Prize Composition, Cincinnati Festival of 1880.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

The Poet.

SCENES FROM LONGFELLOW'S GOLDEN LEGEND.

Symphonic Cantata

FOR

Solos, Chorus and Orchestra.

BY

DUDLEY BUCK.

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CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

Else.................................................Soprano.
Prince Henry of Hombeck....................Tenor.
Lucifer........................................Bass.

Chorus of Spirits, The Bell, Attendants, etc.

¶ B.—The orchestral parts to this work may be obtained in manuscript from the publishers. Of the piano-score, numbers 2, 4, 5, 7, 9, 11. and 13, may be had separately, together with the three orchestral numbers arranged for pianoforte, four hands.
SCENES FROM LONGFELLOW'S "GOLDEN LEGEND."

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SCENE I.

(FRIBLEU.)

The spire of Strasburg Cathedral. Night and storm. LUCIFER, with the Powers of the air, trying to pull down the Cross.

LUCIFER.

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

VOICES. (Female Chorus.)

O, we can not!
For around it
All the Saints and Guardian Angels
Throng in legions to protect it;
They defeat us every-where!

THE BELLS. (Male Chorus.)

Laudo Domum verum!
Plebsmen voco!
Congrego clericum!

LUCIFER.

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

VOICES.

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

THE BELLS.

Defunctos ploro!
Pestem fugo!
Festa decoro!

LUCIFER.

Aim your lightnings
At the oaken
Massive, iron-studded portals!
Sack the house of God, and scatter
Widow the ashes of the dead!

VOICES.

O, we can not!
The Apostles
And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles,
Stand as wardens at the entrance,
Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

THE BELLS.

Excito lentes!
Dissepo ventos!
Pace cruentos!

LUCIFER.

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

VOICES.

Onward! onward!
With the night-wind,
Over field and farm and forest,
Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon!
[They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chant.]

CHORUS.

Nocte surgentes
Vigilemus omnes.

---

SCENE II.


PRINCE HENRY.

I can not sleep! my fervid brain
 Calls up the vanished Past again,
And throws its misty splendors deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep!
A breath from that far-distant shore
Comes freshening ever more and more,
And wafts o'er intervening seas
Sweet odors from the Heisterides!
Come back, ye friendships long departed!
That like overflow streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun!
Come back, ye friends whose lives are ended,
Come back, with all that sight attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away?
They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The sisy crowds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more.
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 the undisturbed and deep
Tranquillity of endless sleep!

---

SCENE III.

A flash of lightning, out of which LUCIFER appears, in the garb of a traveling Physician.

LUCIFER.

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.

PRINCE HENRY.

When came you in?

(*)
SCENES FROM LONGFELLOW’S “GOLDEN LEGEND.”

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

PRINCE HENRY.
What may your wish or purpose be?

LUCIFER.
The storm, that against your casement drives,
In the little village below withhold me,
And there I heard, with a secret delight,
Of your maladies physical and mental;
And they hardened higher, thy late in the night,
To prove my art!...!
What is your illness?

PRINCE HENRY.
It has no name.
A smoldering, dull, perpetual flame,
As in a kiln, burns in my veins.
Even the doctors of Salern
Send me back word they can discern
No cure for a malady like this,
Save one which in its nature is
Impossible, and can not be!

LUCIFER.
What is their remedy?

PRINCE HENRY.
You shall see;
Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

LUCIFER [reading].

"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?"

The prescription you may well put by.
Meantime permit me to recommend
My wonderful Catholic!
Rejoice, rejoice! this little flask
Contains the wonderful quintessence,
The perfect flower and efflorescence,
Of all the knowledge man can ask!

PRINCE HENRY.
Will one draught suffice?

LUCIFER.
If not, you can drink more.

PRINCE HENRY.
Into this crystal goblet pour
So much as safely I may drink.

INVISIBLE CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Woe! woe! eternal woe!
Not only the whispered prayer
Of love,
But the imprecatory hate,
Reverberate
For ever and ever through the air
Above!
This fearful curse
Shakes the great universe!

LUCIFER [disappearing].

Drink! drink!
And thy soul shall sink
Down into the dark abyss,
Into the infinite abyss.

PRINCE HENRY [drinking].

It is like a draught of fire!
Through every vein

I feel again
The fever of youth, the soft desire,
O joy! O joy! I feel
The hand of steel uplifted;
My weary breast
At length finds rest.

