

# St. Francis of Assisi

(*Little Flowers*)

ORATORIO

*In*

A PROLOGUE AND TWO PARTS

*Poem by*

GABRIEL NIGOND

English version by Claude Aveling

*Composed*

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

*By*

GABRIEL PIERNÉ

VOCAL SCORE

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

31110

## SOLI

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

# ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

## PROLOGUE

### I. THE YOUTH OF ST. FRANCIS

FRANCIS, HIS FRIENDS, YOUTHS AND GIRLS

#### CHORUS

Cecco, come down! Come down, I pray thee!  
There's dancing here to repay thee!  
Come down to wine and laughter, rondel and  
song!

Come down, gay farandole soon will rouse  
thee!

Join our throng!

Why so rapt is thy gaze, as there upon the  
terrace

Thou lookest out? On what does it brood?

Why this mood,

Cecco, to-day?

So perverse, so fey!

#### CHORUS AND TENOR SOLO

##### (First Song)

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

#### CHORUS

Cecco, come, the revel calls!  
Awake, thou dreamer! thou poet! Art de-  
mented?  
Thy father Bernardone, doth he keep thee  
close?

Hath it gone ill with him in trading?  
Why, ah, why art thou so morose?  
Why this frown, this air discontented,  
On this day of mirth and masquerading?

##### (Second Song)

Red wine did I drink of thee in full measure,  
Cortona!

Perfumed was thy breeze that fillèd my cloak,  
Orvieto!

Snow-white was Perugia, violet thou,  
Spoleto!

I fared to Assisi one summer day,  
Hence I would depart, yet in thrall I stay!

#### CHORUS

Clanging of bells sends through the air  
Tidings of joy swelling and soaring!  
Leopards whine and tigers are roaring,  
There's sport afoot here in the square!

Ringlets aflame Nina now shows!

Jacopo has thrown her a rose!

Fiora is dressed

All in her best!

Cecco! Two score are we that attend  
On thy coming! Lucia grows impatient!

Holà! Lucia grows bold!

And our banquet spread waxes cold!

#### FRANCIS

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

#### CHORUS AND TENOR SOLO

And forsake thee?

Thee? Our Prince of Youth we did make  
thee!

First in all our adventures thou,  
Wert thou not our standard inspiring?

Does thy doublet offend, art thou for braver  
tiring?

Once more don thy gay velvet now,  
And come!



FRANCIS

Nay, leave me here!

CHORUS

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

LUCIA

See ye not that love is his bane?

CHORUS

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

FRANCIS

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

CHORUS

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

FRANCIS

In good season shall ye know!

LUCIA, TENOR SOLO, AND CHORUS

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

*(Repeat of Second Song)*

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

FRANCIS

Like to a wind-swept flow'r, that leaf by leaf  
must perish,  
Scent-laden day must fade, and ere long  
sink to rest;  
A shroud, amber and gold, spreads a veil  
o'er the west,  
Oh, fair the sun whose red glow lights on the  
home I cherish!

Between the rock and torrent there,  
Down Mount Subasio, a shepherd seeks the  
hollow,  
So fleet glides through the haze that the eye  
cannot follow,  
While the lilt of his burden comes faint  
through the air.

The dusk smells sweet of earth, the waters  
enchant me,  
The night hath stirred the leaf and tree;  
God above! Give me strength and grant me  
Pow'r to love these, but still serve Thee!

## II. FRANCIS AND THE LADY POVERTY

THE LADY POVERTY

Francis!

FRANCIS

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

THE LADY POVERTY

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

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

FRANCIS

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

THE LADY POVERTY

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

FRANCIS

This will I do!

THE LADY POVERTY

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

FRANCIS

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

FRANCIS AND THE LADY POVERTY

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

FRANCIS

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

THE LADY POVERTY

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

FRANCIS

Ah!

## FIRST PART

### I. THE LEPER

FRANCIS, FRIAR LEON, THE LEPER, AND  
 THE POPULACE

CHORUS

*(Women's Voices)*

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

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

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

FRIAR LEON

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

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

FRANCIS

Thanks to God, that spring is here!

FRIAR LEON

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

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

CHORUS

Leper!

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

FRANCIS

Ah! Fly not so! Here fain would I stay  
 thee!

O brother, to whom this earth is as hell,  
 Let the peace of heaven now repay thee,  
 Which thy suffering earns thee well!

THE LEPER

Go! Keep thee far from me! Ere the pangs  
 of this hell o'take thee!

I warned thee, my rattle counselled all to  
 take flight,  
 Prudent was thy friend to forsake thee,  
 Thou, too, shouldst have fled from my  
 sight!

FRANCIS

Nay, friend, thy warning stayed me!

CHORUS

Wretched man! Fly! And leave us!

THE LEPER

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

CHORUS

Go on thy way, and seek the mountain!

THE LEPER

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

FRANCIS

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

THE LEPER

In thine arms?

FRANCIS

Is it thou, brother, turnest from me?

THE LEPER

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

FRANCIS

God's lowly servant!

THE LEPER

Thy name?

FRANCIS  
Francis.

## THE LEPER

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

FRANCIS

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

## THE LEPER

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

FRANCIS

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

## CHORUS

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

## II. SISTER CLARE

FRANCIS, SISTER CLARE

FRANCIS

Sister Clare, whither away? The weary day  
is ending;  
Shadows fall one by one, on hill and slope  
descending;  
The distant woods faintly are seen;

Angelus bell, its liquid notes with twilight  
blending,  
Hath reached Saint Damian's walls, so white  
in bow'r of green!

SISTER CLARE

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

FRANCIS

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

SISTER CLARE

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

FRANCIS

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

SISTER CLARE

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

FRANCIS (*alone*)

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

## III. THE BIRDS

FRANCIS, FRIAR LEON, THE BIRDS

FRIAR LEON

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

FRANCIS

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

FRIAR LEON

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

FRANCIS

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

FRIAR LEON

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

THE BIRDS

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

THRUSH

The Thrush am I, the merry Throstle!

