NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

THE

SPECTRE'S BRIDE

A DRAMATIC CANTATA

WRITTEN BY

K. J. ERBEN

THE MUSIC COMPOSED

FOR SOLI, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

BY

ANTONÍN DVORÁK.

(Op. 69.)

THE PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT ARRANGED BY

HEINRICH VON KÁAN.

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THE SPECTRE'S BRIDE.

The story which A. Dvořák has chosen as the subject of this Cantata is taken from the rich legendary treasures of the Bohemian people.

It is told in Bohemia, as K. J. Erben informs us, in two substantially different ways; and there are also remains of ancient Bohemian national songs in which the same story appears. In one of these versions the dead man thus calls on the maiden to follow him:

Awake, beloved, don thy garments straight;
My time is come, no longer can I wait.
My steed is swift as is an arrow's flight,
Us will he bear a hundred miles to-night.

Stories and national songs, telling how a dead man rises from the grave, and comes to fetch either the girl he loved in life, or a beloved sister, are found among nearly all the Slavonic nations, and among other nations as well. The Servians have a poem which tells how the dead Jovan comes on a spectral horse to take with him his sister Jelica. The Slovaks have it that a girl called her dead lover to her while she was cooking a skull in broth, and that the skull went on calling "Come, come, come!" while she was cooking it. The Ruthenians have also a poem which resembles the Servian one. Zukovski has versified a Russian story on the same subject, and Mickiewicz a Polish or Lithuanian one. Bürger's German "Lenore" is universally known.

It is told in a Scotch national song how the dead William came to fetch his loved Margaret; and an old Breton poem describes a brother who had fallen in battle, and who came afterwards in the night to guide his sorrowing sister, named "Gwennolaik," into the other world.

The remarkable circulation of one and the same story through nations widely divided in race and language, witnesses apparently to the ancient origin of the legend. There is also a connexion between this story and the various legends of Vampyres, which are found in all Slavonic, as well as in many other European, nations.

Karel Jaromír Erben, one of the most meritorious Bohemian writers of the first half of this century, was born in 1811, at Milešín, in Bohemia, and died in 1870 at Prague. His abundant literary activity showed itself in two directions. On the one hand, he endeavoured, by means of monographs and editions of old Bohemian literary monuments, to elucidate the history of law and civilization in Bohemia. He thus obtained a position as Secretary to the Royal Bohemian Museums, and later, found ample opportunity for research as Keeper of the Archives at Prague. On the other hand, he tried to rescue the Bohemian legends and national songs from oblivion, by making collections of them. His poems, chiefly arrangements of Bohemian national legends, in the popular form (among them "The Spectre's Bride"), have appeared in Bohemia under the title of "Kytice" (a Bouquet). The English translation has been made from the German version of K. J. Müller.
THE SPECTRE'S BRIDE.

No. 1.—CHORUS.

The stroke of midnight soon will sound,
And all is wrap'd in rest profound;
Save only where the lonely light
In yonder chamber still is bright.

Those humble walks to guard and grace,
Hangs there the Virgin's picture'd face,
Borne in her arms the Holy Child,
So pure and fair, so sweet and mild.

Before that Mother's form one sees,
Pallid, a maiden on her knees;
Clasped are her hands, and sunk her head,
Tears, too, she cannot choose but shed:

Searce can she breathe, by grief oppressed;
And wildly throbs her heaving breast;
While tear on tear, so deep her woe,
Rolls down in one unceasing flow.

No. 2.—SOPRANO SOLO.

Where art thou, father dear?
At peace in death for many a year.
Where art thou, mother blest?
Beside my father laid at rest.

Not one year old my sister died;
War took my brother from my side;
Mine did I once a lover call;
Him would I fain have given my all;
Fortune in foreign lands he sought,
And back to me he turns him not.

When on his quest he went away,
These words I heard him, parting, say:
Sow flax, my love, I counsel thee,
And ev'ry day remember me.

Spin in the first year, spin with care,
Bleach in the next the fabric fair,
Then garments make, when the years are three;
And ev'ry day remember me.

Twaine I that year a wreath for thee,
We two that year shall wedded be.

Long have the garments now been made,
Long have in order due been laid,
Green myrtles fade, still is afar
My life's one only guiding star.

I know not where he is—can he
Have sunk beneath the cruel seas?
Three years, and tidings have I none;
Does he yet live, or is he gone?

O holy Mother, hear my cry:
In my distress to thee I fly.
Bring thou my dear one back to me;
All the delight I have is he.
O grant the boon for which I pray,
If not, then take my life away.

With him, dear him, would I remain;
Without him what is life but pain?
Bring him again, thus do I pray,
Else carry me to him away.

No. 3.—BARITONE AND TENOR SOLI AND CHORUS.

The picture on a sudden moves;
A cry the maiden's terror proves;
The lamp with hisses flickers bright,
Upleaps the flame, then all is light.

Perchance thou saw'st a stream of air,
Perchance a sign of ill was there.
And hark! advancing steps come nigh,
And one is heard to knock, and cry:

Say, maiden, dost thou sleep or wake?
Shall not my voice thy slumbers break?
Ah, dearest child, how is't with thee?
Say, is thy heart still true to me?

No. 4.—SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET.

Ah, dearest child, how is't with thee?
Know'st thou thy love, that I am he?
Ah, dearest child, how is't with thee?
Say, is thy heart still true to me?
Thou that art ever dear to me,
But now my thoughts were set on thee:
On thee I think by night and day,
For thee I never cease to pray.

Up, up, my love, and follow me;
The moon is bright, and long the way.
Home I must lead my bride to-day.

Also, what art thou then asking me?
Too late, so late—it cannot be!
And wildly roars the stormy blast:
Delay until the night be past.

Ha! day is night, and night is day,
The day I like to sleep away.
Ere yet this passing night is done,
Shall we in wedded bonds be one.
Then linger not, but come away,
And mine thou art ere dawn of day.

No. 5.—BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.

Nature was dead in gloom of night,
The wakeful moon displayed her light,
No life was stirring all around.
The wind alone was heard to sound.

No. 6.—BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.

And on he went, with rapid gait,
And she behind, she might not wait.
The dogs, awakened, yelled and cried,
To greet the bridegroom and the bride.
And all that heard them said, in fear,
There is a spectre somewhere near.

No. 7.—DUET.—SOPRANO AND TENOR.

Fair is the night, as clear as day,
Now many spirits forth may stray;
And, ere thou knowest, may pass by thee;
Yet fear not, since thou art with me.

I do not fear, when I have thee,
And Heaven's regard is over me.
But tell me, dearest, answer give,
How fares thy father? Does he live?
And will the mother in thy home—
Will she be glad to see me come?

Thou askest much, but let it be,
Make haste, make haste, thou soon wilt see.
Make haste, make haste, time quickly flies,
A weary march before us lies.

What is't thy hand is clasping there,
Throw it away, bid it be gone,
It weighs upon thee like a stone;
The book is but a check to thee;
Then fling it off, and follow me.

No. 8.—BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.

He grips the book: without a pause
Ten miles her steps he onward draw.
Over boulders rough he takes his way,
The wolf's prolonged and dismal bay
From rocky cliffs is heard to sound.

No. 9.—BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.

