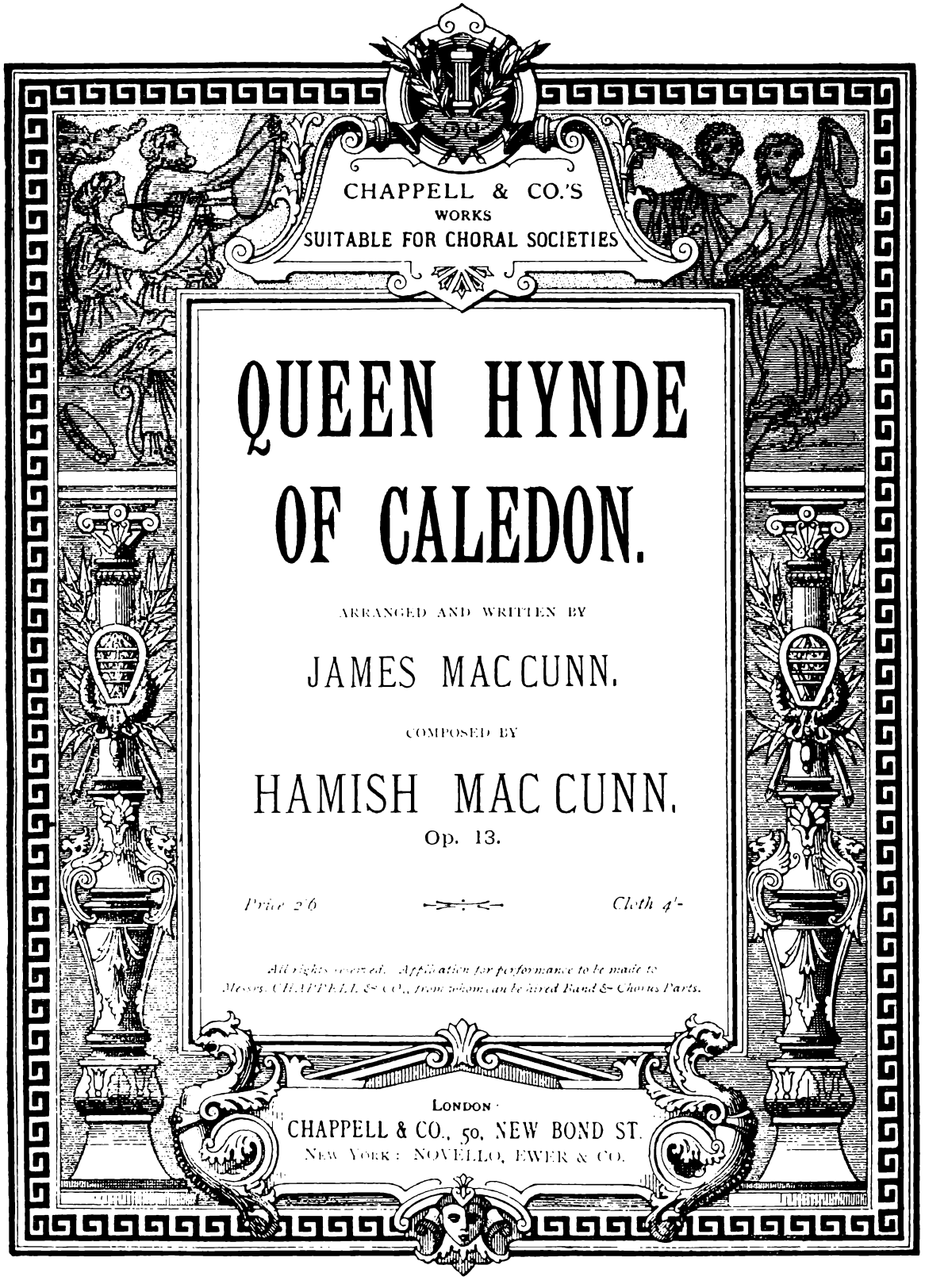

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QUEEN HYNDE OF CALEDON.

ARRANGED AND WRITTEN BY

JAMES MACCUNN.

COMPOSED BY

HAMISH MACCUNN.

Op. 13.

Price 2/6 *Cloth 4/-*

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QUEEN HYNDE OF CALEDON.

A Dramatic Cantata

FOR SOLI, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA.

In Four Scenes.

FOUNDED ON HOGG'S POEM, "QUEEN HYNDE."

Arranged and written by

JAMES MAC CUNN.

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QUEEN HYNDE OF CALEDON.

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14.	CHORUS	"Awake, a hundred harps" ...	104

ARGUMENT.

SCENE I.

KING ERIC of Norway, learning of the death of King Eugene of Caledon, and the succession of Princess Hynde to the throne, resolves on invading her domains to carry her off (the fame of her beauty being world-wide), and finds the time most opportune, from the fact that has come to his knowledge that the flower of the Scottish army are engaged in wars in Ireland, where Prince Aidan (betrothed to the Princess Hynde) is reported to Eric to have been slain.

Dwelling in peace, in her Palace of Selma, in the ancient city of Beregon, Queen Hynde one night receives, in a vivid dream, a dreadful presentiment of impending danger from foreign foes but is assured of safety and triumph by Celestial Voices.

SCENE II.

The Court, mostly consisting of youths and maidens (all the veteran warriors being absent), being apprehensive of no danger engages in joyful nights of song and mirth in the Hall, and merry noontide revelries in the Palace grounds. One of the sweetest singers, Wene, has just finished her song and dance, when a wandering minstrel, calling himself Uisnar (who the previous evening had overheard the Queen at her casement singing), comes, apparently by accident, upon the gay assembly, and improvises a song of impassioned love, which deeply touches the Queen.

This minstrel is Prince Aidan, who was not slain, but has returned, disguised, to find out if certain rumours of Queen Hynde's unfaithfulness to her betrothed vows were true. And the song is the tale of his true love for her.

SCENE III.

The Norsemen, led by King Eric, having crossed the sea in their dragon ships, meet with a violent storm among the Western Islands, by which many of their ships are destroyed. But the larger number gain the Bay of Beregon, and, despite the utmost resistance a limited garrison can offer, defeat the Scots and march to the Palace of Selma, before which they sing their Battle Hymn.

King Eric proclaims a truce, proffers his love to Queen Hynde, and offers to unite the crowns of Caledon and Scandinavia. The Queen and Wene reply in indignant terms, and reject his proposals with scorn. Eric, ruthless, again demands her hand, threatening to bear her off by force of arms and reproaching her with the taunt that her warriors are far away, and she is, therefore, unprotected.

Here the harper Uisnar starts forward from among the Queen's attendants, throws down his harp, draws his sword, and challenges Eric to mortal combat. They fight, and Eric is slain, as the fleet of the Scots is hailed returning victorious from Erin. Uisnar thereupon, on being thanked by the Queen for his great valour, throws off his disguise, reveals himself as Prince Aidan, and the Norsemen flee.

SCENE IV.

The story concludes with a festival the same night in the Great Hall of the Palace of Selma.

CHARACTERS.

QUEEN HYNDE, *Queen of Ancient Caledonia* ... ... SOPRANO.

WENE, *one of the Ladies of the Court* ... ... SOPRANO.

UISNAR, *the disguised name, as a minstrel, of Prince Aidan, afterwards King of Caledonia* ... ... BARITONE.

ERIC, *King of the Norsemen* ... ... TENOR.

And CHORUS.

PERIOD—Latter part of Sixth Century.

SCENES—At Beregon, the ancient capital of Scotland, and neighbourhood.

SCENE I.—Beregon. Night.

No. I. -CHORUS.

The harp has ceased in Selma's hall,
The hum of revelry declines,
And from the towers and turrets tall
No glimm'ring torch or taper shines.

The bard has sung his latest lay,
That love or victory extoll'd;
And sinks to rest, to soar away
With spirits of the bards of old.

Silence beneath the watching stars!
Save for the voices of the sea,
That sing along the sandy bars
With lulling sweetness, dreamily.

No. II.—SOLO.

(QUEEN HYNDE, *in her bed-chamber, looking from the casement, sings. Overheard by* UISNAR.)

O memory, the vanished past restore
And bear me back to yonder pleasant grove,
Where I may hear again the tale of love
My warrior breathed on Lora's echoing shore!

Oh, there alone I find my heart's repose,
Listening the message that the waters bear;
For whispers linger on the am'rous air
Where Lora's stream in murmuring music flows.

No. III.—CHORAL RECITATIVE.

The voice is silent, and the queenly head
Is pillowed on a snowy arm.

No. IV.—QUEEN HYNDE'S DREAM.

SOLO.—QUEEN HYNDE.

O ye familiar scenes! how fair
Are Appin's hills that tower on high,
And Morven's mountains lost in air
Like golden pillars of the sky!
Ye snowy clouds, whose mass conceals,
Like smoke from rolling chariot wheels,
The trackless region of the storms,
And the wild thunder's hideous forms!
Ye well-known fields! ye waving woods of Lorn,
Swept by the gold hair of the dreaming morn!
And wept o'er by the silver mist above!
All thy endear'd familiar scenes I love!

MALE CHORUS (*strange voices*).

The Black Bull!

(*She starts and listens.*)

QUEEN HYNDE.

The little ewe-flower stars the lea,
The harebell nods beside my knee;
And all the sward in summer prime
Is woven with the woodland thyme;
But hues of heaven are on the flowers,
And perfume from Elysian bowers,
And floods of fairy sunlight showers.
But hark!

MALE CHORUS.

The Black Bull of Norway has broken his band,
He's down through the links of fair Scotland;
But the flower of the isle shall be lost or won
Ere ever he turn his horn from the sun.

QUEEN HYNDE.

I am alone,
What mean these voices?
There is no one nigh!

MALE CHORUS (*louder*).

The Black Bull of Norway has broken his band,
He's down through the links of fair Scotland!

QUEEN HYNDE.

Ev'n now he comes with thund'rous beat—
A raging bull of monstrous frame,
With wreathy mane and eyes of flame,
His white horns flick'ring in the light
Like boreal streamers o'er the night.
The mountains groan
With bellowings of unearthly tone.
Suddenly he stops! his wild career
Is checked! See, from the sward
A peasant, with a mighty sword,
Leaps on the creature, and his blood
Outpours upon the plain a crimson flood!
And mystery on mystery,
The blood-red sword ascends on high
With jewelled hilt against the sky,
A radiant Cross!

No. V.—

CHORUS OF CELESTIAL SPIRITS

Let thy banner be the Cross,
Blazon'd in a crimson dye,
On a white and spotless shield,
Carried foremost in the field.
God will give the Victory,
If thy banner be the Cross, the holy Cross!

Let thy banner be the Cross,
Emblem of the Sacred Son,
Of the pure and spotless life—
Bear it bravely in the strife.
God will fight for Caledon,
If thy banner be the Cross, the holy Cross!

Let thy banner be the Cross,
And a nation great shall rise
Vanquishing all other lands,
Until she the world commands,
And her throne is in the skies!
Let thy banner be the Cross, the holy Cross!

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.—Beregon. The following morning.

(*Youths and Maidens in the Gardens of the Palace of Selma, singing, dancing and making merry.*)

No. I.—CHORUS.

FEMALE VOICES.

Come, maidens, leave your broiderie,
And fold it by, and cease to sigh!
For swallows now have cross'd the sea,
And hither hie,
Where draperies of flower and tree
More graceful are,
And richer far,
Than all your broiderie!

Come, maidens, where the daisy stars
Are thickest strewn upon the lawn,
And where the pine-tree shadow-bars
Are broadest thrown;
While cloudless air and sapphire skies
Are glowing bright
With noonday light,
And ring with melodies.

No. II.

(*Enter* WENE, *dancing and singing.*)

SOLO.—WENE AND FEMALE VOICES CHORUS.

I love to trill the whole day long,
Like lark on wanton wing,
I love to trip on airy foot
To merry measure of the lute,
With dance-inviting string.
As joyful voices join the song,
And wreaths are waving round the ring
I love to trill the whole day long,
And trip to dulcet string.

CHORUS.

Come, joyful voices, join the song,
And wave the wreaths around the ring;
We love to trill the whole day long,
And trip to dulcet string.

WENE.

I love to look in laughing eyes,
That sunny gladness bring;
I prize the touch of finger-tips,
And, better still, of loving lips
Their secret whispering.
As joyful voices fall and rise,
And wreaths are waving round the ring,
I love to sing to laughing eyes,
And trip to dulcet string.

CHORUS.

Come, joyful voices, fall and rise,
And wave the wreaths around the ring,
We love to sing to laughing eyes,
And trip to dulcet string.

No. III.—CHORAL RECITATIVE.

(PRINCE AIDAN, *disguised as a minstrel, enters.*)

CHORUS.

Lo! here a minstrel comes, with harp
Slung on his shoulder. "Who art thou,
And whence?"

UISNAR.

Uisnar I am called.
Alas! I come from Erin, where
The emerald turf is stained with blood.
I fain would sing to ye an air—
A simple tale—that stirs a flood
Of thoughts within my heart. Wilt hear?

CHORUS.

Sing on, O minstrel. We give ear!

No. IV.—UISNAR'S IMPROVISATION.

Uisnar loved a gentle maid
Of high degree;
But he was borne to distant wars
To fight for his countree.

Oh, beautiful that maiden's hair
Of ruddy gold,
When o'er her lover's sorrowing face
In parting kiss it rolled.

All scatheless passed he through the fight
On every field,
For lover's courage was his might,
And true love was his shield.

But oh! his heart was wounded sore,
Worse than if slain,
An evil bird a message bore
That all his love was vain;

That she, the sunbeam of his life,
Unfaithfully
Had wedded with a gallant lord
Beyond the angry sea.

Uisnar sought the castle walls
In dismal rue,
To lay him down and die with grief,
If so this tale were true.

Now underneath her casement he
Stole by starlight,
And heard her sing the olden lay
He loved, forth to the night;

And then he knew the cruel tale
That rent his heart
Came by an evil-omened bird,
That played a witch's part:

And that his gentle maid was true,
And love was strong,
For tender thoughts awoke anew,
And lingered in her song.

And so he swore upon his sword,
Whate'er befell,
That he would dare a thousand deaths
For one that loved so well.

END OF SCENE II.

SCENE III.—At Beregon, opposite the Palace of Selma.

No. I.—CHORUS.

MALE VOICES.

Battle Hymn of the Norsemen.

To thee, great Odin of the thunder-cloud,
To thee we pray!
To thee, great Thor, resistless god of war,
To thee we pray!
Bend from the sky! lead us to victory!
O lead the way!
Thor and Odin rule the spheres,
Clash the shields and clang the spears!

O Thor! with clamours of thy mighty hammer's
Deafening blow,
Awake in ire, with forkèd-lightning fire,
And strike the foe!
As quaking mountains reel beneath thy heel,
O lay them low!
Thor and Odin rule the spheres,
Clash the shields and clang the spears!

No. II.—SCENE.

ERIC, QUEEN HYNDE, WENE, *and* UISNAR.

ERIC.

Forbear! ye sons of Thor, forbear!
I grant a truce. The fairest fair
Has mightier sway than monarch's sword.
I bow to Albyn's Queen. My word
I pledge that love is all my quest
From thee, fair flower of the West!

Thou brightest gem of Caledon!
Whose beauty rare all minstrels sing;
Fair Queen! to thee swift have I flown,
Wafted as on a sea-bird's wing!

Thy guiding spirit bade me come,
And steered thro' storms my dragon ships
From fiords far across the foam
To hear the music of thy lips!

My crown I place beneath thy feet,
And yield all Norway's realm to thee,
If thou wilt make my throne complete,
And grant thy royal love to me!

QUEEN HYNDE.

'Tis vain with flattering words to sue;
I spurn thy boasted crown and lands!
A maiden's heart that beateth true
Can only yield when love commands!

WENE.

Love prompted not thy reeving quest,
Bold leader of this fierce array.
Ye'd lure the bird and rob the nest,
When Albyn's Eagles are away!

QUEEN HYNDE.

For proffer'd love I give thee scorn !

ERIC.

(*Pointing to the Norwegian banner.*)

Proud maid ! by Odin I have sworn
To make thee mine. Behold unfurled
Norway's Black Bull that rules the world !
Thine be that Empire, thine that throne,
O beauteous Queen of Caledon !

QUEEN HYDNE *and* WENE *together.*

For proffer'd love { I give / she gives } thee scorn !
Back to your ships, ye coward crew !
We dare the worst that ye can do.
Beware the Eagle's swift return,
Beware !

ERIC.

Imperious Queen ! thy power resign !
Love may not win thy thousand charms,
But by this sword I hold thee mine,
And by the right of Norway's arms.
Thy warriors are far away,
Where is the sword to say me nay ?

UISNAR.

(*Rushing forth from the Queen's attendants, throws down his harp and draws his sword.*)

Presumptuous spoiler of the land !
Defiance to thy vaunted power !
I swear upon my trusty brand,
Thou shalt not touch this precious flower.

Ha ! did'st thou dream, across the main,
Home to thy fiords with her to flee ?
Thine eyes shall never lift again
On palaces beyond the sea !

Another hand thy dragon ships
Can steer away. For Norsemen's breath
Will curse thy name with bitter lips—
Tyrant ! I dare thee to the death !

(*They engage, and* ERIC *is mortally wounded*).

No. III.—CHORUS (*the people*).

They come ! they come ! the cry resounds
From hill and tower and echoing shores.
They come ! the sea is white with sails
And glitter of fast-sweeping oars.
And, as they cry, a mortal blow
Has laid the mighty monarch low.

They come ! the steeds of Ocean bound,
Their silver bridles flecked with foam ;
And golden cars on wheels of light,
Bearing triumphant warriors home.
They come ! they come ! and, at the cry,
The frighted Norsemen turn and fly !

No. IV.—SCENE.

(QUEEN HYNDE *surrounded by her retainers ;* UISNAR *kneeling before her.*)

QUEEN HYNDE.

Rise, Victor, from thy bended knee ;
Thy craft is more than minstrelsy.
Say who thou art !
Declare thy lineage, and claim
Reward, the richest words can name.

UISNAR (*rising*).

It is enough ! my longing eyes
Have their reward. The richest prize
Is constant love. No fleeting wraith
Before thine ardent eyes I bring,
But him who swore to love till death !

QUEEN HYNDE.

Aidan ! my warrior, my King !

UISNAR (AIDAN).

Hynde ! my beloved, and my Queen !

QUEEN HYDNE *and* AIDAN.

Ye come again, O happy days of yore !
And we shall wander in yon pleasant grove,
Together culling emblem flowers of love
That ever bloom by Lora's echoing shore.

There we shall seek in peace true heart's repose,
Listening the memories the waters bear ;
For whispers linger on the am'rous air
Where Lora's stream in murm'ring music flows.

END OF SCENE III.

SCENE IV.—The feast in the great hall of the Palace of Selma. Evening.

CHORUS.

Awake a hundred harps, and raise
Triumphant songs of festival !
As oaken faggots roar and blaze
In Selma's lofty hall.

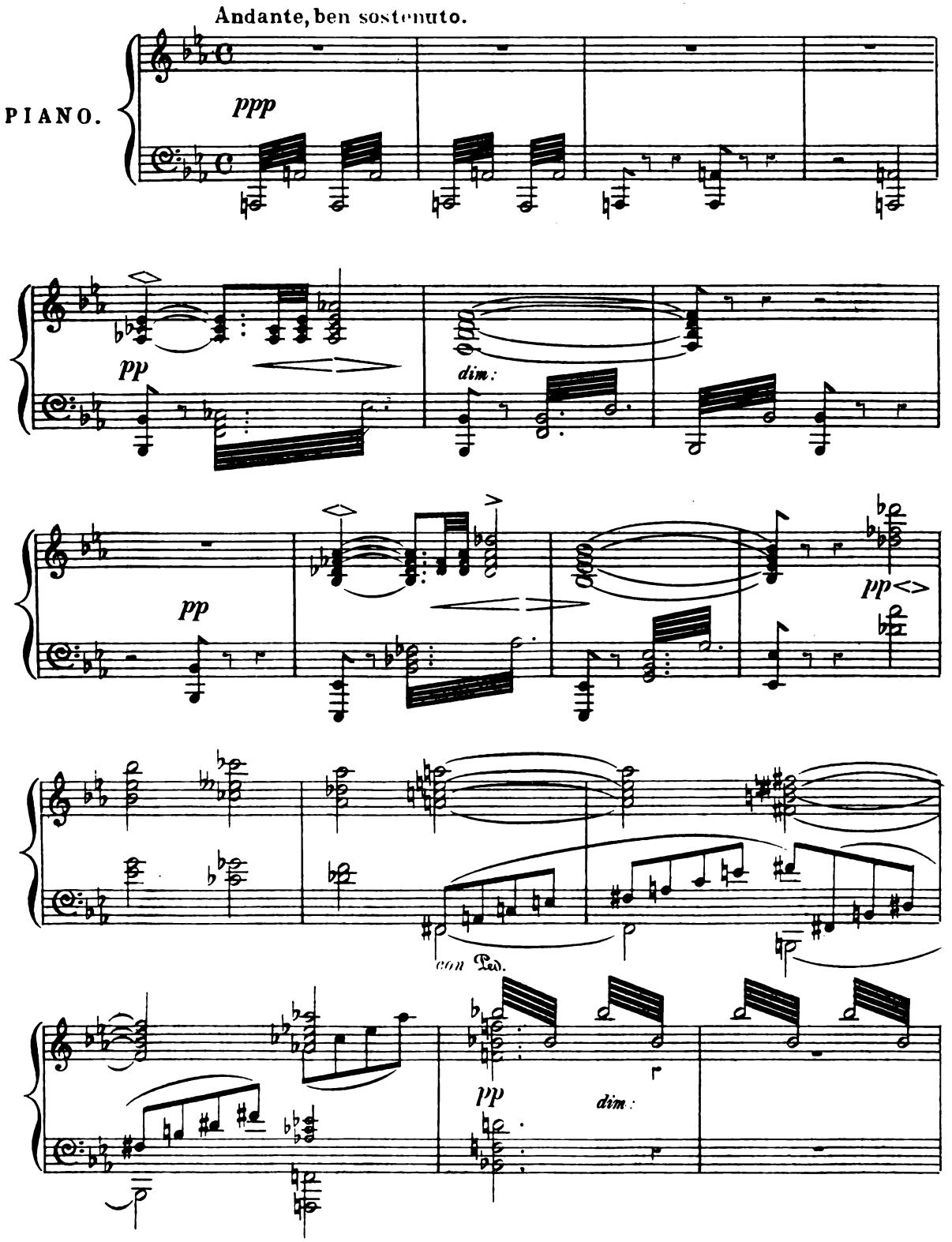
Let trumpet tongues proclaim the King,
And chief of Erin's wars,
While shouts of triumph rise and ring
Aloft to the tingling stars !

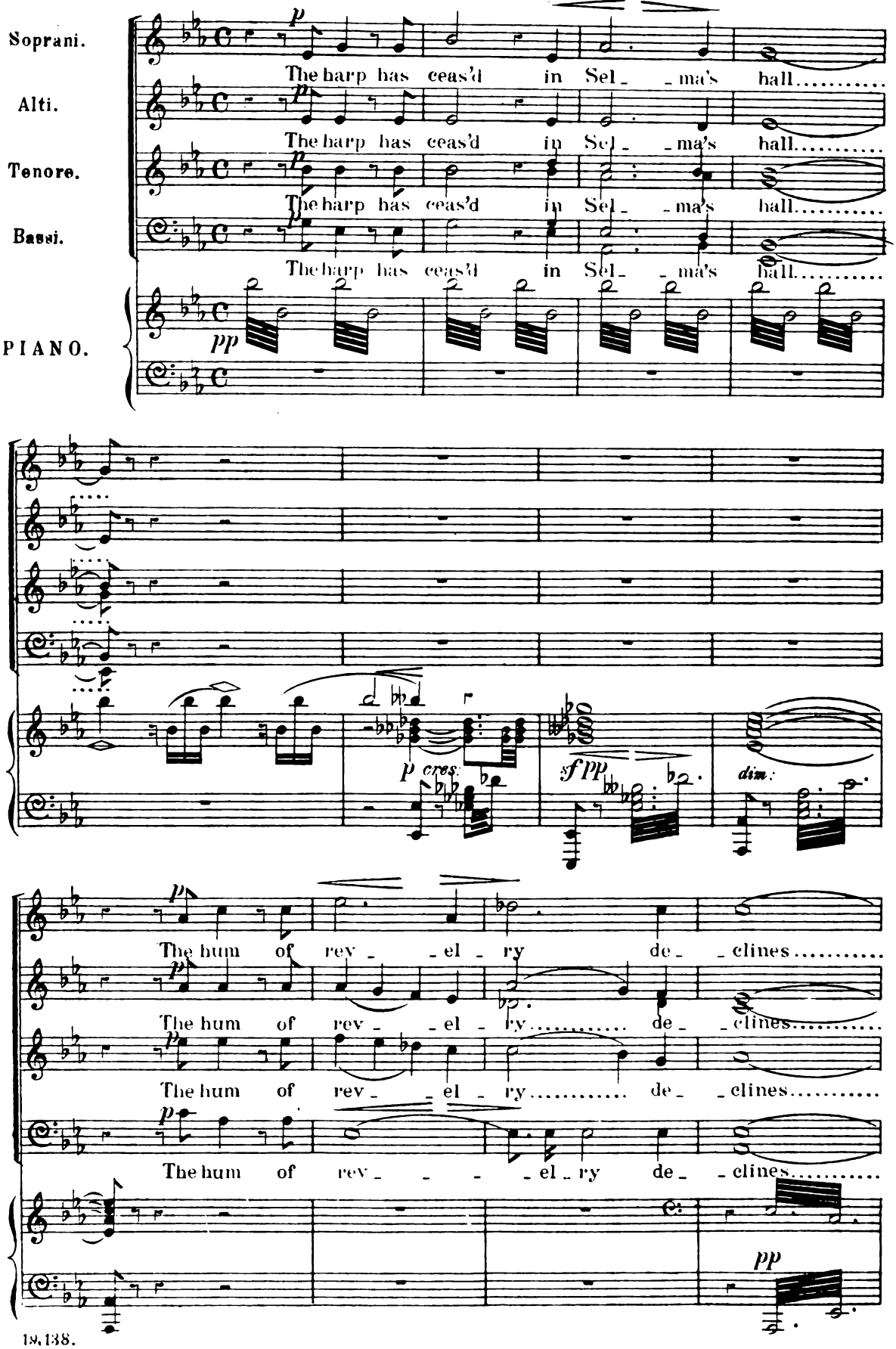
As wine flows, and the joyful shell
Goes circling round the martial throng
Ye bards ! of deeds victorious tell,
And speed the night in song !

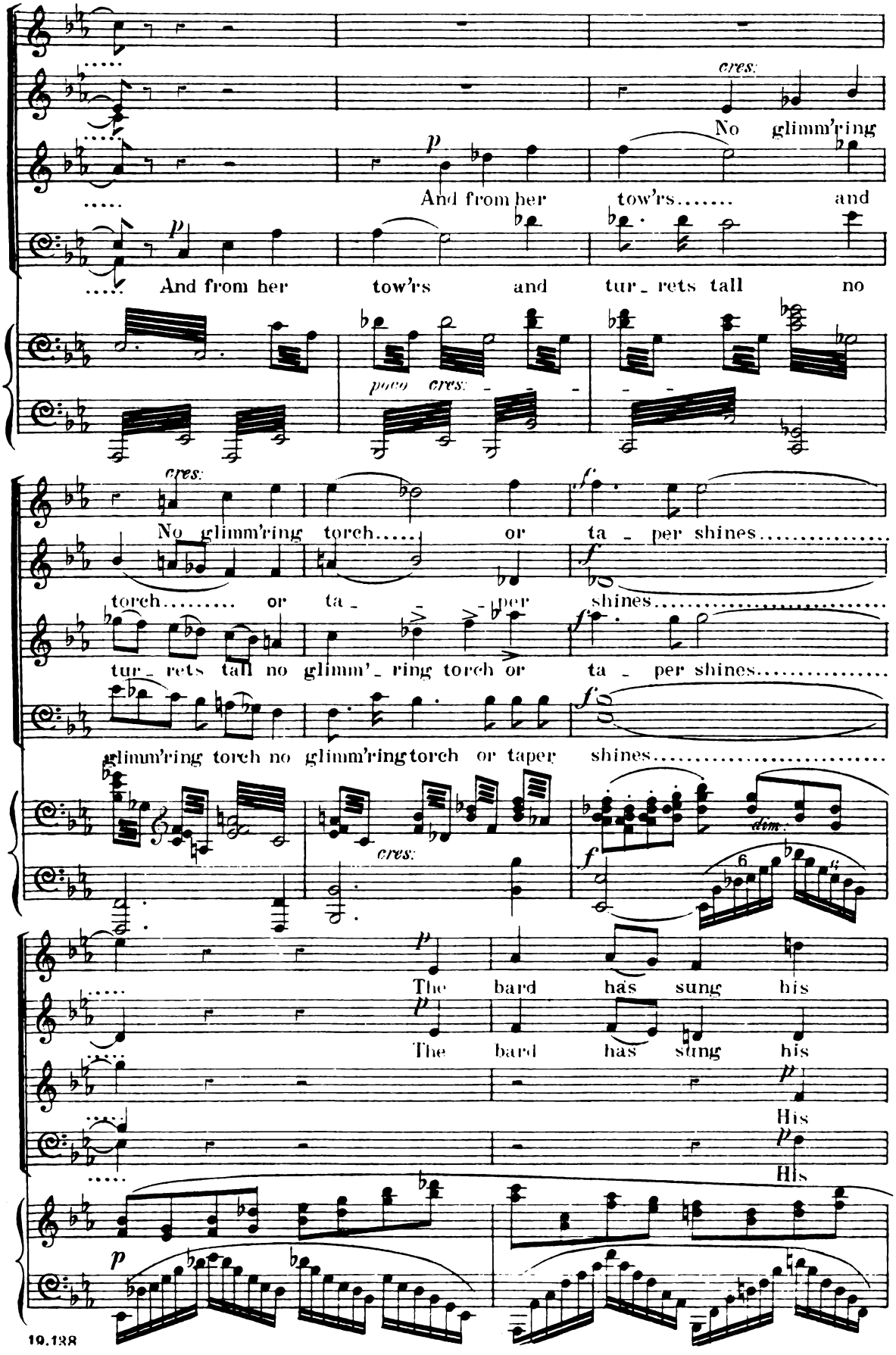
The Cross above the Bull has waved,
The flower of the Isle is won,
And Aidan's mighty sword has saved
Queen Hynde of Caledon.

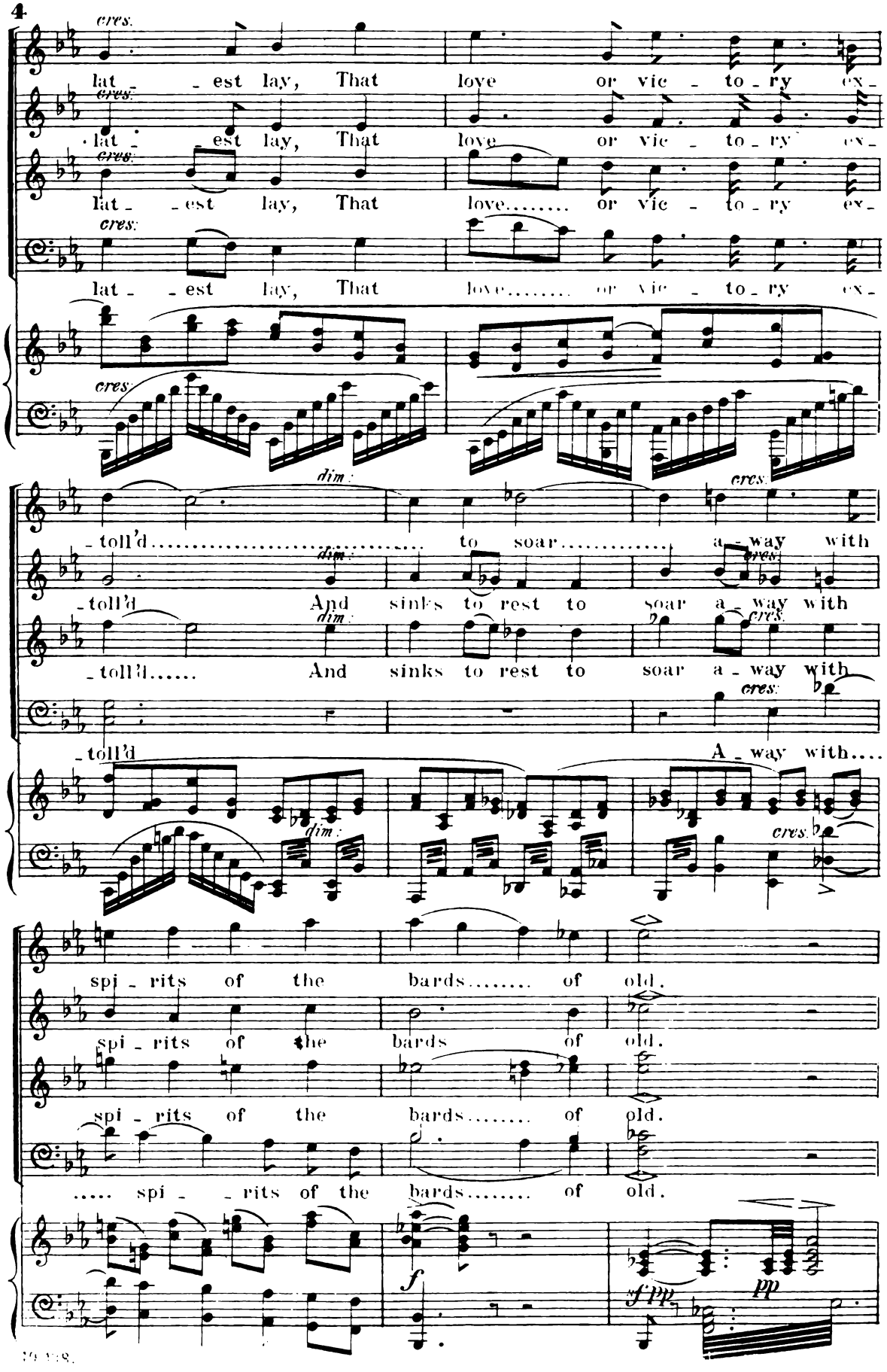
THE END.

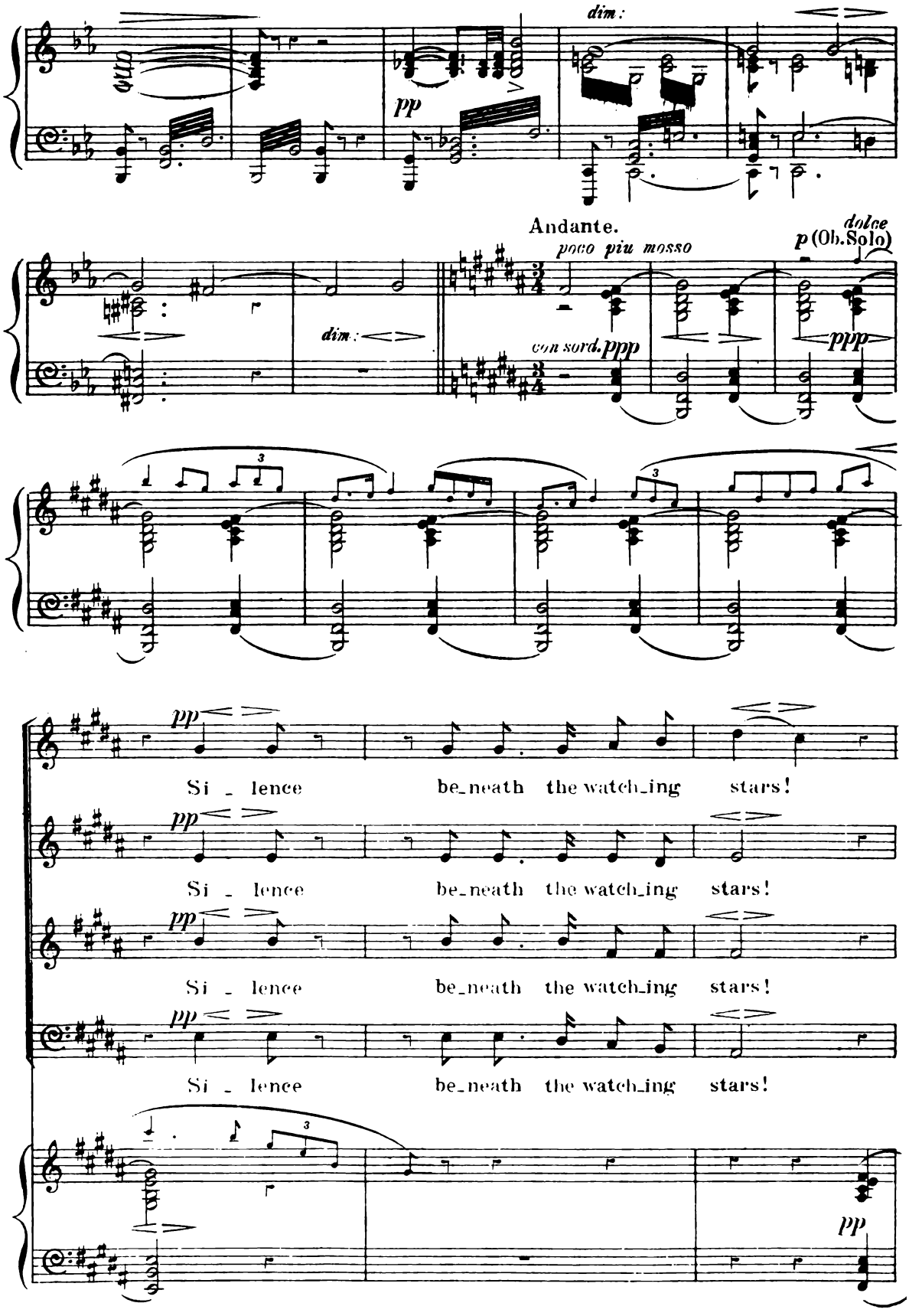
N.º I. *Chorus.*—"The harp has ceased."

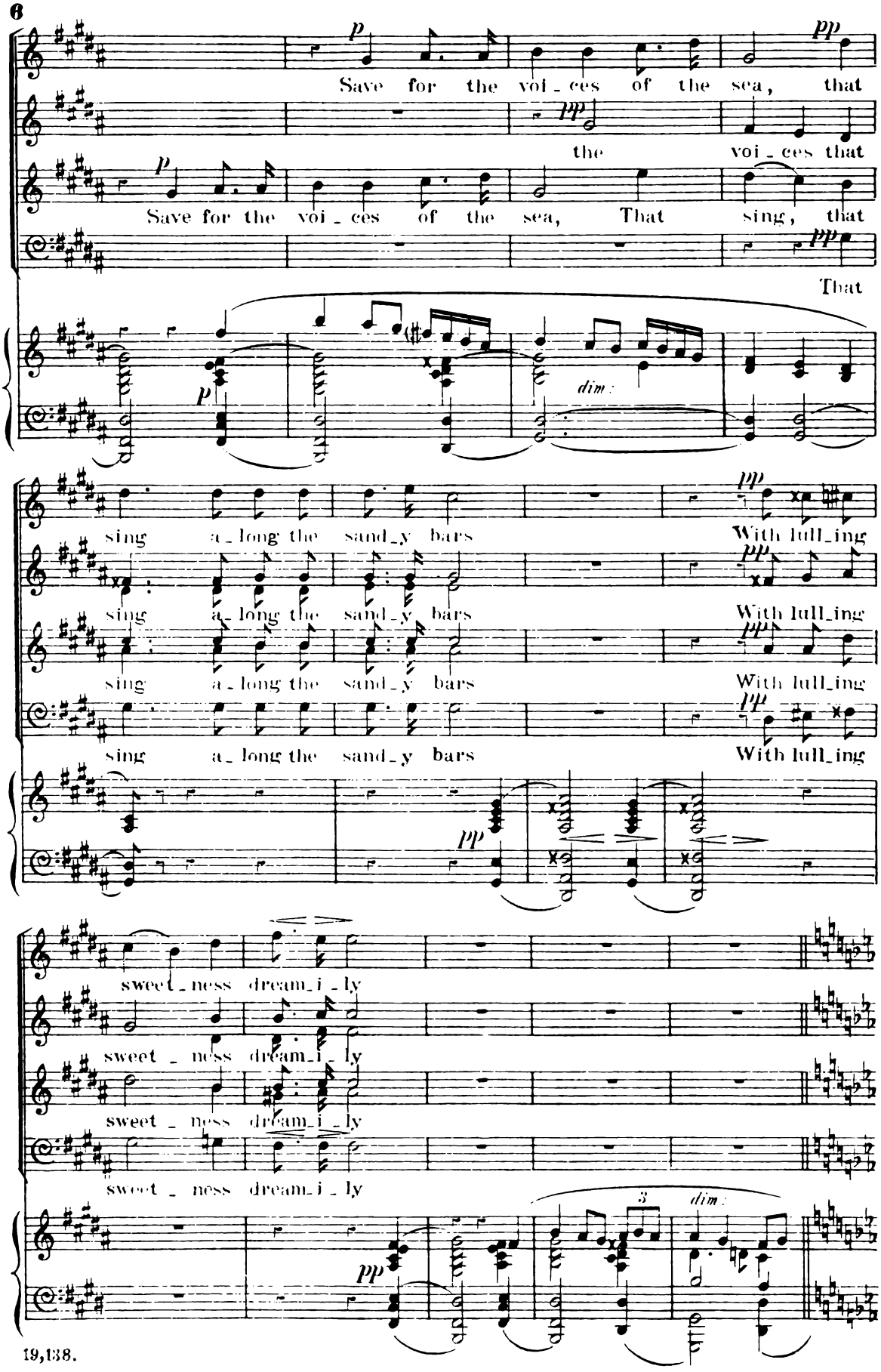


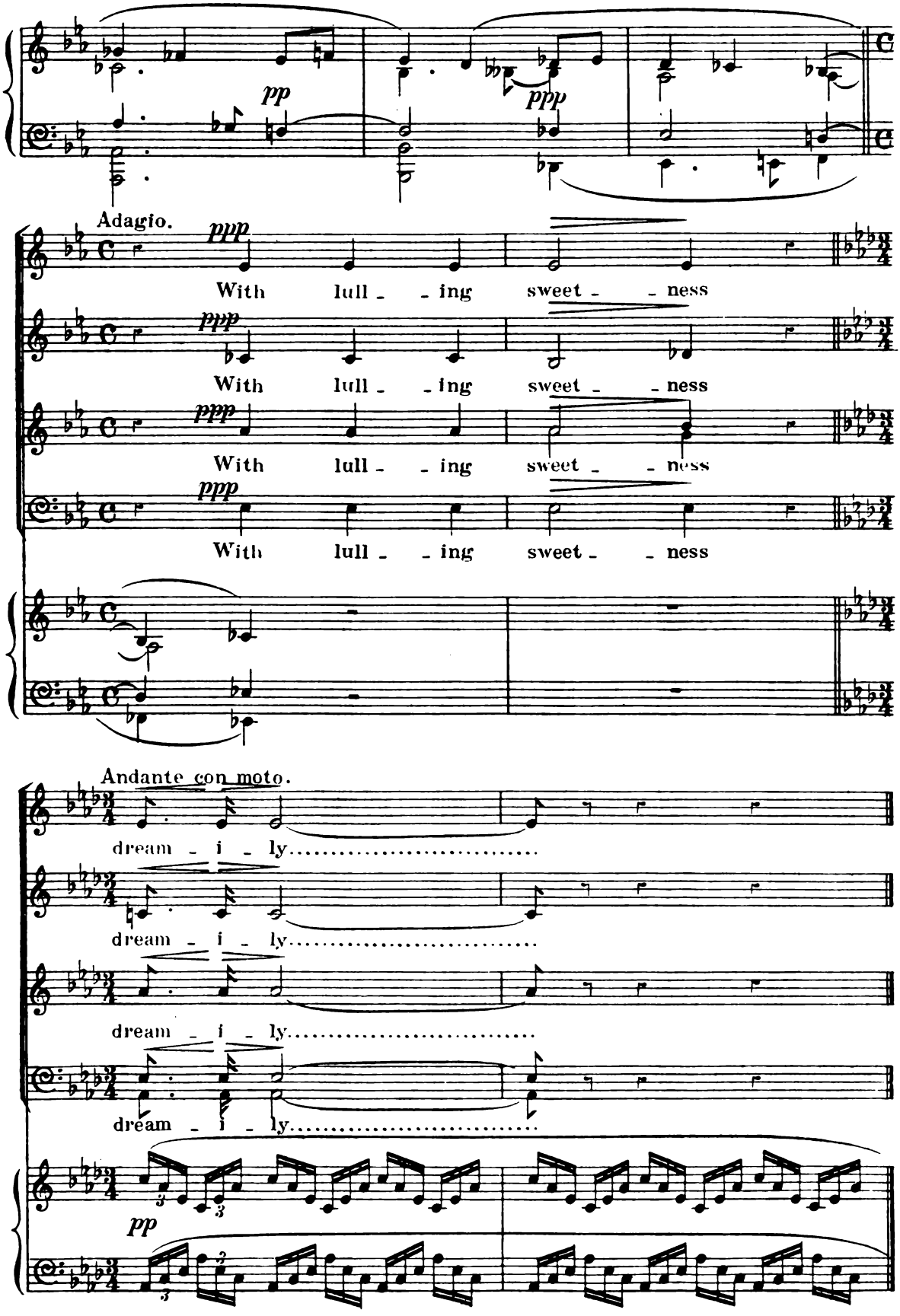

Soprani.
Alti.
Tenore.
Bassi.
PIANO.
The harp has ceas'd in Sel - - ma's hall.....
The harp has ceas'd in Sel - - ma's hall.....
The harp has ceas'd in Sel - - ma's hall.....
The harp has ceas'd in Sel - - ma's hall.....
pp
p cres.
sf pp
dim.
The hum of rev - - el - ry de - clines.....
The hum of rev - - el - ry..... de - clines.....
The hum of rev - - el - ry..... de - clines.....
The hum of rev - - - - el - ry de - clines.....
pp


cres.
No glimm'ring
p
And from her tow'rs..... and
p
And from her tow'rs and tur_rets tall no
poco cres.
cres.
No glimm'ring torch..... or ta_per shines.....
f
f
torch..... or ta_ _ per shines.....
tur_rets tall no glimm'_ring torch or ta_per shines.....
glimm'ring torch no glimm'ring torch or taper shines.....
cres.
dim.
f
6
p
The bard has sung his
p
The bard has sung his
His
p
His
p


cres.
lat - est lay, That love or vic - to - ry ex -
lat - est lay, That love or vic - to - ry ex -
lat - est lay, That love..... or vic - to - ry ex -
lat - est lay, That love..... or vic - to - ry ex -
cres.
dim.
- toll'd..... to soar..... a - way with
- toll'd And sinks to rest to soar a - way with
- toll'd..... And sinks to rest to soar a - way with
- toll'd A - way with....
spi - rits of the bards..... of old.
spi - rits of the bards..... of old.
spi - rits of the bards..... of old.
..... spi - - rits of the bards..... of old.
f
pp

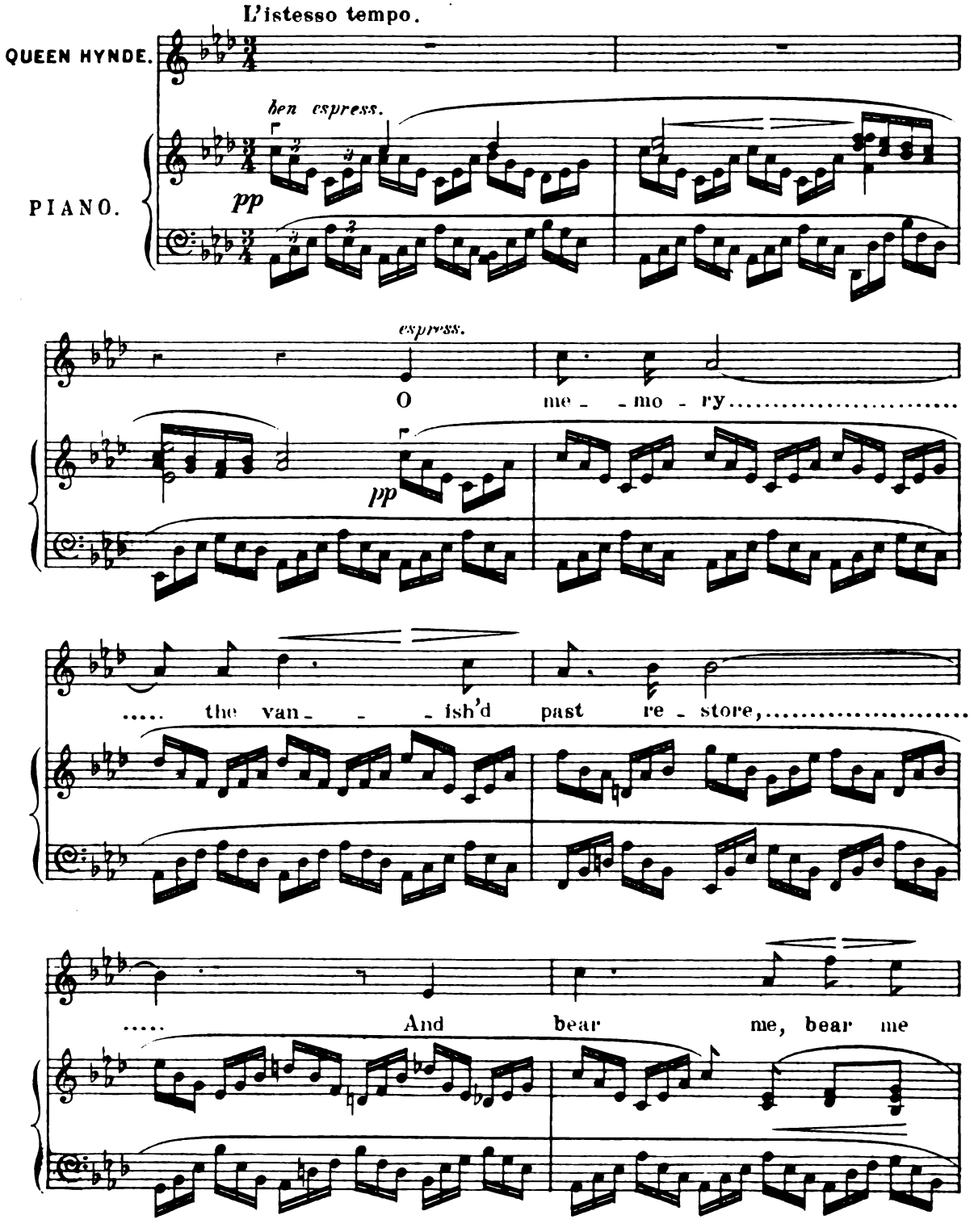

dim.
pp
Andante.
poco piu mosso
dolce
p (Ob. Solo)
dim.
con sord. ppp
ppp
pp
Si - lence be-neath the watch-ing stars!
Si - lence be-neath the watch-ing stars!
Si - lence be-neath the watch-ing stars!
Si - lence be-neath the watch-ing stars!
pp

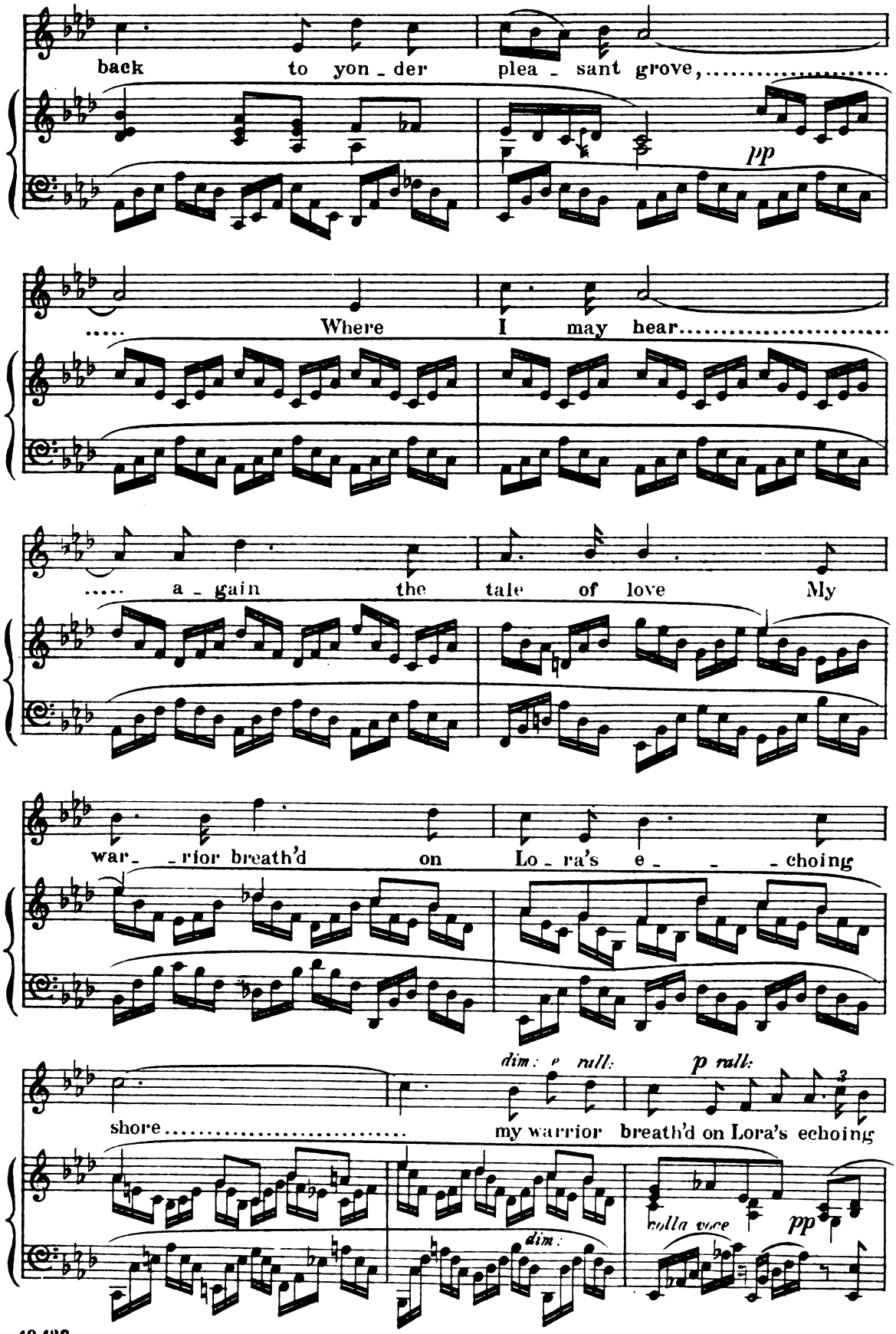

Save for the voi - ces of the sea, that
the voi - ces that
Save for the voi - ces of the sea, That sing, that
That
sing a - long the sand - y bars
With lull - ing
sing a - long the sand - y bars
With lull - ing
sing a - long the sand - y bars
With lull - ing
sweet - ness dream - i - ly
sweet - ness dream - i - ly
sweet - ness dream - i - ly

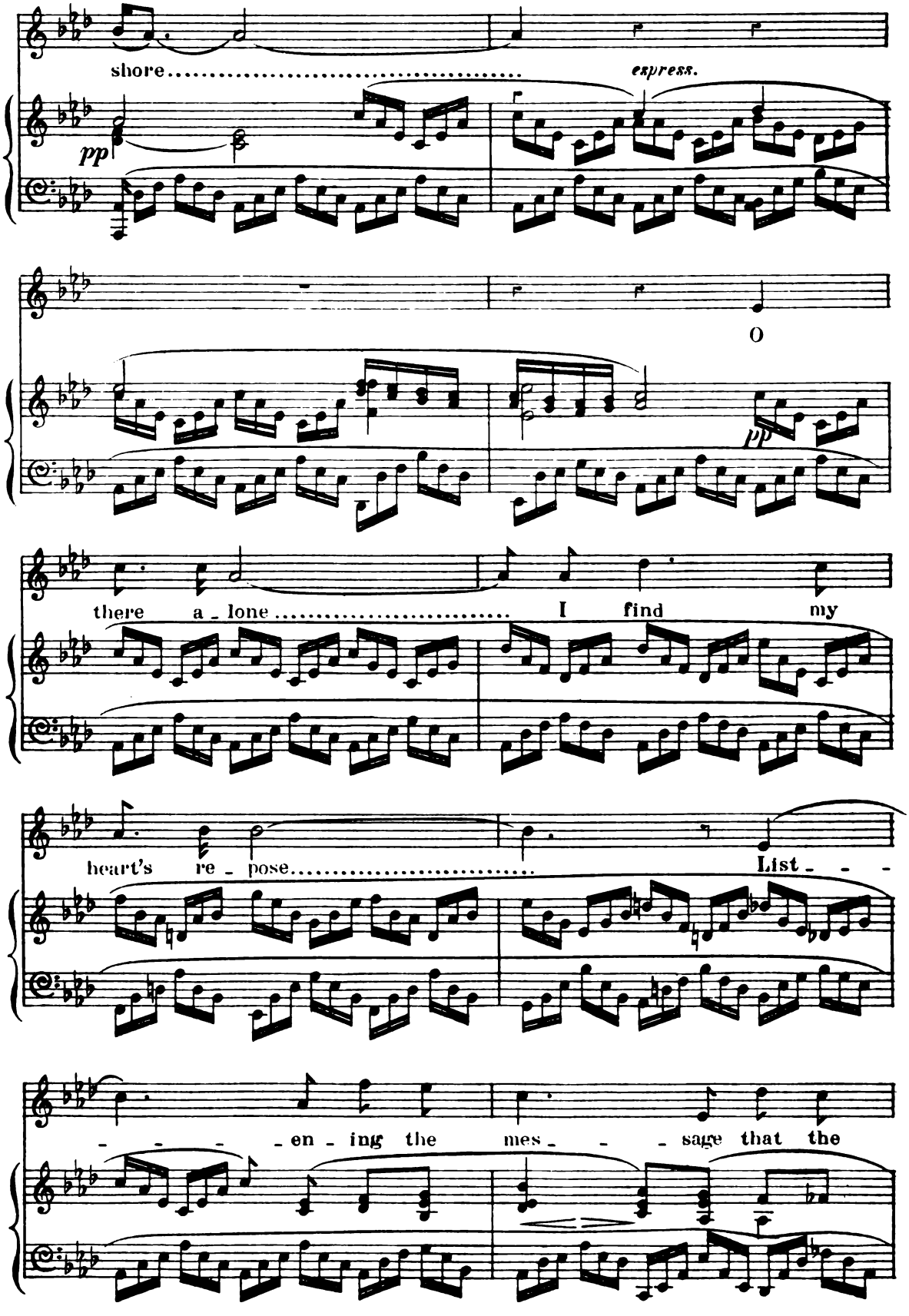

pp
ppp
Adagio.
ppp
With lull - - ing sweet - - ness
ppp
With lull - - ing sweet - - ness
ppp
With lull - - ing sweet - - ness
ppp
With lull - - ing sweet - - ness
Andante con moto.
dream - i - ly.....
dream - i - ly.....
dream - i - ly.....
dream - i - ly.....
pp

