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CALLIRHOE:

A Legend of Calydon.

A DRAMATIC CANTATA,

WORDS BY

W. BARCLAY SQUIRE,

MUSIC BY

J. FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus. Doc.

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ARGUMENT.

THE story of Callirhoë (*καλός*, beautiful, and *ῥόη*, a stream) is thus related by Pausanias in the 21st Chapter of the 7th Book of his "Itinerary of Greece." The traveller is speaking of the antiquities of Patræ (the modern Patras):—

"In this part of the city too there is a temple of Bacchus, who is called Calydonius: for the statue of the god was brought from Calydon. While Calydon stood, Coresus was one of the priests of Bacchus, who suffered very unjustly through love. For he was in love with a virgin Callirhoë, but so unfortunately that the hatred of the virgin rose in proportion to the ardour of his love. When Coresus, therefore, found that he was unable, either by prayers or gifts, to move the virgin to love him, he came in a suppliant posture to the statue of Bacchus, who heard the prayer of his priest, and afflicted the Calydonians with a degree of insanity like that produced by intoxication, through which great numbers of them continually perished. In consequence of this the inhabitants fled to the oracle in Dodona; for at that time those that dwelt here, as also the Ætolians, and their neighbours the Acarnanes and Epirots, placed great confidence in the oracles which were delivered from the oak, and in the prophetic properties of doves. The oracle, therefore, of Dodona told them that their calamity was produced by the anger of Bacchus, and that they would not be liberated from their disease till Coresus either sacrificed Callirhoë, or some other person who had the courage to die in her stead. As the virgin, however, found no one willing to procure her safety by dying for her, she fled for refuge to those by whom she had been educated; but here finding no assistance, nothing now remained for her but to die. Everything, therefore, being prepared for the sacrifice, agreeably to the admonition of the Dodonean oracle, she was led after the manner of a victim to the altar. Coresus himself presided over the sacrifice; but he, giving way to his love and not to his anger, slew himself instead of Callirhoë, and by this means gave the most insane specimen of love of any person we are acquainted with. Callirhoë, however, as soon as she saw that Coresus had slain himself, found her hatred of the youth vanish, and love succeed in its stead. Hence, through pity of Coresus and shame for her behaviour towards him, she cut her throat by the fountain which is not far from the port in Calydon. And this fountain afterwards was called Callirhoë from the name of the virgin."*

With the exception of the omission of the incident of Callirhoë's flight, and the change in the catastrophe, the libretto of the present Cantata follows closely the story as told by Pausanias. The interpretation of the oracle at Dodona by priestesses has been adopted in preference to the earlier custom, according to which the will of Zeus was declared by men. The presence of the god was made known at Dodona by the rustling of the wind through a grove of beech and oak trees, from the branches of which were suspended brazen vessels, which, being moved by the wind, came in contact with one another and resounded throughout the sacred wood. "The prophetic properties of doves," mentioned by Pausanias, refers to another method of delivering the oracle by means of doves or pigeons, which, seated upon the branches of the trees, were supposed to make known the will of Zeus to the priests or priestesses.

* "The Description of Greece," by Pausanias. Translated from the Greek. London, 1794.

CALLIRHOË:

A Legend of Calydon.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CALLIRHOË, A Maiden of Calydon.

CORESOS, Priest of Dionysos at Calydon.

PRIESTESS OF ZEUS at Dodona.

CHORUS OF PEOPLE OF CALYDON, PRIESTESSES OF DODONA, &c.

The action of Parts I. and III. takes place before the Temple of Dionysos at Calydon; that of Part II. in the Sacred Grove of the Oracle at Dodona.

PART I.

SCENE.—*Calydon. The Temple of Dionysos with the statue and altar of the god. Enter CALLIRHOË. She is met by the messengers of CORESOS.*

Chorus.

Before the silver-footed dawn
Had risen from the purple sea,
We trod the flow'ry mead to weave
A wreath for thee.

The yellow crocus we have brought,
Narcissus too, and violets sweet,
Our woven chaplets here we lay
Before thy feet.

These tender buds half-open'd lay
Still slumb'ring on the dewy lawn,
See, we have brought them half asleep,
Be thou their dawn.

Wake by thy looks the sleeping flowers,
Shine on them like the sun above,
Oh take the gifts of Coresos
And take his love!

[*CALLIRHOË turns disdainfully from the messengers, who leave the temple.*
Enter CORESOS.

Callirhoë.

Take hence your gifts—I crave no flowery
wreaths
Nor offerings fit for gods and not for men.
I come to worship, not to prate of love,
Love that I know not, love that I despise !

Coresos.

Oh stony-hearted maid,
Are all my vows in vain ?
My gifts, my sighs, my fervent prayers,
My love, my life, that at your feet I laid
Rejected with disdain ?
What can I give
Thee more than is already thine ?
I only live
To call thee mine.
Turn not away,
In pity hear my prayer,
Callirhoë,
Oh my divinity,
Than sweetest nymph more fair,
To thee for love I pray !

Callirhoë.

Thou seekest love, and I have none to give.
Why ask of me what is not mine ?

I love thee not, for love to me
Is but a word whose empty sound
Wakes in me no responsive sign.
For me, to live
Is joy enough, no more felicity
Love can afford than I in life have found.

Coresos.

Spurn not the god who rules the world,
Whose slaves are earth, and air, and sea,
Whose might endures eternally!
When the Olympian gods are hurled
From their high realm, Love still shall last,
His rule alone stands firm and fast,
For love is life, and life is love,
And while life lasts, in Heaven above
Or earth beneath, or midmost air,
Love shall be ruler everywhere.

Despise not love, lest Eros hear
And smite you with his maddest might;
If love you know not, live in fear,
For love least felt is often near,
And Eros' darts are swift of flight.

Callirhoë.

Love I despise! If Eros hear
I dread not all his puny might;
I know not love, and have no fear
That love unfelt should be so near
And Eros' darts be swift of flight.

Coresos.

Beware, rash maid—

Callirhoë.

Your love I spurn!

Coresos.

Oh stay! Oh stay!

Callirhoë.

Let Eros turn
My heart to love, and not till then
Will I believe his might o'er men!

Coresos.

Oh, impious words! the god will hear,
His vengeance swiftly will appear,
Beware—

Callirhoë.

No, no,
I wait the blow
Your god shall deal.

Coresos.

Soon will you feel
The frenzied fire
Which Eros' ire
Sends from above
To those proud hearts
That laugh at love!

Callirhoë.

I laugh, I laugh at love!
The gods may treat me as they will!

Coresos.

Laugh on, laugh on at love!
The gods are swift to work men ill.

[*Exit CALLIRHOË. CORESOS kneels before the statue of Dionysos.*

Coresos.

Oh, Dionysos, hearken, I pray thee,
Hear now the voice of thy servant below,
I who am faithful and ever obey thee,
Grant me my boon and thy favour bestow.
Let not the gods in their cloud-compassed
dwelling

Turn a deaf ear to the words of disdain;
Let not the maiden rebellious be telling,
The gods may be dared in their own holy fane.
Rise from the banquet, shake off the dull
slumber,

Harness thy tigers so silent of tread,
Call up thy terrible hosts without number,
Striking men's souls with strange horror and
dread.

Then, as of yore, when Lycurgos expelled thee,
Smite with thy madness and put forth thy
power!

Thou didst wreak vengeance on those that
repelled thee,
Punish the wrong that was wrought in this
hour!

[*The image of Dionysos bends solemnly towards CORESOS.*

Coresos.

Lo! while I speak,
The image bends,
Th' insulted god
His vengeance sends!

[*Exit CORESOS. Cries of horror are heard without. The temple is filled by a frenzied crowd.*

Chorus.

Oh, horror!
Oh, misery!
Day of terror,
Day of woe!

Strange madness smites us through and through,
Our veins with liquid fire glow,
We burn, we rage,
Can nought assuage
Nor stay the fiery flow ?
Oh, misery !
Alas the day !
Where shall we fly
Or who will stay
This plague that smites us grievously ?
Alas ! we fail, we die.

The god ! the god !
He is amongst us !
Ha ! Dionysos
Raging in fury
Hail ! we will greet thee,
Come forth to meet thee,
Fierce in our frenzy,
Faster and faster
Forth to the master !
Hark, he is calling,
In accents appalling !
Through the air ringing
Voices are singing,
Wild laughter pealing,
In dances now reeling
The Mænads surrounding,
His praises are sounding.

