A DRAMATIC CANTATA

BY

HENRY EDWARD HODSON.

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THE GOLDEN LEGEND

A DRAMATIC CANTATA

WORDS FROM THE POEM OF

H. W. LONGFELLOW

MUSIC BY

HENRY EDWARD HODSON

M.A., OXON., CLERK IN ORDERS;
SOMETIME HON. ORGANIST OF WORCESTER COLL., OXFORD.


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2 Flutes. 2 Trumpets. Timpani, etc.
2 Oboes. 3 Trombones. Bells.
2 Clarionets. 4 Bassoons, or Cymbals.
1 Bassoons. 4 Horns. Cymbals.

Application for the hire of the instrumental parts to be made to the Publishers, MUSHER.
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THE LEGEND...

CHORUS OF ANGELS (S.A.T.B.), WATCHMEN, PILGRIMS, AND WAVES

THE EPILOGUE...

DIVISIONS OF THE CANTATA.

THE PROLOGUE.

Lucifer and the Evil Spirits hovering round the spire of Strasburg Cathedral.

THE LEGEND.

PART I.

Scene 1.—The Castle of Vantsberg.—Prince Henry's Temptation.
Scene 2.—A Farmhouse in the Odenwald.—Elsie's Call.

PART II.

Scene 1.—The same.—Elsie's Offering.
Scene 2.—Strasburg.—The Night-Watch.
Scene 3.—At the foot of the Alps.—The Pilgrims.
Scene 4.—Genoa.—The Sea.

PART III.

Scene 1.—A Farmhouse in the Odenwald.—"News from the Prince."
Scene 2.—The Rhine.—The Return, and Wedding Pageant.
Scene 3.—The Castle of Vantsberg.—The Curfew.

THE EPILOGUE.

Chorus of Angels.
THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Longfellow ascribes the story of this poem to Hartman von der Rue, a minnesinger of the twelfth century; but the original “Legenda Aurea” was written in Latin by a Dominican Friar in the thirteenth century, vulg. Jacobus de Voragine.

In the choice of words to serve as the libretto for this Cantata, the main outline of the story itself has been followed, without touching upon the incidental portions of the Legend.

ARGUMENT.

In the Prologue, Lucifer and his evil spirits are hovering over the Cathedral of Strasburg, to the destruction of which he in vain urges them on. Its sanctity repels them, and the Midnight Hymn of the Choir within finally puts them to flight. This scene is a sort of parable of what follows in the story itself, in which his plotting for the destruction of a human soul is defeated by the holiness and unselshliness of the heroine.

In the Legend, Henry, Prince of Hohenzoll, is sick—to death almost—with a wasting melancholy. He is accosted by Lucifer in the guise of a physician, to whom he tells his condition and the impossible cure suggested by the faculty at Salerno, viz.:—

The blood that flows from a maiden's veins,
Who of her own free-will shall die,
And give her life as the price of yours.

Lucifer laughs at his fears, and gives him an elixir to drink, which at first seems to restore him, but soon plunges him into still deeper despondency. He wanders away from his castle, and finds a refuge in the family of his tenant Gottlieb, a farmer in the Edenwald. The eldest daughter, Else, overhears her father speaking of the strange cure suggested by the doctors of Salerno for the restoration of the Prince’s health. She at once devotes herself to the purpose, and prays for strength to carry out her intention. Her parents, Gottlieb and Ursula, are at first aghast at the idea, but are at length seduced, by Else’s earnestness, to believe that the hand of God is in it, and submit. The imolation is to take place at Salerno, whether the Prince and Else journey together, their footsteps perpetually dogged by Lucifer. Else’s unselfish devotion throughout the weary journey dispels the Prince’s malady, and at Salerno he rescues her from her self-chosen fate, and finally brings her home to his Castle of Vautsberg as his bride. The family of Gottlieb have the news of her safe return dispatched to them by a messenger from the Prince (the Forester), and the wedding festivities are celebrated with due solemnity.

The Epilogue is a dialogue between the “Recording Angels of Good and Evil Deeds,” upon the point of the Legend. Only a short portion is used in the Cantata, and treated as a final Chorus. Parts of it, however, afford useful matter, as will be seen, for reflective Angelic Choruses in the body of the Legend.
THE GOLDEN LEGEND.
A DRAMATIC CANTATA.

PROLOGUE.

Scene.—Night and storm.—Lucifer, with the spirits of the air, trying to tear down the cross of Strasburg Cathedral.

No. 1.—Solo and Chorus.

Lucifer.

Hasten! hasten!
O ye spirits!
From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron, that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air!

Spirits.

O, we cannot!
For around it
All the saints and guardian angels
Throng in legions to protect it;
They defeat us everywhere!

Cathedral Bells and Alto voices.

Laudo Deum verum!
Fiebem voco!
Congrego clerum!

Lucifer.

Lower! lower!
Hover downward!
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower!

Spirits.

All thy thunders
Here are harmless!
For these bells have been anointed,
And baptized with holy water!
They defy our utmost power.

Bells and Alto voices.

Defunctos ploro,
Pestem fogo!
Festum decoro!

Lucifer.

Shake the casements!
Break the painted
Panes, that flame with gold and crimson;
Scatter them like leaves of autumn,
Swept away before the blast!

Spirits.

O, we cannot!
The archangel
Michael flames from every window,
With the sword of fire that drove us
Headlong out of heaven, aghast!

Bells and Alto voices.

Funera plango!
Fulgura frango!
Sabbata pango!

Lucifer.

Baffled! baffled!
Inefficient,
Craven spirits! leave this labour
Unto Time, the great Destroyer!
Come away, ere night is gone!

No. 1.—Chorus.

Spirits.

Onward! onward!
With the night-wind,
Over field and farm and forest,
Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon!

Cathedral Choir.

Nocte surgentes
Vigilemus omnes!
THE LEGEND.

PART I.

SCENE 1.—The Castle of Vautberg on the Rhine.—A Chamber in a Tower.—Prince Henry, sitting alone, ill and restless.—Midnight.

No. 3.—ARIA.

Prince Henry.
I cannot sleep! my fervid brain
Calls up the vanished Past again,
And throws its misty splendours deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended!
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!

Rest! rest! O, give me rest and peace!
The thought of life that ne'er shall cease
Has something in it like despair,
A weight I am too weak to bear!
Sweeter to this afflicted breast
The thought of never-ending rest!
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep
Tranquility of endless sleep!

[A flash of lightning.—Lucifer, dressed as a travelling Physician, appears before the Prince.

No. 4.—RECITATIVE.

Lucifer.
All hail, Prince Henry!

Prince Henry (starting).
Who is it speaks?

Lucifer.
One who seeks
A moment's audience with the Prince.

Prince Henry.
When came you in?

Lucifer.
A moment since.
I found your study door unlocked,
And thought you answered when I knocked.

Prince Henry.
I did not hear you.
What may your wish or purpose be?

Lucifer.
Nothing or everything, as it pleases
Your Highness. You behold in me
Only a travelling Physician;
One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases,
Or those that are called so.
I heard
Of your maladies physical and mental,
And I hastened hither to proffer my aid.
What is your illness?

Prince Henry.
It has no name.
A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame.
I am accounted as one who is dead.
Whole schools of doctors with their rules,
Send me back word they can discern
No cure for a malady like this,
Save one which in its nature is
Impossible, and cannot be!

Lucifer.
That sounds oracular!

Prince Henry.
Unendurable!

Lucifer.
What is their remedy?

Prince Henry.
You shall see;
Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

Lucifer (reading).
"Not to be cured, yet not incurable!
The only remedy that remains
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's veins,
Who of her own free-will shall die,
And give her life as the price of yours!"
That is the strangest of all cures,
And one, I think, you will never try;
The prescription you may well put by.

