Joan of Arc

The Maid of Orleans

An Historical Cantata

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Music
by
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ARGUMENT.

JOAN OF ARC—"the Maid of Orleans"—was born at Domremy on the 6th of January, 1412. Domremy is a village on the banks of the Meuse, in the department of Vosges, France, in a vale prolific in flowers; hence the name of its chief town: Vaucouleurs (*Vallis colorum*).

Youths and Maidens are holding May festival. One youth, Philip, in love with Joan, laments her absence. Joan comes; but, brooding over the woes of France, ravaged by invading and civil warfare, shuns their festivities, which she leaves as summoned by *voices*—"The Voices" that become incentives, dear and familiar, to her career. Joan quits the village; the Youths and Maidens lament her departure. Urged by the dictates of her "Voices," Joan seeks aid of Robert de Baudricourt, Governor or Provost of Vaucouleurs, who receives her at first slightingly, but, moved by her revelations, yields aid (May, 1428). Joan, assuming man's garb (a necessary protection at this period), is clad in armor; a sword, banner, and steed are provided her. Accompanied by Jean de Novelonpont, "a brave gentleman of Metz," with another, and "four armed men," Joan journeys to besieged Orleans. Philip is one of those following her career. Their way is full of peril; the rivers are unfordable, swollen by winter rains; they sleep in woods and unfrequented spots. Gien is passed. They reach and enter Orleans; the enemy's watch at the outposts, through fear, not preventing. The siege is raised; the English and Burgundian forces retreat. Joan goes to the Cathedral to give thanks (May, 1429). Other victories follow; the hour of reversal arrives. At Compiègne, driven back from a sortie, the French fight, retreating to the drawbridge of the town, which, by treachery or cowardice, is closed on Joan, who is captured by the enemy (May, 1430). Taken to Rouen, she is tried, condemned, and led to the stake for execution (May, 1431). The Youths and Maidens of Domremy, echoing the song of May, are rebuked by the Villagers, who approach with Philip and Jean de Novelonpont, who tell the sad sequel of a history that has passed into fame.

The characters are historical, excepting Philip, the peasant vainly in love with Joan. The introduction of such a character, and such a situation, is suggested and supported by historical mention of a rejected suitor.

The scenes of the four historical Mays have been retained:—Vaucouleurs, 1428, with the May of Inspiration; Orleans, 1429, with the May of Victory; Compiègne, 1430, with the May of Fall; Rouen, 1431, with the May of Sacrifice.

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NOTES TO THE VERSE.

No. 1.—At the back of the cottage (Joan's birthplace) a steep path ran up a hill, through a thickly-grown vineyard. Towards the summit stood an old and magnificent beech tree, beneath whose shade welled a limpid fountain.[1] In old times the fairies had danced round it . . . festival days the young villagers hung it with garlands . . . danced round it. There was a prophecy current during that unhappy time—an old prophecy of Merlin—which the suffering people had taken and applied to their own day and their own need.[2] Prophecy founded on a fantastic interpretation of Merlin that a virgin should save France.[1]

No. 2.—"There was no one like her in the village," said her priest.[2] Tradition averred the birds came down from the boughs to feed out of her hands. . . . She possessed a tenderness for infancy and old age. . . . She delighted in the sweet knell of the church bells.[1] Listening to the church bell with a dreamy passion of delight.[2]

No. 3.—On a summer's day, at noon, she was in her father's garden, when there appeared a great light, and out of the light a *voice* spoke to her. . . . Joan's *voices* grew more frequent and more urgent.[2]

No. 5.—"I must go to the king, even if I wear my limbs to the very knees. . . . I had far rather rest and spin by my mother s side."[2] "The kingdom belongs not to the Dauphin, but to my Lord." . . . "And who is your lord?" demanded Baudricourt. She answered, "The King of Heaven." The governor, a rough and practical soldier, laughed at the young peasant in her coarse red dress. . . . At last he yielded to her urgency, and let her prepare to depart. Jean de Novelonpont and four armed men of lesser rank were to accompany her . . . they set out, Baudricourt bidding her "Go, come of it what may."[2]

No. 7.—From Gien the news went to Orleans that a shepherd-maid had passed, whose mission it was to deliver the city.[2] A suit of beautiful armour was made for her. . . . She was provided with a banner after her own device. The king would have given her a sword, but her voices, she said, had told her of the only one she might use—an ancient weapon which was lying buried behind the altar in the church of St.-Catherine de Fierbois. A messenger was sent, and in the place she had told of was found an old rusty sword such as she had described. After being polished it was brought to her.[2] In a secret place there among old iron, appointed she hir sword to be sought out and brought her that with *five floure de luces was graven on both sides*.[4]

No. 9.—During the examination in the prison she was asked why, when going to war, she had looked at her ring. . . . It had been given to her by her parents. "For pleasure," she said, "and for honour of my father and mother."[2]

No. 10.—The brave yeomen of Henry the Fifth were learning to fear, not any visible foe, but the unseen Enemy who had sent Joan the Witch for their destruction.[2]

No. 12A.—They saw the Witch of France riding down upon them . . . and they turned and fled before her into their bastiles. . . . The bastile was taken.[2]

No. 13.—Joan re-entered Orleans, where she and her men were received with great joy, all the bells of the city ringing out the news of the victory. . . . They thronged after her into the Cathedral.[2]

No. 16.—Joan tried to rally her men . . . in vain. . . . All she could do was to cover the retreat. . . . Guillaume de Flavy ordered the drawbridge to be raised and the portcullis lowered. Compiègne saw her lost at its very gates. Five or six men rushed on her at once, each crying, "Yield to me!" . . . an archer dragged her from her horse.[2]

No. 17.—She saw beyond the soldiers a dense throng of people, most of them grieving for her, many of them lamenting that this thing should be done in their city. "Oh, Rouen, Rouen!" she cried, "is it here that I must die?" . . . At her trial she had said:—"What my voices tell me oftenest is that I shall be delivered with a great victory; and then they say—'Fret not thyself because of thy martyrdom. Thou shalt come at last to the Kingdom of Paradise.'"[2]

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[1] A. E. Bray's *Joan of Arc, and the Times of Charles the Seventh, King of France.*
[2] Janet Tuckey's *Joan of Arc: "The Maid"*
[3] J. R. Green's *A Short History of the English People.*
[4] Holinshed's *Chronicles.*

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JOAN OF ARC.

CHARACTERS.

JOAN OF ARC	SOPRANO.
PHILIP, *a Youth of Domremy*	TENOR.
*ROBERT DE BAUDRICOURT, *Provost of Vaucouleurs*	BARITONE.
†JEAN DE NOVELONPONT, *a Gentleman of Metz*	BARITONE.

CHORUS.

THE VOICES.
YOUTHS AND MAIDENS OF DOMREMY.
PEASANTS OF GIEN—MEN AND WOMEN.
POPULACE—MEN AND WOMEN—OF ORLEANS AND COMPIÈGNE.
FRENCH—ENGLISH AND BURGUNDIAN—MEN-AT-ARMS.
THE CHOIR: ORLEANS CATHEDRAL.
VILLAGERS OF DOMREMY—MEN AND WOMEN.

Domremy.

No. 1.—INTRODUCTION (INSTRUMENTAL).

The Voices.

List! we call thee, we call thee to come!
Come to thy mission, Oh! come!

CHORUS.

Youths and Maidens.

Hail to the beautiful morning of May!—
Come, let us welcome the bright, sunny hours!
Hail to the sunbeams that come with to-day
To waken in glory the valley of flowers!
With song and the dance, and the garland to-day,
Come, let us welcome the beautiful May!

Come, hang the garlands along the beech boughs,
Over the fountain beside the vine hill,
Though never more will the fairies carouse,
And Merlin, the wizard, is silent and still!
With song and the dance, and the garland to-day,
Come, let us welcome the beautiful May!

Though the magician may come not again,
Though all the fairies have long pass'd away,
Why should we sigh for enchantment in vain,
The while in our hearts we are happy to-day!
With song and the dance, and the garland to-day,
Come, let us welcome the beautiful May!

* Does not appear after No. 6.
† Does not appear till No. 8; consequently, one singer will be sufficient for the two characters.

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No. 2.—RECITATIVE.

Philip.

But where—Oh! where—is Joan?—
She comes not now—she loves to be alone!
Oh! above all she is to me most dear,—
For there is no one—no one—like her here!
Yet in my heart all vain the hope still dwells—
She seems to love alone the chiming village bells!

SONG.

Philip.

There is no one like her
In the village here;
No one who can ever
Be to me so dear!
Age, with word of welcome,
Stays the maid to greet,
While the happy children
Nestle round her feet!
How her bright smile glistens
With the joy it tells,
While she stays and listens
To the chiming bells!

There is no one like her
That devotion brings,
When the matin's calling,
When the vesper rings;
While the birds that love her
Round her pathway throng,
With their song of morning,
With their evening song!
How her bright smile glistens
With the joy it tells,
While she stays and listens
To the chiming bells!

No. 3.—DUET AND CHORUS.

Joan, Philip, The Voices, and Youths and Maidens.

Youths and Maidens.

Oh! here comes the maid we all love,—
She comes to make happy our day!—
Place the garland her tresses above,
While we sing to the beautiful May!

Philip.

Oh! welcome the maid we all love,
Who comes to our greeting at last,—
Place the garland her tresses above,
For our cloud to her sunshine has pass'd!

Joan.

I come—but the song and the dance
I shun—for my heart is away;
I weep for the fair realm of France—
Oh! I would I could aid her to-day!

Philip.

How can a poor shepherd-maid,
Whose lot they all lowly will deem,
A land that is war stricken aid?—
Such hope were the light of a dream!

Joan.

'Tis will'd—and the help is at hand,
I may not remain in my home,—
There is freedom I know for the land!
For my voices have call'd me to come!

The Voices.

Yes! we call thee, we call thee to come!
Come to thy mission, Oh! come!

Youths and Maidens.

She seems some voices to hear,
Oh! Heaven and the saints, be ye near!

Philip.

Voices! earth or heaven be your breath,
No matter!—I seek not to know;—
I would follow—ah! even to death!
Wherever her footsteps may go!

Joan.

My voices! I come to your call!
I come—for your bidding I know—
A beam on my spirit doth fall,
Where'er that light leads, I will go!

The Voices.

The beam on thy spirit doth fall,
Forth on thy mission then go!

Philip.

A light ever shines on her brow,
While seeming those voices to hear!

Joan.

Angel voices! I list to your call,—
I come—the glad moment is near!

The Voices.

Come, then! Oh! list to our call,—
Come, for the moment is near!

Joan and Philip.

Come is the hour, with the day,—
Farewell to the valley of home!
My / Thy voices, my / thy voices!
Angel voices! they call
me / thee to come!

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The Voices.

We call thee—we call thee!
Thy voices, we call thee to come!

No. 4.—CHORUS.

Youths and Maidens.

Our time of sorrow has begun;
To leave us was her choice;
Her wheel will hold the flax unspun,
The flocks await her voice!

All silent seems the maiden's home,
We miss her day by day,
We wait in vain to see her come,
Now she has gone away.

Vaucouleurs.

No. 5.—TRIO AND CHORUS.

Joan, Philip, Robert de Baudricourt, and the Voices.

Robert de Baudricourt.

What, is this the peasant maid,
Who seeks from her home to go,
Who besieged Orleans would aid,
And would drive from France the foe!

Philip.

This is Joan—this is the maid,
From Domremy has she come;
She our stricken land would aid,
For this she has left her home.

Joan.

I would seek this cause to win,
By my mandate I abide,—
Though I'd rather rest and spin
At home by my mother's side!

Robert de Baudricourt.

Maiden, now tell me wherefore
Thou would'st seek the battle fray?

Joan.

'Tis my Lord wills it,—therefore
I must needs that will obey!

Robert de Baudricourt.

Who is he to whom is given
The power to speak this word?

Joan.

He is the King of Heaven,
And He alone my Lord!

Robert de Baudricourt.

Then will I help thee in all;—
Go!—come of it what may!

Joan.

While my spirit voices call
I must away! away!

The Voices.

Thy spirit voices, hark! they call,
Haste thee away! away!

Joan, Philip, and Robert de Baudricourt.

While { my / thy } spirit voices call
I / Thou } must away! away!

No. 6.—RECITATIVE.

Robert de Baudricourt.

May the chosen band to-day—
Guarding the maid on her way—
The leaguered city gain,
With the valiant fight amain
And drive the foe away!

PATRIOTIC SONG.

Robert de Baudricourt.

Who would not fight for freedom!—
Who would not fight for the land!
That one spot of earth that gave us our birth
We will guard with our heart and our hand!
The corn on the hill may be golden,
The grape ripe in vineyard may be,
But what were the wealth all unfolden
If the land of our home be not free!
Who would not fight for freedom!—
Who would not fight for the land!
That one spot of earth that gave us our birth
We will guard with our heart and our hand!

Who would not fight for freedom,
Should foeman dare to invade,
With courage that gave the palm to the brave,
And the fame to the warrior's blade!
Let each voice be ever repeating
This prayer,—which a freeman's should be:—
May hearts that for freedom are beating
Keep the land of our home for the free!

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Who would not fight for freedom !—
Who would not fight for the land !
That one spot of earth that gave us our birth
We will guard with our heart and our hand !

Glen.

No. 7.—CHORUS.

Peasants : Men and Women.

A shepherd-maid has pass'd,
In armor now she's clad,—
That help has come at last
Will make the nation glad.

They've given the maid a steed,
A banner with a crest,—
And for the hour of need
A sword a saint has blest !

No. 8—DUET.

Philip and Jean de Novelonpont.

Philip.

Full flows the river !—swollen by the rains,
The winds wail sadly, with a moaning sigh,—
Ling'ring awhile the sunset light remains
Where one lone star is shining in the sky !

Jean de Novelonpont.

Then let our rest through coming night be here,
Beneath the shelter of these solemn woods ;
There is no sound—no human voice is near—
There comes alone the wind and swollen floods !

Ensemble.

Then let our rest be here, through coming night be here,
Full flows the river swollen by the rains.

Philip.

Full flows the river !—drift the clouds along
That hold the red fire of the sunset sky,
While murmurs low, their dark'ning forms among,
Seem to forebode the angry storm is nigh !

Jean de Novelonpont.

Here let us then for rest awhile remain,
The last light fades, the hour is growing late,—
Then on to-morrow, ere the night, we'll gain
And enter in the 'leaguered city's gate.

Ensemble.

Here let us then remain, for rest awhile remain,
Full flows the river swollen by the rains.

(SLEEP—*Instrumental.*)

No. 9.—RECITATIVE.

Joan.

They sleep ;—my thoughts are of home !—
I hear the flock—I hear the lowing kine ;—
I hear a voice !—it hails my step to come !—
Mother ! that voice is thine !

I touch this hand ! I touch this simple ring !
To my yearning heart what joy doth it bring !
For with it comes the bright unsullied beam
That shines from childhood's life,
And stills awhile the feverish battle dream,—
The hurricane of strife !

SONG.

Joan.

A ring—a simple, simple ring,
A gift of early years,
To gaze upon it seems to bring
A smile akin to tears !
Many a joy returns once more—
Call'd by this gift they come—
From wealth the heart will keep in store,
The memories of home !
A ring—a simple, simple ring,
A gift of early years,
To gaze upon it seems to bring
A smile akin to tears !

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In days now past, glad, happy days,
This ring could joys awake,
'Twas lighted by the purest rays,
Lov'd for the lov'd one's sake!
But though a gift when given seems
Bright in love's light to come,
That light is dim to that which beams
With memories of home!
A ring—a simple, simple ring,
A gift of early years,
To gaze upon it seems to bring
A smile akin to tears!

(SLEEP WITH DREAMS OF STRIFE—*Instrumental.*)

Orleans.

No. 10.—CHORUS.

Populace: Men and Women.

The Maid—she is come at last!—
The enemy's watch did not dare
To hinder,—while last night she pass'd,—
For they cried:—"Lo! the fiend is there!"

Our army gathers in might,
On this shining morning of May!
Onward, see, they march to the fight,
And Orleans shall be freed to-day!

No. 11.—CHORUS.

French Men-at-Arms; Populace: Men and Women.

On!—to the battle on!—
We'll meet the foeman's ire,—
While a soldier's glory's won
Under the cannon fire!
From the culverin no shot,
From the arbalist no dart,
No arrow bow has got
Can daunt a soldier's heart!
So a soldier's glory's won!—
On!—to the battle on!

A soldier's glory's won
Where'er the sacred right
Leads the gleaming falchions on,
To meet, to brave the fight!
While the best ye ever knew
On the battlefield will be:
The heart that will be true,
The hand that will be free!
So a soldier's glory's won!—
On!—to the battle on!

No. 12.—TRIO.

Joan, Philip, Jean de Novelonpont.

Joan.

Lead ye on the men-at-arms,
With freedom's battle-cry!
Yea! the thrilling cry that charms
Each heart to do or die!
Lead the men-at-arms—away!
Under my banner—on!—
There to meet the battle fray,—
To fight till victory's won!

Philip.

Valor, let thy voice be heard,
While there's a foe at hand,
While we draw the freeman's sword
To drive him from the land!
Lead the men-at-arms—away!
Under thy banner—on!—
There to meet the battle fray,—
To fight till victory's won!

Jean de Novelonpont.

Heed ye not the arrow's flight,—
To the conflict onward go,—
Climb ye up the bastion's height
And downward hurl the foe!
Lead the men-at-arms—away!
Under thy banner—on!—
There to meet the battle fray,—
To fight till victory's won!

Ensemble.

Lead {ye / we} on the men-at-arms,
With freedom's battle-cry!
Yea! the thrilling cry that charms
Each heart to do or die!
Lead the men-at-arms—away!
Under {my / thy} banner—on!—
There to meet the battle fray,—
To fight till victory's won!

No. 12A.—CHORUS.

English and Burgundian Men-at-Arms and French Men-at-Arms.

English and Burgundian Men-at-Arms.

'Tis the witch! the fiend! again!—
The powers of hell are nigh!—
While we fight, we fight in vain;—
Fly!—from the ramparts, fly!

French Men-at-Arms.

Charge on!—with our battle-cries!—
They yield—our work is done!
See, the cruel foeman flies!—
Our victory now is won!

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In the Cathedral.

No. 13.—CHORUS.

The Choir.

Ave Maria!—Glad our thanks arise.—
While on our hearts a beam through cloud is breaking;—
Oh! for the seraph wings of yonder skies
To upward bear our song in joy awaking!
Ave Maria!

Oh! bliss to know how blessings wait us near,—
How balm for woe kind Mercy's still bestowing;—
The heart that knows how Goodness guides us here
Will ever be with joy and praise o'erflowing!
Ave Maria!

No. 14.—CHORUS.

Populace: Men and Women.

She comes! Then raise each voice!
She comes! Hark! the chaunting swells!—
Rejoice! Oh! let us rejoice!—
Clangs the crash of the bells!

On will her mission be,—
May Heaven the power bestow!—
Besieged Compiègne to free,
And drive from France the foe!

No. 15.—INTERMEZZO (*Instrumental*).—(*Lapsing from Joy to Sorrow.*)

Compiègne.

No. 16.—CHORUS.

Populace: Men and Women.

She is lost! They have taken the Maid!
She who came to bring succor and aid.
Shame on the caitiffs who fled through the gate,
While they left her, alone, to her fate!

She is gone! And oh! woe is the day,
For the enemy's borne her away;
Shouting aloud,—while reviling her name,—
That her fate was the pile and the flame!

Rouen.

No. 17.—SOLO AND CHORUS.

Joan and The Voices.

Joan.

Is it here that I must die?—
Oh! France! beloved France! farewell!— My voices!—

The Voices.

Fret not thyself to-day!—

Joan.

My heart, my thoughts, will fly
To home, where the dear ones dwell!—
Oh! farewell!—the moment's nigh!—
My voices!—I hear ye—

The Voices.

Fret not thyself to-day!—

Joan.

Lo! those angel forms I see,—
To yonder sky, they'll bear me to yonder sky,
With victory to be free!
Oh! farewell, farewell!

The Voices.

Fret not thyself to-day,
Of thy martyrdom—thy sacrifice!—
For thou shalt come at last,
Even unto the Kingdom of Paradise!
Yea! thou shalt come at last,—
When all thy woe is past,—
Thou shalt come unto Paradise!—
This is thy way,
Unto Paradise!—
Fret not—fret not thyself to-day!

Domremy.

No. 18.—FINALE.—CHORUS.

Philip, Jean de Novelonpont, Youths and Maidens, and Villagers: Men and Women.

Youths and Maidens.

Hail to the beautiful morning of May!—
Come, let us welcome the bright, sunny hours!—
Hail to the sunbeams that come with to-day
To waken in glory the valley of flowers!

Philip, Jean de Novelonpont, and Villagers: Men and Women.

Hush'd, oh! hush'd be the song! Oh! hush'd, all hush'd be the song!
There's a woe—there's a wail—all the valleys along!
Gone is the Maid, whom we lov'd in our home,—
Oh! nevermore! nevermore will she come!

We weep! though to weep is in vain
Now the grief, now the anguish is o'er,—
But her deeds they will live and remain,
They will live in the land evermore!

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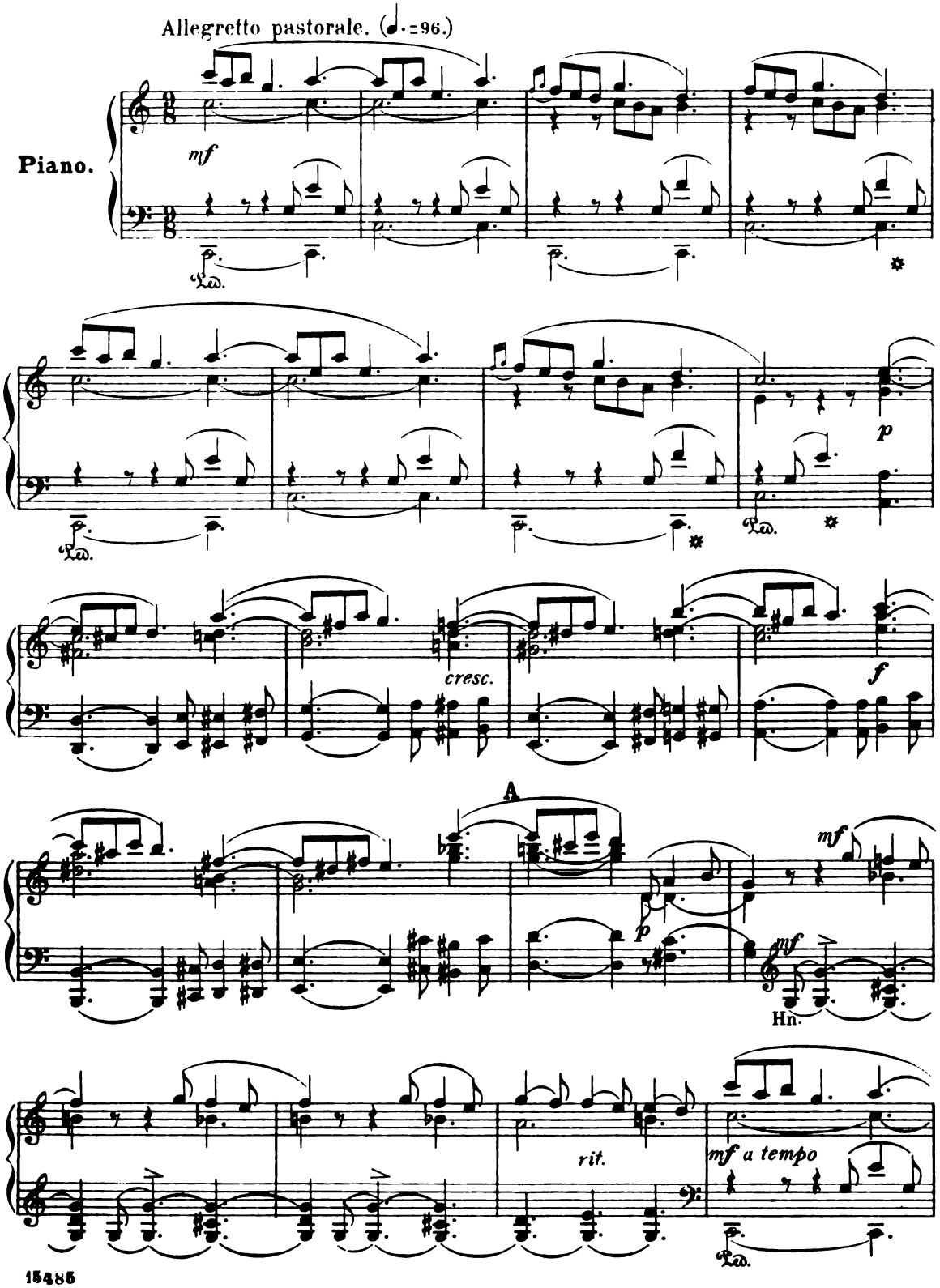
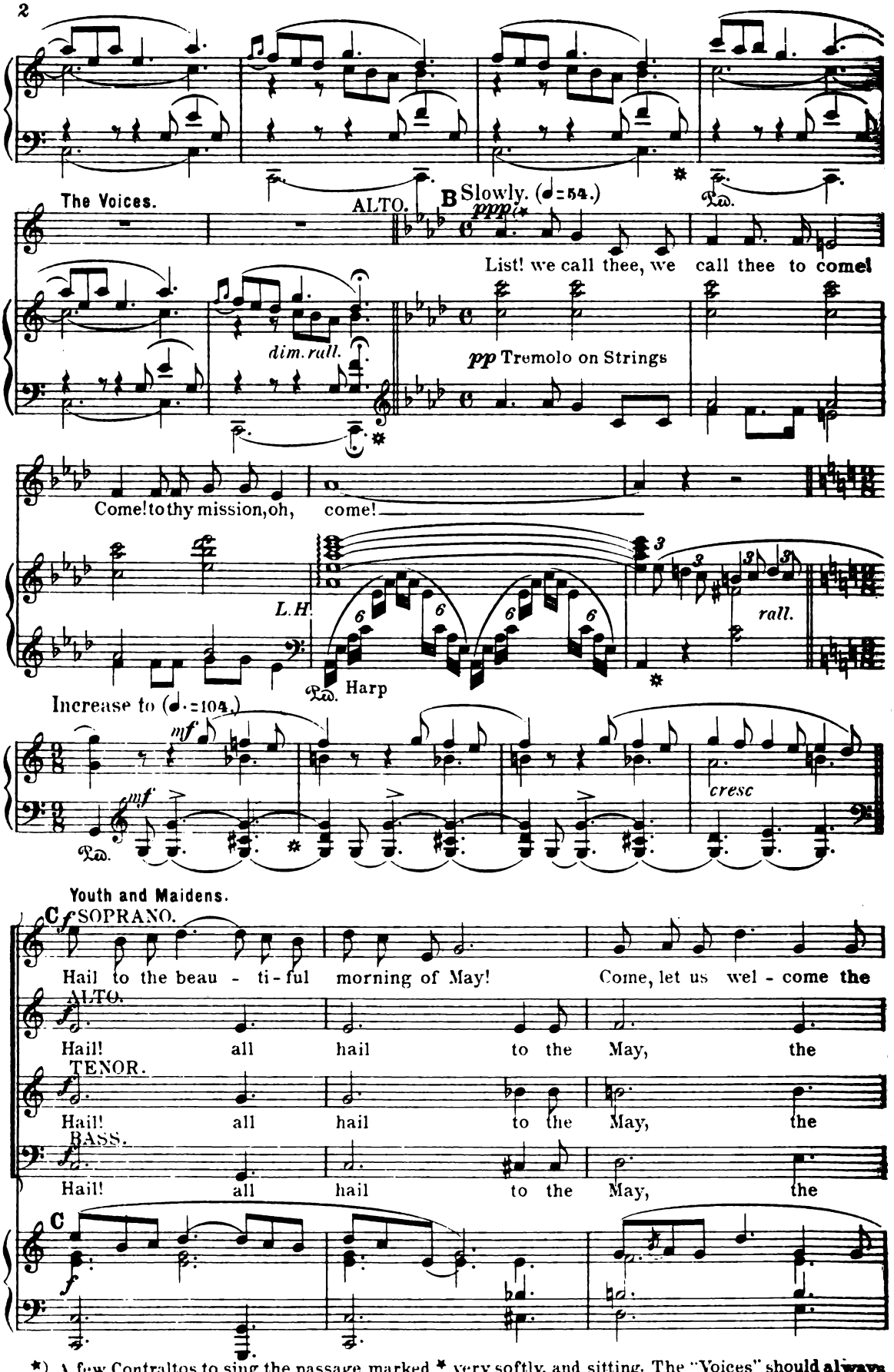
Joan of Arc.

Domremy.

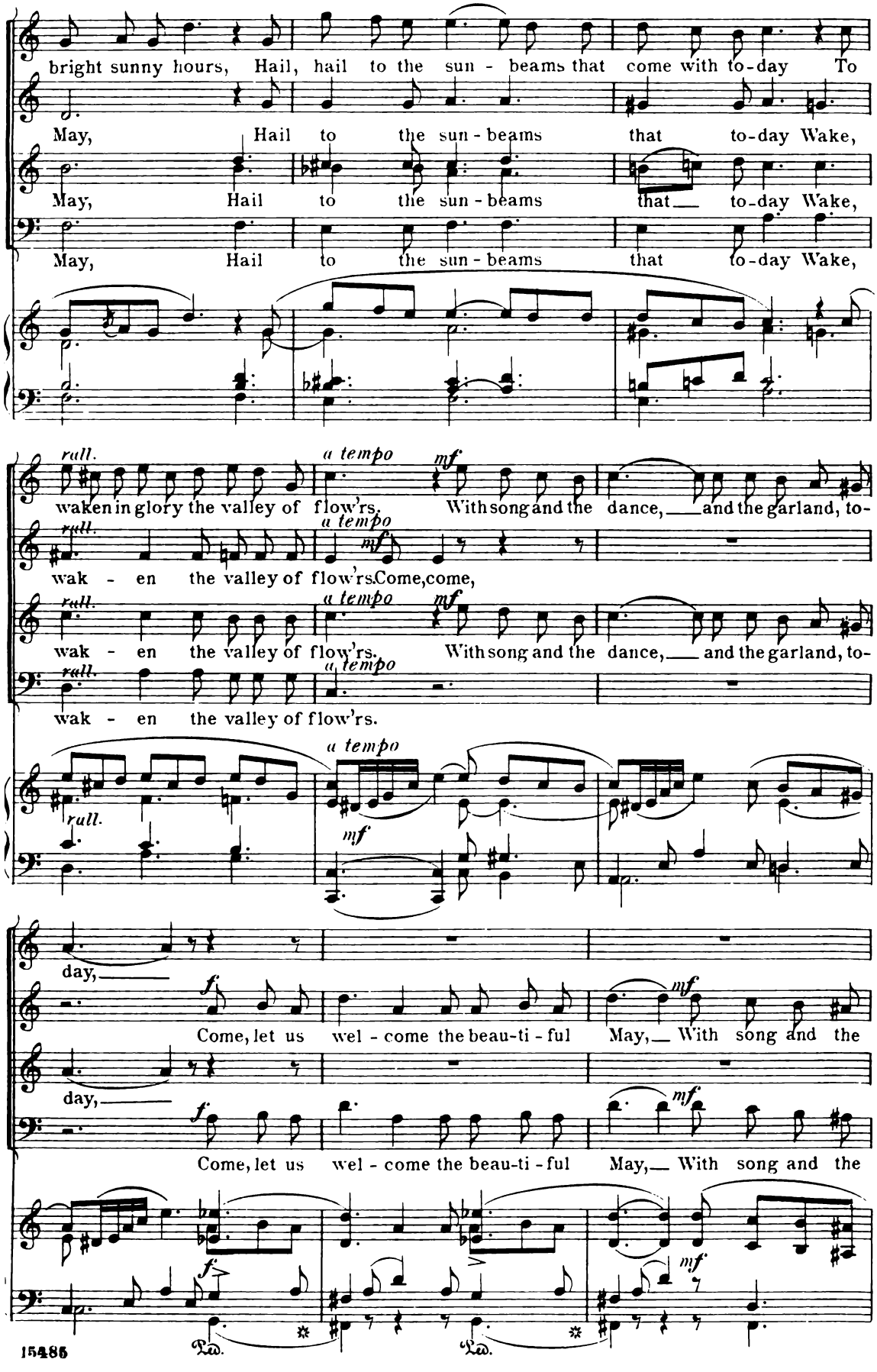
No 1. "Hail to the beautiful morning of May."

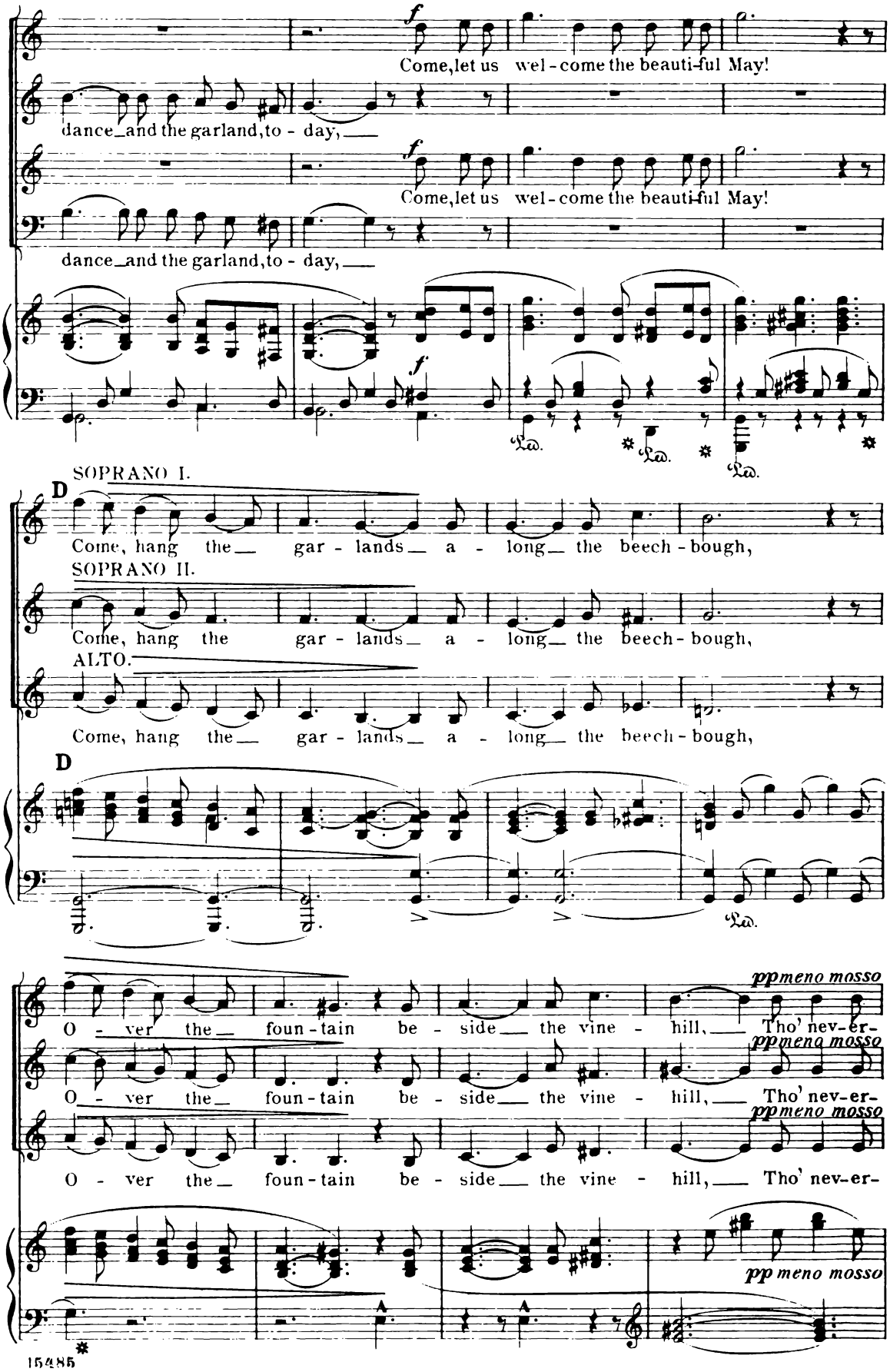
Chorus.

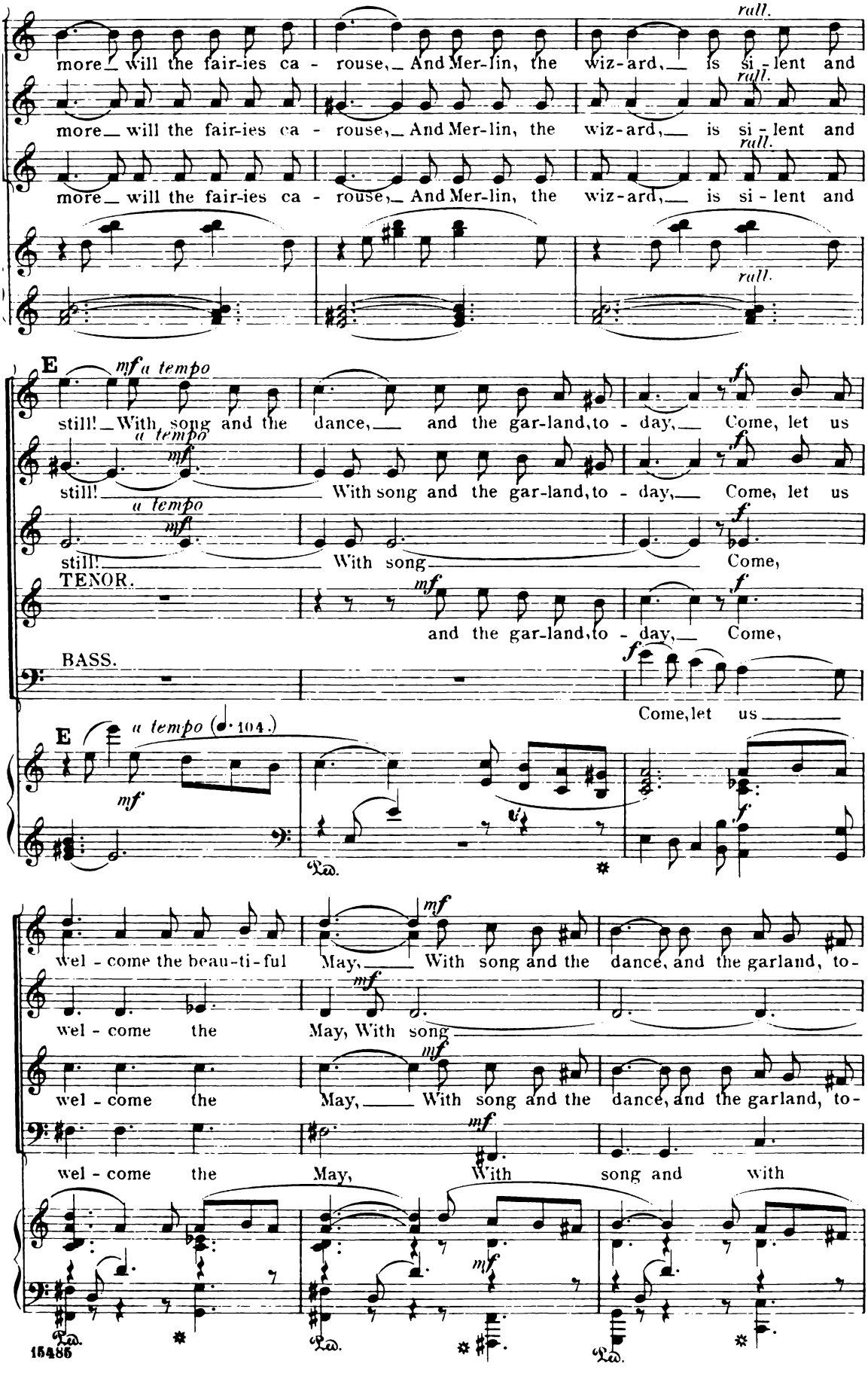


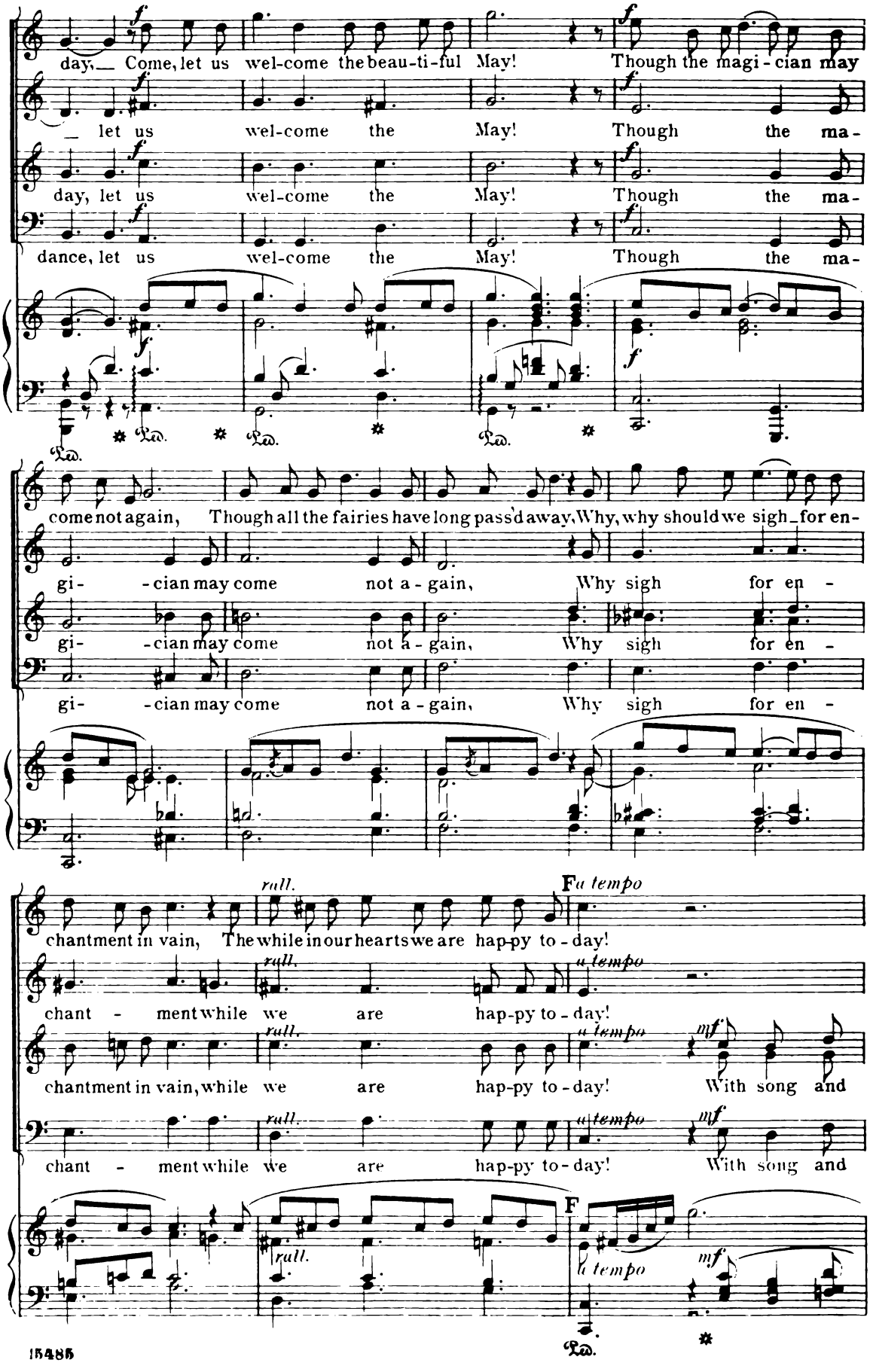


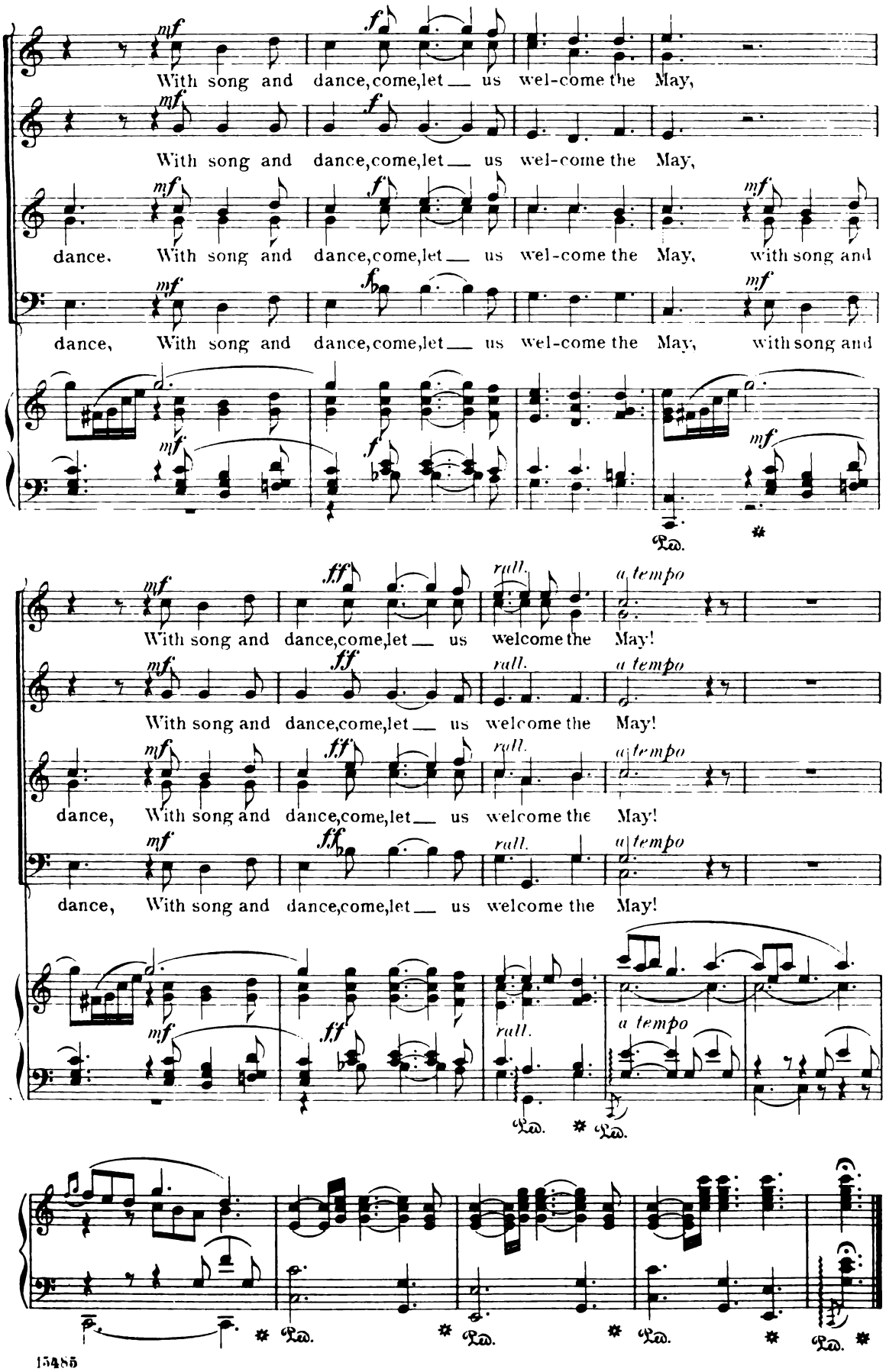
*) A few Contraltos to sing the passage marked * very softly, and sitting. The "Voices" should always be represented by female choristers.


bright sunny hours, Hail, hail to the sun - beams that come with to-day To
May, Hail to the sun - beams that to-day Wake,
May, Hail to the sun - beams that to-day Wake,
May, Hail to the sun - beams that to-day Wake,
rall.
a tempo
mf
waken in glory the valley of flow'rs. With song and the dance, and the garland, to-
wak - en the valley of flow'rs. Come, come,
wak - en the valley of flow'rs. With song and the dance, and the garland, to-
wak - en the valley of flow'rs.
day,
f
Come, let us wel - come the beau-ti - ful May, With song and the
mf
day,
Come, let us wel - come the beau-ti - ful May, With song and the
Ped.
15486


f
Come, let us wel - come the beauti-ful May!
dance and the garland, to - day,
f
Come, let us wel - come the beauti-ful May!
dance and the garland, to - day,
f
SOPRANO I.
D
Come, hang the gar - lands a - long the beech - bough,
SOPRANO II.
Come, hang the gar - lands a - long the beech - bough,
ALTO.
Come, hang the gar - lands a - long the beech - bough,
D
pp meno mosso
O - ver the foun - tain be - side the vine - hill, Tho' nev-er-
pp meno mosso
O - ver the foun - tain be - side the vine - hill, Tho' nev-er-
pp meno mosso
O - ver the foun - tain be - side the vine - hill, Tho' nev-er-
pp meno mosso


more will the fair-ies ca - rouse, And Mer-lin, the wiz-ard, is si - lent and
rall.
more will the fair-ies ca - rouse, And Mer-lin, the wiz-ard, is si - lent and
rall.
more will the fair-ies ca - rouse, And Mer-lin, the wiz-ard, is si - lent and
rall.
E
mf a tempo
still! With song and the dance, and the gar-land, to - day, Come, let us
f
a tempo
mf
still! With song and the gar-land, to - day, Come, let us
f
a tempo
mf
still! With song Come,
f
TENOR.
mf
and the gar-land, to - day, Come,
f
BASS.
Come, let us
E
a tempo (♩· 104.)
mf
f
wel - come the beau-ti-ful May, With song and the dance, and the garland, to-
mf
wel - come the May, With song
mf
wel - come the May, With song and the dance, and the garland, to-
mf
wel - come the May, With song and with
mf
15485


day, Come, let us wel-come the beau-ti-ful May! Though the magi-cian may
let us wel-come the May! Though the ma-
day, let us wel-come the May! Though the ma-
dance, let us wel-come the May! Though the ma-
come not again, Though all the fairies have long pass'd away, Why, why should we sigh for en-
gi- -cian may come not a-gain, Why sigh for en -
gi- -cian may come not a-gain, Why sigh for en -
gi- -cian may come not a-gain, Why sigh for en -
chantment in vain, The while in our hearts we are hap-py to-day!
rall.
F a tempo
chant - ment while we are hap-py to-day!
rall.
a tempo
chantment in vain, while we are hap-py to-day! With song and
chant - ment while we are hap-py to-day! With song and
rall.
F
a tempo
mf
Ped.

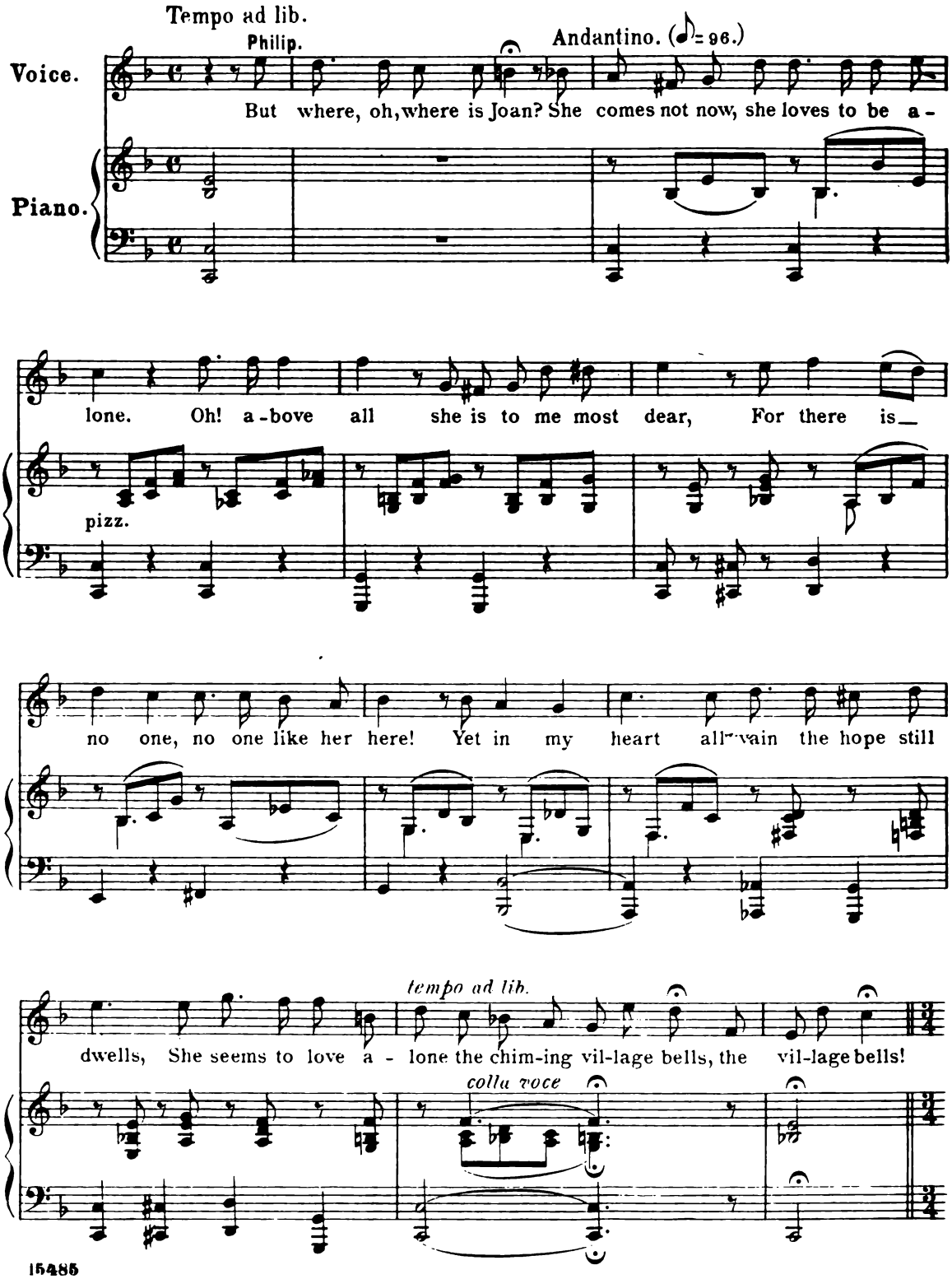

With song and dance, come, let us wel-come the May,
With song and dance, come, let us wel-come the May,
dance. With song and dance, come, let us wel-come the May, with song and
dance, With song and dance, come, let us wel-come the May, with song and
With song and dance, come, let us welcome the May!
With song and dance, come, let us welcome the May!
dance, With song and dance, come, let us welcome the May!
dance, With song and dance, come, let us welcome the May!
rall.
a tempo
Ped.

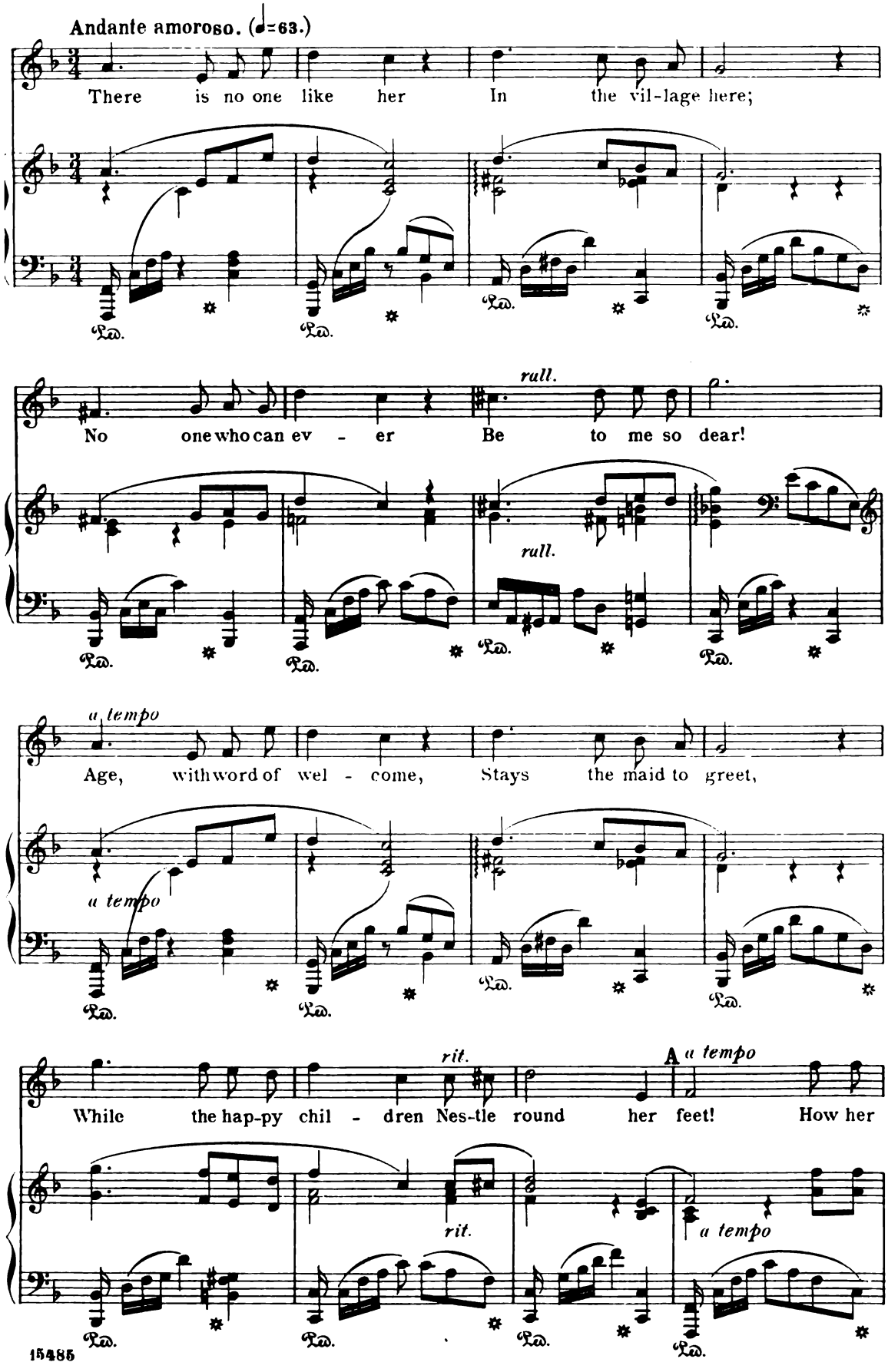
Nº 2. "But where, oh! where is Joan?"

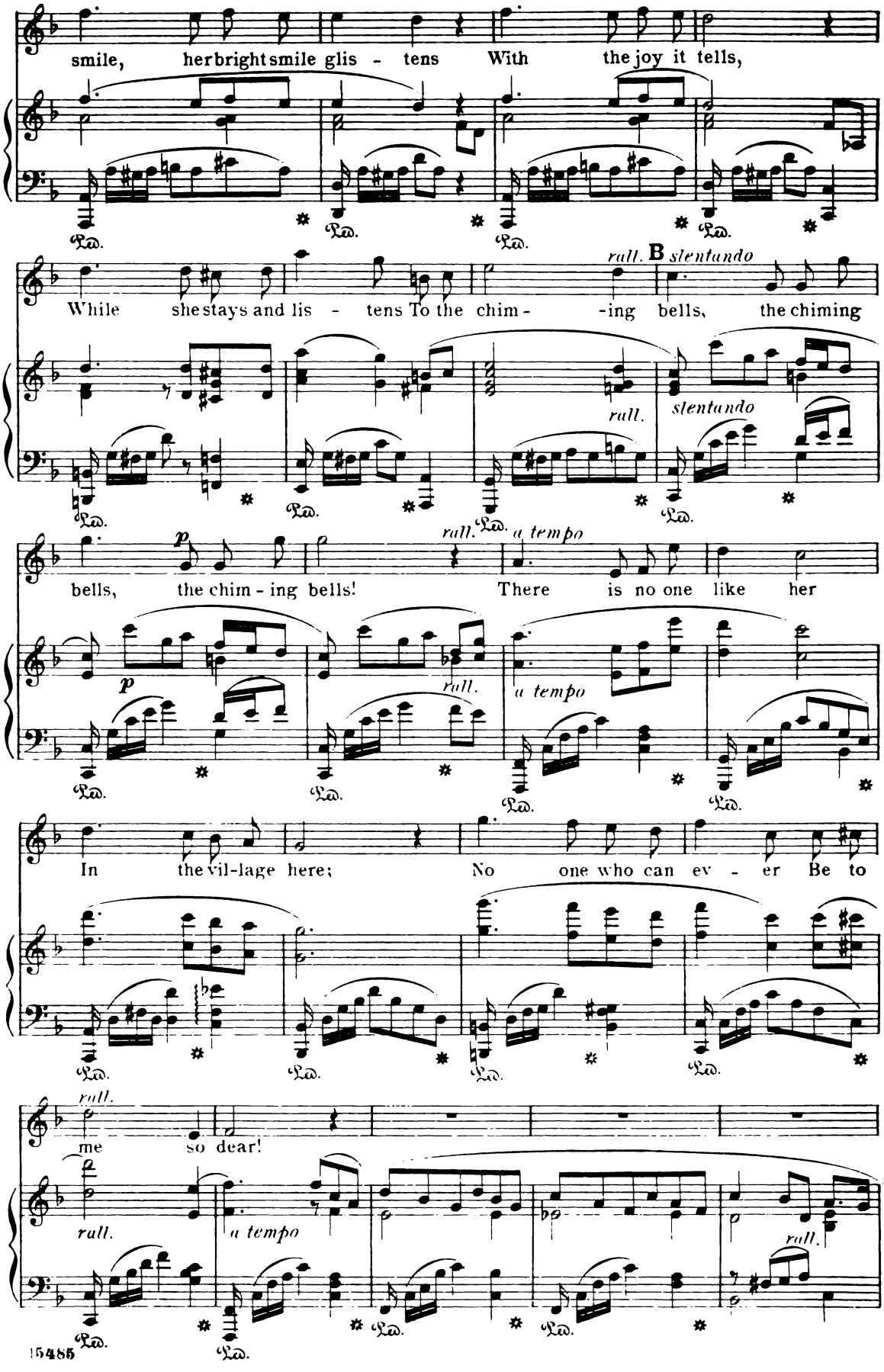
Recit.

