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CHORAL SOCIETY, OCTOBER 7, 1887.

THE
RED CROSS KNIGHT

A DRAMATIC CANTATA

IN SIX SCENES

BY

WILLIAM GRIST

(AUTHOR OF "HEREWARD," "JASON," "COLUMBUS," "ALFRED," &C.)

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR, AND DEDICATED TO,
THE HUDDERSFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY

BY

EBENEZER PROUT.

(OP. 24.)

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ARGUMENT.



THE castle and lands of Whittington in Salop, together with the hand of their heiress, the Lady Edith, have been willed by the lady's father as the prize of a three days' tournament to be holden near Shrewsbury within a year of the decease of the testator. The Lord Morice, a kinsman of Edith, and a powerful and favoured partisan of Prince John, the tyrannical and unpopular Regent of England in the absence of Richard Cœur de Lion, has been, by virtue of his strength and skill, victor over all comers in two successive days; and, when the story opens, he, accompanied by his escort and amid the execrations of the oppressed people of the neighbourhood, is on his way to the scene of the third and decisive combat. Anticipating an easy victory, he exults in his well-nigh certain triumph over the fair one who has spurned his suit. Meanwhile (Scene 2) the Lady Edith, unconsolable by her ladies, laments the absence of her own loved Roland, who, long departed, and long but seemingly hopelessly awaited from the Crusades, could alone have averted her impending fate of union with a hated kinsman. Her despairing prayer for aid is followed by Roland's sudden arrival. The knight relates his capture by the Moslems and the great Saladin's chivalry, which has allowed and even assisted his return; and after mutual expressions of love and joy, Roland hurries to the tournament, while the Whittington retainers welcome him home and cheer him on to the combat. Scene 3 is that of the tournament itself, to which Richard Cœur de Lion in disguise, accompanied by his faithful minstrel Blondel, enters, and avows his resolve, prompted by the misrule of his brother, to resume his sway and to exercise it more creditably than aforesaid. Amidst a brilliant throng of spectators the tournament commences; twice the heralds summon a champion to oppose Morice, amid the impatience of the chief himself, the glee of his partisans, and the despair of the populace. At the third and final challenge, Roland enters, and after an exchange of mutual defiance, the combat proceeds. A prolonged and desperate contest results in Morice's overthrow, and Roland receives the victor's wreath amid the acclamations of the beholders. In Scene 4, Roland with expectant joy is hastening back to Whittington; Morice, inflamed with rage at his defeat, follows him with his retainers with the intention of slaying him and bearing the guerdon of victory to Whittington. Richard and Blondel, from what they have observed and overheard at the tournament, suspecting the treachery, also hasten on the same track with the object of aiding Roland, who has been a favourite knight of the Lion King when in the East. In Scene 5, Roland is overtaken and overpowered by Morice's troop, and left for dead, while Morice, possessed of the trophy of victory, speeds to Whittington to take possession of his prize. Richard and Blondel arrive and find Roland unconscious; he is revived by Richard's medical skill acquired in the East, and a plan of action is agreed on by which Blondel is to proceed to Whittington to acquaint Lady Edith with the approach of rescue, while Richard and Roland rouse the neighbourhood to storm the castle. In the 6th and final scene, Morice and his followers are feasting in the banqueting hall at Whittington, while Edith sits in a recessed apartment, bewailing her lover's fate and her own, yet not without a presentiment that all will yet end well. Blondel's harp is heard without; as a minstrel he is admitted to enhance the festive cheer. He uses his opportunity to relate, in an allegorical song, the story of the tournament, the treachery of the vanquished lord, and the approach of the rescuing force. Morice detects the allusion, and orders both lady and minstrel to durance vile; but ere his behest can be obeyed, Richard and Roland with their followers appear. All resistance is vain before the Lion King's onslaught; Morice, dismayed at the double apparition of his monarch, and of his supposedly slain rival, submits and demands pardon for his misdeeds; it is accorded. Roland and Edith are at last re-united, and all welcome, with joy and with expressions of hope for England's future prosperity, the return of England's truant and long awaited king.

For the main outline of my plot, and for the three characters, Edith, Roland, and Morice, I am indebted to a little story, "The Knight of the Silver Shield," from a volume entitled "The Romance of History—England," by H. Neele, published by Messrs. F. Warne & Co., one of a series illustrative of the history of various countries, and which I can cordially commend to those in search of dramatic material. For the introduction of Richard Cœur de Lion and Blondel, and the developments in which they take part, also for the entirely altered *dénouement*, I am myself responsible. I need hardly acknowledge my indebtedness to Sir Walter Scott as regards the Tournament Scene; but I must also confess my obligations for a few hints in the same scene to the father of English poetry—Chaucer. In conclusion, I may claim that the title "dramatic cantata," is, at least in the present instance, justified by the continuity of the action; the unities being so strictly observed that the whole period of the story is comprised within the limits of one long summer's day. My plea for the free, and perhaps restless, employment of varying and irregular metres and rhythms, especially in the Tournament Scene, must lie in my anxious endeavour to adapt my lines to the changing and conflicting emotions and situations.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

A DRAMATIC CANTATA.

CHARACTERS.

LADY EDITH (Heiress of Whittington)	<i>Soprano.</i>
BLONDEL (a Minstrel)	<i>Contralto.</i>
SIR ROLAND (A Red Cross Knight)	<i>Tenor.</i>
LORD MORICE (a Baron of the Welsh Borders)	<i>Baritone.</i>
RICHARD CŒUR DE LION (King of England)	<i>Bass.</i>

SCENE—At and near Whittington Castle, Shropshire.

Time—About A.D. 1195.

No. 1.—PRELUDE.

SCENE I.—*The road to Shrewsbury.—*
A crowd of people is moving along the road.
Enter the Attendants of LORD MORICE.

No. 2.—CHORUS.

Morice's Attendants.

Way for the Lord Morice !
Clear, villeins, clear the way ;
To victory again he rides,
He wins his bride to-day.
The third, the final morn has dawned,
Allotted for the strife ;
Rich is the prize that waits our lord !
Broad lands, a lovely wife.
Way, then, for Lord Morice, &c.

Peasants.

Cursed be the Lord Morice !
And still more cursed the hour
That willed a tourney's adverse chance
To place us in a tyrant's power !
Too long already have we groaned
Beneath his cruel hand ;
Harsh vassal of the baneful prince
Who rules our suffering land.
Woe, then ! ah ! woe the day
That promises his arm to aid,
That wins him broader lands and sway,
And clouds the life of lovely maid.
Cursed be the Lord Morice !

Morice's Attendants.

Way for the Lord Morice !

[*Enter MORICE.*

No. 3.—RECITATIVE AND ARIA.—*Morice.*

Forward, my men, disperse the crowd of serfs
That hinders me upon my road to triumph ;
Soon shall these villeins also swell the band
That owns my sway ; for long ere evening falls
Will Whittington, with all its wide domain, be
mine ;

Nor Whittington alone ; the lady fair, its heiress ;
She, who so long my suit has proudly flouted,
Shall learn that I, Morice, am he assigned
By fate, and her late father's will, as victor
In this day's tournament, henceforth to rule
O'er her and Whittington ! Ah ! triumph glad !

Ah ! sweet it is to rule
O'er wide and rich domain ;
To feast the eyes, with owner's glance,
On valley, hill, and plain ;
Through woodland and on mountain,
Mine are the deer to chase ;
In river, lake, and fountain,
Mine is the finny race.
Welcome the prizes of my hand,
The wealth, the castle, and the land ;
But dearer and more welcome still
The victory o'er a woman's will.

Thee, lady, have I wooed
With fervent suit full oft ;
But thou, with firm and haughty mood,
Hast spurned my pleading soft.
If thou an ear hadst lent
In favour to my claim,

Perchance my empire had been blent
 With love's more gentle flame.
 But love, once welcome, hence be driven,
 Thou from my heart all ruth hast riven.
 Dearer to me, more welcome still
 The victory o'er a woman's will.
 Vanish, then, weak and effeminate dream !
 War-cry of eagle, not coo of the dove,
 Clashing of arms, not accents of love,
 These are the tones that a warrior beseem.
 Vengeance, awake ; for love is now dead ;
 I trample it down as the grass that I tread.
 Lady, my fair words were scorned by thy pride,
 My strong arm shall win thee to-day as my
 bride !

No. 4.—DOUBLE CHORUS.

Morice's Attendants.

Way for the Lord Morice, &c.

Peasants.

Return, O lion-hearted king,
 Richard, reclaim thine own ;
 Return, and chase the caitiff prince
 Who now pollutes thy throne.
 And with him chase his greedy band
 That cumpers our fair soil,
 That ruin spreads on every hand,
 And fattens on our toil.

Morice's Attendants.

Way for the Lord Morice !

Peasants.

Curses on Lord Morice !

[MORICE and his Attendants pass on.

SCENE II.—LADY EDITH'S apartments at
 Whittington Castle.—EDITH is surrounded by
 her ladies.

No. 5.—CHORUS.—*Ladies.*

Gaily the herald
 Of morning advances ;
 Brightly the sunbeam
 O'er the hill glances.
 Sweet is the flow'ret,
 Balmy the air,
 Green are the meadows,
 Nature is fair.
 Grief with our lady
 Dwelleth alone ;
 Pale is her visage,
 Sad is her tone.
 Rouse from thy sadness,
 Lady so fair ;
 Toss from thy bosom
 Its burden of care.
 Streamlet and fountain
 Smile with delight,
 Woodland and mountain
 To pleasure invite.

All that is round thee
 Bids thee be gay ;
 Hence then thy gloom-cloud ;
 Sorrow—away !

No. 6.—RECIT. AND AIR.—*Edith.*

Ah, no ! my friends, the sun to you so bright,
 To my dark solitude affords no light ;
 The murmuring stream, to you of dulcet tone,
 To me responds with melancholy moan.
 The forest glade, the green and rustling leaf,
 Recall my pleasure past, and wake my grief.
 The gentle breeze but serves to waft my sighs
 To my lost love beneath the orient skies.
 The flowers are faded, all their fragrance fled.
 They are but emblems of my hope now dead.

Lord of Heaven, to Thee appealing,
 Help I crave in this dark hour ;
 Look upon Thy servant kneeling,
 Chase the clouds that o'er me lower,
 Render me my champion brave,
 Lord, in mercy, help and save !
 With a heavy terror laden,
 Threatened with a hateful chain,
 Bows to Thee a faithful maiden,
 Let me not beseech in vain.
 Render me my champion brave,
 Heaven, in mercy, help and save.

[Enter ROLAND.

Roland.

Edith, arise ! thy prayer has earned reward,
 Behold thy Roland to thy arms restored.

Edith.

Ah ! rapturous hour ! ah ! glad surprise !
 Oh ! cruel dream, mock not mine eyes ;
 No, no ! 'tis he ! ah ! Heaven be blest,
 That lays my anxious fears to rest.
 How shall I thank Thee, gracious Lord,
 For hope fulfilled, for bliss restored ;
 The glorious sun again is bright,
 The orient gale awakes delight,
 The cloud is vanished as a dream ;
 Again the music of the stream
 Joyous re-echoes to my tone
 And links my pleasure with its own.
 The woodland glade, the meadow green
 Reflect my joy in radiant sheen,
 The flowers anew their fragrance breathe,
 And in a beauteous garland wreath
 The gladness of my new-born day.
 Ah ! love so dear ! ah ! heart so gay !
 But how hast thou returned in time to save
 Thy plighted maiden from an early grave ?
 For know, thy Edith would have rather died
 Than wed the lord who would have called her
 bride.

No. 7.—SOLO.—*Roland.*

Warring beside my king in Holy Land,
 A prisoner I fell to Moslem band ;
 But ever chivalrous to gallant foe,
 The princely Saladin imposed no chain
 But that of honour ; left me free to go
 And come within the bounds of his domain.
 My word I pledged that I would not depart
 Until my freedom's ransom I had paid ;
 No Christian knight would trick that generous
 heart,

Or in his Pagan eyes our faith degrade.
 There many a friend I met who told your tale,
 Your father's death ; his will that did ordain
 To win your hand the knight who should
 prevail

In tournament upon the neighbouring plain.
 The time was short, I sought the Soldan's ear,
 To mighty Saladin I told our love and grief ;
 His eagle eye was darkened by a tear,
 The ransom he forgave ; the noble chief
 Then from his turban plucked a jewel rare,
 The charges of my toilsome road to pay ;
 A gallant steed was brought with trappings fair,
 The generous monarch bade me take my way.
 Thus I, by Pagan armed, have hither sped,
 With ever hastening love o'er land and sea ;
 To fight for justice 'gainst a Christian head,
 And from a kinsman's chain my bride to free.

No. 8.—DUET.

Edith.

Heaven bless a heart so royal,
 E'en though infidel and foe.
 Love inspire your ardour loyal,
 Lay my hated kinsman low.

But meseems that thou art weary,
 Rough has been thy way and long,
 In his twofold triumph cheery,
 He with wine and rest is strong.
 Ere then, love, to conflict speeding,
 Stay thy road, and pause awhile,
 Take the respite thou art needing,
 Victory then shall on thee smile.

Roland.

Fairest, love is never weary,
 Though its course be rough and long ;
 O'er my way, when dark and dreary,
 Rose thy guide-star bright and strong.
 Stay me not with anxious pleading,
 Nor my onward road beguile,
 To release thee I am speeding,
 Victory on my lance will smile.

[*A distant trumpet-call is heard.*]*Roland.*

But hark ! the trumpet-call
 That bids me to the fray ;
 Thy anxious people also wait
 And summon me away.
 So fare thee well, sweet love,
 'Tis not for long I roam ;
 Soon shall thy dear embrace
 Welcome me victor home.

Edith.

Alas ! the trumpet-call
 That bids thee to the fray ;
 Too soon again is come the hour
 That summons thee away.
 Then fare thee well, sweet love,
 Since thou art doomed to roam ;
 Soon may my kind embrace
 Welcome thee victor home.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scene changes to the Exterior of the Castle.—
 Whittington retainers in converse.*

No. 9.—CHORUS.

Women.

Welcome tidings, friends and neighbours,
 News to make our lives more gay ;
 News to brighten all our labours,
 News to gladden us to-day.

Men.

What are your good words of pleasure ?
 Tell us, quickly tell us, pray !
 Grief has been ours in full measure,
 Do not then our joy delay.

Women.

Neighbours, we will not deny you,
 In our happiness to share ;
 Know then, Roland is hard by you—
 Here, to save his maiden fair.
 Just returned from war and prison,
 Wounds, and fight with Paynimrie,
 As one from the dead arisen
 Back he comes to set us free.

Men.

Joyful tidings truly, neighbours,
 News to make our lives more gay ;
 News to brighten all our labours,
 News to gladden us to-day.

All.

Welcome then, a welcome double,
 To Sir Roland we accord,
 Champion of his fair in trouble,
 Foeman of the tyrant lord.

Welcome ! but no longer dally,
 Thus within thy lady's bower ;
 Thine 'tis now her hopes to rally,
 Thine to aid, this very hour.
 Onward to the tourney speed thee,
 Once more grasp thy lance and shield,
 Greater welcome yet shall lead thee
 Victor homeward from the field.

Welcome then, a welcome double, &c.

SCENE III.—*The Field of the Tournament.*
 —Enter RICHARD disguised as a Physician and
 BLONDEL as a Minstrel.

No. 10.—RECITATIVE AND SONG.

Blondel.

How long, my royal master, will it be
 Ere thou wilt rend the veil that now so long
 Hath screened thee from a loving people's eyes ?
 The fame of thy brave deeds in war ; thy gentle
 tenderness
 To comrades—be they high-born or lowly,
 Have long preceded thee to England's shore ;
 For thee a nation waits ; delay not then, my
 lord,
 To glad their vision with the sight of new-
 arisen sun.

Richard.

No long, my faithful Blondel, shall thy wish
 Be unfulfilled ; my people's love and need
 Were all that I desired ; and these to me
 Have been made known in lengthened pilgrim-
 age
 O'er land and sea ; my lesson I have learned.

When first I mounted England's throne,
 I deemed the world was all my own
 Wherein to give full rein to pleasure,
 And revel without stint or measure.
 Glory in battle was my lust,
 While duty was abased in dust ;
 My strength and valour were my pride,
 No virtue valued I beside.
 Such was the wild career I ran,
 I was a king—but not a man.
 When tired at last of wanton life,
 I sought relief in Eastern strife ;
 The infidel whom I had spurned
 A real chivalry had learned.
 The noble Saladin there flourished,
 And every princely virtue nourished ;
 Myself by fever prostrate laid,
 Was healed by generous Moslem aid ;
 Taught by this foe my zeal began
 Instead of king to be a man !

Returning from the Paynim's land,
 In dungeon laid by Christian hand,
 Freed by thy tuneful harp and voice,
 Homeward my roving steps rejoice.
 But as my realm disguised I travel,
 Each day, each hour, new griefs unravel ;
 With anger fired, I'll end my ban
 And reign ere long as king and man.

Blondel.

'Tis well, my lord ; welcome will be the day ;
 But see, the crowd assembles for the tourney
 And take their places, eager to behold the fray.

No. 11.—CHORUS WITH SOLI.

Spectators.

Hark ! to achievement are sounding the trumpets
 their stateliest measure ;
 See for the combat again brightly the field is
 arrayed.
 Nothing in festal delight can rival the tourna-
 ment's pleasure ;
 Sport of the warrior stern ; joy of the tenderest
 maid.
 To their appointed place are nobles and ladies
 advancing.
 Splendid with many-hued garb, brilliant and
 rich is the scene.
 Now o'er the gaily decked lists the knights on
 their brave steeds are prancing,
 Radiant all is around ; worthy its beauteous
 queen.

Call then again to achievement, ye heralds with
 trumpets resounding ;
 Summon the champions forth, no more the
 battle delay ;
 Not only glory of triumph, but land with riches
 abounding,
 Fair bride, and noble estate—all are the prize
 of to-day.

Four Heralds.

Knights, to achievement ! knights, come forth !
 From west or east, from south or north.

Men.

See, the Lord Morice advances,
 Victor of the former days ;
 Gleaming black his armour glances,
 Proudly his black charger neighs.

Women.

Ah ! no rival's lance is wielded,
 Enters he the lists alone ;
 Other champions all have yielded,
 By his powerful arm o'erthrown.

Morice.

Lord of the tourney, I pray,
 No longer the challenge delay ;
 Two days in arduous fight,
 Have I o'ercome every knight
 That ventured my arm to withstand.
 I pray then thy heralds command,
 Once more the call to resound,
 And summon whoe'er may be found
 To wrest the prize from my hand.

Four Heralds.

Knights, to achievement ! knights, come forth !
 From west or east, from south or north.

Men.

Call the trumpets e'er so loudly,
 None will answer the appeal ;
 Lord Morice alone and proudly
 Waits his victory to seal.

Women.

Pitying ear, kind Heaven, lend her,
 Who so long to Thee hath prayed
 Champion loved and brave to send her ;
 Grant, e'en late, Thy mighty aid.

Morice.

Lord of the tourney, once more I pray,
 Summon again the knights to the fray.

Four Heralds.

Knights, to achievement ! knights, come forth !
 From west or east, from south or north ;
 Hark the summons, one and all,
 'Tis the third, the final call.

Men.

Vain, ye heralds, is your burden
 Echoed loudly o'er the plain ;
 Lord Morice has won his guerdon,
 No one answers to your strain.

Women.

Still the challenge, no one heeding,
 Dies amid the echoing air,
 All our hopes away are speeding,
 Giving place to dark despair.

Spectators.

Ended is the heralds' task ;
 " Largesse, largesse," now they ask.

See, the Queen of Love and Beauty,
 Rises to her gracious duty ;
 Proud, yet low, the victor bows ;—

[*A trumpet is heard without.*]

Hark ! what notes the echoes rouse ?

[*Enter ROLAND.*]

See, 'tis a Red-Cross Knight ; he enters the
 lists with speed,
 White is his armour, he rides an Arabian steed.
 Bears he his bright lance aloft, his shield is of
 silvery sheen,
 Fearlessly onward he moves, and gallantly bows
 to the Queen !

Four Heralds.

What is thy will ? Sir Knight, proclaim,
 Declare thy title, rank, and name ;
 Whence thou art come, why thou art here ?
 Wherefore, full-armed, thou dost appear ?

No. 12.—DUET.

Roland.

