THE PATRIOT

BY

STANISLAUS · STANGÉ

AND

JULIAN · EDWARDS

M. WITMARK & SONS

15194

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THE PATRIOT

A TRAGIC OPERA

IN ONE ACT

BOOK BY

STANISLAUS STANGE

MUSIC BY

JULIAN EDWARDS.

SCORE $1.50
4/=

M. WITMARK & SONS,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, LONDON,
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The Patriot.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Manheim, A Tory farmer.

Marian, His daughter.

General George Washington.

Enoch Crosby, An English spy.

Lajeunesse, Corey } Peasants.

Time:—A night in September, during the Revolutionary War.

Place:—Interior of a farmhouse, near Valley Forge.

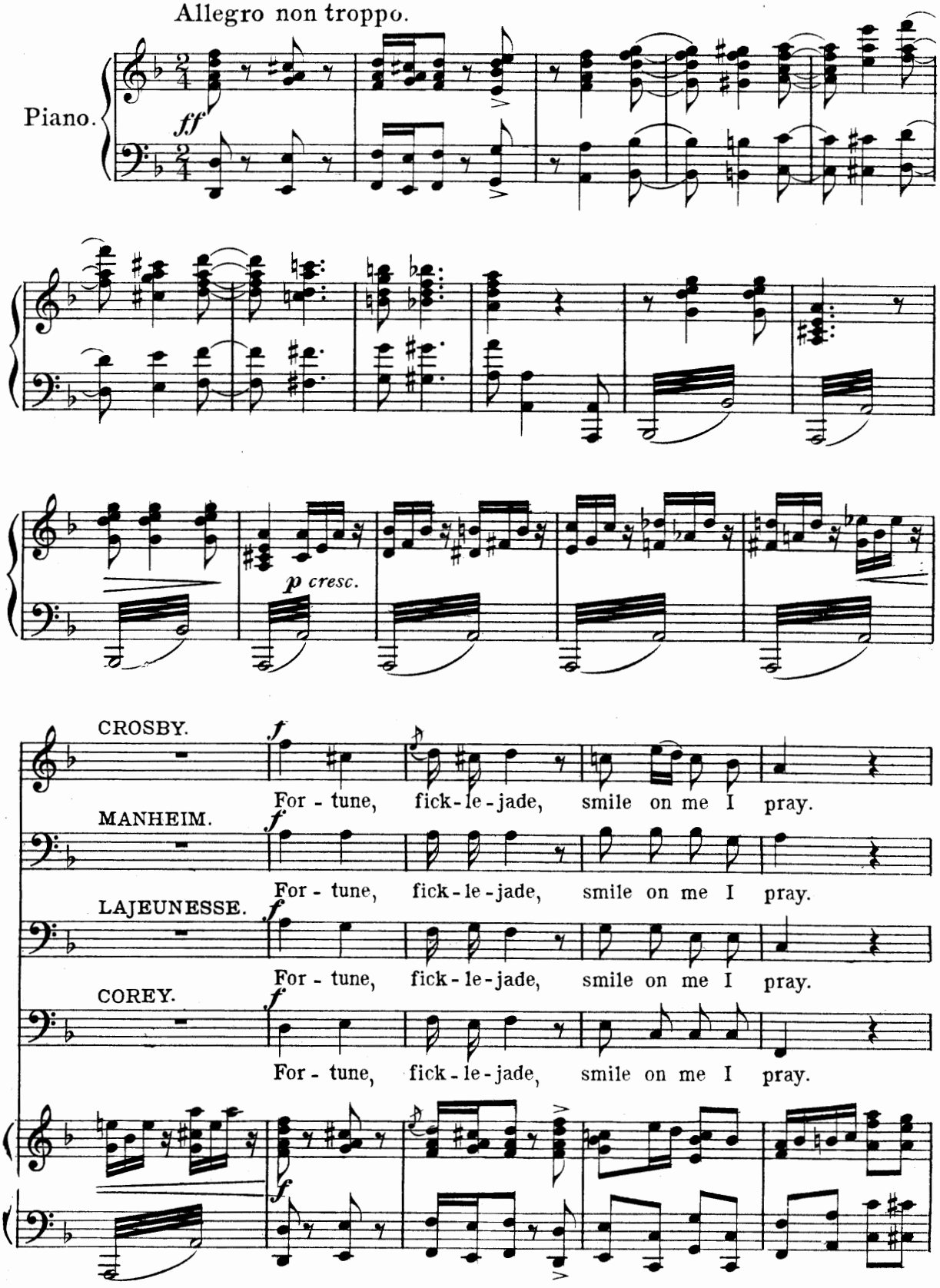
The Patriot.

A tragic Opera in one Act.

Words by
STANISLAUS STANGE.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

Allegro non troppo.



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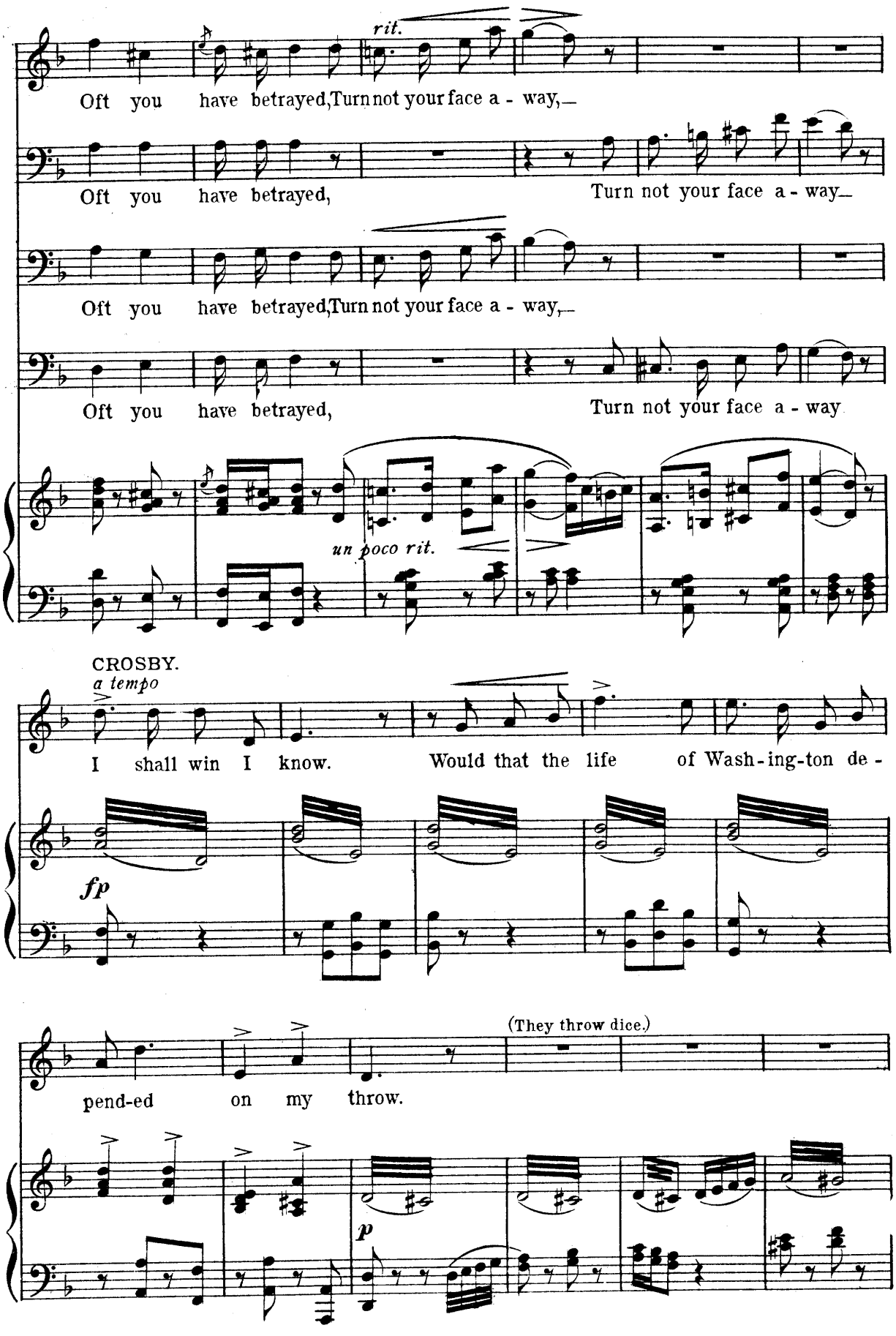
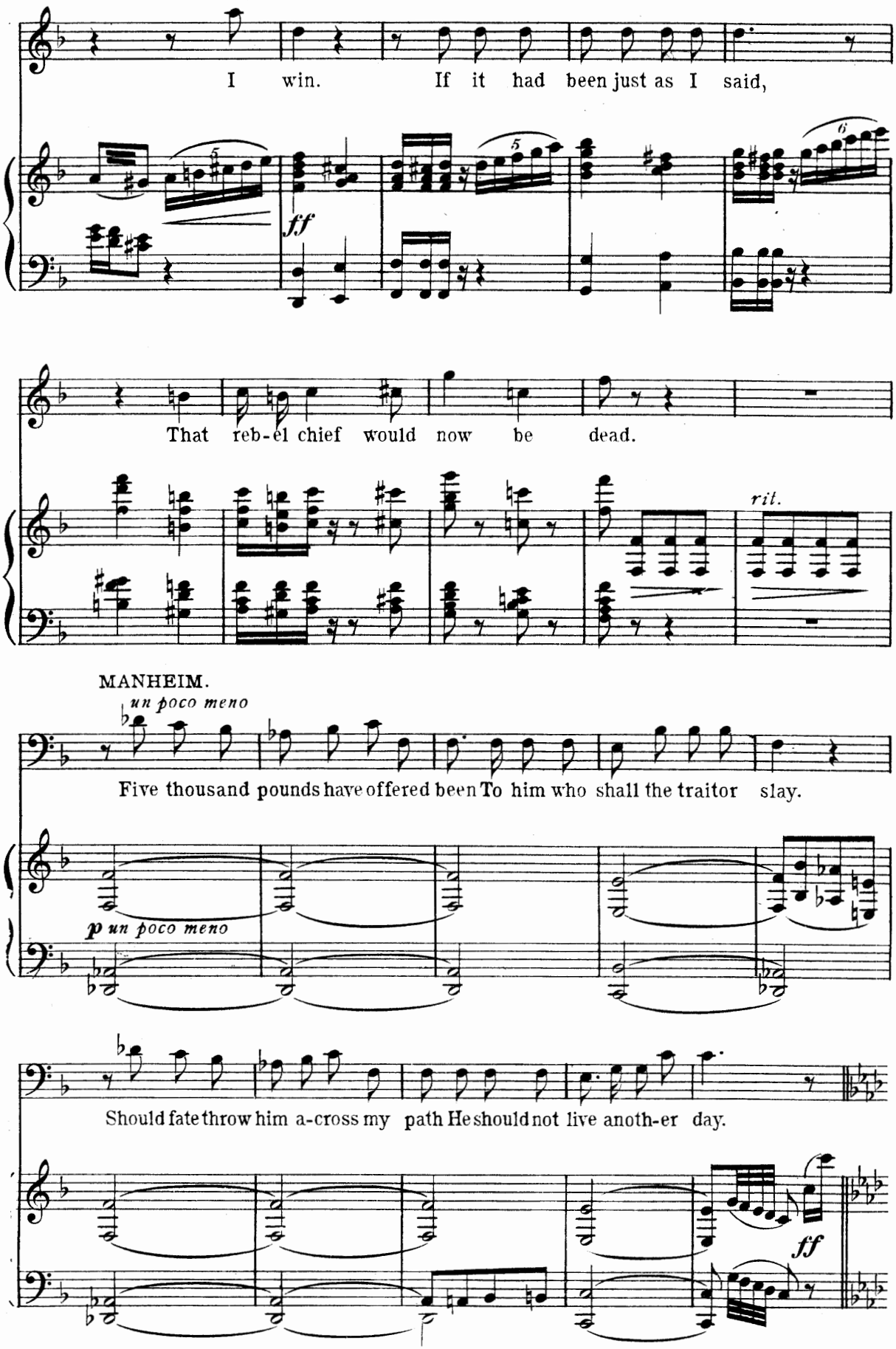
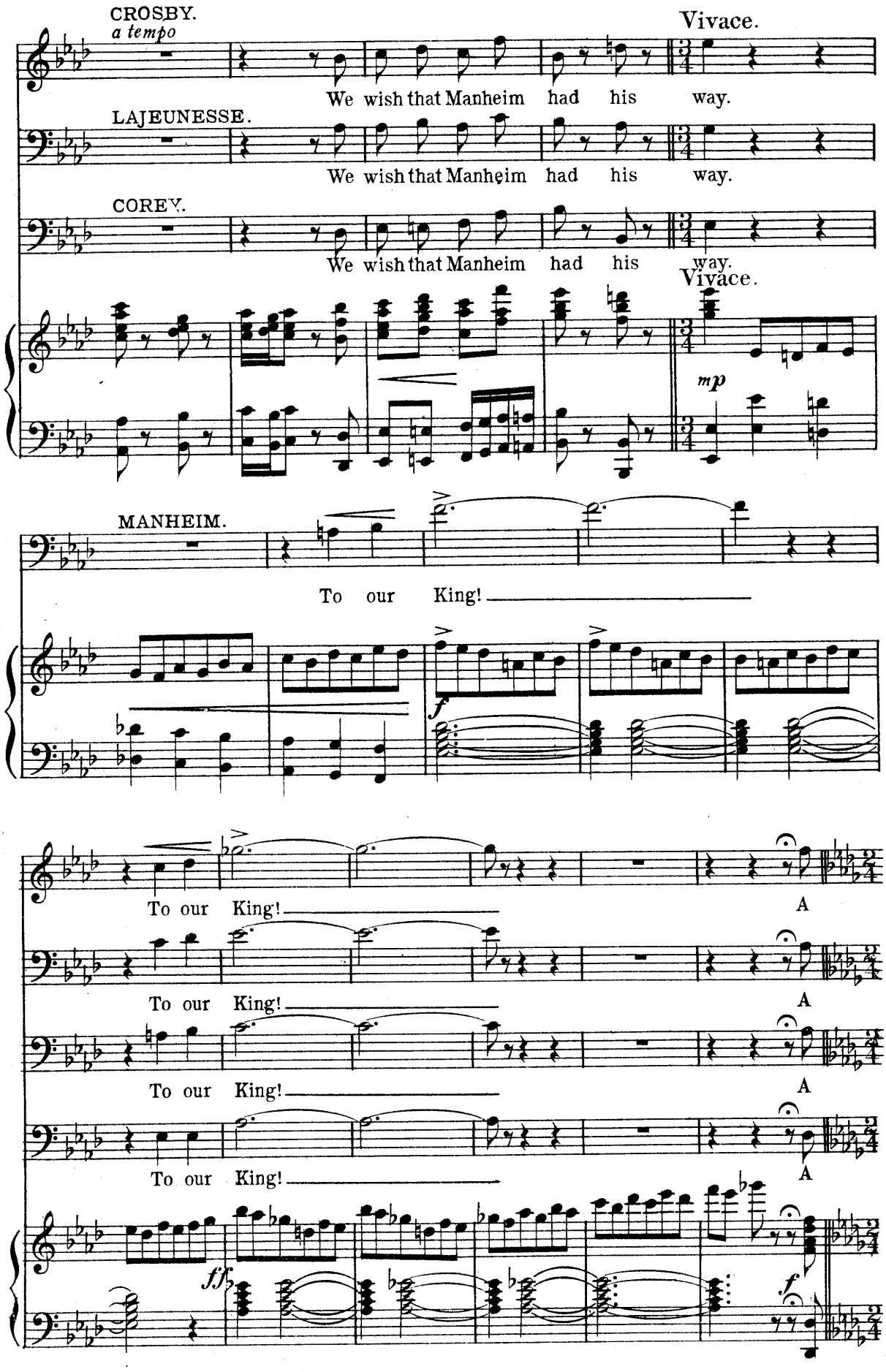
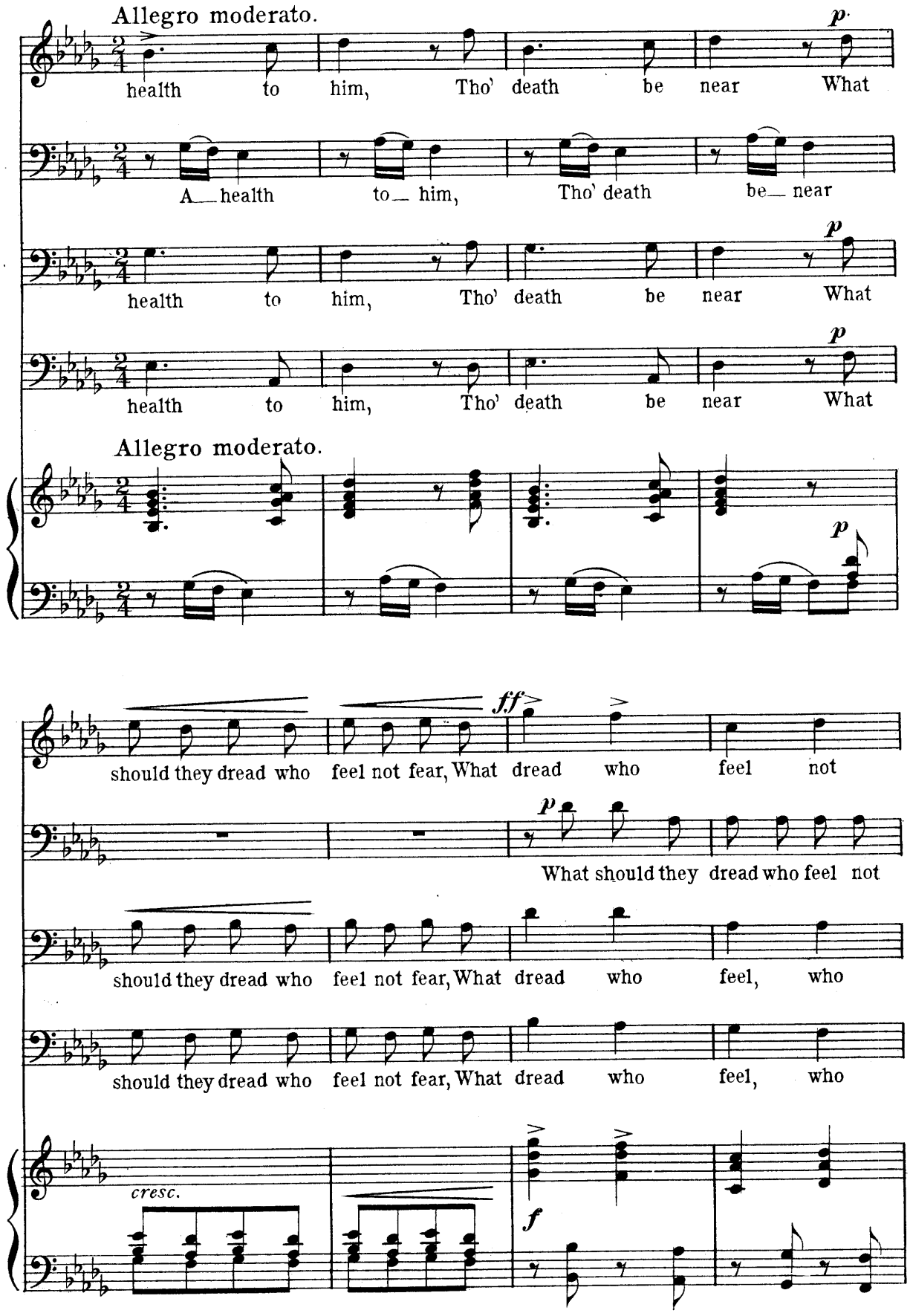
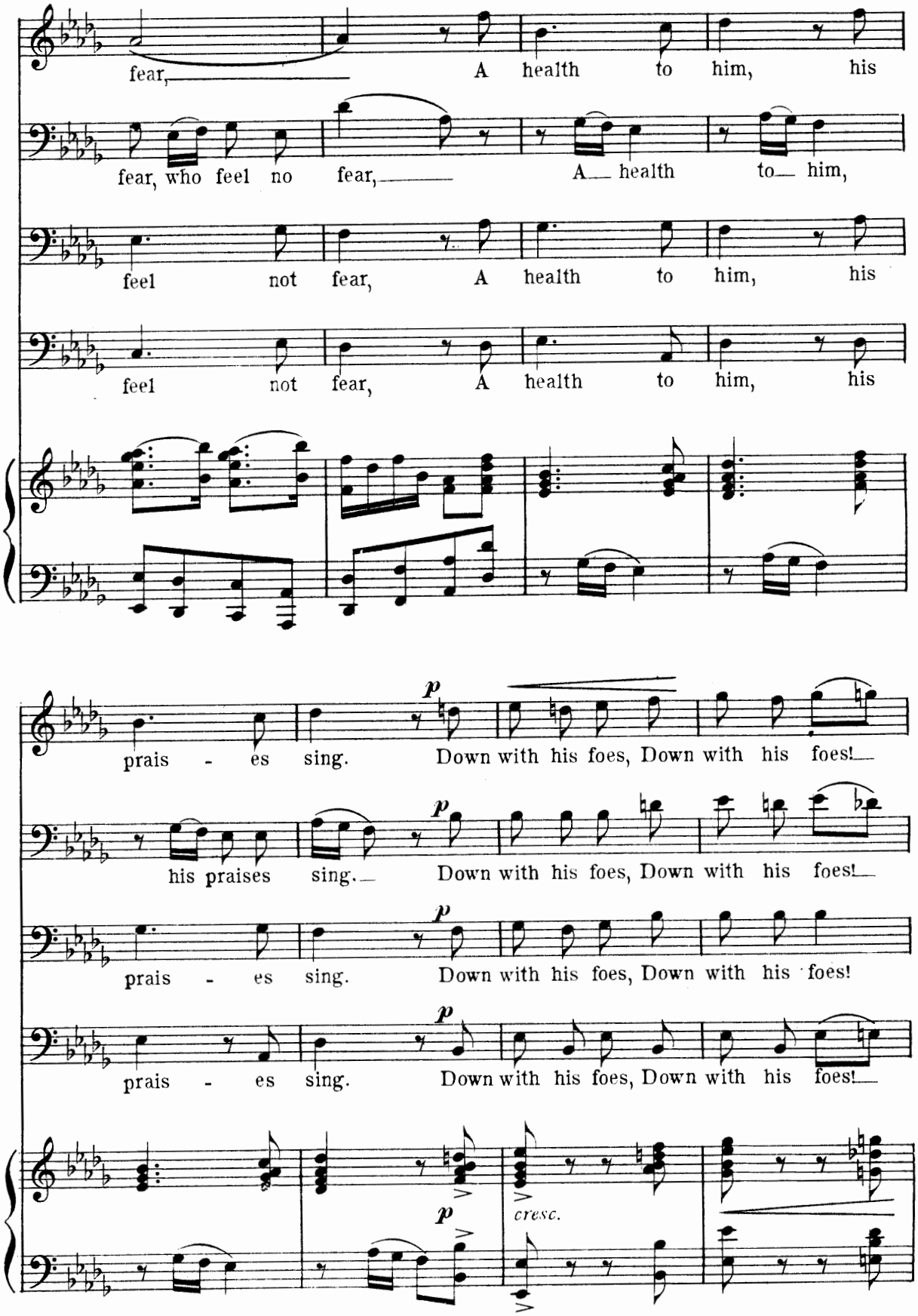
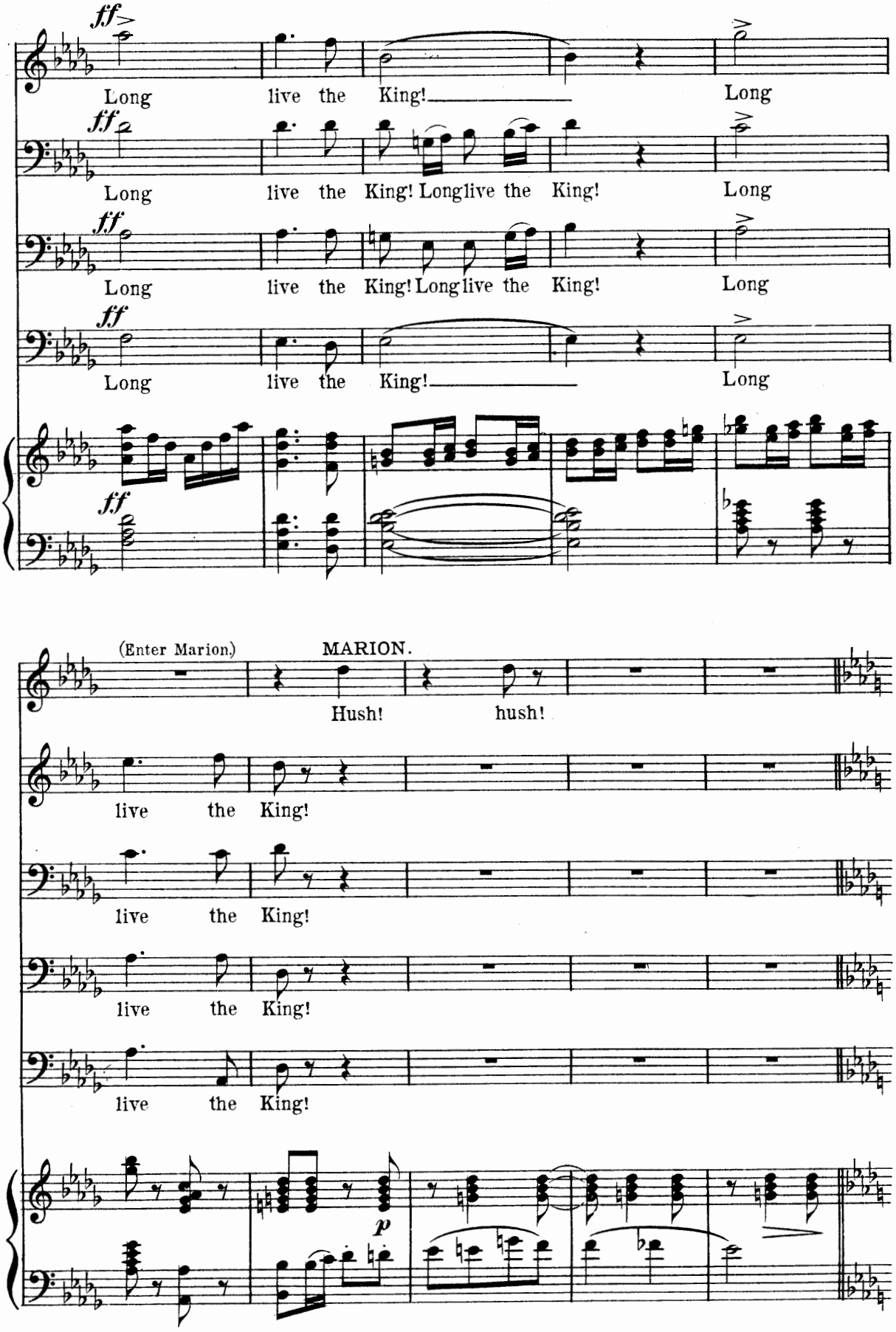

rit.
Oft you have betrayed, Turn not your face a - way,
Oft you have betrayed, Turn not your face a - way
Oft you have betrayed, Turn not your face a - way,
Oft you have betrayed, Turn not your face a - way
un poco rit.
CROSBY.
a tempo
I shall win I know. Would that the life of Wash-ing-ton de -
fp
(They throw dice.)
pend-ed on my throw.
p

