

SAINT URSULA:

Sacred Cantata.

COMPOSED BY

F H. COWEN.

Vocal Score Complete, Four Shillings.

Elegantly Bound in Cloth, with gilt edges, price Six Shillings.

THE ORCHESTRAL PARTS AND SCORE MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION TO THE PUBLISHERS.

London :

METZLER & CO., 37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS—See next Page.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS—See next Page.

SAINT URSULA.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The Times," Friday, October 14th, 1881.

The question whether the Norwich festival will make an important, and, it may be hoped, permanent addition to the store of English music, can be answered in the affirmative after the performance this morning of Mr. Cowen's new cantata, *St. Ursula*. Not only was the popular success of the work a most brilliant one, but, what is more, it was obtained by means alone of legitimate and elevated art, and without any of those concessions to the vulgar from which Mr. Cowen's earlier works are not always free. *St. Ursula* may be pronounced a worthy sequel to the so-called Scandinavian symphony, which marked the young composer's departure for a new and higher sphere of art. The legend of the somewhat mythical *St. Ursula* and her numerous companions is tolerably familiar, and it will be sufficient to state the "argument" of the cantata in the words (slightly modified and abridged) of the librettist, Mr. R. E. Francillon:—Dionotus, a Christian king of Cornwall, had promised his only child, Ursula, to Conan, Prince of Brittany. But on the day appointed for the betrothal she, before her father, Conan, and the assembled Court, relates how an angel had come to her in a vision, and had mystically promised her a heavenly crown and a heavenly spouse, bidding her to that end make a pilgrimage to Rome in sign of her readiness to submit herself to God's will. Impressed by her manifest inspiration, her father reluctantly gives his consent, and gathers a fleet to convey her and her maidens (the legend says 11,000) to the foreign shore. Ursula and her companions reach Rome, receive the blessings of the Holy Father, and thence depart, without any light, however, having been thrown on the mysterious prophecy. On their way back they are welcomed at Cologne by Conan, who has set out to meet them. But at this time the Huns were ravaging these parts, and they also arrive at Cologne and surround the church in which Conan and Ursula have met. Their chief, struck by Ursula's beauty, promises her her life on condition that she will share his throne. Refusing to obey his will, she is, with all her companions, slain by the Huns, thus by her faith winning the crown of martyrdom.

In treating his libretto, Mr. Cowen has shown singular artistic insight. He evidently perceived at once that the chief momentum of the action lies in the heavenly message sent to Ursula, and the "vision of Ursula" accordingly supplies the key-note of his musical conception. It is painted in a subdued but deep-toned style. The measure *molto moderato* almost *andante*, relieved only by a short interval of *piu animato*, and the striking use of the violins in connection only with the harp, supplies a striking orchestral feature for the mind to dwell upon. Here also we find the "leit-motive" which is identified with the character of Ursula, and among other things, admirably indicates the arrival of the sainted maiden at Cologne in the third scene of the cantata. Mr. Cowen, it will be seen, is desirous of turning to account all the resources of modern art, and he does so by dint of genuine inspiration, not merely as a mechanical copyist. It is necessary next to refer to an admirable trio, with chorus, in which king and lover and confidante yield to the sacred vocation of Ursula, and permit her to depart. Here, and in the short duet which ensues, the medizval tone of the whole picture is well preserved by quaint sequences of intervals. There are also instances—in these and other pieces—of that "orchestral melody," which is one of the greatest achievements of modern music. The climax of the work is reached in the second scene of the cantata, and more especially in its *finale*. The components of that *finale* are not very remarkable. They consist of a sailor's chorus of somewhat conventional rhythm, and a hymn of the departing maidens, not in itself very striking. But the manner in which these tunes are treated simultaneously, and their combination with the soprano solo floating on this troubled sea of sound, may be called admirable. Still more remarkable is the pictorial effect of the *piano* growing softer and softer as the ship carrying the chanting maidens disappears from the view of those left behind. Mr. Cowen here shows a degree of dramatic skill, which makes one regret that he has not written an opera, instead of its feeble substitute, a cantata. . . . Mr. Cowen's music, indeed, is very forcible, and if the musical accent is occasionally placed on the wrong syllable, it may be suggested that Huns cannot be supposed to care much about arsis and thesis. The *finale*, in which the sacred chant appears again, this time in opposition to the shouts of the savages, rises once more to a considerable degree of dramatic force, without, however, reaching the climax in the second scene before alluded to. Mr. Cowen, who conducted his own work, was ably supported by the forces under his command. Orchestra and chorus left little to be desired, and the soli were, throughout, admirable. Madame Albani, who was in excellent voice, gave all the charm of genuine feeling to the character of Ursula. Madame Patey infused into the part of Ineth, the confidante, a significance which it does not on its own merits possess, and a similar remark applies to Mr. Lloyd, who made the success of a tenor song, the only trivial piece in the score. Mr. King did all that could be expected for the two minor characters previously referred to. The decided success of the work has already been mentioned.

The "Standard," Saturday, October 15th, 1881.

Yesterday, the chief novelty of the Festival, Mr. F. H. Cowen's cantata, *St. Ursula*, met with the emphatic success which I anticipated. A finer work has not been heard for many years, and it may be accepted as an evidence of the "second period" of the English musician, who passed at a single step from the grove of imitative emulation into the path of absolute creativeness, in his "Scandinavian" Symphony. There is no gilt gingerbread in the construction of the cantata, and the author has not sought to secure the suffrages of the public by appealing to vulgar taste; on the contrary, he has sought to give us of his best, and the result justifies his determination to maintain nothing but a high standard. The poem is founded upon the ancient legend by Mr. R. E. Francillon.

This subject, which at the best, is but an incomplete one, has been treated with signal ability by Mr. F. H. Cowen, who, disdaining the work for easily-acquired popularity, has wrought with a higher object for the sake of enduring fame. Not only is *St. Ursula* far in advance of any choral work which Mr. Cowen has produced, but it is an acquisition and an ornament to English music. It seems remarkable that the young author has had the power as well as the courage to cut himself adrift from the influences which governed his early career, but it is well that such has been the case, for the "Scandinavian" Symphony instanced a new departure in this style, and now we see that in *St. Ursula* he allows his great inherent gifts full scope, without reference to immediate popularity. Fortunately musical amateurs now know how to appreciate good things, even though they be not laid out in the *ad captandum* fashion, and there is no reason to doubt that *St. Ursula* will meet with the general approval which its merits claim for it. The three scenes into which the action is divided—viz., the Court of Dionotus; the sailing of Ursula; and the Christian Church at Cologne—are rendered equally forcible in their illustration. From the first, it is apparent that Mr. Cowen has moved with the times and has employed the identifying themes so dear to Wagner, and has discarded old-fashioned workmanship of every kind. One may look for fugues in *St. Ursula* in vain, and the nearest approach to the height of contrapuntal ingenuity is the duet between Conan and Dionotus, when a clever bit of canon is introduced. It has been the composer's wish, however, to be dramatic above all things, and following the example set by Mr. Arthur Sullivan in *The Martyr of Antioch*, he has cut himself free from pedantry altogether. A short introduction serves to introduce the first chorus, "Come forth, sweet maid," interspersed with recitatives for the baritone—whose part, curiously enough, is written in the treble clef. The whole construction of this number is admirable, and already it can be discerned that the author has followed no slavish rule in regard to his orchestration. Conan, who is present, asks, "Hath no man sought her where she waits, with timid roses on her cheek?" and to this Ineth responds, "I found her in the garden path. All else forgot"—signifying her state of trance. Many points of clever imitation in the orchestra here present themselves, and the number concludes with an echo of the principal idea in the clarinet. The next number is called "The Vision of Ursula," and here we get a phrase which runs through the entire composition, and stands for the "Ursula motive." She describes the heavenly apparition in a beautiful strain, full of significance and highly elevated in character, the chorus adding a kind of commentary upon her state of exaltation. The music is throughout of the most imaginative and suggestive character, and here, as elsewhere, the orchestration is most original and charming. The following piece though called a trio (Ineth, Dionotus, and Conan), is in no particular set form, the chief interest centring in the chorus part, which expresses the general determination to allow events to take their predestined course. A reference to the "vision" motive, given out by the violins in octaves, brings this number to a close. The following duet, for Ursula and Conan, is remarkable for the suppression of the string band, with the exception of the basses, who have an occasional pizzicato note to relieve the wind chords. The melody is smooth and expressive, and full of devotional fervour, and an unusual effect is obtained by making the clarinets and horns move in unison with the voice part. It is, however, only a reflective piece, and does not advance the action in the least, save in regard to the expressed determination of Ursula to forego earthly joys for the heavenly crown which has been promised her. Now comes the second scene, and to my mind, the finest number of the cantata. Ursula and her maidens are about to embark, and a pretty figure in the violins serves to indicate the rising and falling of the waves—in a manner unpleasant to poor sailors. The seamen sing a suave and melodious barcarolle, "Sea winds are blowing," and presently the contralto, Ineth, gives out the "pilgrimage motive" or "prayer motive"—"Thee, God, we pray that Thou wilt bless our path by night and day." Subsequently, these two themes are used in conjunction with the happiest effect, the pervading violin figure running through the whole composition, and the vocal parts being built up of the most solid harmonies. This one piece alone would suffice, not only to make the fortune of *St. Ursula*, but to set the seal of unusual excellence upon the workmanship.

The finale of the cantata, is, after the big chorus in the second scene, the finest number of the work. Not only the "pilgrimage motive," but the figure which represents the relentless Huns, are present, and their combination shows once more how great a power Mr. Cowen possesses in regard of thematic development. The chorus of Huns is wonderfully characteristic, and so it will be ultimately considered. It would take, however, greater space than is now at my disposal to recapitulate all the prominent features of Mr. Cowen's admirable work. It is sure to be heard very soon in London, and expectation can yet be upheld. Mr. Lloyd sang the tenor music with faultless charm. Mr. Frederic King delivered the baritone solos with taste and discretion. The part of the Martyr was taken by Madame Albani, who sang with the fervour which she only of living singers can bring to bear upon a *role*, and Madame Patey rendered the fullest justice to the subordinate character of Ineth. The band was in capital order, and though I cannot praise the choir for the simple reason that the male contingent were so evidently tired that they could not read the proper note, the performance was not altogether bad, and the charming chorus of suitors and maidens met with a deserved *encore*. There was a display of enthusiasm at the end, and Mr. Cowen, who had conducted his own work, was called back to the platform amidst the most enthusiastic cheers.

"The Daily News," Friday, October 14th, 1881.

This morning brought forward one of the chief novelties, composed expressly for the Festival—a sacred cantata entitled *Saint Ursula*, the music of which is by Mr. F. H. Cowen. The poem is founded on the well-known ancient legend, the text on which Mr. Cowen has wrought having been skilfully written by Mr. R. E. Francillon, who supplies the following "Argument."

The work is divided into three scenes—"At the Court of Dionotus," "The Sailing of Ursula," and "At Cologne"—the characters supposed to be represented being:—Dionotus, King of Cornwall, and the Chief of the Huns (baritones); Conan, Prince of Brittany (tenor); Ursula, daughter of Dionotus (soprano), and Ineth, a companion to Ursula (contralto). Mr. Cowen's music opens with a short orchestral prelude leading to a flowing melodious phrase "Come forth, sweet maid," or choral sopranos and tenors, repeated in four-part vocal harmony, and recurring with interspersed solo passages for Ineth; following which comes "The Vision of Ursula," an effective scena for that character, in the symphonies and accompaniments to which the corno Inglese and harp are well employed. The remaining specialties in the first scene are a well-written trio, "If it be Heaven," for Ineth, Conan, and Dionotus (with chorus), and a simply melodious duettino, "God knoweth how to deal with me," for Ursula and Conan. In the trio and chorus, the reiteration of a pleasing melodic (choral) phrase, "It was an angel spoke to thee," by the various voices, is especially effective.

The second scene opens with a characteristic chorus of sailors and people, "Sea winds are blowing," in which the vocal harmony is well contrasted by some florid orchestral writing. The hymn with which the second scene closes is written for a four-part female chorus (sopranos and altos divided). Prominent above the vocal harmony are solo passages for Ineth, the whole producing an effect of religious calm. The scene culminates in some concerted music for Ursula, Conan, and Dionotus, and chorus of maidens, sailors, and the people; a very effective climax being obtained by the combination of these enlarged materials.

The final scene begins outside the church, some simple phrases for oboe and clarinet (the Ursula motive) leading to an agitated movement in which the orchestra is very skilfully used. The characteristic features of this prelude are continued in the accompaniments to the following chorus of Huns, "By rivers red" (for tenors and basses), in which savage fury is well expressed, the movement altogether offering an instance of sustained dramatic effect. An air, "The river sings," for Conan, is tuneful and expressive, and leads to the finale, which begins with an hymn (within the church), led off by Ursula, and supported by four-part female chorus—a repetition of the hymn in the second scene. Then is heard a chorus of Huns in the distance, reiterating their former savage denunciations, with similar characteristic orchestral accompaniments. The entry of the Huns into the church, the consternation of Conan, his entreaties for Ursula's flight, her calm, religious trust, and the resumption of the hymn by herself and attendant maidens, are full of dramatic contrast, the final combination of the soloists and the choral groups being wrought to a highly effective climax. The occasional reiterations in various portions of the work of the Ursula motive and of the leading phrase of the hymn tend much to the connected interest of the music. Prominent in the performance was the fine singing of Madame Albani, alike excellent in the passages of religious sentiment and in those of declamatory fervour. Especially admirable was her delivery of the scena entitled, "The Vision of Ursula," and of the incidental phrases in the concerted pieces. The contralto music of Ineth derived its full significance from Madame Patey's rich voice and earnest style; the tenor air for Conan, and other passages for that character, were excellently sung by Mr. E. Lloyd; as was the music for Dionotus and the Chief of the Huns by Mr. F. King. The work, which was conducted by the composer, was greatly applauded throughout, especially at the close of the second scene, the latter portion of which was repeated.