[Showing a flask.
Meanwhile, behold! this little flask
Contains the wonderful quintessence,
It assuages every pain,
Cures all disease, and gives again
To age the swift delights of youth,
Will you not taste it?
Prince Henry.
Into this crystal goblet pour,
So much as I may safely drink.
[Lucifer pouring.] Headlong into the mysteries
Of life and death I boldly leap,
For death is better than disease.
[The Prince drinks.]

No. 5.—TRIO.
Angel of Good Deeds, Prince Henry,
and Lucifer.

Angel.
Woe! woe! eternal woe!

Lucifer.
Drink! drink!
And thy soul shall sink
Down into the dark abyss.

Prince Henry.
It is like a draught of fire!
Through every vein
I feel again
The fever of youth, the soft desire;
A rapture that is almost pain
Throbs in my heart and fills my brain!
O joy! O joy! my weary breast
At length finds rest.

Angel.
Hereafter,
This false physician
Will mock thee in thy perdition.

Lucifer.
Drink all; it will not harm you.

Angel.
O, beware!

Prince Henry.
Who says that I am ill?
I am not ill! I am not weak!
The trance, the swoon, the dream is o'er!
I feel the chill of death no more!
At length,
I stand renewed in all my strength!

[Drinks again, and sinks back.] O thou voice within my breast!

Why entreat me, why upbraid me,
When the steadfast tongues of truth,
And the flattering hopes of youth,
Have all deceived me and betrayed me?
Give me, give me rest, O, rest!
Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapours, waters streaming,
Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming!
I am like a happy lover

Who illumine life with dreaming!
Brave physician! Rare physician!
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission.

Scene 2.—A Room in a Farmhouse.—Gottlieb asleep.—Ursula at her Spinning-wheel.—Elise comes in, followed by Max and Bertha, and they all sing the Evening Hymn on the lighting of the lamps.

No. 6.—QUINTET.
Max, Elise, Bertha, Ursula, and Gottlieb.
O gladsome light
Of the Father Immortal,
And of the celestial
Sacred and blessed
Jesus, our Saviour!

Now to the sunset
Again hast Thou brought us;
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless Thee,
Praise Thee, adore Thee!

Father omnipotent!
Son, the Life-giver!
Spirit, the Comforter!
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder.

Prince Henry (at the door).
Amen!

No. 7.—RECITATIVE.
Ursula.
Who was it said "Amen?"

Elise.
It was the Prince: he stood at the door,
And listened a moment, as we chanted
The evening song. He is gone again.
I have often seen him there before.

Gottlieb.
Poor Prince, alas! and yet as mild
And patient as the gentlest child!

Elise.
Would I could do something for his sake—
Something to cure his sorrow and pain.

Gottlieb.
That no one can.

Elise.
And must he die?

Ursula.
Yes; if the dear God does not take
Pity upon him.
THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Gottlieb.
Or unless
Some maiden, of her own accord,
Offers her life for that of her lord.

Elsie.
I will.

Ursula.
Prithee, thou foolish child, be still!
Thou shouldst not say what thou dost not mean!

Elsie.
I mean it, truly!

All.
Good night!
(Max and Bertha go out with Elsie. Ursula begins to spin again.)

No. 8.—ARIA.

Ursula.
She is a strange and wayward child,
That Elsie of ours. She looks so old,
And thoughts and fancies, weird and wild,
Seem of late to have taken hold
Of her heart, that was once so docile and mild.

No. 9.—ARIA (Prayer).
Elsie (in her chamber praying).
My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning!

Elsie.
With these bleeding
Wounds upon Thy hands and side,
For all who have lived and erred
Thou hast suffered, Thou hast died.
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,
And in the grave hast Thou been buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach Thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech Thee,
Even as Thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where Thou leadest,
Let me, bleeding as Thou bleakest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble Thee!

No. 10.—ARIA
(Midnight.—Elsie standing in the chamber of Gottlieb and Ursula, weeping.)

Gottlieb.
The wind is roaring; the rushing rain
Is loud upon roof and window-pane,
As if the Wild Huntsman of Rodenstein,
Boding evil to me and mine.
Were abroad to-night with his ghostly train!
In the brief fury of the tempest wild,
The dogs howl in the yard.

No. 11.—RECITATIVE AND ARIA.
And hark!
Some one is sobbing in the dark,
Here in the chamber!

Elsie.
It is I.

Ursula.
Elsie! What ails thee, my poor child?

Elsie.
I am disturbed and much distressed,
In thinking, our dear Prince must die;
I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest.

Gottlieb.
What wouldst thou? Is the Power Divine
His healing lies, not in our own;
It is in the hand of God alone.

Elsie.
Nay, He has put it into mine,
And into my heart!

Gottlieb.
Thy words are wild!

Ursula.
What dost thou mean? My child! my child!

Elsie.
That for our dear Prince Henry's sake
I will myself the offering make,
And give my life to purchase his.

Ursula.
My child! my child! thou must not die!

Gottlieb.
Ah me!
Of our old eyes thou art the light;
The joy of our old hearts art thou!
And wilt thou die?

Ursula.
Not now! not now!
Elsie.
Christ died for me, and shall not I
Be willing for my Prince to die?

Gottlieb.
In God's own time, my heart's delight!
When He shall call thee, not before!

Elsie.
I heard Him call. When Christ ascended
Triumphantly, from star to star,
He left the gates of heaven ajar.
I had a vision in the night,
And saw Him standing at the door
Of His Father's mansion, vast and splendid,
And beckoning to me from afar.
I cannot stay!

Gottlieb.
What if this were of God?

Ursula.
Ah, then
Gainsay it dare we not.

No. 12.—SOLO AND CHORUS OF ANGELS.
God sent His messenger of faith,
And whispered in the maiden's heart,
"Rise up, and look from where thou art,
And scatter with unselfish hands
Thy freshness on the barren sands
And solitudes of Death."

PART II.

SCENE 1.—A Room in the Farmhouse.

No. 13.—RECITATIVE, ARIA, AND QUARTET.

Gottlieb.
It is decided! and we give
Our child, O Prince, that you may live!

Ursula.
It is of God. He has inspired
This purpose in her; and through pain,
Out of a world of sin and woe,
He takes her to Himself again.
The mother's heart resists no longer.

Gottlieb.
As Abraham offered long ago
His son unto the Lord, and even
The Everlasting Father in heaven
Gave His, as a lamb unto the slaughter,
So do I offer up my daughter!

[Ursula hides her face.

Elsie.
My life is little,
Only a cup of water,
But pure and limpid.
Take it, O my Prince?
Let it refresh you,
Let it restore you.
It is given willingly,
It is given freely;
May God bless the gift!

Prince Henry.
And the giver?

Gottlieb.
Amen!

Prince Henry.
I accept it!

No. 14.—QUARTET AND CHORUS OF ANGELS.
O beauty of holiness,
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness!

SCENE 2.—A Street in Strasbourg.—Night.—

Prince Henry wandering alone.

No. 15.—ARIA, AND CHORUS OF WATCHMEN.

Prince Henry.
Still is the night. The sound of feet
Has died away from the empty street;
Sleepless and restless, I alone
Wander and weep in my remorse!

Watchmen. (Crier of the dead ringing a bell.)
Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the dead!
Pray for the dead!

Prince Henry.
Why for the dead, who are at rest?
Pray for the living, in whose breast
The struggle between right and wrong
Is raging terrible and strong.

Watchmen.
Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the dead!
Pray for the dead!