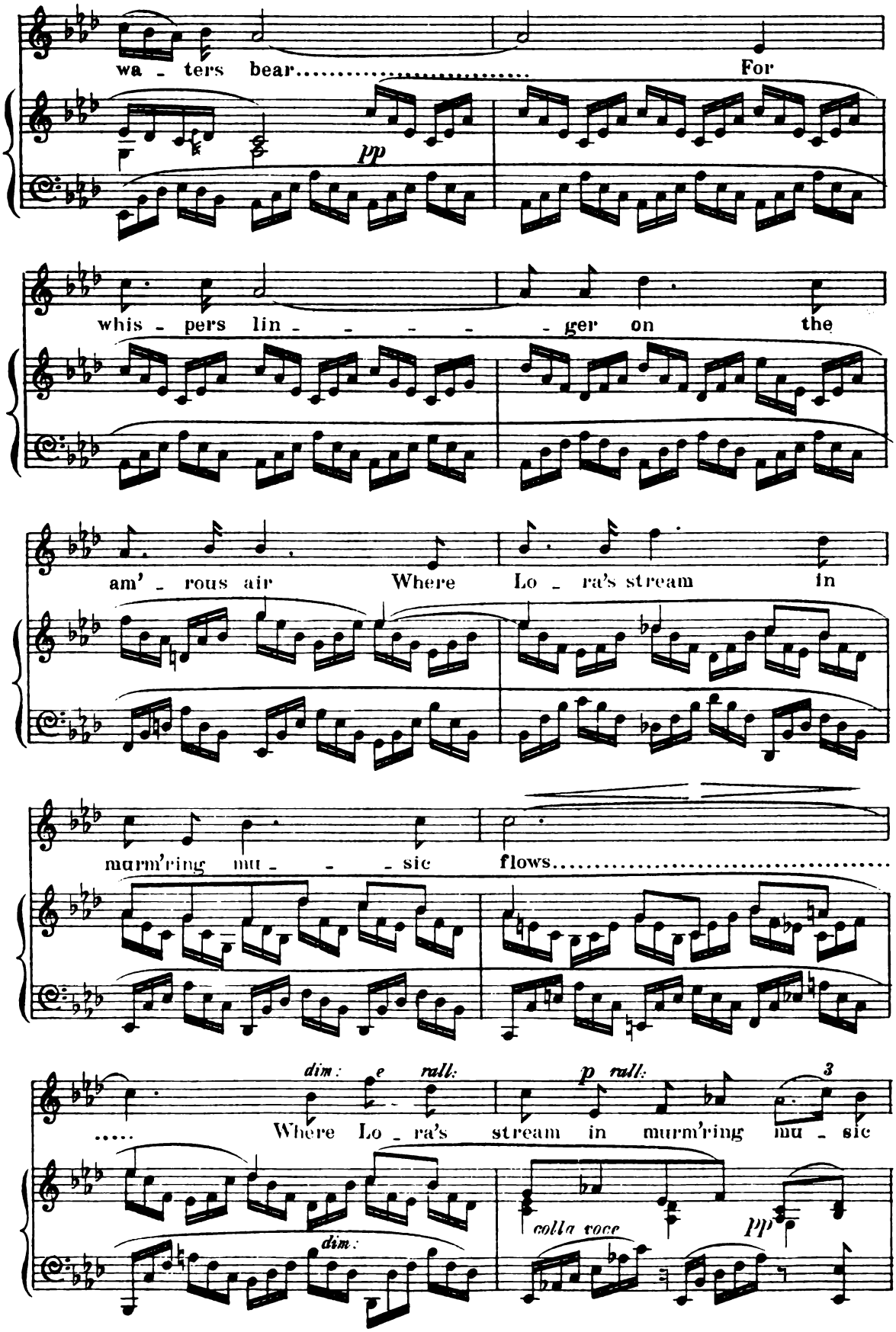
QUEEN HYNDE *(in her bedchamber, looking from the casement, sings)*

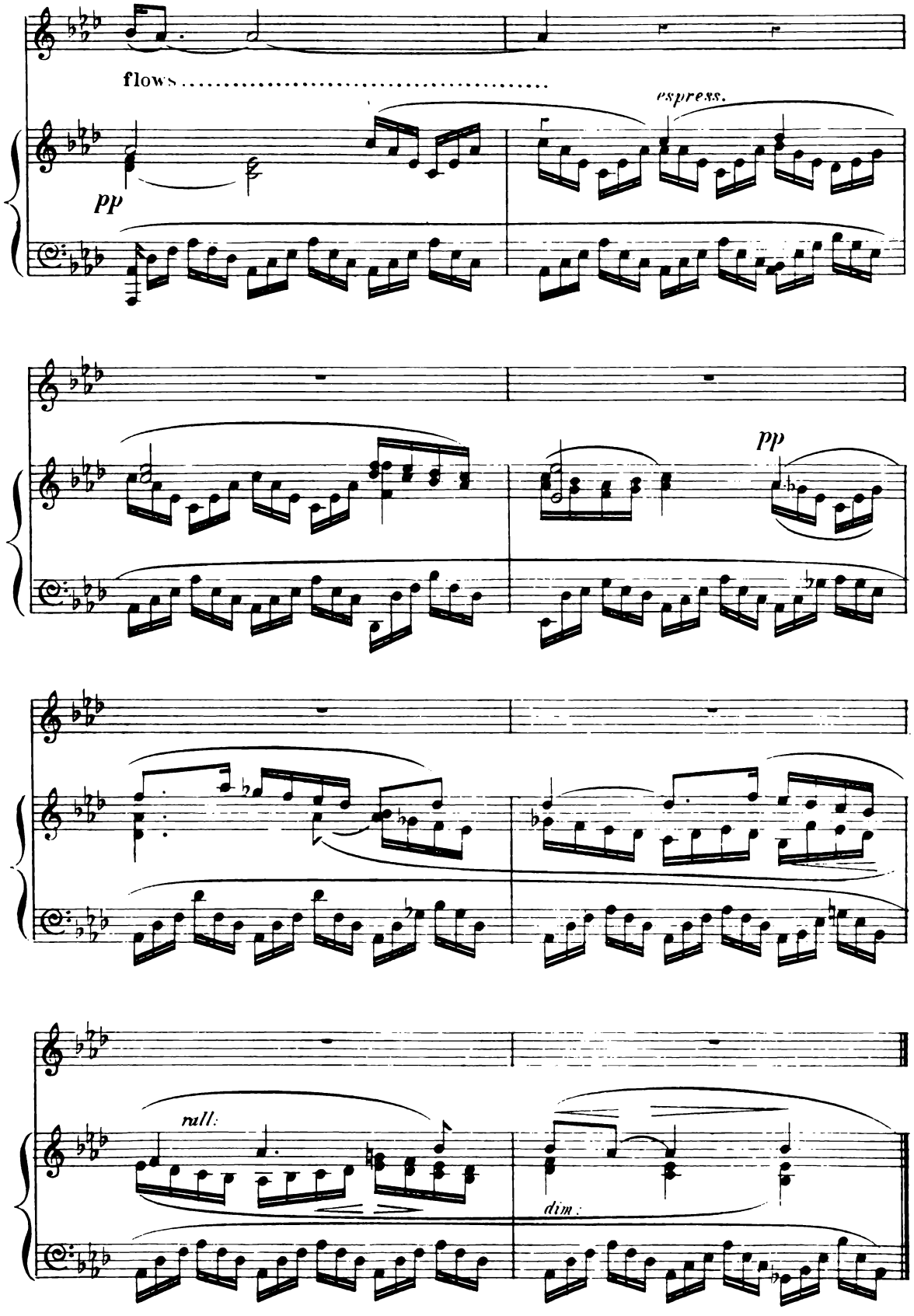
No. 2. *Song.*—"O memory, the vanish'd past restore"




back to yon - der plea - sant grove,
pp
..... Where I may hear.....
..... a - gain the tale of love My
war - - rior breath'd on Lo - ra's e - - - choing
dim: e rall:
p rall:
shore..... my warrior breath'd on Lora's echoing
dim:
voila voce
pp

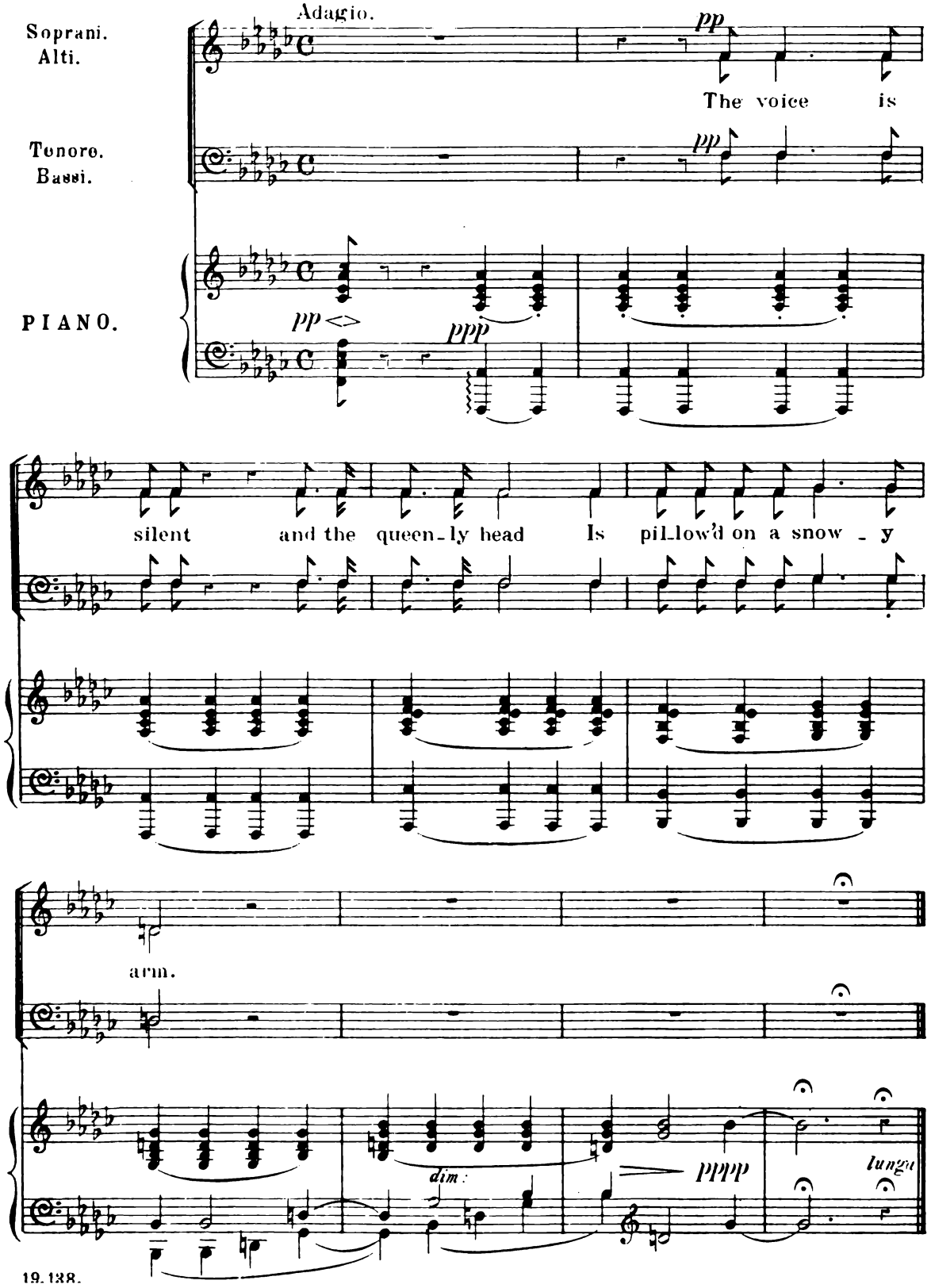

shore
express.
pp
O
pp
there a - lone
I find my
heart's re - pose
List - - -
- - - - en - ing the mes - - - sage that the


wa - ters bear..... For
pp
whis - pers lin - - - - - ger on the
am' - rous air Where Lo - ra's stream in
murm'ring mu - - - sic flows.....
dim: e rall:
p rall:
3
..... Where Lo - ra's stream in murm'ring mu - sic
colla voce
pp
dim:

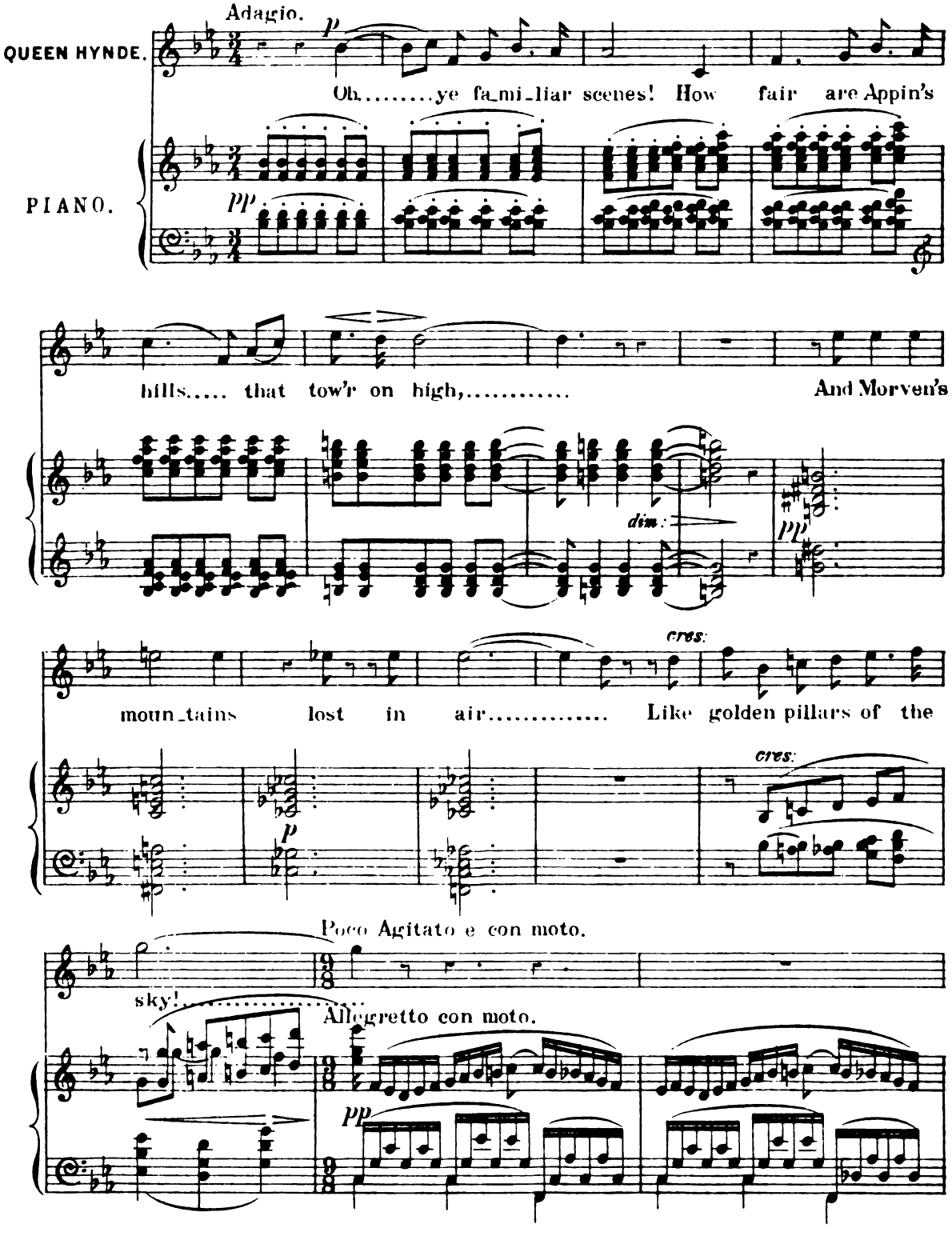


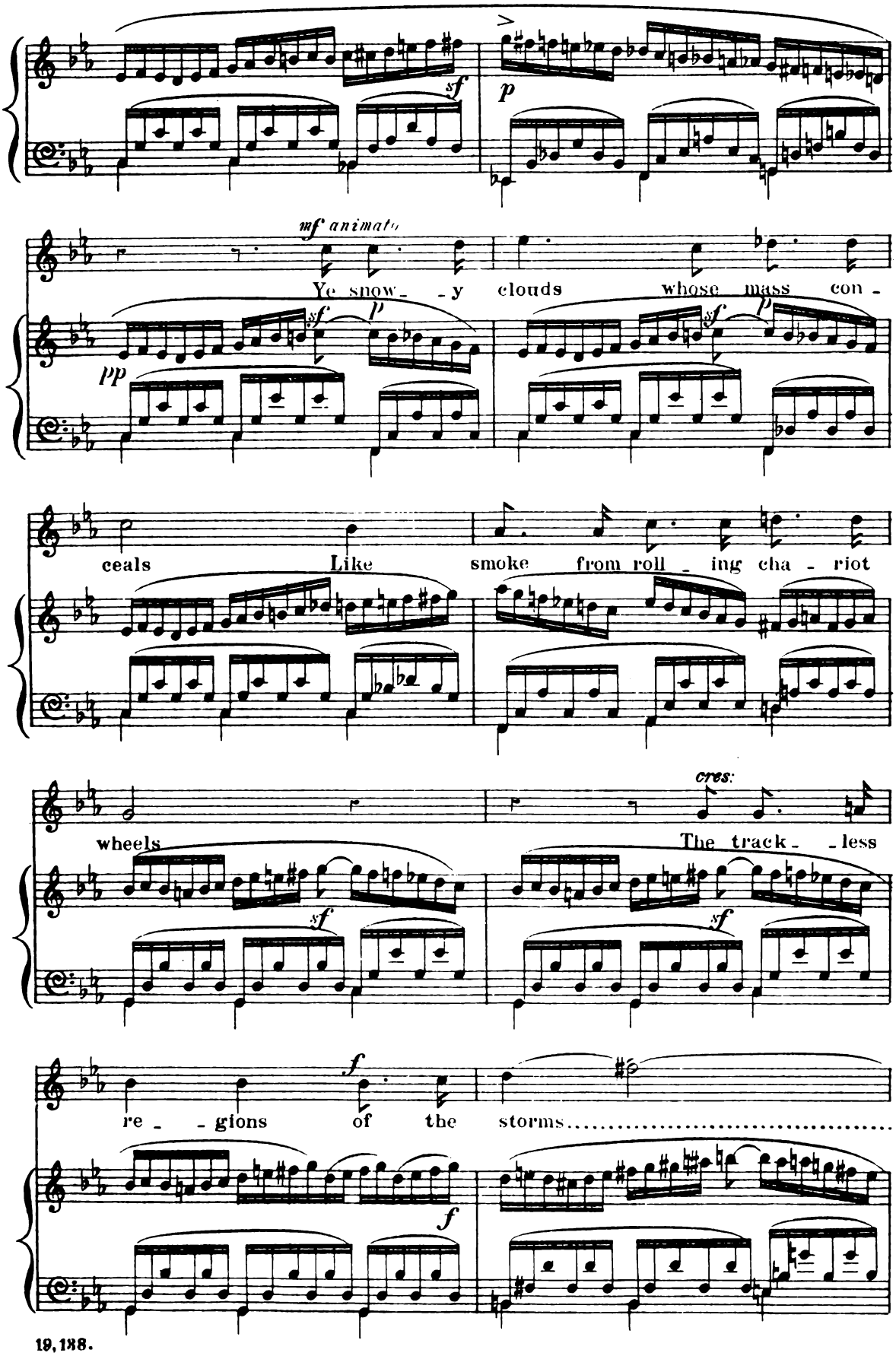
Attacca Chorus.N⁰ 3.

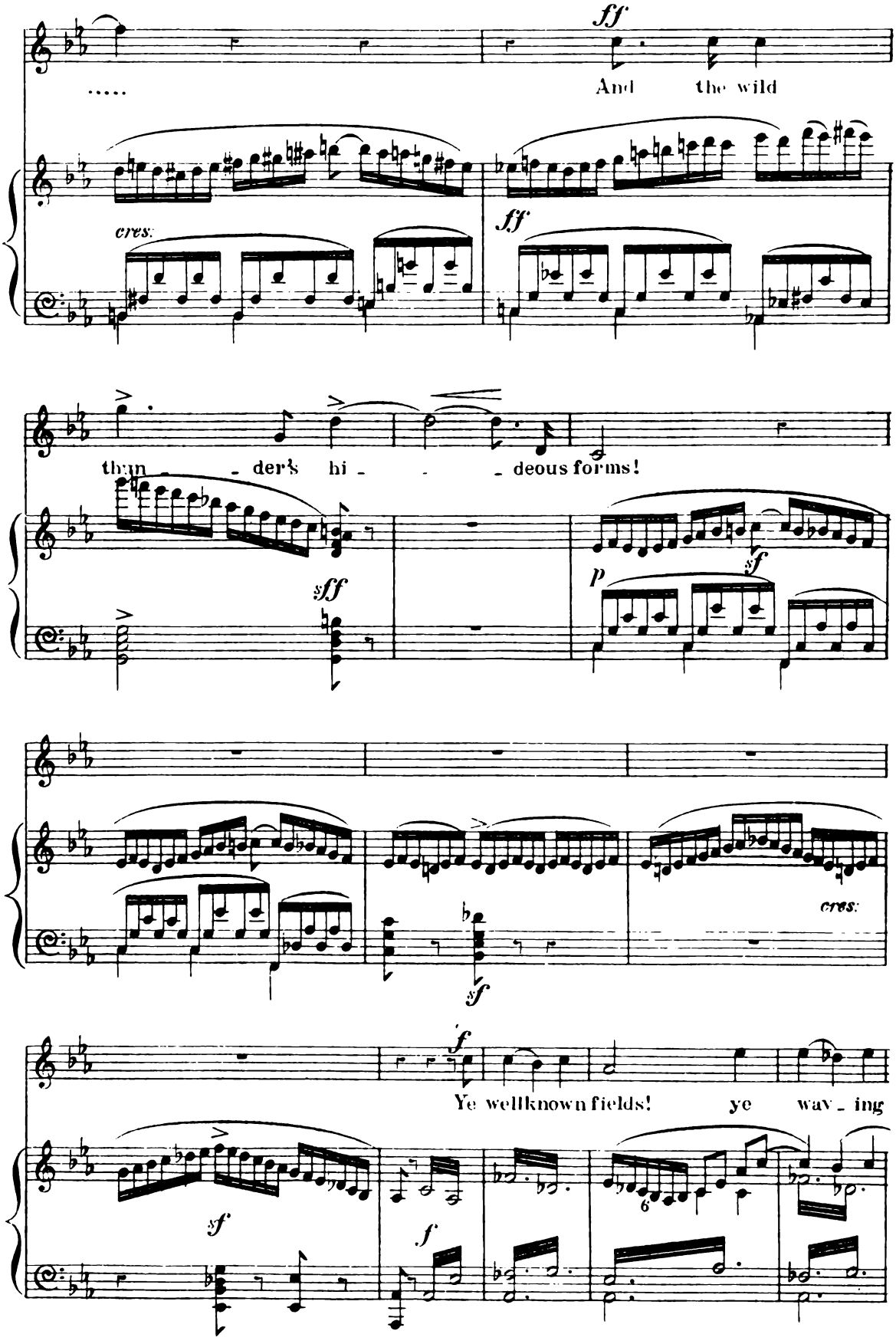
N.º 3. *Choral Recit:*—"The voice is silent."

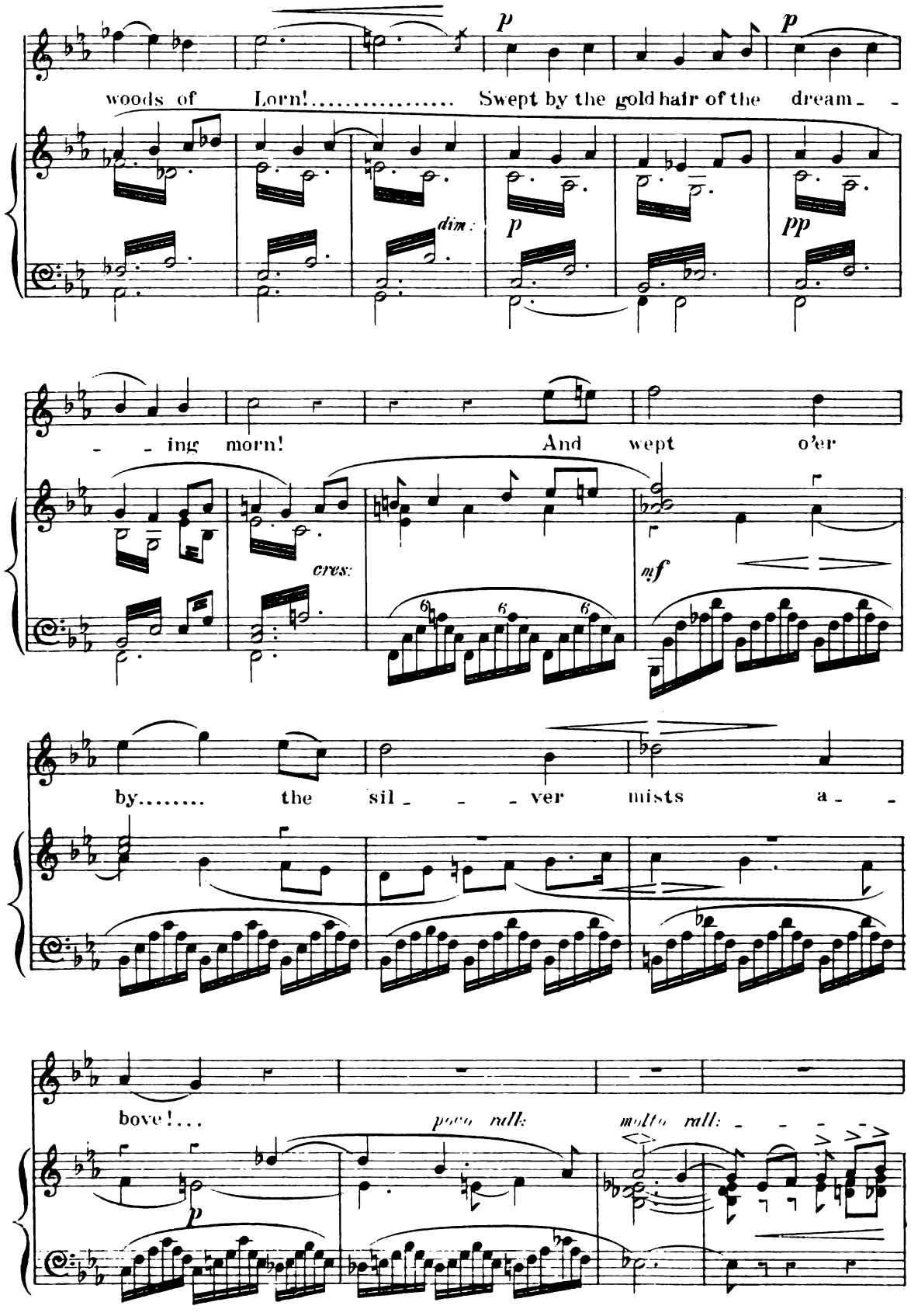


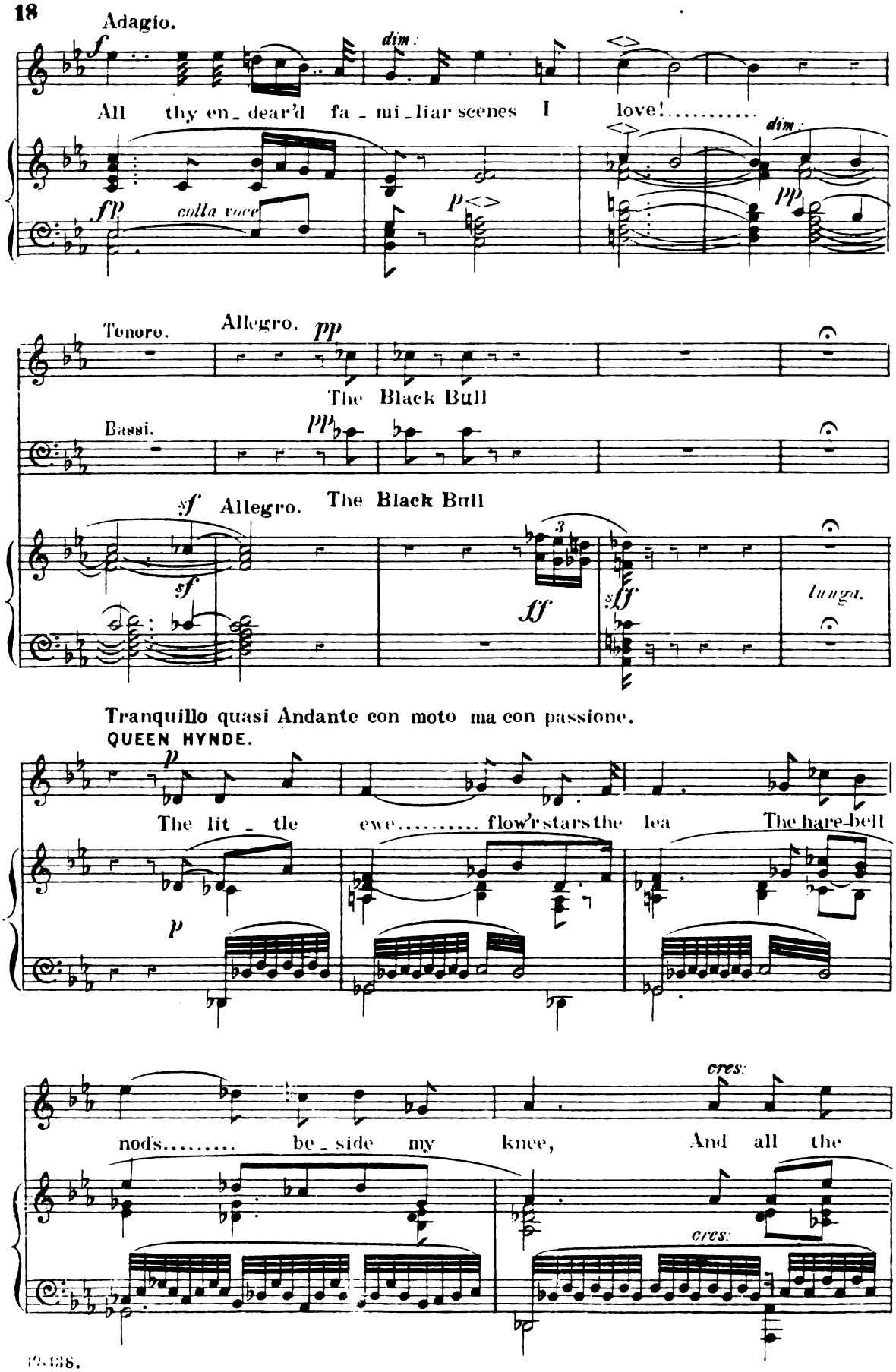
Nº 4. *Nº 4. Solo.*—"Oh ye familiar scenes."
Chorus. (male voices)—"The Black Bull of Norway."
and
Nº 5. Chorus of Spirits.—"Let thy banner be the Cross."

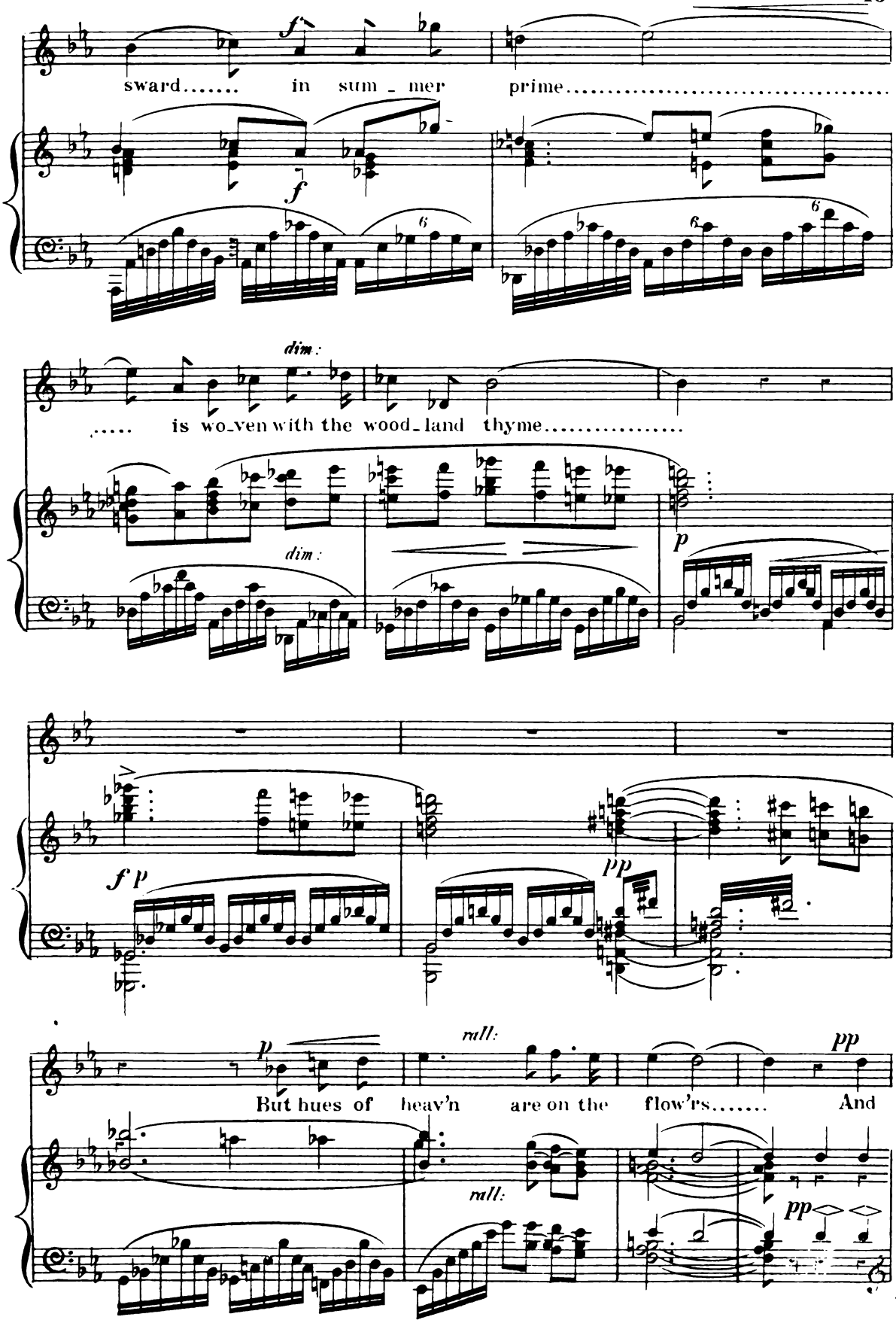


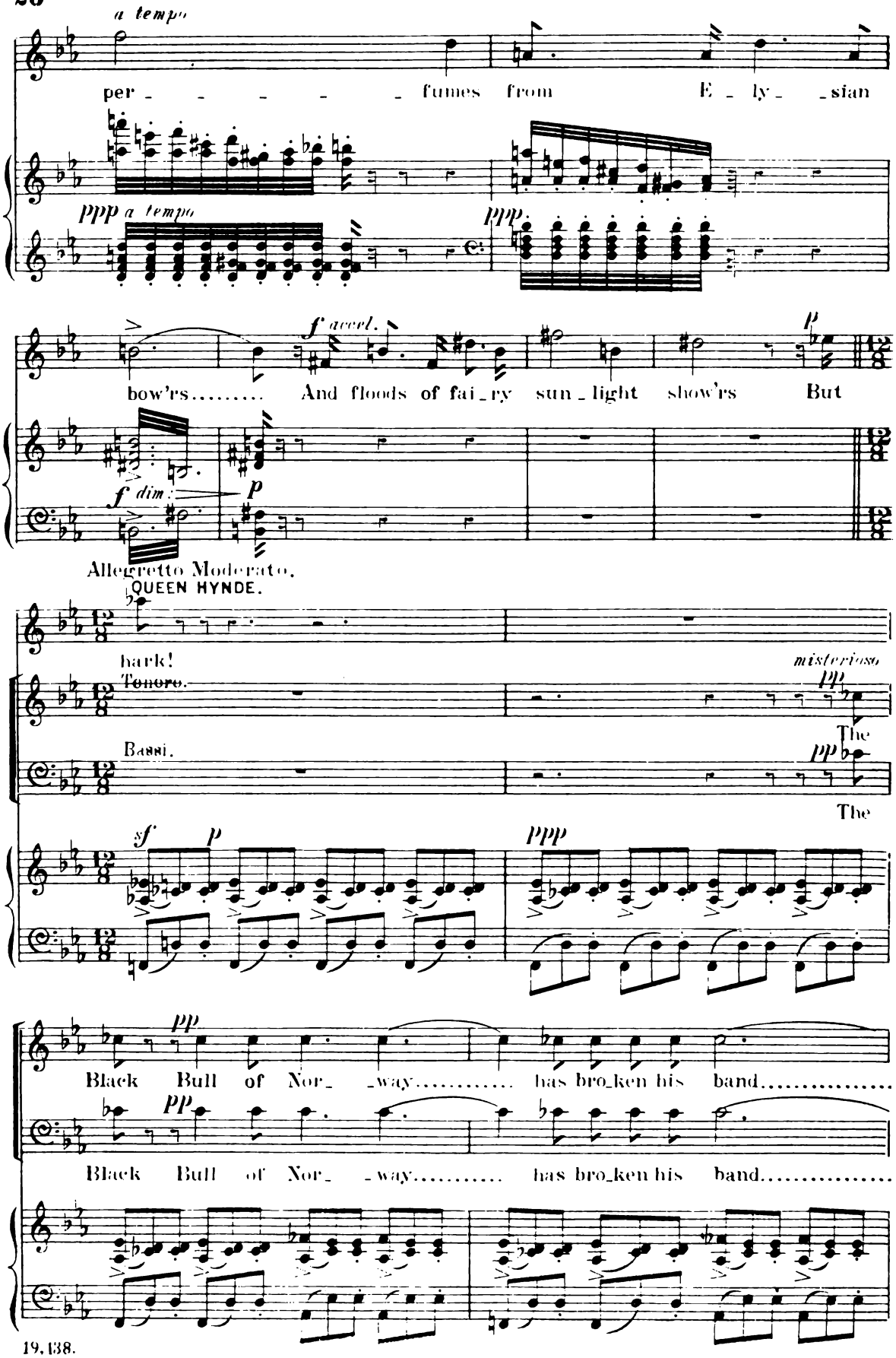

mf animato
Ye snow - - y clouds whose mass con -
ceals Like smoke from roll - ing cha - riot
wheels
cres:
The track - - less
re - - gions of the storms.....

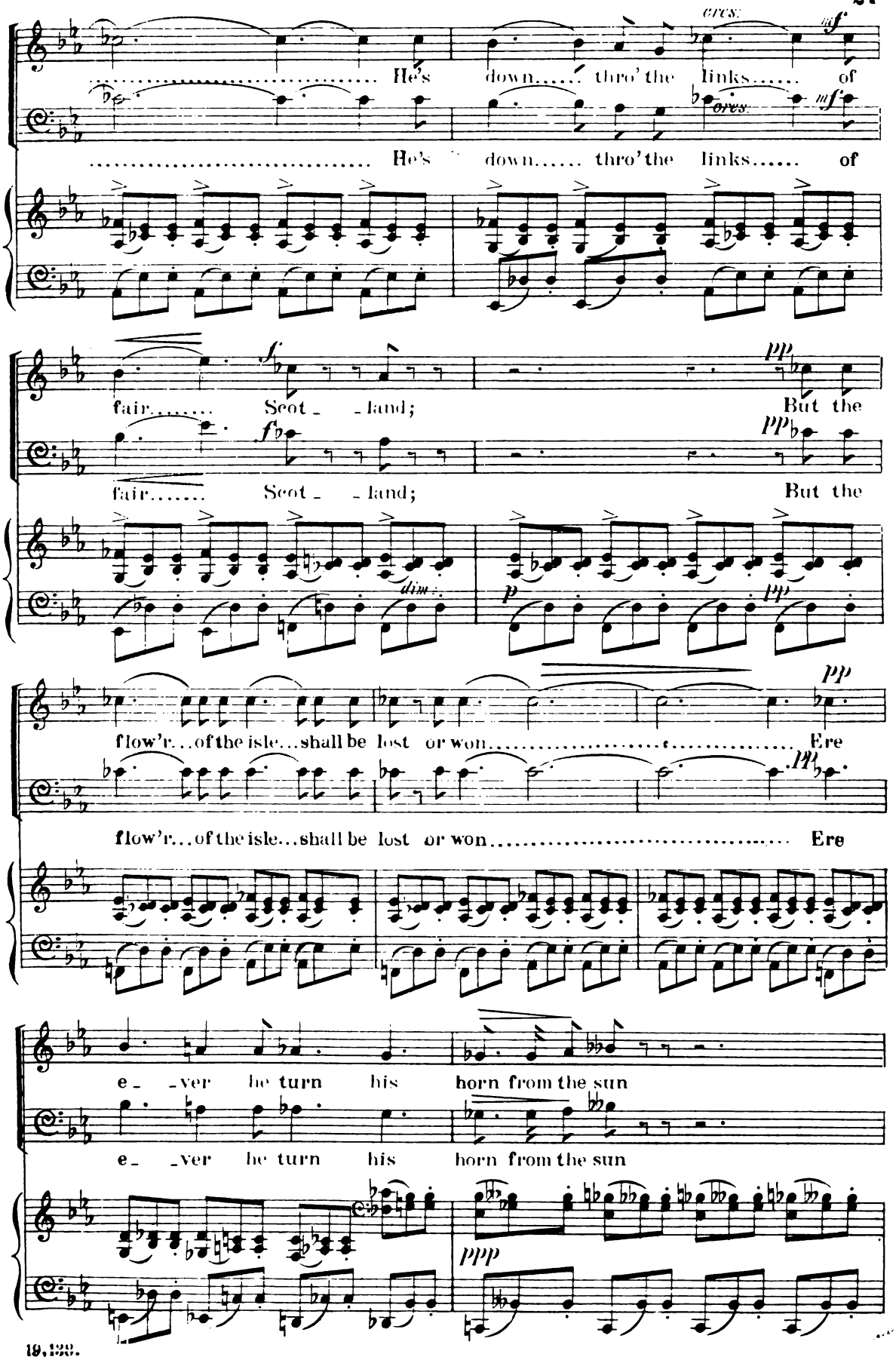

.....
ff
And the wild
cres.
ff
thun - der's hi - - - deous forms!
sff
p
sf
cres.
sf
f
Ye wellknown fields! ye wav - ing
sf
f
6

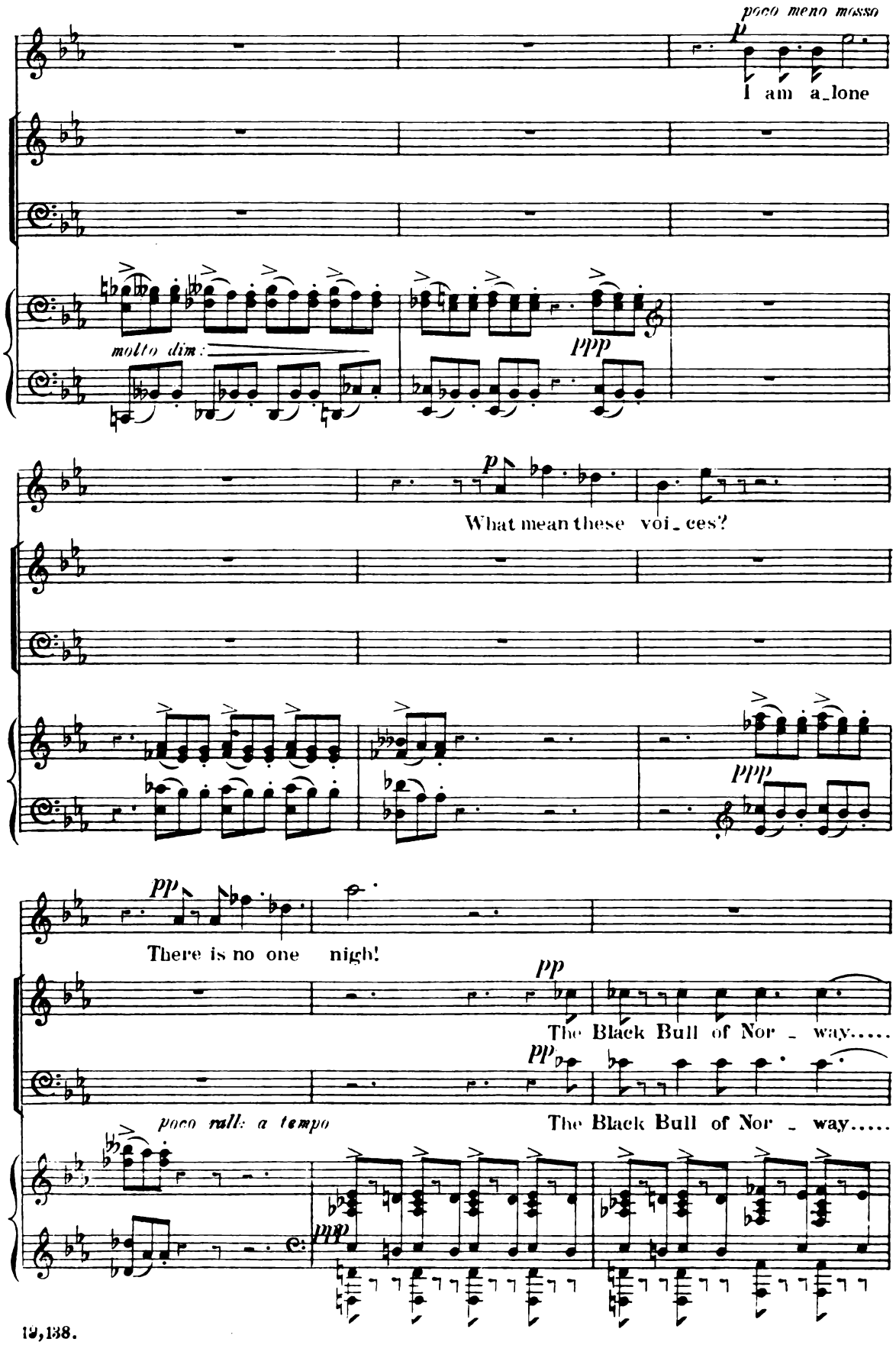

p
p
woods of Lorn! Swept by the gold hair of the dream - -
dim.
p
pp
- - ing morn! And wept o'er
cres:
mf
by..... the sil - - - ver mists a - -
bove!...
poco rall:
molto rall: - - - -
p

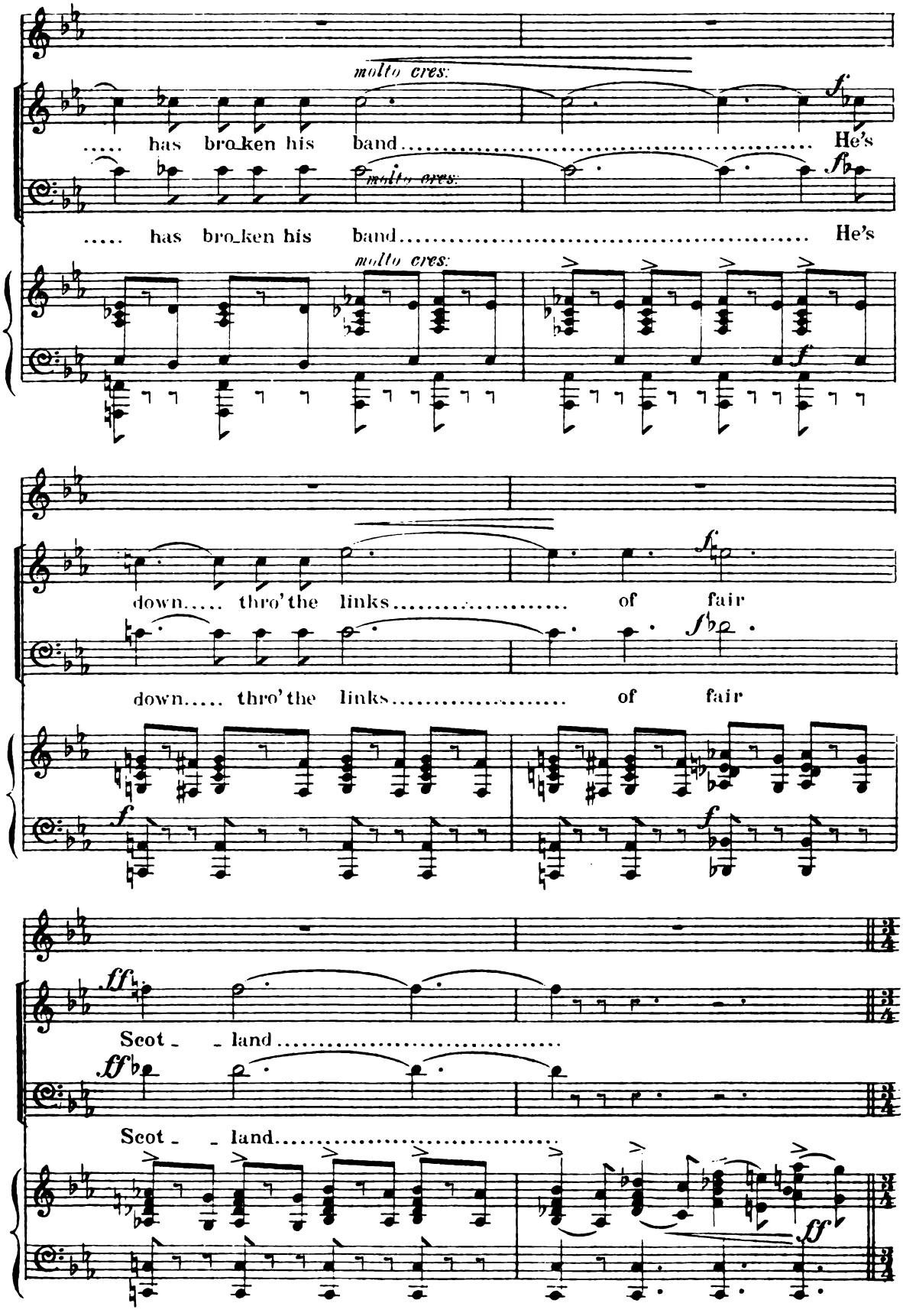

Adagio.
All thy en_dear'd fa_mi_liar scenes I love!
colla voce
Tenore.
Allegro.
The Black Bull
Bassi.
The Black Bull
Allegro.
lunga.
Tranquillo quasi Andante con moto ma con passione.
QUEEN HYNDE.
The lit_tle ewe flow'rs the lea The hare-bell
nods be_side my knee, And all the


sward..... in sum - mer prime.....
dim.
..... is wo-ven with the wood-land thyme.....
dim.
But hues of heav'n are on the flow'rs..... And
rall.
rall.


a tempo
per - - - - - - fumes from E - ly - - sian
ppp a tempo
ppp
f accel.
bow'rs..... And floods of fai - ry sun - light show'rs But
p
f dim.
p
Allegretto Moderato.
QUEEN HYNDE.
hark!
misterioso
pp
The
Tenore.
Bassi.
pp
The
sf
p
ppp
pp
Black Bull of Nor - - way..... has bro - ken his band.....
pp
Black Bull of Nor - - way..... has bro - ken his band.....

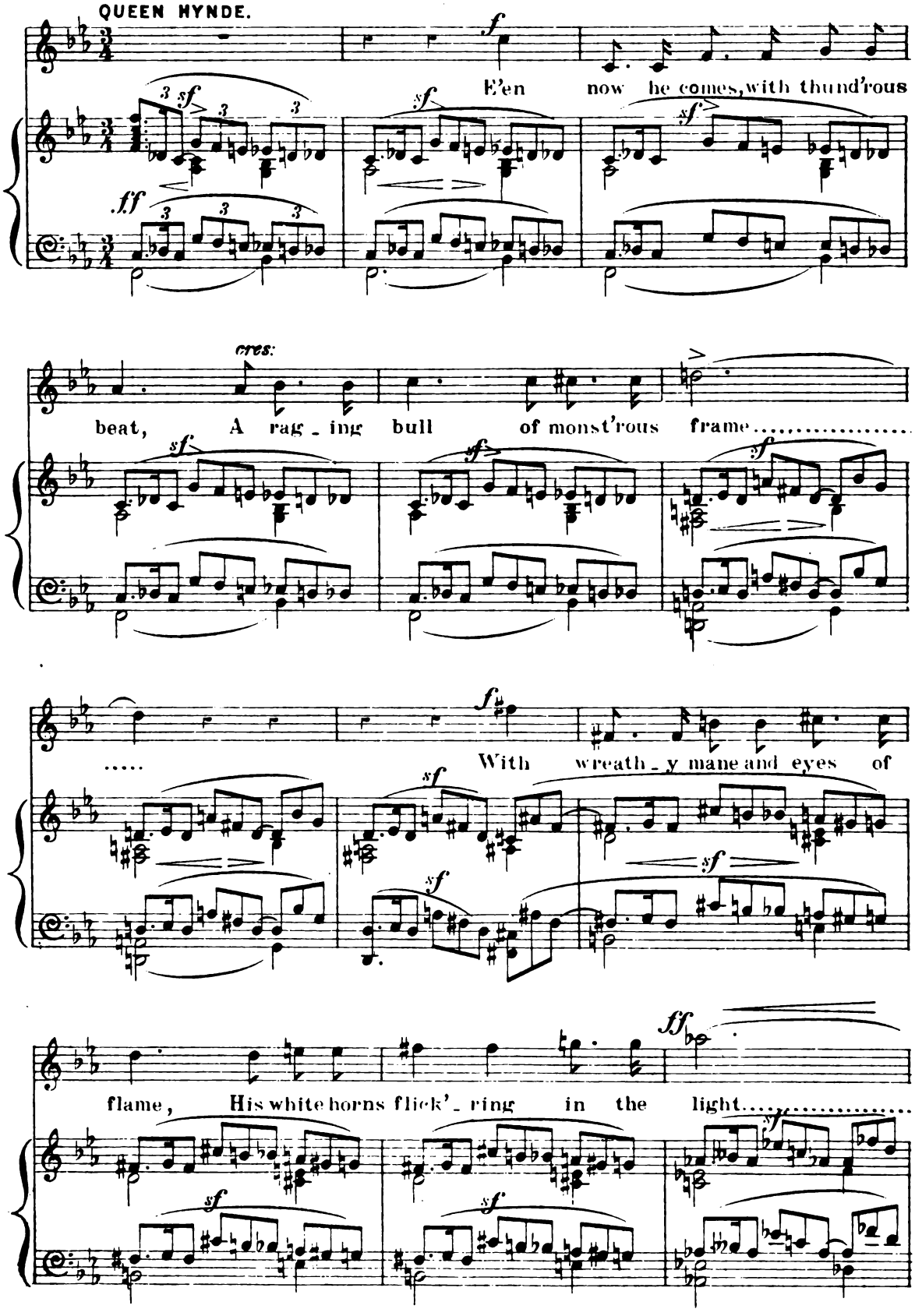

He's down..... thro' the links..... of
He's down..... thro' the links..... of
fair..... Scot - land; But the
fair..... Scot - land; But the
flow'r...of the isle...shall be lost or won..... Ere
flow'r...of the isle...shall be lost or won..... Ere
e - ver he turn his horn from the sun
e - ver he turn his horn from the sun

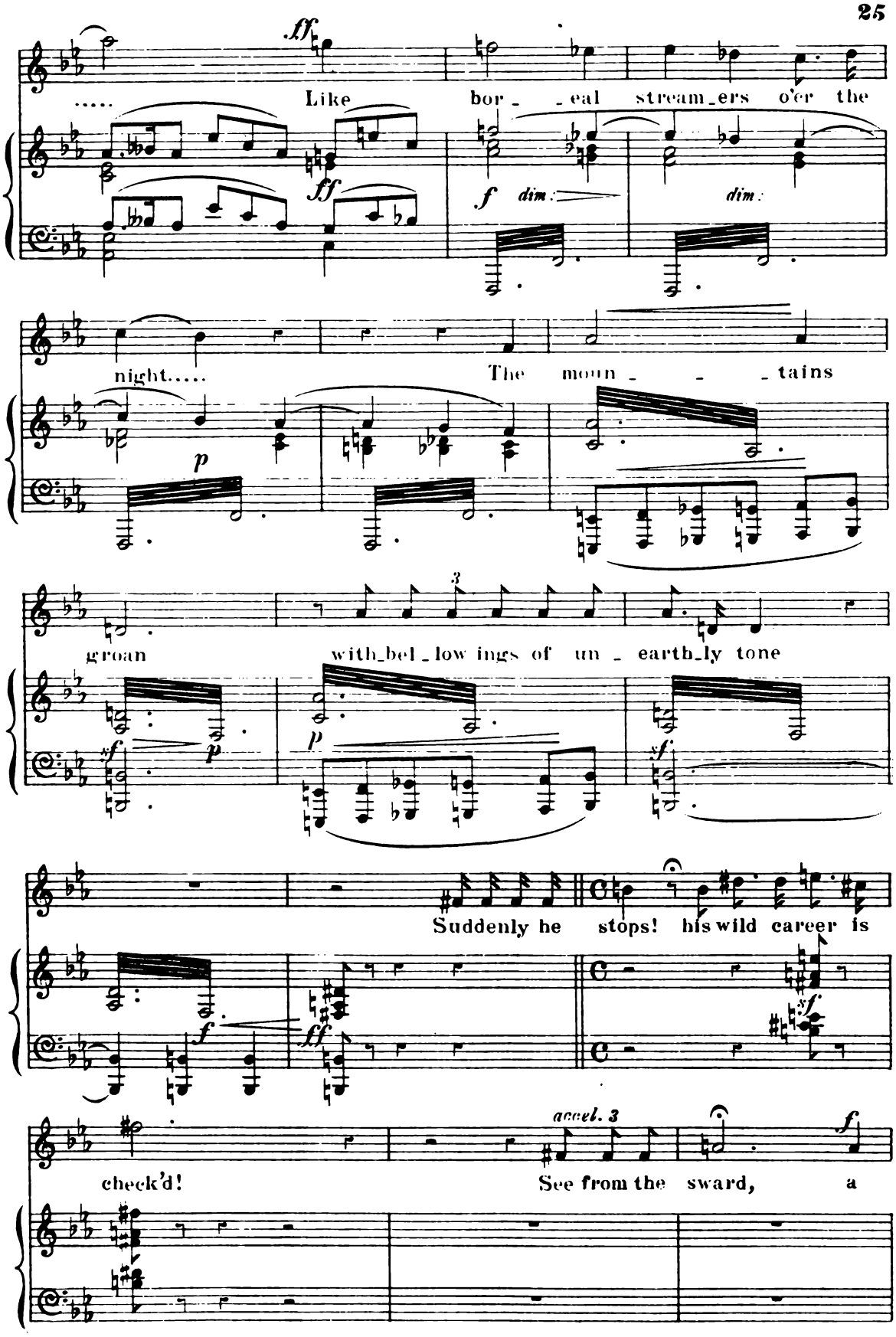

poco meno mosso
I am a_lone
molto dim:
What mean these voi_ces?
There is no one nigh!
The Black Bull of Nor _ way.....
The Black Bull of Nor _ way.....
poco rall: a tempo

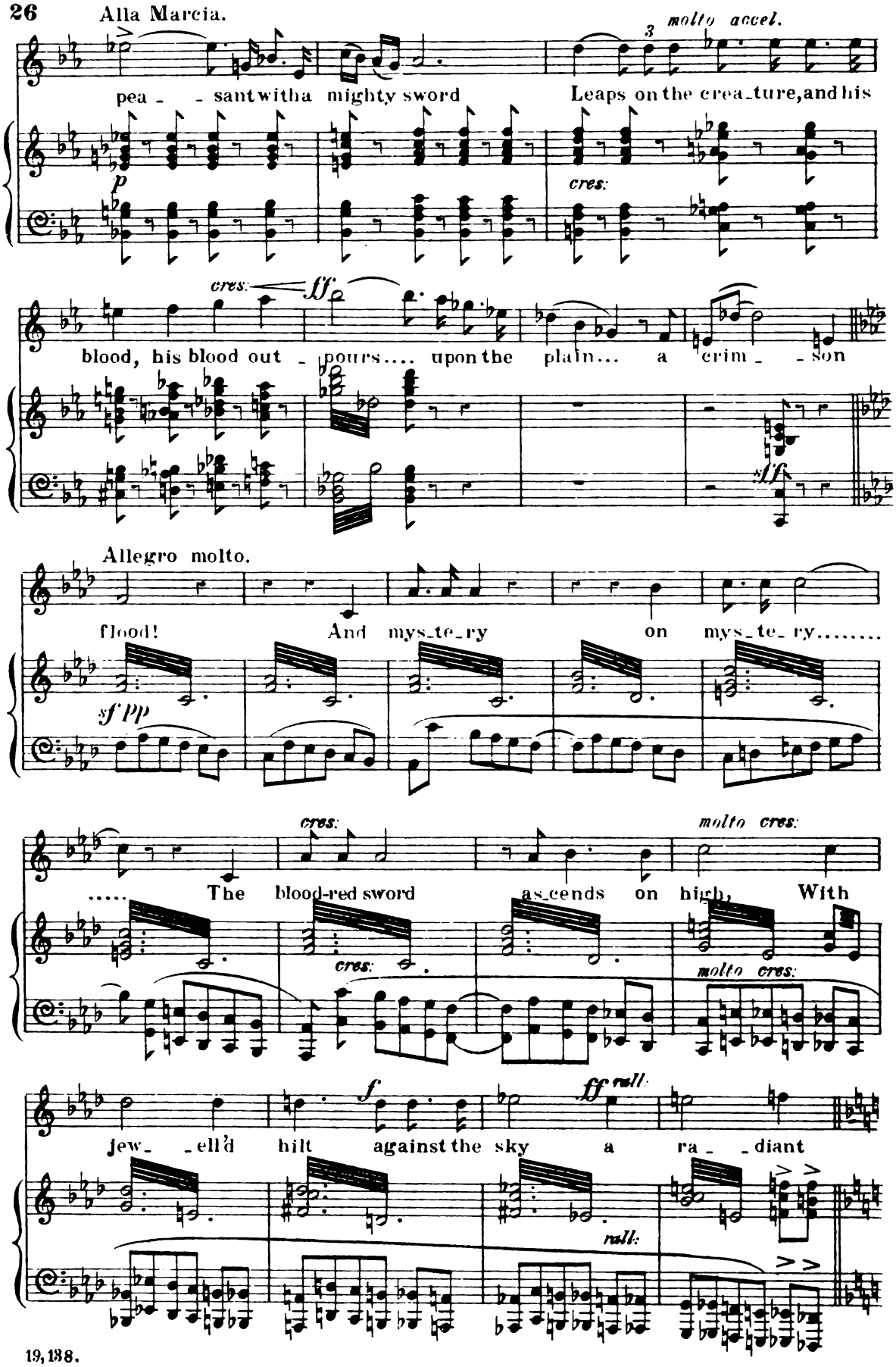

molto cres.
f
..... has bro_ken his band..... He's
molto cres.
fb
..... has bro_ken his band..... He's
molto cres.
f
down..... thro' the links..... of fair
fb
down..... thro' the links..... of fair
f
f
ff
Scot - - land.....
ff
Scot - - land.....
ff

Feroce.