CHORUS.
Touch the goblet no more!
It will make thy heart sore
To its very core:
Beware! ‘O, beware!
Sickness, sorrow, and care,
All are there!
With fleecy laughter,
Herewith,
This false physician
Will mock thee in thy petition.

PRINCE HENRY.
Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapors, waters streaming!
I am like a happy lover
Who illuminates life with dreaming,
Brave physician! Vale physician!
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission.

CHORUS.
Alas! alas!
Like a vapor the golden vision
Shall fade and pass,
And thou wilt find in thy heart again
Only the blight of pain,
And bitter, bitter contrition!

SCENE IV.

ELSIE comes in with a lamp; MAX and BERtha
follow her; and they all sing the Evening Song
on the lighting of the lamps.

(Quartet, unaccompanied.)

O globose light
Of the Father Immortal,
And of the celestial
Sacred and blessed
Jesus, our Savior!
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!

SCENE V.

ELSIE’s chamber. Night. ELsIE 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,
Interceding,
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 the
O my Savior, I beseech thee,
Even as thou hast said for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where thou leadest,
Let me, bleeding as thou bleakest,
Dye, if dying I may dye,
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying dews, resemble thee!

---o---

SCENE VI.

The Pilgrimage to Seleno.

(For orchestra only.)

Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city, impatiently bearing
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and
Of hate, of daring and daring.

PRINCE HENRY.

Alas! what sounds are these whose accents holy
Fill the warm noon with music sad and sweet?

ELSE.

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

PILGRIMS.

Urbs celestis, urbs beata,
Ut eam petam colendo,
Urbs in portu salus tuto,
De longa quae subito!

---o---

SCENE VII.

The Convent of Hirsau in the Black Forest.

The Refectory. Carillon of monks at midnight. 
LUZIFER disguised as a friar. FRIAR PAUL's song.

(Drinking Song and Chorus)

Ave! color vini clar!
Dulcis potius, non amari,
Tua nos incedentia
Oignus potens!
O! quam placens la colore!
O! quae fragrans ex odore!
O! quae sapidum in ore!
Dulce lingua succulium!
Felix ventur quem intrablis!
Felix gatur quoque rigablis!
Felix os quod evlavabis!
El bata bata!

CHORUS OF MONKS.

Fundat sinum, funde!
Tanquam sibi flaminius unde,
Nec quernus unde,
Sei fundas semper alane!

---o---

TRANSLATION (FOR THIS WORK) BY HENRY C. STEPHAN.

(Drinking Song and Chorus)

Hail! thou vintage clear and ruddy!
Sweet of taste, and fine of body,
Through thine all we soon shall study
How to make us glorious!
O! thy color ebodant!
O! thy fragrance evanescant!

---o---

SCENE VIII.

The Reed, and appearance of the Abbot.

(For orchestra only.)

What means this reed and crombe?
Is this a tavern and drinking-house?
Are you Christian monks, or heathen devils
To pollute this covent with your revels?

---o---

SCENE IX.

(A Tor. Night. Else coming from her chamber upon the terrace.

The night is calm and deathless,
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 mean from elevating benches,
And swell sobs beyond
In snow-white robes uprising,
The ghostly choir respond,
Christe eleison!

---o---

SCENE X.

(Barrado--for orchestra only.)

The fisherman, who lies aloof
With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,
Is singing softly to the Night!

A single step, and all is o'er;
A plunge, a tumble, and no more;
And then, dear Else, we're free
From martyrdom and agony.

---o---

SCENE XI.

At sea.

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

The wind upon our quarter lies,
And on before the freshening gale,
That fills the snow-white lashed sail,
Swiftly our light fleet flies.
Around, the billows burst and foam;
They lift her o'er the broken rock,
SCENES FROM LONGFELLOW'S "GOLDEN LEGEND."

They beat her sides with many a shock, And then upon their flowing dome They pour her, like a weathercock! Now all is ready, high and low; Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio! Ha! that is the first dash of the rain, With a sprinkle of spray above the rails, Just enough to moisten our sails, And make them ready for the strain. See how she leaps, as the blasts o'ertake her, And speeds away with a bone in her mouth! Now keep her head toward the south, And there is no danger of bank or breaker. With the breeze behind us, on we go; Not too much, good Saint Antonio!

---

SCENE XII.