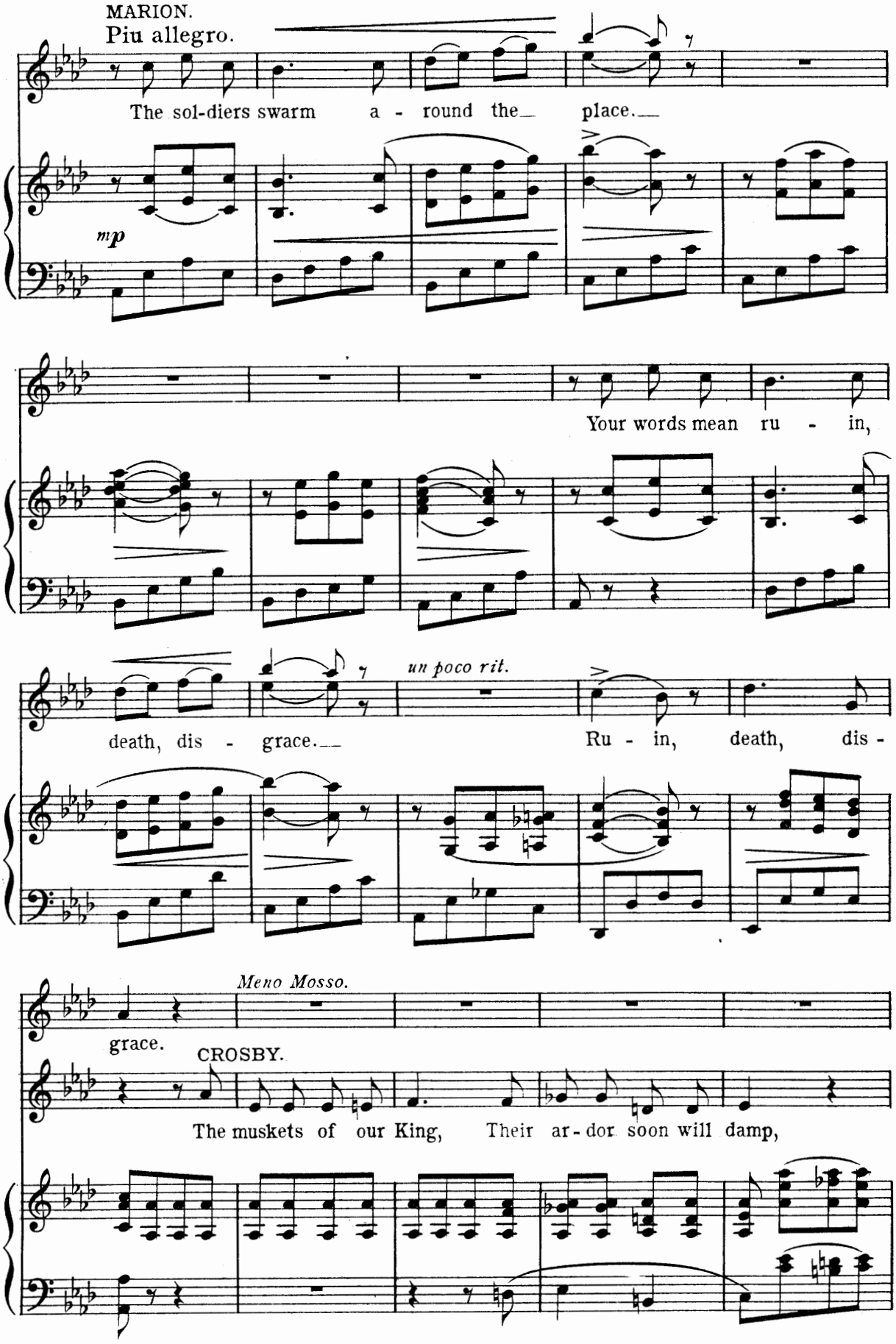

I win. If it had been just as I said,
ff
That reb-el chief would now be dead.
rit.
MANHEIM.
un poco meno
Five thousand pounds have offered been To him who shall the traitor slay.
p un poco meno
Should fate throw him a-cross my path He should not live anoth-er day.
ff

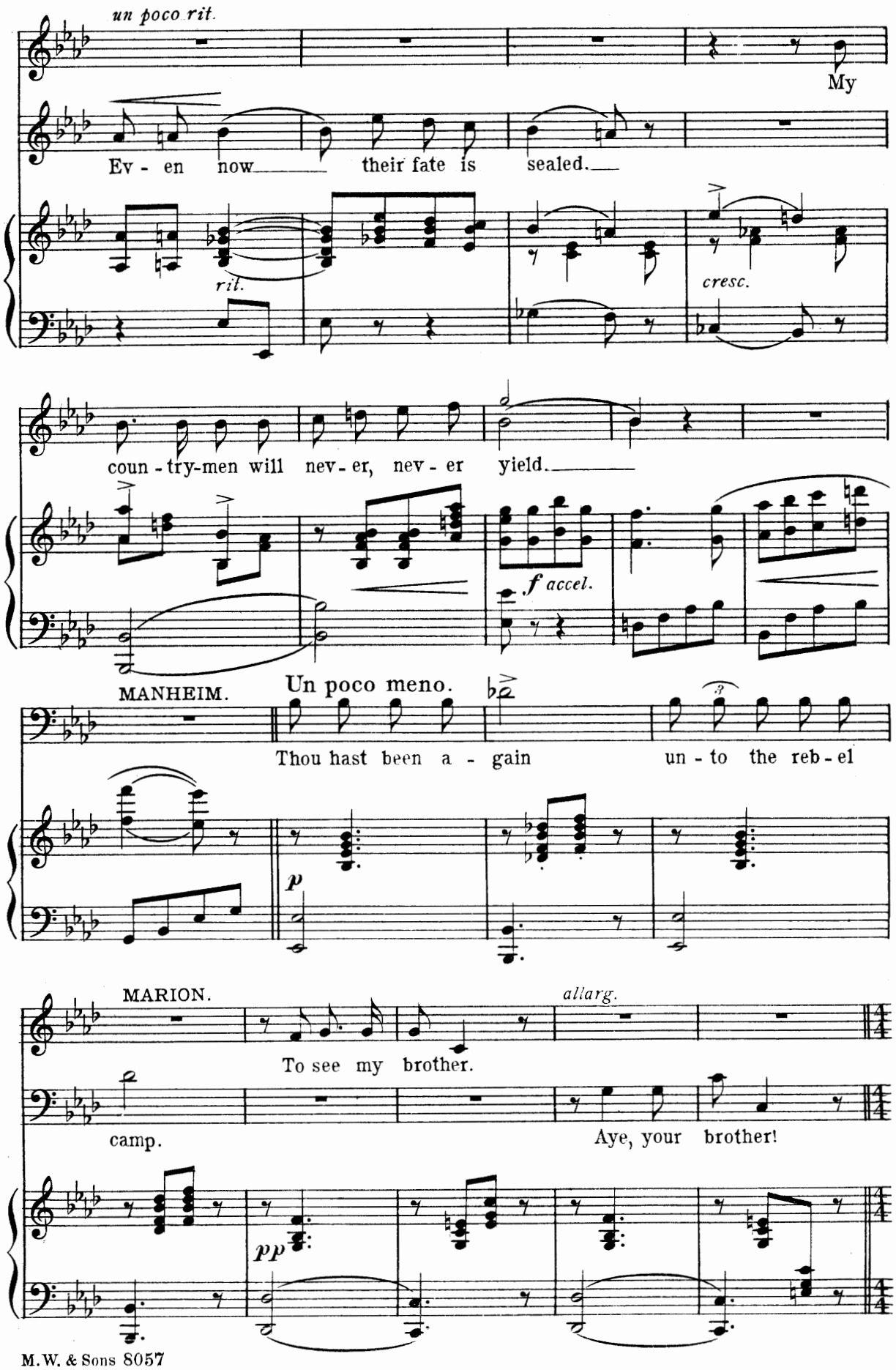

CROSBY.
a tempo
We wish that Manheim had his way.
Vivace.
LAJEUNESSE.
We wish that Manheim had his way.
COREY.
We wish that Manheim had his way.
Vivace.
mp
MANHEIM.
To our King!
f
To our King!
A
To our King!
A
To our King!
A
To our King!
A
ff
f

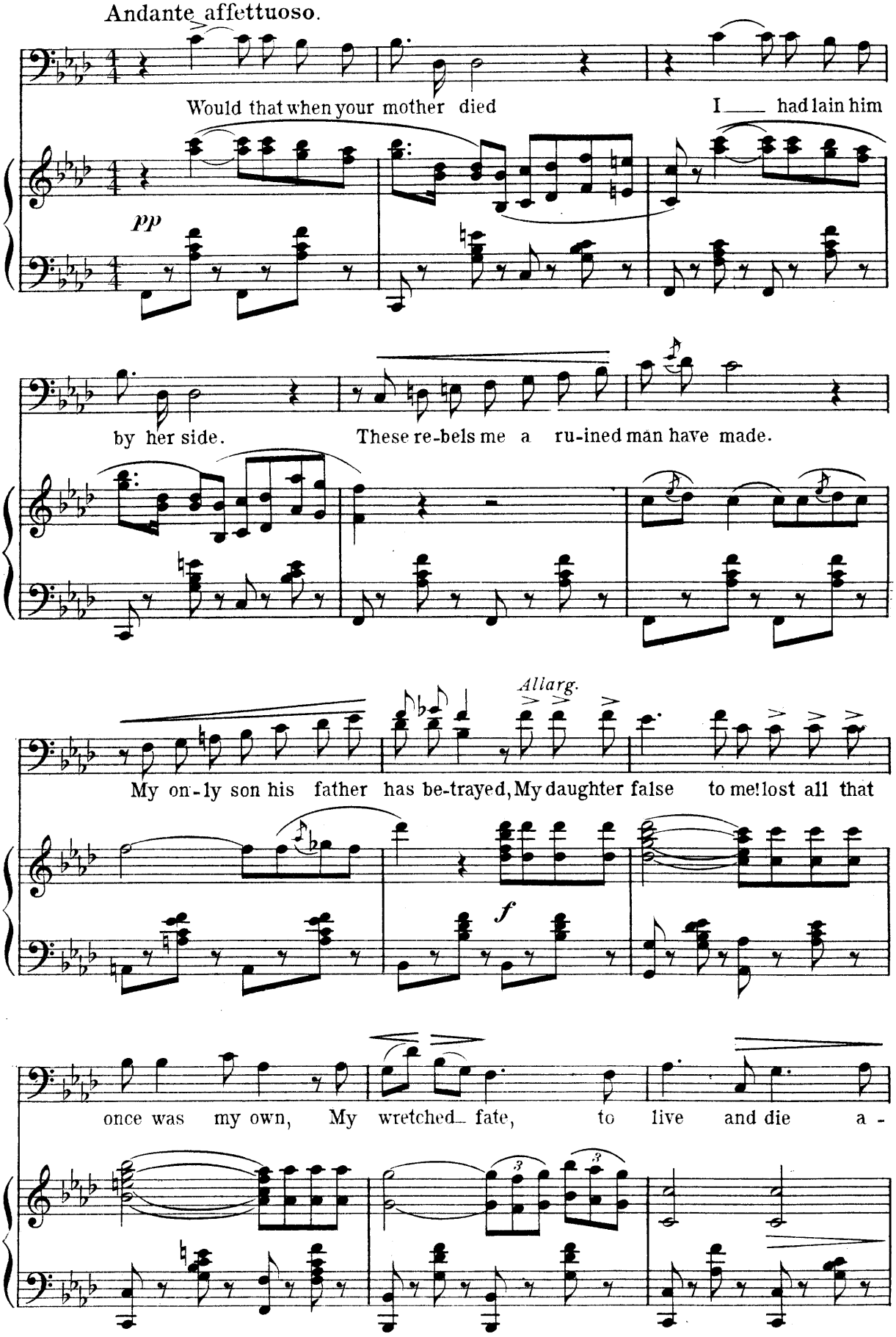

Allegro moderato.
health to him, Tho' death be near What
A health to him, Tho' death be near
health to him, Tho' death be near What
health to him, Tho' death be near What
Allegro moderato.
should they dread who feel not fear, What dread who feel not
What should they dread who feel not
should they dread who feel not fear, What dread who feel, who
should they dread who feel not fear, What dread who feel, who
cresc.

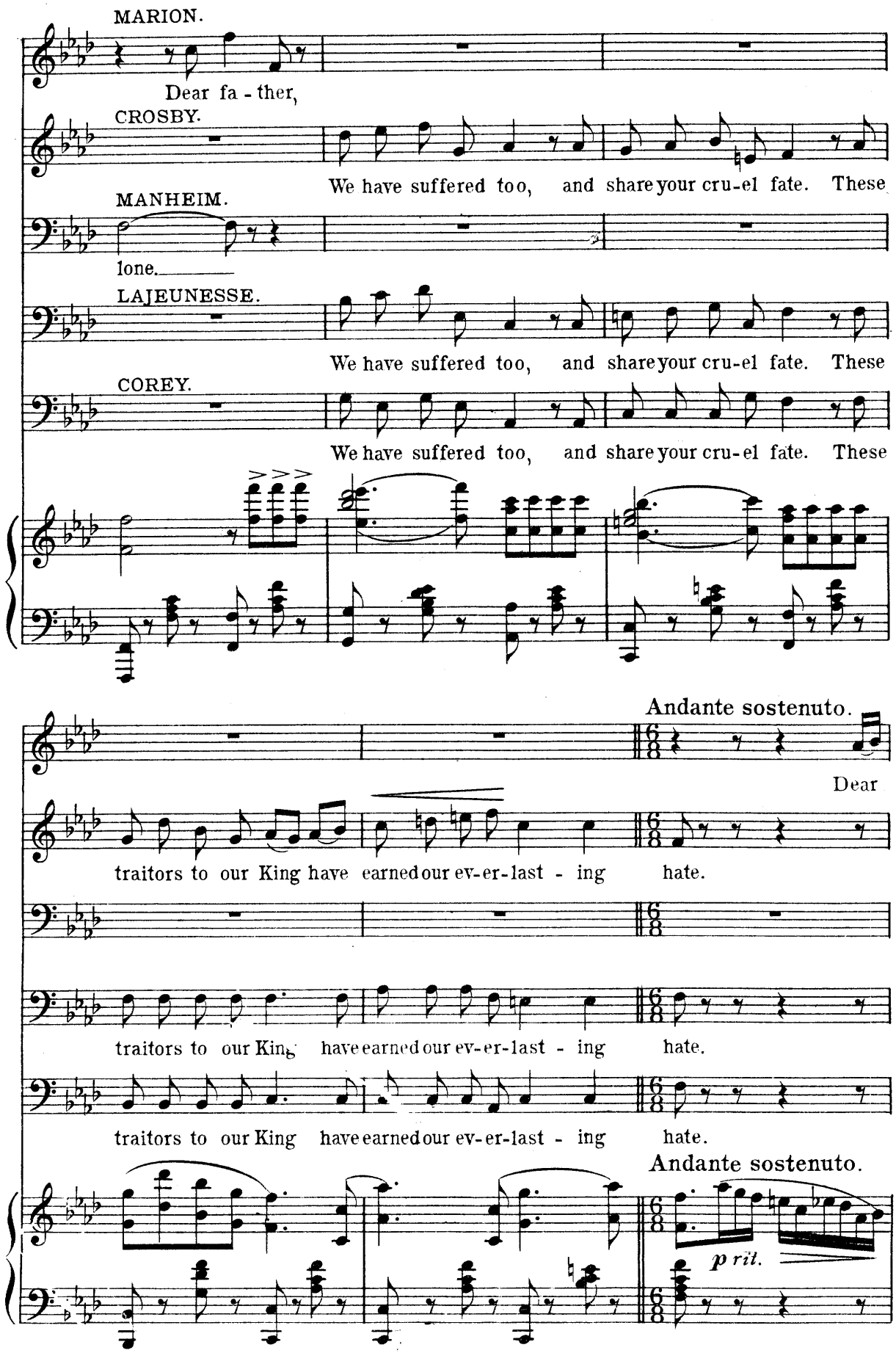

fear, A health to him, his
fear, who feel no fear, A health to him,
feel not fear, A health to him, his
feel not fear, A health to him, his
prais - es sing. Down with his foes, Down with his foes!
his praises sing. Down with his foes, Down with his foes!
prais - es sing. Down with his foes, Down with his foes!
prais - es sing. Down with his foes, Down with his foes!
cresc.

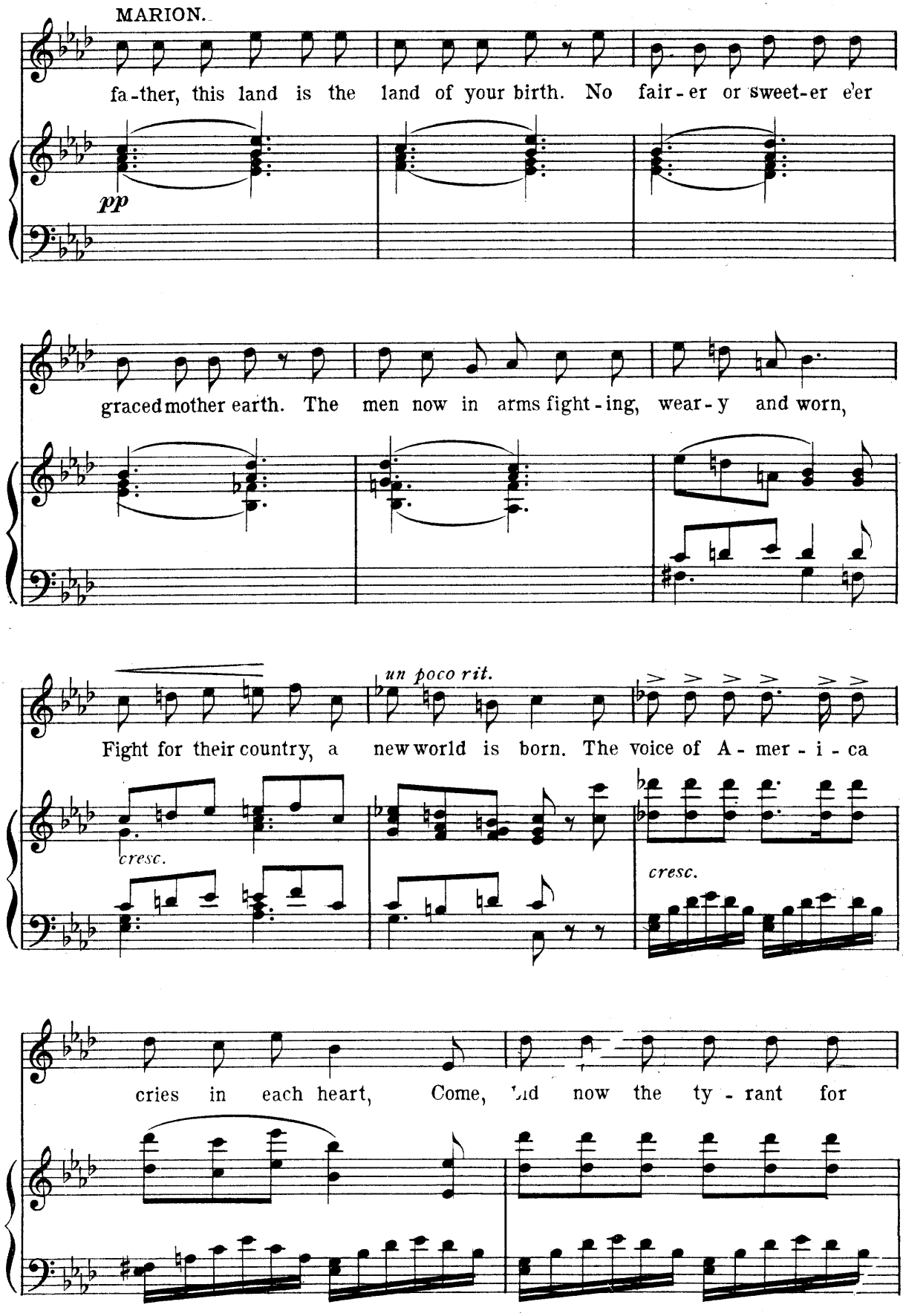

ff
Long live the King! Long
Long live the King! Long live the King! Long
Long live the King! Long live the King! Long
Long live the King! Long
(Enter Marion.)
MARION.
Hush! hush!
live the King!
live the King!
live the King!
live the King!
p

