To
THE APOLLO CLUB, BOSTON, MASS.

Paul Revere's Ride
—"My country, 'tis of thee I sing"—

Cantata for Men's Voices with Tenor and Baritone Solos and Orchestral Accompaniment. Poem by H. W. LONGFELLOW

The Music by DUDLEY BUCK

Vocal Score, 75c. net
Full Orchestral Score, $5.00 net
Full Orchestral Parts, $5.00 net

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A LIST OF WORKS
FOR MEN'S VOICES

BY
DUDLEY BUCK

A.—With Accompt.

1. "The Nun of Nidaros." Cantata, with Tenor Solo. (Accompt. for Piano obligato and Reed Organ. Additional parts for Flute and String Quintet may be had from the publishers in MS.)

2. "King Olaf's Christmas." Cantata, with Baritone and Tenor Solos. (Accompt. as above.)

3. "Chorus of Spirits and Hours." from P. B. Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," with Tenor Solo. (Accompt. as above. Full Score published.)

4. "The Voyage of Columbus." Cantata, in Seven Night-Scenes. (Full Orch. Score, Orch., Parts, Vocal and Piano Score. English and German.)

5. "Bugle Song," from Tennyson's "Princess." "The Splendor Falls." (Accompt. as in No. 1, with two Cornets obligato behind the Scenes.)

6. "Paul Revere's Ride." Cantata, with Baritone and Tenor Solos. (Accompt. for Piano obligato, Flute, two Clarionets, two Horns, and String Quartet. Also, in default of Horns, an adaptation for two Cornets. Full Score, Orch. Parts, Vocal and Piano Score.)

7. "In Vocal Combat" (Piano Accompt.), on the theme, "Then you'll Remember Me," and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."—

B.—Without Accompt.

1. On the Sea.
2. Twilight.
3. The Signal Resounds.
4. In Memoriam.
5. The Spring is come, Hurra!

HARMONISATIONS.

6. Robin Adair.
7. Annie Laurie.
8. Blue Bells of Scotland.
10. When the Corn is Waving.
11. Home, Sweet Home.
PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

CANTATA

For Men's Voices

POEM BY

H. W. LONGFELLOW

MUSIC BY

DUDLEY BUCK

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Not a single man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or by sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-fool to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with
Muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The "Somerset," British man-of-war;
A huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
To the belfry-chamber overhead:
Then paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"

But suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.
Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere,  
And gazed at the landscape far and near.  
But mostly he watch'd, with eager search,  
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown:  
And one was safe, and asleep in his bed,  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest!

And so through the night rode Paul Revere,  
And so through the night rang his cry of alarm,  
A cry of defiance and not of fear,  
And a word that shall echo for evermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
The people will waken and listen to hear  
The midnight message of Paul Revere.
To the
APOLLO CLUB: Boston, Mass.

Paul Revere's Ride.

Poem by
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

("My country, 'tis of thee I sing.")

Music by
DUDLEY BUCK.

Animato, ma Maestoso. (d = 88)

* Piano.

Moderato, recitante.
BARITONE SOLO.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear—— Of the mid-night

* N. B. The accompt. is for Piano obligato, Flute, two Clarionets, two Horns, and String—Quintet. These parts and full score may be had from the publishers. Also, in default of the Horns, an adaptation for two Cornets.

Copyright, 1898, by G. Schirmer.
ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in

"Seventy-five!"
Not a single man is now alive—Who re-

Tempo di Marcia.
A TENOR I & II. unis.

Tempo di Marcia. (\( \text{\textit{unrest}} \))

said to his friend, "If the British march By land or by sea from the
town to-night, Hold a lantern a-loft in the belfry-arch of the
North Church tower as a signal light:

and two, if by sea; And
One, if by land, and two, if by sea; And

I on the opposite shore will be, Ready to ride and

11099
spread the a-farm Thro' ev'ry Middle-sex vil-lage and farm.

For the coun-try-folk to be up, to be up and to

Poco Adagio, tranquillo.

Then he said,'Good-
Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar, si lent-ly.

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar, si lent-ly.

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore.

BASS I.

BASS II.

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar, si lent-ly.

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore.

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore.

BASS II.

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore.

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore.
TENOR I.

Just as the moon rose

TENOR II.

Just as the moon rose

Just as the moon rose over the bay, rose

Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Piu moto.

A huge black hulk,
A huge black hulk, a huge black hulk,

A huge black hulk, a huge black hulk.

Piu moto. \((\text{q} = 80)\)

A hulk, that was magnified. By its own reflection.
A hulk, that was magnified. By its own reflection.

A hulk, that was magnified. By its own reflection.

Tempo di Marcia.

Reflection on the tide.
Reflection on the tide.
Reflection on the tide.

Tempo di Marcia. \((\text{q} = 92)\)
Meanwhile, his friend, thro' alley and street, Wanders and watches with eager ears, Till in the silence around him he hears the sound of arms, and the tramp of feet.

