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CAMILLE W. ZECKWER

THE MISCHIANZA

CANTATA FOR WOMEN'S VOICES
WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT
(TAMBOURIN AND CASTANETS, AD LIB.)

(WITH OR WITHOUT COSTUMES*)

TEXT BY
RICHARD J. BEAMISH

VOCAL SCORE, 60 CENTS

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CARL FISCHER COOPER SQUARE NEW YORK
BOSTON CHICAGO

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0594

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SYNOPSIS OF THE MISCHIANZA

The story of the festival in honor of General Howe's departure from Philadelphia during the British occupation in the Revolutionary War offers colorful material for a musical work, particularly if costumes and effective lighting are to be added to the production.

This musical setting for the dramatic episode shows the grounds of Joseph Wharton, the Quaker Duke, at Walnut Grove, which was in the vicinity of Fourth and Dickinson Streets. The stage shows a gayly costumed throng on the evening of the fete. The song of invitation is gay to the point of jubilation. At its close a company of pierrots in white with black ruffs and black buttons and pierrettes in black gowns with white trimmings burst through the throng and sing their mad-cap song through which runs the melancholy thread of thought for the dying soldiers.

These are succeeded by the octette of courtly dames and beaus who step "the lilting measures of the minuette." The dance comes to a graceful end as a beau and his lady fair sing the old story of love in the moonlight and stroll off among the lantern festooned walnut trees.

Now succeeds a strain that sings of the harem and the desert. It is the immemorial rhapsody of the Orient and it is sung by a group in Persian or Arabian costumes. As its cadence dies away the merry throng bursts into an abandon of care-free frivolity.

A voice that comes like a blow in the face stops the frolic. It is the appeal of a young patriot invoking the name of freedom and crying shame to the Tories of the town. The singer wakes the patriotism of the surging citizens and the scene comes to its close with a magnificent patriotic chant that lifts the colorful spectacle to a dramatic conclusion.

EXTRACTS DESCRIBING THE MISCHIANZA FROM "HUGH WYNNE"

By DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL

At noon I bought an "Observer," and learned that Mr. Howe had lost a spaniel dog, and that there was to be a great festival that night in honour of Sir William Howe's departure for England.

❖ ❖ ❖

My way north took me close to Walnut Grove, the old country-seat of my father's friend, Joseph Wharton, whom, on account of his haughty ways the world's people wickedly called the Quaker duke. The noise of people come to see, and the faint strains of distant music, had for an hour reminded me, as I came nearer the Gardens of Walnut Grove, that what McLane had called the great fandango in honour of Sir William Howe was in full activity. Here in the tall box alleys, as a child, I had many times played, and every foot of the ground was pleasingly familiar.

The noise increased as I approached through the growing darkness; for near where the lane reached the Delaware was a small earthwork, the last of those I needed to visit. I tried after viewing it to cross the double rows of grenadiers who guarded this road, but was rudely repulsed, and thus had need to go back of their line and around the rear of the mansion. When opposite to the outhouses used for servants I paused in the great crowd of townsfolk who were applauding or sullenly listening to the music heard through the open windows. I had no great desire to linger, but as it was dark I feared no recognition, and stayed to listen to the fine band of the Hessians and the wild clash of their cymbals, which, before these Germans came, no one had heard in the colonies.

❖ ❖ ❖

It was meant to honour Sir William Howe, a man more liked than respected, and as a soldier beneath contempt.

❖ ❖ ❖

A great variety of evergreen trees and shrubs gave the house a more shaded look than the season would otherwise have afforded. Among these were

countless lanterns illuminating the grounds, and from the windows on all sides a blaze of light was visible.

❖ ❖ ❖

The walls were covered with mirrors, lent for the occasion, and the room I commanded was beautifully draped with flags and hangings. Young blacks stood at the doors, or came and went with refreshments. These servants were clad in blue and white, with red turbans and metal collars and bracelets. The six Knights of the Blended Roses, or some like silliness, had cast their queer raiments and were in uniform. Their six chosen ladies were still in party-coloured costumes, which were not to my taste. Most of the women -- there were but some threescore, almost all Tories or Moderates -- were in gorgeous brocades and the wide hoop skirts of the day. The extravagance of the costumes struck me. The head-dresses, a foot above the head with aigrets and feathers and an excess of powder, seemed to me quite astonishing.

I stood motionless, caught by the beauty of the moving picture before me. I have ever loved colour, and here was a feast of it hard to equal.

❖ ❖ ❖

They were walking a minuet, and its tempered grace, which I have never ceased to admire, seemed to suit well the splendour of embroidered gowns and the brilliant glow of the scarlet coats. I began to note the faces and to see them plainly, being, as I have said, not fifteen feet away from the window. Sir William Howe was dancing with Miss Redman. I was struck, as others have been, with his likeness to Washington, but his face wanted the undisturbed serenity of our great chief's.

❖ ❖ ❖

I had no right to be there; I was off the track of duty. I stood a moment; the night was dark; lights gleamed far out on the river from the battleships. The strains of their bands fell and rose, faintly heard in the distance.

I saw, as it were before me with distinctness the camp on the windy hill, the half-starved, ragged men, the face of the great chief they loved. Once again I looked back on this contrasting scene of foolish luxury, and turned to go from where I felt I never should have been.

