THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER

A CANTATA

FOR

SOPRANO & BARITONE SOLI,
CHORUS & ORCHESTRA

POEM BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

MUSIC BY

CHARLES SANFORD SKILTON

VOCAL SCORE WITH
PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT

PRICE 75 CENTS

ORCHESTRA SCORE AND
PARTS MAY BE OBTAINED
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The Witch's Daughter

Poem by
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

CHORUS

It was the pleasant harvest time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garrets bend beneath their load,

And the old swallow-haunted barns,—
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
Through which the moted sunlight
streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,
And the loose haymow's scented locks,—

Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
Its odorous grass and barley sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an Autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places; some by chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great
elm boughs!

On sturdy boyhood, sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless nerves!

And jests went round, and laughs that made
The house-dog answer with his howl,
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl;

And quaint old songs their fathers sung
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,
Ere Norman William trod their shores;

And tales, whose merry license shook
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,
Forgetful of the hovering Dane,—

Rude plays to Celt and Cimbri known,
The charms and riddles that beguiled
On Oxus' banks the young world's child,—

That primal picture-speech wherein
Have youth and maid the story told,
So new in each, so dateless old,

Recalling pastoral Ruth in her
Who waited, blushing and demure,
The red-ear's kiss of forfeiture.

SOPRANO SOLO

But still the sweetest voice was mute
That river-valley ever heard
From lips of maid or throat of bird;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the Witch-wife's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,
Since curious thousands thronged to see
Her mother at the gallows-tree;

And mocked the prison-palsied limbs
That faltered on the fatal stairs,
And wan lip trembling with its prayers!

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or, when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,
As men and Christians justified:
God willed it, and the wretch had died!

CHORUS

Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,—
Forgive the blindness that denies!

Forgive thy creature when he takes,
For the all-perfect love Thou art,
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn
Our bloody altars; let us see
Thyself in Thy humanity!

* * *

So in the shadow Mabel sits;
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting, with an angry frown,
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

BARITONE SOLO

"Good neighbors mine," he sternly said,
"This passes harmless mirth or jest;
I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child;
But God's sweet pity ministers
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace;
I never knew her harm a fly,
And witch or not, God knows – not I.

"I know who swore her life away;
And as God lives, I'd not condemn
An Indian dog on word of them."

CHORUS

The broadest lands in all the town,
The skill to guide, the power to awe,
Were Harden's; and his word was law.

None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside:

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

"The little witch is evil eyed!

"Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy-pan;
But she, forsooth, must charm a man!"

CHORUS
(Women)

Poor Mabel, homeward turning, passed
The nameless terrors of the wood,
And saw, as if a ghost pursued,

Her shadow gliding in the moon;
The soft breath of the west-wind gave
A chill as from her mother's grave.

(Men)

How dreary seemed the silent house!
Wide in the moonbeams' ghastly glare
Its windows had a dead man's stare!

And, like a gaunt and spectral hand,
The tremulous shadow of a birch
Reached out and touched the door's low porch,

As if to lift its latch; hard by,
A sudden warning call she heard,
The night-cry of a boding bird.

(Women)

She leaned against the door; her face,
So fair, so young, so full of pain,
White in the moonlight's silver rain.

The river, on its pebbled rim,
Made music such as childhood knew;
The door-yard tree was whispered through

By voices such as childhood's ear
Had heard in moonlights long ago;
And through the willow-boughs below

She saw the rippled waters shine;

(Men)

Beyond, in waves of shade and light,
The hills rolled off into the night.

* * *

And still across the wooded space
The harvest lights of Harden shone,
And song and jest and laugh went on.

(Women)

And he, so gentle, true, and strong,
Of men the bravest and the best,
Had he, too, scorned her with the rest?

* * *

(Men)

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave became
A voice whose burden was her name.

(Women)

Had then God heard her? Had He sent
His angel down? In flesh and blood,
Before her Esek Harden stood!

He laid his hand upon her arm:

BARITONE SOLO

"Dear Mabel, this no more shall be;
Who scoffs at you must scoff at me.

"You know rough Esek Harden well;
And if he seems no suitor gay,
And if his hair is touched with gray,

"The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she smiled,
Upon his knees a little child!"

CHORUS

(Women)

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As, folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

SOPRANO AND BARITONE DUET

"O truest friend of all!" she said,
"God bless you for your kindly thought,
And make me worthy of my lot!"

CHORUS

He led her forth, and, blent in one,
Beside their happy pathway ran
The shadows of the maid and man.

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,
And through the doors the huskers showed.

BARITONE SOLO

"Good friends and neighbors!" Esek said,
"I'm weary of this lonely life;
In Mabel see my chosen wife!

"She greets you kindly, one and all;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.

"Henceforth she stands no more alone;
You know what Esek Harden is;—
He brooks no wrong to him or his.

DUET AND CHORUS

"Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung
That ever made the old heart young!

"For now the lost has found a home;
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,
As all the household joys return!"

Oh, pleasantly the harvest-moon,
Between the shadow of the mows
Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;
And the wind whispered, "It is well!"

21109-68

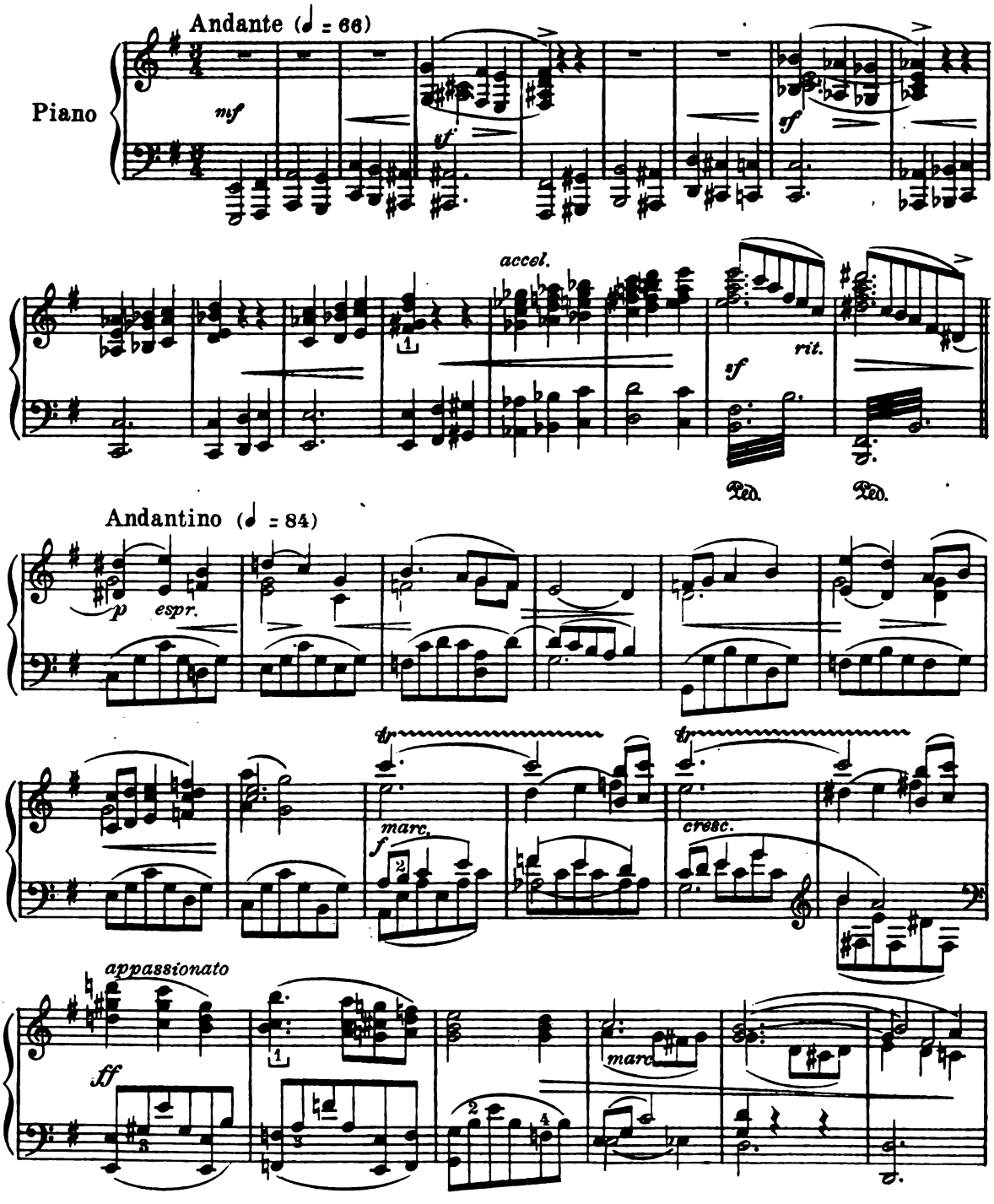
To my Wife

The Witch's Daughter

A CANTATA

Poem by
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Music by
CHARLES SANFORD SKILTON



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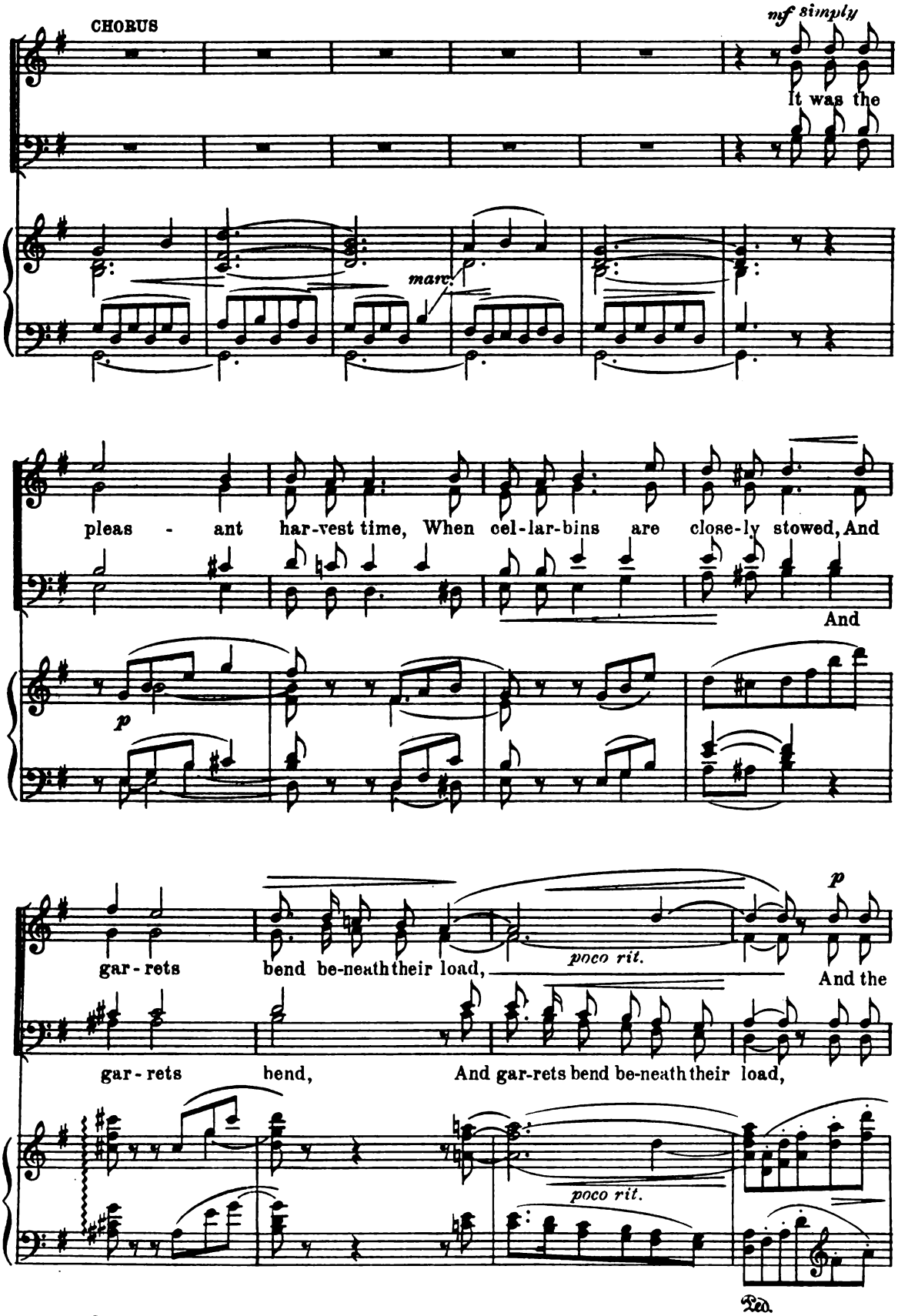
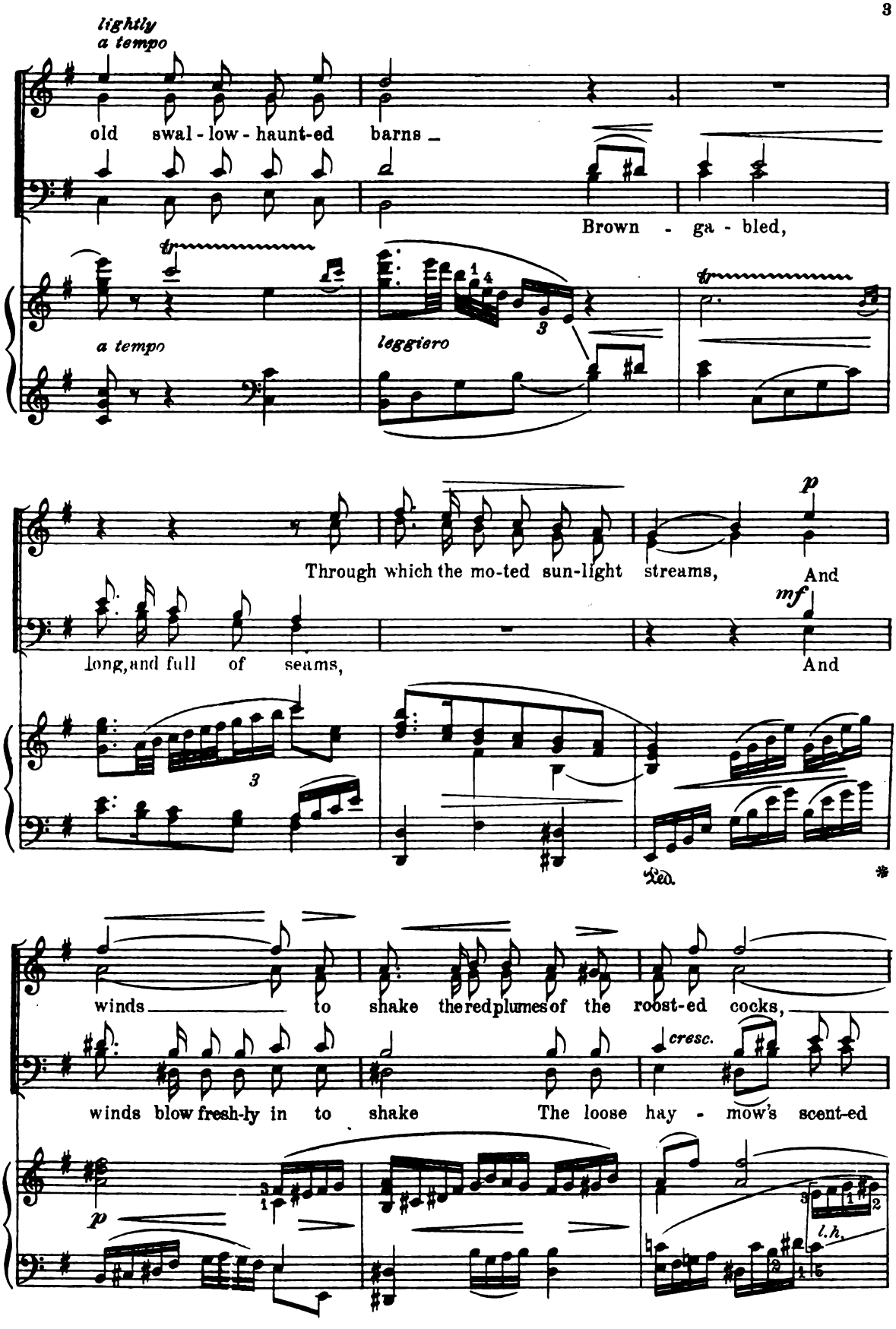
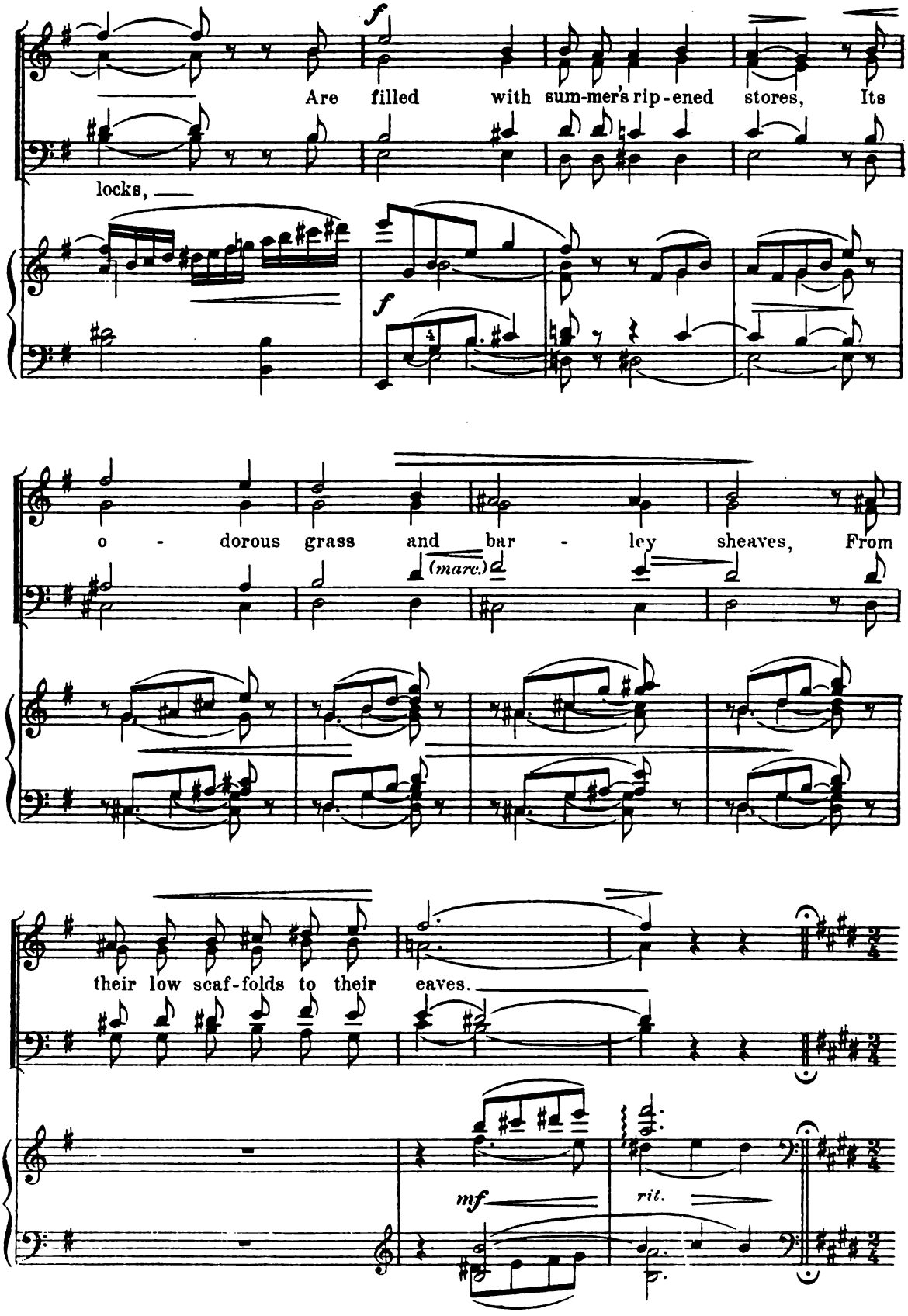
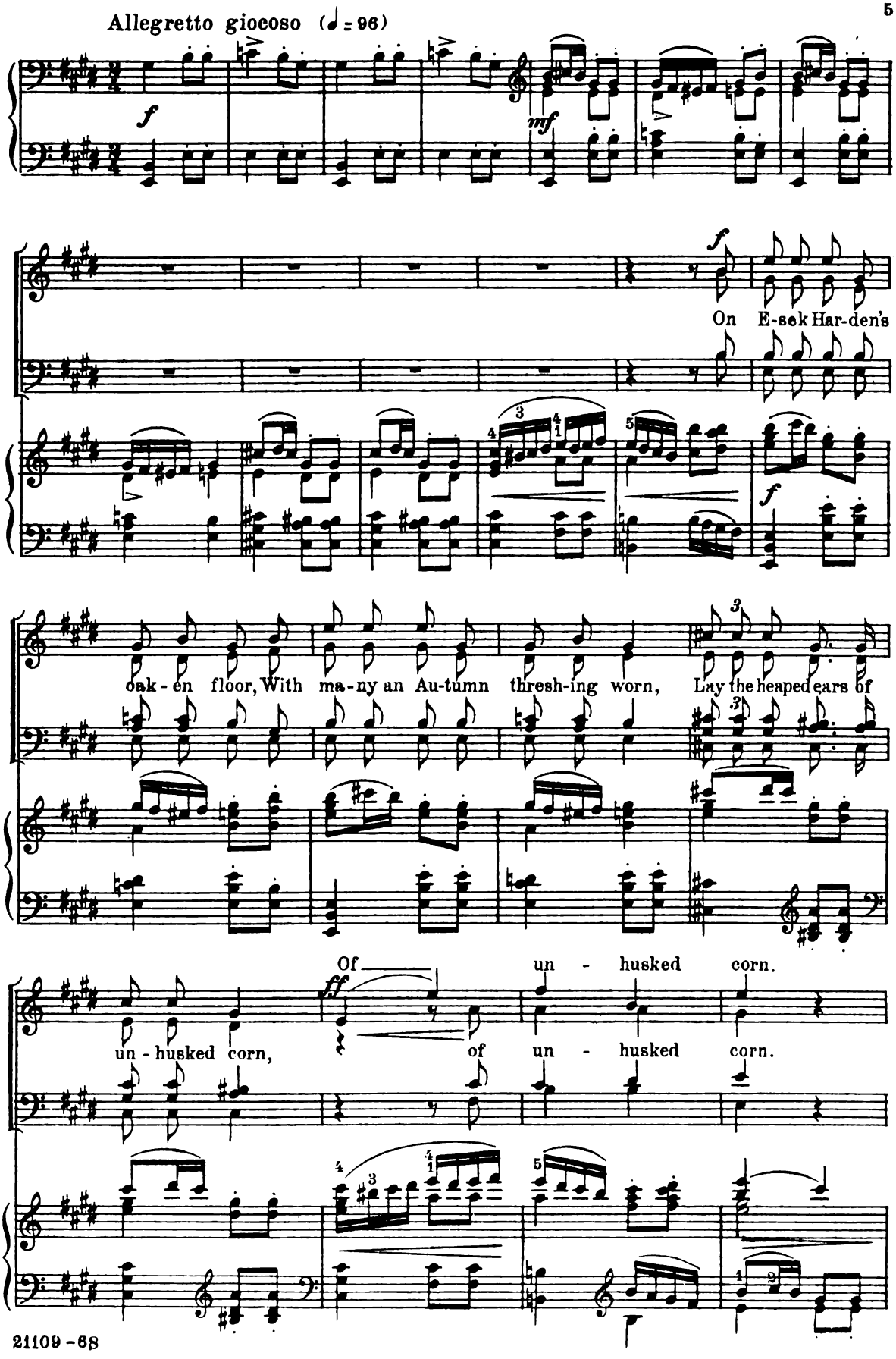
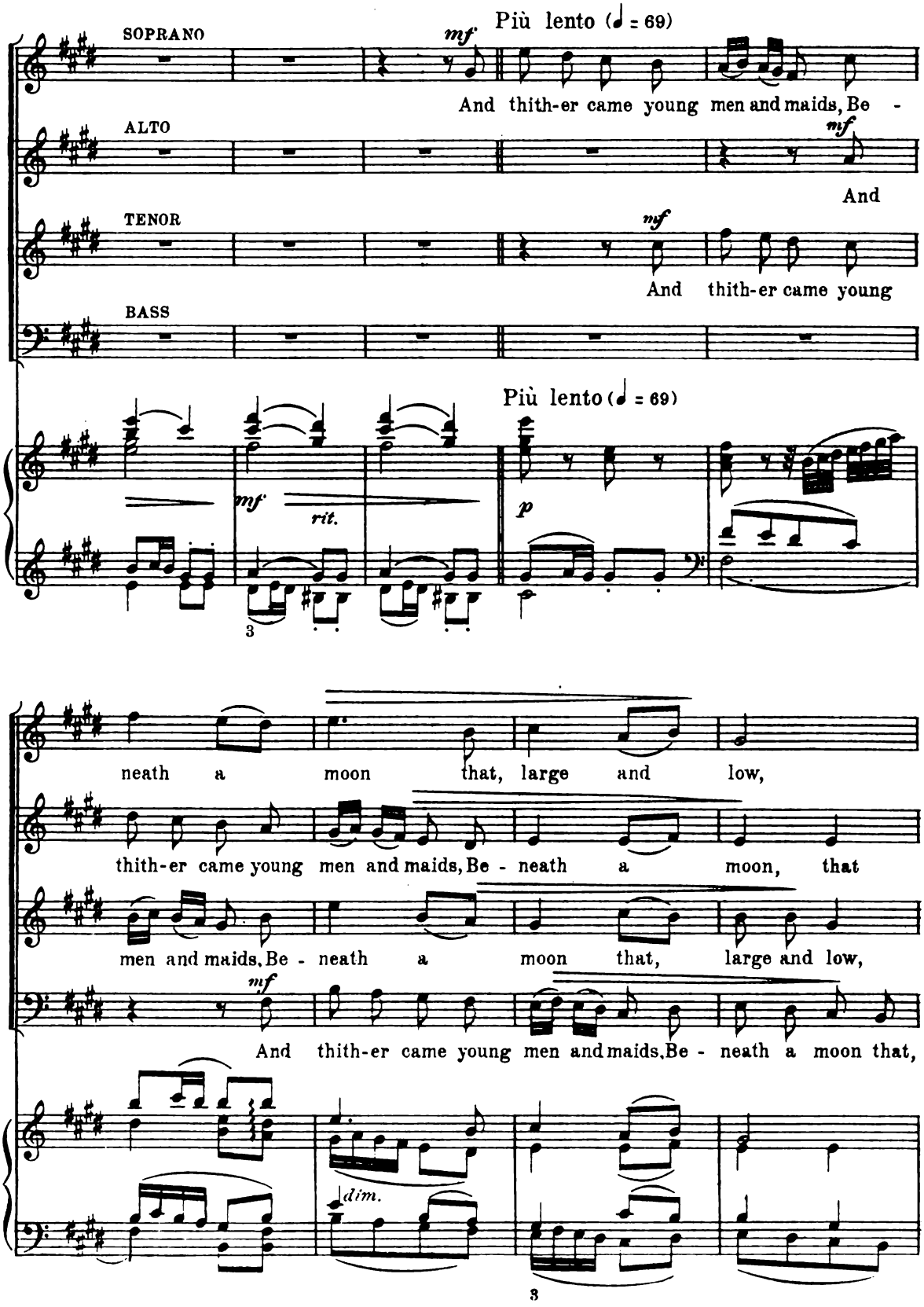
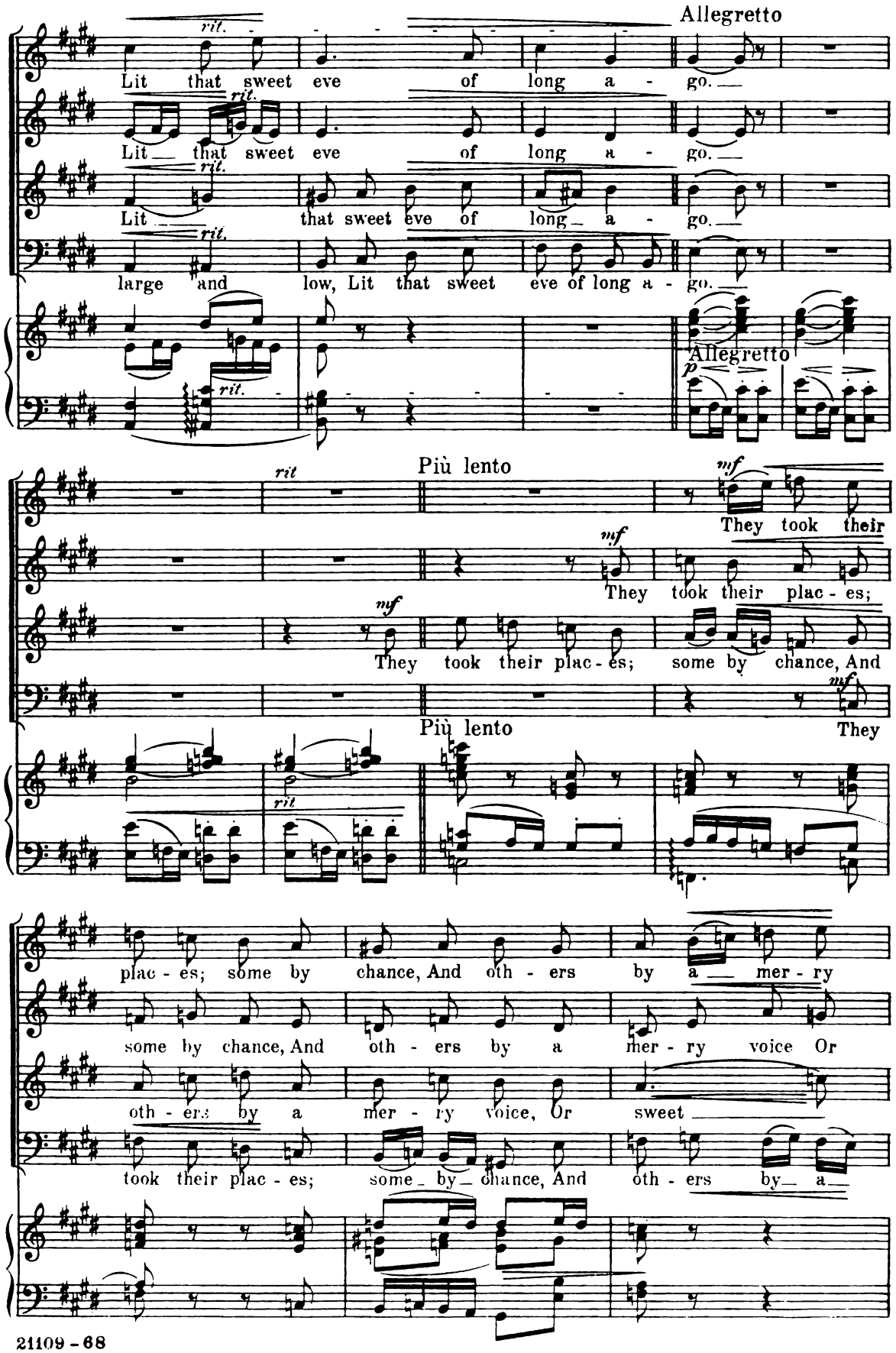

