FOR RECITATION
UNISON CHORUS AND PIANO

A MASQUE
OF
DEAD FLORENTINES

TEXT BY
MAURICE HEWLETT

MUSIC BY
ERNEST R. KROEGER

OP. 75

2.00

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CHICAGO
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THE first performance of A Masque of Dead Florentines in the present form took place in the Wednesday Club Auditorium, Saint Louis, February first, 1911. Before the Prelude, the folds of the curtains were drawn aside by two pages, and the medieval herald appeared. At the conclusion of his verses, he stepped back, and the curtains were drawn together. The curtains were fully parted as the final notes of the Prelude were being played, and the members of the chorus were seen standing on an elevated platform in the background, the painted scene revealing Florence in the distance. During the opening chorus, the various characters came slowly down the left aisle of the Auditorium, in the order of their appearance in the Masque. A short flight of steps led to the stage, and each character came forward during the first four measures of the music allotted to him or her. The lines were recited, and afterward the character participated in the various tableaux or dances, according to the directions given in the text, or passed slowly over a walk situated between the chorus and the scenery, and disappeared to the right. The entrance and exit of each character was carried out in this manner. During the Postlude, the members of the chorus (in this instance numbering but seven,) slowly followed the final character (Michael Angelo) until the stage was clear, and during the last few measures, the pages gradually drew the curtains together.
A MASQUE OF DEAD FLORENTINES

PART I

MAURICE HEEWLETT

Prologue

ERNEST R. KROEGER

Op. 75

Gentles, ye and Death and I
Have a friendly fall to try.
He is masterful and plays
Steadily, looks not for praise,
Heeds no blame. Your head is high,
High as mine— but by and bye?

The Scene is an open loggia, giving upon a garden in winter, with leafless trees, and cypresses. The rain stands in pools, over all is the singing of a great wind. A fitful sunshine comes and gone.

PRELUDE

Maestoso

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(The Chorus of poets and ladies, robed alike in cad-colored habits, comes into the garden.)

Andante sostenuto

Chorus

We have lost what we had won, Love's reward for love's work done. Sightless Mem-0-
ry received No news, if we joy'd or grieved.

Were we loved? She loved us not. Pit-y-worth? Be-hoved us not. Yet we count us

hap-ier Than are they whose keen-er star... Shone a-bout them while they stay'd Here with us;

and when they stray'd Forbore death their name to hide: We are they who qui-et-ly died.
Con moto

Here begins that crimson line,

Greater none, nor more divine.

By thy grimness of achieving,

By the scope of thy conceiving, God-creative, Heaven-cleaving,
God - cre - a - tive, Heav - en-cleav - ing, A - li - ghie - ril! lift thy head

From a - mong the sheet - ed dead. Buo - nar - ro - ti! God is just; Come thou too to

close the trust: Tell the sto - ry How the glo - ry Of thy burgh was pasado in

Andante sostenuto
dust.
Dante: The first to speak in Florence, Florence spurn'd My song and service. From home to outland turn'd, I

\[ \text{Largo} \]

sensed God's secrets, eating salted bread. God woke my love by death: they crown'd me, dead.

\[ \text{Allegro moderato} \]

Chorus:

\[ \text{Andante con tristezza} \]

Woe, the dead poet! Woe, the alien tomb, And brooding brow shadow'd by all Hell's gloom! How was that City proud and confident That
pass'd him by. A - last all's woe up - on her!

Allegretto
Say, would'\textit{t}st thou know his heart? His heart was

\textit{mp} dolce

mf espressivo
riv - en: To God one half, to Beatrice half was giv'n.

mf espressivo

But since God saw heav'n bare without his soul, He took her;
and the cloven heart was whole.

(Beatrice Fortunari passes. She is in a clear green garment, and holds her hand to her heart.)

Allegro ma grazioso

Beatrice: My

spirit, like a sigh, just flatter'd o'er Our homestead city; melted then to soar As

altar-smoke.

But one who mourn'd me wed, Follow'd me from that

Feast.

I lived, being dead.
Allegretto moderato

God saw her beautiful, and loved, and took her! How dark the city sate (That joy'd of late) When she, that young-est angel-shape, When she forsook her.
Più mosso

This is that man who thought it well alone to tread the

marcato
gulfs of Hell, Who look'd on naked sin beneath The

mask of life, and call'd it death. Nor lost he there his

latest breath, Nor all the pity he had shed; But
it was heaped on him, and led Him outward from the cavern's teeth. And that great utterance he said

Liv-eth, and he who saw the dead cannot taste death; for

Death's hand shook To feel the burden of his Book. And
this is She at whose death-moan The wasted City
sat alone; And She whose giving up of life Forewarn'd him take her soul to wife.