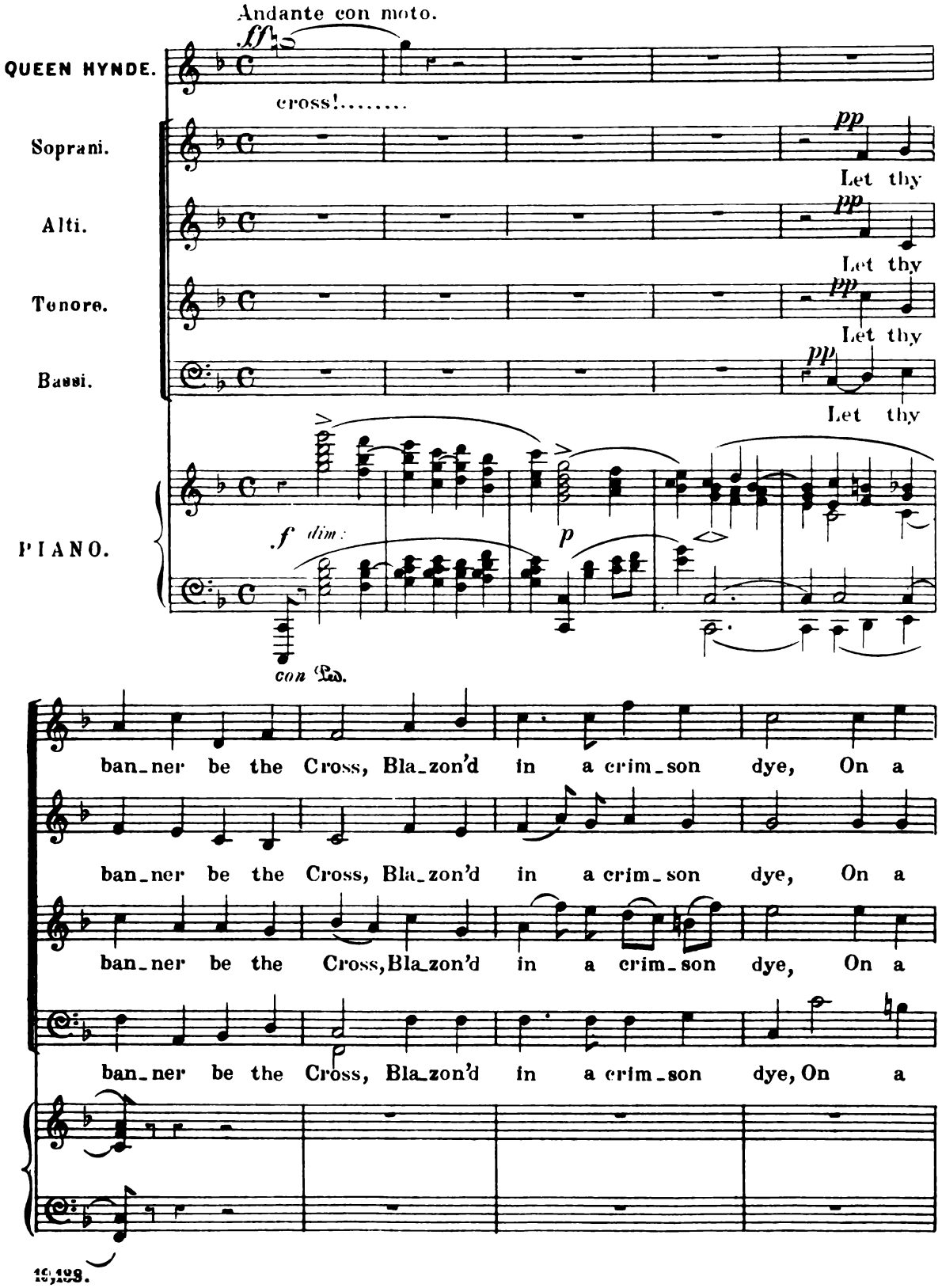
QUEEN HYNDE.

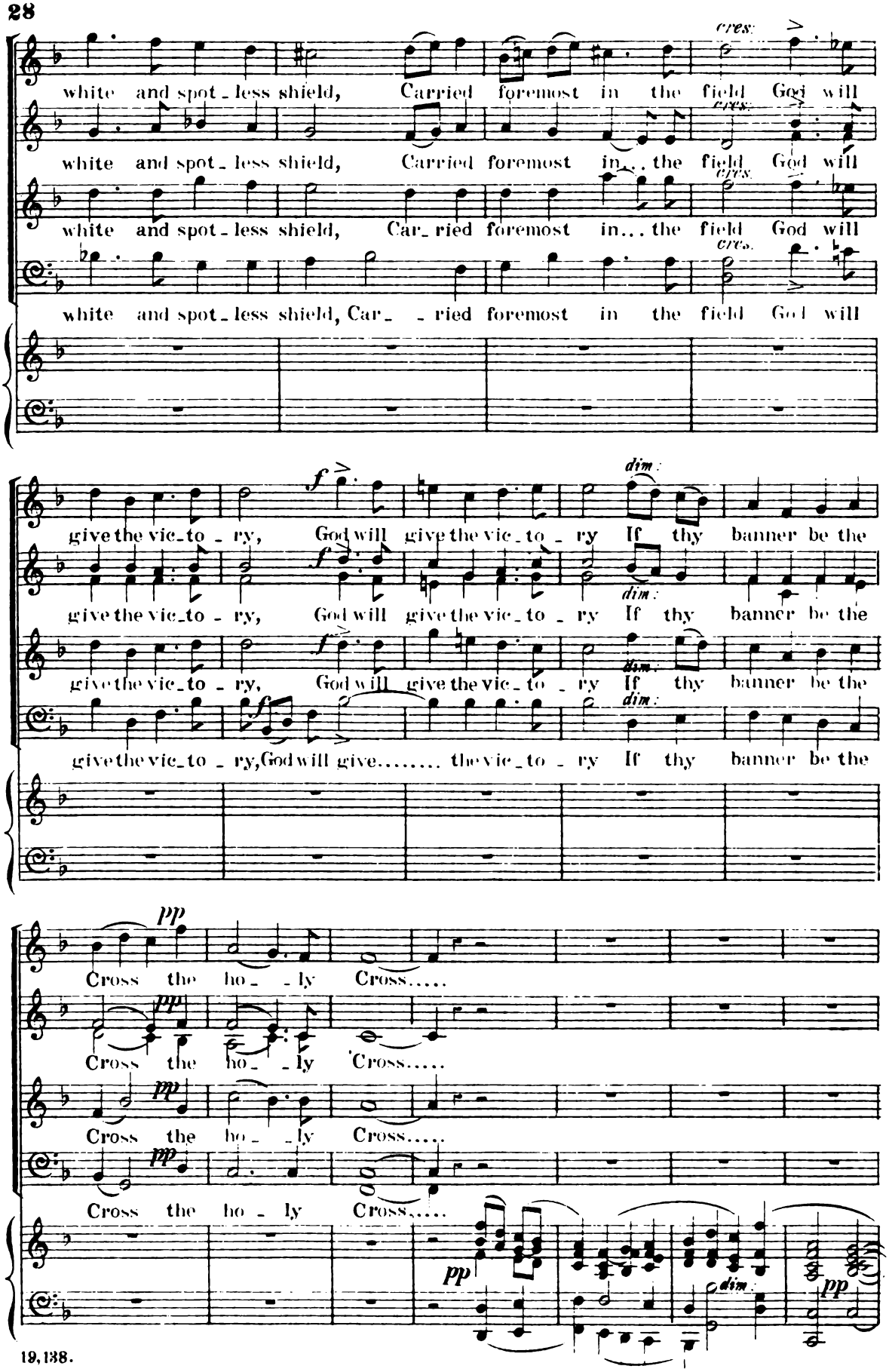


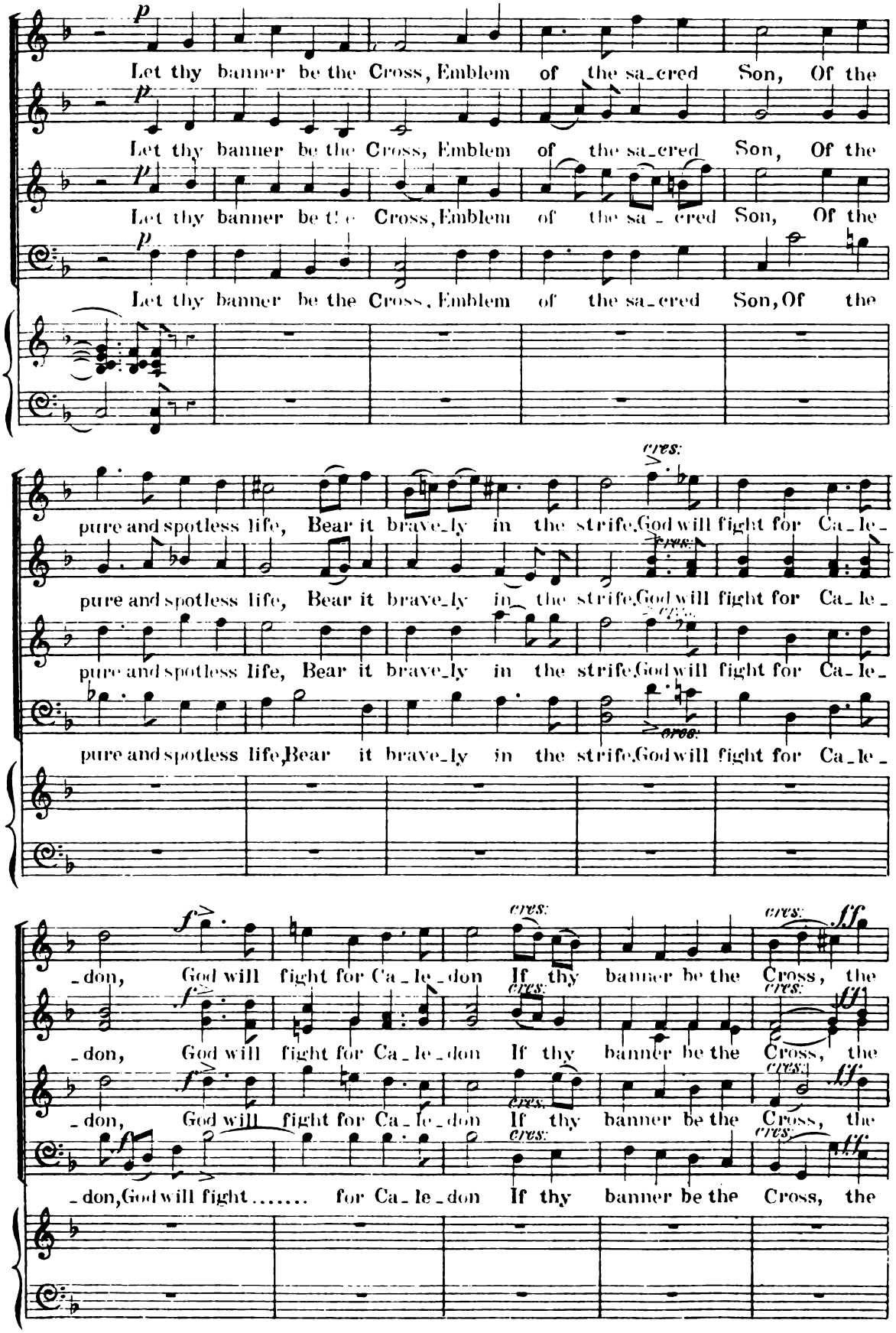

Like bor - - eal stream_ers o'er the
night..... The moun - - - tains
groan with_bel_low ings of un - earth_ly tone
Suddenly he stops! his wild career is
check'd! See from the sward, a

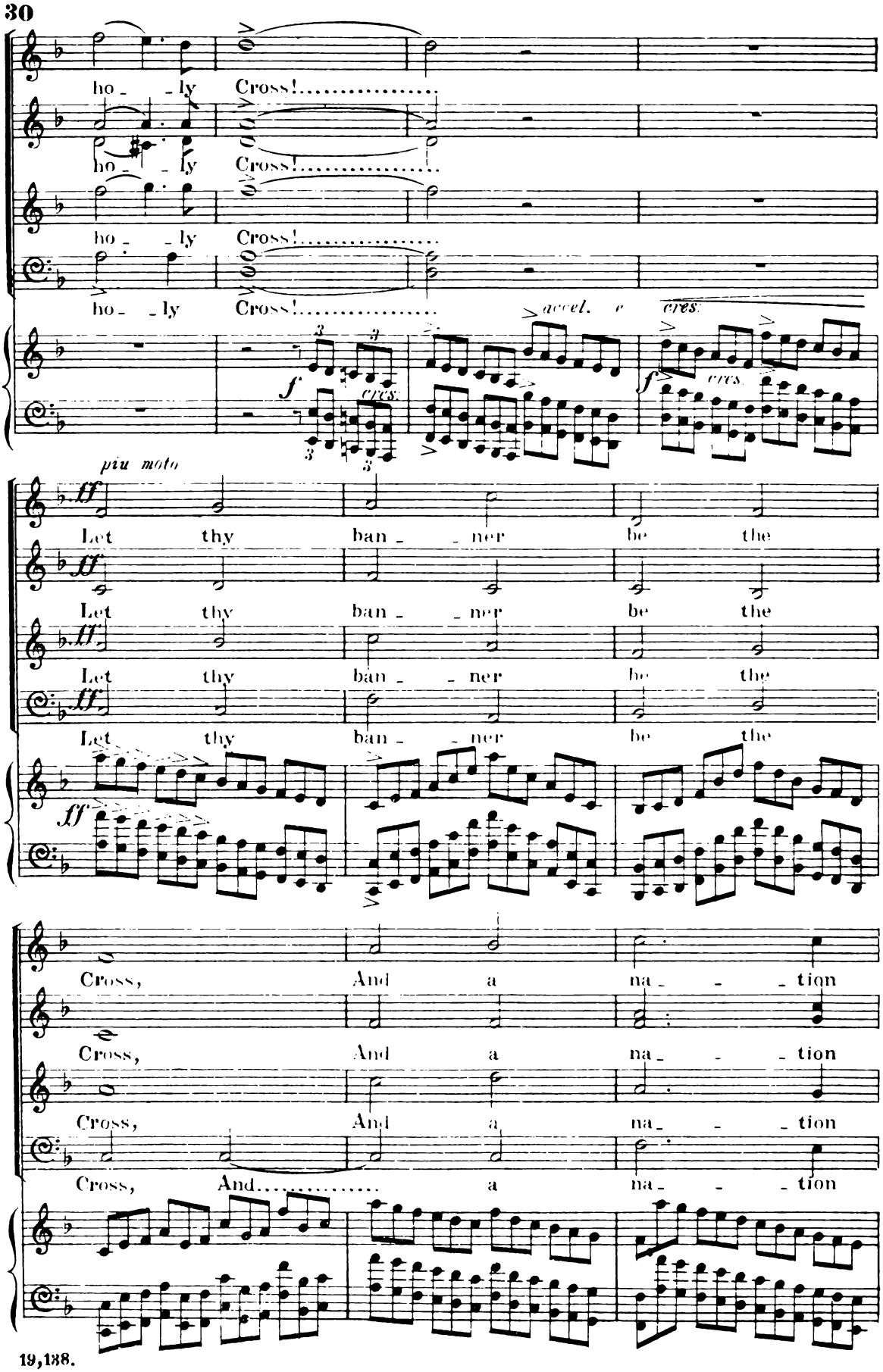

molto accel.
pea - - sant with a mighty sword
Leaps on the crea_ture, and his
p
cres:
cres:
ff
blood, his blood out - pours.... upon the plain... a crim - - son
sff
Allegro molto.
flood! And mys_te_ry on mys_te_ry.....
sf pp
cres:
molto cres:
..... The blood-red sword as_cends on high, With
cres:
molto cres:
f
ff rall.
jew_ - ell'd hilt against the sky a ra_ - diant
rall:

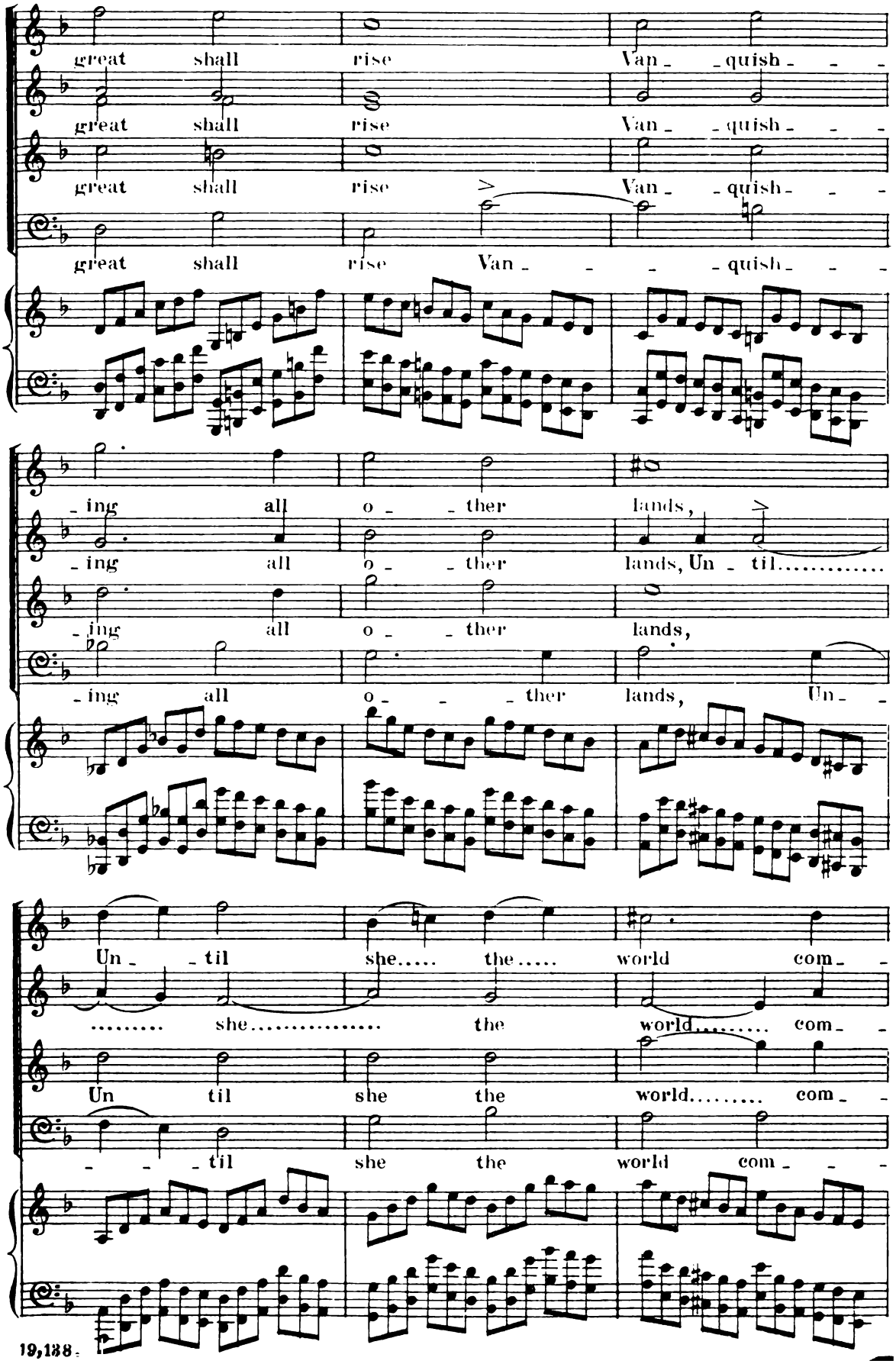
N.º 5. *Chorus of celestial spirits.*— "Let thy banner be the Cross."

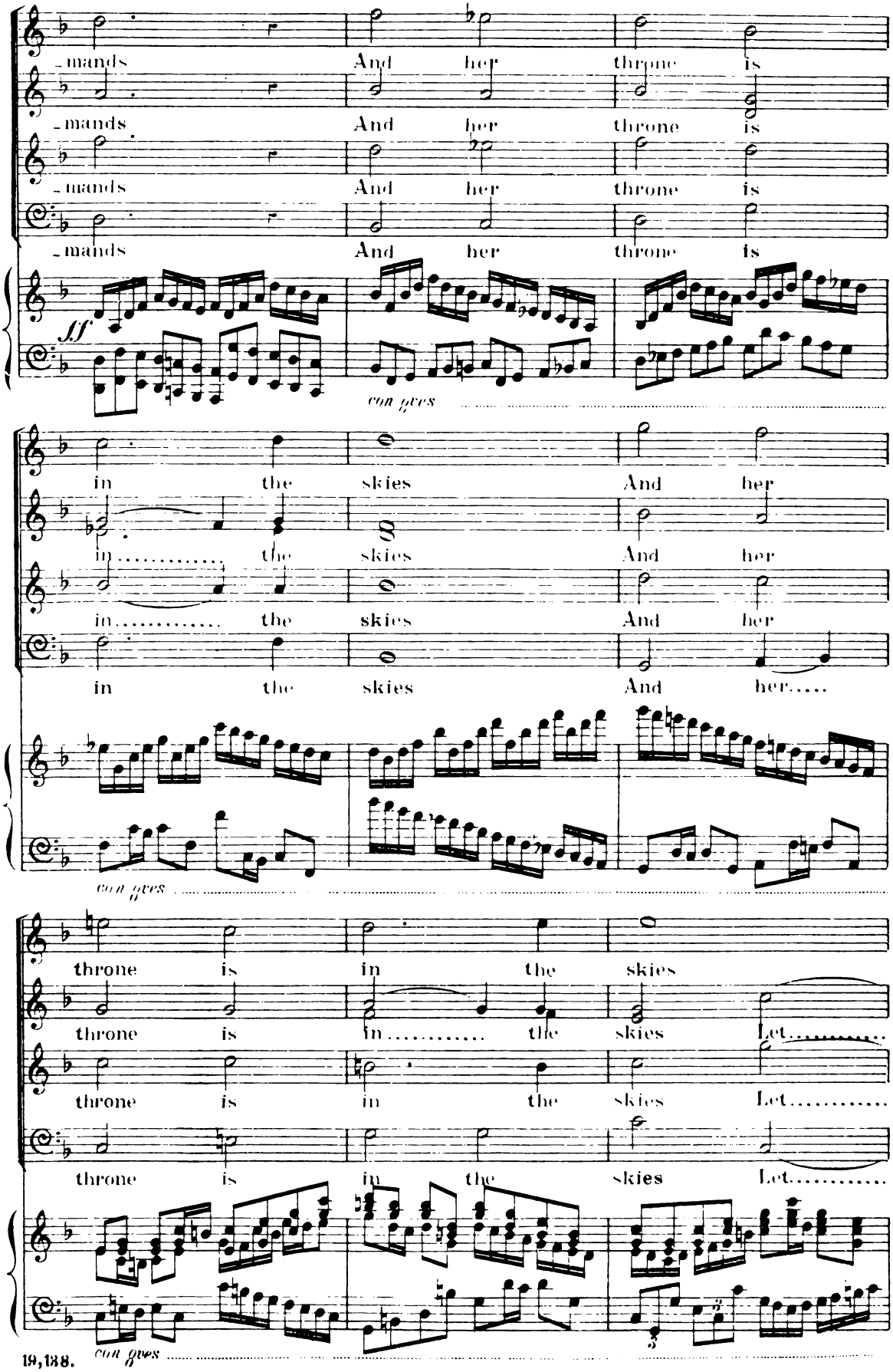


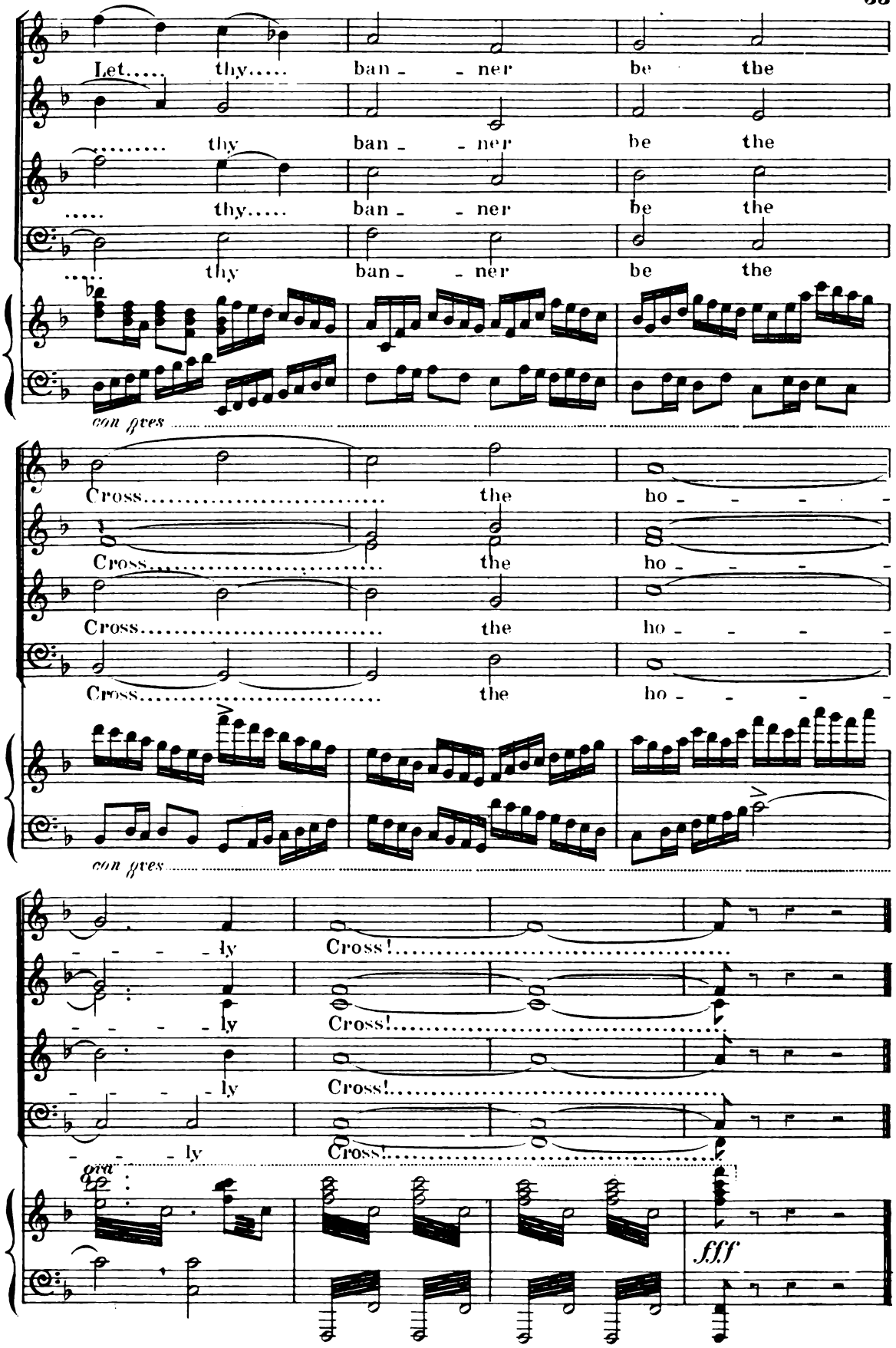

white and spot-less shield, Carried foremost in the field God will
white and spot-less shield, Carried foremost in... the field God will
white and spot-less shield, Car-ried foremost in... the field God will
white and spot-less shield, Car- -ried foremost in the field God will
cres.
give the vic-to-ry, God will give the vic-to-ry If thy banner be the
dim.
Cross the ho- -ly Cross.....
pp


p
Let thy banner be the Cross, Emblem of the sa_cred Son, Of the
Let thy banner be the Cross, Emblem of the sa_cred Son, Of the
Let thy banner be the Cross, Emblem of the sa_cred Son, Of the
Let thy banner be the Cross, Emblem of the sa_cred Son, Of the
cres:
pure and spotless life, Bear it brave_ly in the strife, God will fight for Ca_le_
pure and spotless life, Bear it brave_ly in the strife, God will fight for Ca_le_
pure and spotless life, Bear it brave_ly in the strife, God will fight for Ca_le_
pure and spotless life, Bear it brave_ly in the strife, God will fight for Ca_le_
f
_don, God will fight for Ca_le_don If thy banner be the Cross, the
_don, God will fight for Ca_le_don If thy banner be the Cross, the
_don, God will fight for Ca_le_don If thy banner be the Cross, the
_don, God will fight ..... for Ca_le_don If thy banner be the Cross, the


ho - ly Cross!.....
ho - ly Cross!.....
ho - ly Cross!.....
ho - ly Cross!.....
accel.
cres.
f
cres.
f
cres.
piu moto
ff
Let thy ban - ner be the
Let thy ban - ner be the
Let thy ban - ner be the
Let thy ban - ner be the
ff
ff
Cross, And a na - tion
Cross, And a na - tion
Cross, And a na - tion
Cross, And..... a na - tion


great shall rise Van - - quish - - -
great shall rise Van - - quish - - -
great shall rise Van - - quish - - -
great shall rise Van - - - quish - - -
- ing all o - - ther lands,
- ing all o - - ther lands, Un - til.....
- ing all o - - ther lands,
- ing all o - - - ther lands, Un - -
Un - - til she..... the..... world com - -
..... she..... the world..... com - -
Un til she the world..... com - -
- - - til she the world com - - -


-mands And her throne is
-mands And her throne is
-mands And her throne is
-mands And her throne is
sf
con gves
in the skies And her
in the skies And her
in the skies And her
in the skies And her.....
con gves
throne is in the skies
throne is in the skies Let.....
throne is in the skies Let.....
throne is in the skies Let.....
con gves

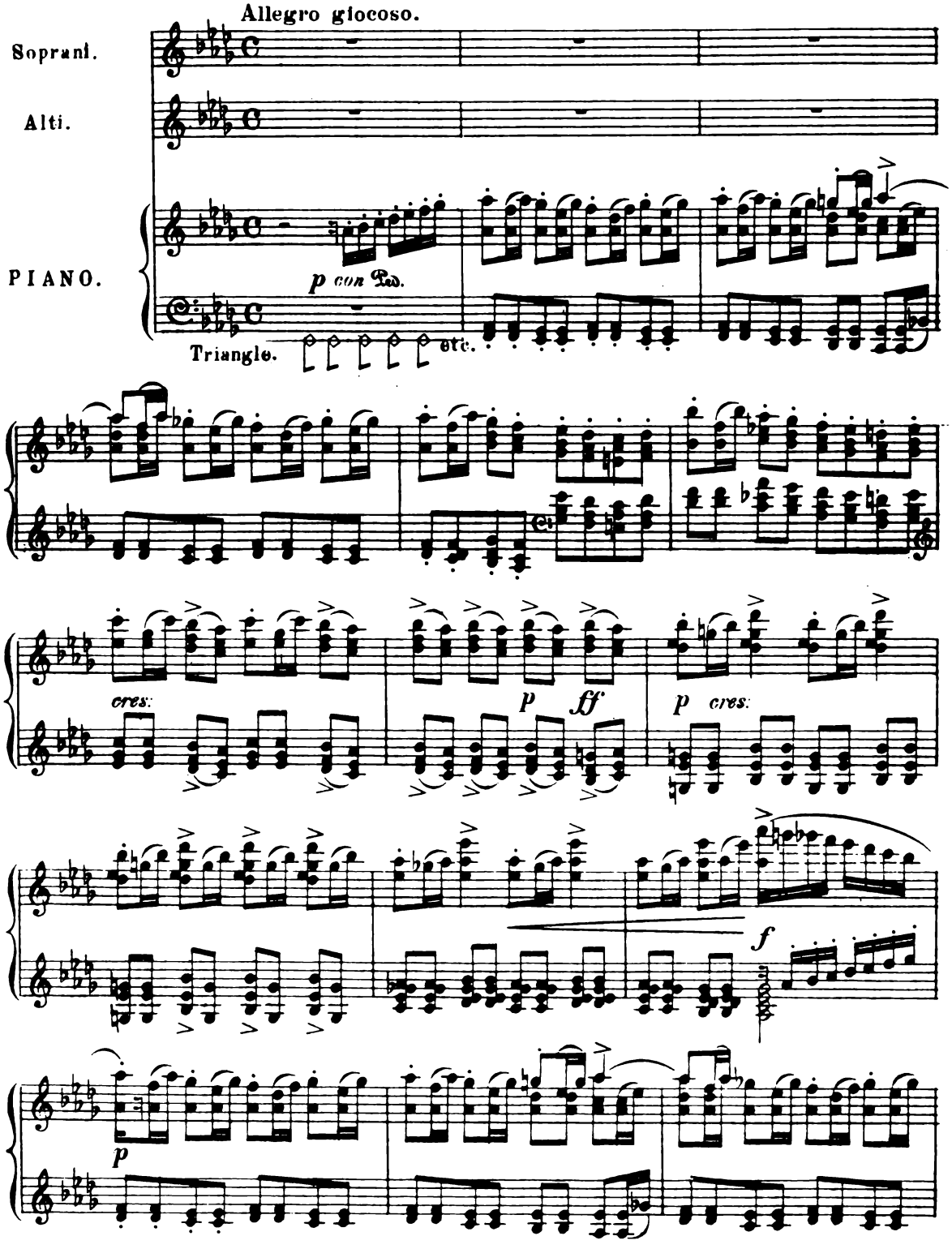


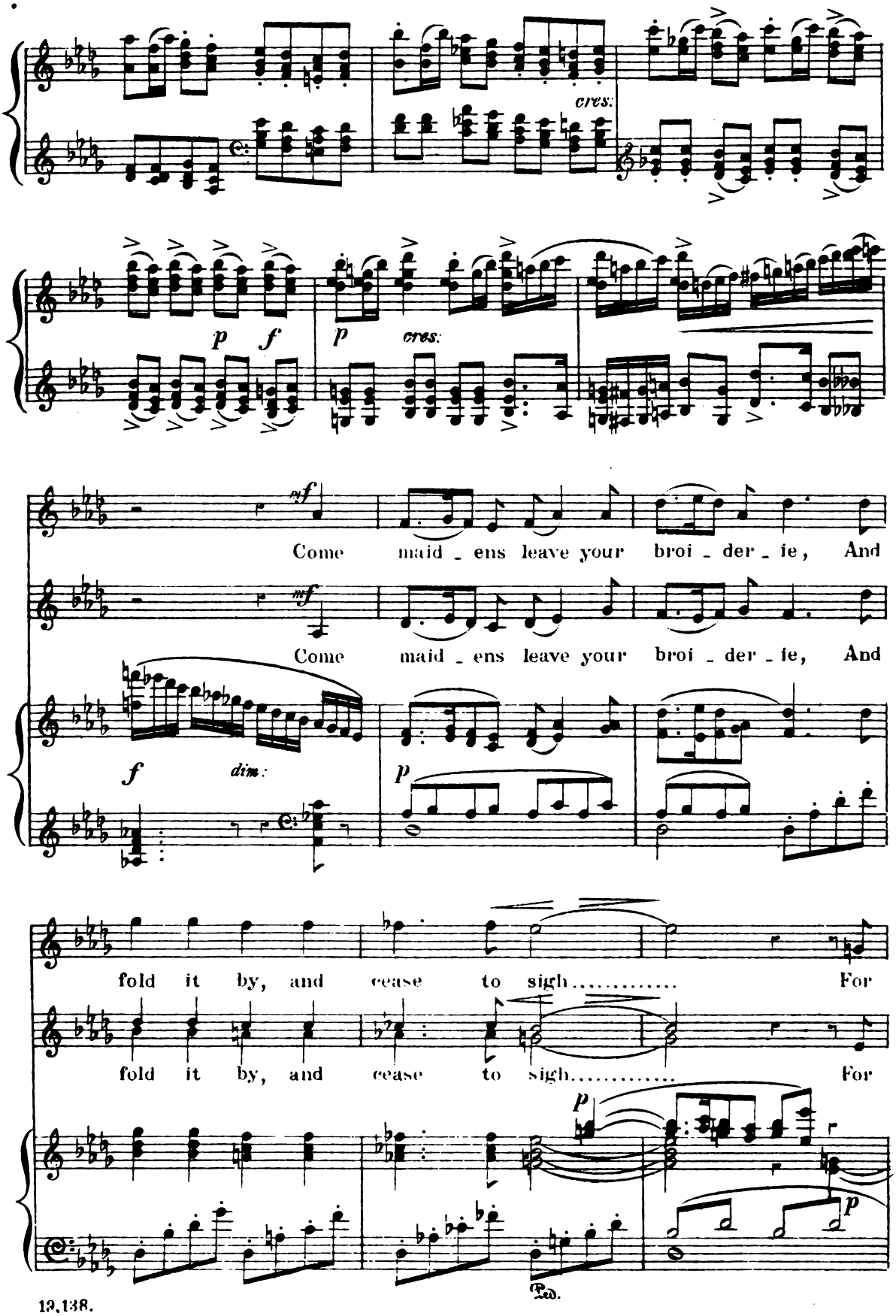
END OF SCENE I..

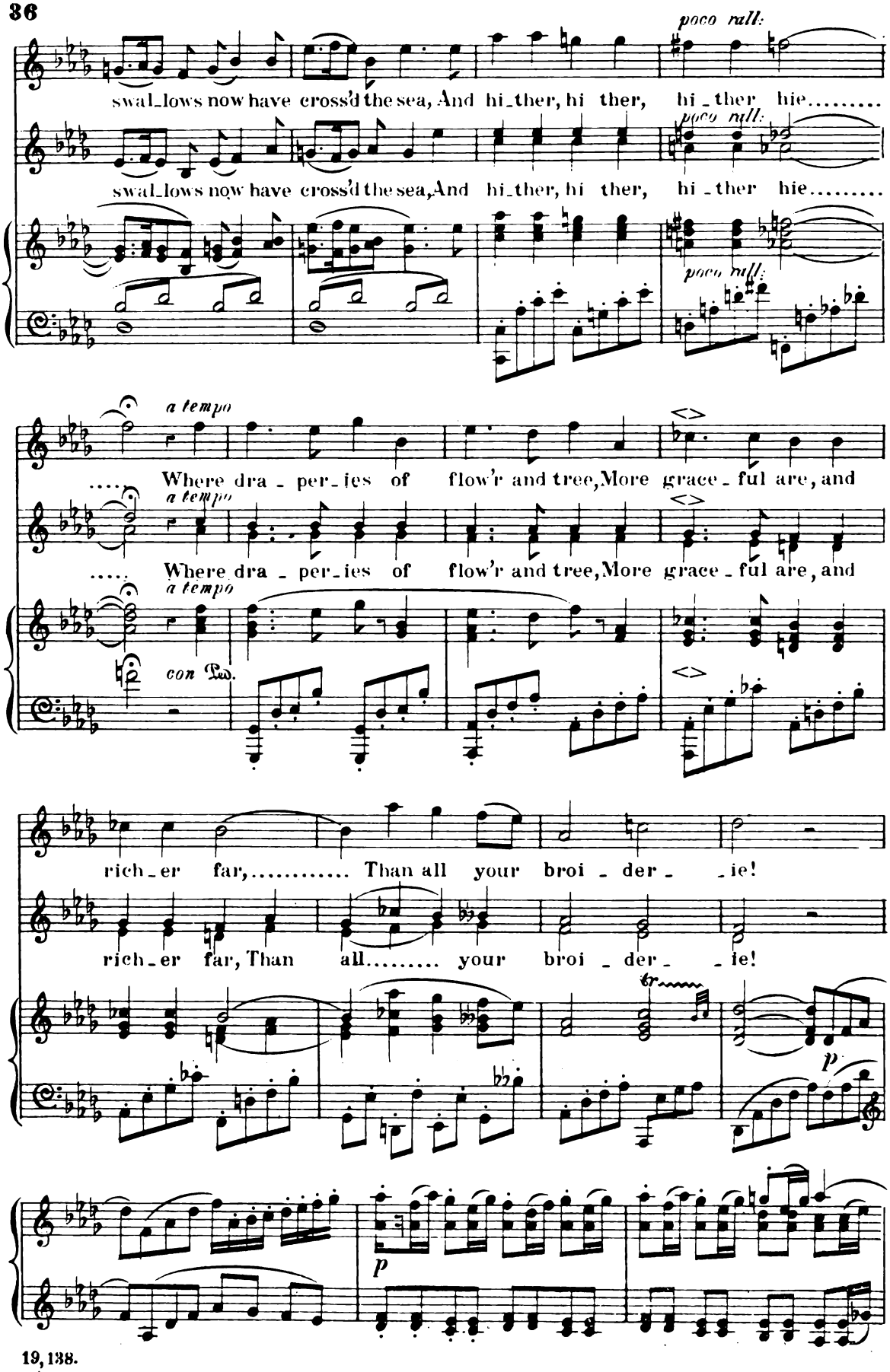
SCENE II – BEREGON – THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

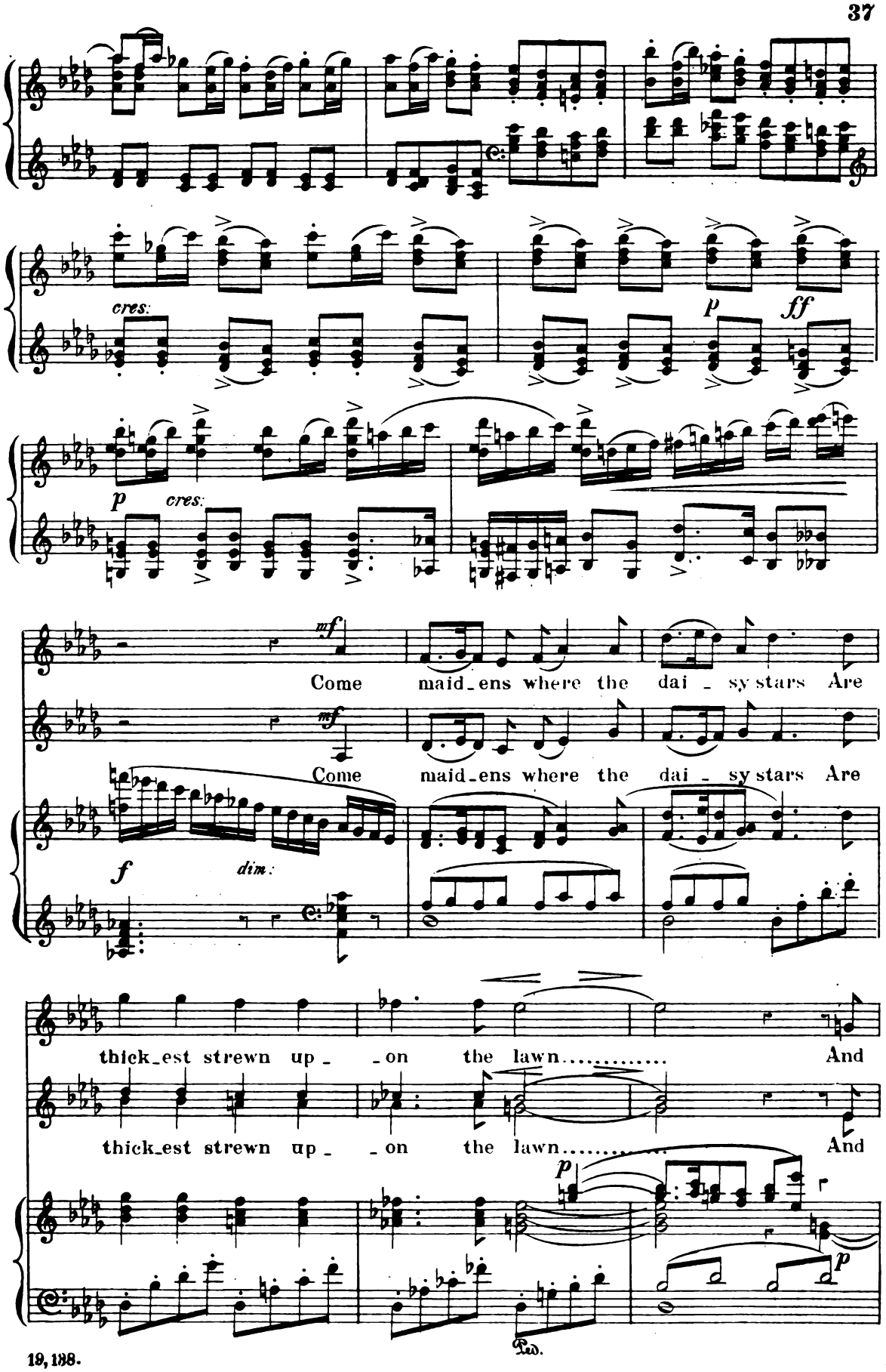
(Youths and maidens in the Gardens of the Palace of Selma, singing, dancing and making merry.)

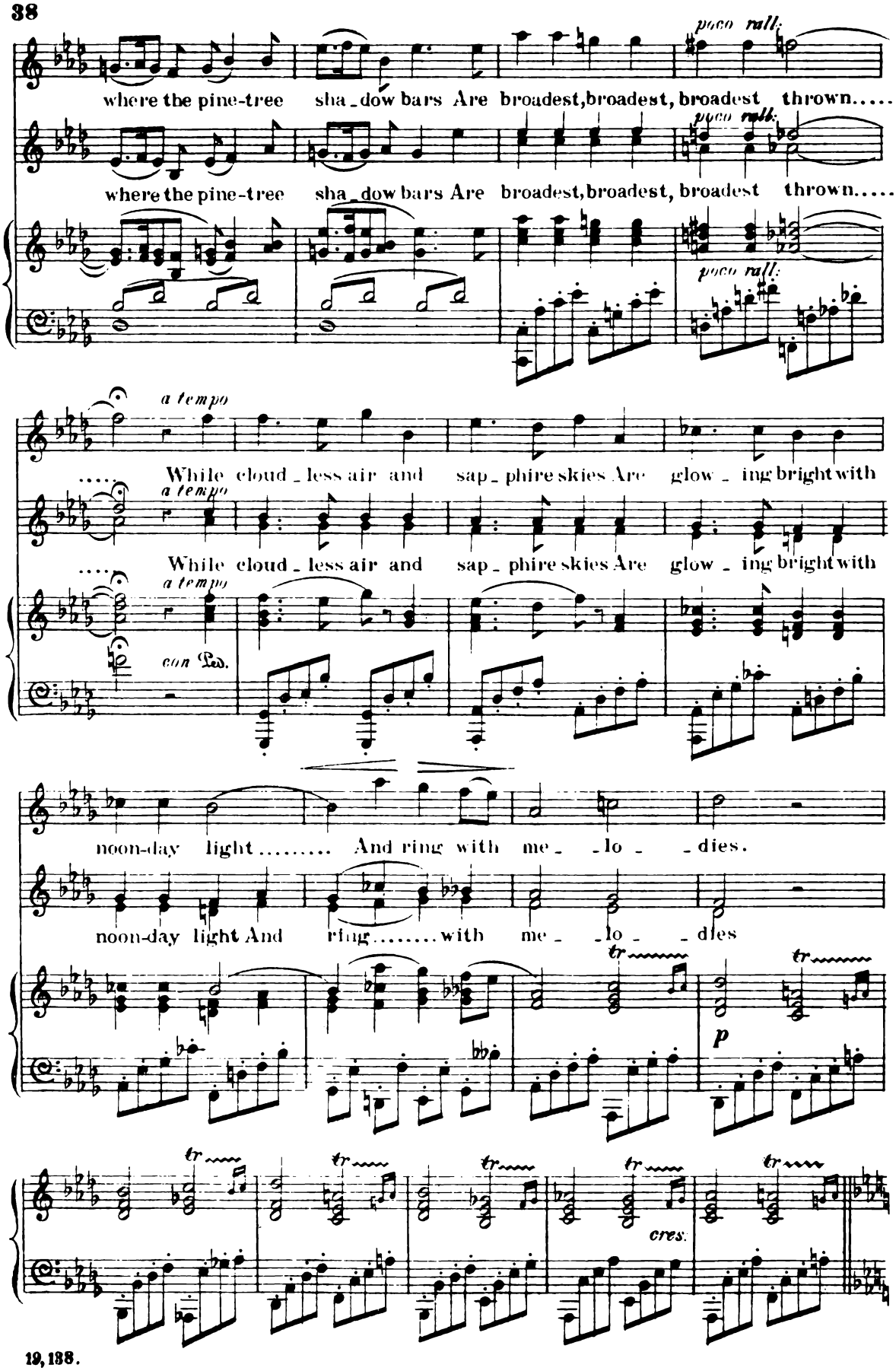
N.º 6. *Female Chorus.*—"Come maidens, leave your broiderie."




cres.
p
f
p
cres.
mf
Come maid - ens leave your broi - der - ie, And
mf
Come maid - ens leave your broi - der - ie, And
f
dim.
p
fold it by, and cease to sigh..... For
fold it by, and cease to sigh..... For
p
p
Ped.

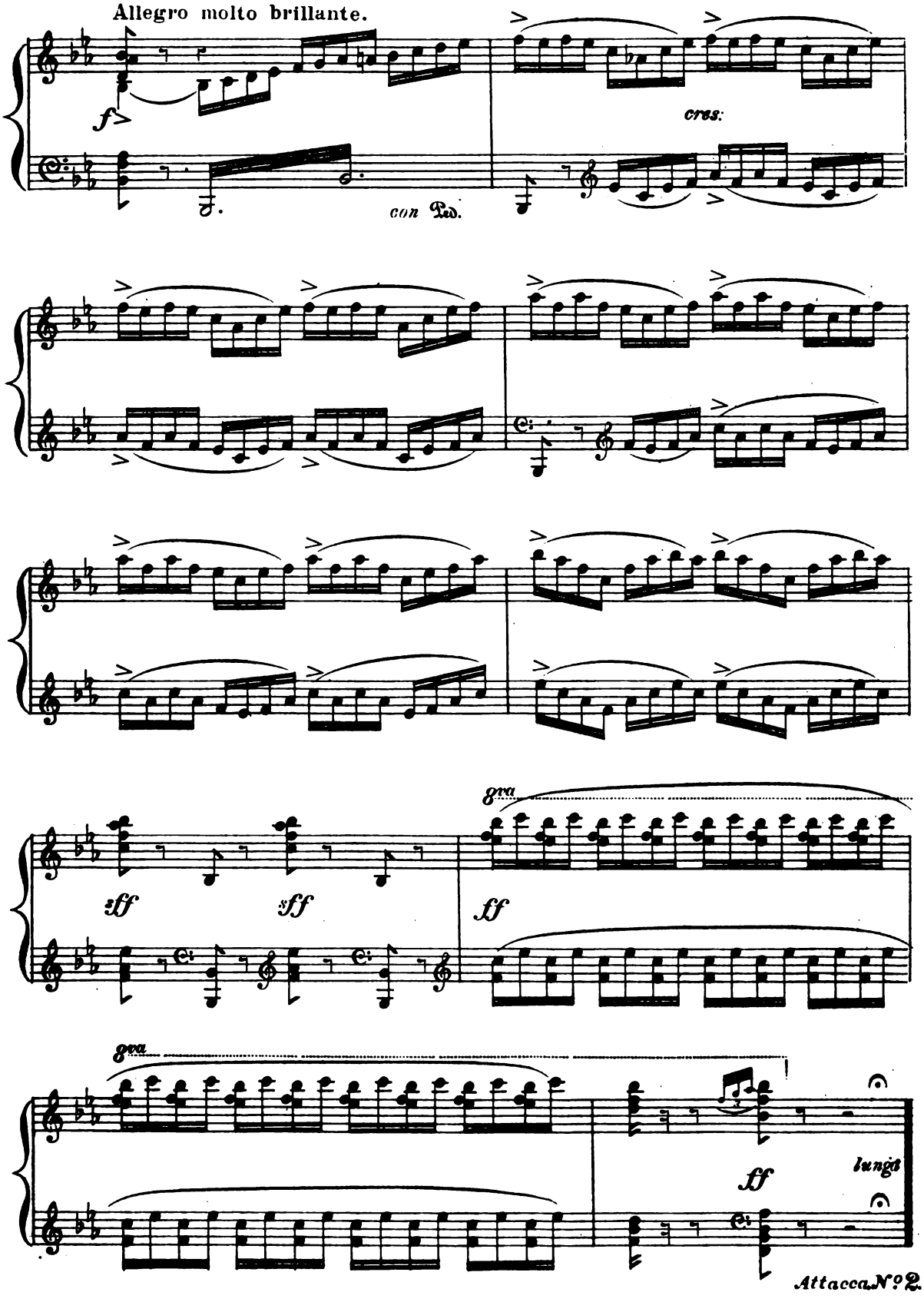

poco rall.
swal_lows now have cross'd the sea, And hi_ther, hi ther, hi _ther hie.....
poco rall.
swal_lows now have cross'd the sea, And hi_ther, hi ther, hi _ther hie.....
poco rall.
a tempo
Where dra _ per_ies of flow'r and tree, More grace _ ful are, and
a tempo
Where dra _ per_ies of flow'r and tree, More grace _ ful are, and
a tempo
con Ped.
rich_er far,..... Than all your broi _ der _ _ie!
rich_er far, Than all..... your broi _ der _ _ie!
tr
p
p


cres.
p
ff
p
cres.
mf
Come maid_ens where the dai _ sy stars Are
mf
Come maid_ens where the dai _ sy stars Are
f
dim.
thick_est strewn up _ _on the lawn..... And
thick_est strewn up _ _on the lawn..... And
p
p
Ped.

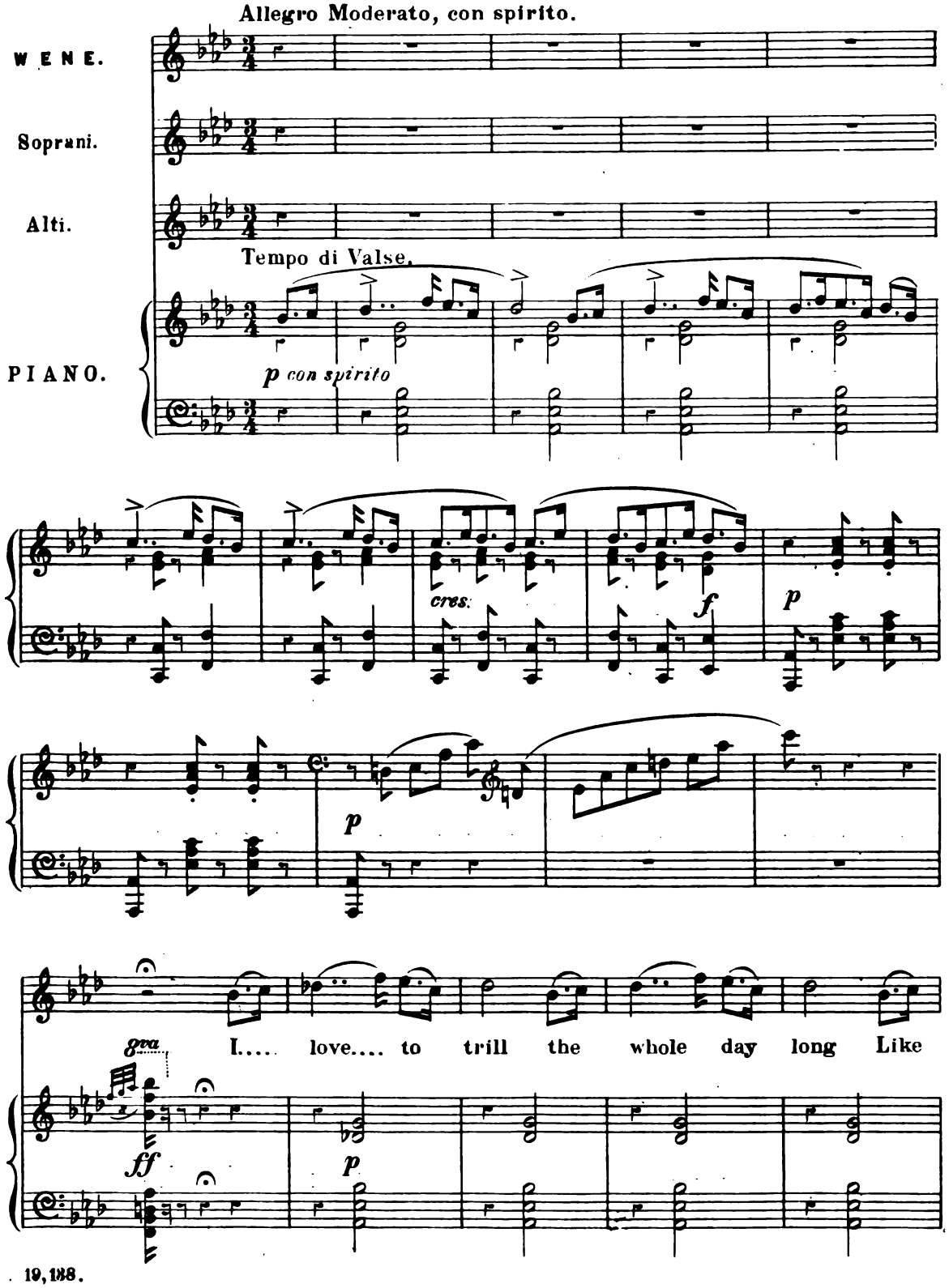

poco rall.
where the pine-tree sha_dow bars Are broadest, broadest, broadest thrown.....
poco rall.
where the pine-tree sha_dow bars Are broadest, broadest, broadest thrown.....
poco rall.
a tempo
While cloud_less air and sap_phire skies Are glow_ing bright with
a tempo
While cloud_less air and sap_phire skies Are glow_ing bright with
a tempo
con Ped.
noon-day light..... And ring with me_ _lo_ _dies.
noon-day light And ring..... with me_ _lo_ _dies
tr
p
cres.

