A CANTATA FOR SOLO, CHORUS
AND ORCHESTRA

The League of the Alps

BY

CARL BUSCH

BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
A CANTATA FOR SOLI, CHORUS
AND ORCHESTRA

THE LEAGUE OF
THE ALPS

WORDS BY
FELICIA HEMANS

MUSIC BY
CARL BUSCH

BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

NEW YORK
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.

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TO MR. B. S. HOAGLAND
AND
THE KANSAS MUSICAL JUBILEE
ASSOCIATION
SOLO VOICES:
SOPRANO, ALTO, TENOR AND BASS.

TIME OF PERFORMANCE:
ONE HOUR AND A QUARTER.

FULL ORCHESTRA SCORE AND PARTS, IN
MANUSCRIPT, CAN BE RENTED
FROM THE PUBLISHERS.
HISTORICAL NOTE.

In 1308 the Swiss rose against the tyranny of the bailiffs appointed over them by Albert of Austria. The field called Grüeli, at the foot of the Seelisberg, and near the boundaries of Uri and Unterwalden, was fixed upon by three spirited yeomen, Walter Furst (the father-in-law of William Tell), Werner Stauffacher and Enzi (or Arnold) Melchtholz, as their place of meeting to deliberate upon the accomplishment of their projects.

"Hither came Furst and Melchtholz, along secret paths over the heights, and Stauffacher in his boat across the Lake of the Four Cantons. On the night preceding the 11th of November, 1307, they met here, each with ten associates, men of approved worth; and while at this solemn hour they were wrap in the contemplation that on their success depended the fate of their whole posterity, Werner, Walter and Arnold held up their hands to Heaven, and in the name of the Almighty, who has created man to an inalienable degree of freedom, swore jointly and strenuously to defend that freedom. The thirty associates heard the oath with awe; and with uplifted hands attested the same God and all His saints, that they were firmly bent on offering up their lives for the defence of their injured liberty. They then calmly agreed on their future proceedings, and for the present each returned to his hamlet."

On the first day of the year 1308, they succeeded in throwing off the Austrian yoke, and "it is well attested that not one drop of blood was shed on this memorable occasion, nor had one proprietor to inment the loss of a claim, a privilege, or an inch of land. The Swiss met on the succeeding Sabbath, and once more confirmed by oath their ancient, and (as they fondly named it) their perpetual, league." Fluri's History of the Helvetic Confederacy.
THE LEAGUE OF THE ALPS

I.

CHORUS.
'Twas right upon the Alps. The Senn's wild horn,
Like a wind's voice, had poured its last long note,
Whose pealing echoes, through the larch-woods borne,
To the low cabins of the glens made known
That welcome steps were nigh. The flocks had gone,
By cliff and piz-bridge, to their place of rest;
The charred slumbered, for the chase was done;
His cavern-bed of moss the hunter pressed,
And the rock-eagle coughed high on his cloudy nest.

II.

Tenor Solo.
Did the land sleep? The woodman's axe had ceased
Its ringing notes upon the beech and plane:
The grapes were gathered in; the vintage feast
Was closed upon the hills, the reaper's strain,
Hushed by the streams; the year was in its wane,
The night in its mid-watch; it was a time
Even marked and hallowed unto slumber's reign.
But thoughts were stirring, restless and sublime,
And o'er his head the Alps moved the spirit of the clime.

III.

For there, where snows, in crowning glory spread,
High and unmarked by mortal footprint lay;
And there, where torrents, mid the ice-caves fed,
Burst in their joy of light and sound away;
And there, where Freedom, as in scornful play,
Had hung man's dwellings 'midst the realms of air,
O'er cliffs the very birthplace of the day—
Oh! who would dream that tyranny would dare
To lay her withering hand on God's bright works e'en there,

* * * * *

V.

Soprano Solo and Women's Voices.
But in a land of happy shepherd homes,
On its green hills in quiet joy reclining,
With their bright hearth-fires 'midst the twilight glooms,
From bowery lattice through the fir-woods shining—
A land of legends and wild songs entrancing
Their memories with all memories loved and blest.

