Testament to Freedom

for

Solaists, Chorus and Orchestra

Irving Schlein

Ouverture

Maestoso

f

sim.

Più Mosso

sff

f

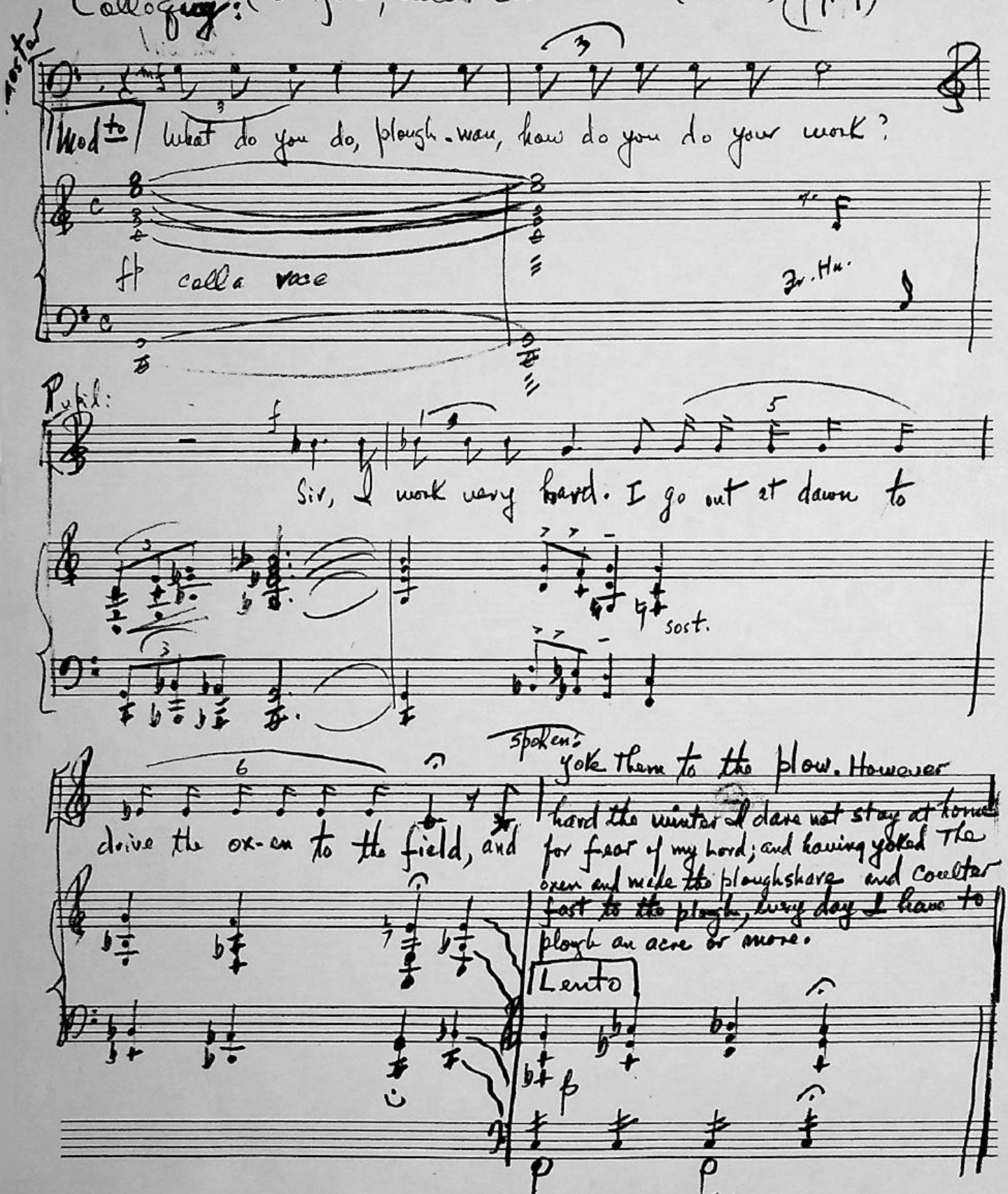
marcato

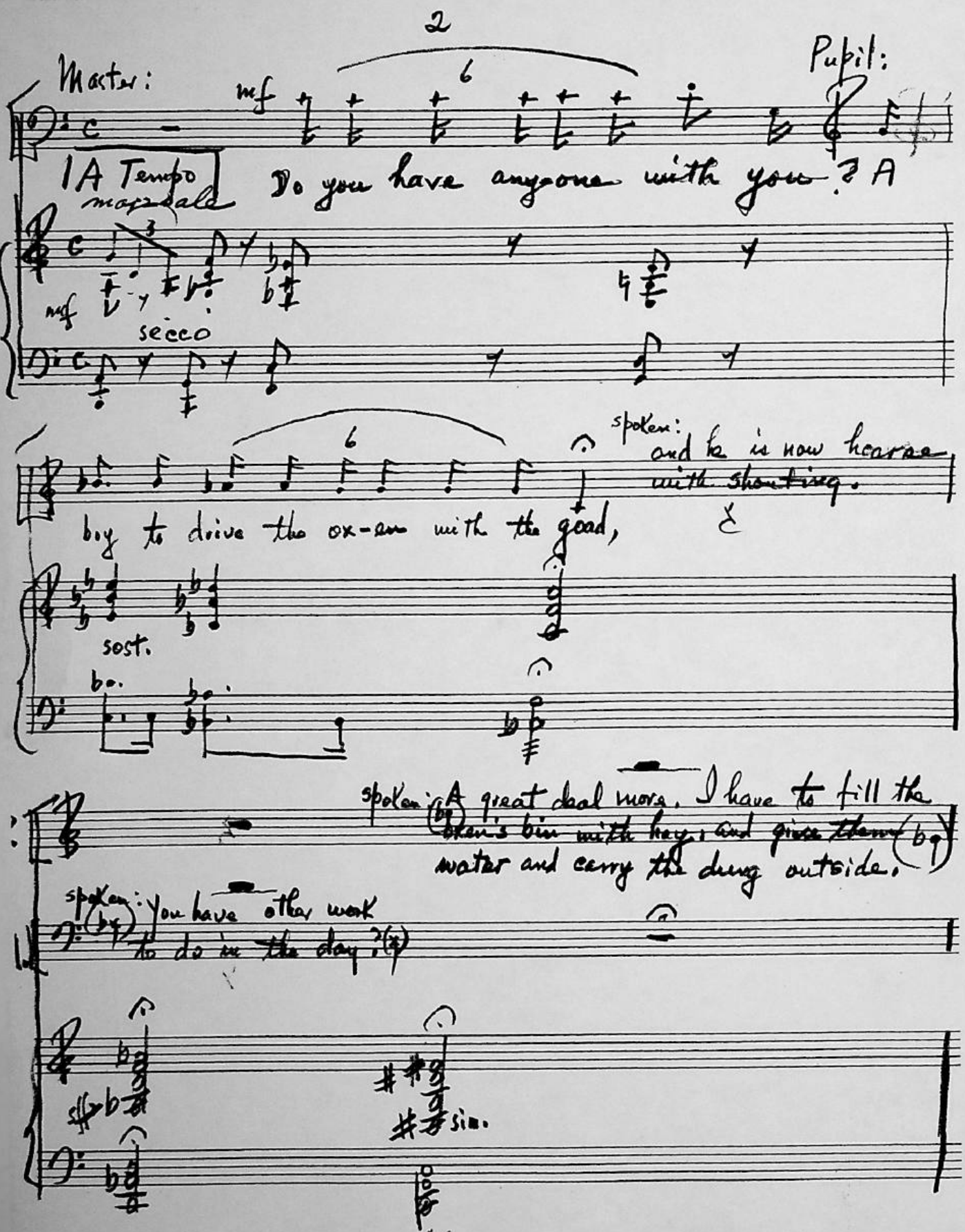
molto cresc.

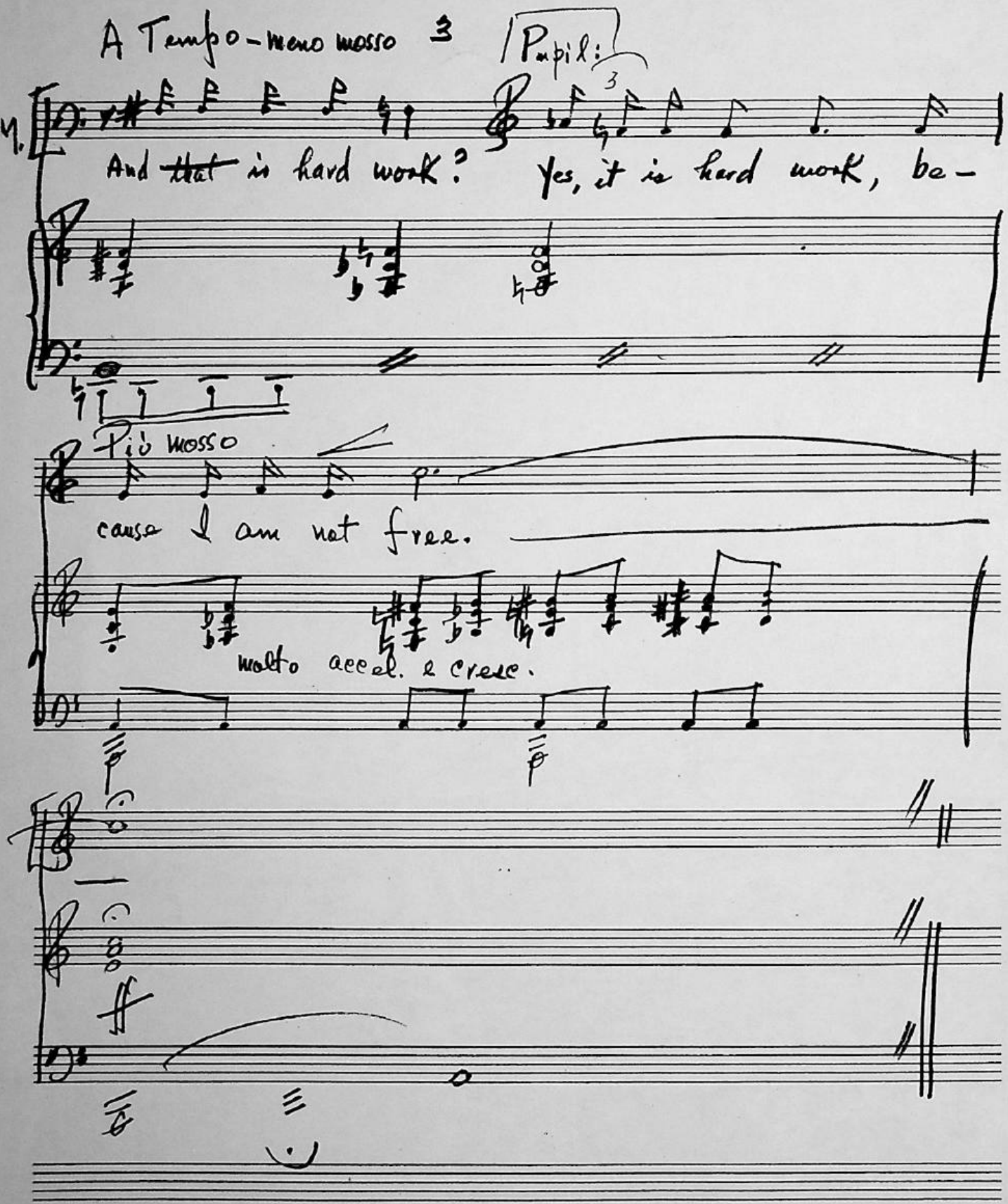
ff

1. Colloquy

Colloquy: (Aelfric, called Grammaticus (c. 1020)) (pg. 4) 1.

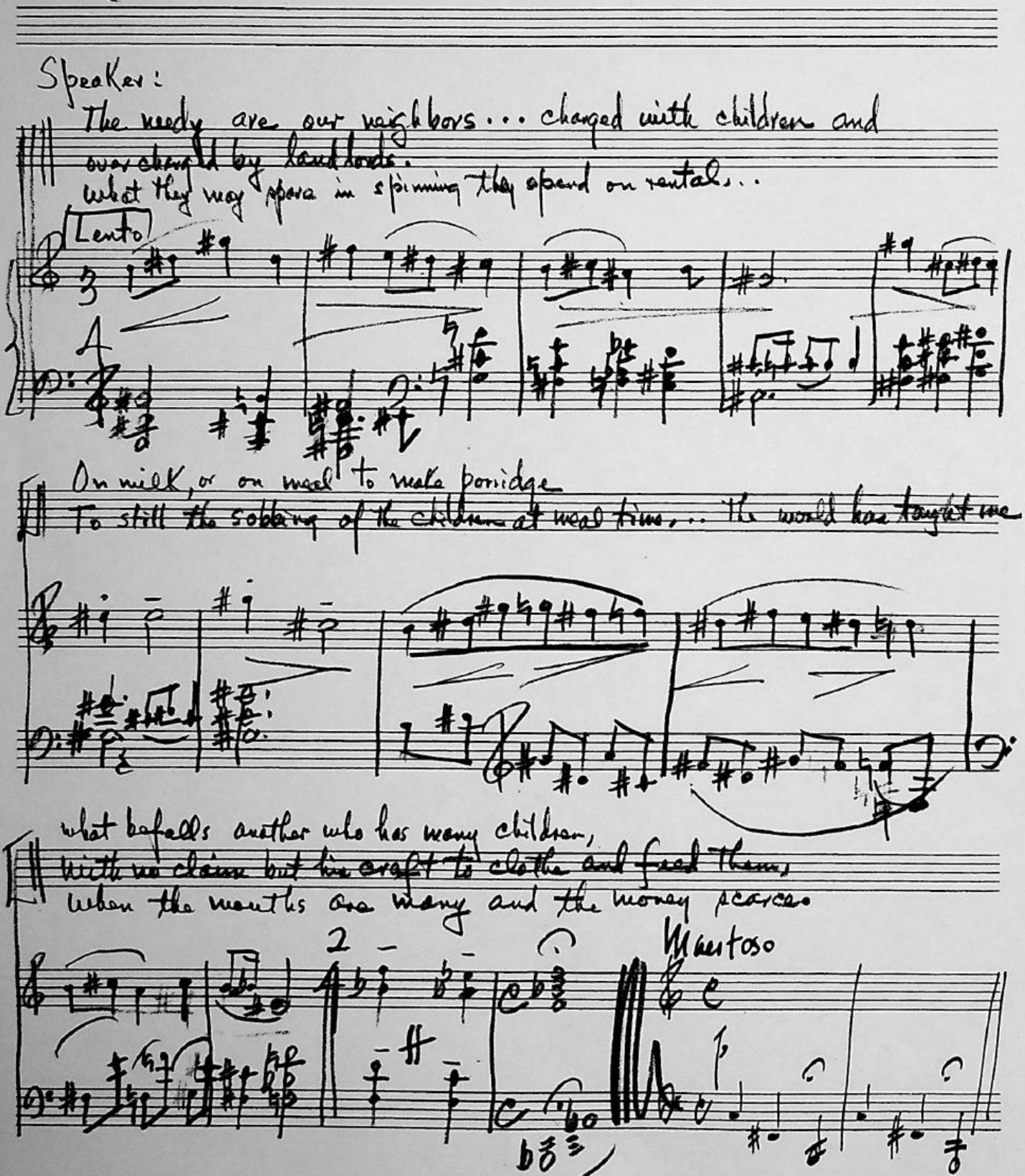



Master:
mf
Pupil:
1A Tempo
mezzo-alto
Do you have anyone with you? A
mf
secco
spoken: and he is now hoarse with shouting.
boy to drive the ox-cart with the goad,
sost.
spoken: A great deal more. I have to fill the oxen's bin with hay, and give them water and carry the dung outside.
spoken: You have other work to do in the day?
sim.


A Tempo - meno mosso
3
Pupil:
3
M.
And ~~that~~ is hard work? Yes, it is hard work, be-
Più mosso
cause I am not free.
molto accel. e cresc.

2. Vision - - -

Wm. Langland: Vision of Piers Plowman (Passus VII) (pg. 4)
(1332 – 1395)



Anonymous (fg.6)

Modto

3. The Rule of Money

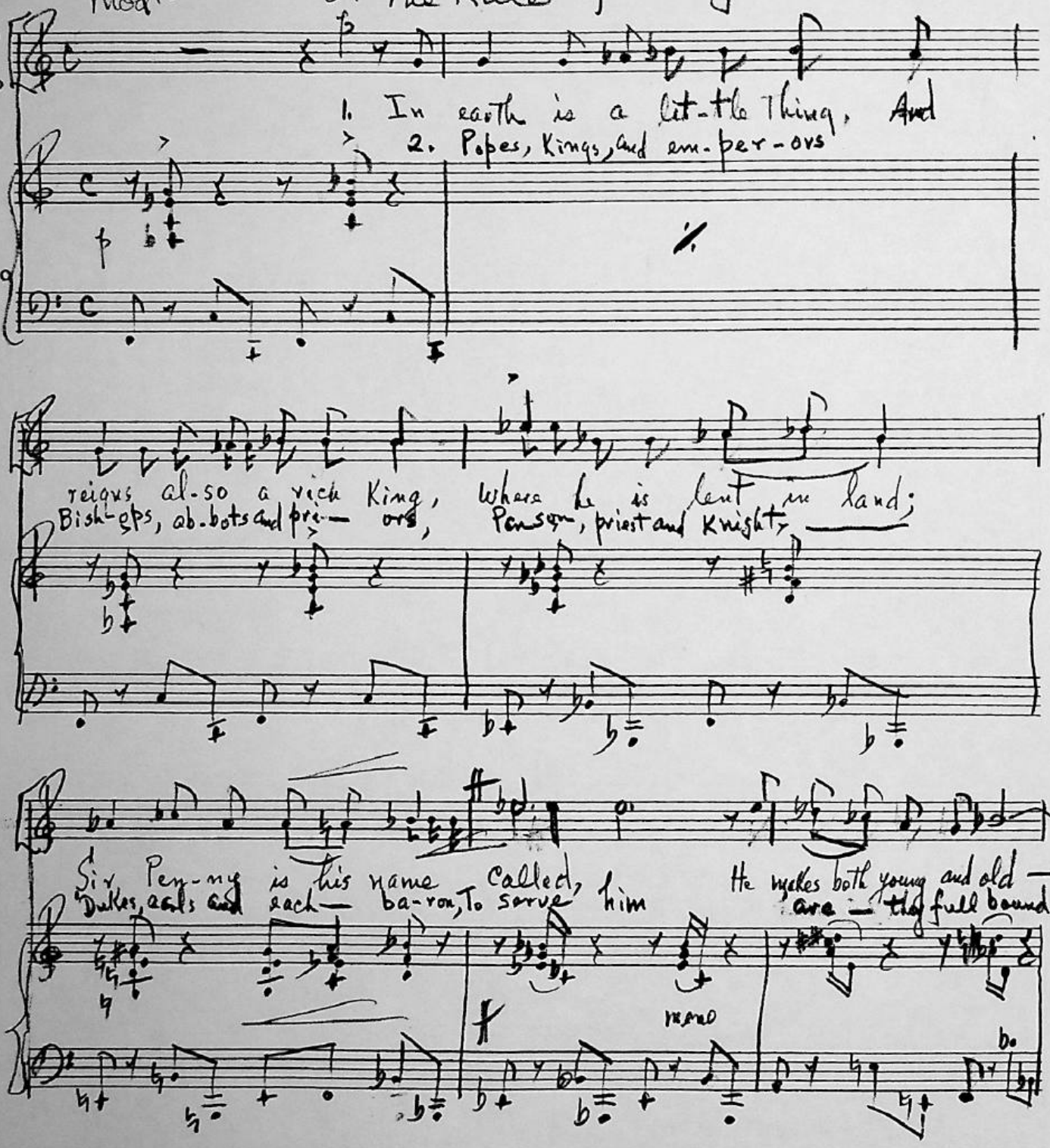
sop. solo

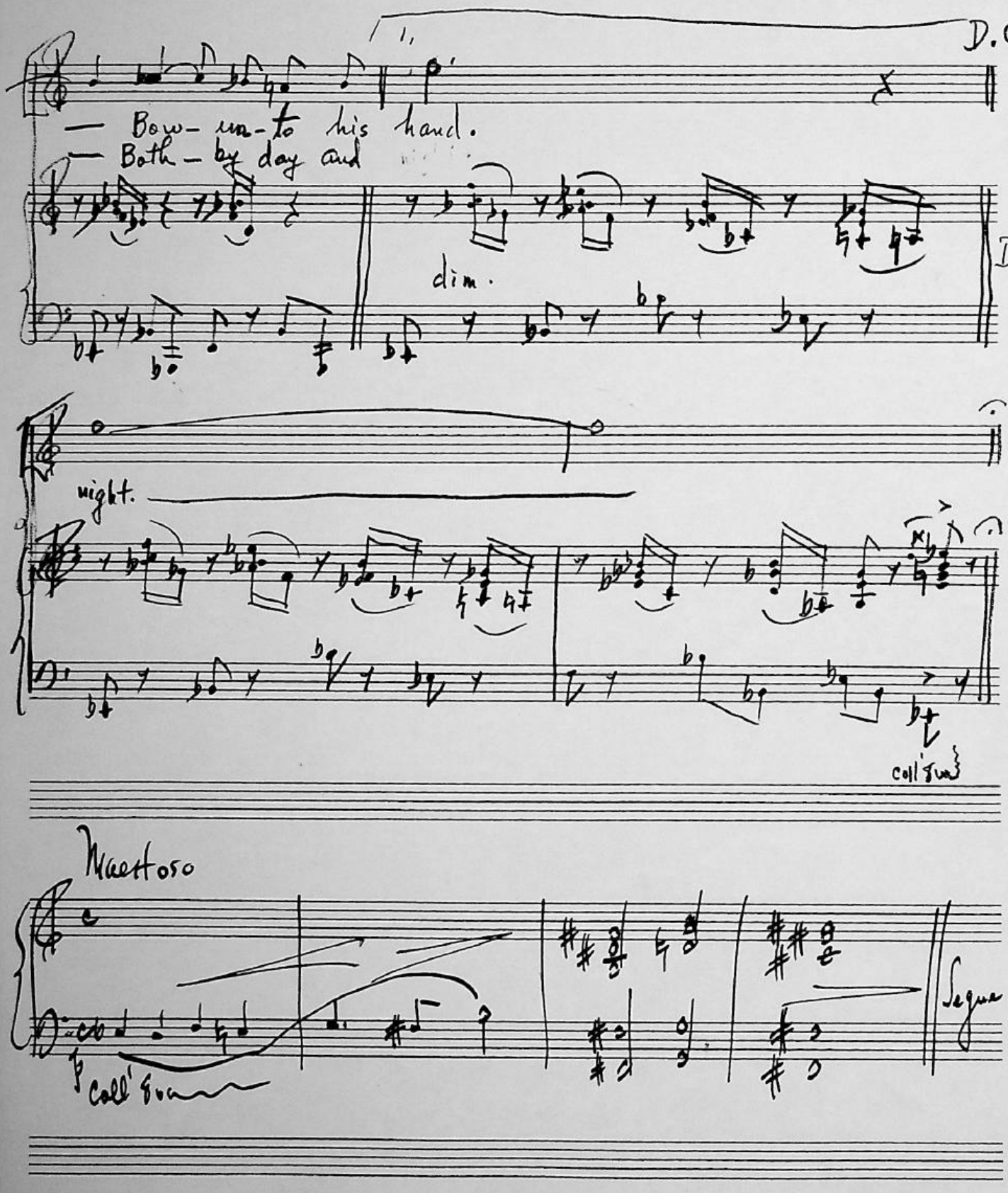
1. In earth is a lit-tle thing, And
2. Popes, Kings, and em-per-ors

reigns al-so a rich King, Where he is lent in land;
Bish-ops, ab-bots and pre- ors, Person, priest and Knight,

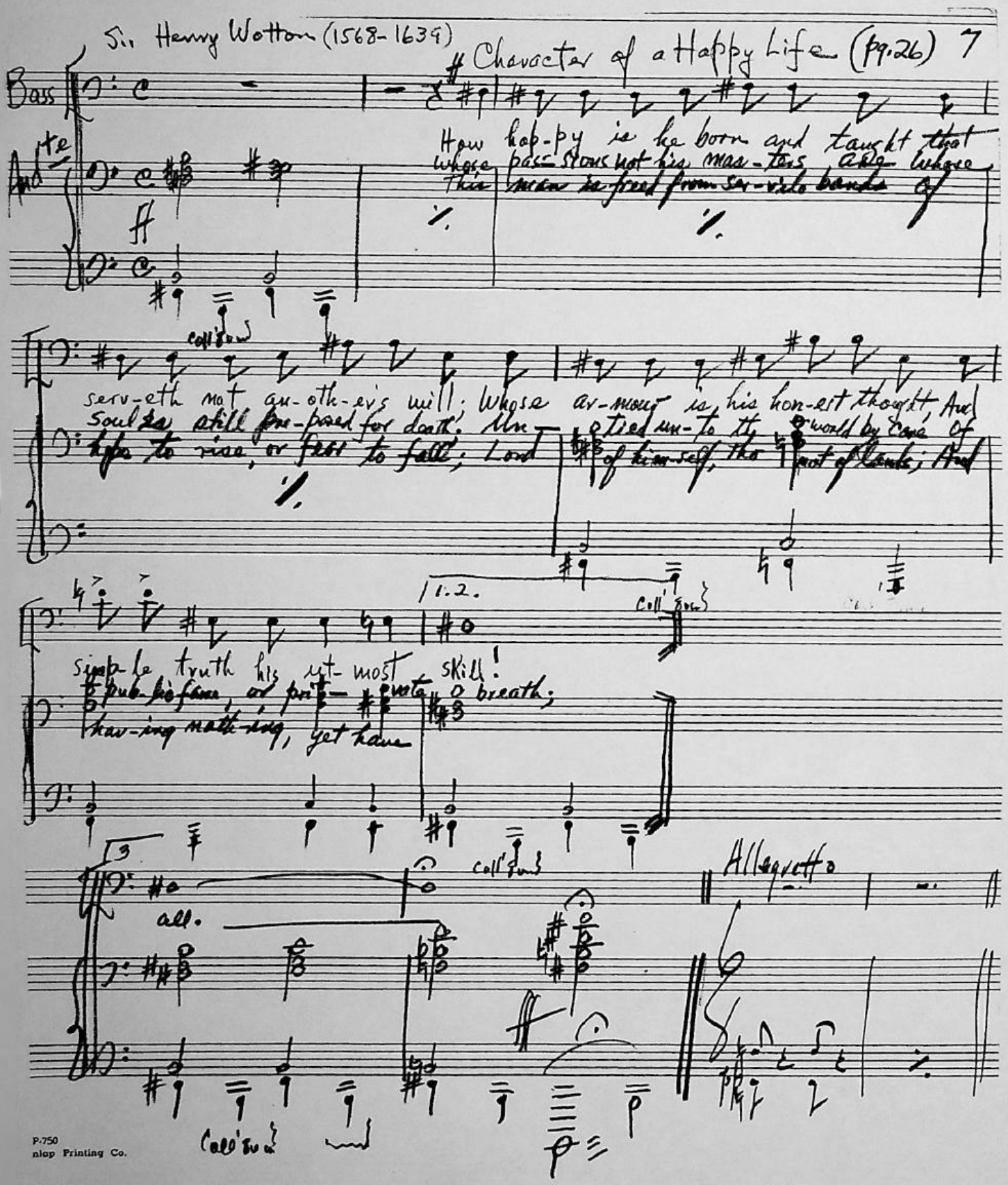
Sir Peny is this name called, him
Dukes, earls and each ba-ron, To serve

He makes both young and old —
are — thy full bound-

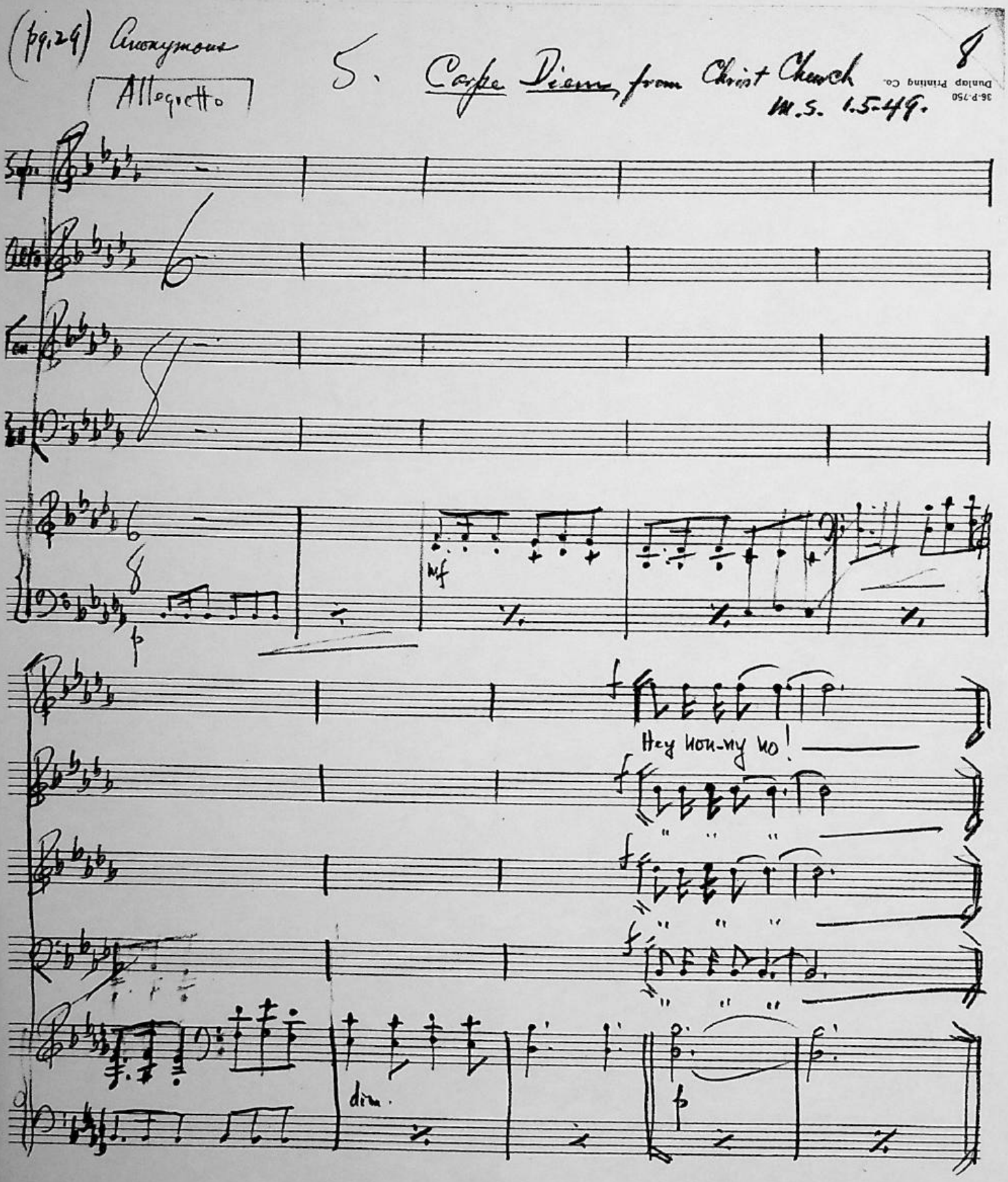



1.
D.C.
— Bow- un-to his hand.
— Both — by day and
dim.
D.C
night.
coll'8va
Maestoso
coll'8va
Segue

4. Character



P.750
nlop Printing Co.


(pg. 29) Anonymous
Allegretto
5. Carpe Diem, from Christ Church
W.S. 1.5-49.
8
36-P-750 Dunlap Printing Co.
mf
Hey non-ny no!
dim.

5-P.750
unlop Printing Co.

Men are fools that wish to die!

Men are fools that wish to die!

p It's not fine to dance and sing when the bells of death do ring?

p

p

p It's not fine to dance and

Soli

mf It's not fine to

36-P.750
Dunlap Printing Co.

f It's not fine to swim in wine and

f It's

f It's

swim in wine and turn up-on the toe

turn up-on the toe — And

sing hey non-ny- no,

And

S-P-750
unlop Printing Co.

f When the winds blow

And the seas — flow?

f

When the winds blow

f When the winds blow

f

f

And the seas flow? Hey non-ny no!

Hey non-ny no!

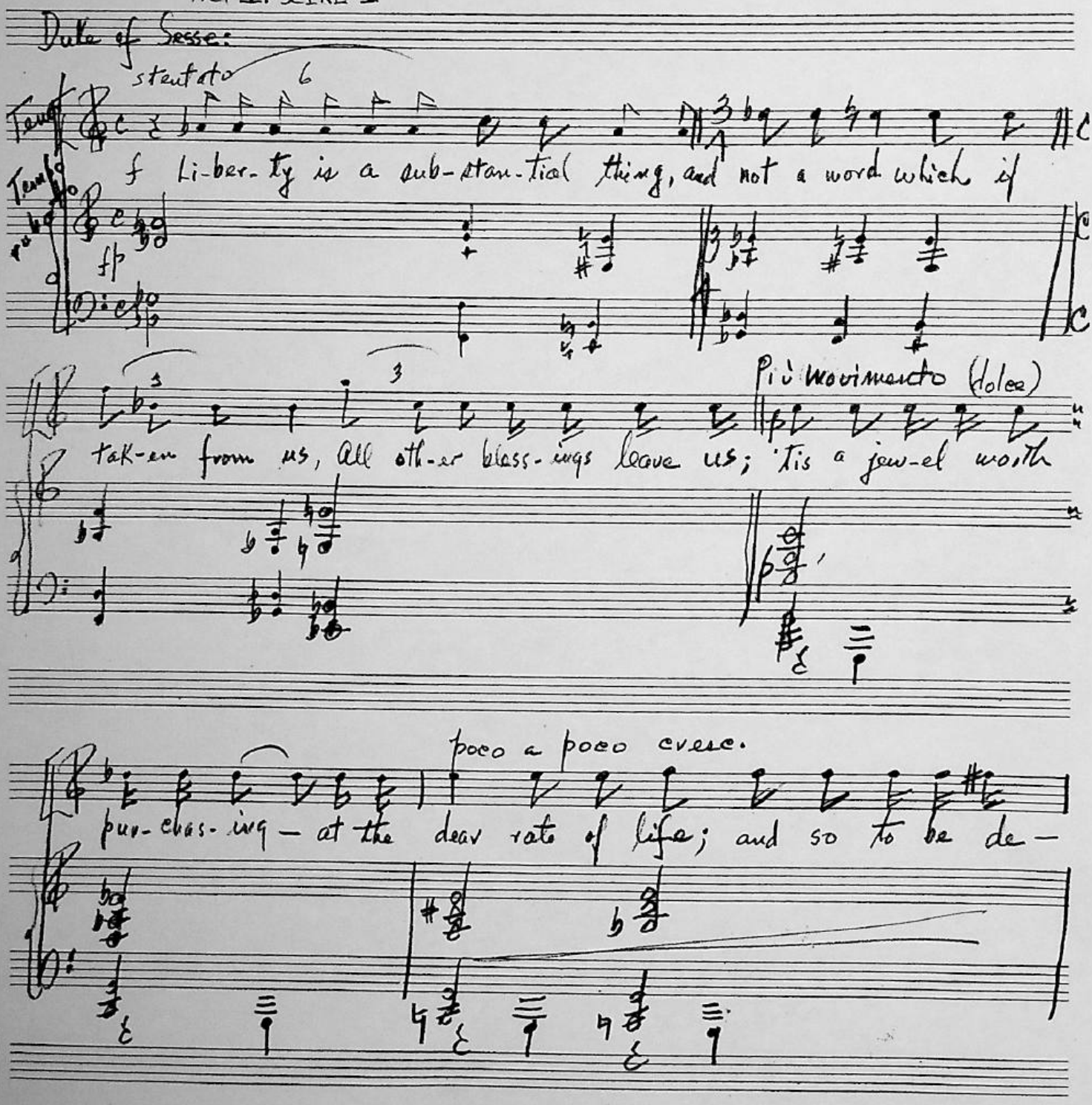
Hey non-ny no!

Hey non-ny no!

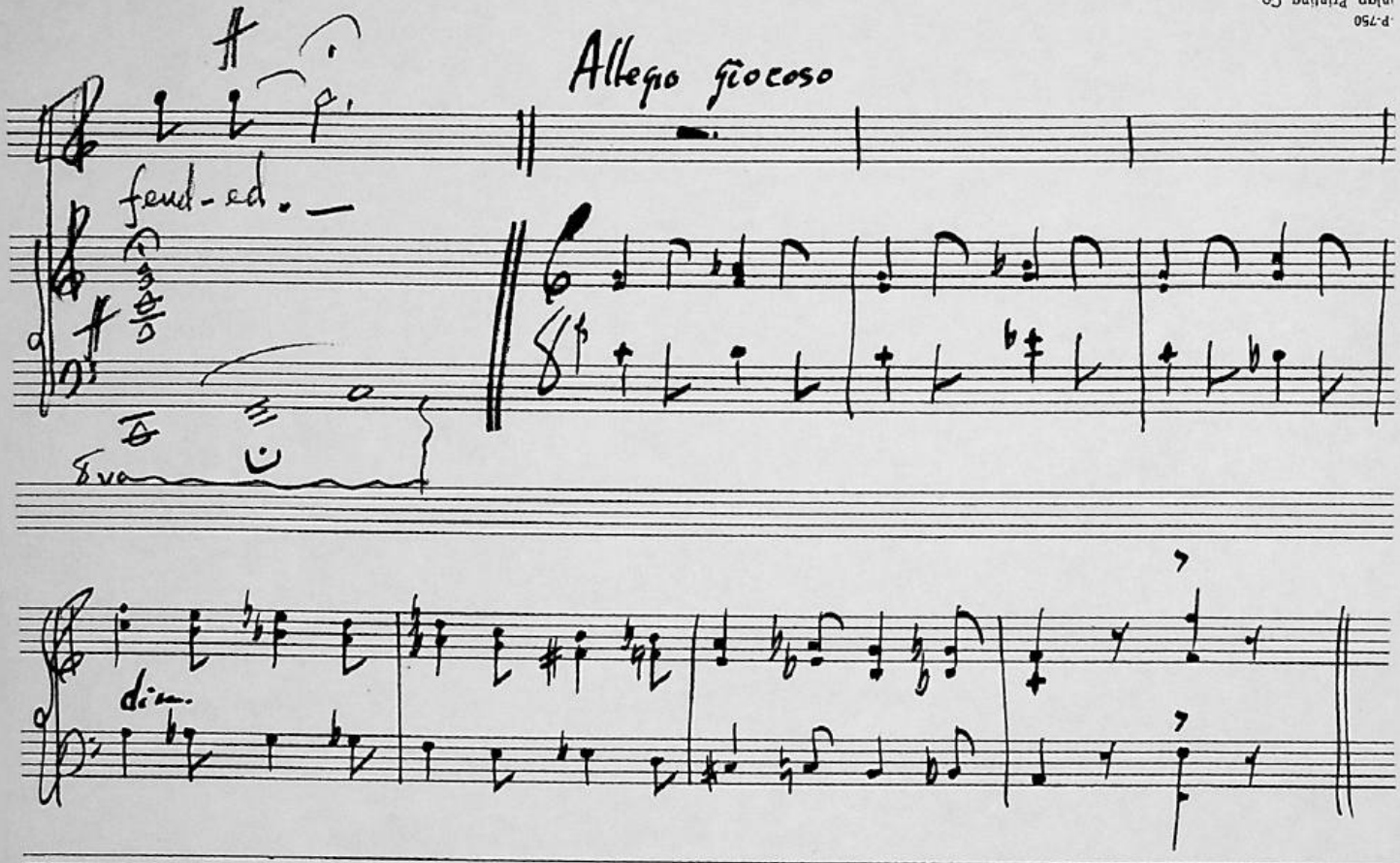
Francis Beaumont (1586-1616) and
Philip Massinger (1583-1640)

6. From The Double Marriage

Act V. SCENE I



P-750
Inlap Printing Co.

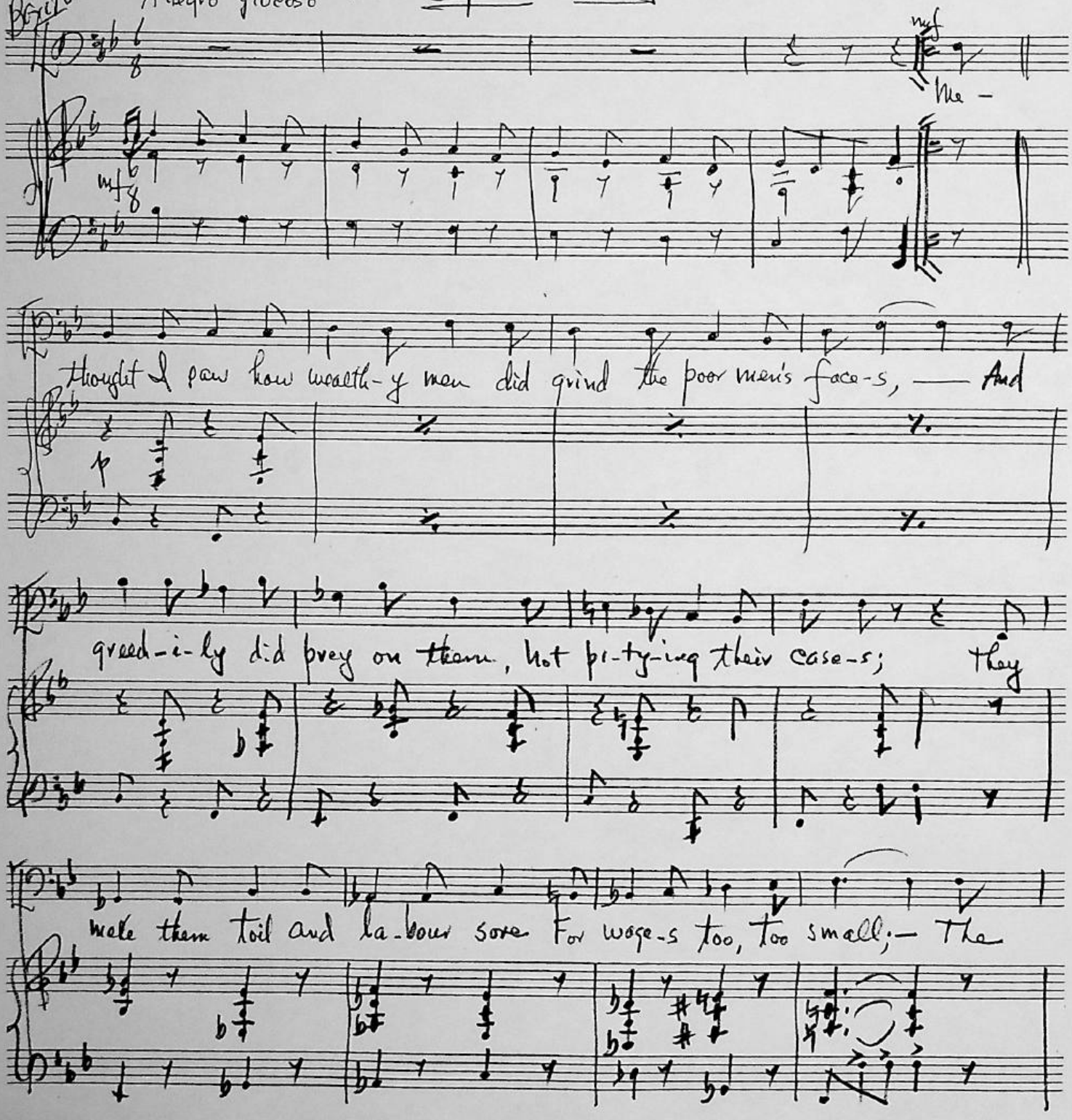


36-P-750
Dunlap Printing Co.

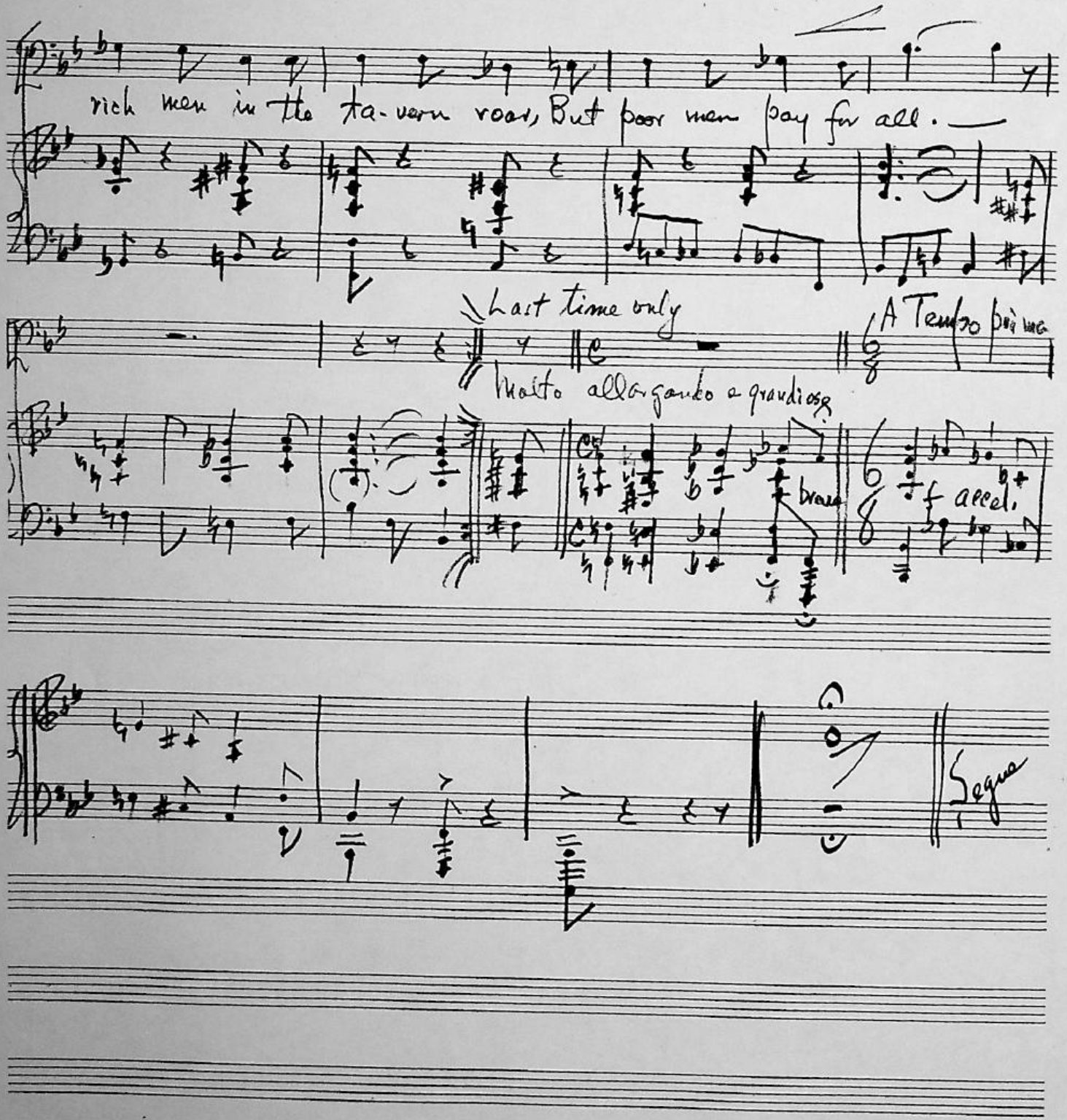
Anonymous (17th Century) Pg. 53

7. Popular Song

Baritone Allegro giocoso



36-P-750
Dunlop Printing Co.



Dunlap Printing Co.
36-P.750

Methought I saw an usurer old
Walk in his fox-furred gown,
Whose wealth and eminence controlled
The most men in the town;
His wealth he by extortion got,
And rose by others' fall;
He had what his hands earned not,
But poor men pay for all.

Methought I saw a courtier proud
Go swaggering along,
That unto any peerce allowed
The office of his tongue;
Methought, went not for Bribery,
His peacock's plumes would fall;
He ruffles out in bravery,
But poor men pay for all.

Methought I not, soo discontent,
Some poor man on the way;
I asked one whither he went
So fast and could not stay.
Quoth he, "I must go take my lease,
Or else another shall;
My landlord's riches do increase
But poor men pay for all."

Methought I saw most stately wives
Go jetting on the way,
That live delightful idle lives
And go in garments gay;
That with the moon their shapes do change,
Or else they'll chide and brawl;
Thus women go like monsters strange,
But poor men pay for all.

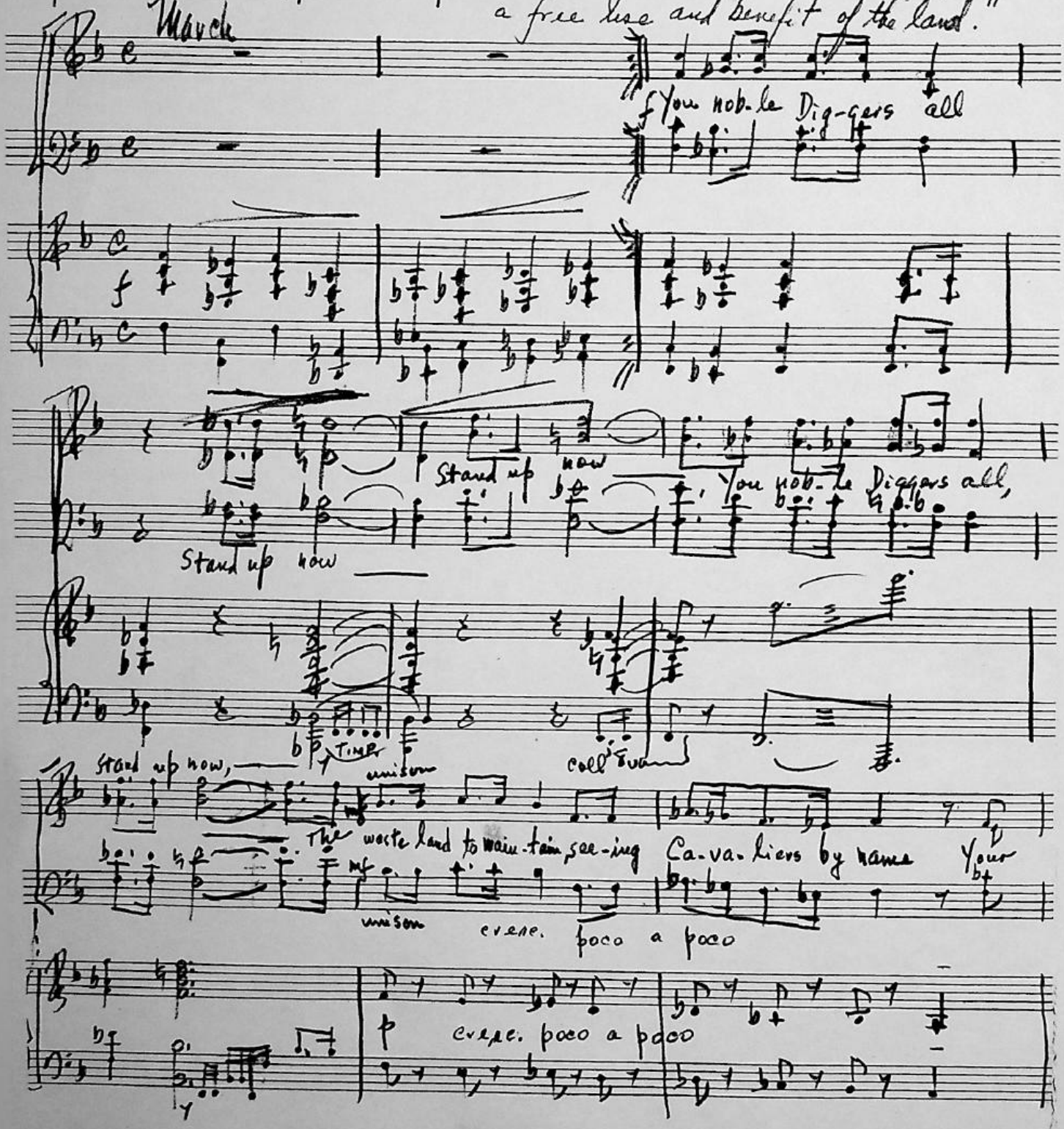
Methought I was in the country,
Where poor men take great pains
And labour hard continually
Only for rich men's gains;
Like Israelites in Egypt,
the poor are kept in thrall;
The task-masters are playing kept,
But poor men pay for all.

Gerard Winstanley (fl. 1649)

8. from The Diggers' Song: "All the poor commoners have a free use and benefit of the land."

pg. 5b

March



36-P.750
Dunlap Printing Co.

mf

dig-ging do dis-dem and par-sons all de-fame. Stand up

mf

mf

Da Capo

now,

Stand up

now

Last time only

Dig-gers...

Da Capo

Timp.

coll' 8va

all!

Your houses they pull down, stand up now, stand up now,
Your houses they pull down, stand up now;
Your houses they pull down to fright poor men in town,
But the Gentry must come down, and the poor shall wear the crown,
Stand up now, Diggers all!

With spades and hoes and plows stand up now, stand up now,
With spades and hoes and plows, stand up now!
Your freedom to uphold seeing Cavaliers are bold
To kill you if they could, and right from you withhold,
Stand up now, Diggers all.

The Gentry are all around, stand up now, stand up now,
The Gentry are all around, stand up now;
The Gentry are all around, on each side they are found,
Their wisdom's so profound to cheat us of the ground.
Stand up now, stand up now.

The Lawyers they conjoin, stand up now, stand up now,
The Lawyers they conjoin, stand up now;
To arrest you they devise, such fees they devise,
The devil in them lies, and hath blinded both their eyes.
Stand up now, stand up now.

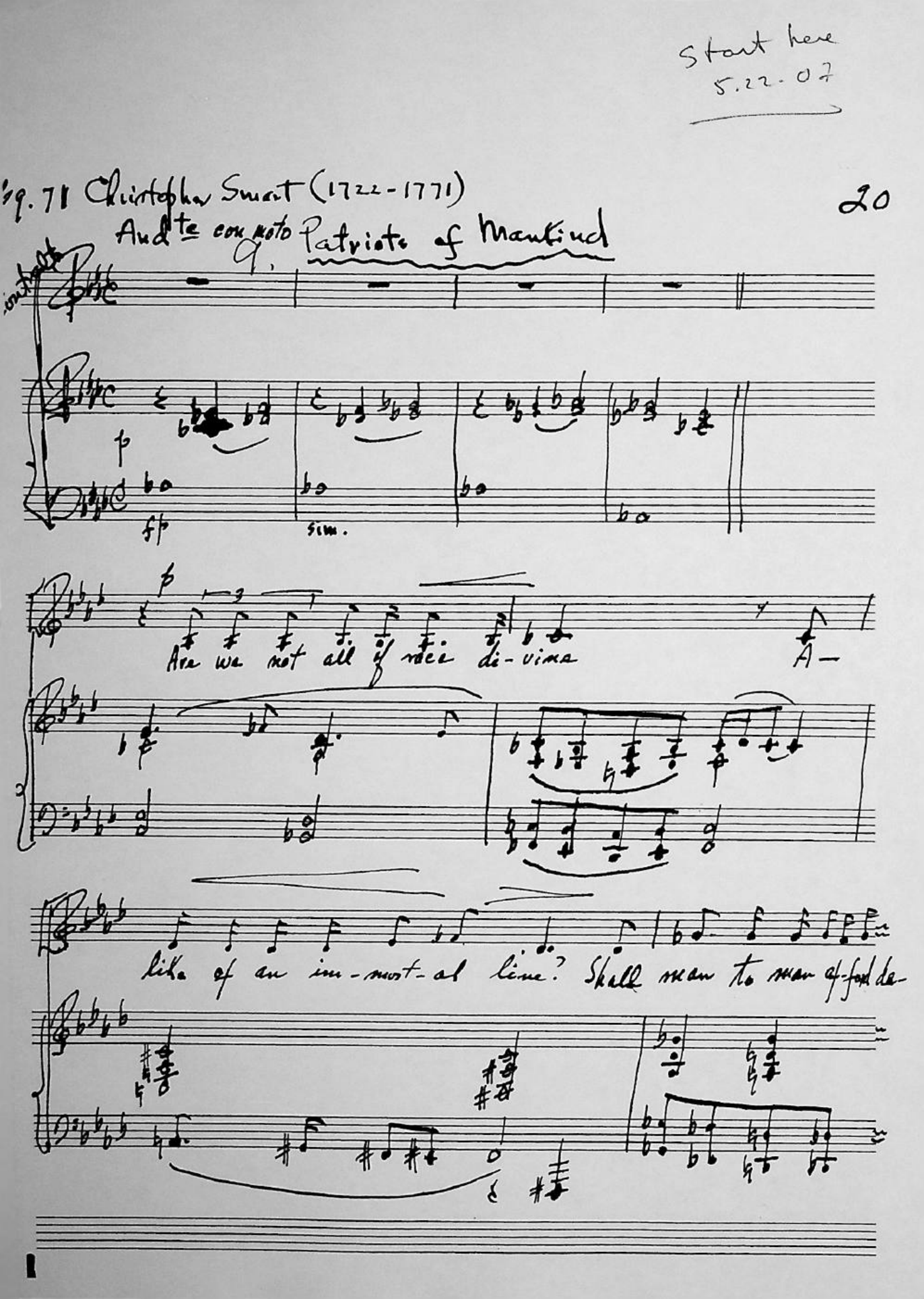
The Clergy they come in, stand up now, stand up now,
The Clergy they come in, stand up now;
The Clergy they come in, and say it is a sin
That we should now begin our freedom for to win.
Stand up, Diggers all!

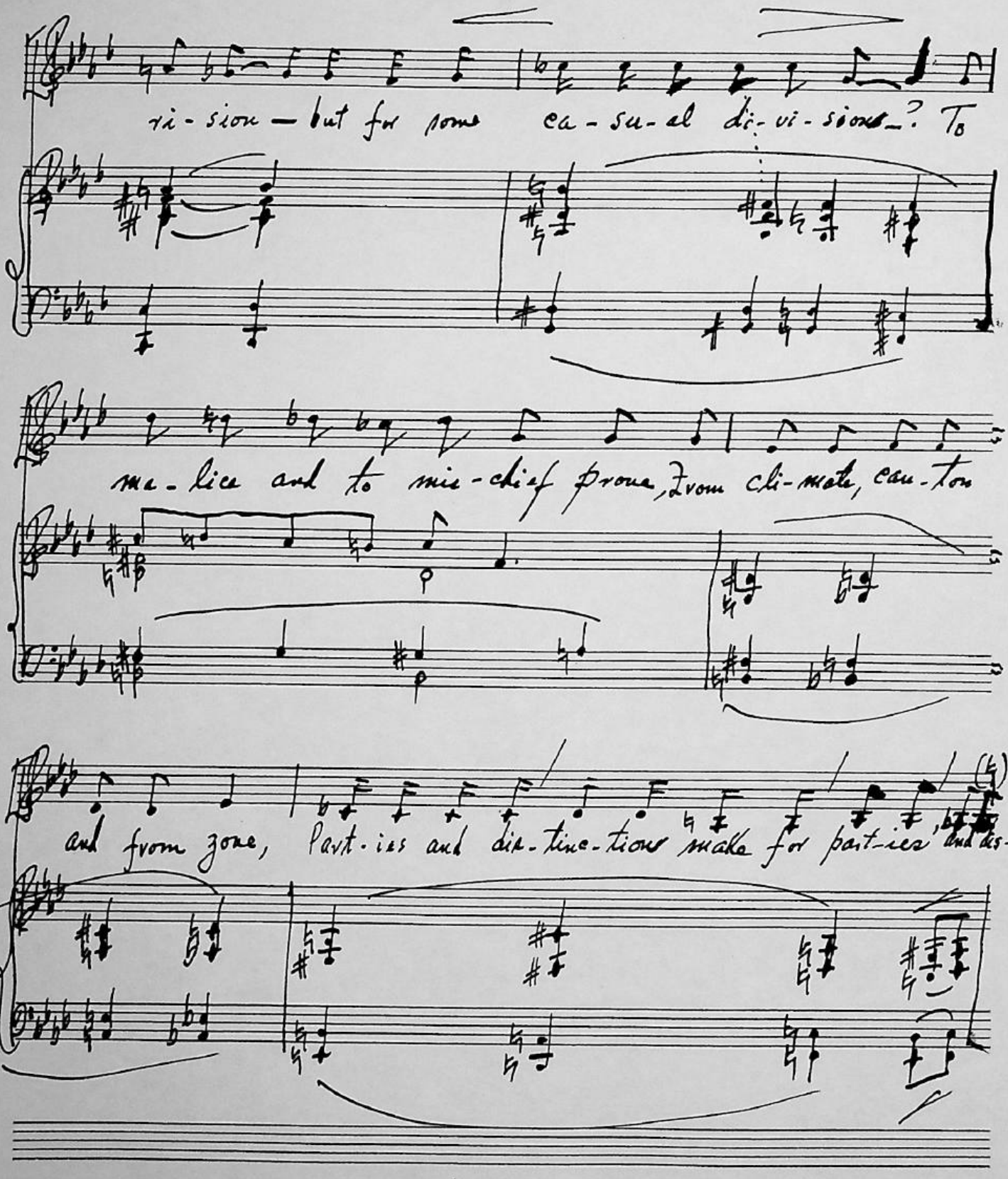
The tithes they get will have, stand up now, stand up now,
The tithes they still will have, stand up now;
The tithes they still will have, and lawyers their fees crave,
And this they say is brave, to make the poor their slave.
Stand up now, Diggers all.

