St. Francis of Assisi

(Little Flowers)

ORATORIO

In

A PROLOGUE AND TWO PARTS

Poem by

GABRIEL NIGOND

English version by Claude Aveling

Composed

FOR SOLI AND CHORUSES OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, WITH ORCHESTRA

By

GABRIEL PIERNÉ

VOCAL SCORE

Price, $1.50 *net*

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23380

A MES ENFANTS
JEAN, SIMONE ET ANNETTE
G. P.

SOLI

SAINT FRANCIS	*Tenor*
THE LEPER THE VOICE OF CHRIST	*Bass*
FRIAR LEON	*Baritone*
FRIAR ANGELO TENOR SOLO	*Tenor*
FRIAR MASSEO	*Baritone*
SAINT CLARE	*Soprano*
THE LADY POVERTY	*Contralto*
LUCIA	*Mezzo-Soprano*
BIRDS:	
REDBREAST	*A little boy*
SPARROW	*A little boy*
LINNET	*A little boy*
CHAFFINCH	*A little boy*
NIGHTINGALE	*A little boy*
WREN	*A very little boy*
THRUSH	*A little girl*
LARK	*A little girl*
WARBLER	*A little girl*
TOM-TIT	*A little girl*
WAGTAIL	*A little girl*

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

PROLOGUE

I. THE YOUTH OF ST. FRANCIS

FRANCIS, HIS FRIENDS, YOUTHS AND GIRLS

CHORUS

Cecco, come down! Come down, I pray thee!
There's dancing here to repay thee!
Come down to wine and laughter, rondel and song!
Come down, gay farandole soon will rouse thee!
Join our throng!
Why so rapt is thy gaze, as there upon the terrace
Thou lookest out? On what does it brood?
Why this mood,
Cecco, to-day?
So perverse, so fey!

CHORUS AND TENOR SOLO

(*First Song*)

Nencia, pretty sweeting,
Ere twilight glow be fleeting,
Without thy garden see
Thy true love, gentle maiden,
With salve and bodkin laden,
His humble gift to thee;
He brings wine in good measure,
This red rose for thy pleasure,
And with this fairing goes
Great wealth of hidden treasure,
His fond heart in that rose!

CHORUS

Cecco, come, the revel calls!
Awake, thou dreamer! thou poet! Art demented?
Thy father Bernardone, doth he keep thee close?
Hath it gone ill with him in trading?
Why, ah, why art thou so morose?
Why this frown, this air discontented,
On this day of mirth and masquerading?

(*Second Song*)

Red wine did I drink of thee in full measure,
Cortona!
Perfumed was thy breeze that fillèd my cloak,
Orvieto!
Snow-white was Perugia, violet thou,
Spoleto!
I fared to Assisi one summer day,
Hence I would depart, yet in thrall I stay!

CHORUS

Clanging of bells sends through the air
Tidings of joy swelling and soaring!
Leopards whine and tigers are roaring,
There's sport afoot here in the square!
Ringlets aflame Nina now shows!
Jacopo has thrown her a rose!
Fiora is dressed
All in her best!
Cecco! Two score are we that attend
On thy coming! Lucia grows impatient!
Holà! Lucia grows bold!
And our banquet spread waxes cold!

FRANCIS

Leave me to-night, good friends, feast alone!

CHORUS AND TENOR SOLO

And forsake thee?
Thee? Our Prince of Youth we did make thee!
First in all our adventures thou,
Wert thou not our standard inspiring?
Does thy doublet offend, art thou for braver tiring?
Once more don thy gay velvet now,
And come!

FRANCIS

Nay, leave me here!

CHORUS

Cecco playeth the truant!
O Cecco, son of Bernardone,
What secret dost thou hide, moody swain?

LUCIA

See ye not that love is his bane?

CHORUS

He's in love! And dares thus to conceal it!
He's in love! Good reason, I own!

FRANCIS

Fair Lucia has fathomed the truth: I will reveal it!
Why do I bide within my house, brooding alone,
In wild unrest, strangely thrilled and movèd?
I await to-night my bride belovèd!

CHORUS

Thou art betrothed! Can this be so?
Bridegroom and bride! Let the wine flow!
Her name?

FRANCIS

In good season shall ye know!

LUCIA, TENOR SOLO, AND CHORUS

O crafty schemer!
Then no more will we chasten thee,
We take our leave, hermit and dreamer!
Bestow on thy lady for me
Just one kiss! Give her my fair greeting!
My heart before her feet I lay!
Guido! Luigi! Hasten away!
Dancing's afoot now, and time is fleeting!

(*Repeat of Second Song*)

Red wine did I drink of thee in full measure,
Cortona!
Perfumed was thy breeze that fillèd my cloak,
Orvieto!
Snow-white was Perugia, violet thou,
Spoleto!
To Assisi I fared one summer day,
Hence I would depart, yet in thrall I stay!

FRANCIS

Like to a wind-swept flow'r, that leaf by leaf must perish,
Scent-laden day must fade, and ere long sink to rest;
A shroud, amber and gold, spreads a veil o'er the west,
Oh, fair the sun whose red glow lights on the home I cherish!
Between the rock and torrent there,
Down Mount Subasio, a shepherd seeks the hollow,
So fleet glides through the haze that the eye cannot follow,
While the lilt of his burden comes faint through the air.
The dusk smells sweet of earth, the waters enchant me,
The night hath stirred the leaf and tree;
God above! Give me strength and grant me
Pow'r to love these, but still serve Thee!

II. FRANCIS AND THE LADY POVERTY

THE LADY POVERTY

Francis!

FRANCIS

Voice, faint yet soft and tender,
Low and gentle as zephyr's sighing,
Lucent form defined in the shadows
As thou drawest near to me now,
When flowers to slumber surrender,
When above the fires that are dying
Circling vapours float o'er the meadows:
Is it thou, My Lady, is it thou?

THE LADY POVERTY

Francis! I seek thee in pain, in torment that oppresses!
Though my lips and mine eyes be fair,
And though jasmine gay adorn my flowing tresses,
My feet are bleeding, despite the gentle winds' caresses,
And my white robe men soil and tear!

No kindly friend have I to tend me,
Children deride me, the dogs yelp at my feet
And would rend me;
The world doth revile me! Wouldst thou learn what I am?
O Francis, I am Christian Poverty!

FRANCIS

Deign to give me thy hand, by this ring men shall know
We are betrothèd, my belovèd!

THE LADY POVERTY

Fair are thy words, and with pity thy heart is movèd,
But wilt thou succour all from whose eyes the tears flow?

FRANCIS

This will I do!

THE LADY POVERTY

If one suffereth, wilt thou relieve him,
Revive him that is faint, give him bread in his need?
If one be stained with guilty deed,
Still as brother wilt thou receive him?

FRANCIS

Lo, I kneel at thy bruisèd feet,
Poverty, since I do adore thee!
The tears of all that mourn shall turn to laughter sweet;
Take thou this ring of me, I implore thee!

FRANCIS AND THE LADY POVERTY

My trust in thee makes two hearts one! My hand in thine
For ever joins us in tether,
Thine appointed task shall be mine,
To tread the path of life together!

FRANCIS

The night is tranquil, the valley is peaceful: Below
Sound the echoes of voices and chimes harmonising!

THE LADY POVERTY

Dost thou see, where yon hill-slope is rising,
That little flame that trembles with faint persistent glow?

FRANCIS

Ah!

FIRST PART

I. THE LEPER

FRANCIS, FRIAR LEON, THE LEPER, AND THE POPULACE

CHORUS

(*Women's Voices*)

Ye shepherds all, dance on the lawn,
Fair April calls to mirth and laughter,
Silvern the olive-trees gleam after
The kiss of dawn!

Blithe and gay, the lark carols soaring,
Unseen on high,
In flaming sky,
Yet shrill and clear his note we hear
Outpouring!

Green blades anew shoot out their sprays,
And safe nestle there moss and cricket,
And lightly the grasses brush the stem of the thicket
That sways!

FRIAR LEON

O good Friar Francis, great joy is mine!
For the spring drones a note divine,
Vibrant hum heralds April morning;
Though not yet the ripe fruit can fall,
The glycine doth enrich my wall,
My cell-door with its bloom adorning!
Rosy children tray and pannier bring
On this golden morn of the spring,
And load them with blossom and berry;

There's no heart so hardened, I vow,
But can feel some tenderness now,
Birds unite with bees, making merry!
Earth delights with her charm, in glory trees appear,
All awakes!

FRANCIS

Thanks to God, that spring is here!

FRIAR LEON

O Spring, thou art clothed in gladness!—
Hither a man, veiling his eyes,
Cometh near in piteous guise,
In garb of affliction and sadness!

Bowed down with weight of misery
That his leaden feet scarce can carry,
What ails him?—O horror! Away, nor tarry!
Hasten away! He is a leper!

CHORUS

Leper!
Unclean is this leper defiled,
From his eyes the scales run with blood!
He chokes! How he fights for his breath!
Let him die, outcast and reviled!
To death! Let him be stoned to death!
The wheel! Mangle and rend each limb!
Death to him!

FRANCIS

Ah! Fly not so! Here fain would I stay thee!
O brother, to whom this earth is as hell,
Let the peace of heaven now repay thee,
Which thy suffering earns thee well!

THE LEPER

Go! Keep thee far from me! Ere the pangs of this hell o'ertake thee!
I warned thee, my rattle counselled all to take flight,
Prudent was thy friend to forsake thee,
Thou, too, shouldst have fled from my sight!

FRANCIS

Nay, friend, thy warning stayed me!

CHORUS

Wretched man! Fly! And leave us!

THE LEPER

Knowest not, we are held accurst?
To exile doomed, not even the Church will receive us,
The world casteth us out, nor may we slake our thirst,
Alas, at the spring or the fountain!

CHORUS

Go on thy way, and seek the mountain!

THE LEPER

See these hands, these lips and these eyes,
This body, that wasting mortifies
With disease, relentless, appalling!
Mark these scars and these wounds all festering and galling!

FRANCIS

Nay! I love thee, thou shalt love me!
Thy hand laid on mine binds each other,
My kiss on thy lips greets my brother;
Come, rest in mine arms; come, one are we!

THE LEPER

In thine arms?

FRANCIS

Is it thou, brother, turnest from me?

THE LEPER

Who then art thou, at whose voice
Weeping eyes grow dim? Who canst thou be?

FRANCIS

God's lowly servant!

THE LEPER

Thy name?

FRANCIS

Francis.

THE LEPER

That same Francis famous in story,
Who worketh miracles divine,
In whose bright eyes the stars do shine,
And whose speech doth foretell God's glory?
What mockery is this? Ah 'tis some jest of thine!

FRANCIS

Brother, I am Francis, one of God's "little poor"!

THE LEPER

I was vile, crawling vermin, despised and lowly,
Yet this night shall lay me down to sleep,
Secure in my faith strong and deep,
Aflame with hope radiant and holy!
The fever that did rack my temples
Now hath broken its cruel chain,
Now eased are my limbs of their pain,
And my wounds are cooled of their burning;
I, accurst and foul in men's eyes,
Now go to my lazar-house returning,
Like man redeemed to Paradise!

FRANCIS

O Friar Leper, simple in faith art thou,
Noble in grief, patient in woe;
I kneel to thee, and ask thee now
To absolve and bless me ere thou go!

CHORUS

Ye shepherds all, dance on the lawn,
Fair April calls to mirth and laughter!
Silver-tipped olive-trees gleam after
The kiss of dawn!

II. SISTER CLARE

FRANCIS, SISTER CLARE

FRANCIS

Sister Clare, whither away? The weary day is ending;
Shadows fall one by one, on hill and slope descending;
The distant woods faintly are seen;
Angelus bell, its liquid notes with twilight blending,
Hath reached Saint Damian's walls, so white in bow'r of green!

SISTER CLARE

With my sister am I come
From woodman Cosa's mountain home:
Crushed and bruised by a log he lies stricken and dead,
His orphaned children famish for bread.
Now the first star of eve glows faintly,
The crimson sky grows grey and dim,
We hasten on!

FRANCIS

Sister Clare, merciful, kind and saintly,
Worthy art thou to toil for Him!

SISTER CLARE

Good father, thou art my guide, all my thoughts wait on thine.
Well I recall that hour divine,
A child was I, when in the church thy voice proclaimed
Its message of faith and love,
Round San Giorgio's aisles soaring above,
As on the wing a mighty bird;
And with tears that message I heard,
Full of wonders new and truths appealing,
Mine own self to me there revealing!
Then from the evil world, far away I sped in flight,
And to God swift my footsteps bore me!
Serene and calm, night lay before me,
Palm Sunday night!
I do remember!—So fitful the zephyr's caress,
And so faint the gleam from the well,
The pathway so white, the smell
Of the bracken, perfumed bitterness!
The moon ere long arose on high,
Moon whose thin crescent lights us to-night from her heaven!
And the wind kissed my robe with an eloquent sigh!
I do remember!

FRANCIS

I saw thee yester-even,
From my garden, musing in prayer,
Afar I saw thee, Sister Clare:
Thou wast gathering posies!

SISTER CLARE

Yes, I was tending my roses;
Evening had come so peacefully,
And from my home, as thine, my gaze fell on thee:
In thy hands a book I could see;
Bright was the night and clear,
Meseemed thou wert quite near...
Late grows the hour.—Farewell! No more may I stay,
Brother. The Angelus bell dies away.

FRANCIS (*alone*)

All praise to Thee, O Lord, for Sister Clare, for Thou hast made her constant and zealous, and through her Thy marvellous light illumines our hearts!

III. THE BIRDS

FRANCIS, FRIAR LEON, THE BIRDS

FRIAR LEON

Fierce the relentless sun
Beats down, cruel, unsparing!
Hot dust chokes me, and faint am I
With pain and torment overbearing!
Dost thou see, where Perugia lies there,
On the crest of yonder mountain?
Here at the foot are elm
And turf and hillock and fountain;
Let me rest in this shelter fair!

FRANCIS

Do as thou wilt, and nurse thy folly till even!
There, in the field, to countless birds
I will rehearse in chosen words,
Preaching them the gospel of Heaven!

FRIAR LEON

A sermon?—O truly hast thou set
For these poor birds a cunning net!
And thou of late didst rail at folly!
By my faith, prithee understand,
That ere thou move a foot or hand,
They will fly from thee far away!

FRANCIS

Not so! Behold, onward I go.
Look, do they flee?

FRIAR LEON

They stay!
Amazing! To thy voice they listen,
Delighted rushing to and fro!
Ah! Behold round thee now descending,
They seek the earth, and pause in their whirl,
And fluttering wings slowly furl,
Their heads to thee in homage bending!

THE BIRDS

Light is our wing, gay our song,
Welcome thou each feathered rover,
While o'er thy head we do hover;
Fluttering band, clustering throng,
Each bird hides in its narrow breast
One frail heart throbbing timidly;
Above, beneath, from East, and West,
Swift on the wing come we,
Little children of God!

THRUSH

The Thrush am I, the merry Throstle!

REDBREAST

And I, the Redbreast!

SPARROW

And I, the Sparrow!

LARK

I, the Lark in sombre habit!
Like thy grey habit!

LINNET

I, the Linnet!

CHAFFINCH

The Finch am I, darling of angels!

NIGHTINGALE

And I, the Nightingale!

WARBLER

I, the Blackhooded Warbler!

TOMTIT

I, the Tomtit!

WAGTAIL

With the worker from morn to eve,
So shrilly piping do I go,
To cheer his toil: A merry Wagtail!

THE BIRDS

O Francis, we would listen to thee!

WREN

The Wren am I, wilt thou take me,
The smallest bird of all? Let me not be denied!
Here I wait, a-flutter and coy,
In the leaves, crouching by thy side,
Lest cruel foes drive me away;
Brother, though my heart is so gay,
Yet my poor trembling tongue scarce can sing for very joy!

FRANCIS

(*Sermon to the Birds*)

Brethren Birds, who sit with folded wing,
Call me your friend and greet me with accord;
Know ye now that God is the Lord,
In praises to Him should ye sing!

For he hath clothed you with plumage fair,
And for your flight fashioned the air,
And of old He preserved your kind,
And shelter for you in the Ark did He find!
And tho' ye labour not, God's blessing giveth ease,
Your food is the grain and the fountain,
Your domain the hill and the mountain,
And your home the nest in the trees!

Lest lightning and tempest dismay you,
His tender care gathers them in,
With loving thought He doth array you,
Who, weak and frail, toil not, nor spin!

Brethren Birds, be mindful of His grace,
With thankful hearts His love reward,
Ingratitude is vile and base,
Let man alone forget his Lord!

THE BIRDS

Light is our wing, gay our song,
Welcome thou each feathered rover,
While o'er thy head we do hover;
Fluttering band, clustering throng,
Each bird hides in its narrow breast
One frail heart throbbing timidly;
Above, beneath, from East, and West,
Swift on the wing come we,
Little children of God!

FRANCIS

Fly away! And proclaim in the song that ye sing
Your gospel to valley and hill!
Now shall this Cross direct your flight and guide your will,
This Cross that I trace on each wing!
Go, the first of you, Westward go ye forth:
Others, find ye the South; and to the East a throng;
Let all the rest go seek the North!
Praise God, sing aloud your sweet, heavenly song,
Pure and holy message forthtell!

THE BIRDS

(*Flying away in four groups*)

Farewell! Farewell!

SECOND PART

IV. THE STIGMATA

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE

FRANCIS, THEN FRIAR LEON, FRIAR ANGELO, AND FRIAR MASSEO: THE VOICE OF CHRIST

FRANCIS

The fierce autumn blast assails me, raging and whirling,
Rocks the yellowing beech, sets the black fir-tree groaning,
While the storm howls its dirge without end o'er the land;
Every leaf is the sport of winds, eddying, swirling,
The rain—the path obscured—a faint moaning:
Like a rock hurled down from the heavens Alverna doth stand!

THE MURMUR OF VOICES

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

FRANCIS

I would not shun the storm! Drop by drop on me fall,
O Sweat of His Passion, His Agony divine!
Anon pauseth the storm for response to its call;
Slowly creeping, the clouds veil the earth with a pall,
But the blue sky beyond is mine!
Frail thou art, kneel to God in prayer;
Doth not prayer heal for thee thine ills?

Yonder lieth Romagna, and Umbria is there,
Tuscany, too, beyond the hills,
While, distant and blue, gleams the sea,
And meseems its voice calls to me!
O, how dear was that oft-trodden plain,
Where I cast the seed with a loving hand,
Lowly sower of grain!

THE MURMUR OF VOICES

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

FRANCIS (*in prayer*)

Lord! I tremble before Thee, and scarce can I speak:
Now art Thou near to me, now nearer again!
"God's poor man" doth give Thee thanks in his pain!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Francis!

FRANCIS

I come!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Francis!

FRANCIS

Gladly I obey!
Ah! I hasten, my belovèd Master, unto Thee!
Lord, do Thou point me the way!
Steep and irksome this path is for me!
The Cross! Ah! What lightning-flash doth blind me?
I see Thee now, blessèd Lord!
Ah! Nailed to the Cross!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Francis!

FRANCIS

The Cross is there, thrust in the stones,
The crowd affrighted, the rabble horde!
Naught, save a weed where the chill wind moans;
Darkness descends, unlovely darkness!
Oh, Golgotha!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Behold me!

FRANCIS

Lord, I behold Thee!
O, monsters of hell, inhuman fiends!
O my Master!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

I thirst!

FRANCIS

Those nails have torn Thee! Thy Feet!
Thy Hands!
Blood flows from Thy Side!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

O, sweet are thy words of pity!

FRANCIS

O my Saviour! My heart doth ache indeed!
Ah, carrion brood, abate your greed!
Begone! Oh—Thy Head is drooping!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

I suffer!

FRANCIS

Ah, for Thine Agony!
Ah, that hill, where Thou dost languish!
Master! And naught can I do for Thee!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Ah! Ah!

FRANCIS

Let me share in Thine anguish!
That bitter cup of Thine,
Give me to drink, O Lord, let it be mine!
O my Saviour! O my Master!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Francis, come!

THE MURMUR OF VOICES

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

FRANCIS

In the darkness to Thee I cling,
And lay my head on Thy Breast!
Precious boon!—Surpassingly blest!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Come! Come!

FRANCIS

What embrace holdeth me captive!
Lord! Lord! Ah, how the mallet resoundeth!
For whom? What sigh doth answer the blows?
Ah! The nails that do tear my hands, the blood flows,
The heart that fails me, the tortures that rend me!
Master! Wilt Thou defend me?
Saviour! Saviour! Hear me call!

THE THREE FRIARS

Brother! we are thy friends!
Brother! calm thyself!

FRANCIS

Kneel with me!
I did see the Lord, nailed to the Cross!
Lift and unfold, ye clouds!
I saw the Lord crucified!

THE THREE FRIARS

Christ crucified!

FRIAR LEON

Behold! Those wounds on thy hands!
Thy bruisèd feet, thy piercèd side!

FRIAR ANGELO

Blest art thou a thousandfold!
The Stigmata!

FRIAR MASSEO

Thy feet! Thy hands! Behold!

FRANCIS

Is it true?

FRIAR MASSEO

True is this wondrous marvel!

FRANCIS

A sweet and precious wound from my side doth flow!

FRIAR LEON

Dost thou falter?

FRANCIS

No! no!
Jesus! My Redeemer divine!
Dear unto my soul is the hurt that He giveth,
And all my joy in suffering liveth;
By blood alone the true Salvation shall be mine!

V. THE CANTICLE OF THE SUN

FRANCIS, SISTER CLARE, THE PEOPLE

FRANCIS

O Saint Damian's walls, my affliction is sore,
But ye give me comfort tender,
My heart opens wide in yearning for your splendour,
Since my closèd eyes open no more!
O Saint Damian! O shelter sweet in pain,
To my sorrow a refuge fair,
O the abbey that gleamed white on the russet plain,
Where in days long ago I welcomed Sister Clare!
Now in thy turn, with benediction,
Dear Sister, welcome thou the blind!
Do thou, O sun, be kind,
Comfort thou mine affliction!
These eyes see thee no more, yet will they suffer less,
If they feel, O sun, thy mystical caress!

CHORUS OF WOMEN'S VOICES (*in the distance*)

On casement-pane falls summer's gleam;
That evil men He might redeem
Christ died!
Good Saint Peter, to mercy be won,
Thy stern displeasure, Saint John,
Set aside!

FRANCIS

Dear Sister, wilt thou describe to me my lost Assisi,
That I shall see no more till the great Heeling?
Assisi!

SISTER CLARE

Round yonder house a flight of birds is wheeling,
Where thou wast born!

FRANCIS

Ah, my home!
I seem to hear the shouts of a laughing boy!
So, laughing and merry and wild,
Fast I ran, and cried in my joy,
When I was a little child!

SISTER CLARE

Assisi!

FRANCIS

Bereavèd land, that I counted so dear!
Sun, shine on those tawny hills, summer's glory is here!

CHORUS (*in the distance*)

Dawn's finger-tips glisten with dew!
Adorned the altar gleams anew
In its splendour.
Incense rises to Thee above;
Partake of our joy, Lord of love,
Pure and tender!

SISTER CLARE

In calm now repose thee! Dost thou hear?
Friar Leon's at work, his song falls on thine ear!

CHORUS (*in the distance*)

Bearing the Cross, wounded sore,
And pale, and wan, Jesus once more
Doth faint and languish.
Loud resound the mocking and jeers,
Soft and low are the bitter tears
Of Mary's anguish!

SISTER CLARE

Francis! Rest thee awhile!

FRANCIS

Why? Now no more do I tire,
Glows all my being as a burning fire!

SISTER CLARE

Francis, go in with me,
For this sun is too fierce for thee!

FRANCIS

No, dear sister, I need no tending,
I hail the mighty sun descending!
On mine eyes let it fall, nevermore to depart,
And let its blazing rays, fierce and strong,
fire my heart!

FRANCIS

THE CANTICLE OF THE SUN

All praise to Thee, O Lord, for all Thy things
created,
And, chiefest of them all, my great Brother,
the Sun;
Light by his red glory is won,
And nature illuminated!
All praise to Thee, O Lord, in mercy good
and kind,
Praise for the Stars and Sister Moon that
Thou hast given!
All praise to Thee for Brother Wind,
And for the Air, and for the Clouds of
Heaven,
And for our Sister Water, too,
Humble, precious, limpid and blue!
All praise to Thee, O Lord, for Brother Fire,
Lighting the darkness at our desire,
Joyous and bright and strong!
All praise for Mother Earth that sustaineth,
Kindly protector whose love never waneth,
Earth which feedeth the living throng!
Earth which untiring yieldeth her hoard,
The fruits and the flowers, grass and
sward!
Bless and praise ye the Lord,
Thank ye the Lord,
All with humble heart praise the Lord!

CHORUS (*Men's Voices*)

Awake, praise ye the Lord!

VI. THE DEATH OF FRANCIS

FRANCIS, FRIAR LEON, FRIAR ANGELO, SISTER CLARE, THE LADY POVERTY, FRIENDS OF FRANCIS, AND THE PEOPLE

CHORUS (*Men and Women, in the distance*)

Along the path, where cypress and elder hang
over,
To thee we come!
Above the convent's snowy dome
Yellowing leaves a-rustling hover;
To leaden feet the way is long,
Naught we sing of joy or of gladness,
Sorrow hath filled our hearts with song
Of autumn sadness!

FRANCIS

Good Friar Leon, is night at hand?
What of the day?

FRIAR LEON (*in tears*)

The day is dying. Ah, me!

FRANCIS

My friend, I would not have thee weeping!
This day that sinks to rest holds my last hour
in keeping:
With the closing day must I die!

CHORUS (*the Friends of Francis*)

All men won by thy words enthralling,
All who by thine aid undaunted stood,
Yea, followed thee first at thy calling,
And strove by thine example to fight for
the good,
Attend thee and crave thy last blessing;
Bowed in their grief and misery,
Thy friends, in throng around thee pressing,
Kneel unto thee!

SISTER CLARE

Now Sister Clare, thy handmaid, giveth
Comfort; ah, how thou art faint for thy breath!
Alas! If Francis lie stricken to death,
'Tis anguish to Clare that liveth!

FRANCIS

Sister!

CHORUS

If Francis lie stricken to death,
'Tis anguish to Clare that liveth!

CHORUS (*in the distance*)

Along the path where cypress and elder hang over,
To thee we come!
Above the convent's snowy dome
Yellowing leaves a-rustling hover;
To leaden feet the way is long,
Naught we sing of joy or of gladness!

FRANCIS

That song, is it of men who love?
Is it a prayer that comes not near?
Fainter now it sounds, now more clear,
Now lost in the maze of the grove!

FRIAR LEON

There by the hill, treading the moor,
Where shadows of night are descending,
Forth from Assisi come hither wending
Young and old, the wealthy and poor;
Even the beggar totters groaning,
And there the leper crawls along!

SISTER CLARE

In the shadows a man I see that shuns the throng,
I hear him, in his pain, feebly moaning!

FRANCIS

I can see him! Yea, my closèd eyes can see thee there apart!
Come, brother leper, well-belovèd brother, come to my heart!
O my brother, I can see thee!

CHORUS (*in the distance*)

Down the long path, where cypress and elder hang over,
To thee we come!
Leaden our feet, weary the way,
Naught we sing of joy or of gladness!
To thee we come, Francis!

FRANCIS

Dear Sister Death, souls long tormented
Languish till thy call set them free,
On this lowly couch I wait for thee,
At rest in spirit and full contented!
See, I am ready, thou phantom guest!
Come, wrapt in thy shroud let me rest!
Thy sickle falls swift as thy sands,
Now on my brow lay thou thy hands!

CHORUS (*the People*)

Francis, thou who didst love the poor,
Francis, thou who didst tame the wolf,
Francis, thou who didst bless the birds,
Francis, thou who didst beg for the kiss of a leper,
Francis, by thy pain,
Francis, by thy wounds,
Pray for us, Francis, God's "Poor Man!"

FRANCIS

Wife belovèd, faithfullest bride,
When Death is nigh, dear Poverty,
Canst not thou be at hand?

THE LADY POVERTY

I am here at his side!
Have I ever failèd thee?
In this hour, when the autumn wind doth moan and weep,
When the flow'rs droop, withered and dead,
Here shall mine arms cradle thy head,
And here my heart lull thee to sleep!

FRANCIS

Turn my face to Assisi!
O sweet Nature! Mother Earth!
Hush of twilight! Reddening sky!
Assisi, thou gavest me birth;
I bless thee now in this hour when I die!

FRIAR LEON

Saint Francis is dead!

CHORUS (*the People, sobbing*)

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

FRIAR ANGELO

A flight of birds! I will drive them hence!

FRIAR LEON

Nay, brother!
They come to mourn him who loved them!

THE BIRDS

Weary our wing, sad our song,
Mourneth now each feathered rover,
While o'er thy head we do hover,
Fluttering band, clustering throng;
Each bird hides in its narrow breast
One frail heart, that is sorrowing;
Above, beneath, and East and West,
Here we await thy spirit, little children of God!
Francis!

CHORUS (*the People*)

Alleluia!

PROLOGUE

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FIRST PART

I.	The Leper	56
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SECOND PART

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Saint Francis of Assisi

(Little Flowers)

ORATORIO

Poem by Gabriel Nigond

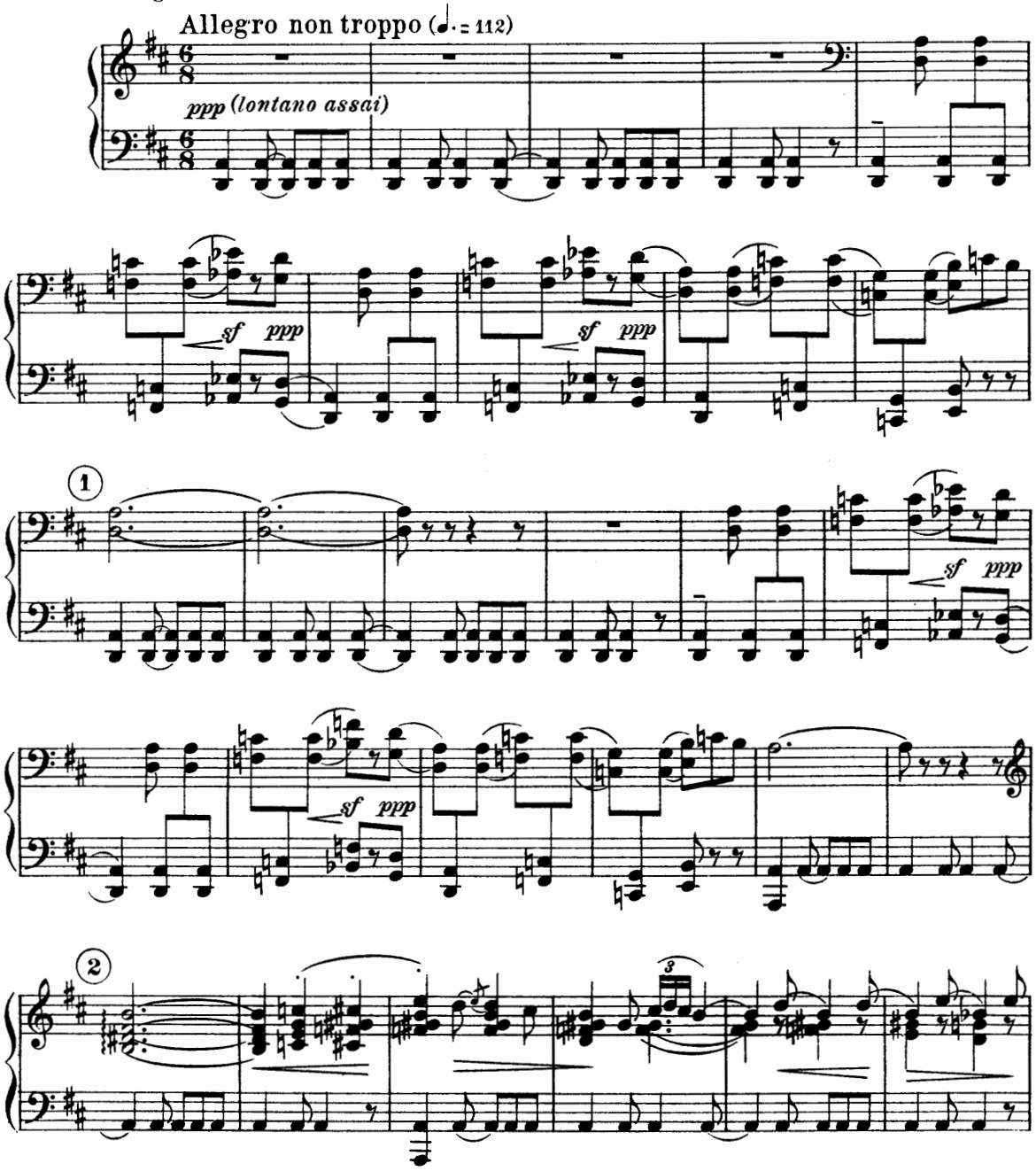
PROLOGUE

I. The Youth of Saint Francis

Francis, his friends, youths and maidens

English version by
Claude Aveling

Gabriel Pierné



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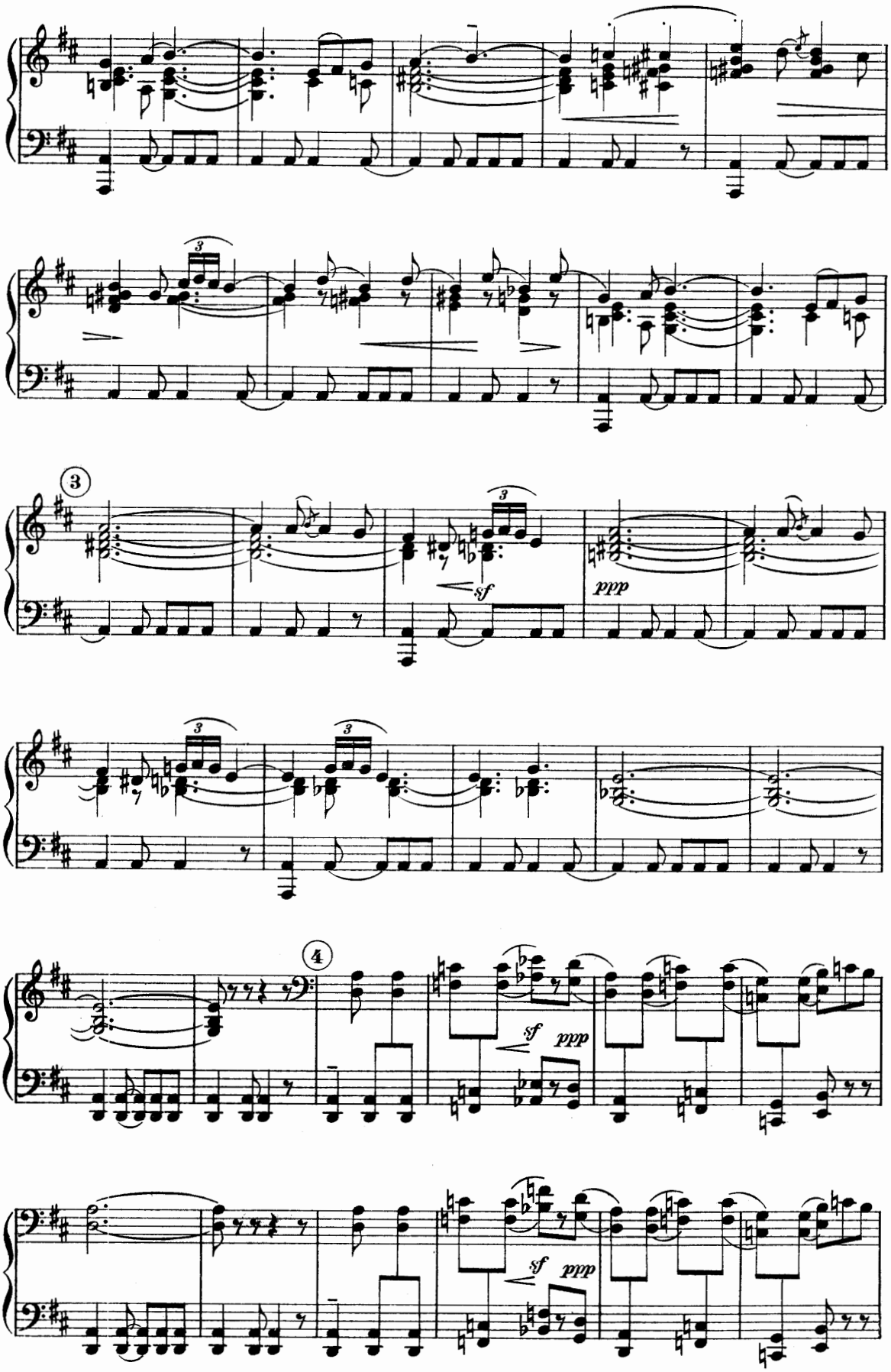
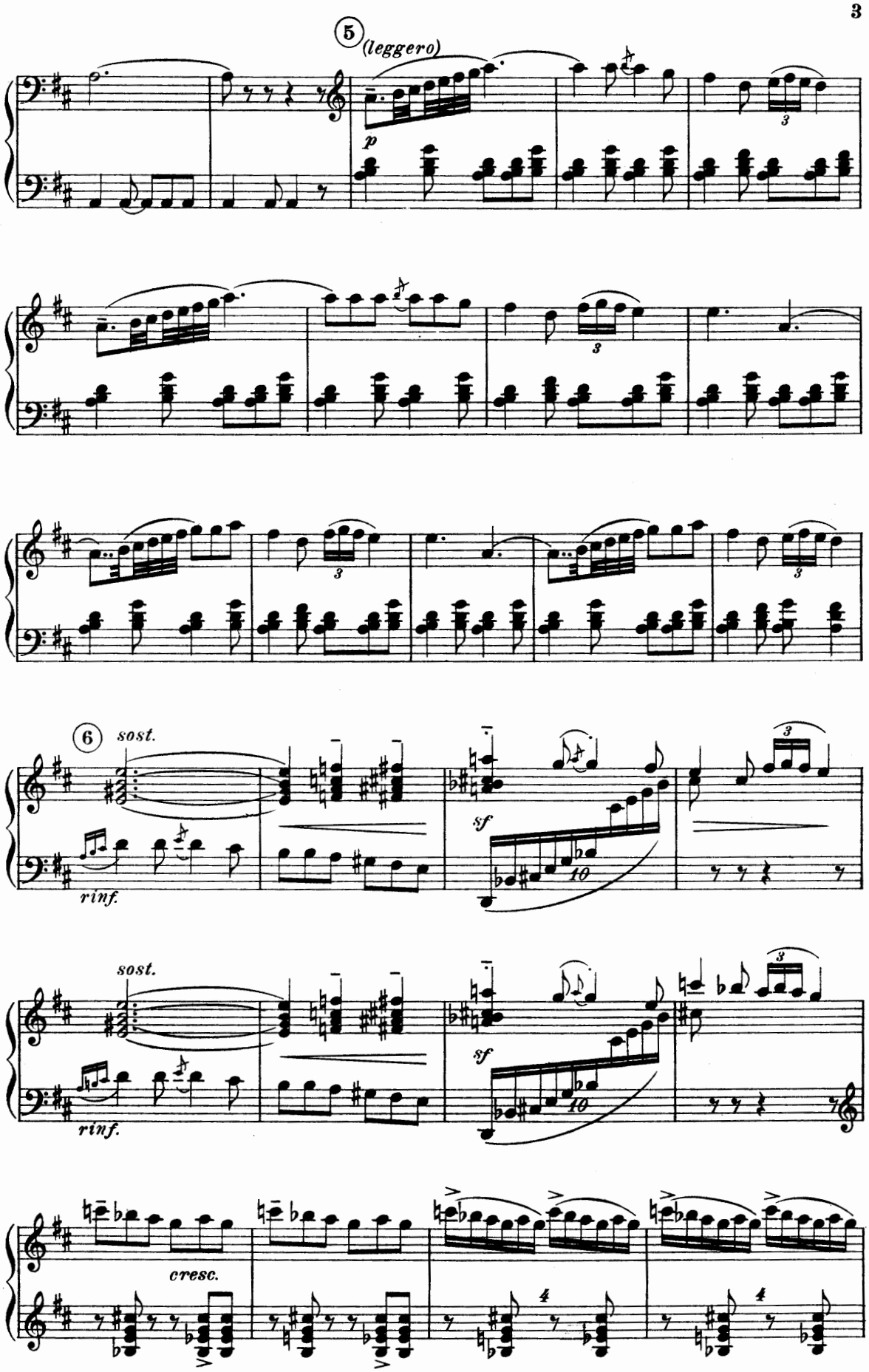
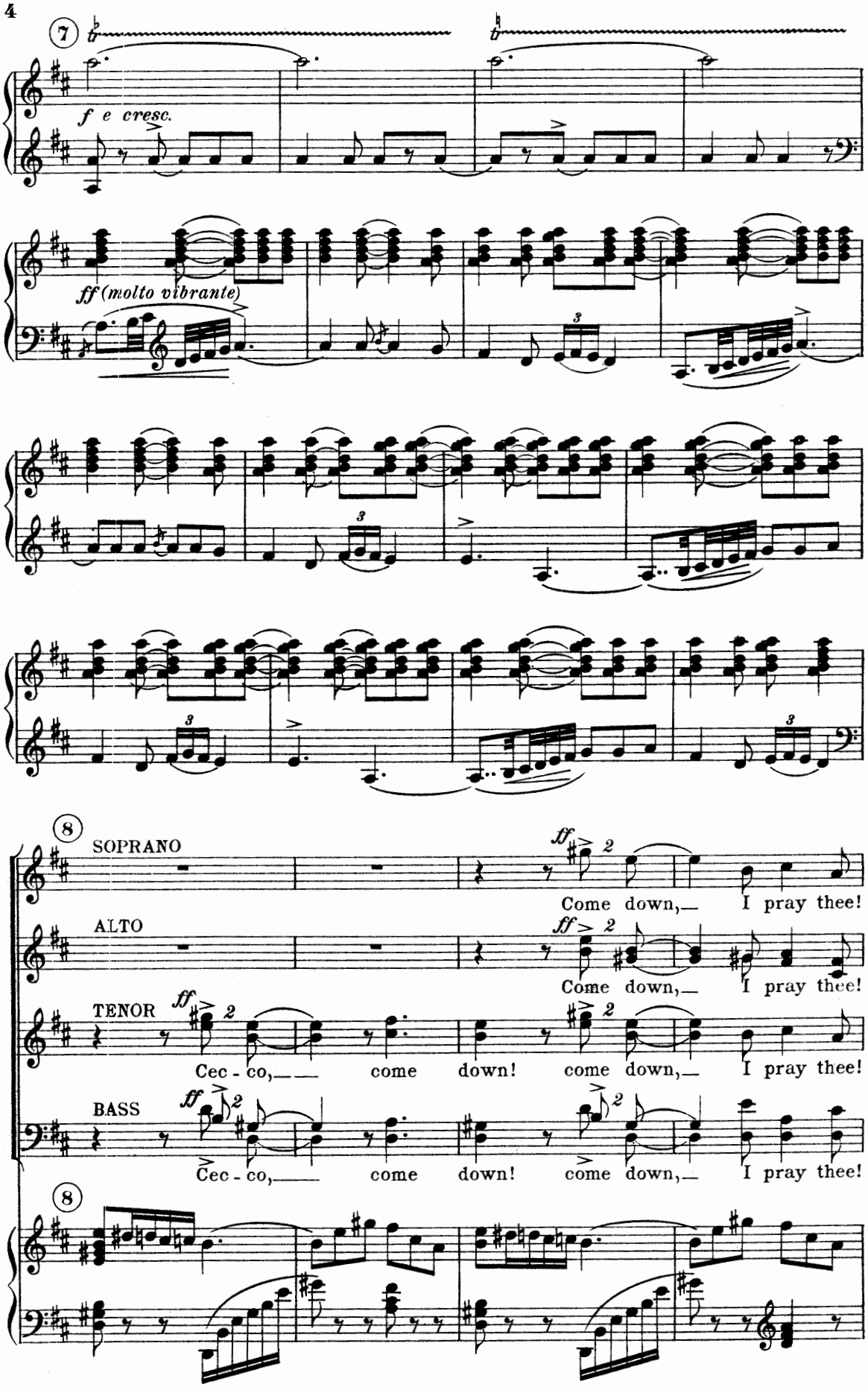
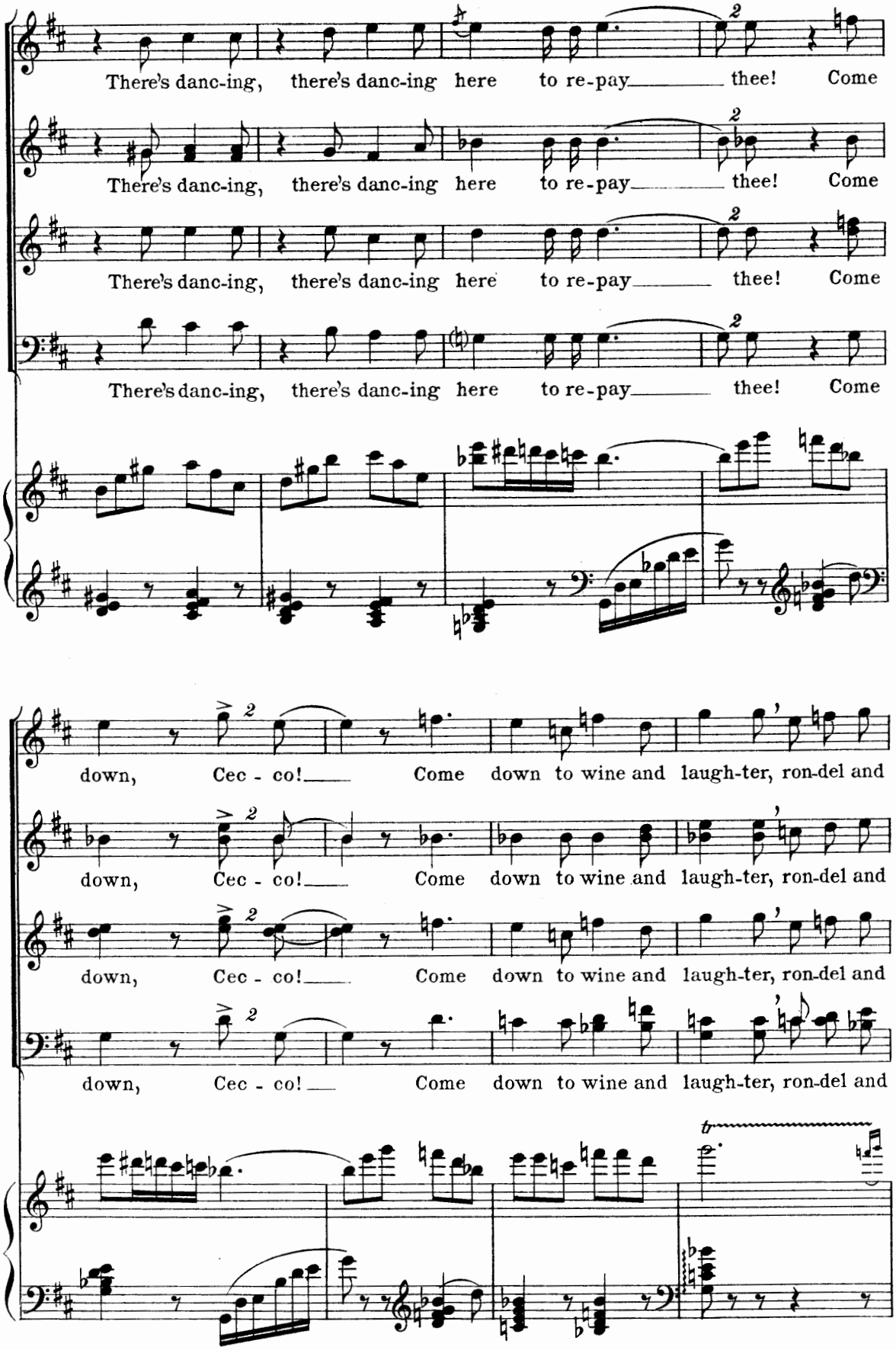
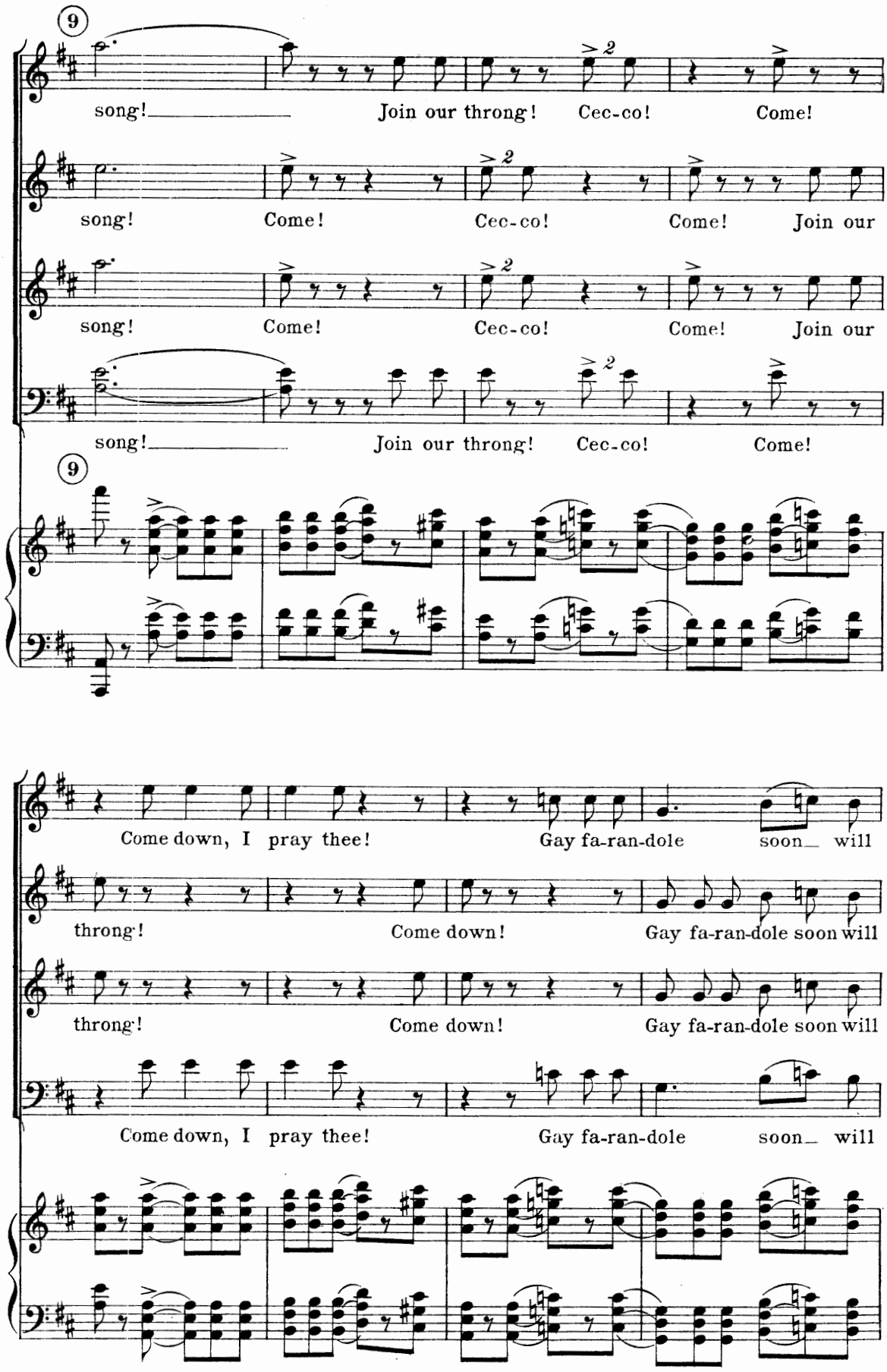
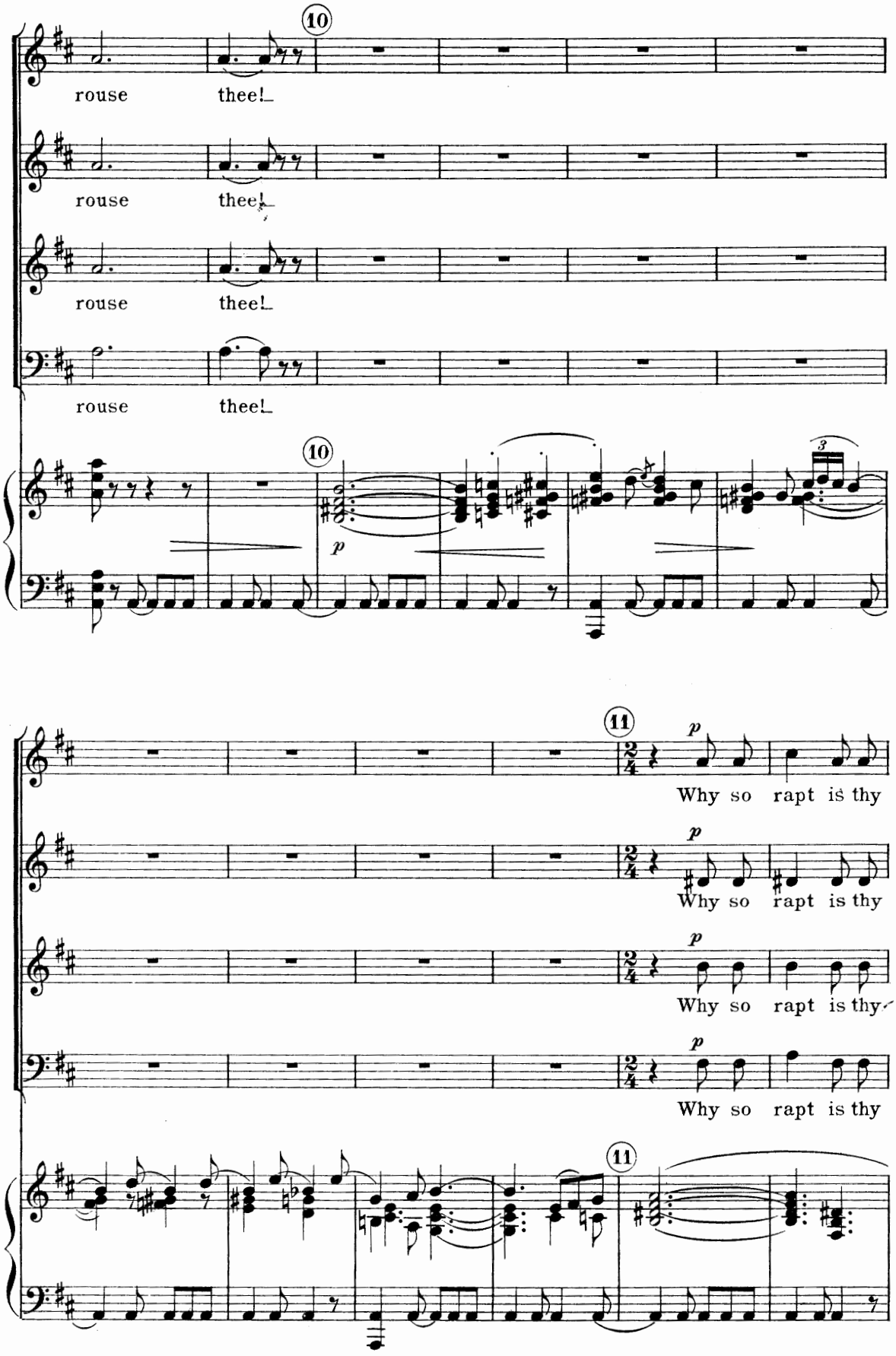

3
3
sf
ppp
3
3
4
sf
ppp
sf
ppp

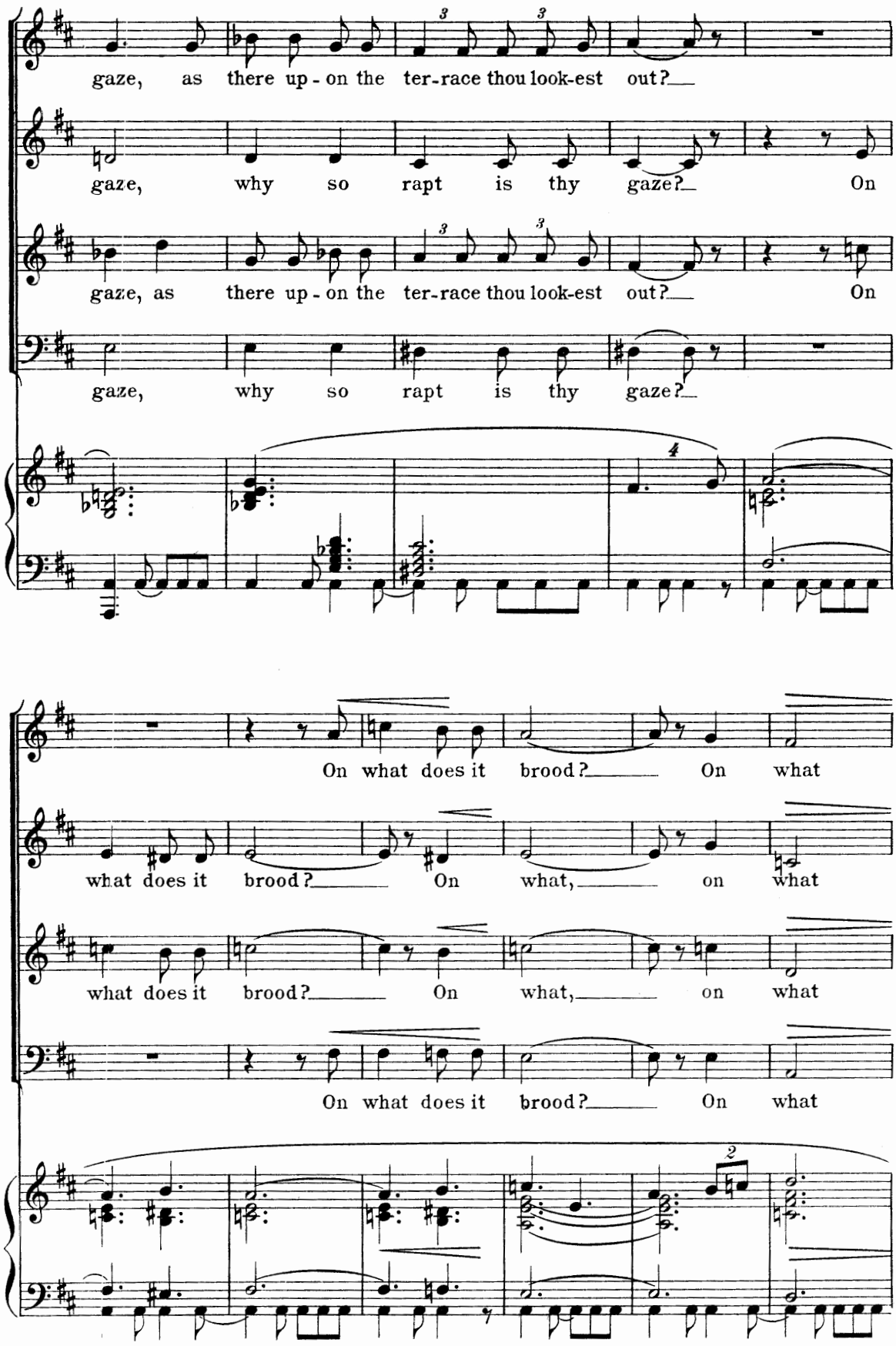

5
(leggero)
p
6
sost.
rinf.
sf
sost.
rinf.
sf
cresc.

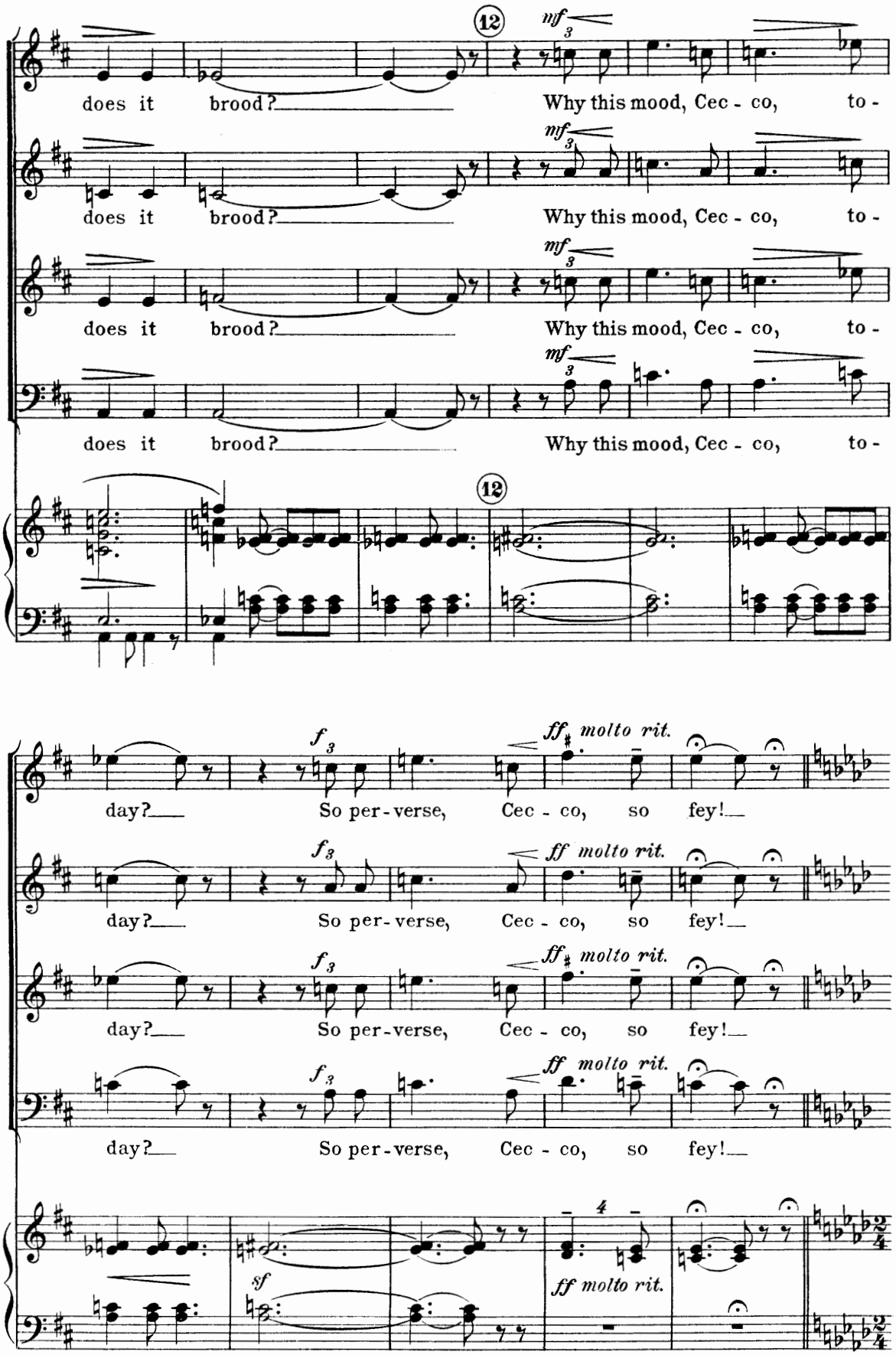

7
f e cresc.
ff (molto vibrante)
8
SOPRANO
ff
Come down, I pray thee!
ALTO
ff
Come down, I pray thee!
TENOR
ff
Cec - co, come down! come down, I pray thee!
BASS
ff
Cec - co, come down! come down, I pray thee!
8

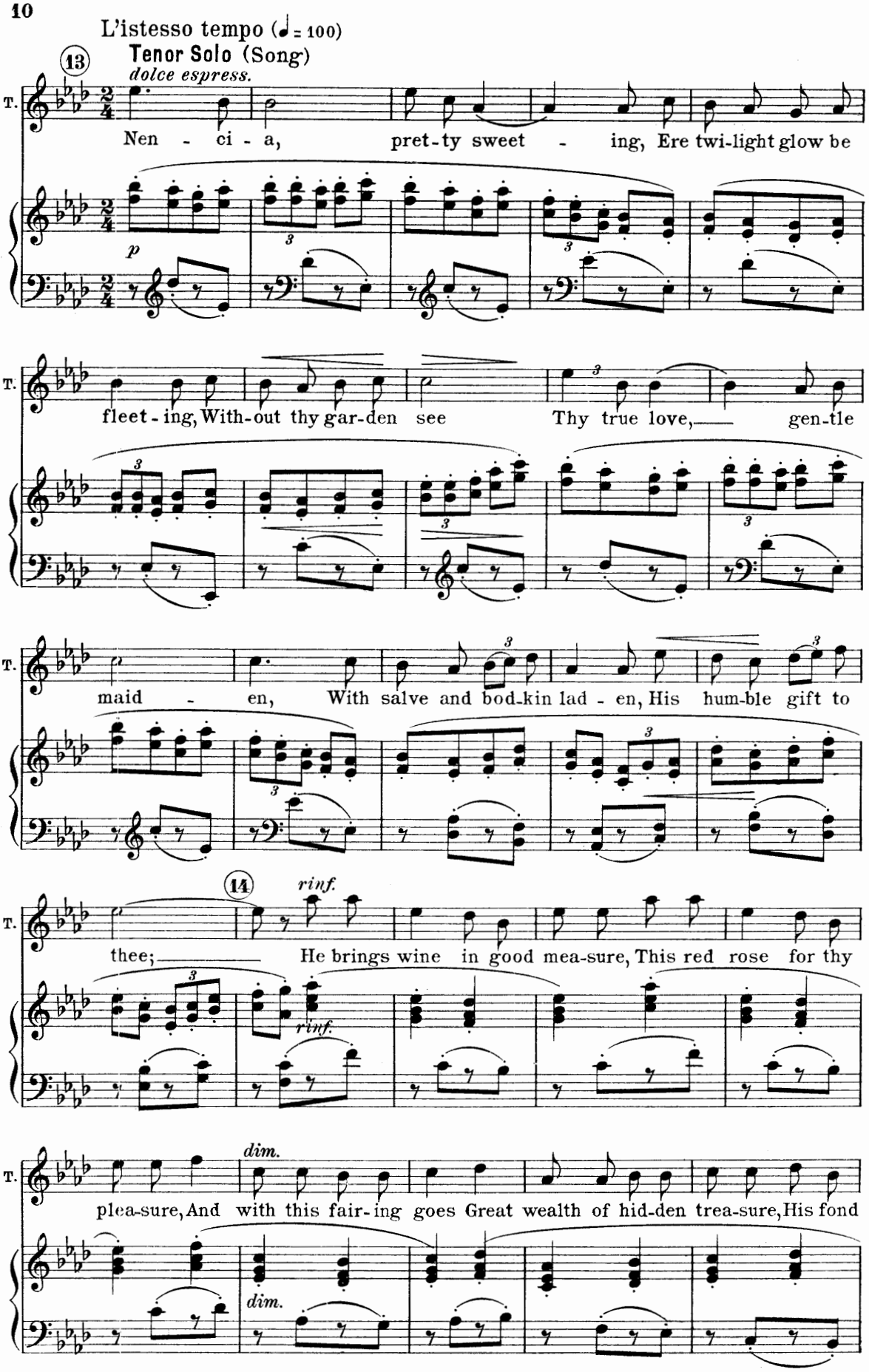

There's danc-ing, there's danc-ing here to re-pay thee! Come
There's danc-ing, there's danc-ing here to re-pay thee! Come
There's danc-ing, there's danc-ing here to re-pay thee! Come
There's danc-ing, there's danc-ing here to re-pay thee! Come
down, Cec - co! Come down to wine and laugh-ter, ron-del and
down, Cec - co! Come down to wine and laugh-ter, ron-del and
down, Cec - co! Come down to wine and laugh-ter, ron-del and
down, Cec - co! Come down to wine and laugh-ter, ron-del and

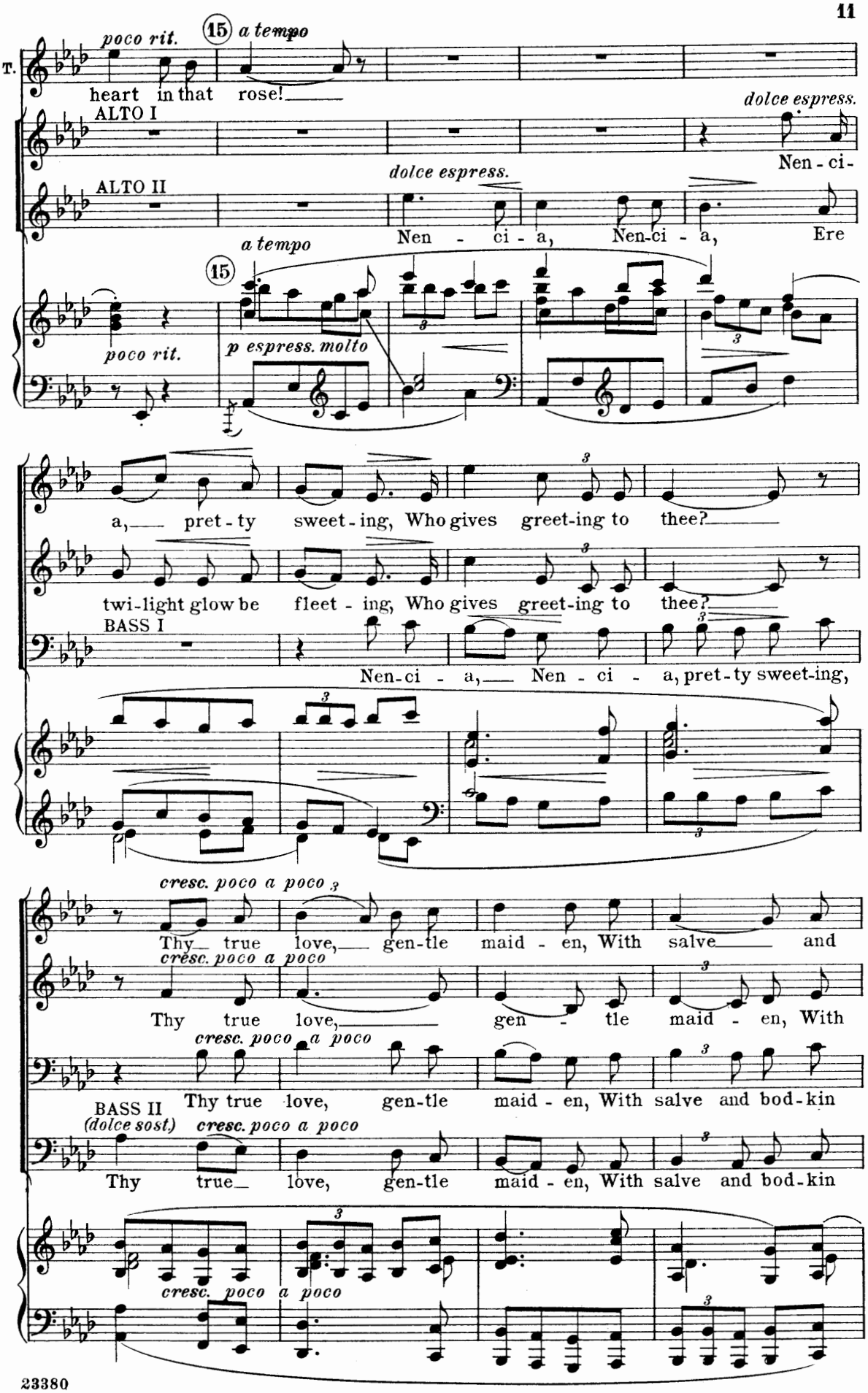

9
song! Join our throng! Cec-co! Come!
song! Come! Cec-co! Come! Join our
song! Come! Cec-co! Come! Join our
song! Join our throng! Cec-co! Come!
9
Come down, I pray thee! Gay fa-ran-dole soon will
throng! Come down! Gay fa-ran-dole soon will
throng! Come down! Gay fa-ran-dole soon will
Come down, I pray thee! Gay fa-ran-dole soon will

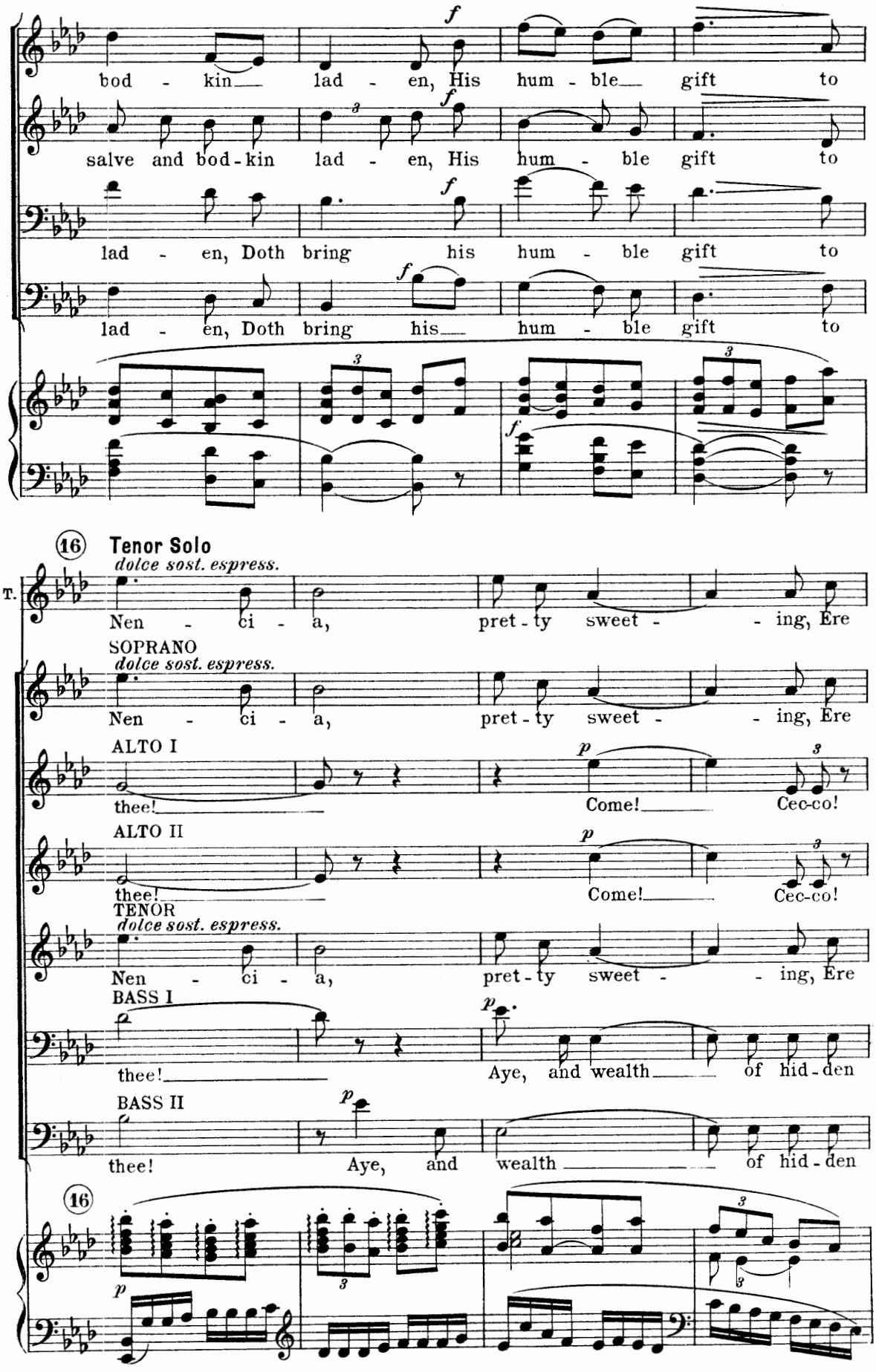

10
rouse thee!
rouse thee!
rouse thee!
rouse thee!
10
p
3
11
p
Why so rapt is thy
p
Why so rapt is thy
p
Why so rapt is thy
p
Why so rapt is thy
11

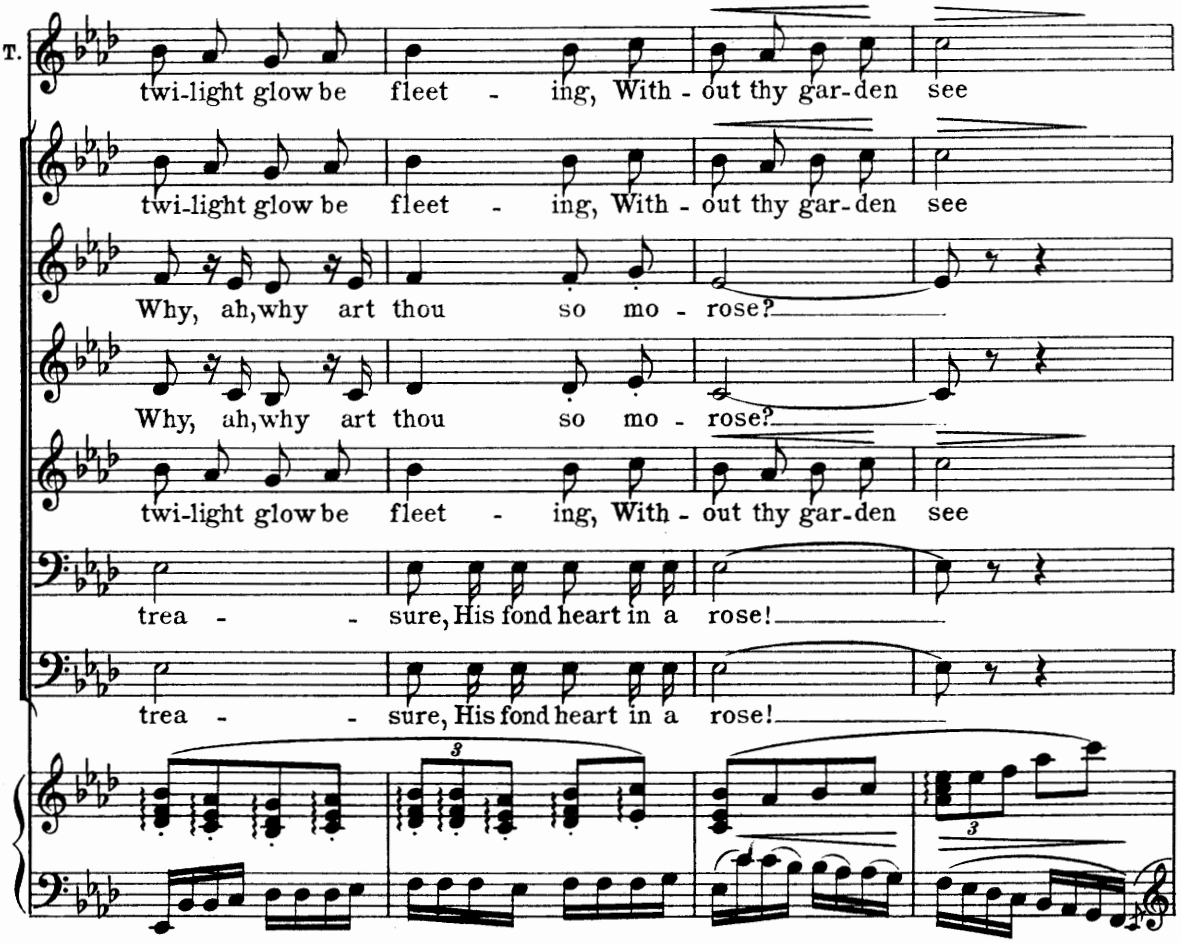

gaze, as there up - on the ter-race thou look-est out?
gaze, why so rapt is thy gaze?
On
gaze, as there up - on the ter-race thou look-est out?
On
gaze, why so rapt is thy gaze?
On what does it brood?
On what
what does it brood?
On what,
on what
what does it brood?
On what,
on what
On what does it brood?
On what

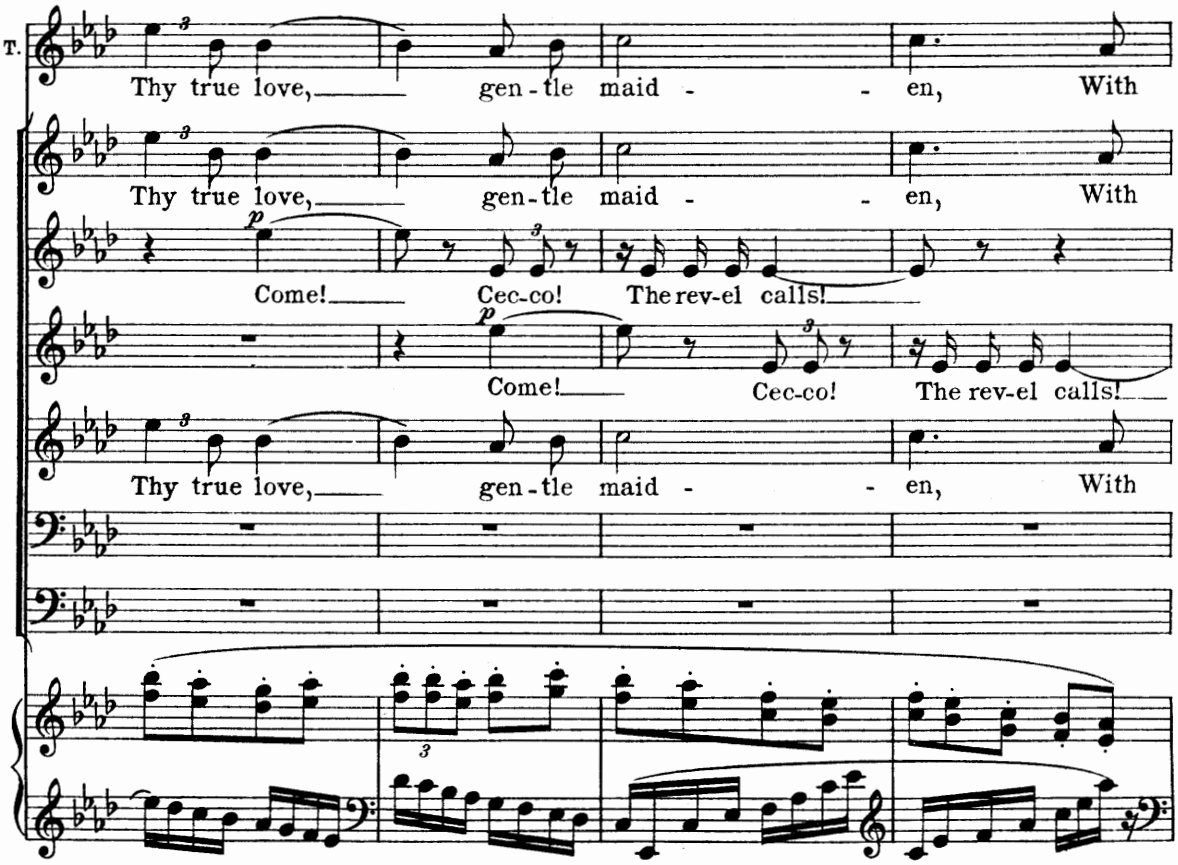

12
mf
does it brood? Why this mood, Cec - co, to -
does it brood? Why this mood, Cec - co, to -
does it brood? Why this mood, Cec - co, to -
does it brood? Why this mood, Cec - co, to -
12
f
ff molto rit.
day? So per - verse, Cec - co, so fey!
day? So per - verse, Cec - co, so fey!
day? So per - verse, Cec - co, so fey!
day? So per - verse, Cec - co, so fey!
sf
ff molto rit.

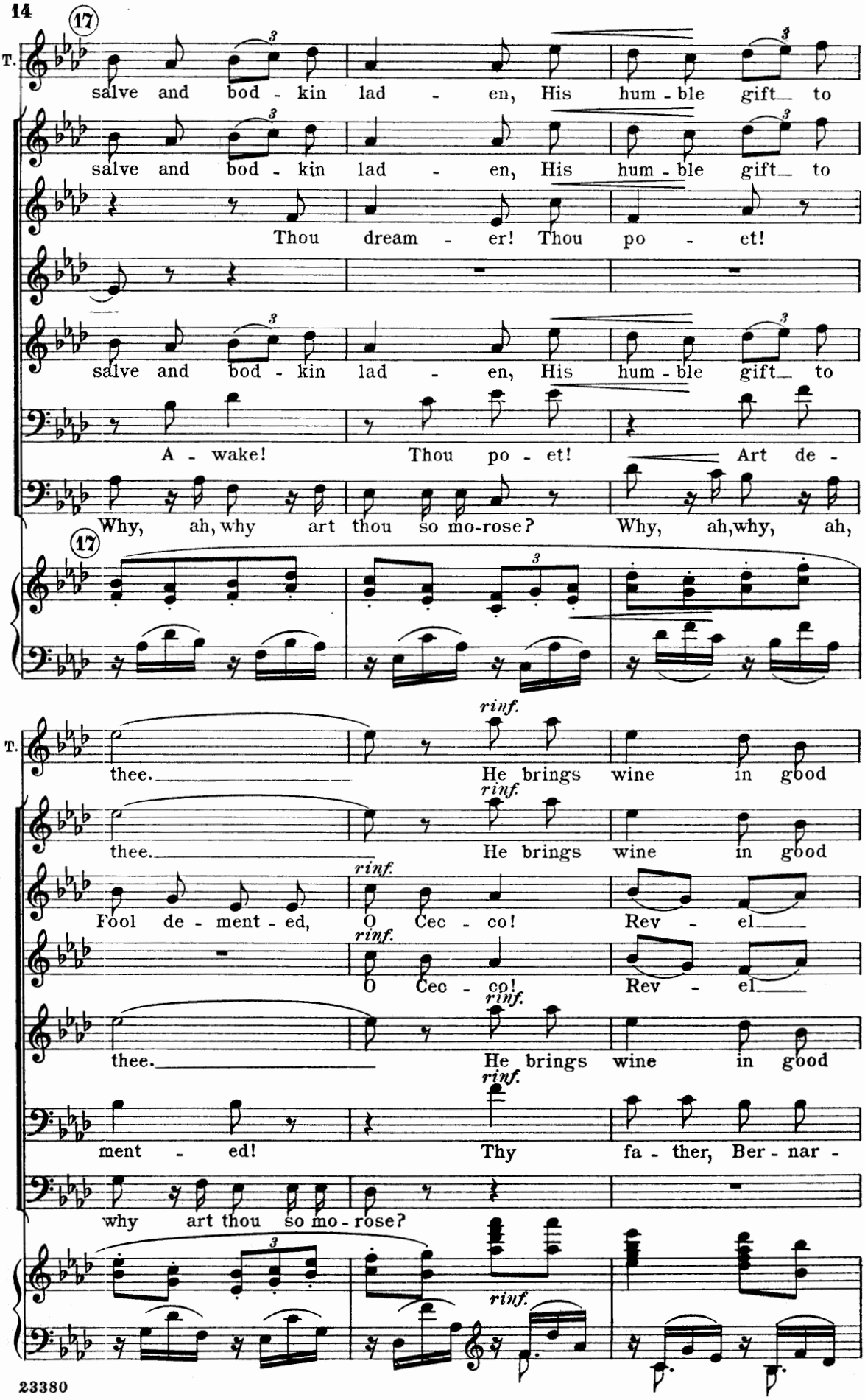

L'istesso tempo (♩= 100)
Tenor Solo (Song)
13
dolce espress.
T.
Nen - ci - a, pret-ty sweet - ing, Ere twi-light glow be
p
fleet - ing, With-out thy gar-den see Thy true love, gen-tle
maid - en, With salve and bod-kin lad - en, His hum-ble gift to
14
rinf.
thee; He brings wine in good mea-sure, This red rose for thy
dim.
plea-sure, And with this fair-ing goes Great wealth of hid-den trea-sure, His fond

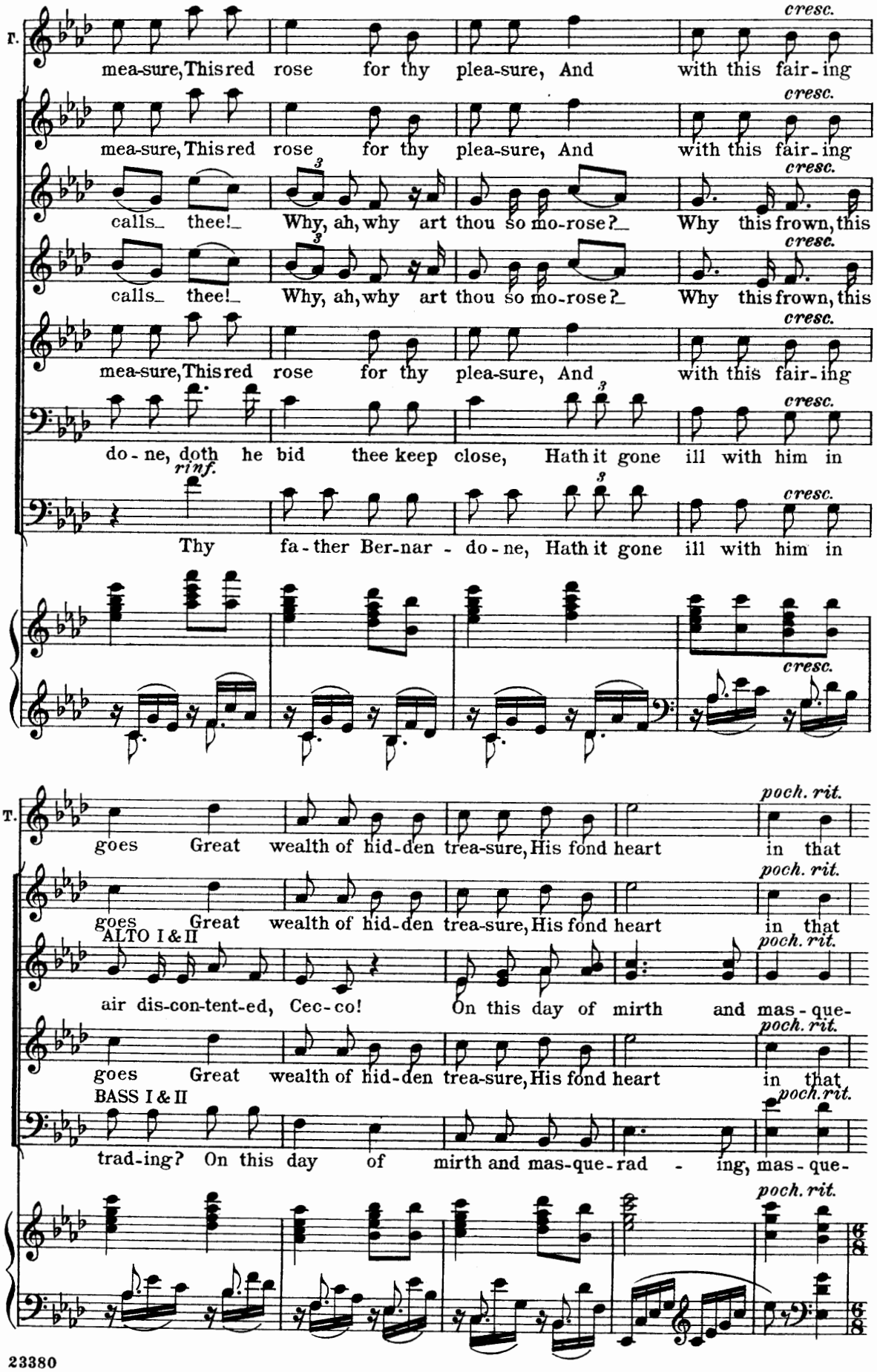

poco rit.
15
a tempo
T.
heart in that rose!
ALTO I
dolce espress.
Nen - ci-
ALTO II
dolce espress.
Nen - ci - a, Nen-ci - a, Ere
a tempo
15
poco rit.
p espress. molto
a, pret - ty sweet - ing, Who gives greet-ing to thee?
twi-light glow be fleet - ing, Who gives greet-ing to thee?
BASS I
Nen-ci - a, Nen - ci - a, pret-ty sweet-ing,
cresc. poco a poco
Thy true love, gen-tle maid - en, With salve and
cresc. poco a poco
Thy true love, gen - tle maid - en, With
cresc. poco a poco
Thy true love, gen-tle maid - en, With salve and bod-kin
BASS II
(dolce sost.)
cresc. poco a poco
Thy true love, gen-tle maid - en, With salve and bod-kin
cresc. poco a poco

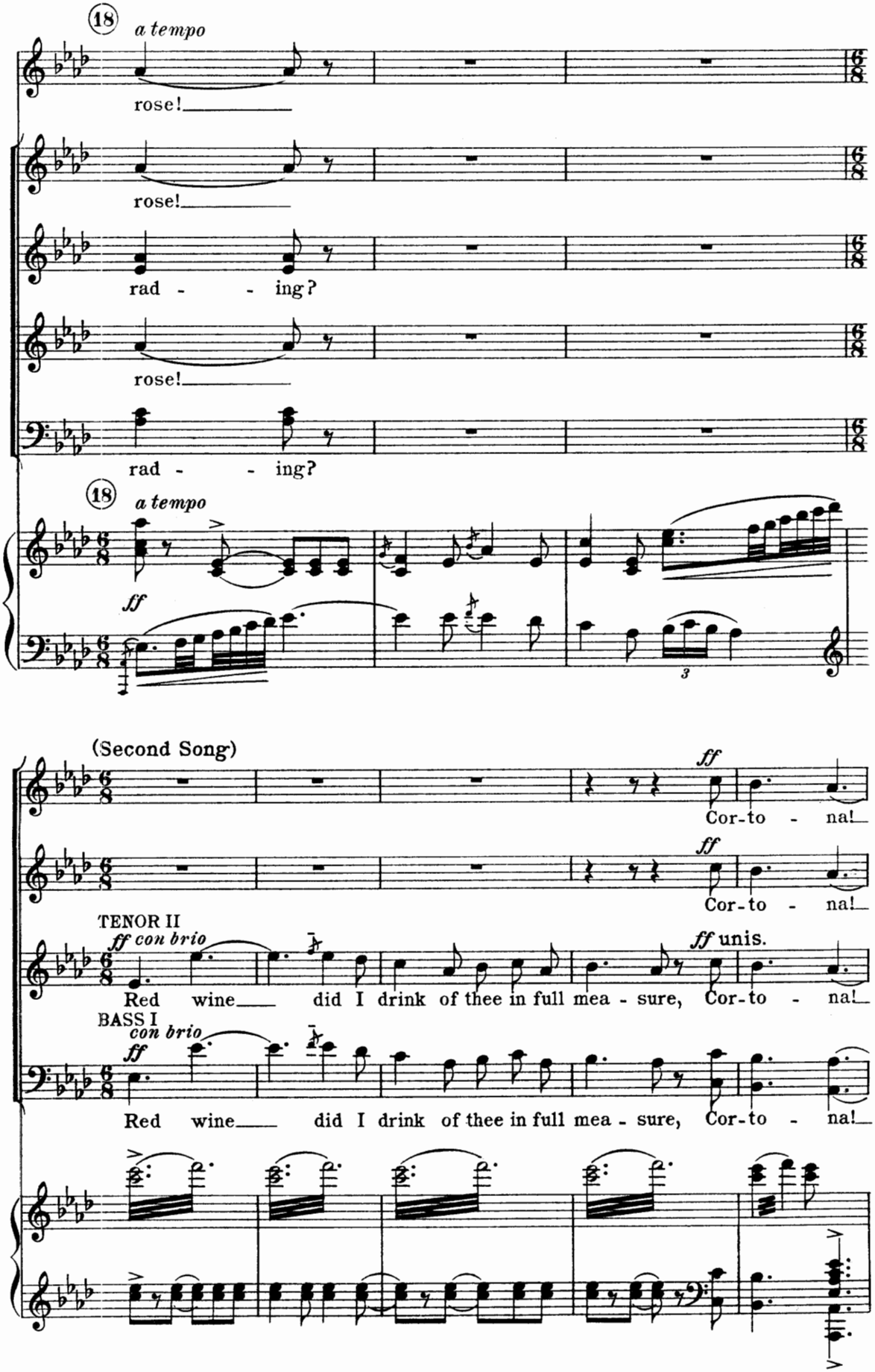

bod - kin lad - en, His hum - ble gift to
salve and bod-kin lad - en, His hum - ble gift to
lad - en, Doth bring his hum - ble gift to
lad - en, Doth bring his hum - ble gift to
16 Tenor Solo
dolce sost. espress.
T.
Nen - ci - a, pret - ty sweet - - ing, Ere
SOPRANO
dolce sost. espress.
Nen - ci - a, pret - ty sweet - - ing, Ere
ALTO I
thee! Come! Cec-co!
ALTO II
thee! Come! Cec-co!
TENOR
dolce sost. espress.
Nen - ci - a, pret - ty sweet - - ing, Ere
BASS I
thee! Aye, and wealth of hid - den
BASS II
thee! Aye, and wealth of hid - den
16

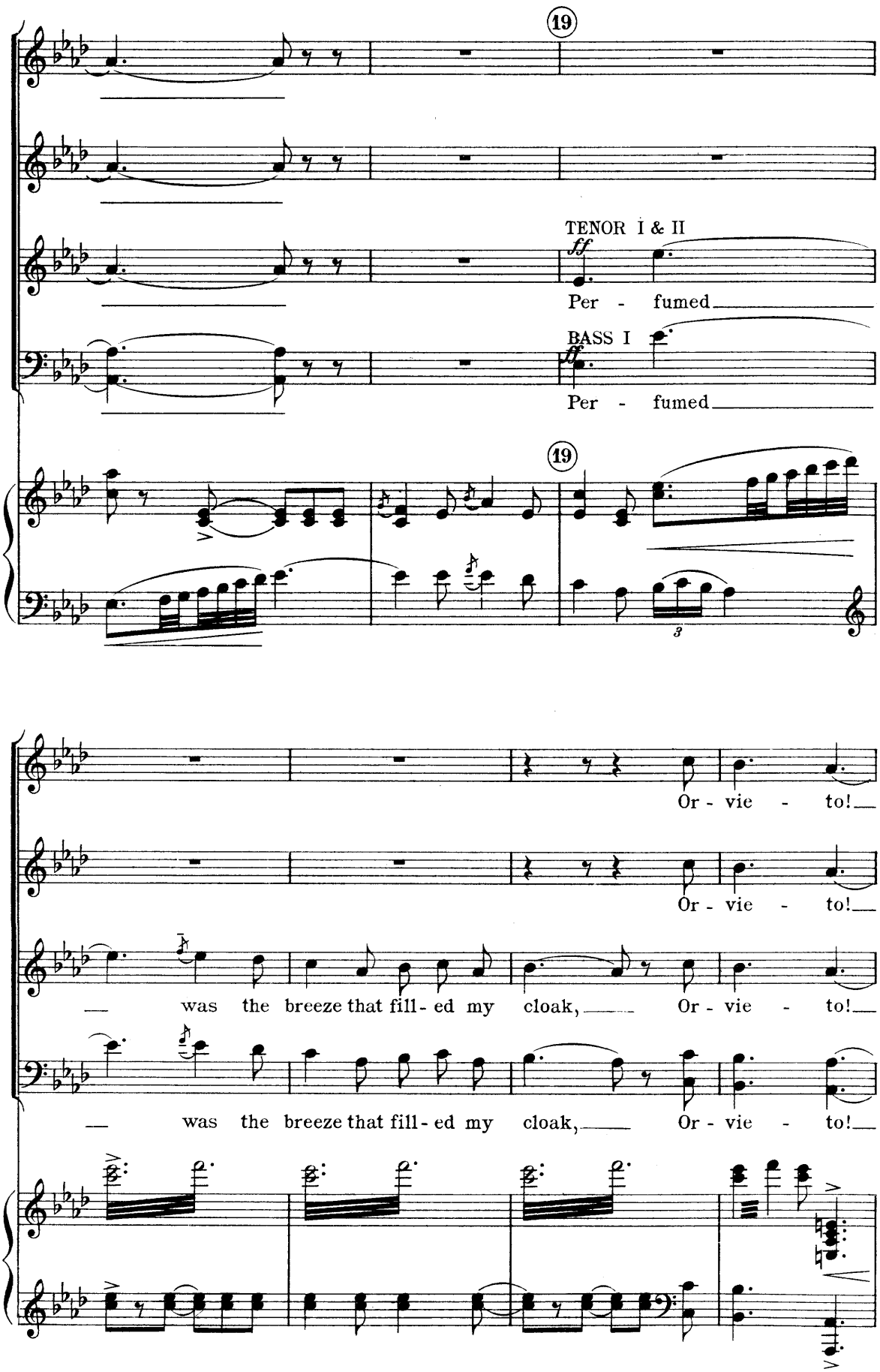

T.
twi-light glow be fleet - ing, With - out thy gar-den see
twi-light glow be fleet - ing, With - out thy gar-den see
Why, ah, why art thou so mo - rose?
Why, ah, why art thou so mo - rose?
twi-light glow be fleet - ing, With - out thy gar-den see
trea - - sure, His fond heart in a rose!
trea - - sure, His fond heart in a rose!

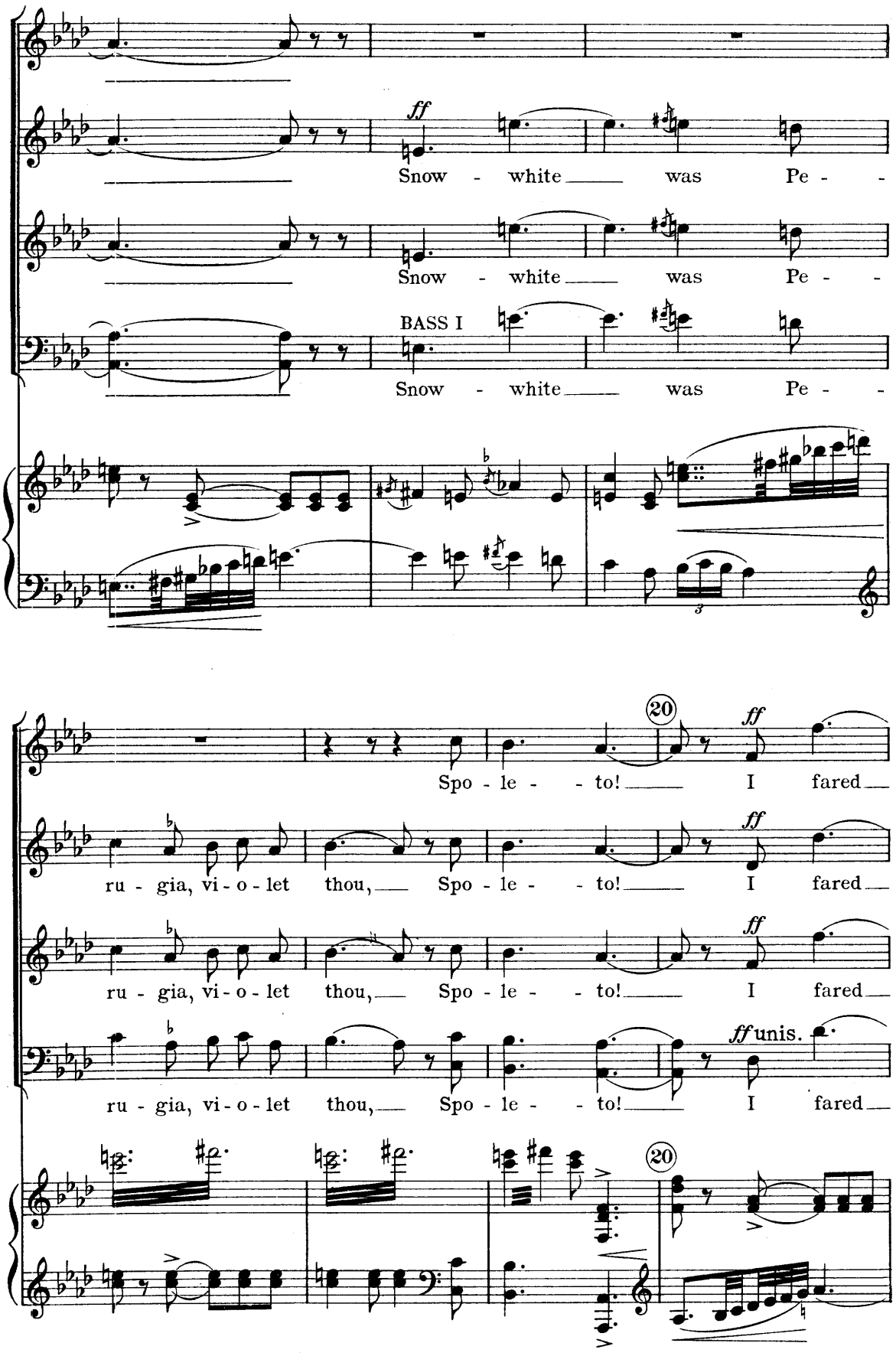

T.
Thy true love, gen - tle maid - - en, With
Thy true love, gen - tle maid - - en, With
p
Come! Cec-co! The rev-el calls!
p
Come! Cec-co! The rev-el calls!
Thy true love, gen - tle maid - - en, With

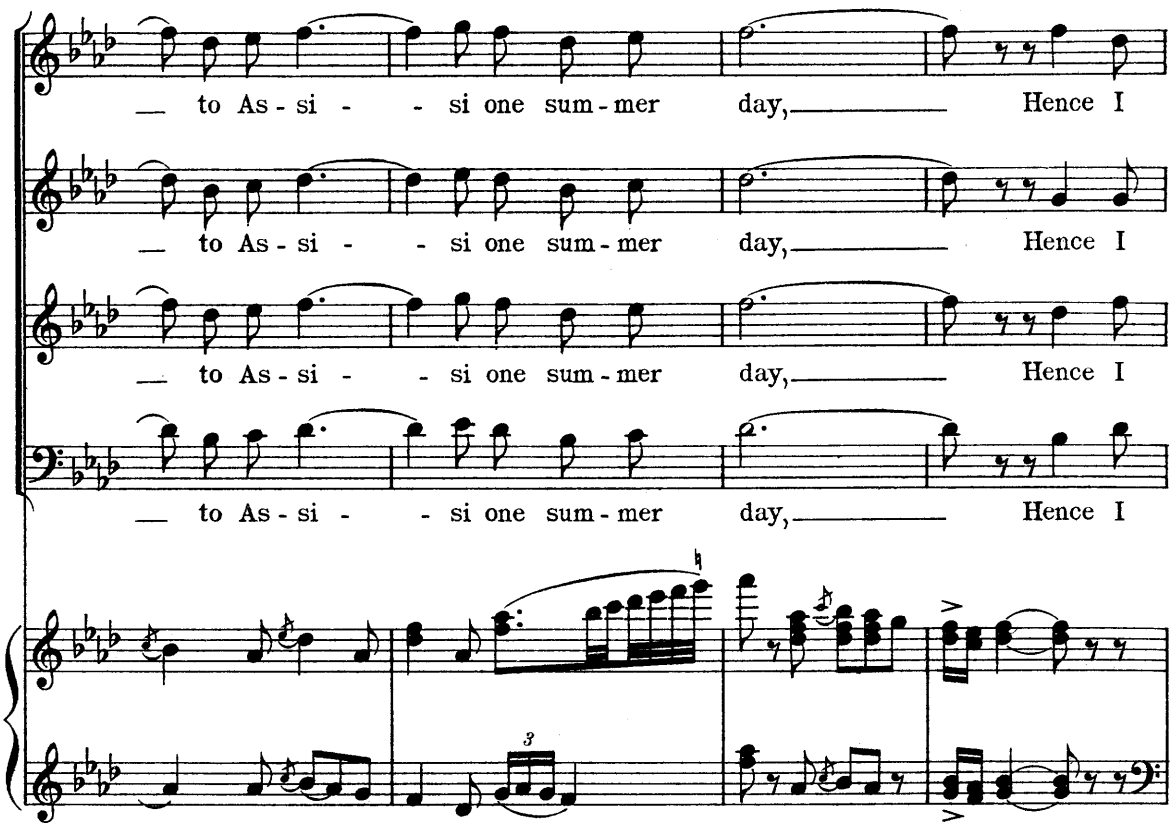

17
T.
salve and bod - kin lad - en, His hum - ble gift to
salve and bod - kin lad - en, His hum - ble gift to
Thou dream - er! Thou po - et!
salve and bod - kin lad - en, His hum - ble gift to
A - wake! Thou po - et! Art de -
Why, ah, why art thou so mo-rose? Why, ah, why, ah,
17
T.
thee. He brings wine in good
thee. He brings wine in good
Fool de - ment - ed, O Cec - co! Rev - el
O Cec - co! Rev - el
thee. He brings wine in good
ment - ed! Thy fa - ther, Ber - nar -
why art thou so mo - rose?
rinf.

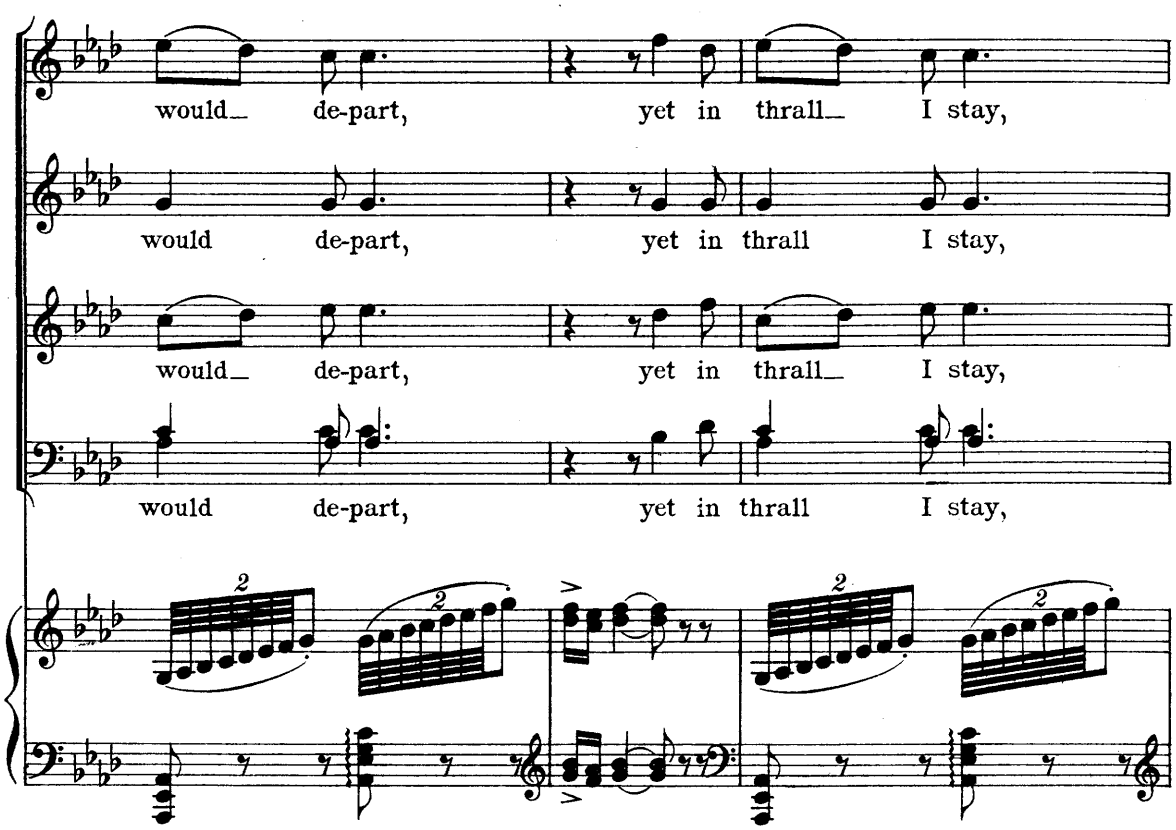

T.
mea-sure, This red rose for thy plea-sure, And with this fair-ing
cresc.
mea-sure, This red rose for thy plea-sure, And with this fair-ing
calls_ thee!_ Why, ah, why art thou so mo-rose?_ Why this frown, this
calls_ thee!_ Why, ah, why art thou so mo-rose?_ Why this frown, this
mea-sure, This red rose for thy plea-sure, And with this fair-ing
do-ne, doth he bid thee keep close, Hath it gone ill with him in
rinf.
Thy fa-ther Ber-nar-do-ne, Hath it gone ill with him in
cresc.
T.
goes Great wealth of hid-den trea-sure, His fond heart in that
poch. rit.
goes Great wealth of hid-den trea-sure, His fond heart in that
ALTO I & II
air dis-con-tent-ed, Cec-co! On this day of mirth and mas-que-
goes Great wealth of hid-den trea-sure, His fond heart in that
BASS I & II
trad-ing? On this day of mirth and mas-que-rad-ing, mas-que-
poch. rit.

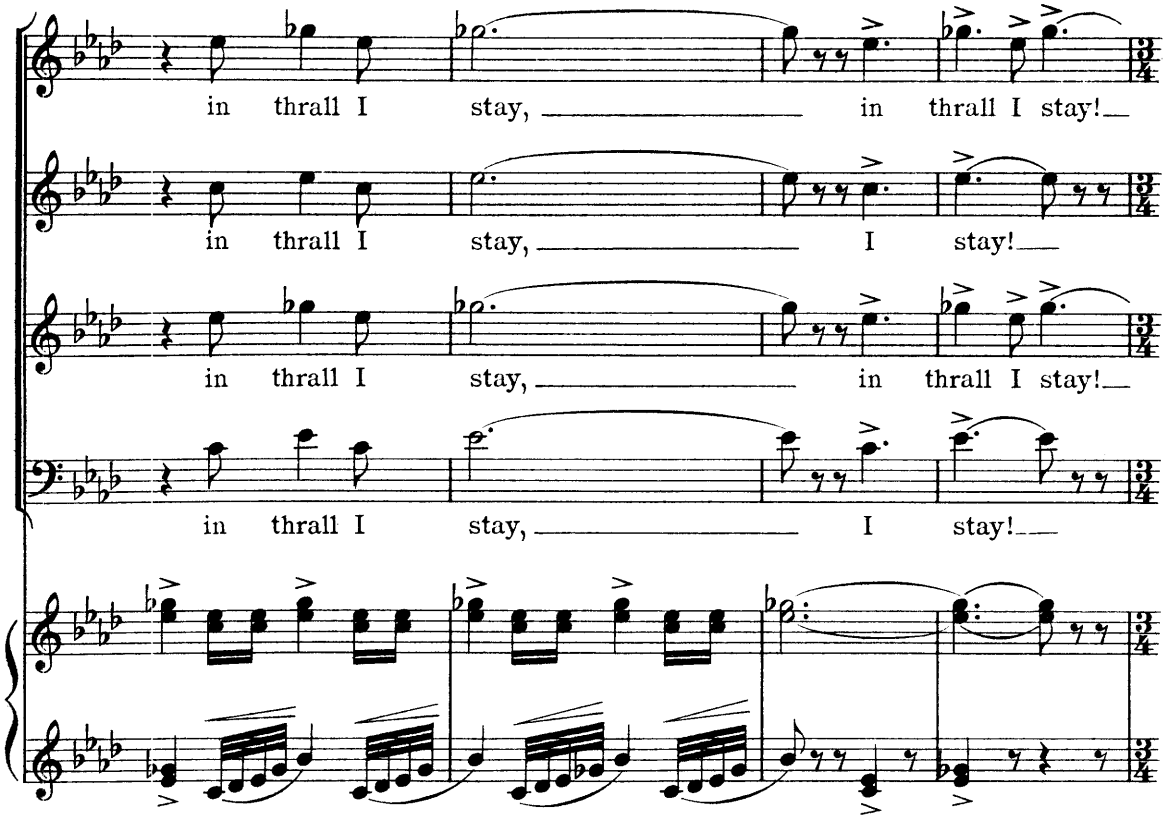

18
a tempo
rose!
rose!
rad - - ing?
rose!
rad - - ing?
18
a tempo
ff
3
(Second Song)
ff
Cor-to - na!
ff
Cor-to - na!
TENOR II
ff con brio
ff unis.
Red wine did I drink of thee in full mea - sure, Cor-to - na!
BASS I
con brio
ff
Red wine did I drink of thee in full mea - sure, Cor-to - na!

