HELLAS: A LYRICAL DRAMA

BY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

THE CHORUSES SET TO MUSIC

BY

WILLIAM CHRISTIAN SELLE, Mus.Doc.

LONDON
PUBLISHED FOR THE SHELLEY SOCIETY
BY
REEVES & TURNER, 196 STRAND
1886
TO

H.S.H. THE DUKE OF TECK

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR

THE LYRICAL DRAMA OF HELLAS

IS DEDICATED BY

THE COMPOSER
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HELLAS.

OVERTURE

Allegro Moderato. M.M. = 126

PIANO:
No. 1
Semi-Chorus L. (3 Voices)
Allegro con spirito. M. M. = 92

1st
Treble
G strew those o-posite flowers On thy rest-less

2nd
Treble

3rd
Treble

Accomp.

pillow,
They were stript from orient

pillow,
They were stript from orient

pillow,
They were stript from orient

bowers,
By the Indian bellow
We

bowers,
By the Indian bellow
We

bowers,
By the Indian bellow
We
bollow... Be thy sleep Calm and deep... Be thy sleep Calm and deep... Be thy sleep Calm and deep...

sleep Calm and deep... Be thy sleep Calm and deep... Be thy sleep Calm and deep...

deepp Like their's who fell... Like their's who fell... Like their's who fell... Like their's who fell...
not ours who weep! not ours who weep!
not ours who weep! not ours who weep!
not ours who weep! not ours who weep!
not ours who weep!

strew these opiate flowers On thy restless pillow... They were strew these opiate flowers On thy restless pillow... They were strew these opiate flowers On thy restless pillow... They were f

f

We

We

PP pizz.
Indian. — Away, unlovely dreams!
Away, false shapes of sleep!
Be his, as Heaven seems.
Clear, and bright, and deep!
Soft, as love, and calm, as death.
Sweet, as a summer night without a breath.
No. 2.

SEMI-CHORUS.
(for 3 Voices.)

Sleep, sleep!

Our song is laden with the soul of slumber;

Our song is laden with the soul of slumber;

Our song is laden with the soul of slumber;
It was sung by a Samian maiden, Whose
lover was of the number, Whose

now keep That calm sleep Whence none may
wake, where none shall weep.

wake, where none shall weep.

wake, where none shall weep.

INDIAN— I touch thy temples pale!

I breathe my soul on thee!

And could my prayers avail,

All my joy should be

Dead, and I would live to weep.

So thou might'st win one hour of quiet sleep.
No. 8  BREATHE LOW
(for 3 Voices.)

1st Treble

2nd Treble

3rd Treble

Accomp.

Breathe low, Breathe low, Breathe low,
Breathe low, Breathe low, Breathe low,
Breathe low, Breathe low, Breathe low,

spell of the mighty mistress now! Breathe low,
spell of the mighty mistress now! Breathe low,
spell of the mighty mistress now! Breathe low,
Breathe low, The spell of the mighty mistress now!

When Conscience lulls, when Conscience lulls, lulls her sated

snake, And Tyrants sleep, and Tyrants sleep, let
Freedom wake... Breathe low, Breathe low, The

words which, like secret fire, shall flow Through the veins of... the

frozen earth... low, low, low!...
No. 4  
SEM I - CHORUS I.

M. M. = 120

*Allegro* 1st & 2nd Voices in Unison

Life may ... change, but it may fly not;

Hope may ... vanish but can die not;

Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;

Love repulsed, but it returneth!

Yet were life a channel where
Hope lay coffined with Despair; Yet were

truth a sacred lie, Love were

Semi-Chorus 1.
If Liberty,

If Liberty

If Liberty,

If Liberty

If Liberty,

If Liberty

Unison

Lent not life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of de-

light,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear.

Love its power to give and bear, its

Love its power to give and bear, its

Love its power to give and bear, its

2nd time

bear.

bear.

bear.
No. 5

Chorus

(3 voices)

pp In the great morning of the world, The...

pp In the great morning of the world, The...

pp In the great morning of the world, The

p

Harps.
The spirit of God with might unfurled

The spirit of God with might unfurled

The spirit of God with might unfurled

The

flag of Freedom o-ver Chare-nos,

flag of Freedom o-ver Chare-nos,

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flag of Freedom o-ver Chare-nos,
vultures frightened from I---maus.  f

fore an earth-quake's
fore an earth-quake's
fore an earth-quake's

Unison 1st & 2nd
tread.--- So from Time's tem- pes- tu-sus
dawn. Free- dom's splendour burst and
...shone:— Thermopylae and Marathon Caught, like mountains beacon

1st & 2nd

lighted, The springing Fire.