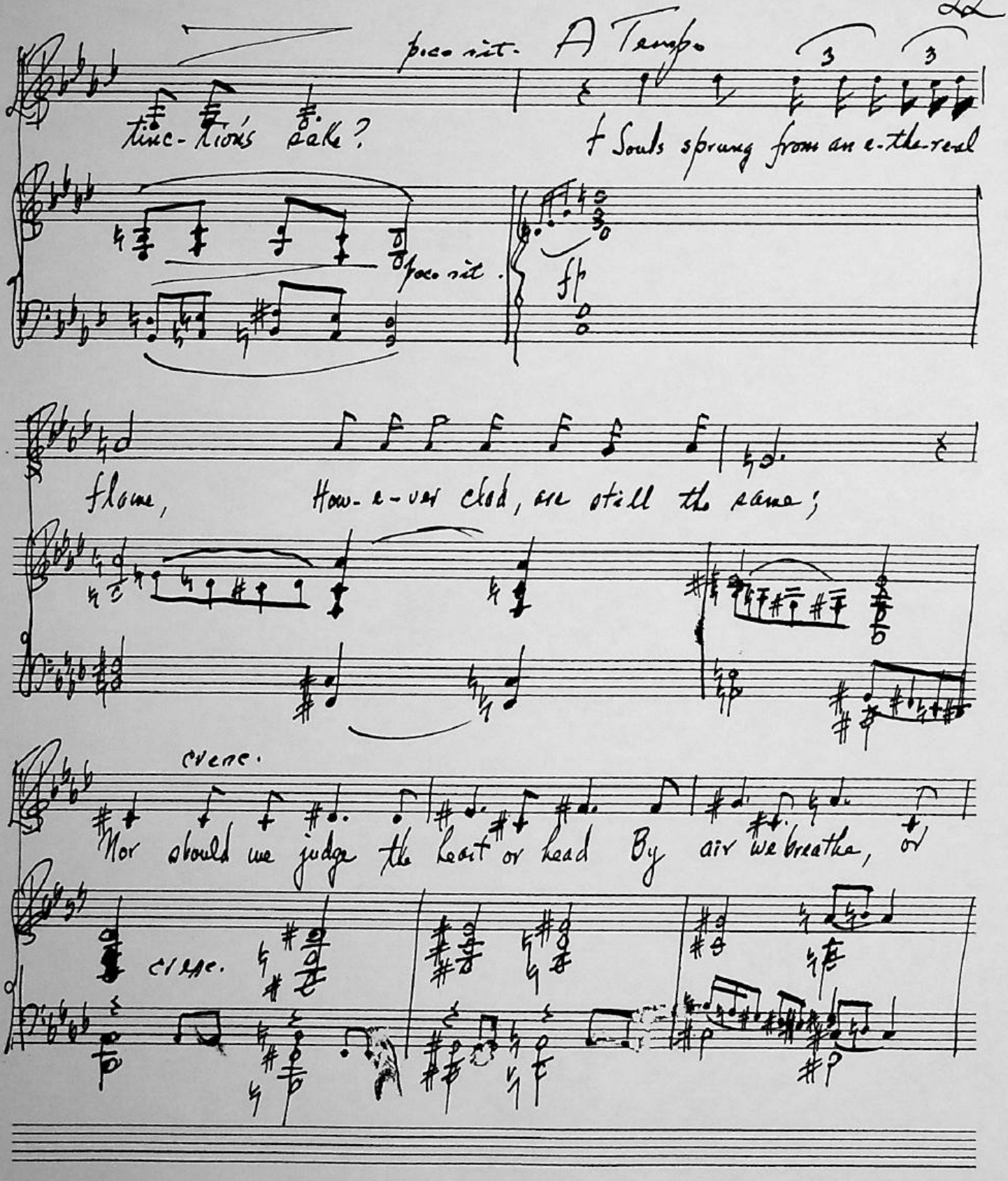
Start here
5.22.07

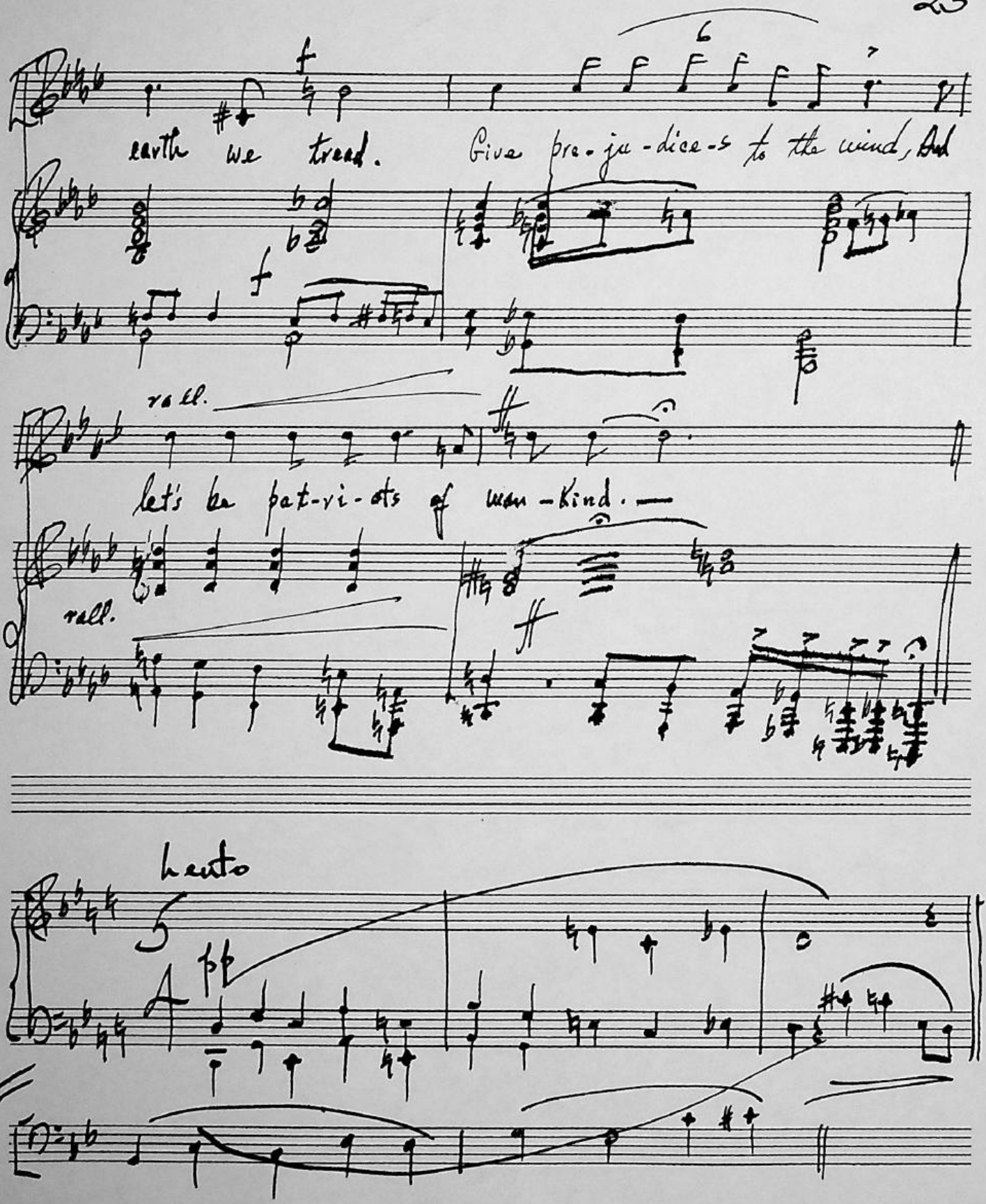
pg. 71 Christopher Smart (1722-1771)

Andte con moto Patriots of Mankind




vi-sion — but for some ca-su-al di-vi-sions? To
ma-lice and to mis-chief prone, from cli-mate, can-ton
and from zone, Part-ies and dis-tinc-tions make for part-ies and dis-

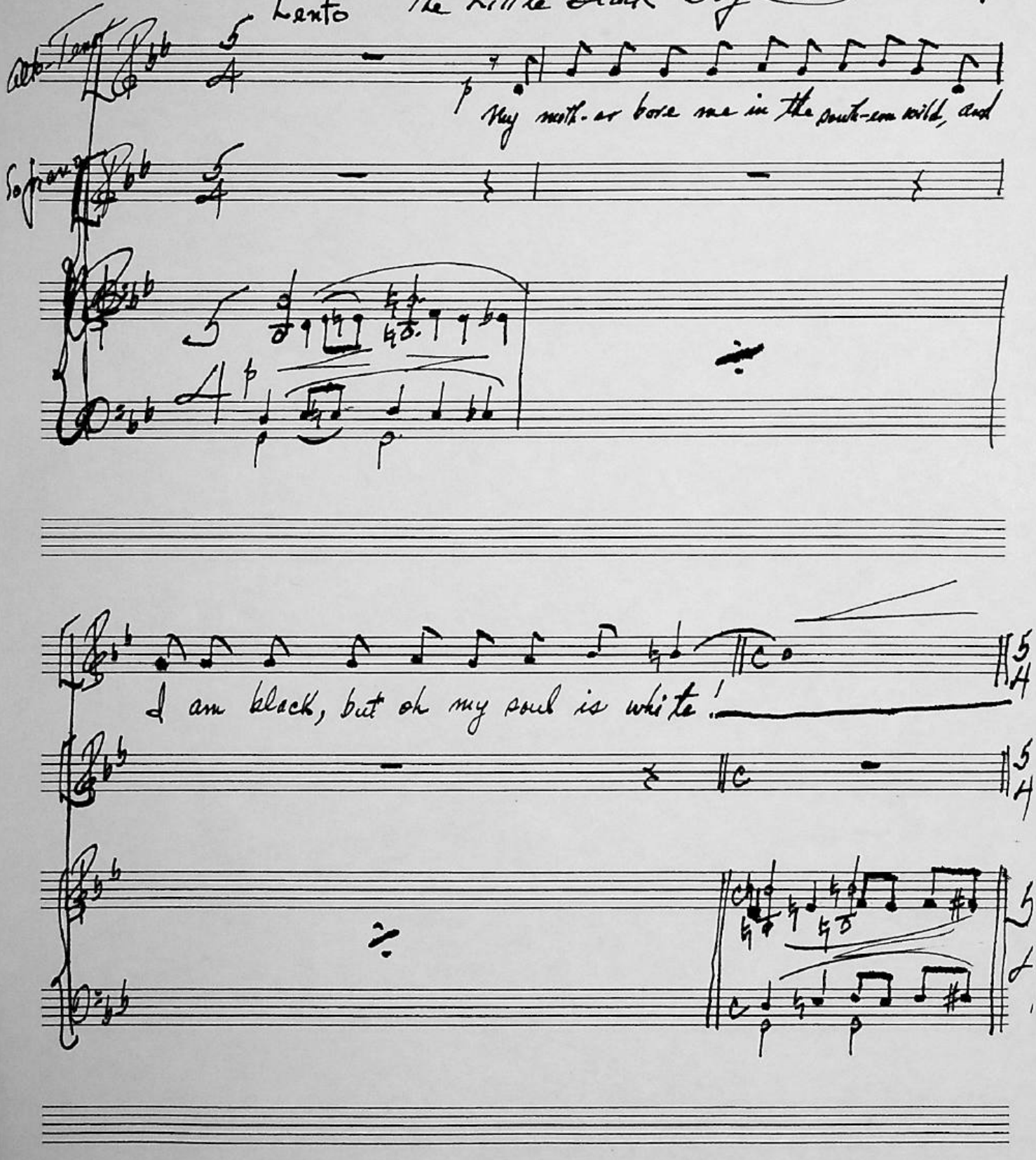

poco rit.
A Tempo
tinc-tions take?
t Souls sprung from an e-the-real
poco rit.
fp
flame,
How-e-ver clad, are still the same;
cresc.
Nor should we judge the heart or head By air we breathe, or
cresc.

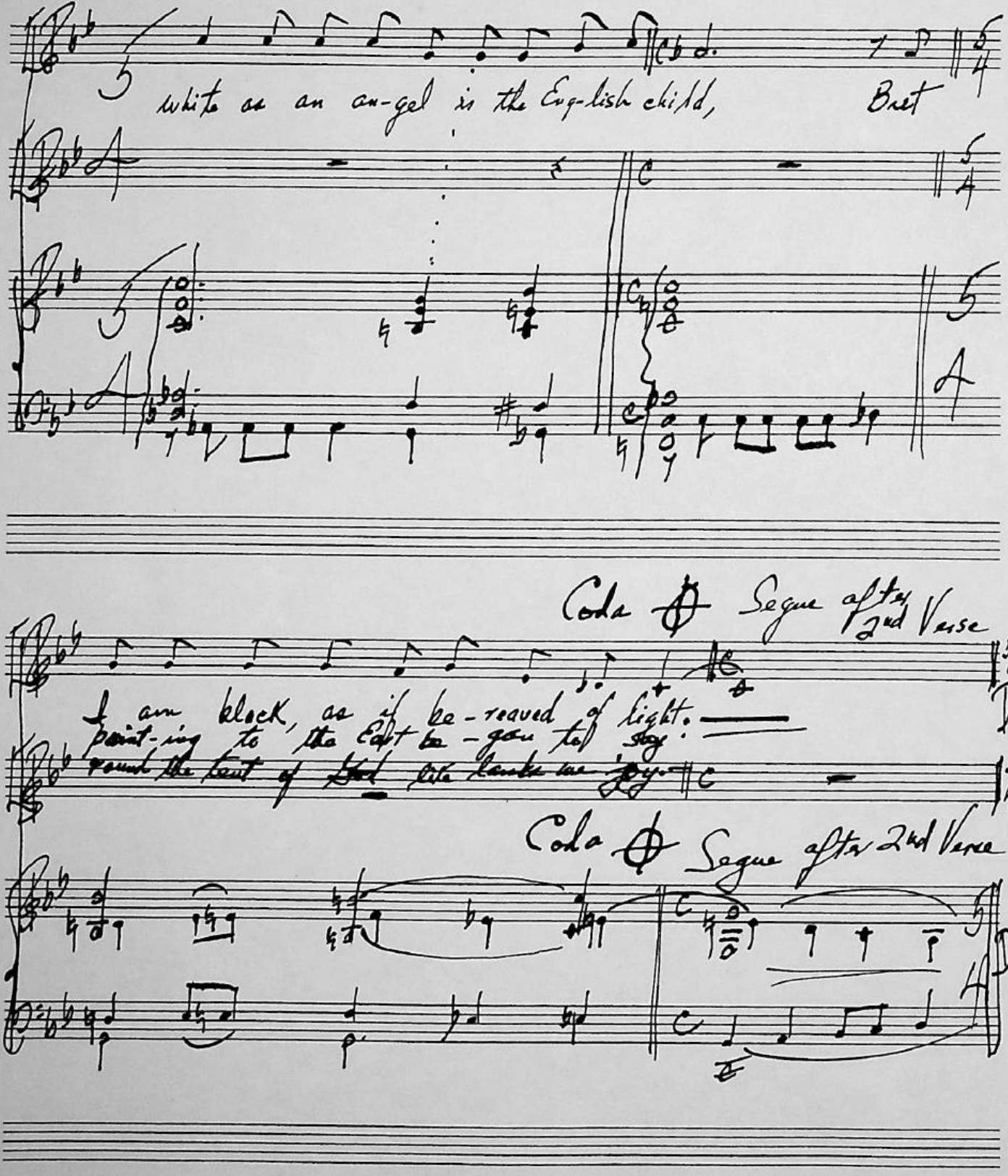

earth we tread.
Give pre-ju-dice-s to the wind, And
rall.
let's be pat-ri-ots of man-kind.
rall.
Lento
A

10.

William Blake (1757-1827) The Little Black Boy (P. (80)) 24

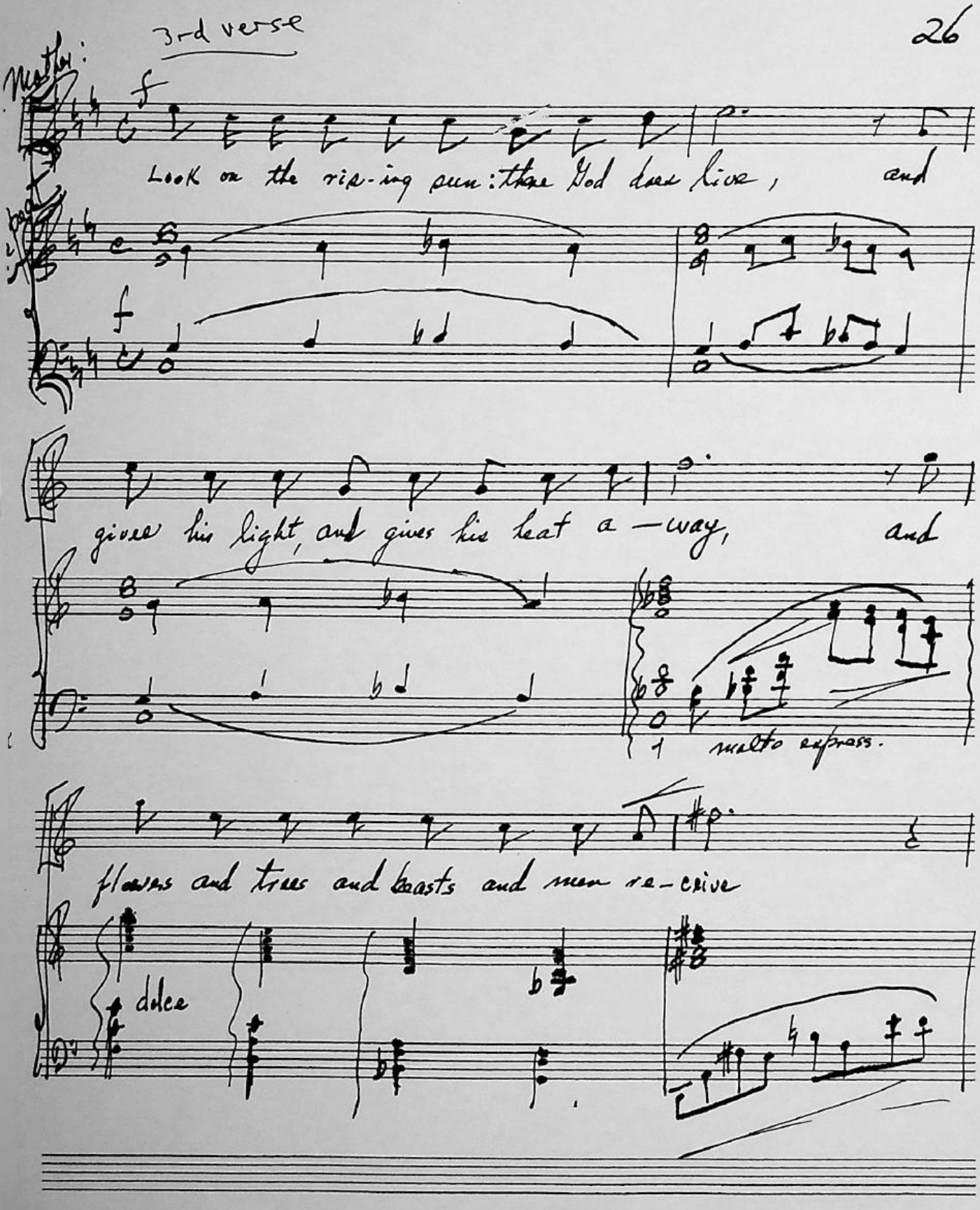
Lento

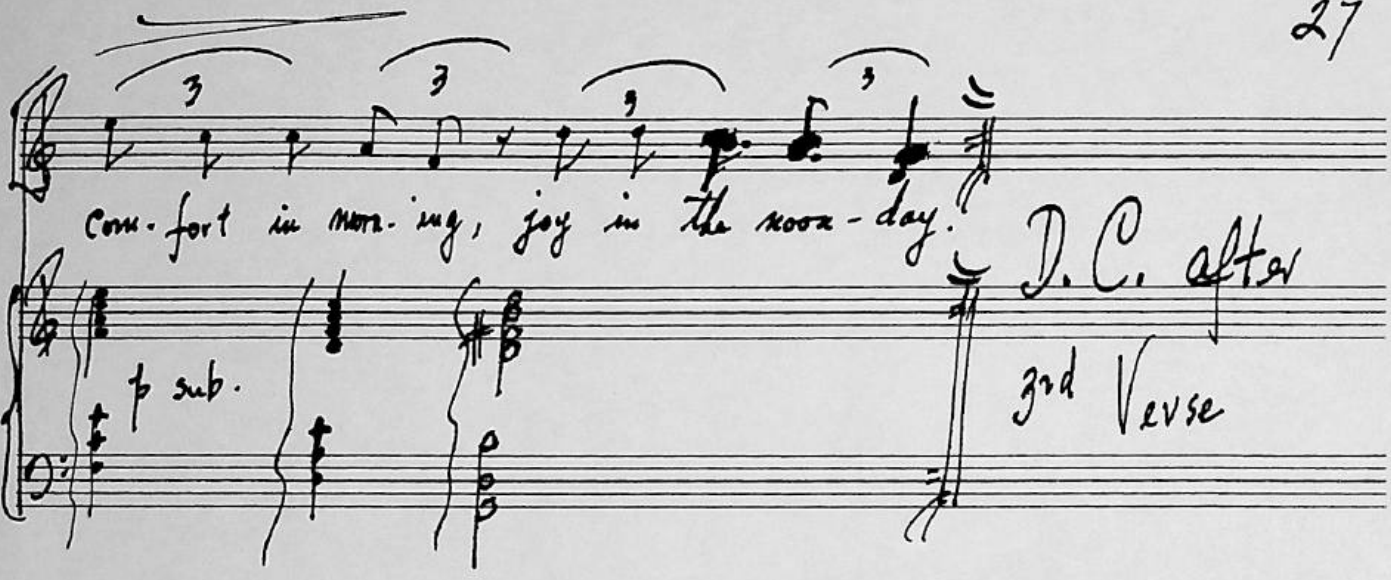



white as an an-gel is the Eng-lish child,
But
Coda
Segue after 2nd Verse
I am black, as if be-reaved of light.
pain-ing to the East be-gan to sing
round the tent of God like lambs we joy.
D.C.
Coda
Segue after 2nd Verse
D.C.

3rd verse

Master:



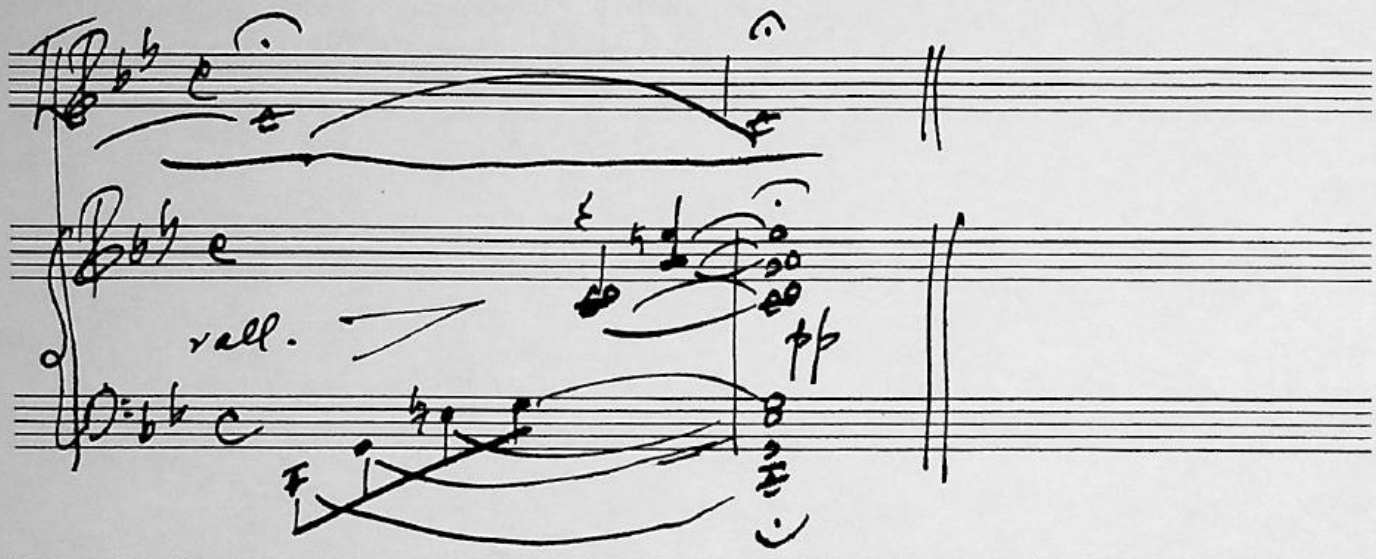


Mother: "And we one just on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

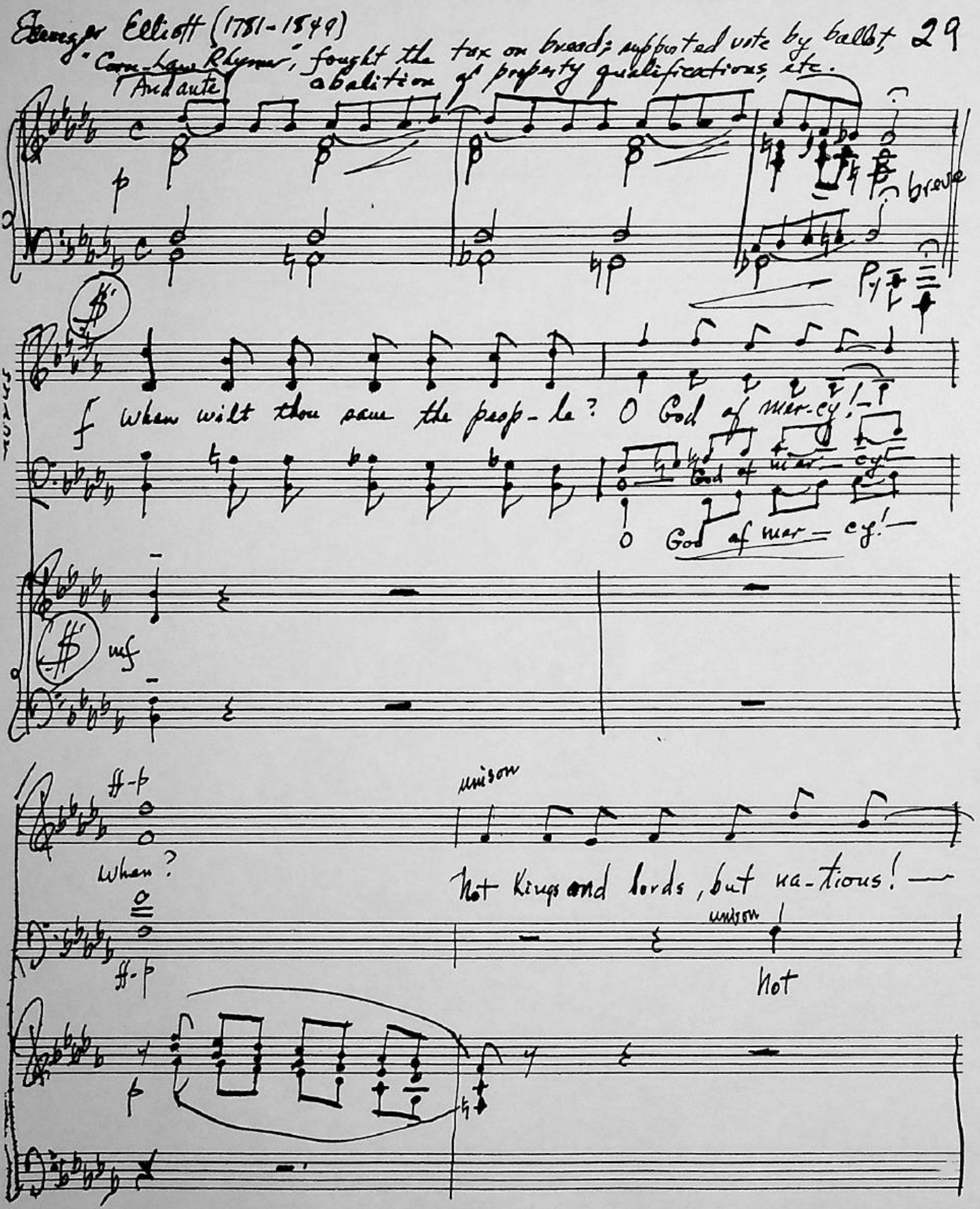
For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his voice,
Saying 'Come out from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice'."

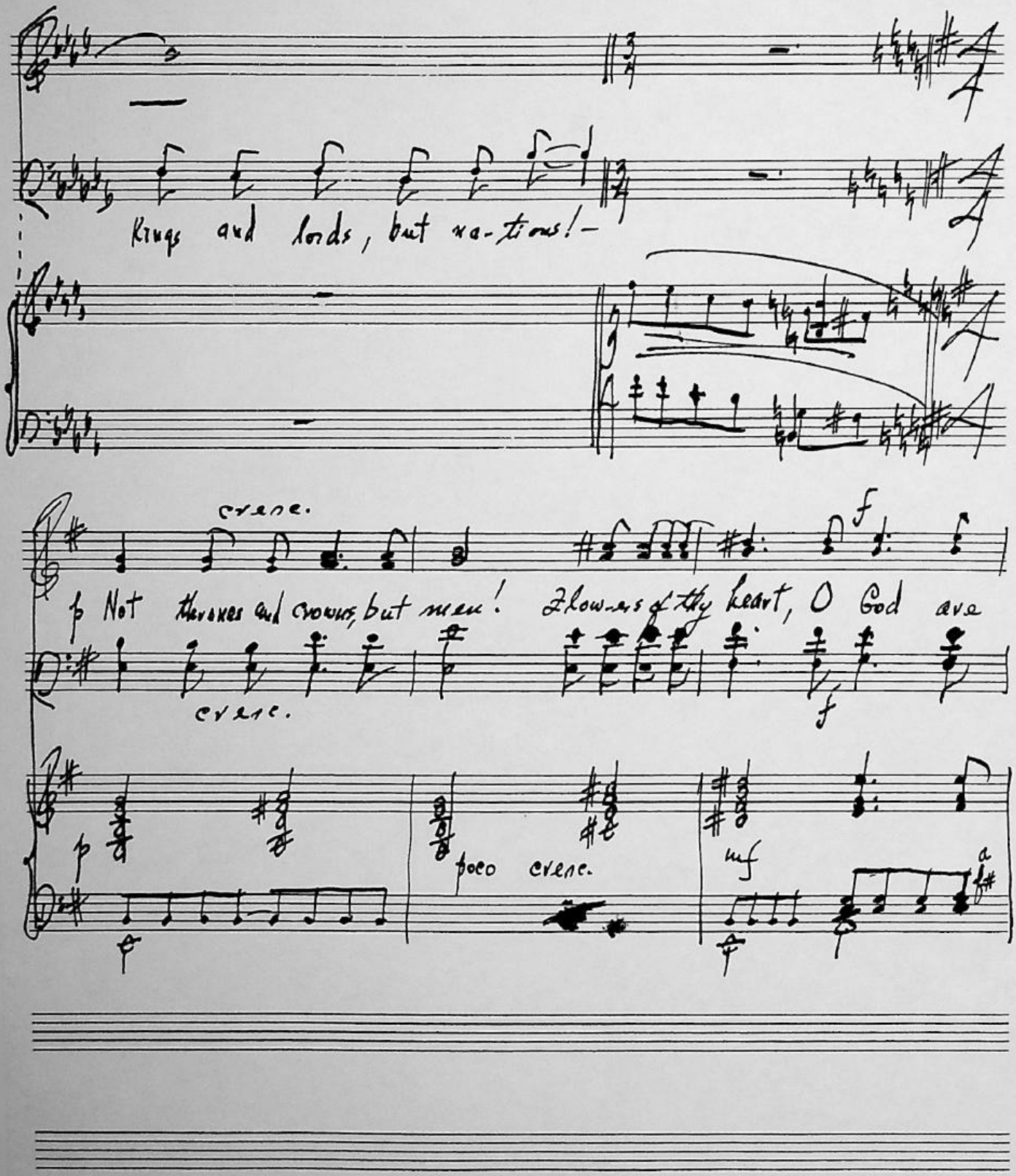
Little Boy:
Thus did my mother say and kissed me,
And thus I say to little English boy,
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy.

Coda



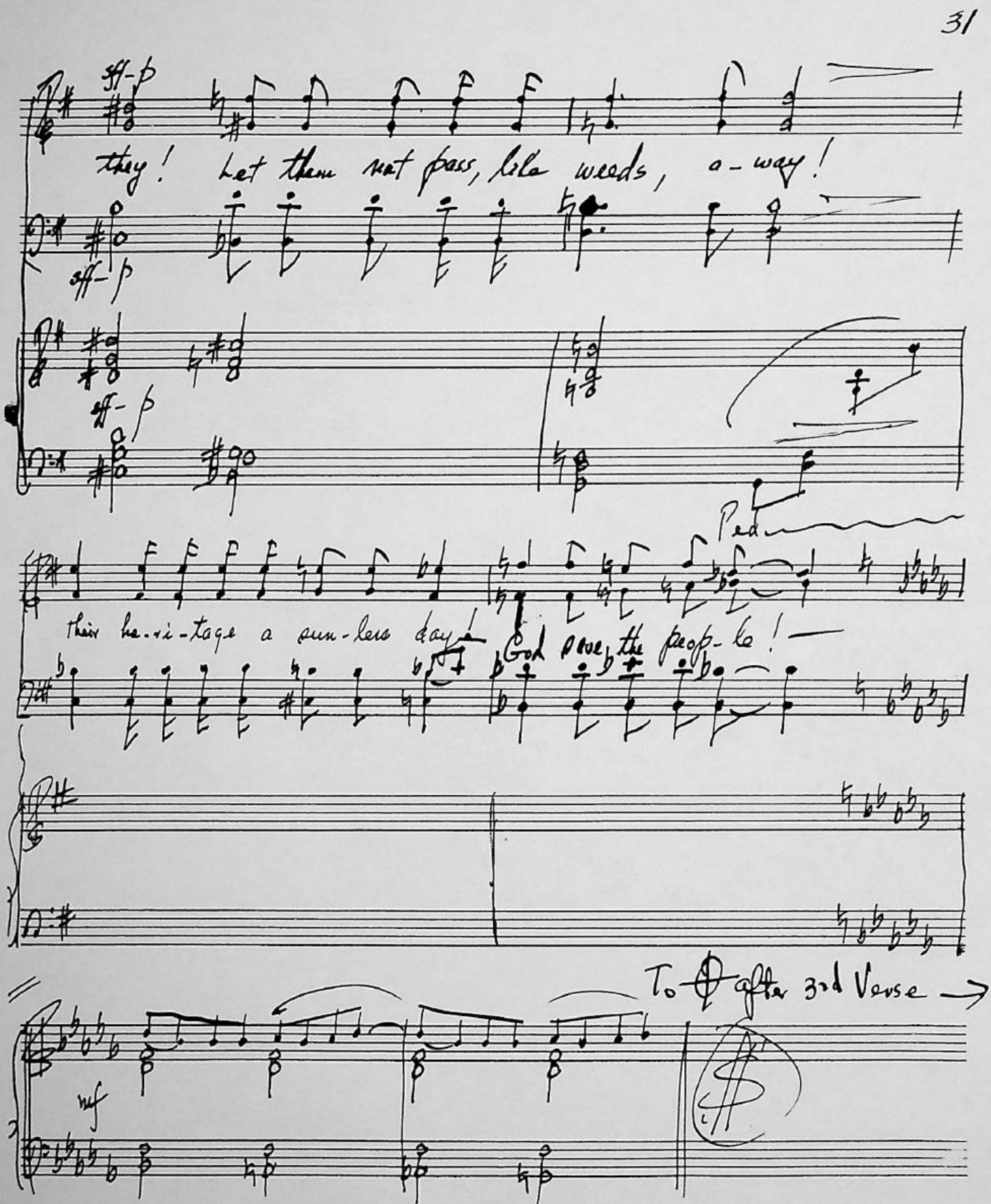
11. The People's Anthem
P. 97

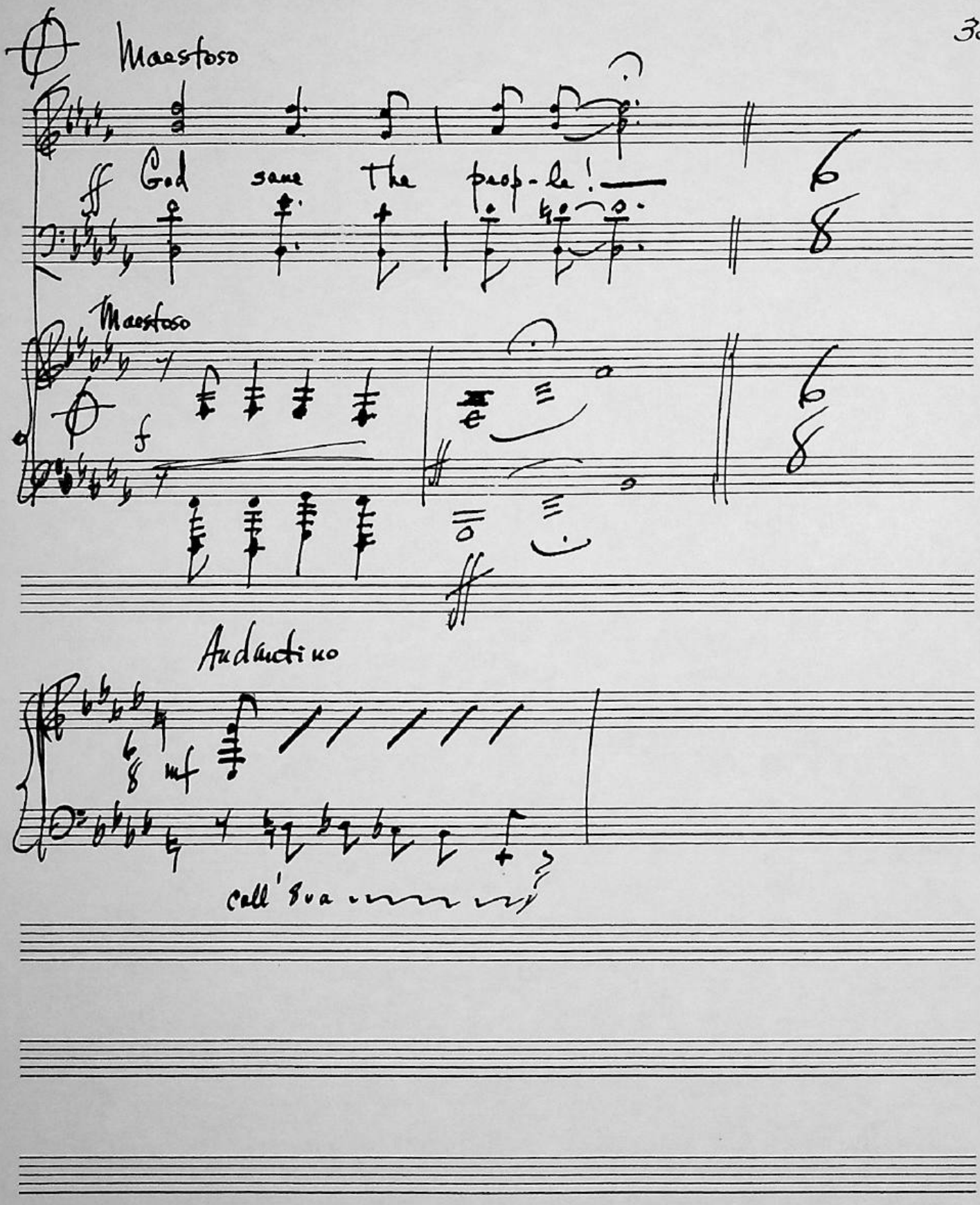



Kings and lords, but na-tions!-
cresc.
p Not thrones and crowns, but men! Flow-ers of thy heart, O God are
cresc.
f
p
poco cresc.
mf

2) Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father!
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No!" say The mountains; "No!" Thy skies;
"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs."
God save Thy people!

3) When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy! when?
The people, not the chiefs and priests,
The poor, the meek, the lowly,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people! Thine they are,
Thy children as Thy angels fair;
Save them from bondage and despair!
God save the people!


ff-p
they! Let them not pass, like weeds, a-way!
ff-p
ff-p
Ped
their he-ri-tage a sun-less day! God save the peop-le!
To ⊕ after 3rd Verse
mf

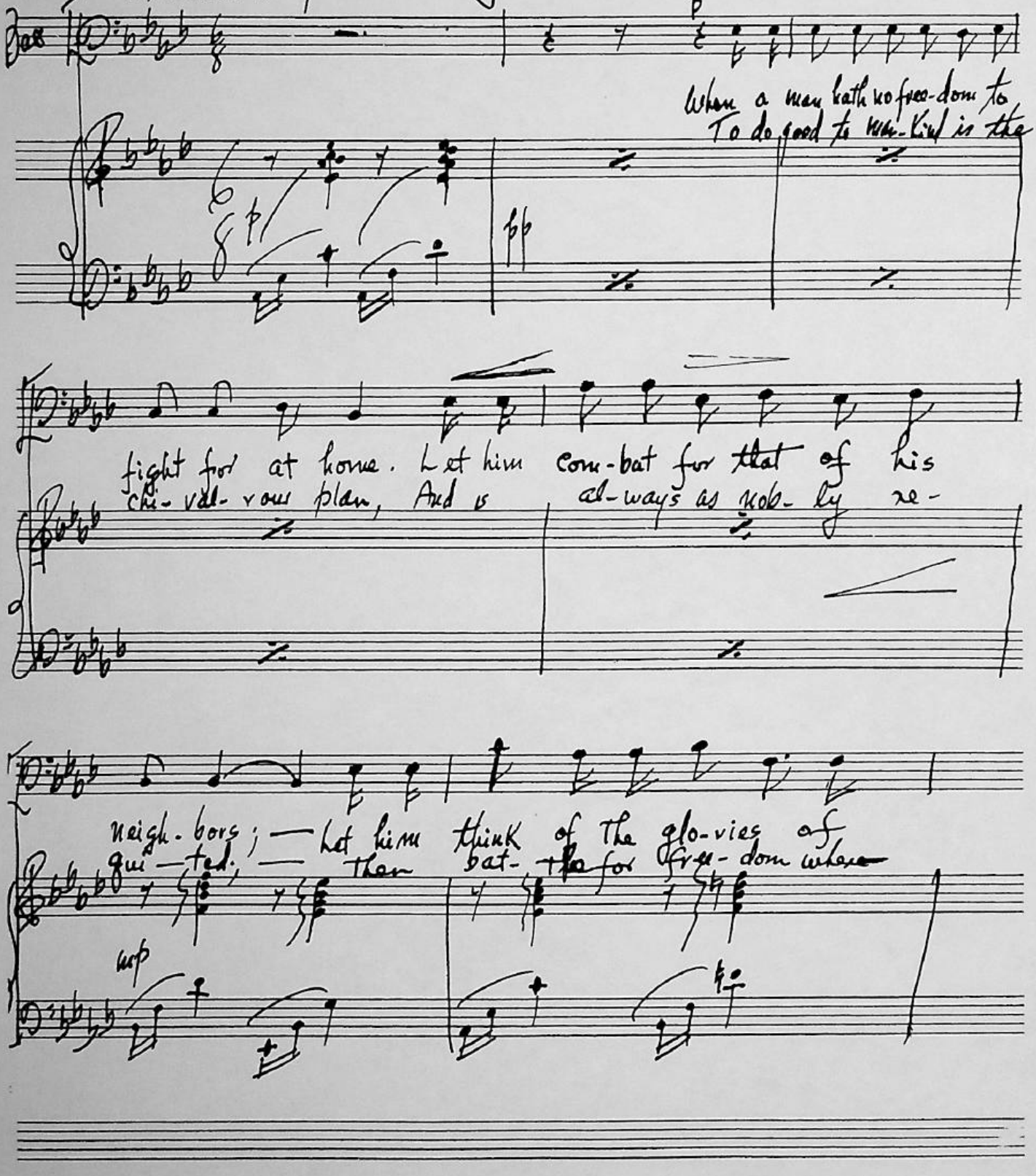

Maestoso
ff
God save the prop-le!
Maestoso
f
Andantino
mf
coll'8va

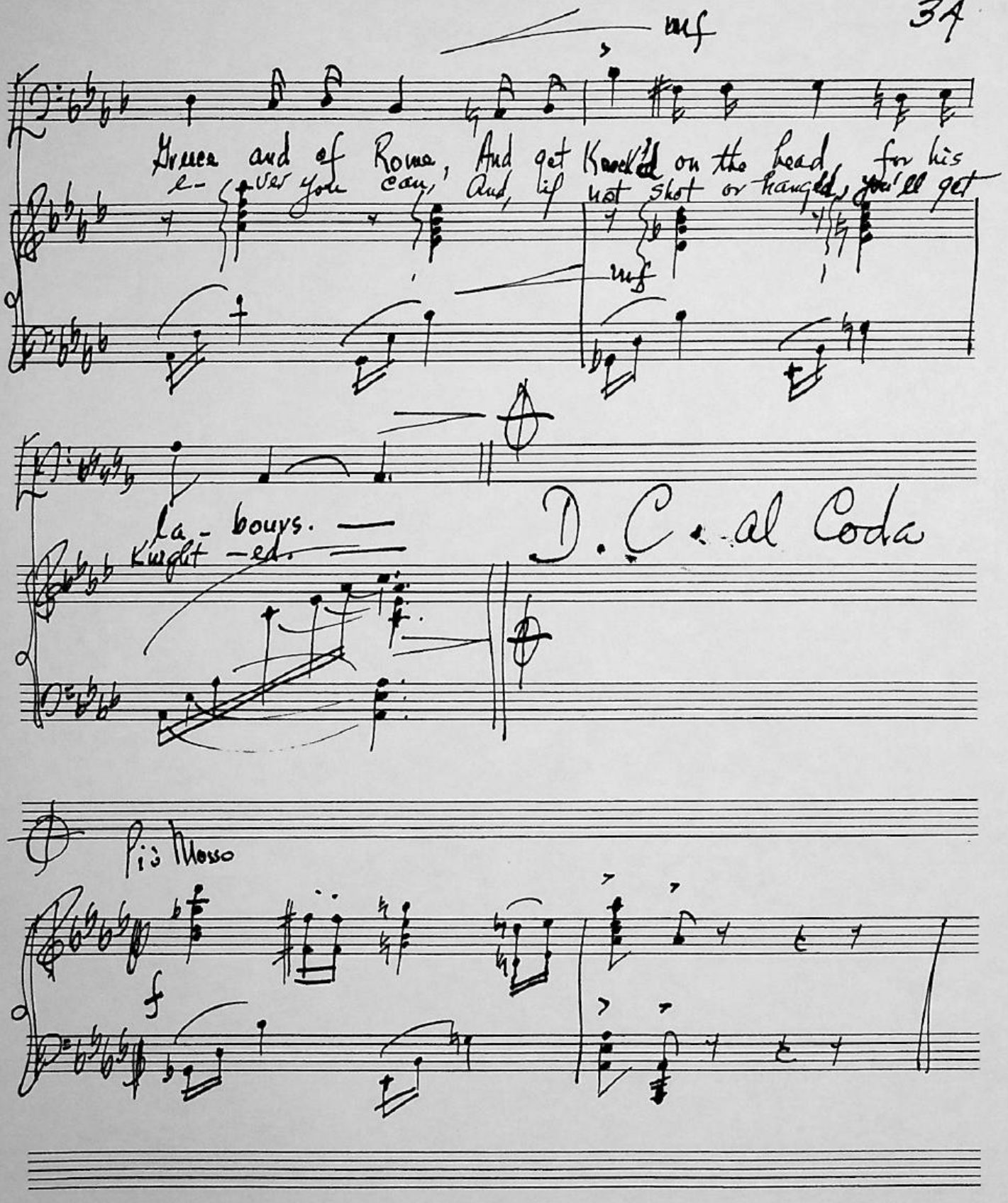
George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824)

33

Andantino

12. Stanza (1820)




mf
Greece and of Rome, And get Knocked on the head for his
e- ver you can, And, if not shot or hanged, you'll get
mf
la- bours.
Knight -ed.
D. C. al Coda
Più Mosso
f

13 From "The Masque of Anarchy"

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

(pg. 118)

From The Revolt of Islam

Canto Second ~~→~~ XLIII

Piano Lento

Rit.

Allegro Mod^to (Refrain)

Ped. konvit.

mf

stacc.

Soli

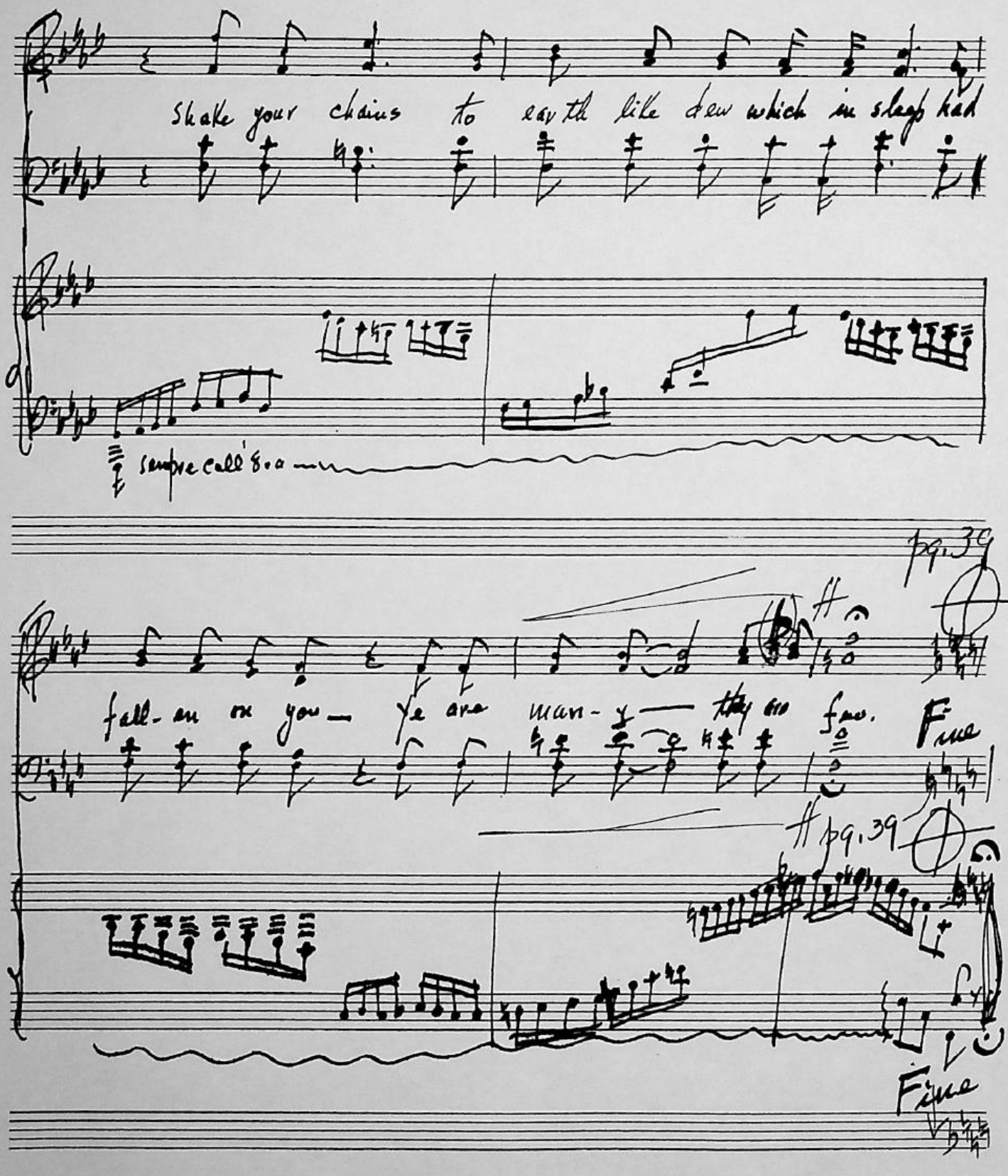
A Tempo (Allegro Mod^to)

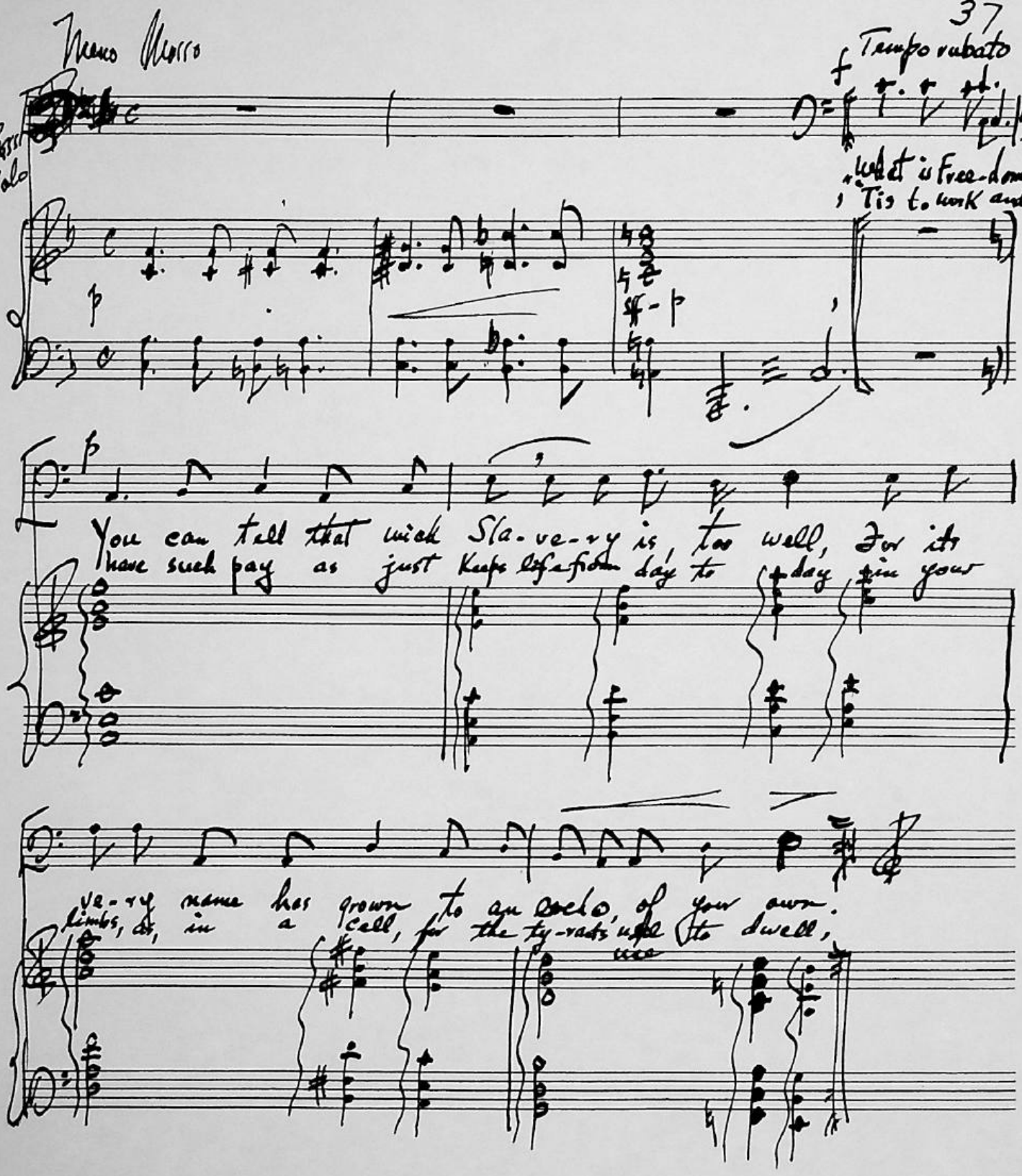
Chorus

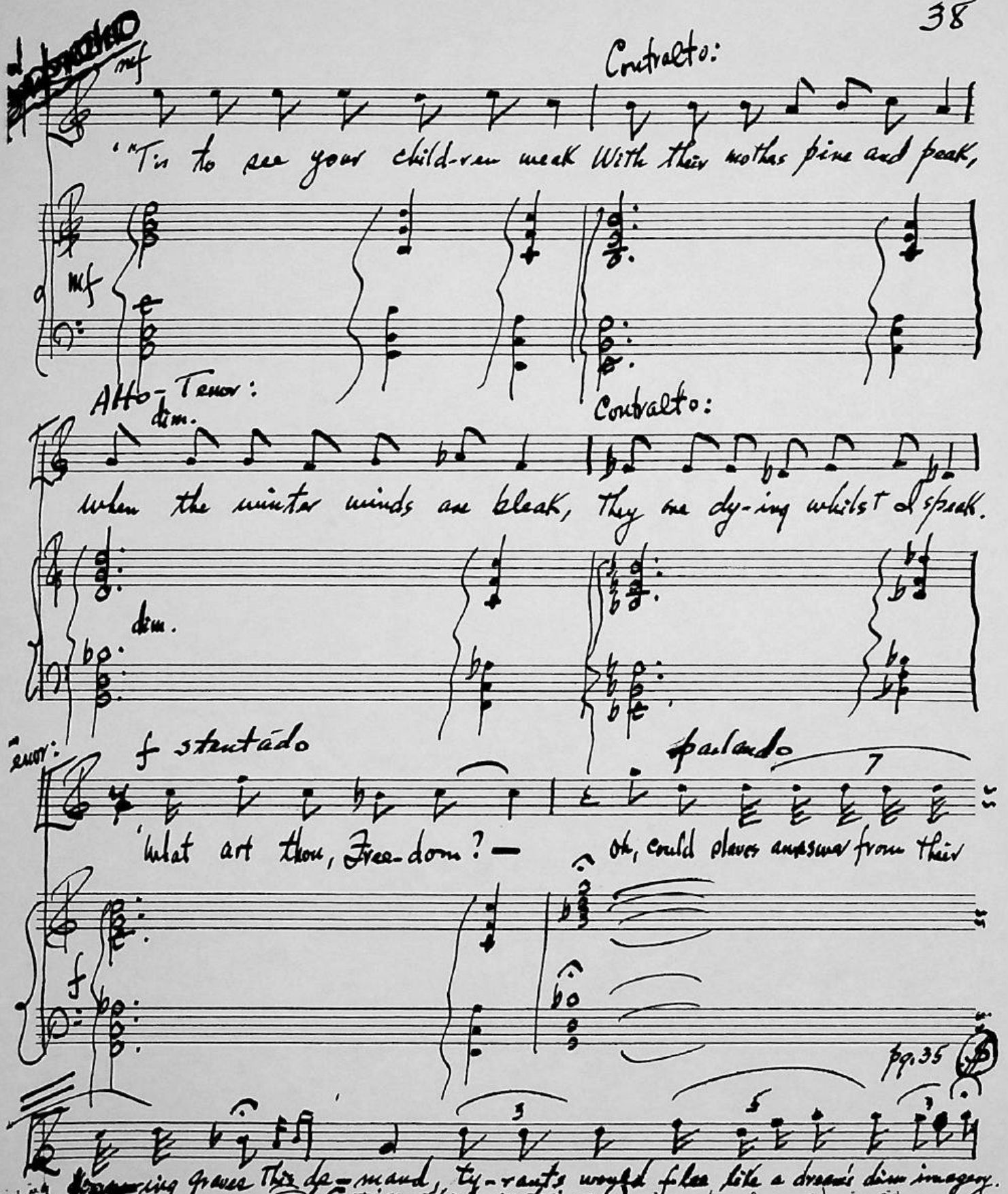
'Rise like Li-ons af-ter slum-ber, in un-van-quish-a-ble num-ber;

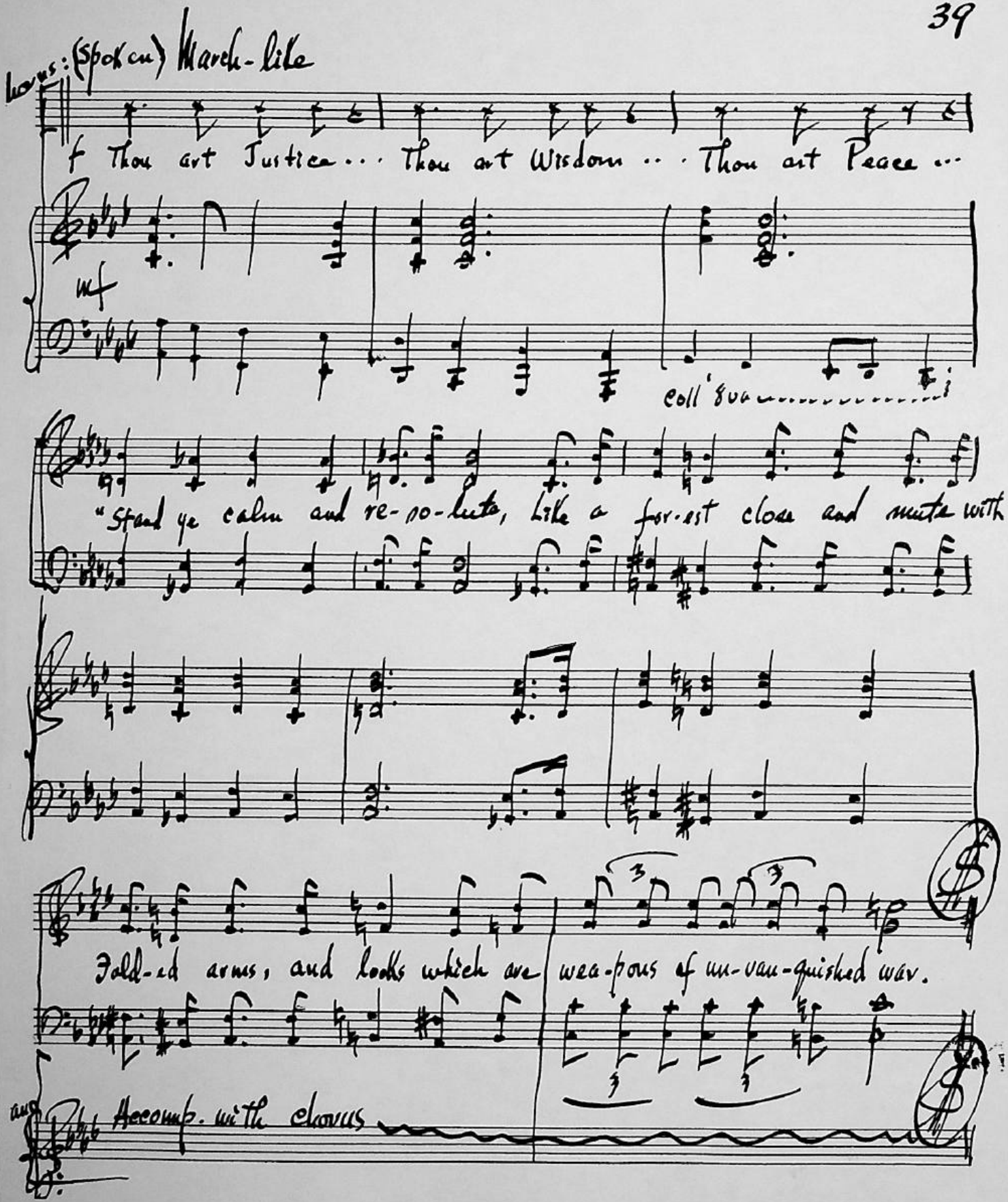
Piano

Call'd


Shake your chains to earth like dew which in sleep had
sempre cell'8.a
pg. 39
fall- en on you — ye are man- y — they are few.
ff
Fine
ff pg. 39
Fine


Tempo rubato
"What is Free-dom? -
'Tis to work and
You can tell that wick Sla-ve-ry is, too well, For its
have such pay as just Keeps life from day to day in your
ve-ry name has grown to an echo, of your own.
limbs, &, in a cell, for the ty-rants use to dwell,

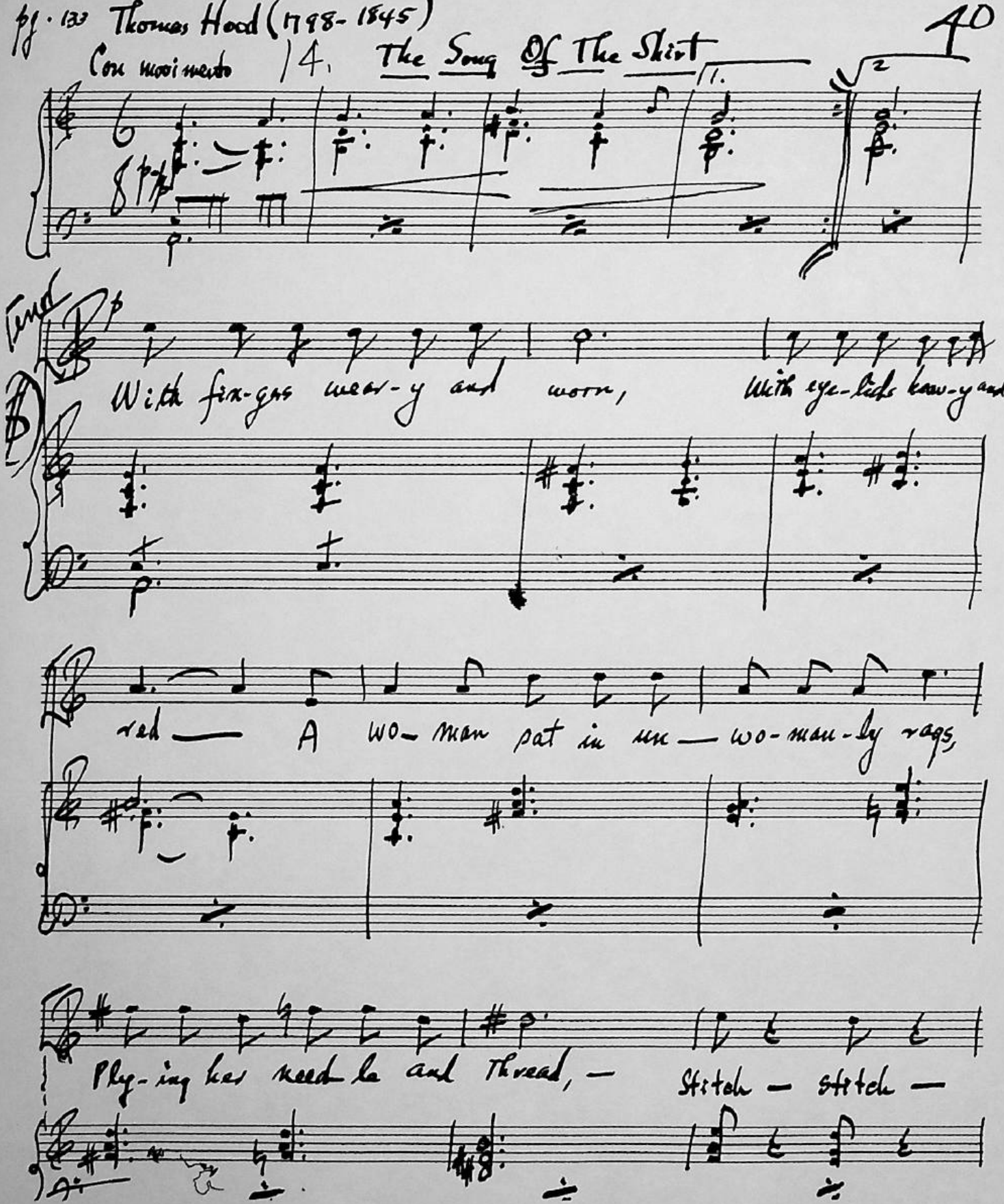

mf
Contralto:
'Tis to see your child-ren weak With their mothers pine and peak,
mf
Alto-Tenor:
dim.
Contralto:
when the winter winds are bleak, They are dy-ing whilst I speak.
dim.
Tenor:
f staccato
'what art thou, Free-dom? —
f
espr.
espr.
espr.