And out of caverns under ground,
The screech-owl, hark, the screech-owl cries,
And coming evil prophesies.

And on he went, with rapid gait,
And she behind, she might not wait.
And over flinty stones they sped,
Through thorny brakes, and deserts dead;
And whereas'er her footstep fell,
With blood the track was marked as well.

No. 10.—DUET.—SOPRANO AND TENOR.

Fair is the night, and spirits love,
At such an hour, on earth to rove;
And ere thou knowest, may pass by thee;
Yet fear not, since thou art with me.

I do not fear, when I have thee;
The hand of God is over me.
Deay me not, but answer give;
Describe thy home, where we shall live,
The view that from the house one sees;
And say if near the church it is.

Thou askest much, but let it be,
The whole this very day thou'st see,
Make haste, make haste, time quickly flies,
A weary march before us lies.

But say, what hangs around thee there?
'Tis but the chaplet which I wear.
The chaplet? How it frightens me!
How like a make it circles thee!
Throw it away, we are at speed.
 Thy breathing, sure, is must impede.
Tearing it off, he rushes on,
Nor stops till twenty miles are done.
No. 11.—BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.

The pathway now less rugged grows,
Thro' marshy land and swamp it goes.
Corpses candles there, in double row,
With wan and fitful lustre glow:
Two rows, with nine in each, are seen,
As they a funeral train had been:
Resounding a dirge of croaking frogs.

And on he went, with rapid gait,
She reeled along, yet fain would wait,
Her tender feet were tired and sore,
Her mouth betrayed the pain she bore.
Ah, whither bound, thou pallid bride?
With blood from thee the ferns are dyed.

No. 12.—DUET.—SOPRANO AND TENOR.

Now, when the night so fair doth shew,
Unto the grave the living go,
And ere thou know'st may pass by thee,
Yet fear thou not, for thou hast gone.

I do not fear, when I have thee,
The will of God is over me,
Now for a time forbear thy quest,
One moment only let me rest,
See how I reel for very pain,
My strength no longer I retain.

Nay, come, my love, the end is near,
The goal we seek will soon appear,
There wait us guests and mirth and joy,
And like a dart the moments fly.

But say, what is it, maiden fair,
That thou around thy neck dost bear?
A cross my mother bade me wear.
Ha, ha, accursed ornament,
Beneath its weight I see thee bent,
Its edges wound both thee and me.
Without it, swifter we could be.
Hurling it far, he hurried on,
Till thirty miles the two had gone.

No. 13.—BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.

There stood a pile, with tower beside,
Wherein a bell might be descried,
With lofty windows, ample door,
Toward heaven it upward seemed to soar.

No. 14.—RECITATIVE.—SOPRANO AND TENOR AND CHORUS.

See now, my sweet-heart, here at last
At home are we, our journey past.

Where is the house? A church I behold,
The churchyard set with crosses there.

No church is this, but my castle old,
No churchyard, but my garden fair.
I pray thee, maiden, happy be,
And o'er the wall come leap with me.

O let me go, I would return.
Thine eyes with look terrific burn,
All hot and taint'd is thy breath,
Thy heart is hard, and cold as death.

Fear not, my dear one, have no dread,
Richly my house within is spread,
Bloodless the flesh that there is found,
To-day shall blood for once abound.

What art thou bearing, sweet-heart, say?
Garments, against my wedding day,
Two are enough, thou maiden fair,
The rest but needless trifles are.
He took the garments which she gave,
And, laughing, threw them on a grave.

Fear not that sight will injure thee,
But lightly leap the wall with me.

Thou hast before me ever gone,
By risky paths I followed on,
Still thine it is the first to be,
Make thou the leap, I'll follow thee.

No. 15.—BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.

He leapt the wall, with sudden power,
Five fathoms full, or somewhat more.
The maiden then, in deadly fright,
Betook herself to headlong flight.

God be with thee, thou hapless maid,
And in thy danger send thee aid.
Behold, a tiny house is here,
To the door with speed, where help is near.

Undo the door, and hurry in,
And God's protecting care be thine:
Make door and bolt together fly;
Upon the grace of God rely.
A strange abode; with feeble ray
The moon thro' crannies made her way;
A plank was laid there, worn and old,
Thereon a corpse, all pale and cold.

Before the house, while moonbeams glanced,
A ghastly band of spectres danced,
Their voices gave an awful sound,
The warning echoed far around;
"The body must to death be brought,
And woe to him who ill has wrought."

No. 16.—BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.

And at the door there came a knock;
Arise, thou dead, one loudly spoke,
Wake up, wake up, without delay,
And draw me now the bolts away.

The dead obeyed the voice that cried;
At once his eyes he opened wide,
He stretched his limbs, he raised his head,
And life thro' all his members spread.

O mighty God, I call on Thee,
From Satan's grasp deliver me;
Thou dead, O close again thine eyes,
God give thee rest in Paradise.
And lo, the dead man, near the door,
Let fall his eyelids as before.

And louder came again the knock;
Arise, thou dead, one strongly spoke:
Wake up, and hearken, without delay,
I bid thee draw the bolts away.

Again the dead the voice obeyed,
And left the place where he was laid.
He then held out his frigid hand
To reach the door—God near us stand!
Set free my soul, Redeemer kind,
Defence with Thee O let me find.

Thou dead, be still, forbear to move,
Our God in judgment shew thee love.
And lo, the dead man, near the door,
Lay down where he had lain before.

Yet louder came the knock a new;
The maiden faint with terror grew;
Thou dead, do this I order thee,
The living thrust thou forth to me.

What anguish, what tormenting pain!
He wake up yet once again,
His gloomy eye, new source of dread,
Glare on the maiden, now half dead.

No. 17.—SOPRANO SOLO.

O Virgin-Mother, gracious be,
All thy compassion let me see;
Sinful the prayer I made to thee,
Yet in thy love forgive thou me.
Bring me to dawn from out this night,
And set me free from cruel might.

No. 18.—BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.

There crew a cock, of morn to tell,
A second, third, and fourth as well,
The crowing still more frequent came,
The news was everywhere the same.

And when the signal first was heard,
The dead fell back, and never stirred,
And fled the ghastly spectre crew,
'Twas peaceful—morning breezes blew.

All who to mass at morning went
Stood still in great astonishment:
One tomb there was to ruin gone,
And in the dead house a maiden ran.
On looking round, amazed were they,
On ever grave a garment lay.

Well was it, maiden, that thy mind
Turned unto God, defence to find,
For He thy foes did harmless bind,
Hast thou thyself, too, nothing done,
I'll with thy soul it then had gone,
Thy body, as the garments were,
Mangled had been, and scattered there.
THE SPECTRE'S BRIDE.

INTRODUCTION.

Allegro moderato. $d' = 72.$

Piu mosso.

ben marcato la melodia.

Poco meno, quasi tempo I ma., p

Ped.

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s octavo Edition.
No. 1.  Chorus.—"THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT SOON WILL SOUND."

Tenor.

*Allegro commodo, quasi Tempo Ioso.*

The stroke... of midnight soon will sound.

*Allegro commodo, quasi Tempo Ioso.*

And all... is wrapt in rest profound; Save

only where... the lonely light In yonder

Soprano.

*Allegro.*

The stroke... of midnight

Chamber still... is bright.

