



THE
DEATH OF JOAN OF ARC

AN HISTORIC SCENE

Taken from "Les Messéniennes," by Casimir Delavigne
English Version by Henry G. Chapman

Music by
HENRI BEMBERG

Arranged for Four-Part Chorus of Women's Voices
With Soprano Solo
And Piano Accompaniment

By
MAX SPICKER

60 Cents net
(No Discount)

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ARGUMENT.

JOAN OF ARC—"the Maid of Orleans"—was born at Domremy on the 6th of January, 1412. Domremy is a village on the banks of the Meuse, in the department of Vosges, France, in a vale prolific in flowers; hence the name of its chief town: Vaucouleurs (*Vallis colorum*).

Youths and Maidens are holding May festival. One youth, Philip, in love with Joan, laments her absence. Joan comes; but, brooding over the woes of France, ravaged by invading and civil warfare, shuns their festivities, which she leaves as summoned by *voices*—"The Voices" that become incentives, dear and familiar, to her career. Joan quits the village; the Youths and Maidens lament her departure. Urged by the dictates of her "Voices," Joan seeks aid of Robert de Baudricourt, Governor or Provost of Vaucouleurs, who receives her at first slightly, but, moved by her revelations, yields aid (May, 1428). Joan, assuming man's garb (a necessary protection at this period), is clad in armor; a sword, banner, and steed are provided her. Accompanied by Jean de Novelonpont, "a brave gentleman of Metz," with another, and "four armed men," Joan journeys to besieged Orleans. Philip is one of those following her career. Their way is full of peril; the rivers are unfordable, swollen by winter rains; they sleep in woods and unfrequented spots. Gien is passed. They reach and enter Orleans; the enemy's watch at the outposts, through fear, not preventing. The siege is raised; the English and Burgundian forces retreat. Joan goes to the Cathedral to give thanks (May, 1429). Other victories follow; the hour of reversal arrives. At Compiègne, driven back from a sortie, the French fight, retreating to the drawbridge of the town, which, by treachery or cowardice, is closed on Joan, who is captured by the enemy (May, 1430). Taken to Rouen, she is tried, condemned, and led to the stake for execution (May, 1431). The Youths and Maidens of Domremy, echoing the song of May, are rebuked by the Villagers, who approach with Philip and Jean de Novelonpont, who tell the sad sequel of a history that has passed into fame.

The characters are historical, excepting Philip, the peasant vainly in love with Joan. The introduction of such a character, and such a situation, is suggested and supported by historical mention of a rejected suitor.

The scenes of the four historical Mays have been retained:—Vaucouleurs, 1428, with the May of Inspiration; Orleans, 1429, with the May of Victory; Compiègne, 1430, with the May of Fall; Rouen, 1431, with the May of Sacrifice.

NOTES TO THE VERSE.

No. 1.—At the back of the cottage (Joan's birthplace) a steep path ran up a hill, through a thickly-grown vineyard. Towards the summit stood an old and magnificent beech tree, beneath whose shade welled a limpid fountain¹. In old times the fairies had danced round it . . . festival days the young villagers hung it with garlands . . . danced round it. There was a prophecy current during that unhappy time—an old prophecy of Merlin—which the suffering people had taken and applied to their own day and their own need.² Prophecy founded on a fantastic interpretation of Merlin that a virgin should save France.¹

No. 2.—“There was no one like her in the village,” said her priest.² Tradition averred the birds came down from the boughs to feed out of her hands. . . . She possessed a tenderness for infancy and old age. . . . She delighted in the sweet knell of the church bells.¹ Listening to the church bell with a dreamy passion of delight.³

No. 3.—On a summer's day, at noon, she was in her father's garden, when there appeared a great light, and out of the light a *voice* spoke to her. . . . Joan's *voices* grew more frequent and more urgent.²

No. 5.—“I must go to the king, even if I wear my limbs to the very knees. . . . I had far rather rest and spin by my mother's side.”³ “The kingdom belongs not to the Dauphin, but to my Lord.” . . . “And who is your lord?” demanded Baudricourt. She answered, “The King of Heaven.” The governor, a rough and practical soldier, laughed at the young peasant in her coarse red dress. . . . At last he yielded to her urgency, and let her prepare to depart. Jean de Novelonpont and four armed men of lesser rank were to accompany her . . . they set out, Baudricourt bidding her “Go, come of it what may.”²

No. 7.—From Gien the news went to Orleans that a shepherd-maid had passed, whose mission it was to deliver the city.² A suit of beautiful armour was made for her. . . . She was provided with a banner after her own device. The king would have given her a sword, but her voices, she said, had told her of the only one she might use—an ancient weapon which was lying buried behind the altar in the church of St.-Catherine de Fierbois. A messenger was sent, and in the place she had told of was found an old rusty sword such as she had described. After being polished it was brought to her.² In a secret place there among old iron, appointed she her sword to be sought out and brought her that with *five floure de luces* *was graven on both sides*.⁴

No. 9.—During the examination in the prison she was asked why, when going to war, she had looked at her ring. . . . It had been given to her by her parents. “For pleasure,” she said, “and for honour of my father and mother.”²

No. 10.—The brave yeomen of Henry the Fifth were learning to fear, not any visible foe, but the unseen Enemy who had sent Joan the Witch for their destruction.²

No. 12A.—They saw the Witch of France riding down upon them . . . and they turned and fled before her into their bastiles. . . . The bastile was taken.²

No. 13.—Joan re-entered Orleans, where she and her men were received with great joy, all the bells of the city ringing out the news of the victory. . . . They thronged after her into the Cathedral.²

No. 16.—Joan tried to rally her men . . . in vain. . . . All she could do was to cover the retreat. . . . Guillaume de Flavy ordered the drawbridge to be raised and the portcullis lowered. Compiègne saw her lost at its very gates. Five or six men rushed on her at once, each crying, “Yield to me!” . . . an archer dragged her from her horse.²

No. 17.—She saw beyond the soldiers a dense throng of people, most of them grieving for her, many of them lamenting that this thing should be done in their city. “Oh, Rouen, Rouen!” she cried, “is it here that I must die?” . . . At her trial she had said:—“What my voices tell me oftenest is that I shall be delivered with a great victory; and then they say—‘Fret not thyself because of thy martyrdom. Thou shalt come at last to the Kingdom of Paradise.’”²

¹ A. E. Bray's *Joan of Arc, and the Times of Charles the Seventh, King of France*.

² Janet Tuckey's *Joan of Arc: "The Maid."*

³ J. R. Green's *A Short History of the English People*.

⁴ Holinshed's *Chronicles*.

JOAN OF ARC.

CHARACTERS.