CHORUS
mf simply
It was the
mar.
pleas - ant har-vest time, When cel-lar-bins are close-ly stowed, And
And
p
gar - rets bend be-neath their load,
poco rit.
And the
p
gar - rets bend, And gar-rets bend be-neath their load,
poco rit.
Ped.

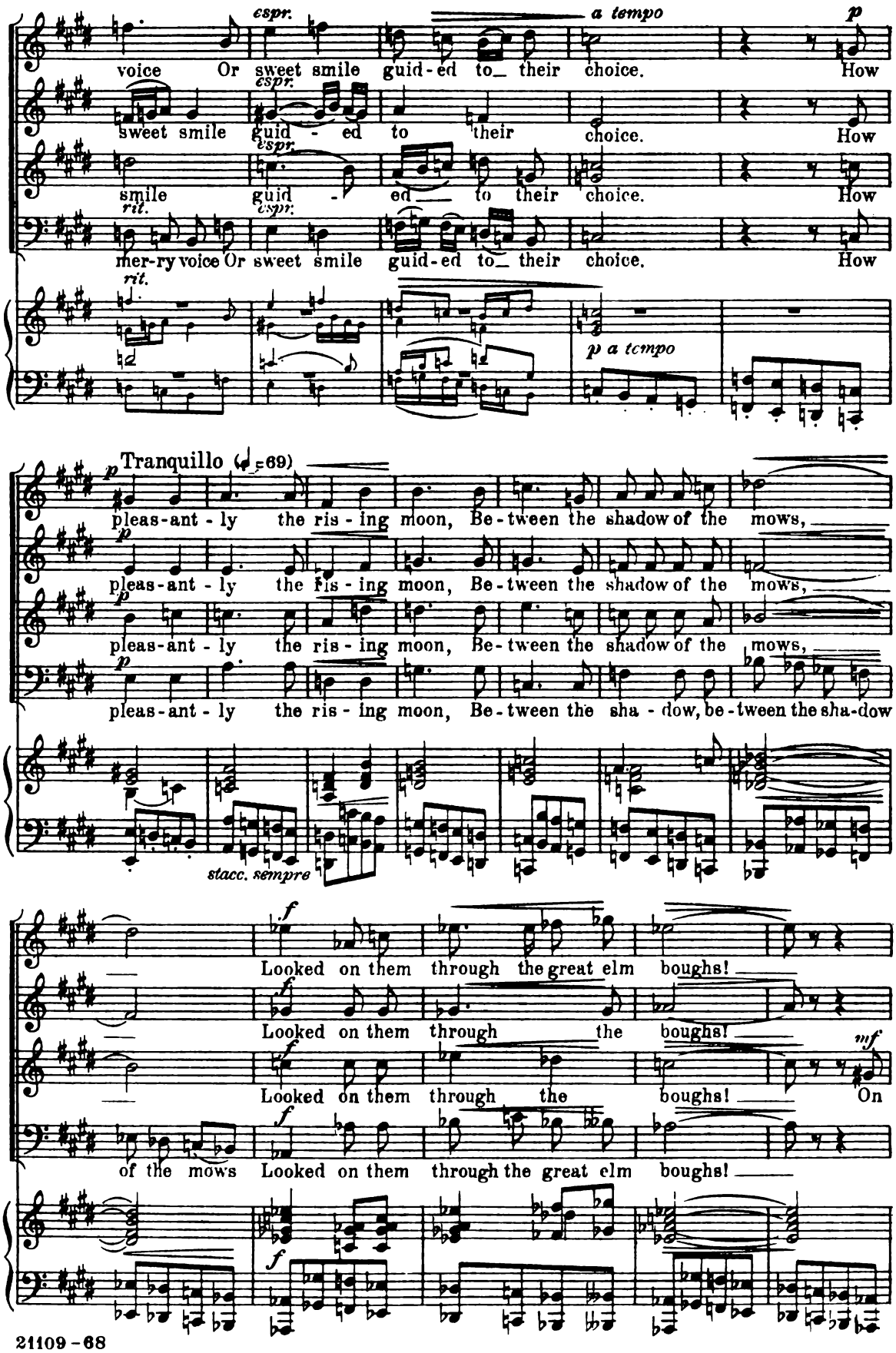

lightly
a tempo
old swal - low - haunt-ed barns _
Brown - ga - bled,
a tempo
leggiero
Through which the mo-ted sun-light streams,
And
long, and full of seams,
And
Ped.
winds _ to shake the red plumes of the roost-ed cocks, _
cresc.
winds blow fresh-ly in to shake
The loose hay - mow's scent-ed
l.h.

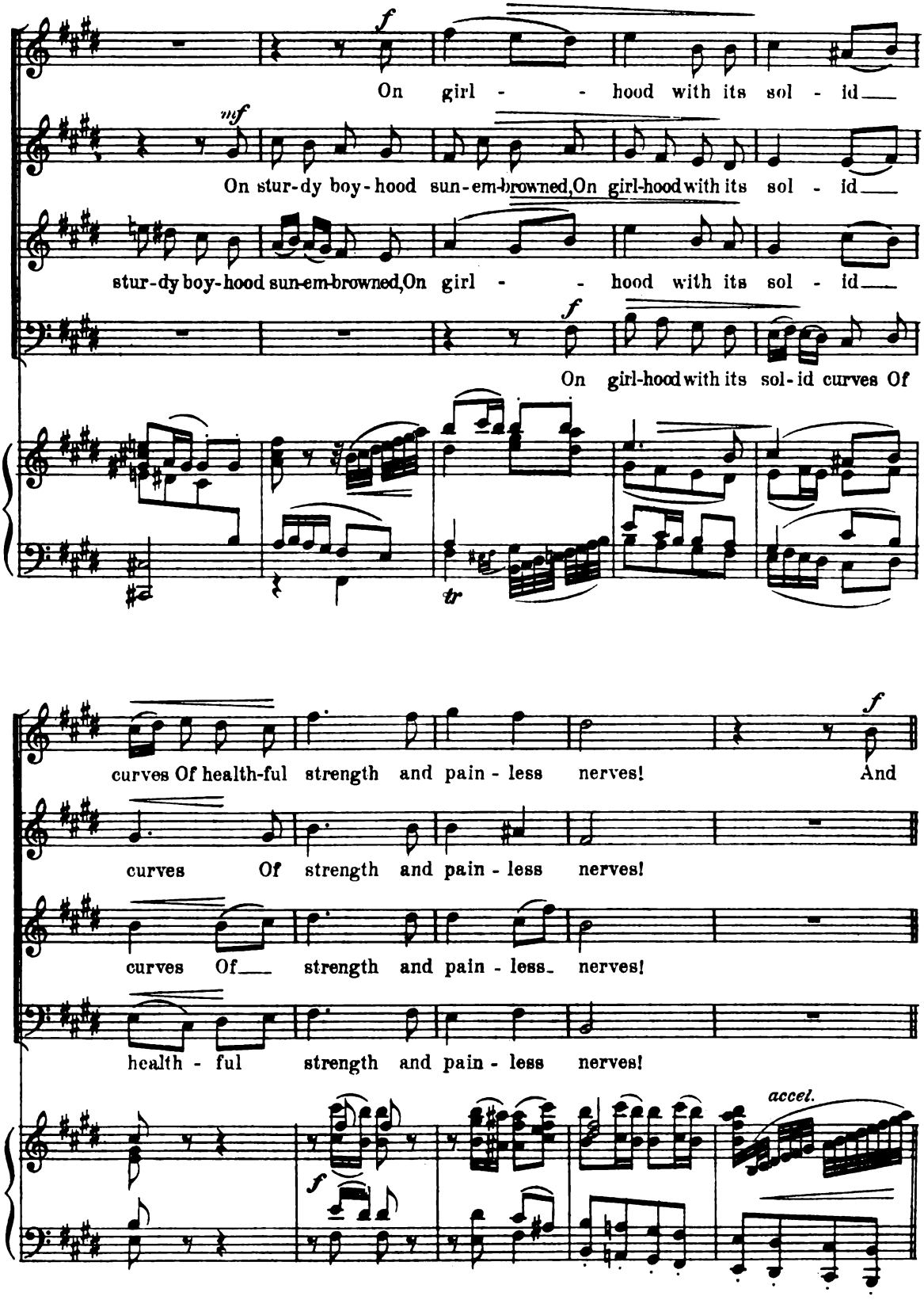

Are filled with sum-mer's rip-ened stores, Its
locks,
o - dorous grass and bar - ley sheaves, From
(marc.)
their low scaf-folds to their eaves.
mf
rit.

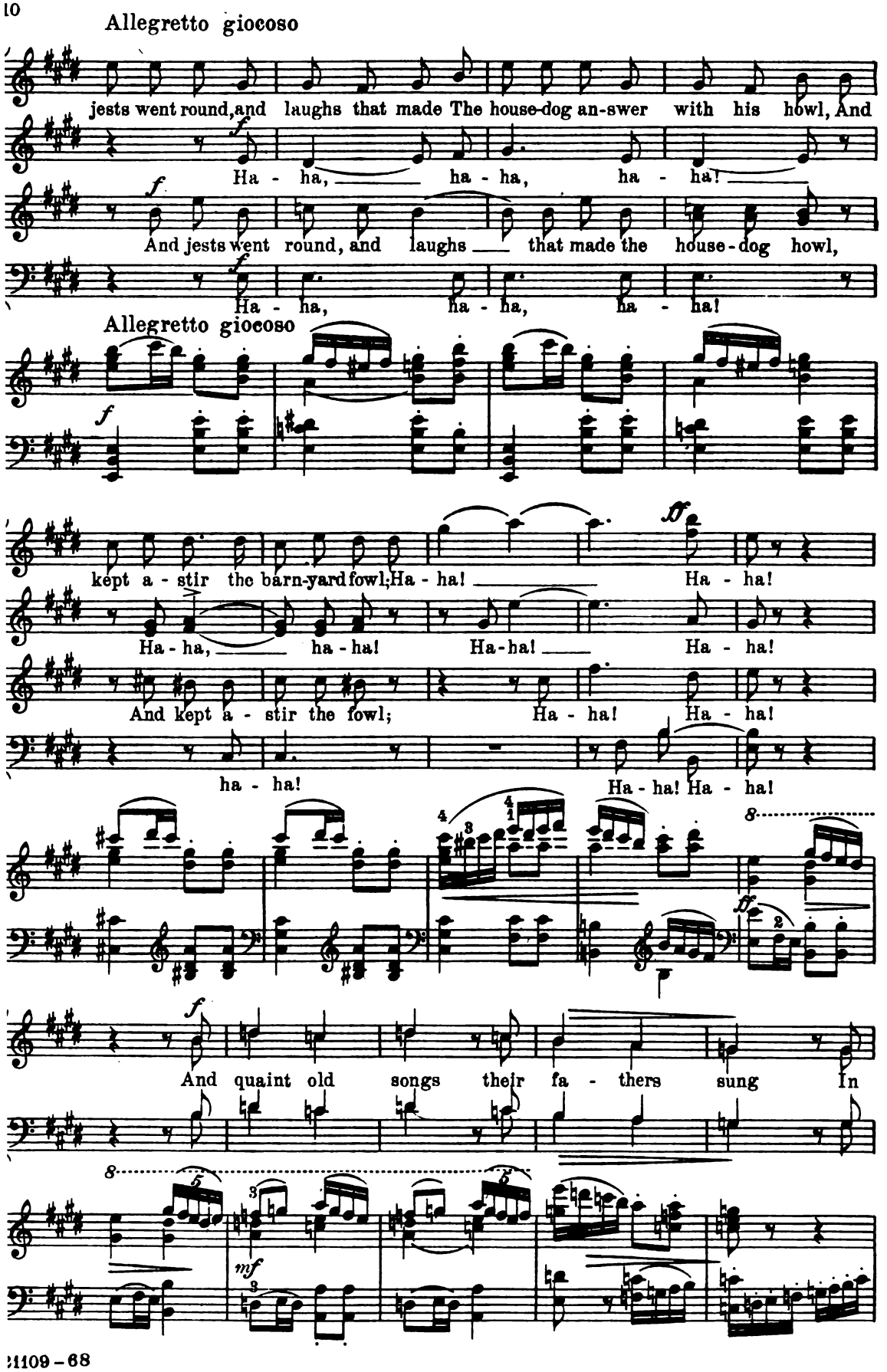

Allegretto giocoso (♩ = 96)
f
mf
On E-sek Har-den's
oak-en floor, With ma-ny an Au-tumn thresh-ing worn, Lay the heaped ears of
Of un - husked corn.
un - husked corn, of un - husked corn.