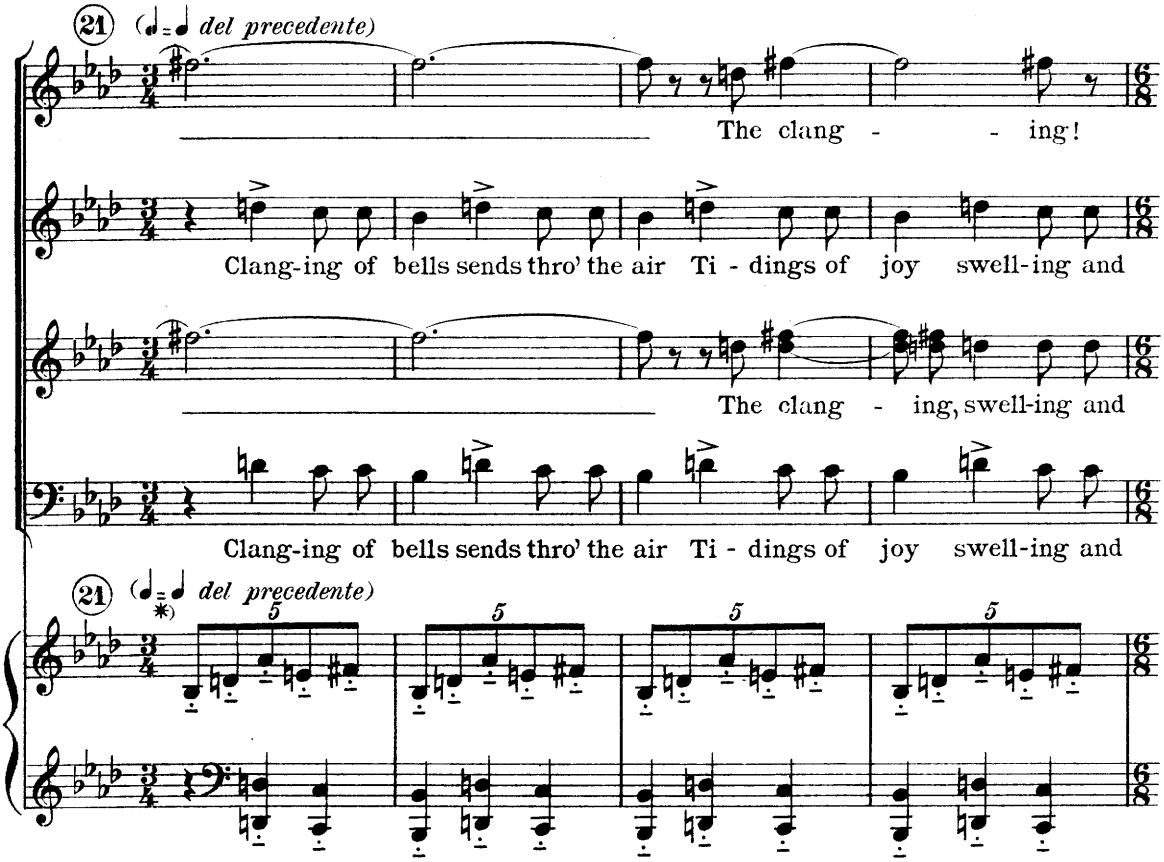

19
TENOR I & II
ff
Per - fumed
BASS I
Per - fumed
19
3
Or - vie - to!
Or - vie - to!
was the breeze that fill - ed my cloak, Or - vie - to!
was the breeze that fill - ed my cloak, Or - vie - to!


ff
Snow - white was Pe - -
Snow - white was Pe - -
BASS I
Snow - white was Pe - -
20
ff
Spo - le - - to! I fared
ru - gia, vi - o - let thou, Spo - le - - to! I fared
ru - gia, vi - o - let thou, Spo - le - - to! I fared
ff unis.
ru - gia, vi - o - let thou, Spo - le - - to! I fared
20

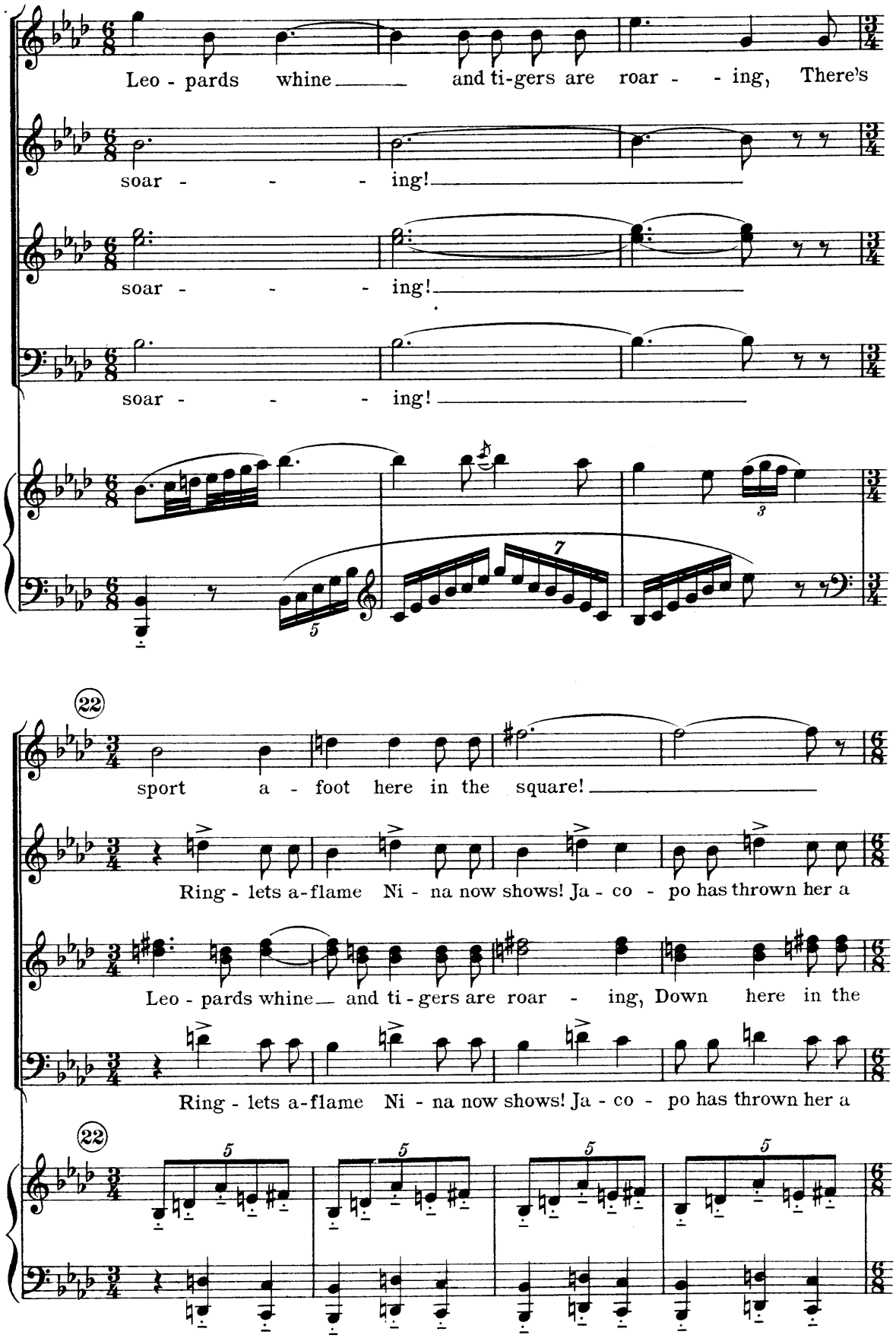

to As - si - - si one sum - mer day, Hence I
to As - si - - si one sum - mer day, Hence I
to As - si - - si one sum - mer day, Hence I
to As - si - - si one sum - mer day, Hence I

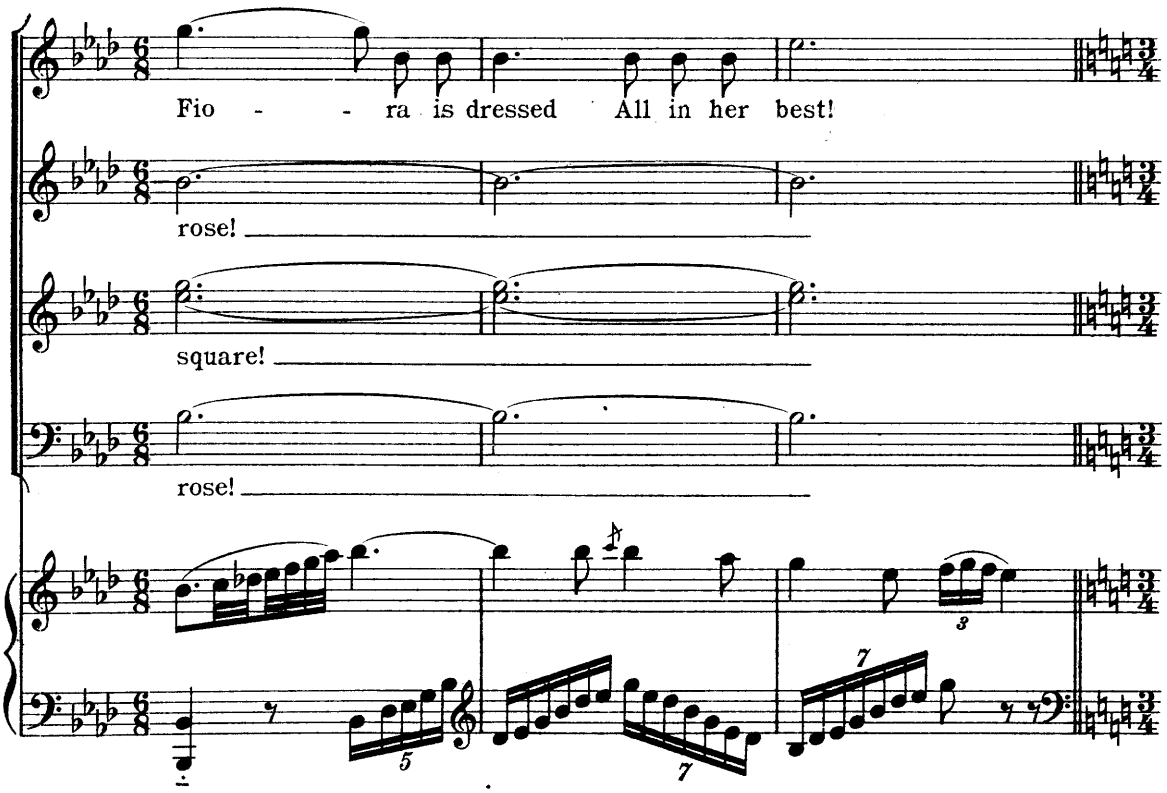

would de-part, yet in thrall I stay,
would de-part, yet in thrall I stay,
would de-part, yet in thrall I stay,
would de-part, yet in thrall I stay,

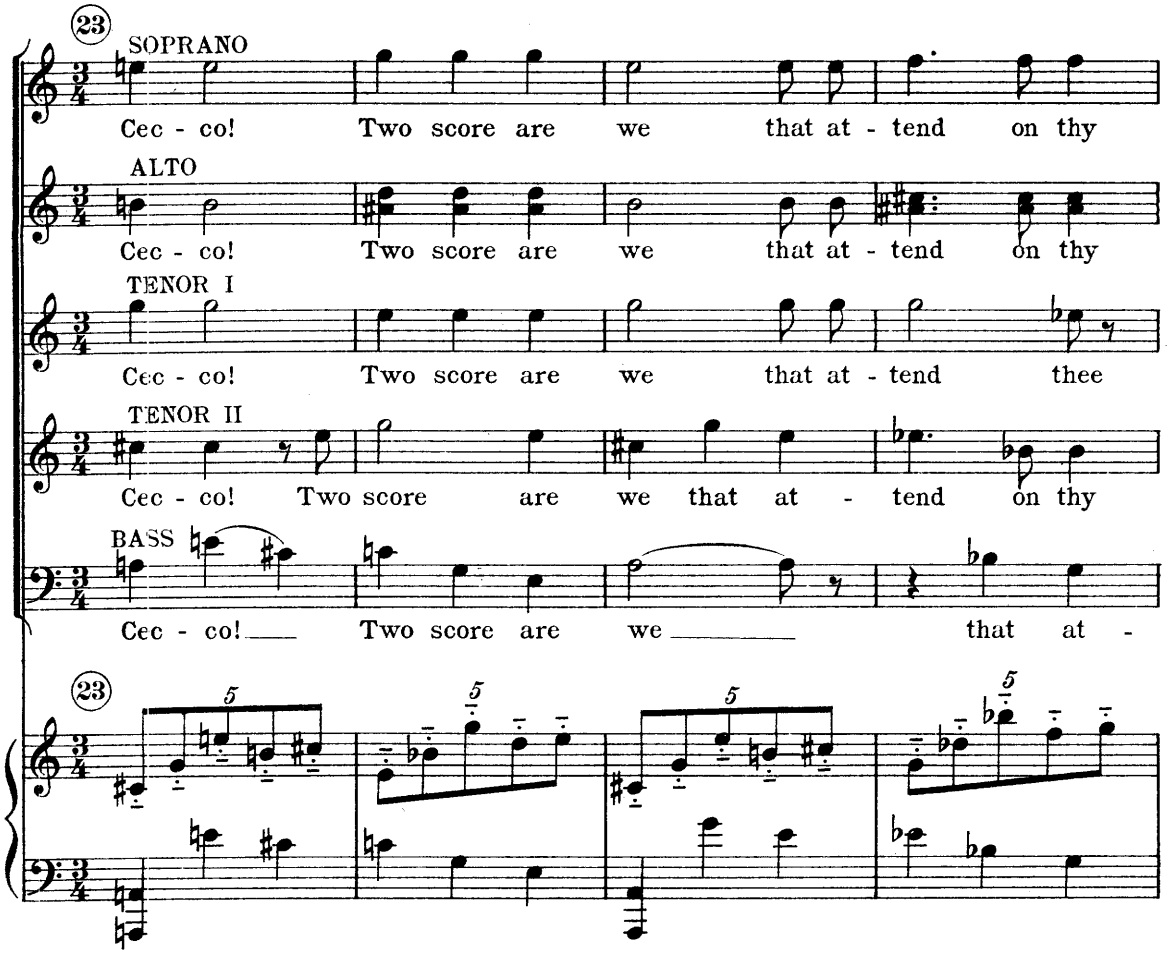


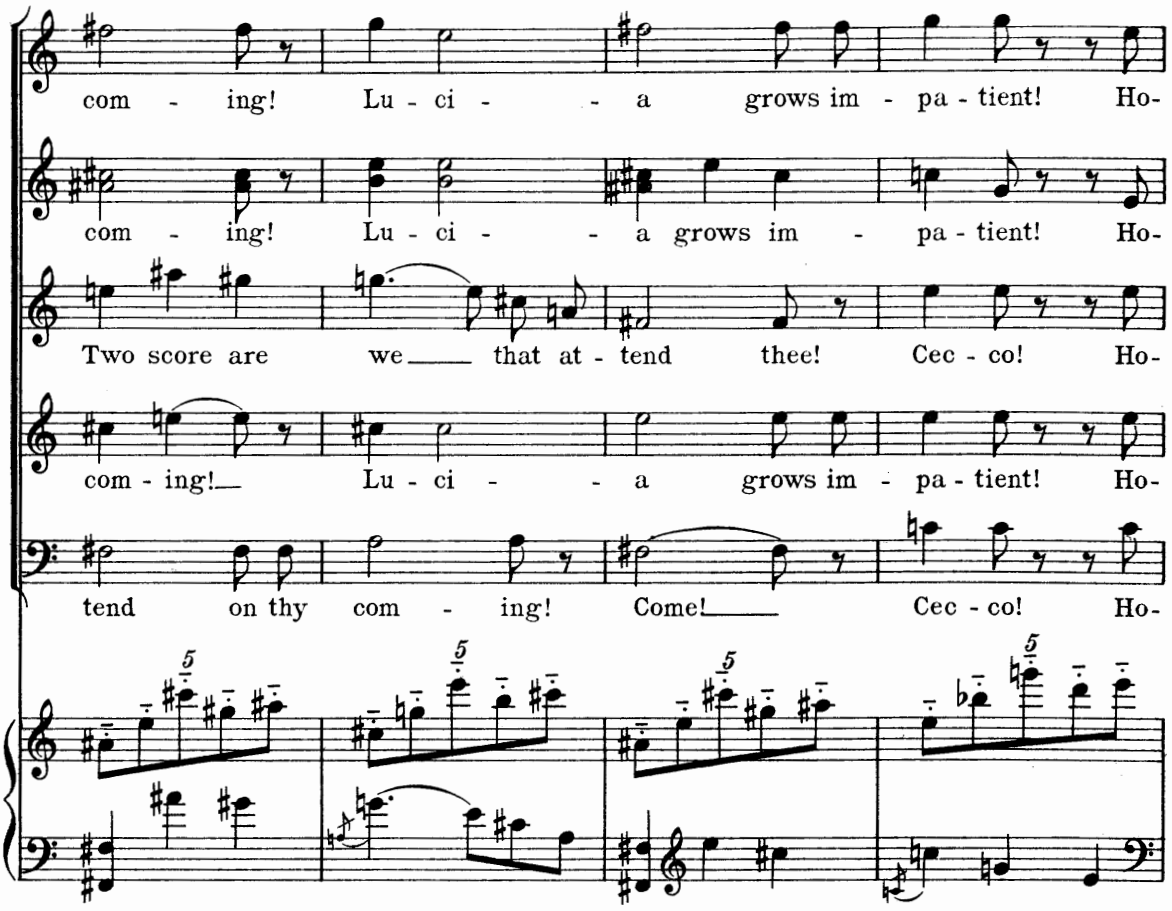


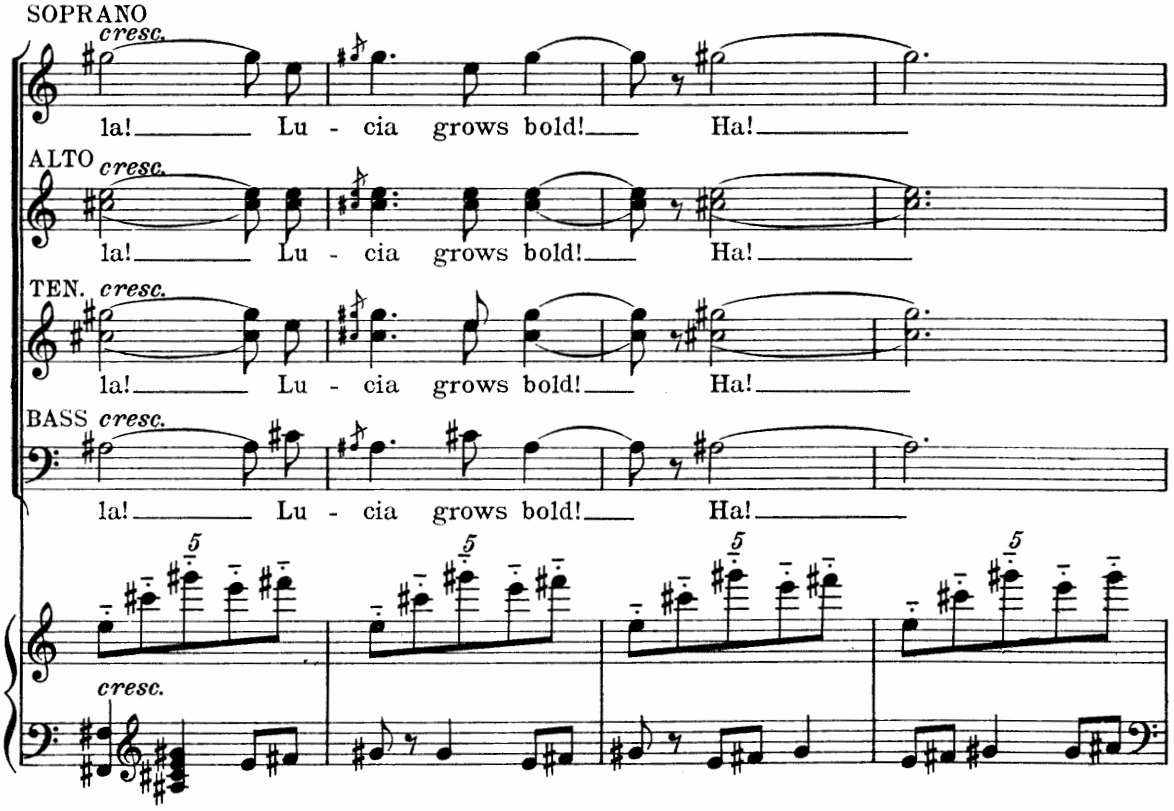
*) Bells of Assisi

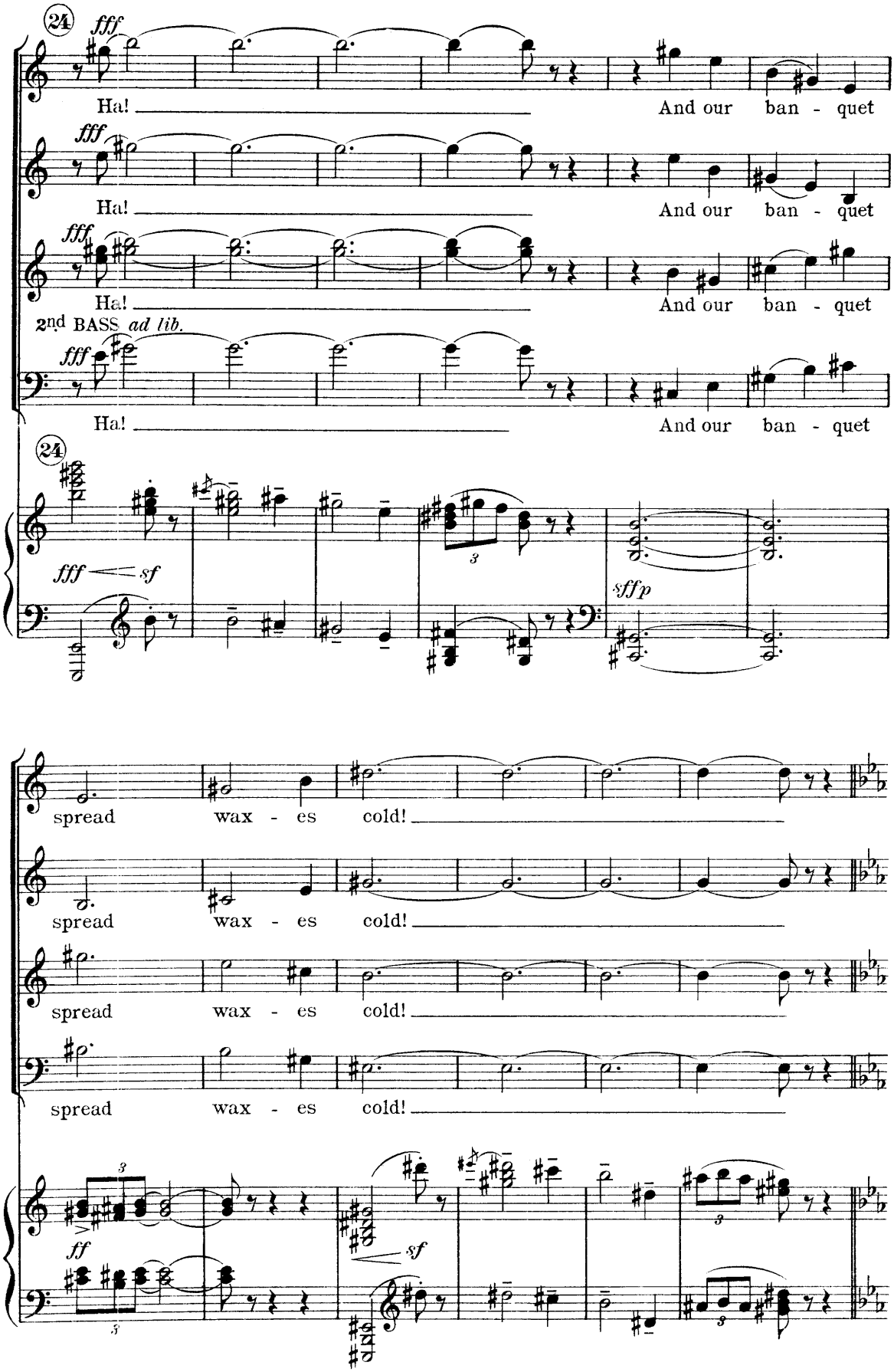

Leo - pards whine and ti-gers are roar - - ing, There's
soar - - - ing!
soar - - - ing!
soar - - - ing!
22
sport a - foot here in the square!
Ring - lets a-flame Ni - na now shows! Ja - co - po has thrown her a
Leo - pards whine and ti - gers are roar - ing, Down here in the
Ring - lets a-flame Ni - na now shows! Ja - co - po has thrown her a
22

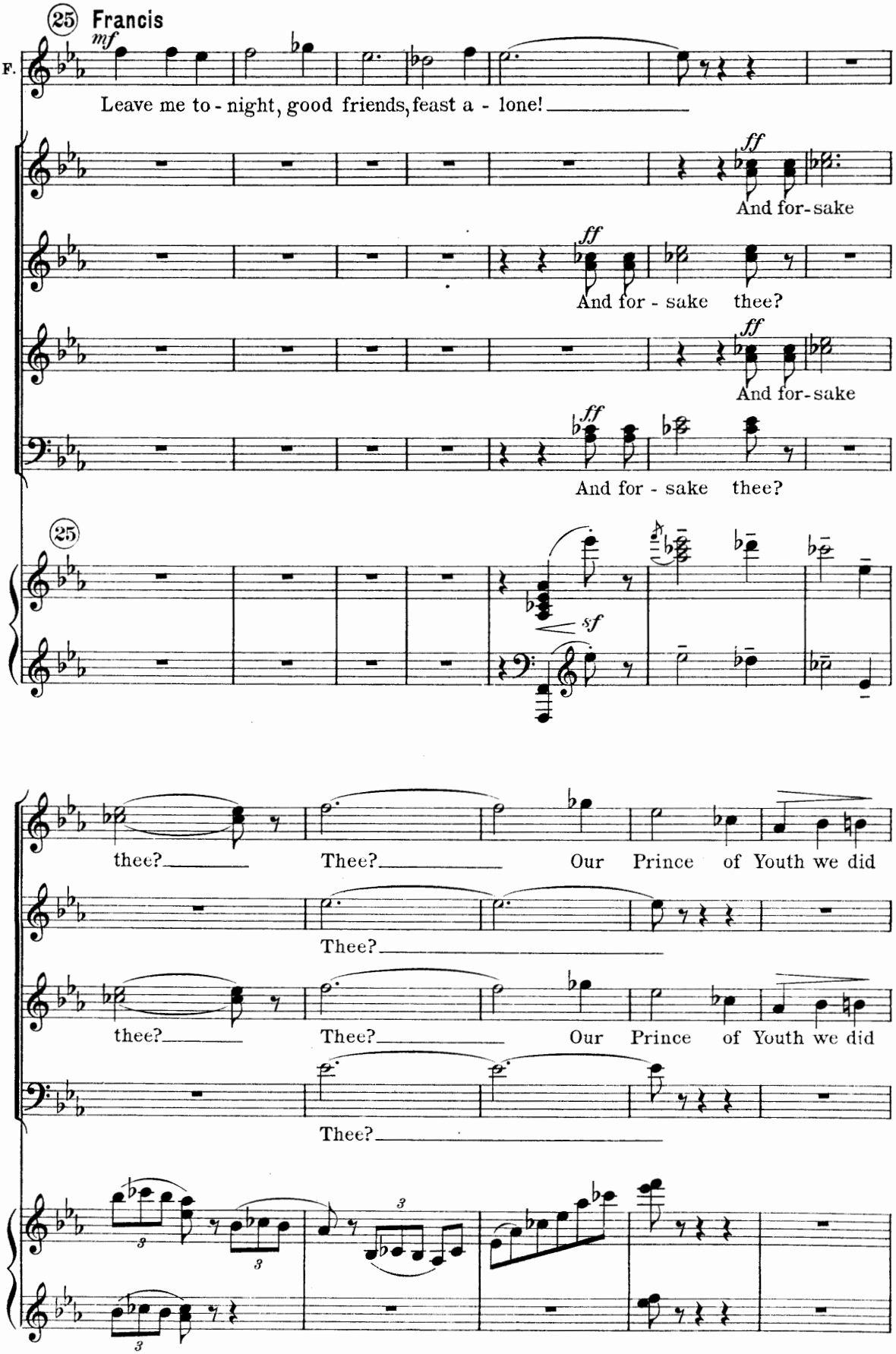

Fio - - ra is dressed All in her best!
rose!
square!
rose!

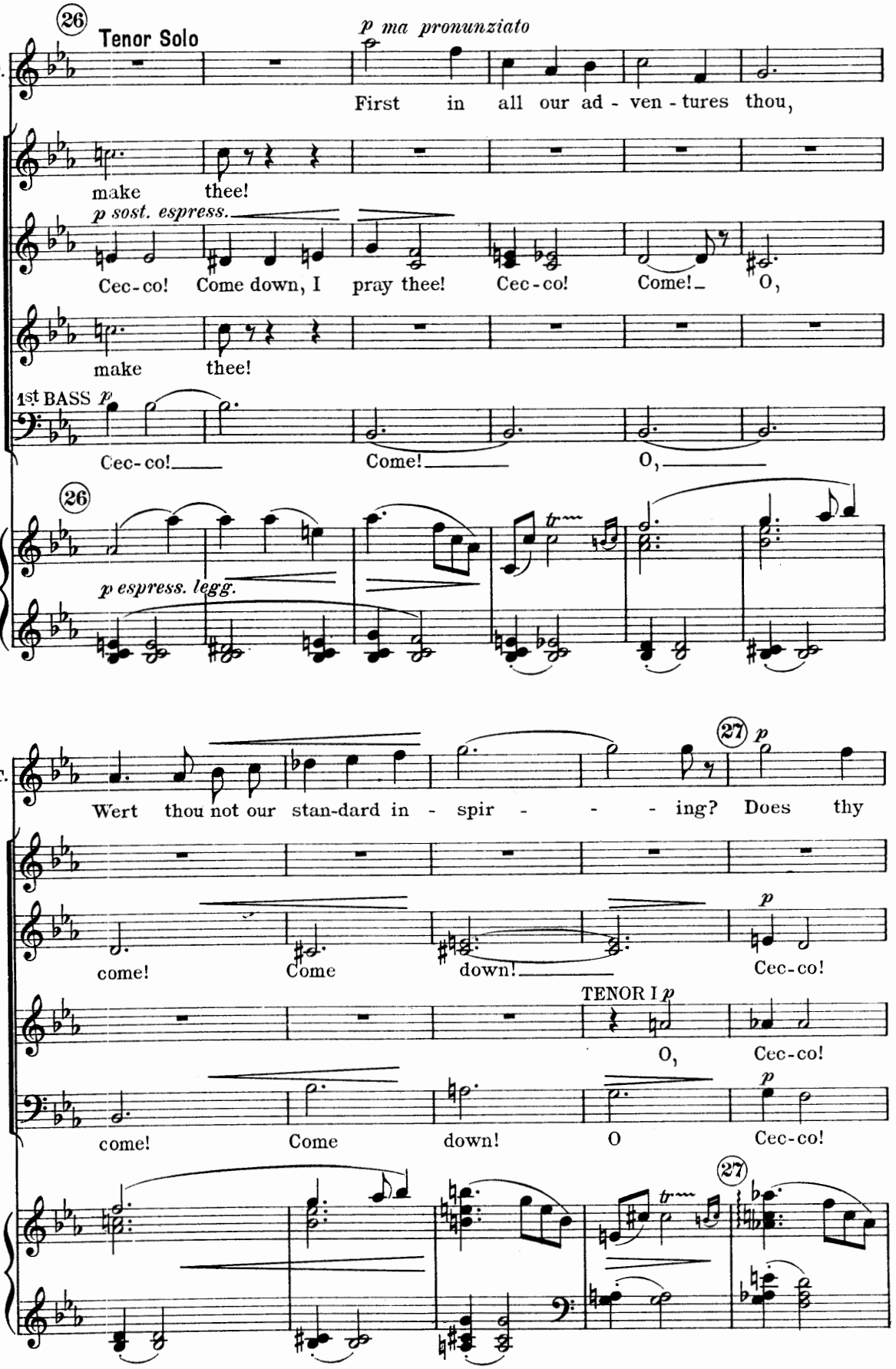

23
SOPRANO
Cec - co! Two score are we that at - tend on thy
ALTO
Cec - co! Two score are we that at - tend on thy
TENOR I
Cec - co! Two score are we that at - tend thee
TENOR II
Cec - co! Two score are we that at - tend on thy
BASS
Cec - co! Two score are we that at -
23

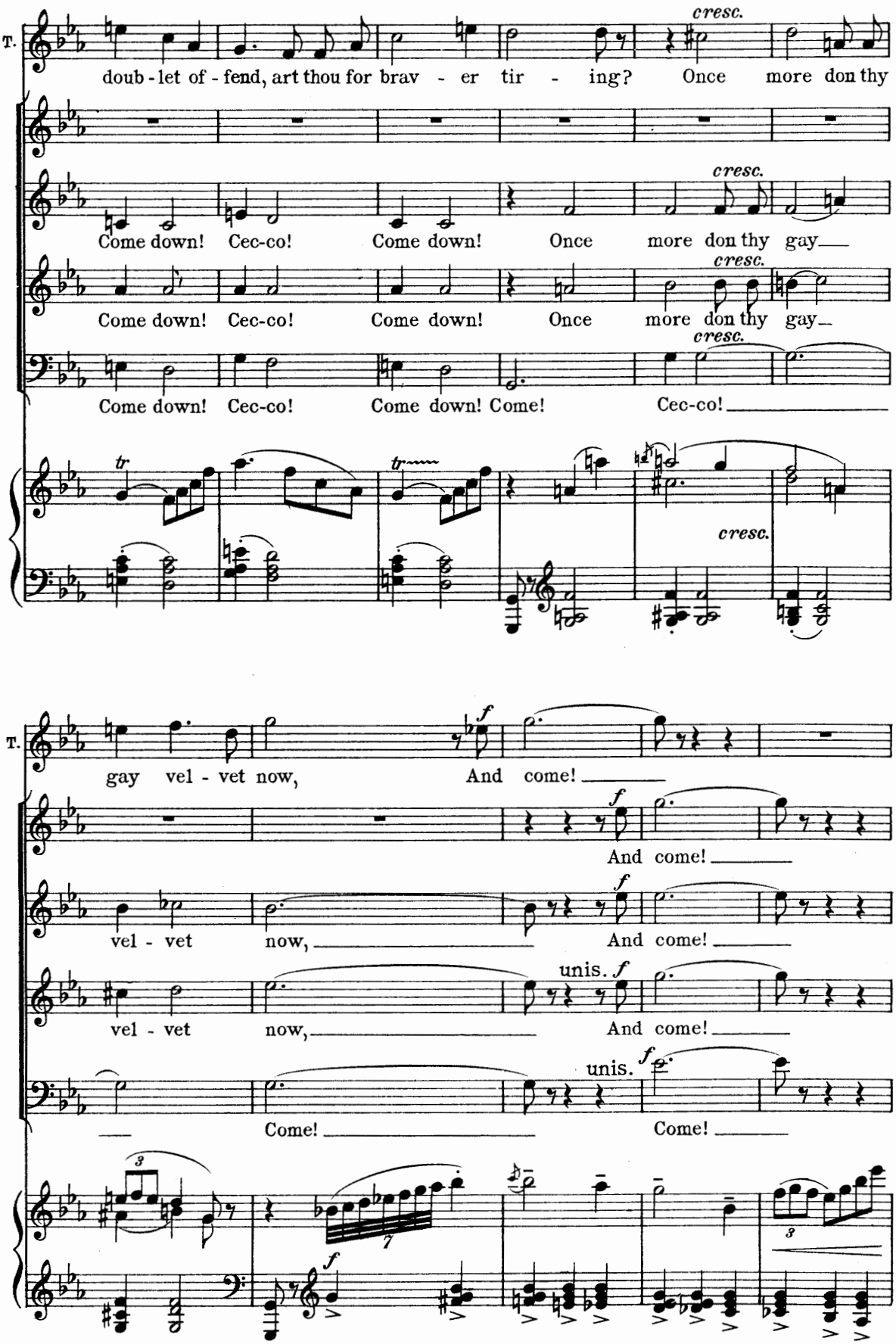

com - ing! Lu - ci - - a grows im - pa - tient! Ho-
com - ing! Lu - ci - - a grows im - pa - tient! Ho-
Two score are we that at - tend thee! Cec - co! Ho-
com - ing! Lu - ci - - a grows im - pa - tient! Ho-
tend on thy com - ing! Come! Cec - co! Ho-

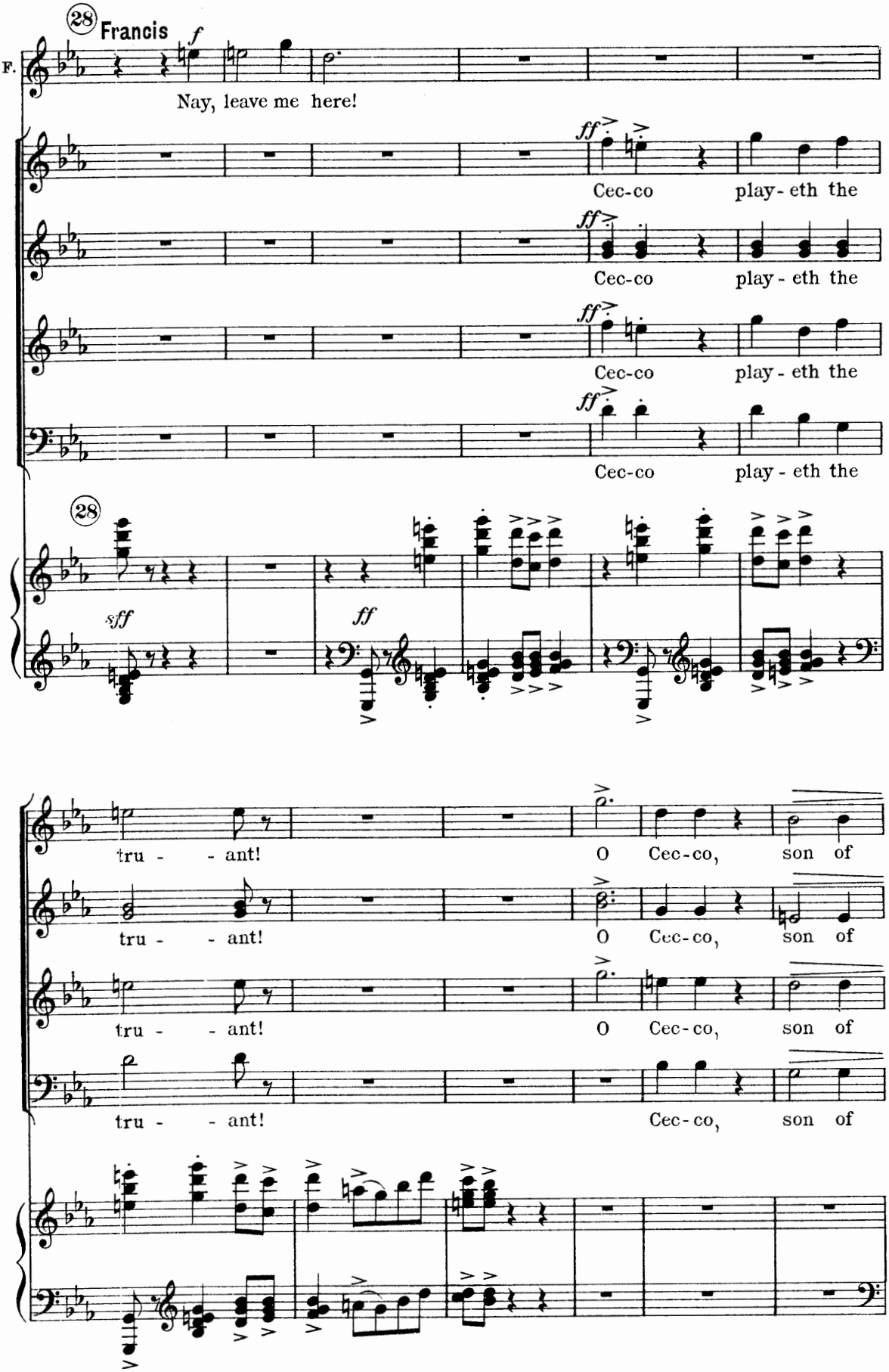

SOPRANO
cresc.
la! Lu - cia grows bold! Ha!
ALTO
cresc.
la! Lu - cia grows bold! Ha!
TEN.
cresc.
la! Lu - cia grows bold! Ha!
BASS
cresc.
la! Lu - cia grows bold! Ha!
cresc.

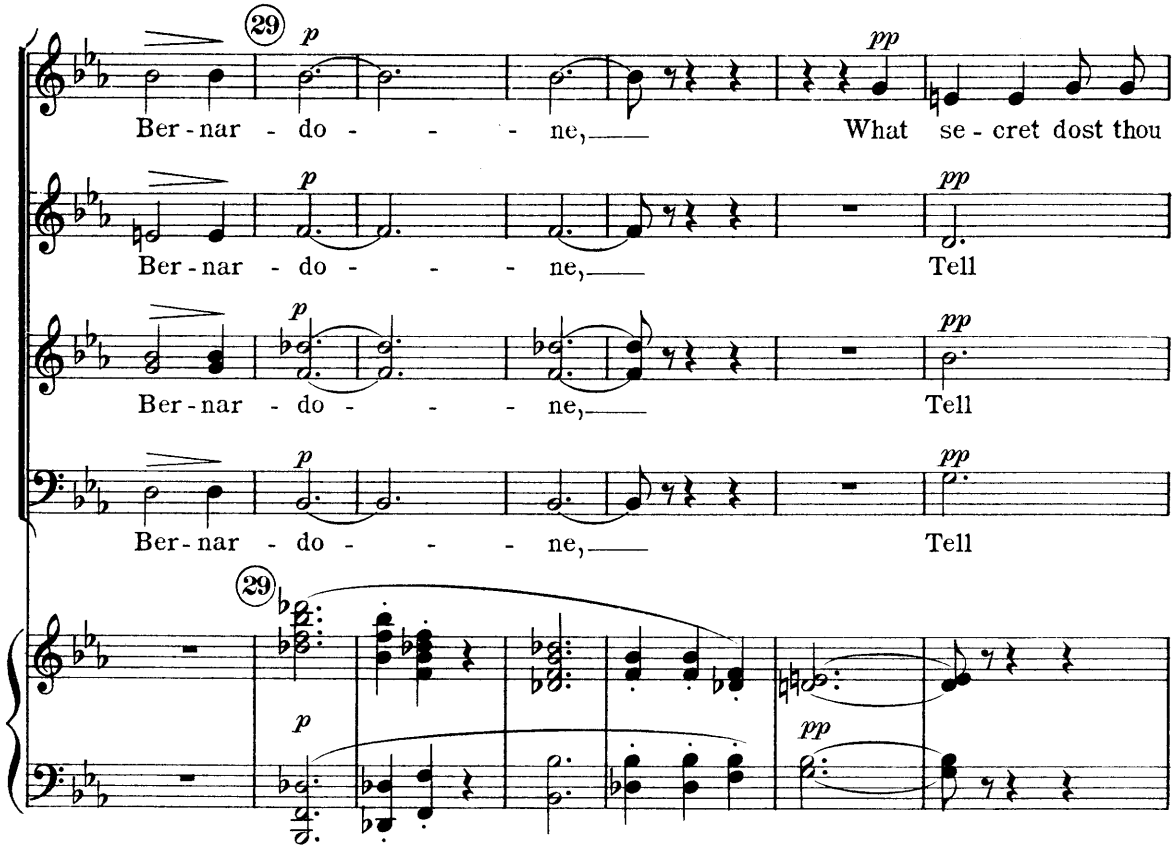

24
fff
Ha!
And our ban - quet
2nd BASS ad lib.
sf
sffp
spread wax - es cold!
ff

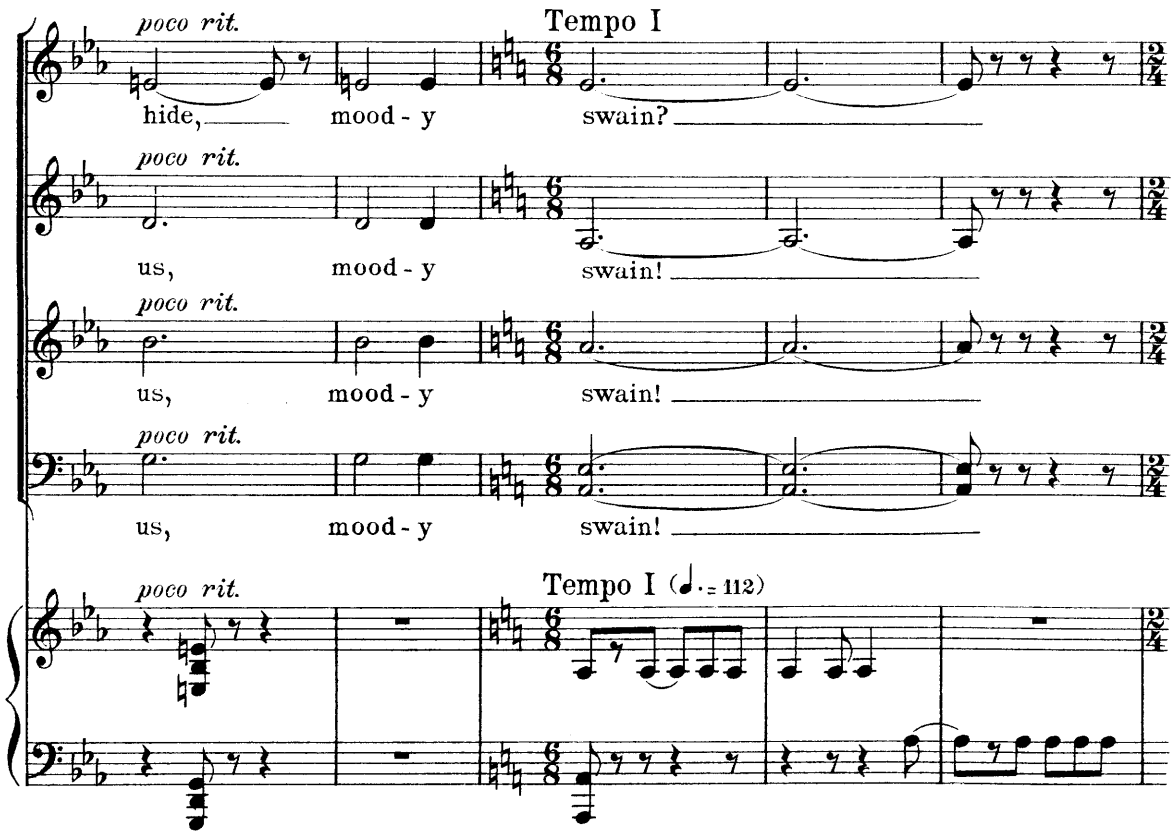

25 Francis
mf
F.
Leave me to - night, good friends, feast a - lone!
ff
And for-sake
ff
And for - sake thee?
ff
And for-sake
ff
And for - sake thee?
25
sf
thee?
Thee?
Our Prince of Youth we did
Thee?
thee?
Thee?
Our Prince of Youth we did
Thee?

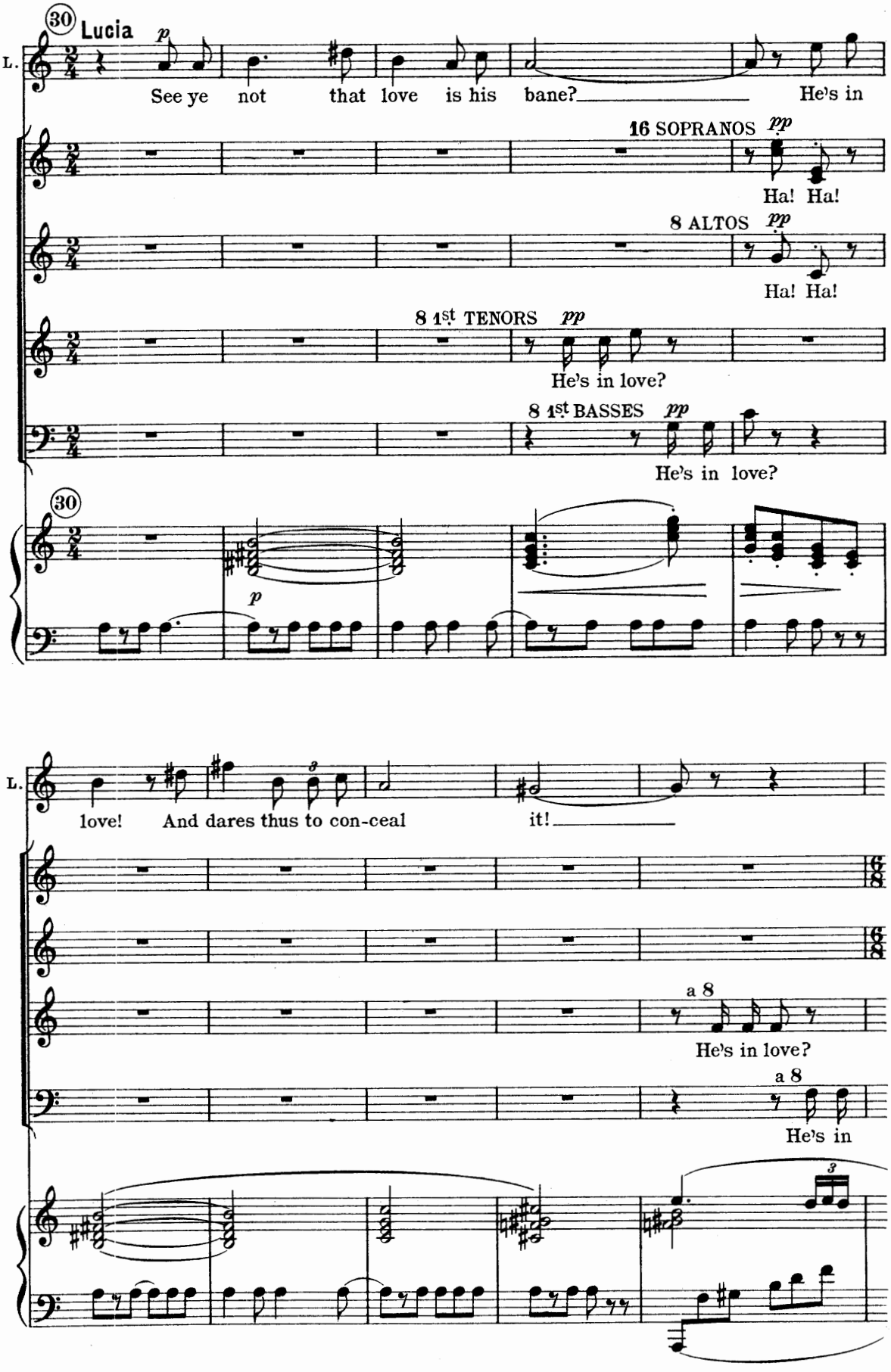

26
Tenor Solo
p ma pronunziato
T.
First in all our ad - ven - tures thou,
make thee!
p sost. espress.
Cec-co! Come down, I pray thee! Cec-co! Come! O,
make thee!
1st BASS p
Cec-co! Come! O,
26
p espress. legg.
27
p
T.
Wert thou not our stan-dard in - spir - - - ing? Does thy
come! Come down! Cec-co!
TENOR I p
O, Cec-co!
come! Come down! O Cec-co!
27

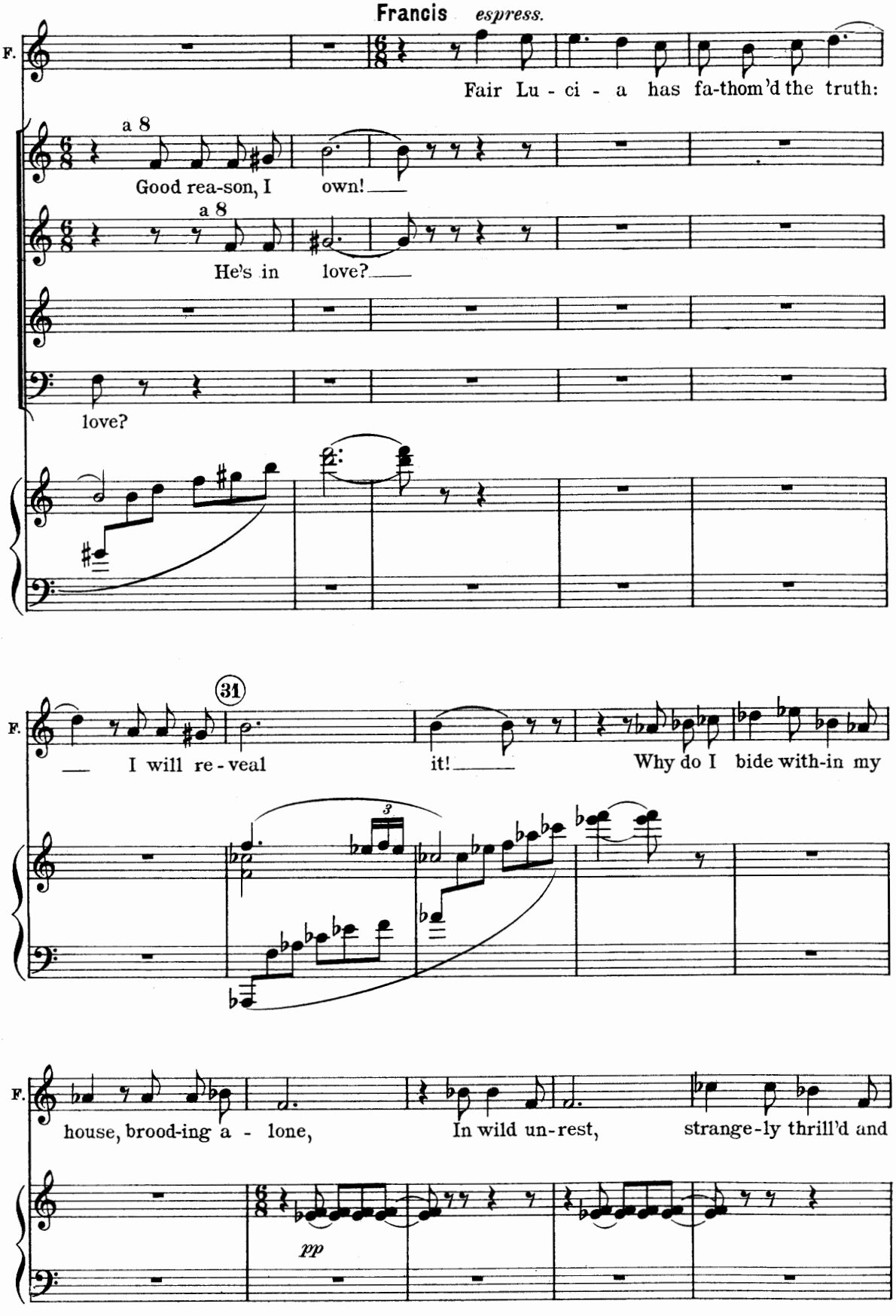

T.
doub - let of - fend, art thou for brav - er tir - ing? Once more don thy
cresc.
Come down! Cec-co! Come down! Once more don thy gay
Come down! Cec-co! Come down! Once more don thy gay
Come down! Cec-co! Come down! Come! Cec-co!
tr
gay vel - vet now, And come!
f
vel - vet now, And come!
unis. f
Come! Come!
3
7


28
Francis
f
F.
Nay, leave me here!
ff
Cec-co play-eth the
Cec-co play-eth the
Cec-co play-eth the
Cec-co play-eth the
28
sff
ff
tru - ant!
O Cec-co, son of
tru - ant!
O Cec-co, son of
tru - ant!
O Cec-co, son of
tru - ant!
Cec-co, son of

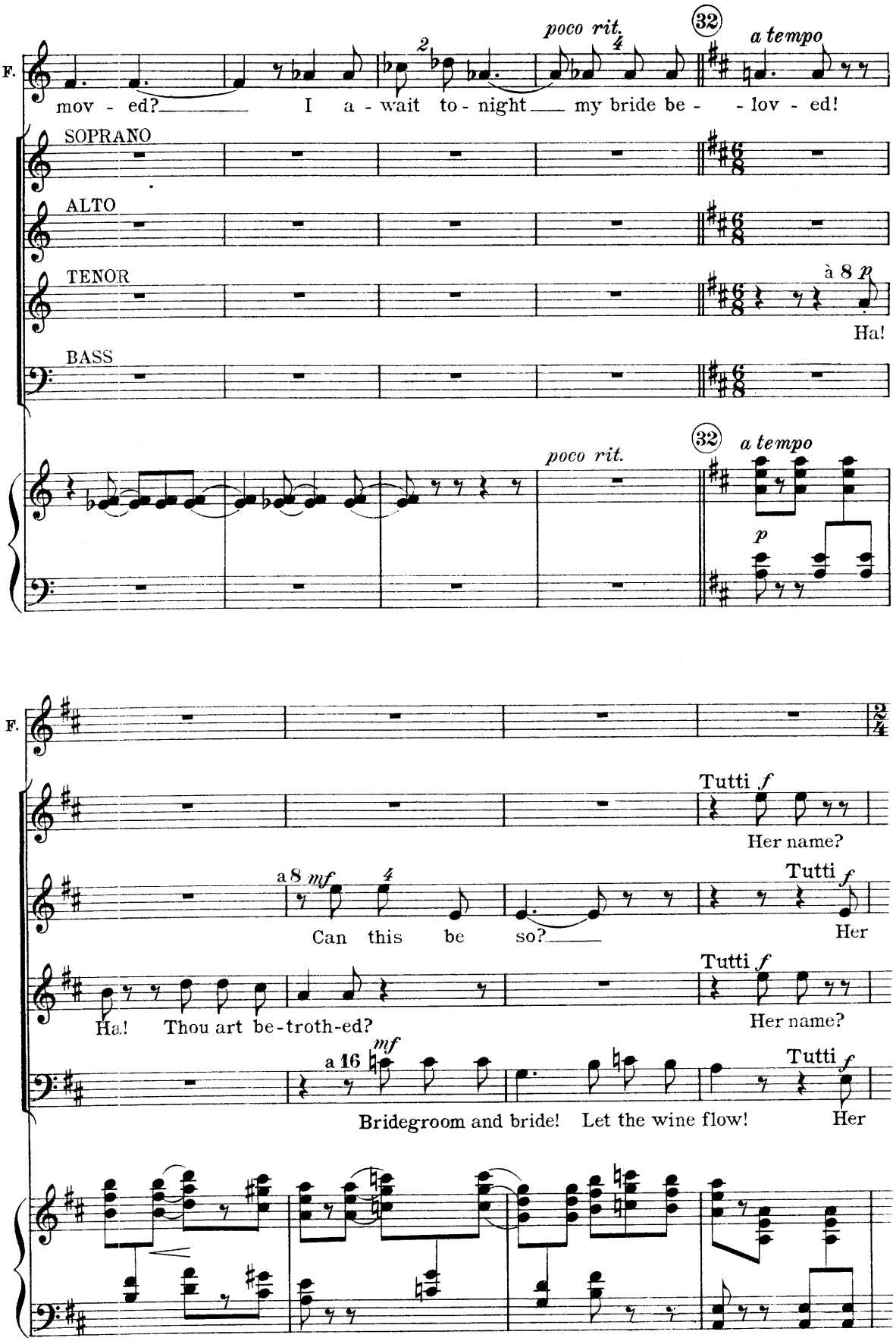

29
p
pp
Ber - nar - do - - - - ne,
What se - cret dost thou
Tell
29

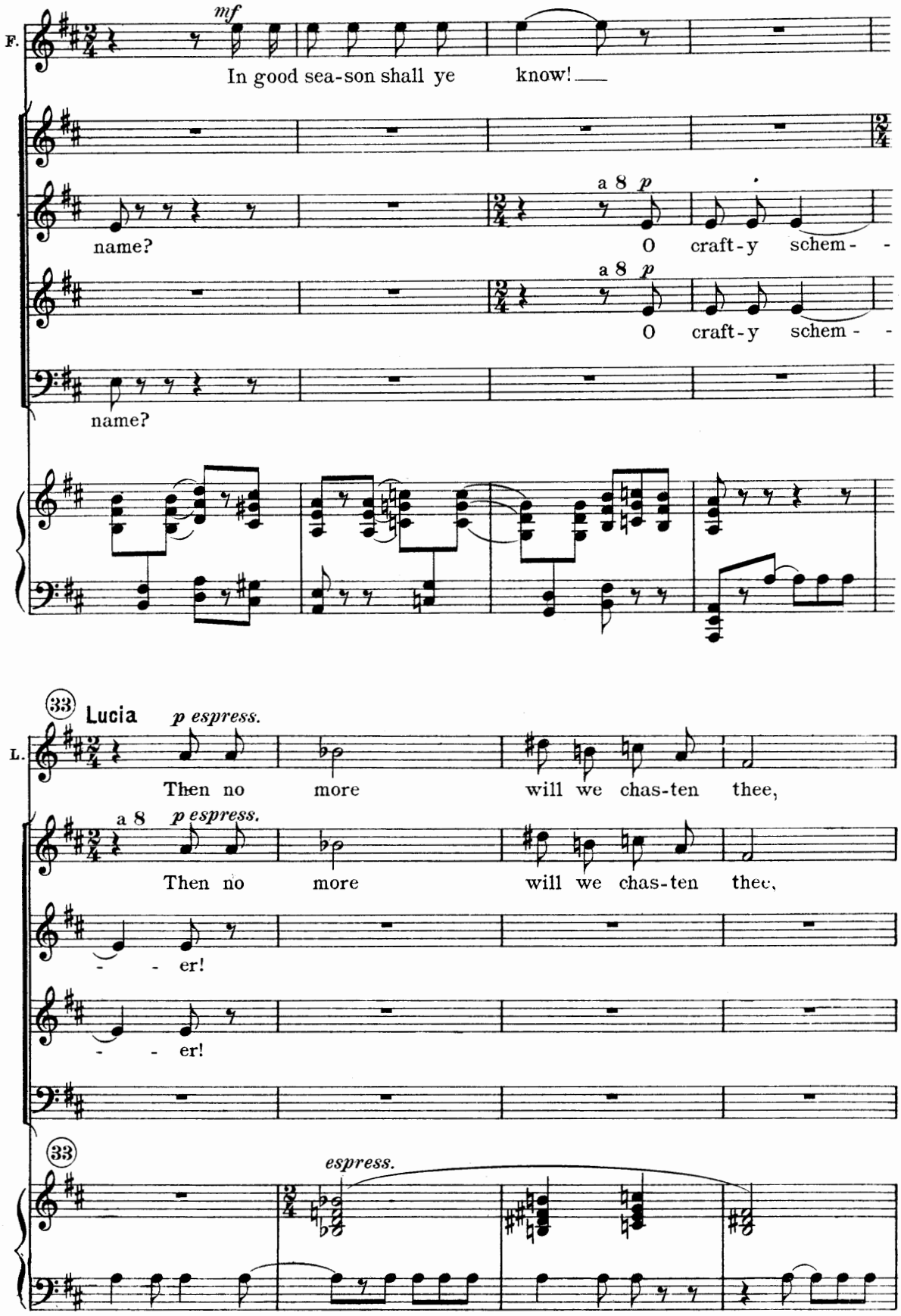

poco rit.
Tempo I
hide,
mood - y
swain?
us,
Tempo I (♩. = 112)

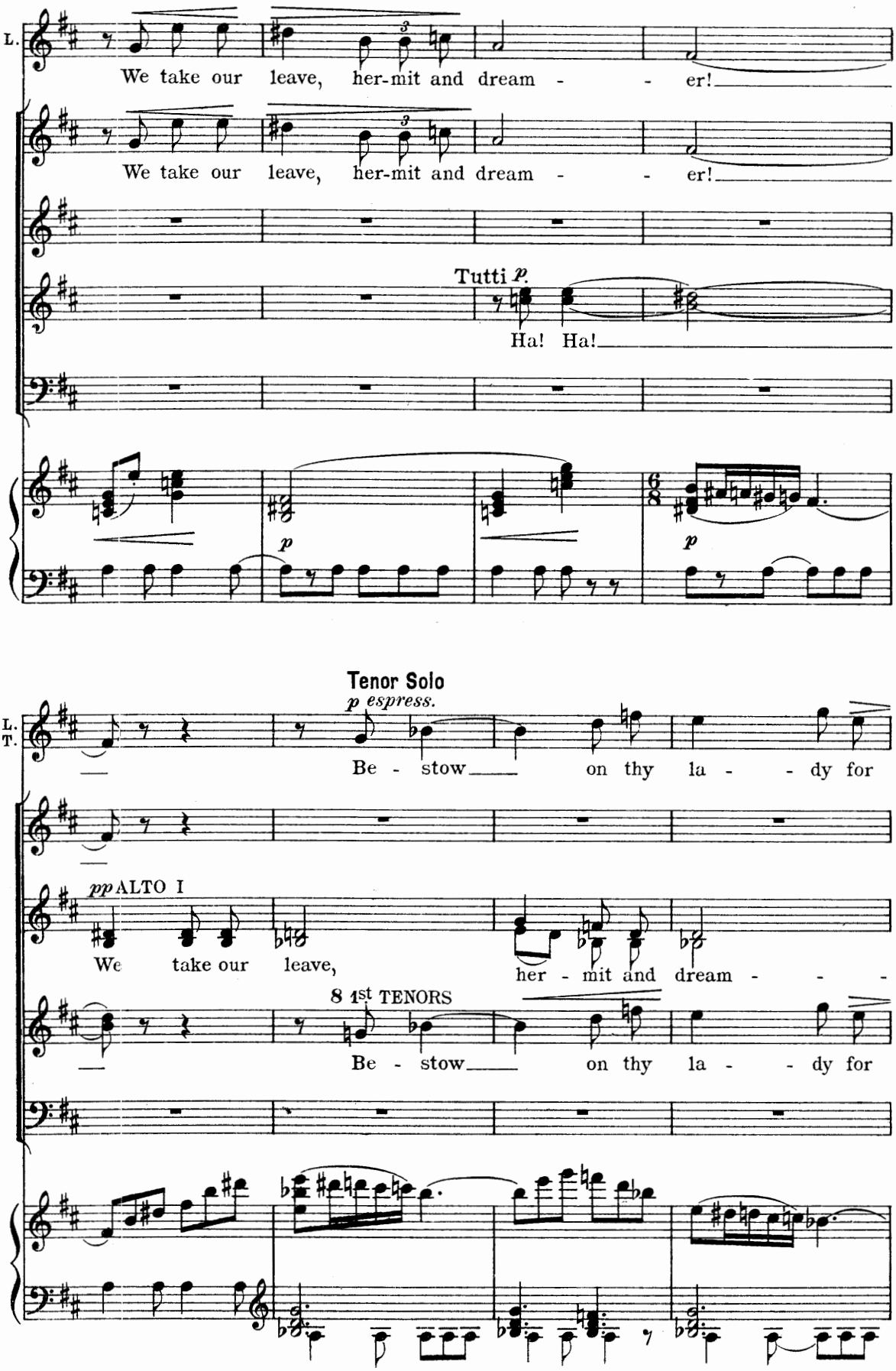

30
Lucia
p
L.
See ye not that love is his bane? He's in
16 SOPRANOS pp
Ha! Ha!
8 ALTOS pp
Ha! Ha!
8 1st TENORS pp
He's in love?
8 1st BASSES pp
He's in love?
30
p
L.
love! And dares thus to con-ceal it!
a 8
He's in love?
a 8
He's in

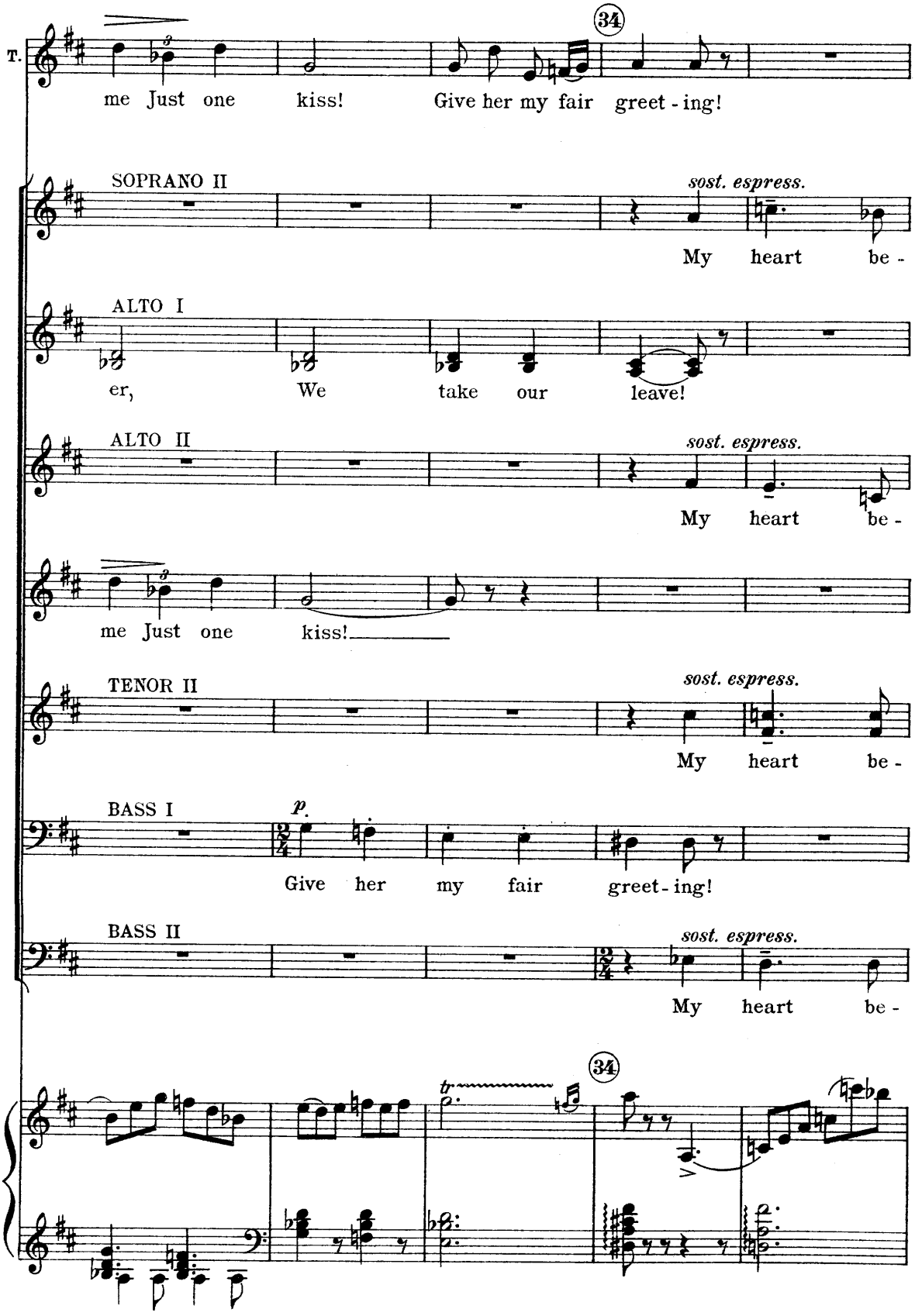

Francis espress.
F.
Fair Lu - ci - a has fa-thom'd the truth:
a 8
Good rea-son, I own!
a 8
He's in love?
love?
31
I will re - veal it!
Why do I bide with-in my
house, brood-ing a - lone,
In wild un-rest,
strange-ly thrill'd and
pp

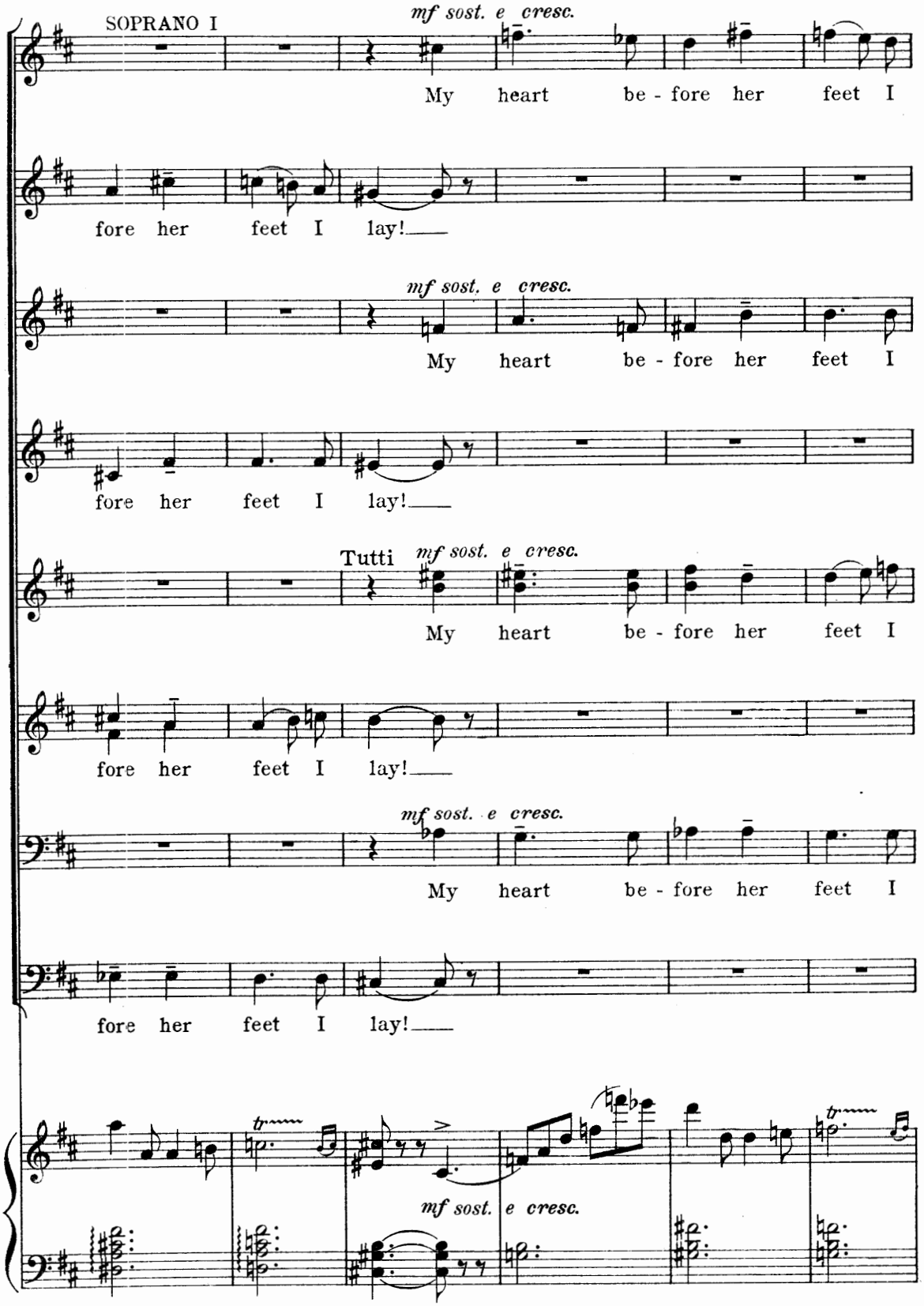
82326

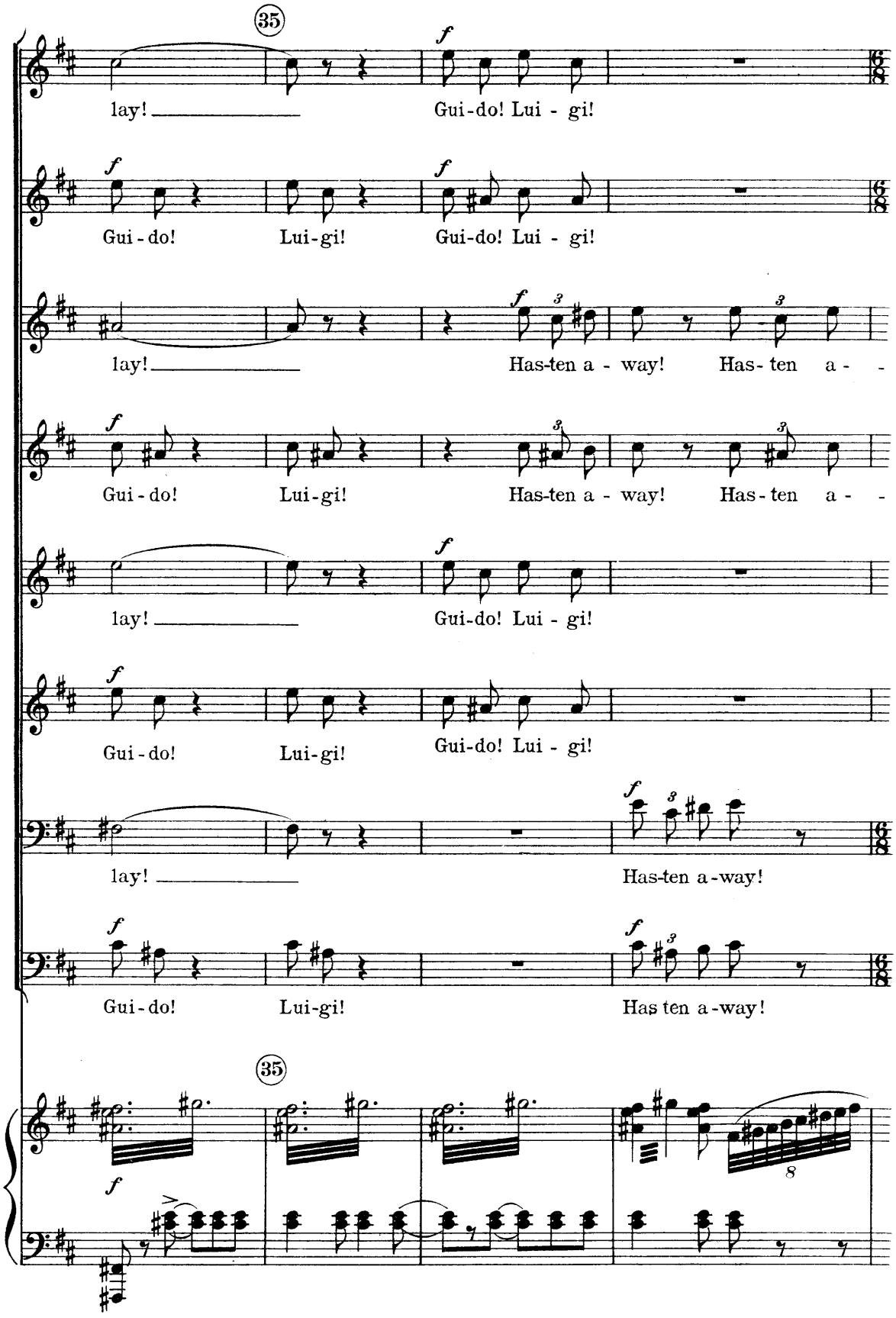

F.
mov - ed?
I a - wait to - night
my bride be - - lov - ed!
poco rit.
32
a tempo
SOPRANO
ALTO
TENOR
BASS
à 8
p
Ha!
poco rit.
32
a tempo
p
F.
Tutti f
Her name?
a 8 mf
Can this be so?
Tutti f
Her
Ha! Thou art be-troth-ed?
Tutti f
Her name?
a 16 mf
Bridegroom and bride! Let the wine flow!
Tutti f
Her

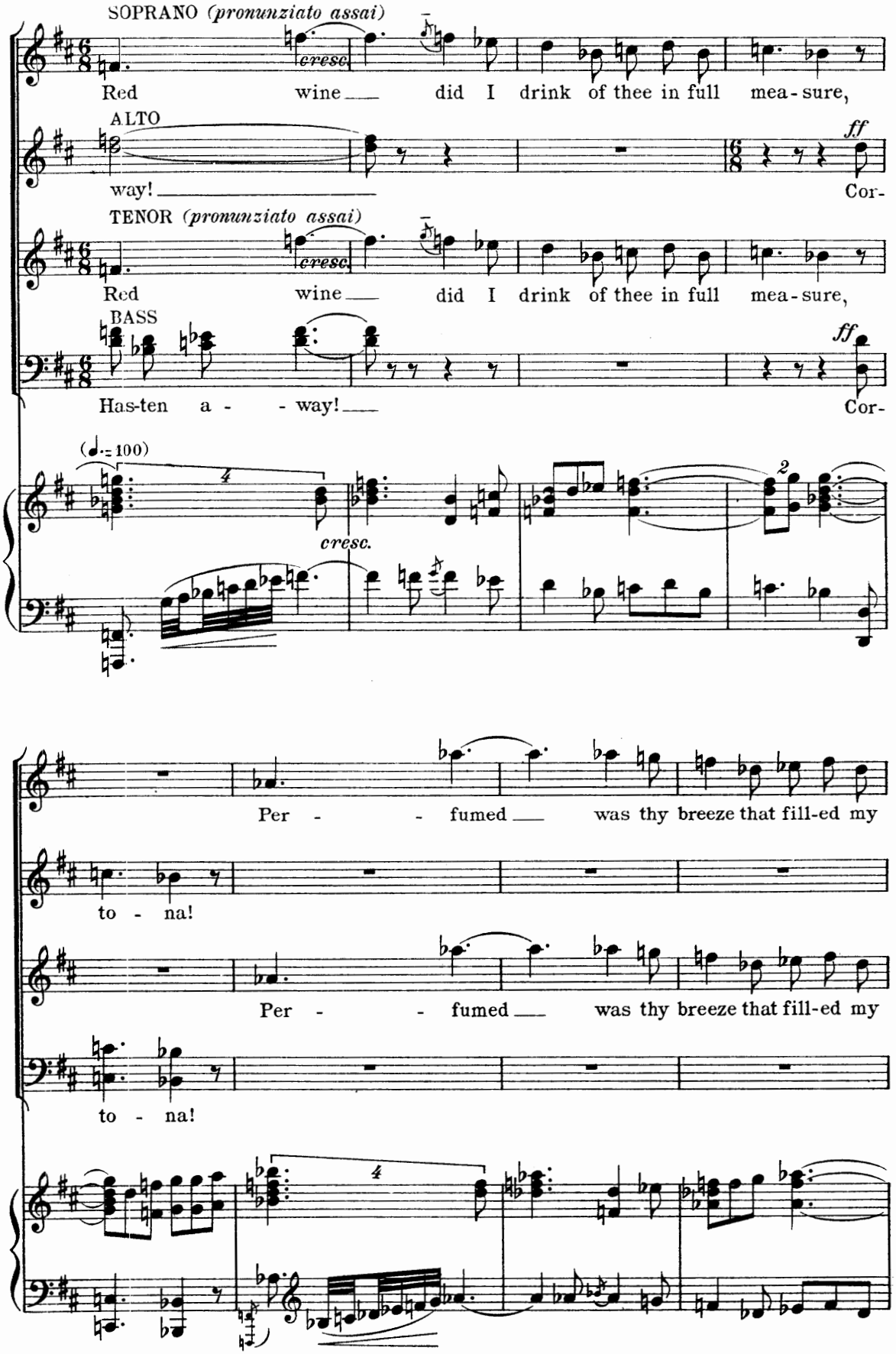

F.
mf
In good sea-son shall ye know!
name?
a 8 p
O craft-y schem- -
a 8 p
O craft-y schem- -
name?
33
Lucia
p espress.
L.
Then no more will we chas-ten thee,
a 8
p espress.
Then no more will we chas-ten thee,
- - er!
- - er!
33
espress.

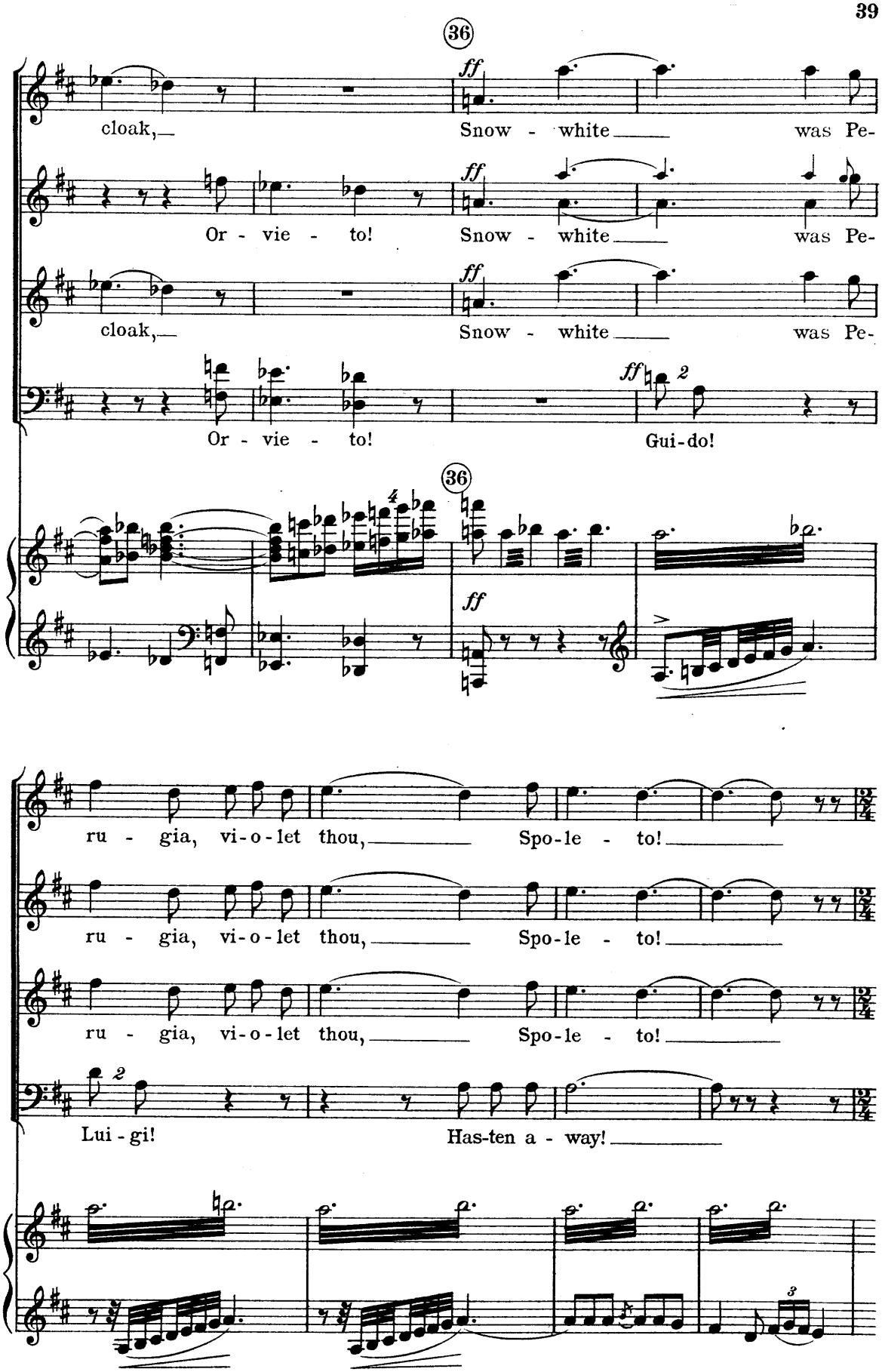

L.
We take our leave, her-mit and dream - - er!
We take our leave, her-mit and dream - - er!
Tutti p.
Ha! Ha!
p
p
Tenor Solo
p espress.
L.
T.
Be - stow on thy la - - dy for
pp ALTO I
We take our leave,
her - mit and dream - - -
8 1st TENORS
Be - stow on thy la - - dy for

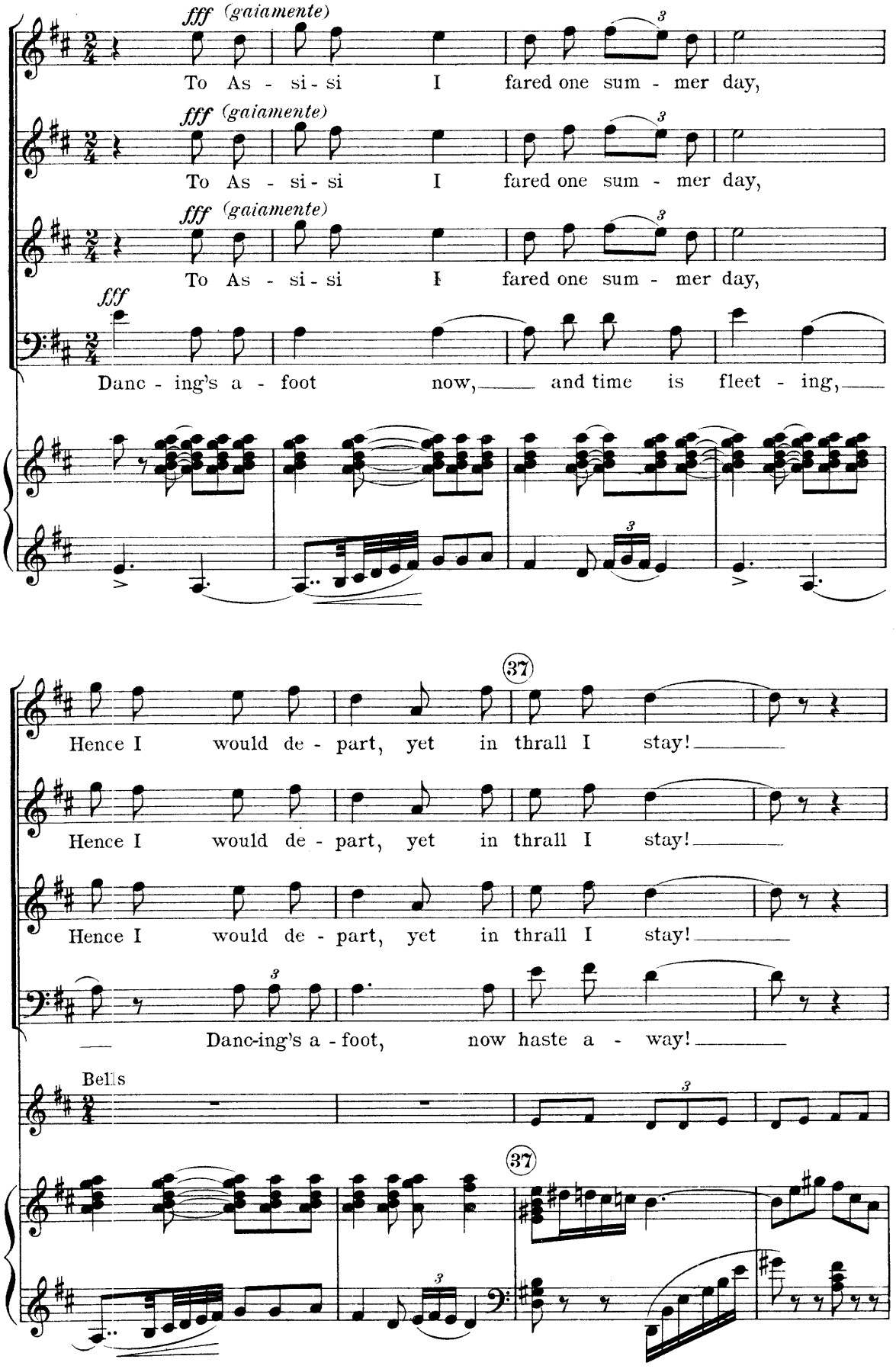

T.
me Just one kiss! Give her my fair greet - ing!
34
SOPRANO II
sost. espress.
My heart be -
ALTO I
er, We take our leave!
ALTO II
sost. espress.
My heart be -
me Just one kiss!
TENOR II
sost. espress.
My heart be -
BASS I
p.
Give her my fair greet - ing!
BASS II
sost. espress.
My heart be -
34
tr

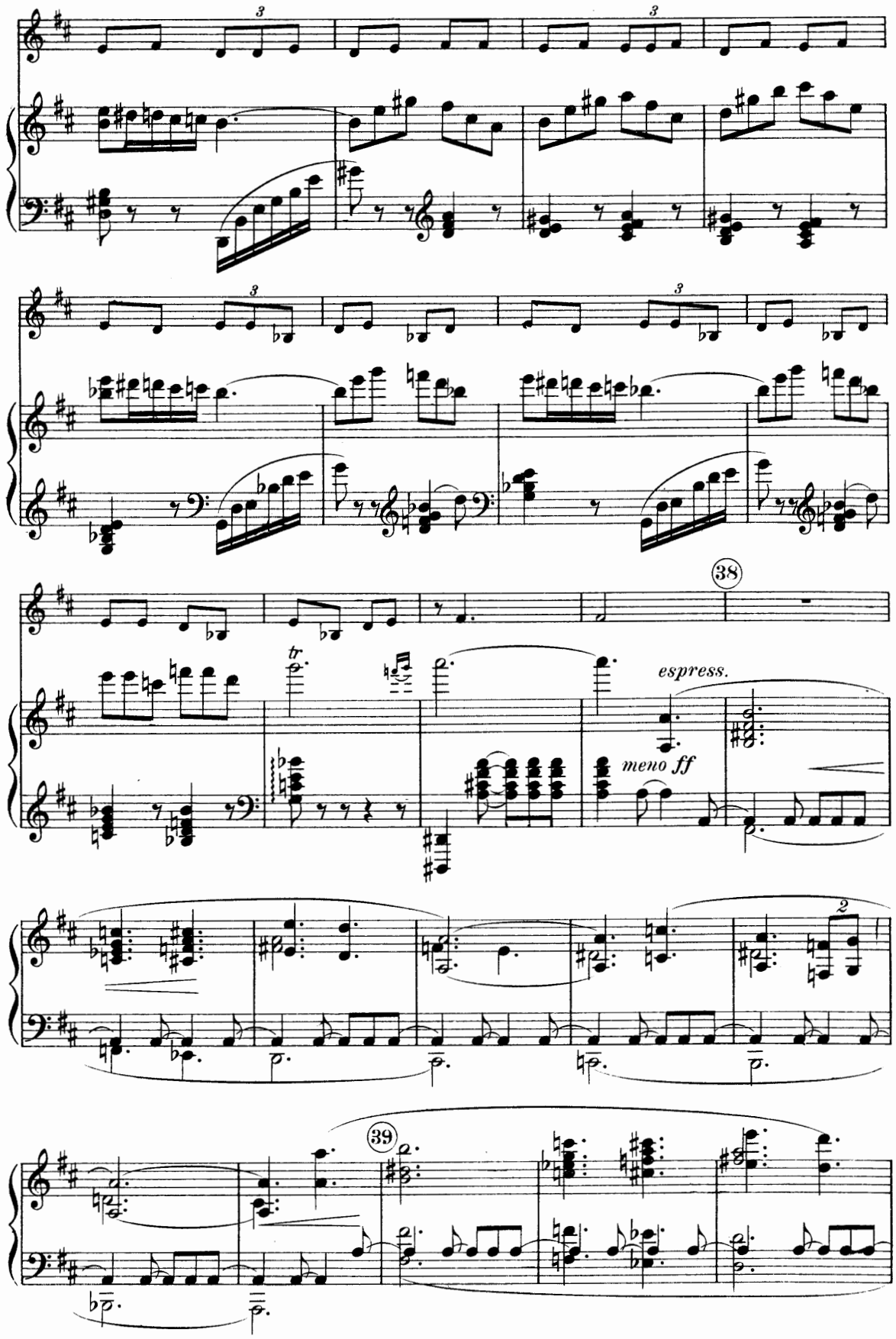

SOPRANO I
mf sost. e cresc.
My heart be - fore her feet I
fore her feet I lay!
mf sost. e cresc.
My heart be - fore her feet I
fore her feet I lay!
Tutti
mf sost. e cresc.
My heart be - fore her feet I
fore her feet I lay!
mf sost. e cresc.
My heart be - fore her feet I
fore her feet I lay!
mf sost. e cresc.

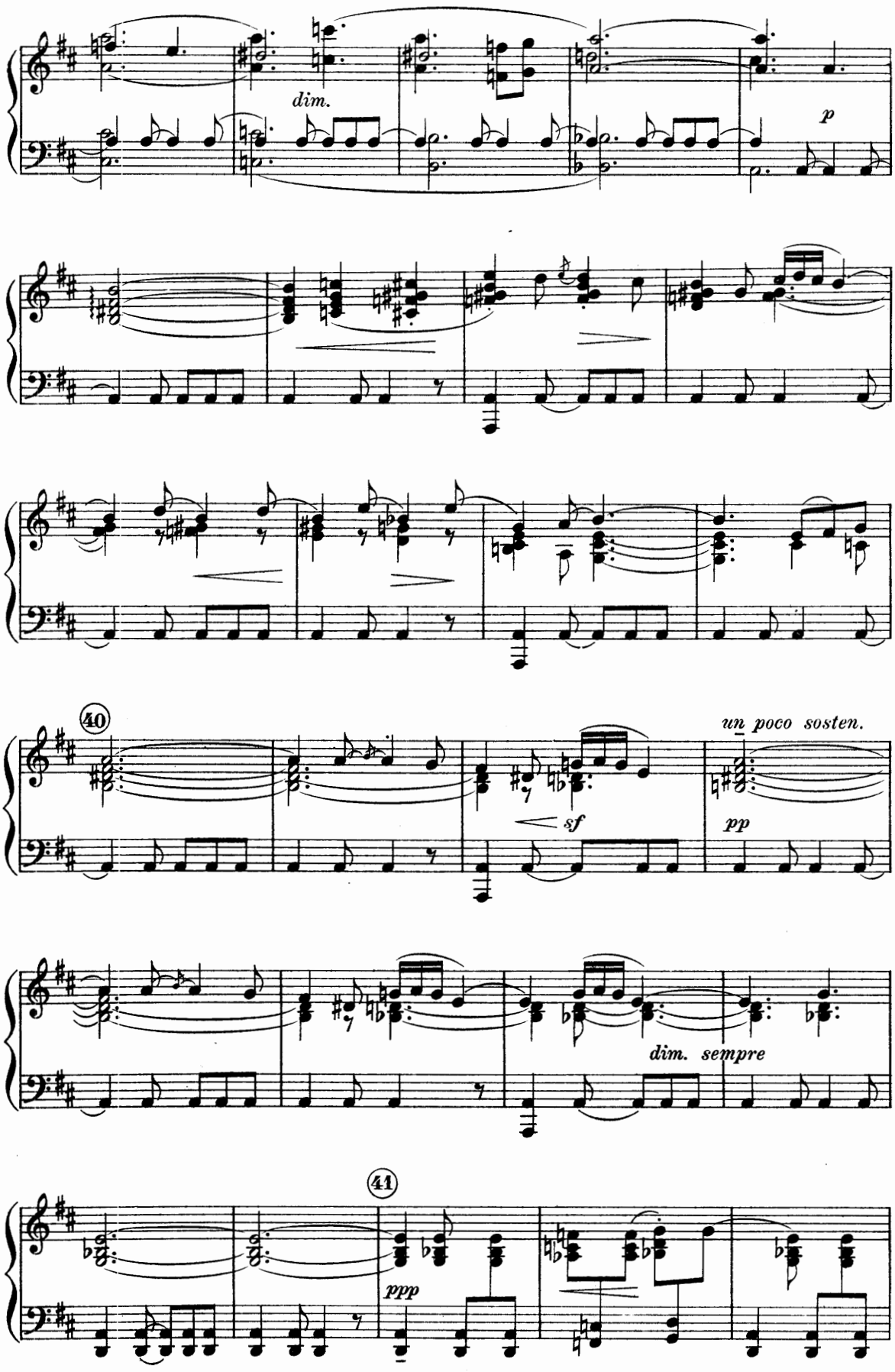

35
lay!
Gui-do! Lui - gi!
Gui - do!
Lui-gi!
Gui-do! Lui - gi!
lay!
Has-ten a - way!
Has- ten a - -
Gui - do!
Lui-gi!
Has-ten a - way!
Has - ten a - -
lay!
Gui-do! Lui - gi!
Gui - do!
Lui-gi!
Gui-do! Lui - gi!
lay!
Has-ten a-way!
Gui - do!
Lui-gi!
Has ten a-way!
35
8

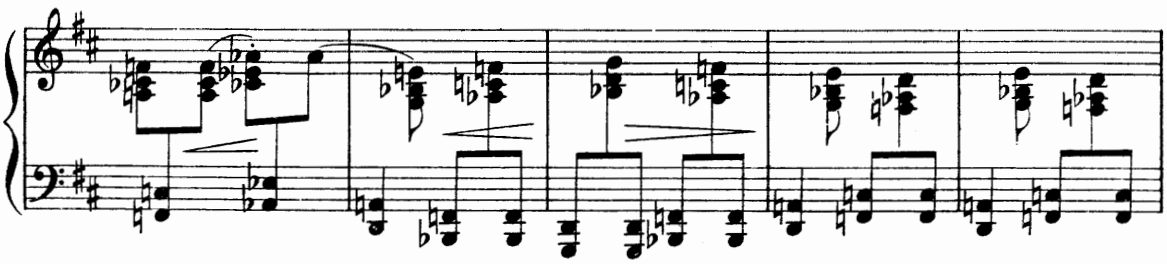

SOPRANO (pronunziato assai)
cresc.
Red wine did I drink of thee in full mea-sure,
ALTO
ff
way!
Cor-
TENOR (pronunziato assai)
cresc.
Red wine did I drink of thee in full mea-sure,
BASS
ff
Has-ten a - - way!
Cor-
(♩.= 100)
4
cresc.
2
Per - - fumed was thy breeze that fill-ed my
to - na!
Per - - fumed was thy breeze that fill-ed my
to - na!
4

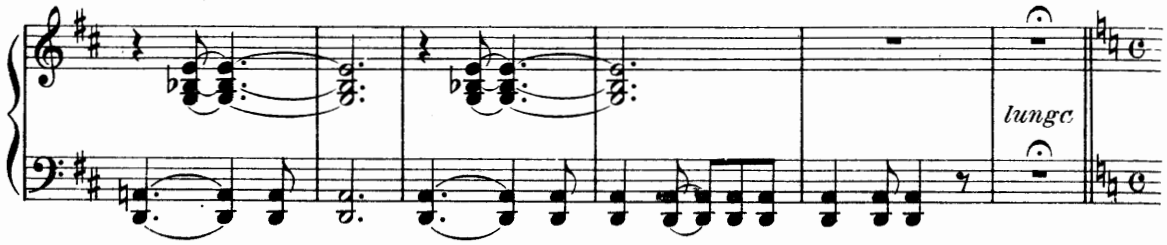

36
ff
cloak, Snow - white was Pe-
Or - vie - to! Snow - white was Pe-
cloak, Snow - white was Pe-
Or - vie - to! Gui-do!
36
ff
ru - gia, vi-o-let thou, Spo-le - to!
ru - gia, vi-o-let thou, Spo-le - to!
ru - gia, vi-o-let thou, Spo-le - to!
Lui - gi! Has-ten a - way!


fff (gaiamente)
To As - si - si I fared one sum - mer day,
fff (gaiamente)
To As - si - si I fared one sum - mer day,
fff (gaiamente)
To As - si - si I fared one sum - mer day,
fff
Danc - ing's a - foot now, and time is fleet - ing,
37
Hence I would de - part, yet in thrall I stay!
Hence I would de - part, yet in thrall I stay!
Hence I would de - part, yet in thrall I stay!
Danc-ing's a - foot, now haste a - way!
Bells
37

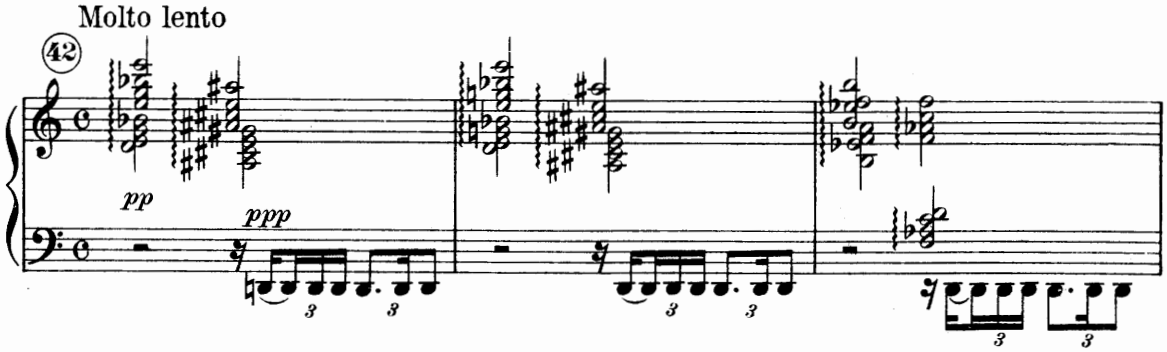

38
tr
espress.
meno ff
2
39

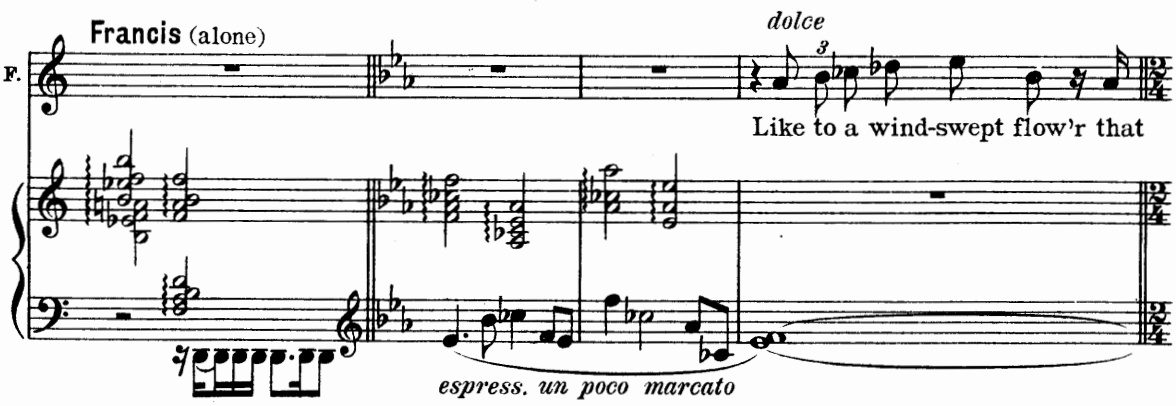

dim.
p
40
un poco sosten.
sf
pp
dim. sempre
41
ppp

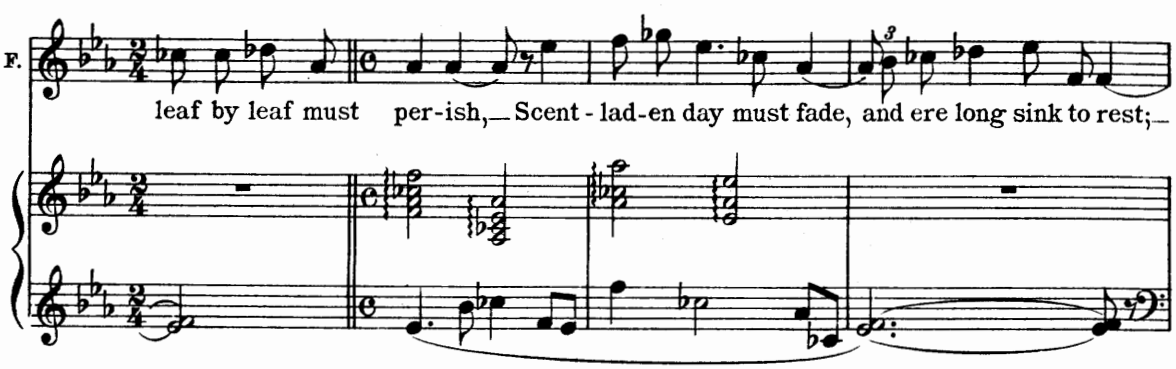


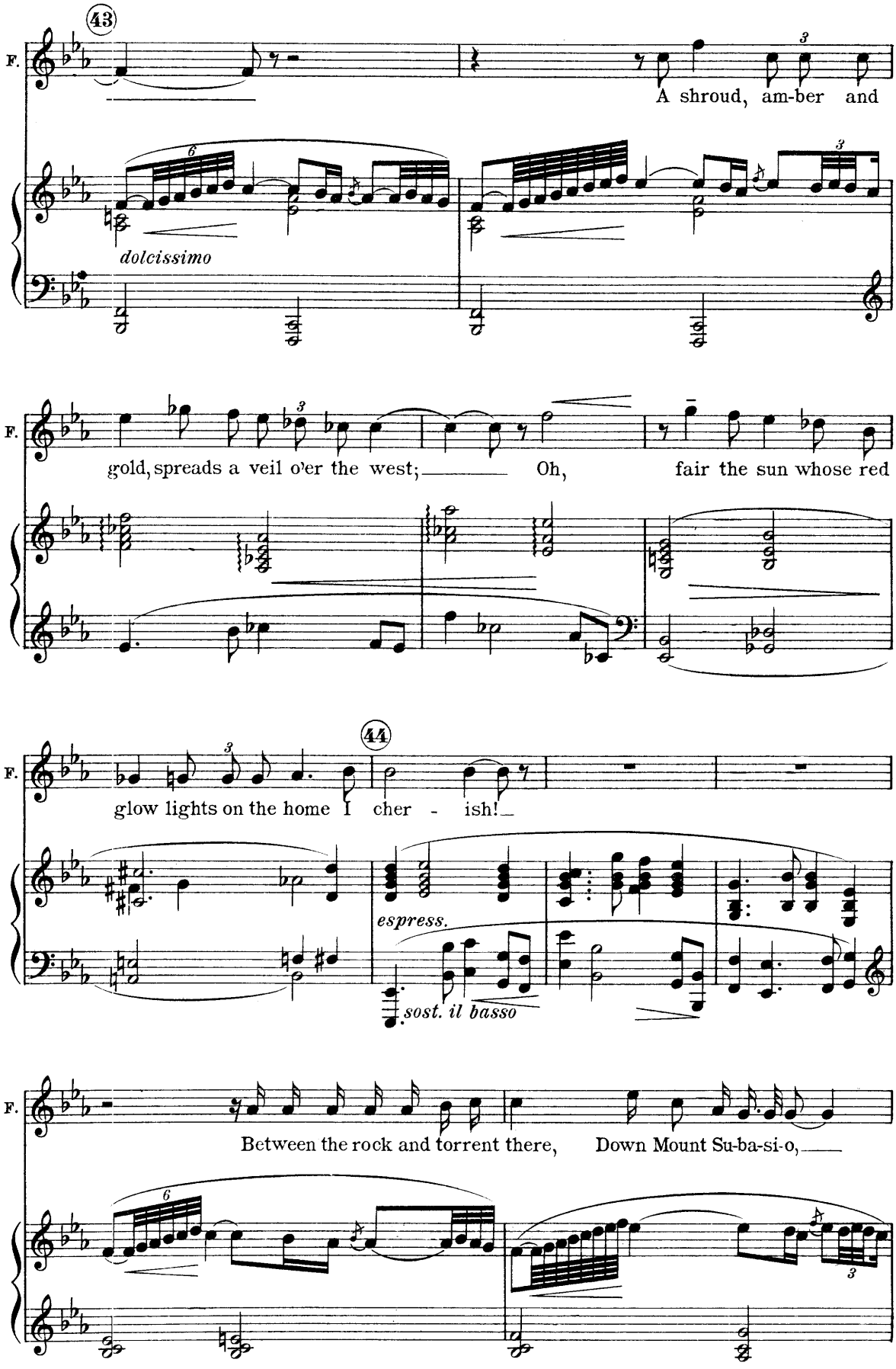

lungo

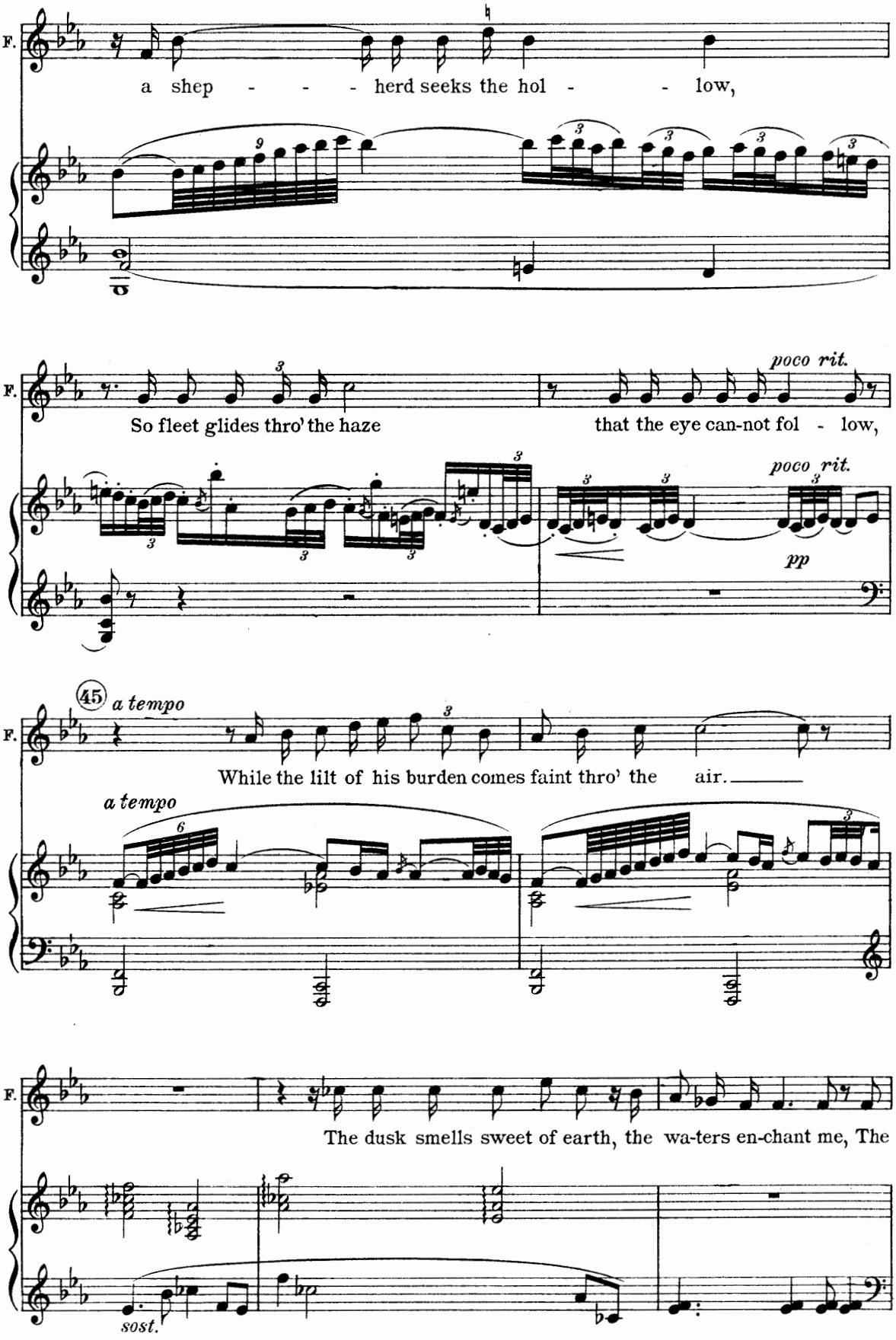
Molto lento

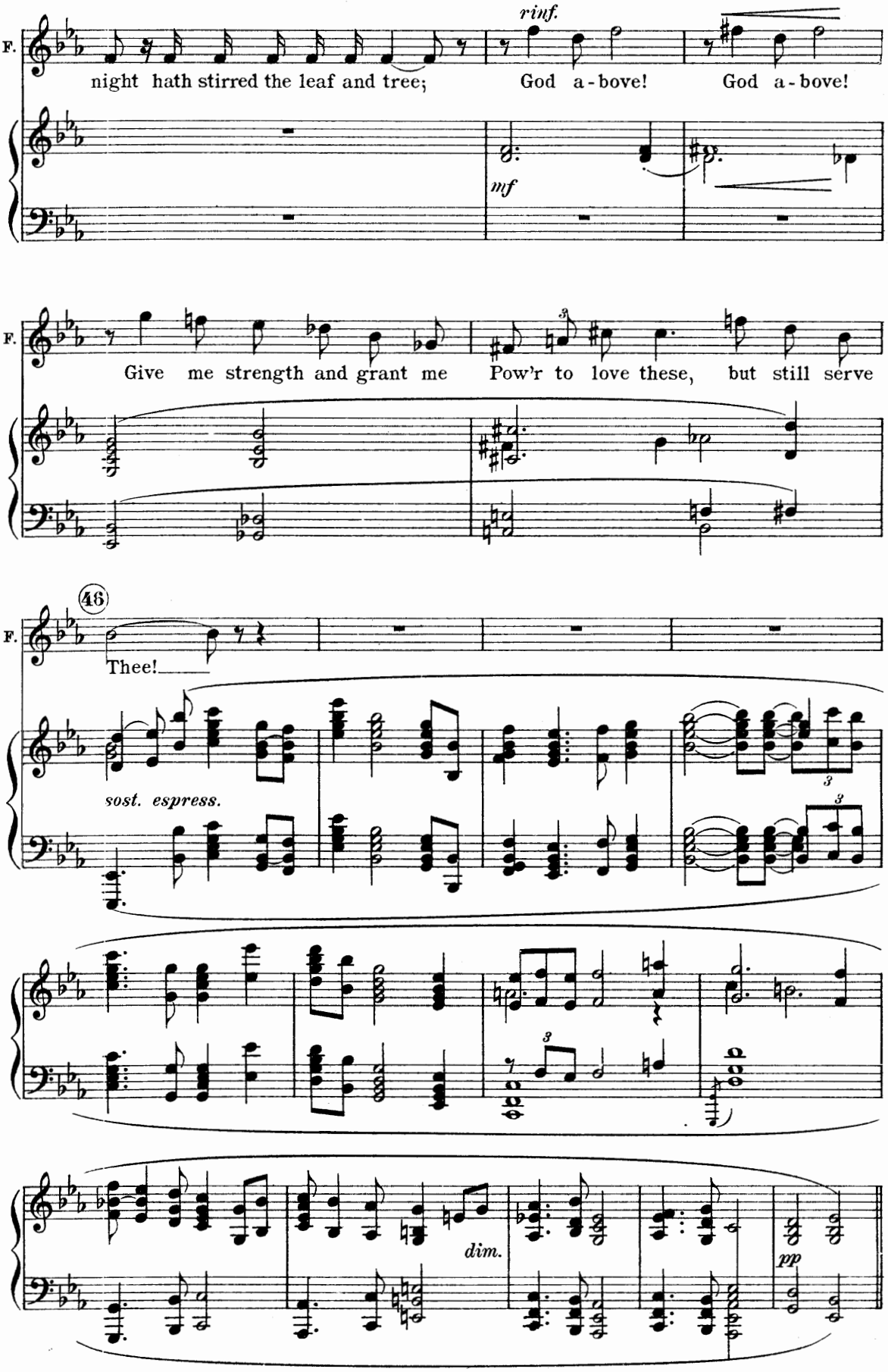

42
pp
ppp


Francis (alone)
F.
dolce
Like to a wind-swept flow'r that
espress. un poco marcato

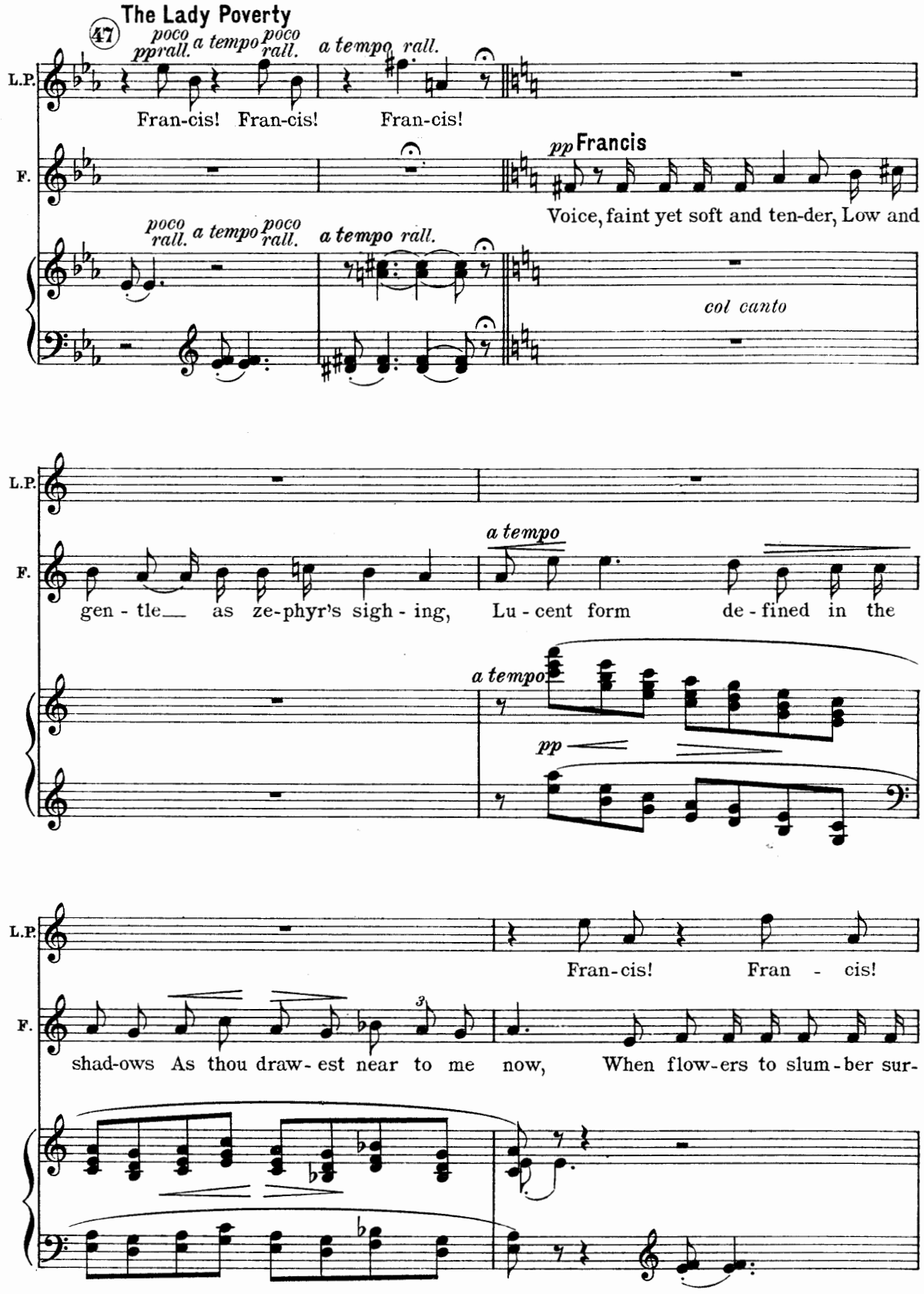

F.
leaf by leaf must per-ish,— Scent - lad-en day must fade, and ere long sink to rest;—

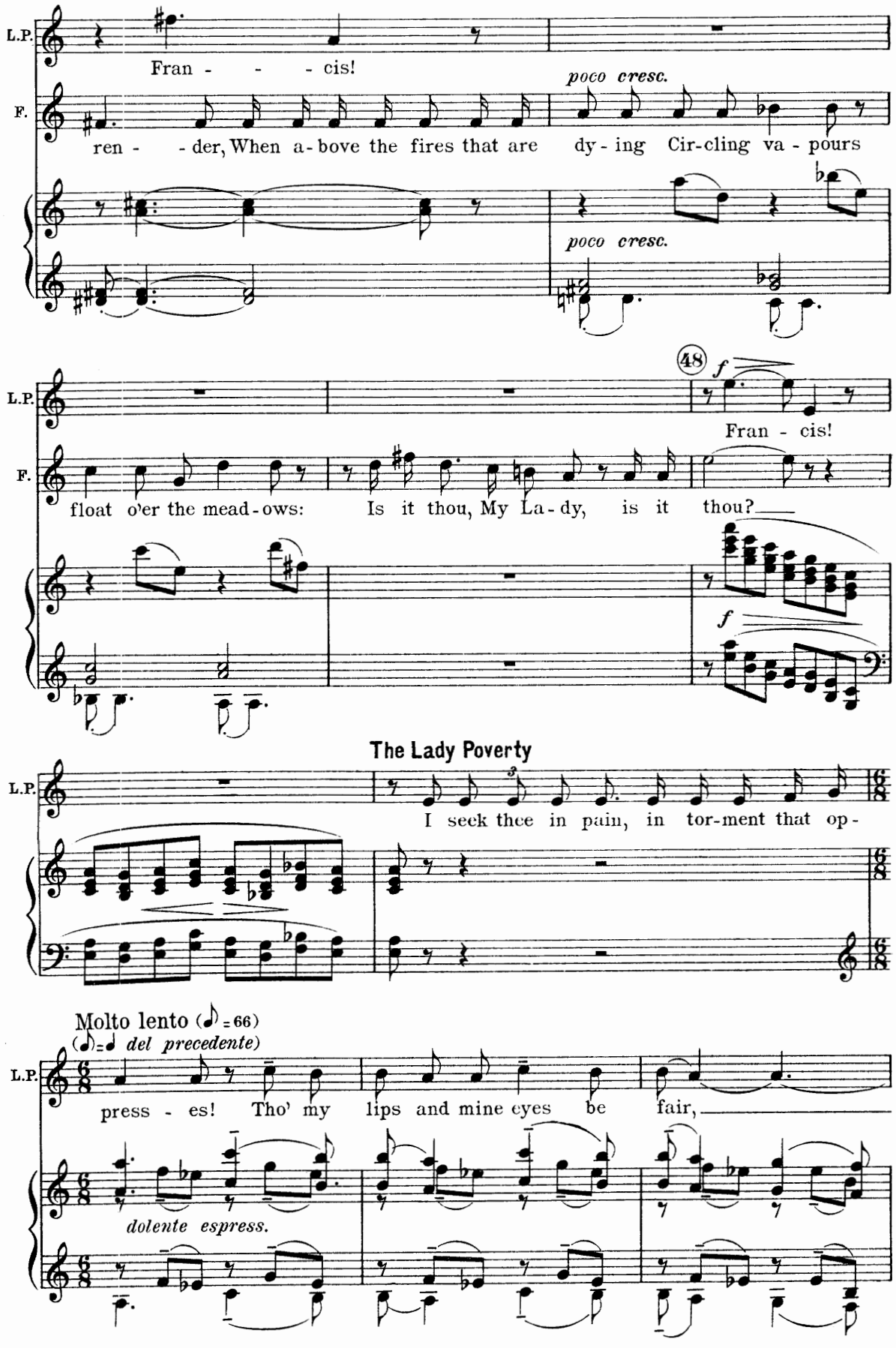

43
F.
A shroud, am-ber and
dolcissimo
F.
gold, spreads a veil o'er the west; Oh, fair the sun whose red
44
F.
glow lights on the home I cher - ish!
espress.
sost. il basso
F.
Between the rock and torrent there, Down Mount Su-ba-si-o,

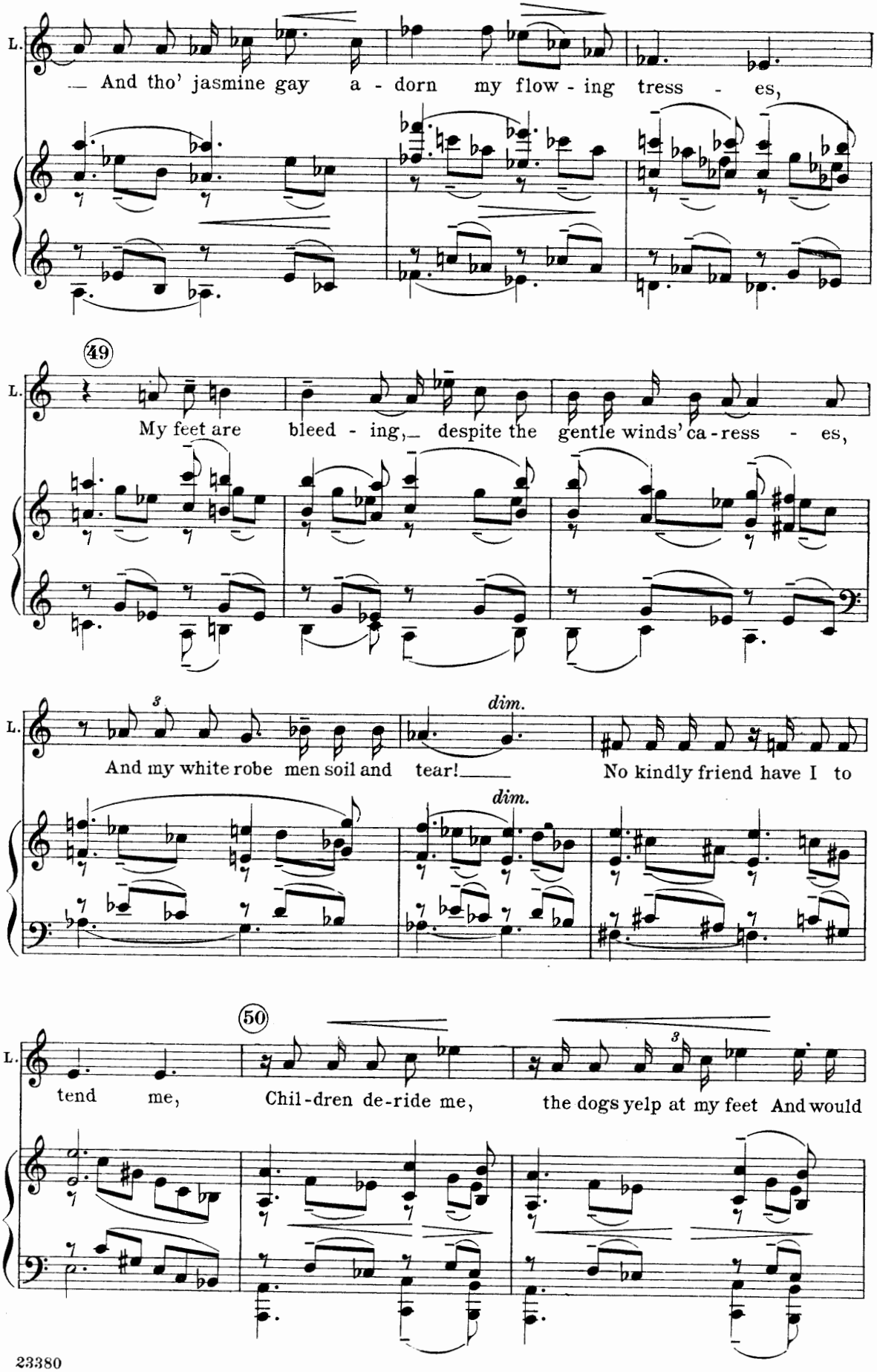

F.
a shep - - - herd seeks the hol - - low,
F.
So fleet glides thro' the haze
that the eye can-not fol - low,
poco rit.
poco rit.
pp
45
a tempo
F.
While the lilt of his burden comes faint thro' the air.
a tempo
F.
The dusk smells sweet of earth, the wa-ters en-chant me, The
sost.