REDBREAST

And I, the Redbreast!

SPARROW

And I, the Sparrow!

LARK

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

## LINNET

I, the Linnet!

## CHAFFINCH

The Finch am I, darling of angels!

## NIGHTINGALE

And I, the Nightingale!

## WARBLER

I, the Blackhooded Warbler!

## TOMTIT

I, the Tomtit!

## WAGTAIL

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

## THE BIRDS

O Francis, we would listen to thee!

## WREN

The Wren am I, wilt thou take me,  
The smallest bird of all? Let me not be  
denied!

Here I wait, a-flutter and coy,  
In the leaves, crouching by thy side,  
Lest cruel foes drive me away;  
Brother, though my heart is so gay,  
Yet my poor trembling tongue scarce can sing  
for very joy!

## FRANCIS

*(Sermon to the Birds)*

Brethren Birds, who sit with folded wing,  
Call me your friend and greet me with  
accord;

Know ye now that God is the Lord,  
In praises to Him should ye sing!

For he hath clothed you with plumage fair,  
And for your flight fashioned the air,  
And of old He preserved your kind,  
And shelter for you in the Ark did He find!

And tho' ye labour not, God's blessing giveth  
ease,

Your food is the grain and the fountain,  
Your domain the hill and the mountain,  
And your home the nest in the trees!

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

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

## THE BIRDS

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

## FRANCIS

Fly away! And proclaim in the song that ye  
sing

Your gospel to valley and hill!  
Now shall this Cross direct your flight and  
guide your will,

This Cross that I trace on each wing!  
Go, the first of you, Westward go ye forth;  
Others, find ye the South; and to the East  
a throng;

Let all the rest go seek the North!

Praise God, sing aloud your sweet, heavenly  
song,

Pure and holy message forthtell!

## THE BIRDS

*(Flying away in four groups)*

Farewell! Farewell!

## SECOND PART

## IV. THE STIGMATA

## INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE

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

FRANCIS

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

THE MURMUR OF VOICES

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

FRANCIS

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

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

THE MURMUR OF VOICES

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

FRANCIS (*in prayer*)

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

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Francis!

FRANCIS

I come!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Francis!

FRANCIS

Gladly I obey!

Ah! I hasten, my beloved Master, unto  
Thee!

Lord, do Thou point me the way!

Steep and irksome this path is for me!

The Cross! Ah! What lightning-flash doth  
blind me?

I see Thee now, blessed Lord!

Ah! Nailed to the Cross!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Francis!

FRANCIS

The Cross is there, thrust in the stones,

The crowd affrighted, the rabble horde!

Naught, save a weed where the chill wind  
moans;

Darkness descends, unlovely darkness!

Oh, Golgotha!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Behold me!

FRANCIS

Lord, I behold Thee!

O, monsters of hell, inhuman fiends!

O my Master!

## THE VOICE OF CHRIST

I thirst!

## FRANCIS

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

## THE VOICE OF CHRIST

O, sweet are thy words of pity!

## FRANCIS

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

## THE VOICE OF CHRIST

I suffer!

## FRANCIS

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

## THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Ah! Ah!

## FRANCIS

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

## THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Francis, come!

## THE MURMUR OF VOICES

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

## FRANCIS

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

## THE VOICE OF CHRIST

Come! Come!

## FRANCIS

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

## THE THREE FRIARS

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

## FRANCIS

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

## THE THREE FRIARS

Christ crucified!

## FRIAR LEON

Behold! Those wounds on thy hands!  
Thy bruised feet, thy pierced side!

## FRIAR ANGELO

Blest art thou a thousandfold!  
The Stigmata!

## FRIAR MASSEO

Thy feet! Thy hands! Behold!

## FRANCIS

Is it true?

## FRIAR MASSEO

True is this wondrous marvel!

## FRANCIS

A sweet and precious wound from my side  
doth flow!



FRIAR LEON

Dost thou falter?

FRANCIS

No! no!

Jesus! My Redeemer divine!

Dear unto my soul is the hurt that He giveth,

And all my joy in suffering liveth;

By blood alone the true Salvation shall be mine!

### V. THE CANTICLE OF THE SUN

FRANCIS, SISTER CLARE, THE PEOPLE

FRANCIS

O Saint Damian's walls, my affliction is sore,  
But ye give me comfort tender,

My heart opens wide in yearning for your splendour,

Since my closed eyes open no more!

O Saint Damian! O shelter sweet in pain,  
To my sorrow a refuge fair,

O the abbey that gleamed white on the russet plain,

Where in days long ago I welcomed Sister Clare!

Now in thy turn, with benediction,

Dear Sister, welcome thou the blind!

Do thou, O sun, be kind,

Comfort thou mine affliction!

These eyes see thee no more, yet will they suffer less,

If they feel, O sun, thy mystical caress!

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

On casement-pane falls summer's gleam;

That evil men He might redeem

Christ died!

Good Saint Peter, to mercy be won,

Thy stern displeasure, Saint John,

Set aside!

FRANCIS

Dear Sister, wilt thou describe to me my lost Assisi,

That I shall see no more till the great Heav'ning?

Assisi!

SISTER CLARE

Round yonder house a flight of birds is wheeling,

Where thou wast born!

FRANCIS

Ah, my home!

I seem to hear the shouts of a laughing boy!

So, laughing and merry and wild,

Fast I ran, and cried in my joy,

When I was a little child!

SISTER CLARE

Assisi!

FRANCIS

Bereavèd land, that I counted so dear!

Sun, shine on those tawny hills, summer's glory is here!

CHORUS (*in the distance*)

Dawn's finger-tips glisten with dew!

Adorned the altar gleams anew

In its splendour.

Incense rises to Thee above;

Partake of our joy, Lord of love,

Pure and tender!

SISTER CLARE

In calm now repose thee! Dost thou hear?

Friar Leon's at work, his song falls on thine ear!