The College of Sinterno. LUCIFER disguised as a friar. Enter PRINCE HENRY, ELISIE, and their attendants.

PRINCE HENRY. Can you direct us to Friar Angelo?

LUCIFER. He stands before you.

PRINCE HENRY. I am Prince Henry of Holenecke, and this The maiden that I spake of in my letters.

LUCIFER. It is a very grave and solemn business! Does she of her own free will consent to this?

PRINCE HENRY. Against all prayers, entreaties, protestations, She will not be persuaded.

LUCIFER [to ELISIE]. Have you thought! well of it?

ELISIE. I come not here To argue, but to die. Your business is not To question, but to kill me. I am ready, . . . . impatient to be gone. . . . .

I must fulfill my purpose.

[To her attendants.]

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me. I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone, And you will have another friend in heaven.

PRINCE HENRY. Believe not what she says, for she is mad, And comes not here to die, but to be healed.

ELISIE. Ah! Prince Henry!

LUCIFER. Come with me; this way.

[ELISIE goes in with LUCIFER, who thrusts PRINCE HENRY back and closes the door.]

PRINCE HENRY. Gone! and the light of all my life gone with her.

[To the attendants.]

Why did you let this horrible deed be done? Why did you not lay hold on her, and keep her From self-destruction? Angelo! murderer!

---

SCENE XIII.

The Return. Castle of Vautheg on the Rhine. PRINCE HENRY and ELISIE on the terrace at evening.

PRINCE HENRY and ELISIE. Behold! the hill-tops all aglow With purple and with amethyst; While the whole valley deep below Is filled, and seems to overflow, With a fast-rising tide of mist.

PRINCE HENRY. The evening air grows damp and chill; Let us go in.

ELISIE. Ah! not so soon. See yonder fire! It is the moon Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.

BOTH. It glistens on the forest tips, And through the dewy foliage drips In little rivulets of light, And makes the heart in love with night. In life's delight, in death's dismay, In storm and sunshine, night and day, in health and sickness, in decay, Here and hereafter, I am thine!

---

SCENE XIV.

(EPILOGUE AND FINALE.)

O beauty of holiness, Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness! O power of meekness, Whose very gentleness and weakness Are like the yielding, but irresistible air! In characters of gold, That never shall grow old, The deed divine Shall burn and shine Through all the ages With soft effulgence! O God! 'tis thy indulgence That fills the world with the bliss Of a good deed like this. Lo! over the mountain steep A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps; A blackness inwardly brightening, As a storm-cloud hurled with lightning; And a cry of lamentation, Repeated and again repeated, Deep and loud, Swells and rolls away in the distance. It is Lucifer, the son of mystery. O beauty of holiness, Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness! The deed divine Shall burn and shine Through all the ages.

FINIS.
SCENES FROM THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

SCENE I.--PROLOGUE.

The spire of Strasburg Cathedral. Night and storm. Lucifer, with the powers of the air, trying to pull down the cross.
LUCIFER.

Motto Energieo.

Hast-en! hast-en! Hast-en, oh, ye spir-its!
From its station drag the ponderous cross of iron,

that to mock us is uplifted, is uplifted high in

air!

Chorus of Spirits, Oh, we can not! For around it

Oh, Clar.

all the saints and guardian angels Throng in legions to pro-
They defeat us, they defeat us, every where! "The Bells."
Mute Chorus.

Laudo Deum verum!

Plebem voco! Congrego clericum!
LUCIFER.

Cres.

Lower! lower! Hover

downward! Seize the loud, vociferous bells, Clashing,

Sempre Forte.

Clanging, to the pavement hurl them!

Soprano I & II.

Chorus of Spirits.

Alio I & II.

Hurl them from their windy tower!

mf All thy thunders

p sf

sf

mf
here are harm-less! For these bells have been a-pint-ed, And baptized with holy water! They de-fy our ut-most pow'r!

TENOR I & II. Poco Moderato.

"The Bells." De-fun-tos plo-ro! Pes-ten

BASS I & II.

Poco Moderato.

Tempo Imo.

fugo! Fest-ta de-co-ro!

Tempo Imo.
Lucifer.  ff

Vivace.  Aim your lightnings at the

Poco rall.  A tempo

sf

Oak-en, mass Vive, iron-studded portals! Sack the house of God.

sf Colla Voce.  p

Molto ritard.