Allegro moderato

Corpus: From the nuptial of Spirit and Spirit, From the girdle that bound her young

* This part may be recited by a member of the Chorus.
heart, Unloosed by the tongue of his art, SPRANG the burning miraculous Child All soothsay that was to inherit, 

To nourish and foster and spread, Till all kindreds should leap when he smiled, 

Or panting run whither he led At the spell of his treacherous merit, 

O Song, with the throat of a bird And loins and core of a youth, O Song, crystal harbor
of truth, That sprang from Love mated with Power! O Song, when thy harping was
blurried, Thoughtest thou, O Song, in thy ruth, What blood had water'd thy flower
Ere yet one tendril had stirr'd?
What paling of virginal bosoms, What prayerful, and tearful, and sooth Upgiving of strength, that thy
blossoms Should bud in that clamorous hour?  

But Song set his delicate feet in

Un poco più mosso

the way of the World and the mire; Song tasted the fruit of desire, And laughed at

accel.

the clouding of eyes (For he knew love's filming was sweet.) So

Song held revel, and loud Sang he with passionate cries; And his raiment was

mf

golden and proud.
Thus the cup of his wrath was complete.

Allegro energico

Moderato

\(\text{p}\) calando

\(\text{pp}\)

\(\text{largo}\)
P. Chorus

Song as a child was full of peace Laid in the bosom of Beatrice.

A tempo

Espressivo

O sweet lady, O grieved heart, How fared Song and his brother Art?

Espressivo

(Laura comes, a youthful Matron in a high-waisted gown, a child at either hand. She looks patiently before her, with good courage.)

Allegretto

Laura: I gave my love to him who loved my face,

I did him wisely service with good grace; Nor leaned aside to what my Poet said: But I may thank him
now that I am dead.

(Petrarch enters. He has a laurel-wreath, and bears a little crystal urn, wherein is his own heart.)

molti rit.

Petrarch: My voice was as the swans that dirgeth death; My joys were frail things lighter than a breath. But, like the night, I froze them to a breae,

They wove me crowns thereof, and wrapt me dead.

Tempo di Valse

"Mer-ci," she laugh'd him once,
a glove discarded, a parting, and a meeting.

With these his

la melodia marcato

poet's hunger was rewarded; but in her greeting,

or when the light of her died down and flutter'd,
As stars at dawning, Or at her coming various songbirds

utter'd the rosy birth of morning, Or when he knelt and

took her hand's warm sheathing, His heart on fire Shot gold-en

words unto his lips, which breathing which breathing Did lift him higher Than
ev'ry long assuagement of desire.

(Boccace passes, crowned with flowers, a wreathed thyrsus in his hand.)

Boccace: Heavy the blossoms, sultry-sweet the wine, And all the air gold-dusted with sun-shine.

Andante e solenne

I found a girl's warm bosom for my head, And God was good!

I loved till I was dead.
(Flammella passes. She is robed like a King's daughter, and carries a pair of golden shears.)

Flammella: I brought my burning wealth up from the South, I kiss'd him with the kisses of my mouth: The low slow laugh when Southern love is fed was longer mine: I cloy'd him, he is dead.

Chorus

Andante

Yes, thou art dead, Bocca-cel! Thy gar-den-plot, a hundred star-ry flowers, Yet springs, is fra-grant yet of soft light loves,
Meno mosso

Love languid love a-skance love under bow'er Of myr-tle trees, love eager, love that

Con moto

proves How love may ache, alas! And she, thy con-fi-dent

fair That set her gleam-ing teeth To the rind of thy fruits, laid

bare Her white throat, soft as death To warm to thy am-o-rous breath.
She let down the pride of her hair,
A flood and tangle of gold,
And sat embellished there.

Like pale Queen Helen of old:
Scarlet her seen...
MINUET

(The Three Ladies dance a stately solemn measure.)

Lento

Converse: Beatrice, the white Lady, Leads our mystic pageantry, Laura, slim and carnelled, Shy as violets dew-dotted,

Fiammetta, lissom, young, Golden as the arum's tongue, Follow in the antic round, Eyes desolately cast to ground. High-born, stately,

queens, we pass Treading daintily the grass. Beatrix: I was nine when I was wooed, Never word my poet could.

