NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

PHOEBUS AND PAN

A DRAMATIC CHAMBER CANTATA

FOR SOLI, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

COMPOSED BY

J. S. BACH.

Edited, with Pianoforte Accompaniment, by JOHN E. WEST.
The English Version by J. MICHAEL DIACK.

5s. 6d.

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MADE IN ENGLAND.
PREFATORY NOTE.

"The contest between Phoebus and Pan" was composed by Bach to words supplied by Picander, and was performed for the first time in the year 1731 by the Leipzig Musical Society. The story, founded on the old Greek myth, deals with the competition for musical supremacy between Phoebus, the god of the lyre, and Pan with his rustic pipe. The other characters introduced are Momus, the god of mirth; Mercurius, who presides over the contest; Tmolus, who claims the prize for Phoebus; and King Midas, who is delighted with Pan's untutored skill. Phoebus, standing for all that is best in music, is Bach himself, while Pan represents the light opera composers of that period. In the character of Midas, Bach holds up to ridicule one Johann Adolph Scheibe, an organist whom he had been unable to recommend for a vacancy, and who in revenge had made some uncomplimentary remarks about Bach's music. The ass's ears, which Midas receives as punishment for his rash judgment, are humorously indicated in the accompaniment to his song. The work commences and finishes with choruses in six parts of a simple and melodious character. The Airs, while all beautiful and interesting examples of Bach's art, err, if at all, on the side of length, and it may be considered by some that it will be to the advantage of the performance of the work as a whole if they are shortened. Further particulars of this, the most important of Bach's secular cantatas, will be found in Spitta's "Life of Bach" published by Novello & Co.

J. M. D.
PHOEBUS AND PAN.

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No. 1.—Chorus.

Arouse ye, tempestuous stormwinds,
With angry loud clamour break forth from
your bonds,
Louder now, then gently sighing,
Wake the echo’s soft replying,
Hark! how sweetly she responds.

No. 2.—Recit.

(Phoebus.) And art thou then so arrogant
and bold as to declare within my presence, that
thou canst sing a sweeter song by far, than
I? (Pan.) Of that there is not any question,
for all the woods unite to praise my skill;
lightfooted nymphs, as through the groves
they gaily pass, whene’er they hear the
pipes of Pan, no longer can refrain from
dancing; ask them, and they will surely tell
thee, Pan of all singers is the sweetest.
(Phoebus.) For nymphs thou may’st suffice,
but yet, the gods on high, I warrant, would
scarcely give thee patient hearing. (Pan.)
Soon as my music fills the air, the valleys
leap for joy, and the mountains rejoice; in
graceful motion sway the branches, and
ev’rything beneath the starry heavens is glad
and gay; the little birds come unto me that
they may learn the art of singing. (Momus.)
Oh! hearken now to Pan, how modestly he
sings his praises.

No. 3.—Air.

Momus.

Oh, yes, just so,
If fortune you would know,
You must your trumpet blow;
This life’s a motley show!
Some can spend, but cannot pay,
An empty show!
Some there are who strut and crow,
And as proud as peacocks grow;
A motley show!
Fools are reckoned wonderous wise,
An empty show!
Truth itself is lost in lies,
Alas! ’tis so!
All life’s a motley show!

No. 4.—Recit.

(Mercurius.) Now, cease this idle wrangling! That we may settle once for all which
of you minstrels is the greater, let each select
a wise and worthy judge, who after hearing,
shall decide. Proceed your choice to make.
(Phoebus.) In Tmolus I will place my
trust. (Pan.) My chosen advocate is Midas.
(Mercurius.) Come hither, one and all, good
people, and give attentive ear; then shall we
see who is the better.

No. 5.—Air.

Phoebus.

With what rapture
Gaze I on thy wond’rous beauty,
Fairest of all mortals thou.
Perfect grace to thee is given,
And twin stars from highest heaven
Shine beneath thy matchless brow.

No. 6.—Recit.

(Momus.) Come, Pan, let’s hear thy best
endeavour, lest we call thee boaster! (Pan.)
When I have sung my song, then will you all
declare, a crow is Phoebus.

No. 7.—Air.

Pan.

My heart now is merry with laughter and
song.
He who hath a heavy heart,
If he would from grief depart,
Let him join the merry throng.

No. 8.—Recit.

(Mercurius.) Come now, the judgment give.
(Tmolus.) In truth an easy task is mine, for
surely there can be no question that unto
Phoebus must the prize be given. Pan, with
his rustic pipe, may give unto the nymphs
much pleasure, but when the strain of
Phoebus’ song is heard, all other singers
must be silent.
PHOEBUS AND PAN.