...and scatter wide...the ashes of the dead!

Molto rit. A tempo.

Sopr. I & II

Chorus of Spirits. O we cannot! we can not! The Apostles, and the

Alto I & II

Cornet.  Oboe.
Mar-tyrs, wrapped in mantles, stand as warders; stand as warders at the entrance, stand as sentinels o'er heel;
laf-fled! In-eff-i-cient, Cra-ven spir-its!

Poco a poco ri-tar-

leave this la-bor Un-to Time,

Marcato.

dan-do. Allegro lento.

great... De-stroy-er! Come a-way! come a-way, ere

Cor. Tromboni, Fag.

Senza rit.
night is gone!

Chorus of Spirits.

On-ward! on-ward With the night-wind! O-ver field and
O'er field and forest, lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon! Then onward, onward, with the sight-wind,

O'er field and forest, lonely homestead,
Blighting all we breathe upon!
Soprano and Alto in unison.  

On ward!  on ward!  With the night  

wind!

SOPRANO.  Andante poco Maestoso.  

ALTO.  

Rallent.  

TENOR.  (Choir within the Cathedral. Organ and Gregorian Chant.)  

BASS.  

Rallent.  Andante poco Maestoso.  

Corno.  

(Organ with voices, ad lib.)
vigilamus omnes!

vigilamus omnes!

vigilamus omnes!

* Oxyto faciet from this point.

Corni, Clar. Fag.

Ped.
SCENE II.


Andante espressivo.

PRINCE HENRY.

Recitative. Con anima.

I can not sleep! my fervid brain... Calls up the vanished

Colla voce.

Past again, And throws its misty, misty splendors deep into the palid realms, the

*The recitative portion of this work must be taken as nearly in strict time as possible.*
palid realms of sleep:

A breath...from that far-distant shore Comes fresh'ning ever

more and more, And wafts...over intervening seas Sweet odors,
sweet odors, sweet odors from the Hesper-

des!

Come
back! ye friendships long depart ed! That like overgrow

streamlets started, And now are dwindled, one by one, To stony

channels in the sun! 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!
Poco Animato.

They come! they come! the shapes... of joy and woe,

The airy crowds of long ago, The dreams and fancies known of yore, That

have been, and shall be no more, no
more! no more! rau-ta-do.

Rest! rest! O give me

rest, 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! Sweet—er the undis-turbed
... and deep tranquility...

The undisturbed and deep Tran-

quil-ity of endless sleep, of endless

sleep, of endless, of endless sleep!

Senza ritard.

Rest! rest! O give me rest!
SCENE III.

(A flash of lightning, out of which Lucifer appears, in the garb of a traveling Physician.)

Piano.

Lucifer.

All

Prince Henry, (starting.)

hail... Prince Henry! Who is it speaks? Who and what

Lucifer.

are you? One who seeks a moment's audience with the
Prince. When came you in? A moment since. I found your study door un-
locked, and thought you answered when I knocked.

PRINCE HENRY.

What may your wish or purpose be?

LUCIFER.

The storm, that against your casement drives,
In the village below way-

laid me. And there I heard, with a secret delight,
Of your malady physical and
men-tal; And I has-tened hith-er, tho’ late . . . . in the night, To

PRINCE HENRY.

pro-fes-sor, my aid. What is your ill-ness?

Oh, Clar. It

Audace espressivo. (Tempo del No. 3.)

has. no name. A smoul-d’ring, dull, perpet-u-al

Ped. $\text{sempre.}$

flame. As in a kiln, burns in my veins.

Sempre piano.

E-ven the doc-tors of Sa-lern Send me back word they can dis-cern No cure-
no cure for a malady like this, Save

Allo, come h'ma.

LUCIFER.

PRINCE H.

one which in its nature is impossible, and cannot be! What is their remedy? You shall

LUCIFER, (reading)

see; Writ in this scroll is the mystery. "The

only remedy which 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 your-!"
The prescription you may well put

by! Mean-while per-mit me to re-com-mend My won-der-ful Ca-

the- li-con! Be-hold it here! Be-hold a here! this lit-tle flask Con-tains the

won-der-ful quit-tessence, The per-fect flower of ef-flo-resc-ence. Of all . . . . the knowl-edge

PRINCE HENRY. LUCIFER.

man can ask! Will one draught suf-fice? If no, you can drink

85162
more. Into this crystal goblet pour so much as safely I may.