Prince Henry.
Wake not, beloved! be thy sleep
Silent as night is, and as deep!
There walks a sentinel at thy gate
Whose heart is heavy and desolate,
And the heaving of whose bosom number
The respirations of thy slumber,
As if some strange, mysterious fate
Had linked two hearts in one, and mine
Went madly wheeling about thine,
Only with wider and wilder sweep.

Watchmen (in the distance).
Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the dead!
Pray for the dead!

Scene 3.—At the foot of the Alps.—A halt under the trees at noon.

No. 16.—Chorus and Trio.

Pilgrims chanting the Hymn of S. Hildebert.

[Lucifer as a friar in the procession.

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,
Cuius faber susceptor lucis,
Cujus porta ligatum crucis.

Prince Henry.

Hark! what sweet sounds are those, whose accents holy
Fill the warm noon with music sad and sweet?

Elise.

It is a band of pilgrims moving slowly
On their long journey, with uncovered feet.

Lucifer.

There is my German Prince again,
Thus far on his journey to Salern,
And the love-sick girl, whose leant brain,
Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain.

Pilgrims (shooting afar off).

Urbs celestia, urbs beata,
Septra petram collocata,
Uras in portu satia tuto
De longinquo te saluto,
Te saluto, te suspirio,
Te affecto, te requiro!

Scene 4.—The Inn at Genoa.—A Terrace overlooking the sea.—Night.

No. 17.—Aria.

Prince Henry.

It is the sea, it is the sea!
In all its vague immensity,
Above the darksome sea of death
Looms the great light that is to be,
A land of cloud and mystery.

Lucifer (singing from the sea).

Thou didst not make it, thou couldst not mend it,
But thou hast the power to end it;
The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,
Deep it lies at thy very feet.

Prince Henry.

The fisherman who lies asleep,
With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,
Is singing softly to the Night.
But do I comprehend aright,
The meaning of the words he sung?
So sweetly in his native tongue?
Ah, yes! The sea is still and deep;
All things within its bosom sleep.
A single step, and all is o'er;
A plunge, a bubble, and no more;
And thou, dear Elise, wilt be free
From martyrdom and agony.

No. 18.—Aria and Chorus.

[Elise comes from her chamber upon the terrace.

Elise.

The night is calm and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea,
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen in breathless silence
To the solemn litany,
It begins in rocky caverns,
As a voice that chants alone,
To the pedals of the organ,
In monotonous undertone.
And anon from shelving beaches,
And shallow sands beyond,
In snow-white robes uprising.
The ghostly choirs respond.
And sadly, and unceasing.
The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer,
Christe eleison!

Chorus of Waves.

Christe eleison.

Part III.

Scene 1.—The Cottage in the Odenwald.—Summer afternoon.

No. 19.—Aria.

Ursula.

Only the children's hearts are light;
Mine is weary, and ready to break.
God help us! I hope we have done right;  
We thought we were acting for the best.  

(Looking through the open door.  
Who is it coming under the trees?  
A man, in the Prince’s livery dressed!  
He looks about him with doubtful face,  
As if uncertain of the place.  
He stops at the bee-hives;  
Can he be afraid of the bees?  
—Now he sees  
The garden-gate,—he is going past!  
No, he is coming in at last!  
He fills my heart with strange alarm.  

[Enter a Forester.

No. 20.—(i) RECIT. AND ARIA.  
Forester.  
Is this the tenant Gottlieb’s farm?  

Ursula.  
This is his farm, and I his wife.  
Pray, sir. What may your business be?  

Forester.  
News from the Prince.  
Ursula.  
Of death, or life?  

Forester.  
You put your questions eagerly!  

Ursula.  
Answer me, then! How is the Prince?  

Forester.  
I left him only two hours since  
Homeward returning down the river,  
As strong and well as if God, the Giver,  
Had given him back his youth again.  

Ursula (despairing).  
Then Elsie, my poor child, is dead!  

Forester.  
That, my good woman. I have not said.  
It is true your daughter is no more;  
That is, the peasant she was before.  

Ursula.  
Oh, mock me not, nor make a sport  
Of a joyless mother whose child is dead!  

Forester.  
Your daughter lives, and the Prince is well;  
You will learn ere long how it all befell.  
Her heart for a moment never failed;  
But when they reached Salerno’s gate,  

The Prince’s nobler self prevailed,  
And saved her for a nobler fate.  
For in Salerno he made a vow  
That Elsie only would he wed.  

(ii) ARIA, QUARTET, AND CHORUS.  
Ursula, Max, Bertha, Gottlieb, and Chorus  
of Angels.  
We shall behold our child once more;  
She is not dead! she is not dead!  
God, listening, must have overheard  
The prayers, that, without sound or word,  
Our hearts in secrecy have said!  
O, bring me to her, for mine eyes  
Are hungry to behold her face;  
My very soul within me cries;  
My very hands seem to caress her.  
To see her, gare at her, and bless her.  
Dear Elsie, child of God and grace!  

No. 21.—INTERLUDE (Allegro scherzando).  
[What a scene there, through the door!  
The forest behind and the garden before,  
And midway an old man dressed in green,  
With a wife and children that caress him.  
Let me try still further to cheer and adorn it  
With a merry, echoinggnest of my cornet!  
(Forester goes out bowing his horn.)

Scene 2.—Elsie and Prince Henry sailing  
homeward down the Rhine in a splendid  
barge with golden prows, decked with ban- 
ners; crowd thronging the shore and  
shouting.  

No. 22.—CHORUS.  
Fair and lovely did she seem  
As in a story or a dream;  
And the Prince looked so grand and proud,  
And waved his hand thus to the crowd,  
That gazed and shouted from the shore,  
All down the river, long and loud.  

No. 23.—WEDDING MARCH AND  
PAGEANT MUSIC.  

Scene 3.—The Castle of Vautsberg. — The  
wedding guests have ridden away. — Prince  
Henry and Elsie standing on the terrace. —  
The sound of evening bells in the distance.  

No. 24.—RECITATIVE AND DUET.  
Prince Henry.  
We are alone.  

Elsie.  
What bells are those, that ring so slow,  
So solemn, musical, and low?
**Prince Henry.**

They are the bells of Geisenheim,
That with their melancholy chime,
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

*Elsie.*

Listen, beloved.

**Prince Henry.**

Dear Elsie, many years ago
Those same soft bells at eve[ntide]
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,
As, seated by Fastrada’s side
At Ingelheim, in all his pride,
He heard their sound with secret pain.

*Elsie.*

Their voices only speak to me
Of peace and deep tranquillity,
And endless confidence in thee.

**Prince Henry.**

Thou knowest the story of her ring,
How, when the Court went back to Aix,
Fastrada died; and how the King
Sat watching by her right and day,
Till into one of the blue lakes,
That water that delicious land,
They cast the ring, drawn from her hand;
And the great monarch sat serene
And sad beside the fated shore,
Nor left the land for evermore.

*Elsie.*

Wilt thou as fond and faithful be?
Wilt thou so love me after death?

**Prince Henry.**

In life’s delight, in death’s dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine!
O my Fastrada, O my Queen!

---

**EPILOGUE.**

*Angel of Good Deeds ascending with closed book.—Heavenly Choir singing.*

No. 25—CHORUS.

O God! It is Thy indulgence
That fills the world with the bliss
Of a good deed like this!

God sent His messenger of faith,
And whispered in the maiden’s heart,
"Rise up, and look from where thou art,
And scatter with unselfish hands
Thy freshness on the barren sands
And solitudes of death." The deed divine
Shall ever burn and shine
And never shall grow old.
Scene. LUCIFER with Spirits of the Air trying to bar down the cross of Strasburg Cathedral. Night and Storm.

