o'er thy head we do hover;

Fluttering band, clustering throng; Each

bird hides in its narrow breast

One frail heart throbbing timidly; A-
go, to cheer his toil:  A mer-ry Wag-tail!

O Fran-cis, we would lis-ten to thee, would lis-ten to thee, to thee!  O Fran-cis, we would lis-ten to thee!
The Wren am I, wilt thou take me, The smallest bird of all!

Let me not be denied! Here am I:

Flutter and coy, In the leaves crouching by thy side, Lest
cru-el foes drive me a-way! Broth-er, tho' my heart is so
gay. Yet my poor trem-bling tongue scarce can sing for ver-y
110 (d- d) a tempo
joy...
a tempo express.
dim. pp
Un poco più tranquillo \( \text{\( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{s}} \) = 50} \)

Frances (senza rigor del tempo)

Brethren Birds, who sit with folded wing, Call me your

\( p \) ma sost. ed espress

friend and greet me with accord, Know ye now that God is the Lord, In praises to

Him should ye sing! For He hath clothed you with plumage fair,

And for your flight fashioned the air,

(sezza rigor del tempo)

And of old He preserved your kind, And shelter for
you in the Ark did he find! And tho' ye labour not, God's

bless-ing giv-eth ease, Your food is the grain and the foun-tain, Your do-main the

hill and the moun-tain, And your home the nest in the trees!

Lest light-ning and tem-pest dis-may you, His en-der care gathers them in,

With lov-ing thought He doth ar-ray you, Who weak and frail, toil not nor
(114) Tempo I (d=80)

spin!

Brethren Birds, be

mindful of His grace,

With thankful hearts His love reward, In

gratitude is vile and base,

Let man alone forget his

Lord!
The Birds
dolce

Light is our wing, gay our song,

Welcome thou

each feathered rover,

While o'er thy head we do hover,

Fluttering band, clustering throng; Each
bird hides in its narrow breast

One frail heart throbbing timidly;

above, beneath, from East and West,

Swift on the wing come we,
Fly a-way!

Little children of God!

And proclaim in the song that ye sing—Your gospel to valley and hill! Now shall this Cross direct your flight and guide your will, This Cross that I trace on each wing! Go, the
first of you, West-ward go ye forth, 0th-ers, find ye the
South; and to the East a throng; Let all the rest go seek the
North! Praise God, Sing a-loud your sweet, heav-en-ly
song, Pure and ho-ly mes-sage forth-tell!

express.
Fare-well, broth-ers!  Fare-well!

The Birds, flying round Francis in four groups

1st Group

2nd Group

3rd Group

4th Group

Fare-well!

Fare-well!

Fare-well!

Fare-well!

Fare-well!

Fare-well!

Fare-well!

Fare-well!

Fare-well!

perdendosi
Second Part

IV. The Stigmata

Andante molto tranquillo (d = 48)

*pp* calmo

*legato*

(continued)
Un poco più agitato (d = 132)
*) In this movement the voices are treated symphonically, forming an integral part of the orchestral texture.
Un poco più agitato (d-j)
Un poco meno (\textit{d} = 100)
Francis

The fierce autumn in blast assails me, raging and whirling,

Rocks the yellowing beech, sets the black fir-tree groan.
-ing, While the storm howls its dirge without end o'er the land; Every
Leaf is the sport of winds,
ed-dying, swirling,
The rain—
the path obscured—
A faint moaning:
Like a rock hurled down from the heav'n, Al-\(\text{\textae\textsc{n}na}\) doth stand!

I would not shun the storm!

Ah!

Ah!

Drop by drop on me fall, O Sweat of His

Ah!

Ah!
Passion, His Agony divine!

senza rigor del tempo

A-non pauseth the storm for response to its call;

(with open lips)

Soprano

Tenor

(with open lips)

Alto

(with open lips)

Tenor

Bass

(with open lips)

23380
Slowly creeping, the clouds veil the earth with a spell.

But the blue sky beyond is mine!

Frail thou art, kneel to
God in prayer!

Dost not prayer heal for thee thine ills?
Yonder li-eth Roma-

- gna, and Um-bria is there,

Tus-can-y,
too, beyond the hills, While, distant and blue, gleams the sea,

And me-seems its voice calls to me! O, how
dear was that oft-trodden plain,
Where I cast the seed with a

loving hand, lowly sower of grain!
Lord!


23380
Ah! Lord! I tremble before Thee, and scarce can I speak.

Now art Thou near to me, now
near-er a-gain! "God's poor man" doth give Thee thanks in his pain!

