| Resurgam |
| Soli, Chorus and Orchestra |
| Henry Hadley |
| Oliver Ditson Company |
| Boston |
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OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
174-176 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Resurgam

For Soli, Chorus and Orchestra

Text by
Louise Ayres Garnett

Music by
Henry Hadley

Opus 98

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To the  
Memory of My Dear Father
Table of Contents

**Part I — Birth**

1. Out of the dust Thou hast raised me Chorus 1
2. Love supreme and light of light Alto solo 24

**Interlude — Scherzo**

7. Over the hills of the sky they come dancing Chorus of children 28

**Part II — Life**

4. Into the noon of labor I go forth Bass solo 46
5. I know my fires consume too fast Quartet 50

**Part III — Death**

6. Into the valley-land my feet descend Chorus and Soprano solo 57
7. When sleeping shall my eyelids close Chorus 95

**Part IV — Re-Birth**

8. I slept, and now I wake again Tenor solo 112
9. I praise Thee! Chorus 120

[ 5 ]
Resurgam

PART I — BIRTH

No. 1 — Out of the dust Thou hast raised me

Out of the dust Thou hast raised me, God of the living;
Out of the dust Thou hast raised me, and brought me to the light of the morning.
Mine eyes are full of the wonders of creation,
And my spirit leaps within me.
I behold Thy glory lifted into mountains,
Thy kindness deepened into valleys.
Thy hospitable mercies poured unmeasured in the seas.
In plenteous ways thou hast devised the telling of Thy dreams,
Entreatng beauty from the clay,
And quickening man from out his dusty silence.
Thou finest flakes of color in the air,
and, breathing on them,
Wingest them to life;
Thou callest forth the dazed leviathan up from the watery reaches,
And summonest vasty creatures who come lumbering past,
Astonished at their being.
Who am I, Lord of Creation, that Thou shouldst think upon me?
Beside a mountain or a soaring bird,
what am I that Thou shouldst give me place?
I can praise Thee, O my God!
I can praise Thee to the summit of my singing;
With the flesh of me, with the breath of me, with the height of me!
Increase my stature until I pass the oak and glimpse the towers of heaven!
With the waters of gratitude I brim my cup and pour it at Thy feet;
For thou hast shared the gift of life, and my spirit sings within me!

No. 2 — Love supreme and light of light

Love supreme and light of light,
All creation's very God,
Who hast summoned man from sleep,
Raised him living from the sod;
Thou who gavest life to me,
Take the gift I bring to Thee.

Valley-deepened is my heart,
Greenly decked with gratitude;
Mountain-lifted is my soul,
Striving toward infinitude.
With the dawn of waking things
Mounts the song my spirit sings.
As the waters of the earth
Spread the reaches of my thought,
Where with white and swelling sails
Ride the dreams my hope has wrought.
Out of silence into birth
Thou hast brought me, God, to earth.

To Thy use I consecrate
This, my being’s sacred cup,
And to Thee, O Lord of Birth,
Joyously I lift it up.
Make me pleasing in Thy sight,
O God of love and light of light.

INTERLUDE — SCHERZO

No. 3 — Over the hills of the sky they come dancing

Over the hills of the sky they come dancing,
Children—Children!
Their feet are white as water-lilies,
Staining the night with petals of snow.
Their hair throws nets of beauty to the moon,
Catching a tangle of stars,
The bells of heaven are in their laughter,
And they ring, ring, ring,
Ring till all the skyey casements open,
Open to their chiming.

Play, children!
Play your feetest!
Play in a passion of joy
On the hills of delight!
Join your hands as you frolic
And make a garland of gladness.
Circle around and around and around,
Till planets speed their spinning
In airy rivalry.
And find a baby-angel,
His wings still moist with blossoming,
And dance about him,
Singing as you go:

Ring-a-rings-a-rosie,
Puckerful o’ Peer.
We have found an angel-boy,
Caught him in a loop of joy,
Wings a-shimmering,
Smile a-glimmering,
Dancing we
In clouds of rose.
See him shake his chubby fat,
Dimpled where it has been kissed!
Ring-a-rings-a-rosie,
Puckerful o’ Peer.
We have found an angel-boy,
Caught him in a loop of joy.

Dance, children!
Dance in the sun!
Fling your hearts like balls in the air
And catch with eager hands!
Run through the heavenly orchard,
And gather the golden fruits!
See the baby-angel,
His pretty wings a-swarmer;
He has seized a yellow apple,
And tossed it with his might.
Over it rolls,
Resurgam

Down, down, down—
The children plunge after it,
Laughing and shouting,
Shouting and laughing,
The children plunge after it,
The baby-angel, unafraid,
Trying out his wings.
Down to earth
In a flock they go tumbling,

And the earth-folk,
Seeing the golden fruit,
Think a star is falling.