N°1. SOLO and CHORUS. HASTEN, HASTEN.

Allegretto con fuoco. M. M. \( d \) = 128.

H. E. Hodson.

LUCIFER

Hast-en, hast-en, O ye spirits! from its sta-tion
drag the pond-rous cross of iron That to mock us

is up-lifted high... in air.

\( * \) The Metronome marks throughout this Cantata have been arranged by the Composer.
SOPRANO.

ALTO. we can-not, for a-round it All the saints and guard-ian

TENOR, we can-not, for a-round it All the saints and guard-ian

BASSO. we can-not, for a-round it All the saints and guard-ian

Chor-us of Spirits.

Angels Throng in legions to protect us. They defend us

Angels Throng in legions to protect us. They defend us

Angels Throng in legions to protect us. They defend us

Every where. All the saints and guardian angels Throng in

Every where. All the saints and guardian angels Throng in

Every where. All the saints and guardian angels Throng in

Every where. All the saints and guardian angels Throng in
clashing, clanging, to the pavement. Hurst them from their win - dy tower.

All thunders here are harm-less, For these Bells have been a-

-nointed, And baptised with ho - ly wa - ter, They de - ly our ut - most pow-

CHORUS & SPITE

Basses
Lento. \( \frac{3}{8} \)

Bells of Strasbourg.

Also voices.

De functos plo ro Pesto m fu ge Peso-

\[ \text{F} \]

LUCIFER.

Shake the casements, break the painted panes that
decoro!

cresc. accel.

flame with gold and crimson: scatter them like the leaves of

Cymbals

au tumn.

scatter them like the leaves of au tumn,

\[ \text{PP} \]

Swept away before the blast!
Gff. we can-not! O we can-not! the

Arch-angel Michael flames from every window with the sword of fire that
drove us head-long out of heaven a ghost!
Bells of Strasbourg.

Lento, $d = 68$.

Alto voices.

Fun-er-a piel-go.

Ful-gu-ra fran-go Sab-sa-ta pan-go.

Rall.

Lucifer.

Bat-fled! bat-fled! Insuf-ficient! Cra-ven

Spir-its, leave this la-bour un-to time the-

great de-stroy-er! Come a-way ere night is

6036.
N° 2: SOLO and Double CHORUS. 

ONWARD! ONWARD! 
NOCTE S U R G E N T E S .

Allegretto ma non troppo.

Onward! onward! onward with the night wind, over field and

Onward! onward! onward with the night wind, over field and

Onward! onward!

Allegretto ma non troppo,

Come a-way ere night is gone come a-way ere night is

farm and forest, lonely homestead, dark some hamlet, Blighting

farm and forest, lonely homestead, dark some hamlet, Blighting

Blighting

Blighting
Onward, onward! onward with the night-wind,
Onward, onward! onward with the night-wind,
Onward, onward! onward with the night-wind,

Over field and farm and forest. Lonely homestead, dark-some
Over field and farm and forest. Lonely homestead, dark-some
Over field and farm and forest. Lonely homestead, dark-some

Hamlet, blighting all we breathe upon.
Hamlet, blighting all we breathe upon.
Hamlet, blighting all we breathe upon.

Cathedral Choir.
Come away!

Onward, onward with the night wind, over field and farm and

CHORUS OF SPIRITS

Onward, onward with the night wind, over field and farm and

Onward, onward with the night wind, over field and farm and
LUCIFER.

Come a-way ere

Come a-way!

Come a-

night is gone! come ere night is gone come a-way!

Come a-way! come ere night is gone come a-way! come a-way!

Come a-way! come ere night is gone come a-way! come a-way!

Come a-way! come ere night is gone come a-way! come a-way!
come away! come away! come onward! onward

Cathedral Choir.

Vigilamus omnes!

with the night-wind!

Onward! onward with the night-wind,

On field and farm and forest, onward,

On homestead dark-some horn, let,

Onward! onward come!
End of Prologue.
The Legend.

PART FIRST.


No. 3. Aria. I CANNOT SLEEP.

Prince Henry:

Come back, come back, with all that light that tended, which seemed to tend into decay when ye arose, and went away. Come back, come back, come back, come back!

Rest! O give me rest and peace. The thought of life that ne'er shall.
am too weak to bear. Sweeter to this afflicted breast The thought of never-

end ing rest! Sweeter the undisturbed and deep tranquility of

ad lib

end less rest! O give me rest! O give me rest give me rest and peace!

Violin

poco adagio!

Cello Solo

slentando

Bassoon Solo

dim. By making
A flash of lightning! Lucifer dressed as a travelling physician appears before the Prince.

LUCIFER. (Recit.)

All hail!... Prince Henry!

PRINCE HENRY (starting)

Who is it speaks? who and what are you?

LUCIFER.

One who seeks a moment's audience with the Prince.

A moment since I found your study door unlocked, and thought you had not heard me. What may your wish or purpose be?

Answered when I knocked!
LUCIFER.

Nothing or every thing, as it pleases your Highness! You behold in me

replied.

Only a travelling Physician! One of the few who have a mission to cure incurable dis-

cases, or those that are called so! I heard of your maladies,

physical and mental, and hastened hither to profess my aid: What is your

PRINCE HENRY.

It has no name, a smouldering, dull, perpetual flame. I am accounted as

illness?
one who is dead. While schools of doctors with their rules send me back word they can discern not

cure for a malady like this, save one which in its nature is impossible and cannot be.

LUCIFER. Un-endurable! You shall

That sounds o- ra-cular. What is their re-medy?

see; writ in this scroll is the myx-te-ry! Poco allegro.

LUCIFER (reading).

"Not to be cured, yet not incurable, not incurable, The only re-medy
that remains in the blood that flows from a maid's veins, who of her own free will shall die and

give her life as the price of yours?" That is the strangest of all cures and one I think you will

never try; The prescription you may well put by. Mean -

Lucifer showing a flask.

-while behold! This little flask contains a wonderful quint -

-essence! It assuages every pain!
cures all disease!

And gives again to age the swift delights of

PRINCE HENRY.

In to the crystal goblet pour so much as I may safely drink!

Youth will you not taste it?

Lucifer pours from the phial.

PRINCE HENRY (drinking.)

Head-long!

In to the mysteries of life and death I boldly leap! for death is better than dis-
N° 5. TRIO. DRINK! DRINK!

Prince Henry drinks. Angel with an Eolian harp hovers in the air.

**Allegro con brio.**

**ANGEL.**

*Woe! woe! eternal woe!*

**PRINCE HENRY.**

**LUCIFER.**

*Drink! drink! and thy soul shall sink down into the deep—*

**Allegro con brio.**

*(Prince Henry—)*

*Tis like a draught of fire through every vein.

*—sighs—*

*I feel again the fever of youth, the soft desire!*

*A rapture that is almost pain throbs in my heart and in my brain!*

6036
O joy! O joy! my wea - ry breast at length finds rest.

ANGEL.

Here -

Maestoso.

af-ter this false Phy - si-cian will mock thee in thy per - di - tion.

Tempo I.

O be - ware! PRINCE HENRY.

LUCIFER. Who says that I am

Drink all, it will not harm you!

li? I am not li? I am not weak: the
trance, the swoon, the dream is o'er! I feel the chill of death no more; at length I stand renewed in all my strength.

Joy! Joy! my weary breast at length finds rest.

Angel.

Prince Henry,

O beware! O rest!

Lucifer.

Drink! drink! deep down!

Adante, f - s. s.

Prince Henry.

O thou voice within my breast! Why entreat me? why upbraid me?
When the sted-fast tongues of truth and the still-ring hopes of youth

...have all deceived me and betrayed me? Give me, give me rest! O rest!