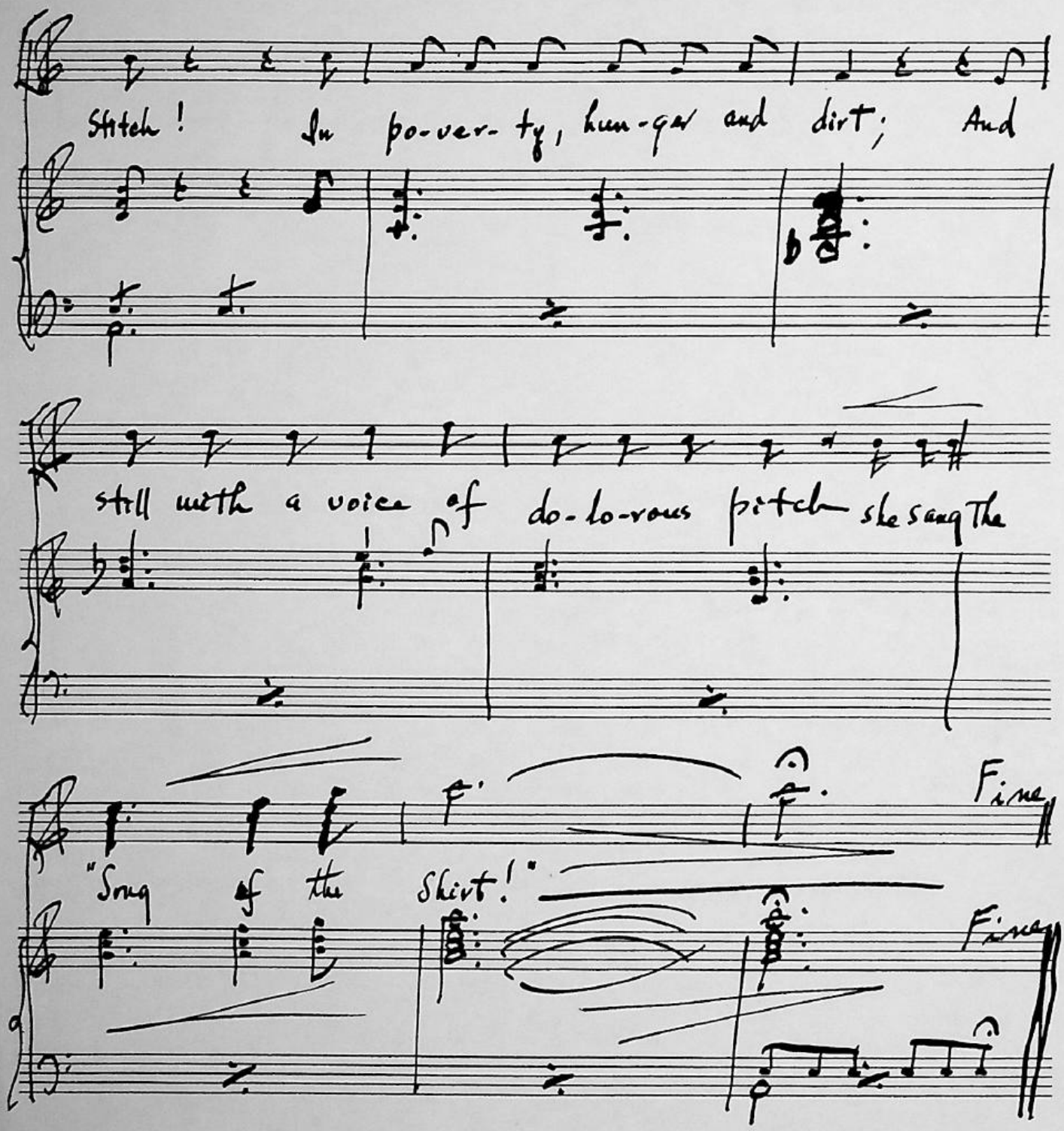

Chorus: (Spoken) March-like
f Thou art Justice ... Thou art Wisdom ... Thou art Peace ...
mf
coll'8va
"Stand ye calm and re-so-lute, Like a for-est close and mute with
fold-ed arms, and looks which are wea-pons of un-van-quished war.
Accomp. with chorus

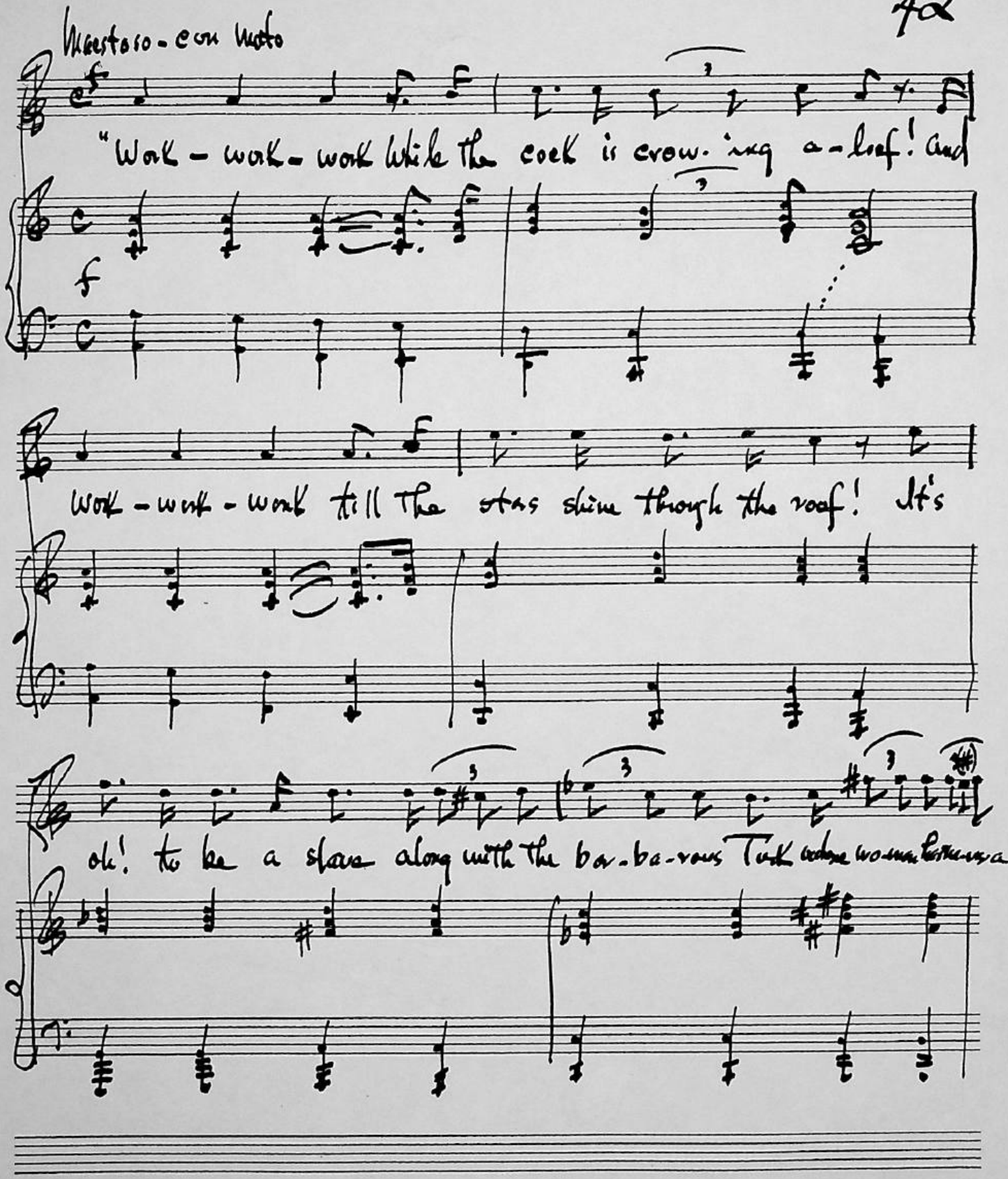
pg. 133 Thomas Hood (1798-1845)

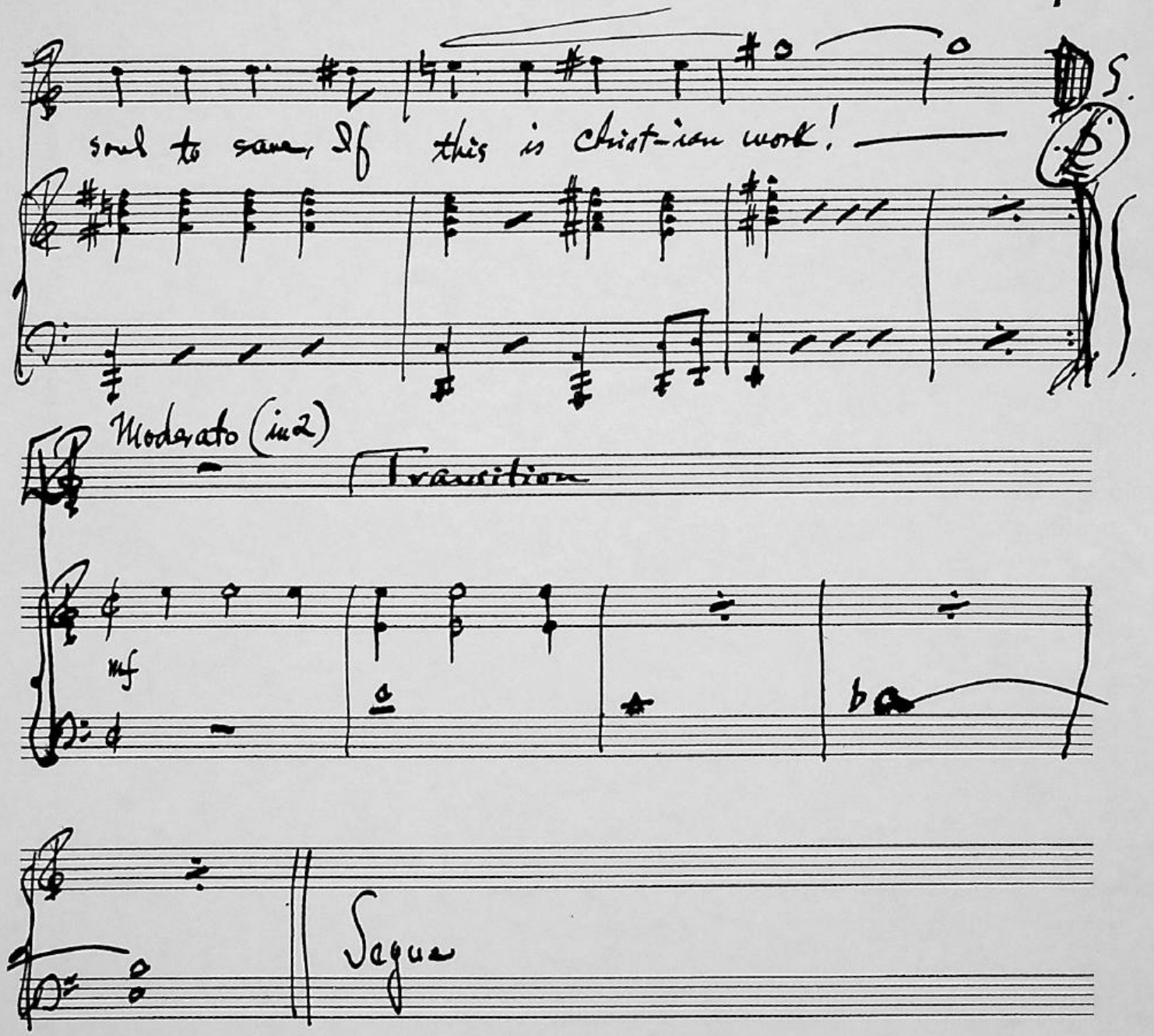
40

Con movimento 14. The Song Of The Shirt




Stitch! In po-ver-ty, hun-ger and dirt; And
still with a voice of do-lo-rous pitch she sang The
"Song of the Shirt!"
Fine
Fine

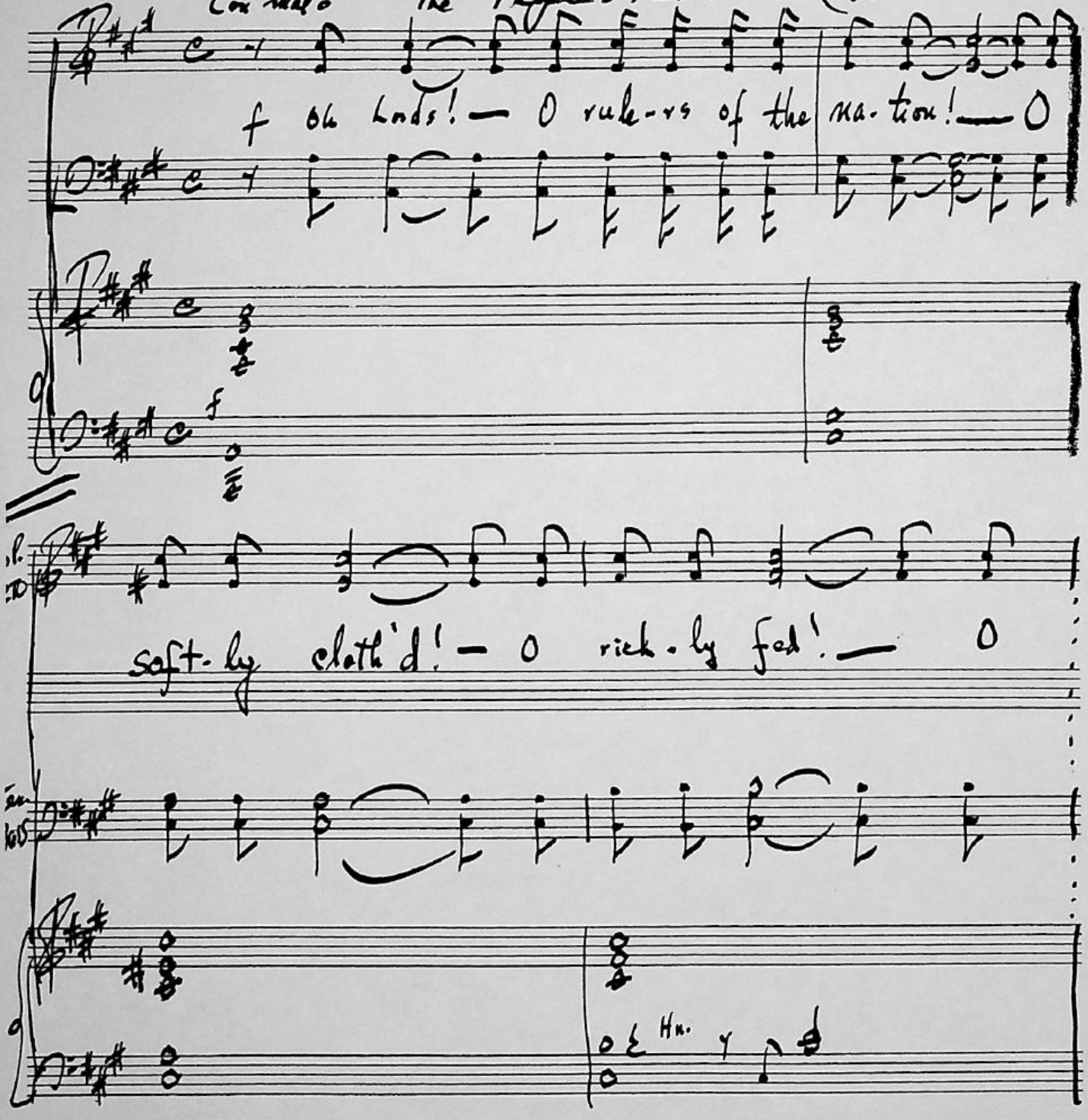

Maestoso - con moto
"Work - work - work while the cock is crow. ing a - loaf! And
Work - work - work till The stars shine though the roof! It's
oh! to be a slave along with the ba. ba. rous Turk

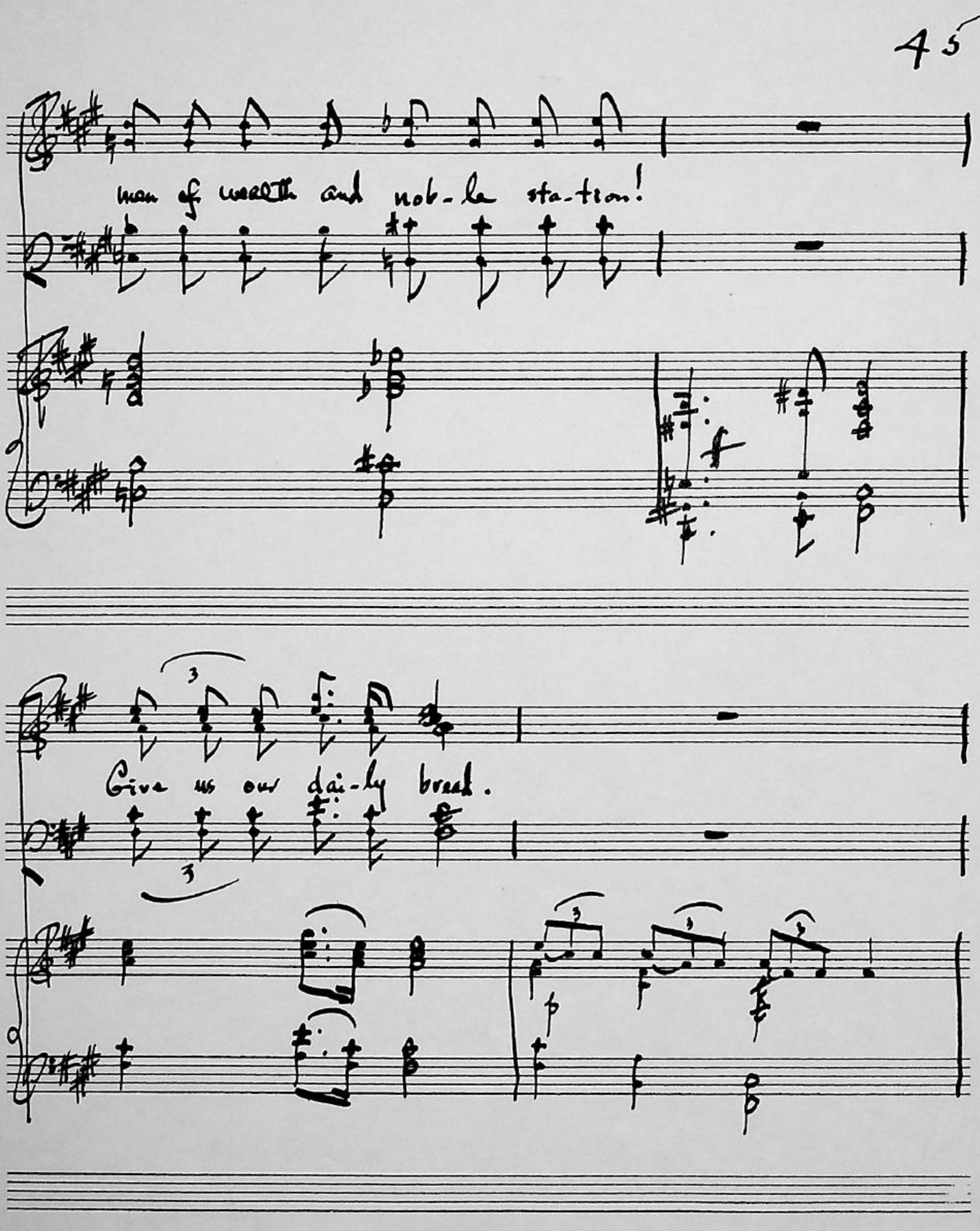

soul to save. If this is Christian work!
S.
Moderato (in 2)
Transition
mf
Segue

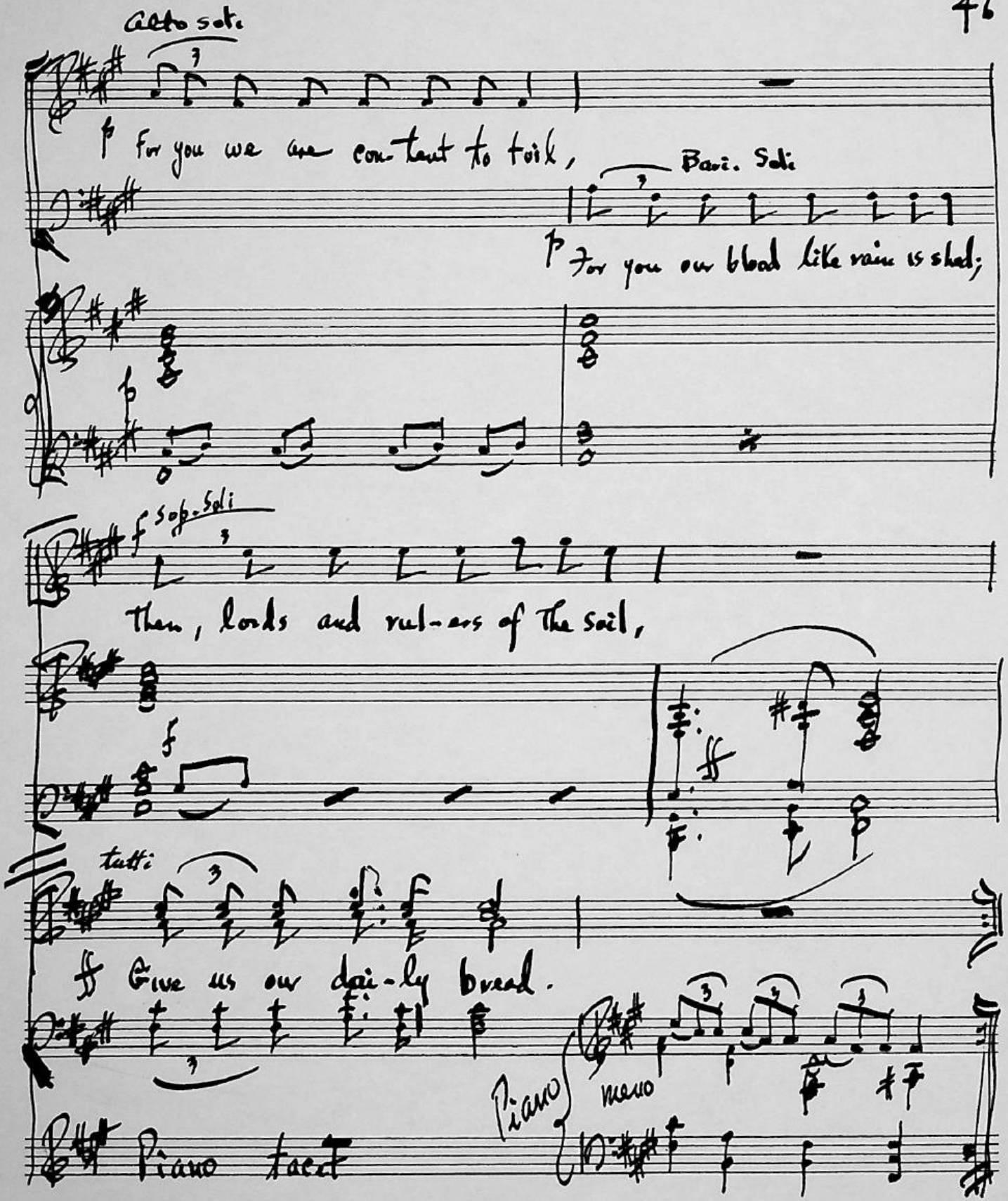
15.

Wathen Mack Wilks Call (1817-1890)

Cantata The People's Petition (pg. 161) 44



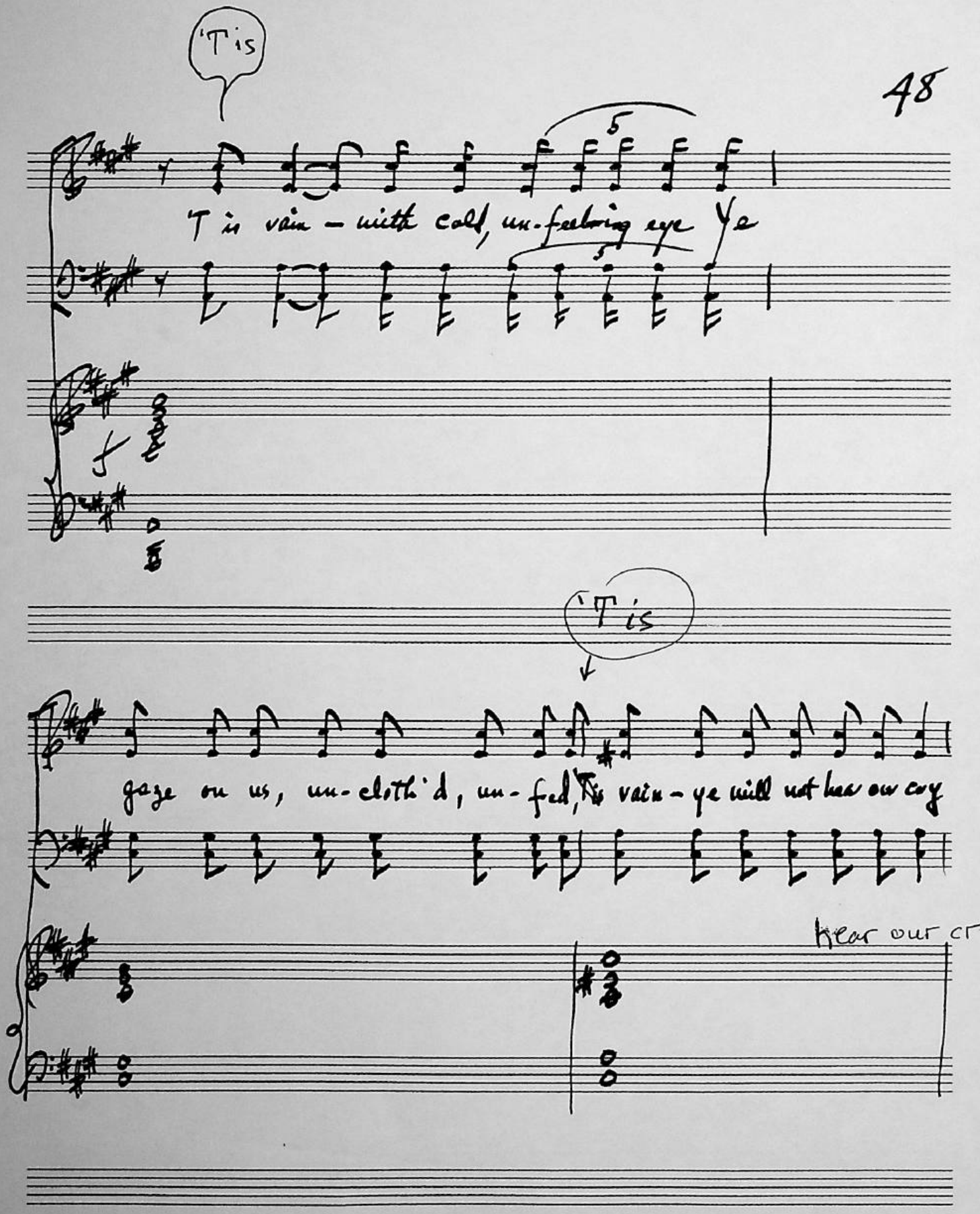

man of wealth and noble station!
Give us our daily bread.

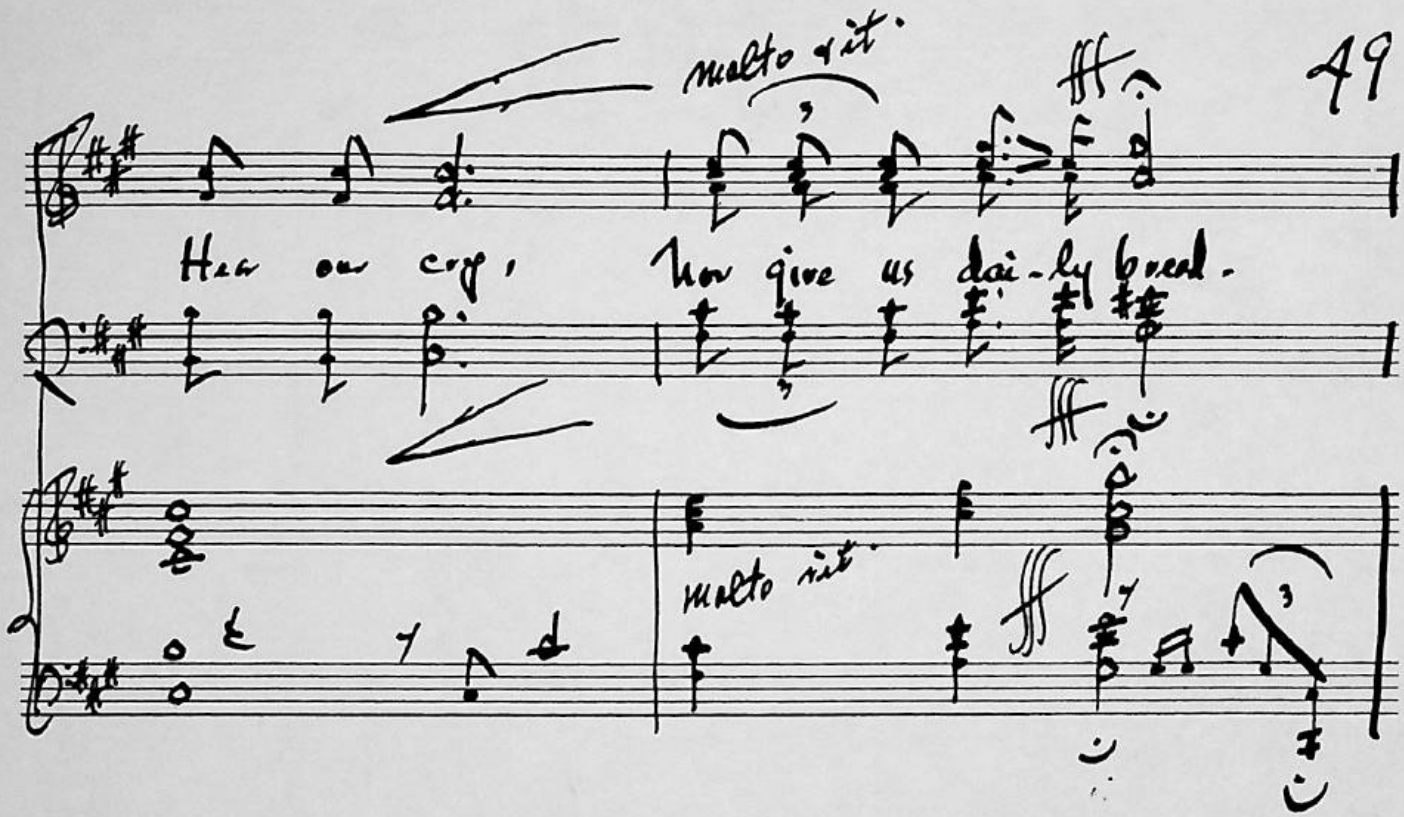

Alto Soli
p For you we are content to toil,
Bari. Soli
p For you our blood like rain is shed;
f Sop. Soli
Then, lords and rul-ers of the soil,
tutti
ff Give us our dai-ly bread.
Piano
Piano
meno
Piano tacet

Additional verses for pg. 46

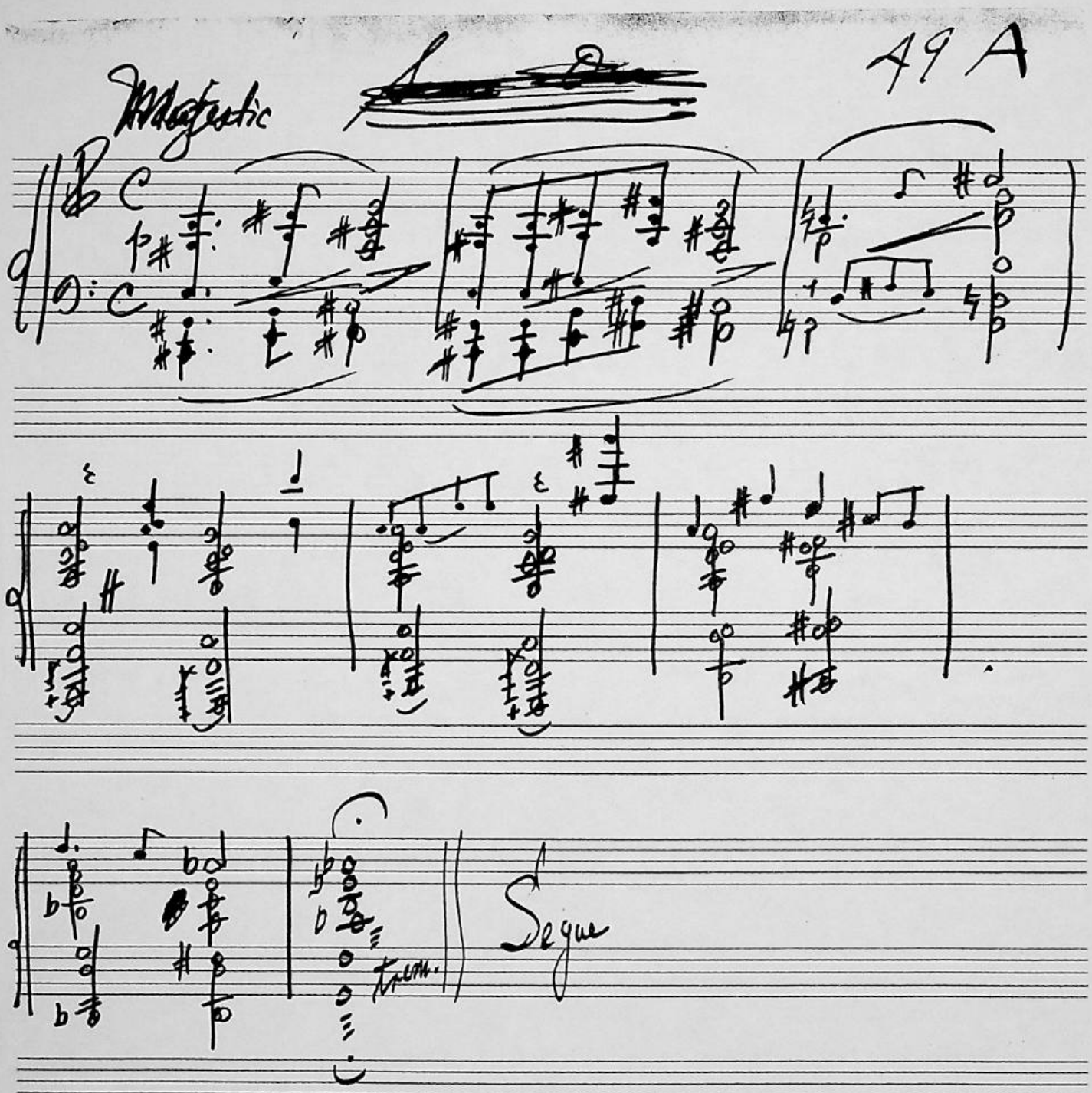
Your silken robes, with endless care,
Still weave; still unclothed, unfed,
We make the raiment That you wear:
Give us our daily bread.

We sow your fields, ye reap the fruit;
We live in misery and in dread;
Hear but our prayer, and we are mute:
Give us our daily bread.


'T is
'T is vain – with cold, un-feeling eye Ye
'T is
gaze on us, un-cloth'd, un-fed, 'T is vain – ye will not hear our cry
hear our cry

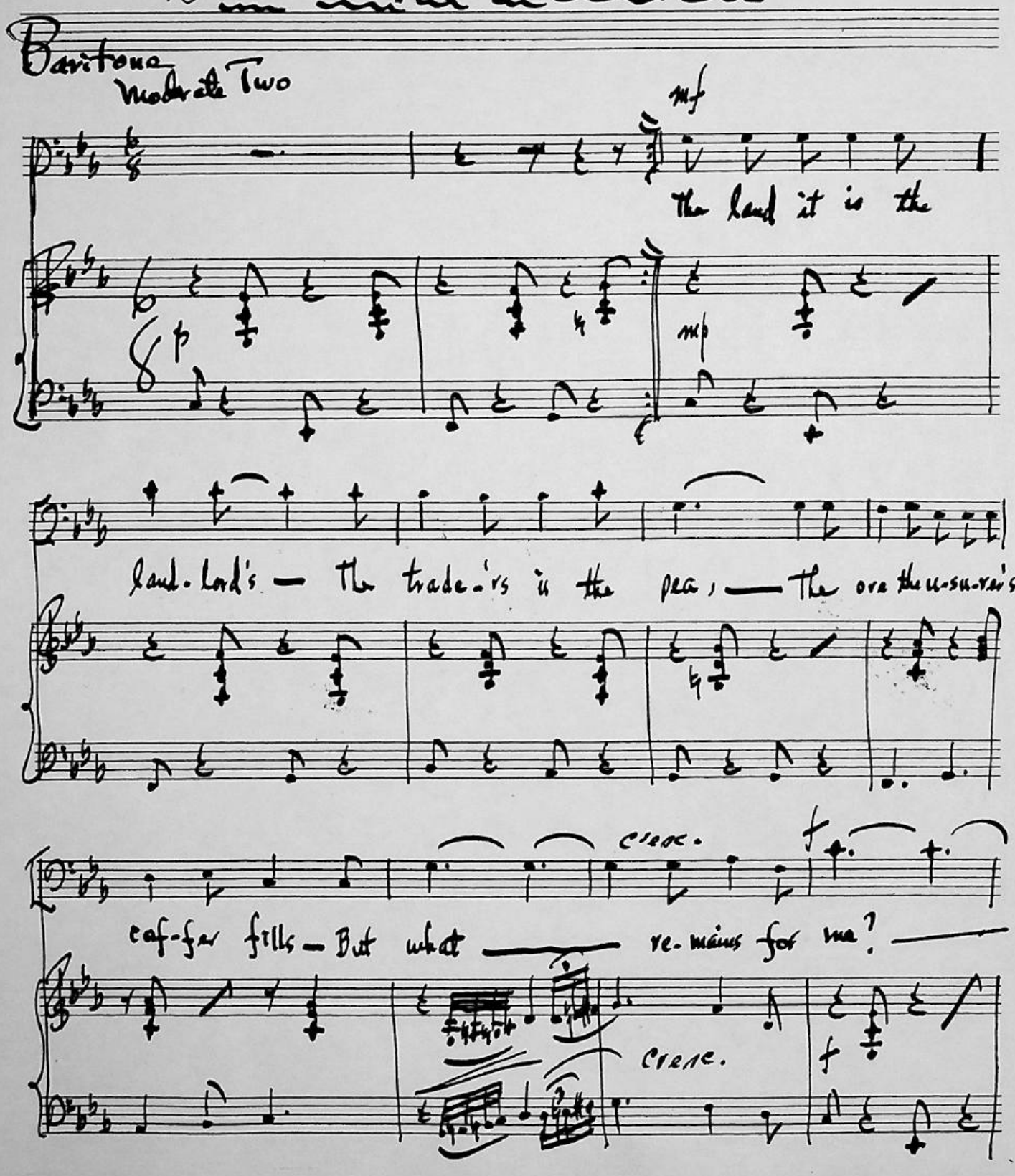

molto rit.
Hea ou cry,
how give us dai-ly bread.
molto rit.

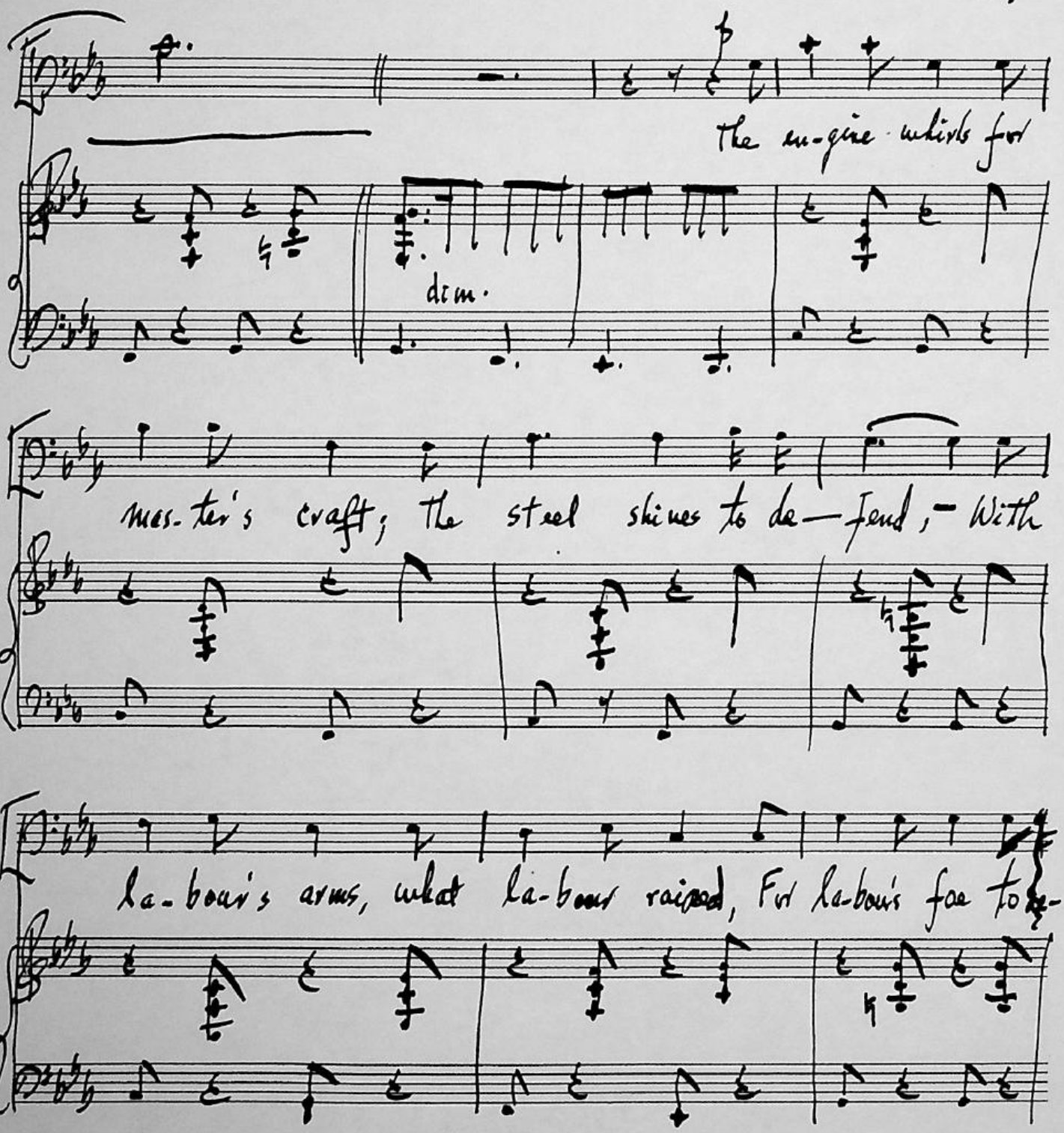
Majestic

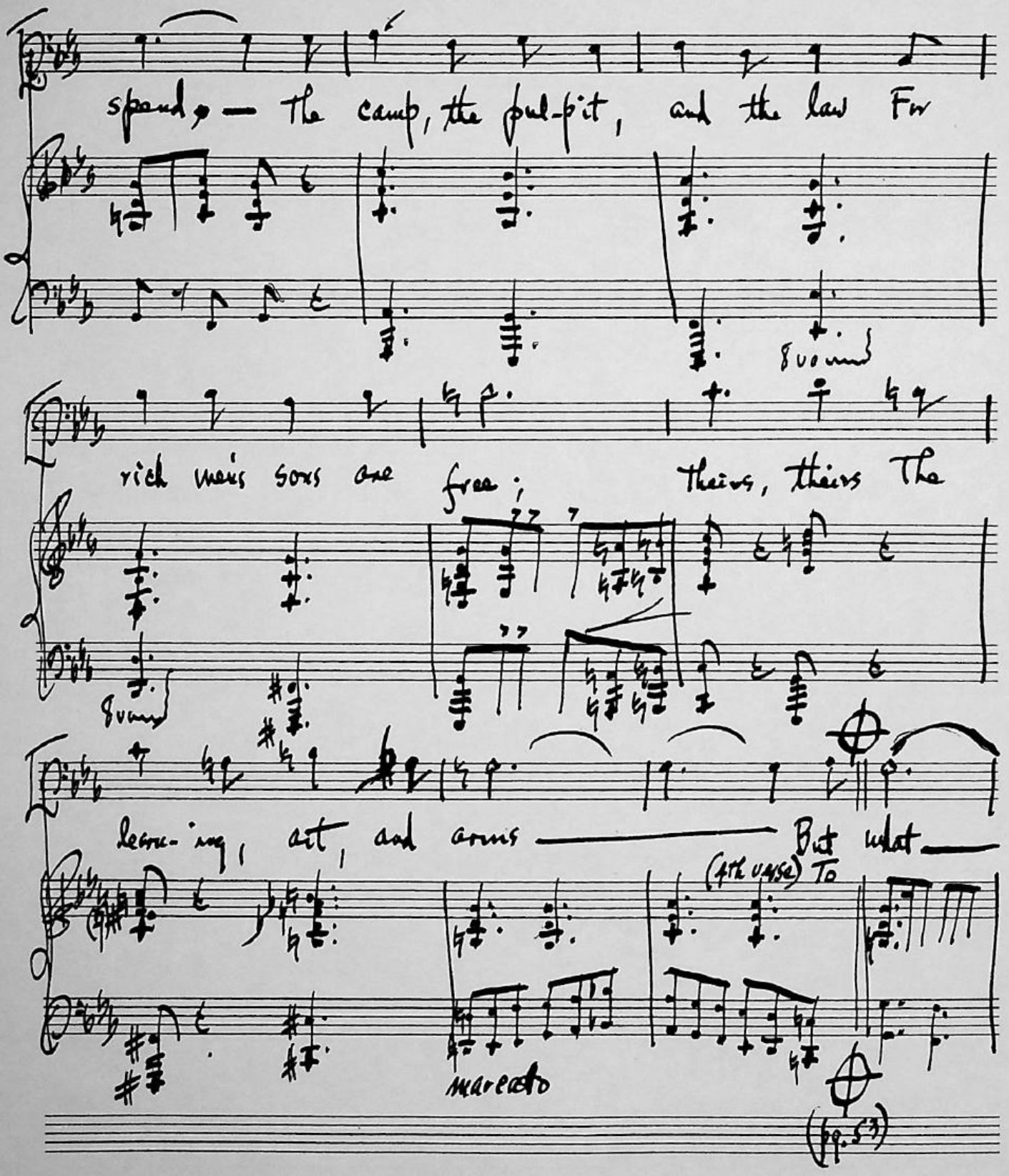


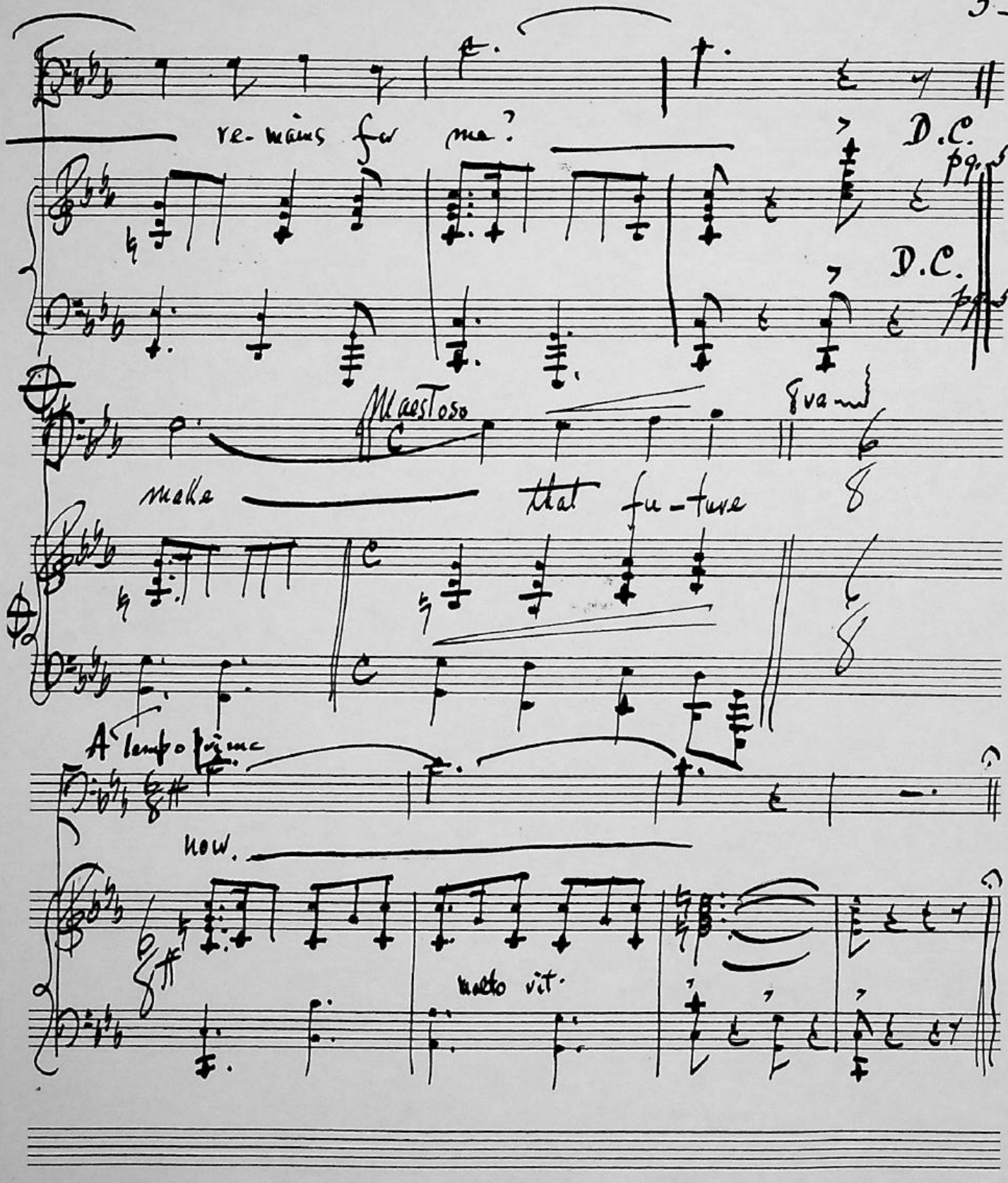
pg. 165 Ernest Charles Jones (1819-1868)

16. The Song of the Wage-Slave




The en-gine whirls for
dim.
mas-ter's craft; the steel shines to de—fend,— With
la-bour's arms, what la-bour raised, For la-bour's foe to-


spend, — the camp, the pul-pit, and the law For
8va
rich men's sons are free; theirs, theirs The
8va
learn-ing, art, and arms — But what —
(4th verse) To
marcato
(pg. 53)


re- mains for me?
D.C. pg. 50
D.C. pg. 50
Maestoso
make
that fu - ture
A tempo prima
now.
molto vit.

(pg. 165)

2/ I pay for all their learning,
I toil for all their ease;
They render back, in coin for coin,—
Want, ignorance, disease.
Toil, toil — and then a cheerless home,
When hungry passions cross;
Eternal gain to Them that give,
To me eternal loss!
The hour of leisured happiness
The rich alone may see;
The playful child, the smiling wife —
But what remains for me.

1/ They render back, these rich men,
A pauper's niggard fee,
Maybap a prison, — then a grave,
And they think They're quits with me,
But not a fond wife's heart that breaks,
A poor man's child that dies,
We read not on our hollow cheeks
And in our sunken eyes;
We read it there, whene'er we meet
And as the years we see,
Each asks, "The rich have got the earth,
And what remains for me?"

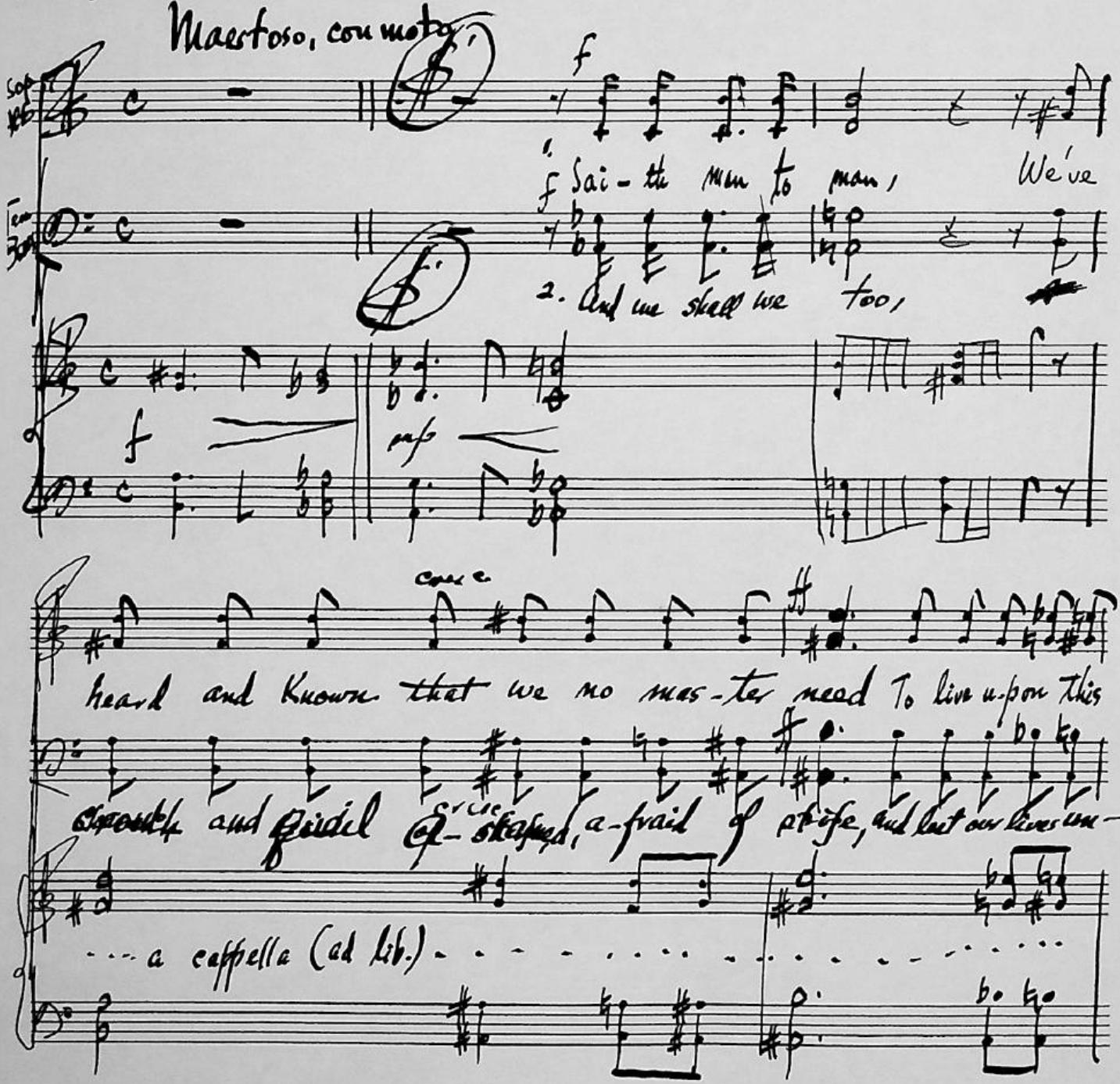
4/ We hear the wrong in silence,
We store it in our brain;
They think us dull, they think us dead,
But we shall rise again;
A trumpet through the land shall ring,
A hearing through the mass;
A trampling through their palaces
Until They break like glass;
We'll cross to wed by christed graves
From lonely home we'll flee;
And still, as falls our million march,
Its watchword brave shall be
The coming hope, the future day,
When wrong to right shall bow,
And hearts that have the courage, now,
To make the future now.

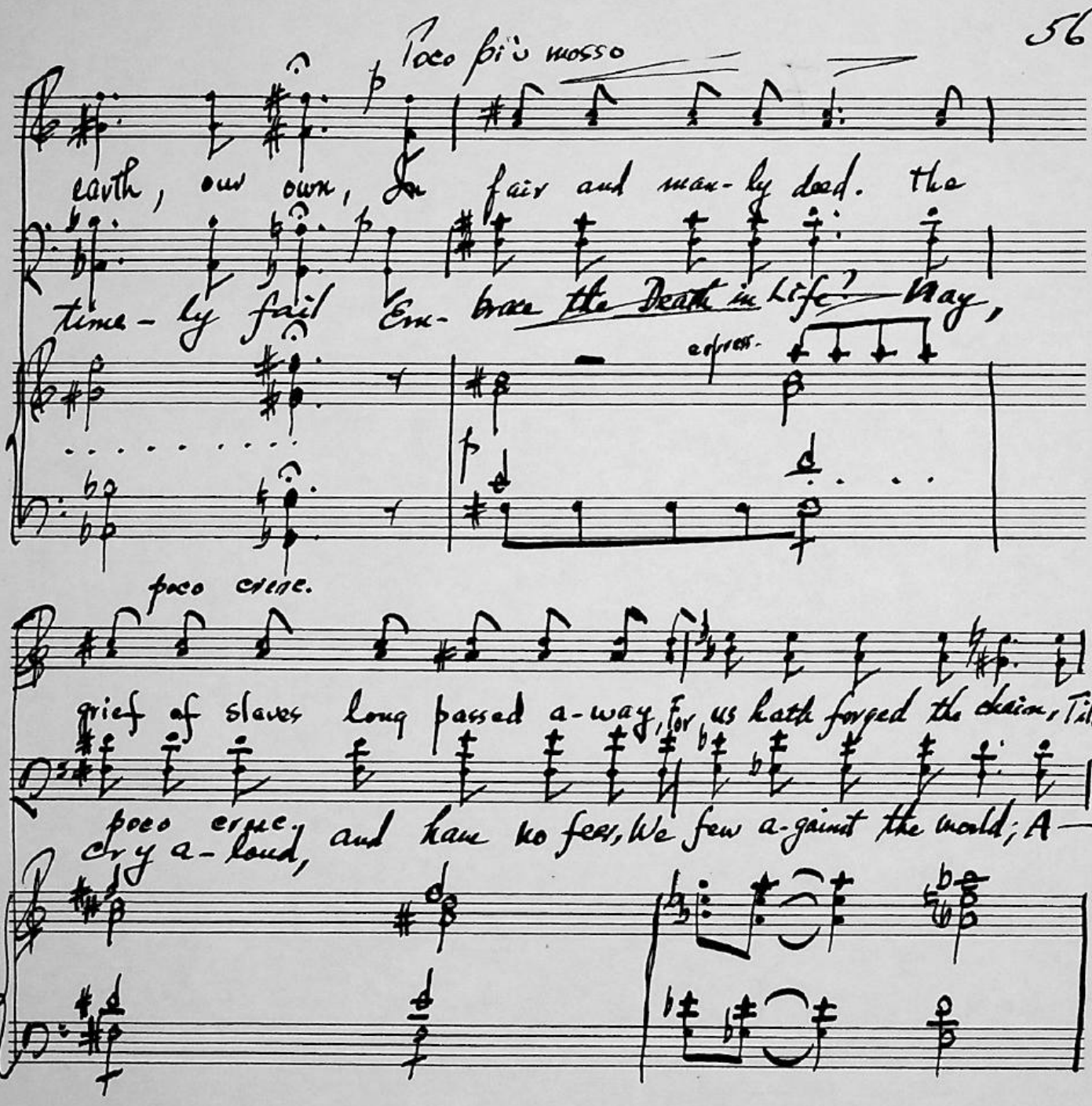
pg. 176 William Morris (1834-1896)

No Master

Chorus

Maestoso, con moto




Poco più mosso
earth, our own, In fair and man-ly dead. the
time-ly fail Em- brace the Death in Life? May,
espress.
poco cresc.
grief of slaves long passed a-way, for us hath forged the chain, Till
poco cresc.
cry a-loud, and have no fear, We few a-gainst the world; A—

molto cresc. e rit.

ff A Tempo

now wake, a— rise! each work-ing pa-tient day Builds up the House of Liv-ing Hope in me a- gainst the Curse in Sin-ful Death.

molto cresc. e rit.

ff A Tempo

To Coda, after 3rd Verse

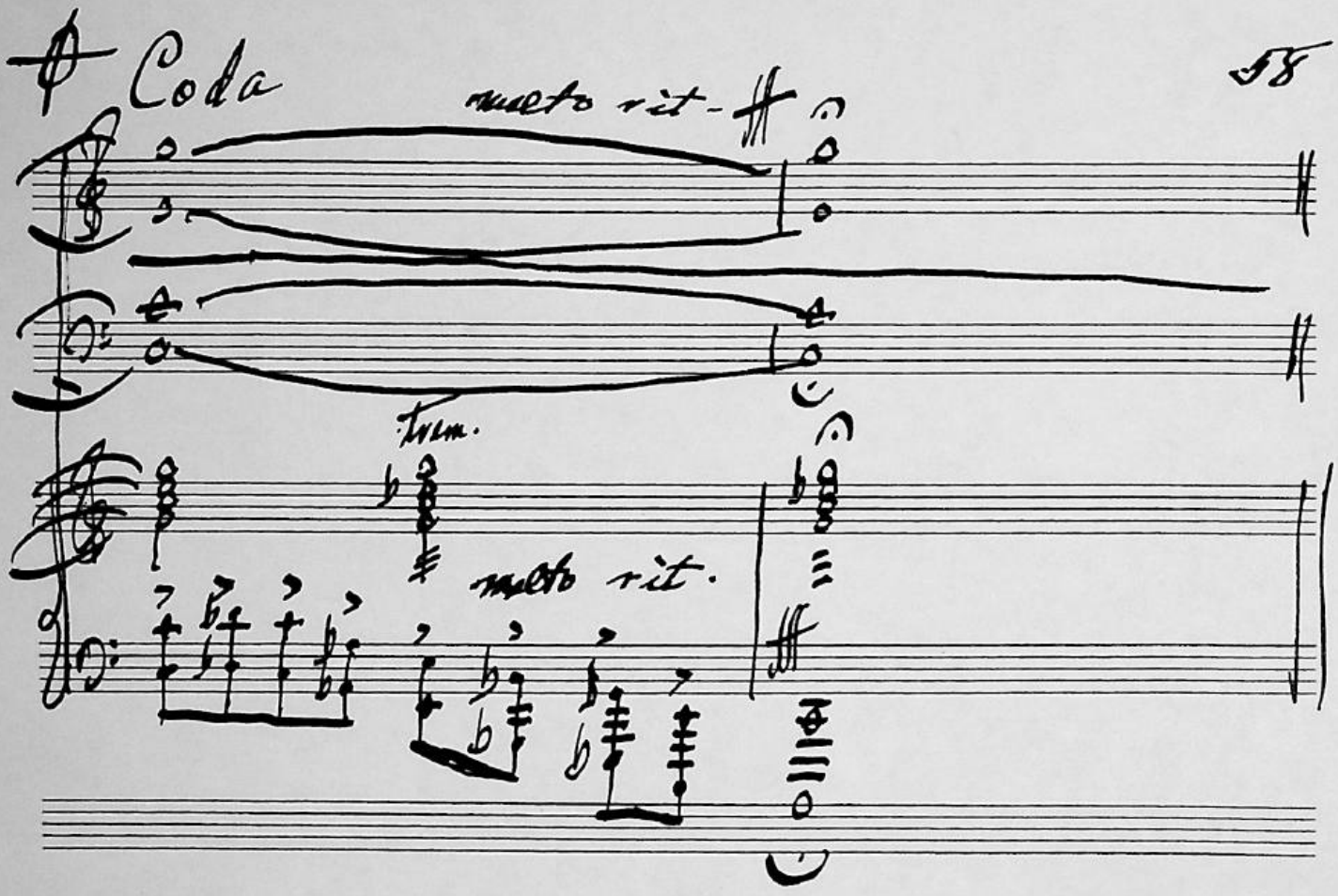
prima - Maestoso

pg. 55

mercato

prima - Maestoso

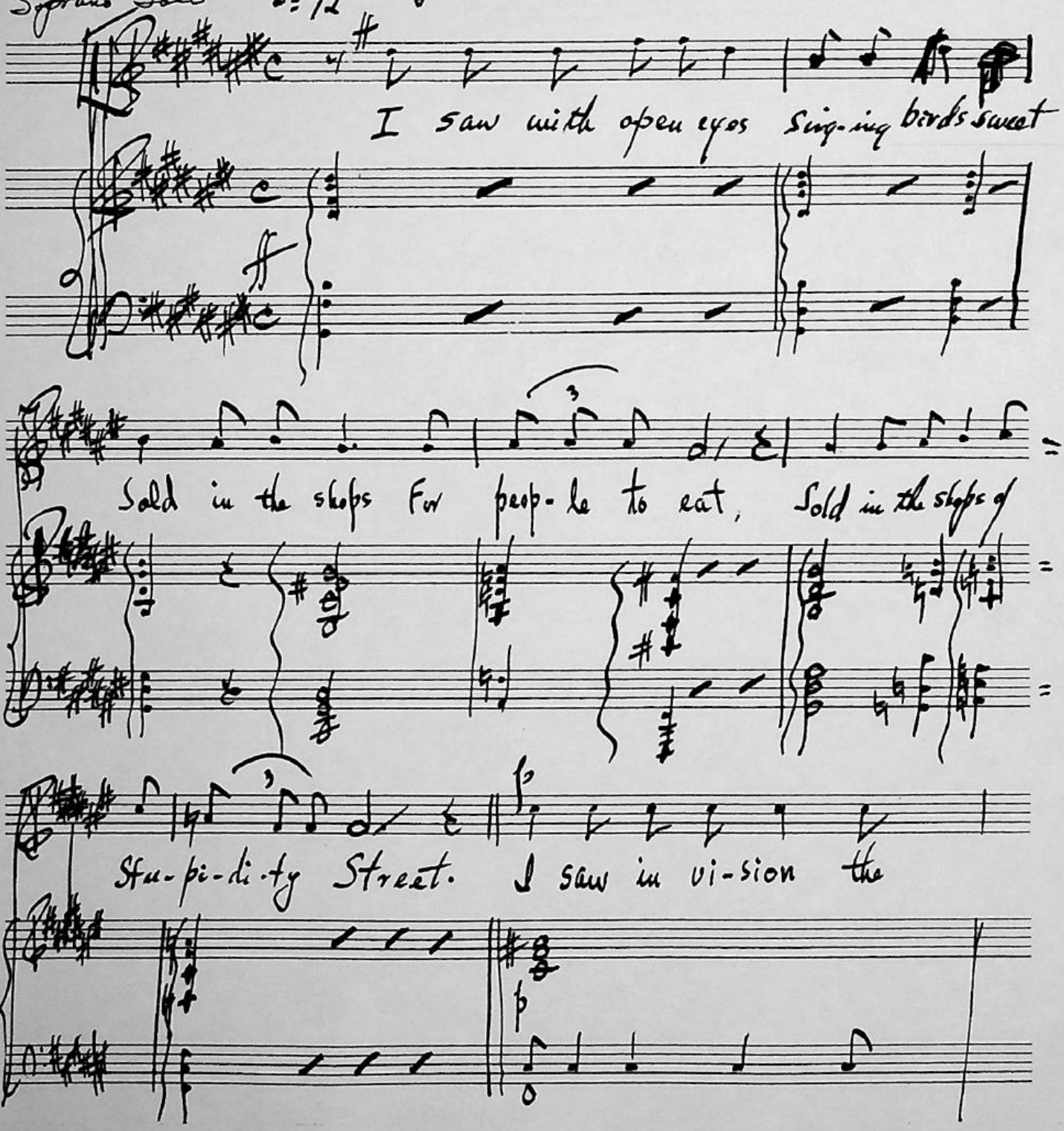
3. It grows and grows — are we the same,
The feeble band, the few?
Or what are these with eyes aflame,
And hands to deal and do?
This is the host that bears the word,
No master high or low —
A lightning flame, a shearing sword,
A storm to overthrow.