CHORUS.
In such a land there dwells a power, combining
The strength of many a calm and fearless breast;
And woe to him who breaks the Sabbath of its rest!

VI.

Alto Solo.
A sound went up—the wave's dark sleep was broken—
On Uri's lake was heard a midnight roar—
Of man's brief course a troubled moment's token
Th' eternal waves to their barriers bore;
And then their gloom a flashing image wore
Of torch-fires streaming out o'er crag and wood,
And the wild falcon's wing was heard to soar
In startled haste; and by that moonlight flood,
A band of patriot men on Grütli's verdure stood.

VII.

CHORUS.
They stood in arms; the wolf-spear and the bow
Had waged their war on things of mountain race;
Might not their swift stroke reach a nail-clad foe?
Strong hands in harvest, daring feet in chase,
True hearts in fight were gathered on that place
Of secret council—not for fame or spoil,
So met those men in Heaven's majestic face—
To guard free hearths, they rose, the sons of toil,
The hunter of the rocks, the tiller of the soil.

VIII.

CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES.
O'er their low, pastoral valleys might the tide
Of years have flowed, and still, from sire to son,
Their names and records on the green earth died,
As cottage lamps, expiring one by one
In the dim glades, when midnight hath begun
To hash all sound.

Soprano Solo.
But silent on its height,
The snow-mass full of death, while ages run
Their course, may slumber, bathed in rosy light,
Till some rash voice or step disturb its brooding might.

IX.

So were they roused—th' invading step had passed
Their cabin thresholds, and the lowly door,
Which well had stood against the Fohnwind's blast;
Could bar Oppression from their home no more.
Why, what had she to do where all things wore
Wild grandeur's impress? In the storm's free way,
How dared she lift her pageant crest before
Th’ endearing and magnificent array
Of sovereign Alps, that winged their eagles with the day?

X.
This might not long be borne; the timeless hills
Have voices from the cave and cataract swelling,
Sought with His name, whose awful presence fills
Their deep, lone places, and forever telling
That He hath made man free! and they, whose dwelling
Was in those ancient fastnesses, gave ear;
The weight of suffering from their hearts repelling,

Chorus.
They rose — the forester, the mountaineer —

Soprano.
Oh! what hath earn more strong than the good peasant-spear?

XI.
Quartet.
Sacrebe Grüeti’s field — their vigil keeping
Through many a blue and starry summer night,
Thrice, while the sons of happier lands were sleeping,
Had those brave Switzers sat, and in the sight
Of the just God * * * * had given their deep thoughts way
And braced their spirits for the parable fight,
With lovely images of homes that lay
Bowered midst the rustling pines, or by the torrent spray.

XII.
Bass Solo.
Now had endurance reached its bounds! — They came
With courage set in each bright earnest eye,
The day, the signal and the hour to name,
When they should gather on their hills to die,
Or shake the glaciers with their joyous cry
For the land’s freedom.

XIII.
Chorus.
Calmly they stood and with collected mien,
Breathing their souls in voices firm but low,
As if the spirit of the hour and scene,
With the woods’ whisper and the waves’ sweet flow,
Had tempered in their thoughtful hearts the glow
Of all indignant feeling.

XIV.
And three that seemed as cièfans of the band,
Were gathered in the midst on that lone shore
By Uri’s lake — a father of the land,

One on his brow the silent record wore
Of many days, whose shadows had passed o’er
His path among the hills and quenched the dreams
Of youth with sorrow.

* * * * *

XV.
Who from its morn a freeman’s work had done,
And reaped his harvest, and his vintage pressed,
Fearless of wrong; and now at set of sun,
He bowed not to his years, for on the breast
Of a still chainless land he deemed it much to rest.

XVI.
But for such holy rest strong hands must toil,
Strong hearts endure.

INTERMEZZO.
SWISS PASTORAL AND COUNTRY DANCE.

PART II.
Bass Solo.
By that pale elder’s side,
Stood one that seemed a monarch of the soil,
Serene and stately in his manhood’s pride,
Werner, the brave and true! — If men have died,
Their hearts and shrines inviolate to keep,
He was a mate he such.