Hail ! Dionysos !
Thou shalt rule o'er us !

Oh woe ! Oh misery !
Vague phantoms flit around,
Pale spectres haunt us
With gibes they taunt us,
We sink upon the ground.

Where shall we fly

This plague that smites us grievously ?
Alas ! we fail, we die.

END OF PART I.

PART II.

SCENE.—The sacred grove of Dodona. In the centre a mighty oak, from the boughs of which are suspended the brazen vessels of divination. Around the oak stand the Priestesses of the Oracle of Zeus.—Enter messengers from Calydon.

Chorus of Messengers.

Hear us, Zeus !

[A sudden wind stirs the branches of the oak so that the brazen vessels resound.]

Hear us, Zeus, for we have sought thee,
Wandering here with weary feet ;
Gifts and treasure we have brought thee,
Golden bowls and incense sweet.

Be propitious to our praying,
And our supplication hear,
Let thy hand the plague be staying,
Mighty god, incline thine ear !

[*The Chief Priestess advances to meet the Messengers.*

Priestess.

Who comes to rouse the god
With prayers and golden gifts ?

Chorus.

We men of Calydon
To Zeus have wandered here.

Priestess.

What boon do ye beseech
That ye so far have strayed ?

Chorus.

With sickness strange and sad
Our land is smitten sore.

Priestess.

Ye who entreat the god
Must vow his will to work.

Chorus.

We vow that whatso'er
He bids, we will perform.

[*The priestesses begin their rites.*

Chief Priestess.

All-Father Zeus, who dwellest veiled in mystery,
Within thy sacred grove, great god, to thee I cry.

To those who suppliant stand
Reveal thy dread command.

Chorus.

A strange sound fills the air,
The mighty boughs are stirred,
And soft winds everywhere
With whisperings low are heard.
The rustling leaves around
Fall from the branches sere,
The brazen vessels sound,
Be still ! the god is near !

The Oracle.—(The Chief Priestess and Chorus of Priestesses.)

Clouds and the shade of darkness hover
Round the Olympian home,
None can the god's abode discover
No mortal thither come.

There Dionysos great appearing
Came, nor came he in vain,
With Coresos' entreaty bearing
Callirhoë's disdain.

Swift summoned by his servant praying
Flew the fell plague of death.
Hear what alone can work its staying,
Hear what the god's voice saith:

Chief Priestess.

“Free must the maiden as an offering
Be to the altar led,
Free must she die, or for her suffering
One must be slain instead.”

Chorus.

Oh dire decree! must such an offering
Be to the altar led?
Must the maid die—or for her suffering
Who will be slain instead?

[*Exeunt Messengers.*

END OF PART II.

PART III.

SCENE.—*The same as Part I. CALLIRHOË alone.*

Callirhoë.

Woe, woe is me! Oh, ne'er was maid
As I so hapless, doomed by fate to die,
Doomed to depart, and fade away from life;
Passing at one fell stroke from gladsome light
To the dark night of cold relentless death!

The sun stands high o'er hill and plain,
The clouds flit white across,
The purple sea is flecked with foam
Where wanton billows toss.
Last night the moon upon the wave
Sank in a dream of light,
When o'er the hill-top in the east
The day broke clear and bright.

To-morrow's sun will rise as red,
To-morrow's moon as fair,
The waves among the rocks will play,
And joy be everywhere.
But I, alas! must go alone
A dark and dismal way,
Down through the gloomy gate of death,
Where dwells no beam of day.

Oh, life and light! for you I die,
Seeing I loved you so,
The unknown love of men I scorned,
Unknowing wrought this woe.
Oh, fields and woods! my years are few,
But I have loved you well;
Oh, sun and moon! oh, earth and sea!
Farewell! a last farewell!

PROCESSIONAL MARCH.

Enter CORESOS, attended by priests. The temple fills with the crowd.

DUET AND CHORUS.

[CORESOS remains standing beside the altar. CALLIRHOË advances to meet him.

Callirhoë.

Take the offering that I bring thee,
I, who scorned thy words of love,
Take her life who stands before thee,
Victim for the gods above.

Coresos.

Oh, ye gods! will nought appease ye,
Must my hand this maiden slay?
Bitter lot have we to please ye,
When ye crave such cruel prey.

Callirhoë.

Blame them not, the gods immortal
Doom me here to die alone,
Passing through the gloomy portal,
Death my daring will atone.

Coresos.

Though thy fate is full of sorrow,
Mine, oh maid, o'erpasses thine,
In Elysium thou to-morrow,
I on earth in woe must pine.

Chorus.

Coresos! no more delaying!
By thy deed the god obey,
We with torments struck are praying,
Swift thy hand the plague can stay.

Coresos.

Oh, ye gods! for all my praying,
Can ye send no other way?
Must her death the plague be staying,
Must I thus your will obey?

Callirhoë.

Hark! to thee they now are praying
Coresos, no more delay!
Let my death the plague be staying,
Strike, the god's command obey.

Coresos.

[*Seizing the sacrificial knife.*

Oh thou, my love ! oh, fair Callirhoë !
The gods are just, and point the way to me.
'Tis I whose love has wrought these bitter
wrongs,

'Tis I alone whose life to death belongs !
Live thou ! From love and life I flee.
I love thee so, that here I die for thee !

[*Stabs himself.*

Chorus.

Ah, Coresos !
What deed is this ?

Coresos.

Gods, take your victim—ah, my love, I die.
In death I love thee, love, eternally !

[*CORESOS dies at the feet of CALLIRHOË.*

Chorus.

Ah, Coresos !
What deed is this ?

[*CALLIRHOË, bending over Coresos,
takes the knife, and rising, turns
to the crowd.*

Callirhoë.

Ah ! peace ! for heard ye not the words he said ?
“ Love, love eternally ! ”

And I

Knew not this love, for which men even die,
This mighty love that here before my feet
Has laid the noblest lover—slain and dead !
I who thought life alone was passing sweet
See now a loveless life is vain and bare,
And light of love alone can make life fair.

What is the day without the glorious sun ?

What is the night without the lustrous moon ?
And what is life when love is past and gone ?

But moonless night, and sunless, cheerless
noon !

Oh, Eros ! in my vain and childish pride
I laughed at love, and dared thy awful
might ;
But none against thy power may e'er abide,
Lo ! thou hast conquered in th' unequal
fight.

And thou, my love, is this new love too late ?
Thou hast not travelled far the lonely road,
In death's domain, dead love, I bid thee wait,
I come to share with thee thy last abode !

[*She plunges the knife into her breast,
and falls lifeless beside CORESOS.*

Chorus.

Oh, sorrow ! double woe !
Your bitter fate we mourn.
So young from life ye go
To realms whence none return.

[*A stream rises from beneath the altar,
swelling as it flows into a mighty
flood. Nereids and Tritons appear
on its waters, surrounding CAL-
LIRHOË and CORESOS, now trans-
formed into river gods.*

Chorus.

Rejoice ! ye men of Calydon, the plague is
stayed ;
And lo ! a wonder new is here displayed !

See where yonder, bubbling clear,
Rippling waters now appear,
Gathering streamlets rush along,
Swelling into torrents strong.
On the flood the Nereids rise,
Joy and laughter in their eyes,
And the merry Tritons come
From their distant ocean home.
In their band the youth and maid
Crowned with sedges are arrayed.
Hail, all hail, Callirhoë,
Dwell in love eternally !

October, 1882.

THE END.

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CALLIRHOË

A LEGEND OF CALYDON.

PART I.

SCENE.—*Calydon. The Temple of Dionysos, with the statue and altar of the God.*

Enter Callirhoe. She is met by the messengers of Coresos

No. 1. INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS.—“BEFORE THE SILVER-FOOTED DAWN.”

Andante maestoso e espresso.

PIANO. $\text{♩} = 66.$

a tempo.

R.H.

p

cres.

f

dim.

p

R.H.

L.H.

cres.

f

sforzando (*sfor.*)

ff

B CHORUS. TENOR. *legato.*

Be - fore the

sil - ver - foot - ed dawn Had ris'n . . . from . . . the pur - ple

SOPRANO.

We trod the flow'-ry mead to weave . . . A

ALTO.

sea, . . . BASS. We trod the flow'-ry mead to weave . . . A

wreath

for . . . thee,

a wreath

for . . .

wreath

for . . . thee,

a wreath

for . . .

thee.

thee.

thee.

thee.