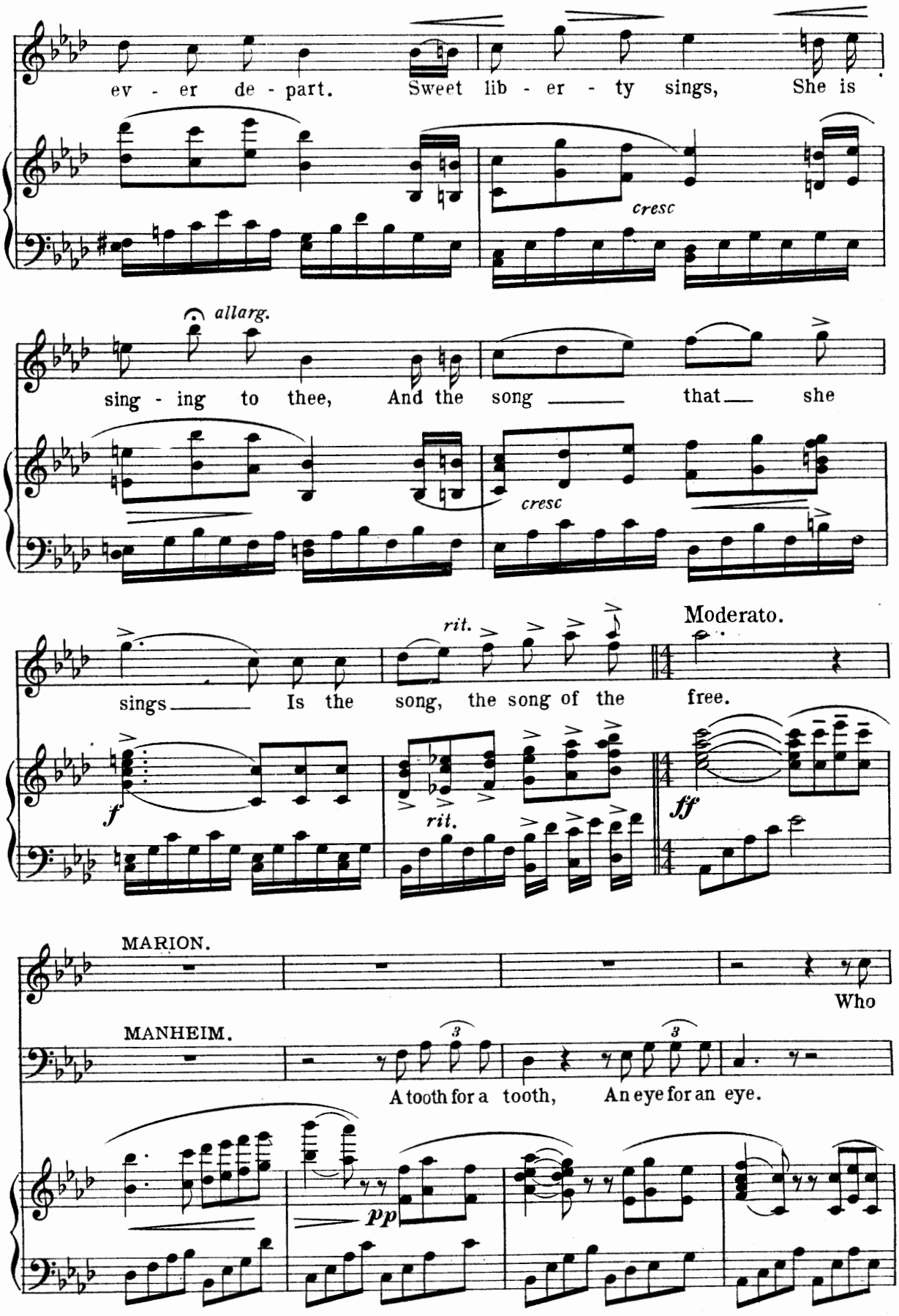

MARION.
Piu allegro.
The sol-diers swarm a - round the place.
mp
Your words mean ru - in,
un poco rit.
death, dis - grace.
Ru - in, death, dis -
Meno Mosso.
grace.
CROSBY.
The muskets of our King, Their ar - dor soon will damp,

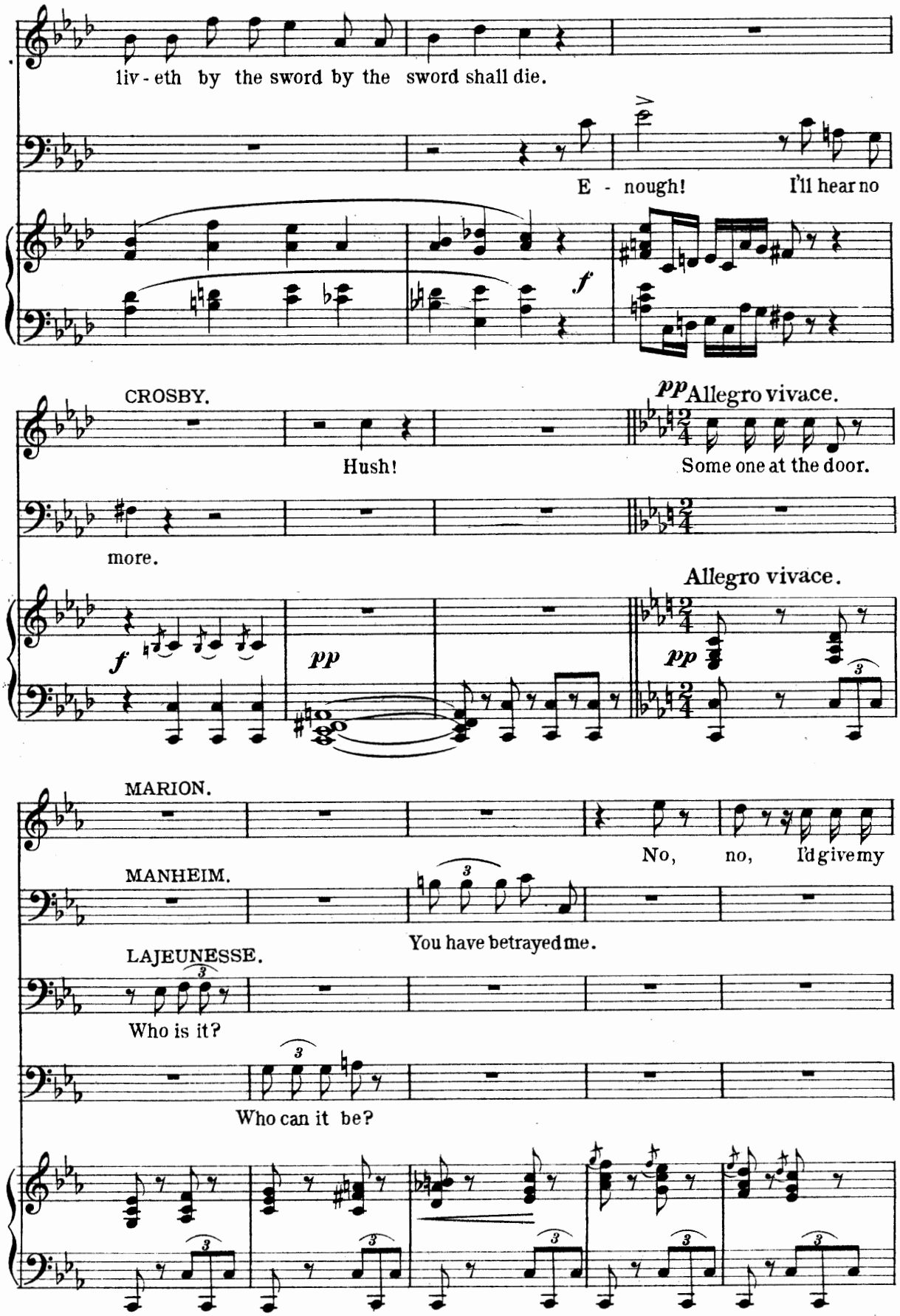

un poco rit.
My
Ev - en now their fate is sealed.
rit.
cresc.
coun - try-men will nev - er, nev - er yield.
f accel.
MANHEIM.
Un poco meno.
Thou hast been a - gain un - to the reb - el
p
MARION.
allarg.
To see my brother.
camp.
Aye, your brother!
pp

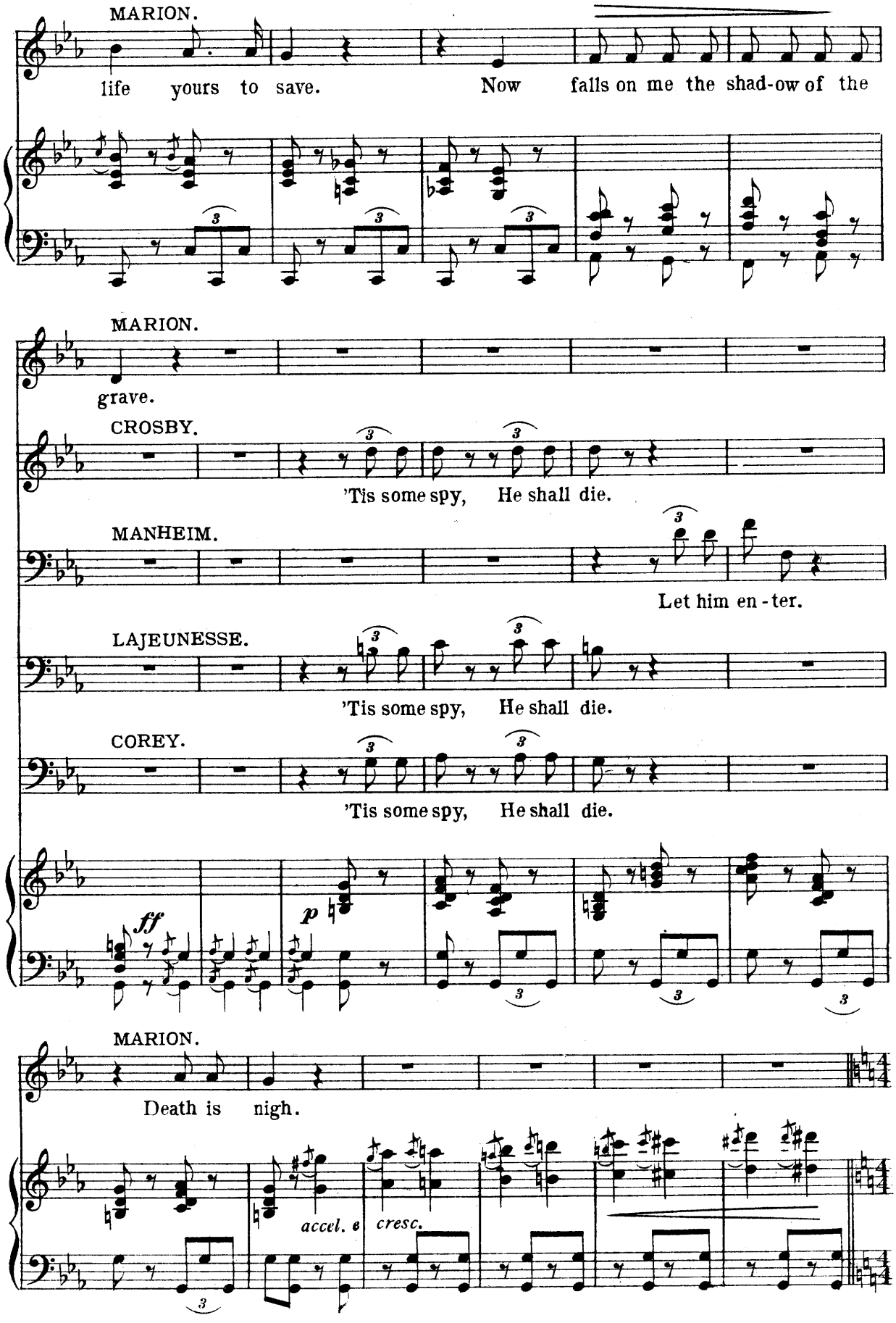

Andante affettuoso.
Would that when your mother died I had lain him
pp
by her side. These re-bels me a ru-ined man have made.
Allarg.
My on-ly son his father has be-trayed, My daughter false to me! lost all that
f
once was my own, My wretched fate, to live and die a -

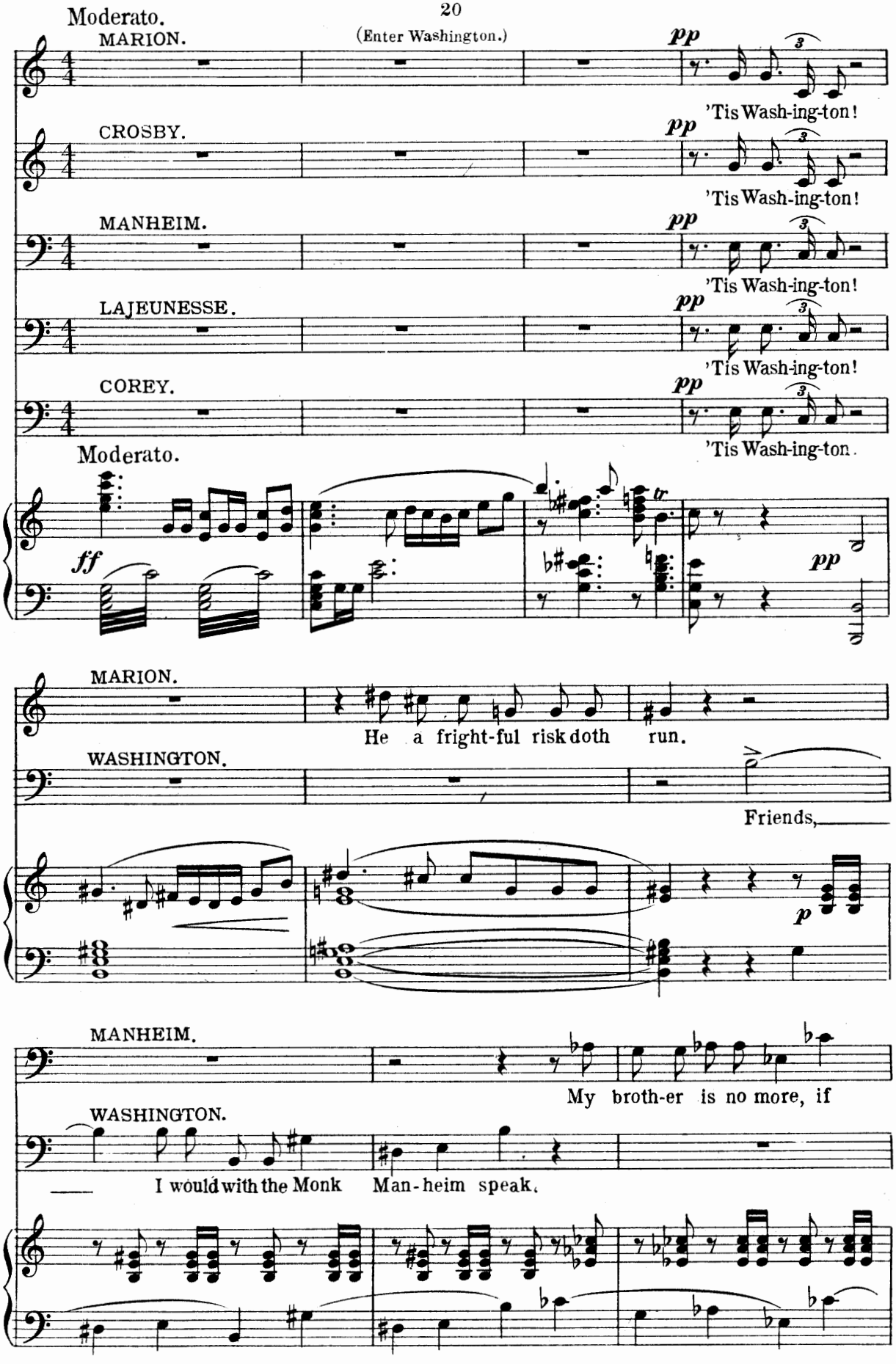

MARION.
Dear fa - ther,
CROSBY.
We have suffered too, and share your cru-el fate. These
MANHEIM.
lone.
LAJEUNESSE.
We have suffered too, and share your cru-el fate. These
COREY.
We have suffered too, and share your cru-el fate. These
Andante sostenuto.
Dear
traitors to our King have earned our ev-er-last - ing hate.
traitors to our King have earned our ev-er-last - ing hate.
traitors to our King have earned our ev-er-last - ing hate.
Andante sostenuto.
p rit.

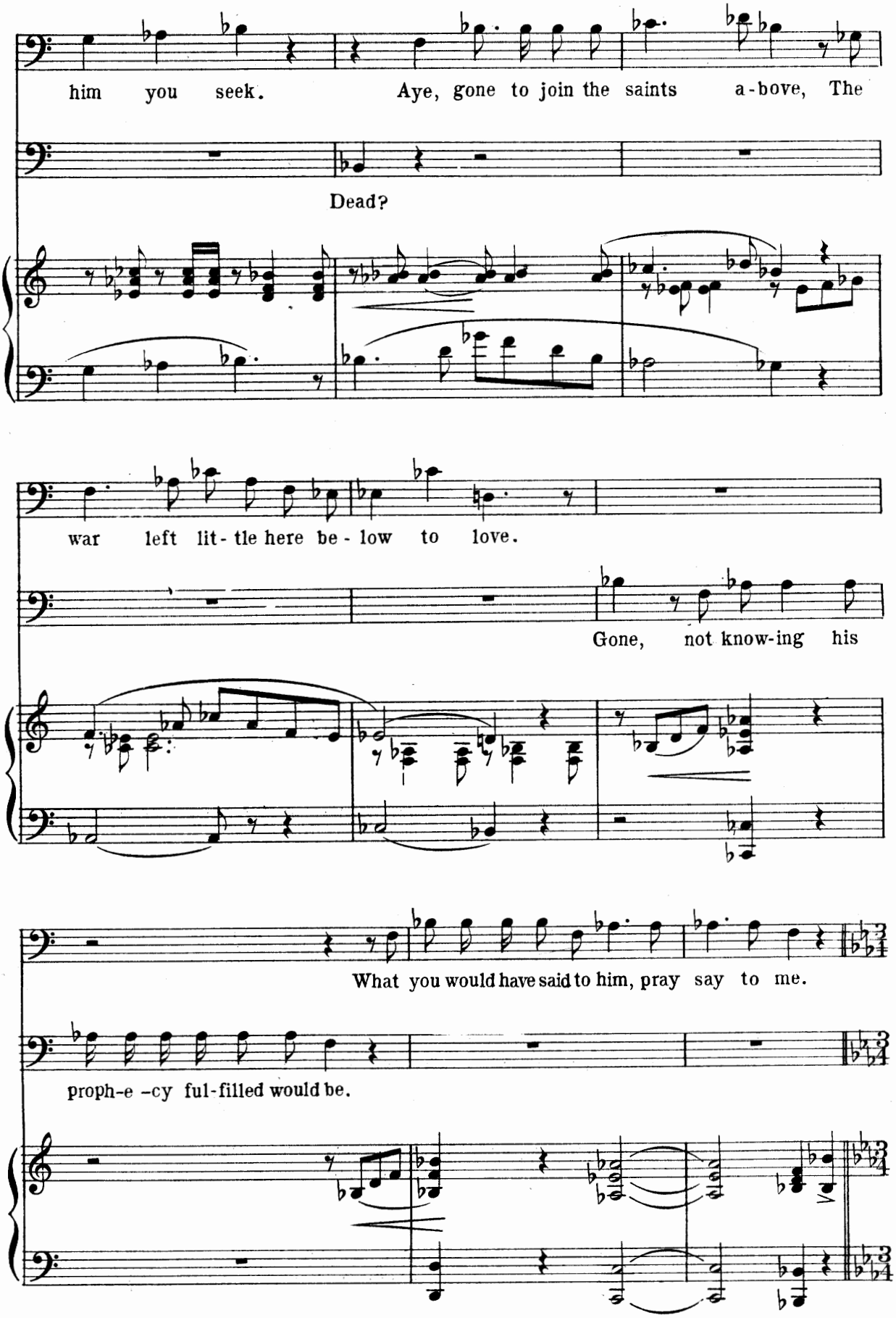

MARION.
fa-ther, this land is the land of your birth. No fair-er or sweet-er e'er
pp
graced mother earth. The men now in arms fight-ing, wear-y and worn,
un poco rit.
Fight for their country, a new world is born. The voice of A-mer-i-ca
cresc.
cresc.
cries in each heart, Come, rid now the ty-rant for


ev - er de - part. Sweet lib - er - ty sings, She is
cresc
allarg.
sing - ing to thee, And the song that she
cresc
rit.
Moderato.
sings Is the song, the song of the free.
f
rit.
ff
MARION.
Who
MANHEIM.
A tooth for a tooth, An eye for an eye.
pp


liv - eth by the sword by the sword shall die.
E - nough! I'll hear no
CROSBY.
Hush!
pp Allegro vivace.
Some one at the door.
more.
Allegro vivace.
MARION.
No, no, I'd give my
MANHEIM.
You have betrayed me.
LAJEUNESSE.
Who is it?
Who can it be?

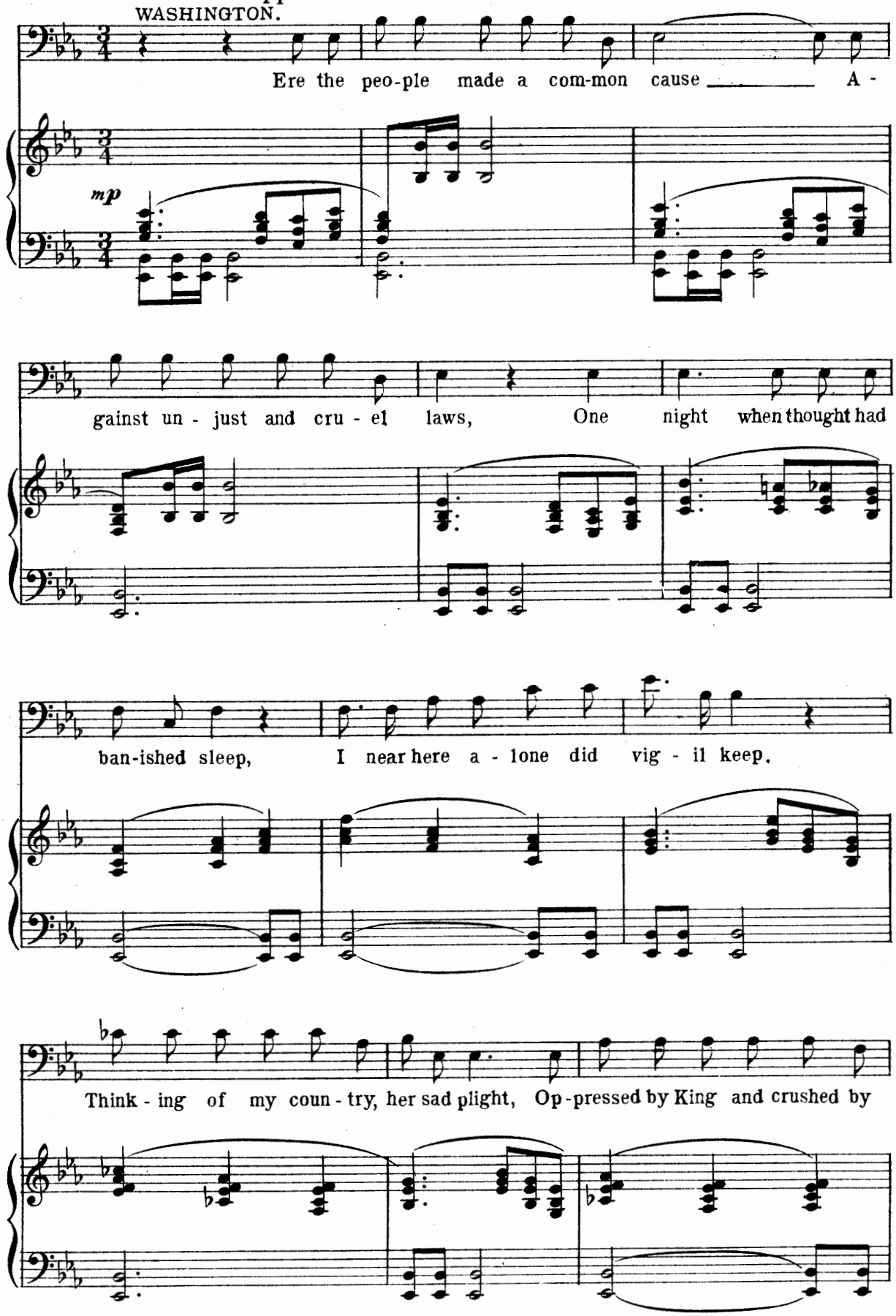

MARION.
life yours to save. Now falls on me the shad-ow of the
MARION.
grave.
CROSBY.
'Tis some spy, He shall die.
MANHEIM.
Let him en-ter.
LAJEUNESSE.
'Tis some spy, He shall die.
COREY.
'Tis some spy, He shall die.
ff
p
MARION.
Death is nigh.
accel. e
cresc.