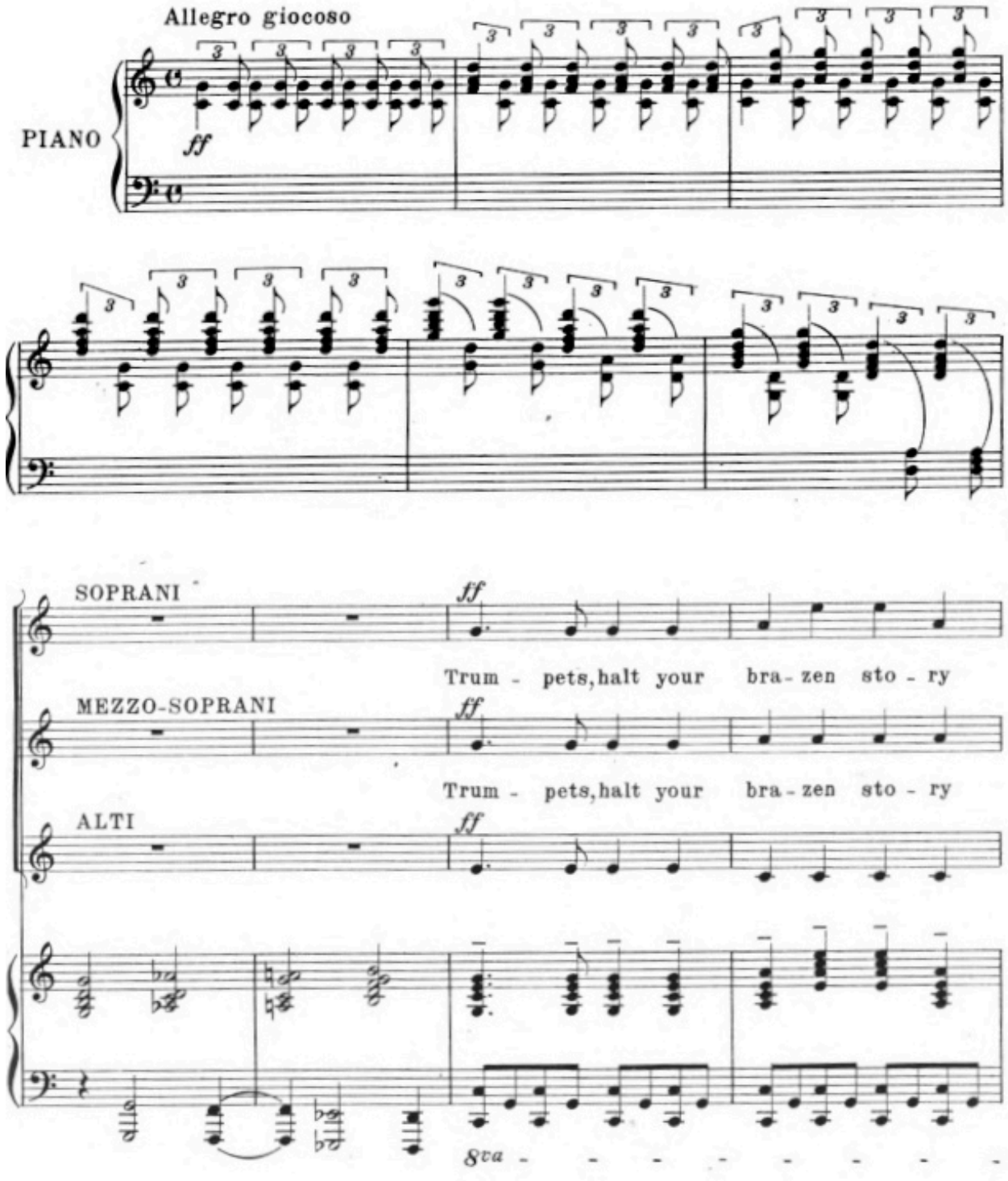
Dedicated to Dr. Herbert J. Tily

The Mischianza

Welcoming Chorus

Words by
RICHARD J. BEAMISH

Music by
CAMILLE W. ZECKWER OP. 34



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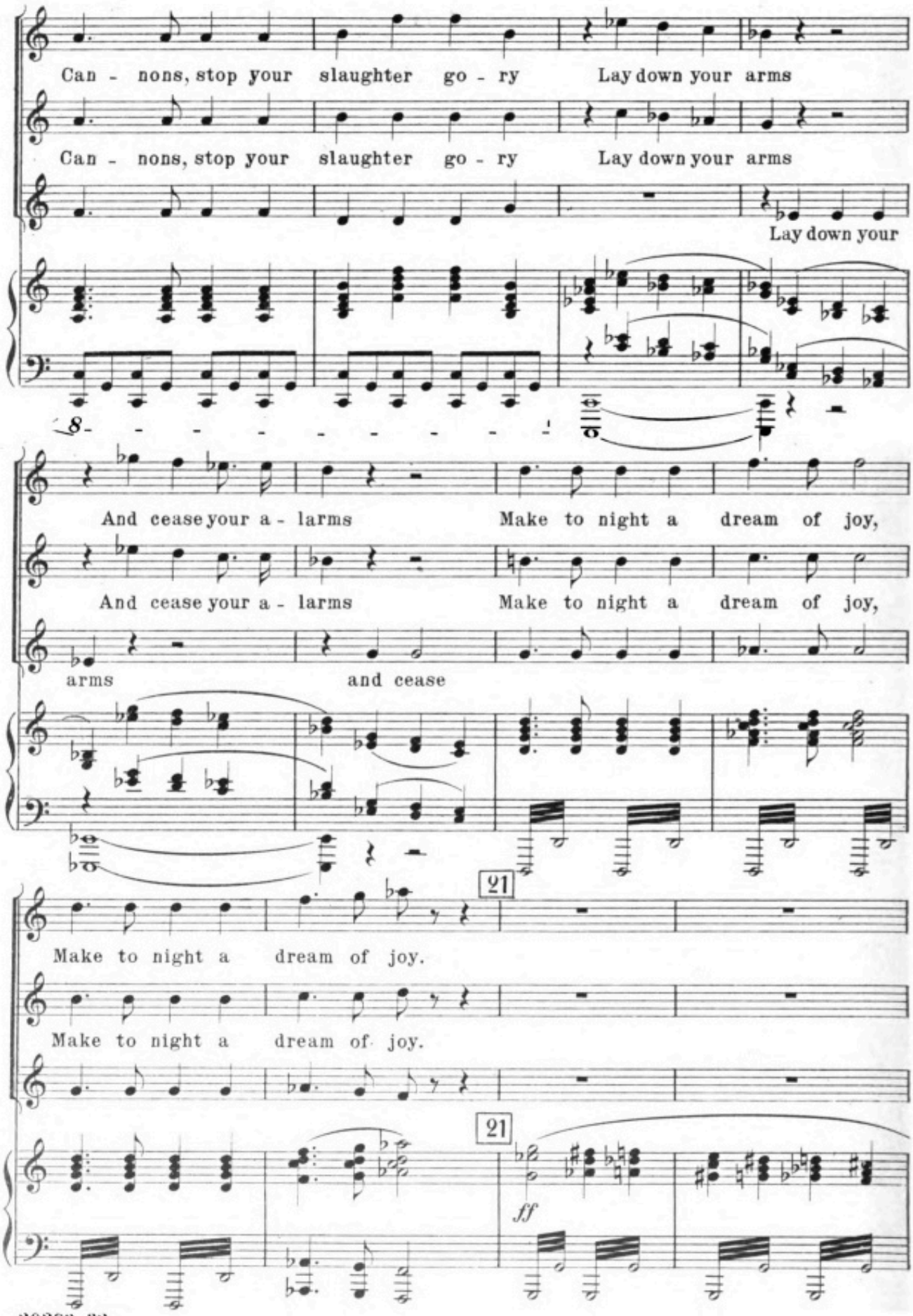
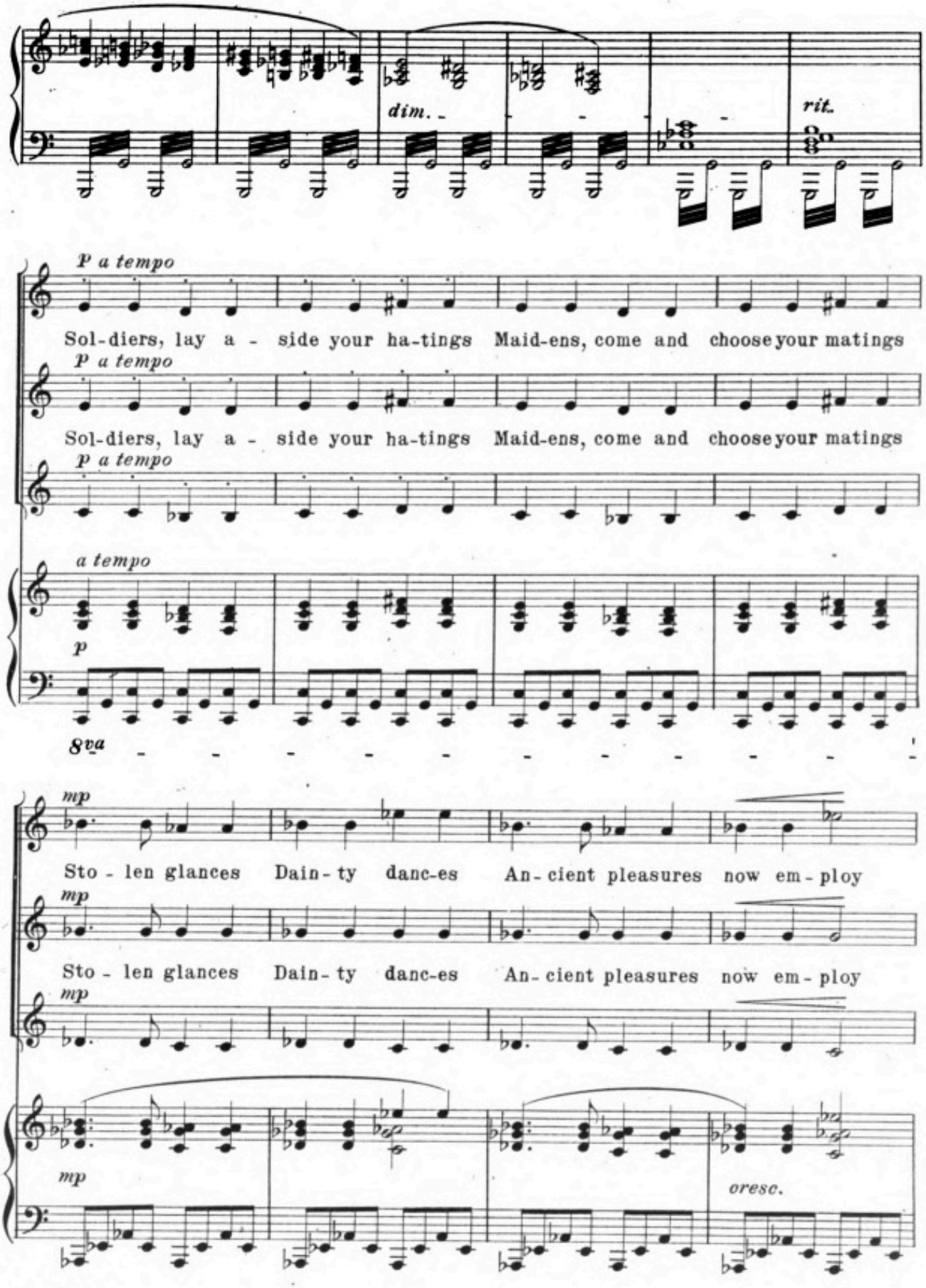
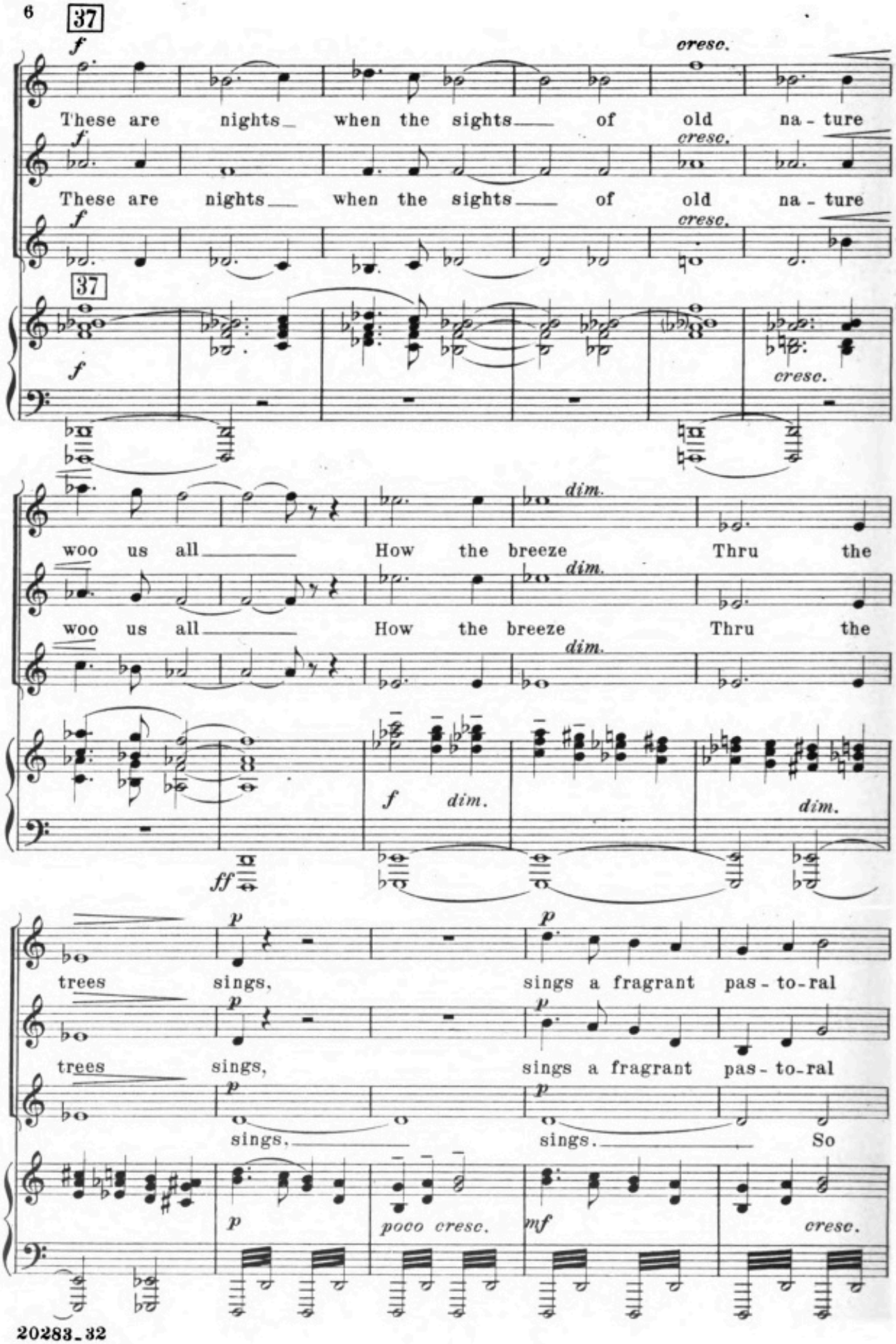
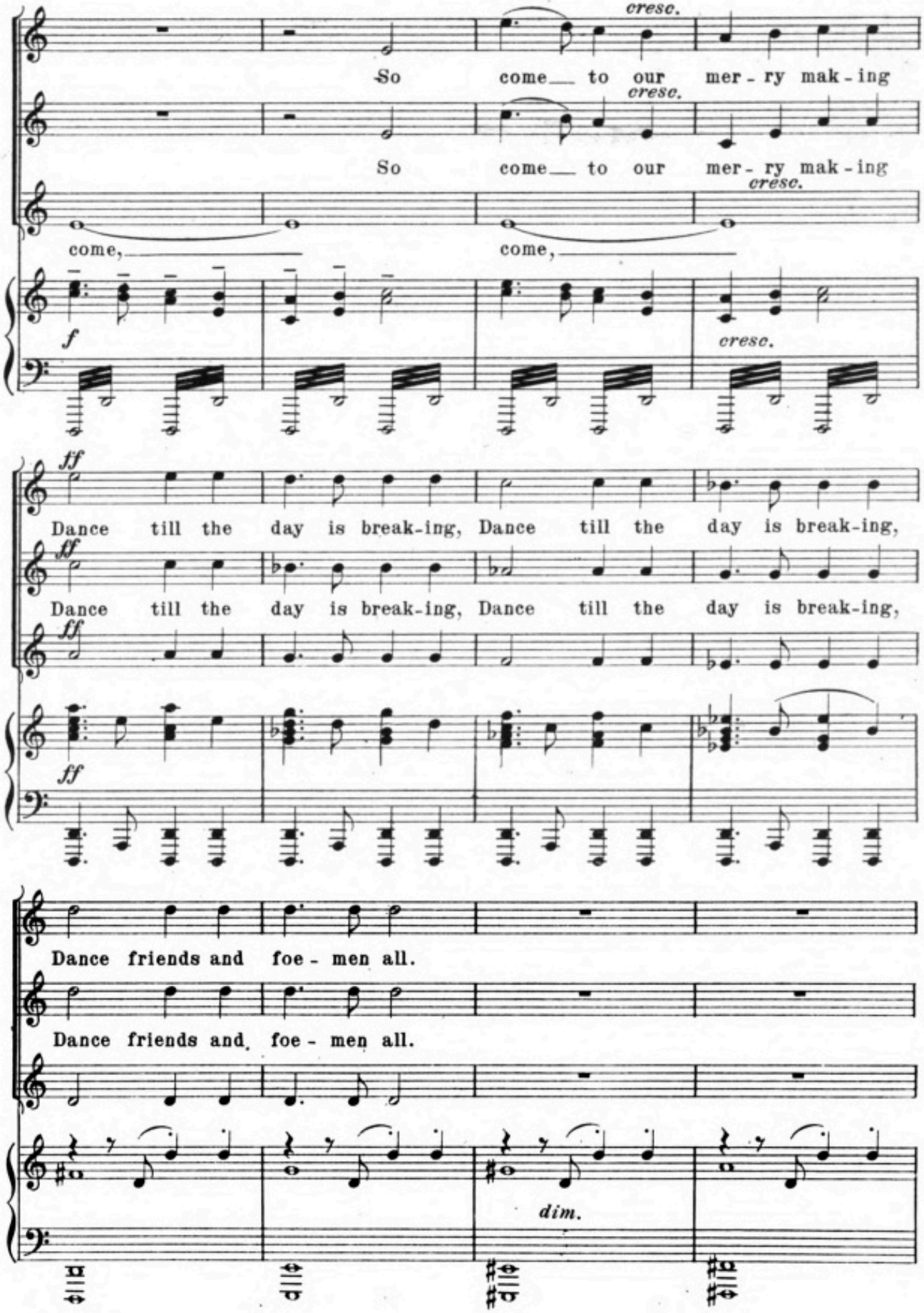
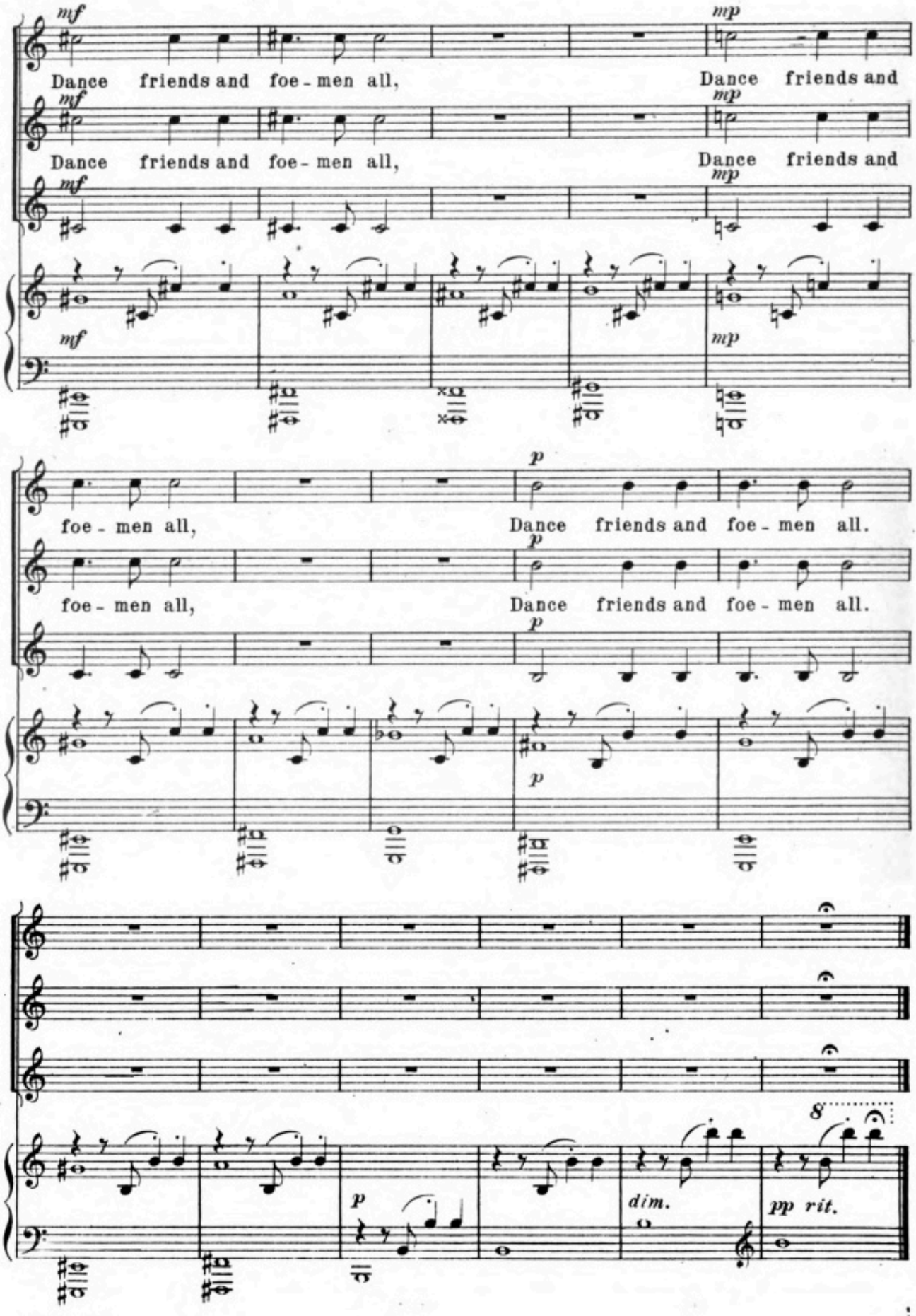

Can - nons, stop your slaughter go - ry Lay down your arms
Can - nons, stop your slaughter go - ry Lay down your arms
Lay down your
8
And cease your a - larms Make to night a dream of joy,
And cease your a - larms Make to night a dream of joy,
arms and cease
21
Make to night a dream of joy.
Make to night a dream of joy.
21
ff

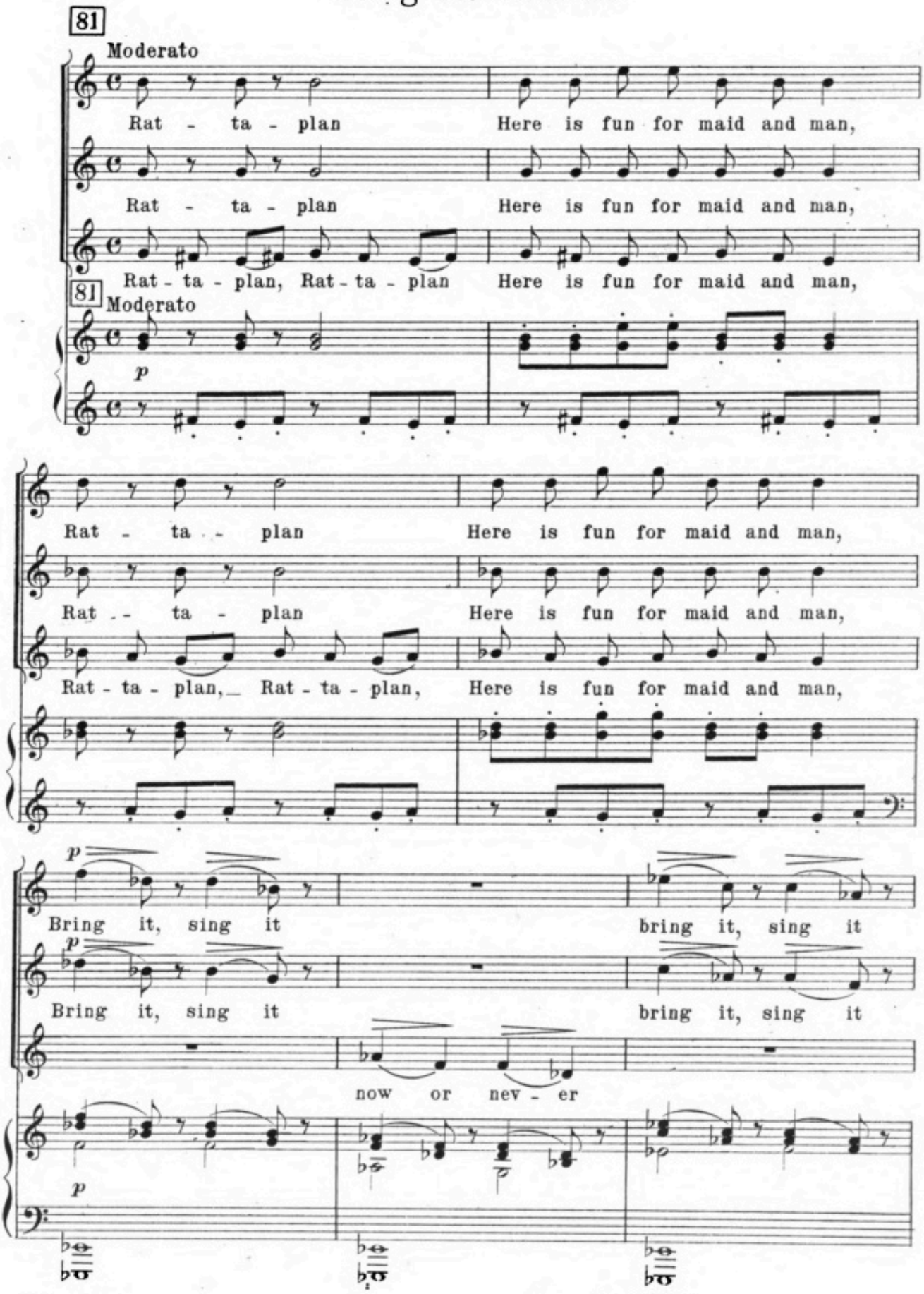

dim.
rit.
P a tempo
Sol-diers, lay a - side your ha-tings Maid-ens, come and choose your matings
P a tempo
Sol-diers, lay a - side your ha-tings Maid-ens, come and choose your matings
P a tempo
a tempo
p
8va
mp
Sto - len glances Dain-ty danc-es An-cient pleasures now em-ploy
mp
Sto - len glances Dain-ty danc-es An-cient pleasures now em-ploy
mp
mp
oresc.