Haste, children!
Haste with runaway footsteps!
Find your yellow platting
And hurry back to heaven!

PART II — LFE

No. 4 — Into the noon of labor I go forth

Into the noon of labor I go forth that I
may reap my destiny.
Sorrow is my lot, and labor my achievement,
The beauty of God’s handiwork my compensation.
Something within me rushes like a fountain
and urging me to joy;
Sorrow is as beauty, and labor as reward.
Thou art become a greater God, O God,
because of mine endeavor.
Listen through mine ears, that I hear
Thy silent music;
Look through mine eyes, that I vision
the unseen;
Speak through my lips that I utter words of gladness.
Walk Thou with me, work Thou through me,
That I may make Thee manifest in all my ways.
I will praise Thee, God, praise Thee
with the labor of my hands
And with the service of my spirit!

No. 5 — I know my fires consume too fast

I know my fires consume too fast,
I know that soon they will have passed,
But oh, the joy of mounting flame,
The gift of warmth to those who came.
Burn, my spirit, in the blast!
These bones to ash must turn at last,
So light the world in beauty’s name!
Grief, I have climbed thy heights;

Joy, I have seen thy face;
Work, I have proved thy rights;
Love, I have run thy race;
Youth, I have flown thy kites;
Age, I have learned thy pace.
Each is a friend to me,
True without end to me,
Each doth extend to me
Knowledge and grace.
Part III—Death

No. 6—Into the valley-land my feet descend

Into the valley-land my feet descend,
And man may not go with me;
But Thou, O God, companion of my love that I be unafraid.
The dream of death has flowered in my soul and sounds of earth fall dumb on my ears.
Slowly the sun goes westering in the hills, and the crimson pageant of my passing hour
Planes in their deeps and moves across the sky.
Something within me reaches back to earth and fills me with exulting:
As the waters of a river, sweep the wonders of creation through my being.
And birth and death are so inseparable I know not each from each.

And yet a mighty fear falls upon me.
Shadows descend and blur the crimson hills.
A wind flung from a womb of ice
Blows from the shores of nothingness.
The shadows shed their shoes of stealth;
They run in naked swiftness from the hills.
Calling the hosts of darkness.
The winds sing a song of fury,
The winds arise and shout their passion down the world,
Drained in a pitiless draught
Are the splendours of the skies.
Towers of cypress touch the heights;

Yea, in a battlement of gloom
The towers of cypress overwhelm the heavens.
My peace is perished,
My dreams are fallen from me.
Into the night no plane speeds its glory;
The stars are drowned.
Lonely the hulk of a broken moon
Lifts its bloody sail.

Why hast Thou hidden Thyself,
O God?
Why hast Thou turned Thy face aside
And burdened me with night?
Where is my dream of death,
And where its sanctuary?
The heat of hell assails me;
I am consumed in bitterness and pain.
Reveal Thyself, O unforgiving Spirit!
Unfold Thyself that I may be enframed
In the beauty of Thy presence.
Drive forth this mock mournful counterfeit of Death,
For in Thy who art my Death, O living God,
It is Thou who art my Death, and only Thou!

My fearing passes from me:
As a heavy mantle falling from tired shoulders,
My fearing slips away.
Thou hast heard my cry, O Great Restower!
Resurgam

Thou hast heard my cry, Thou hast
laid me up,
Thou hast delivered me.
Candles are set at my feet that I be not
lost forever.
The blight of darkness is resolved into
tranquil eventide.
Now does the hush of night lie purple
or the hills.
The moon walks softly in a trance of
sleep;
Her whiteness cools the passion of the
skies.
I hang ray quiet lute upon her curve
And let the night wind's chant my
requiem.
Waters of peace arise and drift me down
the spaciousness of silence and of
song;
God lights His solemn watch-fires over-
head to keep the vigil of man's mys-
tery.
In the triumph of surrender I take Thy
gift of sleep.
Lean low, Thou Shepherd of my
dreams; lean low to meet me as I lift
on high
The chalice of my dying.

No. 7 — *When sleeping shall my eyelids close*

When sleeping shall my eyelids close
And I must lay me down at last,
Perils of doubt through which I passed
Shall drift away as twilight goes.
Visions of tasks I should have done,
Passion of grief for deeds of wrong,
All shall merge in the evening song
That marks the setting of my sun.