JOAN OF ARC	SOPRANO.
PHILIP, <i>a Youth of Domremy</i>	TENOR.
* ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT, <i>Provost of Vaucouleurs</i>	BARITONE.
† JEAN DE NOVELONPONT, <i>a Gentleman of Metz</i>	BARITONE.

CHORUS.

THE VOICES.
YOUTHS AND MAIDENS OF DOMREMY.
PEASANTS OF GIEN—MEN AND WOMEN.
POPULACE—MEN AND WOMEN—OF ORLEANS AND COMPIÈGNE.
FRENCH—ENGLISH AND BURGUNDIAN—MEN-AT-ARMS.
THE CHOIR: ORLEANS CATHEDRAL.
VILLAGERS OF DOMREMY—MEN AND WOMEN.

Domremy.

NO. I.—INTRODUCTION (INSTRUMENTAL).

The Voices.

List! we call thee, we call thee to come!
Come to thy mission, Oh! come!

CHORUS.

Youths and Maidens.

Hail to the beautiful morning of
May!—
Come, let us welcome the bright,
sunny hours!
Hail to the sunbeams that come with
to-day
To waken in glory the valley of
flowers!
With song and the dance, and the
garland to-day,
Come, let us welcome the beautiful
May!

Come, hang the garlands along the
beech boughs,
Over the fountain beside the vine
hill,
Though never more will the fairies
carouse,
And Merlin, the wizard, is silent and
still!
With song and the dance, and the
garland to-day,
Come, let us welcome the beautiful
May!
Though the magician may come not
again,
Though all the fairies have long
pass'd away,
Why should we sigh for enchantment
in vain,
The while in our hearts we are happy
to-day!
With song and the dance, and the
garland to-day,
Come, let us welcome the beautiful
May!

* Does not appear after No. 6.

† Does not appear till No. 8; consequently, one singer will be sufficient for the two characters.

No. 2.—RECITATIVE.

Philip.

But where—Oh! where—is Joan?—
 She comes not now—she loves to be
 alone!
 Oh! above all she is to me most
 dear,—
 For there is no one—no one—like her
 here!
 Yet in my heart all vain the hope still
 dwells—
 She seems to love alone the chiming
 village bells!

SONG.

Philip.

There is no one like her
 In the village here;
 No one who can ever
 Be to me so dear!
 Age, with word of welcome,
 Stays the maid to greet,
 While the happy children
 Nestle round her feet!
 How her bright smile glistens
 With the joy it tells,
 While she stays and listens
 To the chiming bells!

There is no one like her
 That devotion brings,
 When the matin's calling,
 When the vesper rings;
 While the birds that love her
 Round her pathway throng,
 With their song of morning,
 With their evening song!
 How her bright smile glistens
 With the joy it tells,
 While she stays and listens
 To the chiming bells!

No. 3.—DUET AND CHORUS.

Joan, Philip, The Voices, and Youths and Maidens.

Youths and Maidens.

Oh! here comes the maid we all
 love,—
 She comes to make happy our day!—
 Place the garland her tresses above,
 While we sing to the beautiful May!

Philip.

Oh! welcome the maid we all love,
 Who comes to our greeting at last,—
 Place the garland her tresses above,
 For our cloud to her sunshine has
 pass'd!

Joan.

I come—but the song and the dance
 I shun—for my heart is away;
 I weep for the fair realm of France—
 Oh! I would I could aid her to-day!

Philip.

How can a poor shepherd-maid,
 Whose lot they all lowly will deem,
 A land that is war-stricken aid?—
 Such hope were the light of a dream!

Joan.

'Tis will'd—and the help is at hand,
 I may not remain in my home,—
 There is freedom I know for the land!
 For my voices have call'd me to
 come!

The Voices.

Yes! we call thee, we call thee to come!
 Come to thy mission, Oh! come!

Youths and Maidens.

She seems some voices to hear,
 Oh! Heaven and the saints, be ye
 near!

Philip.

Voices! earth or heaven be your
 breath,
 No matter!—I seek not to know;—
 I would follow—ah! even to death!
 Wherever her footsteps may go!

Joan.

My voices! I come to your call!
 I come—for your bidding I know—
 A beam on my spirit doth fall,
 Where'er that light leads, I will go!

The Voices.

The beam on thy spirit doth fall,
 Forth on thy mission then go!

Philip.

A light ever shines on her brow,
 While seeming those voices to hear!

Joan.

Angel voices! I list to your call,—
 I come—the glad moment is near!

The Voices.

Come, then! Oh! list to our call,—
 Come, for the moment is near!

Joan and Philip.

Come is the hour, with the day,—
 Farewell to the valley of home!

My { voices, { my } voices!
 Thy { } thy { }
 Angel voices! they call
 { me }
 { thee } to come!

The Voices.

We call thee—we call thee!
Thy voices, we call thee to come!

No. 4.—CHORUS.

Youths and Maidens.

Our time of sorrow has begun;
To leave us was her choice;
Her wheel will hold the flax unspun,
The flocks await her voice!

All silent seems the maiden's home,
We miss her day by day,
We wait in vain to see her come,
Now she has gone away.

Vaucouleurs.

No. 5.—TRIO AND CHORUS.

*Joan, Philip, Robert de Baudricourt,
and the Voices.*

Robert de Baudricourt.

What, is this the peasant maid,
Who seeks from her home to go,
Who besieged Orleans would aid,
And would drive from France the
foe!

Philip.

This is Joan—this is the maid,
From Domremy has she come;
She our stricken land would aid,
For this she has left her home.

Joan.

I would seek this cause to win,
By my mandate I abide,—
Though I'd rather rest and spin
At home by my mother's side!

Robert de Baudricourt.

Maiden, now tell me wherefore
Thou would'st seek the battle fray?

Joan.

'Tis my Lord wills it,—therefore
I must needs that will obey!

Robert de Baudricourt.

Who is he to whom is given
The power to speak this word?

Joan.

He is the King of Heaven,
And He alone my Lord!

Robert de Baudricourt.

Then will I help thee in all;—
Go!—come of it what may!

Joan.

While my spirit voices call
I must away! away!

The Voices.

Thy spirit voices, hark! they call
Haste thee away! away!

Joan, Philip, and Robert de Baudricourt.

While { my } spirit voices call
 { thy }
I }
Thou } must away! away!

No. 6.—RECITATIVE.

Robert de Baudricourt.

May the chosen band to-day—
Guarding the maid on her way—
The leaguered city gain,
With the valiant fight amain
And drive the foe away!

PATRIOTIC SONG.

Robert de Baudricourt.

Who would not fight for freedom!—
Who would not fight for the land!
That one spot of earth that gave us
our birth

We will guard with our heart and
our hand!

The corn on the hill may be golden,
The grape ripe in vineyard may be,
But what were the wealth all un-
folden

If the land of our home be not free!
Who would not fight for free-
dom!—

Who would not fight for the
land!