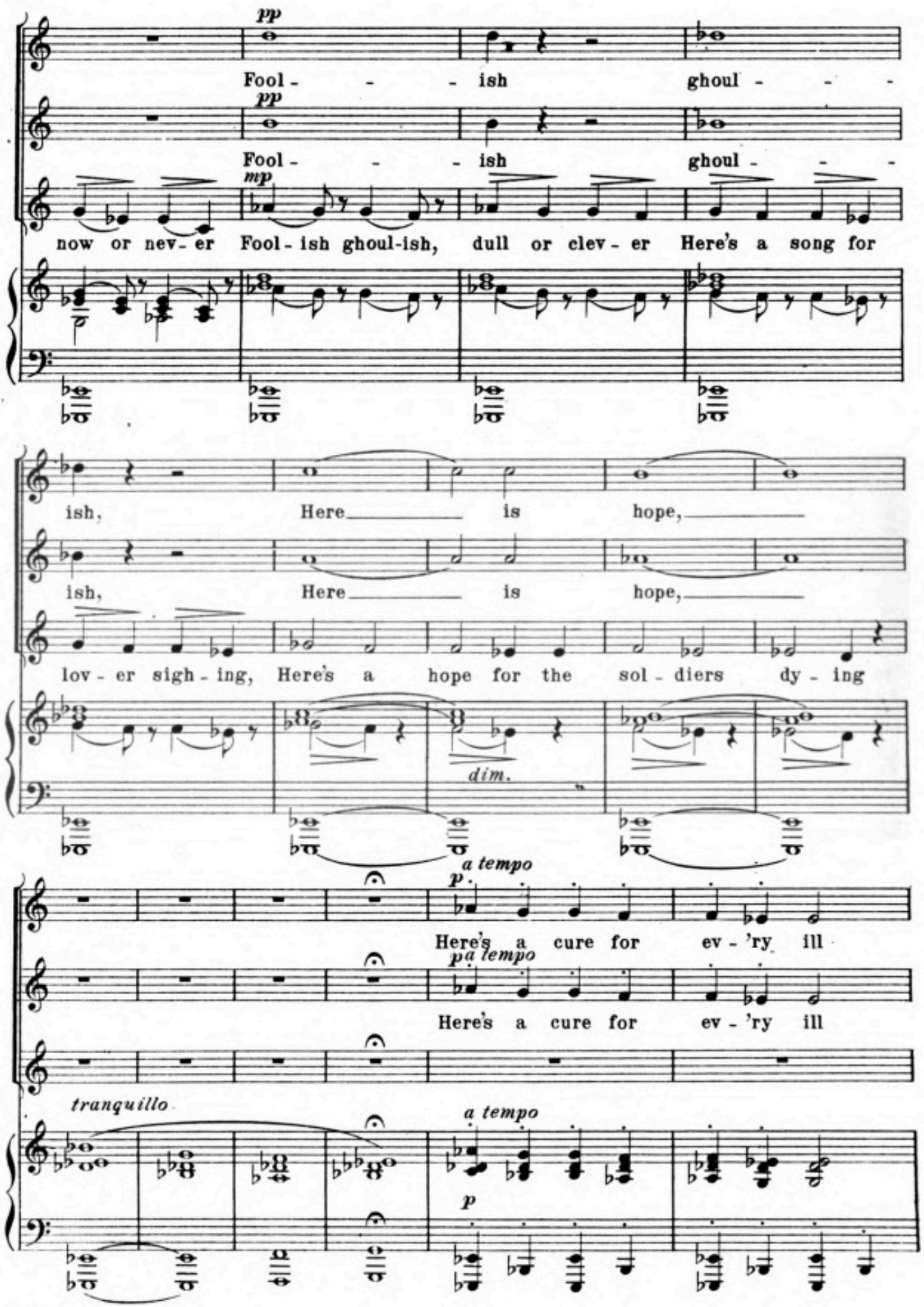

37
f
cresc.
These are nights when the sights of old na - ture
These are nights when the sights of old na - ture
37
f
cresc.
dim.
woo us all How the breeze Thru the
woo us all How the breeze Thru the
f dim.
dim.
ff
p
trees sings, sings a fragrant pas - to-ral
trees sings, sings a fragrant pas - to-ral
sings, sings. So
p
poco cresc.
mf
cresc.

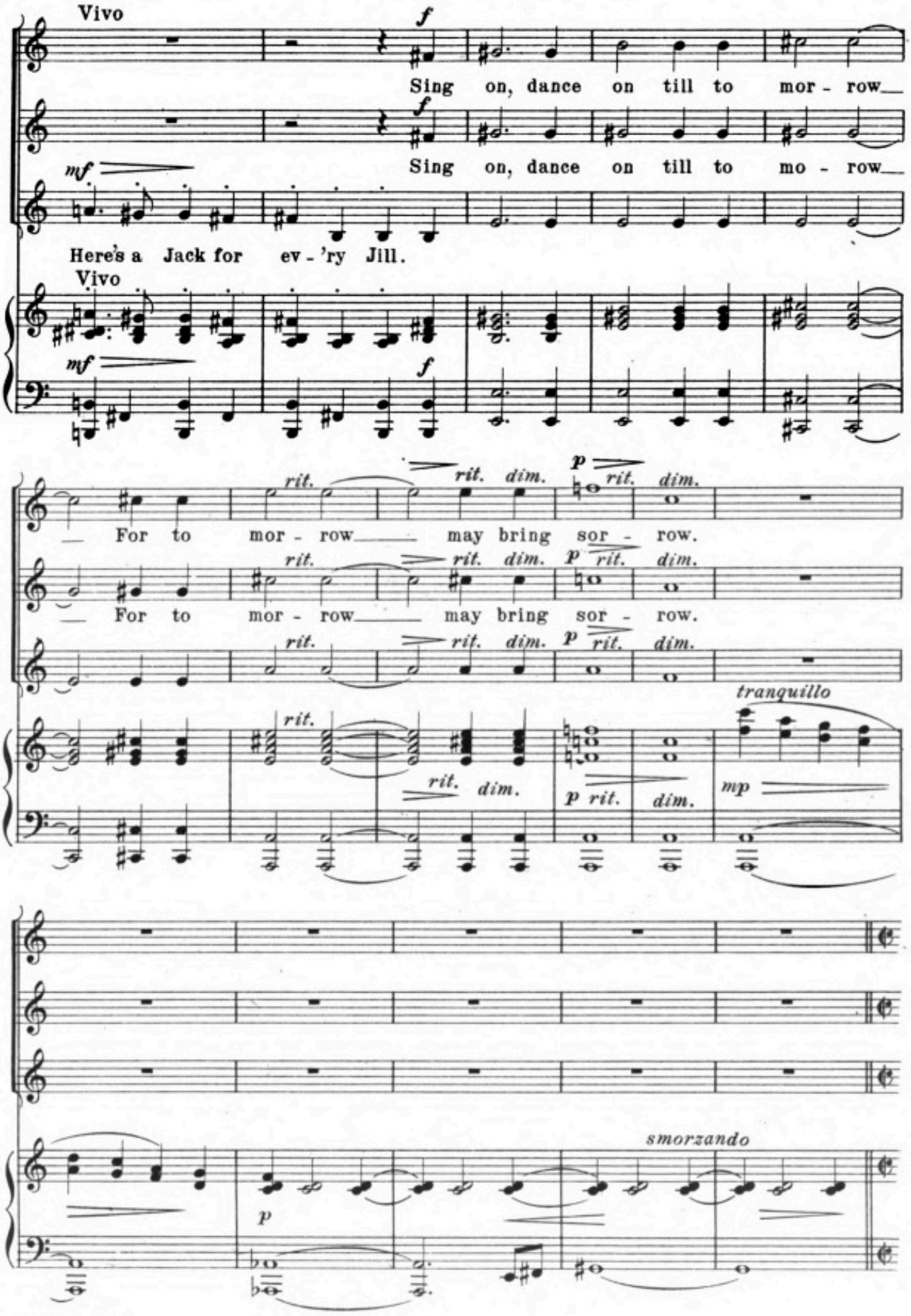

cresc.
So come to our mer - ry mak - ing
cresc.
So come to our mer - ry mak - ing
cresc.
come,
come,
f
cresc.
ff
Dance till the day is break-ing, Dance till the day is break-ing,
ff
Dance till the day is break-ing, Dance till the day is break-ing,
ff
Dance friends and foe - men all.
Dance friends and foe - men all.
dim.

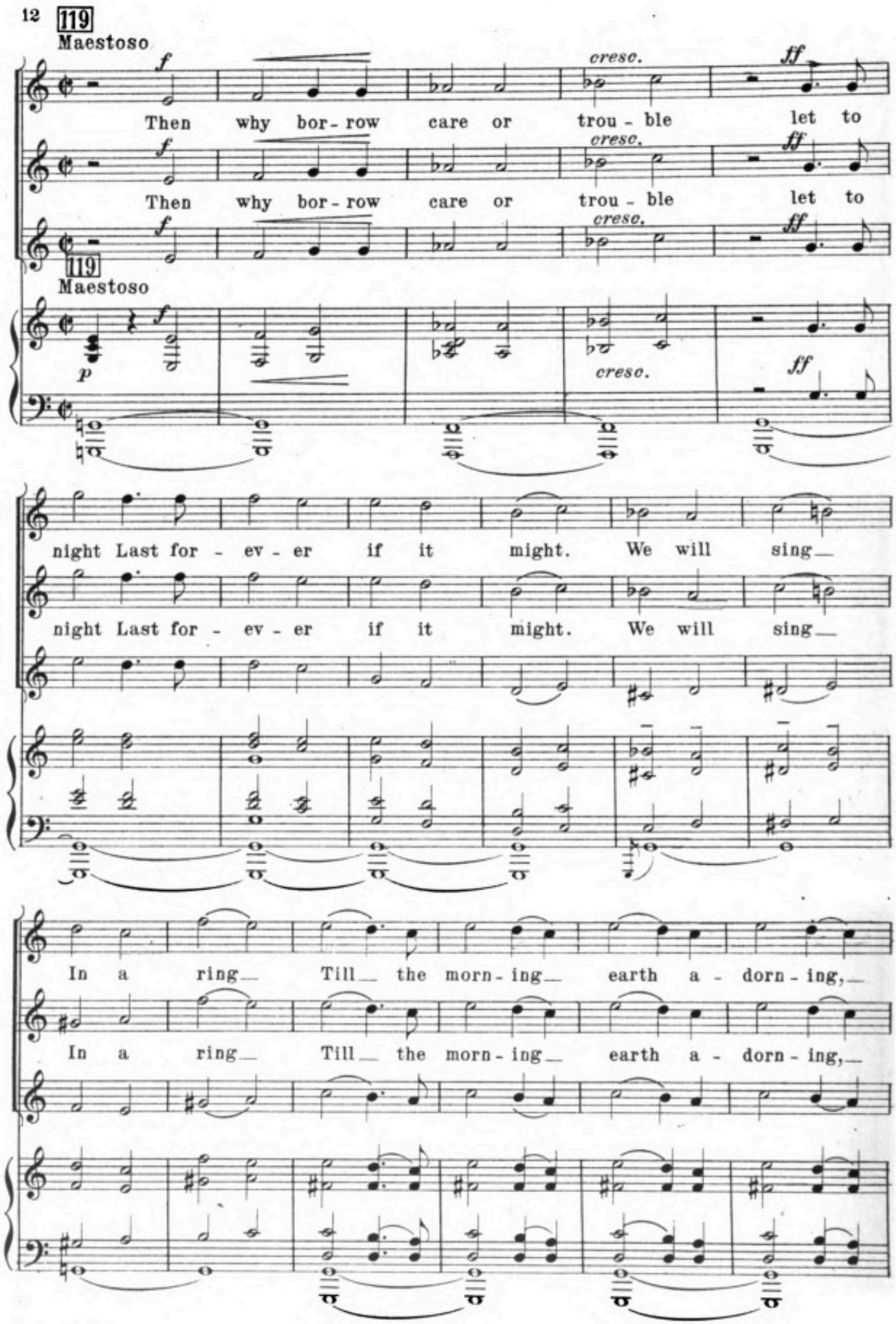

mf
Dance friends and foe - men all,
mp
Dance friends and
mf
Dance friends and foe - men all,
mp
Dance friends and
mf
mp
p
foe - men all,
Dance friends and foe - men all.
p
foe - men all,
Dance friends and foe - men all.
p
p
8
p
dim.
pp rit.

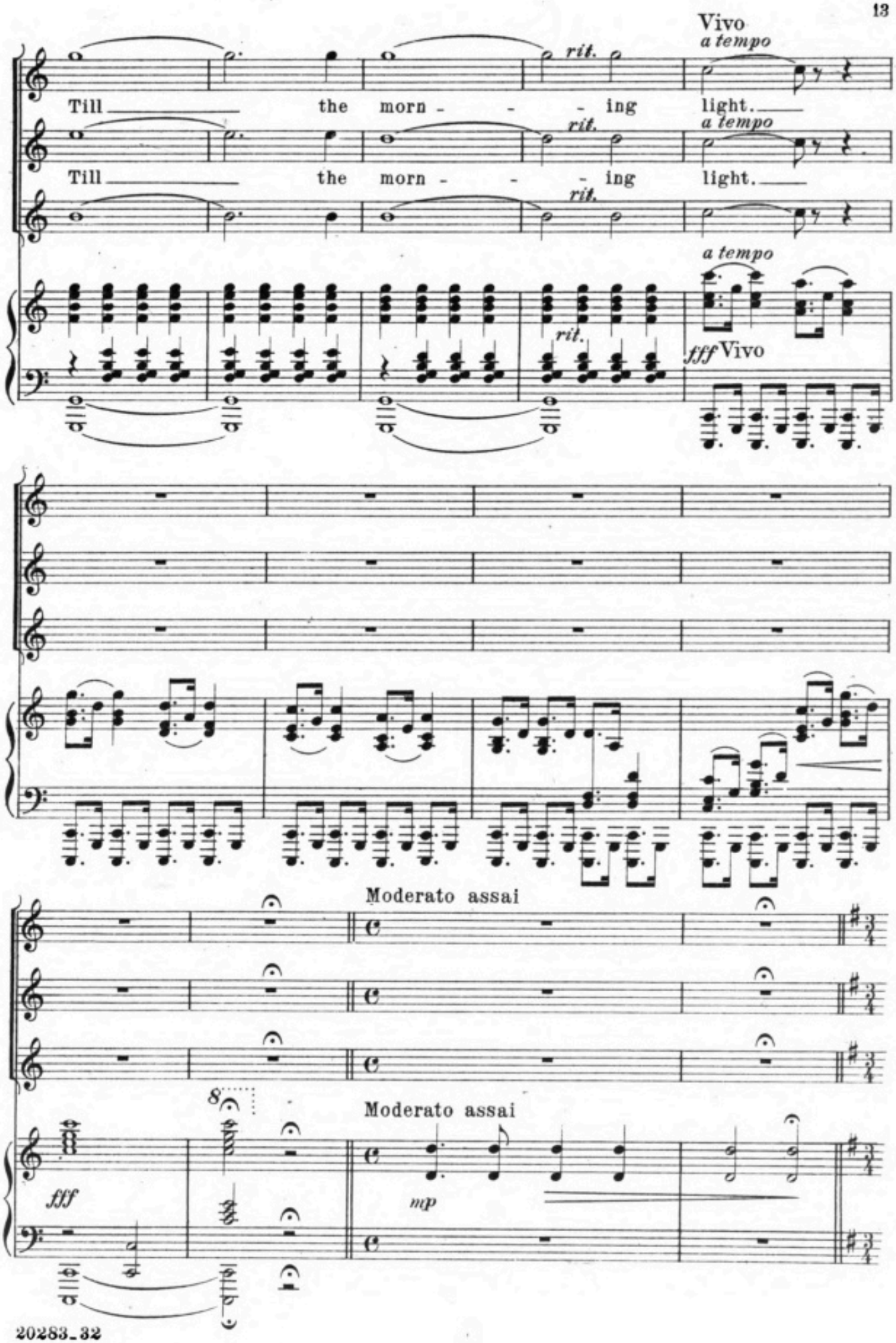
Song of Pierrots



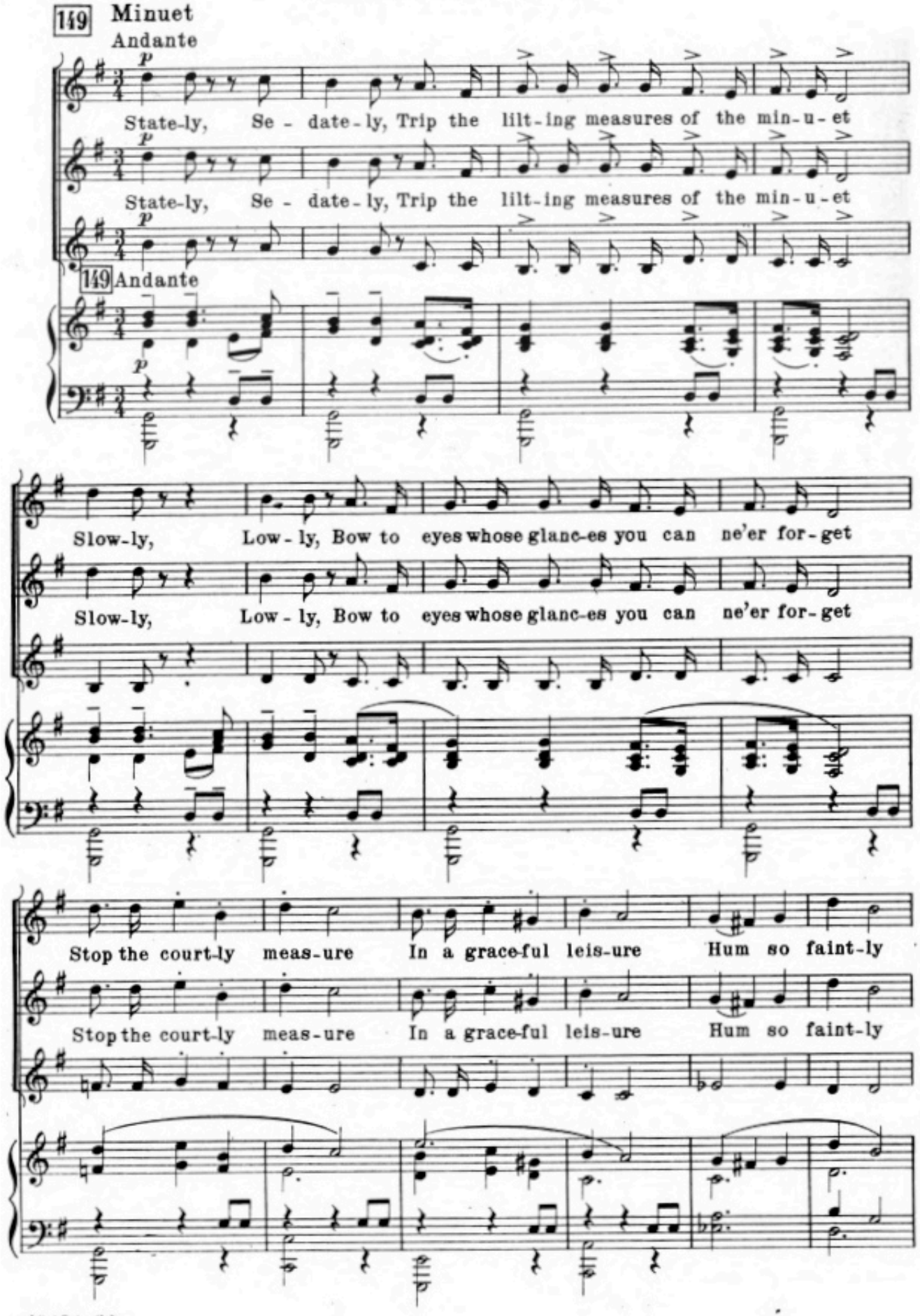

pp
Fool - - - ish ghoul - - -
pp
Fool - - - ish ghoul - - -
mp
now or nev- er Fool - ish ghoul-ish, dull or clev - er Here's a song for
ish, Here is hope,
ish, Here is hope,
lov - er sigh - ing, Here's a hope for the sol - diers dy - ing
dim.
a tempo
p
Here's a cure for ev - 'ry ill
p a tempo
Here's a cure for ev - 'ry ill
tranquillo
a tempo
p

