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To my Friend Nicholas Kilburn, Esq.

COMPOSED FOR THE LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL, 1901.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÉL-CUILLÉ

CANTATA

FOR SOPRANO AND BARITONE SOLI, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

THE POEM TRANSLATED FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN BY

H. W. LONGFELLOW

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

(Op. 43.)

Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

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And

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PART I.

At the foot of the mountain height
Where is perched Castel-Cuillé,
When the apple, the plum, and the almond-tree
In the plain below were growing white,
This is the song one might perceive
On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph’s Eve:
"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"
This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
Seemed from the clouds descending;
When lo! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye.
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain;
Resembling there, so near unto the sky.
Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven has sent
For their delight and our encouragement
Together blending,
And soon descending
The narrow sweep
Of the hill-side steep,
They wind aslant
Toward Saint Amaiit,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valleys
With merry sallies
Singing their chant:
"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining brightly,
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.
When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
A rustic bridal, ah! how sweet it is!
To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,
A band of maidens
Gaily frolicking,

A band of youngsters
Wildly rollicking!
Kissing,
Caressing,
With fingers pressing,
Till in the veriest
Madness of mirth, as they dance,
They retreat and advance,
Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest;
"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

BARITONE SOLO.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
These maidens fresh and fair,
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?
Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall?
O, no! for a maiden frail, I trow,
Never bore so lofty a brow!
What lovers!—they give not a single caress!
To see them so careless and cold to-day.
These are grand people, one would say.
What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?
It is, that, half way up the hill,
Dwelleth the blind orphan still.

Love, the deceiver, them ensnared;
For them the altar was prepared;
But alas! the summer's blight,
The dread disease that none can stay,
The pestilence that walks by night,
Took the young bride's sight away.
All at the father's stern command was changed;
Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged;
Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled;
Returned but three short days ago,
The golden chain they round him throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.
Then suddenly a maiden cried,
"Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!
Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a fountain's side
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-trees appears,
And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.
It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
She telleth fortunes, and none complain.
She promises one a village swain,
Another a happy wedding-day,
And the bride a lovely boy straightway.
All comes to pass as she avers;
She never deceives, she never errs.
But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe.
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue.
Who, like a statue, stands in view;
Changing colour, as well he might,
When the beldame, wrinkled and gray,
Takes the young bride by the hand,
And, with the tip of her reedy wand,
Making the sign of the cross, doth say,—
"Thoughtless Angela, beware!
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!"
And she was silent; and the maidens fair
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear;
But on a little streamlet silver-clear,
What are two drops of turbid rain?
Saddened a moment, the bridal train
Resumed the dance and song again;
"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

PART II.

Soprano Solo and Chorus.

And from suffering worn and weary,
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret,
In her cottage lone and dreary:—
"He has arrived! arrived at last!
Yet Jane has named him not these three days past;
Arrived! yet keeps aloof so far!
And knows that of my night he is the star!
Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,
And count the moments since he went away!

Come! keep the promise of that happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted!
What joy have I without thee?—what delight?
Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery;
Day for the others ever, but for me
For ever night! for ever night!
When he is gone 'tis dark! my soul is sad!
I suffer! O my God! come, make me glad.
When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude;
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes!
Within them shines for me a heaven of love,
A heaven all happiness, like that above,
No more of grief! no more of lassitude!
Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all distresses,
When seated by my side my hand he presses;
But when alone, remember all!
Where is Baptiste? he hears not when I call!
A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,
I need some bough to twine around!
In pity come! be to my suffering kind!
True love, they say, in grief doth more abound;
What then—when one is blind?
"Who knows? perhaps I am forsaken!
Ah! woe is me! then bear me to my grave!
O God! what thoughts within me waken!
Away! he will return! I do but rave!
He will return! I need not fear!
He swore it by our Saviour dear;
He could not come at his own will;
Is weary, or perhaps is ill!
Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,
Prepares for me some sweet surprise!
But some one comes! Though blind, my heart can see!
And that deceives me not!—'tis he! 'tis he!"

Chorus.

And the door ajar is set,
And poor, confiding Margaret
Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes;
'Tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries:—

Baritone Solo.

"Angela the bride has passed!
I saw the wedding guests go by;
Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked?
For all are there but you and I!"

Soprano Solo.

"Angela married! and not send
To tell her secret unto me!
O, speak! who may the bridegroom be?"

Baritone Solo.

"My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy friend!"
THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÉL-CUILLÉ.

CHORUS.
A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said;  
A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks;  
An icy hand, as heavy as lead,  
Descending, as her brother speaks,  
Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat,  
Suspends awhile its life and heat.  
She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,  
A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

BARITONE SOLO AND CHORUS.
"Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!  
Sister, dost thou hear them singing?  
How merrily they laugh and jest!  
Would we were bidden with the rest!  
I would don my hose of homespun gray,  
And my doublet of linen striped and gay;  
Perhaps they will come; for they do not wed  
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said!"

SOPRANO SOLO.
"I know it!  
Paul, be not sad! 'Tis a holiday;  
To-morrow put on thy doublet gay!  
But leave me now for a while alone."