That one spot of earth that gave
us our birth

We will guard with our heart
and our hand!

Who would not fight for freedom,
Should foeman dare to invade,
With courage that gave the palm to
the brave,

And the fame to the warrior's blade!
Let each voice be ever repeating

This prayer,—which a freeman's
should be:—

May hearts that for freedom are beat-
ing

Keep the land of our home for the
free!

Who would not fight for freedom!—
 Who would not fight for the land!
 That one spot of earth that gave us our birth
 We will guard with our heart and our hand!

Gien.

No. 7.—CHORUS.

Peasants: Men and Women.
 A shepherd-maid has pass'd,
 In armor now she's clad,—
 That help has come at last
 Will make the nation glad.

They've given the maid a steed,
 A banner with a crest,—
 And for the hour of need
 A sword a saint has blest!

No. 8.—DUET.

Philip and Jean de Novelonpont.

Philip.

Full flows the river!—swollen by the rains,
 The winds wail sadly, with a moaning sigh.—
 Ling'ring awhile the sunset light remains
 Where one lone star is shining in the sky!

Jean de Novelonpont.

Then let our rest through coming night be here,
 Beneath the shelter of these solemn woods;
 There is no sound—no human voice is near—
 There comes alone the wind and swollen floods!

Ensemble.

Then let our rest be here, through coming night be here,
 Full flows the river swollen by the rains.

Philip.

Full flows the river!—drift the clouds along
 That hold the red fire of the sunset sky,
 While murmurs low, their dark'ning forms among,
 Seem to forebode the angry storm is nigh!

Jean de Novelonpont.

Here let us then for rest awhile remain,
 The last light fades, the hour is growing late,—
 Then on to-morrow, ere the night, we'll gain
 And enter in the 'leaguered city's gate.

Ensemble.

Here let us then remain, for rest awhile remain,
 Full flows the river swollen by the rains.

(SLEEP—*Instrumental.*)

No. 9.—RECITATIVE.

Joan.

They sleep;—my thoughts are of home!—
 I hear the flock—I hear the lowing kine;—
 I hear a voice!—it hails my step to come!—
 Mother! that voice is thine!

I touch this hand! I touch this simple ring!
 To my yearning heart what joy doth it bring!
 For with it comes the bright unsullied beam
 That shines from childhood's life,
 And stills awhile the feverish battle dream,—
 The hurricane of strife!

SONG.

Joan.

A ring—a simple, simple ring,
 A gift of early years,
 To gaze upon it seems to bring
 A smile akin to tears!
 Many a joy returns once more—
 Call'd by this gift they come—
 From wealth the heart will keep in store,
 The memories of home!
 A ring—a simple, simple ring,
 A gift of early years,
 To gaze upon it seems to bring
 A smile akin to tears!

In days now past, glad, happy days,
 This ring could joys awake,
 'Twas lighted by the purest rays,
 Lov'd for the lov'd one's sake!
 But though a gift when given seems
 Bright in love's light to come,
 That light is dim to that which beams
 With memories of home!
 A ring—a simple, simple ring,
 A gift of early years,
 To gaze upon it seems to bring
 A smile akin to tears!

(SLEEP WITH DREAMS OF STRIFE—*Instrumental.*)

Orleans.

No. 10.—CHORUS.

Populace: Men and Women.

The Maid—she is come at last!—
 The enemy's watch did not dare
 To hinder,—while last night she
 pass'd,—
 For they cried:—"Lo! the fiend is
 there!"

Our army gathers in might,
 On this shining morning of May!
 Onward, see, they march to the fight,
 And Orleans shall be freed to-day!

No. 11.—CHORUS.

*French Men-at-Arms; Populace: Men
 and Women.*

On!—to the battle on!—
 We'll meet the foeman's ire,—
 While a soldier's glory's won
 Under the cannon fire!
 From the culverin no shot,
 From the arbalist no dart,
 No arrow bow has got
 Can daunt a soldier's heart!
 So a soldier's glory's won!—
 On!—to the battle on!

A soldier's glory's won
 Where'er the sacred right
 Leads the gleaming falchions on,
 To meet, to brave the fight!
 While the best ye ever knew
 On the battlefield will be:
 The heart that will be true,
 The hand that will be free!
 So a soldier's glory's won!—
 On!—to the battle on!

No. 12.—TRIO.

Joan, Philip, Jean de Novelonpont.

Joan.

Lead ye on the men-at-arms,
 With freedom's battle-cry!
 Yea! the thrilling cry that charms
 Each heart to do or die!
 Lead the men-at-arms—away!
 Under my banner—on!—
 There to meet the battle fray,—
 To fight till victory's won!

Philip.

Valor, let thy voice be heard,
 While there's a foe at hand,
 While we draw the freeman's sword
 To drive him from the land!
 Lead the men-at-arms—away!
 Under thy banner—on!—
 There to meet the battle fray,—
 To fight till victory's won!

Jean de Novelonpont.

Heed ye not the arrow's flight,—
 To the conflict onward go,—
 Climb ye up the bastion's height
 And downward hurl the foe!
 Lead the men-at-arms—away!
 Under thy banner—on!—
 There to meet the battle fray,—
 To fight till victory's won!

Ensemble.

Lead { ye } on the men-at-arms,
 With freedom's battle-cry!
 Yea! the thrilling cry that charms
 Each heart to do or die!
 Lead the men-at-arms—away!
 Under { my } banner—on!—
 There to meet the battle fray,—
 To fight till victory's won!

No. 12A.—CHORUS.

*English and Burgundian Men-at-Arms
 and French Men-at-Arms.*

English and Burgundian Men-at-Arms.
 'Tis the witch! the fiend! again!—
 The powers of hell are nigh!—
 While we fight, we fight in vain;—
 Fly!—from the ramparts, fly!

French Men-at-Arms.

Charge on!—with our battle-cries!—
 They yield—our work is done!
 See, the cruel foeman flies!—
 Our victory now is won!

In the Cathedral.

No. 13.—CHORUS.

The Choir.

Ave Maria!—Glad our thanks arise.—
While on our hearts a beam through
cloud is breaking;—

Oh! for the seraph wings of yonder
skies

To upward bear our song in joy
awaking!

Ave Maria!

Oh! bliss to know how blessings wait
us near,—

How balm for woe kind Mercy's
still bestowing;—

The heart that knows how Goodness
guides us here

Will ever be with joy and praise
o'erflowing!

Ave Maria!

No. 14.—CHORUS.

Populace: Men and Women.

She comes! Then raise each voice!

She comes! Hark! the chaunting
swells!—

Rejoice! Oh! let us rejoice!—

Clangs the crash of the bells!

