

PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

CANTATA

FOR SOLI (CONTRALTO, TENOR AND BARITONE)
CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

WORDS BY

ROBERT BROWNING

MUSIC BY

GEORGE F. BOYLE

Price 2/6 Net Cash. (\$1.00)

Conductor's Score and Orchestral Parts may be hired.

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THE

PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

ROBERT BROWNING.

(Contralto Solo.)

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick, By famous Hanover city; The river Weser, deep and wide, Washes its wall on the southern side; A pleasanter spot you never spied; But, when begins my ditty, Almost five hundred years ago, To see the townfolk suffer so From vermin, was a pity.

CHORUS.

Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats, And bit the babies in the cradles, And ate the cheeses out of the vats. And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles, Split open the kegs of salted sprats, Made nests inside men's Sunday hats, And even spoiled the women's chats By drowning their speaking With shricking and squeaking In fifty different sharps and flats.

(Contralto Solo).

At last the people in a body To the Town Hall came flocking:

Chorus.

"'Tis clear, our Mayor's a noddy; And as for our Corporation-shocking To think we buy gowns lined with ermine For dolts that can't or won't determine What's best to rid us of our vermin! Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking To find the remedy we're lacking, Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"

(Contralto Solo).

At this the Mayor and Corporation Quaked with a mighty consternation. An hour they sat in council, At length the Mayor broke silence:

> THE MAYOR. (Baritone Solo).

I wish I were a mile hence! It's easy to bid one rack one's brain-I'm sure my poor head aches again, I've scratched it so, and all in vain. Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"

(Contralto Solo).

Just as he said this, what should hap At the chamber door but a gentle tap?

THE MAYOR. (Baritone Solo).

"Bless us, what's that?"

"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat? Anything like the sound of a rat Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

" Come in! "---

CHORUS.

In did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
He advanced to the council-table:

THE PIPER.
(Tenor Solo.)

"Please, your honours, I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm.
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."

(Contralto Solo),

(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

THE PIPER. (Tenor Solo).

"Yet, poor piper as I am,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?

CHORUS (Tenors and Basses).

One? fifty thousand!"—was the exclamation Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

CHORUS.

Into the street the Piper stept, Smiling first a little smile, As if he knew what magic slept In his quiet pipe the while;

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

CHORUS (Sofranos and Contraltos).

Then, like a musical adept, To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled, And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled, Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;

CHORUS (Tenors and Basses).

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered, You heard as if an army muttered; And the muttering grew to a grumbling; And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;

Chorus.

And out of the houses the rats came tumbling. Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats. Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats, Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins, Cocking tails and pricking whiskers, Families by tens and dozens, Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—Followed the Piper for their lives.

Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!

Wherein all plunged and perished!

CHORUS.

You should have heard the Hamelin people Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.

THE MAYOR. (Baritone Solo).

"Go, and get long poles, Poke out the nests and block up the holes! Consult with carpenters and builders, And leave in our town not even a trace Of the rats!"—

(Contralto Solo).

When suddenly, up the face Of the Piper perked in the market-place,

THE PIPER. (Tenor Solo).

"First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

(Contralto Solo).

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue; And so did the Corporation too. To pay this sum to a wandering fellow With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!

THE MAYOR. (Baritone).

"Beside,"

(Contralto).

Quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,

THE MAYOR. (Baritone Solo).

"Our business was done at the river's brink; We saw with our eyes the vermin sink, And what's dead can't come to life, I think. So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink From the duty of giving you something for drink, And a matter of money to put in your poke; But as for the guilders, what we spoke Of them, as you very well know, was in joke. Beside, our losses have made us thrifty. A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

(Contralto Solo).

The Piper's face fell, and he cried

THE PIPER. (Tenor Solo).

"No trifling! I can't wait, beside! With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver! And folks who put me in a passion May find me pipe after another fashion."

THE MAYOR.
(Baritone Solo).

You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst, Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

CHORUS.

Once more he stept into the street And to his lips again Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane; And ere he blew three notes (such sweet Soft notes as yet musician's cunning Never gave the enraptured air) There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling, Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering, Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering, And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering Out came the children running. All the little boys and girls, With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls, And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls, Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after The wonderful music with shouting and laughter. The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood As if they were changed into blocks of wood, Unable to move a step, or cry To the children merrily skipping by, And could only follow with the eye That joyous crowd at the Piper's back. But how the Mayor was on the rack, And the wretched Council's bosoms beat, As the Piper turned from the High Street To where the Weser rolled its waters Right in the way of their sons and daughters! However he turned from South to West, And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,

THE PIED FIPER OF HAMELIN.