CHORUS (*in the distance*)

Bearing the Cross, wounded sore,

And pale, and wan, Jesus once more

Doth faint and languish.

Loud resound the mocking and jeers,

Soft and low are the bitter tears

Of Mary's anguish!

SISTER CLARE

Francis! Rest thee awhile!

FRANCIS

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

SISTER CLARE

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

FRANCIS

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

FRANCIS

## THE CANTICLE OF THE SUN

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

CHORUS (*Men's Voices*)

Awake, praise ye the Lord!

## VI. THE DEATH OF FRANCIS

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

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

Along the path, where cypress and elder hang  
over,

To thee we come!

Above the convent's snowy dome  
Yellowing leaves a-rustling hover;  
To leaden feet the way is long,  
Naught we sing of joy or of gladness,  
Sorrow hath filled our hearts with song  
Of autumn sadness!

FRANCIS

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

FRIAR LEON (*in tears*)

The day is dying. Ah, me!

FRANCIS

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

CHORUS (*the Friends of Francis*)

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

## SISTER CLARE

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

## FRANCIS

Sister!

## CHORUS

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

CHORUS (*in the distance*)

Along the path where cypress and elder hang  
over,  
To thee we come!

Above the convent's snowy dome  
Yellowing leaves a-rustling hover;  
To leaden feet the way is long,  
Naught we sing of joy or of gladness!

## FRANCIS

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

## FRIAR LEON

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

## SISTER CLARE

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

## FRANCIS

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

CHORUS (*in the distance*)

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

## FRANCIS

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

CHORUS (*the People*)

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

## FRANCIS

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

## THE LADY POVERTY

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

## FRANCIS

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

FRIAR LEON

Saint Francis is dead!

CHORUS (*the People, sobbing*)

Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!

FRIAR ANGELO

A flight of birds! I will drive them hence!

FRIAR LEON

Nay, brother!

They come to mourn him who loved them!

THE BIRDS

Weary our wing, sad our song,  
Mourneth now each feathered rover,  
While o'er thy head we do hover,  
Fluttering band, clustering throng;  
Each bird hides in its narrow breast

One frail heart, that is sorrowing;  
Above, beneath, and East and West,  
Here we await thy spirit, little children of  
God!

Francis!

CHORUS (*the People*)

Alleluia!

## PROLOGUE

	PAGE
I. THE YOUTH OF ST. FRANCIS	1
II. FRANCIS AND THE LADY POVERTY	47

## FIRST PART

I. THE LEPER	56
II. SISTER CLARE	82
III. THE BIRDS	94

## SECOND PART

IV. THE STIGMATA	116
V. CANTICLE OF THE SUN	168
VI. THE DEATH OF FRANCIS	183

# Saint Francis of Assisi (Little Flowers)

## ORATORIO

Poem by Gabriel Nigond

## PROLOGUE

### I. The Youth of Saint Francis

Francis, his friends, youths and maidens

English version by  
Claude Aveling

Gabriel Pierné

**Allegro non troppo** ( $\text{♩} = 112$ )

*ppp* (*lontano assai*)

①

②

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First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is in a key with two sharps (D major) and 4/4 time. It consists of several measures with complex chordal textures and melodic lines.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It includes a triplet of eighth notes in the treble clef. The bass clef continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation, marked with a circled '3'. It features a triplet of eighth notes and dynamic markings: *sf* (sforzando) and *ppp* (pianissimo). The treble clef has a complex chordal structure.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a triplet of eighth notes in the treble clef. The music continues with intricate harmonic and melodic development.

Fifth system of musical notation, marked with a circled '4'. It includes dynamic markings *sf* and *ppp*. The treble clef has a melodic line with some chromaticism.

Sixth system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features dynamic markings *sf* and *ppp*. The bass clef has a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

5 (leggero)

First system of exercise 5. The right hand features a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The dynamic is marked *p*.

Second system of exercise 5. The melodic line continues with a triplet. The accompaniment remains consistent.

Third system of exercise 5. The melodic line concludes with a triplet. The accompaniment continues.

6 sost.

First system of exercise 6. The right hand has a sustained chord with a tenuto line. The left hand has a melodic line and a ten-measure rest. Dynamics include *rinf.* and *sf*.

Second system of exercise 6. The right hand continues with the sustained chord. The left hand continues with the melodic line and rest.

Third system of exercise 6. The right hand has a melodic line with accents. The left hand has a four-measure rest. The dynamic is marked *cresc.*



7

*f e cresc.*

*ff (molto vibrante)*

8

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

*ff* *ff* *ff* *ff*

Come down,— I pray thee!

Cec-co,— come down! come down,— I pray thee!

Cec-co,— come down! come down,— I pray thee!

8

There's danc-ing, there's danc-ing here to re-pay thee! Come

There's danc-ing, there's danc-ing here to re-pay thee! Come

There's danc-ing, there's danc-ing here to re-pay thee! Come

There's danc-ing, there's danc-ing here to re-pay thee! Come

down, Cec - co! Come down to wine and laugh-ter, ron-del and

down, Cec - co! Come down to wine and laugh-ter, ron-del and

down, Cec - co! Come down to wine and laugh-ter, ron-del and

down, Cec - co! Come down to wine and laugh-ter, ron-del and

9

song! Join our throng! Cec-co! Come!

song! Come! Cec-co! Come! Join our

song! Come! Cec-co! Come! Join our

song! Join our throng! Cec-co! Come!

9

Come down, I pray thee! Gay fa-ran-dole soon will

throng! Come down! Gay fa-ran-dole soon will

throng! Come down! Gay fa-ran-dole soon will

Come down, I pray thee! Gay fa-ran-dole soon will

⑩

rouse thee!

rouse thee!

rouse thee!

rouse thee!

