

To Hartridge Whipp A MASQUE

* Poem by
H. J. MACLEAN



Music by
CECIL FORSYTH

Chanting solemnly

VOICE *Moderato. Solenne* These three be-fore the Judg-ment-Seat:

PIANO *mf*

A Priest, A Sol-dier, and a Clown.

mp *p*

THE SOLDIER

f vigorously

Allegro marziale I fought Thy fight. My sword's red reek Was as rare

f staccato mp

in-cense at Thy Shrine. Of Van - dals that de - filed Thy name

mf

Orchestral accompaniment for this song may be obtained from the publishers

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marcato

Few_ were left stand-ing in the line.

THE PRIEST

Larghetto religioso

I spoke Thy Word, And men, en-thralled, Fell

pen - i - tent at Thy dear feet: I won the sin - ner from his sin,

I sought the tares and made them wheat.

espress.

THE CLOWN

I could not preach, I could not fight.

Andante amabile (più mosso)

mp *p* *mp* *p* *mp* *p*

My work, my work was small through all my years.

cantando mp *poco rit.*

Thy Chil-dren lay in ag - o - ny:

a tempo *mp cresc.* *f*

I made them smile a-midst their tears.

dolce. *mp* *p* *pp* *poco rit.*

THE VOICE
Chanting solemnly

Moderato. Solenne All three have served, And, ser-vice done, The

mf

well of peace shall slake the thirst. The King-dom lies be - hind the Throne:

mp cresc. sempre

En - ter - But let the Clown be

gva
p
molto

First. _____
Piú mosso. Nobile

ff molto marcato
allargando
fff