Roland my name is ; I, a Red-Cross Knight,
 But now returned from war in Paynim land,
 Throw down my gage on Christian soil to fight
 With him who dares to seek my lady's hand.
 Lady Edith's true love, I
 Bid my rival to the field ;
 I may conquer or may die,
 But, with life, I ne'er will yield.

Morice.

Sir Knight, thy gage I uptake,
 But pray thee the fight do not dare ;
 Trust me, it is for thy sake
 I counsel thee, combat beware !
 Thou by thy travel art worn,
 Weakened art thou by vigil and toil ;
 Two days this arm has o'erborne
 And hurled the strongest of knights to the soil.
 Then call thy challenge back and live,
 And I thy daring will forgive.

Roland.

Cease, haughty knight ! no truce I desire,
 To meet thee in combat my soul is afire ;
 Peace can alone this instant be thine,
 All claim to my loved one if thou wilt resign.

Morice.

Since on thy ruin thou art bent,
 Quick to thy doom shalt thou be sent.

Both.

Call heralds then, again to arms,
Once more give voice to war's alarms ;
No mimic fight is ours to-day,
True fury will inspire the fray.
Fired is my soul with jealous hate,
Haste then, decide the battle's fate ;
On to the combat ! sound the call !
Or thou, or I, this hour must fall.

Roland.

My loved one's hand rewards the fight.

Morice.

Love and revenge inspire the fight.

Both.

On then, and victory for the right !

Four Heralds.

On to achievement, each gallant knight !
"Laissez aller !" Heaven guard the right !

No. 13.—CHORUS.—*Spectators.*

Hark ! for the fray the clarions sound,
Free must be left the battle ground.
Back to their post the heralds wend,
The rivals ride, one east, one west ;
Their tall and upright spears descend,
And steadily are placed in rest.
Now at the field's remotest marge
Swiftly is turned each fiery steed,
And onward spurred with lightning speed,
In fierce career the champions charge.
Full in the middle of the field
They meet ; against the silver shield,
Ha ! shattered is the Black Knight's lance ;
See from his weapon Roland's glance,
And firmly seated as a rock
The white-clad Knight avoids the shock.
He onward urges his career
To verge of list ; the watchful squire
Supplies his lord another spear ;
Burning with yet more furious ire
The Lord Morice seeks fight again—
Once more the trumpet sounds amain.

"Laissez aller !" again the marshal cries—
On, on, brave knights, fame lives, if mortal dies ;
Fight on, fight on, bright eyes behold your deeds !
See at the signal now they wheel their steeds.
Rush they again to the fight ; they meet with
furious crash,
E'en through their visor-bars their eyes with
anger outflash ;

The Black Knight, seeking his younger and
wearier foe to o'erwhelm,
Levels his long spear full at the shield with
mighty force ;
Shattered again is the lance—ah ! Sir Roland
has reeled—
He falls—ah ! no ; his noble Arabian horse
Deffly aside has he turned, while straight on
the Black Knight's helm,
With skilful aim has he struck a resistless blow ;
Down from his saddle is hurled the Lord
Morice on the field,
And, grovelling in the dust, lies the proud
warrior low.

Stunned awhile on earth he lies ;
Aided by his squire to rise,
Fierce he draws his gleaming blade ;
But the warder downward cast,
And the trumpet's final blast
Have proclaimed the combat stayed.
Sullenly the Black Knight goes,
Breathing vengeance on his foes,
While the Queen of Love and Beauty
Rises to her gracious duty.
Now with golden laurel crowned,
Roland bends him to the ground ;
Haste thee, Knight, and quickly bear
Greeting to thy lady fair.
Lifted is the gloomy burden
That so long our hearts oppressed ;
Bravely hast thou won thy guerdon,
Go, and in thy love be blest.

SCENE IV.—*The road to Whittington.*—*Enter*

ROLAND.

No. 14.—RECIT. AND AIR.—*Roland.*

Enough of travel, of victory enough ;
Of festal triumph weary, I will seek repose.
The favour of the Prince was but pretended,
Although he bade me welcome to the banquet.
He loves me not ; I am his brother's friend ;
And e'en before the tourney glanced he oft
With look of strange intelligence toward my foe.
Yet have I won my prize, and haste to claim it.

Bear me on, my faithful steed,
Bear me to my goal with speed ;
Where my true love waits to meet me,
Where her loving smile will greet me.
When I warred on eastern field,
Her sweet memory was my shield ;
When in tourney drooped my arm,
Edith was my spell and charm.

In the dungeon's gloomy night
 Rose to me her vision bright ;
 Wandering over sea and land,
 I beheld her beckoning hand.
 What though danger now befalls me,
 Yet my darling onward calls me ;
 Still her image is my guide—
 Edith, my beloved, my bride !

[*Exit.*

[*MORICE and his Retainers follow along the road.*

No. 15.—RECITATIVE AND CHORUS.

Morice.

Foiled and disgraced ! and by a toil-worn youth !
 By magic, surely not by strength and valour
 Against my powerful arm has he been aided.
 But all is not yet lost ; Prince John befriends me ;
 Whate'er befall my foe will he condone :
 Onward, then, on, my sturdy men,
 And trap him ere he reach his den.

Retainers.

Liege, thy mandate we obey ;
 We will follow on his way ;
 Though a victor in the tourney,
 Foiled will be his homeward journey :
 Follow, quickly follow then,
 Trap him ere he reach his den.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Enter RICHARD and BLONDEL.*

No. 16.—RECIT. AND DUETTINO.

Richard.

Blondel, enough to me is known—
 This day will I resume the throne.
 Hidden amid the throng, I mark
 My caitiff brother's plotting dark ;
 Roland I love ; therefore, John's hate
 For my brave knight desired ill-fate ;
 But had the minion's arm this day
 O'ercome my Roland in the fray,
 Out from this guise my weapon bright
 Had leaped ; and dared anew to fight
 The tyrant prince and haughty lord,
 And both had quailed before my sword.

Blondel.

My lord, for our brave knight I fear ;
 Words of ill omen met my ear
 But now, by Lord Morice addressed
 To vassal band, who onward pressed
 As if Sir Roland to pursue
 And rob him of his triumph due.

Both.

Perchance e'en now the coward force
 O'ertakes him on his homeward course ;
 Perchance e'en now he wounded lies,
 While hastes his foe to claim the prize ;
 Follow then quickly on the way,
 Ere the fell wolves have seized their prey.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the road.*—*Enter*

ROLAND.

No. 17.—SOLI AND CHORUS.

Roland.

Bear me on, my faithful steed,
 Bear me to my goal with speed ;
 But, pursuing sounds I hear—
 Yes, it is the tramp of horse ;
 Near they come, and yet more near,
 Following upon my course ;
 Onward as I fain would hie,
 Yet I must not seem to fly.

[*MORICE and his retainers come up.*

'Tis the troop of Lord Morice—
 Bring you war, my lord, or peace ?

Morice.

Peace I bring—the peace of death !

Roland.

Then war ! while yet I have a breath
 Thee and thy cravens I defy !

Morice.

No more of parley—thou shalt die !

[*A short fight, in which ROLAND is overpowered by numbers, and hurled from his horse.*

Morice.

He falls ! revenge is mine at last !
 On, on ! for Whittington ride fast !
 His victor wreath from him I'll tear,
 With it as trophy, who will dare
 Deny me entrance at the gate ?
 On, on, my men, no longer wait !

Retainers.

Fallen to earth, he lifeless lies,
 Our lord secures the morning's prize ;
 To Whittington without delay,
 The mandate gladly we obey ;
 Repose and pleasure wait us there,
 For us the feast—for thee the fair.

[*Exeunt.*

Roland. [*Half-conscious.*

Ah ! to Whittington they speed,
 Thou art with me, faithful steed ;
 Bear me where my love will meet me,
 Where my Edith waits to greet me.
 Still her image is my guide,
 Edith, my beloved, my bride !

[*Becomes again unconscious.*

No. 18.—SOLI AND TRIO.

[Enter RICHARD and BLONDEL.

Blondel.

See, master! see, ah! true was our foreboding;
Our gallant knight lies fallen by the hand
Of dastard foes—wounded, I fear, to death.

Richard.

Ah, no! my Roland owns too fair a life,
To perish in a mean domestic strife.
He is but stunned; now for the saving skill
Taught me by those whom I essayed to kill.
Of healing balm and cordial I have store,
Boon of my friendly foe of orient shore.
See, he revives! a potent cure I'll bring
To aid the leech—Roland, behold your king!

Roland.

Do I wake, or am I dreaming?
Art thou real, or only seeming?
Bid thou not my joy take wing,
Yes! thou art indeed my king.

Blondel and Richard.

Roland! yes, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{it is} \\ \text{I am} \end{array} \right\}$ the king.

Roland.

Thou art come, my royal master,
Long for thee my soul has prayed;
Fallen am I 'mid sore disaster,
Thou alone canst give me aid.
Be thy lion valour near me,
Where the coward foe has hied,
Where in danger lies, I fear me,
Edith, my beloved, my bride.

Richard.

Rest thee, knight, a short while dally,
Ere thou speedest on thy way;
Till around us we can rally
Friends and neighbours to the fray.
Then, where peril waits to meet thee,
Will thy king be at thy side;
Soon thy rescued love will greet thee,
I will help thee win thy bride.

Blondel.

I to Whittington will journey,
Armed with harp and voice alone;
There will I relate the tourney,
Veiled behind a minstrel tone.
I will sing thy story near her,
Door to harp is ne'er denied;
With your coming I will cheer her,
Music helps thee win thy bride.

SCENE VI.—*Interior of Whittington Castle.*
—MORICE is feasting with his Retainers and friends. EDITH sits apart in an alcove.

No. 19.—SCENA.—*Edith.*

Heiress of Whittington—yet not its ruler!
Not even mistress of myself! Ah! why
A few short hours ago allow me sip
The wine of hope; then dash it from my lips,
And force on me this full and bitter cup?

When I arose on yester morn
My soul was prey to anxious fear;
But sorrow fled, and joy was born
When I beheld my Roland near.
Kind Heaven, to whom I oft had prayed,
When peril darkly seemed to lower,
Had sent his valiant arm to aid
And save me from a tyrant's power.

He hies to battle; all the day,
'Mid hope and fear's alternate sway,
My champion's coming I await,
And long to meet him at the gate.
Alas! my hated kinsman reigns,
And waves the gage of triumph high;
Fallen is my Roland; what remains
For Edith but to pine and die?

[BLONDEL'S harp is heard without.

Die! ah! no! fresh hope inspires me,
Borne to me on music's voice;
Heaven with new courage fires me,
Bids me once again rejoice.
“Heed thou not the mad carousal,
Ended soon will be their glee;
Fear thou not a sad espousal,
Roland lives to set thee free.”
Roland lives! great Heaven, I praise thee,
Thou hast chased the gloomy night;
Speed, my love, ah! speed to raise me
Into freedom's glorious light.

No. 20.—CHORUS WITH SOLI.

Men.

Quaff the mead from brimming measure,
Hail to thee, victorious lord;
Hence with strife, and welcome pleasure,
Welcome to our merry board.

Women.

Gloom is mingled with our gladness
While our lady sighs alone;
Though we sing, a tinge of sadness
Overshades each gleeful tone.

All.

Quaff the mead from brimming measure,
Hail to thee, victorious lord ;
Hence with strife, and welcome pleasure,
Welcome to our merry board.
Rouse thee, lady, from thy sorrow,
Sit thou not in grief apart ;
Chase to-day, and hail to-morrow,
Let not gloom possess thy heart.
High the joyous mead-cup raise,
Feast and song this eve shall reign ;
Our lord, our lady, greeting, praise,
And welcome to your wide domain.

Men.

My lord, a minstrel is without.

Morice.

Your songs a minstrel's harp require,
Then let him join this festive bout
And with his harp your notes inspire.

[Enter BLONDEL, who accompanies the following Chorus on his harp.]

All.

Rouse thee, lady, from thy sorrow, &c.

Morice.

'Tis well, my minstrel, 'tis full well ;
But can you not exert a spell
To charm away this lady's fear
And bid her join our festal cheer ?

Blondel.

My lord, it is the minstrel's care
To charm the hours of lady fair :
My lady, listen to my tale,
Mayhap o'er sorrow 'twill prevail.

No. 21.—SONG AND DUETTINO.

Blondel.

The lark to heaven upsoared,
And as toward the sun he gazed
His melody he raised ;
But as he sang, a cloudy horde
Darkened the orb of day ;
'Twas but an instant ; there uprose
From south a fresh'ning breeze and strong,
And soon with yet more brilliant ray
Unclouded the life-giver glows.
The gloomy clouds in terror fled,
The lark, with joyous song,
To tell the tale has hither sped.

Edith (aside).

Ah ! were that sun my own loved lord,
The favouring breeze his king,
The driven cloud this tyrant horde—
Sing on ! oh ! minstrel, sing !

Blondel.

Again the lark upsoared,
And as he o'er the landscape gazed
His melody he raised.
Lo ! as he sang, a vulture horde
Assailed an eagle, who his prey
Had brought to earth ; but see ! there springs
From east a lion fierce and strong
And mingles in the deadly fray.
The lordly bird to eyrie wings,
The carrion brood in terror fled ;
The lark, with joyous song,
To tell the tale has hither sped.

Edith (aside).

Were but that eagle my own lord,
The lion were his king,
The vulture brood this tyrant horde—
Sing on ! oh ! minstrel, sing.

Blondel.

Once more the lark upsoared,
And as he o'er a tourney gazed
His melody he raised.
Lo ! as he sang, a ruffian horde
O'erwhelmed a knight, while on his way
From victory ; a mighty king,
Lion in heart, as lion strong,
Restored his vassal for the fray.
Him to his true love will he bring,
And fill his coward foes with dread.
The lark, with joyous song,
To tell the tale has hither sped.

Edith (joyously).

The knight ! he is my own loved lord ;
The king ! he is our king ;
He'll chase from hence this tyrant horde—
Sing with me ! minstrel, sing !

Blondel.

'Tis true, the knight is thy loved lord ;
The king he is our king ;
He'll chase from hence this tyrant horde—
The joyful news I sing.

No. 22.—FINALE, SOLI, AND CHORUS.

Morice.

Minstrel, what means this traitorous lay so
bold ?
Ho ! varlets ! quick, convey him to the hold !

[The KING's trumpet-call is heard without.]

Blondel.

Too late, proud lord, it is too late,
Your master thunders at the gate !

All.

Too late, my lord, it is too late !
Hark ! yet again the trumpet-call—
See at his will the drawbridge fall ;
Across the narrow path they pour,
Before him shattered is the door.

Blondel.

Said I not truly, 'tis too late ?
Bend thee, proud lord, before thy fate.

All.

Bend thee, proud lord, before thy fate.

Morice.

Thou traitor minstrel knave,
Perdition on thee light ;
Shall from my very grasp be torn
The prize of hard won fight ?

[Enter RICHARD, ROLAND, and followers.]

Ha ! Roland do I see
Arisen from the dead ;
My victims e'en to life return
For vengeance on my head !

Edith.

My Roland, is it thou ?
Ah ! joy that crowns the day ;
True was the hope that in me burned,
And true the minstrel's lay.
To thee, too, gracious prince,
My tribute I will bring ;
From slavery I am set free
By lover and by king.

Roland.

My Edith, thou art saved,
Nor thank my arm alone ;
A mightier power has won thy cause,
The power of England's throne.
Welcome, our noble prince,
Our lion-hearted king ;
From tyranny he comes to free,
And peace again to bring.

Blondel.

Nor in this hour of joy
Forget the power of song ;
Though mighty was the warrior's arm,
Yet melody was strong.
Then to our noble prince
My tribute I will bring,
With harp and voice I celebrate
Our lion-hearted king.

Richard.

Morice, behold thy king,
Thy rule is at an end ;
Nor grace alone from Richard ask,
But grace from Richard's friend ;
'Gainst him whom thou hast wronged,
Henceforth all plotting cease,
Reform thy illspent life, and turn
To amity and peace.

Morice.

Sir Knight, I pardon crave,
That I have done thee wrong ;
Thee too, oh ! lady fair, and thee,
King merciful and strong.
Let me the welcome join,
And late, my tribute bring ;
Thy loyal vassal I will be,
Oh ! lion-hearted king.

Edith, Roland, and Richard.

{ Freely as thou dost ask,
{ So freely we forgive,
{ And welcome thee henceforth as friend,
{ In harmony to live.

Richard.

So brave an arm as thine
Our England cannot spare ;
In England's honour and in mine
Thou from this day wilt share.

Edith, Roland, Blondel, and Morice.

{ To thee, oh gracious prince, &c.
{ Welcome, our noble prince, &c.
{ Then to our noble prince, &c.
{ The welcome I will join, &c.

The Rest.

Welcome, our noble prince, &c.

All.

The gloom is vanished
That overspread the light,
Our strife is banished
And all again is bright.
Then wake the minstrel harp again,
And tune the voice to joyful strain.
Our whilom foe is now a friend,
Our knight has won a faithful wife ;
Unclouded bliss their home attend,
Happy in love and free from strife.
Hail, too, our long-awaited king,
Within his realm let faction cease ;
Let war and anarchy take wing,
And England stronger grow by peace !

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THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

No. 1.

PRELUDE.

Maestoso. ♩ = 60.

ff 4 Corni. >

ff Tutti. >

ff Wood. >

ff Tutti. >

ff Cor. Fag. >

ff Tutti. > rall.

A Allegro marziale. ♩ = 112.

Tromba.

ff

17.

Tromboni, Tuba.

First system of piano score. Treble and bass staves. Features triplets, a trill (tr), and a fortissimo tutti section (*ff Tutti*).

Second system of piano score. Treble and bass staves. Includes a section marked *B* and *VI.* with a piano dynamic (*p*). The bass staff is labeled *Bassi.*

Third system of piano score. Treble and bass staves. Includes woodwind parts labeled *Fl. Ob.*, *Cl. Cor.*, *Ob.*, and *Cl.*, and a cello part labeled *Celli.*

Fourth system of piano score. Treble and bass staves. Includes woodwind parts labeled *Fl. Ob.* and *Cl.*, and string parts labeled *p Str.* and *Wind.*

Fifth system of piano score. Treble and bass staves. Includes string parts labeled *Str.* and *Wind.*, and a crescendo section (*cres.*) in the bass staff.

Sixth system of piano score. Treble and bass staves. Includes woodwind parts labeled *Wind.* and string parts labeled *Str.*. The system concludes with a piano dynamic (*p*) and a *VI.* marking.

C

Str. Arpa, Cor.

Ob.

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

cres.

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

Cor.

Ob.

p *Cl.* *mf*

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

Cello, Cor.

D

Fl. Cl.

Arpa.

R.H. *L.H.*

Ob.

Vl.

p

Cor. f

E *Tromba.*

cres.

f

3 3

First system of musical notation. The upper staff features chords with triplets and a fermata. The lower staff contains a complex rhythmic pattern with triplets and a fermata.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff has chords with triplets and a fermata. The lower staff continues the rhythmic pattern with triplets and a fermata.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff has chords with triplets and a fermata. The lower staff features a melodic line with a *p Viola.* marking.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff is marked *Cl.*. The lower staff includes markings for *Fag.*, *cres.*, *mf Vl. Cor.*, *Wind.*, *f Tutti.*, and *Cor.*

Fifth system of musical notation. The upper staff has chords. The lower staff includes markings for *Cor.*, *ff Tutti.*, and *Ped.* with an asterisk.

Sixth system of musical notation. The upper staff has chords. The lower staff includes markings for *Ped.* with an asterisk, ** Ped.*, ** Ped.*, and ***.

First system of a piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and ties, while the left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment. The instruction *Ped. sim.* is written below the left hand.

Second system of the piano score. The right hand continues with melodic figures, and the left hand provides accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *ff* is present, along with a chord symbol *G* above the right hand.

Third system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with a dotted line and the instruction *Sca...* above it. The left hand continues with accompaniment.

Fourth system of the piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with a dotted line and the instruction *Sca...* above it. The left hand continues with accompaniment. The instruction *Trombe.* is written above the right hand.

Fifth system of the piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and ties, and the left hand provides accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *ff* is present.

Sixth system of the piano score. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and ties, and the left hand provides accompaniment. The instruction *Timp.* is written below the left hand.

SCENE I.—The road to Shrewsbury. A crowd of people is moving along the road. Enter the attendants of LORD MORICE.

No. 2.

CHORUS.—“WAY FOR THE LORD MORICE.”