Dvořák—"The Scream's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(5.)
soon will sound, And all is wrapt in rest pro-

- found, Save only for you lonely light.

stroke of midnight soon will sound,

The
stroke of night soon will sound, And all is
stroke of night soon will sound, And all is
soon will sound, And all is wrap't in rest profound, Save
soon will sound, And all is wrap't in rest profound, Save

wrap't in rest profound, Save on ly where the
wrap't in rest profound, Save on ly where the
where the light in yonder chamber still is bright, save
where the light in yonder chamber still is bright, save

lone ly light In yonder cham ber still is bright, in
lone ly light In yonder cham ber still is bright, save where the
only where the lone ly light, the light in
only where the lone ly light, the light in

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Those humble walls to guard and grace,

Hangs there the Virgin's picture'd face,

Borne in her arms the Holy Child,
So pure and fair, so sweet and mild, so pure and
mild,
Those humble walls to

guard and grace,
There hangs the Virgin's

Pictur'd face,
Within her arms, the Holy

*Note: "The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.*
Child, So pure and fair, so sweet and mild.

Child, So pure and fair, so sweet and mild.

Child, So pure and fair, so sweet and mild.

Child, So pure and fair, so sweet and mild.

Before that

Before that

Before that Mother's form one sees,

Before that Mother's form one sees,

Mother's form one sees, Pallid, a maiden

Mother's form one sees, Pallid, a maiden

Pallid, a maiden on her knees;

Pallid, a maiden on her knees;

Dvořák—*The Spectre's Bride*—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
on her knees,
Clasped are her hands... and sunk her head,

Clasped are her hands... and sunk her head,

Tears, too,

Tears, too.

Tears, too.

Tears, too.

but she shed;

but she shed;

but she shed;

but she shed;

Scarce can she breathe, by

Scarce can she breathe, by grief oppressed,

And wildly throb'd... her

"rolâk."—The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Opera Edition.
Sore can she breathe, by grief, by grief oppressed, scarce can she breathe, by
having breast, scarce can she breathe, by

Sore can she breathe, by grief oppressed,
grief oppressed, and wildly throbs her having breast, while

And wildly throbs her having breast. While tear on tear, so deep her
tear on tear, so deep her woe, while tear on tear, so deep her woe, so
tear on tear, so deep her woe, while tear on tear, so deep her woe, so
tear on tear, so deep her woe, while tear on tear, so deep her woe, so

woe, Rolls down in one unceasing flow.

deep her woe, Rolls down in one unceasing flow.

deep her woe, Rolls down in one unceasing flow.

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 2.

**Solo.—"WHERE ART THOU, FATHER?"**

*Moderato quasi Recit.*

**SopranoSolo.**

*Allegro.*

Where art thou, fa- ther? where art thou, fa- ther dear?

*Moderato quasi Recit.*

**Allegro.*

Where art thou, fa- ther? At peace in death for ma- ny a year.

*Moderato.*

Ah, where art thou, O where,

*Allegro con brio.*

mother blest? O where, mother blest? Be-

*Dvorak.—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(17.)
side my father laid at rest.

Not one year old, not one year old . . . my

sister died,

War took my brother from my side,

Ah... where art thou,

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Andante.

where art thou, father dear? where art thou, mother blest?

Soprano Solo.

Andante con moto.

Mine did I once a lover call; Him would I

fain have given my... all; Fortune in... foreign

Dvořák—"The Spener's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
lands he sought, And back to me he turns him

not. When on his quest he went away,

These words I heard him, parting, say: Sow flax, my

love, I counsel thee, And ev'ry day re-

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
- mem - ber me.

Un poco più con moto.

Spin in the first year, spin with care,
Un poco più con moto.

Bleach in the next the fabric fair, Then garments make, when the

years are three, And ev'ry day... re - mem - ber me.
Spin in the first year, spin with care, Bleach in the

next the fabric fair, Then garments make, when the years are three: Twine I

that year a wreath for thee, We two that year shall wedded

be, That year a wreath I’ll twine for thee,

That year we two shall wedded be. Long have the
garments now been made, Long have in order due been laid,
Green myrtles fade, green myrtles fade, Long have the garments now been made,

Long have in order due been laid.

Green myrtles fade, green myrtles fade,

Un poco più lento.

still is a far My life's one on-ly, on-ly gui-ding

Un poco più lento.

D Un poco più mosso.

star. I know not where he is—can

D Un poco più mosso.

express.

he Have sunk be-neath the cru- el sea?

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Three years, and tidings have I none; Does he yet live, or

is he gone, does he yet live, or is he gone? Does he yet live, or is he

gone? O holy Mother, hear, O hear my

cry: In my distress to thee, to thee I fly.
Bring thou my dear one back to me;

All the delight I have is he. O grant the

boon for which I pray. If not, then take my

life away.

Brettk—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
With him, near him, would I remain; without him what is life but pain?

Bring him again, thus do I pray. Else carry me to him away.

Dvořák—"The Prophet's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 3. Soli and Chorus.—"THE PICTURE ON A SUDDEN MOVES."

Allegro commodo quasi tempo 1mo. Baritone Solo, mezz' voce.

Chorus—Soprano.

The picture on.

Alto.

The

Tenor.

The

Bass.

The

Allegro commodo quasi tempo 1mo.

Pp

The

sudden moves; A cry, the maiden's picture on a sudden moves; A

picture on a sudden moves; A

picture on a sudden moves; A

picture on a sudden moves; A

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(8th.)
terror proves; The lamp... with hisses flickers

cry... the maiden's terror proves; The

cry... the maiden's terror proves; The

cry... the maiden's terror proves; The

cry... the maiden's terror proves; The

Poco accelerando.

bright, Up-leaps the flame... then

lamp cresc. with hisses flickers bright,

lamp cresc. with hisses flickers bright,

lamp cresc. with hisses flickers bright,

lamp cresc. with hisses flickers bright,

lamp cresc. with hisses flickers bright,

All is night.

Up-leaps the flame, then all is night.

Up-leaps the flame, then all is night.

Up-leaps the flame, then all is night.

Perchance, then came a stream of air.

Perchance, then came a stream of

Perchance, then came a stream of

Perchance, then came a stream of

Dreßlak—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
Perchance, a sign of ill was there,
ill was there. And hark! and hark!

ill was there. And hark!

ill was there. And hark! and hark!

ill was there. And hark!

And hark!...

advancing steps some

And hark!

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
nigh,

And one is heard to

advancing steps come nigh,

knock, and cry:

And one is heard to knob, and cry,

And one is heard to knock, and cry.

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Say, maiden, dost thou knock, and cry:

knock, and cry:

knock, and cry:

knock, and cry:

sleep, or dost thou wake? Shall not my voice thy slum-

Dreßlert: "The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
And hark!

Ad-\textit{vancing steps come}

And hark!

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Ah, dearest child, how knock, and cry:

is’t... with thee? Say... is thy heart still true... to me?
No. 1. **Duet—“Ah, Dearest Child, How Is't With Thee.”**

**SOPRANO.**

Andante.

**TENOR.**

Ah, dearest child, how is't with thee?

Andante.

Knowest thou thy love, that

I am he? Ah, dearest child, how

is't with thee? Say, is thy heart still true to me? Ah.