"Daily Telegraph," Friday, October 14th, 1881.

The exhaustion of Biblical subjects for cantata and oratorio has had the effect of diverting the attention of composers to those early records of the Christian Church which, no less than Sacred Writ itself, abound in examples of faith and heroism. Scarcely a year now passes without the musical crowning of some martyr—a new form of beatification which may, or may not, amount to beatitude. St. Polycarp, St. Cecilia, St. Dorothea, Placida, and Margarita of Antioch are amongst the personages who have been so honoured within recent memory, while this morning St. Ursula was added to the illustrious group. Mr. Francillon acting as her poet and Mr. Cowen as her composer. Against the choice of St. Ursula nothing important can be said. . . . The scenes chosen by Mr. Francillon are first, the decision of Ursula; second, the departure of the fleet; third, the massacre; and in the course of treating these he has made a few changes, for each of which good reason might be assigned. Thus, Conan is his own and his father's ambassador to Dionotus; so that the interest of the lovers presence may not be wanting at a critical moment, while the scene of the martyrdom's transferred

from the bank of the Rhine to the interior of a church, the reason in this case, I apprehend, being a purely musical one, not unconnected with the "pealing organ's solemn sound."

In the music of *St. Ursula* Mr. Cowen reveals himself as working upon another system and towards another artistic end than that with which he has hitherto been associated. In his former compositions we recognized design and method based upon orthodox lines—on the lines, that is to say, of the classical rather than the modern masters. Whereas here he distinctly moves away from the first group and approaches the second. *St. Ursula* undoubtedly stands forth as representative of that in music which most distinguishes recent developments. That it is not representative in anything approaching an extravagant measure must be allowed, still the fact remains that through this work the composer gives in his adhesion to new principles and practices. Mr. Cowen has, therefore, taken a serious step, but not one that necessarily severs him from the past, or dissociates him from the musicians who made the past illustrious. No artistic progress is altogether bad. In fact, music has been wrought up to what it is by extracting and appropriating the good out of generations of faulty theories, the errors of which were long ago consigned to oblivion. There is, consequently, no need for any composer to ignore what is going on around him. While finding much to reject, he may also find something to lay hold of and use for the legitimate development of an art in respect of which it would be absurd to preach finality. But the distinguishing between what is good and what is bad demands careful judgment and a well-balanced mind. Nor does difficulty end with choice. There is next the delicate work of so weaving the new into the texture of the old that the one may agree with the other, and the whole appear as a homogeneous fabric.

I must do prompt justice to the character of the work and the spirit in which it has been written. The composer's loftiness of aim and earnest endeavour command respect and admiration even where the end is barely reached. As for the many passages distinguished as much by achievement as purpose, they of course exact unqualified homage. Coming more to particulars, let me point out the distinctive features of *St. Ursula*. In the first place, it is a pronounced example of representative themes. . . . It may be concluded from what I have just said, that *St. Ursula* is a work of great interest—the serious production of an earnest mind, and one not to be judged in haste or flippantly dismissed. No conclusion could be more prudent. The cantata bespeaks study in a voice of authority, and he who would adjudicate thereupon in haste condemns himself. For my own part, I shall decline to appraise the exact value of the work now, and will not presume to foretell its place in art, content rather to specify certain admirable numbers about which dispute is hardly possible. Although the ruggedness to which I have referred is not absent from the opening chorus, "Come forth, sweet maid," that quality exists in combination with unquestionable power of treatment and force of expression. It is no nerveless hand that Mr. Cowen here lays upon his audience, but a hand which grasps and holds. We feel that the composer has something to say, and a manner of speaking that must compel attention. In keeping is the general treatment of the whole scene, though I do not overlook pages wherein the vocal interest appears comparatively small. These, however, are largely atoned for by others that rise to the point of absolute beauty. The second scene opens with a characteristic chorus of sailors, "Sea winds are blowing," with which is presently combined another sung by the people, "Days will be dreary while you are gone," and ultimately a third allotted to Ursula and the Virgins, "Thee, God, we pray." This scene is one of great elaboration, is least distinguished by the peculiarities upon which I have touched, and—shall I say in consequence?—bids fair to be the most popular. It is beautifully scored with a view to picturesque effect; the subjects are well contrasted and well worked in combination, and the whole is brought to an exciting climax. A savage chorus of Huns introduces the scene of the massacre, and is fortunately not extended enough to become monotonous, as might easily have been the case owing to its uniform character. This is followed by a beautiful air for Conan, "The river sings," and thenceforth the departure hymn of the Virgins and the chorus of Huns mingle together and break apart in strange and dramatic contrast, while the action hastens on to catastrophe. Here and there through this exciting and long-continuing part of the work the composer seems to flag, but he quickly gathers fresh energy, and finally makes his climax where it should be—at the end. To sum up as far as possible now, I could have wished *St. Ursula* in certain respects other than what it is; but I see in it power more than sufficient to strengthen the hope and expectation of great things from its still youthful composer.

"The Echo," Friday, October 14, 1881.

The third day's performances were chiefly remarkable for the production of an original work, written expressly for this Festival by an English composer of recognized talent—namely, Mr. F. H. Cowen. This new composition, a sacred cantata, entitled *Saint Ursula*, had already awakened interest and admiration, for its singular originality and dramatic beauty, at the rehearsals preceding its performance. When given for the first time in its completeness, the music of the heroine being interpreted by Madame Albani, it fairly electrified the audience, and was at once recognized as a success of the most triumphant character.

The well-known legend of St. Ursula—her renunciation of her betrothed for an imaginary call from heaven; her departure for Rome, escorted by troops of young virgins (the legends say, eleven thousand in number); and her subsequent martyrdom, with her companions, by the Huns—affords situations of dramatic power of which the gifted composer has amply availed himself. The opening music, invoking the presence of the fair betrothed, the spirited chorus, of sailors and people, the characteristic music representing the embarkation, and the weird interest of the last scene, illustrative of the Saint's martyrdom, have been wrought up by Mr. Cowen with singular skill and originality. The instrumentation is particularly clever, abounding with bold combinations and rich harmonies. Few living composers could have illustrated the tragic theme with more genuine inspiration, tempered with scholarly art and mastery of orchestral resources. Both auditors and performers felt the ring of true genius in the work, and combined to stamp it as one of the brilliant successes of the Festival. Several attempts were made to obtain encores, which the composer judiciously declined until the departure scene, which so irresistibly appealed to the sensibility of the listeners that an imperative re-demand was complied with. At the close of the cantata Mr. Cowen responded to an enthusiastic re-call, and received the warm plaudits due to the genius displayed in his work.

"Morning Post."

Mr. F. H. Cowen's new sacred cantata, *Saint Ursula*, performed for the first time this morning, is his latest and matured composition. In the use of the instruments of the orchestra he has always displayed a peculiar aptitude and a picturesque fancy for expressive detail, and the qualities which have distinguished his former works have not been wanting here, but have been further developed. The cantata is good throughout, vocal, dramatic in construction, pathetic, and spirit-stirring in effect, so that some regret is felt that his subject did not possess more distinctive originality. It is based upon a martyrdom, and in the choice of a story he has trodden upon ground which has been as well traversed by musicians and dramatists for the last two centuries as any field offering a suggestive theme for the stage or concert-room. . . . This is all told in eight musical numbers, mostly of a character of writing which indicates a special advance in fancy and treatment. The first section or scene, "Come forth, sweet maid," is clever, particularly in the very thoughtful effects from the band and in the attempt to give dramatic rather than melodic expression to the utterances of the characters. Throughout the composition this same idea is kept in view, and when it is for a time lost sight of, as in the song for the tenor, "What echoes wake," and when our composer produces a melody of the ballad type, his grasp of the subject is loosened, and the interest and attention of the hearer slackens in proportion. It is only braced to its former strictness by the splendid chorus of Huns, with its wild phrases of ejaculation superimposed upon the hymn sung by the nuns, and Ursula's inspired exclamations, each of a character and treatment of distinctive contrast. This number, and the chorus of sailors and people in the second part, with the charming underlying accompanying figure, producing a pure and satisfying orchestral tone, are not only the best things in the work, but the best things Mr. Cowen has done.

The performance was very good. Madame Albani interpreted the part of Ursula with as much success as she had that of "The Martyr of Antioch" yesterday. Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. F. King took especial pains with the work they had to do, and received due recognition and encouragement. The chorus was here and there untuneful, but nowhere deficient in spirit; and the band parts were given by the performers in full appreciation of their value and importance. The chorus of sailors was repeated by desire of the mayor, who interpreted the applause which followed the rendering as meaning a desire for repetition. The composer directed the cantata, and was well received both at his entry upon the orchestra and at the conclusion.

"Sunday Times," October 16th, 1881.

The chief novelty of the festival, Mr. Frederic H. Cowen's sacred cantata, *St. Ursula*, was produced at Thursday's morning concert. It is not a long work, occupying, as it does, little more than an hour in performance; but there can be no question that the composer has given considerable thought to his task, and concentrated in its execution that masterly power of grasping his subject, and handling it well, which, in the recent "Scandinavian" symphony gave such clear evidence of Mr. Cowen's ripening capacity and musicianly skill. To Mr. R. E. Francillon he is indebted for a very charming poem, admirably adapted for musical treatment, and embracing the chief events in the ancient legend that deals with *St. Ursula's* history. Both story and setting may be briefly described at the same time. The first scene takes place "at the Court of Dionotus," a Christian King of Cornwall, whose only child, Ursula, is betrothed to Conan, Prince of Brittany. It sets out, after a very few bars of introduction, with a chorus and recitative, "Come forth, sweet Maid," in which Dionotus (baritone) and his people invite Ursula to appear and give her promised hand to Conan. Her companion, Ineth (contralto) prepares them for a strange answer, and then Ursula (soprano) describes the vision she has had and her determination to undertake a pilgrimage to Rome. The music of this number strikingly portrays the weird, solemn character of Ursula's mission and frame of mind, and the opening phrase for the violins is used as a *motif* more than once again. A finely written trio and chorus, "If it be Heaven that leadeth thee," full of rich melody, expresses the wonder of the others and their acquiescence in the maiden's inspired wish; after which a duettino for Ursula and Conan (tenor), as remarkable for its originality as its charm, concludes the opening scene. In the second, which is the shortest of the three into which the cantata is divided, the "Sailing of Ursula" is depicted in a series of choral and concerted pieces. These comprise a bright chorus for sailors and people, "Sea winds are blowing," an imposing hymn, "Thee, God, we pray" (of which we hear more later on), and a short duet passage for Dionotus and Conan. More of these materials are worked up in combination, and lead up to a most effective climax, the orchestration throughout being particularly fine. The third scene is laid at Cologne—outside the Church, whither Ursula and her maidens have bent their steps on their way home from Rome. They are unconscious of the near proximity of a horde of Huns, whose approach is announced by a bold, characteristic introduction and chorus, "By rivers red." Meanwhile, Conan also arrives and tells of his undying love for Ursula in a suave and melodious air, "The river sings." He hears from within the church the hymn we are

already acquainted with, and joining his bride bids her fly. But the Huns surround the building, shouting the savage refrain of their song, whilst their chief offers Ursula to choose between himself and death. She will not listen to him, but with her maidens and Conan repeat the hymn in tones of increasing fervour. A splendid *ensemble* ensues, and finally a *coda* full of grand imposing effects, amid which the Huns are supposed to rush upon and slay their victims, brings the cantata to a close.

A finer performance of Mr. Cowen's work could scarcely have been desired even by the most hypercritical. . . . The spirited chorus of Huns, one of the most original numbers in the work, was given with immense vigour, and cordially applauded. The orchestration, which throughout the cantata is elaborate and artistic in the extreme, was played to simple perfection; nothing could have exceeded the refinement and delicacy with which the band did what was required of them. The solos, too, were in safe hands. Madame Albani sang the music of Ursula with exquisite taste and great depth of expression, besides imparting to it all the dramatic significance of which the entire character is so eminently susceptible. Mr. Edward Lloyd as Conan was heard at his best, and obtained a genuine success with his charming air, "The river sings." Madame Patey, as Ineth and Mr. Frederick King as Dionotus, also lent valuable help. Mr. Cowen conducted the performance of his work, and at the finish was re-called to receive the congratulations of the audience amid a scene of general enthusiasm.

"Figaro," October 19th.