No. 9.—Air.

Tmolus.

Phoebus, in thy lovely song,
Nought of purest joy is wanting,
Birds in woodlands cease their song,
Hushed is all the busy throng,
When they hear thy strains enchanting.

No. 10.—Recit.

(Pan.) Come, Midas, let them hear your verdict on my song. (Midas.) Ah, Pan! as to thy song I listened new life within my heart awakened; thy wondrous music stirs my very soul. Not even the feathered songsters of the woodlands can equal thy melodious singing; therefore for thee I claim the prize. 'Tis thou, and thou alone, canst sing with true and tender feeling.

No. 11.—Air.

Midas.

Pan is victor, all must own,
Now hath Phoebus met disaster,
To mine ears Pan is the master,
Therefore should all honour unto Pan be shown.

No. 12.—Recit.

(Momus.) Why, Midas, thou art mad. (Mercurius.) Thy wits have surely gone astray. (Tmolus.) Of wits, methinks, he never had his share. (Phoebus.) Say, what to him shall then be done? If changed into a raven, in course of time he might grow wise. (Midas.) Ah! do not be too hard upon me, I did but humbly give thee my opinion.

(Phoebus.) Behold! I place now ass's ears upon thee. (Mercurius.) A just reward, and may his hearing show improvement. (Pan.) Now do we see how rash it was to enter this vain competition. (Midas.) Ah! yes, indeed! too late we learn our true position.

No. 13.—Air.

Mercurius.

Gods above attend us,
From such fools defend us,
Now the bells and cap of folly
Place on Midas' brow.
He who dares to go afloat
With no rudder on his boat,
Disaster o'erwhelming he swiftly shall know.

No. 14.—Recit.

(Momus.) Good Midas, thou hadst better go and hide thyself within the leafy forest; this thought, perchance, may bring thee comfort—a fool need never lack for brothers. Stupidity and ignorance for wisdom often is mistaken: an ass, if he bray loud enough, may, nowadays, among the learned find a place. And now, O Phoebus, charm us once again; with thy sweet singing let the woodlands echo.

No. 15.—Chorus.

Once again, our hearts refreshing,
With thy song our souls delight.
In thy music, beyond measure,
Find we ever truest pleasure,
In thy praises we unite.
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MOMUS and Soprano.

MERCIURUS and Alto.

TMOLUS and Tenor I.

MIDAS and Tenor II.

PHOEDES and Bass I.

PAN and Bass II.

A-rouse ye, a-

A-rouse ye, a-

A-rouse ye, a-

A-rouse ye, a-

A-rouse ye, tempestuous storm-winds, With angry loud

A-rouse ye, tempestuous storm-winds, With angry loud

A-rouse ye, tempestuous storm-winds, With angry loud

A-rouse ye, tempestuous storm-winds, With angry loud

A-rouse ye, tempestuous storm-winds, With angry loud

A-rouse ye, tempestuous storm-winds, With angry loud

A-rouse ye, tempestuous storm-winds, With angry loud

A-rouse ye, tempestuous storm-winds, With angry loud

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bonds.

bonds.

bonds.

bonds.

A - rouse ye, a -
Arouse ye, arouse ye, tempestuous
Arouse ye, arouse ye, tempestuous stormwinds, with
Arouse ye, tempestuous stormwinds, with angry loud

\[\textit{cresc.}\]

Arouse ye, arouse ye, tempestuous stormwinds, tempestuous stormwinds, with angry loud clamour, loud clamour, break forth from your

\[\textit{cresc.}\]

clamour, break forth from your bonds, break forth from your
pest-u-ous storm-winds, ar-ouse ye, tempest-u-ous

pest-u-ous storm-winds, ar-ouse ye, ar-ouse ye, tempest-u-ous

bonds, ar-ouse ye, ar-ouse ye, tempest-u-ous

bonds, ar-ouse ye, ar-ouse ye, tempest-u-ous

storm-winds, With an-gry loud clam-our break forth from your

storm-winds, With an-gry loud clam-our break forth from your

storm-winds, With an-gry loud clam-our break forth from your

storm-winds, With an-gry loud clam-our break forth from your

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pestuous storm-winds, With angry loud

clamour break forth from your bonds, Arouse ye, a-

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-rous'e, tem-pe-st'-u'-ous storm-winds, With an-g'ry loud
clam'-our break forth from your bonds.
Now, then gently sighing, wake the echoes soft responding.

