

NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

FREEDOM

AN ODE

FOR BARITONE SOLO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY

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THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

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FREEDOM.

ARGUMENT.

THIS is a song of English freedom—of a thing at once gay and solemn, earthly and unearthly. This Freedom is the legacy of the valiant dead, and the charge of the loyal and brave who are or are yet to be. It owes, perhaps, as much to women as to men. It is composite, as our race is—Keltic in its untamed passion, Teutonic in its controlled and ordered principle. It is blended of the wild and mystic hills and the conquered fierceness of the sea. It is less a proud possession than a mighty trust, and we are therein the stewards of the world. And to remain a blessing it must rest for ever upon the Rock Eternal of Duty and Self-control.

SOLO.—(*Baritone.*)

Wood and wold,
Wind and wave,
Mystic grove and runic grave,
Battle bold,
Storm and cold,
Yield the spirits of the brave!
See! the hoary hosts troop forth,
Spirits of the just free North!
Story old
They unfold,
Ever telling, never told,
Freedom is but half unrolled!
Men of Britain, come and sing!
British women, music bring!
Blended races,
Motley faces,
Freedom calls you, thrill and ring!
Sing! dead heroes sing through you
Ghostly chords as old as new.

CHORUS.

Queen Liberty rose,
Amid ice and snows,
On old and awful mountains,
And thirsts for the seas,
And drinks the breeze
That flows from eternal fountains.

O clear is her eye,
Her step is high,
Her track is a royal story,
Her smile is a thrall,
And the brave first fall,
To the spell of its witching glory.

Tenors (Celts).

From the mist of magic mornings,
From the trailing cloud-adornings,
From the riot of the hills,
Full of tyrants' doom and warnings,
Full of fierce and Celtic scornings
For the fear that maims and kills,
Down we sweep,
Tryst to keep,
Chieftainess, with thee and leap
To swell the flood of song, like rills.
Like the bolt that cracks and flies,
Through the freeman's vault, the skies,
We too rush thy praise to sing,
Tireless throats on fiery wing.

Basses (Teutons and Norsemen).

We are Teuton, we are Norse,
Rule the wave, and ride the horse,
Speak the truth, and flash the sword,
Slay, or die, for love or lord.

Queen divine, we live to praise thee,
 Cities for our altars raise thee,
 O'er our broad and teeming land.
 Thou art Northern, we are Saxon,
 Thou art golden, we are flaxen,
 Great we are since thou art grand,
 'Tis thy wind that fills our sails,
 Knights of thine we ride the gales,
 Storms but make us,
 Calms but break us,
 And our soul the tempest hails.
 Tarry with us, give us power
 In the hot and crucial hour,
 Keep thy bright resistless brand,
 Justice gleaming in our hand,
 Gleaming in our free right hand !

Soprano and Alto.

And wife and maid,
 From hill and glade,
 And shore of uncurbed ocean,
 For each free home
 With thanks we come,
 And swell the swift commotion.
 Liberty and love are one,
 Hate by freedom is undone,
 Envy withers in thy sun,
 Malice ends ere well begun,
 Nations in thy mighty name agree,
 Want and war shall flee away,
 Fear and Pride grow old and grey,
 Yea, and Death for thee shall die,
 Born to swell thy glory high,
 And all that is shall sing thy solemn glee,
 As do we !

CHORUS.

And loud and long and proud and strong, with
 thousand blended voices,
 Like all the music of the surf that round our
 cliffs rejoices,
 And like the trumpet-blasts that blow, when
 pines and peaks are rending,
 And like the gales in all the vales, when summer
 seems unending.

There flow the notes
 From patriot throats,
 We sing the soul of England ;
 And may her shore
 Still more and more
 Of all free shores be king-land.

Then, O great Queen,
 Beloved, unseen,
 Who foil'st our proud invaders,
 And giv'st us grace
 To smite the face
 Of men who in men are traders,

Defend us still
 From crowning ill,
 Lest Freedom curse and end us ;
 From slaving pride
 That owns no guide
 From our free selves defend us !

Still send us forth
 From this fierce North,
 With the word of Emancipation ;
 And the lands shall ring
 With the praise they sing
 Of the free-souled English nation !

FREEDOM.

Tempo di marcia. Maestoso.

PIANO.
♩ = 72.

mf

cres. *dim.* *p*

SOLO. BARITONE.

f Wood and wold, Wind and wave, Mys - tic grove and ru - nic

p *f* *p* *f* *p*

grave, Bat - tle bold, Storm and cold, Yield the spi - rits of the

p *f* *p*

brave ! See ! the

cres. *dim.* *p*

hoar - y hosts troop forth, Spi - rits of the just free

North ! Sto - ry old They un - fold, Ev - er tell - ing, nev - er

told, . . . Free - dom is but half un - rolled !