Laura: Wedded wife was I, my poet Won my looks but could not know it.
Fiammetta: Great King's daughter tho' I were, I chose my poet debonnaire.

The Three Ladies: Twice white arms, tread the measure. Ours the grace and theirs the treasure. Let the ghostly ladies pass like the mist on springing grass.

Beatrice: I was wedded ere my years numbered twelve. I shed no tears. Laura: Children bore I to my lord at thy years, I sighed no word.

Fiammetta: But love is free. Not my husband pleased me. The Three Ladies: All the years and all the blissee come and go.
like children's kisses. We are dead, and now, alas! Shadows of us haunt the grass.

(The Three Ladies pass away)

Corregus: Lo now the mighty triad of old Florence Mew'd like strong eagles in Death's pale abhorrence The first set patient at his prison bars,
Look'd up and saw his lady with the stars; The next, slow-pacing, holding him apart, Pierced his own breast to Laura in his heart; And last the Reweller, flushing high, did pass, Look'd down on Fiammetta,
conch'd in grass. O strength, that scan'd all Heaven, and Man, and Earth! O glory, that could give such seeing birth.
Maestoso

They built a shine anon to speak those

three, Soaring aloft, dene-shadow'd like a world,

Deep-founded as the good brown Earth their

fee, And set about with massy, rich-empear'd

Smooth marble (like the soul of Poetry).
And winding leafage of vine and olive curl'd, Down drooping o'er the column'd tracery.

Allegretto con moto

How goodly shone the vasty fabric build'd Toward Heaven up, yet cleaving sturdily To Earth's broad bosom and the gray

street's track, Bar'd like a great moth's wing with rose and black, Knew all men best when

(breathed by God) its flower Spear'd up of his desire, the Lily tower.

rhythm

p
Andante quasi adagio

new comers.

Perpetual youth and age perpetual:

One with the bashful bloom of early summers, The other gnaw’d on like the years that fall un poco accel.

Who is this dreamer with his dreams at call, And happy morning face, And

wholesome breath?

Allegro

Who this lean vagrant, choking down his
goll As he should grudge to void it upon Death?

Andante quasi adagio

(Giotto, figured as a young man carrying a shock of spring boughs.)

Allegro moderato

Giotto. The hills that call each other thro' the night,

The stars that sing of silence, the trees of light,

knew! I knew! "Thy brethren they," He saith. There came a sister soon, meek Sister
(Corso Donati, like an old man with
blood upon his hair.)

Allegro con fuoco
tre corde

Corso: I had the fire-streak'd blood so pomp could hold
Of Gothic blazon or Cerchi's
dirty gold.
A ban'dog bounding sheep, I fought and bled That, living, Florence fear'd me:

I hush her, dead.

poco a poco rit.
Chorus:

*Andante e tranquillo*

One doth make what one doth war.
One brings peace, another war.

See what Florence's children are;
One kiss her, one did kiss the sur

*(Enter four Shades.)*

*Allegro tempestuoso*

(Fortunata in his armor, with a naked sword.)*

Fortunata. The fire that rages in me outburns Hell;

I am the pride of Florence!
(Buondelmonte in a white silken doublet.)

Andante
Buondelmonte. I rang a knell That day they drais’d me whiter than my vest: After I was Florence blest.

(Guido Carraconte with a lope, and a peacock’s feather stuck in his cap.)

Allegretto
quasi chitarra

Guido: My way was best. From lip to lip I pass’d, from grove to grove:

I am like Florence; they

call me Light o’ Love.

(Piccarda Donati, with the Minoret’s coro and sandals.)

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Piccarda: 

Sea'd in a goshawk's nest, I flew to peace; Plighted to sin, I wedded the white Christ:

Lentamente

His arm upheld me when they marr'd our ease, For I was

stricken whiter than the mist.

(Fra Beato Angelico, in black and white habit. He carries a lily in one hand. On his shoulder burns a star.)

Fra Beato: The mystic flame - enrapt Jerusalem Was set before me like a clouded gem. I trod the ways of Florence: Sleep the
Andantino calmato

Thou shalt be called the Son of Peace. And

P una corda

legato

Star of Bethlehem: In thee the ardent

dim.

striver Found placid requiem;

dim.