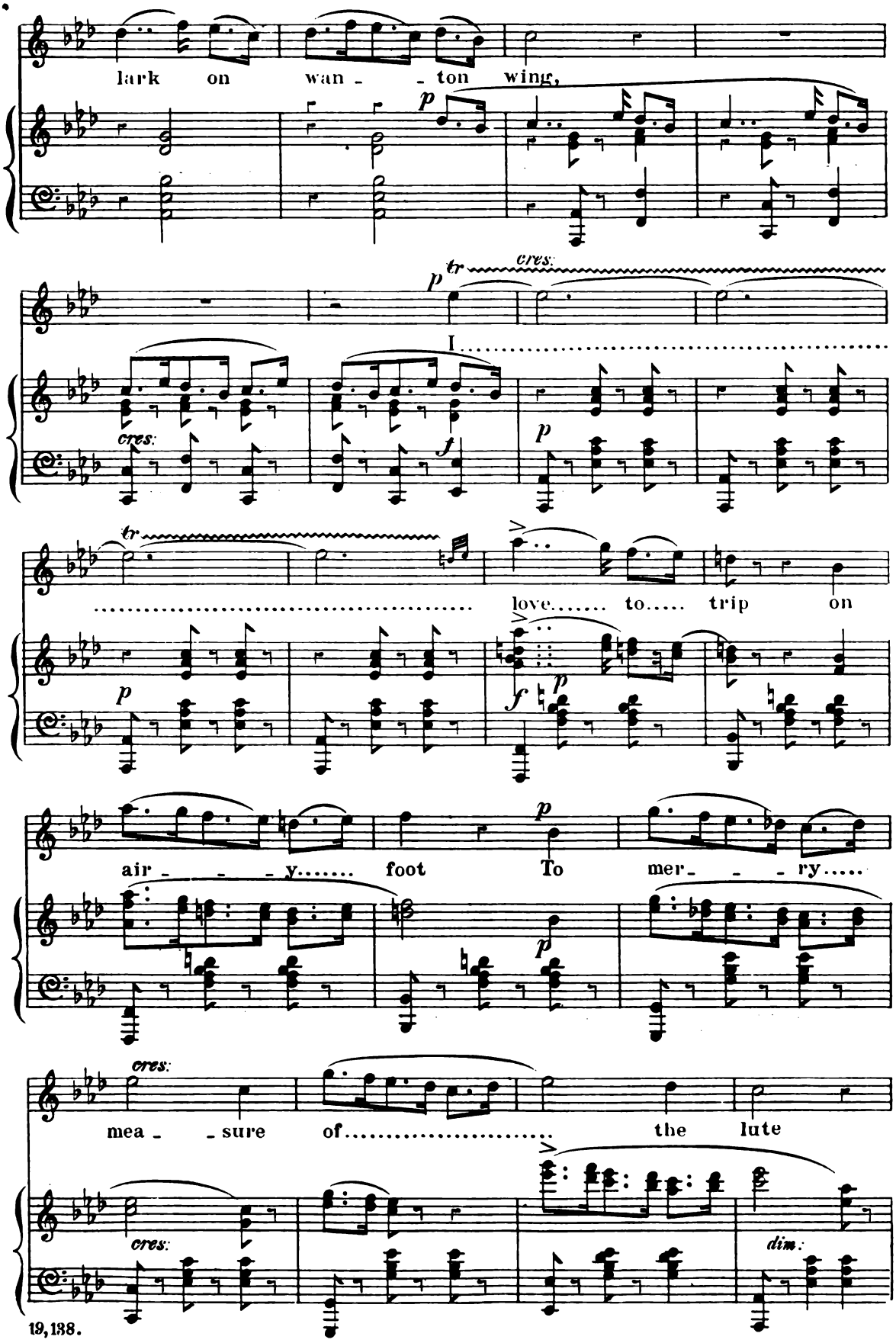
(enter **WENE.**)

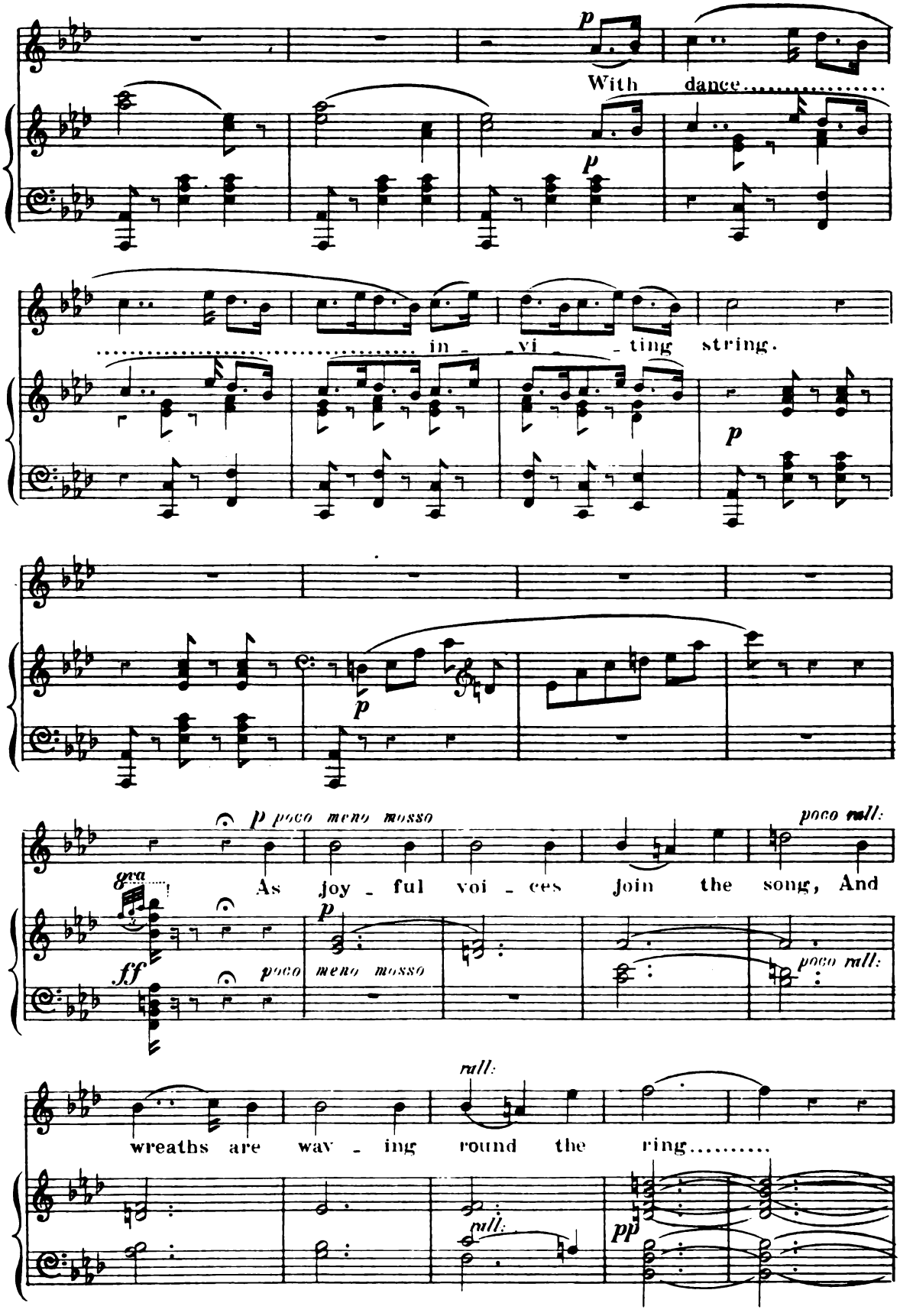
Allegro molto brillante.

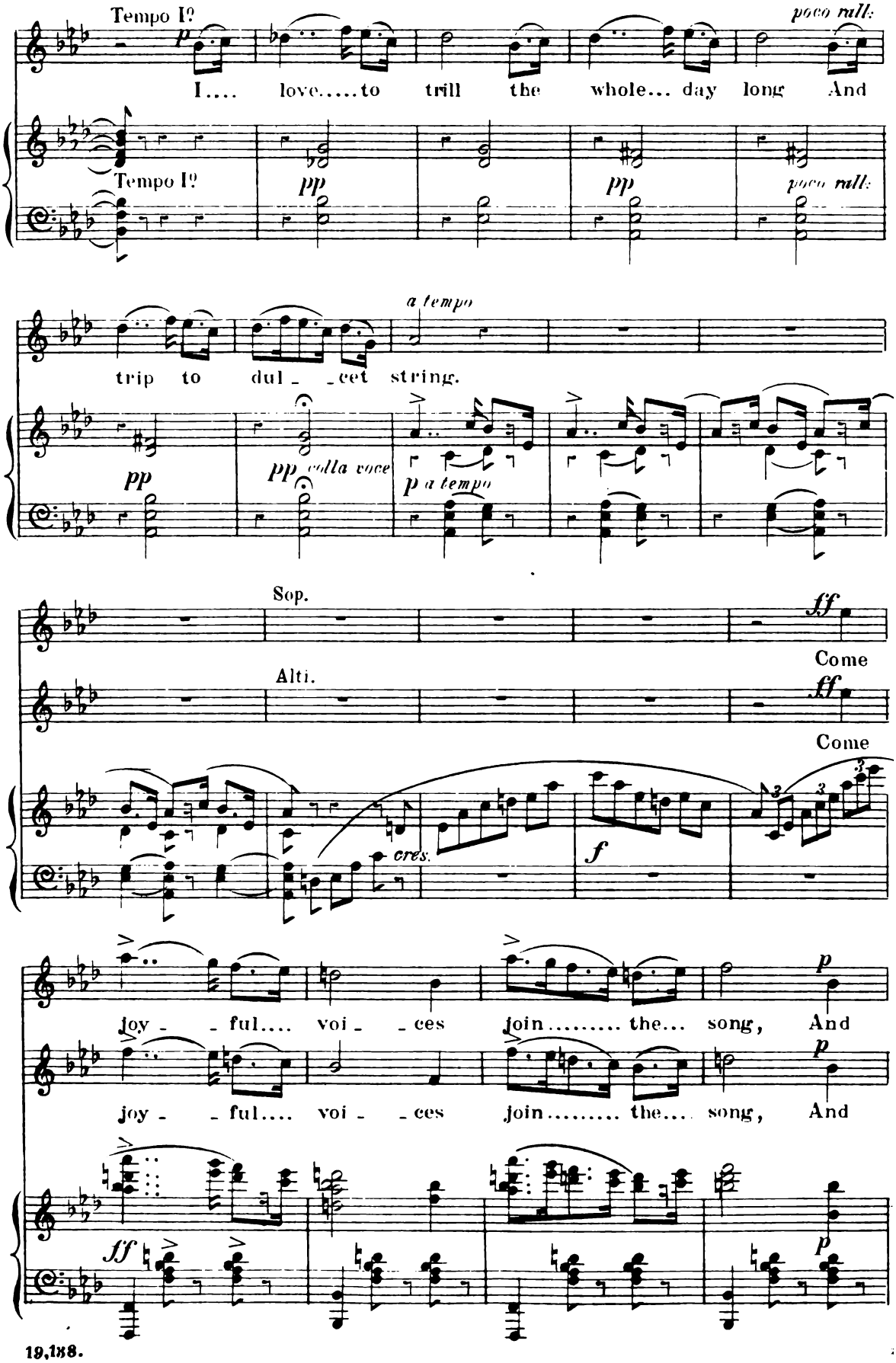


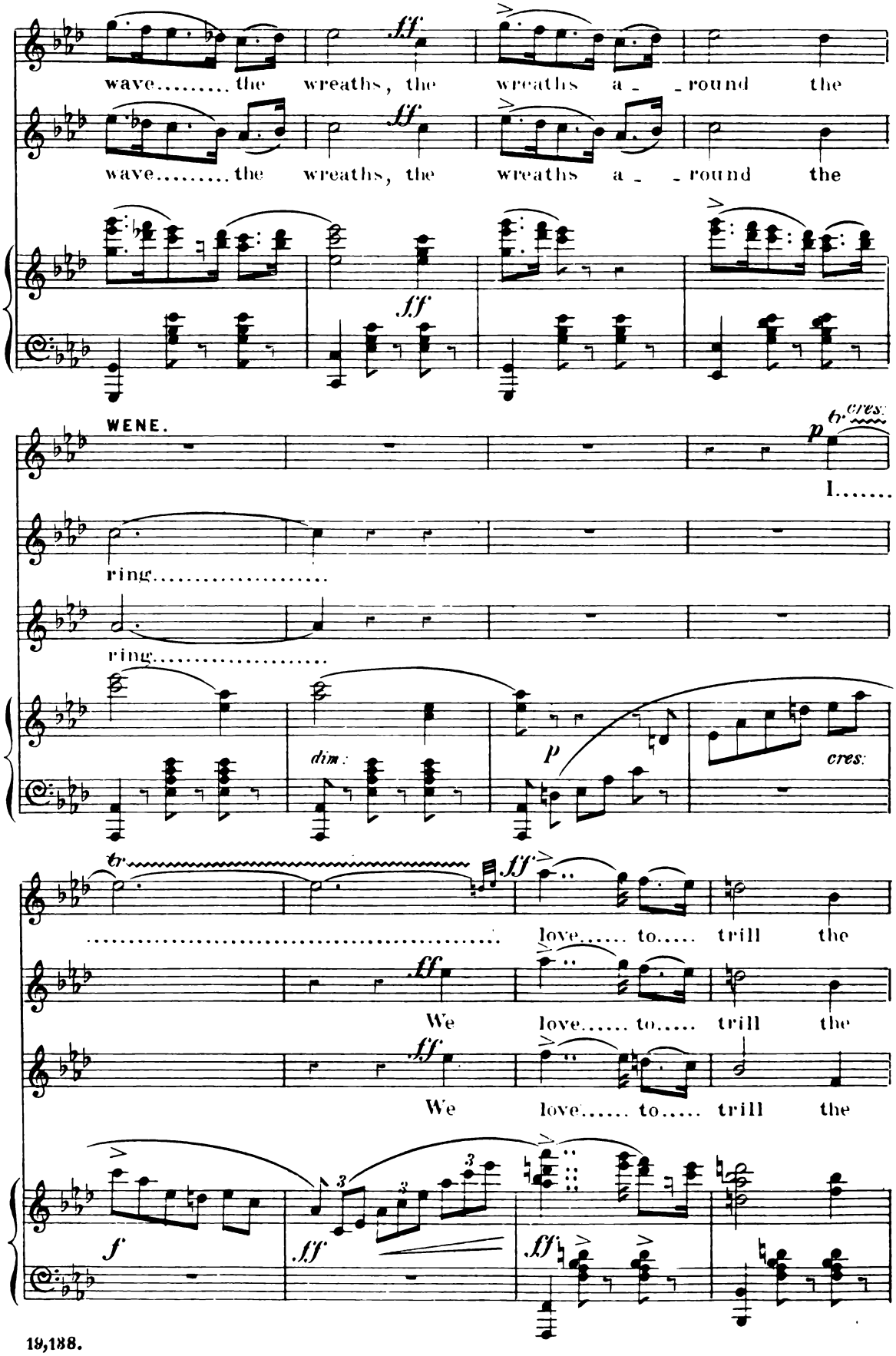
N.º 7. *Song.* WENE & *Female Chorus.*—"I love to trill."

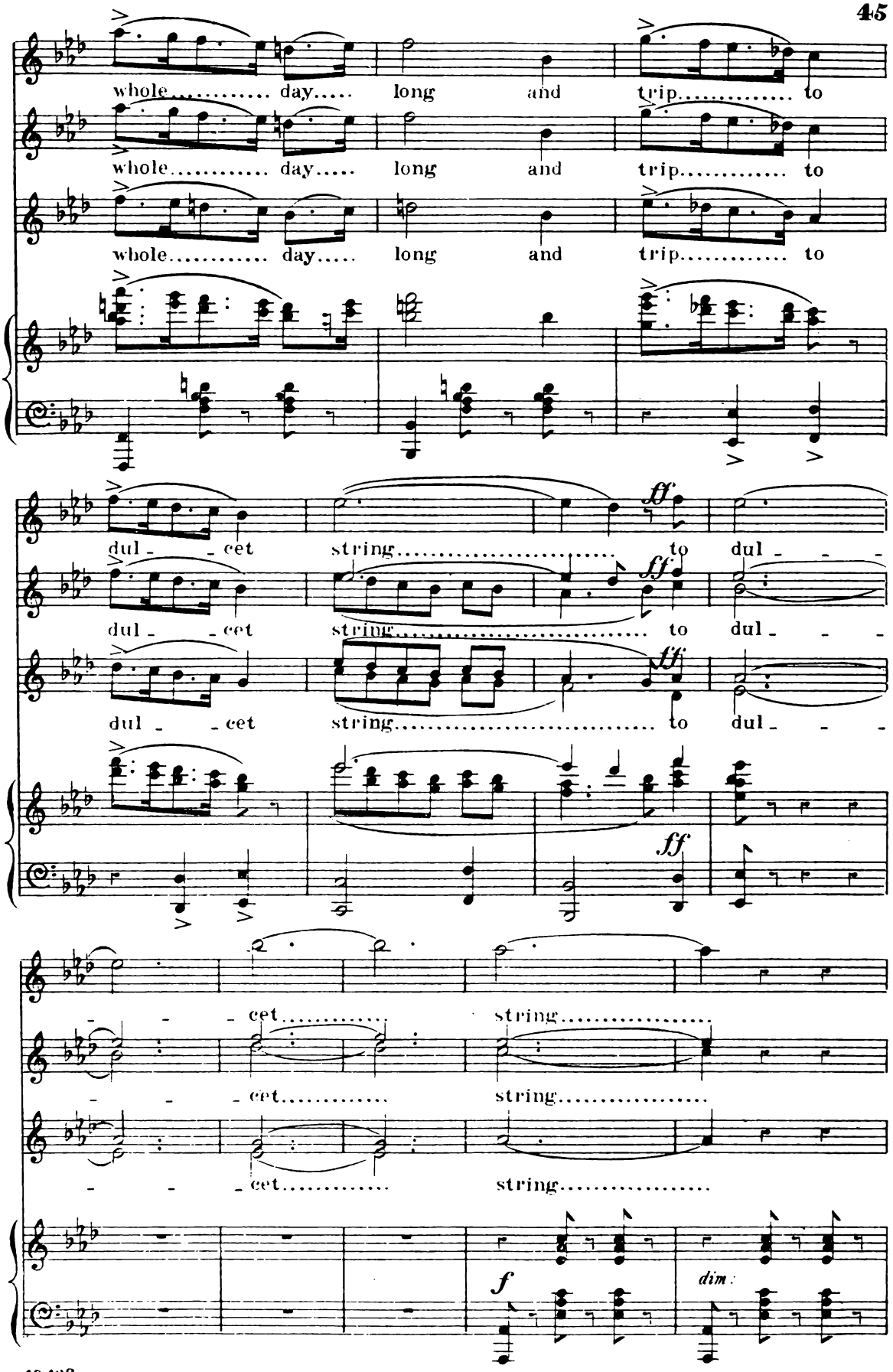


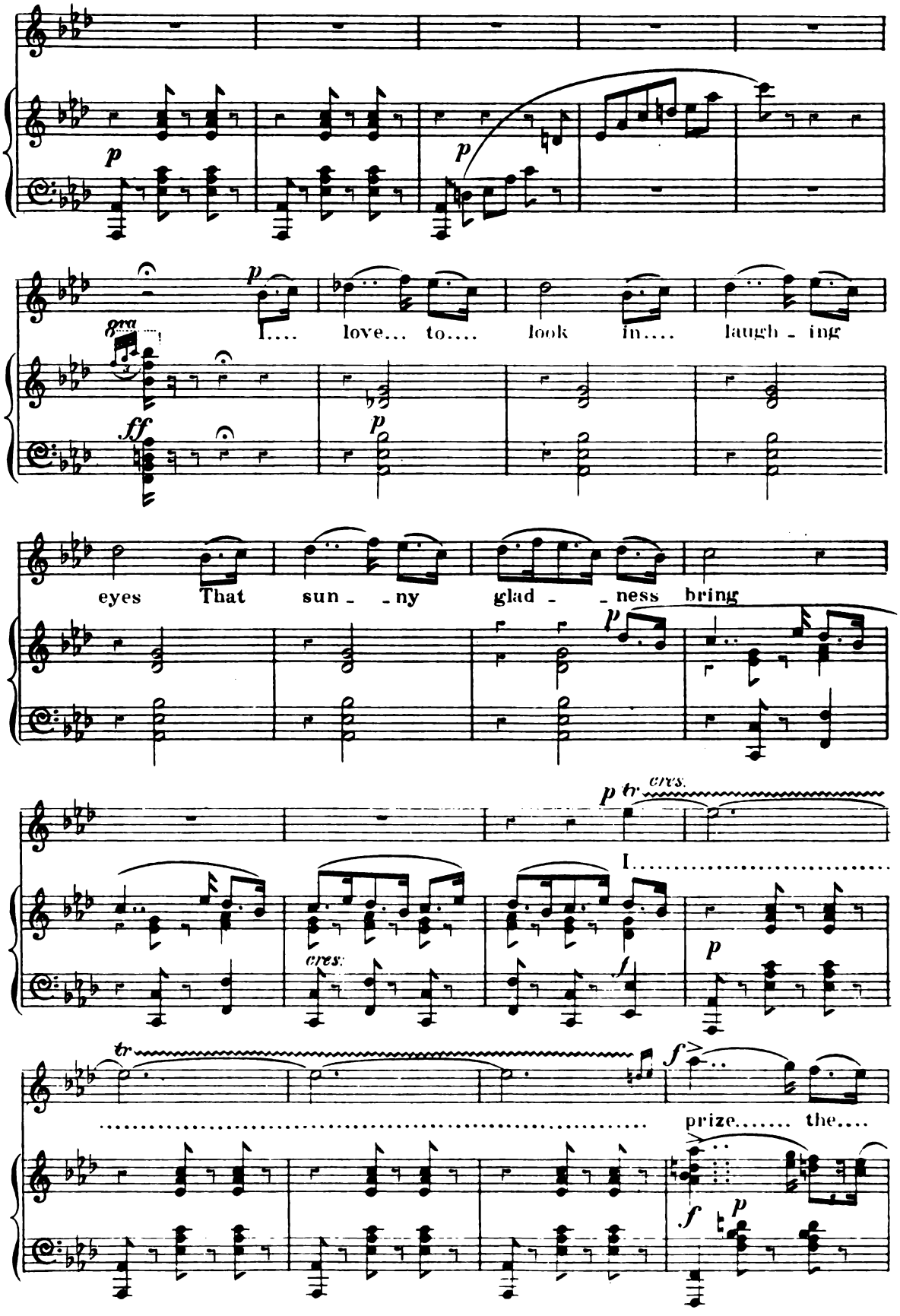

lark on wan - - ton wing,
I.....
..... love..... to..... trip on
air - - - y..... foot To mer - - - ry.....
mea - - sure of..... the lute

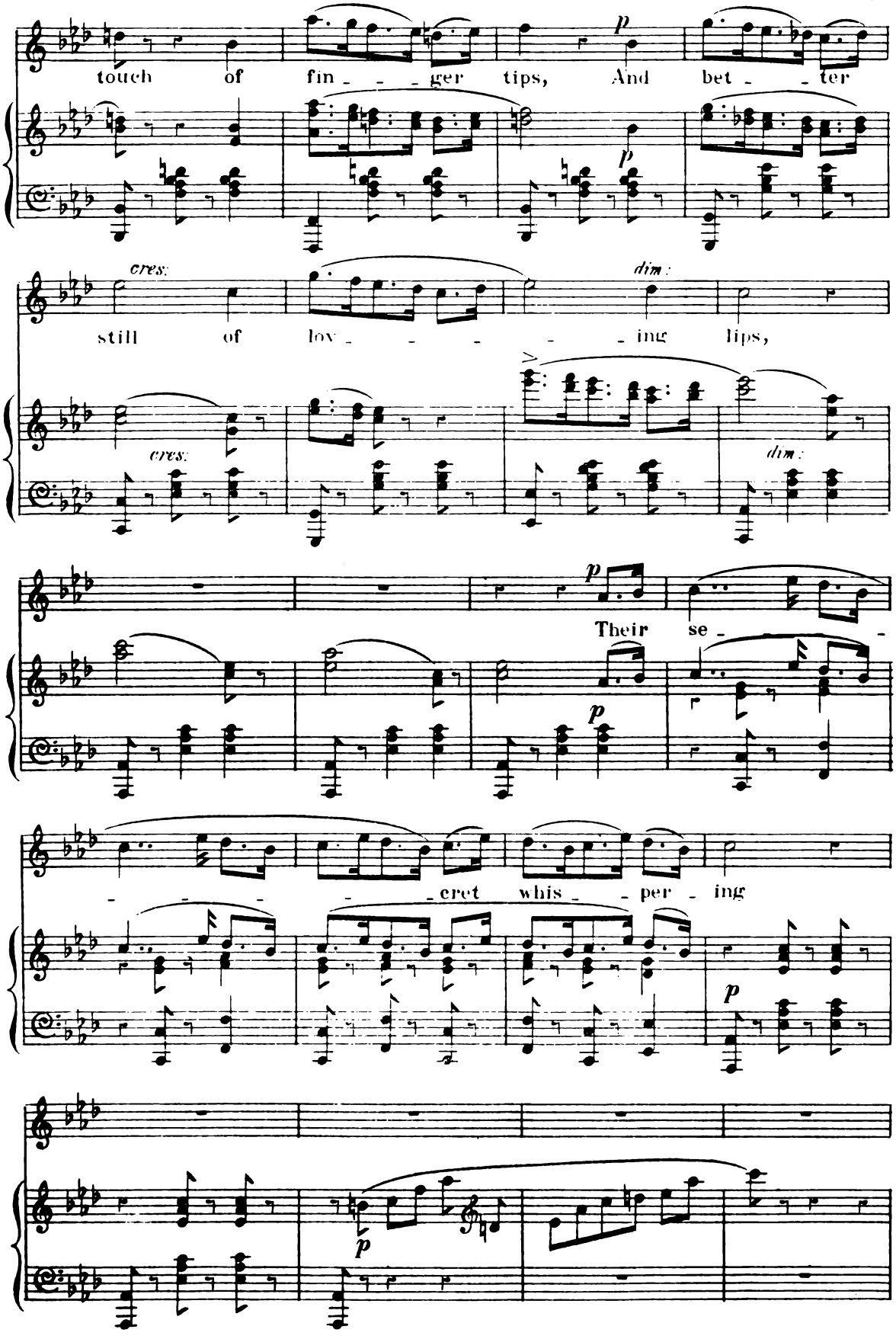

p
With dance
p
in - vi - ting string.
p
p
p poco meno mosso
poco rall:
gva
As joy - ful voi - ces join the song, And
ff
poco meno mosso
poco rall:
rall:
wreaths are wav - ing round the ring.....
rall:
pp

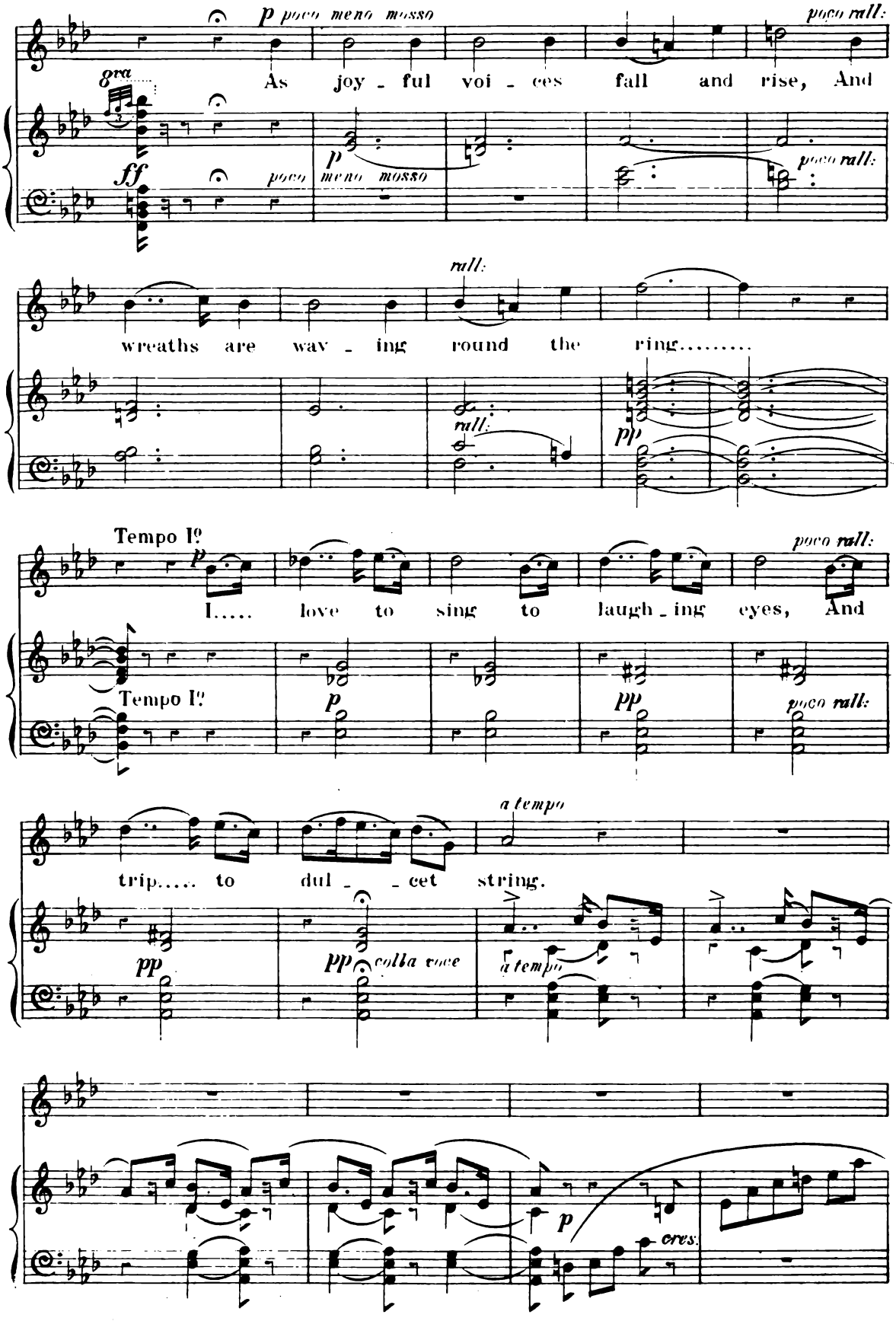

Tempo I?
poco rall.
I.... love.....to trill the whole... day long And
Tempo I?
pp
pp
poco rall.
a tempo
trip to dul_ _cet string.
pp
pp colla voce
p a tempo
Sop.
ff
Come
Alti.
ff
Come
cres.
f
joy_ _ful.... voi_ _ces join..... the... song, And
p
joy_ _ful.... voi_ _ces join..... the.... song, And
p
ff
p

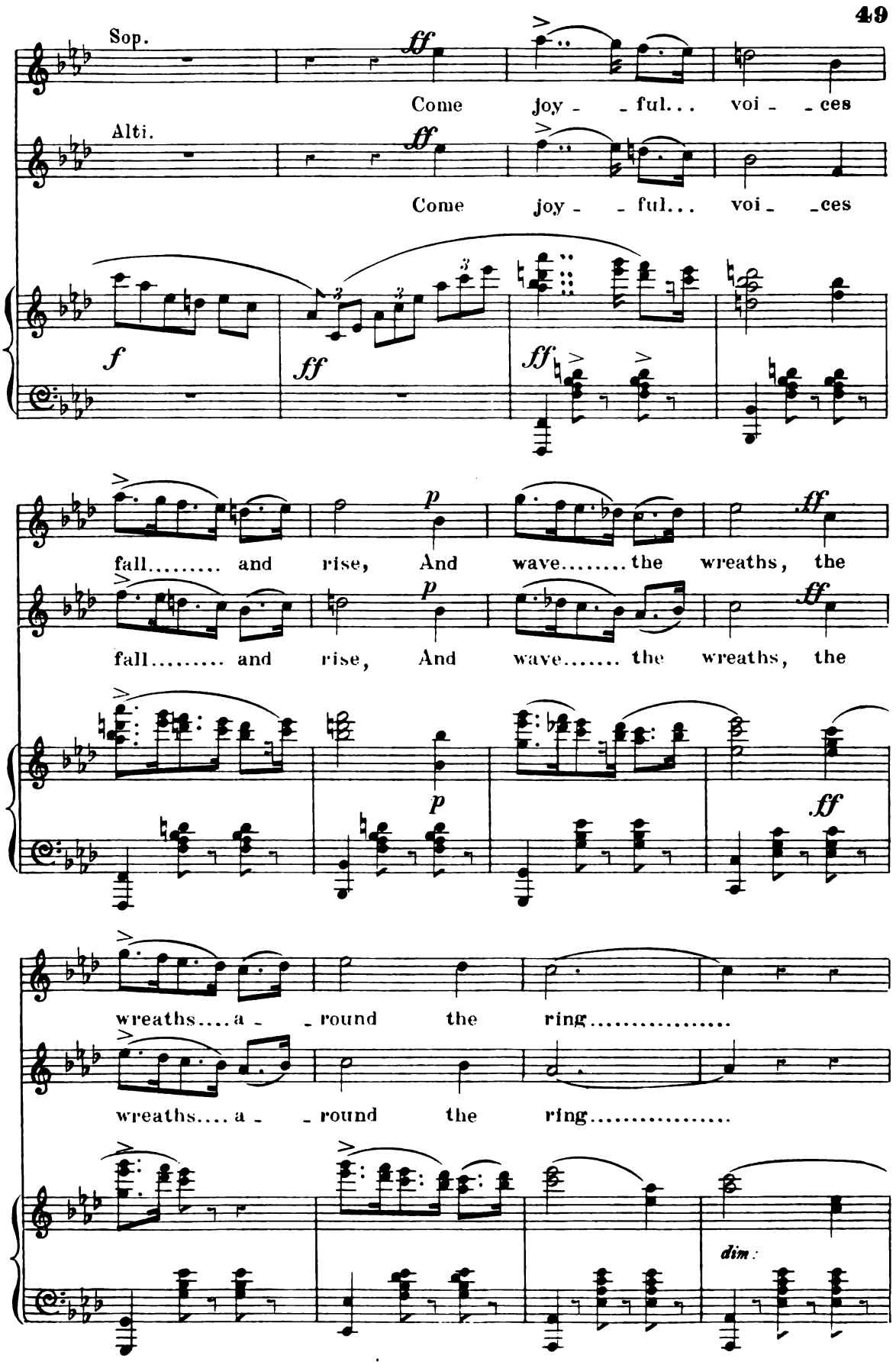

wave..... the wreaths, the wreaths a_ _round the
wave..... the wreaths, the wreaths a_ _round the
ff
ff
WENE.
p
tr cres.
I.....
ring.....
ring.....
dim.
p
cres.
tr
ff
..... love..... to..... trill the
ff
We love..... to..... trill the
ff
We love..... to..... trill the
f
ff
ff

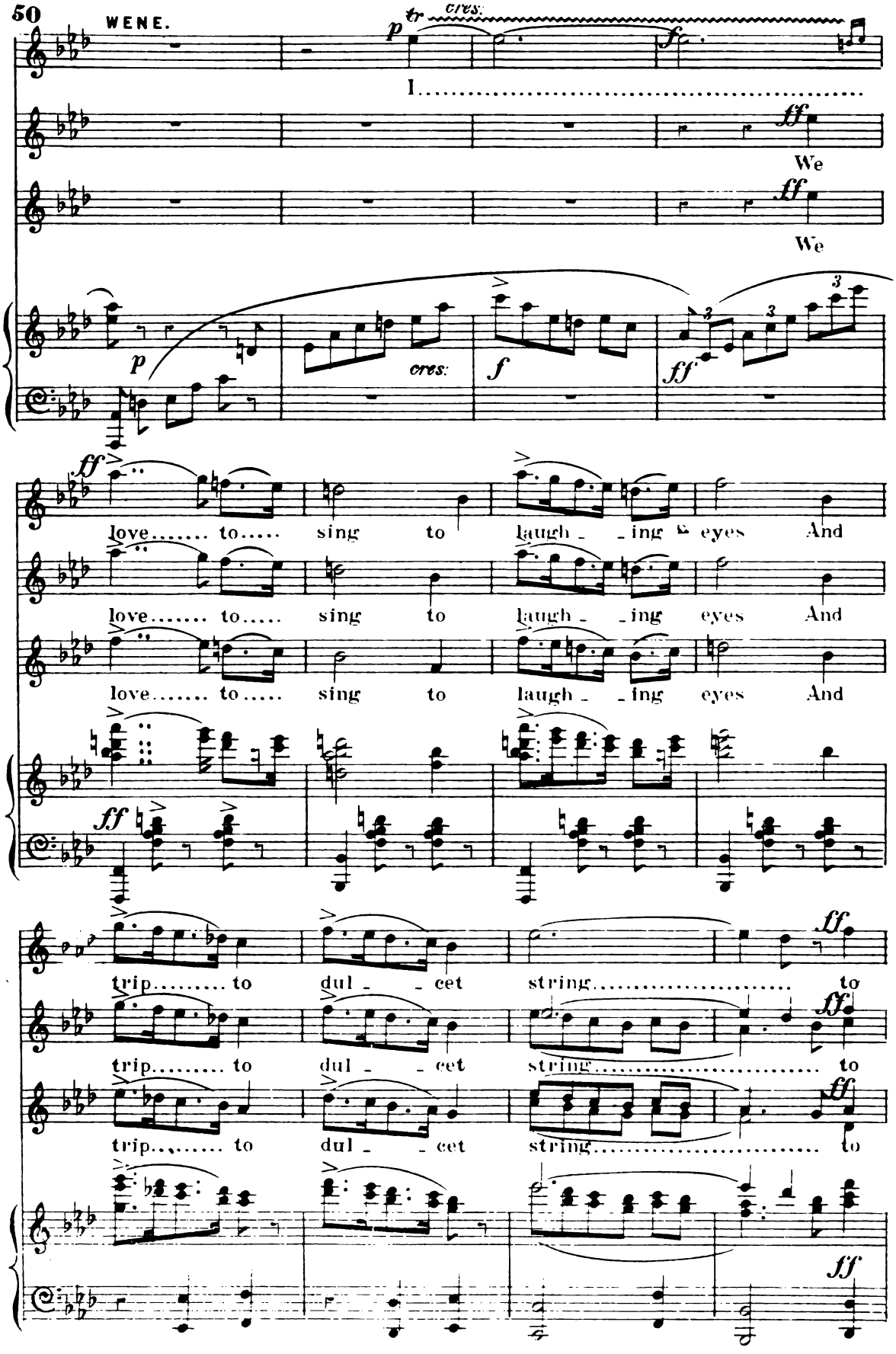

whole..... day..... long and trip..... to
whole..... day..... long and trip..... to
whole..... day..... long and trip..... to
dul - - cet string..... to dul - - -
dul - - cet string..... to dul - - -
dul - - cet string..... to dul - - -
ff
ff
ff
- - - cet..... string.....
- - - cet..... string.....
- - - cet..... string.....
f
dim.

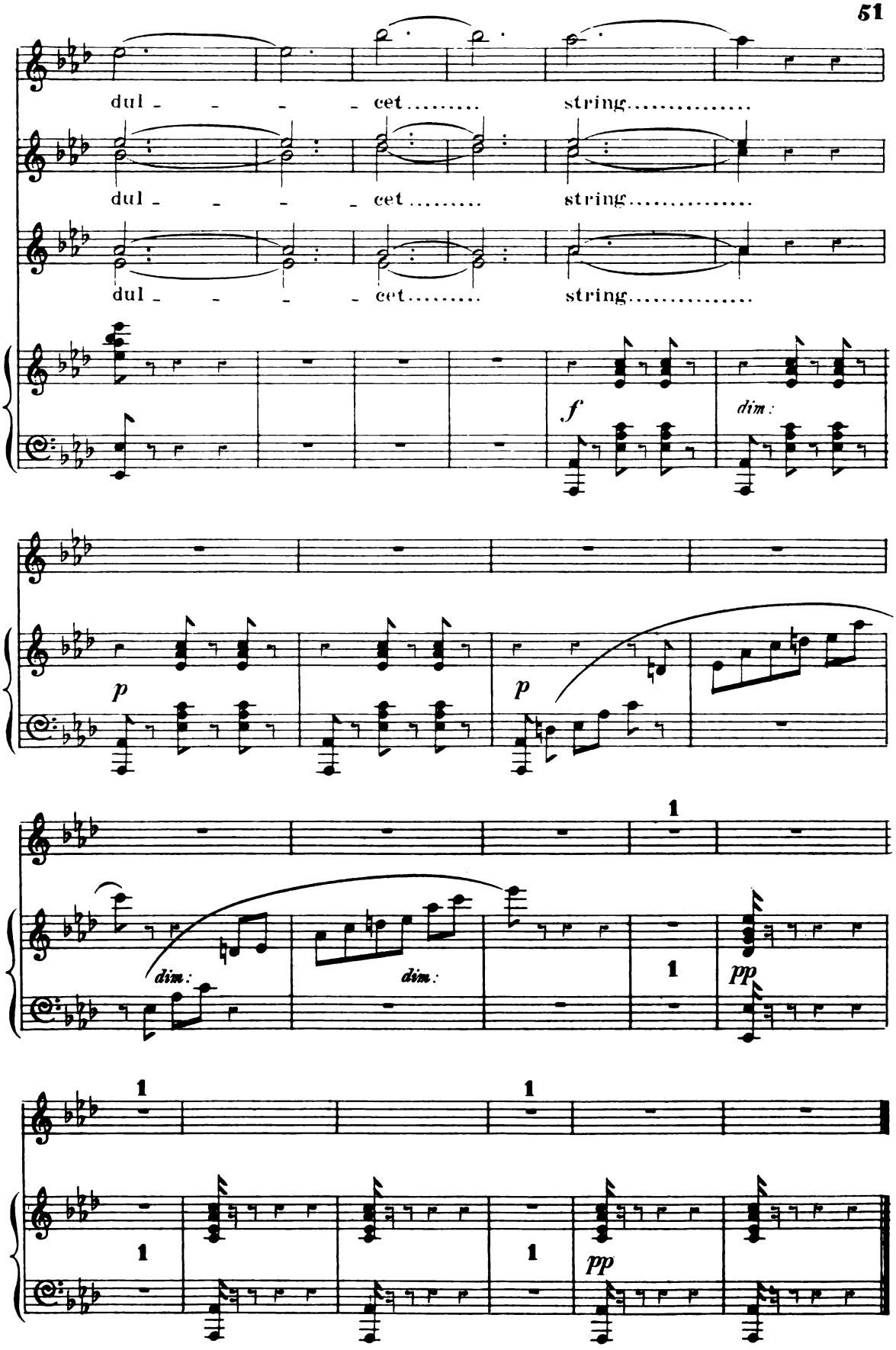

p
p
p
I.... love... to.... look in.... laugh - ing
gra
ff
p
eyes That sun - - ny glad - - ness bring
p
p tr cres.
I.....
cres.
f
p
tr
f
prize..... the....
f
p


touch of fin - - - ger tips, And bet - - ter
p
p
cres.
dim.
still of lov - - - - - ing lips,
cres.
dim.
p
Their se - - - - - cret whis - - per - ing
p
p
p


p poco meno mosso
poco rall:
gra
As joy - ful voi - ces fall and rise, And
ff
poco
p
meno mosso
poco rall:
rall:
wreaths are wav - ing round the ring.....
rall:
pp
Tempo I°
p
poco rall:
I..... love to sing to laugh - ing eyes, And
Tempo I°
p
pp
poco rall:
a tempo
trip..... to dul - - cet string.
pp
pp colla voce
a tempo
p
cres.

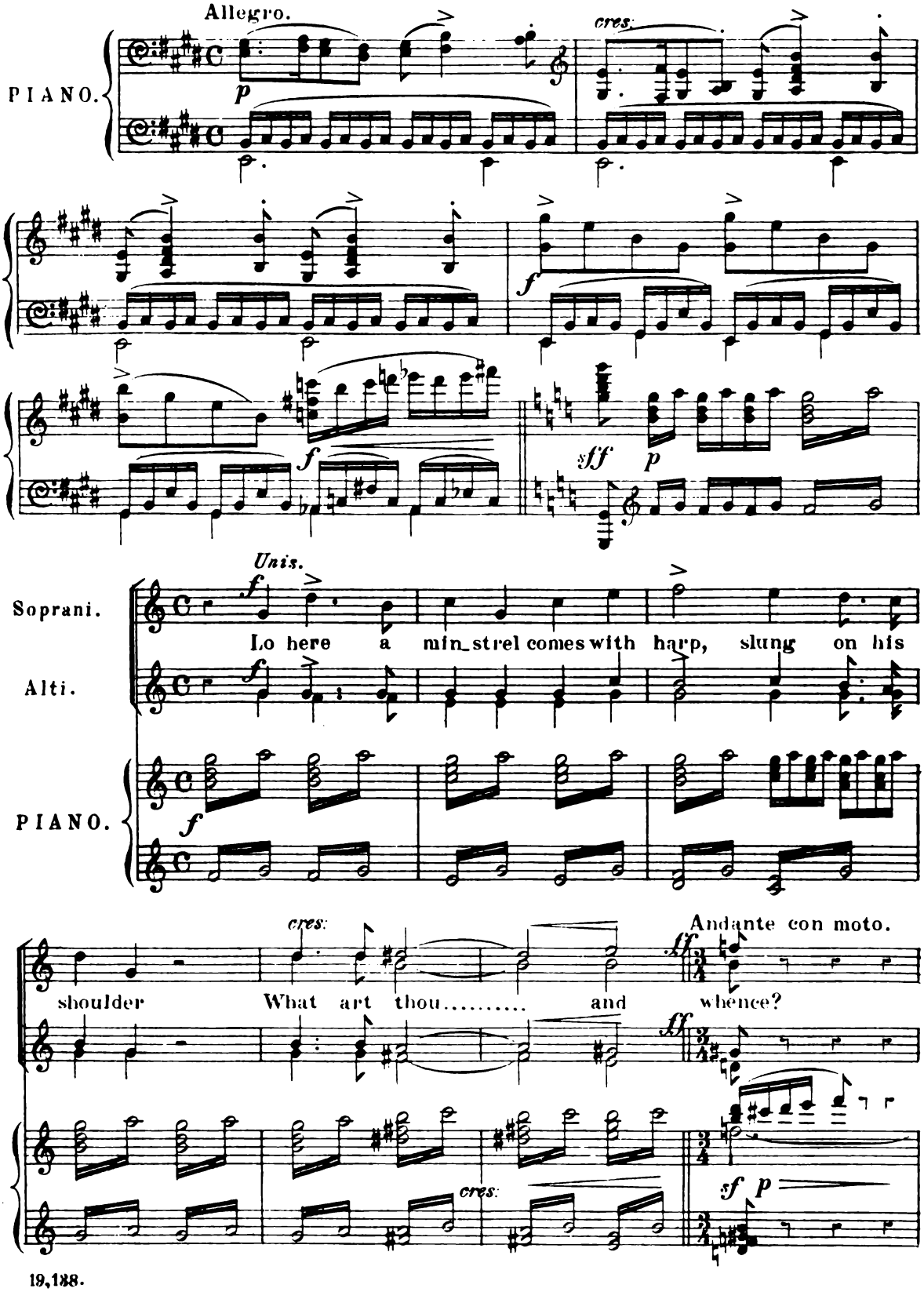

Sop.
Come joy - - ful... voi - - ces
Alti.
Come joy - - ful... voi - - ces
fall..... and rise, And wave..... the wreaths, the
fall..... and rise, And wave..... the wreaths, the
wreaths.... a - - round the ring.....
wreaths.... a - - round the ring.....
dim.

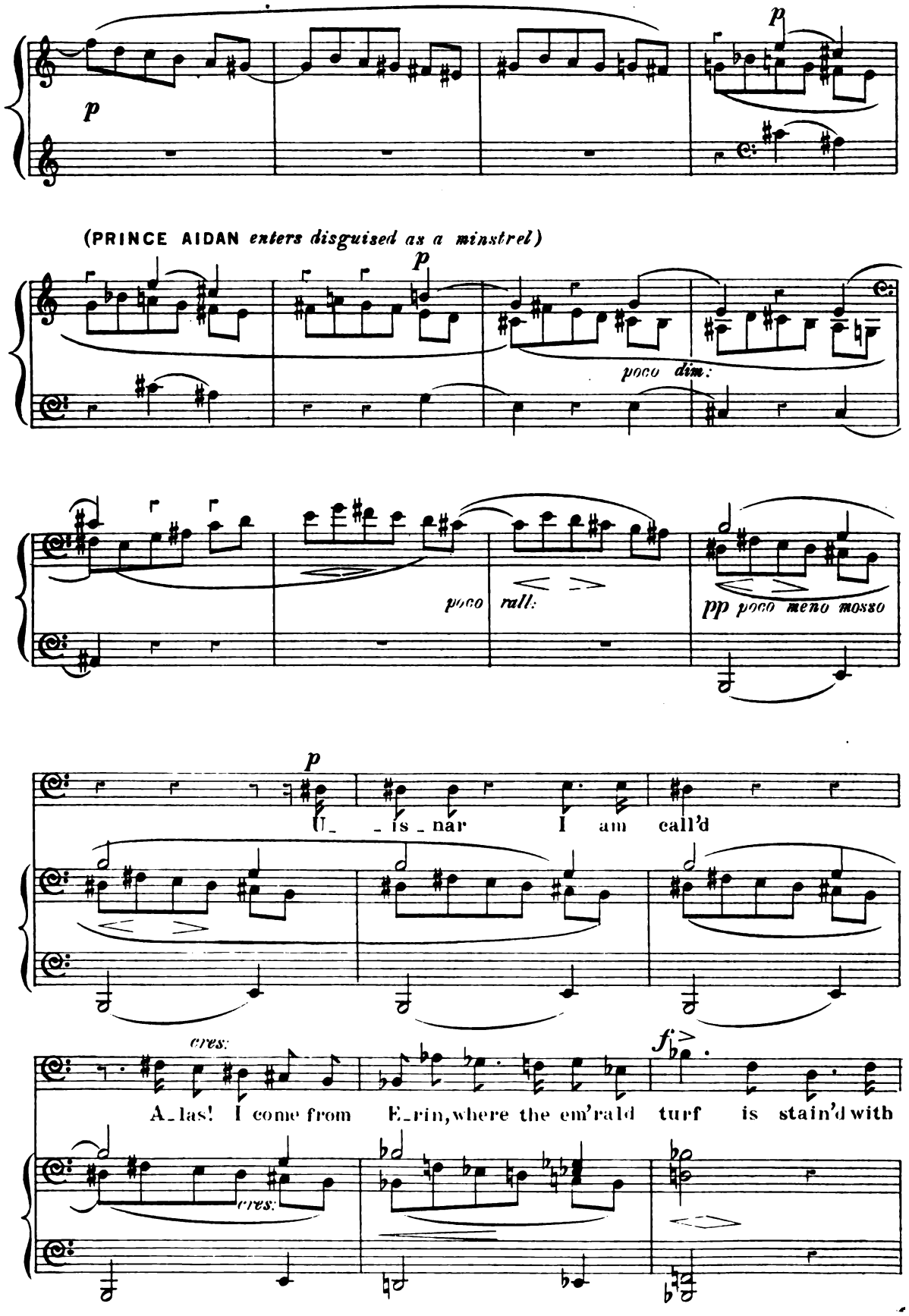

p
tr
cres.
f
I.
ff
We
ff
We
p
cres.
f
ff
3
3
3
ff
love..... to..... sing to laugh - - ing eyes And
love..... to..... sing to laugh - - ing eyes And
love..... to..... sing to laugh - - ing eyes And
ff
ff
trip..... to dul - - cet string..... to
trip..... to dul - - cet string..... to
trip..... to dul - - cet string..... to
ff
ff
ff


dul - - - - cet..... string.....
dul - - - - cet..... string.....
dul - - - - cet..... string.....
f
dim:
p
p
dim:
dim:
1
1
pp
1
1
1
1
pp

Choral Recit.—"Lo, here a minstrel comes."
and
Recit. (PRINCE AIDAN.) "Uisnar I am called."

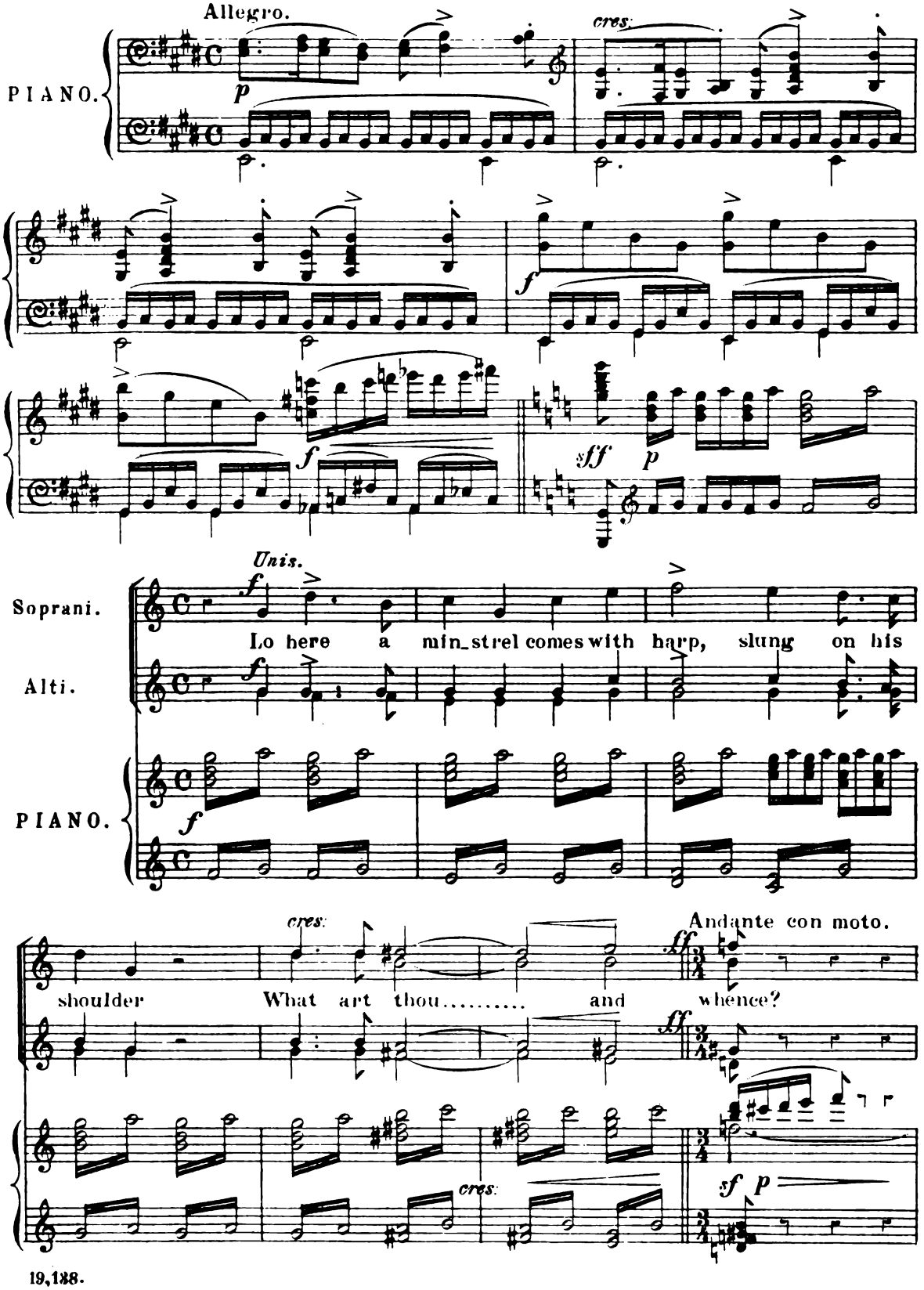
N.º 8.

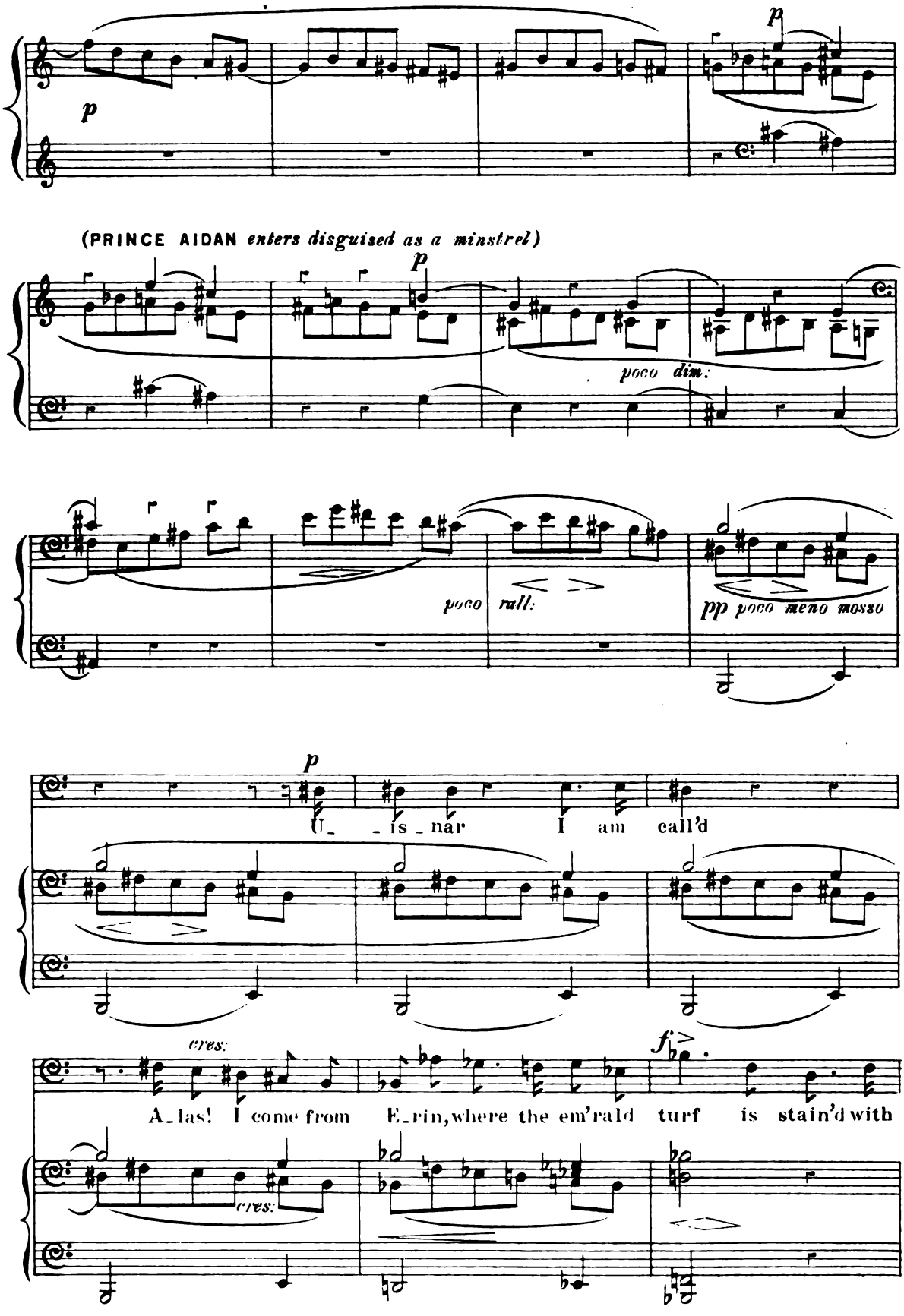


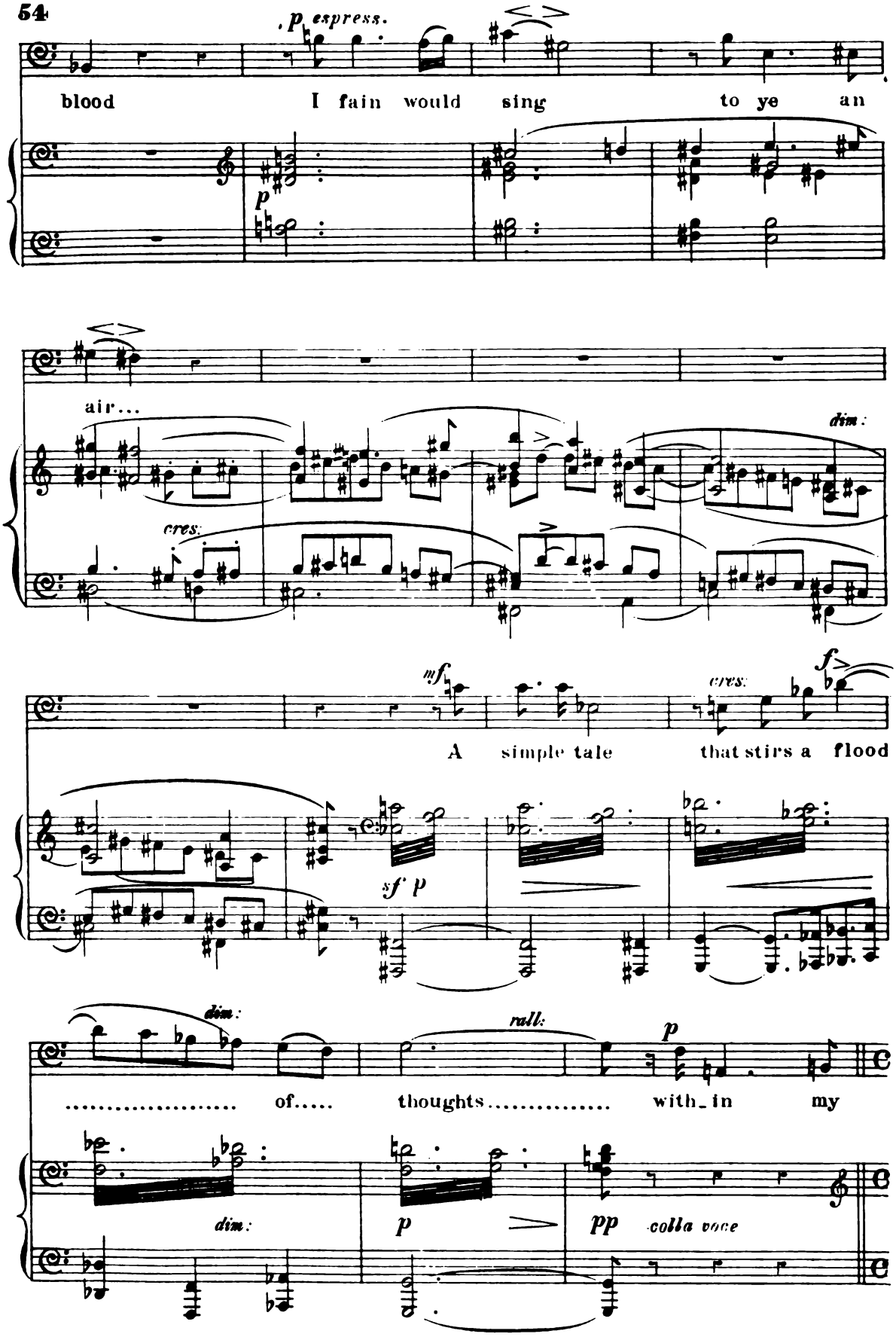

p
p
(PRINCE AIDAN enters disguised as a minstrel)
p
poco dim:
poco rall:
pp poco meno mosso
p
U_ _is_nar I am call'd
cres:
A_las! I come from E_rin, where the em'rald turf is stain'd with
cres:
f

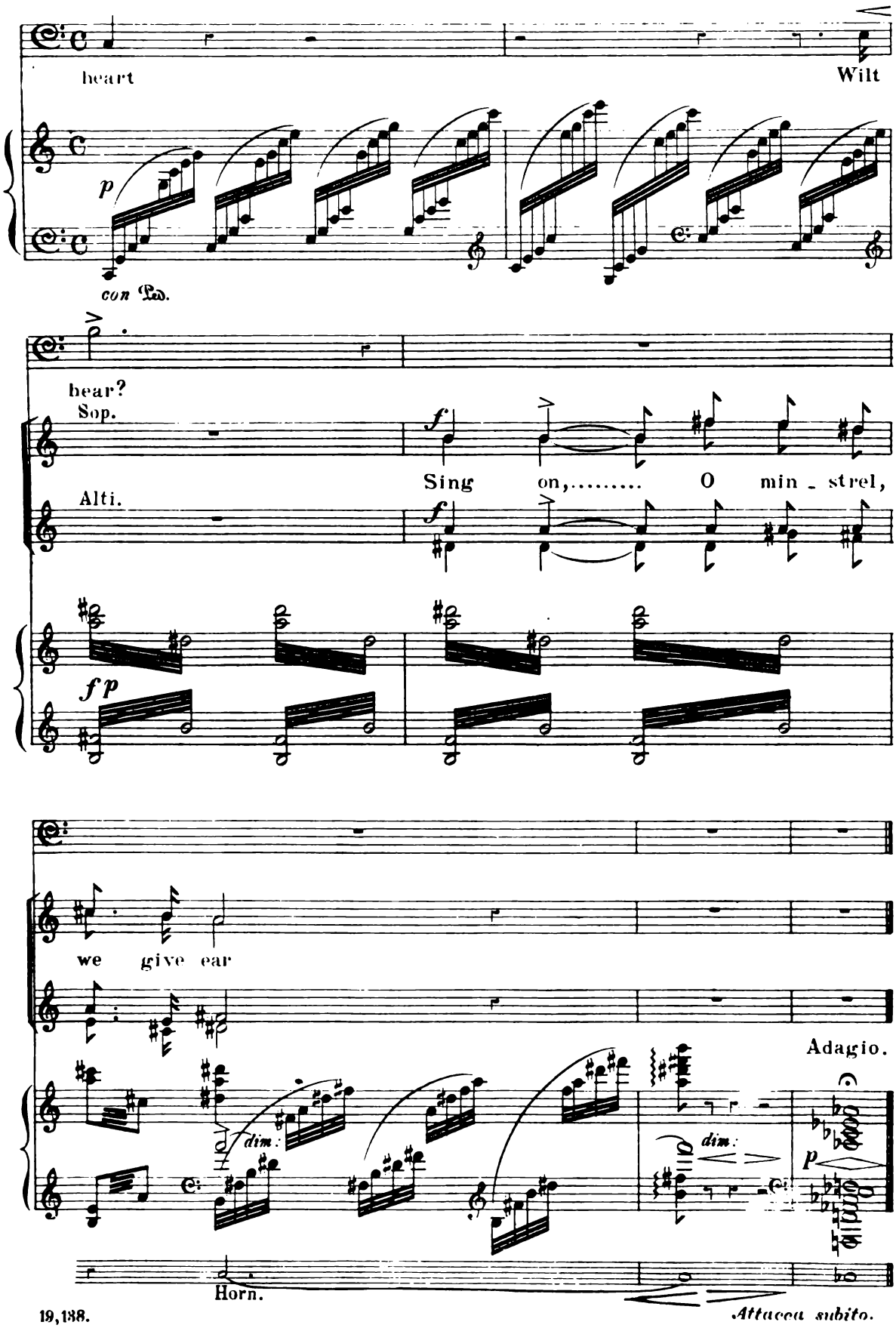
Choral Recit.—"Lo, here a minstrel comes."
and
Recit. (PRINCE AIDAN.) "Uisnar I am called."