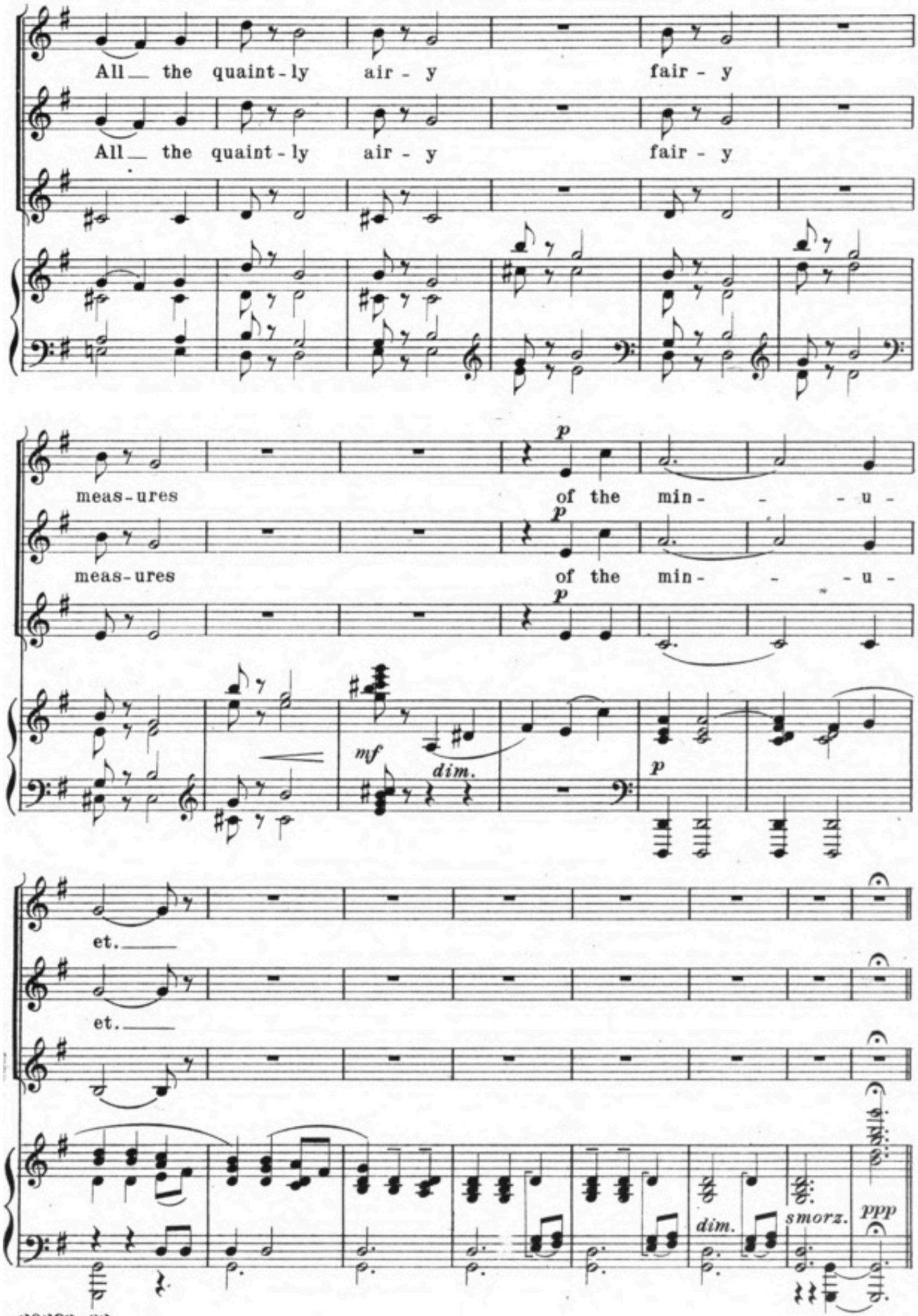

Vivo
Sing on, dance on till to mor - row
Sing on, dance on till to mo - row
Here's a Jack for ev - 'ry Jill.
Vivo
For to mor - row may bring sor - row.
For to mor - row may bring sor - row.
tranquillo
smorzando


119
Maestoso
f
cresc.
ff
Then why bor - row care or trou - ble let to
Then why bor - row care or trou - ble let to
119
Maestoso
p
night Last for - ev - er if it might. We will sing
night Last for - ev - er if it might. We will sing
In a ring Till the morn - ing earth a - dorn - ing,
In a ring Till the morn - ing earth a - dorn - ing,

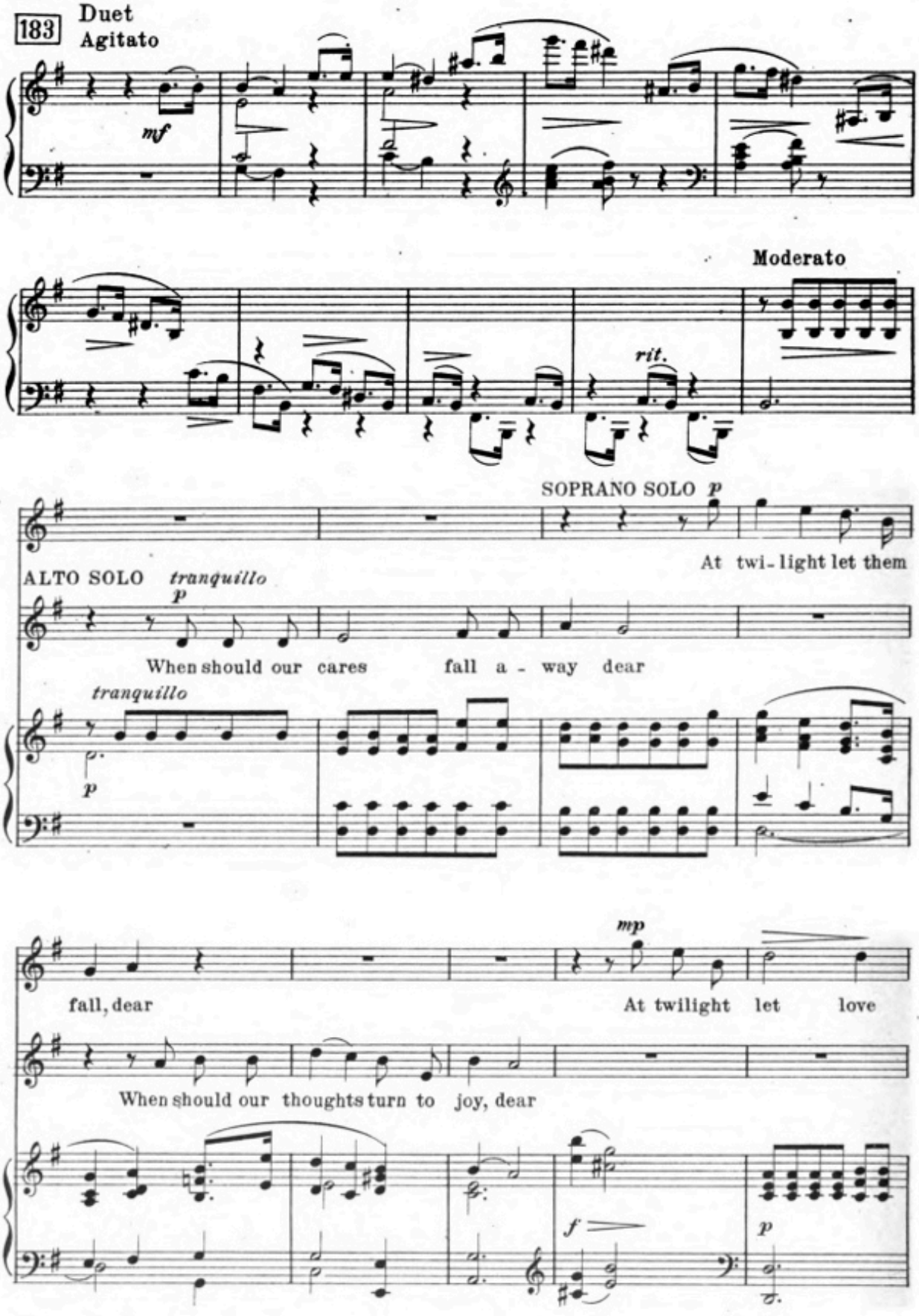

Vivo
a tempo
rit.
Till the morn - - - ing light.
a tempo
rit.
Till the morn - - - ing light.
a tempo
rit.
fff Vivo
Moderato assai
8
fff
mp
Moderato assai