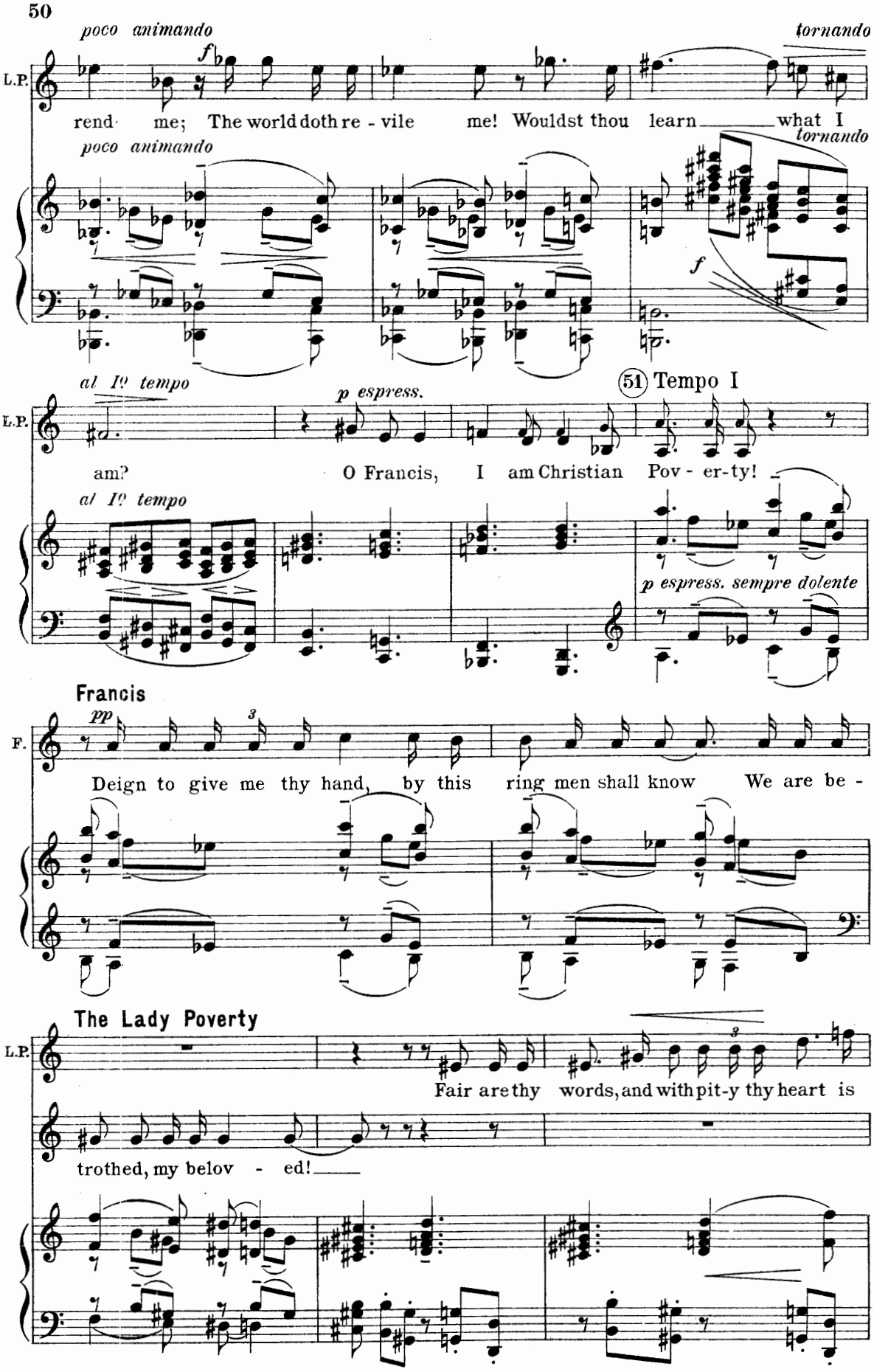

F.
night hath stirred the leaf and tree;
rinf.
God a - bove!
God a - bove!
mf
F.
Give me strength and grant me
Pow'r to love these, but still serve
46
F.
Thee!
sost. espress.
dim.
pp

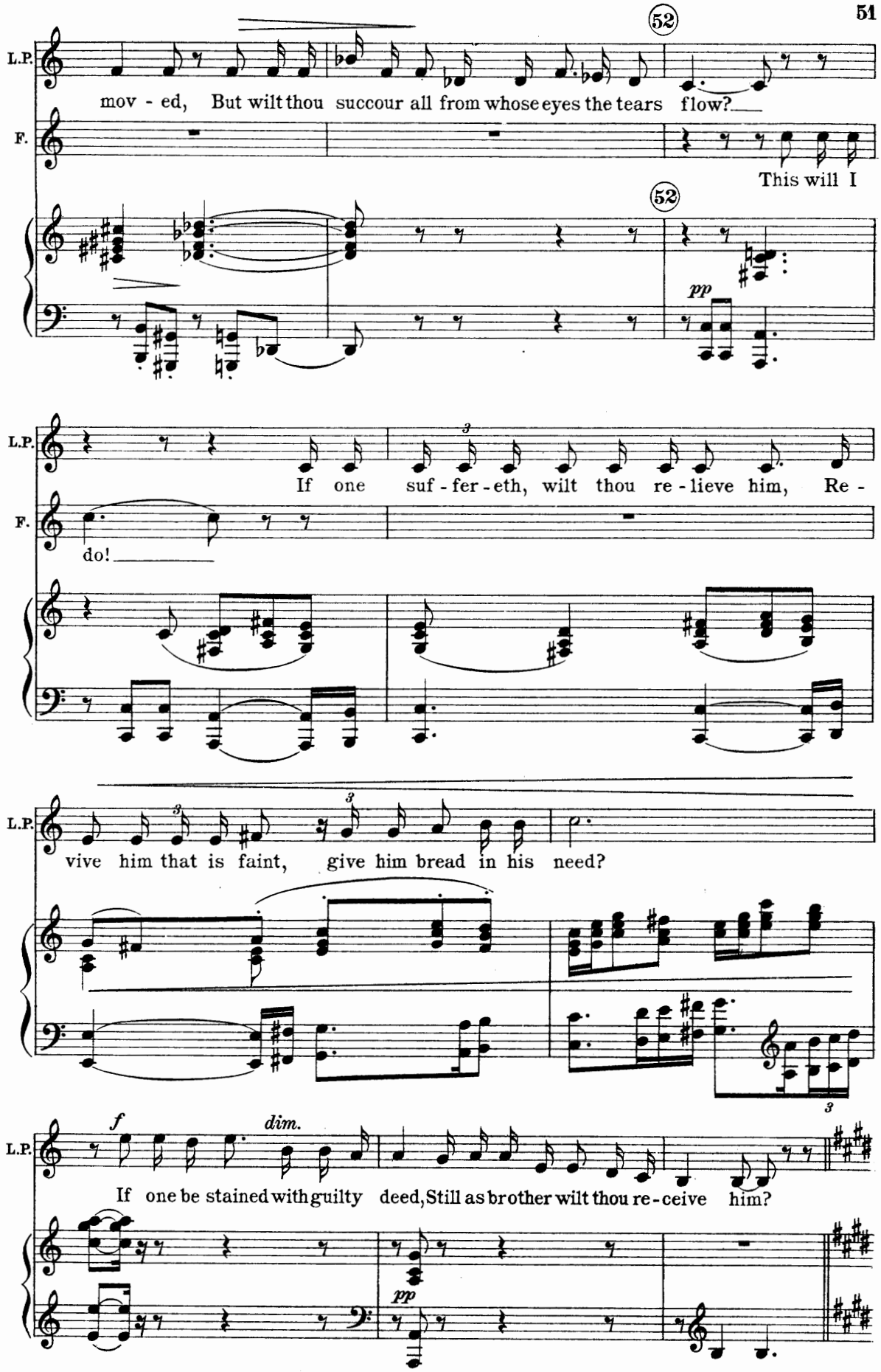
II. Francis and the Lady Poverty

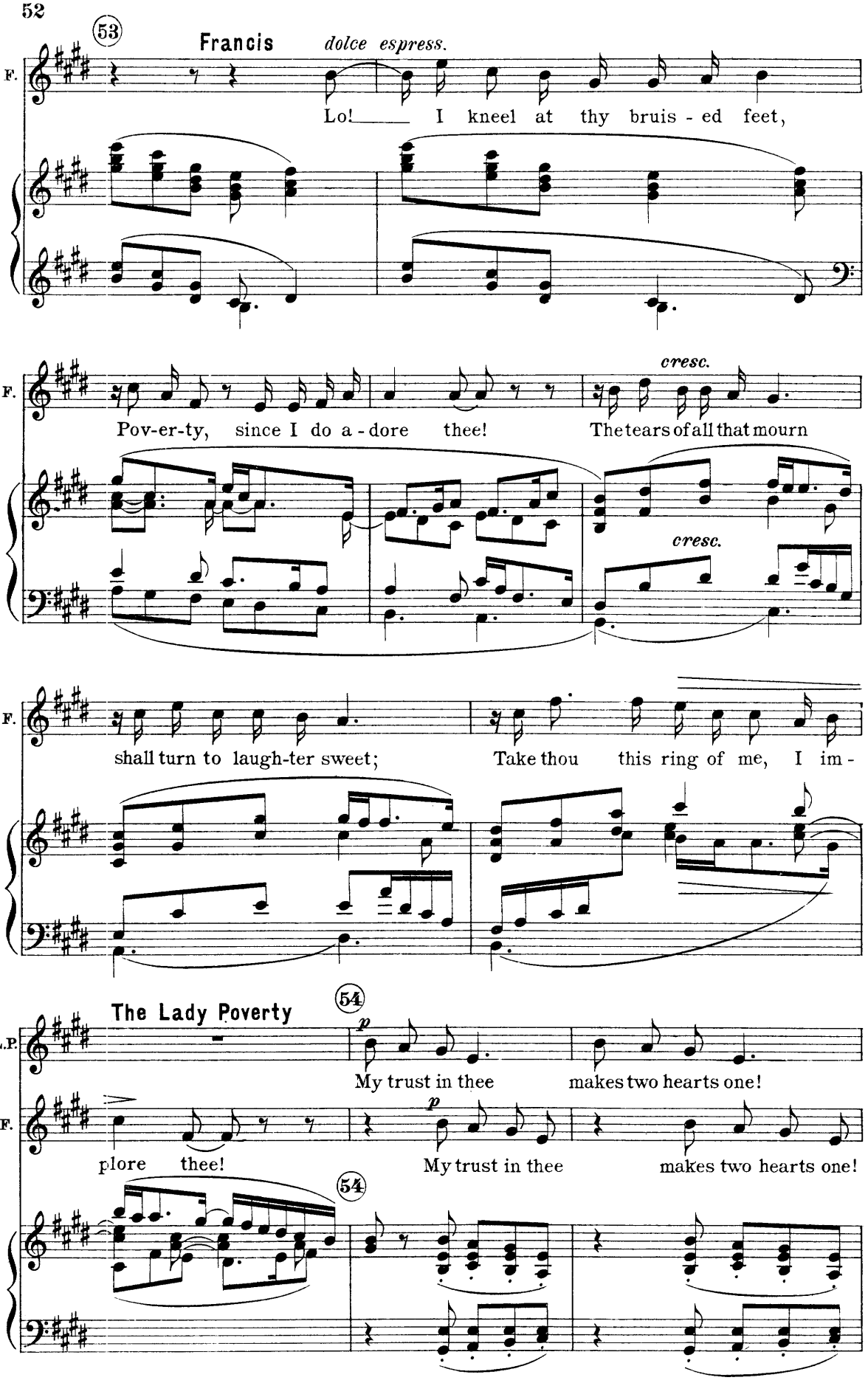


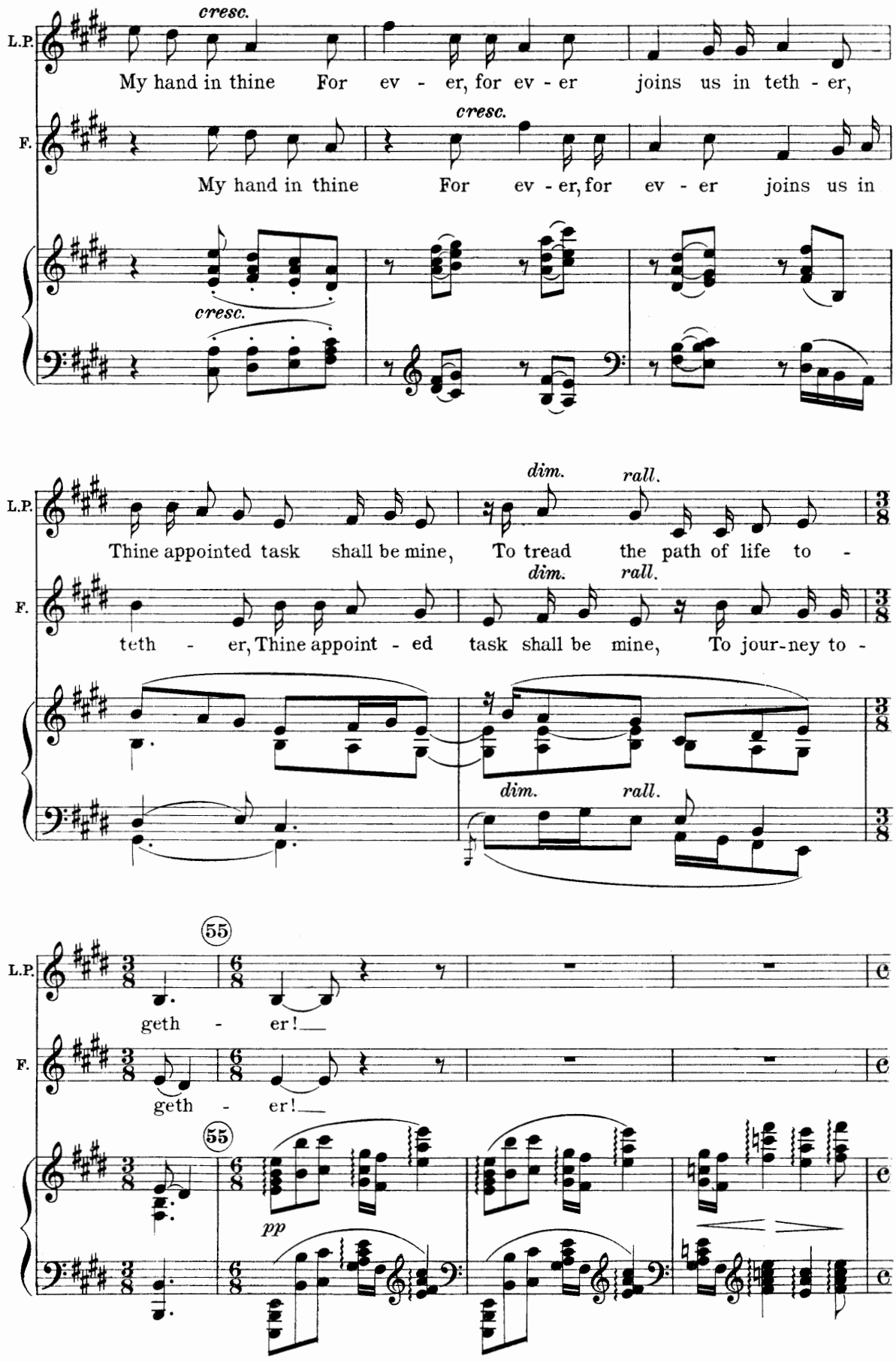

L.P.
Fran - - - cis!
F.
ren - - der, When a - bove the fires that are dy - ing Cir-cling va - pours
poco cresc.
poco cresc.
48
f
Fran - cis!
float o'er the mead - ows: Is it thou, My La - dy, is it thou?
f
The Lady Poverty
I seek thee in pain, in tor-ment that op -
Molto lento (♪ = 66)
(♪ = ♩ del precedente)
press - es! Tho' my lips and mine eyes be fair,
dolente espress.

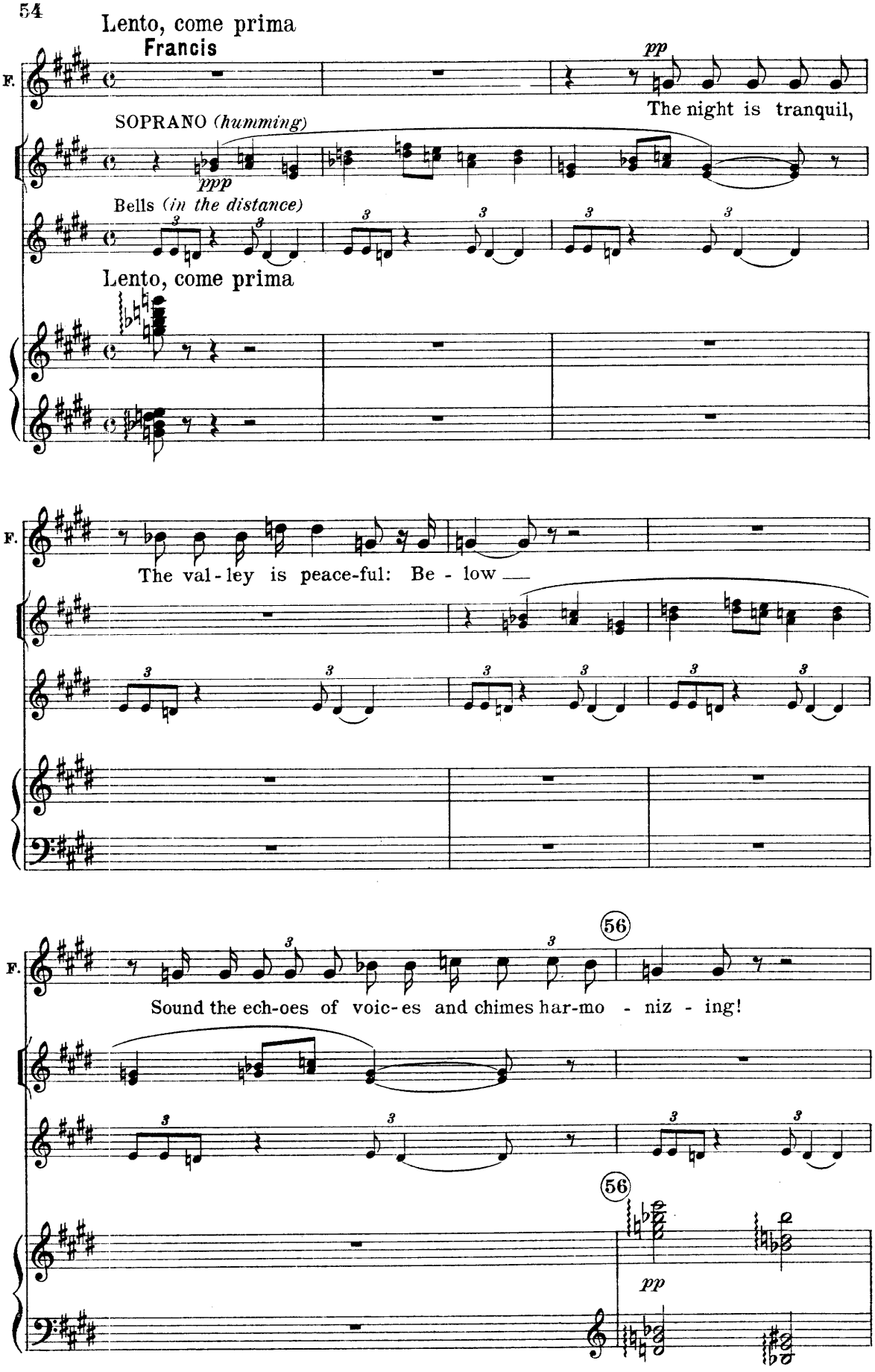

L.
And tho' jasmine gay a - dorn my flow - ing tress - es,
49
My feet are bleed - ing, despite the gentle winds' ca - ress - es,
3
dim.
And my white robe men soil and tear!
No kindly friend have I to
50
tend me,
Chil - dren de - ride me,
the dogs yelp at my feet And would

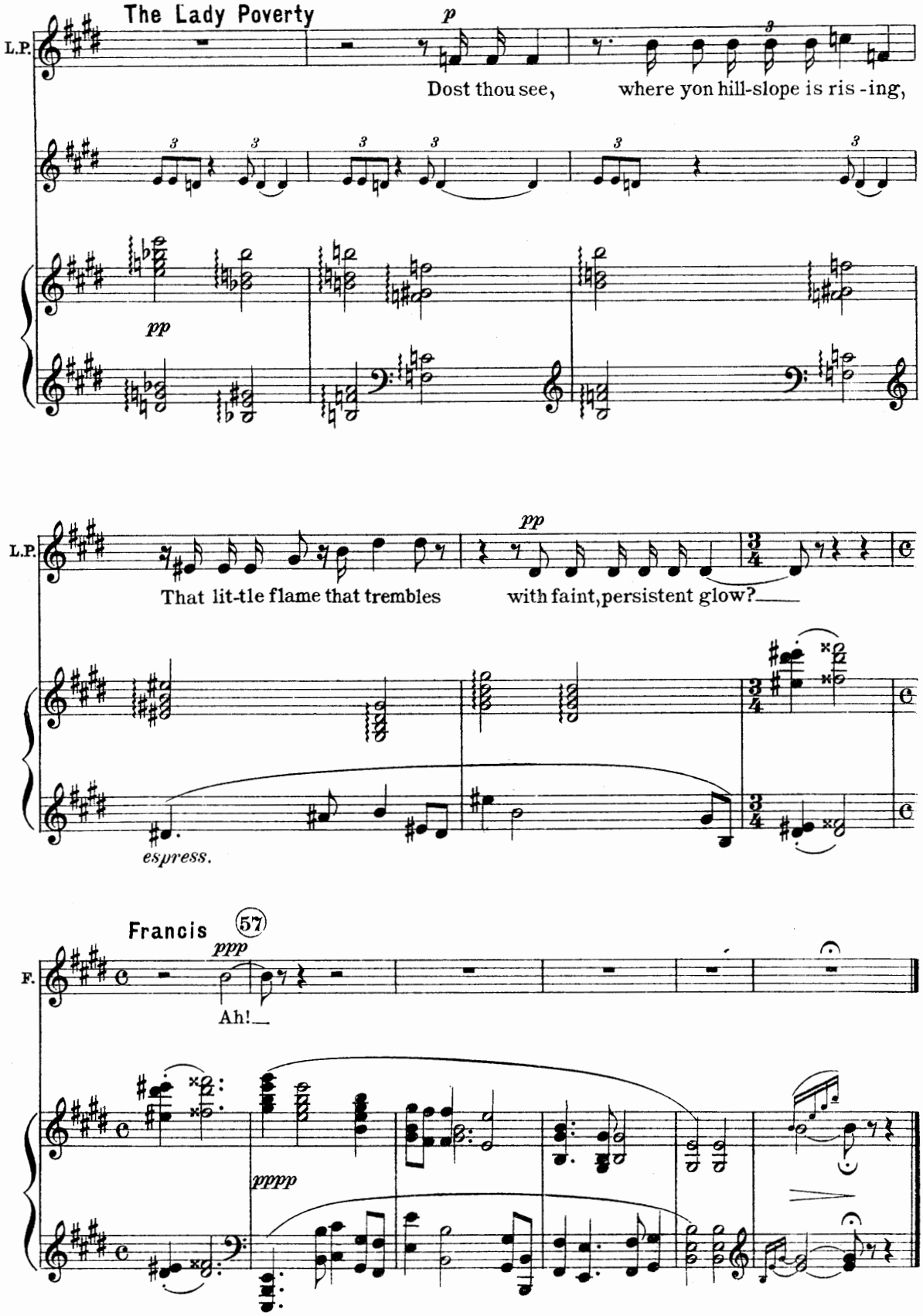

poco animando
tornando
L.P.
rend me; The world doth re - vile me! Wouldst thou learn what I
poco animando
tornando
f
al I° tempo
p espress.
51 Tempo I
L.P.
am? O Francis, I am Christian Pov - er-ty!
al I° tempo
p espress. sempre dolente
Francis
pp
F.
Deign to give me thy hand, by this ring men shall know We are be -
The Lady Poverty
L.P.
Fair are thy words, and with pit-y thy heart is
trothed, my belov - ed!


52
L.P.
mov - ed, But wilt thou succour all from whose eyes the tears flow?
F.
This will I
52
pp
L.P.
If one suf - fer - eth, wilt thou re - lieve him, Re -
F.
do!
L.P.
vive him that is faint, give him bread in his need?
L.P.
f
dim.
If one be stained with guilty deed, Still as brother wilt thou re - ceive him?
pp


53
Francis
dolce espress.
F.
Lo! I kneel at thy bruis - ed feet,
cresc.
Pov-er-ty, since I do a - dore thee!
The tears of all that mourn
cresc.
shall turn to laugh-ter sweet;
Take thou this ring of me, I im -
54
The Lady Poverty
L.P.
p
My trust in thee makes two hearts one!
plore thee!
My trust in thee makes two hearts one!


L.P.
F.
cresc.
My hand in thine For ev - er, for ev - er joins us in teth - er,
My hand in thine For ev - er, for ev - er joins us in
dim.
rall.
Thine appointed task shall be mine, To tread the path of life to -
teth - er, Thine appoint - ed task shall be mine, To jour-ney to -
55
geth - er!
pp


Lento, come prima
Francis
F.
pp
The night is tranquil,
SOPRANO (humming)
ppp
Bells (in the distance)
Lento, come prima
F.
The val - ley is peace-ful: Be - low
F.
56
Sound the ech-oes of voic-es and chimes har-mo - niz - ing!
56
pp

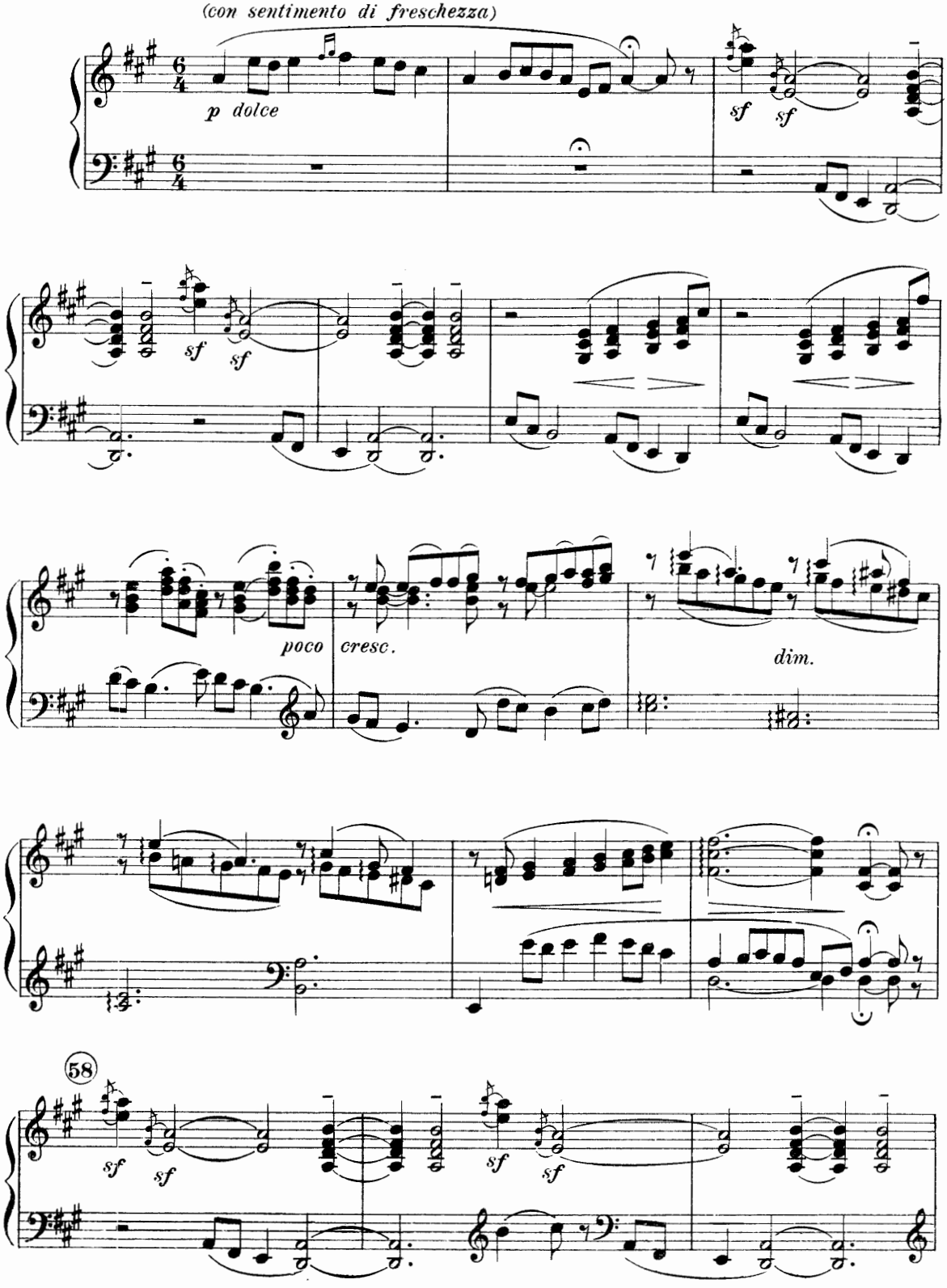

The Lady Poverty
L.P.
p
Dost thou see, where yon hill-slope is ris -ing,
pp
L.P.
That lit-tle flame that trembles with faint, persistent glow?
pp
espress.
Francis
57
F.
ppp
Ah!
pppp

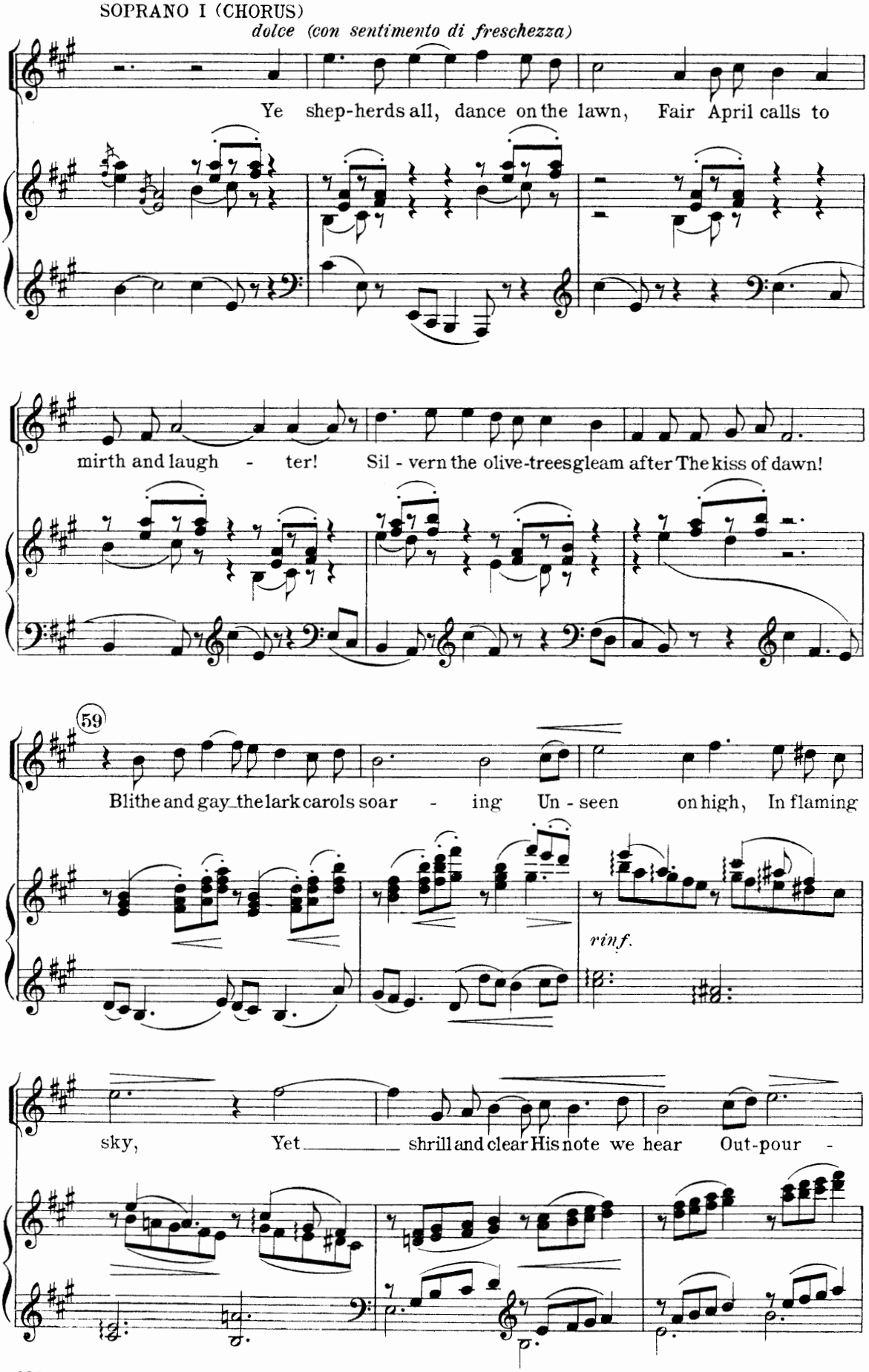
First Part

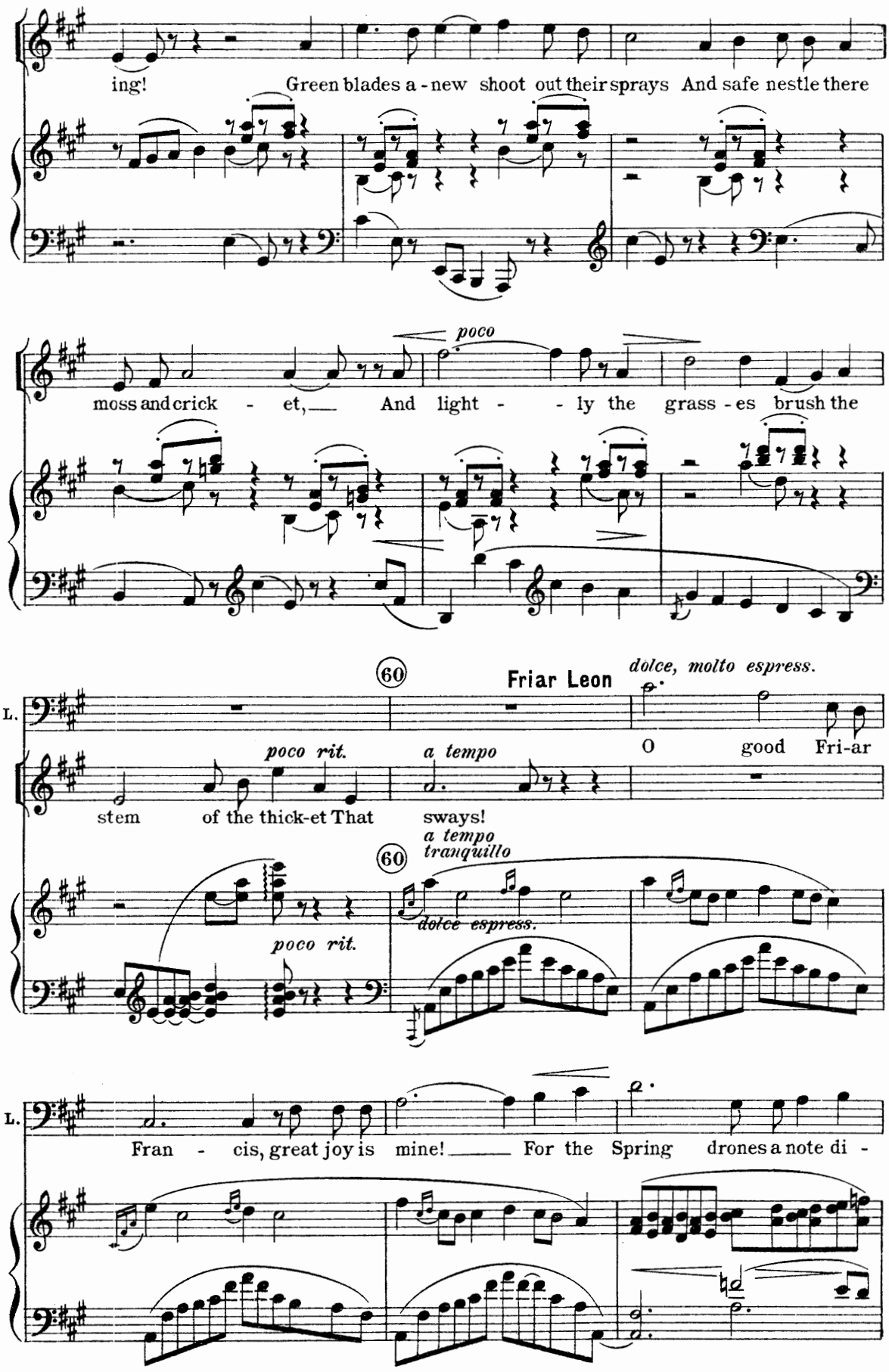
I. The Leper

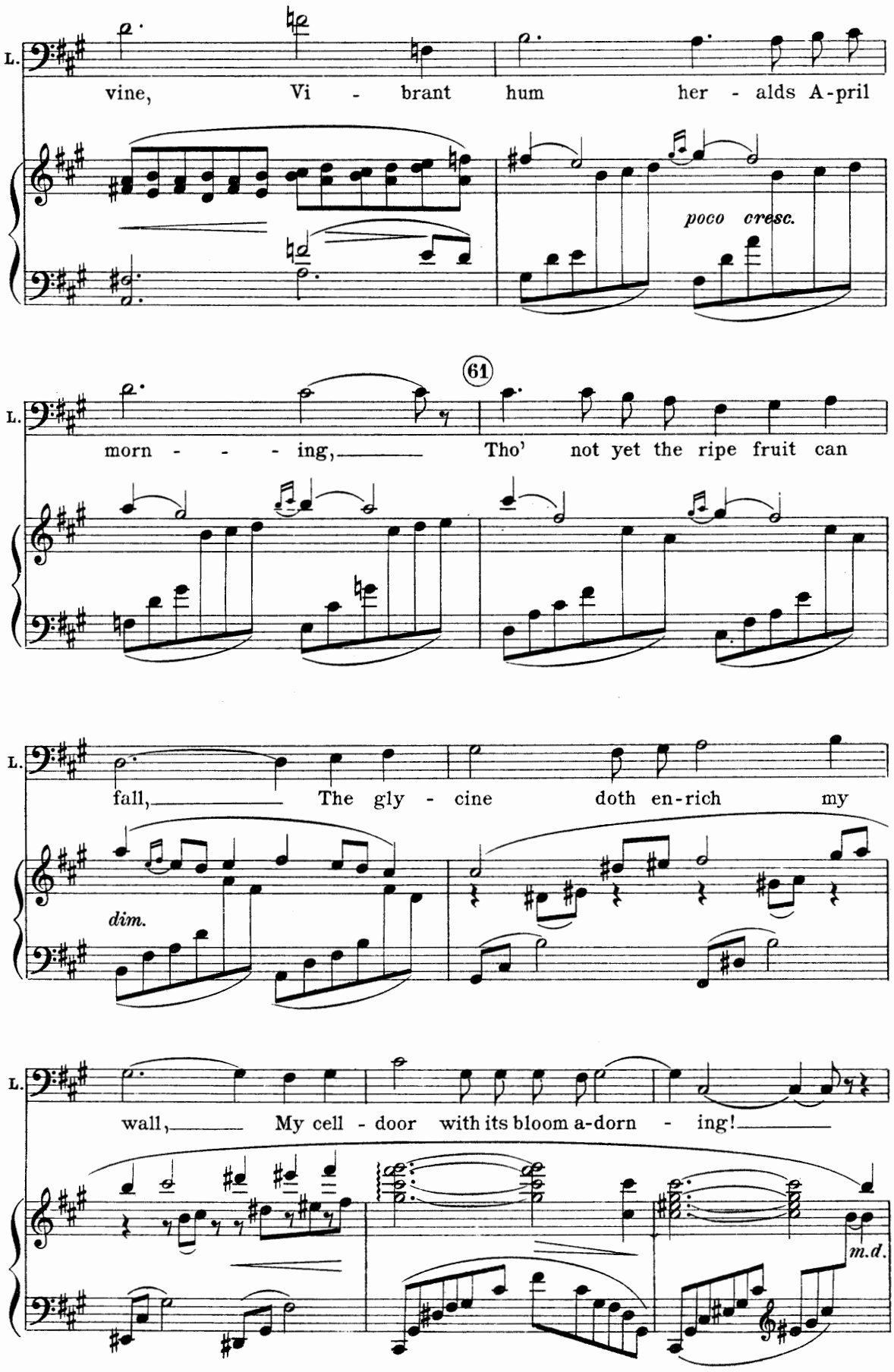
Lento e grazioso (♩ = 108)

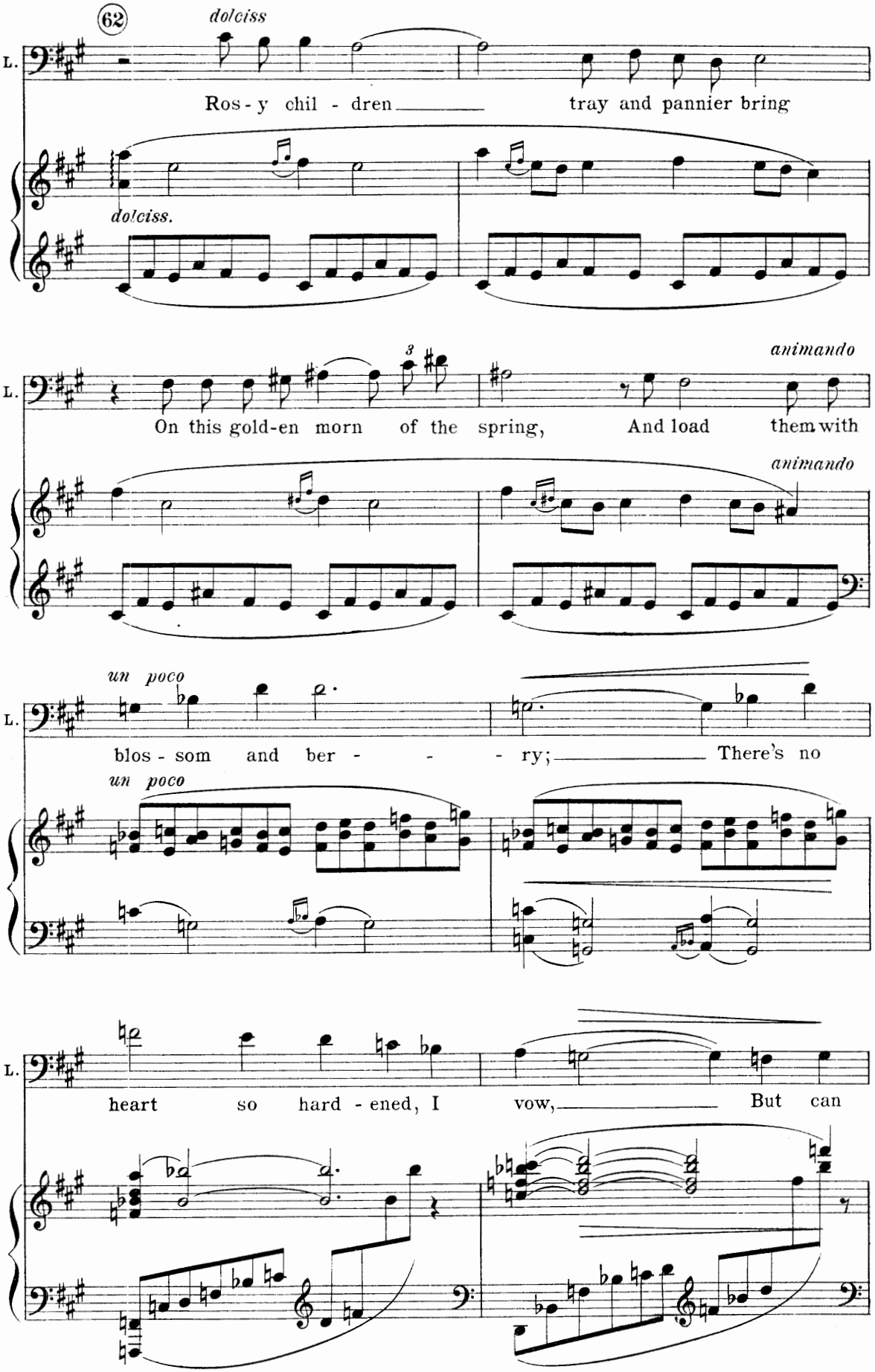
(con sentimento di freschezza)

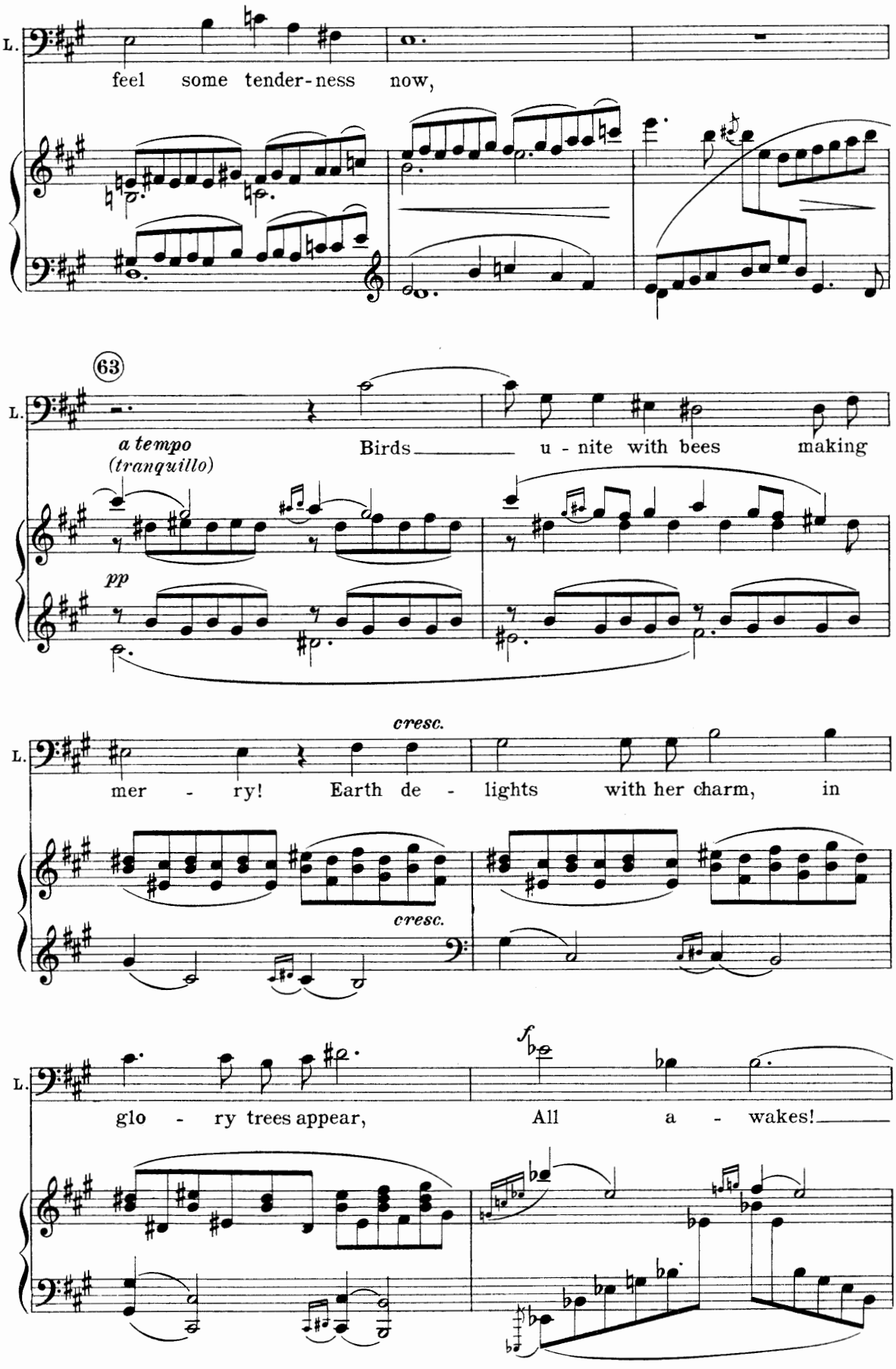


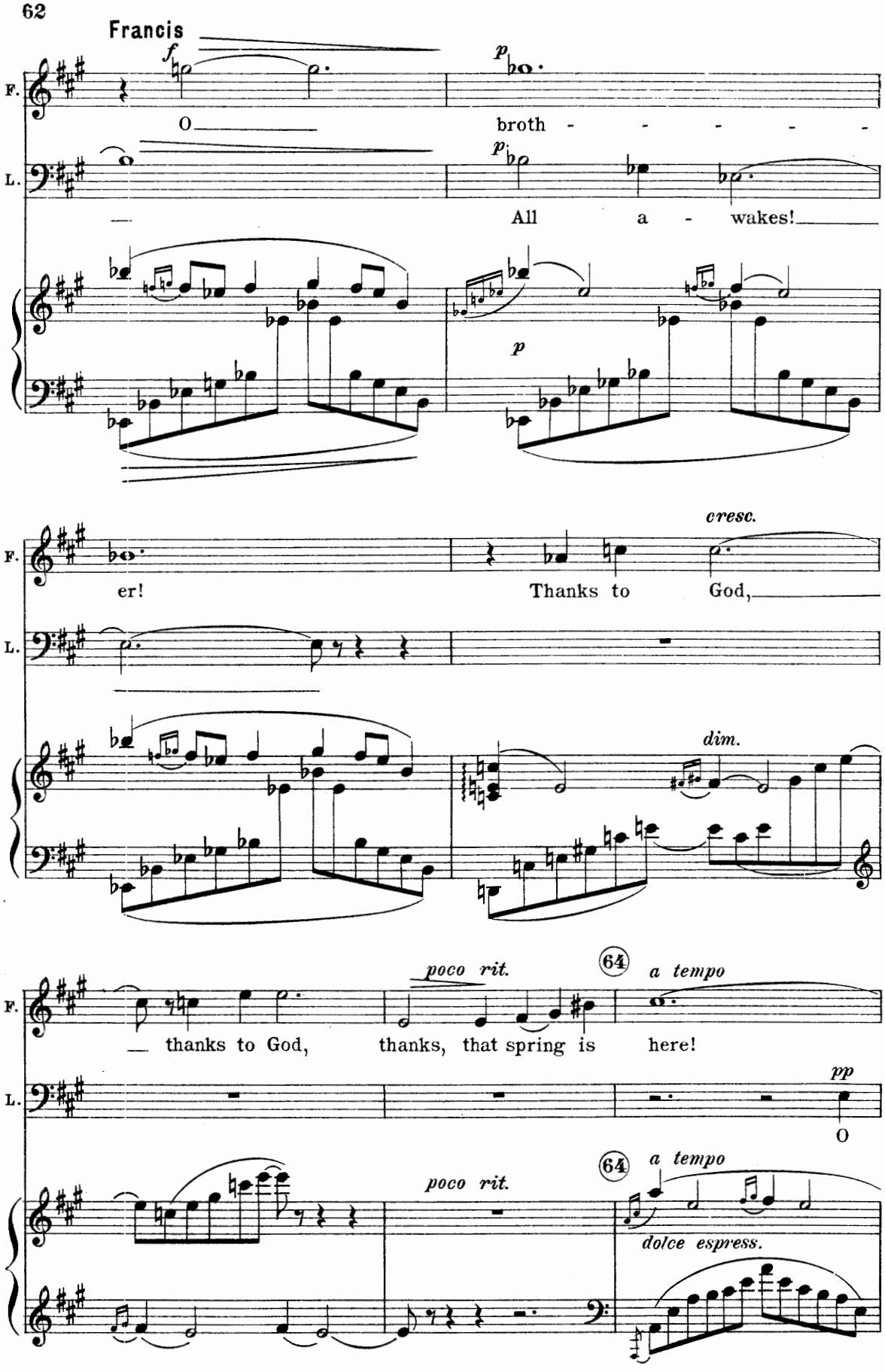

SOPRANO I (CHORUS)
dolce (con sentimento di freschezza)
Ye shep-herds all, dance on the lawn, Fair April calls to
mirth and laugh - ter! Sil - vern the olive-trees gleam after The kiss of dawn!
59
Blithe and gay the lark carols soar - ing Un - seen on high, In flaming
rinf.
sky, Yet shrill and clear His note we hear Out-pour -

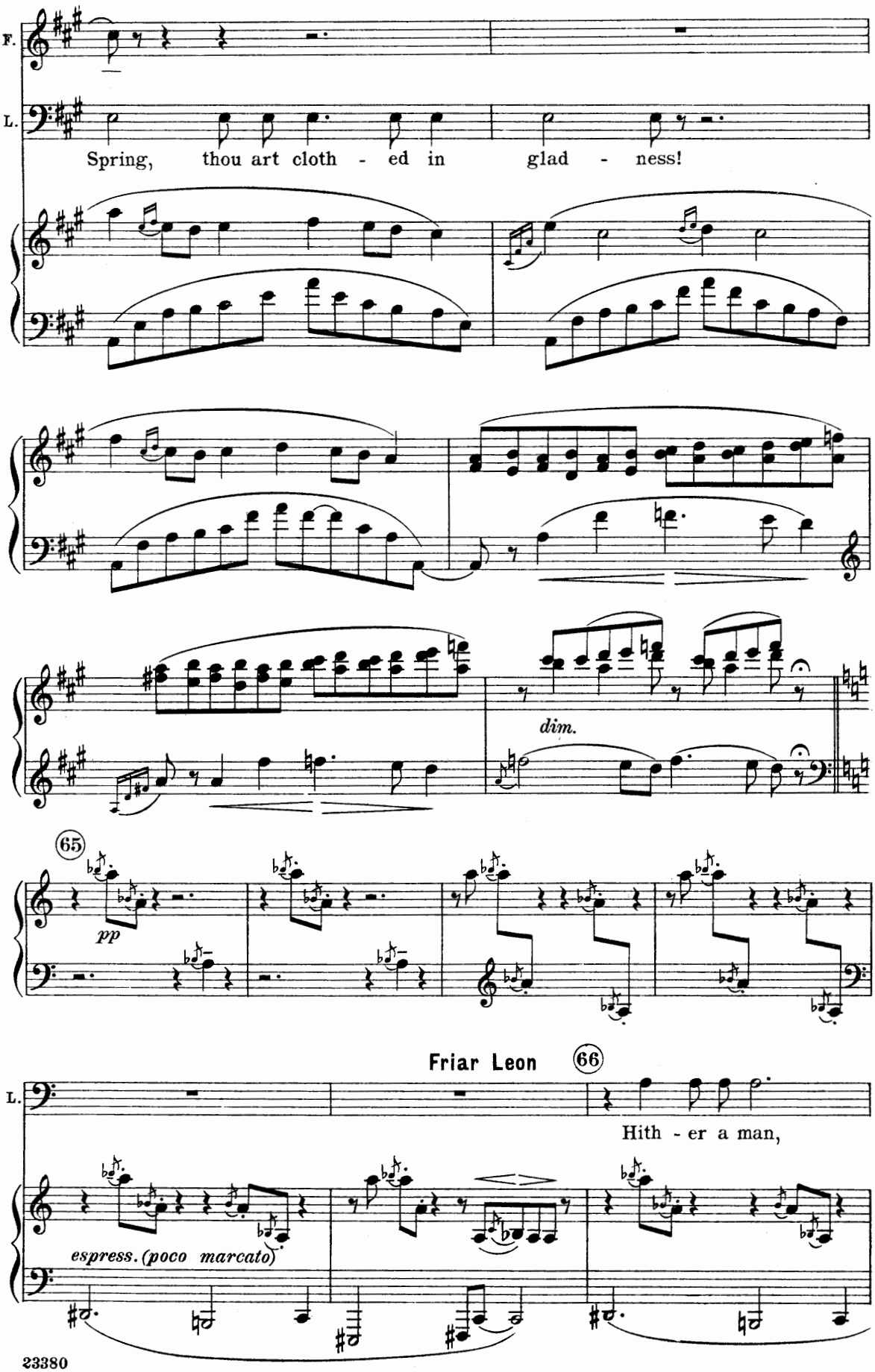

ing!
Green blades a - new shoot out their sprays And safe nestle there
poco
moss and crick - et, And light - - ly the grass - es brush the
60
Friar Leon
dolce, molto espress.
L.
poco rit.
a tempo
O good Fri-ar
stem of the thick-et That sways!
a tempo
tranquillo
60
dolce espress.
poco rit.
L.
Fran - cis, great joy is mine! For the Spring drones a note di -

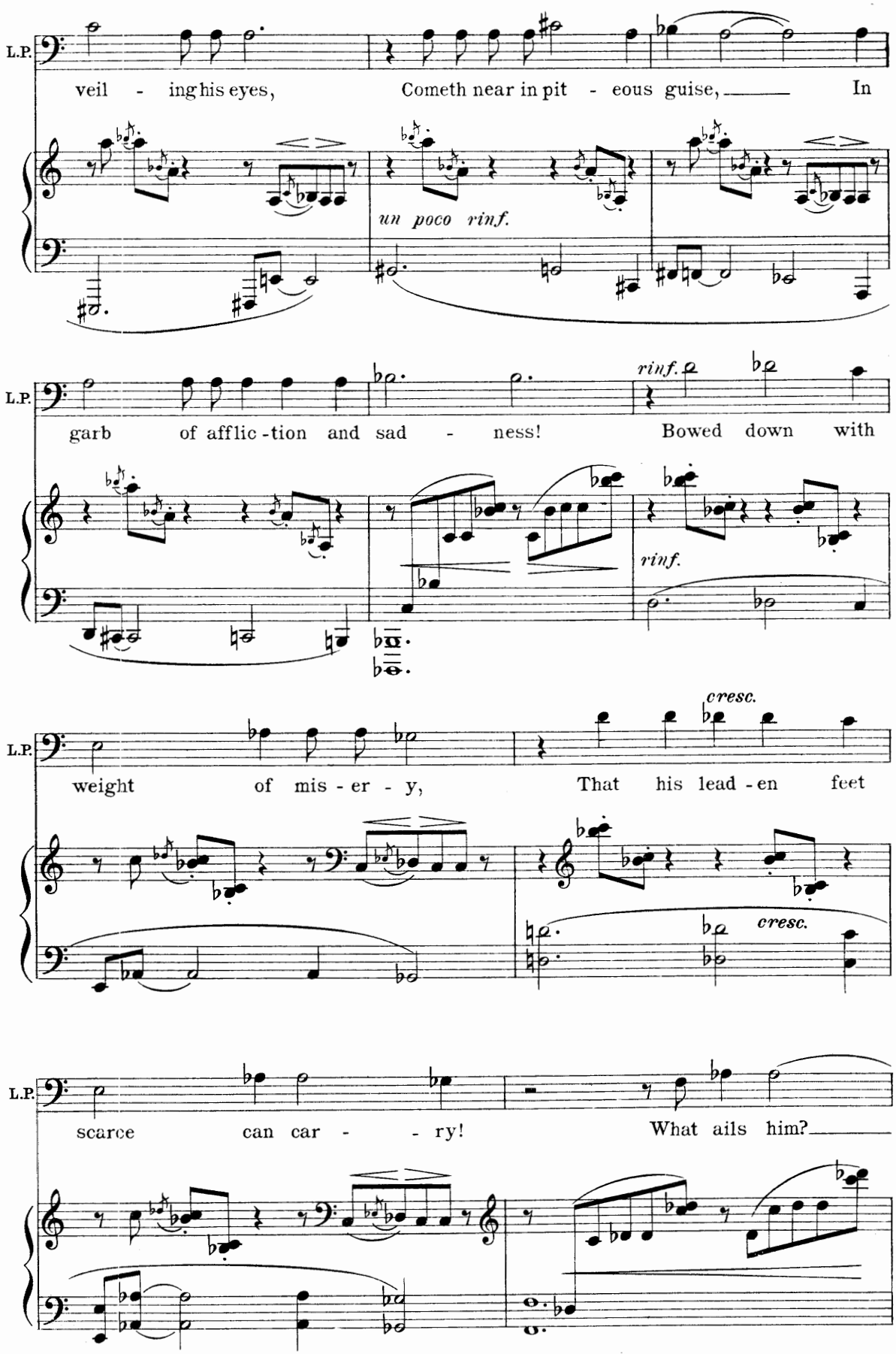

L.
vine, Vi - brant hum her - alds A-pril
poco cresc.
61
L.
morn - - - ing, Tho' not yet the ripe fruit can
L.
fall, The gly - cine doth en-rich my
dim.
L.
wall, My cell - door with its bloom a-dorn - ing!
m.d.

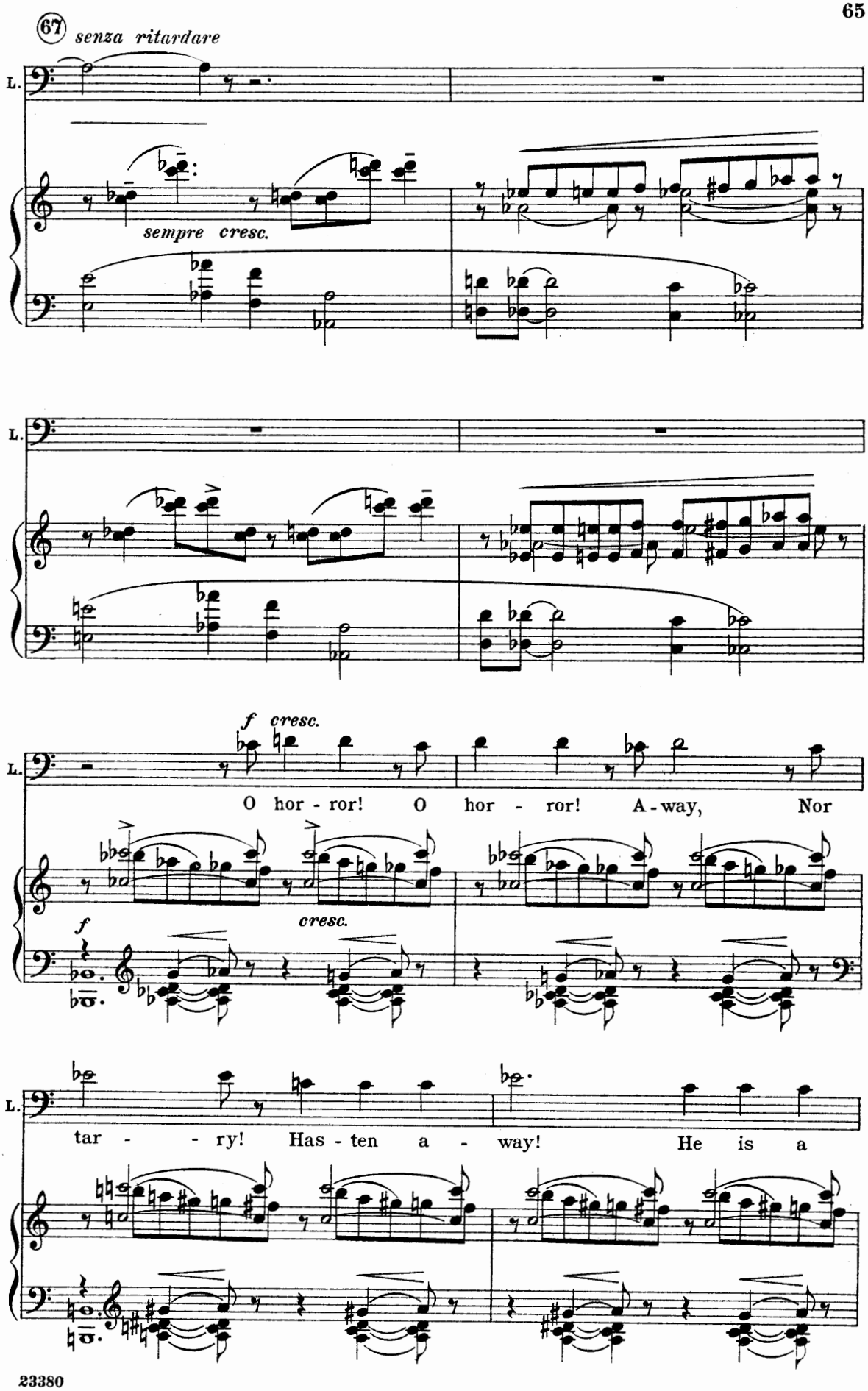

62
dolciss
L.
Ros - y chil - dren tray and pannier bring
dolciss.
animando
On this gold-en morn of the spring, And load them with
animando
un poco
blos - som and ber - - - ry; There's no
un poco
heart so hard - ened, I vow, But can

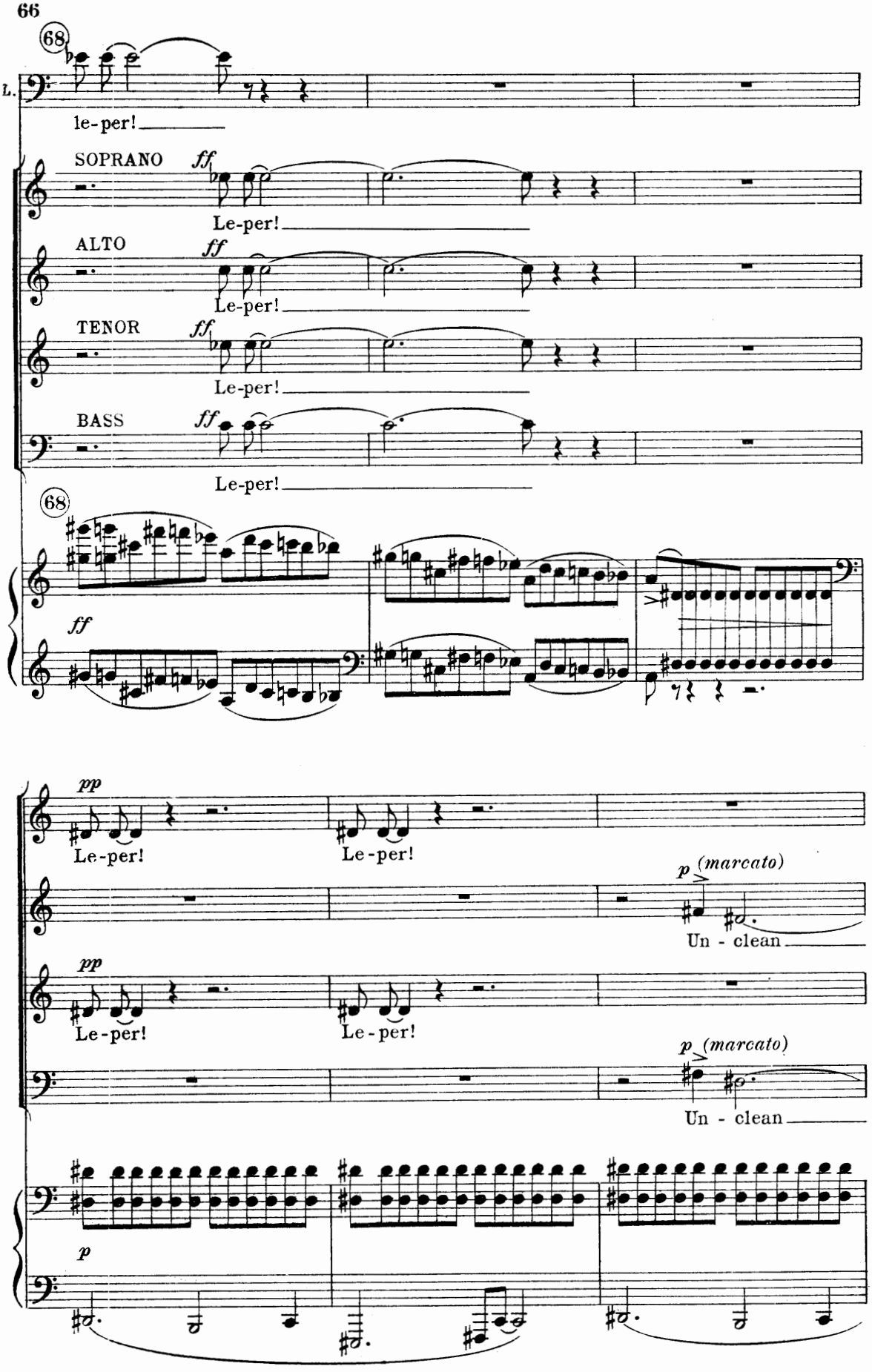

L.
feel some tender-ness now,
63
L.
a tempo
(tranquillo)
Birds u - nite with bees making
pp
cresc.
L.
mer - ry! Earth de - lights with her charm, in
cresc.
f
L.
glo - ry trees appear, All a - wakes!

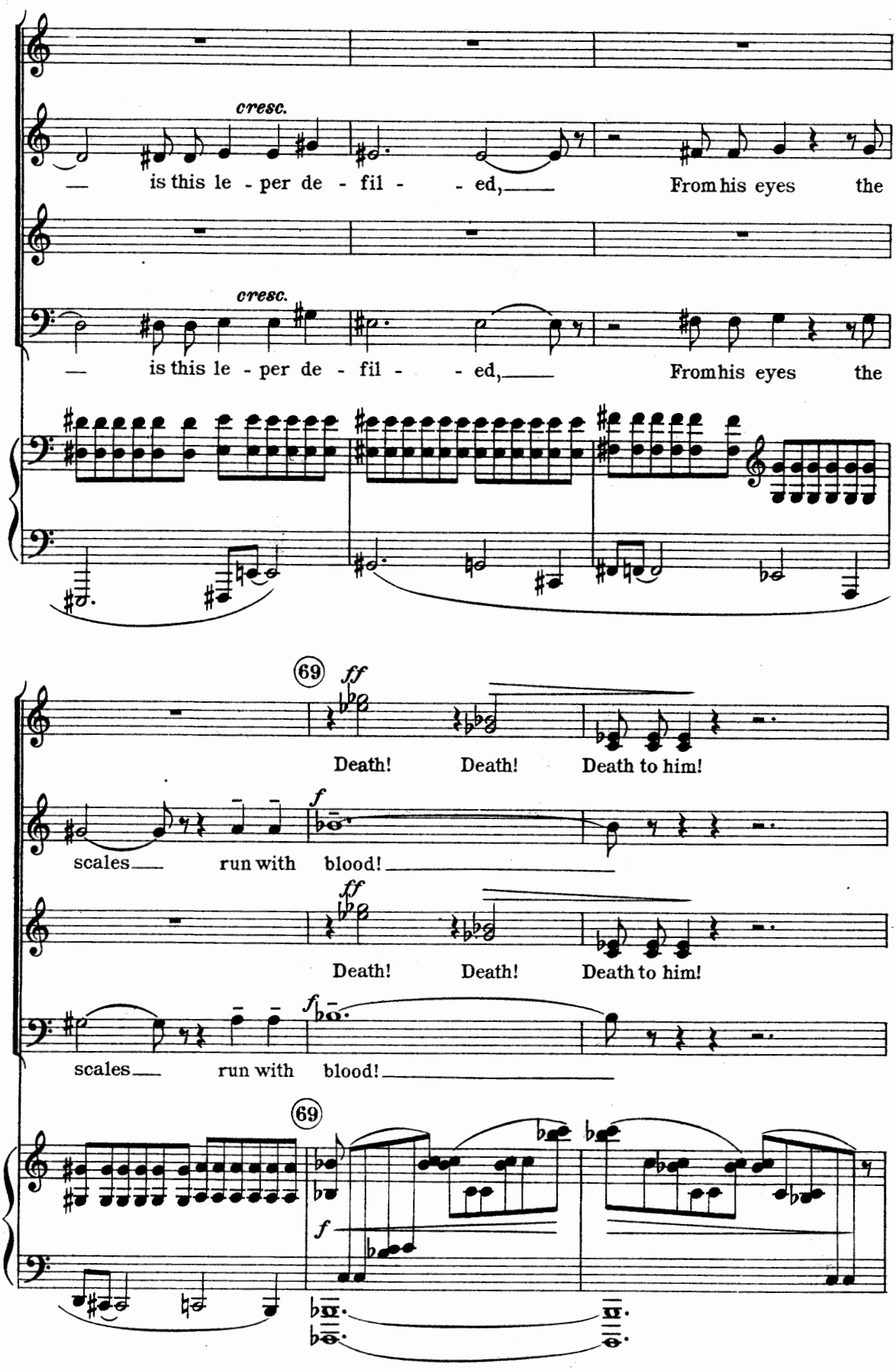

Francis
F.
L.
f
p
O
broth - - - - -
All a - wakes!
er!
Thanks to God,
cresc.
dim.
thanks to God, thanks, that spring is here!
poco rit.
64
a tempo
pp
O
dolce espress.

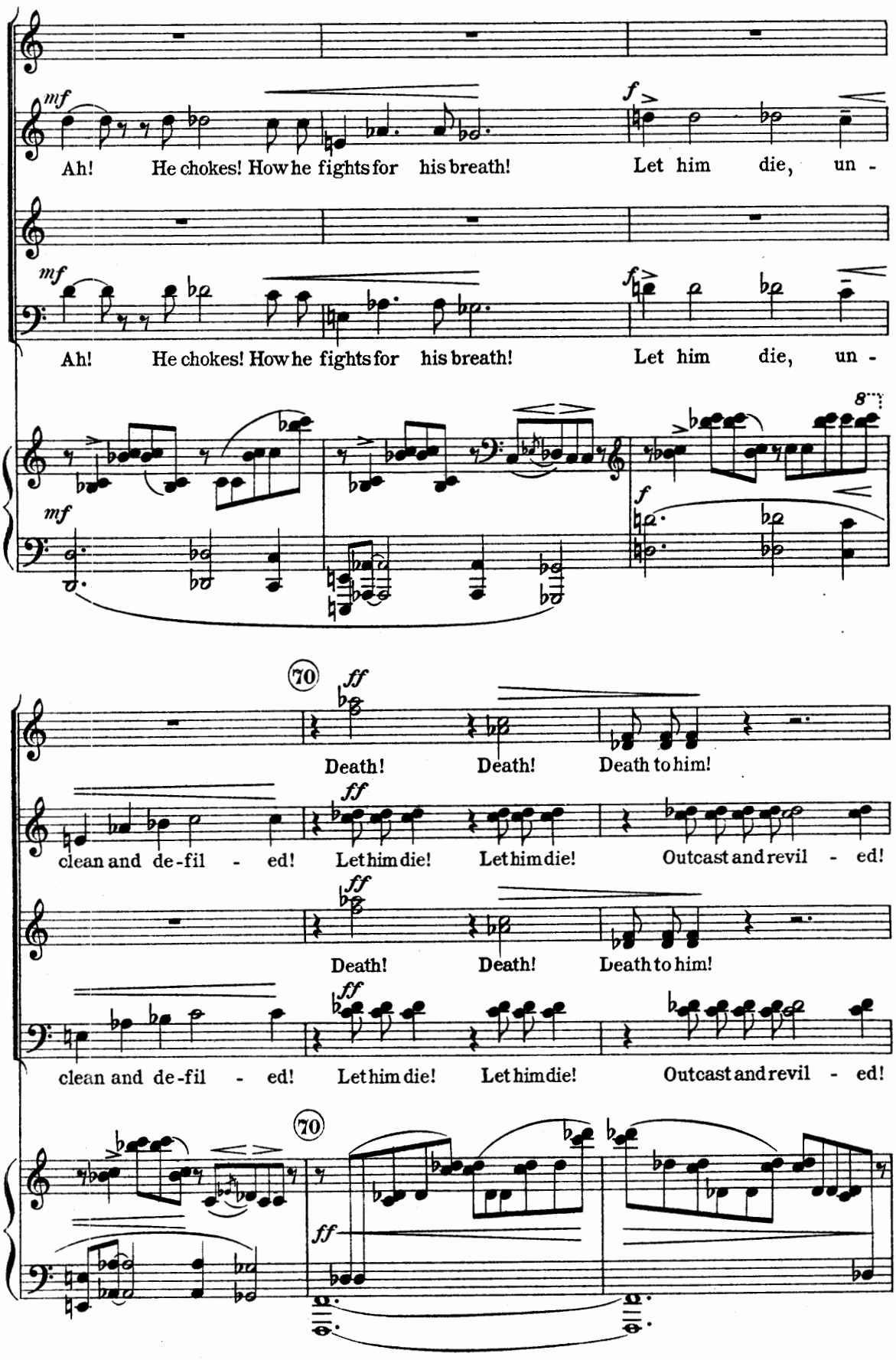

F.
L.
Spring, thou art cloth - ed in glad - ness!
dim.
65
pp
Friar Leon
66
L.
Hith - er a man,
espress. (poco marcato)

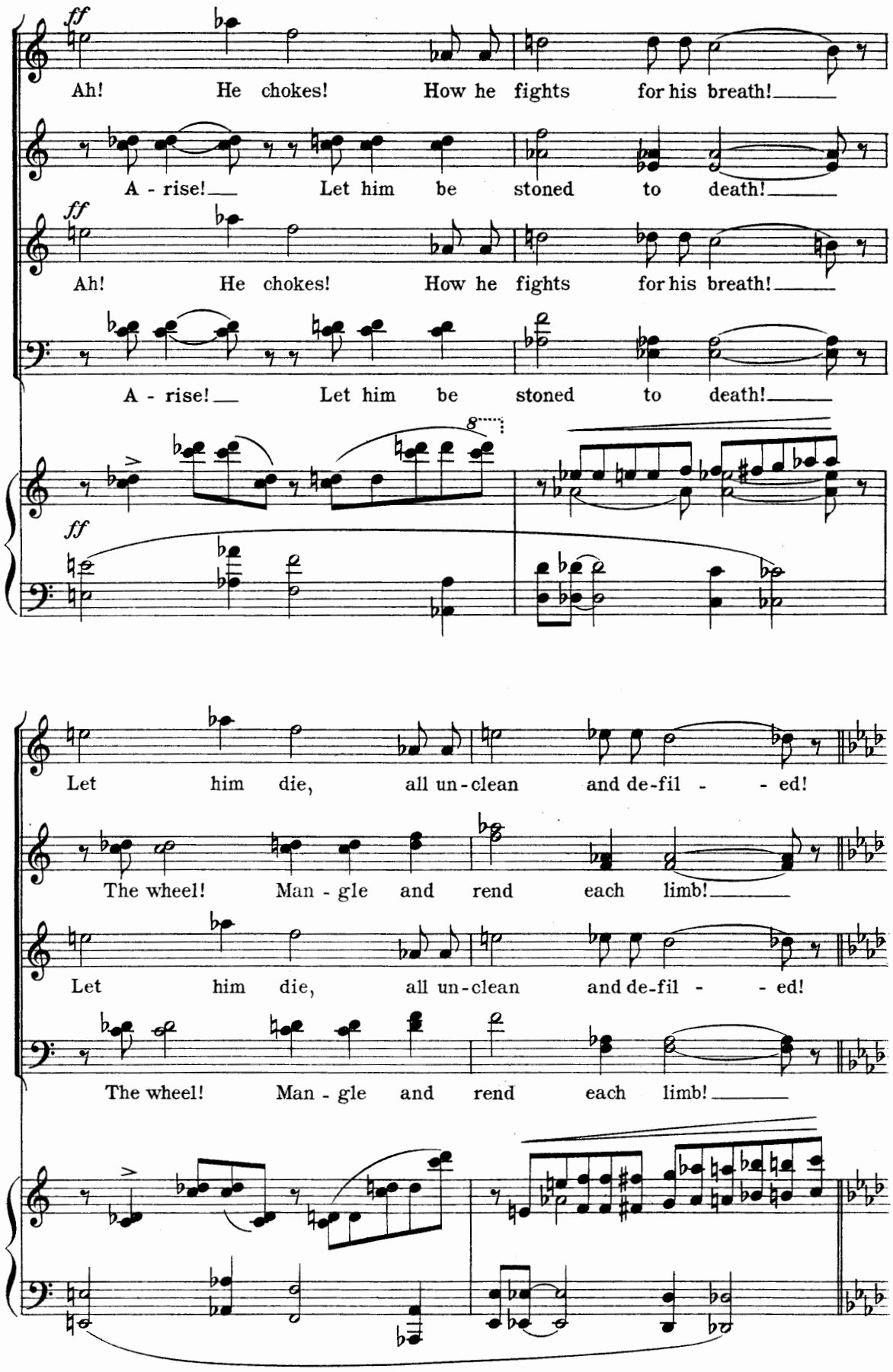

L.P.
veil - ing his eyes, Cometh near in pit - eous guise, In
un poco rinf.
L.P.
garb of afflic-tion and sad - ness! Bowed down with
rinf.
rinf.
L.P.
weight of mis - er - y, That his lead-en feet
cresc.
cresc.
L.P.
scarce can car - - ry! What ails him?

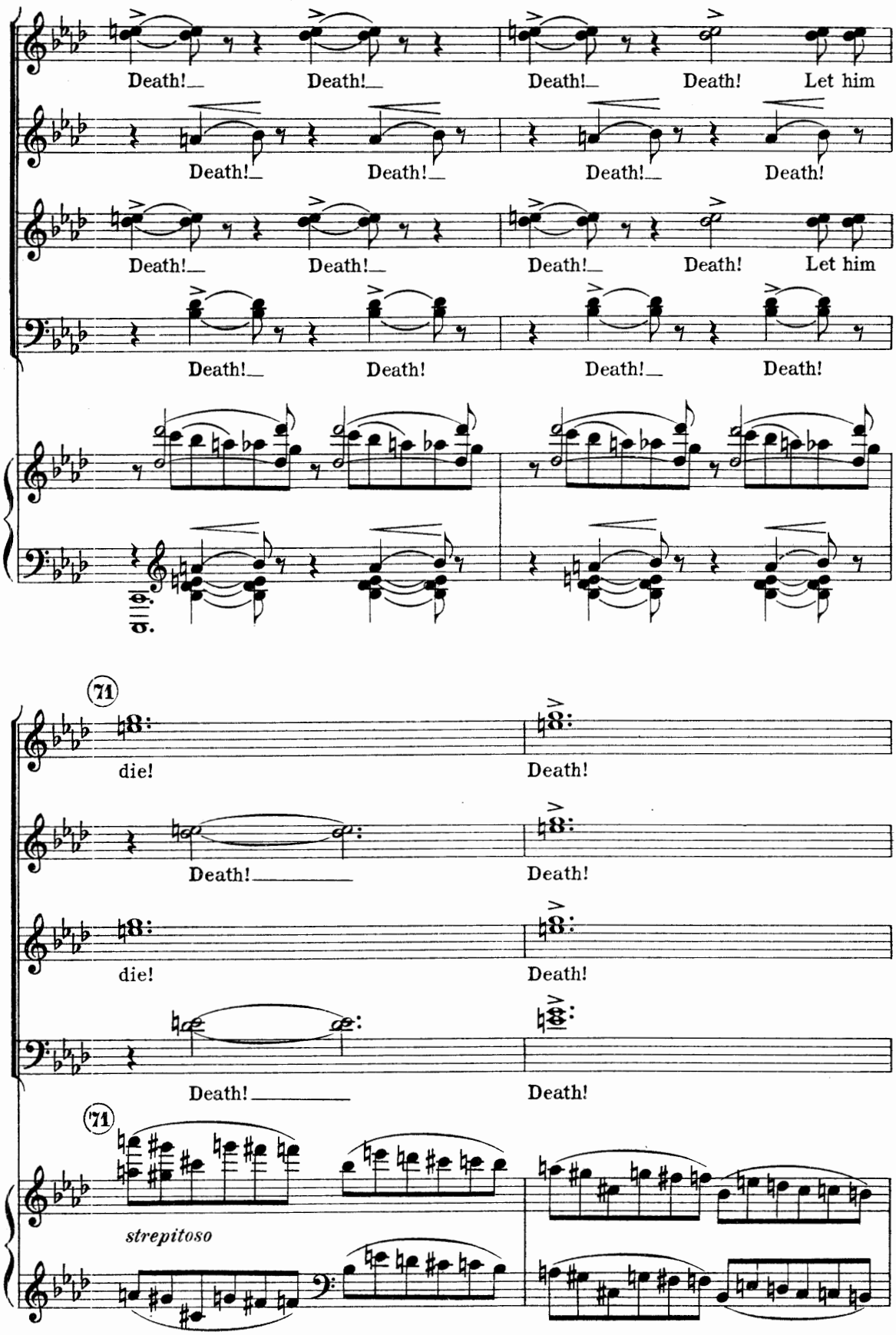

67 senza ritardare
L.
sempre cresc.
L.
f cresc.
O hor - ror! O hor - ror! A - way, Nor
cresc.
f
L.
tar - - ry! Has - ten a - way! He is a

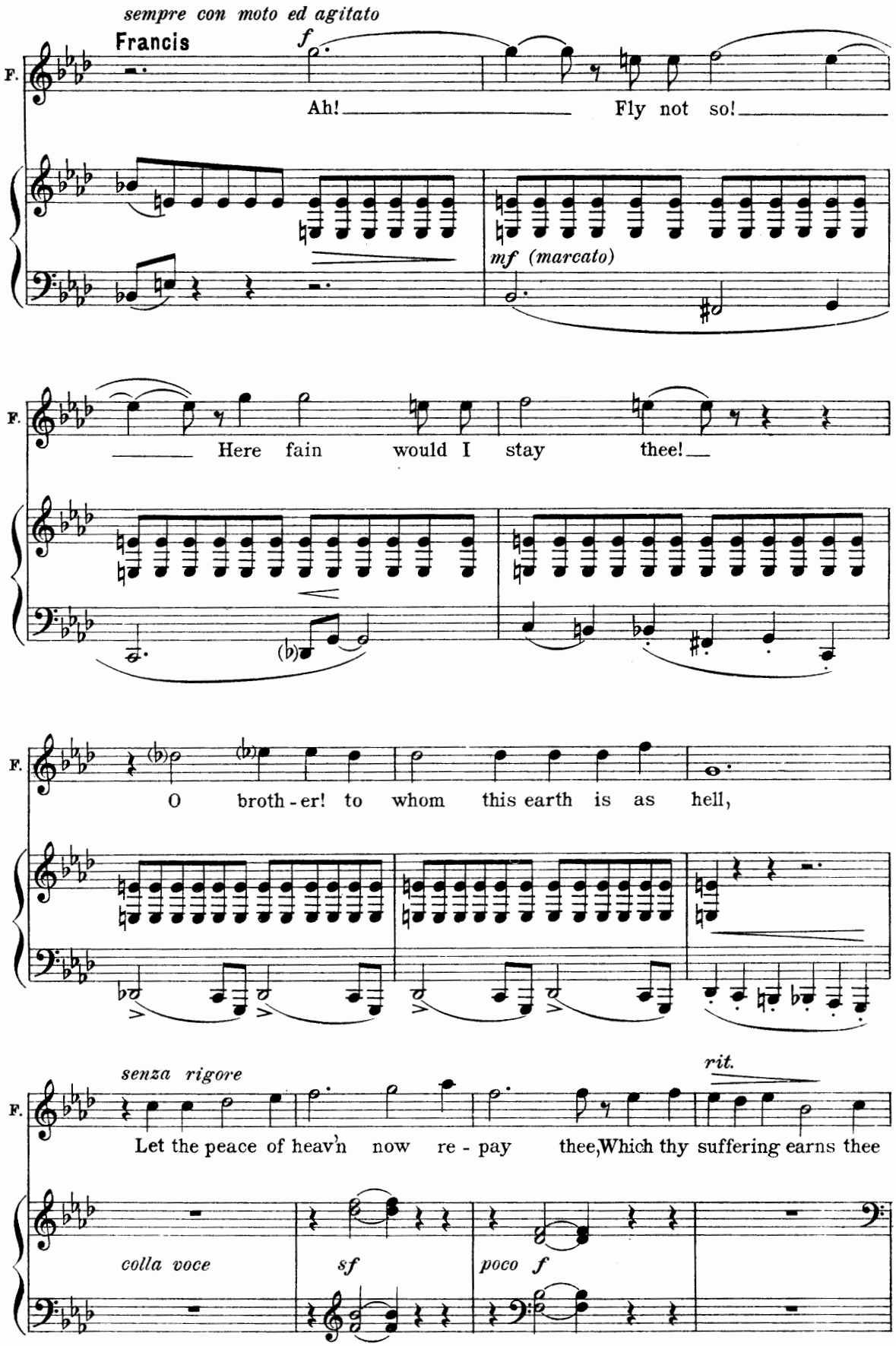

68
L.
le-per!
SOPRANO
ff
Le-per!
ALTO
ff
Le-per!
TENOR
ff
Le-per!
BASS
ff
Le-per!
68
ff
pp
Le-per!
Le-per!
p (marcato)
Un - clean
pp
Le-per!
Le-per!
p (marcato)
Un - clean
p

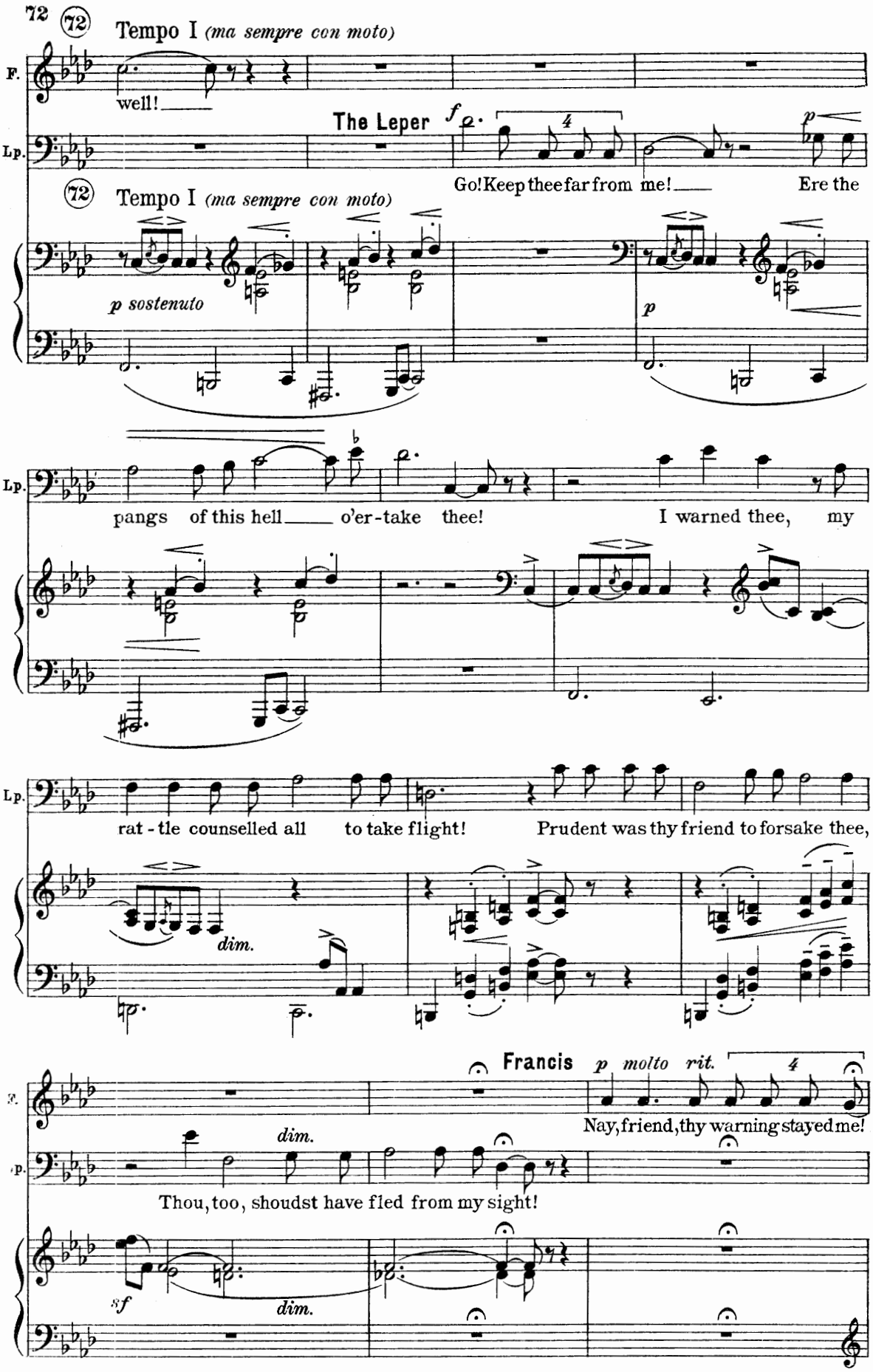

cresc.
— is this le - per de - fil - - ed,— From his eyes the
cresc.
— is this le - per de - fil - - ed,— From his eyes the
69
ff
Death! Death! Death to him!
f
scales— run with blood!—
ff
Death! Death! Death to him!
f
scales— run with blood!—
69
f

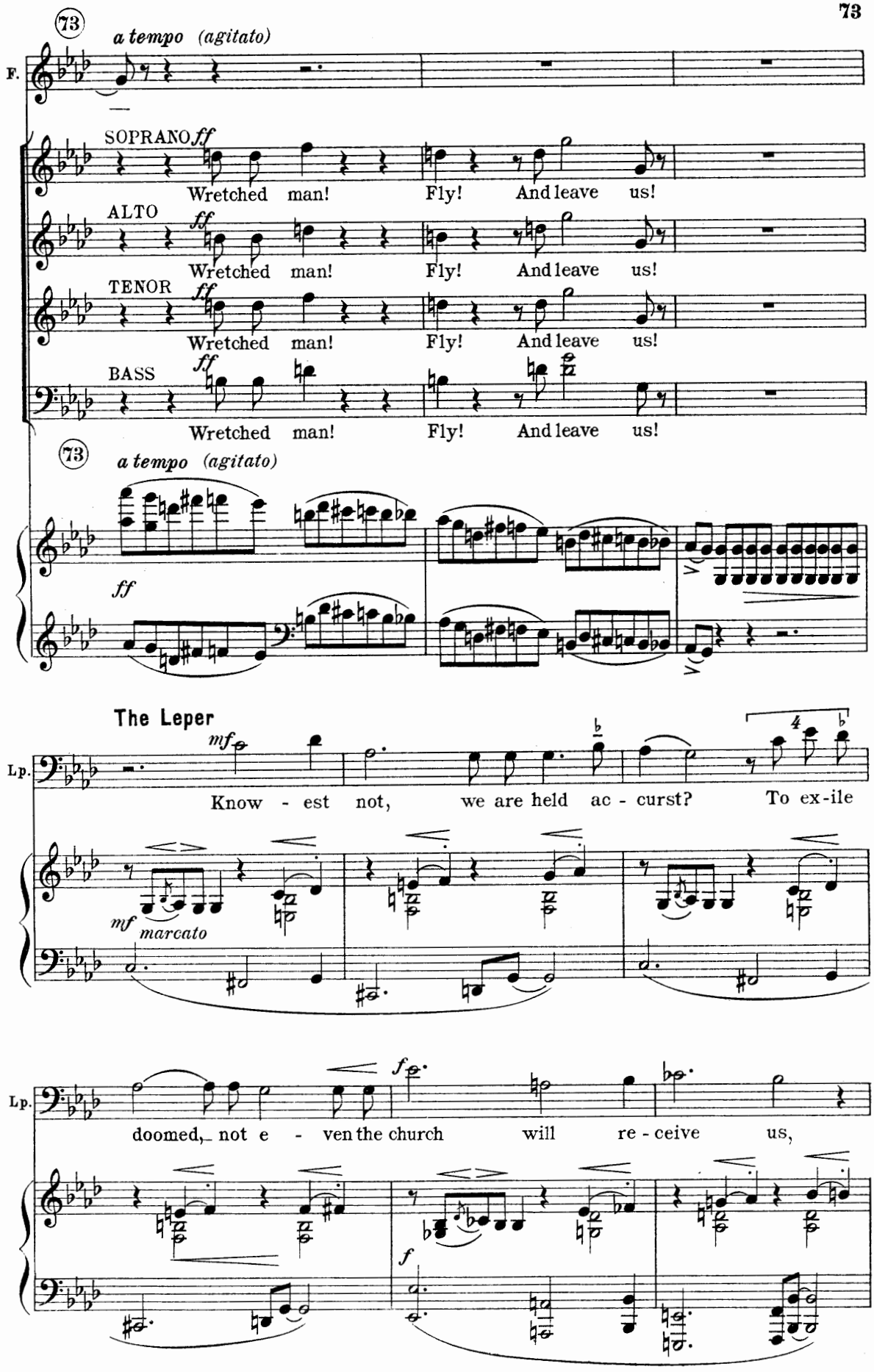

mf
Ah! He chokes! How he fights for his breath!
f
Let him die, un -
mf
Ah! He chokes! How he fights for his breath!
f
Let him die, un -
8
mf
f
70
ff
Death! Death! Death to him!
ff
clean and de-fil - ed!
Let him die!
Let him die!
Outcast and revil - ed!
ff
Death! Death! Death to him!
ff
clean and de-fil - ed!
Let him die!
Let him die!
Outcast and revil - ed!
70
ff

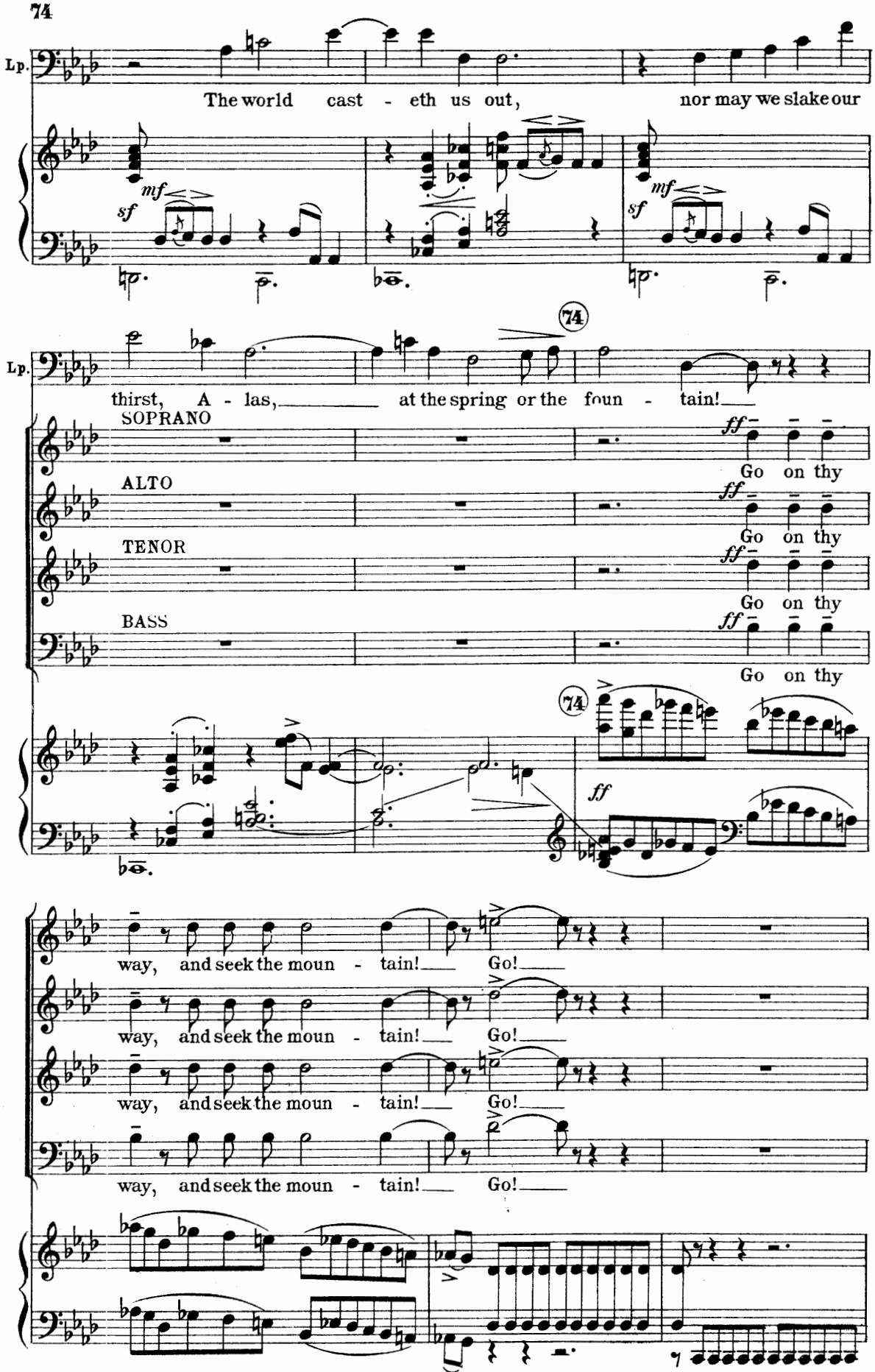

ff
Ah! He chokes! How he fights for his breath!
A - rise! Let him be stoned to death!
ff
Ah! He chokes! How he fights for his breath!
A - rise! Let him be stoned to death!
8
ff
Let him die, all un - clean and de-fil - - ed!
The wheel! Man - gle and rend each limb!
Let him die, all un - clean and de-fil - - ed!
The wheel! Man - gle and rend each limb!

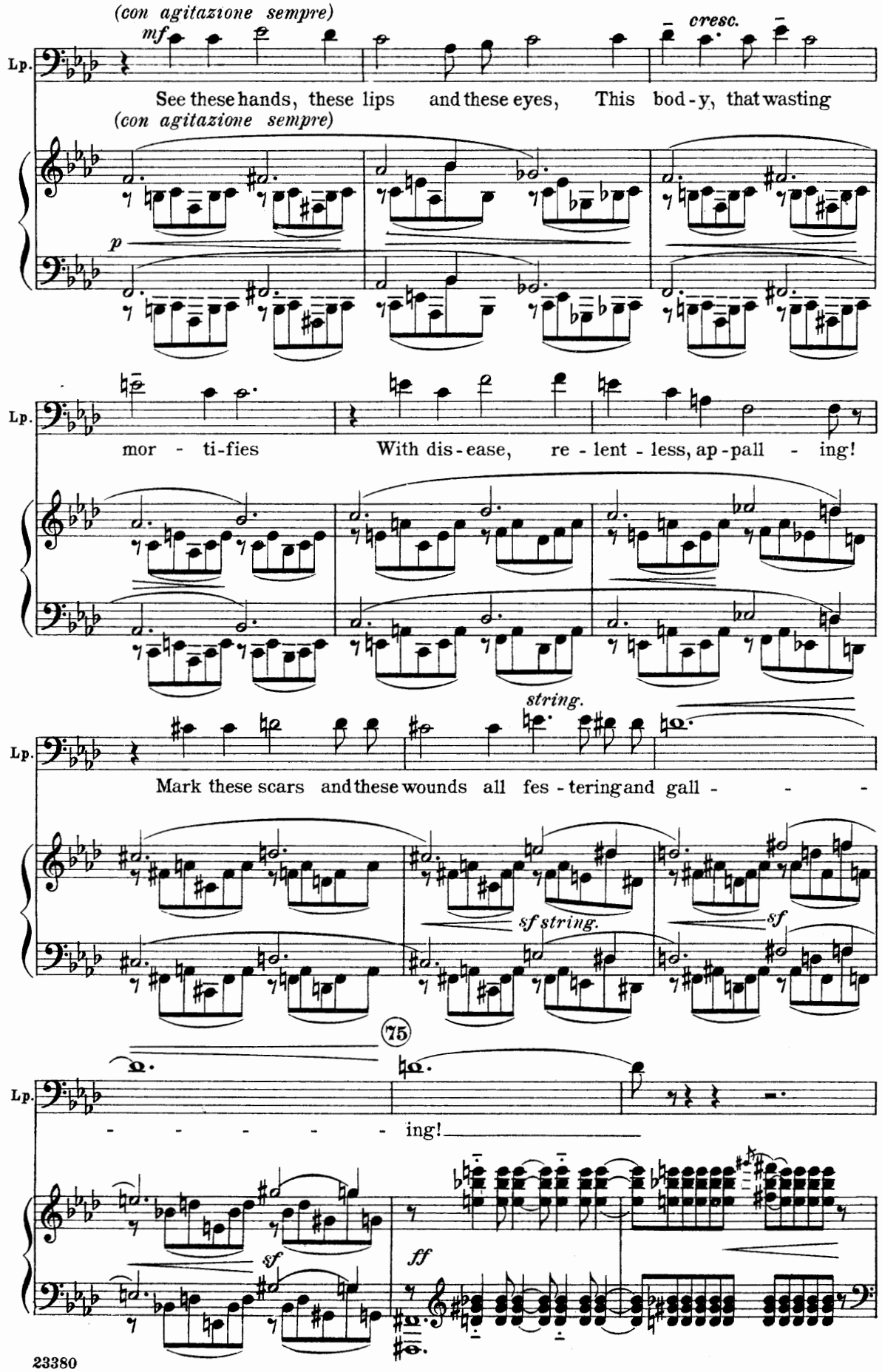

Death! Death! Death! Death! Let him
Death! Death! Death! Death!
Death! Death! Death! Death! Let him
Death! Death! Death! Death!
71
die! Death!
Death! Death!
die! Death!
Death! Death!
71
strepitoso

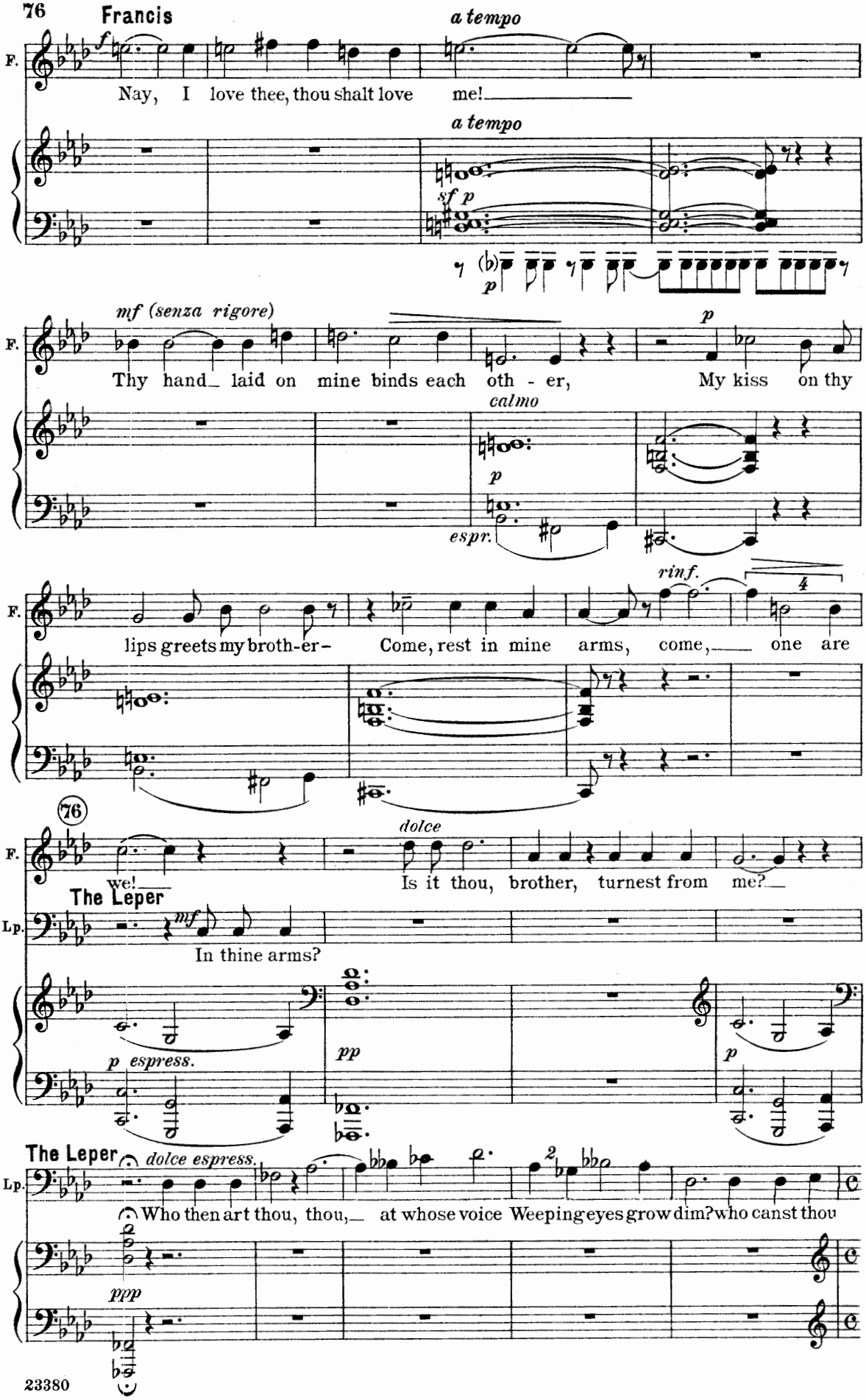

sempre con moto ed agitato
Francis
f
F.
Ah!
Fly not so!
mf (marcato)
F.
Here fain would I stay thee!
F.
O broth-er! to whom this earth is as hell,
senza rigore
rit.
F.
Let the peace of heav'n now re-pay thee, Which thy suffering earns thee
colla voce
sf
poco f

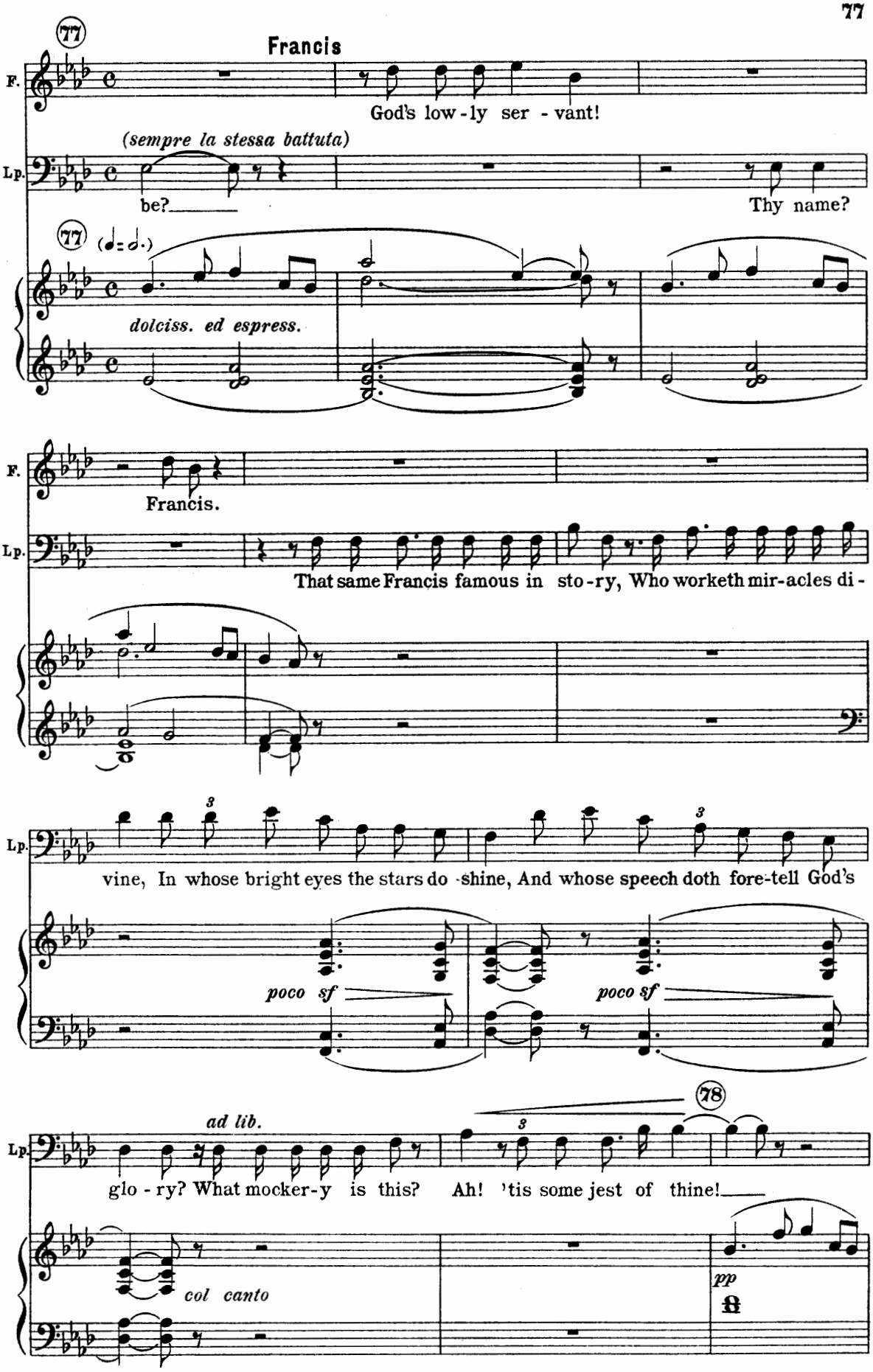

72
Tempo I (ma sempre con moto)
F.
well!
The Leper
f
p
Lp.
Go! Keep thee far from me! Ere the
72
Tempo I (ma sempre con moto)
p sostenuto
p
Lp.
pangs of this hell o'er-take thee! I warned thee, my
Lp.
rat-tle counselled all to take flight! Prudent was thy friend to forsake thee,
dim.
Francis
p molto rit.
F.
Nay, friend, thy warning stayed me!
dim.
Lp.
Thou, too, shoudst have fled from my sight!
sf
dim.

