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THE

DREAM OF GERONTIUS

BY

CARDINAL NEWMAN

SET TO MUSIC FOR

MEZZO-SOPRANO, TENOR, AND BASS SOLI, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

BY

EDWARD ELGAR.

(Op. 38.)

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THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.*

I.

Gerontius ... ... ... ... ... Tenor.
Assistants ... ... ... ... ... Chorus.
The Priest ... ... ... ... ... Bass.

Gerontius.

Jesus, Maria—I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me; I know it now.
Not by the token of this faltering breath,
This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,—
(Jesus, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
(With me, Lord, in my extremity!)
That I am going, that I am no more.
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee,) This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force, by which I come to be.
Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before;

So pray for me, my friends, who have not
strength to pray.

Assistants.

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.
Holy Mary, pray for him.
All holy Angels, pray for him.
Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.

All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.
All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.
All holy Innocents, pray for him.
All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,
All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,
All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

Gerontius.

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man;
And through such waning span
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,
Prepare to meet thy God.
And while the storm of that bewilderment
Is for a season spent,
And, ere afresh the ruin on me fall,
Use well the interval.

Assistants.

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.
From the sins that are past;
From Thy frown and Thine ire;
From the perils of dying;
From any complying
With sin, or denying
His God, or relying
On self, at the last;
From the nethermost fire;
From all that is evil;
From power of the devil;
Thy servant deliver,
For once and for ever.
By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,
Rescue him from endless loss;
By Thy death and burial,
Save him from a final fall;
By Thy rising from the tomb,
By Thy mounting up above,
By the Spirit's gracious love,
Save him in the day of doom.

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Gerontius.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.
And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified;
And each thought and deed unru
Do to death, as He has died.
Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong,
And I love, supremely, solely,
Him the holy, Him the strong.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church, as His creation,
And her teachings, as His own.
And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here.
Adoration aye be given,
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Mortis in discrimine.

I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man.

And, crueler still,
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul. And, worse and
worse.
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome
curse
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and
flaps
Its hideous wings,
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
O Jesu, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!

Some Angel, Jesu! such as came to Thee
In Thine own agony.
Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me.
Mary, pray for me.

Assistants.

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,
As of old so many by Thy gracious power:—
Noe from the waters in a saving home;
(Amen.)
Job from all his multiform and fell distress;
(Amen.)
Moses from the land of bondage and despair;
(Amen.)
David from Golia and the wrath of Saul;
(Amen.)
... —So, to show Thy power,
Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

Gerontius.

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep,
The pain has wearied me. ... Into Thy
hands,
O Lord, into Thy hands...

The Priest and Assistants.

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo!
Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!
Go from this world! Go, in the Name of
God
The Omnipotent Father, who created thee!
Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
Son of the living God, who bled for thee!
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who
Hath been poured out on thee! Go, in the
name
Of Angels and Archangels; in the name
Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name
Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the
name
Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth!
Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;
And of Apostles and Evangelists,
Of Martyrs and Confessors; in the name
Of holy Monks and Hermits; in the name
Of holy Virgins; and all Saints of God,
Both men and women, go! Go on thy course;
And may thy place to-day be found in peace,
And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount
Of Sion:—through the Same, through Christ
our Lord.
II.

Soul of Gerontius ... ... Tenor.
Angel ... ... ... Mezzo-Soprano.
Angel of the Agony ... ... Bass.
Demons, Angelicals, and Souls ... Chorus.

Soul of Gerontius.
I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed.
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling
pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.

This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.

Another marvel: someone has me fast
Within his ample palm;
A uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

Angel.
My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.
My Father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth
E'en from its birth,
To serve and save,
Alleluia,
And saved is he.
This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain
In the narrow way,
Alleluia,
From earth to heaven.

Soul.
It is a member of that family
Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds were
made,
Millions of ages back, have stood around
The throne of God.

I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

Angel.
All hail, my child!
My child and brother, hail! what wouldest thou?

Soul.
I would have nothing but to speak with thee
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee
Conscious communion; though I fain would know
A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,
And not a curiousness.

Angel.
You cannot now
Cherish a wish which ought not to be wished.

Soul.
Then I will speak. I ever had believed
That on the moment when the struggling soul
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell
Under the awful Presence of its God,
There to be judged and sent to its own place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord?

Angel.
Thou art not let; but with extremest speed
Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge.

Soul.
Dear Angel, say,
Why have I now no fear at meeting Him?
Along my earthly life, the thought of death
And judgment was to me most terrible.
Angel.

It is because
Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear.
Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
For thee the bitterness of death is passed.
Also, because already in thy soul
The judgment is begun.

Angel.

A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.
That calm and joy uprising in thy soul
Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,
And heaven begun.

Soul.

Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled;
And at this balance of my destiny,
Now close upon me, I can forward look
With a serenest joy.

But hark! upon my sense
Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me fear
Could I be frightened.

Angel.

We are now arrived
Close on the judgment-court; that sullen howl
Is from the demons who assemble there,

Hungry and wild, to claim their property,
And gather souls for hell. Hist to their cry.

Soul.

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance!

Demons.

Low-born cloths
Of brute earth,
They aspire
To become gods,
By a new birth,
And an extra grace,
And a score of merits,
As if aught
Could stand in place
Of the high thought,
And the glance of fire
Of the great spirits,
The powers blest,
The lords by right,
The primal owners,
Of the proud dwelling
And realm of light,—

Dispossessed,
Aside thrust,
Chucked down,
By the sheer might
Of a despot's will,
Of a tyrant's frown,
Who after expelling
Their hosts, gave,
Triumphant still,
And still unjust,
Each forfeit crown
To psalm-droners,
And canting groaners,
To every slave,
And pious cheat,
And crawling knave,
Who licked the dust
Under his feet.

Angel.

It is the restless panting of their being;
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,
In a deep hideous purring have their life,
And an incessant pacing to and fro.

Demons.

The mind bold
And independent,
The purpose free,
So we are told,
Must not think
To have the ascendant.
What's a saint?
One whose breath
Doth the air taint
Before his death;
A bundle of bones,
Which fools adore,
Ha! ha!
When life is o'er.

Virtue and vice,
A knave's pretence.
'Tis all the same;
Ha! ha!
Dread of hell-fire,
Of the venomous flame,
A coward's plea.
Give him his price,
Saint though he be,
Ha! ha!
From shrewd good sense
He'll slave for hire;
Ha! ha!
And does but aspire
To the heaven above
With sordid aim,
And not from love.
Ha! ha!
THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

Soul.
I see not those false spirits; shall I see
My dearest Master, when I reach His throne?