Allegro vivace. \#108.

PRINCE HENRY.

Golden visions wave and hover, golden visions wave and hover, pp Clar.

Va-pours, waters streaming, Landscape moving, Landscape moving, changing!

6036
ANGEL.

Woe, eternal woe! agitato woe eternal woe!

gleam - ing! LUCIFER. I am like a hap-py

Drink, and thy soul shall sink, drink, and thy soul shall sink,

-ter-nal! woe e-ter-nal! woe! woe!

lov-er! Who il-lumines life with pleasure, Brave phy-sician! Rare phy-sician!

drink, and thy soul shall sink, Down! down!

Well hast thou ful-fill’d, fulfill’d thy mis-sion! rest!

down in - to the deep, in-to the deep a-bys! down!

Lento. marcatò

Tutti ———— f

6036
Scene II. A Room in a Farm-house. Elsie comes in, followed by Max and Bertha. They all sing the Even-
ing Song on the lighting of the lamps.

No. 6. QUINTET. O GLADSONE LIGHT.

ELSLIE.

O gladsome light of the Fa-
ther immortal, and of the ce-
les-tial, sa-
cred, and

MAX.

Je-
sus our Sa-
vour.

bles-
ed Je-
sus our Sa-
vour.

BERTHA.

Je-
sus our Sa-
vour.

URSULA.

Je-
sus our Sa-
vour.

and

GOTTLIEB.

Je-
sus our Sa-
vour. Now to the sun-set a-
gain hast Thou brought us
Fa ther om ni potent, Son the Life - giv er, Spi rit the Com for ter,

Fa ther om ni po tent, Son the Life giv er, Spi rit the Com for ter,

Fa ther om ni po tent, Son the Life giv er, Spi rit the Com for ter,

Fa ther om ni po tent, Son the Life giv er, Spi rit the Com for ter,

worthy at all times of wor ship and won der, worth y of wor ship and won der.

worthy at all times of wor ship and won der, worth y of wor ship and won der.

worthy at all times of wor ship and won der, worth y of wor ship and won der.

worthy at all times of wor ship and won der, worth y of wor ship and won der.
Fa-ther om-ni-po-tent, Son the Life-giver, Spi-rit the Com-fort-er,
Fa-ther om-ni-po-tent, Son the Life-giver, Spi-rit the Com-fort-er,
Fa-ther om-ni-po-tent, Son the Life-giver, Spi-rit the Com-fort-er,
Fa-ther om-ni-po-tent, Son the Life-giver, Spi-rit the Com-fort-er,
Fa-ther om-ni-po-tent, Son the Life-giver, Spi-rit the Com-fort-er,

a témpo cresc.

worth-y at all times of wor-ship and won-der, worth-y of wor-ship and won-der,
worth-y at all times of wor-ship and won-der, worth-y of wor-ship and won-der,
worth-y at all times of wor-ship and won-der, worth-y of wor-ship and won-der,
worth-y at all times of wor-ship and won-der, worth-y of wor-ship and won-der,
worth-y at all times of wor-ship and won-der, worth-y of wor-ship and won-der,

worth-y of wor-ship and won-der.
worth-y of wor-ship and won-der.
worth-y of wor-ship and won-der.
worth-y of wor-ship and won-der.
worth-y of wor-ship and won-der.

PRINCE HENRY
No. 7. Recit. Who was it said “Amen”?

Animato.
Ursula.

Lento.
Elsie.

Who was it said “A-men?”
It was the Prince,
He stood at the

door and listened a moment as we chanted the evening song.
He is gone again
I have often seen him there before.

Adagio. 72. Gottlieb.

Poor Prince! alas! and yet as
mild and patient as the gentlest child. God bless him and make him well again!

Elsie.

Would I could do something for his sake, something to cure his sorrow and pain!
ELSIE.

And must he die?

That none can YES, if the dear God does not take pity upon him.

 Ursula.

GOTTISB.

Orun.

ELSIE.

I will!

Less some maiden of her own accord shall offer her life for that other lord!

Molto agitato.

ursula.

I mean it truly.

Molto agitato.

max.

Good night! Good night!

bertha.

Good night!

ursula.

Good night! Good night!

Gottisb.

Good night! Good night!

6036
No 8 Aria. She is a Strange and Wayward Child.

Allegro assai.

Ursula at her spinning-wheel.

Ursula.

She is a strange and wayward child that Ei - sie of ours!
She looks so old, and thoughts and fancies, weird and wild, seems of late to have taken hold of her heart, that was once so doleful and mild.

a tempo rall e dim.
N°9. ARIA: PRAYER: MY REDEEMER AND MY LORD.

Elsie in her chamber praying.

Andante religioso. 3 - 6.

ELSIE.

My Redeemer and my Lord, I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee, guide me in each act and word, that hence after I may meet Thee, watch- ing, wait- ing, hop-ing, yearn-ing, with my lamp still trimm’d and burn-ing.

6036
In - ter - ces - ting with those bleeding

Wounds upon Thy hands and side, For all who have lived and er - red, Thou hast suf - fered

Thou hast died! scourged and mock'd and cru - ci - fi - ed, and in the grave hast

Thou hast tur - ri - ed.

If my fee - ble words can reach Thee, O' my Sa - viour,
I beseech Thee, Even as Thou hast died for me! more sincerely

let me follow, where Thou leadest, let me bleed ing as Thou bleedest.

Die if dying I may give life to one who

Andantino.

Asks to live! And more nearly

dying thus resemble Thee.
No. 10. Aria. The Wind is Roaring.

Midnight: Elsie standing in the chamber of Gottlieb and Ursula, weeping.

Allegro ma non troppo. 120.

Gottlieb.

The wind is roaring, the

Rushing rain is loud upon roof and window-pane!

Loud upon roof and window-pane the roaring wind,
Wind and rushing rain!

If the wild huntsman of Rodenstein,
Boding evil to me and mine were abroad tonight with his ghostly train!

Boding evil to me, to me and mine!

In the brief hours of the tempest wild the dogs howl in the yard!
Hark! hark!

In the brief hills of the tempest wild the dogs howl in the yard. hark!

hark! How!

howl, howl in the yard

howl, howl in the yard!

6036
II. Recitative. "And hark! Someone is sobbing."

And hark! Someone is sobbing in the dark here in the

Elsie. Ursula. ad lib.

It is I! Elsie, what ails thee, my poor

chamber?
Andante con espressione. $q = 92$.

ELSIE.

I am distressed and much distressed in thinking our dear Prince must die. I cannot close my eyes nor sleep!

GOTTLIER.

What wouldst thou? In the Power divine his healing lies, not in our own.

ELSIE.

GOTTLIER.

Nay! He has put it into mine and into my..."Tis in the hand of God alone!"
GOTTLIEB

What dost thou mean?—my child! my

Thy words are wild!

ELSIE.

child!—

Thou must not die! my child! thou must not die!

Adagio.

Ah me! ah me! of our old eyes thou art... the light.

The joy of our old

URSULA.

I will my self the off'ring make... and give my life to pur chase his!

Agitato.

Child! my child! Thou must not die! my child! thou must not die!

Strings

Largo.

Trumpet

p rall. e dim. cres.

Brass, Reeds

My
Not now! not now! Christ died for hearts art thou? wilt thou die?

Adagio con anima.

me and shall not I he ready for my Prince to die?

In God's own time my heart doth light! when He shall call thee,
I heard Him call!
not before!

Andante.

When Christ ascended triumphantly, from star to star.

Andante.

He left the gates of Heaven jar!