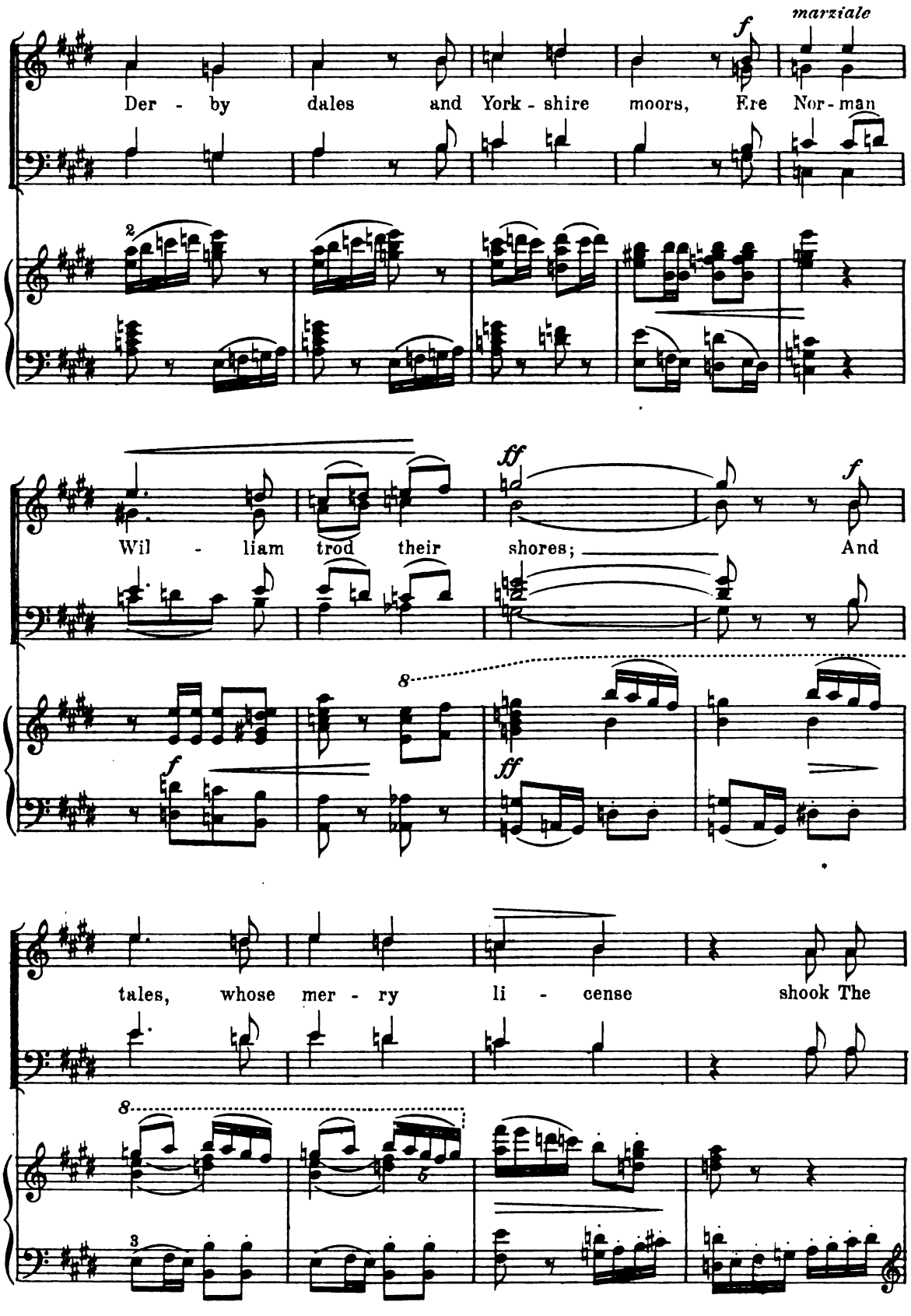

SOPRANO
ALTO
TENOR
BASS
Più lento (♩ = 69)
mf
And thith-er came young men and maids, Be -
And
And thith-er came young
Più lento (♩ = 69)
mf
rit.
p
3
neath a moon that, large and low,
thith-er came young men and maids, Be - neath a moon, that
men and maids, Be - neath a moon that, large and low,
mf
And thith-er came young men and maids, Be - neath a moon that,
dim.
3

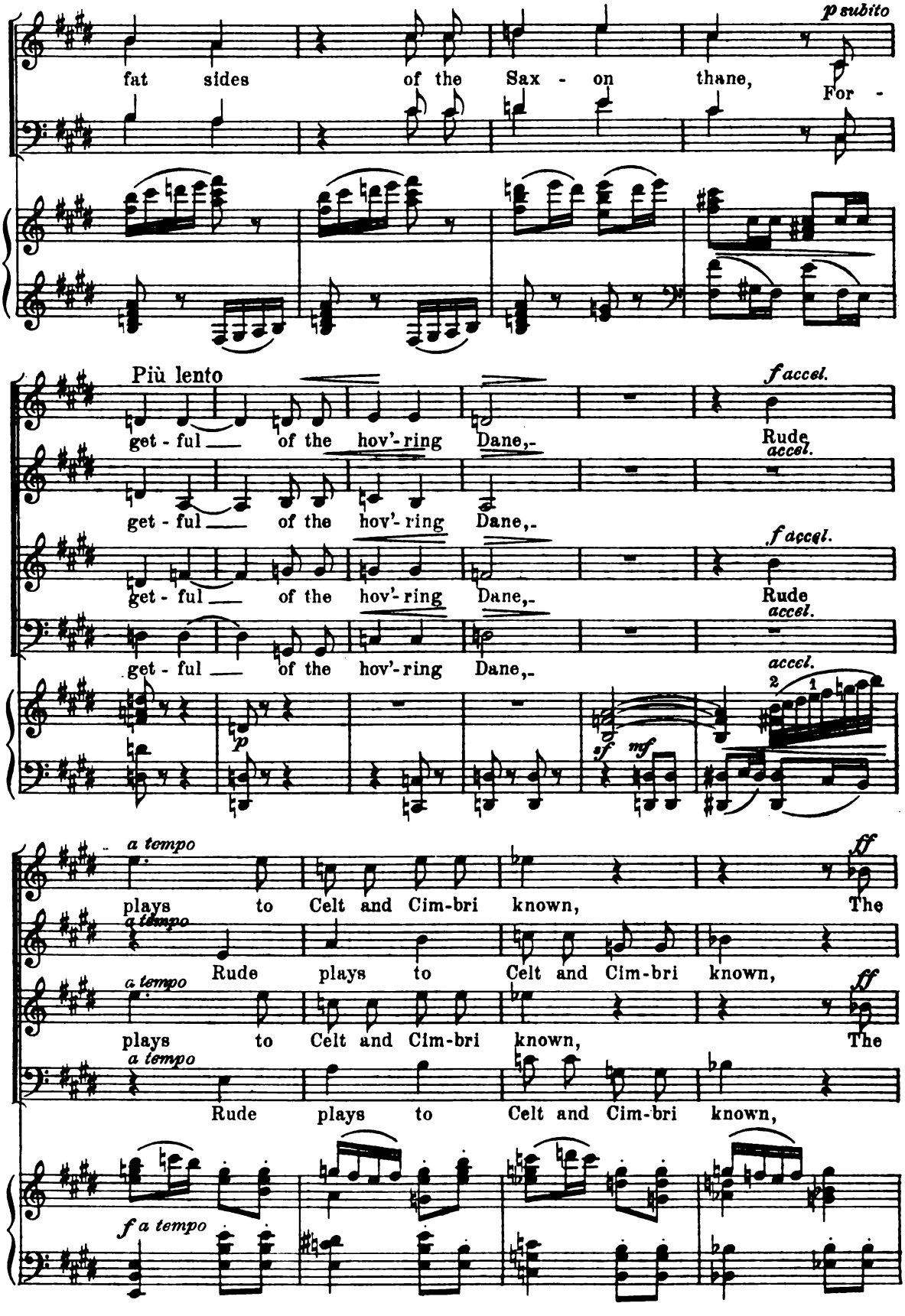

Allegretto
rit.
Lit that sweet eve of long a - go.
Lit that sweet eve of long a - go.
Lit that sweet eve of long a - go.
large and low, Lit that sweet eve of long a - go.
Allegretto
p
Più lento
rit
mf
They took their
They took their plac - es;
They took their plac - es; some by chance, And
Più lento
They
plac - es; some by chance, And oth - ers by a mer - ry
some by chance, And oth - ers by a mer - ry voice Or
oth - ers by a mer - ry voice, Or sweet
took their plac - es; some by chance, And oth - ers by a

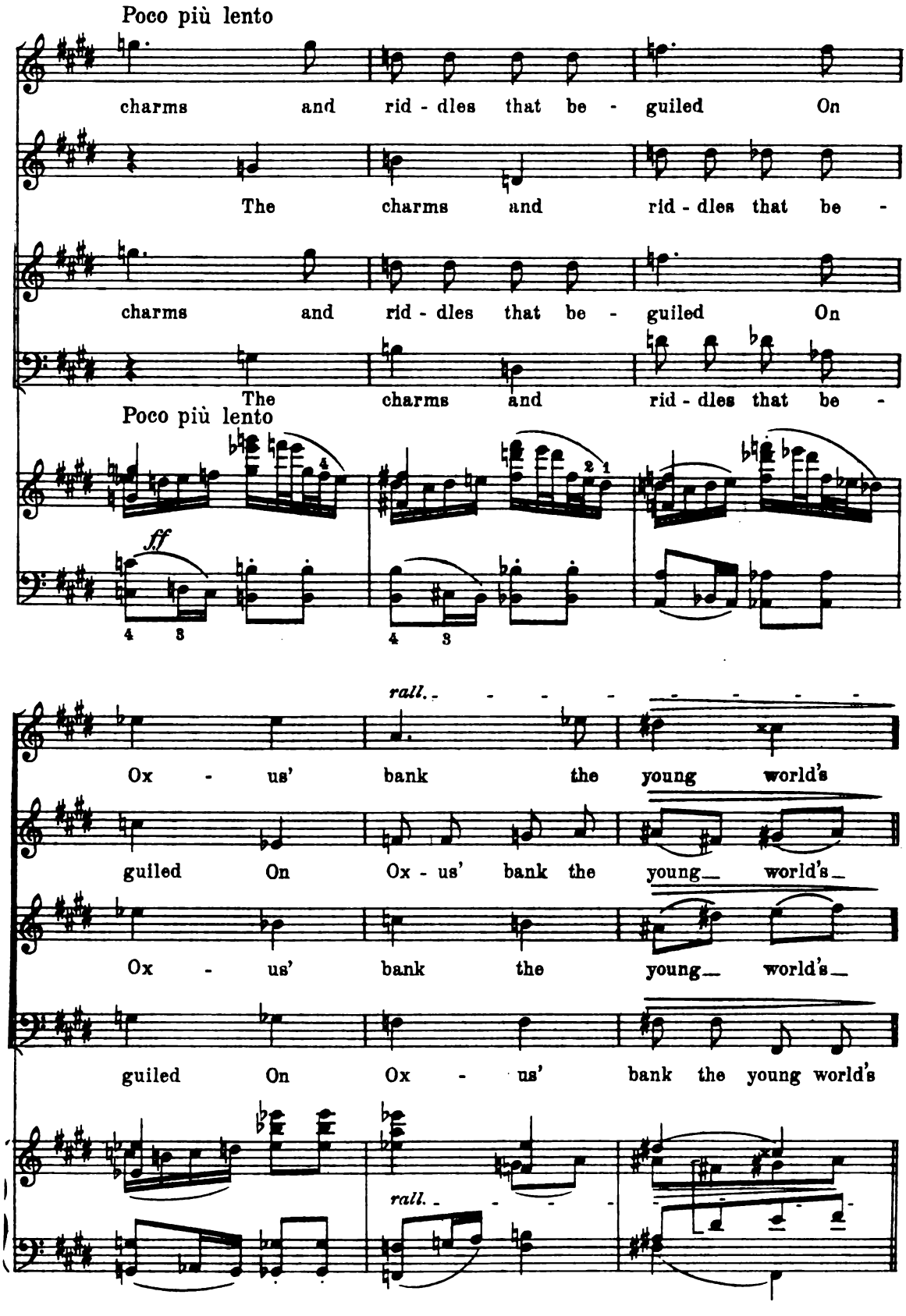

espr.
a tempo
p
voice Or sweet smile guid-ed to_ their choice. How
espr.
sweet smile guid - ed to their choice. How
espr.
smile guid - ed to their choice. How
rit.
espr.
mer-ry voice Or sweet smile guid-ed to_ their choice. How
rit.
p a tempo
Tranquillo (♩=69)
p
pleas-ant - ly the ris - ing moon, Be-tween the shadow of the mows,
p
pleas-ant - ly the ris - ing moon, Be-tween the shadow of the mows,
p
pleas-ant - ly the ris - ing moon, Be-tween the sha - dow, be-tween the sha-dow
stacc. sempre
f
Looked on them through the great elm boughs!
f
Looked on them through the boughs!
f
Looked on them through the boughs! mf On
f
of the mows Looked on them through the great elm boughs!
f

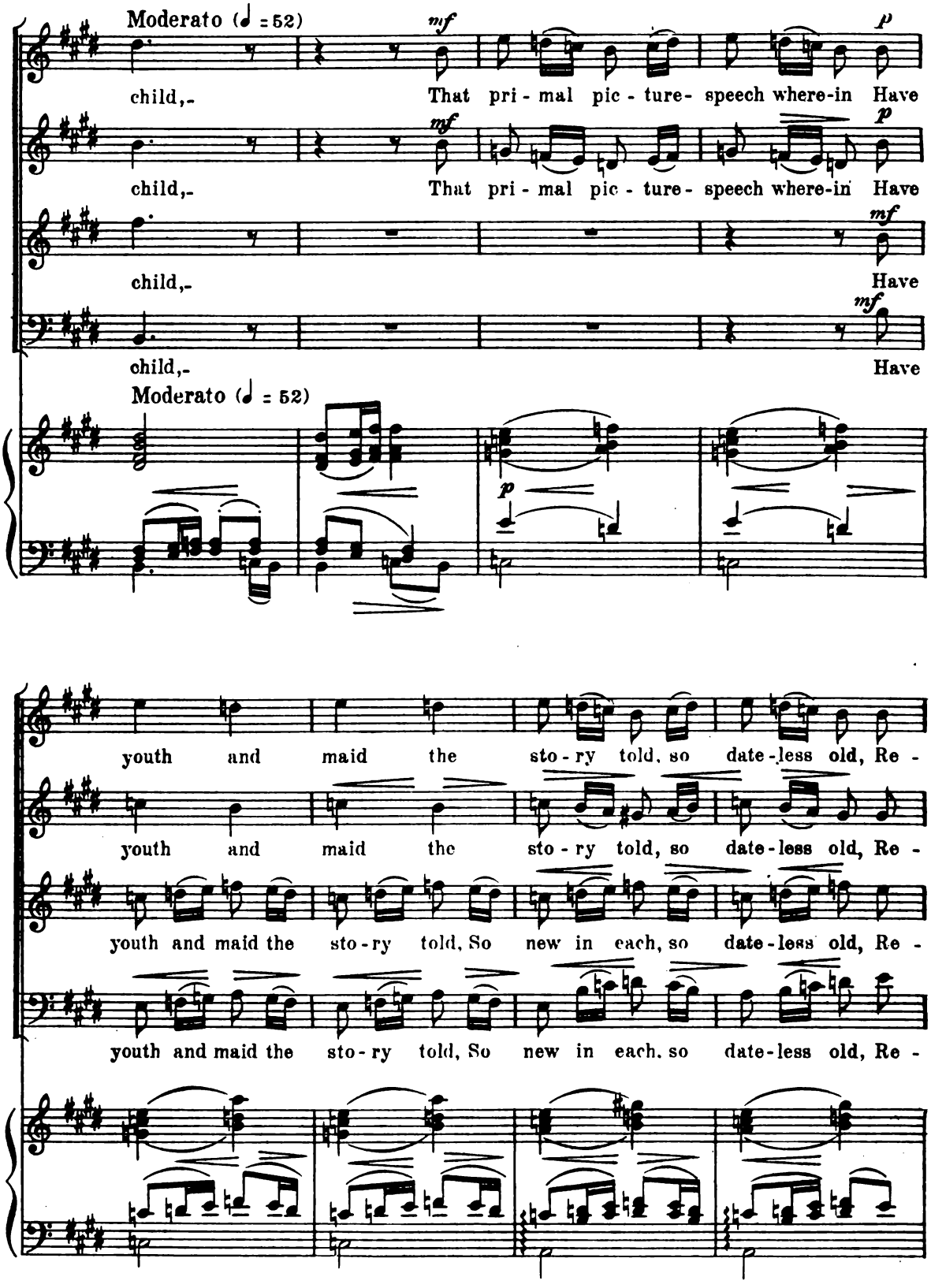

f
On girl - - hood with its sol - id
mf
On stur-dy boy-hood sun-em-browned, On girl-hood with its sol - id
stur-dy boy-hood sun-em-browned, On girl - - hood with its sol - id
f
On girl-hood with its sol-id curves Of
tr
curves Of health-ful strength and pain-less nerves! And
f
curves Of strength and pain-less nerves!
curves Of strength and pain-less nerves!
health-ful strength and pain-less nerves!
f
accel.