On will her mission be,—

May Heaven the power bestow!—

Besieged Compiègne to free,

And drive from France the foe!

No. 15.—INTERMEZZO (*Instrumental*).—(*Lapsing from Joy to Sorrow.*)

Compiègne.

No. 16.—CHORUS.

Populace: Men and Women.

She is lost! They have taken the Maid!

She who came to bring succor and aid.

Shame on the caitiffs who fled through
the gate,

While they left her, alone, to her fate!

She is gone! And oh! woe is the day,

For the enemy's borne her away;

Shouting aloud,—while reviling her
name,—

That her fate was the pile and the
flame!

Rouen.

No. 17.—SOLO AND CHORUS.

Joan and The Voices.

Joan.

Is it here that I must die?—

Oh! France! beloved France! fare-
well!— My voices!—

The Voices.

Fret not thyself to-day!—

Joan.

My heart, my thoughts, will fly

To home, where the dear ones dwell!—

Oh! farewell!—the moment's nigh!—

My voices!—I hear ye—

The Voices.

Fret not thyself to-day!—

Joan.

Lo! those angel forms I see,—

To yonder sky, they'll bear me to
yonder sky,

With victory to be free!

Oh! farewell, farewell!

The Voices.

Fret not thyself to-day,

Of thy martyrdom—thy sacrifice!—

For thou shalt come at last,

Even unto the Kingdom of Paradise!

Yea! thou shalt come at last,—

When all thy woe is past,—

Thou shalt come unto Paradise!—

This is thy way,

Unto Paradise!—

Fret not—fret not thyself to-day!

Domremy.

No. 18.—FINALE.—CHORUS.

*Philip, Jean de Novelonpont, Youths and
Maidens, and Villagers: Men
and Women.*

Youths and Maidens.

Hail to the beautiful morning of
May!—

Come, let us welcome the bright,
sunny hours!—

Hail to the sunbeams that come with
to-day

To waken in glory the valley of
flowers!

*Philip, Jean de Novelonpont, and
Villagers: Men and Women.*

Hush'd, oh! hush'd be the song! Oh!
hush'd, all hush'd be the song!

There's a woe—there's a wail—all the
valleys along!

Gone is the Maid, whom we lov'd in
our home,—

Oh! nevermore! nevermore will she
come!

We weep! though to weep is in vain
Now the grief, now the anguish is
o'er,—

But her deeds they will live and remain,
They will live in the land evermore!

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The Death of Joan of Arc

Nº 1. Procession to the Stake

Prelude

English version by
Henry G. Chapman

Henri Bemberg
Arranged for Women's Voices by
Max Spicker

Andante molto moderato (♩ = 63)

Piano

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The right hand features a series of chords with a melodic line, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The second system continues this texture, with a *p* dynamic marking in the right hand. The third system introduces dynamics of *cresc.* (crescendo) and *dim.* (diminuendo). The final system is marked *marcato il canto* and begins with a *p* dynamic marking, featuring a more pronounced melodic line in the right hand.

dolce *cresc.* *f* *p dim.*

cresc.

f *ff m.s.* *ritenuto* *p*
Red. *

a tempo *f dolce*

cresc.

poco rit. Tempo I

f *p dolce*

f

rit. * *rit.* * *rit.* *

p

p dolce *pp*

espressivo *pp*

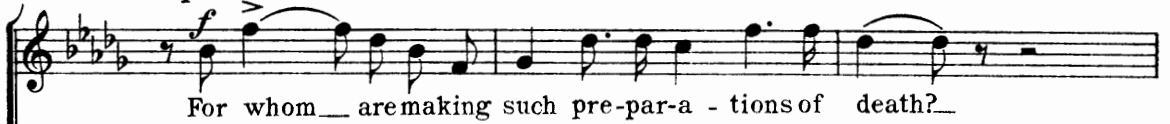
Nº 2. Chorus

Allegro moderato (♩ = 104)

The musical score is written for piano and trumpet. It consists of six systems of music, each with a piano part on the left and a trumpet part on the right. The key signature is three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro moderato' with a quarter note equal to 104 beats per minute.

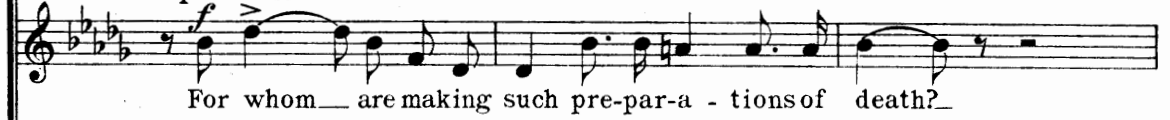
The first system shows the piano part starting with a half rest, followed by a series of chords. The trumpet part enters with a half rest, then a series of chords marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a breath mark (*^*). The second system features a piano part with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The trumpet part continues with chords, some marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a breath mark (*^*). The third system shows the piano part with a piano (*p*) dynamic and the trumpet part with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic and a breath mark (*^*). The fourth system features a piano part with a piano (*p*) dynamic and the trumpet part with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic and a breath mark (*^*). The fifth system shows the piano part with a crescendo (*cresc.*) dynamic and the trumpet part with a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic and a breath mark (*^*). The sixth system features a piano part with a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic and the trumpet part with a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic and a breath mark (*^*).

Soprano I



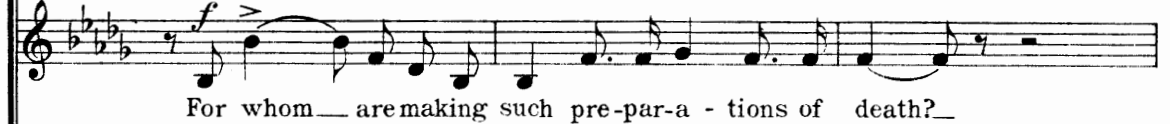
For whom are making such pre-par-a - tions of death?

Soprano II



For whom are making such pre-par-a - tions of death?

Alto I



For whom are making such pre-par-a - tions of death?

Alto II



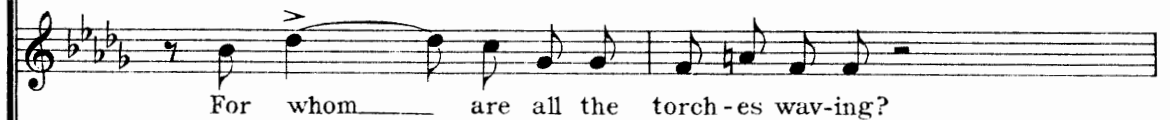
For whom are making such pre-par-a - tions of death?



f




For whom are all the torch-es wav-ing?



For whom are all the torch-es wav-ing?