⑩

*p*

⑪

*p*

Why so rapt is thy

*p*

Why so rapt is thy

*p*

Why so rapt is thy

*p*

Why so rapt is thy

⑪

gaze, as there up - on the ter-race thou look-est out?—

gaze, why so rapt is thy gaze?— On

gaze, as there up - on the ter-race thou look-est out?— On

gaze, why so rapt is thy gaze?—

The first system consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "gaze, as there up - on the ter-race thou look-est out?—" (top staff), "gaze, why so rapt is thy gaze?— On" (second staff), "gaze, as there up - on the ter-race thou look-est out?— On" (third staff), and "gaze, why so rapt is thy gaze?—" (bottom staff). The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. There are triplets in the vocal lines and a fourth note in the piano accompaniment.

On what does it brood?— On what

what does it brood?— On what, on what

what does it brood?— On what, on what

On what does it brood?— On what

The second system consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "On what does it brood?— On what" (top staff), "what does it brood?— On what, on what" (second staff), "what does it brood?— On what, on what" (third staff), and "On what does it brood?— On what" (bottom staff). The piano accompaniment features a melodic line in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand. There are slurs and a second note in the piano accompaniment.

(12) *mf*<sub>3</sub>

does it brood? Why this mood, Cec - co, to -

does it brood? Why this mood, Cec - co, to -

does it brood? Why this mood, Cec - co, to -

does it brood? Why this mood, Cec - co, to -

(12)

*f*<sub>3</sub> *ff* *molto rit.*

day? So per-verse, Cec - co, so fey!\_

day? So per-verse, Cec - co, so fey!\_

day? So per-verse, Cec - co, so fey!\_

day? So per-verse, Cec - co, so fey!\_

*f* *ff* *molto rit.*



## L'istesso tempo (♩ = 100)

## Tenor Solo (Song)

*dolce espress.*

13

T. Nen - ci - a, pret - ty sweet - ing, Ere twi - light glow be

T. fleet - ing, With - out thy gar - den see Thy true love, — gen - tle

T. maid - en, With salve and bod - kin lad - en, His hum - ble gift to

14 *rinf.*

T. thee; He brings wine in good mea - sure, This red rose for thy

*dim.*

T. plea - sure, And with this fair - ing goes Great wealth of hid - den trea - sure, His fond

*poco rit.* (15) *a tempo*

heart in that rose! *dolce espress.*

ALTO I

ALTO II *dolce espress.* Nen - ci -

*a tempo* Nen - ci - a, Nen - ci - a, Ere

(15) *poco rit.* *p espress. molto*

a, — pret - ty sweet - ing, Who gives greet - ing to thee?

twi - light glow be fleet - ing, Who gives greet - ing to thee?

BASS I Nen - ci - a, — Nen - ci - a, pret - ty sweet - ing,

*cresc. poco a poco* 3

Thy true love, — gen - tle maid - en, With salve — and

*cresc. poco a poco* 3

Thy true love, — gen - tle maid - en, With

*cresc. poco a poco* 3

BASS II Thy true love, gen - tle maid - en, With salve and bod - kin

(*dolce sost.*) *cresc. poco a poco* 3

Thy true love, gen - tle maid - en, With salve and bod - kin

*cresc. poco a poco* 3



bod - kin - lad - en, His hum - ble gift to  
 salve and bod - kin lad - en, His hum - ble gift to  
 lad - en, Doth bring his hum - ble gift to  
 lad - en, Doth bring his - hum - ble gift to

16 Tenor Solo

*dolce sost. espress.*

T. Nen - ci - a, pret - ty sweet - ing, Ere  
 SOPRANO *dolce sost. espress.*  
 Nen - ci - a, pret - ty sweet - ing, Ere  
 ALTO I *p*  
 thee! Come! Cec-co!  
 ALTO II *p*  
 thee! Come! Cec-co!  
 TENOR *dolce sost. espress.*  
 Nen - ci - a, pret - ty sweet - ing, Ere  
 BASS I *p*  
 thee! Aye, and wealth of hid - den  
 BASS II *p*  
 thee! Aye, and wealth of hid - den

16

*p*  
*3*

T. *twi-light glow be fleet - ing, With - out thy gar-den see*

*twi-light glow be fleet - ing, With - out thy gar-den see*

*Why, ah, why art thou so mo - rose?*

*Why, ah, why art thou so mo - rose?*

*twi-light glow be fleet - ing, With - out thy gar-den see*

*trea - - sure, His fond heart in a rose!*

*trea - - sure, His fond heart in a rose!*

T. *Thy true love, gen-tle maid - en, With*

*Thy true love, gen-tle maid - en, With*

*Come! Cec-co! The rev-el calls!*

*Come! Cec-co! The rev-el calls!*

*Thy true love, gen-tle maid - en, With*

(17)

T. *salve and bod - kin lad - en, His hum - ble gift to*

*salve and bod - kin lad - en, His hum - ble gift to*

*Thou dream - er! Thou po - et!*

*salve and bod - kin lad - en, His hum - ble gift to*

*A - wake! Thou po - et! Art de -*

*Why, ah, why art thou so mo - rose? Why, ah, why, ah,*

(17)

*thee. He brings wine in good*

*thee. He brings wine in good*

*Fool de - ment - ed, O Cec - co! Rev - el*

*thee. He brings wine in good*

*ment - ed! Thy fa - ther, Ber - nar -*

*why art thou so mo - rose?*

*thee. He brings wine in good*

*why art thou so mo - rose?*

T. *cresc.*  
 mea-sure, This red rose for thy plea-sure, And with this fair-ing  
*cresc.*  
 mea-sure, This red rose for thy plea-sure, And with this fair-ing  
*cresc.*  
 calls thee! Why, ah, why art thou so mo-rose? Why this frown, this  
*cresc.*  
 calls thee! Why, ah, why art thou so mo-rose? Why this frown, this  
*cresc.*  
 mea-sure, This red rose for thy plea-sure, And with this fair-ing  
*cresc.*  
 do-ne, doth he bid thee keep close, Hath it gone ill with him in  
*rinf.* *cresc.*  
 Thy fa-ther Ber-nar - do-ne, Hath it gone ill with him in  
*cresc.*

T. *poch. rit.*  
 goes Great wealth of hid-den trea-sure, His fond heart in that  
*poch. rit.*  
 goes **ALTO I & II** Great wealth of hid-den trea-sure, His fond heart in that  
*poch. rit.*  
 air dis-con-tent-ed, Cec-co! On this day of mirth and mas-que-  
*poch. rit.*  
 goes **BASS I & II** Great wealth of hid-den trea-sure, His fond heart in that  
*poch. rit.*  
 trad-ing? On this day of mirth and mas-que-rad - ing, mas-que-  
*poch. rit.*



18 *a tempo*

rose!\_\_\_\_\_

rose!\_\_\_\_\_

rad - - ing?

rose!\_\_\_\_\_

rad - - ing?