The yel - low

p

Nar - cis - sus too, and vio - lets
p Nar - cis - sus too, and vio - lets

cro - - cus we have brought, . . .

sforzando

p *f* *p*

sweet, Our wo - ven . . . chap - lets here we lay Be -
p sweet, Our wo - ven . . . chap - lets here we lay Be -
p Our wo - ven . . . chap - lets here we lay Be -
p Our wo - ven . . . chap - lets here we lay Be -
tr *tr* *tr* *tr* *p*

sf L.H. *f*

rit. *a tempo.* *legato.*
- fore thy feet. These ten - der
rit. *a tempo.* *legato.*
- fore thy . . . feet. These ten - der
rit. *a tempo.* *legato.*
- fore thy . . . feet. These ten - der
rit. *a tempo.* *legato.*
- fore thy feet. These ten - der
rit. *a tempo.* *pp legato.*

5

buds . . half o - pen'd lay. . . Still slum - b'ring
 buds . . half o - pen'd lay. . . Still slum - b'ring
 buds . . half o - pen'd lay. . . Still slum - b'ring
 buds . . half o - pen'd lay, . . Still slum - b'ring

pp Voices alone.

on . . the dew - y lawn, . . See, . . we have
 on . . the dew - y lawn, . . See, we have
 on . . the dew - y lawn, . . See, we have
 on . . the dew - y lawn,

leggiero.

brought them half a - sleep, . . Be . . thou their
 cres.
 brought them half a - sleep, . . Be thou their
 cres.
 brought them half a - sleep, . . Be thou their
 cres.
 half a - sleep, . . Be thou their
 cres.

6

dawn. . . Wake . . by thy . . looks . . the sleep-ing flowers,

dawn. . . Wake . . by thy looks . . the sleep-ing flowers,

dawn, be thou their dawn. Wake by thy looks . . the sleep-ing flowers,

dawn. . . Wake . . by thy looks . . the sleep-ing flowers,
Sea...

D

Shine . . on them . . like the sun a - bove, Oh, . . take the

Shine . . on them . . like the sun a - bove,

Shine . . on them like the sun a - bove,

Shine . . on them like the sun a - bove,

gifts of Cor - e - sos,

Oh, . . take the gifts of Cor - e -

Oh, take . . the gifts, oh, . . take the

Oh, . . take the gifts of

oh, . . . take the gifts of Cor - e -
 oh, . . . take the gifts of
 sos, Cor - e - sos, oh, . . . take the

cres. Cor - e - sos, oh, take the gifts, oh, take the gifts of
 sos, Cor - e - sos, oh, take . . . the gifts, the gifts . . . of
 gifts, oh, take the gifts, the gifts of

cres. Cor - e - sos, And take his . . . love! take the
 Cor - e - sos, And take his love! take the
 Cor - e - sos, And take his love! oh, take the gifts of . . .
 Cor - e - sos, And take his love! take the

Voices alone.

gifts, . . . and take his love! oh, take the gifts of . . .
 gifts, and take his love! take the . . .
 Cor - e - sos, and take . . . his . . . love! take the
 gifts, and take his love! take the . . .

p

cres.

Cor - e - sos! and take . . . his . . . love!

gifts, . . . and take his love!

gifts, . . . and take his love!

gifts, and take his love!

p

cres.

rall.

take, oh, take his
rall.

take his love!

take . . . his . . . love! his
rall.

take . . . his . . . love! his
rall.

rall.

Callirhoe turns disdainfully from the messengers, who leave the temple.

messengers, who leave the temple. #

No. 2.

RECIT.—“TAKE HENCE YOUR GIFTS.”

Allegro agitato. $\text{d} = 152.$ Enter Coresos.

sf *stringendo.* *f*

RECIT. CALLIRHOË. (SOPRANO.) *f*.
Take hence your

Recit.

a tempo. RECIT. *Andante grazioso.*
gifts. I crave no flow-ry wreaths,
Andante grazioso.

f *ff* *Recit.* *p express.*

mf RECIT. *sf* *p* *with fervour.*
Nor off - rings fit for gods and not for men. I come to

colla parte. *sf* *p* *3*

E sf tempo. wor - - ship, I come to wor - - ship, not to prate of
una corda. pp rit.

Ped.

f impetuoso.

love, Love that I know not, love . . . that I de - spise!

RECIT. CORESOS. (TENOR.) *Lento. rit.*Oh ! ston - v-heart-ed
*Lento.**mf tre corde.**f**mf rit.**p Allegretto.*

maid, Are all my vows in .. vain ? My gifts, my

*Allegretto. = 112.**cres.*

sighs, . . . my fer - vent prayers, . . . My love, my life, . . .

*f accel. e cres.*that at your feet I laid, Re - ject - ed with dis - dain ? What
ad lib. *Più animato.**ff lento.**p*can I give Thee more than is .. al-re-a-dy thine ? I on - ly live . . . To call thee
legato. *marcato.* *f rit.**tr**f**rit.*

a tempo. *agitato.*

mine. Turn . . not a - way, . . In pi - ty hear my

a tempo. p

prayer, Turn . . not a - way, . . In pi - ty hear my

cres. *p* *rall.*

Larghetto. *affetuoso.*

prayer. Call - i - rho - ë, Oh, my di - vi - ni - ty

Larghetto. = 66.

pp *R.H. espress.* *p*

Call - i - rho - ë, Oh, my di - vi - ni - ty Than sweet - est nymph more

rit. tempo.

fair, To thee for love I pray. . .

molto espress.

Thou seek-est love,

and I have none to give. Why . . . ask of me what is not

Impetuoso. Recit.

Recit. a tempo. Recit.

Allegro agitato. mine? I love thee not, for love to me Is but a word whose emp-ty
Lento, quasi Recit.

Allegro agitato. *mf* *ff Lento, quasi Recit.* *pp*

Allegro gioioso. sound Wakes in me no re-spon-sive sign. For me, to live Is
Allegro gioioso. $\text{d} = 120$. *p* *f*

cres. molto.
joy . . e-nough, no more fe - li - ci-ty Love can af-ford . . than I in life . .
p *mf* *cres. molto.*

have found.

Coresos. Meno mosso e marcato.

Spurn not the god who rules the world, Whose slaves are earth and air and sea, Whose might en -

Meno mosso e marcato. ♩ = 104.

- dures e - ter - nal - ly!

When the O-lym - pian gods are hurled From their high realm,

H a tempo. dolce.

love . . . still shall last, His rule a - lone stands firm and fast,

p a tempo.

For love is life, . . . and life is love, . . . And..

p *f* *p*

stringendo.

... while life lasts, in Heaven a-bove, Or earth beneath, or ..

molto accel.

midmost air, . . . Love shall be rul - er

ff *molto accel.* *a tempo.* *sf* *sf*

senza rall.

ev' - ry - where !

sf senza rall. *v*

tr

p

No. 3.

DUET.—“ DESPISE NOT LOVE.”

Allegro con moto.

CALLIRHOË.

Love I des - pise !

CORESOS.

Des - pise not love, lest E - - ros

Allegro con moto. $\text{d} = 104.$

If E - ros hear, I dread not all his pu - ny might,
cres.

hear, And smite you . . . with his mad-dest might, If love . . . you

I know not love, and have no fear That love un - felt should be so
cres.

know not, live . . . in fear, For love least felt is of - ten
cres.

near, . . . And E - ros' darts . . . be swift . . . of flight.
marcato. \wedge *sf* *sf*

near, . . . And E - ros' darts . . . are swift . . . of flight.
marcato. \wedge *sf* *sf*

Your love . . . I

Be - ware, . . . rash maid!

spurn! Let E - ros turn . . . My heart to love, . . .

Oh stay! . . . oh stay! . . .

leggiero.

R. H.

and not till then, . . . not . . . till then Will I . . .

K

be - lieve his might . . . o'er men!

Oh,

tr K.

pp

im - pious words ! the god will hear, His ven - geance
 deciso. ^ I
 No! no! I
 swift - ly will ap - pear, . . . Be - ware! . . . Be - ware! . . .
 wait the blow, Your god shall deal. I wait the blow,
 Soon . . . will you feel . . . The fren-zied
 f p
 fire Which E - ros' ire Sends . . . from a -
 cres. f

bove . . . To those proud hearts . . That laugh . . at
 dim. poco rit.
 ff dim. poco rit.
 I laugh, I laugh . . at love! The gods may
 a tempo. f
 love! L tr Laugh on, laugh on . . at
 a tempo. f
 treat me as they will, as . . they will! I laugh at love!
 love! The gods are swift to work men ill. Laugh on . . at
 I laugh,
 love! Laugh on . . at love, laugh . . on, . .