N.º 8.



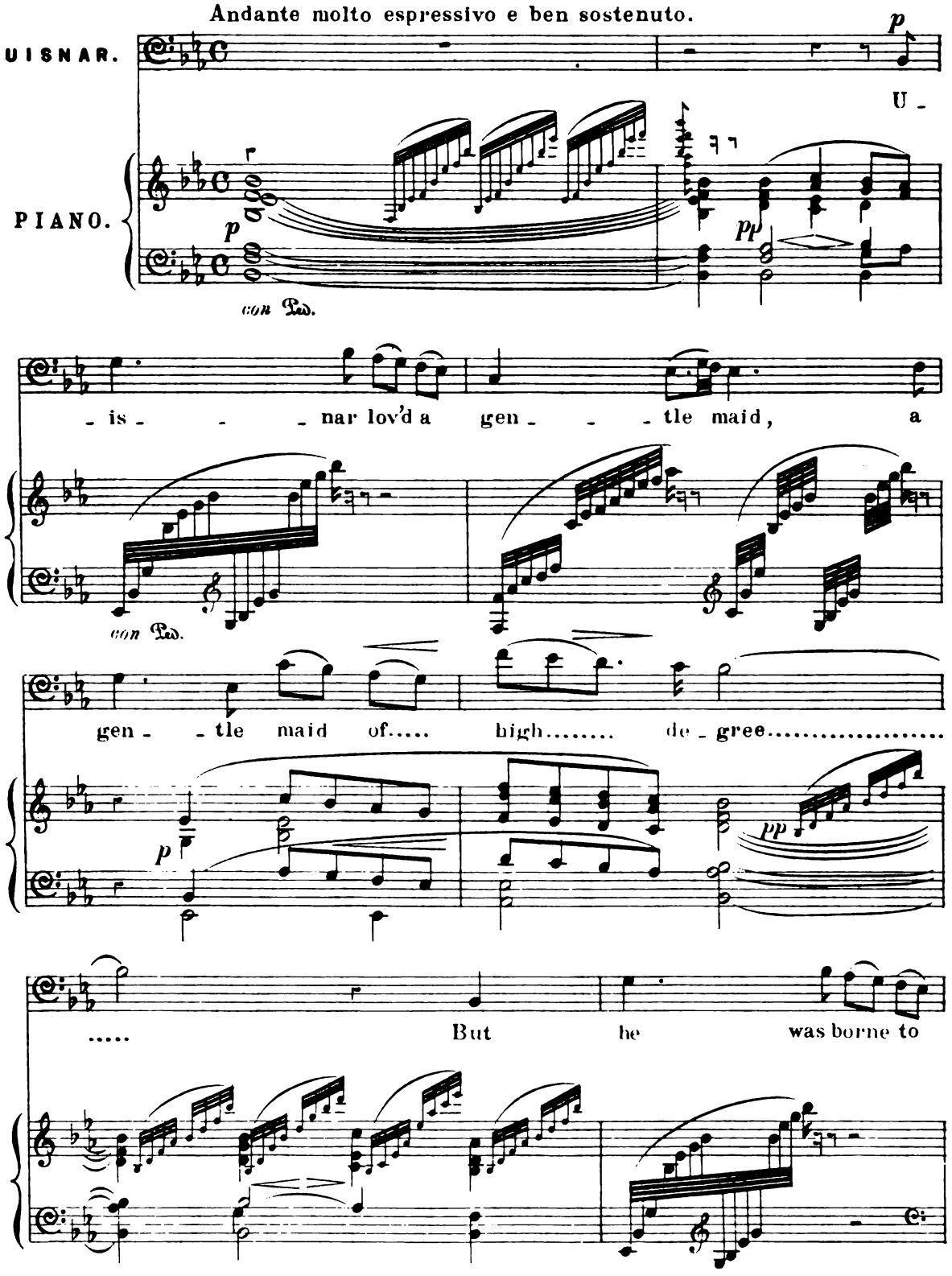

p
p
(PRINCE AIDAN enters disguised as a minstrel)
p
poco dim.
poco rall:
pp poco meno mosso
p
U_ _is_nar I am call'd
cres:
A_las! I come from E_rin, where the em'rald
f
turf is stain'd with
cres:

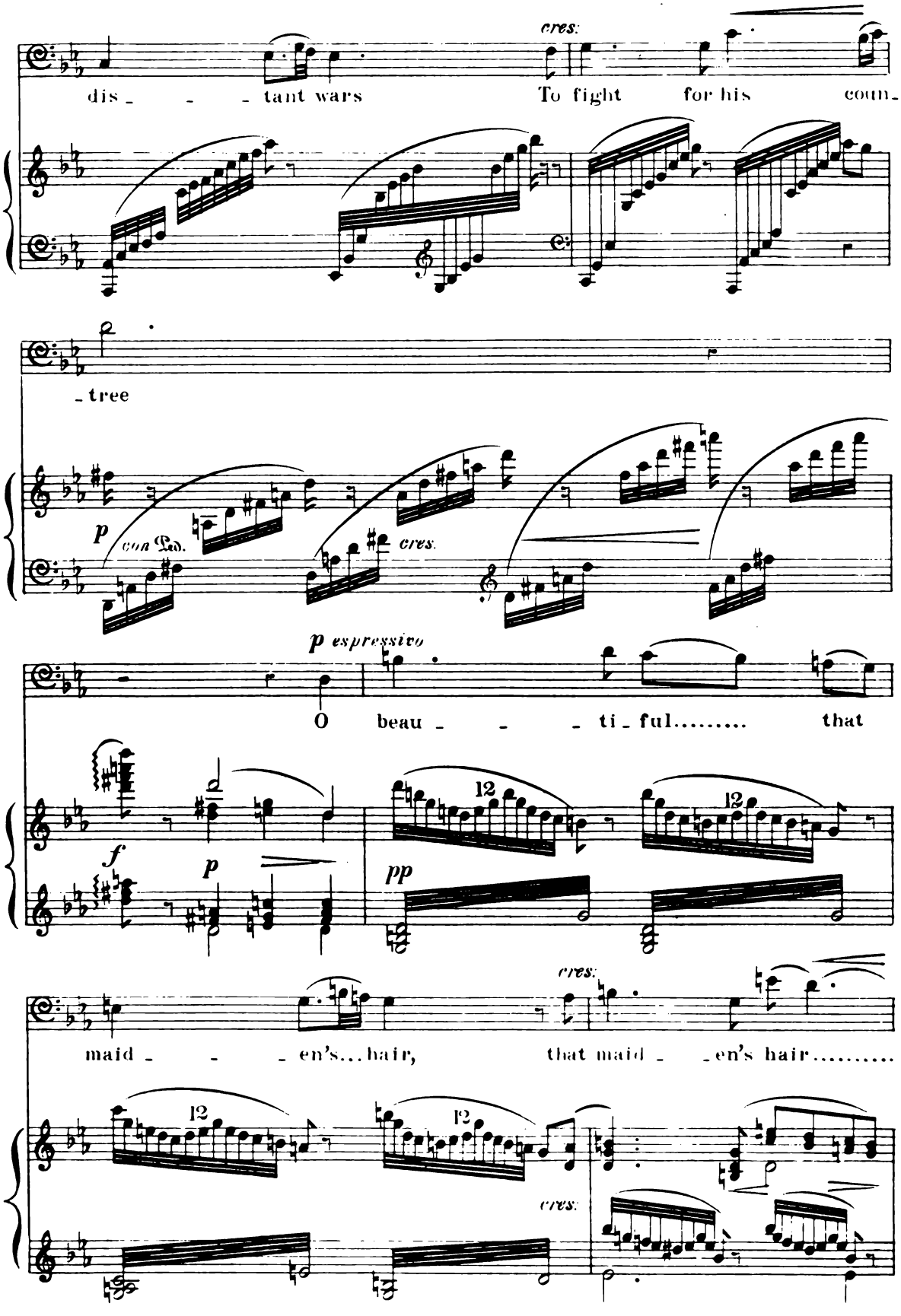

p espress.
blood I fain would sing to ye an
p
air...
dim.
cres.
mf
A simple tale that stirs a flood
cres.
f
sf p
dim.
rall.
p
..... of..... thoughts..... with_in my
dim.
p
pp colla voce

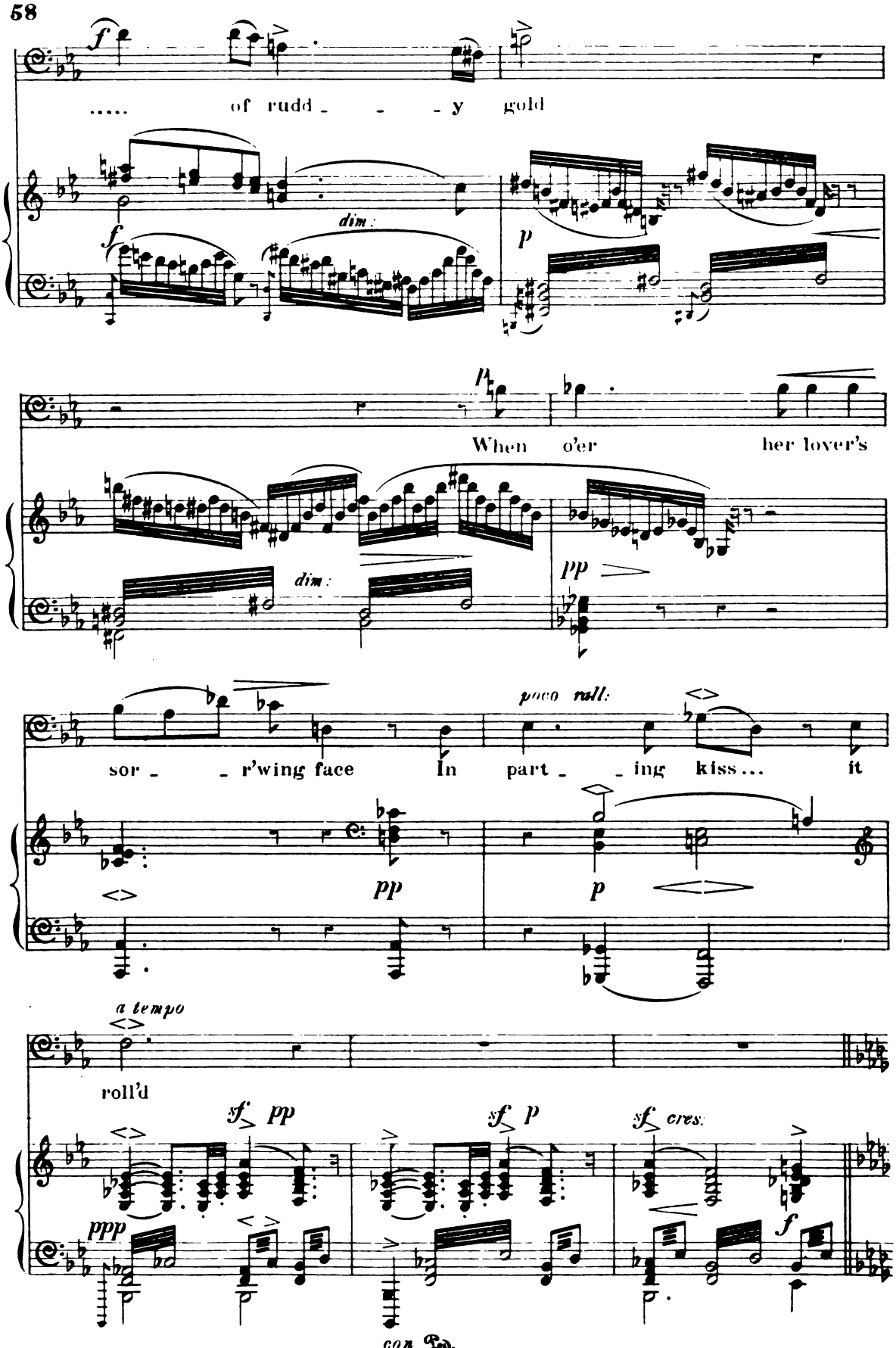

heart
Wilt
p
con Ped.
bear?
Sop.
f
Sing on,..... O min - strel,
Alti.
f
fp
we give ear
Adagio.
dim.
dim.
p
Horn.
Attacca subito.

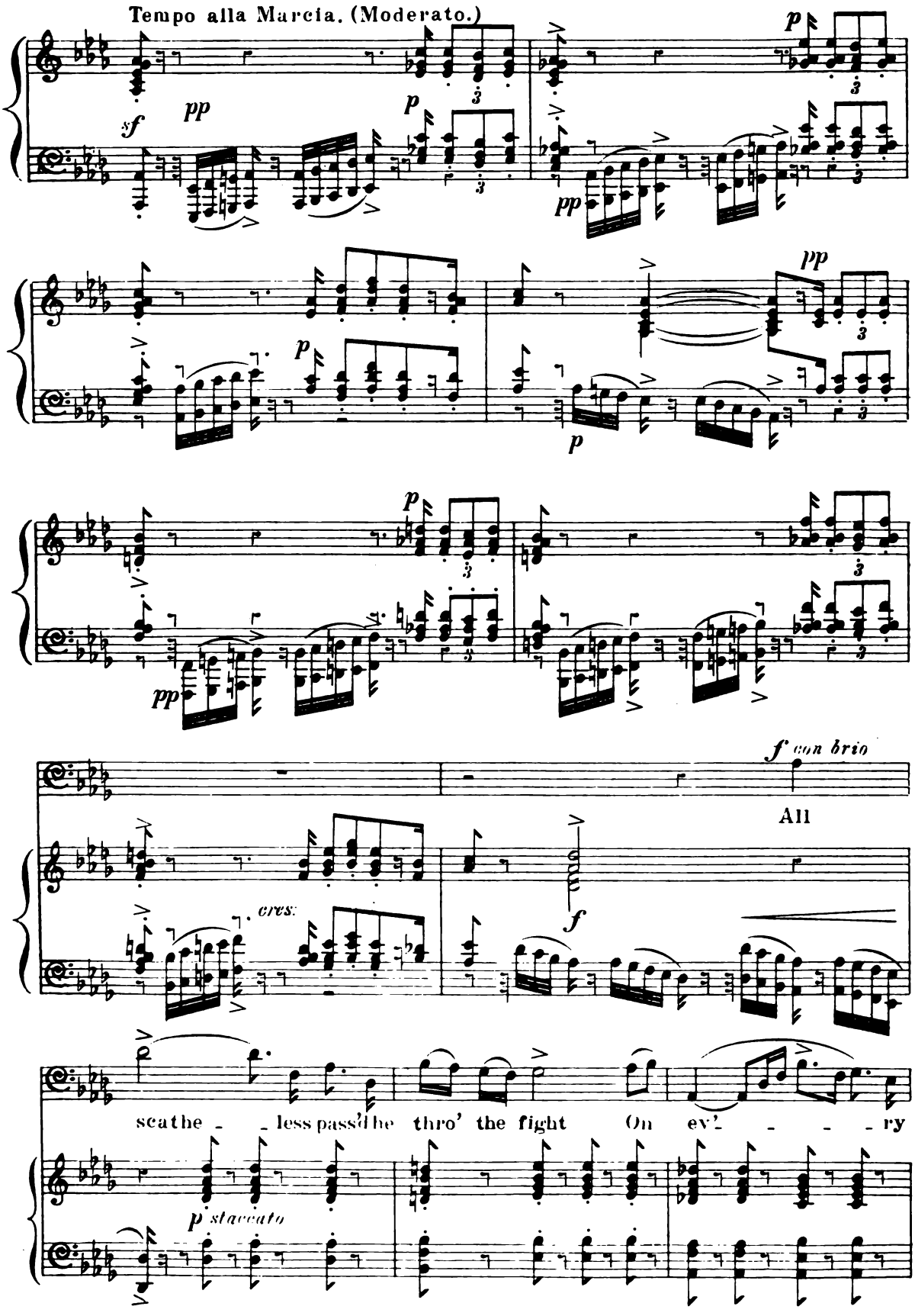
—UISNAR'S IMPROVISATION.—

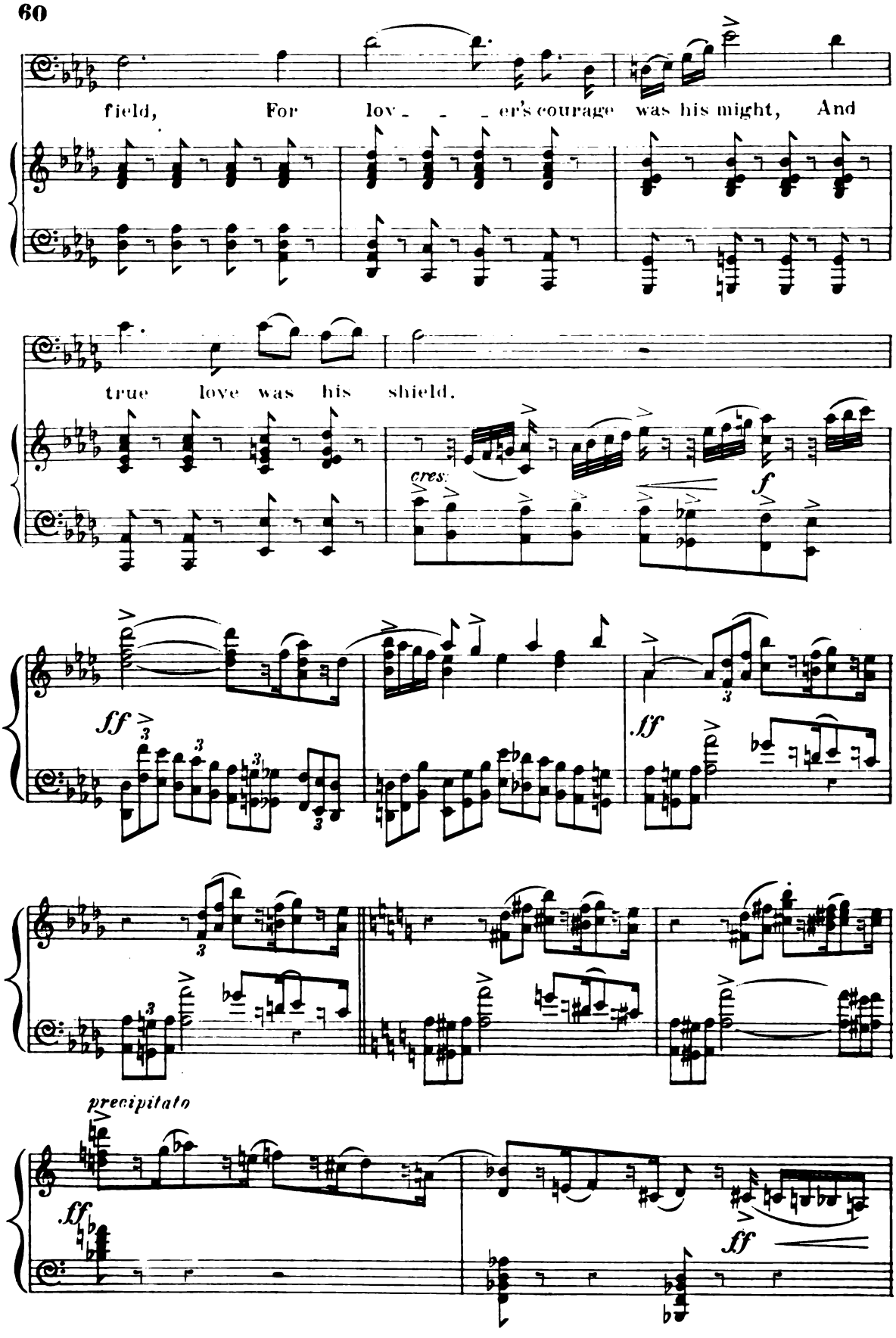
N.º 9.

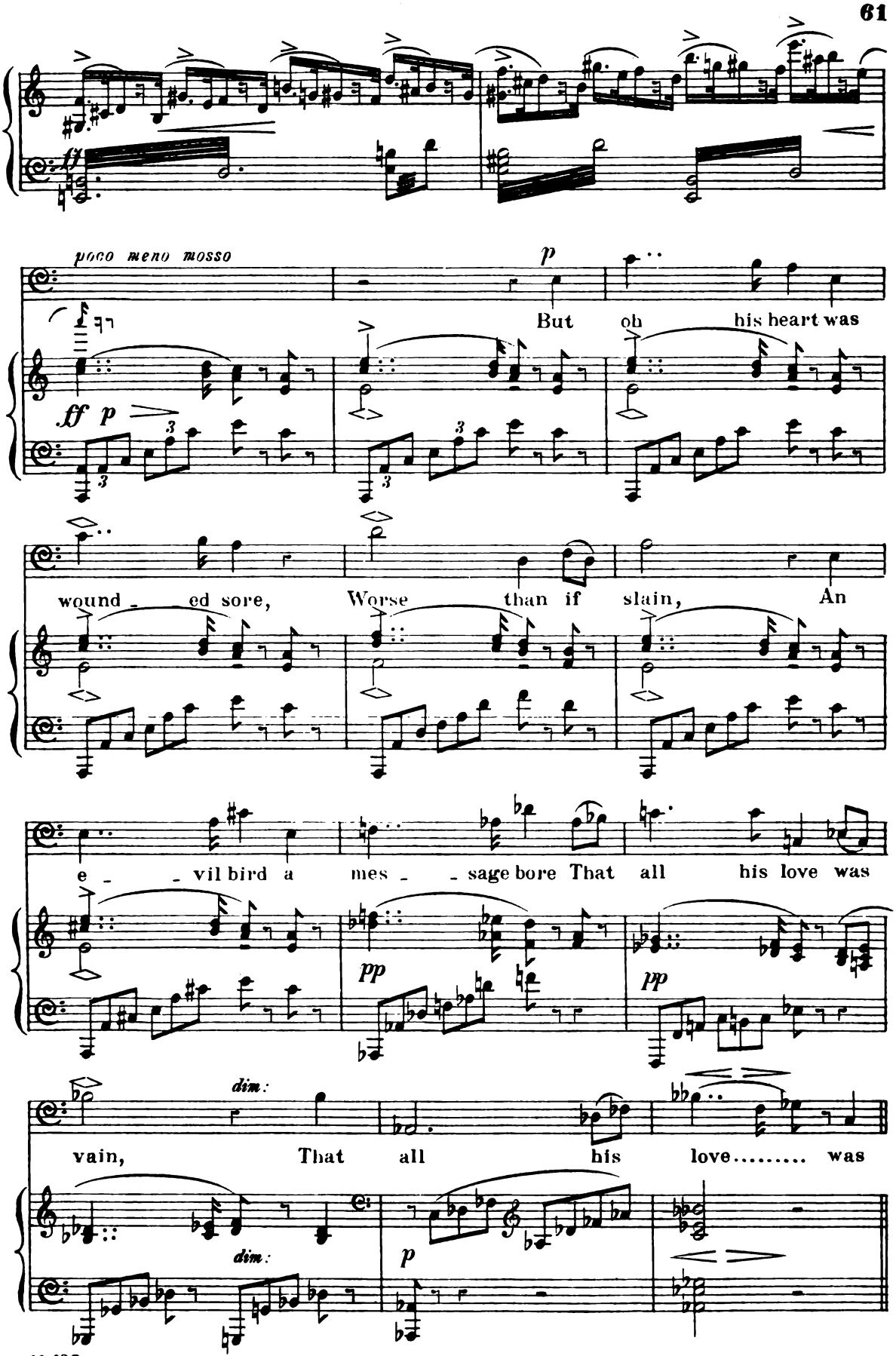


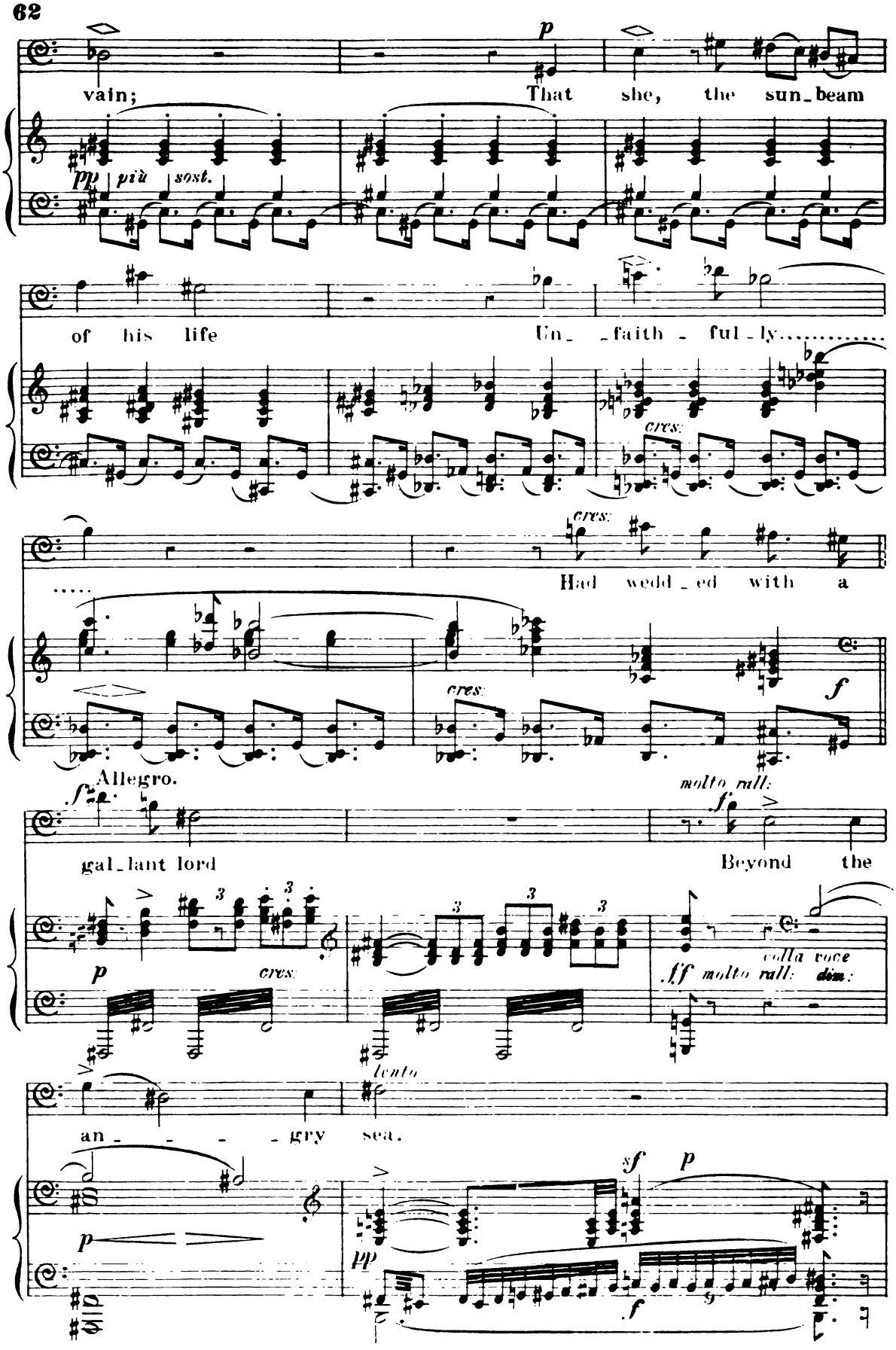

cres.
dis_ _ _ tant wars To fight for his coun_
_tree
p con Ped. cres.
p espressivo
O beau_ _ _ ti_ful..... that
f p pp
12 12
cres.
maid_ _ _ en's...hair, that maid_ _en's hair.....
12 12
cres.

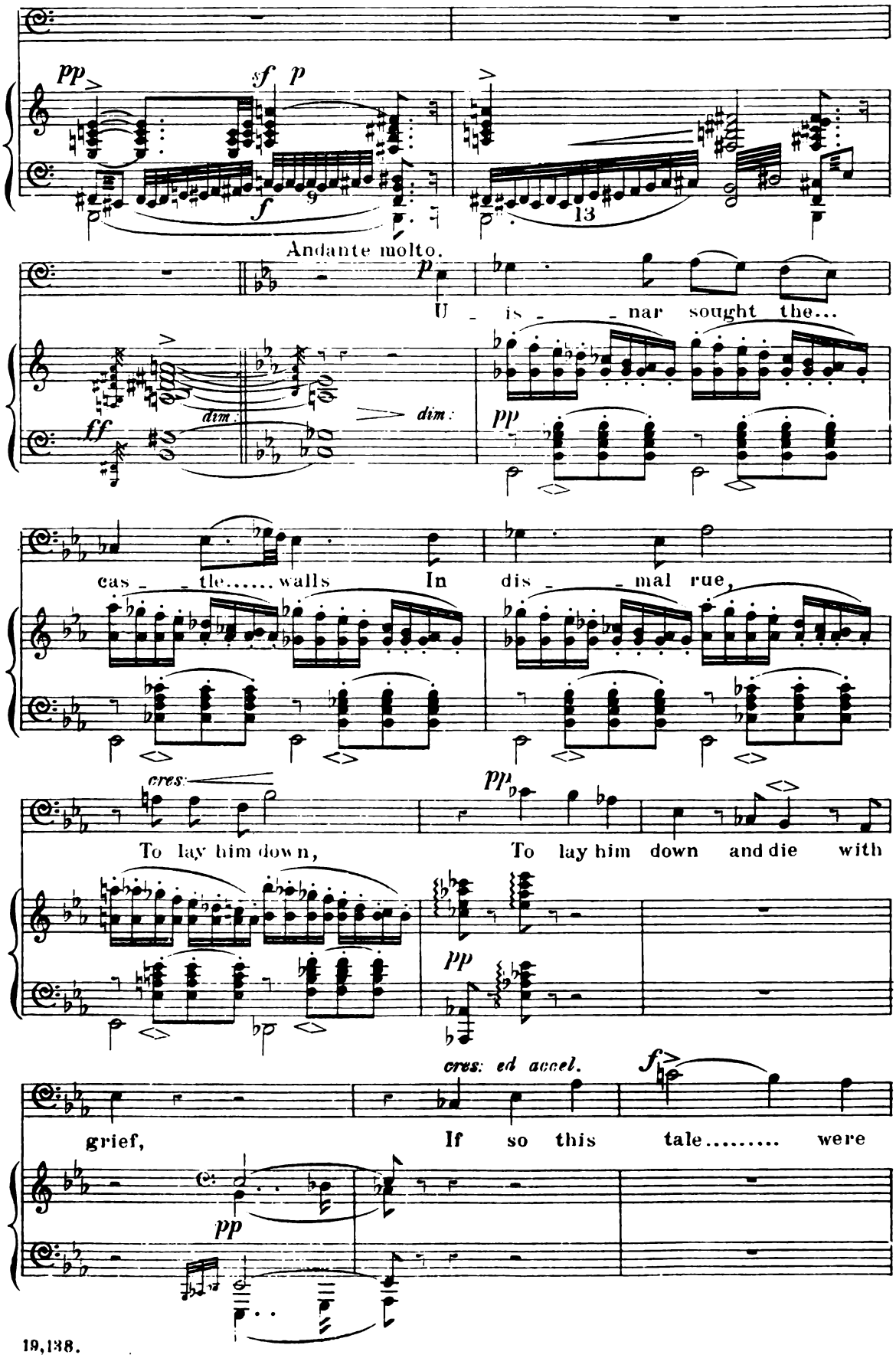

f
..... of rudd - - - y gold
dim:
p
When o'er her lover's
dim:
pp
poco rall:
sor - - r'wing face In part - - ing kiss... it
pp
p
a tempo
roll'd
sf pp
sf p
sf cres:
ppp
f
con Ped.

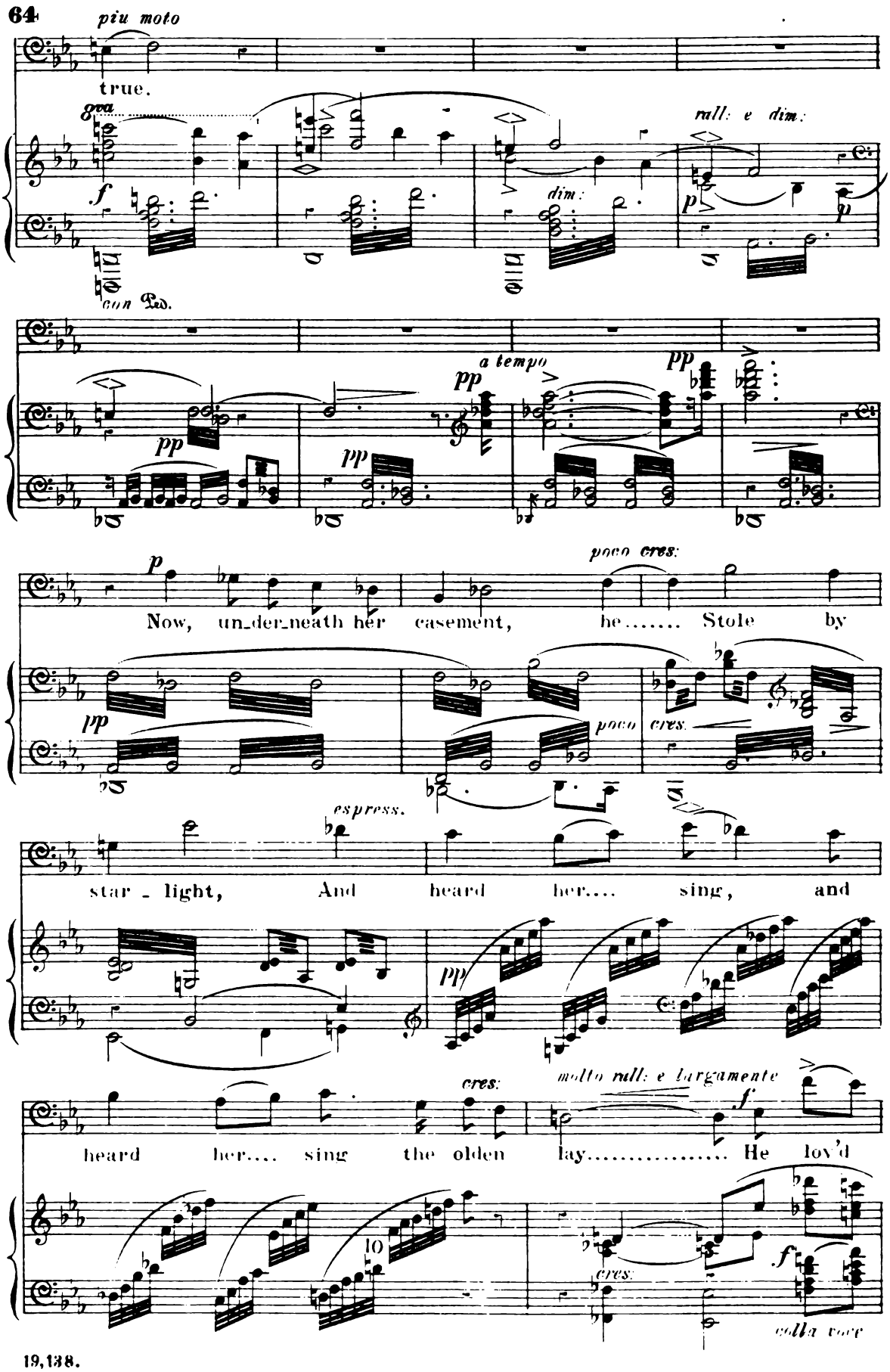

Tempo alla Marcia. (Moderato.)
sf
pp
p
pp
p
pp
p
pp
p
pp
p
pp
f con brio
All
cres.
f
scathe - - less pass'd he thro' the fight On ev'- - - - ry
p staccato

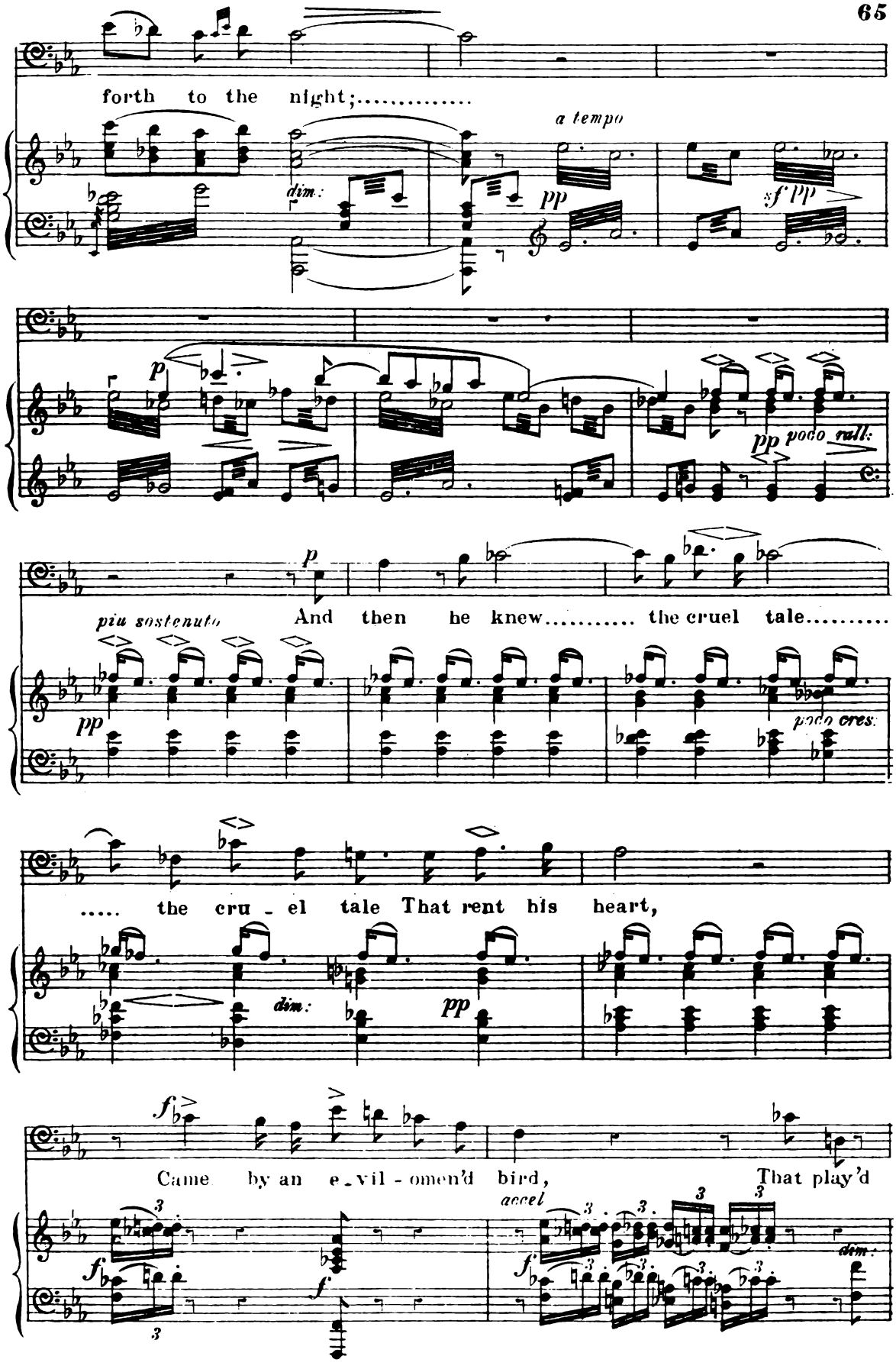

field, For lov - - - er's courage was his might, And
true love was his shield.
cres.
f
ff
ff
ff
precipitato
ff
ff

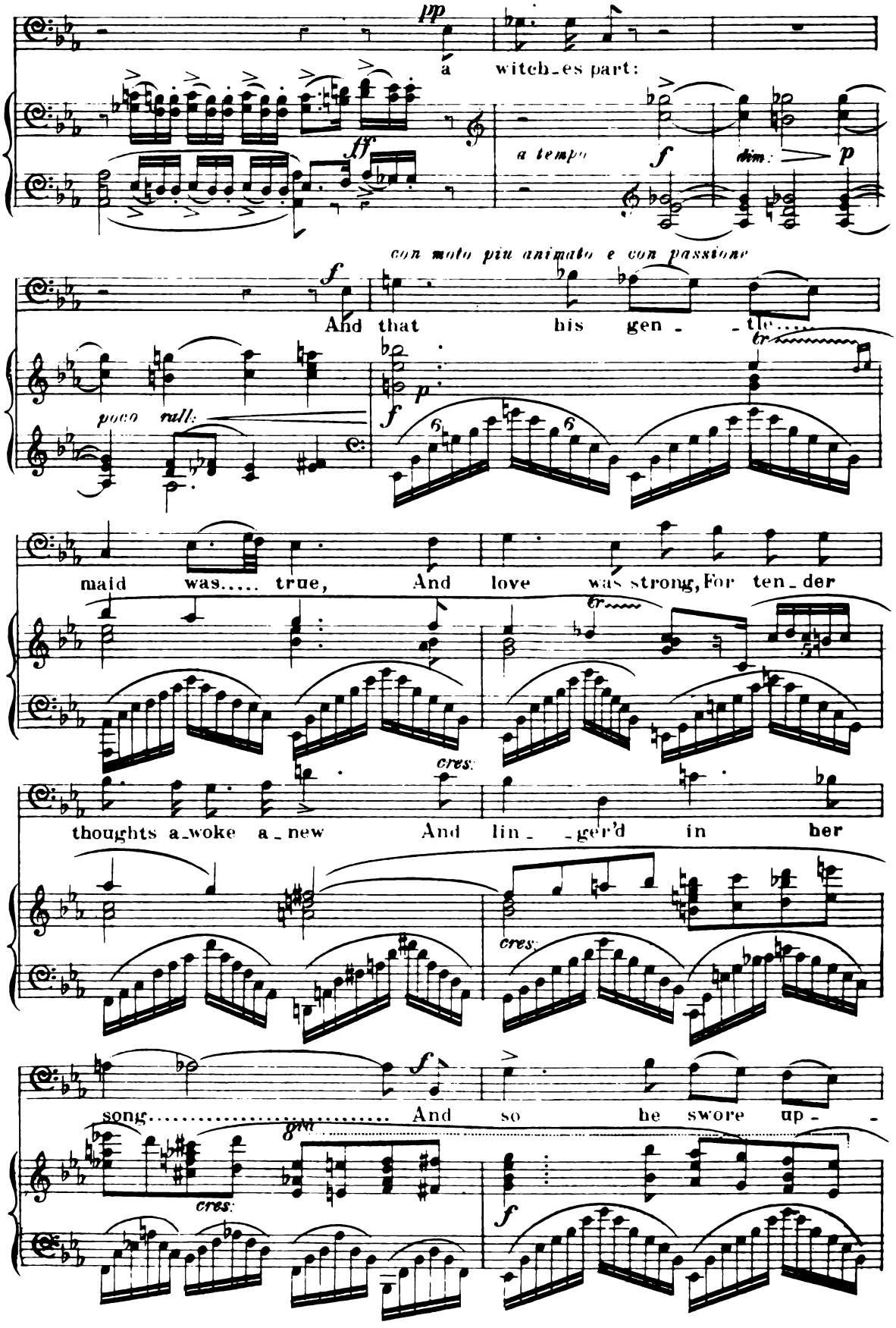

poco meno mosso
But oh his heart was
wound - ed sore, Worse than if slain, An
e - vil bird a mes - sage bore That all his love was
vain, That all his love..... was

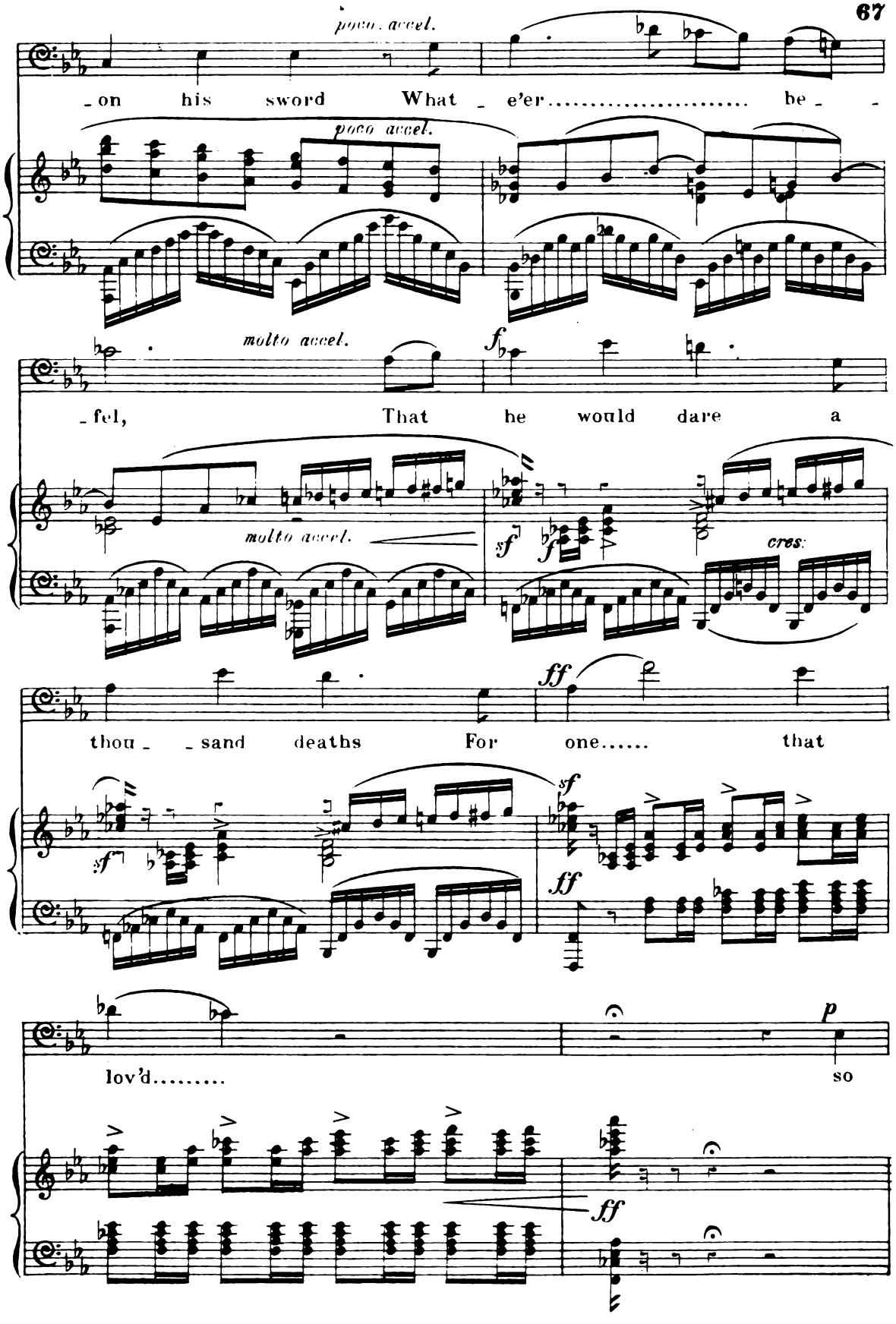

vain;
That she, the sun_beam
pp più sost.
of his life
Un_ _faith_ful_ly.....
cres.
.....
Had wedd_ed with a
cres.
f
Allegro.
f
molto rall.
fp
gal_lant lord
Beyond the
p
cres.
colla voce
ff molto rall. dim.
lento
an_ _ _ _gry sea.
p
sf
p
pp
f

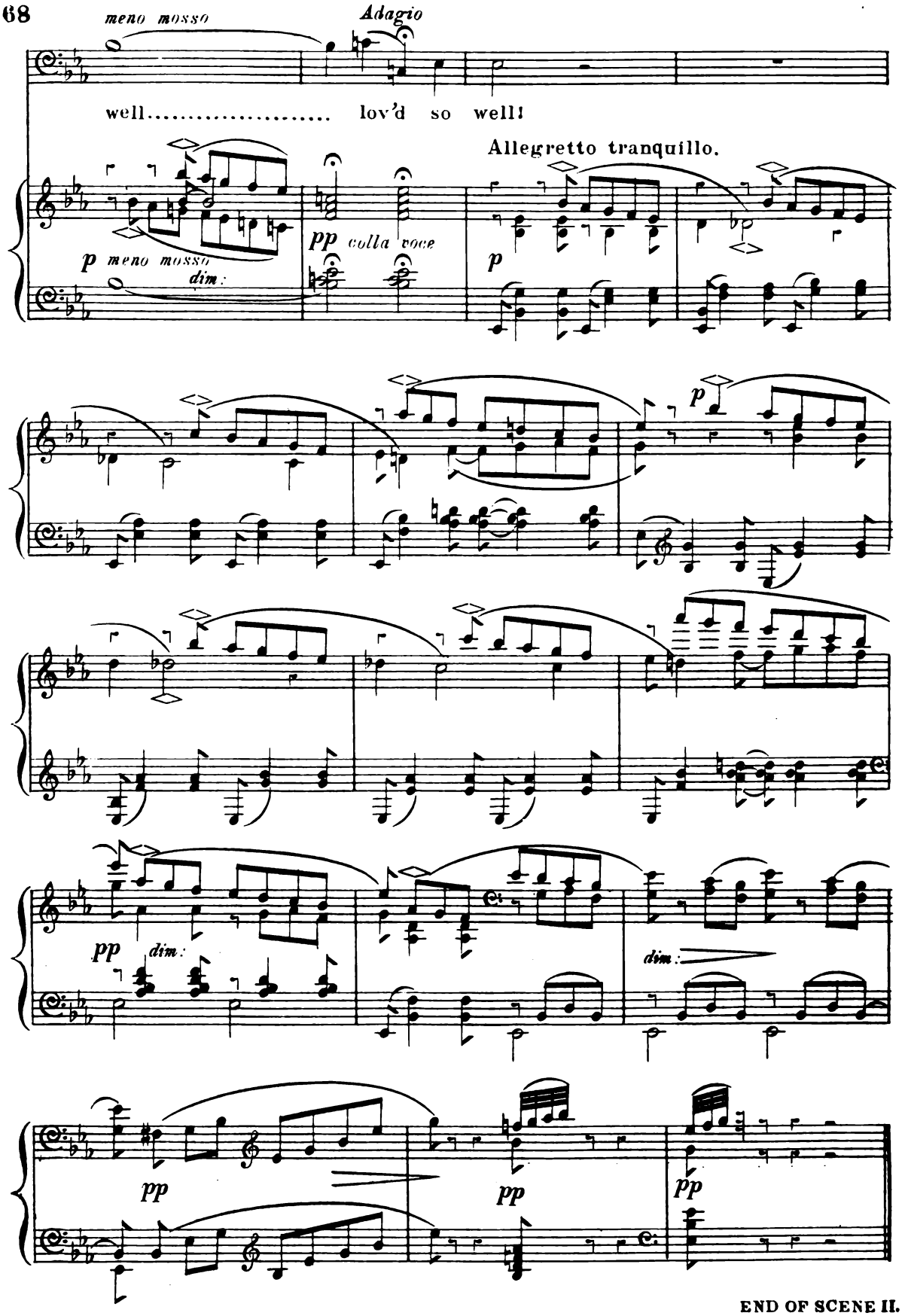

pp
sf p
f
9
13
Andante molto.
p
U - is - - nar sought the...
ff
dim.
dim.
pp
cas - - tle..... walls In dis - - mal rue,
cres.
pp
To lay him down, To lay him down and die with
pp
cres. ed accel.
f
grief, If so this tale..... were
pp


piu moto
true.
gva
f
con Ped.
rall: e dim:
dim:
p
a tempo
pp
Now, un_der_neath her casement, he..... Stole by
poco cres:
poco
cres.
star - light, And heard her.... sing, and
espress.
heard her.... sing the olden lay..... He lov'd
cres:
molto rall: e largamente
f
colla voce


forth to the night;.....
a tempo
dim.
pp
sf pp
p
pp poco rall.
p
piu sostenuto
And then he knew..... the cruel tale.....
pp
poco cres.
..... the cru - el tale That rent his heart,
dim.
pp
f
Came by an e - vil - omen'd bird, That play'd
accel
f
dim.


pp
a witch-es part:
ff
a tempo
f
dim.
p
con moto piu animato e con passione
f
And that his gen - - tle.....
poco rall:
p
f
tr
maid was..... true, And love was strong, For ten-der
tr
cres:
thoughts a-woke a-new And lin- - ger'd in her
cres:
f
song..... And so he swore up- -
gm
cres:
f

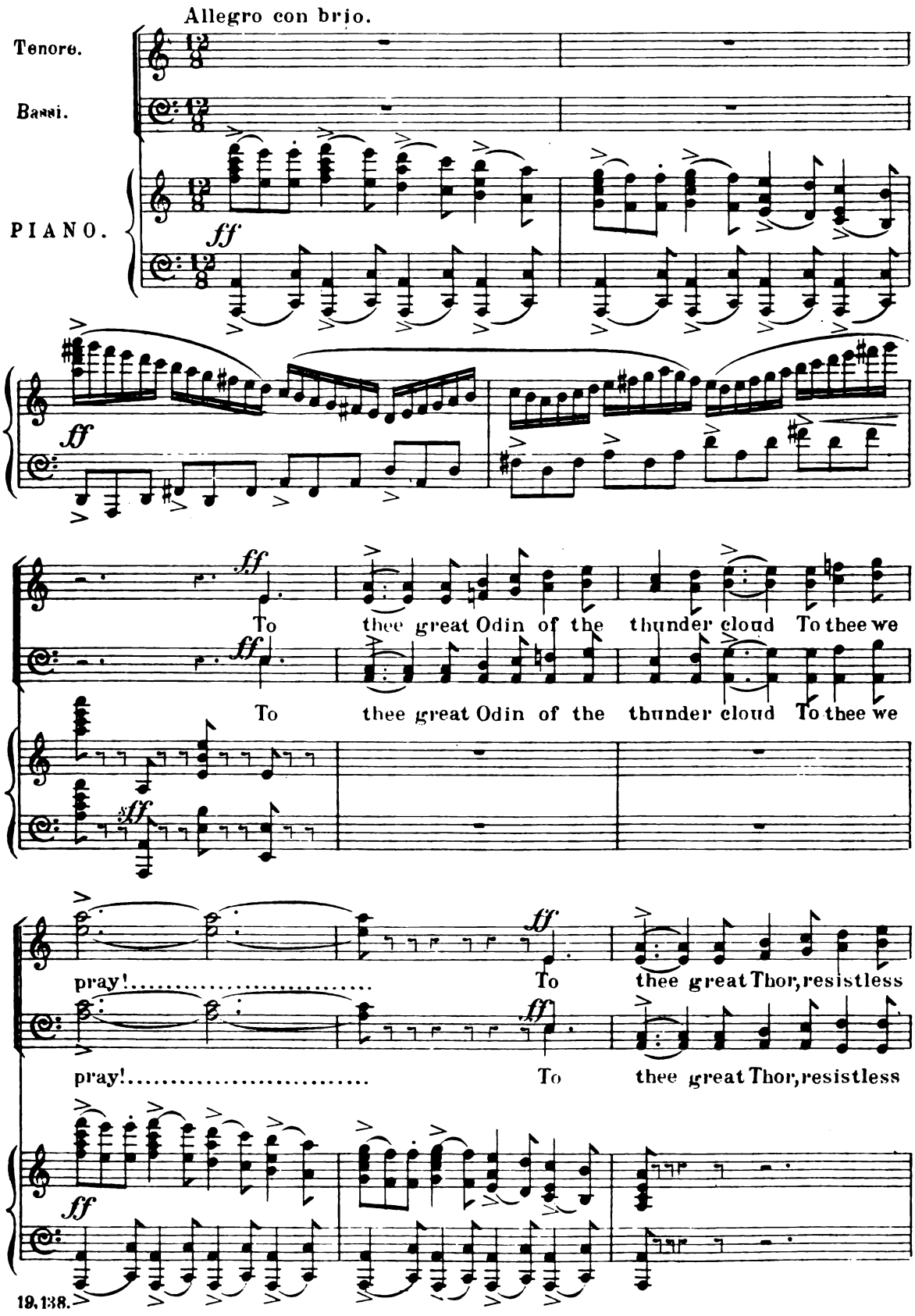

poco. accel.
on his sword What e'er be
poco accel.
molto accel.
f
fel, That he would dare a
molto accel.
sf
f
cres.
ff
thou sand deaths For one..... that
sf
sf
ff
lov'd.....
p
so
ff

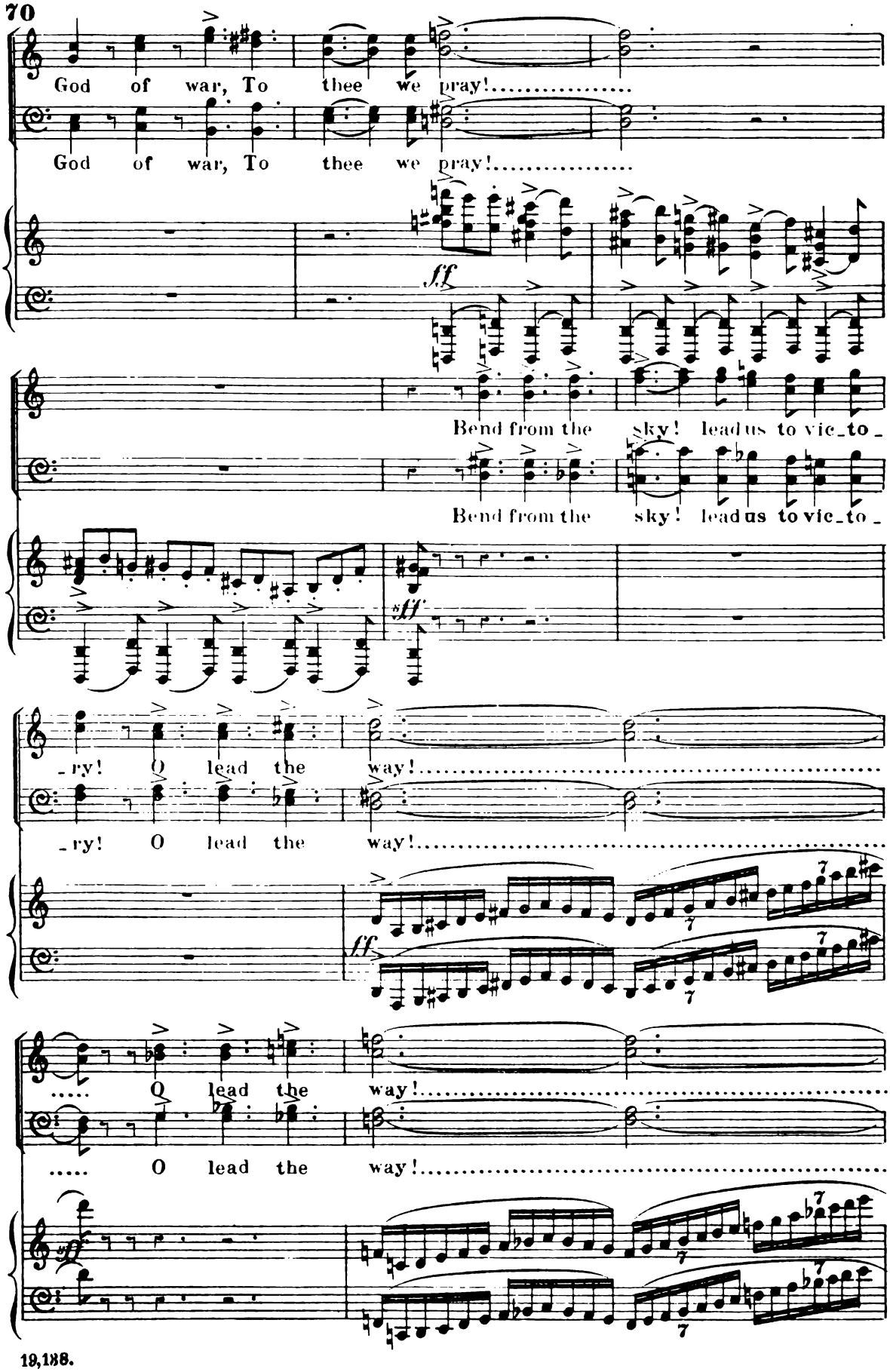


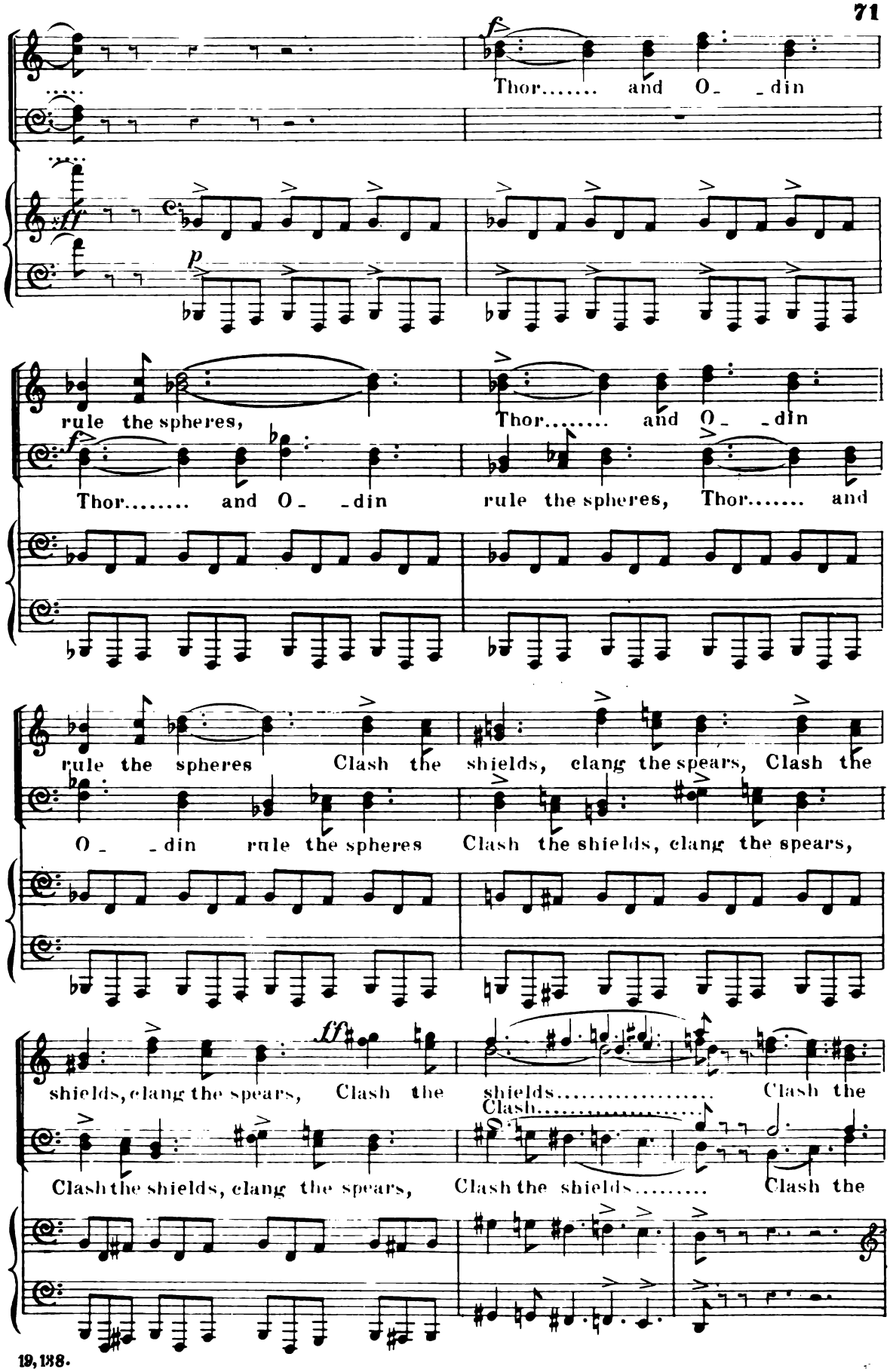
END OF SCENE II.