In thee, the still contriver,

In thee, the honest

[i]3-56-69049-88[/i]
liv - er, Dream - ing thy soar - ing ec - sta-sies With -

Allegretto grazioso

in - the hum of men. Like to the soothing of
doves, Like to the plash-ing of rain,

So as the cloud - shad - ow moves To so - ber the Sun's beat-ing
p

Hope lift again: Hope of wings fret-ty with

fire, Of eyes look-ing out to the deep Heart of the azure,

and higher, Yearn-ing to creep In-to the
Herald, a young boy in a Greek coat and Phrygian cap, carrying a Pan-pipe) Herald: The tale is now of
Love and Italy And Art, their festering, at that new time. When first the Sun scatter'd the hoary

time Of older fashions, and leap'd eagerly forward and up to flood the new with glee.

Then, when the world was young and saw in rhyme And color move all Nature, the sublime Prism and

chord of God lay plans to see. Then every maid held godhead, every flower A sacrament, the

teer and old dread Of living—easiness! Of loving—power!
So Love call'd from the grave the mighty dead: And he that voiced the music of the spheres, Pluto the prophet, murmur'd down the years.

The boy is a shade, And the cup he quaffs Is down to the lees:

On-ly Death laughs.
(Enter Lippo Lippi alone, figured as a young Satyr in a monk’s frock)

Adagio

Lippo: I peered for God and found him underneath A girl’s shy eyes. Up then came Master Death, saying,

You monk, bow down to me instead; Here is no god for you.” My wench was dead.

(Gio. Pico of Mirandola. He is a youth in soft raincoat, reading in a Hebrew book)

Pico: Men call’d me Paragon; I challenged Rome; Rome frowned, I fended on many a dusty tome I ponder’d, yet found not the true Godhead; But, loving much, God came and laid me dead.
(Bartolomeo Scala in his burgher's dress, and spectacles pushed on to his forehead)

Scala: They dubb'd me inexpert, and set me slave

Allegretto con moto

lacquey work: my heart to Greek I gave. Had I that

fair sort that I coveted? I strove, I strain'd to reach, I

clutch'd, 'twas dead.

(Lionardo da Vinci with a long white beard. He walks painfully with a crutch)

Maestoso

Lionardo: Too curious!
Art short solace gave my spirit. Too curious! Power contented not my mer'l.

Too curious! Life itself me wearied. The living tire to death; we wait we dead.

Chorus
Andantino

Blind, blind, blind! As sheep in the rain. Blind as the

Worm that beguiled The Mother of Cain.
DANCE

(Enter La Simonetta in a white robe attended by Seven Maids in mourning weeds. She bears a chalice of yew)

Simone: Once a virgin of virgins, Crown'd as with

Andante

fire, and pale, I stoop'd to my own undoing, I by as corn to the flail.

The Seven: As a lily stalk snap'd by hail. She fell to her girdle's undoing. Nor tears
could avail.

Simonetta: As the hawk on his wrist he was hard, As the quails my bleariness froze; I stood amazed in the pasture, My eyes were wide as the sea's.

Allegretto

The Siren: With her lapful of flowers she uprose: All tenderly white was her vesture, She blushed like a rose.

Molto moderato e rubato

\[ ... \]
Simenella: I was word in the time of wild crocus, I sank with a trembling of knees; He took me up on his pillion And rode away thro' the trees.

The Seren: The willow must bend to the breeze! She pined in her king's pavilion She long'd for her peace.

Oh, the land swept black by the shower, The lark and the
rain!

She to\'wld like a tired sweet flower,

mourn'd for her pain!

Tempo I

Simonetta: Because, being fairer than the dawn, I find The flowery way that lures a soul from God,
And gaged my youth against man's hardihead;

accelerando

Therefore I wear the bleak smile of the dead. languendo

poco a poco rit.

(Comes Giuliano de' Medici in hunter's green. He carries a broken shaft in his hand. Following him are seven lads (sons of princes) dressed in sables.)

Tempo giusto

Giuliano: Once as a tiger-whelp I was athirst, And gnaw'd the breast where
kindly I was nursed. But thirstier the blades that cut me red, And sent me shaggy to the secret dead.

L'istesso tempo

The Saxon Prince: Swart as the heart of the South, Proud as the rock-springing
pine, Sweet water cool'd never thy drouth, Nor fruit of the vine!