Hark! how sweetly she responds.
Loud-er now, then
Loud-er now, then
Loud-er now, then
Loud-er now, then
Loud-er now, then
Loud-er now, then
18558
louder, louder still, louder, Wake the echoes
louder, louder still, louder, Wake the echoes
louder, louder still, louder, Wake the echoes
louder, louder still, louder, Wake the echoes
louder, louder still, louder, Wake the echoes

soft reply-ing, Hark! hark! sweet-ly she re-sponds.
soft reply-ing, Hark! hark! sweet-ly she re-sponds.
soft reply-ing, Hark! hark! sweet-ly she re-sponds.
soft reply-ing, Hark! hark! sweet-ly she re-sponds.
soft reply-ing, Hark! hark! sweet-ly she re-sponds.

D.C.
at Fine.

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N° 2. RECITATIVE.

PHŒBUS.

And art thou then so arrogant and bold as to declare within my presence, that thou canst sing a sweeter song by far, than

PAN.

Of that there is not any question, for all the woods unite to praise my skill; light-footed nymphs, as through the groves they gaily pass, when’er they hear the pipes of Pan, no longer
can refrain from danc-ing; ask them, and they will sure-ly tell thee, Pan

PHOEBUS.

of all singers is the sweetest. For nymphs thou mayst suffice, but yet, the

PAN.

gods on high, I war rant, would scarcely give thee pa-tient hear-ing. Soon as my

mus-sic fills the air, the val-leys leap for joy, and the moun-tains re-

joice; in grace-ful mo-tion sway the branch-es, and
ev'rything beneath the starry heavens is glad and gay; the

little birds come unto me that they may learn the art of

MOMUS.

singing. Oh! hearken now to Pan, how modestly he sings his praises.

N° 3. AIR.
Allegro moderato. \( \frac{d}{d} \) \( \frac{72}{72} \).

MOMUS.

Oh yes, just so, if fortune you would
Some can spend, but cannot pay,
An empty show! Some there are who strut and crow,
And as proud as peacocks grow,
A motley show! Some can spend, but cannot pay,
An empty show!
Some there are who strut and crow, And as
proud as peacocks grow, in truth, a motley show!

Fools are reckoned wondrous wise, an empty show! Truth it

self is lost in lies, alas! 'tis so! All life's a motley,

motley show, in truth, all life's a motley show!

D.C. al Fine.
No. 4. RECITATIVE.
MERCURIUS.

Now, cease this idle wrangling! That we may settle once for all which of you minstrels is the greater, let each select a wise and worthy judge, who, after hearing, shall decide. Proceed your choice to make. In Tmolus I will place my trust; My chosen advocate is Midas.
MERCUlius.

Come hither, one and all, good people, and give attentive ear; Then shall we see who is the better!

N° 5. AIR.
Largo (Andante.) $\text{q} = 72$. 
PHOEBUS.

With what rapture, with what rapture

gaze on thy wondrous beauty,

With what rapture gaze on thy
wondrous beauty, Fair est of all mortals

thou, With what rap ture,

with what rap ture, (t)

Gaze on thy won drous beau-

13568
-ty, Fair-est of all mortals thou. With what rap-

ture, Gaze I on thy

don- drous beaut-y, Fair-est, rar-est

13568
mortal thou, fairest of all mortals thou.
Perfect grace to thee is given,

poco cresc.

And twin-stars from highest heaven shine be-
poco cresc.

neath thy match-less brow.

poco dim.
Perfect grace to thee is given,

And twin-stars from highest heaven

Shine beneath thy matchless brow; twin-

poco cresc.

dim.

From

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No. 6. Recitative.

MOMUS.

Come, Pan, let's hear thy best endeavour, lest we call thee Pan.

boaster! When I have sung my song, then will you all declare, a crow is Phoebus.
my heart now is merry with laughter and song, my heart now is merry, my heart now is merry, my heart now is merry with laughter, with laughter, with.
laugh-ter, my heart now is mer-ry with laugh-ter and
song, my heart now is mer-ry with laugh-
-ter, with laugh-ter and song.
My
now is merry with laughter,

with laughter, my heart now is merry with

laughter and song, my heart now is merry

with laughter, with laughter and song, my
heart now is merry with laughter and song, with laughter and song, with rall. laughter and song. rall. a tempo
He who hath a heavy heart, If he would from
grief depart,
join the throng. He who hath a heavy
heart, If from grief he would depart,
Let him join the merry throng,
join the merry throng,

let him join the merry throng.

He who hath a

heav-y heart,

If from grief he

would de-part,

Let him join the mer-ry
N° 8. RECITATIVE.

MERCURIUS.