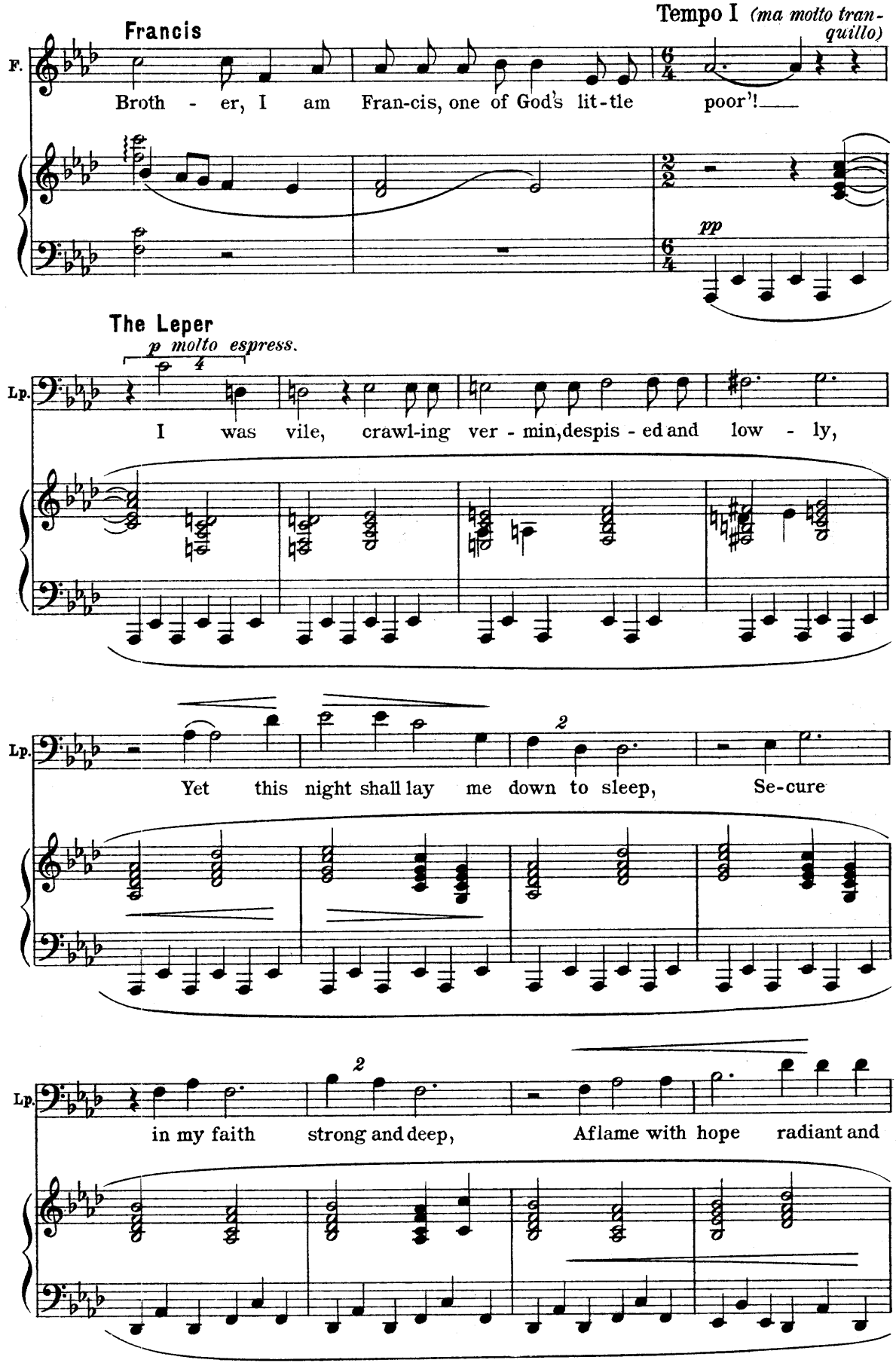

73
a tempo (agitato)
F.
SOPRANO ff
Wretched man! Fly! And leave us!
ALTO ff
Wretched man! Fly! And leave us!
TENOR ff
Wretched man! Fly! And leave us!
BASS ff
Wretched man! Fly! And leave us!
73
a tempo (agitato)
ff
The Leper
mf
Lp.
Know - est not, we are held ac - curst? To ex-ile
mf marcato
Lp.
doomed, not e - ven the church will re - ceive us,
f
f

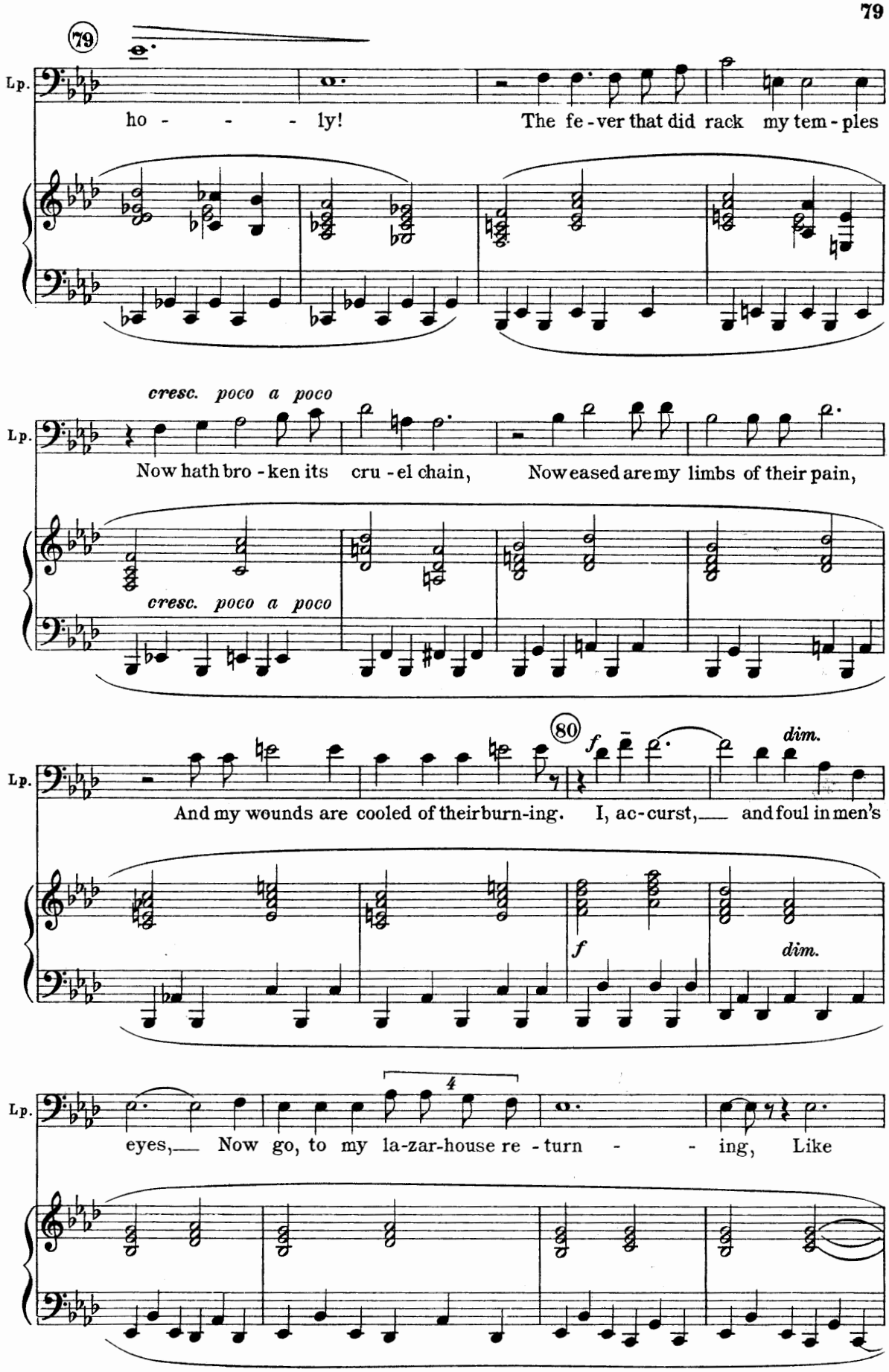

Lp.
The world cast - eth us out, nor may we slake our
mf
sf
mf
sf
Lp.
74
thirst, A - las, at the spring or the foun - tain!
SOPRANO
ALTO
TENOR
BASS
ff
Go on thy
74
ff
way, and seek the moun - tain! Go!

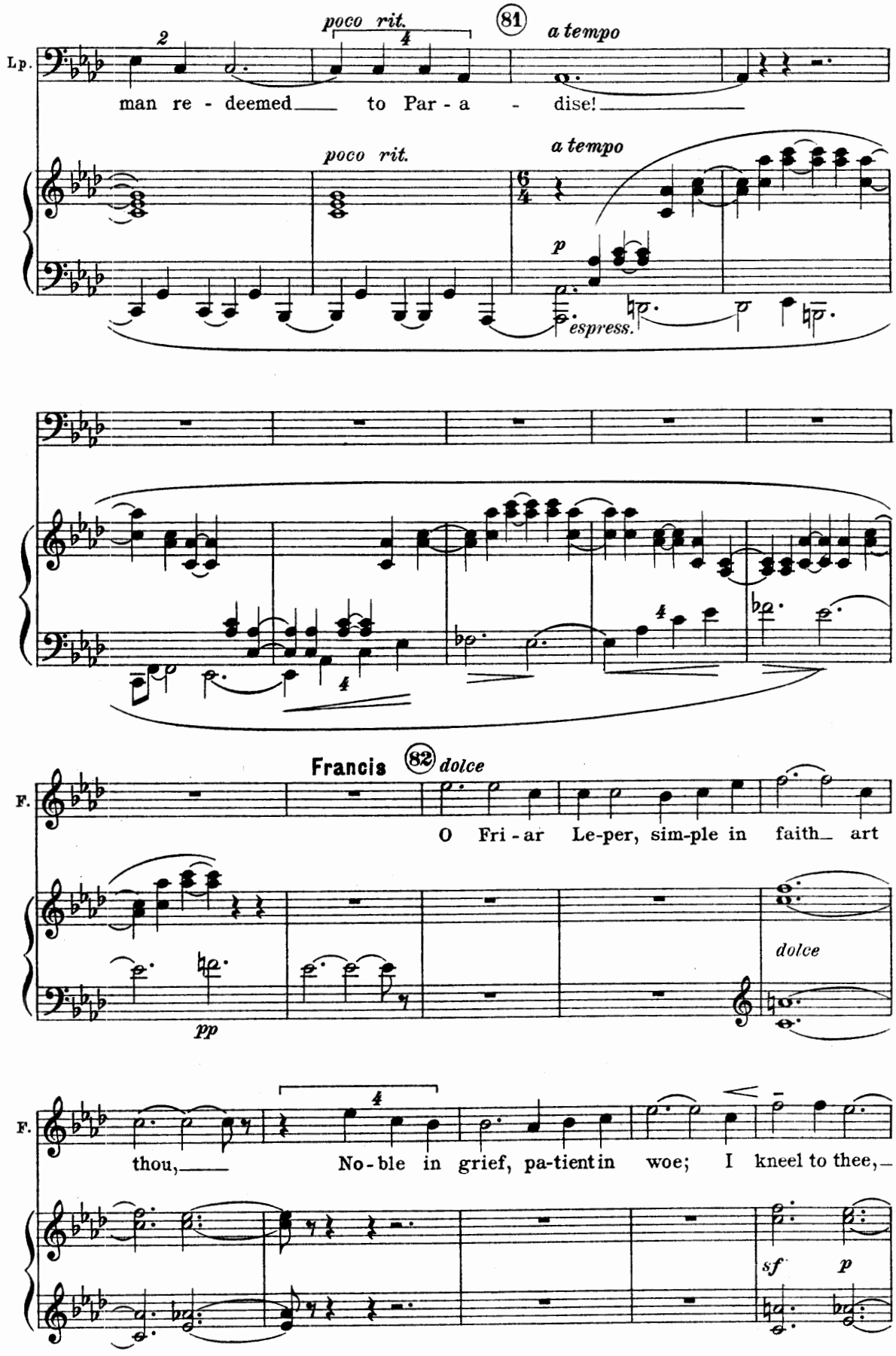

(con agitazione sempre)
mf
cresc.
Lp.
See these hands, these lips and these eyes, This bod-y, that wasting
(con agitazione sempre)
p
Lp.
mor - ti-fies With dis-ease, re - lent - less, ap-pall - ing!
string.
Lp.
Mark these scars and these wounds all fes-tering and gall - - -
sf string.
sf
75
Lp.
- - - - - - ing!
sf
ff

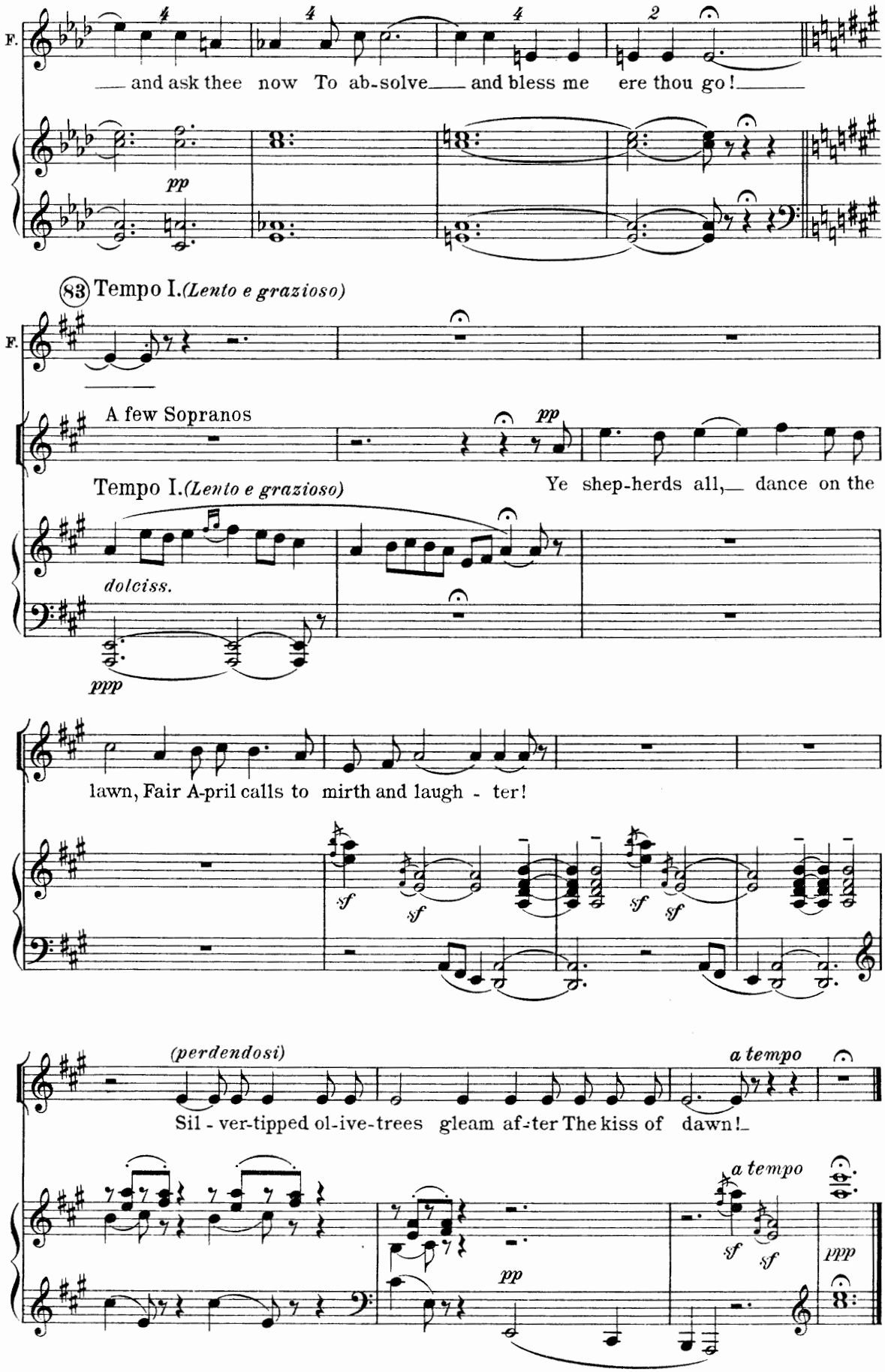

Francis
a tempo
F.
f
Nay, I love thee, thou shalt love me!
a tempo
sf p
p
mf (senza rigore)
Thy hand laid on mine binds each oth - er,
p
My kiss on thy
calmo
p
espr.
rinf.
lips greets my broth-er- Come, rest in mine arms, come, one are
76
we!
dolce
Is it thou, brother, turnest from me?
The Leper
Lp.
mf
In thine arms?
p espress.
pp
p
The Leper
dolce espress.
Who then art thou, thou, at whose voice Weeping eyes grow dim? who canst thou
ppp


77
Francis
F.
God's low - ly ser - vant!
(sempre la stessa battuta)
Lp.
be?
Thy name?
77
(♩= ♩.)
dolciss. ed espress.
F.
Francis.
Lp.
That same Francis famous in sto - ry, Who worketh mir-acles di -
Lp.
vine, In whose bright eyes the stars do shine, And whose speech doth fore-tell God's
poco sf
poco sf
ad lib.
Lp.
glo - ry? What mocker-y is this?
Ah! 'tis some jest of thine!
78
col canto
pp

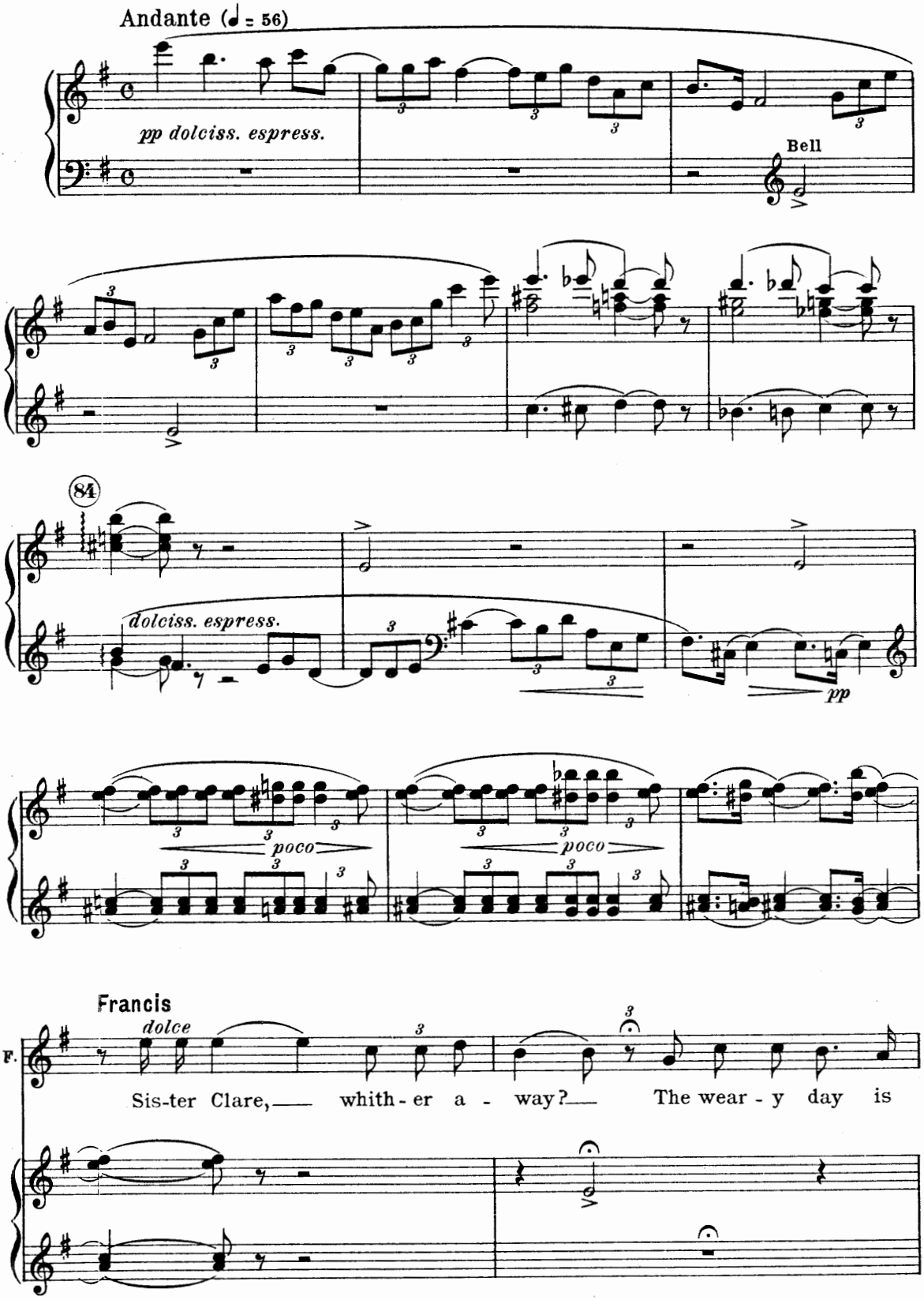

Francis
Tempo I (ma molto tranquillo)
F.
Broth - er, I am Fran-cis, one of God's lit-tle poor'!
pp
The Leper
p molto espress.
Lp.
I was vile, crawl-ing ver - min, despis - ed and low - ly,
Lp.
Yet this night shall lay me down to sleep, Se-cure
Lp.
in my faith strong and deep, Aflame with hope radiant and

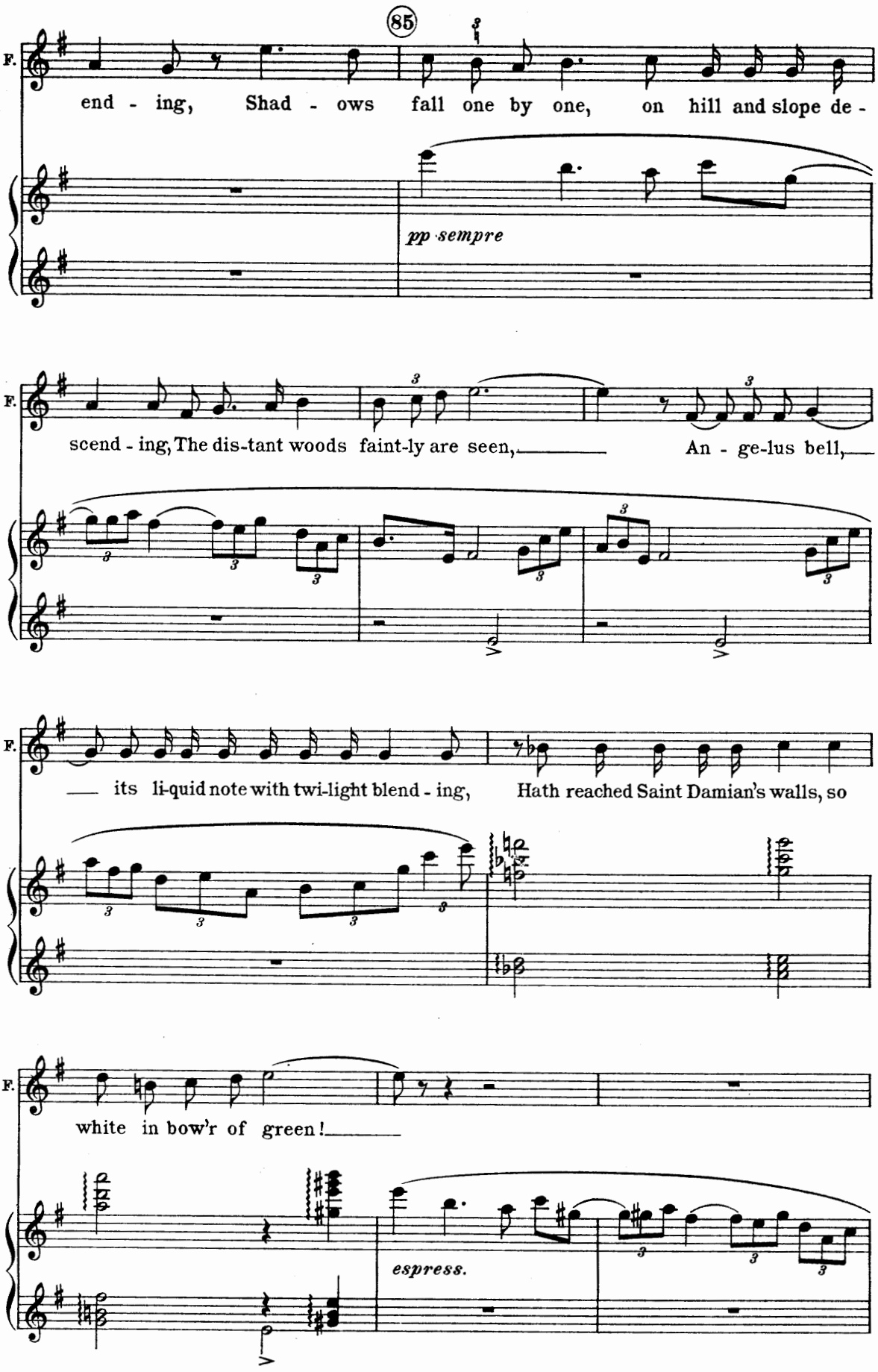

79
Lp.
ho - - - ly!
The fe - ver that did rack my tem - ples
cresc. poco a poco
Lp.
Now hath bro - ken its cru - el chain,
Now eased are my limbs of their pain,
cresc. poco a poco
80
f
dim.
Lp.
And my wounds are cooled of their burn-ing.
I, ac - curst, and foul in men's
f
dim.
4
Lp.
eyes, Now go, to my la-zar-house re - turn - - ing, Like

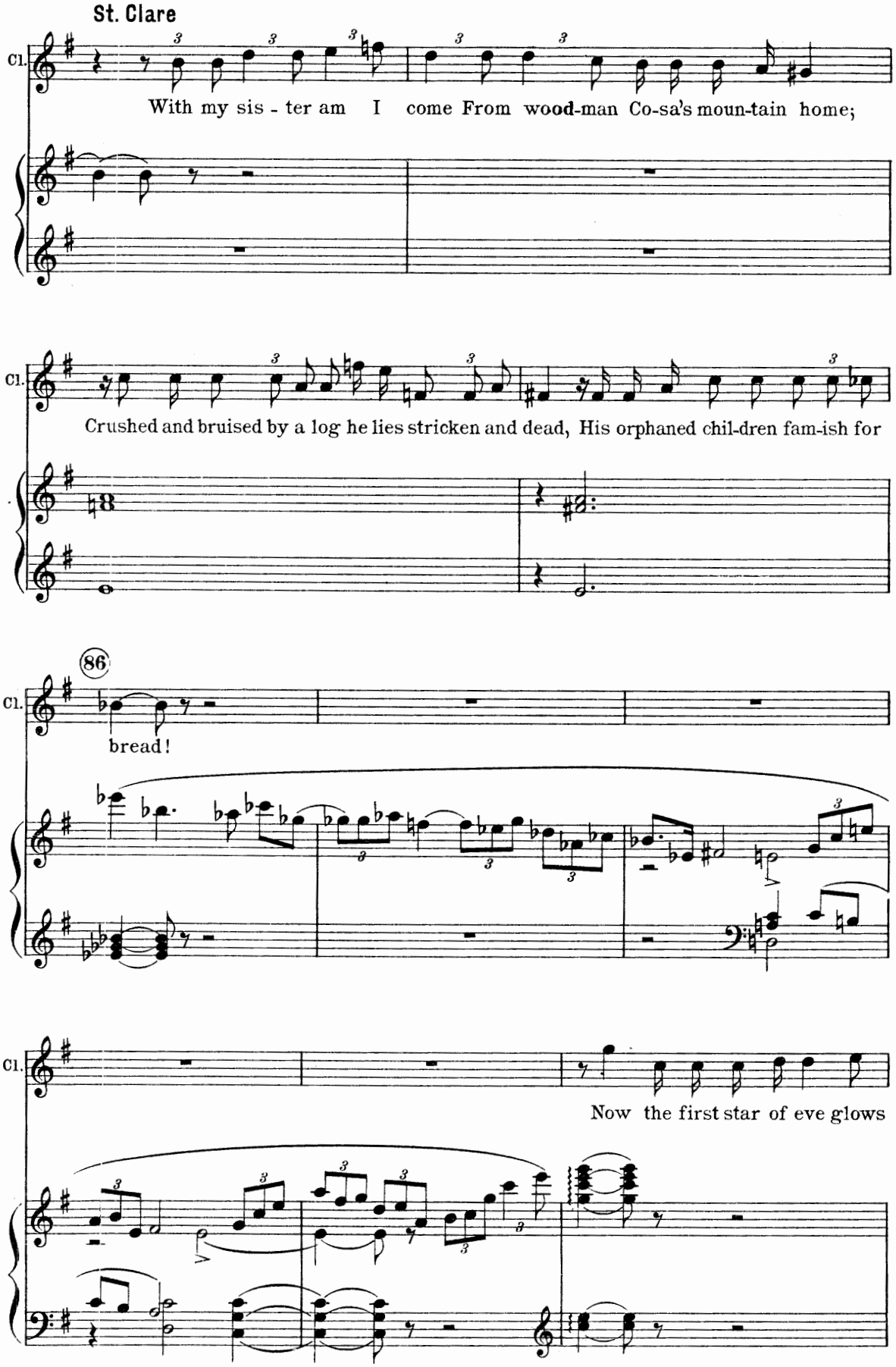

poco rit.
81
a tempo
Lp.
man re - deemed to Par - a - dise!
poco rit.
a tempo
p
espress.
Francis
82
dolce
F.
O Fri - ar Le-per, sim-ple in faith art
pp
dolce
F.
thou, No-ble in grief, pa-tient in woe; I kneel to thee,
sf
p

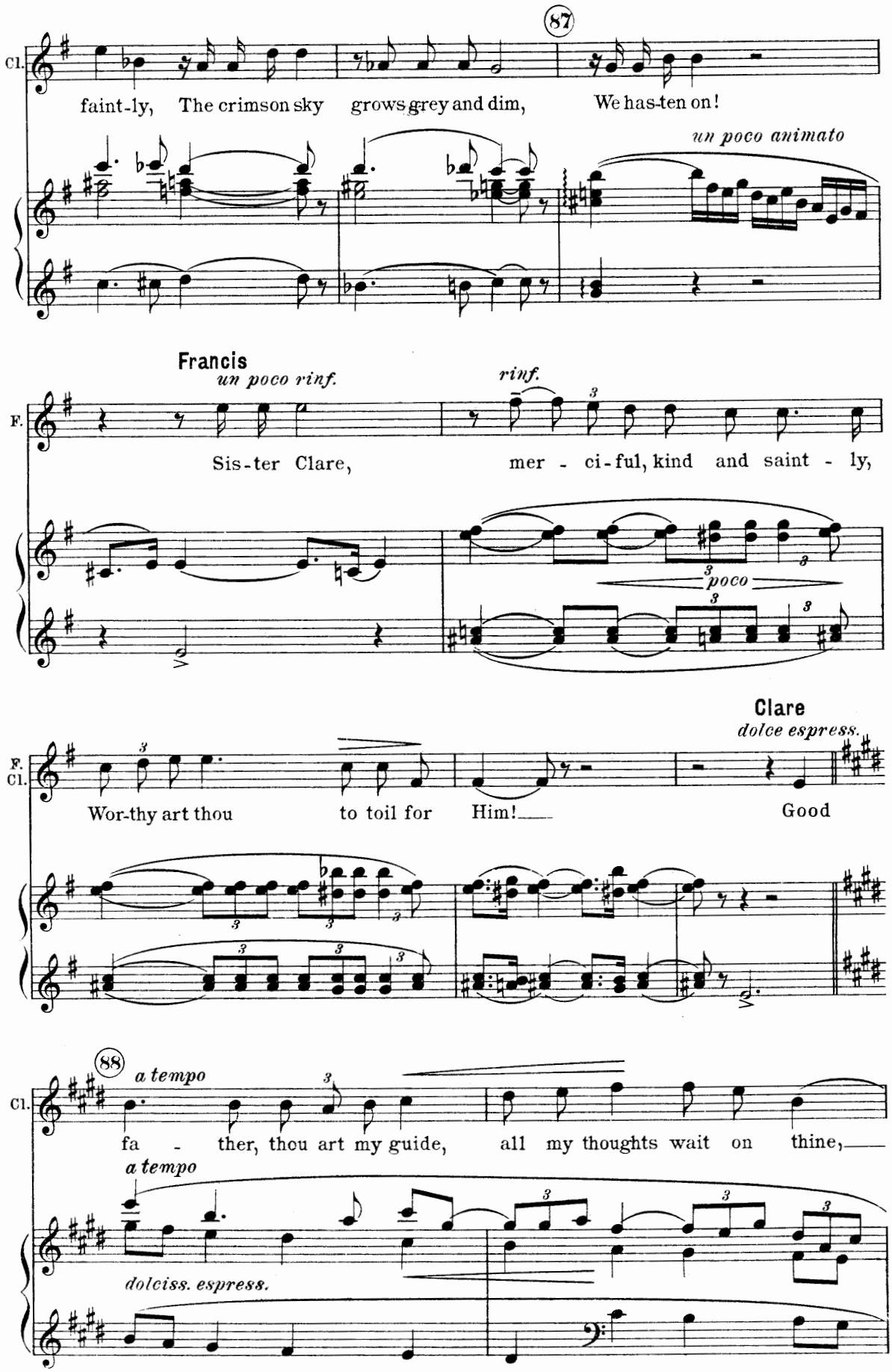

F.
and ask thee now To ab-solve and bless me ere thou go!
pp
(83) Tempo I. (Lento e grazioso)
F.
A few Sopranos
pp
Tempo I. (Lento e grazioso)
Ye shep-herds all, dance on the
dolciss.
ppp
lawn, Fair A-pril calls to mirth and laugh - ter!
sf
sf
sf
sf
(perdendosi)
a tempo
Sil - ver-tipped ol-ive-trees gleam af-ter The kiss of dawn!
a tempo
sf
sf
pp
ppp

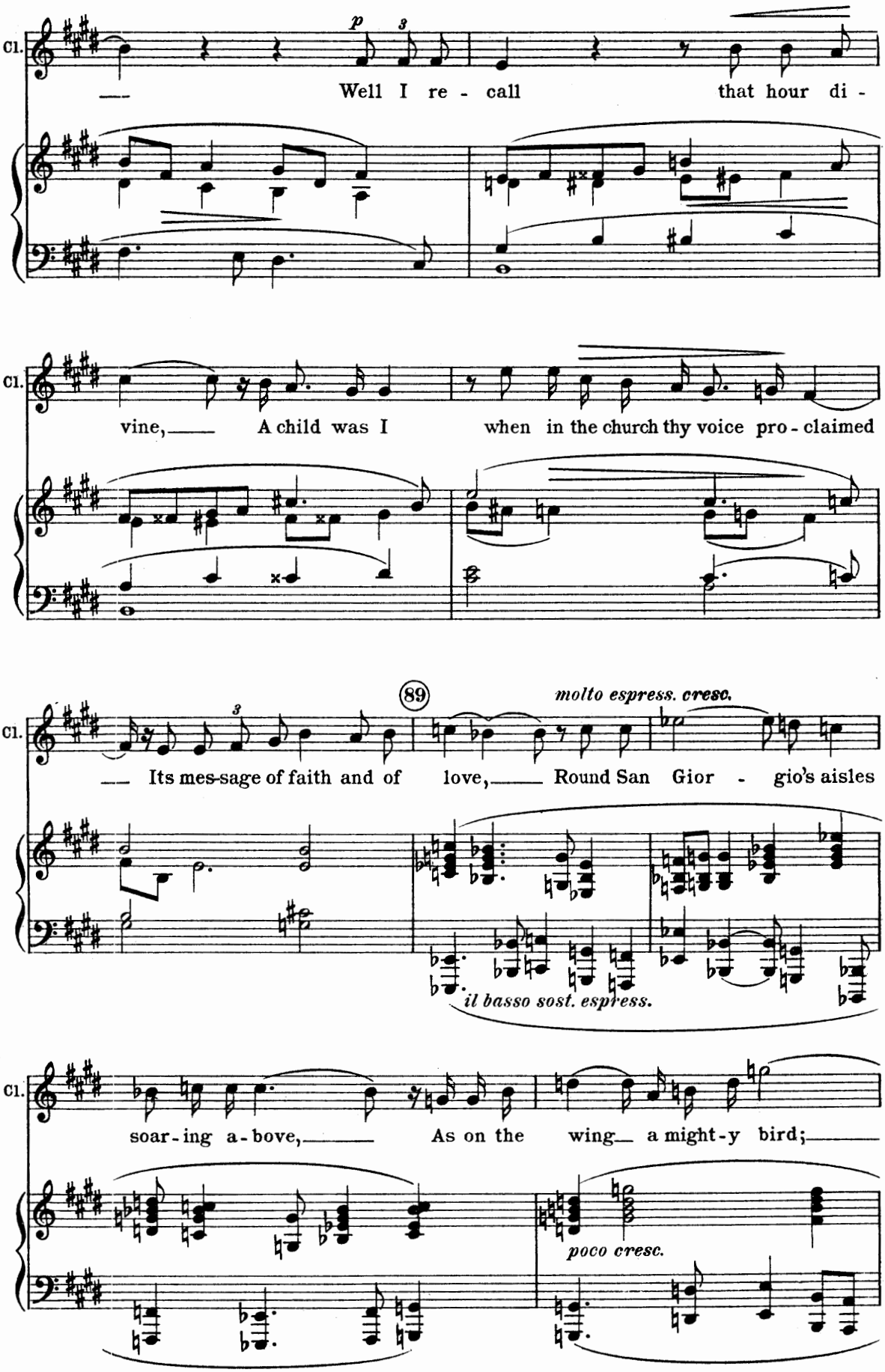
II. Saint Clare

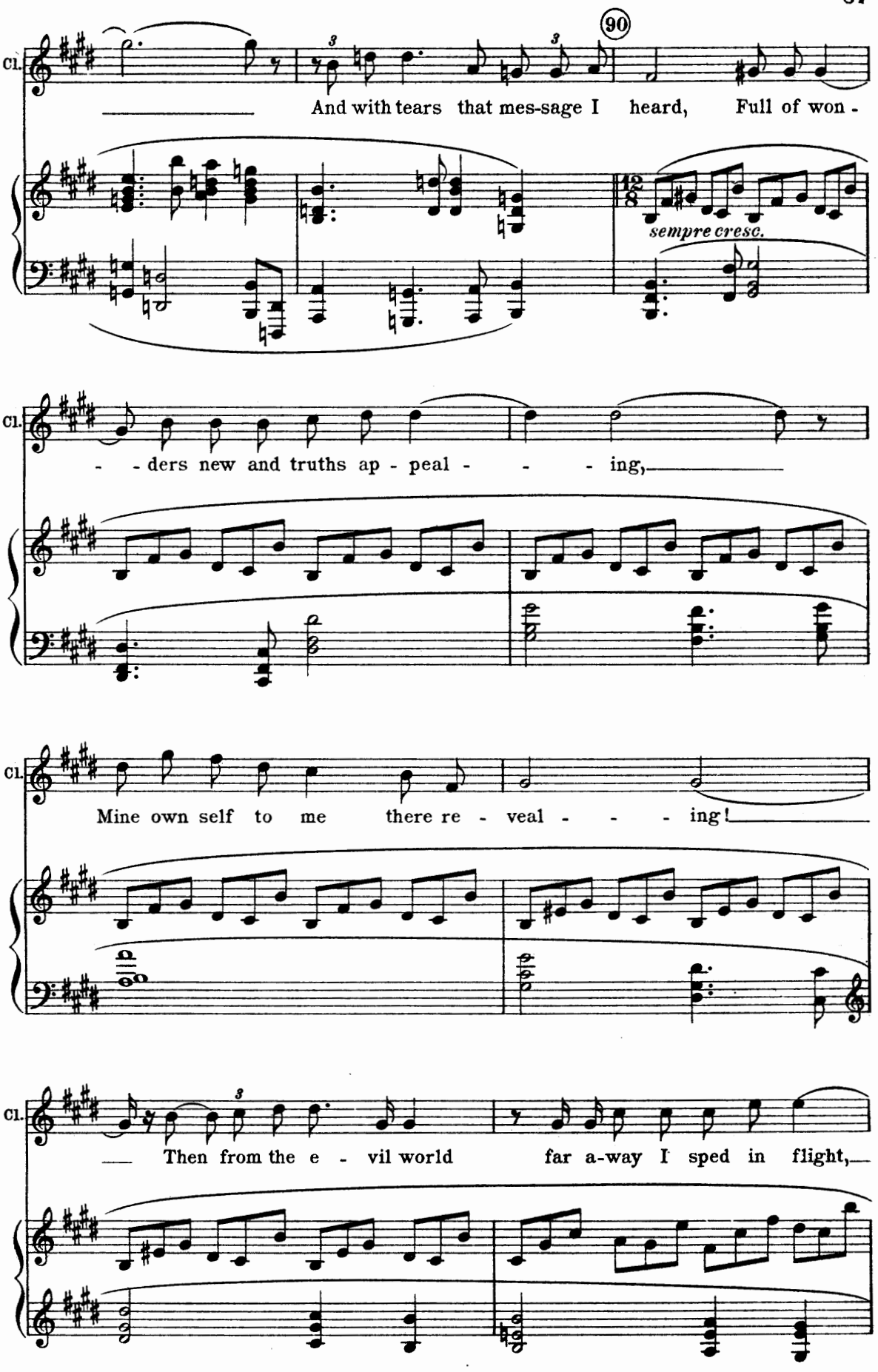


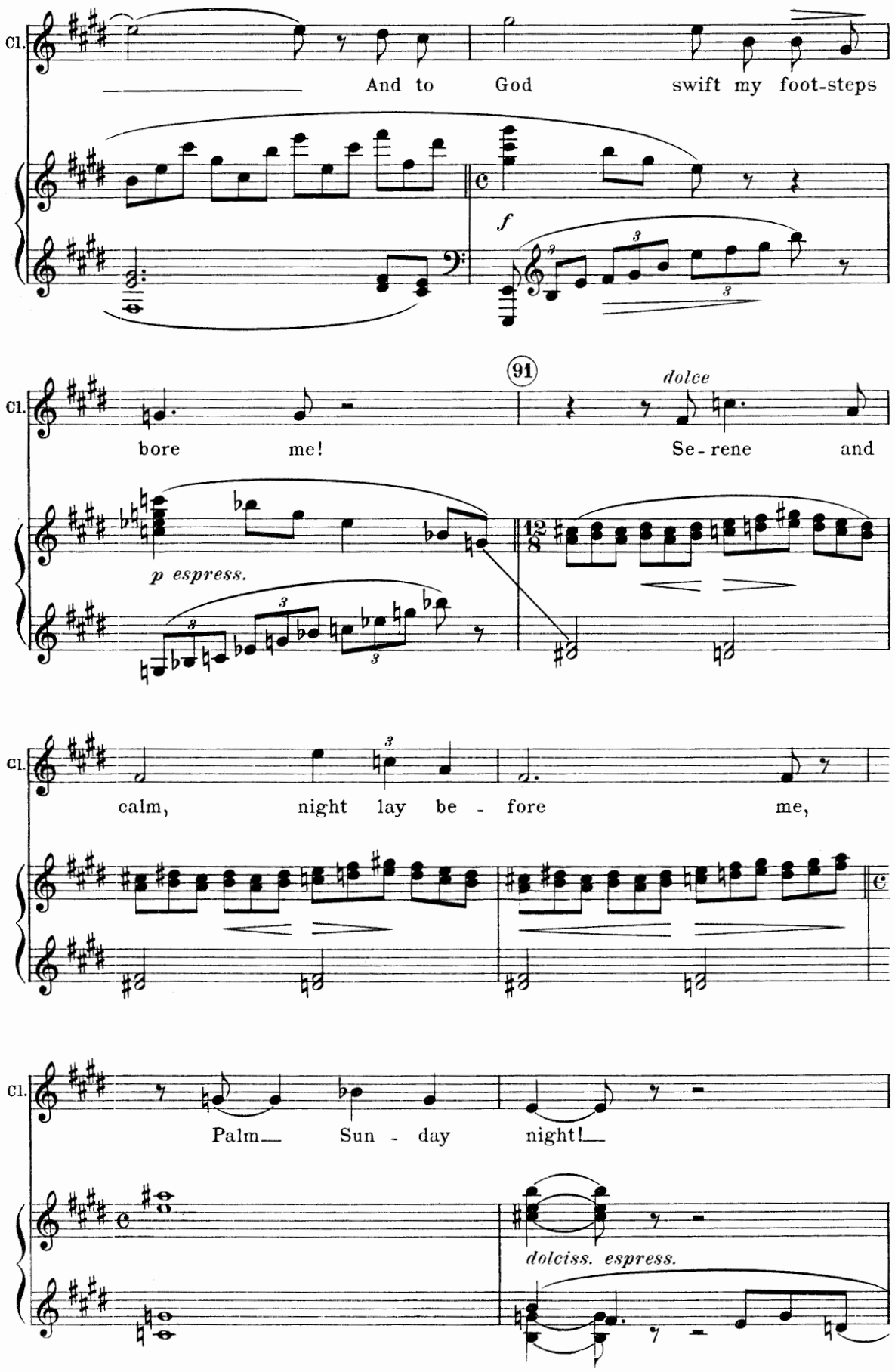

85
F.
end - ing, Shad - ows fall one by one, on hill and slope de -
pp sempre
F.
scend - ing, The dis-tant woods faint-ly are seen, An - ge-lus bell,
F.
its li-quid note with twi-light blend - ing, Hath reached Saint Damian's walls, so
F.
white in bow'r of green!
espress.

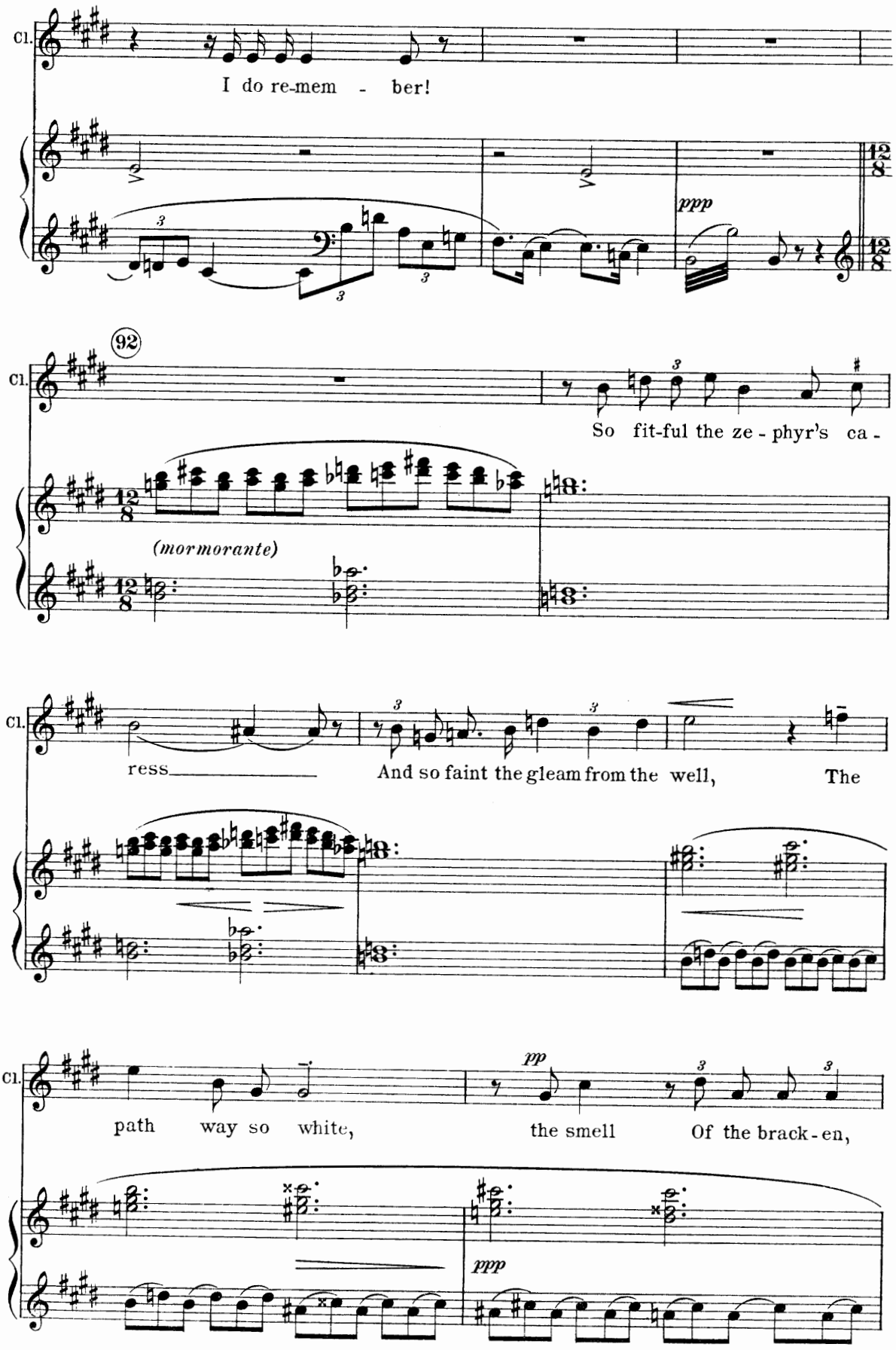

St. Clare
Cl.
With my sis - ter am I come From wood-man Co-sa's moun-tain home;
Cl.
Crushed and bruised by a log he lies stricken and dead, His orphaned chil-dren fam-ish for
86
Cl.
bread!
Cl.
Now the first star of eve glows

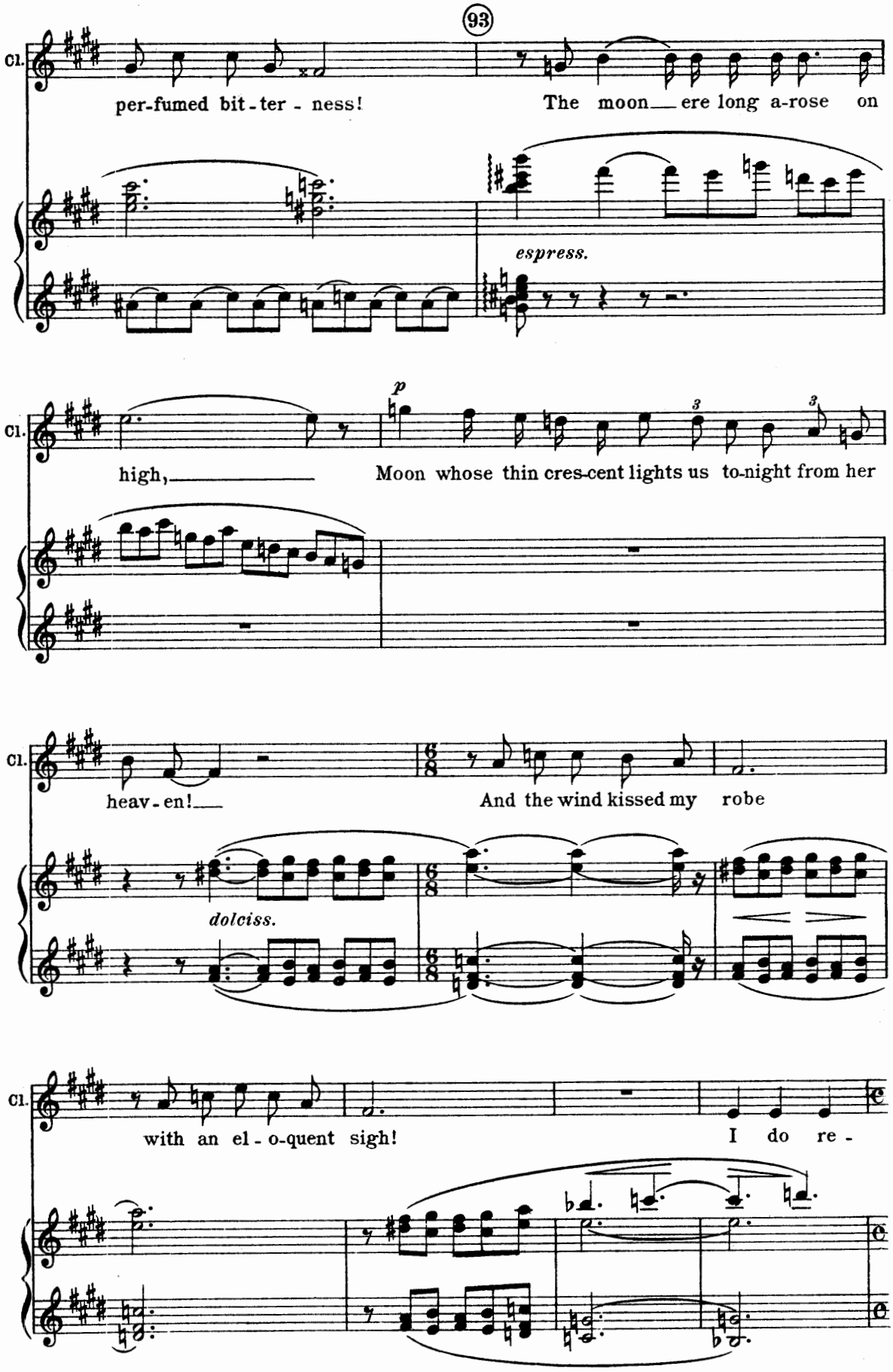

87
Cl.
faint-ly, The crimson sky grows grey and dim, We has-ten on!
un poco animato
Francis
un poco rinf.
rinf.
F.
Sis-ter Clare, mer - ci-ful, kind and saint - ly,
poco
Clare
dolce espress.
F.
Cl.
Wor-thy art thou to toil for Him! Good
88
a tempo
Cl.
fa - ther, thou art my guide, all my thoughts wait on thine,
a tempo
dolciss. espress.

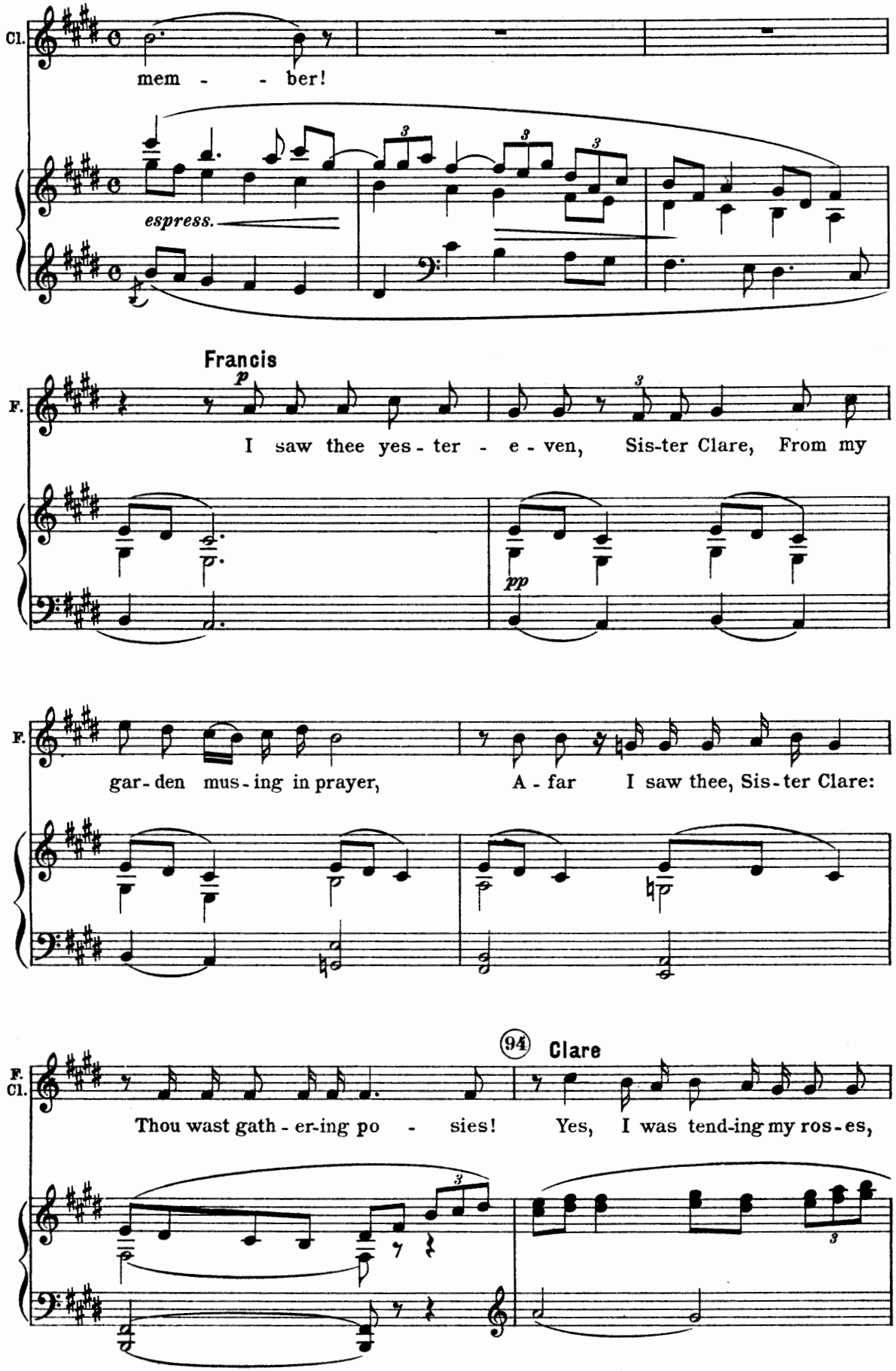

Cl.
p
3
Well I re - call that hour di -
vine, A child was I when in the church thy voice pro - claimed
89
molto espress. cresc.
Its mes-sage of faith and of love, Round San Gior - gio's aisles
il basso sost. espress.
soar - ing a - bove, As on the wing a might - y bird;
poco cresc.

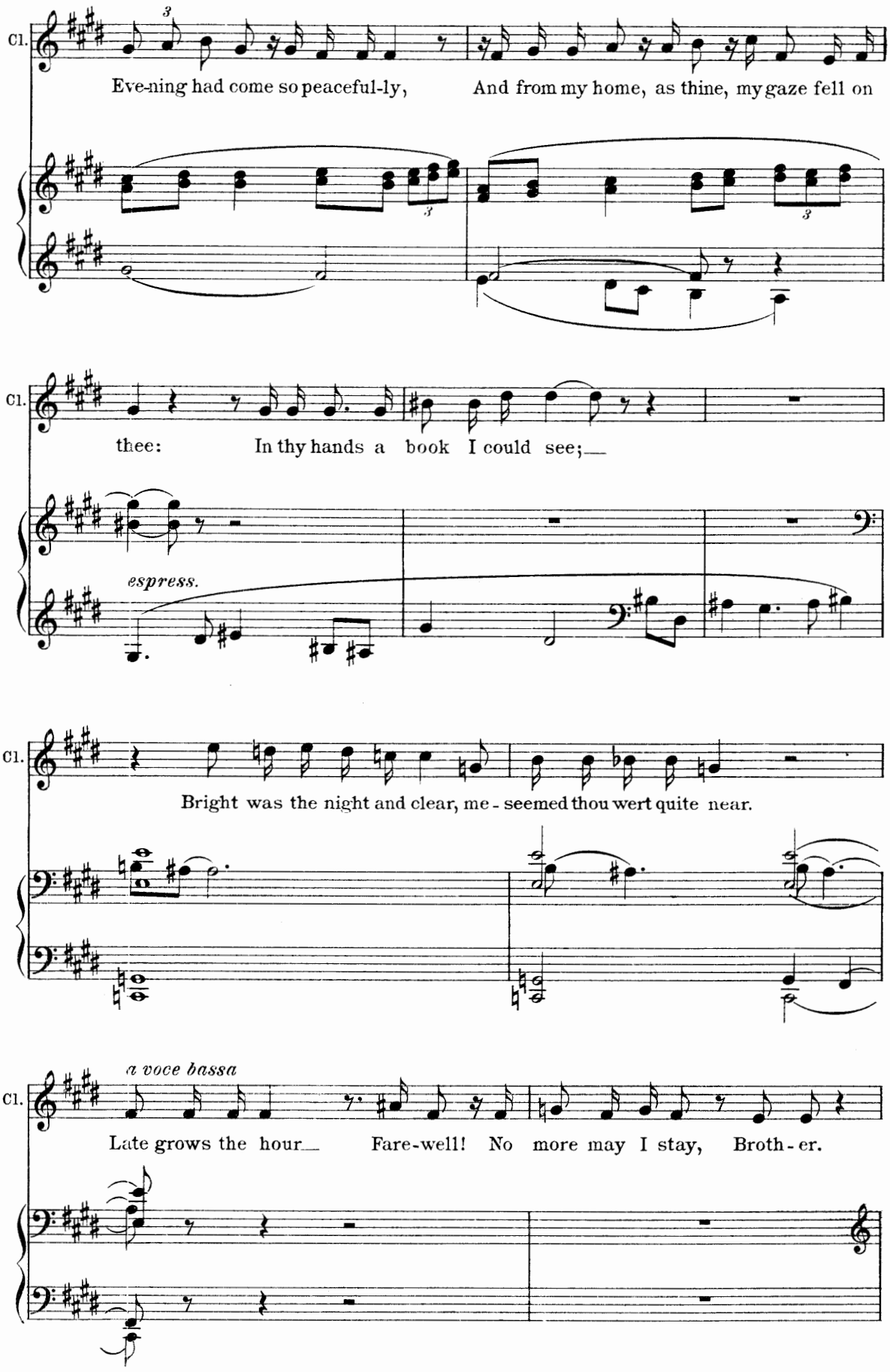

90
Cl.
And with tears that mes-sage I heard, Full of won -
sempre cresc.
Cl.
- - ders new and truths ap - peal - - - ing,
Cl.
Mine own self to me there re - veal - - - ing!
Cl.
Then from the e - vil world far a-way I sped in flight,

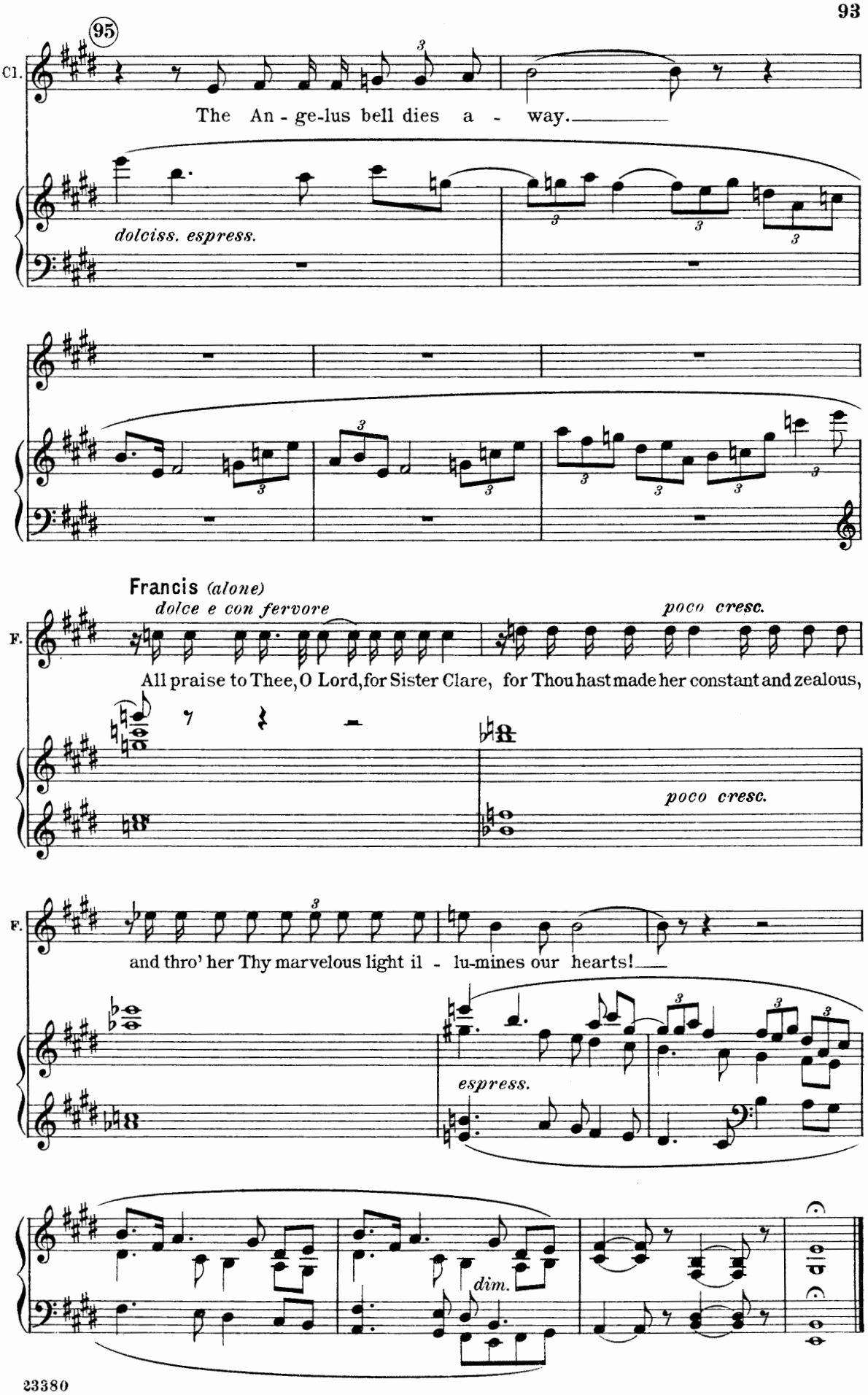

Cl.
And to God swift my foot-steps
f
91
dolce
bore me!
Se-rene and
p espress.
calm, night lay be-fore me,
Palm— Sun-day night!—
dolciss. espress.


Cl.
I do re-mem - ber!
ppp
92
Cl.
So fit-ful the ze - phyr's ca -
(mormorante)
Cl.
ress
And so faint the gleam from the well,
The
Cl.
path way so white,
pp
the smell
Of the brack - en,
ppp

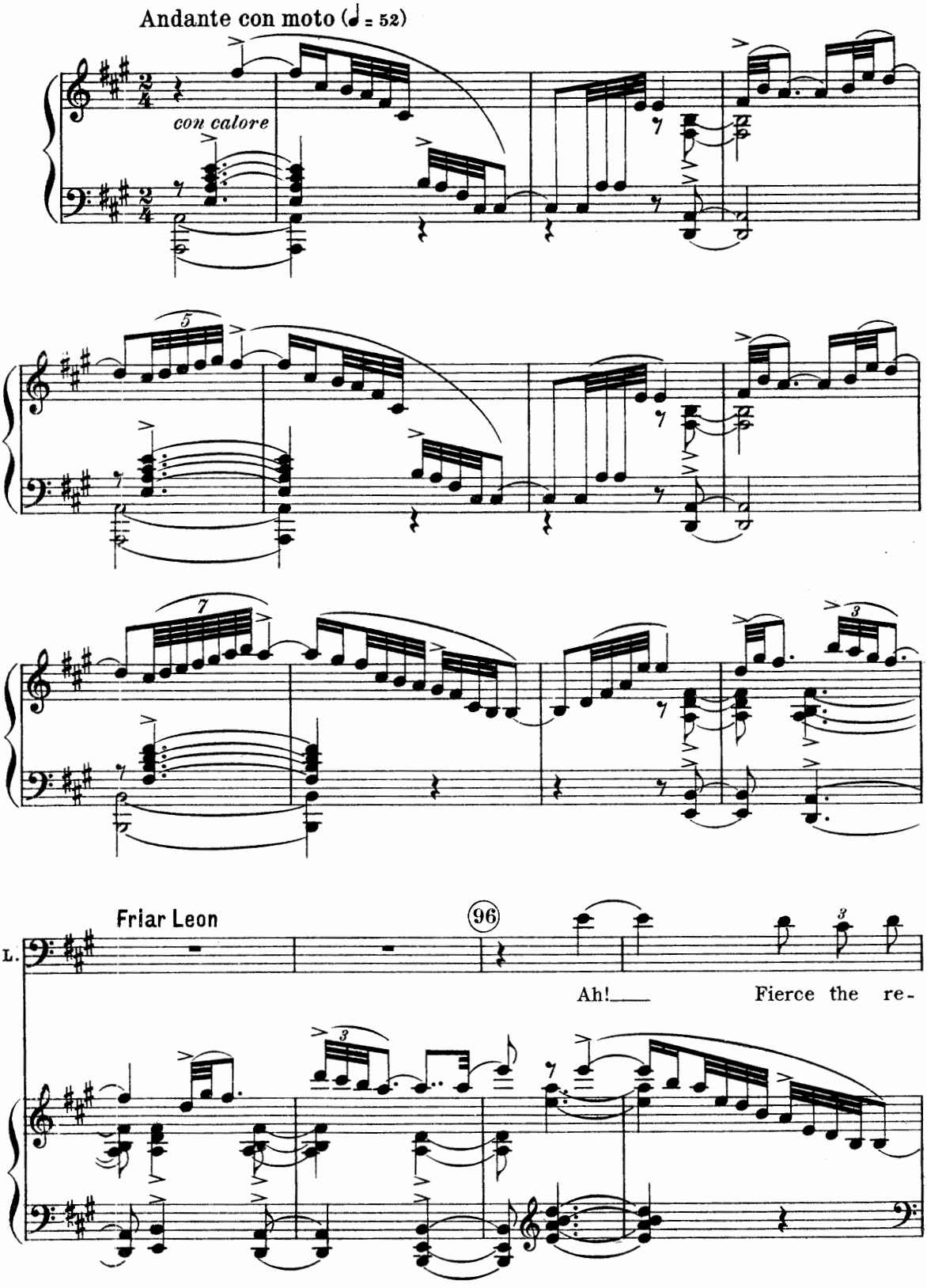

93
Cl.
per-fumed bit-ter - ness!
The moon ere long a-rose on
espress.
Cl.
high,
p
Moon whose thin cres-cent lights us to-night from her
Cl.
heav-en!
And the wind kissed my robe
dolciss.
Cl.
with an el-o-quent sigh!
I do re -

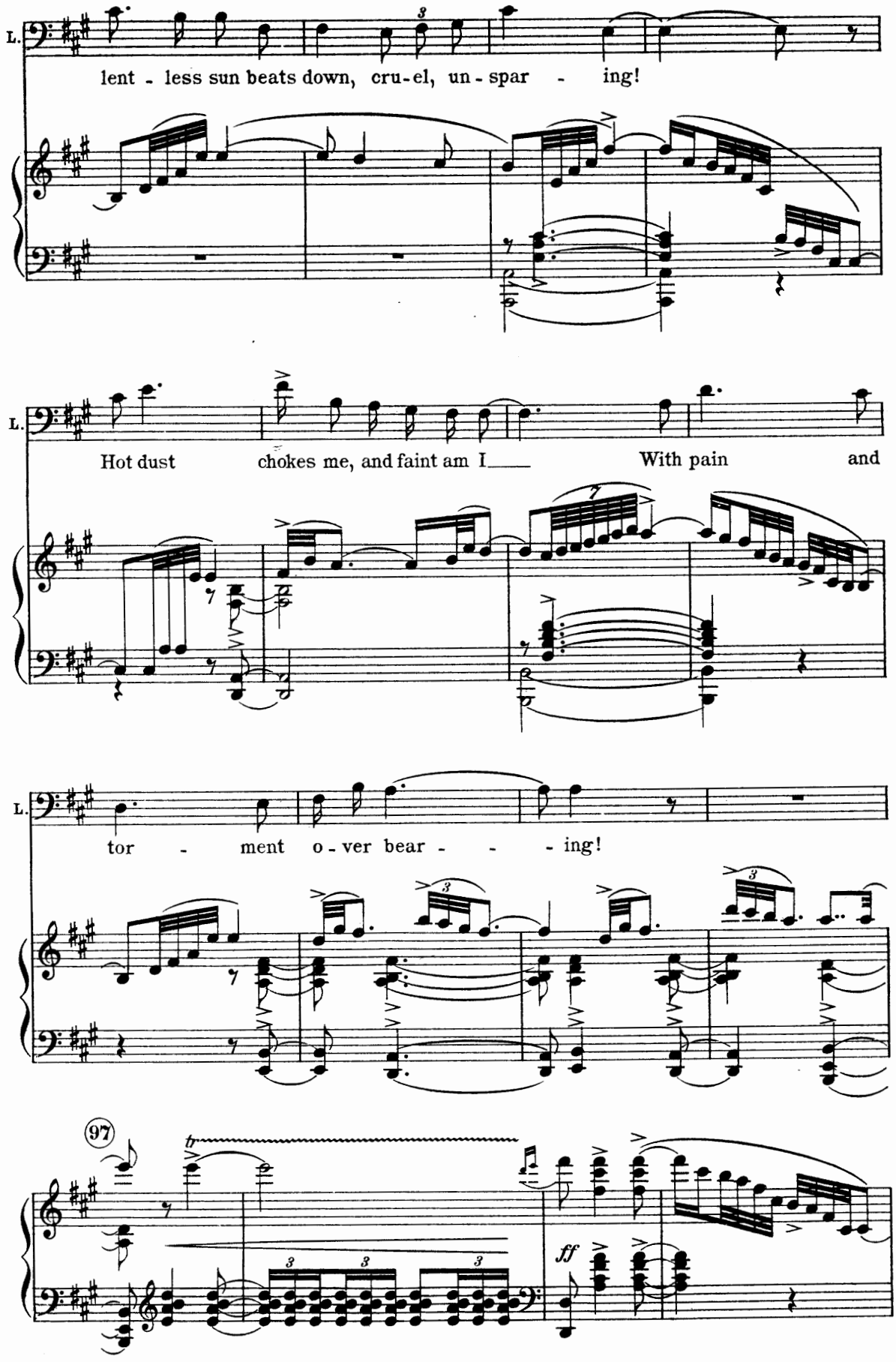

Cl.
mem - - ber!
espress.
Francis
F.
p
I saw thee yes - ter - e - ven, Sis-ter Clare, From my
pp
F.
gar - den mus - ing in prayer, A - far I saw thee, Sis - ter Clare:
94
Clare
F.
Cl.
Thou wast gath - er-ing po - sies! Yes, I was tend-ing my ros - es,

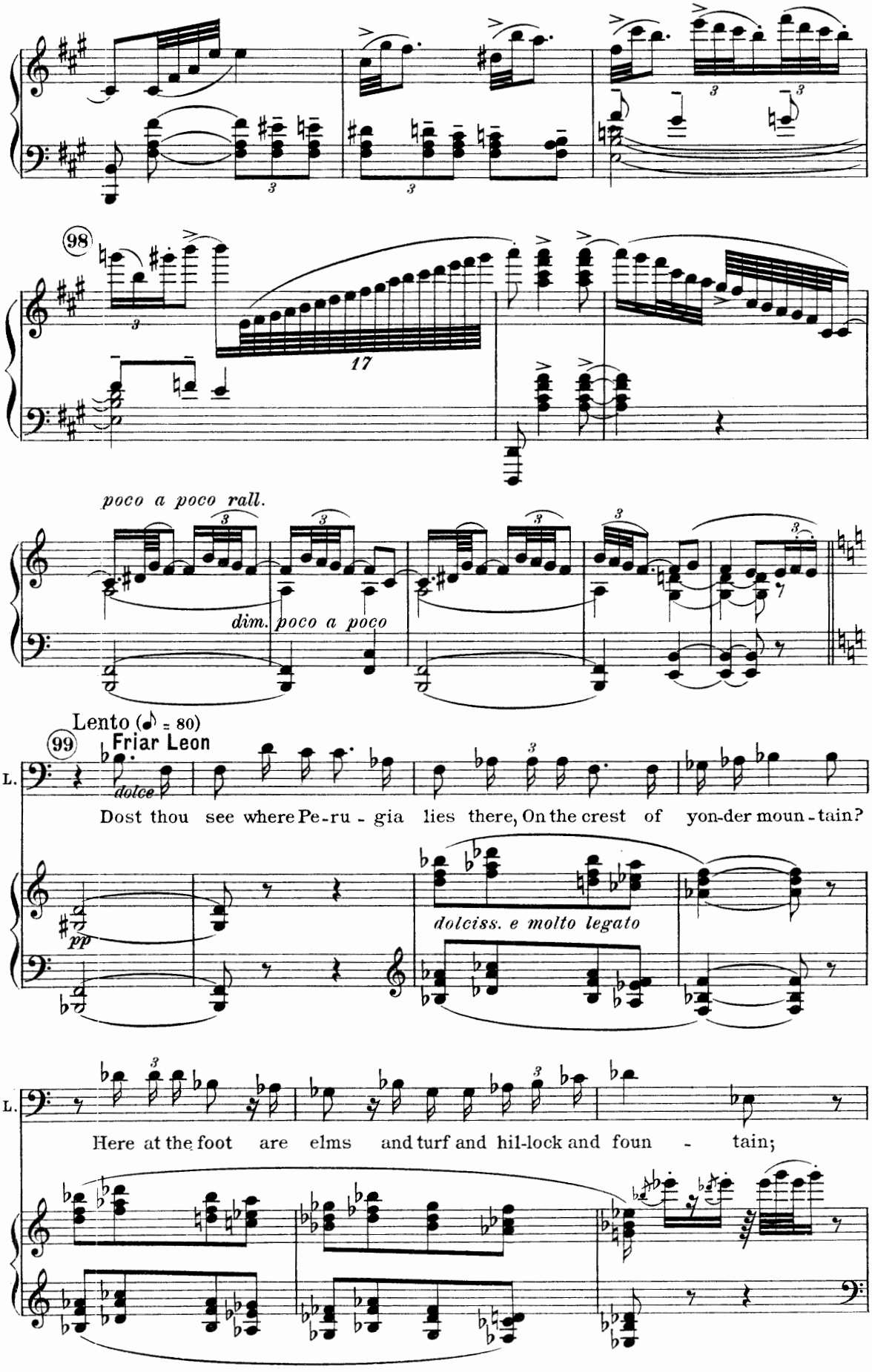

Cl.
Eve-ning had come so peaceful-ly, And from my home, as thine, my gaze fell on
Cl.
thee: In thy hands a book I could see;
espress.
Cl.
Bright was the night and clear, me - seemed thou wert quite near.
a voce bassa
Cl.
Late grows the hour Fare-well! No more may I stay, Broth - er.

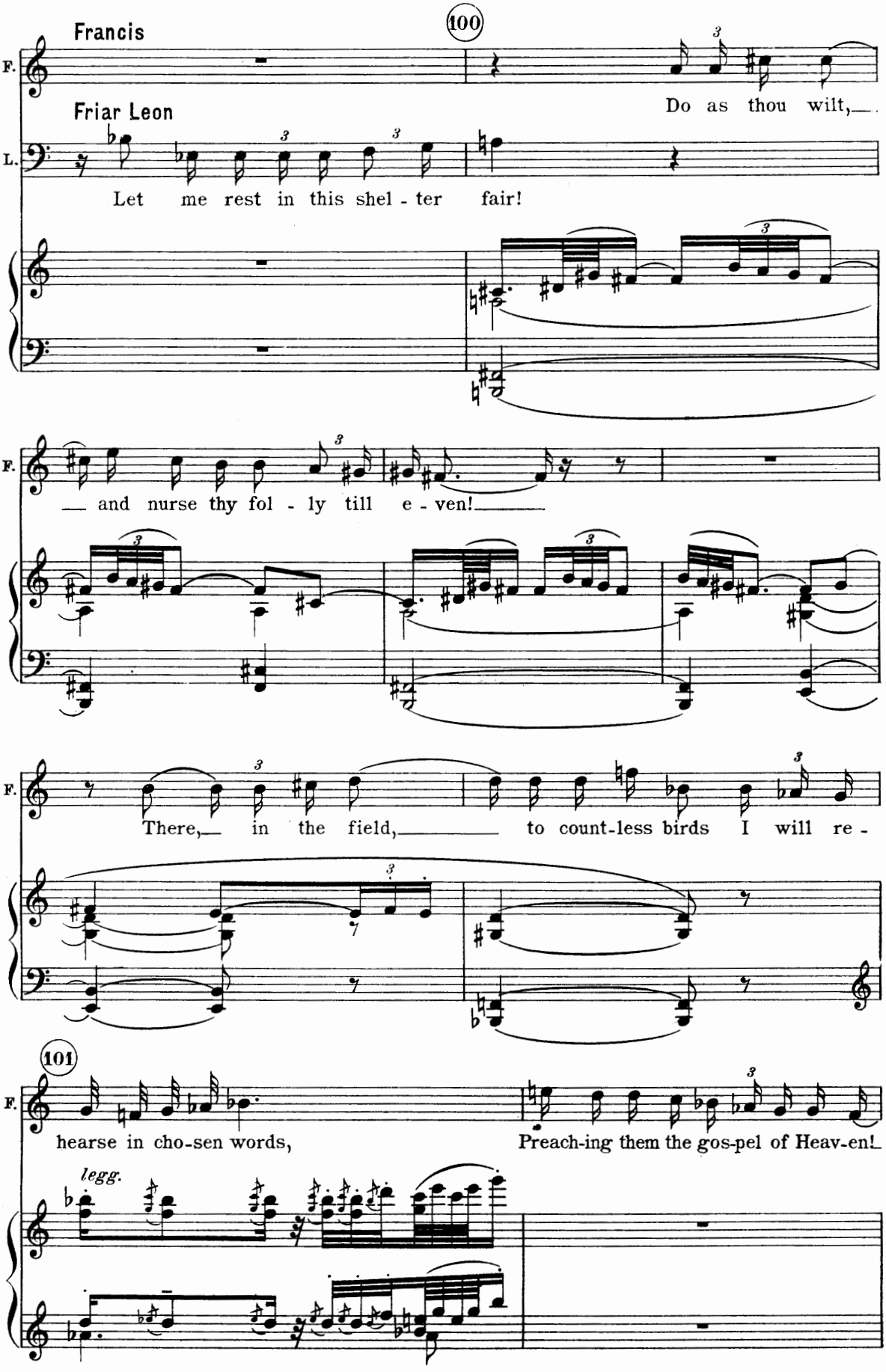

95
Cl.
The An - ge-lus bell dies a - way.
dolciss. espress.
Francis (alone)
dolce e con fervore
poco cresc.
F.
All praise to Thee, O Lord, for Sister Clare, for Thou hast made her constant and zealous,
poco cresc.
F.
and thro' her Thy marvelous light il - lu-mines our hearts!
espress.
dim.

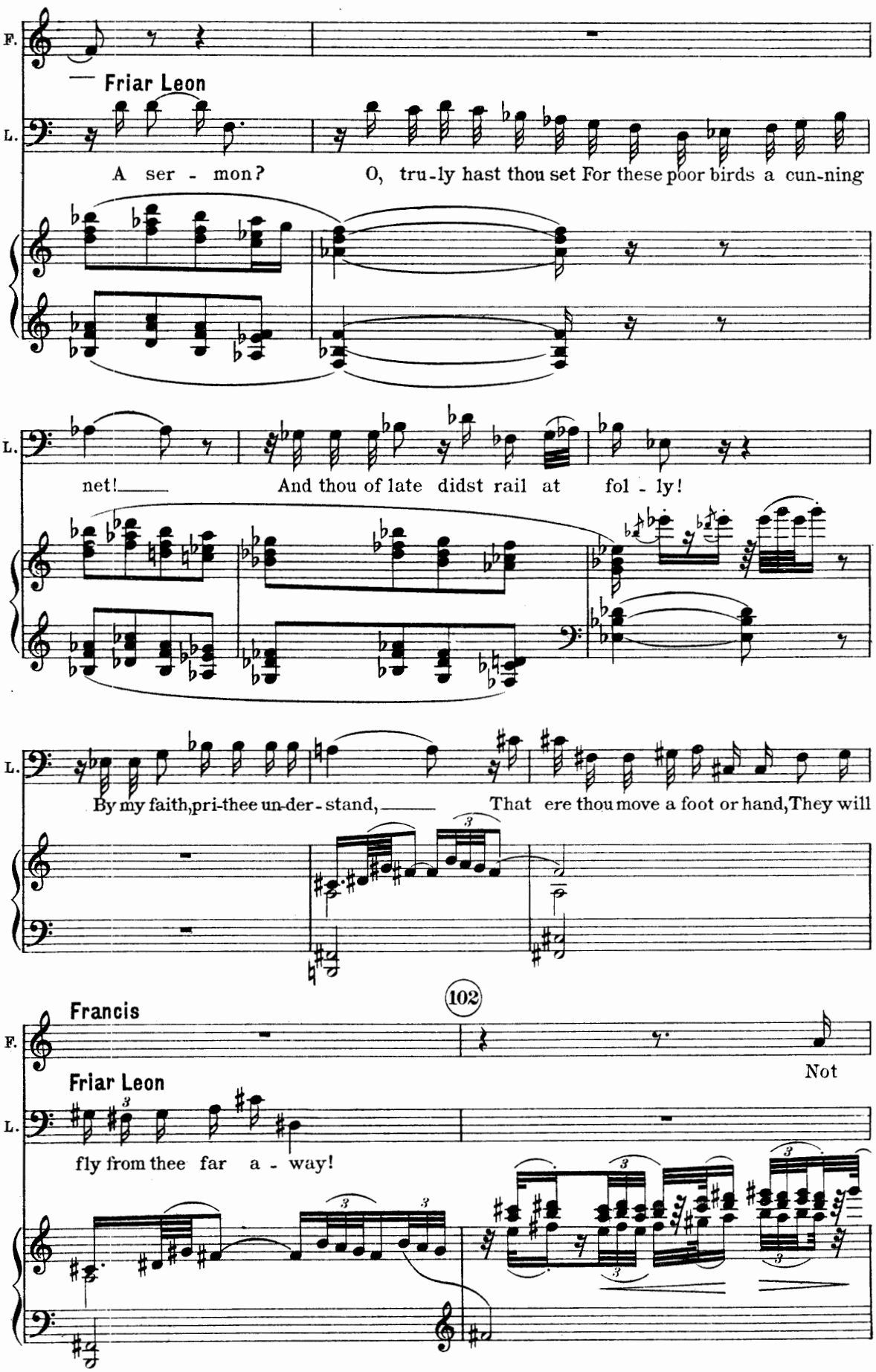
III. The Birds

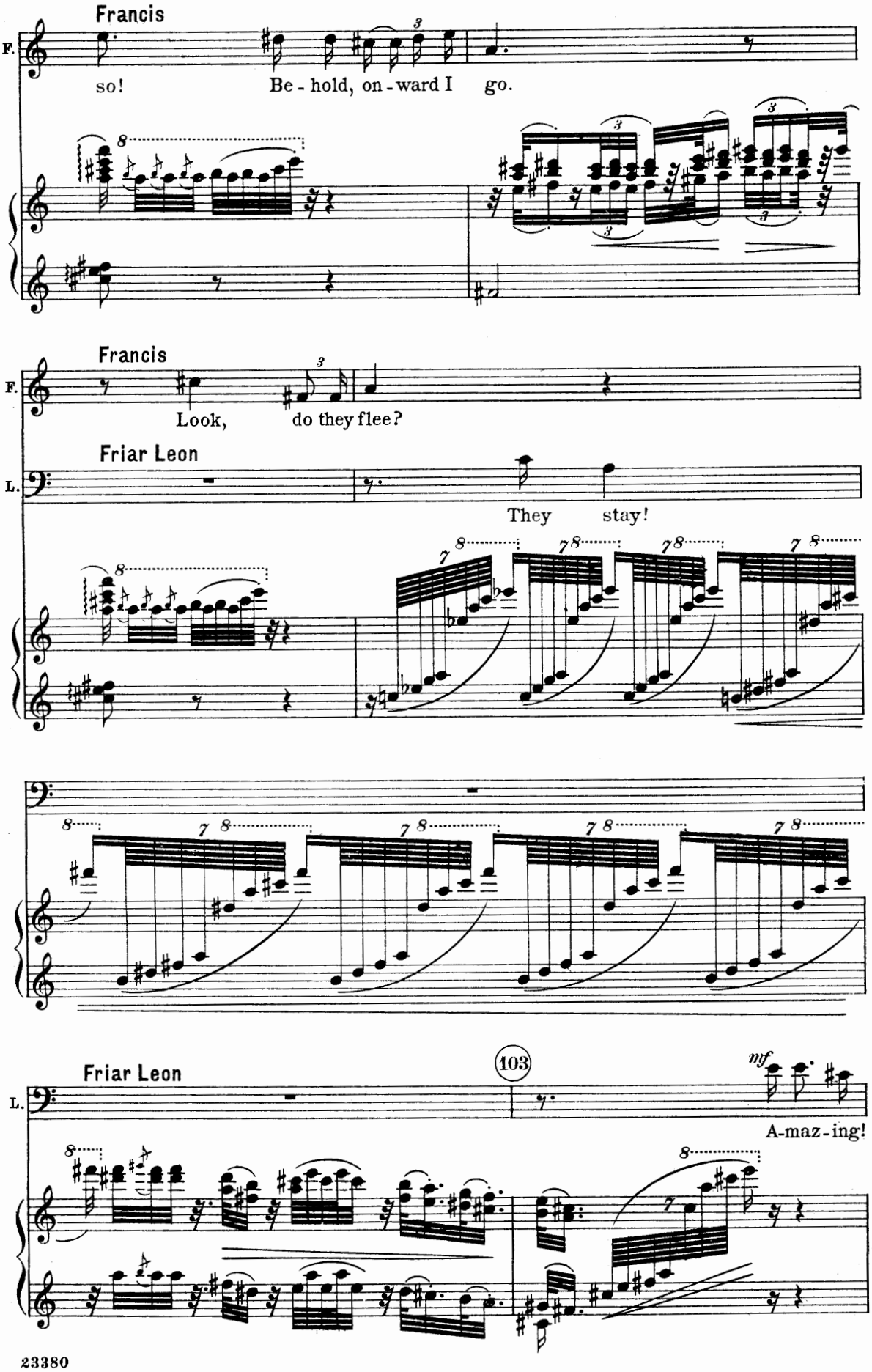


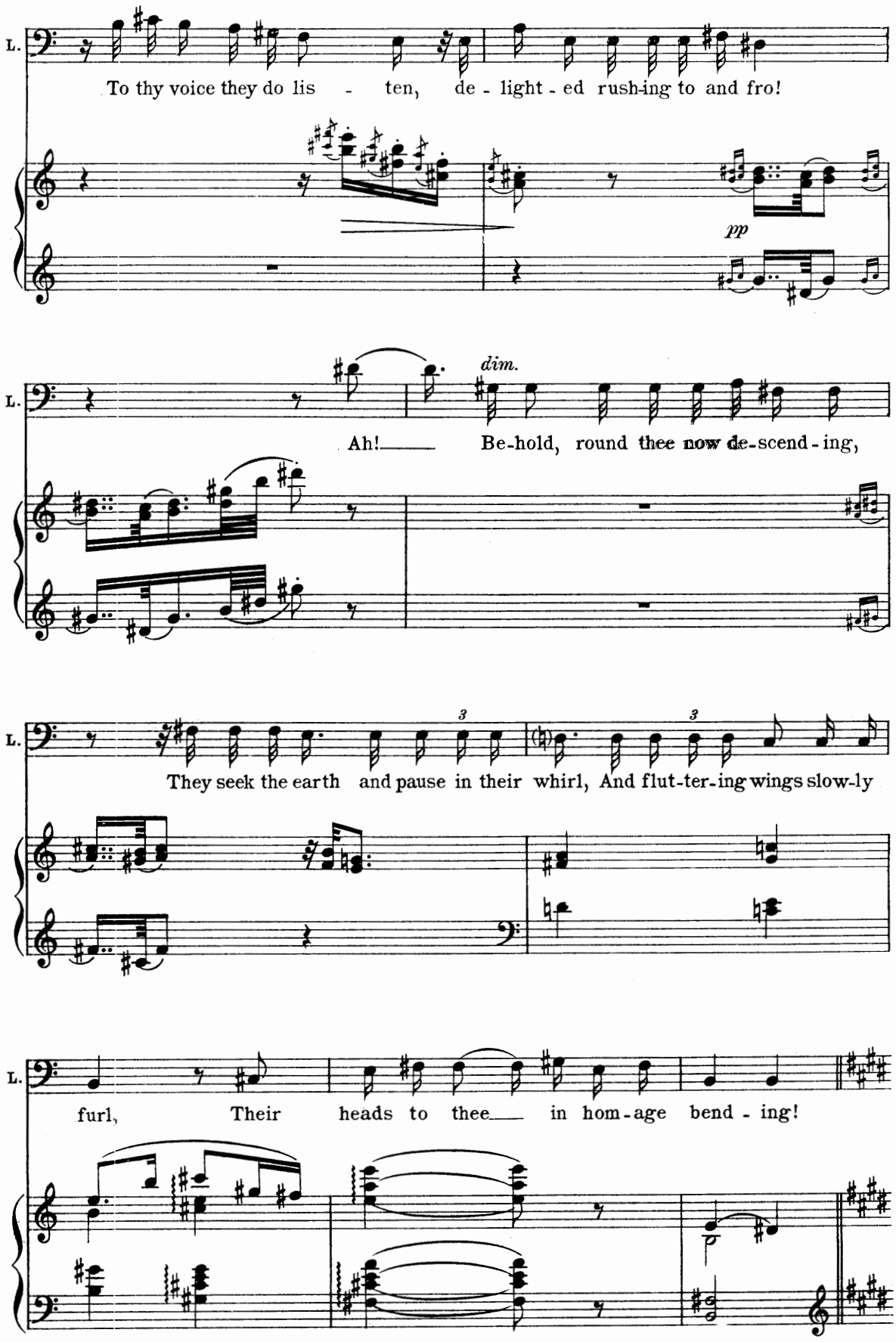

L.
lent - less sun beats down, cru-el, un-spar - ing!
L.
Hot dust chokes me, and faint am I___ With pain and
L.
tor - ment o-ver bear - - - ing!
97
ff

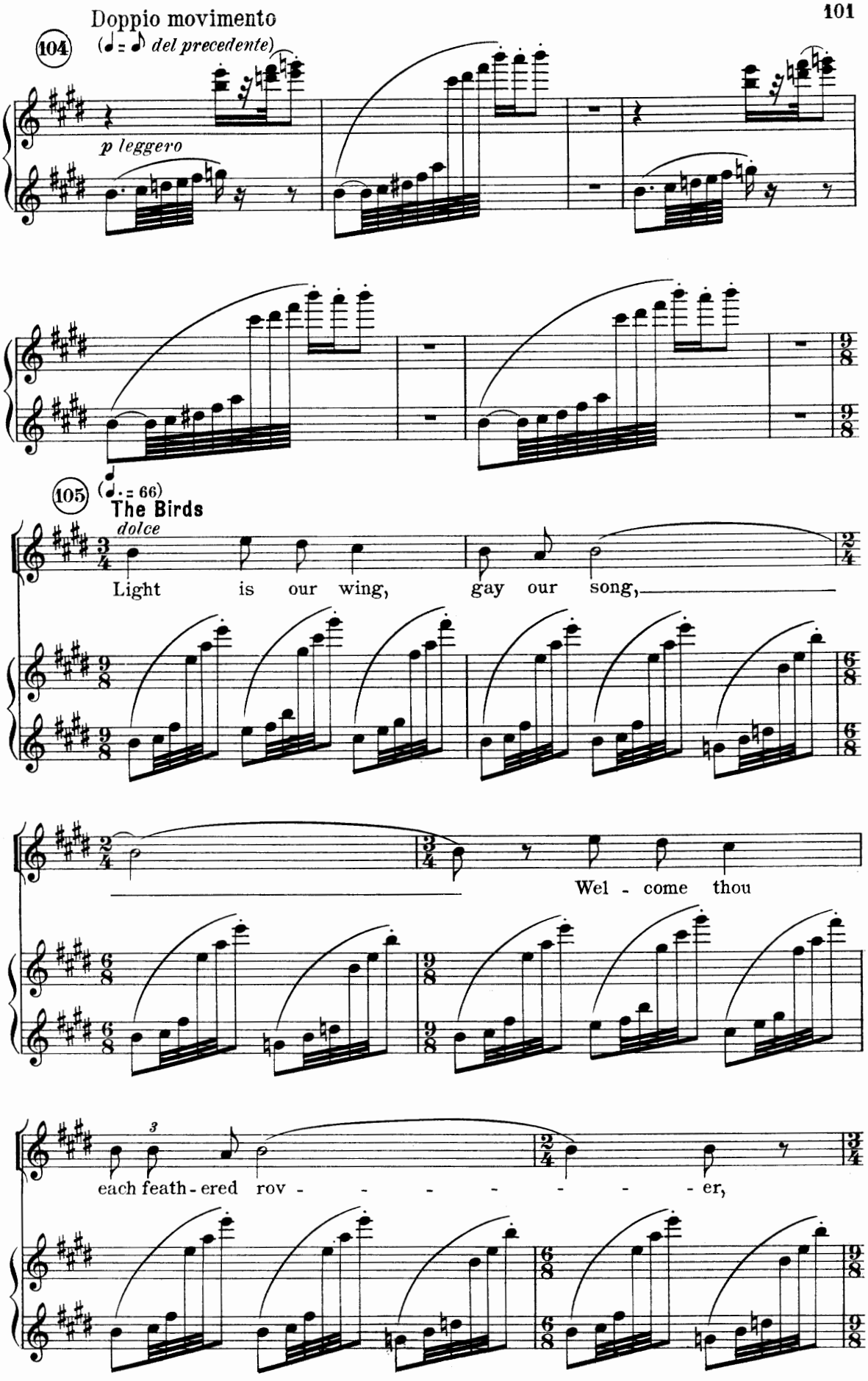

98
17
poco a poco rall.
dim. poco a poco
Lento (♩ = 80)
99
Friar Leon
dolce
L.
Dost thou see where Pe-ru - gia lies there, On the crest of yon-der moun-tain?
pp
dolciss. e molto legato
L.
Here at the foot are elms and turf and hil-lock and foun - tain;

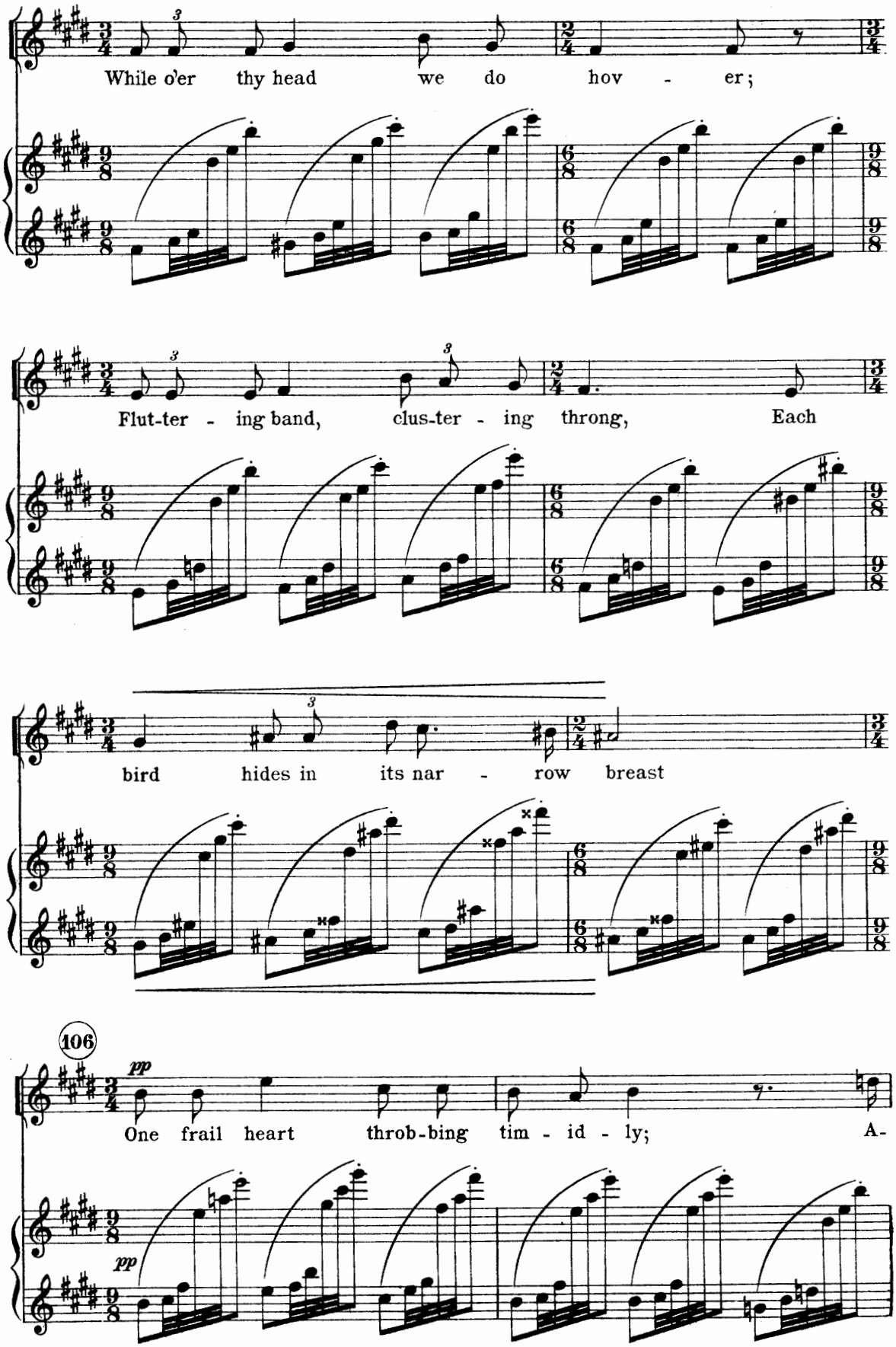

100
Francis
F.
Friar Leon
L.
Do as thou wilt,
Let me rest in this shel - ter fair!
and nurse thy fol - ly till e - ven!
There, in the field, to count-less birds I will re -
101
hearse in cho-sen words,
Preach-ing them the gos-pel of Heav-en!
legg.

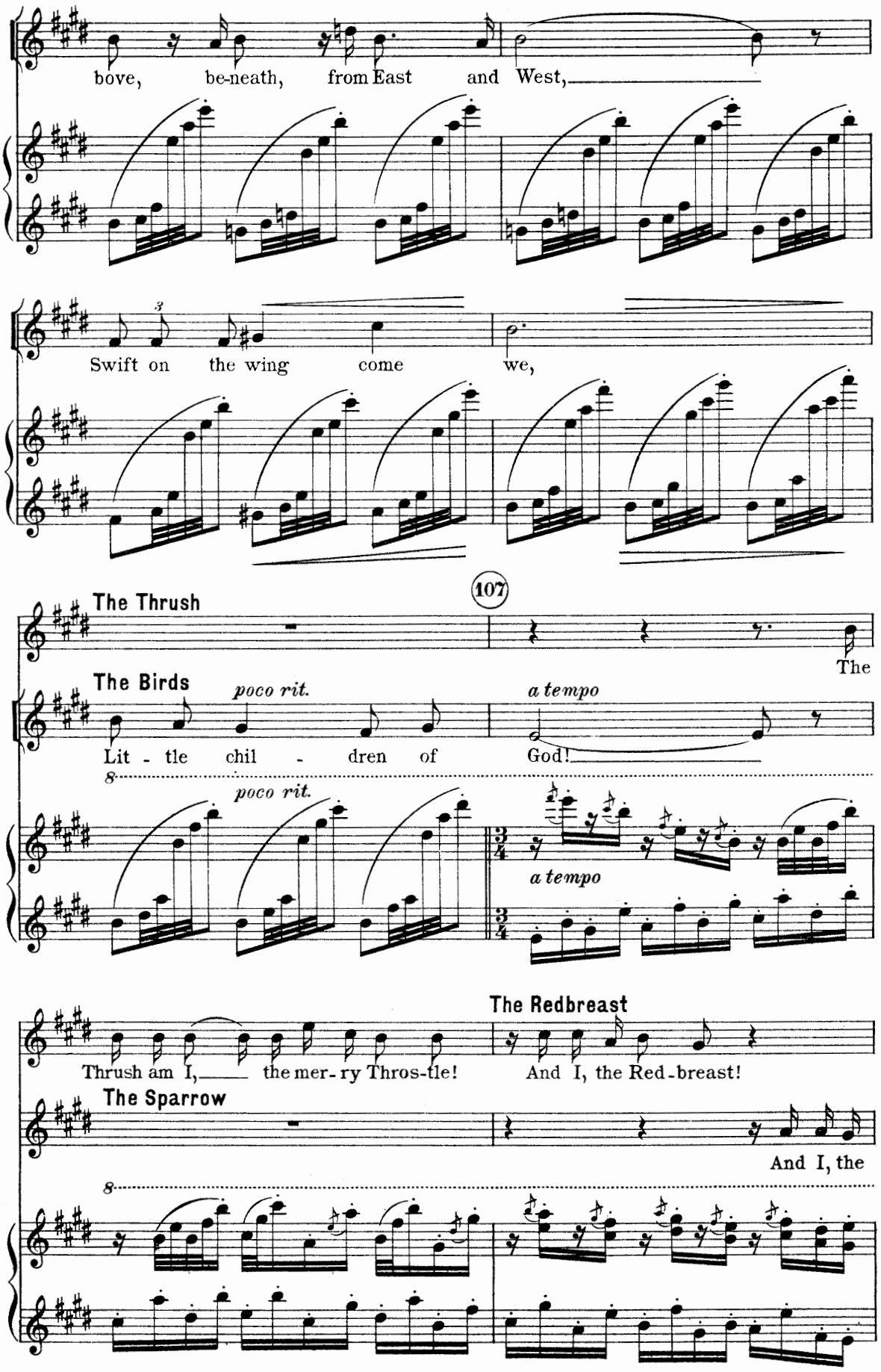

F.
Friar Leon
L.
A ser - mon?
O, tru-ly hast thou set For these poor birds a cun-ning
L.
net!
And thou of late didst rail at fol - ly!
L.
By my faith, pri-thee un-der-stand,
That ere thou move a foot or hand, They will
102
Francis
F.
Not
Friar Leon
L.
fly from thee far a - way!

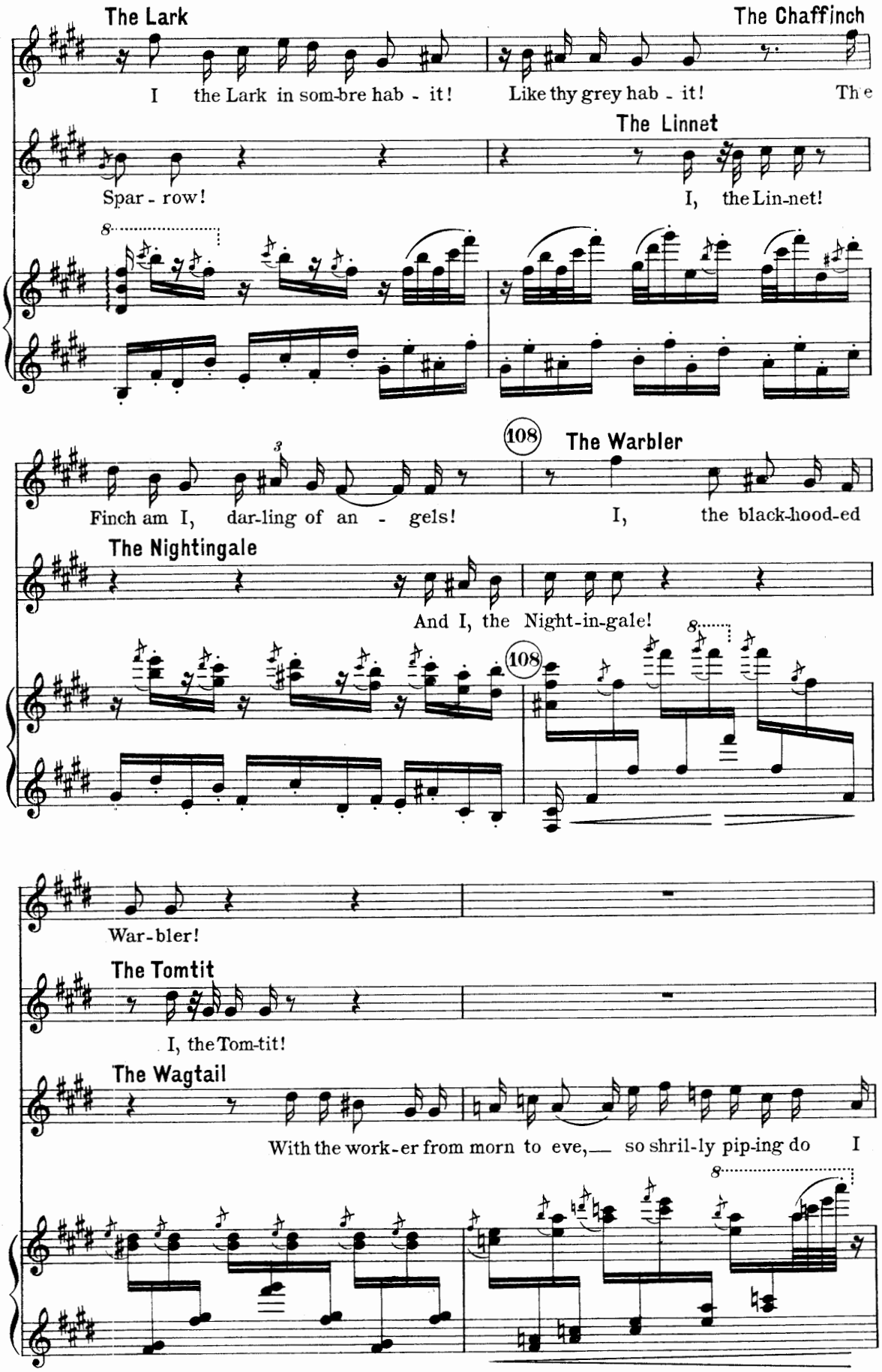

Francis
F.
so!
Be - hold, on - ward I go.
Francis
F.
Look,
do they flee?
Friar Leon
L.
They
stay!
Friar Leon
L.
103
mf
A-maz-ing!

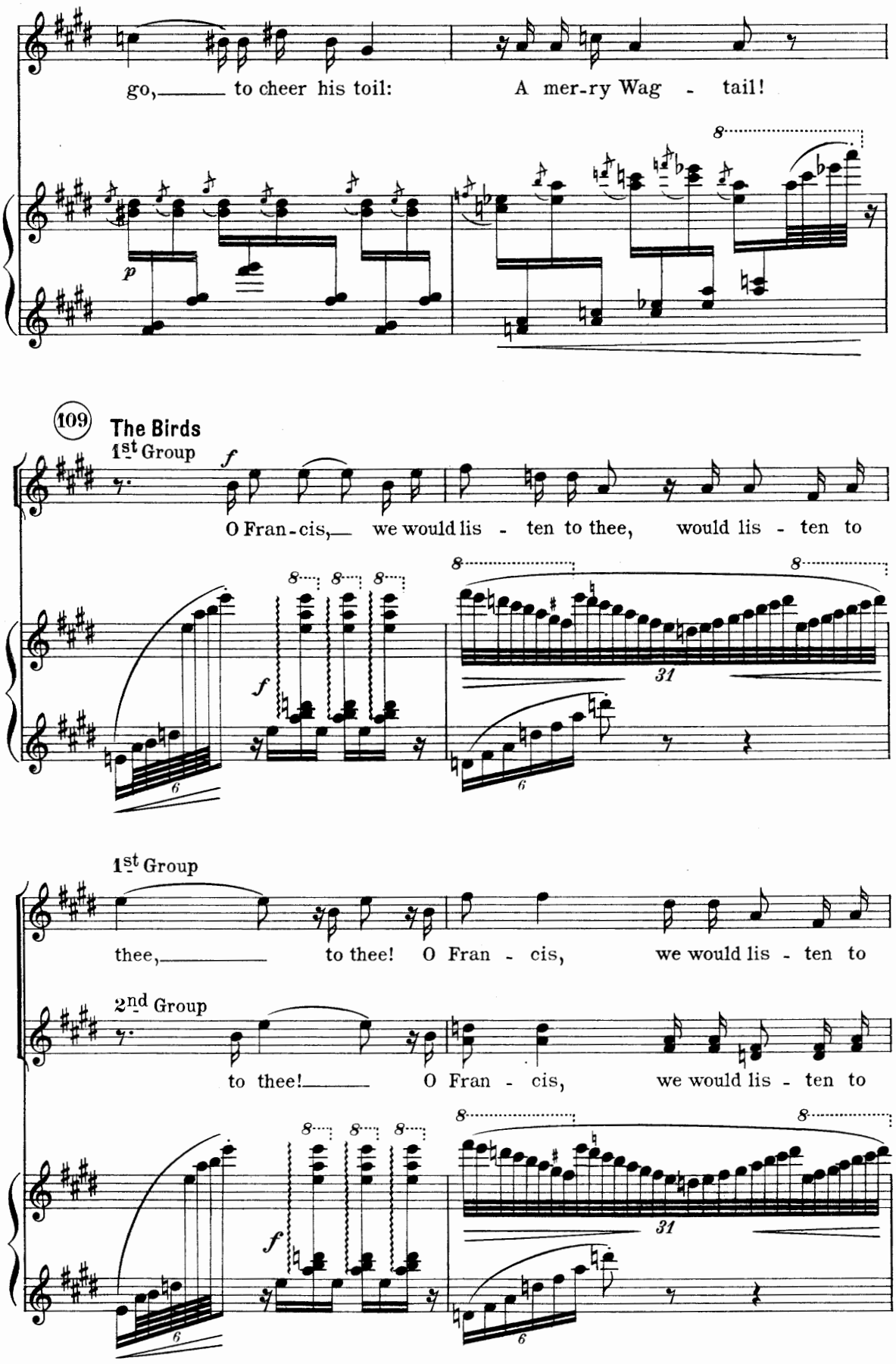

L.
To thy voice they do lis - ten, de - light - ed rush-ing to and fro!
pp
dim.
L.
Ah! Be-hold, round thee now de-scend - ing,
3
3
L.
They seek the earth and pause in their whirl, And flut-ter-ing wings slow-ly
L.
furl, Their heads to thee in hom - age bend - ing!
p

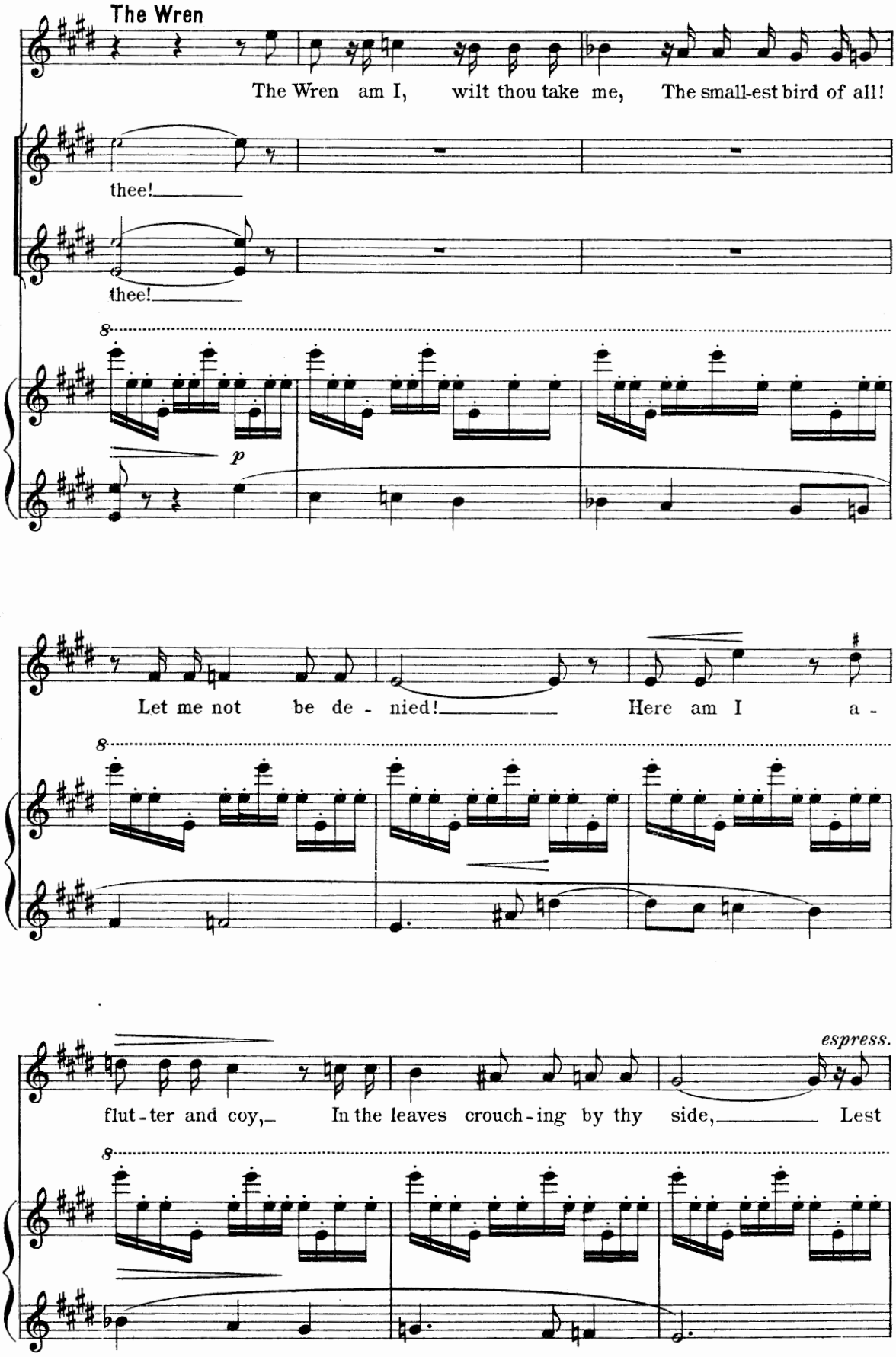

Doppio movimento
104
(♩ = ♪ del precedente)
p leggero
105
(♩. = 66)
The Birds
dolce
Light is our wing, gay our song,
Wel - come thou
each feath - ered rov - - - - - - - - er,

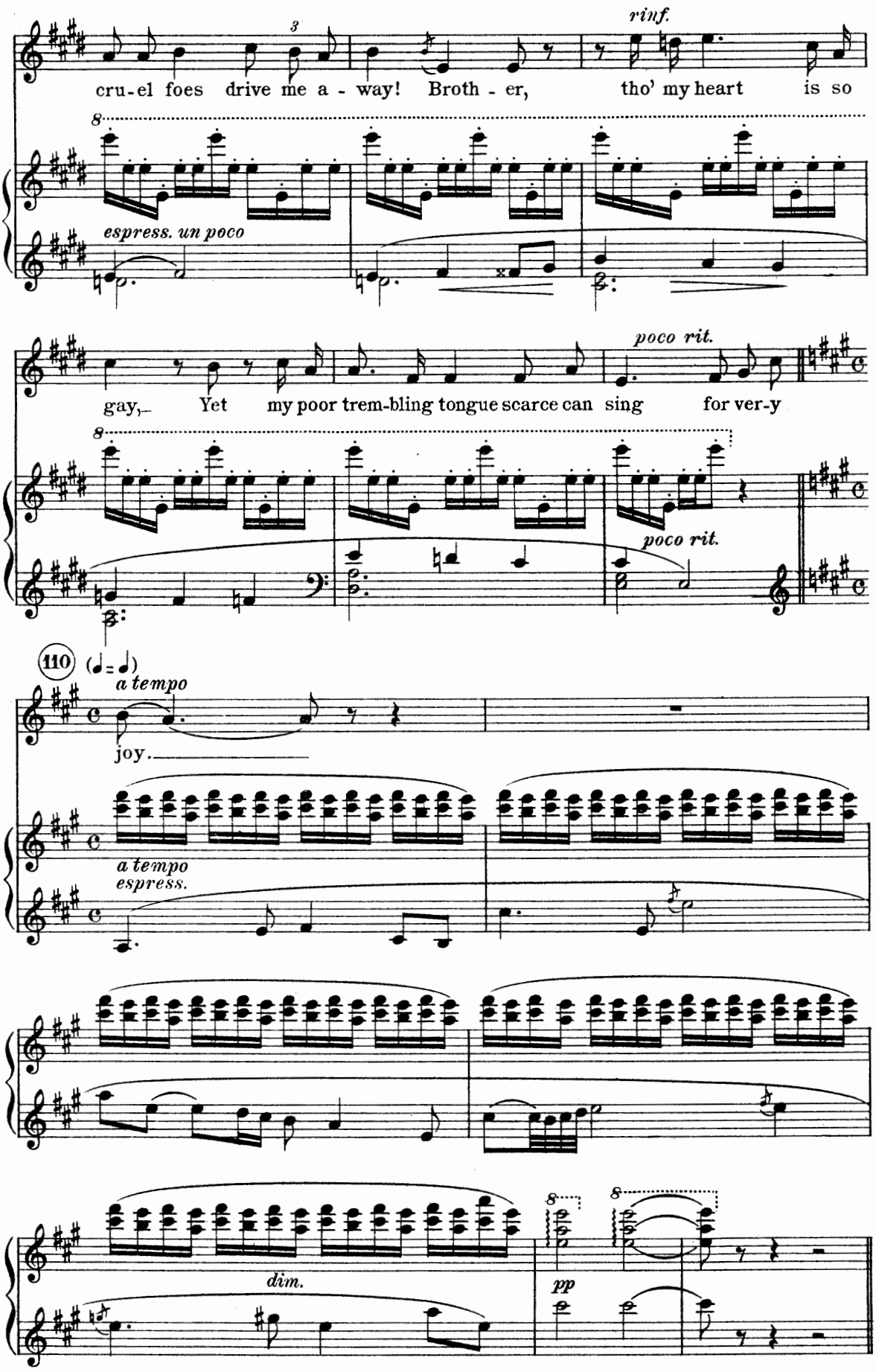

While o'er thy head we do hov - er;
Flut-ter - ing band, clus-ter - ing throng, Each
bird hides in its nar - row breast
106
pp
One frail heart throb-bing tim - id - ly; A-


bove, be-neath, from East and West,
Swift on the wing come we,
107
The Thrush
The
The Birds
poco rit.
a tempo
Lit - tle chil - dren of God!
8
poco rit.
a tempo
The Redbreast
Thrush am I, the mer-ry Thros-tle!
And I, the Red-breast!
The Sparrow
And I, the
8


The Lark
The Chaffinch
I the Lark in som-bre hab - it!
Like thy grey hab - it!
The
The Linnet
Spar - row!
I, the Lin-net!
108
The Warbler
Finch am I, dar-ling of an - gels!
I, the black-hood-ed
The Nightingale
And I, the Night-in-gale!
War-bler!
The Tomtit
I, the Tom-tit!
The Wagtail
With the work-er from morn to eve, so shril-ly pip-ing do I


go, to cheer his toil: A mer-ry Wag - tail!
109
The Birds
1st Group
O Fran-cis, we would lis - ten to thee, would lis - ten to
thee, to thee! O Fran - cis, we would lis - ten to
2nd Group
to thee! O Fran - cis, we would lis - ten to


The Wren
The Wren am I, wilt thou take me, The small-est bird of all!
thee!
thee!
p
Let me not be de - nied! Here am I a -
espress.
flut - ter and coy, In the leaves crouch - ing by thy side, Lest


rinf.
cru-el foes drive me a - way! Broth - er, tho' my heart is so
espress. un poco
poco rit.
gay, Yet my poor trem-bling tongue scarce can sing for ver-y
poco rit.
110
a tempo
joy.
a tempo
espress.
dim.
pp

111 Un poco più tranquillo (♩ = 50)

Francis

(senza rigor del tempo)

F.