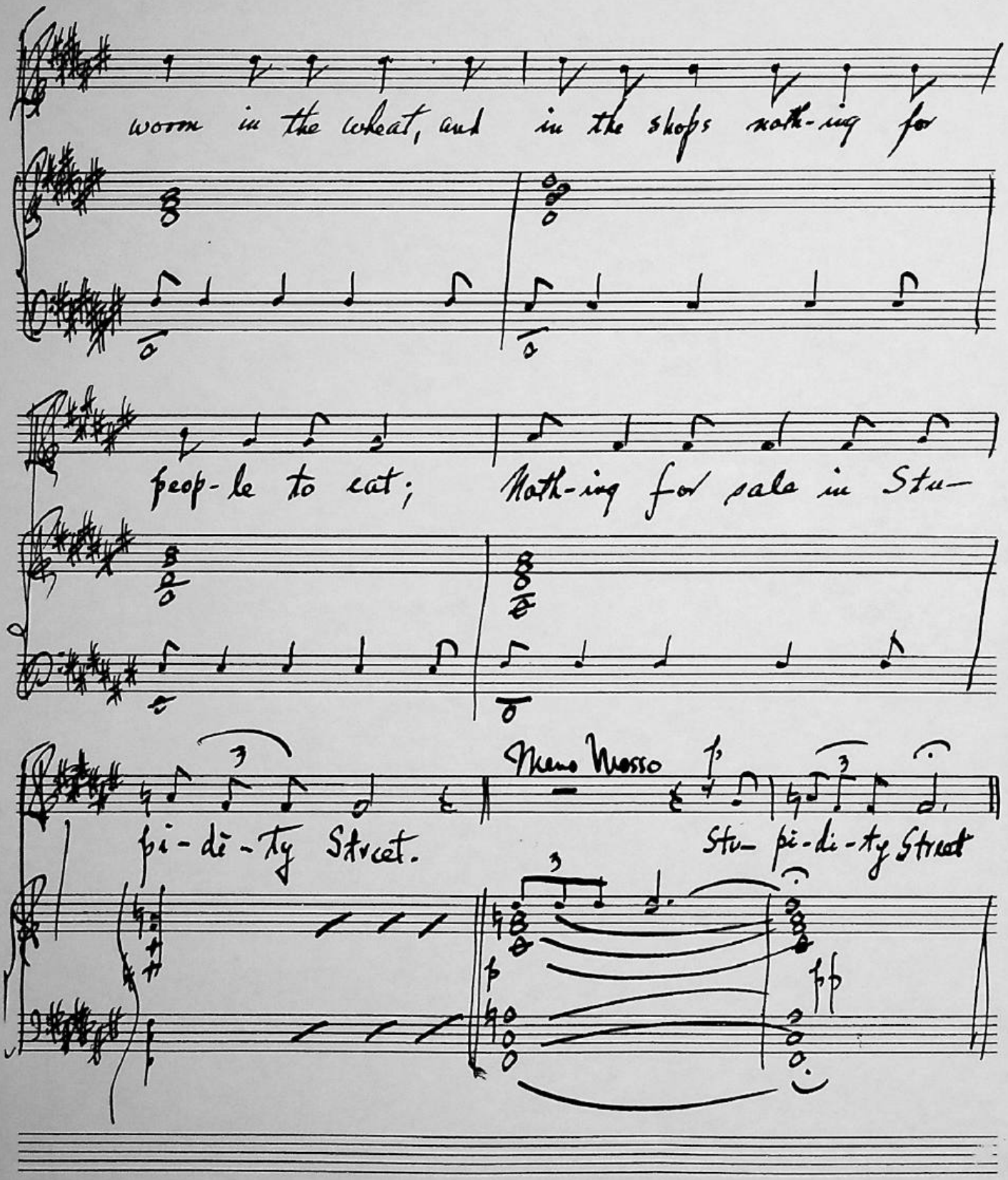

Coda
molto rit.
ff
Trem.
molto rit.
fff

op. 208 Ralph Hodgson (1872 –)

18. Stupidity Street

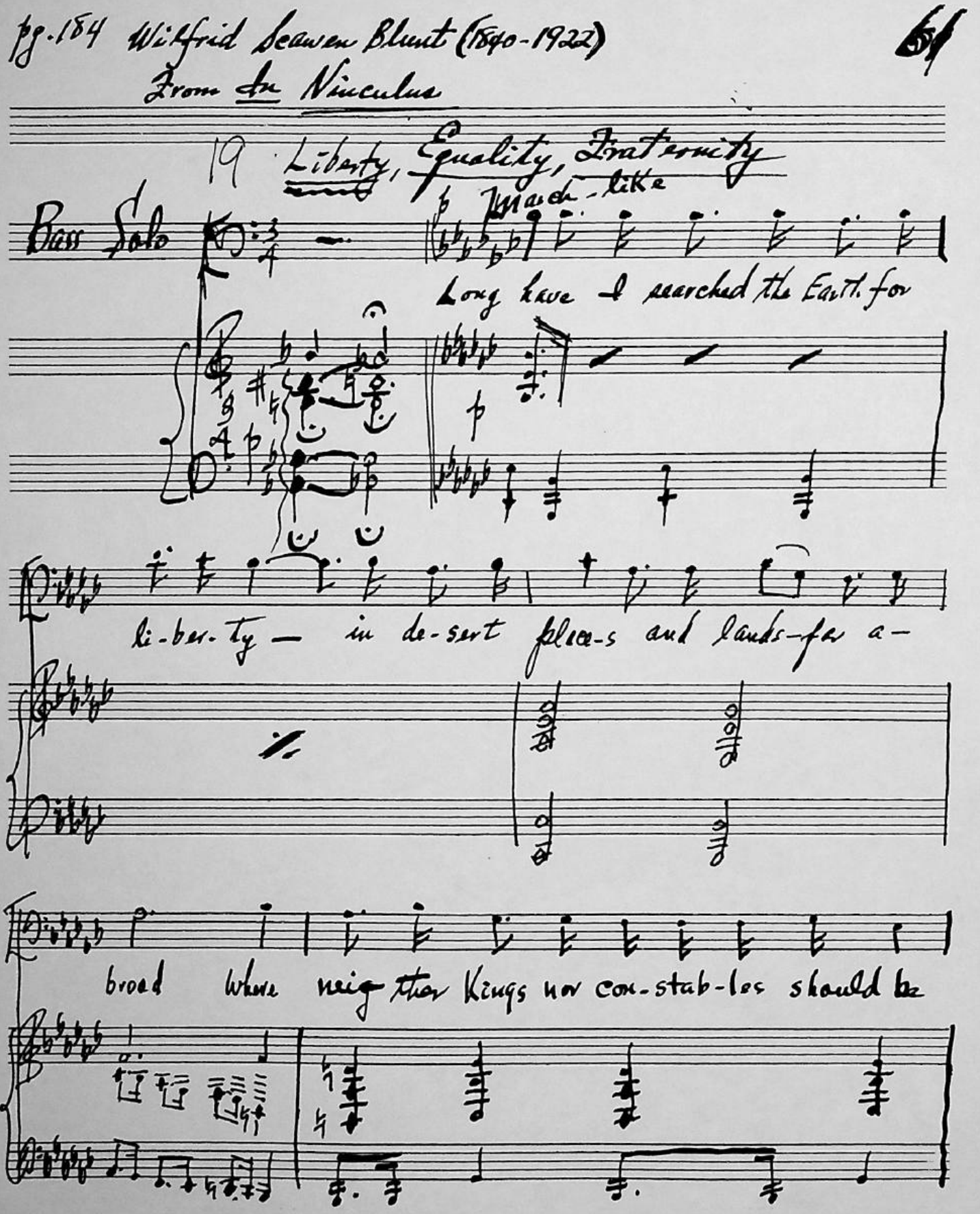
Soprano Solo ♩= 72 Larghetto

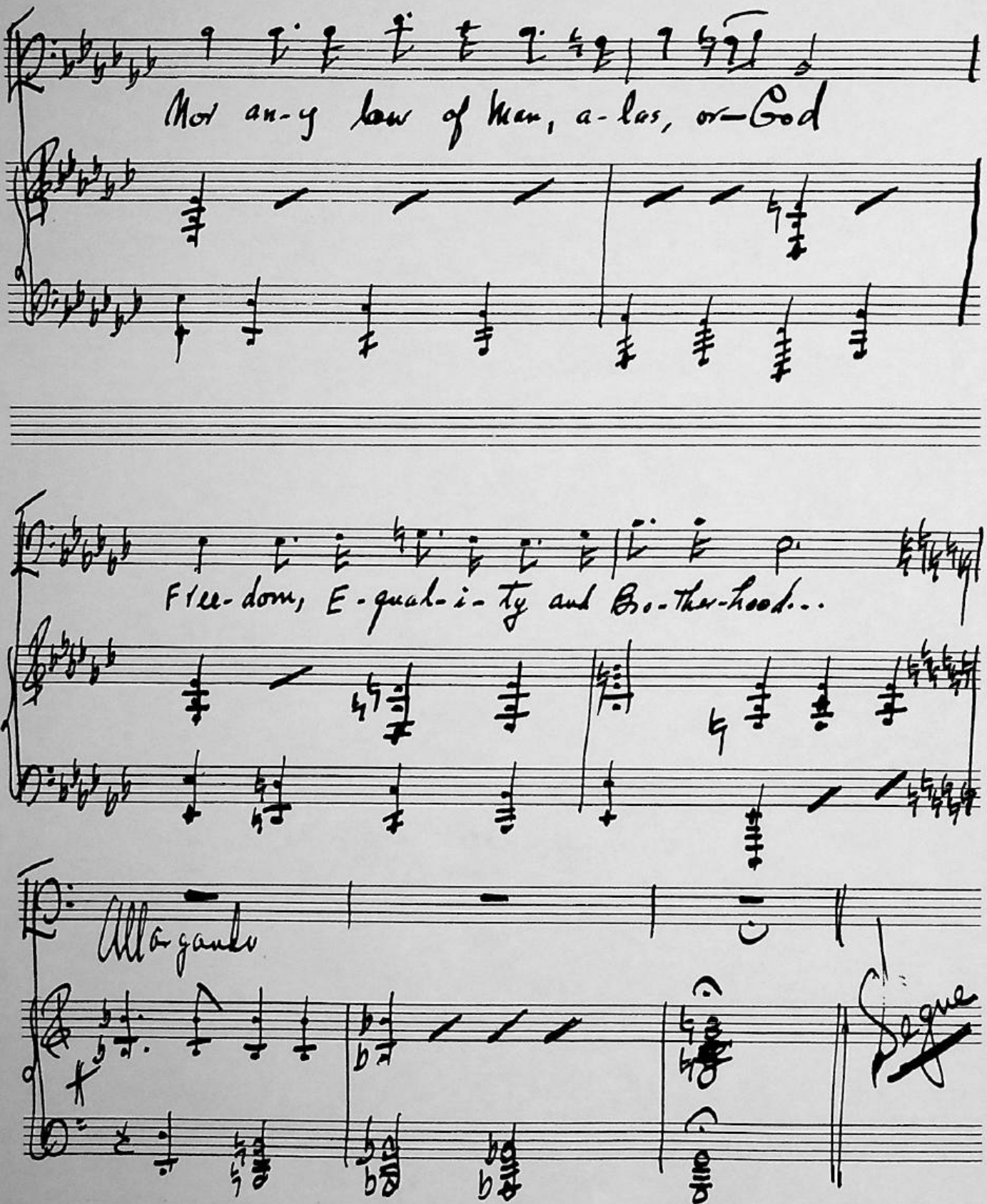



worm in the wheat, and in the shops noth-ing for
peop-le to eat; Noth-ing for sale in Stu-
pi-di-ty Street.
Meno Mosso
Stu- pi-di-ty Street

pg. 184 Wilfrid Scawen Blunt (1840-1922)

From In Vinculis




Not an-y law of Man, a-las, or—God
Free-dom, E-qual-i-ty and Bro-ther-hood...
Allegando
Segue

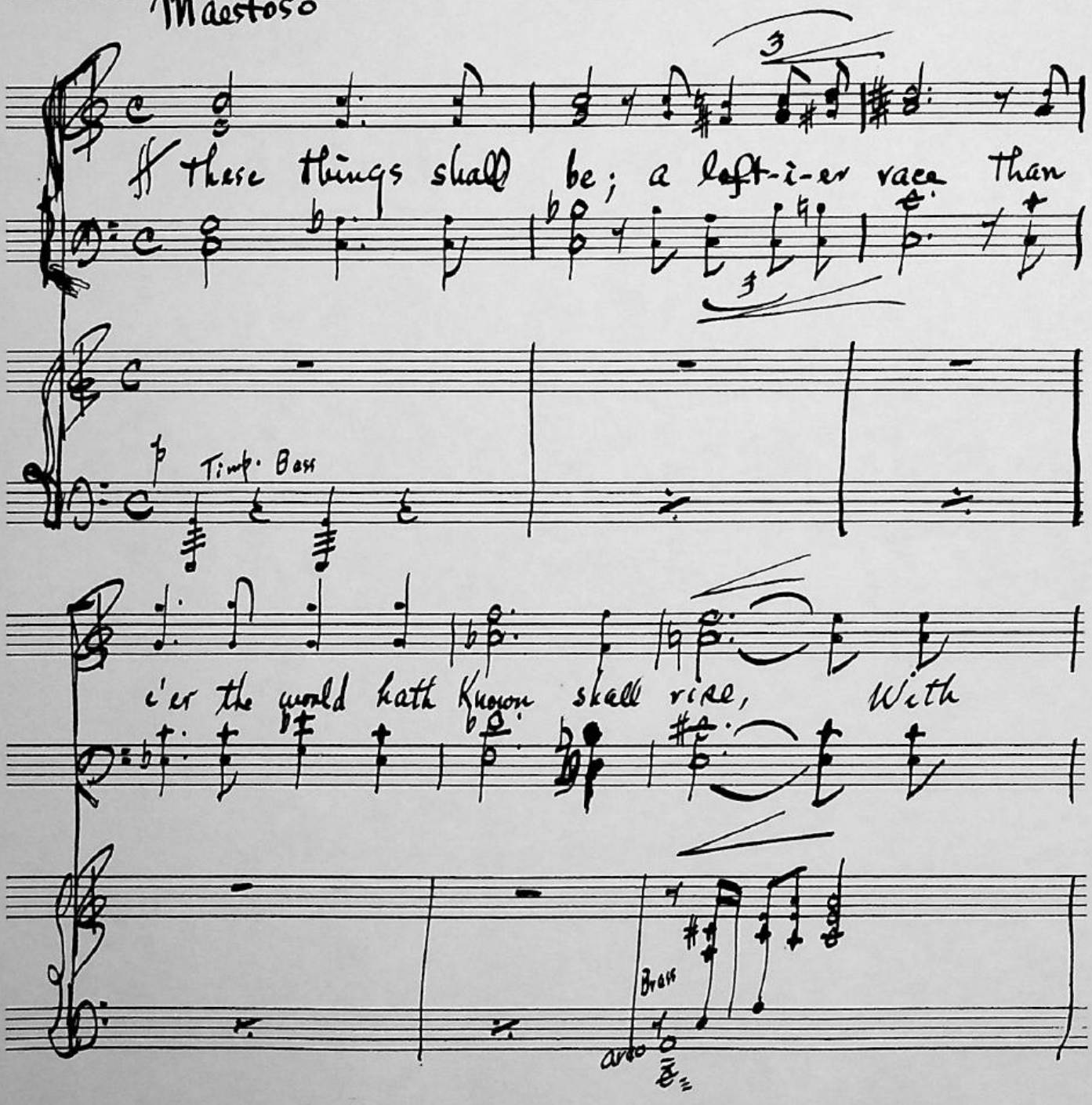
John Addington Symonds (1840-1893)

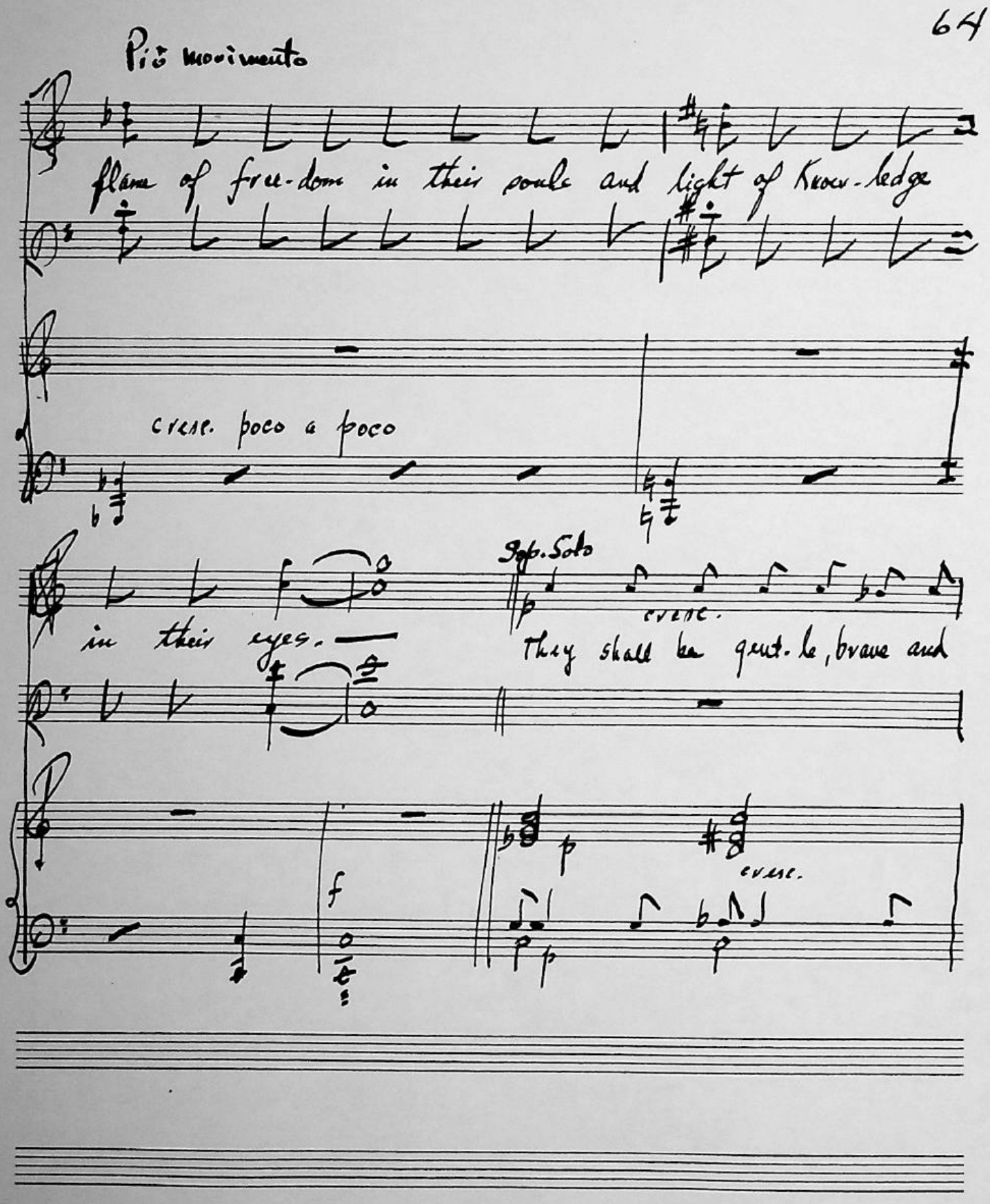
pg. 185

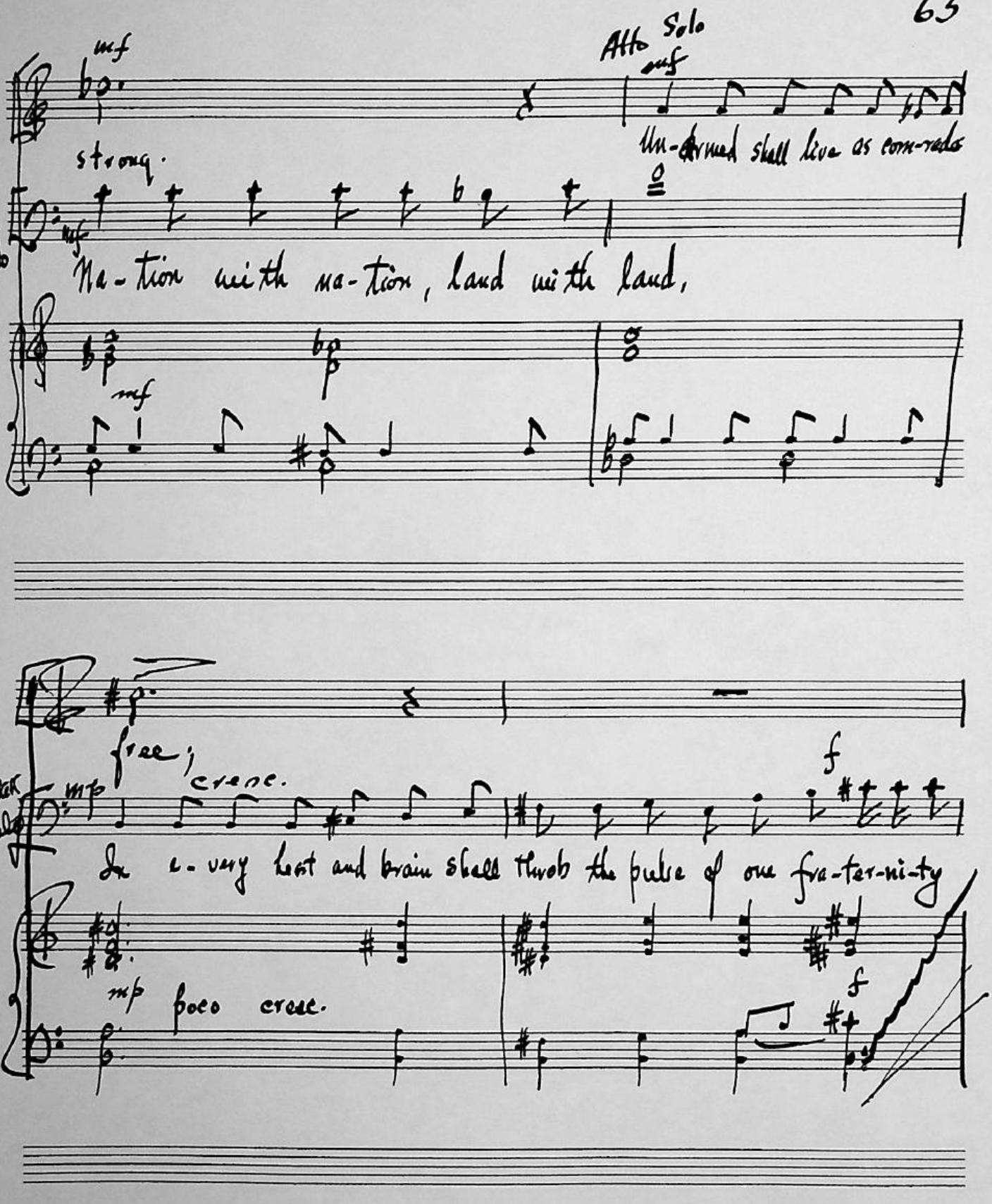
20 These Things Shall Be

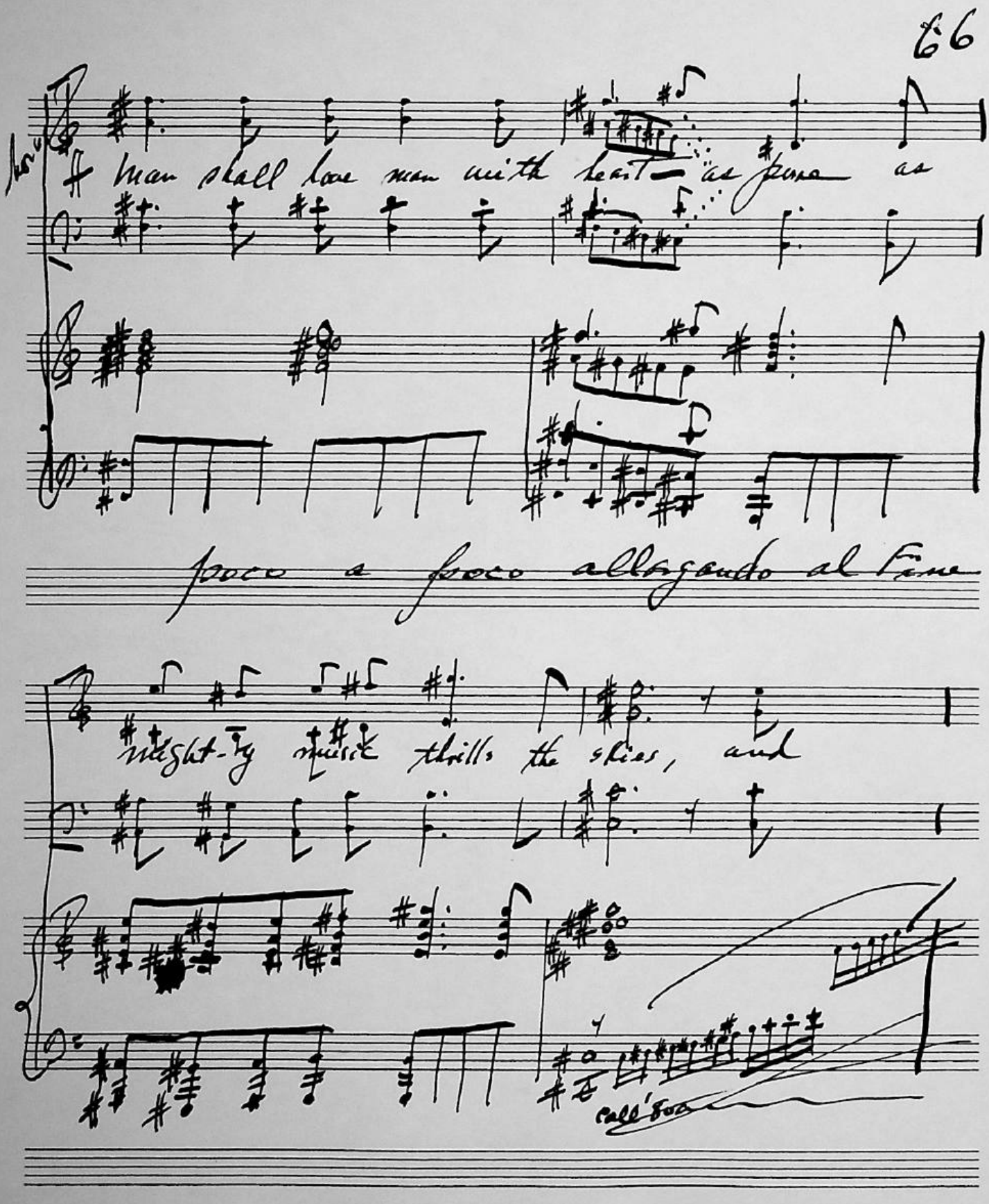
Full Chorus

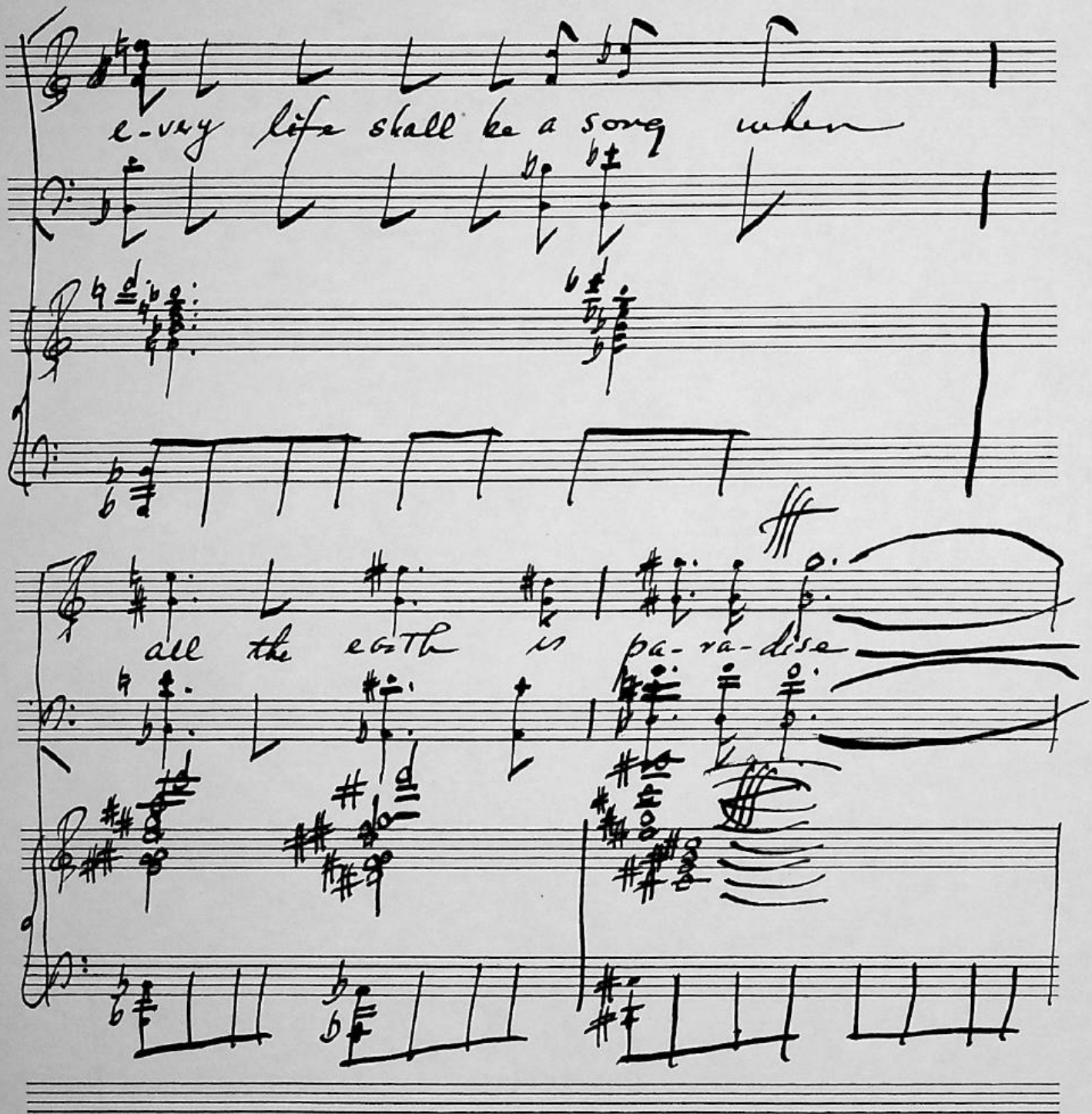
Maestoso

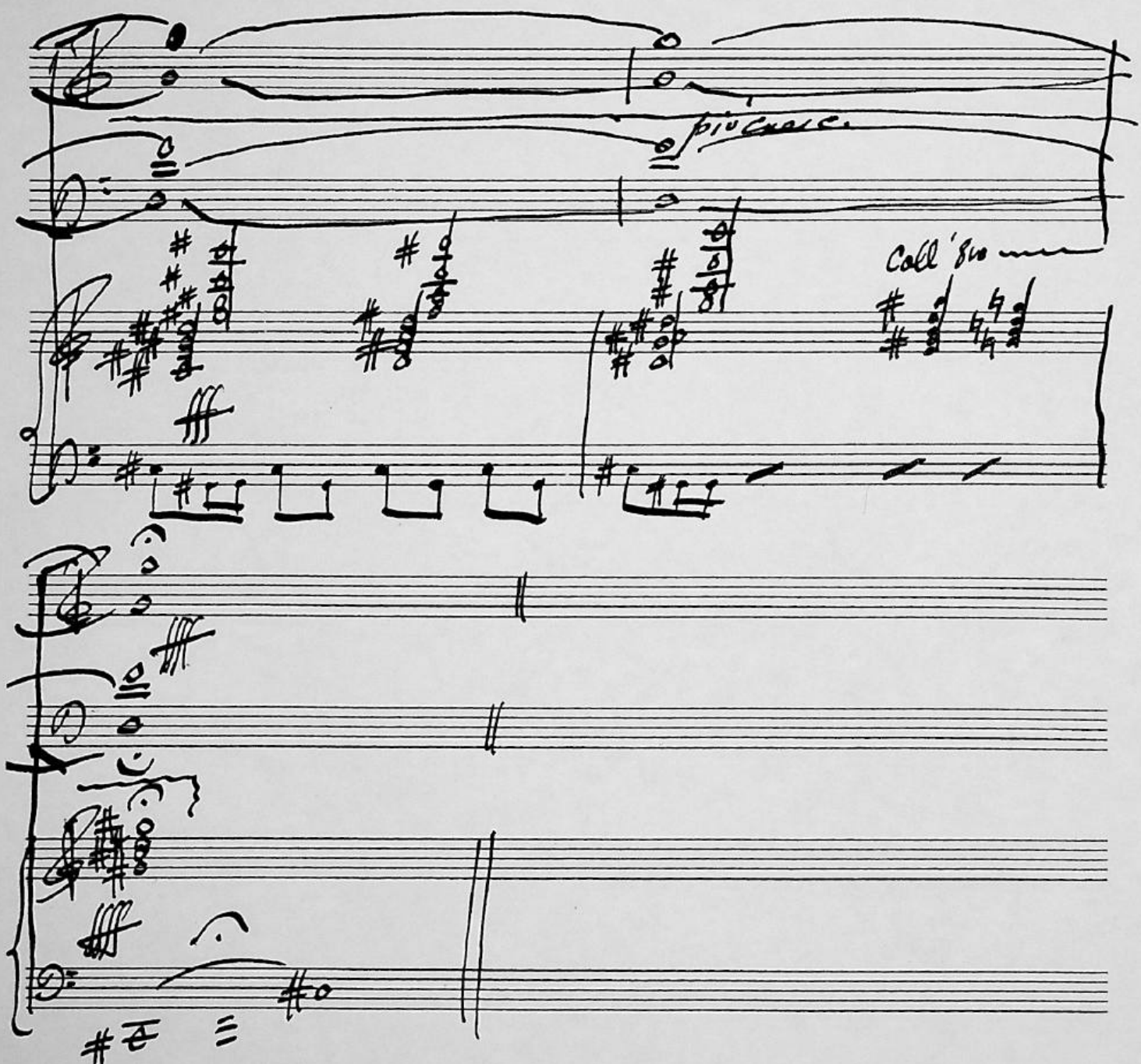



Più movimento
flame of free-dom in their souls and light of know-ledge
cresc. poco a poco
Sop. Solo
evene.
in their eyes.
They shall be gent-le, brave and
f
p
evene.


mf
strong.
Alto Solo
mf
Un-armed shall live as com-rades
mf
Na-tion with na-tion, land with land,
mf
free;
cresc.
mp
f
In e-very heart and brain shall throb the pulse of one fra-ter-ni-ty
mp
poco cresc.
f

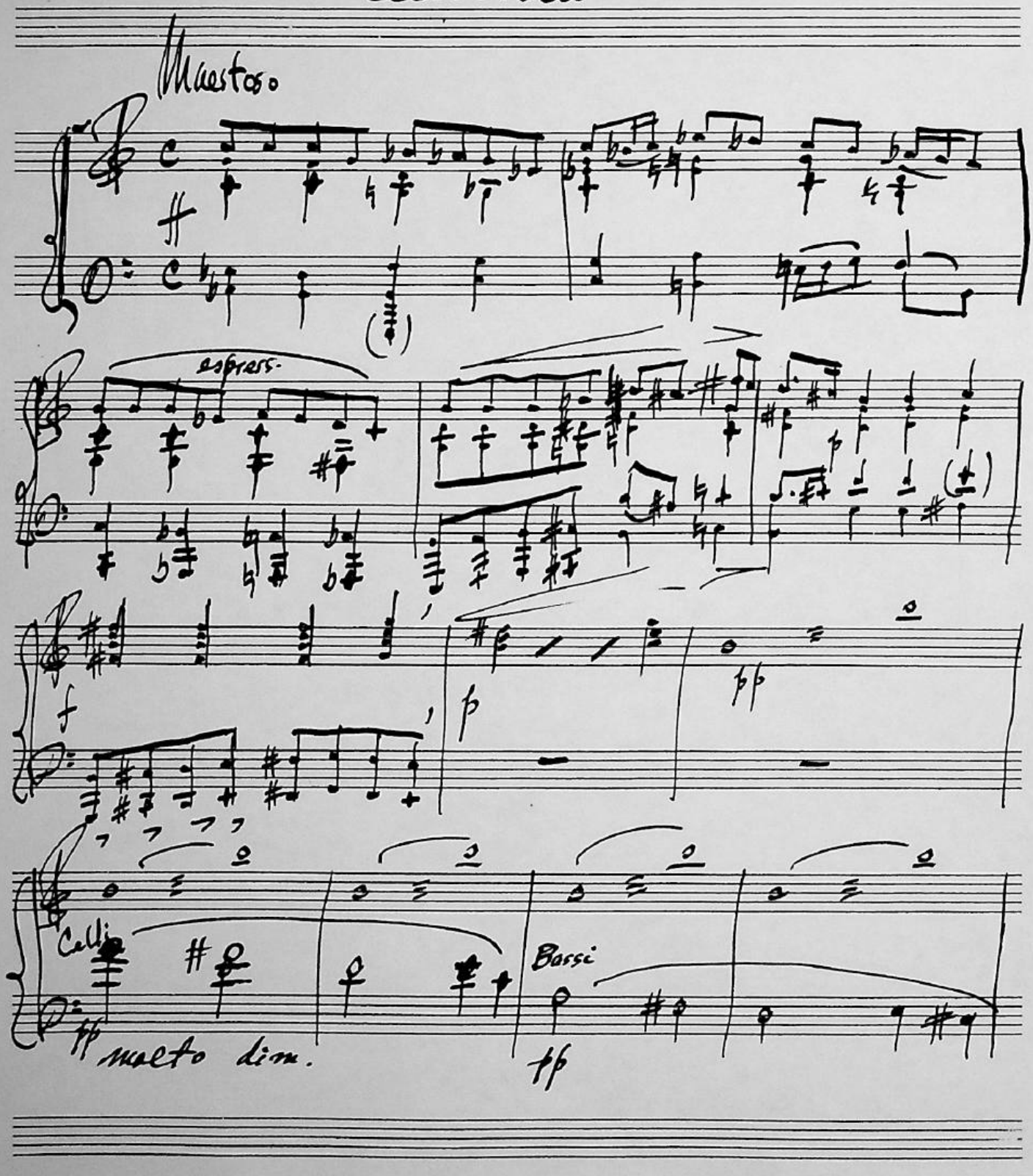

Man shall love man with heart as pure as
poco a poco allargando al Fine
night-ly music thrills the skies, and
Call'Boa


e-very life shall be a song when
all the earth is pa-ra-dise


più cresc.
Coll'8va

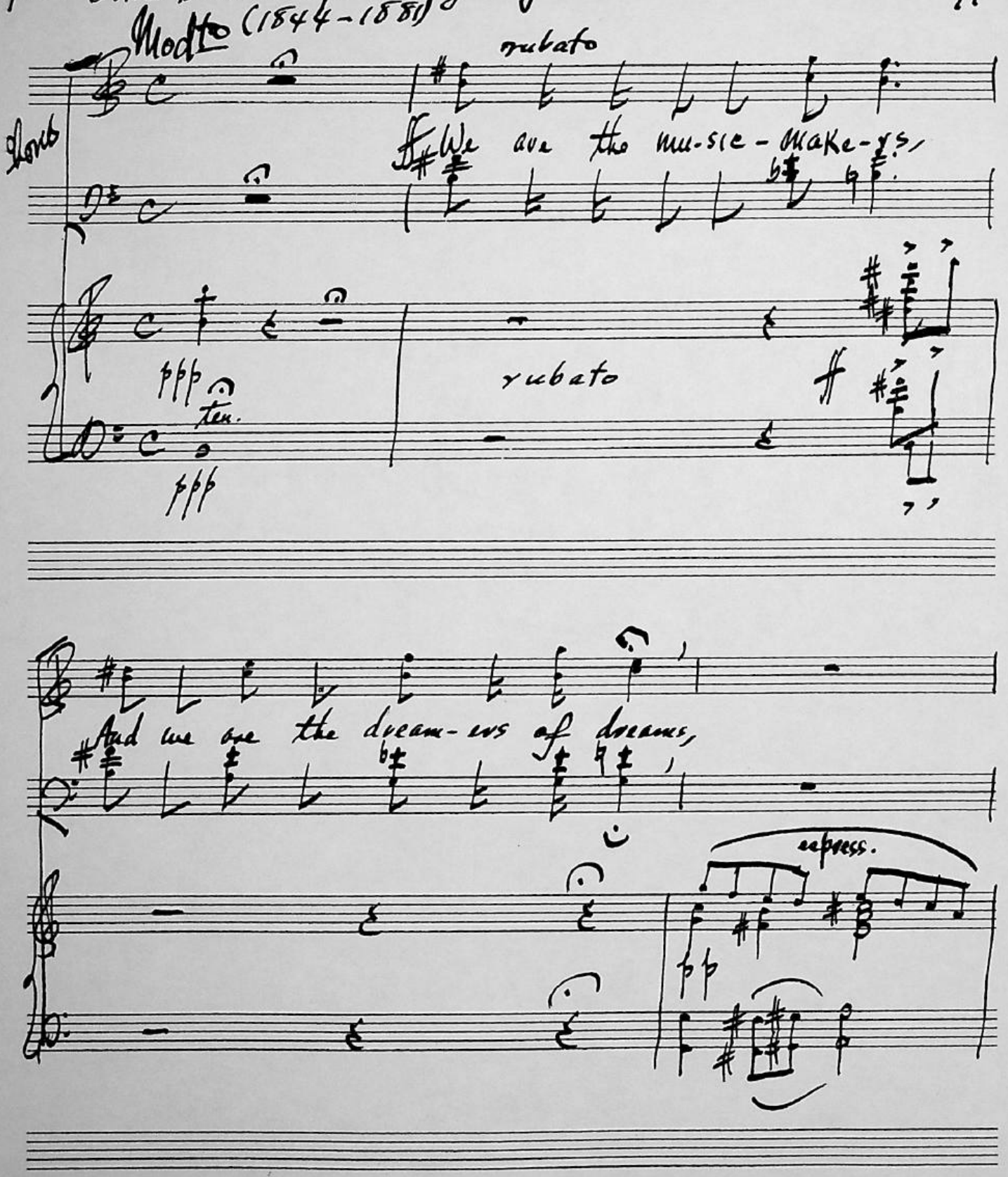
Intermission

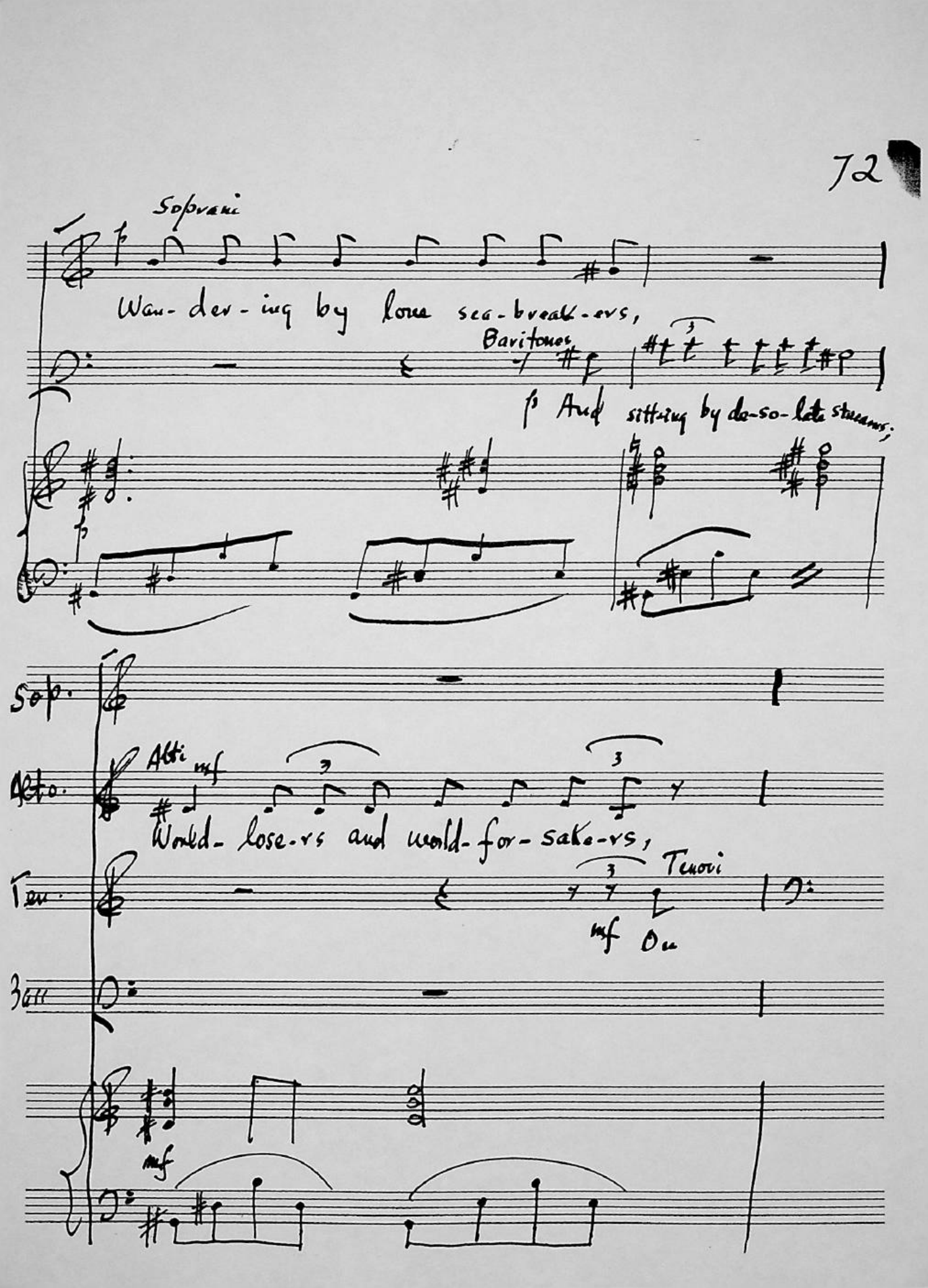
Act II

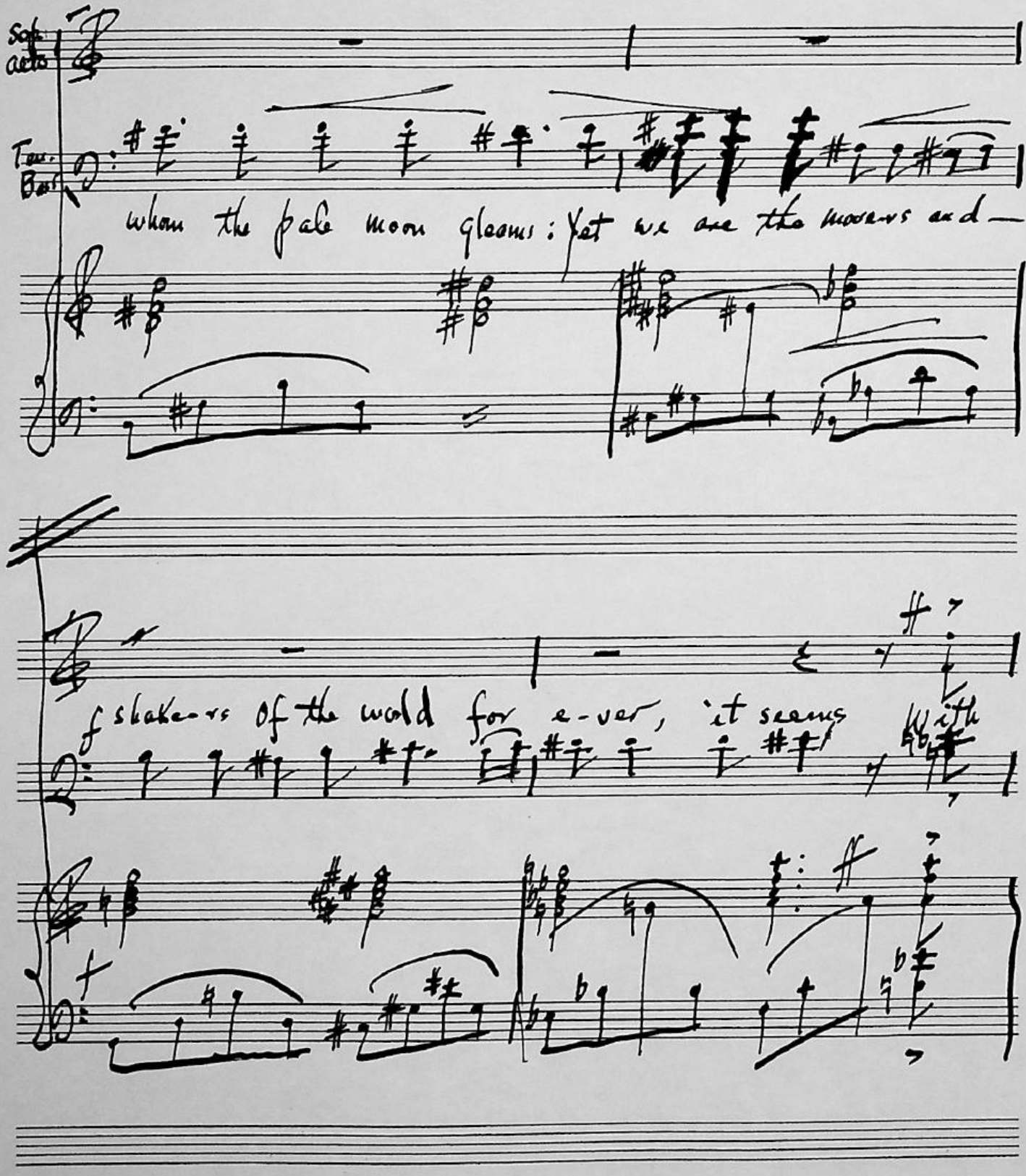


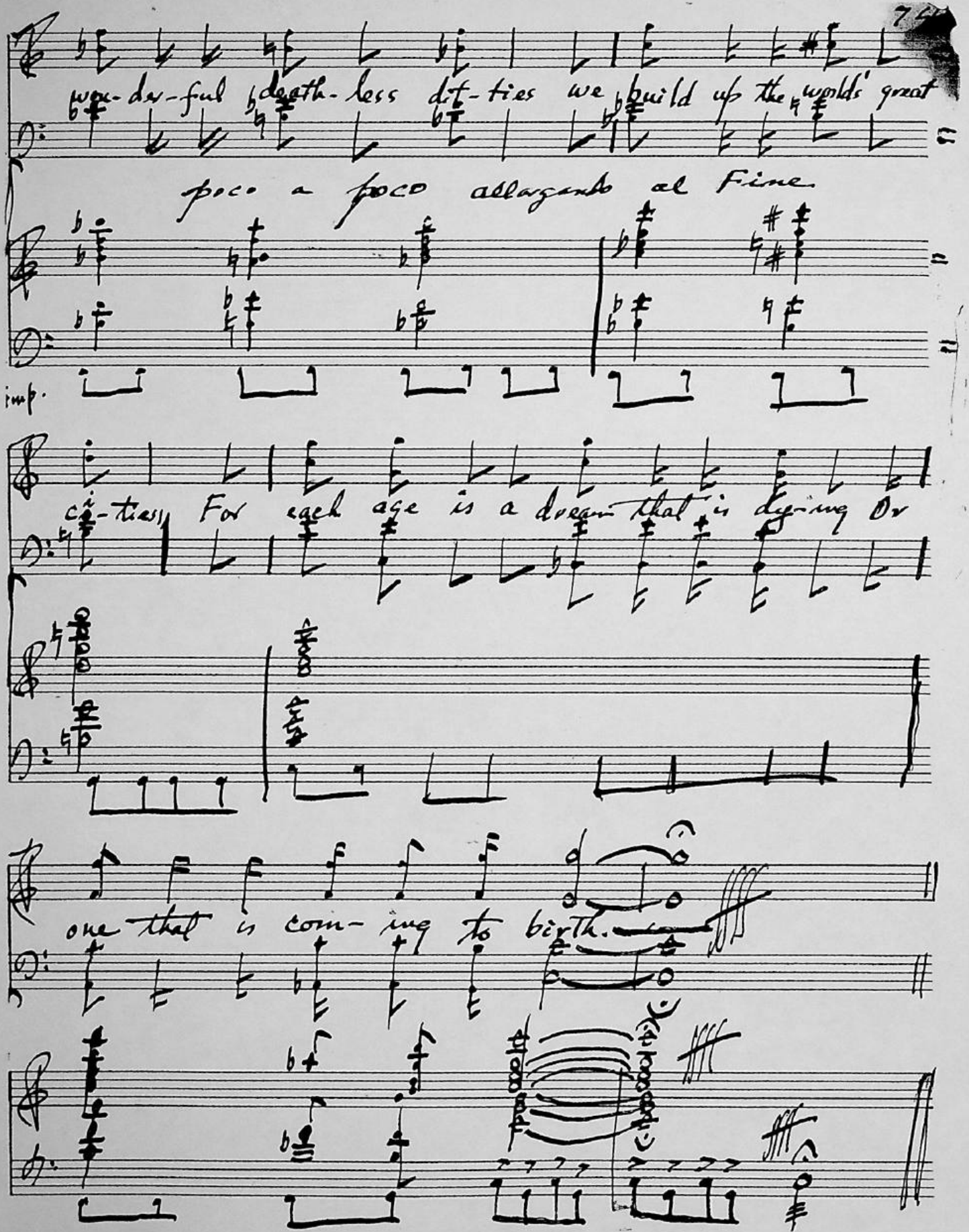
21 Ode.

Ref. 187 Arthur William Edgar O'Shaughnessy (1844-1881)

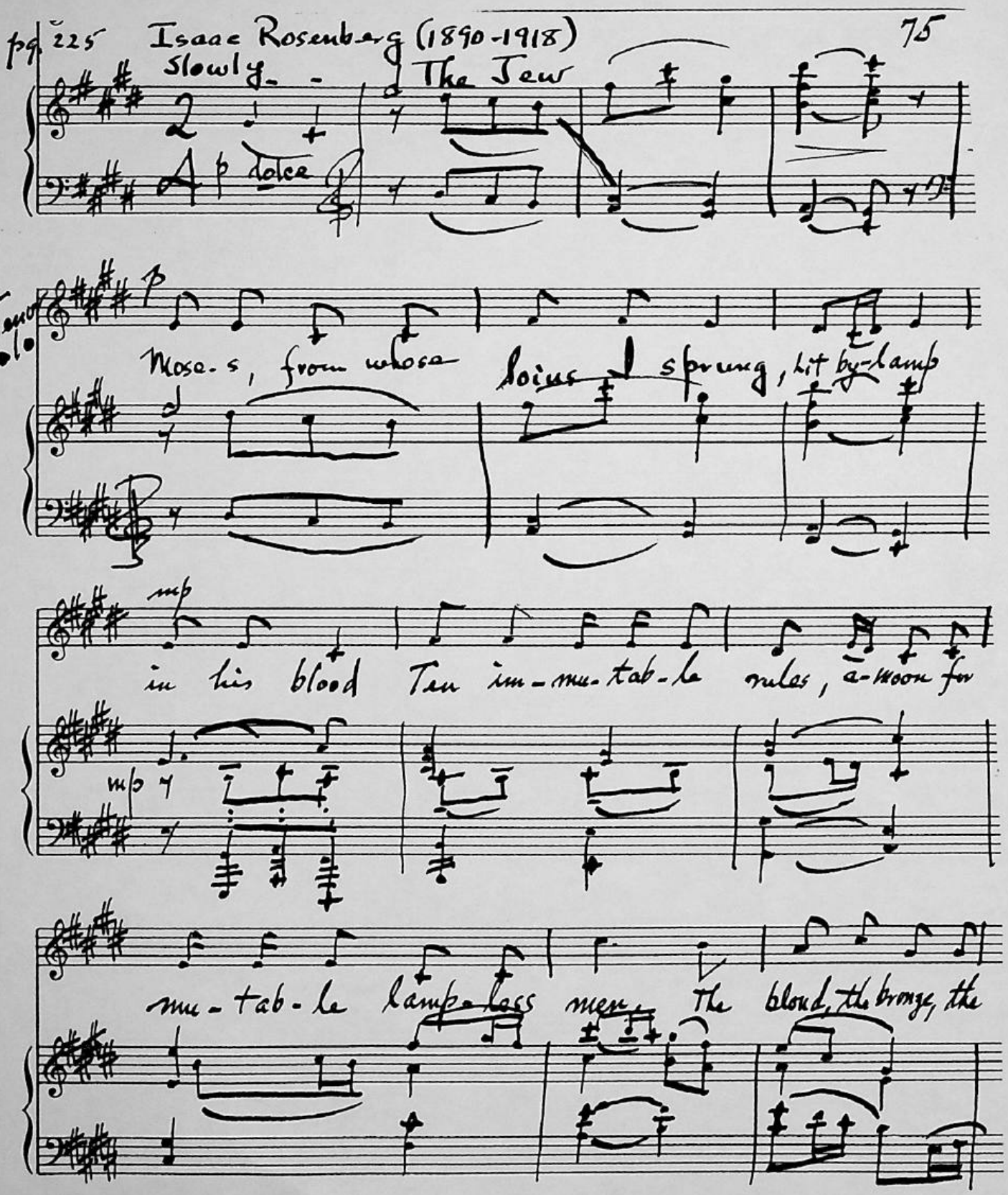


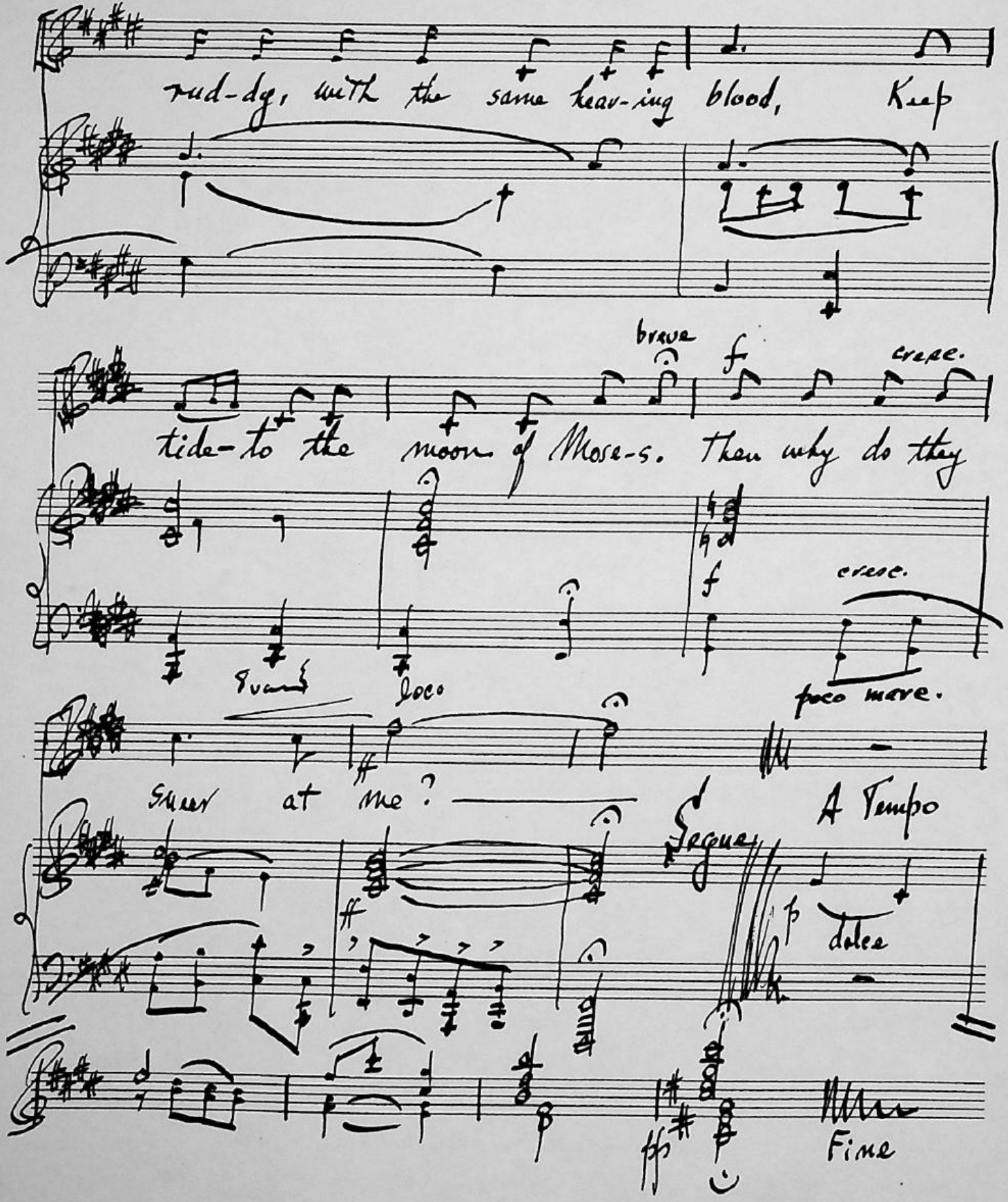

Soprani
Wan- der- ing by lone sea- breakers,
Baritones
f And sitting by de- so- late streams;
Sop.
Alti
mf
World- lose- rs and world- for- sake- rs,
Ten.
Tenori
mf Ou
Bass
mf


Sop.
Alto
Ten.
Bar.
whom the pale moon gleams: Yet we are the movers and—
f shakers of the world for e-ver, it seems


75
won-der-ful death-less dif-ties we build up the worlds' great
poco a poco allargando al Fine
imp.
ci-ties! For each age is a dream that is dy-ing Or
one that is com-ing to birth.