P. dolce.

**Ivory—“The Spectre’s Bride.”—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—[34]**
dear - est child, how is't with thee? Say, is thy heart still true to me? Ah, dear - est child, how is't with thee? Say, is thy heart still true to me? Thou that art dear, ever dear to me, but bow

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
thoughts were set on thee; On thee... I think by night... and day, For
thee I never cease to pray.

Up, leave thy praying, hast thou thee,
Up, up, my love, and follow me.

Moon is bright, and long the way, Home I must lead my

A - las, what art thou ask - ing me!

So late, so late - it can - not be:

And wild - ly

roars the storm - y blast:

B Poco piu vire.

A - las, what art thou ask - ing me?

So late, so late - it can - not be:

Poco piu vire.

Dvořák—*The Sprecer's Bride.*—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Delay until the night be past,

Andante, Tempo Isto.

Ha, day is night, and night is

PP Andante, Tempo Isto.

Ah, what art thou asking of me?

The day... I like to

Uvedale—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
So late, so late—it can not be.

sleep a way.

Ere... yet this passing

De lay until the night be past,

de lay thou.

night is done, Shall... we in wed ded bonds be one. Then

Ped. Ped.

A las, a las,

lin... ger not, but come a way, And mine thou art cre

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
what ask - est thou! a - laa, a-
dawn of day, then lin - ger not, but come a-way, and thou art
-
-laa, de - lay, de - lay un - til the
mine ere dawn of day, and mine thou art

night be past.
erie dawn of day, then lin - ger not, but

Ped.

Dvořák — The Spectre's Bride—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
So wildly roars the stormy blast,
come away,

Delay until the night be past, till the night be
mine thou art ere dawn of day, and mine thou art ere dawn of

There should be a short pause after this movement.

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 5.  SOLO AND CHORUS.—“NATURE WAS CLAD IN GLOOM.”

Andante.  BARITONE SOLO.

Chorus.  SOPRANO.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Andante.

played her light.

Nature was clad in gloom of night, The wakeful moon dis-

Nature was clad in gloom of night.

Wakeful, the moon dis-

gloom of night, Wakeful, the moon dis-

gloom of night,

Dvořák—“The Spectre’s Bride.”—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—60.3
No life was stirring all around,

No life was stirring played her light,

No life was stirring played her light,

No life was stirring

A poco più mosso.

The wind... alone was heard to sound, the

all around, The wind... alone was

all around, The wind... alone was

all around, The wind... alone was

all around,

Un poco più mosso.

wind alone was heard to sound.

heard to sound, the wind alone was heard to sound.

heard to sound, the wind alone was heard to sound.

heard to sound.

And

heard to sound.  And

heard to sound.  And

heard to sound.  And

heard to sound.  And

Drozdek—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 6.  **Solo and Chorus.—** "AND ON HE WENT, WITH RAPID GAIT."

Allegro con fuoco.

Dvořák—"*The Soldier's Bride*"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(6.)
and on he went, with rapid gait,
wait, she might not wait,
and
wait, she might not wait,
and
wait, she might not wait,
and
wait, and she behind, she might not wait,
and

Dvořák—"The Soprano's Bride."—Novegal, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
and she behind, she

on he went, with rapid gait,

on he went, with rapid gait,

on he went, with rapid gait,

on he went, with rapid gait,

might not wait.

The

and she behind, she might not wait.

and she behind, she might not wait.

and she behind, she might not wait.

and she behind, she might not wait.

dogs, a-wakened, yelled and cried, To greet the bridegroom

The dogs, a-wakened, yelled and cried, To

The dogs, a-wakened, yelled and cried, To

The dogs, a-wakened, yelled and cried, To

and the bride, And all that
greet the bridegroom and the bride.
greet the bridegroom and the bride.
greet the bridegroom and the bride.
greet the bridegroom and the bride.

Lydgate—The Spectre's Bride.—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
heard them said, in fear, There is a spectre somewhere

near, there is a spectre, there is a

spectre somewhere near.

And all that
heard them said, in fear, There is a spectre some-where near, there is a spectre, a
heard them said, in fear, There is a spectre some-where near, there is a spectre, a
heard them said, in fear, There is a spectre some-where near, there is a spectre, a
heard them said, in fear, There is a spectre some-where near, there is a spectre, a

And on he went, with spectre somewhere near.

ra-pid gait, And she be-hind, she might not wait, The dogs, a-wakened,

yellow and cried, To greet the bridegroom and the bride, the dogs, a

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
- wa-kened, cried, To greet the bride-groom and the bride.

The

The

The dogs, a-wakened, yelled and cried, To greet the bridegroom

The dogs, a-wakened, yelled and cried, To greet the bridegroom
dogs, a-wakened, yelled and cried, To greet the bridegroom
dogs, a-wakened, yelled and cried, To greet the bridegroom

Drook—"The Spectre's Bride."—Norello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
and the bride, the dogs, awakened, yelled and cried, to greet the bridegroom

and the bride, the dogs, awakened, yelled and cried, to greet the bridegroom

and the bride, the dogs, awakened, yelled and cried, to greet the bridegroom

The dogs, awakened, yelled and cried, the

and the bride, to greet the bridegroom and the

and the bride, to greet the bridegroom and the

and the bride, to greet the bridegroom and the

dogs, awakened, yelled and cried, To greet the bridegroom and the

Dogs, awoke, yelled and cried, the dogs, awoke, yelled and cried, To
bride.

bride.

bride.

bride.

D

fpp

pp

sempre dim.

pp

greet the bridegroom and the bride.

And all that heard them

And all that heard them said, in fear, and

And all that heard them said, in fear, and

Dvořák—"The Sower's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
said, in fear, There is a spectre
all that heard them said, in fear, There is a spectre

And all that heard them said, in fear, There

somewhere near,
somewhere near,
somewhere near,
somewhere near,

Poco meno

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
is a spectre somewhere near.

and all that heard them

and all that heard them

and all that heard them

and all that heard them

in fear, there is a spectre somewhere

in fear, there is a spectre somewhere

in fear, there is a spectre somewhere

in fear, there is a spectre somewhere

near, there is a spectre somewhere near.

near,
somewhere near.

somewhere near.

Dvořák—"The Spreche's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
SOPRANO.
Allegro moderato.

Tenor. Mezzo forte.

Fair is the night, as clear as day, Now many
Allegro moderato. See

spir - its forth may stray, And, ere thou

knowst, may pass ... by thee; Yet fear not, since thou

art with me...
I do not fear, when I have thee, And Heaven's regard is over me.

But tell me, dearest, answer give, but tell me, dearest, answer give.

How fares thy father? Does he live? does he live! And

Poché—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
will the mother in thy home— Will she be glad to see me

a tempo.

Speak, my beloved, answer give, speak,

Thou askest much, but let it be, Make

haste, make haste, thou soon wilt see, Thou askest much, but let it be, Make

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
haste, make haste, thou soon wilt see, Make haste, make haste, time quickly flies, A
wear-y march before us lies, make haste, make haste, time
quick-ly flies, A wear-y march before us lies.