It only remains to speak of the novelties, the first of which in order of interest is indisputably the *St. Ursula* of Mr. F. H. Cowen. Rarely has the announcement of such a work excited so much curiosity, enhanced perhaps by the success gained by the "Scandinavian" symphony last year. A full description has already been given, and it only remains to speak of the cantata as a whole. That it is by far the best work of its sort Mr. Cowen has yet done, is as indisputable as that some relief to the superabundance of music in slow time in the first scene is desirable. At performance, the last scene of all undoubtedly appeared to better effect than at the rehearsal; while the beauties of one of the most delicate and highly finished scores Mr. Cowen ever wrote, were, under the loving conductorship of the composer, and with the hearty co-operation of the orchestra, brought out to their fullest advantage. It was rather unfortunate that in one of the most telling choruses, that of the sailors, at the beginning of the second scene, the tenors sank so greatly in pitch that the rest of the choir grew frightened, and the chorus suffered in consequence. But the beauty of the scene of Ursula's vision, the excellent part writing at the end of the second scene, where the sailors' chorus and the hymn of the maidens are so happily blended together, and the power of the last act of all, carried all before them, and Mr. Cowen was twice re-called, amidst the enthusiastic cheering of an audience which for the first time at this festival began to show signs of real excitement. . . .

"Norwich Argus."

A cordial round of applause welcomed Mr. Frederic Cowen and the vocal soloists as they took their places for the performance of *St. Ursula*. Let us at once say that a great, and as we may fairly hope, a lasting success awaited the work which Mr. Cowen has expressly written for the Festival. It proved on hearing what we had fully anticipated from our perusal of the score, namely, an original, well-constructed, and scholarly work.

It is difficult to select one number in preference to another for special praise, but we may say that the most marked effect was created in the music of the second scene, in which the chorus of sailors and people, "Sea winds are blowing," is so cleverly combined with the hymn, "Thee, God, we pray," together with the highly original undulating passages for violins, which are sustained throughout the greater part of the number. The climax of this splendid piece of writing produced a profound impression, and so loudly was it applauded that the concluding part of the *ensemble* had to be repeated. The first scene of the cantata, although not quite so striking in character, contains some writing that is not less musicianly and interesting. This may be exemplified by the wonderfully well contrasted setting of the "Vision of *St. Ursula*," the melodious trio and chorus, "If it be heaven that leadeth thee," and the duettino for Ursula and Conan, "God knoweth how to deal with me," which is equally remarkable for its individuality of style and the novel scoring of the accompaniment. The chorus of Huns in the last scene, "By rivers red," is at once striking and characteristic; it completely realizes the savage nature of these barbaric warriors. There is something truly terrible in their shouts of "Hui!" accompanied by the clash of cymbals and the roll of drums. The instrumentation of this number, and indeed the entire work, is, as will have been foreshadowed by our recent description of the cantata, such as must fully sustain the reputation enjoyed by the composer of the "Scandinavian" symphony. He is the complete master of the resources of the orchestra, and knows how to produce the grandest choral effects.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR, AND FIRST PERFORMED AT, THE NORWICH MUSICAL
FESTIVAL, OCTOBER, 1881.

SAINT URSULA.

Sacred Cantata.

THE POEM (FOUNDED ON THE ANCIENT LEGEND) BY

R. E. FRANCILLON.

MUSIC BY

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Price 4s. net. Handsomely bound in cloth, 6s. net.

The Orchestral Parts and Score may be had on application to the
Publishers.

London :

METZLER & CO., 37, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.

LONDON :
HENDERSON, RAIT, AND SPALDING, LITHOGRAPHIC AND GENERAL PRINTERS,
MARLBORNE LANE, OXFORD STREET, W.

To
His Royal Highness,
The Duke of Edinburgh, K.G.,
this work is respectfully
inscribed by
the Composer.

ST. URSULA:

Sacred Cantata.

THE POEM (FOUNDED ON THE ANCIENT LEGEND) BY

R. E. FRANCILLON.

THE MUSIC BY

FREDERIC H. COWEN.

ARGUMENT.

DIONOTUS, a Christian king of Cornwall, had betrothed his only child, URSULA, to CONAN, Prince of Brittany. She, however, desiring to devote her whole life entirely to God's service, had obtained from her father a year's space wherein to seek for Heavenly guidance before giving CONAN her hand. On the day appointed for her answer, she, before her father, CONAN, and the assembled court, tells how an angel had come to her in a vision, and had mystically promised her a Heavenly crown and a Heavenly spouse, bidding her, to that end, make a pilgrimage to Rome in sign of her faith, and of her readiness to submit herself, in all things, to God's will.

Impressed by her manifest inspiration, DIONOTUS, though hardly, gives his consent, and gathers a fleet of ships to convey her and an appointed company of maidens (the legends say eleven thousand in number) to the foreign shore.

The histories tell how, after the fleet had been scattered by a storm, and after many other perils and adventures, URSULA

and her companions reached Rome, received the blessing of the Holy Father, and thence departed homeward, without any light having been thrown on the mysterious prophecy. They travel back by way of the Rhine. CONAN, impatient of delay, and anxious as to what may have happened, sets out to meet them, and reaches Cologne in time to receive them there.

But at this time the Huns were ravaging these parts: and they also arrive at Cologne, carrying everywhere fire and sword. They surround the Christian Church, in which CONAN and URSULA had met: and their chief promises URSULA her life only on condition that she will share his throne. Refusing to obey his will, and filled with holy courage, she, with all her companions, is slain by the Huns; thus, by her faith and obedience in seemingly small things, winning the crown of martyrdom and becoming the Bride of Heaven in exchange for earthly love and earthly glory.

PERSONÆ.

DIONOTUS, King of Cornwall 2 nd Tenor	W. J. Baker	} Baritone.	
THE CHIEF OF THE HUNS Bass ..	Geo. Thompson		
CONAN, Prince of Brittany 1 st Tenor ..	C. V. Shaw		Tenor.
URSULA, Daughter to Dionotus Soprano ..	Miss Forsyth		Soprano.
INETH, a Companion to Ursula Contralto ..	Miss Cross		Contralto.

Chorus of People, Maidens, Sailors, Huns, &c.

ST. URSULA.

SCENE I.—*At the Court of DIONOTUS.*

CHORUS.

Come forth, sweet maid, nor longer stray
In secret from thy father's hall:
Not thus should bright eyes hide away
From their own morn of festival.

DIONOTUS.

Bid her come forth—too long delay
Her steps to answer Duty's call:
Hath she forgotten how to-day
She must plight troth before us all?

CONAN.

Aye, call her forth :—but softly call !
Let Love, not Duty, call her here ;
I will not make my queen my thrall,
I will not woo my wife with fear.
Hath no one sought her where she waits
With timid roses on her cheek,
With steps afraid to pass the gates,
And lips that feel too faint to speak?

INETH.

I found her in the garden path
Among the flowers, all else forgot ;
As one who some strange vision hath,
She moved not, heard not, answered not—
Lilies are not so still and white—
She stood as though some secret cloud
Had wrapped her from the common light,
And made me fear to speak aloud.

CHORUS.

Come forth ! To-day through gladder skies
For thee and with thee mounts the sun :
Come—bid us read in brightest eyes
What maidens say when hearts are won.

The Vision of URSULA.

Father, whose love hath made me seek
To keep thine every will till now,
I own the hour that bids me speak
My promised word—my bridal vow.

But, while I walked the garden through,
I marked the lilies on their stem,
And how in perfect grace they grew
Till human hands should gather them.
'Twere surely best to taste alone
Of Love that doth with these accord—
The plenteous dew that rains upon
The planted garden of the Lord.
And lo, I caught a whispered word:
An unseen presence touched my side,
And, in my soul of souls, I heard :

“ Hail, Ursula !—hail, chosen bride !
Not to the courts of earthly Kings,
Not to the dross of earthly state,
But to the height of greater things
Thy life henceforth is consecrate ! ”

CHORUS.

What unseen wonders round her wake,
And move our souls to heavenly fear !
Surely some Angel bids her speak—
Some Angel's presence bids us hear !

URSULA.

Mine eyes fell open : and I saw
What I had dreamed, but never known—
Above me, as a cloud of awe,
I felt the shadow of the throne,
It was an Angel spake the word :
It was an Angel stood by me :
And in the sound of harps I heard
Once more that message,

“ Hail to thee !

God sees the lilies, how they grow :
Their sisterhood of souls he sees :
And queens of earth, for all their show,
Are not arrayed like one of these.
Where'er thou go, whate'er betide,
In light thy name is written down :
Heaven may not lose a chosen bride,
Nor thou let go a Heavenly Crown.”

Yea, sire, with me an Angel spake
With breath that pierced me as a sword :
I scarce could whisper, ere I woke,
“ Behold the handmaid of the Lord ! ”

DIONOTUS.

A maiden's fancies ! Nay—not thus
Can duty melt, as melts the snow :
Art thou not plight to answer us ?
Shall dreams let love and honour go ?
Speak, O my daughter !—

URSULA.

In the morning light
Visions are God's : God's sun doth not betray.
I am but warned to wait, till from my sight
That veil of shadowed glory falls away.

DIONOTUS.

Her words sound scarce of earth.—Ah! if aright
She reads that vision, dare I say her nay?

URSULA.

Now with a pilgrim-staff I'll leave the land,
And seek, for light, the altar-flame of Rome :
Then, if Heaven claim me not, I'll give my hand.
Conan, to thee, when God shall lead me home.

DIONOTUS.

If it be Heaven that leadeth thee,
Thou knowest best. So let it be.

INETH, CONAN, AND CHORUS.

It was an Angel spake to thee :
His message in thy face we see :
As Heaven hath willed, so let it be.

CONAN.

Ursula !
My heart is thine : Thy heart is Heaven's alone ;
Yet will I wait, till Heaven and Love be one.

URSULA.

God knoweth how to deal with me :
He knoweth how to guide :
His Word shall all my counsel be,
For greater love hath none than He,
Nor strength His might beside.

CONAN.

God will yet give thy heart to me,
And home thy feet will guide :
I hope in Heaven, I trust in thee,
That He will bring thee back to be
My Queen, my Saint, my Bride.

SCENE II.—*The Sailing of URSULA.*

CHORUS OF SAILORS.

Sea-winds are blowing
Straight to the West :
Trust to their keeping
All you love best :
Maidens of Cornwall,
Trust to the sea—
Follow your Lady,
Bravely as she.

CHORUS OF PEOPLE.

Days will be dreary
While you are gone :
Toil will be weary,
Hearths will be lone.

HYMN.—INETH AND MAIDENS.

Thee, God, we pray, that Thou wilt bless
Our path by night and day—
Thee, who through wave and wilderness
Canst keep us safe away.
For days but servants are of Thee,
The nights but work Thy will :
The storm-winds know Thy Majesty :
Thou speakest : they are still.

Thou who canst keep us, day and night,
And guide us, Thou, our God,
Wilt lead us by Thy Glory's light,
Nor let us lose the road.
Thy staff shall guide our feet above,
To reach, through nightless days,
Beneath the Banner of the Dove,
Thy Crown, whose name we praise.

DIONOTUS.

Speed thee and save thee,
Child of my love :
Light on thy going
Shine from above.
Glad be thy coming
Home from the sea :
The Father of fathers
Bless thee for me !

CONAN.

Speed thee and save thee,
Heart of my love :
Light on thy going
Shine from above.

URSULA.

Farewell, my friends, my Father ! Unto thee,
Conan, once more farewell. If I may be
Thine, or not thine, God's self will choose for me.

CHORUS OF SAILORS AND PEOPLE.

Sea-winds are blowing, &c.

HYMN.

URSULA, INETH, AND MAIDENS.

Thou who canst keep us, day and night, &c.

SCENE III.—*At Cologne (outside the Church).*

CHORUS OF HUNS.

By rivers red, through forests black,
O'er mountains old and grey,
The ghosts of kingdoms point our track,
And by the signs of rout and wrack,
The eagles mark our way:—

Hu ! be blood with wine outpoured—
What is great? The sword—the sword !

On, from the steppes that gave us birth,
For cold and white are they :
On to the Edens of the earth :
They grow us grapes to make us mirth,
They bear us foes to slay :—

Hu ! be blood with wine outpoured—
Who is king? The sword—the sword !

CONAN.

What echoes wake of woe and war ?
Not such the signs I've journeyed far
To seek, that anxious hopes may tell
If all be ill, or aught be well.
Here stands the fane that surely she
Would pass for prayer, if well it be.
Heaven keep from strife thy waves, O Rhine,
Till she be here, and Heaven be mine !

The river sings, the river flows—
Its song of songs I hear :
My heart, outworn with longing, knows
At last that she is near.
How should her lover's heart, grown faint
With waiting, fail to rove
O'er all the world to seek my saint,
My lady, and my love ?

Good Angels, bring me back my heart,
And give her back the faith
That mortal love hath still its part
In Love that conquers death.
What were a heaven of starless skies,
And what all stars above,
But hopes of banished hearts to rise
To Heaven on wings of love ?

HYMN.

URSULA AND MAIDENS. (*Within the Church.*)

Thou who hast kept us, day and night,
And led us, Thou our God
Wilt lead us by Thy glory's light,
Nor let us lose the road.

Thy staff shall guide our feet above,
To reach, through nightless days,
Beneath the Banner of the Dove,
Thy Crown, whose name we praise.

(*The Scene changes to the Interior of the Church.*)
CHORUS OF HUNS, *repeated (in the distance).*

By rivers red, &c.

CONAN (*to URSULA*).

And thou art—here! And o'er the ground
The forms of demons swarm around—
Fly, Ursula!

URSULA.

Conan! 'Tis thou—and here?
Could'st thou not wait, and trust in me?
Why dost thou bid me fly? I see
The shield of God, without whose will
Is naught—

CONAN.

Alas! I boded ill—
But not thy death—Away!—

CHORUS OF HUNS (*gradually approaching*).