Song of my picturing, song of dust,
Thrown to the winds that swept it hence!
Mortal longing for Why and Whence
Into the urn of silence-thrust!
Who shall fathom, in asking why,
The pomp and purpose of man's re-
nown?
He only knows, when he lays him down,
It was good to live, it is good to die.
Sweet is the music in my ears
That croons the song of life and death.
A prayer of praise with my last breath
I send to Him who spent my years.
Back of the hills where night is deep,
Splendidly sinks my setting sun.
Receive me, God; my day is done:
I only know that I must sleep.
I slept, and now I wake again.
O waking past my dreamless!
O Love imperious that has called me
forth from out my valet's shadow!
I feel my spirit stir and half awake,
Then look in bright bewilderment at
dawn.

A mighty whirlwind, breath of the liv-
ing God,
Sweeps from beyond the hurricades of
night and stooping low
Lifts me from out my dust and sets me
free.
I feel the Power that moves me to Itself;
That keeps the rhythmical pattern of the
stars;

No. 9 — I praise Thee!

I praise Thee!
I glorify Thee!
My spirit on its summit shouts Thy
name!
Thou art the Singer, man Thy song,
And yet, because Thou art the source
of all my being's music,
I dare to lift my voice and sing of Thee.

O Singer, Who hast sent me forth,
I am returned to Thee!
Home to the voice that sang me,
Home to the breath of birth,
Home to the bells that rang me
From heavenly heights to earth,
Home to the hand that wrought me,
Home to the primal sod,
Home to the mind that thought me,
Home to the breast of God.
RESURGAM
Part I - Birth

No. 1. OUT OF THE DUST

Chorus

HENRY BADLEY, op. 98

Louis Ayres Gernett

Andante misterioso
Strings pizzicato

PIANO

Horns

SOPRANO

Out of the dust Thou hast raised me,
God of the living;

ALTO

Out of the dust Thou hast raised me,
God of the living;

TENOR

Out of the dust Thou hast raised me,
God of the living;

BASS

Out of the dust Thou hast raised me,
God of the living;

a tempo

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24347 * 160
Out of the dust Thou hast raised me, and brought me, and brought me.

Out of the dust Thou hast raised me, and brought me.

Out of the dust Thou hast raised me, and brought me.

Out of the dust Thou hast raised me, and brought me.

Out of the dust Thou hast raised me, and brought me.

Mine eyes are full of tears, and to the light of the morning.

Mine eyes are full of tears, and to the light of the morning.

Mine eyes are full of tears, and to the light of the morning.

Mine eyes are full of tears, and to the light of the morning.

Mine eyes are full of tears, and to the light of the morning.
of the wonders of creation, And my spirit laughs.

I behold Thy glory lifted into

within me. I behold Thy glory lifted into

spirit laughs within me. I behold Thy glory lifted into
Thy kindness deep end, deep end into valleys,
Thy kindness deep end, deep end into valleys,
Thy kindness deep end, deep end into valleys,
Thy kindness deep end, deep end into valleys,
Thy kindness deep end into valleys,

Thy hospitable mercies poured unmeasured in the
Thy hospitable mercies poured unmeasured in the
Thy hospitable mercies poured unmeasured in the
Thy hospitable mercies poured unmeasured in the
Thy hospitable mercies poured unmeasured in the
Sustained.
In glorious ways Thou hast devised the telling of Thy

Entrusting beauty from the clay,
Entrusting beauty from the clay,

Entrusting beauty from the clay,

Entrusting beauty from the clay,

 Dreams,
And quick'ning man from out his dusty silence.

clay And quick'ning man from out his dusty silence.

clay. And quick'ning man from out his dusty silence.

And quick'ning man from out his dusty silence.

Poco con moto

Thou dust-est flakes of

Poco con moto

71442-160
**CHORUS I. II.**

Piu moto

Who am I, Lord of Cre- a- tion, that Thou shouldst think up - on

Who am I, Lord of Cre- a- tion, that Thou shouldst think up - on

Who am I, Lord of Cre- a- tion, that Thou shouldst think up - on

Who am I, Lord of Cre- a- tion, that Thou shouldst think up - on

Piu moto

*If a Solo Chorus of at least 12 sopranos, 10 altos, 8 tenors and 8 basses is available this Solo Chorus could sing the part of the Second Chorus whenever this Chorus is decided.*
Piu lento

soaring bird, what am I that
Thou shouldst give me place?

soaring bird, what am I that
Thou shouldst give me place?

soaring bird, what am I that
Thou shouldst give me place?

soaring bird, what am I that
Thou shouldst give me place?
I can praise Thee, O my God!