What's thy hand is clasp-ing there, Be-loved

Dvořák—"The Shepherd's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
gone, throw it away, bid it be gone, Make haste, make haste, time quickly flies,

A weary march before us lies, It weighs upon thee, it weighs upon thee like a stone, The book is but a check to thee, Then fling it off, and follow me.

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Make haste, make haste, beloved

maid, throw it away. bid it be gone, weighing upon thee like a stome, the book is but a check to thee, throw it a-way, and follow

Gripping the

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Solo and Chorus.—"HE GRIPS THE BOOK."

Chorus, Soprano.

He grips the book; without a pause

Alto.

He grips the book; without a pause

Tenor.

He grips the book; without a pause

Bass.

He grips the book; without a pause

Poco ritenuto.

He grips the book; without a pause

Ten miles her steps he onward draws.

Ten miles her steps he onward draws.

Ivorah.—The Speeoe's Bride.—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(63.)
Andante con moto.

draws.

Ten miles her steps he onward draws.

Ten miles her steps he onward draws.

Andante con moto.

express.

mezzo voce.

O'er boulders rough he takes his way. The wolf's prolonged and dismal

ppp

Ped.  Ped.

Frohock—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
From rocky clefts is heard, is heard to sound,
And out of caverns under ground.

O'er boulders rough he takes his way,

Screech-owl! hark, the screech-owl cries,
And coming evil prophet.

The takes his way,
No. 9. Solo and Chorus.—"OUT OF Caverns Under Ground."

Allegro con fuoco.

and out of cav - erns un - der ground the

and out of cav - erns un - der ground the

and out of cav - erns un - der ground the

and out of cav - erns un - der ground the

screech-owl, hark, the screech-owl cries,
And coming
screech-owl, hark, the screech-owl cries,
And coming
screech-owl, hark, the screech-owl cries,
And coming
screech-owl, hark, the screech-owl cries,
And coming

See

f

And

evil, and coming evil prophes-
evil, and coming evil prophes-
evil, and coming evil prophes-
evil, and coming evil prophes-

See

Drovák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
On he went, with rapid gait,
sies.
And on he went, with
sies.
And on he went, with
sies.
And on he went, with
sies.
And on he went, with

And she behind, she might not wait,
rapid gait,
And
rapid gait,
And
rapid gait,
And
rapid gait,
And over flint-y she behind, she might not wait.

And over flint-y she behind, she might not wait.

And over flint-y she behind, she might not wait.

And over flint-y she behind, she might not wait.

stones they sped, Through thorn-y brakes, and deserts dead;

over flint-y stones they sped, Through thorn-y brakes, and

over flint-y stones they sped, Through thorn-y brakes, and

over flint-y stones they sped, Through thorn-y brakes, and

over flint-y stones they sped, Through thorn-y brakes, and

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
deserts dead;

deserts dead;

deserts dead;

deserts dead;

Sez

And where so e'er her foot step fell, With

blood the track was marked as well, with blood the

track was marked, with blood was marked as

And whereas her footstep fell, with blood the track was marked as well, with blood.

Drofak—"The Spectre's Bride"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
track was marked, was marked as

B

on he went, with rapid gait, And she behind, she might not wait; Through

well.

well.

well.

well.

thorn-y brakes, and deserts dead; And where-so-er her footstep fell, With

blood, with blood... the track was marked at

And

And

And

And

[Music notation]

Dowric—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
well.

on he went, with rapid gait, And she behind, she might not wait; Through

on he went, with rapid gait, And she behind, she might not wait; Through

on he went, with rapid gait, And she behind, she might not wait; Through

on he went, with rapid gait, And she behind, she might not wait; Through

thorny brakes, and deserts dead; And where so e'er her foot-step fell, With

thorny brakes, and deserts dead; And where so e'er her foot-step fell, With

thorny brakes, and deserts dead; And where so e'er her foot-step fell, With

thorny brakes, and deserts dead; And where so e'er her foot-step fell, With

Dvořák—"The Sirene's Bride"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
And on he went, with blood the track was marked as well.

And on he went, with rapid gait,

And on he went, with rapid gait,

And on he went, with rapid gait,

And on he went, with rapid gait,
she behind, she might not wait.

And she behind, she
And she behind, she
And she behind, she
And she behind, she

might not wait, and she behind, ... and she behind, she
might not wait, and she behind, ... and she behind, she
might not wait, and she behind, ... and she behind, she
might not wait, and she behind, ... and she behind, she

Dvořák — The Stepmother's Bride.—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
And o-ver flint-y stones they sped, and o-ver flint-y
might not wait.

might not wait.

might not wait.

might not wait.

And o-ver thorn-y brakes, and des-erts dead,

And o-ver flint-y

And o-ver flint-y

And o-ver flint-y

Dvořák—"The Spero's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
flint-y stones they sped, through
stones they sped, through thorn-y brakes, and deserts dead, through
flint-y stones they sped, through
stones they sped, through thorn-y brakes, and deserts dead, through

Poco meno.

And where-so-e'er her footstep fell, with
thorn-y brakes, and deserts dead;

thorn-y brakes, and deserts dead;
thorn-y brakes, and deserts dead;
thorn-y brakes, and deserts dead;
thorn-y brakes, and deserts dead;

Poco meno.

Dim.

[Note: "The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.]
blood the track was marked as well.

And where so e'er her

And where so e'er her

And where so e'er her

and where so e'er her

foot step fell, With blood the track was marked

foot step fell, With blood the track was marked

foot step fell, With blood the track was marked

foot step fell, With blood the track was marked

Dvořák—"The Sperati's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
well.

well.

well, with blood the track was marked as well.

well, with blood the track was marked as well.

No. 10.

**DUET.—“FAIR IS THE NIGHT.”**

*SOPRANO.*
*Allegro moderato.*

*Tenor.* *mezzo voce.*

Fair is the night, and spir—its love, At such an
*Allegro moderato.*

hour, on earth to rove; And ere thou

know’st, may pass by thee; Yet fear not, since thou

art with me, yet fear not,

Dvořák.—*The Spectre’s Bride.*—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(89.)
I do not fear, when I have thee; The
since thou art with me.

Poco più mosso.

hand of God is over me. Deny me

not, but answer give, deny me not, but answer

give, Describe thy home, where we shall live, The

Poco ritard.

Poco ritard.
Poco tranquillo quasi tempo I ma.

view that from the house one sees; And say if near the

Poco tranquillo quasi tempo I ma.

stringendo.

church it is. Do not de - ny, but an - swer give; answer me,

stringendo.

answer me, answer me.

Thou ask - est much, but let it be, The

whole this ve - ry day thou'lt see, Make haste, make haste, time quick - ly flies, make

Dvořák—"The Sower's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
A weary march before us lies, make haste, time quickly flies. But say, beloved, what hangs around thee there?

Ivory—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
The chaplet! How it frightens me! How like a snake it circles thee! Throw it a-way, we are at speed.

throw it a-way, we are at speed, Thy breathing, sure, it must impede, Then pluck it off, we are at speed, throw it a-

we are at speed, throw it away,
we are at speed, How does this

Poco tranquillo.

chap - let fright - en me! How like a snake it cir - cles

Poco tranquillo.

pp dolce.

stringendo.

Thee! Thy breathing, sue, it must, it must... im-

stringendo.

Sez.

rit.