Come now, the judgment give. In truth an easy task is
mine, for surely there can be no question that unto Phoebus
must the prize be given. Pan, with his rustic pipe, may give un-
to the nymphs much pleasure, but when the strain of
Phoebus's song is heard, all other singers must be silent.
No. 9. AIR.

Andantino grazioso. \( \text{♩= 132} \).

TMOLUS.

Phoe-bus, in thy love-ly song, Nought of pur-est joy, of pur-
est joy is want-ing, Phoe-bus, Phoe-bus in thy
lovely song, Nought of purest joy is wanting,

Phoebus, in thy lovely song, Nought of purest joy is wanting,
Birds in wood-lands cease their song, Hushed is all the busy throng,
When they hearthy strains enchanting, when they hearthy strains enchanting,

* The small note is C in Bach Society's Edition, but this seems very doubtful.
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is the busy throng, Birds in woodlands cease their song, Hushed is all the busy throng, When they hear thy strains enchanting, when they hear thy strains enchanting.

poco cresc. poco dim. poco cresc. poco dim. poco cresc. poco dim.
Phoe - bus, in thy love-ly song, Nought of pur-est joy, of pur -

est joy is wanting, Phoe - bus, Phoe - bus, in thy

love-ly song, Nought of pur-est joy is want -

ing, nought of joy, of pur-est
joy, of purest joy is wanting.

Pheebus, in thy love-ly song, Nought

of purest joy is wanting, Nought

cresc.

of purest joy, of purest joy, Nought of purest
N° 10. RECITATIVE.

PAN.

JOY IS WANTING.

MIDAS.

COME, MIDAS, LET THEM HEAR YOUR VERDICT ON MY SONG. AHH

PAN! AS TO THY SONG I LISTEN'D NEW LIFE WITHIN MY HEART A-WAKEN'D; THY WONDEROUS MUSIC STIRS MY VERY SOUL. NOT

13588
even the fea-thered song-sters of the wood-lands can e-qual thy me-
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MIDAS.

Pan is victor, all must own, all must own, Pan is victor,
all must own, all must own,
own, Pan is victor, all must own,

all must own, all must own, Pan is victor, all must own,

own, all must own, all must own, all must own,

Pan is victor, all must own, all must own, all must own,
own, Pan is victor, all must own, all must own, Pan is victor, all must own, Pan is victor, all must own.
Now hath Phoebus met disaster,

To mine ears, Pan is the master,

Therefore should all honour unto Pan be shown.
Now hath Phoebus met dis-
as-ter,
ears he is the mas-ter,
Therefore should all hon-our un-to Pan be shown;
un-to Pan a-lone,
hon-our should be shown to
Pan a-lone, all hon-our should be shown to Pan a-lone.
N° 12. RECITATIVE.

MOMUS.

Why, Midas, thou art mad. Thy wits have surely gone astray. Of wits, me-thinks, he never had his share! Say, what to him shall then be done? If changed into a raven, in course of time he might grow wise. Ah! do not be too hard upon me, I did but humbly give thee my opinion. Behold! I place now ass’s ears up.

MERCIURUS.

TMOLUS.

PHOEBUS.

PHOEBUS.

MIDAS.

13568
MERCIUS.

- on thee. A just re-ward, and may his hearing show improvement. Now do we

MIDAS.

see how rash it was to en-ter this vain com-pe-ti-tion. Ah yes, in-

-deed, too late we learn our true po-si-tion.

No 13. AIR.

Moderato maestoso. \( \frac{d}{72} \).

\( \text{(br)} \)

\( \text{(br)} \)

\( \text{dim.} \)

\( \text{mp} \)
MERCURIUS.

Gods above attend us,
From such fools defend us,
Now the bells and

cap of folly Place on Midas' brow. Gods above at...
-tend us, From such fools de-fend us,

cresc.

Place the bells and cap of fol-ly on his brow.

(b)

f

(b)

f

Gods a-bove at -
From such fools defend us,

Now the bells and cap of folly,
now the bells and cap of folly, Place on Midas' brow.

L.H.  L.H.
Gods above attend us, From such fools defend us,
Now the bells and cap of folly

Place upon his brow, Now the bells

(last time rall.)

and cap of folly Place upon his brow.

13568
-float With no rudder on his boat, Dis-as-ter o'er-whel-ming he swif-ly shall

know, dis-as-ter, dis-as-ter o'er-whel-ming, oer-whelm-

-ing, dis-as-ter o'er-whel-ming, dis-as-ter o'er-whelm-

-ing he swif-ly shall know.
He who dares to go a-float

He who dares to go a-float

With no rudder on his boat, Disaster overwhelming, appalling;

He who dares to go a-float
N° 14. RECITATIVE.
MOMUS.