Angel.
Yes,—for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord.
One moment; but thou knowest not, my child,
What thou dost ask: that sight of the Most Fair
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

Soul.
Thou speakest darkly, Angel! and an awe
Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

Angel.
There was a mortal, who is now above
In the mid glory: he, when near to die,
Was given communion with the Crucified,—
Such, that the Master’s very wounds were stamped
Upon his flesh; and, from the agony
Which thrilled through body and soul in that embrace,
Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love
Doth burn ere it transform.

Choir of Angelicals.
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:

Angel.
. . . Hark to those sounds!
They come of tender beings angelical,
Least and most childlike of the sons of God.

Choir of Angelicals.
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!
To us His elder race He gave
To battle and to win,
Without the chastisement of pain,
Without the soil of sin.
The younger son He willed to be
A marvel in His birth:
Spirit and flesh His parents were;
His home was heaven and earth.
The Eternal blessed His child, and armed,
And sent Him hence afar,
To serve as champion in the field
Of elemental war.
To be His Viceroy in the world
Of matter, and of sense;
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,
A resolute defence.

Angel.
We now have passed the gate, and are within
The House of Judgment. . . .

Soul.
The sound is like the rushing of the wind—
The summer wind—among the lofty pines.

Choir of Angelicals.
Glory to Him, who evermore
By truth and justice reigns;
Who tears the soul from out its case,
And burns away its stains!

Angel.
They sing of thy approaching agony,
Which thou so eagerly didst question of.

Soul.
My soul is in my hand: I have no fear,—
. . .
But hark! a grand mysterious harmony:
It floods me, like the deep and solemn sound
Of many waters.

Angel.
And now the threshold, as we traverse it,
Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

Choir of Angelicals.
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!
O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
O wisest love! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;
And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God’s Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all divine.
O generous love! that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;
And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.
Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!
ANGEL.

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come
Into the veiled presence of our God.

SOUL.

I hear the voices that I left on earth.

ANGEL.

It is the voice of friends around thy bed,
Who say the “Subvenite” with the priest.
Hither the echoes come; before the Throne
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,
The same who strengthened Him, what time
He knelt
Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.
That Angel best can plead with Him for all
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

ANGEL OF THE AGONY.

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on
Thee;
Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened
Thee;
Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in
Thee;
Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled
Thee;
Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;
Jesu! by that innocence which girded Thee;
Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee;
Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with
Thee;
Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to
Thee,
Souls, who in prison, calm and patient, wait
for Thee;
Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come
to Thee,
To that glorious Home, where they shall ever
gaze on Thee.

SOUL.

I go before my Judge. . . .

VOICES ON EARTH.

Be merciful, be gracious; spare him, Lord.
Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, deliver him.

ANGEL.

. . . . Praise to His Name!

O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

SOUL.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.

There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn,
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken
breast,
Which ne’er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

SOULS IN PURGATORY.

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: in every
generation;
Before the hills were born, and the world was:
from age to age Thou art God.
Bring us not, Lord, very low: for Thou hast
said, Come back again, ye sons of Adam.

Come back, O Lord! how long: and be
entreated for Thy servants.

ANGEL.

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o’er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou
liest;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in
heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most
Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the
morrow.

SOULS.

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge, &c. Amen.

CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.
Praise to the Holiest, &c. Amen.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.
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A. M. D. G.

BIRCHWOOD

In Summer, 1900.
21 Allegro moderato. $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ 100. 

Ped. \hspace{1cm} * Ped. \hspace{1cm} *

22 Quasi Recit. espress. 

GERONTIUS (Tenor).

Je - su, Ma - ri - a -

Più lento. $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ 69.

colla parte.

largamente.

I am near to death. And Thou, Thou art calling me; I

colla parte. \hspace{1cm} pp espress.

23 cres. molto stringendo.

know it now. Not by the to-ken of this falt'ring breath, This chill at heart, this

solenne. \hspace{1cm} ten. \hspace{1cm} sonore. 

molto stringendo.

dampness on my brow,—

(Jesus, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)

Tis this new feeling, never felt before (Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)

That I am going,
that I am no more. "Tis this innermost abandoniment.

(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee.) This emptying out of each con-

constituent And natural force, by which I come... to

be. Pray for me, O my friends;...

Sist basset, ...........
... a visitant is knocking his dire summons at my door, ... The like of whom, ... to scare me ... and to daunt, Has never, never come to me before; ... Andantino. $\frac{d}{d} = 66.$

So pray, pray for me, ... my friends, who...
have not strength to pray.

Semi-Chorus (ASSISTANTS).

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Kyrie.

Kyrie.

Andante. \( \text{dim. molto.} \)

Kyrie.

Kyrie.

Kyrie.

8396
30 Poco più mosso.

Son.

Son.

Son.

Son.

30 Chorus.

Choirs of the

All holy Angels, pray for him, for him, Choirs

Holy Mary, pray for him, All holy Angels, pray for him, all

30 Poco più mosso. \( \text{d}=72 \)

Accomp.

righteous, pray for him. . . . All Apostles, all Evangelists, . . .

. . . of the righteous, . . . pray for him. All . . .

ho-ly An-gels, pray. . . for him.

All ho-ly In-no-cents, pray for
Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man: And thro' such waning span Of life and thought as

still has to be trod, Prepare to meet thy God.

And while the storm of that bewildermint

Is for a season spent,
And, ere a-fresh the ruin on me fall, Use well the
colla parte.
a tempo.  rit.

35 Moderato e solenne.

in-ter-val.
Chorus. (Tutti.)

Spare him, Lord.

Be mer-ci-ful, be gra-cious:

Spare him, Lord.

Il basso sempre ppp

moltissimo express.

Be gra-cious; Lord, de-liv-er him.

From the sins that are
mer-ci-ful, be gra-cious; Lord, de-liv-er him.

Lord, de-liv-er him, Lord, de-liv-er him, Lord, de-

Lord, de-liv-er him, Lord, de-

8306.
past; From the perils of dying;

molto express.

From Thy frown and Thine ire; From the perils, the

dim. 36

Or relying On self, at the last; dim.

dim.

36

perils of dying, Lord, deliver him.

pp dim.

... with sin, Lord, deliver him.

pp dim.

ny ing his God, Lord, deliver him.
From the nethermost fire; from pow'r of the devil; Thy

From all that is evil; Thy servant deliver, Thy

servant deliver, For once and for ever.

servant deliver, For once and for ever.

servant deliver, For once and for ever.

servant deliver, For once and for ever.

S306.
By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross, Rescue him,

Rescue him from endless

... By Thy death and burial, By ...

... Rescue him, ...

37 dolcissimo.