The Voice of Christ (in the distance) I come!

Francis!

Gladly I obey! Ah!

Francis!

Un poco animato ed agitato (d = 84)
I hasten, my beloved Master, unto Thee!

Lord, Lord!

Do Thou point me the Way!

Steep and irksome this path is for me!
Ah, the Cross!

Ah! What lightning-flash doth blind me? I see Thee now, blessed colla voce

Lord! Ah! ff ad lib.
Nailed to the Cross!

The Voice of Christ

Francis!

Quasi Pistesso (d 104)

Francis

The Cross is there, thrust in the stones,

The crowd afraid, the rabble
horde!
Naught,

save a weed where the chill wind moans;

Darkness descends, unlove-ly

darkness!

Golgotha!

sempre cresce string.
The Voice of Christ
Lord, I behold.

Behold me!

a tempo

Thee!

O, monsters of hell! Inhuman fiends!

F. 158
V.

rit.

a tempo

ad lib.

O, my Master!

The Voice of Christ

Those

F. 159
V.

I thirst!

F. 159
V.

nails have torn Thee! Thy Feet! Thy Hands! Blood flows from Thy Side!
The Voice of Christ

O sweet are thy words of pity!

Francis

O, my Saviour! My heart doth ache in deed!

un poco string.

Ah! car-ri-on

brood, e-bate your greed! Be-gone! Be-gone! Be-
Vivo ( Candlelight )

gone!

Oh! Thy Head is drooping!

The Voice of Christ

I suffer!
Molto lento (→ 72)

Francis dolce, molto espress.

Ah, for Thine Agony!
Ah, that hill, where Thou dost languish,
Master, O Master! And

naught can I do for Thee!

Let me share in Thine

Ah! Ah!

an-guish! That bitter cup of Thine, Give me to drink, O Lord, let it be
L'istesso tempo, un poco animato

The Voice of Christ

Come! — poco cresc.

Fran
cis,

L'istesso tempo, un poco animato (d--ss)

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass (Tutti)
Animando un poco (senza rigore)

Francis

in the darkness to Thee I cling,

V.

p sosten.

Come!

Animando un poco (d = 62) (senza rigore)

F.

cresc.

and lay my head on Thy Breast!

V.

Cresc.

Come!

Cresc.

Come!
Precious boon! Sur-passing-ly blest!

Come! Come! Come!

What embrace holdeth me
cap tive! Lord! Lord!

Tempo I (d = 54)  p espress.

Ah! how the mal let re-sound eth!

For whom?
What

animando

sigh doth answer the blows?
cresc.

Ah! — The nails that do tear my hands,
my blood that flows, The heart that fails me!

animando (♩= 84)

O the tortures that rend me!

Ah!

Master, Master,

wilt Thou defend me? Sauv-ieur! Sauv-ieur! Hear me
Maestoso (d = 66)

Friar Angelo

Friar Leon

Brother! Brother!

Friar Masseo

Brother!

con agitazione

We are thy friends!

We are thy friends!

We are thy friends!

dim.
Calm thy-self! Brother!

Brother! Calm thy-self!

Calm thy-self! Brother!

Francis

p ma sosten.

Kneel with me!

Soprano pp misterioso

Alto pp misterioso

Tenor pp misterioso

Bass pp misterioso

traguillo (d = 50)

33380
I did see the Lord, nailed to the Cross! Lift and un-fold, ye clouds,

Lift and un-fold, ye clouds! I saw the Lord, cruci-
Friar Angelo

Christ crucified!

Friar Leon

Christ crucified!

Friar Masseo

Crucified!

Friar Leon

Behold! Those wounds on thy hands! Thy bruised feet, thy
Friar Angelo

Blest art thou — a thousand-fold! The Stigma-ta!

Francis

Is it true?

Friar Masseo

Thy feet! Thy hands! Behold!

Friar Masseo

True is this wondrous marvel!
Francis

A sweet and precious wound from my side doth flow!

Friar Leon

Dost thou fal – ter? rinf. e cres.

Jesus! My Redeem – er di –

vine! O dear un – to my
soul is the hurt that He giveth,

And all my joy in suffering

liveth; By blood a-

lone the true Salvation shall be mine!