18 *a tempo*

*ff*

(Second Song)

*ff*

Cor-to - na!

*ff*

Cor-to - na!

TENOR II *ff con brio*

*ff unis.*

Red wine\_\_\_\_\_ did I drink of thee in full mea - sure, Cor-to - na!

BASS I *con brio*

*ff*

Red wine\_\_\_\_\_ did I drink of thee in full mea - sure, Cor-to - na!

(19)

TENOR I & II *ff*  
Per - fumed

BASS I *ff*  
Per - fumed

(19)

Or - vie - to! —

Or - vie - to! —

— was the breeze that fill - ed my cloak, — Or - vie - to! —

— was the breeze that fill - ed my cloak, — Or - vie - to! —

Musical score for the first system, featuring vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The tempo is marked *ff*. The lyrics are: "Snow - white was Pe -". The piano part includes a *BASS I* line.

Musical score for the second system, featuring vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The tempo is marked *ff*. The lyrics are: "Spo - le - - to! I fared ru - gia, vi - o - let thou, Spo - le - - to! I fared". The piano part includes a *ff unis.* marking. A circled number 20 indicates a measure repeat.

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

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

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

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

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with a trill-like figure and a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with a triplet of eighth notes.

would de-part, yet in thrall I stay,

would de-part, yet in thrall I stay,

would de-part, yet in thrall I stay,

would de-part, yet in thrall I stay,

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with a trill-like figure and a triplet of eighth notes. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with a triplet of eighth notes.



in thrall I stay, \_\_\_\_\_ in thrall I stay!—

in thrall I stay, \_\_\_\_\_ I stay!—

in thrall I stay, \_\_\_\_\_ in thrall I stay!—

in thrall I stay, \_\_\_\_\_ I stay!—

21 (♩ = ♩ del precedente)

\_\_\_\_\_ The clang - - ing!

Clang-ing of bells sends thro' the air Ti - dings of joy swell-ing and

\_\_\_\_\_ The clang - ing, swell-ing and

Clang-ing of bells sends thro' the air Ti - dings of joy swell-ing and

21 (♩ = ♩ del precedente)

Clang-ing of bells sends thro' the air Ti - dings of joy swell-ing and

\*) Bells of Assisi

Leo - pards whine and ti-gers are roar - - ing, There's  
soar - - - ing!  
soar - - - ing!  
soar - - - ing!

22

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

22

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

(23) SOPRANO  
 Cec - co! Two score are we that at - tend on thy

ALTO  
 Cec - co! Two score are we that at - tend on thy

TENOR I  
 Cec - co! Two score are we that at - tend thee

TENOR II  
 Cec - co! Two score are we that at - tend on thy

BASS  
 Cec - co! Two score are we that at -

(23)

com - ing! Lu - ci - - a grows im - pa - tient! Ho -

com - ing! Lu - ci - - a grows im - pa - tient! Ho -

Two score are we that at - tend thee! Cec - co! Ho -

com - ing! Lu - ci - - a grows im - pa - tient! Ho -

tend on thy com - ing! Come! Cec - co! Ho -

SOPRANO *cresc.*

la! Lu - cia grows bold! Ha!

ALTO *cresc.*

la! Lu - cia grows bold! Ha!

TEN. *cresc.*

la! Lu - cia grows bold! Ha!

BASS *cresc.*

la! Lu - cia grows bold! Ha!

*cresc.*

24 *fff*

Ha! \_\_\_\_\_ And our ban - quet

*fff*

Ha! \_\_\_\_\_ And our ban - quet

*fff*

Ha! \_\_\_\_\_ And our ban - quet

2nd BASS *ad lib.*

*fff*

Ha! \_\_\_\_\_ And our ban - quet

24

*fff* *sf* *ffp*

spread wax - es cold! \_\_\_\_\_

spread wax - es cold! \_\_\_\_\_

spread wax - es cold! \_\_\_\_\_

spread wax - es cold! \_\_\_\_\_

*ff*

25 Francis

*mf*  
 Leave me to - night, good friends, feast a - lone! \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ *ff*  
 And for - sake

\_\_\_\_\_ *ff*  
 And for - sake thee?

\_\_\_\_\_ *ff*  
 And for - sake

\_\_\_\_\_ *ff*  
 And for - sake thee?

25

\_\_\_\_\_ *sf*  
 \_\_\_\_\_

thee? \_\_\_\_\_ Thee? \_\_\_\_\_ Our Prince of Youth we did

\_\_\_\_\_ Thee? \_\_\_\_\_

thee? \_\_\_\_\_ Thee? \_\_\_\_\_ Our Prince of Youth we did

\_\_\_\_\_ Thee? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ *3* \_\_\_\_\_



**26** Tenor Solo *p ma pronunziato*

T. First in all our ad-ven-tures thou,  
 make thee!  
*p sost. espress.*  
 Cec-co! Come down, I pray thee! Cec-co! Come!— O,  
 make thee!

1st BASS *p*  
 Cec-co! Come! O,

*p espress. legg.*

T. Wert thou not our stan-dard in-spir-ing? Does thy  
 come! Come down! O, Cec-co!  
 come! Come down! O Cec-co!

TENOR I *p*  
 O, Cec-co!