Last of old Cosimo's line, Cut off quick in thy youth, Thy blood was outpoured like

wine, They show'd thee no ruth, Who in life had none for the old, nor the

cresc. molto roses of youth
(Clarice Orsini, a gray-haired woman bound beneath a golden yoke.)

Grave

Clarice: I had small solace for my life of anguish,

Pluck'd out from Rome and set in Florence to languish: A pride that froze my tears ere they could shed, And children—would they were as I am, dead!

(Lorenzo as a king crowned with thorns, and holding a leaden sceptre.)

Lorenzo: I am that Medici, swart, keen, and wanton, That spent all Florence on the thin-lipped phantom Of
lust so dry it never could be fed:  At last unshrived, still burning, I fell dead.

Chorus:

Andante sostenuto

*p molto espressivo

Woe! Woe! the star-ing hearth: woe! the tir-ed cit-y,

Wear-y of blood-shed, va-cant-eyed for pit-y! Woe to brown Pi-sa!
Havoc on Val-ter-ra! Woe! all Woe up on us!

Three gray wom-en hold the gate, With sud-den fire-lit eyes, and hate

Cra-dled in each beat-en breast. Stay! Heed them; one out-hates the

(Three Reproach, like to bent women, appear stretching out arms toward the shade of Lorenzo.)
The First Reproach: First woe was when the sword was set, Sword and Fire to my own young brood. Never a woe like the mother's cry That watches in chains the ebb of her blood.

Woe to thee! Pisa was I.

The Second Reproach: Next woe was the shaming of maids, Stripp'd to the smock and sold to sin.

Lento
Never such we as to lay the lure, Smirch and soil what once was clean,

**Woel! who shall ravish the poor.**

*The Third Reproach:* Third woe was the land in chains, Golden seeming and

Moderato ma con moto brave in silk. Where is woe as for brother and brother Bruise the bosom that gave them

milk— Woe! who traffick'd his mother.
ELEGY

Adagio dolente
molto espressivo

(Enter Poliziano with a muffled voice, and weeping.)

Poliziano: Grant me, gods, a fount of tears, So that night and day Weeping I may drown old grief, Mourning quench the years. So the widow'd turtle may Give her heart relief; So the fainting snowy swan, So the nightingale, All their sorrows, utter lonely passion, do bewail.

Woe for us, and woe, and woe! Grief is bow'd and gray,

*1) A mediaeval musical instrument, shaped like a guitar.
Jove hath carved our goodly Tree With his thunderblow! Woe the Muses' broken lay,

Woe the melody! Woe, Apollo, woe God Pan, Woe, ye Sisters Nine,

Woe, green-kirtled Dryads, woe, my Bacchus, to thy vine! Mourning let me quench

the years, And my grief to drown, Grant me, gods, a waterflood, Grant a fount of tears.
Andante

One therewas Who, lov-ing much, did weep for thee.

pass:  
Death may not smite The lamp to shiv-er quite_ That

lit-tle flame with-in that was a Po-et's light. One there was Who,

lov-ing much, did weep for thee. So pass:
Death may not smite The lamp to shiver quite
That little flame within that

was a Poet's light.

(Next comes Cosimo. Pater Patria, an old man richly habited, having the ears of Midas.)

Cosimo: Labor'd I well, that bound the state to mine In gryves that chafed, but held

throughout the line? They crown'd me with a name our foes might dread, But cursed me for my sons
when I was dead.  

Chorus

Andantino

Blind, blind, blind! As a bird in the snow. Blind as the

king that did cherish The son that wrought him a woe.
(Savonarola, carrying a smouldering torch.)

Allegro molto

Savonarola:
God set in me a heart to burn like pain, And Florence fed the fire. In vain, in vain,
Andante quasi Adagio

I angri'd life; the fire was heap'd; I led The way for Florence: Florence mock'd me dead.

lunga

morendo
(Following is his enemy, Fra Francesco the Minorite, carrying a distorting glass.)

Andante sostenuto

Fra Francesco: For Francis' sake I spurn'd him of Saint Mark: Is that soul sure that dareth him embark On death's
dull sea that death may serve hatred? I know not what they

won, nor care, being dead.

\[ \text{a tempo} \]
Fratello: I trusted the prophet
sent from God; Side to his side the way to death I trod. The flame leapt heavenward— O true he said! Our spirits soar; we felt but ashes dead.
(Enter Sandro Botticelli, holding a hollow sphere.)