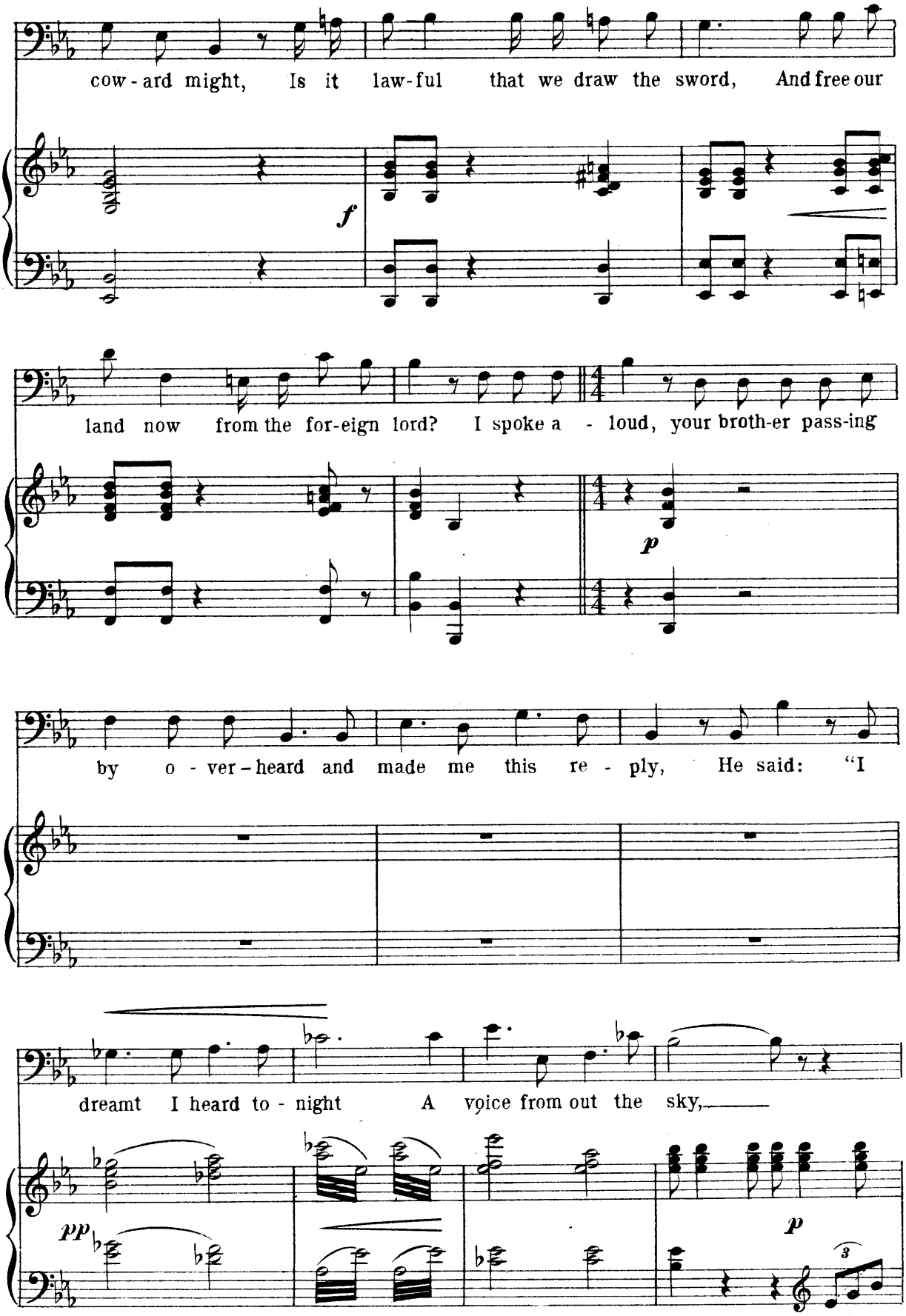

Moderato.
MARION.
(Enter Washington.)
pp
'Tis Wash-ing-ton!
CROSBY.
pp
'Tis Wash-ing-ton!
MANHEIM.
pp
'Tis Wash-ing-ton!
LAJEUNESSE.
pp
'Tis Wash-ing-ton!
COREY.
pp
'Tis Wash-ing-ton.
Moderato.
ff
tr
pp
MARION.
He a fright-ful risk doth run.
WASHINGTON.
Friends,
p
MANHEIM.
My broth-er is no more, if
WASHINGTON.
I would with the Monk Man-heim speak.

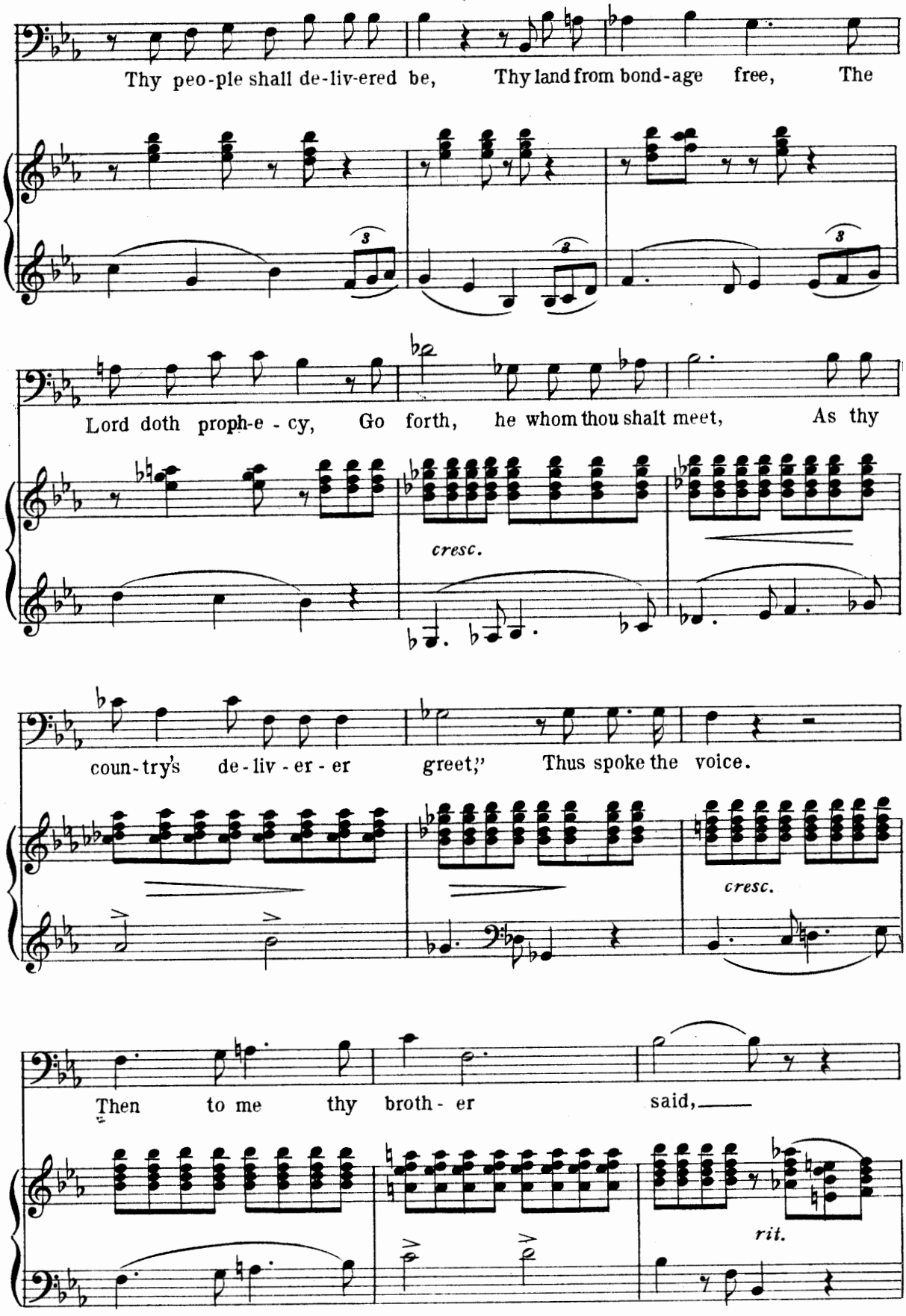

him you seek. Aye, gone to join the saints a-bove, The
Dead?
war left lit-tle here be-low to love.
Gone, not know-ing his
What you would have said to him, pray say to me.
proph-e-cy ful-filled would be.

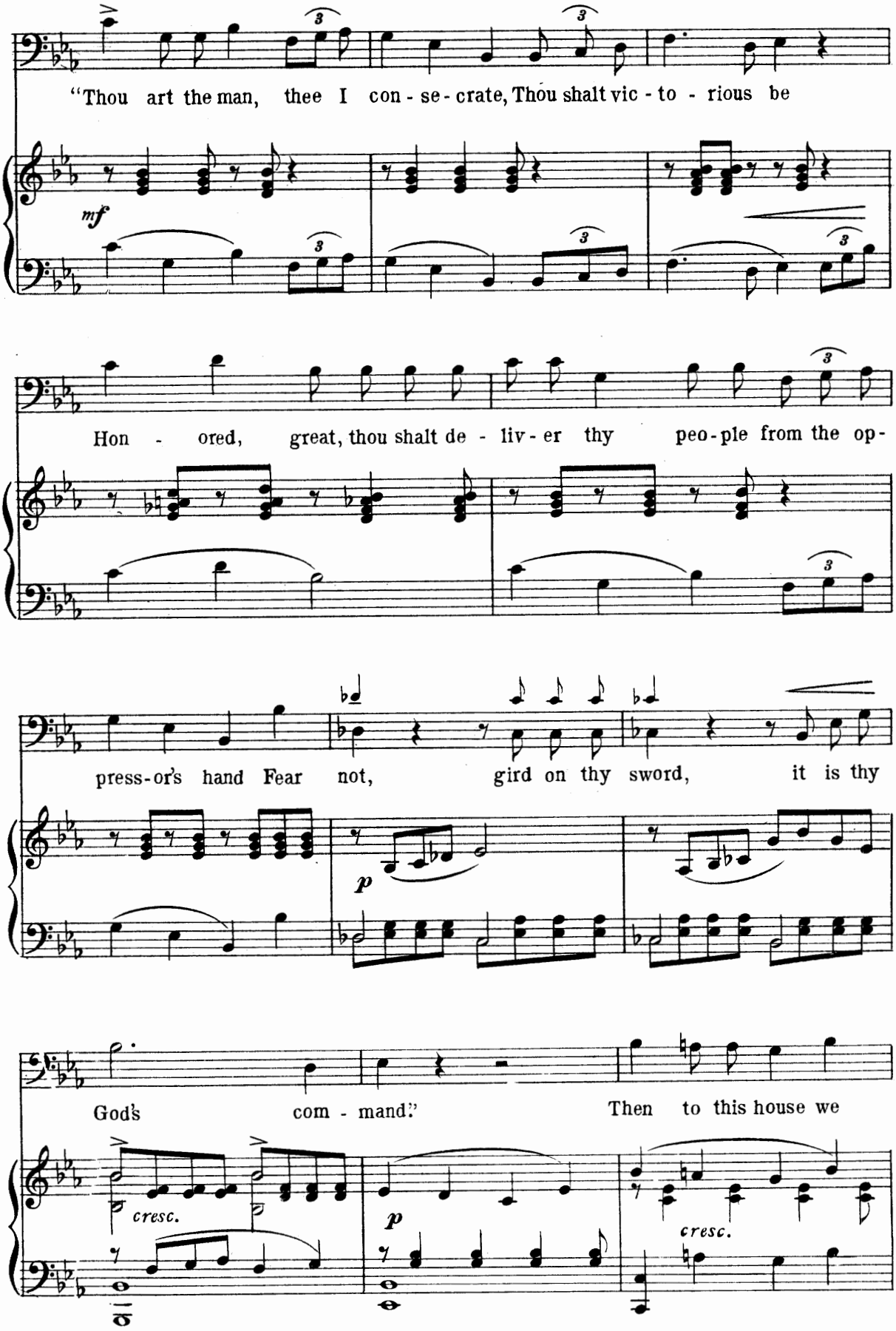
Andante non troppo.

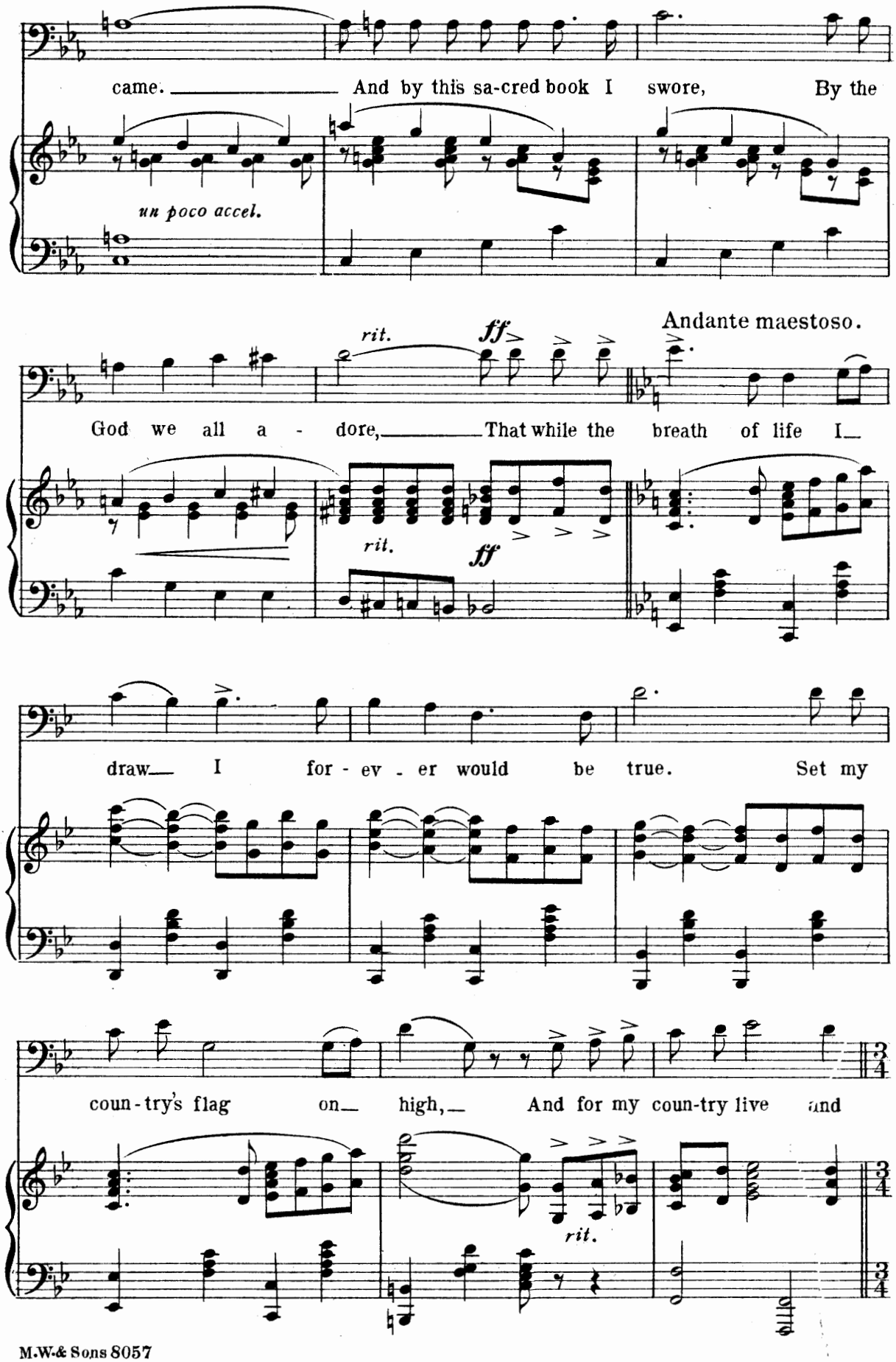
WASHINGTON.

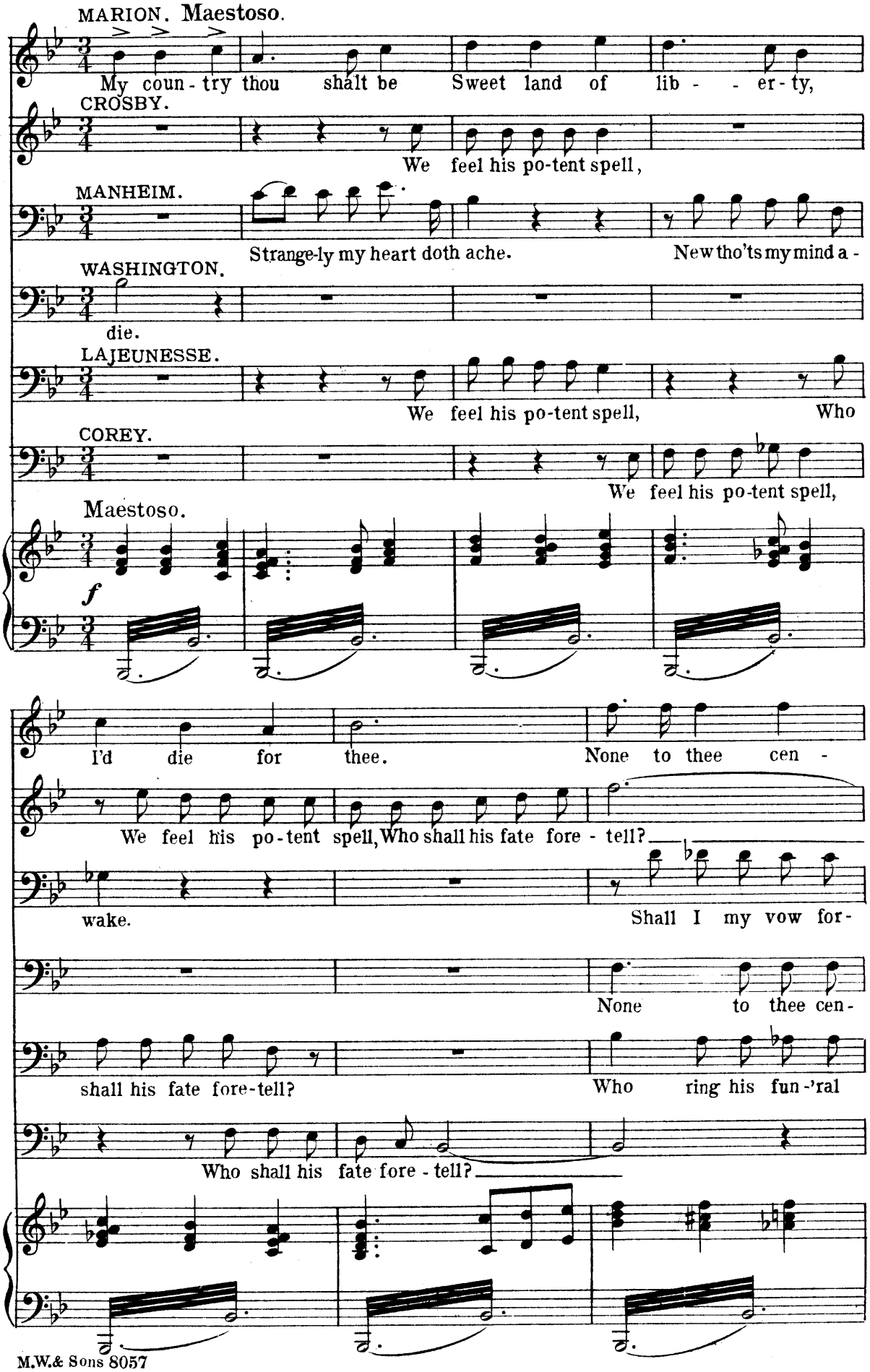


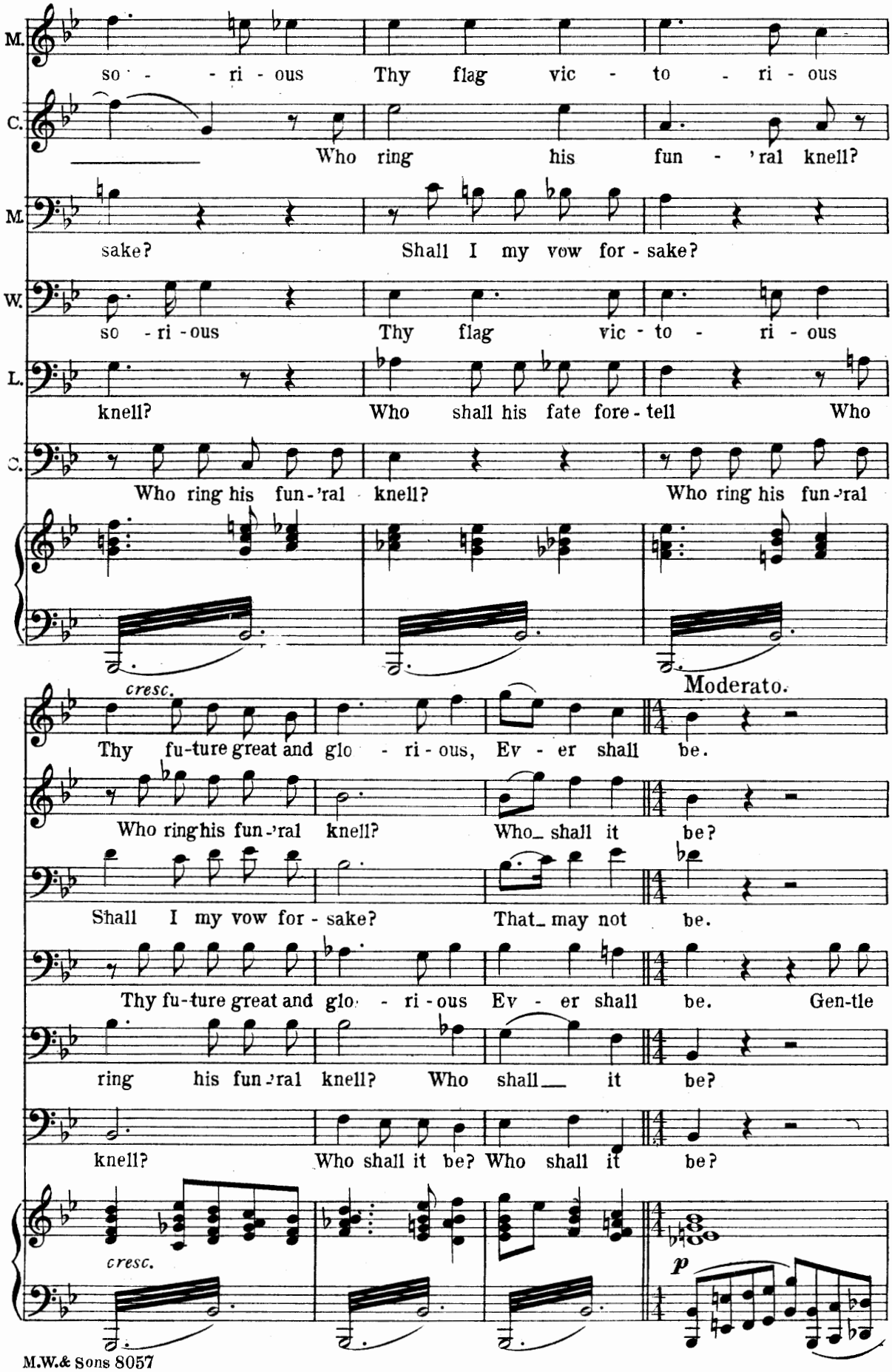

cow - ard might, Is it law-ful that we draw the sword, And free our
f
land now from the for-eign lord? I spoke a - loud, your broth-er pass-ing
p
by o - ver - heard and made me this re - ply, He said: "I
dreamt I heard to - night A voice from out the sky,
pp
p

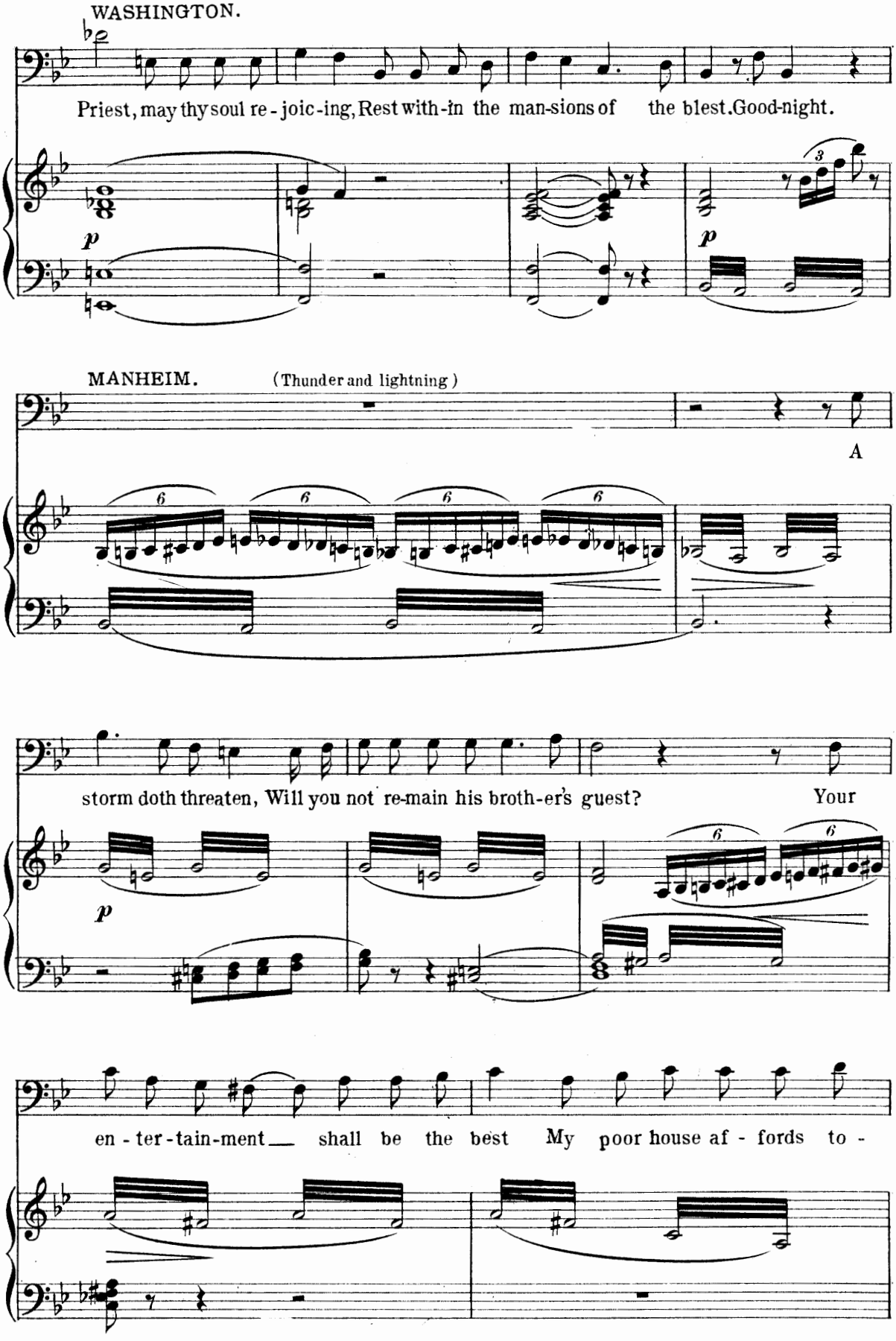

Thy peo-ple shall de-liv-ered be, Thy land from bond-age free, The
Lord doth proph-e - cy, Go forth, he whom thou shalt meet, As thy
cresc.
coun-try's de-liv - er - er greet," Thus spoke the voice.
cresc.
Then to me thy broth - er said,
rit.