CHORUS.
Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,  
And, as he whistled along the hall,  
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.  
"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat!  
I am faint, and weary, and out of breath!  
But thou art cold,—art chill as death;  
My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"

SOPRANO SOLO.
"Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride;  
And, as I listened to the song,  
I thought my turn would come ere long,  
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.  
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,  
To me such joy they prophesy.  
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide  
When they behold him at my side.  
And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou?  
It must seem long to him;—methinks I see him now!"

CHORUS.
Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press:  
"Thy love I cannot all approve;  
We must not trust too much to happiness;—  
Go, pray to God, that thou may'st love him less!"

SOPRANO SOLO.
"The more I pray, the more I love!  
It is no sin, for God is on my side!"

CHORUS.
It was enough; and Jane no more replied.  
Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold;  
But to deceive the beliede old  
She takes a sweet, contented air;  
Speaks of foul weather, or of fair,  
At every word the maiden smiles!  
Thus the beguiler she beguiles;  
So that, departing at the evening's close,  
She says, "She may be saved! she nothing knows!"  
Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress!  
Now that thou wouldest, thou art no prophetess!  
This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,  
Thou wast so, far beyond thine art!"

PART III.
Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,  
And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,  
Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,  
How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,  
The one puts on her cross and crown,  
Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,  
And flaunting, fluttering up and down,  
Looks at herself, and cannot rest.  
The other, blind, within her little room,  
Has neither crown nor flower's perfume;  
But in their stead for something gropes apart,  
That in a drawer's recess doth lie.  
And 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,  
Convulsive clasps it to her heart.  
The one, fantastic, light as air,  
'Mid kisses ringing,  
And joyous singing,  
Forgets to say her morning prayer!  
The other, with cold drops upon her brow,  
Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,  
And whispers, as her brother opes the door,  
"O God! forgive me now!"  
And then the orphan, young and blind,  
Conducted by her brother's hand,  
Towards the church, through paths unscanned,  
With tranquil air, her way doth wind.  
Oduors of laurel, making her faint and pale,  
Round her at times exhale.  
And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,  
But brumal vapours gray.  
Near that castle, fair to see  
Crowded with sculptures old in every part,  
Marvels of nature and of art,  
And proud of its name of high degree,  
A little chapel, almost bare  
At the base of the rock, is builded there;  
All glorious that it lifts aloof,  
Above each jealous cottage roof,  
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,  
And its blackened steeple high in air,  
Round which the osprey shrieks and sails.
SOPRANO SOLO.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by! Where are we? We ascend!"

BARITONE SOLO.

"Yes; seest thou not our journey's end? Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry? The hideous bird, that brings ill-luck, we know! Dost thou remember when our father said— The night we watched beside his bed—'O daughter, I am weak and low; Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying!' And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying? Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud; And here they brought our father in his shroud. There is his grave; there stands the cross we set: Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret? Come in! The bride will be here soon: Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!"

CHORUS.

She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and weary! A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary, "What wouldst thou do, my daughter?"—and she started; And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted; But Paul, impatient, urges evermore Her steps towards the open door; And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid Crushes the laurel near the house immortal. And with her head, as Paul talks on again, Touches the crown of filigrane Suspended from the low-arched portal, No more restrained, no more afraid, She walks, as Paul talks on again, And in the ancient chapel's sombre night They both are lost to sight. At length the bell With booming sound, Sends forth, resounding round, Its hymnical peal over rock and down the dell. It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain; And yet the guests delay not long, For soon arrives the bridal train And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay, For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day, Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning, Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning. And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis; To be a bride is all! The pretty lisper Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper, "How beautiful! how beautiful she is!" But she must calm that giddy head, For already the Mass is said; At the holy table stands the priest; The wedding ring is blessed; Baptiste receives it; Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it, He must pronounce one word at least! 'Tis spoken; and sudden at the groomman's side

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS.

"'Tis he!" a well-known voice has cried. And while the wedding guests all hold their breath, Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see!

SOPRANO SOLO.

"Baptiste, since thou hast wished my death, As holy water be my blood for thee!"

CHORUS.

And calmly in the air a knife suspended! Doubtless her guardian angel near attended, For anguish did its work so well. That, ere the fatal stroke descended, Lifeless she fell! At eve, instead of bridal verse, The De Profundis filled the air; Decked with flowers, a single hearse To the churchyard forth they bear; Village girls in robes of snow Follow, weeping as they go; Nowhere was a smile that day, No, ah no! for each one seemed to say:— "The road shall mourn and be veiled in gloom, So fair a corpse shall leave its home! Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away! So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!"

H. W. LONGFELLOW
(After the Gascon of Jasmin).
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THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÉL CUILLÉ.

Longfellow.

Allegro moderato.

S. Coleridge-Taylor.

Op. 43.

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Soprano & Alto Chorus.  