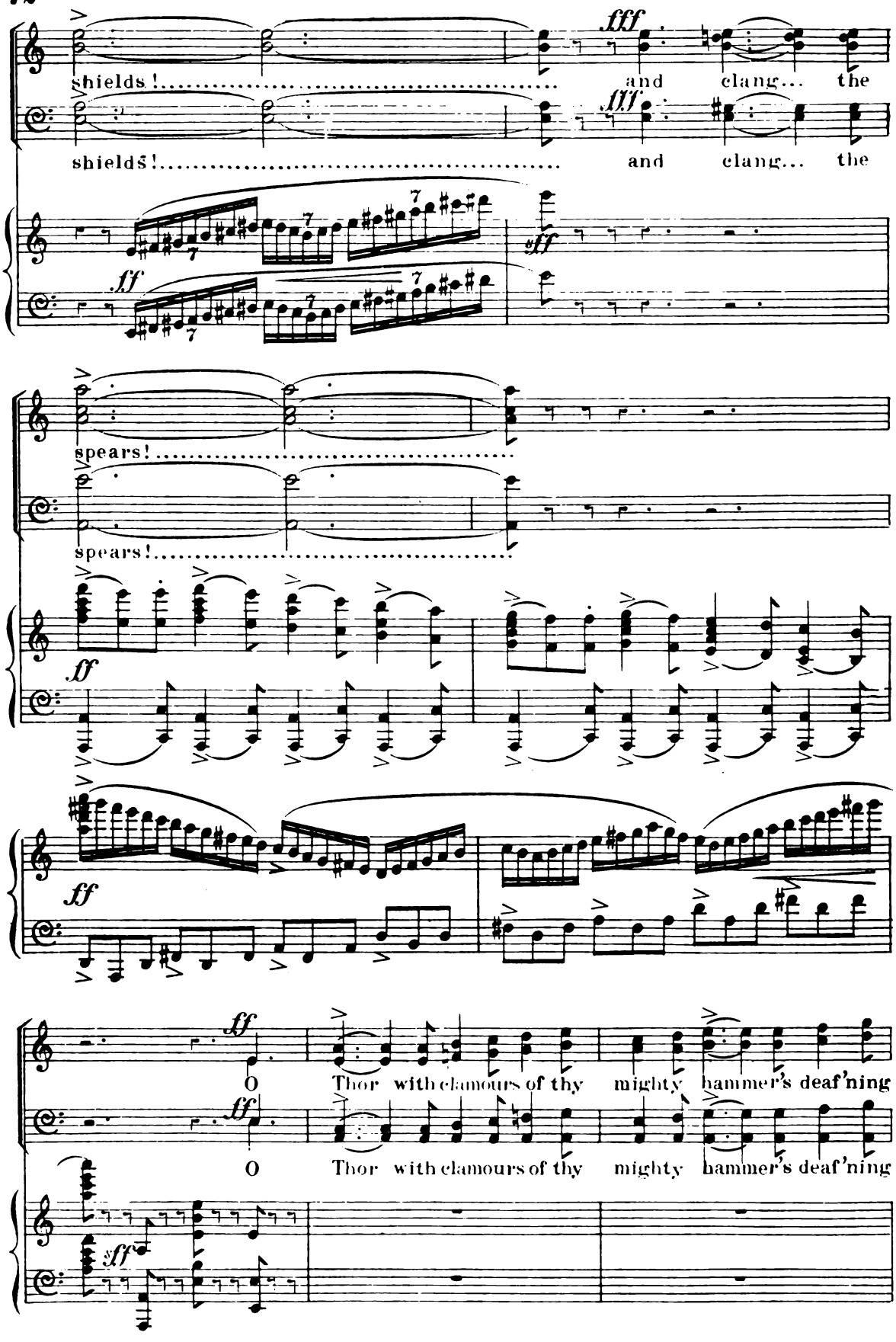
At Beregon—opposite the Palace of Selma.

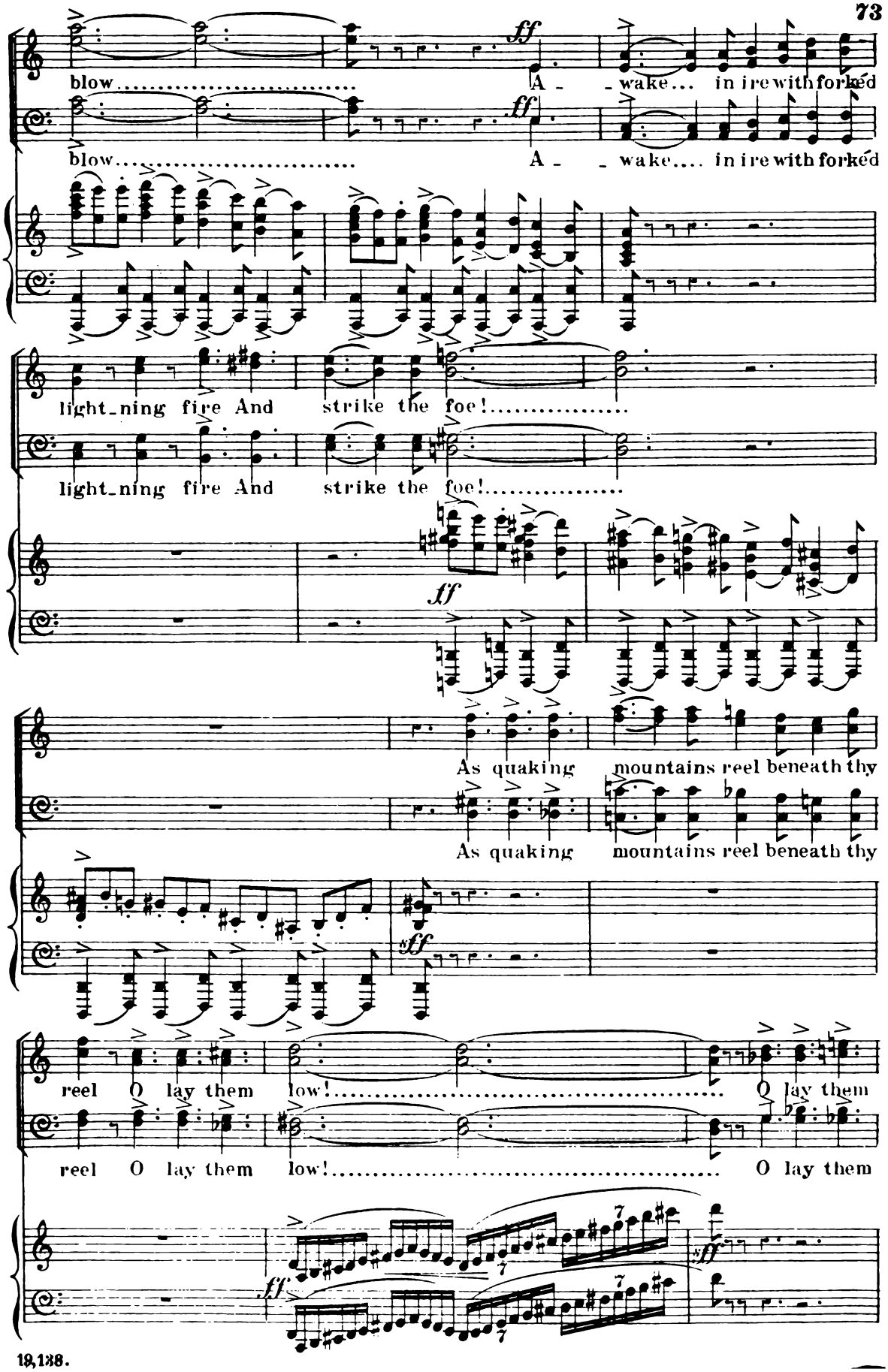
N.º 10. *Male Chorus.*— Battle hymn of the Norsemen.




God of war, To thee we pray!.....
God of war, To thee we pray!.....
ff
Bend from the sky! lead us to vic_to_
Bend from the sky! lead us to vic_to_
ff
_ry! O lead the way!.....
_ry! O lead the way!.....
ff
..... O lead the way!.....
..... O lead the way!.....


Thor..... and O_ _din
rule the spheres,
Thor..... and O_ _din
Thor..... and O_ _din
rule the spheres, Thor..... and
rule the spheres Clash the shields, clang the spears, Clash the
O_ _din rule the spheres
Clash the shields, clang the spears,
shields, clang the spears, Clash the shields..... Clash the
Clash.....
Clash the shields, clang the spears,
Clash the shields..... Clash the


shields! and clang... the
shields! and clang... the
spears!
spears!
O Thor with clamours of thy mighty hammer's deaf'ning
O Thor with clamours of thy mighty hammer's deaf'ning


blow.....
A - - wake... in ire with forked
blow.....
A - - wake.... in ire with forked
light-ning fire And strike the foe!.....
light-ning fire And strike the foe!.....
ff
As quaking mountains reel beneath thy
As quaking mountains reel beneath thy
sff
reel O lay them low!..... O lay them
reel O lay them low!..... O lay them
ff
sff

low!

low!

ff

sff

p

f

Thor..... and O_ _din rule the spheres, ...

f

Thor..... and O_ _din

cres.

Thor..... and O_ _din rule the spheres..... Clash the

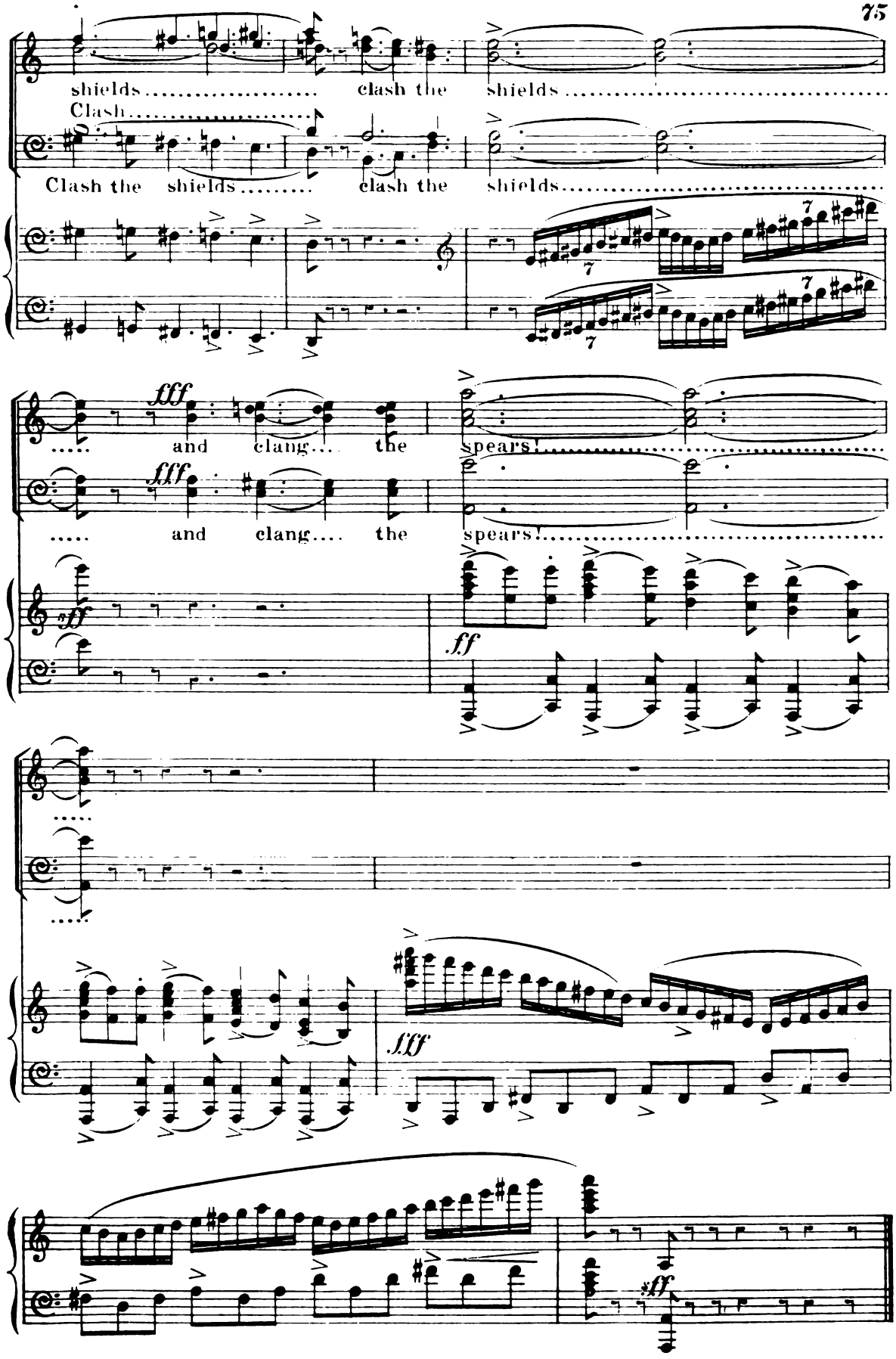
rule the spheres, Thor..... and O_ _din rule the spheres

cres.

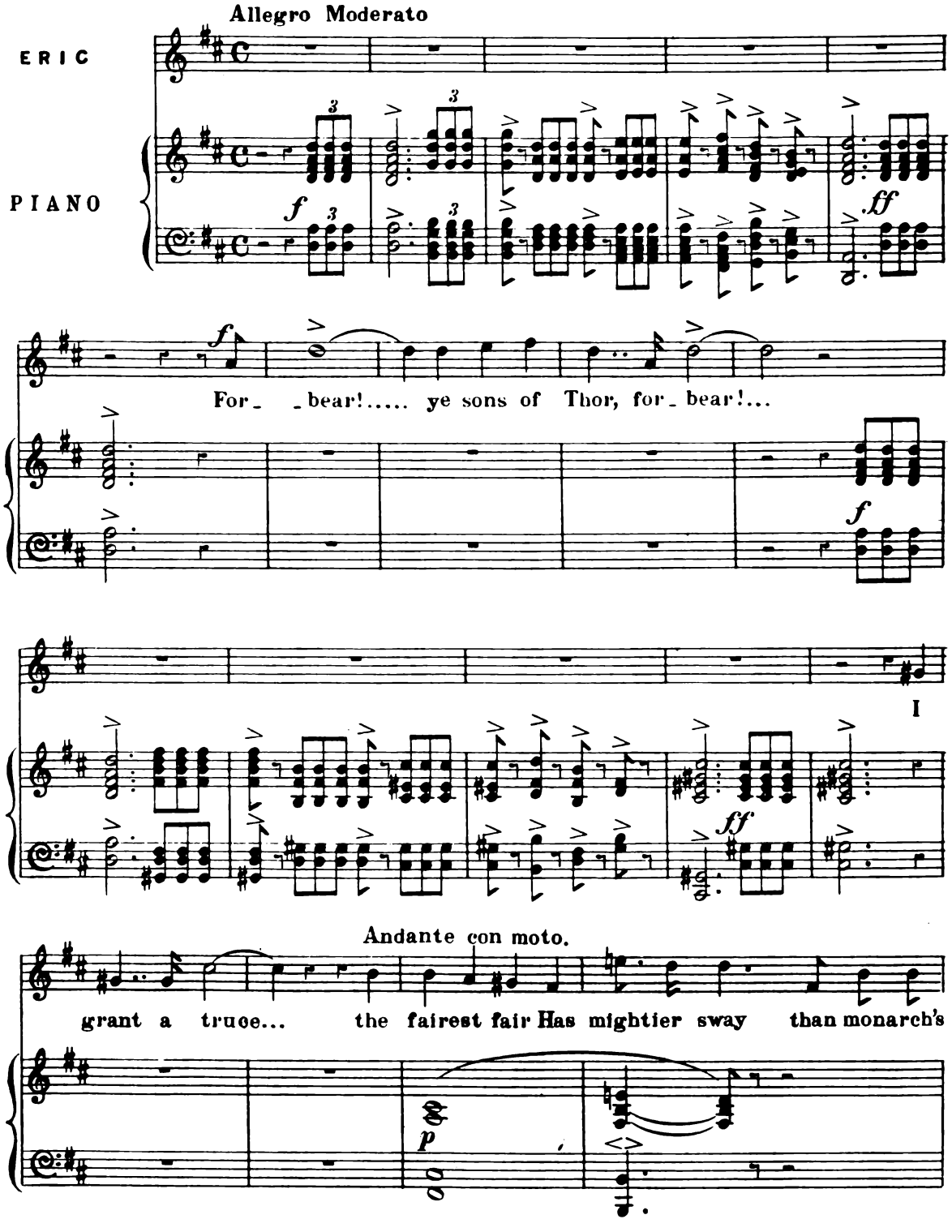
shields, clang the spears, Clash the shields, clang the spears, Clash the

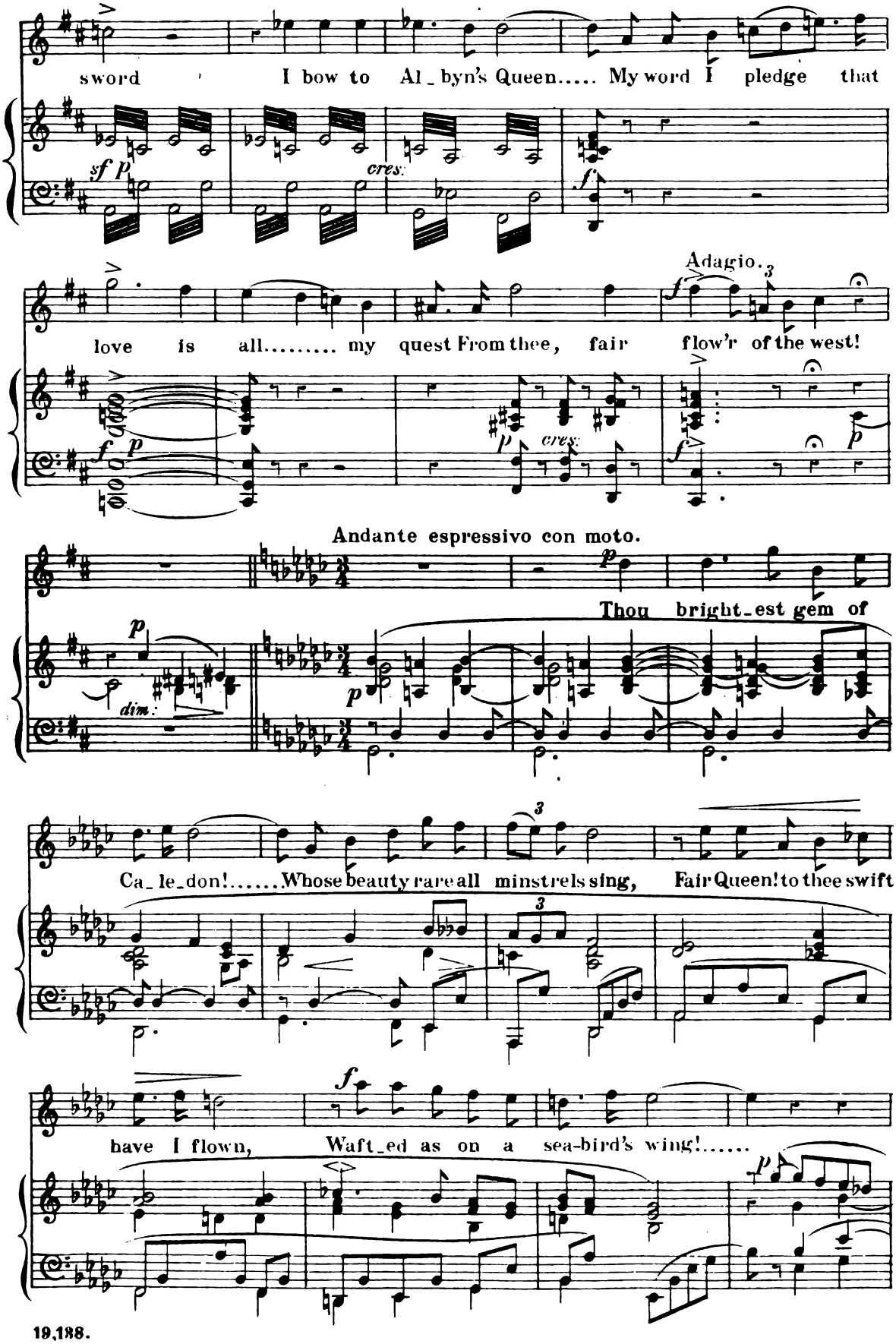
ff

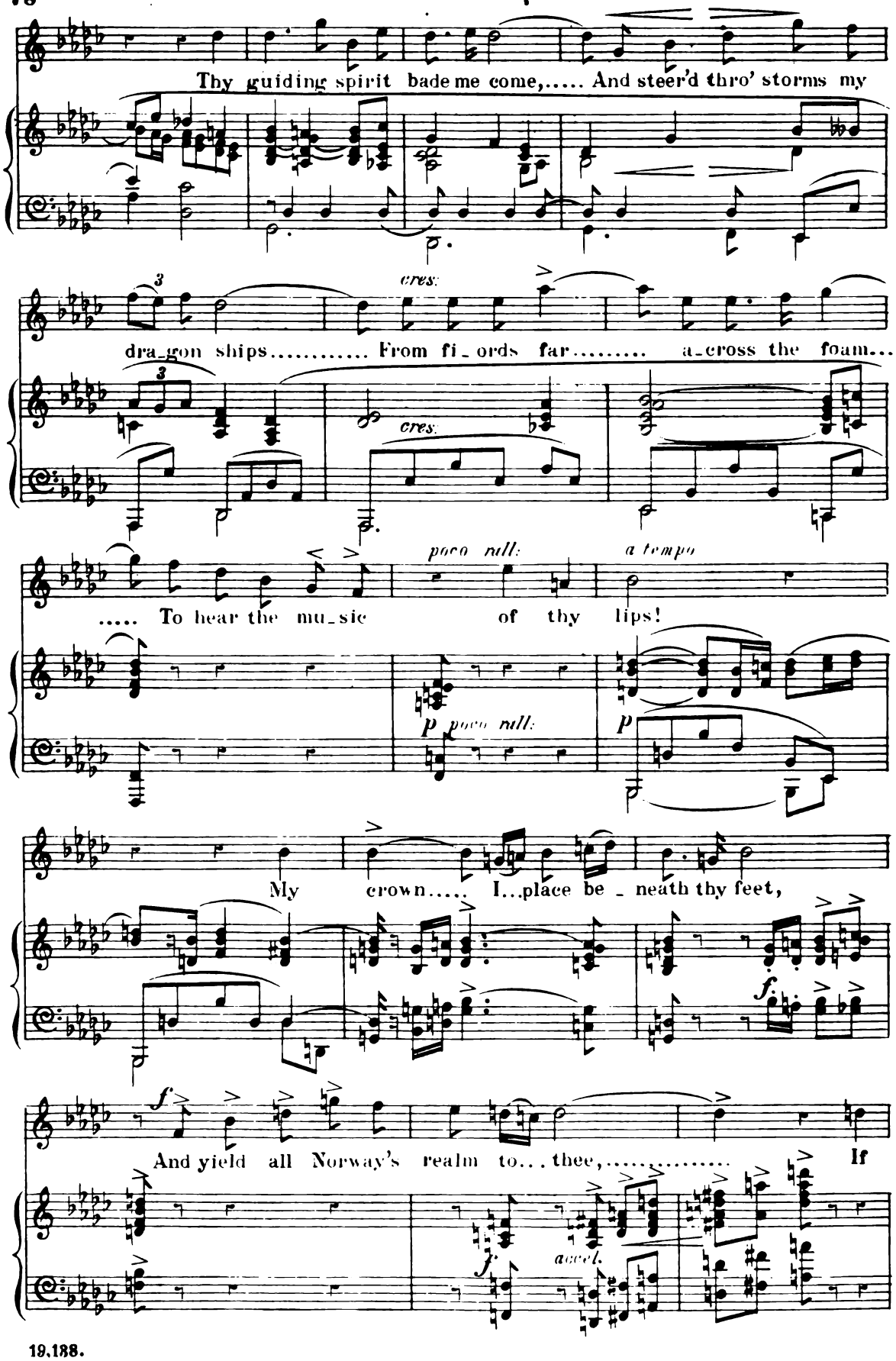
Clash the shields, clang the spears, Clash the shields, clang the spears,

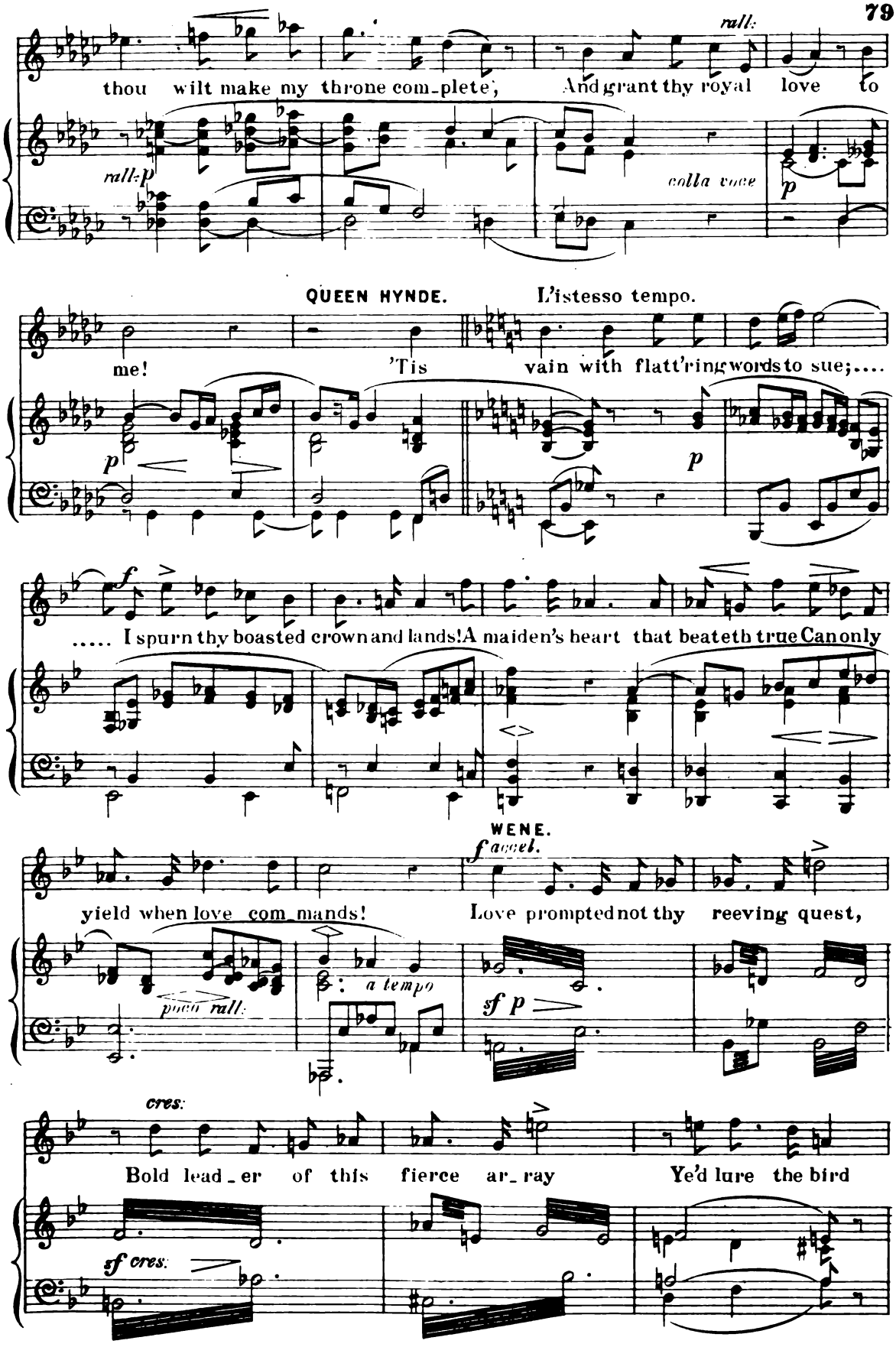

shields ..... clash the shields .....
Clash .....
Clash the shields ..... clash the shields .....
fff
..... and clang.... the spears! .....
fff
..... and clang.... the spears! .....
ff
ff
fff
ff

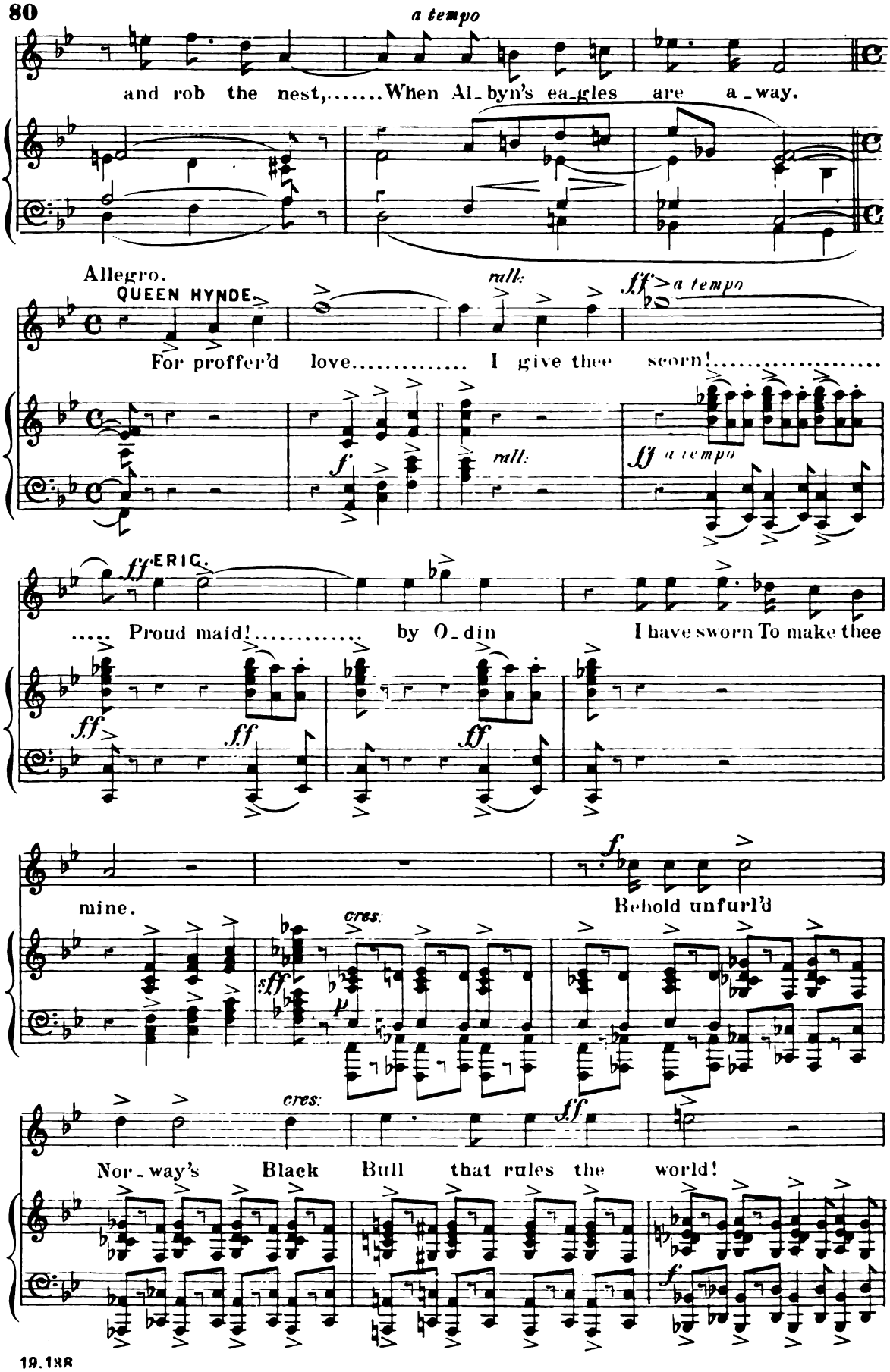
No. 11. ERIC. QUEEN. HYNDE. WENE & UISNAR.

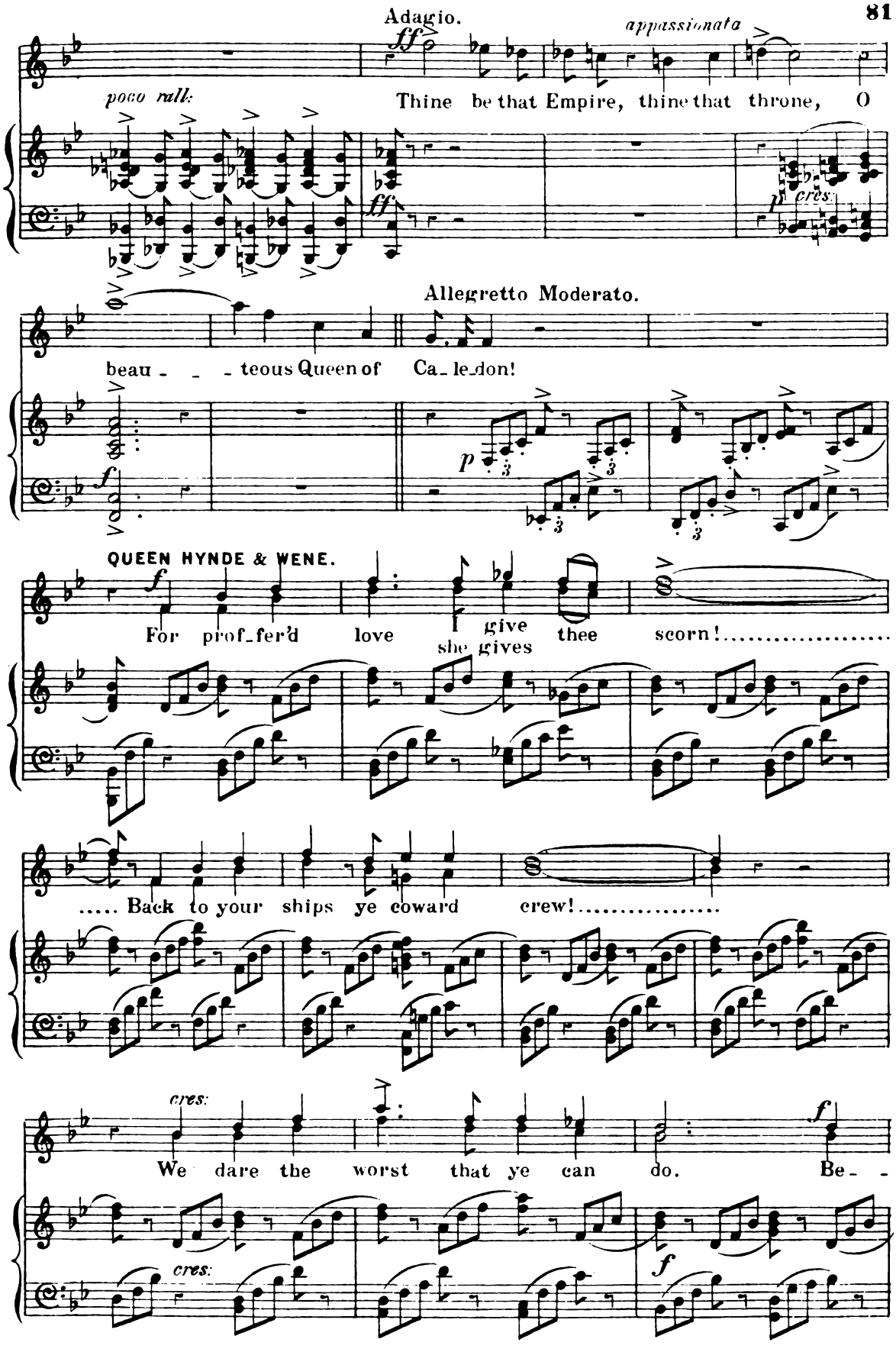


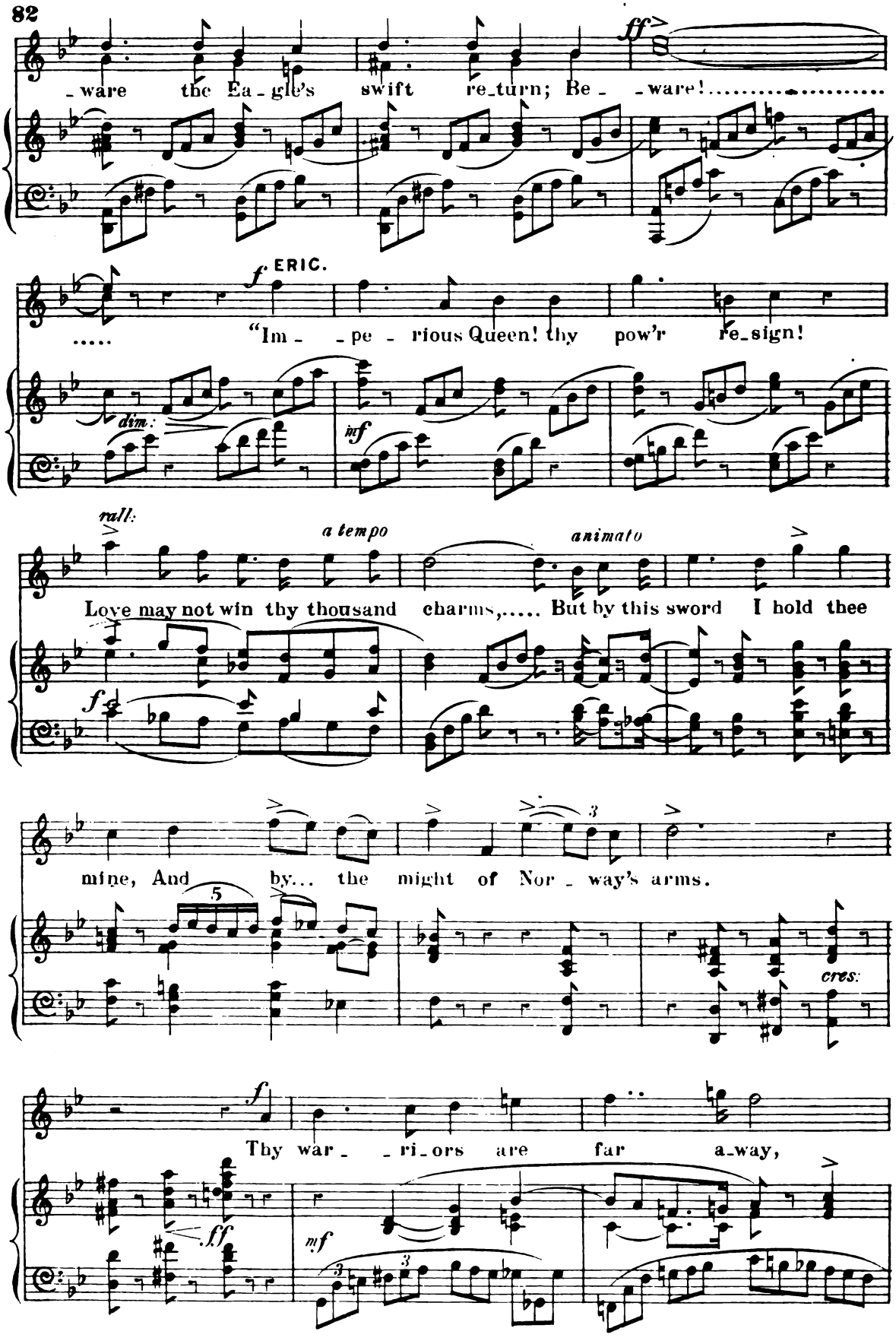

sword I bow to Al_byn's Queen..... My word I pledge that
sf p
cres.
f
Adagio.
love is all..... my quest From thee, fair flow'r of the west!
f p
p cres.
f
p
Andante espressivo con moto.
p
Thou bright_est gem of
p
dim.
p
Ca_le_don!.....Whose beauty rare all minstrels sing, Fair Queen! to thee swift
3
3
f
have I flown, Waft_ed as on a sea-bird's wing!.....
p

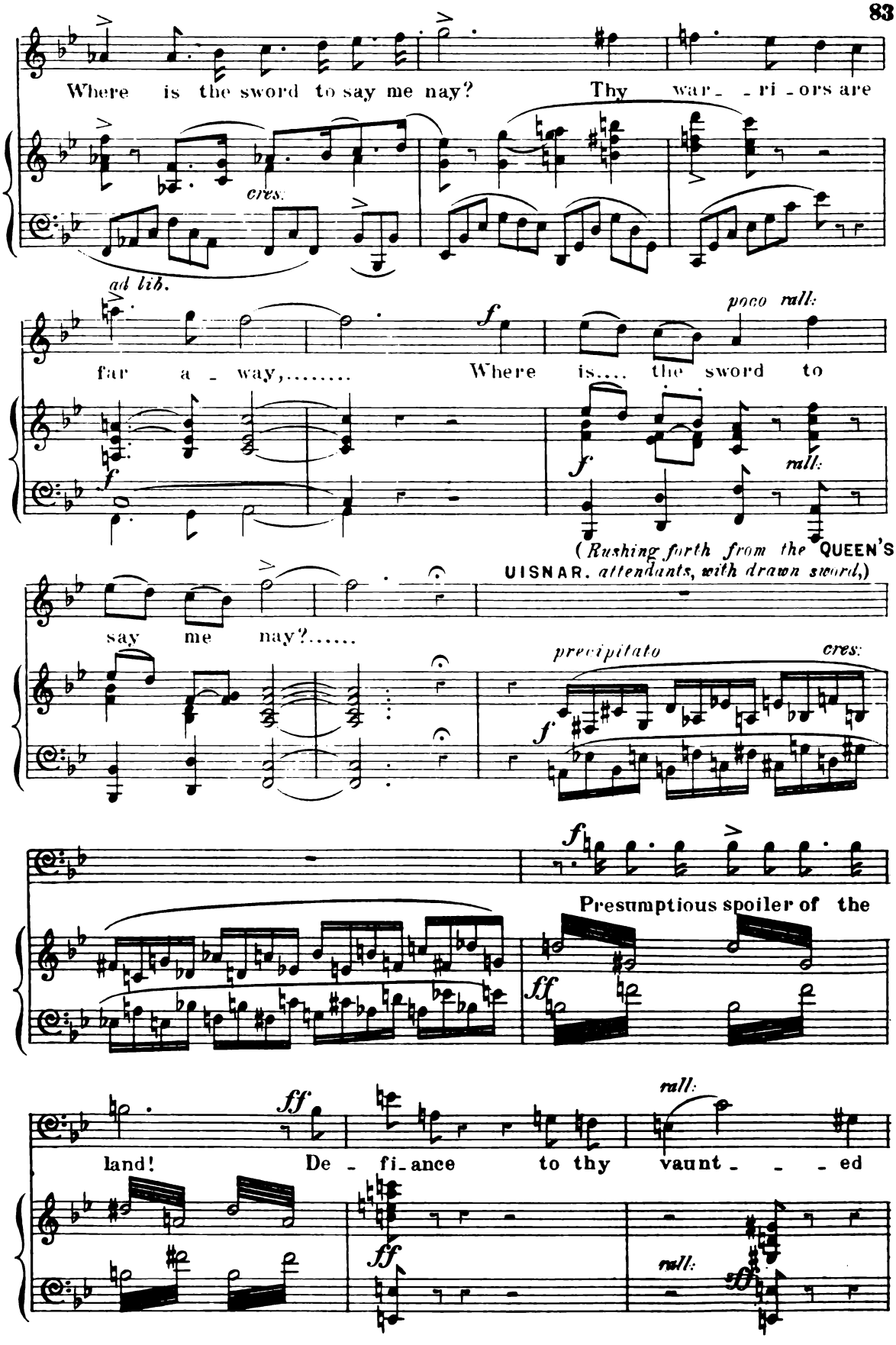

Thy guiding spirit bade me come,..... And steer'd thro' storms my
cres.
dra-gon ships..... From fi-ords far..... a-cross the foam...
cres.
poco rall.
a tempo
..... To hear the mu-sic of thy lips!
p poco rall.
p
My crown..... I...place be-neath thy feet,
f.
f
And yield all Norway's realm to...thee,..... If
f
accel.

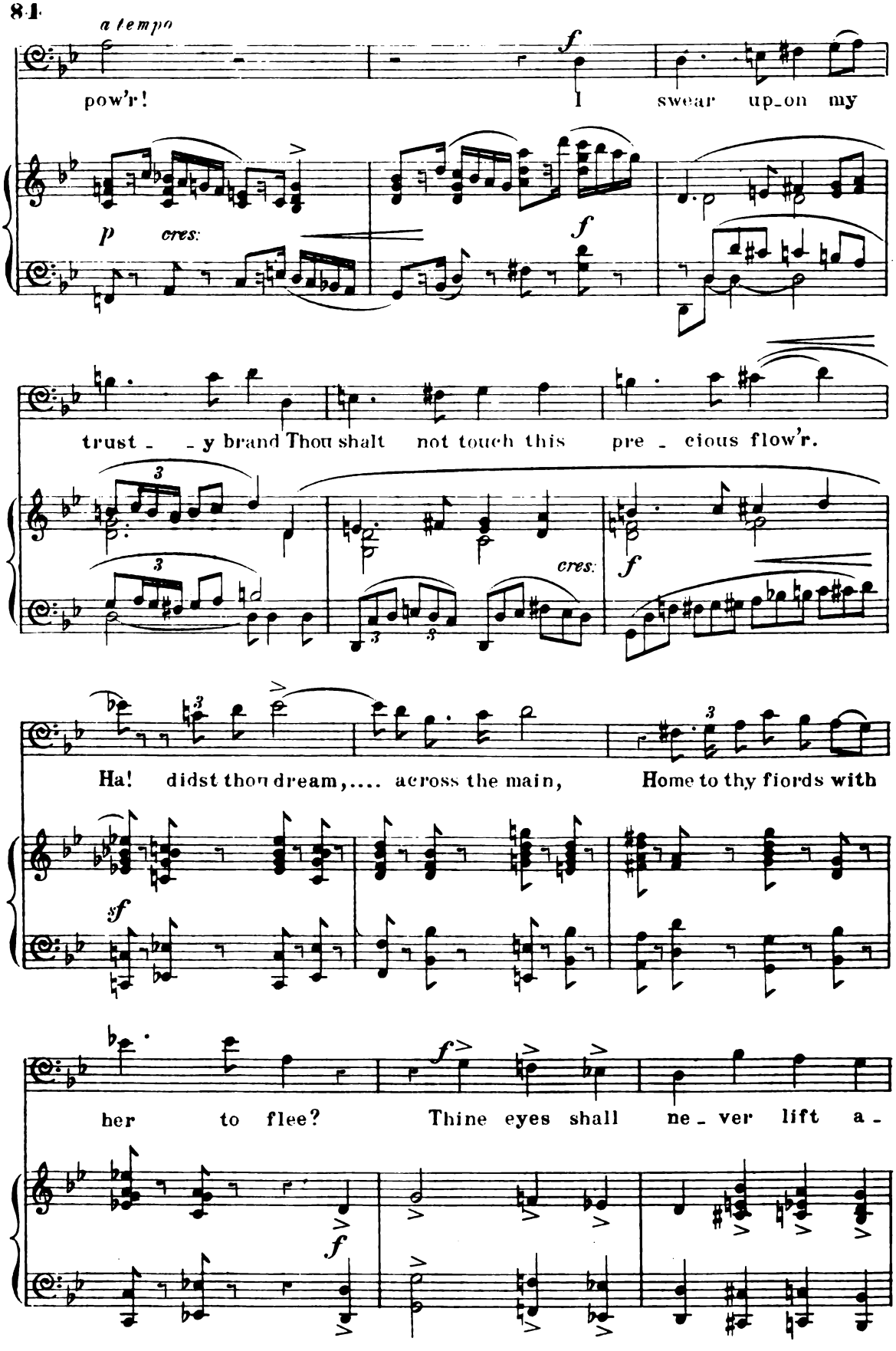

thou wilt make my throne com-plete;
And grant thy royal love to
rall:
rall: p
colla voce
p
QUEEN HYNDE.
L'istesso tempo.
me!
'Tis vain with flatt'ring words to sue;....
p
p
f
..... I spurn thy boasted crown and lands! A maiden's heart that beateth true Can only
WENE.
f accel.
yield when love com-mands!
Love prompted not thy reeving quest,
poco rall:
a tempo
sf p
cres:
Bold lead-er of this fierce ar-ray
Ye'd lure the bird
sf cres:

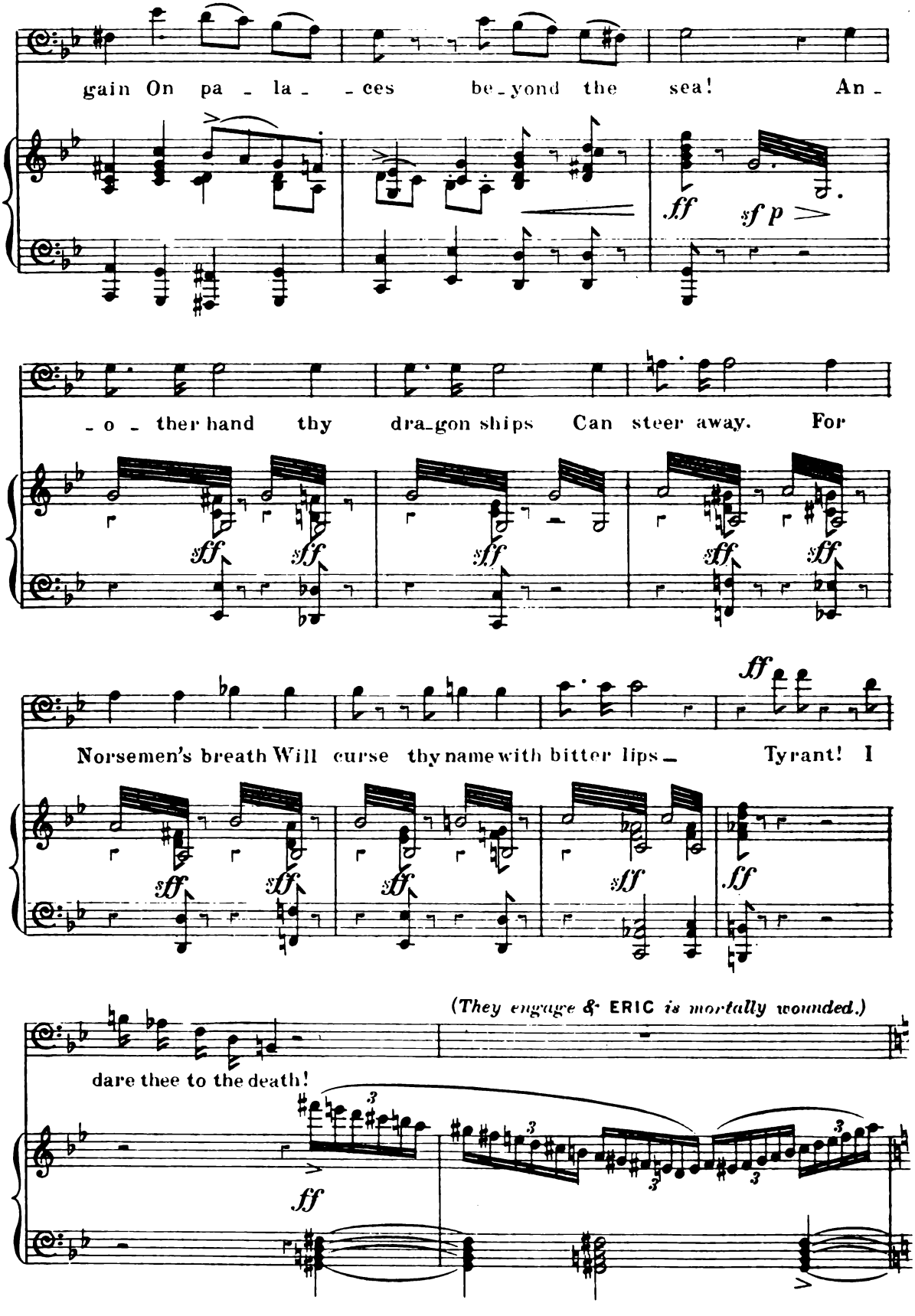

a tempo
and rob the nest,.....When Al-byn's ea-gles are a-way.
Allegro.
QUEEN HYNDE.
rall.
ff a tempo
For proffer'd love..... I give thee scorn!.....
f
rall.
ff a tempo
ff ERIC.
..... Proud maid!..... by O-din I have sworn To make thee
ff
ff
ff
mine.
f
Behold unfurl'd
sff
cres.
p
cres.
ff
Nor-way's Black Bull that rules the world!
f