*p*  
 come! Come down! O Cec-co!

*p*

**27**

T. *cresc.*  
 doub - let of - fend, art thou for brav - er tir - ing? Once more don thy

*cresc.*  
 Come down! Cec-co! Come down! Once more don thy gay—

*cresc.*  
 Come down! Cec-co! Come down! Once more don thy gay—

*cresc.*  
 Come down! Cec-co! Come down! Come! Cec-co! \_\_\_\_\_

*cresc.*

T. *f*  
 gay vel - vet now, And come! \_\_\_\_\_

*f*  
 And come! \_\_\_\_\_

*f*  
 vel - vet now, \_\_\_\_\_ And come! \_\_\_\_\_

*unis. f*  
 vel - vet now, \_\_\_\_\_ And come! \_\_\_\_\_

*unis. f*  
 \_\_\_\_\_ Come! \_\_\_\_\_ Come! \_\_\_\_\_



②⑧ Francis

F. *f*  
 Nay, leave me here!

*ff* Cec-co play-eth the  
*ff* Cec-co play-eth the  
*ff* Cec-co play-eth the  
*ff* Cec-co play-eth the

②⑧

*ff* *ff*

tru - - ant! 0 Cec-co, son of  
 tru - - ant! 0 Cec-co, son of  
 tru - - ant! 0 Cec-co, son of  
 tru - - ant! Cec-co, son of

tru - - ant! Cec-co, son of

(29) *p* *pp*

Ber - nar - do - - - ne, — What se - cret dost thou

Ber - nar - do - - - ne, — Tell

Ber - nar - do - - - ne, — Tell

Ber - nar - do - - - ne, — Tell

(29) *p* *pp*

*poco rit.* Tempo I

hide, — mood - y swain?

*poco rit.*

us, mood - y swain!

*poco rit.*

us, mood - y swain!

*poco rit.*

us, mood - y swain!

*poco rit.* Tempo I (♩. = 112)

30 Lucia *p*

L. See ye not that love is his bane? He's in

16 SOPRANOS *pp*  
Ha! Ha!

8 ALTOS *pp*  
Ha! Ha!

8 1<sup>st</sup> TENORS *pp*  
He's in love?

8 1<sup>st</sup> BASSES *pp*  
He's in love?

L. love! And dares thus to con-ceal it! \_\_\_\_\_

a 8  
He's in love?

a 8  
He's in

Francis *espress.*

F. Fair Lu - ci - a has fa-thom'd the truth:

a 8  
Good rea-son, I own! —

a 8  
He's in love? —

love?

F. I will re - veal it! — Why do I bide with-in my

31

F. house, brood-ing a - lone, In wild un-rest, strange-ly thrill'd and

*pp*

F. *mov - ed?* I a - wait to - night my bride be - - lov - ed!

*poco rit.* **32** *a tempo*

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR *à 8 R*

BASS Ha!

F. *Tutti f* Her name?

*a 8 mf* Can this be so? *Tutti f* Her

Ha! Thou art be-troth-ed? *Tutti f* Her name?

*a 16 mf* Bridegroom and bride! Let the wine flow! *Tutti f* Her

F. *mf*

In good sea-son shall ye know! —

name?

*a 8 p*

O craft-y schem - -

*a 8 p*

O craft-y schem - -

name?

33 Lucia *p espress.*

L. *a 8 p espress.*

Then no more will we chas-ten thee,

Then no more will we chas-ten thee,

- er!

- er!

33 *espress.*

L. *We take our leave, her-mit and dream - - er!*

*We take our leave, her-mit and dream - - er!*

*Tutti p*  
Ha! Ha!

The first system of the score features two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics "We take our leave, her-mit and dream - - er!". The piano accompaniment begins with a *p* dynamic. A third staff, likely for Tenors, enters with "Ha! Ha!" under the instruction *Tutti p*. The piano accompaniment continues with a *p* dynamic.

**Tenor Solo**  
*p espress.*

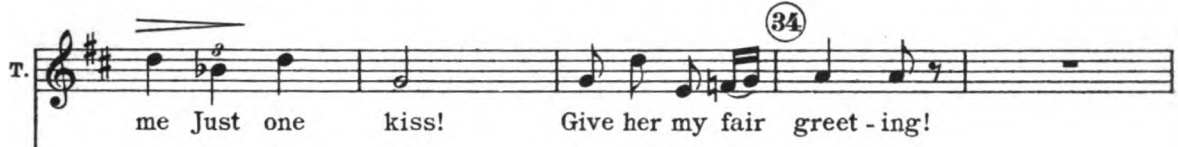
I. T. *Be - stow — on thy la - - dy for*

*pp* ALTO I  
*We take our leave, her - mit and dream - -*

8 1st TENORS  
*Be - stow — on thy la - - dy for*

The second system of the score features three vocal parts and a piano accompaniment. The Tenor Solo part begins with the instruction *p espress.* and the lyrics "Be - stow — on thy la - - dy for". The Alto I part enters with *pp* and the lyrics "We take our leave, her - mit and dream - -". The 8 1st Tenors part enters with the lyrics "Be - stow — on thy la - - dy for". The piano accompaniment continues with a *p* dynamic.



T.  (34)  
 me Just one kiss! Give her my fair greet - ing!

SOPRANO II *sost. espress.*  
 My heart be -

ALTO I  
 er, We take our leave!

ALTO II *sost. espress.*  
 My heart be -

  
 me Just one kiss!\_\_\_\_\_

TENOR II *sost. espress.*  
 My heart be -

BASS I *p.*  
 Give her my fair greet - ing!

BASS II *sost. espress.*  
 My heart be -

 (34)



SOPRANO I *mf sost. e cresc.*

My heart be - fore her feet I  
fore her feet I lay!—

*mf sost. e cresc.*

My heart be - fore her feet I  
fore her feet I lay!—

Tutti *mf sost. e cresc.*

My heart be - fore her feet I  
fore her feet I lay!—

*mf sost. e cresc.*

My heart be - fore her feet I  
fore her feet I lay!—

*mf sost. e cresc.*

35

lay! \_\_\_\_\_ Gui-do! Lui - gi!