-pede, thy breathing, sue, it must, it must im-pede, Then

Sez.

a tempo.

pluck it o£, we are at speed,
a tempo.

Poco meno mosso.

Make haste, make haste, time quickly flies, only make haste, time quickly
Poco meno mosso.

fies, a weary march before us lies.

Solo. Baritone.

Chorus. Soprano.

Tearing it off, he rushes on,
Nor stops till

Un poco più mosso quasi Allegro.

Alto.

Tearing it off, he rushes on,

Tenor.

Un poco più mosso quasi Allegro.

Bass.

twen·ty miles are done.
Nor stops till twen·ty miles are done.
Nor stops till twen·ty miles are done.

The done.

Nor stops till twen·ty miles are done.
Nor stops till twen·ty miles are done.

No. 11. SOLO AND CHORUS.—"THE PATHWAY NOW LESS RUGGED GROWS."

Andante con moto.

Baritone solo.

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Ant. con moto.

Dvořák—"The Sower's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—091.

Path-way now less rugged grows, Thro' marsh-y land and swamp it goes.

The

The

The

The

Dvořák—"The Sower's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—091.
Corpses—candle there, in double row, With wan and fitful luster glow, Two marshy land and swamp it goes, marshy land and swamp it goes, land and swamp it goes, land and swamp it goes, quasi tempo di marcia.

rows, with nine in each, are seen, As they a funeral train had been.

candles there, in double row, with wan and fitful lustre glow, Two

From

rows, with nine in each, are seen, As they a fun’ral-train had been,
wa - ter - o - ver - la - den bogs

sounds a dirge of croak - ing frogs.

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
water-overn laden bogs Re

Dvořák—"The Sorceror's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
can-dles there, in dou-
ble row, With wan and fit-
ful lu-
tre glow. Two

rows, with nine in each, are seen, As they a fun-
ral train had been. And

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
on he went, with rapid gait, She reeled a-long, yet fain would wait, and

Corpses


wait.

- can - dles there, in dou - ble row, With wan and fit - ful
- can - dles there, in dou - ble row, With wan and fit - ful
- can - dles there, in dou - ble row, With wan and fit - ful
- can - dles there, in dou - ble row, With wan and fit - ful

lus - tre glow, Two rows, with nine in each, are seen,
lus - tre glow, Two rows, with nine in each, are seen,
lus - tre glow, Two rows, with nine in each, are seen,
lus - tre glow, Two rows, with nine in each, are seen,
As they a funeral-train had been. From water-over

As they a funeral-train had been. From water-over

As they a funeral-train had been. From water-

As they a funeral-train had been, From water-

As they a funeral-train had been, From water-

Sea

Sea

Resounds a dirge of croaking

Resounds a dirge of croaking

-o-ver-la-den bogs. Resounds, re-sounds a dirge of croaking

-o-ver-la-den bogs. Resounds, re-sounds a dirge of croaking

frogs. And on he went, with
frogs. And on he went, with
frogs. And on he went, with

And on he went, with rapid gait, She

And on he went, with rapid gait,

And on he went, with rapid gait,

And on he went, with rapid gait,

And on he went, with rapid gait,

reel'd a-long, yet fain would wait.

And on he went, with rapid gait,

She

And on he went, with rapid gait,

She

And on he went, with rapid gait,

She

And on he went, with rapid gait,

She

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Her tender feet were wait. Her tender feet were wait. Her tender feet were tired and sore. Her
tired and sore, Her mouth betrayed the pain she feet were tired and feet were tired and
mouth betrayed the pain she bore. Her tender feet were tired and sore. Her

Dvořák — The Spectre's Bride.—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
bore,
Ah, whither bound, thou palpit
sore,
Her mouth be
sore,
Her mouth be
sore,
Her mouth be
mouth betrayed the pain she bore. Ah, whither bound, thou palpit bride? With

bride?
With blood from

trayed the pain, be

trayed the pain, be

trayed the pain, be

blood from thee the ferns are dyed, ah, whither bound, thou palpit bride? With

the ferns are trayed
the pain she bore. Ah,

blood from thee the ferns are dyed, ah, whither bound, thou pal-id bride? with blood from thee the ferns are dyed.

dyed, ah,

whither bound, thou pal-id bride? With

whither bound, thou pal-id bride? With

whither bound, thou pal-id bride? With

Dvořák—"The Spectre’s Bride."—Novello, Krow and Co.’s Octavo Edition
Candles there, in double row, with wan and fitful luster glow, two
rows, with nine in each, are seen, As they a fun'ral-train had been, From

Water-o-ver-la-den bogs,

Can-dles there, in dou-ble row, With wan and fit-ful lus-tre glow, Two

Can-dles there, in dou-ble row, With wan and fit-ful lus-tre glow, Two

Can-dles there, in dou-ble row, With

Sounds out a dirge of croaking frogs, And
rows, with nine in each, are seen. As they a fun’ral-train had been, From
rows, with nine in each, are seen. As they a fun’ral-train had been, From
wan and fitful lustre glow, Two
wan and fitful lustre glow. Two


on he went with rapid gait, She reeled a song, yet fain would wait, And
water-overflowed bogs Re-
water-overflowed bogs Re-
rows, with nine in each, are seen. As
rows, with nine in each, are seen. As

on he went, with rap-

•

id gait. She reeled a-long, yet fain, yet fain would

•

sounds a dirge of croak-
ing

•

sounds a dirge of croak-
ing

•

they a funeral train had

•

they a funeral train had

•

wait.

•

frogs. And on he went, with rap-
id gait, She reeled a-long, yet fain would

•

frogs. And on he went, with rap-
id gait, She reeled a-long, yet fain would

•

been.

•

been.

•

And

•

And

•

fain would wait.
fain would wait.
fain would wait.
fain would wait.
No. 12. Duet—"NOW, WHEN THE NIGHT SO FAIR DOETH SHOW."

Ped. sempre. con Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ped. p cresc.

Yet fear thou not, for thou hast me, yet fear thou

Dvořák—"The Sower's Bride." Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(118)
I have thee, The will of God is over me.

Now for a time for bear, for

bear thy quest, One moment only let me rest.

See how I reel for very pain, My strength no

longer I retain, my strength no

longer I retain.

Dvořák—*The Sower's Bride*—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Nay, come, my love, the end is near,
The goal we seek will soon appear,
There wait us guests and mirth and joy,
And like a dart the moments fly.

Poco più mosso, quasi Allegretto.

Dvořák—"The Steersman's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
grave the living go, And ere thou know'st, may pass by thee.

Yet fear thou not, for thou hast me.

I do not fear when I have thee, but my love, the end is near,

The will of God is near,
is it, maid-on-fair, That thou around thy neck dost bear

mother had me wear.

Ha, ha, accursed or-nament, Beneath its weight I see thee bent, Its cd-ges wound both thee and me.

With out it, swift'er we could be. without it, swift'er we could be.

Baritone Solo.

Hurling it far, he hurled on.

Till thirty miles the two had gone.

Soprano.

Till thirty miles the two had gone.

Alto.

Till thirty miles the two had gone.

Tenor.

Till thirty miles the two had gone.

Bass.

Till thirty miles the two had gone.

There should be a short pause after this movement.
No. 18. Solo and Chorus.—"There stood a pile."