Tenor Solo.

Bass I. II.
Marching, marching And the measured tread of the grenadiers, Marching down to their

down to the shore, marching down to the shore.

Boats on the shore.
Chorus. Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church.

To the belfry-chamber overhead:

TENOR I. cresc.

Then paused to listen, and

TENOR II. Then paused to listen, and

then look down a moment, on the roofs of the town,
Tenor Solo.  Moderato. ($=72$.)

And the moon-light flow-

ritard.

TENORS

- ing o-ver all. Chorus. BASSES (※) Be-

Adagio molto. ($=68$.)

neath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,

neath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,

pizz.

nigh-ten-campment on the hill.

nigh-ten-campment on the hill.

Clar. Solo  In their

Clar. Solo

dolce  p dolente

Clar. Viola

(* The proper effect of this passage depends upon the conductor's securing a true balance of vocal parts in the pp low chords. They must sound sepulchral, but not "muddy."
Tenor I.

_TENOR I._

_Sempre pp_

Wrapp'd in si-lence so deep and still

That

Wrapp'd in si-lence so deep and still

That

_BASS I._

Wrapp'd in si-lence so deep and still

That

Wrapp'd in si-lence so deep and still

That

_BASS II._

_Sp più moto._

he could hear, like a sen-tinels tread, The
he could hear, could hear, like a sen-tinels tread, The
he could hear, could hear, like a sen-tinels tread, The
he could hear, could hear, like a sen-tinels tread, a

Più moto. _P = 73._

_P quasi Arpa_

without Ped.

Watch-_ful_ night _wind_ as _it_

Watch-_ful_ night _wind_ as _it_

Watch-_ful_ night _wind_ as _it_

Sen-tinels tread, The night _wind_ as it west

Creep _ing,

14089
went. Creep-ing a-long from tent to tent, And

went Creep-ing from tent to tent.

went Creep-ing a-long from tent to tent.

creep-ing a-long from tent to tent.


seem-ing to whisper, "All is

And seem-ing to whisper, "All is

And seem-ing to whisper, "All is

And seem-ing to whisper, "All is

F Allegro vivace.

well!"

well!"

well!"

well!"

F Allegro vivace. (♯ = 130.)
Tenor Solo.

Tenor di Marcia. (d=92)

But suddenly all his thoughts are bent on a shadowy something far away, where the river widens to meet the bay.

BASS I. II. unison.
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

while, impatient to mount and ride,

Tempo di Marcia.

shore walked Paul Re-vere, And gazed on the landscape
Chorus. BASS I. II.  PP

far and near.  But mostly he watch'd, with

eager search, The belfry-tower of the old North Church.

Baritone Solo.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  A

poco rall.  Moderato.

glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  He

Vivace,  

springs to the saddle,  the bridle he turns,  but

* The Baritone Soloist must not "shout" this note. The "light" was probably a tallow-candle.
lingers, and gazes, till full on his sight. A second lamp in the belfry.

burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street. A

shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,

Tenor pauses.

shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark

Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:

That was all!
That was all! And

yet, thro' the gloom and the light. The

fate of a nation was riding that night.

And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight.
Kindled the land into flame, into flame with its heat!

Un poco più moto. (d=116)

(Clock strikes.)

Veil, Viola.

Baritone Solo.

Tempo di Marcia.
Più moderato.

Medford town,

TENORS.

Chorus. And felt the damp of the river-fog, That

BASSES. And felt the damp of the river-fog, That

Più moderato.

rises after the sun goes down.

rises after the sun goes down.

Allegro moderato.

Fl. Clar.

VI.

14099
Baritone Solo.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.

Fl. & Clar.

Chorus. Bass I, II. pp
And the meeting-house windows,
Without Ped.

‘Cello. & Basso.

blank and bare— Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
Chorus. TENOR II. BASS I. II.

(TENOR I. pauses.) As if they al-ready

TEN. II & B. I.

B. II stood a-ghast

At the bloody work they would look up-on.

Baritone Solo.

It was
Two by the village clock

Concord town:

Chorus. And felt the breath of the morning breeze Blowing over the

And felt the breath of the morning breeze Blowing over the

Tenor Solo.

And meadows brown. molto ritard.

Moderato. (M. 78.)

One was safe, and asleep in his bed, Who at the
bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be
lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-bull.
You know the rest!
You know the rest!
Tempo I.
Chorus. And so thro' the

night rode Paul Revere, And so thro' the

night rode Paul Revere, And so thro' the

sempre cresc.

sempre con fuoco

night rang his cry of alarm, A cry of de-
night rang his cry of alarm, A cry of de-

fi ance, and not of fear, And a word thatshall
fi ance, and not of fear, And a word thatshall
Echo forevermore:

borne on the night wind of the past, Thro'

all our history, to the last,

The