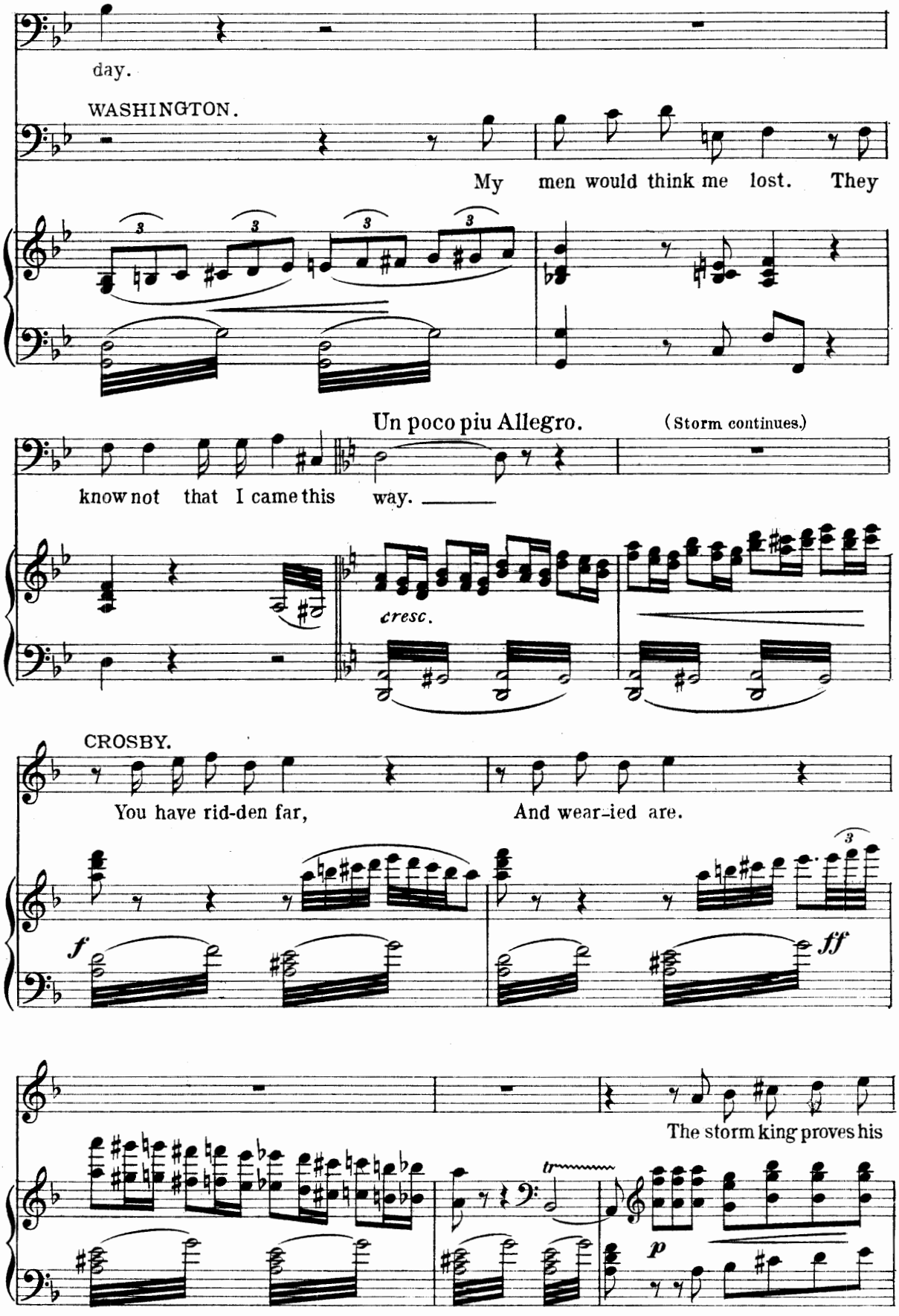

"Thou art the man, thee I con - se - crate, Thou shalt vic - to - rious be
mf
Hon - ored, great, thou shalt de - liv - er thy peo - ple from the op -
press - or's hand Fear not, gird on thy sword, it is thy
p
God's com - mand." Then to this house we
cresc.
p
cresc.

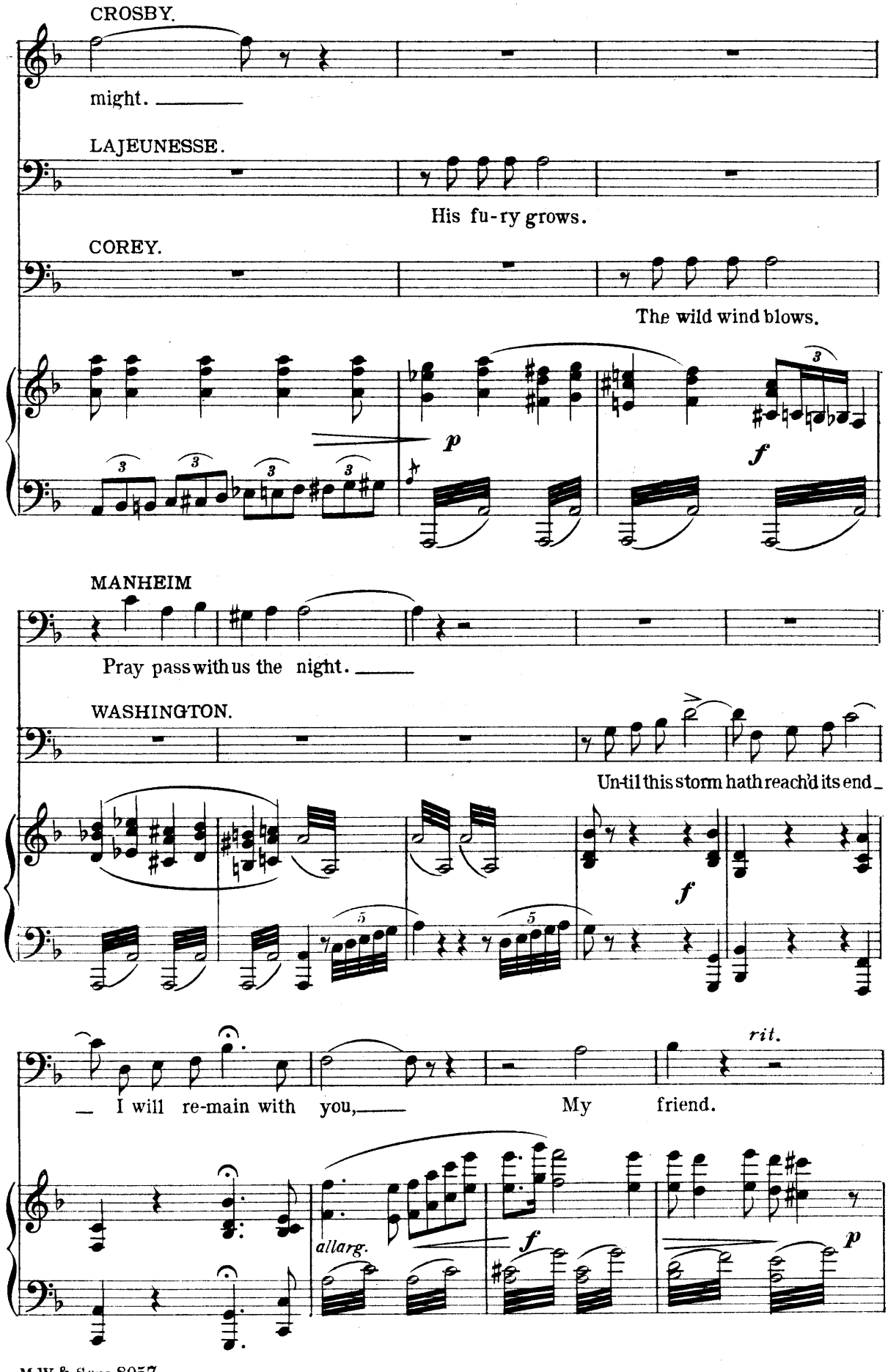

came. And by this sa-cred book I swore, By the
un poco accel.
Andante maestoso.
rit.
ff
God we all a - dore, That while the breath of life I
rit.
ff
draw I for - ev - er would be true. Set my
coun-try's flag on high, And for my coun-try live and
rit.

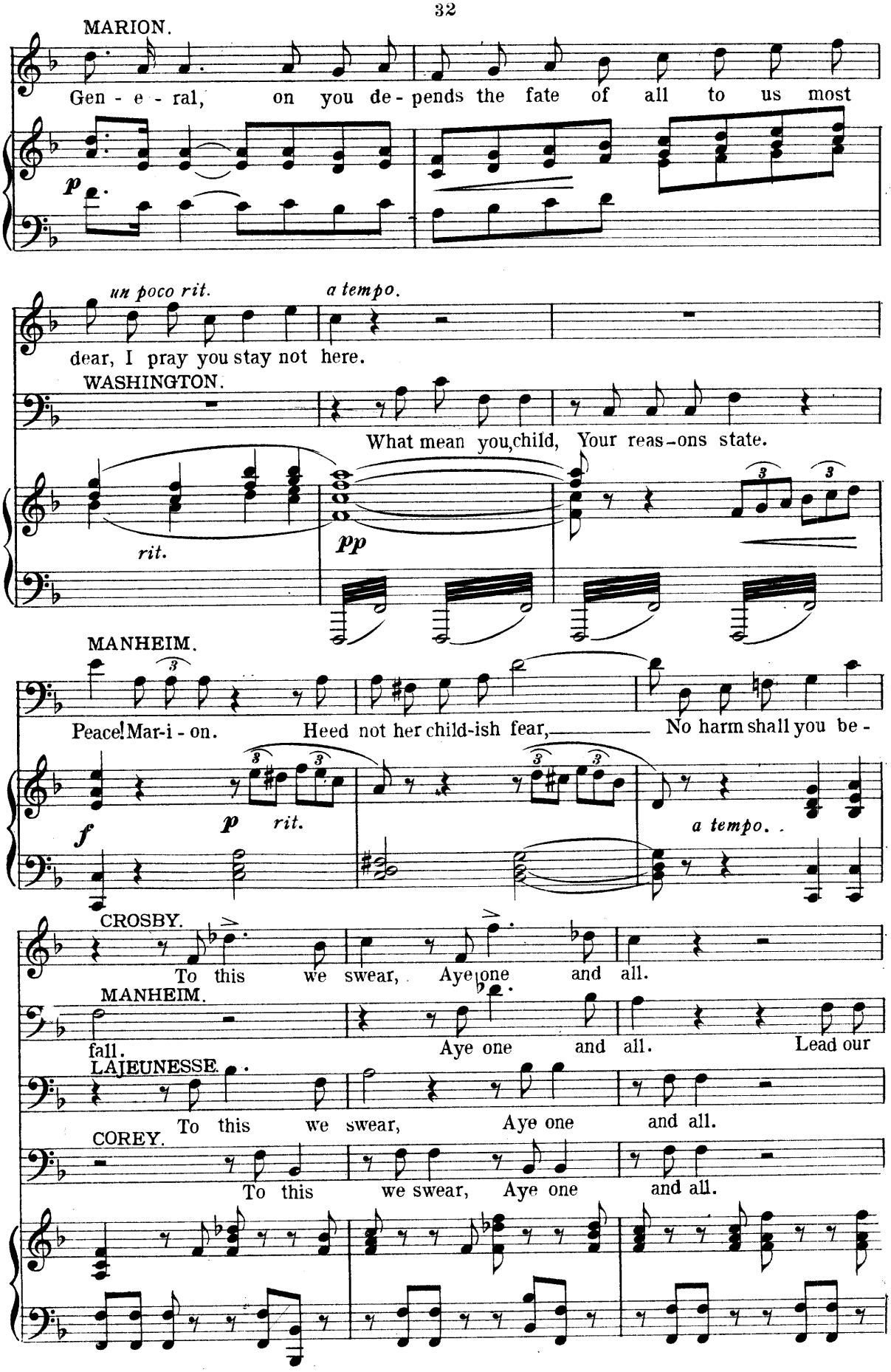

MARION. Maestoso.
My coun - try thou shalt be Sweet land of lib - - er - ty,
CROSBY.
We feel his po-tent spell,
MANHEIM.
Strange-ly my heart doth ache. New tho'ts my mind a -
WASHINGTON.
die.
LAJEUNESSE.
We feel his po-tent spell, Who
COREY.
We feel his po-tent spell,
Maestoso.
f
I'd die for thee. None to thee cen -
We feel his po - tent spell, Who shall his fate fore - tell?
wake. Shall I my vow for -
None to thee cen -
shall his fate fore-tell? Who ring his fun-'ral
Who shall his fate fore - tell?

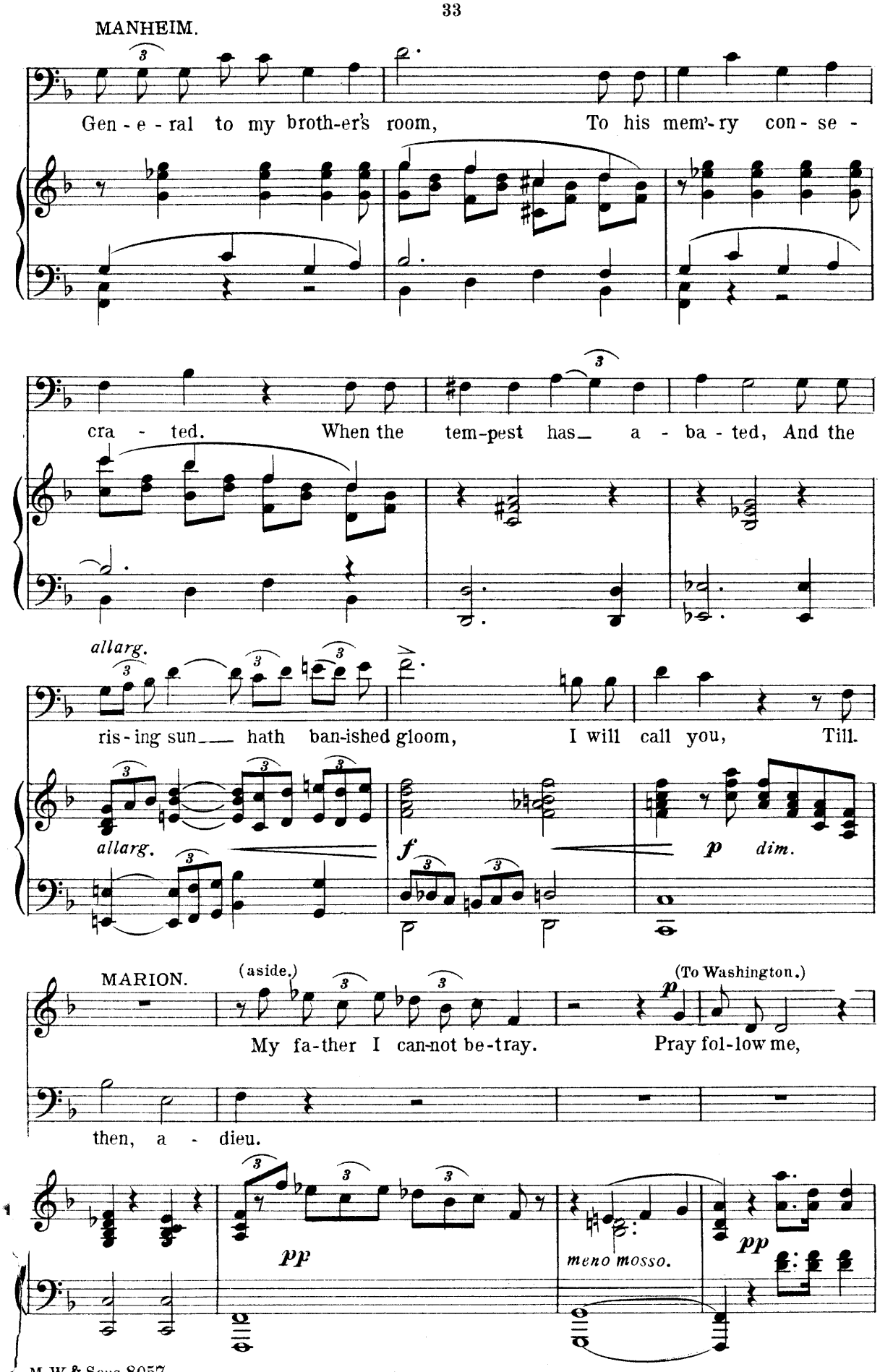

M.
so - - ri - ous Thy flag vic - to - ri - ous
C.
Who ring his fun - 'ral knell?
M.
sake? Shall I my vow for - sake?
W.
so - ri - ous Thy flag vic - to - ri - ous
L.
knell? Who shall his fate fore - tell Who
C.
Who ring his fun - 'ral knell? Who ring his fun - 'ral
cresc.
Moderato.
Thy fu-ture great and glo - ri - ous, Ev - er shall be.
Who ring his fun - 'ral knell? Who_ shall it be?
Shall I my vow for - sake? That_ may not be.
Thy fu-ture great and glo - ri - ous Ev - er shall be. Gen-tle
ring his fun - 'ral knell? Who shall__ it be?
knell? Who shall it be? Who shall it be?
cresc.
p

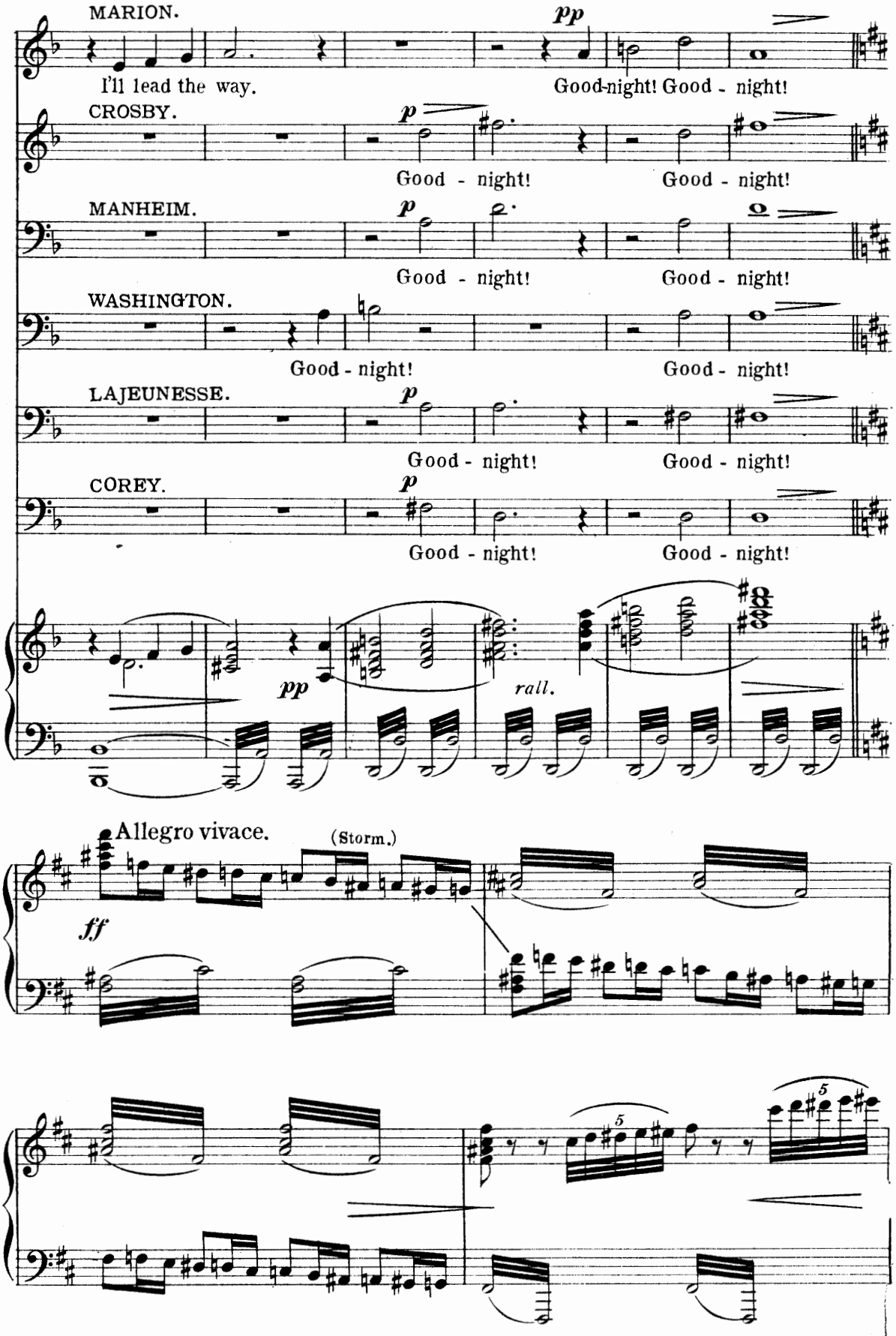

WASHINGTON.
Priest, may thy soul re - joic - ing, Rest with - in the man-sions of the blest. Good-night.
MANHEIM.
(Thunder and lightning)
A
storm doth threaten, Will you not re-main his broth-er's guest?
Your
en - ter - tain-ment shall be the best
My poor house af - fords to -