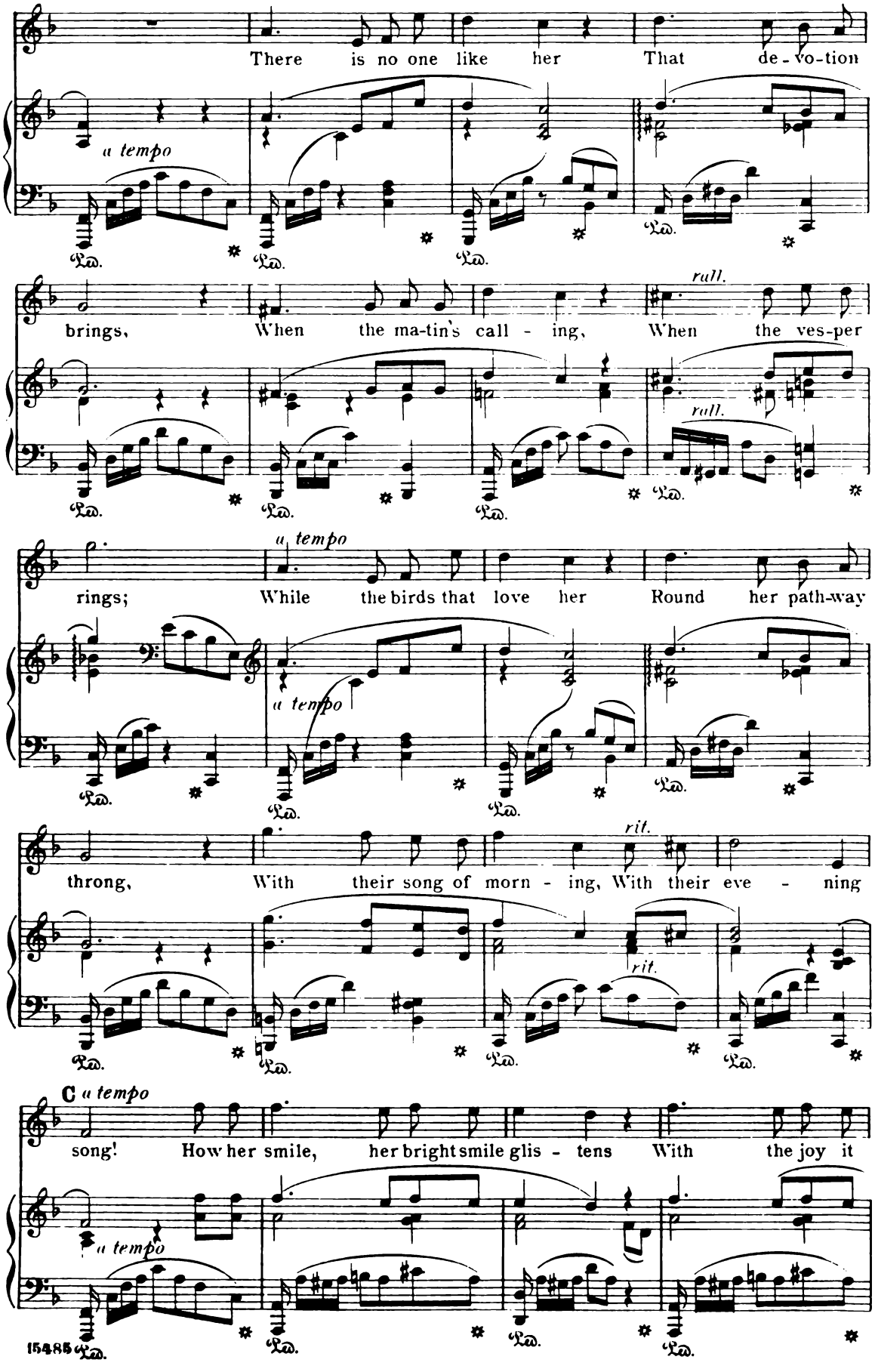
"There is no one like her."

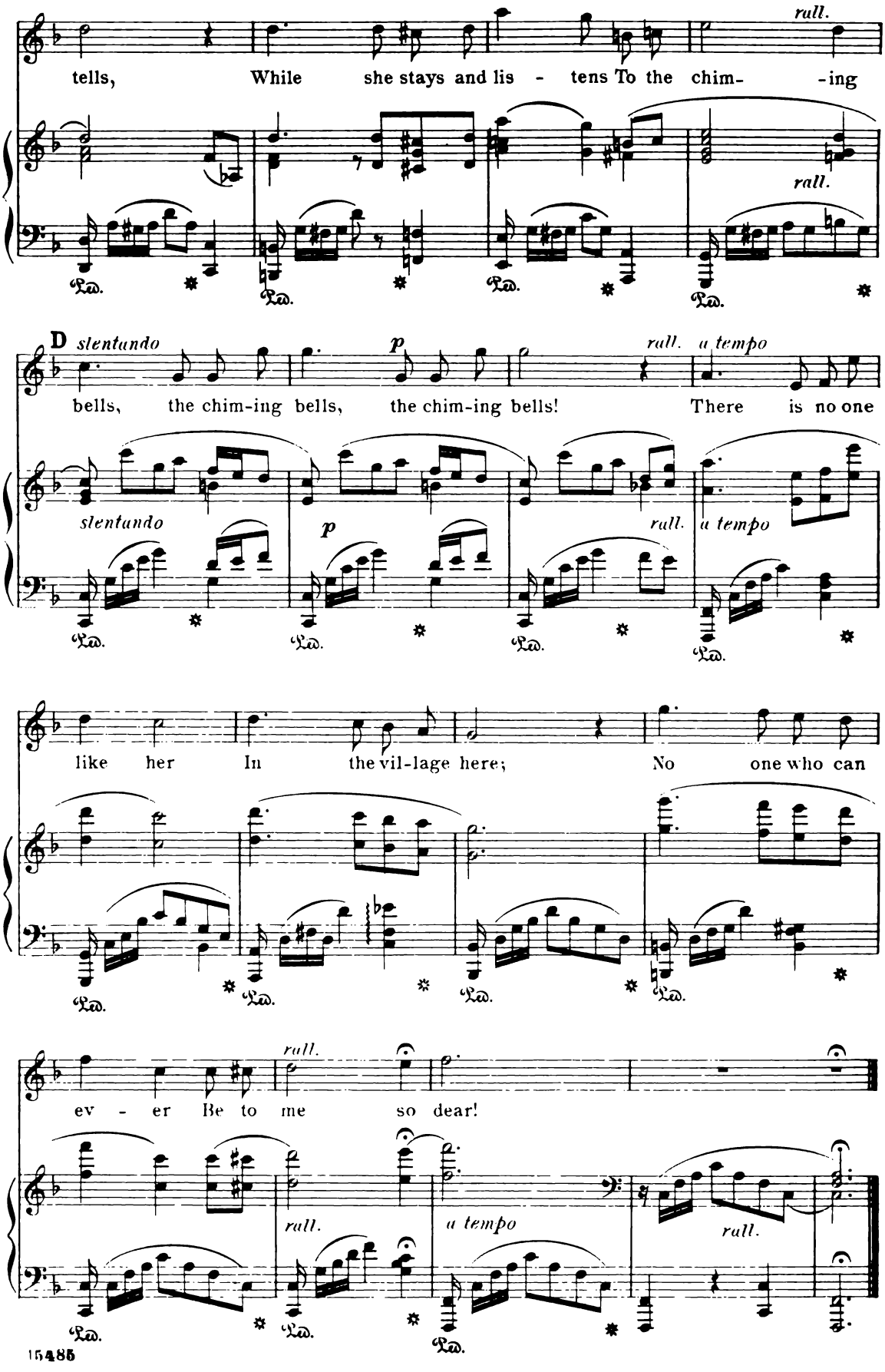
Song.




Andante amoroso. (♩=63.)
There is no one like her In the vil-lage here;
No one who can ev - er Be to me so dear!
rall.
rall.
a tempo
Age, with word of wel - come, Stays the maid to greet,
a tempo
While the hap-py chil - dren Nes-tle round her feet! How her
rit.
A
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
Ped.
15485

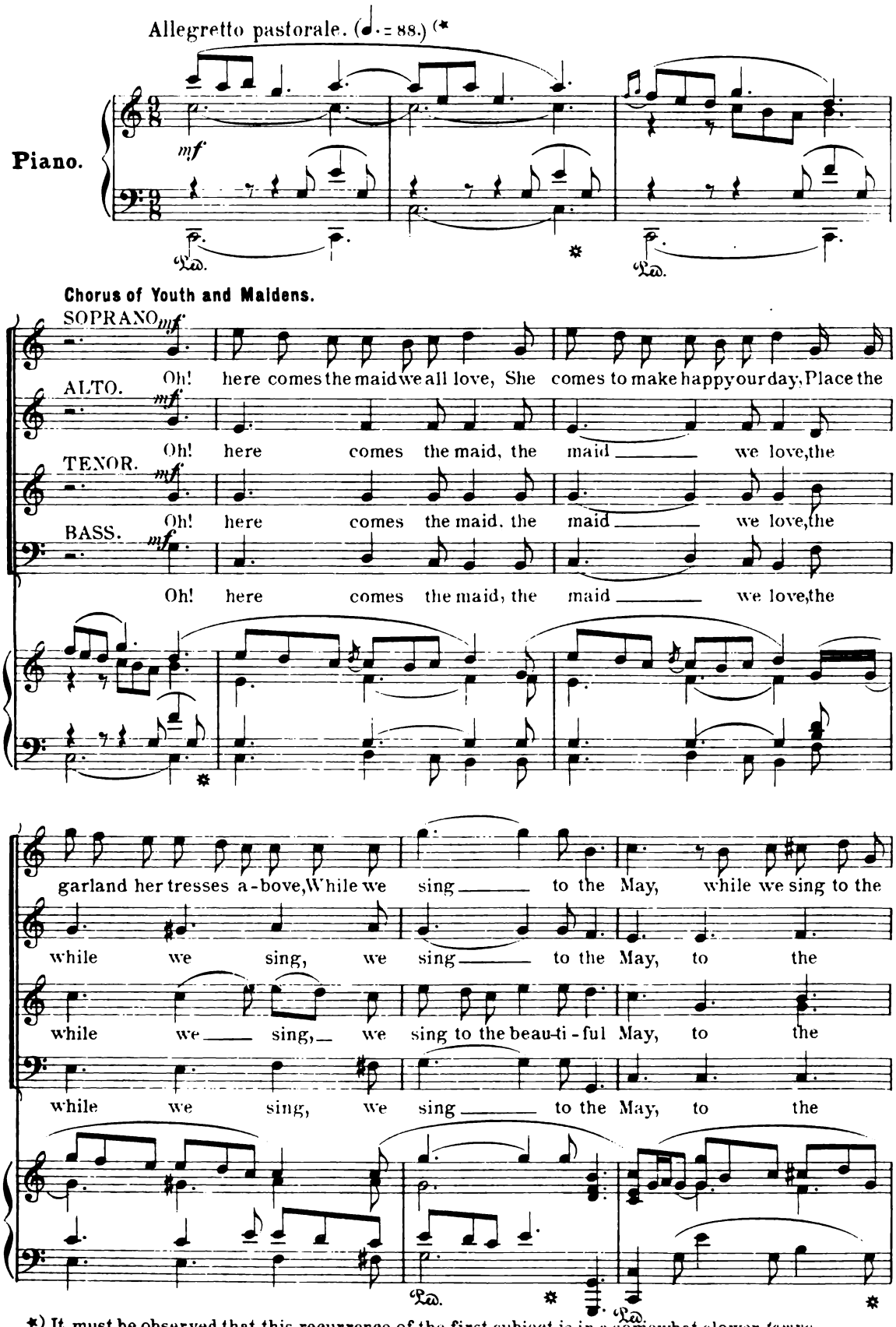

smile, her bright smile glis - tens With the joy it tells,
While she stays and lis - tens To the chim - -ing bells, the chiming
rall.
B
slentando
bells, the chim - ing bells! There is no one like her
p
a tempo
In the vil-lage here; No one who can ev - er Be to
me so dear!
Ped.


There is no one like her That de-vo-tion
a tempo
brings, When the ma-tin's call - ing, When the ves-per
rall.
rall.
a tempo
rings; While the birds that love her Round her path-way
a tempo
throng, With their song of morn - ing, With their eve - ning
rit.
rit.
C a tempo
song! How her smile, her bright smile glis - tens With the joy it
a tempo
Ped.
15485

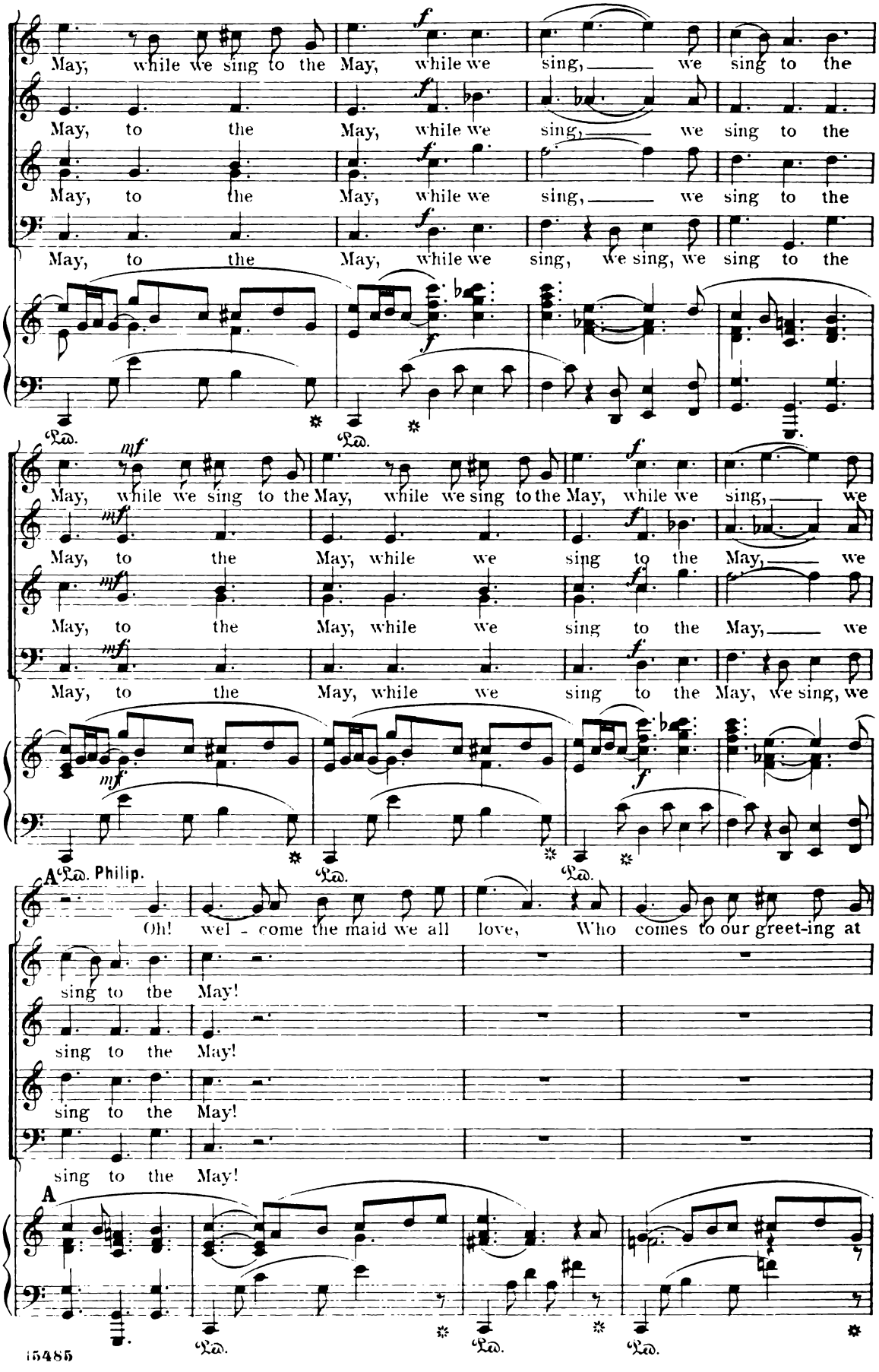

rall.
tells, While she stays and lis - tens To the chim- -ing
rall.
D slentando
p
rall.
a tempo
bells, the chim-ing bells, the chim-ing bells! There is no one
slentando
p
rall.
a tempo
like her In the vil-lage here; No one who can
rall.
ev - er Be to me so dear!
rall.
a tempo
rall.

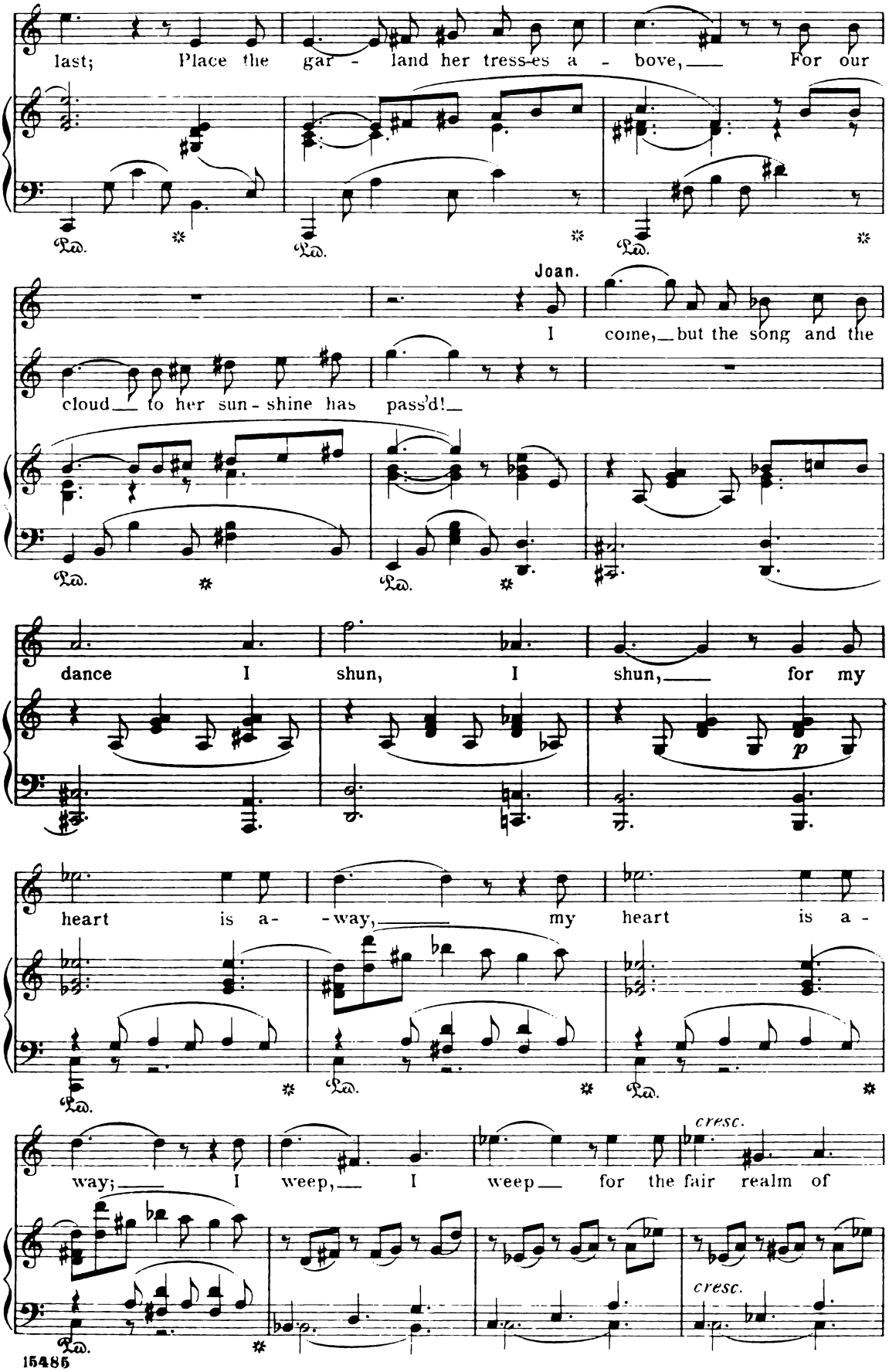
№ 3. "Oh! here comes the maid."

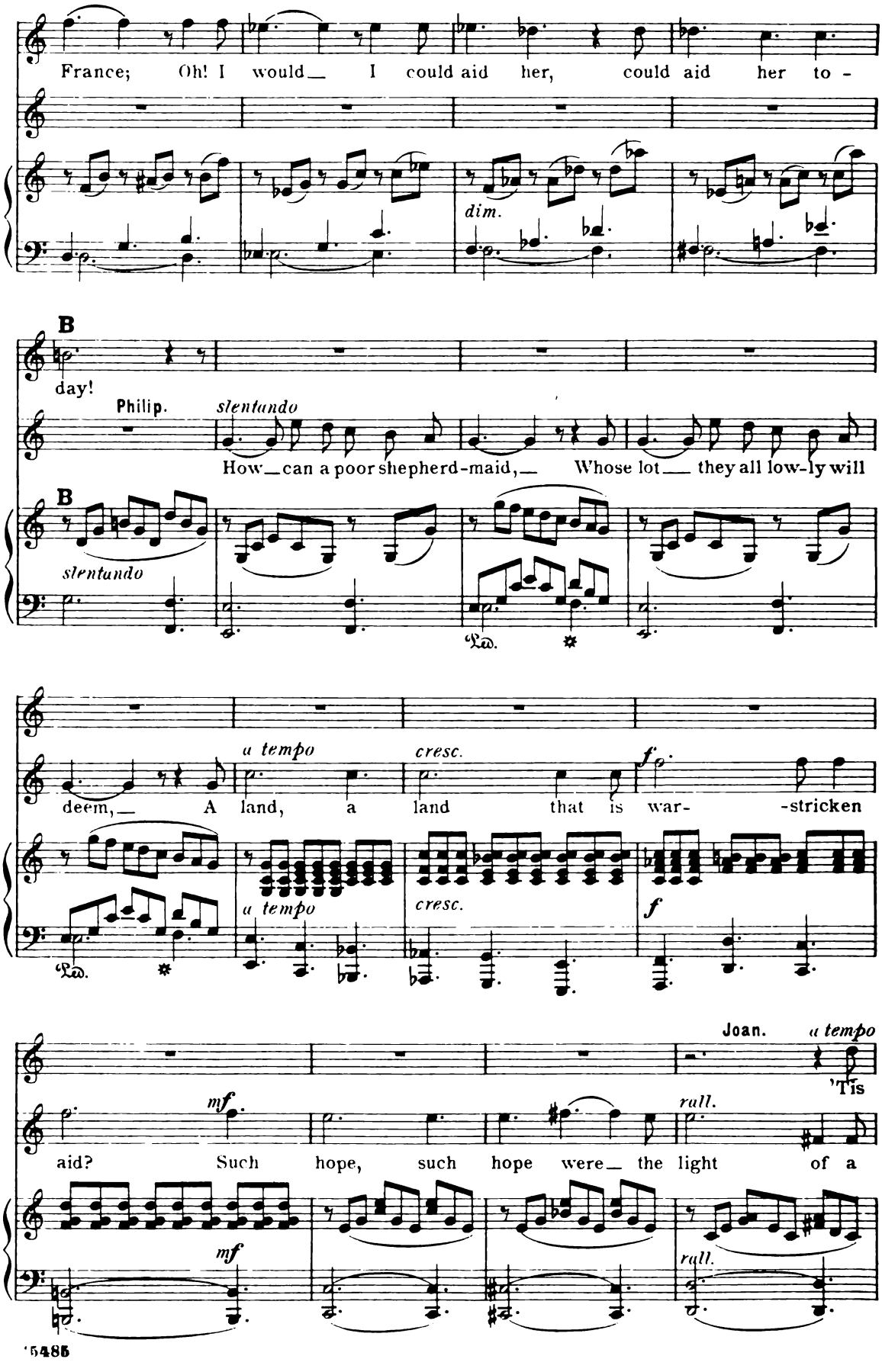
Duet and Chorus.

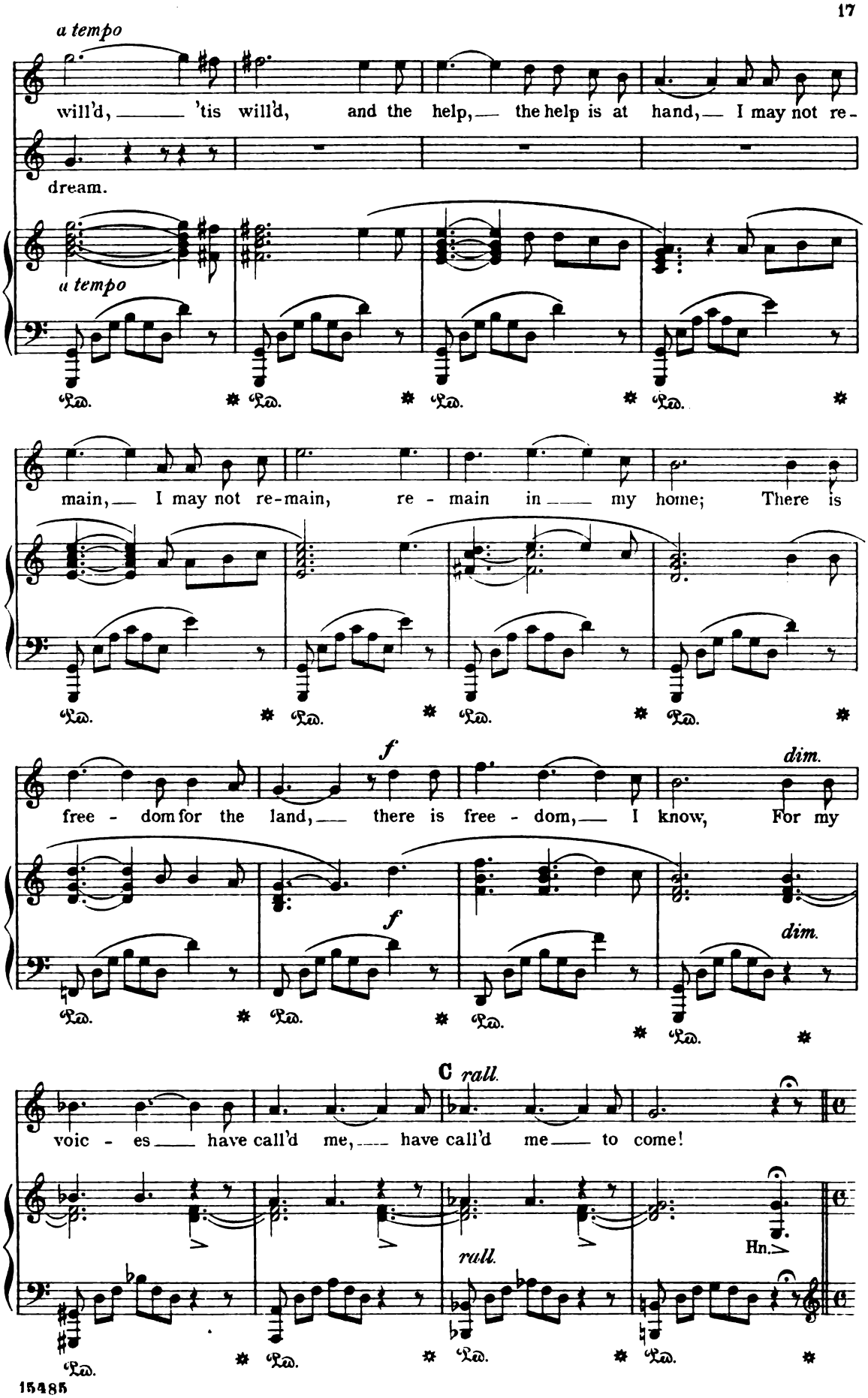


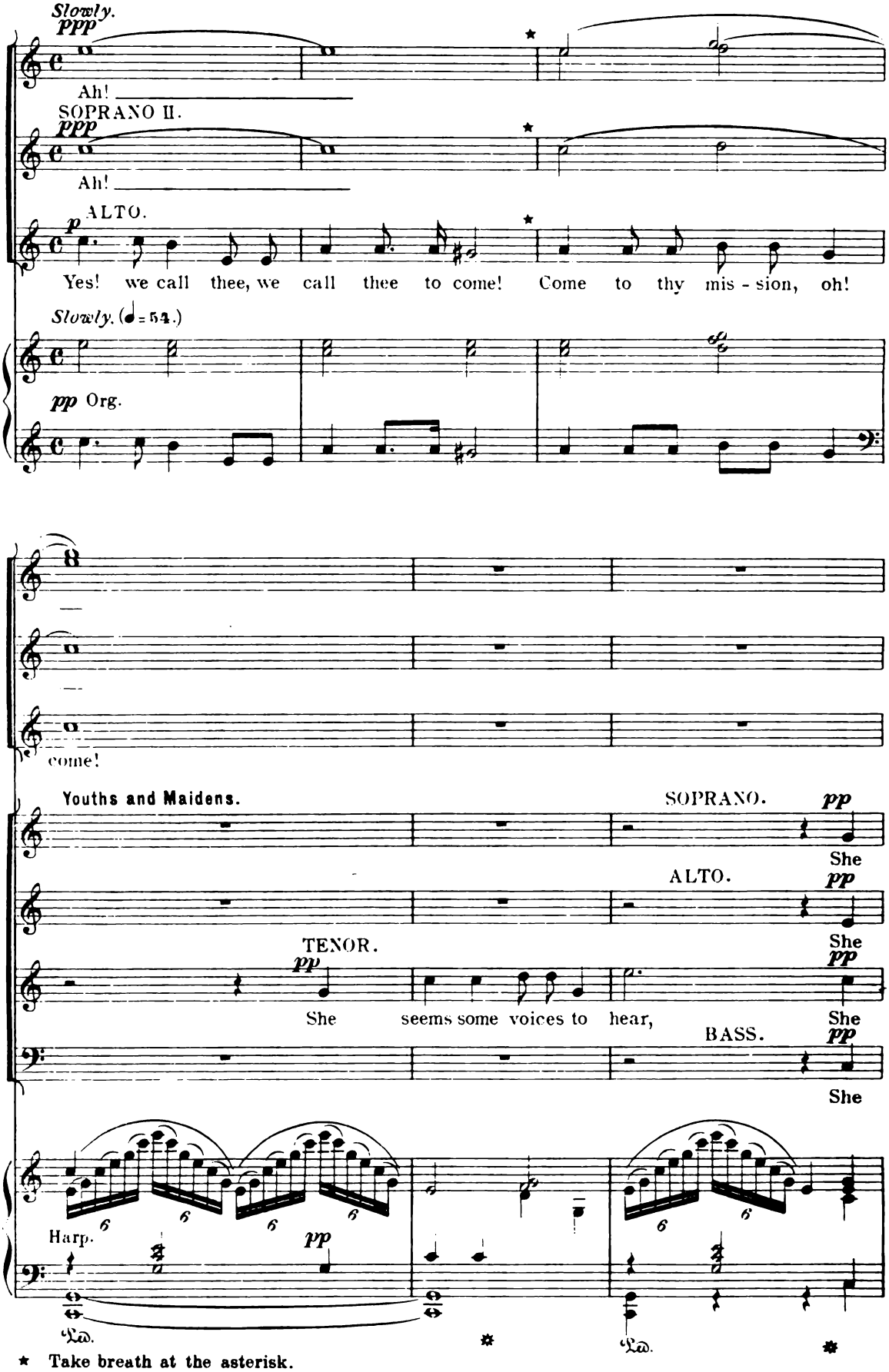
*) It must be observed that this recurrence of the first subject is in a somewhat slower *tempo*.


May, while we sing to the May, while we sing, we sing to the
May, to the May, while we sing, we sing to the
May, to the May, while we sing, we sing to the
May, to the May, while we sing, we sing, we sing to the
Ped.
May, while we sing to the May, while we sing to the May, while we sing, we
May, to the May, while we sing to the May, we
May, to the May, while we sing to the May, we
May, to the May, while we sing to the May, we sing, we
Ped. Philip.
A
Oh! wel - come the maid we all love, Who comes to our greet-ing at
sing to the May!
sing to the May!
sing to the May!
sing to the May!
A
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

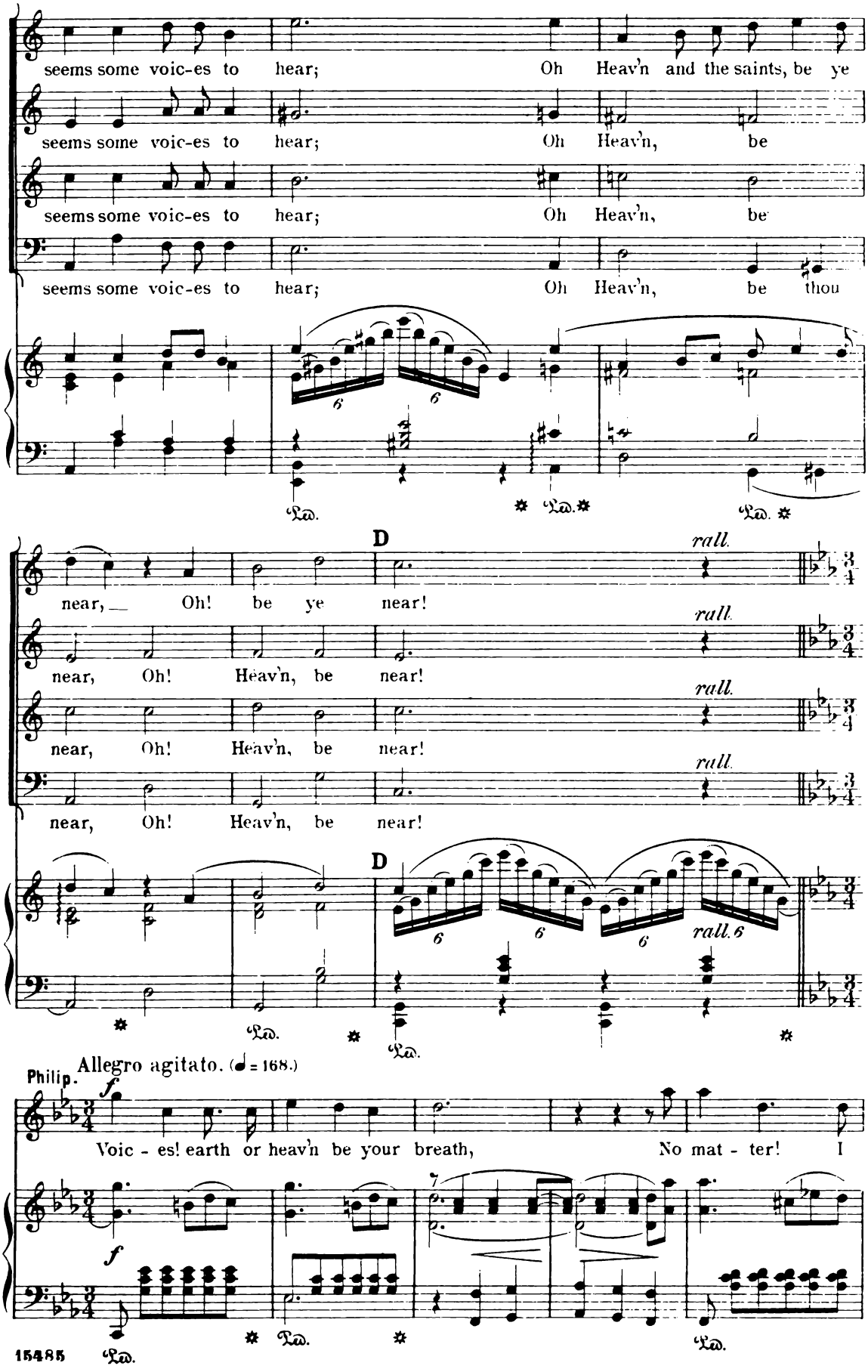

last; Place the gar - land her tress-es a - bove, For our
Joan.
I come, but the song and the
cloud to her sun - shine has pass'd!
dance I shun, I shun, for my
p
heart is a- -way, my heart is a -
way; I weep, I weep for the fair realm of
cresc.
cresc.
Ped.

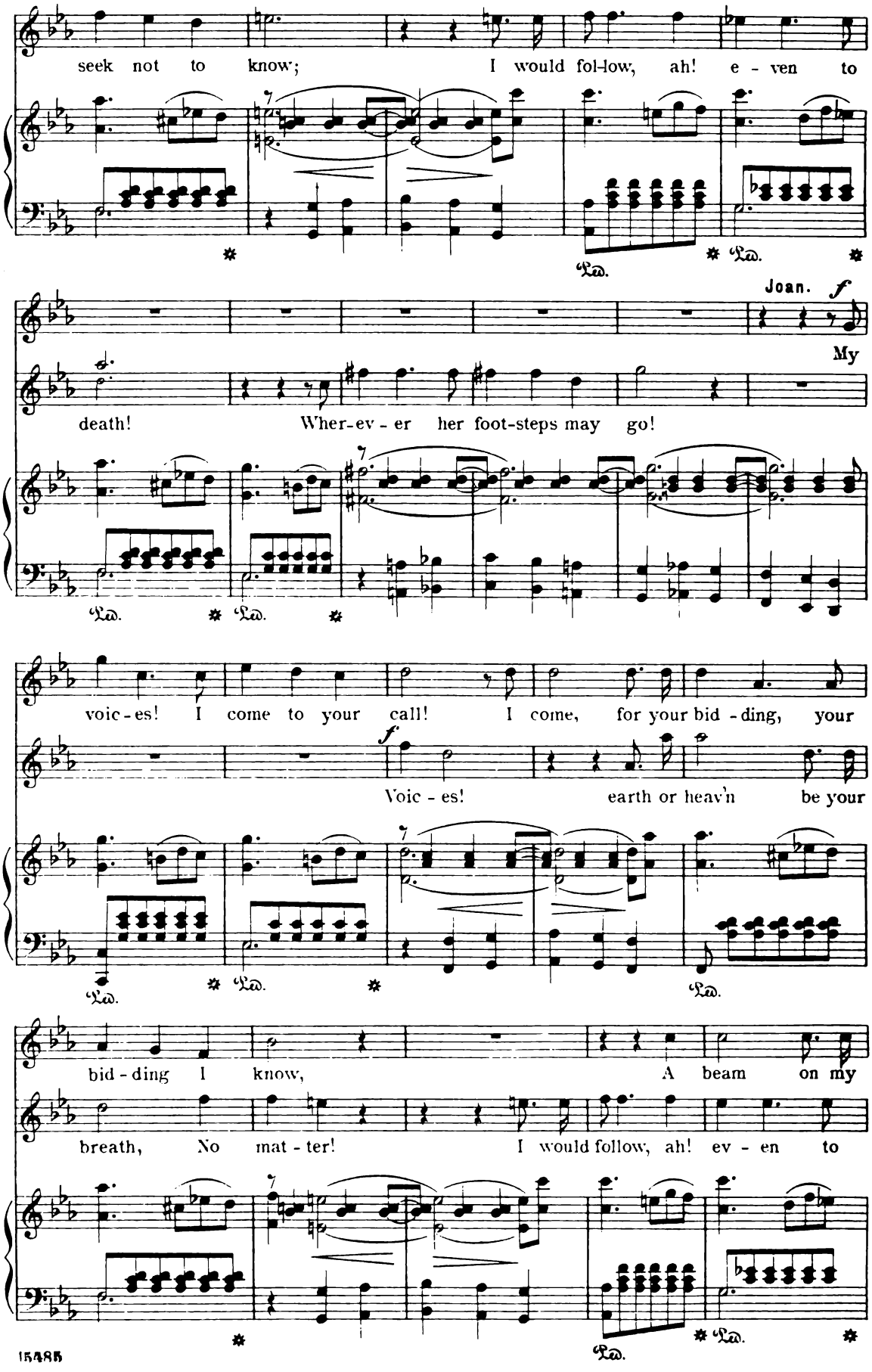

France; Oh! I would_ I could aid her, could aid her to -
dim.
B
day!
Philip.
slentando
How_can a poor shepherd-maid,_ Whose lot_ they all low-ly will
B
slentando
Ped.
deem,_ A land, a land that is war- -stricken
a tempo
cresc.
f
a tempo
cresc.
f
Ped.
Joan.
a tempo
'Tis
aid? Such hope, such hope were_ the light of a
mf
rall.
mf
rall.

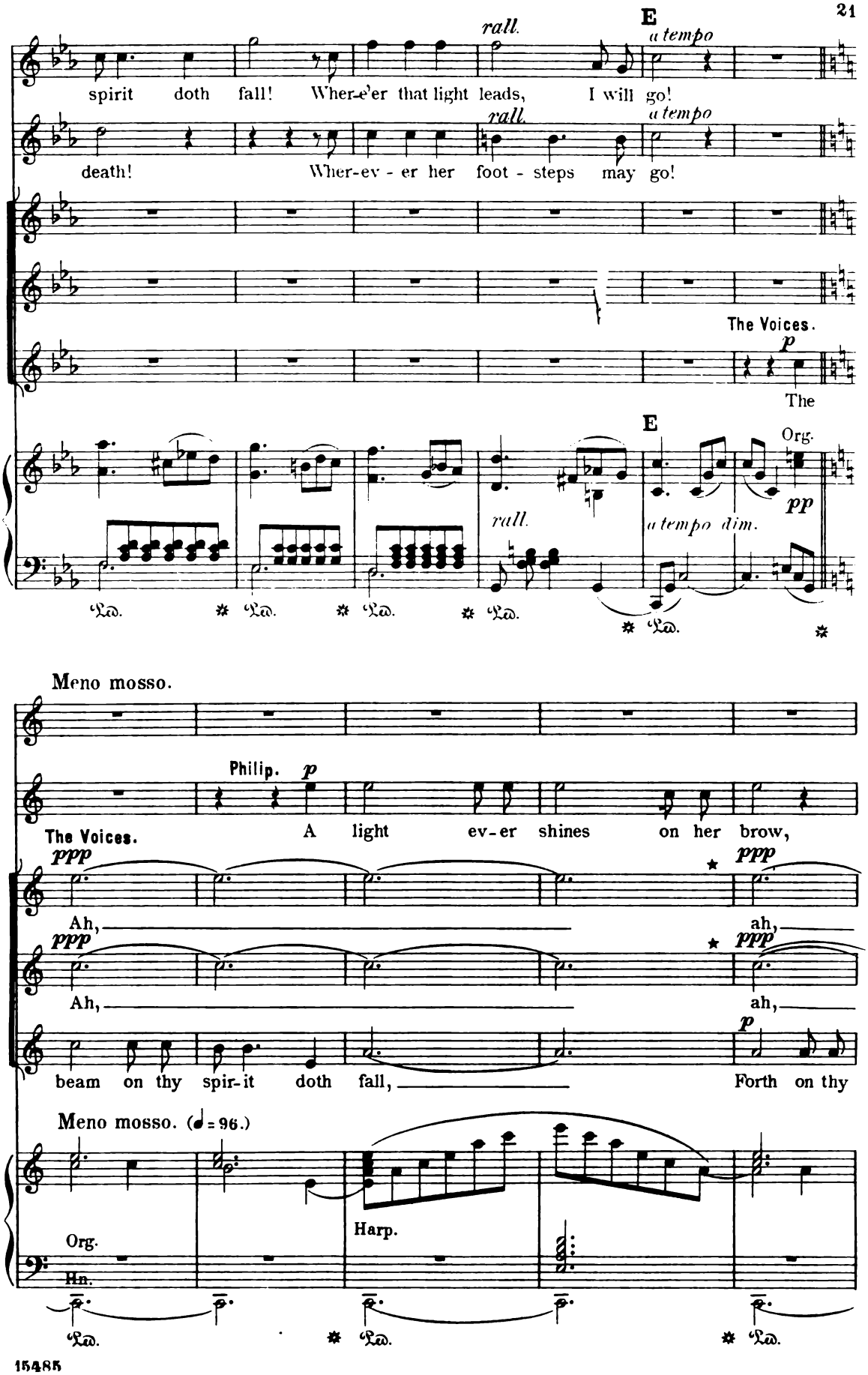

a tempo
will'd, 'tis will'd, and the help, the help is at hand, I may not re-
dream.
a tempo
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
main, I may not re-main, re - main in my home; There is
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
f
dim.
free - dom for the land, there is free - dom, I know, For my
f
dim.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
C rall.
voic - es have call'd me, have call'd me to come!
rall.
Hn.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

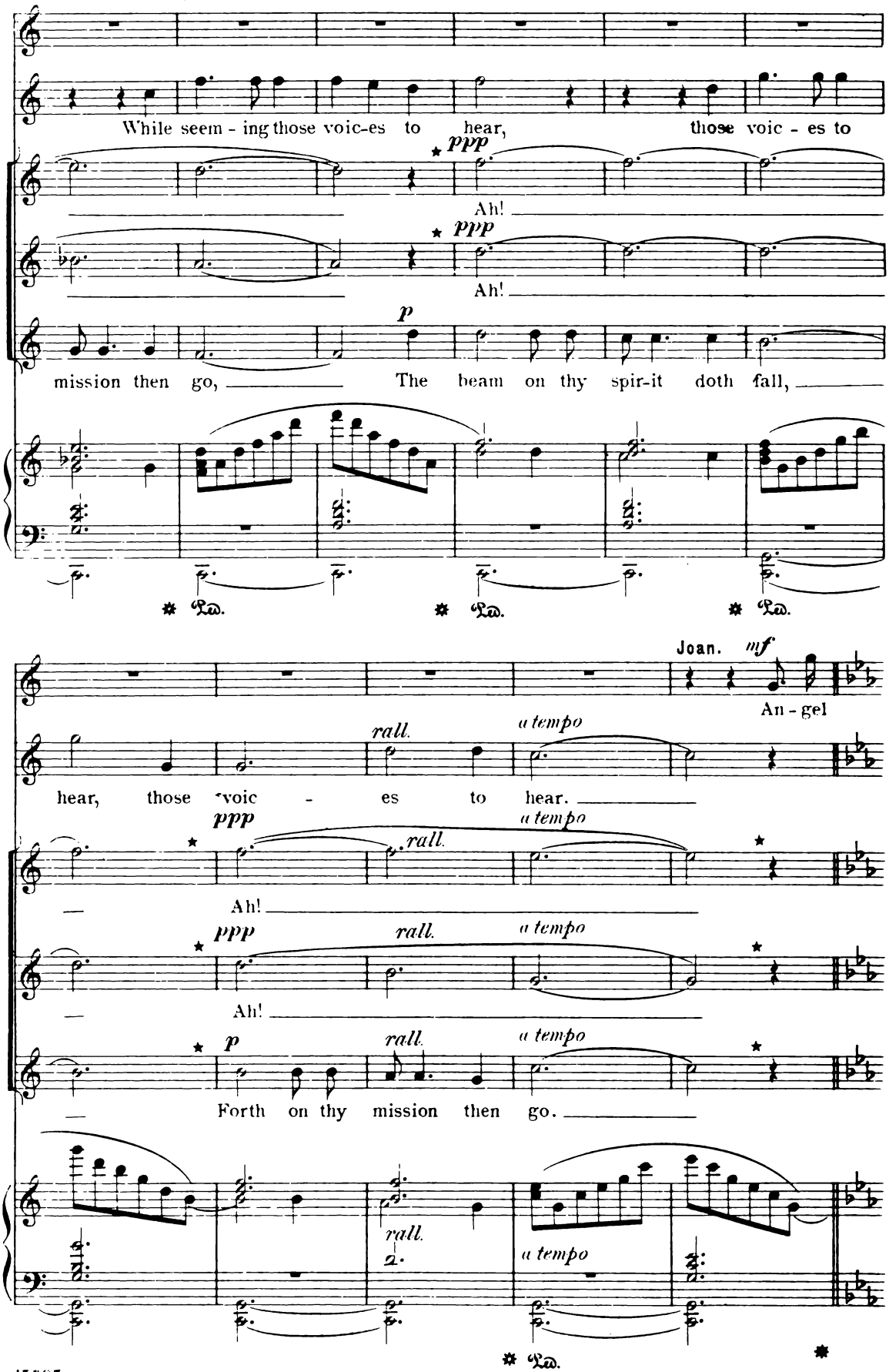


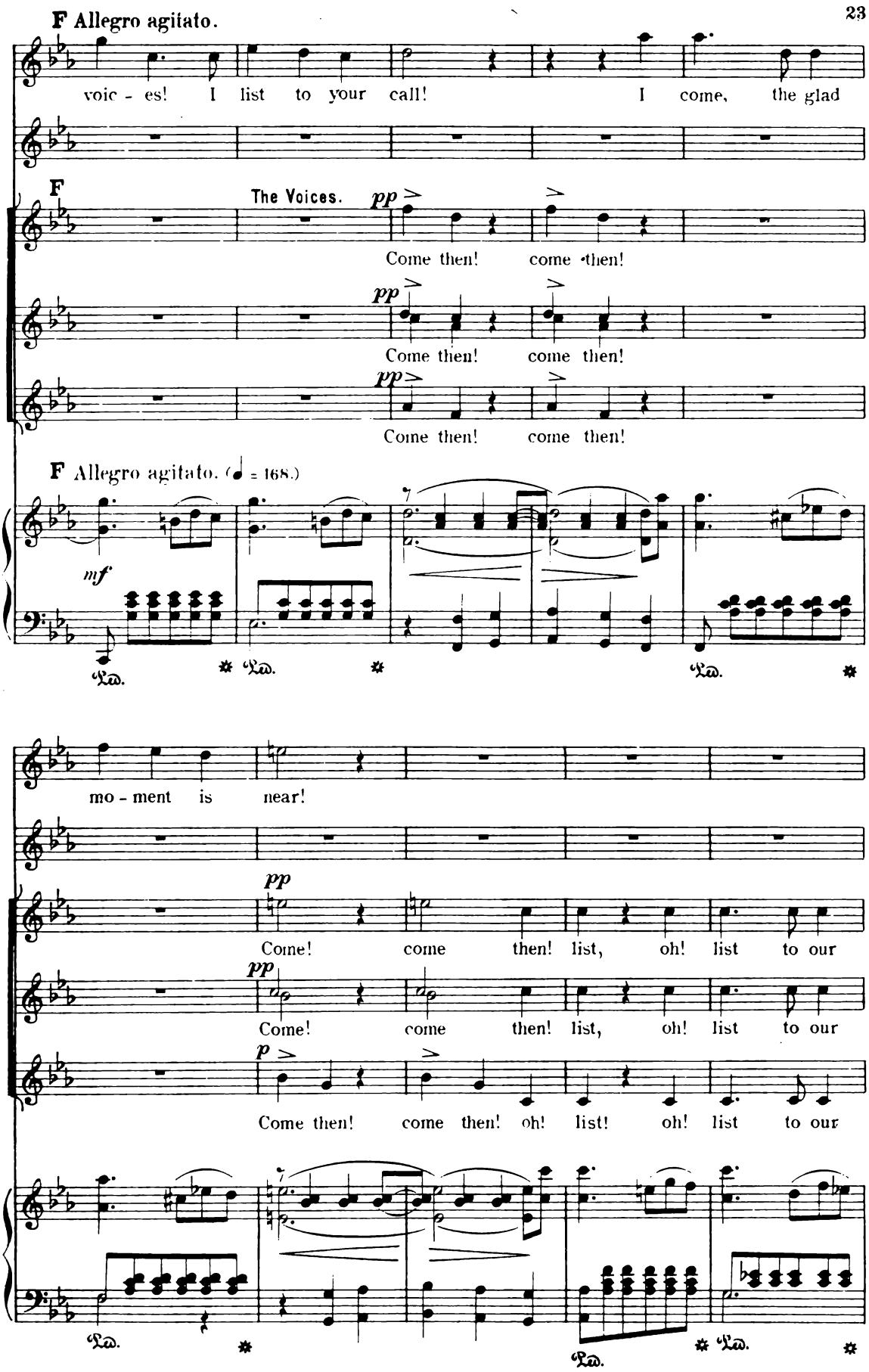
★ Take breath at the asterisk.

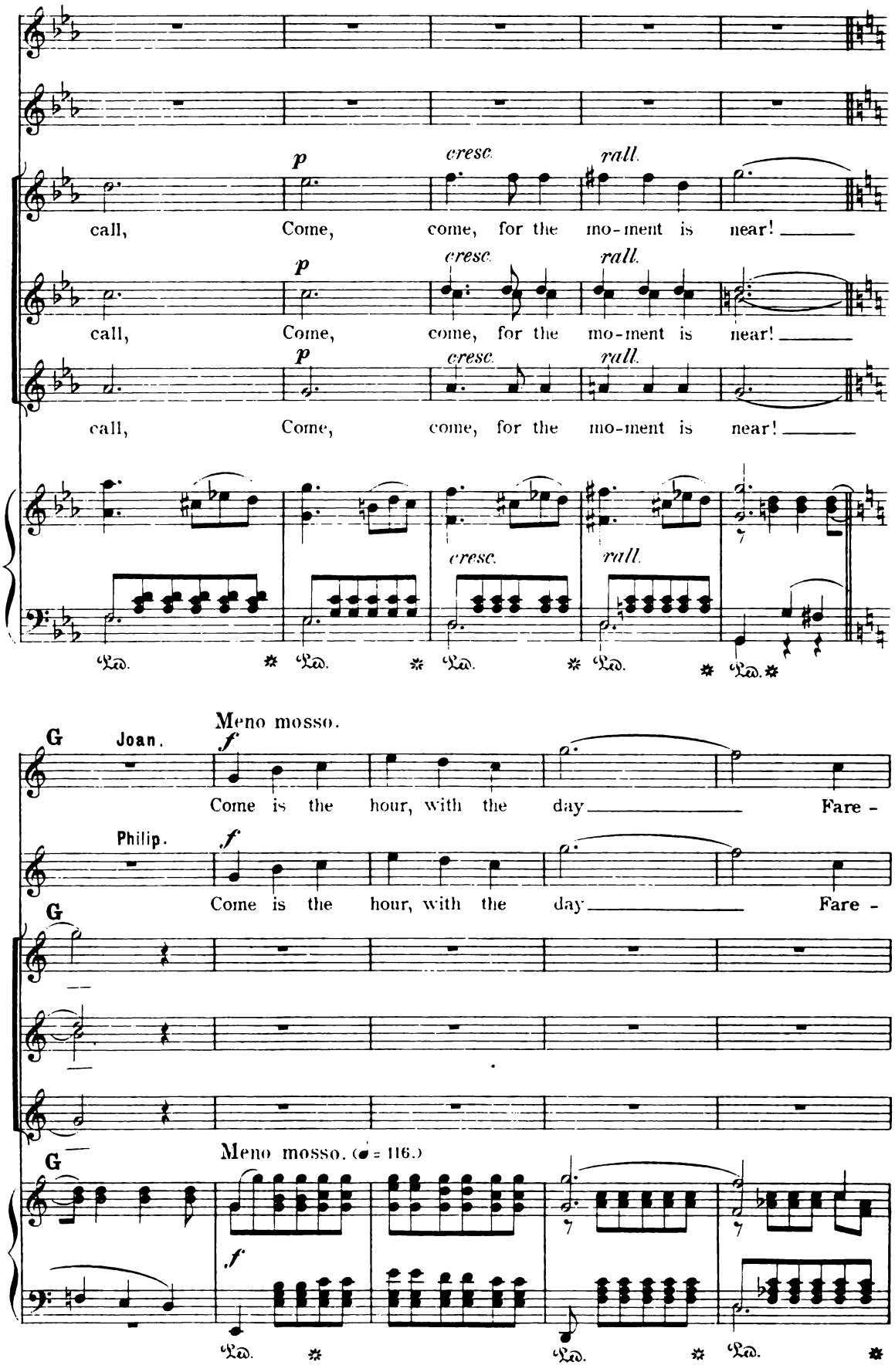

seems some voic-es to hear; Oh Heav'n and the saints, be ye
seems some voic-es to hear; Oh Heav'n, be
seems some voic-es to hear; Oh Heav'n, be
seems some voic-es to hear; Oh Heav'n, be thou
Ped. Ped. Ped.
D
rall.
near, Oh! be ye near!
near, Oh! Heav'n, be near!
near, Oh! Heav'n, be near!
near, Oh! Heav'n, be near!
D
rall.
Ped. Ped.
Allegro agitato. (♩ = 168.)
Philip.
f
Voic - es! earth or heav'n be your breath, No mat - ter! I
f
Ped. Ped. Ped.

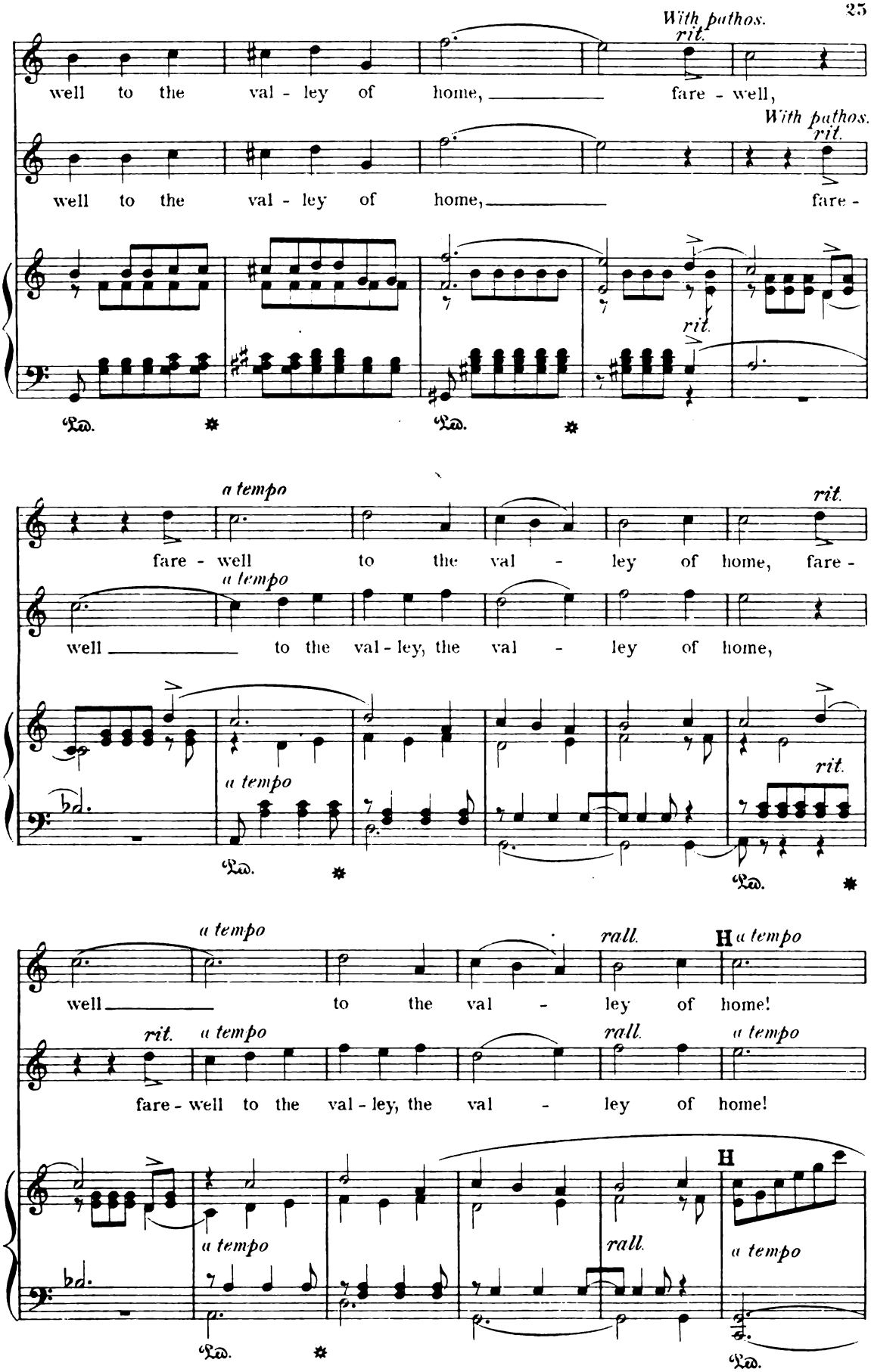

seek not to know; I would fol-low, ah! e - ven to
Joan. f
My
death! Wher-ev - er her foot-steps may go!
voic - es! I come to your call! I come, for your bid - ding, your
f
Voic - es! earth or heav'n be your
bid - ding I know, A beam on my
breath, No mat - ter! I would follow, ah! ev - en to

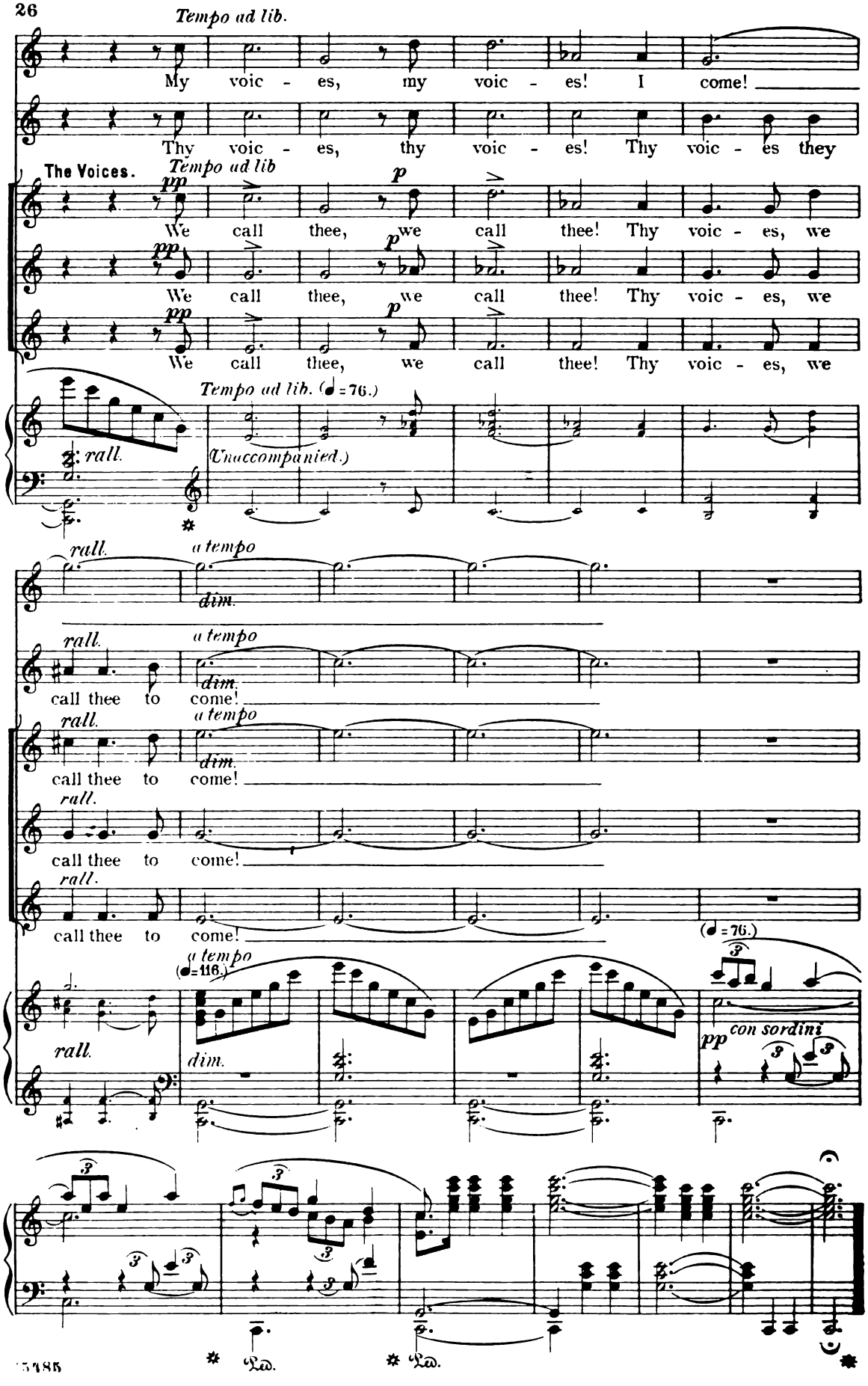

E
rall.
a tempo
spirit doth fall! Wher-e'er that light leads, I will go!
death! Wher-ev - er her foot - steps may go!
The Voices.
p
The
Org.
pp
rall.
a tempo dim.
Ped.
Meno mosso.
Philip. p
A light ev-er shines on her brow,
The Voices.
ppp
Ah,
ah,
beam on thy spir-it doth fall,
Forth on thy
Meno mosso. (♩= 96.)
Org.
Harp.
Hn.


While seem - ing those voic-es to hear, those voic - es to
ppp
Ah!
ppp
Ah!
p
mission then go, The beam on thy spir-it doth fall,
Ped. Ped. Ped.
Joan.
mf
An - gel
rall.
a tempo
hear, those voic - es to hear.
ppp
a tempo
rall.
Ah!
ppp
rall.
a tempo
Ah!
p
rall.
a tempo
Forth on thy mission then go.
rall.
2.
a tempo
Ped.