By Thy rising from the tomb, By Thy mounting up a...

loss; By Thy death and burial, By Thy

... Thy rising, by Thy rising from the tomb, ...

By Thy birth, and by Thy cross, ... By Thy

sonoramente.

8306.
above, By the Spirit's gracious love, Save him in the
rising from the tomb, Thy mounting up above, Save him in the
cres.

... By Thy death and burial, Save him mounting up above, By the Spirit's gracious love, Save him in the

day of doom.

From the sins that are
day of doom.
in the day of doom.

Be gracious; Lord, de-

day of doom. Be merciful, be gracious; Lord, de.

38
past;

From all that is evil; Thy servant deliver,

From Thy frown and Thine ire
From the perils, the

deliver him, Lord, deliver him; From all that is evil; Thy servant deliver

deliver him, Lord, deliver him; From any complying With sin, or de-

Lord, deliver him; For

perils of dying;

Lord, deliver him; For

deliverer,

Lord, deliver him, For

any ing his God;

Lord, deliver him, Lord, deliver him;
once and for ev - er,

Lord, Thy ser - vant de

once and for ev - er,

Lord, Thy ser - vant de

Lord, Thy ser - vant de - liv - er,

Lord, Thy ser - vant de - liv - er,

pppp

s306.
Gerontius.

Sanc - tus for - tis, Sanc - tus De - us, De pro - fun - dis

con Ped.

Allegro moderato.

largamente.

or - ote, Mi - se - re - re, Ju - dex
colla parte.

me - us, Par - ce mi - hi, Do - mi - ne.

Ped. *

Ped. *

* The small notes to be used only if the Tenor Solo "Sanctus fortis" is sung in the key of A flat.

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... firmly I believe and truly

sempre con molto esaltazione.

God is Three, and God is One; And I

next acknowledge duly Manhood taken

by the Son. And I trust and
hope most fully In that Manhood crucified; And each thought and deed unruly Do to death, as

He has died. Simply to His grace and wholly Light and life and strength belong,...
And I love, supremely, solely.

Him the holy, Him the strong.

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus, Deus pro...

fundis orete, Misere re...
Ju - dex me - us, Par - ce mi - hi, Do - mi-
collat parv.

And I hold in ve - ne - ra - tion, For the love of
Him a - lone, . . . Ho - ly Church, as His cre - a - tion,
And her teachings, as His own...

...And I take with joy what ever Now be

- sets me, pain or fear, And with a strong will I

- sever All the ties which bind me here... A do
can no more; for now it comes again, That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain, That masterful negation and collapse Of all that makes me man; And, crueler still, A
fierce... and restless fright begins to fill The mansion of my soul...

And, worse and worse, Some bodily form of ill

Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse,
Tainting the hal-low'd air, and laughs, and flaps Its hid-eous wings, . . .

And makes me wild with hor-ror,
Andantino, molto espressivo.

O Jesus, help! pray for me,

Andantino. \( \text{d} = 80 \)

Mary, pray! Some Angel,

Jesus! such as came to Thee In Thine own agony.

dim. \( \text{ad lib.} \) \( \text{fff} \)

dim. \( \text{pp cola parte} \)

63 Allegro moderato.

Chorus. (Tutti.)

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Rescue him. O . . .

Rescue him. O Lord, in this his evil

Rescue him. O Lord, in this his evil hour,

Rescue him . . .
Lord, rescue him, O Lord, in this evil hour, As of old so many by Thy gracious

this his evil hour, As of old so many by Thy gracious

old, as of old so many by Thy gracious

As of old so many by Thy gracious

---

* Semi-Chorus rest until 64.

S306.
Semi-Chorus.

Moderato. a tempo.

Noe from the waters in a saving home;

Job from all his multi-form and fell distress;
Moses from the land of bondage and despair;
David from Golia and the wrath of Saul;

Noe from the waters in a saving home;

Job from all his multi-form and fell distress;
Moses from the land of bondage and despair;
David from Golia and the wrath of Saul;

Noe from the waters in a saving home;

Job from all his multi-form and fell distress;
Moses from the land of bondage and despair;
David from Golia and the wrath of Saul;

Noe from the waters in a saving home;

Job from all his multi-form and fell distress;
Moses from the land of bondage and despair;
David from Golia and the wrath of Saul;

Chorus.

Moderato. a tempo. pp ten. a tempo. pp ten.

power:— Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.

power:— Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.

power:— Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.

power:— Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen.

64 Moderato. $d = 76.$

colle voci. a tempo. pp
colle voci. a tempo. pp
colle voci. a tempo. pp rit. last time.
Ma - ry, pray for me,
so, to show Thy power,
Res-cue this . Thy
so, to show Thy power,
Res-cue this . Thy ser-vant, res-cue Thy
so, to show Thy power,
Res-cue, res-cue this Thy ser-vant, Thy
so, to show Thy power,
Res-cue this .

men,
Res-cue this . Thy
men,
Res-cue this . Thy ser-vant, res-cue Thy
men,
Res-cue this Thy ser-vant, Thy
men, A-men,
Res-cue this .
Andante, espress. e mistico.

Semi-Chorus with Chorus.

Novissima hora est;...

... Thy servant in his evil hour.

Recit. pp

and I fain would sleep, The pain has

a tempo. molto express.

wearyied me.

Into Thy

ppp a tempo.

con Fed.
hands, O Lord, . . Lord, . . into Thy hands.

PRO-\text{Fi-cis-\text{ce-re}, an-i-ma Christ-i-a-na, de hoc mun-do! . .

Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul!

Go from this world! . . . Go, in the Name of

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Poco più lento.

God, . . . the Om-ni-po-tent Fa-ther, who cre-at-ed thee!

Poco più lento. \( \text{d} - 69. \)

equalmente.

ppp

cres. \( f \)

. . . Go, in the Name of Je-sus Christ, our Lord, Son of the

pp

liv-ing God, who bled for thee! Go, in the Name of the Ho-ly

ppp

cres. \( \text{dim.} \)

Spi-rit, who Hath been poured out on thee!

8va

cres. ed accel.

8306.
Chorus. (Tutti.)

Go, in the name Of Angels and Arch-angels; in the name Of Thrones and Do-

Go, in the name Of Angels and Arch-angels; in the name Of Thrones and Do-

Go, in the name Of Angels and Arch-angels; in the name Of Thrones and Do-

Go, in the name Of Angels and Arch-angels; in the name Of Thrones and Do-

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the

Go, in the name Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the
name Of CHERUBIM and SERAPHIM, go forth!

Molto largamente.

Go, in the

Go forth in the name of PATRIARCHS and PROPHETS;

Molto largamente. $d = 76$. 