* * * * *

XVII.
It was a home to die for! — As it rose
Through its vine-foliage, sending forth a sound
Of mirthful childhood o’er the green repose
And laughing sunshine of the pastures round;
And, whose life to that sweet spot was bound,
Raised unto Heaven a glad, yet thoughtful eye,
And set his free step firmer on the ground,
When o’er his soul its melodies went by,
As through some Alpine pass, a breeze of Italy.

XVIII.
Alto Solo.
But who was he, that on his hunting-spear
Leant with a prouder and more fiery bearing?
His was a brow for tyrant hearts to fear,
Within the shadows of its dark locks wearing
That which they may not tame — a soul declaring
War against earth’s oppressors.

* * * * *

XX.
There was at times a wildness in the light
Of his quick-flashing eye: a something born
Of the free Alps, and beautifully bright,
And proud, and timeless, laughing fear to scorn!
It well might be!
XXI.
He was a creature of the Alpine sky,
A being whose bright spirit had been fed
'Midst the crowned heights of joy and liberty,
And thoughts of power.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.
He knew each path which led
To the rock's treasure-caves, whose crystal shed
Soft light over secret fountains. At the tone
Of his loud horn, the Lammer-Geyer's had spread
A startled wing; for oft that peal had blown
Where the free cataract's voice was wont to sound alone.

XXII.
His step had tracked the waste; his soul had stirred
The ancient solitude; his voice had told
Of wrongs to call down Heaven. 5

Chorus.
That tale was heard
In Hugh's dales, and where the shepherds fold
Their flocks in dark ravines and craggy hold
On the bleak Oberland;

ALTO SOLO.
And where the light
Of day's last footsteps bathes in burning gold
Great Right's cliffs; and where Mount Pilate's height
Casts o'er his glassy lake the darkness of his might.

XXIII.
BAS SOLO.
Nor was it heard in vain. *
* * * * * The fearless hunter passed
And, from the bosom of the wilderness,
There leapt a spirit and a power to cast
The weight of bondage down; and bright and fast,
As the clear waters, joyously and free,
Burst from the desert-rock, it rushed at last,
Through the far valleys; till the patriarch three
Thus with their brethren stood beside the Forest Sea. 7

FINALE.
QUARTET AND CHORUS.

XXIV.
They linked their hands, they pledged their stainless faith,
In the dread presence of attesting Heaven.
They bound their hearts to suffering and to death,
With the severe and solemn transport given
To bless such vows. How nobly man had strive,
How man might strive, and vainly strive, they knew,
And called upon their God whose arm had riven
The crest of many a tyrant, since He blew
The foaming sea-wave on, and Egypt's night o'erthrew.

XXV.
They knelt, and rose in strength. The valleys lay
Still in their dimness, but the peaks which darted
Into the bright mid-air had caught from day
A flush of fire, when those true Switzers parted,
Each to his hill or forest, steadfast-hearted,
And full of hope. Nor many suns had worn
Their setting glory, ere from slumber started
Ten thousand voices, of the mountains born —
So far was heard the blast of Freedom's echoing horn!

XXVI.
The ice-vaults trembled, when the peal came rending
The frozen stillness which around them hung;
From cliff to cliff the avalanche descending,
Gave answer, till the sky's blue hollow rung;
And the flame-signals through the midnight sprung
From the Surenzen rocks, like banners streaming
To the far Schilthorn, whence light was sung
On Griaß's field, till all the red lake gleaming,
Stone out, a meteor-heaven in its wild splendor seeming.

XXVII.
And the winds tossed each summit's blazèd crest
As a host's plumage; and the giant pines,
Felled where they warred o'er crag and eagle's nest,
Heaped up the flames. The clouds grew fiery signs,
As o'er a city's burning towers and shrines,
Reddening the distance.

XXVIII.
Then on the silence of the snows there lay
A Sabbath's quiet sunshine — and its bell
Fell'd the hushed air awhile, with lonely sway;
For the stream's voice was chained by Winter's spell,
The deep wood-sounds had ceased. But rock and dell
Rung forth, elcöng, when the strains of jubilee
Pealed from the mountain churches, with a swell
Of praise to Him who stills the raging sea—
For now the strife was closed, the glorious Alps were free!