C

LUCIFER.

Drink! Drink! and thy soul shall sink down into the dark abyss, the infinite abyss.

PRINCE HENRY.

(Drinking.) f con fuoco.

Tis like a draught of fire! Thro' ev'ry byss!

(Chorus remain seated throughout this number.)

SOPRANO.

Woe! Woe, eternal woe! Not only the

ALTO.

Woe! Woe, eternal woe! Not only the

TENOR.

Chorus of angels hovering in the air.

BASS.

Chorus of angels hovering in the air.

PIANO.

Pizz. and Trombones.
vein... I feel again... The fever of youth, the soft desire:

whisper'd pray'r, the whisper'd pray'r of love, But the impreca-tions of

whisper'd pray'r, the whisper'd pray'r of love, But the impreca-tions of

whisper'd pray'r, the whisper'd pray'r of love, But the impreca-tions of

O joy! O joy! I feel the band of steel uplift -

hate, Re-ver-be-rate, re-ver-be-rate for-ev-er and

hate, Re-ver-be-rate, re-ver-be-rate for-ev-er and

hate, Re-ver-be-rate, re-ver-be-rate for-ev-er and
- ed! My wea-ry breast at last finds rest:

ev-er thro' the air a-bove. This

ev-er thro' the air a-bove. This

ev-er thro' the air a-bove. This

fear-ful curse—Shakes the great uni-verse!

typed
Prince Henry:  (With ecstasy.)

Golden visions wave and hover,

Lucifer:

Drink! drink! and thy soul shall sink

Semi-Chorus:

With fiendish laughter,

Soprano and Alto:

Touch the

Alto:

Touch the

Tenor:

Touch the

Bass:

Piano:

*This Semi-Chorus to consist of eight to sixteen voices, weakly proportioned to general chorus, and equally divided in Soprano and Alto.
Golden vapors, Water

Down, down into the dark abyss, the infinite abyss!

This false physician, this false physician

Goblet no more! Touch the goblet

Goblet no more! Touch the goblet

Goblet no more! Touch the goblet

streaming, I am like a hapless

soul shall sink, thy soul shall sink!

Into the infinite abyss

Will mock thee in thy perdition, in thy perdition

no more! no more!

no more! no more!

no more! no more!

no more! no more!
lover. Who illuminates life with
bless thy soul shall sink! into the infinite, into the
domination! in thy perdition, in thy per-

It will make thy heart sore To its
It will make thy heart sore To its
It will make thy heart sore To its

dreaming! Brave physician! Rare . . . . . . . phys-
dark abyss! Drink! drink! and thy soul shall sink, thy soul shall sink into the
domination! False physician! False . . . . . . phys-

very core! O beware! O beware!
very core! O beware! O beware!
very core! O beware! O beware!
Sicilian! Well hast thou... fulfilled thy mission!

Sickness, sorrow and care, All, all are

Thy soul shall sink into the dark abyss!

Alas! Alas! Like a vapor the golden vision shall

The golden vision shall...
Golden visions wave andhover.

I am like abyss! Drink! drink! and thy soul shall sink! Drink! drink! and thy

fiendish, fiendish laughter Hereafter, This false physician, this

fade and pass! And thou shalt find in thy

fade and pass! And thou shalt find in thy

Fade and pass! And thou shalt find in thy

Happy lover! My weary breast at last finds

Soul shall sink into the dark abyss, into the

False... physician Will mock thee, Will

Heart again Only the blight of pain,

Heart again Only the blight of pain,

Heart again Only the blight of pain.

And
SCENE IV.

QUARTET WITHOUT ACCOMPANIMENT.

Mary comes in with a lamp; Max and Bertha follow her, and they all sing the "Beaming Song" on the lightness of the lamps.

SOPRANO
(Ten.)

Con Rote.

"O gladsome light!"

ALTO.
(Peter.)

"O gladsome light, O gladsome light!"

TENOR.
(Sol.)

"O gladsome light!

BASS.
(Cum.)

"O gladsome light!"

Trombones.
Seeing the evening twilight, we bless thee, seeing the evening twilight, we bless thee, seeing the evening twilight, we bless thee, seeing the evening twilight, we bless thee.

Father omnipotent! Son, the Light-giver! Spirit, the Comforter! Father omnipotent! Son, the Light-giver! Spirit, the Comforter!
Worthy of worship and wonder! Worthy at all times of worship and wonder!
O gladsome light!
O gladsome light!
SCENE V.