Allegro maestoso. ♩ = 100.

Str. Fag. Corni.

Musical score for strings and woodwinds. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system is for strings (Violins I, Violins II, Violas, Cellos, Double Basses) and woodwinds (Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets, Bassoons). The second system is for strings and woodwinds. The third system is for strings and woodwinds. Dynamics include *f* and *Tutti*. The tempo is *Allegro maestoso* with a quarter note equal to 100 beats per minute.

MORICE'S ATTENDANTS.

SIX TENORS.

A

Way for the Lord Mo-ricé!

SIX BASSES. *f*.

Way for the Lord Mo-ricé!

A

f *Str. Corni, Trombe.*

Musical score for vocalists and strings. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system is for vocalists (Six Tenors and Six Basses) and strings. The second system is for vocalists and strings. The third system is for vocalists and strings. The fourth system is for strings. Dynamics include *f*. The tempo is *Allegro maestoso* with a quarter note equal to 100 beats per minute.

Way for the Lord Mo-ricé!

Clear, vil-leins, clear the

Way for the Lord Mo-ricé!

Clear, vil-leins, clear the

way ! To vic - to - ry a - gain he rides, He
 way ! To vic - to - ry a - gain he rides, He

wins his bride to - day. The third, the fi - nal morn has
 wins his bride to - day. The third, the fi - nal morn has

B *mf* *mf*

B *Cl.* *mf*

Bassi, Fag.

dawned, Al - lot - ted for the strife ; Rich is the prize that
 dawned, Al - lot - ted for the strife ; Rich is the prize that

Fl. Ob. *VI.* *Ob. Cl.*

f

waits our lord, Broad lands, a love - ly wife ! Way, then, for Lord Morice !
 waits our lord, Broad lands, a love - ly wife ! Way, then, for Lord Morice !

VI. Ob. Cl. *f*

Way for the Lord Mo - rice !

Way for the Lord Mo - rice !

dim.

C *Allegro agitato.*

C *Allegro agitato.* ♩ = 108.

p Str.

trem.

Timp.

f

Tutti.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

SOPRANO.

p Cursed be the Lord Mo - rice, *> cres.* cursed be the Lord Mo - rice ! *f* And

ALTO.

p Cursed be the Lord Mo - rice, *> cres.* cursed be the Lord Mo - rice ! *f* And

TENOR.

p Cursed be the Lord Mo - rice, *> cres.* cursed be the Lord Mo - rice ! *f* And

BASS.

p Cursed be the Lord Mo - rice, *> cres.* cursed be the Lord Mo - rice ! *f* And

Ob.

p *f* *Tutti.* *p* *> cres.* *f* *Tutti.*

Fag.

still more cursed the hour That willed a tour - ney's ad - verse chance To

still more cursed the hour That willed a tour - ney's ad - verse chance To

still more cursed the hour That willed a tour - ney's ad - verse chance To

still more cursed the hour That willed a tour - ney's ad - verse chance To

place us in a ty - rant's power!

place us in a ty - rant's power!

place us in a ty - rant's power!

place us in a ty - rant's power!

p

Cello.

p Too long al - read - y have we groaned Beneath his cru - el

p Too long al - read - y have we groaned Beneath his cru - el

p Too long al - read - y have we groaned Beneath his cru - el

p Too long al - read - y have we groaned Beneath his cru - el

dim. *p Wind.*

cres. hand; Harsh vas - sal of the bane - ful prince Who rules our suff - 'ring *dim.*

cres. hand; Harsh vas - sal of the bane - ful prince Who rules our suff - 'ring *dim.*

cres. hand; Harsh vas - sal of the bane - ful prince Who rules our suff - 'ring *dim.*

hand; Harsh vas - sal of the bane - ful prince Who rules our suff - 'ring *dim.*

land.

land.

land.

land.

p Str. *cres.* *f*

Timp.

mf Woe, then, ah! woe the day That pro-mis-es his arm to aid, . .

mf Woe, then, ah! woe the day That pro-mis-es his arm to aid, . . *cres.*

mf Woe, then, ah! woe the day That pro-mis-es his arm to aid, That

mf Woe, then, ah! woe the day That pro-mis-es his arm to aid, *Viola, Corni.*

cres. *p*

That wins him broad-er lands and sway, And clouds the

cres. *p*

That wins him broad-er lands and sway, And clouds the

wins him broad-er lands and sway, that wins him broad-er lands and sway, And clouds the

cres. *p*

That wins him broad-er lands and sway, that wins him lands and sway, And clouds the

Fl. 2. Ob. Vl. 1. Cl.

cres. *p Str.*

Bassi, Fag.

life of love - ly maid.

life of love - ly maid.

life of love - ly maid.

life of love - ly maid.

F

Ob.

p Fag. Corni.

Ped.

p

Cursed . . . be the Lord Mo- rice !

p

Cursed . . . be the Lord Mo- rice !

p

Cursed . . . be the Lord Mo- rice !

p *cres.*

Cursed be the Lord Mo- rice ! Cursed . . . be the Lord Mo-

p *cres.*

Strings (Wind sustain).

f Cursed . . . be the Lord Mo- rice ! cursed ! cursed !

cursed . . . be the Lord Mo- rice ! cursed ! cursed !

cursed . . . be the Lord Mo- rice ! cursed ! cursed !

- rice ! cursed be the Lord Mo- rice ! cursed ! cursed !

f Tutti. *Allegro maestoso.* $\text{♩} = 100.$ VI.

MORICE'S ATTENDANTS.
SIX TENORS.

Way for the Lord Mo- rice !

SIX BASSES. *f*

Way for the Lord Mo- rice !

way for the Lord Mo- rice !

way for the Lord Mo- rice !

Corni e Trombe.

Trombe. *Trombe.* (Enter MORICE.)

Str.

Attacca No. 3.

No. 3.

SCENA.—“FORWARD, MY MEN.”

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 88.

f Str. Wood, Cor.

RECIT. MORICE (BARITONE).

f

For - ward, my men ! dis - perse the crowd of serfs That hin - ders me up - on my road to

p Str.

tri - umph ; Soon shall these vil - leins al - so swell the

f Wind added. *p* Str.

band That owns my sway ; for long ere even - ing falls Will Whit - ting - ton, with

fp *fp*

A

all its wide do - main, be mine.

p Fl. Ob. *Fl. 1.* *Fag.*

Nor Whit-ting-ton a-lone; the la-dy fair, its heir-ess;

She, who so long my suit has proud-ly flout-ed, Shall learn that I, Mo-
ci.

-rice, am he as-sig-ned By fate, and her late father's will, as vic-tor In this day's

tour-nament, hence-forth to rule O'er her and

a tempo.

Whit-ting-ton! Ah! tri-umph glad!

B *Andante con moto.*

Andante con moto. ♩ = 76.

mf

Ped.

Cello, Cor.

Ah! sweet it is to rule . . . O'er wide and rich do -

pp

Cl.

Fag.

Str.

- main ; To feast the eyes, with own - er's glance, On val - ley, hill, and

Fl. Ob.

Str. cres.

plain ; Through wood-land and on

mf Wind.

p

C

moun - tain, Mine are the deer to chase ; In riv - er, lake, and

f

f

p

Str.

Fl. Ob.

Fl. Cl.

Fag.

foun - tain, Mine is the fin - ny race. Wel - come the pri - zes of my

Fl. Cl.

Ob. *Str.* *mf* *Str.*

Ped. *Fag.*

hand, The wealth, the cas - tle, and the land ; But dear - er and more

Ob. *Fl. Cl.* *f* *p*

wel - come still The vic - t'ry o'er a wo - man's will, But dear - er and more

Str.

wel - come still The vic - t'ry o'er a wo - man's will.

Cl. *vi.* *Fl. Cl.*

f *p* *mf* *Cello.*

Fag. *Ped.*

Ob. *Cor.*

p *dim.* *pp*

E *Larghetto.*

Thee, la - dy, have I

Larghetto. ♩ = 63.

pp
str.

wood With fer-vent suit full oft; But thou, with firm and haughty

fp

mood, Hast spurn'd my plead - ing soft.

Cl. *Fl.*

Cor. L.II. R.II.

If thou an ear hadst lent In fa - vour to my

Ob. *Str.* *Fl. Cl.* *vl.*

Ped.

claim. Per - chance my em-pire had been blent With love's more gen - tle

Fl. Cl. *Str.* *ppCor. Fag.*

F *Andante con moto.*

flame. *Andante con moto.* ♩ = 76. But love, once welcome, hence be driver, Thou from my

f Str. Ob. Fag. Cor. *f Str.*

heart allruth hast riv - en. Dearer to me, more welcome still The vic - t'ry o'er a

Fl. Cl. *mf*

woman's will, Dearer to me, more wel - come still The vic - t'ry o'er a wo - man's

rall. *cl.* *rall. f* *p* *Fag.*

G *Allegro feroce.*

will. *Allegro feroce.* ♩ = 100.

ff Tutti. *Cor.* *sf* *sf*

f Vanish, then, vanish, then, weak . . and ef - fem - i - nate

sf *sf* *p*

dream! War - cry of ea - gle, not coo . . of the dove,

Clash - ing of arms, not ac - cents of love, These are the tones that a

mf *f* Str. Wind. Str. Wind.

war - rior be-seem!

H

f *Tutti.* *ff* *Ped.*

Van-ish, then, vanish, then, Weak . . and ef - fem - i-nate dream!

f *p* *f* Str.

Vengeance, a-wake! for love is now dead; I tram-ple it down as the grass that I

Tutti. *mf* Brass.

I
p. *cres.*

tread. La - dy, la - dy, my

tr tr

Ob. Cor. *ff* *Tutti.* *pp Wind.* *cres.* *p Str.*

Timp.

fair words were scorn'd by thy pride, My

Wind added.

sf *f*

strong arm . . shall win thee to - day . . . as my bride, My

Tutti.

strong arm shall win thee to - day as my bride!

ff *ff* *Tutti.* *>* *>* *>*

No. 4.

CHORUS.—“WAY FOR THE LORD MORICE!”

Allegro maestoso. $\text{♩} = 100.$ SIX TENORS. *f*

Way for the Lord Mo- rice!

SIX BASSES. *f*

Way for the Lord Mo- rice!

f Str. Fag. Cor.

Way for the Lord Mo- rice! Clear,

Way for the Lord Mo- rice! Clear,

vil-leins, clear the way! To vic - to - ry a -

vil leins, clear the way! To vic - to - ry a -

- gain he rides, He wins his bride to - day!

- gain he rides, He wins his bride to - day!

Ob.

dim. e rall.

Ped.

Andante. $\text{♩} = 72.$

Cor. *sf* *p Str.*

Bassi, Timp. *sf*

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

SOPRANO. *p*

ALTO. *p* Re - turn, re - turn, O li - on-heart-ed king, Rich - ard, *cres.*

TENOR. *p* Re - turn, re - turn, O li - on-heart-ed king, Rich - ard, *cres.*

BASS. *p* Re - turn, re - turn, O li - on-heart-ed king,

Re - turn, re - turn, O li - on-heart-ed king,

p

B

re - claim thine own;

re - claim thine own;

cres. Rich - ard, re - claim thine own;

cres. Rich - ard, re - claim thine own;

B Brass. *p*

cres. 3 3 3

Re - turn, and chase the cai - tiff prince Who now pol - lutes thy
 Re - turn, and chase the cai - tiff prince Who now pol - lutes thy
 Re - turn, and chase the cai - tiff prince Who now pol - lutes thy
 Re - turn, and chase the cai - tiff prince Who now pol - lutes thy

p *cres.* *Cl.* *ff* *p* *Timp.* *Fag.*

C *Poco più animato.*
 throne. And with him
 throne. And with him chase his greedy band,
 throne. And with him chase his greedy band, chase his greedy
 throne. And with him chase his greedy band, chase his greedy band,

f *f* *f* *f* *Fl. Cor.* *Fl. Fl. Ob.*
C Poco più animato. $\text{♩} = 84.$ *Viola, Cl.* *Bassi, Fag.*

chase his greedy band, chase his greedy band, and with him chase, chase,
 chase his band, and with him chase his greedy band, chase,
 band, chase, chase his greed - - y band, chase,
 and with him chase his greedy band, chase his band, chase,

cres.

chase his gree-dy band That cum - bers our fair soil, That ru - in spreads on

cres.

chase his gree-dy band That cum - bers our fair soil, That ru - in spreads on

cres.

chase his gree-dy band That cum - bers our fair soil, That ru - in spreads on

cres.

chase his gree-dy band That cum - bers our fair soil, That ru - in spreads on

D

ev'-ry hand, And fat - tens on our toil.

ev'-ry hand, And fat - tens on our toil.

ev'-ry hand, And fat - tens on our toil.

ev'-ry hand, And fat - tens on our toil.

Wind. *p* *vi. rall.* *Bassi.*

Tempo 1mo. *p* *cres.*

Re - turn, re - turn, O li - on-hearted king, Rich - ard,

p *cres.*

Re - turn, re - turn, O li - on-hearted king, Rich - ard,

p *cres.*

Re - turn, re - turn, O li - on-hearted king, Rich - ard,

p *cres.*

Re - turn, re - turn, O li - on-hearted king, Rich - ard,

Tempo 1mo. $\text{♩} = 72$ *p Wind.*

Rich-ard, re - claim, re - claim . . thine own.

Rich-ard, re - claim, re - claim thine own.

Rich-ard, re - claim, re - claim . . thine own.

Rich-ard, re - claim, re - claim thine own.

cres. *f* *Str.*

MORICE'S ATTENDANTS.
SIX TENORS.

Way for the Lord Morice, way for the Lord Morice!

SIX BASSES.

Way for the Lord Morice, way for the Lord Morice!

V

way for the Lord Mo - rice!

way for the Lord Mo - rice!

cres.

Curs - es on Lord Mo - rice! curs - es on Lord Mo -

Curs - es on Lord Mo - rice! curs - es on Lord Mo -

Curs - es on Lord Mo - rice! curs - es on Lord Mo -

Curs - es on Lord Mo - rice! curs - es on Lord Mo -

Wood.

cres.

Timp.

way for the Lord Mo - rice!

way for the Lord Mo - rice!

- rice! curs - es on Lord Mo - rice!

- rice! curs - es on Lord Mo - rice!

- rice! curs - es on Lord Mo - rice!

- rice! curs - es on Lord Mo - rice!

Str. Corni.

way for the Lord Mo - rice! way for the Lord Mo -

way for the Lord Mo - rice! way for the Lord Mo -

f

f

F *Poco meno mosso.*

- rice!

- rice!

F *Poco meno mosso.* (MORICE and his Attendants pass on.) = 88.

ff *Tutti.*

Wind.

Str.

Str.

Wind. *Tutti.* *Wind.* *Tutti.*

p *ff* *p* *ff*

SCENE II.—LADY EDITH'S apartments at Whittington Castle. EDITH is surrounded by her ladies.

No. 5. CHORUS.—“GAILY THE HERALD OF MORNING ADVANCES.”

Allegretto. $\frac{1}{2}$ = SS.

Str. *Arpa.* *Wind.* *Fl.* *Cl.* *Arpa.* *Str.* *sempre p* *Fl.* *Cl.* *Arpa.* *Fl. Cl.* *VI.* *Arpa.* *Arpa.*

1st SOPRANO.
Gai - ly the her - ald Of morn - ing ad - van - ces ; Bright - ly the

2nd SOPRANO.
Gai - ly the her - ald Of morn - ing ad - van - ces ; Bright - ly the

1st ALTO.
Gai - ly the her - ald Of morn - ing ad - van - ces ; Bright - ly the

2nd ALTO.
Gai - ly the her - ald Of morn - ing ad - van - ces ; Bright - ly the

VI. *Cl.* *Viola, Ob.* *Arpa.* *Fag.*

The musical score is arranged in five systems. The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble and bass clef, 2/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It includes markings for 'Allegretto', 'p Arpa.', and 'Str.'. The second system features 'Wind.' and 'Str. sempre p'. The third system includes 'Fl.', 'Cl.', and 'Arpa.'. The fourth system features 'Fl. Cl.', 'VI.', and 'Arpa.'. The fifth system contains the vocal parts for '1st SOPRANO', '2nd SOPRANO', '1st ALTO', and '2nd ALTO', with lyrics: 'Gai - ly the her - ald Of morn - ing ad - van - ces ; Bright - ly the'. Below the vocal parts are the 'Viola, Ob.', 'Arpa.', and 'Fag.' parts.

sunbeam O'er the hill glan-ces. Sweet is the flow'r-et, Balm-y the
 sunbeam O'er the hill glan-ces. Sweet is the flow'r-et, Balm-y the
 sunbeam O'er the hill glan-ces. Sweet is the flow'r-et, Balm-y the
 sunbeam O'er the hill glan-ces. Sweet is the flow'r-et, Balm-y the

mf *mf* *mf* *mf*

Cl. *mf* *Fag.*

vi.

air, Green are the mea-dows, Na-ture is fair, Green are the
 air, Green are the mea-dows, Na-ture is fair,
 air, Green are the mea-dows, Na-ture is fair,
 air, *Fl. Cl.* Green are the mea-dows, Na-ture is fair,

p *Ob.* *B* *cres.* *cres.*

Cello, Fag.

mea-dows, Na-ture is fair,
cres. Green are the mea-dows, Na-ture is fair,
cres. Green are the mea-dows, Na-ture is fair, Na-ture is fair,
cres. Green are the mea-dows, Na-ture is fair, Na-ture is fair,

Tutti. *f* *Str.*

Arpa.

Ob.
f cl.
dim.
Arpa.
Fag.

Grief with our la - dy . . Dwell - eth a - lone ; . . Pale is her
 Grief with our la - dy . . Dwell - eth a - lone ; . . Pale is her
 Grief with our la - dy . . Dwell - eth a - lone ; Pale is her vis - age,
 Grief with our la - dy . . Dwell - eth a - lone ; Pale is her vis - age,
 p Fag. cl. vl.

Bassi pizz.
 vis - age, Sad is her tone, Pale is her vis - age, Sad is her tone.
 vis - age, Sad is her tone, Pale is her vis - age, Sad is her tone.
 Sad is her tone, Pale is her vis - age, Sad is her tone.
 Sad is her tone, Pale is her vis - age, Sad is her tone.
 vl.
 Cello (arco).

Rouse from thy
 Rouse from thy
 Rouse from thy
 Rouse from thy

Fl. Cl. Arpa.
p Wind. Str. Wind. f Wind. Str. f

sadness, La-dy so fair; Toss from thy bo-som Its bur-den of
 sadness, La-dy so fair; Toss from thy bo-som Its bur-den of
 sadness, La-dy so fair; Toss from thy bo-som Its bur-den of
 sadness, La-dy so fair; Toss from thy bo-som Its bur-den of

Cello. Arpa. Fag.

care. Stream-let and foun-tain Smile with de-
 care. Stream-let and foun-tain Smile with de-
 care. Stream-let and foun-tain Smile with de-
 care. *vl.* Stream-let and foun-tain Smile with de-

Wind. p
Bassi pizz.

cres.
 - light, Wood - land and moun - tain To plea - sure in - vite.
cres.
 - light, Wood - land and moun - tain To plea - sure in - vite.
cres.
 - light, Wood - land and moun - tain To plea - sure in - vite.
cres.
 - light, Wood - land and moun - tain To plea - sure in - vite.

Fl.
Ob.

E
 All that is round thee Bids thee be gay, . . .
 All that is round thee Bids thee be gay, . . .
f
 All that is round thee Bids thee be gay, . . .
f
 All that is round thee Bids thee be gay, . . .

Fl.
Wind.
f
Fag.
Bassi.
Arpa.

Hence then thy gloom - cloud; Sor - row, a - way!
 Hence then thy gloom - cloud; Sor - row, a - way!
 Hence then thy gloom - cloud; Sor - row, a - way!
 Hence then thy gloom - cloud; Sor - row, a - way!

Fl. 1.
f
Str. pizz.
Wood.

p All that is round thee Bids thee be gay; Hence then thy *cres.*

All that is round thee Bids thee be gay;

All that is round thee Bids thee be gay;

All that is round thee Bids thee be gay;

tr

p *Arpa.* *Corni.* *cres.*

Fag.

gloom - cloud, Sor row, a - way!

cres. Hence then thy gloom - cloud, Sor - row, a - way!

cres. Hence then thy gloom - cloud, Sor - row, a - way!

cres. Hence then thy gloom - cloud, Sor - row, a - way!

