THE GOLDEN PRINCE

A CANTATA

FOR FOUR-PART CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES
SOPRANO AND BARITONE SOLOS
AND ORCHESTRA

The Verse by
DAVID STEVENS
(Adapted from a Prose Story by Oscar Wilde)

THE MUSIC BY
HENRY HADLEY

Op. 69

Price, net, 50 cents

G. SCHIRMER, INC., NEW YORK
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G. SCHIRMER, INC., NEW YORK
CHARACTERS
THE PRINCE Baritone
THE SWALLOW Soprano
THE NIGHT VOICES
CHORUS

The Statue of the Prince is seen standing in the City Square. It is a splendid figure of gold, its crown adorned by a great ruby. The eyes of the statue are beautiful sapphires.

The time is late autumn.
THE GOLDEN PRINCE

CHORUS [page 1]
Aloft, where all the City lay
a pageant to the view,
The Golden Prince stood watching
with his eyes of sapphire blue.
His hand still held the sceptre
which in life he wisely bore,
And on his shining forehead still
a coronet he wore.

The sun's departing glory
lit the ruby, red and bold,
Which flamed in regal splendor
on the Prince's brow of gold;
The eyes of sapphire, glowing
in the sun's impassioned gaze,
Gave back his light—new-tinted
with their own celestial rays.

And then Night fell, enshrining all:
and o'er the whispering sea,
Along a shining path there crept
the Moon's pale mystery,
And still the Prince stood watching,
by a careless world forget,
A heavy heart within his breast,
for Sorrow sleepeth not.

The Swallow comes.

A Swallow winging south, pursued by night,
Beheld the gleaming Statue wrought in gold;
His pinions drooped—the autumn wind was cold,
And at the Prince's feet he stayed his flight.

SOPRANO SOLO [page 8]
(The Swallow)
Here will I hide till radiant morn
Shall light the Swallow's way
Unto the land where dreams are born
And perfumed zephyrs play;

Where sweet and charméd waters flow,
And song beguilés the hour,
The land where scarlet poppies grow
And blooms the lotus-flow'r.

CHORUS
He closed; for on his weary wing
There fell a single drop like dew;
And gazing upward, he beheld
The sapphire eyes wherein there welled
Bright tears that filled their depths of blue.

BARITONE SOLO [page 10]
(The Prince)
Oh, Swallow, Swallow, pity me!
I weep—and yet in life
I know not tears, nor could I dream
That grief and want were rife.
But now, with mystic sight, I gaze
Upon a World asleep,
And only Sorrow slumbers not—
How can I choose but weep?

I yearn to banish pain, and
Ev'ry wasting life restore;
To cheer where hearts are weary,
To heal where hearts are sore.
But I, alas! can only stand
And grieve at all I see—
Oh, Swallow, stay with me to-night,
My messenger to be!

CHORUS [page 13]
The Swallow heard, but did not understand,
Till, from the shadows of the sombre night,
There came the sound of evil wings in flight
And voices grim, as from a spectral band.

(The Night Voices)
Grief and Pain, Distress and Fear are we;
Plague and Famine, Woe and Misery.
Behind us follow Bitterness and Hate,  
While slow at hand Despair and Death  
await!

**CHORUS** [page 16]  
And then the Wings went hissing through  
the air—  
The Voices ceased; and all was silence  
there.

**BARRITONE SOLO** [page 17]  
(The Prince)  
Oh, Swallow, from my Coronet  
The Ruby take and fly  
More swiftly than this evil host,  
And with its beauty buy  
The weapons wherewith Happiness  
May strive against the foe  
And save my all-defenceless Poor—  
Ah! take the gem and go!

**BARRITONE SOLO** [page 17]  
(The Swallow)  
The Swallow hesitates, but finally accedes.  

**SOPRANO SOLO** [page 18]  
(The Swallow)  
Fair Prince, 'tis cold and dreary,  
And Egypt's land is far,  
Where waits the great god Memon  
To greet the morning star;  
And all my gay companions  
Are watching there for me—  
Yet, this one night will I remain  
Your messenger to be.

**CHORUS**  
So, with the jewel, fast he flew;  
And ere the eastern sky was bright,  
One fevered child sweet slumber knew,  
One mother's heart was light.