8305.
name of holy Vir-gins; Go forth in the name of holy Monks and
archs, And of Martyrs and Con-fess-ors; Go forth in the
van-ge-lists; Go forth in the name of ho-ly Vir-gins; and
In the name of A-pos-tles and E-van-ge-lists; and all . .

Her-mits; and all Saints . . of God, Both . . men and wo-men,
name of all Saints of God, Both men and wo-men,
in the name of all Saints of God, Both men and wo-men,
Saints, all Saints of God, Both men and wo-men,

sf Allargando.
Go forth up-on thy journey, Go from this

Semi-Chorus.

Go in the Name of God, In the Name of

Go in the Name of God, In the Name of

Go in the Name of God, In the Name of

Go in the Name of God, In the Name of

Chorus. a tempo.

Go! ... Go ... forth, ...

Go! ... Go ... forth, ...

Go! ... Go ... forth, ...

Go! ... Go ... forth, ...

world! ... Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, In the Name of the Holy
Jesus Christ, In the Name of the Holy
Jesus Christ, In the Name of the Holy
Jesus Christ, In the Name of the Holy
go forth.

Go forth.

Go forth.

Go forth.

Ped. * 306.
God, The Omnipotent Father, who created thee! In the Spirit,

Go forth

Go on thy course; And may thy dwelling be.

Go on thy course, go; And may thy place to.

Go on thy course; And may thy place today, may thy
Name of Jesus Christ, In the Name of the Holy Spirit,
In the Name of the Holy Spirit.
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit,
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit,
Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit,
forth.
Go, molto legato.
on thy course; And may thy place, thy place to-day be
may thy place to-day be found in peace,
may thy place, ...
course; And may thy place to-day be found in peace, And may thy
... the Holy Mount, ... the
... the Holy Mount, ... the
day, thy place to-day be found in peace,
And may thy dwelling
course; And may thy place to-day be found in peace, to-day be
course; And may thy place to-day be found in peace, And may thy...
place to-day be found in peace, And may thy dwelling
...
who Hath been poured . . . out on thee!

Go . . . forth!

Go forth!

Go, . . . go . . . forth!

found in peace, . . . thy place to-day be found in peace, . . .

thy place to-day be found in peace.

dwelling be the Holy Mount of Sion:

Holy Mount of Sion:

be the Holy Mount of Sion:

found . . . in peace,

. . . dwelling be the Holy Mount of Sion,

be the Holy, Holy Mount of Sion,
Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

And may thy place to-day be found in peace,

Alto.

And may thy place to-day be found in peace,

Tenor.

May thy

Bass.

May thy

Chorus.

Soprano.

And... may thy...

Alto.

through the Same, through Christ, our Lord,

Tenor.

through the Same, through Christ, our Lord,

Bass.

May thy

8306.
The dwelling be the Holy, Holy Mount Of Sion,

May thy dwelling be the Holy, Holy Mount of Sion,
Holy Mount of Sion:

May thy dwelling be the Holy Mount,

May thy dwelling, may thy dwelling be the Holy

8306.
Through the Same, through through the Same, . . through . . Christ, our Lord, through Christ, our Lord, through Christ, our Lord, through Christ, our Lord, through Christ, our Christ, our Lord, through the Same through Christ, our Lord, through Christ, our Christ, our Lord, through Christ, our Lord, through Christ, our through the Same, . . through Christ, our Lord, through Christ, our through Christ, our through Christ, our through Christ, our through Christ, our through Christ, our through Christ, our
Christ . . . our Lord. . . .

Lord. . . .

Lord. . . .

Lord. . . .

Lord. . . .

Lord. . . .

Lord. . . .

Lord. . . .

Lord. . . .
Soul of Gerontius (Tenor). Recit.

I went to sleep; and now I am re-

A strange refreshment: for I feel in

An inexpressive lightness, and a sense of freedom, as I were at length.

myself, And ne'er had been before.

poco più lento.
How still it is! ... I hear no more the busy beat of time, No, nor my flutt'ring breath, ... nor struggling pulse; ... Nor does one moment differ from the next

This silence poursa soli-ta-ri-ness Into the very essence of my
soul; And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet, Hath something too of sternness and of pain. Another marvel: someone has me fast With

in his ample palm; a uniform And gentle
pressure tells me I am not self-mov ing, but borne for ward

on my way. And hark! I hear a sing-ing; yet in

pp

sooth... I can-not of that music right-ly say Whether I hear or

ppp rit. collo parte.


11 Andantino.

poco rit.

touch... or taste the tones.

Oh what a

Andantino. \( \frac{d}{n} = 52 \)

dolcissimo.

8306.
Angel (Mezzo-Soprano).

heart-subduing melody! My work is done, My task is

o'er, And so I come, Taking it home, For the crown is

won, Alleluia, For ever

more. . . . My Father gave 'In charge to me This

8306.
child of earth Ever from its birth, To serve and save...

Al - le - lu - ia, And saved is he.

This child of clay To me was giv'n, To rear and train By

sor - row and pain... In the nar - row
way, Alleluia, From earth to heaven...

Soul. Recit. più mosso.

It is a member of that family Of wondrous beings, who, ere the

colla parte.

animato.

worlds were made, Millions of ages back, have stood around The throne of God:

rit. a tempo.

p a tempo.

Recit.

largamente.

cresc.

I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord, My Guardian
rit. 18 Angel. a tempo dolce.

rit. dim. All hail, My child and brother, hail! what wouldst thou?

Spirit, all hail!

colla parte. a tempo.

Soul. Recit. 19 Allegretto. quasi in tempo.

I would have no thing but to speak with thee. For speaking’s sake. I wish to hold with

Allegretto. a tempo. 1 - 72

pp colla parte.

accel. thee. Conscious communion; though I fain would know A maze of things, were it but

accel.

rit. 18 Angel. Piu lento. espress.

You cannot now Cherish a wish which ought

meet to ask. . And not a curiosity.
not to be wished. allargando. Quasi in tempo.

Then I will speak. I ever had believed.

. . That on the moment when the struggling soul Quit-ted its mor-tal case, forth-with it fell

Under the aw-ful Presence of its God, There to be judged and sent to its own

dim.


Allegretto. Angel.

Thou art not let; but

place. What lets me now from going to my Lord?

Allegretto. $ \frac{d}{2} = 72.$
with extreme speed Art hurrying to the Just... and Holy Judge:

Angel, say, Why have I now no fear at meeting Him? Along my earthly life, the thought of death And judgment was to me most terrible.