NOTES.
1. Sean, the name given to a herdsman among the Swiss Alps.
2. Pfahwind, the south-east wind, which frequently lays waste the country before it.
3. A father of the land, Walter Furt, the father-in-law of William Tell.
4. Werner Stauffer, who had been urged by his wife to resist and unite his countrymen for the defense of Switzerland.
5. Lammer-Geyer, the latest kind of Alpine eagle.
6. Wrongs to call down Heaven. The eyes of his aged father had been put out by the order of the Austrian Governor.
7. Forest-Sea, a name frequently given to the Lake of the Four Cantons.
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A CANTATA
THE LEAGUE OF THE ALPS

Part I
PRELUDE

FELICIA HEMANS

CARL BUSCH

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Molto moderato

CHORUS

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

'Twas night up-on the Alps.

Molto moderato

Like a wind's voice had poured its last long

The Senn's wild horn had poured its last long

Alps. The Senn's horn had poured its last long

Alps. The Senn's horn had poured its last long
To the low cabins

Whose pealing echoes, through the larch-woods borne, To the

low cabins

Hear:

of the glens made known That welcome steps were
cabinsof the glens made known That steps were
of the glens known That welcome steps were were
nigh. to their nigh. The flocks had gone.
nigh. By cliff and pine-bridge,

place of rest: His cavern-bed of moss the hunter

The chamois slumbered, for the chase was done;
press'd, And the rock-eagle couched, high on his cloud-y

And the rock-eagle couched, high on his cloud-y

nest.

TENOR SOLO

nest.

Did the
TENOR SOLO

land sleep? the wood-men are had ceased Its ring-ing notes up-on the

beech and plane;

Horns

in; The vin-tage feast was closed up-on the hills, the

reaper's strain, Hushed by the streams, hushed by the streams; the

4-87-62768-100
year was in its wane, The night in its mid-watch; it was a

time Een marked and hallowed unto slumbers

reign. But thoughts were stir-ring, rest-less and sub-

lime, And over his white Alps moved the spirit of the
Andante

For there, where snows, in

crowning glory spread, High and un-marked by

mortal foot-step lay; And there, where torrent, mid the ice-caves

molto rit.

Burst in their joy of light and sound a.
Allegretto

way; And there, where Freedom, as in

scornful play. Had hung man's dwellings midst the realms of air, Our cliffs,

the very birthplace of the

day Oh! who would dream

P a tempo
Oh! who would dream,

dream that Ty-ran-ny would dare To lay her

with-"ring hand on God's bright works een there. Oh!

who would dream! Oh! who would dream, would
Andante quasi Allegretto

dream!

1st & 2nd SOPRANO

1st & 2nd ALTO

But

in a land of happy shepherd
homes.
On its green hills in quiet joy re-

SOPRANO SOLO

On its green hills in joy
In a land of

clin - ing With their bright hearth-fires

shep - herd homes and a land of leg - ends and songs, and
midst the twilight gloom From
songs, and songs.

bow'ry lattice through the fir-woods shining

land, a land,

of legends and wild song, of legends and

wild song entwining their memories with all
In a land of shepherd homes, a land of legends and land, a land of legends of legends.

Legends and wild songs.

and wild songs.
SOPRANO

In such a land there dwells a power, com-

ALTO

bin - ing The strength of man - y a

TENOR

bin - ing The strength of man - y a

BASS

Brass
calm but fear-less breast;
And woe to him

who breaks the Sab-bath of its
woe to him who breaks the Sab-bath of its

rest!

ALTO SOLO

rest!

ff

pp
Moderato

sound went up, the wave's dark sleep was broken
On Uri's lake was heard a midnight roar
Of man's brief course a troubled moment's
token Th' eternal waters to their barriers bore;

And then their gloom a flashing image wore
Of torch - fires streaming out our crag and wood,
And the wild falcon's wing was
heard to soar in startled haste.

_and by that moon-light flood a band of patriot

rit Marziale

men on Grütli's verdure stood.