The twilight of another day  
Began to fade,  
Again beside the Golden Prince  
The Swallow stayed.

**SOPRANO SOLO** [page 19]  
(The Swallow)  
The Swallow comes to say good-bye.

**SOPRANO SOLO** [page 20]  
(The Swallow)  
Farewell, good friend,  
I must away!  
The southland calls,

I cannot stay.  
The river-reeds  
And palm-trees wait,  
And somewhere sings  
My gentle mate!

**The Prince still pleads with the Swallow.**

**BARRITONE SOLO** [page 22]  
(The Prince)  
Oh, Swallow, stay! for yonder gleams  
A feeble rush-light where the Poet dreams.  
A noble word has he for sons of men,  
But Fortune, gnarled and haggard, stays his pen.  
My eyes are sapphires—pluck one out  
And to the Poet swiftly fly!

**CHORUS** [page 24]  
The Swallow with a heavy heart, obeyed,  
And ere the morn  
The Poet for his sacrifice had paid—  
A Prophecy was born.

Again chill night upon the city fell:  
Again the Swallow came to say farewell.

**SOPRANO SOLO** [page 26]  
(The Swallow)  
Oh, Prince, 'tis time—I needs must go  
A'far, where Niles' green waters flow;  
Where winds are warm and blue the skies,  
And fairies dance with butterflies.

**CHORUS** [page 27]  
But as he sang, he saw below  
A Maid, distraught and white with woe,  
Beset by Want's accursed snare,  
And o'er her brooded dark Despair!

**The Prince, in anguish, appeals again to the Swallow.**

**BARRITONE SOLO** [page 27]  
(The Prince)  
O Swallow, Swallow, hurry to her aid—  
The City rings with her afflicted cry!  
This gem, my last, bestow upon the maid:  
Dear Swallow, fly!
The Swallow obeys.

CHORUS [page 28]
That night a threatened soul went free,
And angels sang in ecstasy.

The Prince, now blind, bids the Swallow fly away.

BARITONE SOLO [page 31]
(The Prince)
Dear Swallow, now take wing,
Our feeble task is o'er.
The year is at the spring
On Egypt's mystic shore.

But the tender-hearted Swallow will not leave the sightless and unhappy Prince.
Then Winter comes and the Swallow dies.

CHORUS [page 32]
Alas! came Winter's cruel blast
And breathed o'er all an icy chill.
The Swallow's little day was past—
His tender heart was still.

The Prince, desolate, rails at Death.

BARITONE SOLO [page 35]
(The Prince)
O Death! thou bitter foe, that could not bear
The face of Loyalty to look upon,
Eyes have I not—yet I feel the air
Foul with thy presence—out! Begone!

Farewell, O faithful Swallow!
Thy gentle heart, so often pressed
Against my own, is now at rest—
Dear constant friend, farewell!

CHORUS [page 37]
And then from out the golden lips
There came a sobbing cry
As when a life, departing, yields
One final weary sigh.
The Statue burst asunder!
Fell the golden-crowned head—
And lo! naught else remained there
Save a broken heart of lead!

DAVID STEVENS.
The Golden Prince
Cantata
For Four-Part Chorus of Women's Voices
With Soprano and Baritone Solos

Verse by David Stevens

Music by
Henry Hadley, Op. 69

Stately rhythm, not fast

Voice

Piano

*All the SOPRANOS

A-loft, where all the city lay
A pageant

to the view, The Golden Prince stood watching with His eyes of sapphire blue.

*All the ALTOS

His hand still held the sceptre which in life he wisely

May be one solo voice if desired

Printed in the U. S. A.
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And on his shining forehead,

bore, And on his shining forehead,

bore, And on his shining forehead still a coronet, a coronet he wore.
The sun departing glory lit The ruby red and bold Which flamed in regal splendor on The Prince's brow of gold.
The eyes of sapphire

The sun departing glory lit The ruby red and bold Which flamed in regal splendor on The Prince's brow of gold.
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The sun departing glory lit The ruby red and bold Which flamed in regal splendor on The Prince's brow of gold.
glowing in The sun's impassioned gaze,
Gave back his light, new

(tenors alone)

glowing in The sun's impassioned gaze,
Gave back his light,

Gave back his light, new

(Voices alone)

rit.
tinted with Their own celestial rays.
tinted with Their own celestial rays.
tinted with Their own celestial rays.