I can praise Thee, O my God!

I can praise Thee, O my God!

I can praise Thee, O my God!

I can praise Thee, O my God!
to the sum-mit of my

praise

praise

praise

Thee, O my God,

Thee, O my God,

Thee, O my God,
With the flesh of me, with the breath of me,
singing

With the flesh of me, with the breath of me,

With the flesh of me, with the flesh

to the summit of my singing,

With the flesh and

With the flesh and

With the flesh and
Increase my stature, increase my stature until I...
I brim my cup
and pour it at Thy feet; For

my cup
and pour it at Thy feet;

my cup
and pour it at Thy feet;

my cup
and pour it at Thy feet;

my cup
and pour it at Thy feet;
Thou hast shared the gift of life, and my spirit sings.

Thou hast shared the gift of life, and my spirit sings.

Thou hast shared the gift of life, and my spirit sings.

Thou hast shared the gift of life, and my spirit sings.

For Thou hast shared the gift of life.

For Thou hast shared the gift of life.

For Thou hast shared the gift of life.

For Thou hast shared the gift of life.
Sings, my spirit sings, my spirit sings with
Andante tranquillo

Love supreme... and

light of light,... All creatures... God... Who hast summoned

man from sleep... Raised him from... the sod... Thou who gavest life... to me...
Take the gift I bring to Thee

Valley deep, end in my heart. Greenly deck'd with gratitude. Mountain lift ed is my soul. Steeple-grown in

fin itude. With the dawn of waking things Moses the song my spirit
As the waters of the earth spread the reaches of my thought,

Where with white and swelling sails

Ride the dreams my hope has wrought

Out of silence into birth

Thou hast brought me.

God, to earth.
To Thy use, I consecrate This my being's sacred cup.

And to Thee, O Lord of Birth, joyously I lift it up.

Make me pleasing in Thy sight, O God of love and light of light.
Interlude (Scherzo)

No. 3. OVER THE HILLS OF THE SKY THEY COME DANCING
Chorus of Children's Voices

Allegretto giocoso

O-ver the hills, of the sky they come-danc-ing, Chil-dren,
Children! Over the hills of the sky they come

dancing. Children, children! Their feet are white as water.

Staining the night with piles of snow. Their hair throws notes of beauty to the moon.

Catching a tangle of stars.
And they ring, ring, ring, The bells of heaven are their

The bells of heaven are their laugh, laugh, ring, ring, And they

Laugh, laugh, laugh, Ring till all the sky, ring, ring.

case-menti o - pen, O - pen to their chim -
case-menti o - pen, O - pen to their chim -
Play you fleet of joy
On the hills of delight!

Play your fleet of joy
On the hills of delight!

And make a garland of gladness,

Join your hands.
GROUP I
SOPRANO I

SOPRANO II

GROUP II
SOPRANO I

SOPRANO II

SOPRANO I & II

Till plan¬ets speed their spin¬ning.

ALTO

Till plan¬ets speed their spin¬ning.

SOPRANO I & II

Till

ALTO

Till
GROUP I
ALL THE SOFRANOS

GROUP II
ALL THE ALTOS

Ring-a-ring-a-rosie,
We have fixed an angel-

Caught him in a loop of joy,

boy.
We have found an angel-boy,
Caught him in a loop of joy.

Dance, children, dance in the sun!
Dance, children, Dance in the sun!

Fling your hearts like balls in the air.

And catch with eager hands. Run thru' the heavenly orchard.

Fun thru' the heavenly orchard.
ALL THE SOPRANOS

His pretty wings a-quiver, He has seized a

ALL THE ALTOS

angel, His pretty wings a-quiver,

And

tos'd 'n with his might.
O-ver it rolls, O-ver it rolls,
O-ver it rolls. O-ver it rolls.

Down, down, down...
The children plunge

The children plunge after it,
Laughing and shouting,
Shoot-ing and laugh-ing,

The chil-dren plunge af-ter it.

Try-ing out his wings,

hu-bi-ang-el, hu-a-frid, Try-ing out his wings.

Down to earth

Down to earth
In a flock they go—tumbling,

And the earth—folk,

Seeing the golden fruit,

Think a star is
Haste, children! Haste with run-away foot-steps!

Find your yellow play-thing, Find your yellow
Find your yellow play-thing, Find your yellow