Andante espressivo.

ELsie.

My Re-deem-er, My Re-deem-er and my

Lord, I be-sea$h thee, I en-treat thee,
Guide me in each act and word. That here-after, that here-

after I may meet thee:

waiting, hoping, yearning, With my lamp well-triumph’d, well-triumph’d and

burning.
Un poco più moto.

Interceding with these bleeding wounds, these

bleeding wounds upon thy hands and side, For all who have lived and

R. H.

err'd Thou hast suffer'd, thou hast died, thou hast

suffer'd, thou hast died. Scourged, and mocked, and

Poco rall. A

Molto ritard.

crucified. And in the grave hast thou been buried!
If my feeble prayer can reach thee, Oh, my Savior, I beseech thee, I beseech thee, Even as thou hast died for me, More sincerely, more sincerely, Let me follow, let me follow where thou leadest, Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest, Die, if dying I may
give Life to one who asks to live, And more near
-

ly,
-

Dy-ing thus, re-sem-ble thee!
-

More
-

near-ly,
more near-ly, more near-ly, dy-
-

ing thus, re-sem-ble thee, re-sem-ble thee.
SCENE VI.
The Pilgrimage to Salerno.

[FOR ORCHESTRA ONLY.]

"Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city, impatiently bearing
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of doing and doing.

PRINCE HENRY. | Hark! what sounds are those, whose accents holy

ELSIE. | Fill the warm noon with music sad and sweet?

PILGRIMS. | It is a band of pilgrims, moving slowly,

| On their long journey with uncovered feet.

Tempo di Marcia. Poco moderato.
SCENE VII

(DRINKING SONG.)


Allegro con fuoco.

PIANO.

Cres.

FRIAR PAUL.

Con abbandon.

Ave color vincoliari, Dulcis potus non amari,
† Hail, thou vintage, clear and ruddy, Sweet of taste and fine of body,

Te nos inebriari, Digemeris pu-
Thro' thine aid we soon shall study How to make us

† This part may be sung by the singer of the role of "Lengeßer."

† English translation of this work by EDMUND C. STEWART.
Chorus of Monks.

"Fun-de, vino, non de vinum, tune de!"

"Tanquam ait fluminis ten-ti-a,"

"Fun-de, funde vinum, tun-de!"

"Pour the wine, then, pour it! pour it!"

"Let the wave bear all be-

"glo-rious."

"Pour the wine! pour it! pour it!"

Friar Paul.

"O! quam placens in colore!"

"Of thy color, ever-lasting!"
Simili!
O quam fragrans in odora!
O thy fragrance evanescent!

O quam sa-pido in ore!
Dulce lingua
with-in the mouth how pleas-ant!
Thou the tongue's prece-

Tempo, ff

Chorus of Monks.
Fun-de, vi-num, fun-de!
Pour the wine, then, pour it!

Fun-de, fun-de vi-num, fun-de! fun-de!
Pour the wine, O pour it, pour it! pour it!

Tempo.

Tan-quam sint flu-minis un-dae,
Let the wave bear all before it!

Nec quaer-a-ras, nec quaer-a-ras
There's none here, none here to
un-de, nec quae-ras, nec quae-ras un-de, fun-das,
score it! There's none here, none here to score it!

Sed fun-das, sem-per a-bun-de!
So pour it in plen-ty, pour it!

Friar Paul.

per a-bun-de!
per a-bun-de;

Fe - lix gut - tur quod - ri-ga-bis!
Blest the throat which thou dis-tend - est!

quem in-trabis! when thou send - est!

Fe - lix os - quod tu-la-va-bis, Et... be-a - ta, be-
Blest the mouth... which thou... be-friend - est, And... the lips... the
Chorus of Monks.

Fa ta be ta la bi a! lips, ... the lips victorious!

Funde vino, lon de! fun de! Tanquam nihil minis an die, Nec quae ras, nec quae ras unde, Nec quaeris unde, Nec quaeris unde, Nec quaeris unde, Sel none here, None here to score it! There's none here, none here to score it! So

Pour it, pour it!

Funde vs, sed fundas, Sem per a bunde! Sem per a bunde! Pour it, in plenty, Pour it, o pour it!
SCENE VIII.

The Revel, and appearance of the Abbot.