Largamente
V. Canticle of the Sun

Moderato ($\frac{3}{4} 56$)

\begin{music}
\begin{五个乐句}
\end{music}

\begin{music}
\begin{五个乐句}
\end{music}

\begin{music}
\begin{五个乐句}
\end{music}

\begin{music}
\begin{五个乐句}
\end{music}

\begin{music}
\begin{五个乐句}
\end{music}

23880
O Saint Damian's walls, my affliction is sore, But ye give to me
comfort tender, My heart doth open wide in yearning for your splen-
dour, Since my closed eyes open no more!

O Saint Damian! O Saint Damian! O shelter sweet in pain,
To my sorrow a refuge fair,
O the abbey that gleamed
dolce espress.

white on the russet plain, Where in days long ago I did welcome Sister Clare!
sosten.

Now in thy turn, with benediction, Dear Sister, welcome thou the

blind! Do thou, O sun, be kind, Comfort thou mine affection!
dolciss. ed espress.

These eyes see thee no more, yet will they suffer less,
If they but feel, O sun, thy mystical causess!

Sopranos

On case-ment-pane falls summer's gleam; That evil men He might redeem, Christ died! Good Saint Peter, to mercy be won, Thy
Tempo I

Stern displeasure, Saint John, set aside!

Francis parlando

Dear Sister, wilt thou describe to me my lost Assisi, that I shall see no

more till the great Healing! Assisi!

Sister Clare dolce

Round yonder house a flight of birds is wheeling, where thou wast born.

Francis

Ah! my home! un poco animato Ah! scherzando

23380
seem to hear the shouts of a laughing boy!

So, laughing and merry and wild, Fast I ran, and cried in my

Sister Clare

joy, When I was a little child!

Francis

Be-reaved land, that I counted so dear!
Dawn's fingertips glisten with dew! Adorned the altar gleams anew. In its splendour

Shine on those tawny hills, Summer's glory is here!

Incense rises to Thee above, Pure

In calm now receive of our joy, Lord of love, Pure and tender!
pose thee! Dost thou hear? Fri-ar Le-en's at work, his

Bearing the Cross, wound-ed sore, And pale, and wan, Je-sus once

song falls on thine ear!—

more. Doth faint and lan-guish. Loud re-sound the mock-ing and jeers,

Fran-cis! Rest thee a while!:

Soft and low are the bit-ter tears Of Mary's an-guish!
Francis

Why? Ah, why?

dolce espress.

Now no more do I tire,

Glows all my being

as a burn - 

23380
Sister Clare

Francis, go in with me,

fire!

For this sun is too fierce for thee!

No, dear Sister,

express.

I need no tending, I hail the mighty

sempre cresc.

sun descending! On mine eyes let it fall, nev-er-

dim.
more to depart, and let its blazing rays,

fierce and strong, fire my heart!

un poco allarg.

Largamente, ma non troppo e sempre con moto ($\frac{d}{d} = 50$)
All praise to Thee, O Lord, for all Thy things created, And chiefest of them all

my great Brother, the Sun,

Light by his red glory is won, And nature illuminated!
All praise to Thee; O Lord, in mercy good and kind,— Praise for the Stars and 

Sister Moon that Thou hast given!—— All praise to 

Thee for Brother Wind, And for Air, and for the Clouds of Heaven,— 

And for our Sister Water, too,— 

Humble, precious, limpid and blue!—— All praise to
Thee, O Lord, for Brother Fire, Lighting the darkness at our desire,

Joyous and bright and strong!

Praise for Mother Earth, who sustains, Kindly protector whose love never wanes.

Earth, which feedeth the living throng,

Earth, which untiring yieldeth her hoard, The fruits and the flow'rs, grass and
sward!
Bless and praise ye the

Lord, praise Him!
Thank ye the

Lord, All with humble heart praise the Lord!

Awake! praise ye the Lord! Awake! praise ye the Lord! Awake, and praise the Lord!

Awake! praise ye the Lord! Awake! praise ye the Lord! Awake, and praise the Lord!

23380
VI. The Death of Francis

Tranquillo, ma non lento (Andantino) \( \text{d} = 32 \)
A long the path, where cypress and el-der hang o-ver, To
thee we come!

A long the path, where cypress and el-der hang o-ver, To
thee we come!
A-bove the con-vent's snow-y dome Yel-low-ing leaves a-rus-tling hov-

Ah!

Ah!

A- long the path, where

A- long the path, where
cypress and el-der hang o-ver, To thee we come!
cypress and el-der hang o-ver, To thee we come!
To lead-en feet the way is long,

Naught we sing, naught we

Naught we sing of joy or of gladness,
Sing of joy or of gladness,

Naught we sing of joy or of gladness,

Sorrow hath filled our hearts with song of

Autumn sadness!