Fl.

Tutti. *Fl.* *Fl.* *f*

Ped.

f Hence then thy gloom - cloud, Sor - row, a - way, *p* sor - row, a - way,

f Hence then thy gloom - cloud, Sor - row, a - way, *p* sor - row, a - way,

f Hence then thy gloom - cloud, Sor - row, a - way, *p* sor - row, a - way, sor - row, a -

f Hence then thy gloom - cloud, Sor - row, a - way, *p* sor - row, a - way, sor - row, a -

f *Strings pizz. (Wind with Voices.)* *p* *Fl. 1.* *Fl. 2.*

cres.
sor - row, a - way, sor - row a - way, a - way, a - way, a -
cres.
sor - row, a - way, sor - row a - way, a - way, a - way, a -
cres.
- way, sor - row, a - way, sor - row, a - way, a - way, a -
cres.
- way, sor - row, a - way, sor - row, a - way, a - way, a -

cres. *f*

- way!
- way!
- way!
- way!

L.II. *Tutti.* *ff*

f

No. 6.

RECIT. AND AIR.—“AH, NO! MY FRIENDS.”

RECIT. EDITH (SOPRANO).

Andante.

Andante. ♩ = 56.

Str.

p L.H.

Cello.

Bassi.

Ah, no! my

friends, the sun, to you so bright, To my dark so-li-tude affords no light;

p *p* *p* *VI.* L.H.

A

The mur-mur-ing stream, to you of dul-cet tone, To me re-

dim. *pp*

- sponds with melancho-ly moan. The forest

Ob.

p L.H.

B

glade, the green and rustling leaf, Re-call my pleasure past, and wake my grief. The gen-tle

VI. *p*

Cello. *Bassi.* *pizz.*

breeze but serves to waft my sighs To my lost love beneath the o - rient skies. The flow'rs are

Ob.
pp cl.

fad - ed, all their fragrance fled, . . . They are but emblems of my hope now dead.

vi.
p
Fag. *Timp.*

rall.

dim. *Cello, Ob.* *pp Viola, Cl.* *rall.*

C *Adagio.*
Lord of Heaven, to Thee ap - peal - ing, Help I crave in this dark hour ; . .

Adagio. ♩ = 48.
pp
Cello.

Look up - on Thy ser - vant kneel - ing, Chase the clouds that o'er me lower,

Cl.
Fag. *p*
Bassi.

D.

Ren - der me my champion brave, Lord, in mer - cy, help and save!

Vi. Solo. espress.

Str.
Cl.
Cor.
Cor. Fag.
Fag.
p

With a hea - vy ter - ror la - den,

Fl.
Ob.
Str. Timp.
p

Threatened with a hateful chain, Bows to thee a faith - ful maid - en,

cres. e accel.
vi.
cres. e accel.

Let me not be - seech in vain! Ren - der me my cham - pion brave,

rall.
E Tempo 1mo.
Cl.
Str.
p rall.
Tempo 1mo.
Fag.

Heaven, in mer - cy, help and save, in mer - cy help and

Str.
Cl.
dim.
pp
Fag.
Bassi.

save!
Vl. Solo.
espress.
Cor. Fag.
Str.
dim.
pp

F (Enter ROLAND.)
Maestoso.
 ROLAND (TENOR). RECIT.
Maestoso. ♩ = 63.
Cor.
Fag.
 E-dith, a-rise! thy prayer has earn'd re-ward,
f Str.

G *Allegro con anima.* EDITH.
 Be-hold thy Ro-land to thy arms re-stored! Ah! rapturous
Allegro con anima. ♩ = 168.
ff Tutti. *sf*

hour! Ah! glad sur-prise! Oh! cru-el
Più lento.
Più lento.
ff *sf* *p Str.*

Allegro.
 dream, mock not mine eyes; No, no! 'tis
Ob. *Allegro.*
Fag. *p* *f Str.* *f*

he! ah! Heaven be blest, That lays my anx - ious fears to

f *f* *p Wind.*

H Allegro molto.

rest! *Allegro molto.* ♩ = 92. How shall I

f *vi.* *p Str.*

thank Thee, gra - cious Lord, For hope ful - filled, for bliss re - stored?

f *Tutti.*

The glo - rious

p Str.

Ped.

sun a - gain is bright, The o - rient gale a - wakes de - light, The cloud is

p Wind.

van-ish'd as a dream; A - gain the mu - sic of the stream Joy - ous re -

vi. *sfp Str.*

e - ches to my tone, And links my plea - sure with its own. . .

Wind. *mf* *cres.*

I

The wood - land glade, the mea - dow

Tutti. *f* *p*

vi.

green Re - flect my joy in ra - diant sheen, The flowers a - new their fra - grance

cl.

breathe, And in a beau - teous gar - land wreathe The glad - ness of my new - born

Piu lento. *cl.* *or.* *p*

Fag.

rall.

day. Ah! love so dear! ah! heart so gay! ah! love so dear! ah! heart so

Str.

Ob.

p rall.

pp colla voce. Fag. Cor.

Cello.

Cl.

Tempo lmo.

gay!

Tempo lmo. ♩ = 92.

Tutti.

f

K *RECIT.*

But how hast thou re-turned in time to save Thy plight-ed maid - en from an

vl.

p

Cello.

ear - ly grave? For know, thy E - dith would have ra - ther

p

died Than wed the lord who would have called her bride.

fp

Bassi.

Attacca.

No. 7.

SOLO.—“WARRING BESIDE MY KING.”

Poco maestoso. ♩ = 88.

Introduction for piano. The score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat major). It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes markings for *Tr.* (trumpets) and *Tutti.* The music features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand, with a more active bass line.

ROLAND (TENOR).

Declamato quasi Recitativo.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a declamatory style. The piano accompaniment starts with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "War - ring be-side my king in Ho - ly Land, A pri-son-er I fell to". The piano part includes markings for *cu.* (clarinet) and *Fag.* (bassoon).

Vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Mos-lem band; But ev-er chi-val-rous to gal-lant foe, The prince-ly". The piano accompaniment features a forte (*f*) dynamic and includes markings for *Str., Ob.* (strings and oboe) and *Str. mf* (strings mezzo-forte).

Vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Sa-la-din im-posed no chain But that of hon-our; left me free to". The piano accompaniment includes markings for *Cor. f* (cornet forte) and *Fag.* (bassoon).

Vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "go And come with-in the bounds of his do-main." The piano accompaniment includes markings for *VI. Fl.* (violin and flute) and *Bass.* (bass).

A

My word I pledged that I would not de-part Un-til my freedom's ransom I had

f Str. Cor. *Str.* *dim.*

paid; No Christian knight would trick that gen'rous heart Or in his pagan eyes our faith de-

p

B Andante.

grade. There many a

Andante. $\text{♩} = 76.$

p Str. *Wind added.*

friend I met who told your tale, Your father's death; his will that did or-

p Str.

-dain To win your hand . . the knight who should pre-vail In tour-na-ment

p *sf*

up - on the neighbouring plain.

f Str. Wood, Cor. 3

The time was short, I sought the Soldan's ear, To mighty Sa - la-din I told our love and

cl. *p* *Str.* *p*

Fag.

grief; His ea-gle eye was darkened by a tear, The ransom he for-gave; the no-ble

Ob. *p* *Str. accel.*

chief Then from his tur-ban pluck'd a jew - el rare, The char - ges of my

toil - some road to pay; A gal-lant steed was brought with trap-pings

Ob. *fp* *Str. mf*

Fag.

fair, The gen' - rous mon - arch bade me take my way. . .

Trombe.

Cornù sustain.

D Maestoso.

Maestoso. ♩ = 80.

Tutti.

ff

VI.

Tromba. mf

Thus I, by Pa - gan armed, have

hith - er sped, With ev - er hast' - ning love o'er land and sea, . To fight for

Trombe.

jus - tice, 'gainst a Christian head, And from a kins - man's chain my

Cl.

Tromba.

mf

f

Fag.

bride to free.

ff Tutti.

No. 8.

DUET.—“HEAVEN BLESS A HEART SO ROYAL.”

Allegro con fuoco. $\text{♩} = 84$.

f Tutti.

EDITH.

Hea - ven bless a heart so roy - al, E'en though in - fi - del and foe. Love in -

dim. *p* *VI.* *p*

Cor. Fag.

- spire your ar - dour loy - al, Lay my ha - ted kins - man low, Love in - spire your ar - dour

loy - al, Lay my ha - ted kins - man low.

Wind. *f Tutti.*

Poco tranquillo.

But me - seems that thou art wea - ry, Rough has been thy way and

cl. *ob.*

p Poco tranquillo.

Fag.

Tempo lmo.

long, In his two-fold tri-umph cheer-y, He with wine and rest is strong.

p Str. *f* *Cl.*

Ere then, love, to con-flict

speed-ing, Stay thy road, . . and pause a-while, Take the re-spite thou art

Cor. *Cl.* *Str.* *Fag.*

need-ing, Vic-t'ry then shall on thee smile. *ROLAND. f*

Fair-est,

Ob. *Cor.* *Vi.* *f* *mf* *Str.* *C*

Stay . . thy road, . . and pause a-while,

love is nev-er wea-ry, Though its course be rough and long; O'er my way, when dark and

p

Take the res-pite thou art needing. Rough has
dreary, Rose thy guide-star bright and strong, O'er my way, when dark and dreary Rose thy

Wind.

been thy way, and long. Stay thy
guide-star bright and strong. Stay me not with anx-ious

D *Ob.*
f Cor. *p Str.*
Bassi.

road, pause a-while, Take the res-pite thou art needing,
pleading, Nor my onward road be-guile, To re-lease thee I am speeding,

Vic-t'ry then shall on thee smile, vic-t'ry then shall on thee smile,
Vic-t'ry on my lance will smile, vic-t'ry on my lance, vic-t'ry on my lance,

p Wood, Str. Wood.

ad lib.

a tempo.

vic - t'ry then shall on thee smile.
 vic - t'ry on . . my lance will smile.

colle voci.
pp Str. *f Tutti.*

E Poco Andante. (A distant trumpet call is heard.) **ROLAND.**

Poco Andante. ♩ = 84.
Tromba solo.

But hark! the trum - pet - call,

p Quasi da lontano.

EDITH.

A -

That bids me to the fray; Thy anxious peo - ple al - so

p Str. *stac.*

las! the trum - pet-call That bids thee to the fray; Too soon a -

wait And sum - mon me a - way, Thy anx - ious peo - ple

Andantino.

- gain is come the hour That sum - mons thee a - way.

al - so wait And sum - mon me a - way.

dim. *p Wind.*

p

Then fare thee well, sweet love, Since thou art doomed to

So fare thee well, sweet love, 'Tis not for long I roam ;

Cl. *Str.* *Vi.* *Wind.*

roam ; Soon may my kind em - brace, Welcome thee vic - tor, welcome thee

Soon shall thy dear em - brace, Welcome me vic - tor, welcome me vic - tor,

Vi. *Cor.* *Bassi.*

G

vic - tor home. Then fare thee well, sweet

Wel - come me vic - tor home. So

G *Cl.* *Str. cres.* *p* *Fag.*

love, Since thou art doomed to roam, Soon may my kind em -
fare thee well, sweet love, 'Tis not for long I roam, Soon shall thy

vi.
p

Bassi.

- brace, Welcome thee vic - tor, welcome thee vic - tor, welcome thee vic - tor,
dear embrace Welcome me vic - tor, welcome me vic - tor, welcome me vic - tor,

Wind.
sf *p*

home, Fare thee well, sweet love, fare thee well, sweet love, fare thee well, fare thee well,
home, Fare thee well, sweet love, fare thee well, fare thee well, fare thee well,

H
p Str. *dim.* *pp Wind.* *Str. pp*

pp
fare-well, fare-well!
pp
fare-well, fare-well!

Str.
pp *f Tutti.*

No. 9.

CHORUS—"WELCOME TIDINGS."

Allegro gioioso.

PIANO. = 152.

f *p* *Str. Wood, Corni.*

Bassi, Timp.

p *cres.*

f *p*

SOPRANOS. *A* *f*

ALLOS. *f*

Wel-come ti-dings, friends and neigh-bours, News to

Wel-come ti-dings, friends and neigh-bours, News to

A *f* *Wind. (Str. pizz.)*

make our lives more gay, News to bright-en all our la-bours, News to glad-den us to -

make our lives more gay, News to bright-en all our la-bours, News to glad-den us to -

day, News to bright-en all our la-bours, News to glad-den us to-day.

day, News to bright-en all our la-bours, News to glad-den us to-day,

f Tutti.

TENORS. *B* *mf*

BASSES. *mf*

What are your good words of

What are your good words of

B *mf*

Str. Tromboni.

plea-sure? Tell us, quickly tell us, pray, *p* Grief has been ours in full

plea-sure? Tell us, quickly tell us, pray, *p* Grief has been ours in full

Celli, Fag.

cres.

mea-sure, Do not then our joy de-lay, do not then our joy de-lay.

cres.

mea-sure, Do not then our joy de-lay, do not then our joy de-lay.

VI. Tromboni.

mf

p

Str., Wood, Corni.

cres. *f*

SOPRANOS. *f*

ALROS. *f*

Neighbours, we will not de - ny you, In our hap - pi - ness to
 Neighbours, we will not de - ny you, In our hap - pi - ness to

p. *f* Wood, Violas.

share, Know, then, Ro-land is hard by you—Here, to save his maid-en fair ;
 share, Know, then, Ro-land is hard by you—Here, to save his maid-en fair ;

Vi, pizz. *f* Celli.

mf

Just re-turned from war and pris-on, Wounds, and fight with Paynim -
 Just re-turned from war and pris-on, Wounds, and fight with Paynim -
 Wind.

mf

cres.
 - rie, As one . . from the dead a - ris - en Back he comes to set us
cres.
 - rie, As one . . from the dead a - ris - en Back he comes to set us
cres. *p Str.*

free.
 free.
f
Bassi
Timp.

E TENORS.
f
 Joy - ful ti - dings tru - ly, neighbours, News to make our lives more gay, News to
 BASSES.
f
 Joy - ful ti - dings tru - ly, neighbours, News to make our lives more gay, News to
E
f Brass.

brighten all our labours, News to glad - den us to - day, News to bright - en all our
 brighten all our labours, News to glad - den us to - day, News to bright - en all our

la - bours, News to glad - den us to - day.

la - bours, News to glad - den us to - day.

F *stac.*

cres. *ff Tutti.* *G*

SOPRANO. *ff* Wel-come then, a wel-come dou-ble, To Sir Ro - land

ALTO. *ff* Wel-come then, a wel-come dou-ble, To Sir Ro - land

TENOR. *ff* Wel-come then, a wel-come dou-ble, To Sir Ro - land

BASS. *ff* Wel-come then, a wel-come dou-ble, To Sir Ro - land

ff *Brass.*

we ac - cord,

we ac - cord,

we ac - cord,

we ac - cord,

Cham - pion

Cham - pion of his fair in

we ac - cord, Cham - pion of his fair in trou - ble, . .

Viol.

Viol. 2, Ob.

Viola, Corni.

Bassi.

Bassi, Fag.

f

Cham - pion of his fair in trou - ble, Foe - man of the

of his fair in trou - ble, in trou - ble; Foe - man of the

trou - ble, cham - pion of his fair in trou - ble, Foe - man of the

cham - pion of his fair . . . in trou - ble, Foe - man of the

ty - rant lord. Wel - come! but no lon - ger dal - ly Thus with - in thy la - dy's

ty - rant lord. Wel - come! but no lon - ger dal - ly Thus with - in thy la - dy's

ty - rant lord. Wel - come! but no lon - ger dal - ly Thus with - in thy la - dy's

ty - rant lord. Wel - come! but no lon - ger dal - ly Thus with - in thy la - dy's

H

ff Tutti.

p Str. pizz.

Wind added.

cres.
 bower; Thine 'tis now her hopes to ral - ly, Thine to aid this ve - ry hour, . .
cres.
 bower; Thine 'tis now her hopes to ral - ly, Thine to aid this ve - ry hour,
cres.
 bower; Thine 'tis now her hopes to ral - ly, Thine to aid this ve - ry hour, . .
cres.
 bower; Thine 'tis now her hopes to ral - ly, Thine to aid this ve - ry hour,

f
 On - ward to the tour - ney speed thee, Once more grasp thy
f
 On - ward to the tour - ney speed thee, Once more grasp thy
f
 On - ward to the tour - ney speed thee, Once more grasp thy
f
 On - ward to the tour - ney speed thee, Once more grasp thy lance and shield, thy

f Tutti. *Brass.*

lance and shield, Great - er wel - come yet shall lead thee, great - er wel - come yet shall
 lance and shield, Great - er wel - come yet shall lead thee, great - er wel - come yet shall
 lance and shield, Great - - er wel - come . . yet shall
 lance and shield, Great - - er wel - come . . yet shall

K Più mosso. ff

lead thee Victor homeward from the field. Welcome then, a welcome

lead thee Victor homeward from the field. Welcome then, a welcome

lead thee Victor homeward from the field. Welcome then, a welcome

lead thee Victor homeward from the field. Welcome then, a welcome

K Più mosso. ♩ = 96. ff Tutti. ff

dou - ble To Sir Ro - land we ac - cord,

dou - ble To Sir Ro - land we ac - cord,

dou - ble To Sir Ro - land we ac - cord,

dou - ble To Sir Ro - land we ac - cord,

Champion of his fair in trou-ble, Foe - man of the ty - rant lord.

Champion of his fair in trou-ble, Foe - man of the ty - rant lord.

Champion of his fair in trou-ble, Foe - man of the ty - rant lord.

Champion of his fair in trou-ble, Foe - man of the ty - rant lord. Welcome

ff

Wel - come to Sir Ro - land we ac - cord,
 Wel - come to Sir Ro - land we ac - cord,
 Wel - come to Sir Ro - land we ac - cord,
 dou - ble to Sir Ro - land, to Sir Ro - land we ac - cord, Wel - come dou - ble to Sir

Tutti

Wel - come to Sir Ro - land we ac - cord, . . . To Sir Ro - land we ac -
 Wel - come to Sir Ro - land we ac - cord, To Sir Ro - land we ac
 Wel - come to Sir Ro - land we ac - cord, . . . To Sir Ro - land we ac -
 Ro - land, Sir Ro - land we ac - cord, . . . To Sir Ro - land we ac -

M *ff*
 - cord. Wel - - come then!
 - cord. Wel - - come then!
 - cord. Wel - - come then!
 - cord. Wel - - come then!
 M *ff Str.* *Tutti*

Wel - - come then! wel - - come,

Wel - - come then! wel - - come,

Wel - - come then! wel - - come,

Wel - - come then! wel - - come,

Trombe.

Tutti.

wel - - - come, wel - - - - - come!

wel - - - come, wel - - - - - come!

wel - - - come, wel - - - - - come!

wel - - - come, wel - - - - - come!

wel - - - come, wel - - - - - come!

ff

SCENE III.—*The Field of the Tournament. Enter RICHARD disguised as a physician, and BLONDEL disguised as a minstrel.*

No. 10. RECIT. AND SONG.—“HOW LONG, MY ROYAL MASTER.”

Moderato. BLONDEL (CONTRALTO).
How long, my roy al

Moderato. ♩ = 100.
Cl.
p.
Fag.

mas - ter, will it be Ere thou wilt rend the veil that now so long Hath screen'd thee

VI.
p *fp*
Celli.

A Allegro maestoso.
from a lov - ing peo - ple's eyes?

Allegro maestoso. ♩ = 104.
f Tutti.

The fame of thy brave deeds in war ;
p Str.

The musical score is arranged in four systems. The first system features a vocal line for Blondel (Contralto) in 4/4 time, marked 'Moderato'. The piano accompaniment includes a Clarinet (Cl.), Bassoon (Fag.), and strings. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics 'mas - ter, will it be Ere thou wilt rend the veil that now so long Hath screen'd thee'. The piano accompaniment includes Violin (VI.) and Cello (Celli.). The third system begins with the tempo change to 'Allegro maestoso' and the tempo marking '♩ = 104'. The vocal line continues with 'from a lov - ing peo - ple's eyes?'. The piano accompaniment is marked 'f Tutti' and features triplets in both hands. The fourth system concludes the vocal line with 'The fame of thy brave deeds in war ;' and includes a 'p Str.' (piano strings) marking.

thy gen - tle ten - der-ness To com - rades - be they high - born or

The first system consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a complex texture with many beamed notes and rests. A dynamic marking of *p* is placed above the piano staff.

low - ly, Have long pre - ced - ed thee to Eng - land's shore ; For thee a

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a few rests followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment has a more sparse texture with some long notes. A dynamic marking of *fp* is placed above the piano staff.

na - tion waits ; de - lay not then, my lord, To glad their vi - sion with the

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a few rests followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment has a more sparse texture with some long notes. Dynamic markings of *fp* and *p* are placed above the piano staff.

sight of new - a - ris - en sun. . .