It is because Then thou didst... fear, that now... thou dost not
fear. Thou hast fore-stalled the agony, and so For thee the bitterness of death. Is past. Also, because already in thy soul The judgment is begun. A presage falls upon thee, as a ray. Straight from the Judge, express of thy lot. That calm and joy uprising in thy soul.
... Is first fruit to thee, of thy re-

Soul. ingato.

Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled; And at this bal-

anes.

-. pense, And heav'n begun, First-fruit to thee of thy re-

Pense, of my des-

A ti-

ny, Now close upon me. I can for-

ward

... And hea-

ven, and hea-

ven begun.

look, can for-

ward look With a se-

renest joy.
29

Allegro.  

But hark! upon my sense comes a fierce sonore.

ad lib.

hub-bub, which would make me fear, Could I be cresc. accel. pp subito. colla parte.

30

a tempo. Angel.  

fright-ed. We are now ar-rived

a tempo. molto marcato.
Close on the judgment court, that

sul-len howl Is from the demons who assemble there. Hung-ry and wild to claim their

proper-ty, And gath-er souls for hell. Hist to their

Soul. How sour and how un -
DEMONS.

Chorus. Tenor.

Low-born clods Of brute earth,


Low-born clods Of brute earth,

They as-

sonoramente.

Chorus. Soprano.

—and an

gods,

And an

cres.

Chorus. Alto.

And an

gods,

By a new birth,

And an

cres. molto.

They as-pire to be-come gods,

By a new birth,

And an

cres. molto.

—pire, as—pire to be-come gods,

By a new birth,
And the glance of fire
Of the great

And the glance of fire
Of the great

And the glance of fire
Of the great

And the glance of fire
Of the great

spirits, The powers blest, The lords by right, the lords by

spirits, The powers blest, The lords by right, the

spirits, The powers blest, The lords by right, the

spirits, The powers blest, The lords by right, the

largamente.

8306.
The primal owners, primal lords by right, Of the proud dwelling,
the lords by right, The primal owners, Of the proud dwelling,
lords by right, lords by right,
owners, Of the proud dwelling And realm of light,
of the proud dwelling And realm of light,
of the proud dwelling And realm of light,
owners, Of the proud dwelling And realm of light,

largamente.
Dispossessed, Aside thrust, Chuck'd down, By the sheer might of a
Dispossessed, A-side thrust, Chuck'd down, By the sheer might of a despot's will, . . Chuck'd down, A-side thrust,
despot's will, ... Of a tyrant's frown, Aside thrust,

Dispossessed, Chuck'd down, Aside, ... Aside thrust,

Aside thrust, Dispossessed, Chuck'd down, Aside thrust,

Dispossessed, A-side thrust, Chuck'd down, By the sheer might Of a

Chuck'd down, Dispossessed, By the

Chuck'd down, By the sheer might Of a

Chuck'd down, chuck'd down, ...

8306.
despot's will, Sheer might Of a tyrant's frown, ...

sheer might Of a tyrant's frown, Aside thrust, a

despot's will, ...

Aside thrust, Chuck'd down, By the sheer might Of a

Dispossessed, Aside thrust, Chuck'd down,

Aside, Dispossessed, Aside thrust, Chuck'd down,

Dispossessed, ...

despot's will, ... Aside thrust, Chuck'd down,
Dis - pos-sessed, By a ty-rant's frown,
Dis - pos-sessed, dis - pos-sessed, By a ty-rant's frown,

. . . Chuck'd down, By a ty-rant's frown,
By the sheer might Of a ty-rant's frown,

38

Who af-ter ex-pel-ling Their
Who af-ter ex-pel-ling Their
Who af-ter ex-pel-ling Their
Who af-ter ex-pel-ling Their

Each forfeit crown to psalm-droners,

to all psalm-droners,

stringendo molto.

to every slave, and

canting groaners,

40

molt cresc. e stringendo.
Angel.

It is the restless panting of their being;

Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars, In a deep hideous

p

sempre stringendo.

Sva bassa.

42

purring... have their life... And an incessant pacing to and fro.

cres.

accel. molto.
Presto. \( \frac{4}{4} \) – 168.

Soprano.

44

Alto.

risoluto.

The purpose free,

The mind bold And independent, The purpose free,

Tenor.

The mind bold And independent, The purpose free,

Bass.

The mind bold And independent, The purpose free,

So we are told, Must not think To have the ascendant.

So we are told, Must not think To have the ascendant.

So we are told, Must not think To have the ascendant.

8306.
con derisione.

A saint? ..

What's a saint? ..

con derisione.

A saint? ..

46

Ha! ha!

One whose breath Doth the air taint Before his death; Ha! ha!

One whose breath Doth the air taint Before his death;

46

y/p con Ped.
Ha! ha! Ha! ha!

Ha! ha! Ha! ha!

Ha! ha! Ha! ha!

Ha! ha! Ha! ha!

bundle of bones, Which fools a-dore, When life is o'er, Ha! ha!

bundle of bones, Which fools a-dore, When life is o'er,
Ha! ha! Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! Ha! ha!

'Tis all the same;

Vir-tue and vice, A knave's pre-tence.

Ha! ha!

Vir-tue and vice, A knave's pre-tence.

Ha! ha!

sf p
cres.
f
sf
Ha! ha!

Dread of hell-fire, Of the

A coward's plea. Ha! ha! Ha!

Venomous flame, Ha! ha!

50 Animato.

... Give him his price, Saint though he be,

... Give him his price, Saint though he be,

... Give him his price, Saint though he be,

Ha! ... Ha, ha! ... Ha, ha! ...

50 Animato.

From shrewd good sense He'll slave for hire; ... ...

From shrewd good sense He'll slave for hire; ... ...

From shrewd good sense He'll slave for hire; ... And

Ha, ... ha! ... Ha, ... ha, ... ha, ha! ... And

8306.
does but aspire To the heaven above With sordid aim, And

does but aspire To the heaven above With sordid aim, And

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

not from love.

not from love.

not from love.

not from love.
Ha! ha!

Ha! ha! Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

love...

Ha! ha! Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

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Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!
I see not those false spirits; shall I see... My dear-est Master, when I reach His

Piu mosso. $d - 63.$

Yes,—for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord... One moment; but thou knowest not, my child, What thou dost
Allegro.  
a tempo.

ask:  that sight of the Most Fair.  

Allegro.  \( \frac{\text{j} \cdot 43}{\text{4}} \)

a tempo.  dolce.

Più lento.  \( \frac{\text{j} \cdot 72}{\text{4}} \)

Più lento.  Sou.

rit.