Poco Allegretto

Sandro: Latest of all, and lone-

liest, I endured In heaviness of days with light obscured: Green earth grown gray, sun cold, the come-

ly head Of my life's flower snapt short- Art with her, dead!
(The Chorus breaks in with a lament, what time the rain descends and the wind blows shrill.)

Allegretto moderato

Chorus

What shall it

profit, O Man,

That the pitiful soil of thy

years,

Sterile, achievement a span.

Of
waste furrow'd by tears?

Waste sown with tears, Flow'ring

pale for a span, Wither'd anon like the

years; What pro-fit, O Man?
Twenty thou groanest to learn,
Twenty thou thinkest to fly,
Twenty drag, and thy turn cometh to die,
to die.

What
profit, O Man, What the harvest of
years, Strown like corn to the fan,
Cut as with sickle the ears?
Corn that is sown with tears, Gone the
harvest of years: Death is profit, O Man, is profit, O Man!
Allegro moderato e con grazia

Lucio. Mine was a glad small spirit unafraid; I breathed it out, the stone walls flower'd, and made Florence a garden. So without a dread I laid my tools aside and blossomed, dead.
Con moto

Chorus

Thou shalt be call'd the Son of Man And Spirit of the Earth,

met young Love and kiss'd her And wreathed her lips with mirth;
April with eyes aglitter,

Green May her buxom sister.

Shy loves and tender fruitage Were children of thy birth.

With eyes seeking the Sun, And heart loving the
Day, knowing no evil to shun, Guileless, walking the
way, breathing the secret of children and flowers In

to thy clay! Man with the faith of a

child, Child with a strength superhuman;
Lover, that told of the Virgin most mild,
Wedded to no man:
Holy art thou,
that could call her, a God,
but a woman!

Lento
Allegro energico

Macchiaveli: That kings might feast I sweated God away. To

insolent stripling feet I bowed my gray Wise brows. A smirk, a shrug, a wagging head,

I used this way: they use it on me dead.

Adagio

(Enter Benvenuto Cellini, blindfold.)

Agitato

Benvenuto: The

glory of their principalities, and their power Who go in purple, I knew my little hour. What
tize my brain-trap gripp’d them all, I led Whither I would. What profiteth me dead?

(Enter Luigi Pulci, gnawing a stone.)

Pulci: Let who wins laugh: I laughed at Heaven and Earth. Dante saw Grief and loved her;

I chose Mirth. Mirth and I laughed till we were out of breath, And left one laughing still—

the jester, Death.
BALLAD

Allegretto

chorus

Lento

A boy singing—His love and pain, The

watch-bell ringing—Blood shed like rain! A dreamy maid, And a voice like a cry—"Be-

tray'd, betray'd! How shall we die? Sigh, wind, sigh! The squire at hawking,—The

grass in flow'r; Shame stalking—In the lady's bow'r. "Love like a drouth Doth
scorch and dry; My heart is out, Now let me die!—Sigh, wind,—sigh._

*Più mosso*

All the burning Of all the South, Turn’d to mourning Thy singing mouth. The

fire kindled, Soard to the sky; The song dwindled, The lute lay by.

Sigh, wind,—sigh._

"How shall I sing With my

*a tempo*
When in the Spring, I am grown old. This is the Load of the Singer's Cry. If

God is God He will let me die, He will let me die. Sigh, wind.

sigh.
Andante sostenuto

Chorus
Adagio
p quasi parlando

Now, last and greatest of these, Bu-o-nar-ro-ti the Seer, Wield-er of dark mys-ter-i-es,

Grav-er that knew no peer! Po-et, think-er in stone, Paint-er, Mak-er of men,

Na-ked, si-lent, a-lone, Gods walk-ing a-gain! Thee, last, who art first,
Thee, King, we invoke; Tell of Florence accursed, Her dolorous stroke.

(Michael Angel comes crowned.)

Maestoso e grandioso

Michael Angel:
The gaunt long life of unfulfilled desire, The hireling’s ashes on the poet’s fire! I pray’d in stone. Their scorn was on their head; In me they slew the last of their great dead.
Chorus

Andantino

Blind, blind, blind! As the owl in the day: Florence was, and is

Postlude

(During the Postlude, the members of the Chorus gradually retire, until the stage is left empty. The curtains are drawn together as the last six measures are being played.)

Con moto

mp dolce
Andantino e calmato

\( \text{p una corda} \)

pp dolcissimo

Ivo corde

Curtain

\( \text{f cresc. p una corda} \)