\textit{a tempo}  

\textit{mf}  

\textit{At the foot of the mountain height}  

\textit{a tempo}  

Where is perch’d Cas-tél Cullé,  

When the
apple, the plum, and the almond-tree In the plain below were growing white, This is the song one might perceive On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve:
The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a

bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with gar-lands

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bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with gar-lands

bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with gar-lands
gay, So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

gay, So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

gay, So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

This old Te Deum,

rus-tic rites at-tending, Seem'd from the clouds de-scend-ing;
When lo! a merry company of rosy village girls,
clean as the eye, Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain;
There, so near unto the sky, rejoicing angels, that
kind Heav’n has sent For their delight and our encouragement.
Togeth-er blend-ing, And soon de-scend-ing The narrow sweep Of the hill-side steep,
They wind aslant Towards

narrow sweep Of the hill-side steep,
They wind aslant Towards

narrow sweep Of the hill-side steep, They wind aslant Towards

11229
They wind aslant Towards Saint A-mant,
With merry sal-lies Singing their chant:
valleys With merry sal-lies Singing their chant:

Tempo I

The roads should

Tempo I?
blossom, the roads should bloom, So fair a bride shall leave her home!

Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay, So fair a

blossom, the roads should bloom, So fair a bride shall leave her home!

Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay, So fair a
The sky was blue, without one cloud of

The sky was blue, without one cloud of
gloom, The sun of March was shining brightly, And to the air.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom, A rustic bridal,
Ah! how sweet it is! To sounds of joyous melodies, That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,  
Ah! how sweet it is! To sounds of melodies, That touch the trembling bosom,  
To sounds of melodies, That touch the trembling bosom.
Più mosso.

A band of maidens Gai-ly frolicking, A band of

young-sters Wild-ly rollicking! Kissing, Car-ess-ing, With
fingers pressing, Till in the veriest Madness of mirth, as they dance, They retreat and advance, trying whose laugh shall be
Tempo I?

roads should blossom, the roads should bloom, So fair a bride shall leave her

Tempo I?

roads should blossom, the roads should bloom, So fair a bride shall leave her

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roads should blossom, the roads should bloom, So fair a bride shall leave her
home! Should blossom and bloom with gar-lands gay, home! Should blossom and bloom with gar-lands gay, So home! Should blossom and bloom with gar-lands gay, home! Should blossom and bloom with gar-lands gay,

So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

So fair a bride shall pass to-day!
Mean-while, whence comes it that among these maidens fresh and fair,

Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?

Joseph would say to us all,

hast—ty, precedeth a fall?

No! for a maiden frail, I trow,

That love, o' er
What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

What lovers! they give not a single caress!

To see them so careless, so careless and cold today,

These are grand people, one would say.

What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?
It is, that, half way up the hill, Dwelleth the blind or-phan still,

Love, the de-ceiv-er, them ensnared; For them the al-tar was pre-pared;

But a-las! the summer's blight, The dread di-sease which none can stay, The

pes-tilence that walks by night, Took the young bride's sight a-way.
All at the father's stern command was changed; Their

peace was gone but not their love estranged;

Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled; Returned but three short

days ago, The golden chain they round him throw, He is enticed, and

Agitato.
onward led To mar-ry An-gel-la, and yet Is think-ing,

ev-er of Mar-gar-et, think-ing ev-er of Mar-gar-et!
Allegro.
Soprano.

Allegro.

Alto.

Then

suddenly a maiden cried, "Anna!"
The-

suddenly a maiden cried, "Anna!"
The-

resale! Mary! Kate!

resale! Mary! Kate!
Here comes the crip-ple Jane!

And by a foun-tain's side A woman, bent and gray

years, Un-der the mul - berry-trees ap-pear,

And all towards her
run, as fleet As had they wings up-on their feet.

It is that

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

It is that
Jane, the cripple Jane—Is a sooth-sayer, wary and kind. She tel-leth
fortunes, and none complain, she tel-leth fortunes, and none complain. She
pro-mi-ses one a village swain.

And the

pro-mi-ses one a village swain.

And the

An-o-ther a hap-py wed-ding-day. And the

cresc.

An-o-ther a hap-py wed-ding-day. And the

cresc.

She

bride a love-ly boy straightway. All comes to pass as she avers;

She

bride a love-ly boy straightway. All comes to pass as she avers;

She

bride a love-ly boy straightway. All comes to pass as she avers;

She
never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village

never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village

never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village

never deceives, she never errs.
seer—Wears a countenance severe. And from beneath her eye-brows

Her two eyes flash'd, flash'd like cannons bright:

thin and white

Her two eyes flash'd, flash'd like cannons bright:

thin and white
Who, like a statue,
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,

stands in view;
Changing colour, as well he might, When the
beldame wrinkled and gray, Takes the young bride by the hand, And with the
tip of her ree-dy wand, Mak-ing the sign of the cross, doth
beldame wrinkled and gray, Takes the young bride by the hand, And with the
tip of her ree-dy wand, Mak-ing the sign of the cross, doth
beldame wrinkled and gray, Takes the young bride by the hand, And with the
tip of her ree-dy wand, Mak-ing the sign of the cross, doth
beldame wrinkled and gray, Takes the young bride by the hand, And with the
Thoughtless Angela, beware, Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom, Thou

beware! Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom, Thou

beware! Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom, Thou

beware! Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom, Thou

beware! Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom, Thou

beware!
A diggest for thy-self a tomb!