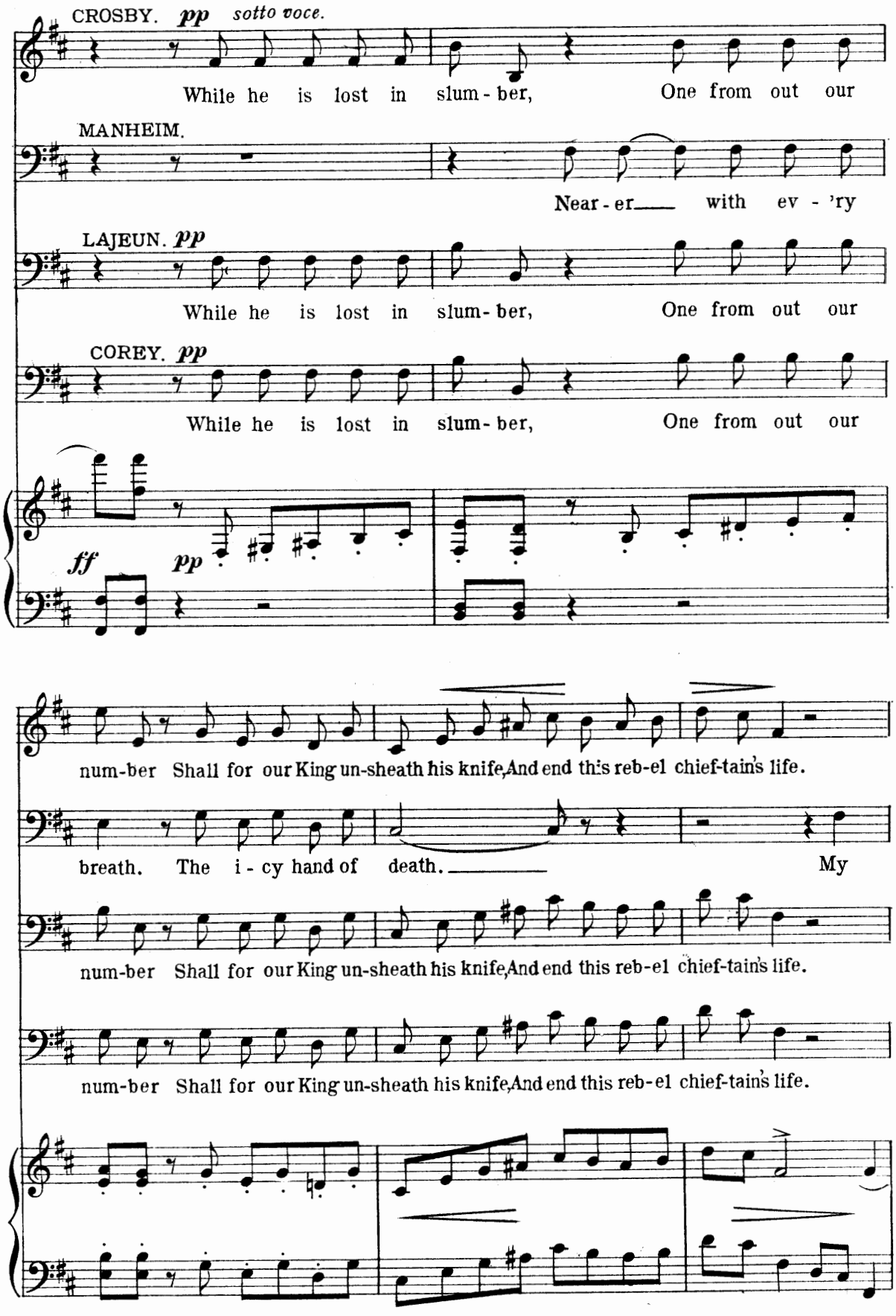

day.
WASHINGTON.
My men would think me lost. They
Un poco piu Allegro.
(Storm continues.)
know not that I came this way.
cresc.
CROSBY.
You have rid-den far,
And wear-ied are.
f
ff
The storm king proves his
tr
p

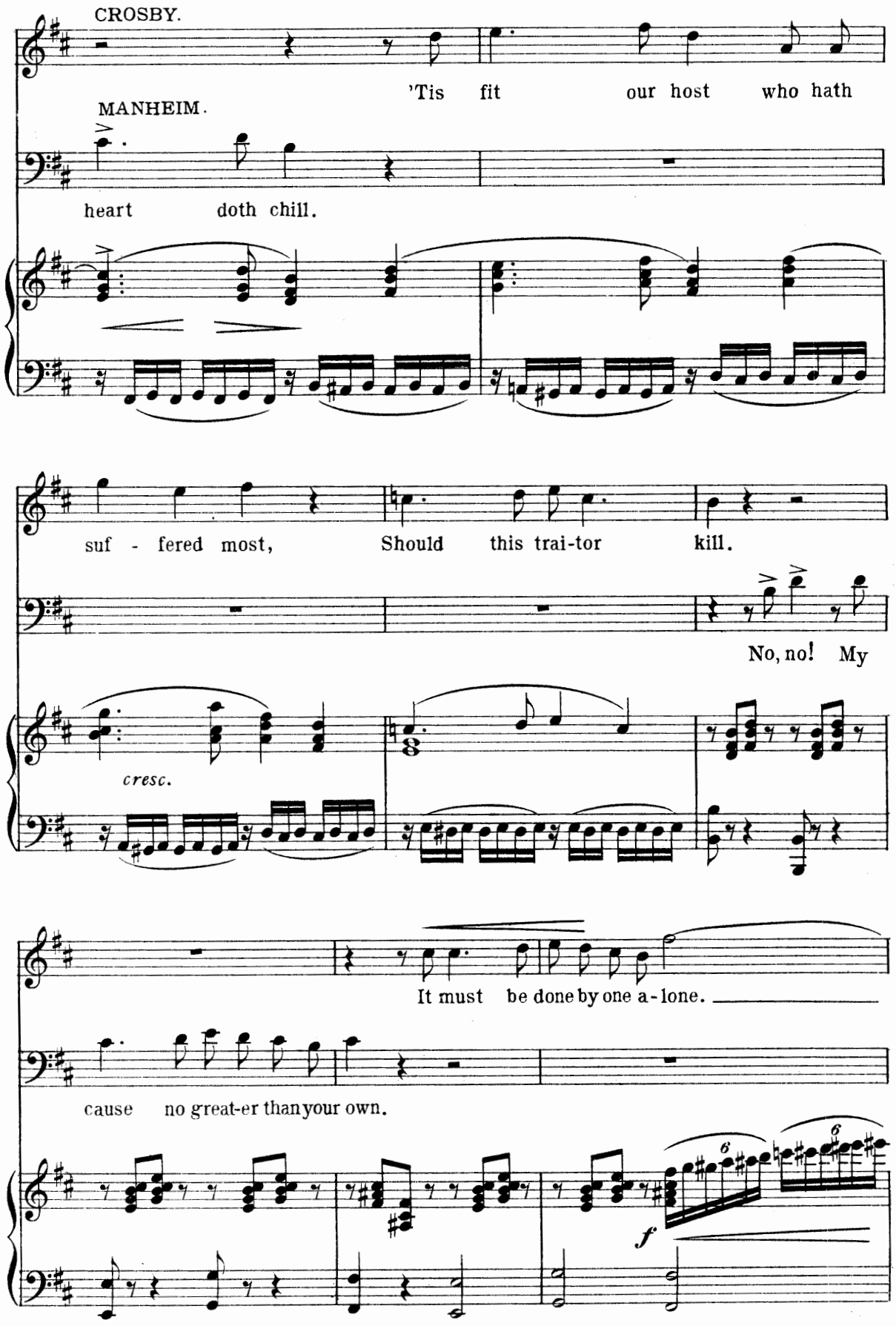

CROSBY.
might.
LAJEUNESSE.
His fu-ry grows.
COREY.
The wild wind blows.
p
f
MANHEIM
Pray pass with us the night.
WASHINGTON.
Un-til this storm hath reach'd its end.
f
rit.
I will re-main with you, My friend.
allarg.
f
p

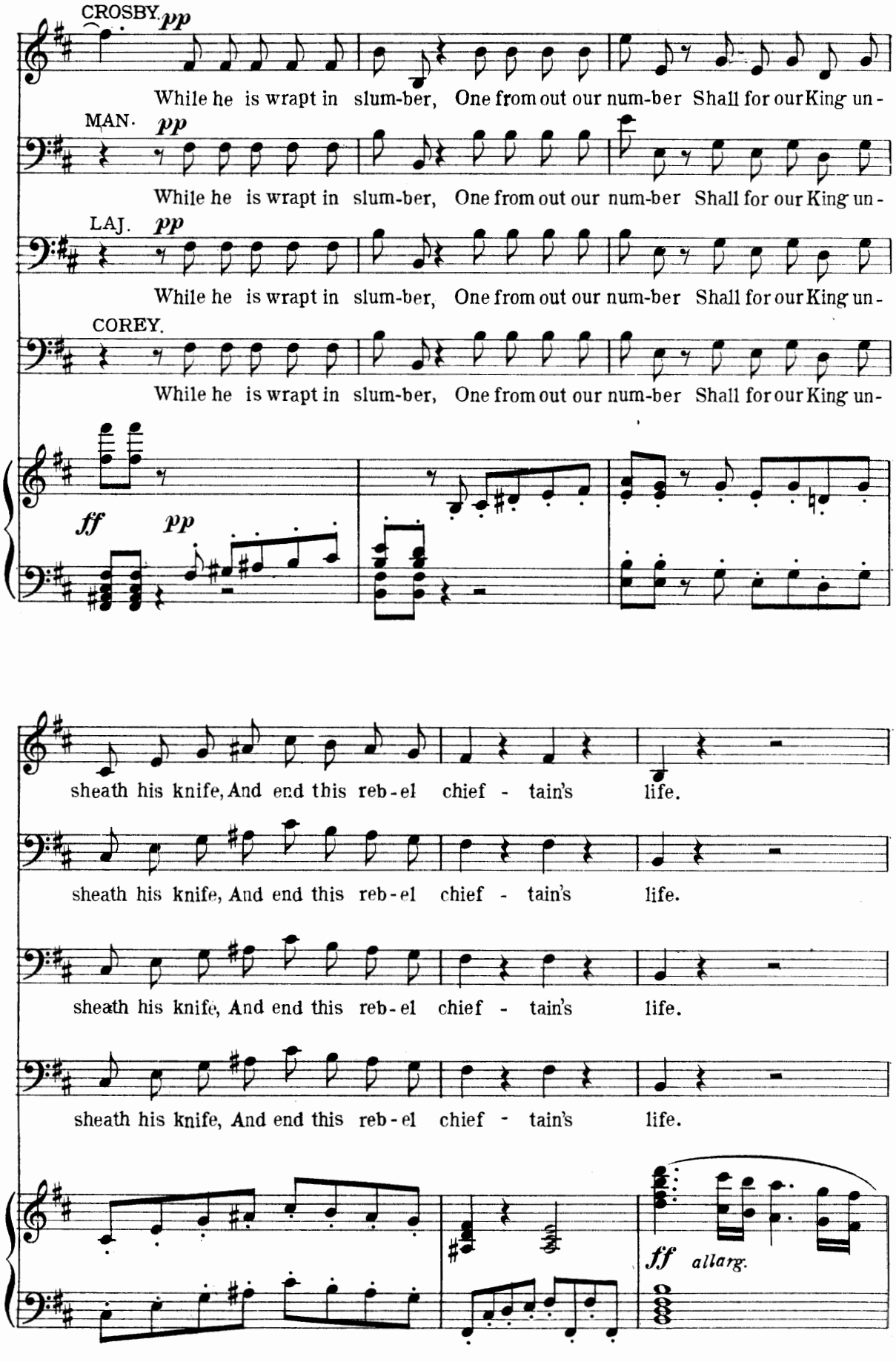

MARION.
Gen - e - ral, on you de - pends the fate of all to us most
p
un poco rit.
a tempo.
dear, I pray you stay not here.
WASHINGTON.
What mean you, child, Your reas-ons state.
rit.
pp
MANHEIM.
Peace! Mar-i - on. Heed not her child-ish fear, No harm shall you be -
f
p
rit.
a tempo.
CROSBY.
To this we swear, Aye one and all.
MANHEIM.
fall.
Aye one and all. Lead our
LAJEUNESSE.
To this we swear, Aye one and all.
COREY.
To this we swear, Aye one and all.

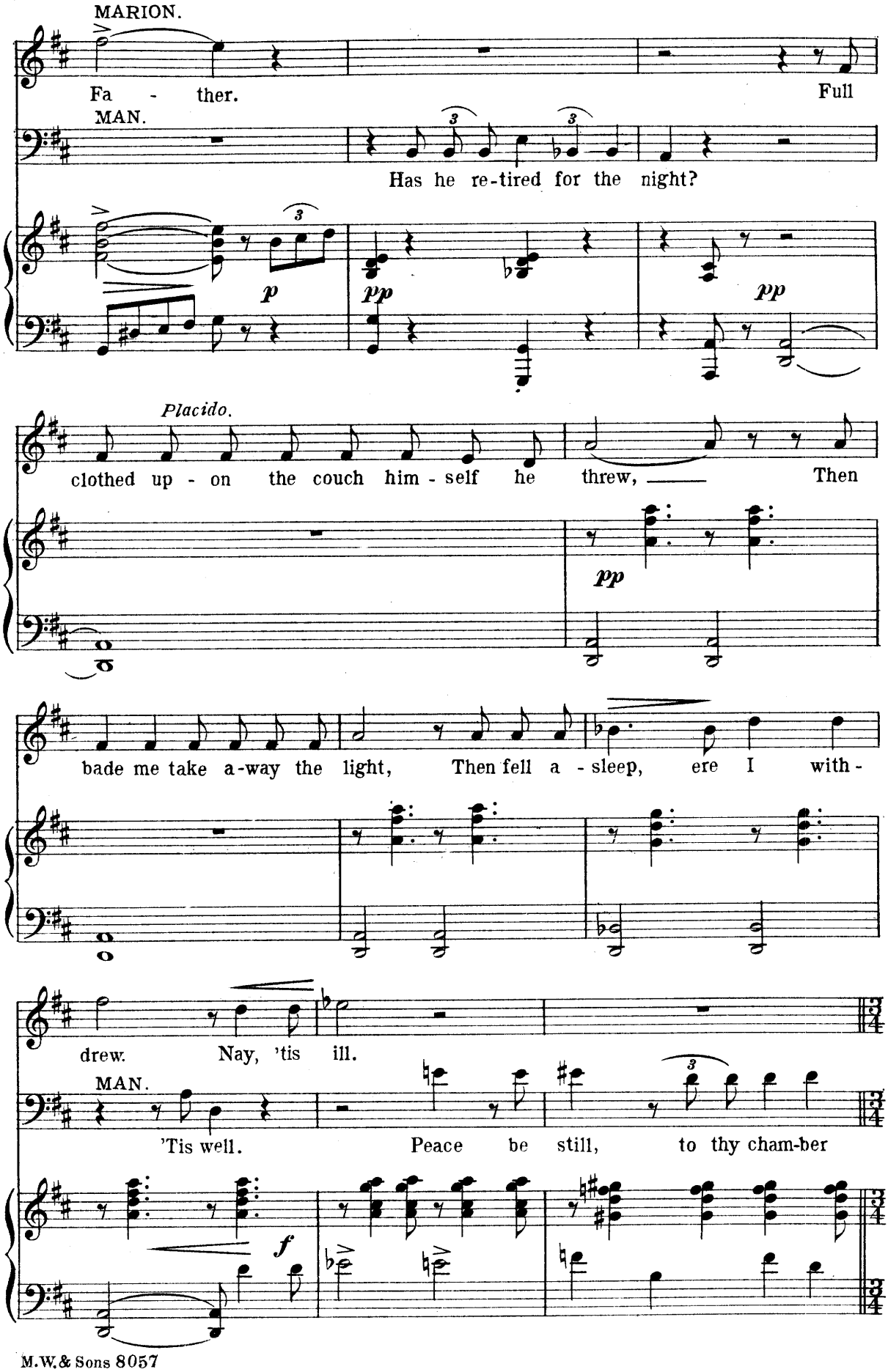

MANHEIM.
Gen - e - ral to my broth-er's room, To his mem'-ry con - se -
cra - ted. When the tem-pest has_ a - ba - ted, And the
allarg.
ris - ing sun___ hath ban-ished gloom, I will call you, Till.
allarg.
f
p dim.
MARION.
(aside.)
My fa-ther I can-not be-tray.
(To Washington.)
p
Pray fol-low me,
then, a - dieu.
pp
meno mosso.
pp

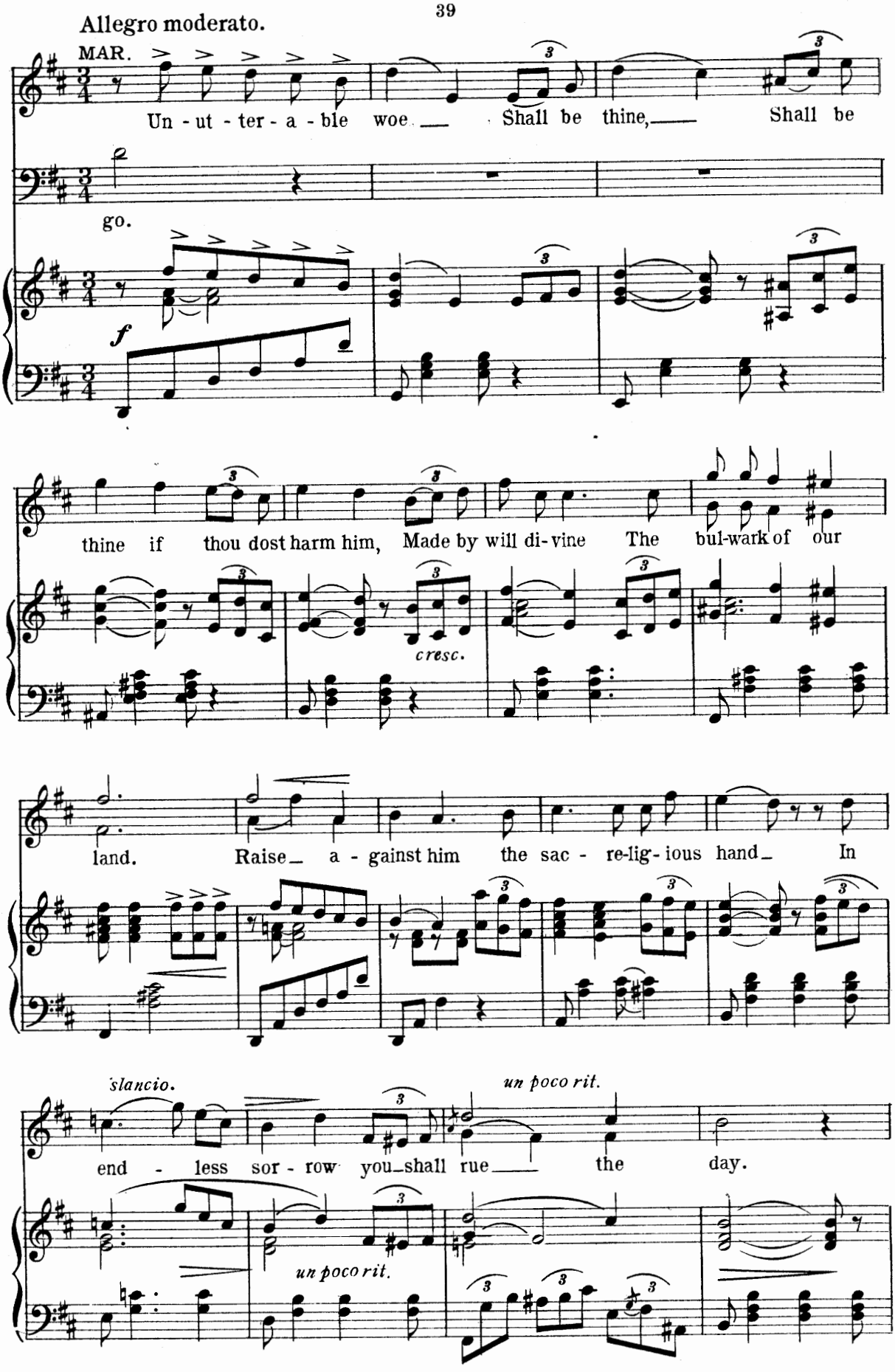

MARION.
I'll lead the way.
pp
Good-night! Good - night!
CROSBY.
p
Good - night!
Good - night!
MANHEIM.
p
Good - night!
Good - night!
WASHINGTON.
Good - night!
Good - night!
LAJEUNESSE.
p
Good - night!
Good - night!
COREY.
p
Good - night!
Good - night!
pp
rall.
Allegro vivace.
(Storm.)
ff
5
5

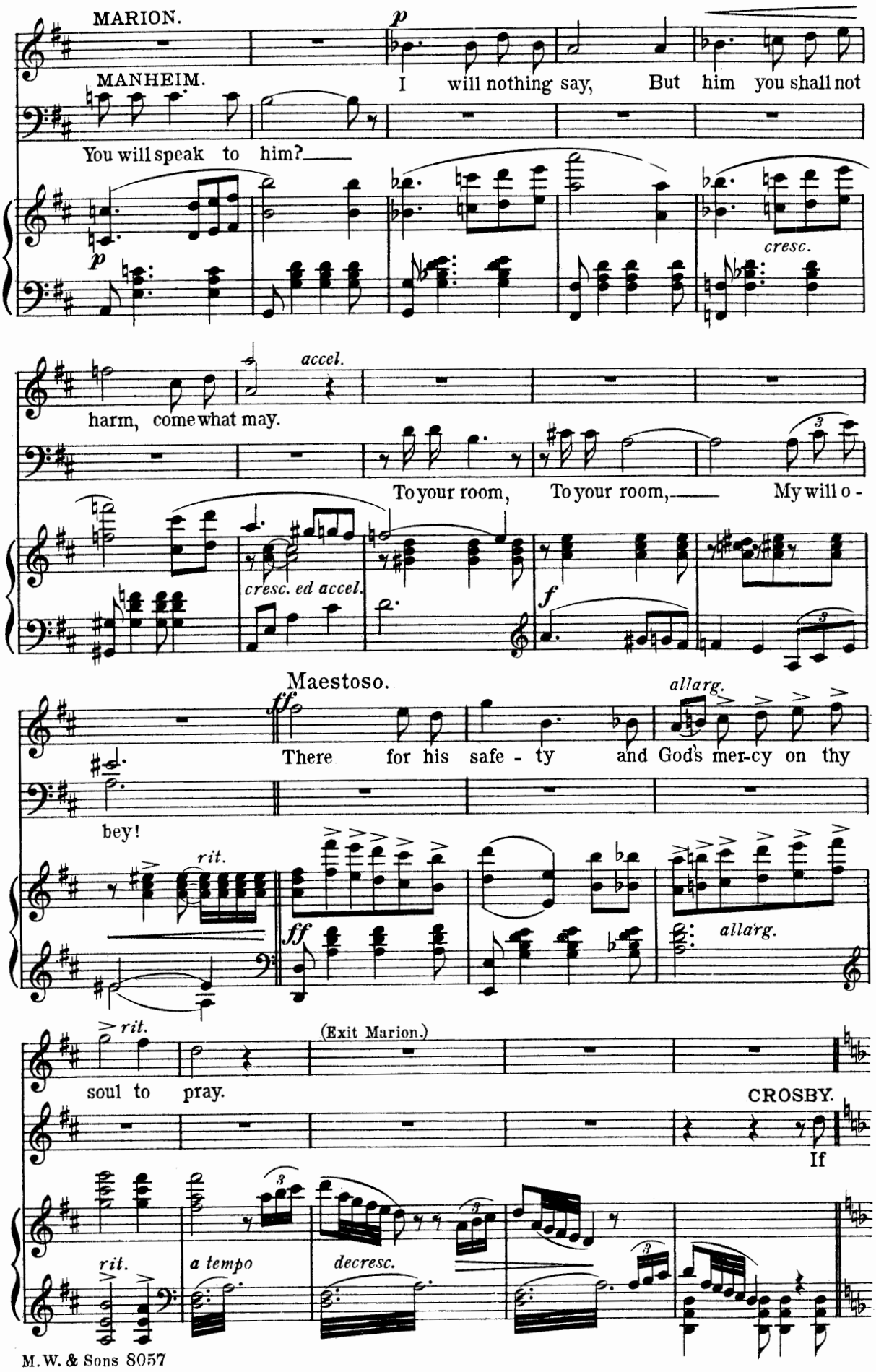

CROSBY. pp sotto voce.
While he is lost in slum - ber, One from out our
MANHEIM.
Near - er with ev - 'ry
LAJEUN. pp
While he is lost in slum - ber, One from out our
COREY. pp
While he is lost in slum - ber, One from out our
ff pp
num-ber Shall for our King un-sheath his knife, And end this reb-el chief-tain's life.
breath. The i - cy hand of death. My
num-ber Shall for our King un-sheath his knife, And end this reb-el chief-tain's life.
num-ber Shall for our King un-sheath his knife, And end this reb-el chief-tain's life.

