To the Eurydice Society of Philadelphia

HORATIO PARKER
Op. 74

Seven
Greek Pastoral Scenes

FOR FOUR-PART CHORUS OF
WOMEN'S VOICES, SOPRANO
AND ALTO SOLOS, OBOE,
HARP, AND STRINGS, OR
PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

WORDS AFTER
MELEAGER AND ARGENTARIUS

Vocal Score, 40 cents net

Book of Words, $2.00 a Hundred

G. SCHIRMER
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SEVEN GREEK PASTORAL SCENES

(After Meleager and Argentarius)

I
The windy winter from the sky is gone,
The purple springtime brings the flowers with glee.
The wan earth puts her grassy garland on,
And fresh leaves deck each quick'ning plant and tree.
Fed by soft dewdrops of the genial dawn,
With opening roses all the meadows smile.
Clear pipes the shepherd on the mountain lawn,
And gray-haired kids the goatherd’s heart beguile.

Now o'er the sea’s broad back the sailors fare,
Unwearied Zephyr fills the swelling sail,
Now, wreaths of clus't'ring ivy in their hair,
To the grape-giver Bacchus shout, “All hail!”

Now ev'ry tribe of birds sings clear and shrill,
The twitt'ring household swallow in the dale,
The halcyon and swan on wave and rill,
And, shadowed in the grove, the nighingale.

For lo! the forest boughs and leaves rejoice,
The earth has burgeoned and the shepherd sings,
The fleecy flocks make merry with one voice.
And sailors go on their sea-wanderings.

And now, when Dionysus leads his jocund quire,
And wingèd songsters tune their various lay,
And bees go lab'ring on and never tire,
Then shall our singers freely all be gay!

II
I will twine the violet,
And with soft narcissus set
Laughing lifes, and with these
Myrtles and sweet crocuses.
Hyacinth that purple blows,
And the lover-loving rose.
These for garlands will I pour
On thy head, my Heliodore.
On thy locks of curling hair,
On thy tresses sweet with myrrh.

III
Come, come is the swallow,
With fair spring to follow.
She and the fair weather
Are come along together.
White is her breast,
And black all the rest.
Roll us a cake
Out of the door,
From your rich store.
For the swallow’s sake.
And wine in a flasket,
And cheese in a basket.
And wheat-bread and rye:
These the swallow will not put by.

Will you give us, or shall we go?
if you will, why wait you so?
But an if you shall say us nay,
Then we will carry the door away.
Or the lintel above it, or, easiest of all,
Your wife within, for she is but small.

Give us our need
And take, “God speed!”
Open the door to the swallow, then,
For we are children and not old men.

IV
White flow’rs the violet now,
Narcissus flow’rs
And drinks the dewy show’rs:
The fly-plants arrow
On hillsides grow.
But Spring's best crown, her flow'r of
flow'rs, is here,
     My lady-love, my dear,
     Most winsome bud that blows,
     And sweetest rose.
Proud fields, in vain ye laugh, with
bloom'd bedight;
     For lo, my lady's light
     Is better than the breath
     Of all your wreath.

V
Sweet on the pipe, by Pan of Arcady,
     Sweet is thy song and on the viol
     sweet.
I cannot fly, for Love encompass me
     And leave no breathing-space, no, not
one whit;
For song and grace and beauty breathe
desire
Now all at once: so I am all on fire.

VI
Love! I cry, the truant Love!
     Now, but now, at break of day,
Did he from his couch remove,
     Spread his wings and fly away.

Ever prattling is the child.
     Sweetly tearful, laughing sly,
Quiver-girt, of spirit wild,
     Swift of foot and swift to fly.

Who his father none can tell;
     Heav'n and earth profess to me
They are not responsible
     For this brave; so says the sea.

All men fear him ev'rywhere;
     Look you well in ev'ry part,
Lest, unseen, he lay a snare,
     Gentle hearer, for your heart.

Ah, the archer! There he lies,
     Hid beneath my mistress' brow,
In the shadow of her eyes,
     Darting at me even now!

VII
The golden stars are quiring in the west,
     And in their measure will I dance my
best,
     But in no dance of man.
High on my head a crown of flow'rs I
raise,
     And strike my sounding lyre to Phoebus'
praise,
     For this is life's best plan.
Lo! the whole firmament were wrong
     Had it no crown, no song.
To the Eurydice Society of Philadelphia

Seven Greek Pastoral Scenes

For Women’s Voices with Soprano and Alto Solos, Oboe, Harp, and Strings, or Piano Accompaniment

I

“The windy winter from the sky is gone”

Meleager

Horatio Parker, Op. 74

Copyright, 1913, by G. Schirmer
Purple spring-time brings the flowers with glee, the wan earth puts her

Grassy garland on, and fresh leaves deck each quick'ning plant and tree.