I laugh at love,
I laugh at love,
laugh on... at love,
laugh on... at love,

rall. *a tempo.* *Exit Callirhoë.*

I laugh . . . at love! . . .
laugh on . . . at love! . . .

rall. *f p a tempo.*

M

rall. sempre. *mf*

Coresos kneels before the statue of Dionysos.

p *pp* *rit.*

No. 4.

PRAYER.—“OH, DIONYSOS.”

Adagio.

CORESOS. p

Oh, Di - ony - sos,

Adagio. ♩ = 60.

pp

heark - en, I pray .. thee, Hear now the voice of thy ser - vant be - low, ..

I who am faith - ful, and ev - er o - obey thee, Grant me my boon and thy

sf rit. 3 a tempo.

fa - - - vour be - stow. Let not the

a tempo. 3 3

p rit. p

cres. f 3

gods . . . in their cloud - com-pass'd dwell - ing Turn a deaf ear to the words of dis -

s *p*

- dain, Let not the maid - en re - bel - lious be tell - ing The gods may be dared in thine

p *sf* *sf*

own ho - ly fane, the gods may be dared . . . in thine own ho - ly

p *cres.* *f* *p* *rit.*

a tempo.

fan.

a tempo. *f* *rit.* *pp* *accel.*

O Animato.

Rise from the ban - quet, shake off the dull slum - ber, Har - ness thy ti - gers so
Animato.

R.H. fp L.H. f

si - lent of tread, Call up thy ter - ri - ble

p

hosts with - out num - ber, Strik - ing men's souls.. . with strange

f mf f p

hor - ror and . . dread. Then, as of

a tempo.

sf poco rit. Q a tempo. f

sf poco rit. 3 cres. 3 f

yore, when Ly-cur - gus ex - pelled thee, Smite with thy mad - ness, and put forth thy

3 3 mf poco accel.

3 3 poco accel.

power!

Thou didst wreak ven - geance on those that re - pelled thee,

Pun - ish the wrong that was wrought in this hour!

that was wrought in .. this hour!

No. 5.

RECIT.—“LO! WHILE I SPEAK.”

(The image of Dionysos bends solemnly towards Coresos.)

Moderato con moto. CORESOS Quasi Recit.

Moderato con moto. $\text{d} = 80$.

Lo! while I speak, The im-age bends, Th' insult - ed god His ven - geance sends!

No. 6.

CHORUS.—“OH, HORROR!”

Exit Coresos. Cries of horror are heard without. The Temple is filled with a frenzied crowd.

S. *Allegro vivace.* $\text{d} = 132$.

The musical score consists of ten staves of music for a vocal ensemble and piano. The vocal parts are labeled: SOPRANO, ALTO, TENOR, and BASS. The piano part is indicated by a large brace on the left. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The tempo is Allegro vivace, with a metronome marking of $\text{d} = 132$. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p*, *R.H.*, *cres.*, *f*, *ff*, and *mf*. The vocal parts sing in unison, with lyrics appearing below the notes. The lyrics include "hor - ror!", "Day of ter - ror!", "Oh, . . . mi - se - ry!", and "Day of hor - ror!". The piano part features rhythmic patterns and harmonic support throughout the piece.

Strange mad - ness smites us thro' and thro', Our
 woe! . . . Strange mad - ness smites us thro' and thro', Our
 Strange mad - ness smites us thro' and thro', Our
 woe! . . . Strange mad - ness smites us thro' and thro', Our

veins . . . with li-quid fire glow, We burn, . . . we
 veins . . . with li-quid fire glow, We burn, . . . we
 veins . . . with li-quid fire glow, We burn, . . .
 veins . . . with li-quid fire glow, We burn, . . .

rage, . . . we burn, . . . we rage, . . .
 rage, . . . we burn, we rage, . . .
 we rage, . . . we burn, we rage, Can nougat as -
 we rage, . . . we burn, we rage, Can

can nought as - suage, Nor
nought, can nought as - suage, Nor

stay . . . the fie - ry flow?
stay . . . the fie - ry flow?
stay . . . the fie - ry flow?
stay . . . the fie - ry flow?

T

mf

Oh, . . . mi - se - ry!

mf

Oh, . . . mi - se - ry!

mf

Oh, . . . mi - se - ry!

mf

sf

sf

p

A - las the
A - las the day ! . . .
A - las the
A - las the day ! . . .
A - las the
A - las the day ! . . .
day ! . . . the day ! Where..
a - las the day ! Where..
day ! . . . the day ! Where..
A - las the day ! Where..
A - las the
A - las the day ! Where..
shall we fly, Or who will stay This plague . . .
shall we fly, Or who will stay This plague . . .
shall we fly, Or who will stay This plague . . .
shall we fly, Or who will stay This plague . . .
mf cres. f

. . . that smites us griev - ous-ly? A -
 . . . that smites us griev - ous-ly? A -
 . . . that smites us griev - ous-ly? A -
 . . . that smites us griev - ous-ly? A -
 . . . that smites us griev - ous-ly? A -

 las! . . . we fail, . . .
 las! . . . we fail, . . .
 las! . . . we fail, . . .
 las! . . . we fail, . . .
 las! . . . we fail, . . . sempre pp

 we die! . . .
 R.H. > V > V > V > V > V >
 8024.

Ra - ging in fu - ry! Hail ! we will greet thee ! . . Come forth to meet thee,
 Ra - ging in fu - ry! Hail ! we will greet thee ! . . Come forth to meet thee,
 Ra - ging in fu - ry! Hail ! we will greet thee ! . . Come forth to meet thee,
 Ra - ging in fu - ry! Hail ! we will greet thee ! . . Come forth to meet thee,

Sva.....

Fierce . . in our fren - zy, Fas - ter and fas - ter,
 Fierce . . in our fren - zy, Fas -
 Fierce . . in our fren - zy, Fas - ter and fas - ter,
 Fierce . . in our fren - zy, Fas -

Forth . . to the mas - ter!
 ter, Forth to the mas - ter !

Forth . . to the mas - ter ! Hark ! he is call - ing In
 ter, Forth to the mas - ter ! Hark ! he is call - ing In

Sva.....

cres. molto.

Through the air . . . ring - ing Voi - ces are sing - ing,
 Through the air . . . ring - ing Voi - ces are
 ac - cents ap-pall - ing,
 ac - cents ap-pall - ing,
sva.

p *cres. molto.*

Wild . . . laugh - ter peal - ing, In dan - ces now reel - ing
 sing - ing, In dan - ces now reel - ing
 Wild . . . laugh - ter peal - ing, In dan - ces now reel - ing The
 In dan - ces now reel - ing The
tr. *tr.*

d

His prais - es are sound - ing.
 His prais - es are sound - ing.
 Mae - nads sur-round - ing, His prais - es are sound - ing.
 Mae - nads sur-round - ing, His prais - es are sound - ing.

8024.

Oh, . . . woe ! . . . Oh, . . .

 woe ! . . . Oh, . . . mi - se - ry !

 Oh, . . . woe ! . . . Oh, . . . mi - se - ry !

 woe ! . . . Oh, . . . mi - se - ry !

W p

 mi - se - ry ! Vague phan-toms flit a - round !

 mi - se - ry ! Vague phan-toms flit a - round ! p

 mi - se - ry ! Pale

 mi - se - ry ! 8va..... Pale

W sf p

 Pale spec - tres haunt us,

 Pale spec - tres haunt us,

 spec - - tres haunt us, . . . With gibes they

 spec - - tres haunt us, . . . With gibes they 8va..... 3 . . . 3

8024.

f

With gibes they taunt us, they taunt us, with gibes . . . they
 With gibes they taunt us, they taunt us, with gibes . . . they
 taunt us, . . . with gibes they taunt us, with gibes . . . they
 taunt us, . . . with gibes they taunt us, with gibes . . . they
Sva:

cres.

taunt us, We sink . . . up-on the ground. Where . . . shall we
 taunt us, We sink . . . up-on the ground. Where . . . shall we
 taunt us, We sink . . . up-on the ground. Where . . . shall we
 taunt us, We sink . . . up-on the ground. Where . . . shall we
sf *pp* *cres.* *cres.* *cres.* *cres.*

fly This plague . . . that smites us griev - ous - ly? A -
 fly This plague . . . that smites us griev - ous - ly? A -
 fly This plague . . . that smites us griev - ous - ly? A -
 fly This plague . . . that smites us griev - ous - ly? A -

Sva.

f *p*

- las ! We fail, we
 - las ! We fail, we
 - las ! We fail, we
 - las ! We fail, we

die. . . .

die. . . .

die. . . .

die. . . .

accel. *Più animato.* Oh, hor - - ror !