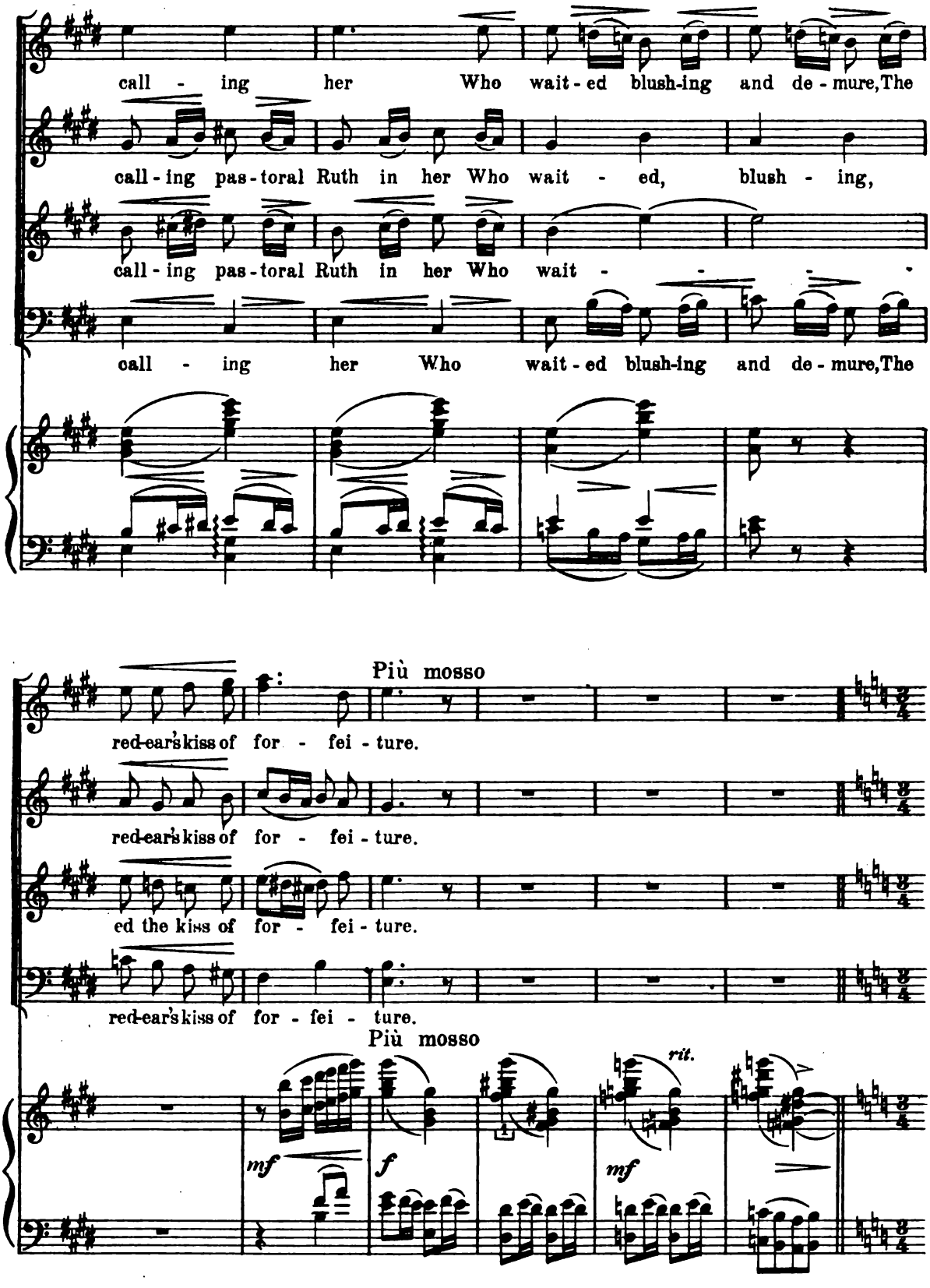

Allegretto giocoso
jests went round, and laughs that made The house-dog an-swer with his howl, And
Ha - ha, ha - ha, ha - ha!
And jests went round, and laughs that made the house-dog howl,
Ha - ha, ha - ha, ha - ha!
Allegretto giocoso
kept a - stir the barn-yard fowl; Ha - ha! Ha - ha!
Ha - ha, ha - ha! Ha - ha! Ha - ha!
And kept a - stir the fowl; Ha - ha! Ha - ha!
ha - ha! Ha - ha! Ha - ha!
And quaint old songs their fa - thers sung In

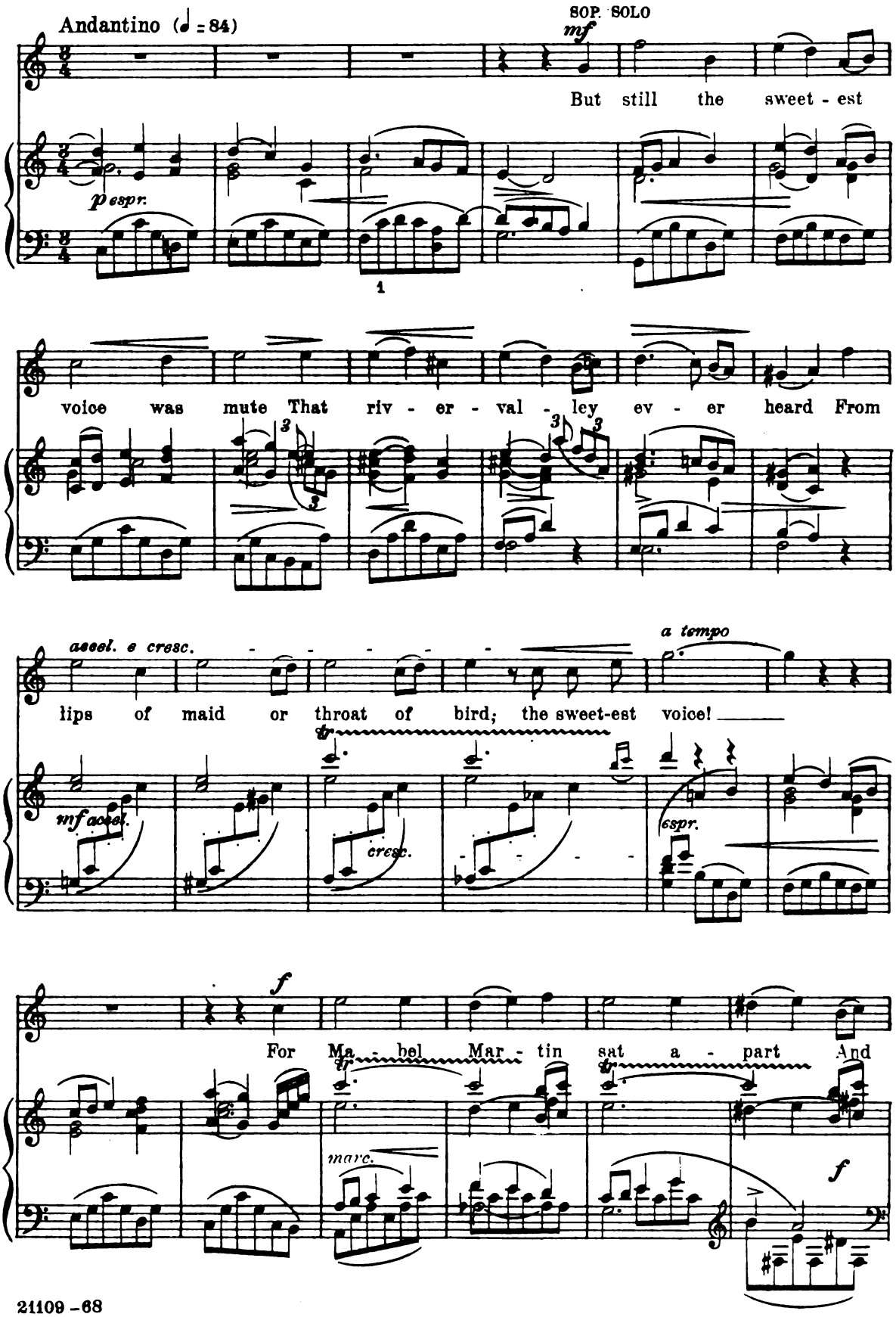

marziale
f
Der - by dales and York - shire moors, Ere Nor - man
ff
f
Wil - liam trod their shores; And
f
ff
tales, whose mer - ry li - cense shook The

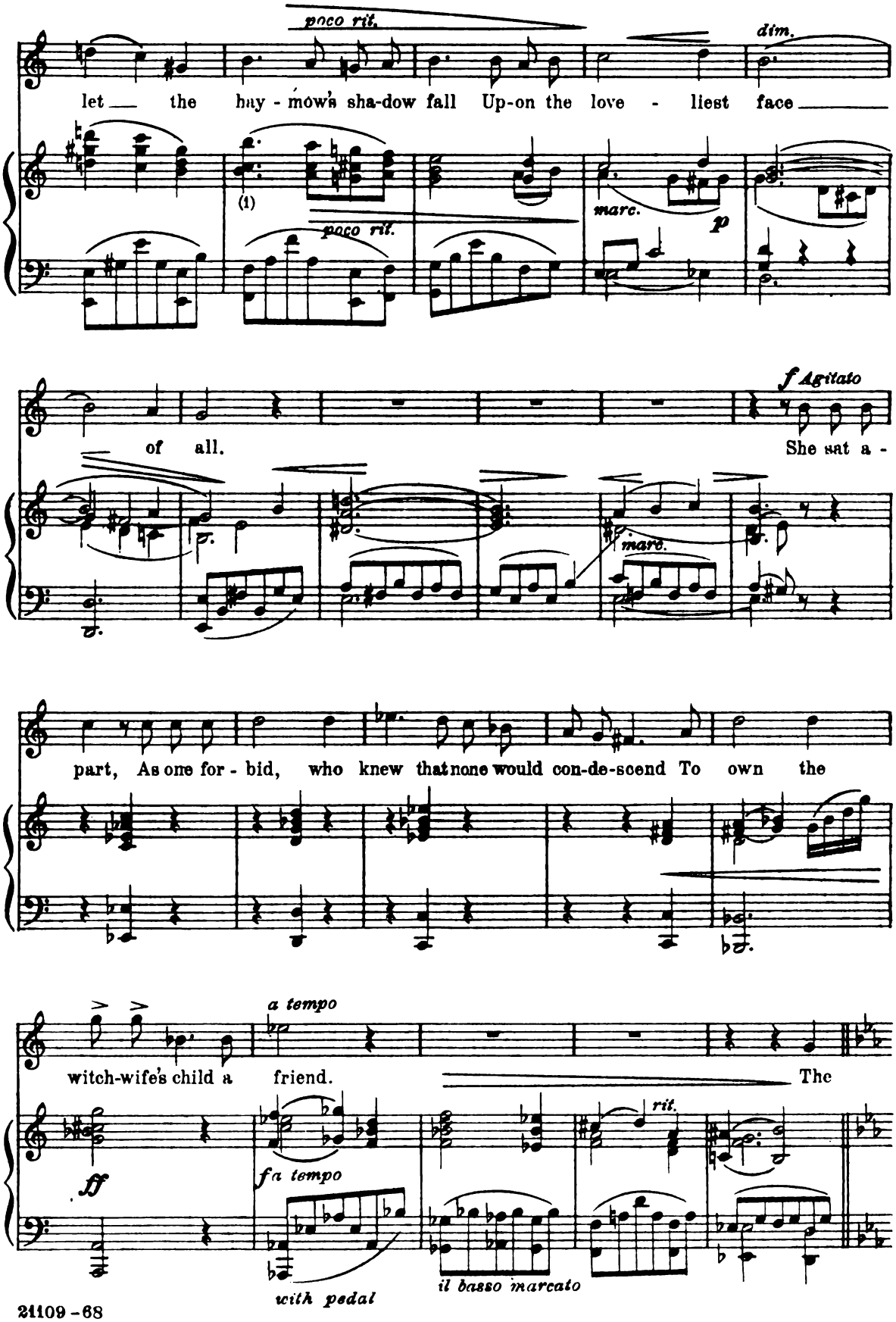

p subito
fat sides of the Sax - on thane, For -
Più lento
get - ful — of the hov'-ring Dane,-
f accel.
Rude
accel.
get - ful — of the hov'-ring Dane,-
f accel.
Rude
accel.
get - ful — of the hov'-ring Dane,-
accel.
2 1
p
sf mf
a tempo
ff
plays to Celt and Cim-bri known, The
a tempo
Rude plays to Celt and Cim-bri known,
a tempo
ff
plays to Celt and Cim-bri known, The
a tempo
Rude plays to Celt and Cim-bri known,
f a tempo

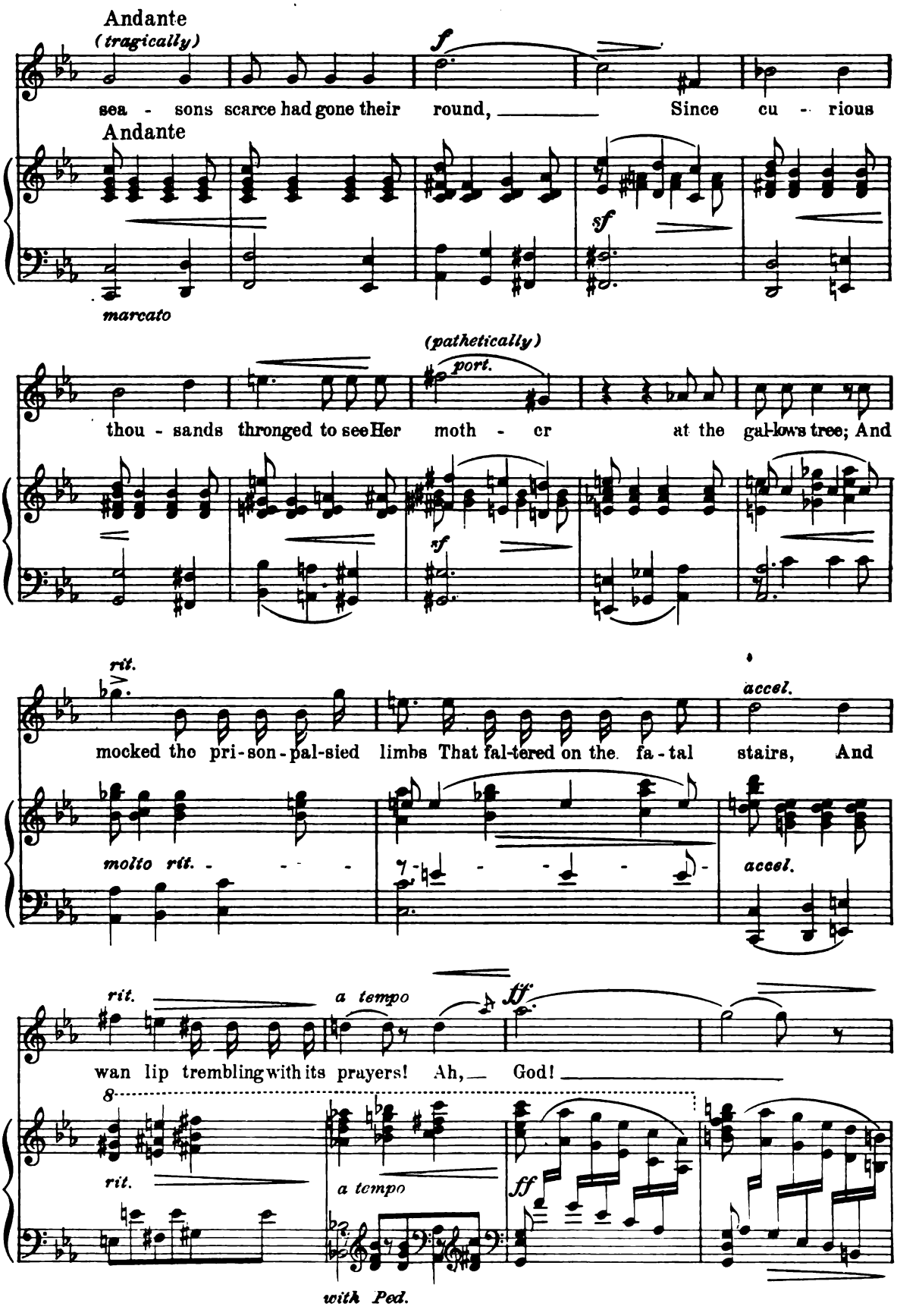

Poco più lento
charms and rid - dles that be - guiled On
The charms and rid - dles that be -
charms and rid - dles that be - guiled On
The charms and rid - dles that be -
Poco più lento
ff
rall.
Ox - us' bank the young world's
guiled On Ox - us' bank the young world's
Ox - us' bank the young world's
guiled On Ox - us' bank the young world's
rall.

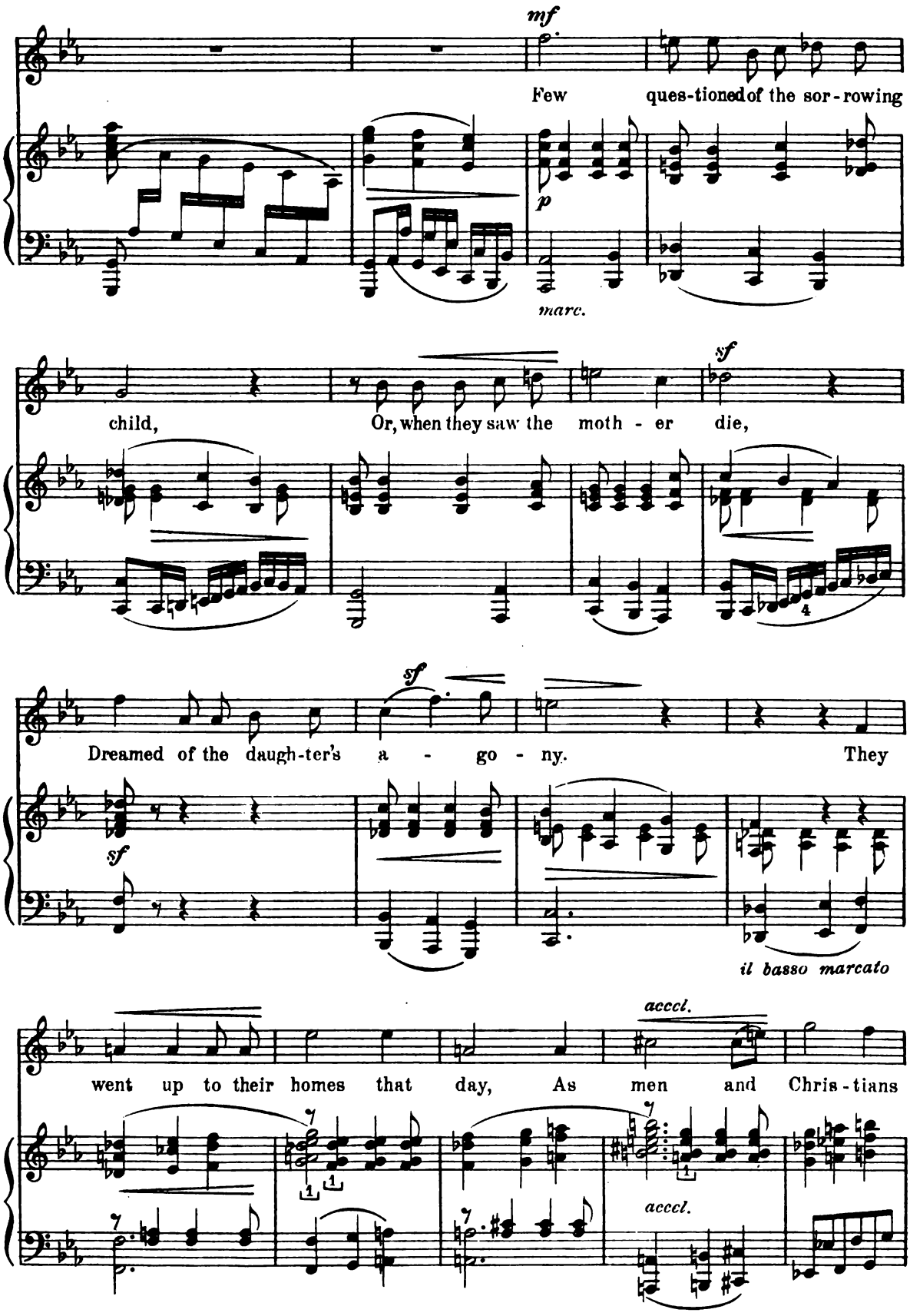

Moderato (♩ = 52)
mf
p
child,- That pri - mal pic - ture- speech where-in Have
child,- That pri - mal pic - ture- speech where-in Have
child,- Have
child,- Have
Moderato (♩ = 52)
p
youth and maid the sto - ry told, so date - less old, Re -
youth and maid the sto - ry told, so date - less old, Re -
youth and maid the sto - ry told, So new in each, so date - less old, Re -
youth and maid the sto - ry told, So new in each, so date - less old, Re -