F Allegro agitato.
voic - es! I list to your call! I come, the glad
F
The Voices.
pp
Come then! come then!
pp
Come then! come then!
pp
Come then! come then!
F Allegro agitato. (♩ = 168.)
mf
Ped.
mo - ment is near!
pp
Come! come then! list, oh! list to our
pp
Come! come then! list, oh! list to our
p
Come then! come then! oh! list! oh! list to our
Ped.

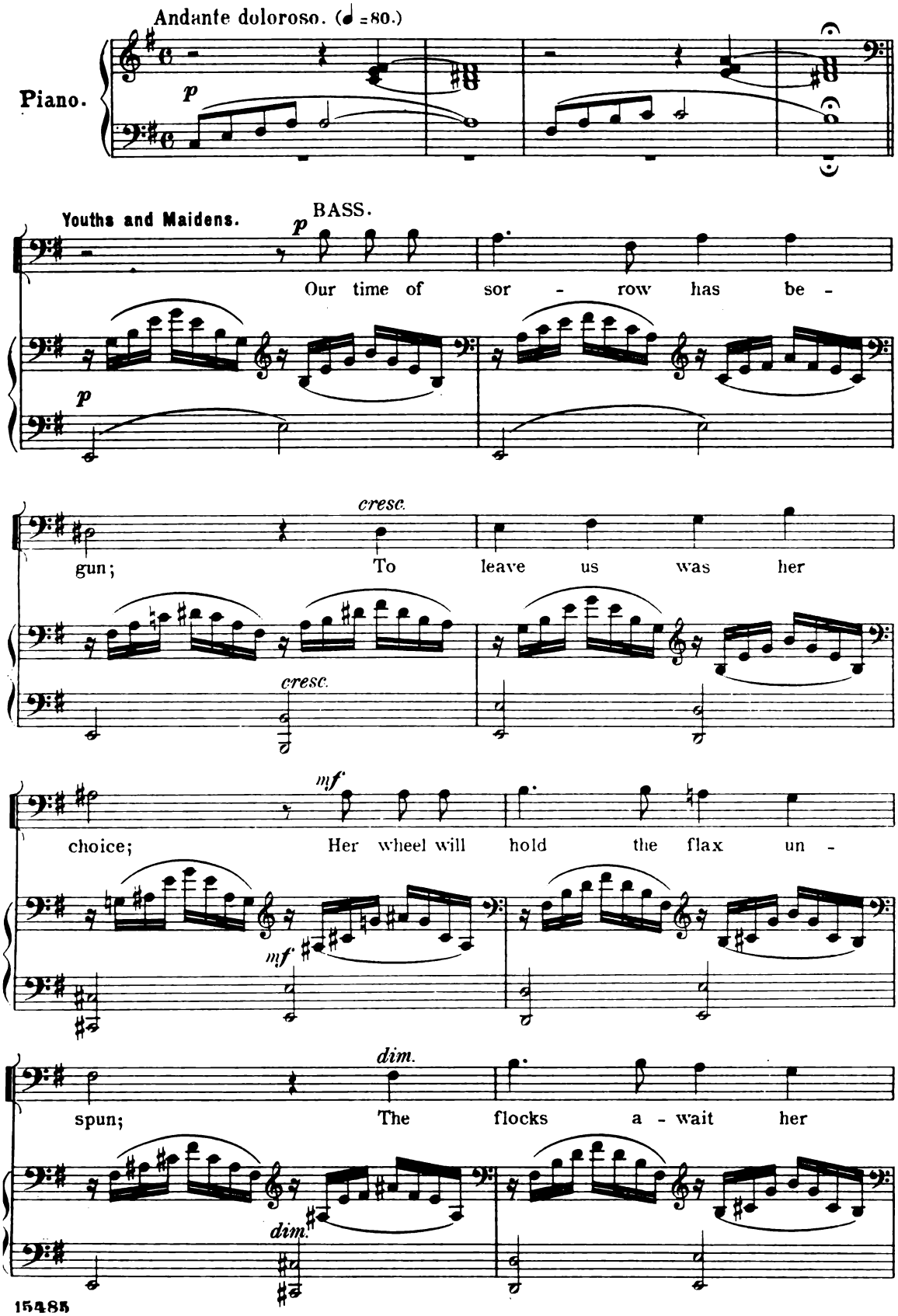

p
cresc.
rall.
call, Come, come, for the mo-ment is near!
Ped.
Meno mosso.
G
Joan.
f
Come is the hour, with the day Fare -
Philip.
Meno mosso. (♩ = 116.)

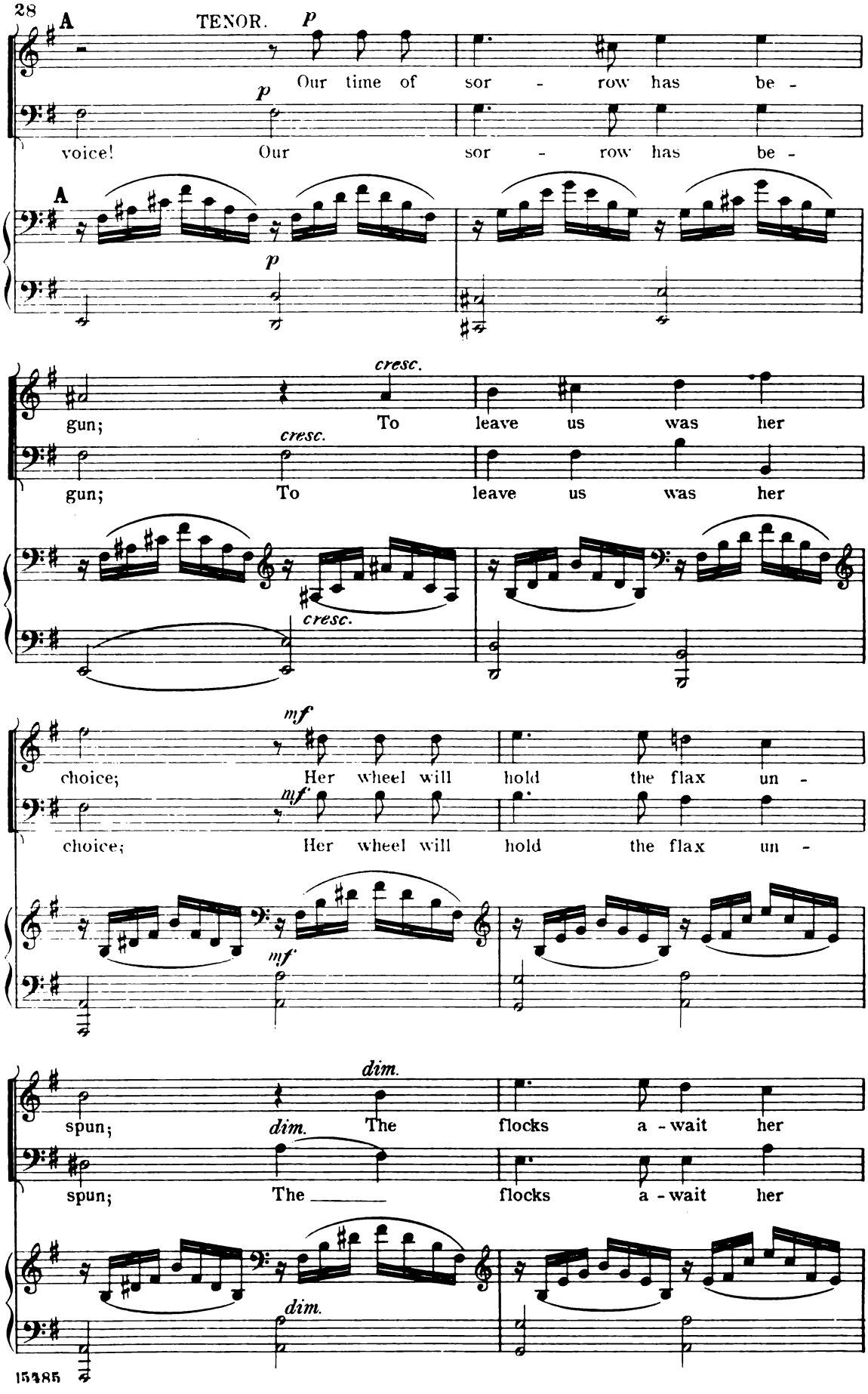

With pathos.
rit.
well to the val - ley of home, fare - well,
With pathos.
rit.
well to the val - ley of home, fare -
rit.
Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo
rit.
fare - well to the val - ley of home, fare -
a tempo
well to the val - ley, the val - ley of home,
a tempo
rit.
Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo
rall.
H a tempo
well to the val - ley of home!
rit. a tempo
rall.
a tempo
fare - well to the val - ley, the val - ley of home!
H
a tempo
rall.
a tempo
Ped. * Ped.

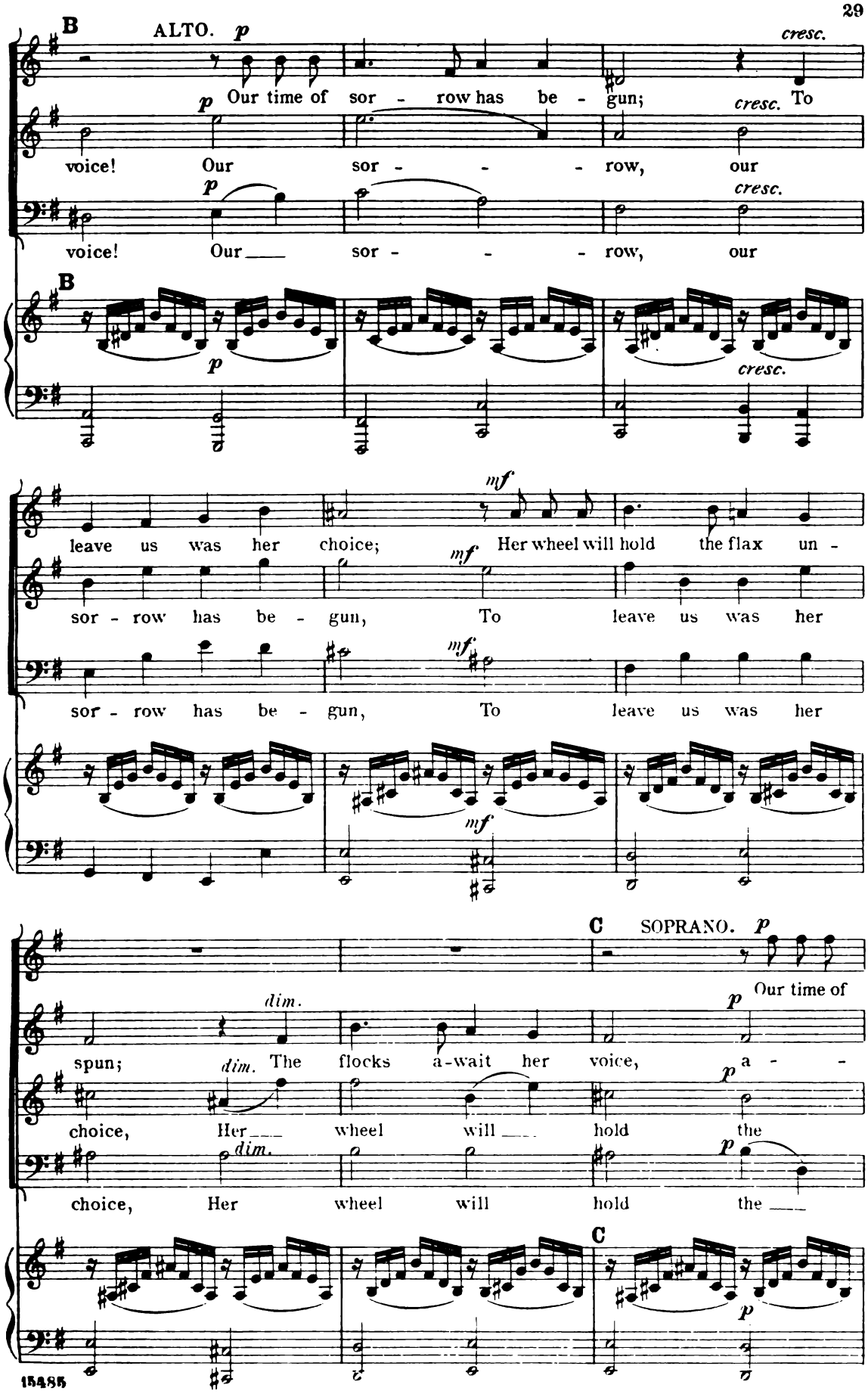

Tempo ad lib.
My voic - es, my voic - es! I come!
Thy voic - es, thy voic - es! Thy voic - es they
The Voices.
Tempo ad lib
pp
p
We call thee, we call thee! Thy voic - es, we
We call thee, we call thee! Thy voic - es, we
We call thee, we call thee! Thy voic - es, we
Tempo ad lib. (♩=76.)
rall.
(Unaccompanied.)
rall.
a tempo
dim.
call thee to come!
(♩=76.)
(♩=116.)
con sordini
Ped.

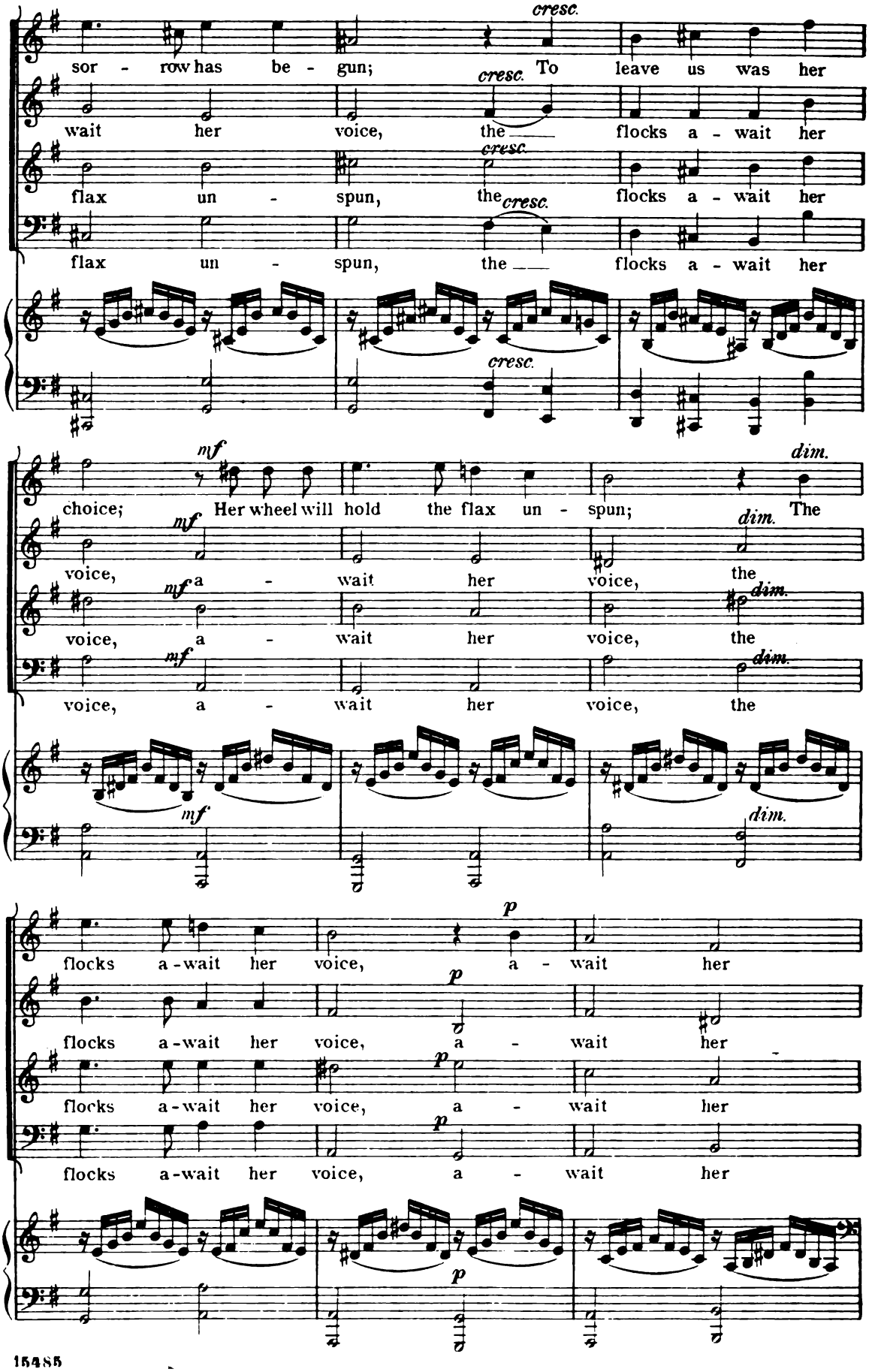
No 4. "Our time of sorrow has begun."

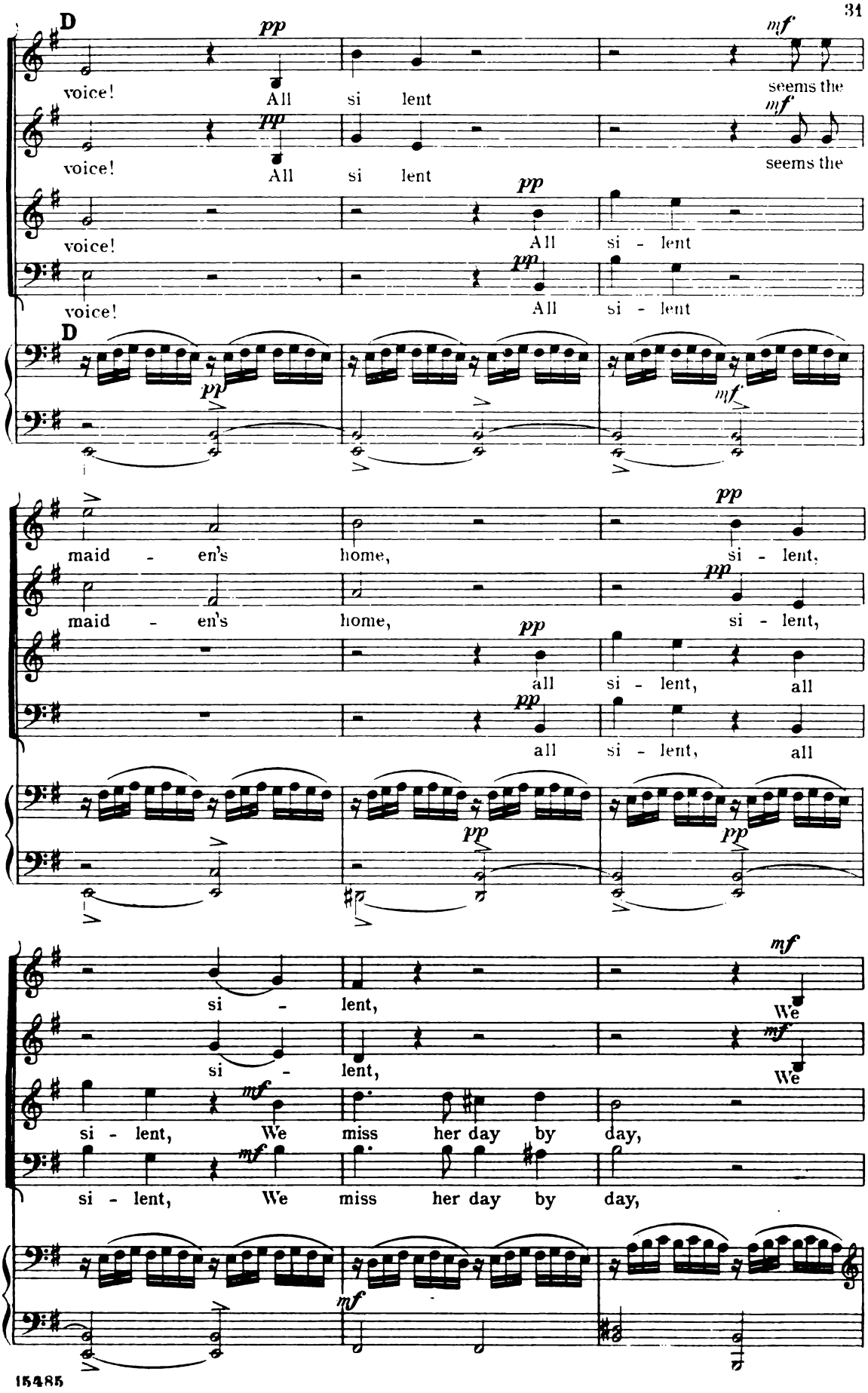
Chorus.

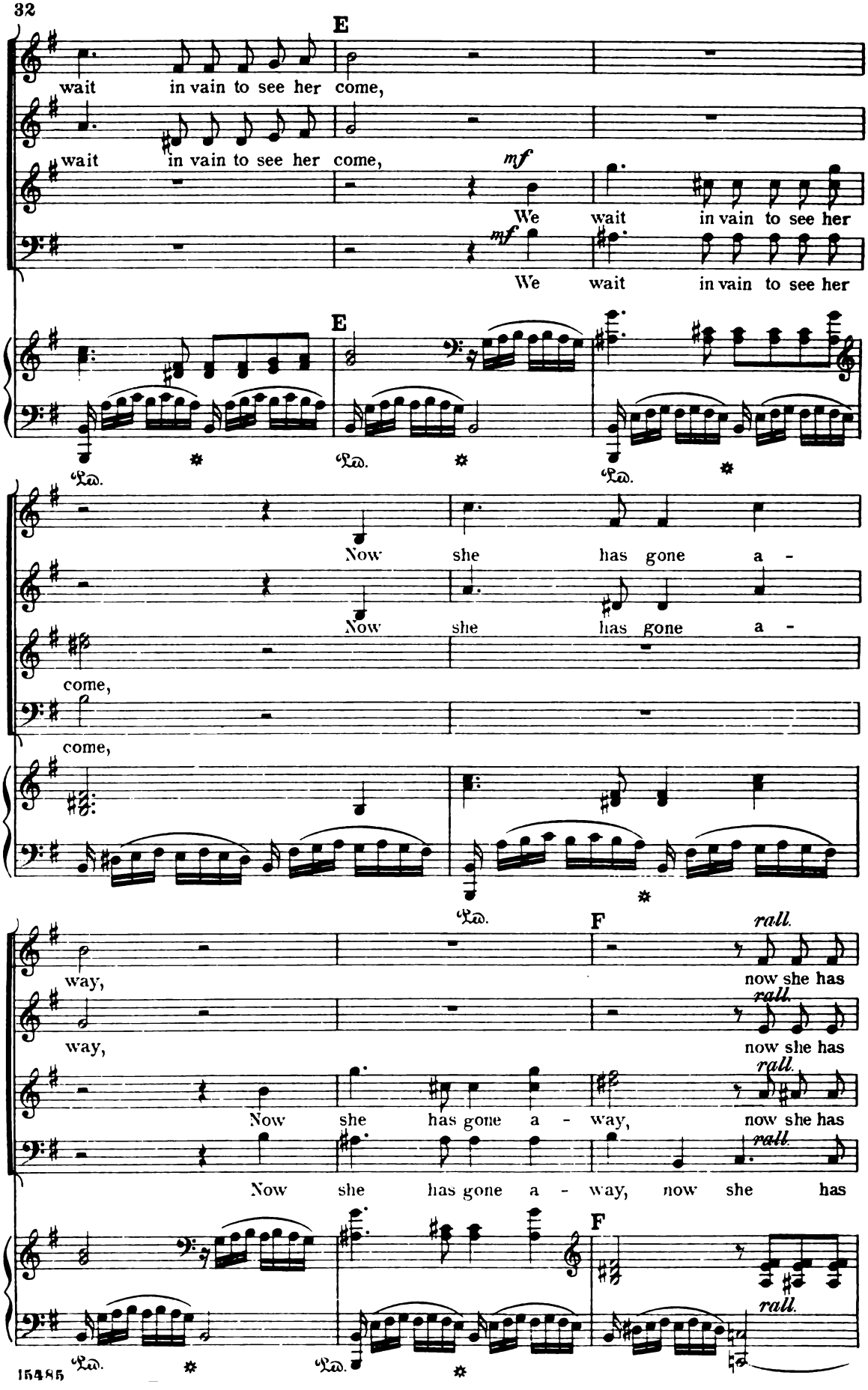


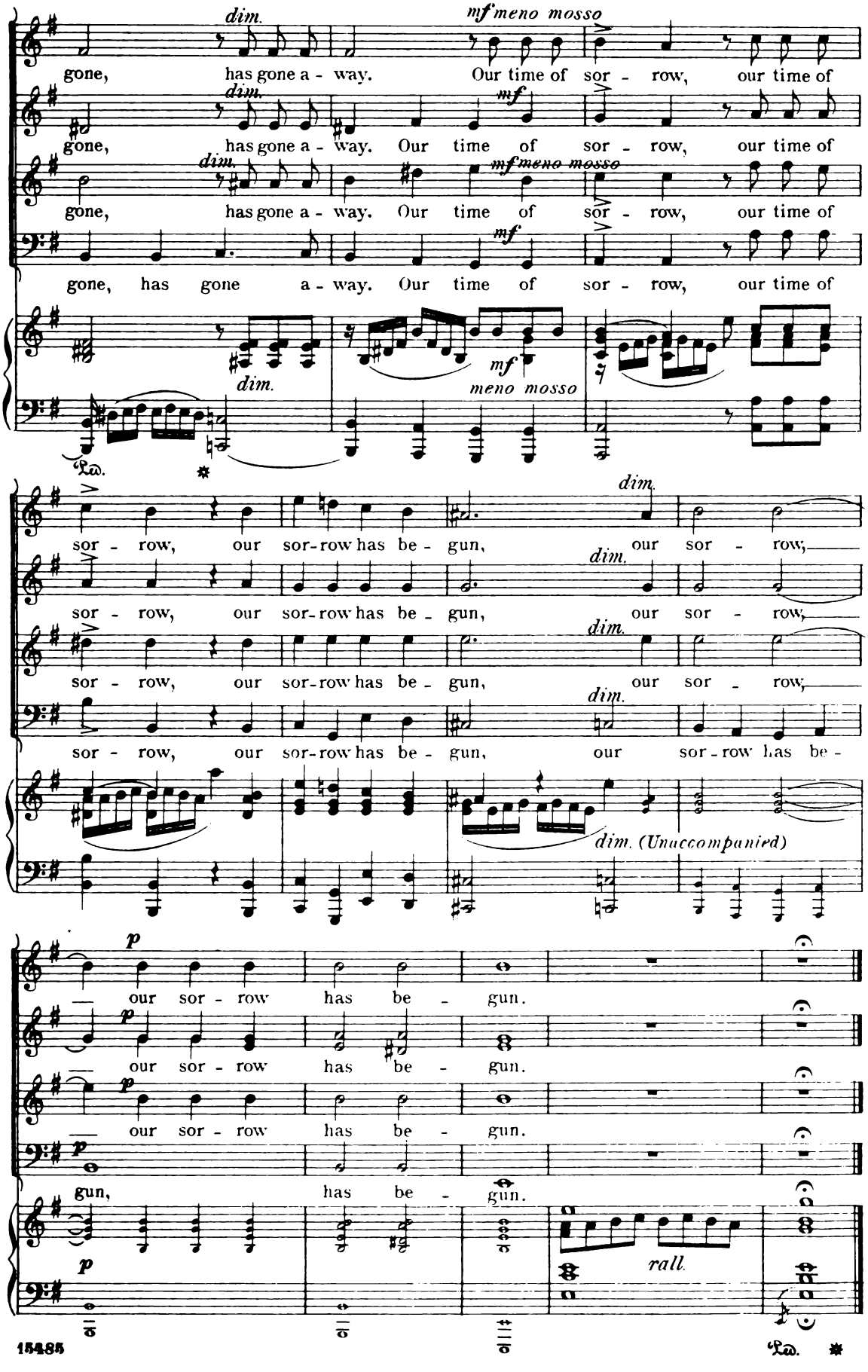

A
TENOR.
p
Our time of sor - row has be -
p
voice! Our sor - row has be -
A
p
cresc.
gun; To leave us was her
cresc.
gun; To leave us was her
cresc.
mf
choice; Her wheel will hold the flax un -
mf
choice; Her wheel will hold the flax un -
mf
dim.
spun; The flocks a - wait her
dim.
spun; The flocks a - wait her
dim.


B
ALTO. p
cresc.
p Our time of sor - row has be - gun;
cresc. To
voice! Our sor - - - row, our
p
cresc.
voice! Our sor - - - row, our
B
p
cresc.
mf
leave us was her choice;
mf Her wheel will hold the flax un -
sor - row has be - gun, To leave us was her
mf
sor - row has be - gun, To leave us was her
mf
C
SOPRANO. p
dim.
Our time of
p
spun;
dim. The flocks a-wait her voice, a - -
p
choice, Her wheel will hold the
dim.
p
choice, Her wheel will hold the
C
p


sor - row has be - gun; To leave us was her
wait her voice, the flocks a - wait her
flax un - spun, the flocks a - wait her
flax un - spun, the flocks a - wait her
cresc.
choice; Her wheel will hold the flax un - spun; The
voice, a - wait her voice, the
voice, a - wait her voice, the
voice, a - wait her voice, the
mf
dim.
flocks a-wait her voice, a - wait her
flocks a-wait her voice, a - wait her
flocks a-wait her voice, a - wait her
p


D
pp
mf
voice!
All si lent
seems the
voice!
All si lent
seems the
voice!
All si - lent
voice!
All si - lent
D
maid - en's home, si - lent,
maid - en's home, si - lent,
all si - lent, all
all si - lent, all
si - lent,
si - lent,
si - lent, We miss her day by day,
si - lent, We miss her day by day,
We
We


E
wait in vain to see her come,
wait in vain to see her come,
mf
We wait in vain to see her
mf
We wait in vain to see her
E
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Now she has gone a -
Now she has gone a -
come,
come,
Ped.
F
rall.
way,
now she has
rall.
way,
now she has
rall.
Now she has gone a - way, now she has
rall.
Now she has gone a - way, now she has
F
rall.
Ped.
Ped.


dim.
mf meno mosso
gone, has gone a - way. Our time of sor - row, our time of
mf
gone, has gone a - way. Our time of sor - row, our time of
gone, has gone a - way. Our time of sor - row, our time of
gone, has gone a - way. Our time of sor - row, our time of
meno mosso
Ped.
sor - row, our sor-row has be - gun, our sor - row,
sor - row, our sor-row has be - gun, our sor - row,
sor - row, our sor-row has be - gun, our sor - row,
sor - row, our sor-row has be - gun, our sor-row has be -
dim. (Unaccompanied)
our sor - row has be - gun.
our sor - row has be - gun.
our sor - row has be - gun.
gun, has be - gun.
rall.
Ped.

Vaucouleurs.

Nº 5. "What! is this the Peasant-maid?"

Dialogue Trio.

"Thy spirit voices! hark! they call."

Chorus.

*) Pomposo. (♩= 60.)

Voice.

Piano.

Robert de Baudricourt.

What! is this the pea-sant

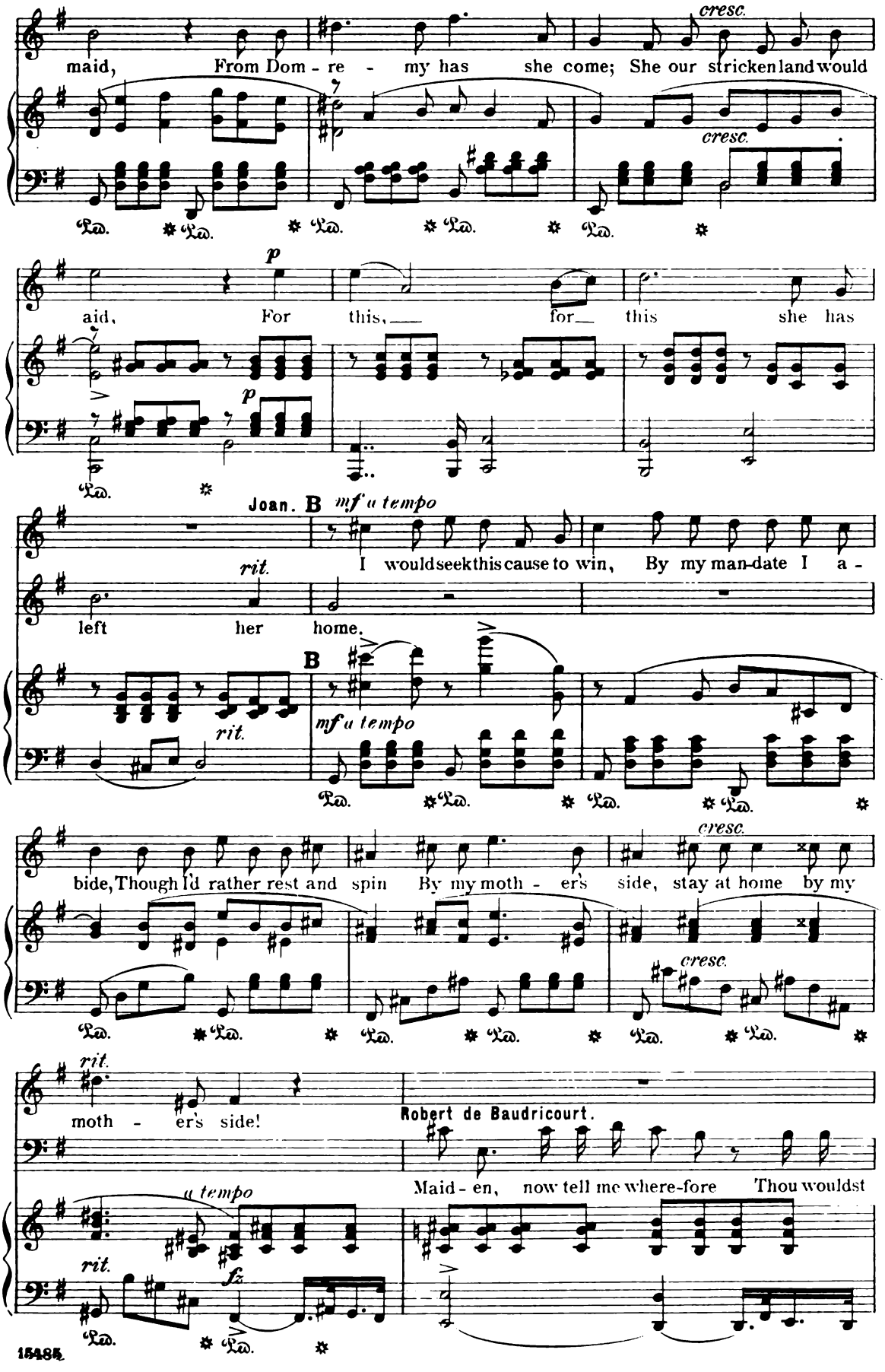
maid, Who seeks from her home to go? Who be-sieg'd Orleans would

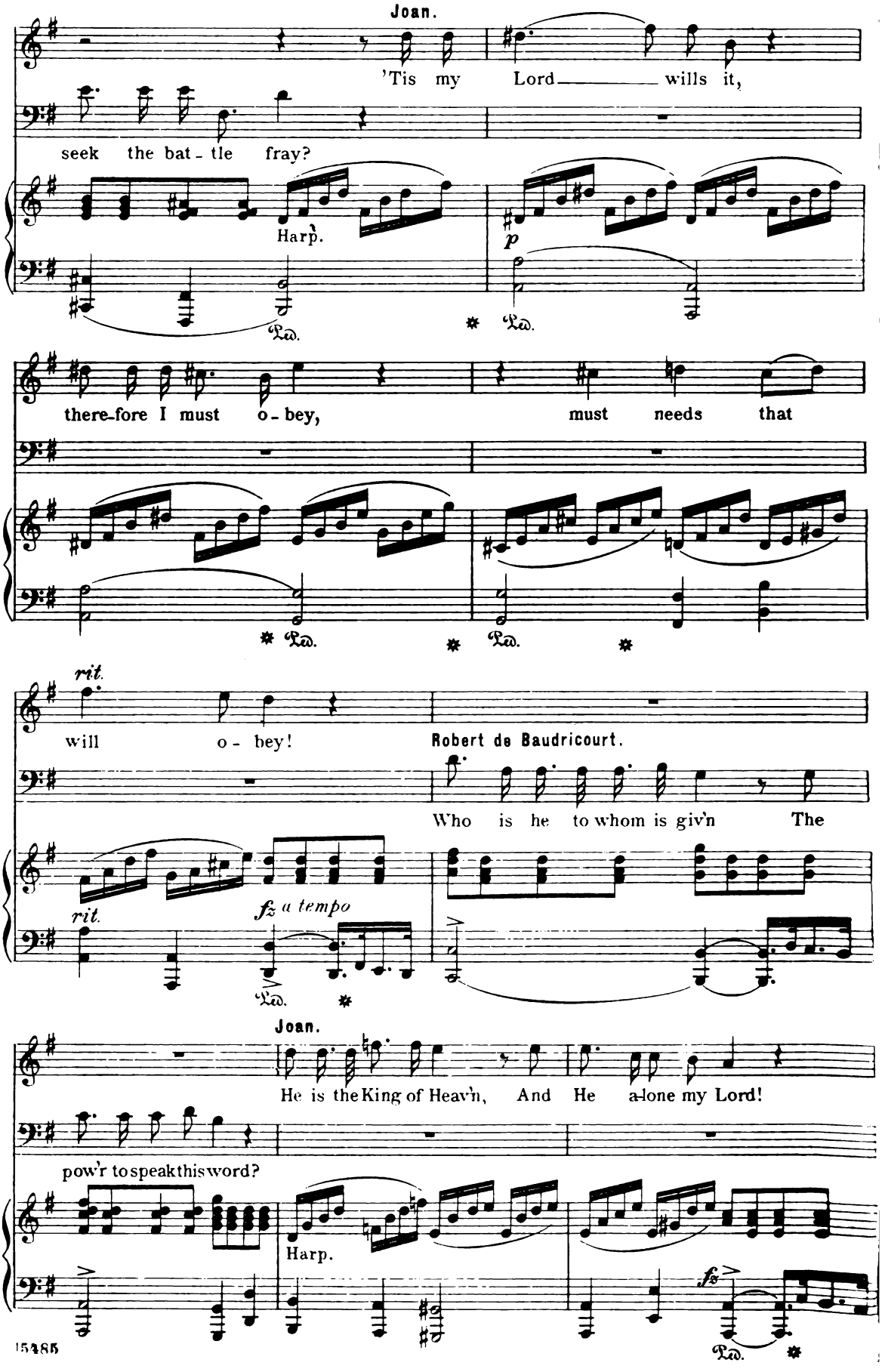
Philip.

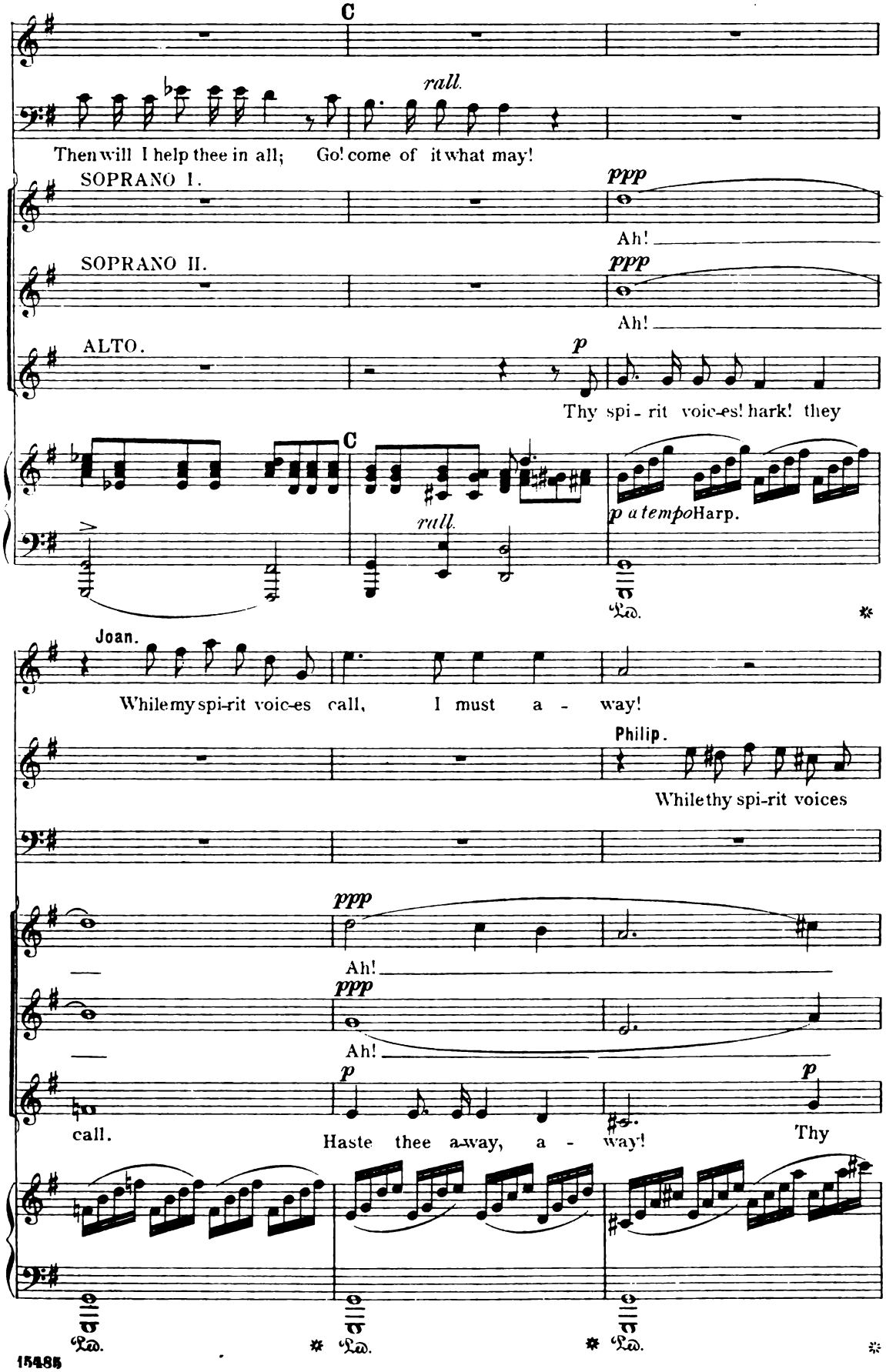
This is Joan, this is the

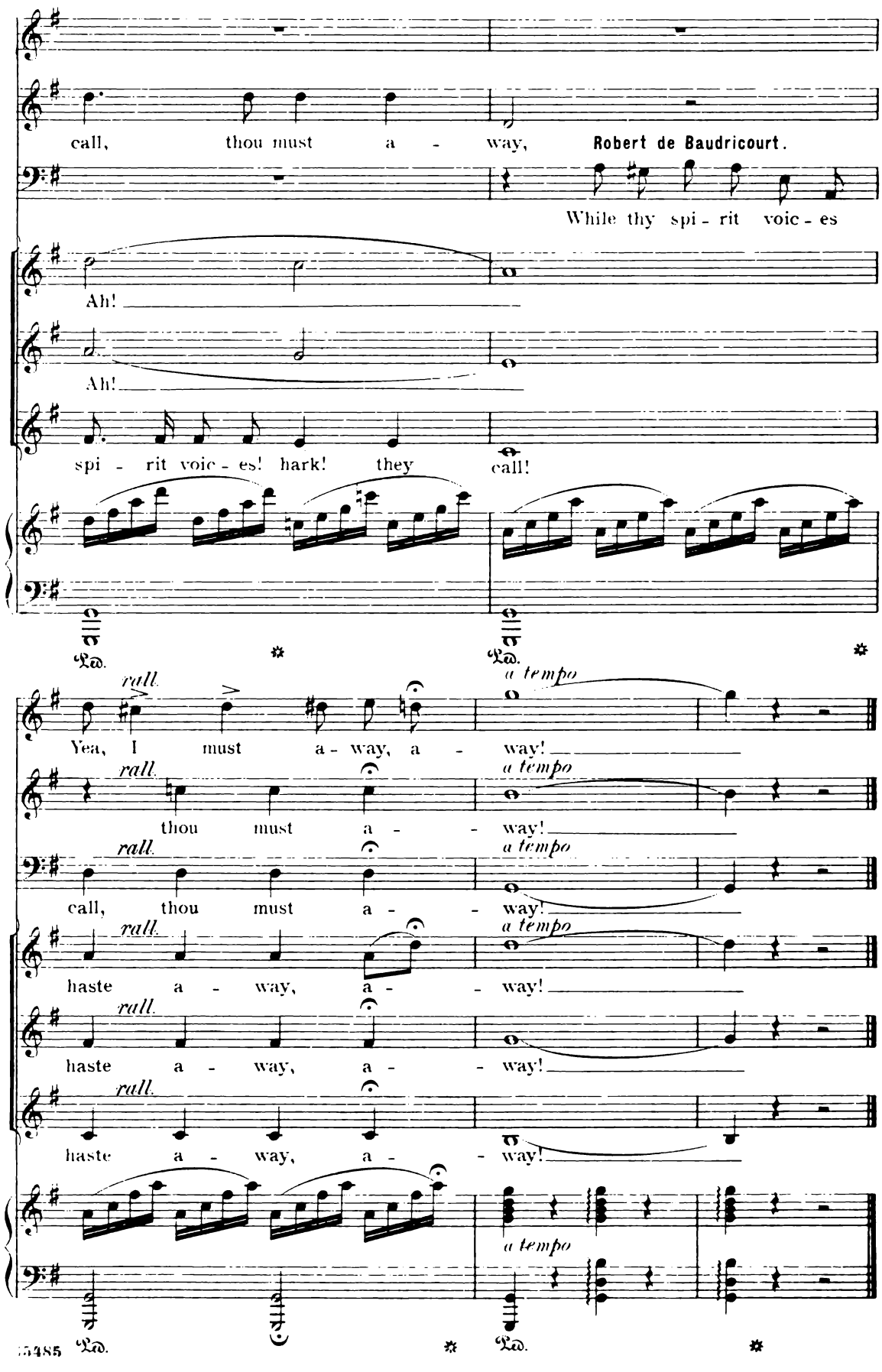
aid, And would drive from France the foe?

*) This movement being in Dialogue, the time must be somewhat *ad libitum*.


cresc.
maid, From Dom - re - my has she come; She our stricken land would
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
p
aid, For this, for this she has
p
Ped. *
Joan. B mf a tempo
I would seek this cause to win, By my man-date I a -
rit.
left her home.
B
rit.
mf a tempo
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
cresc.
bide, Though I'd rather rest and spin By my moth - er's side, stay at home by my
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
rit.
moth - er's side!
Robert de Baudricourt.
Maid - en, now tell me where-fore Thou wouldst
a tempo
rit.
fz
Ped. * Ped. *


Joan.
'Tis my Lord wills it,
seek the bat - tle fray?
Harp.
p
Ped.
there-fore I must o - bey,
must needs that
rit.
will o - bey!
Robert de Baudricourt.
Who is he to whom is giv'n The
rit.
fz a tempo
Joan.
He is the King of Heav'n, And He a-lone my Lord!
pow'r to speak this word?
Harp.
fz


C
rall.
Then will I help thee in all; Go! come of it what may!
SOPRANO I.
ppp
Ah!
SOPRANO II.
ppp
Ah!
ALTO.
p
Thy spi - rit voic-es! hark! they
C
rall.
p a tempo Harp.
Ped.
Joan.
While my spi-rit voic-es call, I must a - way!
Philip.
While thy spi-rit voices
ppp
Ah!
ppp
Ah!
call.
p
Haste thee a-way, a - way!
p
Thy
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

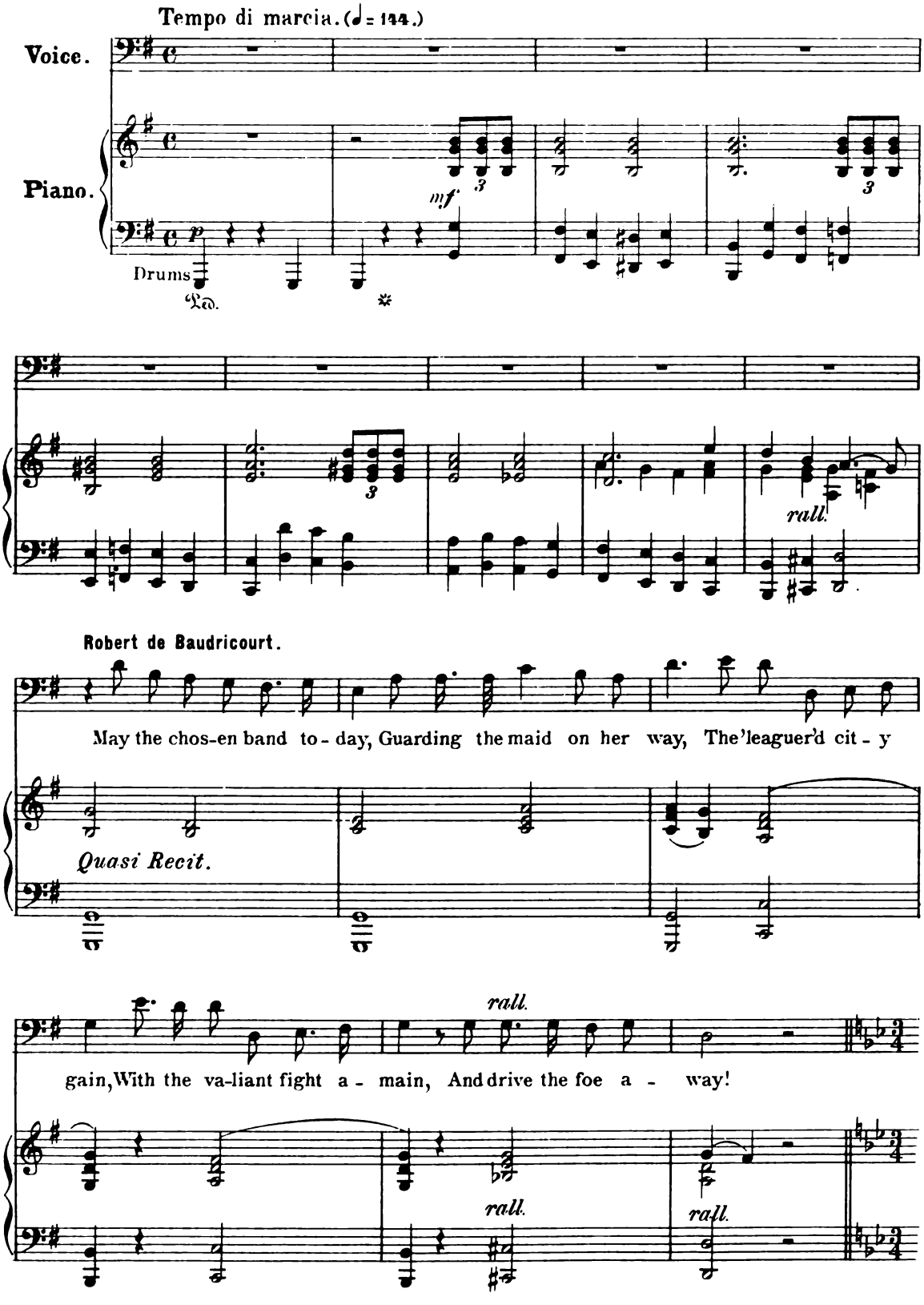

call, thou must a - way,
Robert de Baudricourt.
While thy spi - rit voic - es
Ah!
Ah!
spi - rit voic - es! hark! they call!
Ped. * Ped. *
rall.
a tempo
Yea, I must a - way, a - way!
thou must a - way!
call, thou must a - way!
haste a - way, a - way!
haste a - way, a - way!
haste a - way, a - way!
Ped. * Ped. *

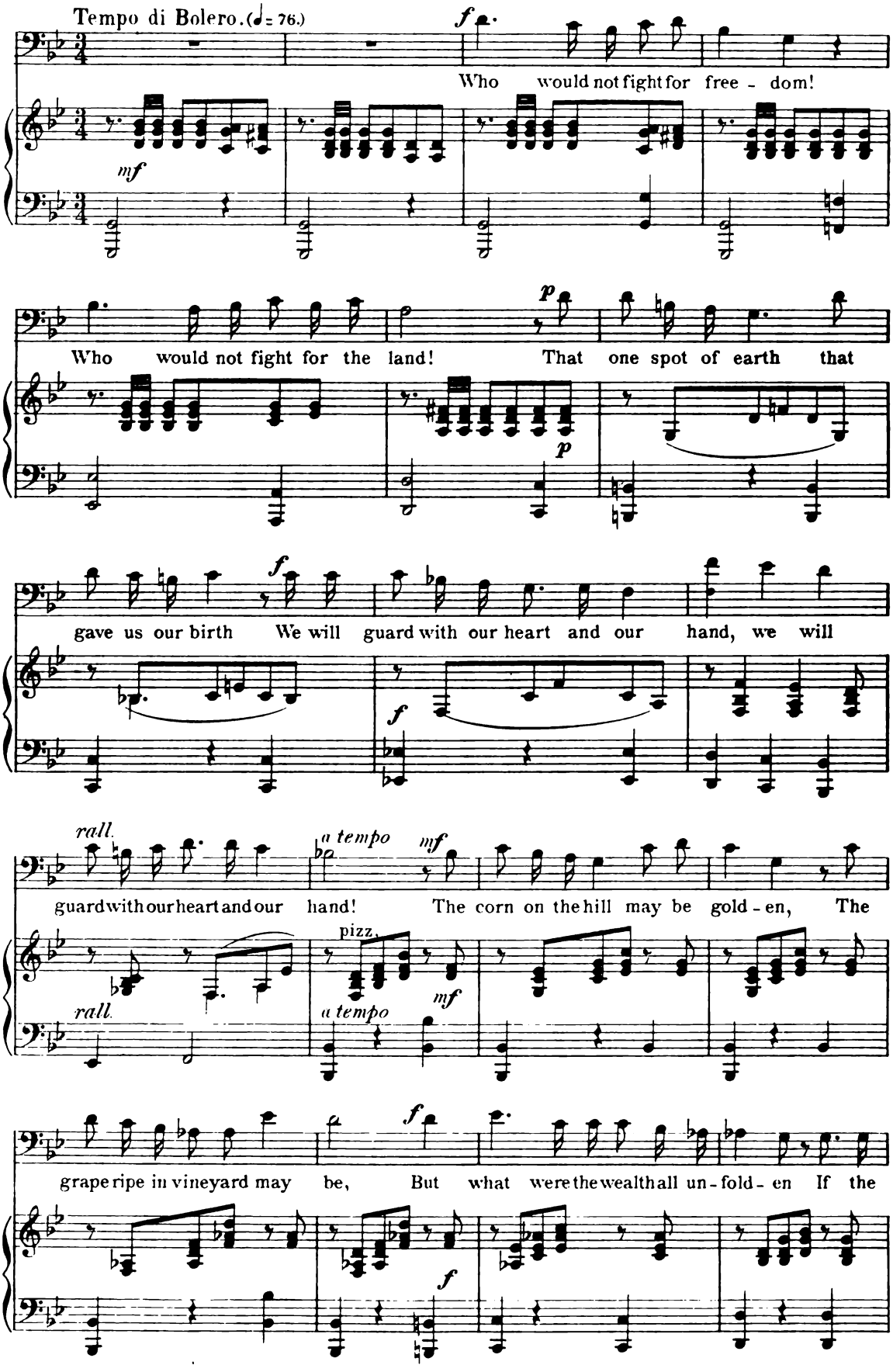
Nº 6. "May the chosen band to-day."

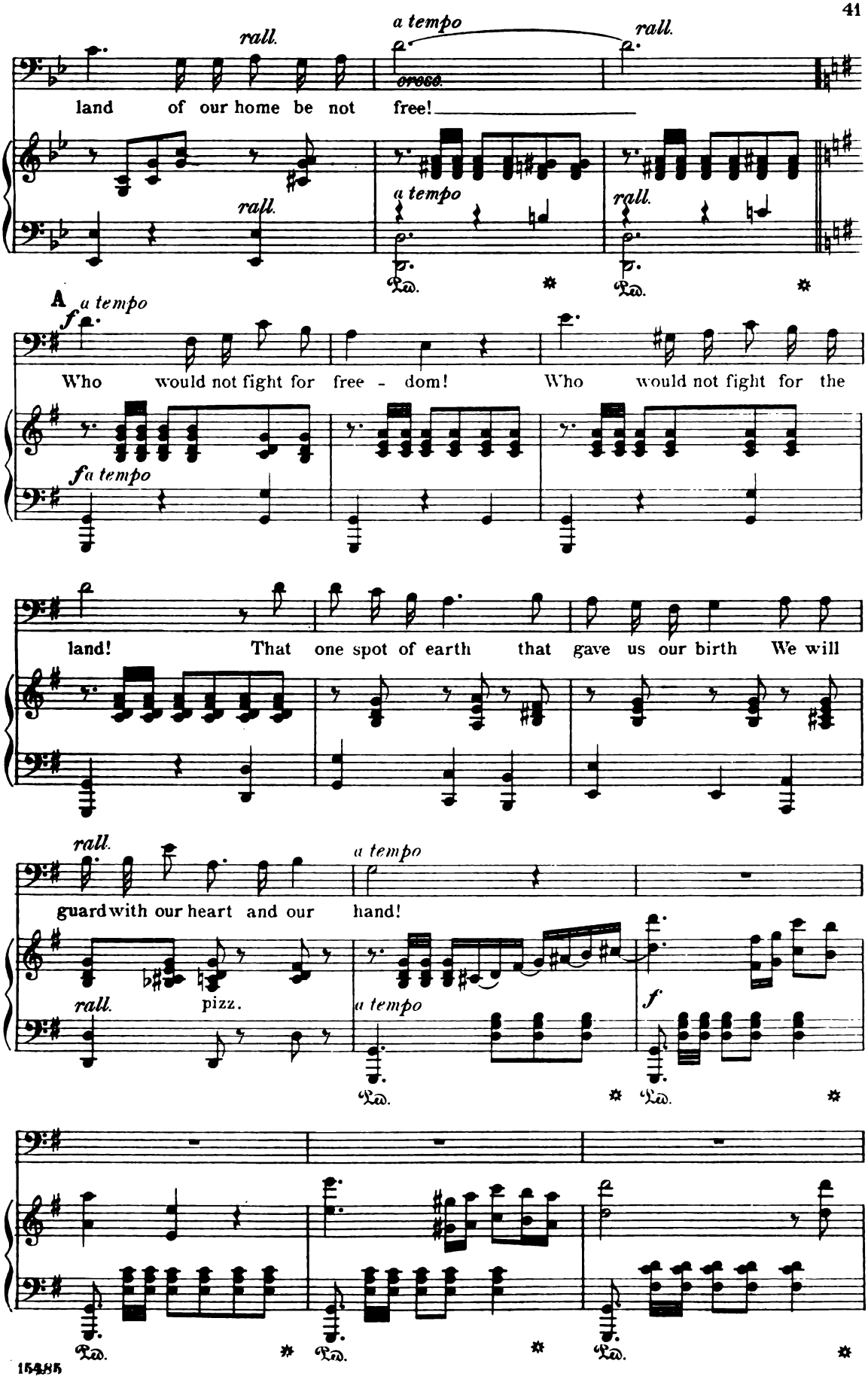
Recit.

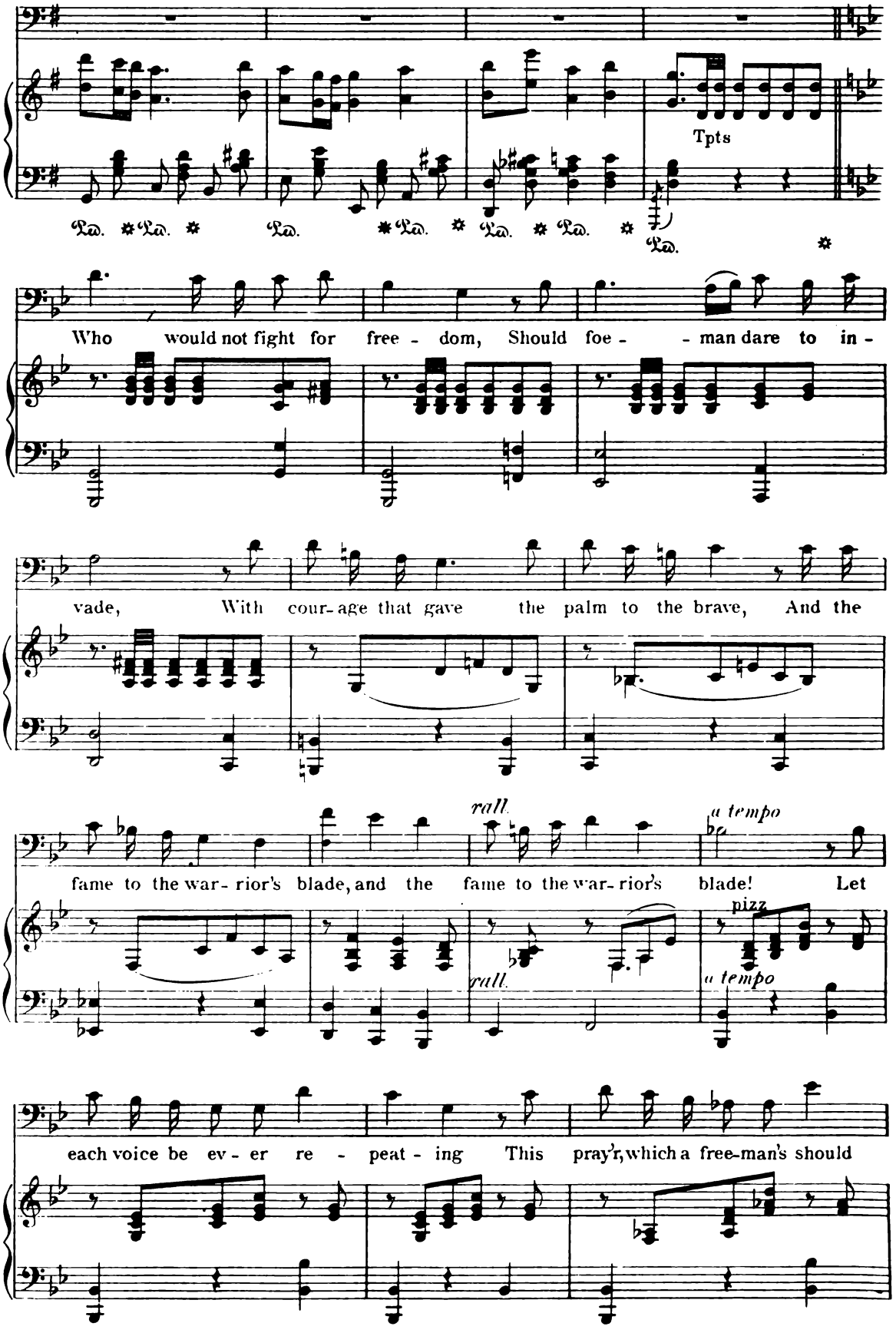
"Who would not fight for freedom!"