For whom are all the torch-es wav-ing? The bra - zen



For whom are all the torch-es wav-ing? The bra - zen



Whence come _____ these sounds of mourn - ing?

Whence come _____ these sounds of mourn - ing?

come _____ these sounds _____ of mourn - ing? Where

come _____ these sounds _____ of mourn - ing? Where

ben ritmato

Where haste _____ these men of war, Who a-long in a

ben ritmato

Where haste _____ these men of war, Who a-long in a

ben ritmato

haste _____ these men _____ of war, Who a -

ben ritmato

haste _____ these men _____ of war, Who a -

dim.

f

great throng on their way are pour - - - - -

great throng on their way are pour - - - - -

long on their way are pour - - - - -

long in a great throng on their way are pour - - - - -

ff

A

ing?

ing?

ing?

ing?

ben ritmato

Where haste — these men of

ben ritmato

Where haste — these men of

f p

A

Where haste — these men of

Where haste — these men of

war? —

war? —

p

Detailed description: This system contains the first two systems of music. It features two vocal staves at the top, each with the lyrics 'Where haste — these men of'. Below them are two more vocal staves, each with the lyrics 'war? —'. The bottom part of the system is a piano accompaniment consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a piano dynamic marking (*p*). The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in both hands.

war? —

war? —

'Tis joy — that's shin-ing in their

'Tis joy — that's shin-ing in their

p

Detailed description: This system contains the second two systems of music. It features two vocal staves at the top, each with the lyrics 'war? —'. Below them are two more vocal staves, each with the lyrics ''Tis joy — that's shin-ing in their'. The bottom part of the system is a piano accompaniment consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a piano dynamic marking (*p*). The piano part continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

'Tis joy ——— that's shin-ing in the
 'Tis joy ——— that's shin-ing in the
 eyes. ———
 eyes. ———

The first system consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in a soprano and alto register, with lyrics: "'Tis joy ——— that's shin-ing in the eyes. ———". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in both hands.

eyes. ——— *p* 'Tis
 eyes. ——— *p* 'Tis
 'Tis hon - our that fires ev - 'ry
 'Tis hon - our that fires ev - 'ry

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal parts have lyrics: "eyes. ——— 'Tis" and "'Tis hon - our that fires ev - 'ry". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and accents (>).

hon - our that fires ev - 'ry true man, 'tis
 hon - our that fires ev - 'ry true man, 'tis
 true man, 'tis hon - our that fires ev - 'ry
 true man, 'tis hon - our that fires ev - 'ry

cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
sempre cresc.

hon - our that fires ev - 'ry true man, They
 hon - our that fires ev - 'ry true man, They
 true man, They form their ser - ried
 true man, They form their ser - ried

cresc.
cresc.

form _____ their ser - ried ranks _____ to *f*

form _____ their ser - ried ranks _____ to *f*

ranks _____ to fight _____ and no - bly

ranks _____ to fight _____ and no - bly

The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a steady bass line.

fight _____ and no - bly fall?

fight _____ and no - bly fall?

fall? _____ *f* No! no!

fall? _____ *f* No! no!

The piano accompaniment continues with a right-hand part featuring chords and a left-hand part with a bass line. The second system concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

Largo

Nay! for they are Eng-lish-men all, Who would

Nay! for they are Eng-lish-men all, Who would

dim.

dim.

Largo

dim.

see the death of a wo - - -

see the death of a wo - - -

p

p

p

Adagio non troppo

B *mysteriously*
p
Be si - lent, all! —
mysteriously
Be si - lent, all! —

man!

man!

Adagio non troppo

pp *riten.* *p*

2 Ped. * 2 Ped. * 2 Ped. *

p dolce
The Maid now lies in pris - on;

p dolce
The Maid now lies in pris - on;

mysteriously
p
Be si - lent, all! — The Maid now lies in

mysteriously
p
Be si - lent, all! — The Maid now lies in

2 Ped. 2 Ped. * 2 Ped. *

By some un-just de - cree To
 By some un-just de - cree To
 pris - on; By some un-just de -
 pris - on; By some un-just de -

2 Ped. *

crush her they would try; Tho' so young, for
 crush her they would try;
 cree To crush her they would try; Tho' so young, for
 cree To crush her they would try;

C p
p
C
p

2 Ped. * 2 Ped. * 2 Ped.

cresc. *p*
 her has the last day a - ris - - - - en. Be si - lent,
cresc. *p*
 Tho' so young, - - for her has the last day a - ris - en. Be si - lent,
cresc. *p*
 her has the last day a - ris - - - - en. Be si - lent,
cresc.
 Tho' so young, - - for her has the last day a - ris - en.

cresc.
 2 Ped. * 2 Ped. * 2 Ped. *

all! - - - - For Joan - - - - of Arc must die! - - - -
 all! - - - - For Joan - - - - of Arc must die! - - - -
 all! - - - - For Joan - - - - of Arc must die! - - - -
p
 Be si - lent, all! - - - - For Joan - - - - of Arc must die! - - - -

p *pp*
 2 Ped. * 2 Ped. *

p dolce *pp*
Be si - lent, all! Be si - lent,

p dolce *pp*
Be si - lent, all! Be si - lent,

p dolce *pp*
Be si - lent, all! Be si - lent,

p dolce *pp*
Be si - lent, all! Be si - lent,

p *pp*

p
all!

p
all!

p
all!

p
all!

pp *dim.* *ppp*

Allegro

f (Trumpets)

This system shows the first staff of music for the Trumpets. The tempo is marked 'Allegro'. The music consists of a series of chords, many of which are beamed together in groups of three. The dynamic is marked 'f' (forte). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4.

p (Horns)

pp

This system shows the second staff of music for the Horns. The music consists of a series of chords, many of which are beamed together in groups of three. The dynamic starts at 'p' (piano) and then changes to 'pp' (pianissimo). The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/4.

f (Trumpets)

This system shows the third staff of music for the Trumpets. The music consists of a series of chords, many of which are beamed together in groups of three. The dynamic is marked 'f' (forte). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4.

(Horns)

pp

This system shows the fourth staff of music for the Horns. The music consists of a series of chords, many of which are beamed together in groups of three. The dynamic is marked 'pp' (pianissimo). The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/4.

p

This system shows the fifth staff of music, likely for the Basses. The music consists of a series of chords, many of which are beamed together in groups of three. The dynamic is marked 'p' (piano). The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/4.

Adagio

dim.

p

This system shows the sixth staff of music, likely for the Basses. The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The music consists of a series of chords, many of which are beamed together in groups of three. The dynamic starts at 'dim.' (diminuendo) and then changes to 'p' (piano). The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/4.