On from the steppes, &c.

(*They enter the Church.*)

THE CHIEF OF THE HUNS.

Too late for flying!
E'en now my warriors seize upon their own:
Who would escape, must choose 'twixt love and dying,
And thou, fair maid, 'twixt torture and a throne!
Thy beauty fires my heart—a crown awaits thee:
Yet will I woo not, even for eyes like thine—
A conqueror crowns thee, or his falchion mates thee.
Choose if thou wilt be Death's, fair maid, or mine!

URSULA AND MAIDENS.

Thou who hast kept us, day and night,
And led us, Thou our God
Wilt lead us still, by stedfast light,
Nor leave us by the road.
Thy staff shall guide our feet above, &c.

THE HUNS.

Hu! be blood with wine out-poured.

URSULA. (*As in the vision.*)

“Not to the courts of earthly kings,
Not to the dross of of earthly state,
But to the height of greater things
Thy life henceforth is consecrate.
Where'er thou art, whate'er betide,
In light thy name is written down;
Heaven may not lose a chosen bride,
Nor thou let go a Heavenly Crown.”

(*To the Chief of the Huns.*)

King—since a king of men art thou—
Know that thy sword can give a crown
More royal than the bloodstained brow
Of warrior wins, or monarchs own.
Aloft, unto a kinglier throne
Than thine, I mount—the throne of Him
Who reigns above the worlds alone,
Hid by the songs of seraphim.

THE HUNS.

Hu! be blood with wine outpoured.
Who is king? The sword—the sword!

URSULA.

I hear their hymn—I see them stand
With beckoning wings—the clouds unroll.
Death's glorious Angel, take my hand:
Lord, Father, God, receive my soul!

INETH, CONAN, AND MAIDENS.

Thou who didst keep us, day and night,
Our Father and our God,
Hast brought us by a glorious light
Into a wondrous road.
Thy wings have borne our souls above
To win, for deathless days,
The Love that is more high than love,
The Crown whose gold is praise!

FINE.

SAINT URSULA.

Index.

SCENE 1.—At the Court of Dionotus.

	PAGE
No. 1. CHORUS AND RECIT. ... "Come forth, sweet maid" INETH, CONAN, DIONOTUS, AND CHORUS.	11
No. 2. SOLO AND CHORUS ... "The Vision of Ursula" URSULA AND CHORUS.	20
No. 3. RECIT. "A Maiden's Fancies" URSULA AND DIONOTUS.	28
„ „ TRIO AND CHORUS "If it be Heaven that leadeth thee" INETH, CONAN, DIONOTUS, AND CHORUS.	31
No. 4. RECIT. AND DUETTINO "God knoweth how to deal with me" URSULA AND CONAN.	36

SCENE 2.—The Sailing of Ursula.

No. 5. CHORUS OF SAILORS AND PEOPLE "Sea-winds are blowing"	40
„ „ HYMN "Thee, God, we pray" URSULA, INETH, CONAN, DIONOTUS, AND CHORUS.	46

SCENE 3.—At Cologne.

No. 6. INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS OF HUNS "By rivers red"	64
No. 7. RECIT. AND AIR "What echoes wake" CONAN.	77
No. 8. FINALE "Thou who hast kept us" URSULA, INETH, CONAN, THE CHIEF OF THE HUNS, AND CHORUS.	81

SAINT URSULA.

Sacred Cantata.

Scene 1.—AT THE COURT OF DIONOTUS.

No. 1.* CHORUS & RECIT.—“Come Forth, Sweet Maid.”

Andante. (MM. $\text{♩} = 72$.)

PIANO. *f* Strings. *sf* \wedge *f* \vee

Fl. *p* Oboe. *p*

Trombe. *f* \wedge *f* \wedge

cres. *f* Clar. & Fag. *pp* *sempre pp*

f \wedge *f* \wedge *p* *f*

Ped.

SOPRANO. *f*
 Come forth, sweet maid, nor long - er stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall.

ALTO.

TENOR. *f*
 Come forth, sweet maid, nor long - er stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall.

BASS.

f Wind. *f* *dim.*

DIONOTUS. *quasi Recit.*
 Bid her come forth, too long de - lay Her steps to an - swer du - ty's call.

a tempo. f

Come forth, sweet maid, nor long - er

f

Come forth, sweet maid, nor

f

Come forth, sweet maid, nor long - er

f

Come forth, sweet maid, nor

quasi Recit. *a tempo.* *8va.*

p *f* Strings & Wind.

DIONOTUS *quasi Recit.*

Hath she for - got - ten how to -
 stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall.

stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall.

stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall.

stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall.

8va. *quasi Recit.*

dim. *p*

8 8 8 8

- day She must plight troth be - fore us all? *a tempo.* *p*

Come forth, sweet maid!

Come forth, sweet maid!

Come forth, sweet maid! Not

Come forth, sweet maid! Not

a tempo. Viol.

'Cello. *p*

8 8

B p

Not thus should bright eyes hide a - way, not thus should bright eyes hide a - way From their own

Not thus, not thus should bright eyes hide, not thus should bright eyes hide a - way From

thus should bright eyes hide a - way, should bright eyes hide, not thus should bright eyes hide a - way From their own

thus should bright eyes hide a - way, not thus, not thus should bright eyes hide a - way From

morn, their morn of fes - - ti - val, from their own morn, their morn of fes - ti - val.

their own morn of fes - - ti - val, from their own morn, their morn of fes - ti - val.

morn, their morn of fes - - ti - val, from their own morn, their morn of fes - ti - val.

their own morn of fes - - ti - val, from their own morn, their morn of fes - ti - val.

Not thus should bright eyes hide; Come forth, sweet maid, nor long-er stray in se - cret

Not thus should bright eyes hide; Come forth, sweet maid, nor long-er stray, nor

Not thus should bright eyes hide; Come forth, sweet maid, nor longer

Not thus should bright eyes hide; Come forth, sweet maid, come forth, sweet maid, . .

sempre f

from thy fa - ther's hall, nor long - er stray from thy fa - ther's hall, from thy fa - ther's hall, In
 long - er stray, Come, come, come, . . . nor
sempre f
 stray In se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall, nor long - er stray from thy fa - ther's hall, from thy fa - ther's
 Nor long - er stray, nor long - er, long - er stray from thy fa - ther's hall,

ff *C* *ff*
 se - cret from thy fa - ther's hall. Come forth, sweet maid, . . .
 long - er stray from thy fa - ther's hall. Come forth, . . .
 hall, In se - cret from his hall. Come forth, sweet maid, . . .
 In se - cret from his hall. Come forth, come forth, sweet maid, . . .

dim. *ff*
 . . . nor long - er stray . . . from thy fa - - ther's hall. Come
dim.
 . . . nor long - er stray . . . from thy fa - - ther's hall.
dim. *ff*
 . . . nor long - er stray . . . from thy fa - - ther's hall. Come
dim. *f*
 . . . nor long - er stray . . . from thy fa - - ther's hall. Come forth, come
dim. *ff* *ff*
sf *8*

sempre ff

rit.

forth, sweet maid, . . . nor long-er stray, . . . nor stray from thy fa - ther's
ff *sempre ff* *rit.*

Come forth, . . . nor long-er stray, . . . nor stray from thy fa - ther's
 stray, . . . nor stray

forth, sweet maid, . . . nor long-er stray, . . . nor stray from thy fa - ther's
sempre ff *sempre ff* *rit.*

forth, sweet maid, . . . nor long-er stray, . . . nor stray from thy fa - ther's
sempre ff *rit.*

D a tempo.

mf CONAN.

hall. Aye, call her forth, . . . but

hall.

hall.

hall.

D a tempo.

Trombe.

sf

dim.

p

pp

sf *dim.* *p* *pp* *sf*

Cello.

soft - ly call,

Let Love, not Du - ty call her here;

p *p*

dim.

I will not make my Queen my thrall; I will not woo my wife with

p Recit. lento.

fear! Hath no man sought her where she waits With ti - mid ro - ses on her

TENOR. *pp* *Recit.*
Come forth, sweet maid,

BASS. *pp*
Come forth, sweet maid,

Viol. *Recit.*

a tempo. *p Recit. lento.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

cheek? With steps a - fraid to pass the gates, And lips that feel too faint to speak?

TENOR. *pp* *Recit.*
Come forth, sweet maid.

BASS. *pp*
Come forth, sweet maid.

a tempo. *Recit.* *a tempo.* Fl. & Clar. *pp*

INETH. *pp*

misterioso. I found her in the Oboe.

Viola & 'Cello.

gar - den path A - mong the flow'rs, all else for - got. As

sempre pp one who some strange vi - sion hath, She mov'd not, heard not, answer'd not.

E *p* Li - lies are not so still and white. . . .

TENOR. *pp*

BASS. *pp* Come forth, to - day, thro' glad - der skies For thee and

Come forth, to - day, thro' glad - der skies For

'Cello. Horn.

INETH. *p*

She stood as tho' some se-cret cloud Had wrapp'd her from the com - mon light ;

TENOR. *dim.*

with thee mounts the sun, . . . Come, bid us read in bright-est eyes What maid-ens say, what maid - ens

BASS. *dim.*

thee mounts the sun, . . . Come, bid us read in bright-est eyes What maid-ens say, What maid - ens

Fl. *pp* *dim.*

INETH. *pp* *rall.*

And made me fear to speak a . loud. . .

SOPRANO. *pp* *rall.*

Come forth, sweet maid. . .

ALTO. *pp*

Come forth, sweet maid. . .

rall. pp

say When hearts are won. . .

rall. pp

say When hearts are won. . .

rall. pp *Clar.* *p* *rall.* *Trombe. p (lunga.)*

pp *rall.* *Ped.* *Segue No. 2.*

No. 2.

THE VISION OF URSULA.

Molto moderato. (M.M. ♩ = 72.)

PIANO.

pp Violins.

Harp

Violins and Harp part, first system. The Violins play a melodic line with a *pp* dynamic. The Harp provides accompaniment with arpeggiated chords.

Violins and Harp part, second system. The Violins continue their melodic line. The Harp accompaniment features a *cres.* (crescendo) marking.

Clarinet and Cor Anglais/Cellos part, first system. The Clarinet plays a melodic line with dynamics *mf*, *dim.*, *p*, and *dim.*. A section marked 'A' is indicated. The Cor Anglais/Cellos provide accompaniment.

Cor Anglais, Cellos.

URSULA, *quasi Recit.*

Ursula's vocal line and Harp accompaniment, first system. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Fa - ther, whose love hath made me". The Harp accompaniment is marked *pp* and includes a *quasi Recit.* marking. A *Ped.* (pedal) marking is present in the bass line.

Ursula's vocal line and Harp accompaniment, second system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "seek To keep thine ev - 'ry will till now, I own the hour that bids me speak My pro - mised". The Harp accompaniment continues with a *p* dynamic.

word, my bri - dal vow. . . *p* But, while I

a tempo.

p Violins. *cres.*

walked the gar - den through, I mark'd the li - lies on their stem, .

mf

p And how in per - fect grace they grew Till hu - man hands, till

dim. *p*

B *poco animato.* *mf* hu - man hands should ga - ther them. 'Twere sure - ly best to taste a - lone of

B *poco animato.* (M.M. ♩ = 88.) *mf*

cres. Love that doth with these ac - cord— The plen - teous dew that rains . . . up - on the plant - ed gar - den of the

cres.

f Lord, The plen - teous dew that rains . . . up - on the gar - den of the Lord. *poco rit.* **C**

poco rit. **C** *più mosso.* (M.M. ♩ = 132.)

f *p* *pp trem.*

Clar. & Bass Clar.

Recit. p And lo! I caught a whis - pered word,

Recit. *a tempo.* *pp*

Recit. An un - seen pre - sence touch'd my side, *accel e cres.*

Recit. And in my soul of souls I heard:

f *Recit.*

Molto moderato come prima. (M.M. ♩ = 72.)

Molto mod. come prima. "Hail, . . . Ur - su - la! Hail, cho - sen bride!"

8va..... *8va.....*

sf dim. Wind, *pp* *pp dim.* Viol.

Not to the courts of earth - ly kings, Not to the dross of earth - ly state,

Misterioso. Picc. & Fl. *8va.*

pp Clar., Horn.

But to the height of great - er things Thy life, . . . thy life hence - forth is con - se -

cres. *dim.*

cres. *dim.*

cres. . . .

SOPRANO. *pp* What un - seen won - ders round her wake, . . . And

ALTO. *pp* What un - seen won - ders round her wake, . . . And

TENOR. *pp* What un - seen won - ders round her wake, . . . And

BASS. *pp* What un - seen won - ders round her wake, . . . And

pp Violins. Trombones.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cres.
 move our souls to Heav'n - ly fear. . . Sure - ly some an - gel

cres.
 move our souls to Heav'n - ly fear. . . Sure : ly some an - gel

cres.
 move our souls to Heav'n - ly fear. . . Sure - ly some an - gel, some an - gel

cres.
 move our souls to Heav'n - ly fear. . . Sure - ly some an - gel, some an - gel

cres.
 Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

dim. *poco animato.*
 bids her speak, Some an - gel's pre - sence bids us hear.

dim.
 bids her speak, Some an - gel's pre - sence bids us hear.

dim.
 bids her speak, Some an - gel's pre - sence bids us hear.

dim.
 bids her speak, Some an - gel's pre - sence bids us hear.

poco animato. (M.M. ♩ = 88.)
p Harp.

dim.
 Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

URSULA.

mf

Mine eyes fell o - pen, and I saw What I had dreamed but ne - ver known : A -

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Mine eyes fell o - pen, and I saw What I had dreamed but ne - ver known : A -'. The piano accompaniment consists of a flowing sixteenth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

cres.