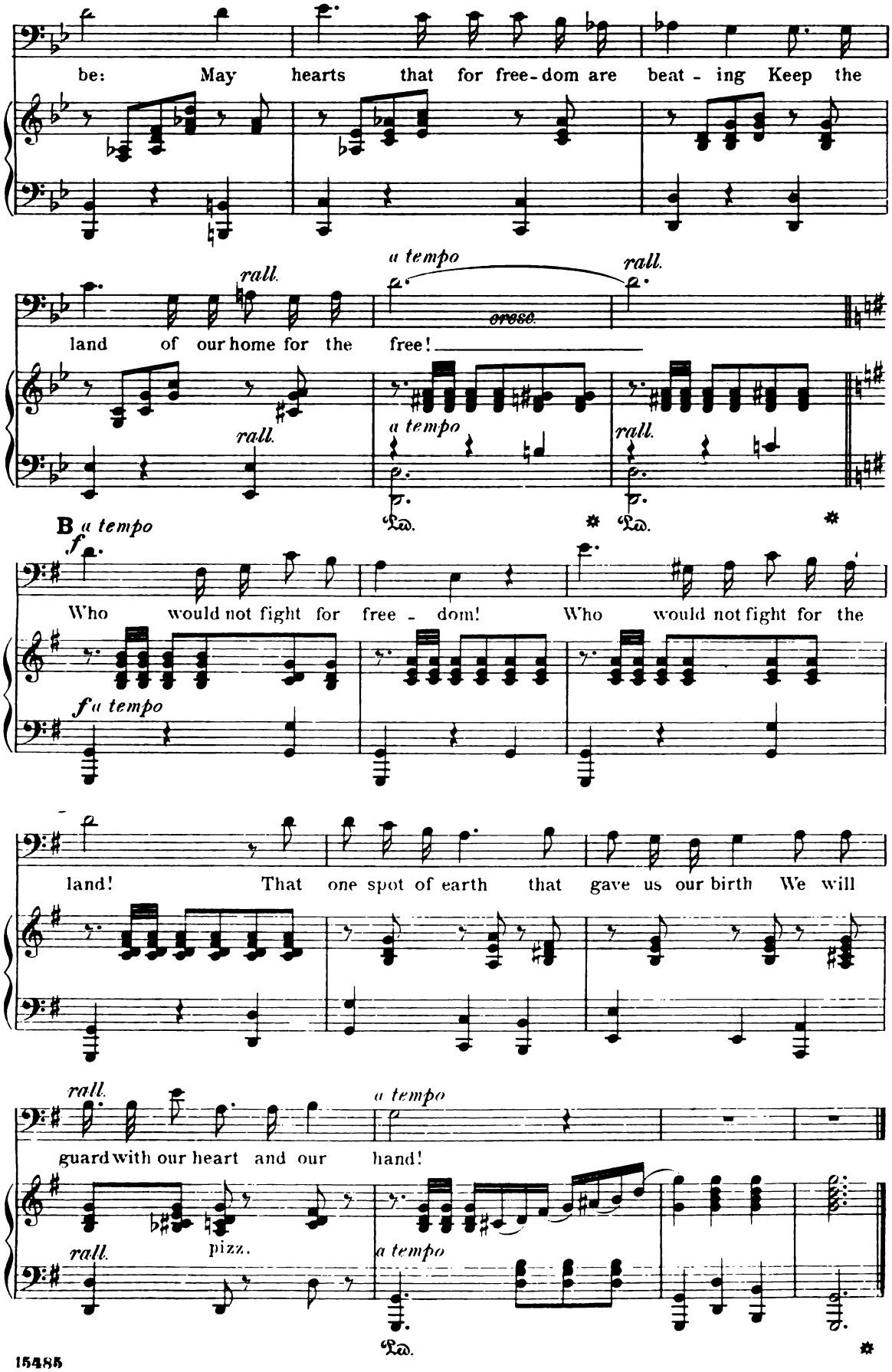
Patriotic Song.




Tempo di Bolero. (♩= 76.)
Who would not fight for free - dom!
Who would not fight for the land! That one spot of earth that
gave us our birth We will guard with our heart and our hand, we will
guard with our heart and our hand! The corn on the hill may be gold - en, The
grape ripe in vineyard may be, But what were the wealth all un - fold - en If the


rall.
a tempo
rall.
land of our home be not free!
cresc.
rall.
a tempo
rall.
Ped.
Ped.
A
a tempo
f
Who would not fight for free - dom! Who would not fight for the
fa tempo
land! That one spot of earth that gave us our birth We will
rall.
a tempo
guard with our heart and our hand!
rall.
pizz.
a tempo
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

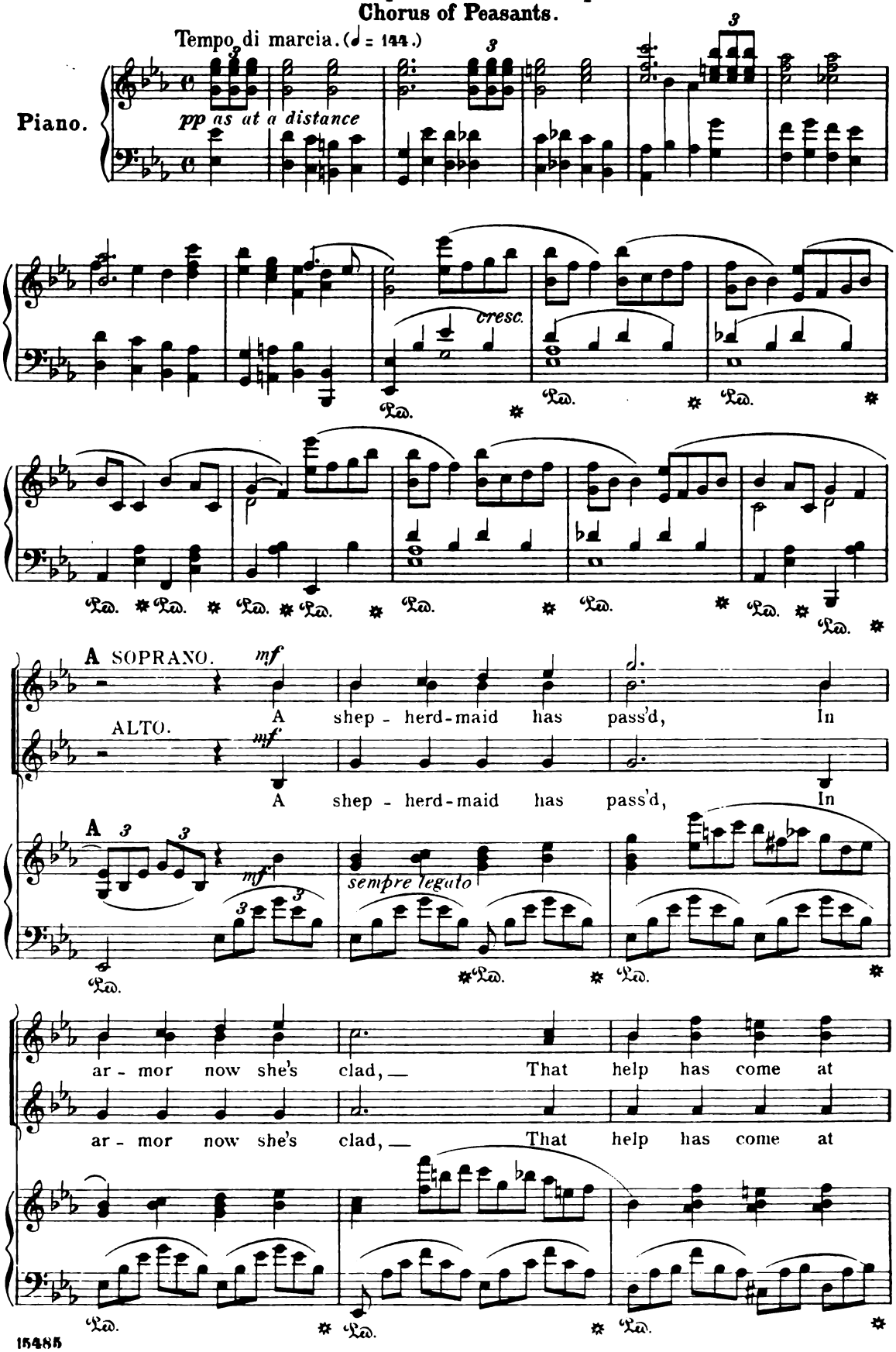

Tpts
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
Who would not fight for free - dom, Should foe - - man dare to in -
vade, With cour-age that gave the palm to the brave, And the
rall.
a tempo
fame to the war- rior's blade, and the fame to the war-rior's blade! Let
pizz
rall.
a tempo
each voice be ev - er re - peat - ing This pray'r, which a free-man's should

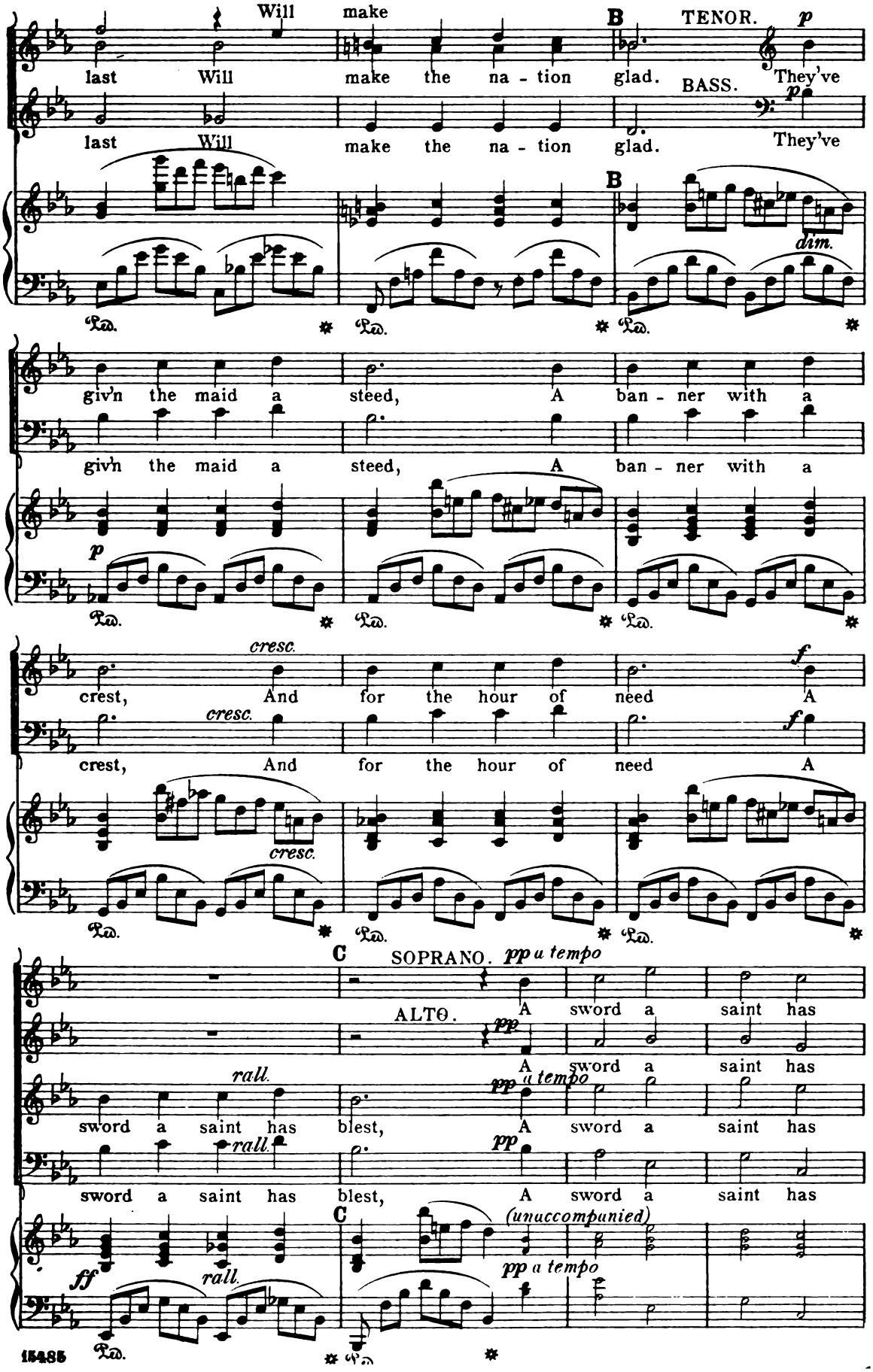

be: May hearts that for free-dom are beat - ing Keep the
rall.
a tempo
rall.
cresc.
land of our home for the free!
rall.
a tempo
rall.
Ped. * Ped. *
B a tempo
f
Who would not fight for free - dom! Who would not fight for the
f a tempo
land! That one spot of earth that gave us our birth We will
rall.
a tempo
guard with our heart and our hand!
rall.
pizz.
a tempo
Ped. *

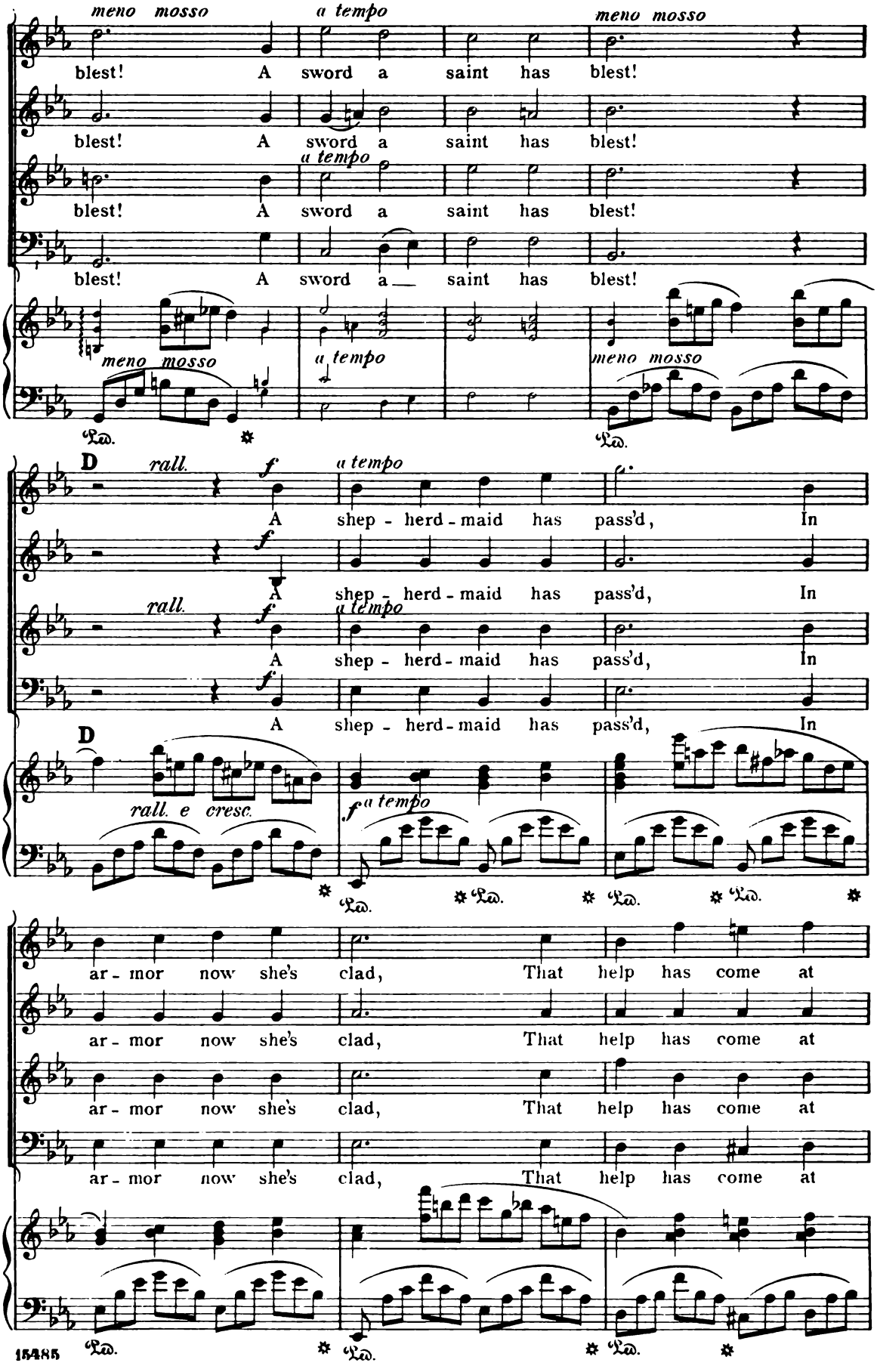
Gien.

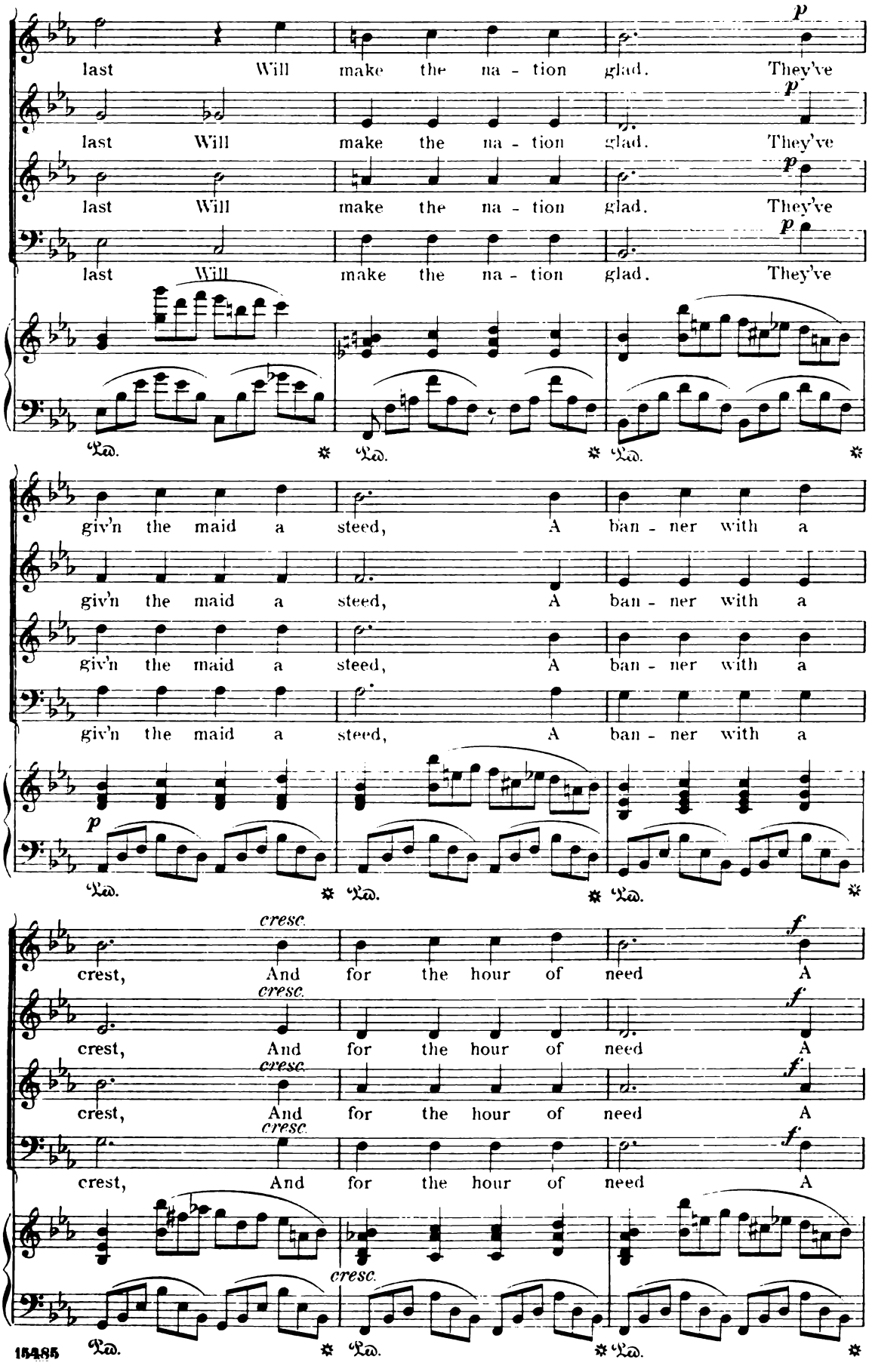
Nº 7. "A Shepherd-maid has passed."

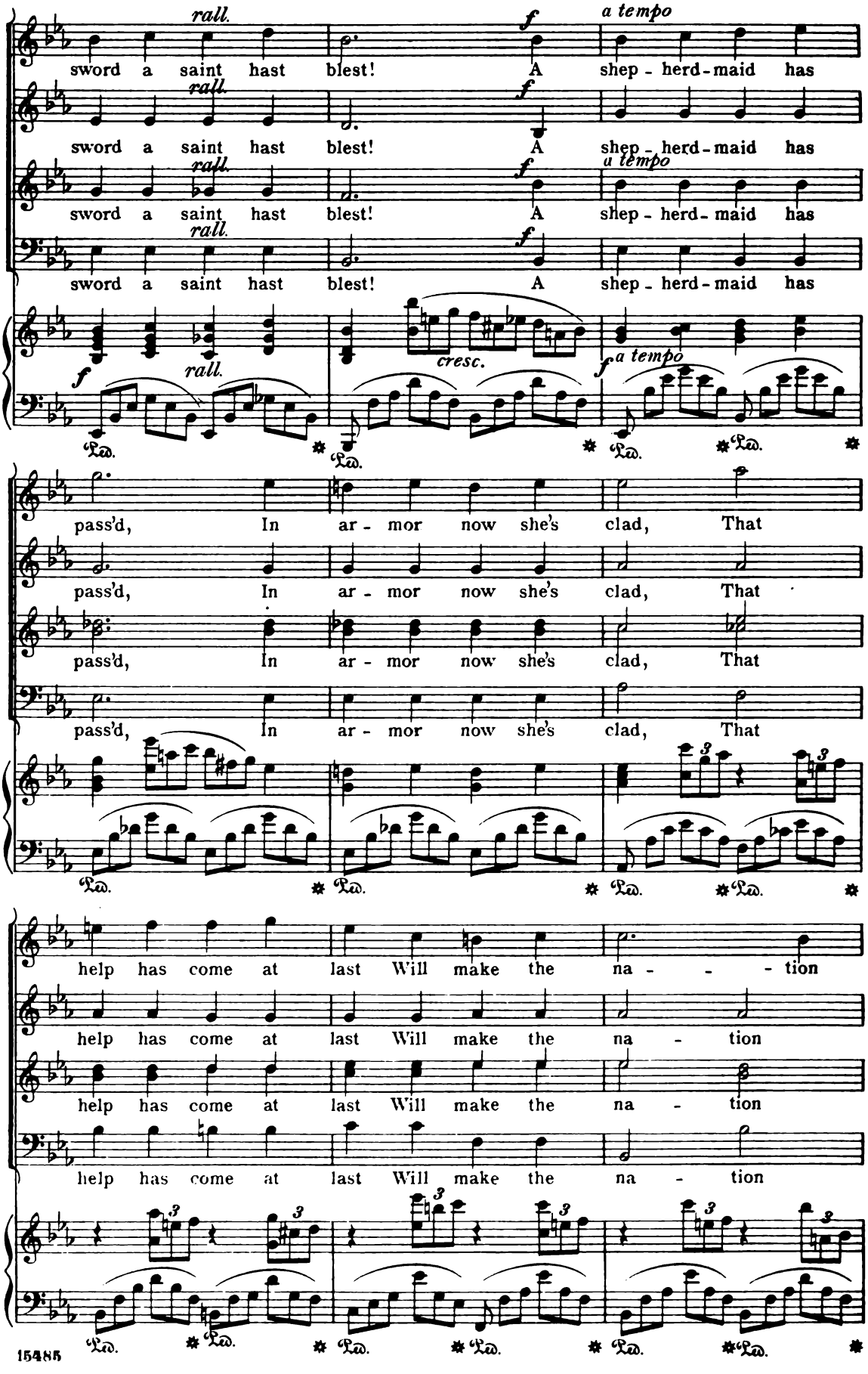
Chorus of Peasants.

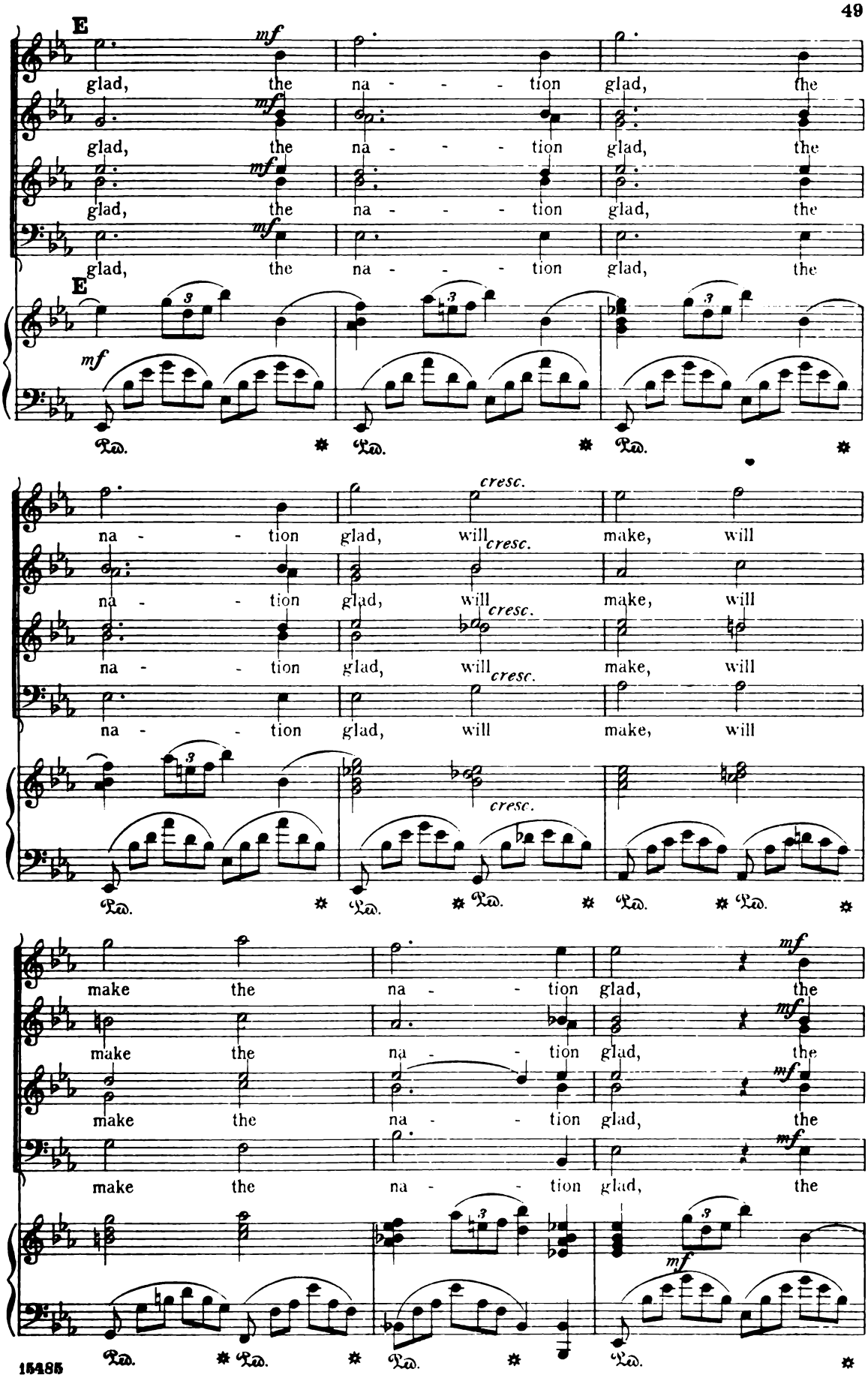


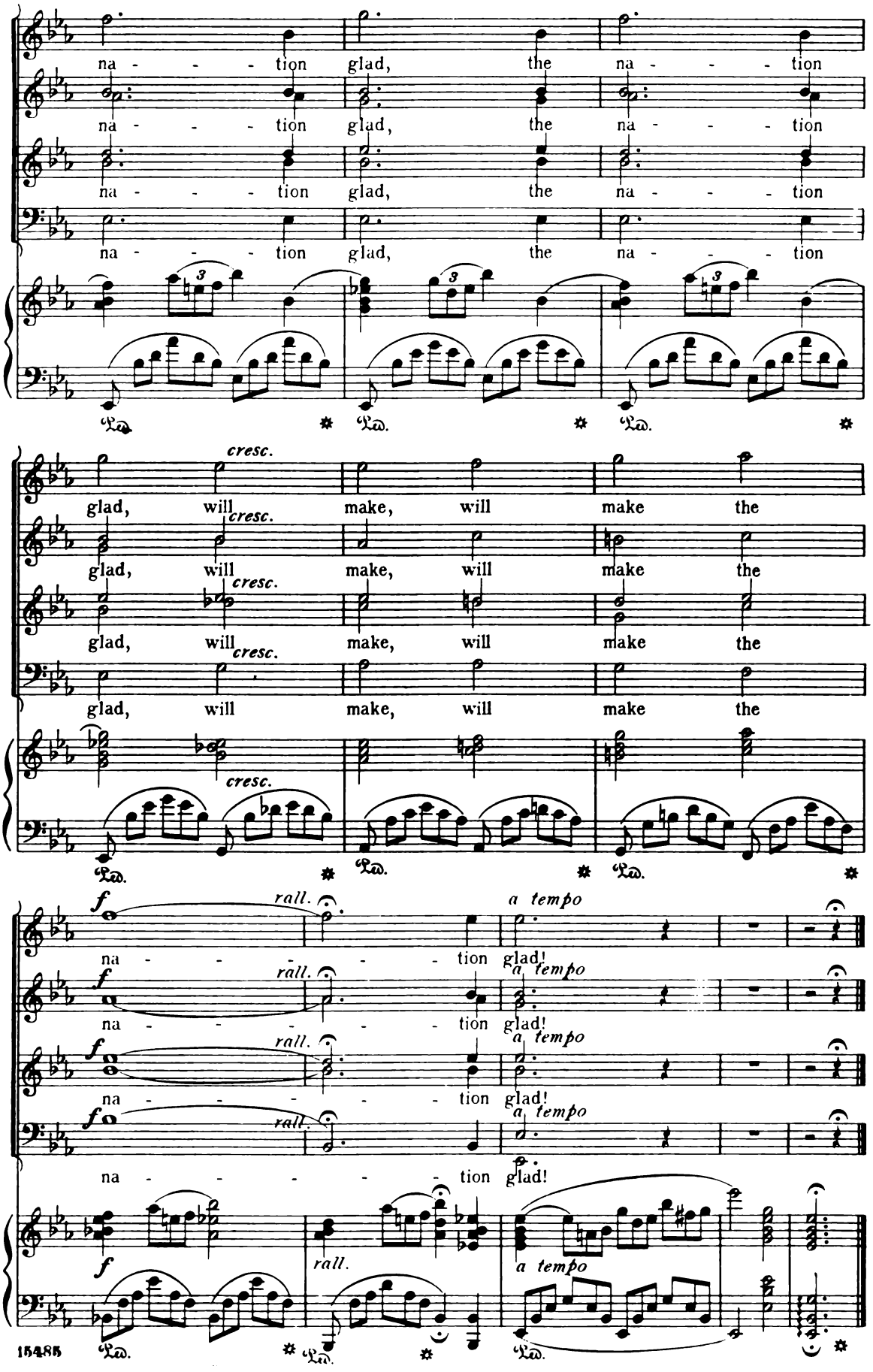

Will make
last Will make the na - tion glad.
B
TENOR.
p
They've
BASS.
last Will make the na - tion glad.
p
They've
B
dim.
Ped.
giv'n the maid a steed, A ban - ner with a
giv'n the maid a steed, A ban - ner with a
p
cresc.
crest, And for the hour of need A
cresc.
crest, And for the hour of need A
f
f
cresc.
C
SOPRANO.
pp a tempo
A sword a saint has
ALTO.
pp
A sword a saint has
rall.
sword a saint has blest, A sword a saint has
pp a tempo
rall.
sword a saint has blest, A sword a saint has
pp
C
(unaccompanied)
ff
rall.
pp a tempo
15485


meno mosso
a tempo
meno mosso
blest! A sword a saint has blest!
blest! A sword a saint has blest!
a tempo
blest! A sword a saint has blest!
blest! A sword a saint has blest!
meno mosso
a tempo
meno mosso
Ped.
Ped.
D
rall.
f
a tempo
A shep - herd - maid has pass'd, In
A shep - herd - maid has pass'd, In
rall.
f
a tempo
A shep - herd - maid has pass'd, In
A shep - herd - maid has pass'd, In
D
rall. e cresc.
f
a tempo
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
ar - mor now she's clad, That help has come at
ar - mor now she's clad, That help has come at
ar - mor now she's clad, That help has come at
ar - mor now she's clad, That help has come at
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


p
last Will make the na - tion glad. They've
last Will make the na - tion glad. They've
last Will make the na - tion glad. They've
last Will make the na - tion glad. They've
giv'n the maid a steed, A ban - ner with a
giv'n the maid a steed, A ban - ner with a
giv'n the maid a steed, A ban - ner with a
giv'n the maid a steed, A ban - ner with a
cresc.
f
crest, And for the hour of need A
crest, And for the hour of need A
crest, And for the hour of need A
crest, And for the hour of need A
Ped.

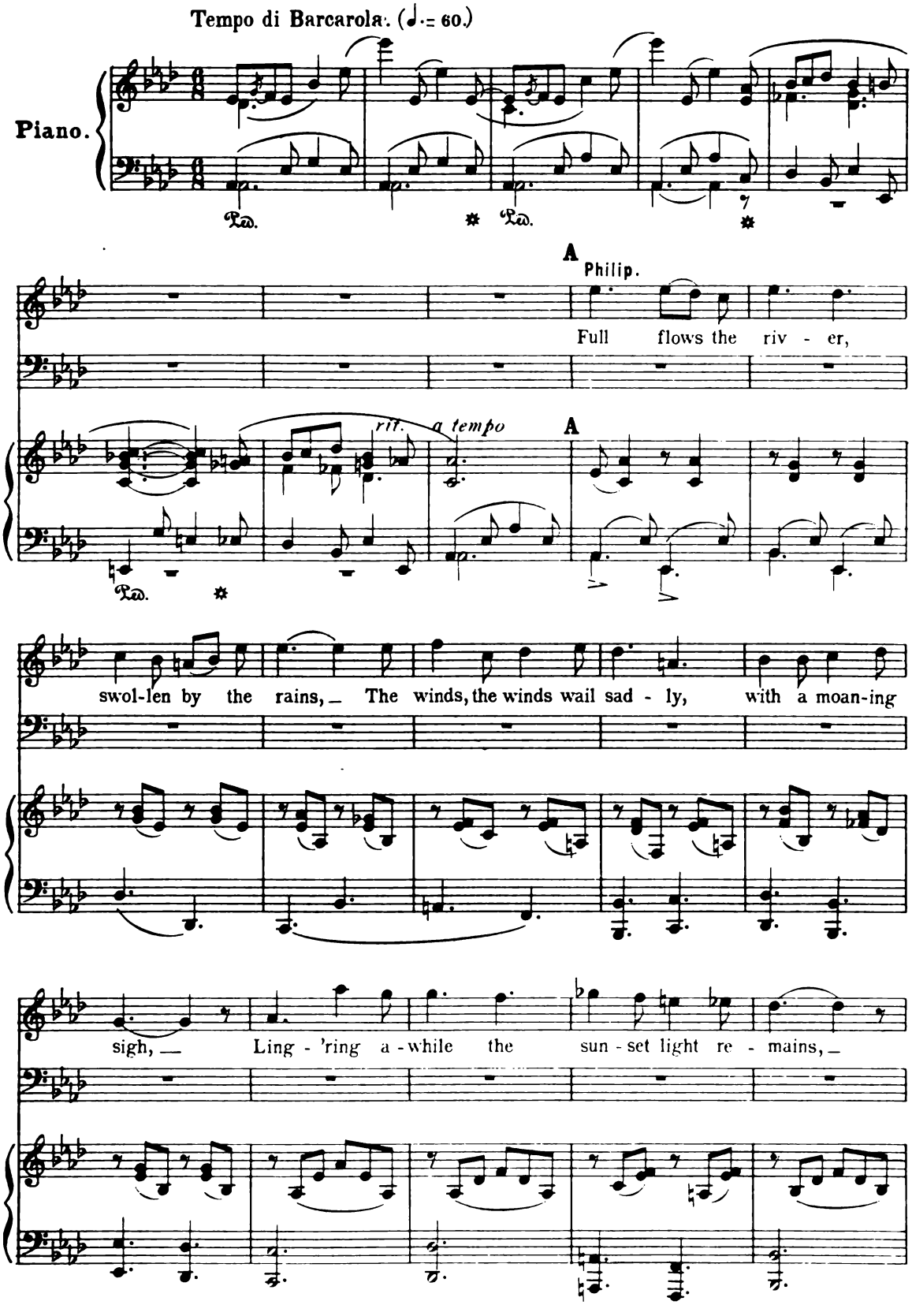

rall.
f
a tempo
sword a saint hast blest! A shep - herd - maid has
cresc.
pass'd, In ar - mor now she's clad, That
help has come at last Will make the na - tion
Ped.

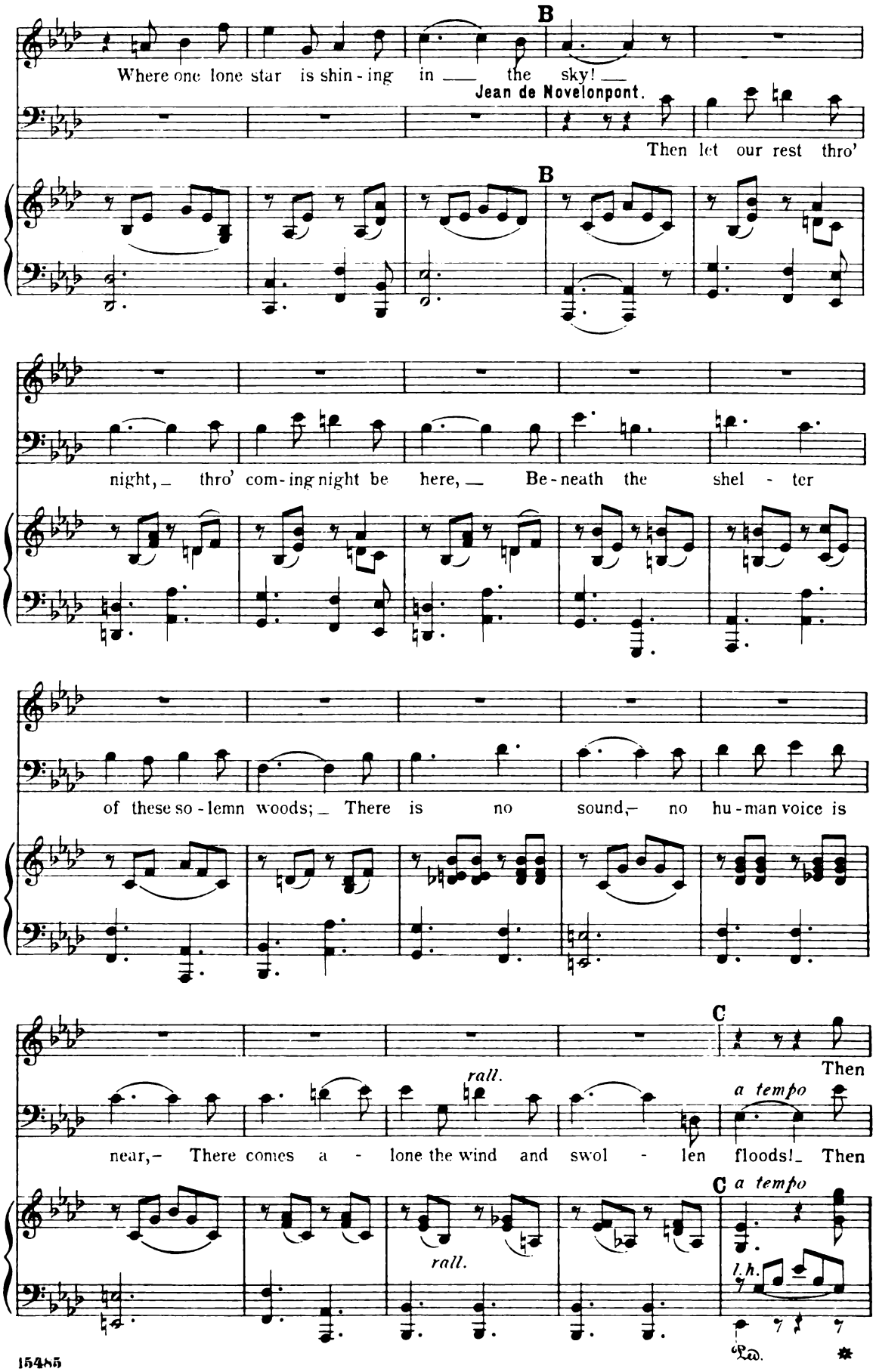

E
mf
glad, the na - - - tion glad, the
glad, the na - - - tion glad, the
glad, the na - - - tion glad, the
glad, the na - - - tion glad, the
E
mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
cresc.
na - - tion glad, will cresc. make, will
na - - tion glad, will cresc. make, will
na - - tion glad, will cresc. make, will
na - - tion glad, will make, will
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
make the na - - tion glad, the
make the na - - tion glad, the
make the na - - tion glad, the
make the na - - tion glad, the
mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

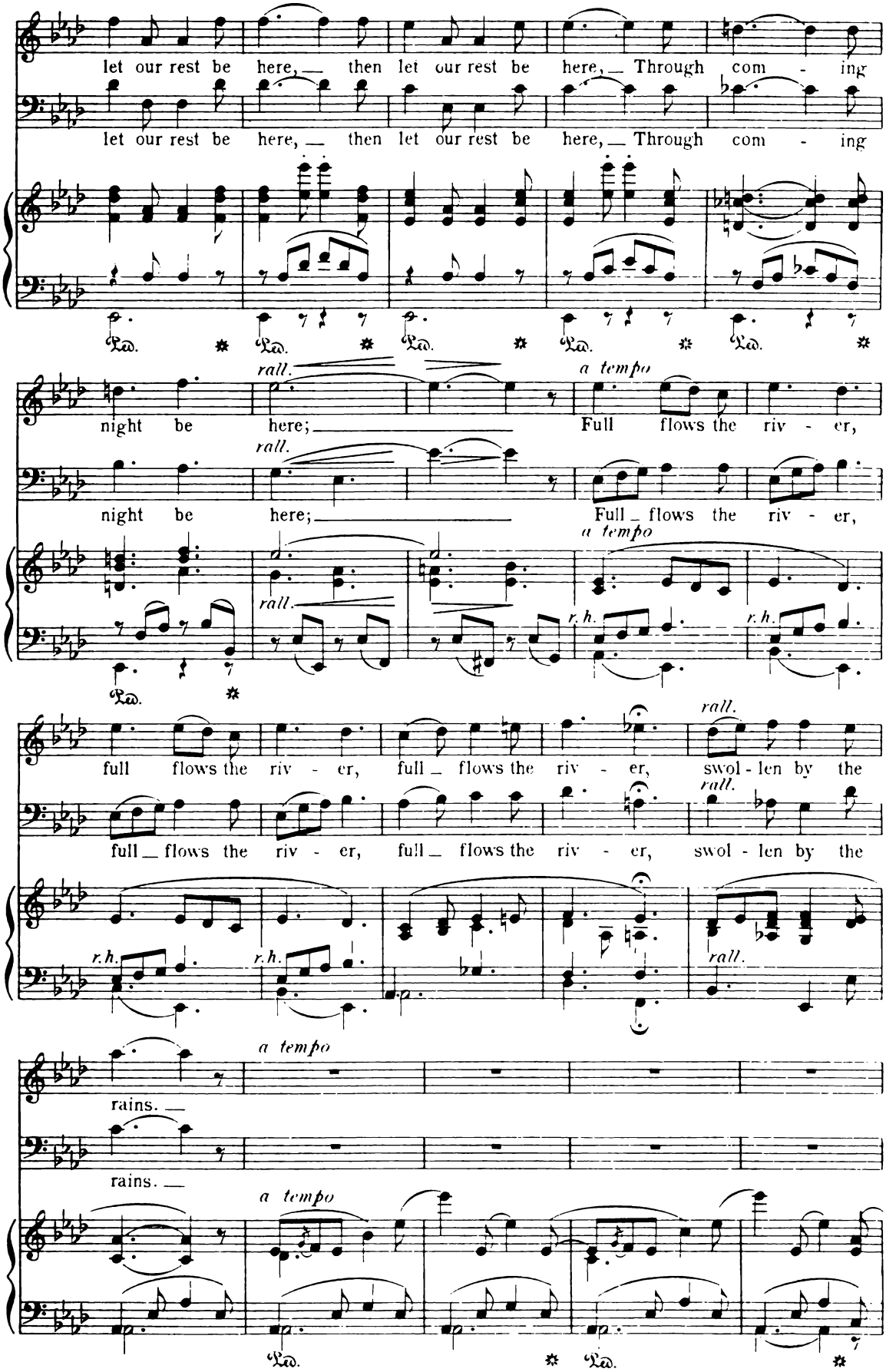

na - - - - tion glad, the na - - - - tion
na - - - - tion glad, the na - - - - tion
na - - - - tion glad, the na - - - - tion
na - - - - tion glad, the na - - - - tion
cresc.
glad, will make, will make the
glad, will make, will make the
glad, will make, will make the
glad, will make, will make the
rall.
a tempo
na - - - - - - tion glad!
na - - - - - - tion glad!
na - - - - - - tion glad!
na - - - - - - tion glad!
Ped.

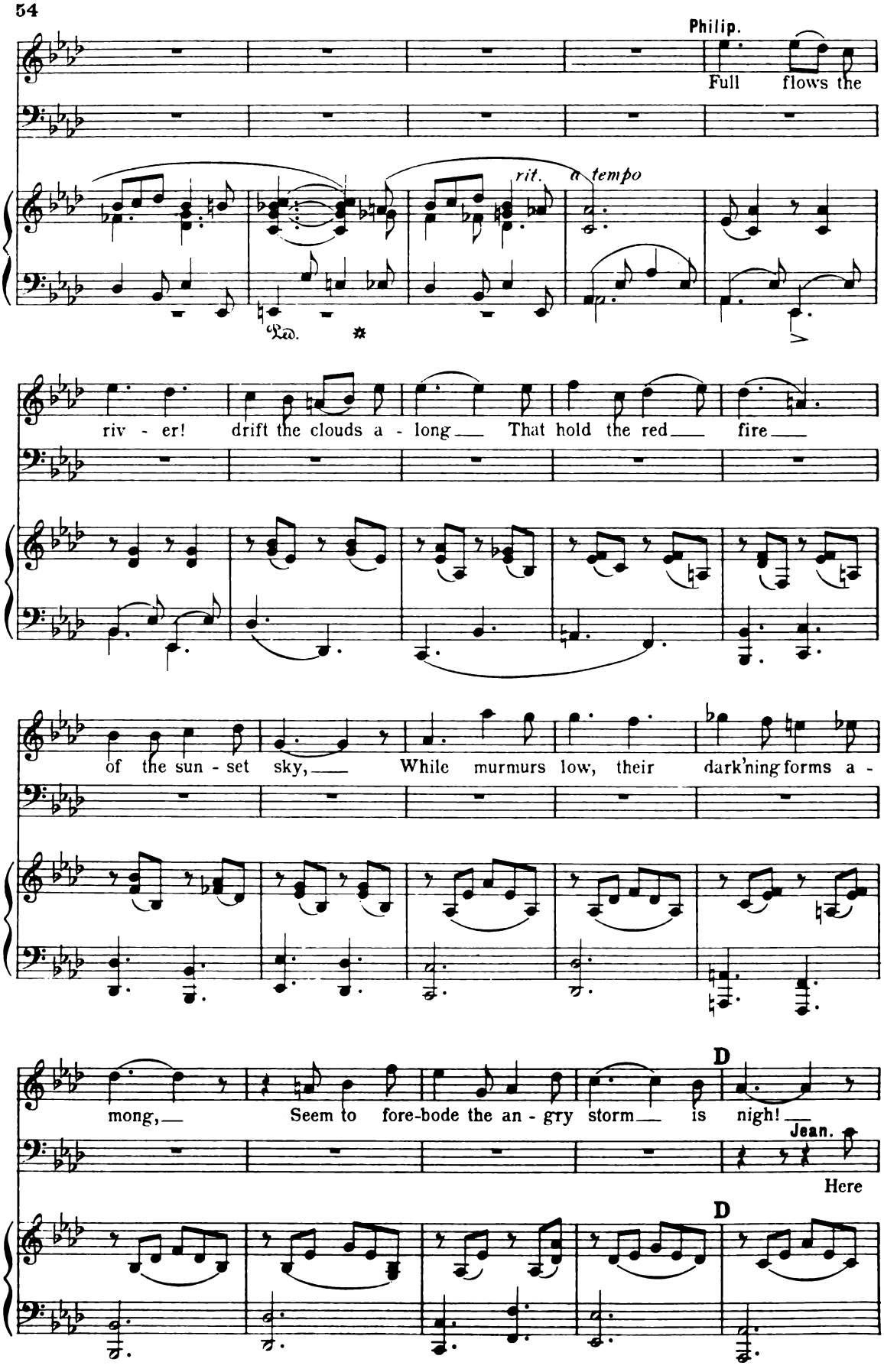
Nº 8. "Full flows the river."

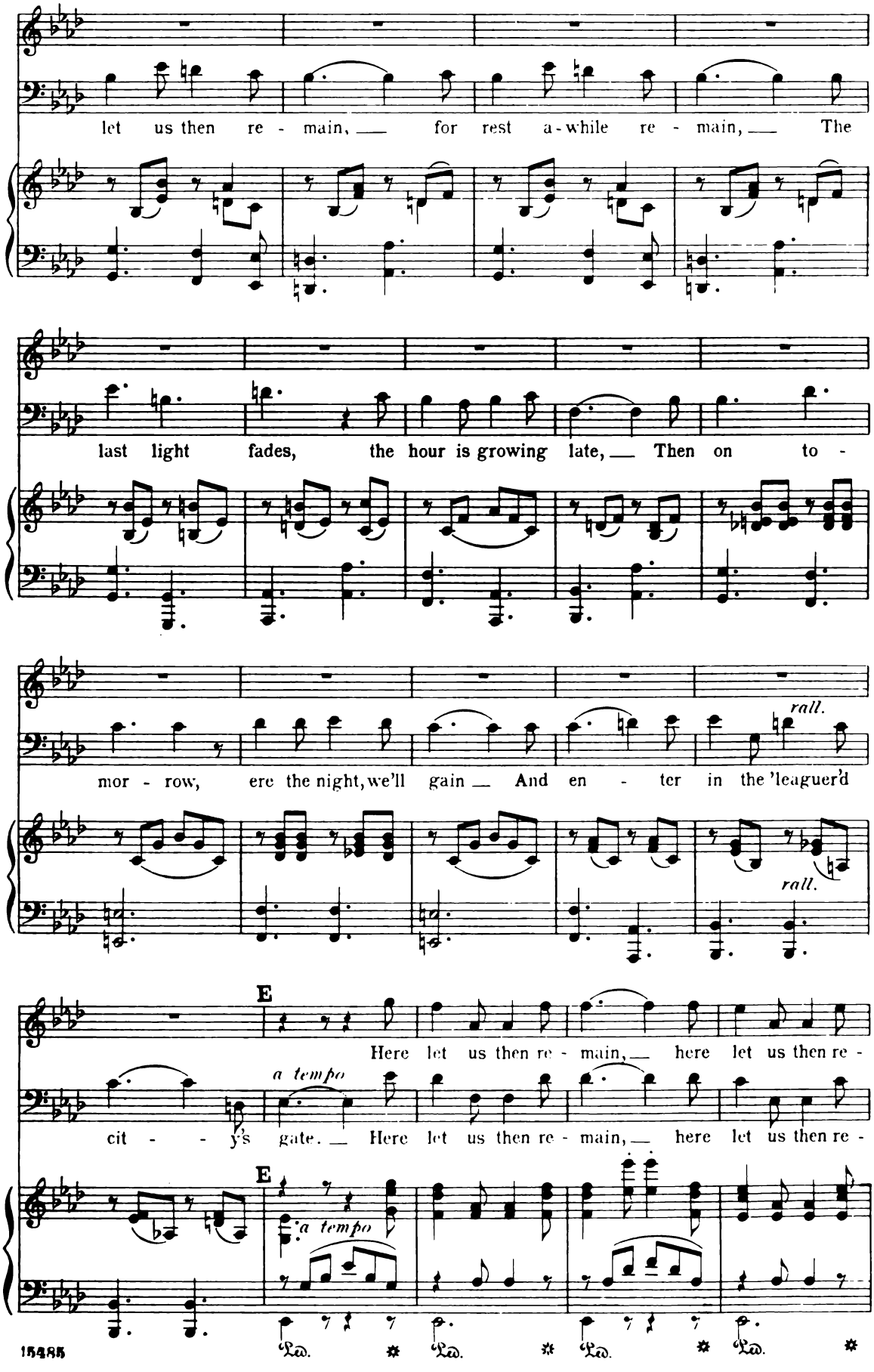
Duet.

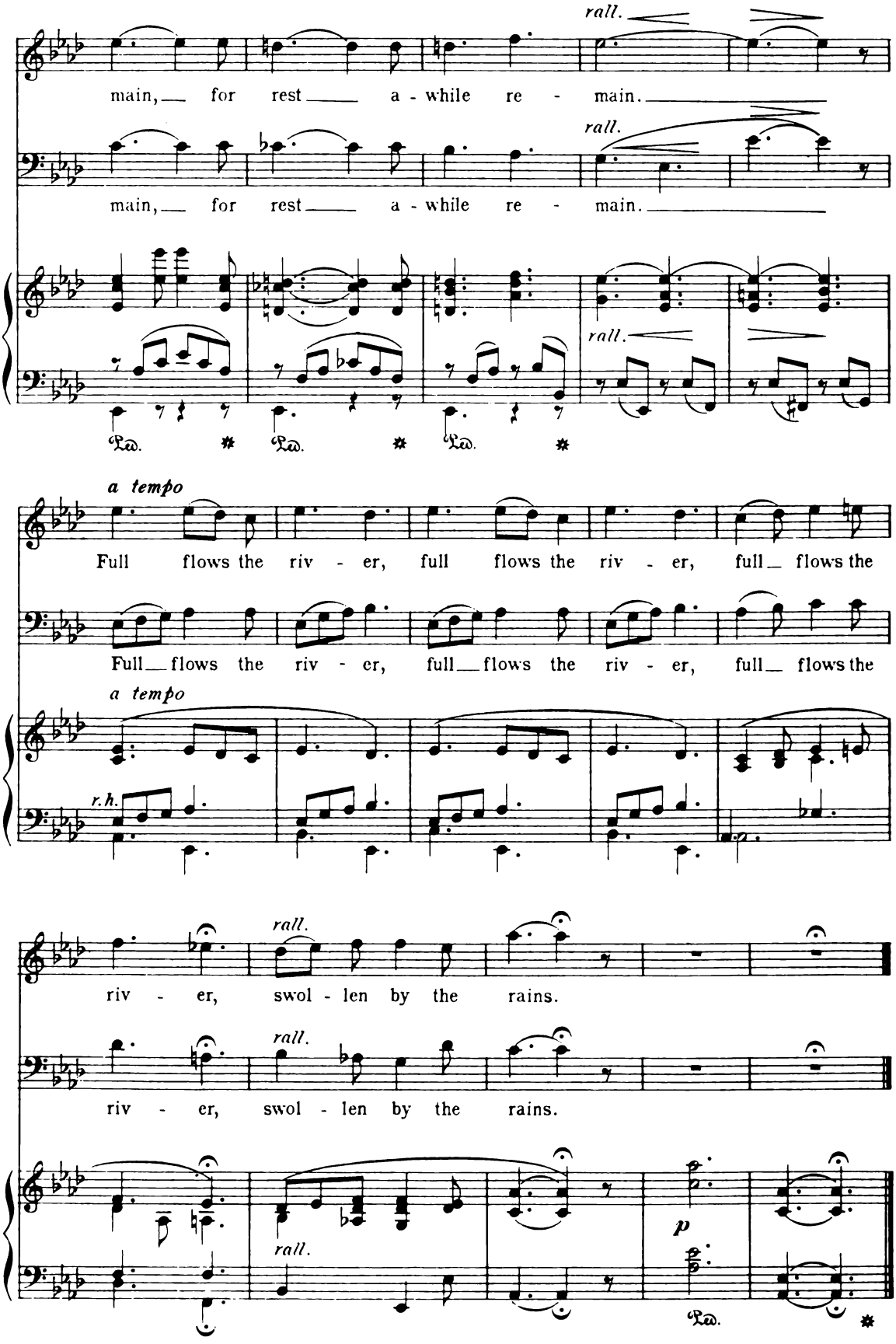



B
Where one lone star is shin - ing in ___ the sky! ___
Jean de Novelonpont.
Then let our rest thro'
B
night, _ thro' com - ing night be here, ___ Be - neath the shel - ter
of these so - lemn woods; _ There is no sound,– no hu - man voice is
C
Then
rall.
a tempo
near,– There comes a - lone the wind and swol - len floods! _ Then
C a tempo
rall.
l.h.
Ped.


let our rest be here, then let our rest be here, Through com - ing
let our rest be here, then let our rest be here, Through com - ing
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
rall.
a tempo
night be here;
Full flows the riv - er,
rall.
night be here;
Full flows the riv - er,
a tempo
rall.
r.h.
r.h.
Ped. *
full flows the riv - er, full flows the riv - er, swol - len by the
rall.
full flows the riv - er, full flows the riv - er, swol - len by the
rall.
r.h.
r.h.
rall.
a tempo
rains.
rains.
a tempo
Ped. * Ped. *


Philip.
Full flows the
rit.
a tempo
Ped.
riv - er! drift the clouds a - long That hold the red fire
of the sun - set sky, While murmurs low, their dark'ning forms a -
mong, Seem to fore-bode the an - gry storm is nigh!
D
Jean.
Here
D


let us then re - main, for rest a - while re - main, The
last light fades, the hour is growing late, Then on to -
mor - row, ere the night, we'll gain And en - ter in the 'leaguer'd
rall.
rall.
E
Here let us then re - main, here let us then re -
a tempo
cit - - y's gate. Here let us then re - main, here let us then re -
E
a tempo
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

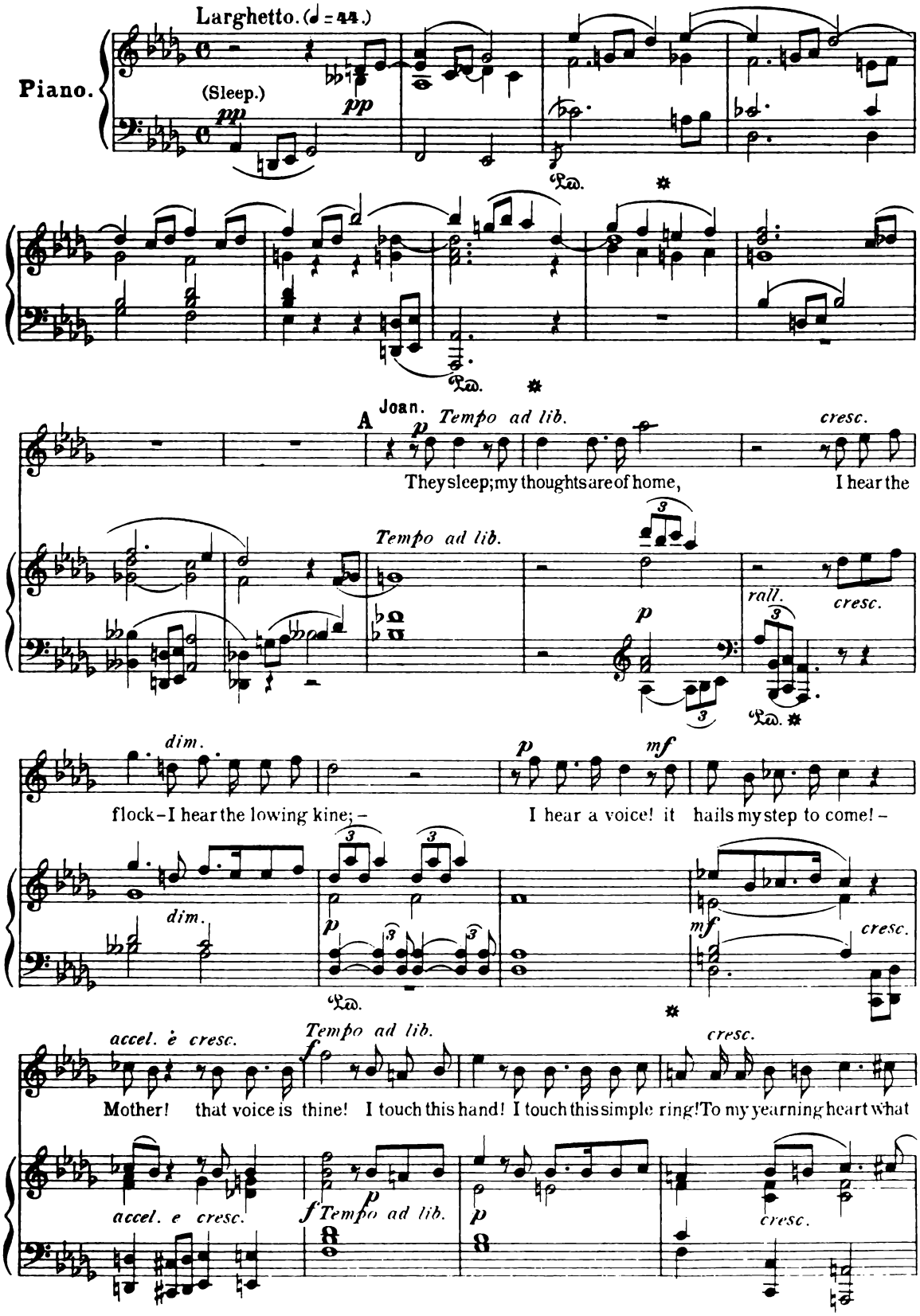

rall.
main, for rest a - while re - main.
rall.
main, for rest a - while re - main.
rall.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo
Full flows the riv - er, full flows the riv - er, full flows the
Full flows the riv - er, full flows the riv - er, full flows the
a tempo
r.h.
rall.
riv - er, swol - len by the rains.
rall.
riv - er, swol - len by the rains.
rall.
p
Ped. *

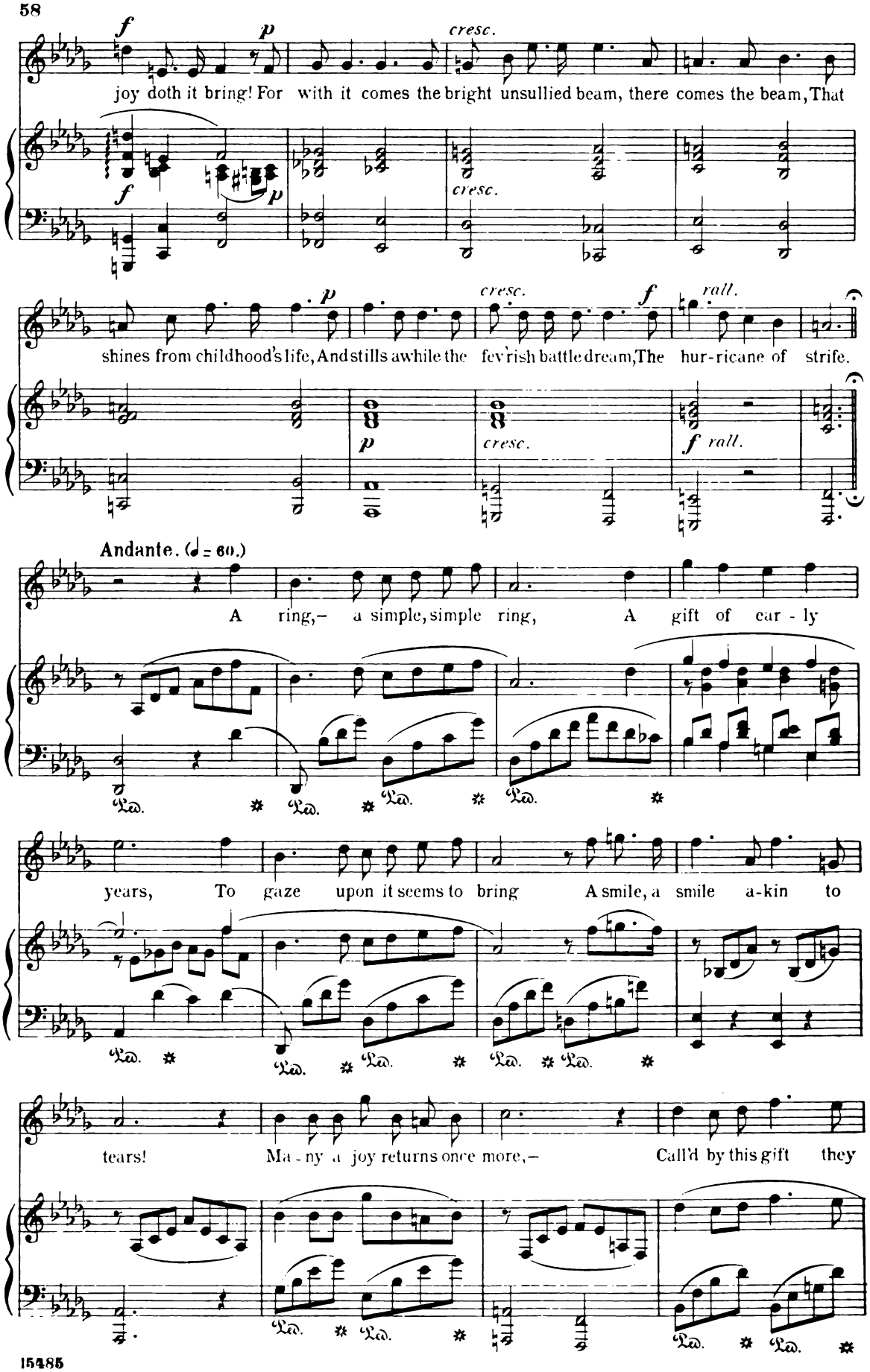
Nº 9. "They sleep."