(For orchestra only.)

"What means this revel and carouse?
Is this a tavern and drinking house?
Are you Christian monks, or heathen devils,
To pollute this convent with your revels?"
SCENE IX.

At Genoa. A terrace overlooking the sea. Elsie coming from her chamber. Night.

Andante moderato.

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, Un-

Sopr. Alto.

Christe eleison.

Tenor.

Christe eleison.

Bass.

Christe eleison.

* Chorus remain seated throughout this number.
til they crowd the sky, And listen in breathless silence, To the

solemn litany.

Ky-ri-e le-son, Chi-ste le-son.

Ky-ri-e le-son, Chi-ste le-son.

(Organ.)

It begins in rocky caverns, As a voice that chants a-

son! Chi-ste e-

son! Chi-ste e-

son! Chi-ste e-

Organ ped. sustains.
To the pedals of the organ, In monotonous under-

sempre piano.

And anon from shelving beaches, And shallow sands be-

Beyond, In snow-white robes uprising, The ghostly choirs re-

Veillo. Fag.
SCENE X.
Barcarolle.

(For orchestra only.)

The fisherman, who lies afloat,
With shadowy sail, in yonder boat
Is singing softly to the Night!

A single step, and all is o'er;
And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free
From martyrdom and agony.

* Two (moderately slow) beats to the measure.
SCENE XI.

At Sea.

(CHORUS OF SAILORS.)

TENOR I.  

The wind upon our quarter lies, And

TENOR II.


BASS I.  

The wind upon our quarter lies, And

BASS II.


Cor.  

Pizz.
swiftly our light felucca flies, our light felucca
flies, our light felucca
flies.

Around the billows burst and
A - round the billows burst and foam,

foam, . . . . . . . . A - round the billows burst and

They lift her o'er the sunk - en rock, They beat her sides, They beat her foam, . . . They lift her o'er the sunk - en rock, They beat her sides, they beat her

sides, they beat her sides with man - ny a shock, With man - ny a

sides, they beat her sides with man - ny a shock, With man - ny a
shock! And then, up-\(\text{o} \)n their flowing dome, They poised her, they

shock! And then, up-\(\text{o} \)n their flowing dome, They poised her, they

poise her, like a weath-\(\text{e} \)r-cock. Now all is read-y, high and

poise her, like a weath-\(\text{e} \)r-cock. Now all is read-y, high and

Like a

ff

low, Blow!

ff

low, Blow!

Ped.  Ped.
blow! good Saint Antonio!

HA! that is the first dash, the first dash of the rain! With a sprinkle of spray, of
spray above the rail, Just e·nough, e·nough to moist·en our sails.

And make them read·y for the strain, and make them read·y for the strain.

See how she leaps when the blasts over·take her, And

for the strain.
speeds a-way with a bone in her mouth.

Now keep her head to-
ward...

mf

Now keep her head to-
ward the South, And

Now keep her head to-
ward, to-
ward the South, And

ward the South, toward the South, Now keep her head to-
ward the South, And

South, her head toward the South,

pp

there is no dan-
ger of bank or of breaker, there is no dan-
ger: With the

there is no dan-
ger of bank or of breaker, there is no dan-
ger: With the

pp

f

G. Eves.
breeze, the breeze behind us,  On we go, on we go, on we go!  Not too much, not too much, not too much.  

breeze, the breeze behind us,  On we go, on we go, on we go!  Not too much, not too much, not too much.  

... good Saint Antonio.
SCENE XII.

The College of Salerno. Lucifer disguised as a Friar. Enter Prince Henry, Elsie, and their attendants.

PRINCE HENRY.

Lucifer. Alto. moderato.

Can you direct us to Friar Angelo? He stands before you.

PRINCE HENRY.

I am Prince Henry of Holven-eyck, and this is

LUCIFER.

maiden that I spoke of in my letters. It is a very grave and solemn
business. Does she, of her own free will consent to this? Against all pray'rs, en-

LUCIFER (to Elsie.)

treaties, protest-a-ions, She will not be per-suaded. Have you thought well of it?

ELSIE.

argue, but to die. Your busi-ness not to question, but to kill

Ag-aist all pray'rs, en-treat-ies, pro-test.

Chorus of attendants

Ag-aist all pray'rs, en-treat-ies, pro-test.
me. I am ready, impatient to be gone. I must ful-

...ations. She will not be persuaded!