Breth-ren Birds, who sit with fold-ed wing, Call me your

p ma sost. ed espress.

F.

friend and greet me with ac-cord, Know ye now that God is the Lord, In praises to

F.

Him should ye sing! For He hath cloth-ed you with plum-age fair,

112

F.

And for your flight fash-ioned the air,

f

8

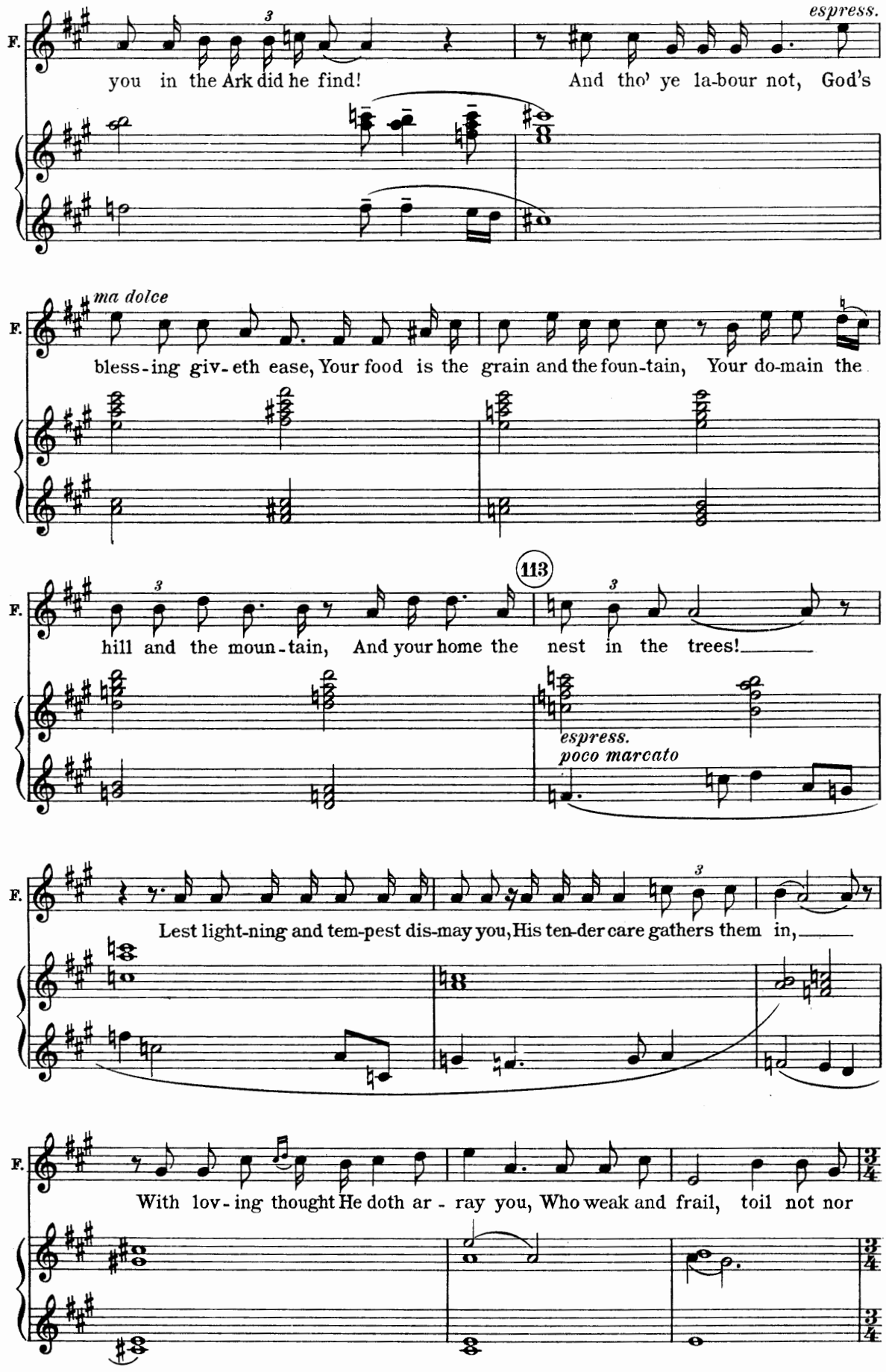
(senza rigor del tempo)

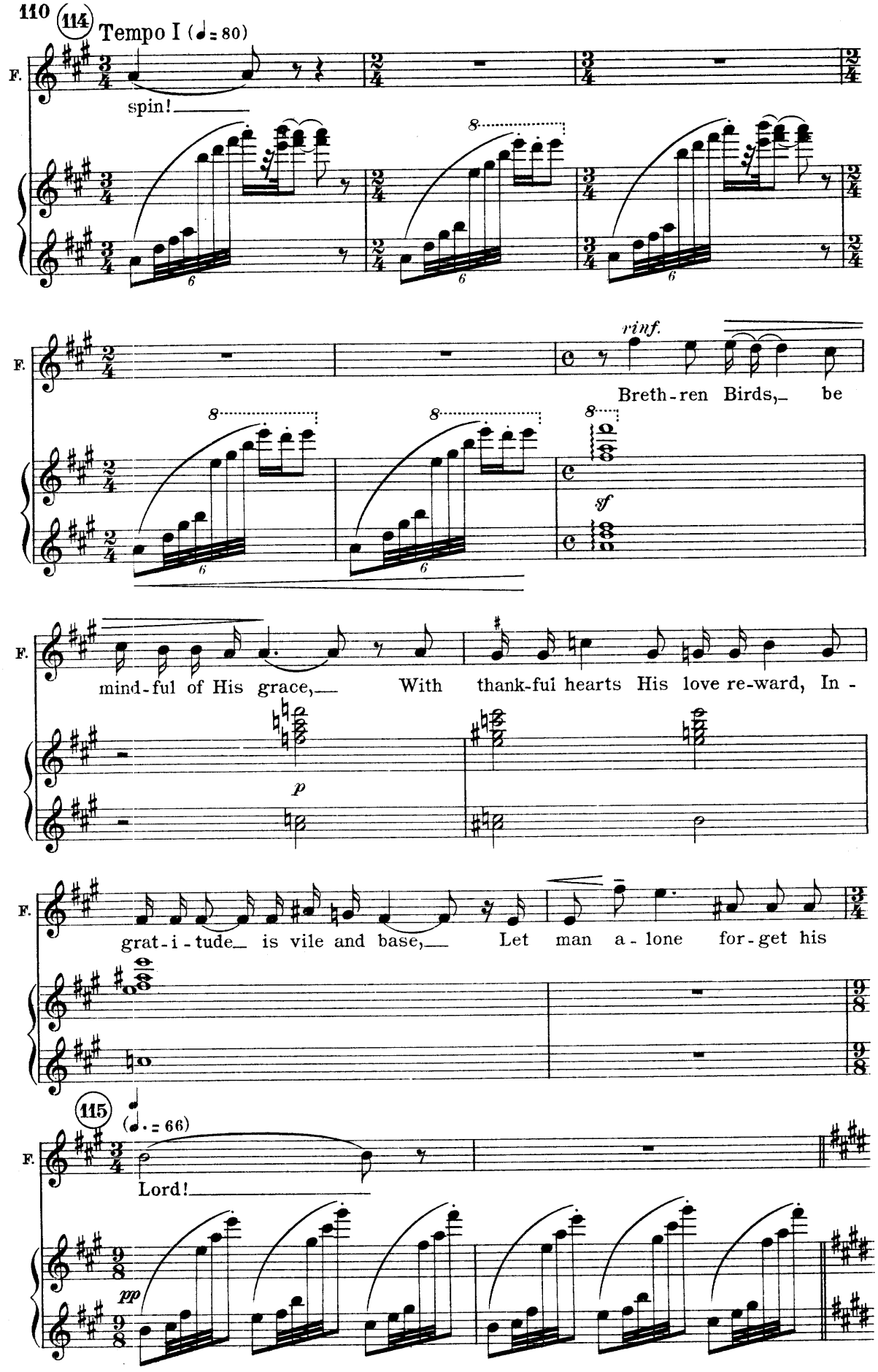
F.

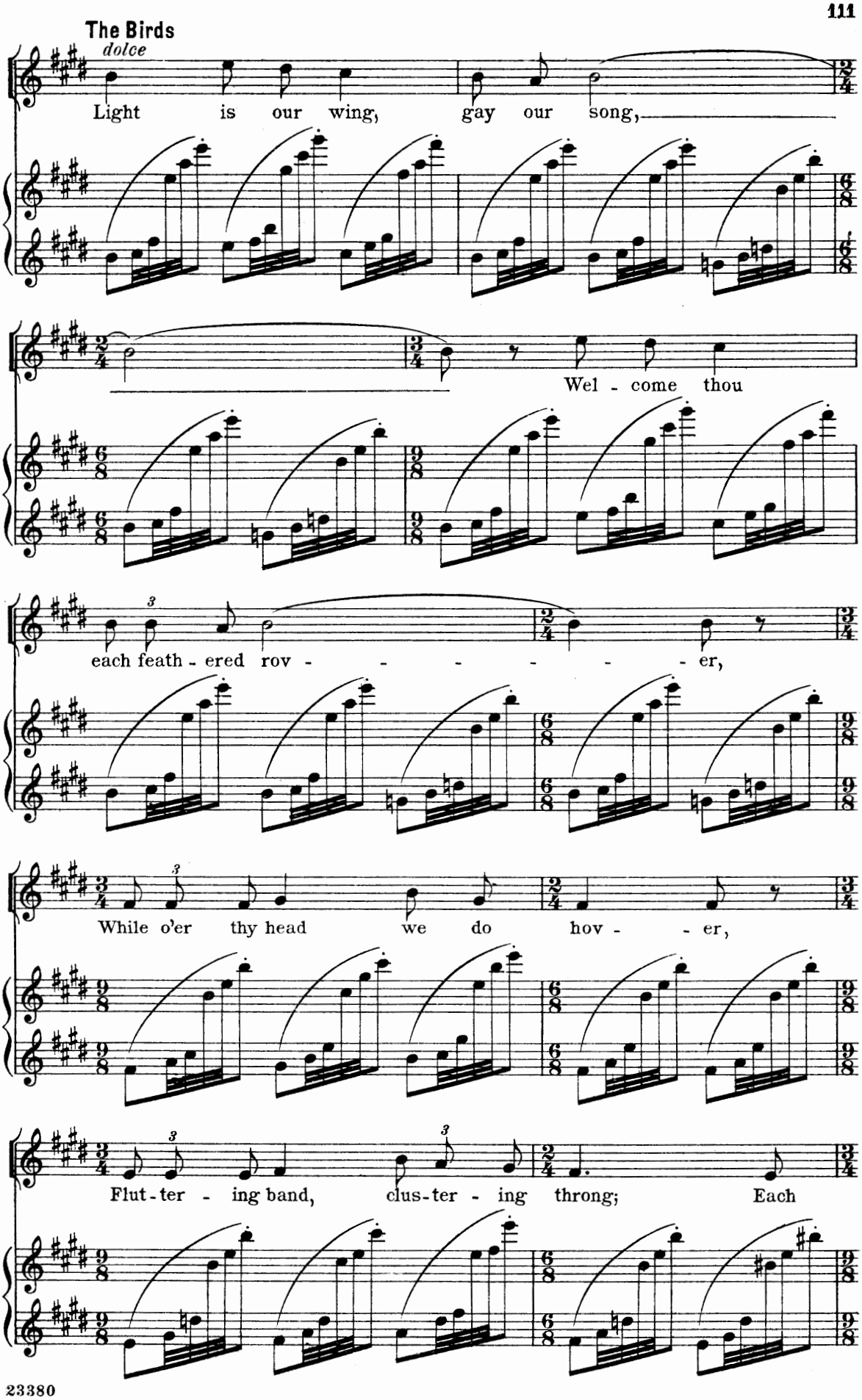
And of old He pre-serv-ed your kind, And shel-ter for

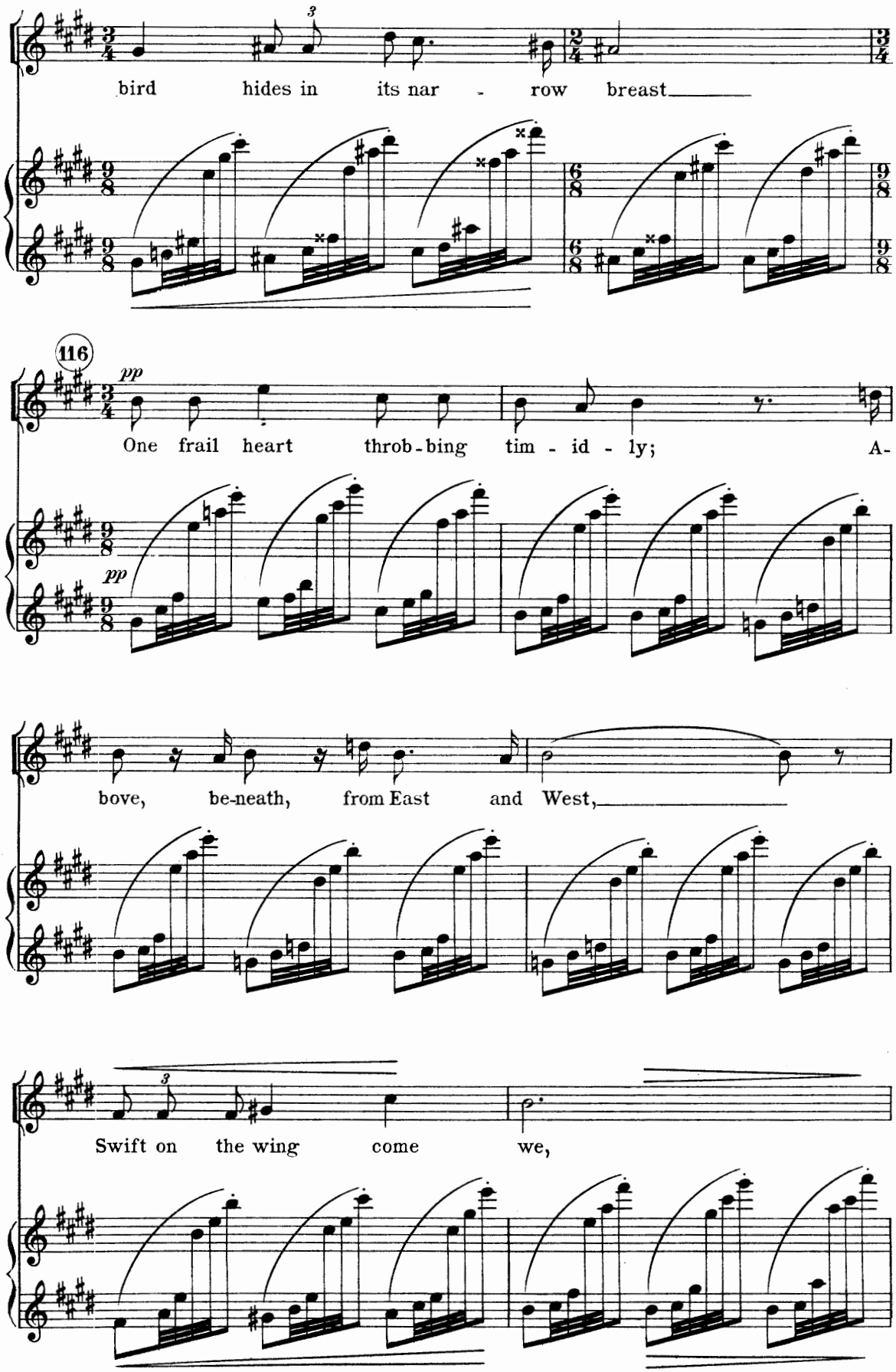
8

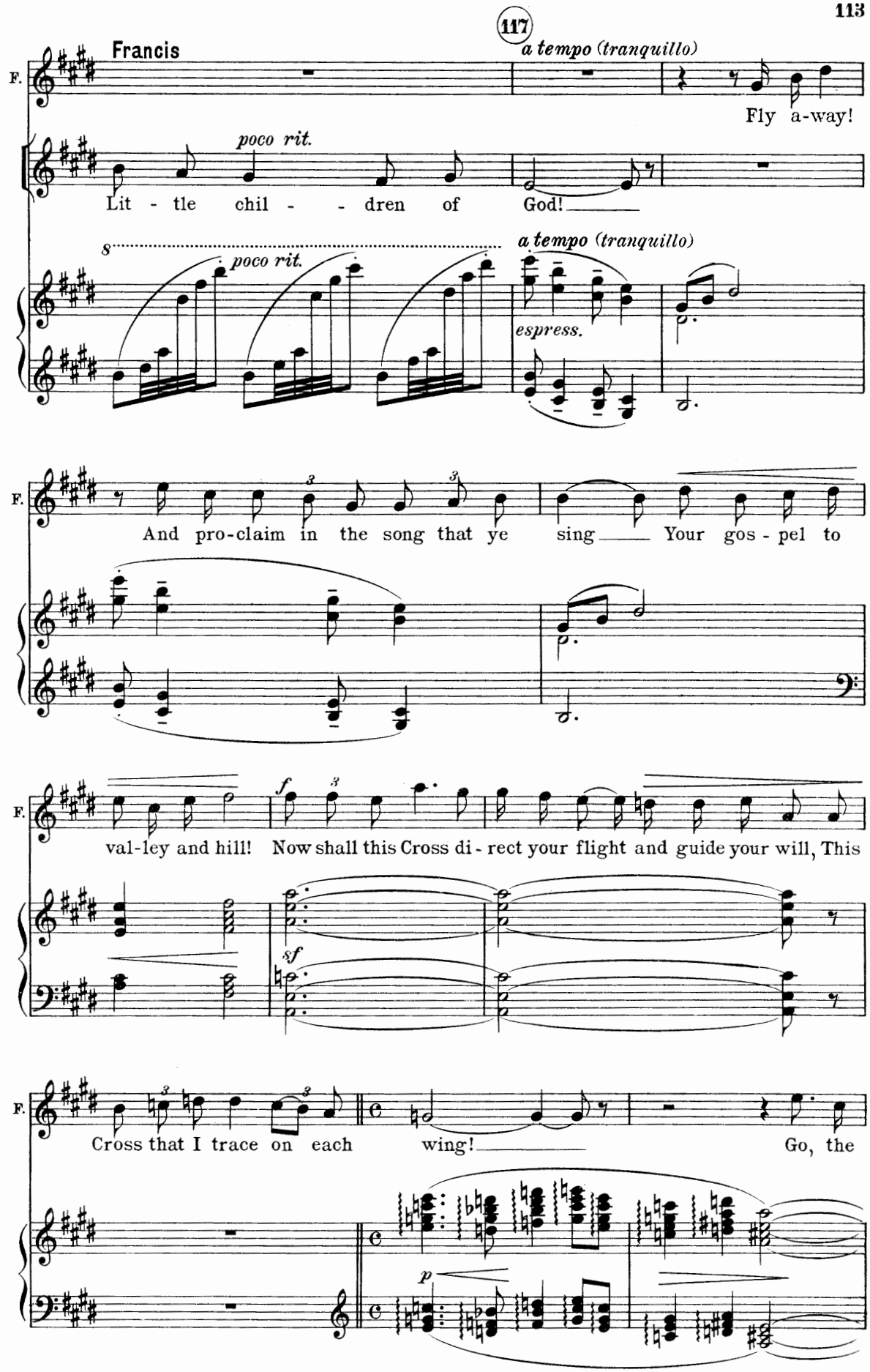
pp

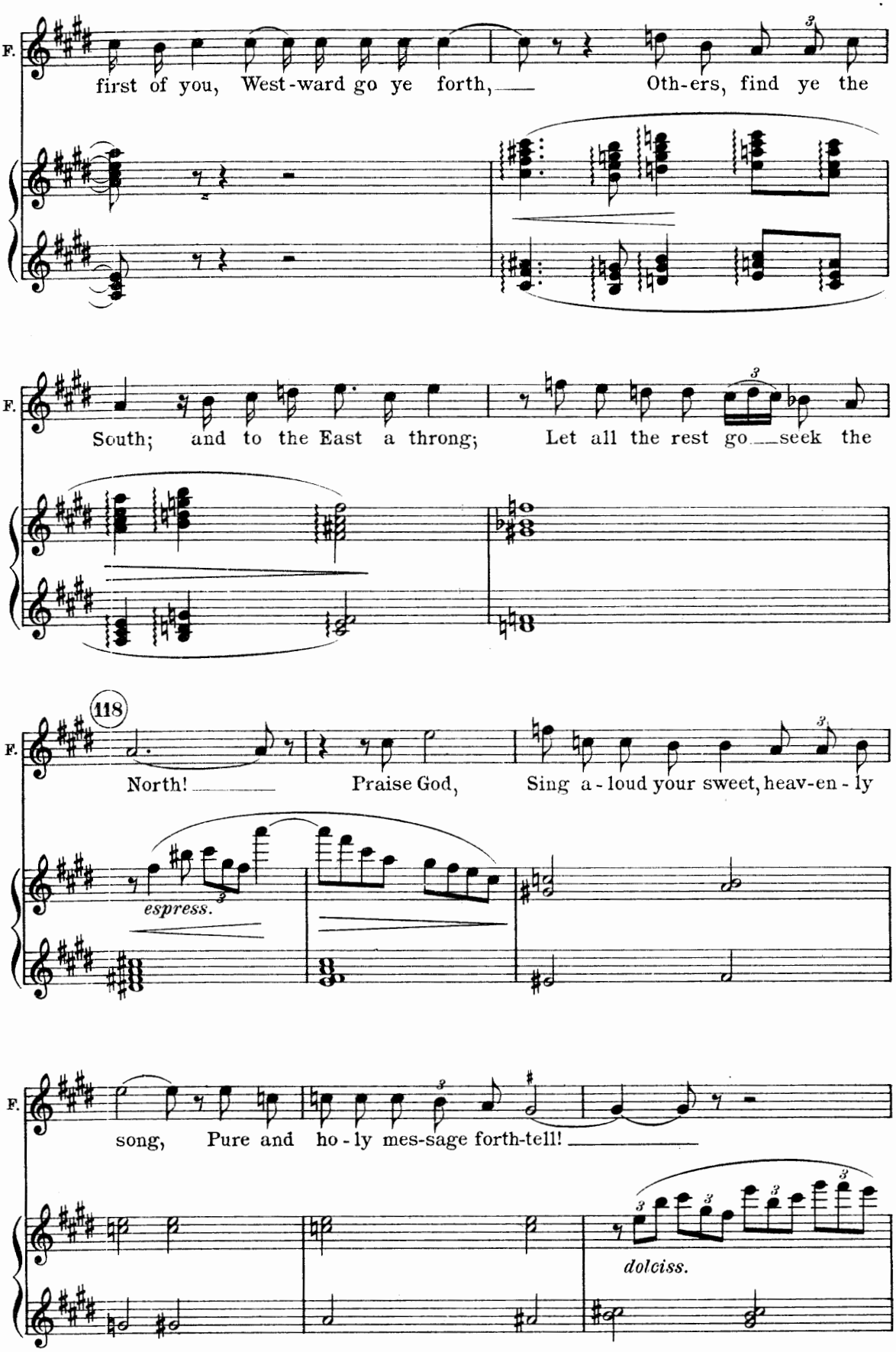

espress.
F.
you in the Ark did he find!
And tho' ye la-bour not, God's
ma dolce
F.
bless-ing giv-eth ease, Your food is the grain and the foun-tain, Your do-main the
113
F.
hill and the moun-tain, And your home the nest in the trees!
espress.
poco marcato
F.
Lest light-ning and tem-pest dis-may you, His ten-der care gathers them in,
F.
With lov-ing thought He doth ar-ray you, Who weak and frail, toil not nor

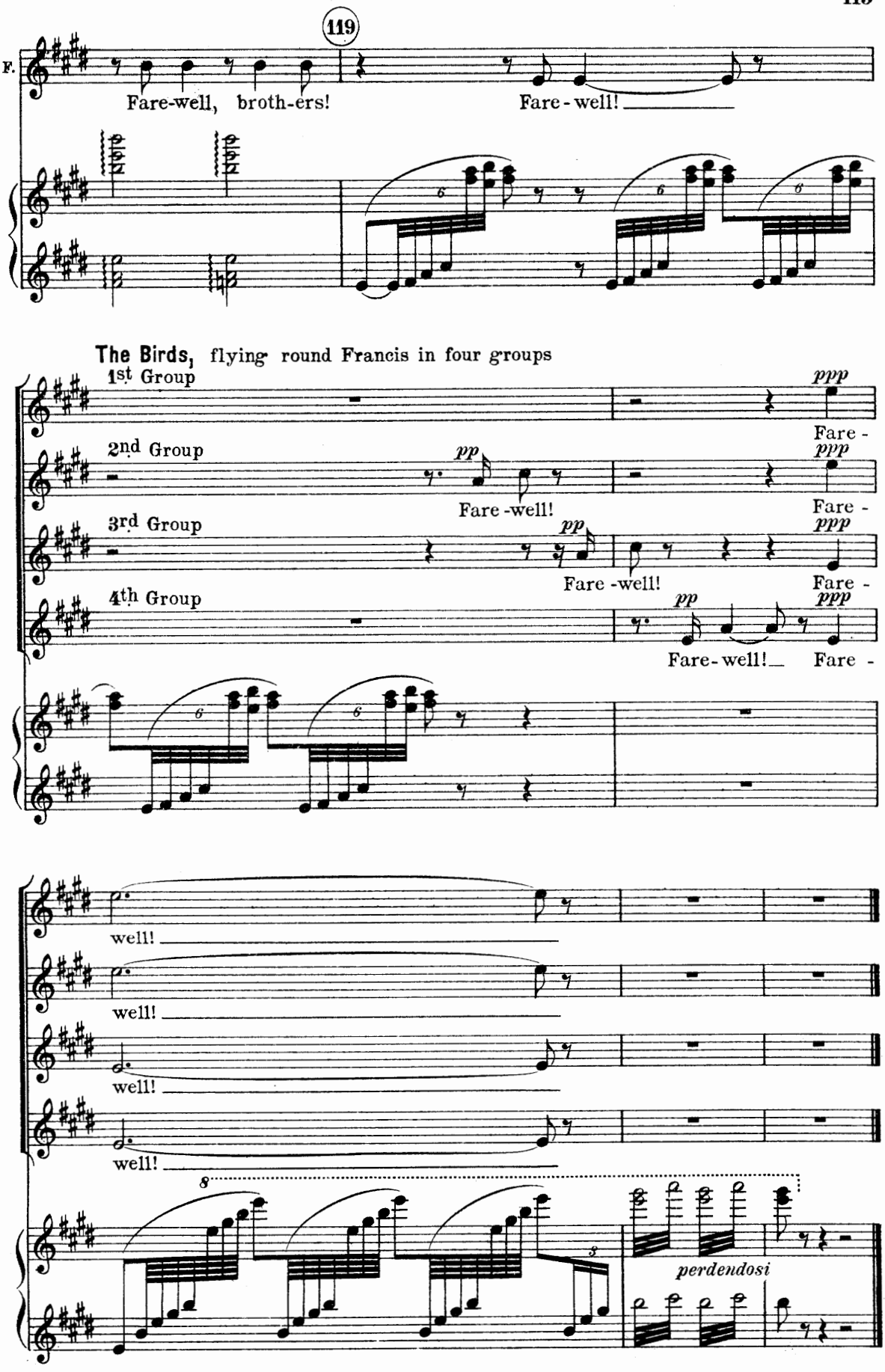

110
114
Tempo I (♩ = 80)
F.
spin!
rinf.
Breth-ren Birds,_ be
sf
mind-ful of His grace,_ With thank-ful hearts His love re-ward, In -
p
grat-i-tude_ is vile and base,_ Let man a-lone for-get his
115
(♩. = 66)
Lord!
pp


The Birds
dolce
Light is our wing, gay our song,
Wel - come thou
each feath - ered rov - - - - - - - er,
While o'er thy head we do hov - - er,
Flut - ter - ing band, clus - ter - ing throng; Each


bird hides in its nar - row breast
116
pp
One frail heart throb-bing tim - id - ly; A-
pp
bove, be-neath, from East and West,
Swift on the wing come we,

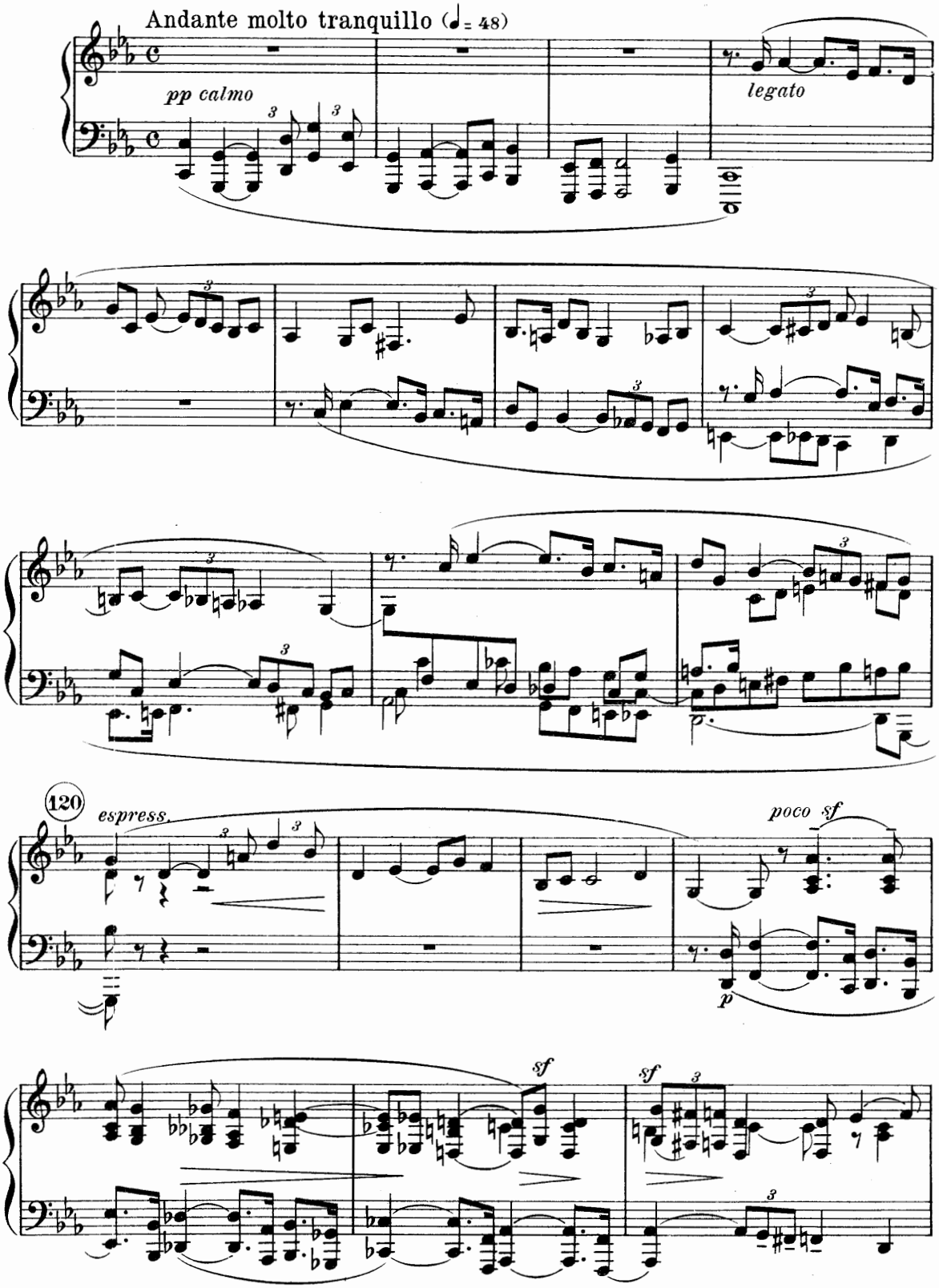

117
Francis
a tempo (tranquillo)
F.
Fly a-way!
poco rit.
Lit - tle chil - - dren of God!
8
poco rit.
a tempo (tranquillo)
espress.
F.
And pro-claim in the song that ye sing Your gos - pel to
F.
f
val-ley and hill! Now shall this Cross di - rect your flight and guide your will, This
sf
F.
Cross that I trace on each wing! Go, the
p

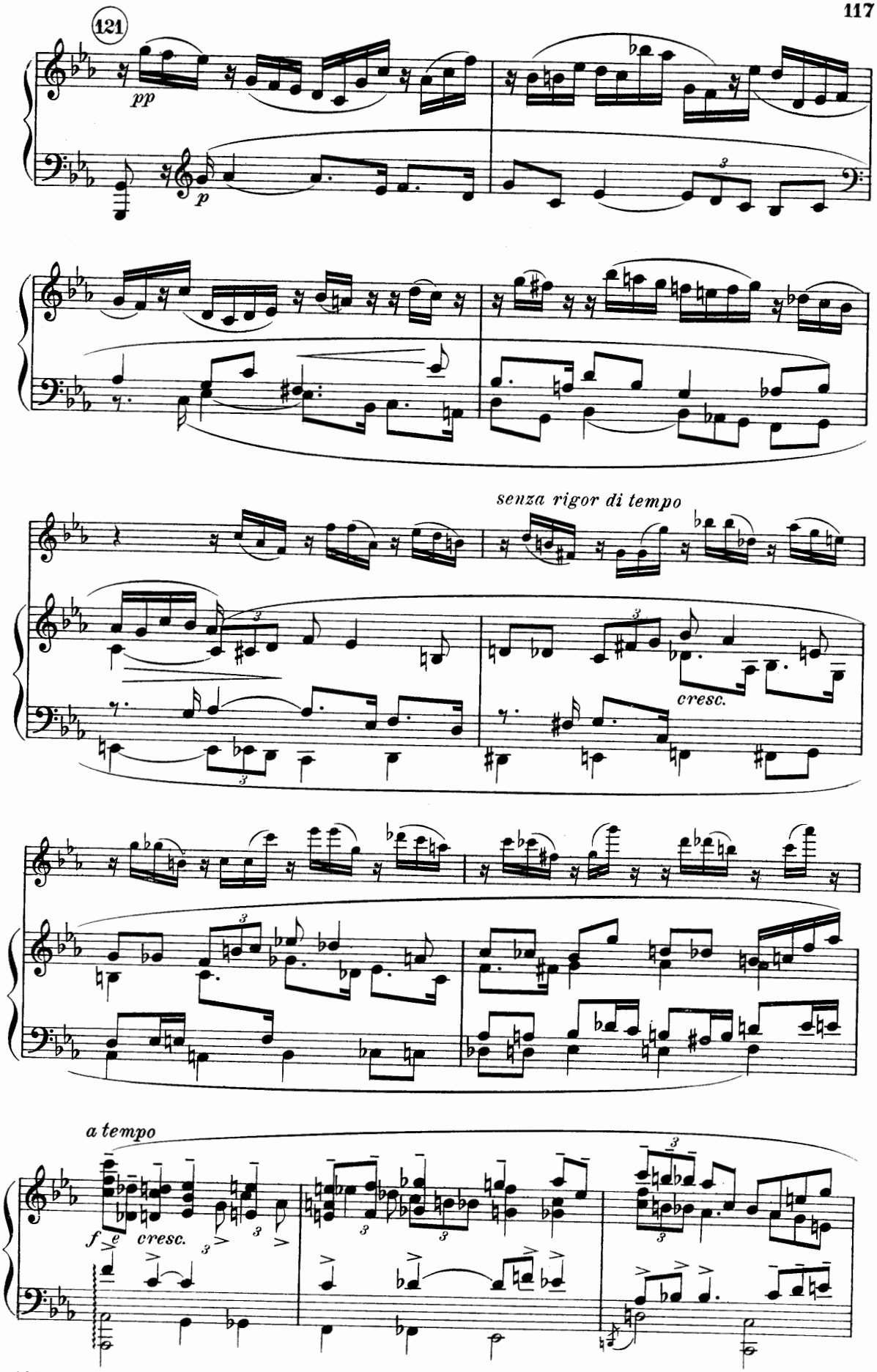

F.
first of you, West-ward go ye forth, Oth-ers, find ye the
F.
South; and to the East a throng; Let all the rest go seek the
118
F.
North! Praise God, Sing a-loud your sweet, heav-en-ly
espress.
F.
song, Pure and ho-ly mes-sage forth-tell!
dolciss.

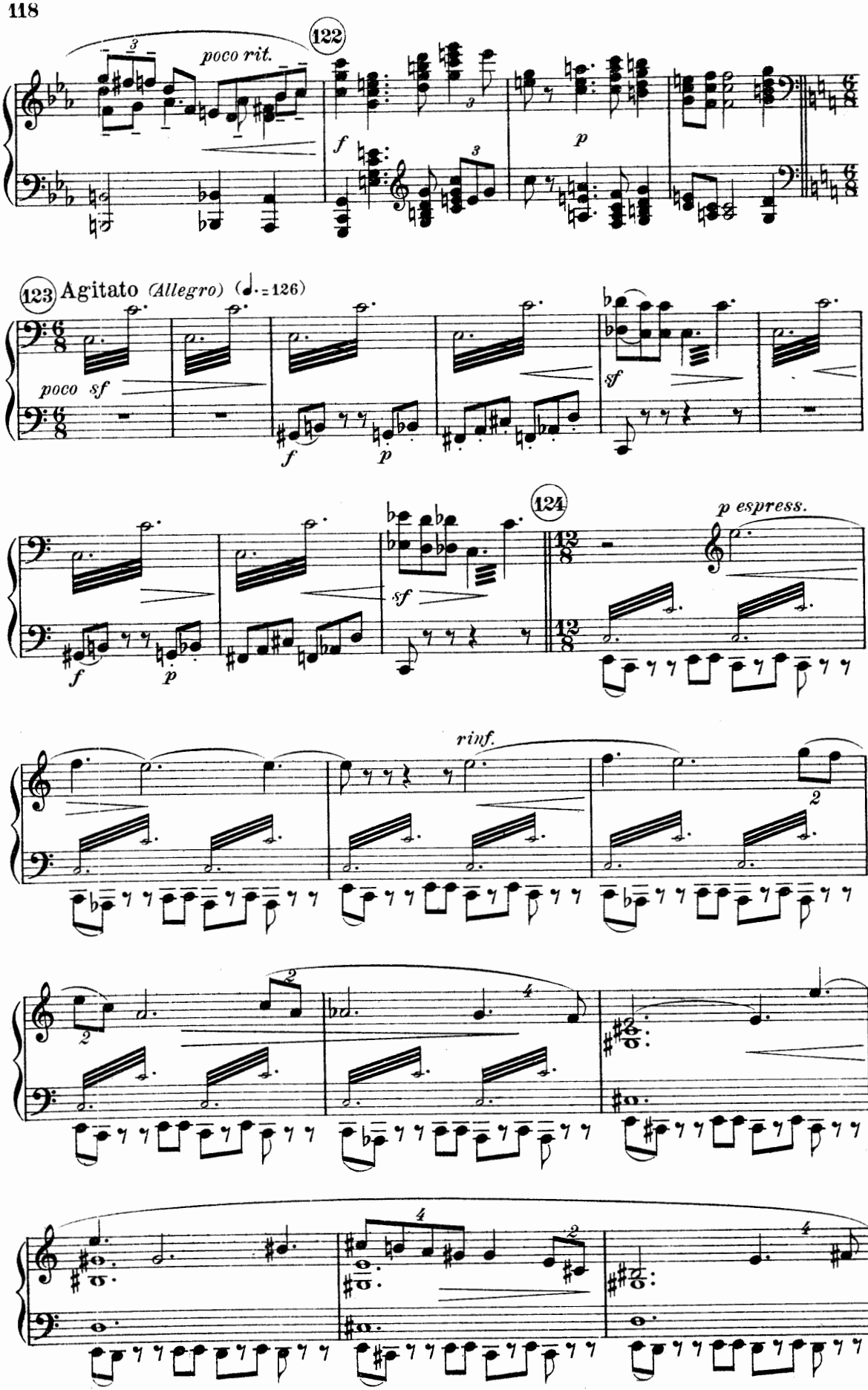

119
F.
Fare-well, broth-ers!
Fare - well!
The Birds, flying round Francis in four groups
1st Group
2nd Group
3rd Group
4th Group
ppp
Fare -
pp
Fare -well!
Fare - well!
well!
perdendosi

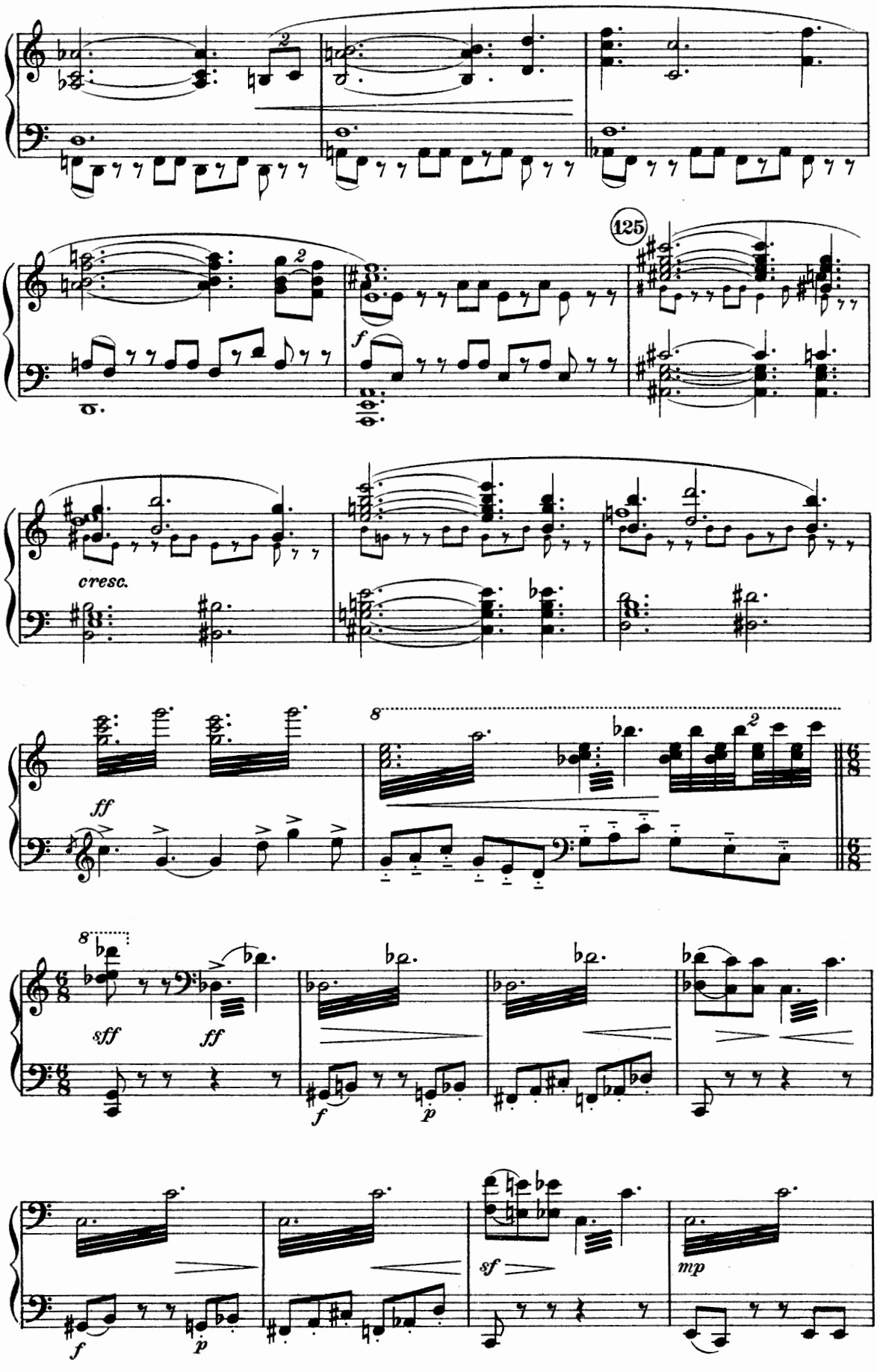
Second Part

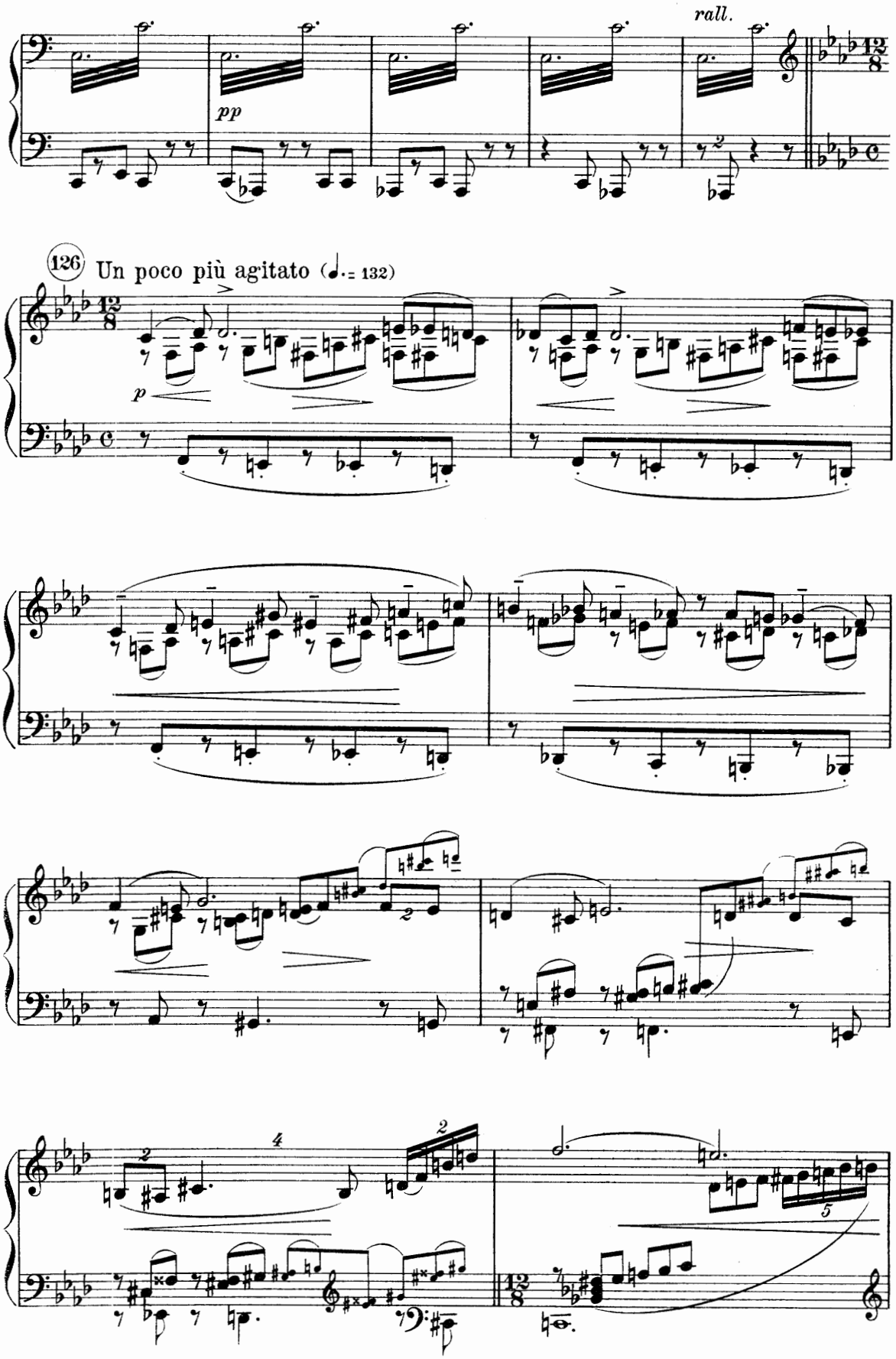
IV. The Stigmata

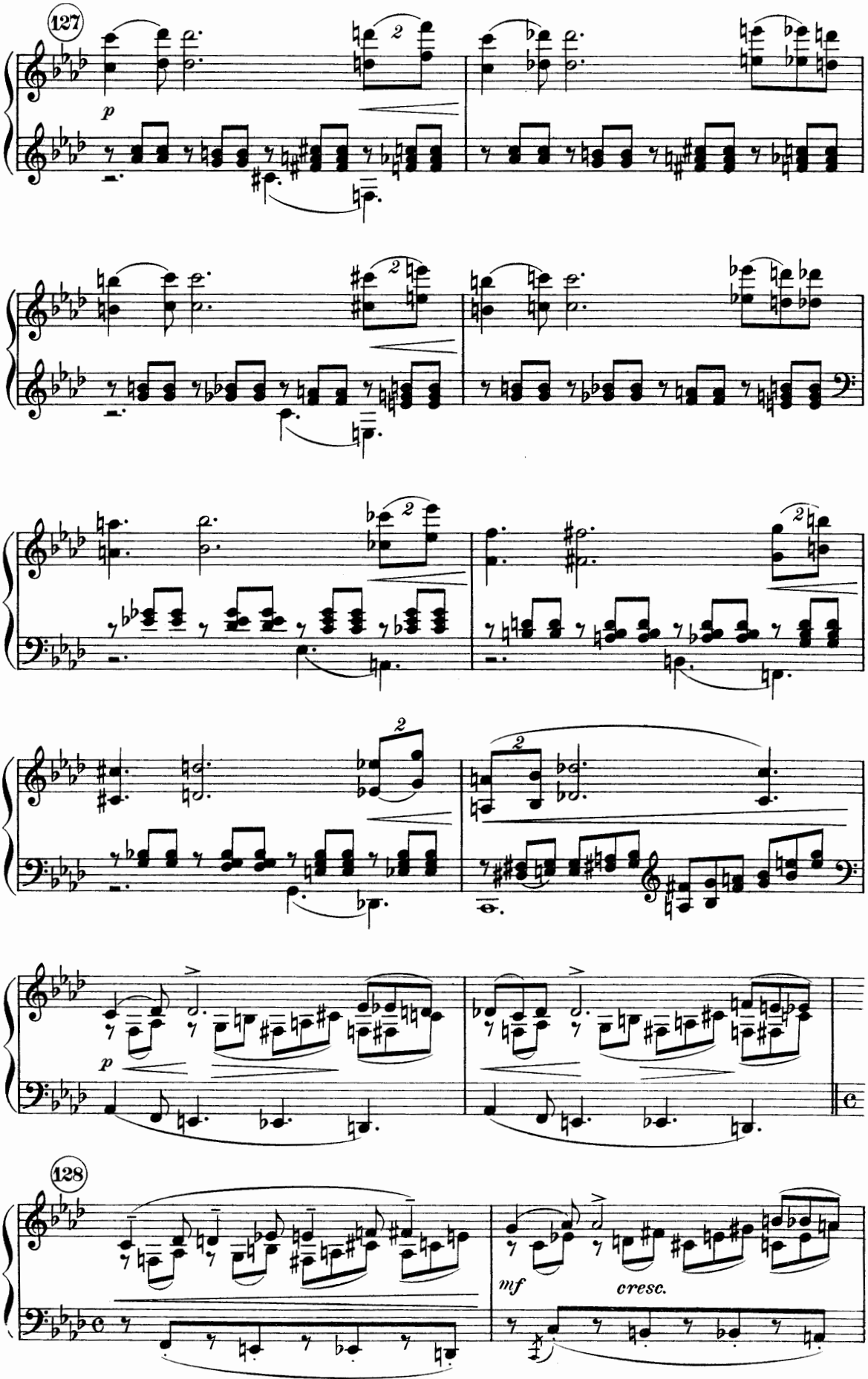


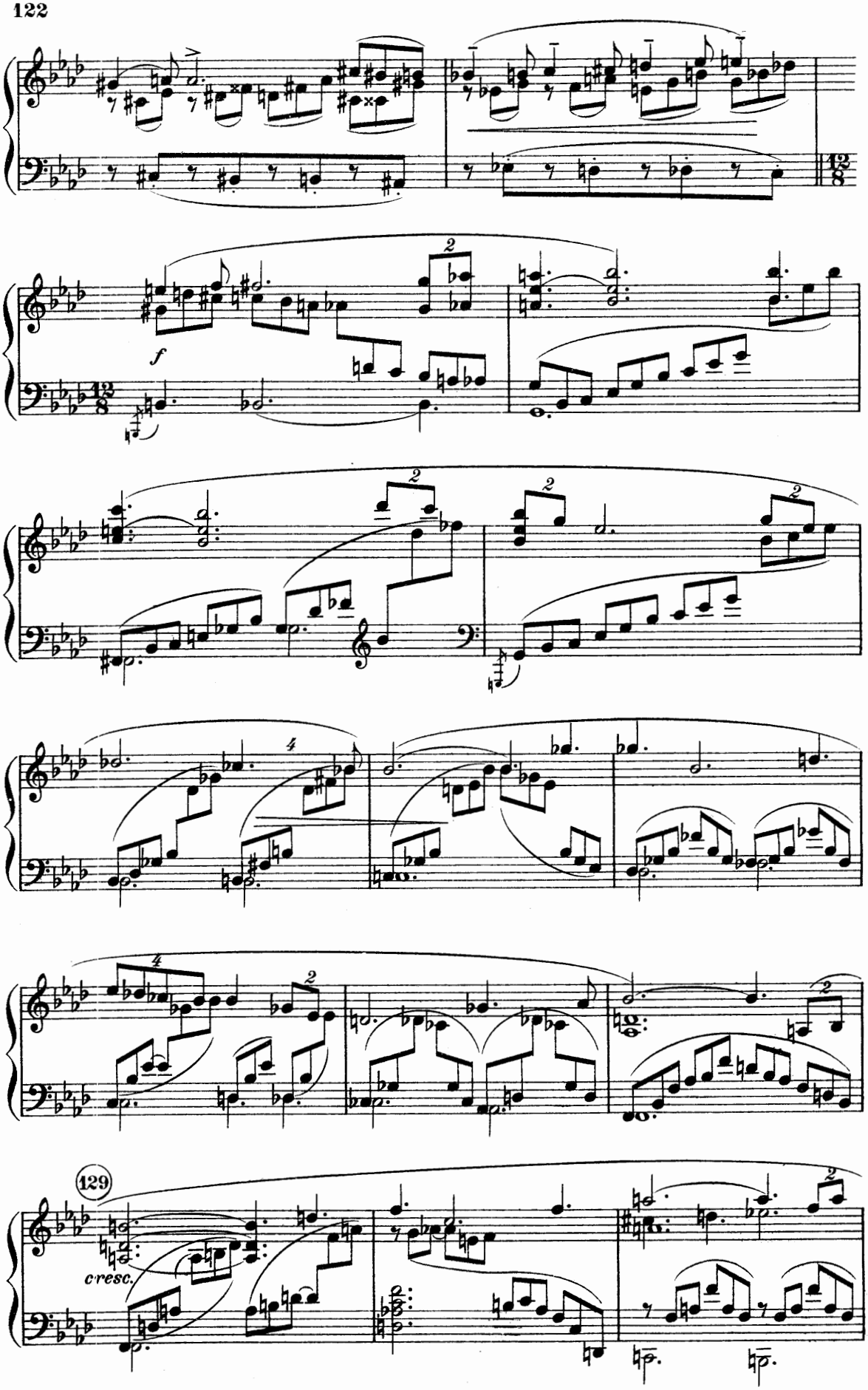

121
pp
p
senza rigor di tempo
cresc.
a tempo
f
cresc.

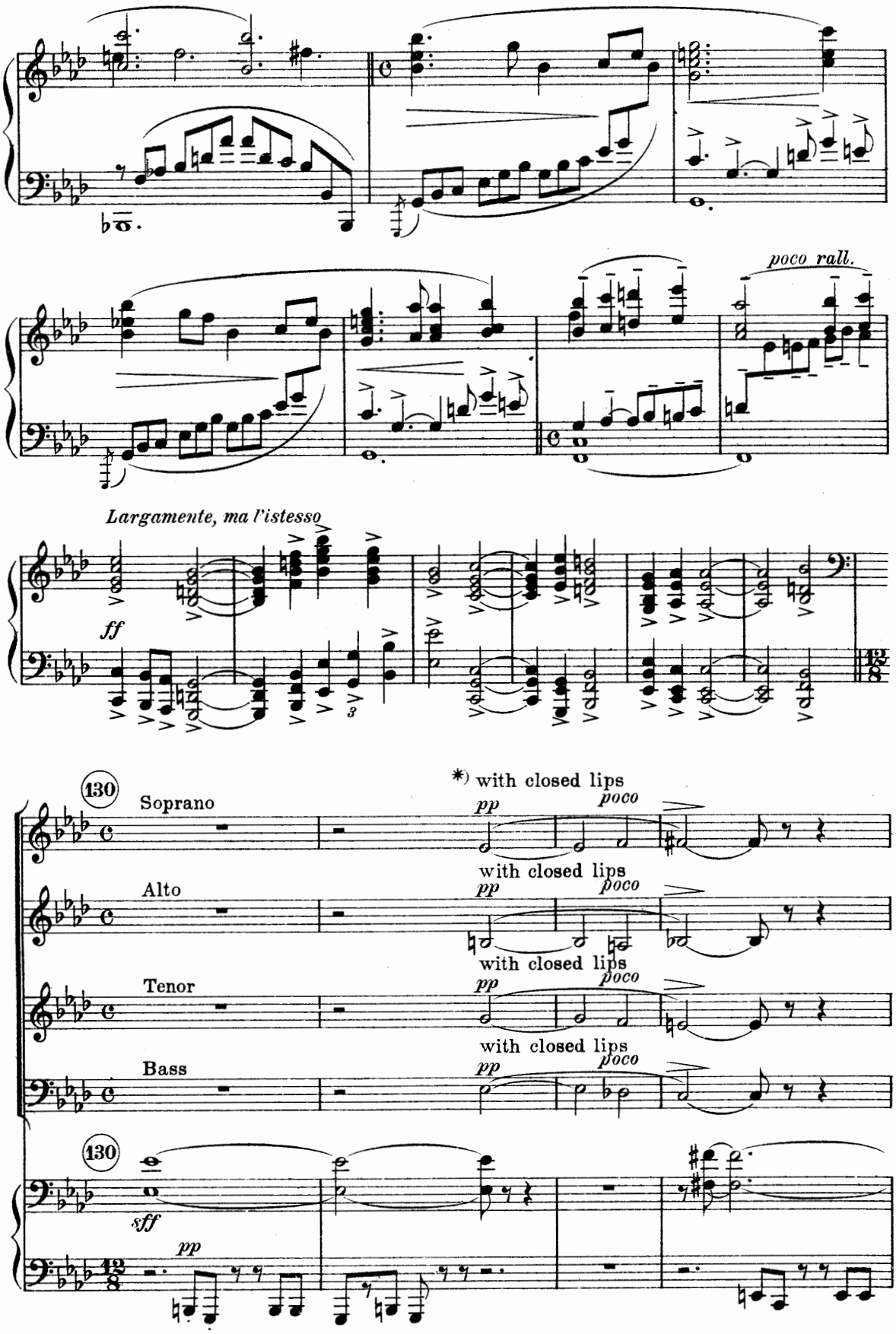

poco rit.
122
f
p
123 Agitato (Allegro) (♩. = 126)
poco sf
f
p
sf
124
p espress.
rinf.


125
cresc.
ff
8
sff
ff
f
p
sf
mp

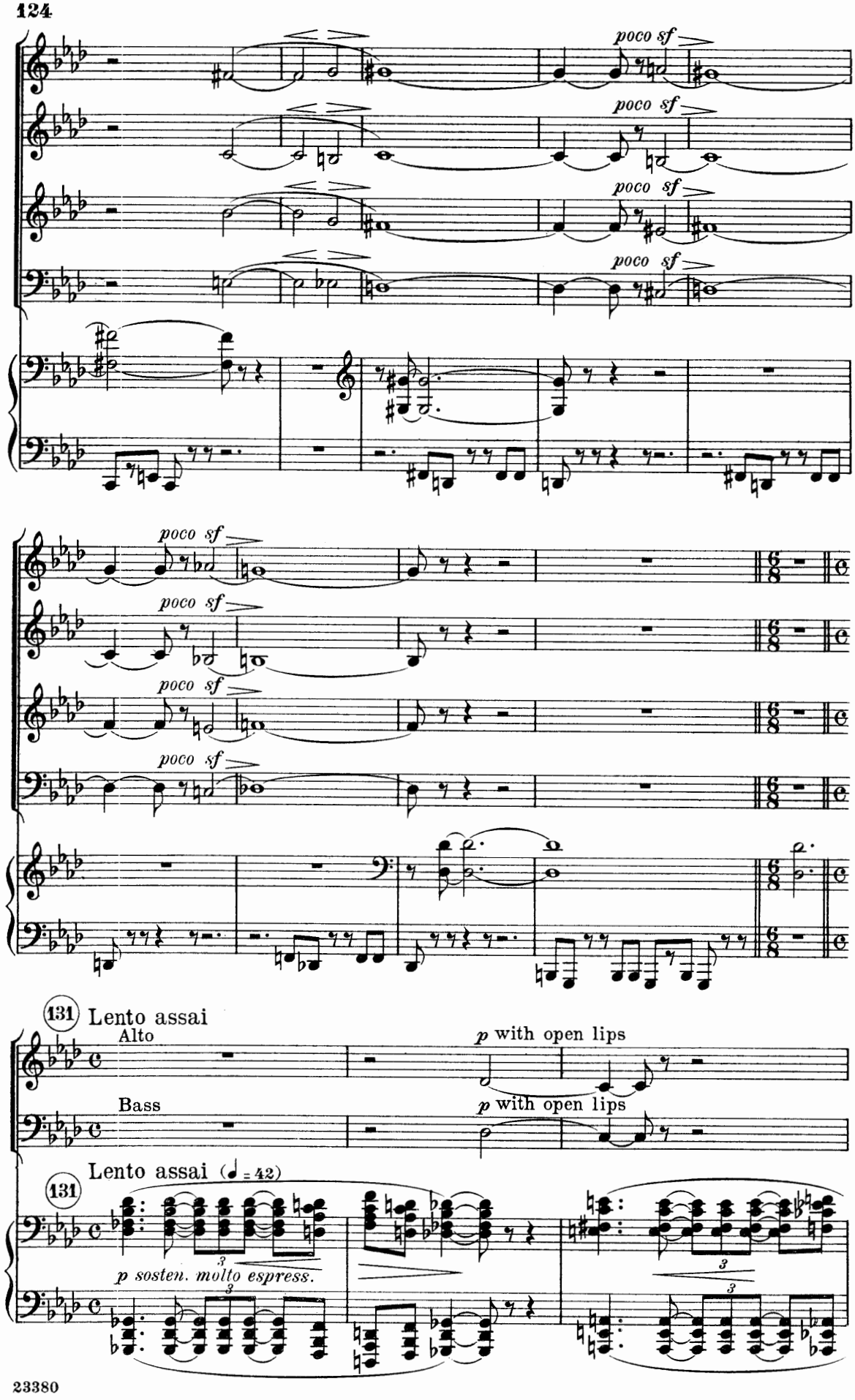

rall.
pp
126
Un poco più agitato (♩. = 132)
p

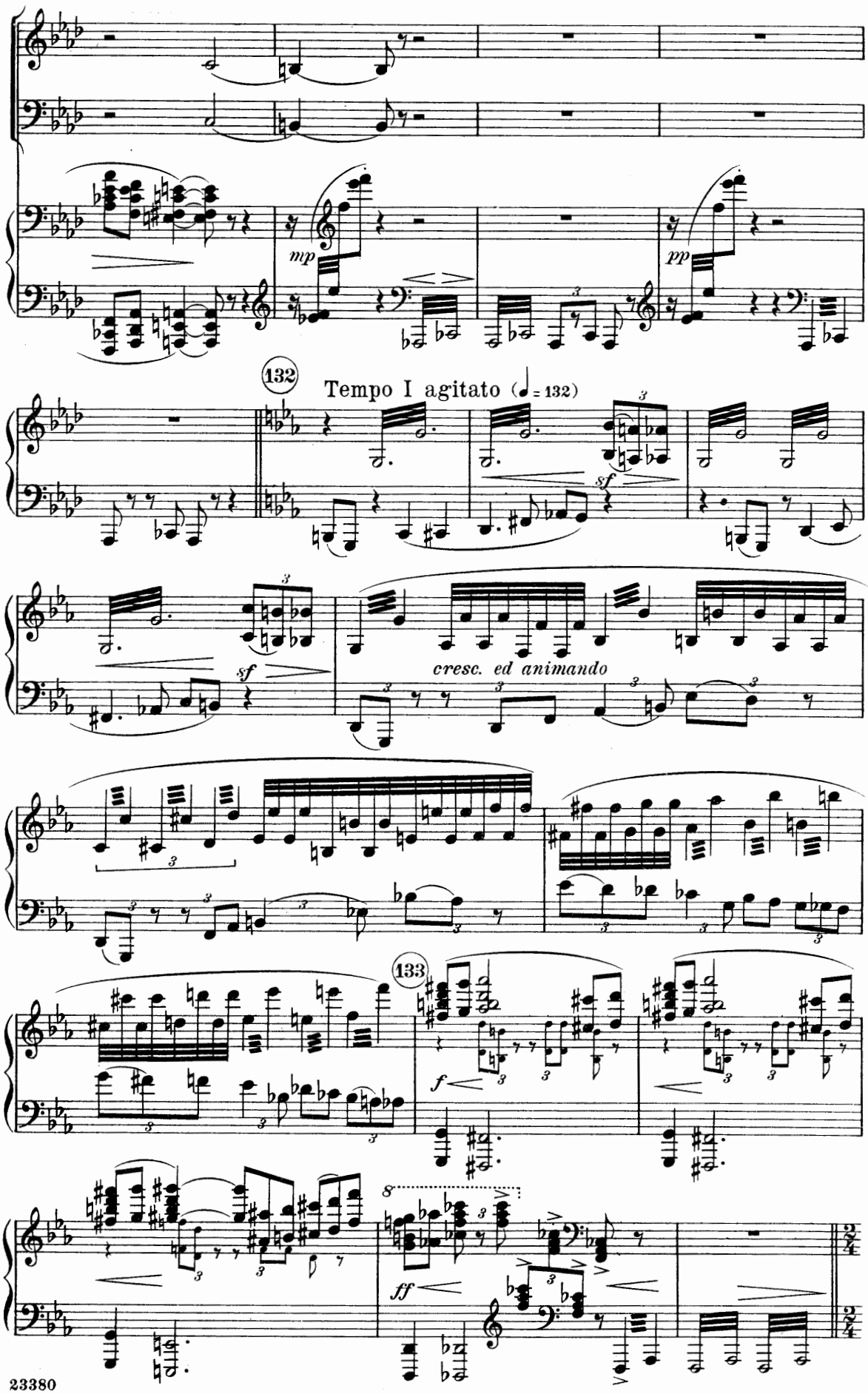

127
p
2
128
mf
cresc.

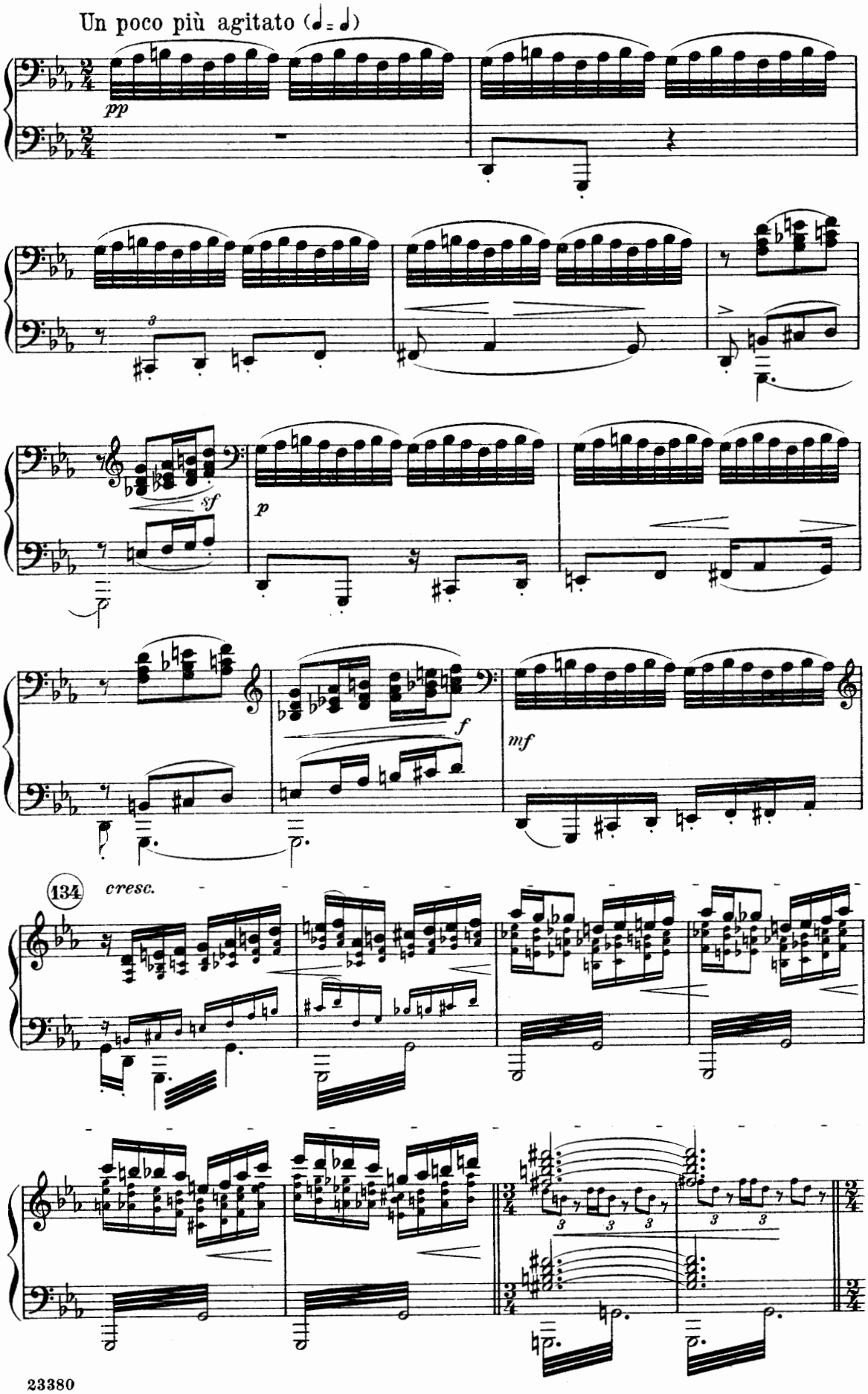

12/8
f
129
cresc.

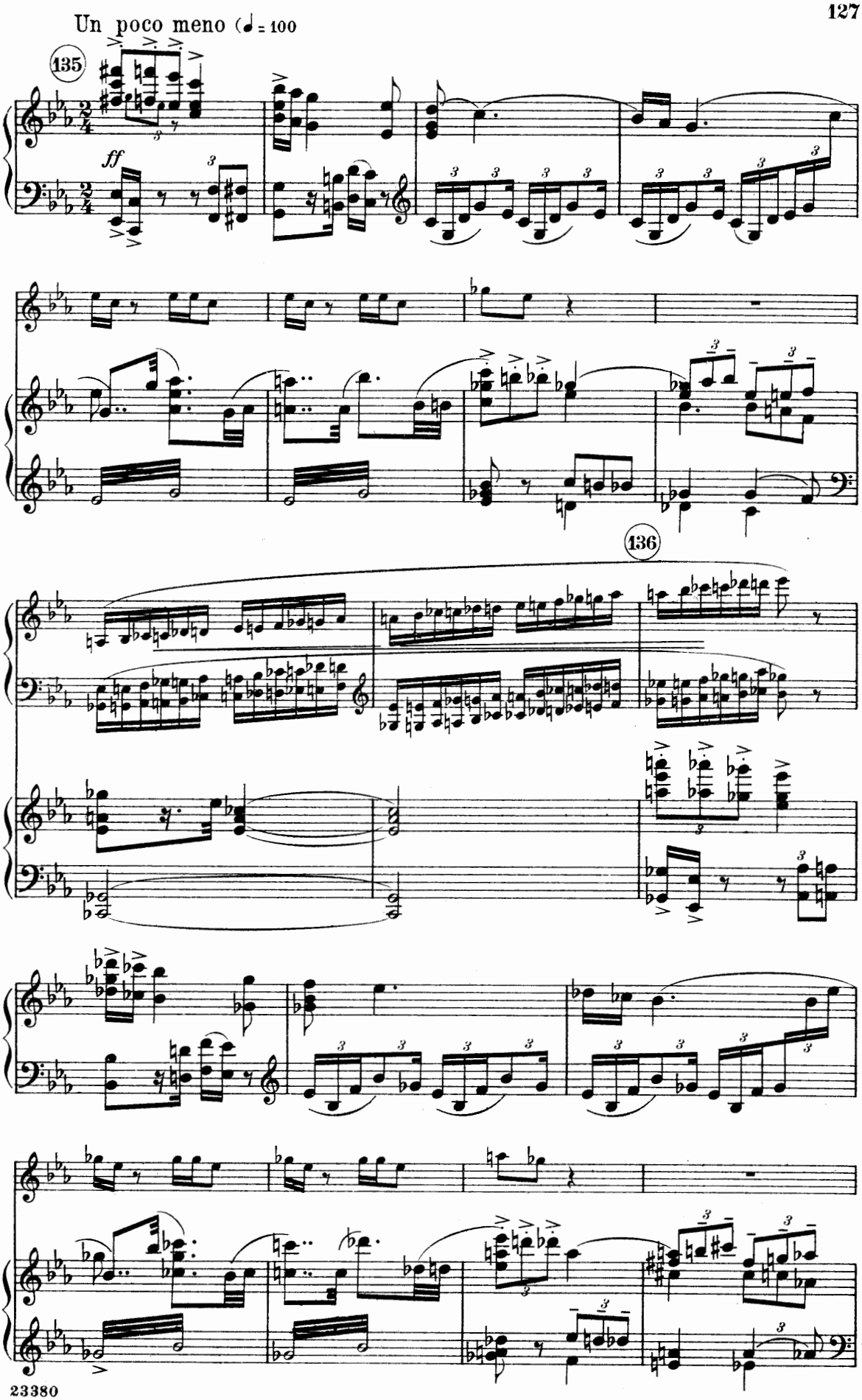


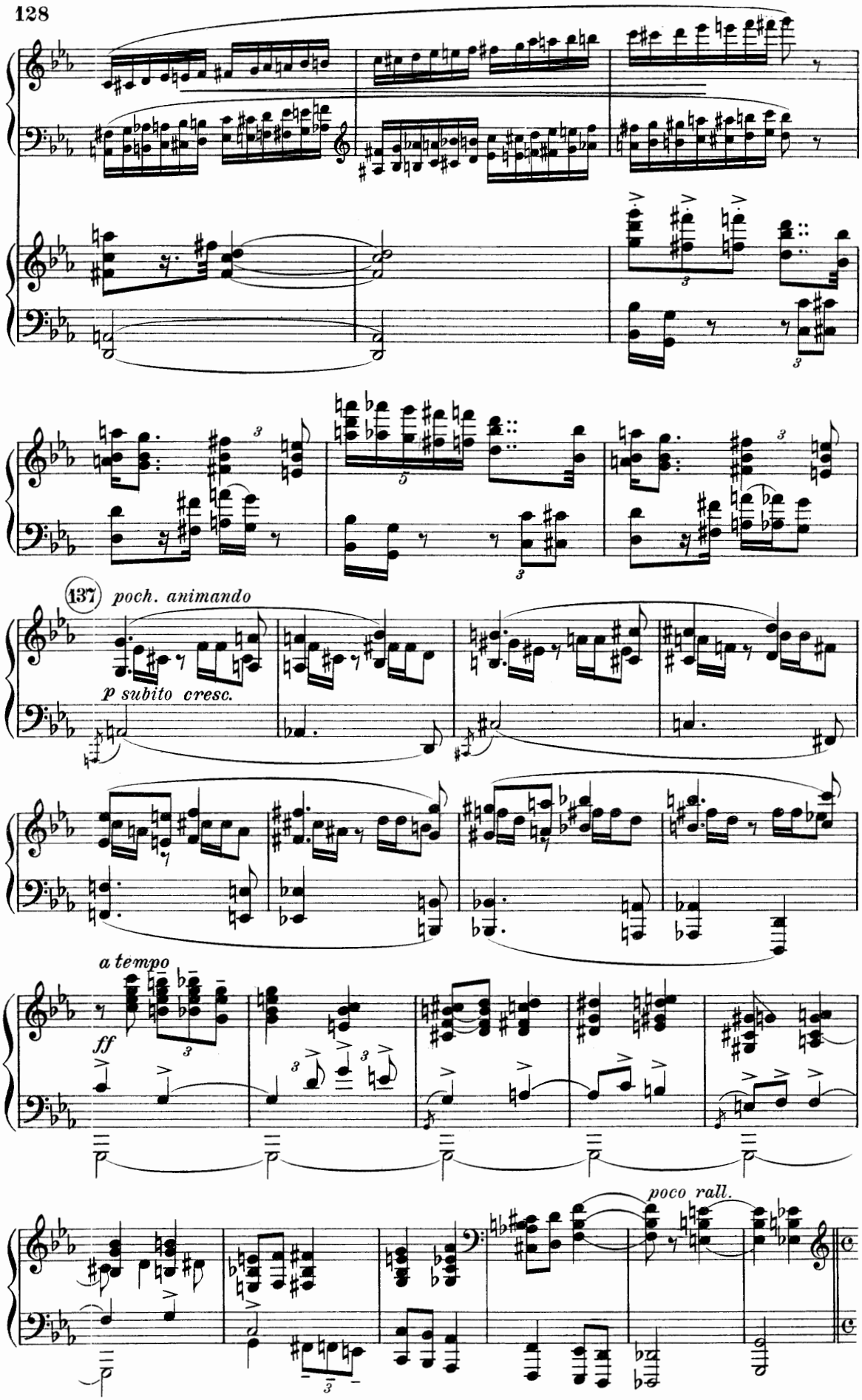
*) In this movement the voices are treated symphonically, forming an integral part of the orchestral texture.

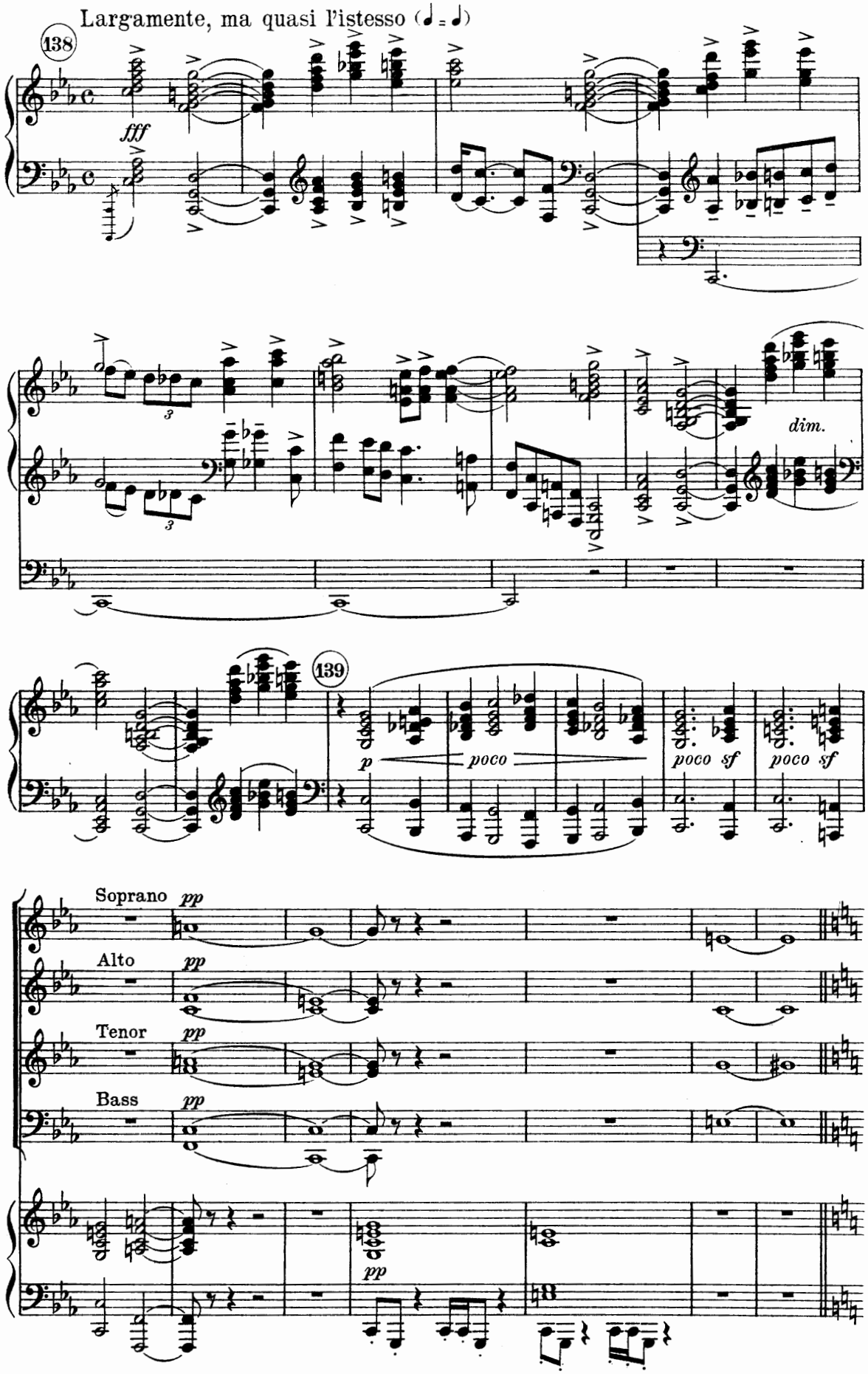

poco sf
poco sf
poco sf
poco sf
poco sf
poco sf
poco sf
poco sf
131 Lento assai
Alto
p with open lips
Bass
p with open lips
131 Lento assai (♩ = 42)
p sosten. molto espress.

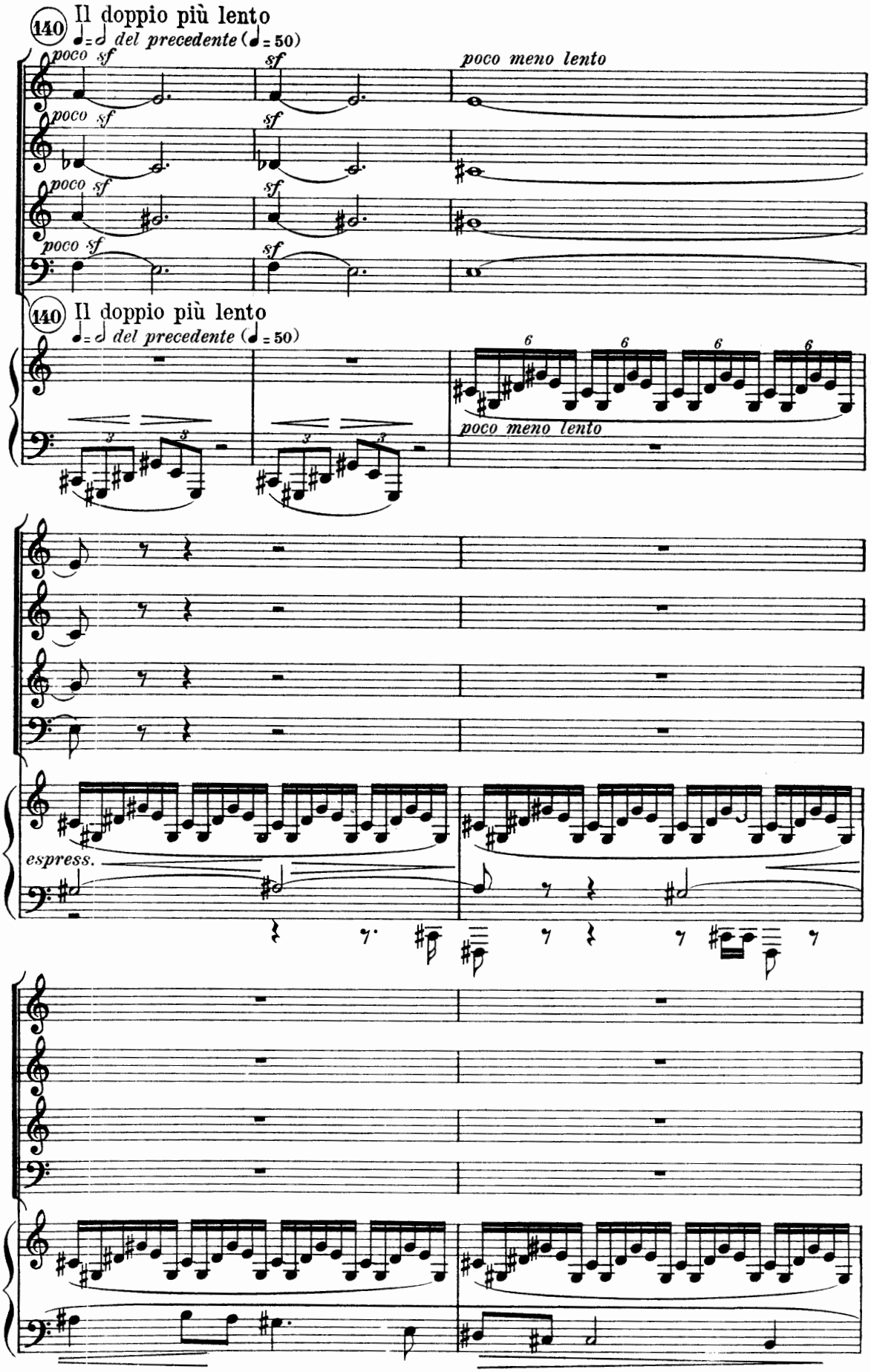

mp
pp
132
Tempo I agitato (♩= 132)
sf
sf
cresc. ed animando
133
f
8
ff

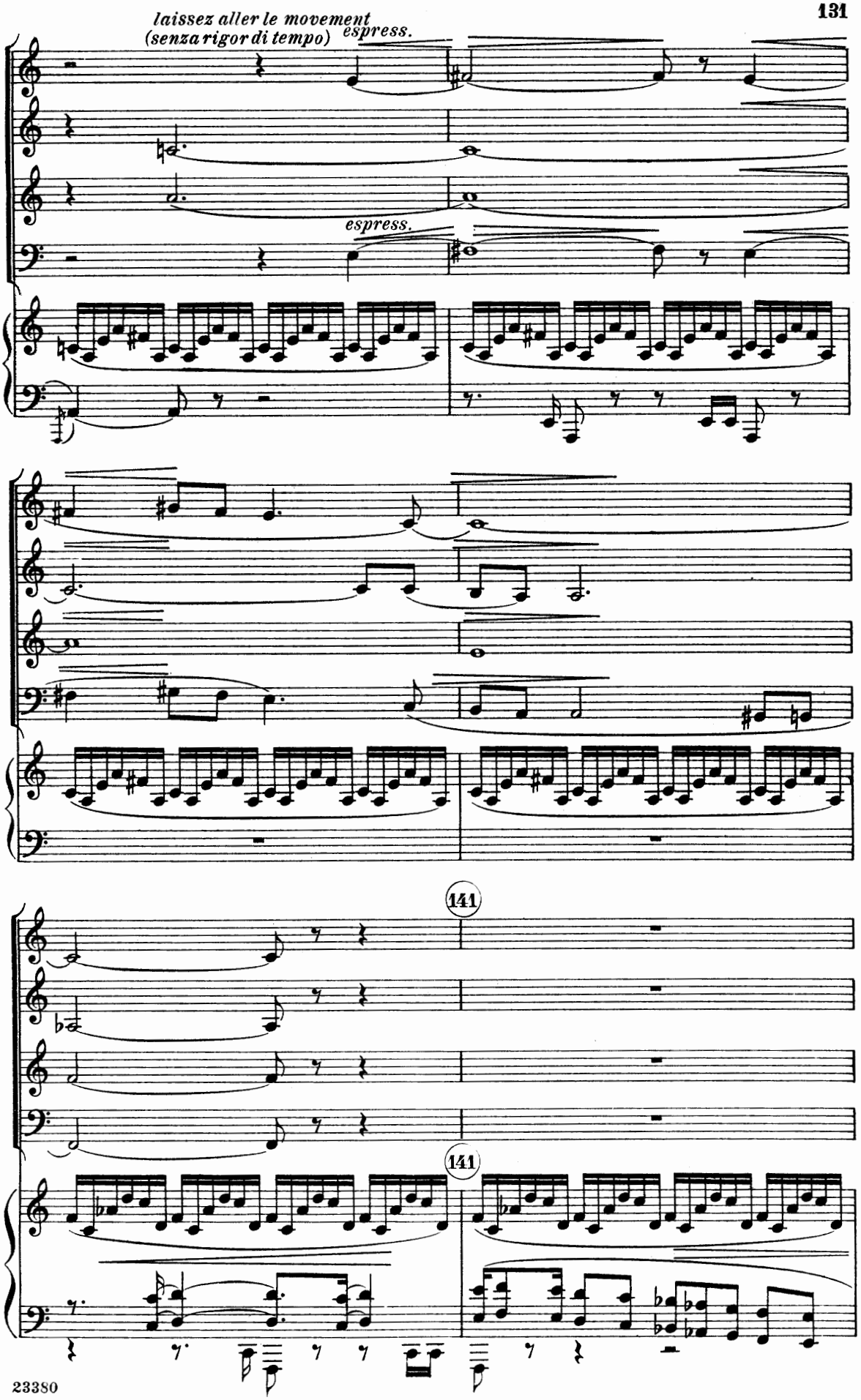

Un poco più agitato (♩. = ♩)
pp
sf
p
f
mf
134
cresc.

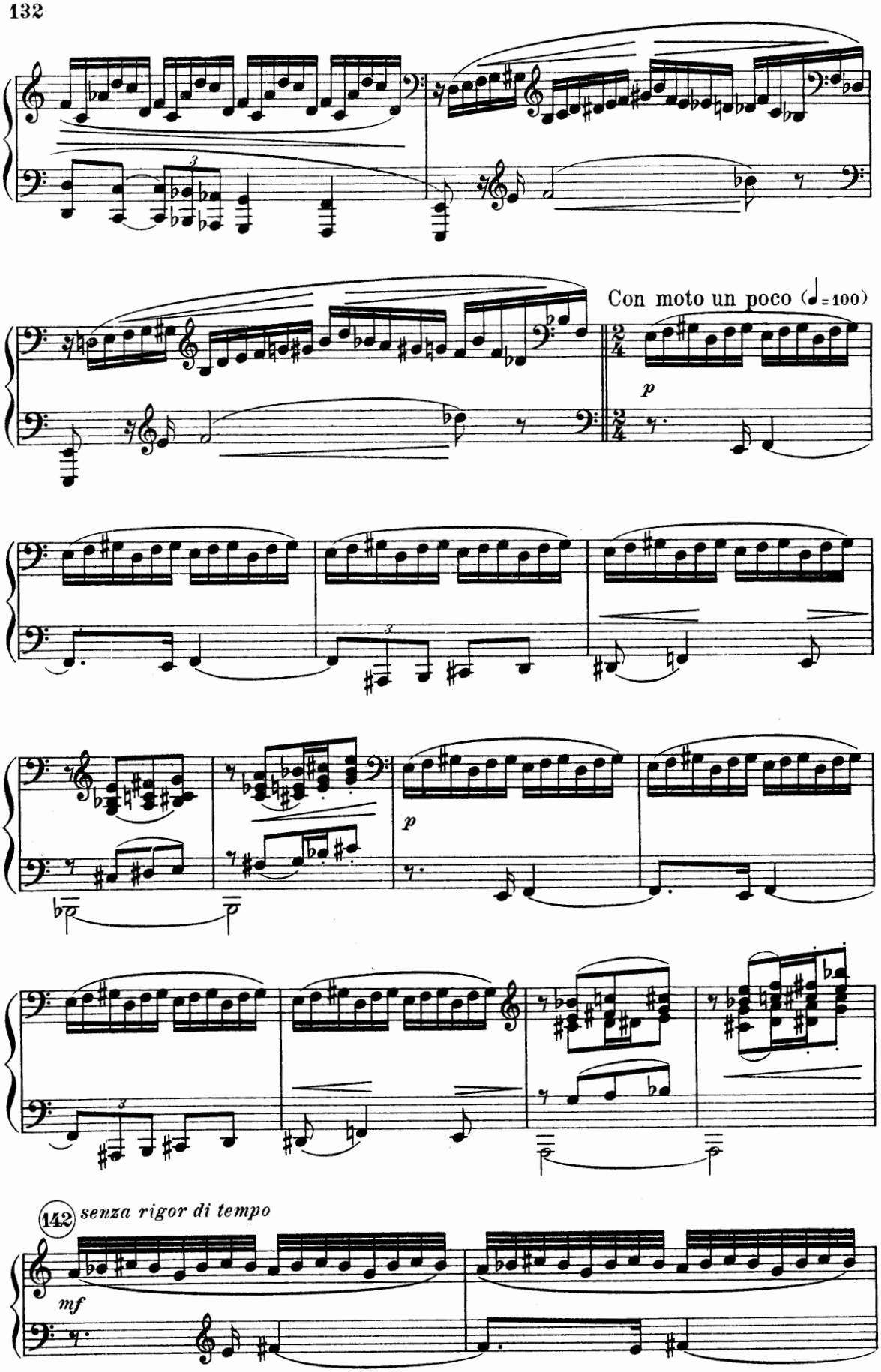

Un poco meno (♩ = 100
135
ff
136

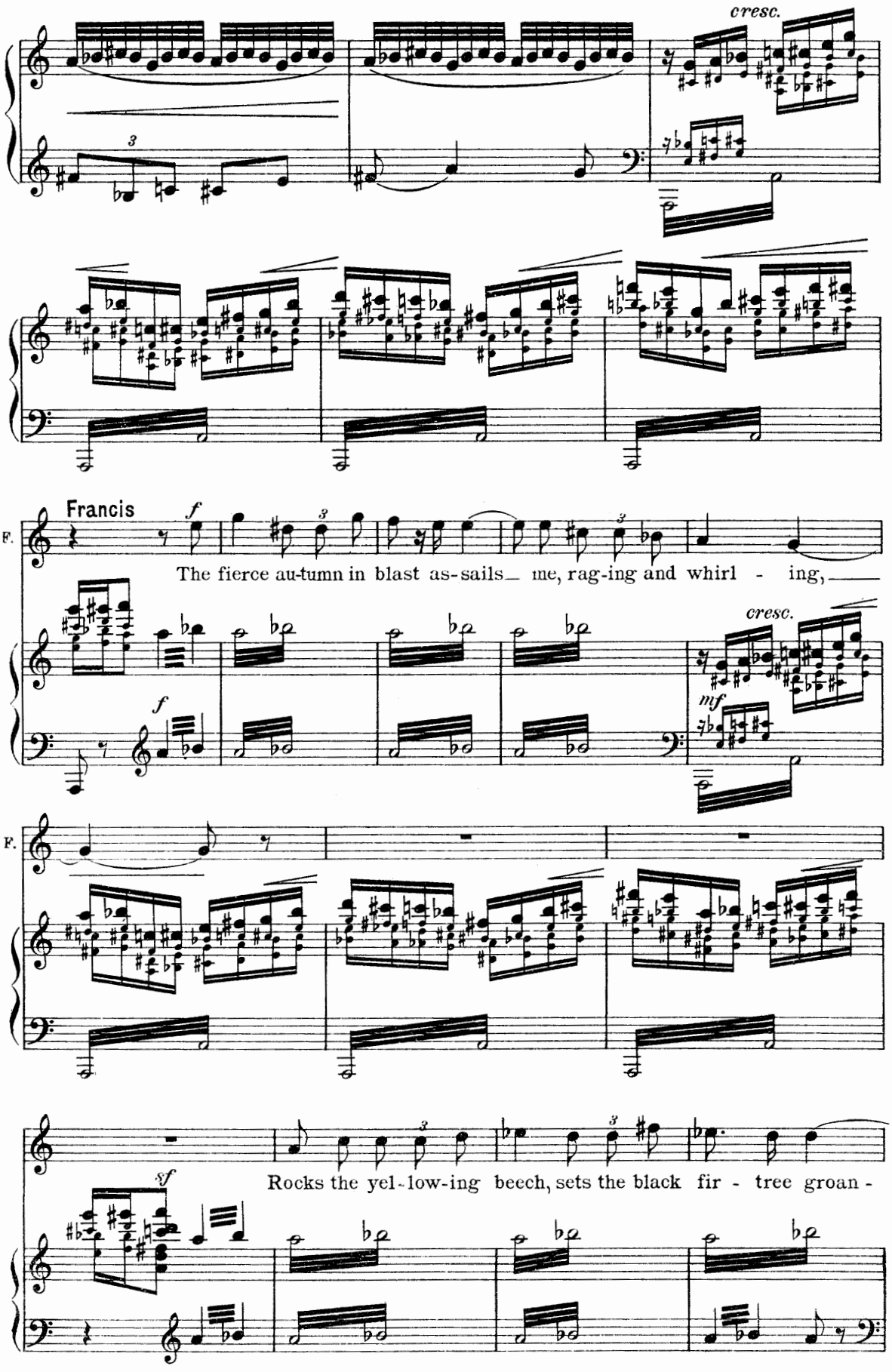

137
poch. animando
p subito cresc.
a tempo
ff
poco rall.

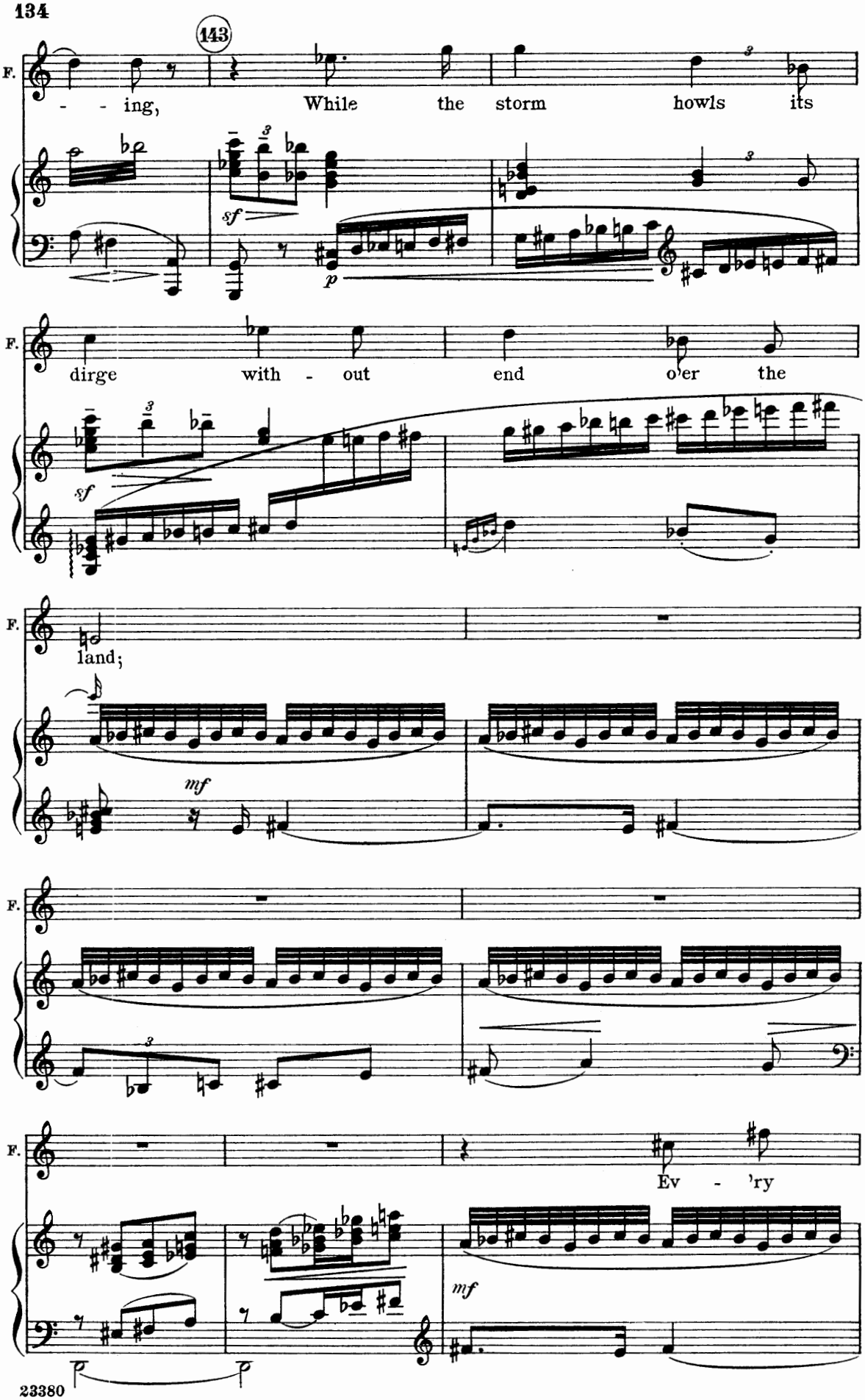

Largamente, ma quasi l'istesso (♩ = ♩)
138
fff
dim.
139
p
poco
poco sf
poco sf
Soprano
pp
Alto
pp
Tenor
pp
Bass
pp
pp

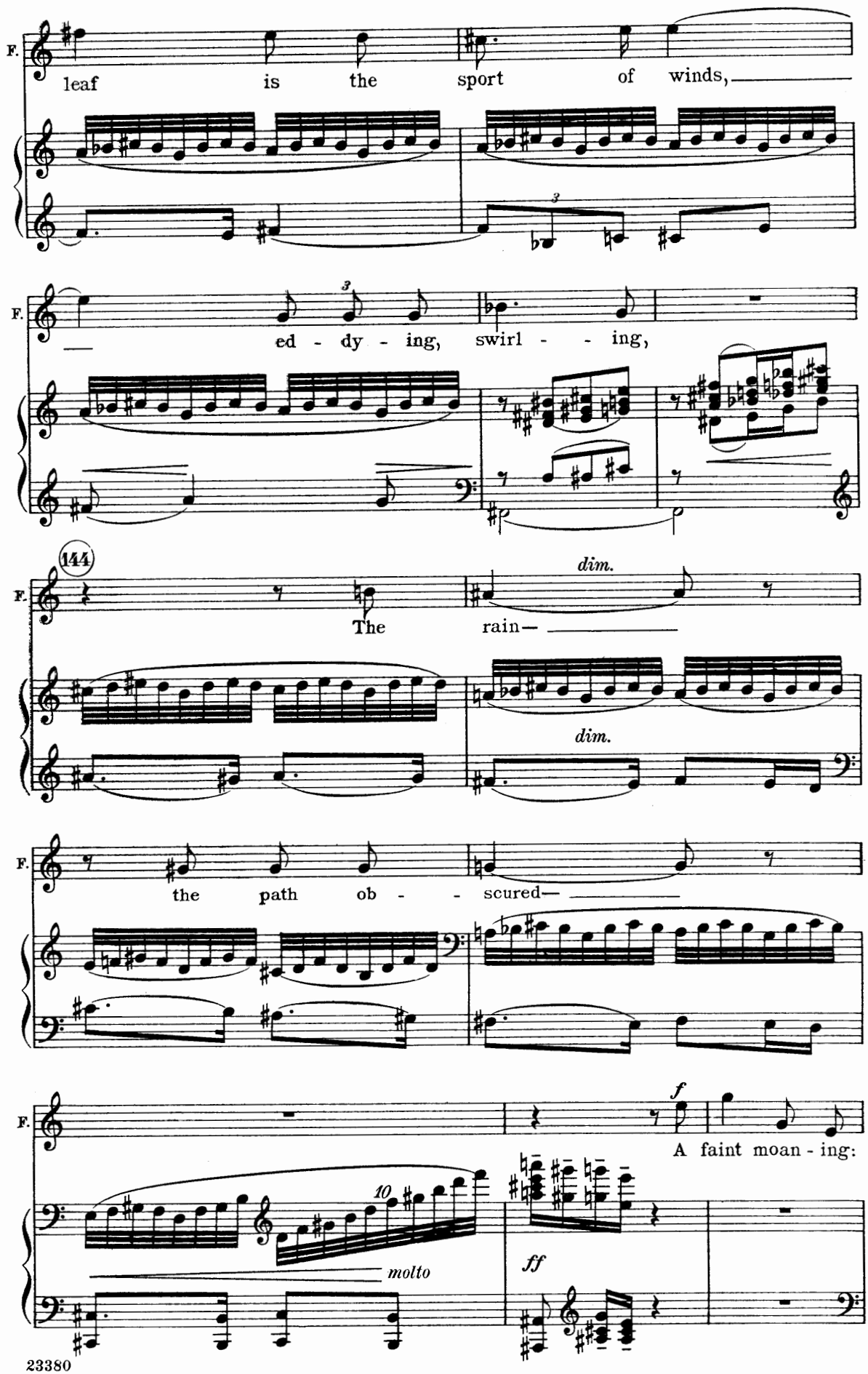

140 Il doppio più lento
♩= 𝅗𝅥 del precedente (♩= 50)
poco sf
sf
poco meno lento
140 Il doppio più lento
♩= 𝅗𝅥 del precedente (♩= 50)
poco meno lento
espress.