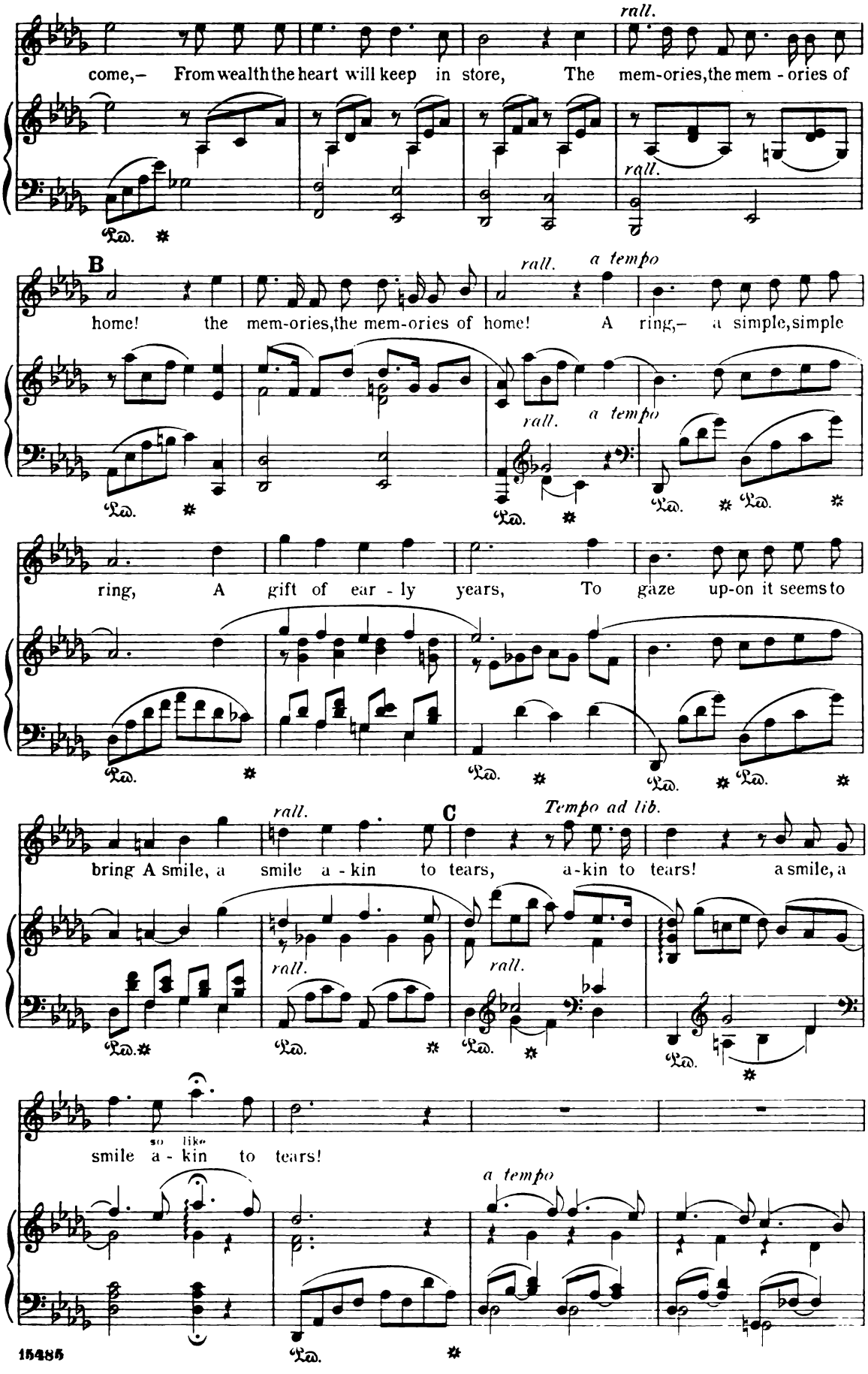
Recit.

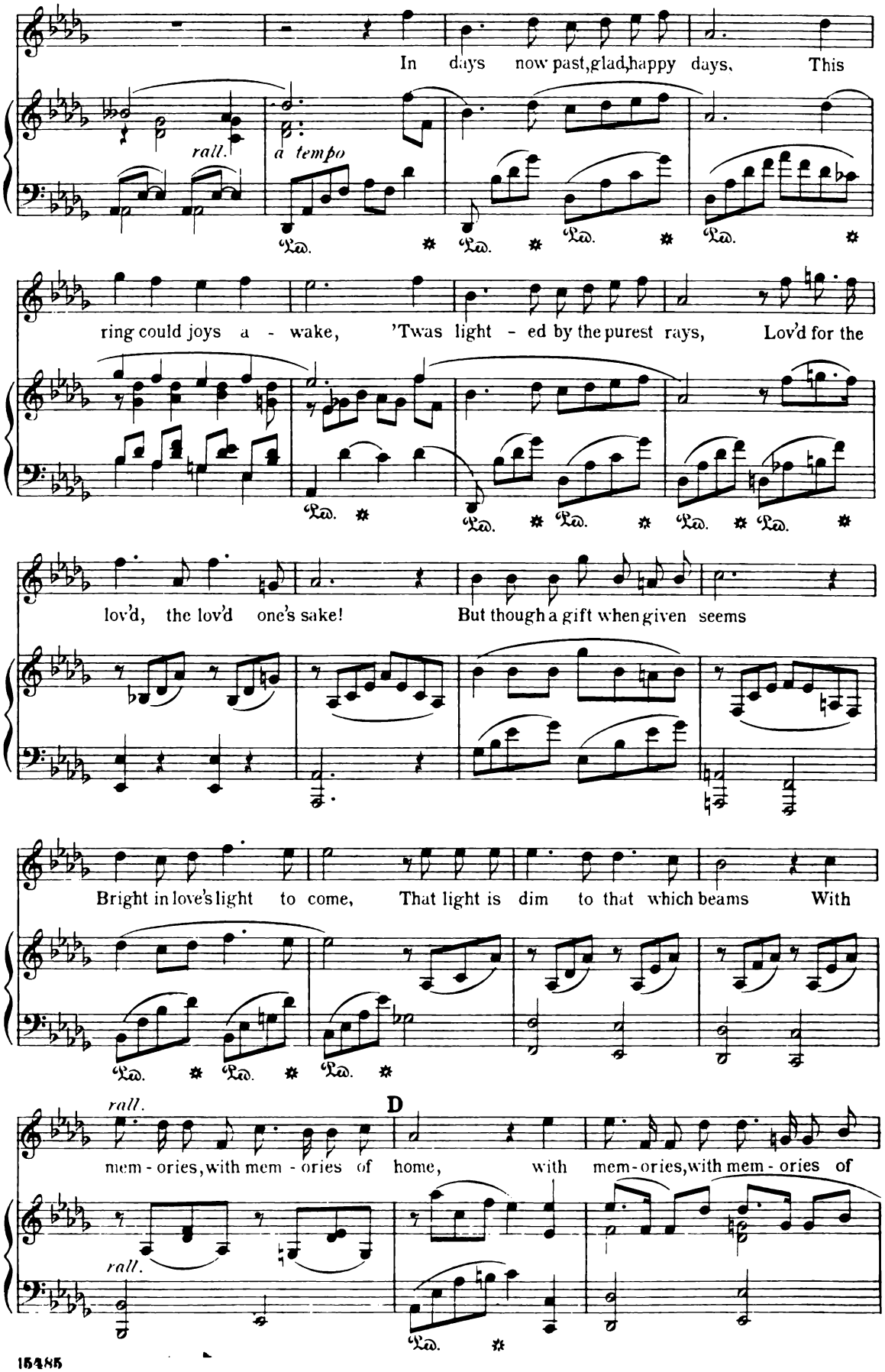
"The memories of home."

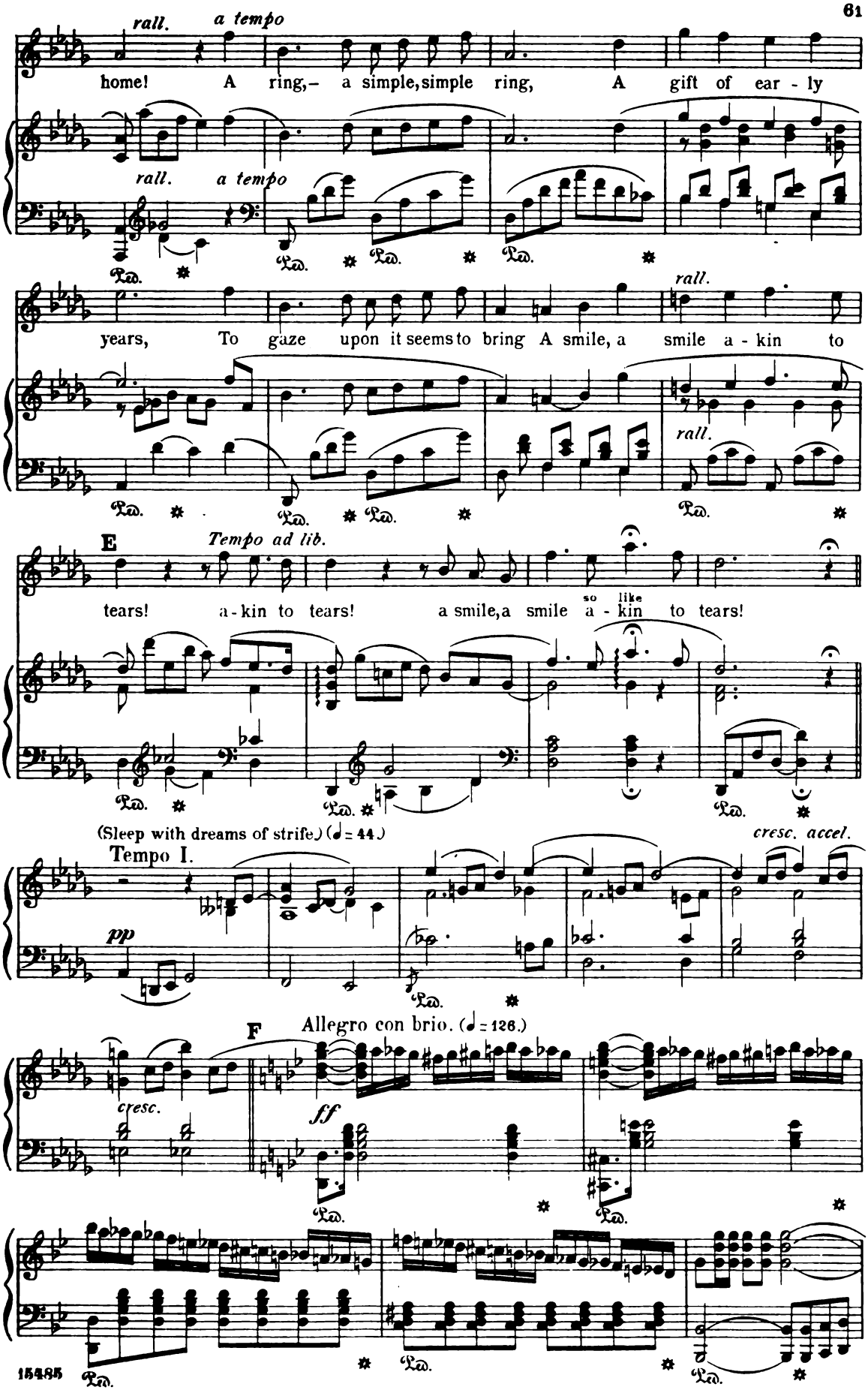
Song.

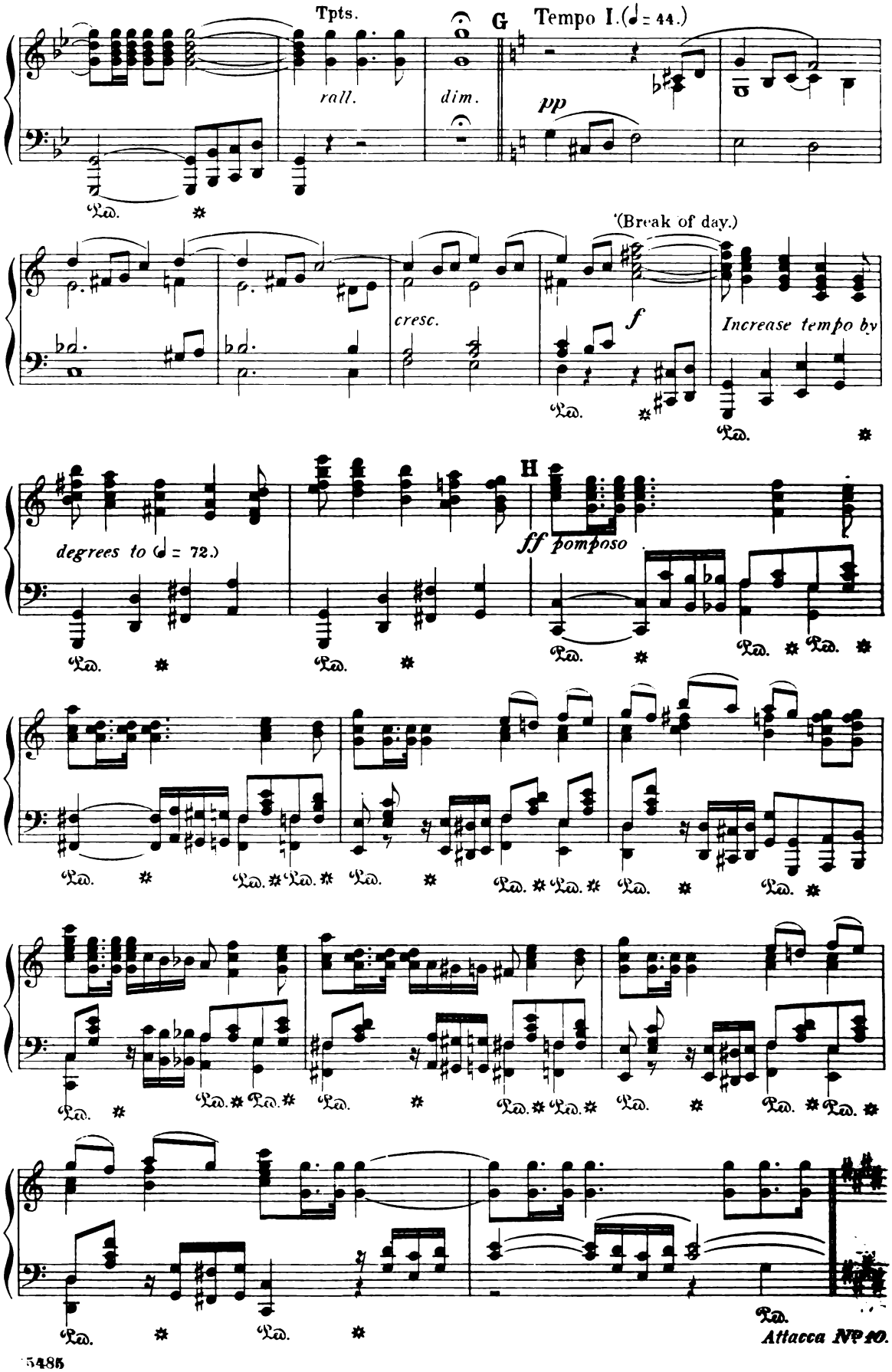



joy doth it bring! For with it comes the bright unsullied beam, there comes the beam, That
shines from childhood's life, And stills awhile the fev'rish battle dream, The hur-ricane of strife.
Andante. (♩ = 60.)
A ring,– a simple, simple ring, A gift of ear - ly
years, To gaze upon it seems to bring A smile, a smile a-kin to
tears! Ma - ny a joy returns once more,– Call'd by this gift they


rall.
come,– From wealth the heart will keep in store, The mem-ories, the mem - ories of
rall.
Ped. *
B
rall. a tempo
home! the mem-ories, the mem-ories of home! A ring,– a simple, simple
rall. a tempo
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
ring, A gift of ear - ly years, To gaze up-on it seems to
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
rall.
C
Tempo ad lib.
bring A smile, a smile a - kin to tears, a-kin to tears! a smile, a
rall. rall.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
so like
smile a - kin to tears!
a tempo
Ped. *


In days now past, glad, happy days, This
rall.
a tempo
ring could joys a - wake, 'Twas light - ed by the purest rays, Lov'd for the
lov'd, the lov'd one's sake! But though a gift when given seems
Bright in love's light to come, That light is dim to that which beams With
rall.
D
mem - ories, with mem - ories of home, with mem - ories, with mem - ories of
rall.

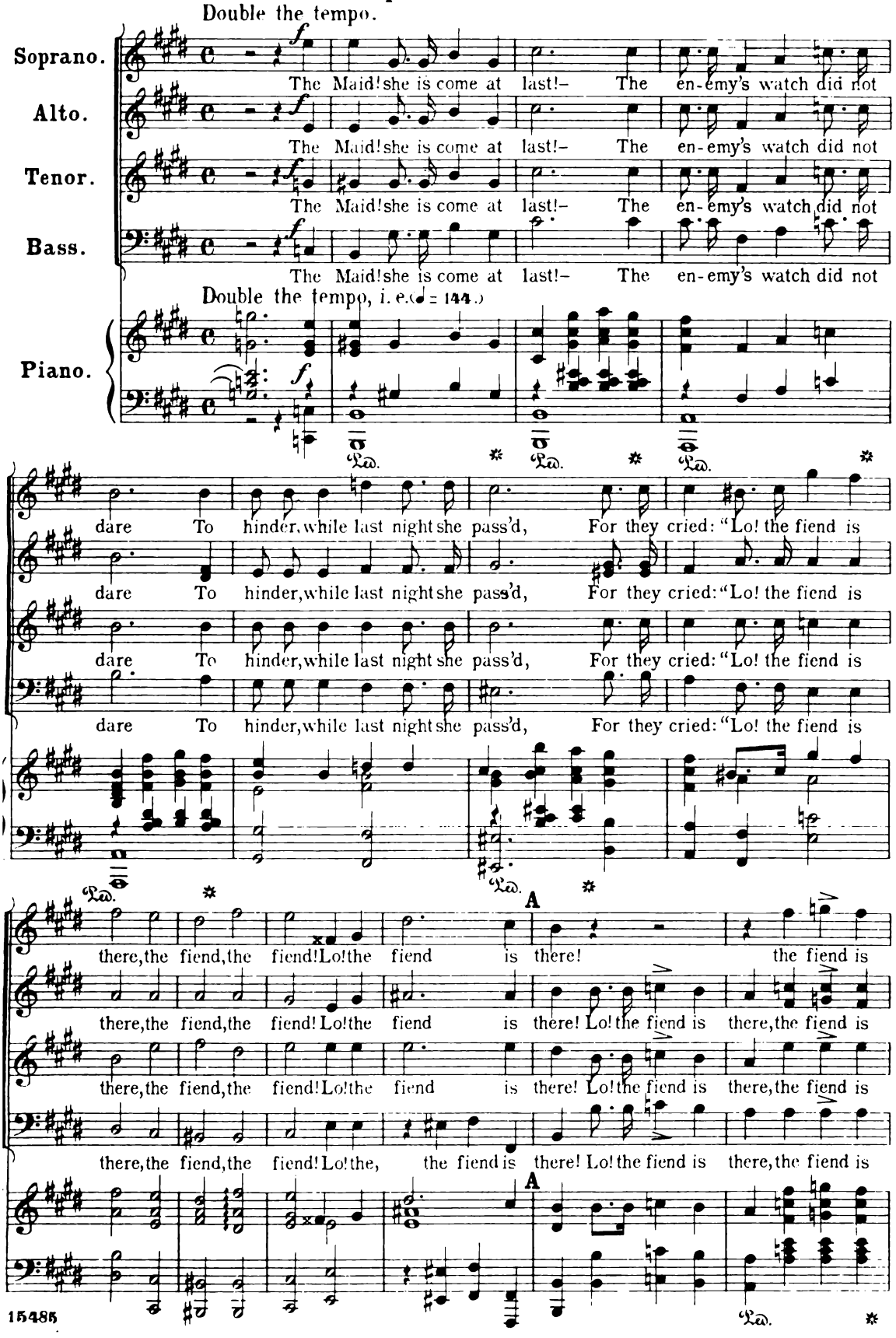

rall.
a tempo
home! A ring,– a simple, simple ring, A gift of ear - ly
years, To gaze upon it seems to bring A smile, a smile a - kin to
E
Tempo ad lib.
tears! a - kin to tears! a smile, a smile so like a - kin to tears!
(Sleep with dreams of strife.) (♩= 44.)
cresc. accel.
Tempo I.
pp
F
Allegro con brio. (♩= 126.)
cresc.
ff
Ped.


Tpts.
rall.
dim.
G
Tempo I.(♩= 44.)
pp
(Break of day.)
cresc.
f
Increase tempo by
degrees to (♩= 72.)
H
ff pomposo
Ped.
Attacca No 10.

Orleans.

Nº 10. "The Maid – she is come at last."

Chorus (Populace: Men and Women).



there! the fiend is there!" Our army gathers in might, On this

there! Lo! the fiend is there, the fiend is there!" Our army gathers in might, On this

there! Lo! the fiend is there, the fiend is there!" Our army gathers in might, On this

there! Lo! the fiend is there, the fiend is there!" Our army gath - ers in might, On this

Ped. *

shin - ing morning of May! — Onward, see, they march to the fight, And Or -

shin - ing morning of May! — Onward, see, they march to the fight, And Or -

shin - ing morning of May! — Onward, see, they march to the fight, And Or -

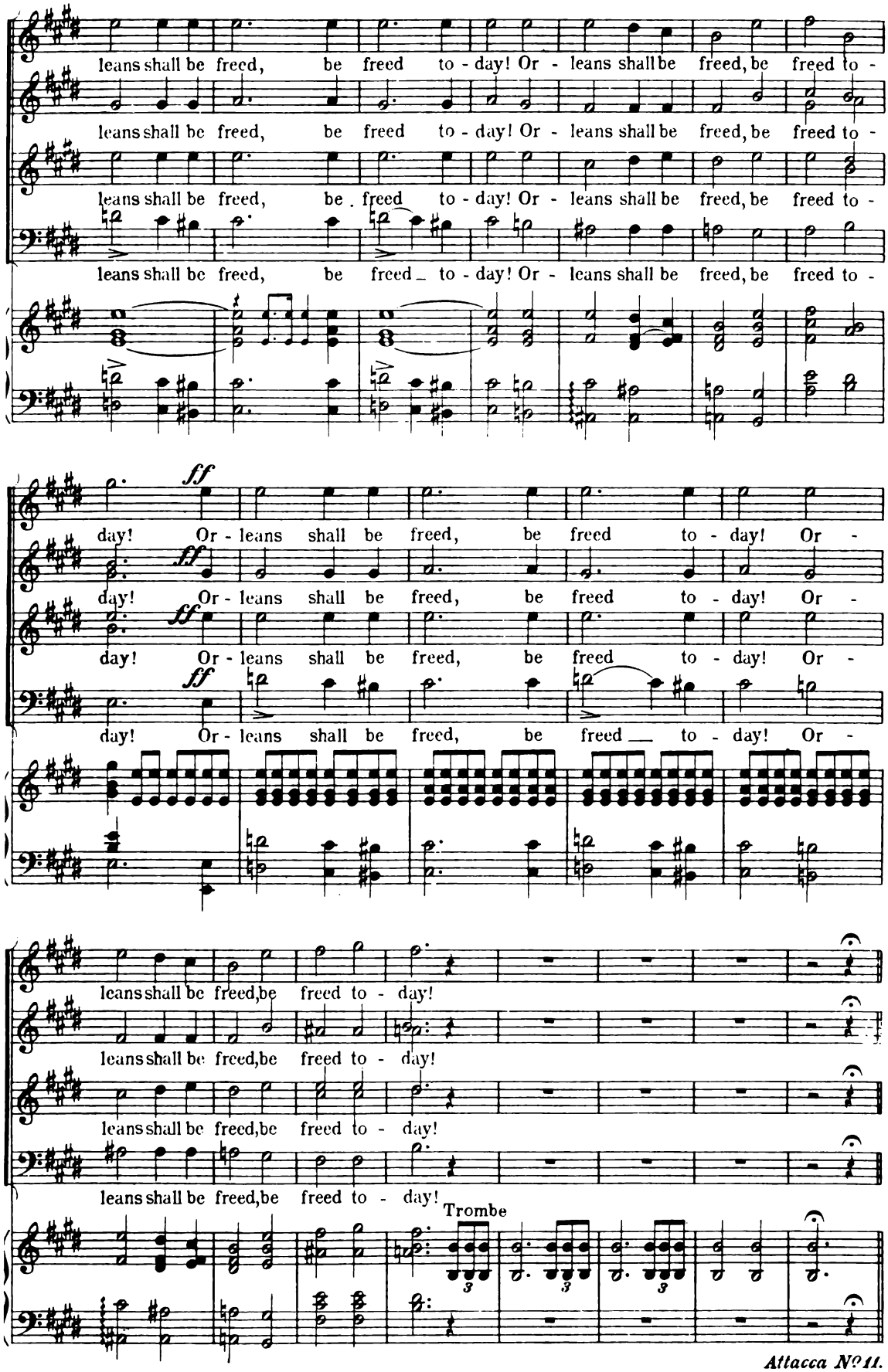
B *f*

leans shall be freed to - day! Or - leans, Or - leans shall be freed to - day! Or -

leans shall be freed to - day! Or - leans, Or - leans shall be freed to - day! Or -

leans shall be freed to - day! Or - leans, Or - leans shall be freed to - day! Or -

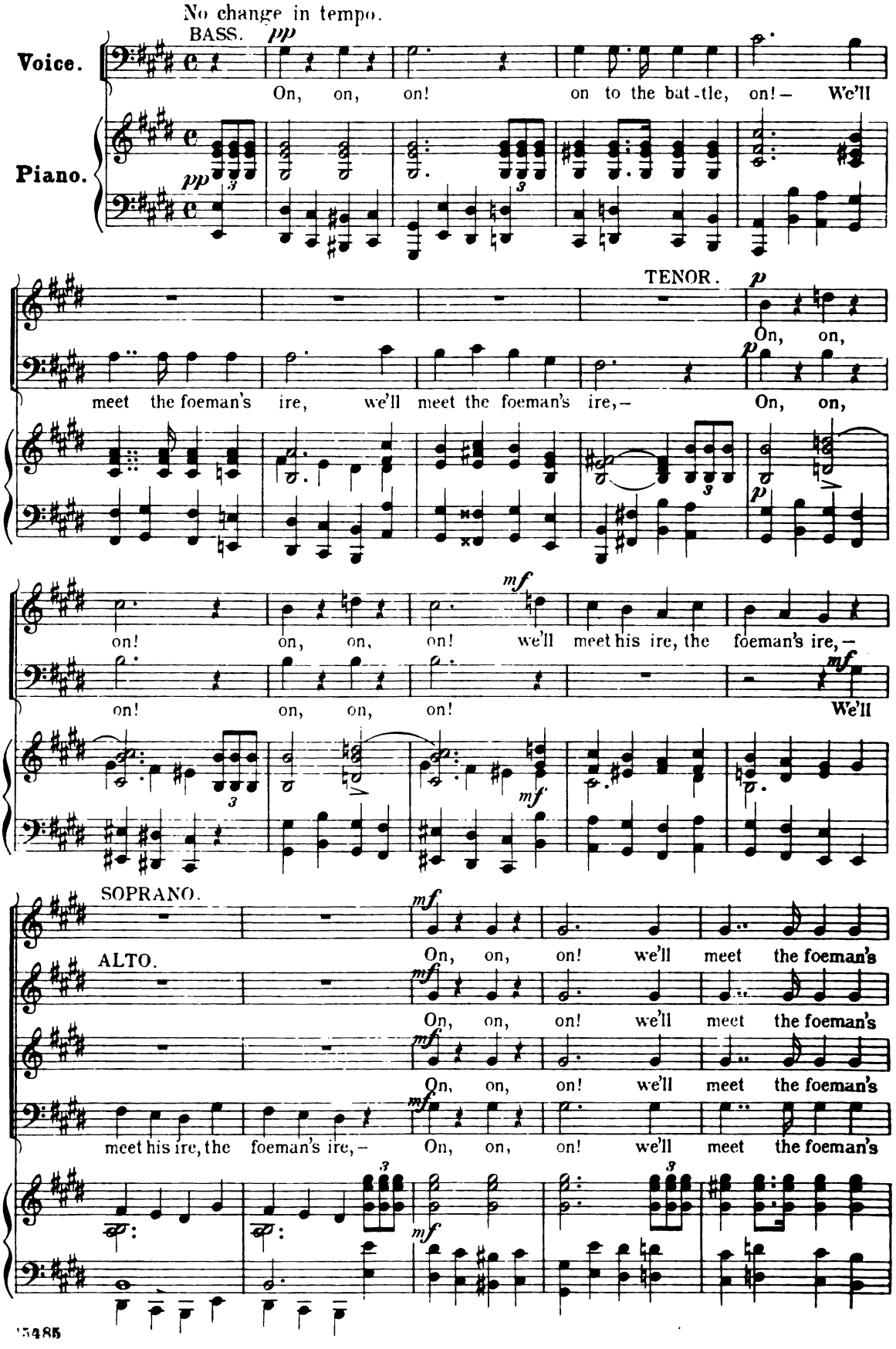
B

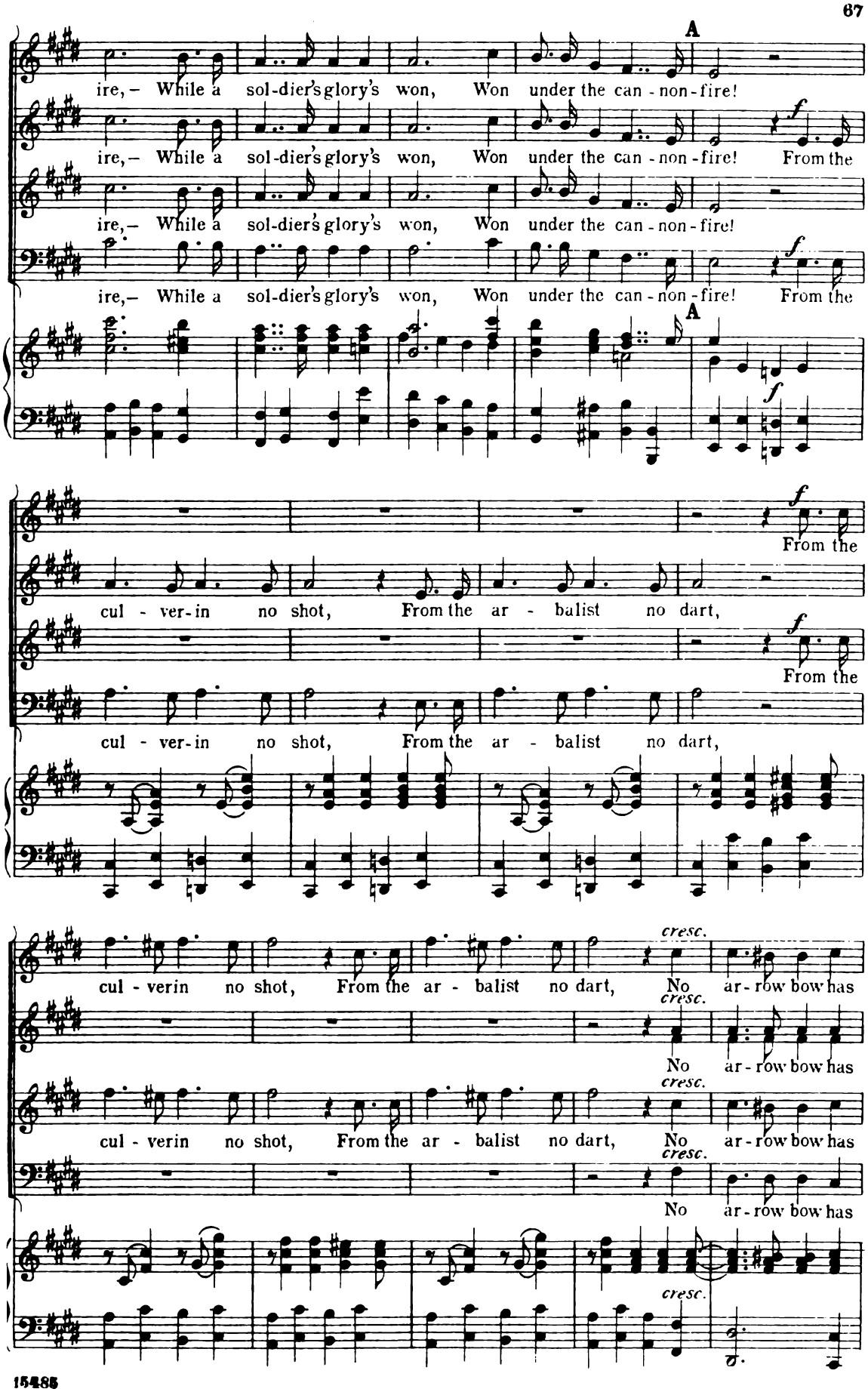


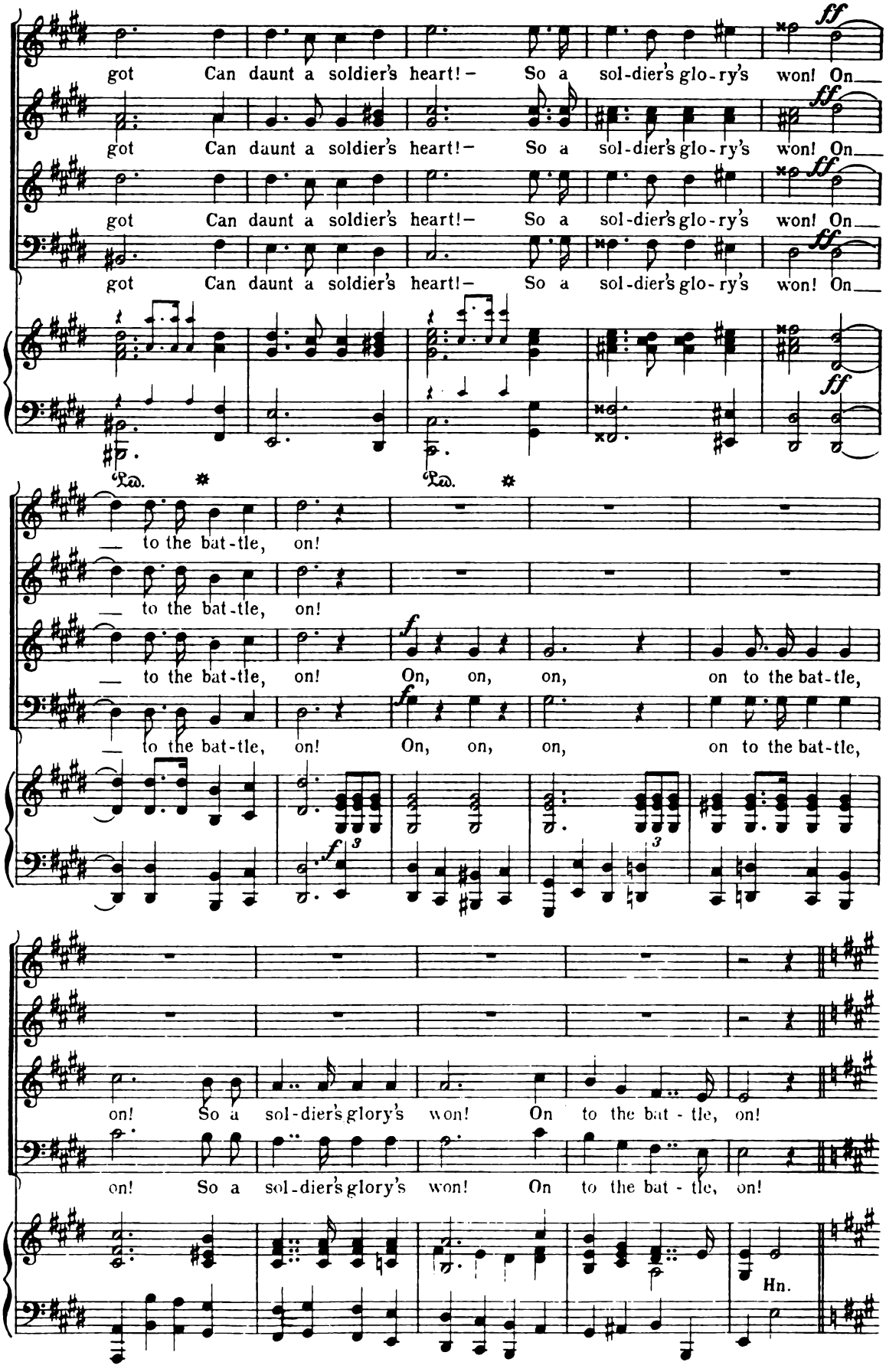
Attacca No 11.

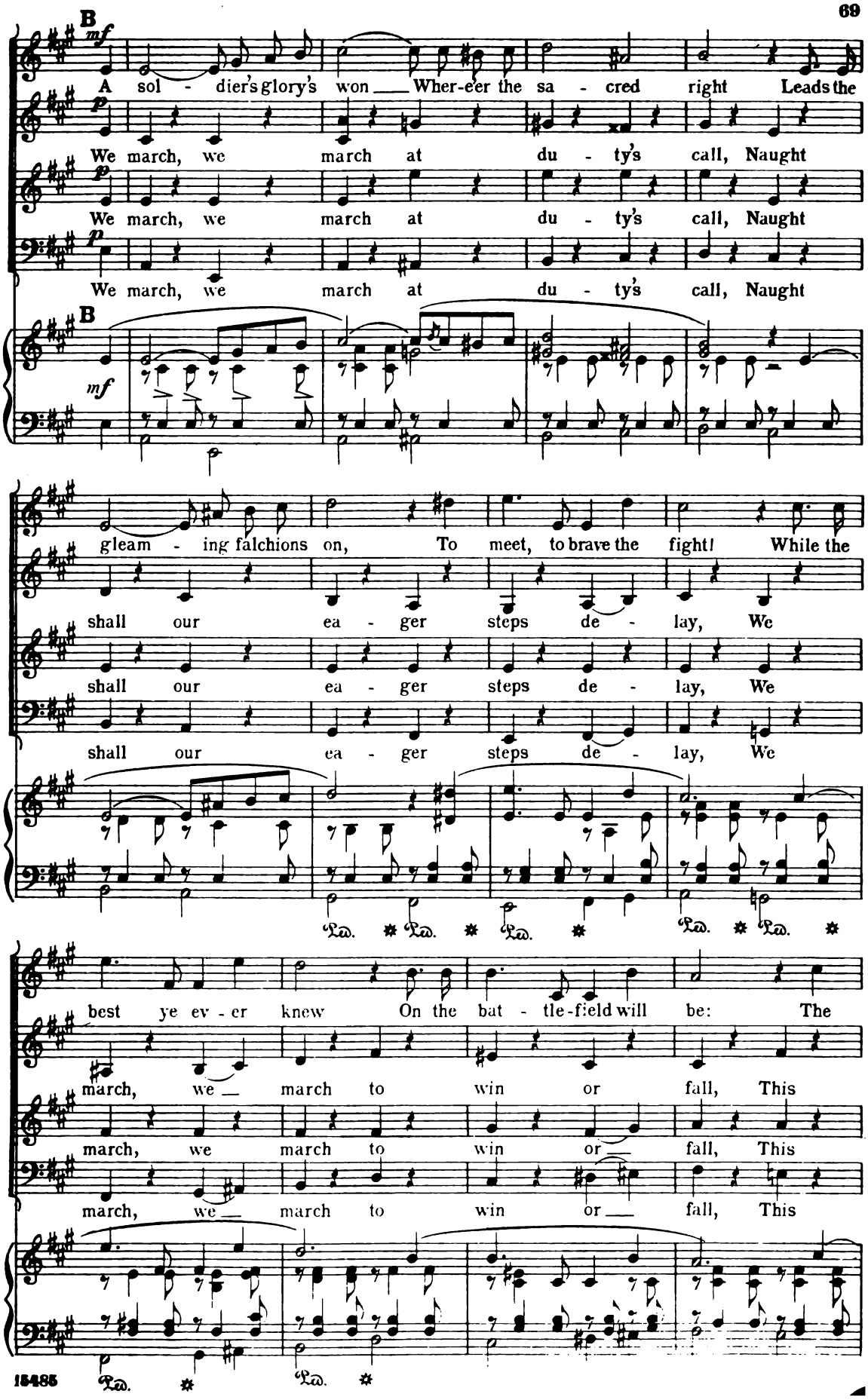
Nº 11. "On to the battle, on!"

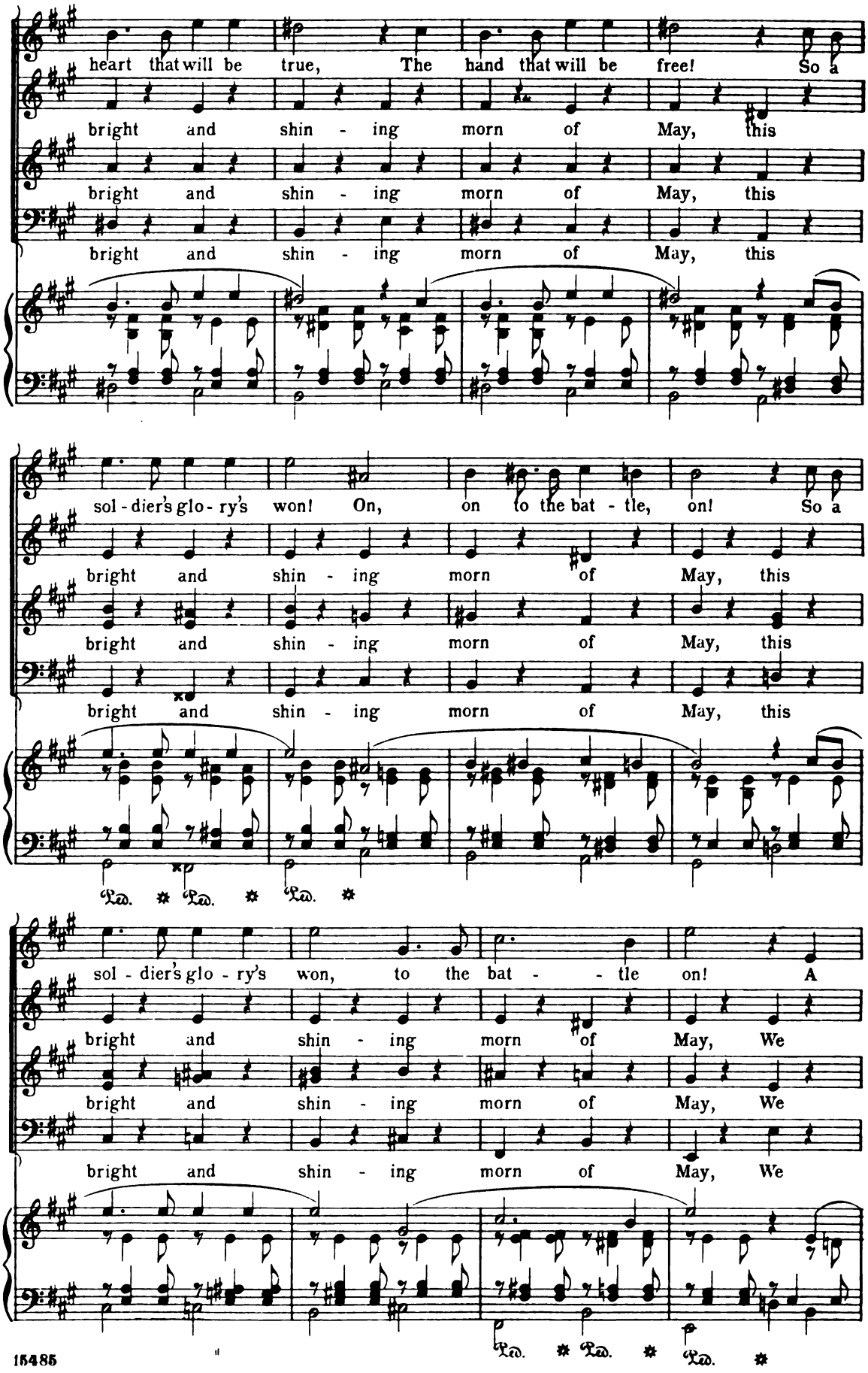
Chorus (French Men-at-arms; Populace: Men and Women).

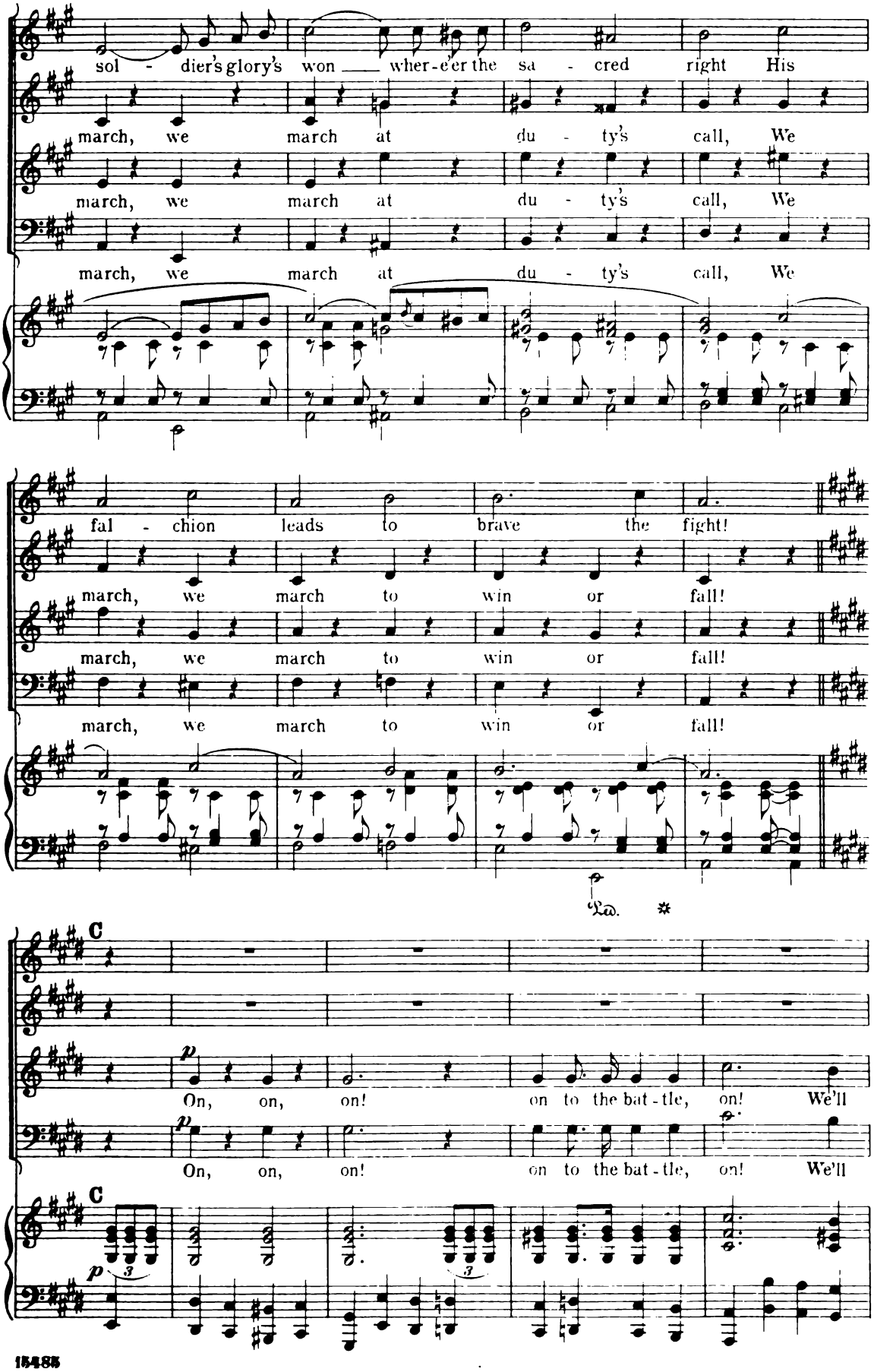


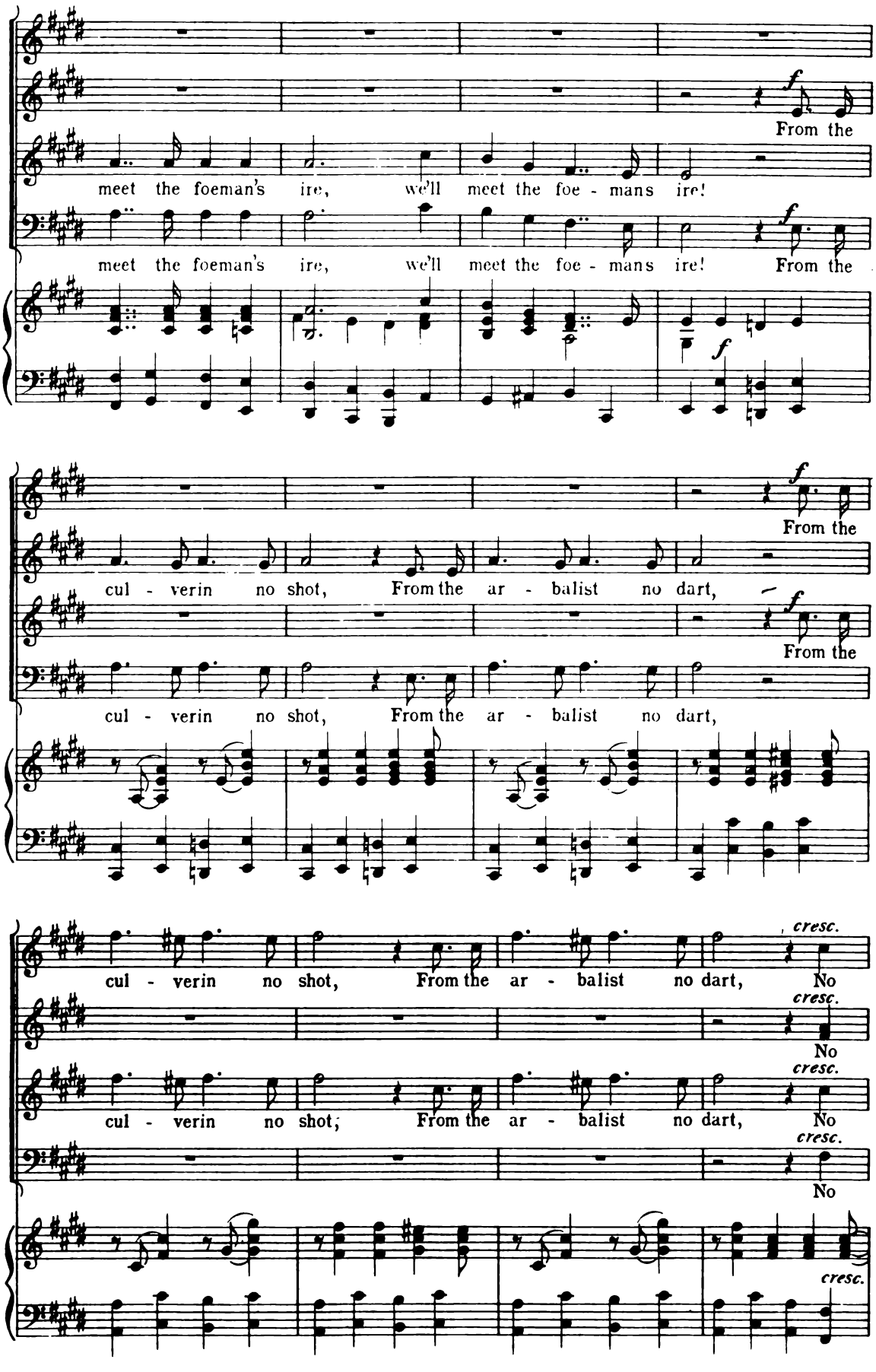

A
ire,– While a sol-dier's glory's won, Won under the can - non - fire!
ire,– While a sol-dier's glory's won, Won under the can - non - fire! From the
ire,– While a sol-dier's glory's won, Won under the can - non - fire!
ire,– While a sol-dier's glory's won, Won under the can - non - fire! From the
A
From the
cul - ver-in no shot, From the ar - balist no dart,
From the
cul - ver-in no shot, From the ar - balist no dart,
cul - verin no shot, From the ar - balist no dart, No ar - row bow has
cresc.
No ar - row bow has
cul - verin no shot, From the ar - balist no dart, No ar - row bow has
No ar - row bow has

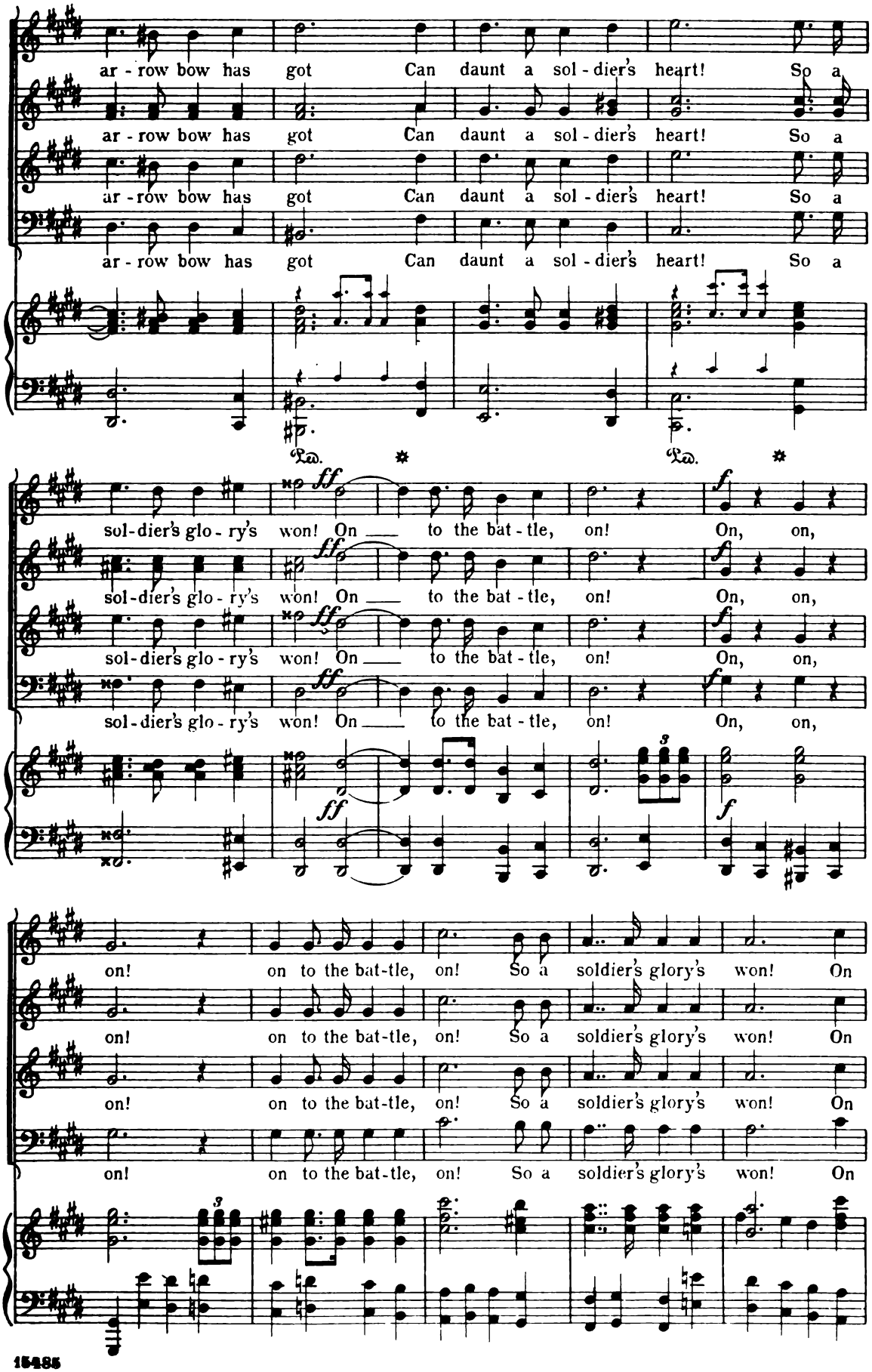

got Can daunt a soldier's heart! – So a sol-dier's glo-ry's won! On
got Can daunt a soldier's heart! – So a sol-dier's glo-ry's won! On
got Can daunt a soldier's heart! – So a sol-dier's glo-ry's won! On
got Can daunt a soldier's heart! – So a sol-dier's glo-ry's won! On
ff
Ped. * Ped. *
– to the bat-tle, on!
– to the bat-tle, on!
– to the bat-tle, on! On, on, on, on to the bat-tle,
– to the bat-tle, on! On, on, on, on to the bat-tle,
f
on! So a sol-dier's glory's won! On to the bat-tle, on!
on! So a sol-dier's glory's won! On to the bat-tle, on!
Hn.

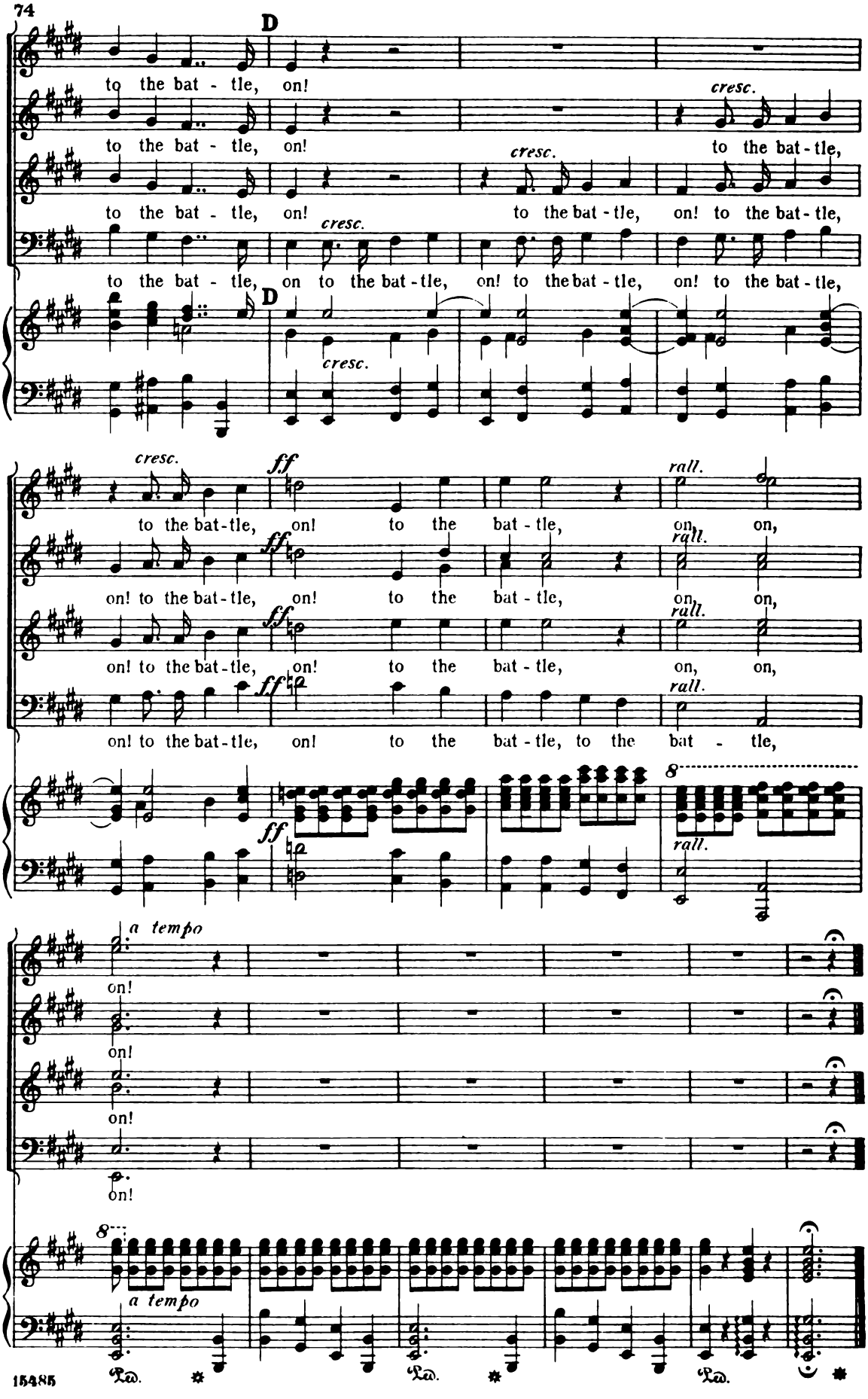

B
mf
A sol - dier's glory's won ___ Wher-e'er the sa - cred right Leads the
We march, we march at du - ty's call, Naught
We march, we march at du - ty's call, Naught
We march, we march at du - ty's call, Naught
B
mf
gleam - ing falchions on, To meet, to brave the fight! While the
shall our ea - ger steps de - lay, We
shall our ea - ger steps de - lay, We
shall our ea - ger steps de - lay, We
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
best ye ev - er knew On the bat - tle-field will be: The
march, we ___ march to win or fall, This
march, we march to win or ___ fall, This
march, we ___ march to win or ___ fall, This
Ped. * Ped. *


heart that will be true, The hand that will be free! So a
bright and shin - ing morn of May, this
bright and shin - ing morn of May, this
bright and shin - ing morn of May, this
sol - dier's glo - ry's won! On, on to the bat - tle, on! So a
bright and shin - ing morn of May, this
bright and shin - ing morn of May, this
bright and shin - ing morn of May, this
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
sol - dier's glo - ry's won, to the bat - - tle on! A
bright and shin - ing morn of May, We
bright and shin - ing morn of May, We
bright and shin - ing morn of May, We
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


sol - dier's glory's won wher-e'er the sa - cred right His
march, we march at du - ty's call, We
march, we march at du - ty's call, We
march, we march at du - ty's call, We
fal - chion leads to brave the fight!
march, we march to win or fall!
march, we march to win or fall!
march, we march to win or fall!
La.
C
p
On, on, on! on to the bat - tle, on! We'll
On, on, on! on to the bat - tle, on! We'll
C
p
3
3


f
From the
meet the foeman's ire, we'll meet the foe - mans ire!
meet the foeman's ire, we'll meet the foe - mans ire! From the
f
f
From the
cul - verin no shot, From the ar - balist no dart,
f
From the
cul - verin no shot, From the ar - balist no dart,
cresc.
cul - verin no shot, From the ar - balist no dart, No
cresc.
No
cresc.
cul - verin no shot; From the ar - balist no dart, No
cresc.
No
cresc.