_rit Bassoon
Soprano

The

Alto

Tenor

They stood in arms: they stood in arms: the

Bass

wolf-spear and the bow Had waged their war on things. Had waged their

wolf-spear and the bow had waged their war.
war on things of moun - tain race; Might not their
Had waged their war, of moun - tain race; Might not their

not their swift stroke reach a foe, a mail - clad
stroke, their swift stroke
not their swift stroke reach, their swift stroke reach a mail - clad
stroke, their swift stroke reach a foe, a mail - clad

foe?

Strong hands in har - vest.
Roe?

strong hands in har - vest,
Strong hands in harvest, daring feet in chase,
True hearts in fight, true hearts in fight.
Gathered on that place Of secret
council. Not for fame or spoil So met those men in

Heaven's majestic face; To guard free hearths they rose, the sons of

The hunter of the rocks, the sons of toil and of the rocks, the
Molto moderato

til-ler of the soil they rose, they rose

Molto moderato

To guard free hearts they rose.

G

Moderato.
TUTTI

1st & 2d SOPRANO

O'er their low pastoral

valleys might the tide Of

years have flowed, and still, from

254946
sire to son Their names and

records on the green earth died, As

cottage lamps, expiring one by
one In the dim glades, when midnight hath be-
gua To hush all sound.

SOPRANO SOLO
But si - lent on its
height, The snow-mass, full of death, while

ages run Their course, may slumber,

bathed in rosy light, Till some rash voice or

step disturb its brooding

molto ritard.
Allegretto

So were they roused th'invading step had passed Their

...in thresholds, and the lowly door, Which well had stood a...

1-67 62768-109
against the Föhn-wind's blast, could bar oppression from their home no more.

Clar.

Andante

Why,

What had she to do where all things wore wild grandeur's impress? In the storm's free way, How
Allegretto

dared she lift her pag - eant crest be - fore Th'en - dur - ing and mag-

ni-fi-cent array Of sovereign Alps, that wing'd their ea-gles with the day?

This might not long be borne— the tame-less hills Have

voi - ces from the cave and cat-a-ract swell-ing, Fraught with His
name, whose awful presence fills their deep lone places, and for

ever telling That He hath made man free!

and they whose

dwelling Was in those ancient fastnesses, gave ear;
The weight of suffr'nce from their hearts repelling.

They rose, they rose, they rose, they rose,
rose, they rose, they
rose, they rose, they
rose. The forester, the mountain
rose. The forester, the mountain

eer.

eer.
SOPRANO SOLO
molto ritard.

Oh! what hath earth more strong than the good peasant

Molto ritard.

Moderato

spear?

ritardando
sacred be Grütli's field. Sacred,

sacred be Grütli's field. their vigil
keeping their vigil keeping Through many a
through a blue and starry

blue and starry summer night. There, while the

blue summer night. There while the sons of
sumner night, The

sons of happier lands, There, while the

There, while the sons of lands were sleeping, There, while the sons of sons were sleeping, The
sons of happier lands, There had those
There while the sons of lands, lands were sleeping, There had those brave sons were sleeping, The

brave Swissers met,
Swissers met,
Swissers, the Swissers met,
brave Swissers met,

and in the sight of and in the sight of the just God, had given their
and in the sight of just God, Of just God had the sight Of just God, had
just God, had given their deep thoughts way, And braced their spir-its
depth thoughtstheir deep thoughts way, And braced their spir-its
given their thoughts, had given their thoughts, their deep thoughts way,
given their thoughts, their thoughts way,

for the fight, With love-ly im-a-ges of homes that
With love-ly im-a-ges of
And braced their spir-its with love-ly
And braced their spir-its for the fight, with

lay, 'Midst the rust-ling pines, the
homes that lay, that lay by the tor-rent.
im-a-ges of homes by the tor-rent,
love-ly im-a-ges of homes 'Midst rust-ling,
rustling pines.

torrent spray.

torrent spray.

rustling pines.

K

BASS SOLO

Now had en-

durance reached its bounds!

p accel.
Allegretto

they came With courage set in each bright earnest

eye, The day, the signal, and the

hour to name, When they should gather on their hills to

die, Or

a tempo p
shake the glaciers with their joyous cry.