B Moderato.

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a few rests followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment has a more sparse texture with some long notes. Dynamic markings of *p* and *p Wind.* are placed above the piano staff.

RICHARD (BASS).

Not long, my faith - ful Blon-del, shall thy wish Be un - ful -

The fifth system features a vocal line for Richard (Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a complex texture with many beamed notes and rests. A dynamic marking of *p Str.* is placed above the piano staff.

- filled; my peo-ple's love and need Were all that I de-

VI. Fl.

p Str.

- sired; and these to me Have been made known in lengthened pil-grimage O'er land and

fp

p

sea; my les-son I have learned.

p

C *Allegro maestoso.*

Allegro maestoso. ♩ = 96.

Tutti.

f

3

3

3

3

When first I mount-ed Eng-land's throne, I deemed the world was all my own Where-

p Str.

poco cres.

p

cl.

- in to give full rein to plea-sure, And rev-el with-out stint or mea-sure.

Glo - ry in bat-tle was my lust, While du - ty was a - based in
Corni. *cl.*

dust; My strength and val - our were my pride, No vir-tue val - ued I be -
cres.
p Str. (*Wind sustain.*) *cres.*

side. Such was the wild career I ran, I was a king— but not a
Wind. *Str.* *p* *p*
Corni.

man.

E

When tired at last of wan-ton life, I sought re-lief in East-ern strife; The

p Str. *Cor.* *Fl.*

in-fi-del whom I had spurn'd A re-al chiv-er-ry had learned.

sf *p* *mf* *Cl.* *Fag.*

The no-ble Sa-la-din there flourished, And ev'-ry

p# Str. *Cor.*

F

prince-ly vir-tue nour-ished; My-self by fev-er pros-trate laid Was heal'd by

p Wind. *Corni.*

gen-erous Mos-lem aid;.. Taught by this foe my zeal be-gan, In-stead of

Str. Fl. *p* *Wind.*

king to be a man.

f Str. Corni. *dim.*

Re-turn-ing from the Pay-nim's land, In dun-geon laid by Chris-tian hand,

Cl. *Fl.* *p Str.* *p* *Fag.*

Freed by thy tune-ful harp and voice, Homeward my rov-ing steps re-joice; But

Str. *Fl.* *p Str.*

as my realm dis-guised I trav-el, Each day, each hour, new griefs un-rav-el,

cres. *f Wind.*

With an-ger fired I'll end my ban And reign ere

f Str.

long as king and man, and reign ere long as king and man. *Tutti.*

Wind. *Ob.* *p* *Corni.* *Fag.*

I *RECIT. BLONDEL.*

'Tis well, my lord; wel - come will be the

Maestoso.

day; But see, the crowd as-sem-bles for the

Maestoso. $\bullet = 80.$

f Tutti. *p Str.*

tour - ney, And take their pla - ces, ea-ger to be-hold the fray.

p

Attacca.

No. 11. CHORUS, WITH SOLO.—“HARK! TO ACHIEVEMENT ARE SOUNDING.”

Allegro. ♩ = 96.

f Trombe.

Brass.

vi. *f*

A. *Poco maestoso.* ♩ = 80.

rall. *ff* Tutti.

tr. *L.ii.*

B SOPRANO.

f

Hark! to a - chieve - ment are sounding the

ALTO.

f

Hark! to a - chieve - ment are sounding the

TENOR.

f

Hark! to a - chieve - ment are sounding the

BASS.

f

Hark! to a - chieve - ment are sounding the

Wood.

f

Ped.

B Bassi.

trum-pets their state - li-est mea - sure ; See for the com - bat a - gain

trum-pets their state - li-est mea - sure ; See for the com - bat a - gain

trum-pets their state - li-est mea - sure ; See for the com - bat a - gain

trum-pets their state - li-est mea - sure ; See for the com - bat a - gain

ff Brass. *Wood.*

Bassi.

bright - ly the field . . is ar - rayed.

bright - ly the field . . is ar - rayed.

bright - ly the field . . is ar - rayed.

bright - ly the field . . is ar - rayed.

vi.

f

No - thing in fes - tal de - light . . can ri - val the tour - nament's plea - sure ;

No - thing in fes - tal de - light . . can ri - val the tour - nament's plea - sure ;

No - thing in fes - tal de - light . . can ri - val the tour - nament's plea - sure ;

No - thing in fes - tal de - light . . can ri - val the tour - nament's plea - sure ;

ff Brass.

Sport of the war-ri-or stern; joy . . of the ten - der - est

Sport of the war-ri-or stern; joy . . of the ten - der - est

Sport of the war-ri-or stern; joy . . of the ten - der - est

Sport of the war-ri-or stern; joy . . of the ten - der - est

vi. *p Wind.*

maid. To their ap-point - ed place . . are

maid. To their ap-point - ed place . . are

maid. To their ap-point - ed place . . are

maid. To their ap-point - ed place . . are

vi. *p* *L.H.* *cres.* *f* *Wood with voices.* *Tromb. Tuba,*

no-bles and la-dies ad-vanc - ing, Splen - did with ma-ny-hued garb,

no-bles and la-dies ad-vanc - ing, Splen - did with ma-ny-hued garb,

no-bles and la-dies ad-vanc - ing, Splen - did with ma-ny-hued garb,

no-bles and la-dies ad-vanc - ing, Splen - did with ma-ny-hued garb,

L.H. *cres.*

bril-liant and rich is the scene. Now . . o'er the gai - ly decked

bril-liant and rich is the scene. Now . . o'er the gai - ly decked

bril-liant and rich is the scene. Now . . o'er the gai - ly decked

bril-liant and rich is the scene. Now . . o'er the gai - ly decked

lists . . the knights on their brave steeds are pranc - ing,

lists . . the knights on their brave steeds are pranc - ing,

lists . . the knights on their brave steeds are pranc - ing,

lists . . the knights on their brave steeds are pranc - ing,

Ra - di-ant all is a-round; wor - thy its beau - te-ous

Ra - di-ant all is a-round; wor - thy its beau - te-ous

Ra - di-ant all is a-round; wor - thy its beau - te-ous

Ra - di-ant all is a-round; wor - thy its beau - te-ous

Corni.

queen.

queen.

queen.

queen.

vi.

cres.

Call then a - gain to a - chieve - ment, ye

Call then a - gain to a - chieve - ment, ye

Call then a - gain to a - chieve - ment, ye

Call then a - gain to a - chieve - ment, ye

D

ff Tutti.

Ped.

Brass.

her-alds with trumpets re - sound - ing ; Sum - mon the cham - pi - ons forth, no

her-alds with trumpets re - sound - ing ; Sum - mon the cham - pi - ons forth, no

her-alds with trumpets re - sound - ing ; Sum - mon the cham - pi - ons forth, nc

her-alds with trumpets re - sound - ing ; Sum - mon the cham - pi - ons forth, no

ff Brass.

more the battle de-lay ; Not on-ly glo-ry of tri-umph, but

more the battle de-lay ; Not on-ly glo-ry of tri-umph, but

more the battle de-lay ; Not on-ly glo-ry of tri-umph, but

more the battle de-lay ! Not on-ly glo-ry of tri-umph, but

Vt. *Wind.* *Vt.* *Brass.*

land with rich-es a-bound-ing,

land with rich-es a-bound-ing,

land with rich-es a-bound-ing,

land with rich-es a-bound-ing,

Wind. *Vt.* *Corni.*

Fair bride, and no-ble es-tate-all,

Fair bride, and no-ble es-tate-all,

Fair bride, and no-ble es-tate-all,

Fair bride, and no-ble es-tate-all,

all . . are the prize . . of to - day.

all . . are the prize . . of to - day.

all . . are the prize . . of to - day.

all . . are the prize . . of to - day.

f

E
Andante maestoso. $\text{♩} = 80$.
Trombe.
ff

HERALDS. (FOUR BASSES.)
f

Knights, to achievement! knights, come forth! From west or east, from south or north!

f Str. *f* *f*

F Andante.
Andante. $\text{♩} = 80$.
f Str. Wood. Cor. Wind.

CHORUS. TENORS.

See, the Lord Mo-ri-ce ad - van - ces!

CHORUS. BASSES.

See, the Lord Mo-ri-ce ad - van - ces!

Str. *p.* *f* *Cello e Viola.* *Corni.*
Bassi pizz.

Vic - tor of the form - er days; Gleaming black his arm - our glan - ces,

Vic - tor of the form - er days; Gleaming black his arm - our glan - ces,

Cl. *Cello.* *Ob.*
Brass. *Fag.* *Corni.*

G SOPRANOS. *p*
 Ah! no riv - al's lance is wield - ed;

ALTOS. *p*
 Ah! no riv - al's lance is wield - ed;

Proudly his black charg - er neighs.

Proudly his black charg - er neighs.

Cello. *G* *vi.* *Ob.*
p

En-ters he the lists a - lone; Oth - er cham-pions all have yield - ed, By his

En-ters he the lists a - lone; Oth - er cham-pions all have yield - ed, By his

vi.
Wind.
Str. pizz.
Bassi pizz.

power - ful arm o'er - thrown.

power - ful arm o'er - thrown.

Cello.
pp

H Allegro fiero. ♩. = 80.
f Str. Ob. Fag. Corni.

MORICE.
Lord of the tourney, I pray, No long-er the challenge de -

Str. mf.

lay ; Two days in ar-du-ous fight Have

I o'er-come ev-er-y knight That ventured my arm . . . to with-stand.

I pray then thy her-alds com-mand, Once

more the call to re-sound, And sum-mon who-e'er may be found To

wrest . . . the prize . . . from my hand.

Andante maestoso.

Andante maestoso. ♩ = 80.

f Trombe.

HERALDS. (FOUR BASSES.)

Knights, to a-chievement! knights, come forth! From west or east, from south or north!

f Str. *f* *f* Str. *pizz.*

CHORUS. TENORS.

Call the trum - pets e'er so loud - ly None will

CHORUS. BASSES.

Call the trum - pets e'er so loud - ly None will

Corni, Fag.

mf

Waits

an-swer the ap-peal;

Lord Mo - rice a - lone and proud-ly

an-swer the ap-peal;

Lord Mo - rice a - lone and proud-ly

Ob.

Corni.

Corni.

> Str. *cres.*

Clar.

Fag.

M SOPRANOS. *p* *cres.*
 Pity - ing ear, kind Hea - ven, lend her, Who so
 ALTOS. *p* *cres.*
 Pity - ing ear, kind Hea - ven, lend her, Who so
 Waits his vic - to - ry to seal.

M *p*
 long to Thee hath prayed; Cham - pion loved and brave to send her, Grant, e'en
 long to Thee hath prayed; Cham - pion loved and brave to send her, Grant, e'en

N *Allegro. ♩. = 80.* MORICE.
 Lord of the
 late, Thy migh - ty aid.
 late, Thy migh - ty aid.
 N *Allegro. ♩. = 80.*
f Str. Ob. Fag. Cor.

tour - ney, once more . . . I pray, Summon a -

- gain . . . the knights to the fray.

Andante maestoso.

Andante maestoso. $\text{♩} = 80.$

ff Trombe.

HERALDS. (FOUR BASSES.)

Knights, to a-chieve-ment! knights, come forth! From west or east, from south or

north; Hark the summons, one and all, 'Tis the third, the fi - nal call.

lunga pausa.

P Andante. CHORUS. TENORS. *mf*
 Vain, ye
 CHORUS. BASSES. *mf*
 Vain, ye

P Andante. ♩ = 80.
mf Str. *mf* Corni. Fag.

her - alds, is your bur - den, E - choed loud - ly o'er the plain; Lord Mo -
 her - alds, is your bur - den, E - choed loud - ly o'er the plain; Lord Mo -

- rice has won his guer - don, No one answers to your strain.
 - rice has won his guer - don, No one answers to your strain.

p Str. pizz. *p* Ob. *cl.*

SOPRANOS. *p* *dim.*
 Still the chal-lenge, no one heed-ing, Dies . . a-mid the echoing air ;

ALTOS. *p* *dim.*
 Still the chal-lenge, no one heed-ing, Dies . . a-mid the echoing air ;

Fl. *Corni.*
Fag. *Str. pizz.* *Fag.*
Bassi pizz.

All our hopes a - way are speed-ing, Giv-ing place to dark de -

All our hopes a - way are speed-ing, Giv-ing place to dark de -

Fl. *pp*
Bassi.

- spair.

- spair.

p *Wind.* *dim.* *pp*
Corni. *Ped.*

R *Poco animato.* $\text{♩} = 84.$ *Wind.* *tr*

mf *str.*

CHORUS.

mf End - ed is the her-alds' task; *cres.* "Lar-gesse, lar - gesse," now they ask.

mf End - ed is the her-alds' task; *cres.* "Lar-gesse, lar - gesse," now they ask.

mf End - ed is the her-alds' task; *cres.* "Lar-gesse, lar - gesse," now they ask.

mf End - ed is the her-alds' task; *cres.* "Lar-gesse, lar - gesse," now they ask.

Str. *cres. Wind with voices.* *f Str. Wood.*

f See, the Queen of Love and Beau - ty Ri - ses to her gra - cious

f See, the Queen of Love and Beau - ty Ri - ses to her gra - cious

f See, the Queen of Love and Beau - ty Ri - ses to her gra - cious

f See, the Queen of Love and Beau - ty Ri - ses to her gra - cious

S *Maestoso.* du - ty; Proud, yet low, the vic - tor bows;

S *Maestoso.* du - ty; Proud, yet low, the vic - tor bows;

S *Maestoso.* du - ty; Proud, yet low, the vic - tor bows;

S *Maestoso.* du - ty; Proud, yet low, the vic - tor bows;

Str. *Tronba.* *p*

mf Hark! hark! what notes the e-choes rouse?
f Hark! hark! hark! what notes the e-choes rouse!
p Hark! hark! hark! what notes the e-choes rouse?
p Hark! hark! hark! what notes the e-choes rouse?
f Hark! hark! hark! hark! what notes the e-choes rouse?
cres.

Allegro moderato.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 112.
p *cres.* cen - do al . . .

Lento e maestoso. *Allegro moderato. (Enter Roland.)*
 See! 'tisa Red-CrossKnight; he
 See! 'tisa Red-CrossKnight; he
 See! 'tisa Red-CrossKnight; he
 See! 'tisa Red-CrossKnight; he

Lento e maestoso. ♩ = 60. *Allegro moderato. ♩ = 100.*
f *Brass.* *f* *str. Wood, Corni.*

en-ters the lists with speed, White is his ar - mour, he rides an A - ra - bi - an steed.

Bears he his bright lance a - loft, his shield . . is of sil - ve - ry sheen,

Fear - less - ly on - ward he moves, and gal - lant - ly bows . . to the

dim.

Queen.

Queen.

Queen.

Queen.

Queen.

f *dim.* *ff* *U* *Trombe.*

HERALDS. (FOUR BASSES.)

f

What is thy will? Sir Knight, pro-claim, Declare thy ti - tle, rank, and

f *str.* *f* *f*

name; Whence thou art come, why thou art here! Where-fore full armed thou dost ap - pear?

f

No. 12.

DUET.—"ROLAND MY NAME IS."

Allegro maestoso. $\text{♩} = 88.$

ff Brass. > *Str. Wood, Cor.* *Tutti.*

ROLAND.

f *Wind (Str. pizz.)*

Ro - land my name is; I, a Red-Cross Knight, But now return'd from war in Paynim

land, . . . Throw down my gage on Christian soil to fight With him who

Tr. *p* *f* *Str. (arco) Tr. Cor. Timp.* *Str.*

dares to seek my la - dy's hand.

A *Wood.* *p* *Tromb.*

La - dy E-dith's true love, I Bid my ri - val to the field; I may con-quer or may

cl. *Str.* *Str. cres.*

die, But with life I ne'er will yield!

f *ff Tutti*

B *Allegro moderato.* MORICE.

Allegro moderato. ♩ = 88.

Sir Knight, thy gage I up -

f Str. *p Str. Wind.* *Str.*

- take, But pray thee the fight do not dare;

Wind. *Str.* *(simile.)*

Trust me, it is for thy sake I coun - sel thee, com - bat be -

C

- ware! Thou . . . by thy tra-vel art worn,

mf Wind. *p Str.* *Cl.* *Fag.*

Weakened art thou by vig - il and toil ; Two days this arm has o'er -

f

Str.

- borne And hurled the strongest of knights to the soil.

D

f Tutti.

Then call thy challenge back and

Str.

dim.

p Ct.

Fag.

Cease, haughty knight ! no

E Allegro.

f

live, And I thy dar - ing will for - give.

Ob.

E Allegro. ♩ = 116.

f Str.

Tuba.

truce I de-sire, To meet thee in com-bat my soul is a-fire;

Peace can a-lone this in-stant be thine, All claim to my loved one if thou wilt re-

p Wind.

F *Meno Allegro.* MORICE.

- sign. Since on thy

Meno Allegro. ♩ = 88.

f *Str. Wood, Cor.*

ru-in thou art bent, Quick to thy doom shalt thou be sent.

f Str. *p Brass.* *Timp.*

Allegro guerriero. ♩ = 100.

G *ff Tutti.* *Str.*

ROLAND. *f*

Call, heralds, then a - gain to arms,

MORICE. *f*

Call, heralds, then a - gain to arms,

Trombe.

Wind.

Str.

f

p Wind.

Once more give voice to war's alarms ;

No min - ie fight is ours to - day, True

Once more give voice to war's alarms ;

No min - ie fight is ours to -

Cl.

Trombe.

Ob.

Viola.

Vi.

Bassi.

fu - ry will in - spire,

true fu - ry will in - spire . . the fray.

- day, True fu - ry will in - spire, . . will in - spire the fray.

ff Tutti.

Fired is my soul with jealous

Fired is my soul with jealous

Fl. Cl.

p

hate, Haste then, de - cide the bat-tle's fate ;

hate, *vl.* Haste then, de - cide the bat-tle's fate ; *Cor.* On to the

f *Ob.* *p* *f* *Brass.*

Fag. *Cor.*

On to the com-bat ! sound the call ! Or thou, or I this

com-bat ! sound the call ! Or thou, or I

Wood. *Brass.* *Wood.* *Brass.* *Wind, Str.*

hour must fall. My lov'd one's

this hour must fall. Love and re -

I

Str. Wood, Cor. *p Wind.*

hand re-wards the fight, On then, on then, and

- venge in - spire the fight, On then, on then, and

f Tutti. *Tr.*

vic - - - - - tory for the right!

vic - - - - - tory for the right!

Tr. *f* *f* *Tutti.*

Str.

rall.

Maestoso. *HERALDS. (FOUR BASSES.)*

On to a -

Maestoso. ♩ = 80. *f*

- chieve-ment, each gal-lant knight! "Lais - sez al - ler!" Heaven guard the right!

f Str. *p cl.*

No. 13. CHORUS.—“HARK! FOR THE FRAY THE CLARIONS SOUND.”

Allegro.

SOPRANO. *f*
Hark, for the fray the cla - rions sound,

ALTO. *f*
Hark, for the fray the cla - rions sound,

TENOR. *f*
Hark, for the fray the cla - rions sound,

BASS. *f*
Hark, for the fray the cla - rions sound,

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 100.$
Trombe. *f* *Str. Cl. Fag.*

Free must be left the bat - tle ground.

Free must be left . . the bat - tle ground.

Free must be left . . the bat - tle ground.

Free must be left the bat - tle ground.

p Str.

p Back to their post the her - alds wend,

p Back to their post the her - alds wend,

p Back to their post the her - alds wend,

p Back to their post the her - alds wend,

Ob. Fag. with voices. *A Wind.* *cres.* *Str.*

cres.

The ri - vals ride, one east, one
 The ri - vals ride, one east, one
 The ri - vals ride, one east, one
 The ri - vals ride, one east, one

cres.