...ations. She will not be persuaded!

(To her attendants.)

...il my purpose!

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice, rejoice with me; I

Against all pray'rs, entreaties, protestations,

Against all pray'rs, entreaties, protestations,
shall not feel the pain, ... but shall be gone,
And you will lose another

against all prayers she will not be persuaded.

friend, another friend in heaven.
Believe not what she says, for she is

mad, and cannot die, but to be healed, but to be healed!
At last, at last!

Lucifer:

last! Prince Henry! Come with me, this way!
PRINCE HENRY. Andante.

Gone! Andante. gone!

and the light of all my life.

Why did you let this horrible

(deal be done? Why did you not lay hold on her, and keep her from

self-destruction? Angelo! Murderer!

(Chorus rise with this measure.)
ELSIE (from within.)

Farewell, farewell, dear Prince, listener!

ANGELO! MURDERER!

ANGELO! MURDERER!

PRINCE HENRY.

Well, farewell! Unbar the door!

ANGELO! MURDERER!

ANGELO! MURDERER!

LUCIFER.

It is too late, it

Unbar the door, Unbar the door!
is too late! It shall... not be too late!

It shall not be too

Poco rall. Tempo.
poco a poco string.

Burst the door open!

late! It shall not be too late!

Burst the door

open! Rush in!

open! Rush in!
SCENE XIII.


Allegro non troppo.

PIANO.

Elsie. f Animato.

Prince Henry. Be hold the hill tops all a glow With

pur - ple and with am - e - thyst; While the whole val - ley

depth below, Is filled, and seems to over flow. With a fast ris - ing

Is filled, and seems to over flow With fast

Cresc.
tide of mist, a rising tide, a rising tide, a tide of
ris- ing tide, a ris- ing tide, a ris- ing tide, a tide of

mist.

PRINCE HENRY.

mist.

The evening

air grows damp, grows damp and chill, Let us go in . . . let us go in.

ELSIE.

Ah, not so soon, see yon-der fire, see yon-der fire!
It is the moon slow rising, slow rising,

rising o'er the Eastern hill.

It glimmers o'er the forest tips, And thro' the dewy foliage drips, In little rivulets of light,

In little rivulets of light, And makes the heart in
SCENE XIV.

Epilogue and Finale.

COPRANO.

Andante, molto maestoso.

ALTO.

Andante, molto maestoso.

TENOR.

Piano.

ff Marcato.

BASS.

ff Dim.  p

O beauty of holiness, Of self-forgetfulness, of

ff Dim.  p

O beauty of holiness, Of self-forgetfulness,

ff Dim.  p

O beauty of holiness, Of self-forgetfulness, of
lowliness! O pow'r of meekness, Whose very gentleness and
weakness Are like the yielding, but irresistible air! O
beauty of holiness! O pow'r of meekness!

(Orig. Ped. sustains.)
In characters of gold, That never shall grow old, The
deed, the deed divine Shall burn, shall burn and shine Thro' all, thro' all the ages!
In characters of gold That never shall grow old, The
deed, the deed divine Shall burn, shall burn and shine Thro' all, thro' all the ages!
In characters of gold That never shall grow old, The
deed, the deed divine Shall burn, shall burn and shine Thro' all, thro' all the ages!
In characters of gold That never shall grow old, The
thru' all, all... the ages!

The deed, the deed divine... Shall burn, shall burn and

Shall shine thru' all... the ages With soft effulgence!

O God! O God! 'tis thy

O God! O God! O God! O God! 'tis thy in

O God! O God! O God! O God! 'tis thy in
dark, gigantic shadow sweeps, A blackness, inwardly bright'ning, As a

And a cry of lamentation

storm-cloud lurid with lightning, And a cry of lamentation Re-

Deep, deep and loud, Swells and rolls

peat-ed and a-gain re-peat-ed, Deep, deep and loud, Swells and rolls
away in the distance.

rolls away in the distance.

It is

Lucifer! The son of mystery!

O beauty of holiness.

L'istesso Tempo.

meek - ness, O pow'r of meek - ness! The deed, the deed di - vine, the deed di - vine shall burn and
shine, shall burn and shine thro' all, thro' all the

sempre ff

shine, shall burn and shine thro' all, thro' all... the

Thro' all the ages, the ages!

Thro' all the ages, the ages!