- bove me, as a cloud of awe, I felt the sha - dow of the Throne . . A - bove me, as a

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics '- bove me, as a cloud of awe, I felt the sha - dow of the Throne . . A - bove me, as a'. The piano accompaniment features a dense texture of chords and moving lines, with a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking above the right hand.

cloud, . . . I felt the sha - dow of the Throne. It was an an - gel spake the

The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'cloud, . . . I felt the sha - dow of the Throne. It was an an - gel spake the'. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with a 'f' (forte) dynamic marking above the right hand.

word, . . . It was an an - gel stood by me.

The fourth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics 'word, . . . It was an an - gel stood by me.'. The piano accompaniment becomes more dramatic, featuring a 'ff' (fortissimo) dynamic and 'accel.' (accelerando) and 'trem.' (tremolo) markings.

Recit. mf

Molto moderato. (M.M. ♩ = 72.)

And in the sound of harps I heard once more that mes - sage :

The fifth system begins with a recitative section for the voice, marked 'Recit. mf'. The piano accompaniment is marked 'Molto moderato' and includes a 'Harp.' part. The system concludes with a 'sva.' (sustained) section for the piano and a 'Horns.' part.

Horns.

f Hail to thee! *f* Hail to thee! *Ff* God sees the li - lies, how they grow,

8va.

f *Viols.* *8va.*

Their sis - ter - hood of souls He sees, And queens of earth, for all their show, Are

8va.

not..... ar - ray'd like one of these, *p animato.* Wher - e'er thou art, what - e'er be - tide, *cre - scen - do.* In light thy name is

8va.

p animato. *cre - scen - do.*

writ - ten down; *a tempo. f* Heav'n may not lose a cho - sen Bride, Nor thou, . nor thou, . .

rit. nor thou let go a heav'n - ly Crown." *f Recit.* Yea,

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The vocal line begins with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking and ends with a *f Recit.* (forte recitativo) marking. The lyrics are: ". . . . nor thou let go a heav'n - ly Crown." followed by "Yea,". The piano accompaniment includes a *f* (forte) dynamic marking and a *Sua.* (Soprano) marking above the right-hand part.

Sire, with me an An - gel spoke With breath that pierc'd me as a sword, I scarce could whis-per, ere I

Recit.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "Sire, with me an An - gel spoke With breath that pierc'd me as a sword, I scarce could whis-per, ere I". A *Recit.* (recitativo) marking is placed below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment features *f* and *p* dynamic markings.

a tempo. *ff* woke, Be - hold, be - hold the hand - maid of the

a tempo. *f Trombones.*

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with an *a tempo.* marking and a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "woke, Be - hold, be - hold the hand - maid of the". The piano accompaniment includes an *a tempo.* marking and a *f Trombones.* marking, indicating a forte part for the trombones.

Lord!

f *Sua.*

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a *f* (forte) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "Lord!". The piano accompaniment includes a *f* dynamic marking and a *Sua.* marking above the right-hand part. The system ends with the text "Segue No. 3".

No. 3. RECIT.—Dionotus & Ursula.—“A Maiden’s Fancies.”

TRIO (Ineth, Conan, & Dionotus) & CHORUS—“If it be Heaven that leadeth thee.”

DIONOTUS. *Recit.*

A mai - den's fan - cies! Nay, not thus can du - ty melt, . . . as melts the snow. . . .

Recit.

PIANO.

a tempo.

Art thou not plight to an - swer us? Shall dreams let love and hon - our go? Speak, O my daugh - ter!

Moderato.

cres.

URSULA.

In the morn - ing light, vi - sions are God's; . . .

Molto moderato.

pp

Cor anglais.

a tempo.

God's sun doth not be - tray. I am but warned to wait, . . . till from my sight That

a tempo.

f

Strings.

Wind.

p

dim. **A** **DIONOTUS.**

veil of shadowed glo - ry falls a - way. Her words sound scarce of Harp.

earth; Ah! if a - right she reads that vi - sion, dare I say her nay?

Horn. **Trumpets.** **'Cellos.**

URSULA. Recit.

Now with a pil-grim staff, I'll leave the land, . . . and seek for light, the al - tar-flame of Rome. . .

Recit.

cres. *dim.* *rit.*

Then, if Heav'n claim me not, I'll give my hand, Co - pan, to thee, . . . when God shall lead me

rit.

Molto andante:

home.

Molto andante. (M.M. ♩ = 54.) Violins.

sf Horn. *dim.* *p*

INETH.

It

CONAN.

It was an An - gel spake to thee,

DIONOTUS.

If it be Heav'n that lead-eth thee, Thou know-est best, So let it be.

INETH.

was an An - gel spake to thee,

*mf**dim.*

It was an An - gel spake to

CONAN.

It was an An - gel spake . . . to

*mf**dim.*

DIONOTUS.

Thou know - est best, thou knowest best, So let . . . it

*cres.**dim.*

B INETH.

thee.
CONAN.

thee.
DIONOTUS.

thee.
ALTO. *mf* CHORUS.

It was an An - gel spake to thee.

BASS. *mf* CHORUS.

It was an An - gel spake to thee.

Wind.

mf 'Cello & Horn.

SOPRANO. CHORUS.

p

It was an An - gel spake to thee, His mes - sage

ALTO.

p

It was an An - gel spake to thee, His mes - sage

TENOR. *mf* CHORUS.

cres.

p

It was an An - gel spake to thee,

It was an An - gel spake to thee, His mes - sage

BASS.

p

It was an An - gel spake to thee,

Viol. & Fl.

cres.

f

p

Harp.

Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

* Ped.

*

in thy face we see, . . . It was an An - gel spake to thee; His mes-sage in thy face we see, . . . As
 in thy face we see, . . . It was an An - gel spake to thee; His mes-sage in thy face we see, . . . As
 in thy face we see, . . . It was an An - gel spake to thee; His mes-sage in thy face we see, . . .
 spake to thee; . . . It was an An - gel spake to thee, spake to thee; . . .

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

INETH. *p*
 CONAN. *p* As Heav'n hath willed, As Heav'n hath willed, So let it be, . . .
 DIONOTUS. *p* As Heav'n hath willed, As Heav'n hath willed, So let it be. . .
 SOP. *p* Thou know-est best, Thou know-est best, So let it be, . . . *cres.*
 Heav'n hath willed, As Heav'n hath willed, So let it be. It was an An - gel, an *cres.*
 ALT. *p* Heav'n hath willed, As Heav'n hath willed, Heav'n hath willed. It was an An - gel, an *cres.*
 TEN. *p* Heav'n hath willed, Heav'n hath willed, So let it be. It was an An - gel, an *cres.*
 BASS. *p* Heav'n hath willed, Heav'n hath willed, Heav'n hath willed. It was an *cres.*

INETH.

D

p

DIONOTUS.

As Heav'n hath willed,

Thou know - est best,

dim.

An . . . gel that spake to thee.....

As Heav'n hath willed, as Heav'n hath

An . . . gel that spake to thee.....

As Heav'n hath willed, as Heav'n hath

An . . . gel that spake to thee.....

As Heav'n hath willed, as Heav'n hath

An . . . gel that spake to thee.....

As Heav'n hath willed, as Heav'n hath

D

Wind.

INETH.

dim.

p

As Heav'n hath willed, so let it be. . . .

It was an An - gel spake to thee, It

As Heav'n hath willed, so let it be. . . .

It was an An - gel spake to thee, It

thou know-est best, so let it be. . . .

willed, so let it be,

so let it be. It

willed, so let it be,

so let it be. It

willed, so let it be,

so let it be. It

willed, so let it be,

pp

so let it be.

Viol.

Horn.

p

p

cre - - - scen-do. f dim.

was an An - gel spake to thee, it was an An - gel,

was an An - gel spake to thee, it was an An - gel,

If it be Heav'n that lead - eth thee, Thou know - est, thou know - est best,

was an An - gel spake, it was an An - gel, it was an An - gel, His

was an An - gel spake, it was, it was an An - gel, His

was an An - gel spake, it was, it was an An - gel,

It was an An - gel spake, . . . it was an An - gel spake, . . .

cre scen-do. f dim. p

F DIONOTUS

Thou know - est

SOP. *sempre dim. pp poco rit. a tempo.*

mes - sage in thy face we see, as Heav'n hath willed, so let it be.

ALT. *sempre dim. pp poco rit.*

mes - sage in thy face we see, as Heav'n hath willed, so let it be.

TENOR. *p dim. pp poco rit.*

As Heav'n hath willed, as Heav'n hath willed, so let it, let it be.

BASS. *dim. pp poco rit.*

as Heav'n hath willed, so let it be.

F a tempo.

sempre dim. pp poco rit.

INETH. *p* As Heav'n, as Heav'n hath willed, So let it be. . . . *pp* So

CONAN. *p* As Heav'n, as Heav'n hath willed, So let it be. . . . *pp* So

DION. As Heav'n, as . . . Heav'n hath willed, So let it be. . . . *pp* So

best, thou know - est best, So let it be. . . . *p* *dim. e molto rall.* *pp* So

SOP. As Heav'n, as Heav'n hath willed, So let *p* *dim. e molto rall.* *pp*

ALTO. As Heav'n, as . . . Heav'n hath willed, So let *p* *dim. e molto rall.* *pp*

TENOR. As Heav'n, as . . . Heav'n hath willed, So let *p* *dim. e molto rall.* *pp*

BASS. As Heav'n hath willed, as Heav'n hath willed, So let *pp* *rall.*

So let

Wind. *p* *molto rall.* *pp*

molto rall. let it be. . . . *rall.*

molto rall. let it be. . . . *molto rall.*

molto rall. let it be. . . . *molto rall.*

molto rall. let it be. . . . *molto rall.*

molto rall. it be. . . . *molto rall.*

molto rall. it be. . . . *molto rall.*

molto rall. it be. . . . *molto rall.*

molto rall. it be. . . . *molto rall.*

a tempo. *pp* *rall.* *Segue No. 4.*

Viol. *pp* **Horn.** *rall.*

Ped. *

No. 4. RECITATIVE & DUETTINO—Ursula & Conan—"God knoweth how to deal with me."

Lento.
CONAN. *quasi Recit.*

Ur - su - la! my heart is thine: Thy heart is Heav'n's a - lone; . . . Yet

PIANO. *Lento.*
p Strings. *mf*

rit.

will I wait, yet will I wait, till Heav'n . . . and Love be one. . .

Clar. *p*

URSULA.

God know-eth how to deal with me, He know-eth how to guide, He know-eth how to guide.

Moderato con moto. (M.M. ♩ = 52.)

p Clars. & Horns.
Basses.

CONAN

God will yet give thy heart to me, And home thy feet will guide, And home thy feet will guide.

Flutes.

URSULA A

His word shall all my coun - sel be, For great - er love hath none than He, Nor

CONAN

I hope in Heav'n, I trust in thee, That He will bring thee back to be

A

Clar. Horn. *cres.*

strength His might be - side, . . . Nor strength His might be - side.

My Queen, my Saint, my Bride, . . . My Saint, my Bride, . . . God will yet

Oboe. *mf*

Fag.

p

Great - er love hath none than

give thy heart to me, And home thy feet will guide, And home thy feet will guide, thy

He. God know - eth how to deal with me, He know - eth how,
 feet will guide. I hope in Heav'n, I hope in Heav'n

p *cres.* *dim.* *p* *cres.*

Fl. *dim.* *p* *cres.* Horns. *cres.*

Clar.

. . . He know - eth how to guide, His word, . . . His word shall all . .
 . . . that He will bring thee back, I hope, . . . I hope in Heav'n

f *f*

Horns. *f*

. . . . my coun - sel be, shall all my coun - sel be. . . .
 I trust in thee, I . . . trust in thee. . . .

dim. *B* *dim.* *B*

Fl. *dim.* *B* Oboe. *mf*

p

Great - - er love hath none . . . than He, . . .

p

He . . . will bring thee back . to me, . . .

dim.

p [^]Clar.

piu p *rall.* *p*

Great - er love hath none, hath . .

piu p

He . will bring thee back

rall. *pp*

p

none, than He. . . .

p

to me. Clar. *molto rall.*

p *dim.*

R.H.

Scene 2.—THE SAILING OF URSULA.

No. 5. CHORUS OF SAILORS & PEOPLE—"Sea-winds are Blowing."
HYMN—"Thee, God, we Pray."*Allegretto ma non troppo presto.* (MM. ♩. = 60.)

PIANO. *p* Horn, & Strings. Viol. Horn. Viola & 'Cello. Clar. Fag. *p* Viol. *A*

THE SAILORS. 1ST & 2ND TENORS. *mf* Sea - winds are blow - ing

3RD TENORS. *mf* Sea - winds are blow - ing

sempre p

p Straight to the west, Trust to their keep - ing

Straight to the west, Trust to their keep - ing

The musical score is arranged in systems. The first system shows the piano accompaniment for Horn, Strings, Violin, and Horn. The second system adds Viola & Cello, Clarinet, and Bassoon. The third system features the Violin part with a dynamic marking of *p* and a section marked *A*. The fourth system introduces the vocal parts for 1st and 2nd Tenors, with lyrics 'Sea - winds are blow - ing' and a dynamic marking of *mf*. The fifth system continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment, with a dynamic marking of *sempre p*. The sixth system shows the vocal parts with lyrics 'Straight to the west, Trust to their keep - ing' and a dynamic marking of *p*. The seventh system continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment.