Oh,

Oh, hor - - ror !

Oh, . . .

f accel. *Più animato.*

Day of ter - - ror! Strange
 mi - se - ry! Day of woe! Strange
 Day of ter - - ror! Strange
 mi - - se - ry! Day of woe! . . . Strange

mad - - ness smites us thro' and thro', Our veins . . . with li - quid
 mad - - ness smites us thro' and thro', Our veins . . . with li - quid
 mad - - ness smites us thro' and thro', Our veins . . . with li - quid
 mad - - ness smites us thro' and thro', Our veins . . . with li - quid
 fire glow. We burn, . . . we rage, . . .
 fire glow. We burn, . . . we rage, . . .
 fire glow. We burn, . . . we rage, . . .
 fire glow. We burn, . . . we rage, . . .

we burn, . . . we rage, . . . Can nought as - suage, . . . Nor
 we burn, we rage, . . . Can nought as - suage, Nor
 we burn, we rage, . . . Can nought as - suage, Nor
 we burn, we rage, . . . Can nought as - suage, Nor

stay the fie - ry flow? sempre ff e accel. A - las !
 stay the fie - ry flow? sempre ff e accel. A - las !
 stay the fie - ry flow? sempre ff e accel. A - las !
 stay the fie - ry flow? sempre ff e accel. A - las !

we die!
 we die!
 we die!
 we die!

PART II.

SCENE.—*The sacred Grove of Dodona. In the centre a mighty oak, from the boughs of which are suspended the brazen vessels of divination. Around the oak stand the Priestesses of the Oracle of Zeus. Enter Messengers from Calydon.*

No. 7.

CHORUS.—“HEAR US, ZEUS.”

Larghetto sostenuto. ♩ = 66.

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first three systems are for the Chorus, each starting with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and common time. The first system has a dynamic of *pp*. The second system starts with *f*, followed by *p* and *pp*. The third system starts with *mf rit.*, followed by *pp*. The fourth system begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and common time, with a dynamic of *f*. The fourth system is labeled 'A'. The fifth system, labeled 'CHORUS OF MESSENGERS. 1st & 2nd TENOR.', starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and common time, with a dynamic of *p*. The sixth system, labeled '1st & 2nd BASS.', starts with a bass clef, a key signature of one flat, and common time, with a dynamic of *pp*. The seventh system continues with the bass line, labeled 'Hear us, Zeus, ...'. The eighth system, labeled 'L'istesso tempo.', continues the bass line, labeled 'Hear us, Zeus, ...'. The ninth system concludes with a dynamic of *p*.

stirs the branches of the oak, so that the brazen vessels resound.

accel. e cres. — ff molto rit. p

Hear us, Zeus, . . .

pp a tempo.

accel. e cres. — ff molto rit. p

Hear us, Zeus, hear us,

Hear us, Zeus, hear us,

pp
a tempo.

B
Zeus, for we have sought thee, Wand -'ring here . . . with wear-y

Zeus, hear us, Zeus, for we have sought thee, Wand -'ring here . . . with wear-y

a tempo.

cres.

feet, Gifts . . . and trea-sure we have brought thee,

feet, Gifts . . . and trea-sure we have brought thee,

cres.

Gold - en bowls and in - cense sweet. Be . . . pro - pi - tious

Gold - en bowls and in - cense sweet. Be . . . pro - pi - tious

mf

to . . . our pray - ing, . . . *sf*

to our pray - ing, . . . And our sup-pli - ca - tion hear, . . .

to our pray - ing, . . . And our sup-pli - ca - tion hear, . . .

Let . . . thy hand the plague be stay - ing, Migh - ty god ! in-cline thine

Let . . . thy hand the plague be stay - ing, Migh - ty god ! in-cline thine

ear ! Migh - ty god ! . . . in-cline thine ear ! . . .

ear ! Migh - ty god ! . . . in-cline thine ear ! . . .

p rit. *C a tempo.*

p rit. *C*

p rit. *ff rit.* *p a tempo.*

The Chief Priestess advances to meet the Messengers.

mf

molto rit. *a tempo.* *molto rit.*

No. 8.

SOLO AND CHORUS.—“WHO COMES.”

Andante.

CHIEF PRIESTESS. (CONTRALTO.)

Who comes to rouse the god, With

Andante. d = 84.

prayers . . . and gold-en gifts?

CHORUS. TENOR.

We men of Cal - y - don, To

CHORUS. BASS.

We men of Cal - y - don, To

What boon do ye be -

Zeus . . have wan - der'd here.

Zeus . . have wan - der'd here.

- seech, That ye so far . . . have strayed?

With sick - ness

With . . .

strange and sad . . . Our land is smit - ten

sick - ness strange and sad Our land is

Ye who en - treat . . . the god Must

sore.

smit - ten.

vow his will to work.

We vow that what-so-e'er He
We vow that what-so-e'er He

cres. molto. f

bids, we will . . . per - form. . . .

bids, we will . . . per - form. . . .

D *The Priestesses*

rit. *a tempo.*

rit. *a tempo.*

begin their rites.

lento.

rall. *p pp*

ff a tempo. *rall.* *p pp*

lento.

cantabile.

rall.

dim.

E CHIEF PRIESTESS.

All - Fa - ther, All - Fa - - ther

a tempo. p

Zeus, who dwell - est veiled in mys - te ry,

With - in thy sa - cred grove, thy

sa - - cred grove. . . . great

rall.

8024.

a tempo.

god, to thee I cry.

p a tempo. > *ff* 3 3 *rall.* 3 > *p pp* 3

To those who suppliant stand, Re - veal thy dread com -

a tempo. > *cres.* >

Lento.

- mand, *sva* reveal thy

f ff > *rall.* 3 > *p pp* 3

Lento.

dread com - mand.

F Con moto.

CHORUS. TENOR.

BASS.

A strange sound fills the air, The

A strange sound fills the air, The

F Con moto. ♩ = 92.

pp una corda.

migh - ty boughs are stirred,

migh - ty boughs are stirred, And soft winds ev' - ry-where With whisp'ring low are

G

The rust - ling leaves around Fall from the

heard.

The rust - ling leaves around Fall from the

G

branch - es sere, The bra - zen ves - sels sound, . . . Be

branch - es sere, The bra - zen ves - sels sound, . . . Be

f tre corda.

dim. molto rall. H

still ! the god is near !

dim. molto rall. H

still ! the god is near !

dim. molto rall. pp una corda.

THE ORACLE.

No. 9.

SOLO AND CHORUS.—“CLOUDS AND THE SHADE.”

Andante sostenuto.

CHIEF PRIESTESS.

PRIESTESSES.
1st & 2nd SOPRANO.

Clouds . . . and dark - ness are
Clouds and the shade of dark-ness hov - er Round . . . the O - lym - pian

1st & 2nd ALTO.

Clouds and the shade of dark-ness hov - er Round . . . the O - lym - pian

Andante sostenuto. ♩ = 66.

p tre corde.

Round th' O - lym - pian home,
home, . . . None can the god's a - bode dis -
home, . . . None can the god's a - bode dis -

mf una corda.

p tre corde.

No mor - - tal thi - ther
cov - er, No mor - - tal thi - ther come, . . .
cov - er, No mor - - tal thi - ther come, . . .

mf una corda.

come. There . . . Di-on-y - sos came, nor came in
 There Di - on - y - sos great ap-pear-ing, Came, . . . nor came he in vain, With
 There Di - on - y - sos great ap-pear-ing, Came, . . . nor came he in vain, With

p tre corde. *f* *mf una corda.*

vain, bear - - ing Call - i - rho - ë's dis -
 Cor - e-sos' en - trety bearing Call - i - rho - ë's dis - dain.
 Cor - e-sos' en - trety bearing Call - i - rho - ë's dis - dain.

p tre corde. *mf una corda.*

dain. Swift flew the plague of death, the plague of
 Swift summon'd by his servant praying, Flew the fell plague of death,
 Swift summon'd by his servant praying, Flew the fell plague of death,

tre corde. f *ff* *mf una corda.*

rit.

death, of death.

³

rit.