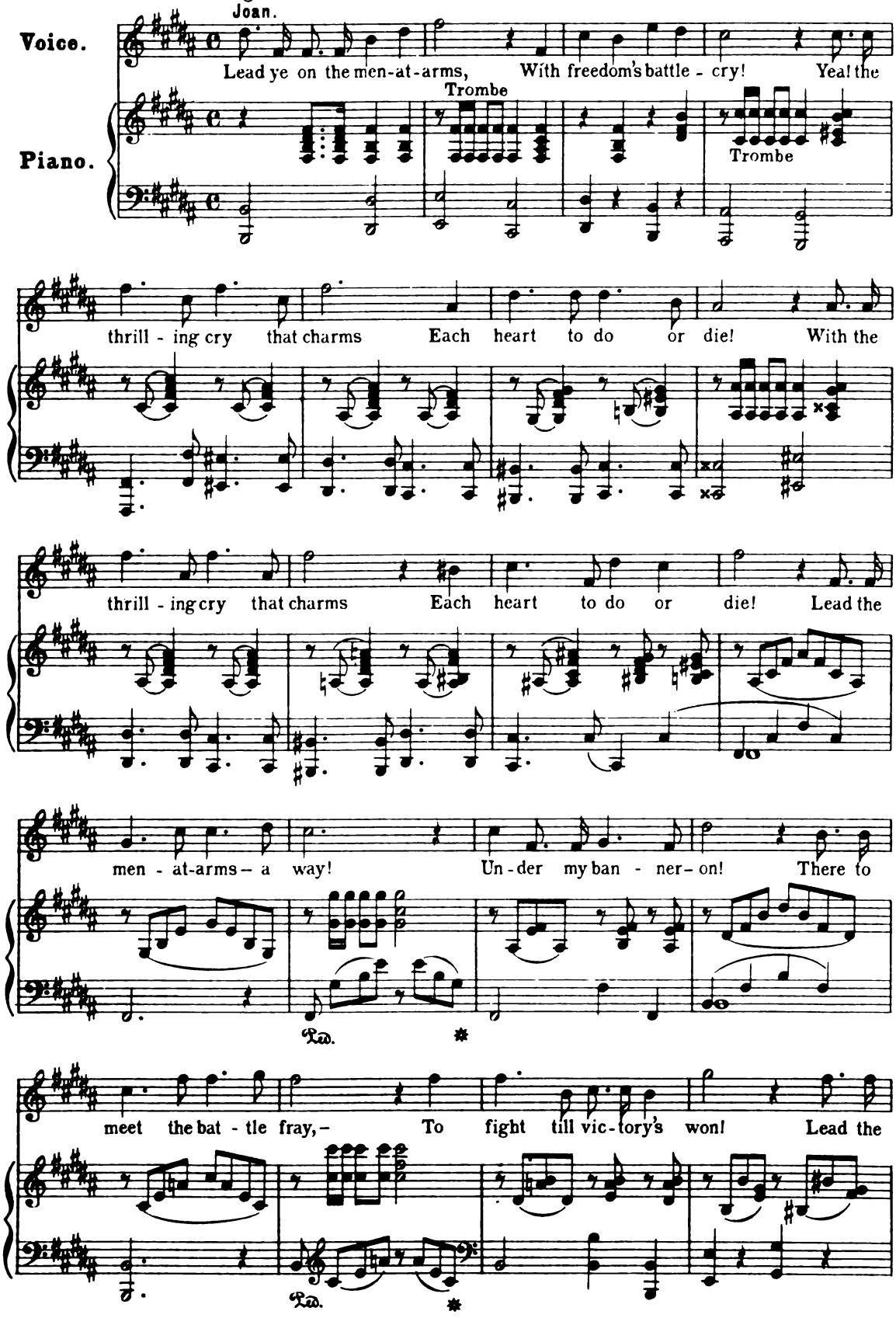

ar - row bow has got Can daunt a sol - dier's heart! So a
ar - row bow has got Can daunt a sol - dier's heart! So a
ar - row bow has got Can daunt a sol - dier's heart! So a
Ped. * Ped. *
sol-dier's glo - ry's won! On ___ to the bat - tle, on! On, on,
sol-dier's glo - ry's won! On ___ to the bat - tle, on! On, on,
sol-dier's glo - ry's won! On ___ to the bat - tle, on! On, on,
on! on to the bat-tle, on! So a soldier's glory's won! On
on! on to the bat-tle, on! So a soldier's glory's won! On
on! on to the bat-tle, on! So a soldier's glory's won! On

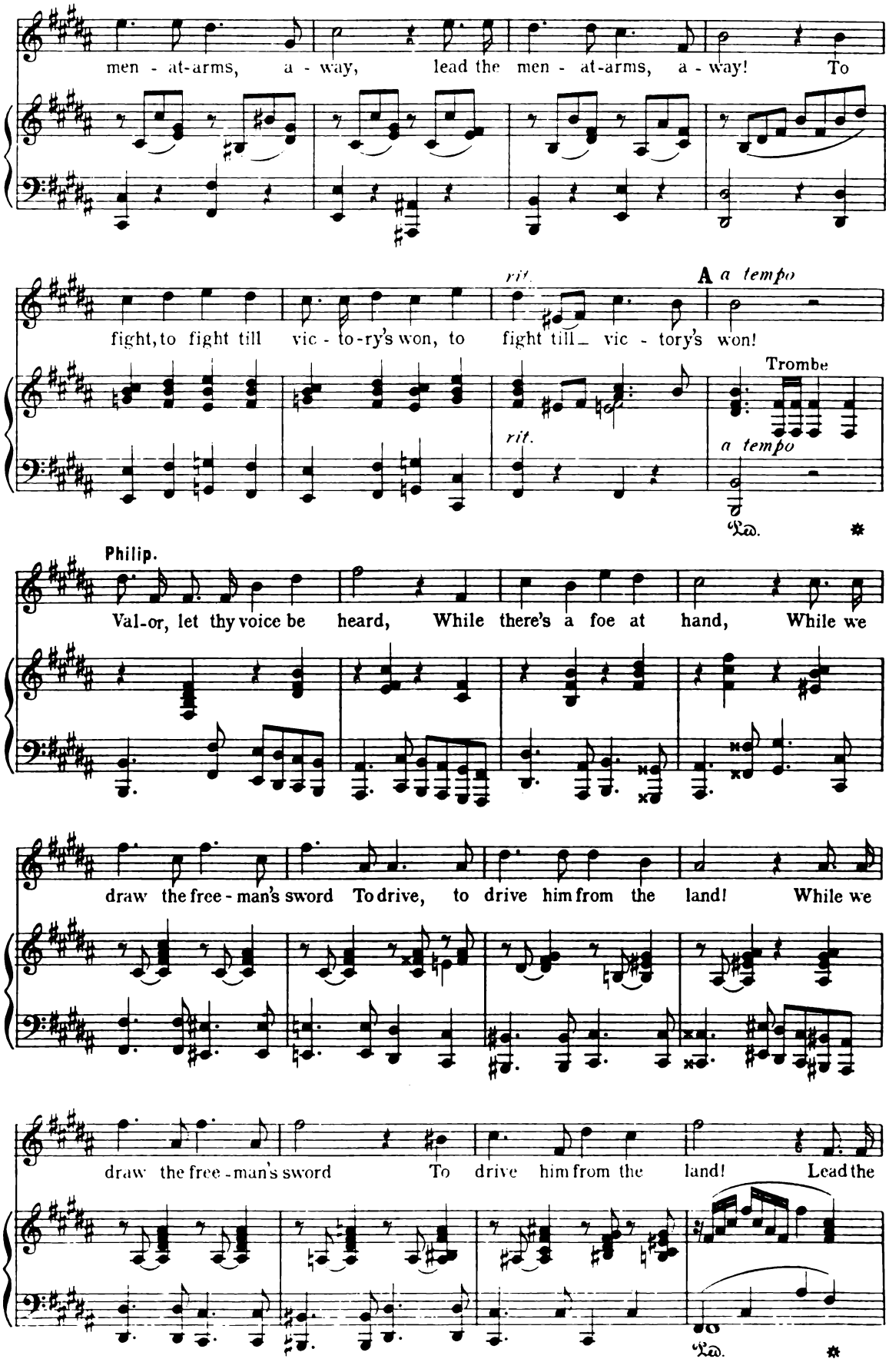

D
to the bat - tle, on!
to the bat - tle, on!
cresc.
to the bat - tle,
to the bat - tle, on!
cresc.
to the bat - tle, on! to the bat - tle,
to the bat - tle, on to the bat - tle, on! to the bat - tle, on! to the bat - tle,
D
cresc.
cresc.
ff
to the bat - tle, on! to the bat - tle, on,
rall.
on! to the bat - tle, on! to the bat - tle, on,
on! to the bat - tle, on! to the bat - tle, on,
on! to the bat - tle, on! to the bat - tle, to the bat - tle,
8
a tempo
on!
on!
on!
on!
8
a tempo
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

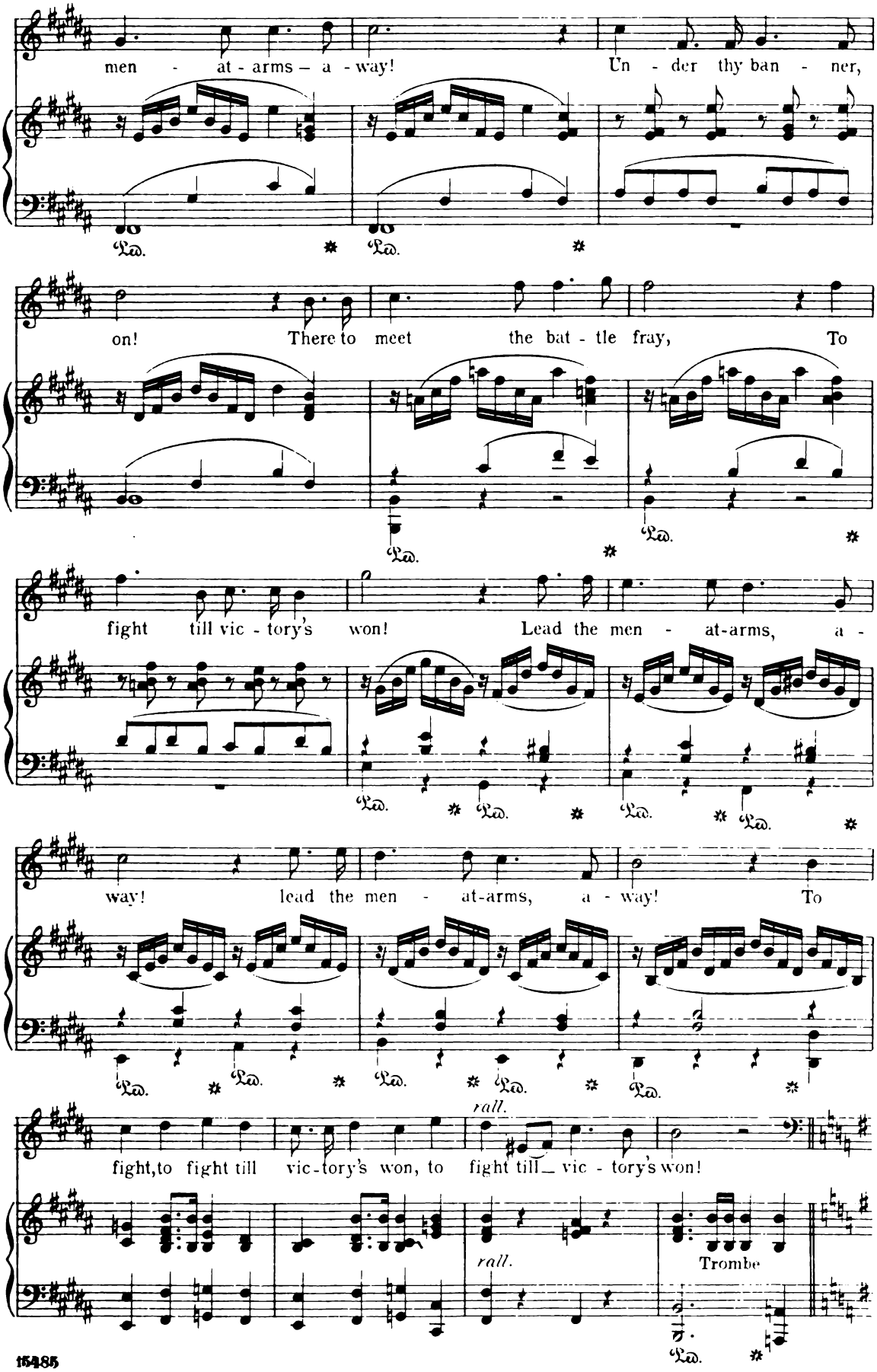
Nº 12. "Lead ye on the men-at-arms."

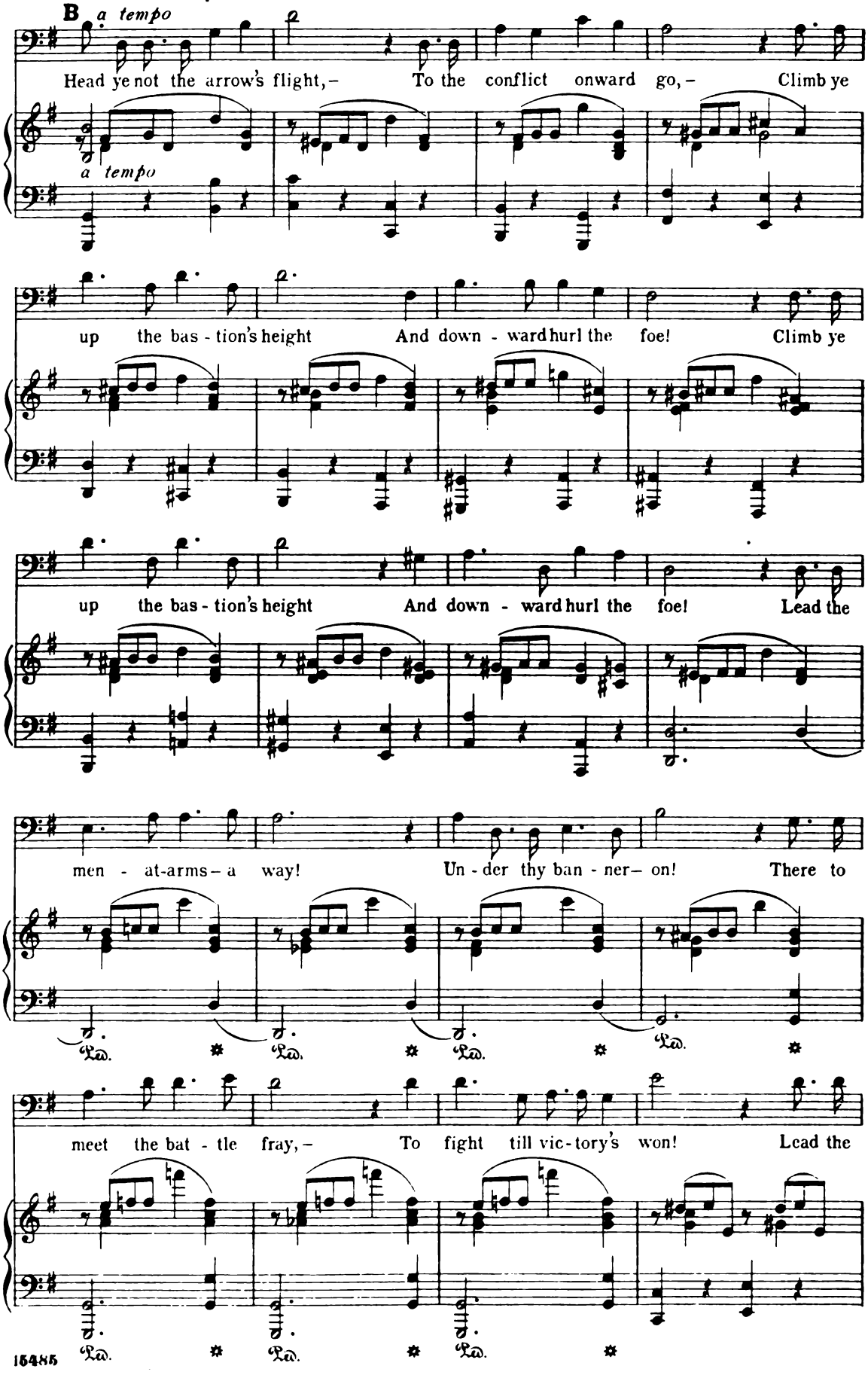
Trio.

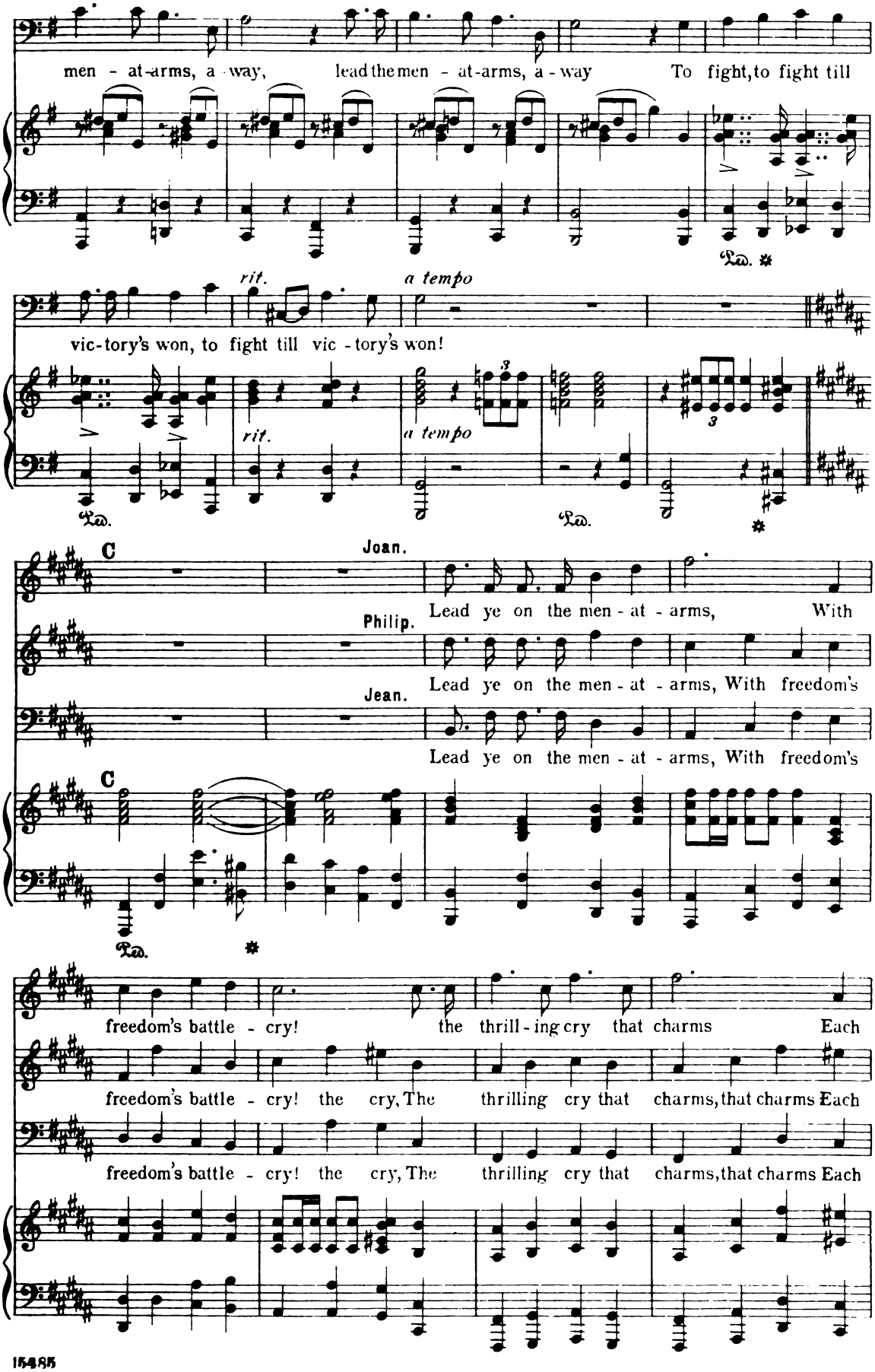
Allegro con anima. (♩ = 120.)

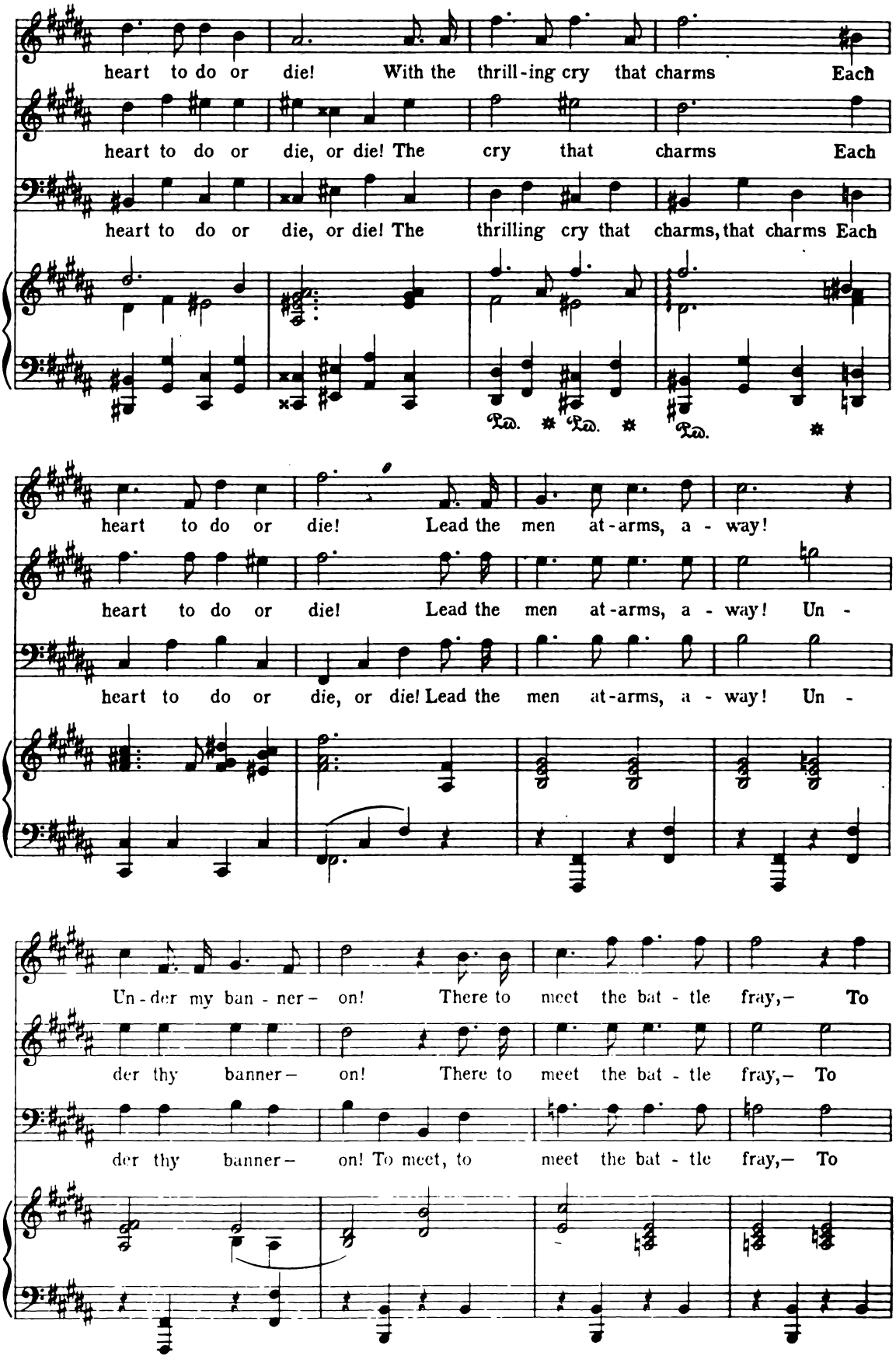


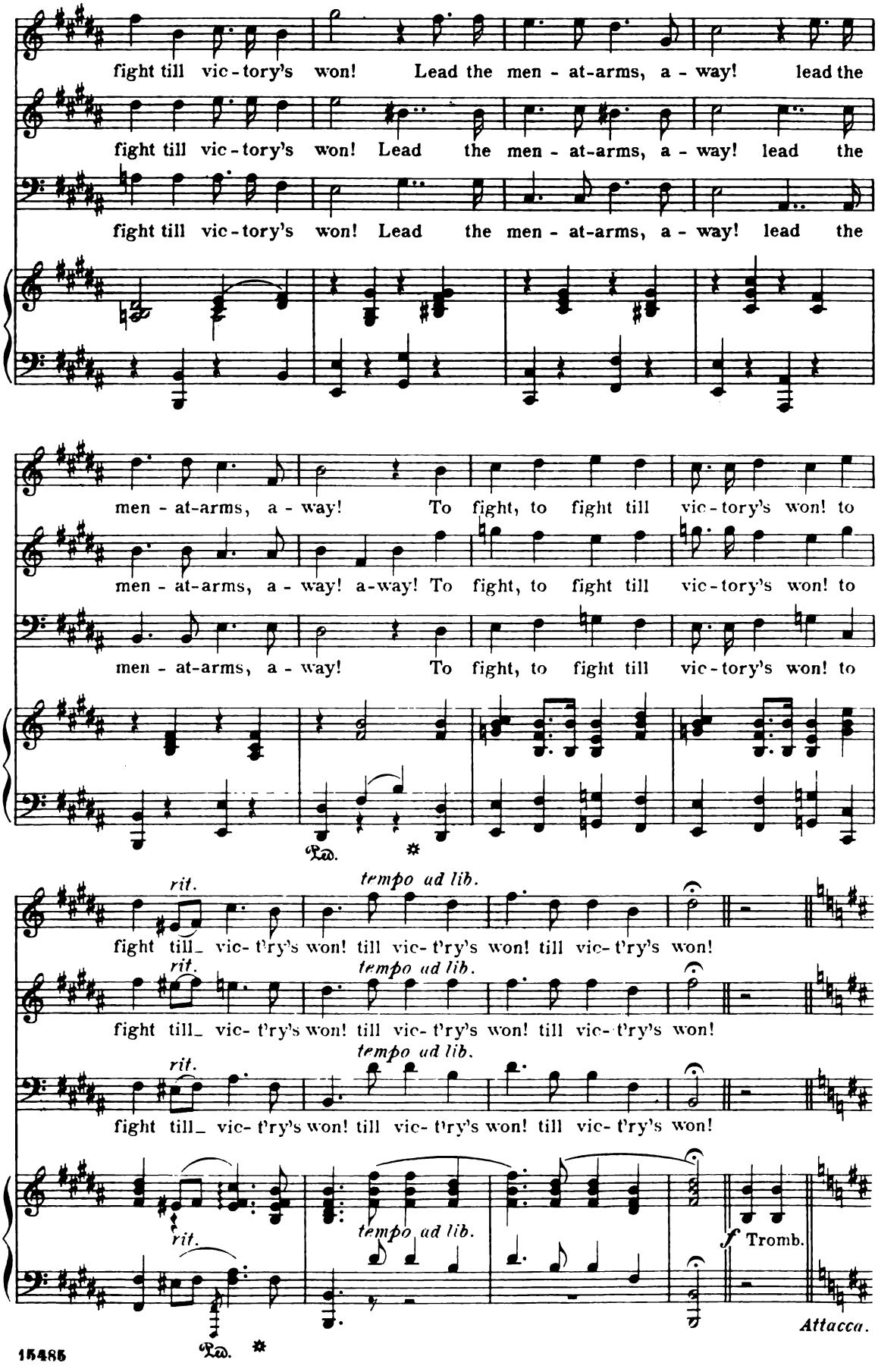

men - at-arms, a - way, lead the men - at-arms, a - way! To
fight, to fight till vic - to-ry's won, to fight till vic - tory's won!
rit.
A a tempo
Trombe
rit.
a tempo
Ped.
Philip.
Val-or, let thy voice be heard, While there's a foe at hand, While we
draw the free - man's sword To drive, to drive him from the land! While we
draw the free - man's sword To drive him from the land! Lead the
Ped.


men - at - arms – a - way!
Un - der thy ban - ner,
on! There to meet the bat - tle fray, To
fight till vic - tory's won!
Lead the men - at-arms, a -
way! lead the men - at-arms, a - way!
To
rall.
fight,to fight till vic-tory's won, to fight till vic - tory's won!
rall.
Trombe


B a tempo
Head ye not the arrow's flight,– To the conflict onward go,– Climb ye
a tempo
up the bas - tion's height And down - ward hurl the foe! Climb ye
up the bas - tion's height And down - ward hurl the foe! Lead the
men - at-arms– a way! Un - der thy ban - ner– on! There to
meet the bat - tle fray,– To fight till vic - tory's won! Lead the

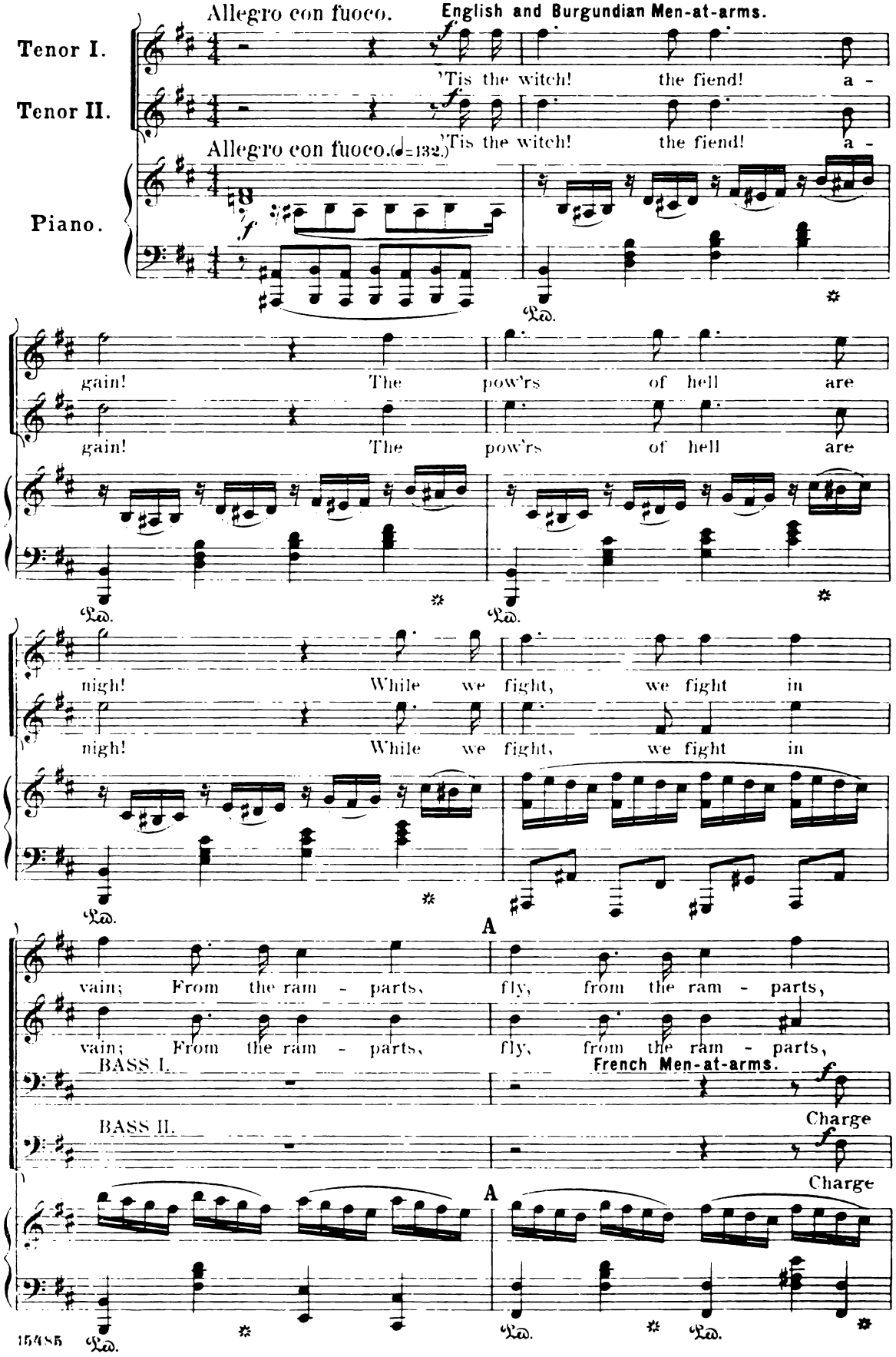

men - at-arms, a - way, lead the men - at-arms, a - way To fight, to fight till
rit.
a tempo
vic-tory's won, to fight till vic - tory's won!
Ped.
C
Joan.
Lead ye on the men - at - arms, With
Philip.
Lead ye on the men - at - arms, With freedom's
Jean.
Lead ye on the men - at - arms, With freedom's
freedom's battle - cry! the thrill - ing cry that charms Each
freedom's battle - cry! the cry, The thrilling cry that charms, that charms Each
freedom's battle - cry! the cry, The thrilling cry that charms, that charms Each

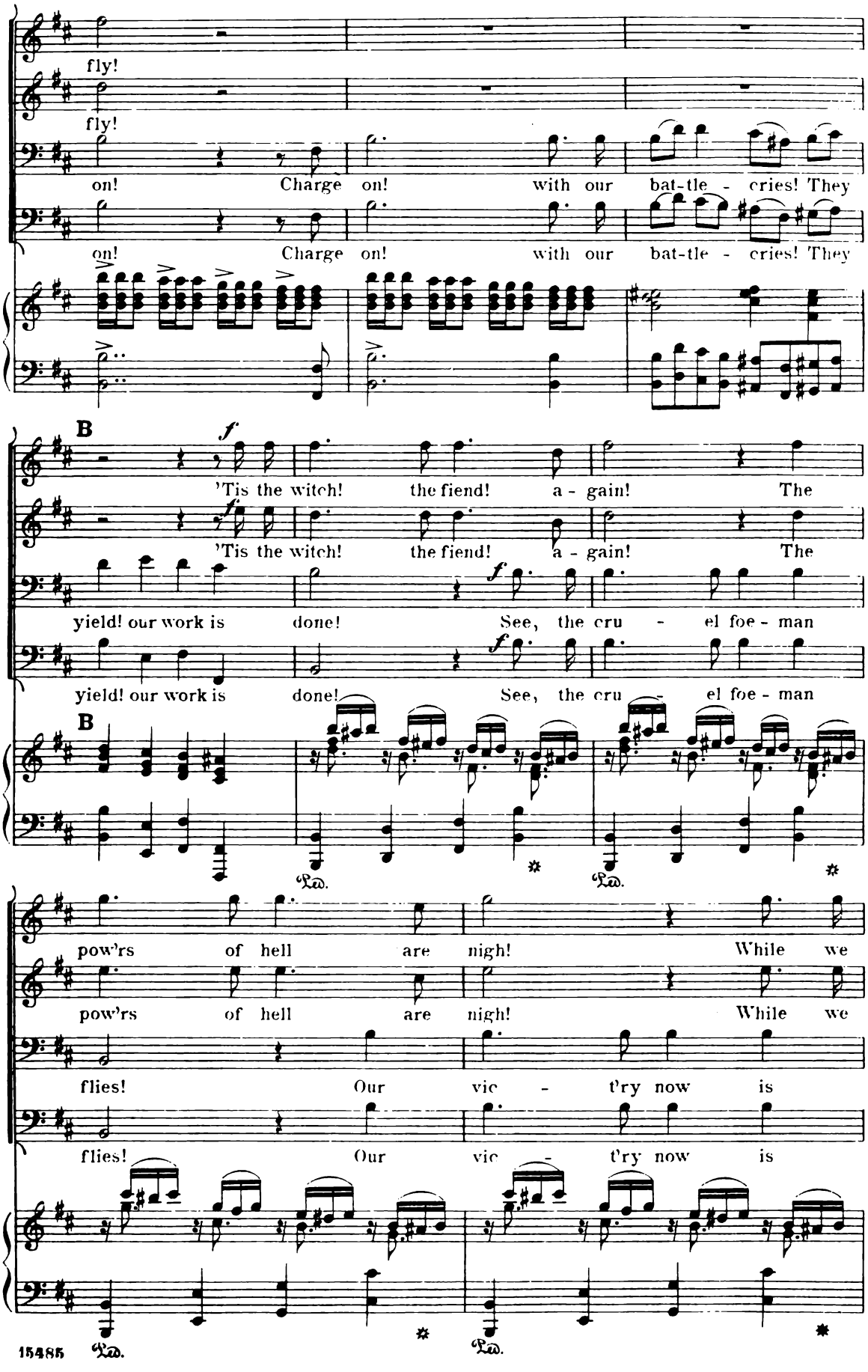

heart to do or die! With the thrill-ing cry that charms Each
heart to do or die, or die! The cry that charms Each
heart to do or die, or die! The thrilling cry that charms, that charms Each
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
heart to do or die! Lead the men at-arms, a - way!
heart to do or die! Lead the men at-arms, a - way! Un -
heart to do or die, or die! Lead the men at-arms, a - way! Un -
Un-der my ban - ner- on! There to meet the bat - tle fray,- To
der thy banner- on! There to meet the bat - tle fray,- To
der thy banner- on! To meet, to meet the bat - tle fray,- To

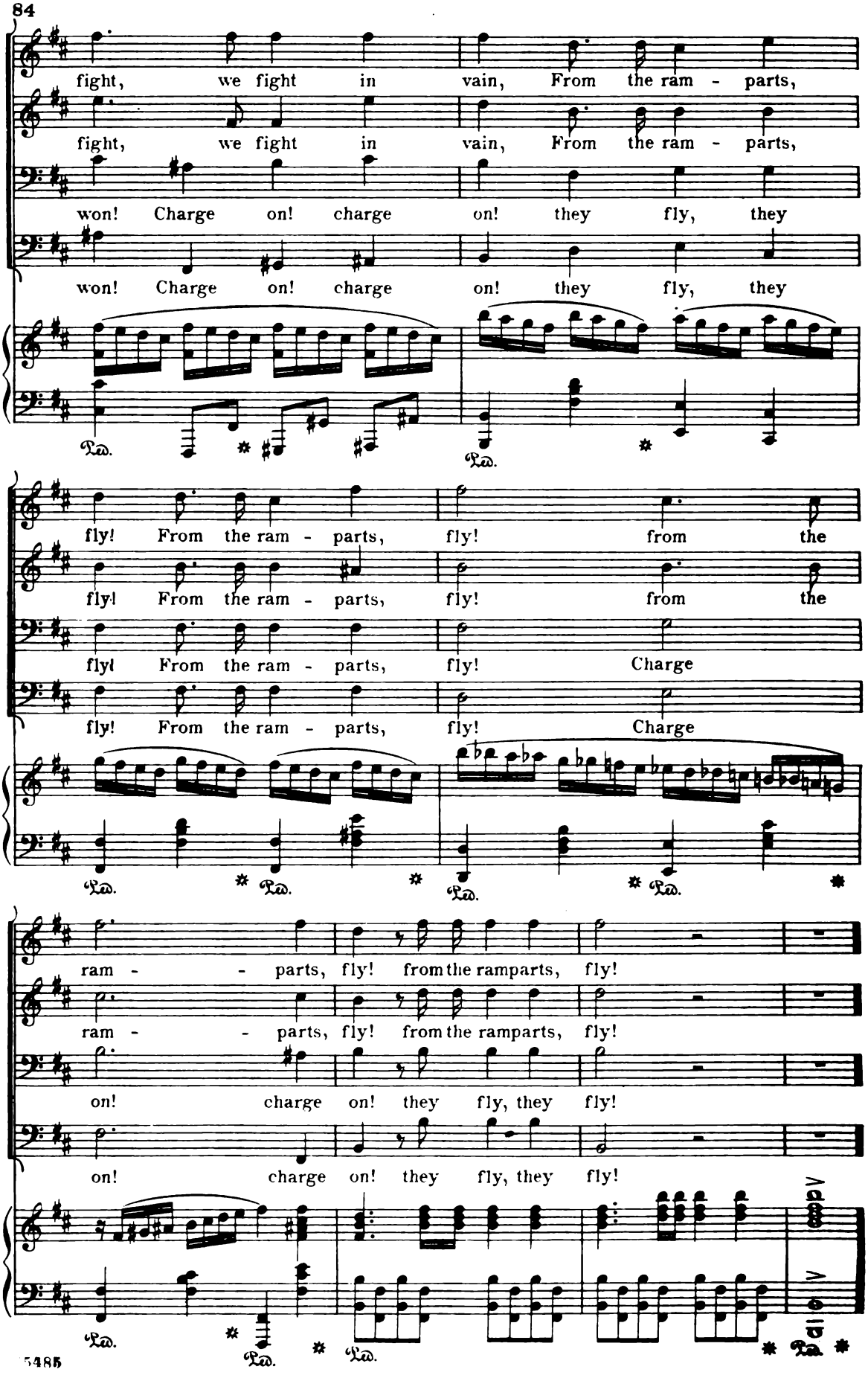

fight till vic-tory's won! Lead the men-at-arms, a-way! lead the
fight till vic-tory's won! Lead the men-at-arms, a-way! lead the
fight till vic-tory's won! Lead the men-at-arms, a-way! lead the
men-at-arms, a-way! To fight, to fight till vic-tory's won! to
men-at-arms, a-way! a-way! To fight, to fight till vic-tory's won! to
men-at-arms, a-way! To fight, to fight till vic-tory's won! to
Ped. *
rit.
tempo ad lib.
fight till_ vic-t'ry's won! till vic-t'ry's won! till vic-t'ry's won!
rit.
tempo ad lib.
fight till_ vic-t'ry's won! till vic-t'ry's won! till vic-t'ry's won!
rit.
tempo ad lib.
fight till_ vic-t'ry's won! till vic-t'ry's won! till vic-t'ry's won!
rit.
tempo ad lib.
f Tromb.
Ped. *
Attacca.

No 12. "'Tis the witch."

Chorus.



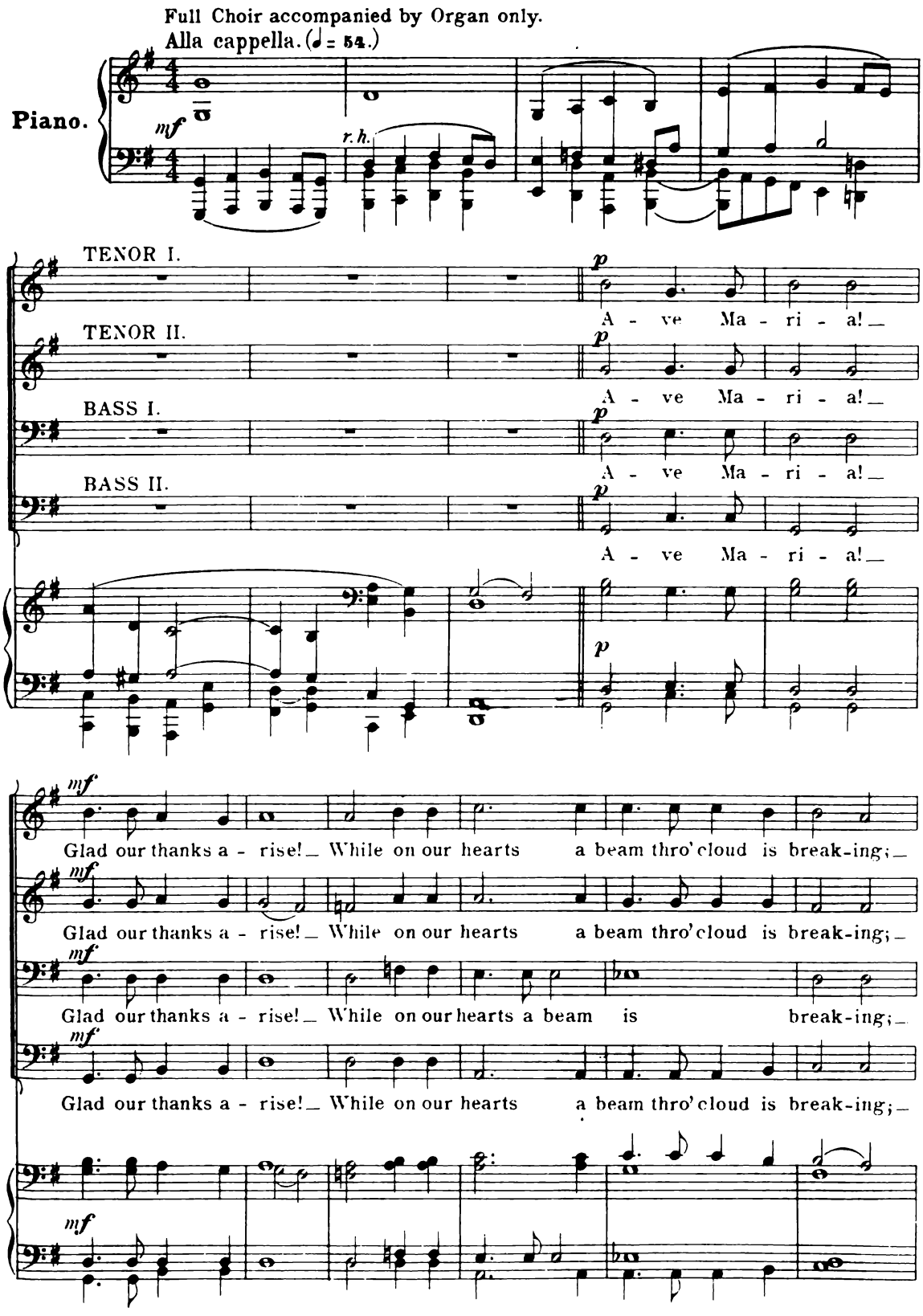

fly!
fly!
on! Charge on! with our bat-tle - cries! They
on! Charge on! with our bat-tle - cries! They
B
'Tis the witch! the fiend! a - gain! The
'Tis the witch! the fiend! a - gain! The
yield! our work is done! See, the cru - el foe - man
yield! our work is done! See, the cru - el foe - man
B
Ped. Ped.
pow'rs of hell are nigh! While we
pow'rs of hell are nigh! While we
flies! Our vic - t'ry now is
flies! Our vic - t'ry now is
Ped. Ped.

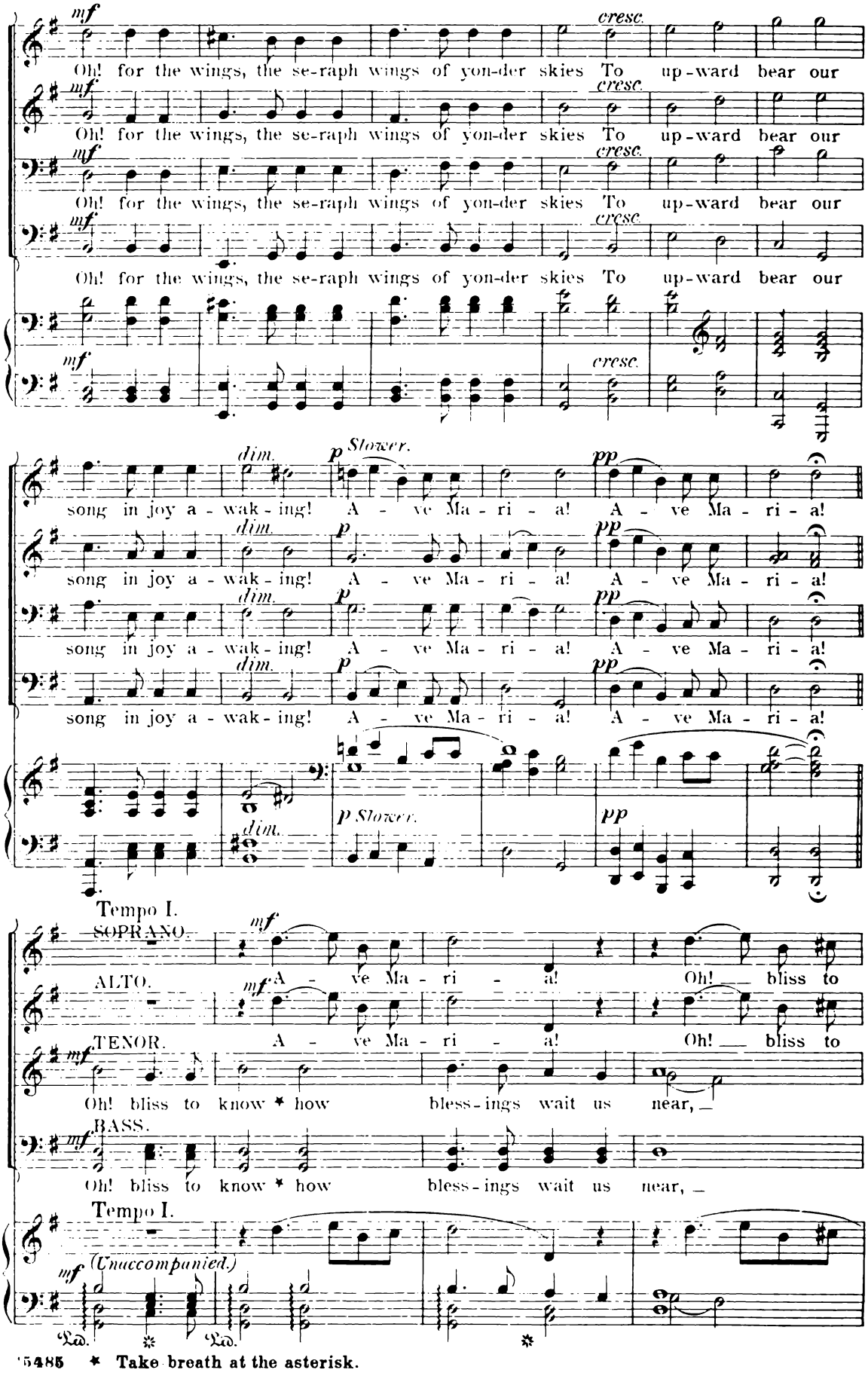

fight, we fight in vain, From the ram - parts,
fight, we fight in vain, From the ram - parts,
won! Charge on! charge on! they fly, they
won! Charge on! charge on! they fly, they
Ped.
fly! From the ram - parts, fly! from the
fly! From the ram - parts, fly! from the
fly! From the ram - parts, fly! Charge
fly! From the ram - parts, fly! Charge
Ped.
ram - - parts, fly! from the ramparts, fly!
ram - - parts, fly! from the ramparts, fly!
on! charge on! they fly, they fly!
on! charge on! they fly, they fly!
Ped.
8va

In the Cathedral.

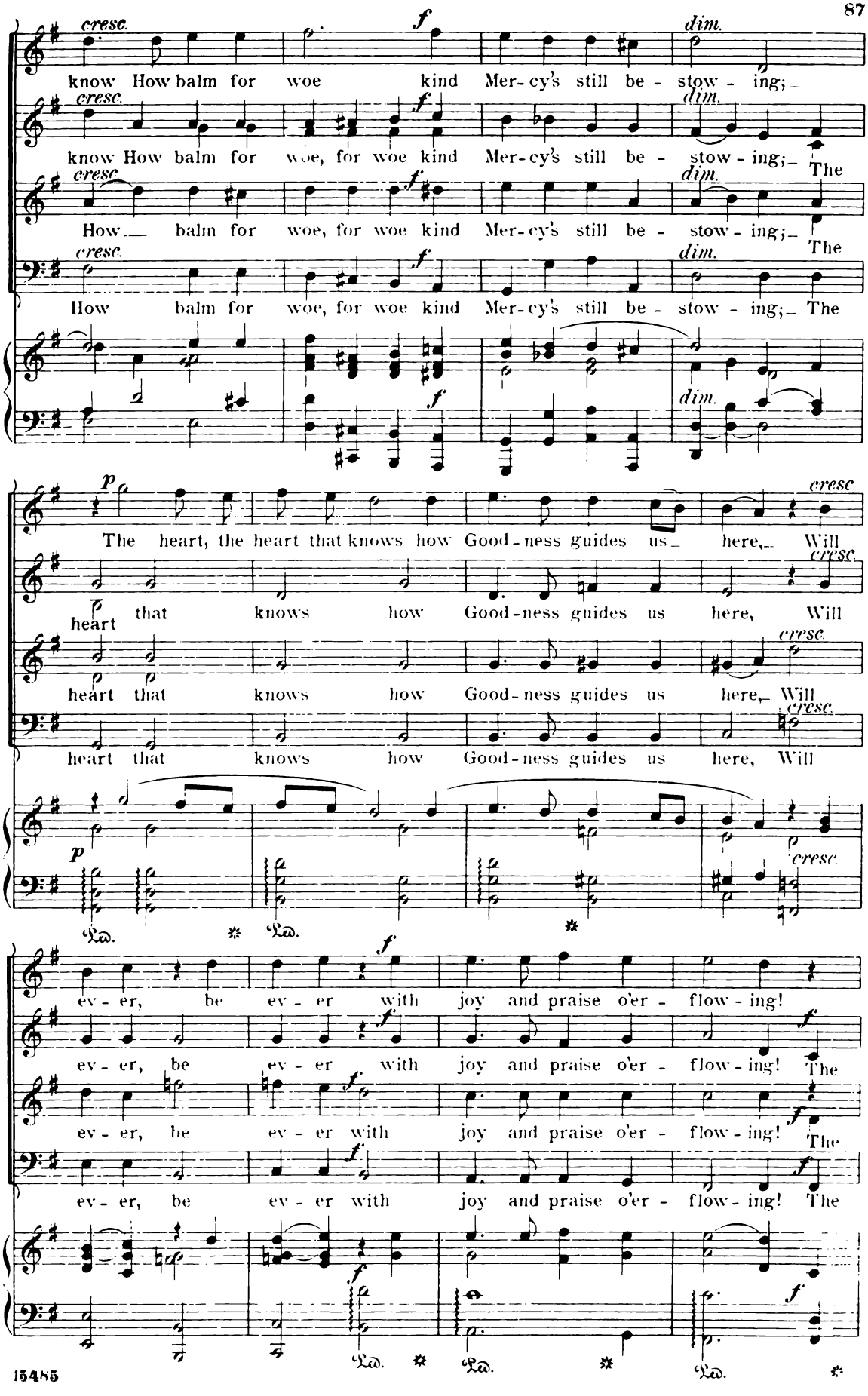
No 13. "Ave Maria!"

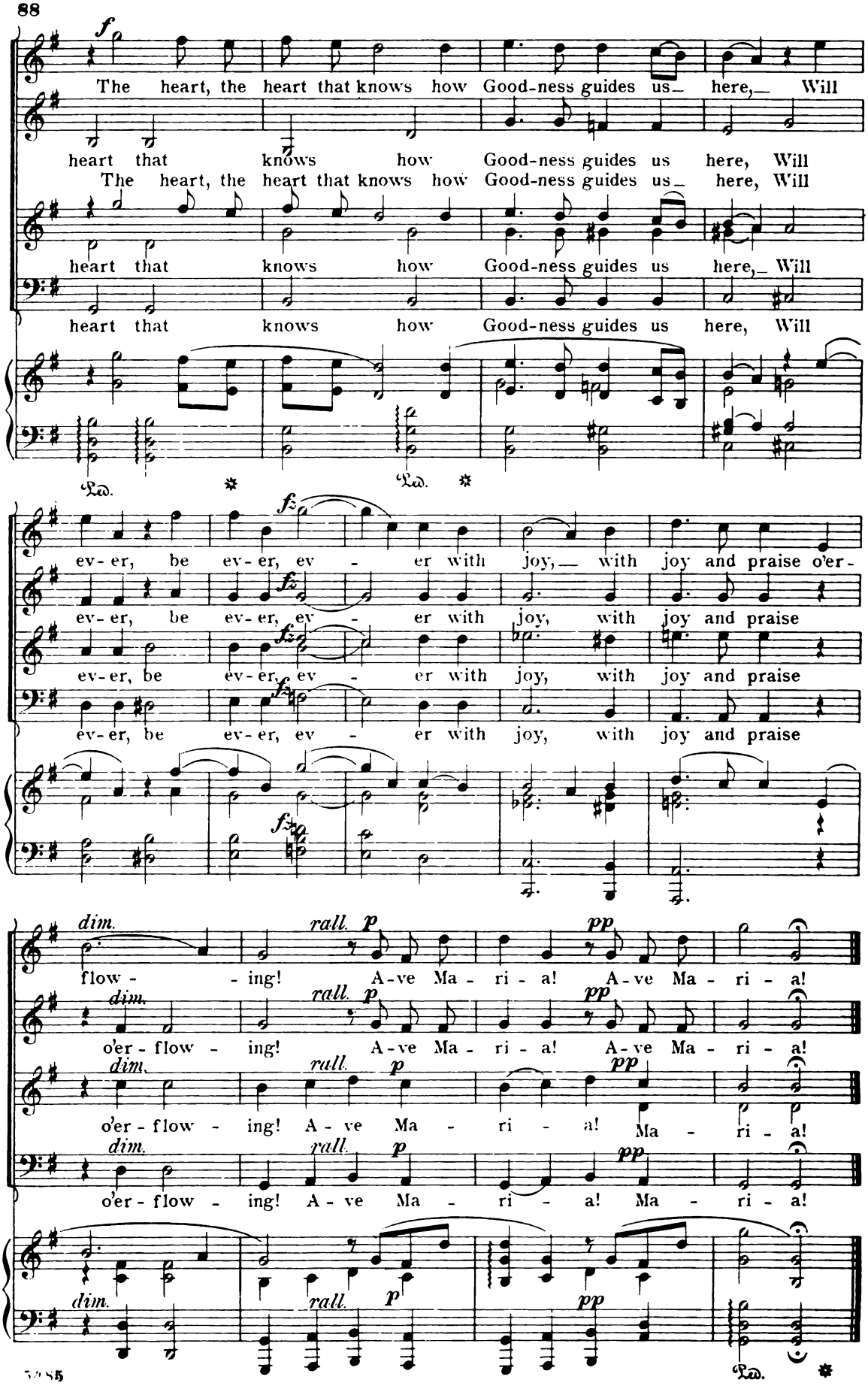
Chorus (The Choir.)





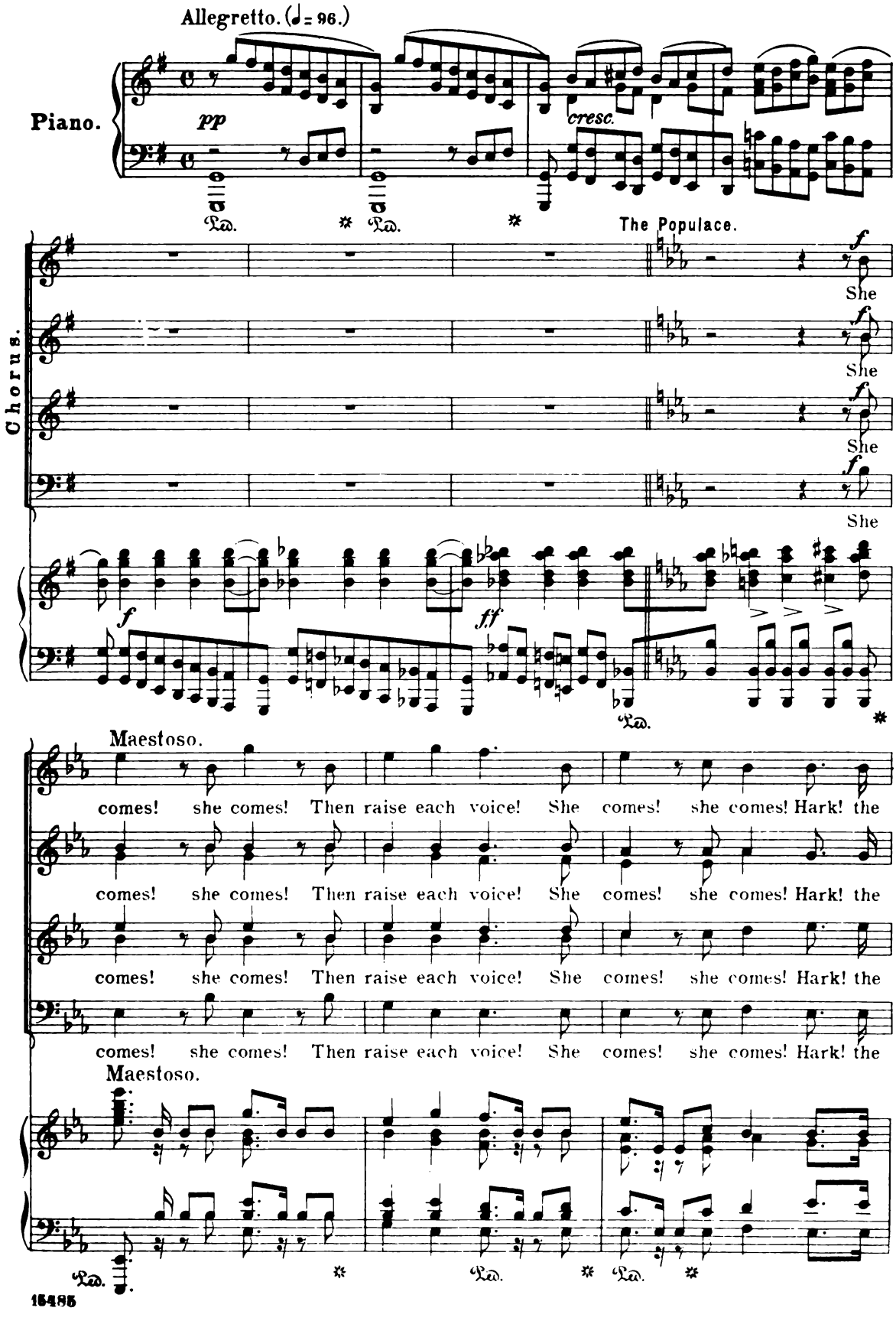
15485 * Take breath at the asterisk.