The springing Fire.

The springing Fire.

winged glory On Philipp... half a

lighted,

Like an ear... a...
promontory, its unwearied wings could fan

quenchless ashes of Milan. From age to age, from

man to man, it lived; and lit from land to land,

Florence, Albion, Switzerland.

Florence, Albion, Switzerland.

Florence, Albion, Switzerland.
Then night fell; and, as from night,

Re-assuming fiery flight, From the West swift Freedom came, A

gainst the course of Heaven and

Solo I
doom. A second sun arrayed in flame, To
dolce
burn, .... to kindle, to il- lume. From far At- lan-tis its young beams
Chas- ed the shadows and the dreams.
France, with all her san-guine steams, Hid, but quenched it not; ....
ag- ain Through clouds its shafts of glo- ry rain From ut- most
Ger- ma- ny to Spain. As an ea- gle fed with
morning, Scorns the embattled tempest's warning. When she seeks her ac-

hanging In the mountain-cedar's hair, And her brood expect the

clanging Of her wings through the wild air, Sick with fam-

Tromba

Allegro M.M. = \( \frac{72}{q} \) Chorus

Freedom, Freedom, so To what of Greece remaineth

Freedom, Freedom, so To what of Greece remaineth

Freedom, Freedom, so To what of Greece remaineth

Freedom, Freedom, so To what of Greece remaineth
Duett 1st & 2nd

now Returns; her hoary ruins glow

Orient mountains lost in day; Beneath the safety...

Chorus

of her wings Her renovating nurslings play. And in the

of her wings Her renovating nurslings play. And in the

Her renovating nurslings play. And in the
naked lightnings Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes. Let Freedom leave where
naked lightnings Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes. Let Freedom leave where

Duet

'er she flies, A Desert, or a Paradise; Let the beau-ti-ful and the brave... Let the beau-
tiful and the braveShare her glory, or a grave. Share her glory, or a grave.
No. 6

SEMI-CHORUS I

\[ M.M. = \frac{112}{4} \]

1st Voice

With the gifts of gladness Greece did thy cradle

Semi-Chorus II

\textit{piu lento} \quad \textit{a tempo}

strew; With the tears of sadness Greece did thy shroud be-

Semi-Chorus I

dew! With an Orphan's affection She followed thy bier through

Semi-Chorus II

Time; And at thy resurrection Re-ap-

Semi-Chorus I

pear-eth, like thou, sublime! If Heaven should resume thee, To
Semi-chorus II

Heaven shall her spirit ascend; If Hell should entomb thee; To

Semi-chorus I

Hell shall her high hearts bend. If Annihilation

Semi-chorus II

Dust let her glories be! And a

name and a nation Be forgotten.

Freedom, with thee!
INDIAN. His brow grows darker—breathe not—move not!
He starts—he shudders—ye that love not,
With your panting loud and fast,
Have awakened him at last.

(For the dialogue intervening between the foregoing speech and the next Chorus, and forming lines 114 to 196 of the poem, see pages 8 to 12 of the Shelley Society's edition of *Hellas*.)

No. 7. \(M.M. = \frac{112}{4}\)  

**CHORUS.**

\[\text{Pomposo} \]

\[ff\] Worlds on worlds are... rolling... ever,
\[ff\] Worlds on worlds are... rolling... ever,
\[ff\] Worlds on worlds are... rolling ever,
\[ff\]

From creation to... decay,
From creation to... decay,
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river, sparkling, bursting.

Like the bubbles on a river, sparkling, bursting.

Like the bubbles on a river, sparkling, bursting.

1st & 2nd Voices  Chorus
borne away, But they are still immortal
borne away, But they are still immortal
borne away, But they are still immortal

1st & 2nd Voices
Who, through birth's orient portal And death's dark chasm,
Who, through birth's orient portal And death's dark chasm,
Who, through birth's orient portal And death's dark chasm,
and death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro.