Str.

west ; Their tall and up - right spears de - scend, . . . And
 west ; Their tall and up - right spears de - scend, . . . And
 west ; Their tall and up - right spears de - scend, . . . And
 west ; Their tall and up - right spears de - scend, . . . And

f *p*

Str. *Wind.* *Viola, Cl.* *Bassi.*

rall. **B Più Allegro.** *f*
 stead - i - ly are plac'd in rest. Now at the field's re-mot-est
 stead - i - ly are plac'd in rest. Now at the field's re-mot-est
 stead - i - ly are plac'd in rest. Now at the field's re-mot-est
 stead - i - ly are plac'd in rest. Now at the field's re-mot-est

rall. *f*

rall. *f*

rall. *f*

rall. *f*

rall. *f* *Str. Wind.*

Wind. *f*

Più Allegro. $\text{♩} = 120.$

marge Swift - ly is turned each fie - ry steed, And

marge Swift - ly is turned each fie - ry steed, And

marge Swift - ly is turned each fie - ry steed, And

marge Swift - ly is turned each fie - ry steed, And

on - ward spurred with light - ning speed, In fierce ca - reer the

on - ward spurred with light - ning speed, In fierce ca - reer the

on - ward spurred with light - ning speed, In fierce ca - reer the

on - ward spurred with light - ning speed, In fierce ca - reer the

cham - pions charge.

cham - pions charge.

cham - pions charge.

cham - pions charge.

ff Tutti. *Str.*

Tromboni.

Full in the mid-dle of the field They meet ;

Full in the mid-dle of the field They meet ;

Full in the mid-dle of the field They meet ;

Full in the mid-dle of the field They meet ;

ff Tutti.

a-against the sil - ver shield, Ha ! shattered is the Black Knight's

a-against the sil - ver shield, Ha ! shattered is the Black Knight's

a-against the sil - ver shield, Ha ! shattered is the

a-against the sil - ver shield, Ha ! shattered is the

lance ; See, see ! from his wea - pon Ro - land's glance, And

lance ; See, see ! from his wea - pon Ro - land's glance, And

Black Knight's lance ; See ! from his wea - pon Ro - land's glance, And

Black Knight's lance ; See ! from his wea - pon Ro - land's glance, And

ff Wind.

firm - ly seat - ed as a rock The white-clad Knight a - voids the

firm - ly seat - ed as a rock The white-clad Knight a - voids the

firm - ly seat - ed as a rock The white-clad Knight a - voids the

firm - ly seat - ed as a rock The white-clad Knight a - voids the

shock. He on - ward ur - ges his ca -

shock. He on - ward ur - ges his ca -

shock. He on - ward ur - ges his ca -

shock. He on - ward ur - ges his ca -

f Str.

-reer To verge of list; the watch - ful squire Sup - plies his lord an - o - ther spear.

-reer To verge of list; the watch - ful squire Sup - plies his lord an - o - ther spear.

-reer To verge of list; the watch - ful squire Sup - plies his lord an - o - ther spear.

-reer To verge of list; the watch - ful squire Sup - plies his lord an - o - ther spear.

Wind.

Str.

ff Tutti.

E

f Burn - ing with yet more fu - rious ire The Lord Mo -

f Burn - ing with yet more fu - rious ire The Lord Mo -

f Burn - ing with yet more fu - rious ire The Lord Mo -

f Burn - ing with yet more fu - rious ire The Lord Mo -

- rice seeks fight a - gain—

- rice seeks fight a - gain—

- rice seeks fight a - gain—

- rice seeks fight a - gain—

Trombe.

f Once more the trumpet sounds a - main. **F** "Lais - sez al - ler!" a -

f Once more the trumpet sounds a - main. "Lais - sez al - ler!" a -

f Once more the trumpet sounds a - main. "Lais - sez al - ler!" a -

f Once more the trumpet sounds a - main. "Lais - sez al - ler!" a -

Wood. *Trombe.* **F** *Ob.* *Corni.*

- gain the mar-shal cries— On, on, brave

- gain the mar-shal cries— On, on, brave

- gain the mar-shal cries— On, on, brave

- gain the mar-shal cries— On, on, brave

ff Tutti.

knight, fame lives, if mor - tal dies ; Fight on, fight

knight, fame lives, if mor - tal dies ; Fight on, fight

knight, fame lives, if mor - tal dies ; Fight on, fight

knight, fame lives, if mor - tal dies ; Fight on, fight

on, bright eyes be - hold your deeds !

on, bright eyes be - hold your deeds !

on, bright eyes be - hold your deeds !

on, bright eyes be - hold your deeds !

G Un poco più moderato.

G Un poco più moderato. ♩. = 108.

p Viol.

Bassi pizz.

See, at the sig - nal now they wheel their steeds.

See, at the sig - nal now they wheel their steeds.

See, at the sig - nal now they wheel their steeds.

See, at the sig - nal now they wheel their steeds.

3 Ob. 3 Viol. 3 Celli

Rush they a - gain to the

Rush they a - gain to the

Rush they a - gain to the fight; they

Rush they a - gain to the fight; they

cres. *f*

fight; they meet with fu - ri - ous crash, with fu - ri - ous crash;

fight; they meet with fu - ri - ous crash, with fu - ri - ous crash;

meet with fu - ri - ous crash, with fu - ri - ous crash;

meet with fu - ri - ous crash, with fu - ri - ous crash;

E'en thro' their vi - sor-bars their eyes with an-ger out - flash;

E'en thro' their vi - sor-bars their eyes with an-ger out - flash;

E'en thro' their vi - sor-bars their eyes with an-ger out - flash;

E'en thro' their vi - sor-bars their eyes with an-ger out - flash;

ff Tutti.

The Black Knight, seek-ing his younger and

The Black Knight, seek-ing his younger and

The Black Knight, seek-ing his younger and wea-ri - er foe to o'er -

The Black Knight, seek-ing his younger and wea-ri - er foe to o'er -

wea-ri - er foe to o'erwhelm, Lev - els his long spear

wea-ri - er foe to o'erwhelm, Lev - els his long spear

whelm, the Black Knight Lev - els his long spear

whelm, the Black Knight Lev - els his long spear

Wind.

full . . . at the shield with might - y force ;

full . . . at the shield with might - y force ;

full . . . at the shield with might - y force ;

full . . . at the shield with might - y force ;

Tutti.

Shattered a - gain is the lance— ah ! Sir Ro - land has

Shattered a - gain is the lance— ah ! Sir Ro - land has

Shattered a - gain is the lance— ah ! Sir Ro - land has

Shattered a - gain is the lance— *Sra* ah ! Sir Ro - land has

reeled— He falls— ah ! no ; his

reeled— He falls— ah ! no his

reeled— He falls— ah ! no ; his

reeled— He falls— ah ! no ; his

p Wood. *Vi.* *cres.*

no - - ble A - ra - bi - an horse Deft - ly a - side has he turned, while

no - - ble A - ra - bi - an horse Deft - ly a - side has he turned, while

no - - ble A - ra - bi - an horse Deft - ly a - side has he turned, while

no - - ble A - ra - bi - an horse Deft - ly a - side has he turned, while

straight on the Black Knight's helm, With skil - ful aim . . has he struck a re - sist - less

straight on the Black Knight's helm, With skil - ful aim . . has he struck a re - sist - less

straight on the Black Knight's helm, With skil - ful aim . . has he struck a re - sist - less

straight on the Black Knight's helm, With skil - ful aim . . has he struck a re - sist - less

straight on the Black Knight's helm, With skil - ful aim . . has he struck a re - sist - less

Bassi, Tromboni, Tuba.

blow ; Down . . from his sad - dle is hurled the Lord Mo - rice on the field, *meno mosso.*

blow ; Down . . from his sad - dle is hurled the Lord Mo - rice on the field, *meno mosso.*

blow ; Down . . from his sad - dle is hurled the Lord Mo - rice on the field, *meno mosso.*

blow ; Down . . from his sad - dle is hurled the Lord Mo - rice on the field, *meno mosso.*

ff *ff* *p*

Wind. *cu.* *84.*

Str. *Fag.*

And grov' - ling in the dust, lies the proud

And grov' - ling in the dust, lies the proud

And grov' - ling in the dust, lies the proud

And grov' - ling in the dust, lies the proud

p Str.

pp

L Larghetto.

war - rior low.

war - rior low.

war - rior low.

war - rior low.

L Larghetto. ♩ = 84.

Timp.

p ma marcato.

Bassi.

M

p Stunned a - while on earth he

p Stunned a - while on earth he

p Stunned a - while on earth he

p Stunned a - while on earth he

M

p Str.

lies; Aid - ed by his squire to rise,

lies; Aid - ed by his squire to rise,

lies; Aid - ed by his squire to rise,

lies; Aid - ed by his squire to rise,

Wind.

Wind.

Timp. *Str.* *Timp.*

f Fierce he draws his gleam-ing blade; But the war - der downward cast, And the

f Fierce he draws his gleam-ing blade; But the war - der downward cast, And the

f Fierce he draws his gleam-ing blade; But the war - der downward cast, And the

f Fierce he draws his gleam-ing blade; But the war - der downward cast, And the

f *Str. Wood.* *Tromba.*

dim.

trum-pets' fi - nal blast Have proclaimed the com - bat stayed.

dim.

trum-pets' fi - nal blast Have proclaimed the com - bat stayed.

dim.

trum-pets' fi - nal blast Have proclaimed the com - bat stayed.

dim.

trum-pets' fi - nal blast Have proclaimed the com - bat stayed.

dim. Wood.

Str. Wood. cres.

Sul-len-ly the Black Knight goes, Breathing ven - geance on his

Sul-len-ly the Black Knight goes, Breathing ven - geance on his

Sul-len-ly the Black Knight goes, Breathing ven - geance on his

Sul-len-ly the Black Knight goes, Breathing ven - geance on his

Wind.

Timp.

Str.

Timp.

foes, While the Queen of Love and Beau - ty

foes, While the Queen of Love and Beau - ty

foes, While the Queen of Love and Beau - ty

foes, While the Queen of Love and Beau - ty

cres.

vz

cres.

Ri - ses to her gra - cious du - ty. Now with gold - en lau - rel

Ri - ses to her gra - cious du - ty. Now with gold - en lau - rel

Ri - ses to her gra - cious du - ty. Now with gold - en lau - rel

Ri - ses to her gra - cious du - ty. Now with gold - en lau - rel

crowned, Ro - land bends him . . . to the ground ; . . .

crowned, Ro - land bends him . . . to the ground ; . . .

crowned, Ro - land bends him . . . to the ground ; . . .

crowned, Ro - land bends him . . . to the ground ; . . .

P *Maestoso. Tempo di marcia.*

Haste thee, Knight, and quick-ly bear

Haste thee, Knight, and quick-ly bear

Haste thee, Knight, and quick-ly bear

Haste thee, Knight, and quick-ly bear

Maestoso. 96. Tempo di marcia.

P *Tutti.*

Greet - ing to thy la - dy fair. . . Lift - ed is . . the

Greet - ing to thy la - dy fair. . . Lift - ed is the

Greet - ing to thy la - dy fair. Lift - ed is . . the

Greet - ing to thy la - dy fair. Lift - ed is the

gloom - y bur - den That so long our hearts op - pressed ; Brave - ly hast thou

gloom - y bur - den That so long our hearts op - pressed ; Brave - ly hast thou

gloom - y bur - den That so long our hearts op - pressed ; Brave - ly hast thou

gloom - y bur - den That so long our hearts op - pressed ; Brave - ly hast thou

won thy guer - don, Go, go, go, and in thy love be

won thy guer - don, Go, go, go, and in thy love be

won thy guer - don, Go, go, go, and in thy love be

won thy guer - don Go, go, go, and in thy love be

ff Trombe.

blest, Go, go, go, go, and in thy love, thy
 blest, Go, go, go, go, and in thy love, thy
 blest, Go, go, go, go, and in thy love, thy
 blest, Go, go, go, go, and in thy love, and in thy

Trombe.

This system contains the first four staves of music. The top three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, with the label *Trombe.* placed above the first staff of the piano part.

love be blest.
 love be blest.
 love be blest.
 love be blest.

Trombe. *ff*

This system contains the next four staves of music. The top three staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, with the label *Trombe.* placed above the first staff of the piano part and *ff* (fortissimo) below the second staff.

This system contains two staves of piano accompaniment. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music consists of chords and moving lines.

This system contains two staves of piano accompaniment. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music consists of chords and moving lines, ending with a double bar line.

SCENE IV.—The road to Whittington.

No. 14.

RECIT. AND AIR.—“ENOUGH OF TRAVEL.”

Andante. ♩ - 66.

The score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat major/D-flat minor). It consists of six systems of music. The first system features a Cello part with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a Pedal point. The second system introduces the Oboe (*Ob.*) with a triplet of eighth notes and the Violin I (*vl. 1.*) part. The third system features the Flute (*Fl.*) and Clarinet (*Cl.*). The fourth system includes the Wind and Arpa section, with dynamics ranging from *p* to *mf*, and a *poco cres.* marking for the strings (*Str.*). The fifth system features the Clarinet (*Cl.*) and Oboe (*Ob.*) parts. The sixth system features the Oboe (*Ob.*) and Violin I (*vl.*) parts, with dynamics of *mf* and *dim.* (diminuendo).

Cl.
p
Fag. Corni.
Celli.
Ped.

Ob.
3
vl. 1.
p

Fl.
Cl.

Wind, Arpa.
Str.
poco cres.
mf
p
mf
p
Ped. * *Ped.* *

Cl.
Ob.
Cl.
p
Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.*

Ob.
vl.
mf > *dim.*
Ped. *

B ROLAND.

E - nough of tra - vel,

of vic - to - ry e - nough ;

Corn, Fag.

Of fes - tal tri - umph wea - ry, I will seek re -

C

pose. ci.

p

Arpa.

Ped.

Vi.

p

Ob.

pp Str.

Ped.

The fa - vour of the Prince . . . was but pre - tend - ed, Al -

tho' he bade me welcome to the ban-quet. He loves me not; I am his

p *D* *cl.* *p* *Fag.*

bro-ther's friend; And e'en be-fore the tourney glanced he

Str. Ob. *p*

oft. With look of strange in-tel-ligence toward my

foc. Yet have I won my prize, and haste to claim it.

f Str. *p*

AIR.
E *Larghetto.*

Larghetto. ♩ = 66. *Wind.* *p* *Cello.*

Bear me on, my faith - ful steed, Bear . . me to my goal with

pp Str.

speed ; Where my true love waits to meet me, Where her lov - ing smile will greet me.

Str. Corni. *Corni.*

fp *pp* *f*

When I warred on east-ern field, Her sweet mem - 'ry was my

F *f* *dolce.*

fp Str. *Viola, Fag. & Corni.*

shield ; When in tour-ney droop'd my arm, E - dith, E - dith was my

più p *Corni.* *Fag.* *Cl.* *Ob.* *Cor.*

spell . . and charm.

G *f* *Ob.* *Cl.* *fl.*

Arpa. *Wind.*

cres.
In the dun - geon's gloom-y night Rose to

me her vis - - ion bright ;

Wan - - d'ring ov - er sea and land, I be -

- held her beck' - ning hand. *Cor.*

What tho' dan-ger now be - fals me, Yet my dar-ling on-ward

I

calls me; Still her im - age is my guide—

f *Vi.* *p* *Cello.* *p* *Wind.*

E - dith, E - dith, my be - loved, my

p *cres.* *pp* *Str.* *mf* *Arpa.* *Ped.* *

(Exit.)

bride! E - dith, my be - loved my bride!

Ob. *Arpa.* *Cor.* *pp* *pp* *Str.* *Bassi.*

Cl. *Cor.* *Fag.* *pp* *ppp* *morendo.*

No. 15.

RECIT. AND CHORUS.—“FOILED AND DISGRACED.”

Allegro. ♩ = 112.

The score consists of five systems of music. The first system is a piano introduction in 4/4 time, marked *Allegro. ♩ = 112.* The right hand features a melody with *Wind.* and *vl.* markings, while the left hand has a bass line with *f* and *Bassi.* markings. The second system continues the piano accompaniment with *Wind.* and *Bassi.* markings. The third system includes a vocal line for Morice with the instruction *(MORICE and his retainers follow along the road.)* and piano accompaniment with *vl.* and *p Str.* markings. The fourth system shows Morice's vocal entry with the lyrics "Foiled and disgraced! and by a toil - worn youth!" and piano accompaniment with *Ap*, *cres.*, *p*, and *f* markings. The fifth system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "By ma - gic, sure - ly, not by strength and va - lour A -" and piano accompaniment with *f*, *Wind.*, *vl.*, *Str.*, and *fp* markings.

- gainst my pow'r-ful arm has he been aid - ed.

f *Wind.* *vi.*

But all is not yet lost; Prince John befriends me; What -

fp *p* *Wind.* *fp*

- e'er be - fall my foe will he con - done :

p *f* *Wind.* *f*

Fag. *Bassi.*

On-ward, then, on, my stur - dy

f *Wind.* *f Str.* *fp*

men, And trap him ere he reach his den !

f *f* *Fag.* *p*

C *Allegro moderato.* $\text{♩} = 96.$ *Vl. pizz.*

p marcato. *p*

Bassi, Fag.

Corn.

cres.

D CHORUS. TENOR.

Liege, thy man-date we o - bey,

BASS.

Liege, thy man-date we o - bey,

D *Cl.* *Vl. pizz.*

p *Fag.*

Bassi, Fag.

liege, thy man-date we o - bey; *cres.* We will

liege, thy man-date we o - bey; We will fol-low on his

cres.

Ob. *cres. Str. pizz.*

p *cres. Str. pizz.*

fol - low on his way, we will fol - low on his way, will fol - low
 way, we will fol - low on his way, we will fol - low, we will fol - low

Corni.
f

on his way ;
 on his way ;

E *Corni.*
mf *cres.*

Though a vic - tor in the tour - ney, Foiled will be his homeward
 Though a vic - tor in the tour - ney, Foiled will be his homeward

f *Wind.*

jour - ney, foiled, foiled, will be his home - ward
 jour - ney, foiled, foiled, will be his home - ward

Str. (*Wind with voices.*)

jour - ney. Fol - low, quick-ly fol - low then,

jour - ney. Fol - low, quick-ly fol - low then, fol - low, quick-ly

Str. *f*

fol - low, quick - ly fol - low then, fol - low, fol - low,

fol - low then, fol - low, quick - ly fol - low, fol - low,

Wood.
Str. Cor.
Tromboni.

fol - low, quick - ly fol - low then, Trap him,

fol - low, quick - ly fol - low then, Trap him,

Tutti. *Str.* *Wind.* **G**

trap him, trap him ere he reach his den, trap him,

trap him, trap him ere he reach his den,

Strings. *Wind* *Tutti.* *f.*

trap him, trap him ere he reach his

trap him, trap him, trap him ere he reach his

(*Exeunt.*)

den.

den.

f.

No. 16. RECIT. AND DUETTINO—"BLONDEL, ENOUGH TO ME IS KNOWN."

(Enter RICHARD and BLONDEL.)

Moderato. ♩ = 84.

Vi. 1. *p* *cres.*

Vi. 2. *va.*

Cello.

RICHARD.

Blon - del, e - nough to me is known— This day will I re - sume the

f *p Str.* *p* *f* *p*

A

throne.

ff Tutti.

Hid - den a - mid the throng; I mark My cai - tiff brother's plot - ting

vi. *p* *Fag.*

B

dark; Ro - land I love; therefore, John's hate For my brave

p Wind. *cres.* *p Str.*

knight desired ill fate ; But had the

cl.

VI. pizz.

Fag.

minion's arm this day O'ercome my Ro-land in the fray, Out from this guise my

C

f Tutti.

wea - pon bright Had leaped ; and dared a - new to fight The ty - rant

prince and haugh-ty lord, And both had quailed be-fore my sword.

Str.

dim.

p

rall.

D

Andante. $\text{♩} = 69.$

Str.

p

BLONDEL.

My lord, for our brave knight I fear ; Words of ill o - men met my

pp

fp

Cello.

ear But now, by Lord Mo-ric ad-dressed To vas-sal band,

Cor.
mf

who on-ward pressed As if Sir Ro-land to pur-sue, And

p Str.

rob him of his tri-umph due.

Andante. DUETTINO.
Andante. ♩ = 69.
p Str.

BLONDEL.