* The small notes  from letter A need not necessarily be played.

cres.

All you love best ; Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the sea, . . .

cres.

All you love best ; Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the sea, . . .

cres.

mf

. Fol - low your la - dy Brave - ly as she.

p

mf

p

Fol - low your la - dy Brave - ly as she,

dim.

B

mf

Sea - winds are blow - ing

mf

Sea - winds are blow - ing

B

'Cello.

Horns.

p

Straight to the west, Trust to their keep - ing All you love best ; ..

Straight to the west, Trust to their keep - ing All you love best ; ..

*  Repeat previous bar.

cre - scen - do.

Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the sea,

cre - scen - do.

Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the sea,

Fol - - - low your la - - dy Brave - ly as she.

Fol - - - low your la - - dy Brave - ly as she.

dim.

THE PEOPLE. 1ST & 2ND ALTO.

mf Days will be drea - ry While you are gone, Toil will be wea - ry, Hearths will be lone,

1ST & 2ND BASS.

mf Days will be drea - ry While you are gone, Toil will be wea - ry, Hearths will be lone,

Ob., Clar.

mf

1ST ALTO. *cres.*
 Toil will be wea - ry, Hearths will . . . be lone, While you . . .

2ND ALTO. *cres.*
 Hearths will be lone, will be lone, While

1ST BASS. *cres.*
 Toil will be wea - ry, Hearths . . . will . . . be lone, . . .

2ND BASS. *cres.*
 Hearths will be lone, will be lone, be

Horn.
cres.

THE SAILORS. *mf* 1ST & 2ND TENORS.
 Sea - - winds are blow - - ing,
mf 3RD.
 Sea - - winds are blow - - ing,
 are gone.
 you are gone.
 While you are gone.
 lone.

p

Ped.

Straight to the west, . . . Trust to their keep - ing All you love best ; . . .
 Straight to the west, . . . Trust to their keep - ing All you love best ; . . .
 THE PEOPLE. 1ST & 2ND BASS. *p*
 Days will be

Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the sea, *cres.*
 Mai - dens of Corn - wall, Trust to the sea, *cres.*
 drea - - ry While you are gone, Toil will be wea - ry, *cres.*

THE SAILORS.
THE PEOPLE.

Fol - - low your la - dy Brave-ly as she, *p*
 Fol - - low your la - dy Brave-ly as she, *p*
 1ST & 2ND ALTO. *dim.*

Days will be drea - ry While you are gone, *dim.*
 Hearths will be lone, be lone,

1ST & 2ND TENORS.

pp

pp

Fol - low your la - dy Brave - ly as she.

3RD TENOR.

Fol - low, fol - low Brave - ly as she.

ALTO.

While you are gone.

BASS.

be lone.

Ped.

(The crotchets a little slower than the preceding dotted crotchets.)
Molto moderato. (M.M. ♩ = 54.)

dim.

Horn.

Clar., Fag.

p

cres.

HYMN. Trumpets, Trombones.

p

f

INETH.

Thee, God, we pray that Thou wilt bless our path by night and day,

1ST SOPRANO. *f* Thee, God, we pray, . . .

2ND SOPRANO. *f* Thee, God, we pray, . . .

1ST ALTO. *f* Thee, God, we pray, . . .

2ND ALTO. *f* Thee, God, we pray, . . .

ORGAN. *f*

Trump. *f*

Thee, who, thro' wave and wil - der - ness canst keep us safe al - way, . . . For days but ser - vants are of

Thee, God, we pray,

Thee, God, we pray,

Thee, God, we pray,

Thee, God, we pray,

ORGAN. *f*

Trump. *f*

D

cres.

Thee, The nights but work Thy will, but work Thy will,

cres.

Days but ser-vants are of Thee, The nights but work Thy will, nights but work, work Thy

cres.

Days but ser-vants are of Thee, The nights but work Thy will, nights but work, work Thy

cres.

Days but ser-vants are of Thee, The nights but work Thy will, nights but work, work Thy

cres.

Days but ser-vants are of Thee, of Thee, nights but work, work Thy

D

p ORGAN.

cres.

f

Trumpet.

The storm-winds know, The storm-winds know Thy ma-jes-ty. Thou speak-est,

f

will, The storm-winds know, . . . The storm-winds know Thy ma-jes-ty. Thou

f

will, The storm-winds know, . . . The storm-winds know Thy ma-jes-ty. Thou

f

will, The storm-winds know, . . . The storm-winds know Thy ma-jes-ty. Thou

f

will, The storm-winds know, . . . The storm-winds know Thy ma-jes-ty. Thou

they are still. . . . Thou who canst keep us day and

pp speak - est, they are still. . . .

pp speak - est, they are still. . . .

pp speak - est, they are still. . . .

pp speak - est, they are still. . . .

ORGAN.
Trumpet.

p *f*

night, and guide us, Thou, our God, . . . wilt lead us by Thy glo-ry's light, nor let us lose the

p Thou who canst keep us,

p Thou who canst keep us,

p Thou who canst keep us,

p Thou who canst keep us,

p Thou who canst keep us,

p

mf **E**

road. . . . Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, Thy

Thou who canst keep us, *mf* Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less

Thou who canst keep us, *mf* Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less

Thou who canst keep us, *mf* Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less

Thou who canst keep us, *mf* Thy staff shall guide, . . . shall guide our feet to

E

ORGAN. *p*

cres. *f*

staff shall guide our feet, shall guide our feet To reach be-neath the Ban - ner of the

cres. *f*

days Be-neath the Ban - ner, be - neath the Ban - ner of the Dove . . . Thy

cres. *f*

days Be-neath the Ban - ner, be - neath the Ban - ner of the Dove . . . Thy

cres. *f*

days Be-neath the Ban - ner, be - neath the Ban - ner of the Dove . . . Thy

cres. *f*

reach Be-neath the Ban - ner, be - neath the Ban - ner of the Dove . . . Thy

Trumpet. *f*

f
 Dove— Thy staff shall guide our feet, . . . To reach thro' night-less days, . .
 Crown whose name we praise, . . . To reach Thy Crown whose
 Crown whose name we praise, . . . To reach Thy Crown whose
 Crown whose name we praise, . . . To reach Thy Crown whose
 Crown whose name we praise, . . . To reach Thy Crown whose

ORGAN.
f

ff *rit.*
 . . . Thy Crown . . . whose name we praise, whose name we praise. . . .
 name we praise, . . . whose name we praise. . . .
 name we praise, . . . whose name we praise. . . .
 name we praise, . . . whose name we praise. . . .
 name we praise, . . . whose name we praise. . . .

Trumpets. *f* ORGAN. *rit.* *ff* Trombones. *f*

poco più moto.

Obol.

Fl. & Horn.

Fl.

p Viola & 'Cello.

p Clar.

DIONOTUS.

Speed thee and save thee, Child of my love, Light on thy go - ing Shine from a - bove; Glad be thy com - ing

Home from the sea, Glad be thy com - ing Home from the sea; The Fa - ther of fa - thers Bless thee for me,

The Fa - ther of fa - - thers Bless thee, bless thee for me. . . .

E CONAN.

Speed thee and save thee, Heart of my love, . . . Light on thy

DIONOTUS, *p*

Speed thee and save thee, Child of my love,

F Violins.

'Cello. *marcato.*

go - ing Shine from a - bove, Speed thee and save thee, Speed thee and save thee, Child of my love,

cres. *cres.*

Heart of my love, . . . Heart of my love, . . . The Fa - ther of fa - - thers Bless thee for me, Bless thee for

dim. *p poco rit.* *f* *dim.* *p poco rit.*

love. . . . Fare - well, my friends, my fa - ther, fare - well!

me. . . .

G a tempo. *URSULA.* *G a tempo.* *Viols.* *p*

Un - to thee, Co - nan, once more, fare - well! If I may be thine

rit. *poco più lento.* *mf* *Horns & Fag.*

or not thine God's self, . . . God's self will choose for

cres. *f dim.* *p* *dim.*

Trombones.

me. MAIDENS. ALTO. Thou who canst keep us day and

SAILORS. TENORS. *marcato.* Sea-winds are blow - ing Straight to the west, THE PEOPLE. BASS. Thou who canst keep us day and

Allegretto. (M.M. ♩ = 60.) *mf* *f* Violins.

'Cello.

N.B.—One bar like two of the opening movement of this No.

Violoncello.

MAIDENS. SOPRANO. *f* Thou who canst keep us,

ALTO. night, and guide us, Thou, our God, . . . wilt lead . . . us by Thy glory's light, Nor let us lose the

SAILORS. 1ST & 2ND TENOR. Trust to their keep - ing All you love best; . . .

3RD TENOR. Trust to their keep - ing All you love best; . . .

THE PEOPLE. BASS. night, and guide us, Thou, our God, . . . wilt lead . . . them by Thy glory's light, Nor let them lose the

Ped. *

f Thou who canst keep us, *H* Thy staff shall guide our feet a -
road, Thy staff shall guide our feet above, shall guide our feet a -
mf Mai - dens of Cornwall, Trust to the sea, . . . Fol - - low your la - - dy
mf Mai - dens of Cornwall, Trust to the sea, . . . Fol - - low your la - - dy
road, Thy staff shall guide their feet above, Thy staff

crescendo sempre.
- bove, Thy staff shall guide our feet, Thy staff shall guide *cres.*
- bove, Thy staff shall guide our feet, Thy staff shall
p Brave-ly as she.
p Brave-ly as she. *crescendo sempre.*
shall guide their feet, Thy staff shall guide
crescendo sempre.

SOPRANO.
shall guide our feet To reach thro' night - - less

ALTO.
guide, shall guide our feet To reach Thy

BASS.
. shall guide their feet To reach Thy

f SOPRANO. Thy staff shall guide our feet -

days Thy Crown whose name we praise.

f ALTO. Crown, Thy Crown whose name we praise.

1ST & 2ND TENOR. Sea - winds are blow ing Straight to the west,

3RD TENOR. Sea - winds are blow ing Straight to the west,

BASS. Crown whose name we praise, Thy Crown

URSULA.

I

bove, shall guide our feet a - bove, Thy staff shall guide, . . . Thy staff shall guide, . .




INETH.

Thy staff shall guide our



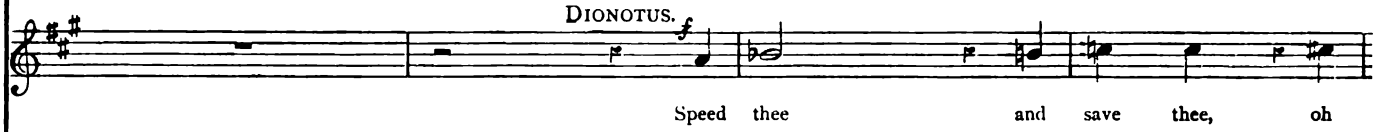
CONAN.

Speed . . thee and save . . . thee, oh heart . . .



DIONOTUS.

Speed thee and save thee, oh



SOPRANO.

. Thy staff shall guide, shall guide our



ALTO.

. Thy staff shall guide, shall guide our



1ST & 2ND TENOR.

. Sea - winds are blow - ing Straight to the west. . . . Trust to their keep-ing



3RD TENOR.

. Sea - winds are blow - ing Straight to the west, Trust to their keep-ing



BASS.

. Thy staff shall guide, shall guide their



I



shall guide our feet To

feet, Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less days Thy

of my love, Light on thy go - ing, Light on thy

child of my love, . . . Light on thy go - - ing, Light on thy

feet a - bove, . . .

feet a - - - bove, . . . To reach Thy Crown whose

feet, shall . . . guide our feet, To reach thro' night - less days Thy Crown whose

All you love best, All you love best; . . . Maidens of Corn - wall, Trust to the

All you love best, All you love best; . . . Maidens of Corn - wall, Trust to the

feet, Thy . . . staff shall guide their feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less days Thy

Pod.

reach Thy Crown whose name we praise. . . .

Crown, Thy Crown whose name we praise.

go - ing, Shine from a - bove, Shine from a - - - bove.

go - ing, Shine from a - bove, Shine from a - - - bove.

name we praise, Thy Crown whose name we praise.

name we praise, Thy Crown whose name we praise.

sea, Fol - low your la - dy Brave - ly as she, Brave - ly as she.

sea, Fol - low your la - dy Brave - ly as she, Brave - ly as she.

Crown, Thy Crown whose name we praise, we praise.

f *Violins.*

f *Ped.* * *Ped.* 8 8 * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

URSULA. *J* *p*

Fare - well, . . .

INETH.

CONAN. *p*

Speed and save thee.

DIONOTUS.

SOPRANO. *p*

Whose

ALTO. *p*

Whose

1ST & 2ND TENOR. *mf*

Sea - winds are blow-ing Straight to the west, Trust to their keep - ing

3RD TENOR. *mf*

Sea - winds are blow-ing Straight to the west, Trust to their keep - ing

BASS.

dim. *J* *p*

fare - well! . . .

p
whose name we praise, . . .

p Fare - well! . . . *più p* Speed and

p Fare - well! . . .

name we praise, . . .

name we praise, . . .

dim. *sempre dim.*
All you love best. . . . Sea-winds are blow- ing Straight to the west,

dim. *sempre dim.*
All you love best. . . . Sea-winds are blow- ing Straight to the west,

p Fare - well! . . .

più p

più p
 Fare - - well, fare - well! .

più p
 whose name we praise, . . .

save thee, Fare - well! . . .

p
 Fare - well! . . .

più p
 whose name we praise, . . .

più p
 whose name we praise, . . .