And she was silent; and the

And she was silent; and the

And she was silent;
maidens fair Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear;

maidens fair Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear; But on a

and the maidens fair Saw a swollen tear; But on a

What are two drops of

little streamlet silver clear,

What are two drops of

little streamlet silver clear,
Moderato.

roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,

So fair a

roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,

So fair a

roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,

So fair a

roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,

So fair a

roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,

So fair a

roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,

So fair a

Moderato.

bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with

bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with

bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with

bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with

bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with
Garlands gay, so fair a bride, so fair a bride, so fair a bride shall pass to-day!
PART II.

Andante.

mp molto espressivo
Soprano.

And from suff'ring worn and wea-ry,

But

Alto.

And from suff'ring worn and wea-ry,

But

Tenor.

And from suff'ring worn and wea-ry,

But

Bass.

And from suff'ring wea-ry,

But

beautiful as some fair angel yet,

beautiful as some fair angel yet,

beautiful as some fair angel yet,

beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret, In her cottage lone and dreary:
He has arriv'd! arriv'd at last!
Yet Jane has
nam'd him not these three days past; Arriv'd! yet keeps a-loof so

Thus lament-ed Mar-gar-et!

Thus lament-ed Mar-gar-et!

Thus lament-ed Mar-gar-et!

Thus lament-ed Mar-gar-et!

And knows that of my night

Thus lament-ed Mar-gar-et!

Thus lament-ed Mar-gar-et!

Thus lament-ed Mar-gar-et!

Thus lament-ed Mar-gar-et!

a tempo
he is the star! Knows that long months I wait alone, be-
dim.

-night-ed! And count the moments since he went a-way!

dim.

Thus lamented Margaret, In her cottage lone and drea-r-y

Thus lamented Margaret, In her cottage lone and drea-r-y

Thus lamented Margaret, In her cottage lone and drea-r-y

Thus lamented Margaret, In her cottage lone and drea-r-y
Come! come! keep the promise of that happier day, That I may keep the
faith to thee I plight-ed!

Thus lament-ed Margaret!

Thus lament-ed Margaret!

Thus lament-ed Margaret!
-out thee? what de-light? Grief wastes my

Grief wastes my

Grief wastes my

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Grief w...
When he is gone 'tis dark! my soul is sad! I suffer! O my God! come, make me glad.

Margaret, in her cottage lone and dreary:

When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude;

Più tranquillo.
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes! Within them shines for me a heav'n of love, A heav'n all happiness, like that above, No more of grief!

no more of lassitude! Earth I forget, and heav'n, and all dis-
Thus lamented Margaret, In her cottage lone and dreary,

Tempo I°
Thus lamented Margaret, In her cottage lone and dreary:

Where is Baptiste? he hears not when I call!

A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,
I need some bough to twine around! In pity come! Be to my suffering kind! True love, they say, in grief doth more abound! What then when one is blind? when one is blind? Who knows? perhaps I am forsaken! Ah!
woe is me! then bear me to my grave!

Thus lamented Margaret!

God! what thoughts within me waken! Away! he will return!
I do but rave! He will re-turn! I need not fear! He

Thus lament-ed
Thus lament-ed
Thus lament-ed
Thus lament-ed
Thus lament-ed

swore it by our Sav-iour dear: He could not come of his

Marg-aret, In her cottage lone and drea-ry:
Marg-aret, In her cottage lone and drea-ry:
Marg-aret, In her cottage lone and drea-ry:
Marg-aret, In her cottage lone and drea-ry:

Più tranquillo.
own will; Is wea ry, or per-haps is ill! Per-haps his heart,

Thus lament ed

Thus lament ed

Thus lament ed

Thus lament ed

in this disguise, Prepares for me some sweet surprise!

Mar - gar et, thus lament ed Mar - gar et,

Mar - gar et, thus lament ed Mar - gar et,

Mar - gar et, thus lament ed Mar - gar et,

Mar - gar et, thus lament ed Mar - gar et,
accel. - cresc. - ff a tempo

But some one comes! Though blind, my heart can see! And that de-

Thus lamented Margaret.

Thus lamented Margaret.

Thus lamented Margaret.

Thus lamented Margaret.

Thus lamented Margaret.

rall. molto

Allegro con fuoco.

- ceives me not! ’tis he! ’tis he! 

And the

And the

And the

And the

rall. molto

Allegro con fuoco.
door a-jar is set. And poor, con-fid-ing Mar-gar-et

Rises, with out-stretch'd arms, but sight-less eyes: 'Tis on-ly
Paul, her brother, who thus cries:

An-ge-la the bride has passed!
I saw the wedding-
guests go by;

Tell me, my sister why were
we not askd! For all are there but you and I! "An-ge-la

married! and not send to tell her se-cret un-to me! O,

Baritone Solo. (Paul.)

speak! who may the bridegroom be? "My sister; 'tis Baptiste, thy friend!"