Gui - do! Lui - gi! Gui - do! Lui - gi!

lay! \_\_\_\_\_ Has - ten a - way! Has - ten a - -

Gui - do! Lui - gi! Has - ten a - way! Has - ten a - -

lay! \_\_\_\_\_ Gui - do! Lui - gi!

Gui - do! Lui - gi! Gui - do! Lui - gi!

lay! \_\_\_\_\_ Has - ten a - way!

Gui - do! Lui - gi! Has ten a - way!

35

SOPRANO (*pronunziato assai*)

Red wine — did I drink of thee in full mea- sure,

## ALTO

way! —

TENOR (*pronunziato assai*)

Red wine — did I drink of thee in full mea- sure,

## BASS

Has-ten a - - way! —

(♩ = 100)

*cresc.*

Per - - fumed — was thy breeze that fill-ed my

to - na!

Per - - fumed — was thy breeze that fill-ed my

to - na!

36

cloak, — Snow - white — was Pe-  
 Or - vie - to! Snow - white — was Pe-  
 cloak, — Snow - white — was Pe-  
 Or - vie - to! Gui-do!

*ff*

36

*ff*

ru - gia, vi-o-let thou, — Spo-le - to! —  
 ru - gia, vi-o-let thou, — Spo-le - to! —  
 ru - gia, vi-o-let thou, — Spo-le - to! —  
 Lui - gi! Has-ten a - way! —

*fff* (gaiamente)

To As - si - si I fared one sum - mer day,

*fff* (gaiamente)

To As - si - si I fared one sum - mer day,

*fff* (gaiamente)

To As - si - si I fared one sum - mer day,

*fff*

Danc - ing's a - foot now, — and time is fleet - ing, —

(37)

Hence I would de - part, yet in thrall I stay! —

Hence I would de - part, yet in thrall I stay! —

Hence I would de - part, yet in thrall I stay! —

— Danc - ing's a - foot, now haste a - way! —

Bells

(37)

First system of musical notation. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line features a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment includes a complex arpeggiated figure in the left hand and a melodic line in the right hand.

Second system of musical notation. Similar to the first system, it features a vocal line with a triplet and a piano accompaniment with arpeggiated textures.

Third system of musical notation, starting at measure 38. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a trill (tr.) and dynamic markings: *espress.* and *meno ff*.

Fourth system of musical notation. The piano accompaniment is prominent, featuring a series of chords and arpeggios. Dynamic markings include *p.* (piano).

Fifth system of musical notation, starting at measure 39. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment with complex chordal textures. Dynamic markings include *pp.* (pianissimo).

dim. *p*

*p*

*p*

40 *un poco sosten.*

*sf* *pp*

*dim. sempre*

41

*ppp*

Piano accompaniment for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef. The music is in a key with two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature. It consists of several measures of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Piano accompaniment for the second system. The right hand has long, sustained notes, and the left hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The word *lunga* is written above the final measure of the right hand.

Molto lento

Piano accompaniment for the third system, starting with a circled number 42. The music is marked *pp* and *ppp*. It features complex chordal textures in the right hand and triplet patterns in the left hand.

Francis (alone)

*dolce*

Vocal line for Francis (alone) and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Like to a wind-swept flow'r that". The piano accompaniment includes a triplet in the left hand and a long note in the right hand. The marking *espress. un poco marcato* is written below the piano part.

Vocal line for Francis (alone) and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "leaf by leaf must per-ish, Scent-lad-en day must fade, and ere long sink to rest;". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a long note in the right hand.



43

F.  A shroud, am-ber and

*dolcissimo*

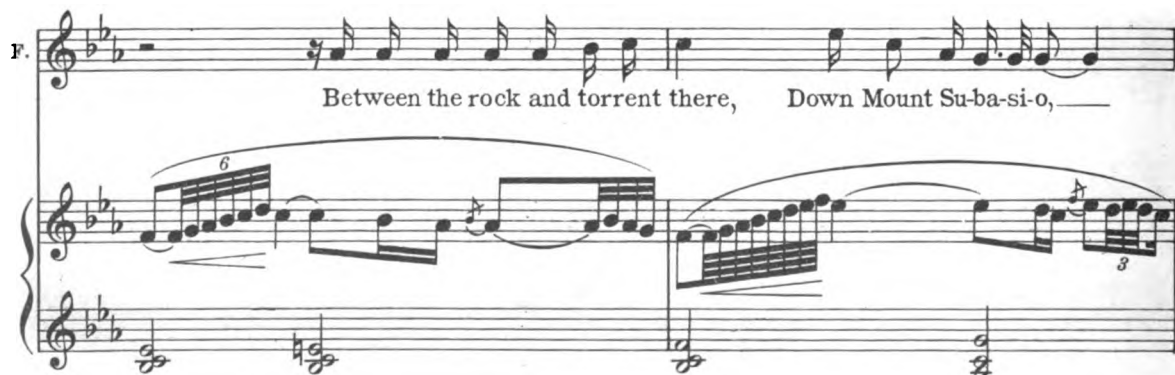
F.  gold, spreads a veil o'er the west; Oh, fair the sun whose red

44

F.  glow lights on the home I cher - ish!

*espress.*

*sost. il basso*

F.  Between the rock and torrent there, Down Mount Su-ba-si-o, —

F. a shep - - - herd seeks the hol - - low,

F. So fleet glides thro' the haze *poco rit.* that the eye can-not fol - low,

45 *a tempo* While the lilt of his burden comes faint thro' the air. \_\_\_\_\_

F. The dusk smells sweet of earth, the wa-ters en-charm me, The

F. *rit.*  
 night hath stirred the leaf and tree; God a-bove! God a-bove!

F. Give me strength and grant me Pow'r to love these, but still serve

(46)  
 F. Thee!