Autumn sadness!

Autumn sadness!
Good Fri-ar Le-on, is night at hand? what of the
dolorosamente
d espres.

day?

Friar Leon

The day is dy-ing.

(in tears)

Ah, me!

4 ALTOS (Soli)

Down the long path, where

4 BASSES (Soli)

Down the long path, where
Cy-presse and el-der hang o-ver, To thee we com-e!

My friend, I would not have thee weeping! This day that sinks to rest holds my last hour in

dolciss.

Sempre molto tranquillo \( (d = 52) \)

keep-ing: With the clos-ing day must I die!
All men, won by thy words entralling,
All who by thine aid undaunted stood,

Yea, followed thee first at thy calling,
And strove by thine example to fight for the good,

Yea, followed thee first at thy calling,
Strove by thine example to fight for the good,

Yea, followed thee first at thy calling,
And strove by thine example to fight for the good,
Attend thee and crave thy last blessing; Bowed in their grief and misery—Thy dim.

friends, in thron a - round thee press - ing, Kneel un - to thee!

Sister Clare
dolce express.

Now Sister Clare, thy handmaid, giveth Comfort;
cl. cresc.

ah, how thou art faint for thy breath!

cl. cresc.

A- las! if Francis lie strick-en to death, 'Tis

cl.

Francis anguish to Clare that liveth! Sister!

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3 1st SOP.

If Francis lie strick-en to death, 'Tis anguish to

3 1st ALTOS

If Francis lie strick-en to death, 'Tis anguish to

3 2nd ALTOS

If Francis lie strick-en to death, 'Tis anguish to
Clare that liveth!

Clare that liveth!

Clare that liveth!

If Francis lie stricken to death, 'Tis anguish to

4 ALTOS (Soli)

A long the path, where

10 BASSES

Clare that liveth!

A long the path, where

4 BASSES (Soli)

with closed lips

SOP.

ALTO

with closed lips

TEN.

with closed lips

BASS

with closed lips

Tempo I (d=63)

dim.

Tempo I (d=63)
Francis

That

cypress and elder hang over, To thee we come!

cypress and elder hang over, To thee we come!
song is it of men who love?

Along the path, where
prayer
that comes not near?

cypress and elder hang over, To thee we come!
Fainter now it sounds, now more clear. Now

Above the convent's

Ah!
Francis
lost in the maze of the grove!

Friar Leon
(pronunciato)
There, by the
snow-y dome Yel-low-ing leaves a - rus-ling hov - er,

Ah!
Friar Leon

hills, treading the moor, Where shadows of night are de-

Along the path, where cypress and elder hang o-

Along the path, where cypress and elder hang o-
scend-ing, Forth from Assi-si come

To lead-en feet the thee we come!

To lead-en feet the thee we come!
hither wending Young and old, the wealthy way is long,

To leaden feet the way is long,

To leaden feet the

sost.

Ah!

sost.

Ah!

sost.

Ah!

sost.

Ah!

Ah!
and poor; Even the beggar totters
Naught we sing, naught we way is long,
Naught we sing, naught we way is long,

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!
groaning, And there the leper crawls along!

sing of joy or of gladness!

sing of joy or of gladness!

Naught of joy or of gladness!

Naught we sing of joy or of gladness!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

animando

molto cresc.
Sister Clare

in the shadow a man I see that shuns the throng,

-cl.

I hear him, in his pain, feebly moaning!

-cl.

p

espress. (marcato)

un poco rinf.

dim.
I can see him! Yea, my closed eyes can see thee

there apart! Come, brother leper well-be-

loved, Brother, come to my
F.

Oh my heart!

brother, I can see thee!

Chorus
SOP.

Down the long path, where cypress and elder hang over, To

ALTO

Down the long path, to thee do we come, To

TEN.

Down the long path, to thee do we come, To

BASS

Down the long path, where cypress and elder hang over, To

L'istesso tempo (d. 50)
Chorus I
SOP.
thee we come!

ALTO
thee we come!

TEN.
thee we come!

BASS
thee we come!

Chorus II
SOP.
\textit{mf} We come to thee!

ALTO
\textit{mf} We come to thee!

TEN.
\textit{mf} We come to thee!