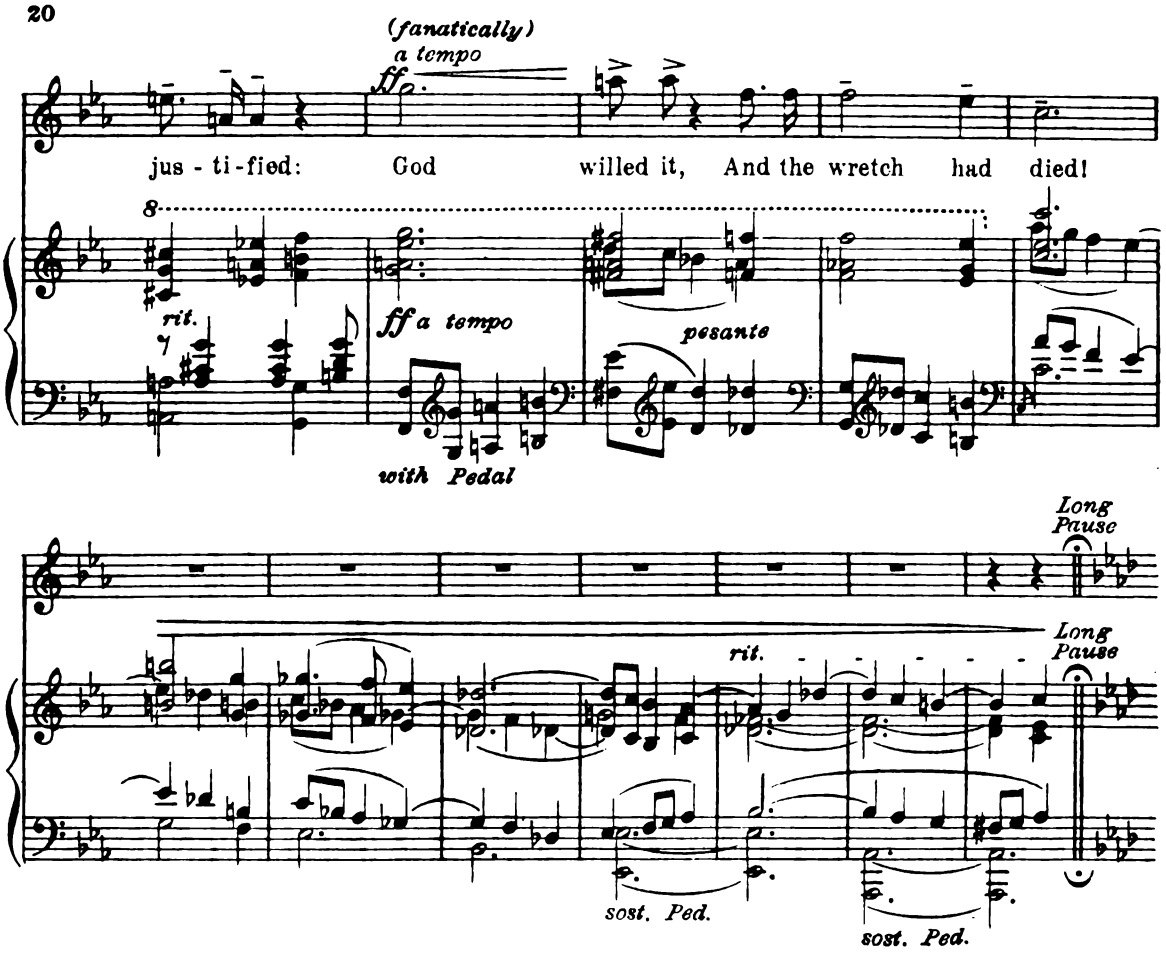

call - ing her Who wait - ed blush-ing and de - mure, The
call - ing pas - toral Ruth in her Who wait - ed, blush - ing,
call - ing pas - toral Ruth in her Who wait -
call - ing her Who wait - ed blush-ing and de - mure, The
Più mosso
red-ear's kiss of for - fei - ture.
red-ear's kiss of for - fei - ture.
ed the kiss of for - fei - ture.
red-ear's kiss of for - fei - ture.
Più mosso
rit.
mf
f
mf


Andantino (♩ = 84)
SOP. SOLO
mf
But still the sweet - est
p espr.
voice was mute That riv - er - val - ley ev - er heard From
accel. e cresc.
a tempo
lips of maid or throat of bird; the sweet-est voice!
mf accel.
cresc.
espr.
f
For Ma - bel Mar - tin sat a - part And
marc.
f

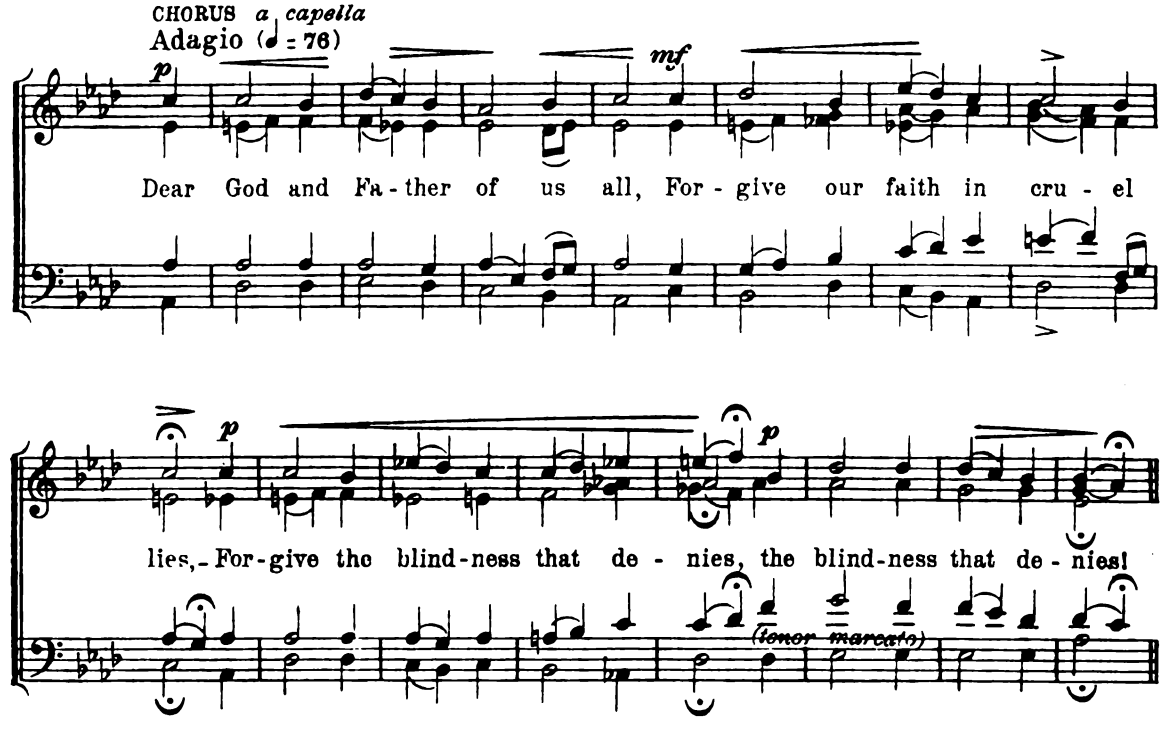

poco rit.
dim.
let the hay - mow's sha-dow fall Up-on the love - liest face
(1)
poco rit.
marc.
p
f Agitato
of all.
She sat a -
marc.
part, As one for - bid, who knew that none would con-de-scend To own the
a tempo
witch-wife's child a friend.
The
ff
fa tempo
rit.
with pedal
il basso marcato

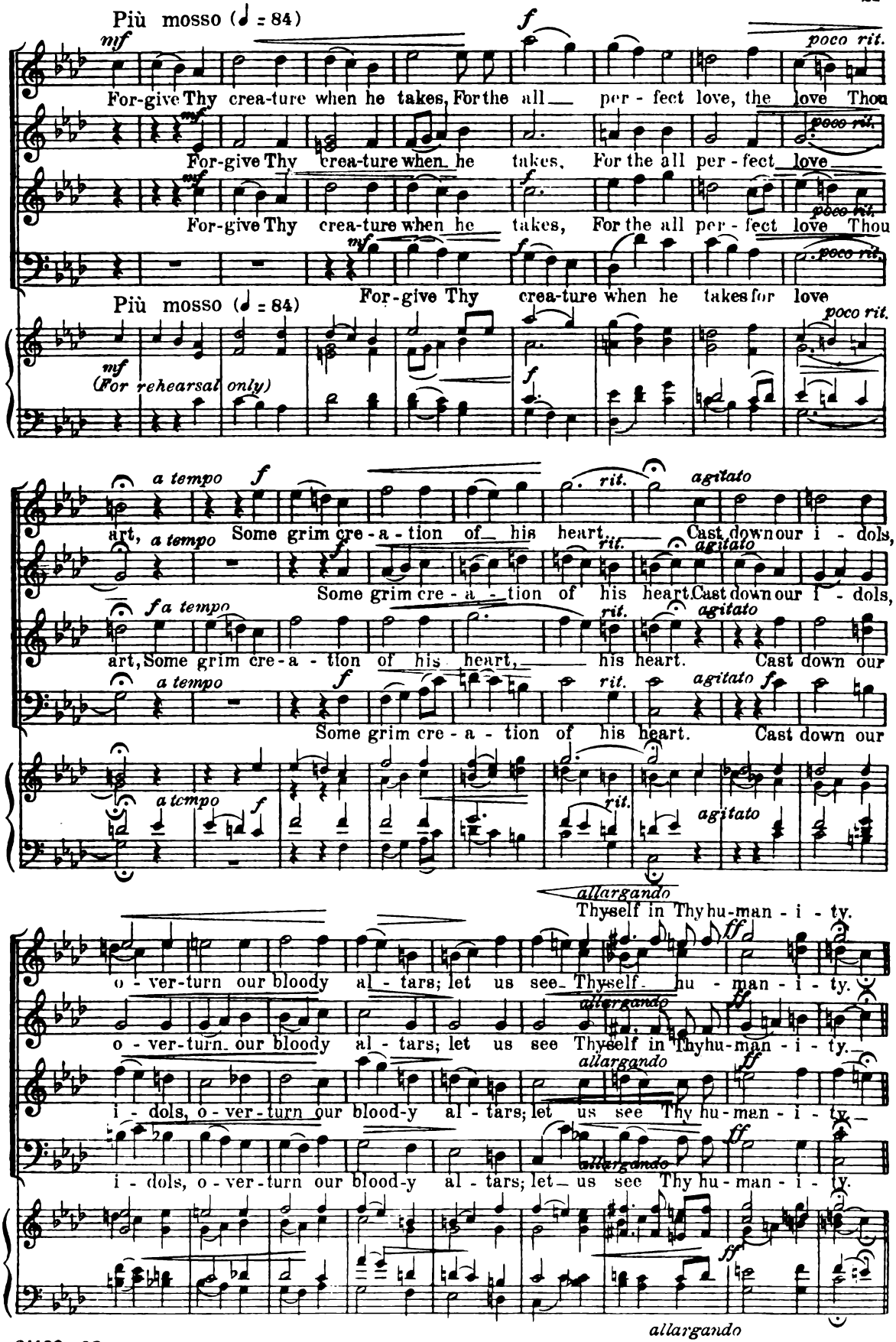

Andante
(tragically)
f
sea - sons scarce had gone their round, Since cu - rious
Andante
sf
marcato
(pathetically)
port.
thou - sands thronged to see Her moth - er at the gal-lows tree; And
sf
rit.
accel.
mocked the pri-son-pal-sied limbs That fal-tered on the fa-tal stairs, And
molto rit.
accel.
rit.
a tempo
ff
wan lip trembling with its prayers! Ah, God!
8
rit.
a tempo
ff
with Ped.

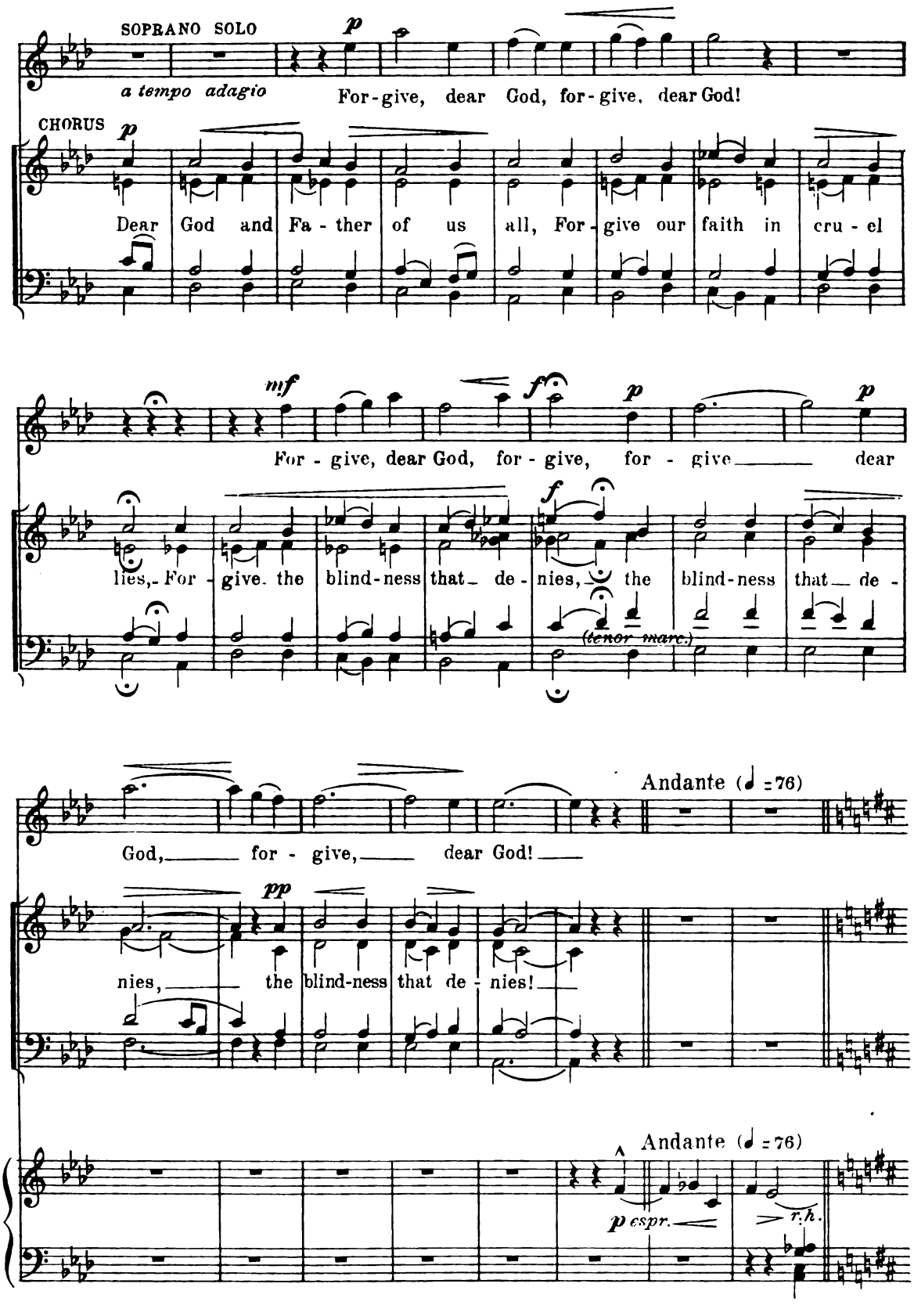

mf
Few ques-tioned of the sor-rowing
p
marc.
child, Or, when they saw the moth - er die,
sf
Dreamed of the daugh-ter's a - go - ny. They
sf
il basso marcato
accel.
went up to their homes that day, As men and Chris-tians
accel.

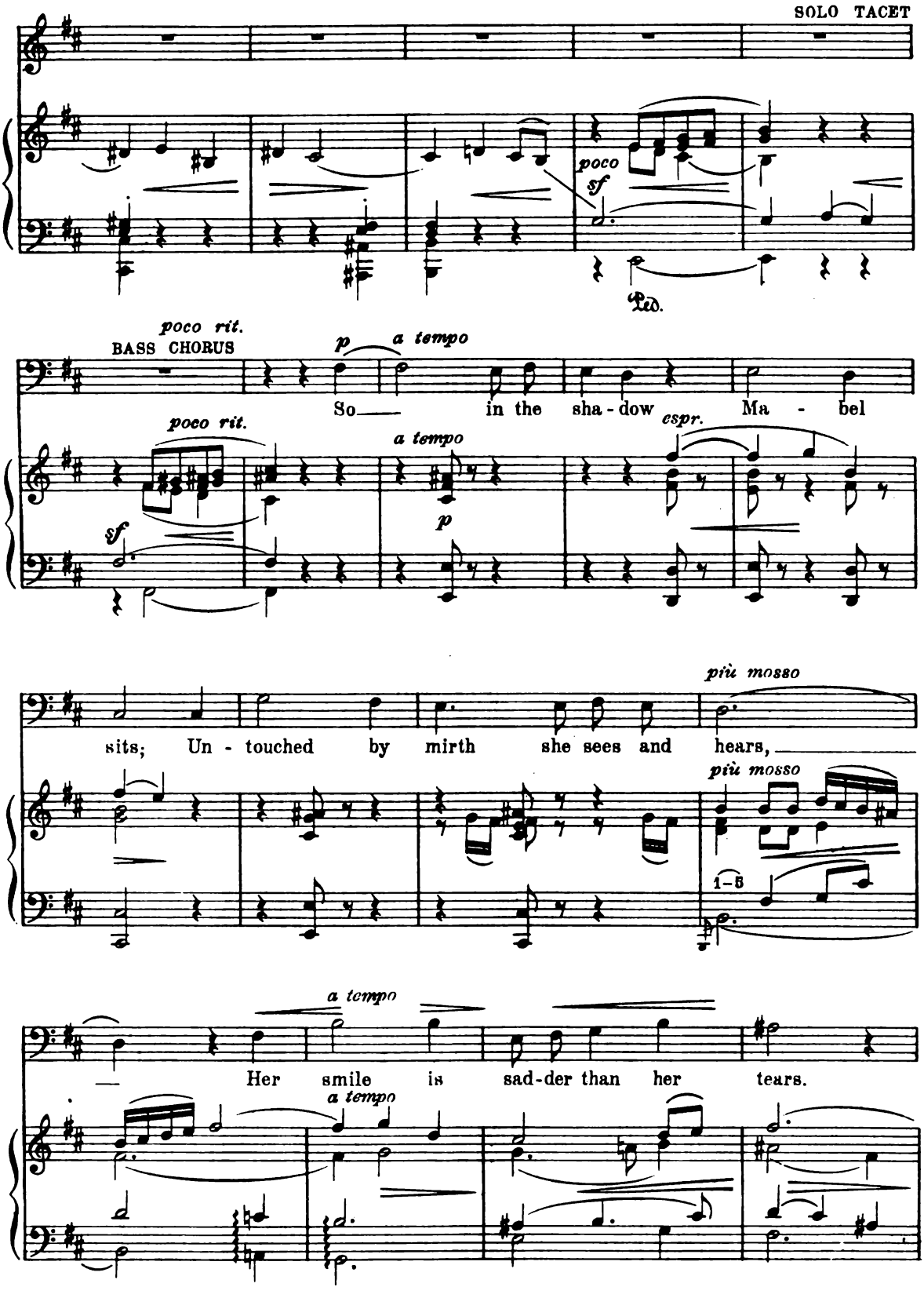

(fanatically)
a tempo
ff
jus - ti - fied: God willed it, And the wretch had died!
rit.
ff a tempo
pesante
with Pedal

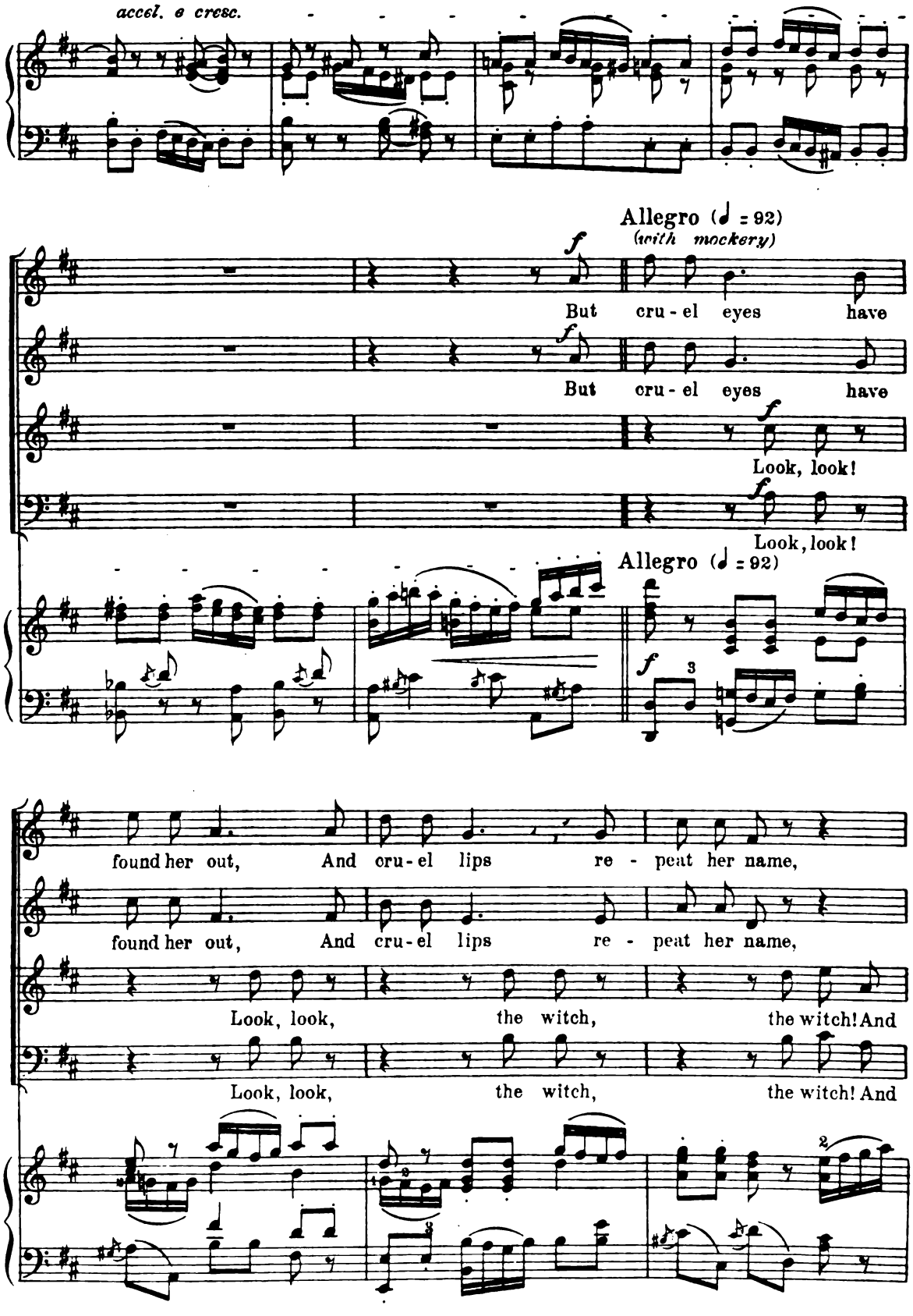
Long Pause
Long Pause
rit.
sost. Ped.
sost. Ped.