Allegro. Baritone Solo.

There stood a pile, with

Allegro. pp

Sea basses

Soprano. Where-in a
tower be-side,

pp

There stood a pile, with tower be-side,

Alto.

There stood a pile, with tower be-side,

Tenor.

There stood a pile, with tower be-side,

Bass.

There stood a pile, with tower be-side,

Sea basses

Dvořák—"The Sceptre's Right."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(186.)
bell might be des-cried,

Where-in a bell might

Where-in a bell might

Where-in a bell might

Where-in a bell might

Sea basso

With lofty win-

dows,

be des-cried,

be des-cried,

be des-cried,

be des-cried,

poco a poco cres.

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
ample door,

With lofty

With lofty

With lofty

With lofty

Toward windows, ample door,

windows, ample door,

windows, ample door,

windows, ample door,

windows, ample door,

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
heaven it upward seemed to

soar,

There stood a pile, with

Toward heaven it upward seemed to soar,

Toward heaven it upward seemed to soar,

Toward heaven it upward seemed to soar,

Toward heaven it upward seemed to soar,

There stood a pile, with tower beside,

Where-in a bell might be des-cried,

With lofty win-dows,

Where-in a bell might be des-cried,

Where-in a bell might be des-cried,

Dvořák—"The Sampler's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
seemed to soar.

seemed to soar.

seemed to soar.

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 14. \[Recit. and Chorus.\] "SEE, NOW, MY SWEETHEART."

Moderato.

**Tenor. Recit.**

Moderato. See, now, my sweet-heart, here at last

Soprano. Allegro.

Where is the house? A

At home are we, our journey past.

church I behold, The church-yard set with crosses there!

Recit.

No church is this, but my castle old.

Moderato.

Dvořák—"The Sperre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition. (132.)
castle.

No church-yard, but my garden

fair.

I pray thee, maid-en, hap-py be, And o'er the wall some leap with

Thine eyes with me.

look ter-rific burn, All hot and taint-ed is thy breath, Thy

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
heart is hard, and cold as death.

Allegro non tanto.

Fear not, my dear one, have no dread, Rich - ly my house with - in is spread,

Bloodless the flesh that there is found, To - day shall blood, shall blood for once a - bound,

Bloodless the flesh that there is... found, To - day shall blood for once a...
B
a tempo.

bound.

B
a tempo.

Quasi Recit.

What art thou bearing,

Quasi Recit.

a tempo.

Garments, against my wedding-day,

sweet-heart, say I

Two are enough, thou

p a tempo.

pp

maiden fair,
The rest but needless trifles are.

Borrah—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Chorus.
Soprano.
He took the garments which she gave, And, laughing, threw them on a

 Alto.
He took the garments which she gave, And, laughing, threw them on a

Tenor.
He took the garments which she gave, And, laughing, threw them on a

Bass.
He took the garments which she gave, And, laughing, threw them on a

Fear not that aught will injure thee, But lightly leap the wall with

grave.

grave.

grave.

grave.

Devisch: "The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
Thou hast before me ever gone, by risky paths I followed on, still
Dreßler—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
No. 15.  

Solo and Chorus.—"He Leapt the Wall."

*Allegro, quasi l'istesso tempo.*

Soprano.  

He leapt the

Alto.  

He leapt,

Tenor.  

He leapt,  

Bass.  

He leapt,  

He leapt the wall, with sudden power, He leapt the

*Allegro, quasi l'istesso tempo.*

Baritone Solo.  

He leapt the wall, with sudden

wall, with sudden power, Five fathom full, or somewhat more.

wall, with sudden power, Five fathom full, or somewhat more.

wall, with sudden power, Five fathom full, or somewhat more.

wall, with sudden power, Five fathom full, or somewhat more.

Dvořák.—"The Sprecht's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(143)
took herself to headlong flight, the maiden then, in

The maiden then, in

cres.

Die 

SOPRANO, mf

Diedly fright, Be - took her - self to head -

Diedly fright, Be - took her - self to head -

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
maiden then, in deadly fright, she took herself to flight, the maiden then, in deadly fright, be
headlong flight, she took herself to headlong flight, be
self to headlong flight, headlong flight, she took her

The maiden then, in deadly fright, Be

God be with thee, thou hapless

took herself to head-long flight.

head-long to head-long flight.

self to head-long, to head-long flight.

took herself to head-long, head-long flight.

maid, . . . And in thy danger send thee aid, . . . Be-

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
hold, a tiny house is here. To the door with speed, where help is

near, speed to the door, where help is near.

maiden, God be with thee, thou hapless maid, God be with
maiden, God be with thee, thou hapless maid, God be with
maiden, God be with thee, thou hapless maid, God be with
maiden, God be with thee, thou hapless maid, God be with

Behold, a tiny house is here,
- hold, a tiny house is here, To the door with speed, where help is

- hold, a tiny house is here. To the door with speed, where help is

To the door, to the door with speed, where help is

- hold, a tiny house is here, To the door with speed, where help is

\[ \text{Poco tranquillo} \]

near.

near.

near.

near.

Poco tranquillo.

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
C Allegro moderato.

undo the door, and hurry in, and

poco rit.

Alegro moderato.

God's protecting care be thine, make door and bolt together,

Swedish—‘The Spotted Bride.’—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
- on the grace of God rely,

Make door and bolt to do the door, and hurry in, And God's protecting

And God's protecting

A strange a-bode; with feeble ray
The moon thro' cran-nies

A strange a-bode; with feeble ray
The moon thro'

up-on the grace of God rely, up-on the
door and bolt to-geth-er fly, Up-on the grace of
door and bolt to-geth-er fly, Up-on the grace of
made her way;  A plank was laid there, worn and old,  a plank was laid there,
cranies made her way;  grace . of God re - ly.  .

God re - ly.

worn and old,  There-on a corpse, all pale and cold.

A plank was  A plank was  A plank was  A plank was

D  D  D  D

Dvorki—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
laid there, worn and old. There-on, there-on a

There-on a corpse, all pale and cold.

There-on a corpse, all pale and cold.

There-on a corpse, all pale and cold.

Dvořák—The spectre's Bride.—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Before the house, while moon-beams glanced,

Before the house, while moon-beams glanced,

Before the house, while moon-beams glanced,
A ghastly band of spectres danced,

A ghastly band of spectres danced,
Their voices danced.

Their voices gave an awful sound.

gave an awful sound.

Their voices gave an awful sound.

Their voices gave an awful sound.

Their voices gave an awful sound.
The warning echoed far around:

sound, The warning sound, The warning sound, The warning sound,

E  Poco meno mosso.

E  Poco meno mosso.

A few voices in the distance.

The lad—y must to death be brought.

... And woe to him who ill has wrought...
No. 16. Solo and Chorus.—"And at the door there came a knock."

Baritone Solo.

And at the door there came a knock,

Soprano.

And at the

Alto.

And at the

Tenor.

And at the

Bass.

And at the

And at the

Dvořák—"The Sycron's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co. Limited Edition.—(535.)
A rise, thou dead, one loudly spoke, knock.

Doorway came a knock,
- out de-lay, And draw me now the bolts a-way, and
- out de-lay, And draw me now the bolts a-way, and
- out de-lay, And draw me now the bolts a-way, and
- out de-lay, And draw me now the bolts a-way, and

A Poco meno mosso.