Good Midas, thou hadst better go and hide thyself within

- in the leafy forest; this thought, perchance, may bring thee comfort-
a fool need never lack for brothers. Stupidity

and ignorance for wisdom often is mistaken: an ass, if

he bray loud enough, may, now-a-days, among the learned find a

place. And now, O Phoebus, charm us once again; with thy sweet singing let the woodlands echo.
No. 15. CHORUS.

Allegretto. \( \text{d} = 66 \).

MOMUS and Soprano.

Once again, our hearts refreshing, With thy

MERCIUS and Alto.

Once again, our hearts refreshing, With thy

TMOLUS and Tenor I.

Once again, our hearts refreshing, With thy

MIDAS and Tenor II.

Once again, our hearts refreshing, With thy

PHOEbus and Bass I.

Once again, our hearts refreshing, With

PAN and Bass II.

Once again, our hearts refreshing, With
Once again, our hearts refreshing, With thy
song our souls delight.

In thy music,
Find we ever tru-est pleas-ure, In thy
prais-es we u-nite. In thy mus-ic,
prais-es we u-nite. In thy mus-ic,
prais-es we u-nite. In thy mus-ic,
- nite, Find we ev-er tru-est pleas-ure, In thy prais-es we u-
- nite, Find we ev-er tru-est pleas-ure, In thy prais-es we u-
- nite, thy prais-es we u-nite, in thy prais-es we u-
- nite. Tempo I?
Once again, our hearts refreshing,
With thy song our souls delight.

Once again, our hearts refreshing,
With thy song our souls delight.

Once again, our hearts refreshing,
With thy song our souls delight.

Once again, our hearts refreshing,
With thy song our souls delight.

Once again, our hearts refreshing,
With thy song our souls delight.

rall.

rall.

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rall.

rall.
MODERN CHORAL WORKS

Arthur Bliss

Pastoral

Lie strewn the White Flocks

Solo for MEZZO-S.

Vocal Score, 5s. 0d.

The words of Arthur Bliss’s “Pastoral” have been described as “a little anthology of bucolic verse,” the authors of the seven poems being Ben Jonson, John Fletcher, Poliziano (translated by E. Geoffrey Dunlop), Robert Nicholls, and Theocritus (translated by Andrew Lang). The work has been specially welcomed by small choral societies who wish to keep in the current of modern music, for it calls for only a few dozen voices and is scored only for solo flute, drums, and string orchestra. The mezzo-soprano solo may be omitted. Time of performance, about 30 Minutes. Full Score and Orchestral Parts on Hire.

Arthur Bliss

Morning Heroes

A Symphony for Orator, Chorus, and Orchestra

Vocal Score, 7s. 6d.

A heroic ceremonial work written in memory of the composer’s brother and other comrades killed in battle. In composing his homage to the spirit of war-heroism throughout the ages Bliss went to various sources for his text—Walter Leaf’s translation of the Iliad, Walt Whitman’s “Drum-taps,” the Chinese poet Li-Tai-Po, Chapman’s Iliad, Wilfred Owen (“Spring Offensive”), and Robert Nicholls (“Dawn on the Somme”). Although the choral music demands the services of a first-class choir, it is free from excessive difficulty. Choirs have been known to give fully adequate performances of the work after less than two months’ study.

A large orchestra is required, but provision is made for the omission of extra instruments and the use of a normal symphony orchestra.

Time of performance, about 1 Hour. Full Score and Orchestral Parts on Hire.

George Dyson

Quo Vadis

For S.A.T.B. Soli, Chorus and Orchestra

Vocal Score, 7s. 6d.

Composed for the Three Choirs Festival, Hereford, 1939, the work is designed as a cycle of sacred poems in separate numbers but having a connected sequence of thought. Some of the numbers are for smaller choral sections and the scoring is for normal symphony orchestra.

“Throughout the work the composer’s aim is simplicity. . . . The music has a natural spontaneity, an easy flow. . . . Dyson has already convinced us that he is a master of colour-harmony; and the sumptuous richness of his ensembles is striking as the result of design felt at the beginning.” Musical Opinion.

E. J. Moeran

Nocturne

Poem by ROBERT NICHOLLS

Solo for BAR.

Vocal Score, 2s. 6d.

The work was composed for the Norwich Philharmonic Society, and is dedicated to the memory of Frederick Delius. It is a sincere and moving setting of a fine poem. The vocal writing (mainly in eight parts) is modern in outlook without being unduly difficult. A competent orchestra (particularly wind) is essential. About 15 Minutes. Full Score and Orchestral Parts, MS.

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