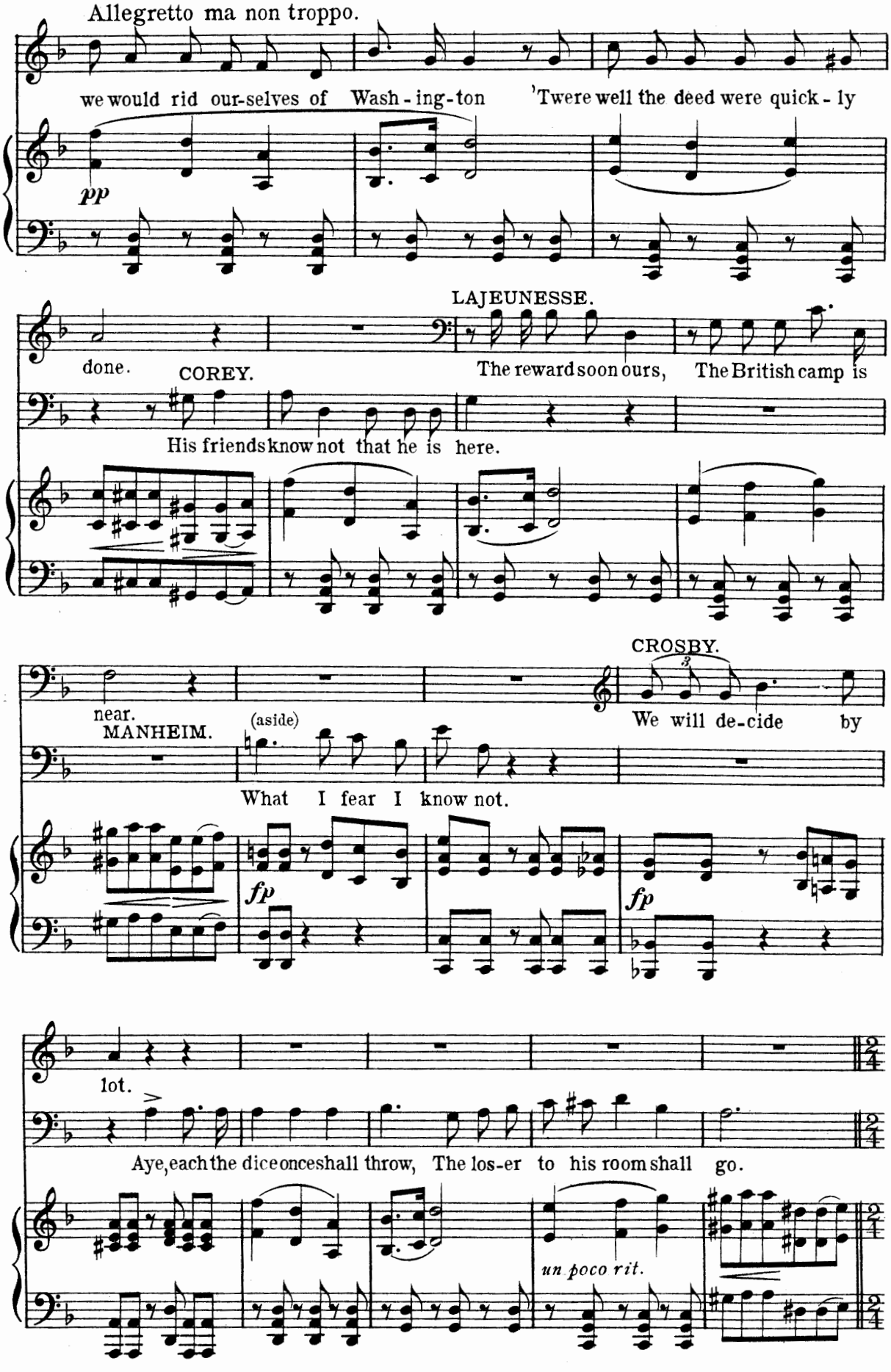

CROSBY.
'Tis fit our host who hath
MANHEIM.
heart doth chill.
suf - fered most, Should this trai-tor kill.
No, no! My
cresc.
It must be done by one a-lone.
cause no great-er than your own.
f

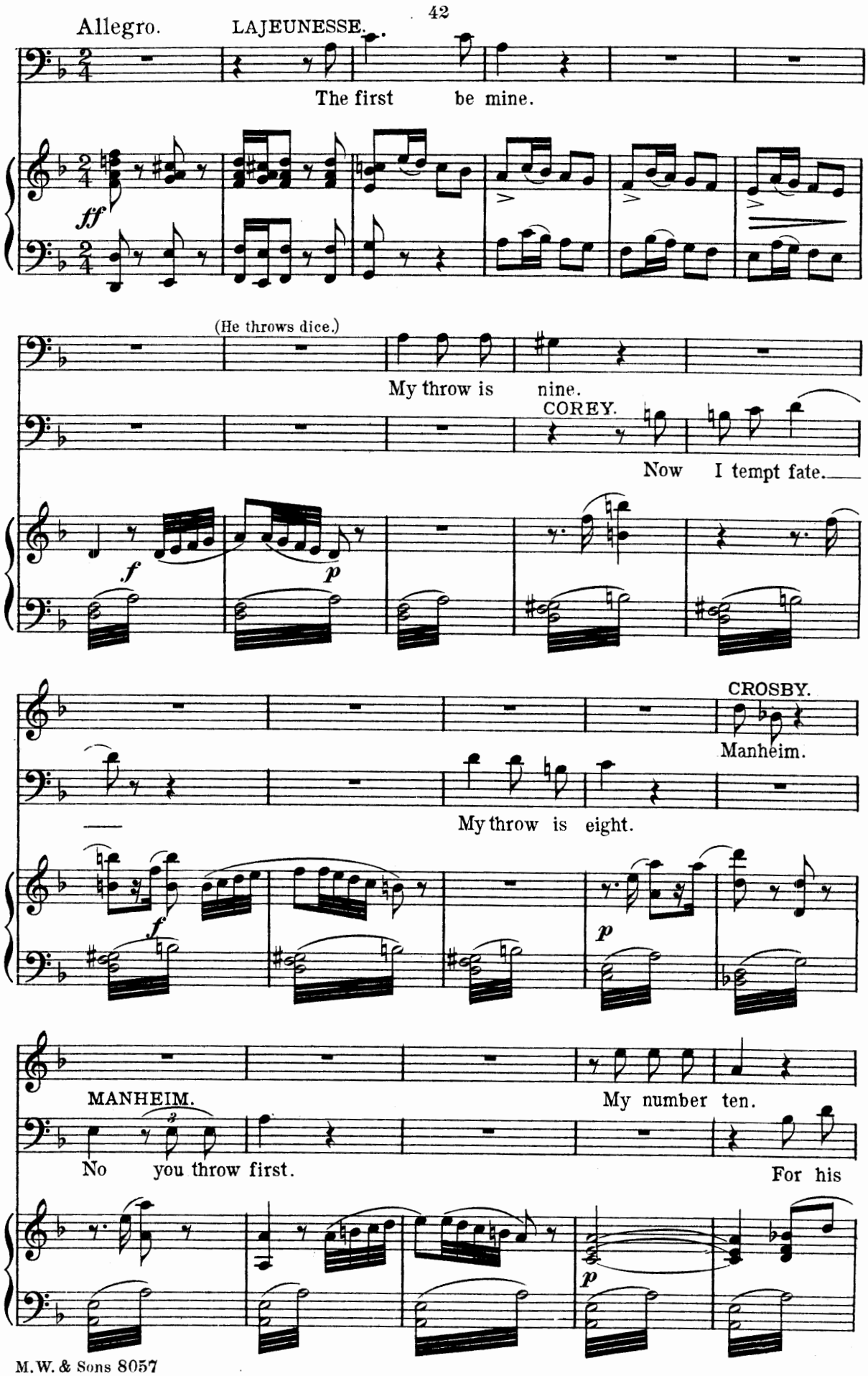

CROSBY. pp
While he is wrapt in slum-ber, One from out our num-ber Shall for our King un-
MAN. pp
While he is wrapt in slum-ber, One from out our num-ber Shall for our King un-
LAJ. pp
While he is wrapt in slum-ber, One from out our num-ber Shall for our King un-
COREY.
While he is wrapt in slum-ber, One from out our num-ber Shall for our King un-
ff pp
sheath his knife, And end this reb-el chief - tain's life.
sheath his knife, And end this reb-el chief - tain's life.
sheath his knife, And end this reb-el chief - tain's life.
sheath his knife, And end this reb-el chief - tain's life.
ff allarg.

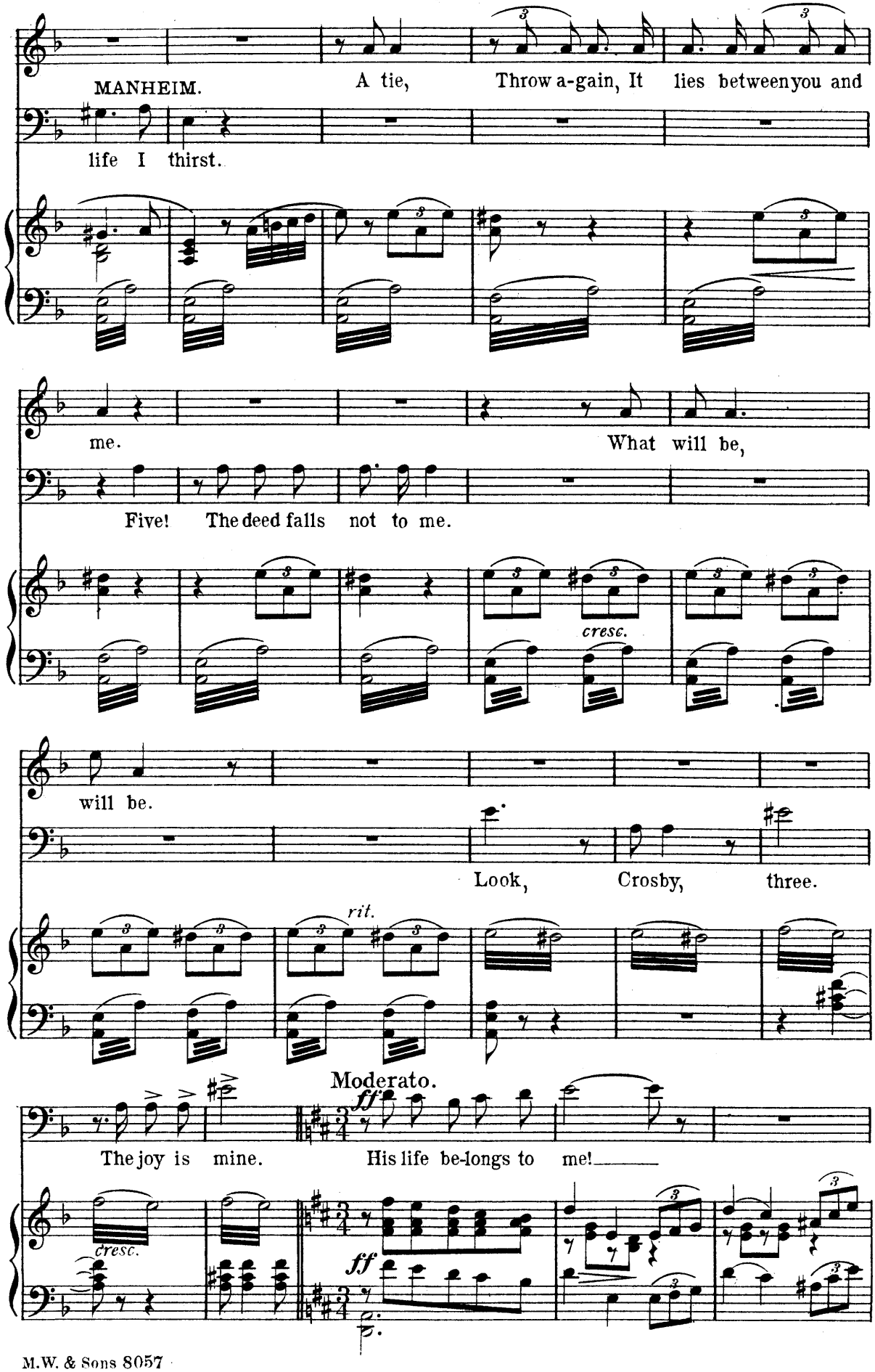

MARION.
Fa - ther.
Full
MAN.
Has he re-tired for the night?
p
pp
pp
Placido.
clothed up - on the couch him - self he threw, Then
pp
bade me take a-way the light, Then fell a - sleep, ere I with -
drew. Nay, 'tis ill.
MAN.
'Tis well. Peace be still, to thy cham-ber
f

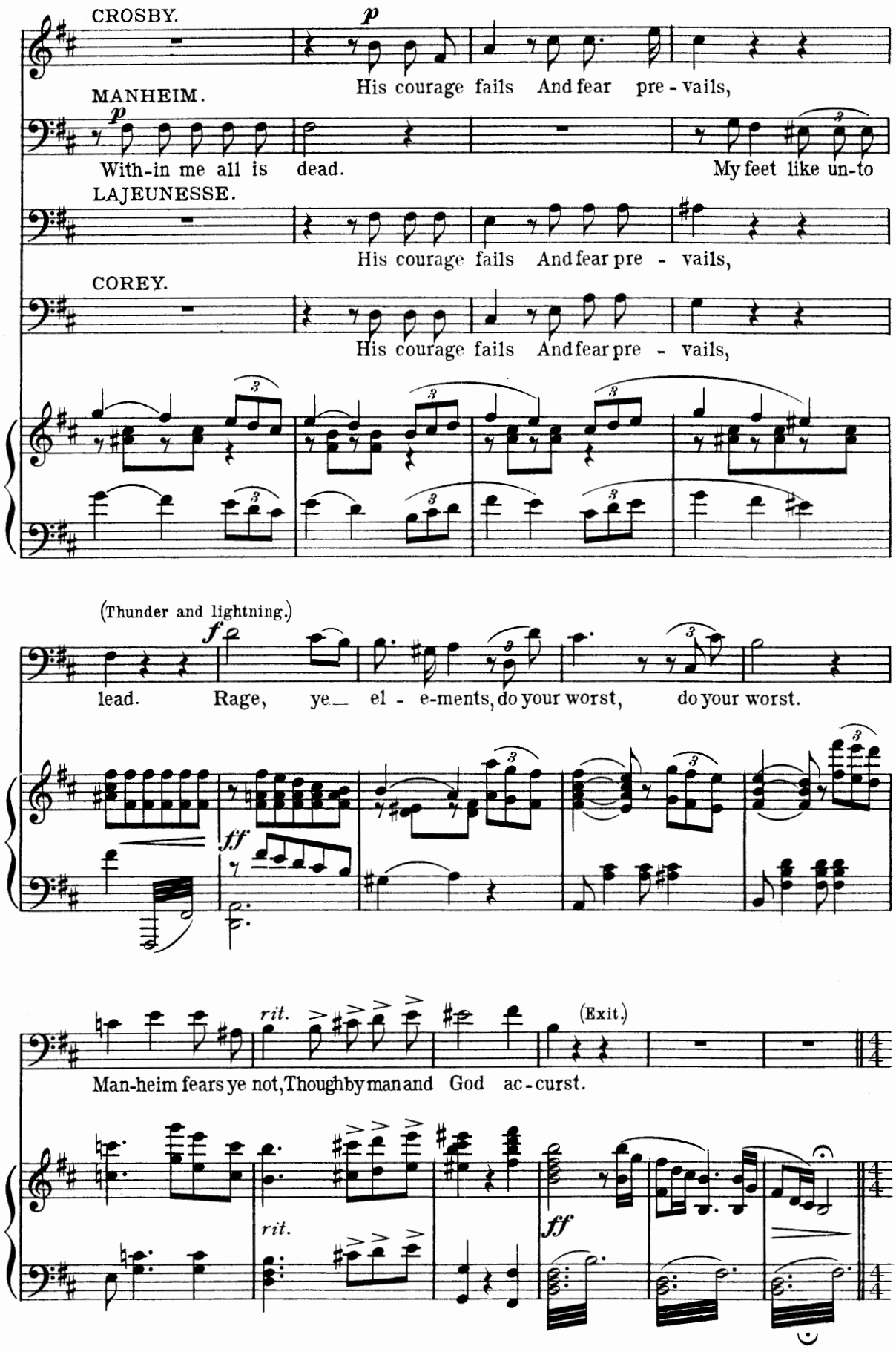

Allegro moderato.
MAR.
Un - ut - ter - a - ble woe Shall be thine, Shall be
go.
f
thine if thou dost harm him, Made by will di-vine The bul-wark of our
cresc.
land. Raise a - gainst him the sac - re-lig - ious hand In
slancio.
un poco rit.
end - less sor - row you shall rue the day.
un poco rit.

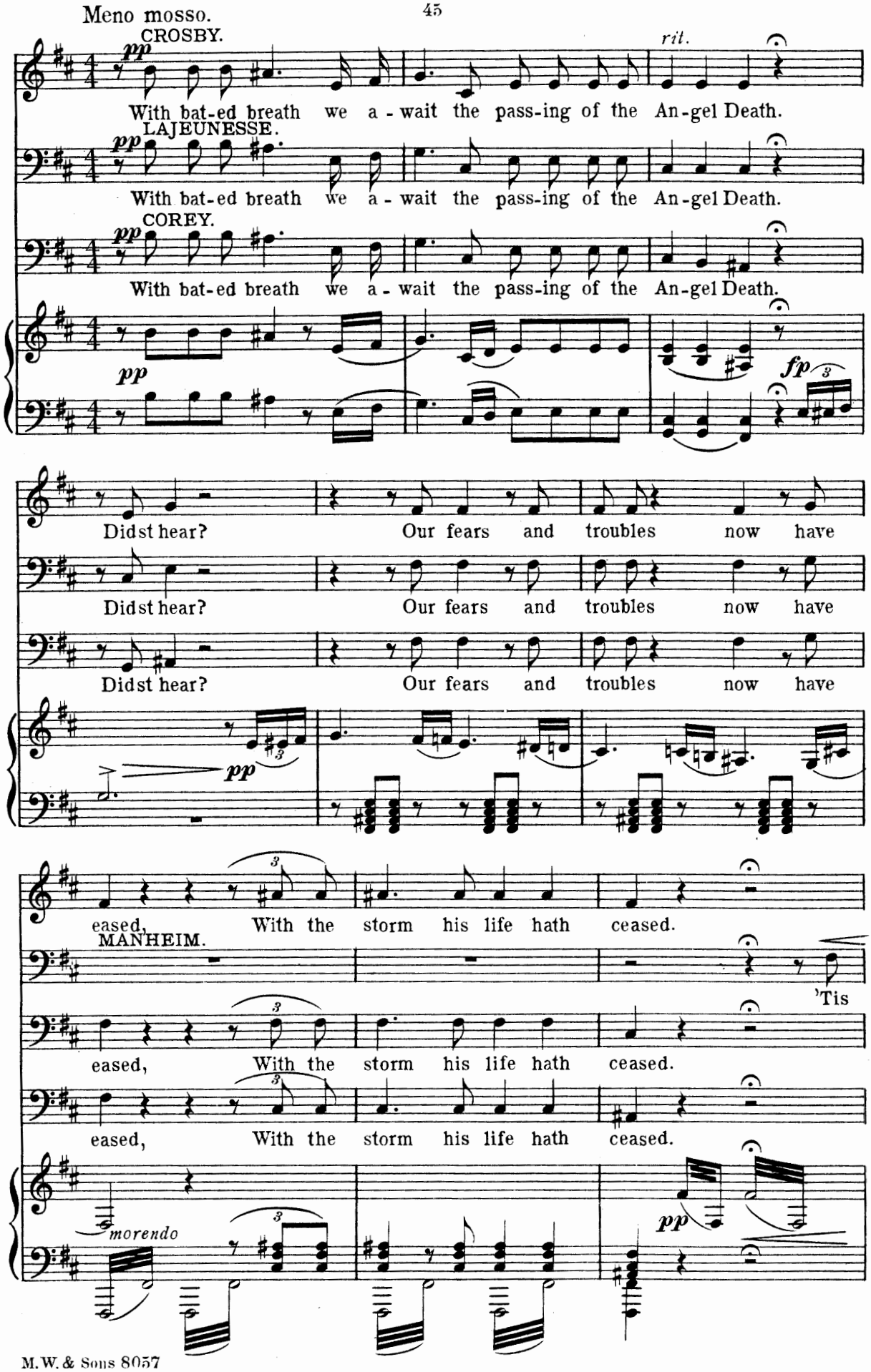

MARION.
p
I will nothing say, But him you shall not
MANHEIM.
You will speak to him?
p
cresc.
accel.
harm, come what may.
To your room, To your room, My will o -
cresc. ed accel.
f
Maestoso.
ff
There for his safe - ty and God's mer-cy on thy
allarg.
bey!
rit.
ff
allarg.
rit.
(Exit Marion.)
soul to pray.
CROSBY.
If
rit.
a tempo
decresc.

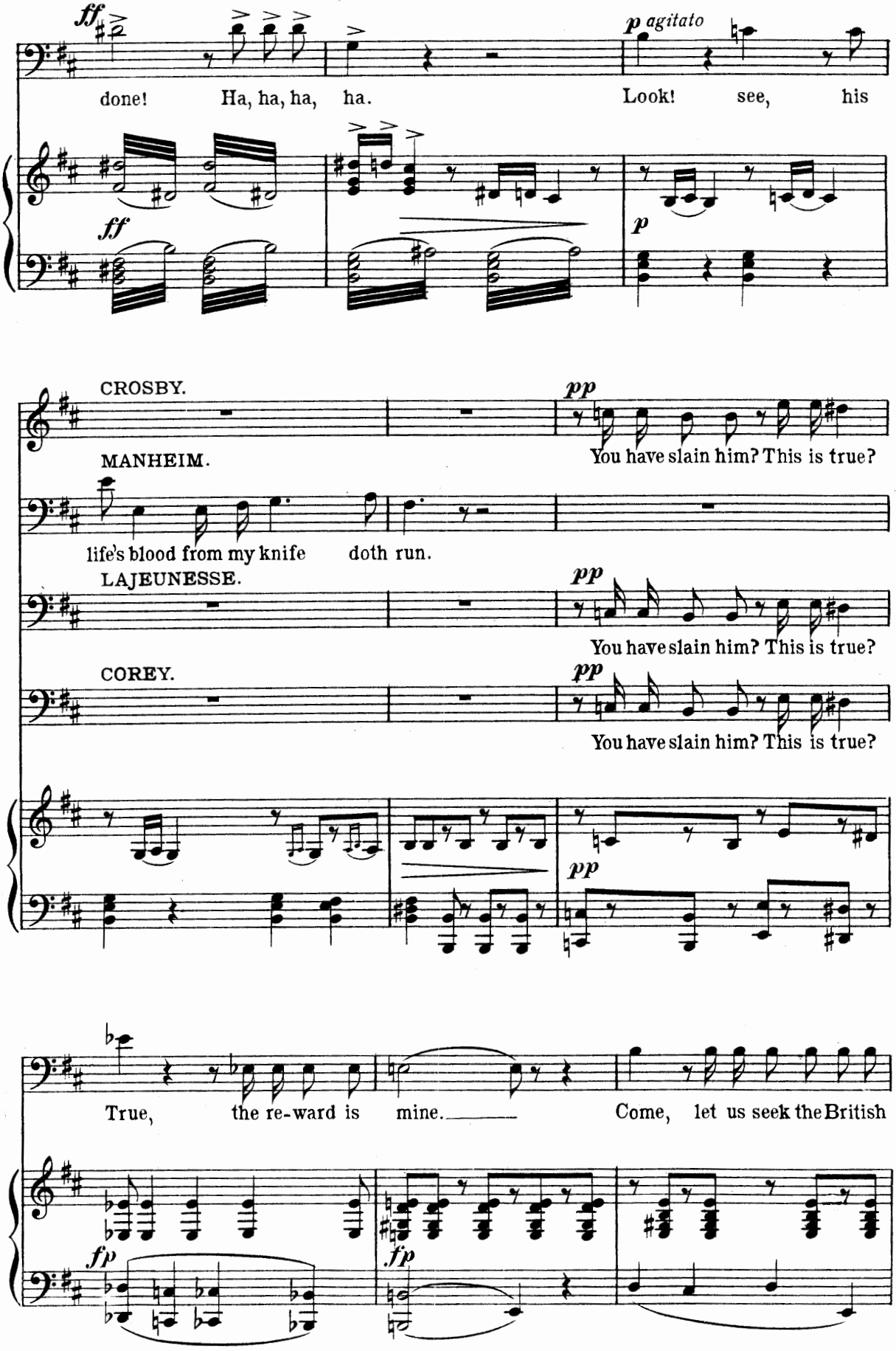

Allegretto ma non troppo.
we would rid our-selves of Wash-ing-ton
'Twere well the deed were quick-ly
pp
LAJEUNESSE.
done.
COREY.
The reward soon ours, The British camp is
His friends know not that he is here.
CROSBY.
near.
MANHEIM.
(aside)
We will de-cide by
What I fear I know not.
fp
fp
lot.
Aye, each the dice once shall throw, The los-er to his room shall go.
un poco rit.