Trust to their keep - ing All you love best. . . .

Trust to their keep - ing All you love best. . . .

p
 Fare - well! . . .

dim.

dim.

K

Fare - well, fare - well.

Fare - - - well!

ppp

whose name we praise.

ppp

whose name we praise.

ppp

whose name we praise.

Trust to their keep - ing All you love best.

Trust to their keep - ing All you love best.

ppp

Fare .

pp

dim.

ppp

Ped.

Musical score for vocal and piano parts. The vocal line consists of two staves with lyrics: "Fare . . . well!" and "Fare . . . well!". The piano accompaniment includes a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The piano part features a prominent arpeggiated figure in the right hand, marked *ppp*. The lyrics "well, fare well!" are positioned below the piano accompaniment.

Musical score for Horn and Clarinet parts. The Horn part is marked *pp* and features a descending arpeggiated figure. The Clarinet part is marked *ppp* and features a descending arpeggiated figure. The score includes dynamic markings *pp*, *ppp*, and *dim.* and the instrument labels "Horn." and "Clar.".

Musical score for Clarinet and Pedal parts. The Clarinet part is marked *ppp* and features a descending arpeggiated figure. The Pedal part is marked *ppp* and features a descending arpeggiated figure. The score includes dynamic markings *ppp*, *f*, and *Ped.* and the instrument labels "Clar." and "Ped.".

Scene 3.—AT COLOGNE. (Outside the Church.)

No. 6. INTRODUCTION & CHORUS OF HUNS.—“By Rivers Red.”

Molto moderato. (M.M. $\text{♩} = 72$.)

PIANO.

Oboe.
p

Clar.
p

Allégo con molto fuoco (quasi il doppio movimento). (M.M. $\text{♩} = 100$.)

pp R.H.
pp R.H.

'Cellos.

cres.

Viols.
p

Ped.

Ped.

*

Ped.

First system of musical notation. The upper staff features a melodic line with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The lower staff contains a complex rhythmic accompaniment with *Ped.* (pedal) markings and asterisks.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff has a melodic line with a *f* (forte) dynamic. The lower staff includes *Ped.* markings and asterisks.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff is labeled *Horns.* and features a melodic line with accents (^). The lower staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with accents (^) and *v* (vibrato) markings.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff has a melodic line with accents (^). The lower staff includes a *crescendo.* marking and *v* markings.

Fifth system of musical notation. The upper staff has a melodic line with accents (^) and a *p* (piano) dynamic. The lower staff is labeled *Cimbals.* and includes a *cre* (crescendo) marking.

Sixth system of musical notation. The upper staff has a melodic line with a *scendo.* (crescendo) marking. The lower staff includes a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic and *Ped.* markings.

ff
* Ped. * Ped.

ff
* Ped.

f
* Ped.

Viols.

TENOR. *f* (*Savagely.*)

By ri - vers red, thro'

BASS. *f* (*Savagely.*)

By ri - vers red, thro' fo - rests black,

CHORUS OF HUNS.

fo - rests black, O'er moun - tains old and grey.

O'er moun - tains old and grey. By

* Ped. *

B *f*

By ri - vers red, thro' fo - rests black, O'er

ri - vers red, thro' fo - rests black, O'er

B

Ped.

moun - tains old and grey.

moun - tains old and grey.

Horns.

* Ped. *

The ghosts of king - - doms point our track,

f

^ ^ ^

And by the signs of rout and rack The ea - gles mark,

f *p* *cres.*

And by the signs of rout and rack The ea - gles mark,

f *p* *cres.*

^ ^ ^

p *cres.*

the ea - gles mark, the ea - gles mark our way.

Cf *f*

the ea - gles mark, the ea - gles mark our way.

C *f*

f

Ped.

Musical score for the first system. The vocal line (top) begins with a fermata on a whole note, followed by the lyrics "Hu!* Be". The piano accompaniment (bottom) features a complex rhythmic pattern with sixteenth and thirty-second notes. Performance markings include *ff* (fortissimo) and *Ped.* (pedal) with an asterisk.

Musical score for the second system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "blood with wine out - poured, . . . What is great? what is great? what is". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic complexity. Performance markings include *f* (forte) and *Cimbals.* with an asterisk.

Musical score for the third system. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "great? The sword! the sword!". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. Performance markings include *f* (forte).

* This cry should be pronounced somewhat like "who," but a little more closed.

f Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - - poured ; . . .

f Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - - poured ; What is

The piano accompaniment consists of a complex, rhythmic pattern in the right hand, primarily using eighth and sixteenth notes, with a steady bass line in the left hand.

What is great ? what is great ? what is great ? The sword ! the

great ? what is great ? what is great ? The sword ! the

The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system, providing a driving accompaniment for the vocal lines.

sword !

sword !

f Ped. *

The piano accompaniment in this system features a more active and rhythmic pattern, with frequent sixteenth-note runs in the right hand and a strong bass line in the left hand. A 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction is present at the end of the system.

D

fff

Ped. *

This system contains three staves. The top two staves are for a piano, with a treble clef and a bass clef. The bottom staff is for a violin, with a treble clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The piano part features a dense texture of chords and arpeggios. The violin part has a melodic line with slurs. Dynamics include *fff* and *mf*. Pedal markings and an asterisk are present.

dim.

Ped. *

This system contains three staves. The top two staves are for a piano, with a treble clef and a bass clef. The bottom staff is for a violin, with a treble clef. The piano part continues with complex chordal textures. The violin part has a melodic line with slurs. Dynamics include *dim.* and *mf*. Pedal markings and an asterisk are present.

p

mf

On,

Viols.

Ped.

This system contains three staves. The top two staves are for a piano, with a treble clef and a bass clef. The bottom staff is for a violin, with a treble clef. The piano part features a dense texture of chords and arpeggios. The violin part has a melodic line with slurs. Dynamics include *p* and *mf*. Pedal markings and an asterisk are present.

mf

On, from the steppes that gave us birth, For

from the steppes that gave us birth, For

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with lyrics: "On, from the steppes that gave us birth, For" on the first line and "from the steppes that gave us birth, For" on the second line. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, featuring a complex, rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

cold and white are they. *mf* On,

cold and white are they. On, from the steppes

mf

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with lyrics: "cold and white are they." on the first line and "cold and white are they." on the second line, followed by "On, from the steppes" on the third line. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment. There are two asterisks with "Ped." written below the piano part, indicating pedaling instructions.

from the steppes that gave us birth, For cold and white are

that gave us birth, For cold and white are

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, with lyrics: "from the steppes that gave us birth, For cold and white are" on the first line and "that gave us birth, For cold and white are" on the second line. The bottom two staves are for the piano accompaniment, continuing the rhythmic pattern from the previous systems.

they.

they.

Horns.

Ped.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two systems of music. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics 'they.' and 'they.' followed by dotted lines. The third staff is a piano accompaniment with a 'Ped.' marking. The fourth staff is a horn part labeled 'Horns.' with five accents (^) over the notes. The piano accompaniment includes a 'Ped.' marking and a '*' symbol.

E

They

On to the E - - dens of the earth: They

E

Ped.

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth systems of music. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics 'They' and 'On to the E - - dens of the earth: They'. The third staff is a piano accompaniment with a 'Ped.' marking. The fourth staff is a horn part with five accents (^) over the notes. The piano accompaniment includes a 'Ped.' marking, a '*' symbol, and six 'v' symbols.

grow us grapes to make us mirth, They bear us foes,

grow us grapes to make us mirth, They bear us foes,

Ped.

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth systems of music. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics 'grow us grapes to make us mirth, They bear us foes,' and 'grow us grapes to make us mirth, They bear us foes,'. The third staff is a piano accompaniment with a 'Ped.' marking. The fourth staff is a horn part with three accents (^) over the notes. The piano accompaniment includes a 'Ped.' marking, a '*' symbol, and two 'v' symbols.

they bear us foes, they bear us foes to slay.

they bear us foes they bear us foes to slay.

f

f

f

Ped.

Hu! Be

Hu! Be blood with wine out -

ff

ff

ff

* Ped. * Cimbals.

blood with wine out - poured, . . . Who is king? who is king? who is

- poured, Who is king? who is king? who is

f

f

f

king? The sword! the sword!

king? The sword! the sword!

The first system of the musical score features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are in a soprano and alto register, with lyrics: "king? The sword! the sword!". The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with flowing sixteenth-note patterns and a left-hand part with block chords and moving bass lines. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

f Hu! Be blood with wine out - - poured; . . .

f Hu! Be blood with wine out - - poured; Who is

The second system continues the musical score. It features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal lines have lyrics: "Hu! Be blood with wine out - - poured; . . ." and "Hu! Be blood with wine out - - poured; Who is". The piano accompaniment maintains the rhythmic texture from the first system. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present at the beginning of the system.

Who is king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the

king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the

The third system of the musical score features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal lines have lyrics: "Who is king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the" and "king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the". The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic rhythmic patterns. A dynamic marking of *f* is visible at the end of the system.

sword ! The *fff*

sword ! The *fff*

f

Ped. *

sword !

sword !

fff

Ped. *

sempre fff

Ped. *

Sua.

Segue subito No. 7.

Ped. * Ped. * Cimbals. *

No. 7. RECIT. & AIR.—Conan.—“What echoes wake.”

CONAN. *Recit.* *ff* *Recit. più lento.* *p*

What e-choes wake of woe and war? Not such the

L'istesso tempo. *Recit.* *a tempo.* *Recit.*

PIANO. *p* *cres.* *f* *p* *cres.* *f*

signs I've jour-ney'd far to seek, that anx-ious hopes may tell . . . If all be ill, or aught be well;

più lento. *p* *rit.* *A molto moderato.*

A molto moderato. Horn.

Here stands the fanc that sure - ly she would pass for prayer,

p *cres.*

Strings. *p*

if well it be. Heav'n keep from strife thy waves, O Rhine, . . . Till she be here, . . . till she be

più lento. *mf* *f* *dim.*

più lento. *trem.* *dim.* *p* *f* *dim.*

rall.

here, . . . and Heav'n be mine!

Andante con sentimento. (M.M. ♩=50.)

Violas.

p

Clar. & Horns.

p **B**

The ri - ver sings, the ri - ver flows, Its song of songs I

B Violins.

p

cre - - scendo.

hear; My heart, out-worn with long-ing, knows At last that she is near! How should her lo-ver's

mf

f

heart, grown faint with wait-ing, fail to rove . . . O'er all the world to seek my saint, my

cre - - scendo.

f

la - dy, and my love, . . . My la - dy, and my love. Good

dim. *p* *C*

Violas. *C* *Clar.*

An - gels, bring me back my heart, And give her back the faith That mor - tal love hath still its part In

cres. *p* *cres.*

Viola.

Love that conquers death, In Love that con - quers death,

dim. *rit.* *colla voce.* *dim.* *dim.*

Horn.

What were a Heav'n of star-less skies? And what all stars a - bove But hopes of ban-ished

p *rall.* *a tempo.* *Fl.* *pp*

Strings.

D

cre - - - scendo.

hearts to rise To Heav'n on wings of love?— How should her lo-ver's heart, grown faint with wait - ing, fail to

Violins.

mf cre - - - scendo.

f rove O'er all the world to seek my saint, my la - dy, and my love, My la - dy, and my

sempre f *dim.*

f *dim.* *colla voce.*

love! . . . My saint,

Viola.

p Clar.

Strings.

dim. *e* *rit.* *pp*

to seek my saint, my love!

rit. *molto rall.*

dim. Strings. *pp* *Segue No. 8.*

No. 8.

FINALE—"Thou who hast kept us."

Molto moderato. (M.M. ♩ = 54)
p (*Within the Church.*)

URSULA.  Thou who hast kept us day and night, And led us, Thou, our God, . . . Wilt

1ST SOP.  Thou who hast kept us,

2ND SOP.  Thou who hast kept us,

1ST ALT.  Thou who hast kept us,

2ND ALT.  Thou who hast kept us,

ORGAN.  Thou who hast kept us,

PIANO.  Thou who hast kept us,

 lead us by Thy glo-ry's light, Nor let us lose the road. . . . Thy staff shall guide our feet a -

 Thou who hast kept us,

 Thou who hast kept us,

 Thou who hast kept us,

 Thou who hast kept us,

 Thou who hast kept us,

 Thou who hast kept us,

bove, . . . Thy staff shall guide our feet, *cres.*

mf Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less days Be - neath the *cres.*

mf Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less days Be - neath the *cres.*

mf Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, To reach thro' night - less days Be - neath the *cres.*

mf Thy staff shall guide, . . . shall guide our feet to reach, Be - neath the *cres.*

shall guide our feet To reach, be-neath the ban - ner of the Dove, Thy

ban - ner, be - neath the ban - ner of the Dove, . . . Thy Crown whose name we praise ;

ban - ner, be - neath the ban - ner of the Dove, . . . Thy Crown whose name we praise ;

ban - ner, be - neath the ban - ner of . . . the Dove, . . . Thy Crown whose name we praise ;

ban - ner, be - neath the ban - ner of . . . the Dove, . . . Thy Crown whose name we praise ;

staff shall guide our feet, . . . To reach thro' night-less days . . . Thy Crown whose name we

To reach Thy Crown . . . whose name we praise,

To reach Thy Crown . . . whose name we praise,

To reach Thy Crown . . . whose name we praise,

To reach Thy Crown . . . whose name we praise,

To reach Thy Crown . . . whose name we praise,

f *dim.*

rit. *p* *Allegro con fuoco.*

praise, we praise. . . .

whose name we praise. . . .

whose name we praise. . . .

whose name we praise. . . .

whose name we praise. . . .

whose name we praise. . . .

rit. *p* *Allegro con fuoco.* (M.M. $\text{♩} = 100$)

pp 'Cellos.