BASS
\textit{mf} We come to thee!
Down the long path, where cypress and elder hang over, To

Down the long path, to thee do we come, To

Down the long path, to thee do we come, To

Down the long path, to thee do we come, To

23380
Thee we come!
We come to thee!
We come to thee!
We come to thee!
Lead - en our feet, weary the way,
Lead - en our feet, weary the way,
Lead - en our feet, weary the way,
Lead - en our feet, weary the way,
way, Naught we sing of joy or of gladness, To
wear - y

Naught we sing of joy or of gladness, To
way, Ah, weary way, To
way, Lead - en our feet and weary the
way, Lead - en feet and weary the
way, Lead - en our feet and weary the
thee we come!

To

way,

We come to thee!

way,

We come to thee!

way,

We come to thee!
thee we come!

To thee!

To thee!

To thee!

To thee!

To thee!
L'istesso (d. j del precedente)

Dear Sister Death, souls long tormented Languish till thy call set them free,

On this lowly couch I wait for thee, At rest in spirit and full con-

23380
Tutti
Soprano ppp
Francis!

Alto ppp
Francis!

Tenor ppp
Francis!

Bass ppp
Francis!

See, I am ready,
Thou phantom guest!
Come, come,

wreapt in thy shroud let me rest!
Thy sickle falls swift as thy sands,
Now on my
brow lay thou thy hands! almost spoken, like the murmur of a litany

Soprano and Alto

Francis, thou who didst love the poor,

Tenor

Francis, thou who didst love the poor,

Bass

Francis, thou who didst love the poor,

Francis, thou who didst love the wolf,

Francis, thou who didst bless the birds,

Francis, thou who didst love the wolf,

Francis, thou who didst bless the birds,

Francis, thou who didst love the wolf,

Francis, thou who didst bless the birds,

Francis, thou who didst beg for the kiss of a leper;

Francis, by thy pain,

Francis, thou who didst beg for the kiss of a leper;

Francis, by thy pain,

Francis, thou who didst beg for the kiss of a leper;

Francis, by thy pain,
Francis, by thy Wounds, Pray for us, Francis,

Francis, by thy Wounds, Pray for us, Francis,

Francis, by thy Wounds, Pray for us, Francis,

F. Francis

Wife be-lov-ed, faith-ful-lest

God's "Poor man!"

God's "Poor man!"

God's "Poor man!"

Bell

bri-de, When Death is nigh, dear Pov-er-ty, Canst not thou be at
Molto lento (♩ = 66)

I am here at his side! Have I ever

hand?
dolente espress.

failed thee? In this hour, when the autumn wind doth moan and

weep, When the flow'rs droop, with'er'd and dead,

Here shall my arms cradle thy head, And here my heart fall thee to
sleep!

Son. and Alto pppp

Francis, thou who didst love the poor,  
Francis, thou who didst bless the birds,

Tenor pppp

Francis, thou who didst love the poor,  
Francis, thou who didst bless the birds,

Bass pppp

Francis, thou who didst love the poor,  
Francis, thou who didst bless the birds,

Francis, by thy pain,  
Francis, by thy Wounds,  
Pray for us, Francis,

Francis, by thy pain,  
Francis, by thy Wounds,  
Pray for us, Francis,

Francis, by thy pain,  
Francis, by thy Wounds,  
Pray for us, Francis,
Francis

God's "Poor man!"

God's "Poor man!"

Bells

Turn my face to As-

si - sil!

O sweet

Nature!

Mother Earth!

Hush of twi-light!
Red - den-ing sky!

As - si - si, As - si - si, thou gav-est me birth;

I bless thee now in this bour when I die!

Friar Leon (in a whisper)

Soprano  Saint Fran-cis is dead!

Alto      (in anguish)    Ah!

Tenor     (in anguish)    Ah!

Bass      (in anguish)    Ah!
Saint Francis is dead!

Friar Angelo

A flight of birds! I will

Friar Leon

Nay, Broth
They come to mourn him who loved them!

Wear-y our wing, sad our song,
Mourneth now each feathered rover,
While o'er thy head we do hover;
Fluttering band, clustering throng, Each
bird hides in its narrow breast

Gue frail heart that is sorrowing;

above, beneath, and East and West,

Here we await thy spirit,
Little children of God!

Chorus I
Soprano
Al - le - lu - ia!
Alto
Al - le
Tenor
Al - le - lu - ia!
Bass
Al - le - lu - ia!

Chorus II
Soprano
Al - le - lu - ia!
Alto
Al - le - lu - ia!
Tenor
Al - le - lu - ia!
Bass
Al - le - lu - ia!

poco rit.

a tempo (tranquillo)

pp express.

pp express.
Francis!

\textit{express.}

\textit{Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!}
Francis! Here we a-wait thy spirit!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Alleluia! Alleluia!
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