I had a vision in the night! and saw Him standing.

ing at the door of His Father's mansion, vast and
splendid, and beck'ning to me from afar.

I cannot stay.

What if this were of God?

Ah! then galsnay it dare we not!
N° 12. SOLO and CHORUS. RISE UP AND LOOK FROM WHERE THOU ART.

Andante non troppo. \( \text{\#} = 108 \).

SOLO ANGEL.

CHORUS of ANGELS. Sopranos.

Rise up! Rise up and look from where thou art! God sent His messenger of

\(-\text{O}r\text{ch.}\)

\(\text{\#} = 116\).

\(\text{Harp}\)

\(\text{anima}\)

Faith and whispered in the maiden's heart, Rise

up! and look from where thou art, and scatter with un

selfish hands thy freshness on the barren sands and

so - li - tudes of death. Rise up and look! Rise up and

Rise up and look! Rise up and

Rise up and look! Rise up and

\(\text{\#} = 116\)

\(\text{O}r\text{ch.}\)

accelerando

\(\text{\#} = 108\)
look! from where thou art
Rise up and look! Rise up and scatter with un-self-ish hands
and scatter with unselfish hands, scatter with un-self-ish hands,
look from where thou art, Rise up and look from where thou art,
scatter with un-self-ish hands thy freshness, scatter thy freshness
Rise up and scatter with un-self-ish hands, Rise! Rise!
and with un-self-ish hands, Rise up! Rise up and look!
Rise up and look! scatter thy freshness on the bare, red sands
Rise and look! scatter thy freshness on the bare, red sands
look! Rise up and look! Look! barrel sands and soil-
Rise up and look from where thou art, Rise up! barrel sands and soil-
so - li-tudes of death.
Rise__
so - li-tudes of death.
Rise up - and took!
so - li-tudes of death. a tempo Rise__
up - and look!
so - li-tudes of death. B Rise up - and look! look! scat-ter thy:
S O L O A N G E L .
Rise up! Rise up
Rise up! Rise up! Rise and scat - ter, Rise and scatter thy fresh -
Rise from where thou art, scat-ter thy freshness, Rise, scatter thy
Rise up and look! Rise up and look! Rise up and look! Rise up and look! Rise up and look! Rise up and look!
Rise up and look from where thou art. Rise up and look! Rise
Rise!
Rise up! Rise up! Rise up! Rise up! Rise up! and look on
so - li - tudes of death.

look from where thou art on the barren sands and
scatter with un - self - ish hands, scatter thy freshness on the
look on the barren sands on the
look; God sent His mes - sen - ger of Faith, and

whisper in the maiden's heart Rise up and look from where thou art and scatter with un -
Rise and look!
Rise and look!
Rise and look!
selfish hands thy freshness on the barren sands and solitudes of

D
Rise up and

Rise up and look!
Rise up and look!

D Harps and Strings

look! Rise up and look from where thou art, Rise up and

Rise up and look from where thou art, Rise up and

Rise up and look from where thou art, Rise up and

Rise up and look from where thou art, Rise up and

cresc—

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look from where thou art, Rise from where thou art,
look from where thou art, Rise from where thou art,
look from where thou art, Rise up and look from where thou art,

art, Rise and scatter thy freshness on the barren sands and solitudes of
art, Rise up and look from where thou art,
art, Rise and scatter thy freshness on the barren sands and solitudes of

Rise up scatter thy freshness on the barren sands and solitudes of
SOLO ANGEL.

Rise up! Rise up! Rise up! Rise up!

death, scatter o'er the sands, scatter o'er the sands! scatter thy fresh-ness,

death. Rise up! Rise up! Rise up! Rise up! Rise and

death, Rise up! scatter o'er the sands, scatter o'er the sands,

Rise!

a tempo p can dolore

Rise up and look!

a rise! Bar-ren sands, so-li-tudes of

look, a rise! Bar-ren sands, so-li-tudes of

Rise and look! E Bar-ren sands, so-li-tudes of

p can dolore

Rise up and look! Look!

death Bar-ren sands!

death of death Bar-ren sands!

death Bar-ren sands!

death accel. poco Bar-ren sands!"
Look!
Rise up and...

So-lit-tudes of death.

So-lit-tudes of death.

So-lit-tudes of death.

So-lit-tudes of death.

Soo Solo

A tempo

God sent His mes-sen-ger of Faith and

God sent His mes-sen-ger of Faith and

God sent His mes-sen-ger of Faith and

God sent His mes-sen-ger of Faith and

whis-per'd in the maid-en's heart, Rise up and look from where thou art, and

whis-per'd in the maid-en's heart, Rise up and look from where thou art, and

whis-per'd in the maid-en's heart, Rise up and look from where thou art, and

whis-per'd in the maid-en's heart, Rise up and look from where thou art, and

G

6636
SOLO ANGEL.

Rise up! Rise up and look from where thou art.

Rise up! Rise up and look from where thou art.

Rise and look from where thou art.
PART SECOND.

Scene I. A Room in the Farm-house.

No 13. RECIT. ARIA and QUARTET. IT IS DECIDED. MY LIFE IS LITTLE.

Largo. $=76.$

Andante grazioso. $=56.$

GOTTLIEB.

It is decided

and we give our child, our child, O Prince, that you may live!

Moderato. $=108.$

It is of God, He has inspired this purpose in her, and through

URSULA.
Andante espressivo.

GOTTLIEB.

As A-bra-ham of-fer'd long a-go his son un-to the Lord; and
e-ven the ev-erlast-ing Fa-ther in Heav'n gave His a lamb un-to the slaugh-ter,

so do I of-fer up my daughter.
ELYSE.

My life is lit-tle, on-ly a cup of wa-ter.

only a cup of wa-ter, But pure and lim-pid.

poco accel.

Take it, O my Prince, take it, O my Prince. Let it re-

-fresh you, let it re-store you!

It is given will-ing-ly, PRINCE HENRY. it is gi-ven free-ly.

Clar Solo I ac-cept it!
NO. 14. QUARTET and CHORUS. O BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

CHORUS of ANGELS. *Andante grazioso.*

URSULA. O Beauty of Holiness, of

*Andante grazioso.*  *pt.*

self- for- get- ful- ness, of low- li- ness.

No. 15. ARIA and CHORUS. STILL IS THE NIGHT.

\textit{Wake, Wake.}

\textbf{Larghetto. \textbf{\textit{68}}.}

\textbf{PRINCE HENRY.}

Still is the night. The sound of feet handled a-

\textbf{way from the empty street.}

Sleepless and restless I alone wander, and weep in my remorse, wander and weep in my remorse. Hark!

\textbf{ALTO.}

Wake, all ye that sleep! Pray for the dead, pray for the

\textbf{BARITONE.}

Wake, all ye that sleep! Pray for the dead, pray for the

\textbf{TENOR I.}

Wake, all ye that sleep! Pray for the dead, pray for the

\textbf{TENOR II.}

Wake, all ye that sleep! Pray for the dead, pray for the

\textbf{BASS.}

Wake, all ye that sleep! Pray for the dead, pray for the

\textbf{TROMBONE.}
Why for the dead who are at rest? Pray for the living dead, all ye that sleep!

dead, all ye that sleep!

dead, all ye that sleep!

dead, all ye that sleep!

Trumpet
Horn

in whose brevem the struggle between right and wrong is raging terrible and strong.

Wake, all ye that sleep! Pray for the dead, pray for the dead, all ye that

Wake, all ye that sleep! Pray for the dead, pray for the dead, all ye that

Wake, all ye that sleep! Pray for the dead, pray for the dead, all ye that

Trombones
Wake not, beloved, below ed, wake not!
sleep!
sleep!
sleep!
sleep!
Legato, \( \text{f} = 112. \)

Be thy sleep silent as night is,

and as deep! There stands a sentinel at thy gate,

Whose heart is
heavy, heavy and desolate, and the

heavings of thy bosom number!