22. The Jew.

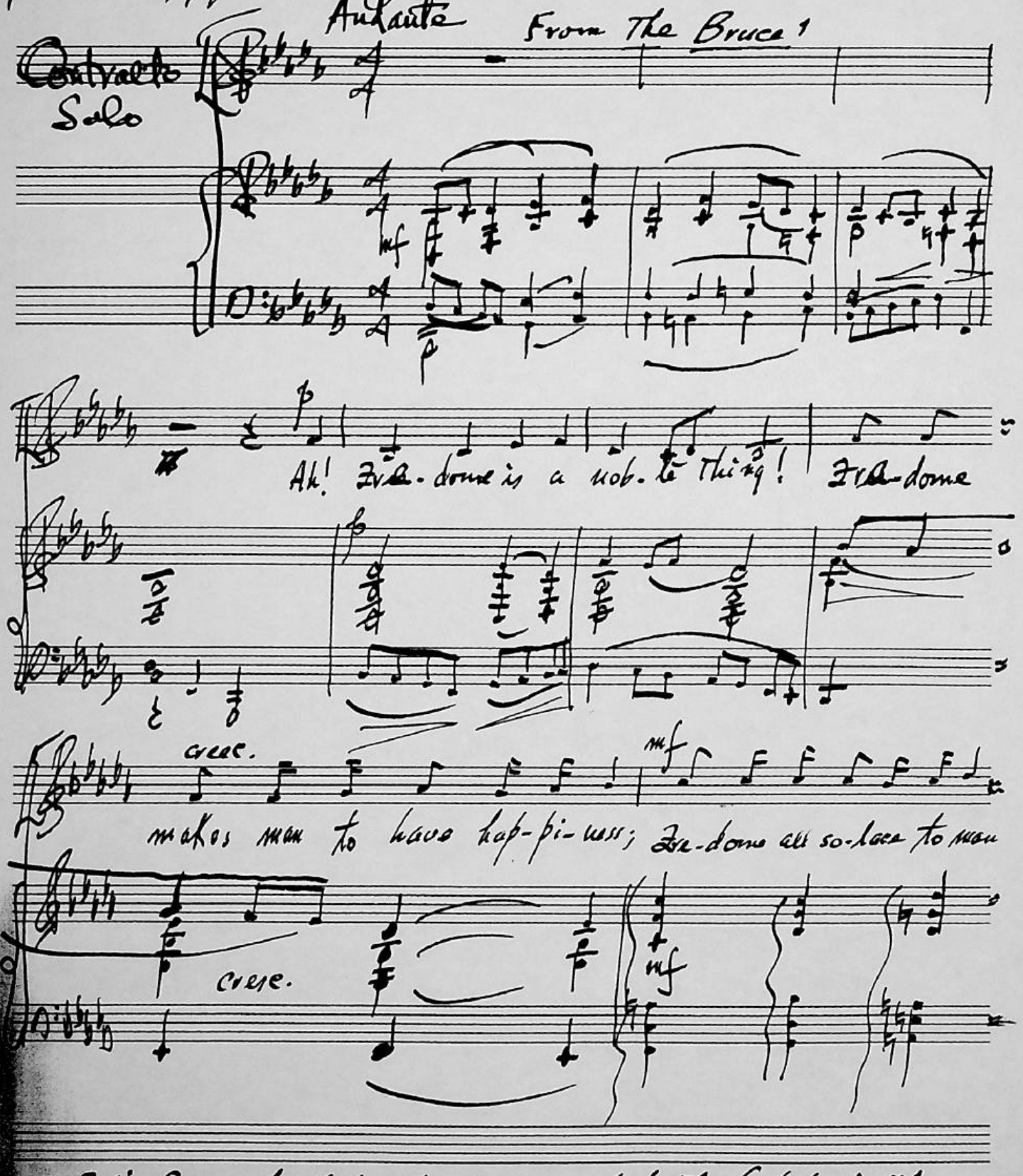

pg 225
Isaac Rosenberg (1890-1918)
75
Slowly.
The Jew
p dolce
Tenor Solo
p
Mose-s, from whose loins I sprung, lit by-lamp
mp
in his blood Ten im-mu-tab-le rules, a-woon for
mp
mu-tab-le lamp-less men. The blood, the bronze, the


rud-dy, with the same heav-ing blood, Keep
brave
tide-to the moon of Mose-s. Then why do they
cresc.
poco mare.
Stare at me?
A Tempo
Segue
dolce
Fine

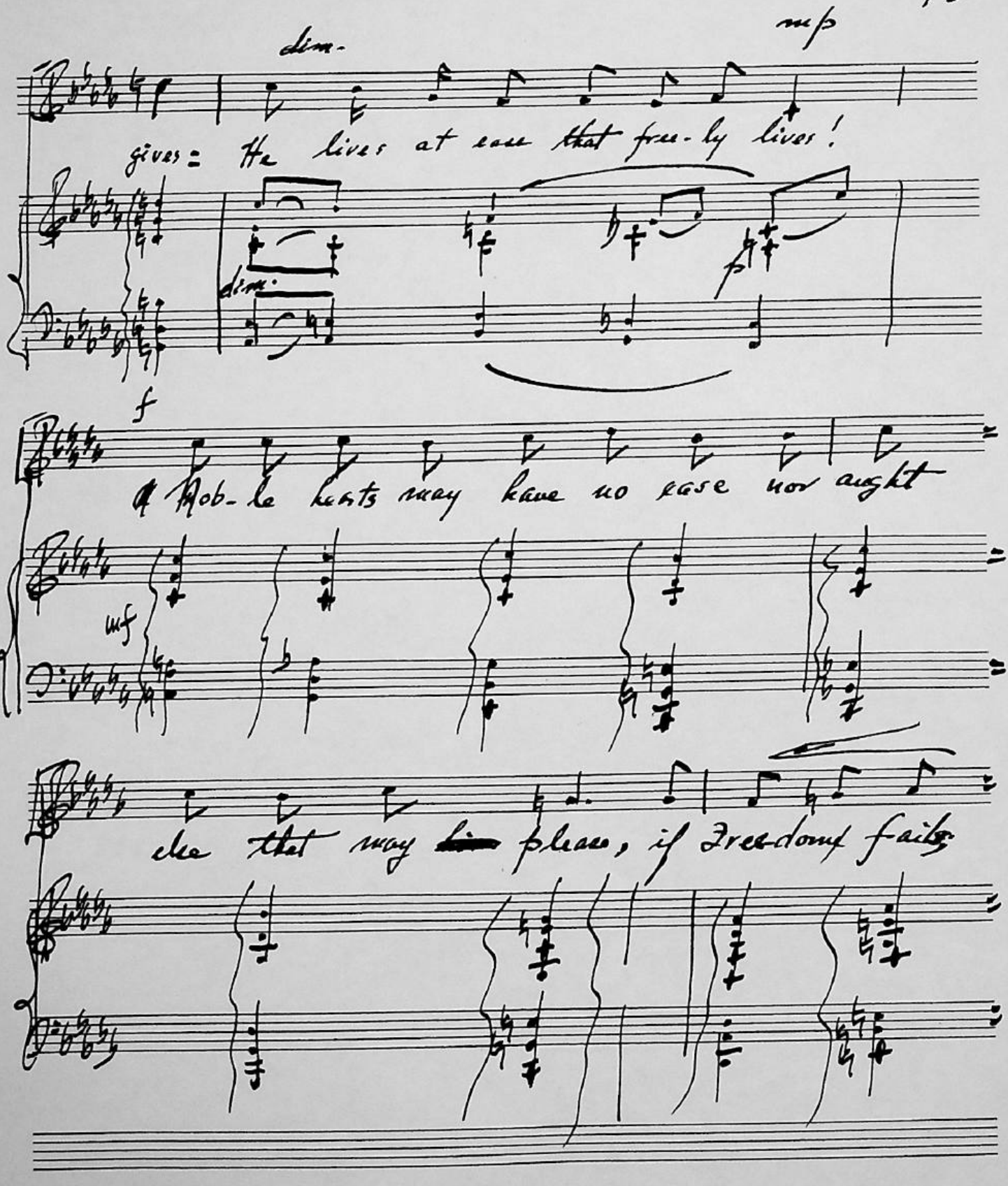
Scotch, pg. 230 John Barbour (1320?-1395) 77

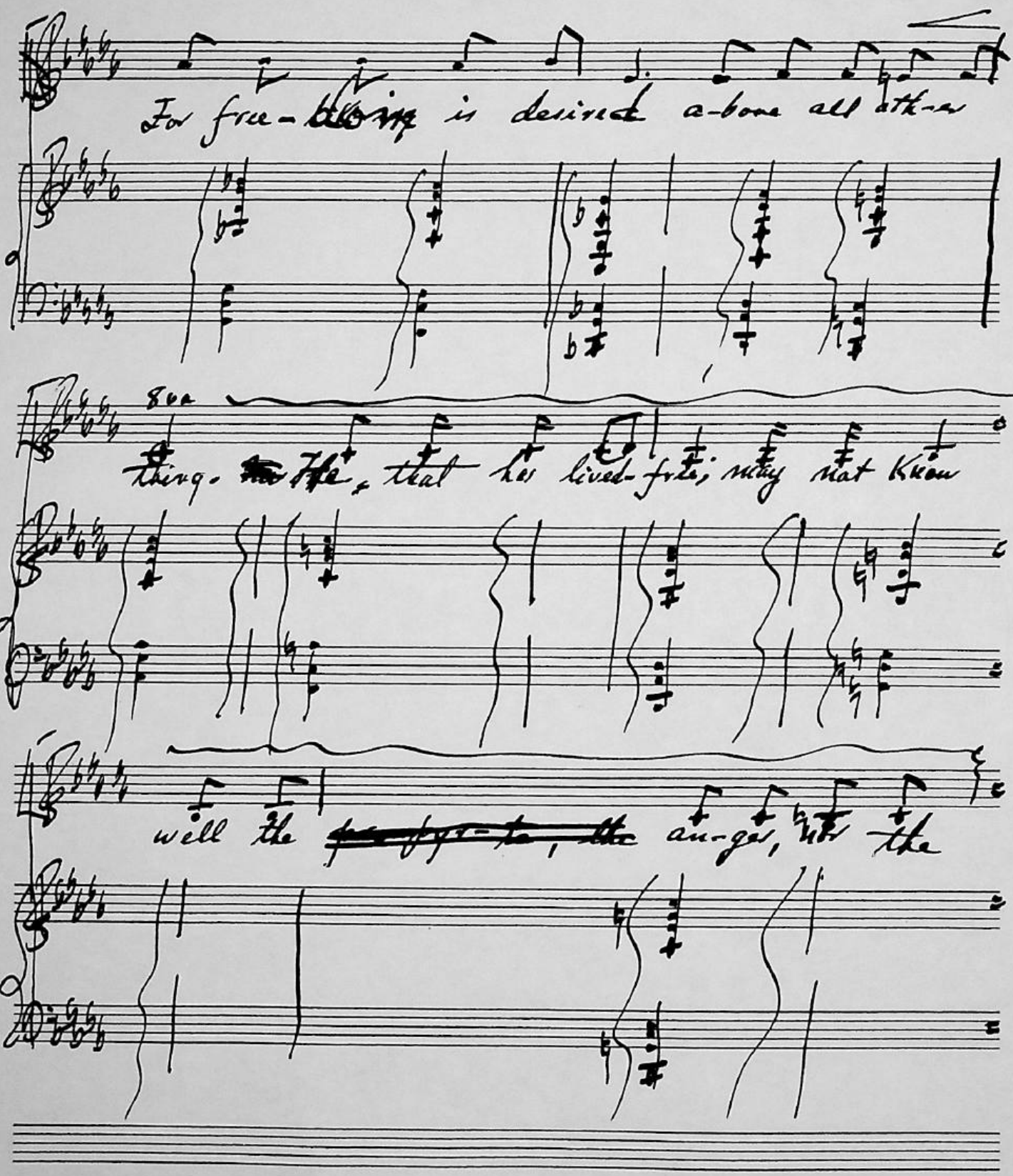
Andante

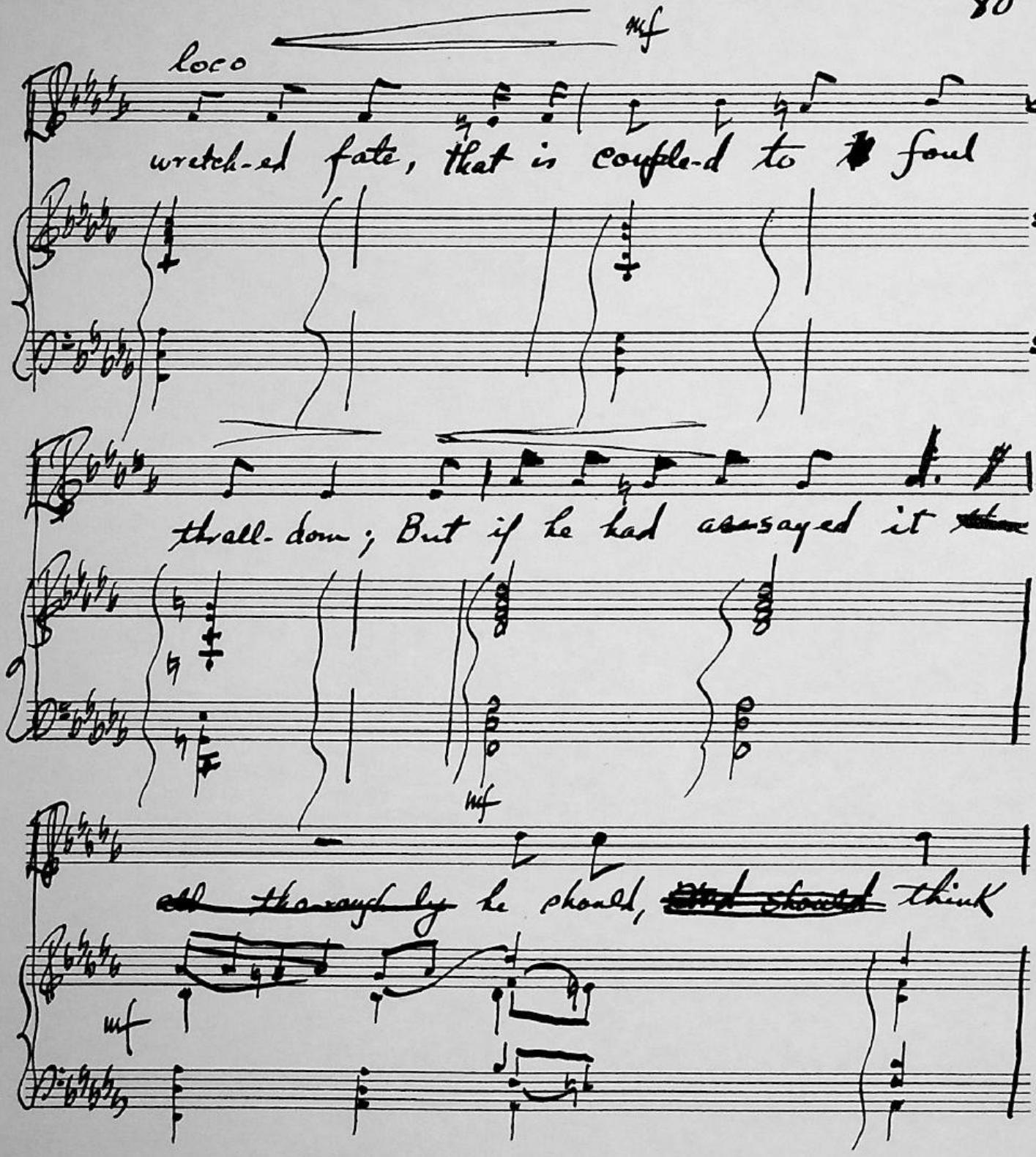
From The Bruce 1

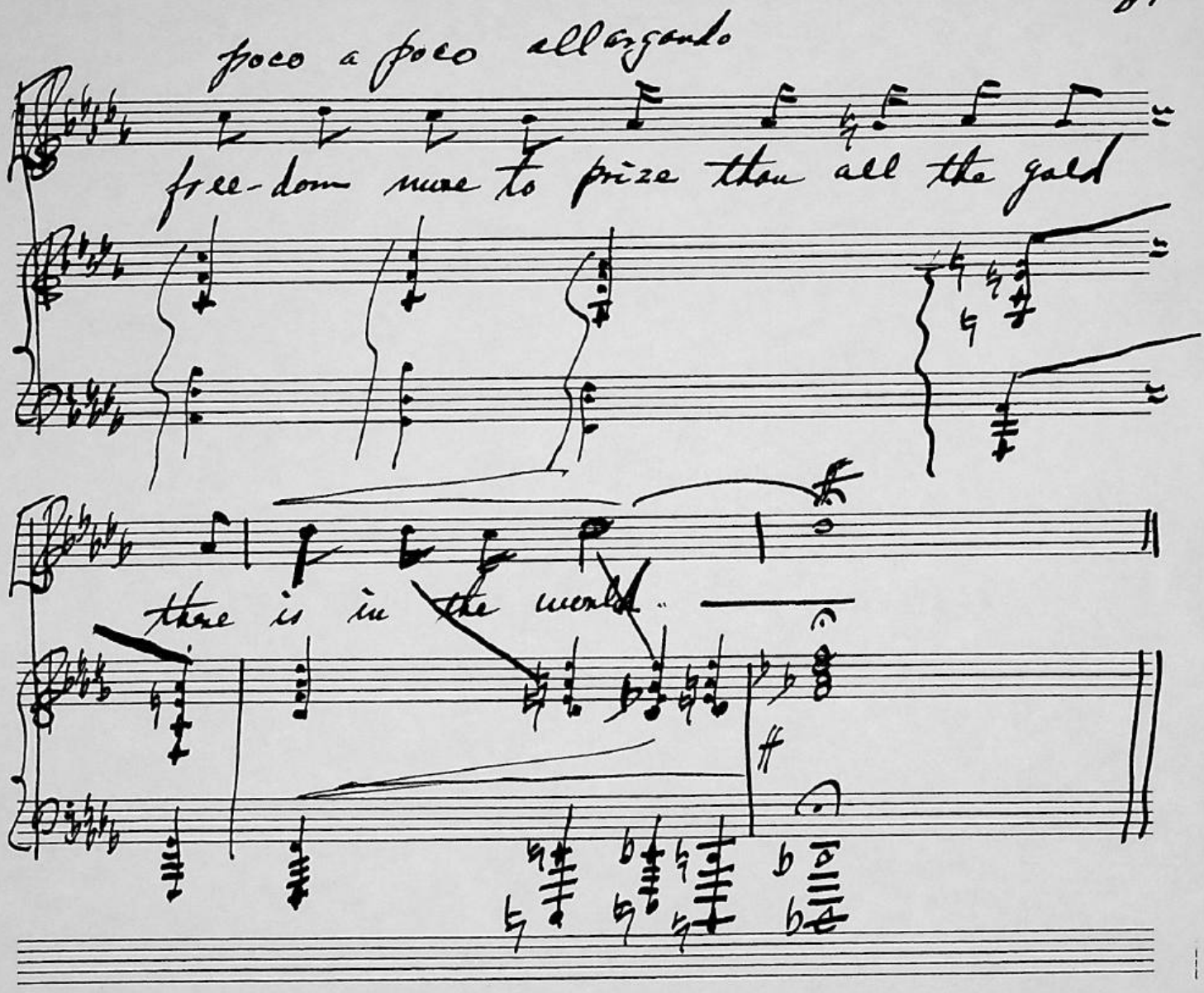


1. Rob't Bruce, Scottish champion, routed the English in the battle of 1314, which freed Scotland from the English.


mp
dim.
gives = He lives at ease that free-ly lives!
dim.
p
f
Noble hearts may have no ease nor aught
mf
else that may please, if Freedom fails


For free- ~~doing~~ is desired a-bove all oth-er
8va
thing. ~~The~~ He, that has lived free, may not know
well the ~~free- to, the~~ an-gels, nor the


mf
loco
wretch-ed fate, that is couple-d to foul
thrall-dom; But if he had assayed it
mf
all thoroughly he should, ~~first started~~ think
mf


poco a poco allargando
free-dom more to prize than all the gold
there is in the world.
ff

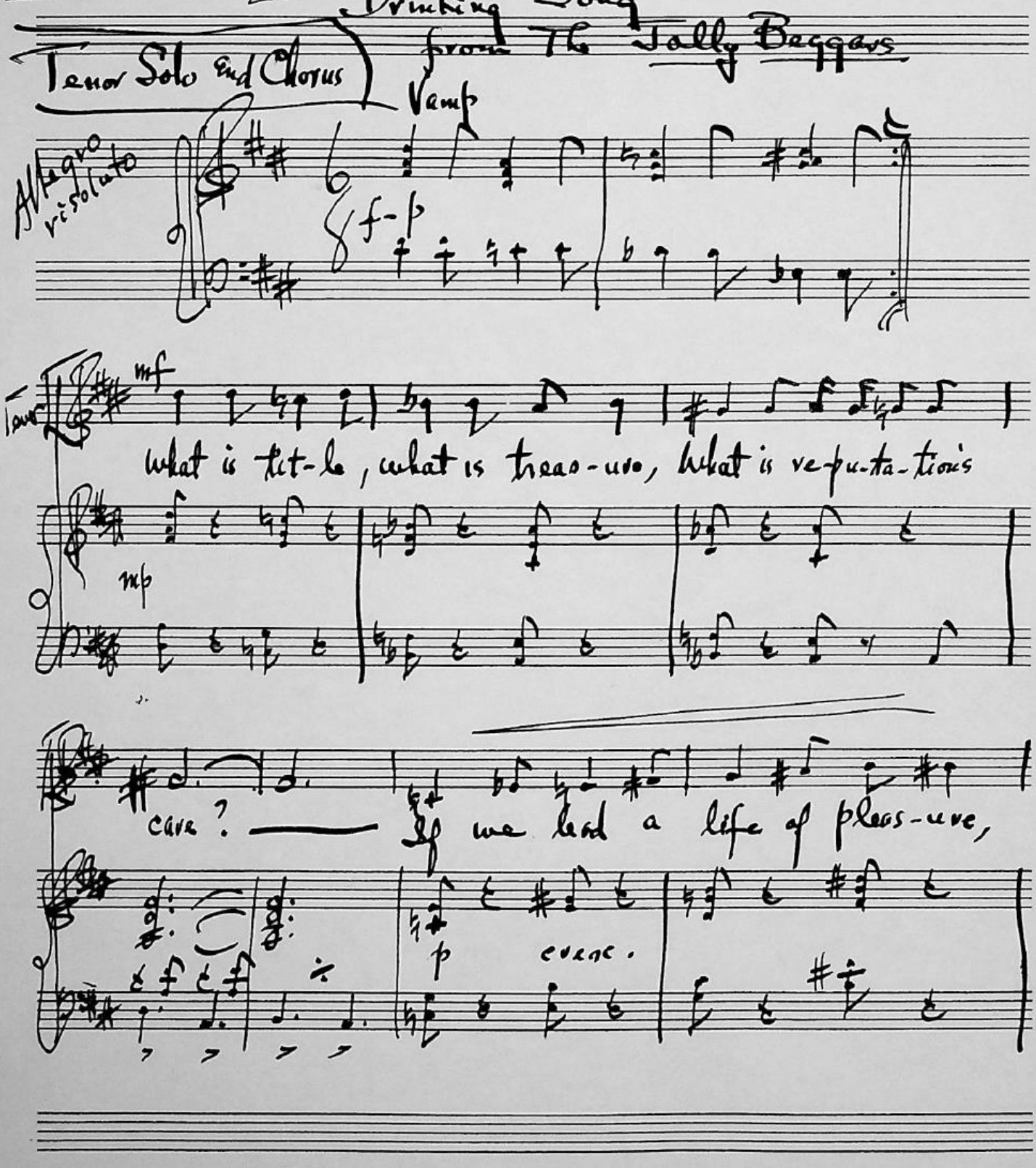
Robert Burns (1759-1796)

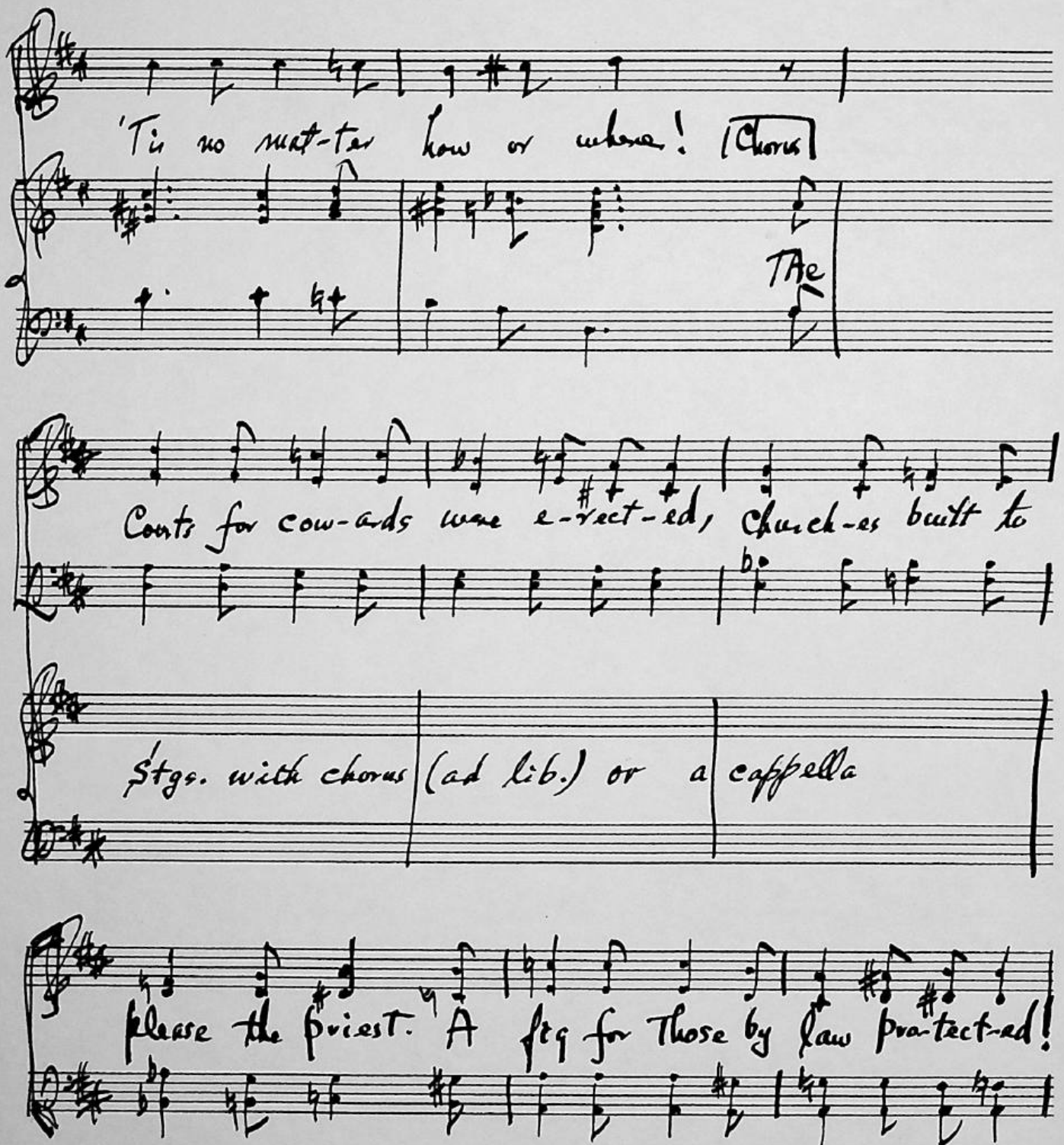
pg. 239 245 241

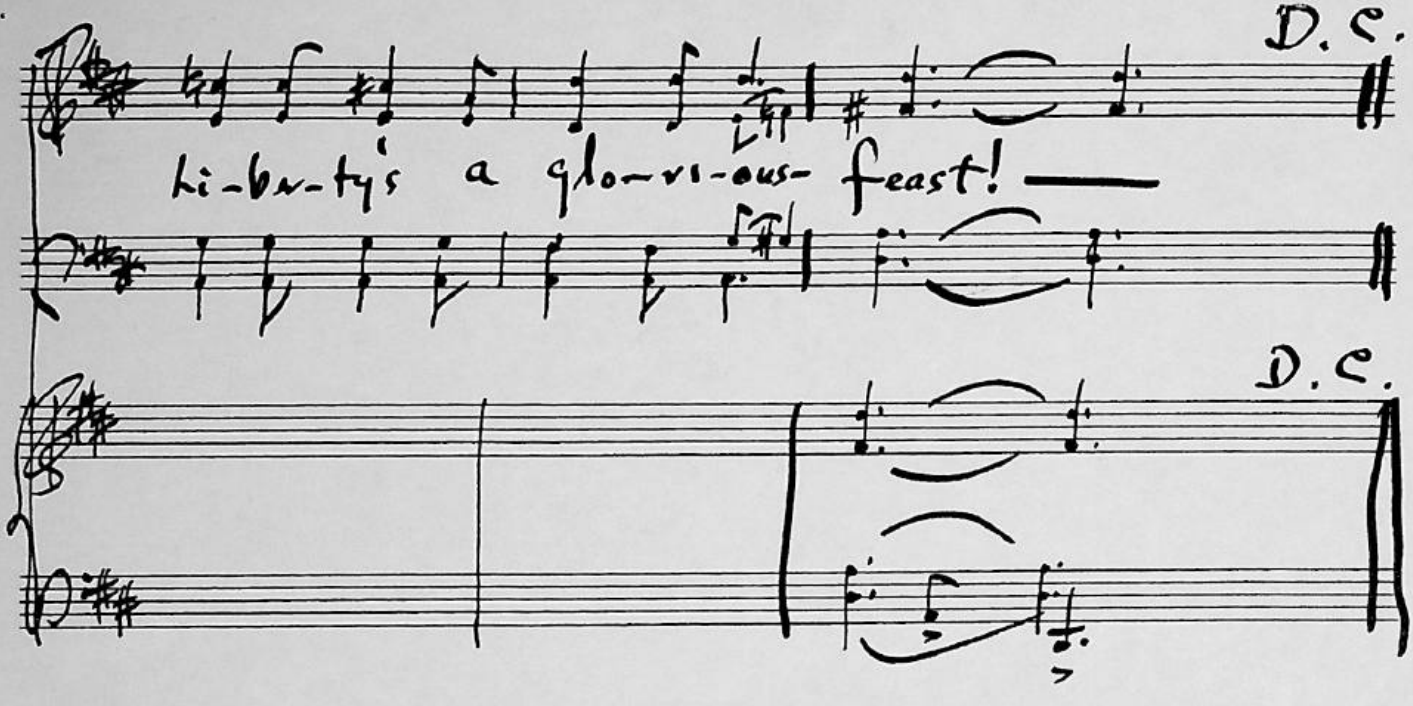
Drinking Song from The Jolly Beggars

Tenor Solo and Chorus

Vamp




'Tis no mat-ter how or where! [Chorus]
The
Courts for cow-ards were e-rect-ed, Church-es built to
Stgs. with chorus (ad lib.) or a cappella
please the priest. A fig for Those by law pro-tect-ed!



Additional Verses:

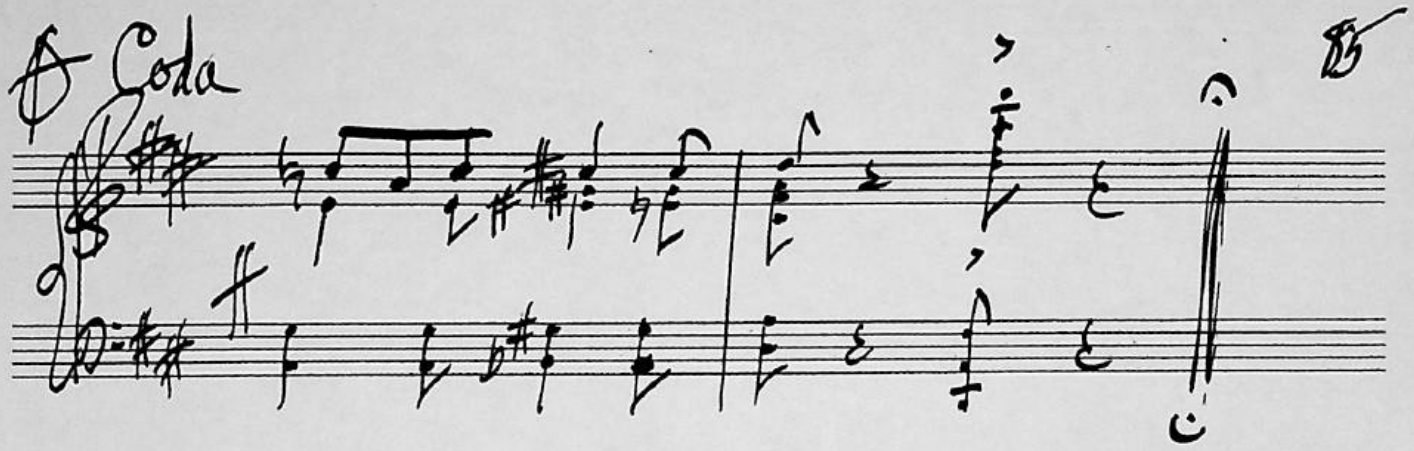
2) With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.

3) Does the train-attended carriage
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?

4) Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum,
Who have character to lose.

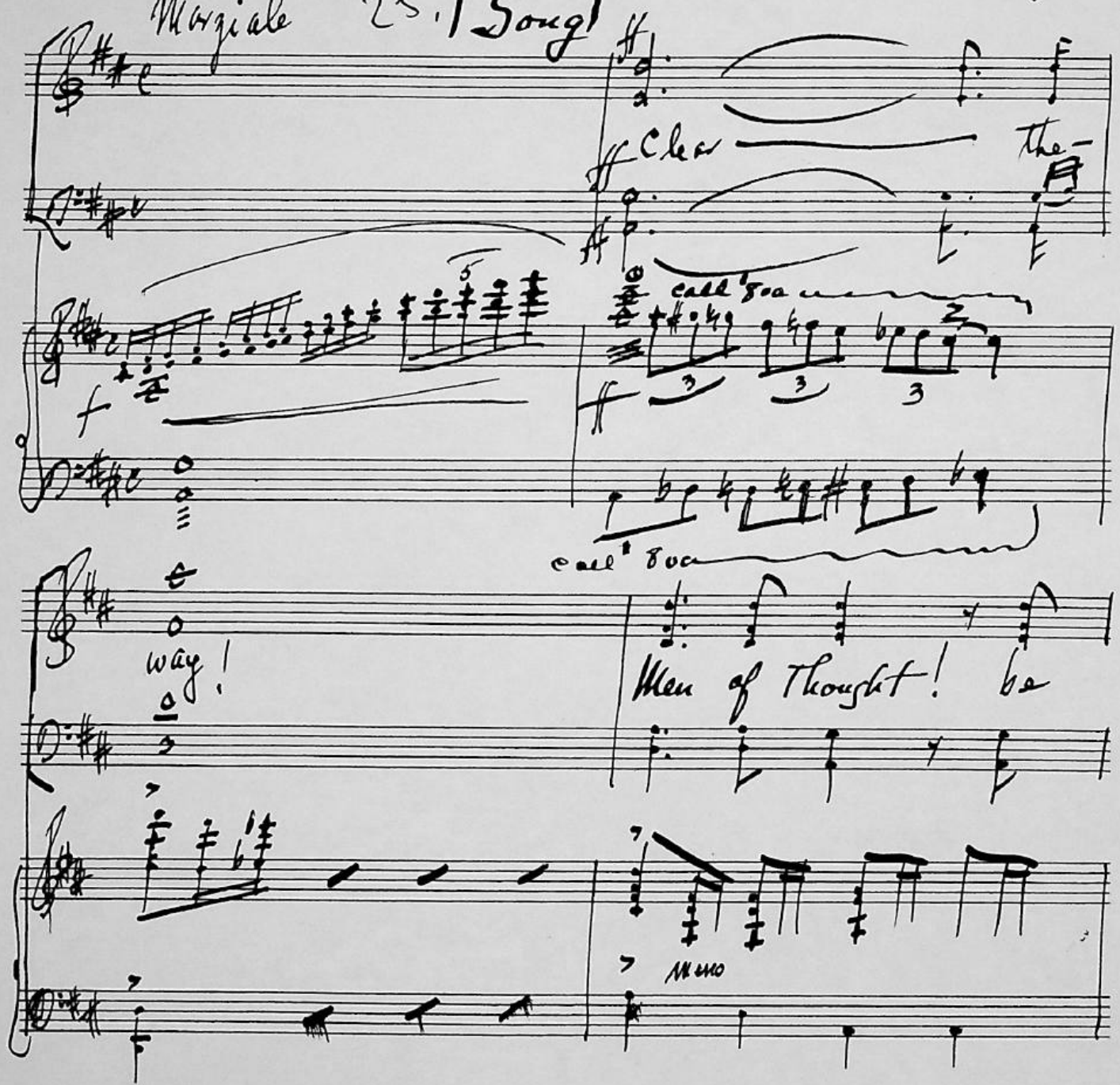
5) Here's to budgets, bags and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train.
Here's our ragged brats and wenches
One and all cry out: Amen!

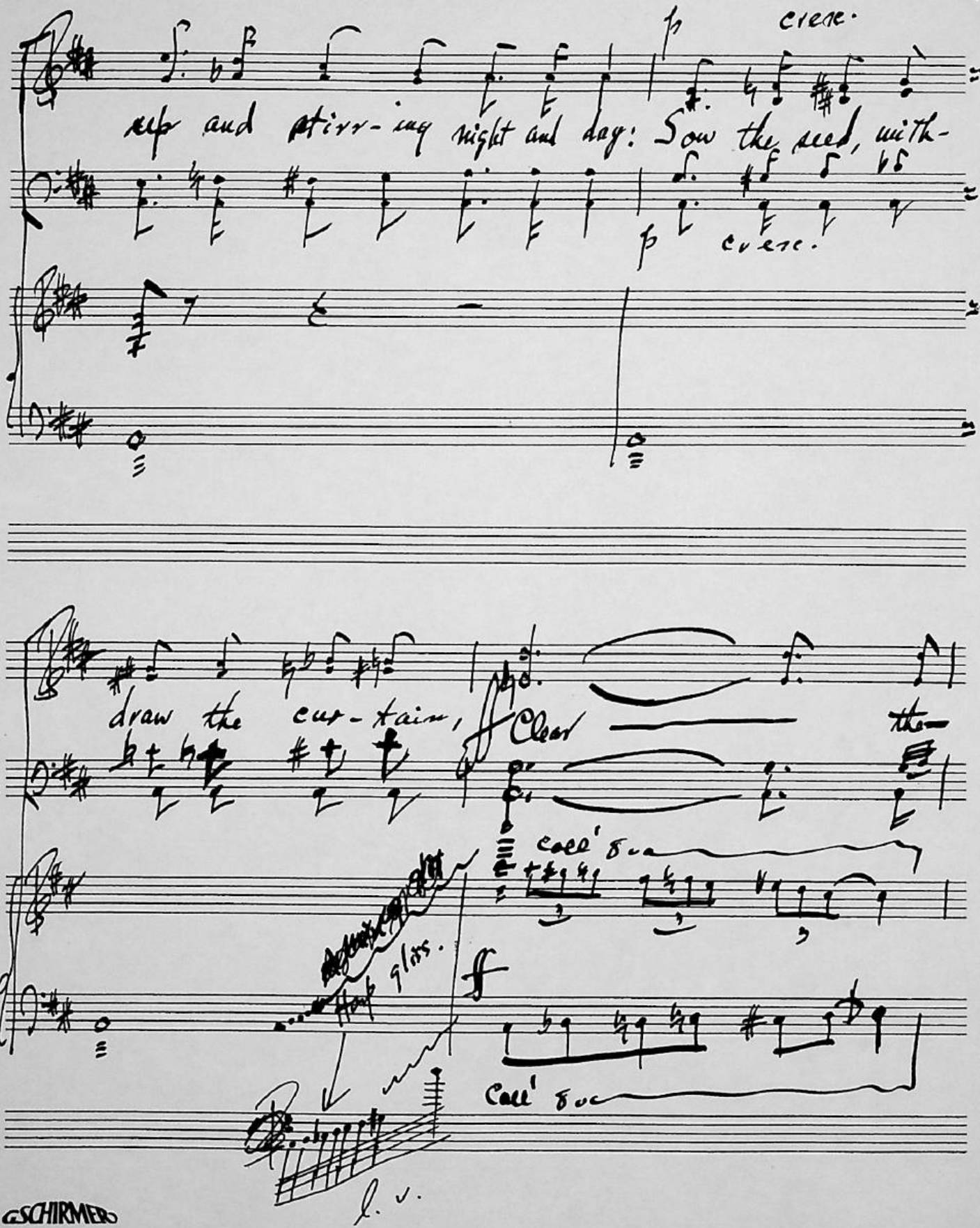
⊕ to Coda after 5th Verse


Coda

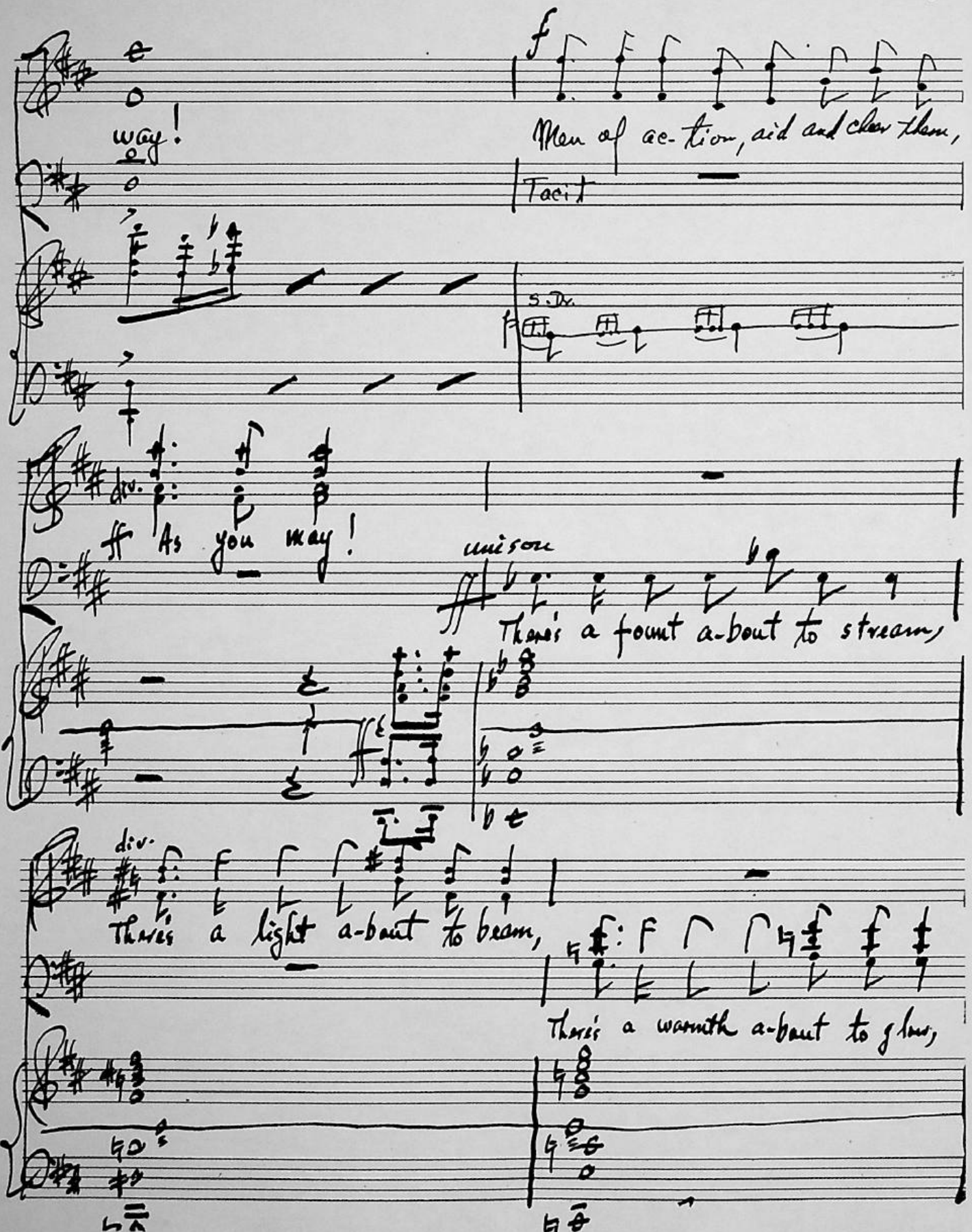
pg. 258 Charles Mackay (1814–1889)

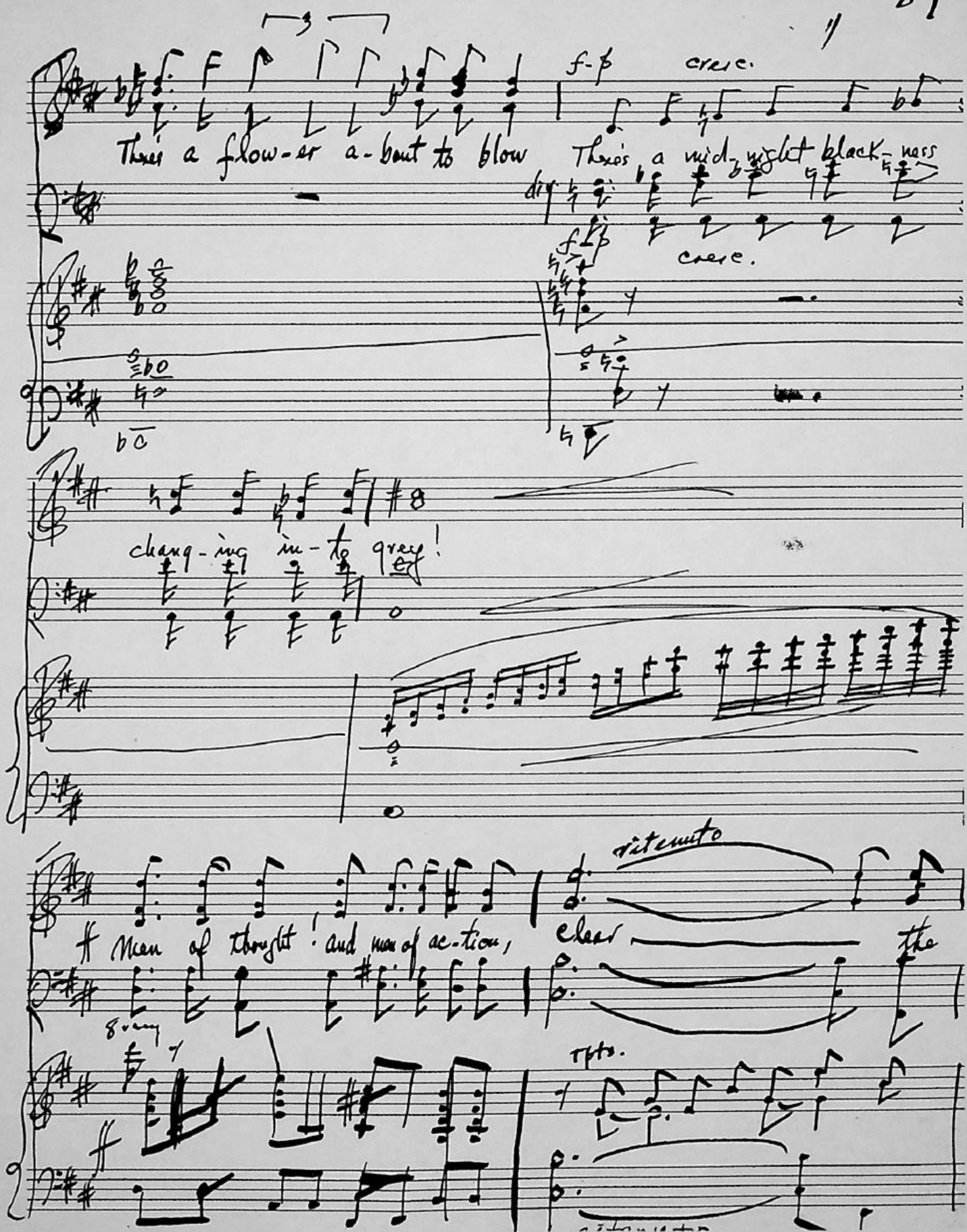
Marziale 25. [Song]

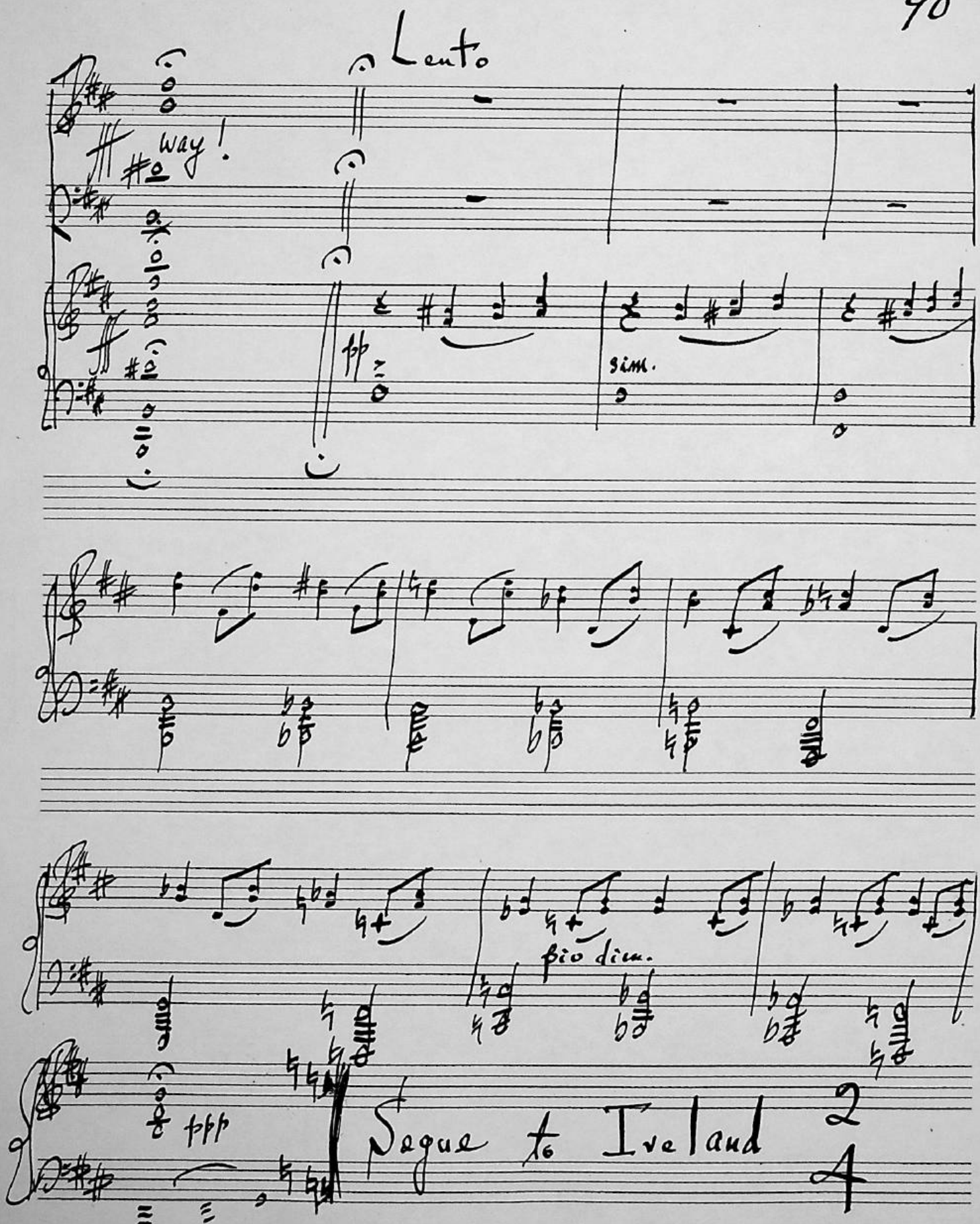



cresc.
help and stirr-ing night and day: Sow the seed, with-
cresc.
draw the cur-tain,
Clear
the-
call' Eve
gliss.
Call' Eve
l. v.

G SCHIRMER


way!
f
Men of ac-tion, aid and cheer them,
Tacet
S.Dr.
div.
ff As you may!
unisono
There's a fount a-bout to stream,
div.
There's a light a-bout to beam,
There's a warmth a-bout to glow,


There a flow-er a-bout to blow
f-p cresc.
There's a mid-night black-ness
dim.
f-p
cresc.
chang-ing in-to grey!
ff
Men of thought! and men of ac-tion,
ritenuto
clear
the
8va
ff
Tpts.


Lento
way!
pp
sim.
più dim.
fff
Segue to Ireland

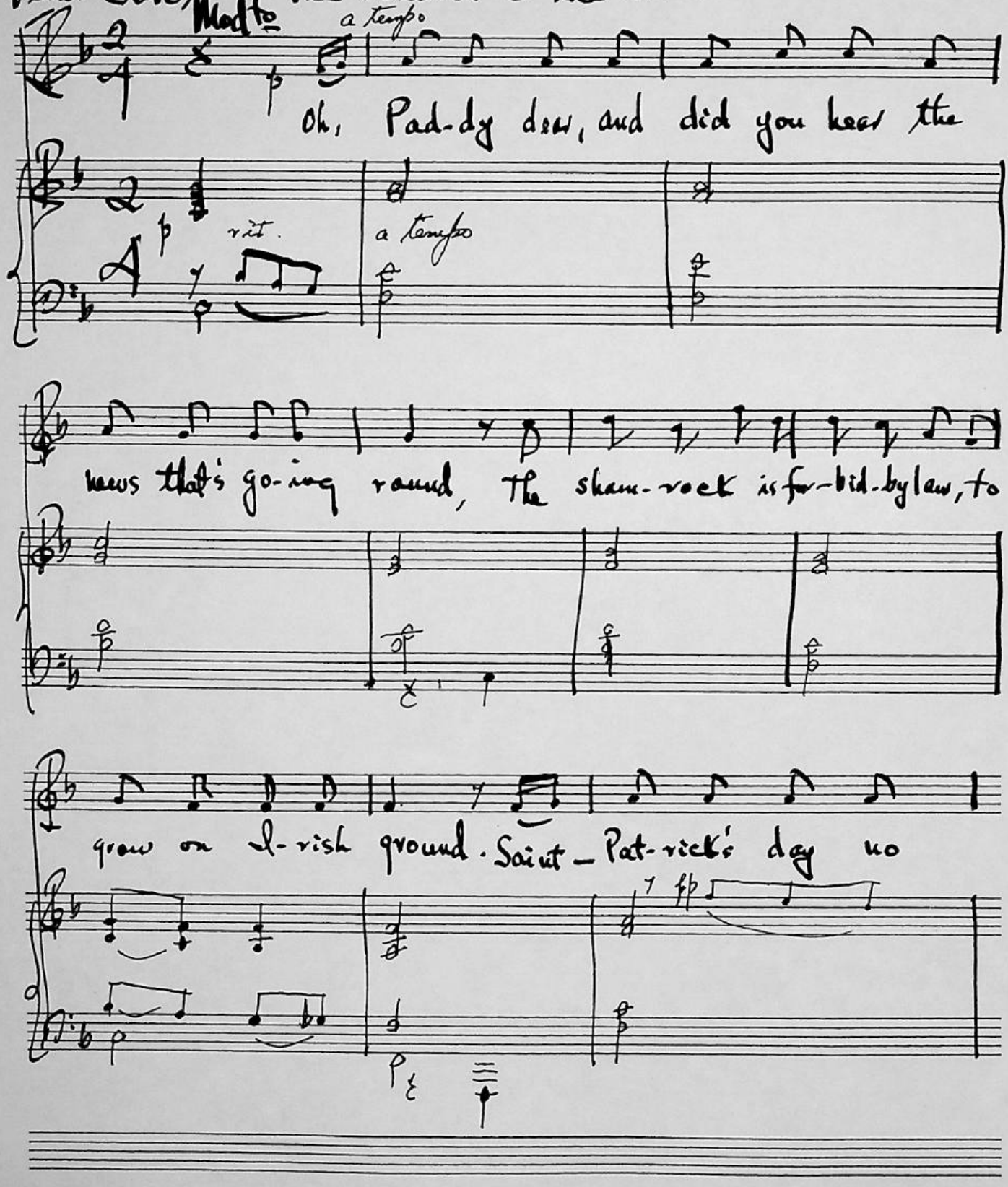
Words: Dion Boucicault

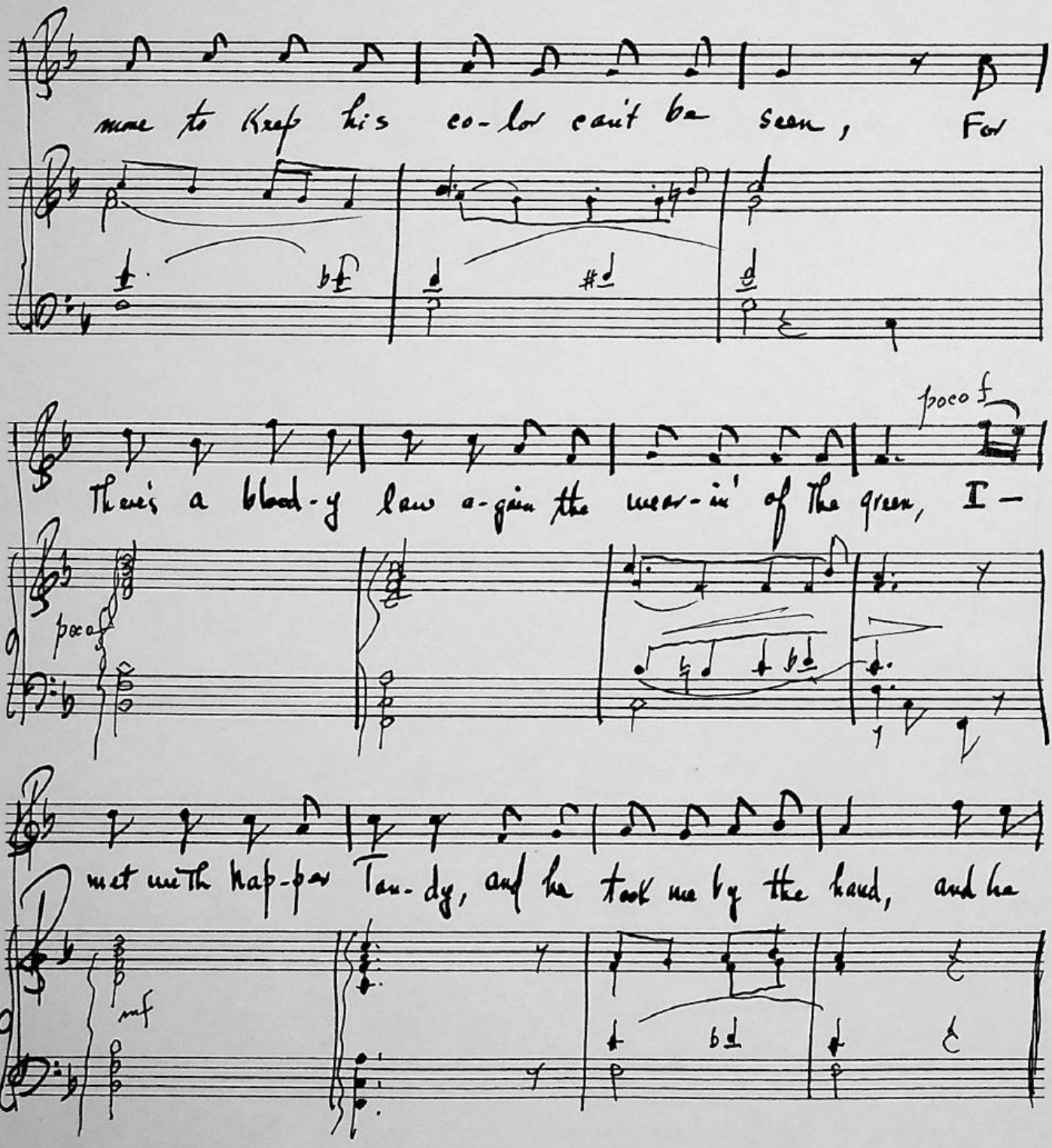
p. 271

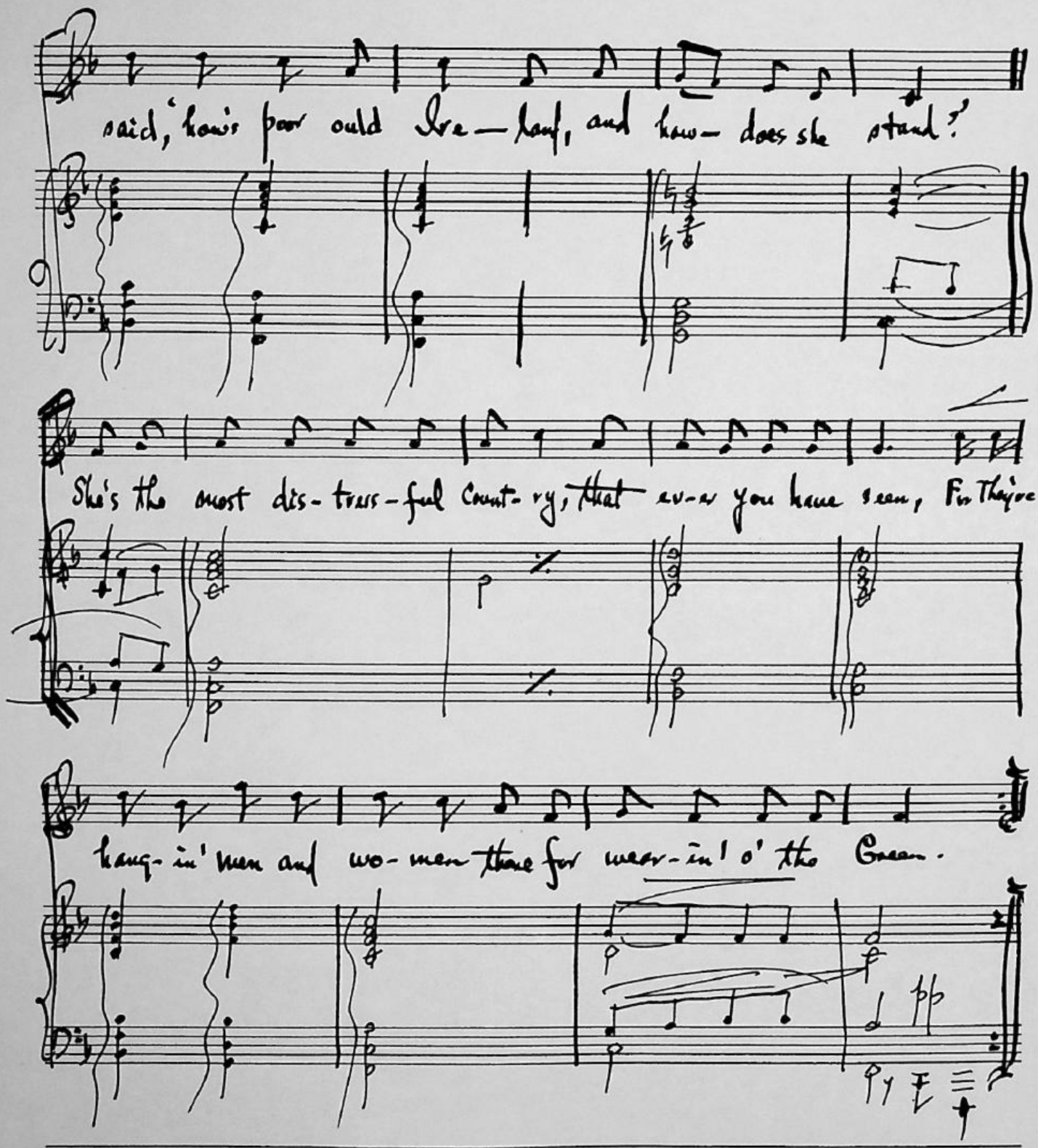
Anonymous

Tenor Solo Mod^to

The Wearin' o' the Green



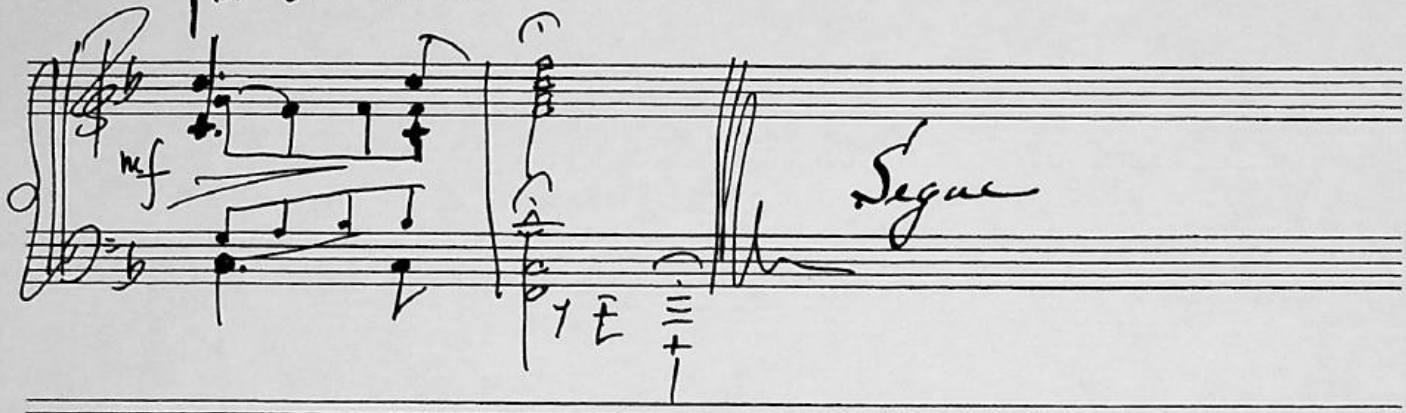

mine to Keep his co-lor can't be seen, For
poco f
There's a blood-y law a-gin the wear-in' of the green, I—
poco f
met with hap-par Tan-dy, and he took me by the hand, and he
mf


said, 'how's poor ould Ire-land, and how does she stand?'
She's the most dis-tress-ful Count-ry, that ev-er you have seen, For They're
hang-in' men and wo-men there for wear-in' o' the Green.