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.
Allegro ma non troppo.

cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said. A milky dim.

white-ness spreads up - on her cheeks; An icy hand, as
white-ness spreads up - on her cheeks;
white-ness spreads up - on her cheeks; An
white-ness spreads up - on her cheeks;
heavy as lead, descending as her brother speaks upon her heart, that has icy hand descending upon her icy hand descending upon.

cesd to beat, suspends a-while its life and heat. She heart, suspends a-while its life and heat. She heart, suspends a-while its life and heat. She suspends a-while its life and heat. She
stands beside the boy, now sore distressed; A wax Ma-
donna as a peasant dress'd.

stands beside the boy, now sore distressed; A wax Ma-
donna as a peasant dress'd.

stands beside the boy, now sore distressed; A wax Ma-
donna as a peasant dress'd.

stands beside the boy, now sore distressed; A wax Ma-
donna as a peasant dress'd.

stands beside the boy, now sore distressed; A wax Ma-
donna as a peasant dress'd.

stands beside the boy, now sore distressed; A wax Ma-
donna as a peasant dress'd.

stands beside the boy, now sore distressed; A wax Ma-
donna as a peasant dress'd.
Allegro moderato.
Allegro.
Baritone Solo. (Paul.)

How merri-ly they laugh and jest! Would we were bid-den with the
How merri-ly they laugh and jest! Would we were bidden with the rest!

Baritone Solo. (Paul.)

I would don my hose of home-spun gray,

And my doub-let of lin-en, striped and gay;
P'rhaps they will come; for they do not wed Till to-
morrow at seven o'clock, it is said!"

Soprano Solo. (Margaret.)

"I know it!" Paul be not sad! 'Tis a ho-li-day, To-morrow put
on thy doub-let gay! But leave me now for a while a - lone!"

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Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul, and, as he whistled a
long the hall, entered Jane, the crippled crone.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato.
Soprano.

**Chorus**

*Holly Virgin! what dreadful heat! I am faint, and weary, and out of breath! But thou art cold, art chill as death; My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?*

**Allegro. Soprano Solo. (Margaret.)**

*49 Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride*
And as I listen'd to their song, I thought my turn would come ere long.

Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.

Thy cards forsooth can nev-er lie,
To me such joy they prophesy,
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide
When they behold him, when they behold him at my side.
And poor Baptiste, what say-est thou? It must seem long to me-thinks I see him now!"

Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press. "Thy love I cannot all approve; We

me-thinks I see him now!"
must not trust too much to happiness; Go, pray to God that thou mayst

The more I pray, the more I love!

love him less! Go, pray, go, pray to

It is no sin, for God is on my side!!

God!"
It was enough,

and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is bar'd and

Now to all hope her heart is bar'd and

Now to all hope her heart is
cold; But to deceive, to deceive the bel-dame old She takes a sweet contented air. Speaks of foul weather, and of fair. At ev’ry word the maid-en smiles! Thus the be-

cresc. 

cresc. 

cresc. 

cresc.
poco accel.
cresc.

-guil-er she be-guiles; So that, de-part-ing at ev-nings'
cresc.

-guil-er she be-guiles; So that, de-part-ing at ev-nings'
cresc.

-guil-er she be-guiles; So that, de-part-ing at ev-nings'
cresc.

-guil-er she be-guiles; So that, de-part-ing at ev-nings'
cresc.

poco accel.

close, She says, "She may be sav'd! she nothing knows!"

close, “She may be sav'd! she no-thing knows!”

close, “She may be sav’d! she no-thing knows!”

close, “She may be sav’d! she no-thing knows!”

close, "She may be sav’d! she no-thing knows!"

Poor Jane! Poor Jane! the

Poor Jane! Poor Jane! the

Poor Jane! Poor Jane! the
cunning sorceress! Now that thou wouldst, thou art no
cunning sorceress! Now that thou wouldst, thou art no
cunning sorceress! Now that thou wouldst, thou art no

prophetess! This morning, in the fulness of thy
prophetess! This morning, this morning, in thy
prophetess! This morning, this morning, in thy

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End of Part II.
PART III.

Allegro.

\[ \text{mp Bell.} \]

\[ \text{cresc.} \]

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{mf} \]

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{f} \]

\[ \text{f} \]
Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating, And the white cresc.  

mf Alto.

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating, And the white cresc.  

mf Tenor.

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating, And the white cresc.  

mf Bass.

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating, And the white cresc.  

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating, And the white cresc.  

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating, And the white cresc.  

mf Bell.

day-break stealing up the sky, Sees in two cottages two maidens 

day-break stealing up the sky, Sees in two cottages two maidens 

day-break stealing up the sky, Sees in two cottages two maidens 

day-break stealing up the sky, Sees in two cottages two maidens 

day-break stealing up the sky, Sees in two cottages two maidens 

day-break stealing up the sky, Sees in two cottages two maidens 

 mf Con anima.

wait-ing, How diff' rent - ly! Queen of a day, by 

wait-ing, How diff' rent - ly! Queen of a day, by 

wait-ing, How diff' rent - ly! Queen of a day, by 

wait-ing, How diff' rent - ly! Queen of a day, by 

Con anima.

2

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Soprano.

The one puts on her cross and crown, Decks with a huge bouquet her breast, And flaunting, flutting up and down, Looks at herself and cannot rest.

Alto.

The one puts on her cross and crown, Decks with a huge bouquet her breast, And flaunting, flutting up and down, Looks at herself and cannot rest.

Tenor. Poco meno mosso.

The other, blind, within her little room, Has neither

Bass. Poco meno mosso.