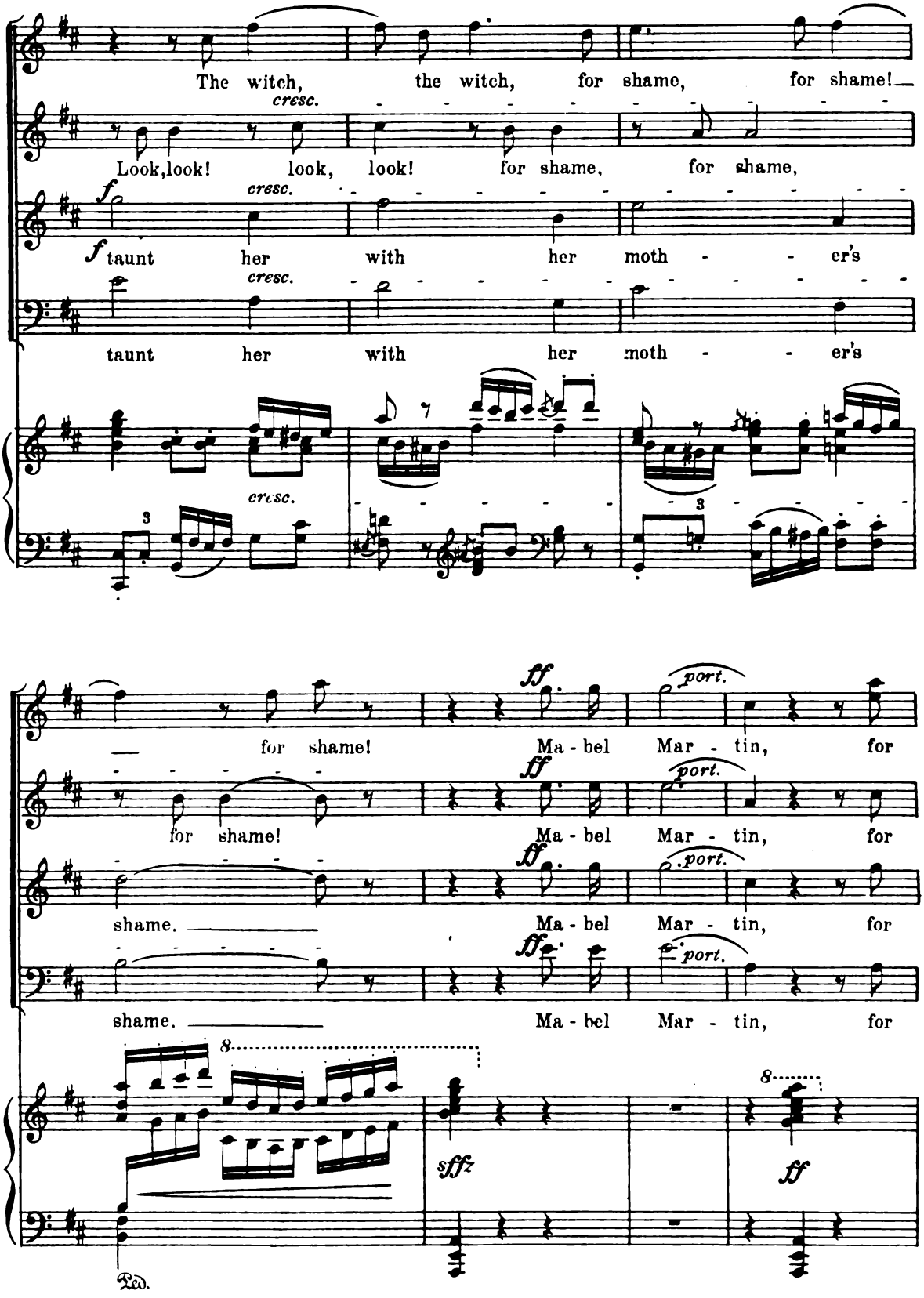

CHORUS a capella
Adagio (♩ = 76)
p
mf
Dear God and Fa - ther of us all, For - give our faith in cru - el
p
p
lies, For - give the blind - ness that de - nies, the blind - ness that de - nies!
(tenor marcato)

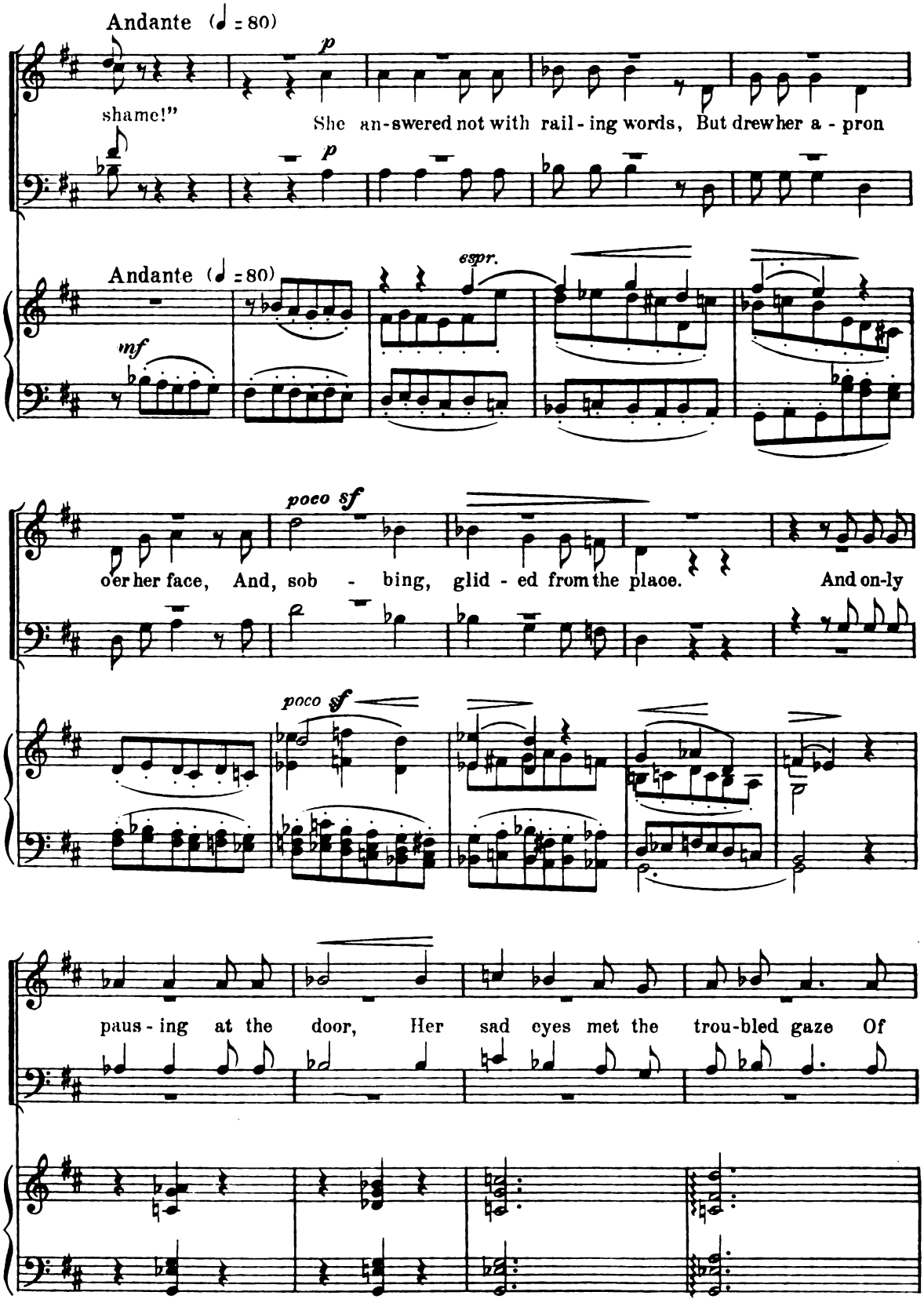

Più mosso (♩ = 84)
mf
f
poco rit.
For-give Thy crea-ture when he takes, For the all per - fect love, the love Thou
For-give Thy crea-ture when he takes, For the all per - fect love
For-give Thy crea-ture when he takes, For the all per - fect love Thou
For-give Thy crea-ture when he takes for love
Più mosso (♩ = 84)
mf
(For rehearsal only)
a tempo
rit.
agitato
art, Some grim cre - a - tion of his heart. Cast down our i - dols,
Some grim cre - a - tion of his heart. Cast down our i - dols,
art, Some grim cre - a - tion of his heart, his heart. Cast down our
Some grim cre - a - tion of his heart. Cast down our
allargando
Thyself in Thy hu-man - i - ty.
ff
o - ver-turn our bloody al - tars; let us see Thyself hu - man - i - ty.
o - ver-turn our bloody al - tars; let us see Thyself in Thy hu-man - i - ty.
i - dols, o - ver-turn our blood-y al - tars; let us see Thy hu-man - i - ty.
i - dols, o - ver-turn our blood-y al - tars; let us see Thy hu-man - i - ty.
allargando

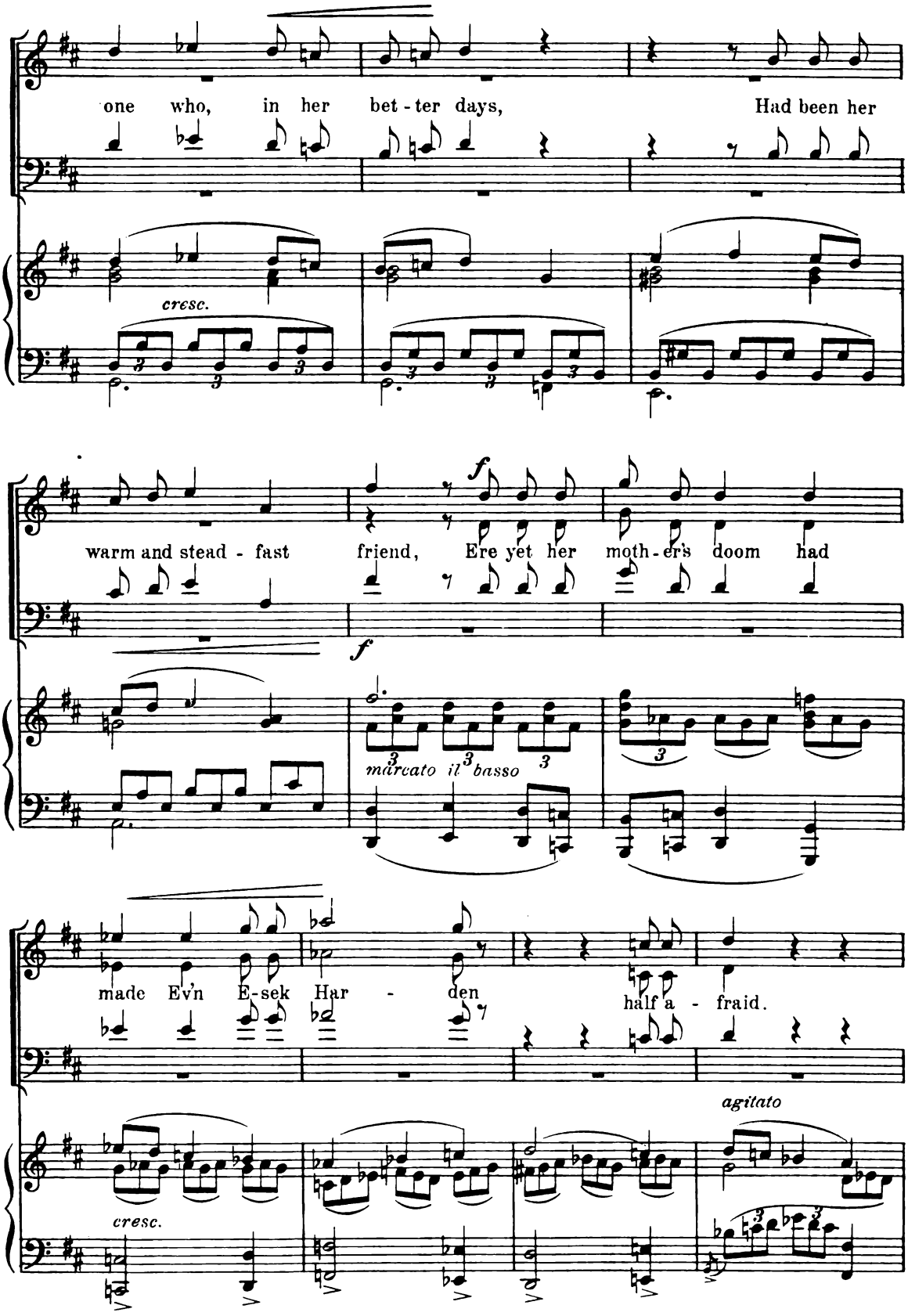

SOPRANO SOLO
p
a tempo adagio
For-give, dear God, for-give, dear God!
CHORUS
p
Dear God and Fa - ther of us all, For-give our faith in cru - el
mf
f
p
p
For - give, dear God, for - give, for - give dear
lies, For - give the blind-ness that de - nies, the blind-ness that de -
f
(tenor marc.)
Andante (♩ = 76)
God, for - give, dear God!
pp
nies, the blind-ness that de - nies!
Andante (♩ = 76)
p espr.
r.h.

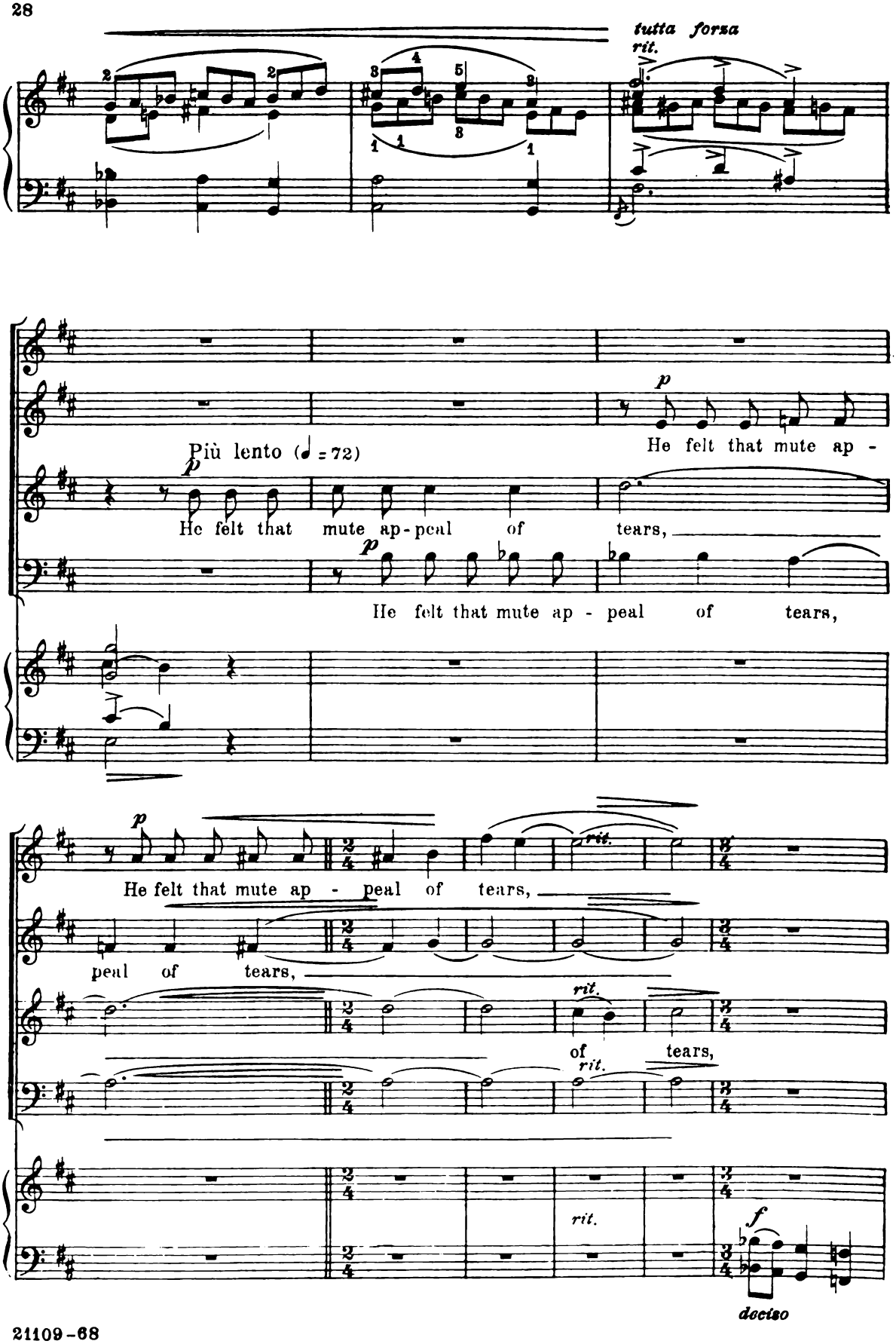

SOLO TACET
poco
sf
Ped.
poco rit.
BASS CHORUS
p
a tempo
So— in the sha - dow
espr.
Ma - bel
poco rit.
a tempo
sf
p
più mosso
sits; Un - touched by mirth she sees and hears,
più mosso
1-5
a tempo
— Her smile is sad-der than her tears.
a tempo

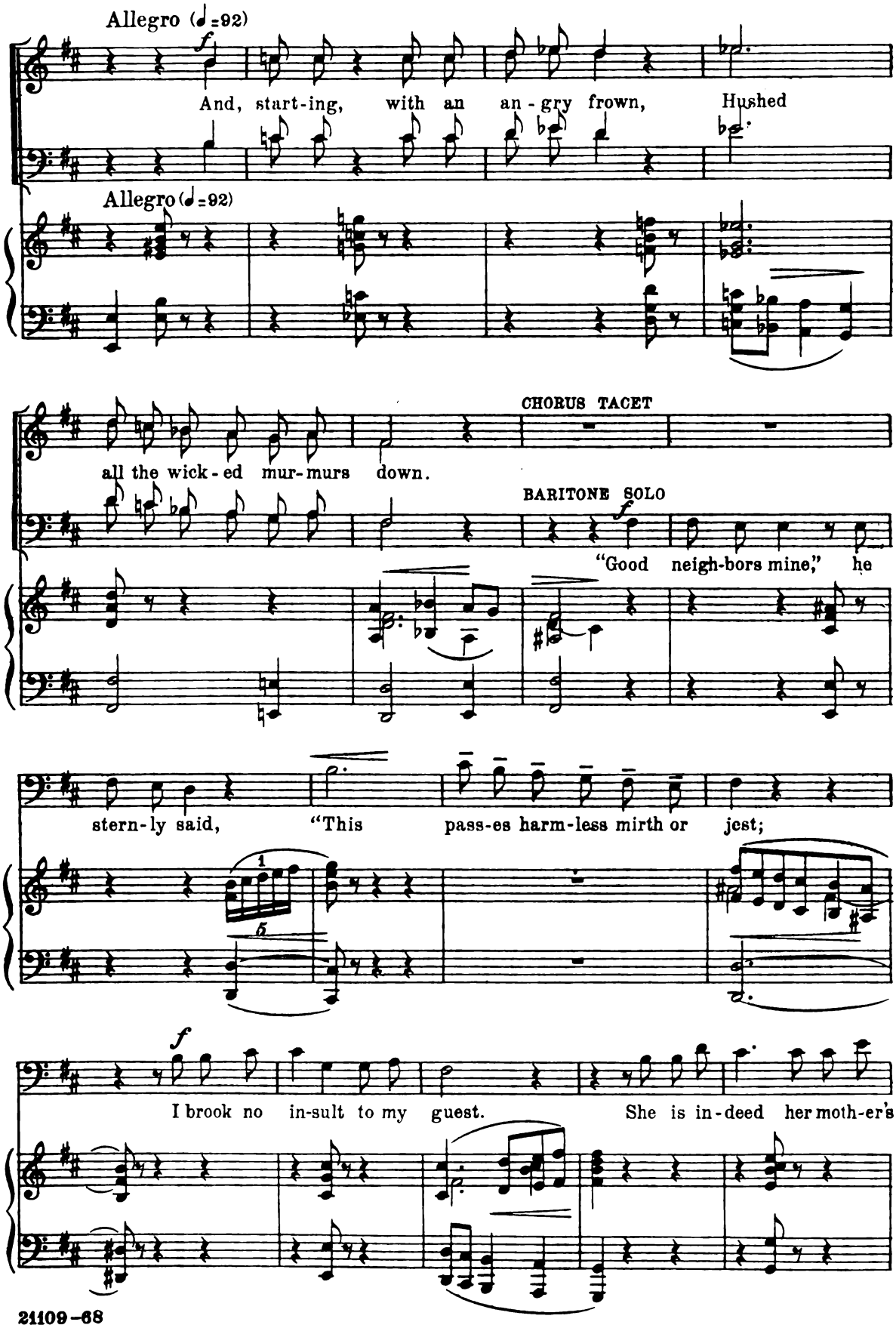

accel. e cresc.
Allegro (♩ = 92)
(with mockery)
But cru - el eyes have
But cru - el eyes have
Look, look!
Look, look!
Allegro (♩ = 92)
found her out, And cru - el lips re - peat her name,
found her out, And cru - el lips re - peat her name,
Look, look, the witch, the witch! And
Look, look, the witch, the witch! And