57  \( \frac{\text{p} \cdot \text{f}}{\text{4}} \)

Più lento.  sou.

colla parte.

f  pp

stringendo.

stringendo.

glad - den thee, but it will pierce thee too. Thou speakest dark - ly, An - gel!

stringendo.

rit.

and an awe Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

im.

58  \( \frac{\text{pp} \cdot \text{f}}{\text{4}} \)

Angel. Quasi Recit.

Moderato. parlando sotto voce.

There was a mortal, who is now above In the mid glo - ry: he, when

Moderato.  \( \frac{\text{j} \cdot 58}{\text{4}} \)

pp mistico.
near to die, Was giv'n commu-nion with the Cru-ci-fied,— Such that the

Mas-ter's ve-ry wounds were stamped Up-on his flesh; and, from the

a-go-ny Which thrilled through bo-dy and soul in that em-brace Learn that the

flame of the Ev-er-last-ing Love. Doth burn ere it trans-form.
Andante.

Semi-Chorus.
Soprano.

Contralto.

Praise.

Chorus.
1st. Soprano.

2nd Soprano.

1st Contralto.

2nd Contralto.
(Trombe.)

Andante. $d = 72$

Praise to the Holiest in the height.
Poco più lento.  

Praise to the Holiest in the height, And in the depth be

Praise to the Holiest in the height, And in the depth be

Praise to the Holiest, praise to the Holiest,

(Voices.)

Angel,

Hark to those sounds!

Praise:

Most sure, most sure in all His praise:

In all His words most wonderful; Most sure, most sure in all His praise:

Most wonderful;

Most wonderful;
They come of tender beings angelical.
Least and ways!

Praise,

Praise to the Holyest.

Praise,

Praise to the Holyest.

Praise,

Praise to the Holyest.

most child-like of the sons of God.

To us His elder race He gave To battle and to

To us His elder race He gave To battle and to

Poco più animato.

(Voices.)
in the height,
Without the soil of sin,
Without the chastisement of pain, without the soil of sin,
Without the soil of pain, without the soil of sin,
Without the soil of sin,
Without the soil of sin,

poco allargando.

poco allargando.

poco allargando.

poco allargando.

poco allargando.

poco allargando.

poco allargando.

poco allargando.

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poco allargando.

poco allargando.

poco allargando.
parents were; His home was heaven and
His home, His home was heaven and
birth: Spirit and flesh His parents were; His home, His home was heaven and
birth: Spirit and flesh His parents were; His home was heaven and

65 Poco allargando.

earth.
Praise, earth.
Praise, earth.
Praise, earth.
The Eternal
Poco allargando.

Ped. 8306.
To serve as blessed His child, and armed, And sent Him hence a far, To serve as blessed His child, and armed, And sent Him hence a far, To serve as...
To be his Vice-roy in the world of matter, and of sense; upon the frontier, towards the

(Voices.)

67 Allargando.

Praise to the

67 dim. motto.

Praise to the

67 poco rit.

A re-so-lute de-fence.

Up-on the fron-tier, A re-so-lute de-fence.

foe, A re-so-lute de-fence.

foe, A re-so-lute de-fence.

poco rit.
Angelic, allargando.

Solo.

Chorus.

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

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Bass.

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Soprano.

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Soprano.

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Soprano.

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Soprano.

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Soprano.

Contralto.

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Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

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Soprano.

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Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

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Soprano.

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Soprano.

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Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

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Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

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Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

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Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

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Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

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Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

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Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

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Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

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Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

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Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

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Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

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Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

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Soprano.

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Soprano.

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Soprano.

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Soprano.

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Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

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Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

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Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Moderato. \( \frac{d = 66}{8} \)

Praise.
wind—The summer wind among the lofty pines.

Praise to the Holiest,

Praise to the Holiest,

Praise to the Holiest,

Praise...

Praise...

Praise...
Glory to Him, who evermore By truth and justice reigns; Who

Glory to Him, who evermore By truth and justice reigns; Who tears the

Praise,
Allargando.

molto cres. prase, . . praise, molto cres. prase, . . praise, Who

prase to the Ho-li-est, . . praise, Who

prase to the Ho-li-est in the height, Allargando. molto cres.

prase to the Ho-li-est in the height, molto cres.

prase to the Ho-li-est in the height, molto cres.

tears the soul . . from out its case, . . And burns, and burns a-way its

soul . . from out its case, And burns, and burn a-way its

prase to the Ho-li-est in the
They sing of thy approaching agony, Which thou so eagerly didst question of.

tears the soul from out its case, ... And burns a

tears the soul from out its case, ...

stains!

stains!

height.
My soul is in my hand: I have no way its stains!
But hark! a grand mysterious

poco stringendo.

harmony:

It floods me, like the
do.

poco stringendo.

deep and solemn sound Of many waters...
And now the threshold, as we traverse it,
Utters a loud its glad . . . . . .
re sponsive chant.

**Plead**

*Ped.*

74 **Chorus (Tutti).**

Maestoso, 

Praise . . . to the Holiest in the height, And
Praise . . . to the Holiest in the height, And
Praise . . . to the Holiest in the height, And
Praise . . . to the Holiest in the height, And

74 Maestoso. \( \frac{d}{d} = 84. \)

Ped.  **8506.**
in the depth be praise:
2nd Soprano.

in the depth be praise:
most won-der-ful;

in the depth be praise:
most won-der-ful;

in the depth be praise:
most won-der-ful;

in the depth be praise:
most won-der-ful;

in the depth be praise:
in all His words most won-

in the depth be praise:
in all His words most won-

in the depth be praise:
in all His words most won-

in the depth be praise:
in all His words most won-

in the depth be praise:
in all His words most won-

molto cres.

Most sure, most sure in all His

Most sure, most sure in all His

Most sure, most sure in all His

Most sure, most sure in all His

Most sure, most sure in all His

Ped.

molto cres.

molto stringendo.

molto stringendo.

molto stringendo.

molto stringendo.

molto stringendo.
75 Allegro molto.

ways! . . .

ways! . . .

ways! . . .

ways! . . .

Allegro molto. \( \frac{d}{\text{d}} = 72 \)

75 cantabile e sostenuto.

loving wisdom of our God! . .

loving wisdom of our God! . .
shame... A second Adam to the fight... And to the rescue,

O loving wisdom of our God! When all was sin and shame,

O came.

O loving wisdom of our God!

O loving wisdom of our God!

O loving wisdom of our God!
God!

cantabile e sostenuto.

wisest love! that flesh and blood Which did in Adam fail, Should

wisest love! that flesh and blood Which did in Adam fail, Should

O wisest love! O wisest love!

strive a-fresh against the foe, Should strive and should prevail;

strive a-fresh against the foe, Should strive and should prevail;

O wisest love! O wisest
O loving wisdom of our God!