The respirations of thy

slumber, Fl. & Ob. & C.4

if some strange mysterious fate had linked two hearts in one, And

Str.
Wake not, wake not, be-loved, wake not!

(Watchmen in the distance.)

Wake, all ye that sleep! Pray for the dead, pray for the dead, all ye that sleep!
Scene III. At the foot of the Alps. A halt under the trees at noon.

No 16. Chorus and trio. "ME RECEPTET SION ILLA."

Adagio, \( \frac{a}{2} = 72 \).

Chorus of Pilgrims. (Mens voices 8th lower.)

Organ

Me received Sion, la Sion. David urbs tranquill.

la Cujus frater auctor lucis.

Cujus porta lignum crucis. Cujus murus lapis.

TRIO.

PRINCE HENRY.

Hark! what sweet sounds are those whose accents bowly fill the warm noon with

PILGRIMS.

ELSIE.

It is a band of pilgrims moving slowly musical soft and sweet!

LUCIFER (as a Pilgrim).

There is my German Prince again!

thus far on his journey to Salern.

and the love-sick girl, whose beat-ed

6036
Si - on il - la
with un - cov - ered feet.

brain! is sowing the cloud to... reap... the rain!

PILGRIMS

Urbs oex - tis urbs be

a - ta su - pra petram col - lo

6036
Orlo

Pilgrims chanting afar off.

Alto. Urbs coelestis, urbs beata! Supra petram colo.

Tenor (off loco.) Urbs coelestis, urbs beata! Supra petram colo.

Bar. Urbs coelestis, urbs beata! Supra petram colo.

In the far distance.

Rallentando e dim. Te affecto! te requiero!

Te affecto! te requiero!

Te affecto! te requiero!

Te affecto! te requiero!

Te affecto! te requiero!
Scene IV. The Inn at Genoa. A terrace overlooking the sea. Night.

No. 17. Aria. It is the Sea.

Andante moderato. $\frac{1}{8}$

PRINCE HENRY.

It is the sea! it is the sea! in all its vague immensity! Above the darksome sea of death Looms the great life that is to be

6036
A land of cloud and mystery.

LUCIFER.

Thou didst not make it, Thou canst not mend it. But thou hast the power to end it! The sea is silent, the sea is discreet.

Andante.

PRINCE HENRY.

The fisherman who deep, deep it lies at thy very feet.
lies a-float, With shadowy sail in yonder boat, Is

sing-ing softly to the night.

But do I comprehend a-right The mean-ing of the words he sung So sweet-ly in his

na-tive tongue? Ah! yes! The sea is still, still and

deep All things with-in its bo-som sleep! A sin-gle step!

6096

Tymp.
and all is o'er! A plunge! a bubble! and no more! And thou, dear Elsie, shalt be
free, be free From martyrdom and
agony!
And
thou, dear Elsie, shalt be free From martyrdom and
agony, and agony.

(See No. 11, p. 47.)
N. 15. ARIA and CHORUS.

THE NIGHT IS CALM AND CLOUDLESS.

CHRISTE ELEISON.

ELISIE. (coming from her chamber upon the terrace.)

The night is calm and cloudless, And

still as still can be, And the stars come out to

listen To the music of the sea.

They gather, and gather, and gather,

Un
-til they crowd the sky, And En-
ter in breath-less si-
ence. To the

solemn li-
ta-ny. It be-
gins in rock-y ca-

TENOR I. Octave lower. Chris-
te el-

TENOR II. Octave lower. Chris-
te el-

BASS. Chris-
te el-

-son

-son

-son

-son

-son

6035
Tone: And anon from shelving beaches, And shallow sands beyond,
In snow-white robes uprising.

The ghostly choirs respond: And sadly and unceasing.

Christ-e ei-son, Christ-e ei-son, Christ-e ei-son, Christ-e ei-son, Christ-e ei-son, Christ-e ei-son, Christ-e ei-son, Christ-e ei-son, Christ-e ei-son.
mournful voice sings on, And the snow-white choirs still answer, Christ-ae
el-son
el-son, Christ-ae el-son, Christ-ae el-son, Christ-ae el-son, Christ-ae el-son, Christ-ae el-son, Christ-ae el-son, Christ-ae el-son, Christ-ae el-son, And the el-son
el-son, el-son, el-son, Christ-ae el-son, el-son, el-son, el-son, el-son, el-son.
End of Second Part.
PART THIRD.

Scene I. The cottage in the Odenwald. Ursula spinning. Summer afternoon.

N° 19. ARIA. ONLY THE CHILDREN'S HEARTS ARE LIGHT.

Allegro assai.  \( \frac{1}{4} \) \text{ or } \frac{3}{8}

Har.  

Oboe & Bassoon

URSULA.

On-ly the-child-ren's hearts are-light.

Strings muted

Tymp.
Mine is weary and ready to break.

God help us! I hope we have done right; I thought we were acting for the best.

Who is it coming under the trees? A man in the Prince’s liveried dress; He looks about him with doubtful

Animato a tempo I

RECIT.

Audante affetuoso.
face. As if un-cer-tain of the place, He stops at the bee-hives!

Can he be afraid of the bees?

Now he sees the gar-den gate; He is go-ing past.

agitato

Not! he is coming in at last. He fills my heart with strange a-form!

Begins spinning again.

6038
IS THIS THE TENANT GOTTLIEBS FARM?

Aria. Your daughter lives.

FORESTER. Is this the tenant Gottliebs farm?

 Ursula.

This is his farm, and I his wife. Pray sit! What may your business be?

Pray sit! What may your business be?

News from the Prince.

Aria. Your daughter lives.

Answer madam! How is the Prince?

You put your questions eagerly.

met him only two hours since! Homeward returning down the river.
strong and 
well as if God the Gi - ver Had

Ursula. Moroso.

Ther. El - sie, my poor - child, is dead.

FORESTER Giocoso. Lento.

That, my good wo - man, I have not said. 'Tis true your daughter is no more.

That is the peasant she was be - fore!

Ursula. Andante.

O mock me not, nor make a sport of a joy - less mother whose child is
Allegro, \( \frac{d}{d} = 108 \)

FORESTER

Your daughter lives and the Prince is well; You shall hear ere long how it all be-fell: Her heart for a moment reveried. But when they reach'd Salerno's gate, the Prince's noble self prevailed. And saw'd her for a nobler fate: For in Salerno she made a vow.

(II) ARIA etc. WE SHALL BEHOLD.

VIVACISSIMO.

URSULA

We shall behold our child once more: She only would he wed!

6036
Meno Allegro.

is not dead; she is not dead; God list'ning must have over-heard the

prayers, That with-out sound or word our hearts in se-cre-cy have said.

bring me to her, for mine eyes are hun-gry to be-hold her face, My

ve-ry soul with-in me cries! My ve-ry hands seem to ca-ress her.

see her, gaze at her, and bless her. Dear El-sie, dear El-sie, child of God and
MAX.

BERNADINE.

URSULA.

GOTTILIEB.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Dear Elsie, dear Elsie, child of God and grace.

Dear Elsie, dear Elsie, child of God and grace.

Dear Elsie, dear Elsie, child of God and grace.

Dear Elsie, dear Elsie, child of God and grace.

Dear Elsie, dear Elsie, child of God and grace.

Dear Elsie, dear Elsie, child of God and grace.

Chisto 6036
Child of God and grace,

Child of God and grace, URSULA.