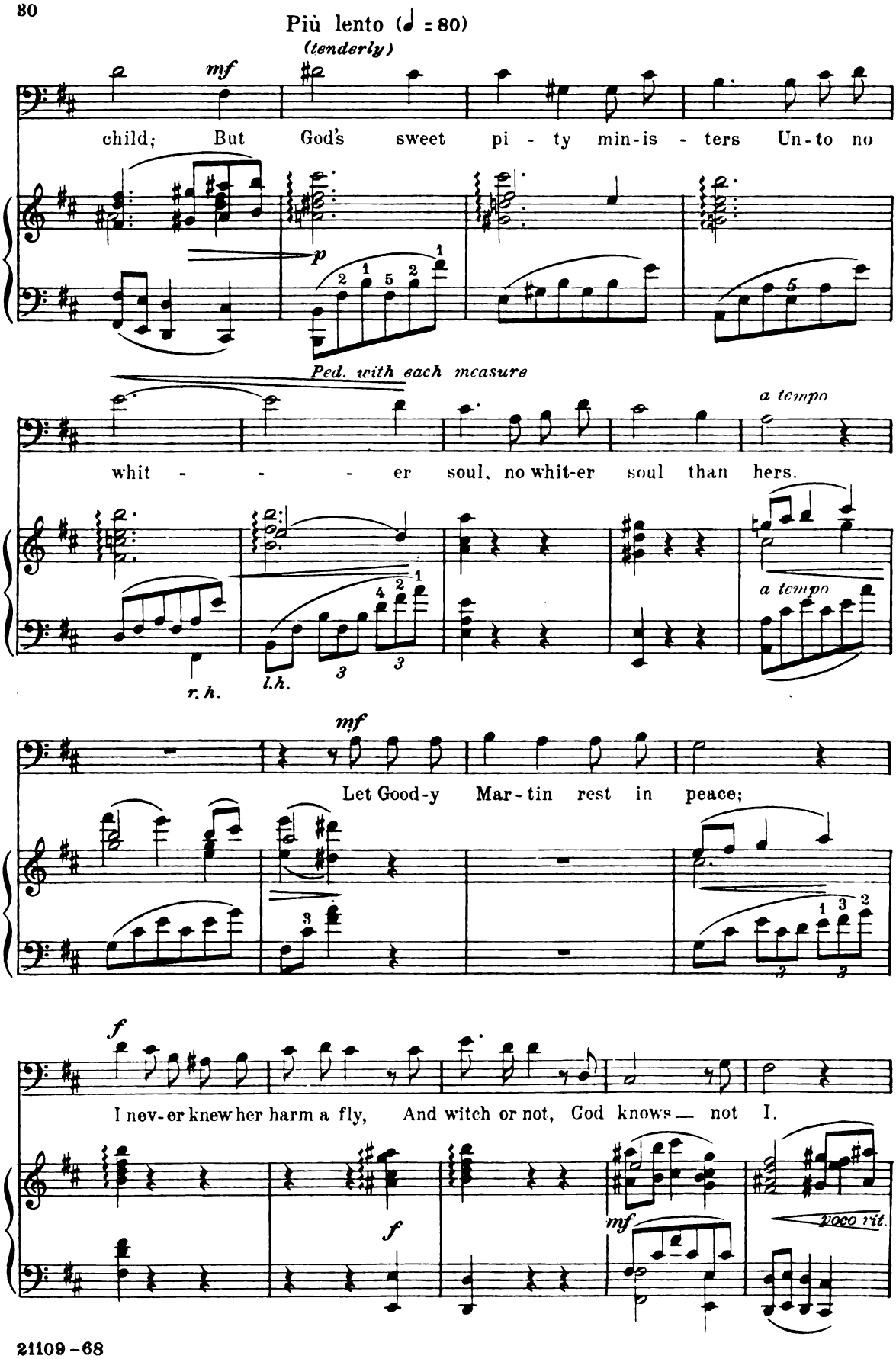

The witch, the witch, for shame, for shame!
cresc.
Look, look! look, look! for shame, for shame,
f
cresc.
f taunt her with her moth - - er's
cresc.
taunt her with her moth - - er's
cresc.
3
3
ff
port.
— for shame! Ma - bel Mar - tin, for
for shame! Ma - bel Mar - tin, for
shame. — Ma - bel Mar - tin, for
shame. — Ma - bel Mar - tin, for
8
sffz
8
ff
Ped.

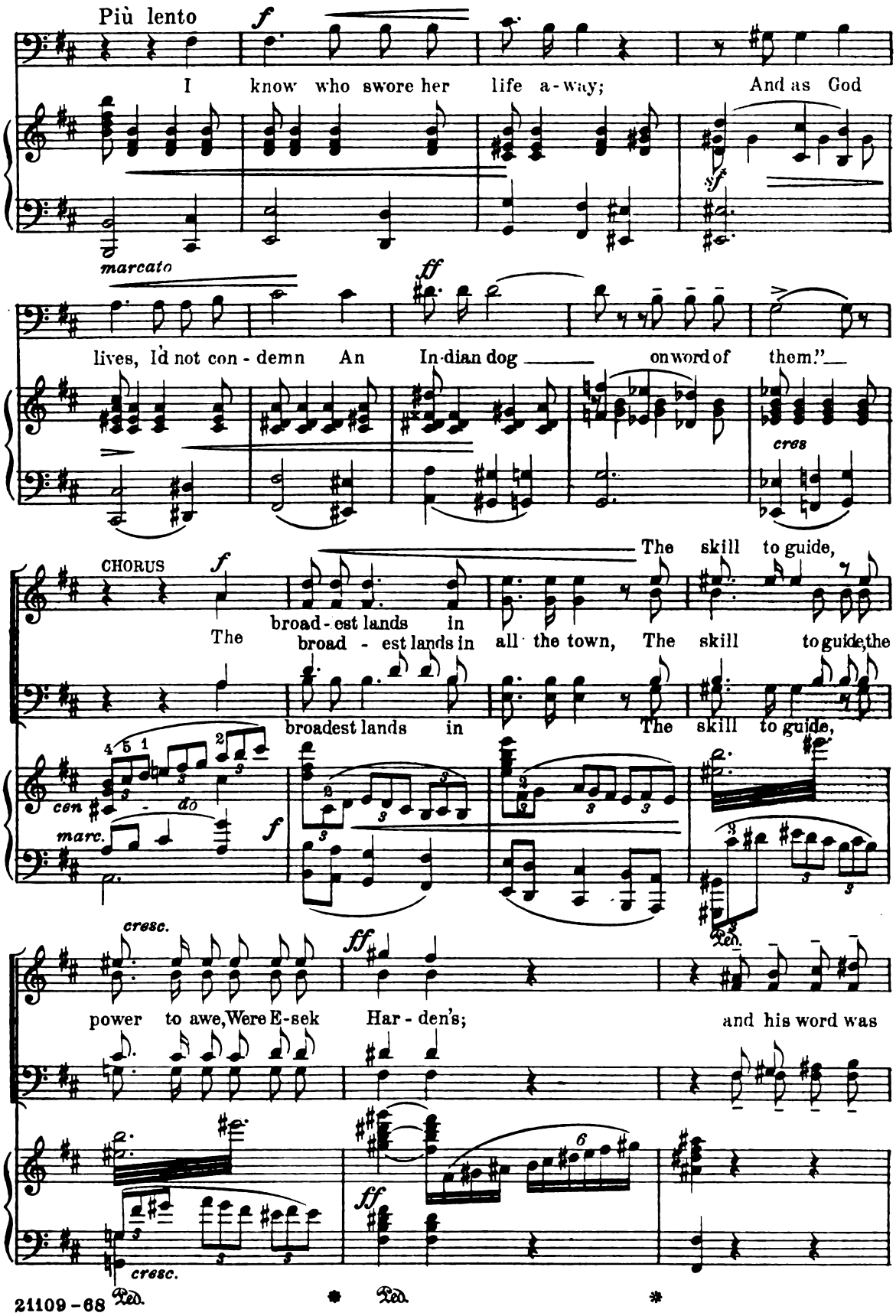

Andante (♩ = 80)
p
shame!"
She an-swered not with rail-ing words, But drewher a-pron
Andante (♩ = 80)
espr.
mf
poco sf
oer her face, And, sob - bing, glid-ed from the place. And on-ly
poco sf
paus-ing at the door, Her sad eyes met the trou-bled gaze Of

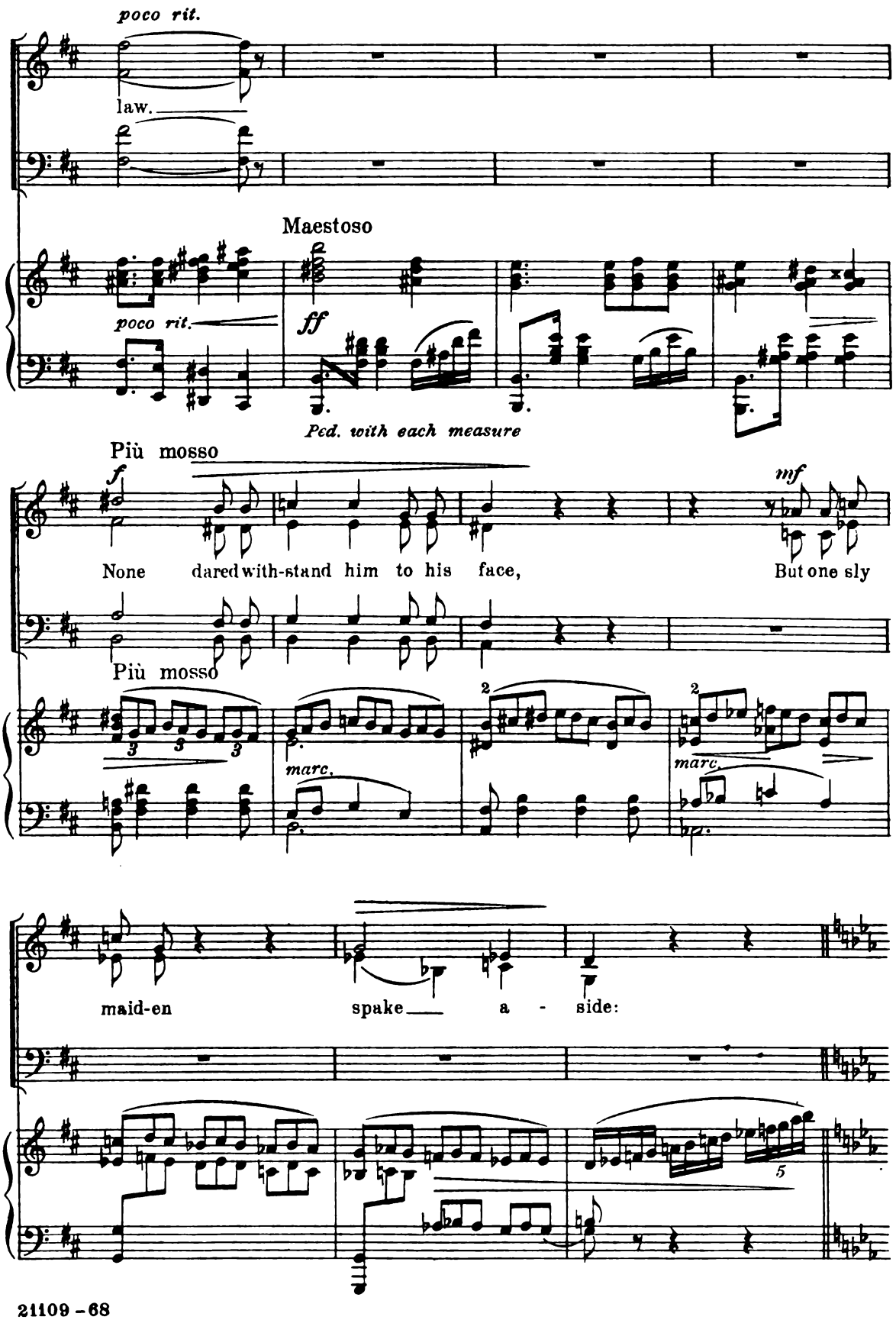

one who, in her bet - ter days, Had been her
cresc.
warm and stead - fast friend, Ere yet her moth - er's doom had
f
f
marcato il basso
made Evn E-sek Har - den half a - fraid.
agitato
cresc.

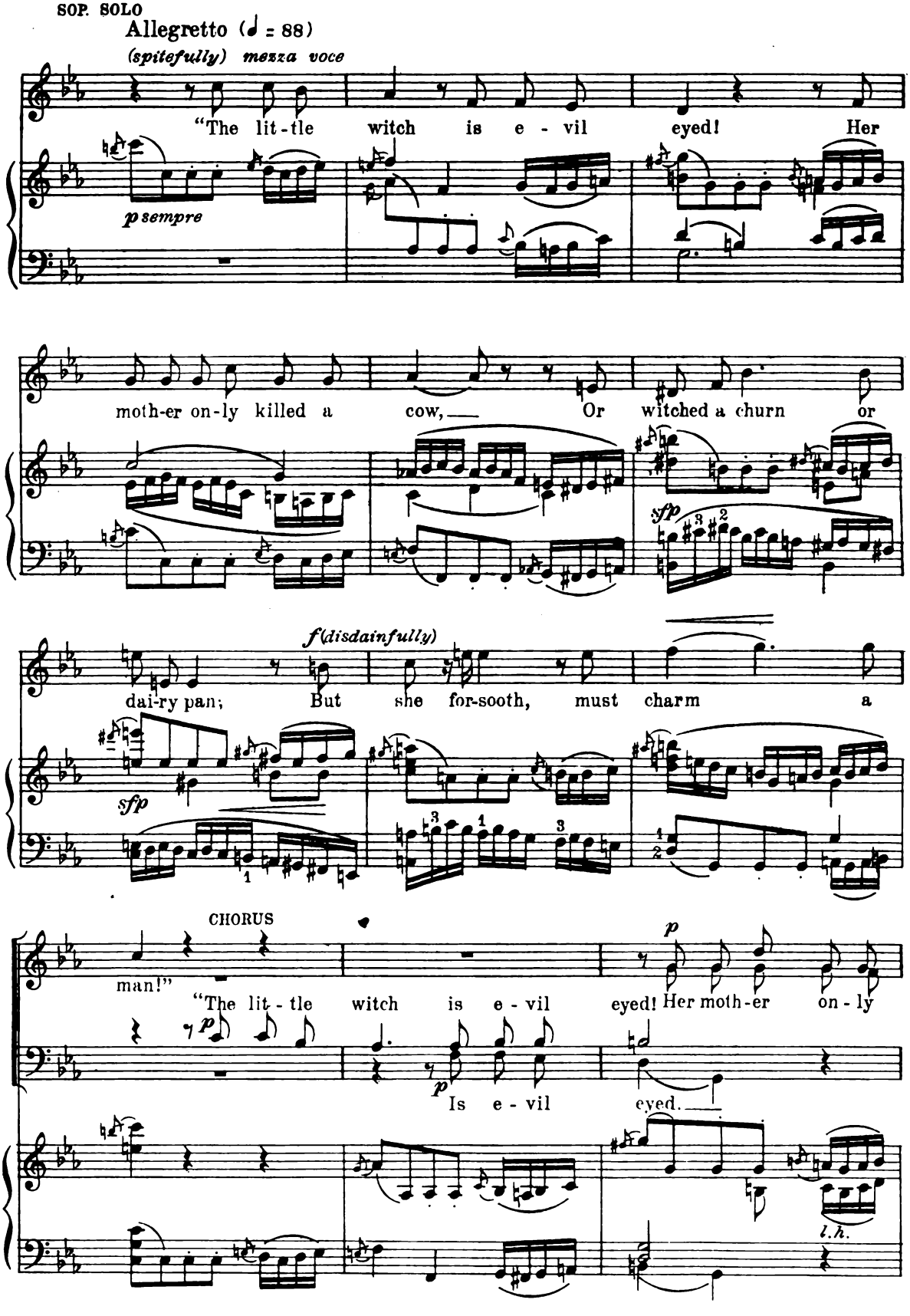

tutta forza
rit.
Più lento (♩ = 72)
p
He felt that mute ap-peal of tears,
He felt that mute ap-
He felt that mute ap - peal of tears,
He felt that mute ap - peal of tears,
peal of tears,
of tears,
rit.
f
deciso

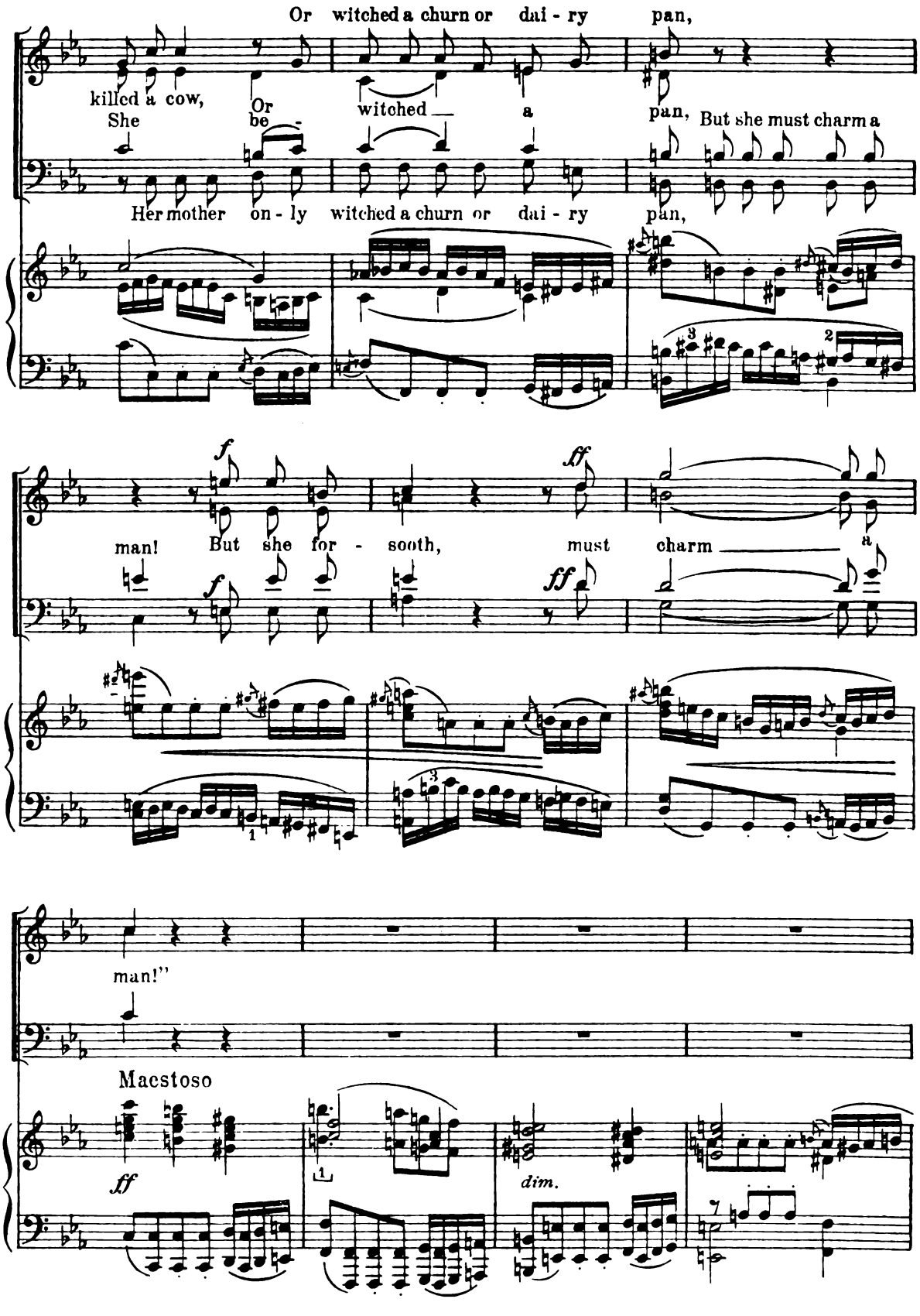

Allegro (♩=92)
And, start-ing, with an an-gry frown, Hushed
Allegro (♩=92)
CHORUS TACET
all the wick-ed mur-murs down.
BARITONE SOLO
"Good neigh-bors mine," he
stern-ly said, "This pass-es harm-less mirth or jest;
I brook no in-sult to my guest. She is in-deed her moth-er's