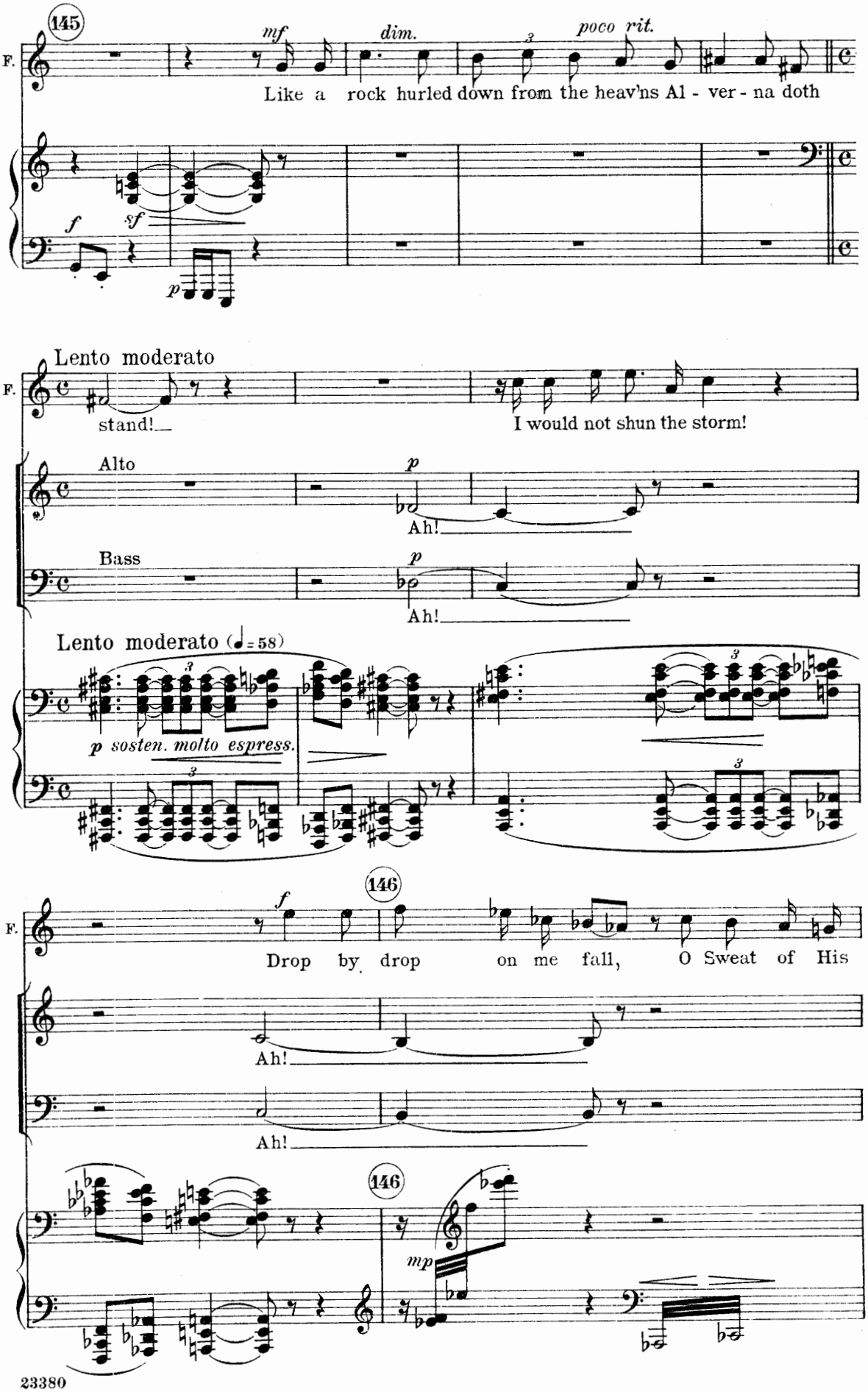

laissez aller le movement
(senza rigor di tempo)
espress.
espress.
141
141

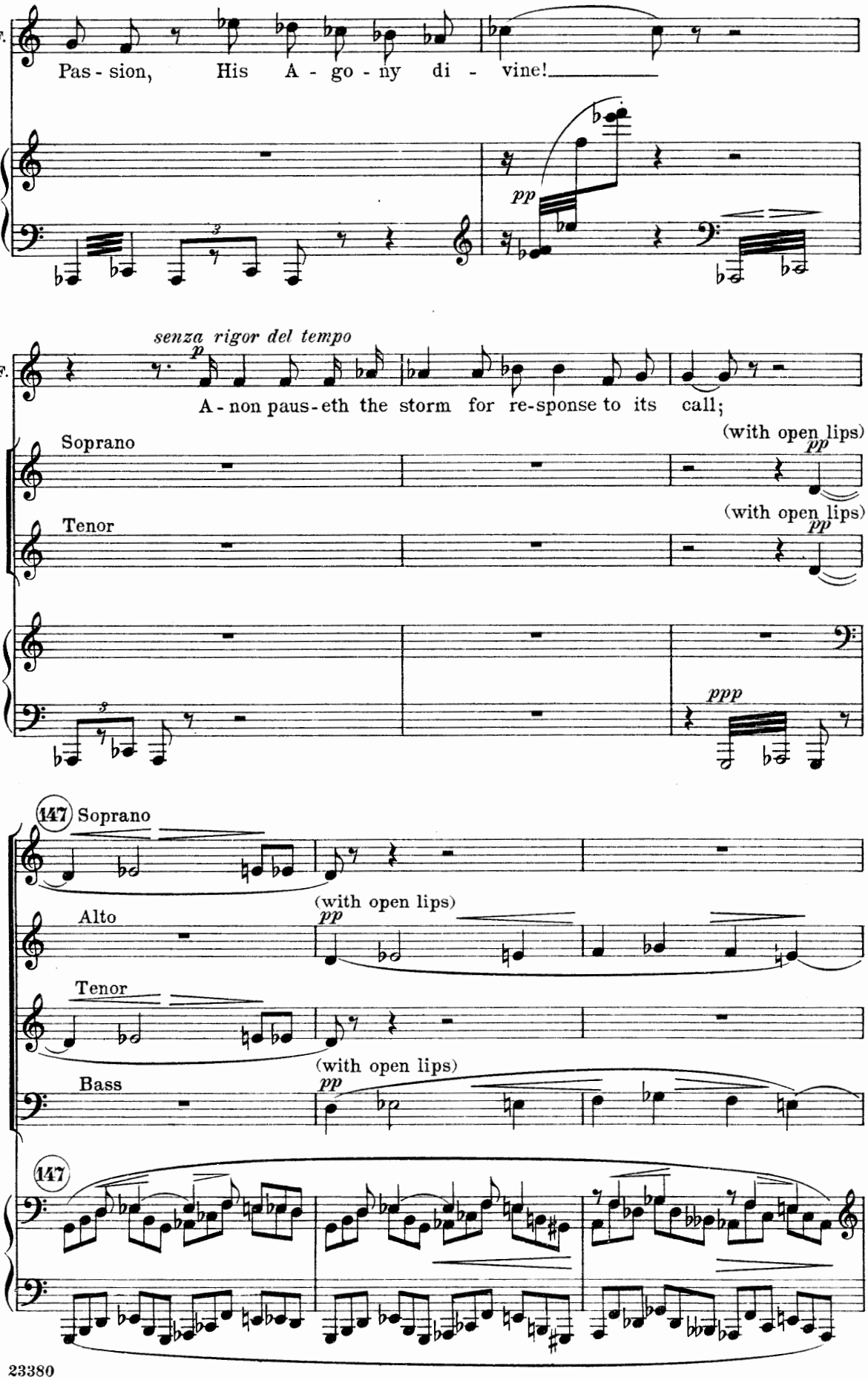

Con moto un poco (♩=100)
p
p
142
senza rigor di tempo
mf

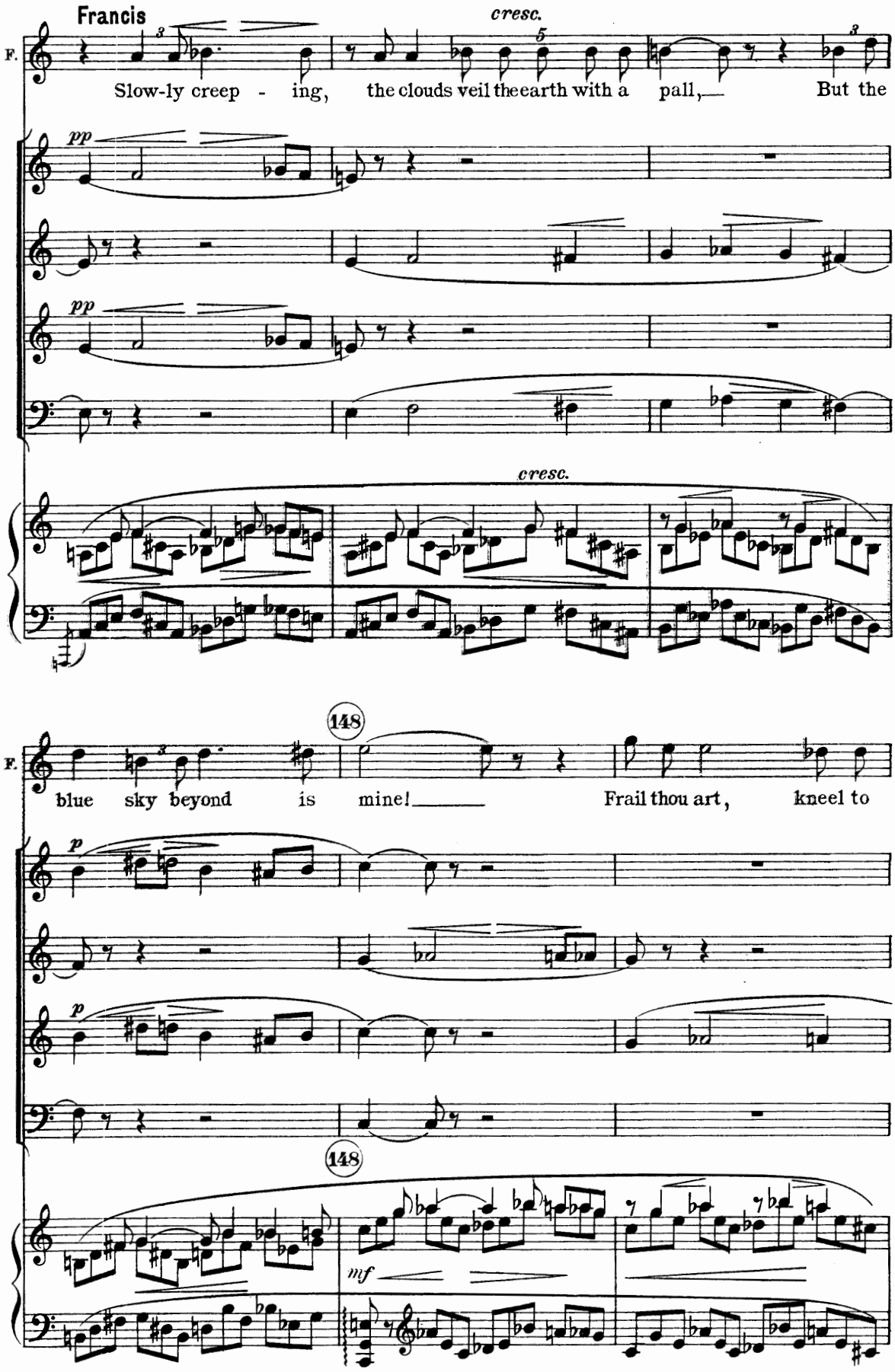

cresc.
Francis
f
F.
The fierce au-tumn in blast as-sails me, rag-ing and whirl - ing,
cresc.
mf
F.
sf
Rocks the yel-low-ing beech, sets the black fir - tree groan -

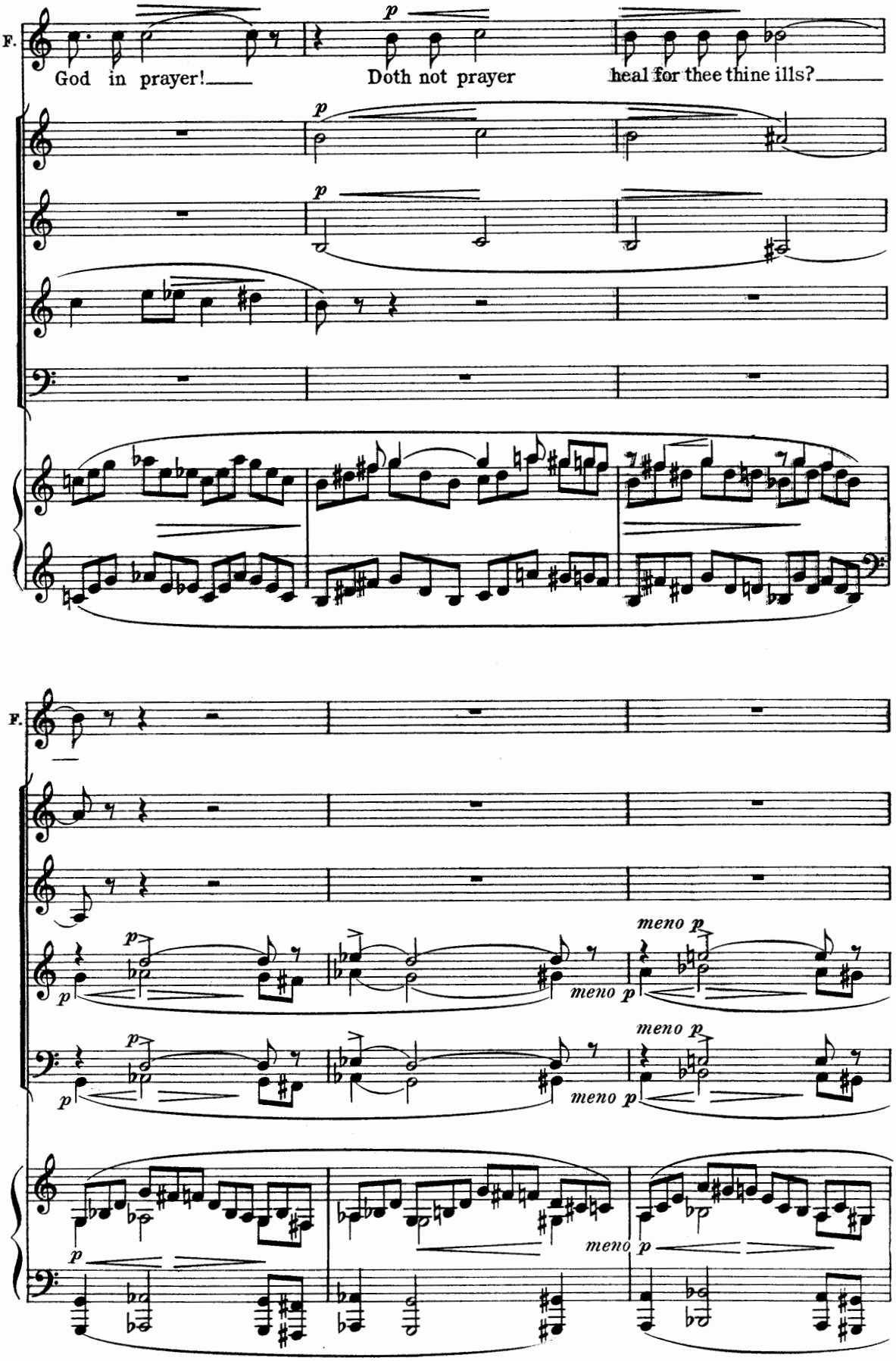

143
F.
- - ing,
While the storm howls its
sf
p
F.
dirge with - out end o'er the
sf
F.
land;
mf
F.
F.
Ev - 'ry
mf

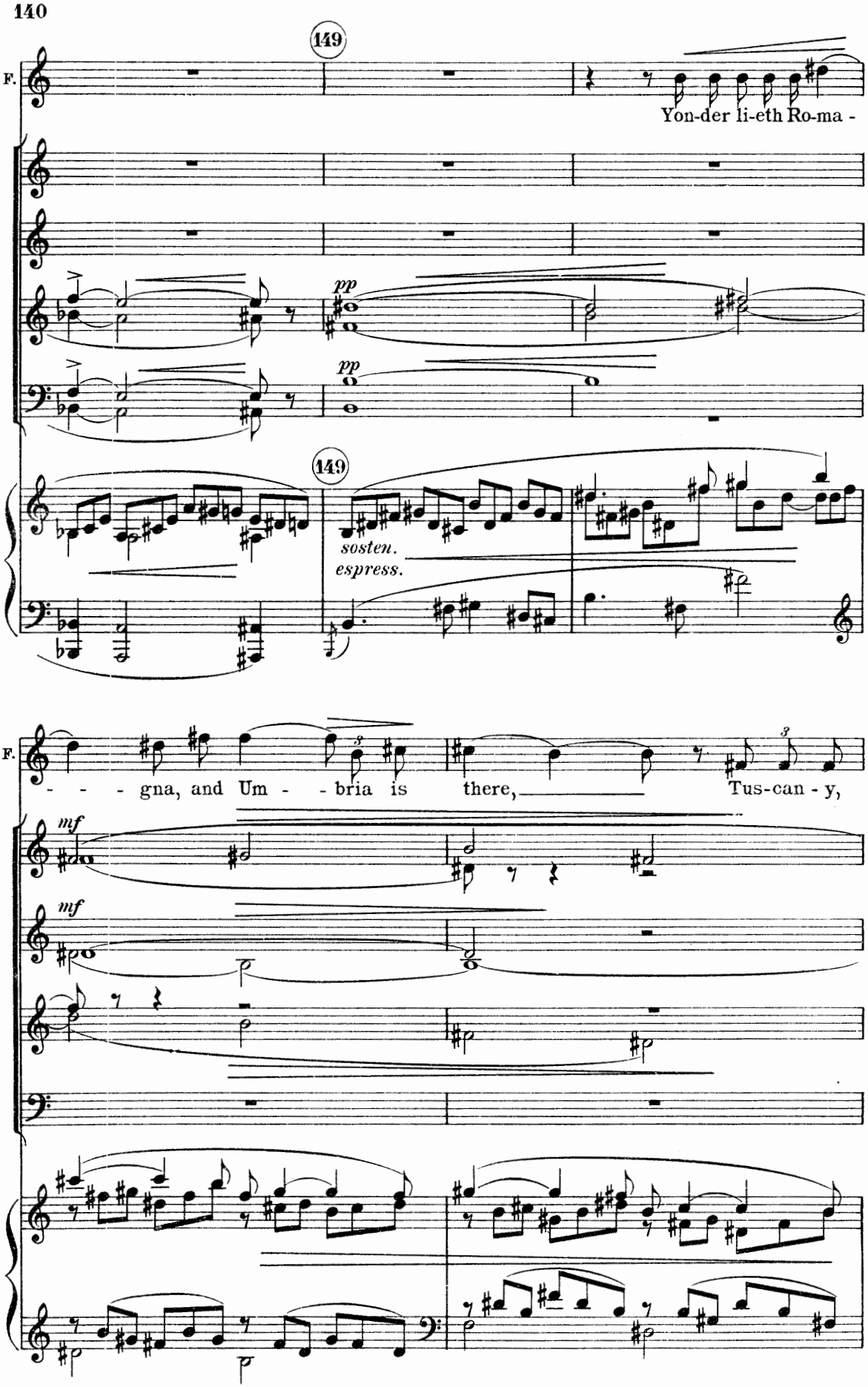

F.
leaf is the sport of winds,
3
F.
ed - dy - ing, swirl - - ing,
144
F.
The rain—
dim.
dim.
F.
the path ob - - scured—
F.
f
A faint moan - ing:
10
molto
ff

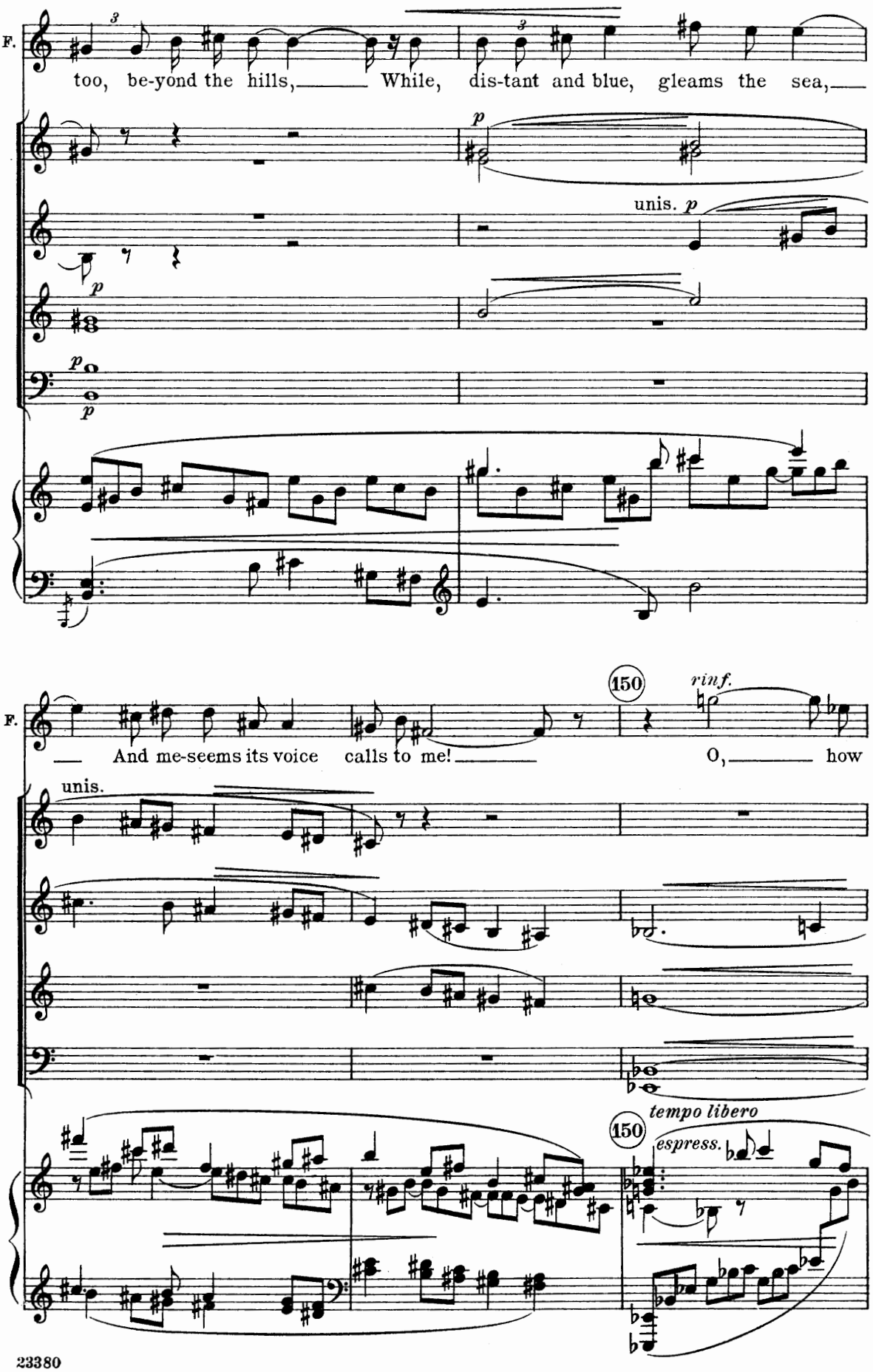

145
F.
mf
dim.
poco rit.
Like a rock hurled down from the heav'ns Al - ver - na doth
f
sf
p
Lento moderato
F.
stand!
I would not shun the storm!
Alto
p
Ah!
Bass
p
Ah!
Lento moderato (♩= 58)
p sosten. molto espress.
146
F.
f
Drop by drop on me fall, O Sweat of His
Ah!
Ah!
146
mp

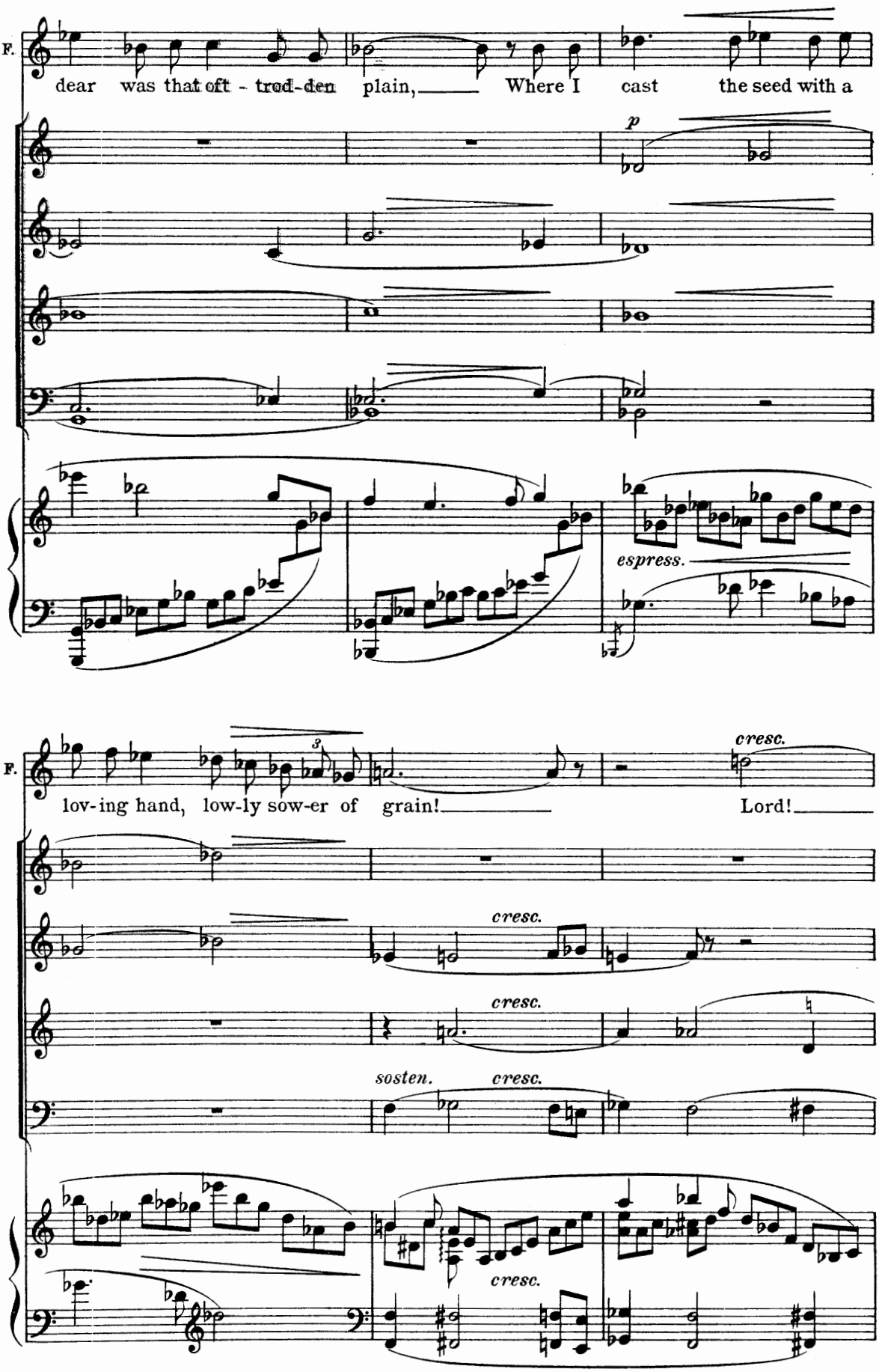

F.
Pas - sion, His A - go - ny di - vine!
pp
senza rigor del tempo
p
F.
A - non paus - eth the storm for re - sponse to its call;
Soprano
(with open lips)
pp
Tenor
(with open lips)
pp
ppp
147
Soprano
Alto
(with open lips)
pp
Tenor
Bass
(with open lips)
pp
147

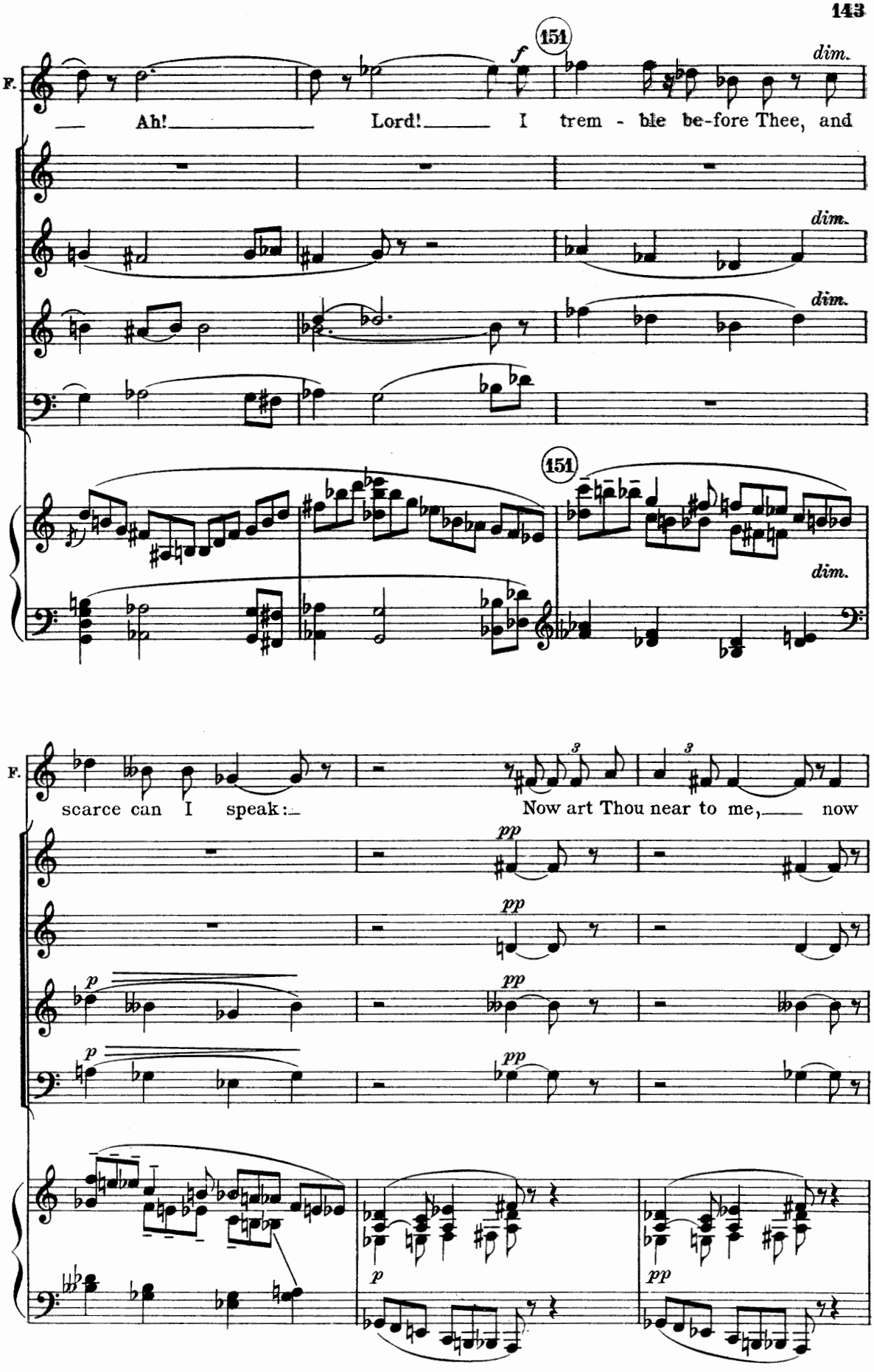

Francis
cresc.
F.
Slow-ly creep - ing, the clouds veil the earth with a pall,— But the
pp
pp
cresc.
148
F.
blue sky beyond is mine!— Frail thou art, kneel to
p
p
148
mf

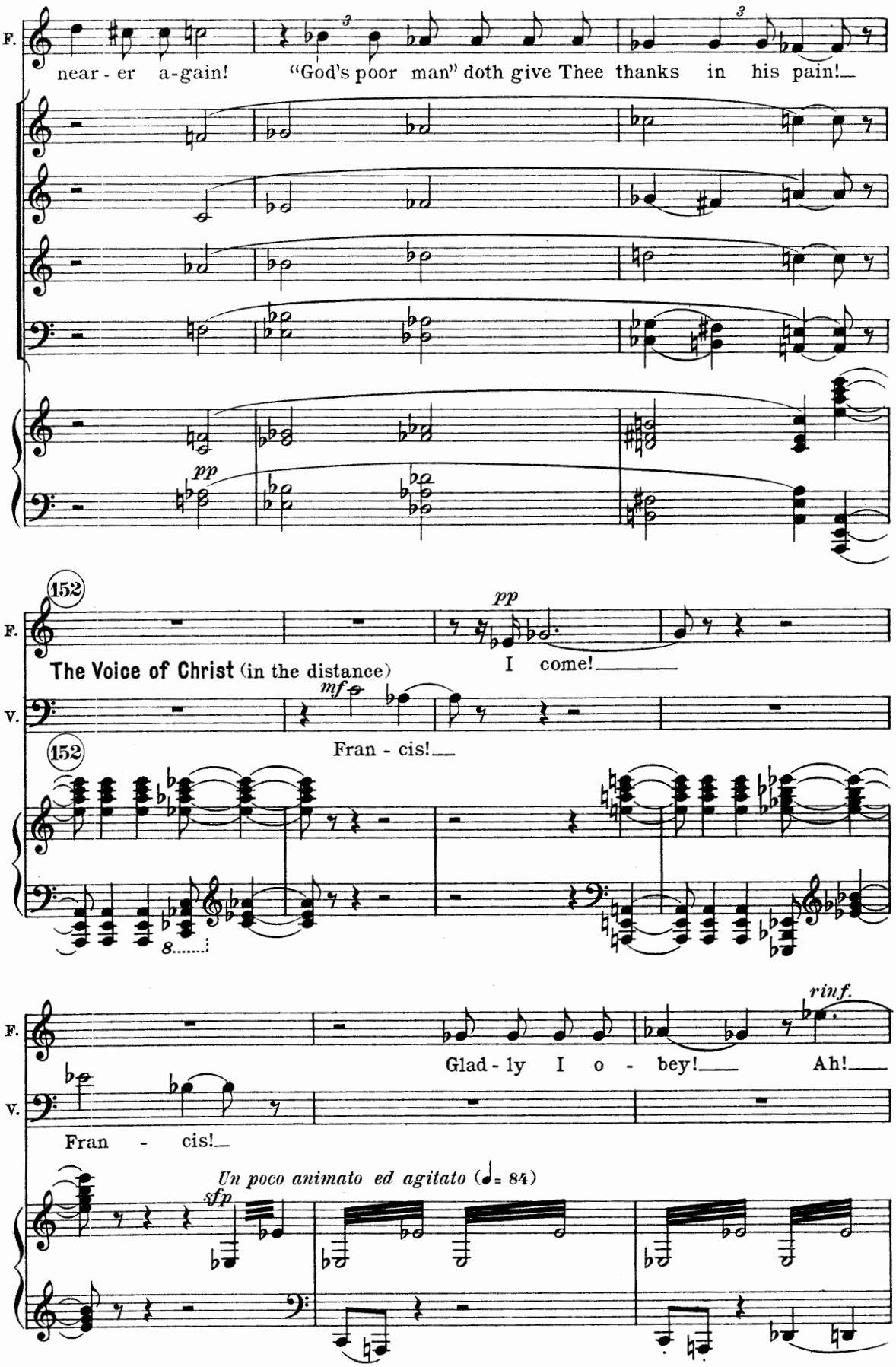

F.
God in prayer!
Doth not prayer
heal for thee thine ills?
p
F.
meno p
meno p
meno p
meno p
meno p

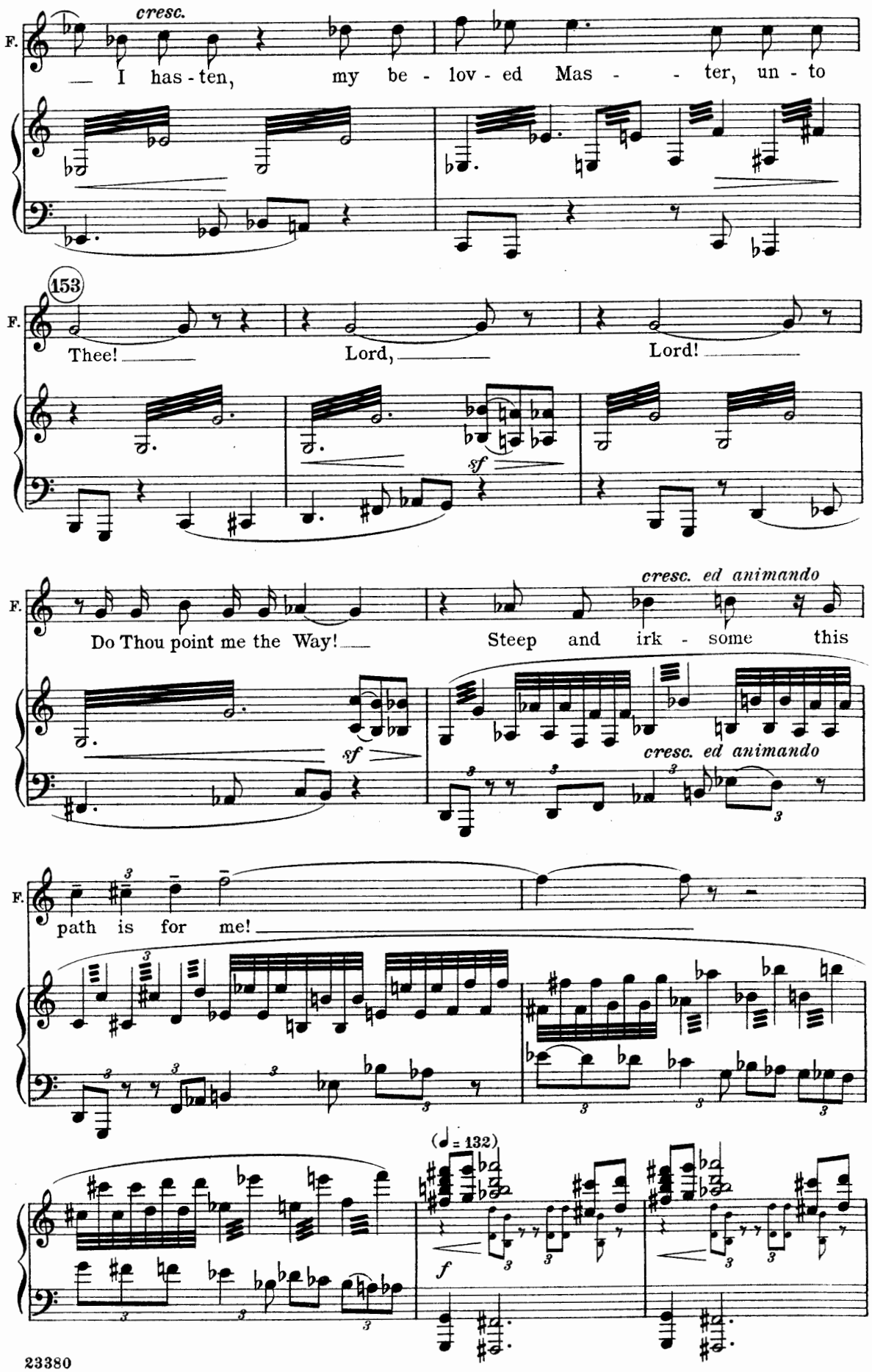

149
F.
Yon-der li-eth Ro-ma -
pp
pp
149
sosten.
espress.
F.
- - - gna, and Um - - bria is there, Tus-can - y,
mf
mf

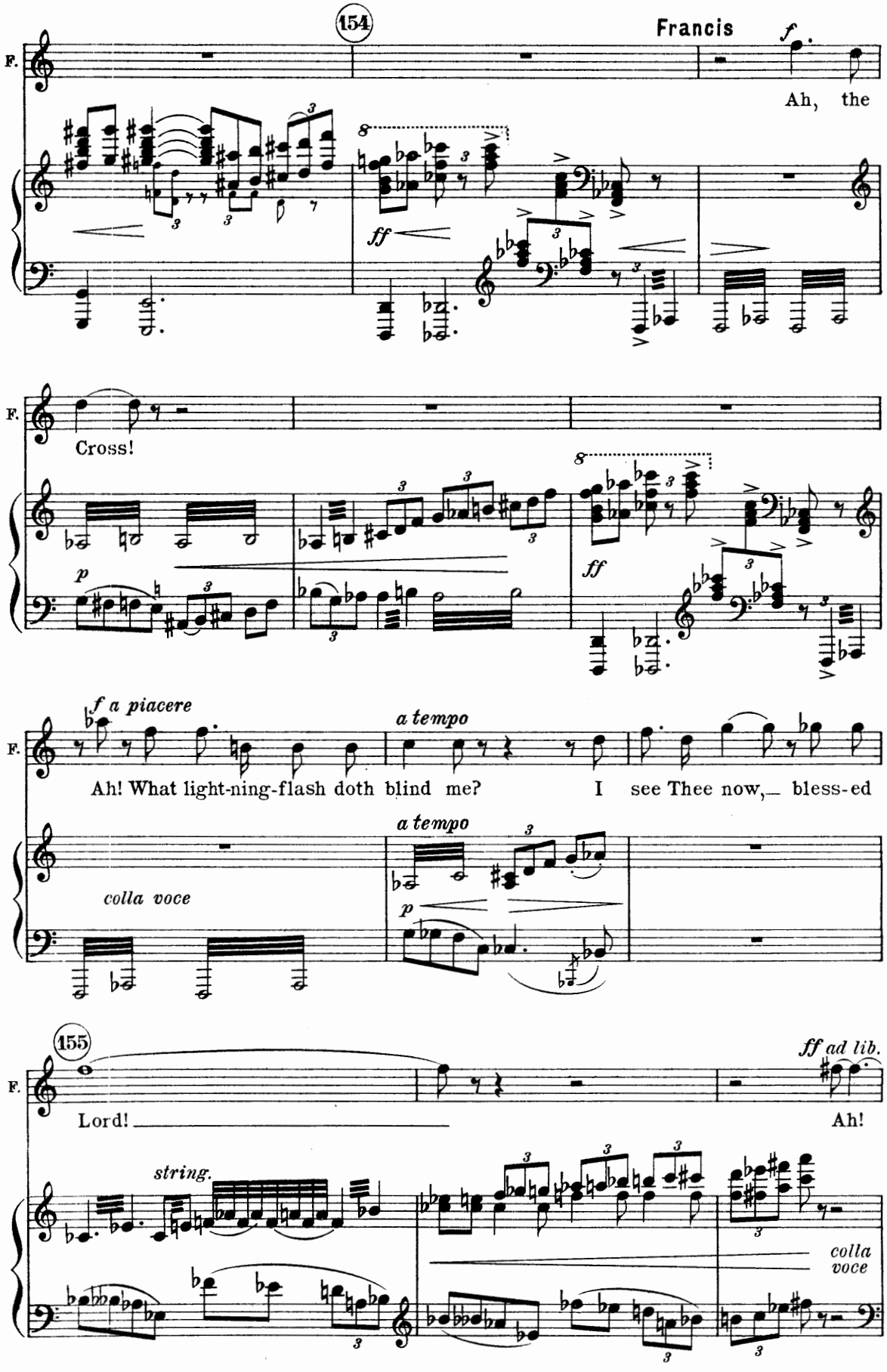

F.
too, be-yond the hills, While, dis-tant and blue, gleams the sea,
p
unis. p
p
p
p
F.
And me-seems its voice calls to me! O, how
150
rinf.
unis.
150
tempo libero
espress.

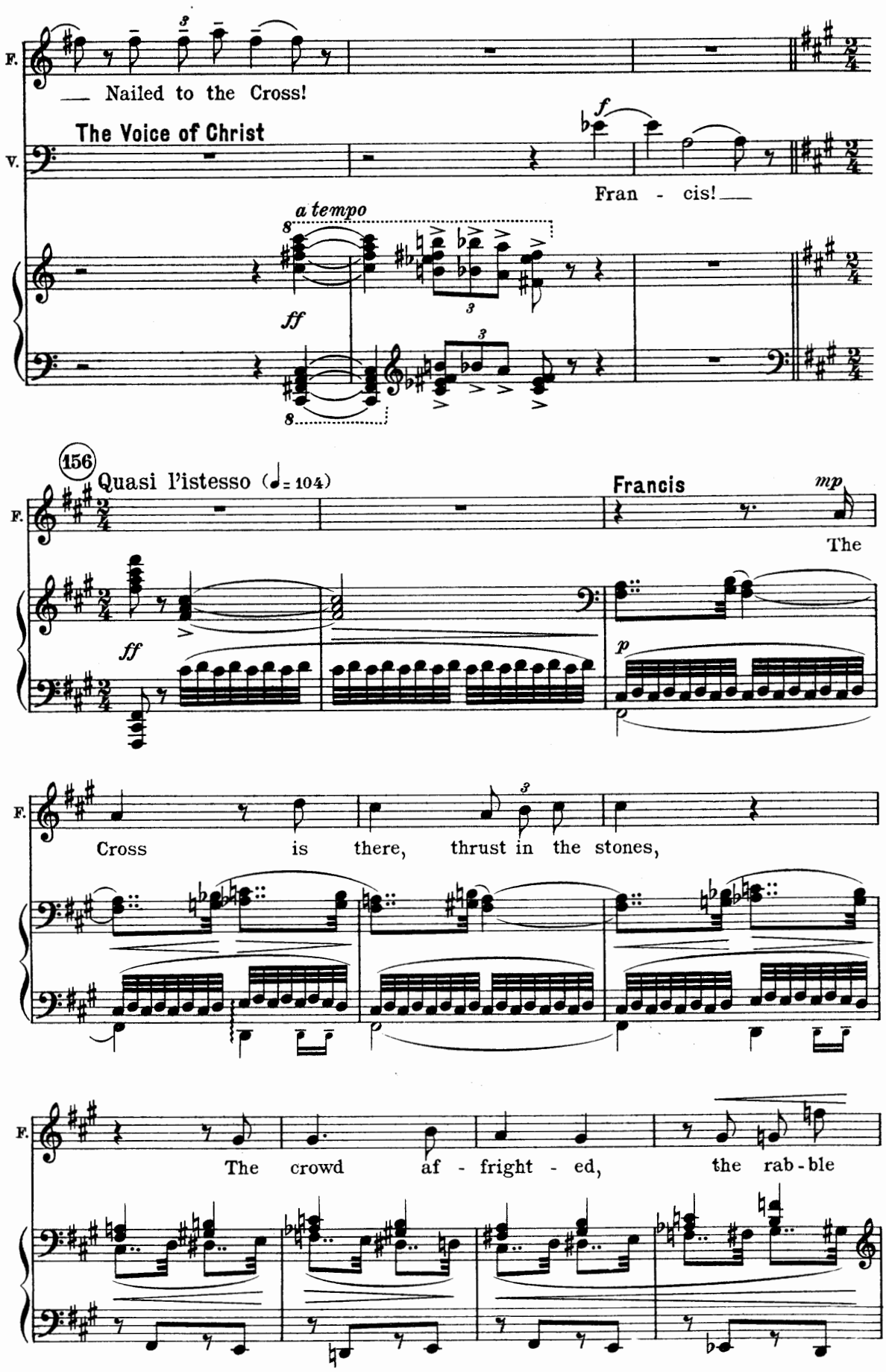

F.
dear was that oft - trod-den plain, Where I cast the seed with a
p
espress.
F.
lov-ing hand, low-ly sow-er of grain! Lord!
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
sosten.
cresc.
cresc.

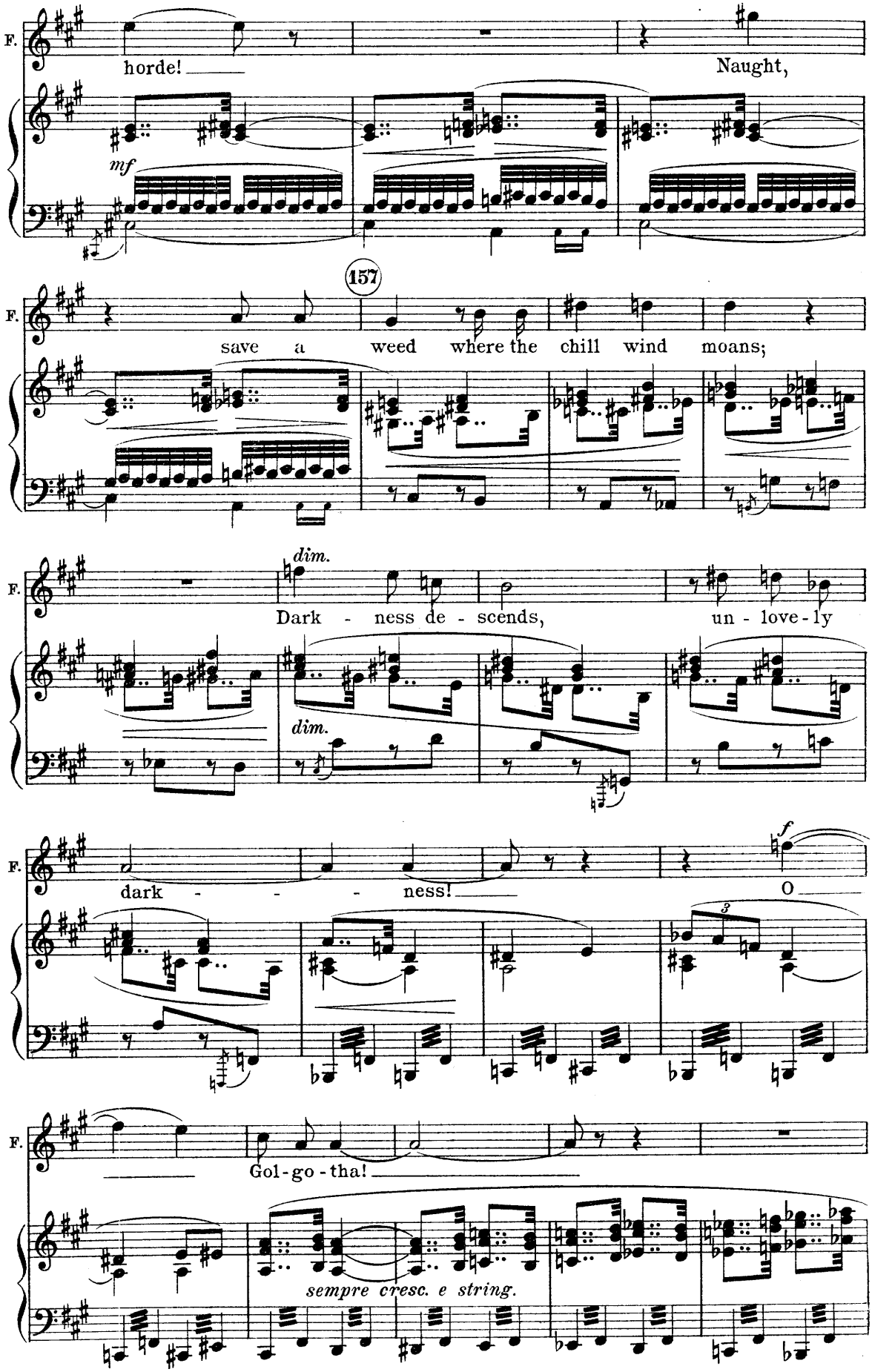

151
f
dim.
F.
Ah! Lord! I trem - ble be-fore Thee, and
151
dim.
F.
scarce can I speak: Now art Thou near to me, now
pp
p

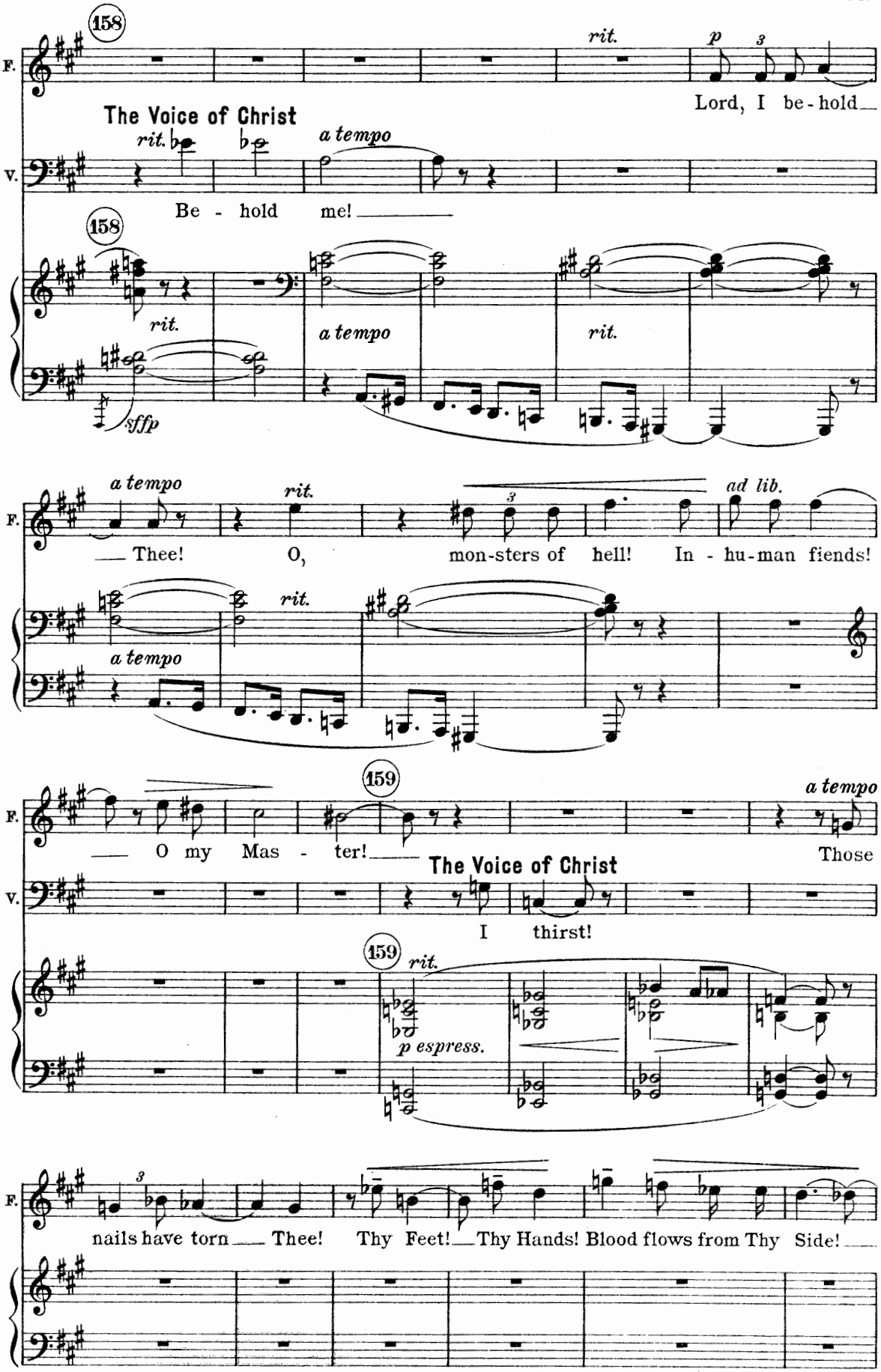

F.
near - er a-gain!
"God's poor man" doth give Thee thanks in his pain!
pp
152
F.
The Voice of Christ (in the distance)
pp
I come!
V.
mf
Fran - cis!
152
F.
rinf.
Glad - ly I o - bey!
Ah!
V.
Fran - cis!
Un poco animato ed agitato (♩= 84)
sfp

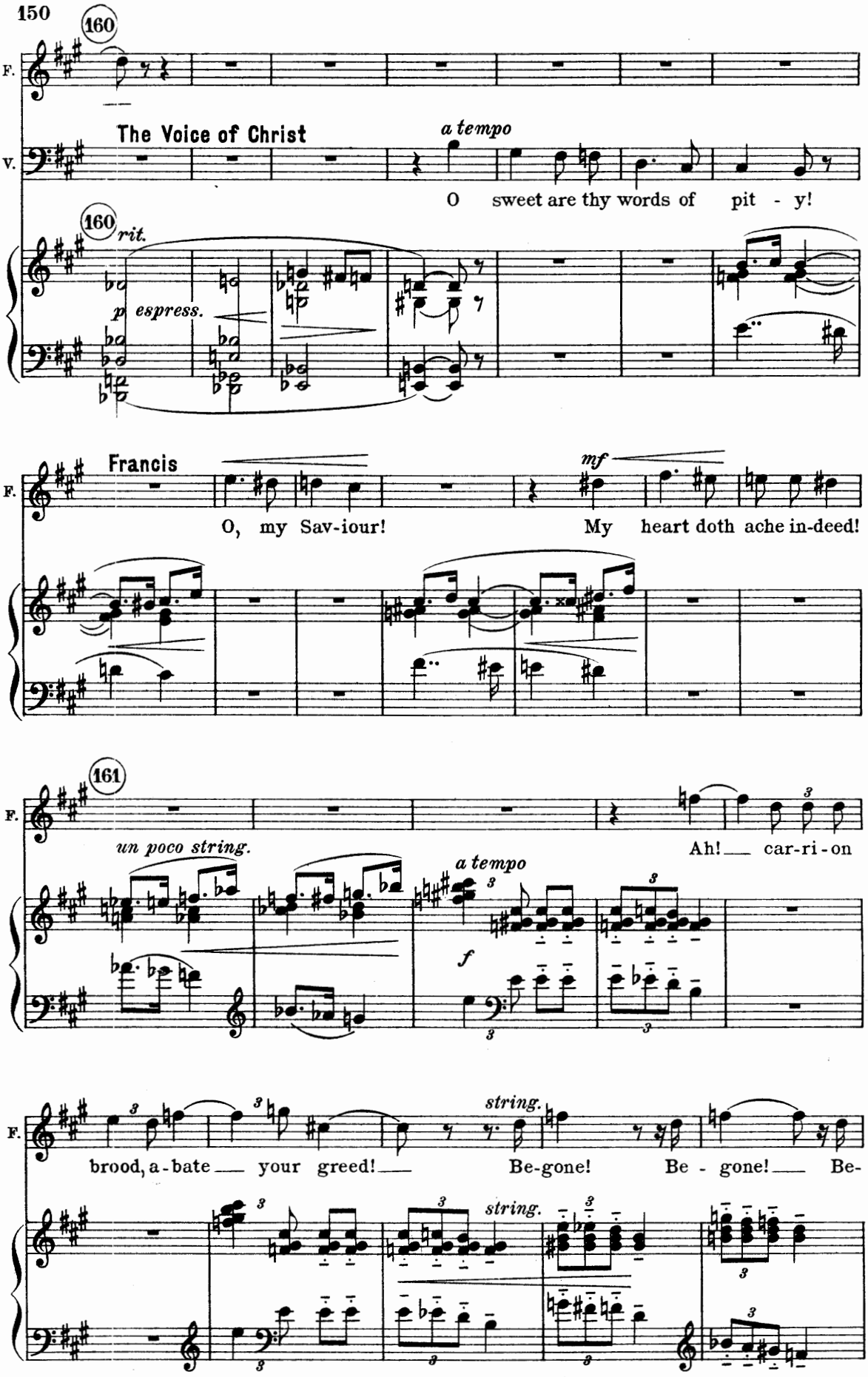

F.
cresc.
— I has - ten, my be - lov - ed Mas - - ter, un - to
153
F.
Thee! Lord, Lord!
sf
F.
cresc. ed animando
Do Thou point me the Way! Steep and irk - some this
sf
cresc. ed animando
F.
path is for me!
(♩ = 132)
f

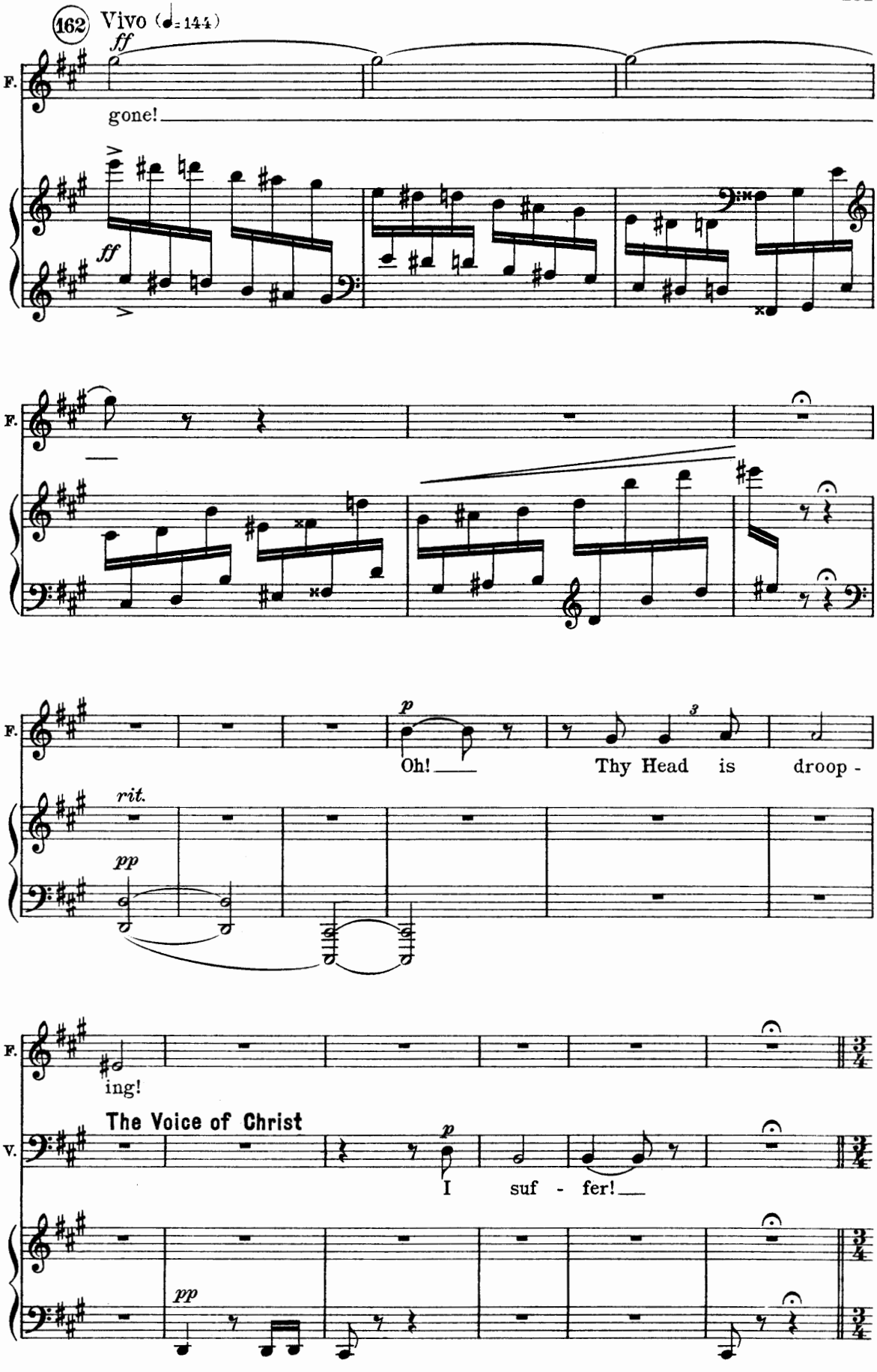

154
Francis
F.
f
Ah, the
ff
F.
Cross!
p
ff
f a piacere
a tempo
Ah! What light-ning-flash doth blind me?
I see Thee now,— bless-ed
a tempo
colla voce
p
155
ff ad lib.
Lord!
Ah!
string.
colla voce

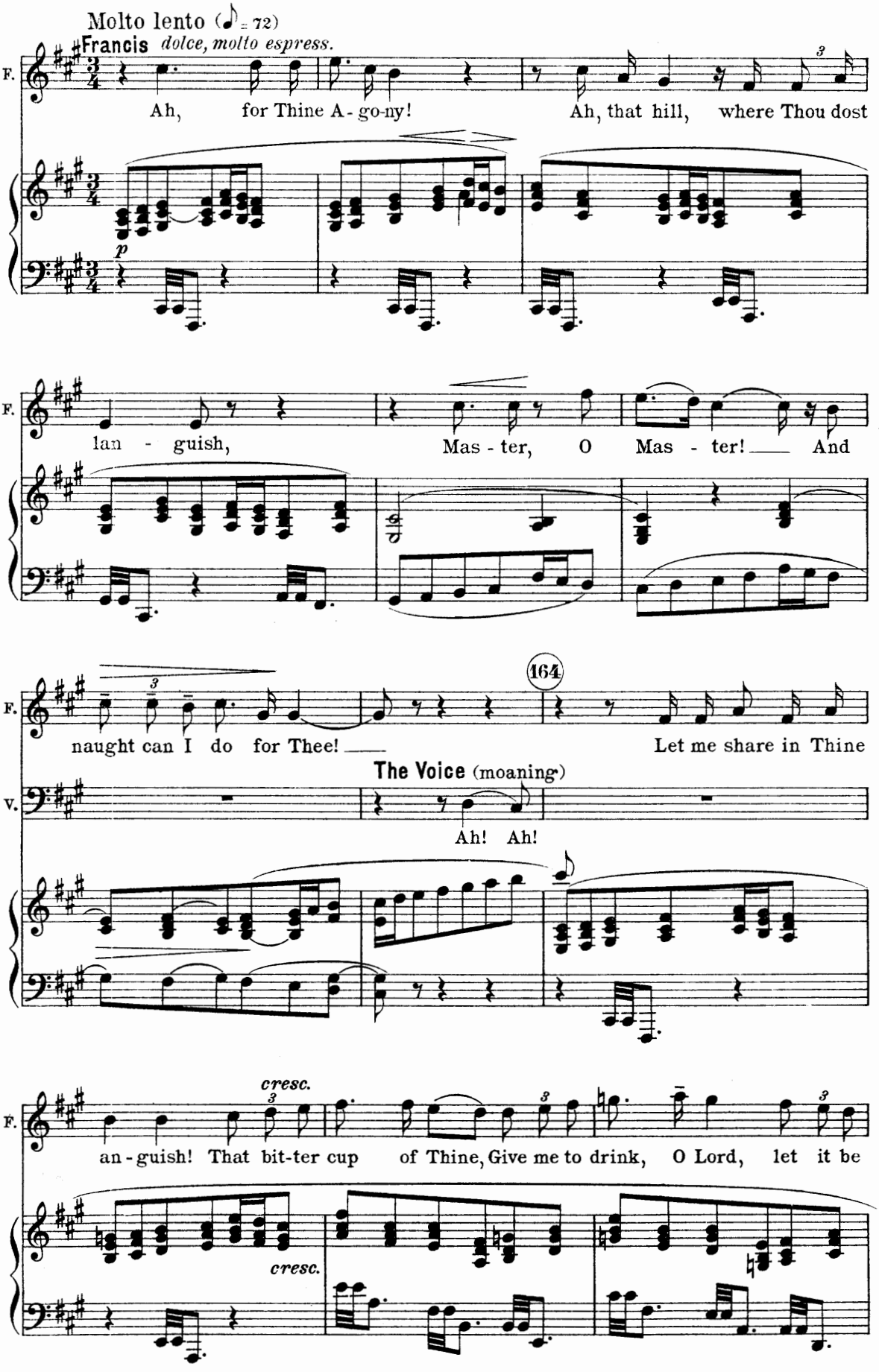

F.
Nailed to the Cross!
The Voice of Christ
V.
Fran - cis!
a tempo
ff
156
Quasi l'istesso (♩= 104)
Francis
mp
The
p
Cross is there, thrust in the stones,
The crowd af - fright - ed, the rab - ble

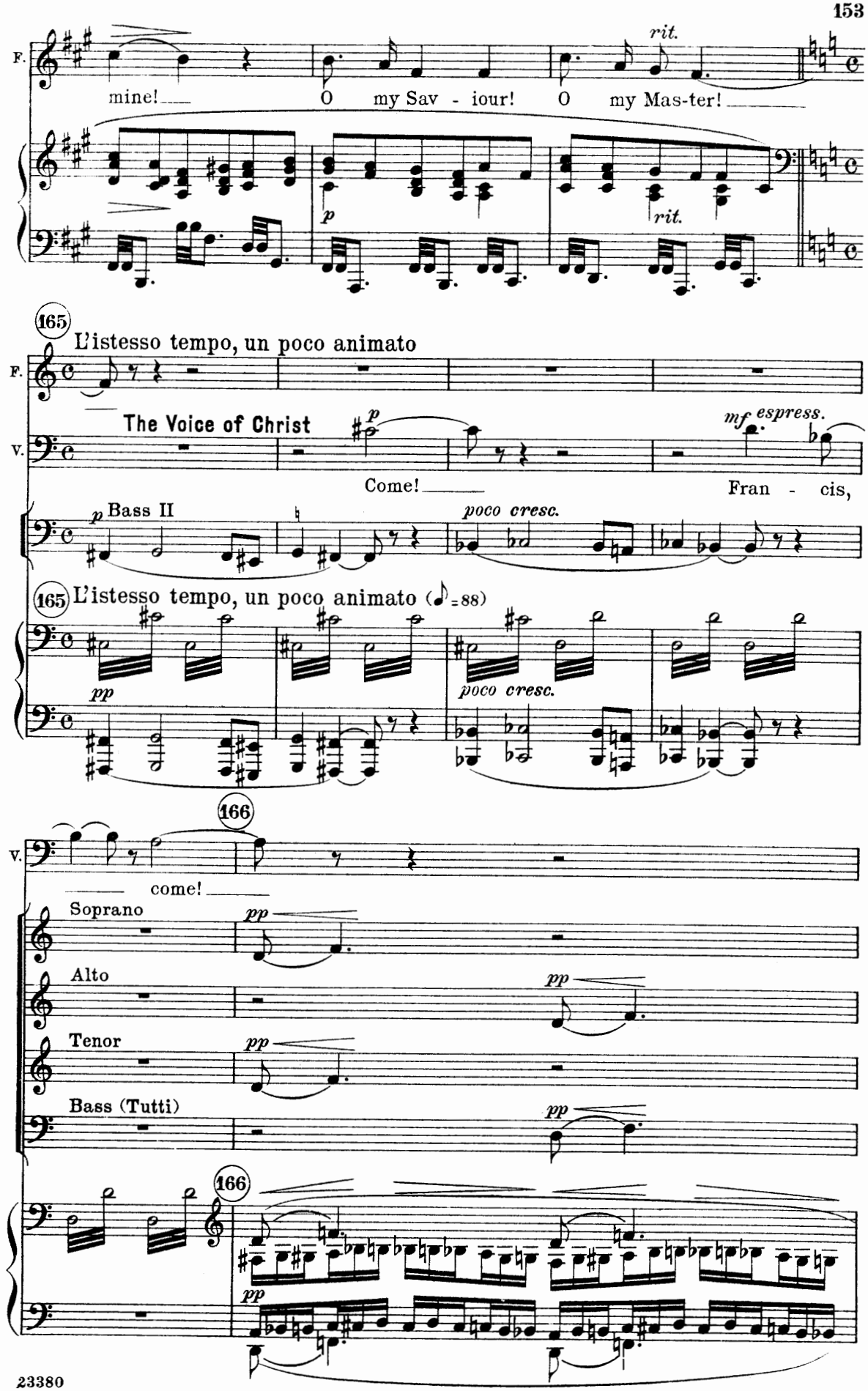

F.
horde!
Naught,
mf
157
F.
save a weed where the chill wind moans;
F.
dim.
Dark - ness de - scends,
un - love - ly
dim.
F.
dark - - - ness!
O
f
F.
Gol - go - tha!
sempre cresc. e string.

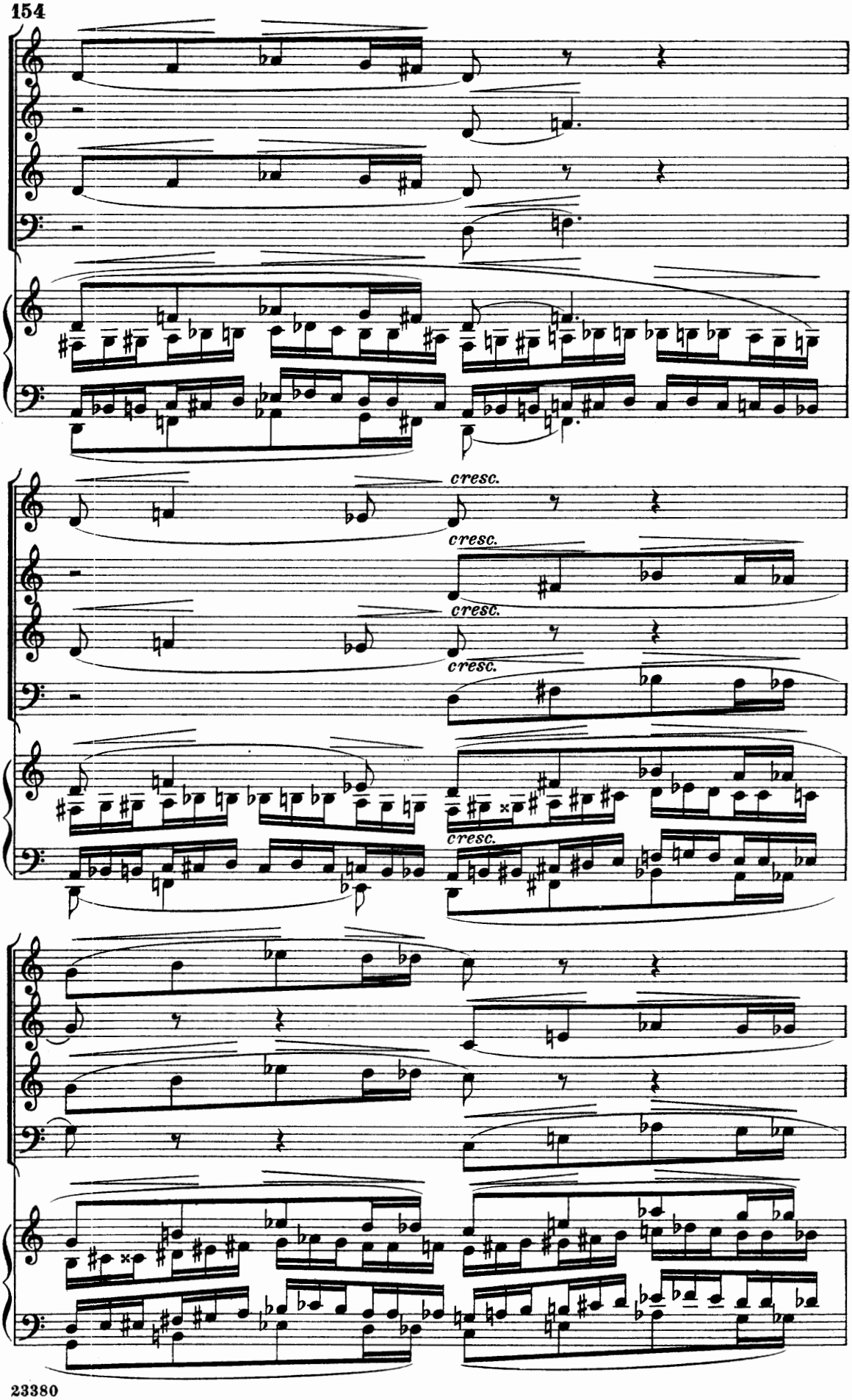

158
F.
rit.
p
3
Lord, I be-hold
The Voice of Christ
rit.
a tempo
V.
Be - hold me!
158
rit.
sffp
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
rit.
ad lib.
F.
Thee! O, mon-sters of hell! In - hu-man fiends!
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
159
a tempo
F.
O my Mas - ter!
The Voice of Christ
Those
V.
I thirst!
159
rit.
p espress.
F.
nails have torn Thee! Thy Feet! Thy Hands! Blood flows from Thy Side!

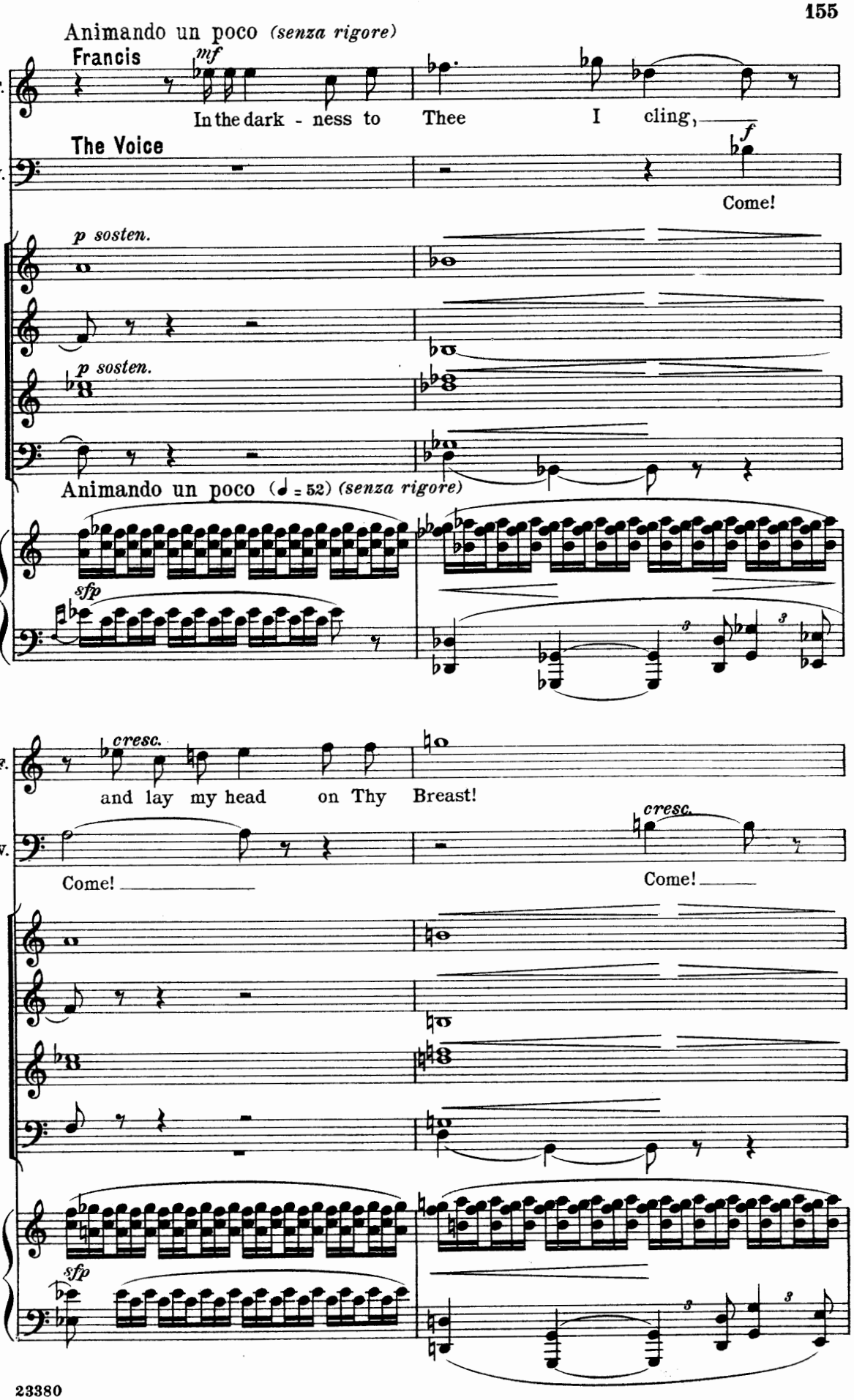

160
F.
The Voice of Christ
a tempo
V.
O sweet are thy words of pit - y!
160
rit.
p espress.
Francis
mf
O, my Sav-iour! My heart doth ache in-deed!
161
un poco string.
Ah! car-ri-on
a tempo
f
string.
brood, a-bate your greed! Be-gone! Be - gone! Be-
string.

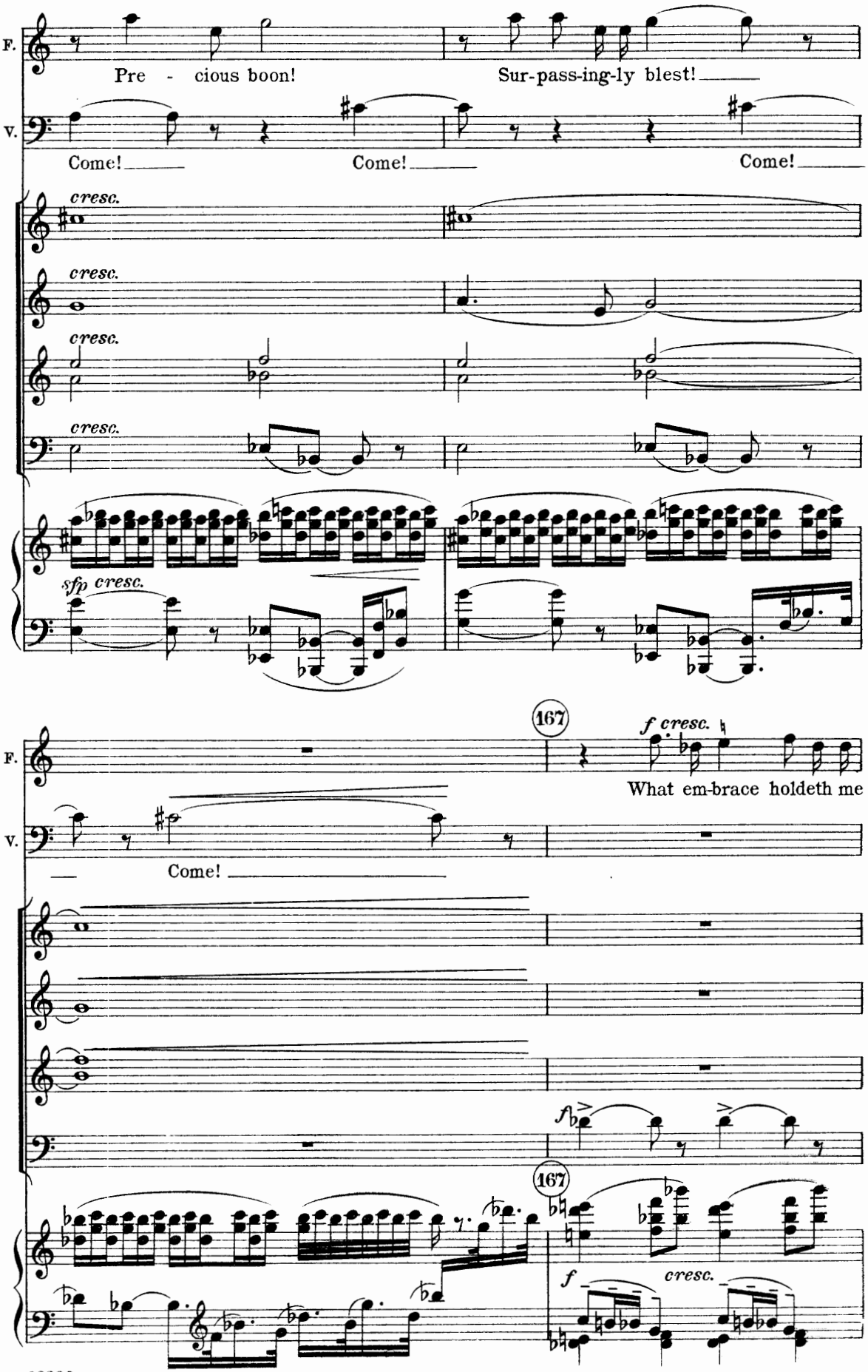

162 Vivo (♩=144)
ff
F.
gone!
ff
F.
F.
p
Oh!
Thy Head is droop -
rit.
pp
F.
ing!
The Voice of Christ
V.
p
I suf - fer!
pp

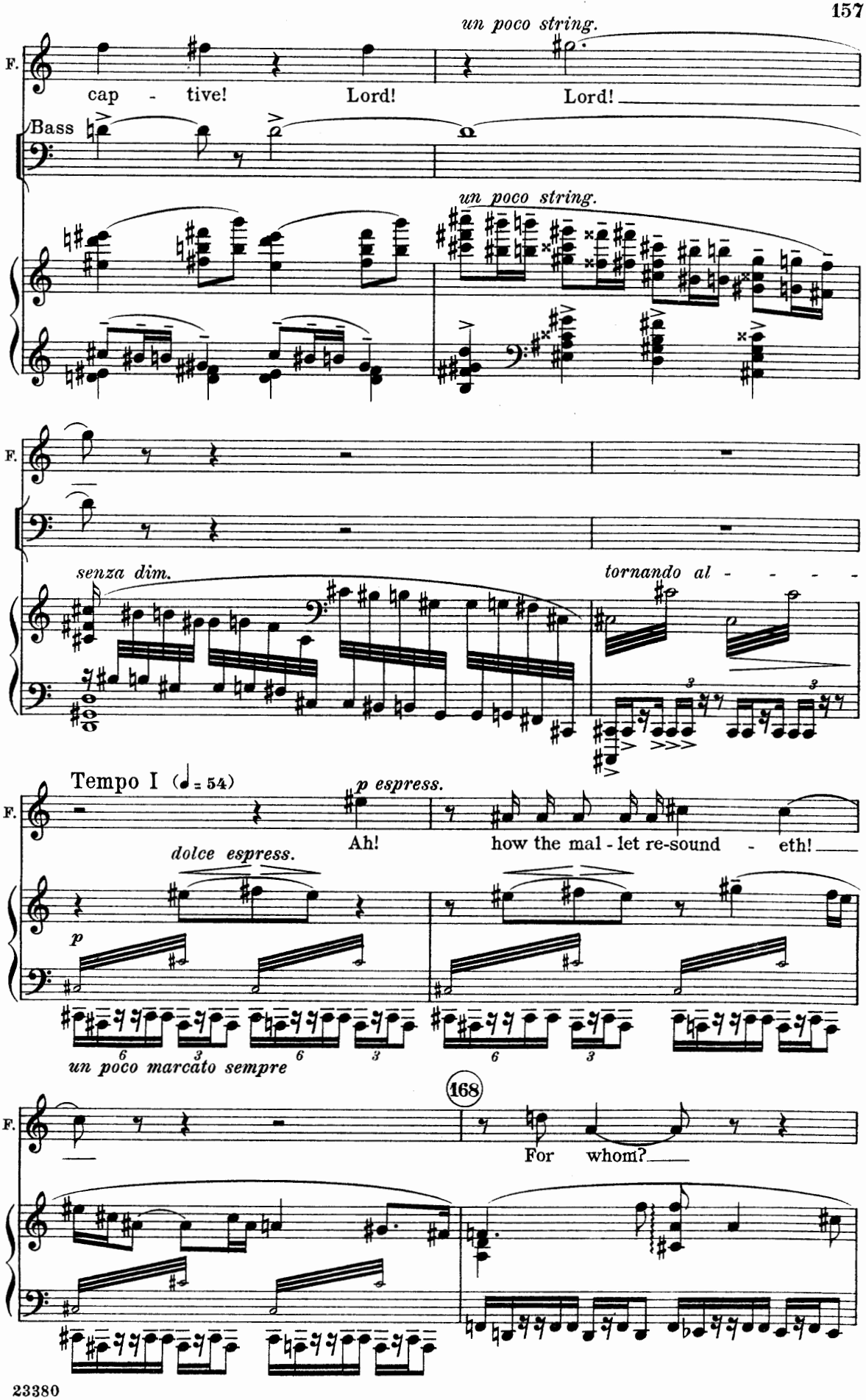

Molto lento (♪ = 72)
Francis
dolce, molto espress.
F.
Ah, for Thine A - go-ny! Ah, that hill, where Thou dost
p
lan - guish, Mas - ter, O Mas - ter! And
naught can I do for Thee! Let me share in Thine
164
The Voice (moaning)
V.
Ah! Ah!
cresc.
an - guish! That bit-ter cup of Thine, Give me to drink, O Lord, let it be
cresc.

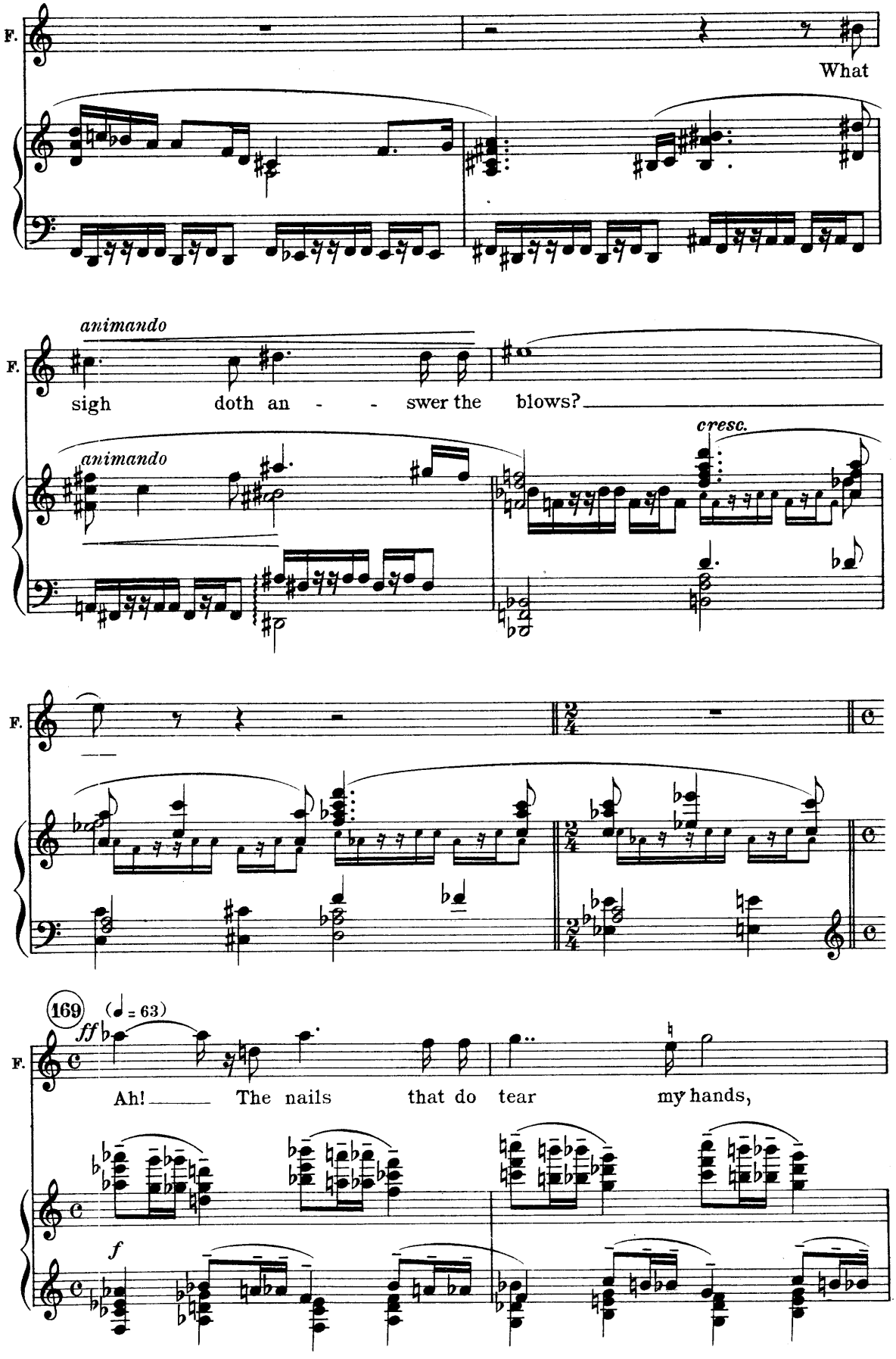

F.
mine!
O my Sav - iour!
O my Mas-ter!
rit.
p
rit.
165
L'istesso tempo, un poco animato
F.
The Voice of Christ
p
mf espress.
V.
Come!
Fran - cis,
p Bass II
poco cresc.
165 L'istesso tempo, un poco animato (♪=88)
pp
poco cresc.
166
V.
come!
Soprano
pp
Alto
pp
Tenor
pp
Bass (Tutti)
pp
166
pp

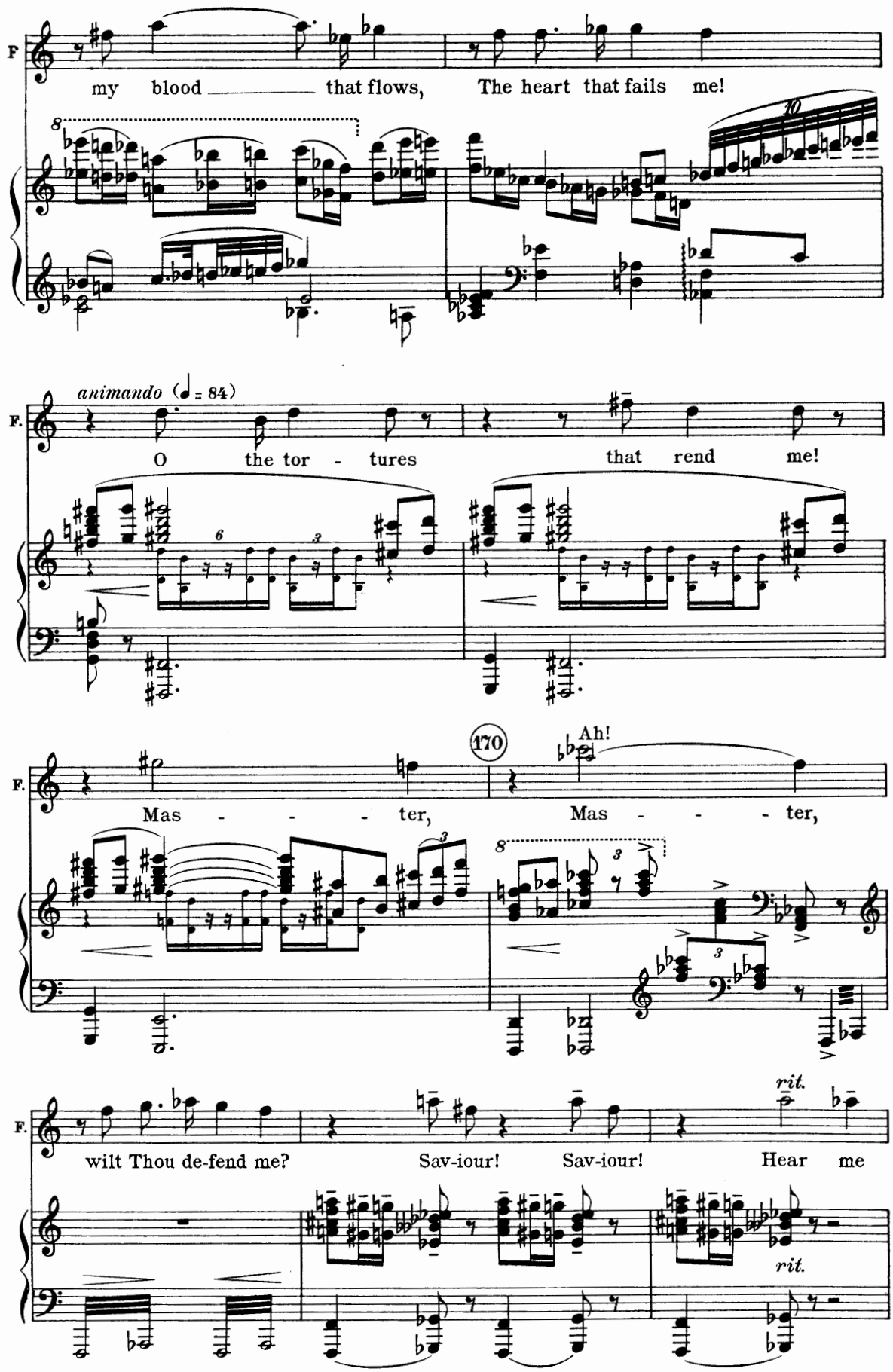

cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.

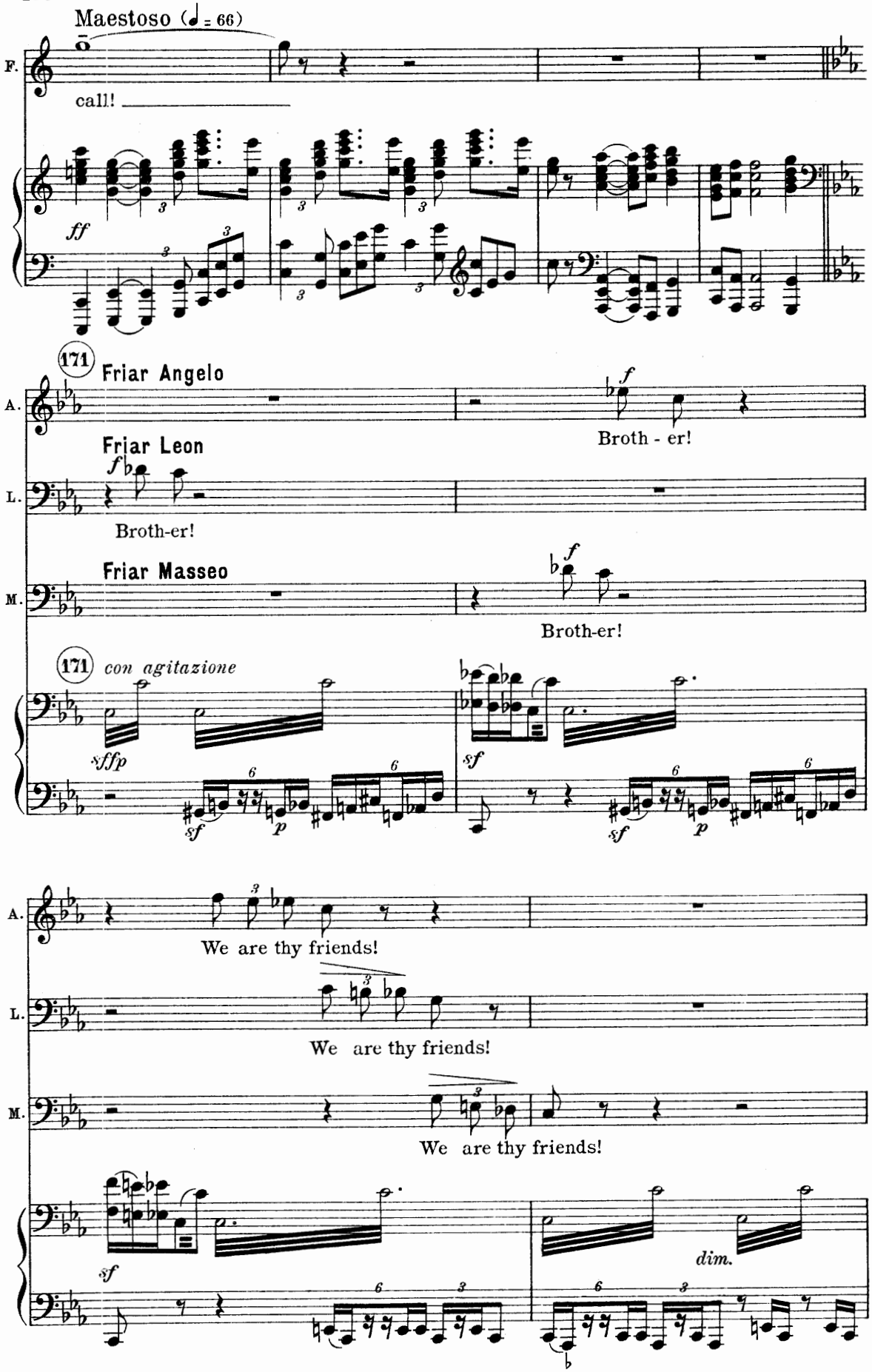

Animando un poco (senza rigore)
Francis
mf
F.
In the dark - ness to Thee I cling,
The Voice
f
V.
Come!
p sosten.
p sosten.
Animando un poco (♩ = 52) (senza rigore)
sfp
cresc.
F.
and lay my head on Thy Breast!
V.
Come!
cresc.
Come!
sfp

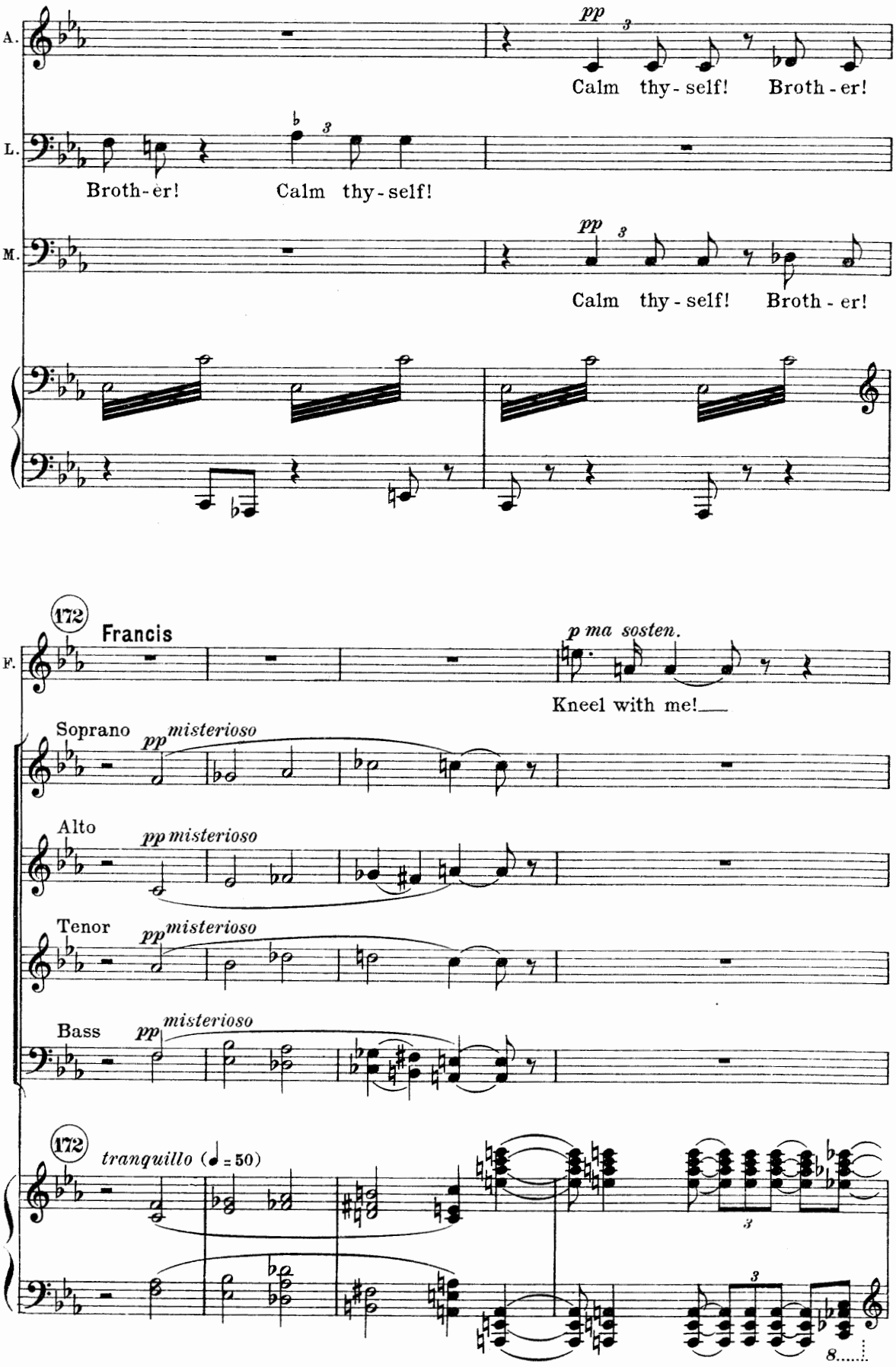

F.
Pre - cious boon!
Sur-pass-ing-ly blest!
V.
Come!
Come!
Come!
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
sfp cresc.
167
f cresc.
What em-brace holdeth me
V.
Come!
f
167
f
cresc.

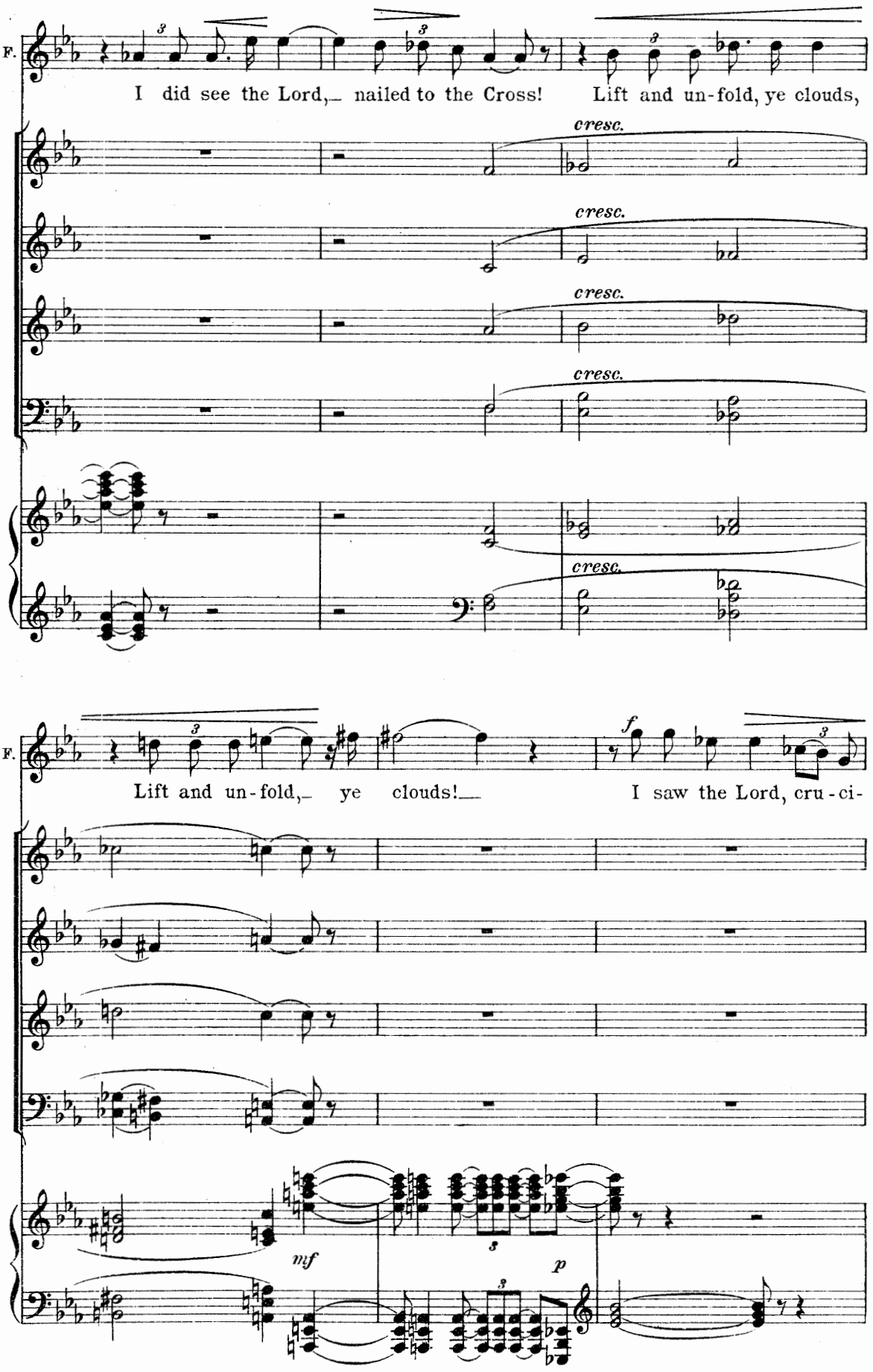

un poco string.
F.
cap - tive! Lord! Lord!
Bass
un poco string.
F.
senza dim.
tornando al - - - -
Tempo I (♩= 54)
p espress.
F.
Ah! how the mal - let re-sound - eth!
dolce espress.
p
un poco marcato sempre
168
F.
For whom?

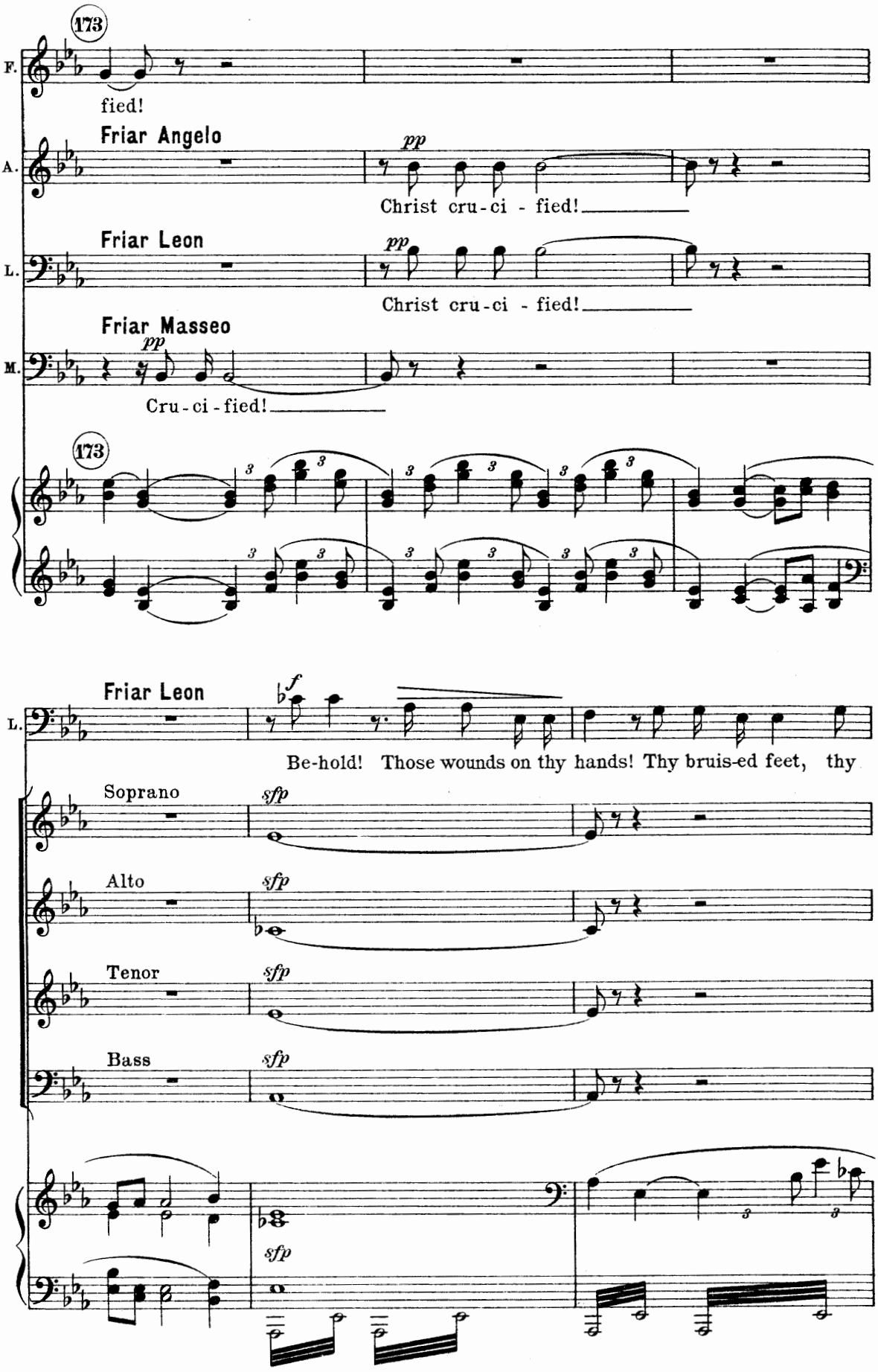

F.
What
animando
F.
sigh doth an - - swer the blows?
animando
cresc.
F.
169
(♩ = 63)
ff
F.
Ah! The nails that do tear my hands,
f

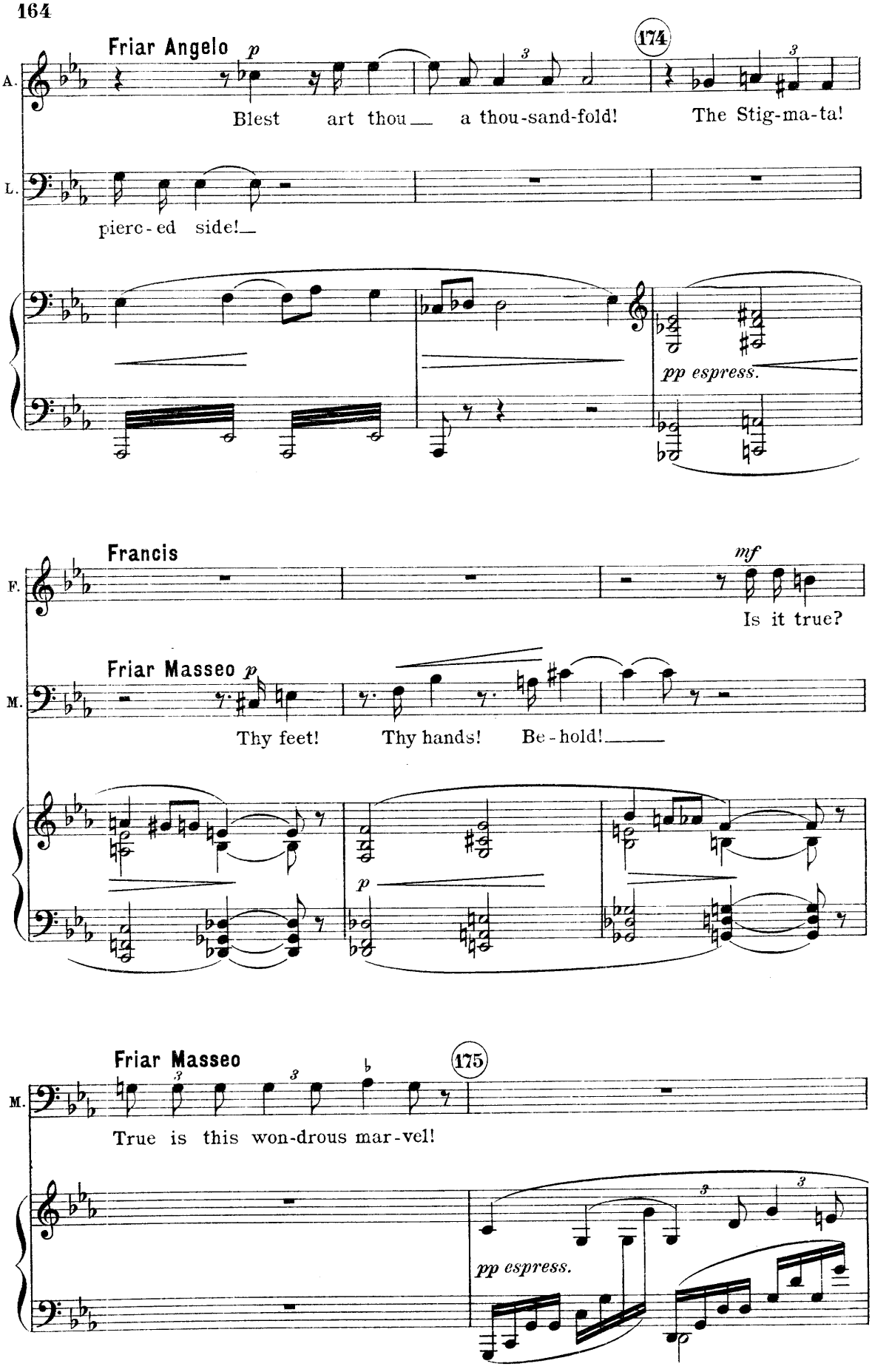

F
my blood ——— that flows, The heart that fails me!
animando (♩= 84)
F.
O the tor - tures that rend me!
170
Ah!
F.
Mas - - - - ter, Mas - - - - ter,
F.
wilt Thou de-fend me? Sav-iour! Sav-iour! Hear me
rit.
rit.

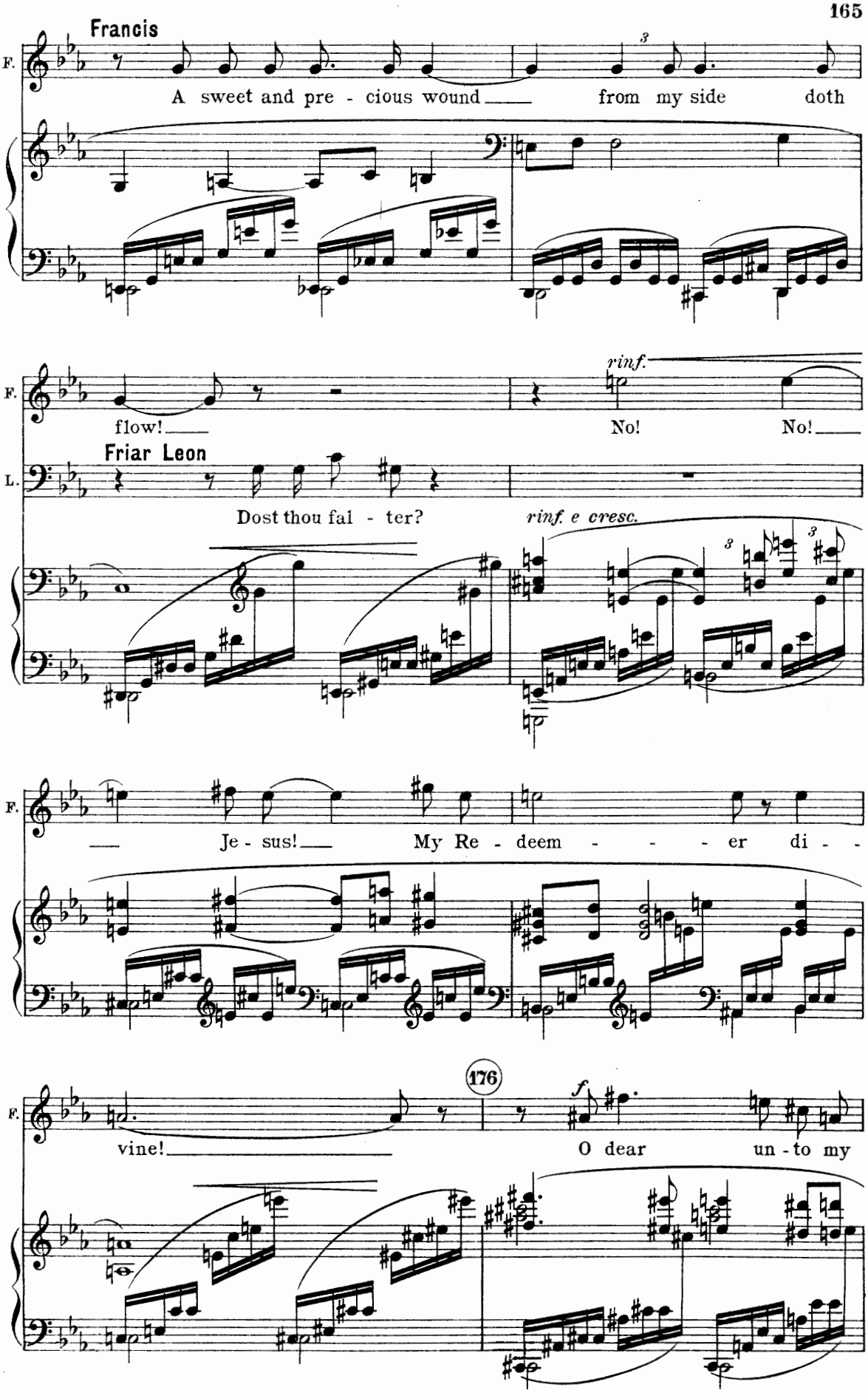

Maestoso (♩ = 66)
F.
call!
ff
171
Friar Angelo
A.
f
Broth - er!
Friar Leon
L.
f
Broth-er!
Friar Masseo
M.
f
Broth-er!
171
con agitazione
sfffp
sf
p
We are thy friends!
We are thy friends!
We are thy friends!
dim.

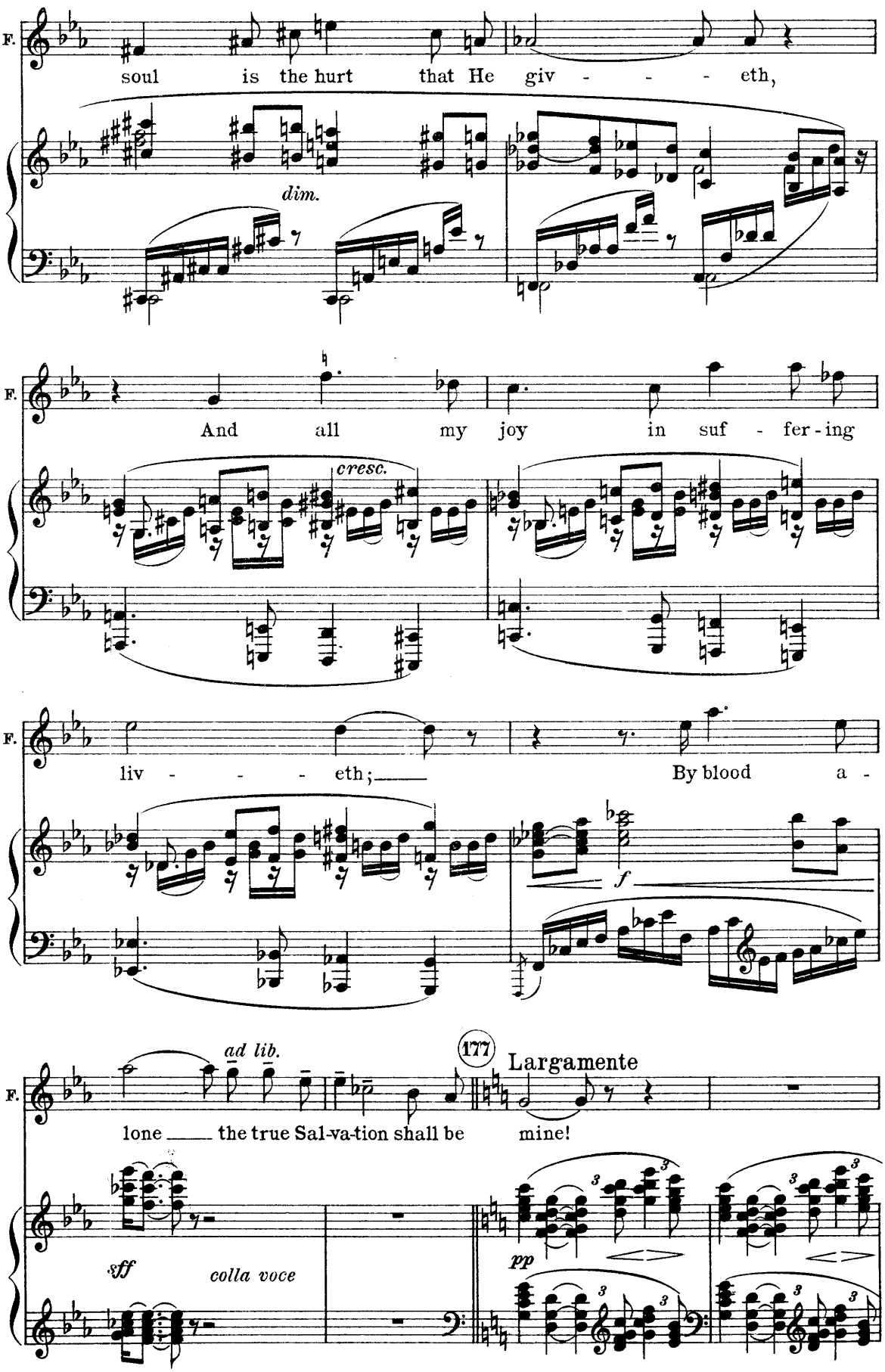

A.
pp
Calm thy-self! Broth-er!
L.
Broth-er! Calm thy-self!
M.
pp
Calm thy-self! Broth-er!
172
Francis
F.
p ma sosten.
Kneel with me!
Soprano
pp misterioso
Alto
pp misterioso
Tenor
pp misterioso
Bass
pp misterioso
172
tranquillo (♩ = 50)

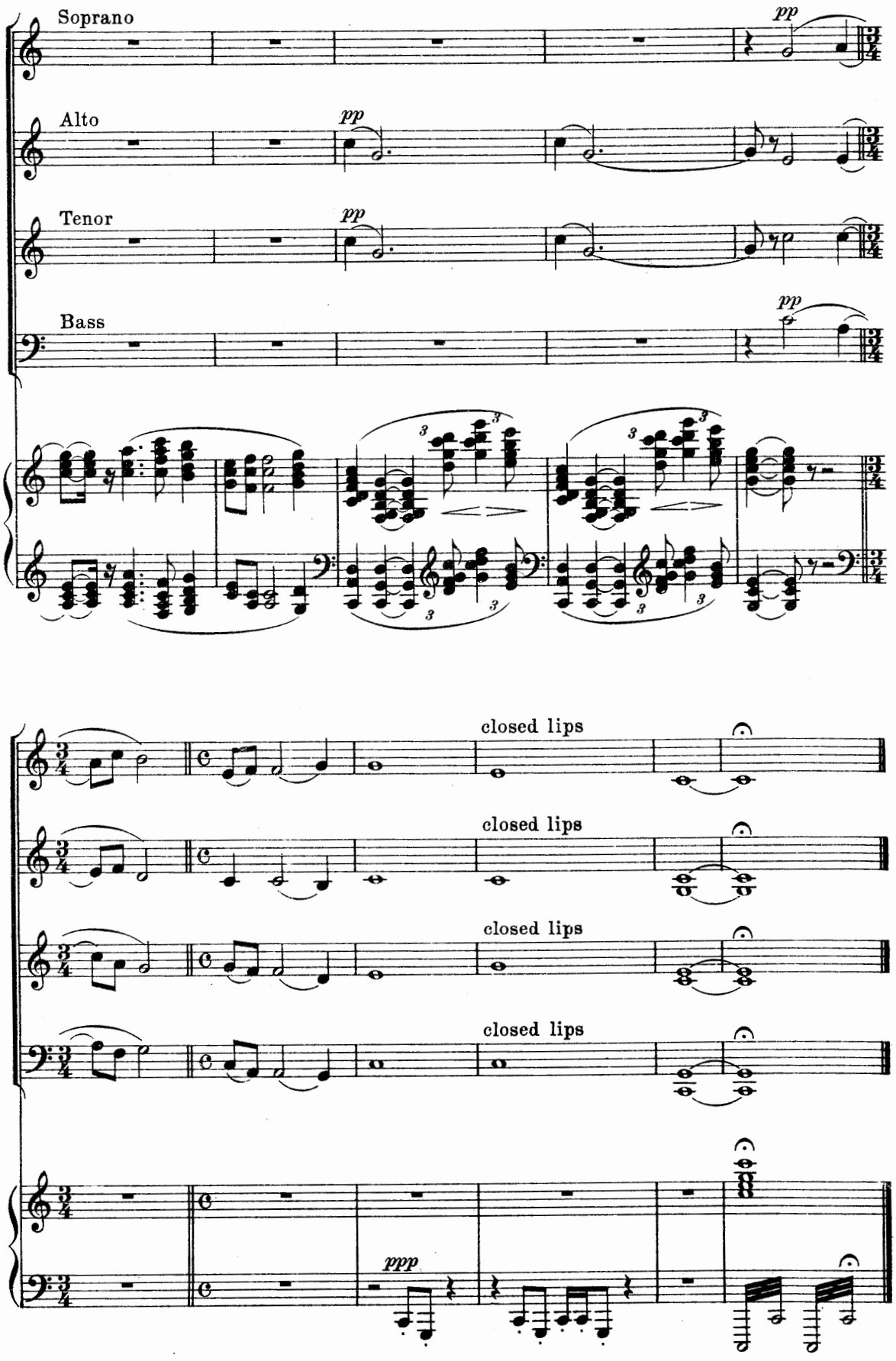

F.
I did see the Lord,_ nailed to the Cross! Lift and un-fold, ye clouds,
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
F.
Lift and un-fold,_ ye clouds!_ I saw the Lord, cru-ci-
f
mf
p


173
F.
fied!
Friar Angelo
A.
pp
Christ cru-ci - fied!
Friar Leon
L.
pp
Christ cru-ci - fied!
Friar Masseo
M.
pp
Cru-ci-fied!
173
Friar Leon
L.
f
Be-hold! Those wounds on thy hands! Thy bruis-ed feet, thy
Soprano
sfp
Alto
sfp
Tenor
sfp
Bass
sfp
sfp

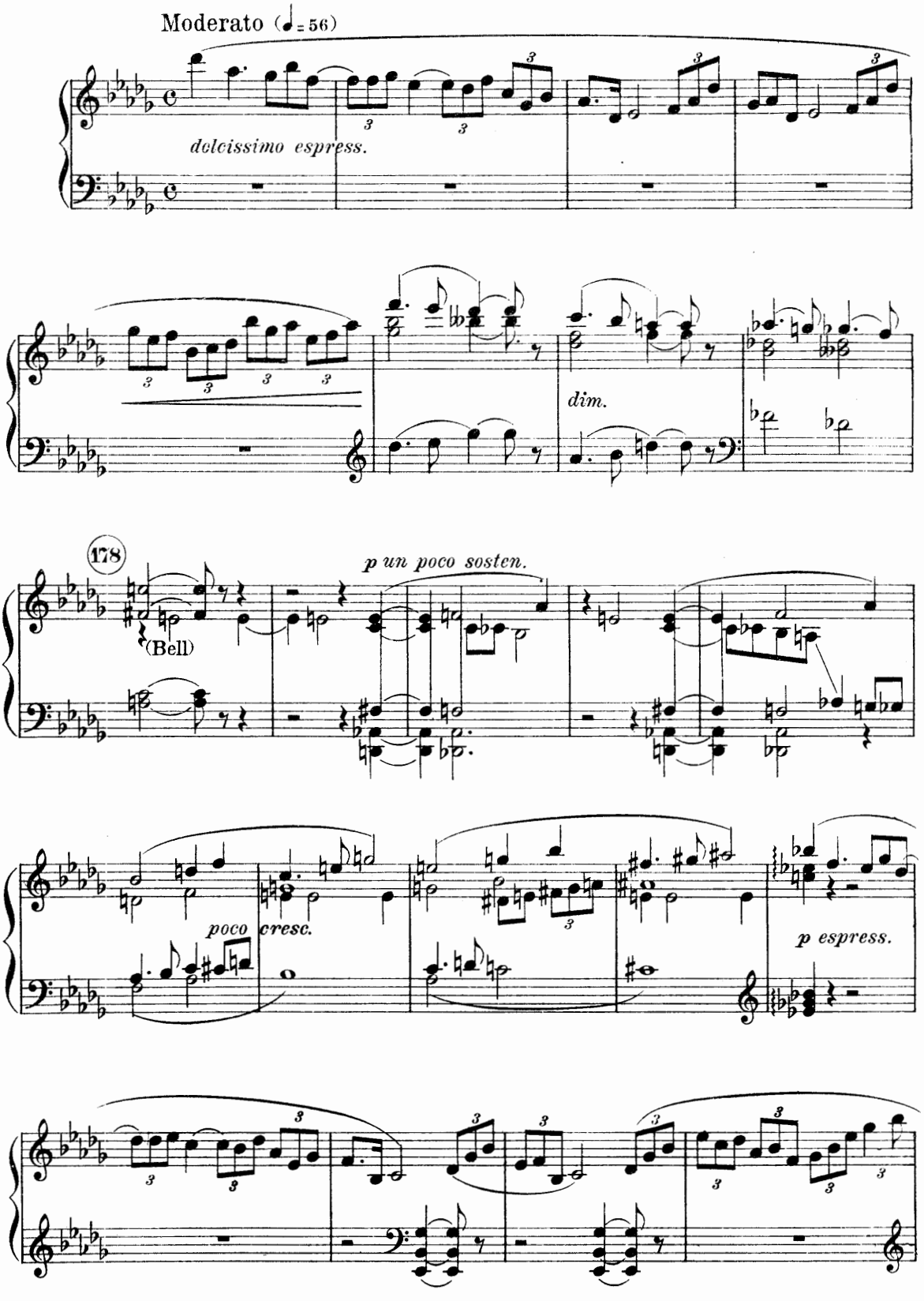

Friar Angelo
p
174
A.
Blest art thou a thou-sand-fold! The Stig-ma-ta!
L.
pierc-ed side!
pp espress.
Francis
mf
F.
Is it true?
Friar Masseo
p
M.
Thy feet! Thy hands! Be-hold!
p
Friar Masseo
175
M.
True is this won-drous mar-vel!
pp espress.