Purple spring-time brings the flowers with glee, the wan earth puts her

Grassy garland on, and fresh leaves deck each quick'ning plant and tree.
Fed by soft dew-drops of the genial dawn, With opening roses all the meadows smile.

Clear pipes the shepherd on the

With opening roses all the meadows smile.

Clear pipes the shepherd on the
mountain lawn.__ And gray-haired kids the goat-herd's heart be-guile.

mountain lawn.__ And gray-haired kids the goat-herd's heart be-guile.

mountain lawn.__ And gray-haired kids the goat-herd's heart be-guile.

mountain lawn.__ And gray-haired kids the goat-herd's heart be-guile.

**p sostenuto**

Now o'er the sea's broad back the

**p sostenuto**

Now o'er the sea's broad back the

**p sostenuto**

Now o'er the sea's broad back the

**p sostenuto**

Now o'er the sea's broad back the
sailors fare, Unwearied
sailors fare, Unwearied
sailors fare, Unwearied
sailors fare, Unwearied

Zephyr fills the swelling sail; Now,
Zephyr fills the swelling sail; Now,
Zephyr fills the swelling sail; Now,
Zephyr fills the swelling sail; Now,
shrill, "All hail!"

The household swallow in the

shrill, "All hail!"

The household swallow in the

shrill, "All hail!"

The household swallow in the

cresc.

dale, The hal-cy-on and swan on wave and rill, And,

dale, "All hail! All hail!"

And,
dale, "All hail! All hail! All hail!"

And the swan on wave and rill, And,
dale, "All hail! All hail! All hail! All hail!"
shadowed in the grove, the nightingale.

For lo! the forest boughs and

shadowed in the grove, the nightingale.

For lo! the forest boughs and

In the grove, the nightingale.

For lo! the forest boughs and

leaves rejoice, The earth has burgeoned and the shepherd sings, The

leaves rejoice, The earth has burgeoned and the shepherd

leaves rejoice, The earth has burgeoned the shepherd sings, The

leaves rejoice, The earth has burgeoned the shepherd
fleece-y flocks make mer-ry with one voice,
And
sings.
And
fleece-y flocks make mer-ry with one voice,
And
sings.
The fleece-y flocks make mer-ry, And the
sailors go on their sea-wander-ings. And now when
sailors go on their sea-wander-ings. And now when
sailors go on their sea-wander-ings. And now when
sailors go on their sea-wander-ings. And now when
Dionysus leads his jocund quire, And wing-ed song-sters tune their piu largo e pesante.

Dionysus leads his jocund quire, And wing-ed song-sters tune their piu largo e pesante.

Dionysus leads his jocund quire, And wing-ed song-sters tune their piu largo e pesante.

Dionysus leads his jocund quire, And wing-ed song-sters tune their piu largo e pesante.

Dionysus leads his jocund quire, And wing-ed song-sters tune their piu largo e pesante.

various lay, And bees go labring on and never tire, Then shall our

various lay, And bees go labring on and never tire, Then shall our

various lay, And bees go labring on and never tire, Then shall our

various lay, And bees go labring on and never tire, Then shall our

various lay, And bees go labring on and never tire, Then shall our

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singers freely
singers freely, then shall our singers freely all be
singers freely, freely, freely all be

gay, all be gay!
gay, all be gay!
gay, all be gay!
gay, all be gay!
"I will twine the violet"

Meleager

Soprano

Moderato

I will twine the violet, And with soft narcissus set laughing lilies,

and with these myrtles and sweet crocuses, express.

Hyacinth that purple blows, hyacinth that
purple blows, And the lover-loving rose.

These for garlands will I pour On thy head, my

He-li-o-dore, On thy locks of curling hair, On thy tresses

dolce ad lib.
sweet with myrrh.

rit. molto e dim. ppp
III

Folksong*

The Swallow Song

Allegretto

Come, come is the swallow, With fair spring to follow. She and the fair weather

Are come along together. White is her weather

Are come along together. White is her weather

Are come along together. White is her weather

Are come along together. White is her weather

* Sung by Greek boys from door to door when the first swallow came oversea.
wine in a flasket,  And wheat-bread and rye:

wine in a flasket,  And wheat-bread and rye:

And cheese in a basket,

And cheese in a basket,

These the swallow will not put by.