The other, blind, within her little room, Has neither
agitated

crown nor flower's perfume; But in their stead for something gropes a

crown nor flower's perfume; But in their stead for something gropes a

pesante
-part, That in a drawer's recess doth lie, And, heath her bodice of bright
-part, That in a drawer's recess doth lie, And, heath her bodice of bright

poco rit. a tempo
scarlet dye, Convulsive clasps it to her heart.
scarlet dye, Convulsive clasps it to her heart.
poco rit. a tempo

Soprano. Con anima.
Alto.
The one, fantastic, light as air, 'Mid

Alto. Con anima.

mf dim.
kisses ringing, And joyous singing, Forgets to say her morning

kisses ringing, And joyous singing, Forgets to say her morning

Un poco meno mosso.

Pray! Tenor.

The other with cold drops upon her brow Joins her two

The other with cold drops upon her brow Joins her two

Un poco meno mosso.

Hands, and kneels upon the floor, And whispers as her brother opens the

Hands, and kneels upon the floor, And whispers as her brother opens the
"O God, forgive me now!

-door:

rall. - poco a poco

now! O God, forgive me now! O God, forgive me now! O God, forgive me now!
Con anima.

And then the orphan, young and blind, Con-
ducted by her brother's hand, Towards the church, through paths un-
cresc.

ducted by her brother's hand, Towards the church, through paths un-
cresc.

ducted by her brother's hand, Towards the church, through paths un-
cresc.

Towards the church, through paths un-
cresc.

scann'd With tranquil air her way doth wind.

scann'd With tranquil air her way doth wind.

scann'd With tranquil air her way doth wind.

O-dours of

scann'd With tranquil air her way doth wind.

O-dours of

scann'd With tranquil air her way doth wind.

O-dours of
O - dours of lau - rel, mak - ing her faint and pale,

Round her at times ex - hale, And in the sky as yet no sunny
cresc. - - - f
dim. - - -

Round her at times ex - hale, And in the sky no sunny
cresc. - - - f
dim. - - -

cresc. - - - f
dim. - - -

Round her at times ex - hale, And in the sky as yet no
Near that castle, fair to see, in every part,
Crowded with sculptures old in every part,
Mar-vels of na-ture and of art, And proud of its name of

And proud of its name of

Mar-vels of na-ture and art, And proud of its name of

Mar-vels of na-ture and art, And proud of its name of

high de-gree, A lit-tle cha-pel,

high de-gree,

high de-gree,

high de-gree,

high de-gree,

And proud of its name of

And proud of its name of

And proud of its name of

high de-gree, A lit-tle chapel, al-most bare At the

high de-gree, A lit-tle chapel, al-most bare At the
All glorious that it lifts a base of the rock is builded there:

All glorious that it lifts a base of the rock is builded there:

All glorious that it lifts a base of the rock is builded there:

All glorious that it lifts a base of the rock is builded there:

loof, Above each jealous cottage roof, Its sacred summit,

loof, Above each jealous cottage roof, Its sacred summit,

loof, Above each jealous cottage roof, Its sacred summit,

loof, Above each jealous cottage roof, Its sacred summit,
Moderato.
Soprano Solo. (Margaret.)

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by! Where are we? we ascend!"

Molto moderato.
Baritone Solo. (Paul.)

Yes; seest thou not our journey's end? Hear'st not the os-prey from the belfry cry? The hideous bird, that brings ill-luck, we know!

Dost thou remember when our father said, The night we watch'd beside his bed, "O daughter, I am
weak and low; Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying!” And

thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?

Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud: And here they brought our father

in his shroud. There is his grave; there stands the cross we set:

Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret? Come in! The
Molto agitato.

Thou tremblest! O my God thou'rt going to swoon!

She could no more, the blind girl, weak and weary! A voice seemed

Andante.
What wouldst thou do, my daughter? And she started, and she started,
dim.

could aghast, faint-hearted;

But Paul, im-

could aghast, faint-hearted;

But Paul, im-

could aghast, faint-hearted;

But Paul, im-

could aghast, faint-hearted;

But Paul, im-

could aghast, faint-hearted;

But Paul, im-

patient, urges ever-more,

patient, urges ever-more,

patient, urges ever-more,

patient, urges ever-more,
steps towards the open door; And when beneath her feet, the unhappy maid, Crushes the laurel near the house...
No more restrain'd, no more afraid, She walks, as for a

feast array'd, And in the ancient chapel's sombre night They
both are lost to sight.

both are lost to sight.

both are lost to sight.

both are lost to sight.

cresc.
At length the bell, with booming sound,
Sends forth, resounding round,
Its hymeneal peal, o’er rock and down the dell.

It is
peal o’er rock and down the dell.

It is
Its hymeneal peal, o’er rock and down the dell.
broad, day. With sun-shine and with rain; And yet. Yet the guests delay not long, For soon arrives the bridal train, And with it brings the guests delay not long, For soon arrives the bridal train, And with it comes the bridal train, And with it
17 Tenors.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay.

For

Basses.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay.

For

lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,

lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morn-ing,

Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morn-ing,

Thinks on-ly of the bel-dame's words of warn-ing.

Thinks on-ly of the bel-dame's words of warn-ing.

Sopranos.

Altos.

And An-ge-la thinks of her cross, I wis; To

be a bride is all! The pret-ty lis-per Feels her heart swell to

The pret-ty lis-per Feels her heart swell to
hear all round her whisper, "How beautiful, how beautiful she
hear all round her whisper, "How beautiful, how beautiful she
Tranquillo.