For the land's freedom.

Allegro

Moderato
Calmly they stood, and with collected mien, Breathing their souls in voices firm but low, As if the spirit of the hour and scene With the wood's whisper
hour and scene, With the wood's whisper and the wave's sweet flow, Had

spir - it of the hour and scene, Had tem - pered the

of the hour and scene, Had tem - pered in their

and the wave's sweet flow, Had tem - pered in their

tem - pered in their thoughtful hearts the glow of all, all
glow, the glow of all, hearts the glow of all indig - nant
hearts their thoughtful hearts the glow of all indig - nant

feel - ing. And three that seemed as chief - tains of the

feel - ing. And three that

feel - ing. And three that seem'd as

feel - ing. And
band. Were gathered in the midst on that
seemed as chieftains of the band. Were
chieftains of the band. Were gathered in the
three that seemed as chieftains of the band. Were gathered

lone. shore By Ursus lake a

gathered By Ursus lake a father of the
midst By Ursus lake a father of the
in the midst By Ursus lake a

land. One on his brow the silent record wore Of many
land.

One on his brow the silent
Once on his brow the silent record wore and
days, whose shadows had passed o'er His
record wore of many days, whose

quench'd the dreams of youth with
path among the hills and quench'd the dreams of youth with
record wore and quench'd the dreams of youth with
shadows had pass'd and quench'd the dreams of youth with

sorrow. He was one, who from its morn a free-man's work had
sorrow. He was one, who from its morn a
sorrow. He was one, who
sorrow. He was one, who and
done, And reap'd his harvest, and his vintage press'd,
free-man's work had done. And his vintage press'd.
from its morn a free-man's work had done. And his vintage press'd.
reap'd his harvest, And his vintage press'd.

Fearless of wrong, of wrong; Fearless of wrong, of wrong;
Fearless of wrong, of wrong; Fearless of wrong, of wrong;

wrong; and now, at set of wrong; and now, at set of
sun, He bow'd not to his
sun, He bow'd not for

his years, for on the breast Of a chain-less land he
years for on the breast Of a land, he deemd it

the breast of a chain-less land, he
years for he deemd it much

deemd it much to rest. But for such
much to rest.
deemd it much to rest. But for such ho-
to rest. But for such ho-

holy
holy rest, but for such holy
rest, but for such holy rest strong hand must

rest, strong hands must toil. Strong hearts en-
must toil. Strong
toil, strong hands must toil. Strong

must

dure, strong hands must toil, must
hearts endure, strong hands must
hearts endure, strong hands must

strong hands must
Part II

P  Moderato  BASS SOLO

By that pale elder's side, Stood one that seemed a

monarch of the soil, Serene and stately in his manhood's pride,

Wer-ner, the brave and true!

If men have died, Their

hearth and shrines inviolate to keep,

If
men have died, their hearths to keep. He was a mate for such.

It was a home to die for! As it rose Through its foliage, sending

forth a sound Of mirthful childhood, over the green repose And

laughing sunshine of the pastures round; And be whose life to that
sweet spot was bound raised unto Heaven a glad yet thought-ful
eye. And set his free step firmer on the ground. When
o'er his soul its melo-dies went by. As, through some Al-pine pass, a breeze, a
breeze of It-a-ly.
But who was he, that on his hunting-spear Leant with a prouder and more

fierce bearing? His was a brow for tyrants hearts to fear.

Within the shadows of its dark locks wearing That which they may not
tame — a soul declaring War against earths op-
Allegretto

There was at times a wild-ness in the

light. Of his quick-flash-ing eye, some-thing,

born. Of the free Alps, and bright and proud and

piu moderato

tame-less, laugh-ing fear to scorn! It
well might he! He was a creature of the Alpine sky. A

being whose spirit had been fed. Midst the crowned heights of joy and

liberty. And thoughts of power.
DUET

SOPRANO

Adagietto

He knew each path which led To the

caves, whose crystal shed Soft light o'er secret fountains.

TENOR

He knew each path which led To the rock's treasure-

Adagietto

caves, whose crystal shed Soft light o'er secret fountains.