No 3. Arioso

Tempo lento di Marcia (♩ = 52) *calmo e misurato*
 Soprano *p*

O Christ, Thy cru-ci - fix ——— Joan ———

— kiss - es with e - mo - - tion; A - bout her on the

wind ——— her long, loose tress-es blow! ———

And so doth she ad - vance ——— With no sign of e - mo - - tion,

To the scaf-fold's foot, firm and

dim. *p* *col canto*

rit. *

Più animato

slow, — And firm - ly she as - cends:

p

Ah, but when from the top — She caught sight of the

cresc.

cresc.

pyre — that her flesh would de - vour, Her mur - der - ers in

accel.

f

accel.

wait, — their read - y torch - es flar - - -

S. ing, Then did her heart give way,— And she her head let drop:

col canto
dim.
p
red. *

S. And so at last she wept!

col canto

Allegro

S. *f* Ah, weep, ah, weep, ill-fat - ed maid - - en!

S. Soon thy youth shall with-er'd lie,— Thy bloom by death too ear - ly

S. gar-ner'd; Fare-well, sweet world,— for thou must die! ——— And

rit.
a tempo
p
col canto
rit.
a

e più agitato

S. thou, as a spring that is sink - - ing Un-der the

tempo

S. rocks _____ from which it burst, _____ Fails _____

cresc.

S. — e'en as it quench - es the thirst Of the

cresc.

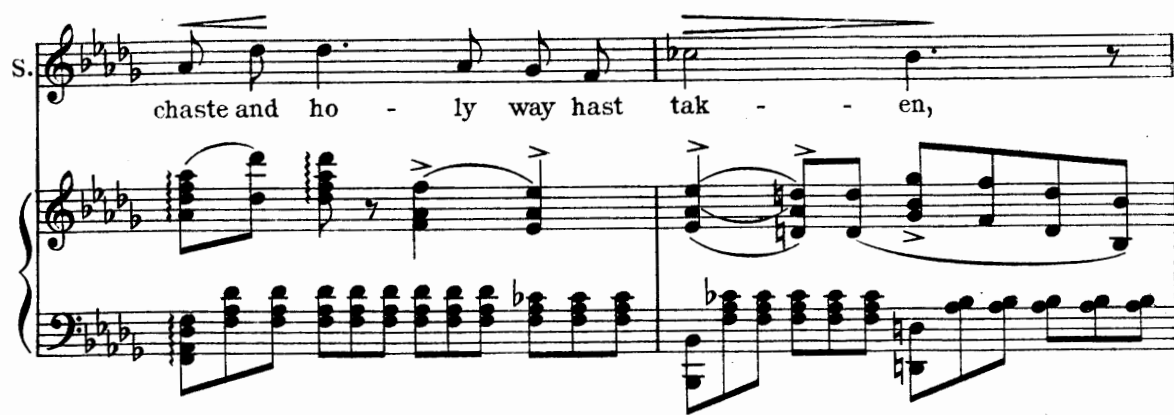
allarg.

S. swain who drinks all un - think - - - ing:

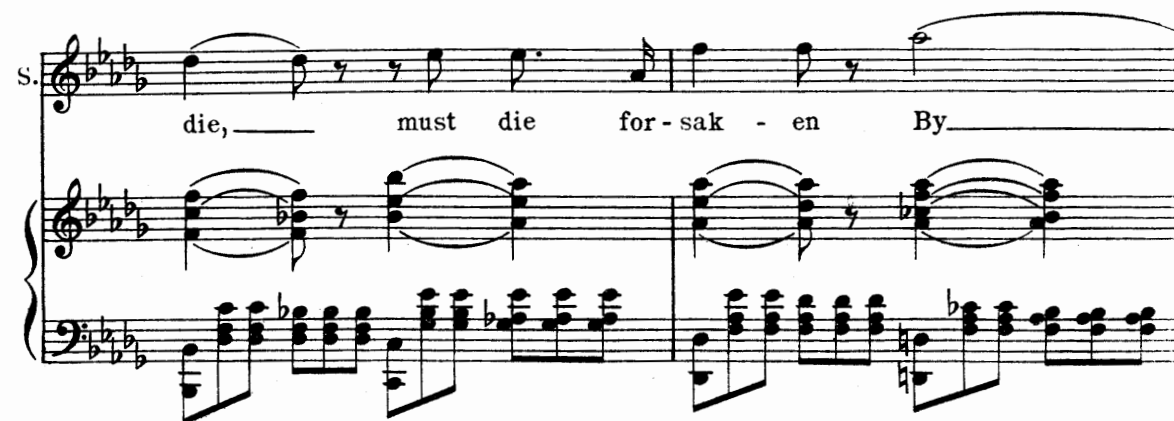
allarg. *f*

Largo

S.  So, in these times of lust and strife, Thy

S.  chaste and ho - ly way hast tak - - en,

S.  And thou must die at last, for - sak - en, thou must *accelerando*

S.  die, must die for - sak - en By

S.

 those who owe to thee their life, by those

string. *ten.* **Tempo I**
 S.

 who owe to thee their life!

f string. *col canto* *f*

rit. *

poco ritenuto

dim. *p*

Tempo lento di Marcia *p dolce*

Ah, no more shalt thou see thy dear val-leys and

p dolce

Ah, no more shalt thou see thy dear val-leys and

p dolce

Ah, no more shalt thou see thy dear val-leys and

p dolce

Ah, no more shalt thou see thy dear val-leys and

Tempo lento di Marcia

p dolce

Ah, no more shalt thou see thy dear val-leys and

Solo *p*

Ah! no more shalt thou see thy dear val-leys and moun - tains,

moun - tains, The ham - let and the shrine, the

moun - tains, The ham - let and the shrine, the

moun - tains, The ham - let and the shrine, the

moun - tains, The ham - let and the shrine, the

cresc.

Ah! no more shalt thou see thy dear val-leys and moun - tains,

moun - tains, The ham - let and the shrine, the

moun - tains, The ham - let and the shrine, the

moun - tains, The ham - let and the shrine, the

moun - tains, The ham - let and the shrine, the

S. *più animato* *cresc.*
 the fields— or fens of Vaux,— Nor thy cot - tage

più animato *cresc.*
 fields or fens of Vaux, No more thy cot - - tage or com-

più animato *cresc.*
 fields or fens of Vaux, No more thy cot - - tage or com-

più animato *cresc.*
 fields or fens of Vaux, No more thy cot - - tage or com-

più animato *cresc.*
 fields or fens of Vaux, No more thy cot - : tage or com-

più animato *cresc.*

S. *più agitato*
 or com-pan - ions, Thy fa - - - ther, nigh to death

f
 pan - ions, Thy fa - - - ther.

f
 pan - ions, Thy fa - - - ther.

f
 pan - ions, Thy fa - - - ther.

f
 pan - ions, Thy fa - - - ther.

f *più agitato*

S. *'neath the weight of his woe!*

Molto lento

molto espressivo e dolce

S. *legato f*
 Ah! weep, ah, weep, ill-fat-ed maid-en! Ah! weep, for

pp Ah! weep! weep!

pp Ah! weep! weep!

pp Ah! weep! weep!

pp Ah! weep! weep!