RICHARD. Per - chance e'en

Per - chance e'en

now the cow-ard force O'er - takes him on his homeward course; Per -

now the cow-ard force O'er - takes him on his homeward course; Per -

- chance e'en now he wounded lies, While hastes his foe to claim the prize ;

- chance e'en now he wounded lies, While hastes his foe to claim the prize ;

F Più mosso. *f*

Fol-low then quick-ly on the way, quick-ly on the

Fol-low then quick-ly on the way, fol-low quick-ly, quick-ly on the

F Più mosso. *f* = 96.

f Str. Wood. Str. Wood.

(Excerpt.)

way, Ere the fell wolves have seized their prey.

way, Ere the fell wolves have seized their prey.

f Wind.

Bass.

f

pizz. *p*

SCENE V.—Another part of the road.

No. 17. SOLI AND CHORUS.—“BEAR ME ON, MY FAITHFUL STEED.”

Andante. ROLAND.
Bear me on, my faith-ful steed, Bear ..

Andante. ♩ = 80.
p *Wind.* *pp*

me to my goal with speed ;

pp *Cor.* *Viola.* *Cello.*

p *A*
But, pur-suing sounds I hear— *Vi. 1.* *Vi. 2.*

pp sempre.

Yes ! it is the tramp of horse ;

cres. e accel.

B Allegro maestoso.
Near they come, and yet more near, Fol lowing up-on my course ;
Allegro maestoso. ♩ = 100.
f

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line for Roland and a piano accompaniment. The score is divided into several systems. The first system shows the vocal line starting with 'Bear me on, my faith-ful steed, Bear ..' and the piano accompaniment with a 'Wind' effect. The second system continues the vocal line with 'me to my goal with speed ;' and includes parts for 'Cor.', 'Viola.', and 'Cello.'. The third system starts with 'But, pur-suing sounds I hear—' and includes parts for 'Vi. 1.' and 'Vi. 2.'. The fourth system continues with 'Yes ! it is the tramp of horse ;' and includes a 'cres. e accel.' marking. The fifth system concludes with 'Near they come, and yet more near, Fol lowing up-on my course ;' and includes a 'B Allegro maestoso' section with a tempo change to ♩ = 100 and a forte 'f' dynamic.

On - ward as I fain would hie, Yet I must not seem to

(MORICE and his retainers come up.)
fly— 'Tis the

ff Tutti.

troop of Lord Mo - rice— Bring you

f Str. *ff Tutti.*

war, my lord, or peace? Peace I bring— the peace of death! Then

Lento. MORICE. *ROLAND.*
Lento. ♩ = 69.

mf *pp Tromb. Tuba.* *Wood.* *f Str.*

Fag.

Animato.
war! while yet I have a breath Thee and thy cra - vens I de - fy!

MORICE.

Allegro.

No more of par-ley! thou shalt die!

Allegro. ♩ = 132. (A short fight, in which ROLAND is overpowered by

f Brass. colla voce. f Tutti.

numbers, and hurled from his horse.)

sf sf sf sf ff

Timp.

D *Più moderato.*

He falls! re-venge is mine at last!

Più moderato. ♩ = 104.

mf ff Tutti. tr

On, on, for Whit-ting-ton ride fast!

f

His vic-tor wreath from him I'll tear, With it as trophy, who will dare De-ny me entrance at the

Str.

gate? On, on, my men! no lon - ger wait!

E
Allegro moderato. CHORUS. TENOR.
Fallen to earth, . . he life-less lies, Our

CHORUS. BASS.
Fallen to earth, . . he life-less lies, Our

E
Allegro moderato. ♩ = 96.
Brass.
f

Bassi, Timp.

lord se - cures the morn-ing's prize;

lord se - cures the morn-ing's prize;

f

vi.

Ped. *o* * Ped. *o* * Ped. *o* *

To Whit-ting-ton without de - lay, The man - date glad-ly we o -

To Whit-ting-ton without de - lay, The man - date glad-ly we o -

f

Str. Wood sustain.

Ped. *

F

- bey; Re - pose and plea - sure wait us there, For us the feast,

- bey; Re - pose and plea - sure wait us there, For us the feast,

Ob. Corni.

f Tutti.

Bassi, Tromboni, Tuba.

for thee the fair, For us the feast, for thee the fair!

for thee the fair, For us the feast, for thee the fair!

ff

tr

tr

Corni, Fag. dim.

Bassi.

p.

Str. pp

Timp.

dim.

ppp

ROLAND (half conscious).

Andante. *pp*

Ah! to Whittington they speed,

Andante. ♩ = 63.

pp *pp Str. (con sordini.)*

8 Corni.

Thou art with me, faith-ful steed; Bear me where my

love will meet me, Where my E - dith waits to greet me.

poco cres. *pp*

Still her im-age is my guide, E - dith, my be -

cres. *pp*

(becomes again unconscious.)

- loved, my bride!

ppp *dim.* *ppp*

Attacca.

No. 18.

SOLI AND TRIO.—“SEE, MASTER, SEE!”

Andante. ♩ = 69. *pp Con sordin.* *Viola.* *Fl. 2.* *Fl. 1.*

Cello.

(Enter RICHARD and BLONDEL.) BLONDEL.

See, mas-ter! see, ah! true was our fore-

- bod - ing; Our gal-lant knight lies fall-en by the

hand Of das-tard foes—wounded, I fear, to death.

Clar. *pp* *p*

Timp.

RICHARD. *Andante con moto.* ♩ = 92.

Ah, no! my Ro-land owns too fair a life, To per-ish

p Str. senza sordini.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time. The first system shows the piano introduction with a cello part and woodwinds (Viola, Flutes 1 and 2). The second system begins with the vocal entry of Blondel, accompanied by piano chords. The third system continues Blondel's vocal line with piano accompaniment. The fourth system features a clarinet part and piano accompaniment. The fifth system shows Richard's vocal entry with piano accompaniment.

in a mean do-mes-tic strife. He is but stunned; now for the sav-ing skill Taught me by

p
Cello.

those whom I es-sayed to kill. Of healing

B = 100.
♩ = 100.

Fl. *mj* *Ob.* *p* *VI.*

balm and cordial I have store, Boon of my friendly

Cl. *Cor.* *VI.* *p* *Fag.* *Str.* *Cor. mf*

foe of o-rient shore.

Fl. *mj* *Ob.* *Cl.* *Cor.* *Fag.* *cres.*

See, he re-vives! a po-tent cure I'll bring To aid the leech—

f *Ob.* *Str.* *f* *Cor. Fag.* *V*

f.
Ro-land, be-hold your king!

ff Wind.

Un poco più lento. ♩ = 92.

p Str.
Cello.

D ROLAND.
p
Do I wake, or am I dream-ing? Art thou real, or on-ly

ten. *p*

seem-ing? Bid thou not my joy take wing,

cres.
cres. e accel.

BLONDEL.
f
Ro-land, yes, it is the king!

ROLAND. *f*
Yes, thou art in-deed my king!

RICHARD. *f*
Ro-land, yes, I am the king!

f *f* *p*

E *Andante con moto, quasi Allegretto.*

Thou art

mf

Andante con moto, quasi Allegretto. ♩ = 108.

E *vi. cl.*

p *p vi.*

Fag.

mf

I to

come, my roy - al mas - ter, Long for thee my soul has prayed, Fallen am

Rest thee, knight, a short while dal - ly, Ere thou speedest on thy way;

Whit-ting - ton will jour - ney, Armed with harp and voice a - lone; There will

I 'mid sore dis - as - ter, Thou a - lone canst give me aid, . . . Fallen am

Till a - round us we can ral - ly Friends and neighbours

p Wind. *Str.*

Bassi.

I re - late the tour - ney, Veiled . . be - hind a min - strel
 I 'mid sore dis - as - ter, Thou a - lone, . . thou a - lone canst give me
 to the fray, Till a - round us we can ral - ly Friends and neigh - bours to the

Cor.

tone.
 aid. Be thy lion valour
 fray.

f Tutti. *VI. pizz.* *p.*
Timp.

I will sing thy sto - ry near her, Door to harp is ne'er de -
 near me, Where the cow - ard foe has hied,
 Then, where per - il waits to meet thee, Will thy king be at thy

Ob. Fag. *mf* *p Str. pizz.* *mf Wind.*
Bassi.

nied ;

Where in dan - ger lies, I fear me, E - dith, my beloved, my

side ;

p Str. (arco.)

Ob.

p Cor.

Cello.

Fag.

With your com-ing I will cheer her, Mu - - sie helps thee win thy bride.

bride.

Soon thy res-cued love will greet thee, I . . . will help thee win thy bride.

Fl.

Cl.

Ob.

f Tutti.

G

I to

G

Ob.

Fag.

Str.

Cor.

p

Whit-ting-ton will jour-ney, Arm'd with harp and voice a - lone; There will I re-late the
 Thou art come, my roy-al mas-ter, Long for
 Rest thee, knight, a short while dal-ly, Ere thou

Str. pizz. *Cl.* *Cello.*

H *Piu allegro.*
 tour-ney, Veil'd be-hind a min-strel tone. I will sing thy sto-ry
 thee . . my . . soul . . has pray'd. Be thy li-on val-our
 speed-est . . on thy way. *Piu allegro. ♩ = 126.* Then, where per-il waits to

f *f* *f*
f *Tutti.*
Fag.

near her, Door to harp is ne'er de-nied; With your com-ing I will
 near me, Where the cow-ard foe has hied, Where in dan-ger lies, I
 meet thee, Will thy king be at thy side; Soon thy res-cued love will

f *f* *Trombe, Cor.*

cheer her, Mu - sic helps thee win thy bride,
 fear me, E - dith, my be - loved, my bride,
 greet thee, I will help thee win thy bride,

mf *Str.* *f Tutti.*

With your com - ing I will cheer her, Mu - sic helps . . . thee win thy
 Where in dan - ger lies, I fear me, E - dith, my be - loved, my
 Soon thy res - cued love will greet thee, I will help thee win thy

Bassi.

bride.
 bride.
 bride.

ff

SCENE VI.—Interior of Whittington Castle. MORICE is feasting with his retainers and friends; EDITH sits apart in an alcove.

No. 19.

SCENA.—“HEIRESS OF WHITTINGTON.”

Andante. $\text{♩} = 88.$

p Str. *Cl.* *p* *f* *p*

Ob. *Cor.* *Str.* *dim.*

Vl. *A Cl.* *pp* *p* *espress.*

Fag. *Str.* *cres.* *pp*

cres. *pp*

B EDITH. *a tempo.*

Heir - ess of Whittington-- yet not its rul - er! *a tempo.*

p Str. *Cl.* *p*

Not ev - en mis-tress of my - self! *Str.* *poco stringendo.* Ah!

p *sf*

why A few short hours a - gone al - low me sip The wine of hope;

Ob. *p* *(Cor. added.)* *f Str.*

Fag.

then dash it from my lips, And force on me this full and bit - ter cup?

f *p Cor. Fag.*

C *Andante.*

Andante. ♩ = 66.

VI. *Cl.* *p* *Fag.* *dim.*

Bassi.

When I a - rose on yes - ter morn My soul was prey to anx - ious

p Str.

Ob.

fear; .. But sor - row fled, and joy was born When I be - held my Ro - land

Cl. *Cor.* *Viola.* *Str.*

near. Kind Heaven, to whom I oft had

D *Fl. & Ob.* *Cor.* *p Str.*

prayed, When per - il dark - ly seemed to lower, Had sent his val - iant

Cl. *p* *Fag.*

arm to aid And save . . . me from a ty - rant's

Vi. *sf* *p Str.* *f Wind.*

Bassi.

E *Un poco più mosso.*

power.

Un poco più mosso. ♩ = 84.

Cor.

f Str.

He hies to bat-tle; all the

day, 'Mid hope and fear's al - ter - nate sway My champion's coming I a - wait, And long to

*p Str.**Tempo lmo.*

F

meet him at the gate.

Tempo lmo. ♩ = 66.

Cl.

*p Fag.**Str.*

A - las! my ha - ted kins - man reigns, And waves the

p Str.

gace of tri - umph high ; Fallen is my Ro - land ; what re -

p
cl.
p *cres.* *p Str.*

- mains For E - dith but to pine and die!

dim. *Ob.* *Fag.* *pp Str.* *pp*

G *Moderato, poco Andante.*

Moderato, poco Andante. ♩ = 92.
(BLONDEL'S harp is heard without.)

pp Arpa.

poco a poco cres. *cres.*

H *Allegro con molto fuoco.*

Allegro con molto fuoco. ♩ = 100.

dim. *ff Tutti.* Ped. 3

Die! . . . ah! no! . . . fresh hope in -

ff Tutti Wind. Ped. *

- spires me, Borne to me . . . on mu - sic's

f *Fl. Cl.* *f* *Str.* *Fl. Vl.*

voice; Hea - ven with new cour - age fires me, Bids me once a - gain re -

f *Fl. Ob.*

I

joice.

f Tutti.

f

"Heed thou not the mad ca - rous - al, End - ed soon will be their

vl.

p Wind.

glee; Fear thou not a sad es - pous - al, Ro - land lives to set thee

cres.

K

free." . .

ff Tutti.

ff

Ro - land lives ! great Heaven, I praise Thee, Thou hast

Ped. * *Wind.* *Str.*

chased the gloom - y night; Speed, my love, ah! speed to

Str. Wind. *vl.*

raise me In - to free-dom's glo - rious light, Speed, my love, ah! speed to

Str.

raise me In - to free-dom's glo - rious light,

ff Tutti.

Ossia.

glo - - - rious light.

In - to free - - - dom's glo - - - rious light.

Wind.

ff Tutti.

Tutti.

L.H.

No. 20. CHORUS, WITH SOLI.—“QUAFF THE MEAD FROM BRIMMING MEASURE.”

Allegro. ♩ = 88.

The musical score is arranged in systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a 2/4 time signature and a tempo of 88. The instrumentation includes *ff* Str. Corni., Wind., and Str. Corni. The second system continues the instrumental introduction with Str., Wind., Str., Wind., and Str. The third system features Wind. and Str. parts. The vocal parts enter in the fourth system with the lyrics "Quaff the mead from brimming". The Tenor part is marked with a fermata and the letter 'A', and the Bass part is marked with a fermata and the letter 'A'. The fifth system shows the instrumental accompaniment for the vocal entry, with Str., Wind., and Str. Trombe, Corni. The sixth system contains the vocal lines with the lyrics "mea - sure, Hail to thee, vic - to - rious lord!". The seventh system continues the instrumental accompaniment with Wind. and *Tutti, senza Tromboni.* The final system concludes the piece with Wind. parts.

Hence with strife, and wel - come plea - sure, Wel - come
Hence with strife, and wel - come plea - sure, Wel - come

Str. *Wind.*

to our mer - ry board, wel - come pleasure, wel - come
to our mer - ry board, Hence with strife, hence with strife,

B. *vz.*

2nd TENOR.
plea - sure, wel - come, wel - come to our mer - ry board.
1st Bass.
Wel - come, wel - come to our mer - ry board.

Wind.

C SOPRANO.
mp.
 Gloom is min - gled with our glad - ness While our la - dy . .

ALTO.
mp.
 Gloom is min - gled with our glad - ness While our la - dy . .

C
mp.
Fl.

Bassi pizz.

sighs . . a - lone ; Though we sing, . . a tinge of

sighs a - lone ; Though we sing, . .

Fl. Cl.
p
Ob.

sad - ness O - ver - shades . . each glee - - ful

a tinge of sad - ness O - ver - shades . . each glee - ful

Cornet.

D
 tone.

D
 tone.

f Str. Cornet.
Wind.

SOPRANO. *f*

ALTO. Quaff the mead from brim-ning mea-sure, Hail to

TENOR. Quaff the mead from brim-ning mea-sure, Hail to

BASS. Quaff the mead from brim-ning mea-sure, Hail to

Quaff the mead from brim-ning mea-sure, Hail to

Tutti. *Wind.* *Tutti.*

thee, vic-tor-ious lord! Hence with strife, and wel-come

thee, vic-tor-ious lord! Hence with strife, and wel-come

thee, vic-tor-ious lord! Hence with strife, and wel-come

thee, vic-tor-ious lord! Hence with strife, and wel-come

thee, vic-tor-ious lord! Hence with strife, and wel-come

Wind. *Tutti.*

plea-sure, Wel-come to our mer-ry board, Hence with strife,

plea-sure, Wel-come to our mer-ry board, Hence with strife,

plea-sure, Wel-come to our mer-ry board, wel-come

plea-sure, Wel-come to our mer-ry board, wel-come

Wind. *f.*

hence with strife, Wel - come, wel - come to our mer - ry
 hence with strife, Wel - come, wel - come to our mer - ry
 pleasure, wel - come plea - sure, wel - come to our mer - ry
 pleasure, wel - come plea - sure, wel - come to our mer - ry

board.
 board.
 board.
 board.

Str. *Wind.* *Str.* *Wind.*

F

mf
 Rouse thee,
mf
 Rouse thee,

F

Corni. *Str. pizz.* *Corni.* *Str.* *Corni. Rag.* *mf*

mf
Rouse thee, la - dy, from thy sor-row,
Rouse thee, la - dy, from thy sor-row,
la - dy, from thy sor-row, Sit thou not in grief a -
la - dy, from thy sor-row, Sit thou not in grief a -
Wind.

Bassi, pizz.

Sit thou not in grief a - part; Chase to - day, and hail to -
Sit thou not in grief a - part; Chase to - day, and hail to -
- part; Chase to - day, and hail to -
- part; Chase to - day, and hail to -
G *f* *Str. Wind.*
Corn.

- mor - row, Let not gloom pos - sess thy heart.
- mor - row, Let not gloom pos - sess thy heart.
- mor - row, Let not gloom pos - sess thy heart.
- mor - row, Let not gloom pos - sess thy heart.

ff

High the joy - ous mead - cup raise, Feast and

ff

High the joy - ous mead - cup raise, Feast and

ff

High the joy - ous mead - cup raise, Feast and

ff

High the joy - ous mead - cup raise, Feast and

ff *Tutti.* *Brass.* *ff* *Tutti.*

ff *Brass.*

song this eve shall reign ; Our lord, our

ff

song this eve shall reign ; Our lord, our

ff

song this eve shall reign ; Our lord, our

ff

song this eve shall reign ; Our lord, our

ff *Tutti.* *Brass.*

la - - dy, greet - ing,

la - - dy, greet - ing,

la - - dy, greet - ing,

la - - dy, greet - ing,

la - - dy, greet - ing,

praise, And wel - come to your wide do - main, Our

praise, And wel - come to your wide do - main, Our

praise, And wel - come to your wide do - main, Our

praise, And wel - come to your wide do - main, Our

lord, our la - dy,

lord, our la - dy,

lord, our la - dy,

lord, our la - dy,

greet - ing, praise, And wel - come to your

greet - ing, praise, And wel - come to your

greet - ing, praise, And wel - come to your

greet - ing, praise, And wel - come to your

wide . . . do - main.

wide . . . do - main.

wide . . . do - main.

wide . . . do - main.

I = $\frac{4}{4}$

CHORUS. TENORS.

mf

My lord, a min-strel is with -

mf Str. pizz.

MORICE.

- out. Your songs a minstrel's harp re - quire;

vl.

p

Then let him join this fes - tive bout, And with his

mf Wind.

K

(Enter BLONDEL, who accompanies the following Chorus on his harp.)

harp your notes in - spire.

L CHORUS.

Rouse thee,

Rouse thee,

Rouse thee, la - dy, from thy sor - row,

Rouse thee, la - dy, from thy sor - row,

la - dy, from thy sor - row, Sit thou not in grief a -

la - dy, from thy sor - row, Sit thou not in grief a -

Sit thou not in grief a - part; Chase to - day and hail to -

Sit thou not in grief a - part; Chase to - day and hail to -

- part; Chase to - day and hail to -

- part; Chase to - day and hail to -

Arpa. *Cl.* *M* *f* *Str. Wind, Arpa.* *Corni.*

- mor - row, Let not gloom pos - sess thy heart.

- mor - row, Let not gloom pos - sess thy heart.

- mor - row, Let not gloom pos - sess thy heart.