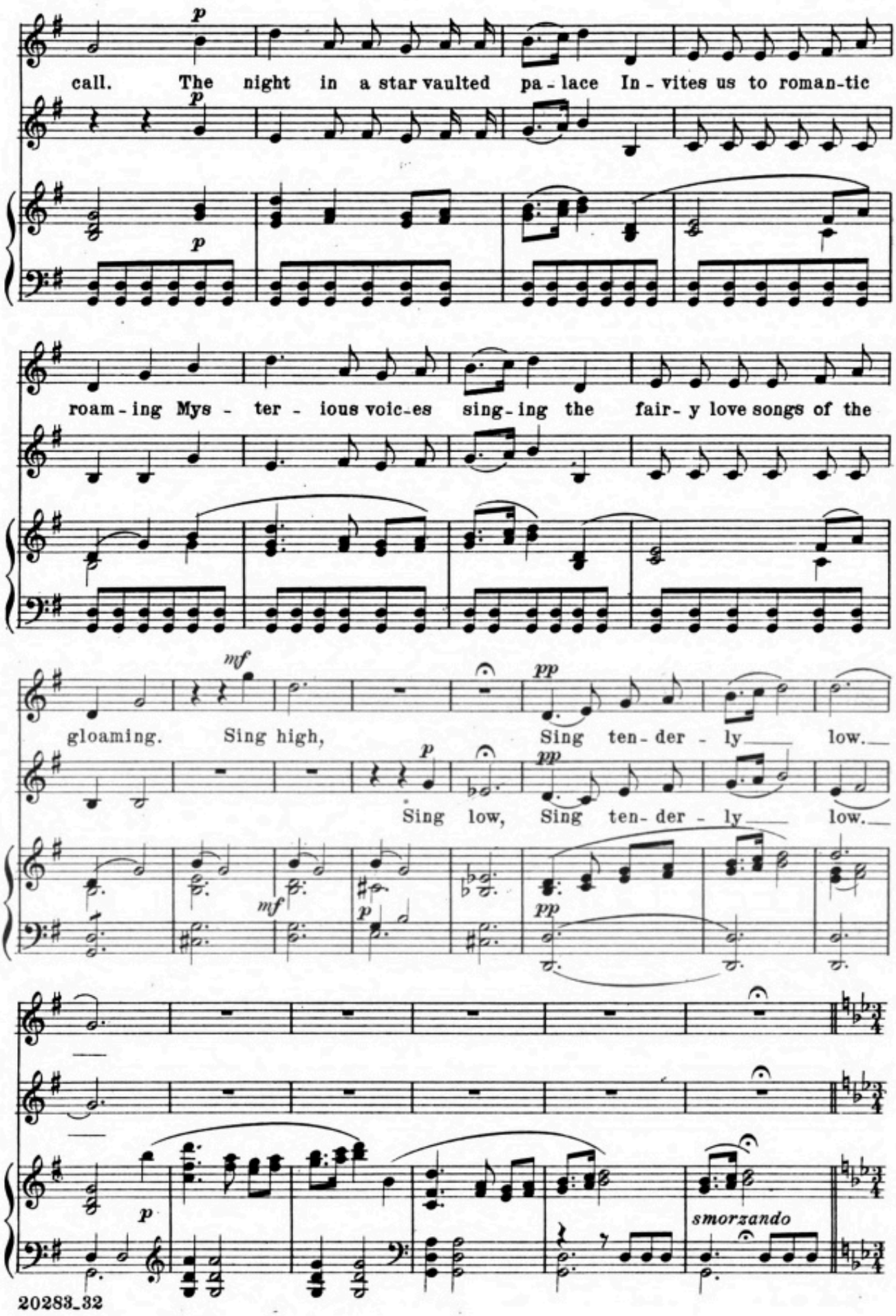
Chorus of Dancers

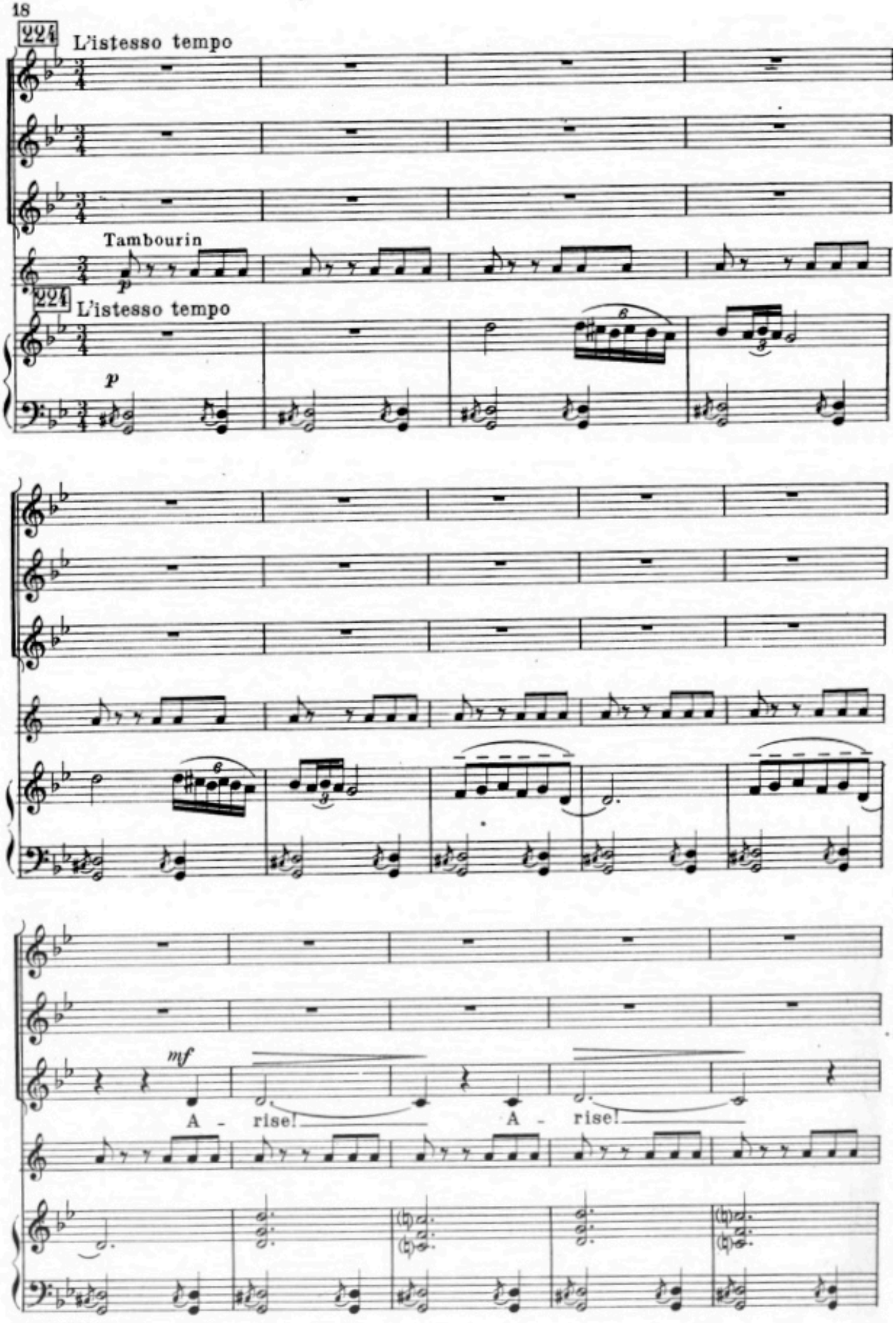


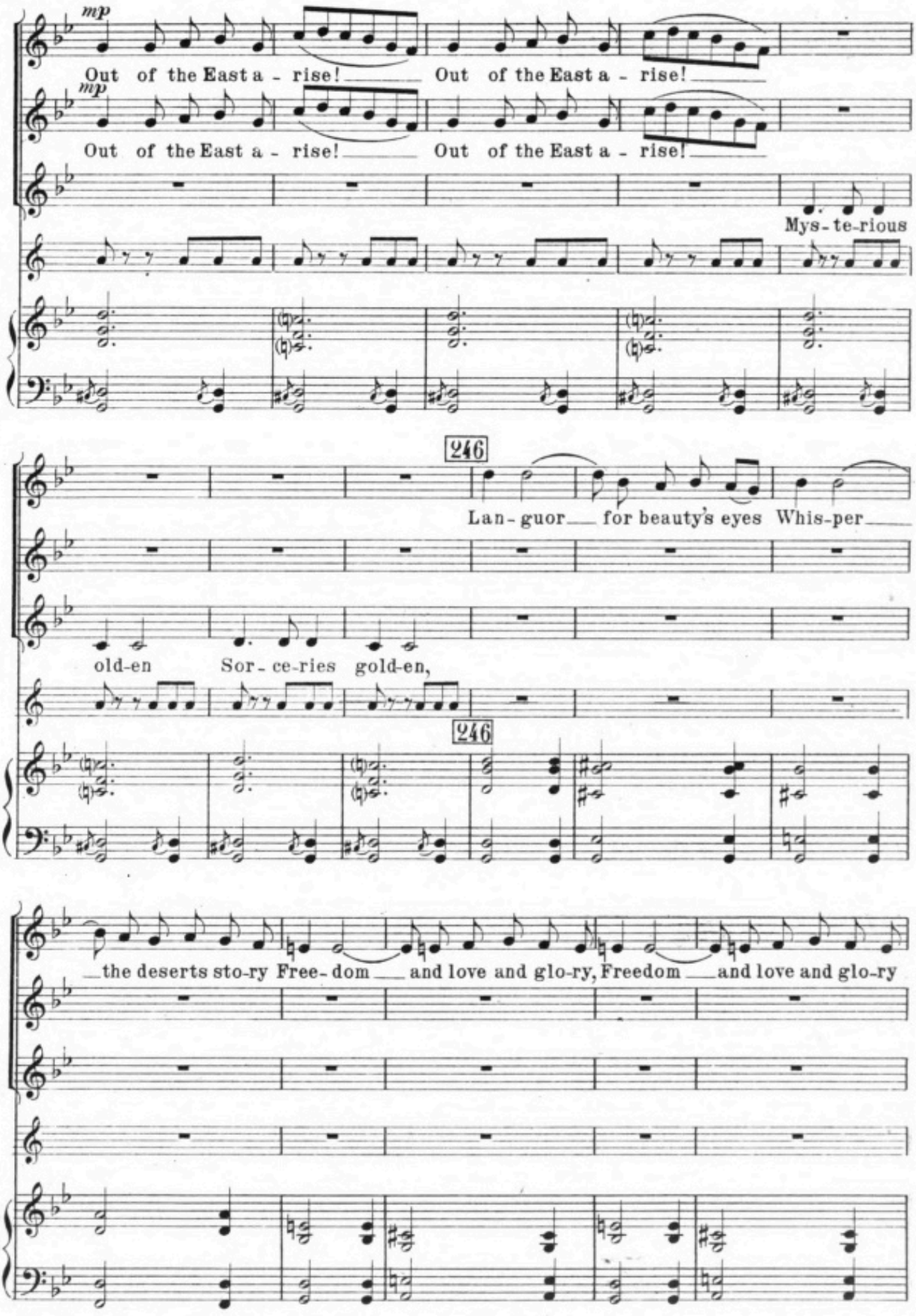

All the quaint-ly air - y fair - y
All the quaint-ly air - y fair - y
meas-ures of the min- - - u -
meas-ures of the min- - - u -
et.
et.
mf
dim.
p
dim.
smorz.
ppp

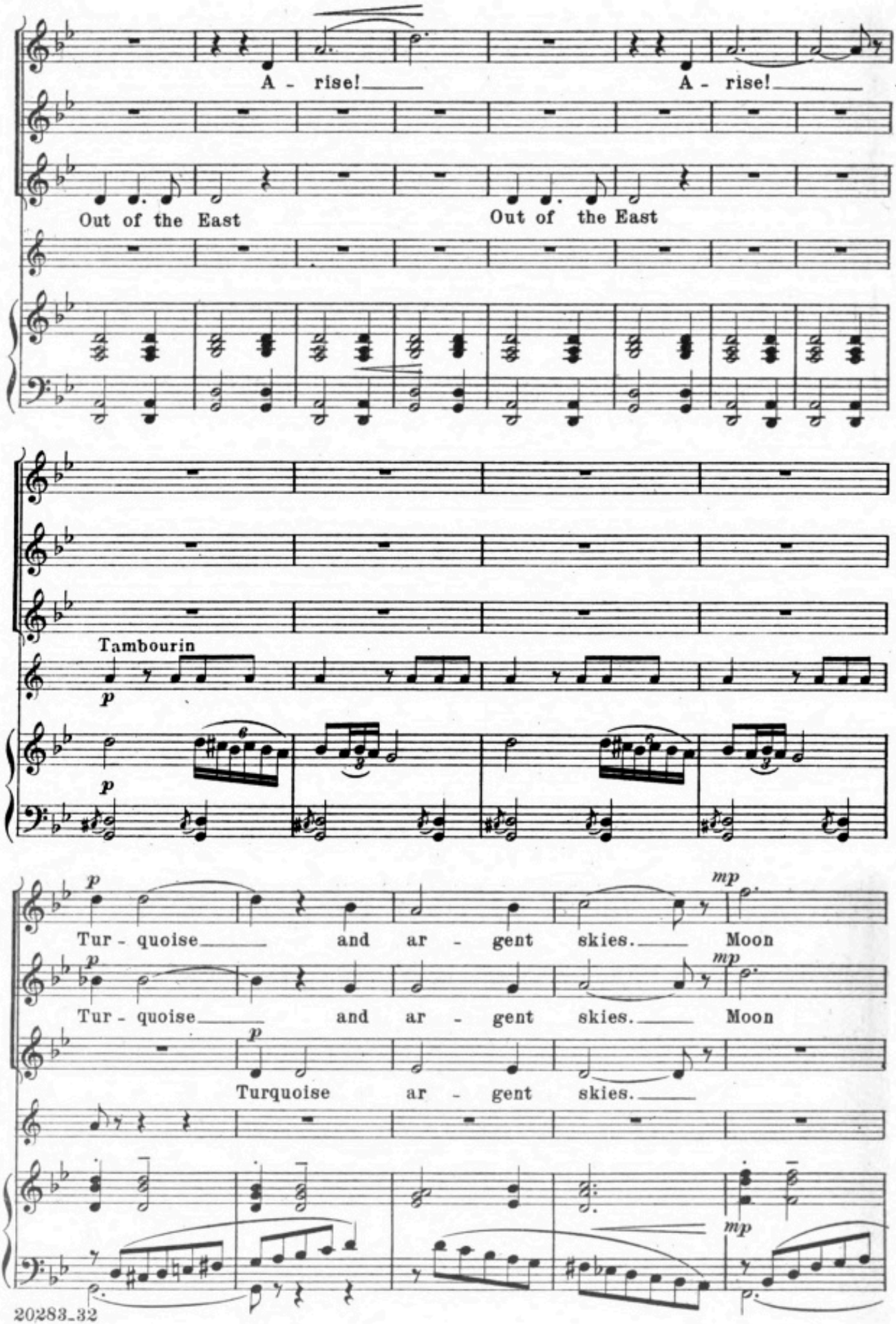
183 Duet
Agitato

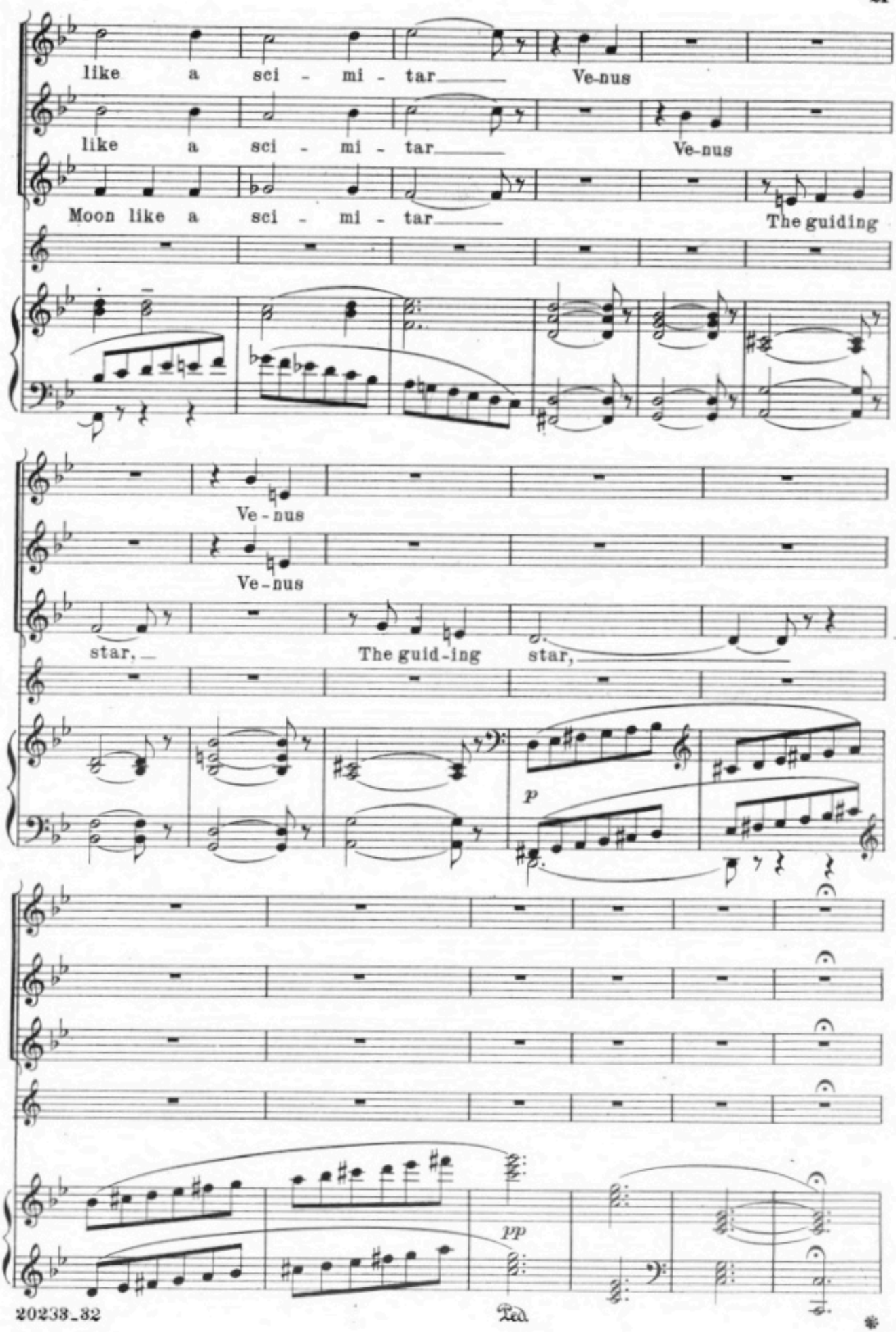


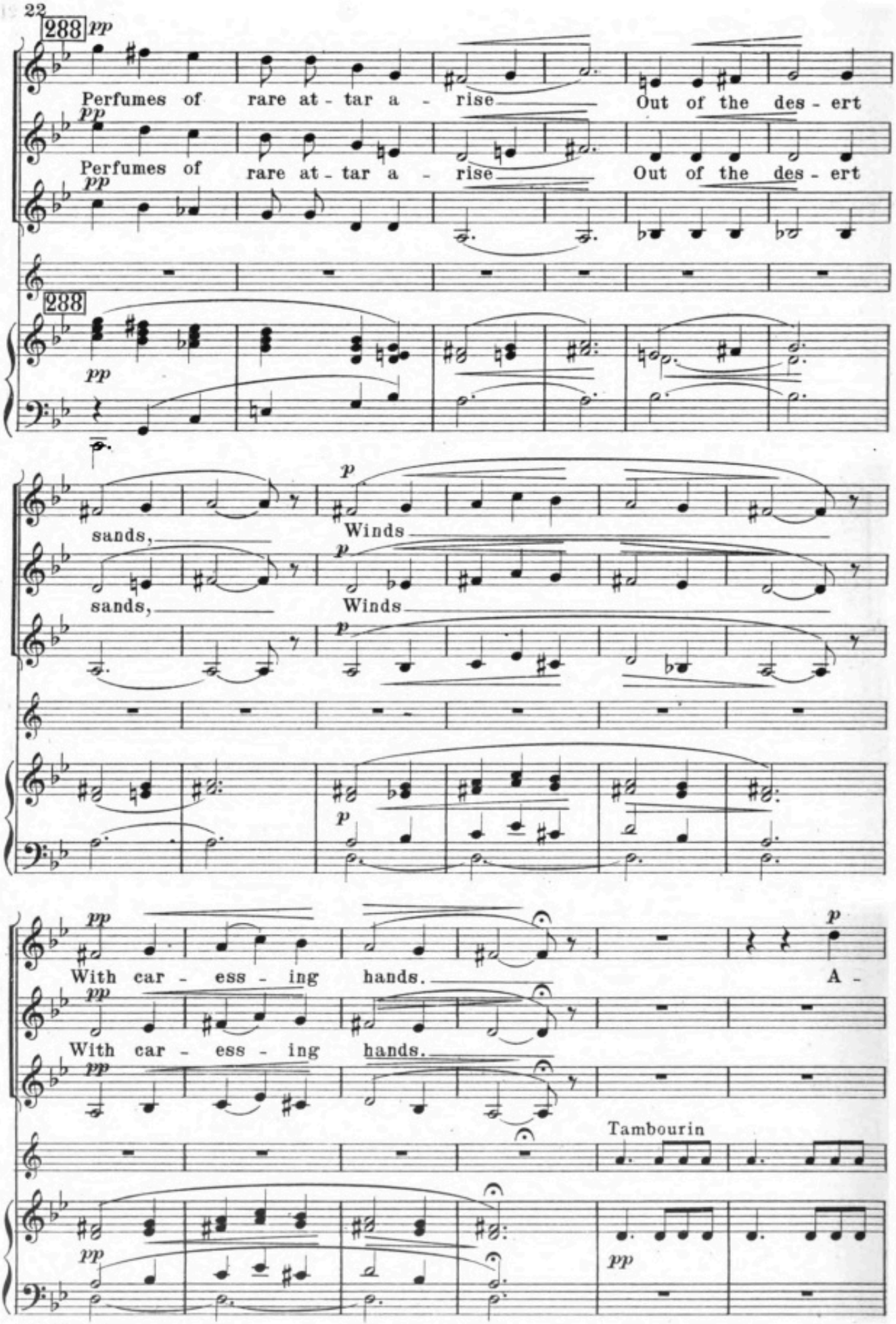

p
call. The night in a star vaulted pa - lace In - vites us to roman-tic
p
p
roam - ing Mys - ter - ious voic-es sing - ing the fair - y love songs of the
mf
pp
gloaming. Sing high, Sing ten - der - ly low.
p
pp
Sing low, Sing ten - der - ly low.
mf
p
pp
p
smorzando