The wedding ring is bless'd; Baptiste receives it; Ere on the
fingers of the bride he leaves it, He must pronounce one word at least!

Poco agitato.

'Tis spoken!
Soprano Solo. *(Margaret.)*

"'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis he!"

And sudden at the groomsman’s side

"'Tis he! 'tis he!"

And sudden at the groomsman’s side

"'Tis he! 'tis he!"

And sudden at the groomsman’s side

"'Tis he! 'tis he!"

And sudden at the groomsman’s side

"'Tis he! 'tis he!"

And sudden at the groomsman’s side

"'Tis he! 'tis he!"

And sudden at the groomsman’s side

"'Tis he! 'tis he!"

A well-known voice has cried.

And while the

A well-known voice has cried.

And while the

A well-known voice has cried.

And while the

A well-known voice has cried.

And while the

Poco meno mosso.
Soprano Solo. (Margaret.)

"Baptiste!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!

fessional, and the blind girl, see!
Since thou hast wish'd my death, As holy water
be my blood for thee! As holy water be my blood for
thee!

And calmly in the air a knife sus-

And calmly in the air a knife sus-

And calmly in the air a knife sus-

And calmly in the air a knife sus-

Molto Allegro.
Doubtless her guardian angel attended!

Mozart—Pensez! Doubtless her guardian angel attended!

molto rall.  

Più moderato.

Doubtless her guardian angel attended.

Doubtless her guardian angel attended.

Doubtless her guardian angel attended.

Doubtless her guardian angel attended.

Doubtless her guardian angel attended, For anguish did its work so well, That, ere the

Doubtless her guardian angel attended, For anguish did its work so well, That, ere the

Doubtless her guardian angel attended, For anguish did its work so well, That, ere the

Doubtless her guardian angel attended, For anguish did its work so well, That, ere the

Doubtless her guardian angel attended, For anguish did its work so well, That, ere the
Fatal stroke descended, Lifeless she fell!

Molto moderato. (Andante.)
At eve, instead of--

bridal verse, The De Profundis fill'd the air;--

bridal verse, The De Profundis fill'd the air;--

bridal verse, The De Profundis fill'd the air;--

bridal verse, The De Profundis fill'd the air;--
Deck'd with flow'rs, a single hearse To the churchyard

forth they bear;

Village girls in robes of

forth they bear;
Andante doloroso.

"The roads should
mourn and be veild in gloom,"
So fair a corpse shall leave its

home! Should mourn and should weep, should
cresc.
mourn and should weep, ah, well-a-way! ah,

mourn and should weep, ah, well-a-way! ah,

mourn and should weep, ah, well-a-way! ah,

mourn and should weep, ah, well-a-way! ah,

well-a-way! So fair a corpse shall

well-a-way! So fair a corpse shall

well-a-way! So fair a corpse shall

well-a-way! So fair a corpse shall

poco - a - poco

poco - a - poco

poco - a - poco

poco - a - poco
pass to-day!

Should mourn and should

corpse shall pass to-day!

Should mourn and should

pass, shall pass to-day!

Should mourn and should

pass to-day!

Should mourn and should

weep, should mourn and should weep, should mourn and

weep, should mourn and should weep, should mourn, So

weep, should mourn, should mourn, So

weep, should mourn and should weep, should mourn, So
weep. So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!

fair a corpse shall pass to-day!

fair a corpse shall pass to-day!

fair a corpse shall pass to-day!

shall pass to-day!

shall pass to-day!

shall pass to-day!

shall pass to-day!
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<tr>
<td>For Chorus and Orchestra</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>String Parts, 9s.; Wind Parts and Full Score, MS.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>KING OLAF (Op. 30)</td>
<td>3 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For Soprano, Tenor, and Bass Soli, Chorus, and Orchestra</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Cloth, gilt, 5s.; Vocal Parts, 16d. each.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Tonic Sol-fa (Choruses only), 18d. Words only, 2s. 6d. per 100.</td>
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<tr>
<td>String Parts, 24s.; Wind Parts and Full Score, MS.</td>
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<tr>
<td>THE BANNER OF ST. GEORGE (Op. 33)</td>
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<tr>
<td>For Chorus (Soprano Solo ad lib.) and Orchestra</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tonic Sol-fa, 1s. Words only, 12s. 6d. per 100.</td>
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<tr>
<td>String Parts, 19s. 6d.; Wind Parts and Full Score, MS.</td>
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## Sacred Works

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>S. D.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE LIGHT OF LIFE (&quot;Lux Christi&quot;) (Op. 20). A Short Oratorio. For Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, and Baritone Soli, Chorus, and Orchestra. Words only, 10s. per 100. String Parts, 13s. 6d.; Wind Parts and Full Score, MS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TE DEUM AND BENEDICTUS of Light SEEK HIM THAT MAKETH THE FLY, SINGING BIRD. For Female Voices</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DOUBT NOT THY FATHER'S CARE (&quot;The Light of Life&quot;). Duet, s. and c. ...</td>
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</table>