These the swallow will not put by.

These the swallow will not put by.

These the swallow will not put by.

Come, come is the swallow.

Come, come is the swallow.

Come, come is the swallow.

Come, come is the swallow.
Vivo

Will you give us or shall we go? If you will, why wait you so?

Will you give us or shall we go? If you will, why wait you so?

Will you give us or shall we go? If you will, why wait you so?

Will you give us or shall we go? If you will, why wait you so?

Vivo

But an if you shall say us nay, Then we will carry the door a-way, Or the

But an if you shall say us nay, Then we will carry the door a-way, Or the

But an if you shall say us nay, Then we will carry the door a-way, Or the

But an if you shall say us nay, Then we will carry the door a-way, Or the

lin-tel a-bove it, or, easiest of all, Your

lin-tel a-bove it, or, easiest of all, Your

lin-tel a-bove it, or, easiest of all, Your

lin-tel a-bove it, or, easiest of all, Your
then, For we are children and not old

men.

men.

men.

men.
Come, come is the swallow, with fair spring to follow. She and the fair weather are come altogether.

White is her breast,
And black all the rest, come is the swallow.
And black all the rest, come is the swallow.
And black all the rest, come is the swallow.
IV

“White flowers the violet now”

Meleager

Poco lento

\[ \text{White flow'rs the vi-o-let now, Narcis-sus flow'rs And} \]

drinks the dew-y show'rs: The lil-y-plants a-row On hill-sides grow.

\[ \text{But Spring's best crown, her flow'r of flow'rs, is} \]

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here, My la-dy-love, my dear, Most win-some bud that
blows, And sweet-est rose. Proud fields, in
vain ye laugh, with blooms be-dight; For lo, my la-dy's light Is
to the breath Of all your wreath.
"Sweet on the pipe"

Meleager

Moderato, poco rubato

Sweet on the pipe, by Pan of Arcady, Sweet is thy song,

Sweet on the pipe, by Pan of Arcady, Sweet is thy song,

Sweet on the pipe, by Pan of Arcady, Sweet is thy song,

Sweet on the pipe, by Pan of Arcady, Sweet is thy song,

Moderato, poco rubato

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.

and on the violin sweet. I cannot fly, for Loves encompass me.
And leave no breathing-space, no, not one whit; For
leaving me no breathing-space, no, not one whit;
me And leave no breathing-space, no, not one whit;
me And leave no breathing-space, no, not one whit;

For song and grace and beauty breathe desire Now all at
For song and grace and beauty breathe desire Now all at
For song and grace and beauty breathe desire Now all at
For song and grace and beauty breathe desire All at

once, now all at once: so I am all on fire!
once, now all at once: so I am all on fire!
once, now all at once: so I am all on fire!
once, now all at once: so I am all on fire!

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VI

Meleager

"Love! I cry"

Soprano

Allegro giocoso

Love! I cry, the truant Love! Now, but now, at break of day,

Did he from his couch re-move, Spread his wings and fly a-way.

Ev-er prattling is the child, Sweetly tear-ful, laughing sly,
Quiver-girt, of spirit wild, Swift of foot and swift to fly.

Who his father none can tell;

Heaven and earth profess to me They are not responsible For this brave; so says the sea. All men fear:

him everywhere; Look you well in every part,
piu moderato

Lest, unseen, he lay a snare, Gentle hearer, for your heart.

Ah, the archer! There he lies,

Hid beneath my mistress' brow, In the shadow of her eyes,

Darting at me even now, even now, even now!
"The golden stars are quiring in the west"

Marcus Argentarius

Molto risoluto

And in their measure I will dance my best,
But in no dance of man.

In their measure I will dance my best,
But in no dance of

In their measure I will dance my best,
High on my head a crown of flowers I raise,
man.

High on my head a crown of
in no dance of man.

But in no dance of man.

And strike my sounding lyre to
flowers.

I'll strike my lyre to Phebus' raise,
And strike my sounding lyre to Phebus' flowers.
Phoebus' praise, For this is life's best plan, for this is life's best plan.

For this, this is life's best plan.

I'll strike my lyre to Phoebus' praise, For this is life's best plan, life's best plan.

Lo! the whole firmament were wrong Had it no crown, no

Lo! the whole firmament were wrong Had it no crown, no

Lo! the whole firmament were wrong Had it no crown, no

Lo! the whole firmament were wrong Had it no crown, no

f subito

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