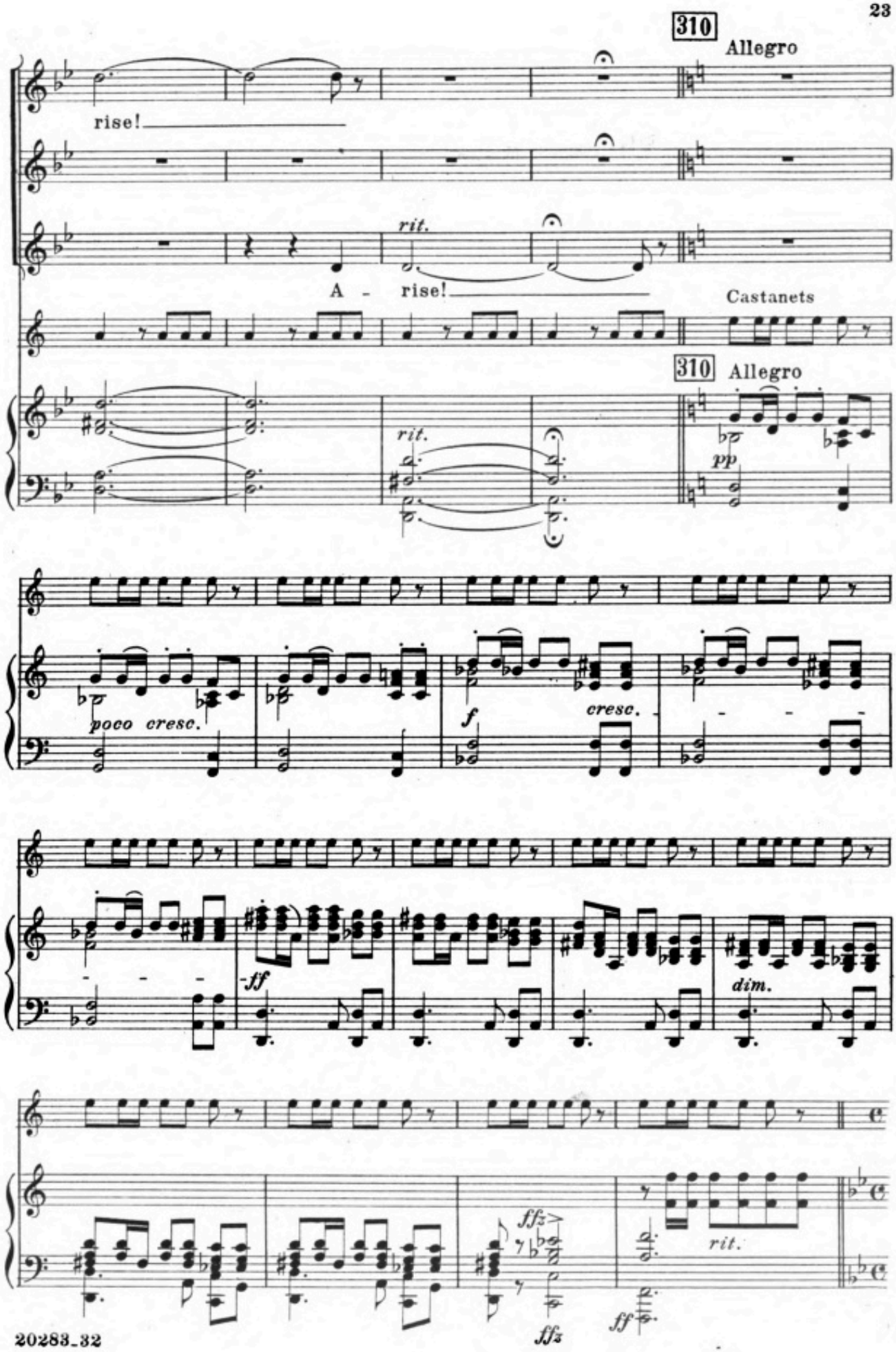

224
L'istesso tempo
Tambourin
p
224
L'istesso tempo
p
mf
A - rise!
A - rise!

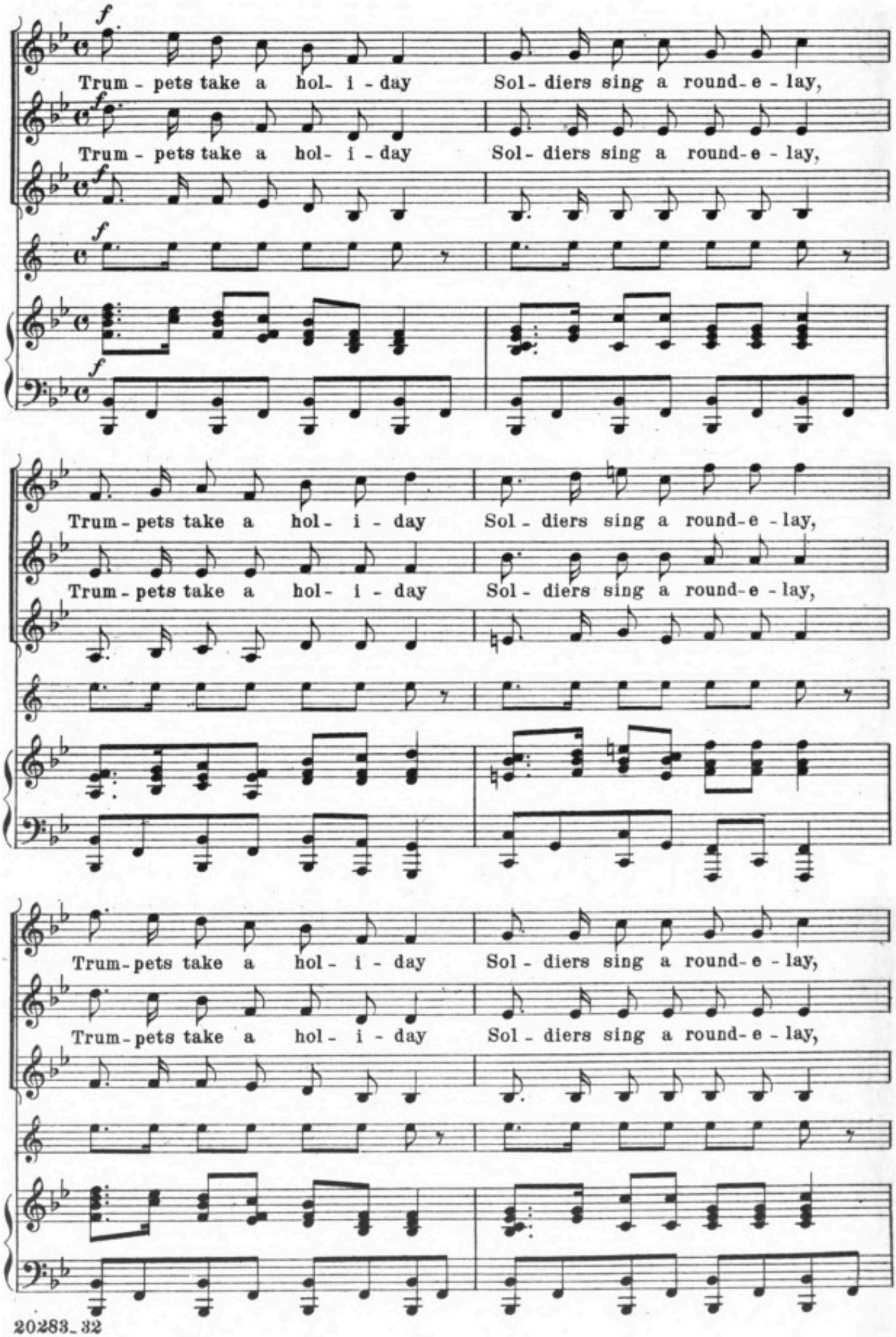

mp
Out of the East a - rise! Out of the East a - rise!
mp
Out of the East a - rise! Out of the East a - rise!
Mys - te - rious
246
Lan - guor for beauty's eyes Whis - per
old - en Sor - ce - ries gold - en,
246
the deserts sto - ry Free - dom and love and glo - ry, Freedom and love and glo - ry

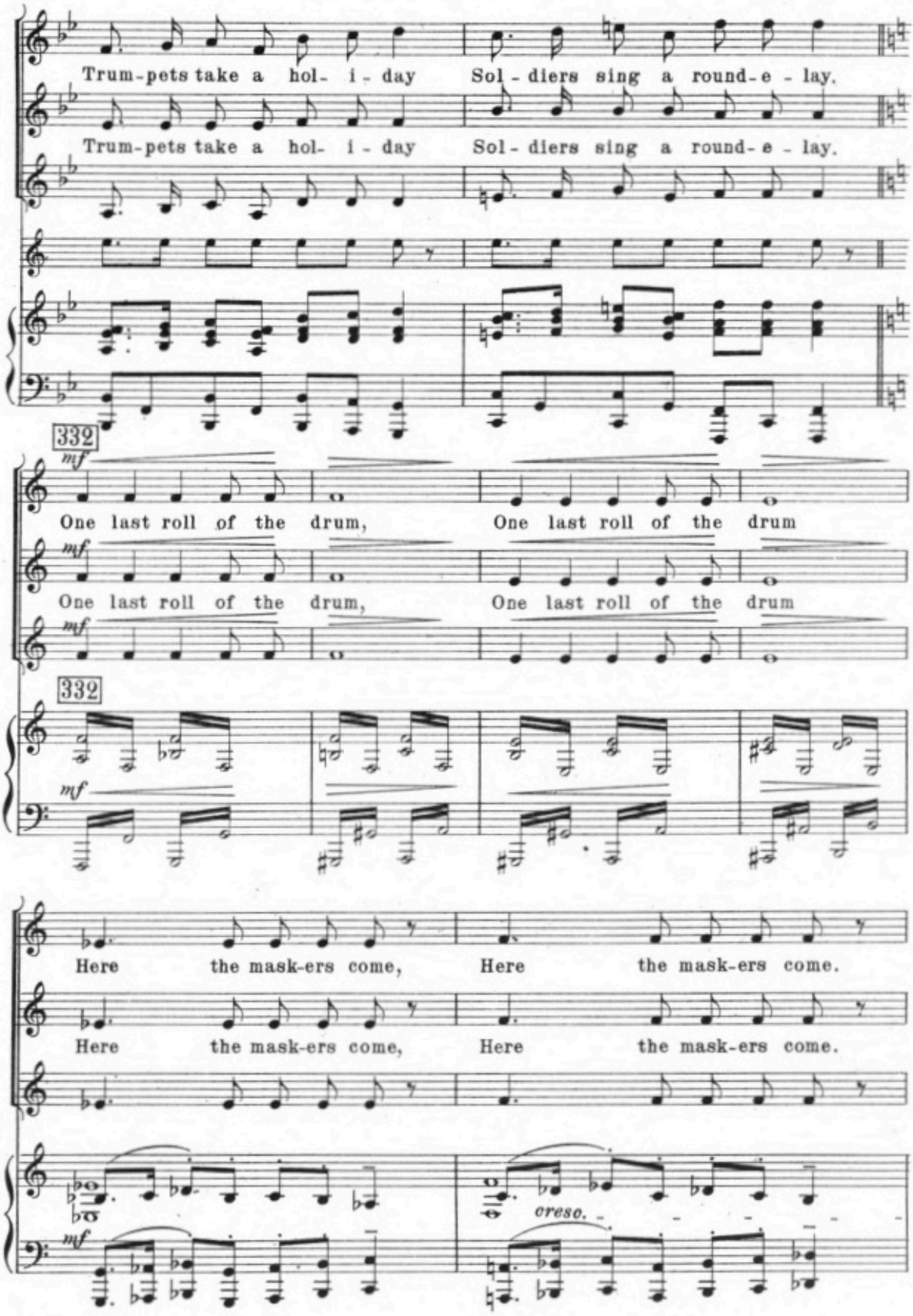

A - rise!
A - rise!
Out of the East
Out of the East
Tambourin
p
p
p
Tur - quoise and ar - gent skies. Moon
mp
Tur - quoise and ar - gent skies. Moon
mp
p
Turquoise ar - gent skies.
mp

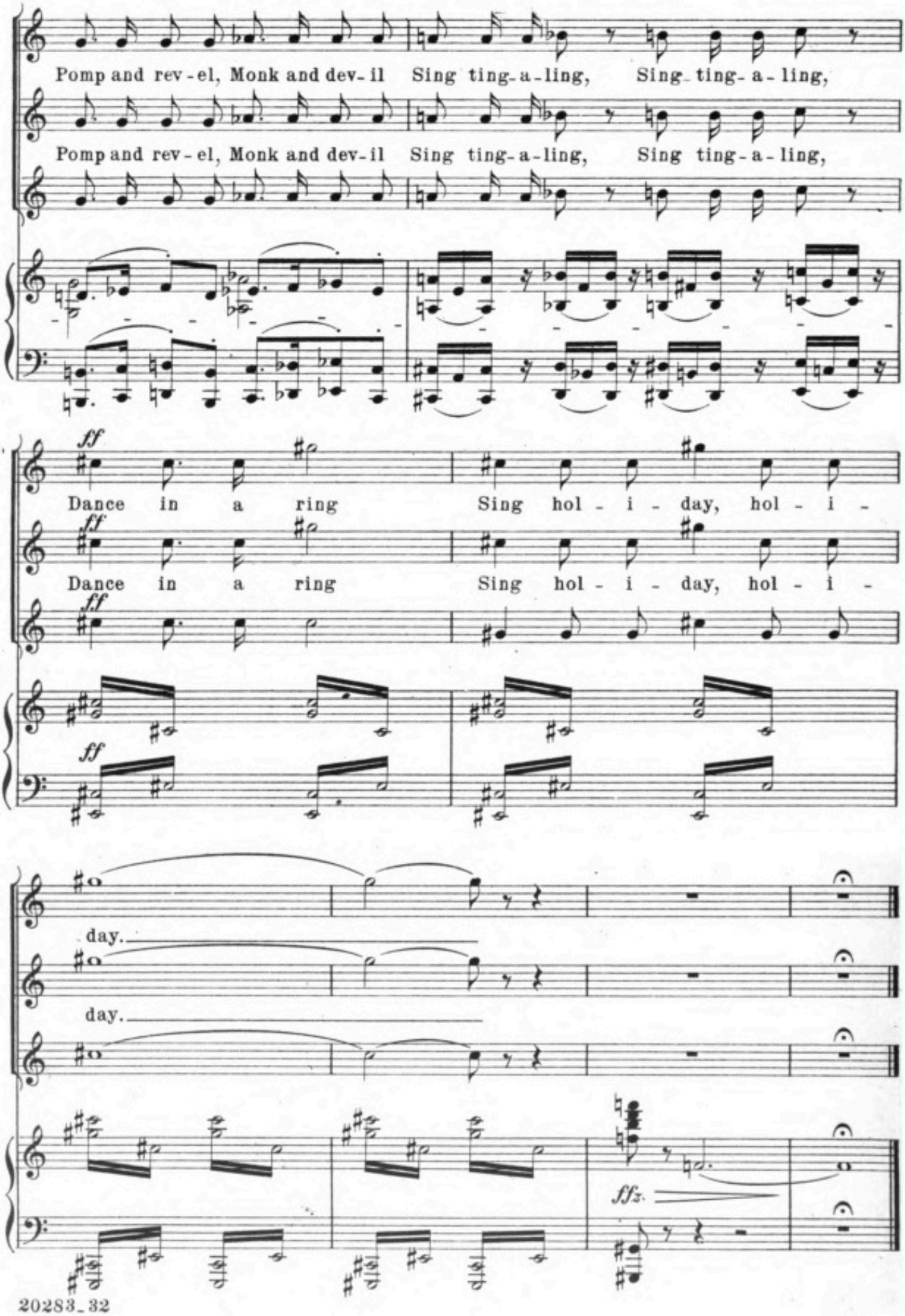

like a sci - mi - tar Ve-nus
like a sci - mi - tar Ve-nus
Moon like a sci - mi - tar The guiding
Ve - nus
Ve - nus
star, The guid - ing star,
p
pp
Ped.


288
pp
Perfumes of rare at - tar a - rise Out of the des - ert
Perfumes of rare at - tar a - rise Out of the des - ert
288
sands, Winds
sands, Winds
With car - ess - ing hands. A -
With car - ess - ing hands.
Tambourin