Viols.

CHORUS OF HUNS (in the distance).

TENOR.

p

By ri - vers red, thro'

BASS.

p

By ri - vers red, thro' fo - rests black,

Ped.

fo - rests black, O'er moun - tains old and grey.

p

O'er moun - tains old and grey. By

Ped.

*

By ri - vers red, thro' fo - rests black, O'er

ri - vers red, thro' fo - rests black, O'er

Ped.

moun - tains old and grey.

moun - tains old and grey.

A *marcato ma p*

Ped. *

CONAN (to URSULA).

And thou art here;

p

The ghosts of king - doms point our track,

CONAN.

And o'er the ground The forms of de-mons swarm a - round!

TENOR.

And by the signs of rout and rack The ea-gles mark,

BASS.

And by the signs of rout and rack The ea-gles mark,

f
Fly, Ur - su - la !

sempre p
the eagles mark, the eagles mark our way.

sempre p
the eagles mark, the eagles mark our way.

f

URSULA. *Recit.* *mf* Co - nan ! 'Tis thou— and here ? Could'st thou not wait and trust in me ? *p Recit.* Why dost thou

Recit. *sf p* *a tempo.* *f* *Recit.*

Lento. mf bid me fly : I see the shield of God, . . with - out whose will, with - out whose will is

Lento. p *cres.* *f*

B *tempo primo.* CORO.

naught!
TENOR. *p* A-las!

mf Hu! *p* Be blood with wine out - poured,

BASS.
Hu! Be blood with wine out - poured, *p* What is

B *tempo primo.*
Viols. *p*

Cimbals.

p I bo - ded ill, *p* But not thy death! A -

What is great? *p* what is great? what is great? The sword! the

great? *p* what is great? what is great? The sword! the

way!

sword!

sword!

f

Ped. *

CONAN.

Fly, Ur - su - la! Fly, Ur - su - la!

BASS. *f*
CHORUS OF HUNS (*approaching*).
On,

Ped. *

TENOR.

f
On, from the steppes that gave us birth, For
from the steppes that gave us birth, For

Viols.

Ped.

cold and white are they.

cold and white are they.

f Horns. Δ

Ped. *

CONAN.

Fly, Ur - su - la!

BASS. *f*
On to the E - dens of the earth:

Ped. *

CONAN.

TENOR. *f* Fly, Ur - su - la !

BASS. *f* They grow us grapes to make us mirth, They bear us foes,

They grow us grapes to make us mirth, They bear us foes,

they bear us foes, they bear us foes to slay. . . .

they bear us foes, they bear us foes to slay. . . .

D

URSULA.

I see the shield of

Hu ! Be blood with wine out - poured, . .

Hu ! Be blood with wine out - poured, Who is

Cimbals.

God, With - out whose will is

Who is king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the

king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line in B-flat major with lyrics: "God, With - out whose will is". The second and third staves are piano accompaniment, with lyrics: "Who is king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the" and "king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the". The bottom staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a complex piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*.

naught. . . .

sword!

(The Huns enter the Church.)

sword!

f

Ped.

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics: "naught. . . .". The second and third staves are piano accompaniment with lyrics: "sword!" and "(The Huns enter the Church.)". The bottom staff is a grand staff with a complex piano accompaniment, including a "Ped." (pedal) marking. Dynamics include *f*.

Sva.

The third system of the musical score consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) for piano accompaniment. It begins with the marking *Sva.* (Svato) and features a complex, flowing piano accompaniment.

THE CHIEF OF THE HUNS.
Recit. piu lento.

E

Too late for fly - ing ! E'en now my war - riors seize up - on their own !

E *Recit.* *tempo primo.*

Recit.

Who would escape, must choose 'twixt love and dy - ing, And thou, fair maid, 'twixt tor - ture and a throne !

p *Recit. cres.*

Thy beauty fires my heart ; a crown a - waits thee : Yet will I woo not, e - ven for eyes like thine !

a tempo. *a tempo.*

Recit. *f* *fp* *Recit.* *f*

Recit. *f* *f* *rit.*

A conquer - or crowns thee, or his fal - chion mates thee. Choose if thou wilt be Death's, fair maid, or

Recit. *f* *a tempo.* *f*

Molto moderato.

URSULA.

Thou who hast kept . . . us day and night, and led us, Thou, our God,

mine!

MAIDENS.

SOPRANO. *f*

ALTO. *f*

Thou who hast kept us day and night, and led us, Thou, our

Thou who hast kept us day and night, and led us, Thou, our

Molto moderato. (M.M. ♩ = 54.)

ORGAN. *f*

Violins. *f*

URSULA.

wilt lead us still, . . . by steadfast light, . . . Nor leave us by the road; . .

SOP.

God, wilt lead us still, by steadfast light, wilt lead us still, by steadfast light, Nor leave us by the

ALTO.

God, wilt lead us still, by steadfast light, wilt lead us still, by steadfast light, Nor leave us by the

f **F** *Allegro con fuoco.*

Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, Thy staff shall guide our feet,

road. . . .

road. . . .

TENOR. *f* Hu! *f* Be

BASS. *f* Hu! *f* Be blood with wine out -

f *f*

Allegro con fuoco.

Molto moderato come prima.

URSULA. *f*

Thy staff shall guide our feet a - bove, Thy staff shall guide our

TENOR. blood with wine out - poured! . . .

BASS. - poured!

f

Molto moderato come prima.

f

Allegro con fuoco.

fect.

f Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - poured; . . .

f Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - poured;

Allegro con fuoco.

Molto moderato.

rit.

dim.

quasi l'istesso tempo.

Thy staff shall guide . . . our feet to reach Thy Crown whose name we praise.

ORGAN.

dim. e rit.

f

p

Molto moderato.

dim. e rit.

Oboe.

p Violas.

'Cellos.

f

URSULA.

(As in the vision.)

"Not to the courts of earthly kings, Not to the dross of

2nd Viols.

Picc.

pp Clar.

Harp.

dim.

pp

earth-ly state, But to the height of great-er things Thy life . . . henceforth is con - secrate.

Bass., Clar.

poco animato. *cres.*
 Where'er thou art, what-e'er be-tide, In light thy name is written down; I cav'n may not lose a

G 1st Viol. *cres.*

cho - sen Bride, Nor thou, . . . nor thou, . . . nor thou let go a Heav'n - ly Crown."

f *rit.*

(To the Chief of the Huns.)
Recit. Maestoso.

King— since a king of men art thou— Know that thy sword can give a Crown More roy - al than the blood-stain'd

8va. *Recit. Maestoso.* Strings.

brow Of war-rior wins, or mon-arch's own. A - loft un - to a kinglier throne than thine . . . I

Maestoso.

mount! . . . The throne of Him,

Allegro come prima ma tranquillo. Oboe.
Viols.

mf

sf *p*

'Cellos.

. . . the throne of Him who

cres.

reigns a - bove the world, who reigns a - bove the

cres. *cres.*

⊕ The small notes from here need not be played.

f

world a - lone, The throne of Him who reigns a -

poco rit. **I**

bove, . . . Hid by the songs of Se - ra-phem.

f *con fuoco.*

TENOR. *f*

BASS. *f*

THE HUNS.

Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - poured; . . .

Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out - - poured; Who is

Cimbals.

f

Who is king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the

king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the

Viols.

Cellos.

sword!

sword!

f *J* *sf* *J* *sf p*

Ped. * Ped. * Viola.

URSULA

CHIEF OF THE HUNS. I

f *admpo.*

Choose, . . . if thou wilt be Death's, or mine! . . .

Sua. *pp* Picc., Fl.

hear their hymn, I see them stand with beck - on-ing wings:

Choose, . . .

Sua. *f* *p*

URSULA.

cres.

CHIEF OF THE HUNS.

The clouds un -

if thou wilt be Death's, or mine!

8va.

pp

cres.

f rit.

roll - Death's glo - - - rious an - gel, take my

8va.

Trumpets.

cre - - - scen - do.

rit.

Molto moderato. (M.M. ♩ = 54)

hand!

f I hear their hymn,

I see them

INETH.

Thou hast brought us, by a glorious light, . . .

1ST & 2ND SOPRANOS.

Thou who didst keep us day and night, our Fa-ther and our God, Hast brought us,

by a glorious light, . . .

1ST & 2ND ALTOS.

Thou who didst keep us day and night, our Fa-ther and our God,

Thou hast brought us,

by a glorious

Molto moderato. (M.M. ♩ = 54)

ORGAN.

Pedal

f

MAIDENS.

URSULA.

mf K

stand with beck-on-ing wings— the clouds un-roll—
INETH.

... hast brought us, by a glo - rious light,

CONAN.

CONAN.

Thy wings have borne our souls a -

SOP. 1 & 2.

sempre f

. . In-to a won - drous road, . . . in - to a won - - drous road, . . .

ALT. 1 & 2.

sempre f

light, by a glo - rious light, . . . in - to a won - . . . drous road, . . .

TENOR.

f
Hu ! . . . Be blood with wine outpoured ; Who is king? who is king? the sword ! . . .

THE HUNS.

BASS.

f
Hu ! . . . Be blood with wine outpoured ; Who is king? who is king? the sword ! . . .

K

f

URSULA.

f

the clouds un - roll, the clouds un -

INETH.

f

Thy wings have borne our souls, have borne our souls To win the Love

CONAN.

- bove, have borne our souls a - bove, have borne our souls To win for deathless days

SOPRANO.

. . . Thy wings have borne our souls, have borne our souls a - bove To win for deathless days

ALTO.

. . . Thy wings have borne our souls, have borne our souls a - bove To win the Love, to win the

TENOR.

f

Who is king? who is

BASS.

f

Who is king? who is king?

Pedal.

URSULA.

dim.

roll!

Death's glo - rious an - gel,

Death's glo - rious an - gel,

INETH.

dim.

p

. . . The Love . . . that is . . . more high . . . than love, . . . The Love that

CONAN.

dim.

p

. . . The Love . . . that is . . . more high . . . than love, . . . The

SOP.

dim.

p

. . . The Love . . . that is . . . more high . . . than love, . . . The Love that

ALT.

dim.

p

Love . . . that is Love, The Love that is more high than love, . . . The Love that

TEN.

f

king?

The sword!

the sword!

BASS.

f

The sword! the sword! . . .

dim.

p

dim.

p

URSULA. *mf* *L*
 Death's glo-rious an gel, take my hand, . . .

INETH. *molto cres.* *f*
 is more high than love, The Crown whose gold is

CONAN. *molto cres.* *f*
 Love that is more high, more high than love, The Crown whose gold is

SOP. *molto cres.* *f*
 is more high, that is more high than love, The Crown whose gold is

ALT. *molto cres.* *f*
 is more high than love, The Crown whose gold is

TEN. *f*
 Hu! Be blood with wine out-poured; Who is king? who is king? Be blood with wine out

BASS. *f*
 Hu! Be blood with wine outpoured; Who is king? who is king? Be blood with wine ou .

molto cres. *f*

molto cres. *f*
 Ped. *

URSULA.

rit.

Allegro con fuoco.

Death's glo - rious an - gel, take my hand.

INETH.

rit.

praise, the Crown whose gold is praise.

CONAN.

rit.

praise, the Crown whose gold is praise.

SOP.

rit.

praise, the Crown, the Crown whose gold is praise.

ALTO.

rit.

praise, the Crown, the Crown whose gold is praise.

TENOR.

- poured, Be blood with wine out-poured ; Who is king ? who is king ? The sword ! the sword !

BASS.

- poured, Be blood with wine out-poured ; Who is king ? who is king ? The sword ! the sword !

molto rit.

Allegro con fuoco.

molto rit.

ff

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

Ped.

URSULA. *Lento.*

molto rit.

Lord, Fa-ther, God, . . . re-ceive my

Ped.

D *

Allegro con fuoco.

soul! . . .

SOPRANO. *ff*

Thy wings have borne our souls a-bove To

ALTO. *ff*

Thy wings have borne our souls a-bove To

TENOR. *ff*

Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out-poured; . . .

BASS. *ff*

Hu! . . . Be blood with wine out-poured; Who is

ORGAN.

ff

Allegro con fuoco.

Ped.

win the Crown whose gold is praise. . . .

win the Crown whose gold is praise. . . .

who is king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the sword! the sword! . . .

king? who is king? who is king? The sword! the sword! the sword! . . .

Musical score for piano and voice, page 107. The score consists of eight staves. The first four staves are vocal lines with lyrics indicated by dots. The fifth and sixth staves are the piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic pattern. The seventh and eighth staves are the piano accompaniment, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic pattern. The score ends with a double bar line and the word 'FINE'.