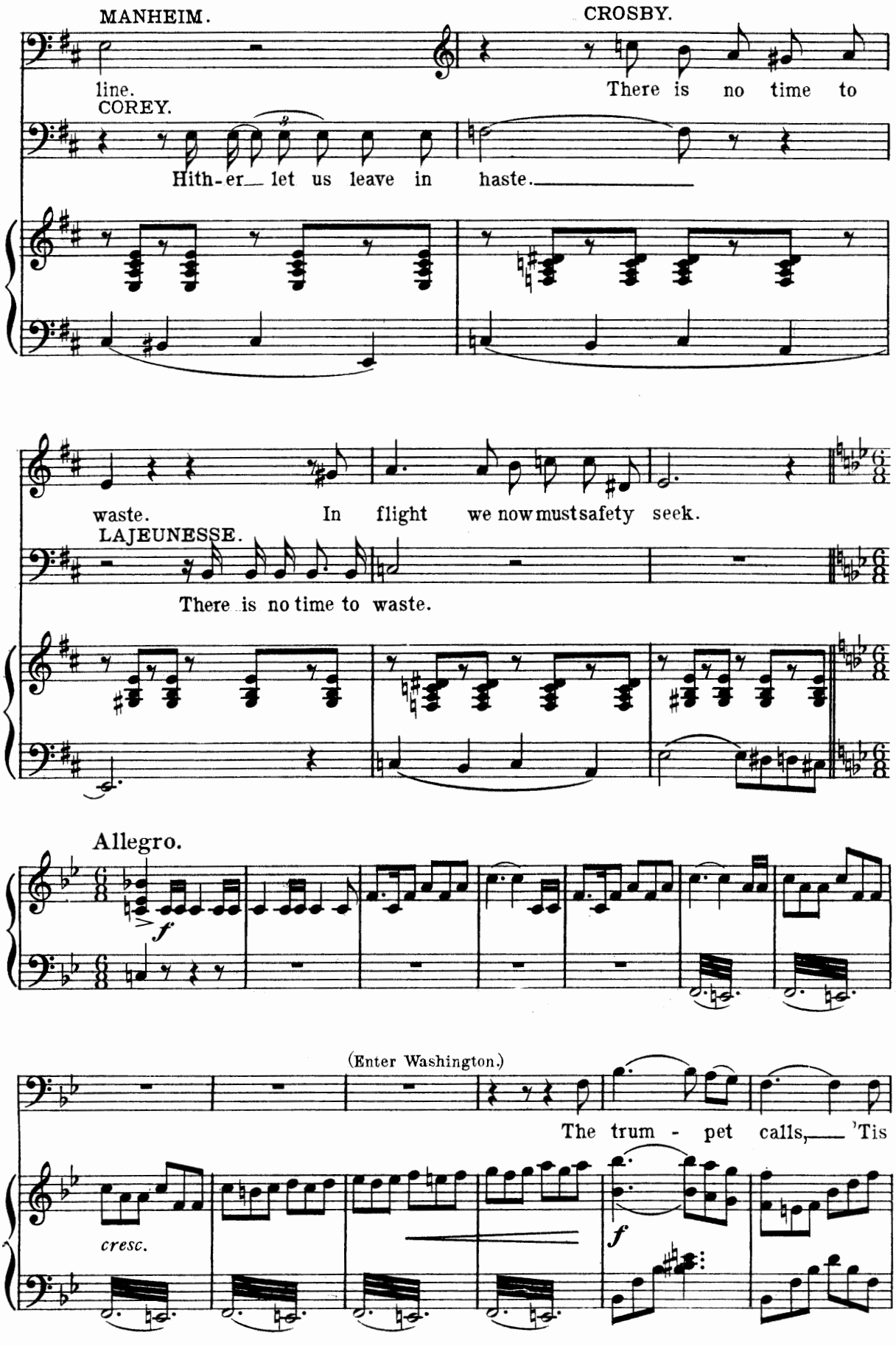

Allegro.
LAJEUNESSE.
The first be mine.
ff
(He throws dice.)
My throw is nine.
COREY.
Now I tempt fate.
f
p
CROSBY.
Manheim.
My throw is eight.
f
p
MANHEIM.
My number ten.
No you throw first.
For his
p

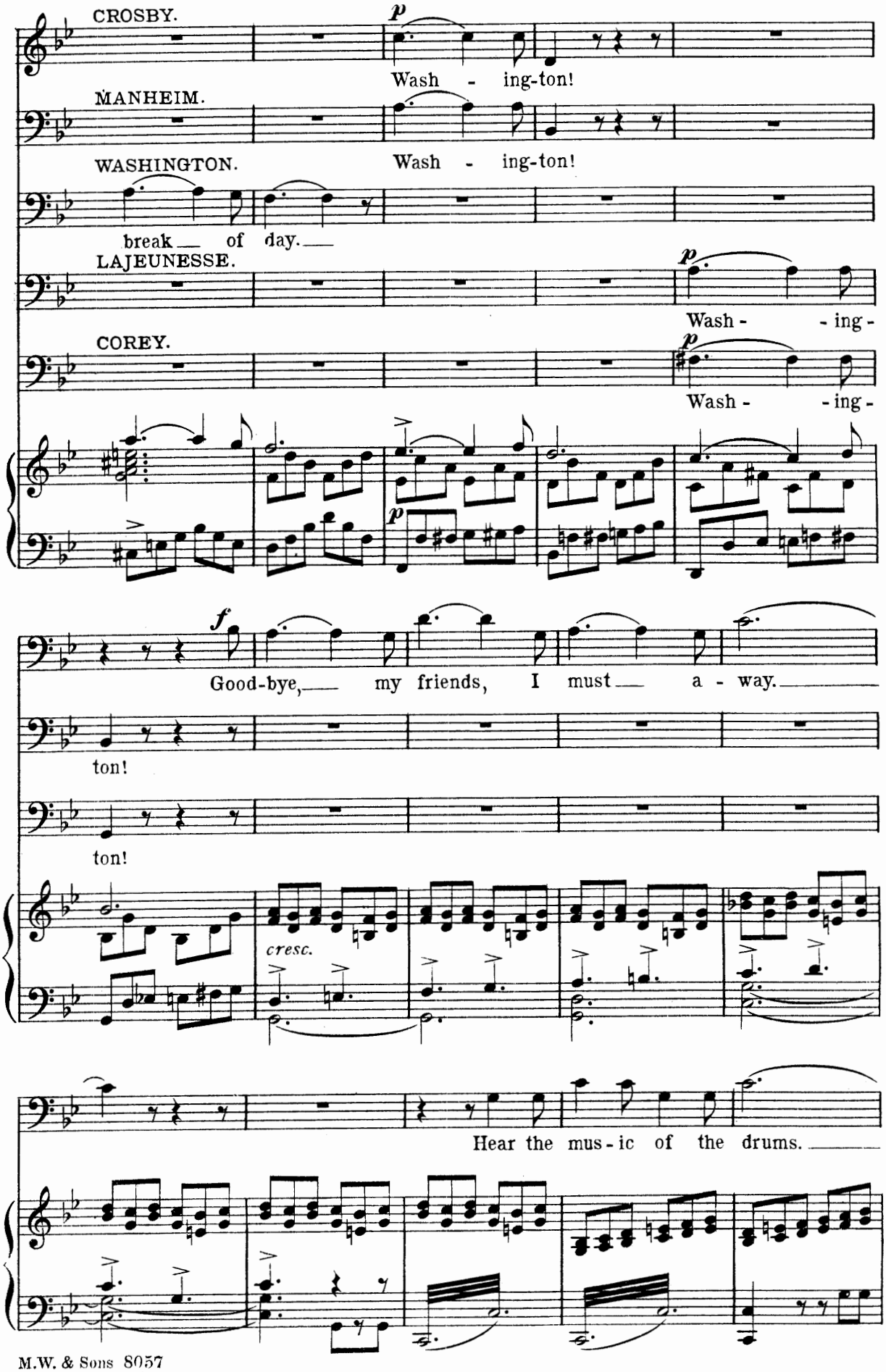

MANHEIM.
A tie, Throw a-gain, It lies between you and
life I thirst.
me.
What will be,
Five! The deed falls not to me.
cresc.
will be.
Look, Crosby, three.
rit.
Moderato.
ff
The joy is mine.
His life be-longs to me!
cresc.
ff

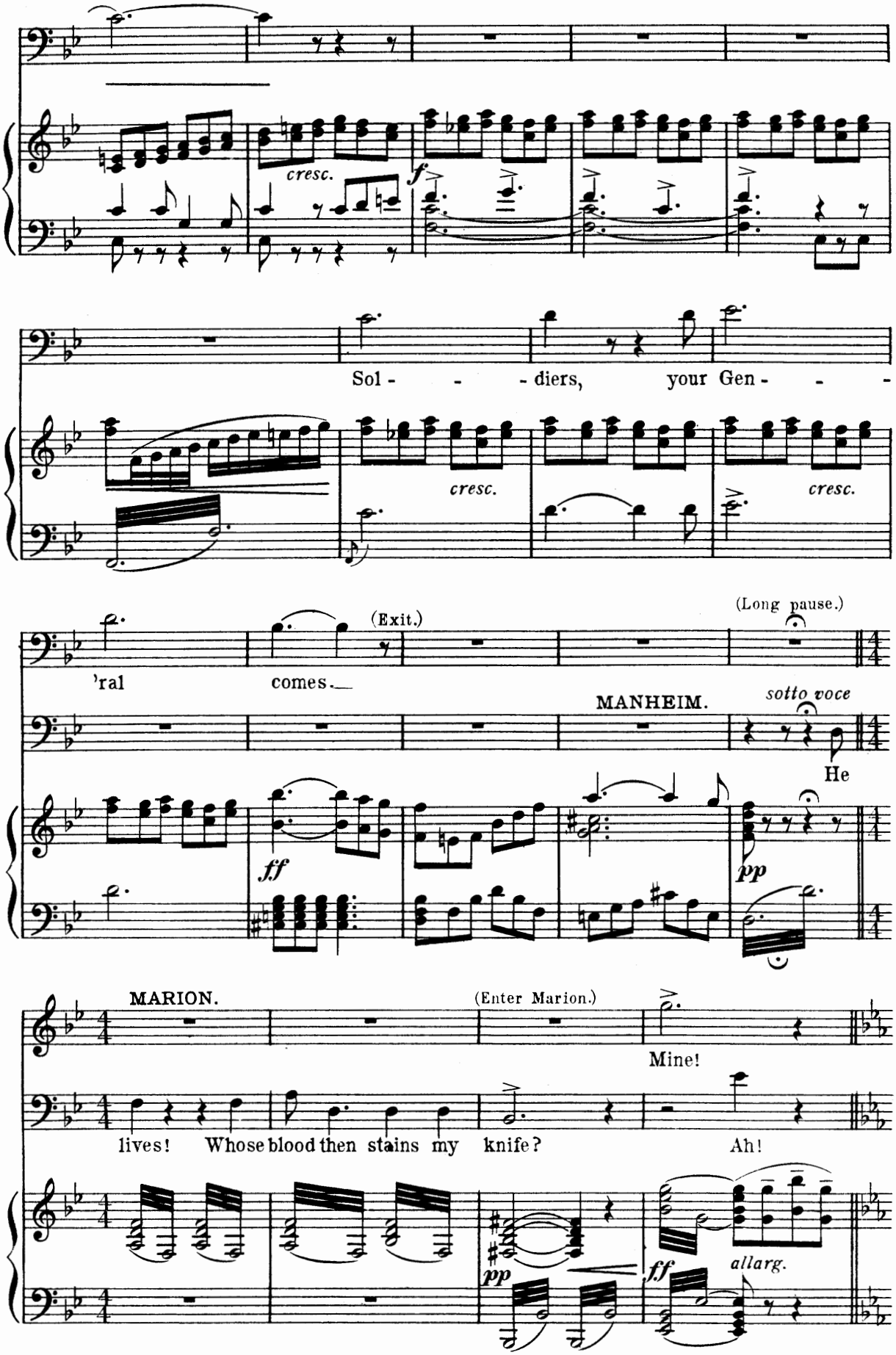

CROSBY.
His courage fails And fear pre - vails,
MANHEIM.
With-in me all is dead.
My feet like un-to
LAJEUNESSE.
His courage fails And fear pre - vails,
COREY.
His courage fails And fear pre - vails,
(Thunder and lightning.)
lead. Rage, ye_ el - e-ments, do your worst, do your worst.
rit.
(Exit.)
Man-heim fears ye not, Though by man and God ac - curst.
rit.

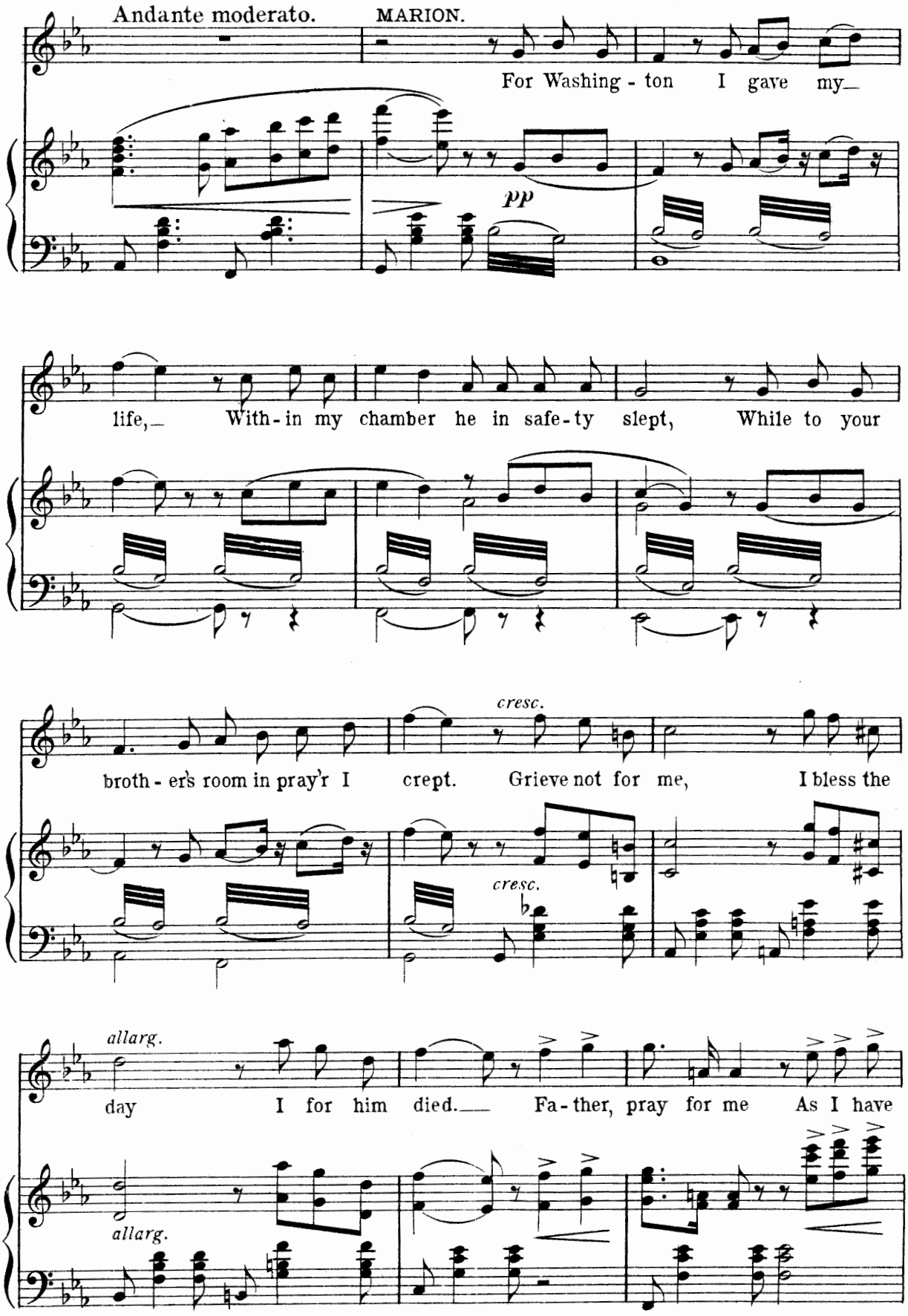

Meno mosso.
CROSBY.
pp
rit.
With bat-ed breath we a - wait the pass-ing of the An-gel Death.
LAJEUNESSE.
pp
With bat-ed breath we a - wait the pass-ing of the An-gel Death.
COREY.
pp
With bat-ed breath we a - wait the pass-ing of the An-gel Death.
pp
fp
Didst hear? Our fears and troubles now have
Didst hear? Our fears and troubles now have
Didst hear? Our fears and troubles now have
pp
eased, With the storm his life hath ceased.
MANHEIM.
'Tis
eased, With the storm his life hath ceased.
eased, With the storm his life hath ceased.
morendo
pp

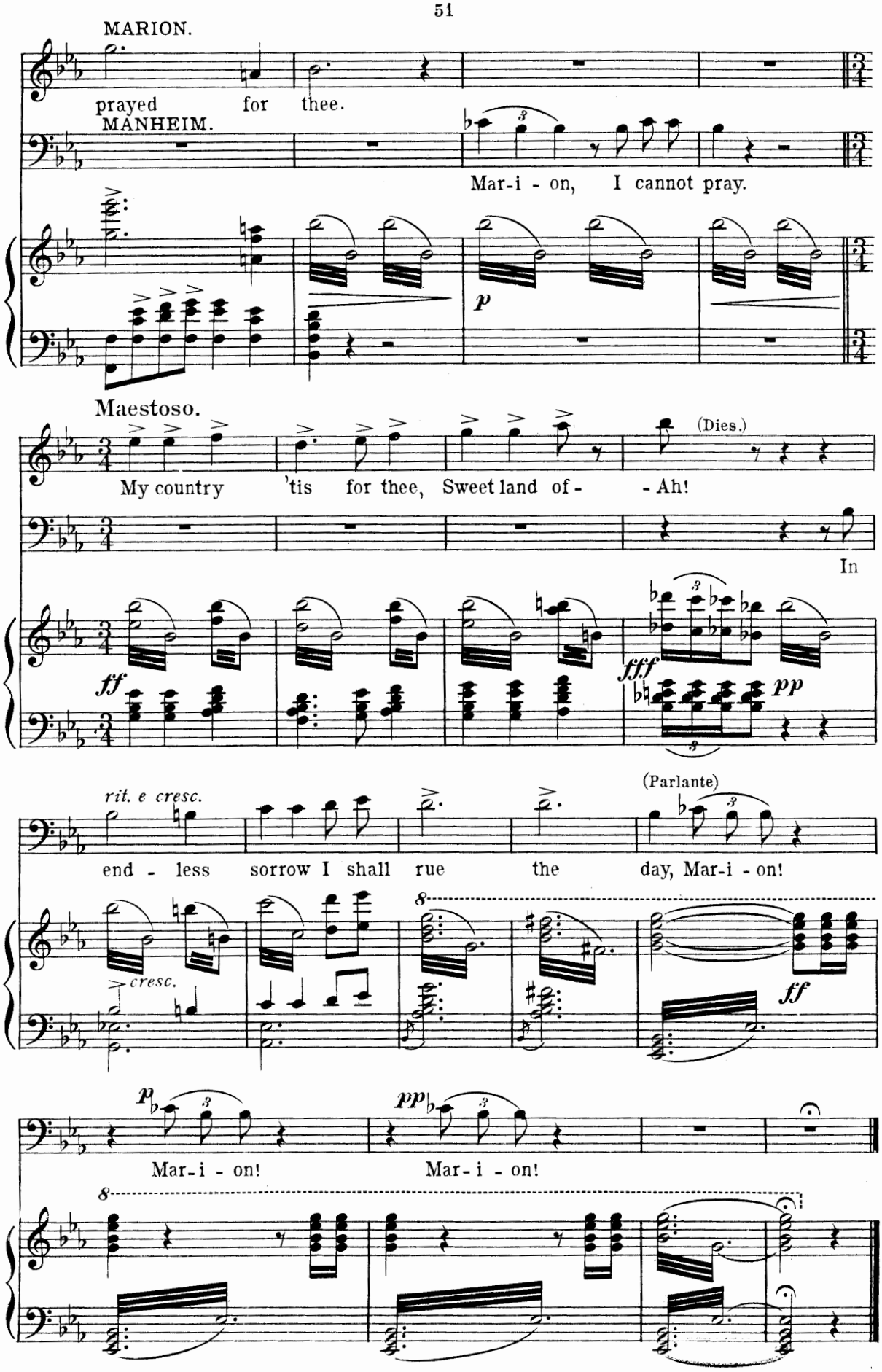

ff
done! Ha, ha, ha, ha.
p agitato
Look! see, his
ff
p
CROSBY.
pp
MANHEIM.
You have slain him? This is true?
life's blood from my knife doth run.
LAJEUNESSE.
pp
You have slain him? This is true?
COREY.
pp
You have slain him? This is true?
pp
True, the re-ward is mine.
Come, let us seek the British
fp
fp


MANHEIM.
line.
CROSBY.
There is no time to
COREY.
Hith-er let us leave in haste.
waste.
In flight we now must safety seek.
LAJEUNESSE.
There is no time to waste.
Allegro.
f
(Enter Washington.)
The trum - pet calls, 'Tis
cresc.
f


CROSBY.
p
Wash - ing-ton!
MANHEIM.
Wash - ing-ton!
WASHINGTON.
break of day.
LAJEUNESSE.
p
Wash - - ing -
COREY.
p
Wash - - ing -
f
Good-bye, my friends, I must a - way.
ton!
ton!
cresc.
Hear the mus - ic of the drums.


cresc.
f
Sol - - - diers, your Gen - - -
cresc.
cresc.
(Exit.)
(Long pause.)
'ral
comes.
MANHEIM.
sotto voce
He
ff
pp
MARION.
(Enter Marion.)
Mine!
lives! Whose blood then stains my knife?
Ah!
pp
ff
allarg.


Andante moderato.
MARION.
For Washing - ton I gave my_
pp
life,_ With - in my chamber he in safe - ty slept, While to your
cresc.
broth - er's room in pray'r I crept. Grieve not for me, I bless the
cresc.
allarg.
day I for him died.__ Fa - ther, pray for me As I have
allarg.



END OF THE OPERA.