PIANO

At the

At the tone of his loud horn, at the tone of his loud horn, the

tone of his loud horn, at the tone of his loud horn, the Lam-mer-Geyer had
Lambert-Geyer had spread a wing; for oft that peal had blown, for spread a startled wing; for oft that peal had

oft that peal had blown, Where the free cat-a-ract's voice was wont to blown, for oft that peal had blown, Where the voice was wont to

sound a lone. His step had track'd, had track'd the sound a lone. His step had track'd, had
waste, the waste, his soul had stirred the ancient solitude, his
track'd the waste. his soul had stirred the ancient

voice had told, his voice had told, Of wrongs to
solitudes, his voice had told, his voice had told, Of

call, Of wrongs to call, to call down Heaven. That
wrongs to call, Of wrongs to call down Heaven.
tale was heard in Has'tis dales and
and where the shepherds

where the shepherds fold Their
fold Their flocks in dark ra-

That tale was heard, was heard in

That tale was heard
That tale was heard

SOPRANO P
ALKO
TENOR
BASS
flocks in dark ravine

vine, That tale was heard, that tale was

Hasli's dales, and where the shepherds

fold Their flocks in dark ravine

in Hasli's dales, in Hasli's

in Hasli's dales, and

on Oberland;

heard on Oberland;

fold Their flocks in ravine and craggy

dales, and where the shepherds fold Their

where the shepherds fold Their flocks
hold on Oberland;

flocks on the Oberland;

on the Oberland;

Solo Violin

S Alto solo

and where the light of day's last footstep bathes in burning gold Great Right's animato

and where mount Pilate's height Casts o'er his
Lento

Nor was it heard in vain.

Moderato

Nor was it heard in vain.
The fearless hunter pass'd, And, from the bosom of the

wilderness, There leapt a spirit and a power to cast The

weight of bondage down

and bright and fast, As the clear waters, joyously and
Allegro

Burst from the desert rock, it rushed through the far valleys; till the patriot three Thus with their brethren stood, beside the Forest Sea.

Allegro moderato
They linked their hands, they pledged their stainless faith, in the presence of Heaven. They bound their hearts to suffering and to death. With the transport given to bless such vows.

How hands, they pledged their stainless faith. How solemn and transport given to bless such vows, such vows. How hands, they linked their hands; How
sea-wave on and Egypt's might o'er-threw, might o'er-threw,
since He blew the foaming sea-wave on,
crest of many tyrants, since He blew the foaming sea-wave on. They
God, they call'd upon their God, their God,

They linked their hands, they linked their hands, they
linked their hands, they linked their hands, they knelt and rose in strength, the valleys lay in the

They

kneel and rose in strength, the valleys lay in the dimness, but the peaks had
valleys lay still in the dimness, but the
dimness but the peaks, which darted into the bright mid-air, had
linked their hands and rose in
caught from day A flush of fire, when those true Switz-ers
peaks which dart-ed In-to the bright mid-air, had
catched from day A flush of fire, when those true Switz-ers
strength. The val-leys lay Still in their dim-
part-ed. Each to his glen or for-est full of hope They
catched from day A flush of fire, a
part-ed. Each to his glen or
ness, but the peaks which dart-ed In-to the bright mid-air, had caught from

kneited and rose in strength. They linked their hands, they knelt and
flush of fire they knelt and
for-est, stead-fast heart-ed And full of
day A flush of fire, They
rose in strength, They linked their hands, and rose

rose in strength, They knelt and rose in hope, they rose in strength. They knelt, they linked their

rose in strength,

They linked their hands, and rose in

They knelt, and rose in

They knelt, and rose in

They linked their hands, and

and rose in strength, they pledged their stainless faith, they

hands and rose in strength, they linked their

rose in strength

strength, they linked their hands, they knelt, and

strength, they linked their hands, they knelt, and

strength, they linked their hands, They knelt, and

strength, the valleys lay still in the

rose in strength, they linked their
rose, and rose in strength.
pledged their stainless faith, they linked their hands, and rose in strength, they rose
they linked their hands, and rose in strength, they
rose in strength. They linked their hands, they
valleys lay still in the dimness