A Clothe their unceasing flight
In the brief dust and light
Gathered around their chariots as they go:
New shapes they still may weave, New
Gods, new laws receive. Bright or dim are they, as the

robes they last On Death's bare ribs had cast. A

power from the unknown' God, A Promethean conqueror
came; Like a triumphant path he
trod The thorns of death and shame. A
mortal shape to him Was... like the vapour dim... Which the

O-ri-ent plan-ct ani-mates with light;

Hell, Sin, and Slav-er-y came, Like blood-hounds mild and
tame, Nor preyed, un-til their Lord had ta-ken

flight; The moon of Mahomet a--rose, and
it shall set: While blazoned

noon, The cross leads generations, leads generations on. The cross leads generations on.
SOLO

Allegro molto M. M. = 138

1st Voice

Swift as the radiant...

Shapes of sleep From one whose dream are Paradise

Fly, Fly, Fly, when the fond wretch

Wakes to weep, And day peers forth with her black eyes; So

Fleet, so faint, so fair. The Powers of earth and
air. The Powers of earth and air. Fled from the falling star of Bethlehem: And even Olympian Jove, Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them: Our hills and seas and
streams. Dis-peeled of their dreams, Their

piu lento

waters turned to blood, their dew to

accel.

tears, Wait-ed for the gol-den,

gol-den years.

(For the dialogue intervening between the preceding Chorus and the next, and forming lines 239 to 647 of the poem, see pages 14 to 52 of the Shelley Society's edition of HELLAS.)
No. 9.  

**SOLO**

*1st Verse*  

*M. M. = 108*

Would I were the winged cloud  

Of a tempest swift and loud!  

I would scorn the smile of morn  

And the wave where the moon rise is born!  

I would leave  

The spirits of eve,  

I would leave  

The spirits of eve  

A shroud for the corpse of the day to weave  

From
o---ther threads than mine!

Bask

in the deep blue noon di---vine.

piu lento

Who would, not I. \textit{ff Whither to fly?}

Who would, not I. \textit{ff Whither to fly?}

Who would, not I. \textit{ff Whither to fly?}

A piu lento

\textit{Where the rocks that gird th' \textit{A}gean \textit{E}cho to the bat\textit{t}le scaw}n Of the
freedom I would flee A tempestuous herald of victory!
My golden rain, For the Grecian slain Should mingle in tears with the blood-stained main, And my solemn thunder knell Should ring to the world the passing bell, Should ring to the world the passing bell Of tyranny!
Where the rocks that gird th' Aegean Echo to the battle

Of the free— I would flee A tem-

pestuous herald of victory!
Adagio  M.M. = 30  

Ah King! wilt thou chain The

rack and the rain! Wilt thou fetter the lightning and...

hurricane? The storms are free, But we...
Adagio
CHORUS M.M. = 88 =

O Slav-er-y! thou frost of the

world's prime, Killing its flowers and

leaving its thorns bare! Thy

leaving its thorns bare!
touch has stamped these limbs with crime, These brows thy branding garland

bear,

But the free heart, the im-

pass--sive soul Scorn thy con--

trol!
Semi-Chorus I.

Let there be light! said
Let there be light! said
Let there be light! said

Duet Ist & 2nd Solo

Liberty, And like sunrise from the
Liberty, And like sunrise from the
Liberty,

sea,

ff Athens arose! Around
son,

ff Athens arose! Around

ff Athens arose! Around
Thermæ and Asopus swallowed Persia, as the sand does foam.

Deluge upon deluge followed,

Discord, Macedon, and Rome:

And last—ly thou!
Moderato M. M. = 92

Semi Chorus I. 1st Voice. Solo.

Tem - ples and tow - ers, Ci - n - ta - dels and mar - ts, and...

they Who live and die there, have been ours, And may be

thine, and must de - cay; But Greece and her found -
da - tions are Built be - low the tide of... war,

Based on the crystalline sea... Of... thought and its e - ter - ni -
Duet

Her citizens, imperial spirits, Rule the present

Chorus

from the past, On all this world of men inherits

Their seal is set, Allegro Furioso, M.M. = 116

Their seal is set,
Hear ye the blast, Whose

Orphic thunder thrilling calls From ruin her Tita-nian

walls? Whose spirit shakes the sappiest bones Of

Sla-ve-ry? Argos, Corinth, Crete;

Hear, and from their mountain thrones The demons and the
Semi-Chorus I.

Nymphs repeat The harmony.

Semi-Chorus II. Negro

Hear! I hear! The world's... eye-less chariot-

eer, Destiny is hurry-ing by! What

faith is crushed, what empire bleeds Beneath her earthquake-foot-ed

Marcato
What eagle-winged victory sits At her right hand? What shadow flits Be—

What splendour rolls behind? Ruin and re-no-vation cry. Who but We?

I hear! I hear!
The hiss as of a rushing wind.