— with celestial rays

All the SOPRANOS

Tempo

And then night fell, enshrouding all,
And over the whispering sea,
long a shining path, the moon's pale mystery.

And still the Prince stood watching, by a careless world forgot, a

And still the Prince stood watching, by a careless world forgot, a

And still the Prince stood watching, by a careless world forgot, a

And still the Prince stood watching, by a careless world forgot, a

heav y heart within his breast, for sorrow sleepeth not.

heav y heart within his breast, for sorrow sleepeth not.

heav y heart within his breast, for sorrow sleepeth not.

heav y heart within his breast, for sorrow sleepeth not.
(The Swallow comes)  The Swallow
Allegretto con moto

A Swallow winging south, pursued by night,
A Swallow winging south, pursued by night,

A Swallow winging south, pursued by night,
A Swallow winging south, pursued by night,
The Swallow
Comodo

Here will I hide—till radiant morn Shall light the Swallow's way

Unto the land where dreams are born And perfumed zephyrs play,
Where sweet and charmed waters flow And song beguiles the hour;
The land where scarlet poppies grow,

And blooms the lotus flowy.

All the sopranos
Poco lento

He ceased, for on his weary wing there

fell a single drop like dew; And gazing upward he be-
The sapphire eyes where-in there welled
Bright tears that filled their depths of blue.
Oh, Swallow, Swallow, pity me! I weep.
And yet in life I knew not tears nor could I dream that grief and want were rife.
But now, with mystic sight,
I gaze upon a world asleep:

Only sorrow slumbers not; how can I choose
but weep?

I yearn to banish pain and
every wasting life re-store,
To cheer whose hearts are weary.
to heal where hearts are sore;  But I, a - las!

can on - ly stand and grieve at

all, at all I see;

O Swal - low, Swal - low,

stay with me to - night, my mes - sen - ger.
The Swallow heard, but did not understand, Till

The Swallow heard, but did not understand, Till

The Swallow heard, but did not understand, Till

The Swallow did not

from the shadows of the sombre night There came the sound of

from the shadows of the sombre night There came the sound of

from the shadows of the sombre night There came the sound of

understand, Till from the night There came the sound of
And voices grim, as from a spectral band.

And voices grim, as from a spectral band.

And voices grim, as from a spectral band.

And voices grim, as from a spectral band.
The Night Voices

Plague and Famine,

Grief and Pain—

Distress and Fear, Plague and Famine,

Grief and Pain—

Distress and Fear are we!

Woe and Misery!

Woe and Misery!

Woe and Misery!

Behind us follow—

Bitterness

Woe and Misery!

Behind us follow—

Bitterness and
While close at hand Despair and Death a-wait!
And then the Wings went

Hate! Despair and Death a-wait! And then the Wings went

f sostenuto

Hissing, hissing, hissing through the air;

f sostenuto

Hissing, hissing, hissing through the air;

f sostenuto

Hissing, hissing, hissing through the air;

f sostenuto

Hissing, hissing, hissing through the air;
Più lento

and all was silence there.

and all was silence there.

The voices ceased; and all was silence there.

The voices ceased; and all was silence there.

Più lento

The Prince

Con moto

Swallow, from my coronet The Ruby take and

fly More swiftly than this evil host, And
with its beauty buy The weapons where-with

Happiness May strive against the foe. And

save my defenceless Poor:

Ah! take the gem and go!

(The Swallow hesitates, but finally accedes)

The Swallow

Fair Prince, 'tis cold and dreary. And
Egypt's land is far,
Where

waits the great god Memnon
To greet the morning

star;
And all my gay companions

are watching there for me,

eyet this one night will I remain, Your messenger to
All the ALTOS

So with the jewel fast he

All the SOPRANOS

One fevered child sweet

flew, And ere the eastern sky was bright...

slumber knew, One mother's heart was light...

The twilight of another day Began to

The twilight of another day Began to
Again beside the Golden Prince

(The Swallow comes to say good-bye)

The Swallow stayed

The Swallow
Allegretto

Farewell, good friend, I must away! The south land

calls, I cannot stay. The river reeds, And palm trees.
wait.... And some where sings My gen-tle
mate!  