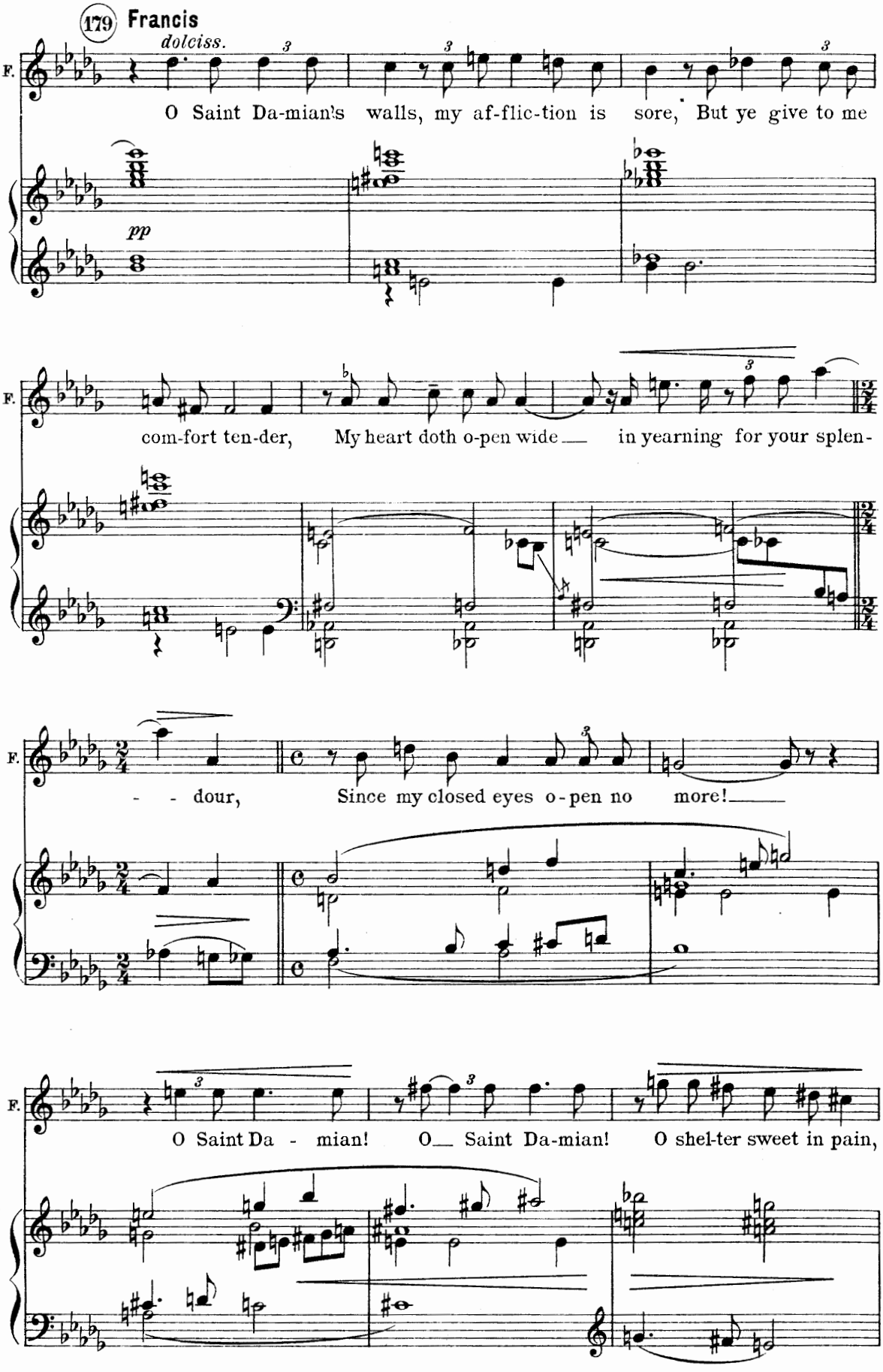

Francis
F.
A sweet and pre - cious wound from my side doth
flow!
No!
No!
rinf.
Friar Leon
L.
Dost thou fal - ter?
rinf. e cresc.
Je - sus!
My Re - deem - - - - er di - -
176
vine!
O dear un - to my

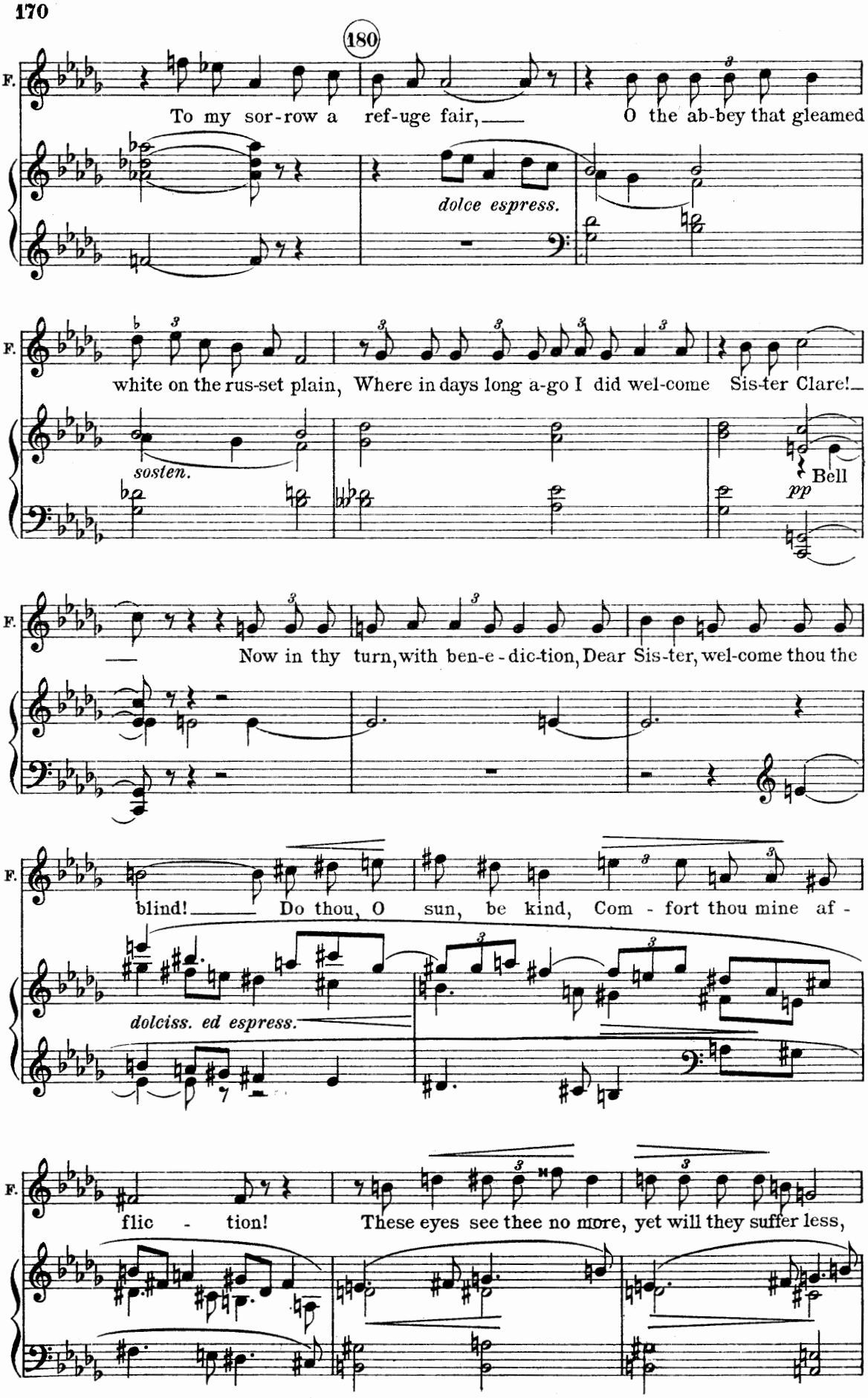

F.
soul is the hurt that He giv - - - - eth,
dim.
F.
And all my joy in suf - fer - ing
cresc.
F.
liv - - - - eth;
By blood a -
f
F.
ad lib.
lone the true Sal-va-tion shall be
177
Largamente
mine!
sff
colla voce
pp

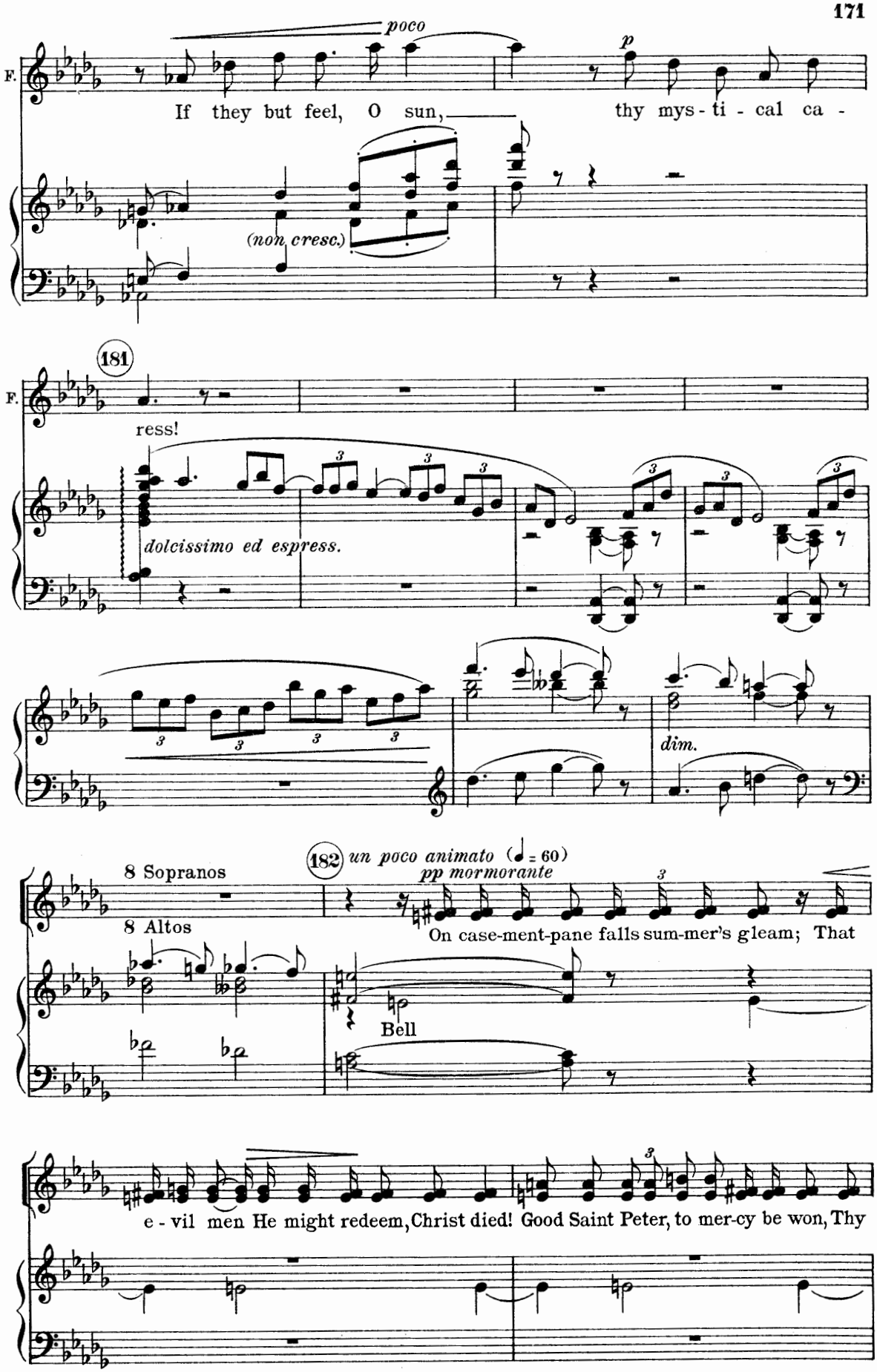

Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass
pp
pp
pp
pp
closed lips
closed lips
closed lips
closed lips
ppp

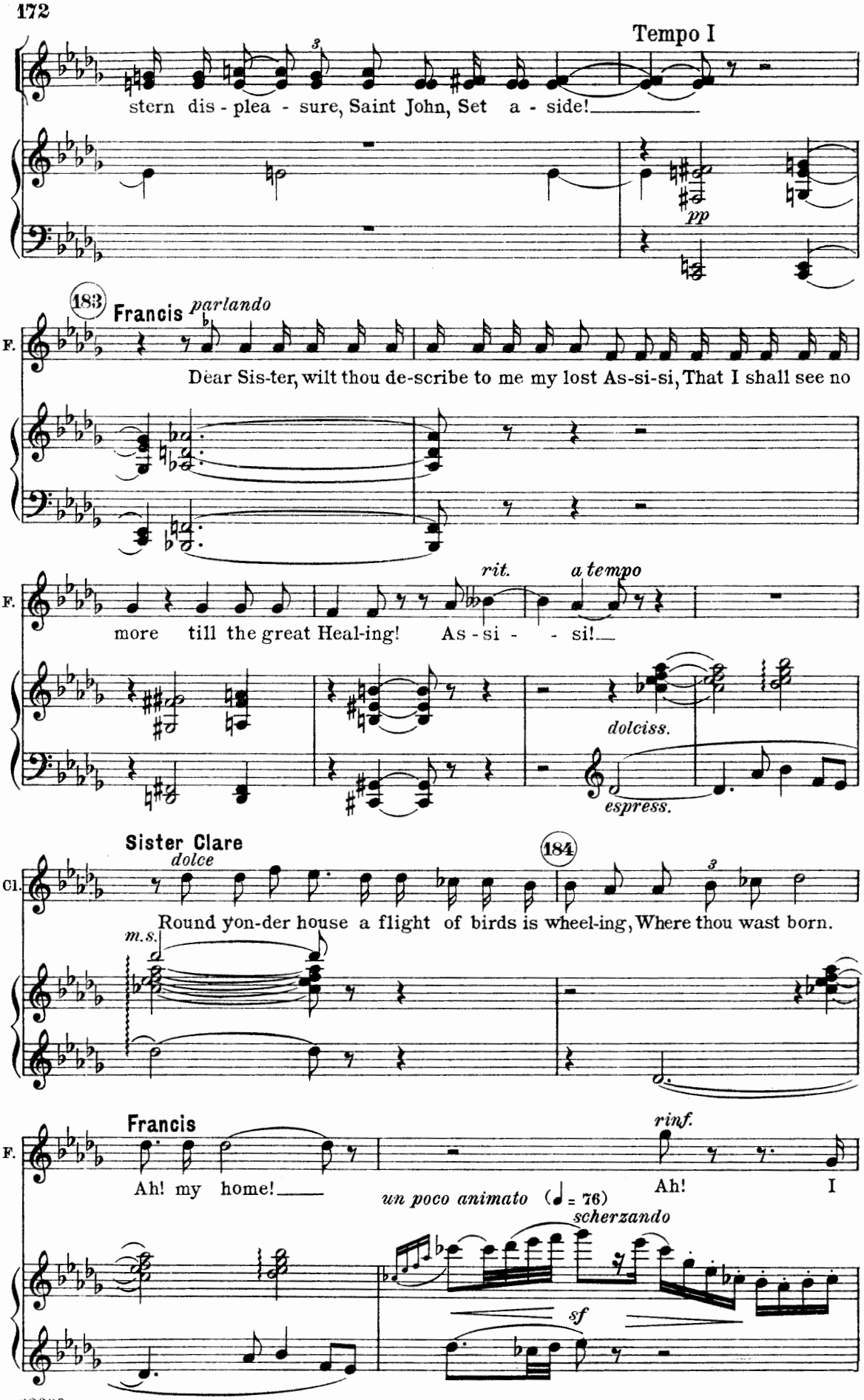
V. Canticle of the Sun

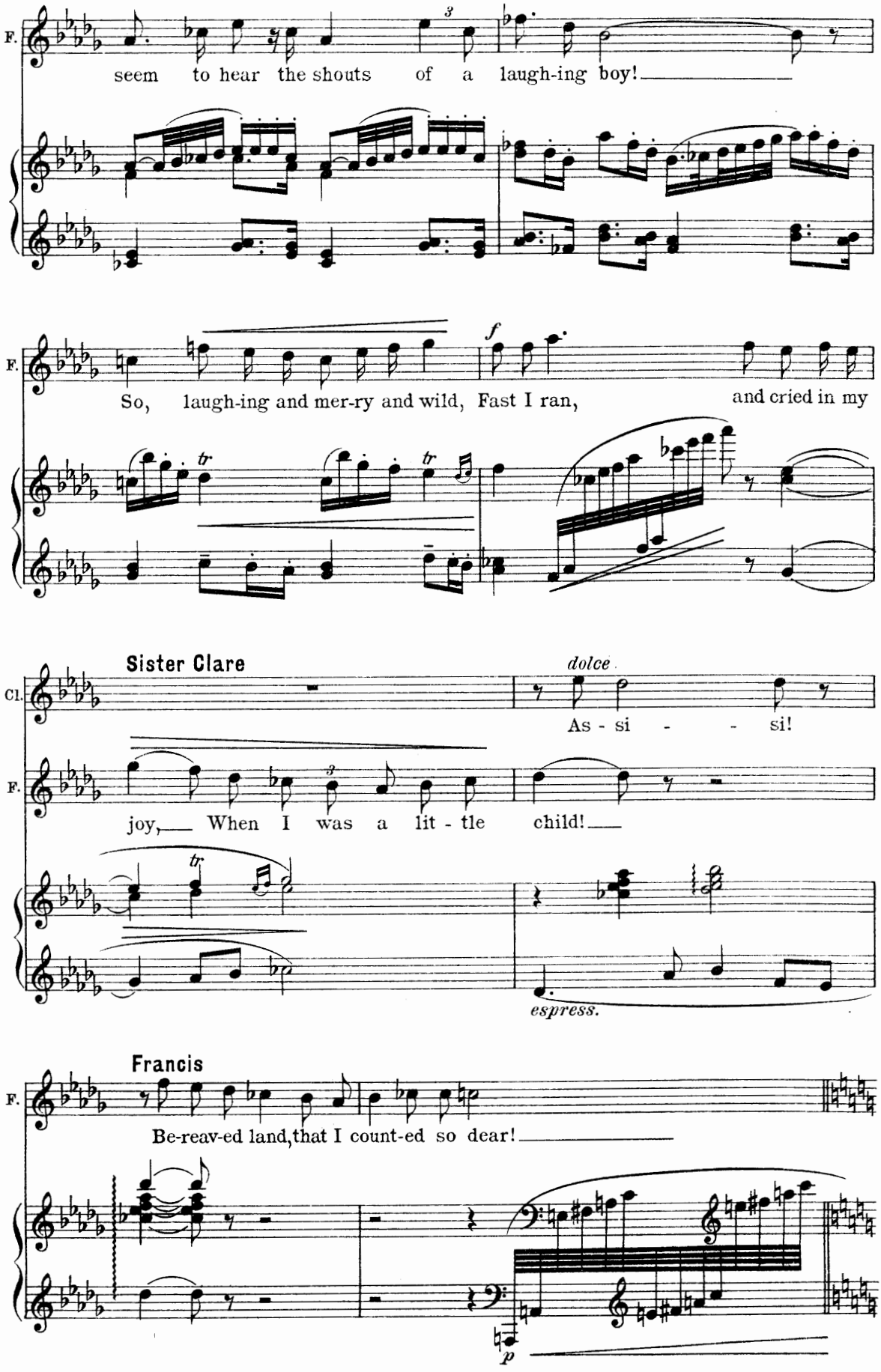


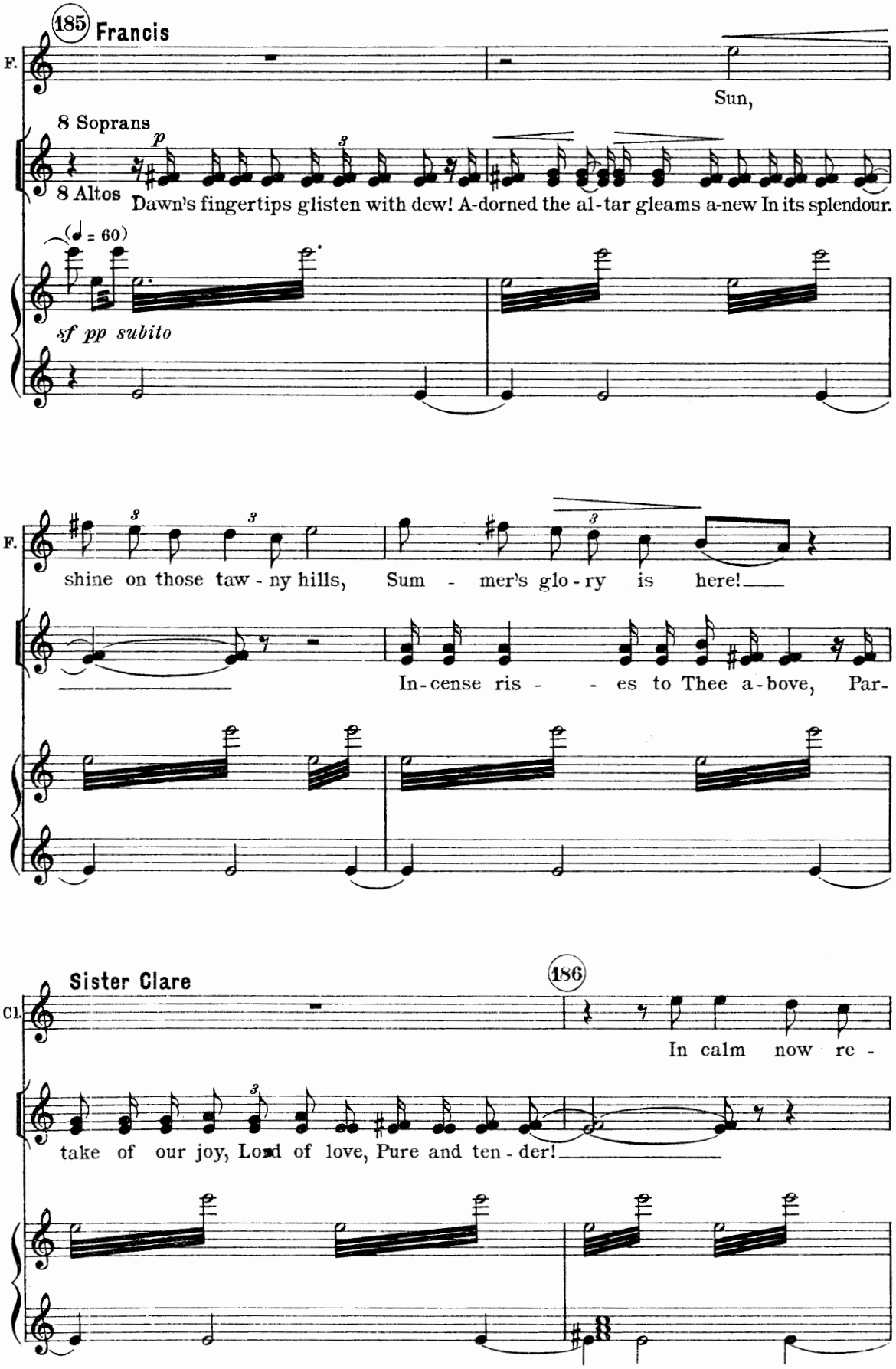

179 Francis
dolciss.
F.
O Saint Da-mian's walls, my af-flic-tion is sore, But ye give to me
pp
F.
com-fort ten-der, My heart doth o-pen wide in yearning for your splen-
F.
- - dour, Since my closed eyes o-pen no more!
F.
O Saint Da - mian! O Saint Da-mian! O shel-ter sweet in pain,

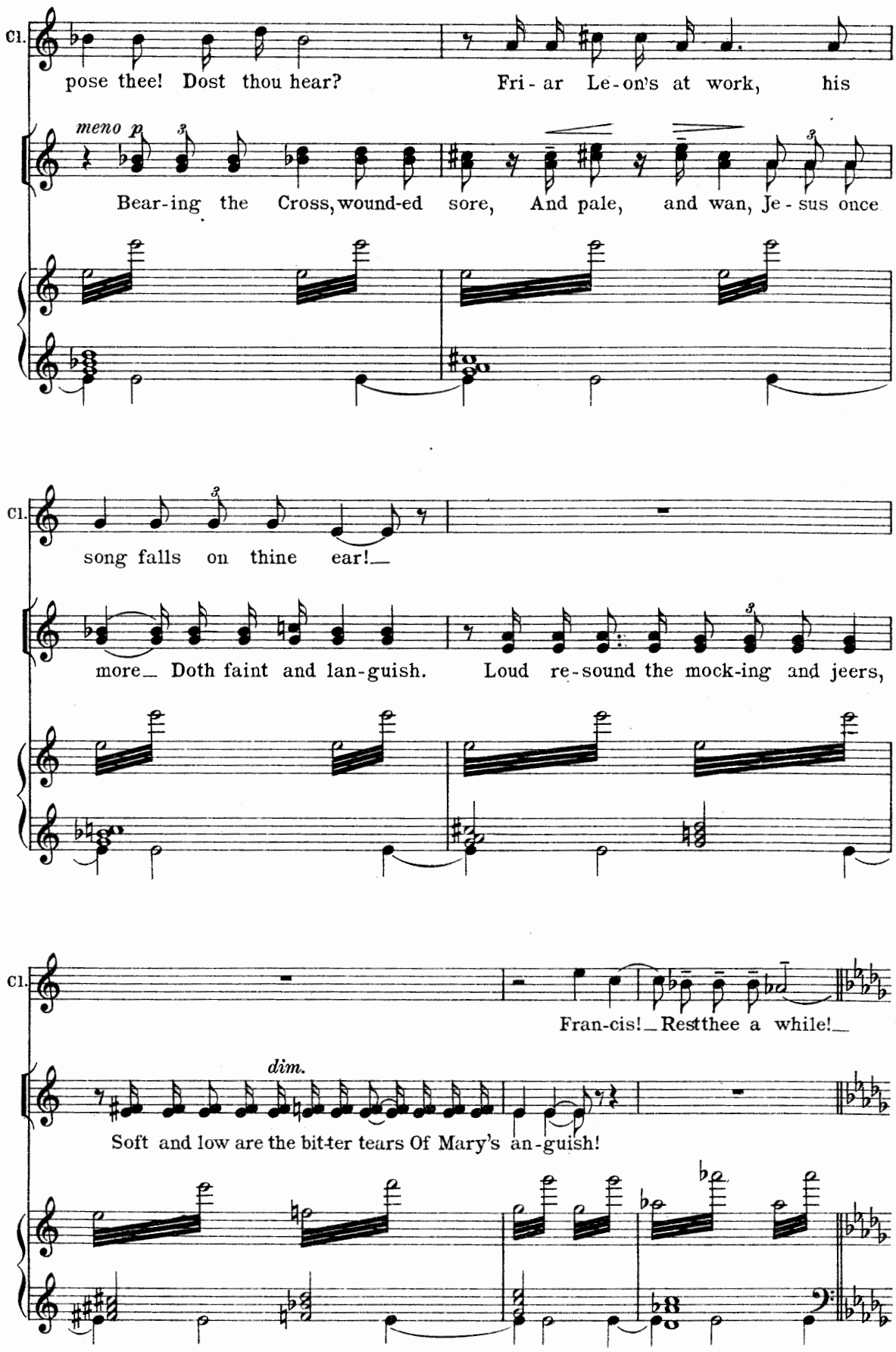

180
F.
To my sor-row a ref-uge fair, O the ab-bey that gleamed
dolce espress.
white on the rus-set plain, Where in days long a-go I did wel-come Sis-ter Clare!
sosten.
Bell
pp
Now in thy turn, with ben-e-dic-tion, Dear Sis-ter, wel-come thou the
blind! Do thou, O sun, be kind, Com - fort thou mine af -
dolciss. ed espress.
flic - tion! These eyes see thee no more, yet will they suffer less,

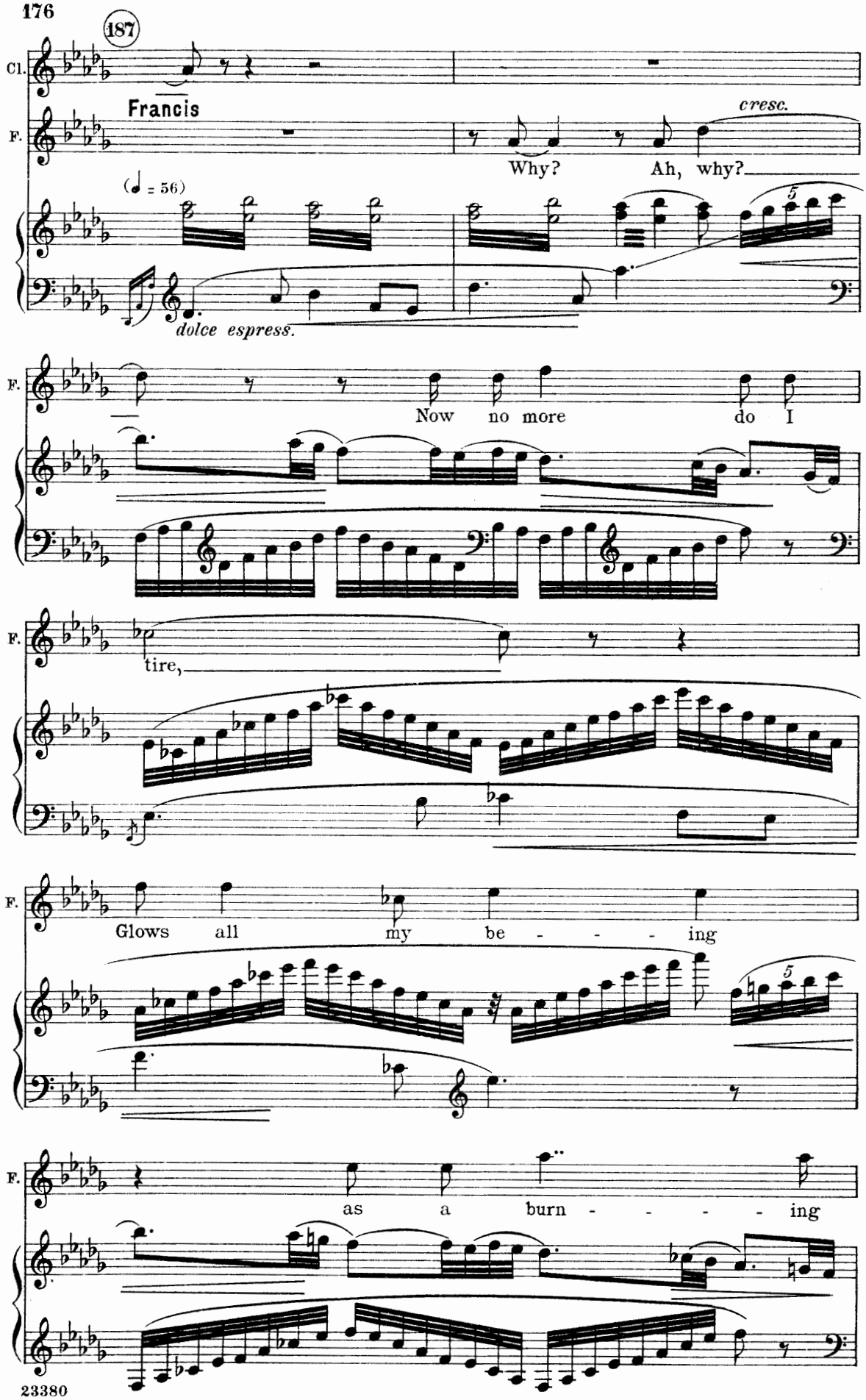

poco
p
F.
If they but feel, O sun, thy mys - ti - cal ca -
(non cresc.)
181
F.
ress!
dolcissimo ed espress.
dim.
182 un poco animato (♩ = 60)
pp mormorante
8 Sopranos
8 Altos
On case-ment-pane falls sum-mer's gleam; That
Bell
e - vil men He might redeem, Christ died! Good Saint Peter, to mer-cy be won, Thy

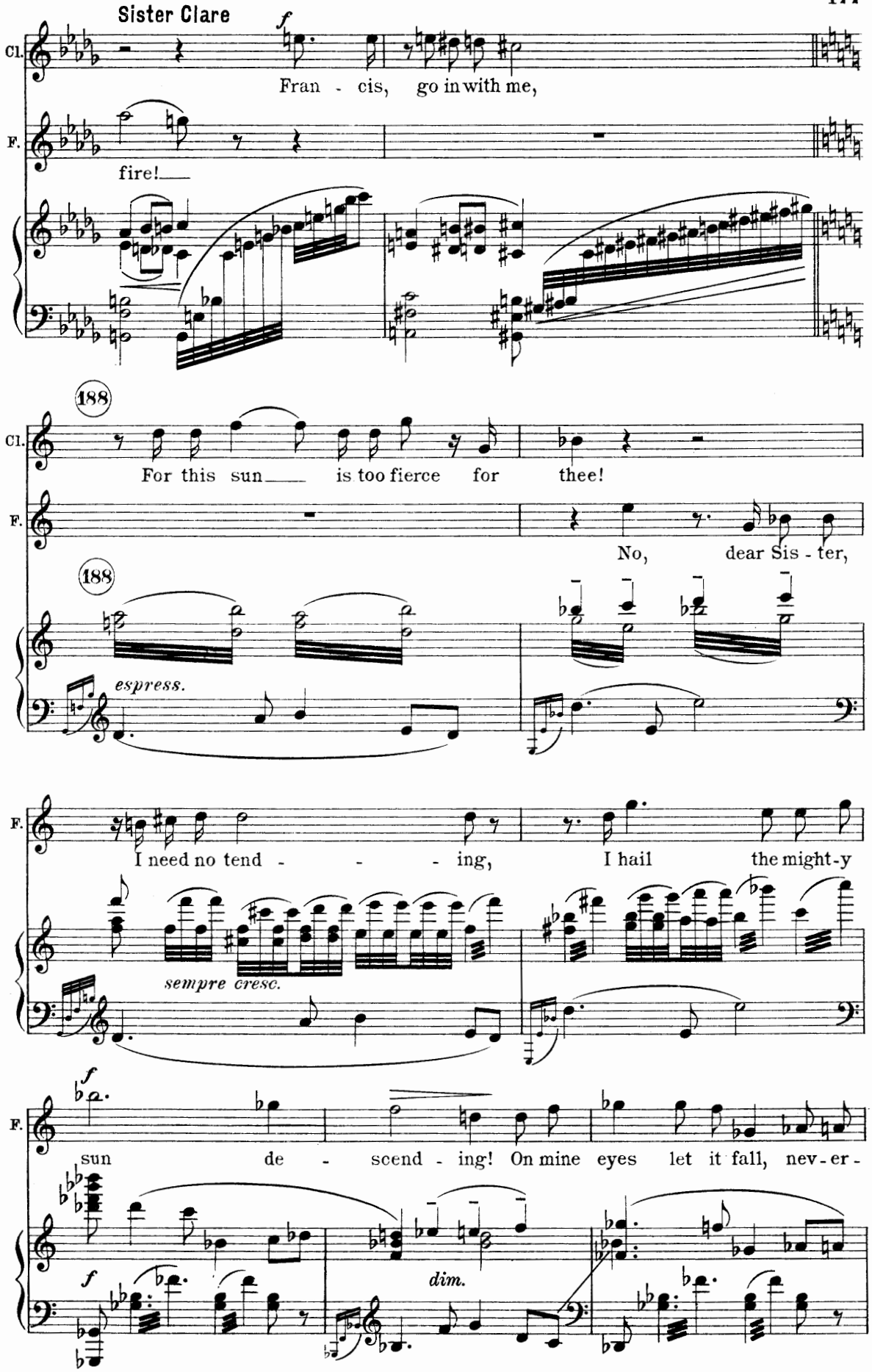

Tempo I
stern dis - plea - sure, Saint John, Set a - side!
pp
183
Francis
parlando
F.
Dear Sis-ter, wilt thou de-scribe to me my lost As-si-si, That I shall see no
rit.
a tempo
more till the great Heal-ing! As - si - si!
dolciss.
espress.
Sister Clare
dolce
184
Cl.
Round yon-der house a flight of birds is wheel-ing, Where thou wast born.
m.s.
Francis
rinf.
Ah! my home!
Ah!
I
un poco animato (♩ = 76)
scherzando
sf

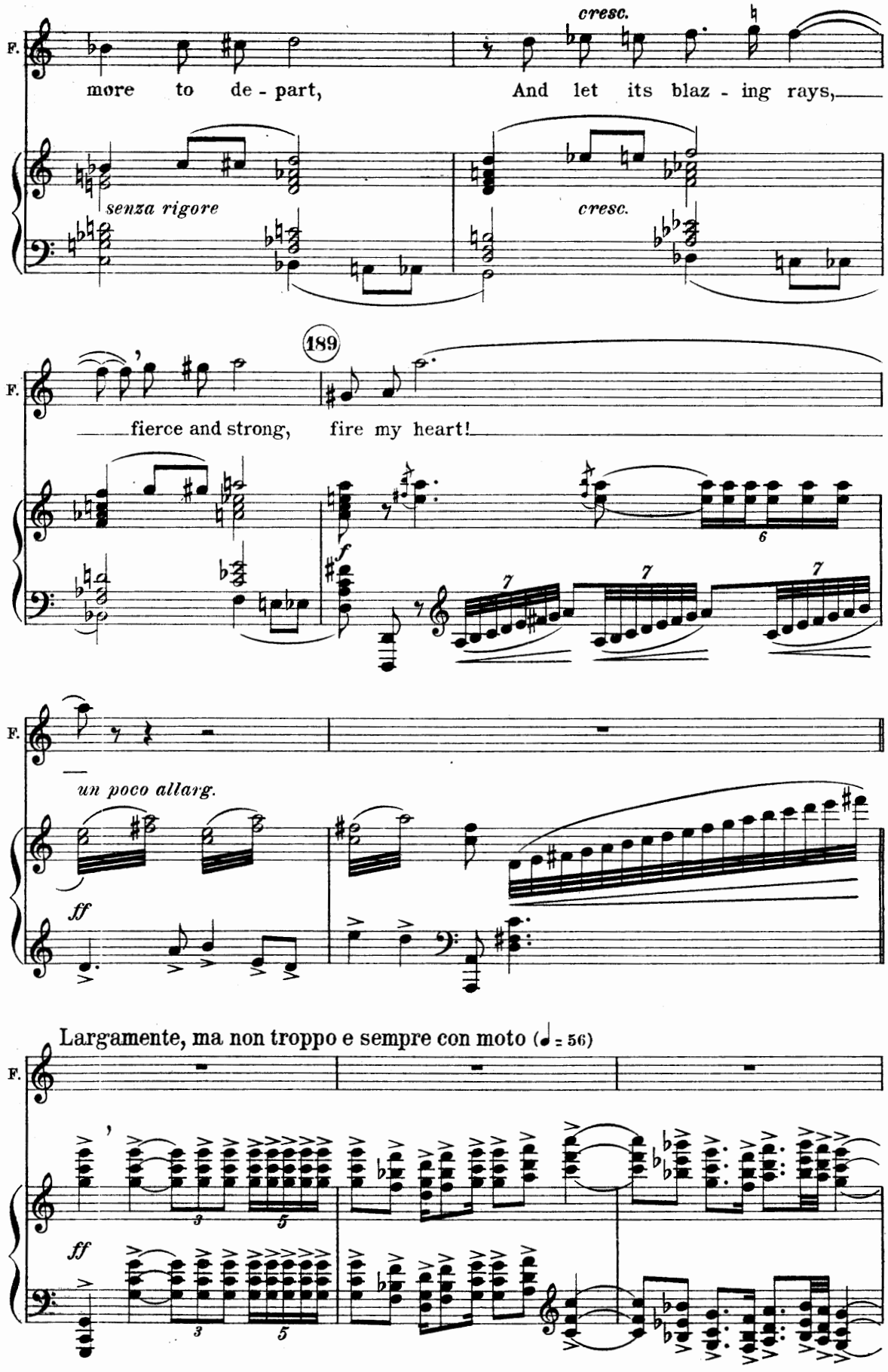

F.
seem to hear the shouts of a laugh-ing boy!
F.
So, laugh-ing and mer-ry and wild, Fast I ran, and cried in my
Sister Clare
dolce
Cl.
As - si - - si!
F.
joy, When I was a lit - tle child!
espress.
Francis
F.
Be-reav-ed land, that I count-ed so dear!
p


185 Francis
F.
Sun,
8 Soprans
p
8 Altos
Dawn's fingertips glisten with dew! A-dorned the al-tar gleams a-new In its splendour.
(♩ = 60)
sf pp subito
F.
shine on those taw - ny hills, Sum - mer's glo - ry is here!
In-cense ris - - es to Thee a-bove, Par-
Sister Clare
186
Cl.
In calm now re -
take of our joy, Lord of love, Pure and ten - der!


Cl.
pose thee! Dost thou hear? Fri - ar Le - on's at work, his
meno p
Bear-ing the Cross, wound-ed sore, And pale, and wan, Je - sus once
Cl.
song falls on thine ear!
more Doth faint and lan-guish. Loud re-sound the mock-ing and jeers,
Cl.
Fran-cis! Rest thee a while!
dim.
Soft and low are the bit-ter tears Of Mary's an-guish!


187
Cl.
F.
Francis
cresc.
Why? Ah, why?
(♩ = 56)
dolce espress.
Now no more do I
tire,
Glows all my be - - - - ing
as a burn - - - - - ing


Sister Clare
Cl.
F.
f
Fran - cis, go in with me,
fire!
188
For this sun is too fierce for thee!
No, dear Sis - ter,
espress.
I need no tend - - - ing, I hail the might-y
sempre cresc.
sun de - scend - ing! On mine eyes let it fall, nev-er-
dim.


F.
cresc.
more to de - part,
And let its blaz - ing rays,
senza rigore
cresc.
189
F.
fierce and strong, fire my heart!
f
6
7
7
7
F.
un poco allarg.
ff
Largamente, ma non troppo e sempre con moto (♩ = 56)
F.
ff
3
5
3
5

The Canticle of the Sun

con entusiasmo, piena voce

ff a piacere

F.

All praise to Thee, O Lord, for all Thy things cre - a - ted, And chief-est of them all

190

F.

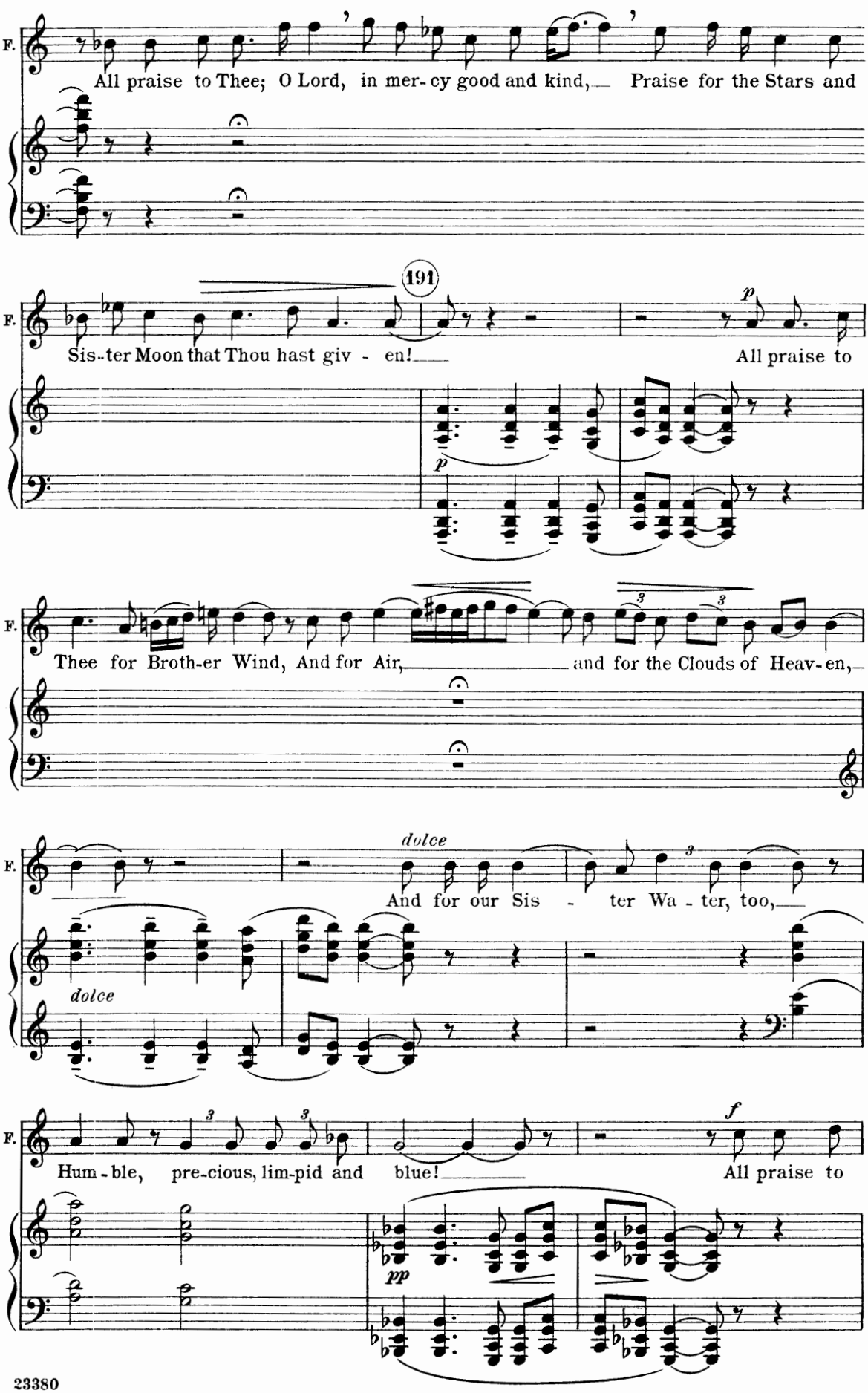
my great Brother, the Sun,

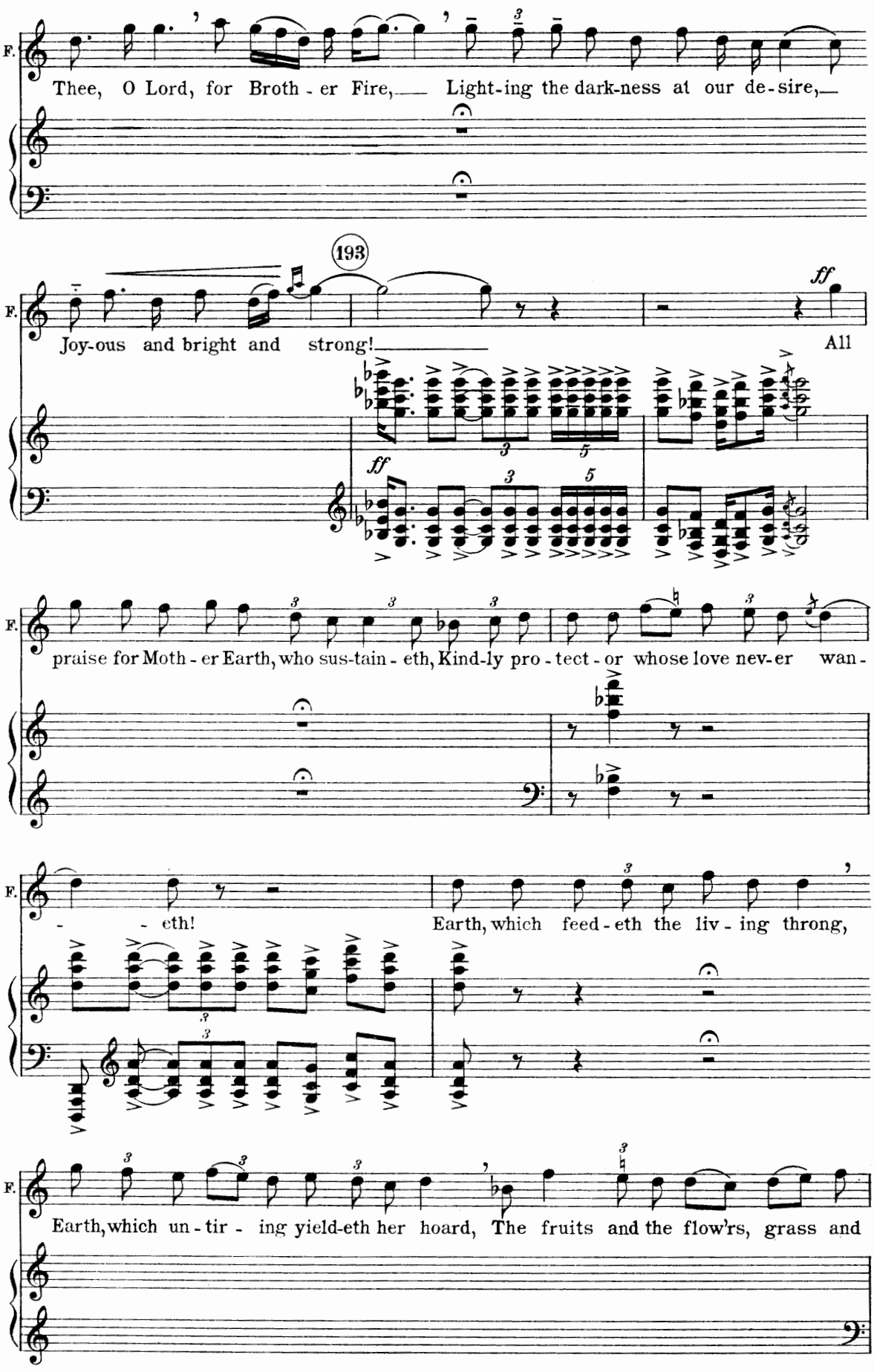
F.

Light by his red glo - ry is won, And na - ture il - lu - mi - na -

F.

- - ted!


F.
All praise to Thee; O Lord, in mer-cy good and kind, Praise for the Stars and
191
Sis-ter Moon that Thou hast giv - en! All praise to
p
Thee for Broth-er Wind, And for Air, and for the Clouds of Heav-en,
dolce
And for our Sis - ter Wa - ter, too,
Hum-ble, pre-cious, lim-pid and blue! All praise to
f
pp


F.
Thee, O Lord, for Broth - er Fire, Light-ing the dark-ness at our de - sire,
193
ff
Joy-ous and bright and strong! All
praise for Moth - er Earth, who sus-tain - eth, Kind-ly pro - tect - or whose love nev-er wan -
- eth! Earth, which feed - eth the liv - ing throng,
Earth, which un - tir - ing yield-eth her hoard, The fruits and the flow'rs, grass and

194

F.

sward! Bless and praise ye the

Lord, praise Him! Thank ye the

Lord, All with hum-ble heart praise the Lord!

195

F.

TEN.

ff

Awake! praise ye the Lord! Awake! praise ye the Lord! Awake, and praise the Lord!

BASS

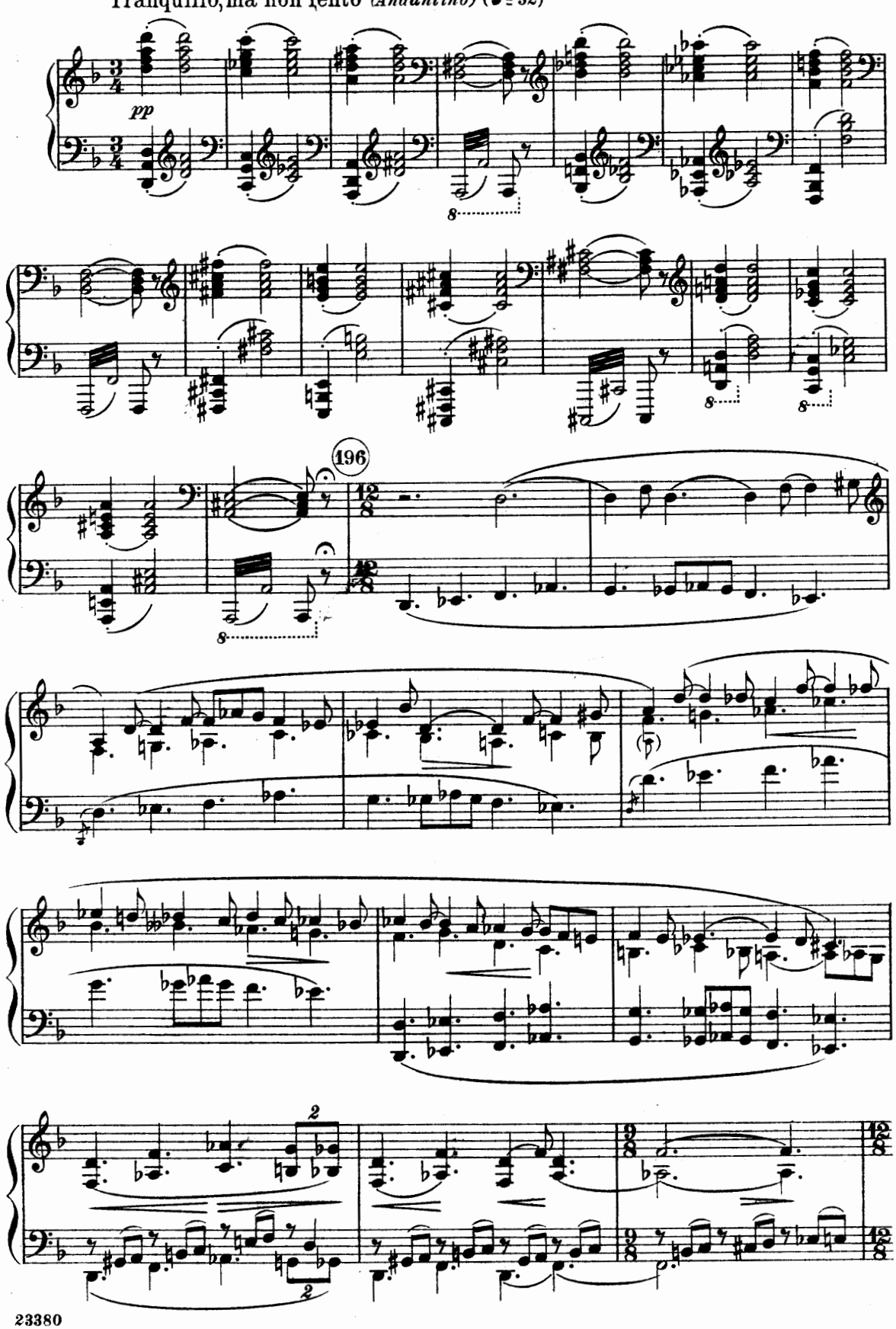
ff

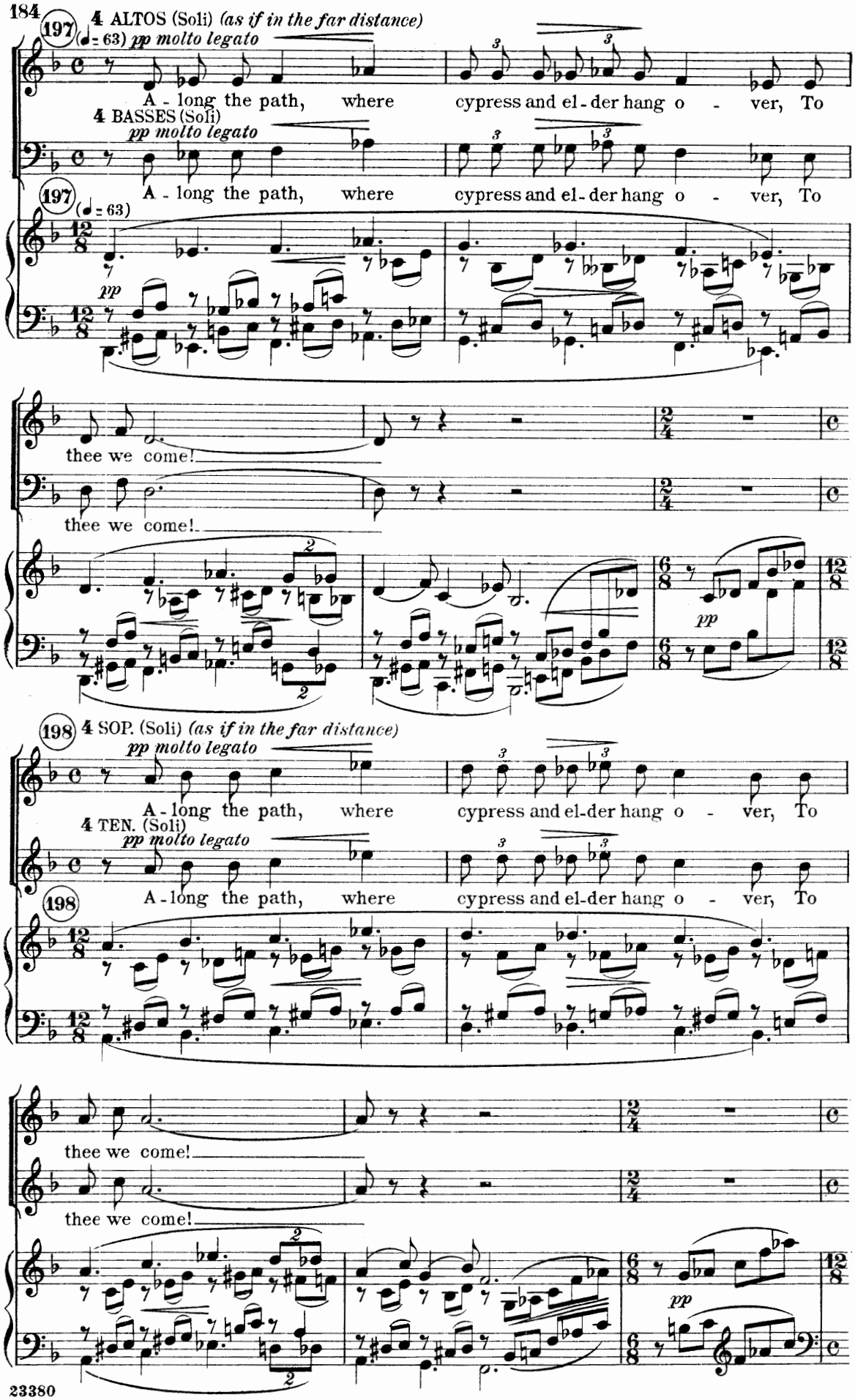
Awake! praise ye the Lord! Awake! praise ye the Lord! Awake, and praise the Lord!

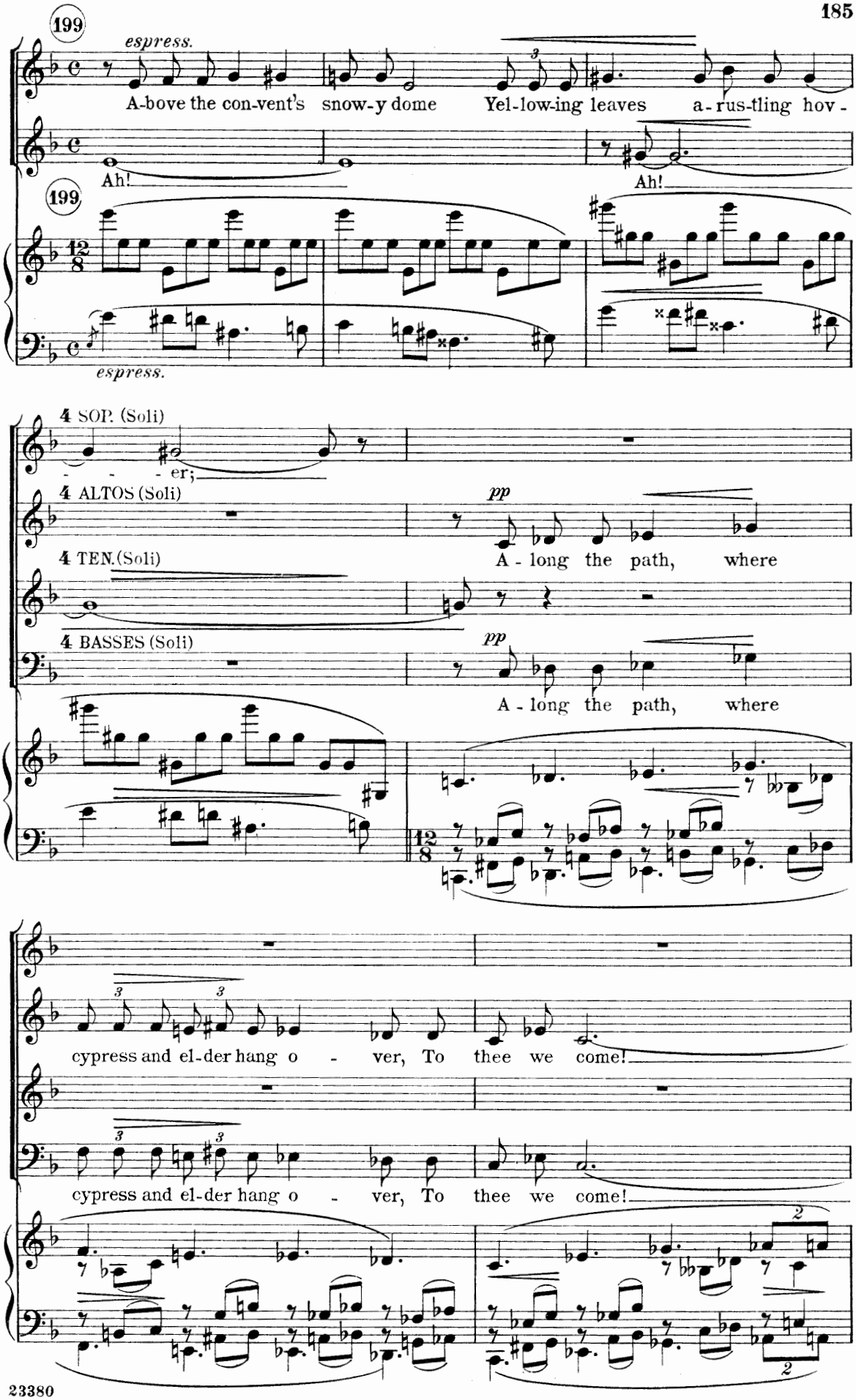
195

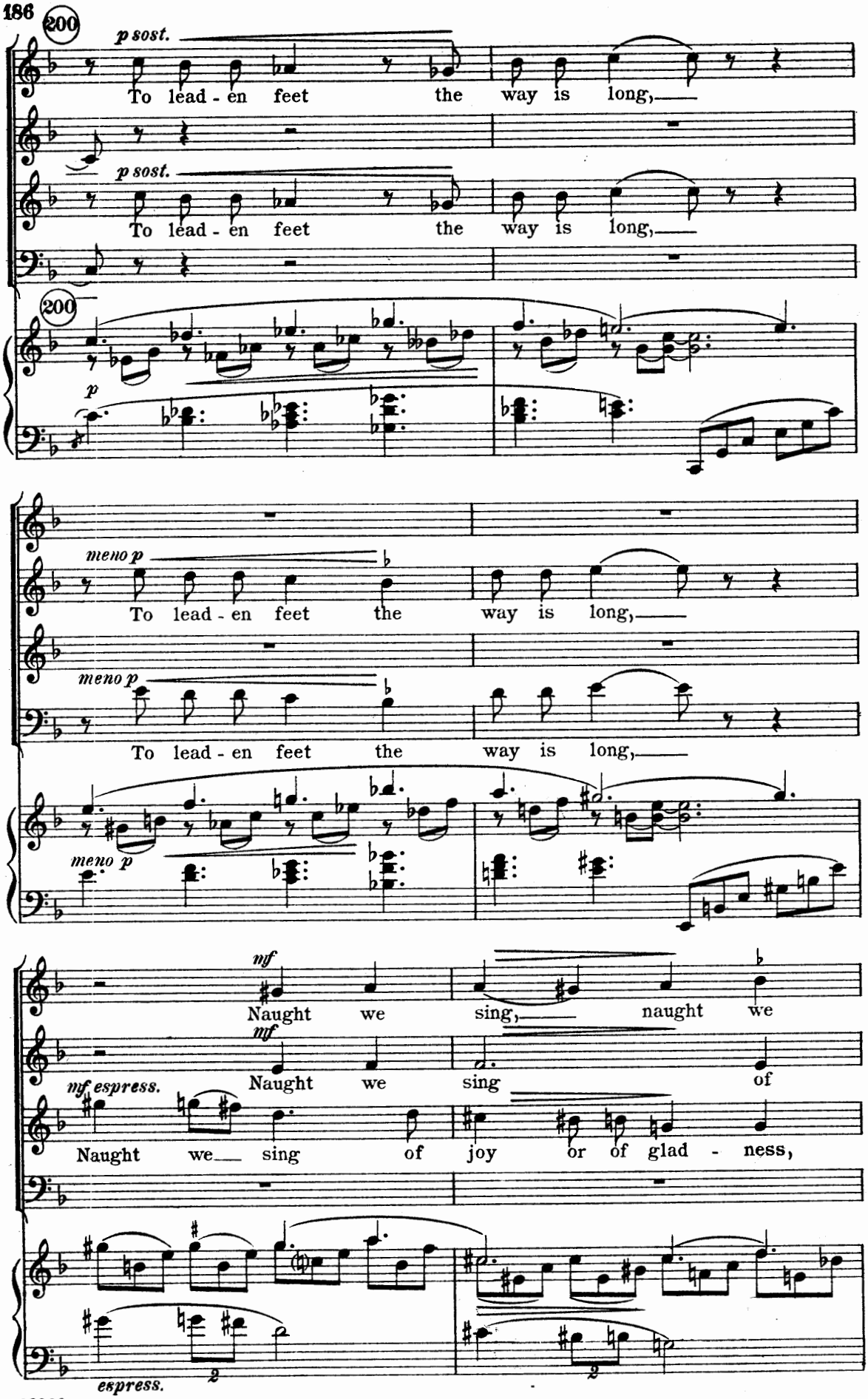
ff

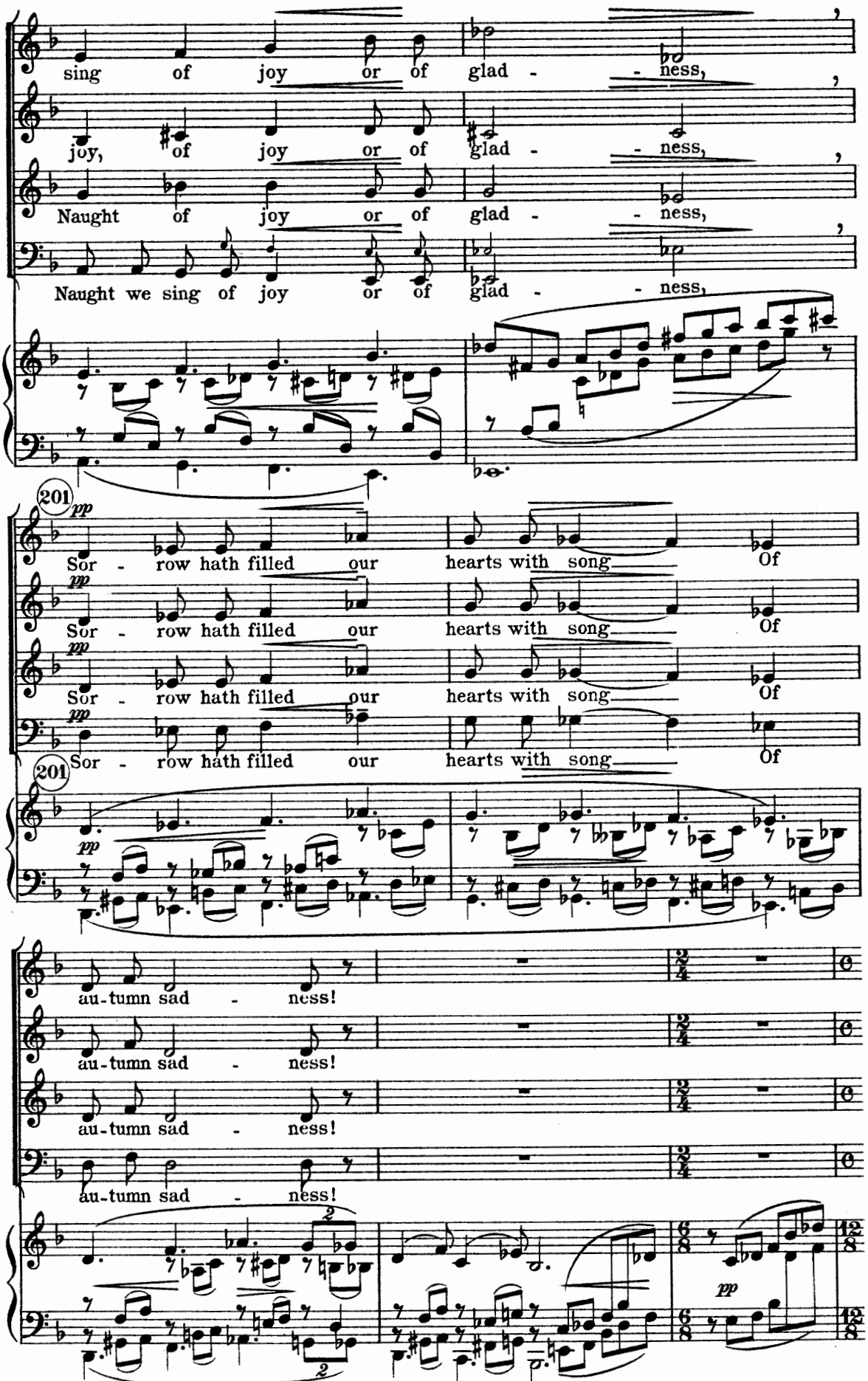
VI. The Death of Francis

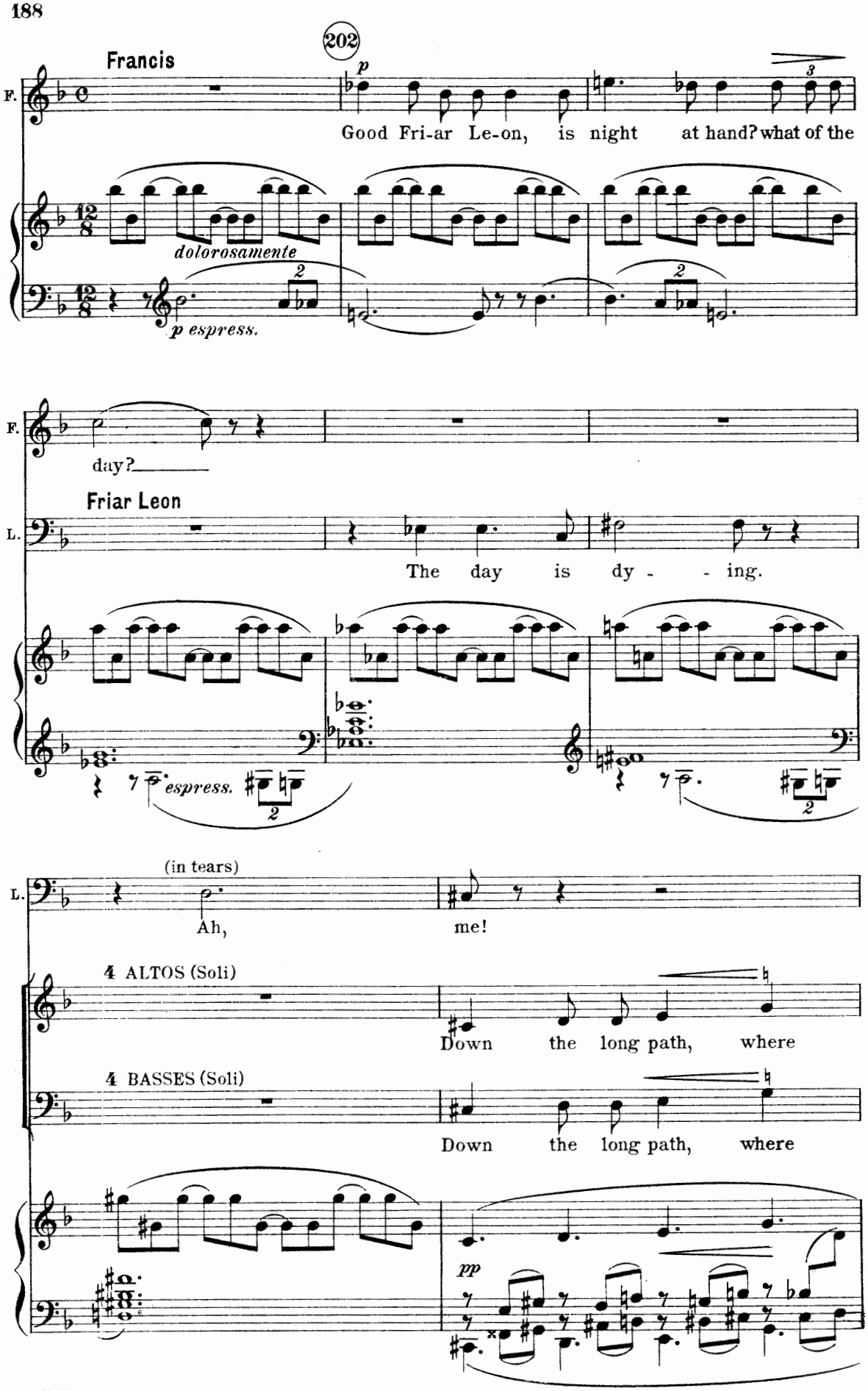


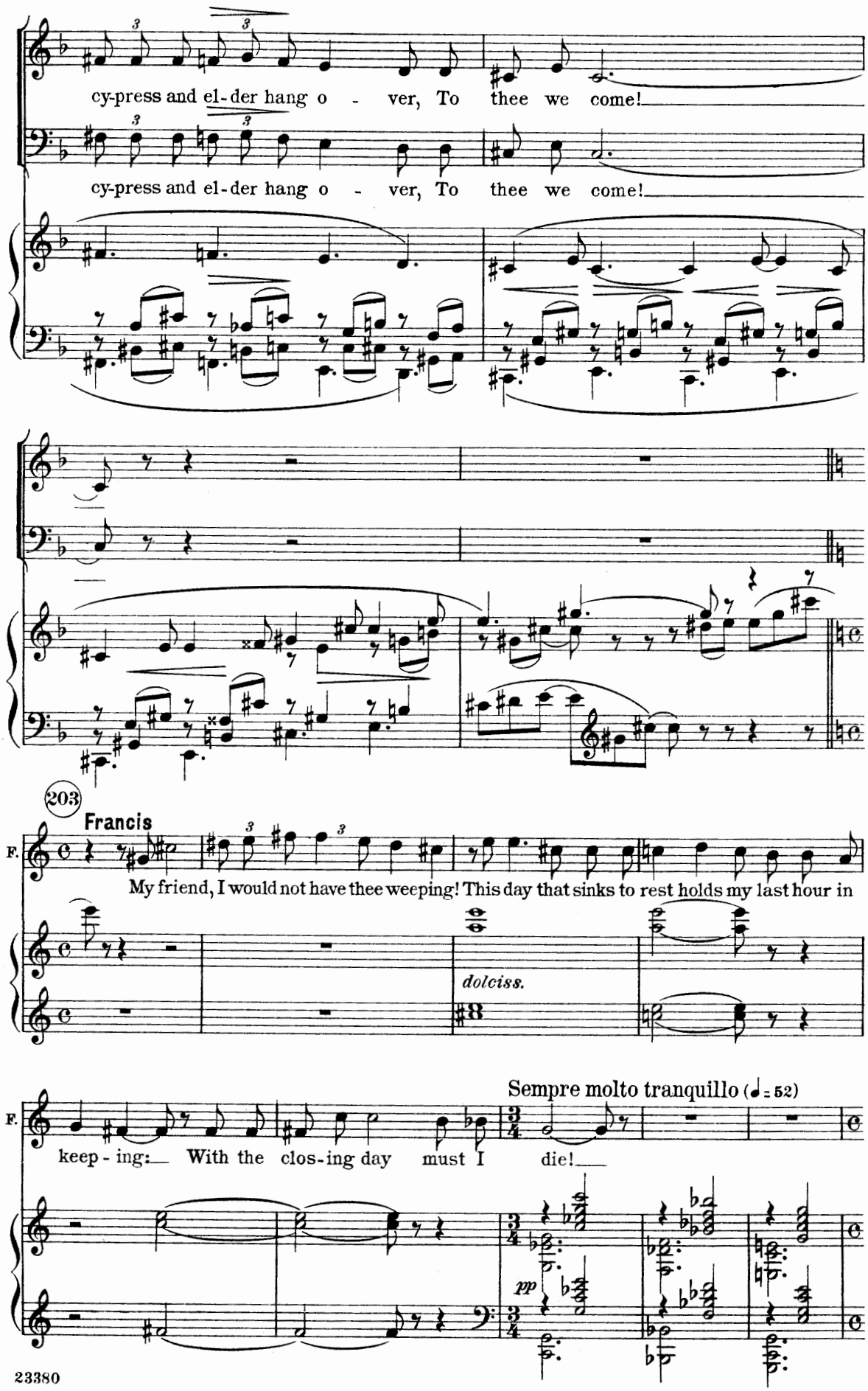

197
4 ALTOS (Soli) (as if in the far distance)
(♩ = 63) pp molto legato
A - long the path, where cypress and el - der hang o - ver, To
4 BASSES (Soli)
pp molto legato
A - long the path, where cypress and el - der hang o - ver, To
197
(♩ = 63)
pp
thee we come!
thee we come!
pp
198
4 SOP. (Soli) (as if in the far distance)
pp molto legato
A - long the path, where cypress and el - der hang o - ver, To
4 TEN. (Soli)
pp molto legato
A - long the path, where cypress and el - der hang o - ver, To
198
thee we come!
thee we come!
pp

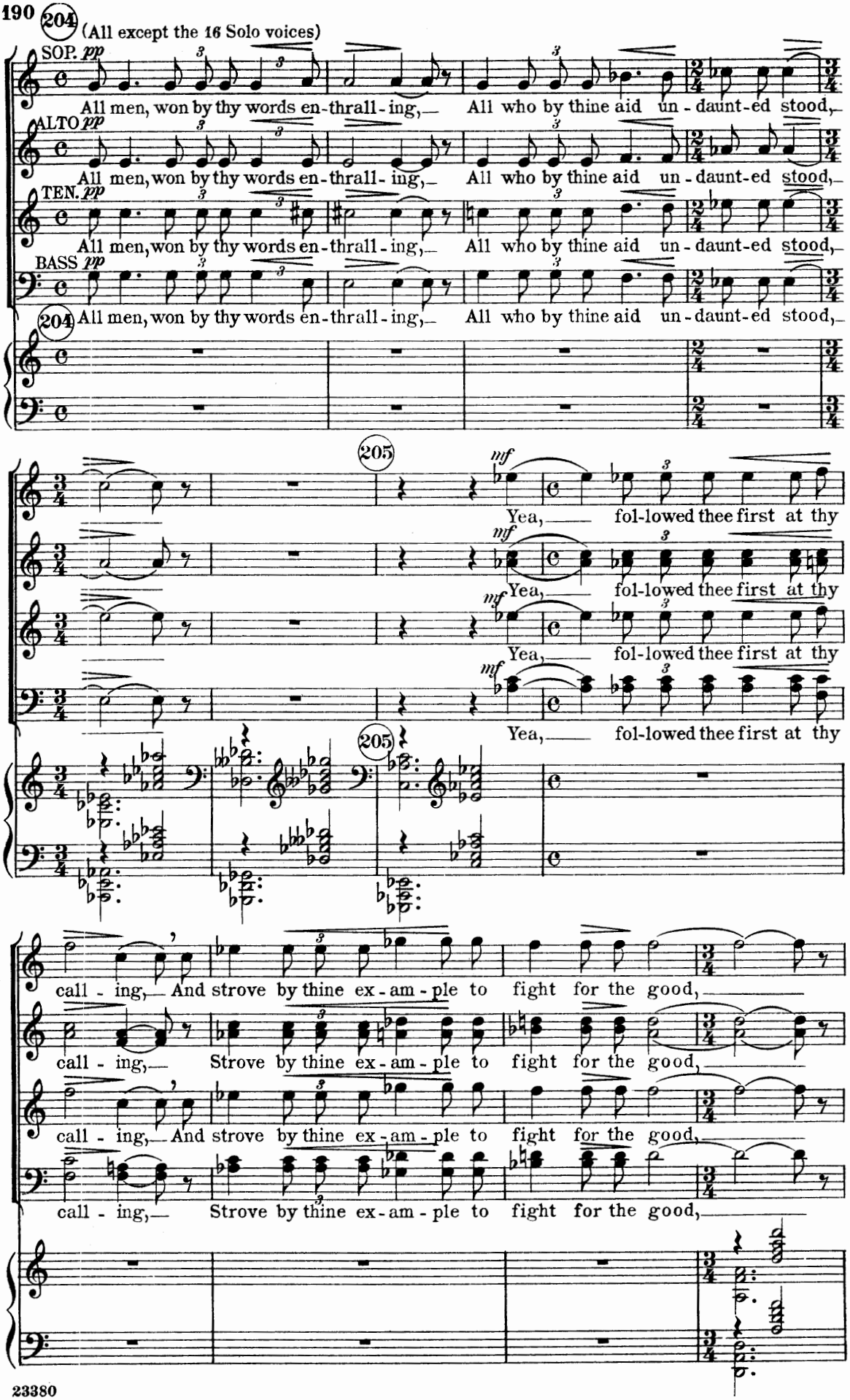

199
espress.
A-bove the con-vent's snow-y dome Yel-low-ing leaves a-rus-tling hov -
Ah!
Ah!
199
espress.
4 SOP. (Soli)
- - - er;
4 ALTOS (Soli)
pp
A - long the path, where
4 TEN. (Soli)
4 BASSES (Soli)
pp
A - long the path, where
cypress and el-der hang o - ver, To thee we come!
cypress and el-der hang o - ver, To thee we come!

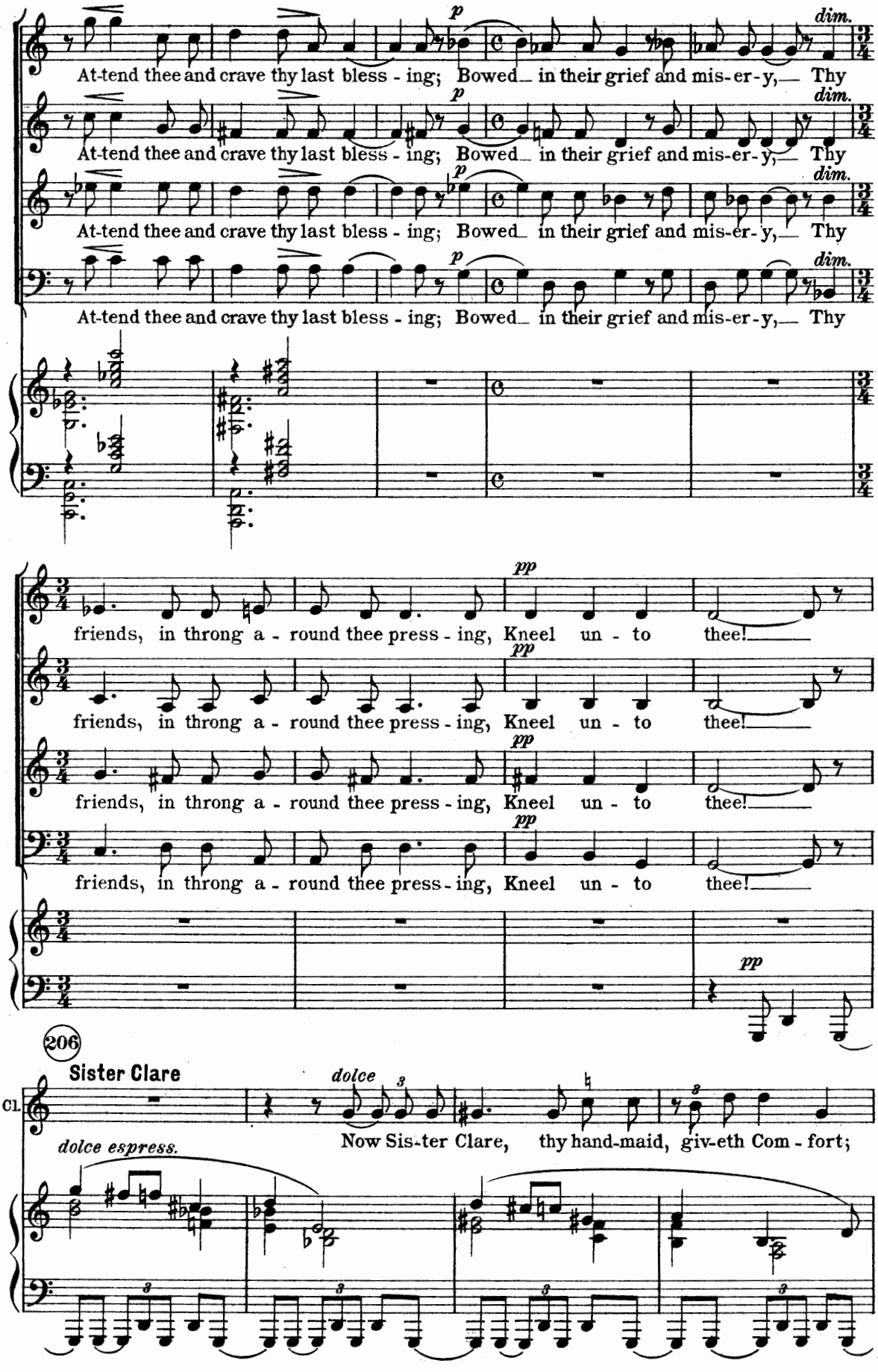

200
p sost.
To lead - en feet the way is long,
p sost.
To lead - en feet the way is long,
200
p
meno p
To lead - en feet the way is long,
meno p
To lead - en feet the way is long,
meno p
mf
Naught we sing, naught we
mf
mf espress.
Naught we sing of
Naught we sing of joy or of glad - ness,
espress.

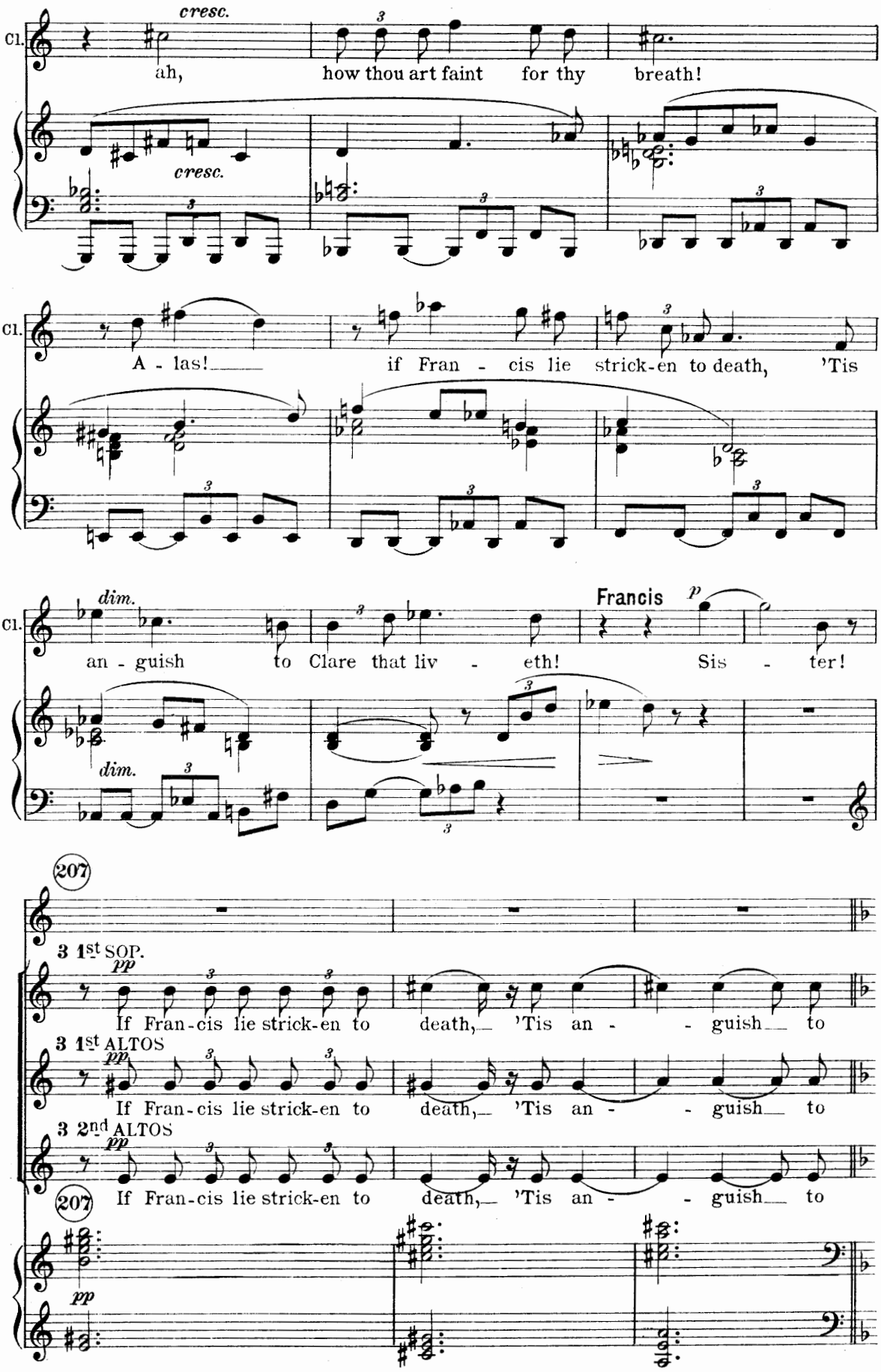

sing of joy or of glad - ness,
joy, of joy or of glad - ness,
Naught of joy or of glad - ness,
Naught we sing of joy or of glad - ness,
201
pp
Sor - row hath filled our hearts with song Of
Sor - row hath filled our hearts with song Of
Sor - row hath filled our hearts with song Of
Sor - row hath filled our hearts with song Of
201
pp
au-tumn sad - ness!
au-tumn sad - ness!
au-tumn sad - ness!
au-tumn sad - ness!
2
2
pp

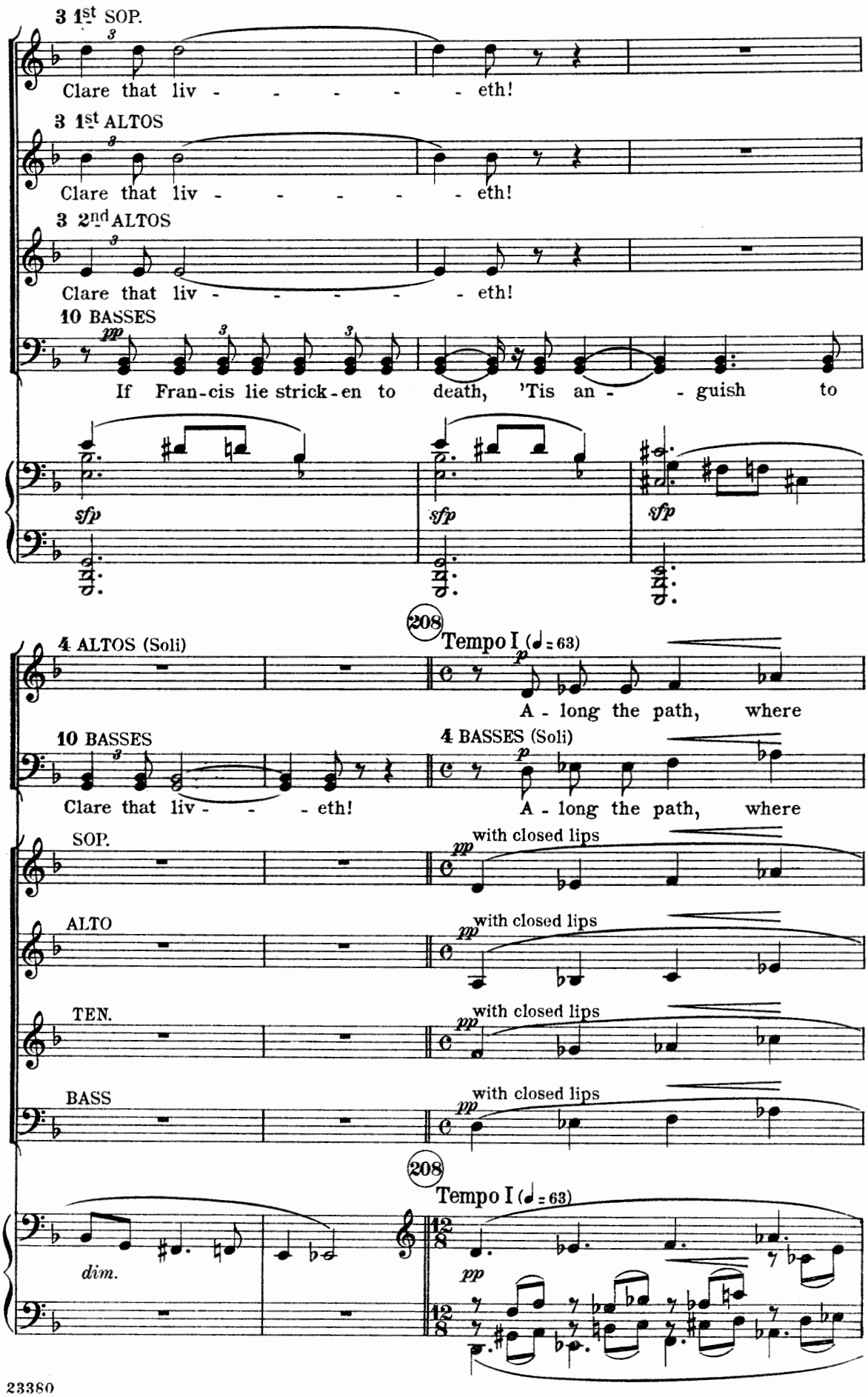

202
Francis
F.
p
Good Fri-ar Le-on, is night at hand? what of the
dolorosamente
p espress.
day?
Friar Leon
L.
The day is dy - - ing.
espress.
(in tears)
Ah, me!
4 ALTOS (Soli)
Down the long path, where
4 BASSES (Soli)
Down the long path, where
pp

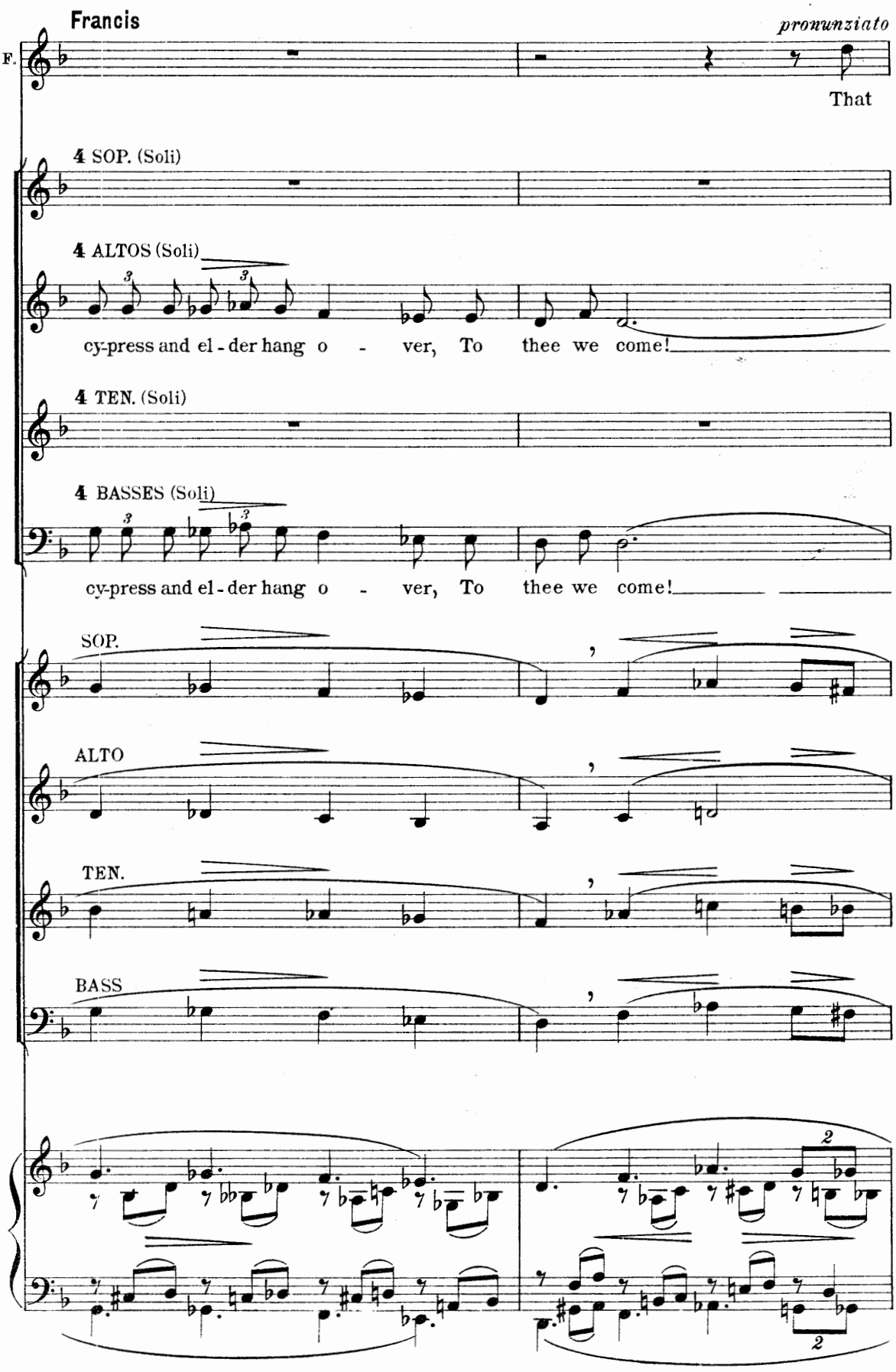

cy-press and el-der hang o - ver, To thee we come!
cy-press and el-der hang o - ver, To thee we come!
203
Francis
F.
My friend, I would not have thee weeping! This day that sinks to rest holds my last hour in
dolciss.
Sempre molto tranquillo (♩= 52)
F.
keep - ing: With the clos-ing day must I die!
pp

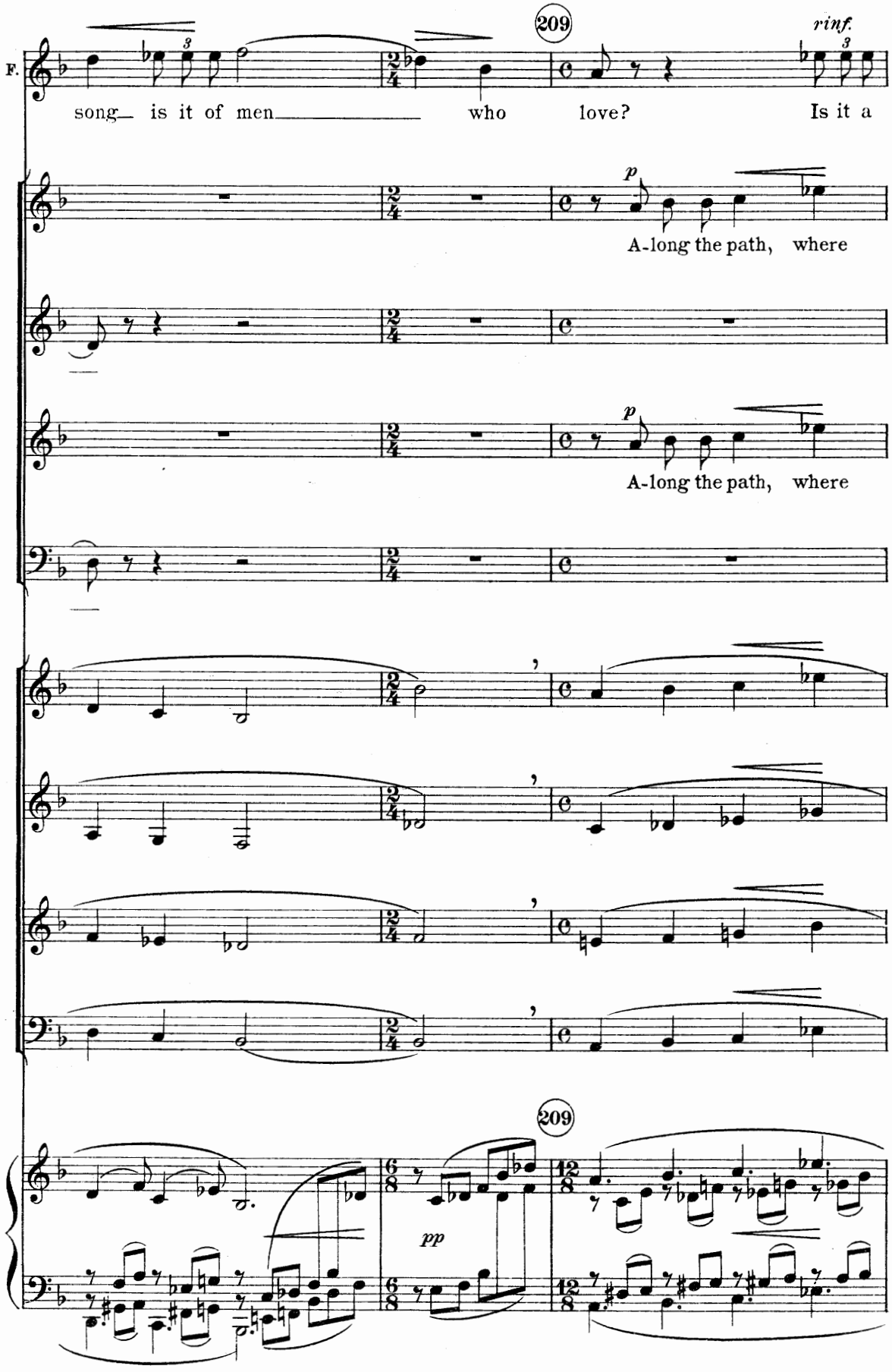

204
(All except the 16 Solo voices)
SOP. pp
All men, won by thy words en-thrall-ing,
All who by thine aid un-daunt-ed stood,
ALTO pp
All men, won by thy words en-thrall-ing,
All who by thine aid un-daunt-ed stood,
TEN. pp
All men, won by thy words en-thrall-ing,
All who by thine aid un-daunt-ed stood,
BASS pp
All men, won by thy words en-thrall-ing,
All who by thine aid un-daunt-ed stood,
204
205
mf
Yea, fol-lowed thee first at thy
Yea, fol-lowed thee first at thy
Yea, fol-lowed thee first at thy
Yea, fol-lowed thee first at thy
205
call-ing, And strove by thine ex-am-ple to fight for the good,
call-ing, Strove by thine ex-am-ple to fight for the good,
call-ing, And strove by thine ex-am-ple to fight for the good,
call-ing, Strove by thine ex-am-ple to fight for the good,

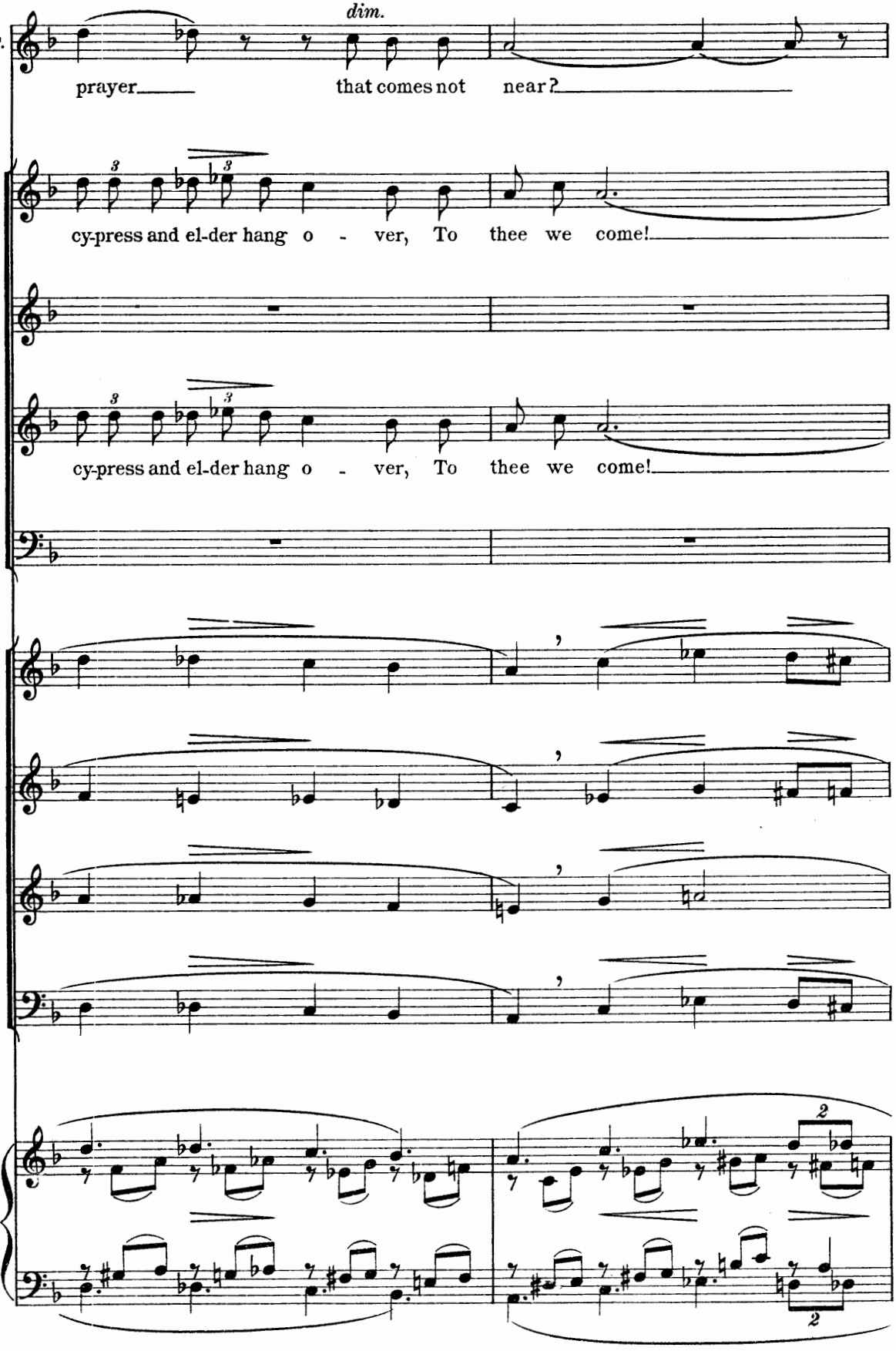

At-tend thee and crave thy last bless - ing; Bowed in their grief and mis-er-y, Thy
At-tend thee and crave thy last bless - ing; Bowed in their grief and mis-er-y, Thy
At-tend thee and crave thy last bless - ing; Bowed in their grief and mis-er-y, Thy
At-tend thee and crave thy last bless - ing; Bowed in their grief and mis-er-y, Thy
friends, in throng a - round thee press - ing, Kneel un - to thee!
friends, in throng a - round thee press - ing, Kneel un - to thee!
friends, in throng a - round thee press - ing, Kneel un - to thee!
friends, in throng a - round thee press - ing, Kneel un - to thee!
206
Sister Clare
Cl.
dolce espress.
dolce
Now Sis-ter Clare, thy hand-maid, giv-eth Com - fort;

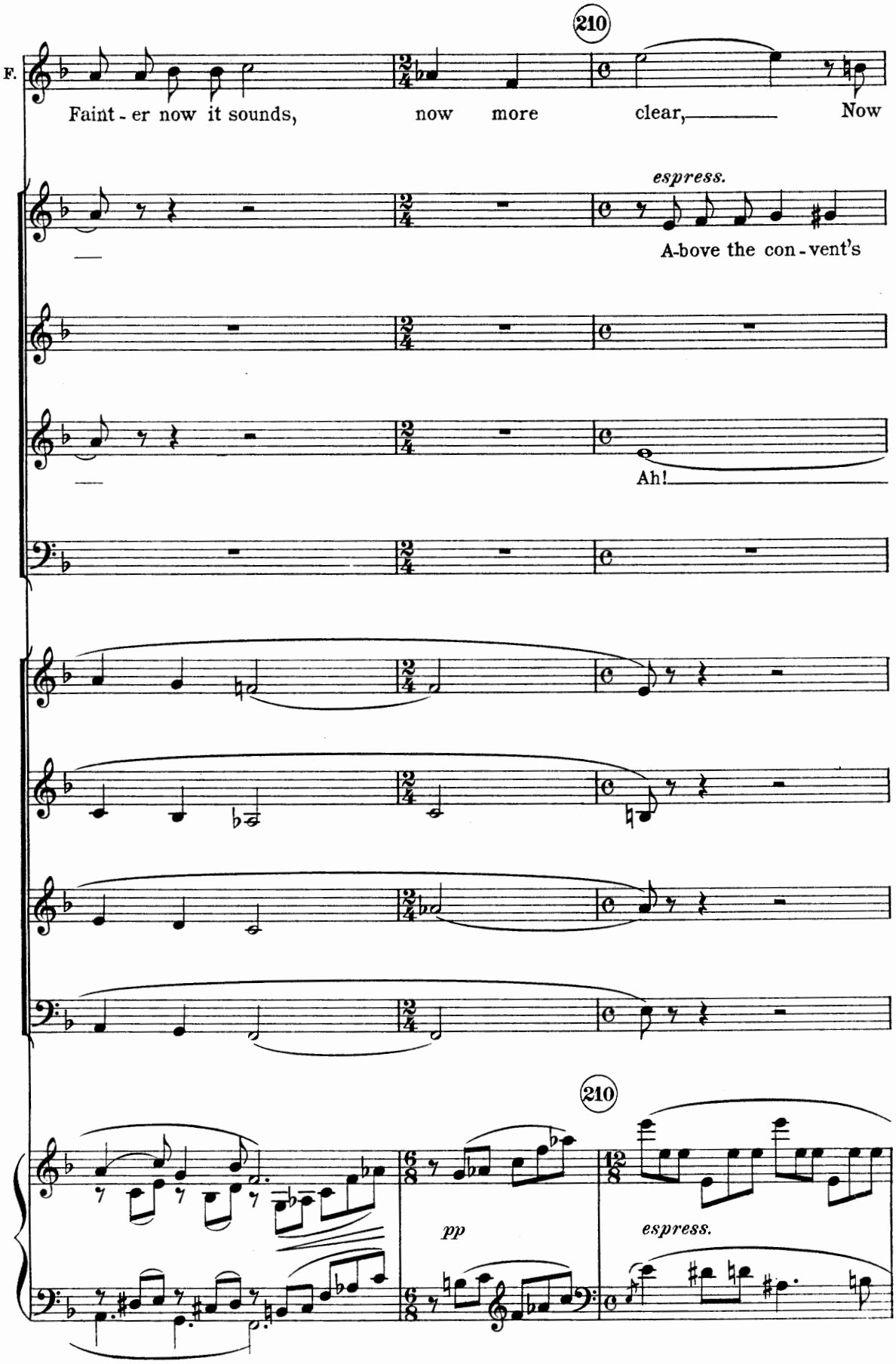

cresc.
ah, how thou art faint for thy breath!
cresc.
A - las! if Fran - cis lie strick-en to death, 'Tis
dim.
an - guish to Clare that liv - eth!
Francis
p
Sis - ter!
dim.
207
3 1st SOP.
pp
If Fran-cis lie strick-en to death, 'Tis an - - guish to
3 1st ALTOS
pp
If Fran-cis lie strick-en to death, 'Tis an - - guish to
3 2nd ALTOS
pp
If Fran-cis lie strick-en to death, 'Tis an - - guish to
207
pp

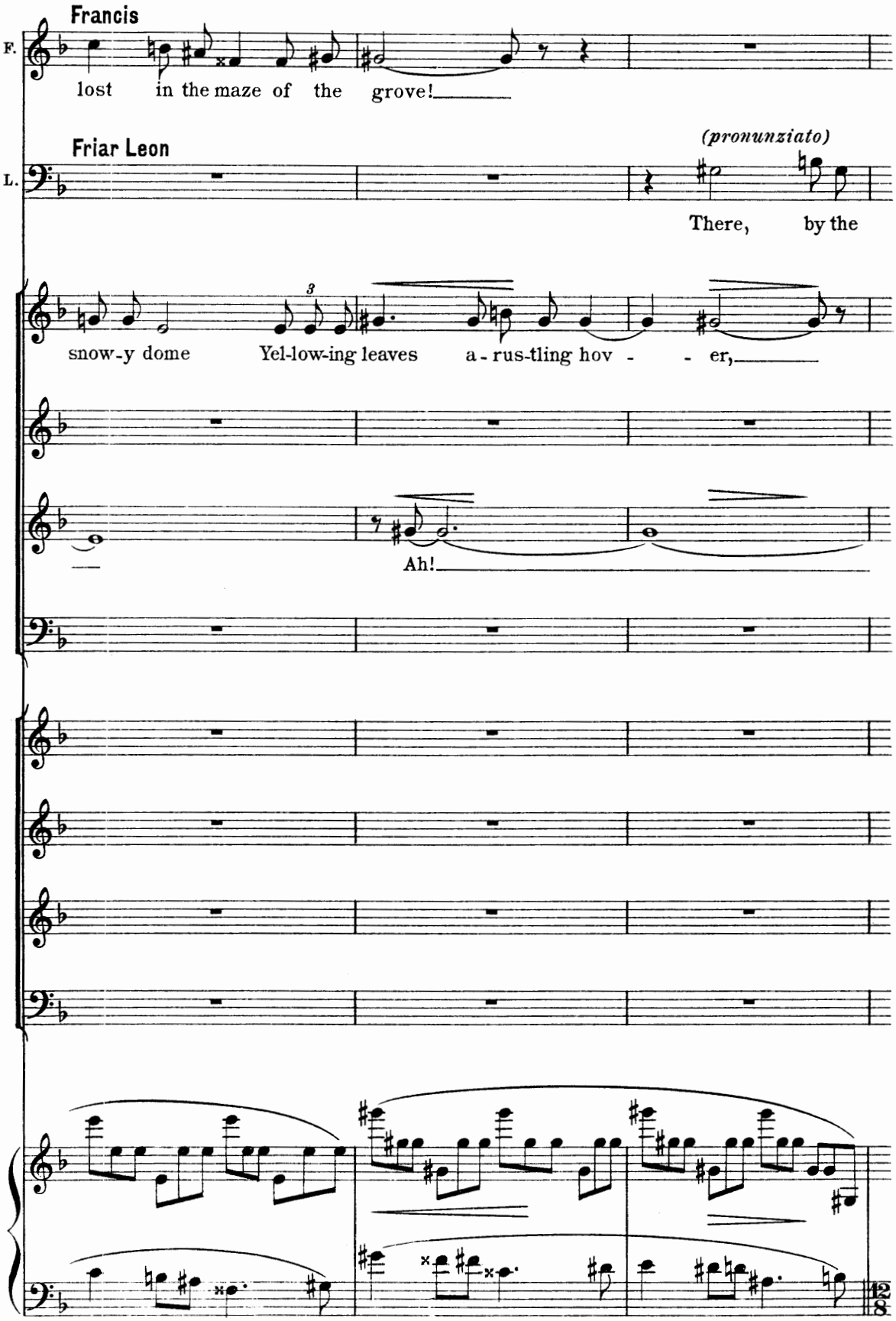

3 1st SOP.
Clare that liv - - - - - eth!
3 1st ALTOS
Clare that liv - - - - - eth!
3 2nd ALTOS
Clare that liv - - - - - eth!
10 BASSES
pp
If Fran-cis lie strick-en to death, 'Tis an - - guish to
sfp
sfp
sfp
208
Tempo I (♩= 63)
4 ALTOS (Soli)
p
A - long the path, where
10 BASSES
Clare that liv - - - eth!
4 BASSES (Soli)
p
A - long the path, where
SOP.
pp
with closed lips
ALTO
pp
with closed lips
TEN.
pp
with closed lips
BASS
pp
with closed lips
208
Tempo I (♩= 63)
dim.
pp

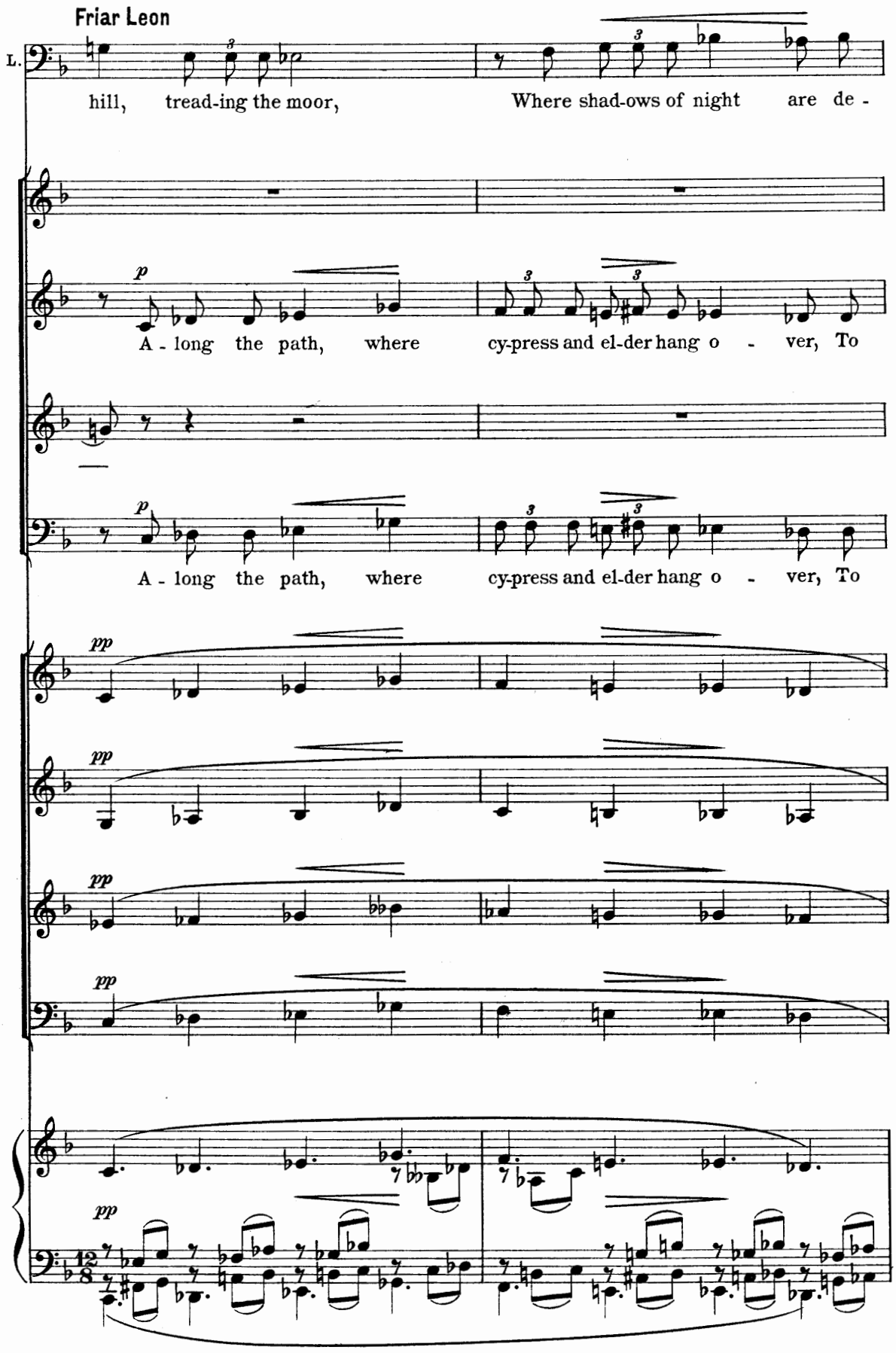

Francis
pronunziato
F.
That
4 SOP. (Soli)
4 ALTOS (Soli)
cy-press and el - der hang o - ver, To thee we come!
4 TEN. (Soli)
4 BASSES (Soli)
cy-press and el - der hang o - ver, To thee we come!
SOP.
ALTO
TEN.
BASS

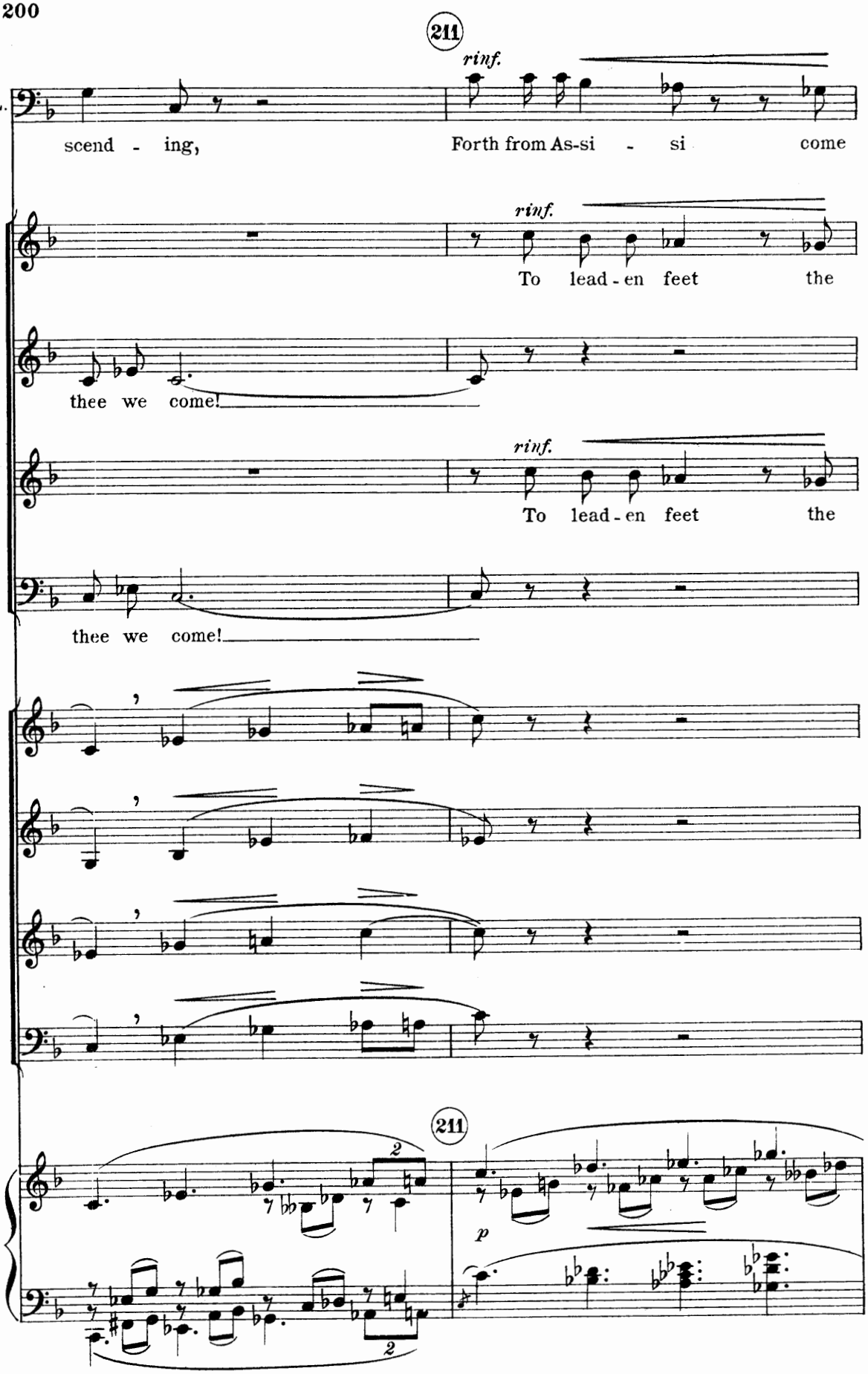

209
rinf.
F.
song_ is it of men_____ who love? Is it a
p
A-long the path, where
p
A-long the path, where
209
pp

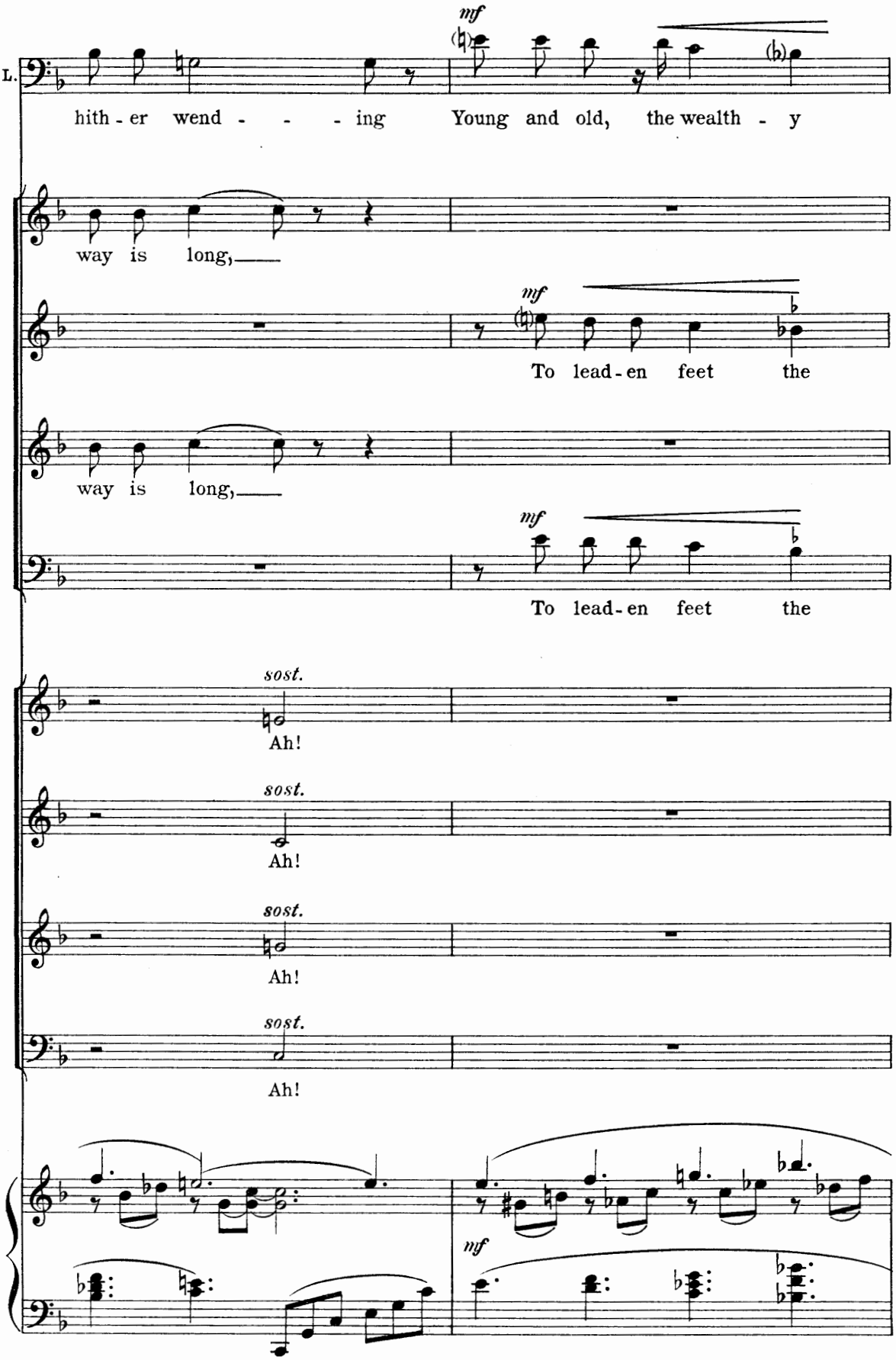

F.
dim.
prayer that comes not near?
cy-press and el-der hang o - ver, To thee we come!
cy-press and el-der hang o - ver, To thee we come!