Hear what a lone can work its staying, Hear what the god's voice saith :—

TENORS. *p* ³ rit.

Hear what a lone can work its staying, Hear what the god's voice saith :—

Hear what the god's voice

BASSES. *p* ³ rit.

Hear what the god's voice

*f tre corde.**mf una corda.*

rit.

I Legato.

“Free must the maid-en, as an off’ring, Be to the al - tar led. Free must she

saith :—

saith :—

*I Legato.**tre corde.**pp a tempo.**f*

rit. *a tempo.*

die, . . . or for her suff'ring, One . . . must be slain in - stead."

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

legato.

“Oh dire de -

-

“Oh dire de-cree !

p *rit.* *a tempo.*

SOPRANO.
legato.

“Free must the maid-en, as an off'-ring Be to the al - tar led, Free must she

ALTO.
*legato.**mf*

“Free must the maid - en Be to the al - tar led, Free must she

TENOR.

mf

- cree ! Must such an off'-ring Be to the al - tar led? Must the maid die ?

BASS.

mf

Must such an of - fer-ing Be to the al - tar led? Must the maid

p *3* *3* *mf*

die, or for her suff'-ring, One . must be slain in - stead.

die, or for her suff'-ring, One . must be slain in - stead. free must she

or for her suff' - ring, Who will be slain instead, in - stead? Oh,dire decree ! must the maid

die, or for her suff' - ring, one slain in - stead? Oh,dire decree! must the maid

Free must the maiden, as an off'-ring, Be to the al - tar led, Free must she die,

die, free as an off'-ring, Be to the al - tar led, Free must she die,

die? who will be slain in - stead? . . . must the maid

die? or for her suff' - ring who will be slain in - stead? must the maid die?

or for her suff' - ring, One must be slain in - stead."

or for her suff' - ring, One must be slain in - stead."

die? . . . Who will be slain in -

must she die? Who will be slain in -

rall.

p

rall.

rall.

p

rall.

CHIEF PRIESTESS.

K

"Free must the maiden, as an off'ring, Be to the al - tar
 led, Free must she die, . . .

Free must she die,
 Free must she die, . . .

Free must she die, . . . or for her
 - - steady? Must . . . the maid - en . . . die, . . . or . . . for her

pp tempo.
 - - steady? Must . . . the maid - en . . . die, . . . or for her

K
 pp tempo.

Free . . . must she die, . . . or for her suf - fer-ing,

For her, One must be slain in -

suff' - ring, for her suff' - ring, One must be slain in -

suff' - ring, for her suff' - ring, Who will be slain in -

suff' - ring, for her suff' - ring, Who will be slain in -

à piacere.

One must be slain . . . in - stead."

stead, in - stead.

stead, in - stead.

stead? in - stead?

stead? in - stead? Oh, dire de -

à piacere. *pp* *a tempo.*

Exeunt Messengers.

TENOR. *p*

Oh, dire de - cree! Oh, dire de - cree!

BASS.

cree! Oh, dire de - cree! dire de - cree!

pp rall. al fine.

dire de - cree!

pp rall. al fine.

dire de - cree!

pp rall. al fine.

PART III.

SCENE.—*The same as Part I.* Callirhoe alone.

No. 10.

RECIT. AND AIR.—“ WOE IS ME ! ”

Andante moderato. ♫ = 76.

Lento.

accel. e cres. stringendo. ff p ad lib.

a tempo.

A CALLIRHOË

Quasi Recit.

Woe, woe is me! Oh! ne'er was maid As I so...

cres. fp

hap-less, doomed by fate to die, Doomed to de - part, and fade a-way from

Lento.

life, Pass-ing at one fell stroke from gladsome light . . . To the dark
Lento.

rit.
night of cold re-lent-less death.

rit.

Andante tranquillo.

Andante tranquillo. $\text{♩} = 84.$

The sun stands high o'er hill and plain,
The clouds flit white a-cross,

8024.

pur - - ple sea is fleck'd with foam, Where wan - ton bil - ³ lows
 rit.
 3 3 3
 f rit.
 B a tempo.
 toss, Last night the moon up - on the wave
 pp a tempo.
 rit. un poco animato e cres.
 Sank in a dream of light, . . . When o'er the hill-top in the
 un poco animato.
 rit. pp
 east The day . . broke clear and bright, O'er the hill-top in the
 f
 Andante tranquillo.
 east The day broke clear and bright. . . Andante tranquillo.
 ff
 > p = pp p

To - mor - - row's sun will rise as
red, To - mor - row's moon as fair,
waves a - mong the rocks will play, And joy . . . be ev 'ry -
where. But I a - las! must go a - lone A

p *f* *p* *D* *p*
p *f* *p* *fp* *p*
f *p* *p* *rit.* *p*
pp a tempo.

Animato e agitato.

dark and dis-mal way, Down through the gloomy gate of death,
Animato e agitato.

Where dwells no beam of day. Oh, life and

E light, for you I die, See - ing I loved . . . you so ! The

un-known love of men I scorned, Un - know - ing wrought this woe . . . un-know - ing wrought this

F woe. . . . Oh, fields and woods, my years are few, But

Tempo 1mo. legato e molto tranquillo.

f **rit.** **pp** **Tempo 1mo.** **dim.**

61

un poco animato.

No. 11.

PROCESSIONAL MARCH.

Enter Coresos, attended by Priests. The Temple fills with the crowd.

Andante maestoso. $\text{d} = 72.$

G

p

tr

sf

tr

3

tr

1st time.

tr

2nd time.

tr

H

p

cantabile.

Musical score for piano, page 65, featuring six staves of music. The score consists of two systems of three staves each. The top system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of four sharps, and a common time signature. The first staff contains six measures of eighth-note patterns. The second staff begins with a bass clef and continues the eighth-note patterns. The third staff starts with a treble clef and concludes with a fermata. The bottom system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of four sharps, and a common time signature. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef and continues the eighth-note patterns. The fifth staff starts with a treble clef and concludes with a fermata. The sixth staff starts with a bass clef and concludes with a fermata. Various dynamics and performance instructions are included, such as *tr*, *tr*, *tr*, *tr*, *tr*, *tr*, *tr*, *tr*, *8va*, *mf*, *mf*, *mf*, *rall.*, and *8024.*

No. 12. DUET AND CHORUS.—“TAKE THE OFFERING.”

Coresos stands beside the altar. Callirhoe advances towards him.

Andante con moto. ♩ = 84.

ANSWER

Andante con moto. ♩ = 84.

K CALLIRHOË.

Take the off - 'ring that I bring thee, I who scorned thy words of love, Take her

K.

f = p cresc. f

life who stands be - fore thee, Vic - tim for the gods a - bove, vic - tim for the gods a -

p f

- bove.

CORESOS. mf

Oh, ye gods, will nought ap - pease ye? Must my hand this maiden

p

slay? Bit - ter lot have we to please ye, When ye crave such cru-el
 f.
 L f.
 Blame them not, the gods im -
 cres.
 prey, when ye crave such cru - el prey!
 sf cres.
 mor - tal Doom me here to die a - lone, Pass-ing thro'the gloom-y
 3 3
 3 3
 3 3
 3 3
 3 3
 3 3
 por - tal, Death my dar-ing will a - tone, death my dar - ing will a -
 f
 p
 molto rall. e express.
 f
 p
 molto rall. e express.

tone.
a tempo.

Though thy fate is full of sor - row, Mine, oh maid, o'er-pass-es

a tempo.

M rit. *Lento, con molto express.*

thine, In E - ly - sium thou to - mor - row, in E - ly - sium thou to -

rit. 3 3 3

sf Lento, con molto express. *f*

CALLIRHOË. *mf*

poco accel. *tempo lmo.*

CORESOS. Hark ! to
- mor - row, I on earth in woe must pine. O ! ye

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

poco accel. *tempo lmo.*

cres.

f.

thee they now are pray - ing, Cor - e-sos! no more de - lay ! Let my
 gods ! for all my pray - ing, Can ye send no o-ther way ? Must her
 - lay - ing, By thy deed the god o - obey,
 - lay - ing, By thy deed the god o - obey, We with torments struck are
 Cor - e-sos ! no more de - lay - ing, the god o - obey, We with
 Cor - e-sos ! no more de - lay - ing, the god o - obey, We with
 death the plague be stay - ing, Strike ! the god's command o - obey, strike ! the
 death the plague be stay - ing, Must I thus your will o - obey, must
 We with torments struck are pray - ing, Thy hand the plague can
 pray - ing, We with torments struck are pray - ing, Thy hand the plague can
 tor - ments struck are pray - ing, Swift thy hand the plague can stay, Thy hand the
 tor - ments struck are pray - ing, Thy hand the

god's command o - bey. Hark ! to thee they now are
 I your will o - bey ? O ! ye gods, for all my pray - ing !

stay. . . . Cor - e-sos ! no more de - lay - ing !

plague can stay. Cor - e-sos ! no more de - lay - ing !

plague can stay. Cor - e-sos ! no more de - lay - ing !