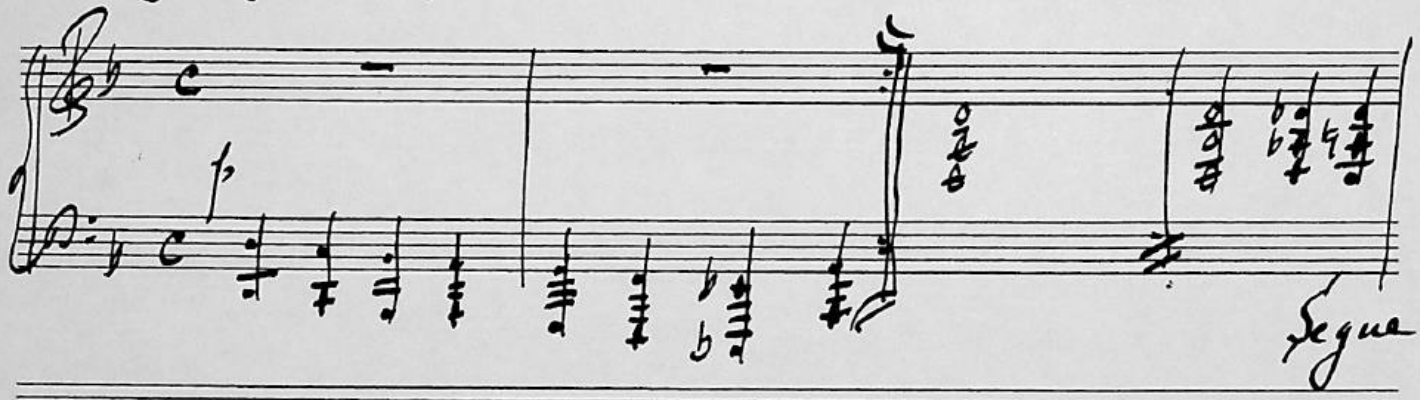
2nd verse:

And if the colour we must wear is England's cruel Red,
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed;
Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and Throw it on the sod,
And never fear, 'twill take root there, tho' under foot 'tis trod!
When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their colour dare not show,
Then I will change the colour too, I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the Green

After 2nd Verse



Slow (marziale)

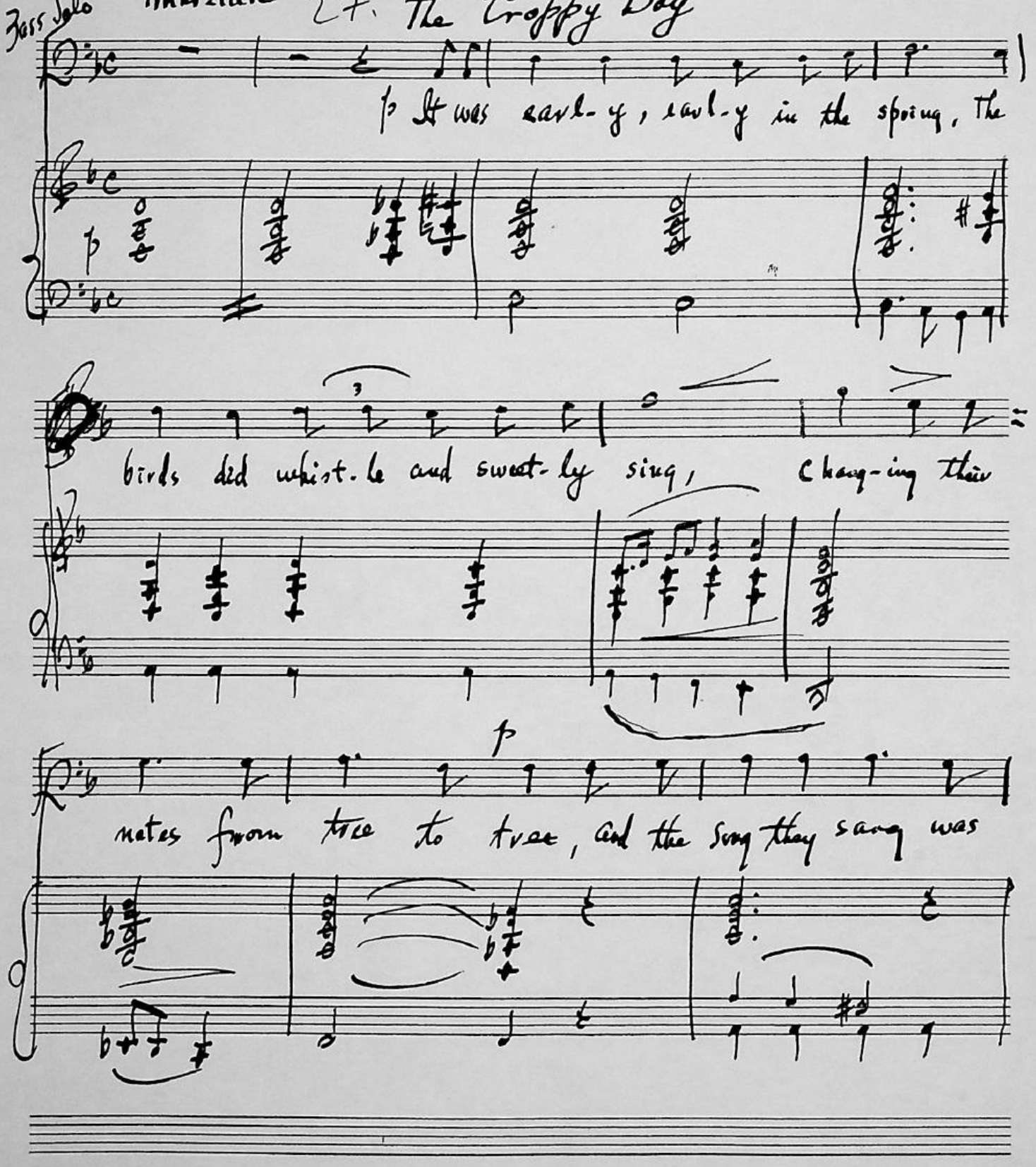


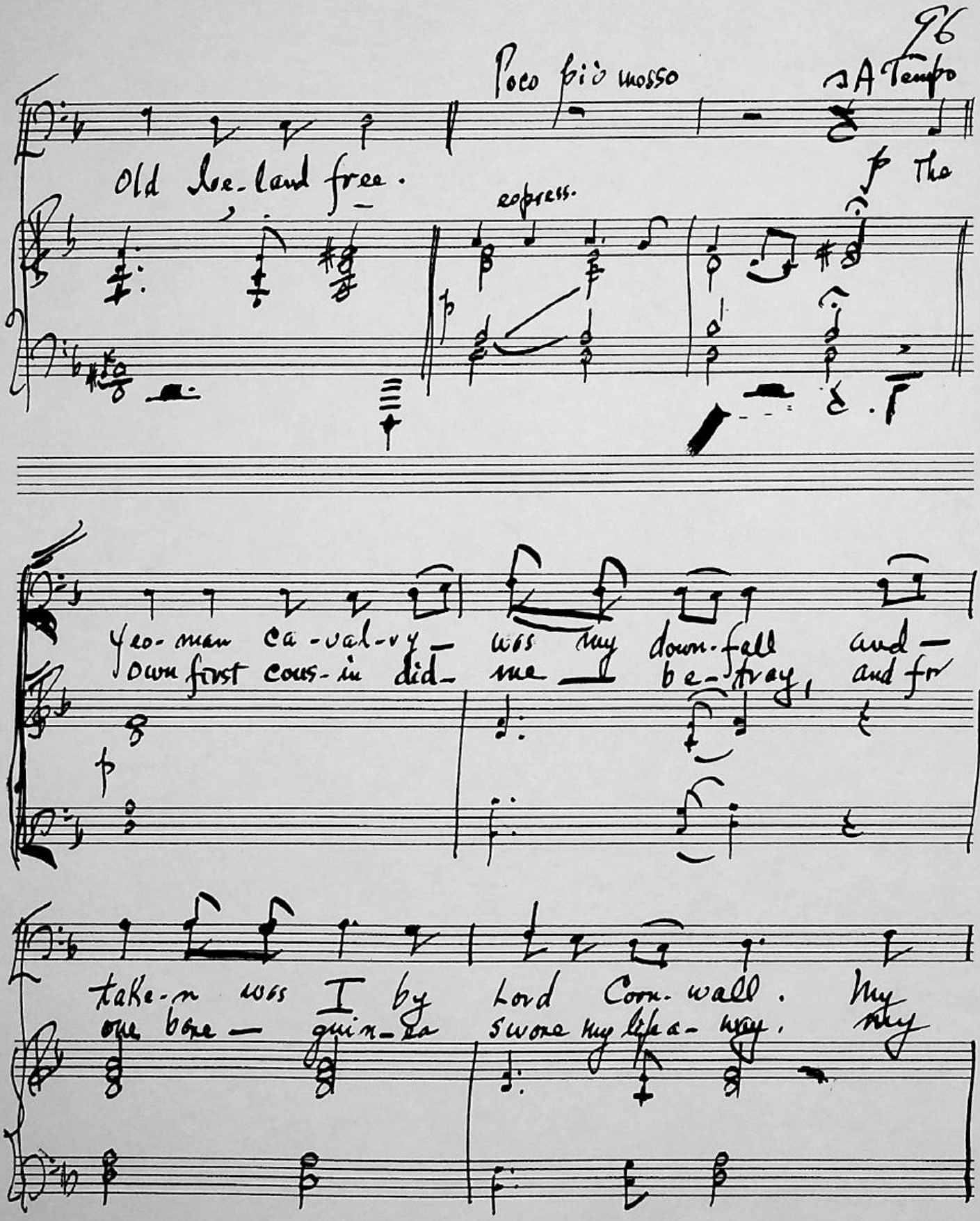
Anonymous

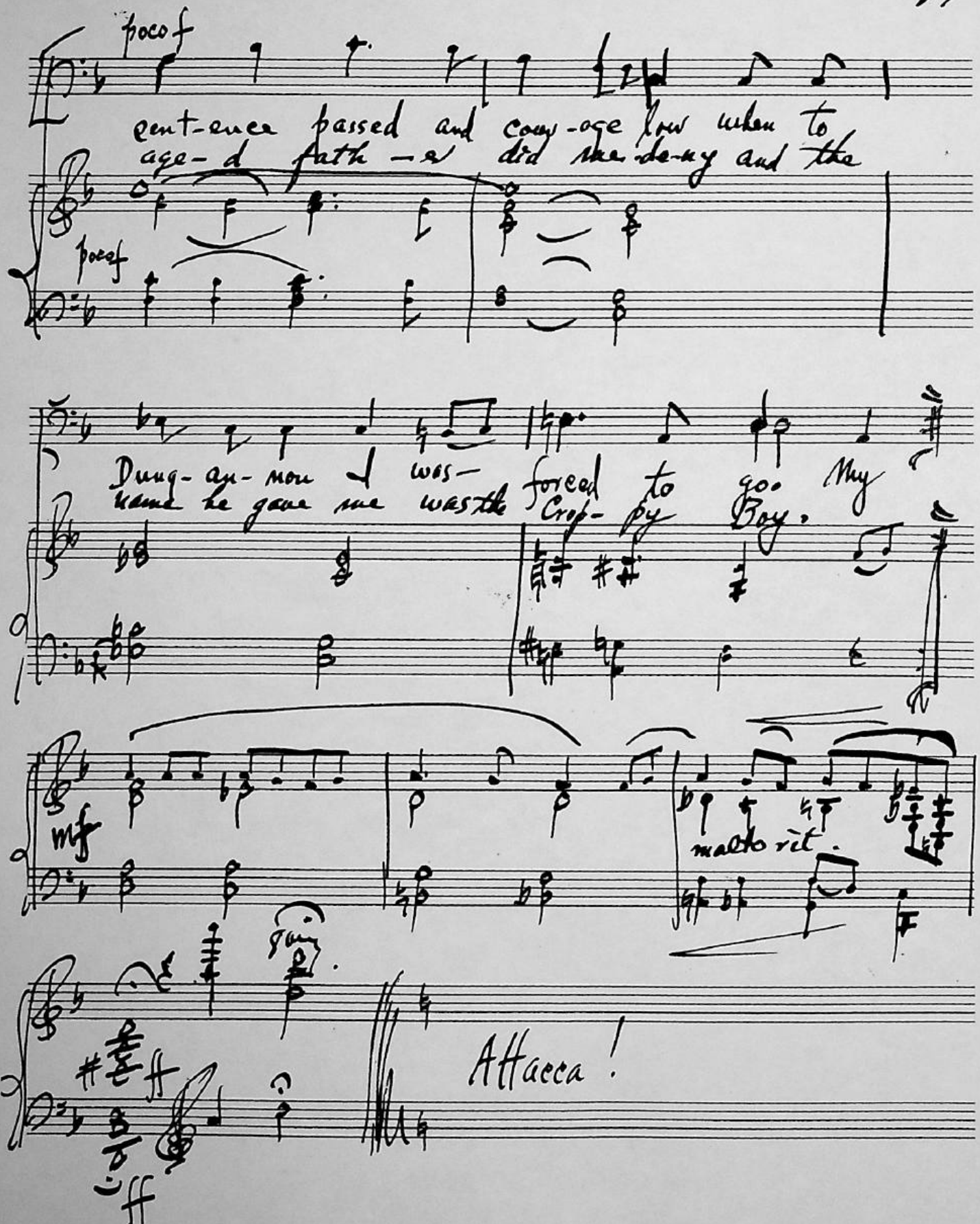
27. The Croppy Boy

95

Bass Solo Marziale

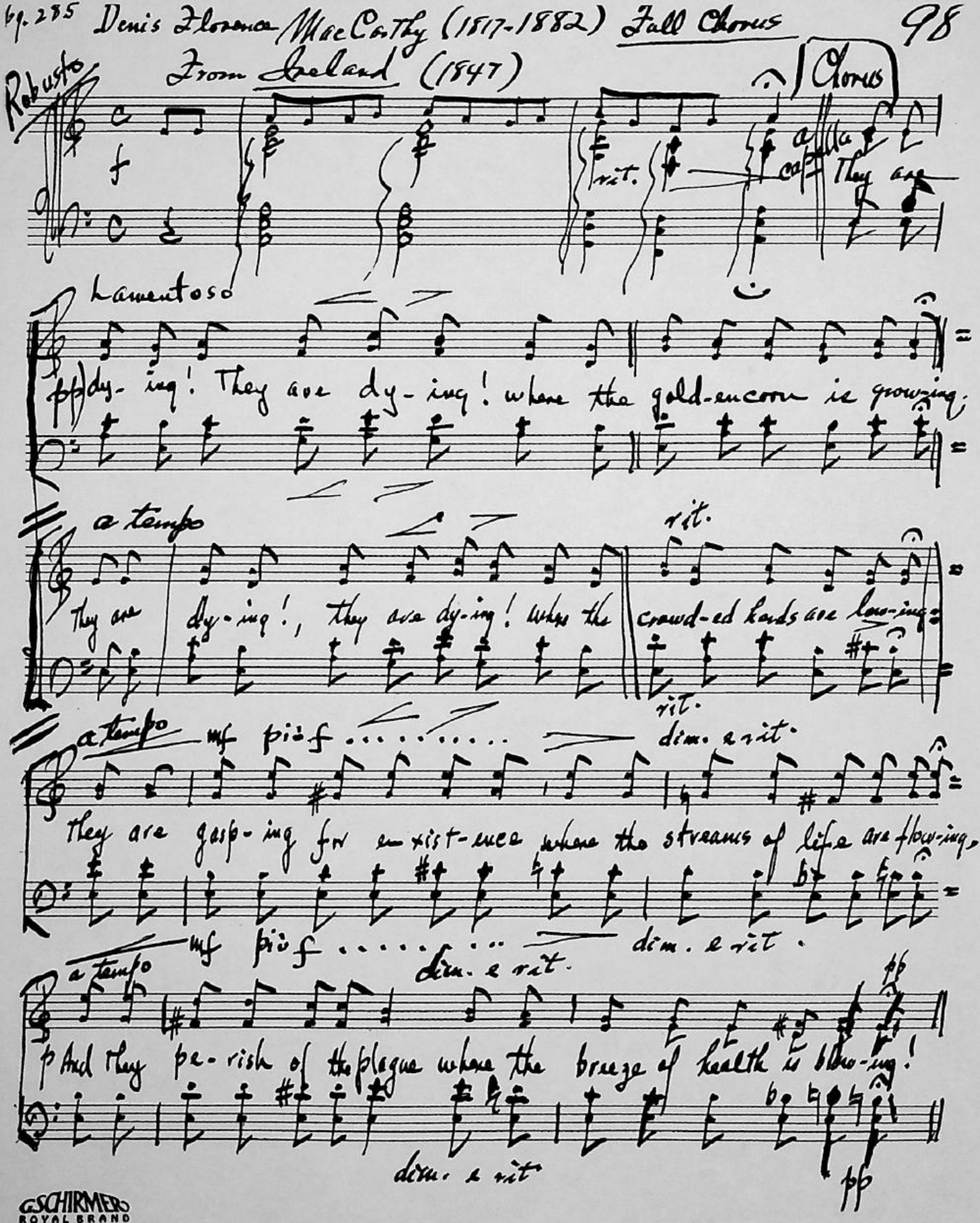



Poco più mosso
A Tempo
Old Ire-land free.
espress.
The
Yeo-man ca-val-ry was my down-fall and—
own first cous-in did me be-tray, and fr
take-n was I by Lord Corn-wall. My
one bare quin-ta swore my life a-way. My

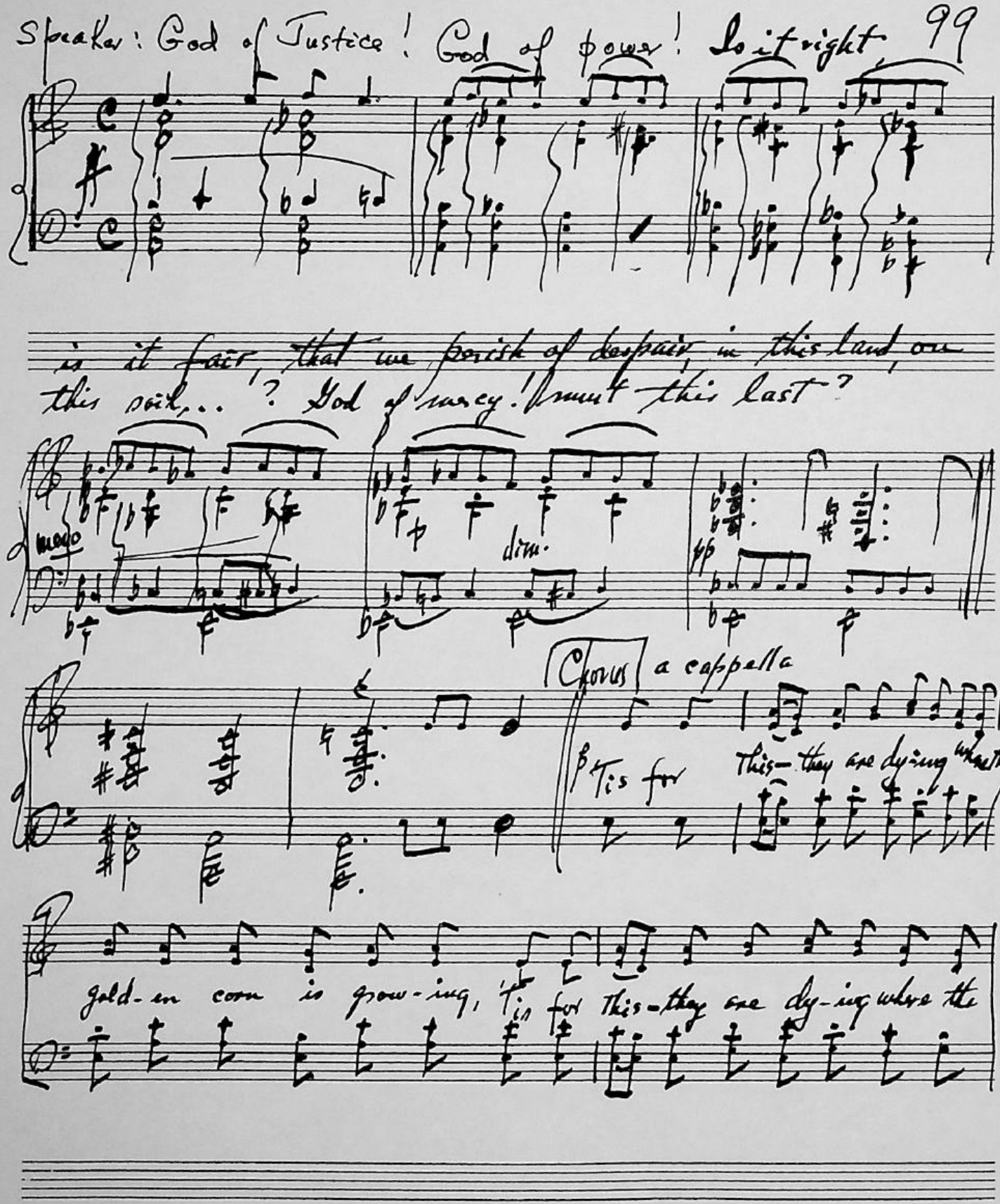

poco f
cent-enea passed and cow-age low when to
age-d faith — a did the de-ny and the
poco f
Dung-an-non I was— forced to go. My
kane he gave me was the Crof-fy Boy.
mf
molto rit.
Attacca!

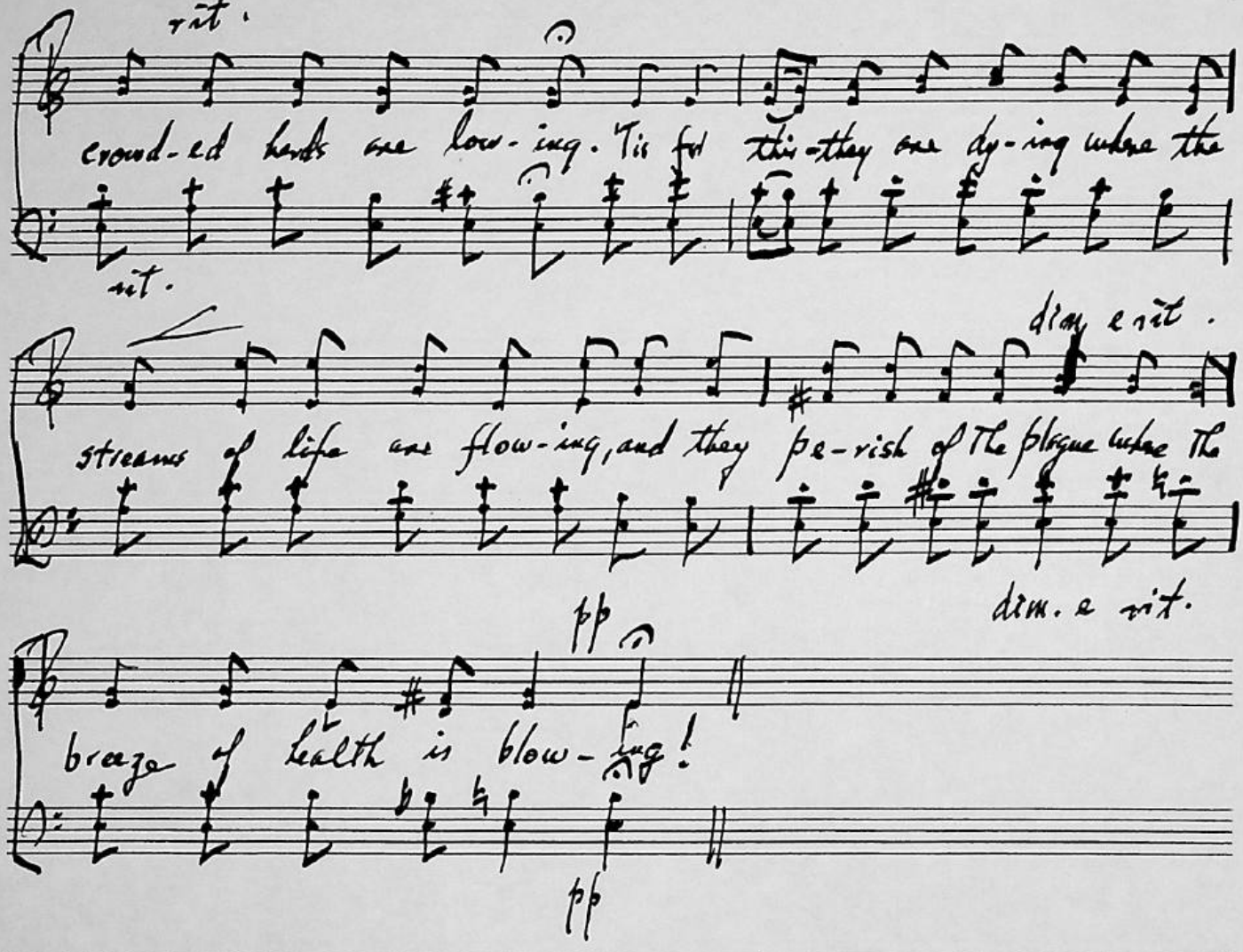
Op. 285 Denis Florence MacCarthy (1817-1882) Full Chorus 98

From Ireland (1847)



G.SCHIRMER'S ROYAL BRAND


Speaker: God of Justice! God of power! Is it right
is it fair, that we perish of despair, in this land, our
this soil,..? God of mercy! must this last?
molto
dim.
pp
Chorus a cappella
'Tis for
This – they are dying where the
gold-en corn is grow-ing, 'tis for this – they are dy-ing where the


rit.
crowd-ed hearts are low-ing. 'Tis for this-they are dy-ing where the
rit.
dim. e rit.
streams of life are flow-ing, and they pe-rish of the plague where the
dim. e rit.
pp
breeze of health is blow-ing!
pp

317 29. 101

Wales. pg. 315

John Ceiriog Hughes (1832-1887)

(To Wales what Rhet Bruce was to Scotland)

Speaks and Chorus

Andante

Liberty

Speaks: See, see

molto cresc.

when royal Snowdon rears his hoary head above her peers

to cry that Wales is free! And like the breezes

high and strong, which through the cloud-wrack sweeps along, Each

dweller in this land of song is free, is free, is free! [Chorus]

f Each

molto cresc.

ff

dwell-er in this land of song is free, is free, is free!

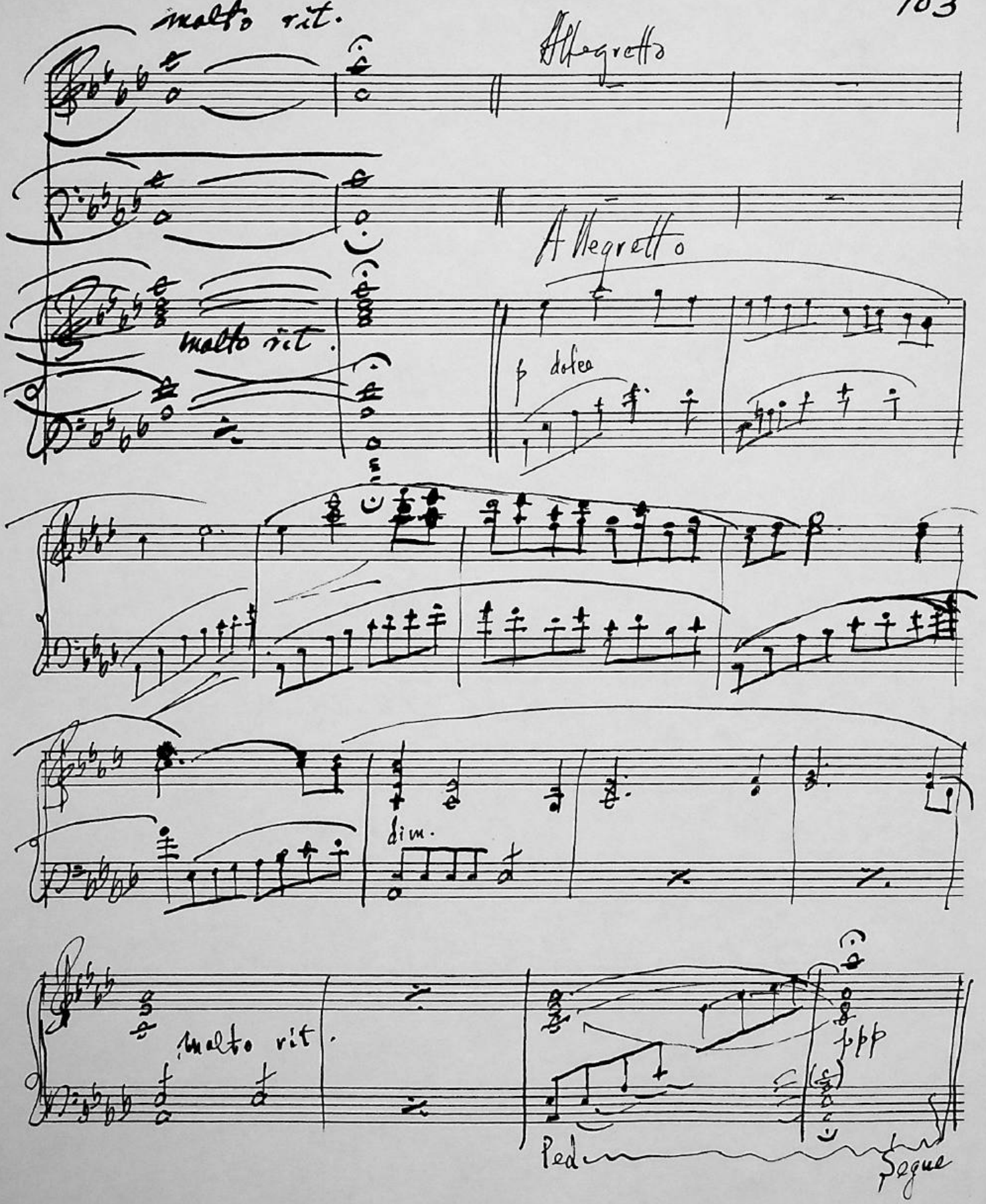
molto cresc.

ff

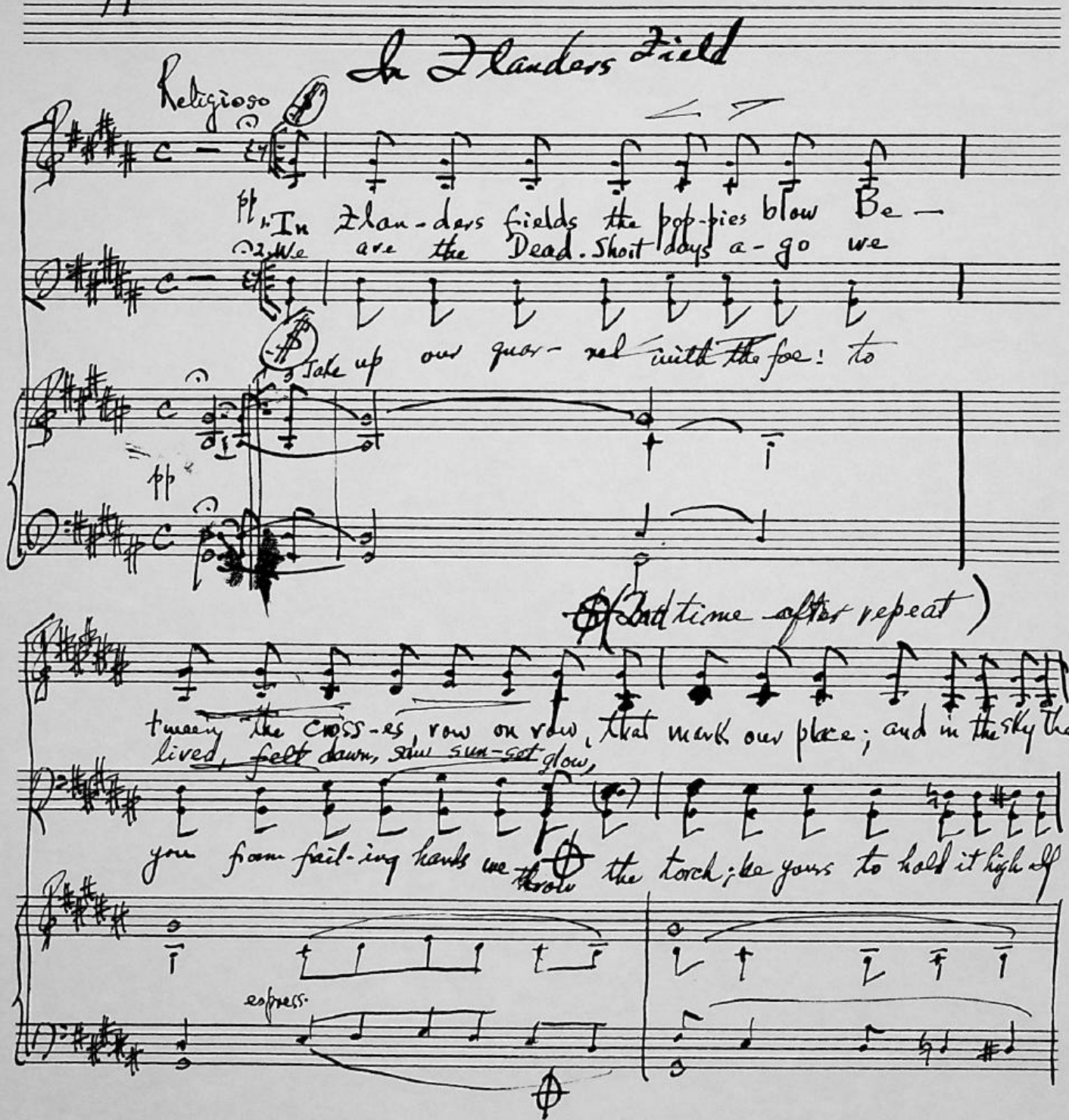
coll' chorus

Timp.

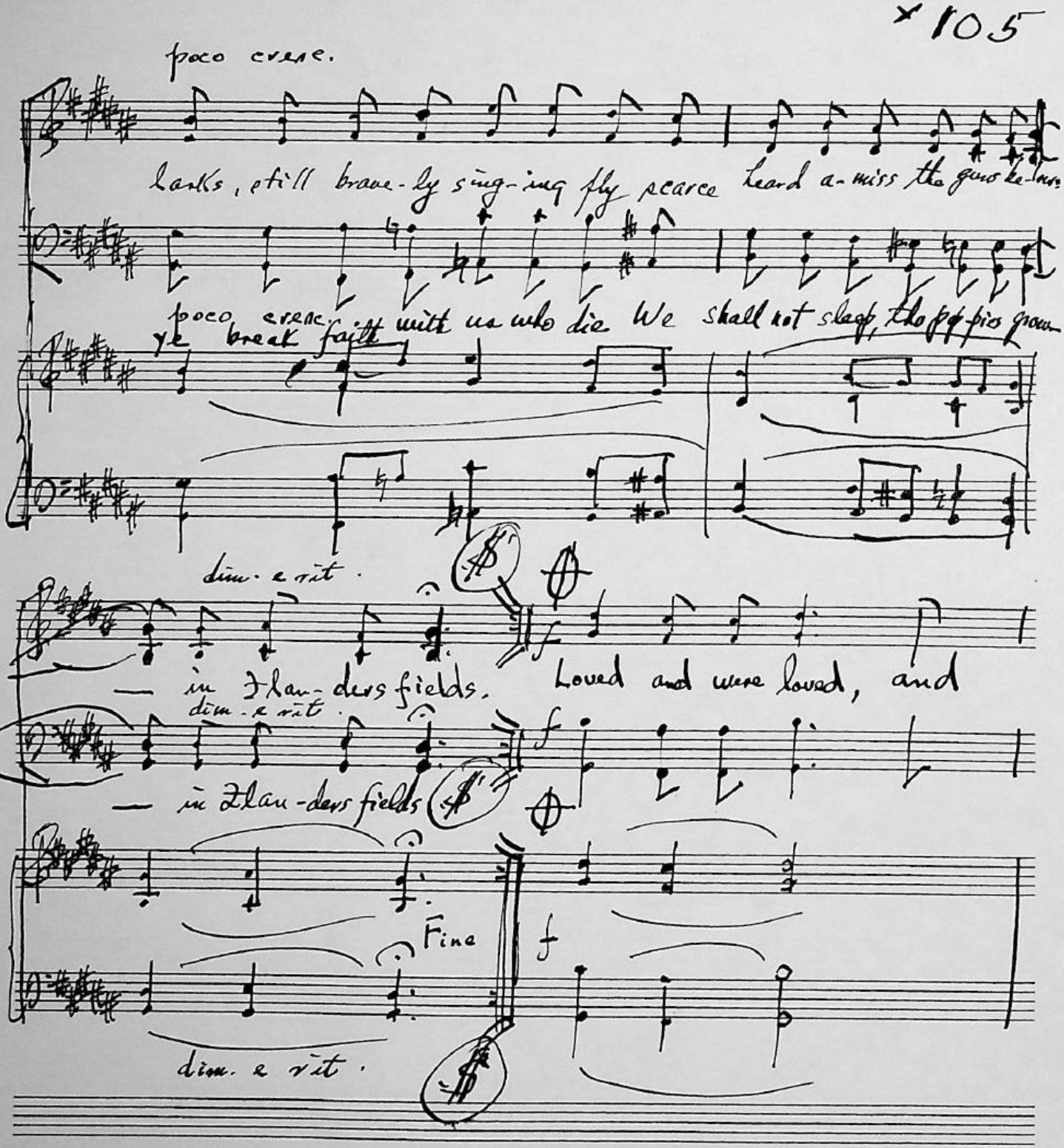
G.SCHIRMER
ROYAL BRAND


molto rit.
Allegretto
molto rit.
Allegretto
p dolce
dim.
molto rit.
ppp
Ped
Segue

Canada: John McCrae (1872-1918) 104
pg. 325 (Died on active service, of pneumonia.)



G SCHIRMER ROYAL BRAND


poco cresc.
larks, still brave-ly sing-ing fly scarce heard a-miss the guns be-low.
poco cresc.
We break faith with us who die We shall not sleep, though pop-pies grow
dim. e rit.
— in Flan-ders fields. Loved and were loved, and
dim. e rit.
— in Flan-ders fields
Fine
dim. e rit.

dim.

p

now we lie in Flan-ders fields.

dim.

Postlude

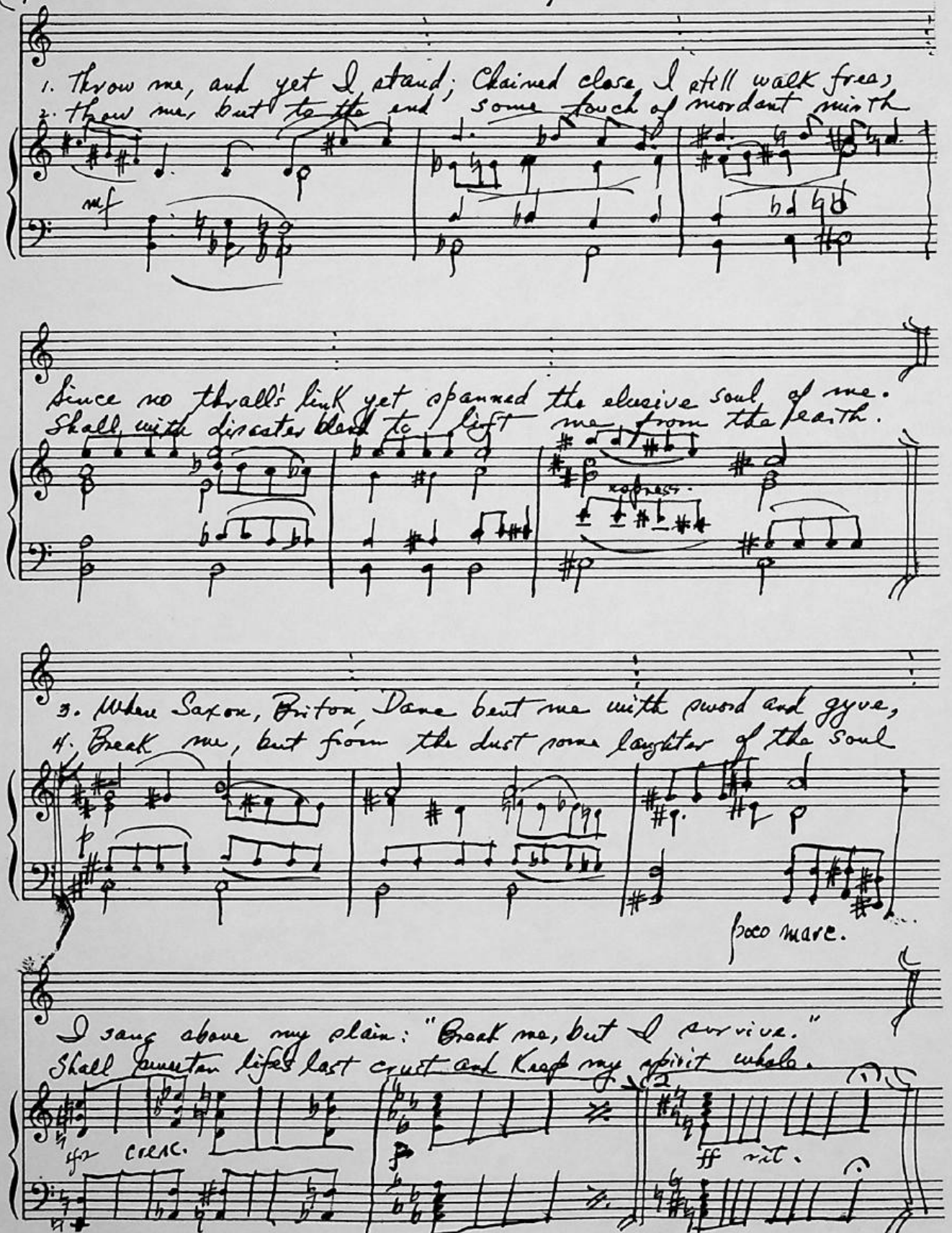
pp

ritenuto

pg. 326 Arthur Stringer (1874-)

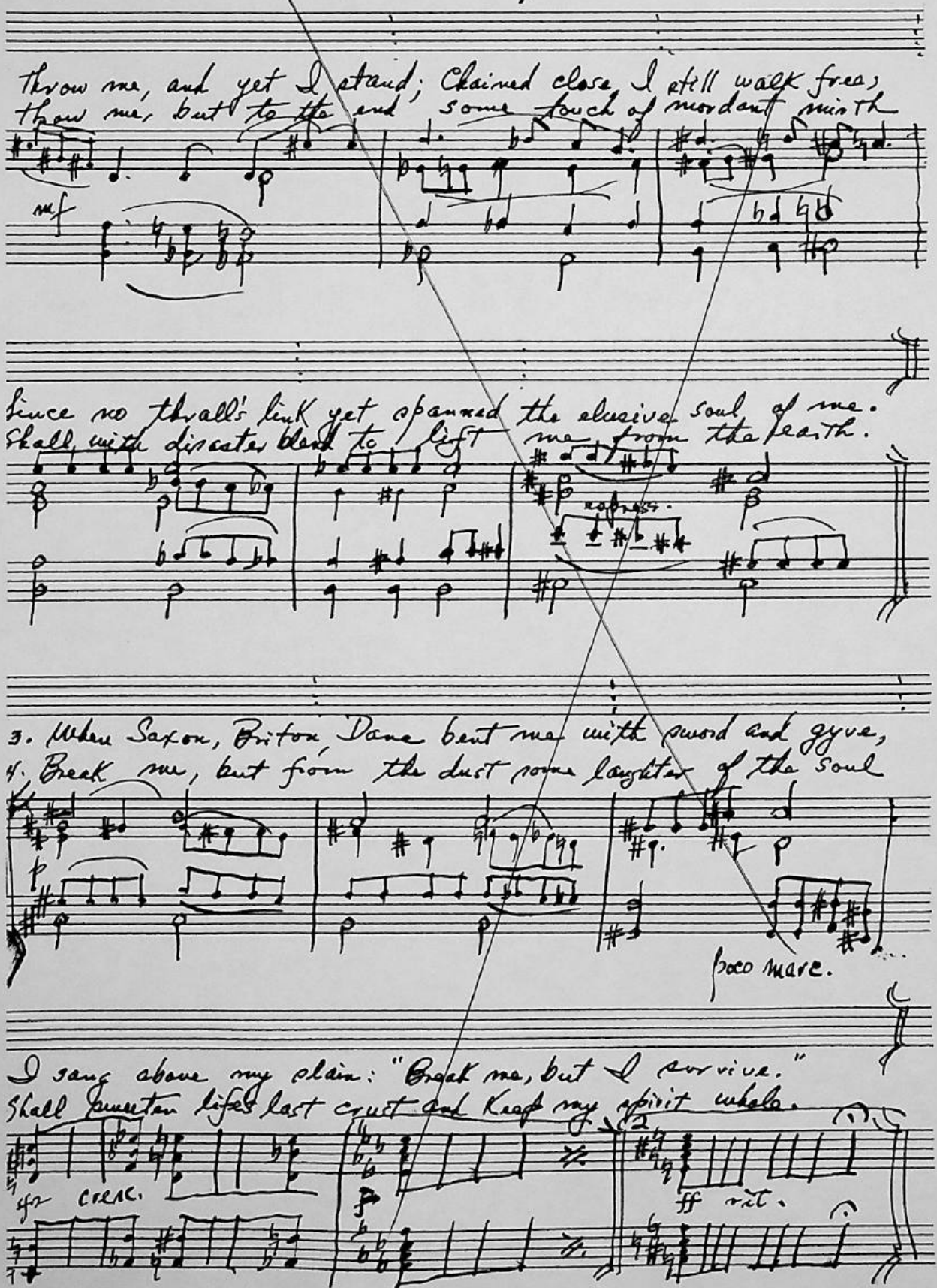
(Spoken)

31. The Celt Speaks



Arthur Stringer (1874- Ken)

The Celt Speaks



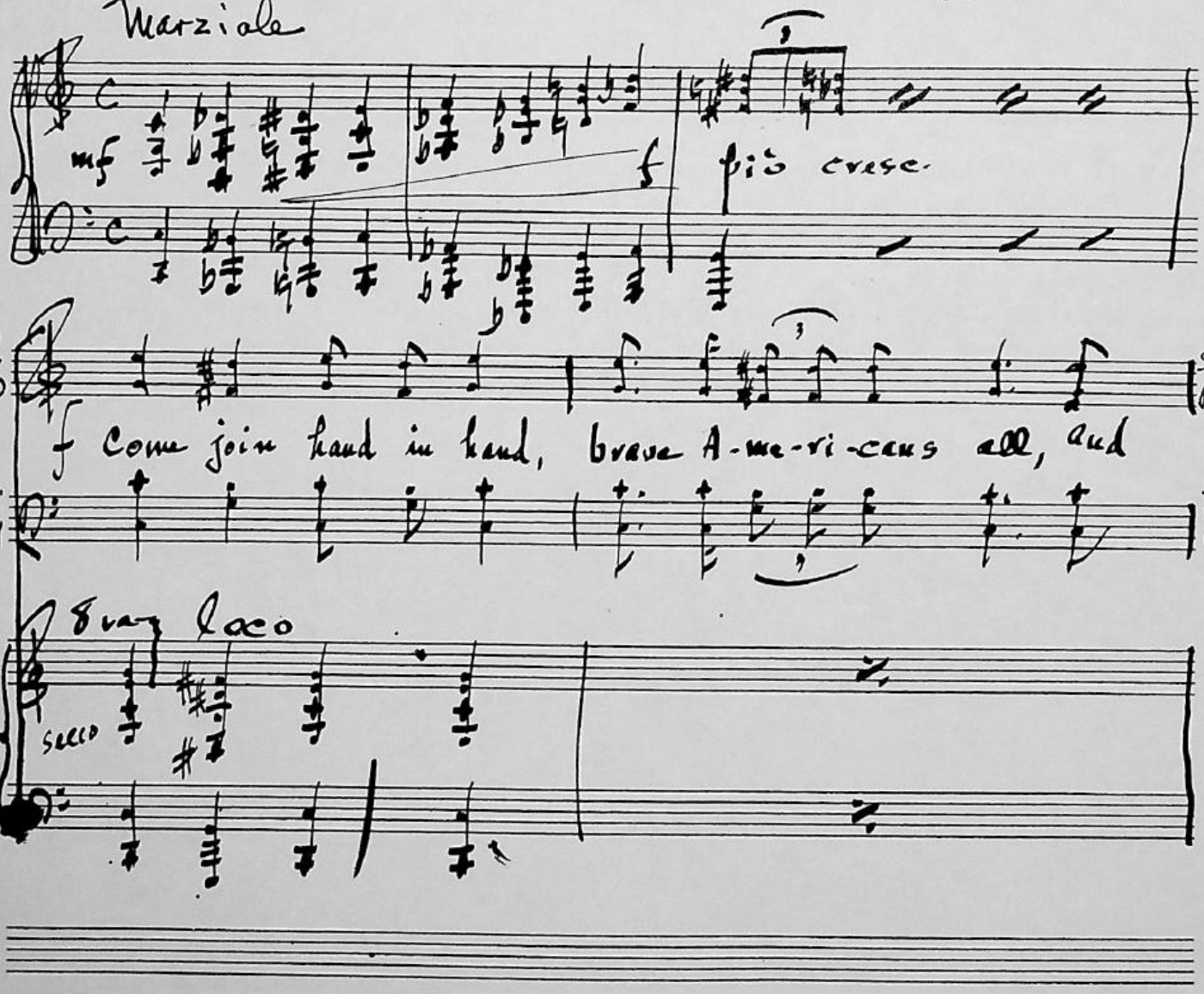
John Dickinson (1732–1808)

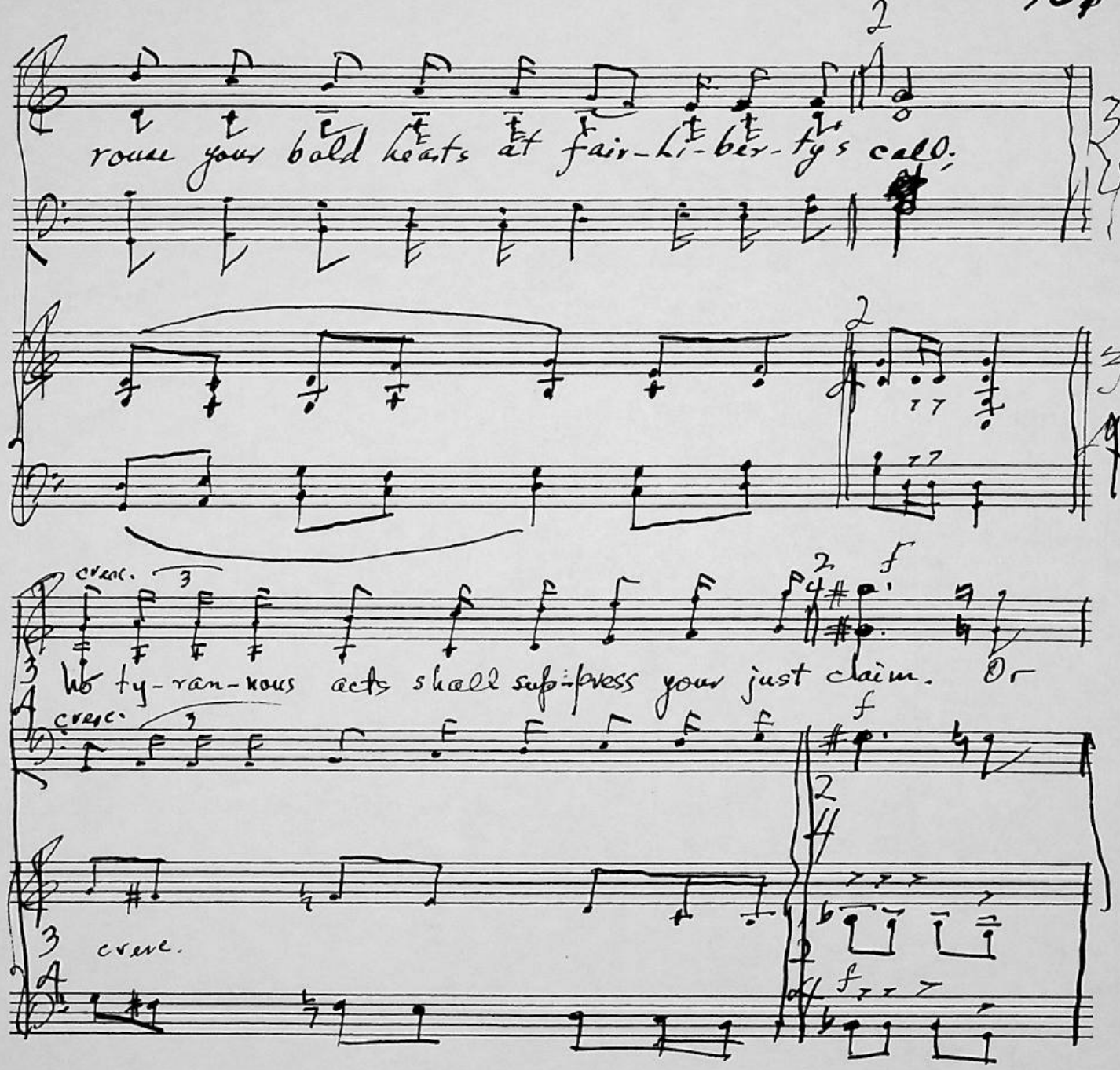
32. A Song of American Freedom

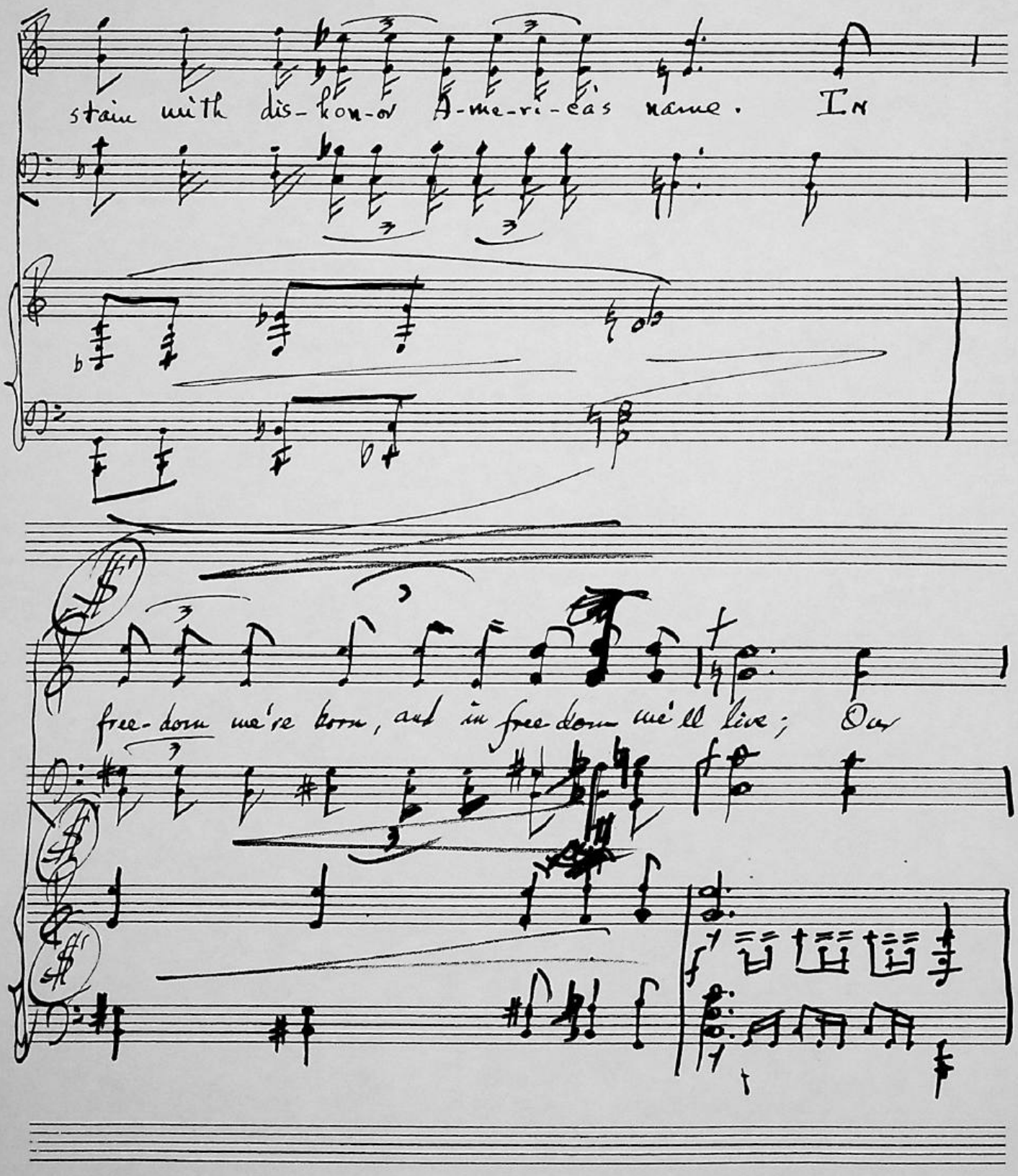
[The Liberty Song]

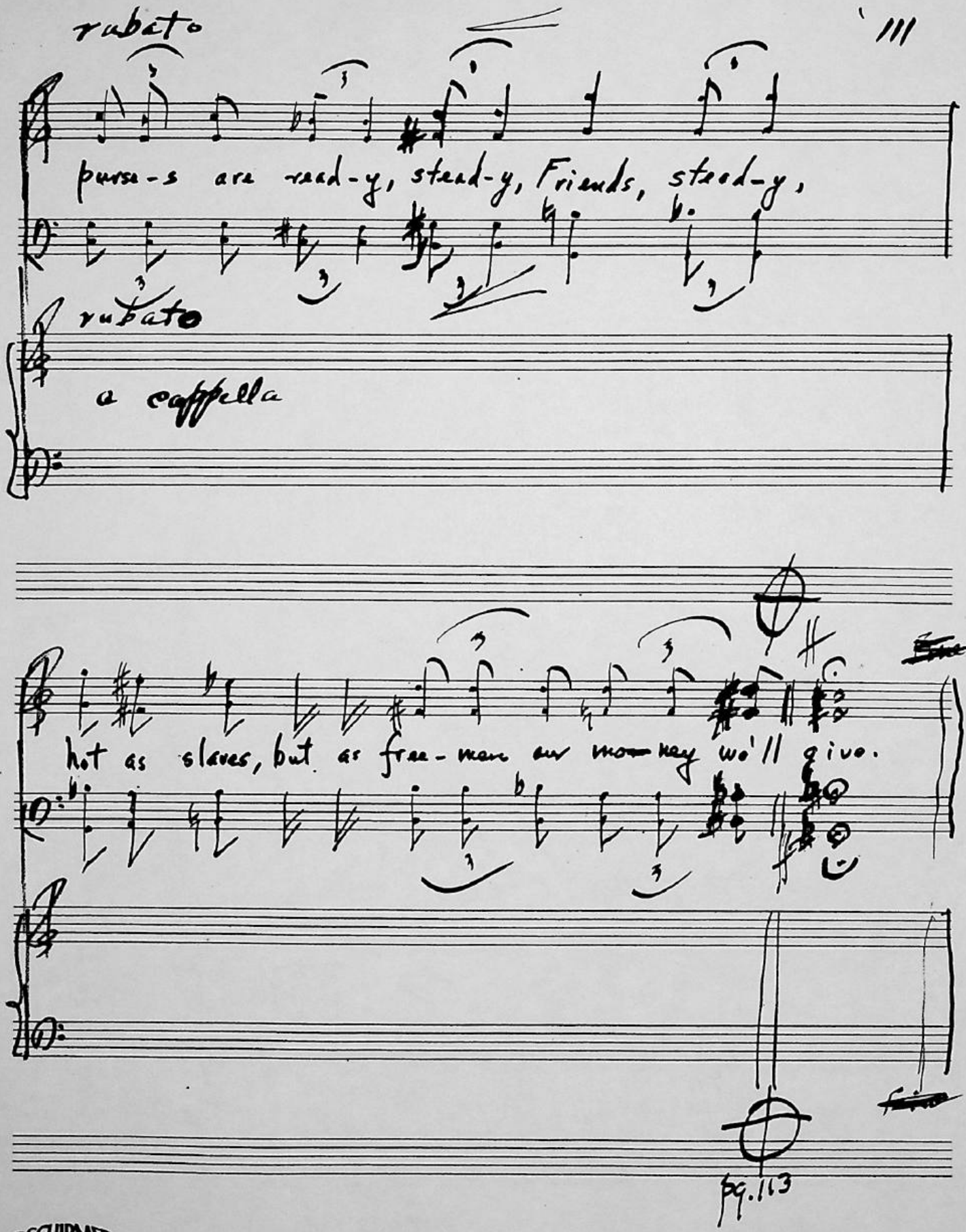
"... a song for American freedom. I have long since renounced poetry, but as indifferent songs are very powerful on certain occasions, I venture to invoke the deserted muses..."

(Dickinson)



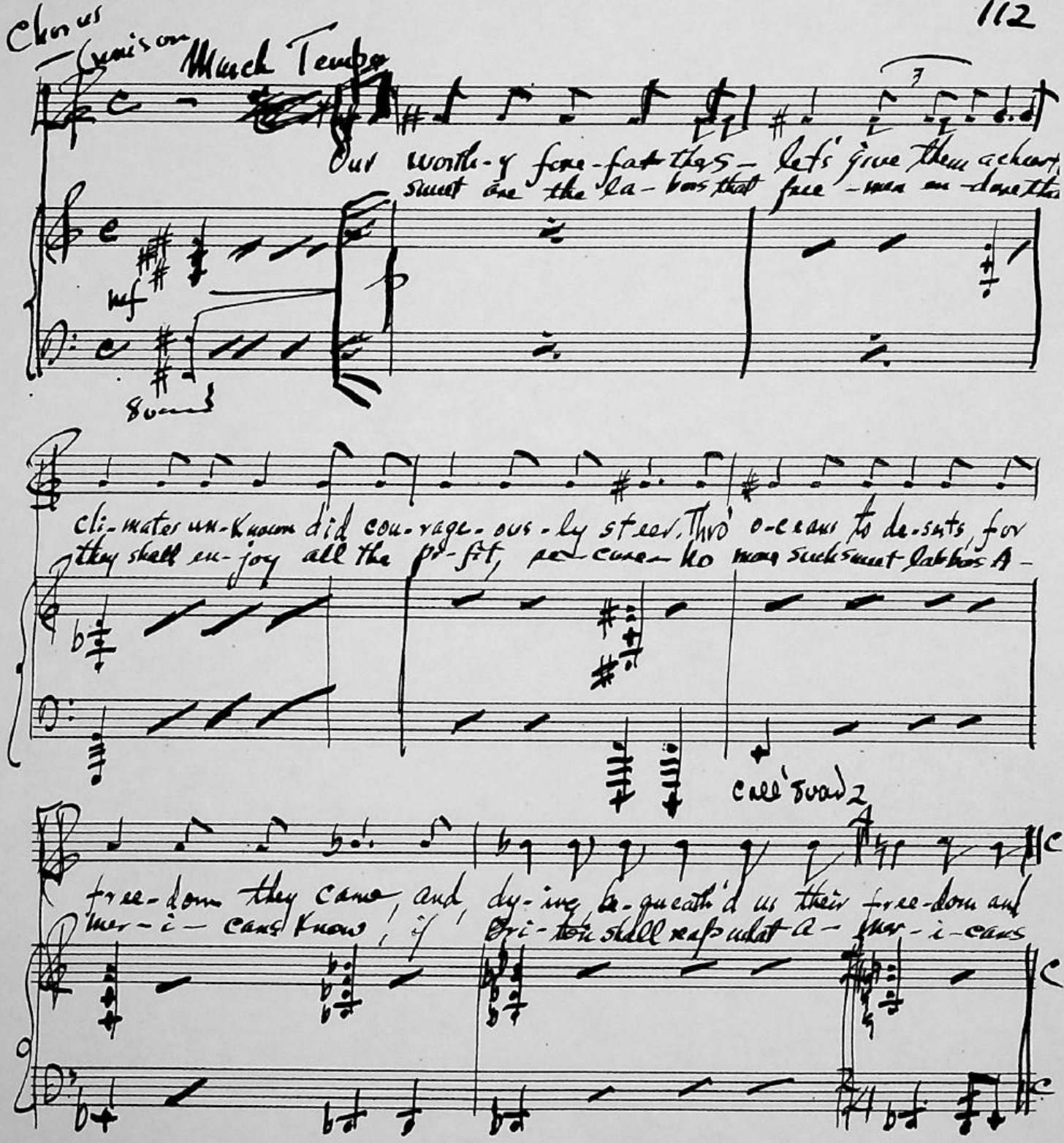

rouse your bold hearts at fair-li-ber-ty's call.
cresc.
No ty-ran-nous acts shall sup-press your just claim. Or
cresc.
cresc.