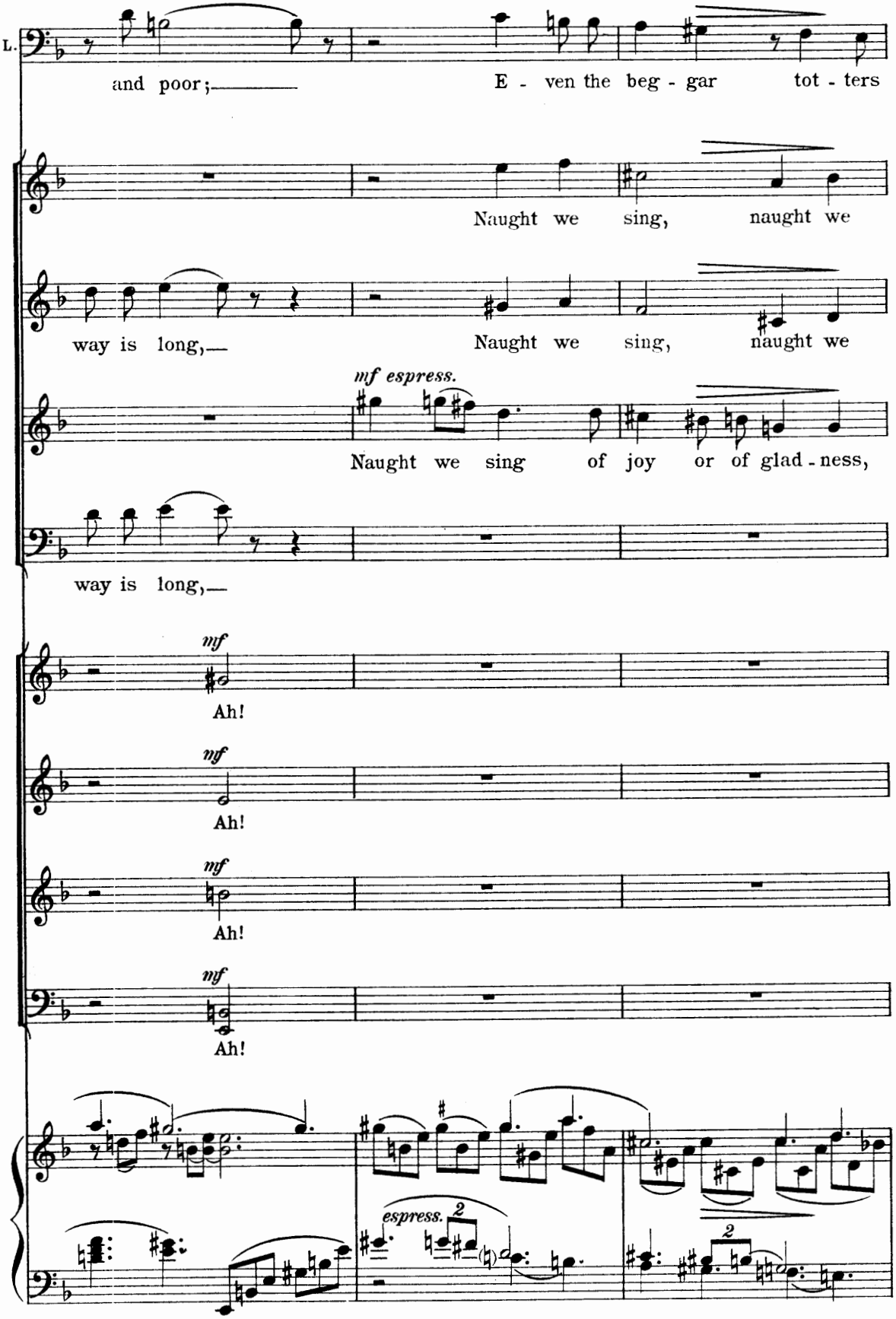

210
F.
Faint - er now it sounds, now more clear, Now
espress.
A-bove the con - vent's
Ah!
210
pp
espress.

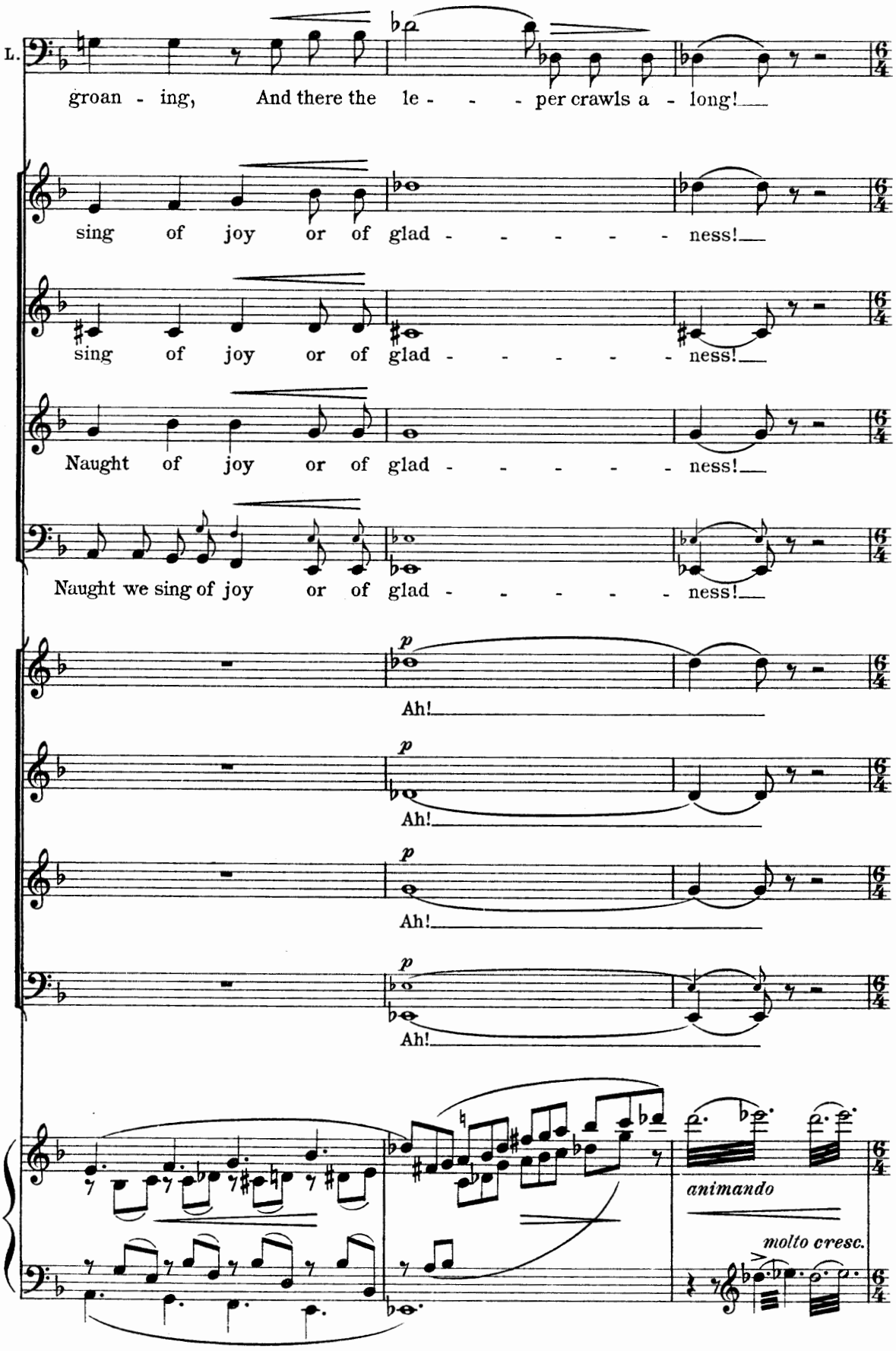

Francis
F.
lost in the maze of the grove!
Friar Leon
L.
(pronunziato)
There, by the
snow-y dome Yel-low-ing leaves a-rus-tling hov - - er,
Ah!


Friar Leon
L.
hill, tread-ing the moor, Where shad-ows of night are de -
p
A - long the path, where cy-press and el-der hang o - ver, To
p
A - long the path, where cy-press and el-der hang o - ver, To
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp


211
rinf.
L.
scend - ing,
Forth from As-si - si come
rinf.
To lead - en feet the
thee we come!
rinf.
To lead - en feet the
thee we come!
211
p


L.
mf
hith - er wend - - - ing Young and old, the wealth - y
way is long,
mf
To lead - en feet the
way is long,
mf
To lead - en feet the
sost.
Ah!
sost.
Ah!
sost.
Ah!
sost.
Ah!
mf


L.
and poor;
E - ven the beg - gar tot - ters
Naught we sing, naught we
way is long,
Naught we sing, naught we
mf espress.
Naught we sing of joy or of glad - ness,
way is long,
mf
Ah!
mf
Ah!
mf
Ah!
mf
Ah!
espress.
2
2


L.
groan - ing, And there the le - - - - per crawls a - long!
sing of joy or of glad - - - - - - ness!
sing of joy or of glad - - - - - - ness!
Naught of joy or of glad - - - - - - ness!
Naught we sing of joy or of glad - - - - - - ness!
p
Ah!
p
Ah!
p
Ah!
p
Ah!
animando
molto cresc.

(212) ♩♩♩ = ♩♩ del precedente *(Alquanto lento)*

(♩. = 40)

ff

p

espress. (marcato)

Sister Clare

Cl.

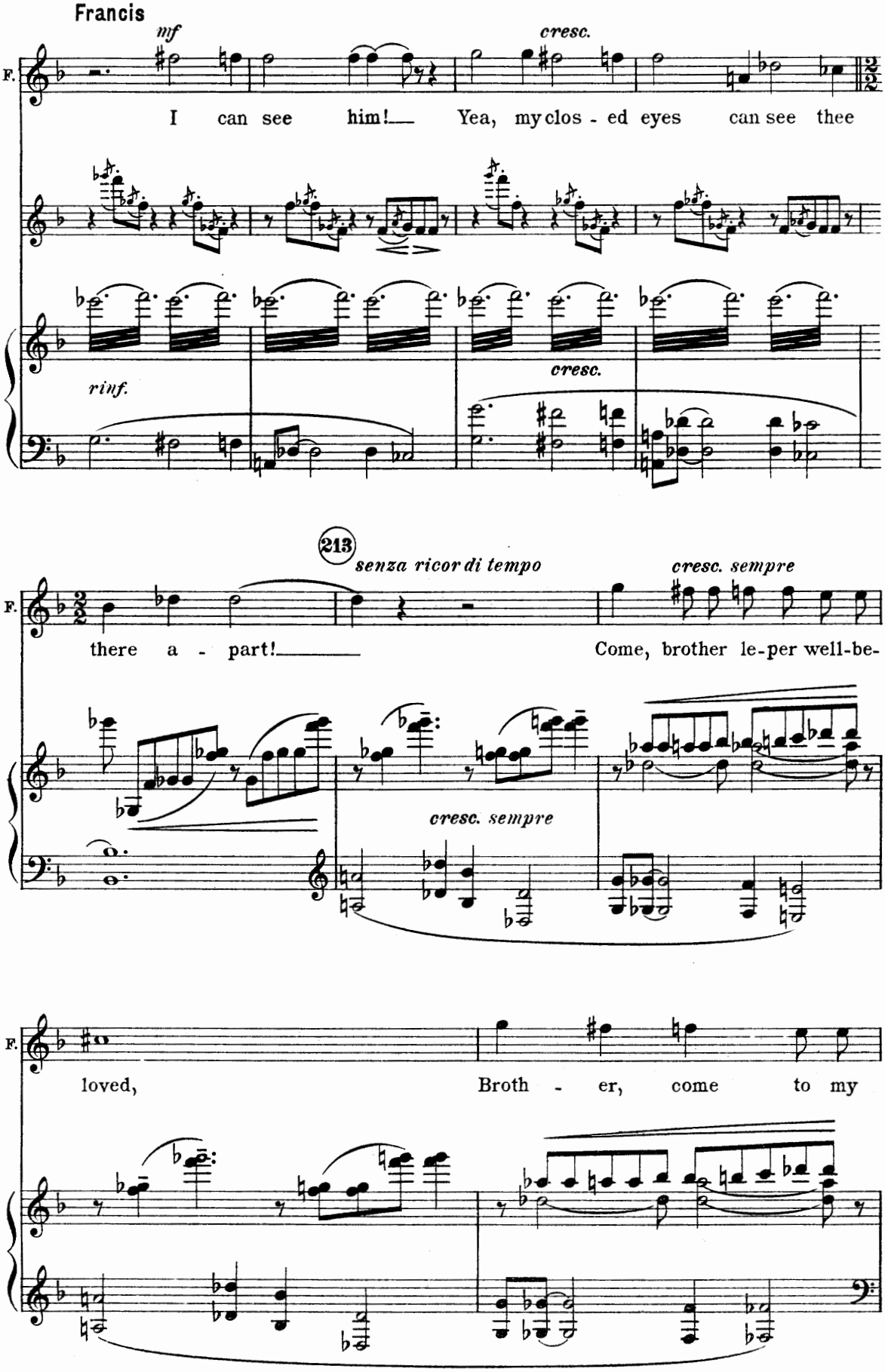
In the shad - ows a man I see that shuns the throng, I

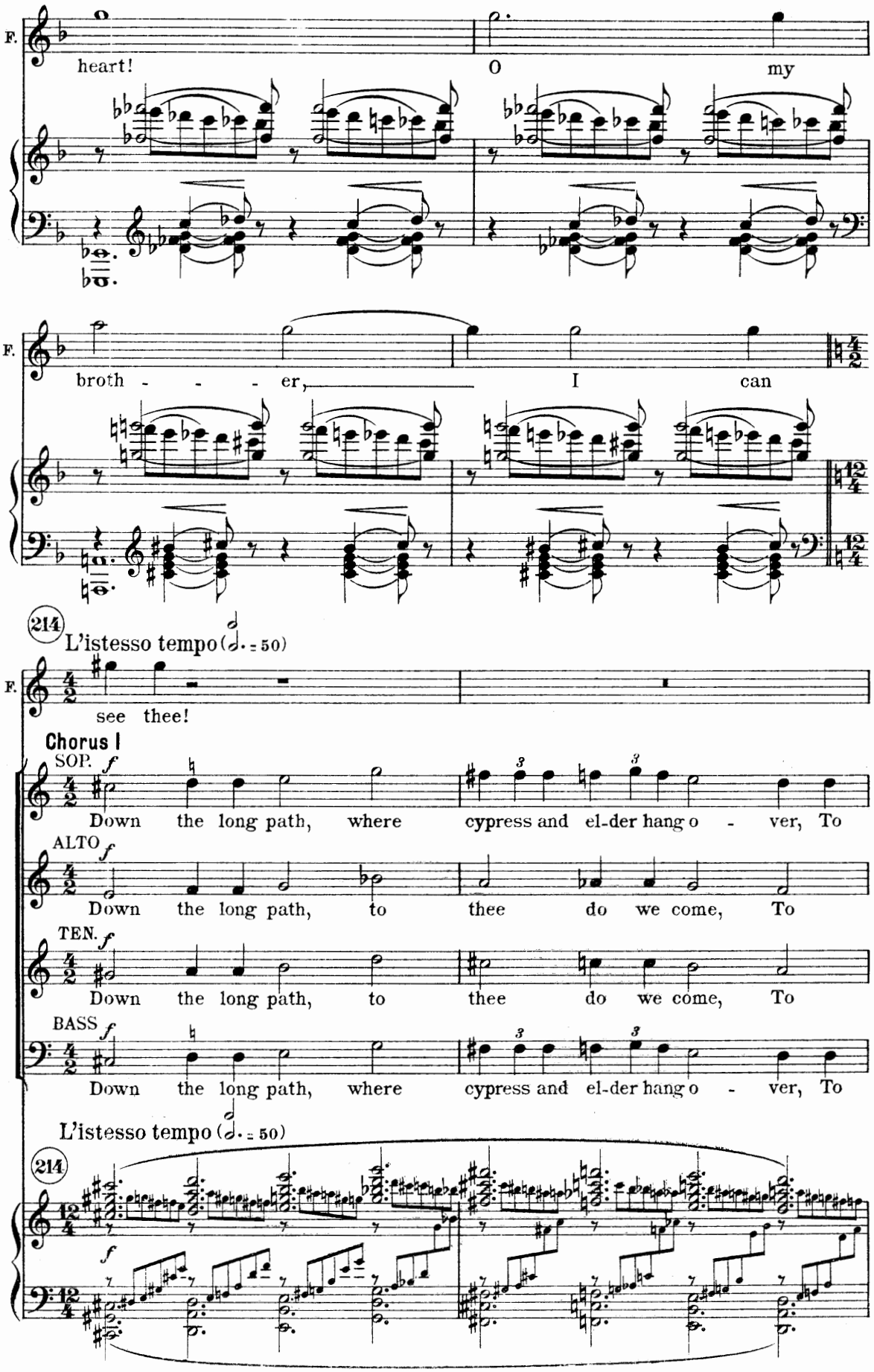
un poco rinf.

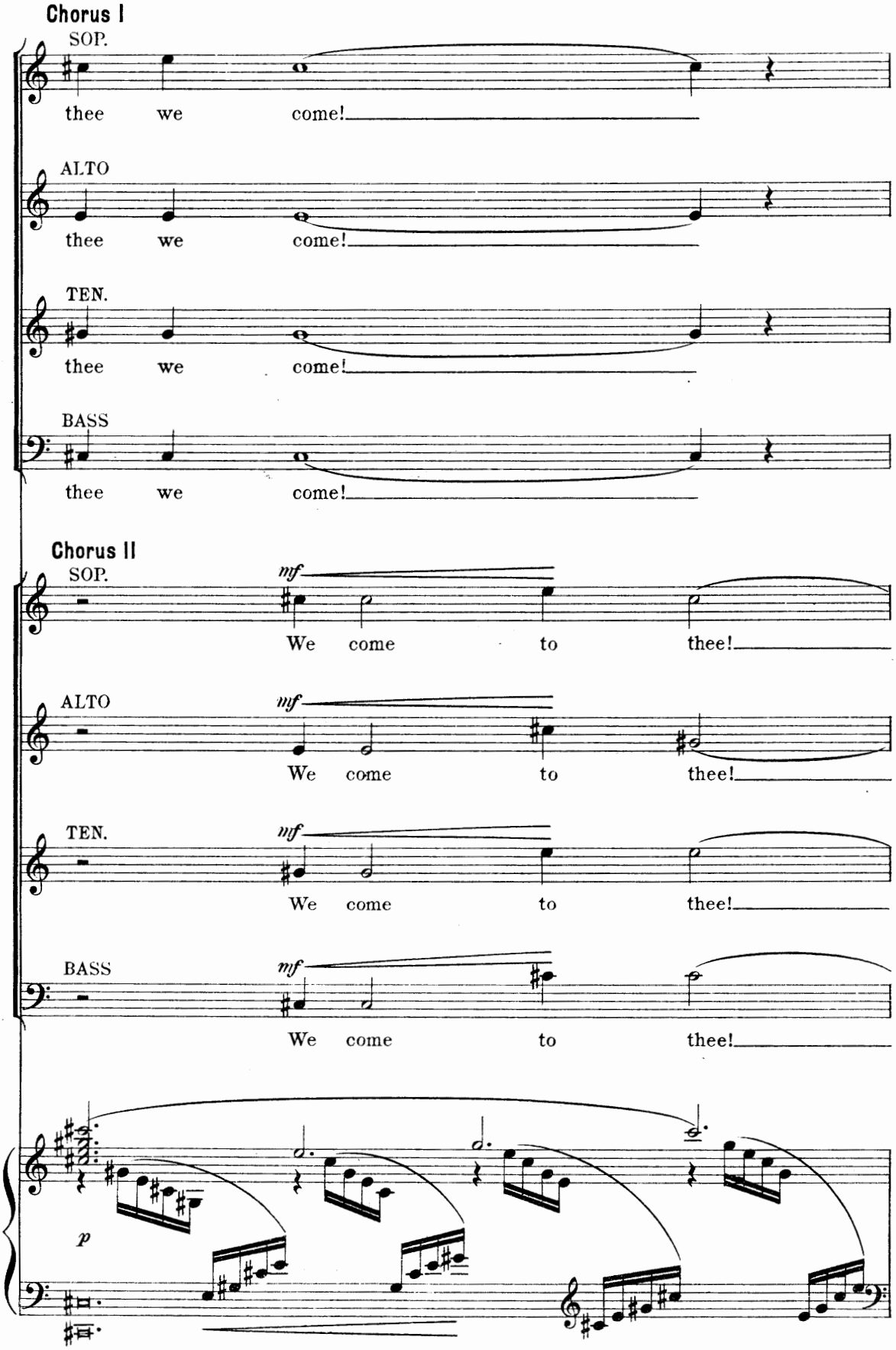
Cl.

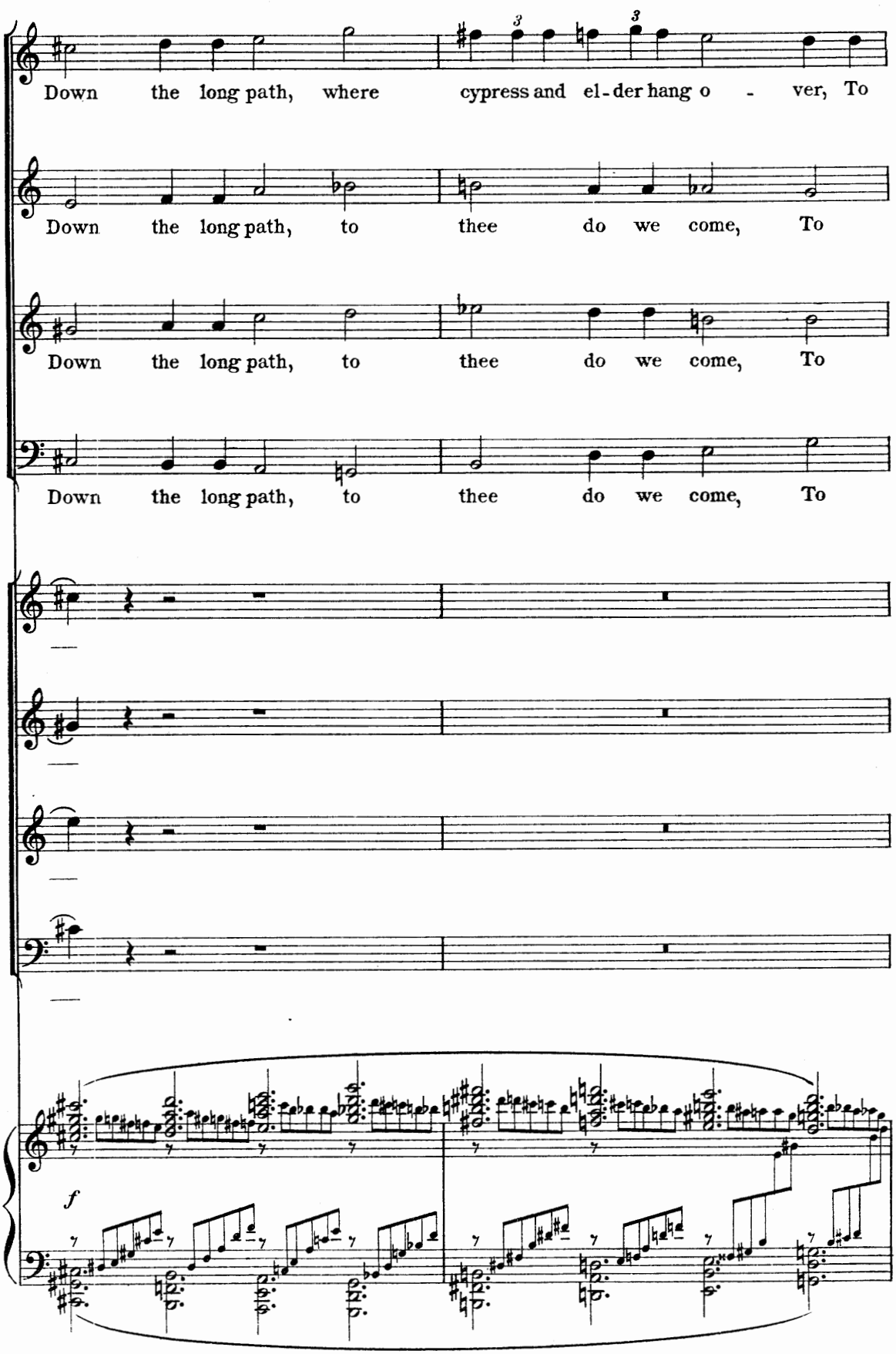
hear him, in his pain, fee - bly moan - - - ing!

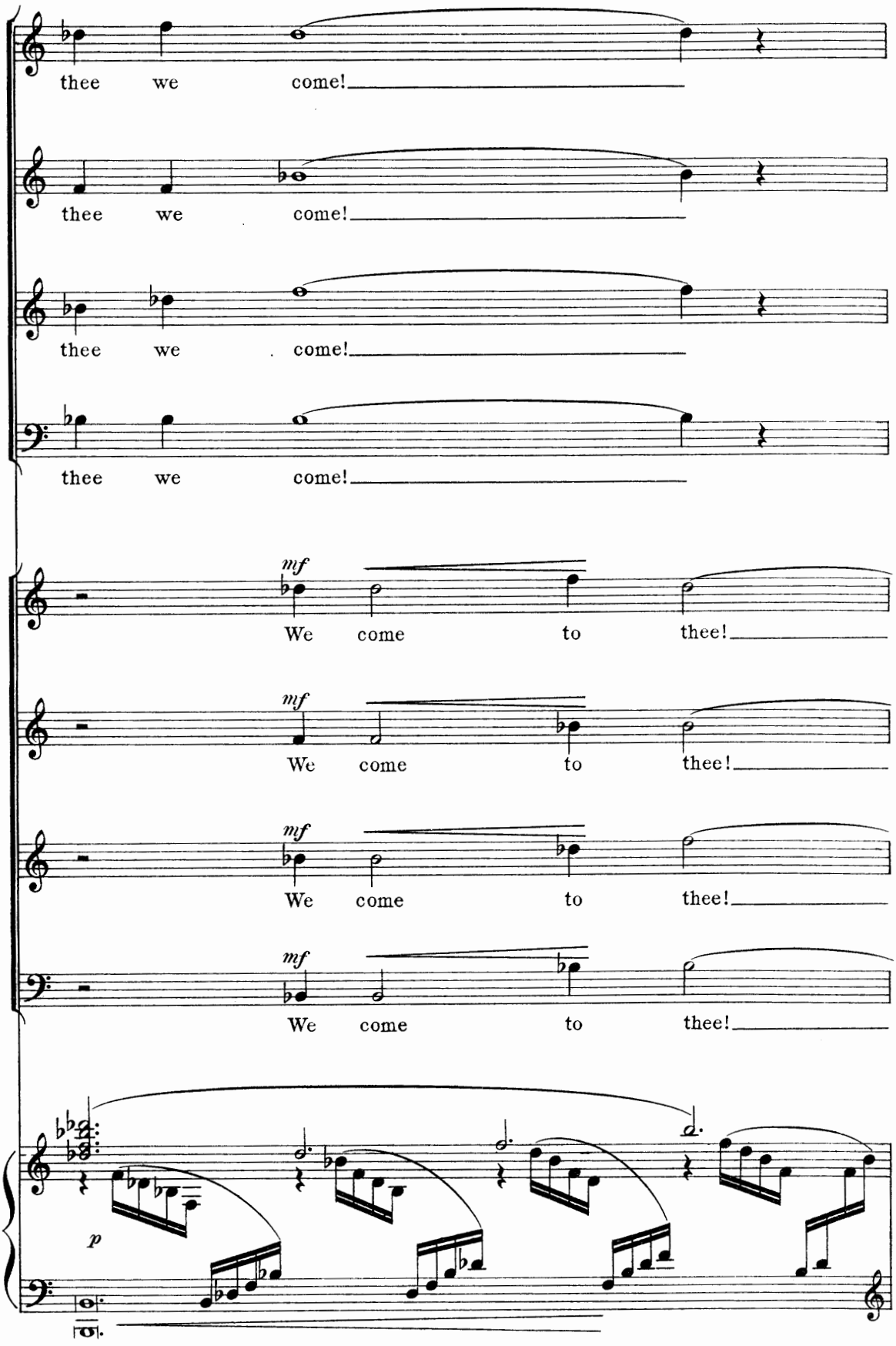
dim.

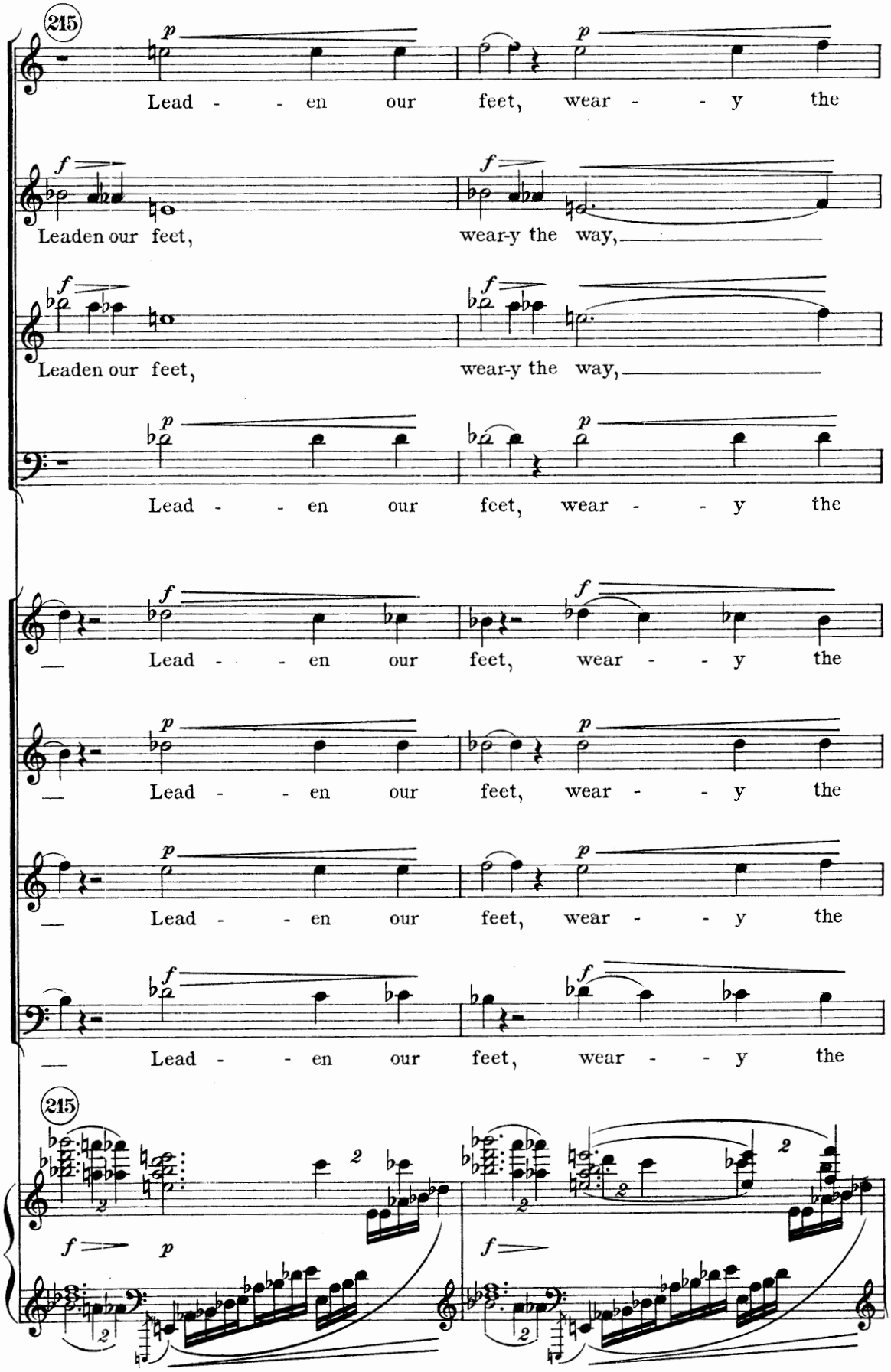

Francis
mf
cresc.
F.
I can see him! Yea, my clos - ed eyes can see thee
rinf.
cresc.
213
senza ricor di tempo
cresc. sempre
there a - part!
Come, brother le-per well-be-
cresc. sempre
loved,
Broth - er, come to my

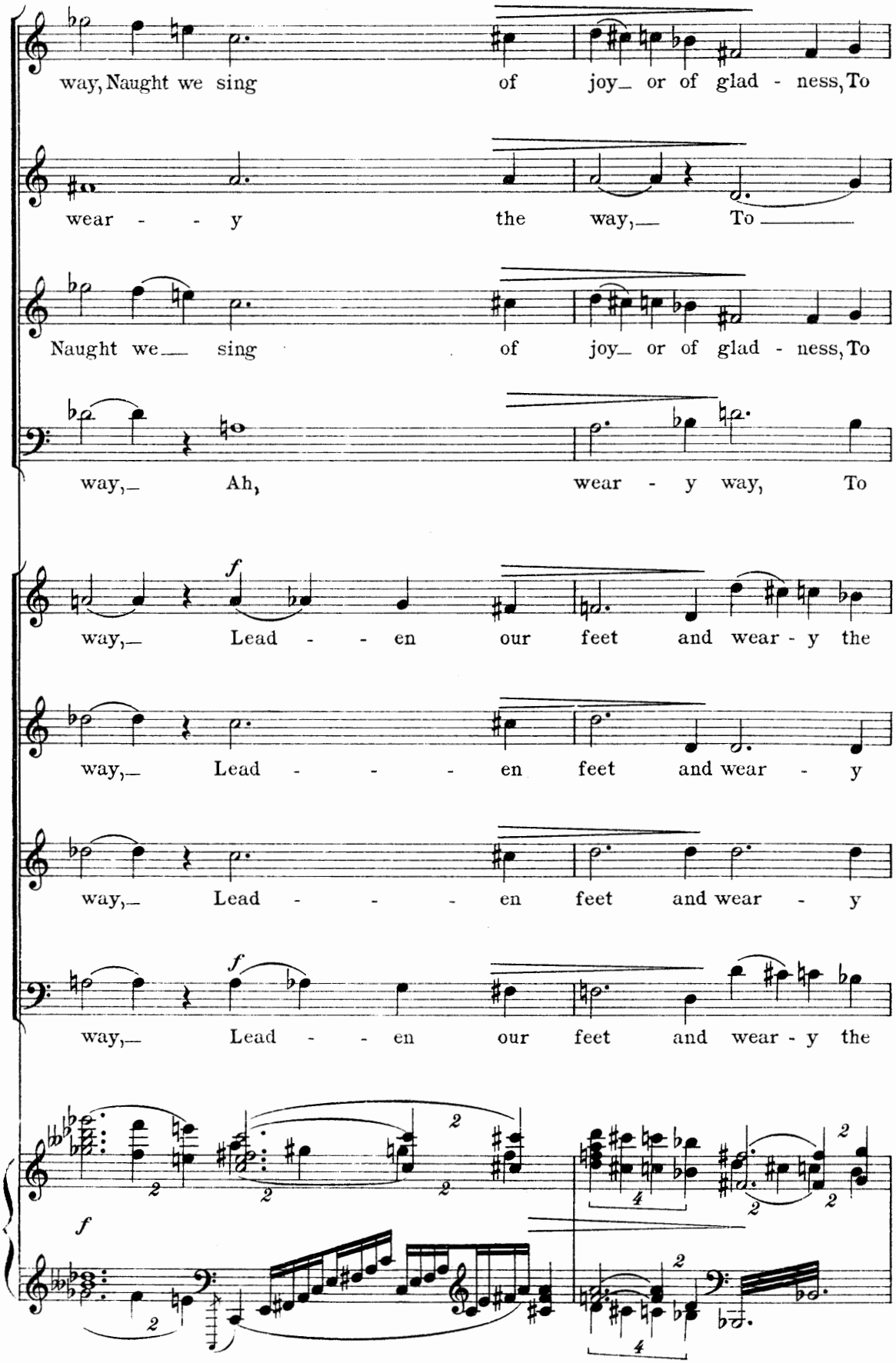

F.
heart!
O
my
F.
broth - - - er,
I
can
214
L'istesso tempo (𝅗𝅥. = 50)
F.
see thee!
Chorus I
SOP.
f
Down the long path, where cypress and el-der hang o - ver, To
ALTO
f
Down the long path, to thee do we come, To
TEN.
f
Down the long path, to thee do we come, To
BASS
f
Down the long path, where cypress and el-der hang o - ver, To
L'istesso tempo (𝅗𝅥. = 50)
214
f

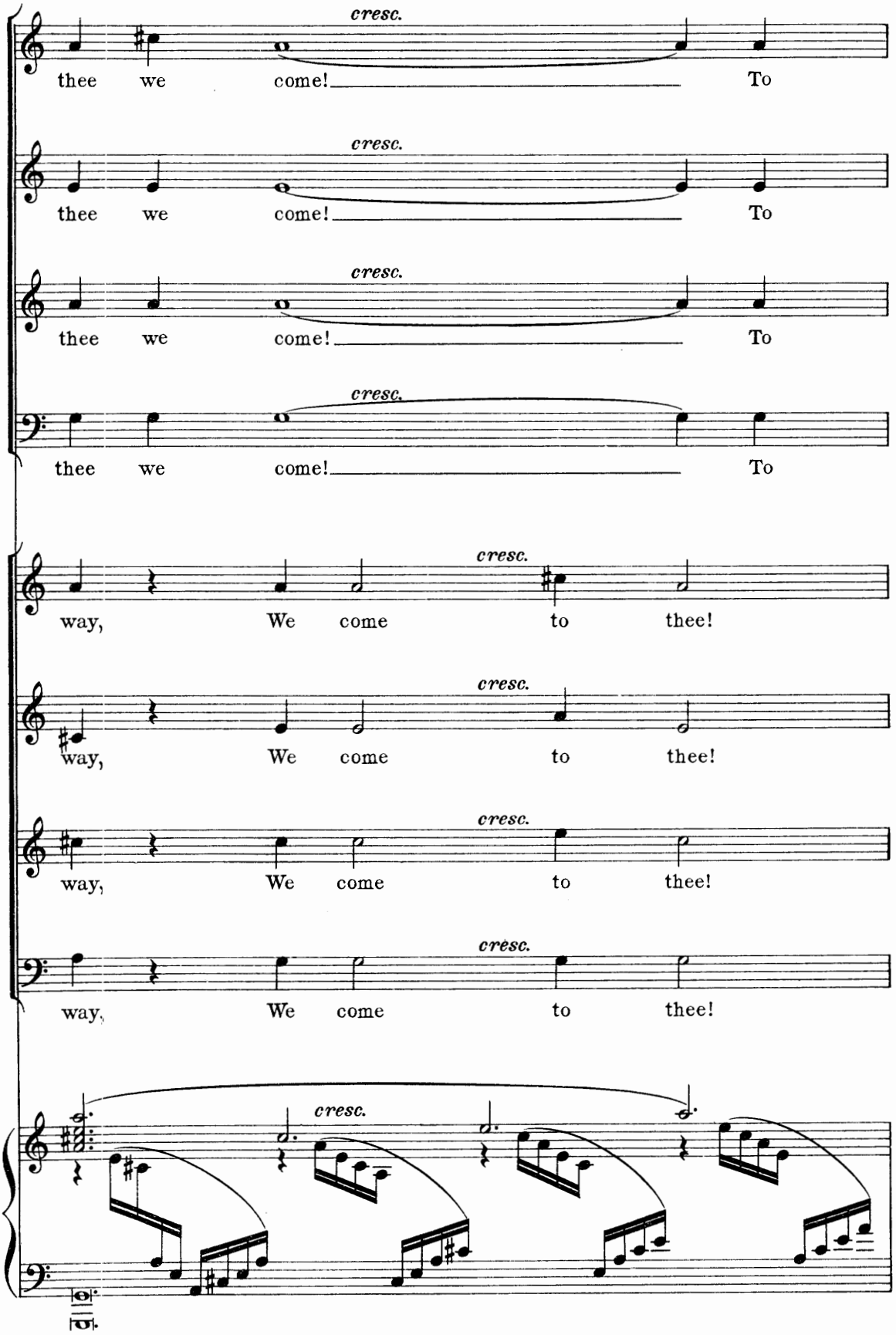

Chorus I
SOP.
thee we come!
ALTO
thee we come!
TEN.
thee we come!
BASS
thee we come!
Chorus II
SOP.
mf
We come to thee!
ALTO
mf
We come to thee!
TEN.
mf
We come to thee!
BASS
mf
We come to thee!
p

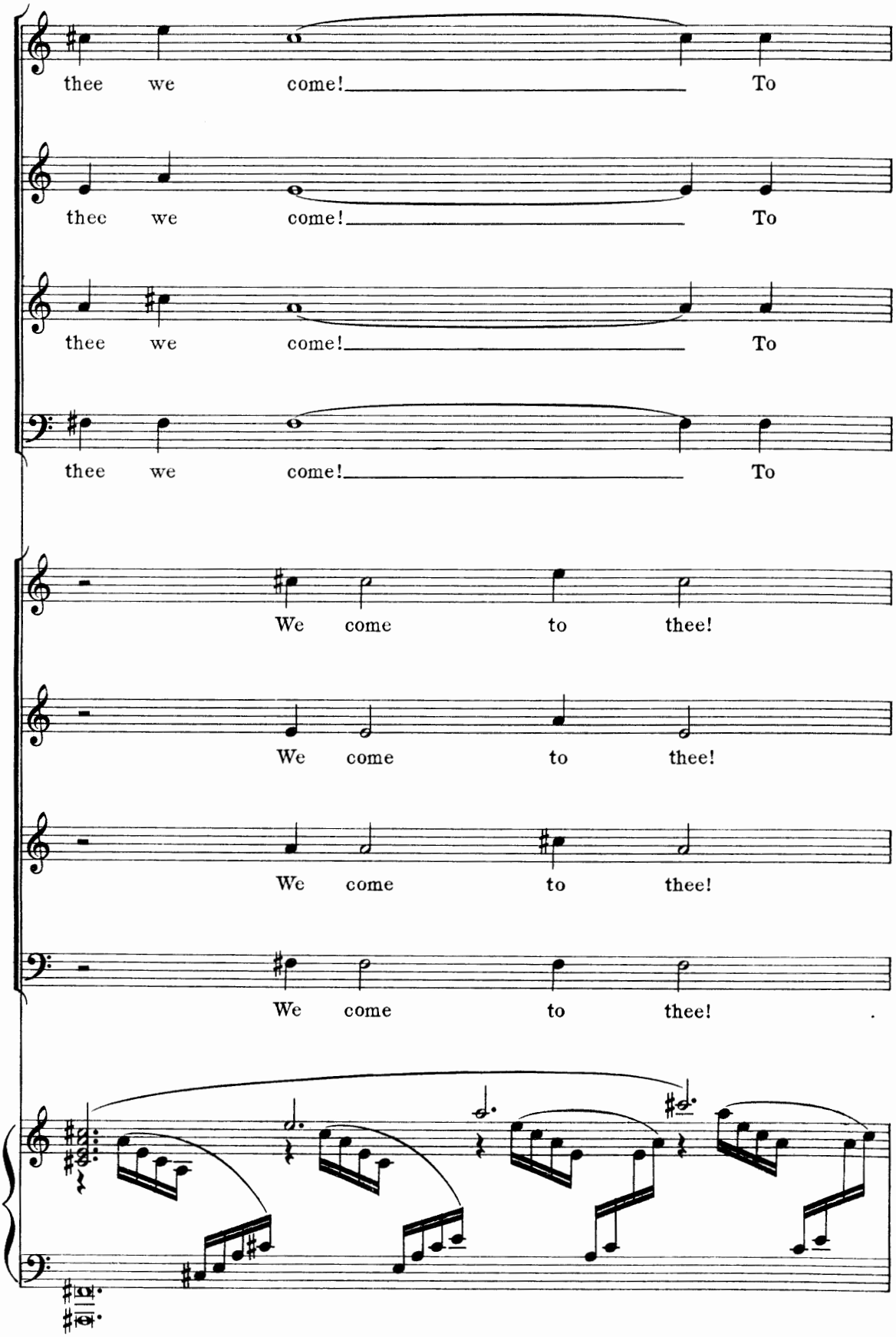

Down the long path, where cypress and el-der hang o - ver, To
Down the long path, to thee do we come, To
Down the long path, to thee do we come, To
Down the long path, to thee do we come, To
f

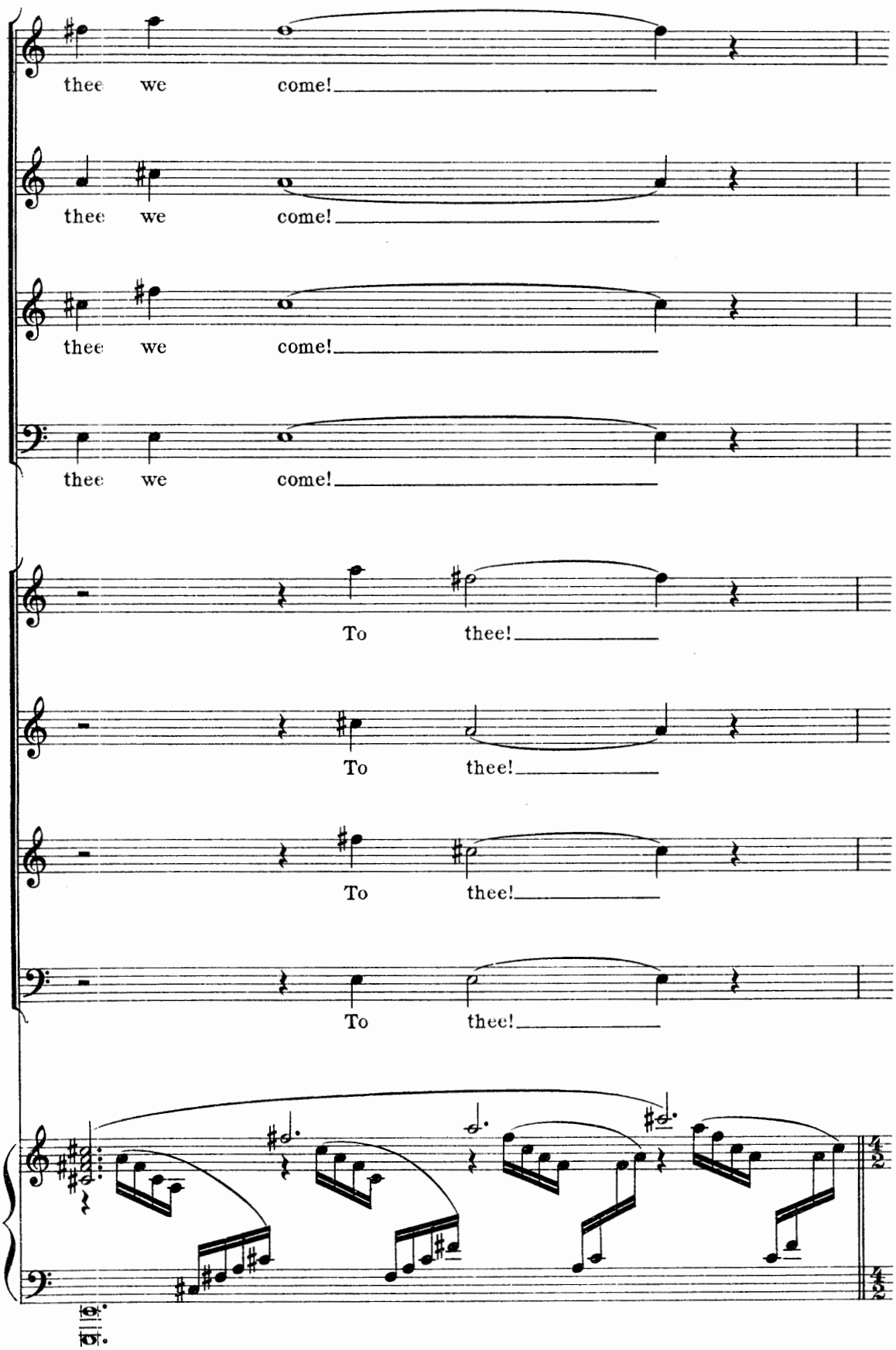

thee we come!
thee we come!
thee we come!
thee we come!
mf
We come to thee!
mf
We come to thee!
mf
We come to thee!
mf
We come to thee!
p

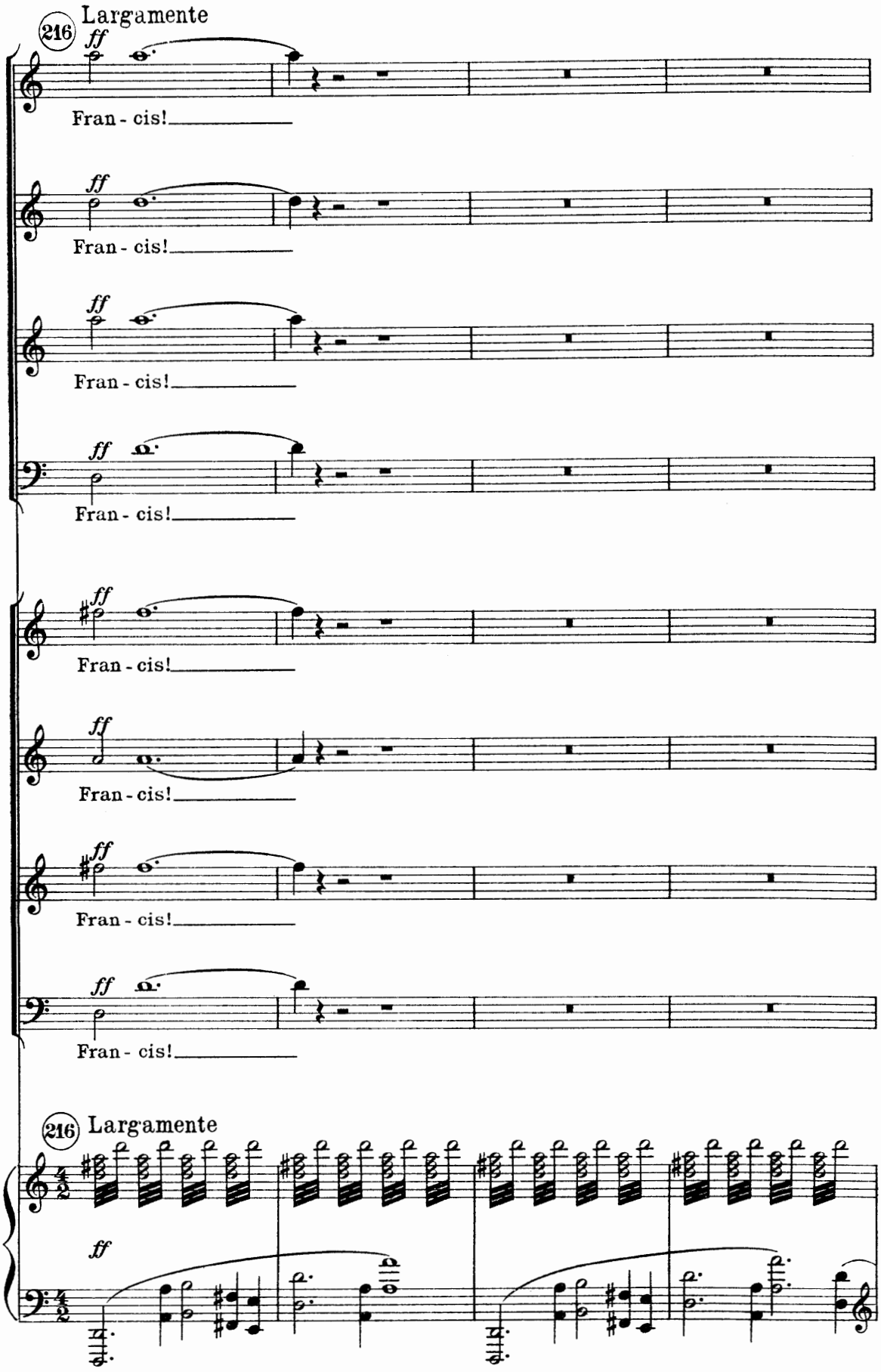

215
p
Lead - - en our feet, wear - - y the
f
Leaden our feet, wear-y the way,
f
Leaden our feet, wear-y the way,
p
Lead - - en our feet, wear - - y the
f
Lead - - en our feet, wear - - y the
p
Lead - - en our feet, wear - - y the
p
Lead - - en our feet, wear - - y the
f
Lead - - en our feet, wear - - y the
215
f
p
f

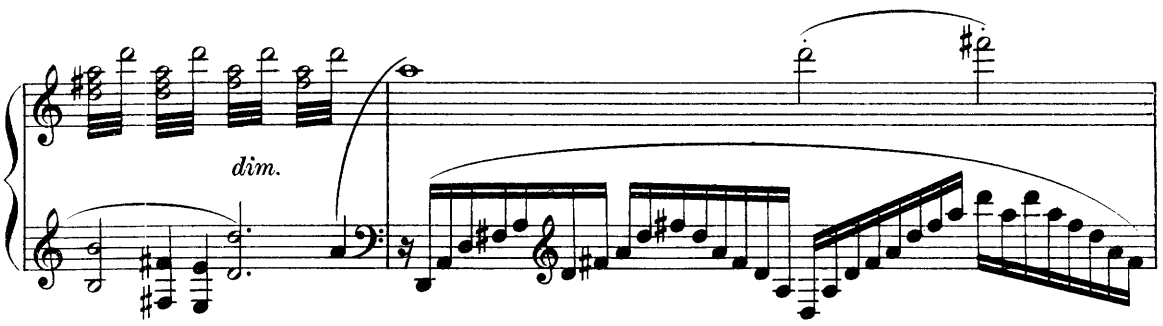

way, Naught we sing of joy_ or of glad - ness, To
wear - - y the way,_ To _____
Naught we_ sing of joy_ or of glad - ness, To
way,_ Ah, wear - y way, To
f
way,_ Lead - - en our feet and wear - y the
way,_ Lead - - - - en feet and wear - y
way,_ Lead - - - - en feet and wear - y
f
way,_ Lead - - en our feet and wear - y the
f

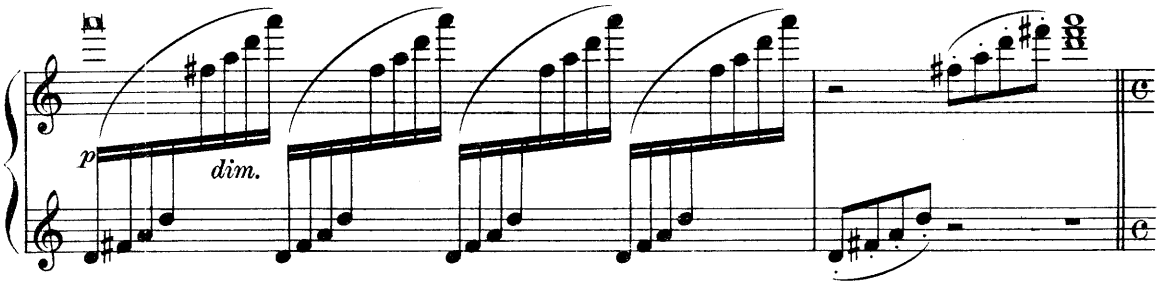

cresc.
thee we come! To
cresc.
thee we come! To
cresc.
thee we come! To
cresc.
thee we come! To
cresc.
way, We come to thee!
cresc.
way, We come to thee!
cresc.
way, We come to thee!
cresc.
way, We come to thee!
cresc.


thee we come! To
thee we come! To
thee we come! To
thee we come! To
We come to thee!
We come to thee!
We come to thee!
We come to thee!


thee we come!
thee we come!
thee we come!
thee we come!
To thee!
To thee!
To thee!
To thee!

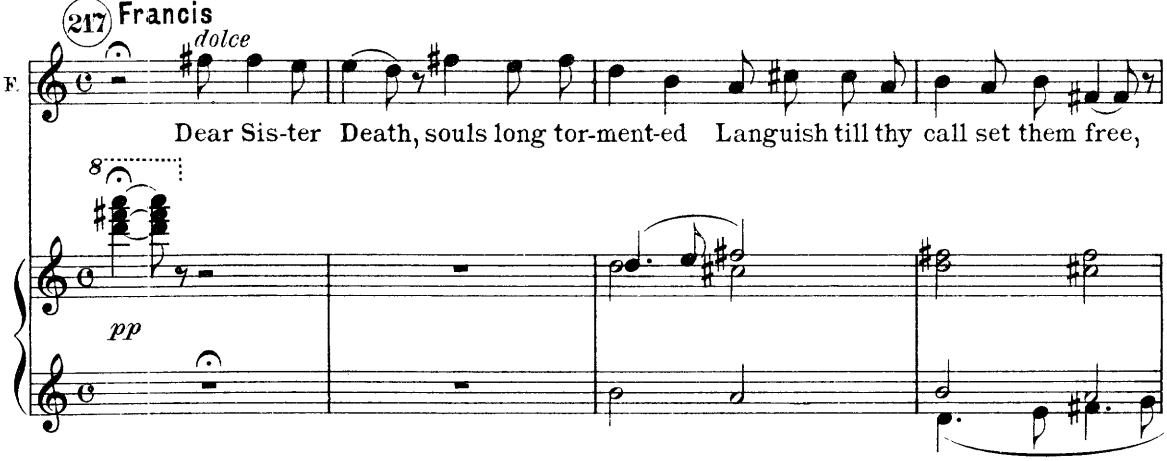

216 Largamente
ff
Fran - cis!
ff
Fran - cis!
ff
Fran - cis!
ff
Fran - cis!
ff
Fran - cis!
ff
Fran - cis!
ff
Fran - cis!
ff
Fran - cis!
216 Largamente
ff

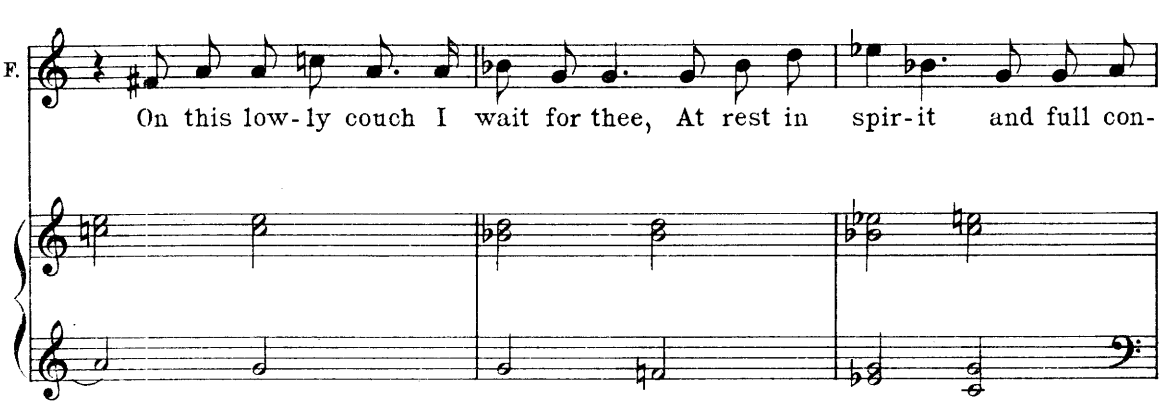


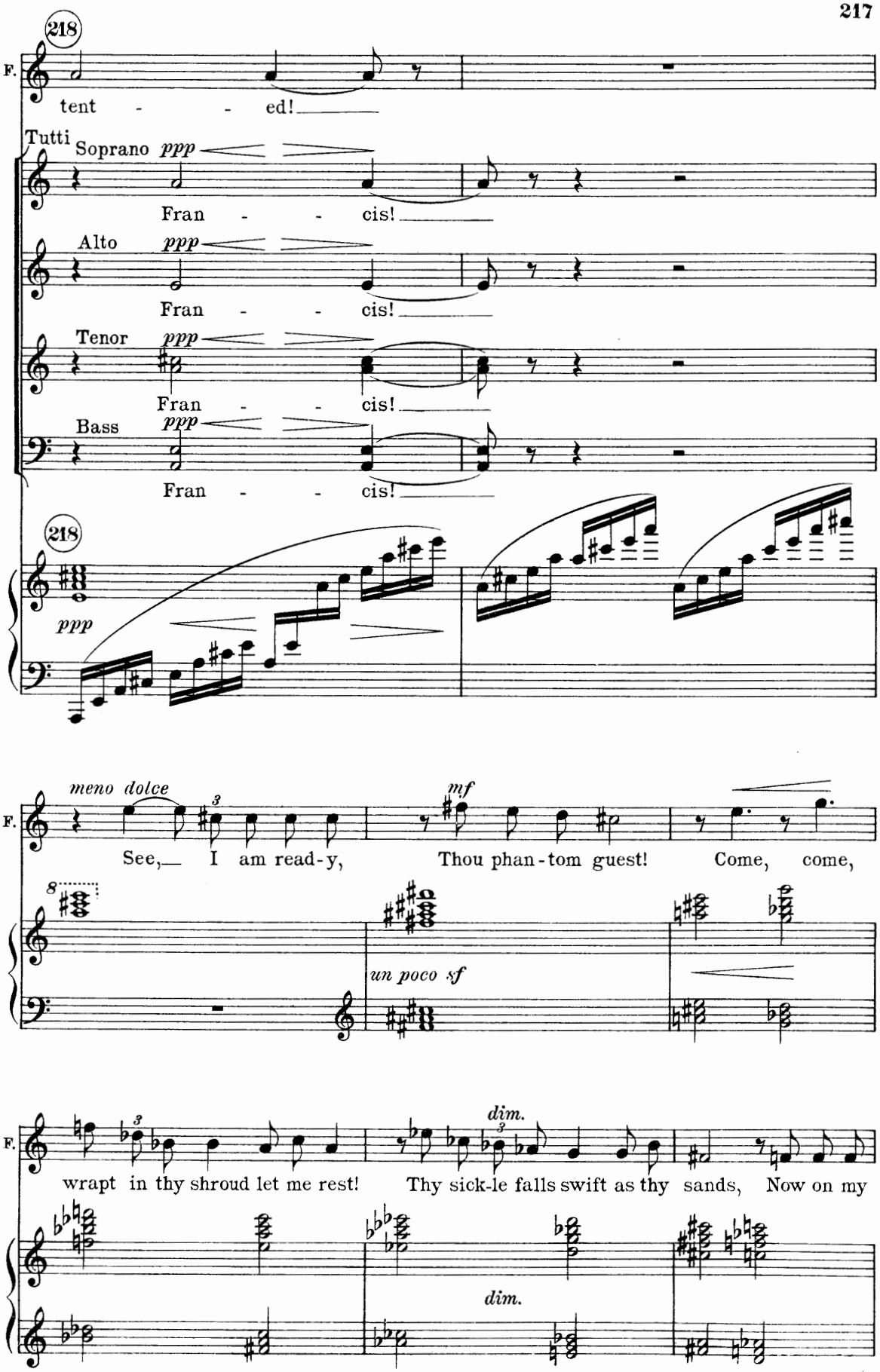


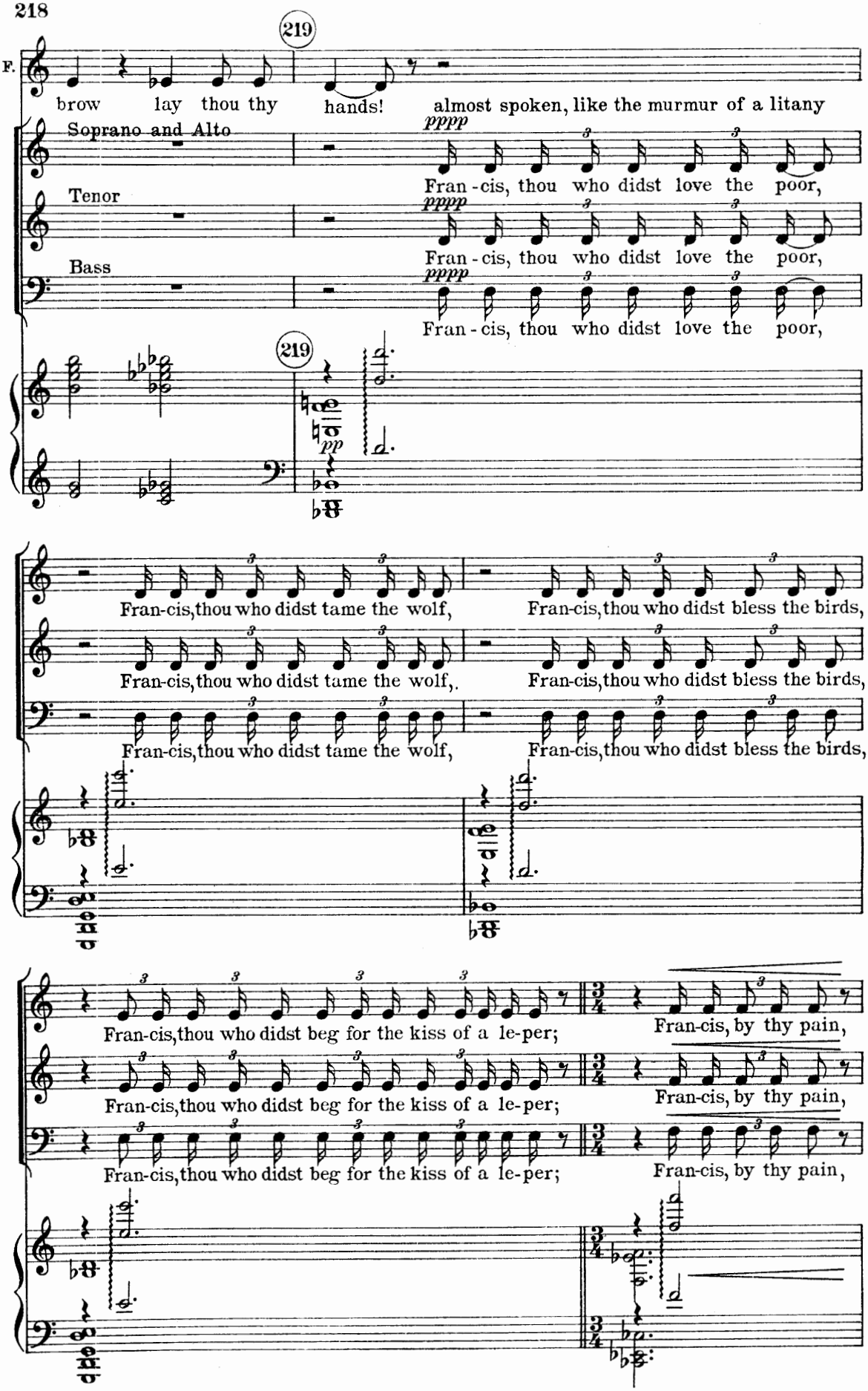
L'istesso (♩ = 𝅗𝅥 *del precedente*)

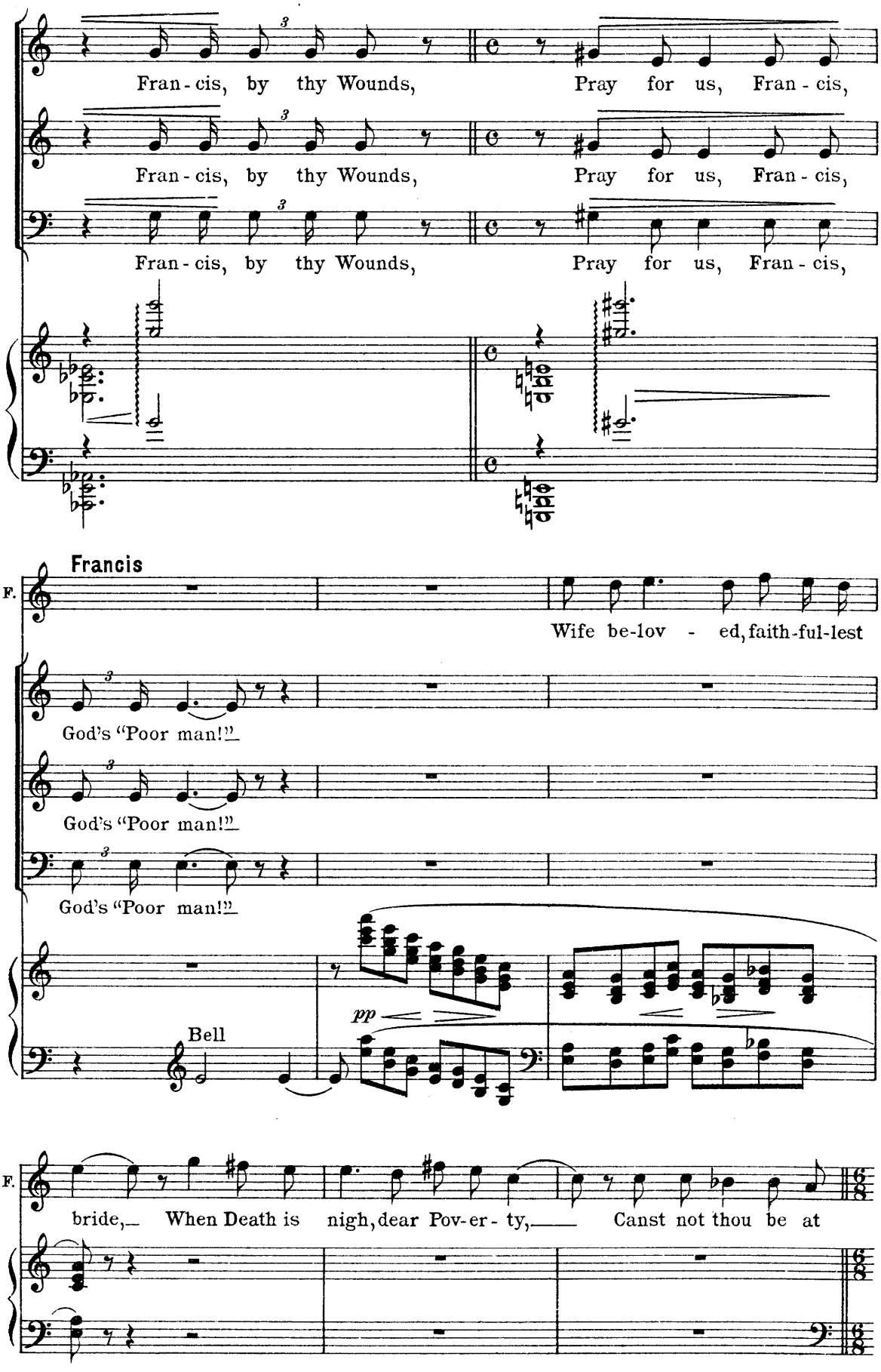
217 **Francis**






218
F.
tent - - ed!
Tutti
Soprano ppp
Fran - - cis!
Alto ppp
Fran - - cis!
Tenor ppp
Fran - - cis!
Bass ppp
Fran - - cis!
218
ppp
meno dolce
mf
See, I am read-y, Thou phan-tom guest! Come, come,
8
un poco sf
dim.
wrapt in thy shroud let me rest! Thy sick-le falls swift as thy sands, Now on my
dim.


F.
219
brow lay thou thy hands! almost spoken, like the murmur of a litany
Soprano and Alto
Tenor
Bass
pppp
Fran-cis, thou who didst love the poor,
Fran-cis, thou who didst love the poor,
Fran-cis, thou who didst love the poor,
219
pp
Fran-cis,thou who didst tame the wolf,
Fran-cis,thou who didst bless the birds,
Fran-cis,thou who didst tame the wolf,.
Fran-cis,thou who didst bless the birds,
Fran-cis,thou who didst tame the wolf,
Fran-cis,thou who didst bless the birds,
Fran-cis,thou who didst beg for the kiss of a le-per;
Fran-cis, by thy pain,
Fran-cis,thou who didst beg for the kiss of a le-per;
Fran-cis, by thy pain,
Fran-cis,thou who didst beg for the kiss of a le-per;
Fran-cis, by thy pain,


Fran - cis, by thy Wounds, Pray for us, Fran - cis,
Fran - cis, by thy Wounds, Pray for us, Fran - cis,
Fran - cis, by thy Wounds, Pray for us, Fran - cis,
Francis
F.
Wife be-lov - ed, faith-ful-lest
God's "Poor man!"
God's "Poor man!"
God's "Poor man!"
pp
Bell
F.
bride, When Death is nigh, dear Pov-er - ty, Canst not thou be at

Molto lento (♪ = 66)

220 ♪ = ♩ *del precedente*

The Lady Poverty *dolce espress.*

L.P. I am here at his side! Have I ev - er

F. hand?

dolente espress.

rinf.

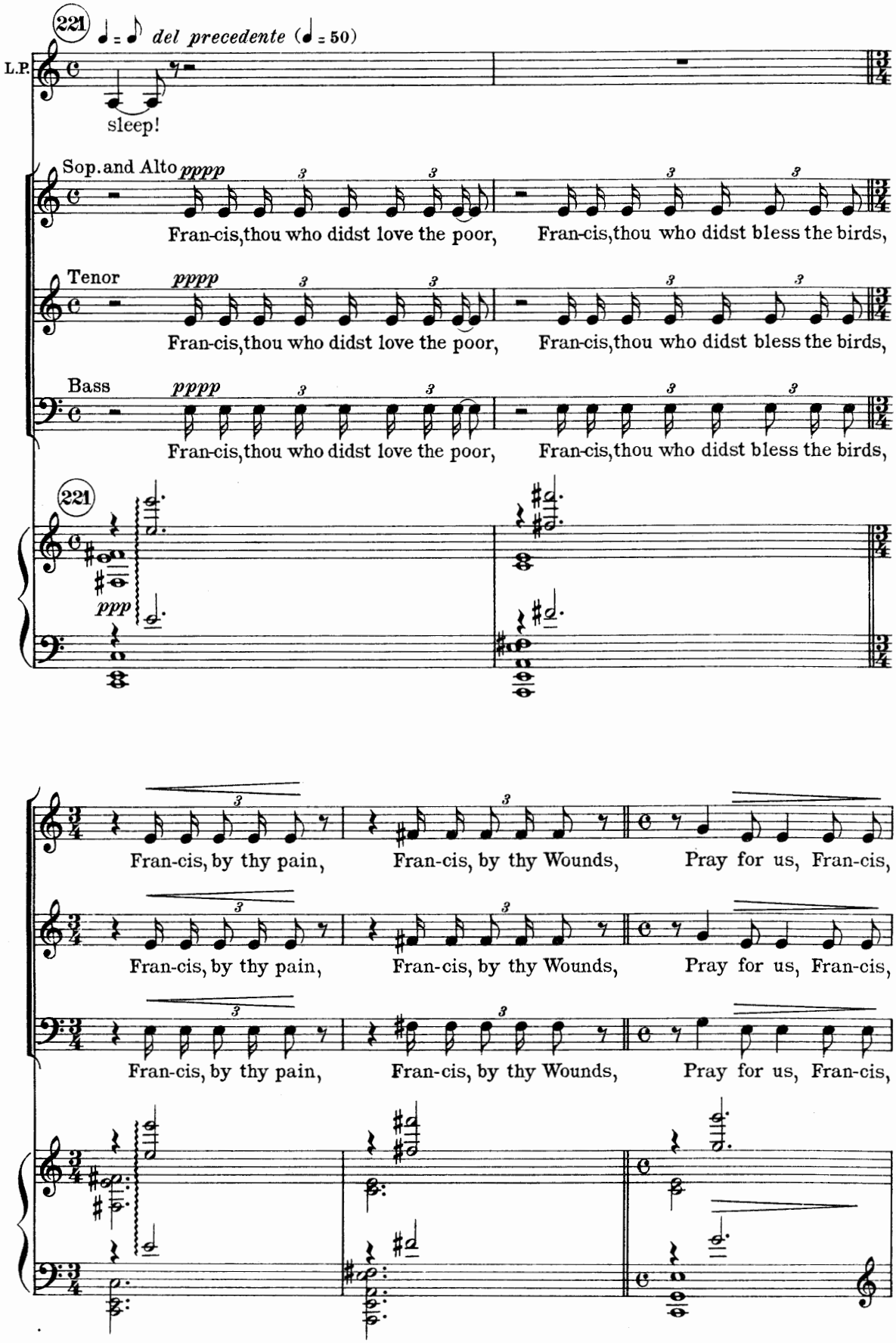
L.P. fail - ed thee? In this hour, when the au - tumn wind doth moan and

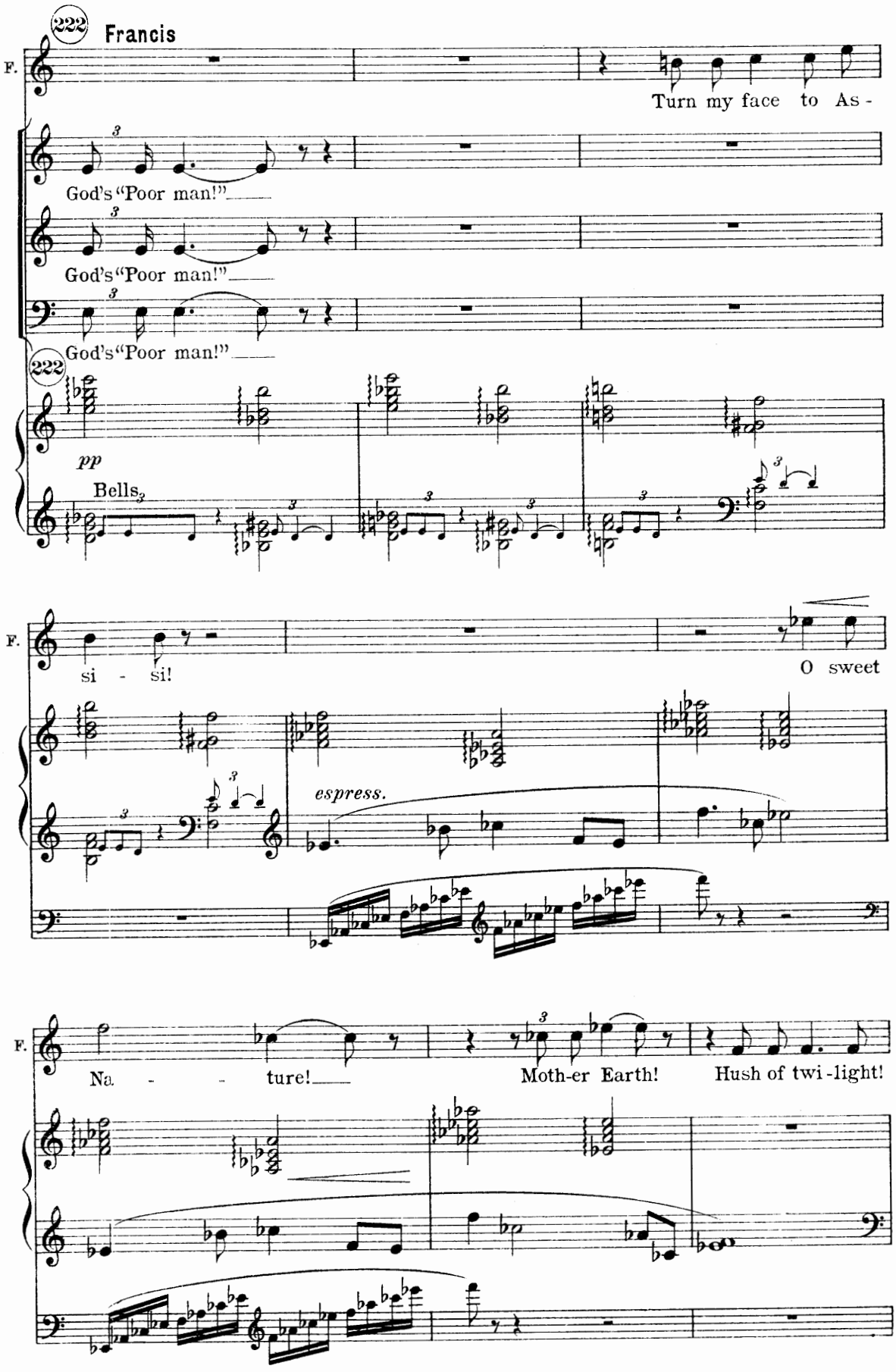
L.P. weep, When the flow'rs droop, with-er'd and dead,

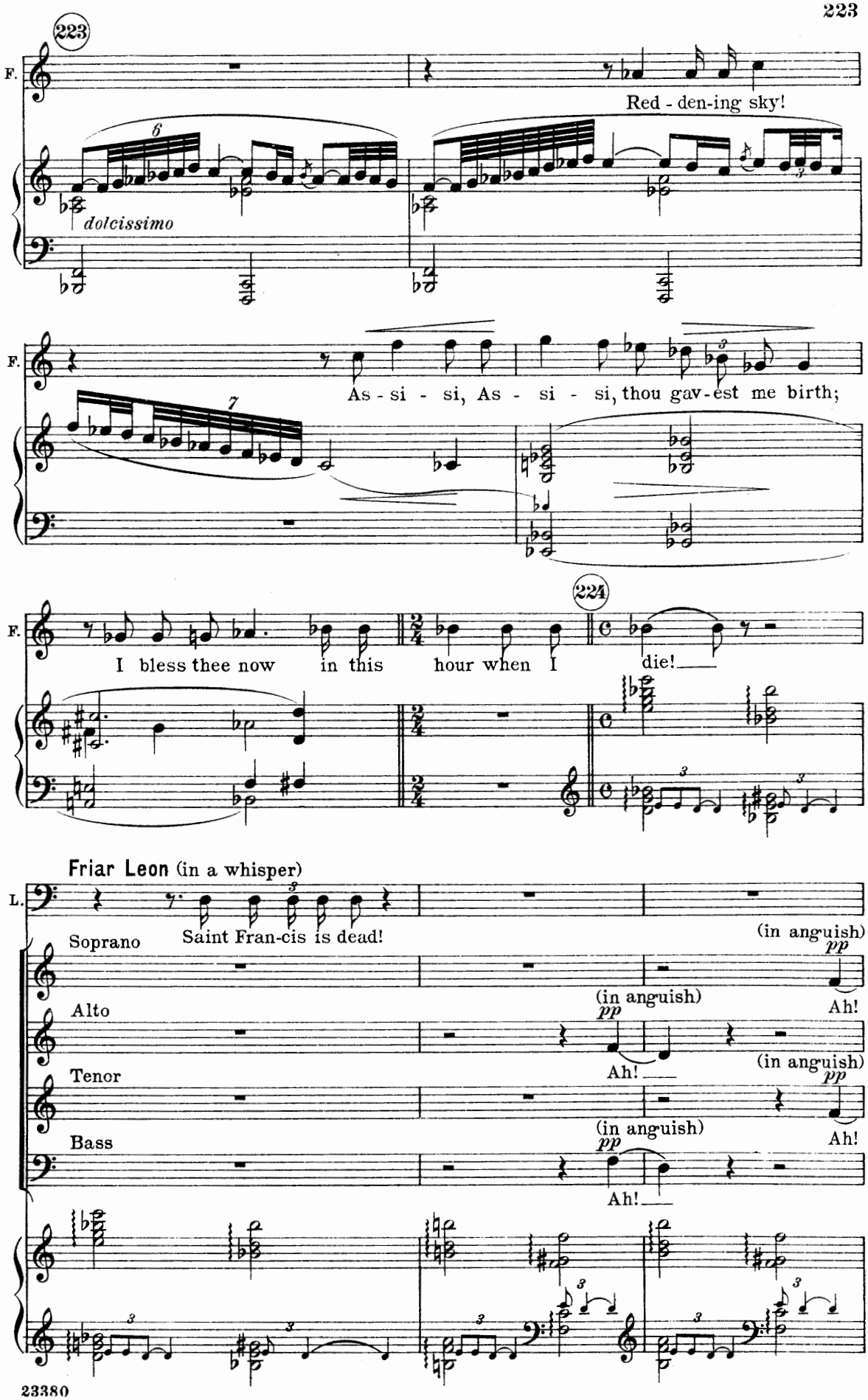
rit.

L.P. Here shall my arms cra-dle thy head, And here my heart lull thee to

rit.


221
♩ = ♪ del precedente (♩ = 50)
L.P.
sleep!
Sop. and Alto pppp
Fran-cis, thou who didst love the poor, Fran-cis, thou who didst bless the birds,
Tenor pppp
Fran-cis, thou who didst love the poor, Fran-cis, thou who didst bless the birds,
Bass pppp
Fran-cis, thou who didst love the poor, Fran-cis, thou who didst bless the birds,
221
ppp
Fran-cis, by thy pain, Fran-cis, by thy Wounds, Pray for us, Fran-cis,
Fran-cis, by thy pain, Fran-cis, by thy Wounds, Pray for us, Fran-cis,
Fran-cis, by thy pain, Fran-cis, by thy Wounds, Pray for us, Fran-cis,


222
Francis
F.
Turn my face to As -
God's "Poor man!"
God's "Poor man!"
God's "Poor man!"
222
pp
Bells
F.
si - si!
O sweet
espress.
F.
Na - - ture!
Moth-er Earth!
Hush of twi-light!


223
F.
Red - den-ing sky!
dolcissimo
F.
As - si - si, As - si - si, thou gav-est me birth;
F.
I bless thee now in this hour when I die!
224
Friar Leon (in a whisper)
L.
Saint Fran-cis is dead!
Soprano
(in anguish)
pp
Ah!
Alto
(in anguish)
pp
Ah!
Tenor
(in anguish)
pp
Ah!
Bass
(in anguish)
pp
Ah!

225

ppp

Saint Fran-cis is dead!

225 (♩ = 60)

pp

Friar Angelo

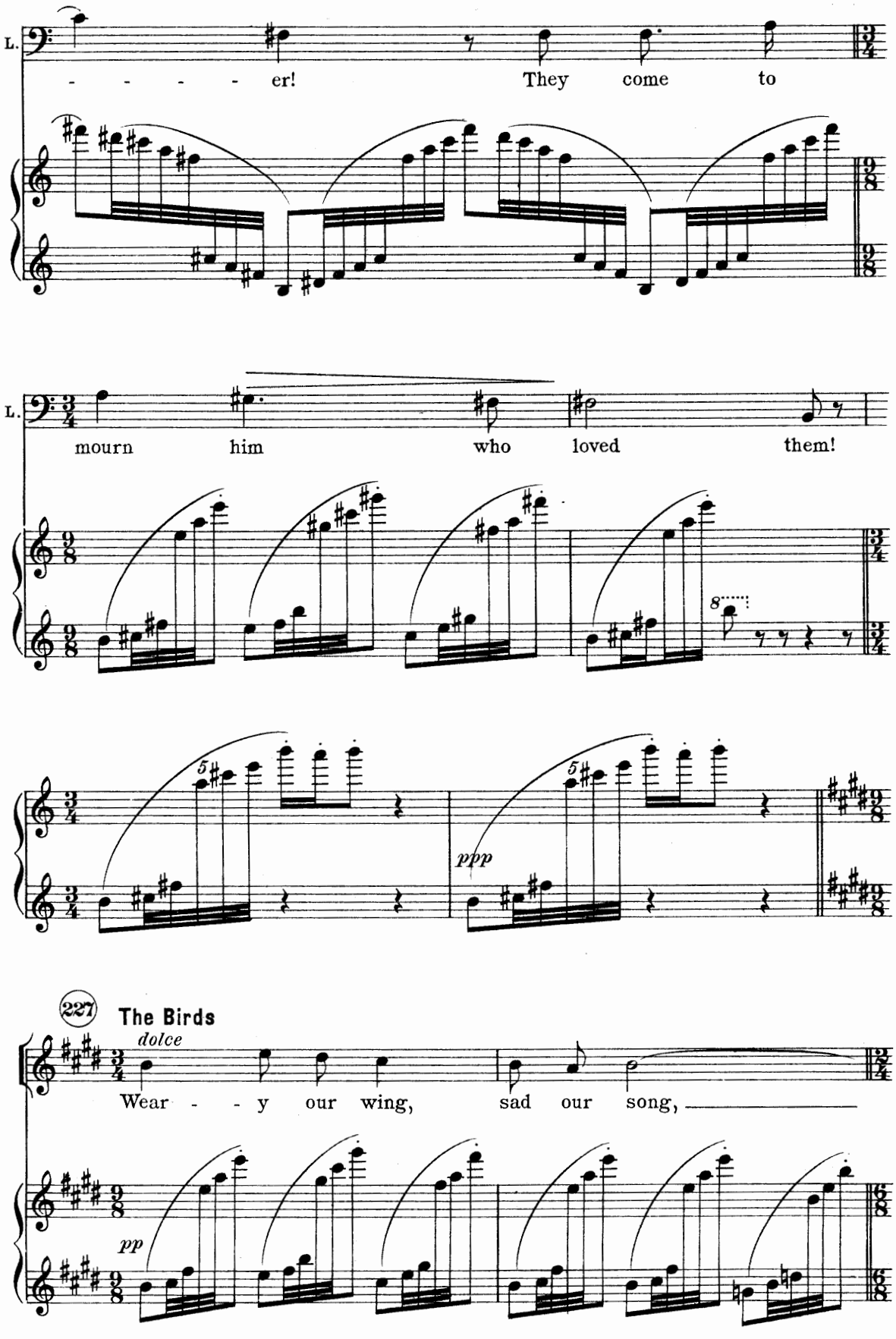
A. A flight of birds! I will

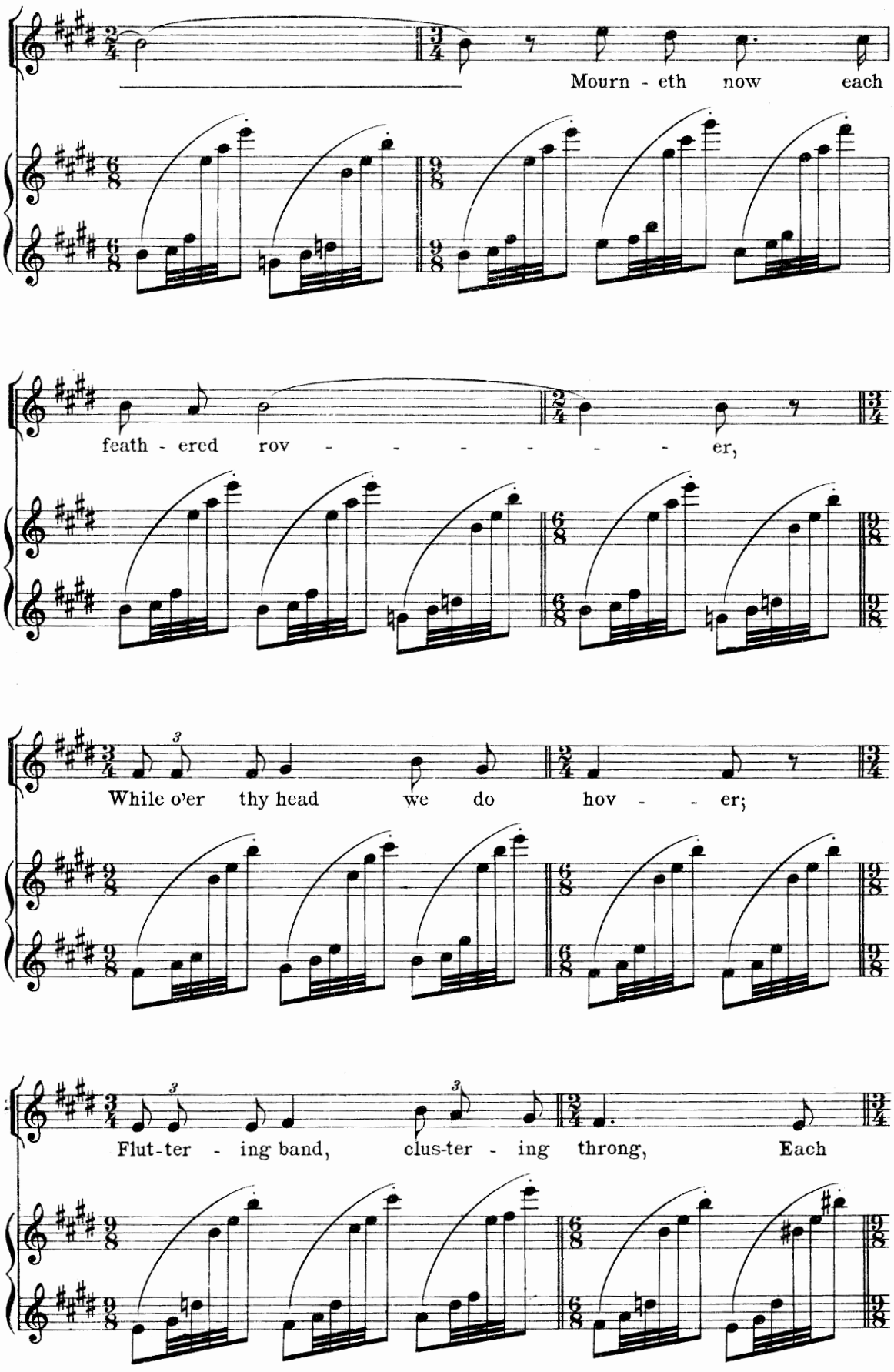
226

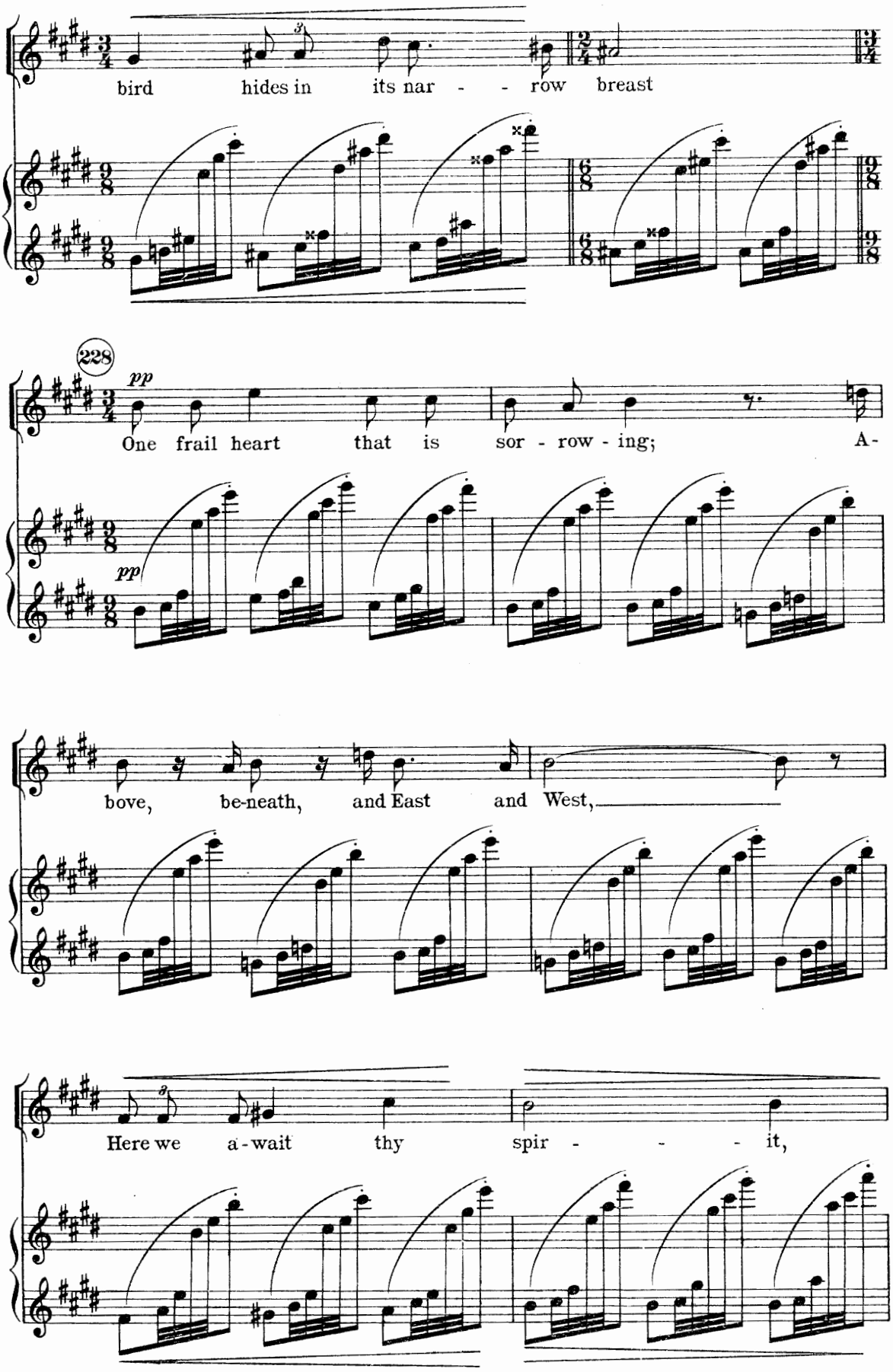
A. drive them hence!

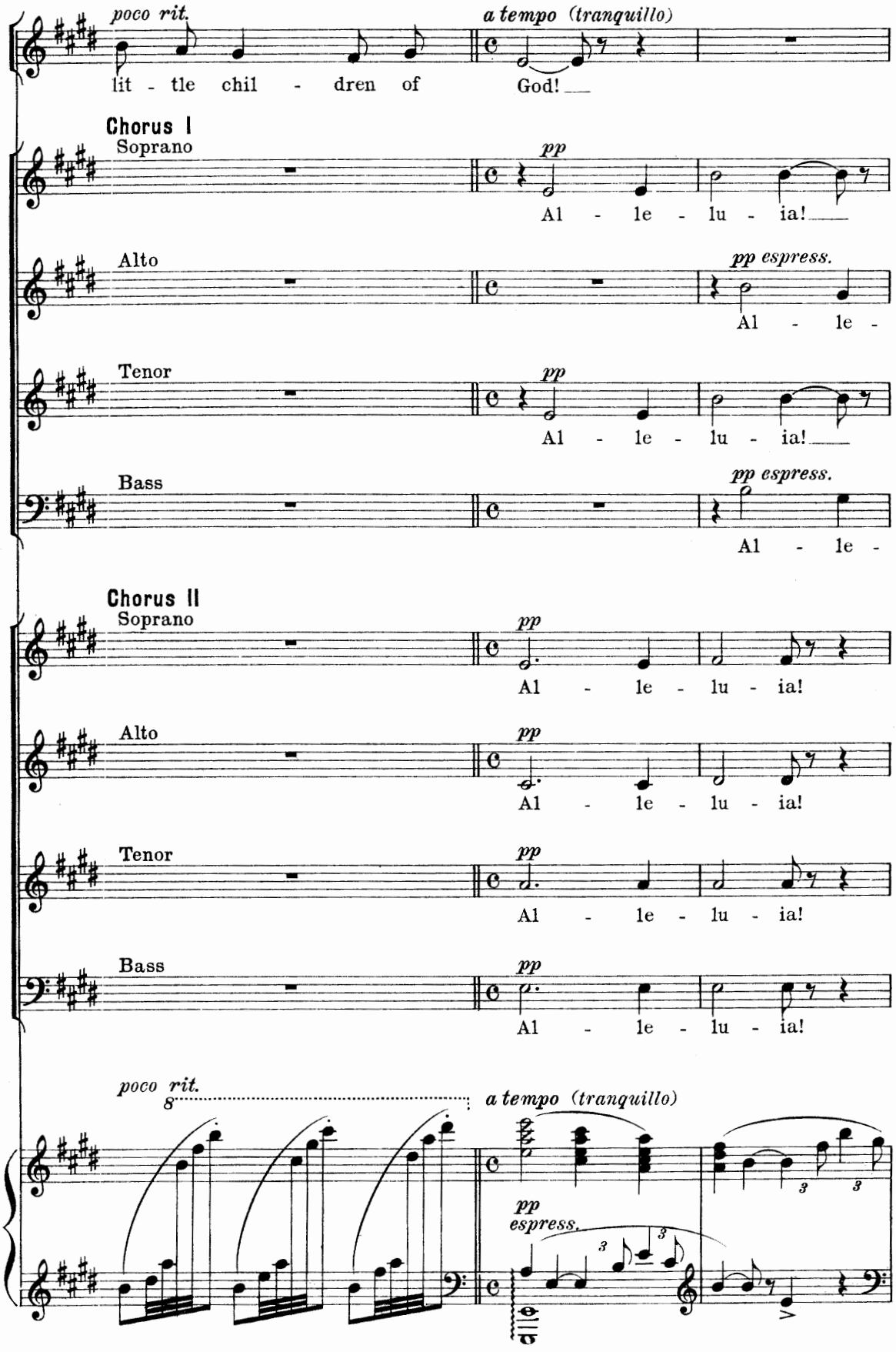
mf

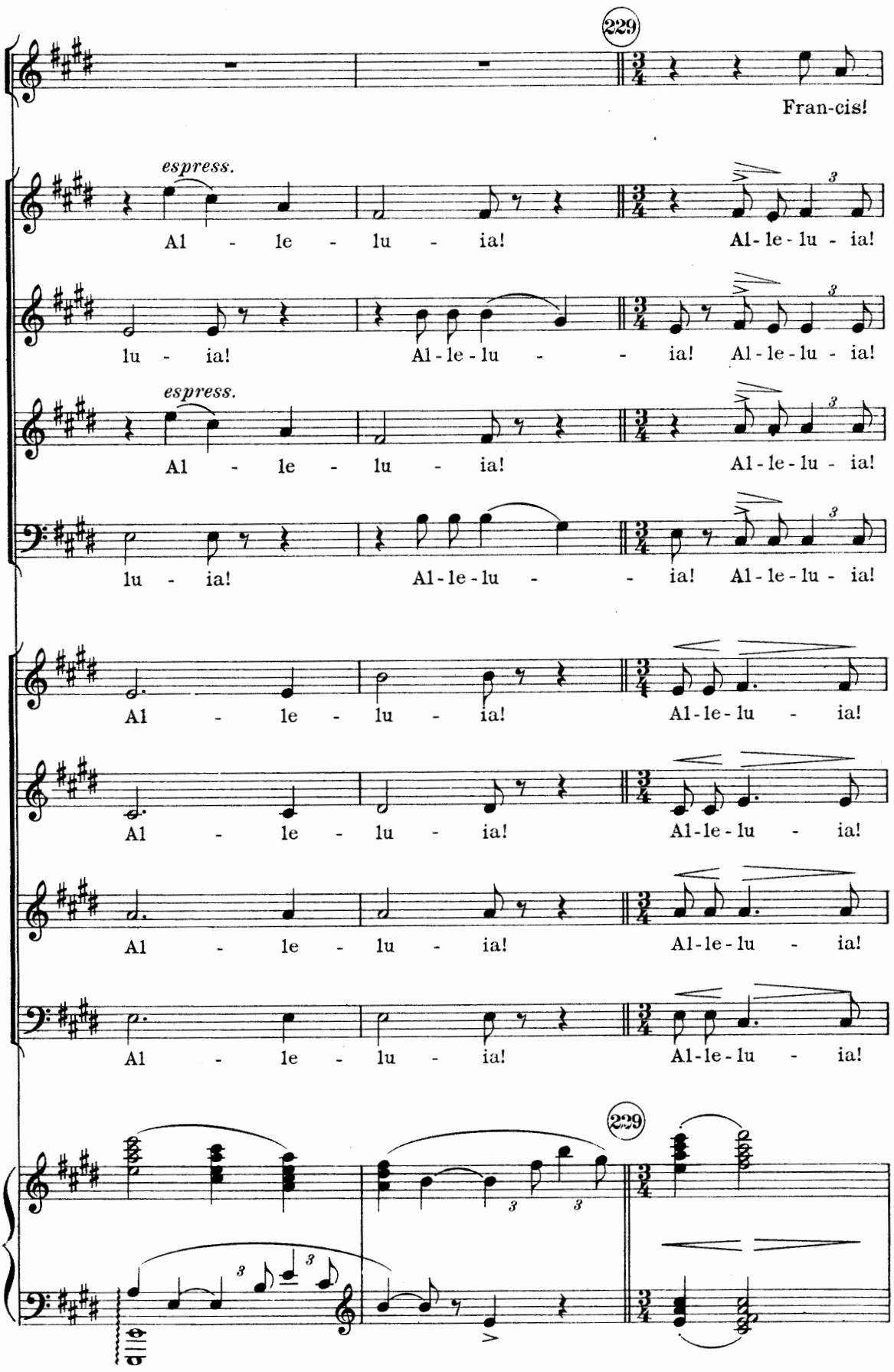
L. Friar Leon Nay, Broth - - - - -

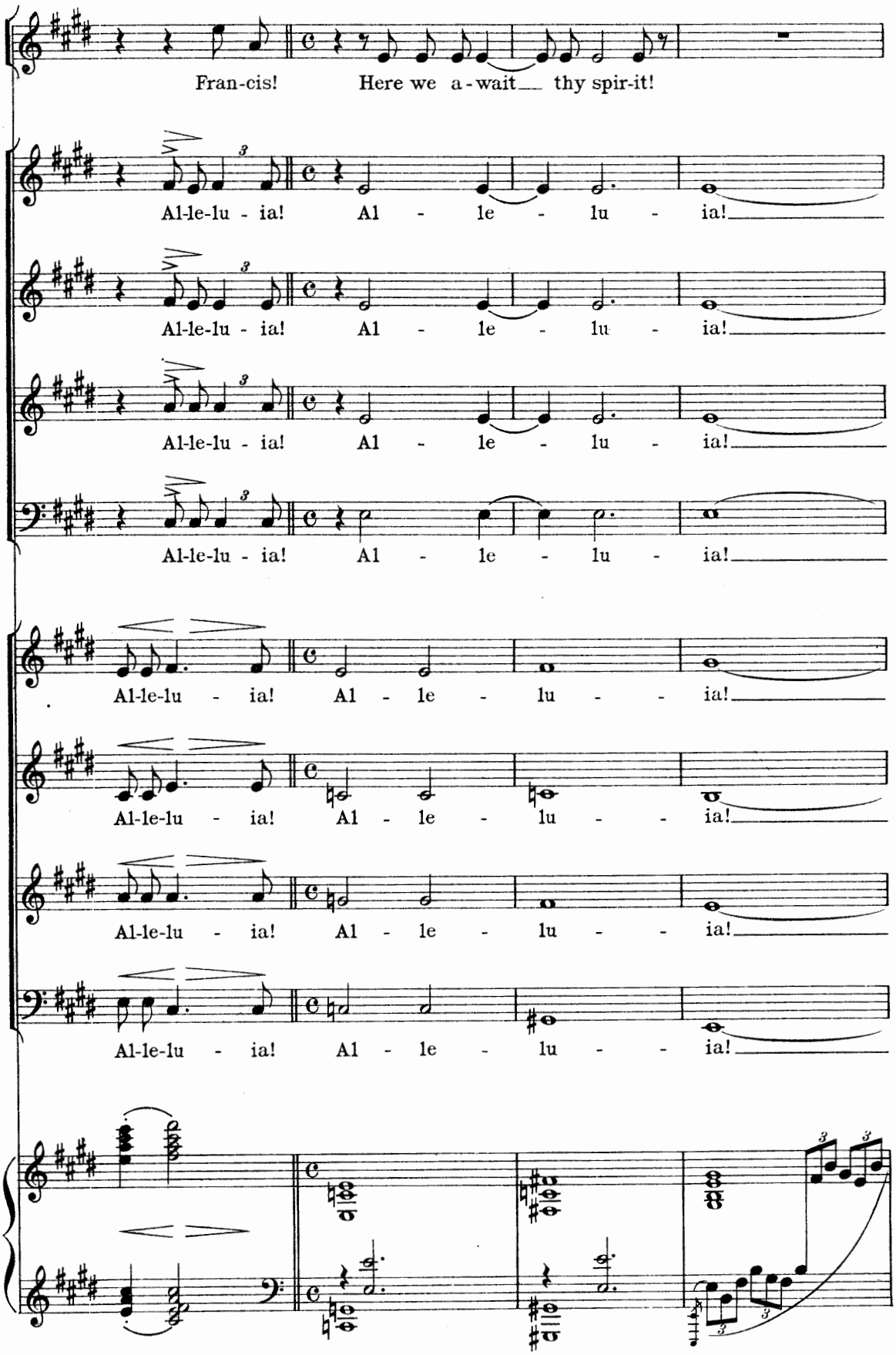

L.
- - - - - er! They come to
L.
mourn him who loved them!
ppp
227
The Birds
dolce
Wear - - y our wing, sad our song,
pp

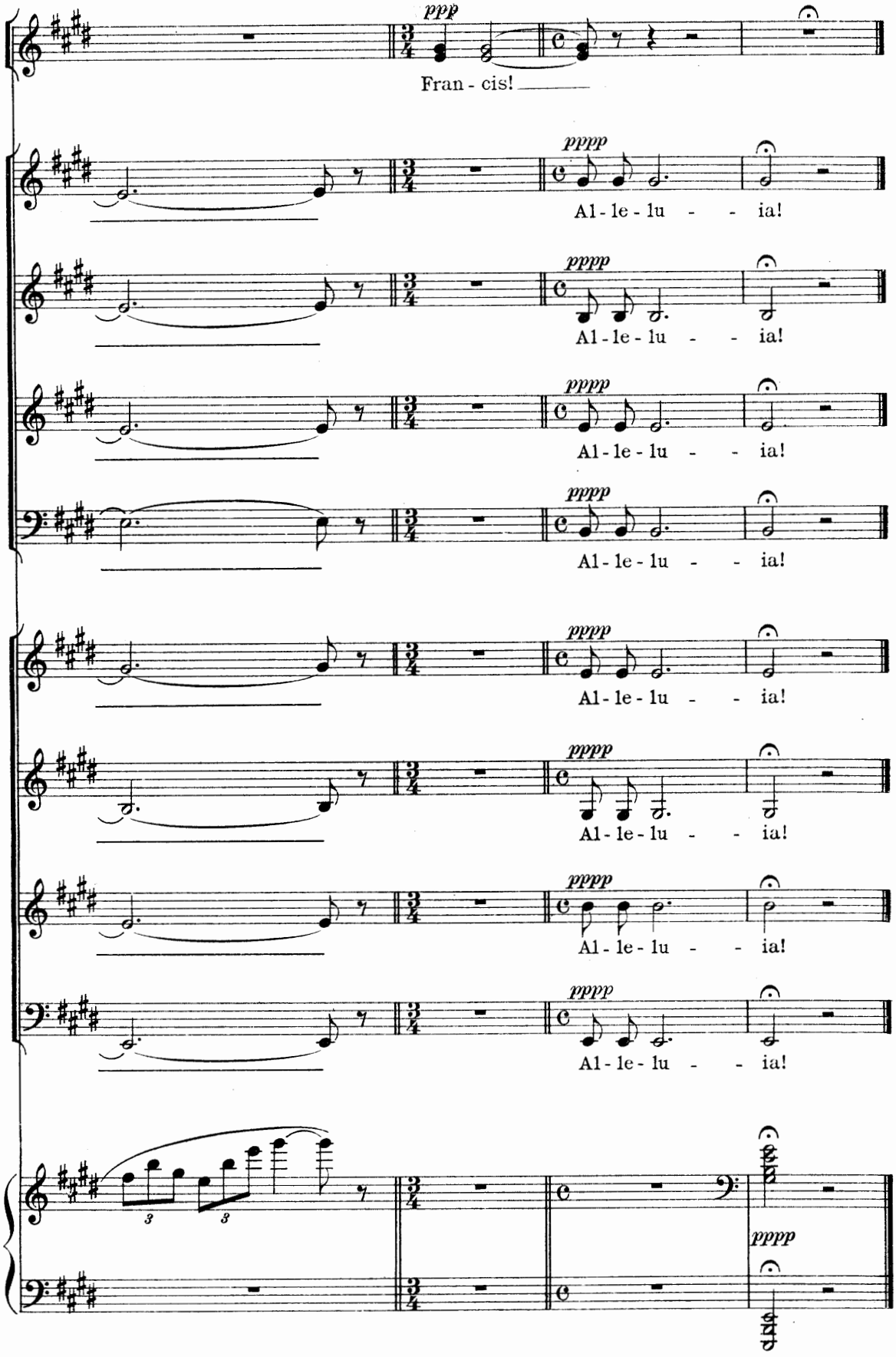

Mourn - eth now each
feath - ered rov - - - - - - - er,
While o'er thy head we do hov - - er;
Flut-ter - ing band, clus-ter - ing throng, Each


bird hides in its nar - - row breast
228
pp
One frail heart that is sor - row - ing; A-
pp
bove, be-neath, and East and West,
Here we a-wait thy spir - - - it,


poco rit.
a tempo (tranquillo)
lit - tle chil - dren of
God!
Chorus I
Soprano
pp
Al - le - lu - ia!
Alto
pp espress.
Al - le -
Tenor
pp
Al - le - lu - ia!
Bass
pp espress.
Al - le -
Chorus II
Soprano
pp
Al - le - lu - ia!
Alto
pp
Al - le - lu - ia!
Tenor
pp
Al - le - lu - ia!
Bass
pp
Al - le - lu - ia!
poco rit.
8
a tempo (tranquillo)
pp
espress.


229
Fran-cis!
espress.
Al - le - lu - ia!
Al-le-lu - ia!
lu - ia!
Al-le-lu - ia! Al-le-lu - ia!
espress.
Al - le - lu - ia!
Al-le-lu - ia!
lu - ia!
Al-le-lu - ia! Al-le-lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia!
Al-le-lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia!
Al-le-lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia!
Al-le-lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia!
Al-le-lu - ia!
229


Fran-cis! Here we a-wait thy spir-it!
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!


ppp
Fran - cis!
pppp
Al - le - lu - - ia!
Al - le - lu - - ia!
Al - le - lu - - ia!
Al - le - lu - - ia!
Al - le - lu - - ia!
Al - le - lu - - ia!
Al - le - lu - - ia!
Al - le - lu - - ia!
3
3
pppp

GEORGE FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL
THE MESSIAH

(Oratorio)

Edited by T. TERTIUS NOBLE

Revised according to Händel's original score by

MAX SPICKER

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