The roar as of an ocean foaming.

The thunder as of earthquake
O come, I hear!
The crash as of an empire falling.

The shrieks of a people calling.

Mercy!

mercy!
How they thrill! Then a shout of "kill! kill! kill!"

And then a small still voice, then...

Semi-Chorus II.

Revenge and Wrong bring forth their kind, The foul cubs like their parents are, Their den is in the guilty mind, And Con-science feeds them with despair.
Serve not the unknown God... in vain,

But pay that broken... shrine again.

Love for hate,... and tears............. for

blood.

(Here follows the dialogue forming lines 738 to 939 of the poem: see pages 37 to 46 of the Society's edition.)
SEMICHORUS I.

M. M. = 108

Solo. 1st Voice

Allegro agitato

Victorious Wrong,
with vulture scream
Salutes the risen

sun, pursues the flying day!
I saw her, ghastly as a tyrant's

dream,
Perched on the trembling pyramid of night,
Beneath which

earth and all her realms

pavilioned lay
In visions of the dawning

unde-light.
Who shall impede her flight? Who rob her of her prey?

Voice without—Victory! Victory! Russia's famished eagles
Dare not to prey beneath the crescent's light.
Impale the remnant of the Greeks! despoil!
Violate! make their flesh cheaper than dust!
Semi-Chorus I. 1st Voice
Adagio  M. M. = 72

Con espress. Thou voice ........... which art The her-ald of the ill in

pp Bolce

A

splen-dour bid! Thou ec-ho of the hol-low heart Of

monarchy, bear me to thine a-bode............. When des-o-

In-sation flash-es o'er a world des-troyed:

calla voce pp

Semi-Chorus II.
Allegro Agitato  M. M. = 132

f B
bear me to those isles of jagged cloud Which float like mountains on the earthquake, mid The momentary oceans of the lightning, or to some toppling promontory proud . . . . . . . . . . . Of so lid tempest whose black pyramid, Ri ven, overhangs the founts intensely brightening of those
dawn-tinted deluges of fire. Before their
waves expire. When heaven and earth are light, and only
light in the thunder night!

Voice without—Victory! Victory! Austria, Russia, England.
And that tame serpent, that poor shadow, France,
Cry peace, and that means death when monarchs speak.
Ho, there! bring torches, sharpen these red stakes,
These chains are light, fitter for slaves and poisoners
Than Greeks. Kill! plunder! burn! let zone remain.

Moderato M.M. = 96 — SEMI-CHORUS I.

A — las! for li—ber-ty! If
num-ber, weath-er un-ful-fill-ing years.
Or fate, can quell the
free!
A-los! for Vir-tue, when Tor-ments, or con-
tume-
ly, or the sneers Of err-ing judg-ing
men,
Can break the heart where it a-
molto lento $M.M. = 69$
Indante M.M. 69

A - las! if Love, whose smile makes

this obscure world splendid, Can change with its false

times and tides, Like hope and terror.

Semi-Chorus I. a tempo M.M. 90

las . . . . . for Love! And Truth, who wan-derest lone and un-be-

friend - ed, If thou canst veil thy lie-con-sum-ing mirror

Before the.
dazzled eyes of Error, Alas for thee!

Imagery of the Above.

Pulse, with plumes from conquest torn, Led the ten thousand from the limits of the

morn Through many an hostile Anarchy! At

length they wept aloud, and cried, "the Sea! the Sea!"
Through exile, persecution and despair, Rome was, and young Atlantis shall become the wonder, or the terror, or the tomb of all whose step wakes Power lulled in her savage hair: But Greece was as a hermit child, whose fairest thoughts and
 limbs were built To Wo--man's growth, by dreams so mild, She

 knew not pain or guilt; And now. O

 Vic-to-ry, blush! and Em-pire

trem--ble When ye de-sert the free-- If

 Greece mast be A wreck, yet shall its frag-ments re--nas
sem - ble.
And build them - selves a -

gain im - preg - na - bly In a di - vi - n - er

eclive. To Am - phi - on - ic mu - sic on some

Cape sub - line. Which frowns a - bove the

i - n - dle foam of Time.
Let the tyrants rule the desert they have made; Let the
free possess the paradise they claim; Be the fortune of our
fierce oppressors weighed with our ruin, our resistance, and our name!
VOICE WITHOUT... Victory! Victory! The bought Briton sends
The keys of ocean to the Islamite.
Now shall the blazon of the cross be veiled,
And British skill directing Othman might,
Thunder-strike rebel victory. O keep holy
This jubilee of unredeemed blood.
Kill! crush! despoil! Let not a Greek escape!
No. 14