Child of God and grace.

Child of God and grace.

Child of God and grace.

Child of God and grace.

Child of God and grace.

Child of God and grace.

Child of God and grace, We shall behold our child once more, Dear

Child of God and grace.

Child of God and grace.

Child of God and grace.

Child of God and grace.

Child of God and grace.

Child of God and grace.

Child of God and grace.

Child of God and grace.
N° 21. INTERLUDE.

Ursula, Gottlieb, and the children go out towards the garden. The Forester lingers to drink "Health to the Prince."

"And what a scene there! through the door,
"The forest behind and the garden before,
"And midway an old man of threescore,
"With a wife and children that care for him.
"Let me try still further to adorn it
"With a merry echoing blast of my corset."

*Allegro scherzando. *$d = 208$

1. [Music notation]
2. [Music notation]

6088
Scene II. Else and Prince Henry sailing homeward down the Rhine in a splendid barge with golden prow, decked with banners. The crowd thronging the shore and shouting.

No. 22. Chorus. Fair and lovely did she seem.

Allegro moderato ben marcato.

Soprano I.

Soprano II.

Alto.

Tenor I.

Tenor II.

Bass.

As in a story or a dream,

As in a story or a dream,

As in a story or a dream,

As in a story or a dream,
Fair and lovely, did she seem, As in a story or a dream
Fair and lovely, did she seem, As in a story or a dream
Fair and lovely, did she seem, As in a story or a dream
Fair and lovely, did she seem, As in a story or a dream
Fair and lovely, did she seem, As in a story or a dream
Fair and lovely, did she seem, As in a story or a dream
Fair and lovely, did she seem, As in a story or a dream
And the Prince look'd so grand and

And the Prince look'd so grand and proud, and was his
proud, and was his hand unto the crowd that gazed and shouted from the

Violin

6036
All down the river long and
Prince look'd so grand and proud, and wav'd his hand unto the crowd,
hand unto the crowd that gazed and shouted from the shore, all down the river
shore, all down the river

1st Violin.

loud
wav'd his hand, wav'd his hand, wav'd his hand,
long and loud, long and loud, long and
down the river, down the river, down the river,
long and loud, long and loud, long and
all down the river, all down the river, all down the river,

Oreth.
wae'd his hand up to the crowd that gazed and shouted down the river, long and loud, long and loud.

And the Prince looked around and

loud, long and loud, long and loud.
And the Prince look'd so grand and proud, and wave'd his hand, and wave'd his hand to the crowd that gazed and shout-ed from the shore all down the river long and wave'd his hand to the crowd that gazed and shout-ed from the shore.
down the river, down the river, down the river,
long and loud, long and loud, long and loud,
wav'd his hand, wav'd his hand, wav'd his hand,
all down the river, all down the river, all down the river,
Fair and lovely did she seem, Fair and lovely, fair and lovely

Flute
Piccolo
Hail! Hail! down the river long and loud, the river long and loud.
Hail! Hail! down the river long and loud.
Hail! Hail! loud, all down the river long and loud, all down the river long and loud.
Legato.
Fair and love-ly

Fair and love-ly

Fair and love-ly

Legato.
Fair and love-ly fair as a dream.

Fair and love-ly did she seem.

As in a sto-ry or a dream, a

As in a sto-ry or a dream, dream

Legato.

As in a sto-ry or a dream, a
F

dream. Fair and love-ly, fair and love-ly did she seem,

----- Fair and love-ly, fair and love-ly did she seem,

dream. Fair and love-ly, fair and love-ly did she seem,

----- Fair and love-ly, fair and love-ly did she seem,

----- Fair and love-ly, fair and love-ly did she seem,

----- Fair and love-ly, fair and love-ly did she seem,

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----- Fair and love-ly, fair and love-ly did she seem,

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----- Fair and love-ly, fair and love-ly did he seem,

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----- Fair and love-ly, fair and love-ly did she seem,

----- Fair and love-ly, fair and love-ly did she seem,

----- Fair and love-ly, fair and love-ly did she seem,
Hail! Hail!
long and loud, long and
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long and loud, long and
Hail! Hail!
long and loud, long and
Hail! Hail!
long and loud, long and
The Castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine.

No. 23. WEDDING MARCH and PAGEANT MUSIC.

Larghetto maestoso. \( \text{d} = 100. \)

Allegro ma non troppo. alla Marcia. \( \text{d} = 120. \)
Scene III. The wedding guests have ridden away. Elsie and Prince Henry alone standing on a terrace. Bells of Geisenheim in the distance.

No. 24. RECIT. and DUET.

WE ARE ALONE.

WILT THOU AS FAITHFUL BE?


PRINCE HENRY.

Lento.

ELsie.

We are a lone!

What bells are those that ring so slow,

So musical and slow.

They are the Bells of Geisenheim.


Bells of Geisenheim.
That with their melancholy chime
Ring out the curfew of the sun, ring out the curfew of the sun.

ELSE:

Listen, beloved:

PRINCE HENRY. RECIT. ad lib.

Dear Elsie! many years ago Those same soft bells at even-tide
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne, As seated by Fas-ta-dah's side, At Ingelheim in all his pride. He heard their sound with secret pain.

ELSIE.  

Adagio, $\frac{3}{4}$ 56.  

Their voices only speak to me of peace, peace, of peace and deep tranquility, they only speak to me of peace and deep tranquility. And endless confidence in thee.
PRINCE HENRY. RECIT. ad lib.

Thou knowest the story of her ring, How when the court went back to Aix Fas-tra-da

died and how the king sat watching by her night and day, Till in-to one of the blue

lakes that wa-ter that de-li-cious land. They cast the ring! drawn from her

land. And the great monarch sat se-rene and sad be-side the fa-ted shore, Nor left the

land for e-ver-more.
Duo.
Allegrzetto. \( \frac{4}{4} \) 112.

**Elsie.**

Wilt thou as fond and faithful be? Wilt thou so love me after

**Prince Henry.**

death? In life's delight, in death's dismay, In storm and sunshine, night and

Wilt thou love me? wilt thou love me? love me after
day! In health and sickness, in decay. Here and here after I am

death? Wilt thou as fond and faithful be? wilt thou so

\( \text{animato e poco accel.} \)

thine! O my Festivad! O my Queen! Here and here after

\( \text{animato e poco accel.} \)
Epilogue.


No. 25. Chorus. O God, it is Thy indulgence.
Look from where thou art, and scatter with unselfish hands, and scatter thy freshness.

Look from where thou art. Rise up! Rise up! and scatter with unselfish hands thy freshness on the barren sands, and solitude of death.

Whisper'd in the maiden's heart, Rise up! and look from where thou art, and scatter with unselfish hands thy freshness on the barren sands and solitude of death.
up and look from where thou art, look from where thou art, Rise up! Rise
up and look from where thou art, Rise up! God sent His messenger of Faith
and God sent His messenger of Faith and
hands thy freshness on the barren sands and solitude of death.

God sent His messenger of Faith and

Look from where thou art, Rise up! Rise up! God sent His messenger of Faith

God sent His messenger of Faith, and whisper'd in the maiden's heart, Rise up!

and whisper'd in the maiden's heart, Rise up and look, look from

up and look from where thou art, and scatter with unselfish hands thy _
Rise up! Rise up! Rise up! God where thou art, Rise up! Rise up! Rise and look on from where thou art, Rise up! Rise freshness on the barren sands, God sent His messenger of

and look on the barren sands, and up! Rise up! Rise up! Rise up! Rise and look on so li—

Faith—His messenger of Faith, Rise up! Rise up! Rise up! Rise and look on

Rise up! Rise up and scatter with un—