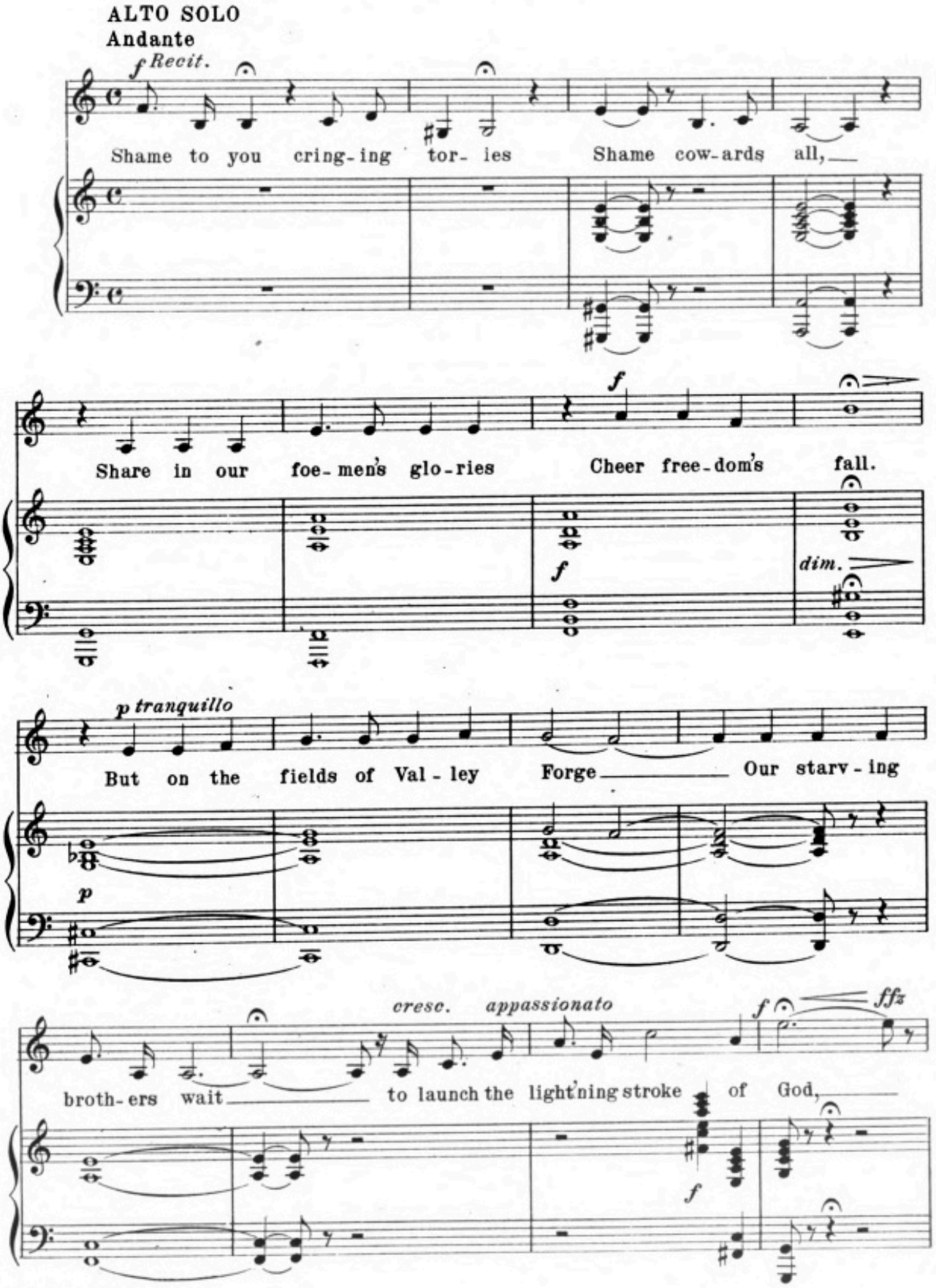

310
Allegro
rise!
rit.
A - rise!
Castanets
310
Allegro
rit.
pp
poco cresc.
f
cresc.
ff
dim.
fffz
rit.
ff
fffz

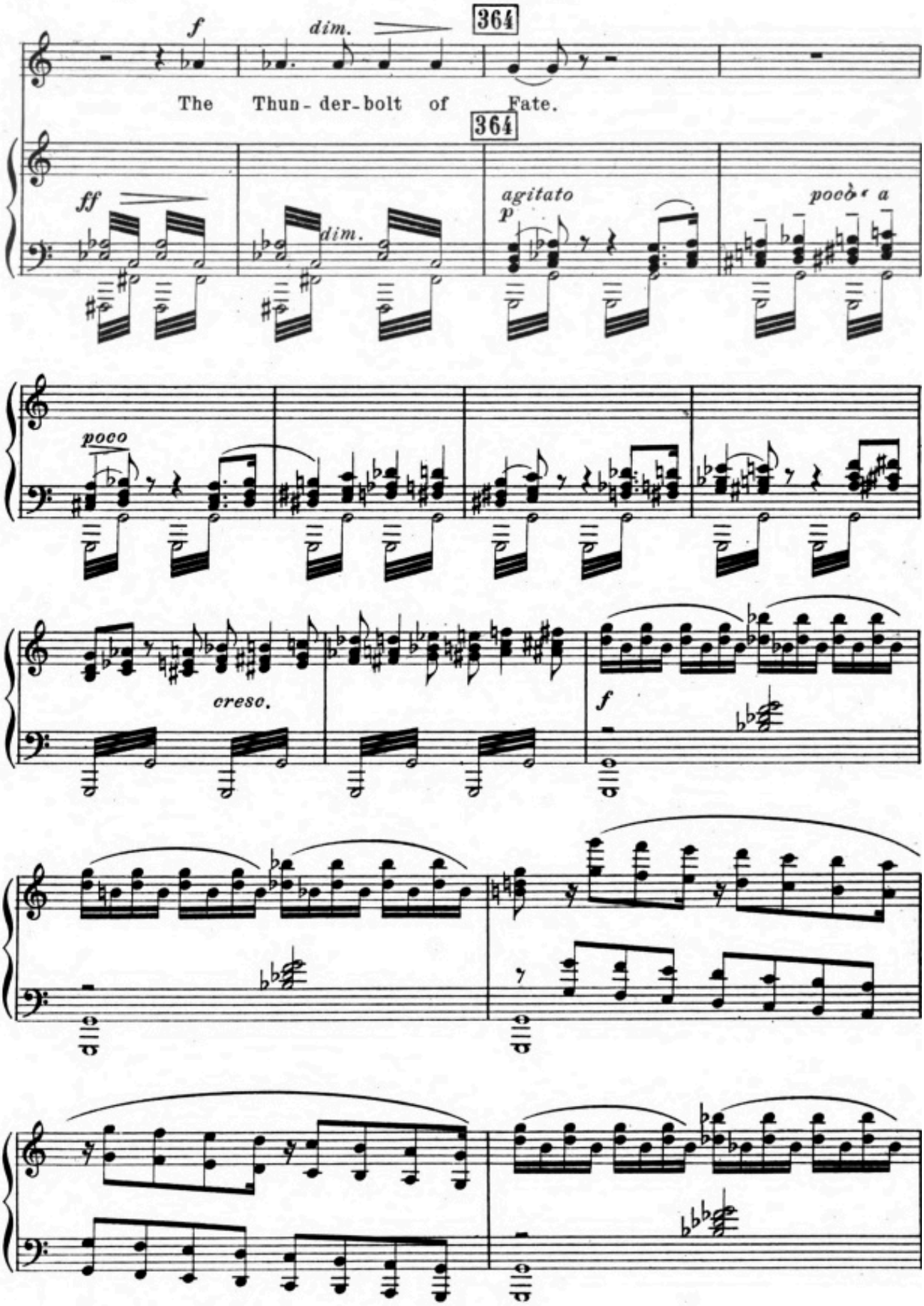

Trum - pets take a hol- i - day
Sol - diers sing a round - e - lay,
Trum - pets take a hol- i - day
Sol - diers sing a round - e - lay,
Trum - pets take a hol- i - day
Sol - diers sing a round - e - lay,
Trum - pets take a hol- i - day
Sol - diers sing a round - e - lay,
Trum - pets take a hol- i - day
Sol - diers sing a round - e - lay,
Trum - pets take a hol- i - day
Sol - diers sing a round - e - lay,

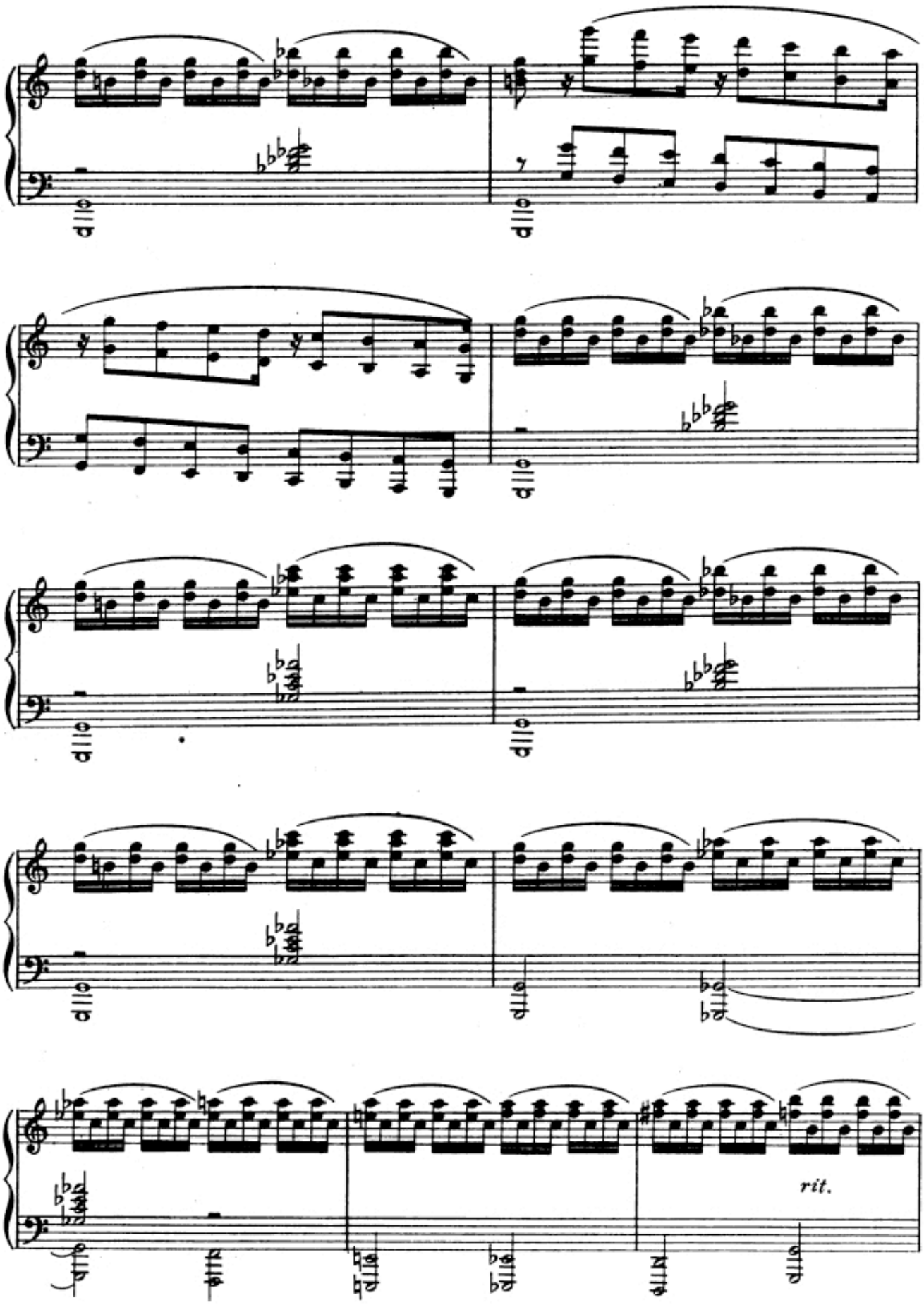

Trum-pets take a hol- i - day Sol - diers sing a round-e - lay.
Trum-pets take a hol- i - day Sol - diers sing a round-e - lay.
332
mf
One last roll of the drum, One last roll of the drum
mf
One last roll of the drum, One last roll of the drum
mf
332
mf
Here the mask-ers come, Here the mask-ers come.
Here the mask-ers come, Here the mask-ers come.
cresc.
mf


Pomp and rev-el, Monk and dev-il Sing ting-a-ling, Sing ting-a-ling,
Pomp and rev-el, Monk and dev-il Sing ting-a-ling, Sing ting-a-ling,
ff
Dance in a ring Sing hol-i-day, hol-i-
ff
Dance in a ring Sing hol-i-day, hol-i-
ff
day.
day.
ffz.

Song of Protest




f
dim.
364
The Thun-der-bolt of Fate.
364
ff
dim.
agitato
p
poco a
poco
creso.
f

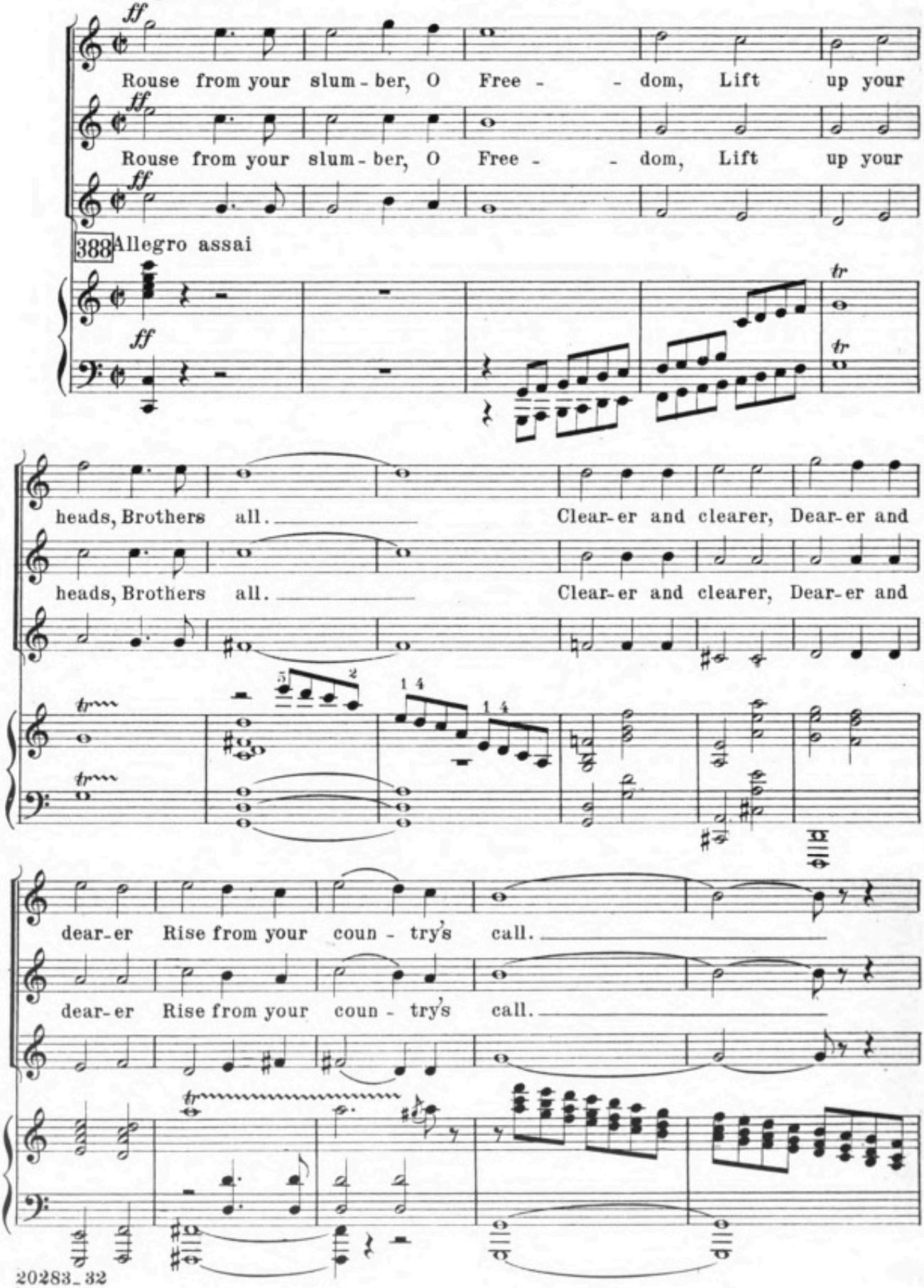

rit.

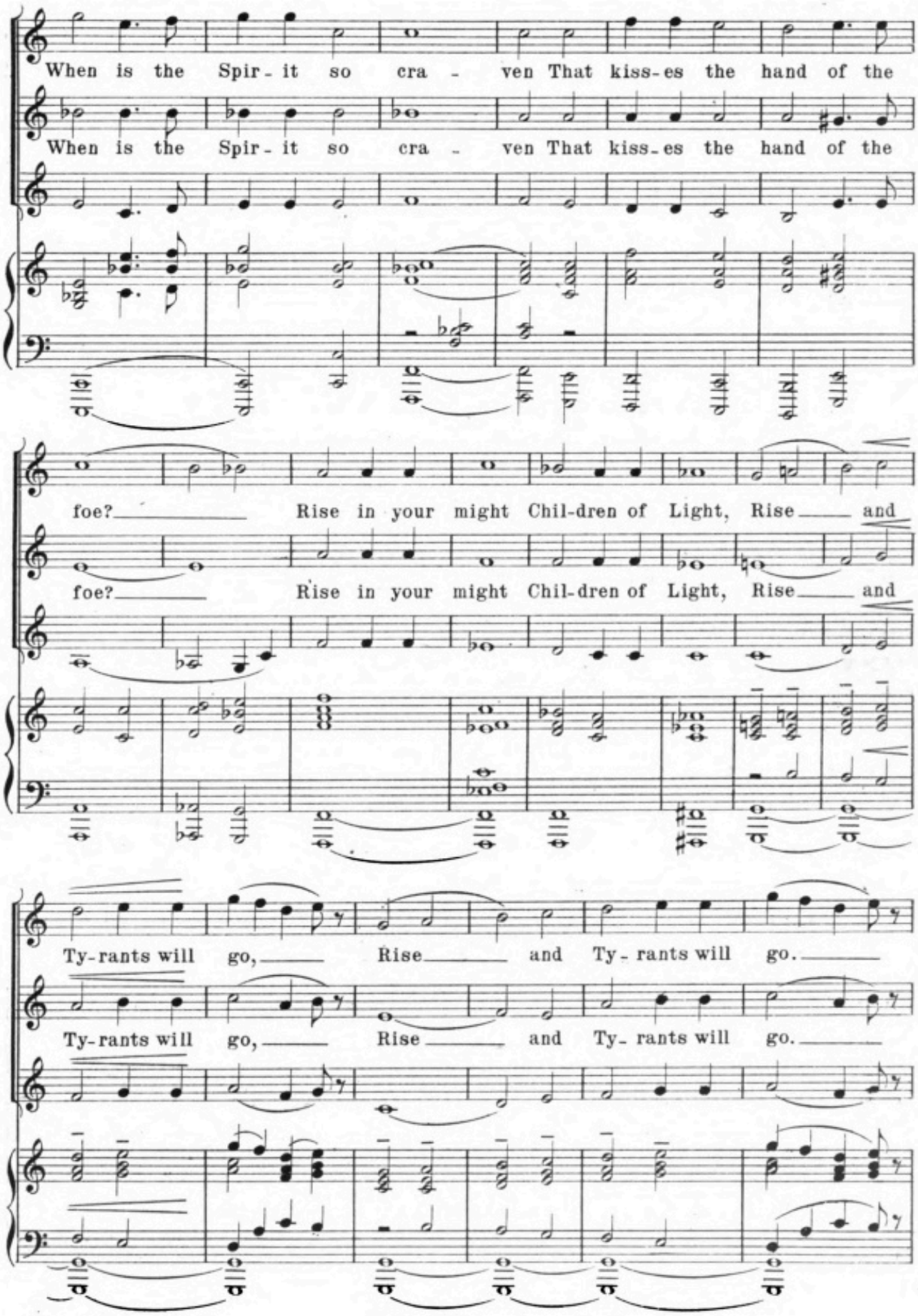
Chorus of Colonists

(Finale)

388

Allegro assai




When is the Spir - it so cra - ven That kiss - es the hand of the
When is the Spir - it so cra - ven That kiss - es the hand of the
foe? Rise in your might Chil-dren of Light, Rise and
foe? Rise in your might Chil-dren of Light, Rise and
Ty - rants will go, Rise and Ty - rants will go.
Ty - rants will go, Rise and Ty - rants will go.