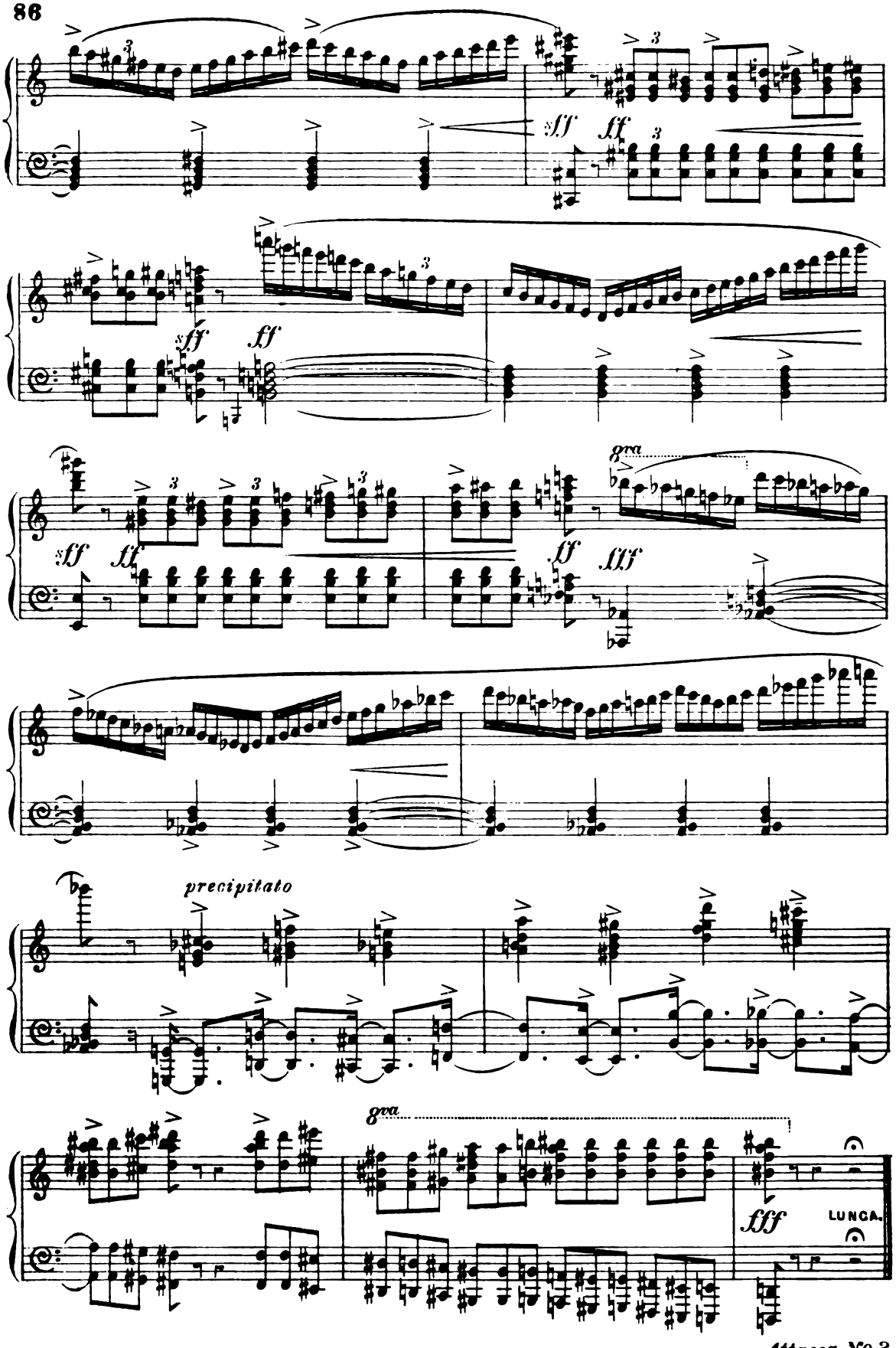

Adagio.
appassionata
poco rall:
Thine be that Empire, thine that throne, O
cres.
Allegretto Moderato.
beau - - - teous Queen of Ca_le_don!
QUEEN HYNDE & WENE.
For prof_fer'd love I give she gives thee scorn!.....
..... Back to your ships ye coward crew!.....
cres:
We dare the worst that ye can do. Be_ -
cres:


ware the Ea-gle's swift re-turn; Be- ware!
ff
ERIC.
f
"Im- pe- rious Queen! thy pow'r re-sign!
dim.
inf
rall.
a tempo
animato
Love may not win thy thousand charms,..... But by this sword I hold thee
f
mine, And by... the might of Nor-way's arms.
cres.
f
Thy war- ri-ors are far a-way,
ff
mf


Where is the sword to say me nay? Thy war - - ri - ors are
cres.
ad lib.
far a - way,..... Where is.... the sword to
f
poco rall:
rall:
(Rushing forth from the QUEEN'S
UISNAR. attendants, with drawn sword,)
say me nay?.....
precipitato
cres:
Presumptious spoiler of the
land! De - fi - ance to thy vaunt - - - ed
rall:

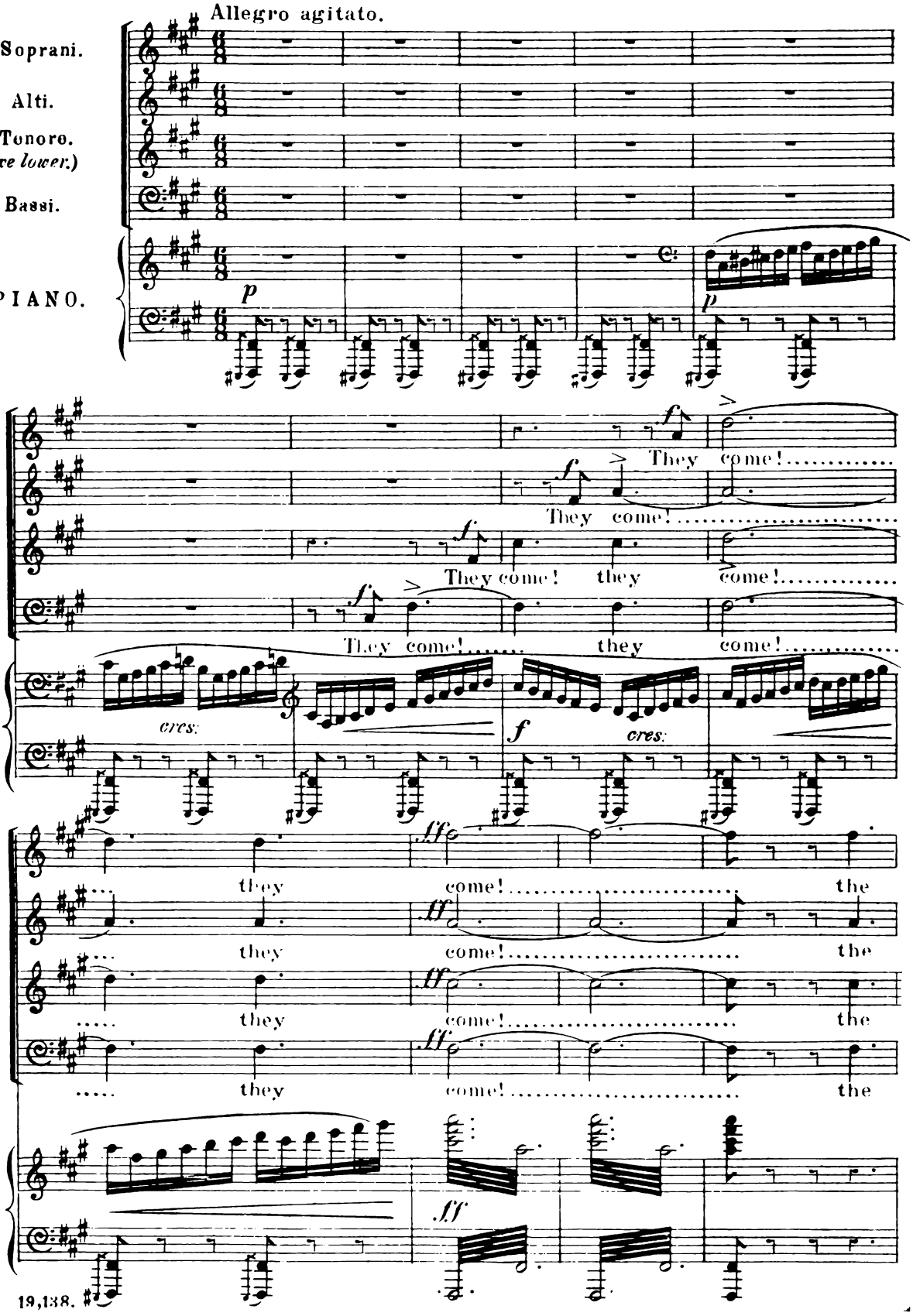

a tempo
pow'r!
f
I swear up_on my
p cres:
f
trust - - y brand Thou shalt not touch this pre - cious flow'r.
cres:
f
Ha! didst thou dream,.... across the main, Home to thy fiords with
sf
her to flee? Thine eyes shall ne - ver lift a -
f

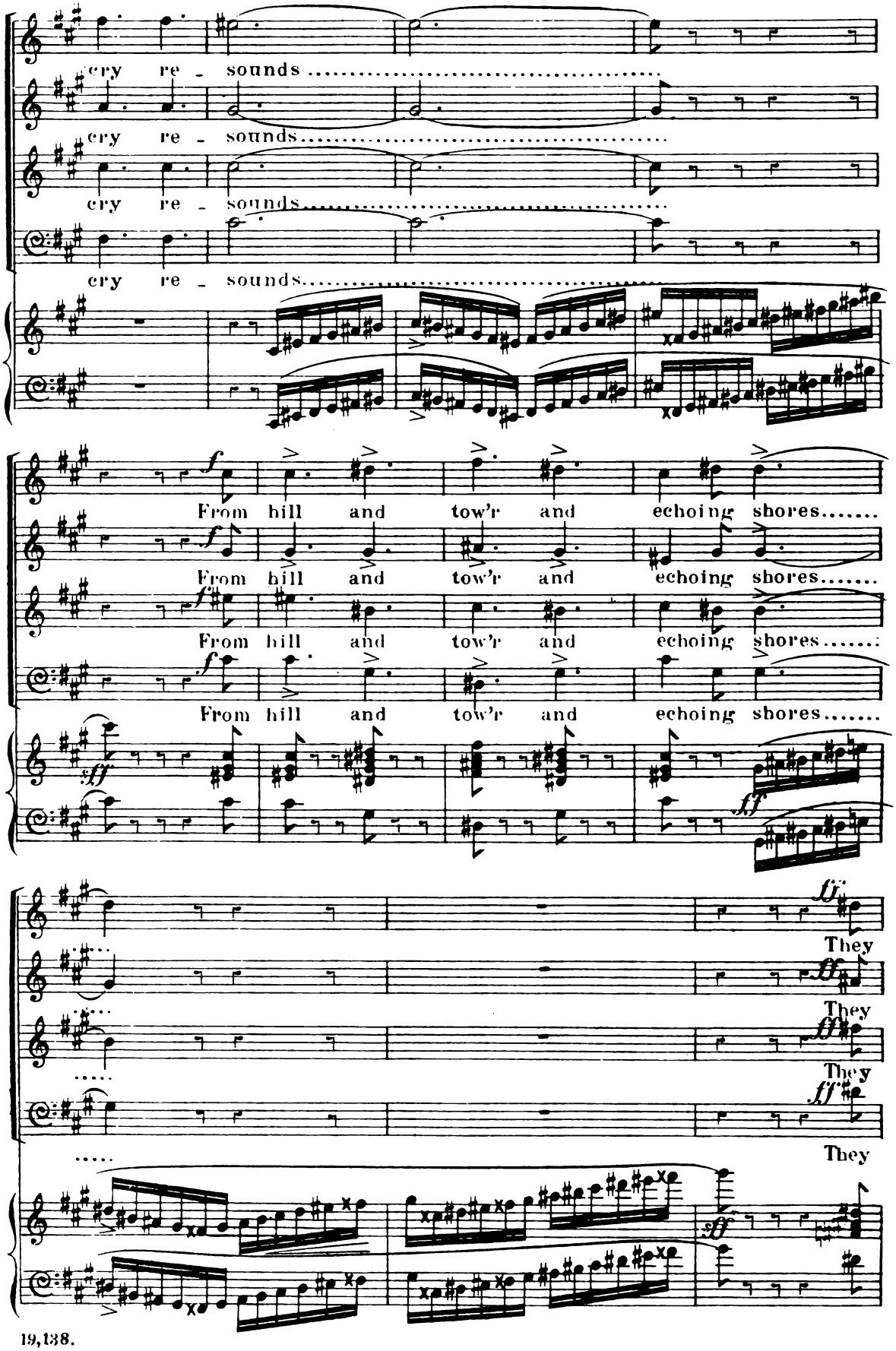

gain On pa - la - - ces be-yond the sea! An -
ff
sf p
- o - ther hand thy dra-gon ships Can steer away. For
sff
Norsemen's breath Will curse thy name with bitter lips - Tyrant! I
ff
(They engage & ERIC is mortally wounded.)
dare thee to the death!
3
ff

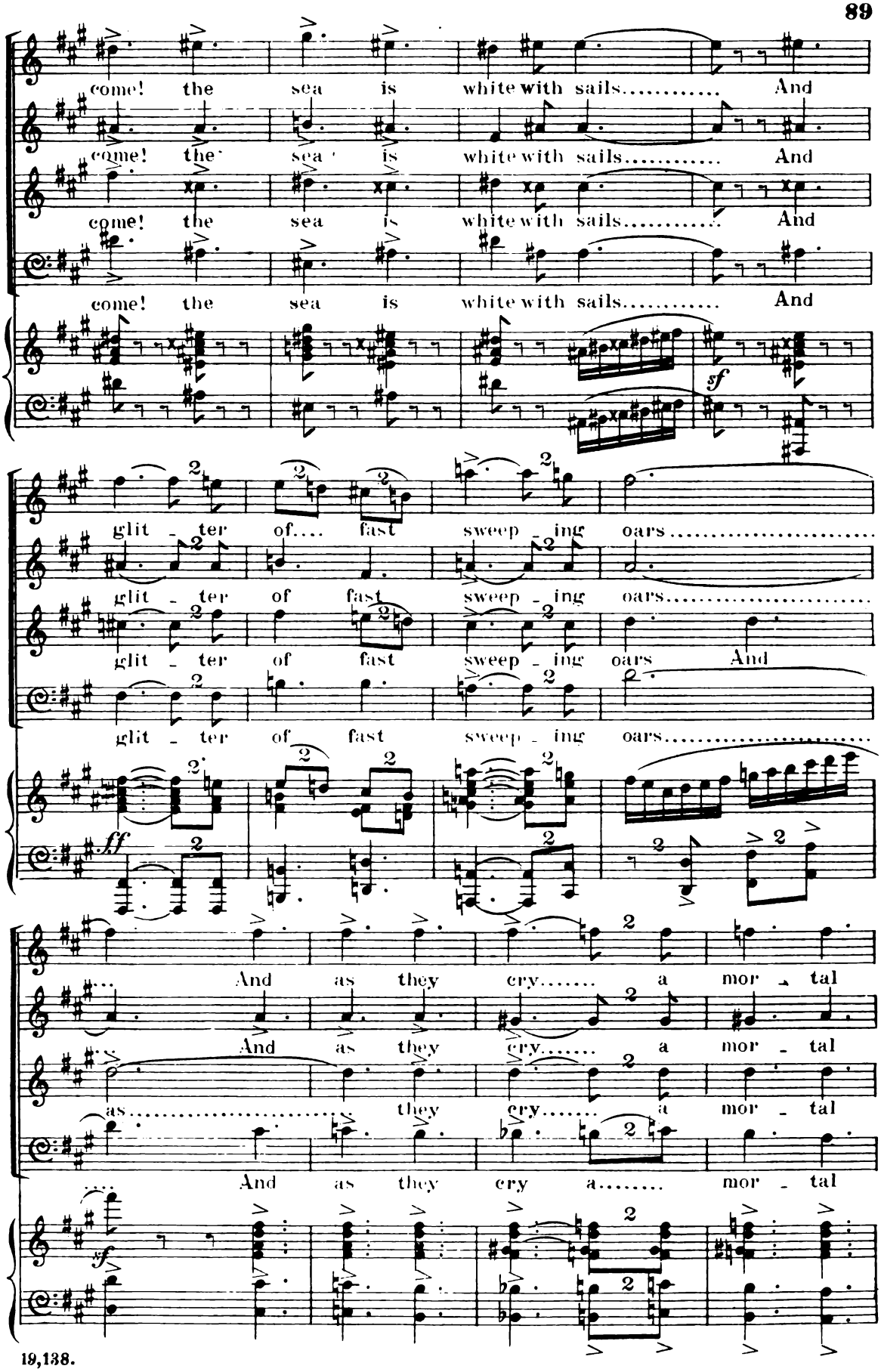


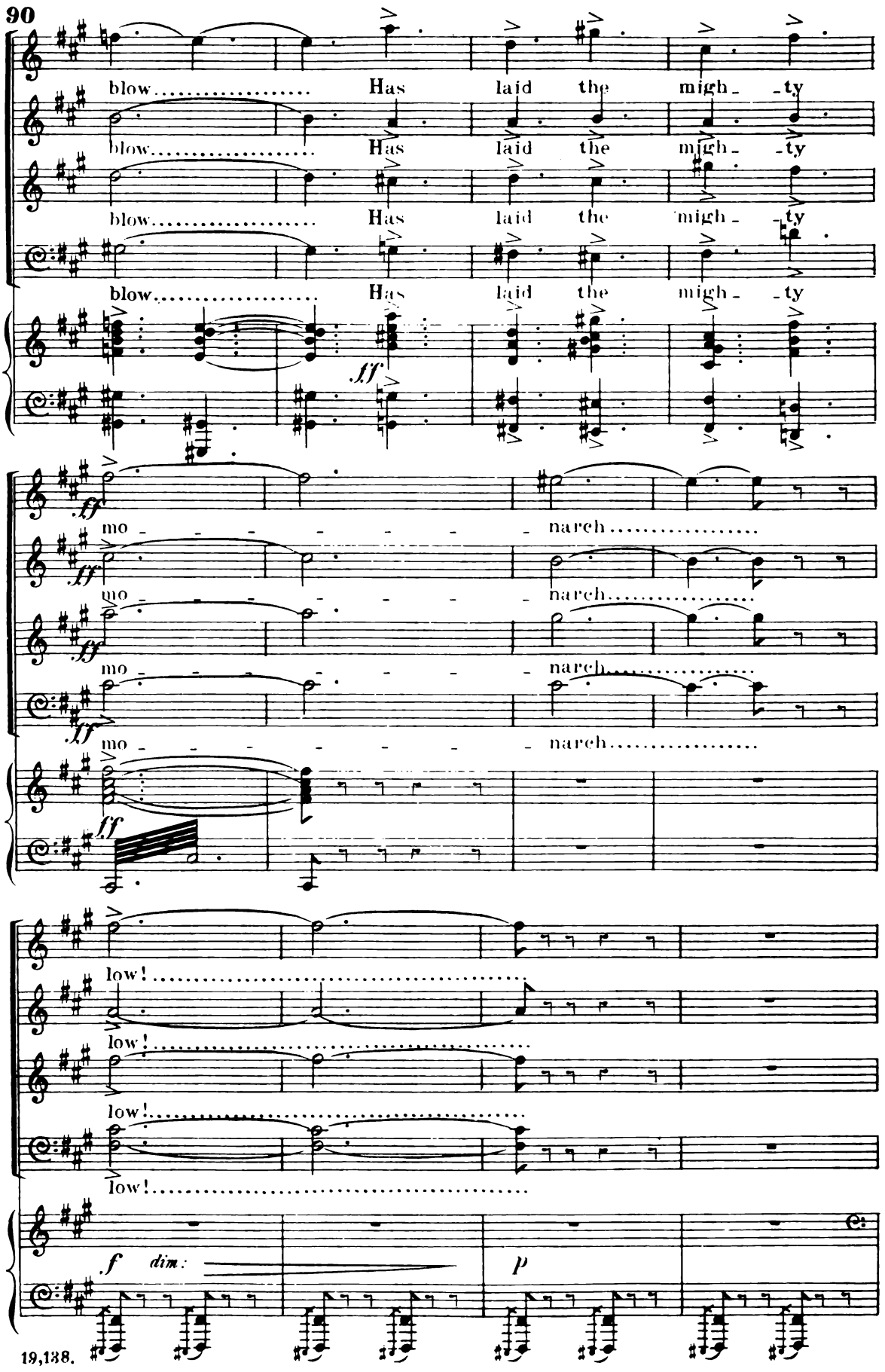
Attacca № 3.

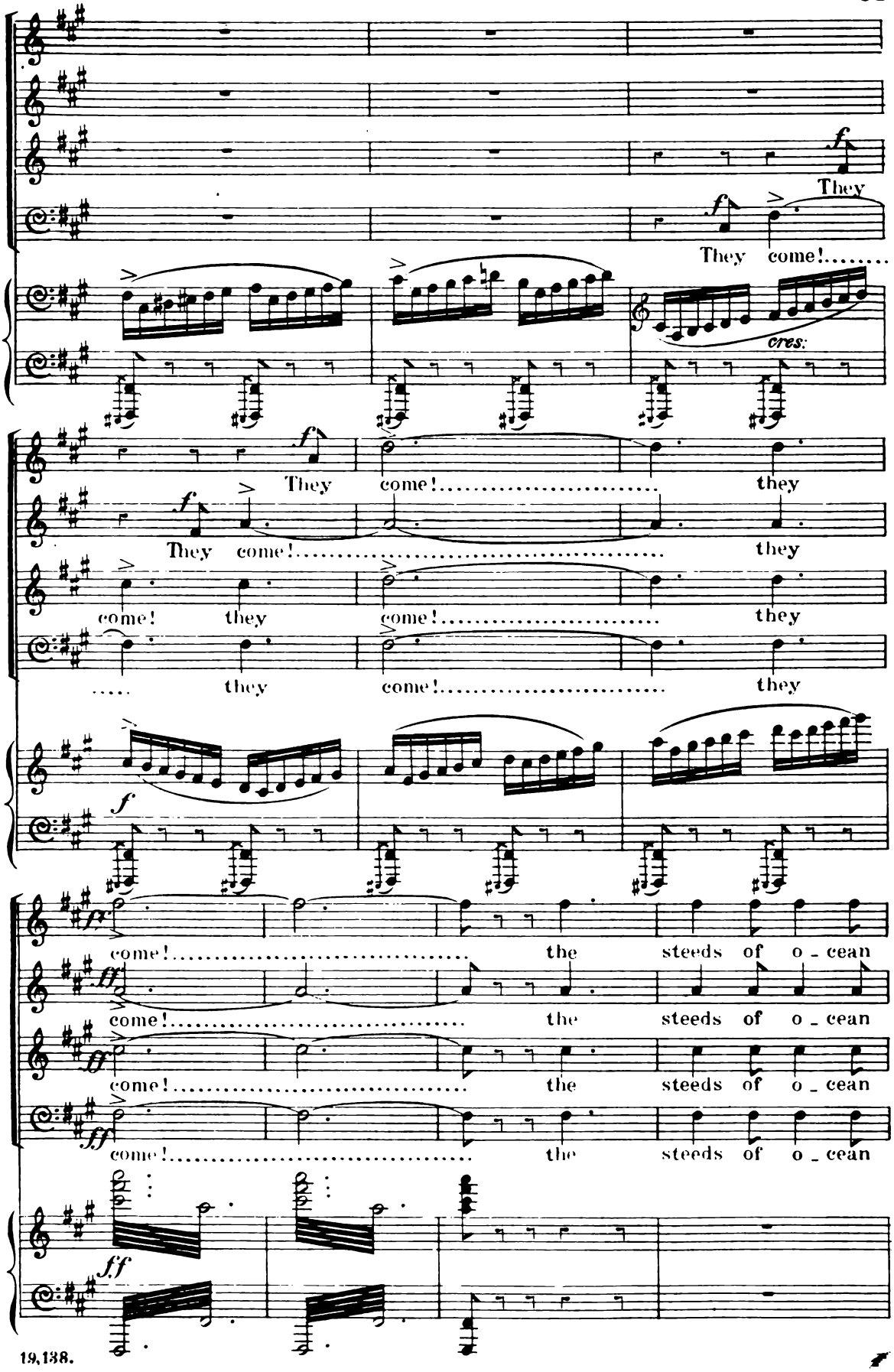
No. 12. *Chorus.*—"They come! they come!"

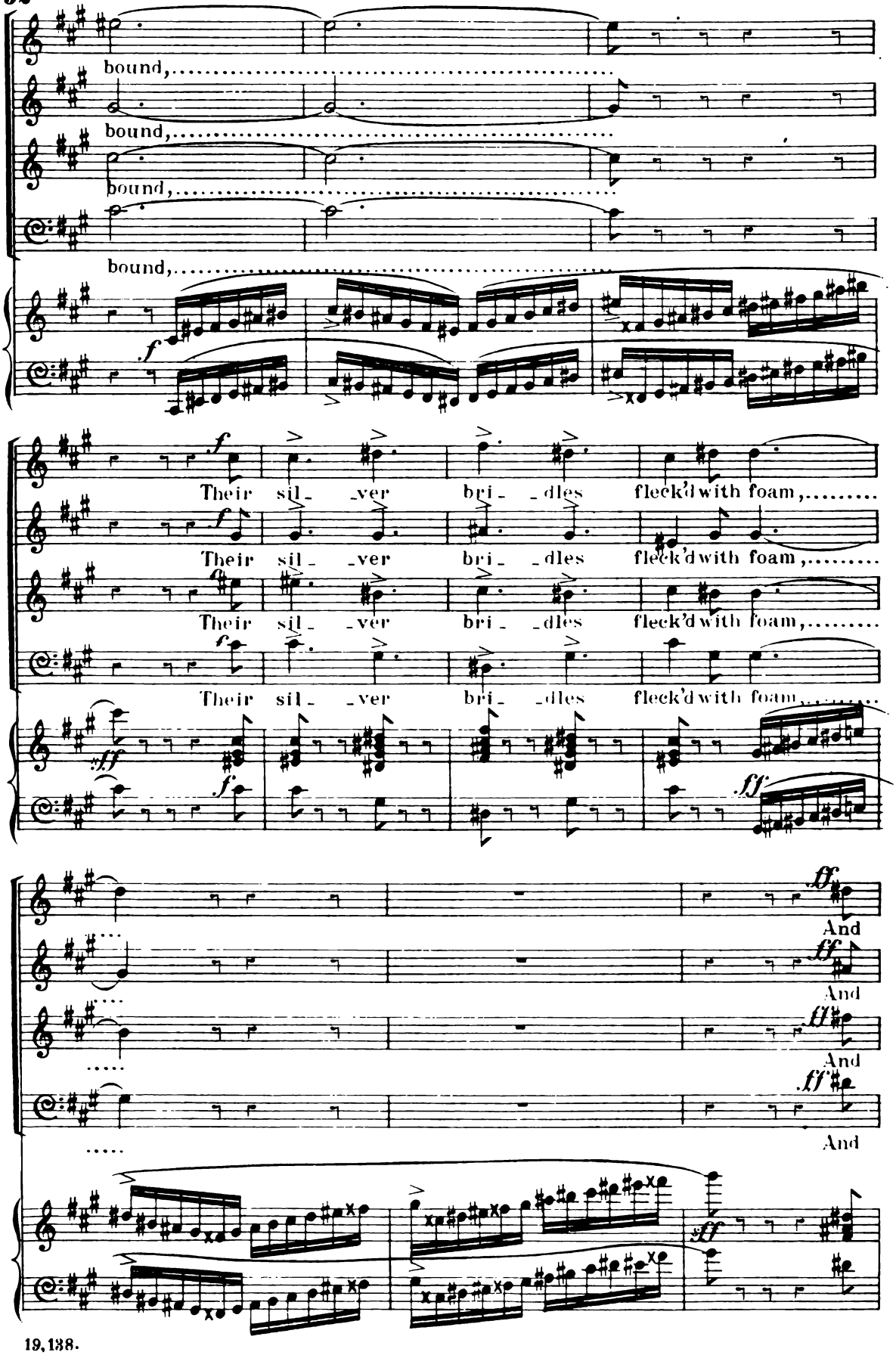


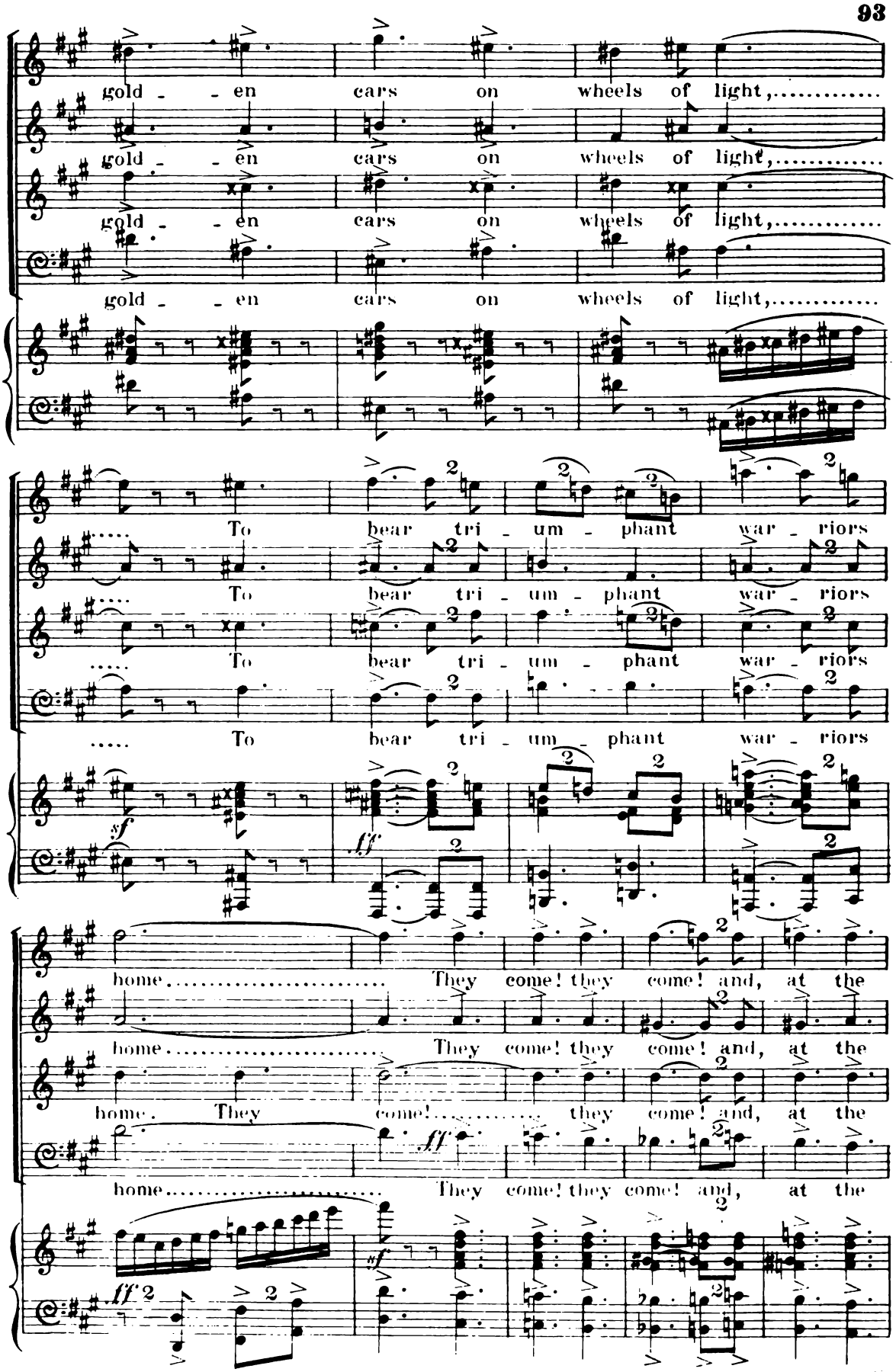

cry re - sounds
cry re - sounds
cry re - sounds
cry re - sounds
From hill and tow'r and echoing shores
From hill and tow'r and echoing shores
From hill and tow'r and echoing shores
From hill and tow'r and echoing shores
They
They
They
They

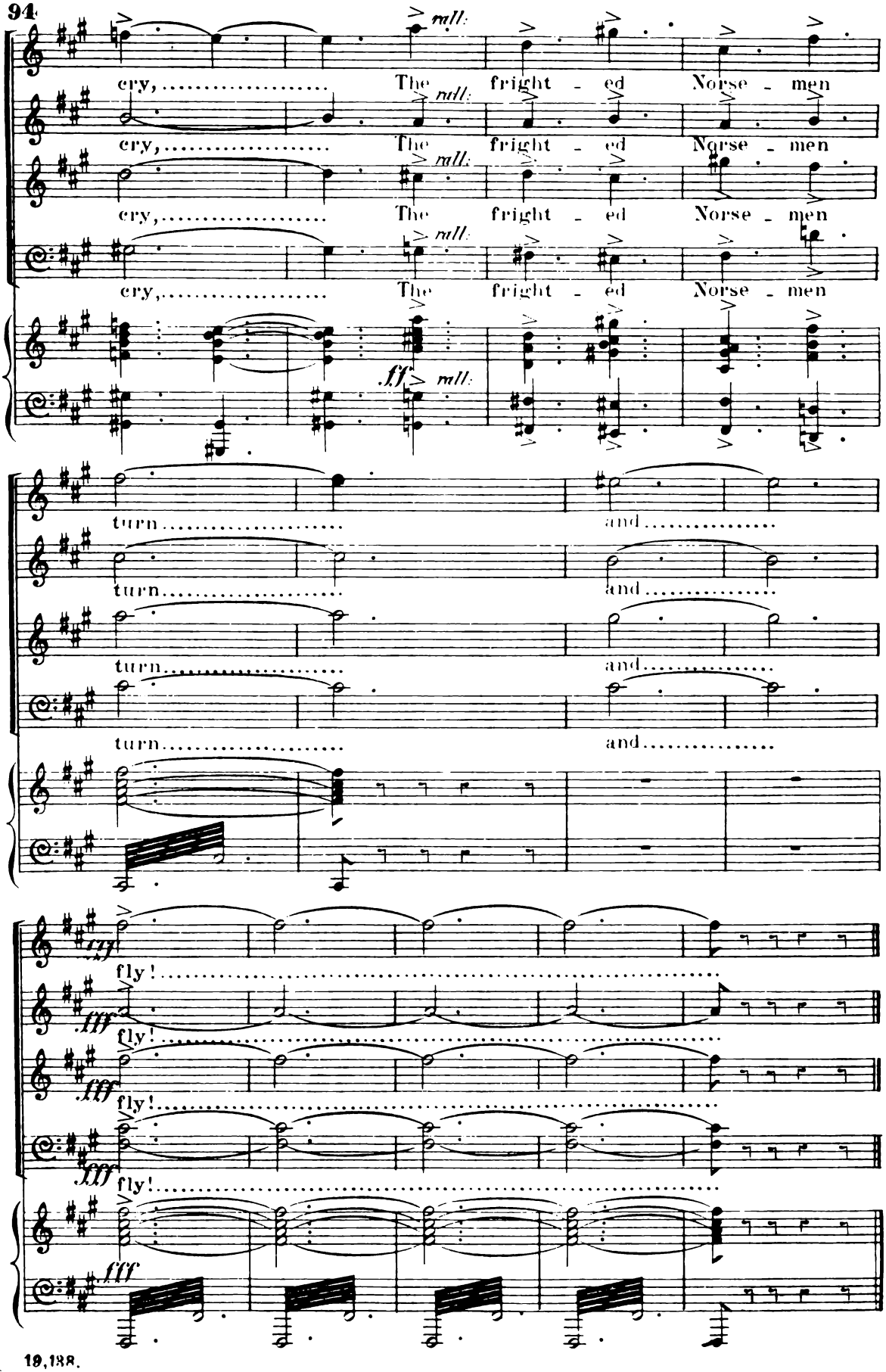

come! the sea is white with sails..... And
come! the sea is white with sails..... And
come! the sea is white with sails..... And
come! the sea is white with sails..... And
sf
glit - ter of.... fast sweep - ing oars.....
glit - ter of fast sweep - ing oars.....
glit - ter of fast sweep - ing oars And
glit - ter of fast sweep - ing oars.....
ff
And as they cry..... a mor - tal
And as they cry..... a mor - tal
as..... they cry..... a mor - tal
And as they cry a..... mor - tal
sf


blow..... Has laid the migh- -ty
blow..... Has laid the migh- -ty
blow..... Has laid the migh- -ty
blow..... Has laid the migh- -ty
ff
ff
mo- - - - - - - narch.....
mo- - - - - - - narch.....
mo- - - - - - - narch.....
mo- - - - - - - narch.....
ff
low!.....
low!.....
low!.....
low!.....
f dim.
p


f
They
f
They come!.....
cres:
f
They come!..... they
f
They come!..... they
come! they come!..... they
..... they come!..... they
f
ff
come!..... the steeds of o - cean
ff
come!..... the steeds of o - cean
ff
come!..... the steeds of o - cean
ff
come!..... the steeds of o - cean
ff

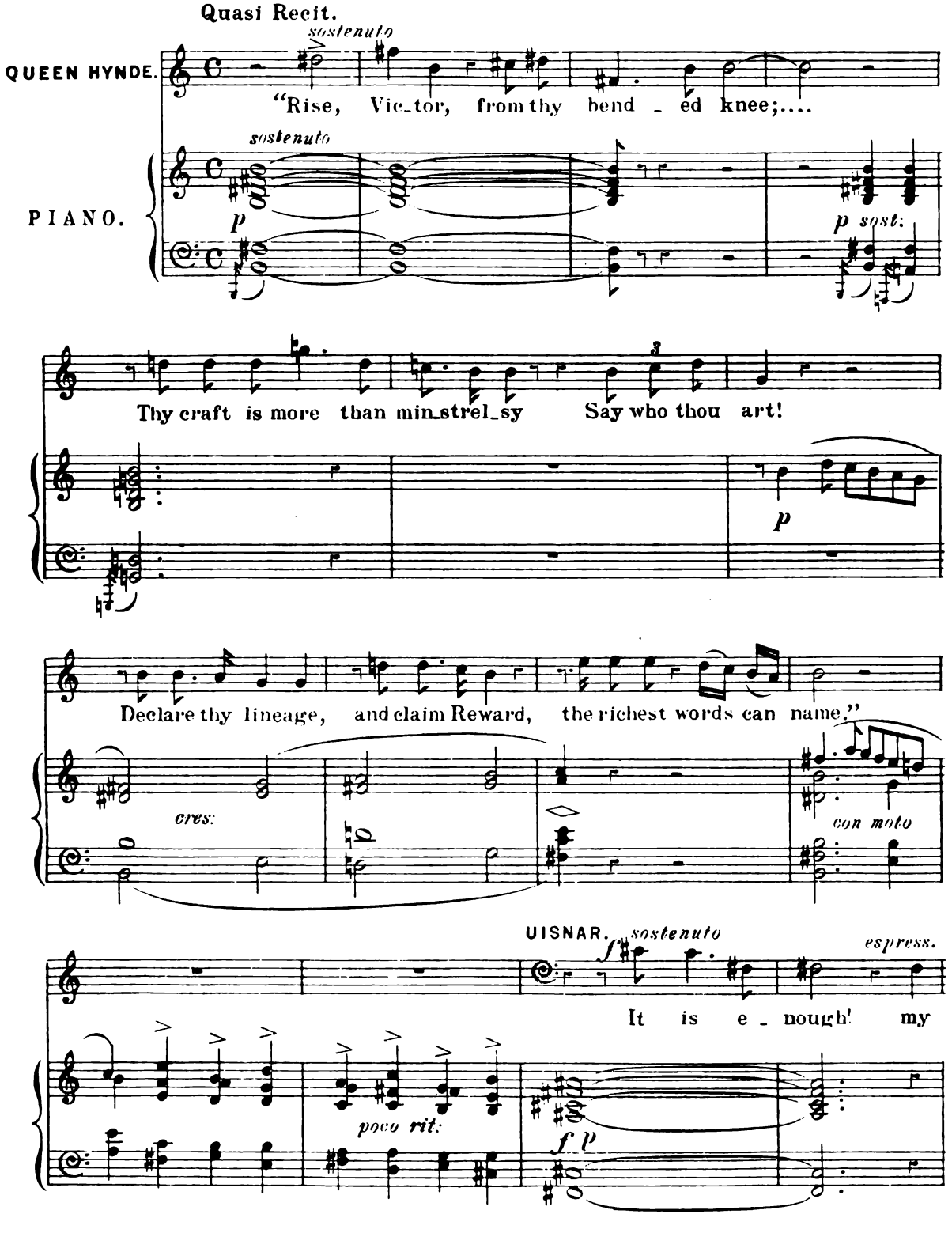

bound,
bound,
bound,
bound,
Their sil- -ver bri- -dles fleck'd with foam,
Their sil- -ver bri- -dles fleck'd with foam,
Their sil- -ver bri- -dles fleck'd with foam,
And
And
And
And

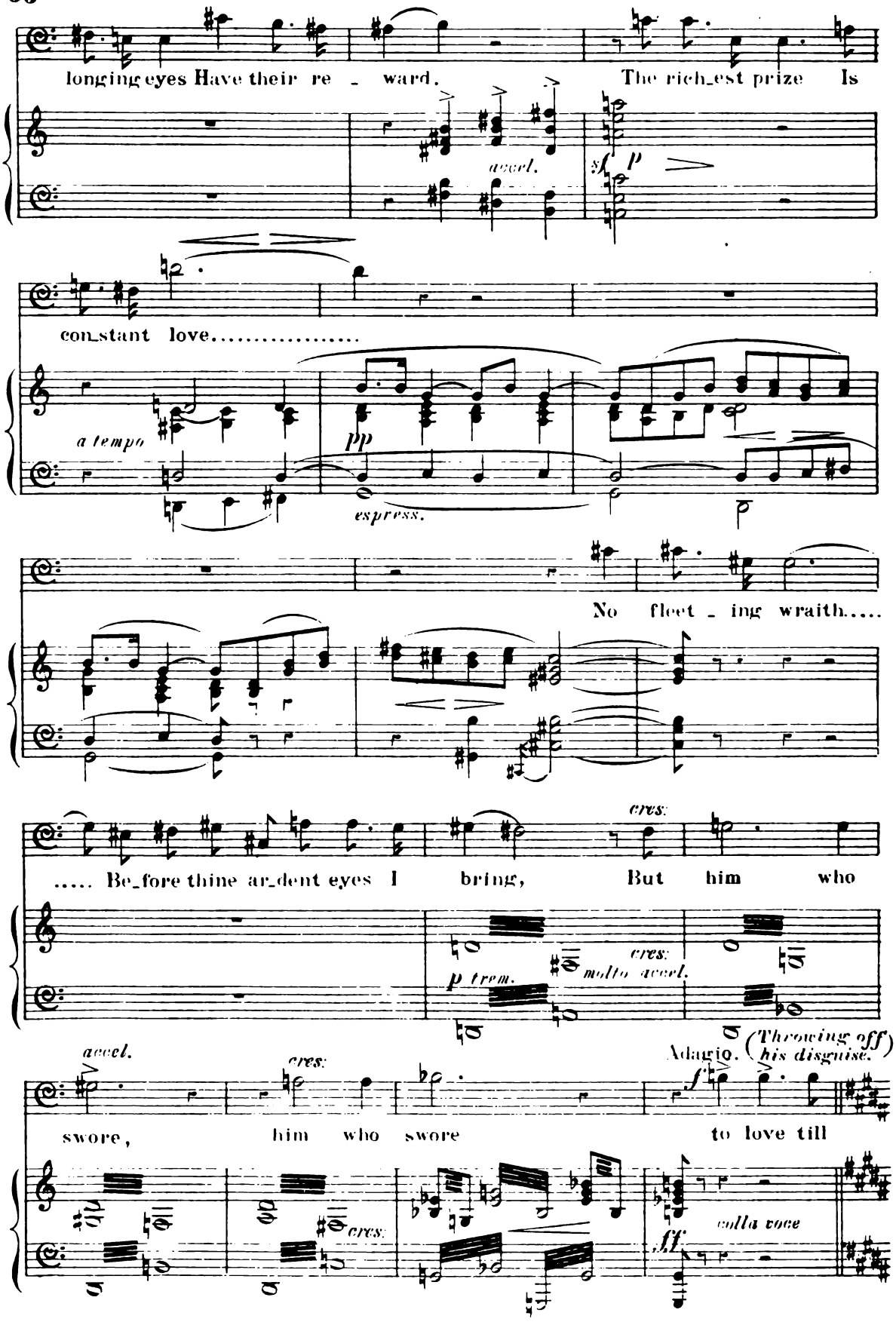

gold - - en cars on wheels of light,.....
gold - - en cars on wheels of light,.....
gold - - en cars on wheels of light,.....
To bear tri - um - phant war - riors
To bear tri - um - phant war - riors
To bear tri - um - phant war - riors
To bear tri - um - phant war - riors
sf
ff
home..... They come! they come! and, at the
home..... They come! they come! and, at the
home. They come!..... they come! and, at the
home..... They come! they come! and, at the
ff
sf


cry, The fright - ed Norse - men
cry, The fright - ed Norse - men
cry, The fright - ed Norse - men
cry, The fright - ed Norse - men
rall.
ff
turn and
turn and
turn and
fly!
fly!
fly!
fly!
fff

Scena. QUEEN HYNDE *surrounded by her retainers.* — UISNAR *kneeling before her.*

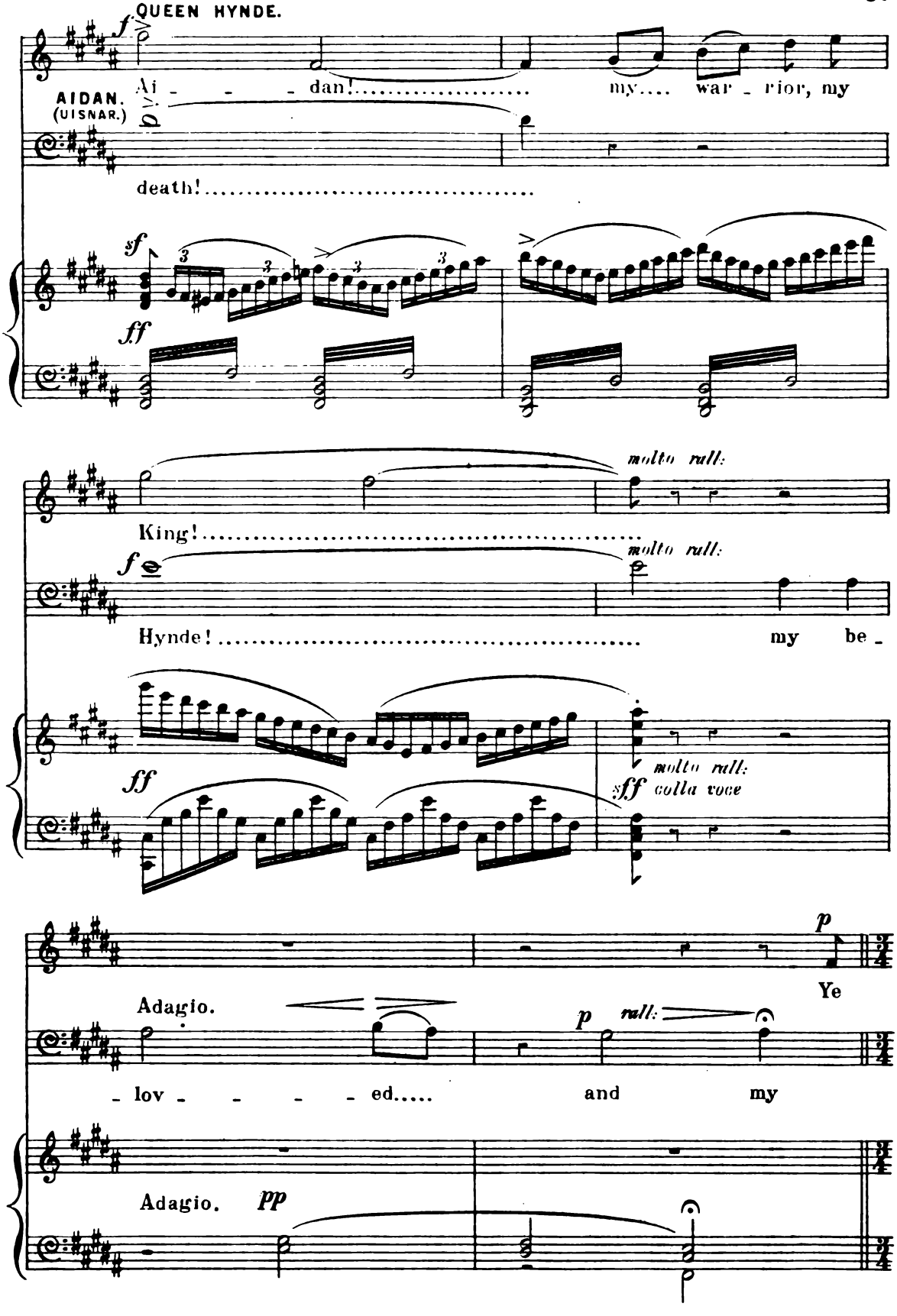
N°. 13.

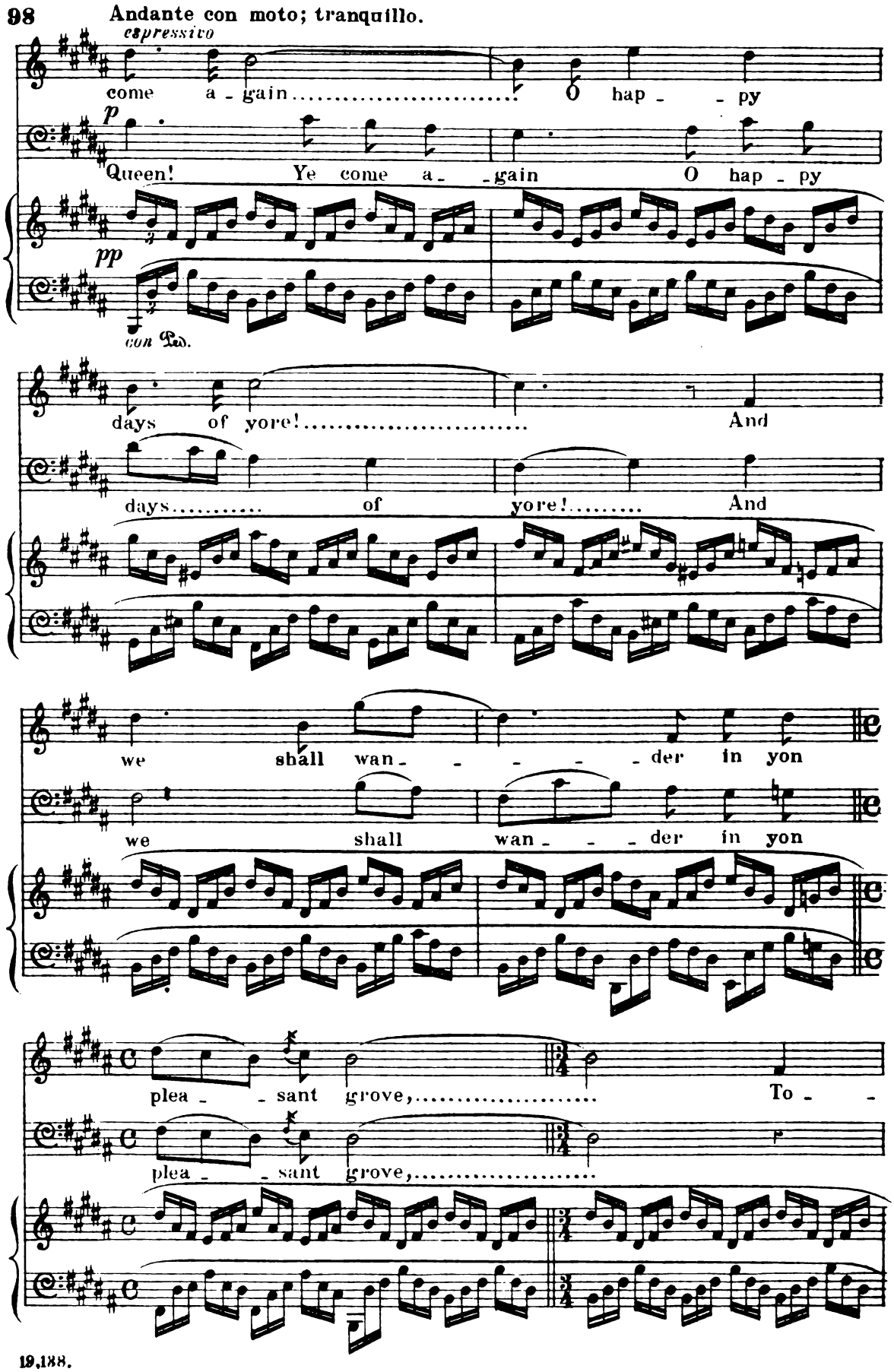


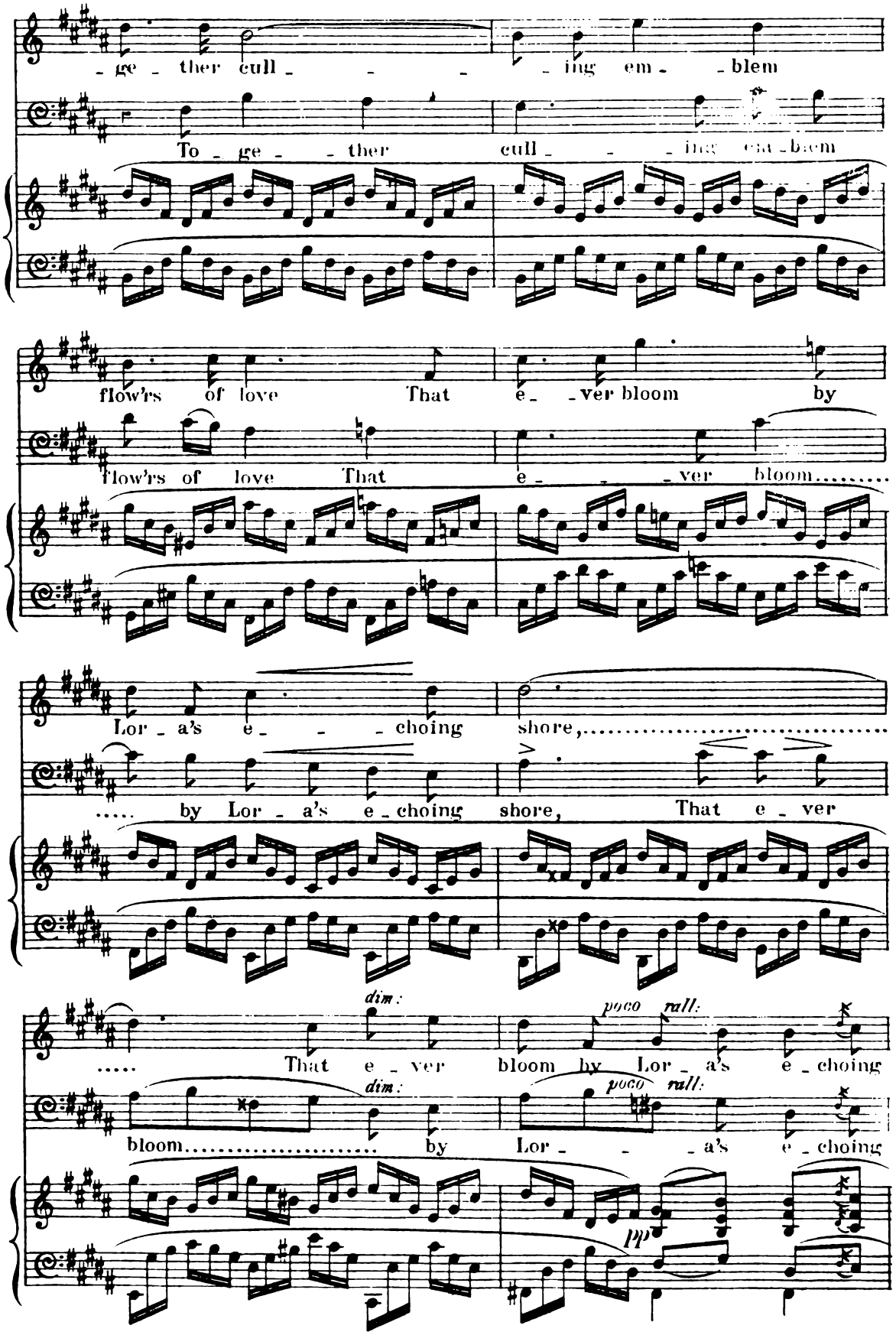

longing eyes Have their re - ward. The rich_est prize Is
accel.
p
con_stant love.....
a tempo
pp
espress.
No fleet - ing wraith.....
cres.
..... Be_fore thine ar_dent eyes I bring, But him who
p trem.
cres.
molto accel.
accel.
cres.
Adagio.
(Throwing off his disguise.)
f
swore, him who swore to love till
cres.
ff
colla voce

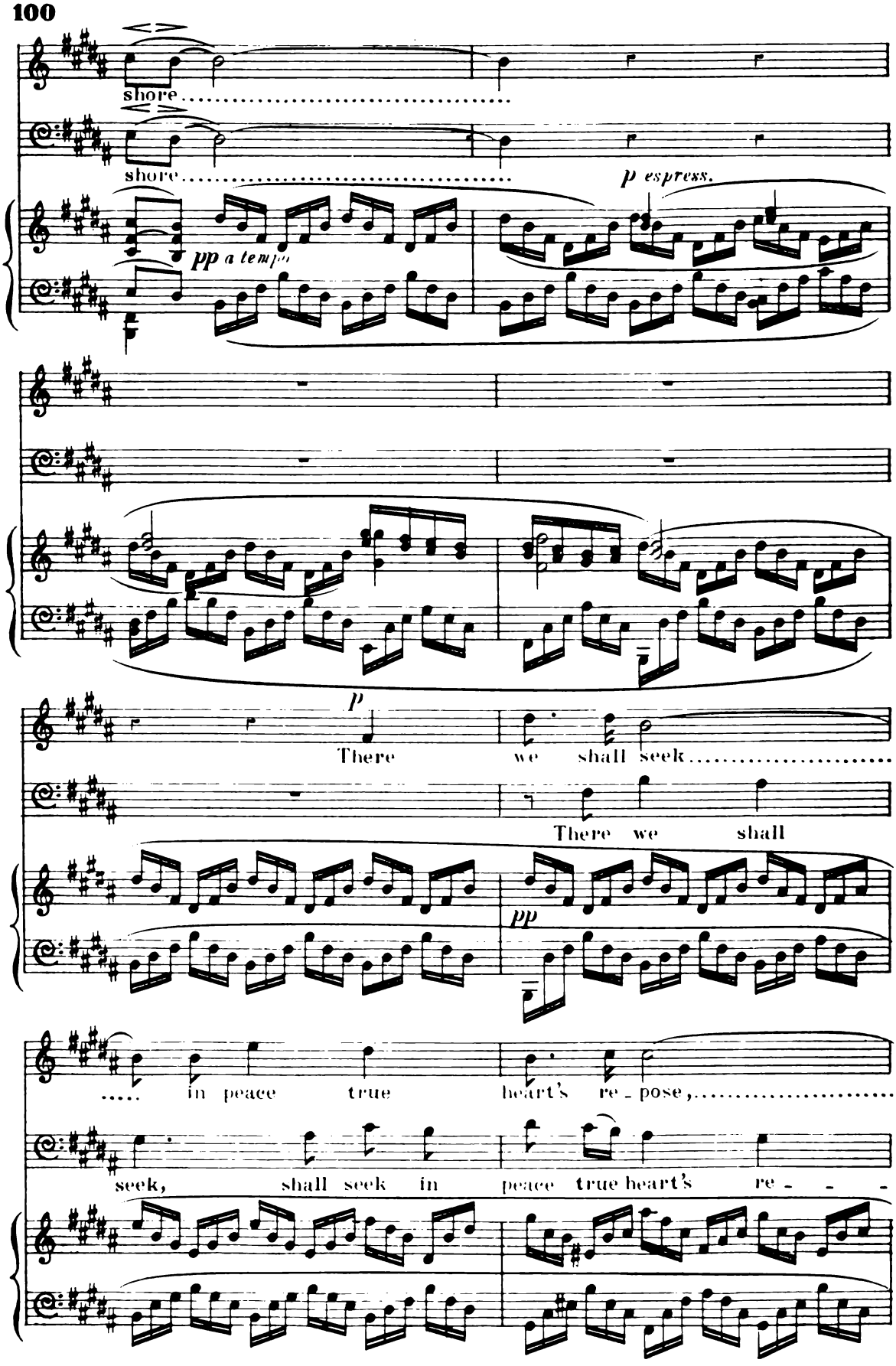
Vivace e con fuoco.

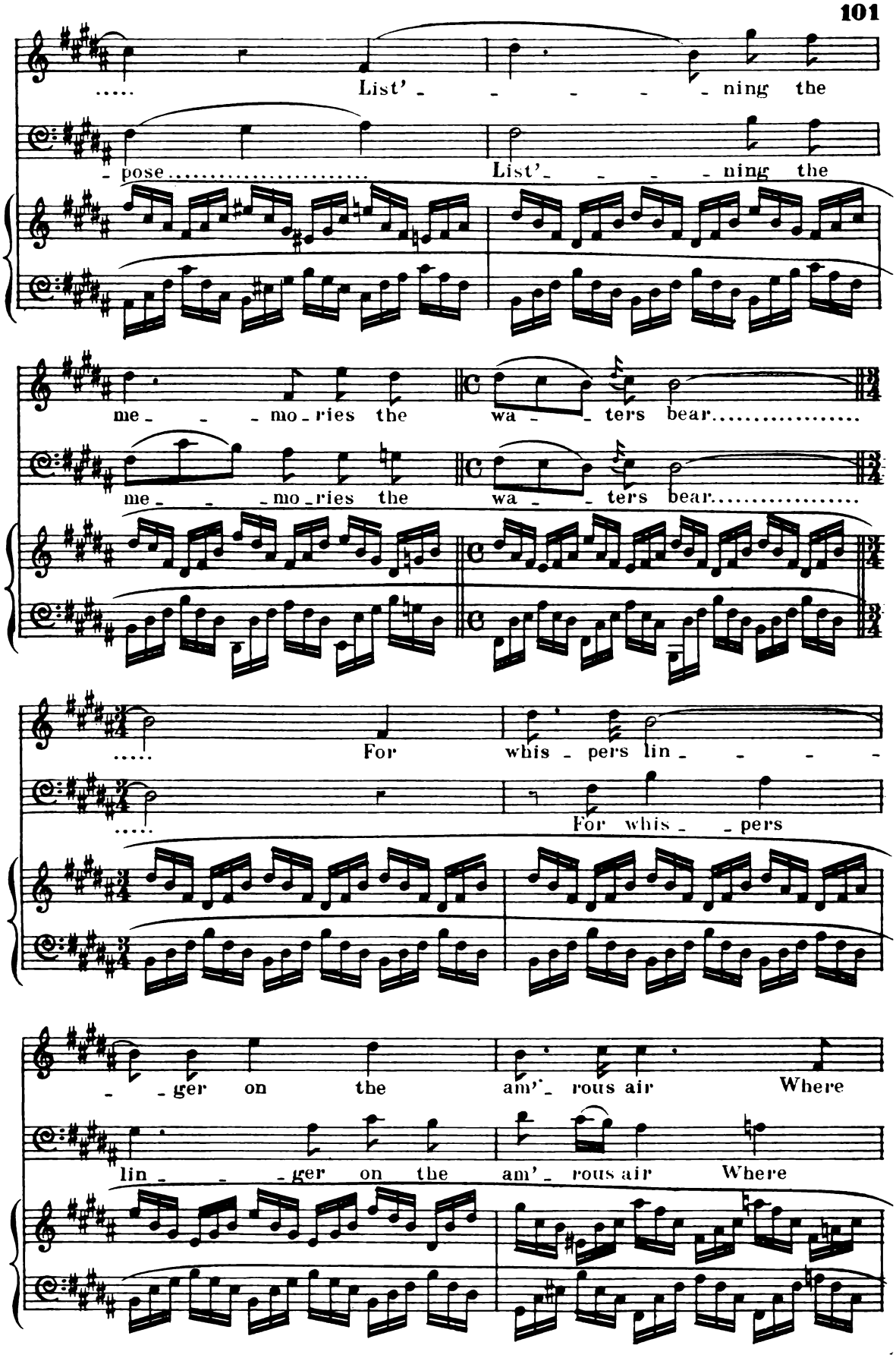
QUEEN HYNDE.