SEMI-CHORUS

Adagio  M.M. 92 =

\[pp\]  Darkness has dawned in the East. On the noon of time: The death-birds descend to their feast, From the hungry clime. Let Freedom and Peace flee far to a sunnier strand, And follow Loves...

\[pp\]  Folding star To the Evening land!
Allegro


Solo Violin

The young moon has fed her exhaustted horn. With the sunset's fire: The weak day is dead, But the
night is not born; And, like

love-li-ness... panting with... wild desire While it

trem-bles with... fear and de-light.
Chorus II.

*Duett*

*Hesperus flies from awakening night,* And

*Pants in its beauty and speed with light,* Fast flashing... soft, and...

*Bright. Thou beacon of love! thou lamp of the free!*
Guide us far, far away, To
climes... where... now... veiled by the ardour of... day Thou art
hidden From... waves... on which weary... noon,
Chorus

Faints in her summer swoon, Between Kingless
Faints in her summer swoon, Between Kingless

Continents sinless as Eden, Around mountains and
Continents sinless as Eden, Around mountains and

Islands inviolably rankt on the sapphire sea.
Islands inviolably rankt on the sapphire sea.

L.B.
R.B.
No. 15.

SEMI-CHORUS I.

Allegretto M.M. = 204

(Three parts)

Through the sunset of hope, Like the shapes of a dream, What

Paradise is-lands of glo-ry gleam! Beneath Heaven's cope, Their shadows more... dear float by. The sound of their oceans, the light of their sky.

Paradise is-lands of glo-ry gleam! Beneath Heaven's cope, Their shadows more... dear float by. The sound of their oceans, the light of their sky.

Paradise is-lands of glo-ry gleam! Beneath Heaven's cope, Their shadows more... dear float by. The sound of their oceans, the light of their sky.
The music and fragrance their solitudes breathe.

Burst, like morning on... their solitudes breathe...

Burst, like morning on dream, or like Heaven on death Through the walls of our prison; And Greece, which was dead, is risen!
No. 18.

THE WORLD'S GREAT AGE.

Chorus M.M. = 108

 голоснов, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,

gins anew, The golden years return,
winter weeds outworn: The worn

winter weeds outworn: The worn Heaven smiles,

winter weeds outworn: The worn Heaven smiles,

and faiths and empires

Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires

Heaven smiles, and faith and empires

gleam, Like wrecks, like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

gleam, Like wrecks, like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

gleam, Like wrecks, like wrecks of a dissolving dream.
rears its mountains
bright—er Hel—las rears its moun—tains From

waves se—re—ner far;............ A new Pen—eus... rolls his

foun—tains Against the morn—ning—star.

Where fairer Tempests bloom, there sleep Young Cyclads on a

sunnier deep. A loftier Argo cleaves the main, Fraught

with a... later prize; Another Orpheus

sings a... gain. And loves, and weeps, and dies......... A

new Ulysses leaves once more Calypso for his native shore.
tutti  O, write no more the...

O, write no more the...

O, write no more the...

tale of Troy. If earth .... Death's scroll must ...
tale of Troy. If earth .... Death's scroll must ...
tale of Troy. If earth Death's scroll must ...

be! Nor mix with ... Laian ........

be! Nor mix with ... Laian ........

be! Nor mix with Laian ........
rage the joy Which dawns upon the...

Although a subtler Sphinx renew

Riddles of death Thebes never knew.
though a subtler Sphinx renew

Riddles of death Thebes... never knew.

Another Athens shall arise.
And to re-mote time bequeath like... sunset...

to the skies, The splen-dour... of its prime; And

leave, if nought so bright may live, All earth... can......

take... or Heaven... can... give.
manny un-sub-dued: Not gold
manny un-sub-dued: Not gold,
manny un-sub-dued:

not blood, their
not blood, their
not blood, their

altar dowers, But votive tears and symbol
altar dowers, But votive tears and symbol
altar dowers, But votive tears and symbol
flowers. death return?

flowers. O cease! must... hate and death return?

flowers. O cease! must... hate and death return?

kill and die?

Cease! must... men kill and die?

Cease! must... men kill and die?

Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn Of bitter prophecy.

Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn Of bitter prophecy.

Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn Of bitter prophecy.
The world, The world is weary of the past, O might, it