N

pray - ing. Cor - e-sos ! no more de - lay. . . . Let my

Can ye send no oth-er way? Must her

We with torments struck are pray - ing,

By thy deed the god o - obey. . . . We with torments struck are pray - ing,

By thy deed the god o - obey. . . . We with torments struck are pray - ing,

By thy deed the god o - obey. . . . We with torments struck are pray - ing,

f

accel.

death the plague be stay - ing, strike,
accel. strike !

death the plague be stay - ing, Must I thus your will o - bey ?
accel.

Swift thy hand the plague can stay, can stay,
accel.

Swift thy hand the plague can stay, can stay,
accel.

Swift thy hand the plague can stay, By thy deed the god o - obey,
accel. . . .

Swift thy hand the plague can stay, . . . By thy deed the god o - obey, . . .

accel.

O > stringendo.
 strike, the god's com - mand o -

stringendo.

Swift thy hand the plague can stay, . . . The god's command, the god's command o -
stringendo.

Swift thy hand the plague can stay, . . . The god's command, the god's command o -
stringendo.

Swift thy hand the plague can stay, . . . The god's command, the god's command o -
stringendo.

Swift thy hand the plague can stay, . . . The god's command, the god's command o -

O
ff stringendo.

Allegro agitato.

bey.
bey.

Allegro agitato. $\text{d} = 132$.

CORESOS (seizing the sacrificial knife).

O thou, my love! oh, fair Call -

i - rho - ö, The gods are just . . . and point the way to me.

2024

'Tis I whose love has wrought these bit - ter wrongs, 'Tis
p

I a - lone whose life to death be - longs. >
cres. *stringendo.* *f* *sf accel.*

RECIT. *Lento.*
Live thou ! From love and life I flee. I love thee so
ff Recit. *Lento.* *pp*

molto accel. (stabs himself.)
that here I die for thee.
Chorus. *Allegro vivace.*
Ah,
Ah,
Ah, Cor - e - sos ! what
espress. *Q* *Allegro vivace.* $\text{d} = 152$. Ah, Cor - e - sos ! what
p *ff molto accel.*

Cor - e - sos! what deed is this, what deed is this?

Cor - e - sos! what deed is this, what deed is this?

deed is this, what deed is this, what deed is this?

deed is this, what deed is this, what deed is this?

Lento.

Gods, take your vic-tim! Ah! my love! I die. In death, I

Lento.

pp

R *a tempo.* (Coresos dies at the feet of Callirhoë.)

love thee, love, e - ter - nal - ly.

Ah,

Ah, Cor - e - sos! what deed is this? ah,

Cor - e - sos! what deed is this? Cor - e - sos! ah,

Cor - e - sos! what deed is this? Cor - e - sos! ah,

R *a tempo.*

ff a tempo.

(Callirhoë, bending over Coresos, takes the knife,
and rising, turns to the crowd.)

Ah!

Cor - e - sos! what deed is this, what deed is this, what deed?

Cor - e - sos! what deed is this, what deed is this, what deed?

Cor - e - sos! what deed is this, what deed is this, what deed?

Cor - e - sos! what deed is this, what deed is this, what deed?

No. 13.

SCENA.—“AH! PEACE! FOR HEARD YE NOT.”

Lento. Recit.

peace! For heard ye not the words he said? Love, love e - ter - nal

Lento.

p Recit.

p rall. <>

a tempo.

Andante con moto.

S RECIT.

- ly. And I knew not this

Andante con moto. ♩ = 76.

a tempo. *Recit.*

cres.

sf

love for which men ev - en die, This mighty love that here be-fore my feet Has laid the

fp

sf

a tempo.

Allegro moderato.

no - blest lov - er slain and dead, I who thought

f

Allegro moderato.

a tempo.

life a - lone was pass - ing sweet, See now a
cres.

love - less life is vain . . . and bare, And light of
cres. e accel.

ritenuto. love a - lone, love . . . a - lone, light of love, light of love a -
f *ritenuto.* *espress.* *espress.*

rall. Allegro moderato.
 lone . . . can make life fair.
Allegro moderato. *mf*.
p *colla voce.* *a tempo.* *mf*

rall. *T* *p* *3* *12*
 What is the
f *p* *pp* *rall.* *12*
Ped. *12*

*Larghetto sostenuto.**molto rit.*

day . . . without the glo-ri-ous sun ? . . . What is the night . . . without the lus-trous

Larghetto sostenuto. $\text{♩} = 56.$ *molto rit.*

p *cres.* *poco accel.* *tempo 1mo.*
 moon ? And what is life when love . . . is past and gone, But moon-less

pp *cres.* *poco accel.* *tempo 1mo.*

night and sun-less, cheer-less noon, moon - less night and sun - less, cheer-less

accel. *U Allegro con brio.* *dim.*
 noon, Oh ! E - - ros, in my

Allegro con brio. $\text{♩} = 120.$ *accel. e molto cres.**ff* *dim.*

vain and child-ish pride, I laugh'd at love and dared thy aw-ful

marcato.

might, But none a - gainst thy pow'r may e'er a -

f marcato.

- bide, none . . . a-gainst thy power may . . . e'er a - bide,

animato.

accel. molto.

Lo! . . . thou hast con - - quered,
8va

accel. molto. *ff*

rall.

thou hast con - - quered, in th'un -
8va

rall.

V a tempo.

e - - equal fight.

a tempo.

Larghetto sostenuto.

And thou, my

Larghetto sostenuto. ♩ = 56.

love, is this new love too late? Thou hast not travelled far the lone - ly

cres. e agitato.

road; In death's do-main, dead love, . . . I bid thee wait, . . . In

cres. e agitato.

death's do-main, dead love, I bid thee wait, I bid thee wait, I

*accel. molto.**lunga pausa.**lunga pausa.**pp*

death's do-main, dead love, I bid thee wait, I bid thee wait, I

*accel. molto.**lunga pausa.**pp*

Lento con molto espress.

Lento con molto express.

come . . . to share with thee, . . . to . . . share . . . thy last a-

Lento con molto express.

bode, . . . thy last a - bode . . . I

cres. molto.

(She plunges the knife into her breast, and falls lifeless beside Coresos.)

come . . . to share. . . .

Musical score for piano, page 10, measures 11-12. The score consists of two staves. The top staff shows a treble clef, a key signature of three sharps, and a common time signature. The bottom staff shows a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. Measure 11 starts with a forte dynamic (sf) and a rhythmic pattern of eighth-note pairs followed by quarter notes. Measure 12 begins with a piano dynamic (pp), continuing the rhythmic pattern. Articulation marks like 'rall.' (rallentando) and 'pp' (pianissimo) are present.

No. 14.

CHORUS.—“OH, SORROW.”

SOPRANO. *p*

ALTO. Oh, . . . sor - row,

TENOR. Oh, . . . sor - row,

BASS. dou - ble
dou - ble

Andante dolente. ♩ = 60.

Your bit - ter fate we mourn, your
Your bit - ter fate we
woe, Your bit - ter fate we mourn, your
woe, Your

bit - ter fate we mourn, So young from life ye go,
mourn, your fate we mourn, So young from life ye go, To
fate we mourn, So young from life, so young from life ye
bit - ter fate we mourn, So young, so young from life ye

X

Unaccompanied.

8024. *p.*

To realms whence none re - turn, whence none re -
 realms whence none re - turn, none re - turn, whence none re -
 go, To realms whence none re - turn, whence none re -
 go, . . . To realms whence none re - turn, whence none re -

- turn, none re - turn.

p

f *p* *f* *p* *Ped.* *pp*

No. 15. CHORUS.—“REJOICE! YE MEN OF CALYDON.”

A stream rises from beneath the altar; swelling, as it flows, into a mighty flood. Nereids and Tritons appear on its waters, surrounding Callirhoe and Coresos, now transformed into river gods.

A *Pid mosso.*

cres. molto e accel. *f*

ff Allegro con spirito. d = 144.

SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.

Re-joice! ye men of Cal - y-don, The
Re-joice! ye men of Cal - y-don, The
Rejoice, re-joice! ye men of Cal - y-don, The
Rejoice, re-joice! ye men of Cal - y-don, The

plague is stay'd!

plague is stay'd!

plagu is stay'd!

plague is stay'd!

And lo! a won - der new is here

And lo! a won - der new is here

And lo! a won - der new is here

And lo! a won - der new is here

dis - play'd!

dis - play'd!

dis - play'd!

dis - play'd!

8va...

B

p

mf

f

See,
see,
see,
See,
see,
see,
See,

mf

f

see, . . .
see . . . where yon - der, bub - bling
see, . . .
see where yon - der, bub - bling
see, . . .
see where yon - der, bub - bling
see, . . .
see where yon - der, bub - bling

8va...

clear, . . . Rip - pling wa - ters now ap -
 clear, Rip - - pling wa - ters now . . . ap -
 clear, Rip - - pling wa - ters . . . now ap -
 clear, Rip - - pling wa - ters now . . . ap -

- pear, 3 Gath' - ring stream - lets rush a - long, . . .
 - pear, now ap - pear, Gath' - ring stream - lets rush a -
 - pear, now ap - pear, Gath' - ring stream - lets rush a -
 - pear, ap - pear, Gath' - ring stream - lets rush a -

Swell - ing in - to tor - rents, . . . swell - ing in - to tor - rents
 - long, Swell - ing in - to tor - rents, in - to tor - rents
 - long, Swell - - ing, swell - ing in - to tor - rents
 - long, Swell - ing in - to tor - rents, . . . in - to tor - rents

strong, swell - ing in - to... tor - rents strong.
 strong, swell - ing in - to... tor - rents strong.
 strong, swell - ing in - to... tor - rents strong.
 strong, ... swell - ing in - to... tor - rents strong.

C

See . . . where yon - der, bub - bling clear, . . .
 See where yon - der, bub - bling clear,
 See where yon - der, bub - bling clear,
 See where yon - der, bub - bling clear,

Rip - pling wa - ters now ap - pear,
 Rip - - pling wa - ters now . . . ap - pear, now ap -
 Rip - - pling wa -ters . . . now ap - pear, now ap -
 Rip - - pling wa -ters now . . . ap - pear, ap -

Gath - 'ring stream - lets rush .. a - long, . . . Swell - ing in - to
 - pear, Gath - 'ring stream - lets rush a - long,
 - pear, Gath - 'ring stream - lets rush a - long,
 - pear, Gath - 'ring stream - lets rush .. a - long,

tor - rents strong, swell - ing in - to tor - rents strong,
 Swell - ing in - to tor - rents, in - to tor - rents strong,
 Swell - - ing, swell - ing in - to tor - rents strong,
 Swell - ing in - to tor - rents, . . . in - to tor - rents strong,

swell - - ing in - - to . . . tor - rents strong.

swell - - ing in - - to tor - rents strong.

swell - - ing in - - to . . . tor - rents strong.

swell - - ing in - - to tor - rents strong.

90

On the flood the Ne - - reids rise, . . .

On the flood the Ne - - reids rise, . . .

Joy and.. laugh - ter in their eyes!

Joy .. and.. laugh - ter in their eyes!

Joy and laugh - - ter in their
 Joy and laugh - - ter in their
 eyes! . . .

E

And the mer- ry

Tri - tons come . . . From their dis - tant
 From their dis - tant
 o - cean home, . . . from their dis - tant
 o - cean home, . . . from their dis - tant o - cean
 o - cean home, . . .

f

In . . . their band the youth and
f In their band the youth and
 home. . . . In their band the youth and
f In their band the youth and
 home.

f

maid . . . Crown'd with sed - ges are ar - -
 maid Crown'd with sed - ges are . . . ar - -
 maid Crown'd with sed - ges . . . are ar - -
 maid Crown'd with sed - ges are . . . ar - -

3

p

-rayed, In . . . their band the youth and maid . . .
 -rayed, In their band the youth and maid
 -rayed, In their band the youth and maid
 -rayed, In their band the youth and maid . . .

p

F

Crown'd with sed - ges are ar - rayed, In . . . their
Crown'd with sed - ges are ar - rayed, In their
Crown'd with sed - ges are ar - rayed, In their
Crown'd with sed - ges are ar - rayed, In their

cres.

band . . . youth and maid . . . Crown'd with sed - ges
band . . . youth and maid . . . Crown'd with sed - ges
band . . . youth and maid . . . Crown'd with sed - ges
band . . . youth and maid . . . Crown'd with sed - ges

are . . . ar - rayed, . . . are ar - rayed. Hail, all
are . . . ar - rayed, are ar - rayed. Hail, all
are ar - rayed, are ar - rayed. Hail, all
are . . . ar - rayed, . . . are ar - rayed. Hail, all

Più animato.

G

hail! . . Call - i - rho - è!
hail! . . Call - i - rho - è!
hail! . . Call - i - rho - è!
hail! . . Call - i - rho - è!

Call - i - rho - è!
Call - i - rho - è!
Call - i - rho - è!

Silent.

Dwell . . in love . . e - ter - - nal
Dwell . . in love . . e - ter - - nal
Dwell . . in love . . e - ter - - nal
Dwell . . in love . . e - ter - - nal

ly! Hail, . . . all hail! . . . Call - i - rho - è!

ly! Hail, . . . all hail! . . . Call - i - rho - è!

ly! Hail, . . . all hail! . . . Call - i - rho - è!

ly! Hail, . . . all hail! . . . Call - i - rho - è!

f

Hail, . . . all hail! . . . Call - i - rho - è!

Hail, . . . all hail! . . . Call - i - rho - è!

Hail, . . . all hail! . . . Call - i - rho - è! Call - i - rho - è!

Hail, . . . all hail! . . . Call - i - rho - è! Call - i - rho - è!

Hail, . . . all hail! . . . Call - i - rho - è! Call - i - rho - è!

Hail, . . . all hail! . . . Call - i - rho - è! Call - i - rho - è!

Hail, . . . all hail! . . . Call - i - rho - è! Call - i - rho - è!

f

Dwell in love, . . . love e - ter - - nal - ly!

Dwell in

Dwell in love, . . . love e - ter - - nal - ly!

Dwell in

f

dwell in love . . .
 love, love e - ter - nal - ly ! dwell in love . . .
 dwell in love . . .
 love, love e - ter - nal - ly ! dwell in love . . .

e - ter - nal
 e - ter - nal
 in . . . love e - ter - nal -
 e - ter - - - nal -
 e - ter - - - nal -

H

ly ! dwell in love, dwell in
ly ! dwell in love, love e - ter - nal -
ly ! dwell in love, love e - ter - nal -

H

dwell in love e - ter - - nal - ly! dwell . . . in . . .

dwell in love e - ter - - nal - ly! dwell . . . in

love, . . . dwell in love e - - ter - nal - ly! dwell . . . in

- ly! e - ter - - nal - ly! dwell . . . in

love, . . . in love, . . . dwell in . . . love, . . .

love, . . . dwell . . . in love, . . .

love, . . . dwell, . . . in love, . . .

love, . . . dwell, . . . in love, . . .

e - ter - nal - ly! dwell in love, . . . e -

e - ter - nal - ly! dwell in love, . . . e -

e - ter - nal - ly! dwell in love, . . . e -

e - ter - nal - ly! dwell in love, . . . e -

e - ter - nal - ly! dwell in love, . . . e -

ter - - - nal - ly! Hail! Call -
 ter - - - nal - ly! Hail! Call -
 ter - - - nal - ly! Hail! Cor - e - sos!
 ter - - - nal - ly! Hail! Cor - e - sos!

i - rho - è! Hail! Call - i - rho - è! Hail! Hail!
 i - rho - è! Hail! Call - i - rho - è! Hail! Hail!
 Hail! Cor - e - sos! Hail! Hail!
 Hail! Cor - e - sos! Hail! Hail!

Hail!

Hail!

Hail!

Hail!

Hail!



PIANOFORTE ALBUMS.

Edited by BERTHOLD TOURS.

No.	BACH.	Paper Cover.	Cloth Gilt.	No.	GOETZ.	Paper Cover.	Cloth Gilt.				
1.	TWENTY COMPOSITIONS	1/0	—	20.	LOSE BLÄTTER (Op. 7), 1-5	1/0	—				
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