*sost. espress.*

*dim.* *pp*

## II. Francis and the Lady Poverty

## The Lady Poverty

(47)

*poco rall. a tempo poco rall. a tempo rall.*

L.P. Fran-cis! Fran-cis! Fran-cis!

F. *pp* Francis  
Voice, faint yet soft and ten-der, Low and

*poco rall. a tempo poco rall. a tempo rall.*

*col canto*

L.P.

F. *a tempo*  
gen - tle as ze-phyr's sigh - ing, Lu - cent form de - fined in the

*a tempo*

*pp*

L.P. Fran-cis! Fran - cis!

F. shad-ows As thou draw-est near to me now, When flow-ers to slum-ber sur-

L.P. Fran - - - cis!

F. ren - - der, When a - bove the fires that are dy - ing Cir - cling va - pours

*poco cresc.*

*poco cresc.*

L.P. Fran - cis!

F. float o'er the mead - ows: Is it thou, My La - dy, is it thou?

**48** *f*

*f*

### The Lady Poverty

L.P. I seek thee in pain, in tor - ment that op -

**Molto lento** (♩ = 66)  
(♩ = ♩ del precedente)

L.P. press - es! Tho' my lips and mine eyes be fair,

*dolente espress.*

L.  *And tho' jasmine gay a - dorn my flow - ing tress - es,*

(49) L.  *My feet are bleed - ing, - despite the gentle winds' ca - ress - es,*

L.  *And my white robe men soil and tear! — No kindly friend have I to*

(50) L.  *tend me, Chil - dren de - ride me, the dogs yelp at my feet And would*

*poco animando*

*tornando*

L.P. *f*

rend me; The world doth re - vile me! Wouldst thou learn what I *tornando*

*poco animando*

*f*

L.P. *al 1º tempo* *p espress.* (51) **Tempo I**

am? O Francis, I am Christian Pov - er - ty!

*al 1º tempo*

*p espress. sempre dolente*

**Francis**

F. *pp*

Deign to give me thy hand, by this ring men shall know We are be -

**The Lady Poverty**

L.P.

Fair are thy words, and with pit - y thy heart is

trothed, my belov - ed! \_\_\_\_\_



52

L.P. *mov - ed, But wilt thou succour all from whose eyes the tears flow?*

F. *This will I*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line (L.P.) with lyrics 'mov - ed, But wilt thou succour all from whose eyes the tears flow?' and a female vocal line (F.) with lyrics 'This will I'. The piano accompaniment (piano) is in the key of D major and features a melodic line in the right hand and a more rhythmic line in the left hand. A circled number '52' is placed above the piano part.

L.P. *If one suf - fer - eth, wilt thou re - lieve him, Re -*

F. *do!*

Detailed description: This system contains the second and third systems of music. The vocal lines continue with lyrics 'If one suf - fer - eth, wilt thou re - lieve him, Re - do!'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar melodic and rhythmic patterns. A circled number '52' is placed above the piano part.

L.P. *vive him that is faint, give him bread in his need?*

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth systems of music. The vocal line continues with lyrics 'vive him that is faint, give him bread in his need?'. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with chords and a steady left hand. A circled number '52' is placed above the piano part.

L.P. *If one be stained with guilty deed, Still as brother wilt thou re - ceive him?*

*f dim.*

*pp*

Detailed description: This system contains the fourth and fifth systems of music. The vocal line concludes with lyrics 'If one be stained with guilty deed, Still as brother wilt thou re - ceive him?'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand. Dynamics include *f*, *dim.*, and *pp*. A circled number '52' is placed above the piano part.



53

Francis *dolce espress.*

F. *Lo I kneel at thy bruised feet,*

F. *Pov-er-ty, since I do a-dore thee! The tears of all that mourn*

*cresc.*

F. *shall turn to laugh-ter sweet; Take thou this ring of me, I im-*

The Lady Poverty

54

L.P. *My trust in thee makes two hearts one!*

F. *plore thee! My trust in thee makes two hearts one!*

*p*

*54*

*cresc.*

L.P. My hand in thine For ev - er, for ev - er joins us in teth - er,

F. My hand in thine For ev - er, for ev - er joins us in.

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*dim. rall.*

L.P. Thine appointed task shall be mine, To tread the path of life to -

F. teth - er, Thine appoint - ed task shall be mine, To jour - ney to -

*dim. rall.*

*dim. rall.*

(55)

L.P. geth - er! —

F. geth - er! —

(55)

*pp*

Lento, come prima  
Francis

F. *pp* The night is tranquil,

SOPRANO (*humming*)

*ppp* Bells (*in the distance*)

Lento, come prima

F. The val-ley is peace-ful: Be - low —

F. (56) Sound the ech-oes of voic-es and chimes har-mo - niz - ing!

(56) *pp*

## The Lady Poverty

L.P. *p*

Dost thou see, where yon hill-slope is ris-ing,

*pp*

The musical score for 'The Lady Poverty' consists of three systems. The first system shows the vocal line (L.P.) with lyrics 'Dost thou see, where yon hill-slope is ris-ing,' and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features triplets in the right hand and chords in the left hand, with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4.

L.P. *pp*

That lit-tle flame that trembles with faint, persistent glow?—

*espress.*

The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics 'That lit-tle flame that trembles with faint, persistent glow?—' and a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features chords in the right hand and a melodic line in the left hand, with an *espress.* (espressivo) dynamic. The key signature remains three sharps and the time signature is 3/4.

## Francis (57)

F. *ppp*

Ah!—

*pppp*

The musical score for 'Francis (57)' consists of two systems. The first system shows the vocal line (F.) with lyrics 'Ah!—' and a pianissimo (*ppp*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features chords in the right hand and a melodic line in the left hand, with a pianississimo (*pppp*) dynamic. The key signature is three sharps and the time signature is common time (C).