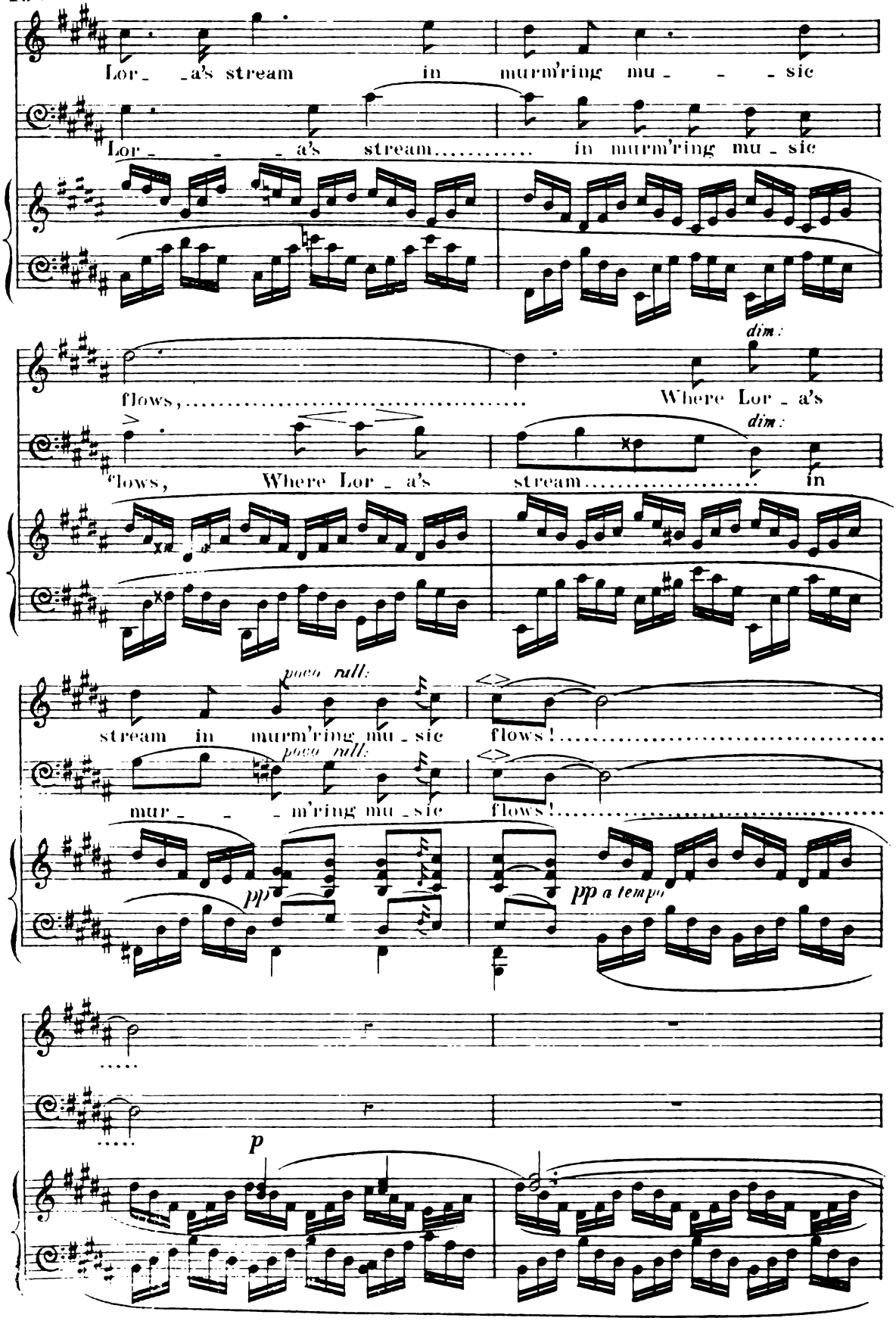


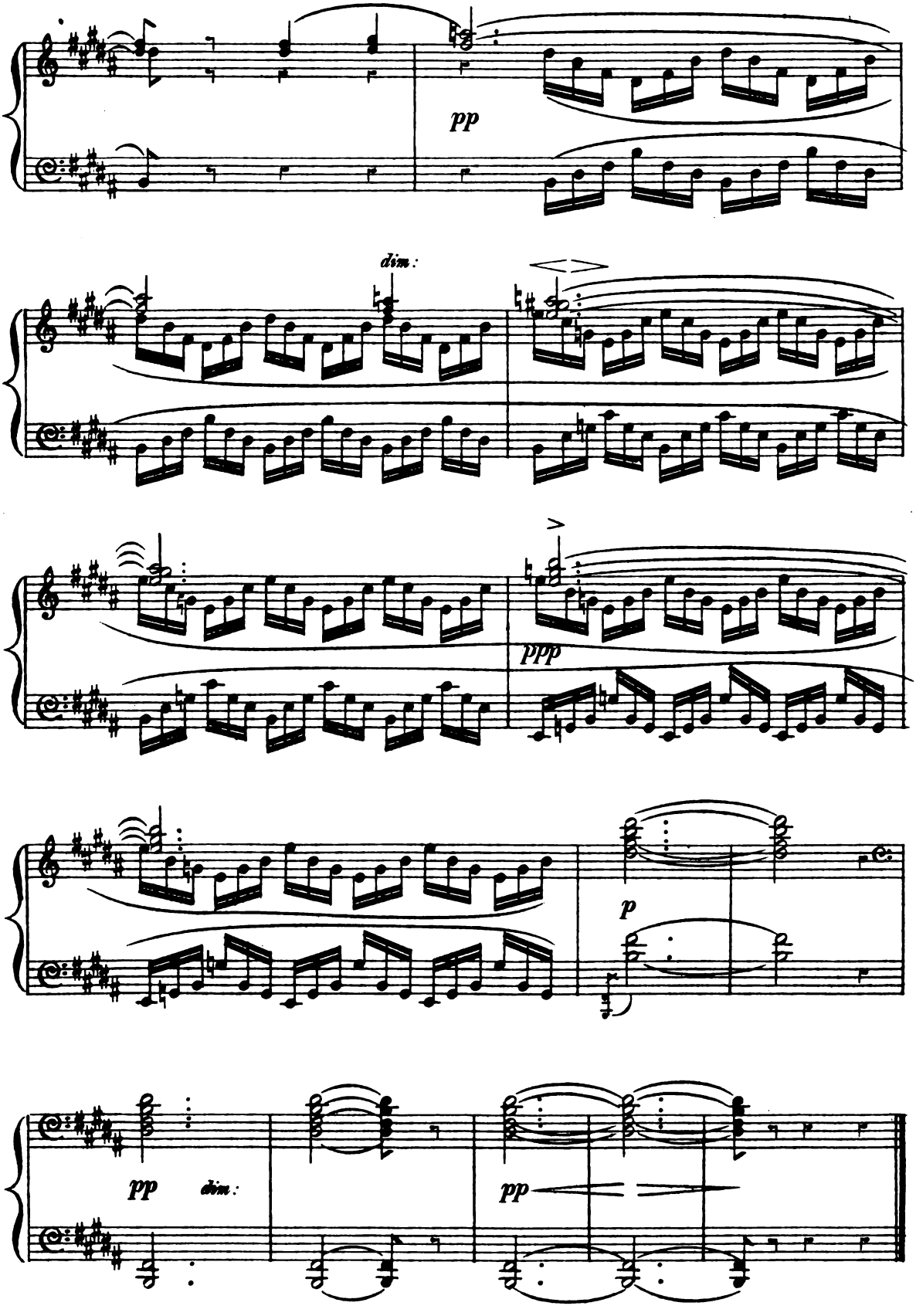

Andante con moto; tranquillo.
espressivo
come a - gain ..... O hap - - py
p
Queen! Ye come a - - gain O hap - py
pp
con Ped.
days of yore! ..... And
days ..... of yore! ..... And
we shall wan - - - - - der in yon
we shall wan - - - der in yon
plea - - sant grove, ... To - -
plea - - sant grove, ...


- ge - ther cull - - - - ing em - - blem
To - ge - - ther cull - - - ing em - blem
flow'rs of love That e - - ver bloom by
flow'rs of love That e - - - ver bloom.....
Lor - a's e - - - choing shore,.....
..... by Lor - a's e - choing shore, That e - ver
dim:
poco rall:
..... That e - ver bloom by Lor - a's e - choing
dim:
poco rall:
bloom..... by Lor - - - a's e - choing
pp


shore
shore
pp a tempo
p espress.
p
There we shall seek
There we shall
pp
in peace true heart's re - pose,
seek, shall seek in peace true heart's re - - -


List' - - - - - ning the
- pose.....
List'- - - - ning the
me- - - mo-ries the
wa- - - ters bear.....
me- - - mo-ries the
wa- - - ters bear.....
For
whis - pers lin- - - -
For whis- - pers
- - ger on the
am'- rous air
Where
lin- - - ger on the
am'- rous air
Where

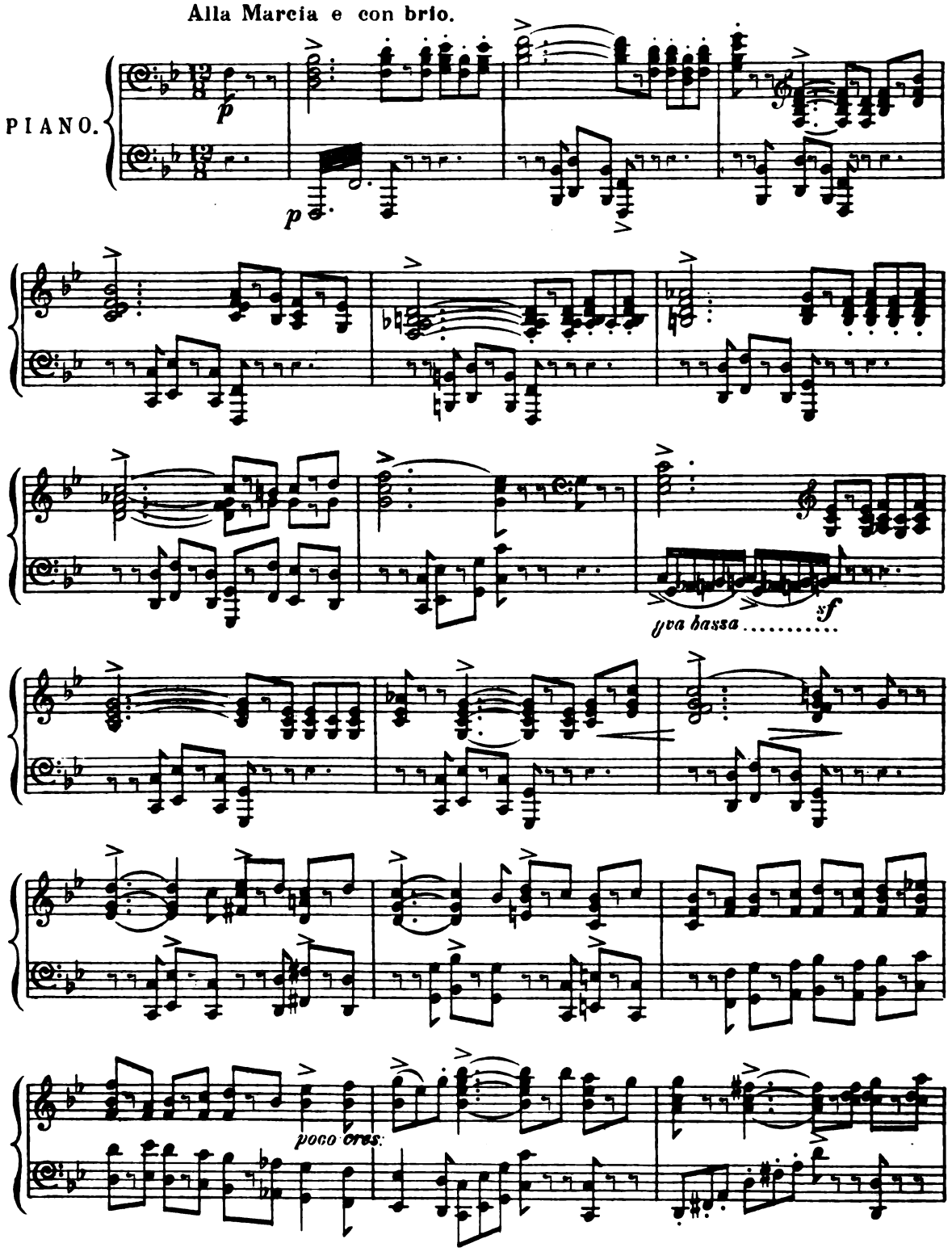

Lor_ _a's stream in murm'ring mu_ _ _ _sic
Lor_ _ _ _a's stream..... in murm'ring mu_sic
flows,..... Where Lor_a's
dim:
flows, Where Lor_a's stream..... in
dim:
stream in murm'ring mu_sic
poco rall:
flows!.....
mur_ _ _ _m'ring mu_sic
poco rall:
flows!.....
pp
pp a tempo
p

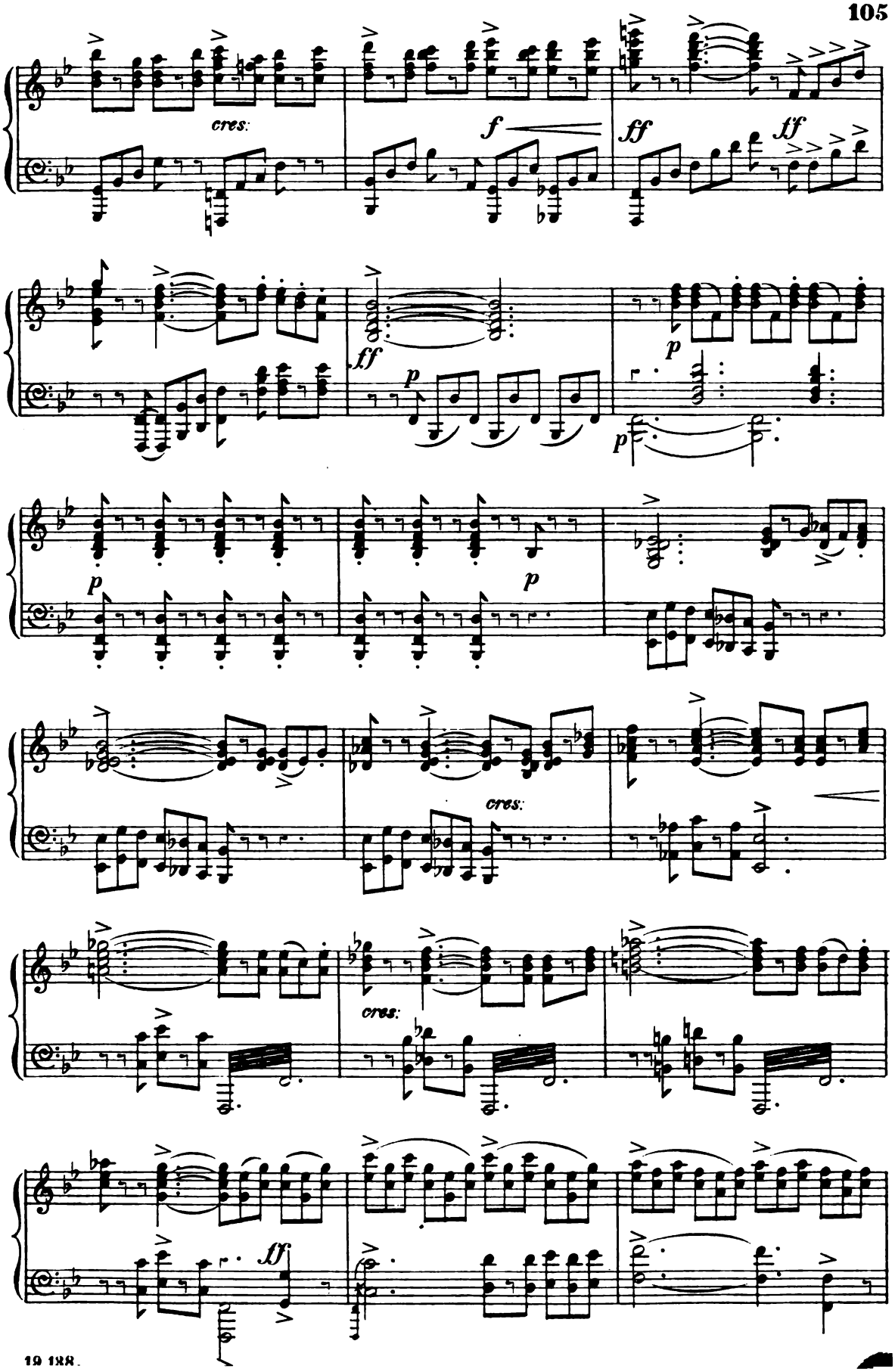


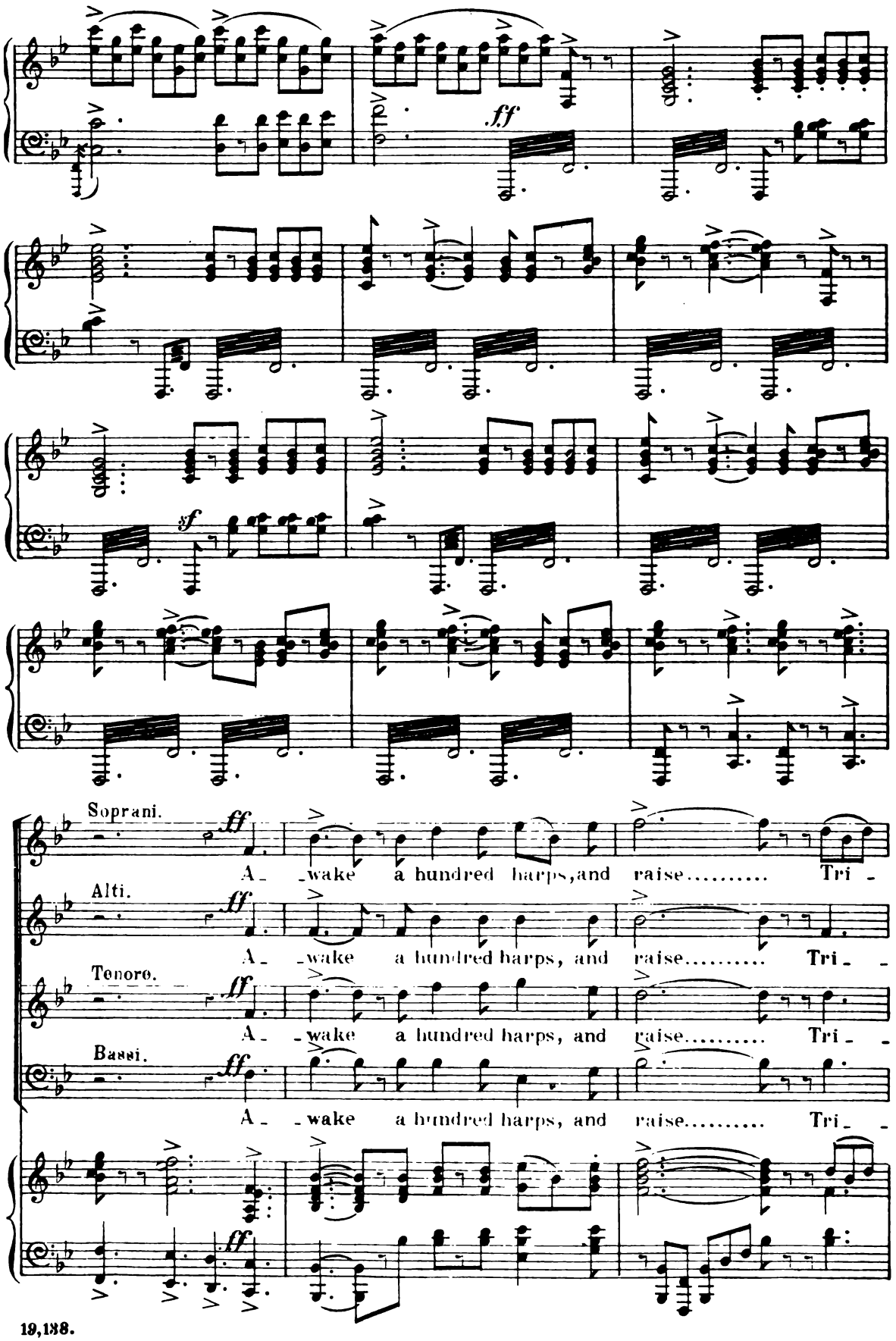
END OF SCENE III

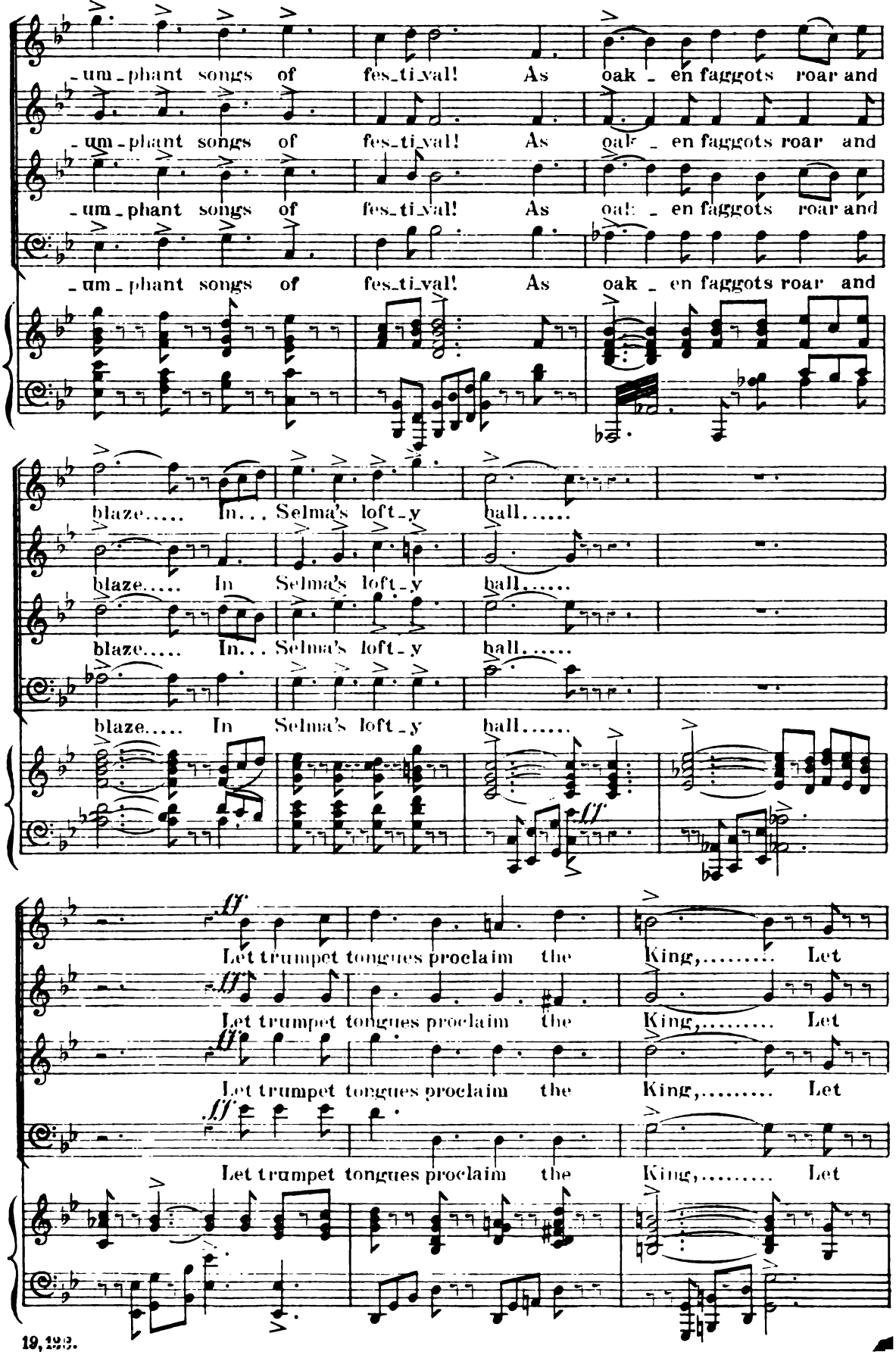
The feast in the great hall of the Palace of Selma. (Evening.)

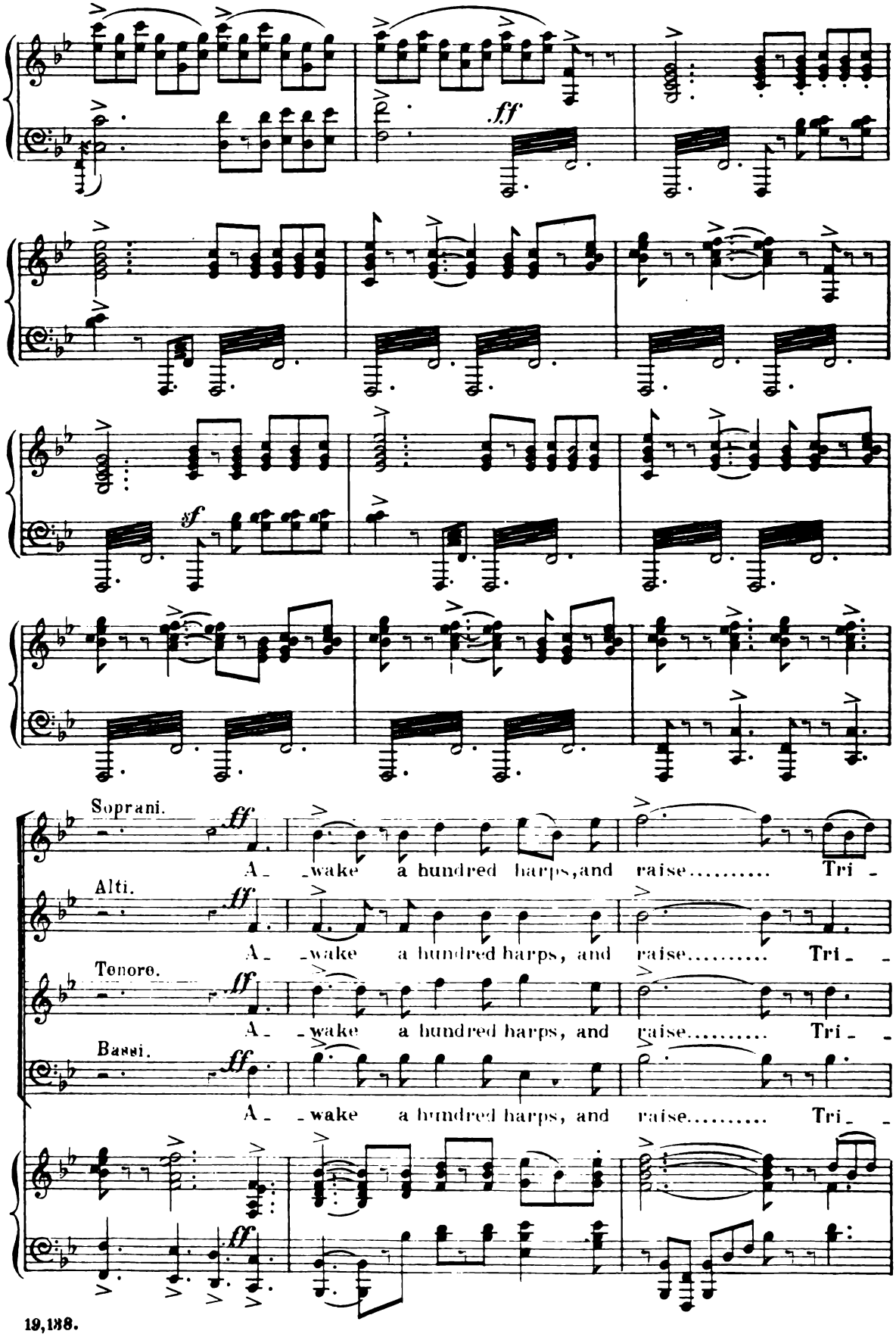
N.o 14. *Chorus.*—"Awake a hundred harps."

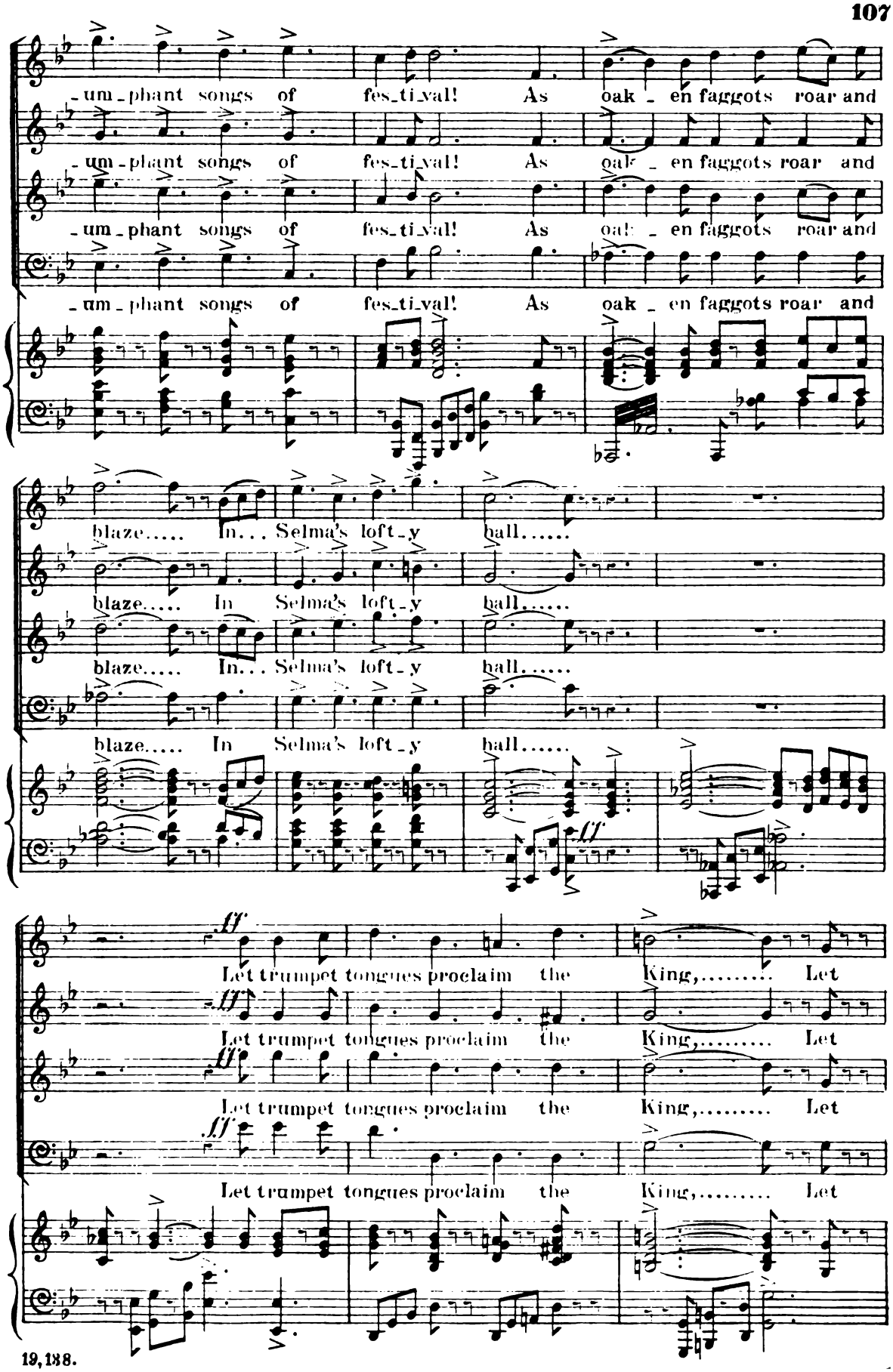


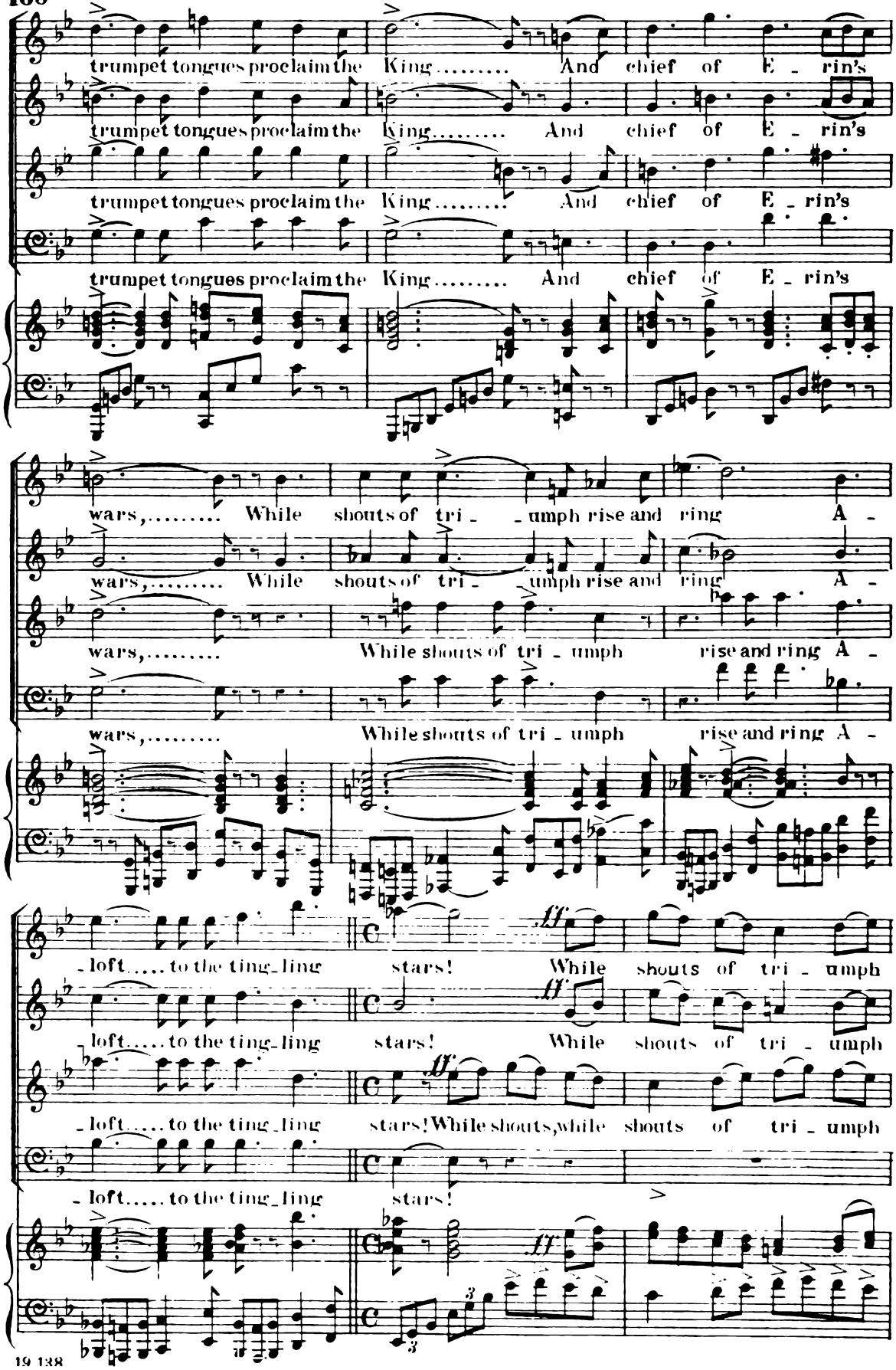

cres:
f
ff
ff
ff
p
p
p
p
p
cres:
cres:
ff

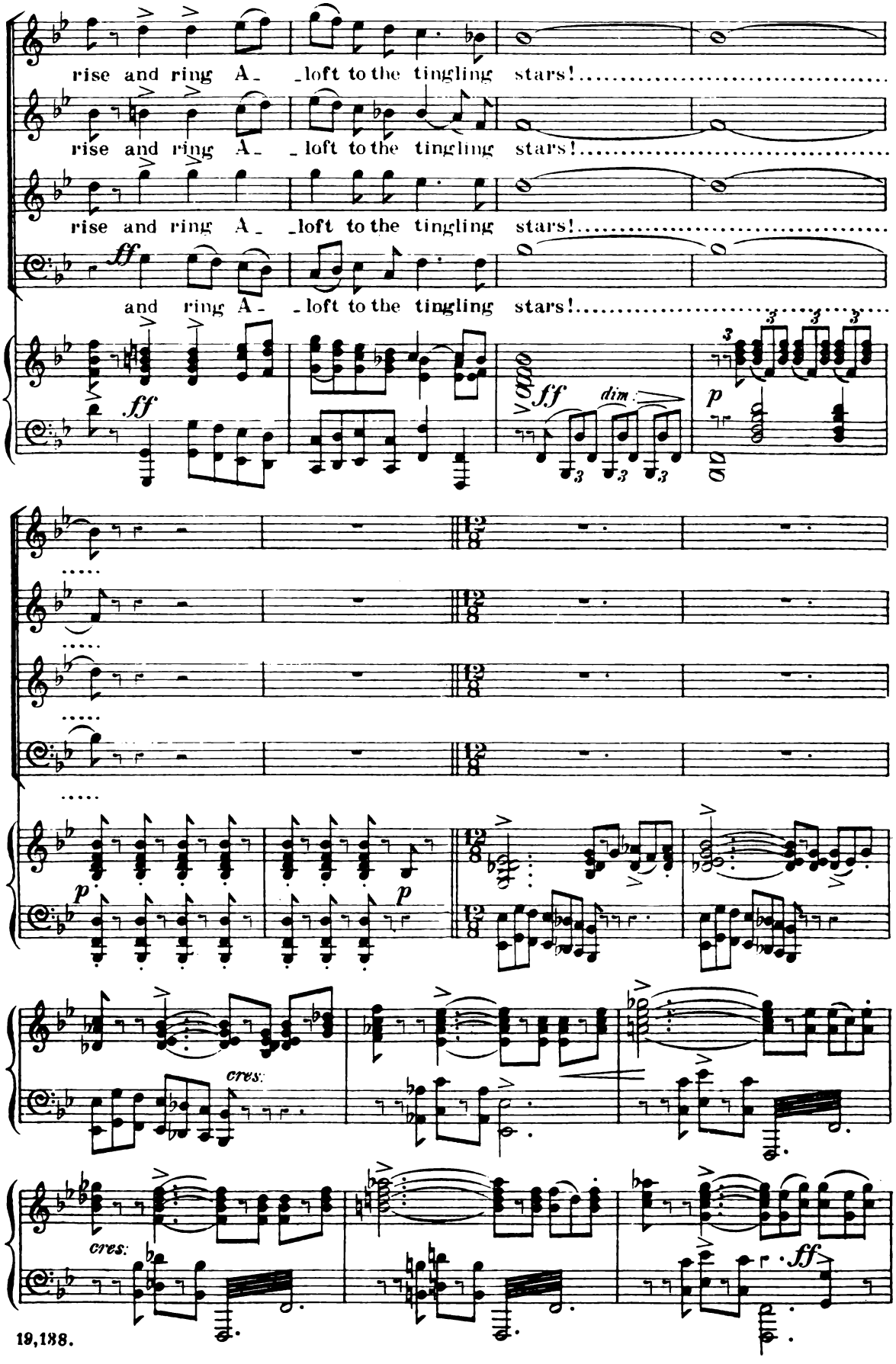

ff
sf
Soprani.
A - wake a hundred harps, and raise..... Tri -
Alti.
A - wake a hundred harps, and raise..... Tri -
Tenore.
A - wake a hundred harps, and raise..... Tri -
Bassi.
A - wake a hundred harps, and raise..... Tri -

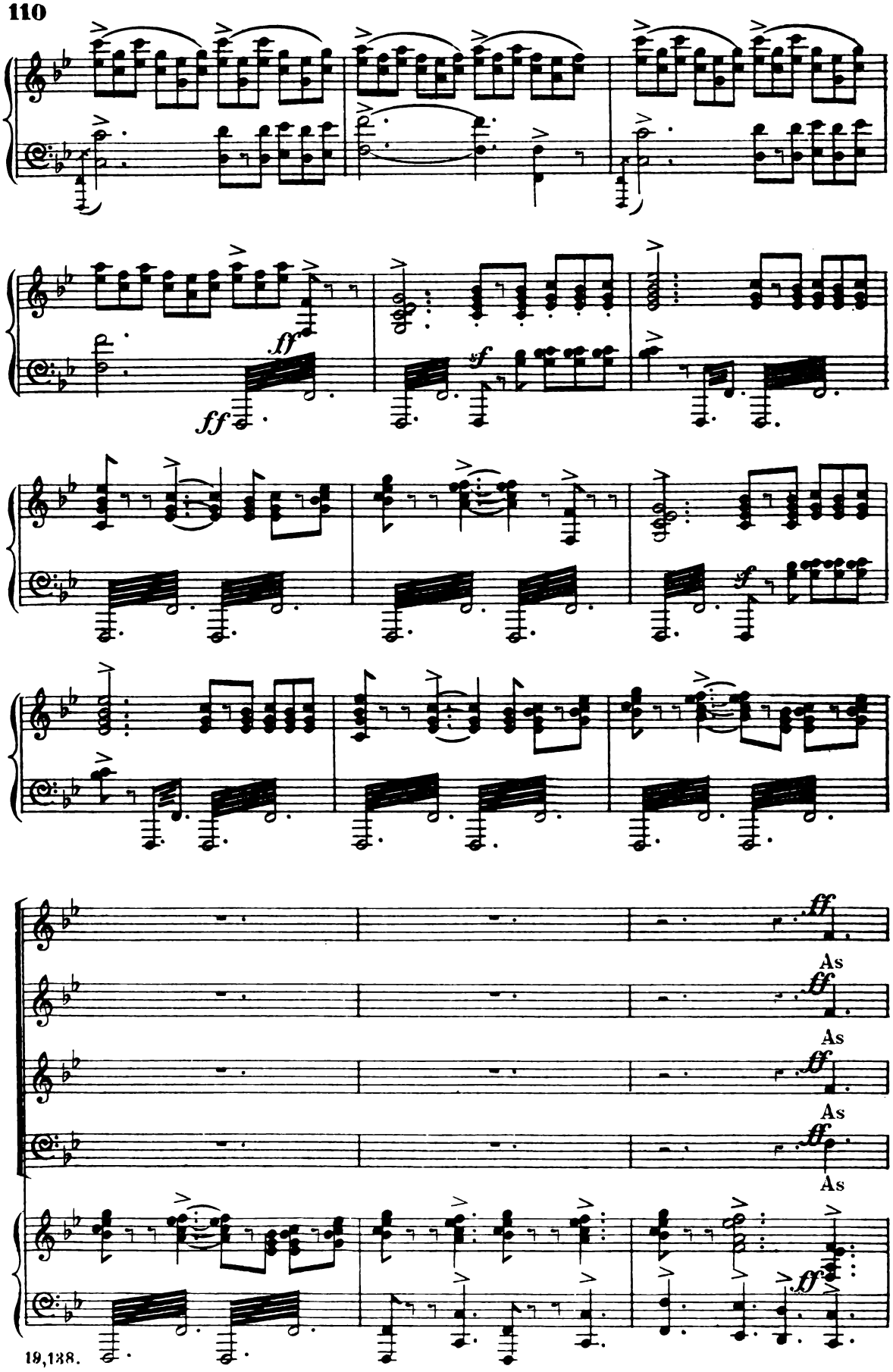

-um-phant songs of fes-ti-val! As oak-en faggots roar and
-um-phant songs of fes-ti-val! As oak-en faggots roar and
-um-phant songs of fes-ti-val! As oak-en faggots roar and
blaze..... In... Selma's loft-y hall.....
blaze..... In Selma's loft-y hall.....
blaze..... In... Selma's loft-y hall.....
blaze..... In Selma's loft-y hall.....
ff
Let trumpet tongues proclaim the King,..... Let
ff
Let trumpet tongues proclaim the King,..... Let
ff
Let trumpet tongues proclaim the King,..... Let
ff
Let trumpet tongues proclaim the King,..... Let

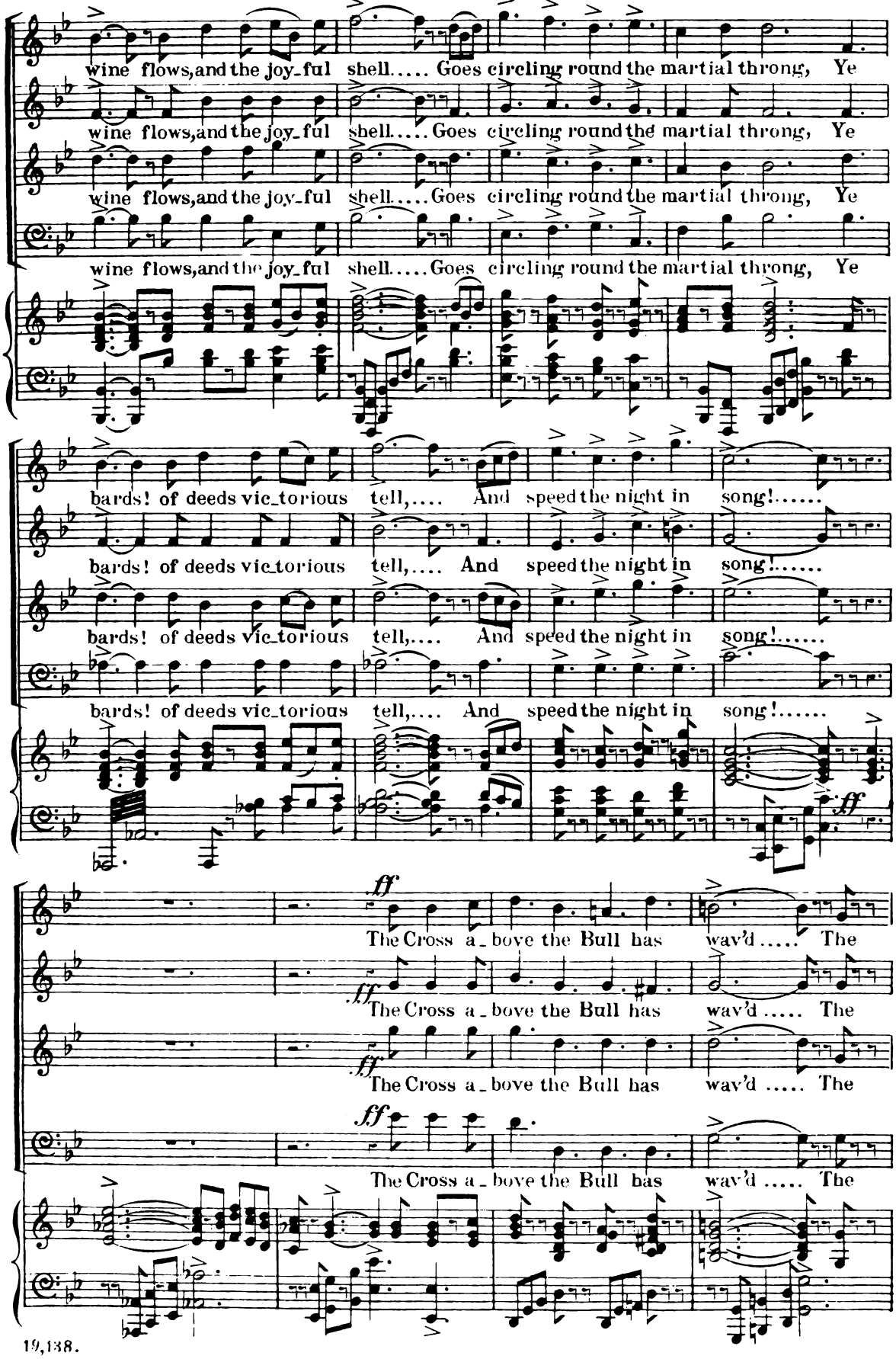

ff
sf
Soprani.
ff
A - wake a hundred harps, and raise..... Tri -
Alti.
ff
A - wake a hundred harps, and raise..... Tri -
Tenore.
ff
A - wake a hundred harps, and raise..... Tri -
Bassi.
ff
A - wake a hundred harps, and raise..... Tri -
ff

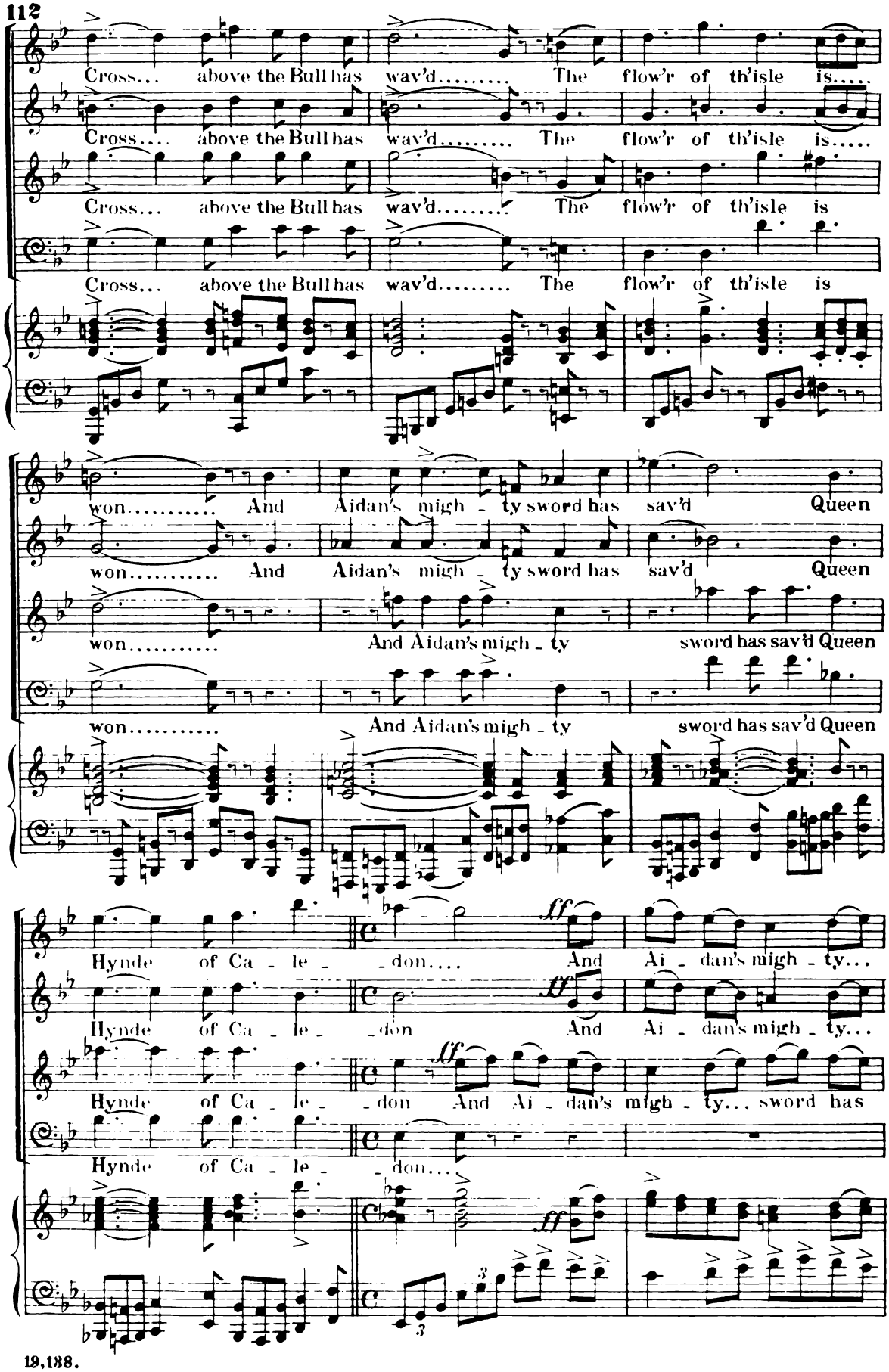

-um-phant songs of fes-ti-val! As oak-en faggots roar and
-um-phant songs of fes-ti-val! As oak-en faggots roar and
-um-phant songs of fes-ti-val! As oak-en faggots roar and
blaze..... In... Selma's loft-y hall.....
blaze..... In Selma's loft-y hall.....
blaze..... In... Selma's loft-y hall.....
blaze..... In Selma's loft-y hall.....
ff
Let trumpet tongues proclaim the King,..... Let
Let trumpet tongues proclaim the King,..... Let
Let trumpet tongues proclaim the King,..... Let
Let trumpet tongues proclaim the King,..... Let

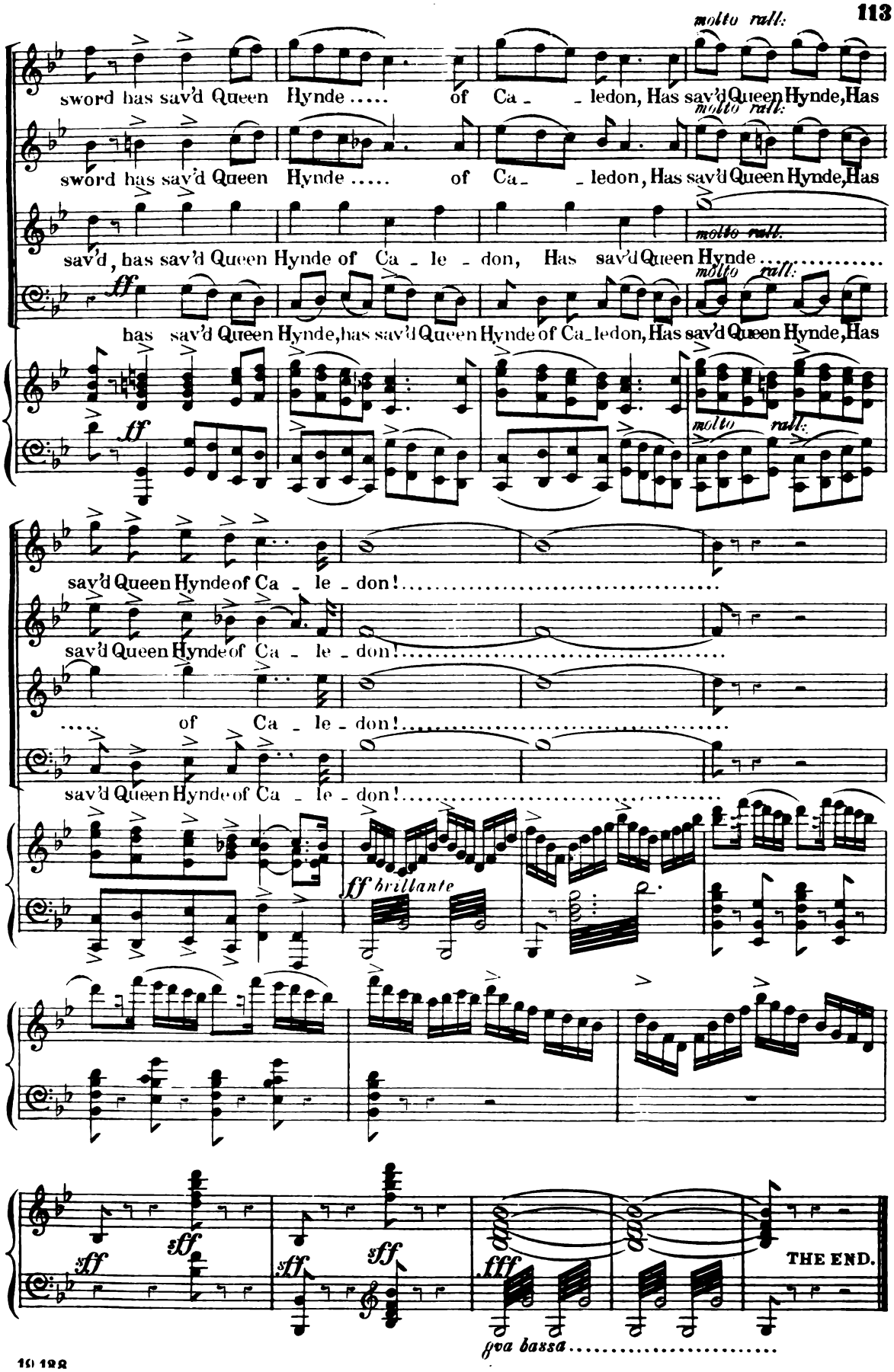

trumpet tongues proclaim the King..... And chief of E - rin's
trumpet tongues proclaim the King..... And chief of E - rin's
trumpet tongues proclaim the King..... And chief of E - rin's
trumpet tongues proclaim the King..... And chief of E - rin's
wars,..... While shouts of tri - - umph rise and ring A -
wars,..... While shouts of tri - umph rise and ring A -
wars,..... While shouts of tri - umph rise and ring A -
- loft..... to the ting - ling stars! While shouts of tri - umph
loft..... to the ting - ling stars! While shouts of tri - umph
- loft..... to the ting - ling stars! While shouts, while shouts of tri - umph
- loft..... to the ting - ling stars!


rise and ring A- -loft to the tingling stars!
rise and ring A- -loft to the tingling stars!
rise and ring A- -loft to the tingling stars!
ff
and ring A- -loft to the tingling stars!
ff
ff
dim.
p
p
p
cres.
cres.
ff


ff
ff
sf
sf
ff
As
ff
As
ff
As
ff


wine flows, and the joy_ful shell..... Goes circling round the martial throng, Ye
wine flows, and the joy_ful shell..... Goes circling round the martial throng, Ye
wine flows, and the joy_ful shell..... Goes circling round the martial throng, Ye
wine flows, and the joy_ful shell..... Goes circling round the martial throng, Ye
bards! of deeds vic_torious tell,.... And speed the night in song!.....
bards! of deeds vic_torious tell,.... And speed the night in song!.....
bards! of deeds vic_torious tell,.... And speed the night in song!.....
ff
The Cross a_bove the Bull has wav'd ..... The
ff
The Cross a_bove the Bull has wav'd ..... The
ff
The Cross a_bove the Bull has wav'd ..... The
ff
The Cross a_bove the Bull has wav'd ..... The


Cross... above the Bull has wav'd..... The flow'r of th'isle is.....
Cross.... above the Bull has wav'd..... The flow'r of th'isle is.....
Cross... above the Bull has wav'd..... The flow'r of th'isle is
Cross... above the Bull has wav'd..... The flow'r of th'isle is
won..... And Aidan's migh - ty sword has sav'd Queen
won..... And Aidan's migh - ty sword has sav'd Queen
won..... And Aidan's migh - ty sword has sav'd Queen
won..... And Aidan's migh - ty sword has sav'd Queen
Hynde of Ca - le - don.... And Ai - dan's migh - ty...
Hynde of Ca - le - don And Ai - dan's migh - ty...
Hynde of Ca - le - don And Ai - dan's migh - ty... sword has
Hynde of Ca - le - don...
ff
ff
ff
ff


molto rall:
sword has sav'd Queen Hynde ..... of Ca - ledon, Has sav'd Queen Hynde, Has
sword has sav'd Queen Hynde ..... of Ca - ledon, Has sav'd Queen Hynde, Has
sav'd, has sav'd Queen Hynde of Ca - le - don, Has sav'd Queen Hynde .....
ff
has sav'd Queen Hynde, has sav'd Queen Hynde of Ca - ledon, Has sav'd Queen Hynde, Has
sav'd Queen Hynde of Ca - le - don! .....
sav'd Queen Hynde of Ca - le - don! .....
..... of Ca - le - don! .....
sav'd Queen Hynde of Ca - le - don! .....
ff brillante
sff
fff
THE END.
8va bassa .....

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