- mor - row, Let not gloom pos - sess thy heart.

f High the joy - ous mead-cup raise, Feast and

f High the joy - ous mead-cup raise, Feast and

f High the joy - ous mead-cup raise, Feast and

f High the joy - ous mead-cup raise. Feast and

f *Tutti.* *Brass.* *Tutti.*

song this eve shall reign ; Our lord, our
 song this eve shall reign ; Our lord, our
 song this eve shall reign ; Our lord, our
 song this eve shall reign ; Our lord, our

ff *N*

ff *N*

ff *N*

ff *N*

ff *Tutti.*

Brass.

la - dy, greet - ing, praise,
 la - dy, greet - ing, praise,
 la - dy, greet - ing, praise,
 la - dy, greet - ing, praise,

. And wel - come to your wide . . . do - main !
 . And wel - come to your wide . . . do - main !
 . And wel - come to your wide . . . do - main !
 . And wel - come to our wide . . . do - main !

MORICE.

'Tis well, my min-strel, 'tis full well; But can you not ex-ert a spell To charm a -

- way this la-dy's fear, And bid her join our fes-tal cheer?

Poco Andante.
a tempo.

Poco Andante. 76.
mp Arpt.
a tempo.

BLONDEL

My lord, it is the min-strel's care To charm the hours of la-dy fair:

My la-dy, lis-ten to my tale, May-hap o'er sor-row 'twill pre-vail.

No. 21. SONG AND DUETTINO.—“THE LARK TO HEAVEN UPSOARED.”

Andantino moderato. $\text{♩} = 76.$ *Sva.* *tr.* *Picc.* *tr.* *tr.*

Arpa. *Cor.* *Arpa.* *Str.* *Arpa.* *Str.*

Sva. *tr.* *tr.* *tr.*

Arpa. *Str.* *Cl.* *Arpa.* *Str.* *Cl.*

Sva. *tr.* *Arpa.*

A **BLONDEL.**

The lark . . . to heaven up-soared, And

as toward the sun he gazed His mel-o-dy he raised; *Sva.* *tr.* *Picc.*

sf *p* *f* *Tutti.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with an instrumental introduction in G major, 9/8 time, marked 'Andantino moderato' with a tempo of 76 quarter notes per minute. The score is divided into four systems. The first system features a vocal line with trills and a piano accompaniment with arpeggiated figures and woodwind parts (Piccolo and Cor Anglais). The second system continues the instrumental introduction with clarinet and arpeggiated piano parts. The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The fourth system is the vocal duettino, starting with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: 'The lark . . . to heaven up-soared, And as toward the sun he gazed His mel-o-dy he raised;'. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings of *sf*, *p*, and *f*, and concludes with a *Tutti* section.

B

Sra.

But as he sang, a cloudy horde

tr.

p Cl.

Fag.

cres.

Dark - en'd the orb of day; 'Twas but an in - stant; there up - rose From

Str.

f Arpa.

Wind.

south a fresh' - ning breeze and strong, And soon with yet more bril-liant

f Str.

Arpa.

ray Un - cloud - ed the life-giv - er glows. The gloom - y clouds in

f Arpa.

p Str.

C

ter - ror fled, Sra.

Picc.

mf

tr.

Arpa.

Cor.

Str.

Sra. *tr* The lark, . . . with joy - ous

Cor.

Arpa.

song, . . . To tell the tale . . has hi - ther sped, The lark, . . with joy - ous

Arpa.

Wind.

fp

song, To tell the tale has hi - ther sped.

Sra. *tr*

Picc. *tr*

p Cor.

Arpa.

Str.

D *Poco Allegro.* EDITH (aside), *sotto voce.*

p

Poco Allegro. ♩ = 126. Ah! were that sun my own loved lord, The

Sra.

vl. (con sordini.)

Bassi.

fav - ring breeze his king, The driv - en cloud this ty - rant horde - Sing

f

on, oh! minstrel, sing!

Tempo lmo. $\text{♩} = 76.$

Svc. tr. *Picc.* *tr.*

f *Arpa. p* *Cor.* *Cor.* *Cor.*

Str. *Arpa.* *Str.*

BLONDEL.

Svc. A - gain . . . the lark up-soared, And

Arpa. *p.*

as he o'er the landscape gazed, His mel - o - dy he raised.

Svc. tr. *Picc.*

f *p* *f* *Tutti.*

F

Svc. Lo! as he sang, . . . a vul-ture

tr. *p Str.* *Arpa.*

horde . . . As-sailed an ea - gle, who his prey . . . Had brought to earth; but

f *Cl.* *f* *Str. pizz., Arpa.*

see! there springs From east a li - on fierce and strong And min - gles in the

The first system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "see! there springs From east a li - on fierce and strong And min - gles in the".

dead - ly fray.

Cor. Fag. *Cl.* *mf*

Arpa.

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a fermata over the word "fray." and then continues with "The lord - ly bird . . . to ey - rie wings, The". The piano accompaniment includes a section for the Arpa (harp) and a section for the Cor. (Coronet) and Fag. (Fagot). The lyrics are: "dead - ly fray. The lord - ly bird . . . to ey - rie wings, The".

The lord - ly bird . . . to ey - rie wings, The

f Str. Arpa. *Cl.* *p* *Fag.*

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a fermata over "The" and then continues with "car - rion brood . . in ter - ror fled; Sva . . .". The piano accompaniment includes a section for the Str. Arpa (Stringed Arpa) and a section for the Cl. (Clarinet) and Fag. (Fagot). The lyrics are: "The lord - ly bird . . . to ey - rie wings, The car - rion brood . . in ter - ror fled; Sva . . .".

car - rion brood . . in ter - ror fled; Sva . . .

Picc. *mf* *3* *Cor.* *Str.*

The fourth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a fermata over "Sva . . ." and then continues with "The". The piano accompaniment includes a section for the Picc. (Piccolo) and a section for the Cor. (Coronet) and Str. (Strings). The lyrics are: "car - rion brood . . in ter - ror fled; Sva . . . The".

The

Sva. *tr.* *Arpa.*

The fifth system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a fermata over "The" and then continues with "The". The piano accompaniment includes a section for the Arpa (harp). The lyrics are: "The The".

lark, . . . with joy - ous song, . . . To tell the tale . . has hi - ther

Cor.

Arpa.

ped, The lark, . . with joy - ous song, To tell the tale has hi - ther

Wind.

fp

Arpa.

ped.

Sva tr

Picc.

p Cor.

Str.

I Poco Allegro.

Poco Allegro. - 126.

Vl. (con sordini.)

Edrrh (aside) sotto voce.

Were but that ea - gle my own lord, The li - on were his

Bassi.

king, The vulture brood this ty - rant horde— Sing on! oh! minstrel, sing!

f

K Tempo 1mo.

Tempo 1mo. ♩ = 76.

Once

Sva. tr. Picc.

Arpa. p

Cor.

Arpa.

Str.

more . . the lark up - soared, And as he o'er a tour - ney

p

gazed His mel - o - dy he raised.

Sva. tr. Picc.

sf

p

f

Tutti.

Lo! as he sang, a ruf - fian

Sva. tr.

f

Str.

horde O'erwhelmed a knight, while on his way From vic - to - ry;

f Tutti.

migh - - ty king, Li-on in heart, as li - on strong, Re -

Arpa, Wood.

stored his vas-sal for the fray. Him to his

Cor. *p.* *tr.* *p.* *Str. Arpa.*

true love will he bring, And fill his coward foes with dread.

Sva. *tr.* *Picc.* *f* *Cor.* *Str.* *p cl.* *Fag.*

The

Sva. *tr.* *Arpa.*

lark, . . . with joy - ous song, . . . To tell the tale . has hi - ther

Cor. *Arpa.*

EDITH (*joyously*).

The

sped, The lark, . . with joy - ous song, To tell the tale has hi - - ther

Wind.
fp *Arpa.*

N *DUETTINO. Più animato.*

knight! . . he is my own loved lord; The king! . . he is our

sped. *Più animato.* ♩ = 92. 'Tis true, . . the knight is thy loved lord; The

Sca. *tr.* *tr.* *tr.*

N *Picc.* *f* *Tutti.*

king, . . He'll chase from hence . . this ty - rant horde, He'll

king! . . he is our king; He'll chase from hence this ty - rant

Sca. *tr.* *tr.*

chase . . . from hence this ty - rant horde, Sing with me,
 horde, He'll chase from hence this ty - rant horde, The joy - ful news I

Sua...
f *Arpa.*

sing with me! min - strel, min - strel, sing!
 sing, The joy - ful news I sing!

Cor.
ff

Attacca.

No. 22. FINALE.—“MINSTREL, WHAT MEANS THIS TRAITOROUS LAY ? ’

Allegro maestoso. MORICE.

Min - strel, what means this traitorous lay so

Allegro maestoso. ♩ = 100.
f str. *sf* *p*

bold? Ho! var - lets! quick, con - vey him to the hold!

f *p* *Trombe.*

call is heard without.) BLONDEL.
 Too late, proud

lord, it is too late, Your master thunders at the

f Str. Timp.

gate!
Trombe.
più f
Str. Timp.
trem.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It features a vocal line for Morice and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a prominent string tremolo in the right hand and a rhythmic pattern in the left hand. The score is divided into several systems, each with vocal and piano staves. Dynamics range from piano (p) to fortissimo (ff), and the tempo is marked 'Allegro maestoso'.

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.

Too late, my lord, it is too late!

p

Cl. *Trombe, Ob.*

p *f* *Str.*

Fag. *trén.*

Hark! yet a - gain the trum-pet call, See, at his will the drawbridge

Hark! yet a - gain the trum-pet call, See, at his will the drawbridge

Hark! yet a - gain the trum-pet call, See, at his will the drawbridge

Hark! yet a - gain the trum-pet call, See, at his will the drawbridge

f *f* *f* *f*

Str. Wind.

B

fall, A-cross the nar-row path they pour, Be -

fall, A-cross the path they pour, Be -

fall, A - cross the nar-row, narrow path they pour, Be -

fall, A-cross the narrow path, the nar-row path they pour, Be -

B

f *Str.*

BLONDEL. *Più lento.*

Said I not tru - ly 'tis too late? Bend thee, proud

- fore him shattered is the door.

- fore him shattered is the door.

- fore him shattered is the door.

- fore him shattered is the door.

f Tutti. *Più lento.* *p Wind.*

lord, be-fore thy fate!

Bend thee, proud lord, be - fore thy fate!

Bend thee, proud lord, be - fore thy fate!

Bend thee, proud lord, be - fore thy fate!

Bend thee, proud lord, be - fore thy fate!

p Str. Ob.

C
Allegro.

MORICE. *f*

Thou

Allegro. ♩ = 138.

f Str. >

> *Ob. Cor. added.*

tra - tor min - strel knave,

Per - di - tion on thee light ;

f

Shall from my ve - ry grasp be torn The prize of hard - won fight?

Ob.

dim.

Bassi.

trem.

D
Andante. (Enter RICHARD, ROLAND, and followers.)

p

Ha ! Ro - land do I see

Andante. ♩ = 63. *Viola.*

pp

Cl.

A - ris - en from the dead ;

My vic - tims e'en to

Tromboni added.

Brass.

sfp

EDITH. E *Allegro moderato*. ♩ = 96.

My Ro-land, is it thou? Ah!

ROLAND. *f*

My

life re-tum For ven-geance on my head!

Tromboni. *pp* *E Cl.* *f* *fag.* *f* *Vl.* *Bassi.*

joy that crowns the day; . . . True was the hope that

E - dith, thou art saved, Nor thank my arm a - lone; A

Vl. *Cor.*

in me burned, And true the minstrel's lay, . . . True was the hope that

might - ier power has won thy cause, The power of England's throne, A

Ob. *Cor.* *Ob.*

in me burned, And true, . . . and true . . . the min - strel's lay . . .
 might - ier power has won thy cause, The power of Eng - land's throne.

Vz
fag. *poco cres.* *f*

rall. **F** *Poco più maestoso.*
 To thee, too, gracious prince, My tri - bute I will
 Wel - come, our no - ble prince, Our li - on - heart - ed

rall. **F** *Poco più maestoso.* = 80.
f *Wind.*

bring; From sla - ve - ry I am set free, By lov - er
 king; From ty - ran - ny he comes to free, And peace a -

p

and by king.
 gain to bring.

f Str. *rall.*

G Più Andante.

Nor in this hour of

Più Andante. ♩ = 84.

mf Arpa. *p*

joy For - get the power of song ; Though might - ty was the war - rior's arm, Yet

sf

mel - o - dy was strong ; Then to our no - ble prince My

Cor. Fag. sustain.

tri - bute I will bring, . . With harp and voice . . I ce - lebrate Our

li - on - heart - ed king.

mf *cres.*

RICHARD.

I *Maestoso.*

Mo- rice, behold thy king, Thy

f *Str. Fl. Ob. Fag.* *f Str.*

rule . . is at an end; Nor grace a-lone from Rich - ard ask, But grace from Rich-ard's

p *p Fag.*

friend; 'Gainst him whom thou hast wronged, Hence-forth all plot-ting cease, Re -

Str. *poco cres.*

- form thy ill-spent life, and turn To am - i - ty and peace.

p Str. *Str. Fl.*

MORICE.

Sir Knight, I par - don crave That I have done thee

pp *Str.*

wrong; Thee, too, oh la - dy fair, and thee, King mer - ci - ful and strong. Let

Fl. Viola.
p Wind.
Bassi.

me the wel - come join, And late my trib - ute bring, Thy

vi.

loy - al vas - sal I will be, . . Oh li - on - heart - ed

Str.
dim. *pp*

M *Andante.* **EDITH.**

Free - ly as thou dost

ROLAND.

Free - ly as thou dost

RICHARD.

king. Free - ly as thou dost

M *Andante.* $\text{♩} = 72.$

p Wind. *sf* *p*

ask, . . So free - ly we for - give, And wel - come thee hence .

ask, . . So free - ly we for - give, And wel - come thee hence - forth as

ask, So free - ly we for - give, And wel - come thee hence -

- forth as friend, henceforth as friend, we welcome thee henceforth as friend, . . In

friend, . . In har - mo - ny to live, and wel - come thee henceforth as friend, in

- forth as friend, In har - mo - ny, to live, and wel - come thee . . henceforth as friend, in

har - mo - ny . . . to live.

har - mo - ny to live.

har - mo - ny to live.

N Maestoso. $\text{♩} = 84.$

f Str. Wind.

RICHARD.

So brave an arm as thine . . . Our Eng - land can - not

p Str.

spare ; In Eng - land's hon - our and in mine Thou from this day wilt

Wind.

Andante con moto.
EDITH.

To thee, oh gra-cious

BLONDEL.

Then to our no-ble

ROLAND.

Wel-come, our no-ble

RICHARD.

MORICE. *f*

share. The wel - come I will

CHORUS.

f Wel - come our no - ble prince,

f Wel - come our no - ble prince,

f Wel - come our no - ble prince,

f Wel - come our no - ble prince,

Andante con moto. $\text{♩} = 88.$

f

Tutti, senza Tromboni. *Arpa, Wind.*

prince, My tri - - bute I . . will bring, From
 prince, My tri - bute I . . will bring, With
 prince. Our li - on - heart - ed king,
 join, And late my tri-bute bring,
 Wel - come our no - ble prince, . . Our li - on - heart - ed
 Wel - come our no - ble prince, Our li - on - heart - ed
 Wel - come our no - ble prince, Our li - on - heart - ed
 Wel - come our no - ble prince, Our li - on - heart - ed
Tutti. *Arpa.* *Tutti.*

sla - ve - ry I am set free, from sla - ve - ry I am set free, By lov - er
 harp and voice I ce - le - brate, with harp and voice I ce - le - brate Our li - on -
 From ty - ran - ny he comes to free, And peace a - gain, and peace a -
 Thy loy - al vas - sal I will be, O li - on - heart - ed, li - on -
 king,
 king,
 king,
 king,
f Arpa.

P

and by king.
heart-ed king.
- gain to bring.
- heart-ed king.

f
From ty - ran-ny he comes to free, .. from ty - ran-ny he comes to
From ty - ran-ny he comes to free, .. from ty - ran-ny he comes to
From ty - ran-ny he comes to free, .. from ty - ran-ny he comes to
From ty - ran-ny he comes to free, .. from ty - ran-ny he comes to
From ty - ran-ny he comes to free, .. from ty - ran-ny he comes to
f *Tutti*

f
From sla - ve - ry am I set
With harp and voice I
From ty - ran - ny he
Thy loy - al vas - sal I will be, O

free, And peace a - gain to bring.
free, And peace a - gain to bring.
free, And peace a - gain to bring.
free, And peace a - gain to bring.
Arpa.

free By lov - - -

ce - lebrate Our li - - on - heart - ed king.

comes to free, And peace a - gain to bring.

li - - on - heart - - - ed king.

f From ty - ran - ny he comes to free, from ty - ran - ny he comes to

f From ty - ran - ny he comes to free, from ty - ran - ny he comes to

f From ty - ran - ny he comes to free, from ty - ran - ny he comes to

f From ty - ran - ny he comes to free, from ty - ran - ny he comes to

f *Tutti.*

er and by King.

Our li - on - heart - ed king.

and peace a - gain to bring.

Our li - on - heart - ed king.

free, . And peace a - gain to bring.

free, And peace a - gain to bring.

free, . And peace a - gain to bring.

free, And peace a - gain to bring.

Q Allegro. CHORUS.

The gloom is

The gloom is

The gloom is

The gloom is

ff Wind.

van - ish'd That o - verspread the light, Our strife is ban - ish'd, And all a - gain is

van - ish'd That o - verspread the light, Our strife is ban - ish'd, And all a - gain is

van - ish'd That o - verspread the light, Our strife is ban - ish'd, And all a - gain is

van - ish'd That o - verspread the light, Our strife is ban - ish'd, And all a - gain is

bright. Then wake the min-strel

bright. Then wake the min-strel

bright. Then wake the min-strel

bright. Then wake the min-strel

ff Tutti.

harp a-gain, And tune the voice to joy-ful strain ; The gloom is
 harp a-gain, And tune the voice to joy-ful strain ; The gloom is
 harp a-gain, And tune the voice to joy-ful strain ; The gloom is
 harp a-gain, And tune the voice to joy-ful strain ; The gloom is

Str. *f* *Tutti.*

van-ish'd That o-ver-spread the light, Our strife is ban-ish'd And all a-gain is
 van-ish'd That o-ver-spread the light, Our strife is ban-ish'd And all a-gain is
 van-ish'd That o-ver-spread the light, Our strife is ban-ish'd And all a-gain is
 van-ish'd That o-ver-spread the light, Our strife is ban-ish'd And all a-gain is

R
 bright. Our whi-lom foe is now a
 bright. Our whi-lom foe is now a
 bright. Our whi-lom foe is now a
 bright. Our whi-lom foe is now a

R
f *Str.* Wood, Corni.

friend, Our knight has won a faith - ful wife; Un - cloud - ed bliss their home at -

friend, Our knight has won a faith - ful wife; Un - cloud - ed bliss their home at -

friend, Our knight has won a faith - ful wife; Un - cloud - ed bliss their home at -

friend, Our knight has won a faith - ful wife; Un - cloud - ed bliss their home at -

- tend, Hap - py in love and free from strife.

- tend, Hap - py in love and free from strife.

- tend, Hap - py in love and free from strife.

- tend, Hap - py in love and free from strife.

Vi. Ob.

Corni.

S

ff Hail, too,

ff Hail, too,

ff Hail, too,

ff Hail, too,

ff Hail, too,

S

ff Tutti.

our long - a - wait - ed king!

our long - a - wait - ed king!

our long - a - wait - ed king!

our long - a - wait - ed king! With - in his

f

3

Cello, Fag.

Trombe.

Bassi, Tromboni, Tuba, Timp.

With - in his realm let fac - tion

With - in his realm let fac - - - - - tion

With - in his realm let fac - tion cease, with - in his realm let fac - tion

realm let fac - - - - - tion cease, with - in his realm let fac - - - - - tion

Viola, Cl.

Vi. 2, Corni.

Vi. 1. Ob.

T *ff* cease; Let war and an - ar - chy take wing, And Eng - land

cease; Let war and an - ar - chy take wing, And Eng - land

cease; Let war and an - ar - chy take wing, And Eng - land

cease; Let war and an - ar - chy take wing, And Eng - land

T *ff Tutti.*

strong - er grow by peace; Let war and an - ar - chy take

strong - er grow by peace; Let war and an - ar - chy take

strong - er grow by peace; Let war and an - ar - chy take

strong - er grow by peace; Let war and an - ar - chy take

wing, And Eng - land strong - - er grow . . .

wing, And Eng - land strong - er grow . . .

wing, And Eng - land strong - er grow . . .

wing, And Eng - land strong - - er grow . . .

by peace!

by peace!

by peace!

by peace!



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