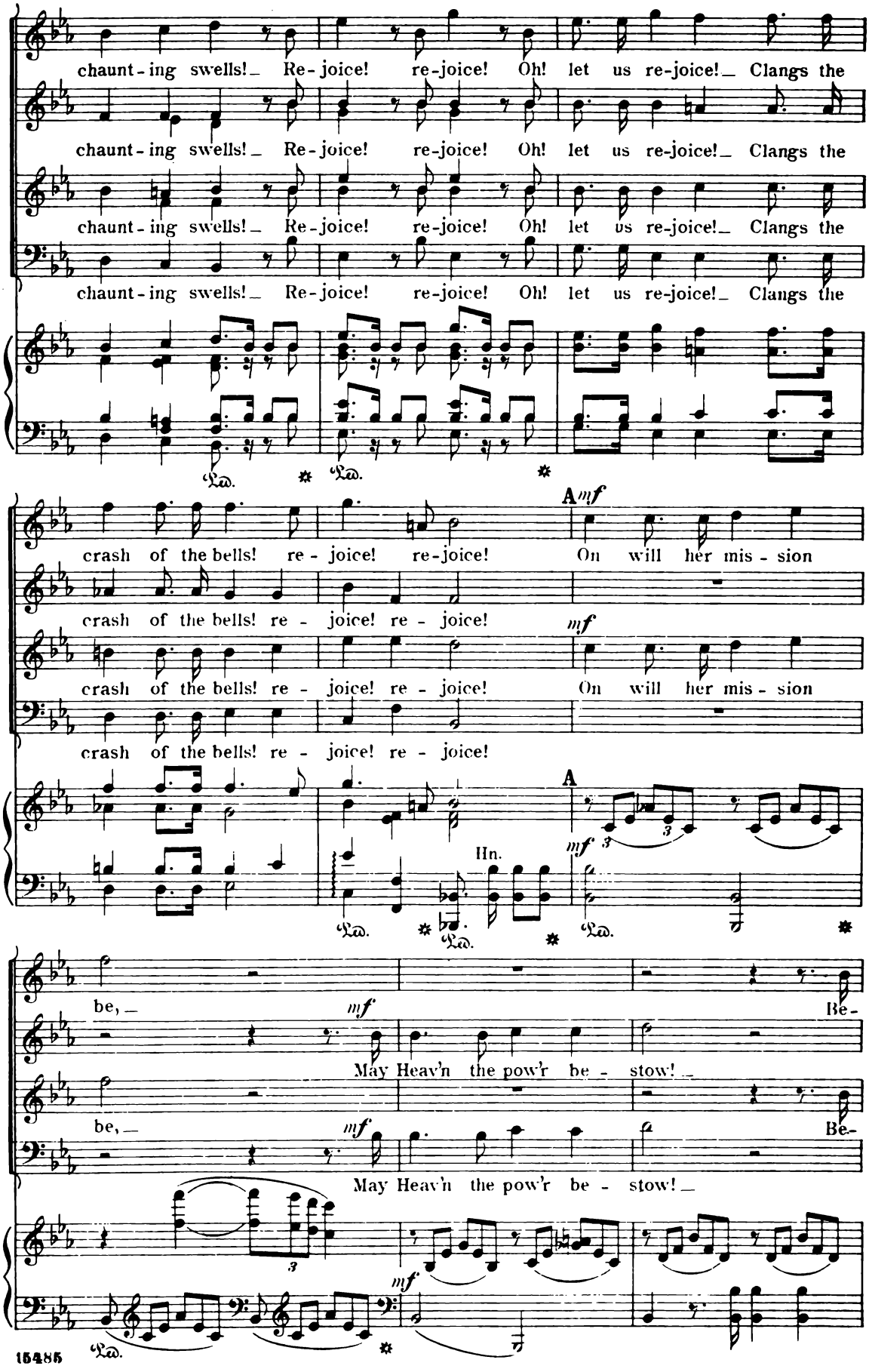

cresc.
f
dim.
know How balm for woe kind Mer-cy's still be - stow - ing;
know How balm for woe, for woe kind Mer-cy's still be - stow - ing;
How balm for woe, for woe kind Mer-cy's still be - stow - ing;
How balm for woe, for woe kind Mer-cy's still be - stow - ing;
The
p
The heart, the heart that knows how Good-ness guides us here, Will
heart that knows how Good-ness guides us here, Will
heart that knows how Good-ness guides us here, Will
heart that knows how Good-ness guides us here, Will
Ped.
ev - er, be ev - er with joy and praise o'er - flow - ing!
ev - er, be ev - er with joy and praise o'er - flow - ing! The
ev - er, be ev - er with joy and praise o'er - flow - ing! The
ev - er, be ev - er with joy and praise o'er - flow - ing! The

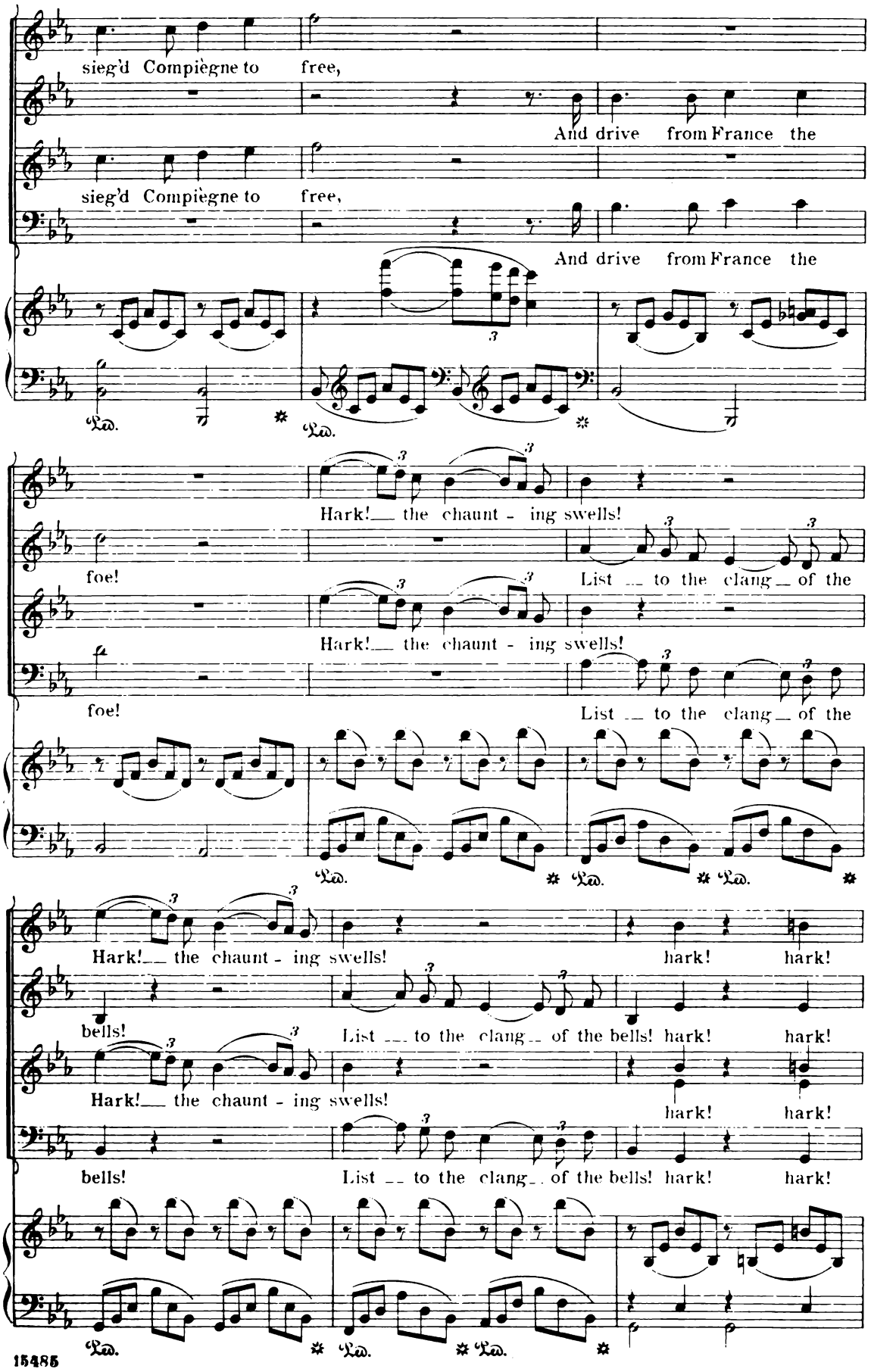

f
The heart, the heart that knows how Good-ness guides us— here,— Will
heart that knows how Good-ness guides us here, Will
The heart, the heart that knows how Good-ness guides us— here, Will
heart that knows how Good-ness guides us here,— Will
heart that knows how Good-ness guides us here, Will
Ped. * Ped. *
fz
ev-er, be ev-er, ev - er with joy,— with joy and praise o'er-
ev-er, be ev-er, ev - er with joy, with joy and praise
ev-er, be ev-er, ev - er with joy, with joy and praise
ev-er, be ev-er, ev - er with joy, with joy and praise
dim. rall. p pp
flow - - ing! A-ve Ma - ri - a! A-ve Ma - ri - a!
o'er-flow - ing! A-ve Ma - ri - a! A-ve Ma - ri - a!
o'er-flow - ing! A - ve Ma - ri - a! Ma - ri - a!
o'er-flow - ing! A - ve Ma - ri - a! Ma - ri - a!
Ped. *

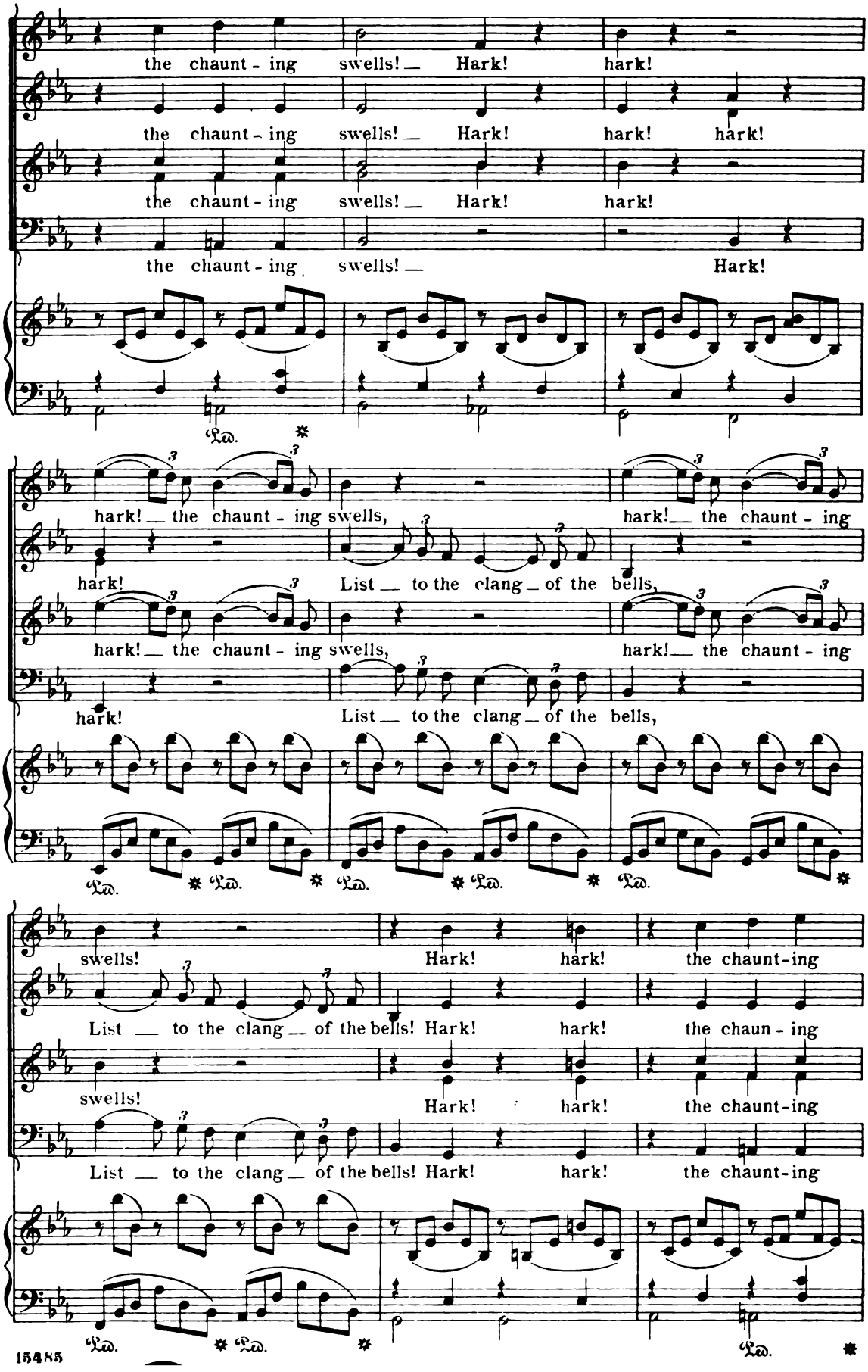
Nº 14. "She comes!"

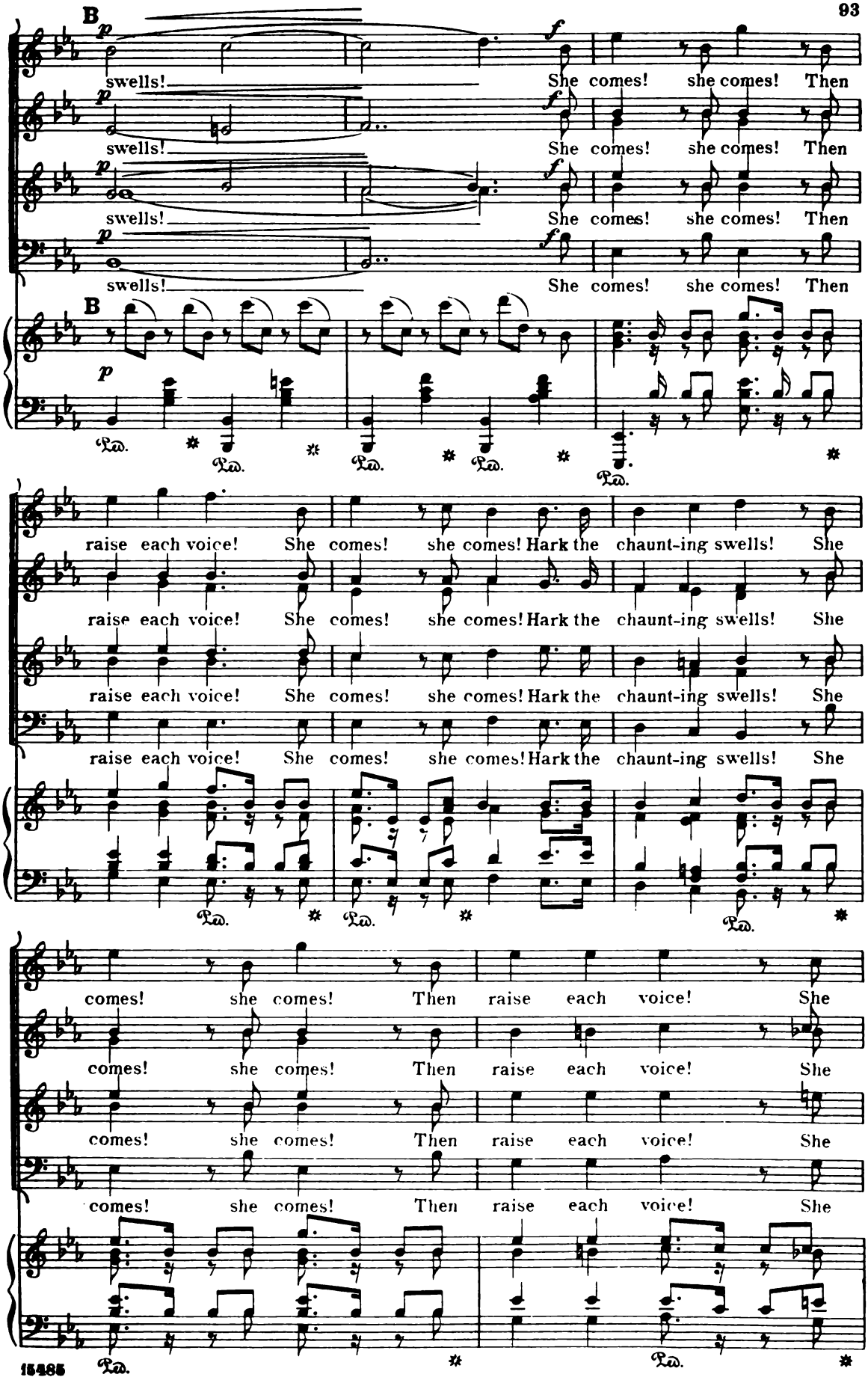
Chorus (Populace: Men and Women.)

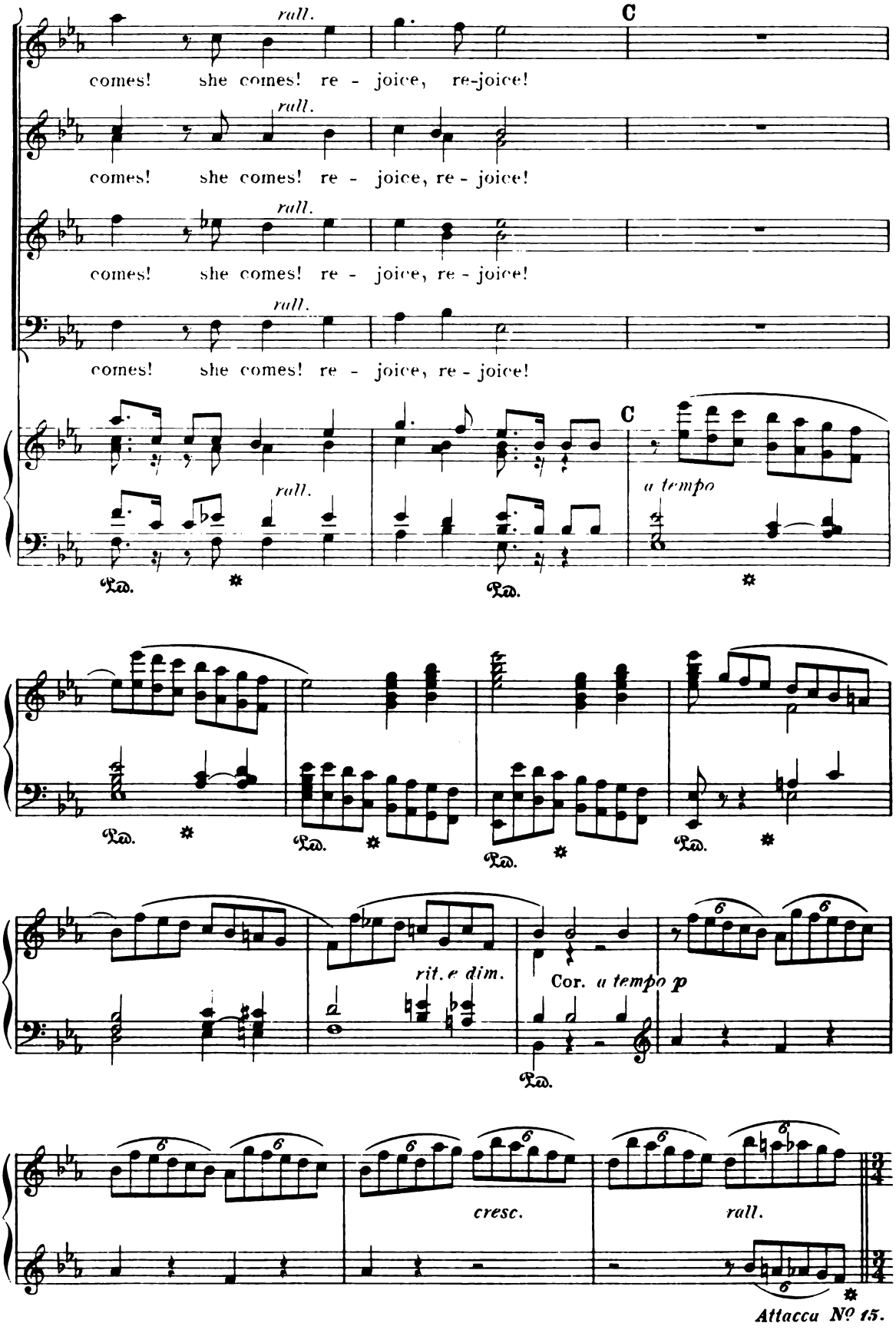



chaunt-ing swells! Re-joice! re-joice! Oh! let us re-joice! Clangs the
chaunt-ing swells! Re-joice! re-joice! Oh! let us re-joice! Clangs the
chaunt-ing swells! Re-joice! re-joice! Oh! let us re-joice! Clangs the
chaunt-ing swells! Re-joice! re-joice! Oh! let us re-joice! Clangs the
Ped.
crash of the bells! re-joice! re-joice!
A
mf
On will her mis-sion
crash of the bells! re-joice! re-joice!
mf
On will her mis-sion
crash of the bells! re-joice! re-joice!
A
Hn.
mf
be,
mf
Be-
May Heav'n the pow'r be-stow!
be,
mf
Be-
May Heav'n the pow'r be-stow!
mf


sieg'd Compiègne to free,
And drive from France the
sieg'd Compiègne to free,
And drive from France the
Hark! the chaunt - ing swells!
foe!
List to the clang of the
Hark! the chaunt - ing swells!
foe!
List to the clang of the
Hark! the chaunt - ing swells!
hark! hark!
bells!
List to the clang of the bells! hark! hark!
Hark! the chaunt - ing swells!
hark! hark!
bells!
List to the clang of the bells! hark! hark!

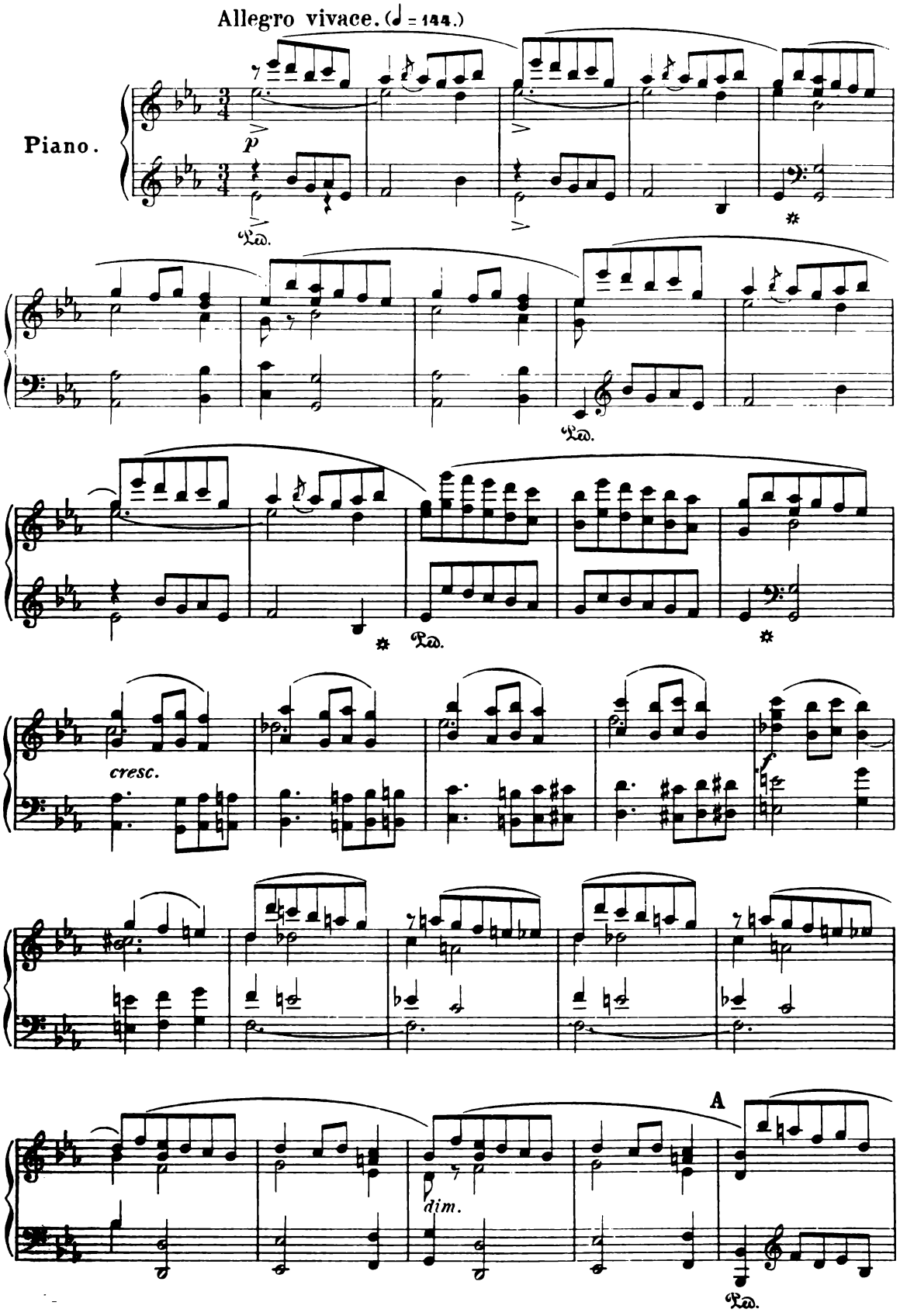

the chaunt - ing swells! Hark! hark!
the chaunt - ing swells! Hark! hark! hark!
the chaunt - ing swells! Hark! hark!
the chaunt - ing swells! Hark!
Ped.
hark! the chaunt - ing swells, hark! the chaunt - ing
hark! List to the clang of the bells,
hark! the chaunt - ing swells, hark! the chaunt - ing
hark! List to the clang of the bells,
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
swells! Hark! hark! the chaunt-ing
List to the clang of the bells! Hark! hark! the chaun - ing
swells! Hark! hark! the chaunt-ing
List to the clang of the bells! Hark! hark! the chaunt-ing
Ped. Ped. Ped.

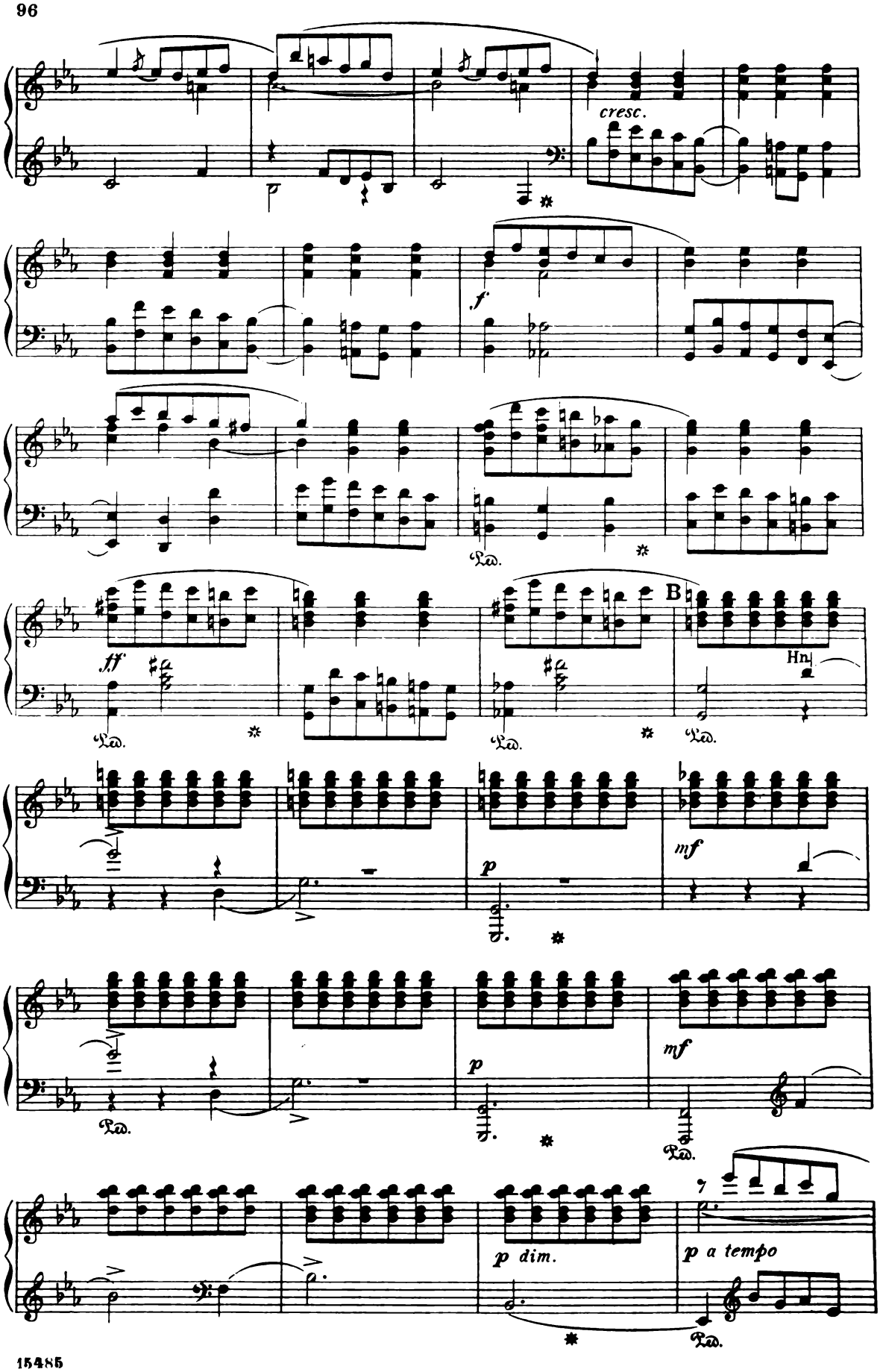

B
swells!
She comes! she comes! Then
B
raise each voice! She comes! she comes! Hark the chaunt-ing swells! She
comes! she comes! Then raise each voice! She
Ped.

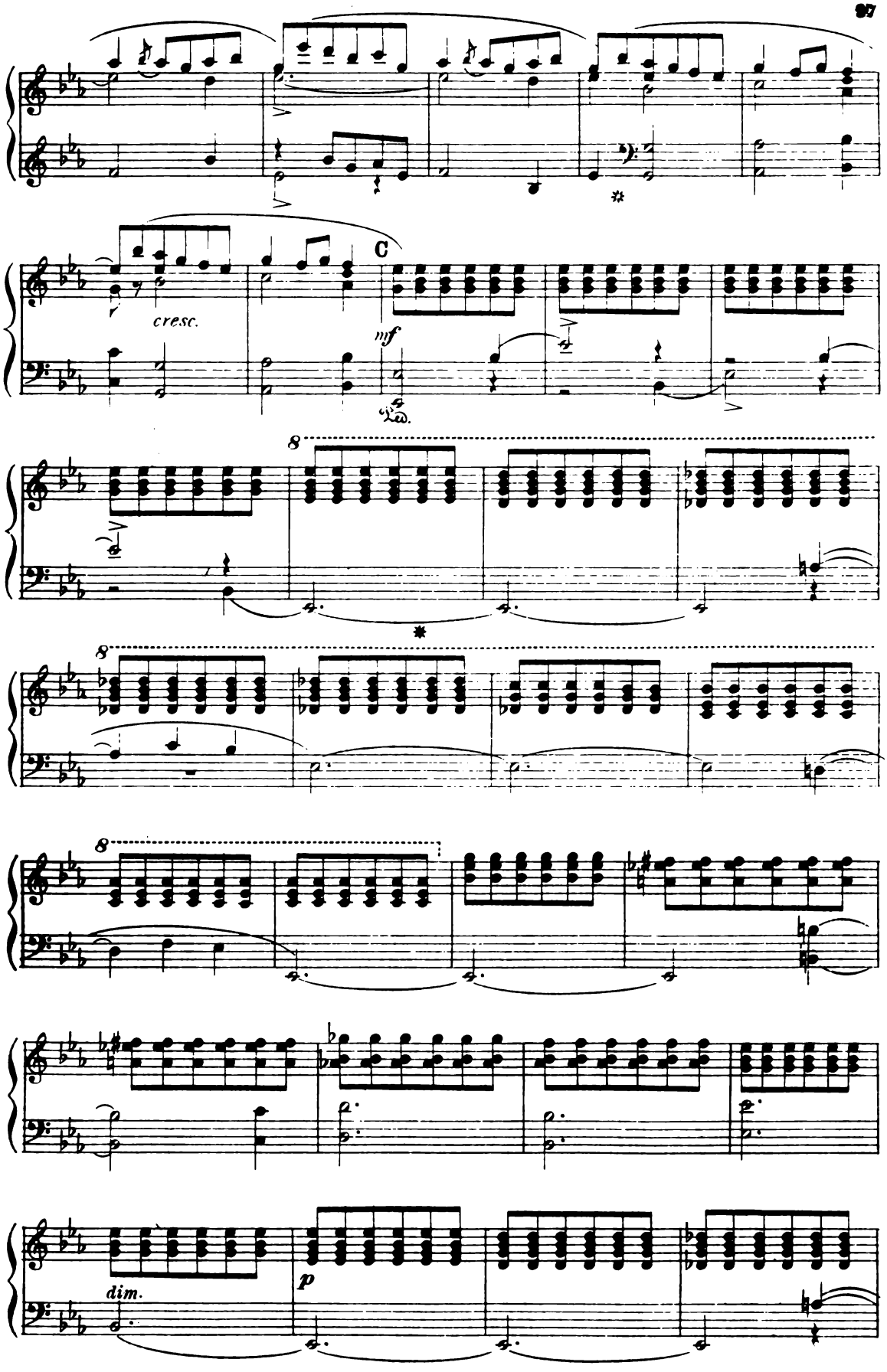

rall.
C
comes! she comes! re - joice, re-joice!
rall.
comes! she comes! re - joice, re - joice!
rall.
comes! she comes! re - joice, re - joice!
rall.
comes! she comes! re - joice, re - joice!
C
rall.
a tempo
Ped.
rit. e dim.
Cor. a tempo p
cresc.
rall.
Attacca No 15.

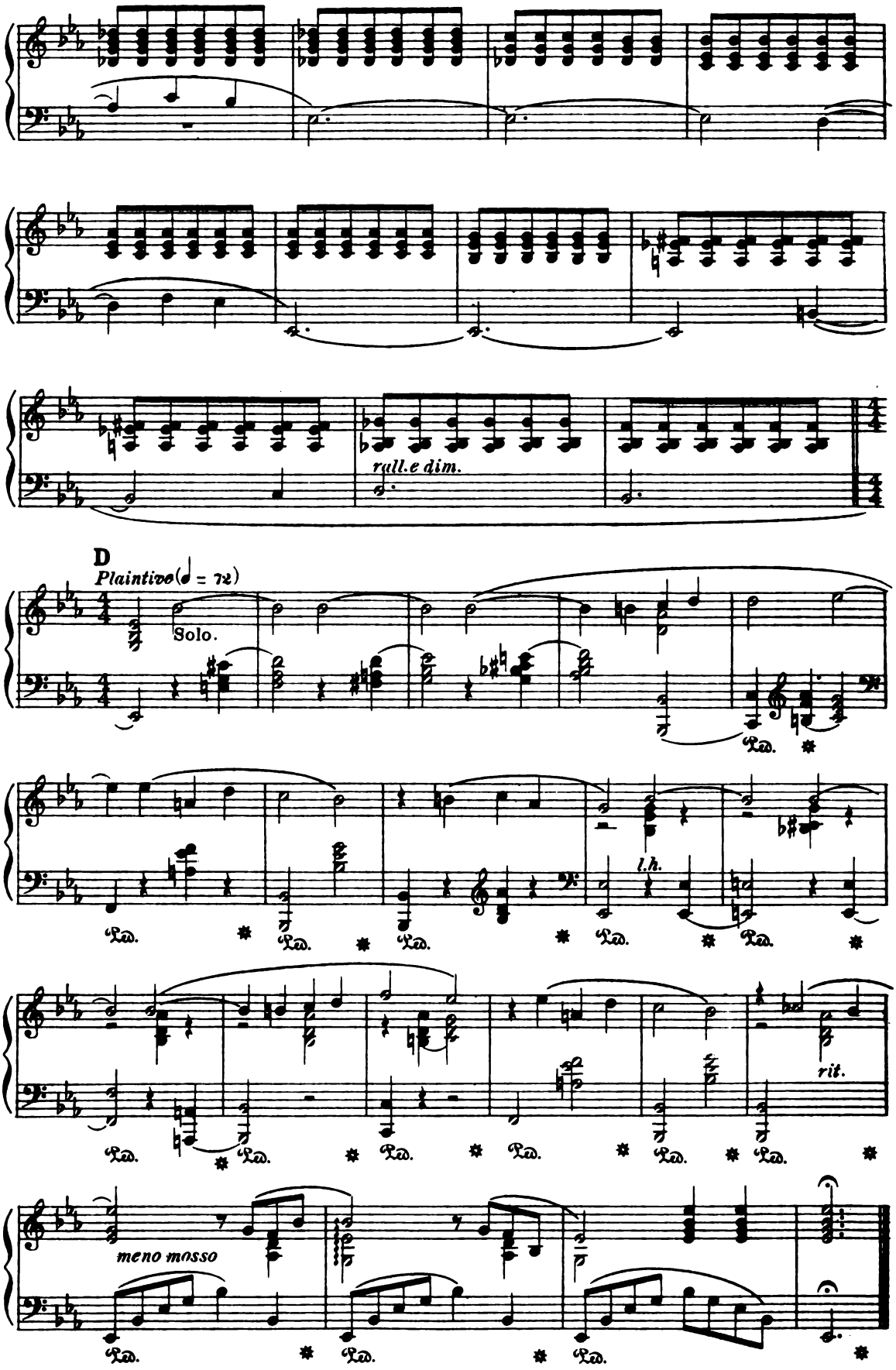
Nº 15. Intermezzo.

Lapsing from Joy to Sorrow.




cresc.
f
Ped.
ff
Ped.
Ped.
B
Hn.
Ped.
p
mf
Ped.
p
mf
Ped.
p dim.
7
p a tempo
Ped.

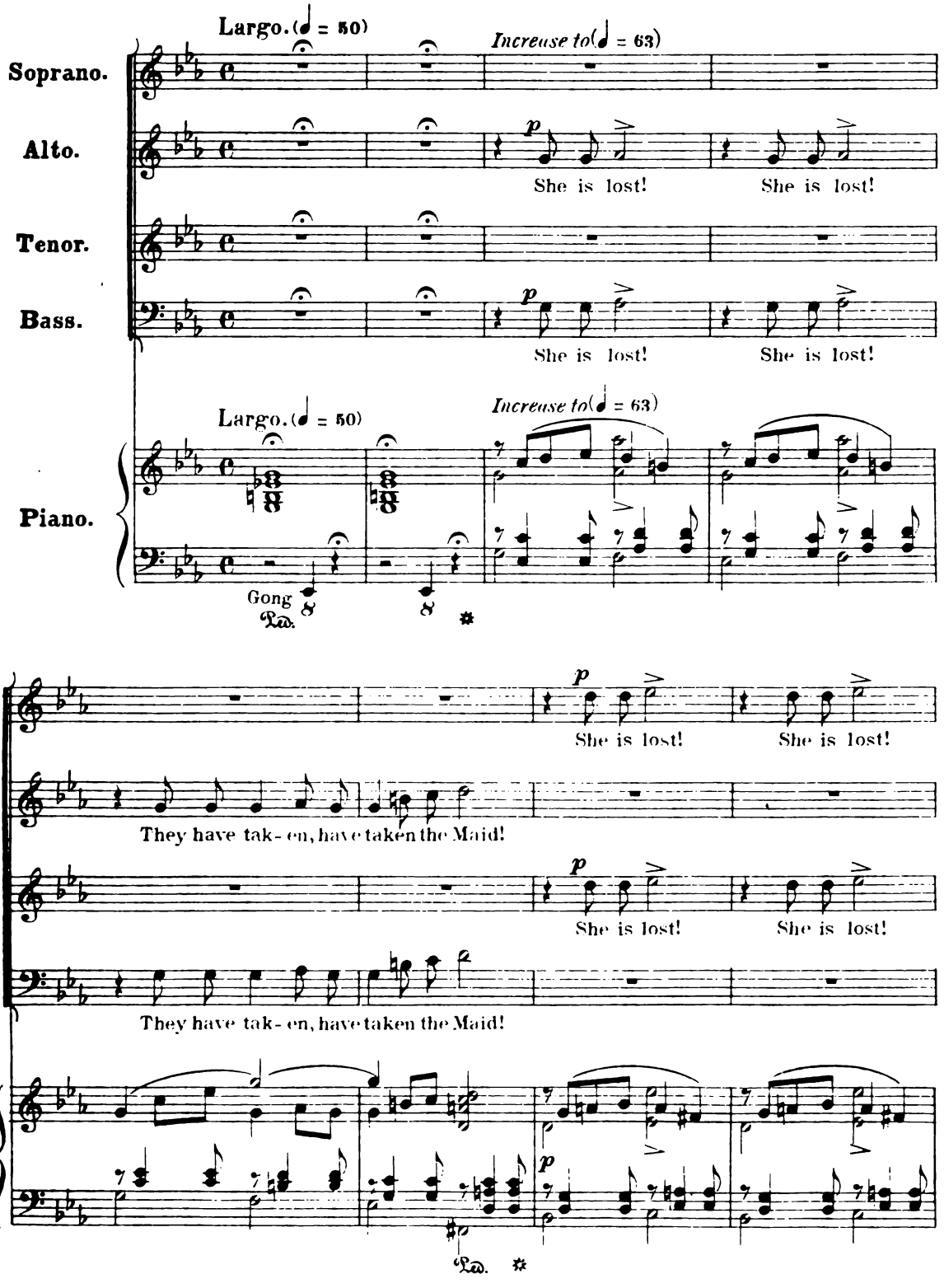

C
cresc.
mf
8
8
8
dim.
p

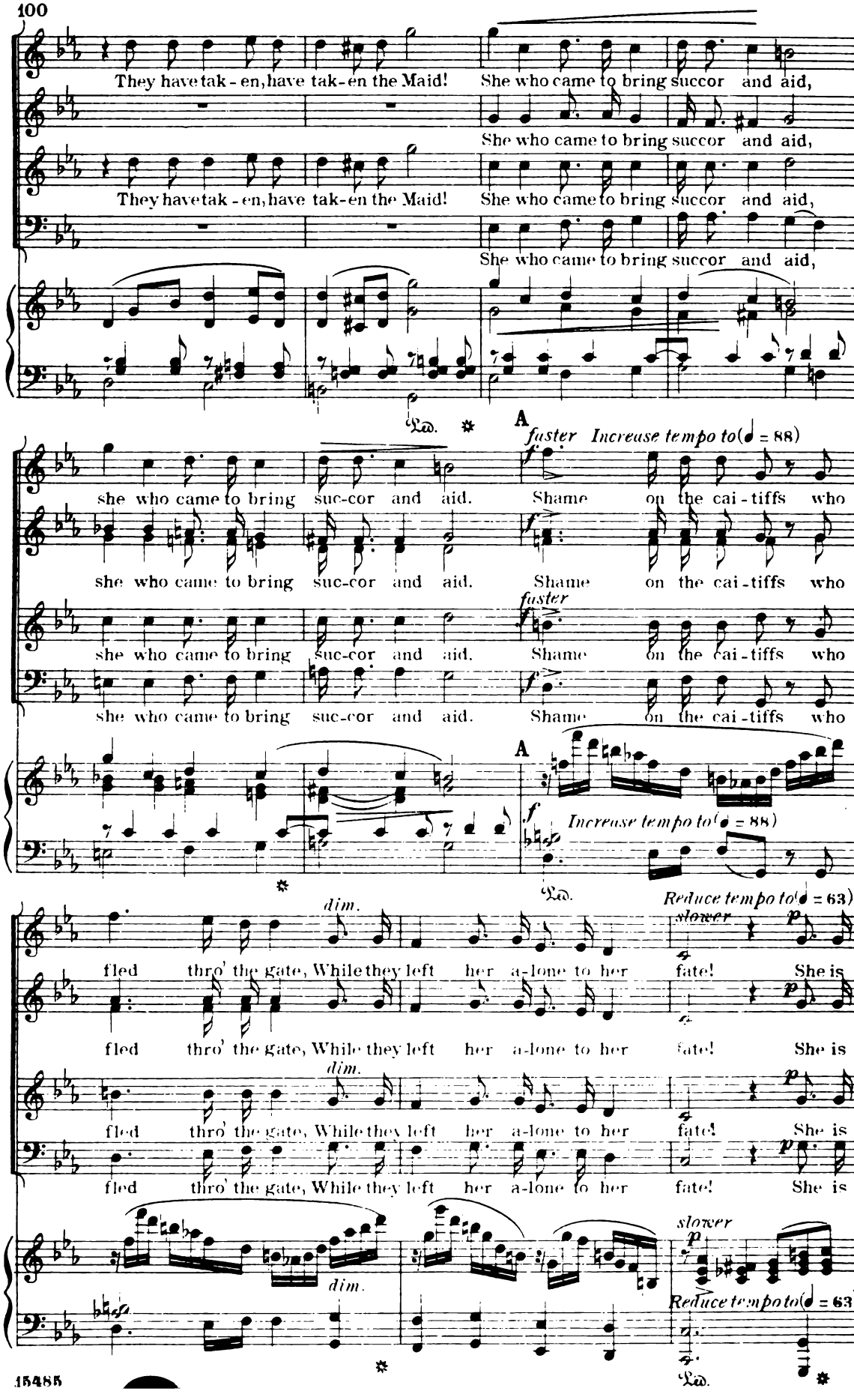

rall.e dim.
D
Plaintive (♩ = 72)
Solo.
l.h.
rit.
meno mosso

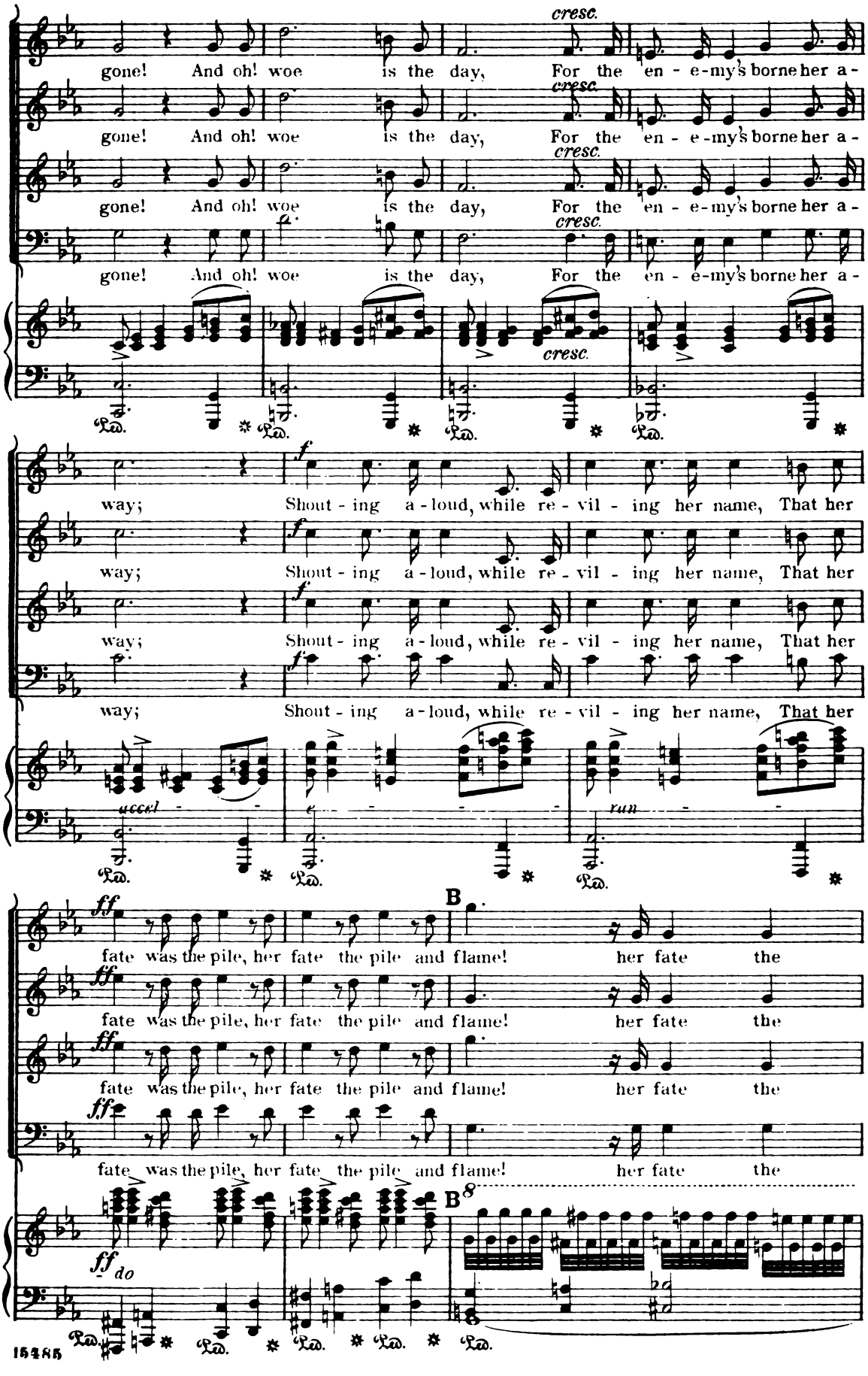
Compiègne.

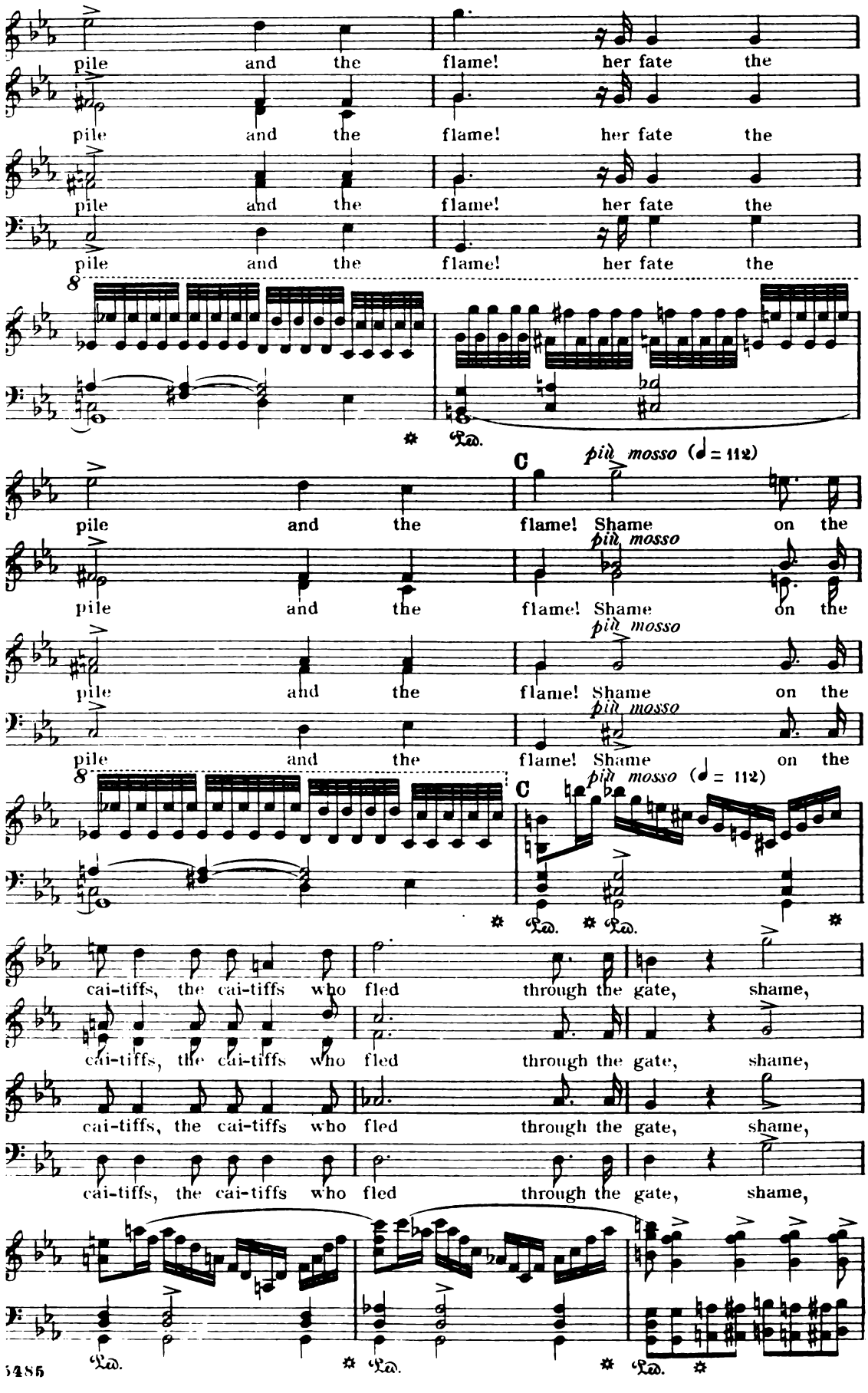
№ 16. "She is lost."

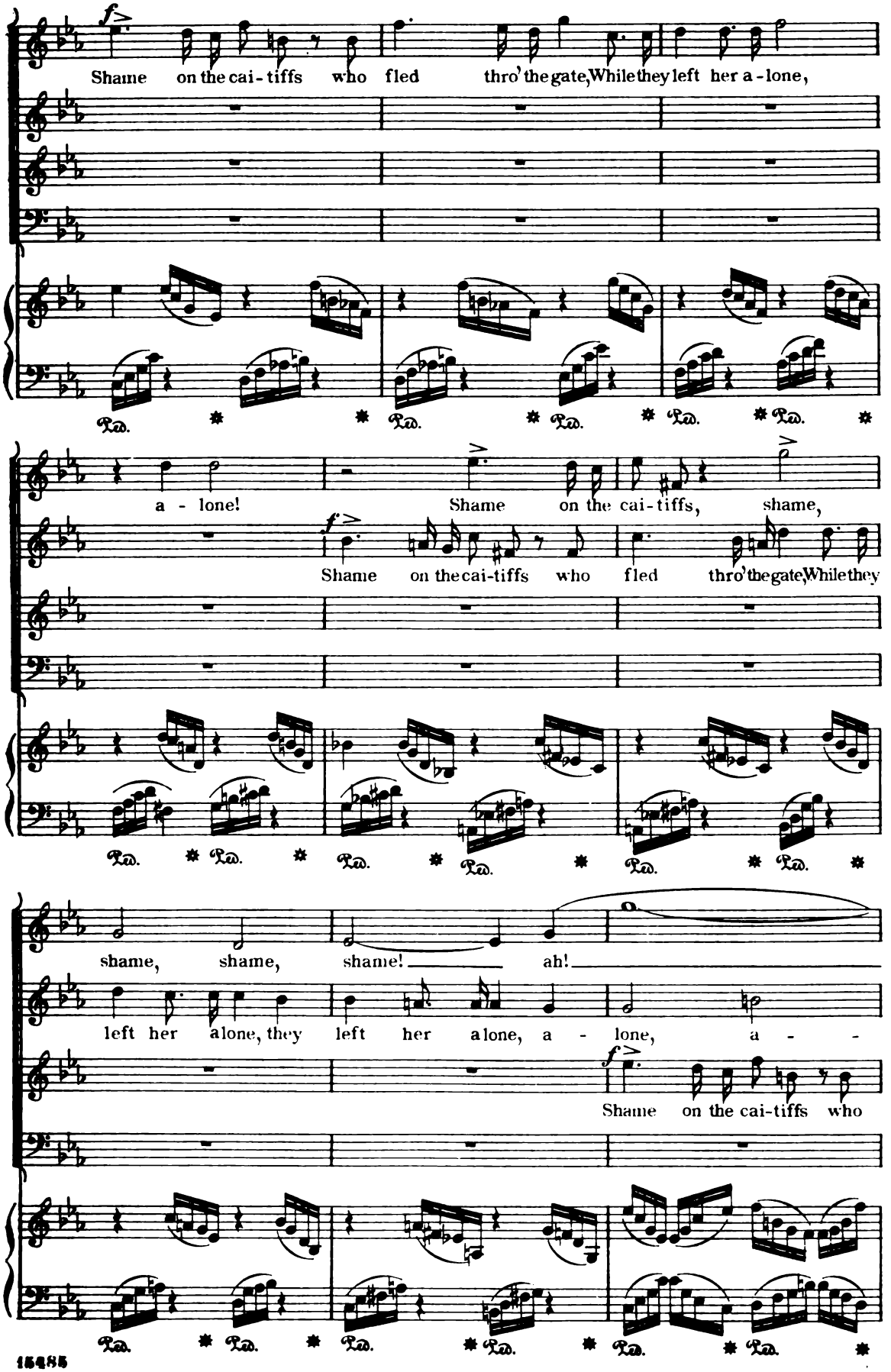
Chorus (Populace: Men and Women.)

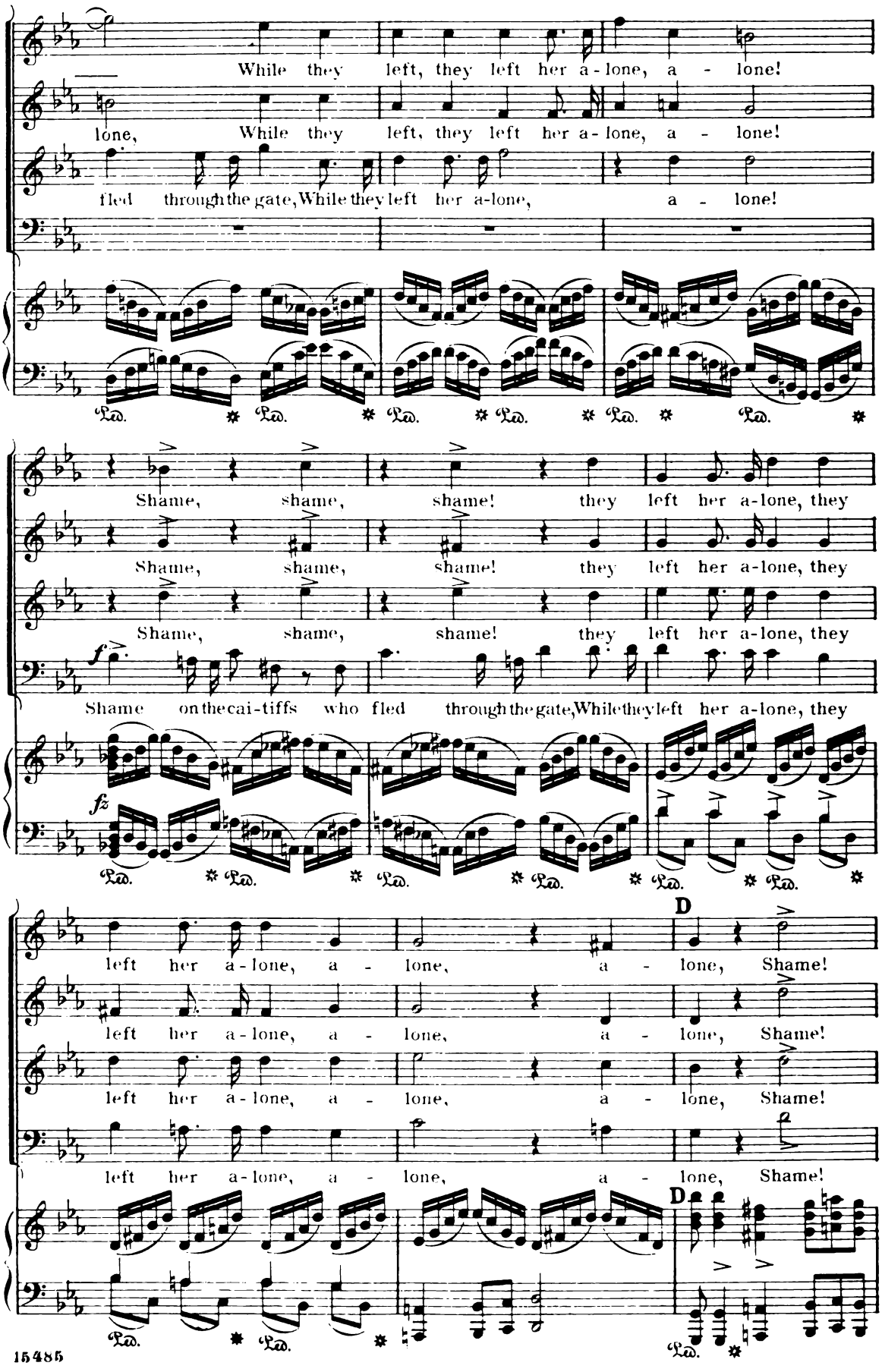


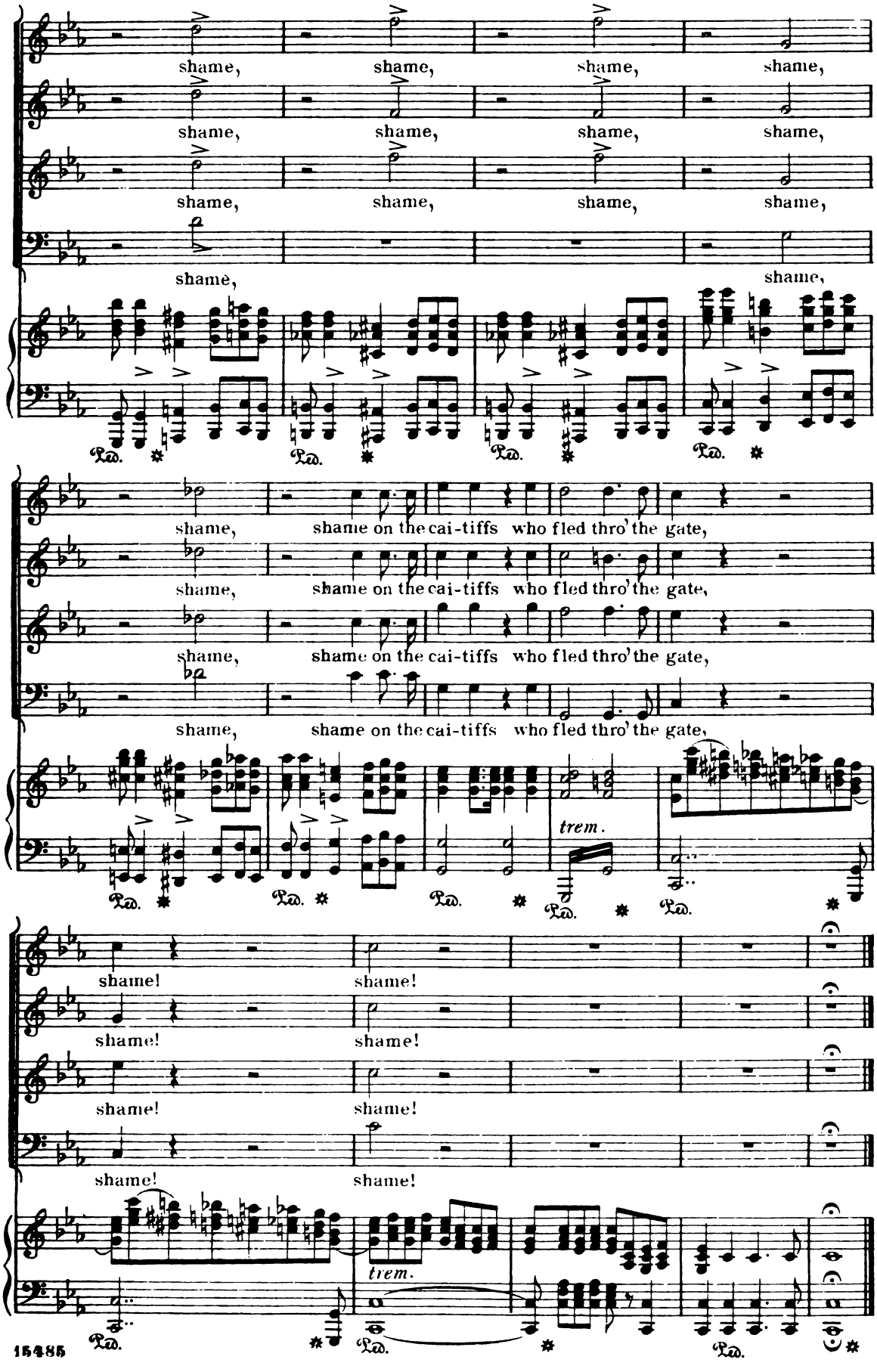

They have tak - en, have tak - en the Maid! She who came to bring succor and aid,
She who came to bring succor and aid,
They have tak - en, have tak - en the Maid! She who came to bring succor and aid,
She who came to bring succor and aid,
A
faster Increase tempo to (♩ = 88)
she who came to bring suc-cor and aid. Shame on the cai - tiffs who
she who came to bring suc-cor and aid. Shame on the cai - tiffs who
faster
she who came to bring suc-cor and aid. Shame on the cai - tiffs who
she who came to bring suc-cor and aid. Shame on the cai - tiffs who
A
Increase tempo to (♩ = 88)
dim.
Reduce tempo to (♩ = 63)
slower
fled thro' the gate, While they left her a-lone to her fate! She is
fled thro' the gate, While they left her a-lone to her fate! She is
dim.
fled thro' the gate, While they left her a-lone to her fate! She is
fled thro' the gate, While they left her a-lone to her fate! She is
dim.
slower
Reduce tempo to (♩ = 63)


cresc.
gone! And oh! woe is the day, For the en - e-my's borne her a-
way; Shout - ing a - loud, while re - vil - ing her name, That her
accel -
run
B
fate was the pile, her fate the pile and flame! her fate the
ff
ff do
B8


pile and the flame! her fate the
pile and the flame! her fate the
pile and the flame! her fate the
pile and the flame! her fate the
8
Ped.
C
più mosso (♩ = 112)
pile and the flame! Shame on the
più mosso
pile and the flame! Shame on the
più mosso
pile and the flame! Shame on the
più mosso
pile and the flame! Shame on the
8
C
più mosso (♩ = 112)
Ped. Ped.
cai-tiffs, the cai-tiffs who fled through the gate, shame,
cai-tiffs, the cai-tiffs who fled through the gate, shame,
cai-tiffs, the cai-tiffs who fled through the gate, shame,
cai-tiffs, the cai-tiffs who fled through the gate, shame,
Ped. Ped. Ped.