Più mosso. ♩ = 88.

Men of Bri - tain, come and sing ! Bri - tish

wo - men, mu - sic bring ! Blend - ed ra - ces, Mot - ley fa - ces, Free - dom

calls you, thrill and ring! Sing! dead he - roes sing through

f *dim.*

you Ghost - ly chords as old as new.

pp *mf* *cres.*

f

CHORUS.
C SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Queen Lib - er-ty rose,

Queen Lib - er-ty rose, Queen Lib - er-ty

Queen Lib - er-ty rose, Queen Lib - er-ty

Queen Lib - er-ty rose, Queen Lib - er-ty rose,

mf *f* *f* *f*

p *cres.* *f*

A-mid ice and snows, On old and awful mount-ains, *dim.*
 rose, A-mid ice and snows, On old and awful mount-ains, *dim.*
 rose, A-mid ice and snows, On old and awful mount-ains, *dim.*
 A-mid ice and snows, On old and awful mount-ains, *dim.*

And thirsts for the seas, And drinks the breeze That flows from e-ter-nal *trem.*
 And thirsts for the seas, And drinks the breeze That flows from e-ter-nal
 And thirsts for the seas, And drinks the breeze That flows from e-ter-nal
 And thirsts for the seas, And drinks the breeze That flows from e-ter-nal

fount-ains. O clear is her
 fount-ains. O clear is her
 fount-ains. O clear is her eye, Her
 fount-ains. O clear is her eye, Her

eye, Her step is high, Her track . . . is a roy - al

eye, Her step is high, Her track . . . is a roy - al

step is high, Her track, her track is a roy - al

step is high, Her track, her track is a roy - al

sto - ry, Her smile . . . is a thrall, And the brave . . . first

sto - ry, Her smile . . . is a thrall, And the

sto - ry, Her smile . . . is a thrall, And the

sto - ry, Her smile is a thrall, And the

fall, To the spell of its witch - ing' glo - - ry.

brave first fall, To the spell of its witch - ing glo - - ry.

brave first fall, To the spell of its witch - ing glo - - ry.

brave first fall, To the spell of its witch - ing glo - - ry.

E

p

TENOR. TUTTI. (CELTS.)

From the mist of ma - gic morn - ings, From the trail - ing cloud - ad -

orn - ings, From the ri - ot of the hills, Full of ty - rants' doom and

cres.

mf

warn - ings, Full of fierce and Cel - tic scorn - ings For the fear that maims and

f

kills, Down we sweep, Tryst to keep,

ff

Chief-tain-ess, with thee and leap To swell the flood of song, like

rills. Like the bolt that cracks and flies, Through the free-man's vault, the

skies, We too rush thy praise to sing, Tire-less throats on

fier - y wing.

Maestoso, un poco Andante. $\text{♩} = 80.$

BASS. TUTTI. (TEUTONS AND NORSEMEN.)

f

We are Teu - ton, we are Norse, Rule the wave, and ride the

horse, Speak the truth, and flash the sword, Slay or die, for love or

lord. *mf* Queen di - vine, we live to

praise thee, Cit - ies for our al - tars raise thee O'er our broad and teem - ing

land. *f* Thou art North - ern, we are Sax - on, Thou art gold - en, we are

flax - en, Great we are since thou art grand. 'Tis thy

mf

f *p* *cres.*

wind that fills our sails, Knights of thine we ride the

cres.

gales, Storms but make us, Calms but break us, And our

f

soul the tempest hails.

mf *f*

Tar - ry with us, give us power . . In the

p *cres.* *mf*

p R.H. *cres.* *mf*

cres.
hot and cru - cial hour, Keep thy bright re - sist-less brand, Jus - tice

f p.
gleam - ing in our hand, Gleam - ing in our free right

L'istesso tempo.
I SOPRANO.
And wife and maid, . . From hill and glade, . . And shore of uncurbed

ALTO.
And wife and maid, . . From hill and glade, . . And shore of uncurbed

hand!
I *L'istesso tempo.*

cres.
o - cean, For each free home . . With thanks we come, . . And swell the swift com-

cres.
o - cean, For each free home . . With thanks we come, . . And swell the swift com-

mo - tion. Lib - er - ty and love are one, ..

mo - tion. Lib - er - ty and love are one, ..