(The Prince still pleads with the Swallow)

---

Poco moderato

O Swallow, stay! For yon-der gloams A fee-ble rush-light

---

where the Po-et dreams
Moderato e maestoso (d= preceding)

A noble word has he for sons of

men.

But famine, gaunt and haggard, stays his

pen!

My eyes are

sapphires, pluck one out And to the poet swiftly fly!
SOPRANO I

The Swallow, with a heavy heart, O-beyd, and ere the morn

SOPRANO II

The Swallow, with a heavy heart, O-beyd, and ere the morn

ALTO I

O-beyd, and ere the morn The

ALTO II

O-beyd, and ere the morn The

A Prophecy was born!

A Prophecy was born!

Poet for this sacrifice had paid: A Prophecy was born!

Poet for this sacrifice had paid: A Prophecy was born!
Poco lento

A-gain chill night up-on the cit-y fell;

A-gain chill night up-on the cit-y fell;

A-gain chill night up-on the cit-y fell;

A-gain chill night up-on the cit-y fell;

A-gain the Swal-low came to say fare-

A-gain the Swal-low came to say fare-

A-gain the Swal-low came to say fare-

A-gain the Swal-low came to say fare-
Comodo

The Swallow

O Prince, 'tis time! I needs must go A-

well.

well.

well.

well.

Comodo

far where Nile's green waters flow; Where winds are warm and

blue the skies, And fairios dance with butterflies.
All the Sopranos
Piu moderato

But as he sang, he saw her low.

A maid distraught and white with woe.

Be-set by Wact's accursed snare.

And o'er her breasted dark Des-

(The Prince, in anguish, appeals again to the Swallow)
Con moto

Swallow, Swallow, hurry to her aid! The city rings with her afflicted cry! This gem—my last—be stow upon the

maid! Dear Swallow, fly!

(T'oe Swallow obeys)

SOPRANO I

SOPRANO II

That night a

ALTO I

That night a

ALTO II

That night a

That night a

Moderato con moto

Moderato con moto

25213
threatened soul went free, And angels sang in ecstasy, and

threatened soul went free, And angels sang in ecstasy, and

threatened soul went free, And angels sang in ecstasy,

angels sang in ecstasy! That night a soul went...

angels sang in ecstasy! That night,

ecstasy, in ecstasy! That night

sang in ecstasy! That night
free And angels sang in ecstasy
a soul went free And angels sang in ecstasy
a soul went free And angels sang in ecstasy
Molto moderato e maestoso

Molto moderato e maestoso
(The Prince, now blind, bids the Swallow fly away) The Prince

Dear Swallow, now take wing. Our feeble task is o'er; The year is at the spring. On Egypt's mystic shore; The year is at the spring.
(But the tender-hearted Swallow will not leave the sightless and unhappy Prince)

(Then Winter comes and the Swallow dies)

Molto moderato

Molto moderato
Las! came Winter's cruel blast, And breathed o'er

Las! came Winter's cruel blast, And breathed o'er

Las! came Winter's cruel blast, And breathed o'er

Las! came Winter's cruel blast, And breathed o'er

All
an icy chill.

All
an icy chill.

All
an icy chill.

All
an icy chill.
The Swallow’s lit-tle day was past,
The Swallow’s lit-tle day was past,
The Swallow’s lit-tle day was past,

The Swallow’s lit-tle day was past,

The Swallow’s lit-tle day was past,

The Swallow’s lit-tle day was past,

(The Prince, desolate, rails at Death)

His ten-der heart was still!
His ten-der heart was still!
His ten-der heart was still!

His ten-der heart was still!
Allegro appassionato

O Death, Thou bitter foe, That could not bear The face of

Loyalty to look upon! Eyes have I not, yet I

feel the sir Foul with thy presence!
Moderate

Farewell, O faithful Swallow! Thy gentle heart, so often pressed against my

own, is now at rest! Thy gentle heart.
is now at rest!

Dear, constant friend, fare-

well, fare - well!

All the SOPRANOS (or one Solo Voice)

And then _____ from out the gold-en lips There came a sob-bing cry. As

when a life, de-part - ing, yields One fi-nal wear-y sigh.
The Statue burst a - sun-der! Fell the gold - en
crown-ed head; And lo! naught else re-
crown-ed head; And lo! naught else re-
crown-ed head; And lo!