And after him the children pressed; Great was the joy in every breast. "He never can cross that mighty top! He's forced to let the piping drop, And we shall see our children stop!"

(Contralto Solo).

When, lo! as they reached the mountain-side, A wondrous portal opened wide, As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed; And the Piper advanced and the children followed. And when all were in to the very last, The door in the mountain-side shut fast. Did I say, all! No! One was lame, And could not dance the whole of the way; And in after years, if you would blame His sadness, he was used to say-" It's dull in our town since my playmates left! I can't forget that I'm bereft Of all the pleasant sights they see, Which the Piper also promised me. For he led us, he said, to a joyous land, Joining the town and just at hand, Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew And flowers put forth a fairer hue, And everything was strange and new; The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here, And their dogs outran our fallow-deer, And honey-bees had lost their stings, And horses were born with eagles' wings: And just as I became assured My lame foot would be speedily cured, The music stopped and I stood still, And found myself outside the hill, Left alone against my will, To go now limping as before, And never hear of that country more!"

CHORUS.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him, Silver and gold to his heart's content, If he'd only return the way he went,

And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever
The better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn; But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column, And on the great church-window painted The same, to make the world acquainted How their childen were stolen away, And there it stands to this very day.

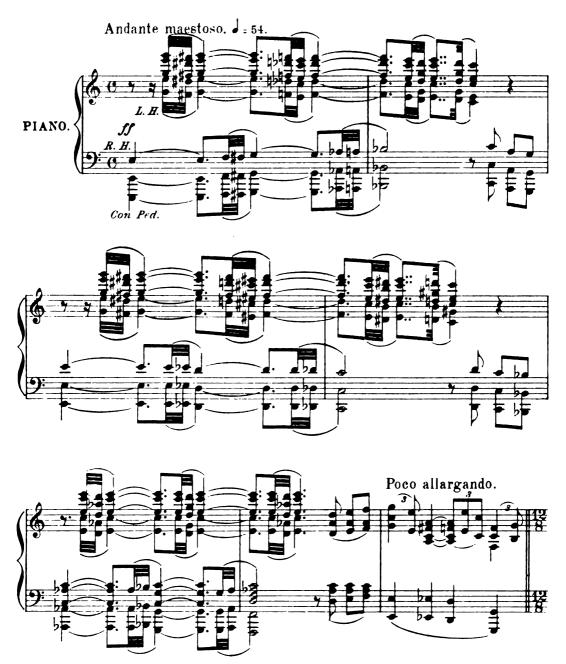
The Pied Piper of Hamelin.

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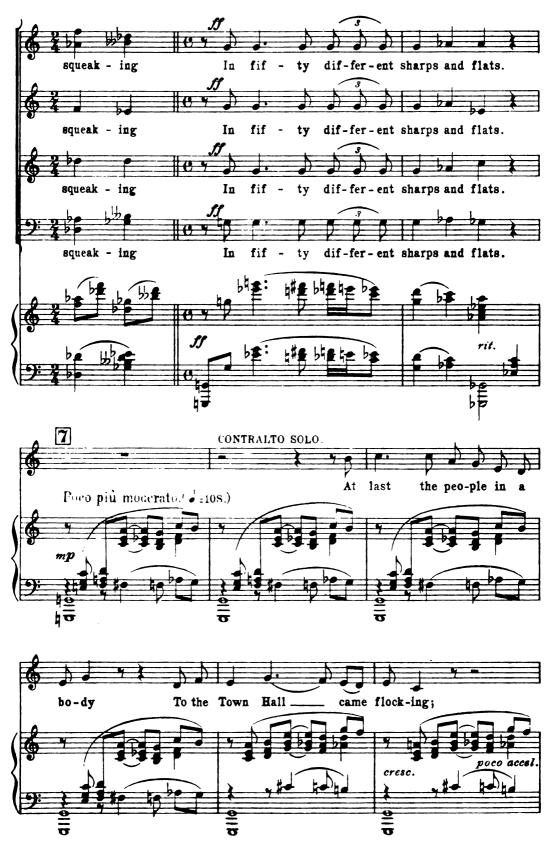