(dimness but the peaks had caught from day a
hands, and rose in strength. From

The valleys lay still in their dimness, but the
hands, they knelt and rose in strength,
in strength,
rose in strength,
kneeling and rose in strength. The valleys lay still in their dimness, but the peaks had
but the peaks had caught a

flush of fire when those true Switzers parted,

slumber started. Ten thousand
peaks had caught a flush of fire, of fire, of fire,
The peaks had caught a flush of fire, a flush of
caught a flush of fire, From slumber started
flush of fire, From slumber started
each to his glen or forest stead-fast heart-ed and full of
voices of the mountains born, So far was
a flush of fire, Not
a flush of fire, the peaks had caught a flush of fire, Not
fire, Not
the peaks had caught a flush of fire, of fire, Not
ten-thousand voices of the
ten-thousand voices of the
hope, From slumber started Ten-
heard the blast So far was
Many suns had worn their setting glory, ere from
mountains, the mountains born; So far was heard the
thousand voices of the mountains
heard the blast of Freedom's

Slumber started thousand voices of the
cresc.

Blast of Freedom's horn, So far was heard the
bore, So far was heard the
cresc.
mountains born. So far was heard the blast, the blast of Freedom's
mountains born. So far was heard the blast of Freedom's
mountains born. So far was heard the blast of Freedom's
far was heard the blast, the blast of Freedom's
blast of Freedom's horn, the
blast of Freedom's horn, of
blast of Freedom's horn, of

horns of Freedom's horn!
horns of Freedom's horn!
horns of Freedom's horn!
horns of Freedom's horn!
horns of Freedom's horn!
horns of Freedom's horn!
horns of Freedom's horn!
horns of Freedom's horn!
blast of Freedom's horn!
Freedom's horn!
Freedom's horn!

Listessto tempo
The ice vaults trembled from cliff to cliff.

The avalanche the avalanche the avalanche

cliff

cliff

The avalanche

The avalanche

The avalanche

The avalanche

The avalanche
sky's blue hollows rung; And the flame signals through the sky's, the sky's blue hollows rung; The

midnight sprung From the rocks, like banners streaming To See -
sky's blue hollows rung; To

lisberg; whence light was flung On

See lisberg; whence light was flung On
Grüttli's field till all the red lake

Gleaming Shone out a meteor heaven in its

Splendor, in its splendor seeming.

And the
And the pines heaped up the winds tossed each summit's blazing

and the pines heaped up the flames. The clouds grew flames heaped up the flames.

winds toss'd each summit's crest: The clouds grew crest, each blazing crest.

fier - y signs, The clouds grew fier - y grew fier - y signs,
fier - y signs, The clouds grew fier - y grew fier - y signs,
signs, As o'er a city's burn

signs, As o'er a city's burn

signs, As o'er a city's burn

signs, As o'er a city's burn

- cen -

- cen -

- cen -

- cen -

ing towers, and shrines,
ing towers, a city's do

ing towers and shrines do

ing towers, a city's do

Reddening the distant

burning towers and

burning towers and

Reddening the distant

burning towers and
Allegro molto

Then on the silence of the snows there lay a Sabbath

Then on the silence of the snows, with

sunshine, and its bell filled the hushed air a while with

lonely sway, by winter's spell

lonely sway, for the stream's voice was chained by

lonely sway, by winter's spell

lonely sway, for the stream's voice was chained by
But rock and dell rung forth ere long, but
winter's spell, rung forth, forth ere long, but
winter's spell, and dell, rock and dell rung forth, but
rock and dell Rung forth, ere-long, when strains of
rock Rung forth, when strains of
rock Rung forth, ere-long, when strains of
rock and dell Rung forth, ere-long, of
jubilee, when strains of jubilee Peal'd
jubilee, when strains of jubilee Peal'd
jubilee, when strains of jubilee Peal'd
jubilee, of jubilee Peal'd
from the mountain churches; pealed from the mountain churches with a swell of praise, a
swell of praise to Him who stills the

4-67-62768-100
free, the Alps were free.

Molto moderato

free,

The Alps were free.

Molto moderato

free,

The Alps were free.