## anthems

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>S. D.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THREE-PIECE SONGS. THE SNOW. For Female Voices (s.a.c.b.) With Accompts. for Two Violins and Pianoforte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tonic Sol-fa, 1s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FLY, SINGING BIRD. For Female Voices (s.a.c.b.) With Accompaniments for Two Violins and Pianoforte</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tonic Sol-fa, 1s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PART-SONGS AND CHORUSES. MY LOVE DWELT IN A NORTHERN LAND. For S.A.T.B.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tonic Sol-fa, 1s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O HAPPY EYES. For S.A.T.B.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tonic Sol-fa, 1s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPANISH SERENADE (&quot;Stars of the Summer night&quot;). For Chorus (S.A.T.B.) and Orchestra (or Pianoforte)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Full Score and Orchestral Parts, MS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE CHAIN OF THOR (&quot;King Olaf&quot;). For Chorus (S.A.T.B.) and Orchestra (or Pianoforte)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tonic Sol-fa, 2d.; String Parts, 2s.; Wind Parts and Full Score, MS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ASTORRENS IN SUMMER (&quot;King Olaf&quot;)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tonic Sol-fa, 2d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IT COMES FROM THE MISTY AGES (&quot;Banner of St. George&quot;)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tonic Sol-fa, 2d.; String Parts, 2s.; Wind Parts and Full Score, MS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LITANY (&quot;The Dream of Gerontius&quot;)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BE MERCIFUL, BE GRACIOUS, LORD (&quot;The Dream of Gerontius&quot;)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GO FORTH UPON THE JOURNEY (&quot;The Dream of Gerontius&quot;)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOFTLY AND GENTLY, DEARLY RANSOMED SOUL (Finale from &quot;The Dream of Gerontius&quot;)</td>
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## Songs

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THE SWORD SONG (&quot;Caractacus&quot;). For Baritone</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE ANGEL'S SONG: &quot;My work is done&quot; (&quot;Gerontius&quot;). For Mezzo-Soprano</td>
</tr>
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## Orchestras

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>S. D.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VARIATIONS ON AN ORIGINAL THEME (Op. 36). — Full Score, 25s.; String Parts, 10s.; Wind Parts, 22s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PRELUDE AND ANGEL'S FAREWELL (&quot;Gerontius&quot;). — Full Score, 25s.; String Parts, 10s.; Wind Parts and Full Score, MS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IMPERIAL MARCH (Op. 32) — Full Score, 3s.; String Parts, 1s.; Wind Parts, 7s.; Full Score, MS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MEDITATION (&quot;The Light of Life&quot;) — Full Score, 2s.; String Parts, 5s.; Wind Parts, 5s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TRIUMPHAL MARCH (&quot;Caractacus&quot;) — Full Score, 2s.; Wind Parts, 6s.; Full Score, MS.</td>
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## Small Orchestra

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>S. D.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CHANSON DE NUIT (Op. 15, No. 1) — Full Score and Parts. In the Press.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHANSON DE MATIN (Op. 15, No. 2) — Full Score and Parts. In the Press.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THREE PIECES (Op. 10) —</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Mazurka. Full Score, 5s.; String Parts, 2s.; Wind Parts, 5s.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Sérénade Mauresque. Full Score, 5s.; String Parts, 2s.; Wind Parts, 4s. 3d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Contrasts (The Gavotte, A.D. 1700 and 1900). Full Score, 5s.; String Parts, 2s.; Wind Parts, 5s. 3d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>— Note. — These pieces may be effectively performed by an Orchestra consisting of Flute, Oboe, 1 Clarinet, Bassoon, 2 Horns, 1 Trumpet (Cornet), Drums, and Strings. Any other instrument in the Score may be added with corresponding gain in effect.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INTERMEZZO (&quot;Dorabella&quot;) from the Variations, Op. 36, for Strings, Woodwind, and Drums: — Full Score, 3s.; String Parts, 2s.; Wind Parts, 5s. 3d.</td>
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## Organ

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>S. D.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SOLEMN MARCH (&quot;The Black Knight&quot;)</td>
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<tr>
<td>MEDITATION (&quot;The Light of Life&quot;)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IMPERIAL MARCH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TRIUMPHAL MARCH (&quot;Caractacus&quot;)</td>
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## Military Band

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>IMPERIAL MARCH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHANSON DE NUIT (Op. 15, No. 1)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHANSON DE MATIN (Op. 15, No. 2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAZURKA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SÉRÉNADE MAURESCUE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTRASTS (The Gavotte, A.D. 1700 and 1900)</td>
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## Pianoforte

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VARIATIONS ON AN ORIGINAL THEME (Op. 36). — Full Score and Parts. In the Press.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INTERMEZZO (&quot;Dorabella&quot;) from the above</td>
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<tr>
<td>THREE PIECES (Op. 10):</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Mazurka</td>
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<tr>
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<td>CHANSON DE MATIN (Op. 15, No. 2)</td>
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## Violin and Pianoforte

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<tr>
<td>CHANSON DE NUIT (Op. 15, No. 1)</td>
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<td>CHANSON DE MATIN (Op. 15, No. 2)</td>
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## Violoncello and Pianoforte

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<td>CHANSON DE NUIT (Op. 15, No. 1)</td>
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<td>CHANSON DE MATIN (Op. 15, No. 2)</td>
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