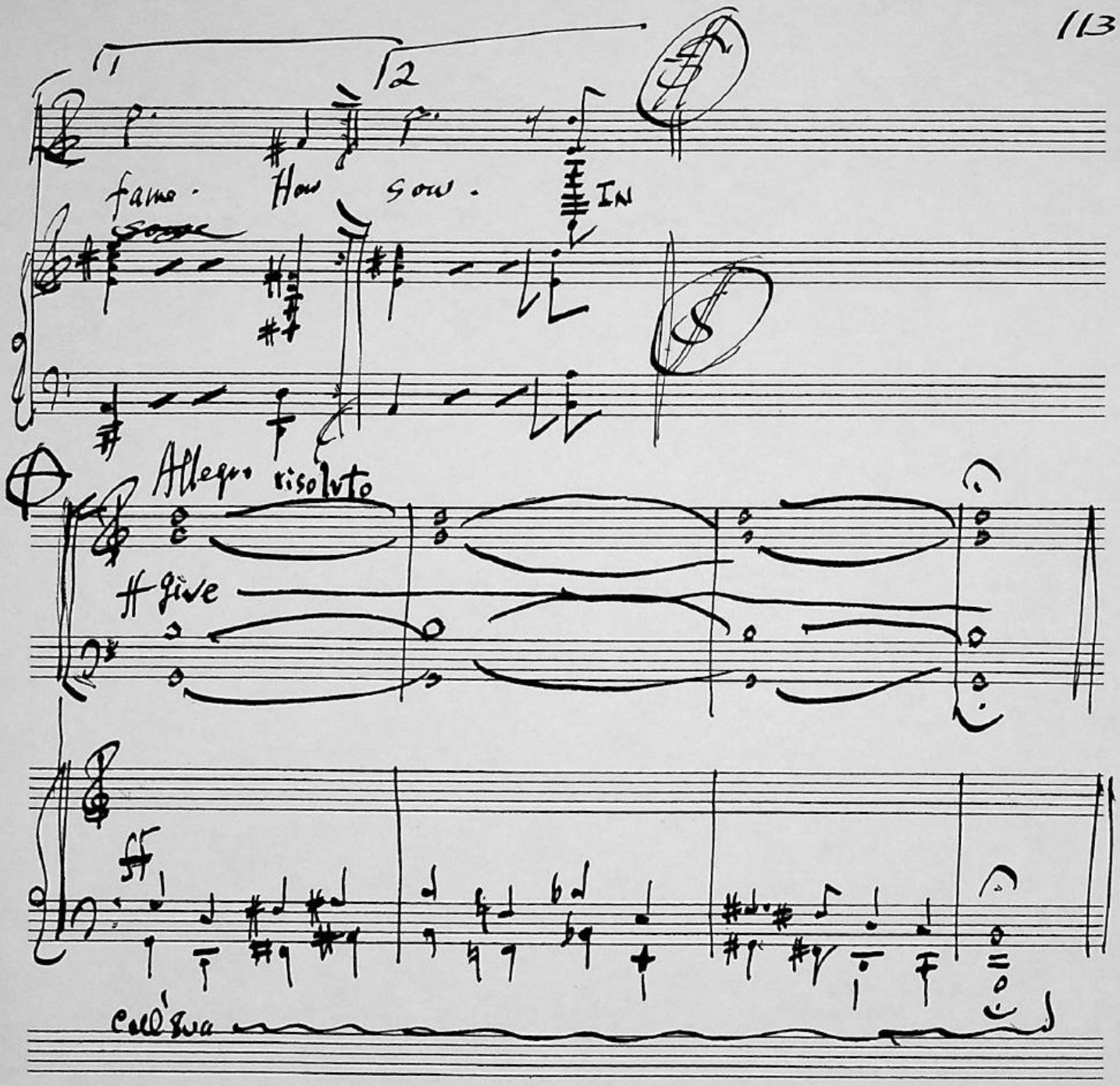

stain with dis-hon-or A-me-ri-ca's name. In
free-dom we're born, and in free-dom we'll live; Our


rubato
purse-s are read-y, stead-y, Friends, stead-y,
rubato
a cappella
not as slaves, but as free-men our mon-ney we'll give.
fine
fine
pg. 113

Chorus

Much Tempo

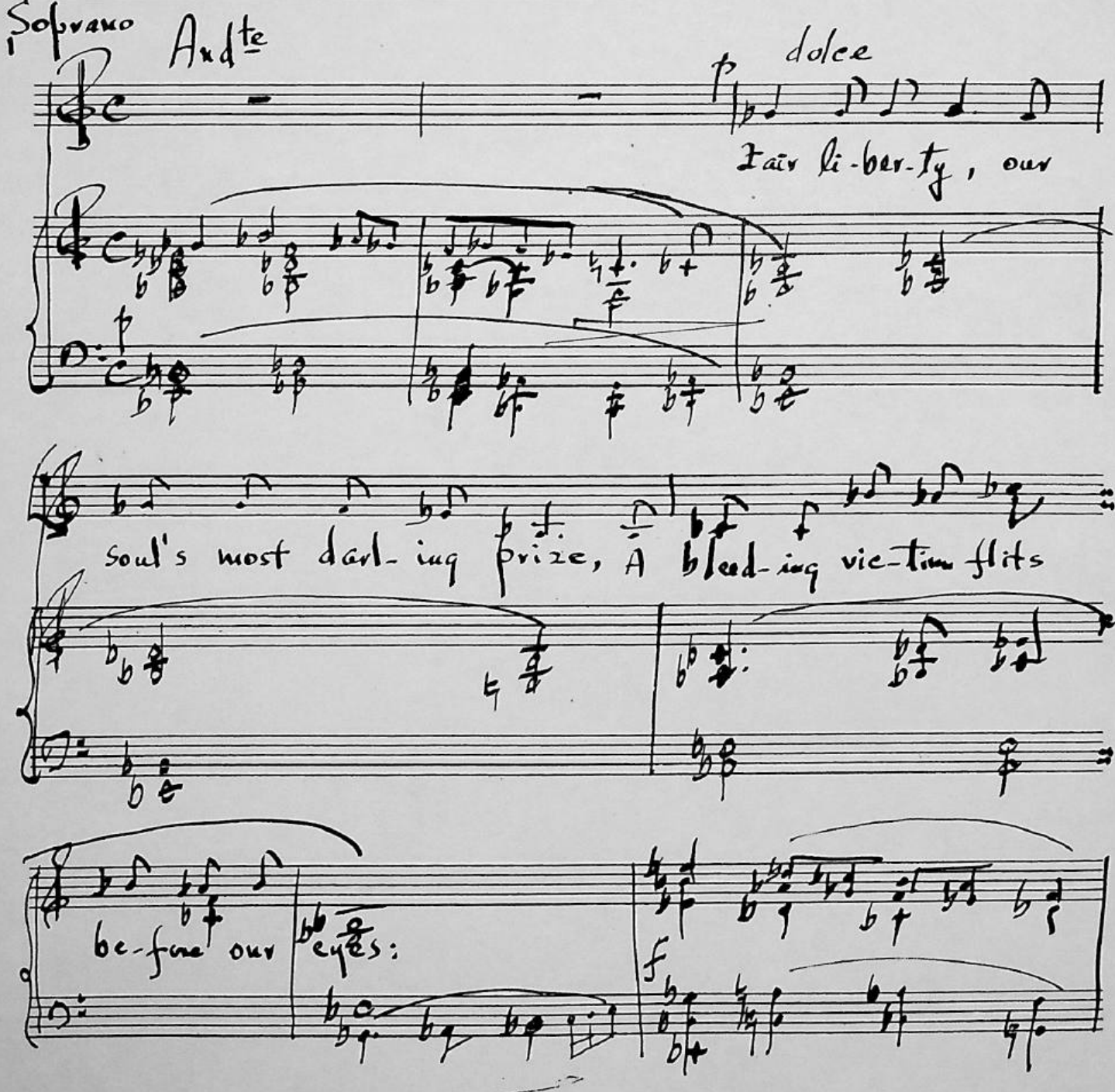


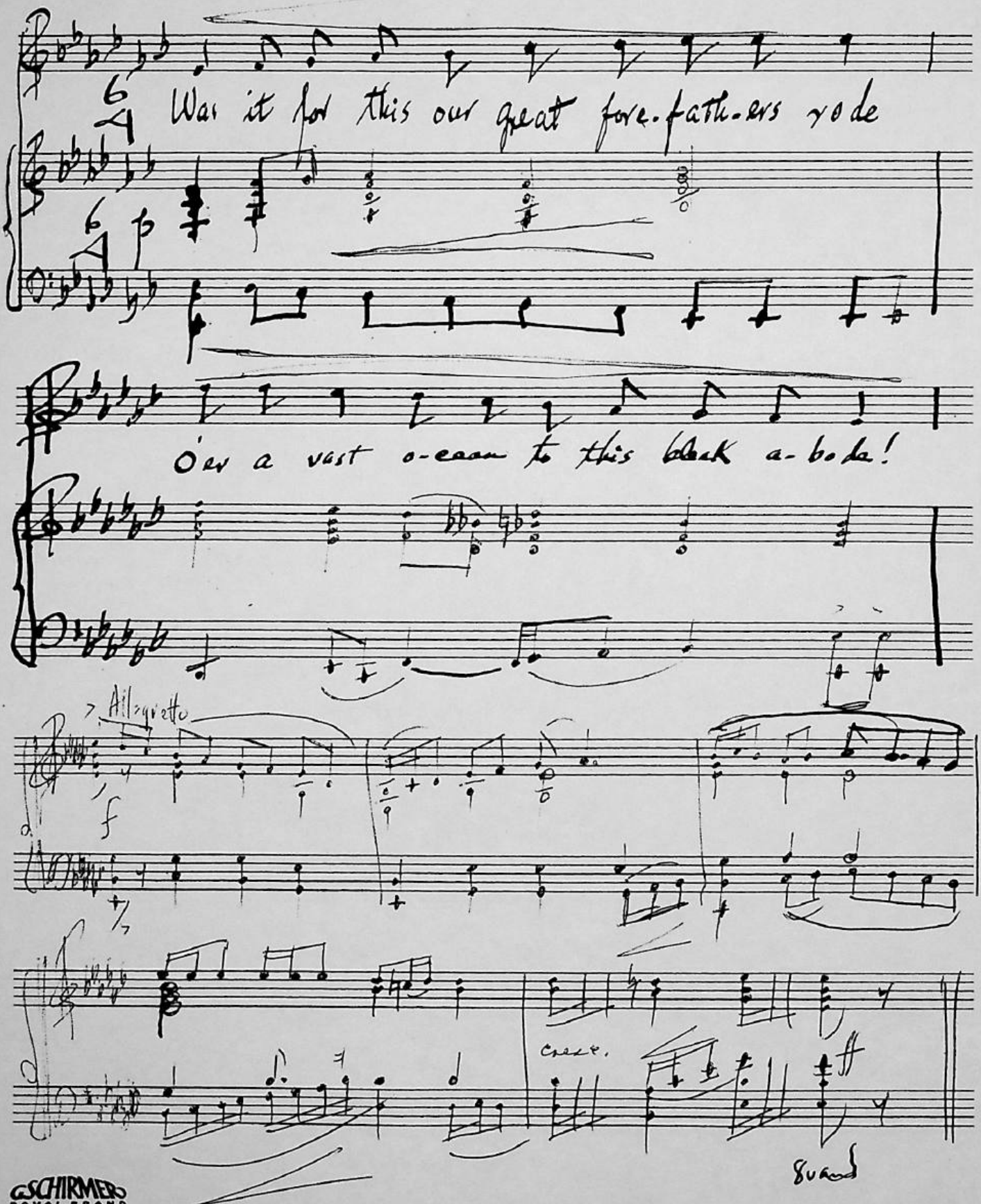


SCHIRMER

Benjamin Church (1734 - lost at sea, 1776)

(pg. 339) 33. To The Heirs of the Pilgrims



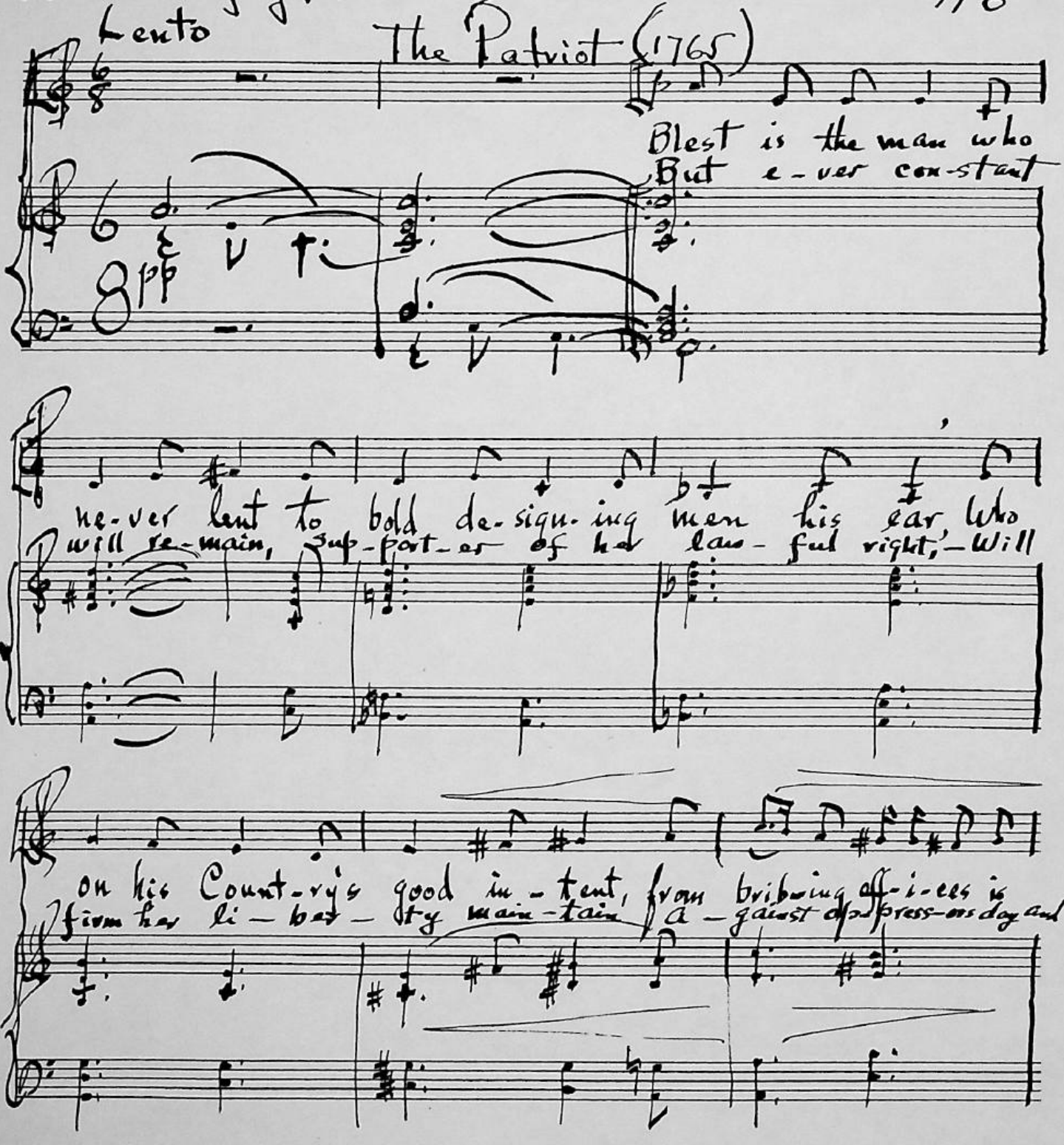

Was it for this our great fore-fath-ers rode
o'er a vast o-cean to this black a-bode!
Allegretto
cresc.
SCHIRMER
ROYAL BRAND

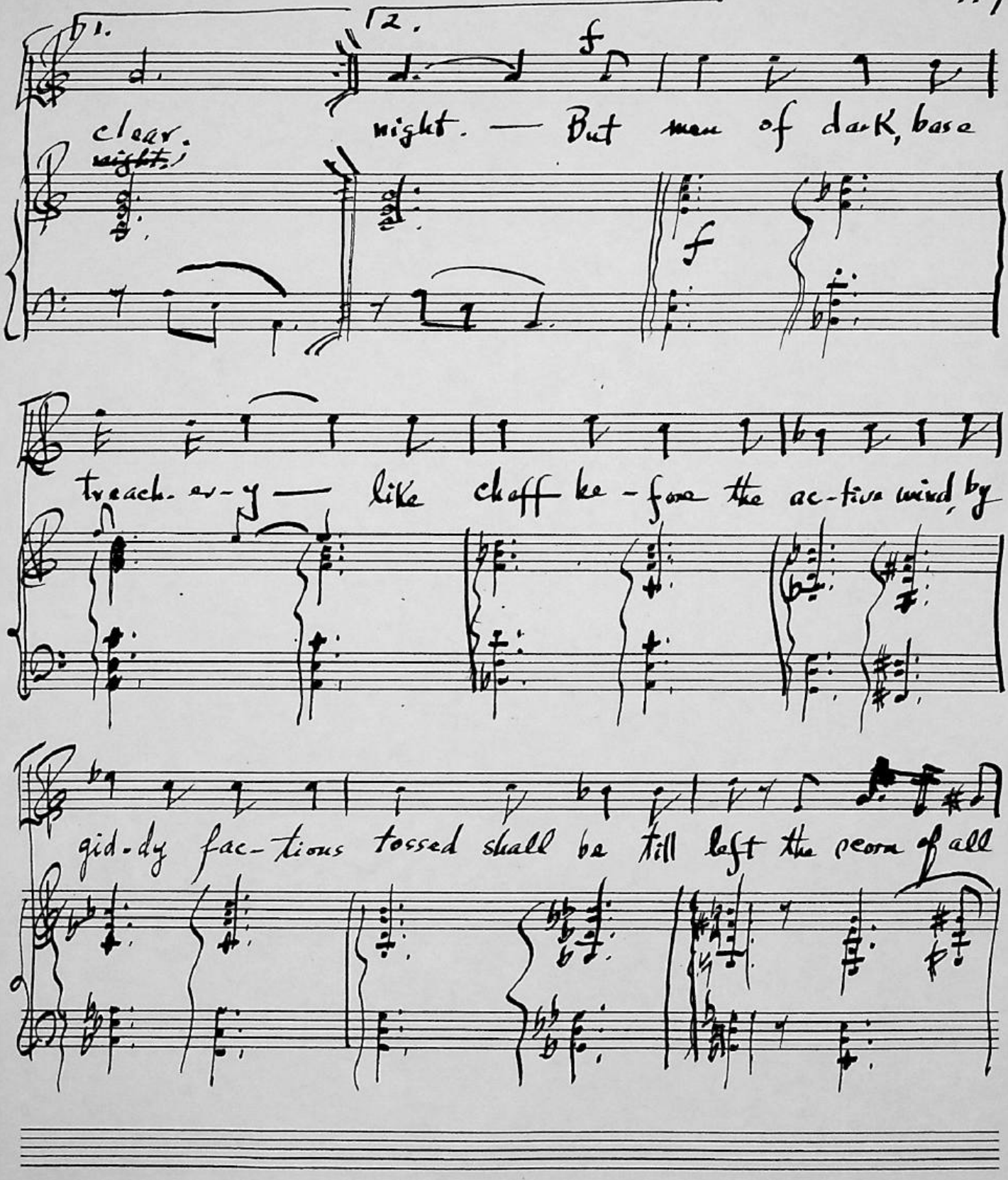
Thomas Godfrey (1736–1763)

116

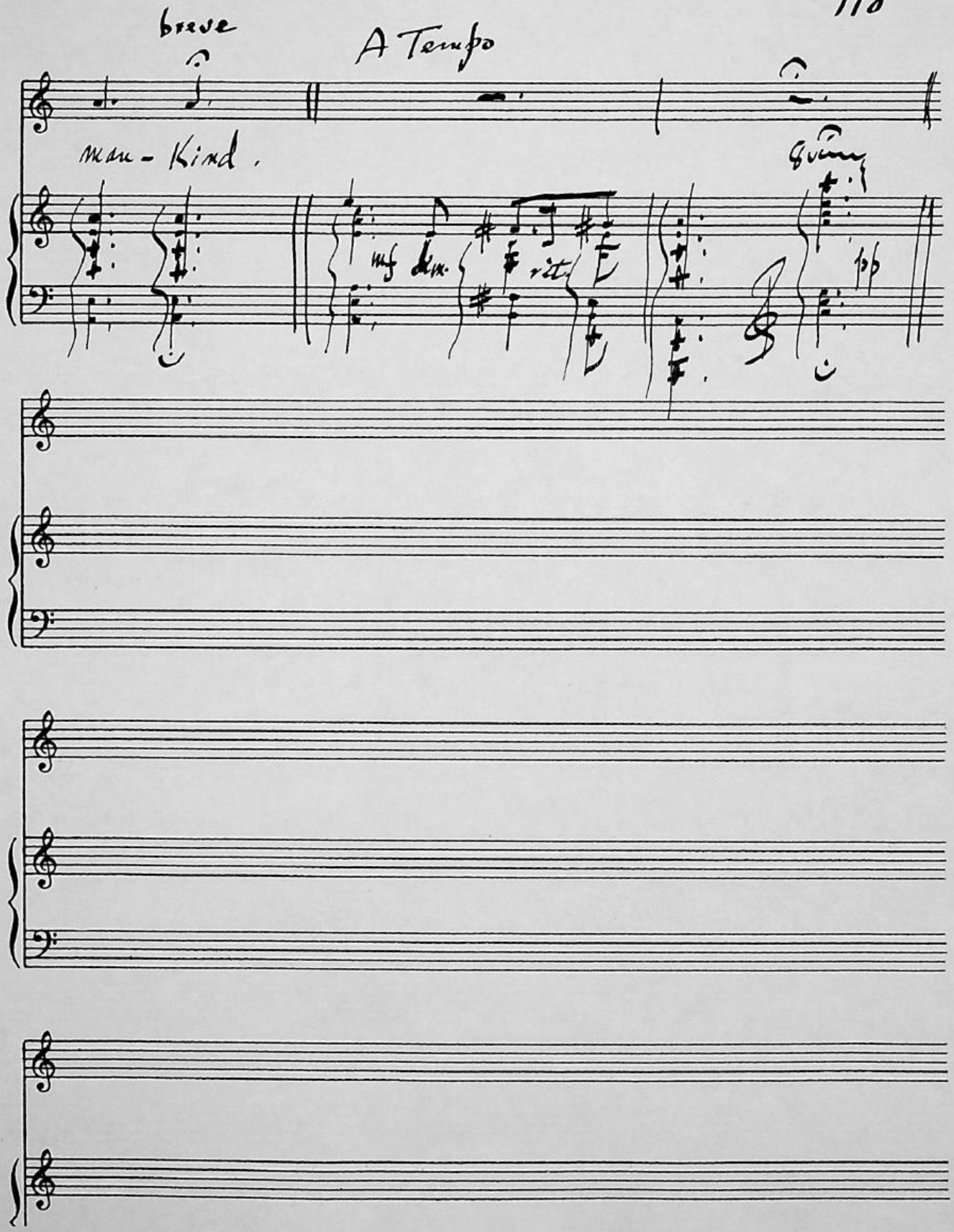
Lento

The Patriot (1765)





G.SCHIRMER ROYAL BRAND


breve
A Tempo
Mau - Kind.
Gnade
mf dim.
rit.
pp

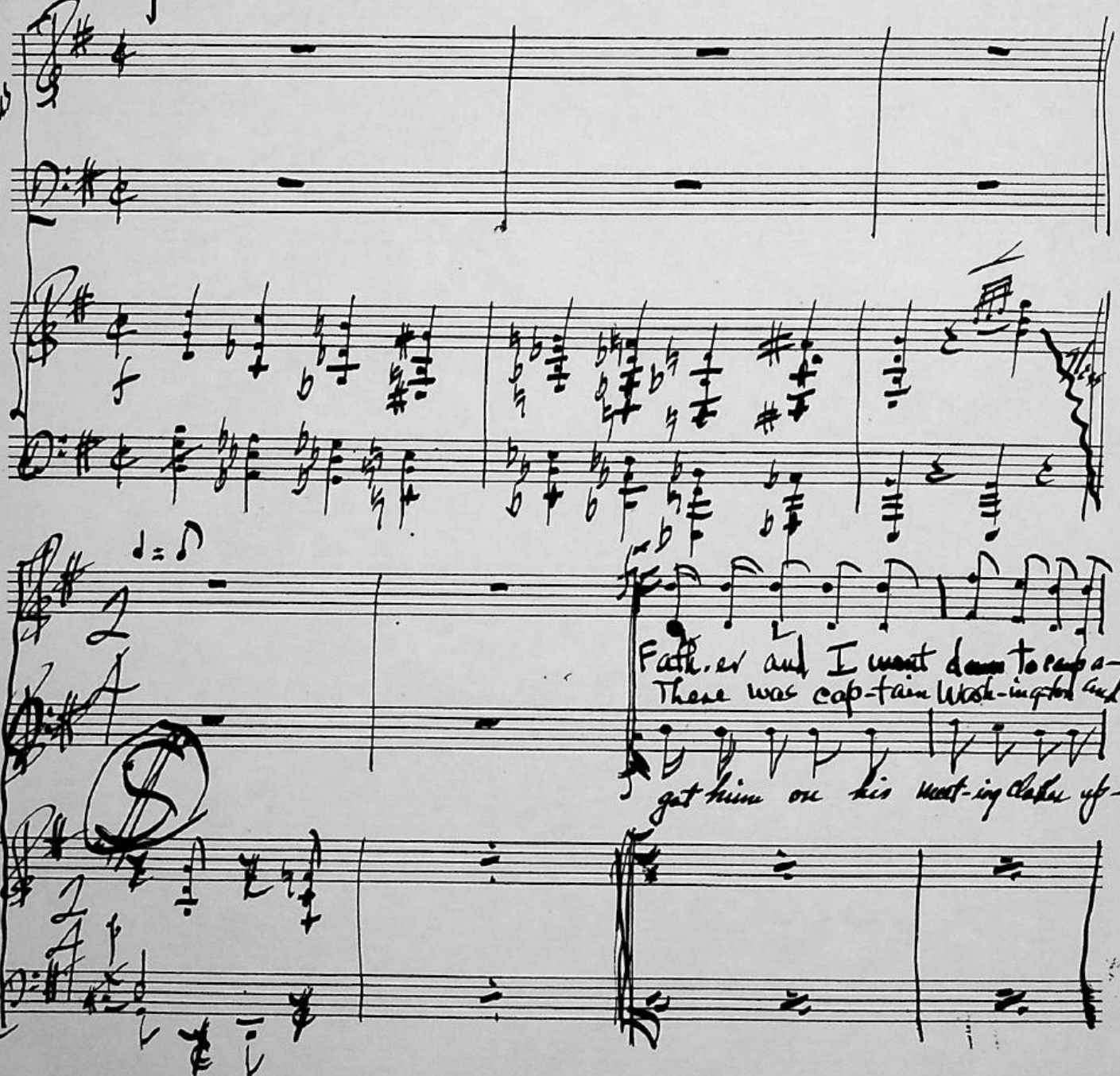
Anonymous
(347)

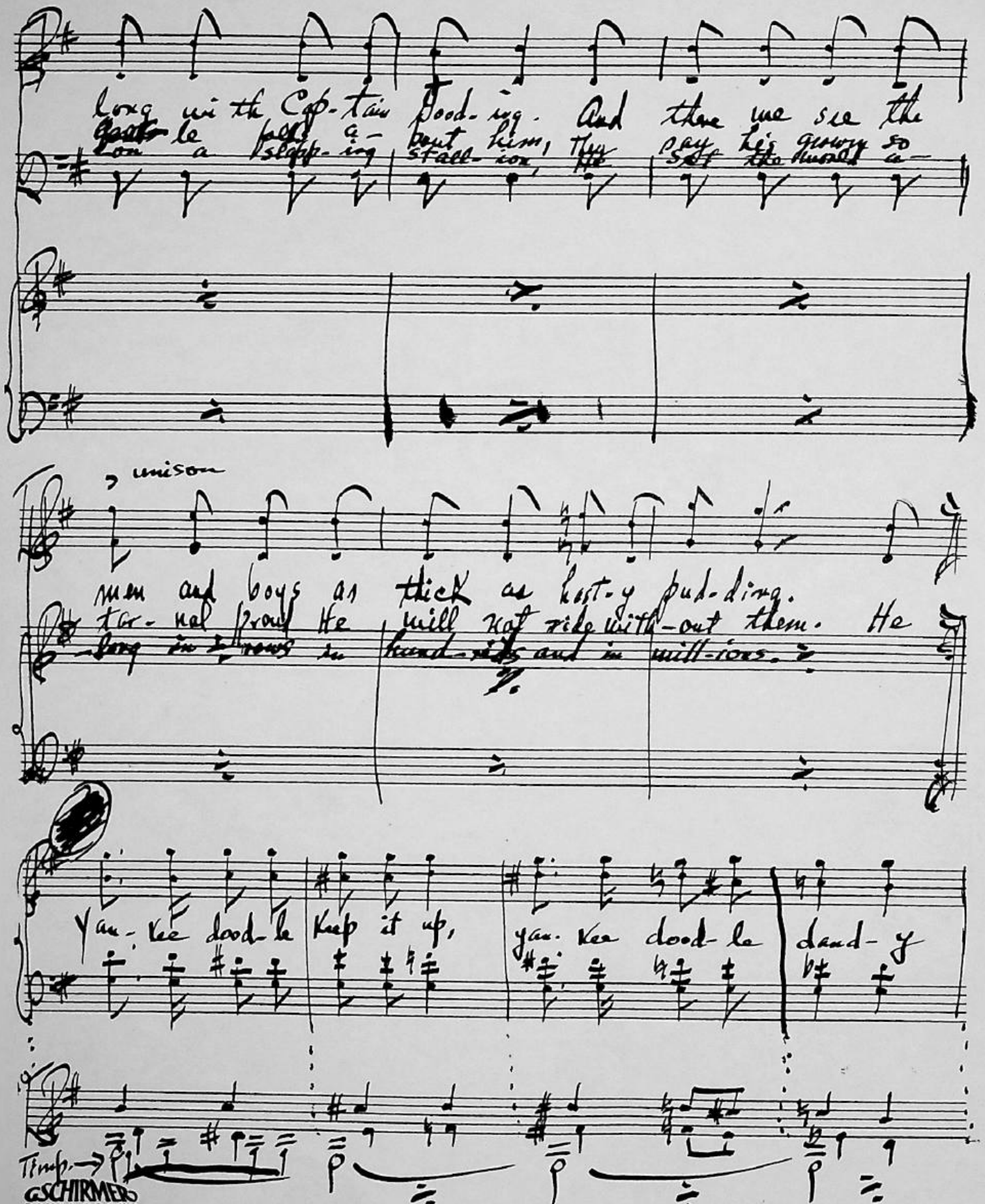
35. Yankee Doodle (1775 or 1776)

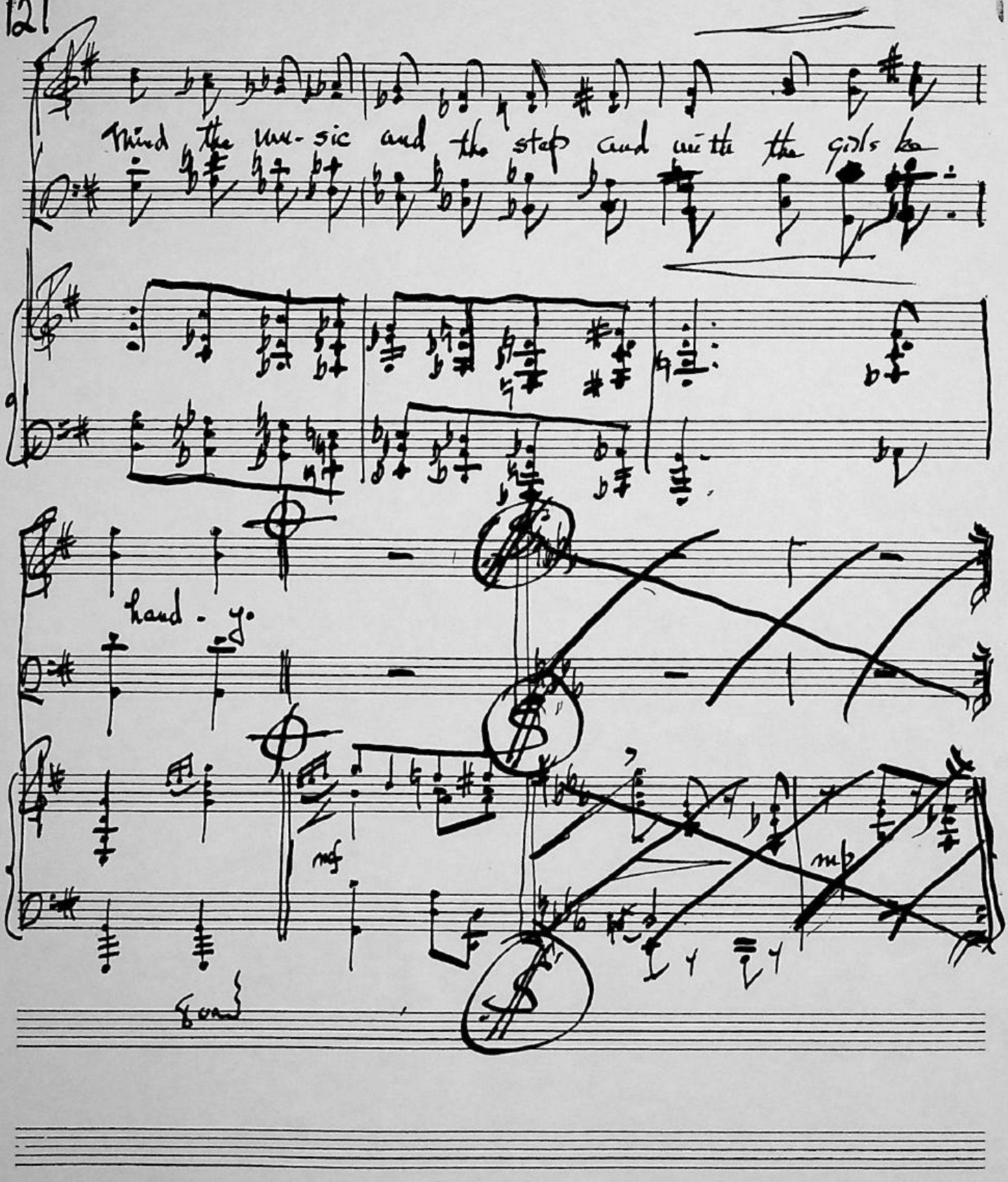
[From the probably original edition of "Father and I Went Down to Camp," entitled "The Farmer and his Son's return from a visit to the Camp."]

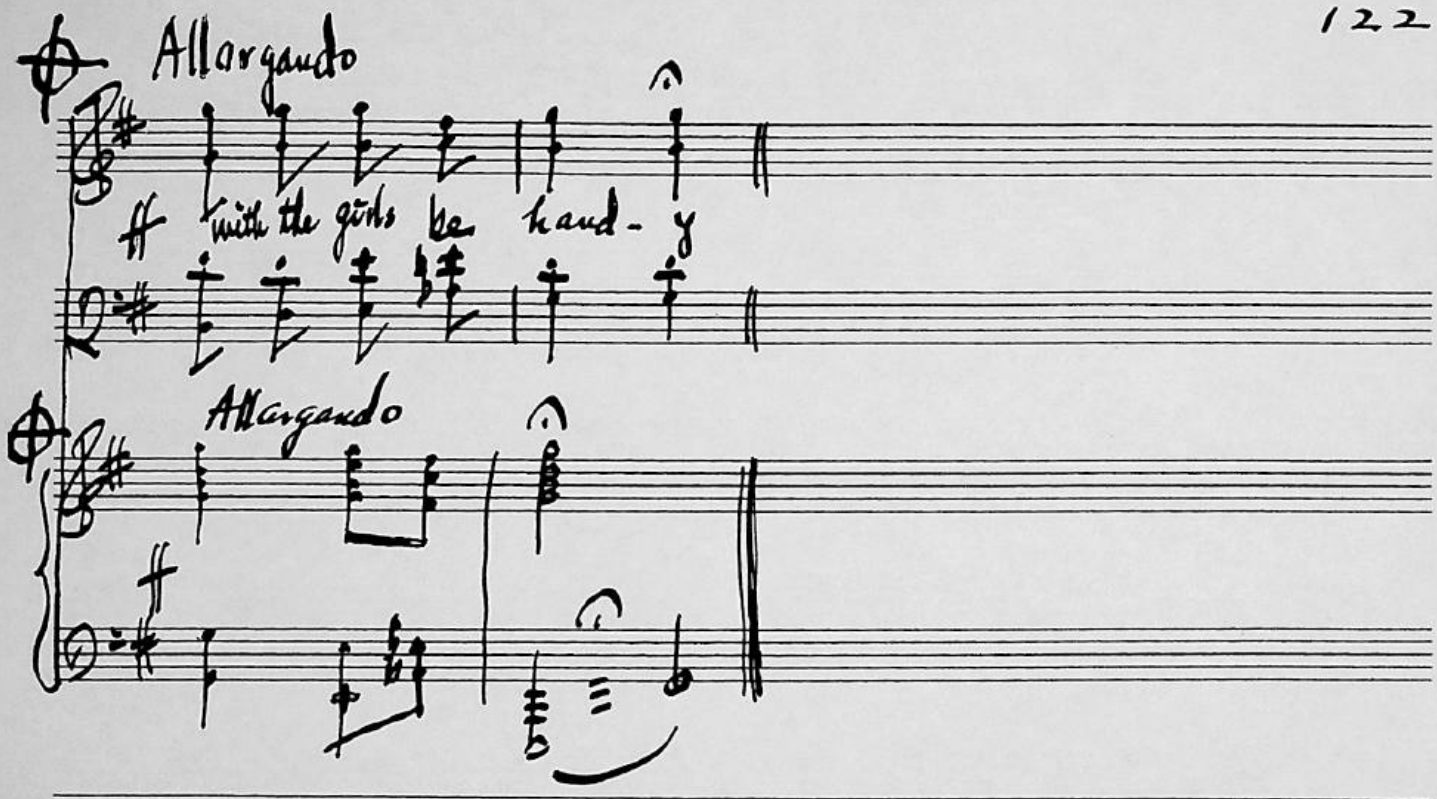
Con spirito

Flutes




long with Cap-tain Good-ing. And there we see the
Gen-tle-man a-bout him, The
mus-cle of the
mem and boys as thick as hast-y pud-ding.
tor-nal Proud He will not ride with-out them. He
long in rows in hund-reds and in mill-ions.
unison
Yan-kee doo-dle Keep it up, yan-kee doo-dle dand-y
Timp.
SCHIRMER
ROYAL BRAND


mind the mu- sic and the step and with the girls be
hand - y.
mf
mp


Allargando
ff with the girls be hand- y
Allargando
ff

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) 123

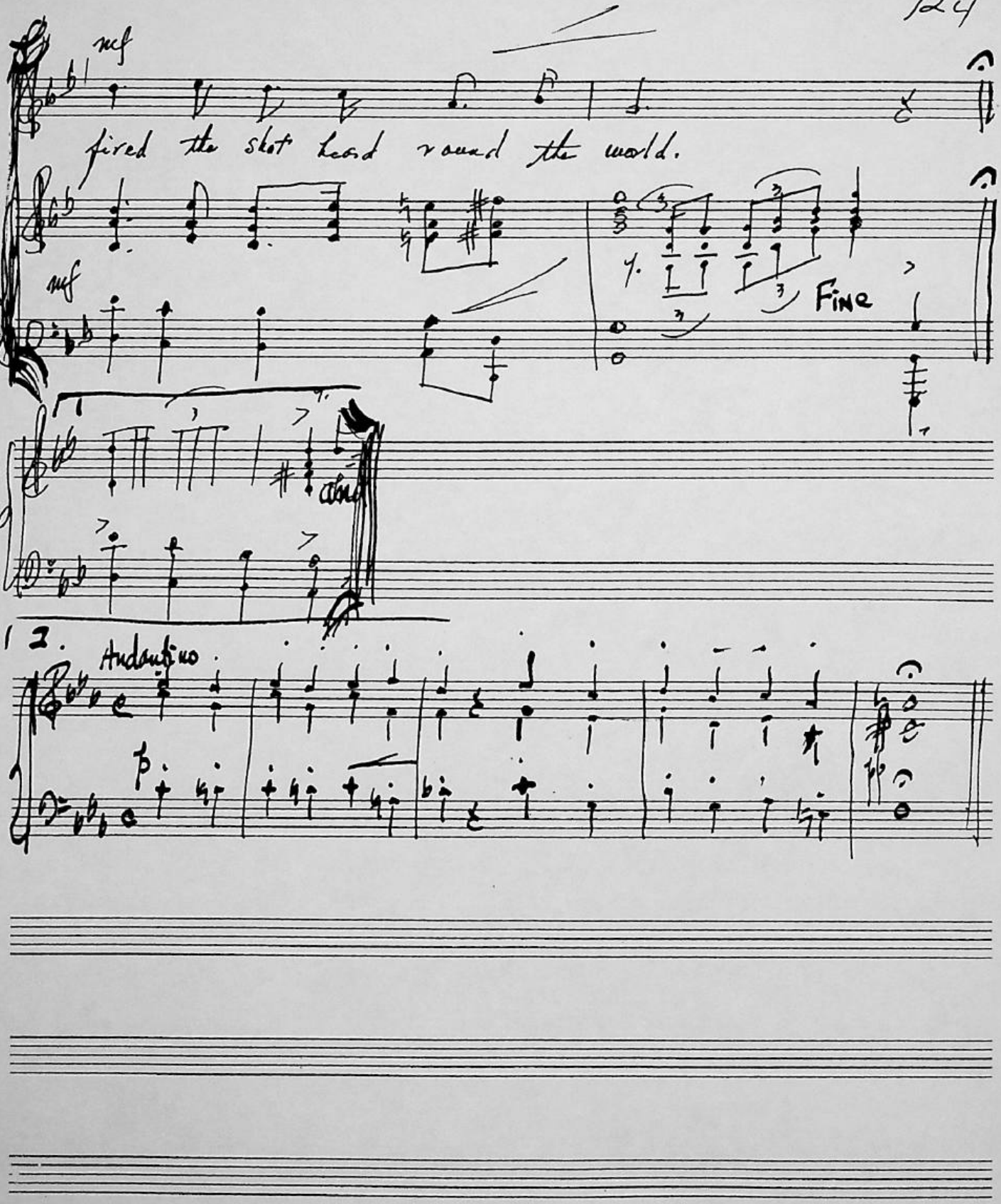
Concord Hymn (Sung at completion of Battle Monument, at Concord riverside, April 19, 1837)

Moderato, ma non troppo

By the rude bridge that arched the flood, their flag to Apr-il's breeze unfurled,

Here once the em-batt-led farmers stood and

G.SCHIRMER ROYAL BRAND

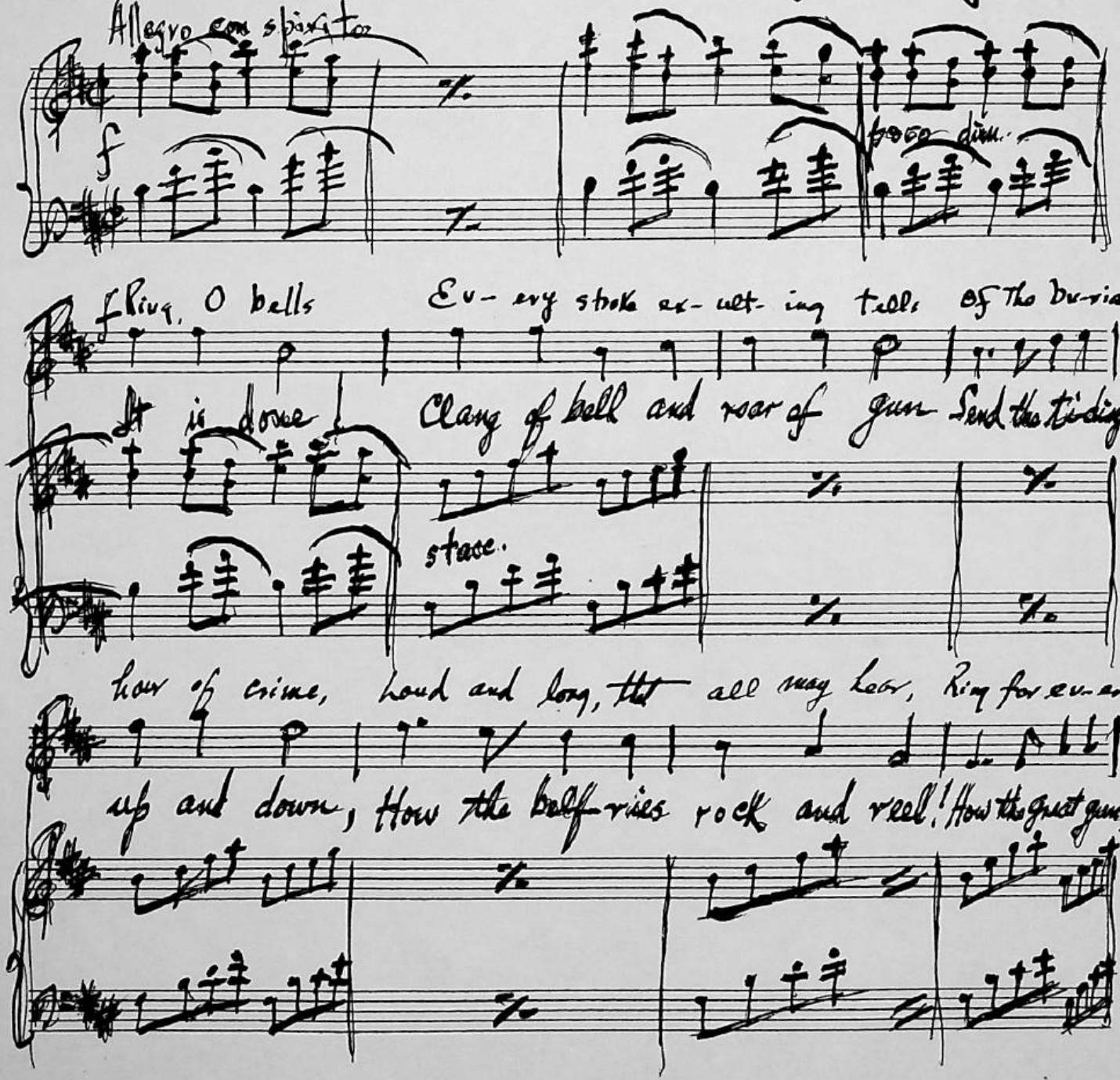

mf
fired the shot heard round the world.
mf
1.
2.
and
FINE
Andantino
p

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)

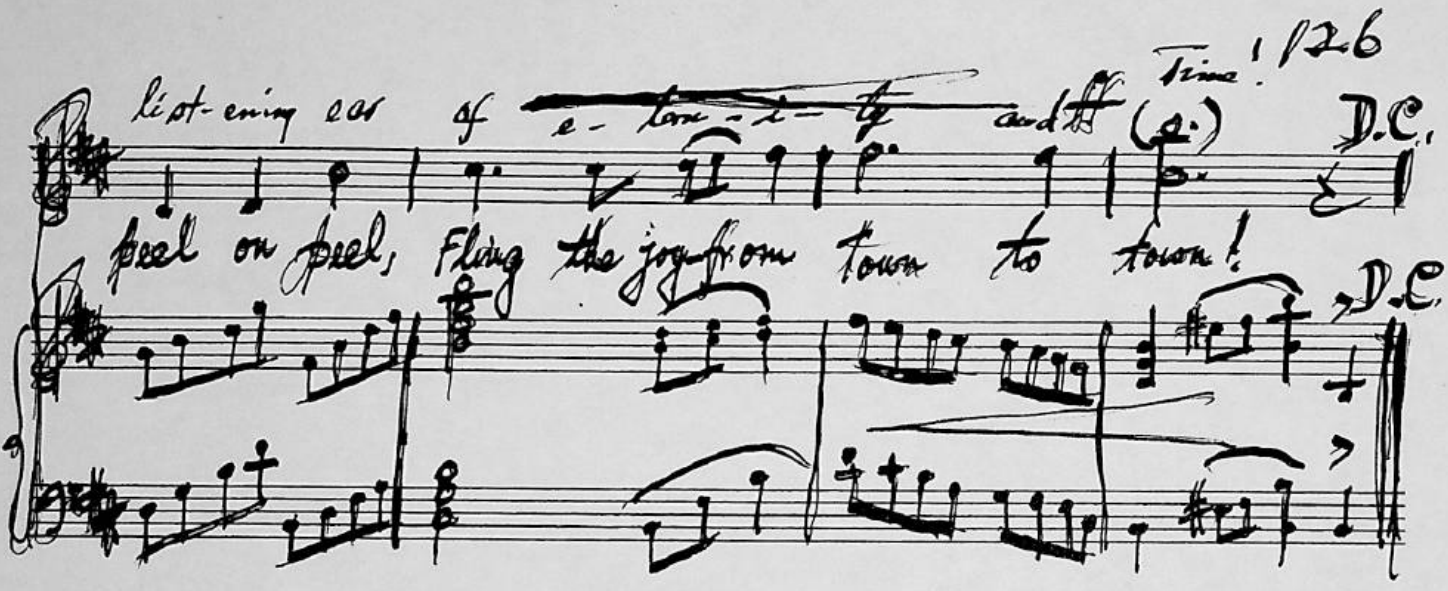
(pg. 371)

Laus Deo!

[On Hearing the Bells Ring on The Passage of The Constitutional Amendment Abolishing Slavery.]



G.SCHIRMER
ROYAL BRAND
No. 53—10 Staves

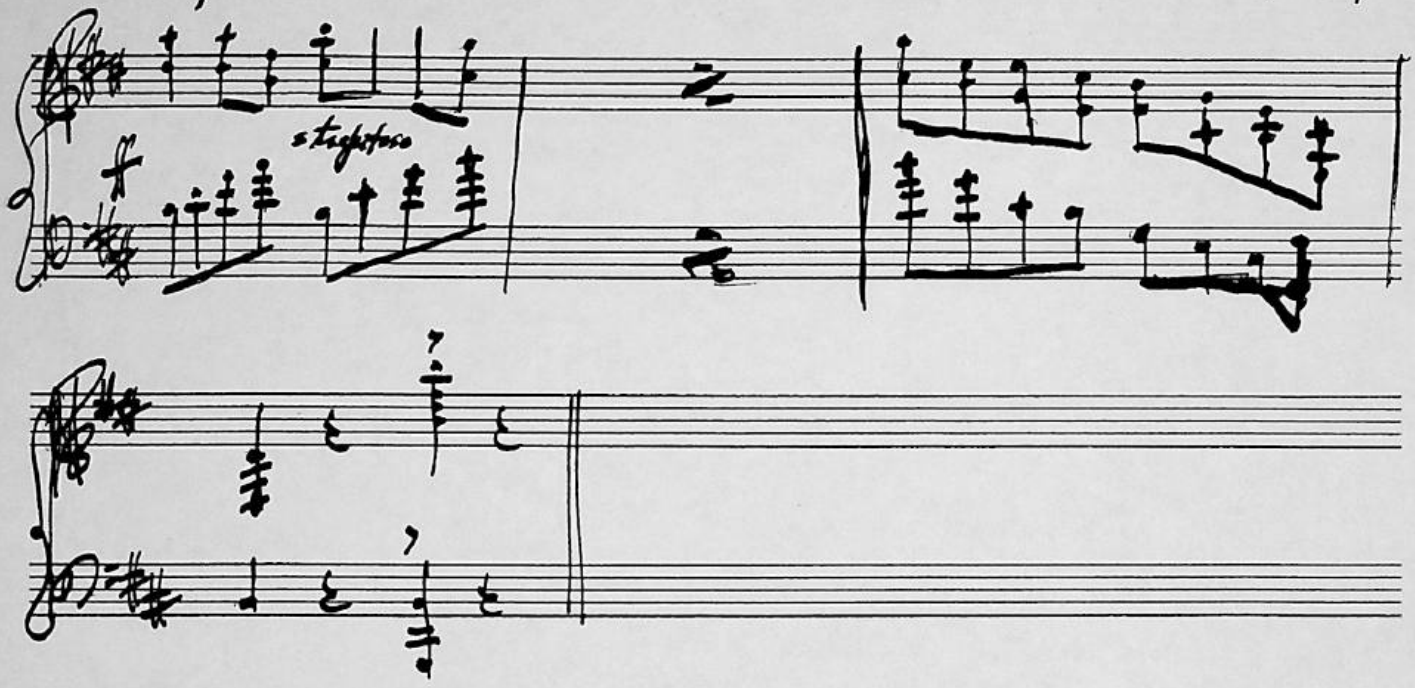


Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song,
Sing with Miriam by the sea
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
"He hath triumphed gloriously!"

Blot out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Ever breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth,
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall bless with joy the earth!

After last verse:



G.SCHIRMER

38,

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

From Tales of a Wayside Inn

[pg. 379]

The Landlord's Tale

Paul Revere's Ride

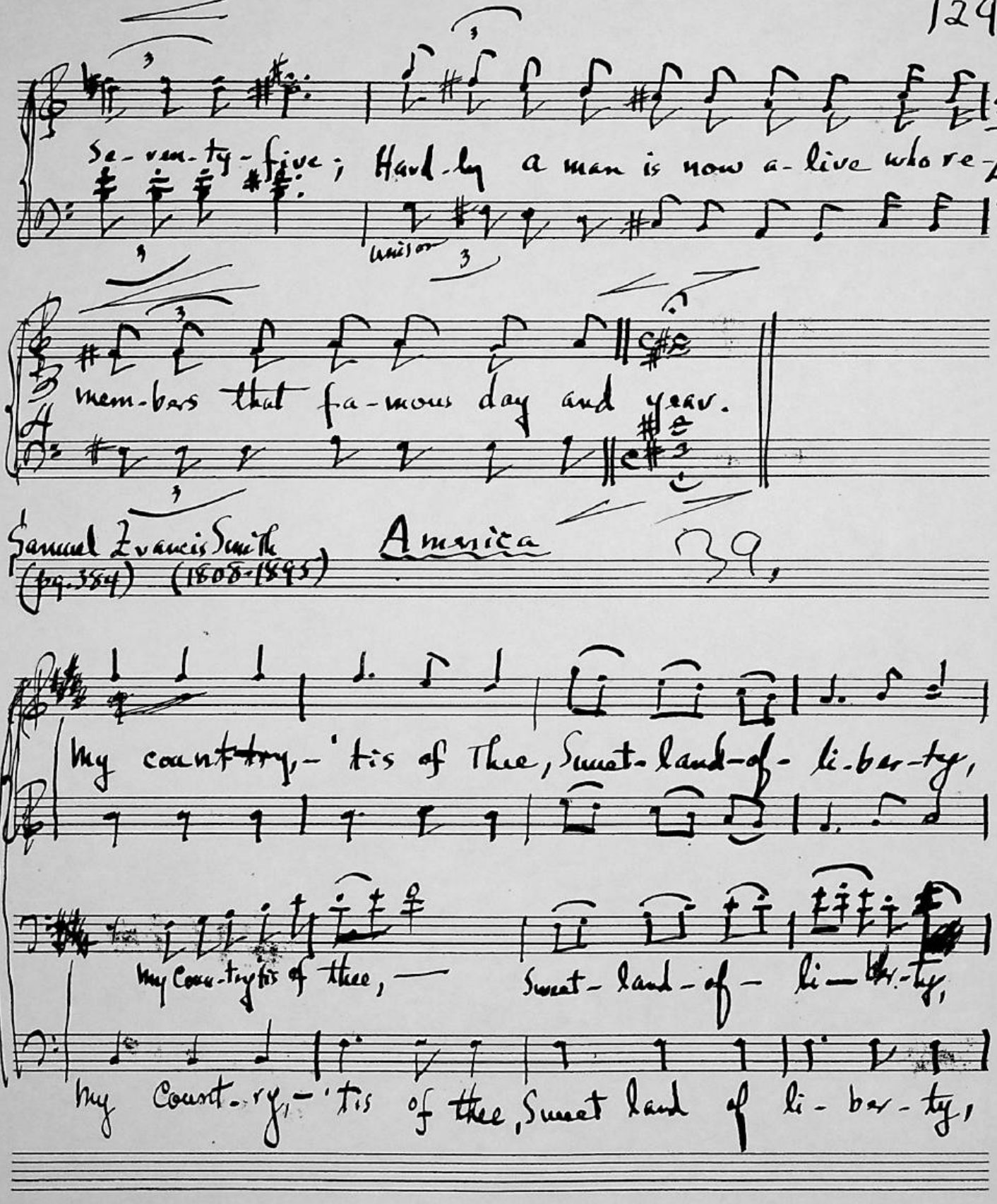
Paul Revere (1735-1818), rode from Boston to Lexington, in Middlesex county, on the night of April 18, 1775, to summon the militia.

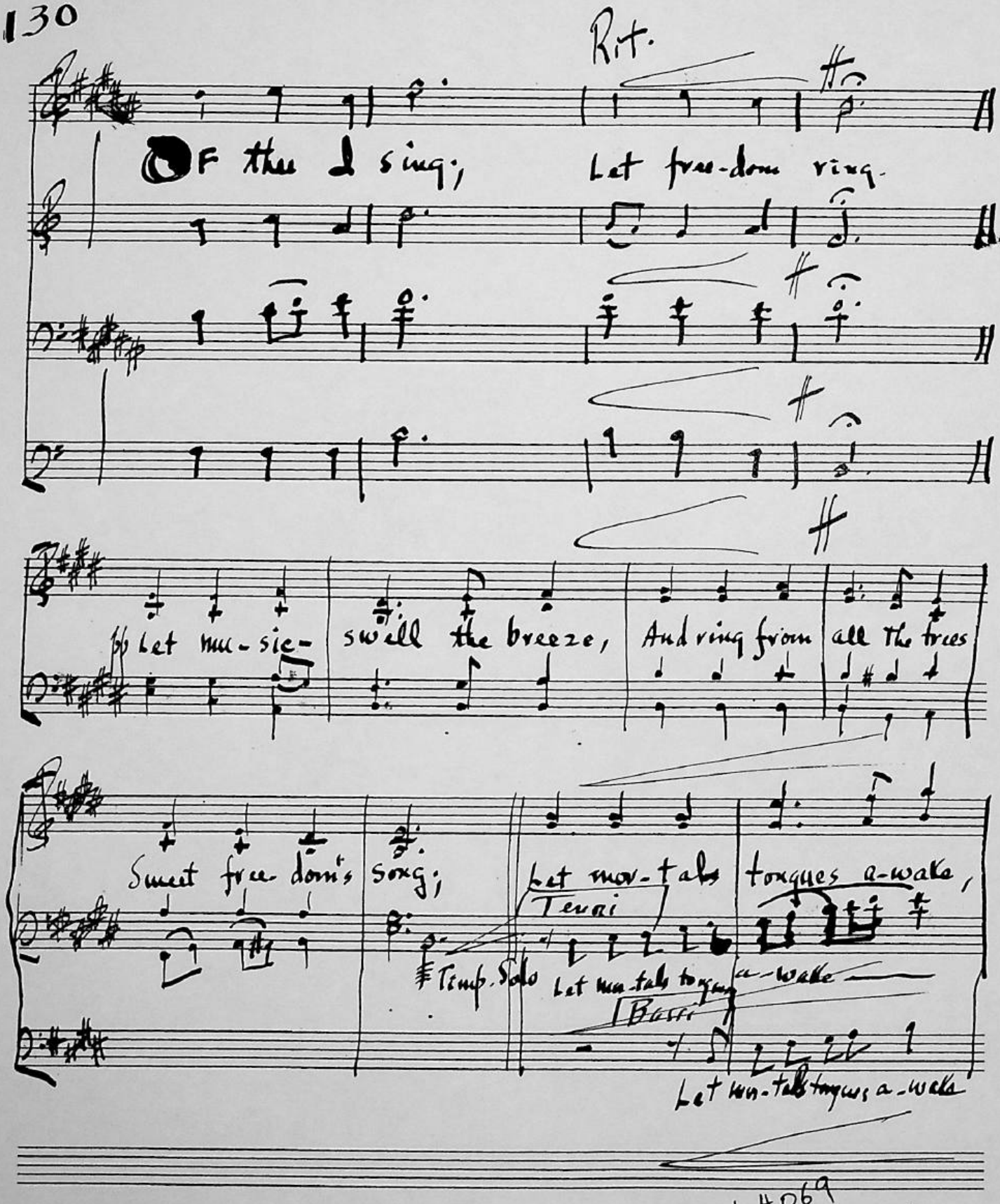
Risoluto

Sop. Alto Ten. Bass

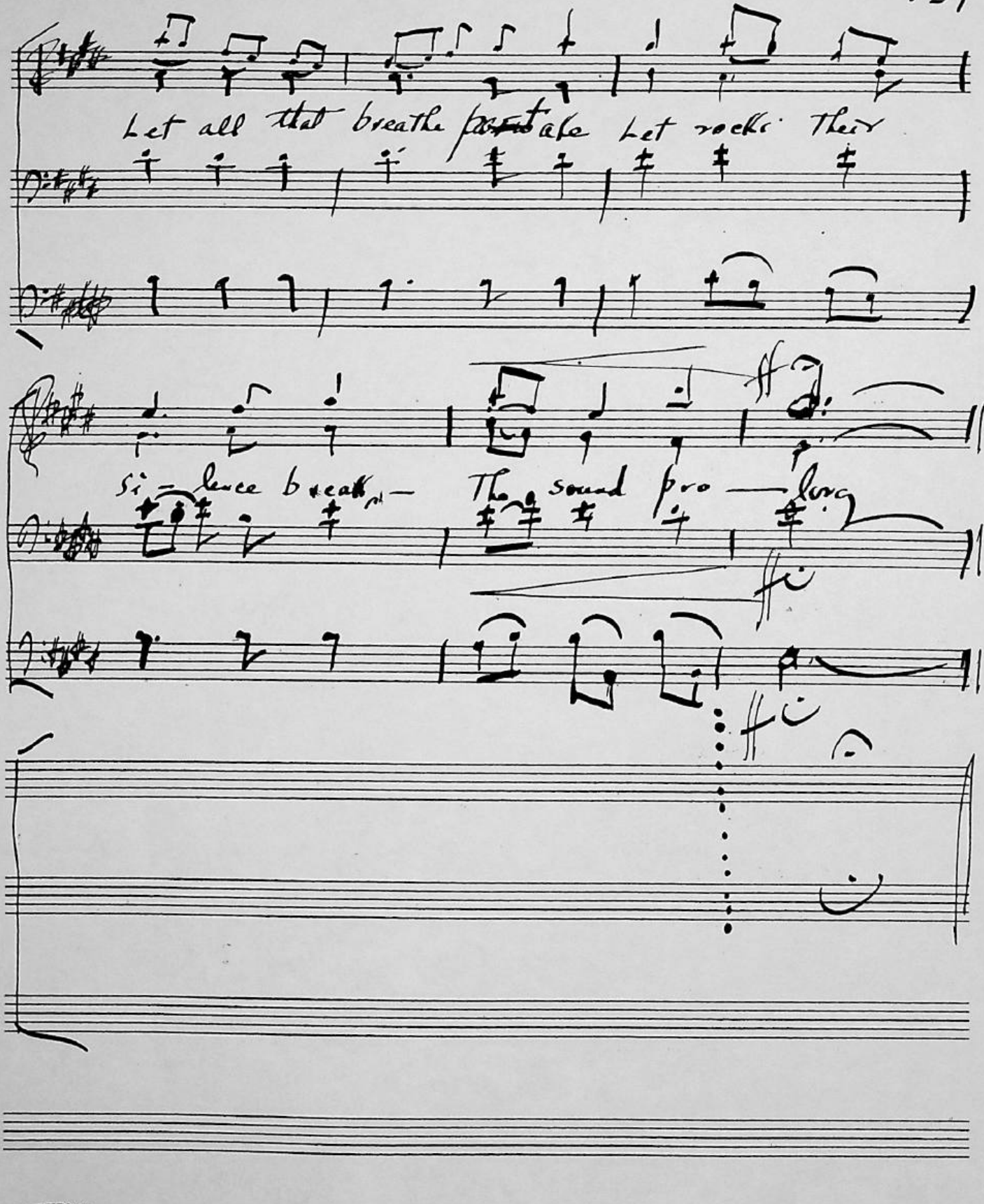
List-en, my child-ren, and you shall hear of the

mid-night ride of Paul Re-vere, On the eight-eenth of Ap-ril, in


Se-ven-ty-five; Hard-ly a man is now a-live who re-
unison
mem-bers that fa-mous day and year.
Samuel Francis Smith
(pg. 384) (1808-1895)
America
My country, - 'tis of Thee, Sweet-land-of-li-ber-ty,
My Coun-try 'tis of thee, —
Sweet-land-of- li— ber-ty,
My Count-ry, - 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li-ber-ty,


Rit.
Of thee I sing; Let free-dom ring.
Let mu-sic- swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
Sweet free-dom's song;
Let mor-tals tongues a-wake,
Tenor
Timp. Solo
Let mor-tals tongues a-wake
Bass
Let mor-tals tongues a-wake

571.4069


Let all that breathe partake Let rocks their
si — lence break — The sound pro — long

G.SCHIRMER

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pg. 391

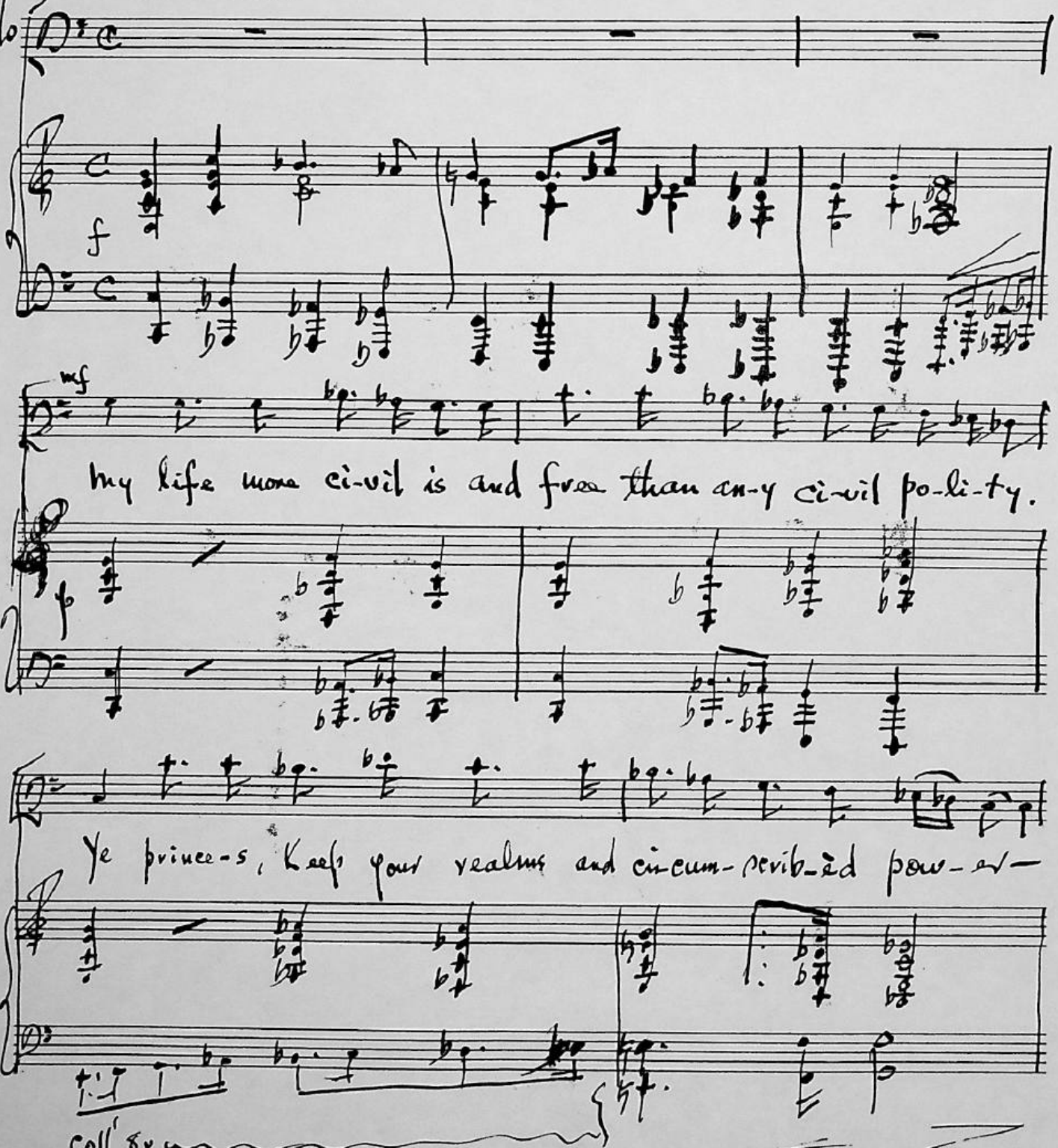
40.