O loving wisdom of our God!

O loving wisdom of our love!

O wisest love!

And that a higher gift than grace Should flesh and

O wisest God!

O...
blood refine, God's love!

God's wisest love!

God's wisest love!

Presence and His very Self, And Essence

Presence and His very Self, And Essence

Presence and His very Self, And Essence

Presence and His very Self, And Essence
O gen'rous love! O gen'rous love!
that He who

O gen'rous love!
that He who
smote In man for man the foe, The dou - ble ag - o - ny in

smote In man for man the foe, The dou - ble ag - o - ny in

smote In man for man the foe, The dou - ble ag - o - ny in

smote In man for man the foe, The dou - ble ag - o - ny in

sempre legato.

man For man should un - der - go;

man For man should un - der - go; O gen - 'rous love!

man For man should un - der - go; O gen - 'rous love!

man For man should un - der - go; O gen - 'rous love!

O gen'rous love!

O gen'rous love!

O gen'rous love!

O gen'rous love!

He who smote In man for man the foe, . . . The double

He who smote In man for man the foe, . . . The double

He who smote In man for man the foe, . . . The double

He who smote In man for man the foe, . . . The double
Agony in man... For man should undergo;

Agony in man... For man should undergo;

Agony in man... For man should undergo, should

Agony in man... For man should undergo, should

Sempre legato.

83

... And in the garden

... And in the garden

... And in the garden

... And in the garden

83

Legato.
secretly, And on the cross, the cross... on

secretly, And on the cross, the cross... on

secretly, And on the cross, the cross... on

secretly, And on the cross, on the cross... on

high, Should teach His brethren and inspire... To

high, Should teach His brethren and inspire... To

high, Should teach His brethren and inspire... To

high, Should teach His brethren and inspire... To

84

8306.
suffer and to die. O generous love!
suffer and to die. O generous love!
suffer and to die. O generous love!

O generous love!  
O generous love!  
O generous love!

O generous love!  
O generous love!  
O generous love!

85

85

S306.

Ped. *
O loving
in all His words most
Praise,
Praise,

wisdom of our God!

wonderful,
O wisest, wisest . love!
in all His words most wonderful;
praise, praise, praise to the

Praise, praise . to the Holiest in the height,
praise . to the Holiest, to the Holiest in the height,
Holiest, to the Holiest in the height,
in . . . the height, praise . . . to the height, . . . . And in the depth, the depth . . . be praise,

And in . . . the depth be praise,

Praise . . . to the And in the depth be praise, Praise to the And in . . . the depth, in the depth be praise, . . . And in . . . the depth be praise,
Holiest in the height,

And

Holiest in the height,

And in the depth, and

and

and

Holiest in the height,

And in the depth be praise,

Praise to the Holiest,
in the depth be praise, be praise...

in . . the depth be praise,

and in the depth, the depth...

in . . the depth be praise,

praise

praise, and in the depth,

and in . . the depth, the depth...

and in the depth, the

And in . . the depth, and in . . the
O loving wisdom of our depth be praise...
O wisest love!

O wisest, wisest love!

... to the Holiest,
praise... to the Holiest, to the

Praise... to the Holiest, to the Holiest.

... be... praise.

O wisest depth... be praise.

... be... praise.

O wisest depth... be praise.
God!

O wisest

Praise . to the Holliest in the height...

And

Ho - li - est in the height.

O gen - rous,

Wisest, wisest love!

love!

Praise . to the Holliest, to the Holliest,

O lov - ing wis - dom of our God!

love!

O lov - ing wis - dom of our God!
Holyest in the height.

Generous,

love!...O generous, generous love! Praise...to the

in the depth be praise,
Praise...to the

generous love!

O loving

Generous, generous love!

Praise...to the

Praise...to the Holyest in the height, And

O generous, generous love!
generous love!

Holyest, praise to the Holyest in the height.

Holyest, praise to the Holyest.

wisdom of our God! Glory to Him, glory to

Holyest in the height.

in the depth.

O generous love! Glory to
Glo - ry to Him,
glo - ry
Glo - ry
Glo - ry
Him, who ev - er - more By truth and jus - tice
Glo - ry to Him,
glo - ry
Glo - ry
Glo - ry
Him, who ev - er - more By truth and jus - tice
94 Animato.

glory, glory, glory to Him, who evermore, to 
glory to Him, who evermore By truth, ... By truth and justice 

reigns, ....

94 Animato.

glory, glory, glory to 
Him, to Him, who evermore By truth and justice 
glory to Him, who evermore By truth and justice reigns;

reigns; 

94 Animato.

Ped.

Him, who ever-more By truth and justice reigns, by truth and justice, by truth and justice reigns,

reigns, . . 
glory to . . Him, . . glory to Him,

f marcato.

Glory to Him, who ever-more By truth and justice reigns,

Him, who ever-more By truth and justice reigns,

reigns, . . 
glory to Him, glory to

who ever-more, ever-more reigns, Glory . . to

f marcato.

Glory to Him, glory, glory to
95 accel. molto.

Glory to Him, glory to Him,

Glory to Him, glory to Him,

Glory to Him, glory to Him,

Glory to Him, glory to Him,

Glory to Him, glory to Him,

Glory to Him, glory to Him,

Glory to Him, glory to Him,
Praise, in the height, And in the

Praise, in the height, And in the

Praise, in the height, And in the

Praise, in the height, And in the

Ped.
glory, praise, . .

all . . His words most wonder ful; Most

all . . His words most wonder ful; Most

. . In all . . . . His words . .

glory, praise, . .

all . . His words most wonder ful; Most

all . . His words most wonder ful; Most

. . In all . . . . His words . .

S306.
praise, . . . praise, . . .
sure . . . in all His ways! In all His words most wonderful; Most

sure . . . in all His ways,

most wonderful, in all His words most wonderful; Most

praise, . . .
sure . . . in all His ways,
sure . . . in all His ways,

most wonderful, in all . . . His

8306.
Most sure sure in all His ways, in all His
most sure sure in all His ways, in all His
praise, sure
most sure in all His
words most wonderful, most
in all His ways, most ways, most sure... in

in all His ways, most ways, most sure... in

in all His ways, most ways, most sure... in

sure, most... sure in
In all His ways, most sure.
sure . . . . in all . . . . . . . . . . . . His

sure in all, in all . . . . . . . . . . . . His

sure in all, in all . . . . . . . . . . . . His

all, . . . . in all . . . . . . . . . . . . His
Lento. Angel. ad lib. Solenne.

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come into the veiled

Lento. \( \frac{d}{48} \)

Presence of our God.