Molto lento

pp

pp * *

molto rit. **Largo**

S. thou _____ must die! _____

pp weep _____ thou! _____

pp weep _____ thou! _____

pp weep _____ thou! _____

pp weep _____ thou! _____

Largo

molto rit. *col canto*

2 Ped. * *ped.* *

allar - - gan - - do - -

cresc. *ff*

Nº 4. Chorus

Moderato

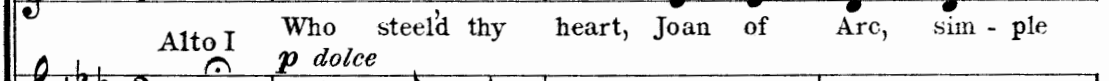
Soprano I

p dolce

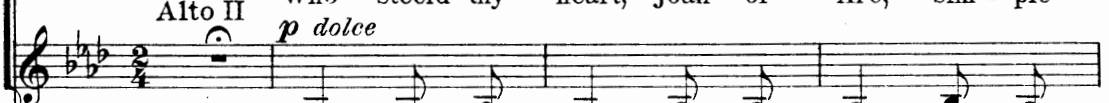
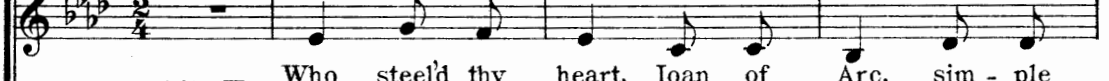
Soprano II

p dolce

Alto I

p dolce

Alto II

p dolce

Who steeld thy heart, Joan of Arc, sim - ple

Moderato

pea - sant, To leave a home that was blythe-some and plea - sant

pea - sant, To leave a home that was blythe-some and plea - sant

pea - sant, To leave a home that was blythe-some and plea - sant

pea - sant, To leave a home that was blythe-some and plea - sant

pea - sant, To leave a home that was blythe-some and plea - sant

p **D** *dolce*
 To drop the threads thou wouldst spin at thy wheel? Thy ho-ly
p *dolce*
 To drop the threads thou wouldst spin at thy wheel? Thy ho-ly
p *dolce*
 To drop the threads thou wouldst spin at thy wheel? Thy ho-ly
p *dolce*
 To drop the threads thou wouldst spin at thy wheel? Thy ho-ly
cresc. *p* **D**

cresc.
 might was nev-er crush'd nor hum-bled, But might-y pow'rs be-
cresc.
 might was nev-er crush'd nor hum-bled, But might-y pow'rs be-
cresc.
 might was nev-er crush'd nor hum-bled, But might-y pow'rs be-
cresc.
 might was nev-er crush'd nor hum-bled, But might-y pow'rs be-
cresc.

fore thy ban-ners crum-bled, Hel-mets of gold, cui-rass-es of

fore thy ban-ners crum-bled, Hel-mets of gold, cui-rass-es of

fore thy ban-ners crum-bled, Hel-mets of gold, cui-rass-es of

fore thy ban-ners crum-bled, Hel-mets of gold, cui-rass-es of

steel, Hel-mets of gold and cui-rass-es of steel!

steel, Hel-mets of gold and cui-rass-es of steel!

steel, Hel-mets of gold and cui-rass-es of steel!

steel, Hel-mets of gold and cui-rass-es of steel!

E

pp

Dawn's ear-ly light on thine ar - mour oft shin-ing, And weighty

pp

Dawn's ear-ly light on thine ar - mour oft shin-ing, And weighty

pp

Dawn's ear-ly light on thine ar - mour oft shin-ing, And weighty

pp

Dawn's ear-ly light on thine ar - mour oft shin-ing, And weighty

E

pp

cresc. *f*

steel thy maid-en locks con - fin - ing, Thou needs must live in war and

cresc. *f*

steel thy maid-en locks con - fin - ing, Thou needs must live in war and

cresc. *f*

steel thy maid-en locks con - fin - ing, Thou needs must live in war and

cresc. *f*

steel thy maid-en locks con - fin - ing, Thou needs must live in war and

cresc. *f*

p
breathe its breath! Who steel'd thy heart to leave thy a-ged fa-ther,

p
breathe its breath! Who steel'd thy heart to leave thy a-ged fa-ther,

p
breathe its breath! Who steel'd thy heart to leave thy a-ged fa-ther,

p
breathe its breath! Who steel'd thy heart to leave thy a-ged fa-ther,

p

cresc.
To hold more sweet than the kiss of thy moth - er The field of

cresc.
To hold more sweet than the kiss of thy moth - er The field of

cresc.
To hold more sweet than the kiss of thy moth - er The field of

cresc.
To hold more sweet than the kiss of thy moth - er The field of

cresc.

f *fp rit.*

blood and of slaugh-ter and death? _____

f *fp rit.*

blood and of slaugh-ter and death? _____

f *fp rit.*

blood and of slaugh-ter and death? _____

f *fp rit.*

blood and of slaugh-ter and death? _____

f *rit.* *molto rit.*

6

Più animato

p dolce

Who steeld thy heart, Joan of Arc, sim-ple

p dolce

Who steeld thy heart, Joan of Arc, sim-ple

p dolce

Who steeld thy heart, Joan of Arc, sim-ple

p dolce

Who steeld thy heart, Joan of Arc, sim-ple

Più animato

p dolce *cresc.*

Ed. *

molto rit.

pea - - - sant!

molto rit.

pea - - - sant!

molto rit.

pea - - - sant!

molto rit.

pea - - - sant!

molto rit. *col canto* *a tempo*

6 6

Red.

Solo

'Twas God! ... 'twas

6 6

* *Red.* *

S. God!

6 6

* *Red.* *

No. 5. Finale

Andante maestoso (♩ = 92)

Solo

'Twas God who willed it so, 'twas the

S. Lord God of bat - - tles, Who will hear

S. when men's griefs and tears His grace in - voke! 'Twas

S. He who set us free when op - press'd and de -

S. grad - - ed, 't was He who set us free when op -

S. press'd and de - grad - ed 'Neath the weight of too hard - a

S. yoke, - - 'neath the weight of too hard - a yoke! - - 'Twas

S. He, it was our God! 'Twas the Lord God of bat - - -

S. *tes! 'Twas God our Lord! _____ 'Twas the*

'Twas God who willed it so, 'Twas the

'Twas God who willed it so, 'Twas the

'Twas God who willed it so, 'Twas the

'Twas God who willed it so, 'Twas the

The first system of music features a vocal line (Soprano) and four piano accompaniment staves. The vocal line begins with a melodic phrase: *tes! 'Twas God our Lord! _____ 'Twas the*. The piano accompaniment consists of five staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, often in triplet groups. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor).