mf

Hate by free - dom is un - done, Ma - lice

Hate by free - dom is un - done, En - vy with - ers in thy sun,

p

ends ere well be - gun, Na - tions in thy high - ty name a - gree, Want and

Na - tions in thy high - ty name a - gree, Want and

cres. *p* **K**

war shall flee a - way, Fear and Pride grow old and grey, Yea, and

war shall flee a - way, Fear and Pride grow old and grey, Yea, and

f

cres.
 Death for thee shall die, Born to swell Thy glo-ry high, And all that
cres.
 Death for thee shall die, Born to swell Thy glo-ry high, And all that

f *mf* *mf*

p rall.
 is shall sing thy sol-emn glee, As do we!
p rall.
 is shall sing thy sol-emn glee, As do we!

p *rall.*

CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
 And loud and
ALTO.
 And loud and
TENOR.
 And loud and
BASS.
 And loud and

L Allegro moderato e maestoso. ♩ = 88.
f

long and proud and strong, with thou - sand blend - ed

long and proud and strong, with thou - sand blend - ed

long and proud and strong, with thou - sand blend - ed

long and proud and strong, with thou - sand blend - ed

voi - - ces, Like all the mu - sic of the surf that

voi - - ces, Like all the mu - sic of the surf that

voi - - ces, Like all the mu - sic of the surf that

voi - - ces, Like all the mu - sic of the surf that

round our cliffs re - joi - - ces,

round our cliffs re - joi - - ces,

round our cliffs re - joi - - ces, And like the trumpet blasts that blow, when

round our cliffs re - joi - - ces, And like the trumpet blasts that blow, when

mf And like the gales in all the vales, when sum-mer seems un - end - ing,
mf And like the gales in all the vales, when sum-mer seems un - end - ing,
 pines and peaks are rend - ing,
 pines and peaks are rend - ing,
mf *dim. poco rit.*

M a tempo. There flow the notes From pa - triot
 There flow the notes From pa - triot
 There flow the notes From pa - triot
 There flow the notes From pa - triot
M f a tempo.

throats, We sing the soul of Eng - land,
 throats, We sing the soul of Eng - land,
 throats, We sing the soul of Eng - land, And may her
 throats, We sing the soul of Eng - land, And may her

And may her shore still more and more Of all free shores be
 And may her shore still more and more Of all free shores be
 shore still more and more Of all free shores be
 shore still more and more Of all free shores be

king - land.
 king - land.
 king - land.
 king - land.

p *cres.* *p* *N* *Ped.*

Then, O great Queen, Be-loved, un - seen, Who
 Then, O great Queen, Be-loved, un - seen, Who
 Then, O great Queen, Be-loved, un - seen, Who
 Then, O great Queen, Be-loved, un - seen, Who

cres.
 foil'st our proud in - va - ders, And giv'st us grace To smite the face Of
cres.
 foil'st our proud in - va - ders, And giv'st us grace To smite the face Of
cres.
 foil'st our proud in - va - ders, And giv'st us grace To smite the face Of
cres.
 foil'st our proud in - va - ders, And giv'st us grace To smite the face Of

men who in men are tra - ders,
 men who in men are tra - ders,
 men who in men are tra - ders, De - fend us
 men who in men are tra - ders, De - fend us still From crown - ing ill, . . . De -

De - fend us
 De - fend us still From crown - ing ill, De - fend us
 still From crown - ing ill, De - fend us still, . . . de - fend us still, de - fend . . . us
 - fend us . . . still From crown - ing ill, . . . De - fend . . . us still, de - fend us

still From crown-ing ill, Lest Free-dom curse, and end us, From slav - ing
 still From crown-ing ill, Lest Free-dom curse, and end us, From
 still From crown-ing ill, Lest Free-dom curse, and end us,
 still From crown-ing ill, Lest Free-dom curse, and end us,

sf *p* *f* *sf* *p* *f* *sf* *p* *f* *sf* *p* *f*

pride That owns no guide, From slav - ing pride that owns no guide, From
 slav - - ing pride That owns no guide, From slav - ing pride, From
 From slav - - ing pride That owns no guide, From
 From slav - - ing pride That owns no

f *f* *f*

our free selves de - fend us! Still send us
 our free selves de - fend us! Still send us
 our free selves de - fend us! Still send us
 guide, From our free selves de - fend us! Still send us

ff *ff* *ff* *ff*

forth . . . From this fierce North, . . . With the
forth . . . From this fierce North, . . . With the
forth From this fierce North, . . . With the
forth . . . From this fierce North, . . . With the

word of E - man - ci - pa - - - - tion,
word of E - man - ci - pa - - - - tion,
word of E - man - ci - pa - - - - tion,
word of E - man - ci - pa - - - - tion,

And the lands shall ring . . . With the praise they
And the lands shall ring . . . With the praise they
And the lands shall ring . . . With the praise they
And the lands shall ring . . . With the praise they

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system contains four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment consisting of a right-hand and left-hand part. The lyrics are: "sing, Of the free-souled English nation, the free-souled English nation!". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.