Soul. \( \text{pp} \)

I hear the

\( \text{pp} \) poco.

It is the voice of friends around thy bed, Who

\( \text{dim.} \)

Voices that I left on earth.

8va.

\( \text{con Ped.} \)

Say the "Subvenite" with the priest.

Hither the echoes

8306.
come...

before the Throne Stands the great Angel of the Agony. The same who strengthen'd Him, what time He knelt Lone in the garden shade, be-dewed with blood. That Angel best can plead with Him for all Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.
Angel of the Agony (Bass).

Je - su! by that shudd'ring dread which fell on Thee;

Lento e solenne. $d = 48.$

Je - su! by that cold dis-may which sick - ened Thee;

p poco affrettando. cres.

Je - su! by that pang of heart which thrill'd in Thee;

moltò largamente.

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8306.
Je - su! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee; Je - su! by that innocence which

gir - dled Thee; Je - su! by that sanctity.

which reigned in Thee; Je - su! by that God - head which was one with Thee
Je - su! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee, Allargando.

Sous, who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee; Allargando. Hasten,

Lord, their hour, and bid them a tempo, con Ped.
come to Thee,... To that glorious

Home,... where they shall ever gaze on

Thee. Allargando. Jesu!... spare these souls which are so dear to Thee...
114 Adagio.

Adagio. \( \dot{\text{d}} \) 56.

I go before my Judge.

Semi-Chorus.

Soprano.

Lento. poco.

Voices on Earth.

Soprano.

Be merci - ful, O

Contralto.

Spare him, Lord; be mer - ci - ful.

Tenor.

Be mer - ci - ful, be gra - cious.

Bass.

Spare him, Lord;

Chorus.

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Lento. \( \dot{\text{d}} \) 66.

a tempo.

ppp
Lord; spare him. Lord, deliver

-ful, be gracious. Lord, deliver

.. be gracious. Lord, deliver

ppp dim.

Lord, be merciful;

ppp dim.

Lord, be merciful;

ppp dim.

Lord, be merciful;

dim.
116 Moderato.

him.

him.

him.

him.

him.

116 Moderato.

spare him, Lord.

spare him, Lord.

spare him, Lord.

spare him, Lord.

116 Moderato. $d = 80$.

molti cres.

Ped. Sea bassa

ANGEL. a tempo.

Praise... to His Name!...

O happy, suffering

Sea...
soul! for it is safe, Consumed, yet quicken'd, by the glance of God.

f allargando.

Alleluia! Praise to His

Name!

Moderato e solenne.

Ped.
take me away, and in the lowest deep. There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep, Told out for me.

There, motion-less and happy in my pain, Lone, not forlorn, ...

There will I sing my sad perpetual strain, Until the morn. There ...
...will I sing and soothe my

strick...en breast, Which ne'er can cease To

throb, and pine, and languish, till poss'est Of

its Sole Peace...
There will I sing... my absent Lord, my absent Lord and Love:

... Take me away, That sooner I may rise, ...

... and go above, That sooner I may rise, may

rise and go above, And see Him in the truth...
poco rit. 124

...of everlasting day.

Ped.  * Ped.  *

pp morendo.

ad lib.  dim.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep There let me

ppp  

colla parte.

Andante.

be.

125 Chorus (Souls in Purgatory).

Alto.

125 Andante. $\cdot = 72$.

TENOR.

ppp sempre.

BASS.

ppp sempre.

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: in

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: in every generation, Lord, Thou hast been our

sempre tremolando.
Before the hills were born, and the world
every generation, Lord, Thou hast been our

refuge: in every generation,

was: from age to age Thou art God, from

refuge: in every generation, Lord, Thou hast

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge: in every generation; Before the

age to age, from age to age Thou art

been our refuge, our refuge in every
dim. molto.

hills were born: from age to age Thou art God, Thou art

dim. molto.
127 Angel, lepissiissimo.

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul, In my

Poco largamente, dolcissimo.

most loving arms I now enfold thee, And, o'er the penal waters,

128 rall. dim. pp dolce.

o'er the penal waters, as they roll, I poise thee, and I

8306
lower thee, and hold thee.

Chorus (Souls).

Lord, Thou hast been cur

large.  
carefully I dip thee in the lake, And thou, without a sob, with

refuge: in every generation.

refuge: in every generation.

colla parte.

out a sob or a resistance, Dost thro' the flood thy rapid passage take, Sinking
deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Come back, O Lord! how

Come back, O Lord! how

131 Poco più mosso.
dolce.

Angels, to whom the willing task is giv'n, Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou long:

131 Poco più mosso.

Tempo I. mo.
cres.

ll - est; And Mass - es on the earth, and pray'rs in
heaven, Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most High-est.

Chorus (Angelicals, distant), 1st Soprano.

Praise to the Holiest in the
be entreated for Thy servants.

be entreated for Thy servants.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear, Be brave and
patient on thy bed of sorrow; Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here, And I will

1st & 2nd Sopranos.

1st Alto.

2nd Alto.

1st & 2nd Sopranos.

praise.

1st Alto.

2nd Alto.

praise.

133

1st Tenor

Bring us not, Lord, very low: for Thou hast said, Come

2nd Tenor.

Bring us not, Lord, very low: for Thou hast said, Come

1st Bass.

Bring us not, Lord, very low: for Thou hast said, Come

2nd Bass.

For Thou hast said, Come

8306.
134 poco più mosso.

Come and wake thee on the mor-row. Fare well, ...

Praise, To us His

Back again, ye sons of Adam.

Back again, ye sons of Adam.

Back again, ye sons of Adam.

134 poco più mosso.

8306.
Farewell.

... praise... to the Holiest... in the
e... der race He gave To... battle and to win, Without the chastisement of... pain, Without the soil of...
height, praise to the Holiest,

Praise to the Holiest, praise to the Holiest,

Praise to the Holiest, praise to the Holiest,

Lord, ...

Poco a poco rit. al
Be brave and

Holiest,

Holiest,

Holiest,

Holiest,

Holiest,

Holiest,

Holiest,

Holiest,

136  

... come back, O Lord!

... come back, O Lord!

... come back, O Lord!

Lord, come back, O Lord!

Lord, come back, O Lord!

Lord, come back, O Lord!

136  

Tempo l'amo.
Patient, brother dear.

Praise to the Holiest...

Praise...

Praise...

Praise to the Holiest in the height.

Praise to the Holiest in the height.

How long: and be entreated for Thy servants...

How long: and be entreated for Thy servants...

How long: and be entreated for Thy servants...

How long: and be entreated for Thy servants...

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