Chorus of Colonists

(Finale)

388

Allegro assai

ff

Rouse from your slum - ber, O Free - - dom, Lift up your

ff

Rouse from your slum - ber, O Free - - dom, Lift up your

ff

388 Allegro assai

ff

tr

tr

heads, Brothers all. Clear-er and clearer, Dear-er and

heads, Brothers all. Clear-er and clearer, Dear-er and

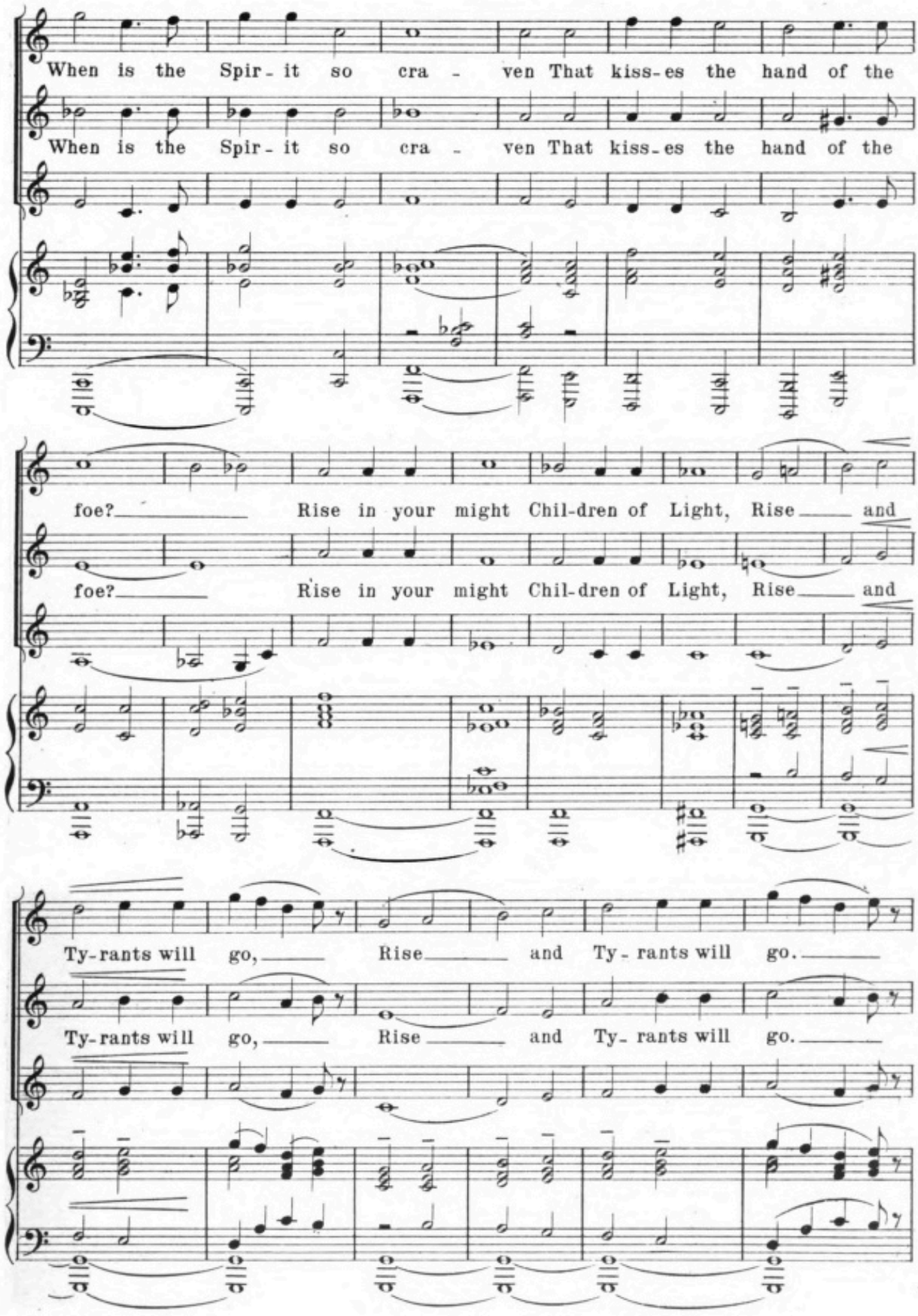
tr

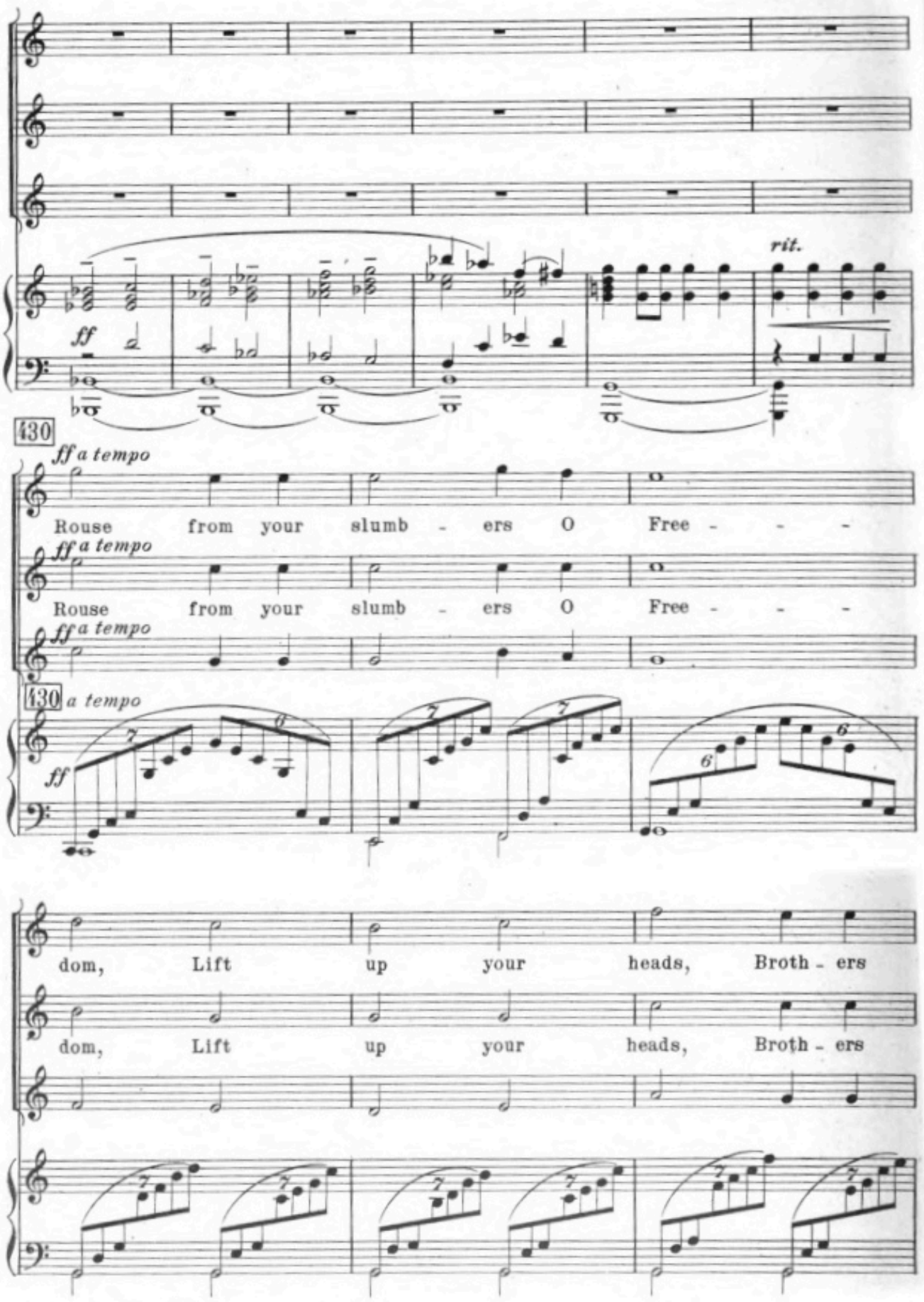
tr

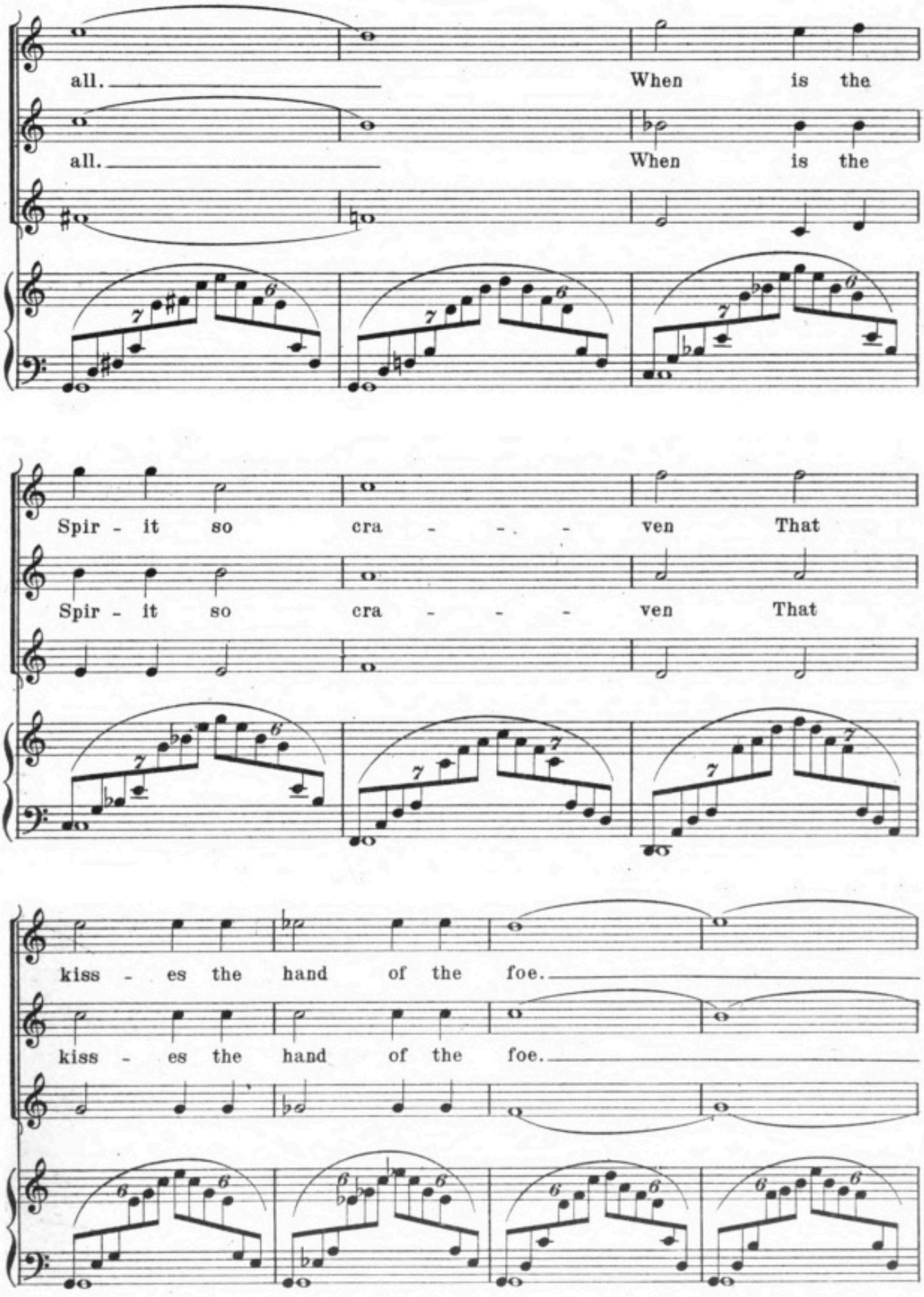
dear-er Rise from your coun - try's call.

dear-er Rise from your coun - try's call.

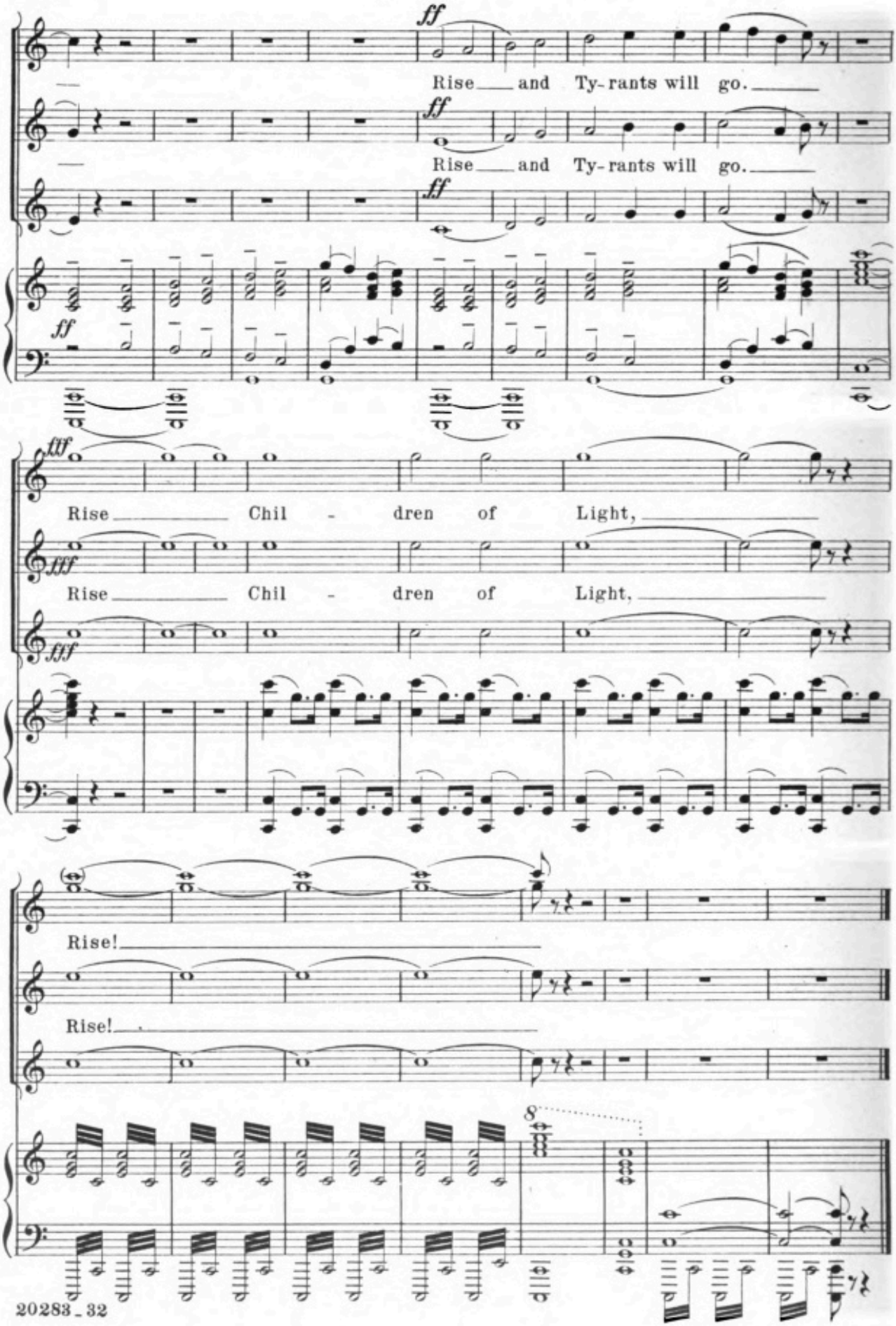
tr


When is the Spir - it so cra - ven That kiss-es the hand of the
When is the Spir - it so cra - ven That kiss-es the hand of the
foe? Rise in your might Chil-dren of Light, Rise and
foe? Rise in your might Chil-dren of Light, Rise and
Ty-rants will go, Rise and Ty - rants will go.
Ty-rants will go, Rise and Ty - rants will go.


rit.
ff
430
ff a tempo
Rouse from your slumb - ers O Free - - -
ff a tempo
Rouse from your slumb - ers O Free - - -
ff a tempo
430 a tempo
ff
dom, Lift up your heads, Broth - ers
dom, Lift up your heads, Broth - ers


all.
When is the
all.
When is the
Spir - it so cra - - - ven That
Spir - it so cra - - - ven That
kiss - es the hand of the foe.
kiss - es the hand of the foe.

03117 7937


ff
Rise and Ty-rants will go.
ff
Rise and Ty-rants will go.
ff
fff
Rise Chil - dren of Light,
fff
Rise Chil - dren of Light,
fff
Rise!
Rise!
8