Shame on the cai-tiffs who fled thro' the gate, While they left her a-lone,
a-lone! Shame on the cai-tiffs, shame,
Shame on the cai-tiffs who fled thro' the gate, While they
shame, shame, shame! ah!
left her alone, they left her alone, a-lone, a-
Shame on the cai-tiffs who
Ped.


While they left, they left her a-lone, a - lone!
lone, While they left, they left her a-lone, a - lone!
fled through the gate, While they left her a-lone, a - lone!
Shame, shame, shame! they left her a-lone, they
Shame, shame, shame! they left her a-lone, they
Shame, shame, shame! they left her a-lone, they
f
Shame on the cai-tiffs who fled through the gate, While they left her a-lone, they
fz
left her a-lone, a - lone, a - lone, Shame!
left her a-lone, a - lone, a - lone, Shame!
left her a-lone, a - lone, a - lone, Shame!
D
D
Ped.


shame,
shame,
shame,
shame,
shame,
shame,
shame,
shame,
shame,
shame,
shame,
shame,
shame,
shame,
shame,
shame,
shame on the cai-tiffs who fled thro' the gate,
shame on the cai-tiffs who fled thro' the gate,
shame on the cai-tiffs who fled thro' the gate,
shame on the cai-tiffs who fled thro' the gate,
trem.
shame!
shame!
shame!
shame!
shame!
shame!
shame!
shame!
trem.
Ped.

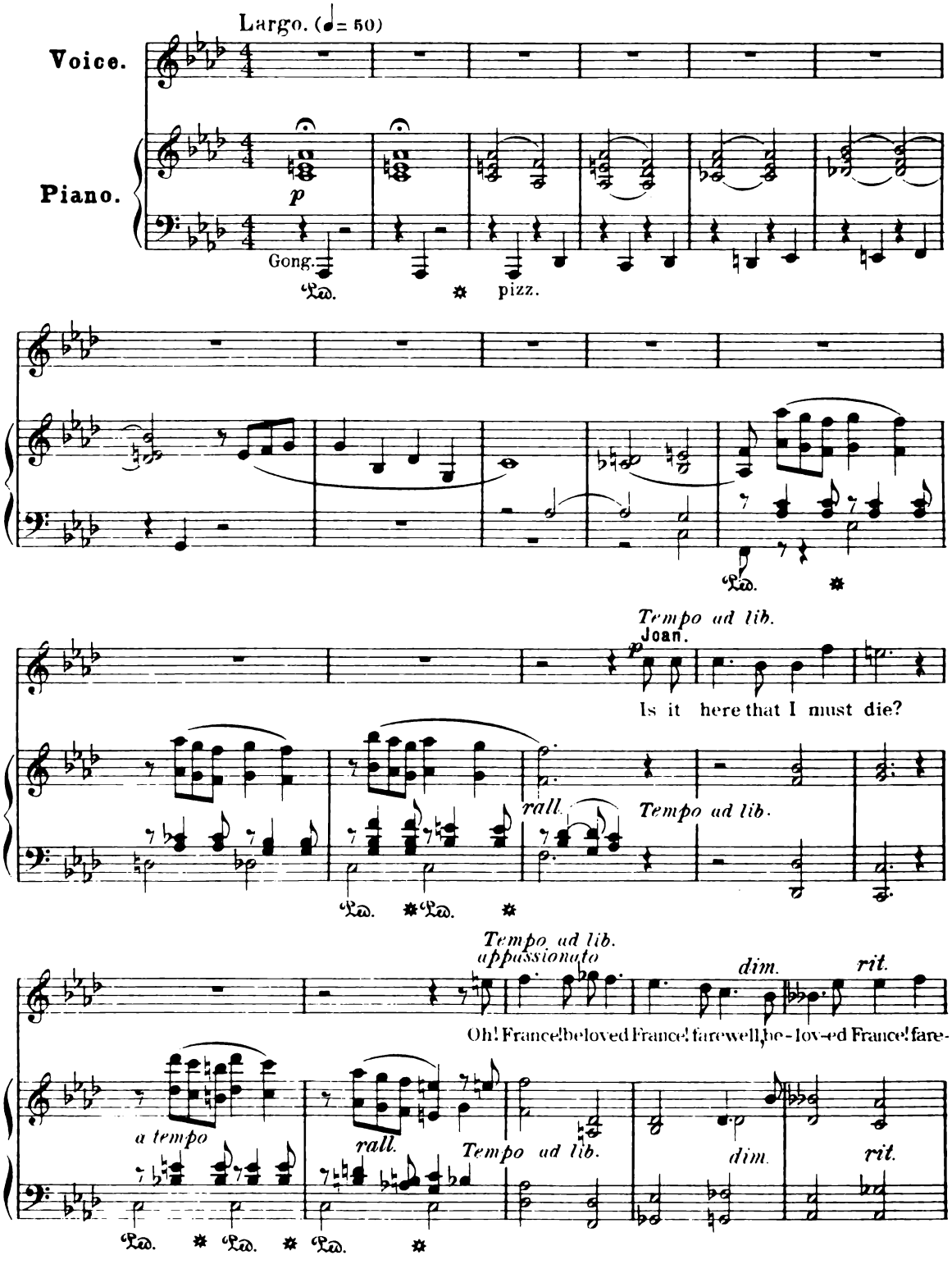
Rouen.

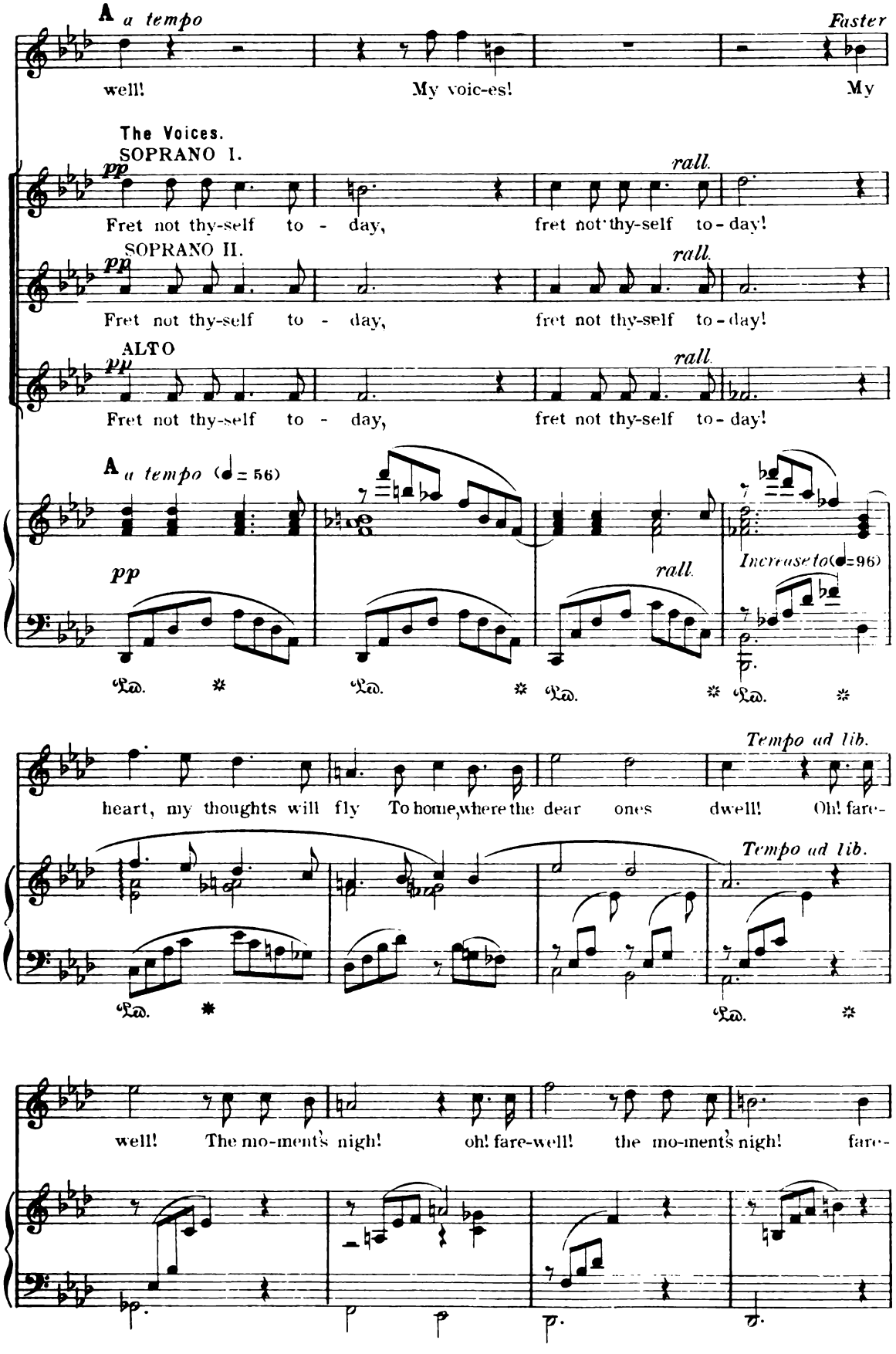
No. 17. "Is it here that I must die?"

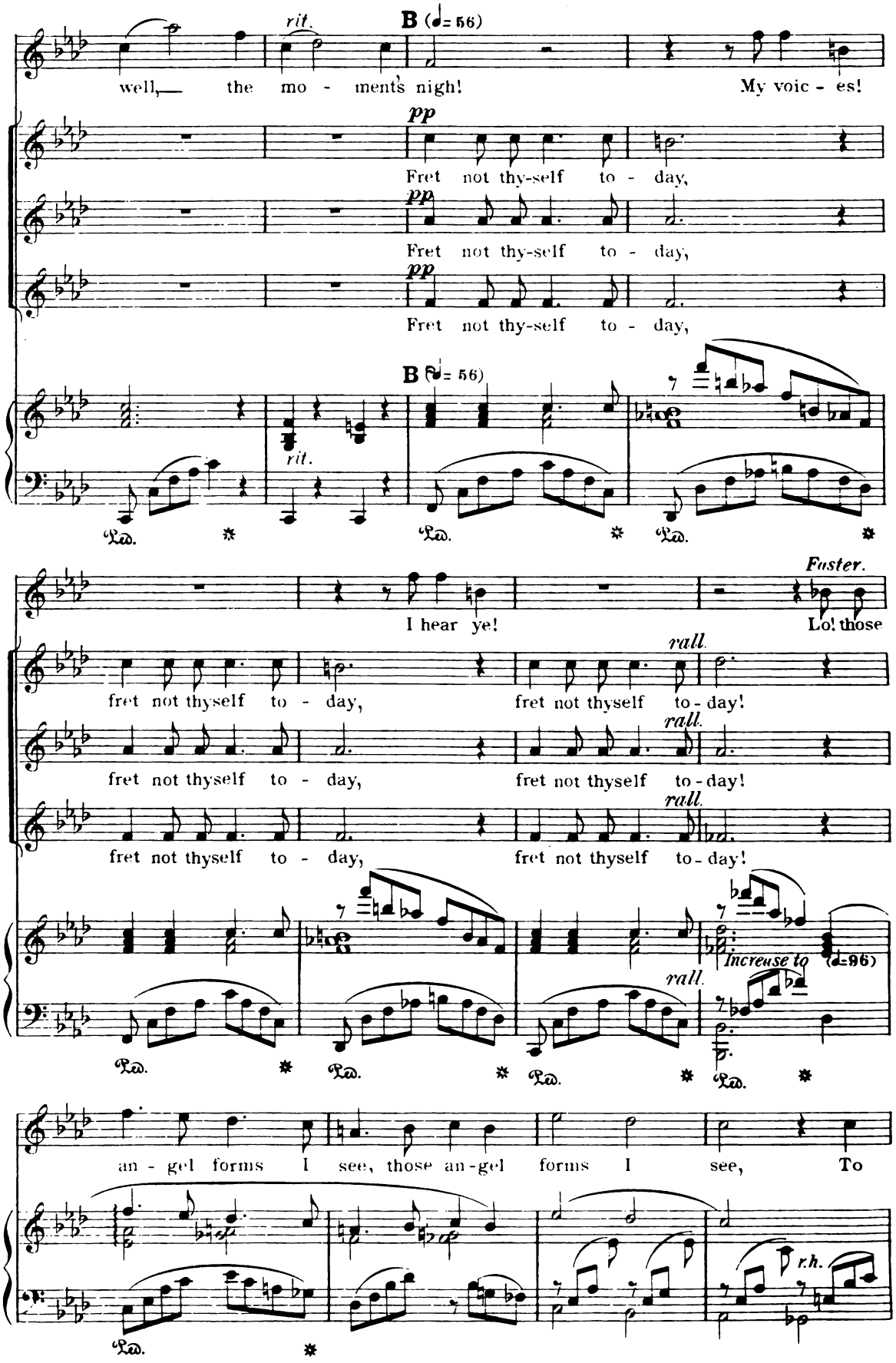
Solo.

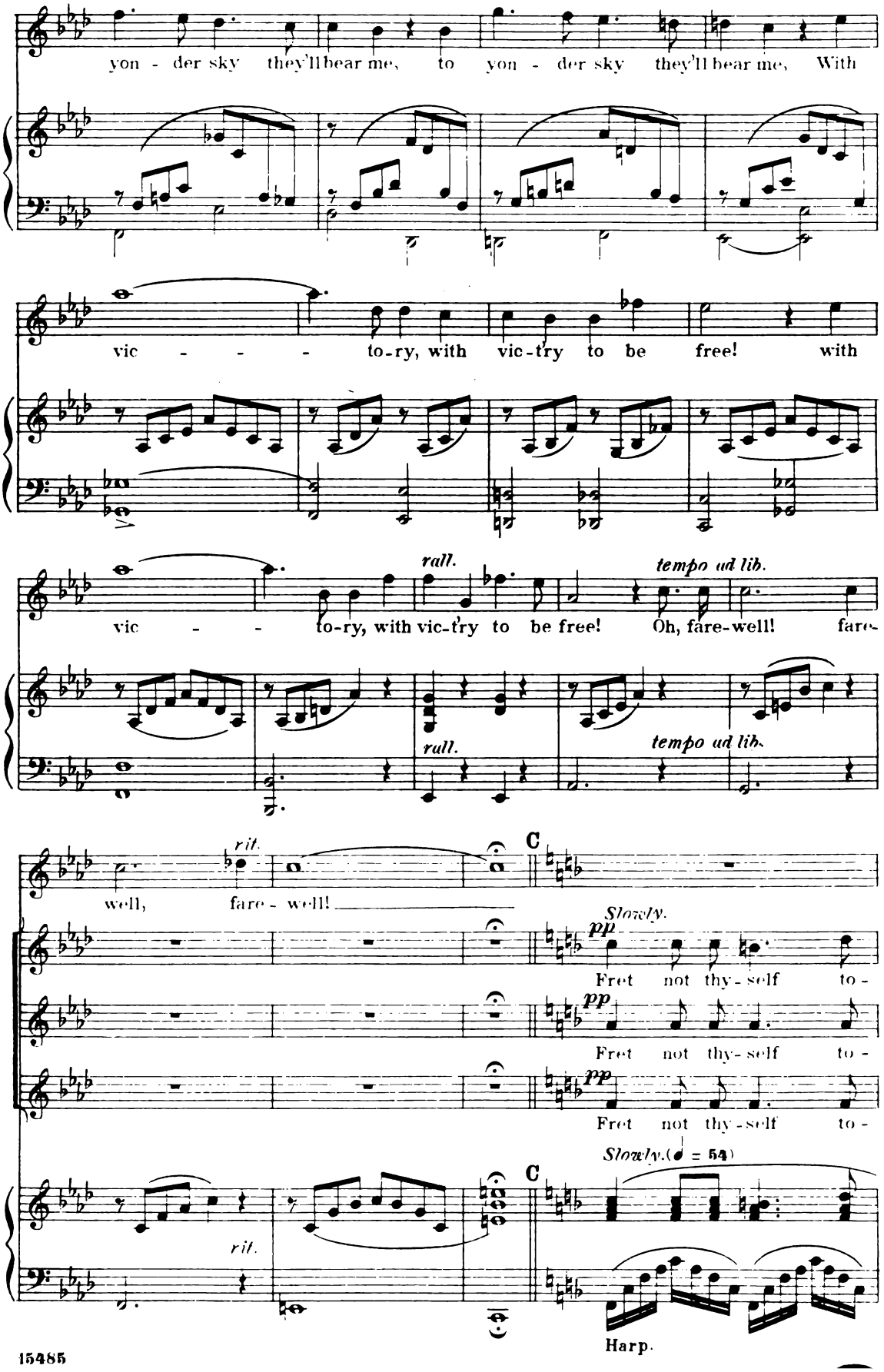
"Fret not thyself to-day."

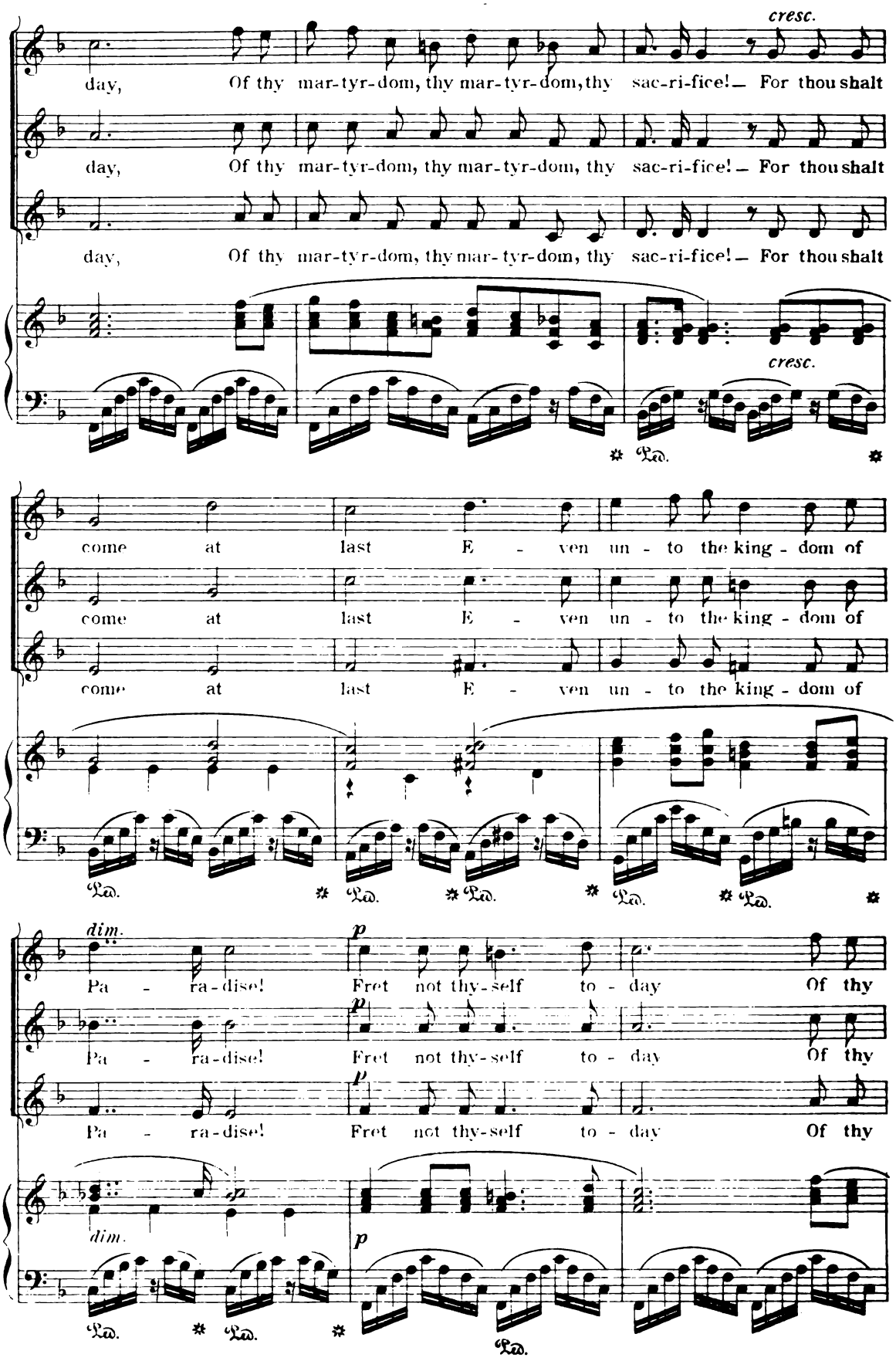
Chorus.

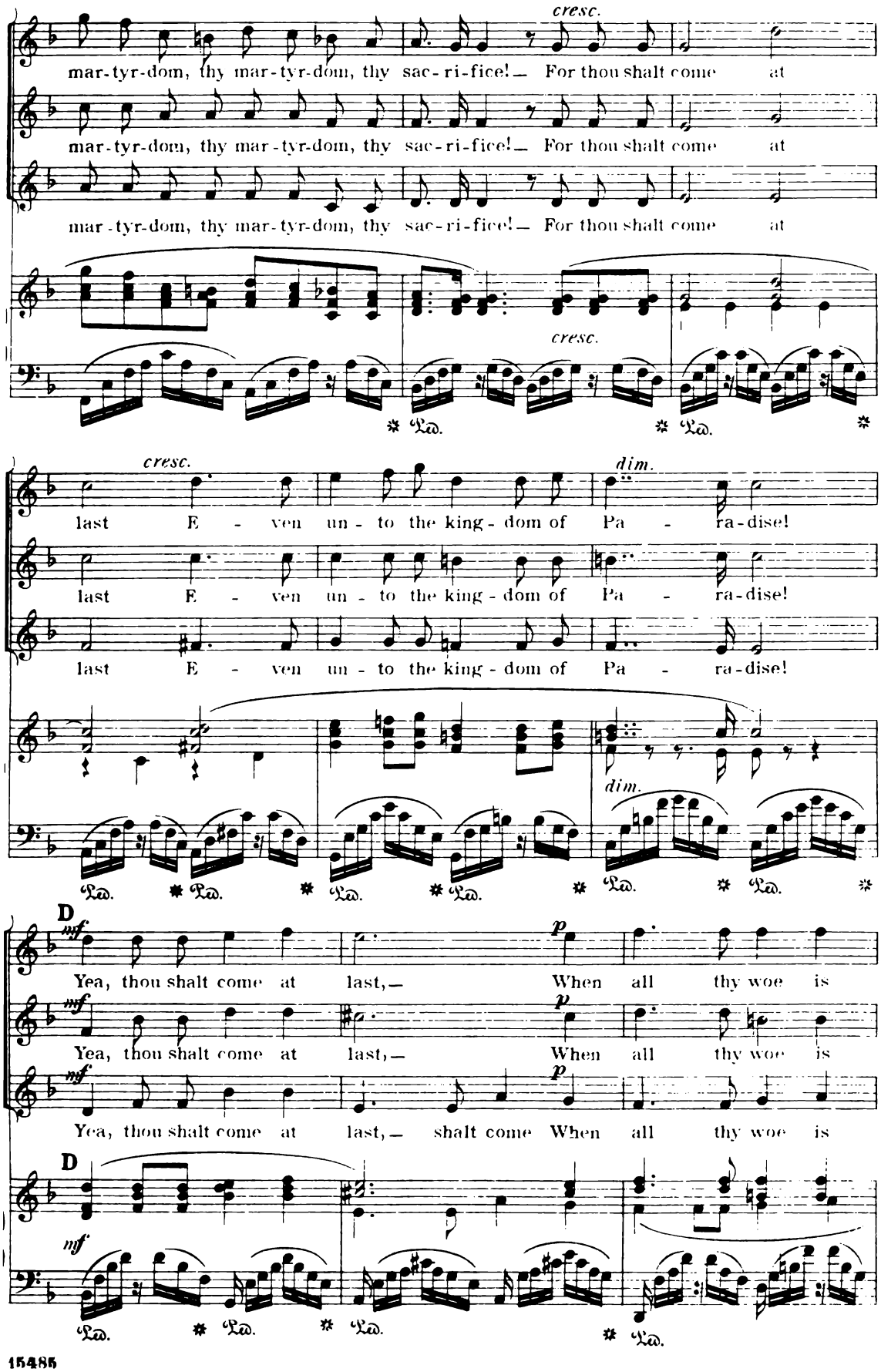


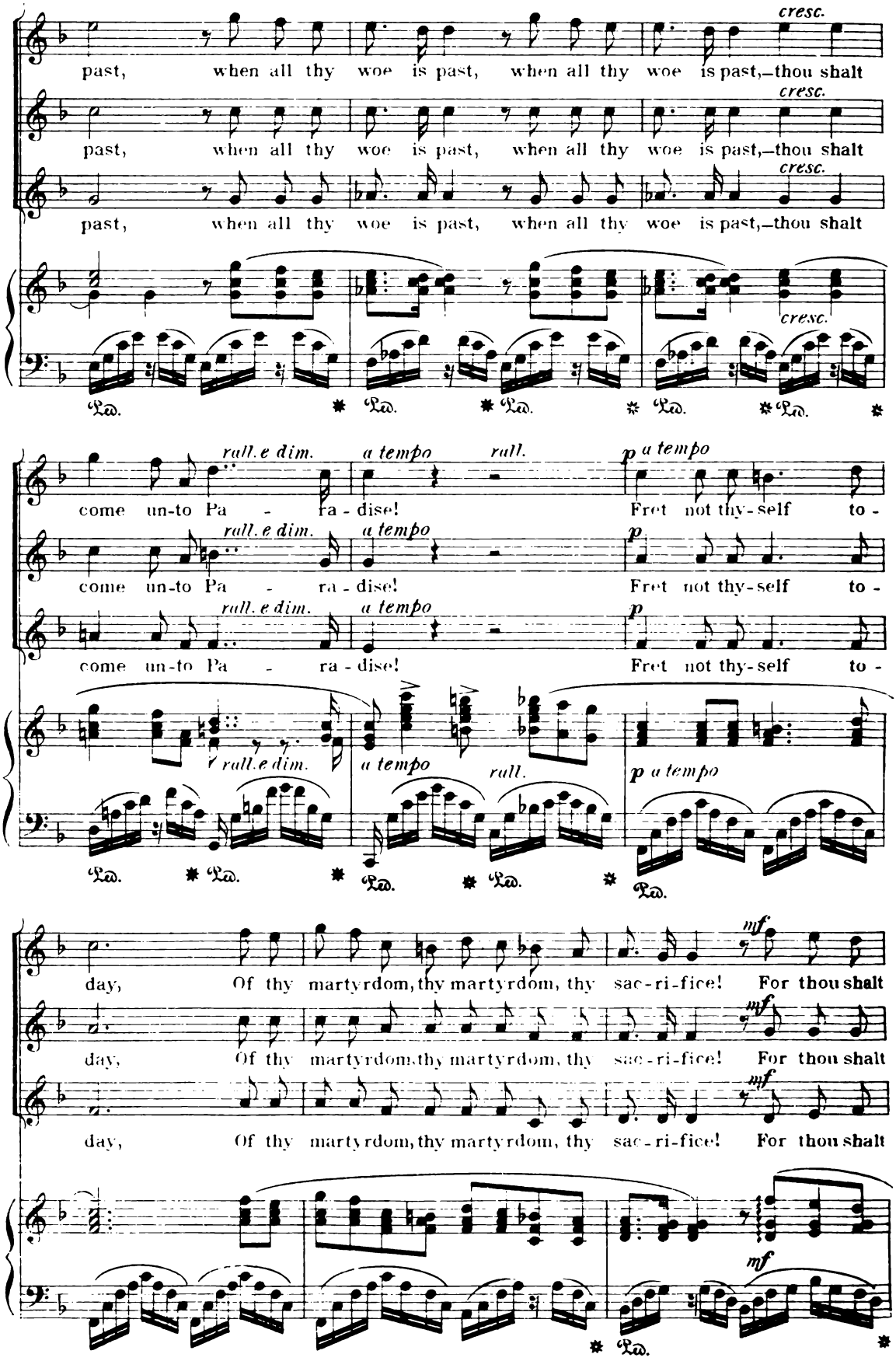

A a tempo
Faster
well! My voic-es! My
The Voices.
SOPRANO I.
pp
rall.
Fret not thy-self to - day, fret not thy-self to - day!
SOPRANO II.
pp
rall.
Fret not thy-self to - day, fret not thy-self to - day!
ALTO
pp
rall.
Fret not thy-self to - day, fret not thy-self to - day!
A a tempo (♩= 56)
pp
rall.
Increase to (♩=96)
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Tempo ad lib.
heart, my thoughts will fly To home, where the dear ones dwell! Oh! fare-
Tempo ad lib.
Ped. * Ped. *
well! The mo-ment's nigh! oh! fare-well! the mo-ment's nigh! fare-

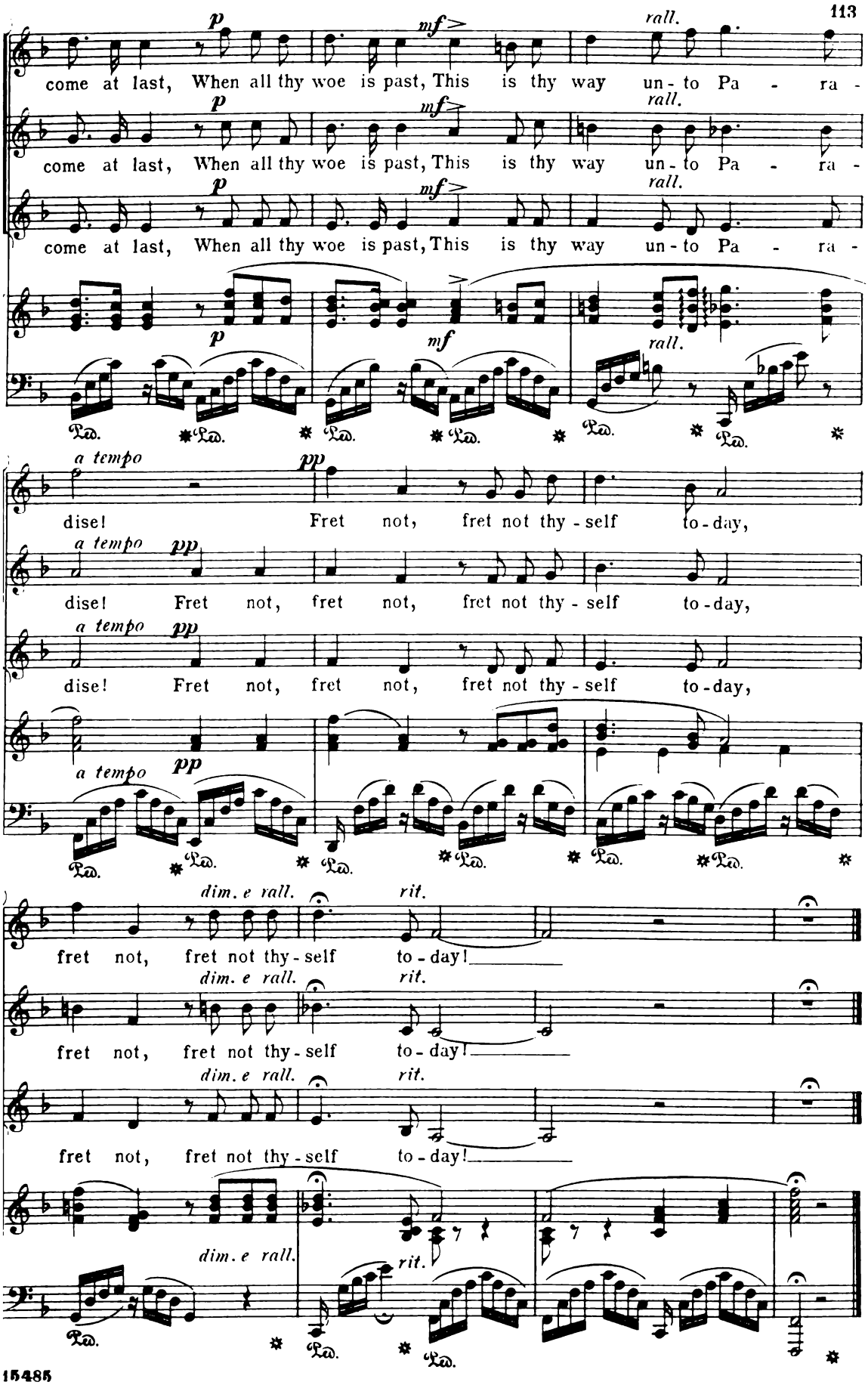

well, the mo - ments nigh!
rit.
B (♩= 56)
My voic - es!
pp
Fret not thy-self to - day,
Fret not thy-self to - day,
Fret not thy-self to - day,
B (♩= 56)
rit.
Ped.
I hear ye!
Faster.
Lo! those
fret not thyself to - day,
fret not thyself to - day!
rall.
Increase to (♩=96)
an - gel forms I see, those an-gel forms I see,
To
r.h.


yon - der sky they'll bear me, to yon - der sky they'll bear me, With
vic - - - to-ry, with vic-try to be free! with
rall.
tempo ad lib.
vic - - to-ry, with vic-try to be free! Oh, fare-well! fare-
rall.
tempo ad lib.
rit.
well, fare - well!
C
Slowly.
pp
Fret not thy-self to -
Fret not thy-self to -
Fret not thy-self to -
Slowly.(♩ = 54)
C
rit.
Harp.


cresc.
day, Of thy mar-tyr-dom, thy mar-tyr-dom, thy sac-ri-fice! — For thou shalt
day, Of thy mar-tyr-dom, thy mar-tyr-dom, thy sac-ri-fice! — For thou shalt
day, Of thy mar-tyr-dom, thy mar-tyr-dom, thy sac-ri-fice! — For thou shalt
cresc.
Ped.
come at last E - ven un - to the king - dom of
come at last E - ven un - to the king - dom of
come at last E - ven un - to the king - dom of
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
dim.
p
Pa - ra-dise! Fret not thy-self to - day Of thy
Pa - ra-dise! Fret not thy-self to - day Of thy
Pa - ra-dise! Fret not thy-self to - day Of thy
dim.
p
Ped. Ped. Ped.


cresc.
mar-tyr-dom, thy mar-tyr-dom, thy sac-ri-fice! — For thou shalt come at
mar-tyr-dom, thy mar-tyr-dom, thy sac-ri-fice! — For thou shalt come at
mar-tyr-dom, thy mar-tyr-dom, thy sac-ri-fice! — For thou shalt come at
cresc.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
cresc.
dim.
last E - ven un - to the king - dom of Pa - ra-dise!
last E - ven un - to the king - dom of Pa - ra-dise!
last E - ven un - to the king - dom of Pa - ra-dise!
dim.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
D
mf
p
Yea, thou shalt come at last, — When all thy woe is
Yea, thou shalt come at last, — When all thy woe is
Yea, thou shalt come at last, — shalt come When all thy woe is
D
mf
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

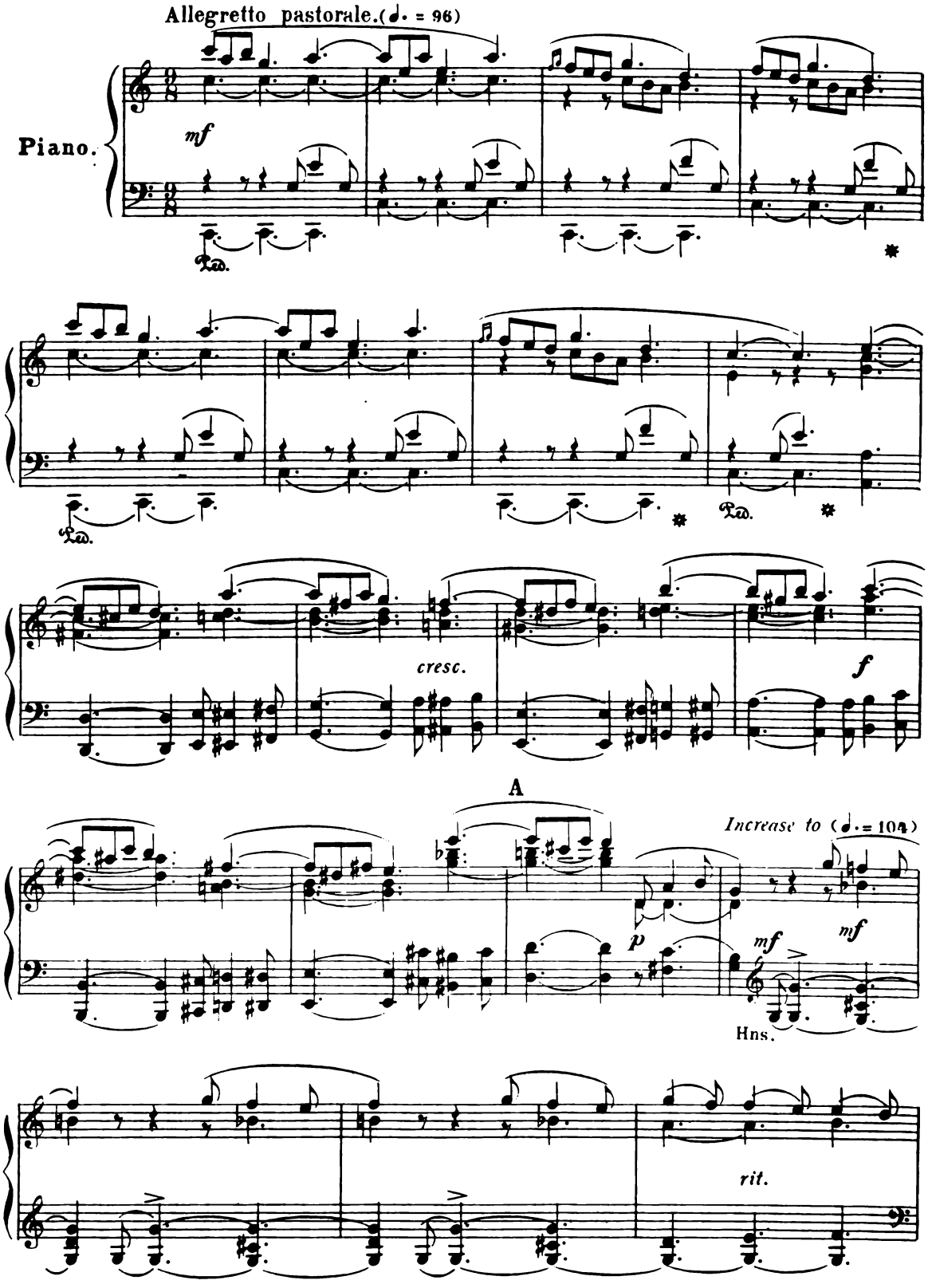

cresc.
past, when all thy woe is past, when all thy woe is past,—thou shalt
cresc.
past, when all thy woe is past, when all thy woe is past,—thou shalt
cresc.
past, when all thy woe is past, when all thy woe is past,—thou shalt
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
rall. e dim.
a tempo
rall.
p a tempo
come un-to Pa - ra - dise! Fret not thy-self to -
rall. e dim.
a tempo
p
come un-to Pa - ra - dise! Fret not thy-self to -
rall. e dim.
a tempo
p
come un-to Pa - ra - dise! Fret not thy-self to -
rall. e dim.
a tempo
rall.
p a tempo
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
mf
day, Of thy martyrdom, thy martyrdom, thy sac-ri-fice! For thou shalt
mf
day, Of thy martyrdom, thy martyrdom, thy sac-ri-fice! For thou shalt
mf
day, Of thy martyrdom, thy martyrdom, thy sac-ri-fice! For thou shalt
mf
Ped. *

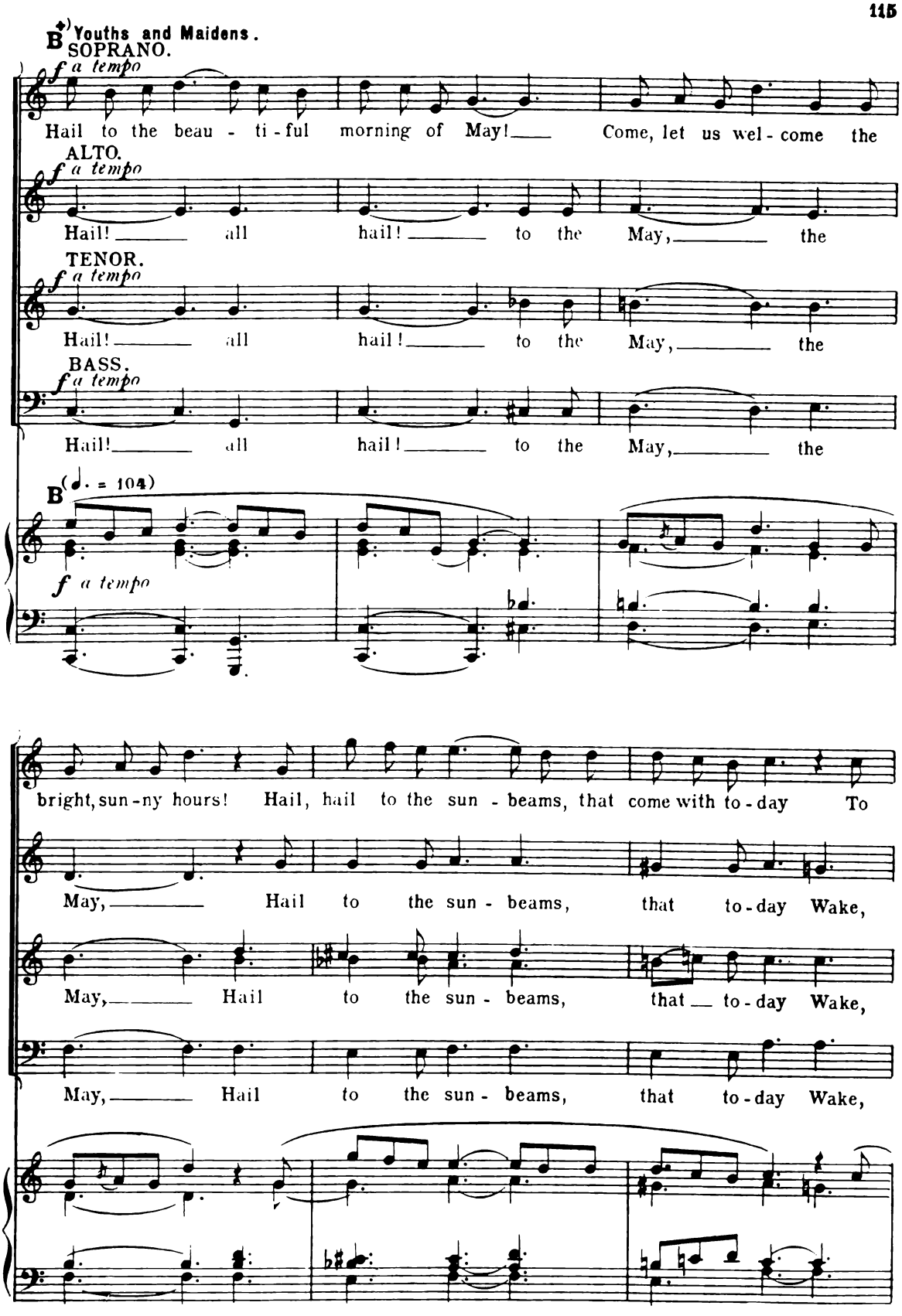

p
mf
rall.
come at last, When all thy woe is past, This is thy way un - to Pa - ra -
come at last, When all thy woe is past, This is thy way un - to Pa - ra -
come at last, When all thy woe is past, This is thy way un - to Pa - ra -
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
a tempo
pp
dise! Fret not, fret not thy - self to - day,
dise! Fret not, fret not, fret not thy - self to - day,
dise! Fret not, fret not, fret not thy - self to - day,
dim. e rall.
rit.
fret not, fret not thy - self to - day!
fret not, fret not thy - self to - day!
fret not, fret not thy - self to - day!

Domremy.

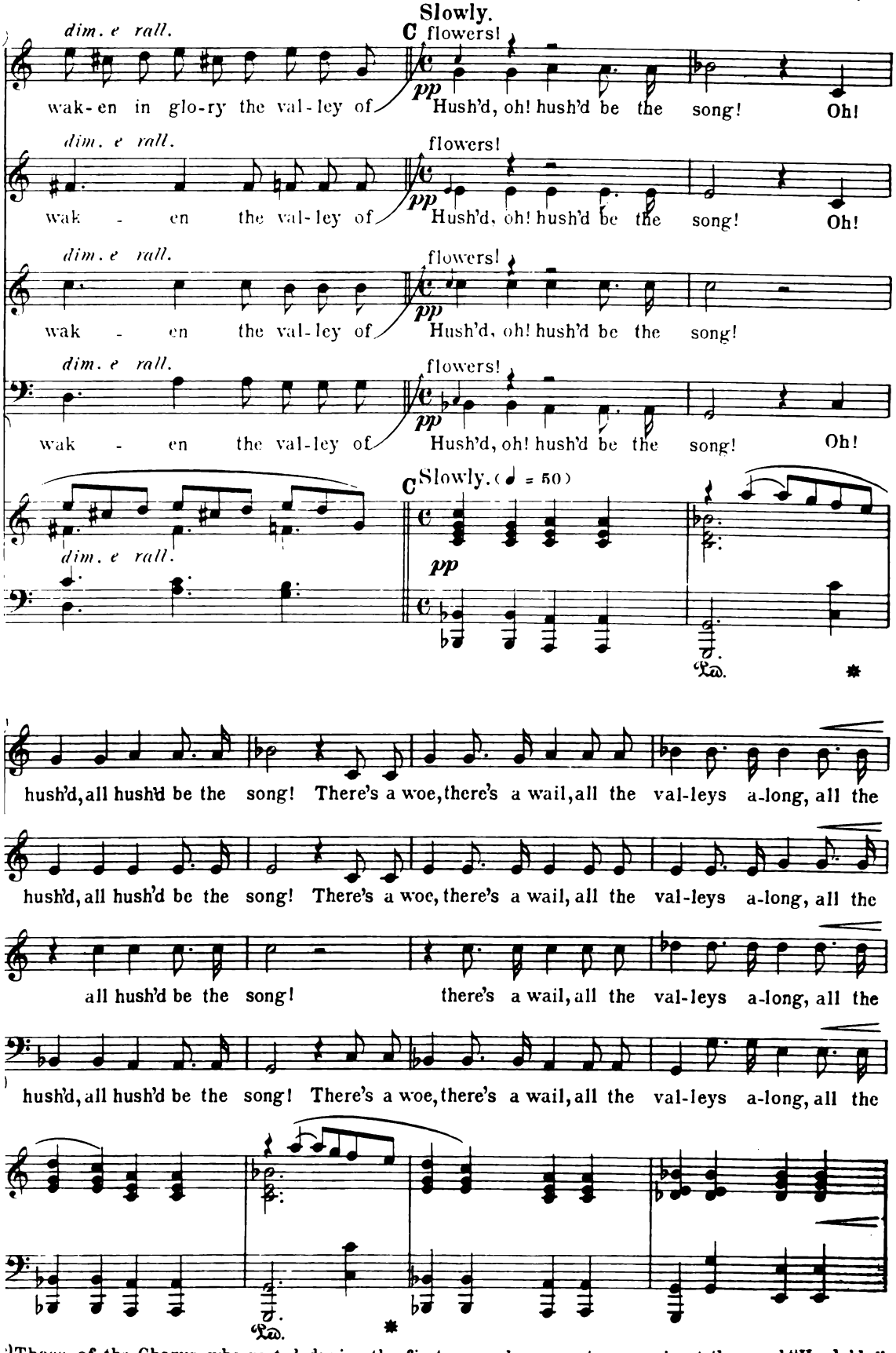
No. 18. "Hail to the beautiful morning of May."

Finale. Chorus.





✦) Only half the Chorus to sing the portion marked "Youths and Maidens".



+)Those of the Chorus who rested during the first seven bars are to come in at the word "Hush'd," and the first Choir will rest till the passage marked "Full Choir."

D

val - leys a - long! Gone is the maid, whom we lov'd in our home, Oh!

val - leys a - long! Gone is the maid, whom we lov'd in our home, Oh!

val - leys a - long! Gone is the maid, whom we lov'd in our home, Oh!

val - leys a - long! Gone is the maid, whom we lov'd in our home, Oh!

D

l.h.

nev - er - more! oh! nev - er - more! nev - er - more will she come!

nev - er - more! oh! nev - er - more! nev - er - more will she come!

nev - er - more! oh! nev - er - more! nev - er - more will she come!

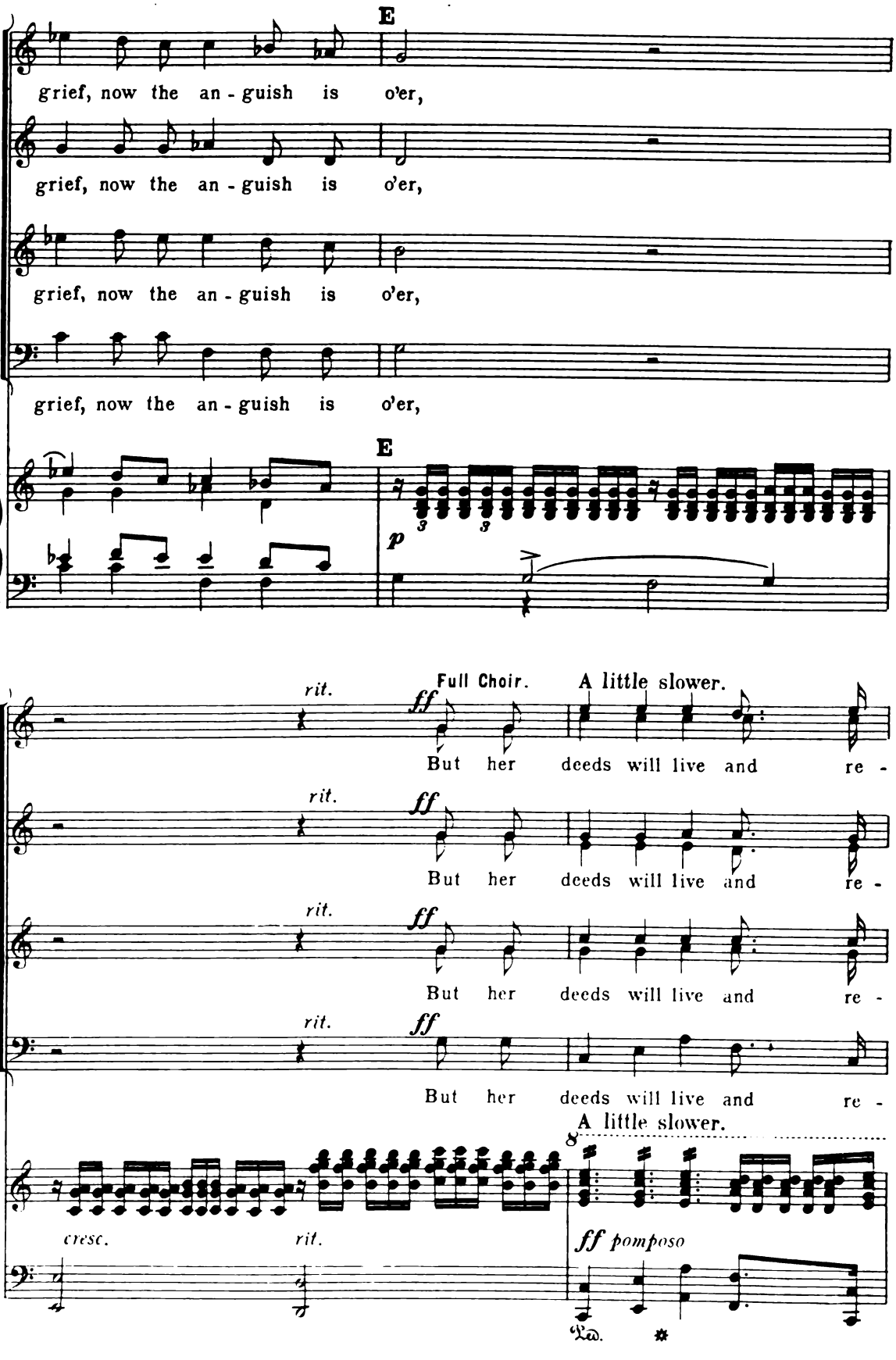
nev - er - more! We weep! though to weep is in vain, Now the

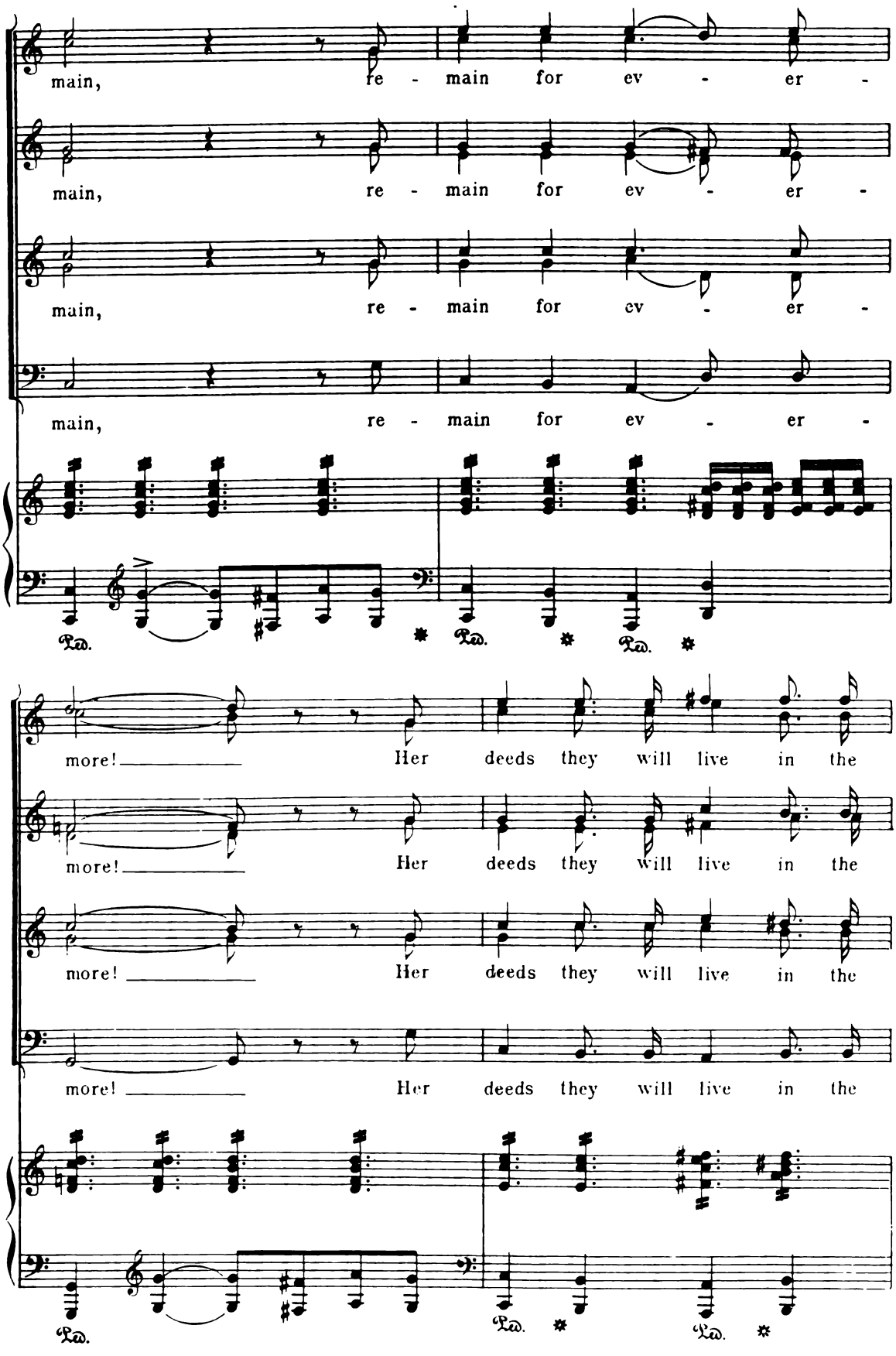
nev - er - more! We weep! though to weep is in vain, Now the

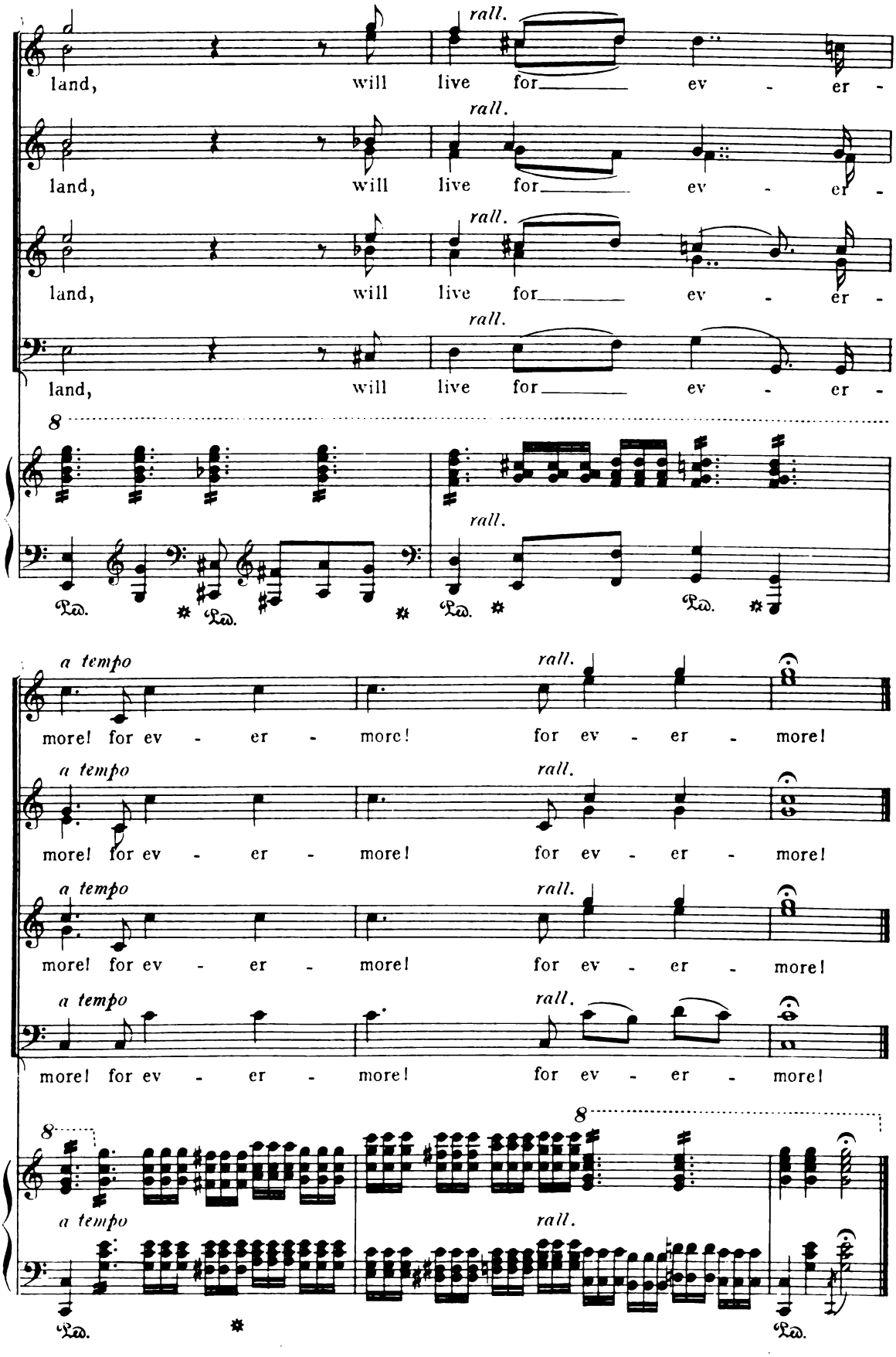
nev - er - more! We weep! though to weep is in vain, Now the

nev - er - more! We weep! though to weep is in vain, Now the

Hns


E
grief, now the an - guish is o'er,
grief, now the an - guish is o'er,
grief, now the an - guish is o'er,
grief, now the an - guish is o'er,
E
p
rit.
Full Choir.
A little slower.
ff
But her deeds will live and re -
But her deeds will live and re -
But her deeds will live and re -
But her deeds will live and re -
A little slower.
cresc.
rit.
ff pomposo
Ped.


main, re - main for ev - er -
main, re - main for ev - er -
main, re - main for ev - er -
main, re - main for ev - er -
Ped. Ped. Ped.
more! Her deeds they will live in the
more! Her deeds they will live in the
more! Her deeds they will live in the
more! Her deeds they will live in the
Ped. Ped. Ped.


rall.
land, will live for ev - er -
land, will live for ev - er -
land, will live for ev - er -
land, will live for ev - er -
8
Ped.
a tempo
more! for ev - er - more! for ev - er - more!
a tempo
more! for ev - er - more! for ev - er - more!
a tempo
more! for ev - er - more! for ev - er - more!
a tempo
more! for ev - er - more! for ev - er - more!
8
a tempo
Ped.