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)

Independence

Baritone Solo

Marziale



Meno Mosso (rubato)

Not wide as are my dreams, nor rich as is this hour.

poco mere.

call'd

What can ye give which I have not? What can ye take

f trem.

which I have got? Can you confound the dan-ger-less?

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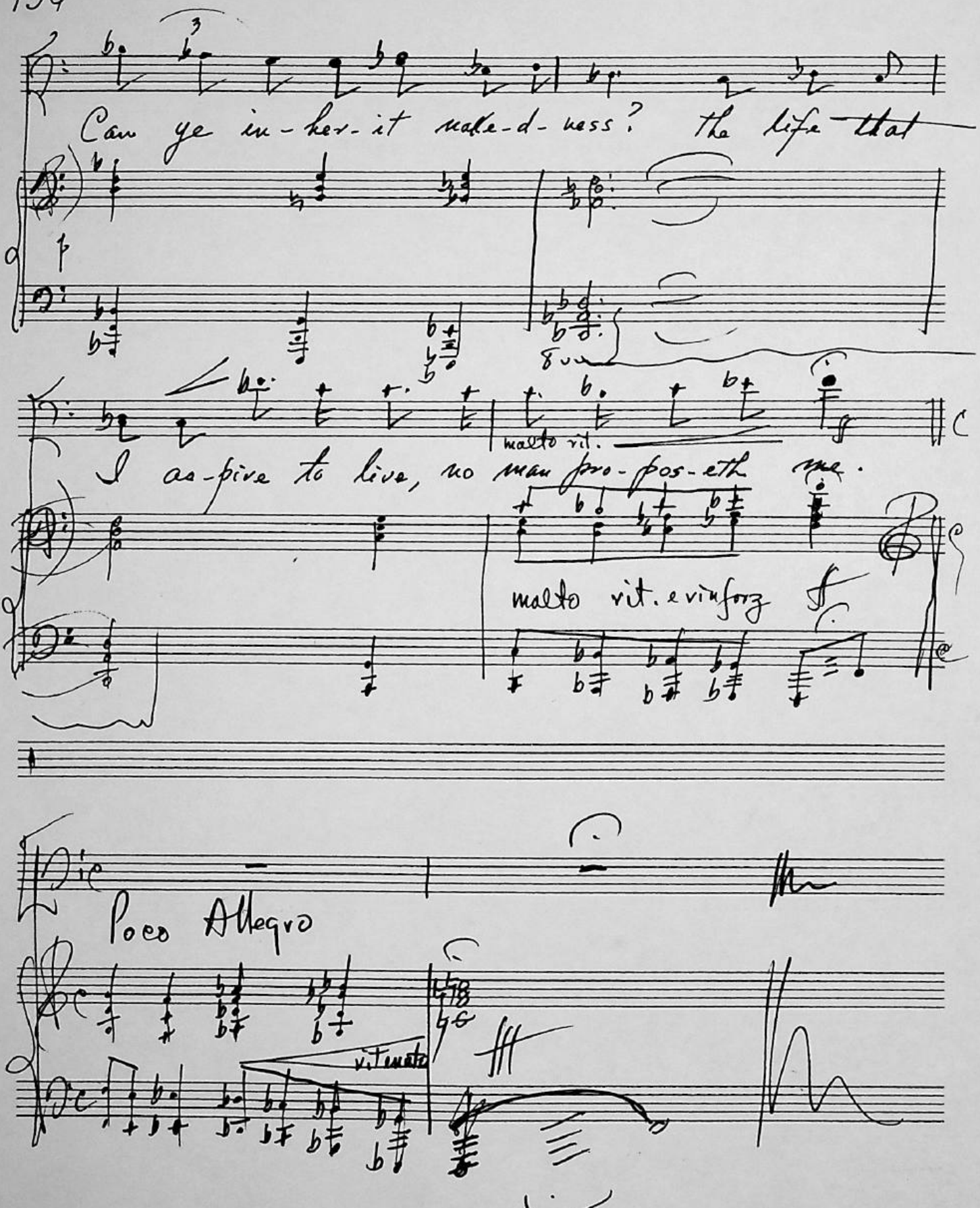
Can ye in-her-it make-d-ness? the life that
I as-pire to live, no man pro-pos-eth me.
molto rit.
molto rit. e vinforz
Poco Allegro
vitenuto

41.

P. 400

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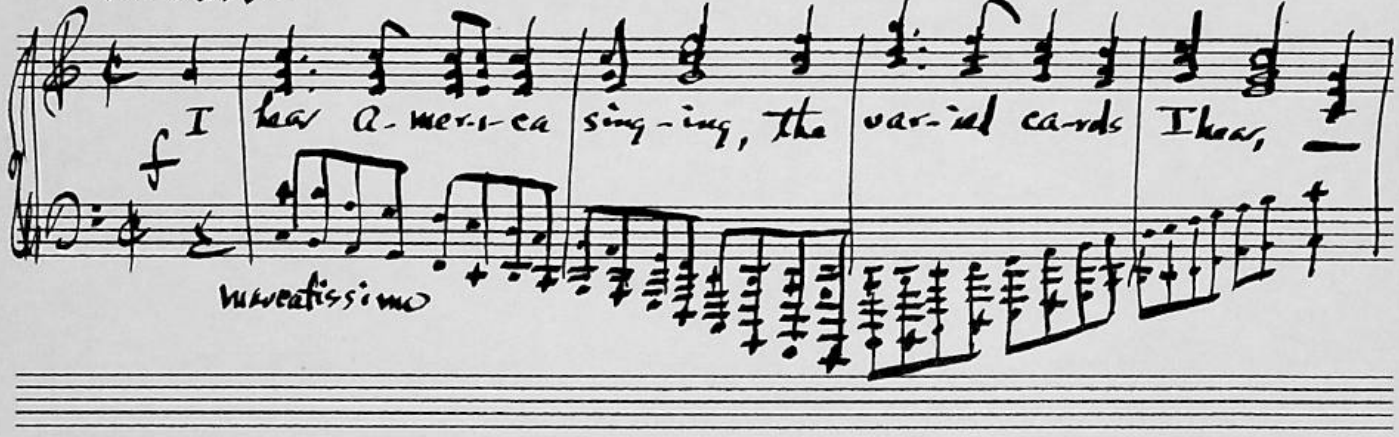
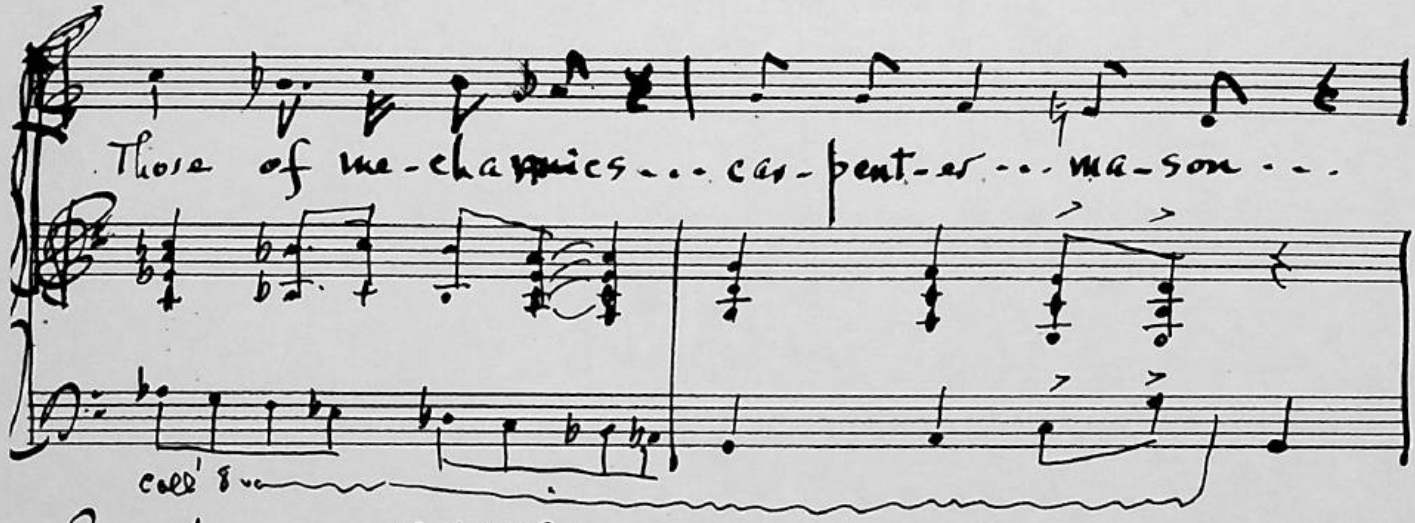
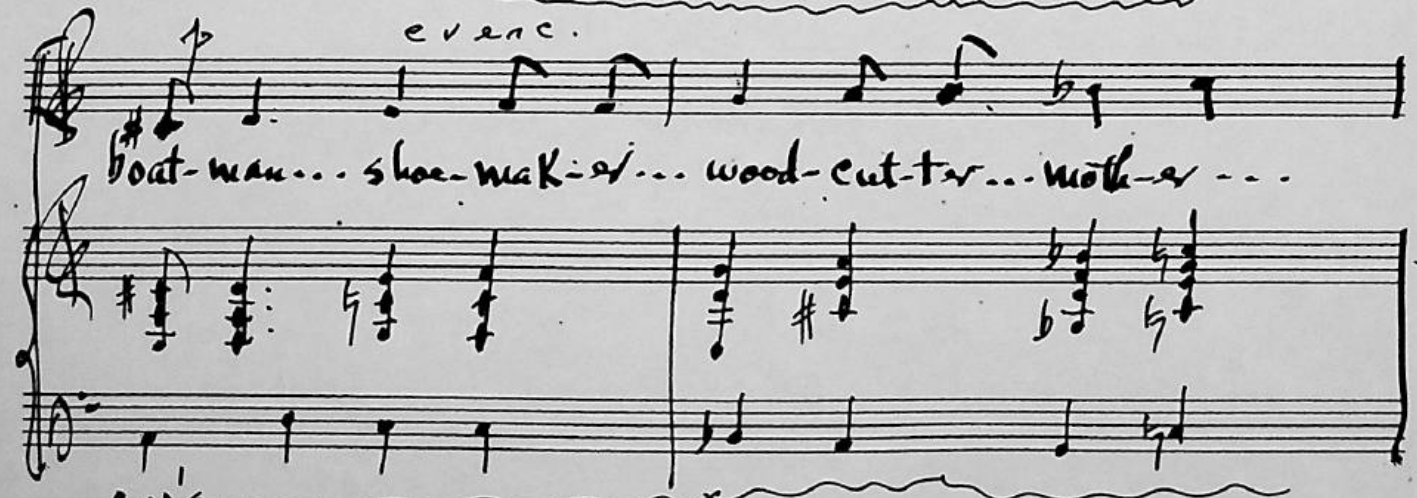
Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

I Hear America Singing

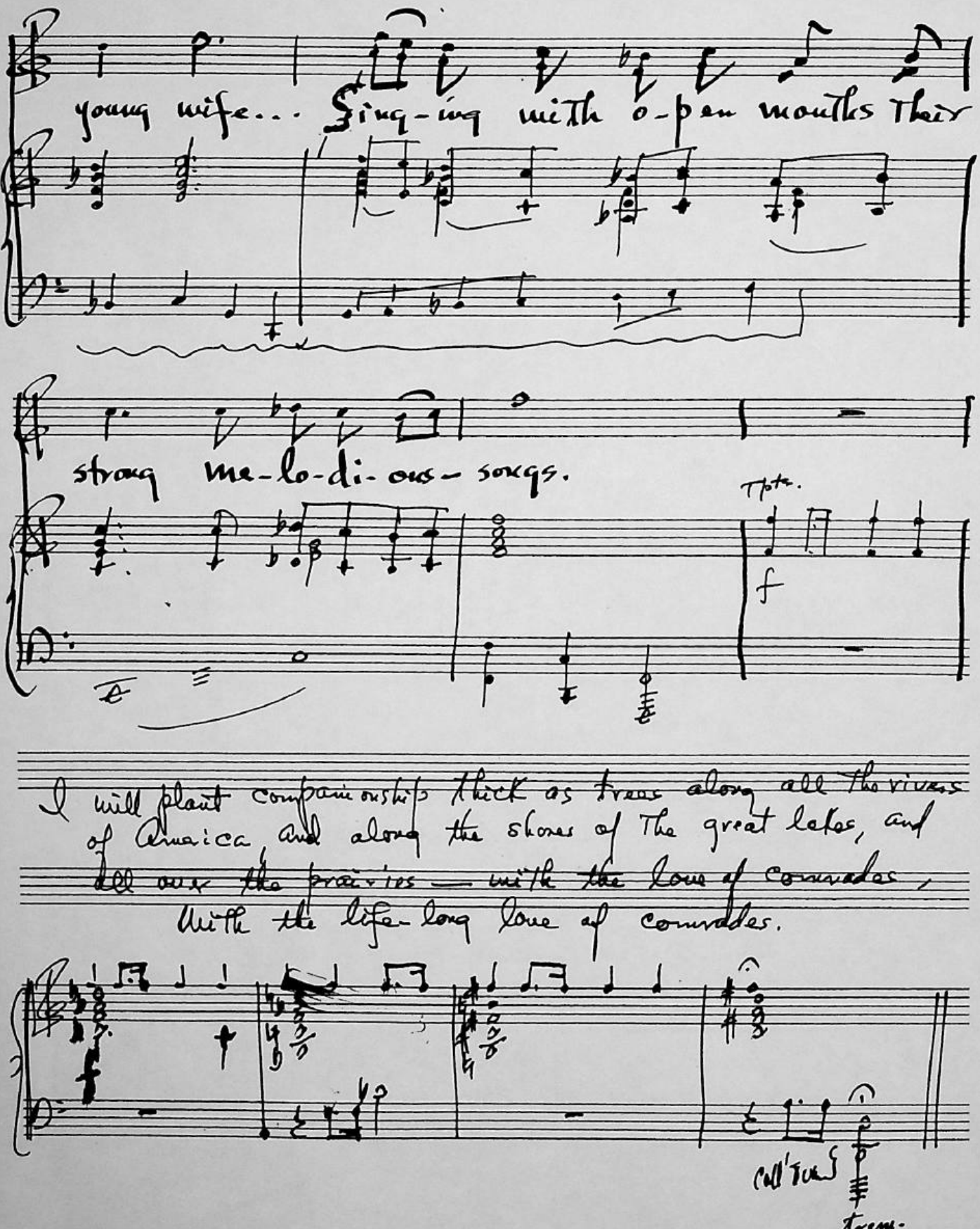
Robusto







GSCHIRMER
ROYAL BRAND


young wife... Sing-ing with o-pen mouths their
strong me-lo-di-ous songs.
Tpts.
f
I will plant companionships thick as trees along all the rivers of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies — with the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades.
Cell'
trem.

pp/407

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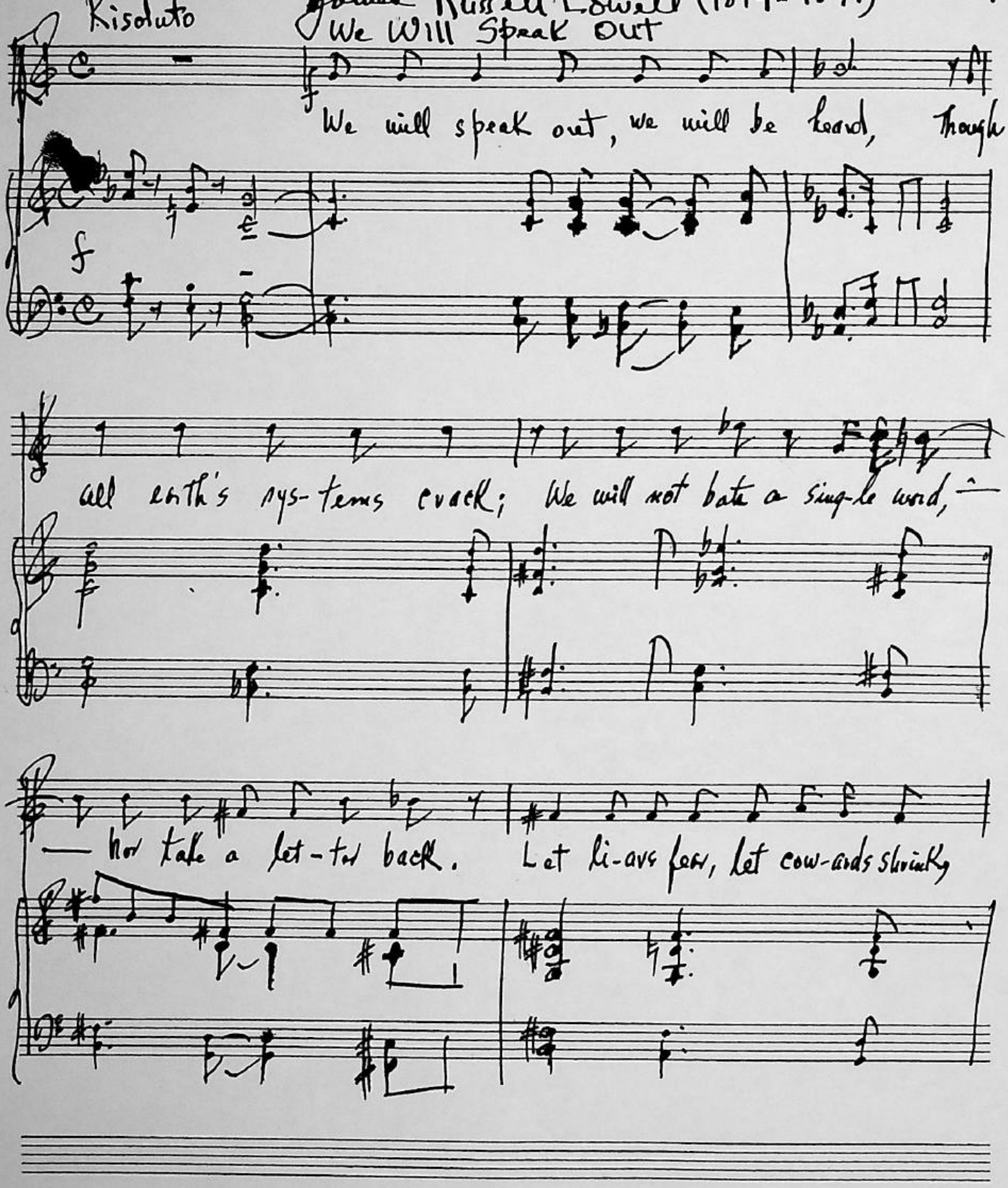
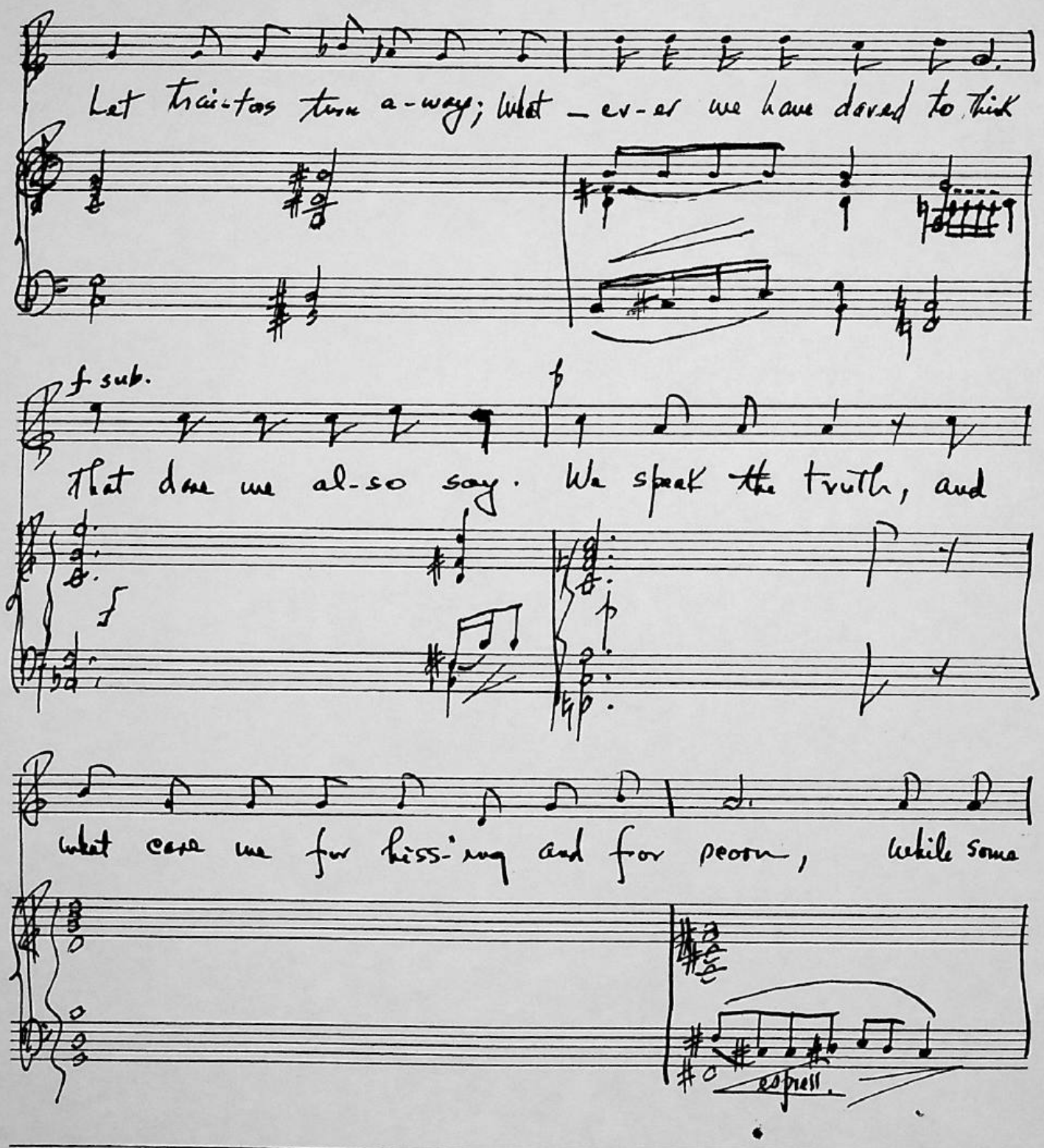
Risoluto

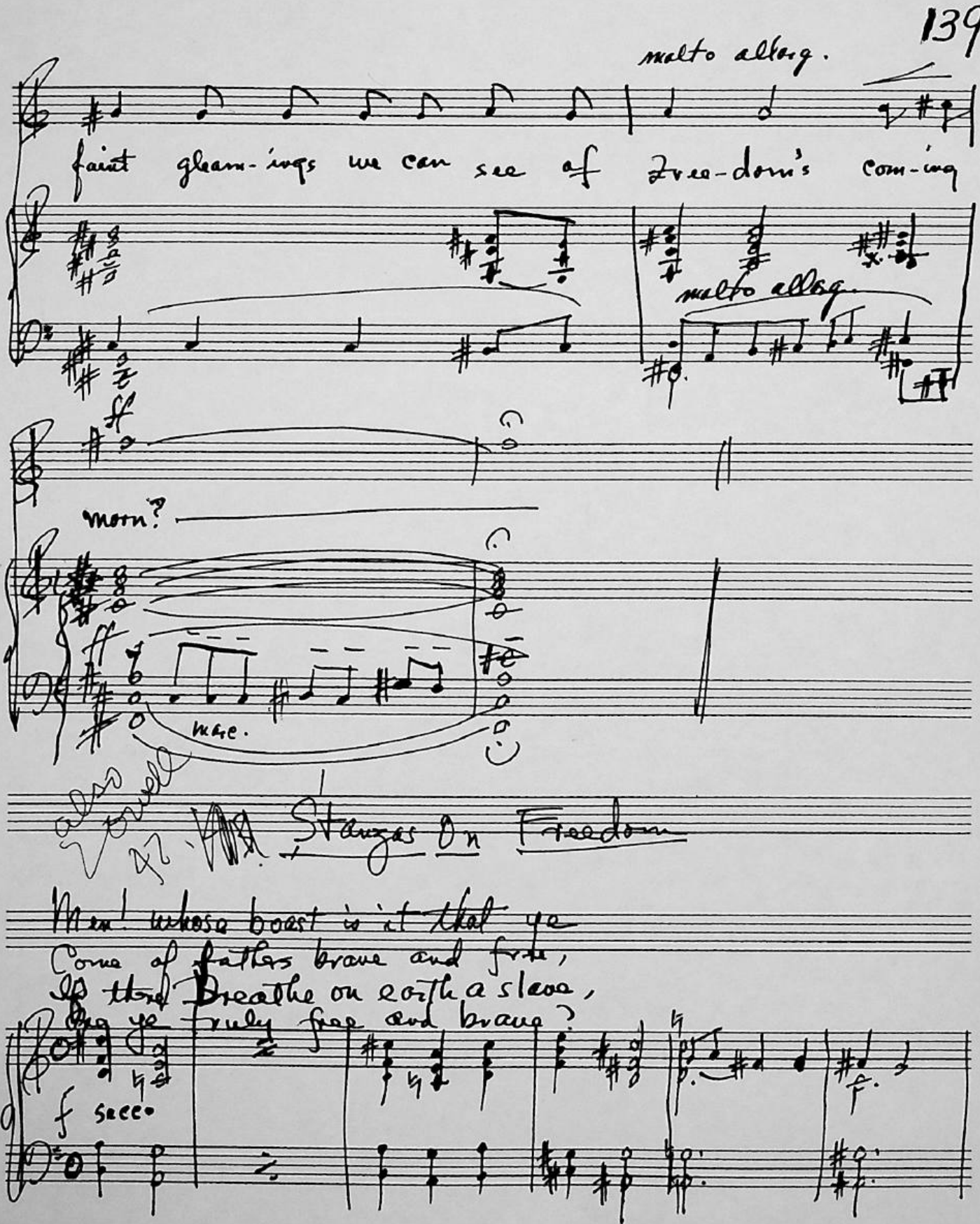
James Russell Lowell (1819-1891)

We Will Speak Out



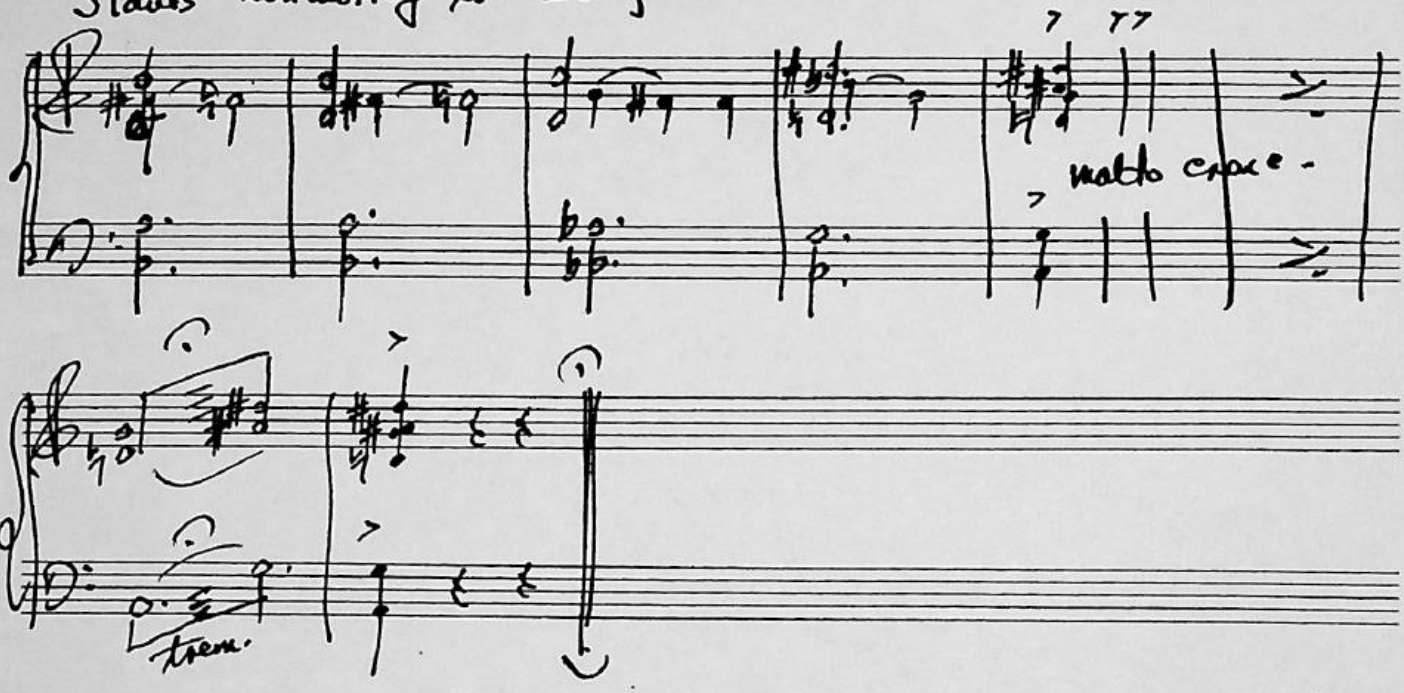
G.SCHIRMER
ROYAL BRAND


Let trai-tors turn a-way; what-ev-er we have dared to think
f sub.
that does we al-so say. We speak the truth, and
what care we for hiss-ing and for scorn, while some
espress.



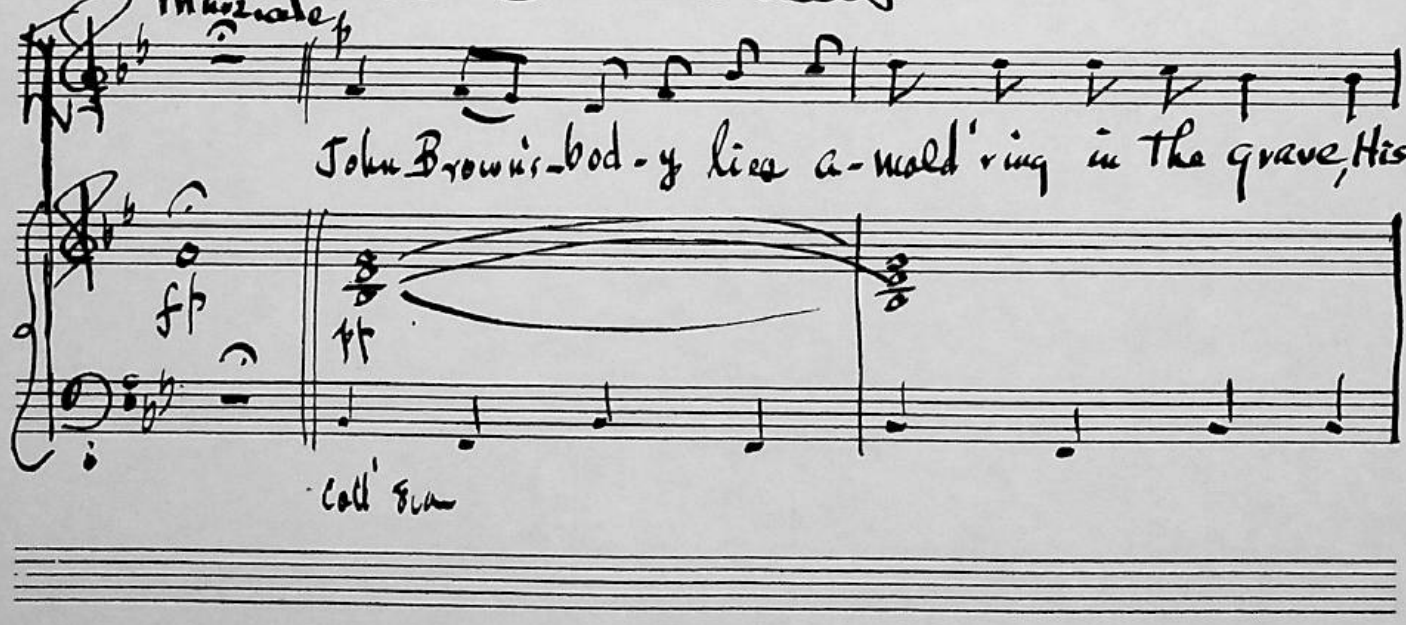
G.SCHIRMER
ROYAL BRAND

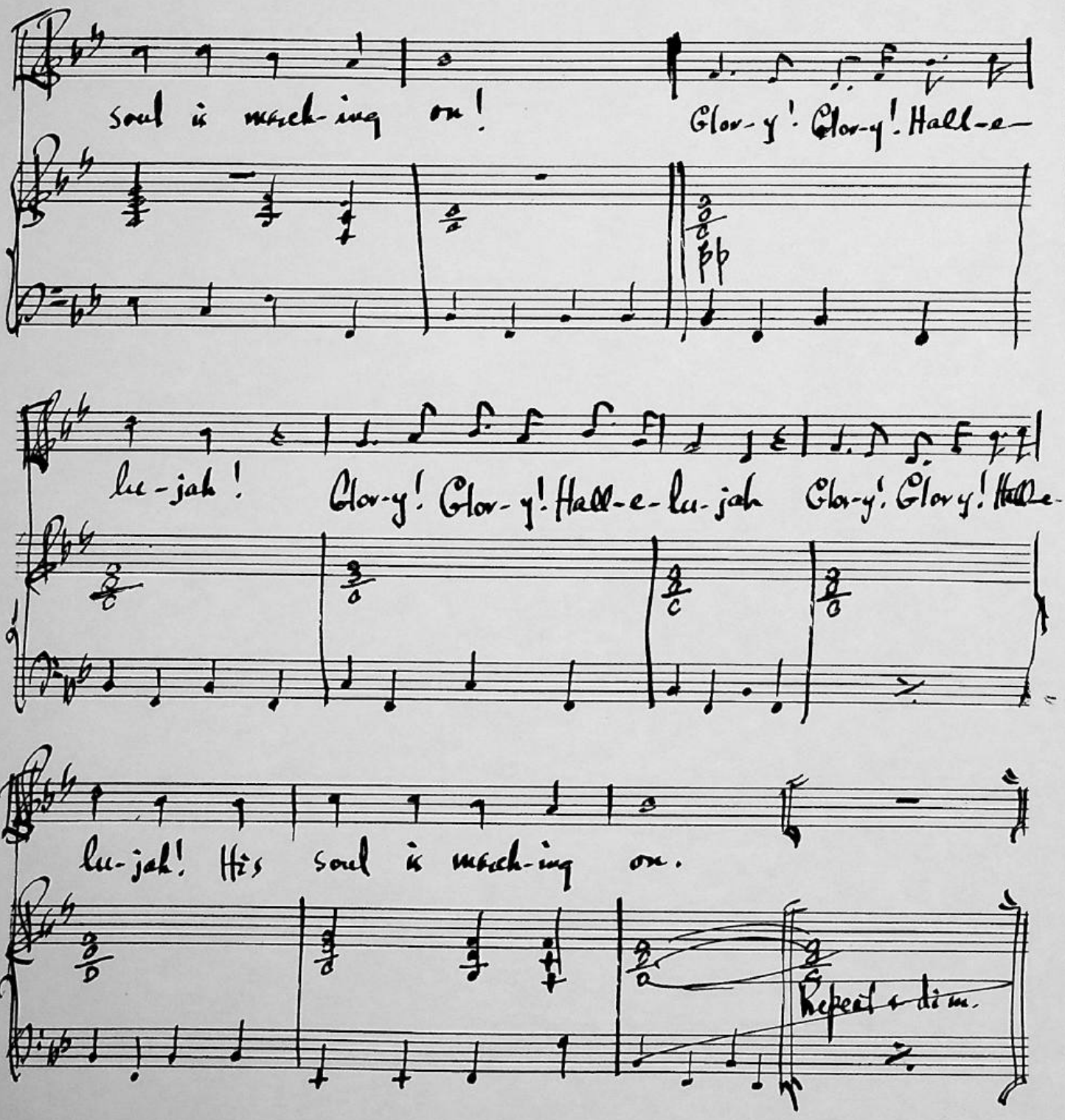
If ye do not feel the chain,
When it galls a brother's pain,
Nor ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be free?



John Brown's Body

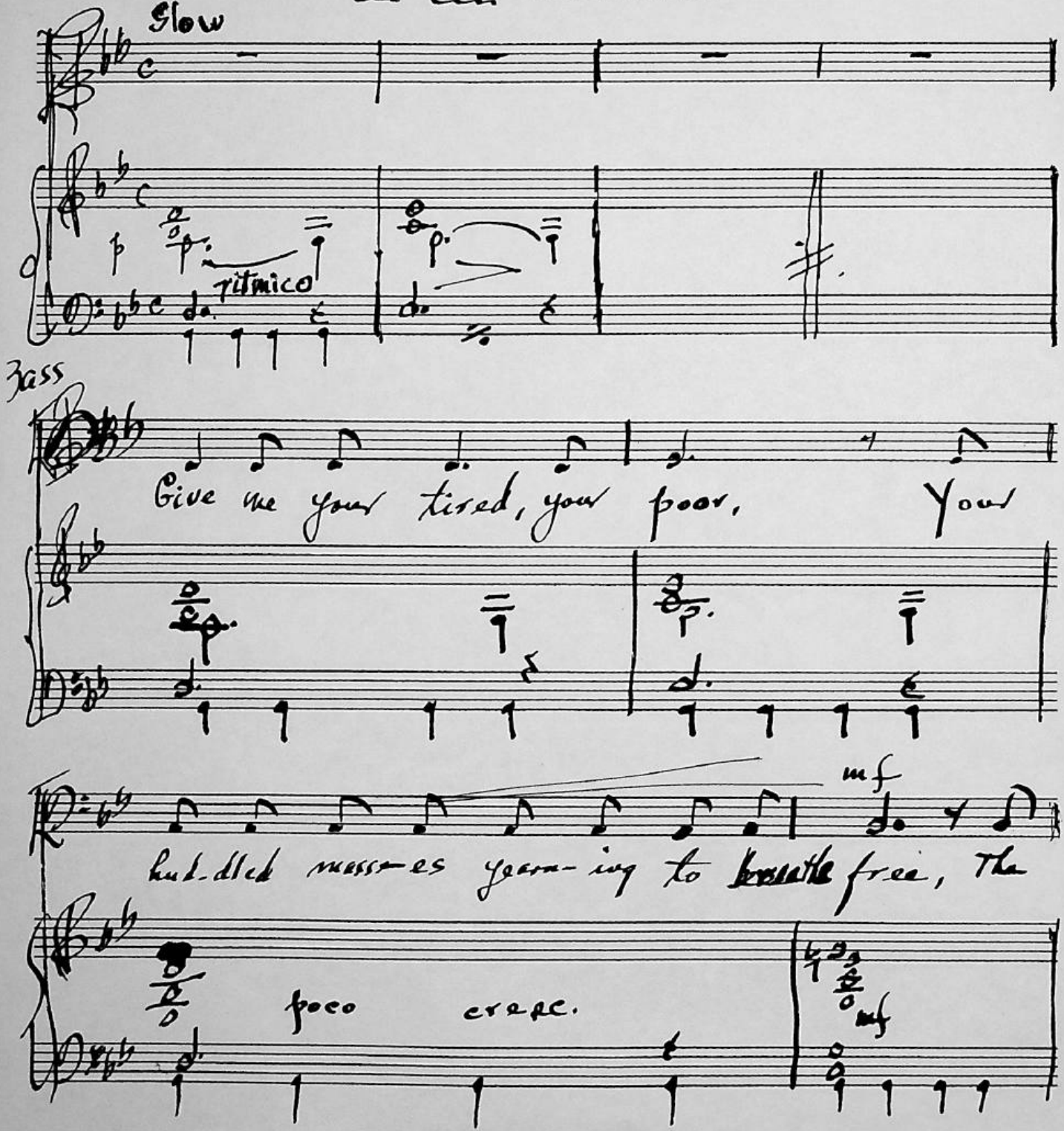
Anonymous

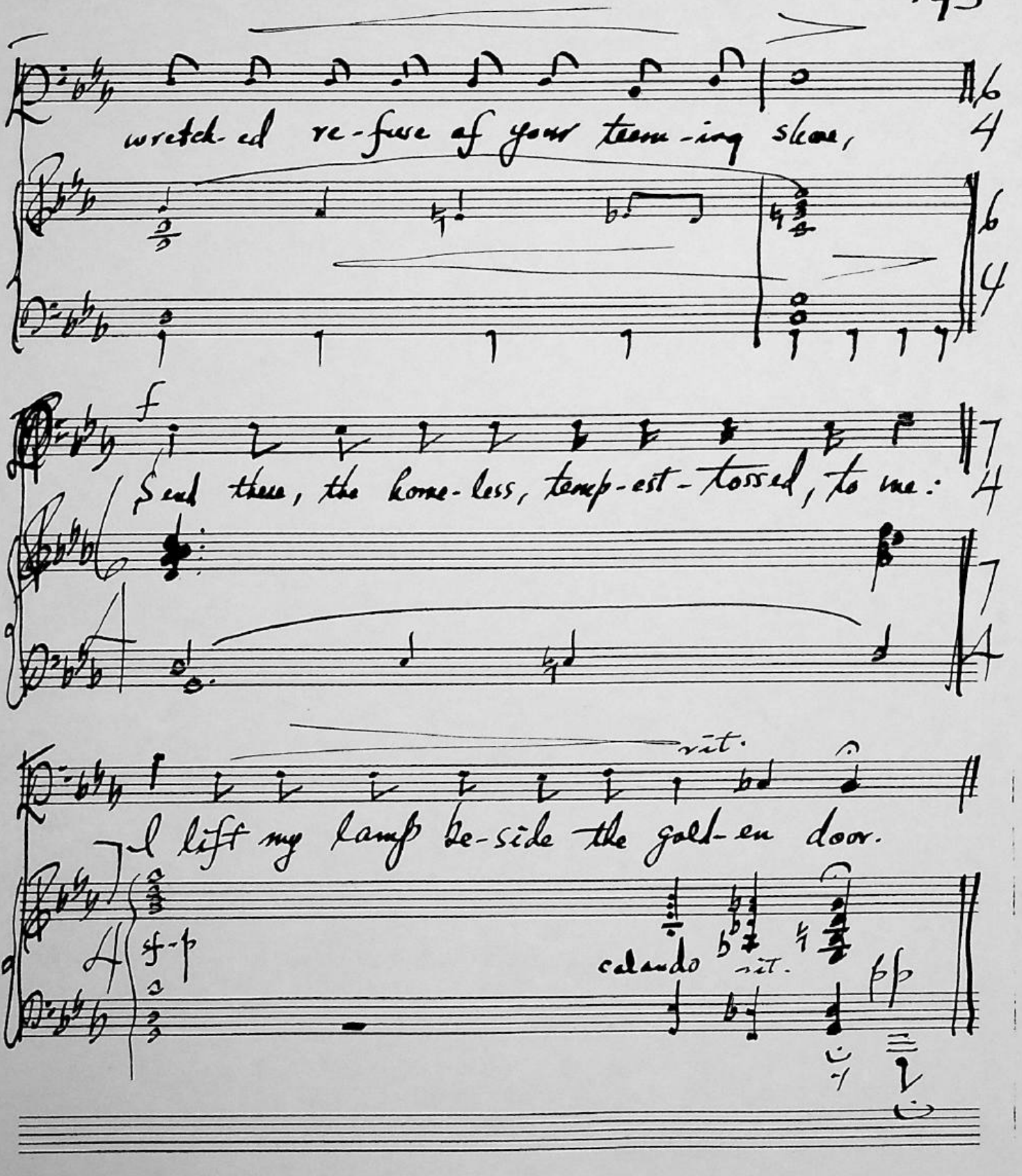



soul is march-ing on!
Glor-y! Glor-y! Hall-e-
lu-jah!
Glor-y! Glor-y! Hall-e-lu-jah Glor-y! Glor-y! Hall-e-
lu-jah! His soul is march-ing on.
Repeat ad lib.

Emma Lazarus (1849-1887)

The New Colossus




wretch-ed re-fuse of your teem-ing shore,
f
Send these, the home-less, temp-est-tossed, to me:
rit.
I lift my lamp be-side the gold-en door.
f-p
celando
rit.
fp

G.SCHIRMER

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My Heart Rebels Against My Generation (pg. 441)

(George Santayana (1863—

Affassionato

mf

My heart re-bels a-gainst my ge-ne-ra-tion, That

fp

mf

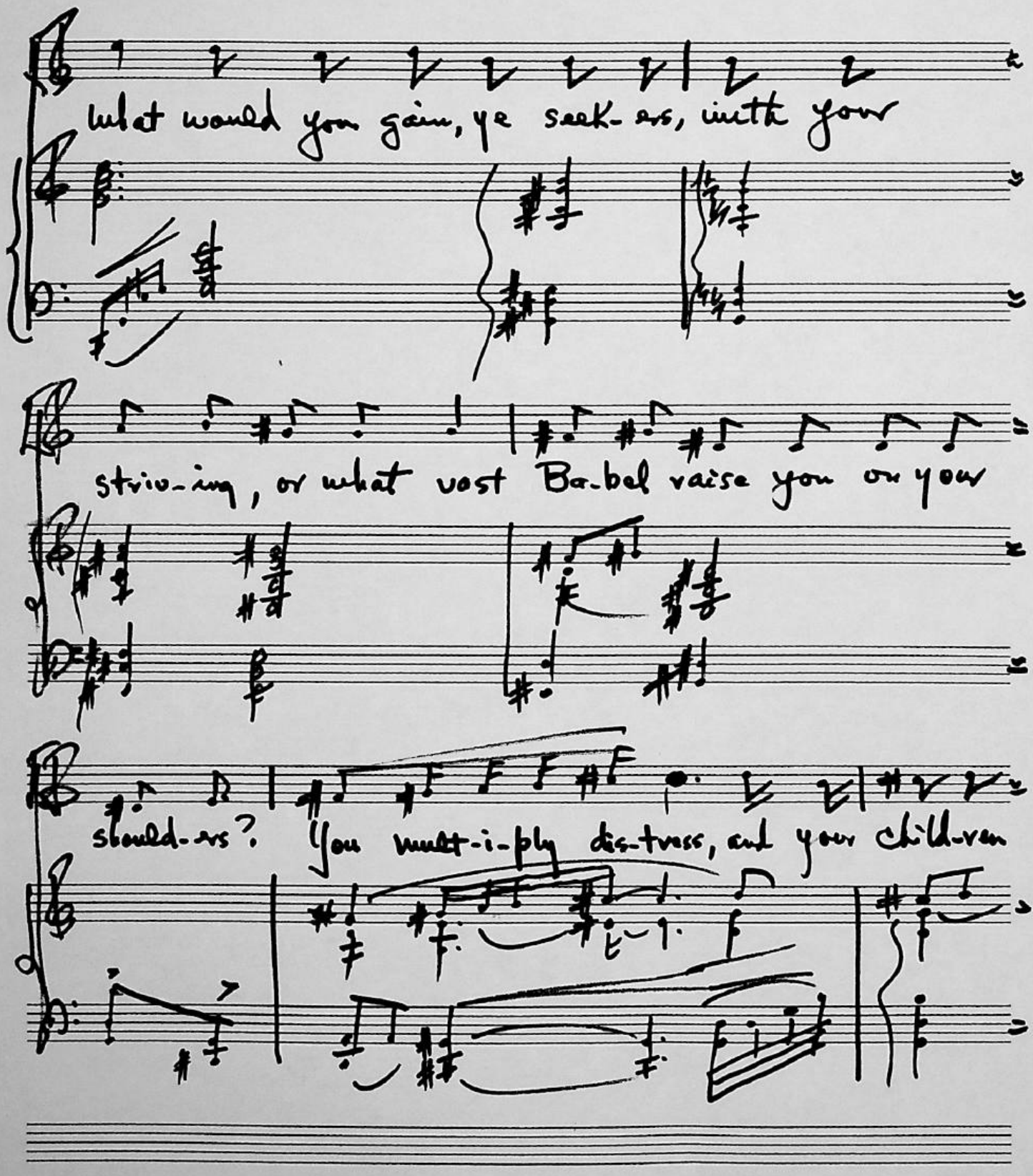
talks of free-dom and is slave to rich-es, And,

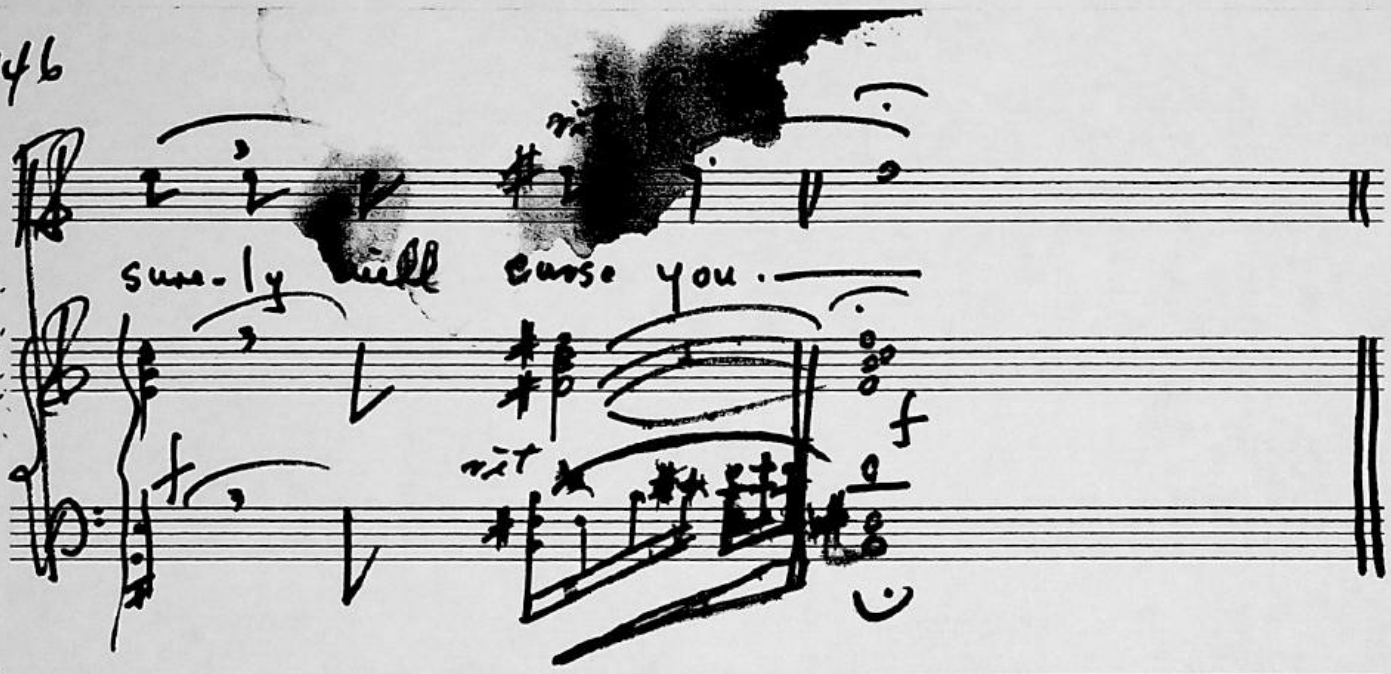
cresc.

f

Toil-ing 'neath each day's ig-nob-le bur-den, boasts of the mor-row.

cresc.


what would you gain, ye seek-ers, with your
striv-ing, or what vast Ba-bel raise you on your
shoul-ders? You mult-i-ply dis-tress, and your chil-dren

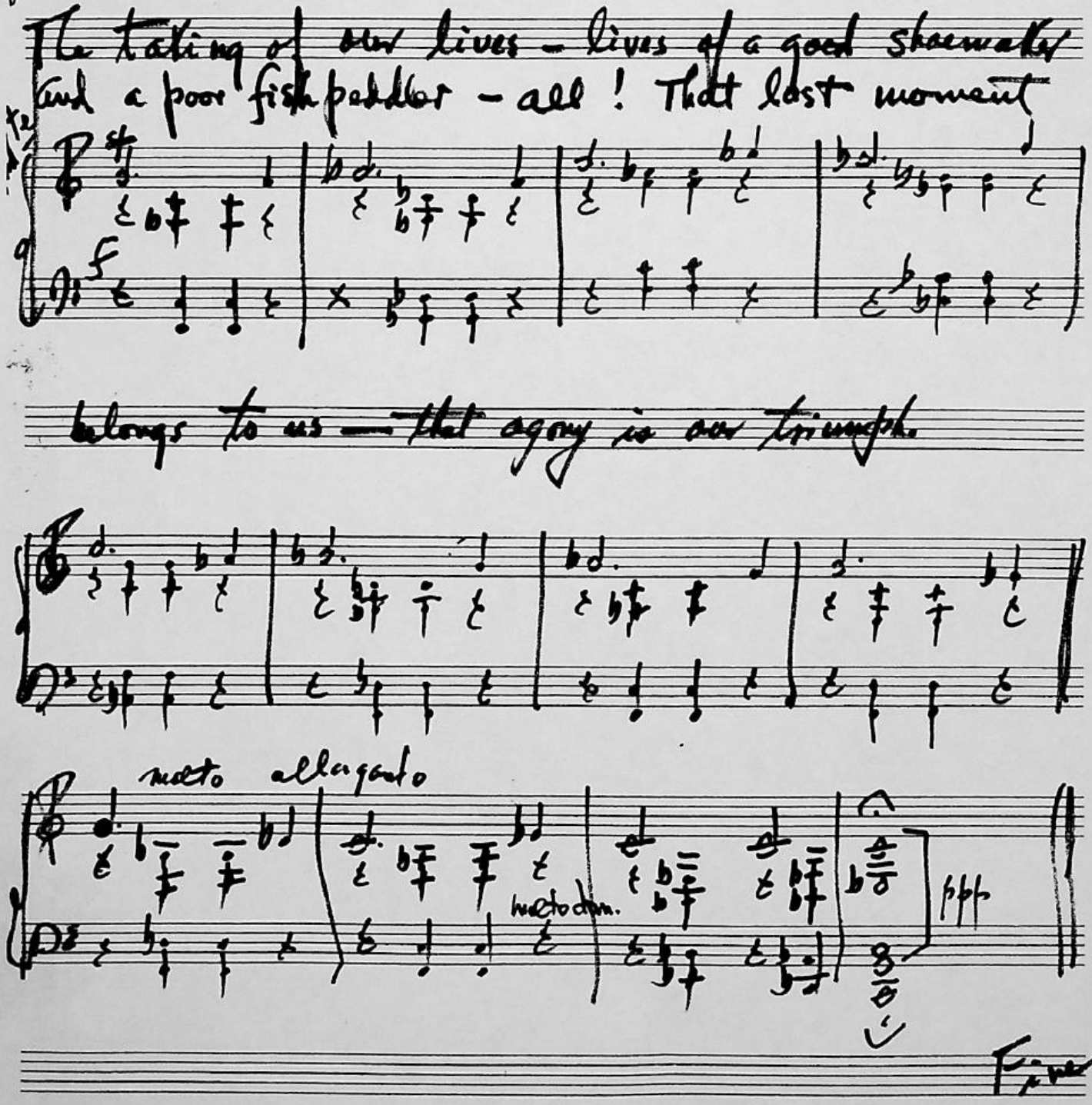

sure-ly will curse you.
f

46. p 504

Bartolomeo Vanzetti (1888-1927) 147

(Executed with Nicola Sacco after a six-year trial...)

Andante



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47. p 537

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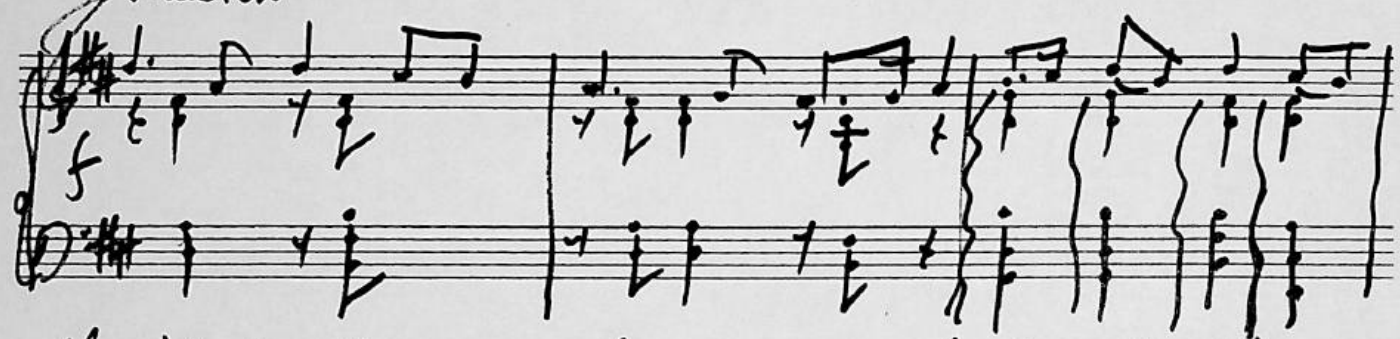
Langston Hughes (1902 — 1967)

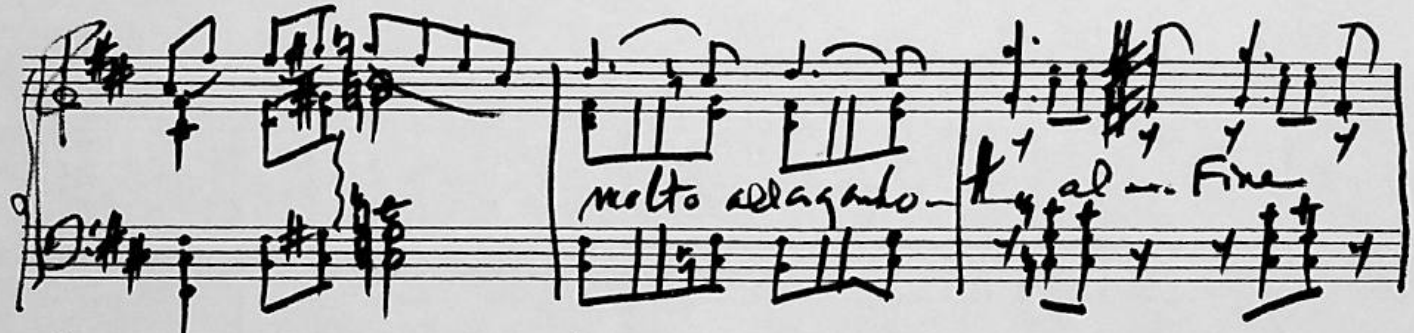
Let America Be America Again

We, the people must redeem the land, the mines,

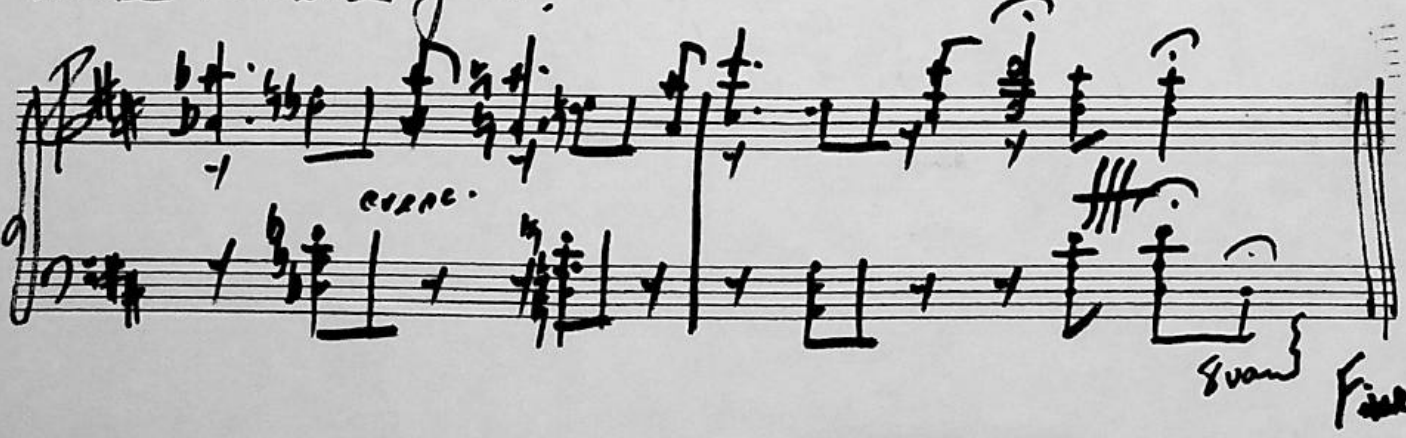
Maestoso



the plants, the rivers, the mountains and the endless plain —



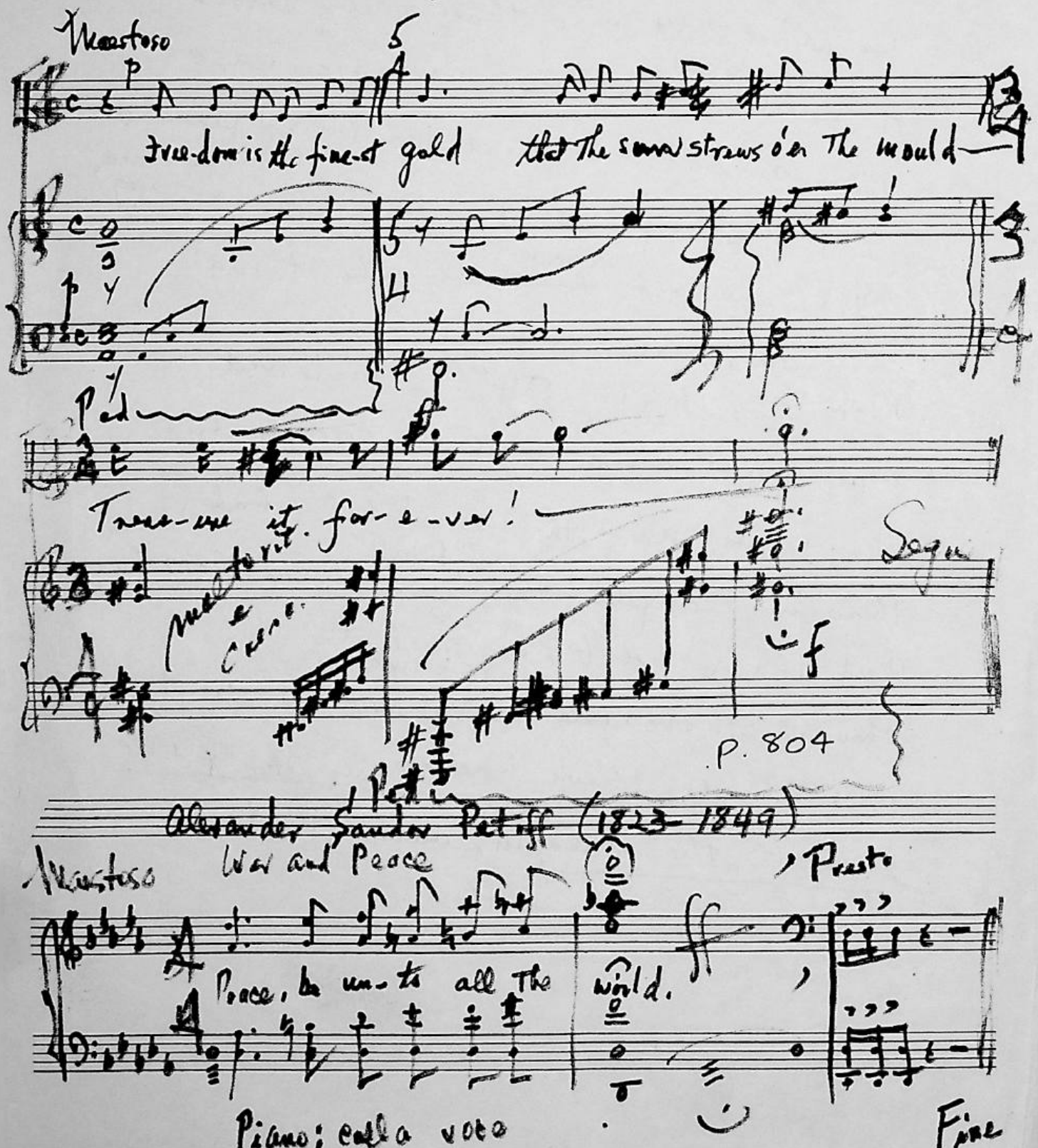
All all the stretch of these great green states — and make America again!



p. 791

44. Bishop Thomas of Strongnaes (died 1345) 149

Ode T. Freedom



Ah!! Fredome is a noble thing!

Fredome makes man to have happiness
Fredome all solace to man gives;
He lives at ease that freely lives!
(A Noble hearts / A noble heart) may have no ease
Nor aught else that may (him) please,
If freedome fails; for (free liking) Freedome
Is desired above all other thing,
(?)
He, that has lived free
(Nor he, that aye has lived free)
May not know well (the property)
The anger, nor the wretched fare,
thas is coupled to (foule) foul thralldom;
(?)
But if he had (experienced) as sayed it
then all thoroughly he should it wyt,
And should think Fredome more to prize
(?)
than all the gold that is in the world, (there is)