S. *Lord God of bat - - tles, Who will hear*

Lord God of bat - - tles.

Lord God of bat - - tles.

Lord God of bat - - tles.

Lord God of bat - - tles.

Lord God of bat - - tles.

p dolce

dolce

The second system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line (Soprano) has five staves, each with the lyrics: *Lord God of bat - - tles, Who will hear* (on the first staff) and *Lord God of bat - - tles.* (on the subsequent four staves). The piano accompaniment has two staves. The right hand plays chords, and the left hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes, often in triplet groups. The key signature remains one flat. The tempo/mood marking *p dolce* is placed above the first vocal staff, and *dolce* is placed above the final piano staff.

S. when men's griefs and tears His grace in - voke.

p 'Twas

p 'Twas

p 'Twas

S. 'Twas He! 'Twas God, our

F cresc.

cresc. He, it was our God! 'Twas He, it was our

cresc. He, it was our God! 'Twas He, it was our

cresc. He, it. was our God! 'Twas He, it was our

F cresc.

S. Lord!

'Twas He, 'twas the Lord God of
 God! 'Twas He, 'twas the Lord God of
 God! 'Twas He, 'twas the Lord God of
 God! 'Twas He, 'twas the Lord God of

The first system of the musical score consists of five vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in a soprano (S.) voice. The lyrics are: "Lord!" followed by a long note, then "'Twas He, 'twas the Lord God of God!" repeated four times. The piano accompaniment features a bass line with a triplet of eighth notes and a treble line with chords and a triplet of eighth notes. Dynamics include *f* and *mf*.

S. 'Twas the Lord God of bat - - - tles!

bat - tles! 'Twas the God of
 bat - tles! 'Twas the God of
 bat - tles! 'Twas the God of
 bat - tles! 'Twas the God of

The second system of the musical score continues with five vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "'Twas the Lord God of bat - - - tles!" followed by "bat - tles!" and "'Twas the God of" repeated four times. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a triplet of eighth notes. Dynamics include *f* and *mf*.

S. 'Twas the Lord God of bat - - - tles!

bat - tles! It was our God! *f*

bat - tles! It was our God! *f*

bat - tles! It was our God! *f*

bat - tles! It was our God! *f*

S. *poco rit.* It was the Lord! *G a tempo* Ah! *f*

poco rit. It was our God! *f a tempo* 'Twas God that willed it so, 'twas the

poco rit. It was our God! *f a tempo* 'Twas God that willed it so, 'twas the

poco rit. It was our God! *f a tempo* 'Twas God that willed it so, 'twas the

poco rit. It was our God! *f a tempo* 'Twas God that willed it so, 'twas the

G a tempo

S. *'Twas God!*

Lord God of bat - tles! *'Twas God!*

Lord God of bat - tles! *'Twas God!*

Lord God of bat - tles! *'Twas God!*

Lord God of bat - tles! *'Twas God!*

Lord God of bat - tles! *'Twas God!*

p dolce

p dolce

p dolce

p dolce

dolce

S. *'Twas God! 'Twas God! It was the Lord!*

'Twas God! 'Twas God! It was the Lord!

'Twas God! 'Twas God! It was the Lord!

'Twas God! 'Twas God! It was the Lord!

'Twas God! 'Twas God! It was the Lord!

f

S. *H* *p*

'Twas God, _____ 'twas God. _____

p

'Twas the Lord _____ God of bat - tles,

p

'Twas the Lord God of bat - tles, 'twas the Lord God of bat - tles,

p

'Twas the Lord _____ God of bat - tles,

H *p*

S. *cresc.*

_____ 'Twas God! _____ 'Twas God!

cresc.

'twas the Lord _____ God of bat - tles,

cresc.

'twas the Lord _____ God of bat - tles,

cresc.

'twas the Lord God of bat - tles, 'twas the Lord God of bat - tles,

cresc.

'twas the Lord _____ God of bat - tles,

cresc.

S. *f* *>*
 'Twas _____ God our

It was the Lord, _____ 'twas God our Lord!

It was the Lord, _____ 'twas God our Lord!

'twas the Lord God of bat-tles, 'twas the Lord God of bat-tles,

It was the Lord, _____ 'twas God our Lord!

S. *f* *seco*
 Lord! _____

f *seco*
 'Twas the Lord God of

f
 'Twas the Lord God of

f
 God! _____ 'Twas the Lord God of

f
 God! _____ 'Twas the Lord God of

S. It was our God! _____

bat - - - - - tles! Twas the Lord God of

bat - - - - - tles! Twas the Lord God of

bat - - - - - tles! Twas the Lord God of

bat - - - - - tles! Twas the Lord God of

The first system of music features a vocal line for Soprano (S.) and four vocal parts (SATB). The vocal line begins with the lyrics "It was our God!" followed by a long horizontal line. The SATB parts follow with the lyrics "bat - - - - - tles! Twas the Lord God of". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line.

S. It was our God! _____

bat - - - - - tles! It was the

bat - - - - - tles! It was the

bat - - - - - tles! It was the

bat - - - - - tles! It was the

The second system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line repeats "It was our God!" with a long horizontal line. The SATB parts have the lyrics "bat - - - - - tles! It was the". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal and bass line patterns.

ad lib.

S. *f* > > > *ff* *ad lib.*

'Twas God our Lord! _____ Twas

Lord! _____ 'Twas *ff*

Lord! _____ 'Twas *ff*

Lord! _____ 'Twas *ff*

Lord! _____ 'Twas *ff*

Lord! _____ 'Twas

ff

allarg. *Più animato*

S. God our Lord! _____

allarg. God our Lord! _____

allarg. God our Lord! _____

allarg. God our Lord! _____

allarg. God our Lord! _____

allarg. God our Lord! _____

allarg. God our Lord! _____

Più animato

ff *3* *3* *3* *3*

First system of a piano score. The right hand features a series of chords, each marked with a '3' (triplets) and an accent (^). The left hand has a simple accompaniment with notes marked with a '7' (sevens).

Second system of a piano score. The right hand continues with chords marked with a '3' and an accent (^). The left hand has notes marked with a '7'. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is present in the right hand.

Adagio Allegro vivace

Third system of a piano score. The left hand starts with a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) and features chords with a '3' (triplets). The right hand has a melodic line with a '3' (triplets). The tempo changes from Adagio to Allegro vivace.

Fourth system of a piano score. The right hand has a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The left hand has a bass line with a dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo). The system ends with a dynamic marking of *secco* (staccato).