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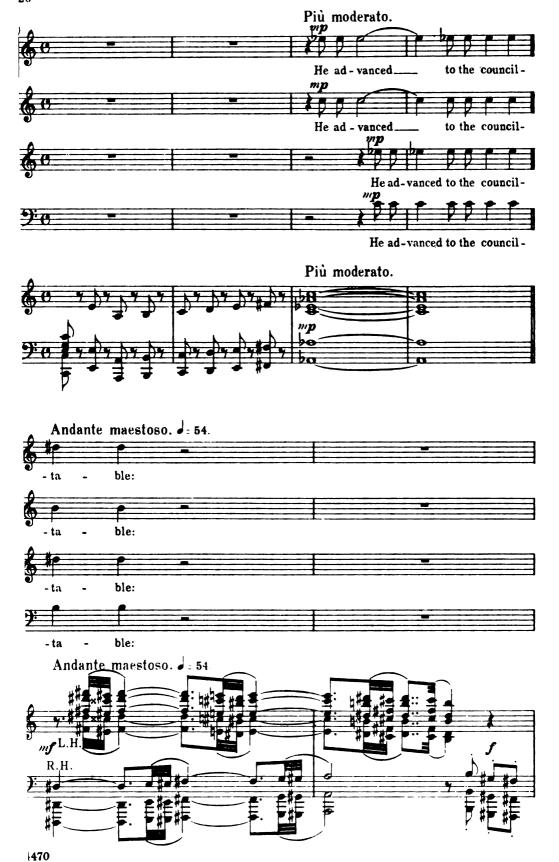
































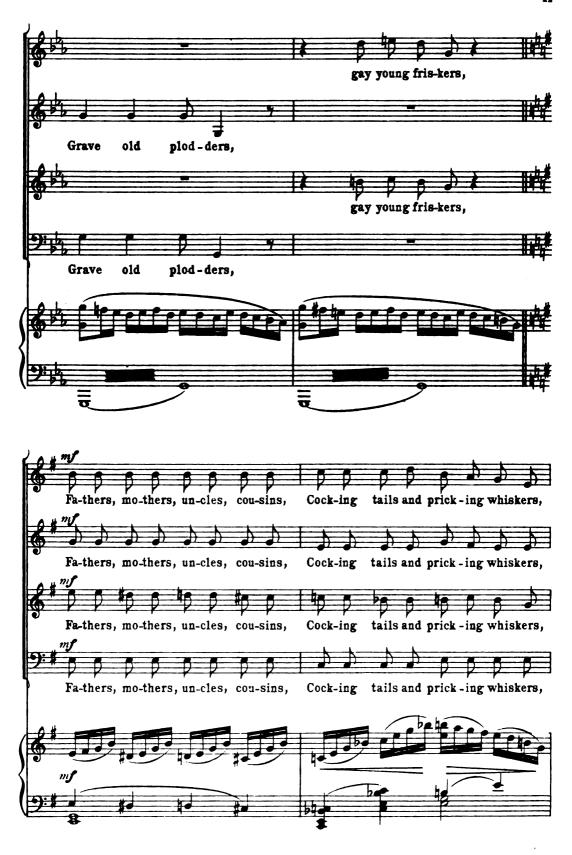












































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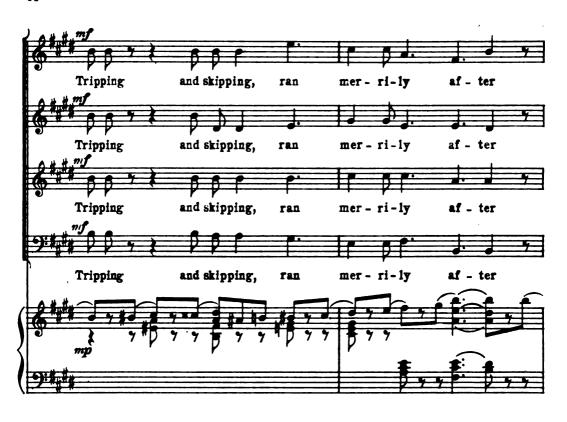
















































































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    " Milanwy
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    "When the swallows come again"
                                                         "Grey eyes"
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    "Rose in the Bud"
                                                         "How dear to me the hour"
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                                                         "My love's like a shower
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                                                          From out the mist
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W. H. SQUIRE
                                                         "In the purple glow"
In the Summer Evening"
      For me alone
                                                         "Dearest, I made these songs for you"
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                                                         "O, my garden, full of roses
     "Lighterman Tom
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       Little Barefoot
     "When he comes home"
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