A Poco meno mosso.

And

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at the door there came a knock. Arise, thou dead, one loudly spoke. Wake, up,

wake up, wake up, without delay, And draw me now the bolts away, the bolts away. The dead obeyed the voice that cried; At

tonce his eyes he opened wide, He stretched his limbs, he raised his head, And

life thro' all his members spread. O mighty God, I call on Thee, From

...v... The Spectre's Bride.---Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Satan's grasp deliver me; Thou dead, O close again thine eyes, God
give thee rest in Paradise, God give thee rest in Paradise;
And lo, the dead man, near the door. Let
Thou dead, O close again thine eyes, thou dead, O close again thine eyes, God
Thou dead, O close again thine eyes, thou dead, O close again thine eyes, God
Thou dead, O close again thine eyes, God

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
fall his eye-lids as before, And
give thee rest in Paradise, in Paradise,
give thee rest in Paradise, in Paradise,
give thee rest in Paradise.

Sea

Lo, the dead man, near the door, let fall his eye-lids

ritard. a tempo.
as before.

C a tempo.

Drobich—The Spectre's Bride.—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
And louder came a

-again the knock: Arise, thou dead, one strong-ly spoke: Wake up, and hearken,

hearken, with-out de-lay, I bid thee draw the bolts a-way, the bolts a-way.

Again the dead the voice obeyed, And left the place where he was laid, He then held out his frig-hand To reach the door, God near us stand! Set free my soul, Re-

Dráík—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Deemer kind, Defence with Thee O let me find. Thou dead, be still, for—

bear to move, Our God in judgment shew thee love. And lo, the dead man, near the door, Lay down where he had lain before. Yet louder came the knock anew, The

Chorus.

Thou dead, be still, for—bear to move, Our

Thou dead, be still, for—bear to move, Our

Thou dead, be—

Thou dead, be still, for—

... The living thrust thou forth... to a tempo.

What anguish, what tormenting pain! He... a tempo.

What anguish, what tormenting pain! He... a tempo.

What anguish, what tormenting pain! He... a tempo.

What anguish, what tormenting pain! He... a tempo.

Dvořák—'The Scream's Bride.'—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
wak-ens up yet once again, His gloomy eye, new source of dread, glares on the
mend-ing pain! What an

poco ritard.

maid-en, now half dead.
No. 17.  
Solo.—"O VIRGIN MOTHER, GRACIOUS BE."

Adagio.  $pp$ Soprano Solo.

Adagio.

O Virgin Mother, gracious be,

$p$ pp

All thy compassion let me see:

O Virgin Mother, gracious be,

$p$ pp

All thy compassion let me see,

Sinful the prayer I made to thee,

Dvořák—"The SPECTRE's BRIDE."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(1907)
Yet in thy love forgive thou me.

Sincere the prayer I made to thee.

Yet in thy love forgive thou me, forgive thou me, yet in thy love forgive thou me, forgive thou me.

Bring me to dawn from out this night. And set me free from cruel

Dreulich—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
might, bring me to dawn from out this night, and set me
free from cruel might, and set me free from cruel might, and set me
free, O Virgin Mother,
gracious be, All thy com-

passion let me see:

Sinful the prayer I made to thee,
Yet in thy love for give thou me,
O Virgin Mother, gracious be.

All thy compassion let

Dvorák—"The Sinfonie's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
me, see, And in thy love.

love: for - give - thou me. Bring me to dawn from out this night. And set me free from cruel might, and set me free, and set me free, and set me free.

Mother, gracious be.

Solo and Chorus.—"THERE CROW A COCK"

Baritone Solo.
Allegro non tanto.

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Allegro non tanto.

Ped. pp

There crou a cock, of morn to tell,
A second, third, and

There crou a cock, of morn to tell,
A

There crou a cock, of morn to tell,
A

Drach—"The Spectre's Bride"—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(175.)
fourth as well,
The crowing still more frequent came,

second, third, and fourth as well.
The crowing still more frequent came,

There crow'd a cock, of morn to
second, third, and fourth as well, The crowing still more frequent came,

The news was every where the same,

The news was every where the same, The crowing still more frequent came, The news was every where the same, The crowing still more frequent came,

A second, third, and fourth as well, the crowing still more frequent came,

And every where the news the same,

Dowland—"The Sceptre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
news, the news was ev'rywhere the same,

news, the news was ev'rywhere the same,

frequent came, And ev'rywhere the news the same,

And ev'rywhere the news the same,

There crou a cock, of morn to tell, A

There crou a cock, of morn to tell,

and ev'rywhere the

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
The crowing still more

A second, third, and fourth as well,

The news the same,

frequent came, The news was every where the same, The crowing still more

crowing still more frequent came,
dim.

frequent came, And ev'-ry-where the news the same.

And ev'-ry-where the news the same.

And when the signal

first was heard, The dead fell back, and never stirred,

And when the signal first was heard,
And when the signal first was heard,
And when the signal first was heard,
And when the signal first was heard,

Back fell the dead, and
Back fell the dead, and
Back fell the dead, and
Back fell the dead, and

And died the
never stirred, ...
never stirred, ...
never stirred, ...
never stirred, ...

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
ghastly spectre crew, 'Twas peaceful, morning breeze.

And fled the ghastly spectre crew, 'Twas

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
peaceful, morning breezes blew.

peaceful, morning breezes blew.

peaceful, morning breezes blew.

peaceful, morning breezes blew.

All who to mass at

Ped.
Dvořák—"The Sower's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
morning went... Stood still in great as...

morning went... Stood still in great as...

morning went... Stood still in great as...

morning went... Stood still in great as...

One tomb... there was to

ton... diminish.

ton... diminish.

ton... diminish.

ton... diminish.

Dvorák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
And in the dead house a maiden wan, On

And in the dead house a maiden wan, On

And in the dead house a maiden wan, On

And in the dead house a maiden wan, On

look ing round, amaz ed were they,

look ing round, amaz ed were they,

look ing round, amaz ed were they,

look ing round, amaz ed were they,

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Poco tranquillo.

On ev'ry grave a garment lay.

On ev'ry grave a garment lay.

On ev'ry grave a garment lay.

On ev'ry grave a garment lay.

Well was it, maiden.

Drofik—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
that thy mind turned un. to God, de-

fence to had, For He thy foes did harm-

less

blind.

Hadst thou thyself, too, nothing done,

Hadst thou thyself, too, nothing done,

Hadst thou thyself, too, nothing done,

Hadst thou thyself, too, nothing done,

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Ill with thy soul it then had gone,
Thy body, as the garments

Dvořák—"The Spectre's Bride."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
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*Ah, dearest child, how is't with thee?*

*The picture on a sudden moves*

*The stroke of midnight soon will sound*

*Where art thou, father?*

*Nature was clad in gloom*

*And on he went, with rapid gait*

*Fair is the night*

*He grips the book*

*Out of caverns under ground*

*The pathway now less rugged grows*

*Now, when the night so fair doth show*

*There stood a pile*

*See, now, my sweetheart*

*He leapt the wall*

*And at the door there came a knock*

*O Virgin-Mother, gracious be*

*There crew a cock*