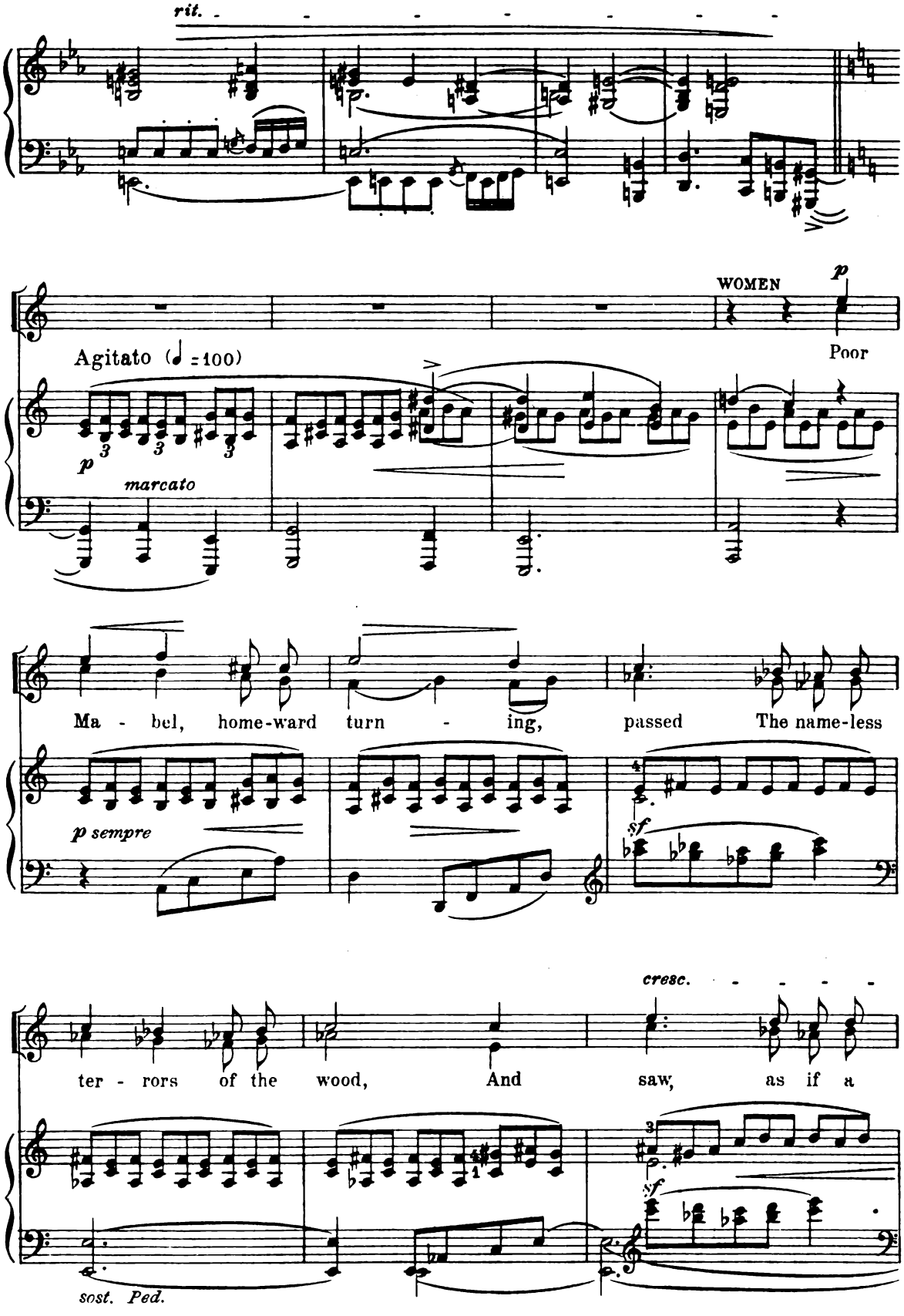

Più lento (♩ = 80)
(tenderly)
mf
child; But God's sweet pi - ty min-is - ters Un-to no
p
Ped. with each measure
a tempo
whit - - - - er soul, no whit-er soul than hers.
r. h.
l.h.
a tempo
mf
Let Good-y Mar-tin rest in peace;
f
I nev-er knew her harm a fly, And witch or not, God knows — not I.
f
mf
poco rit.

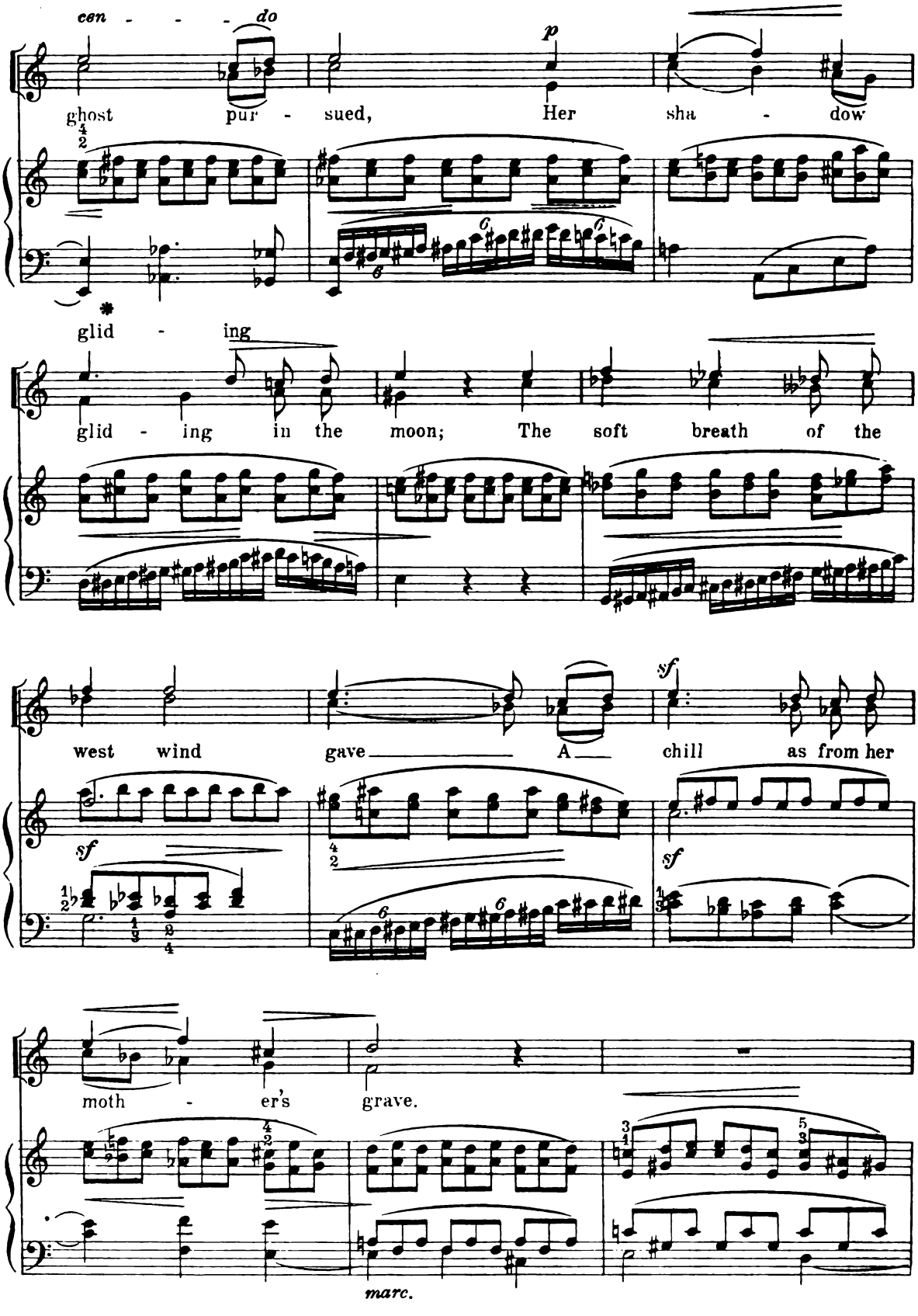

Più lento
I know who swore her life a-way; And as God
marcato
lives, I'd not con-demn An In-dian dog on word of them."
cres
CHORUS
The skill to guide,
The broad-est lands in
broad - est lands in all the town, The skill to guide the
broadest lands in The skill to guide,
con
do
marc.
cresc.
power to awe, Were E-sek Har-den's; and his word was
cresc.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

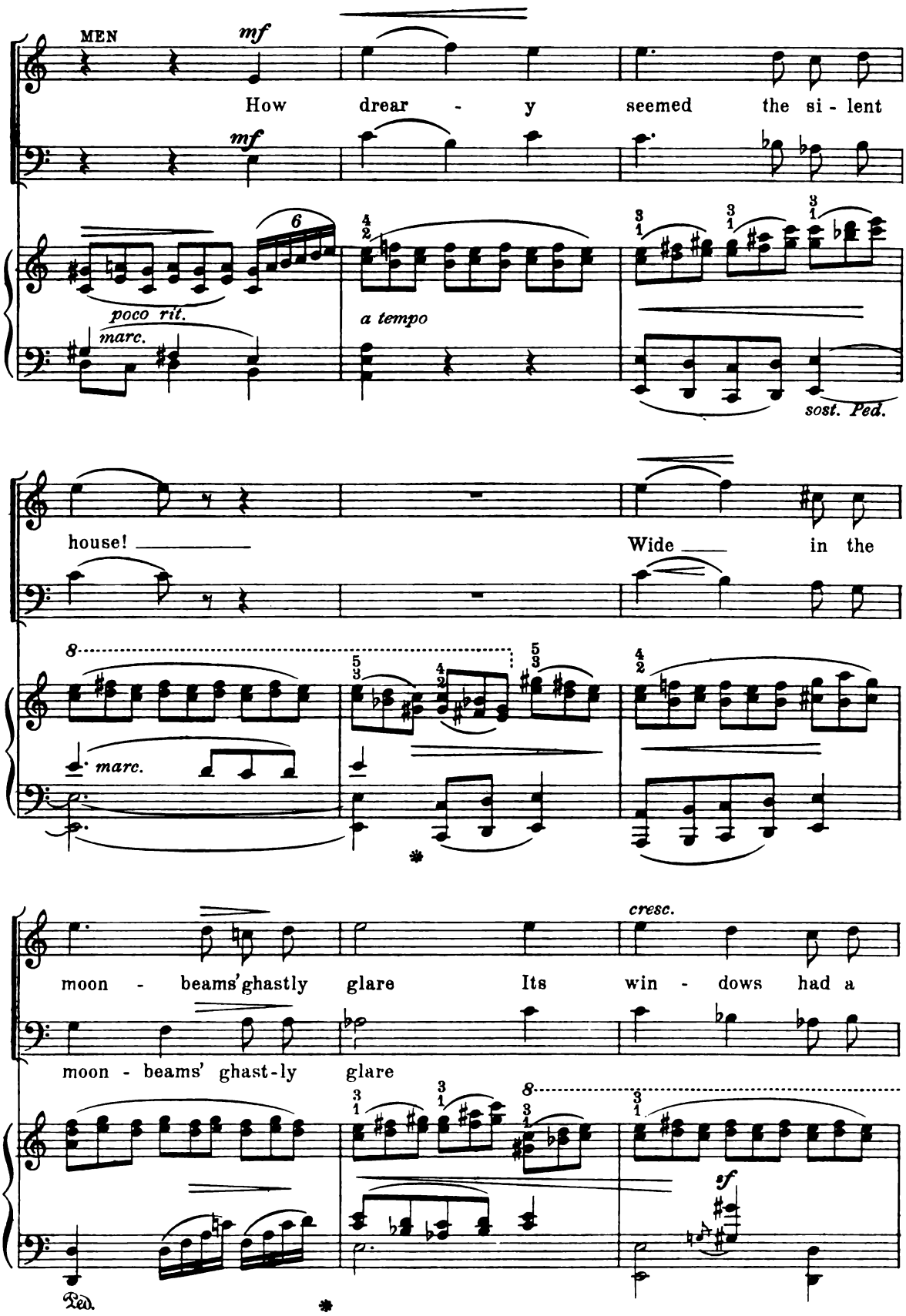

poco rit.
law.
Maestoso
poco rit.
ff
Ped. with each measure
Più mosso
f
mf
None dared with-stand him to his face, But one sly
Più mosso
marc.
marc.
maid-en spake a - side:

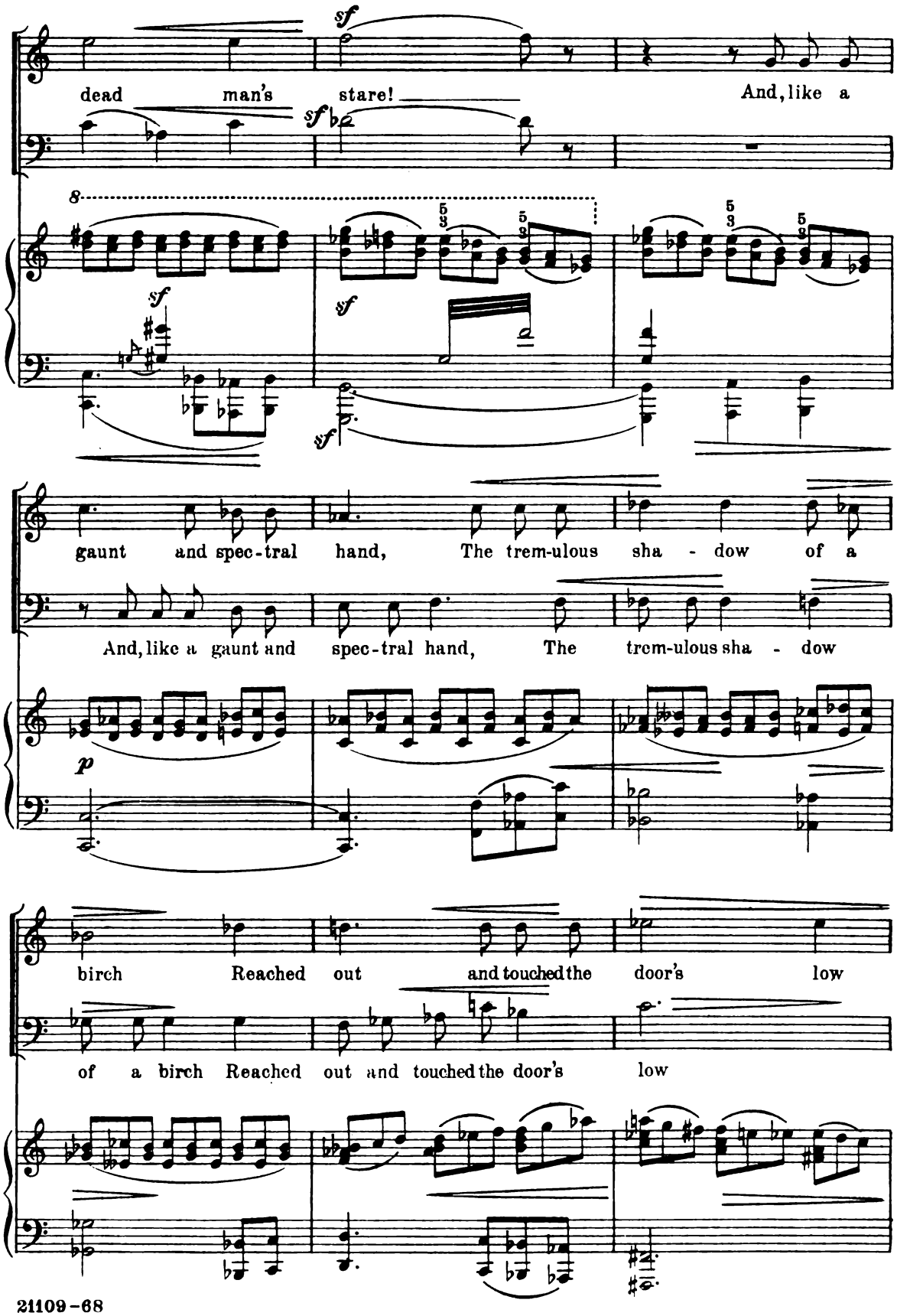

SOP. SOLO
Allegretto (♩ = 88)
(spitefully) mezza voce
"The lit-tle witch is e-vil eyed! Her
p sempre
moth-er on-ly killed a cow, Or witched a churn or
sfp
f (disdainfully)
dai-ry pan; But she for-sooth, must charm a
sfp
CHORUS
man!"
"The lit-tle witch is e-vil eyed! Her moth-er on-ly
p
p
Is e-vil eyed.
l.h.

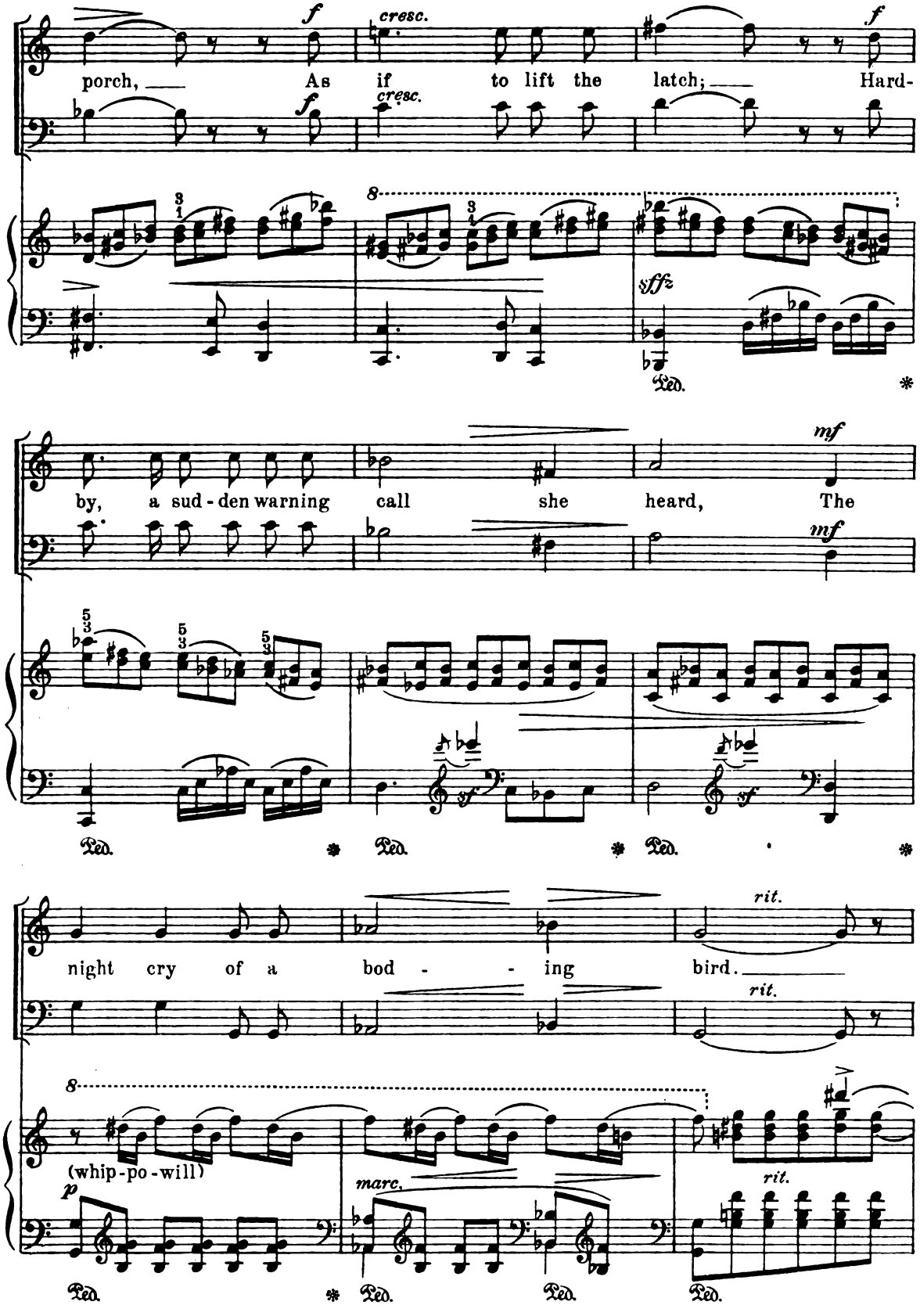

Or witched a churn or dai - ry pan,
killed a cow, She
Or be -
witched — a
pan, But she must charm a
Her mother on - ly witched a churn or dai - ry pan,
man! But she for - sooth, must charm — a
man!"
Maestoso
ff
dim.

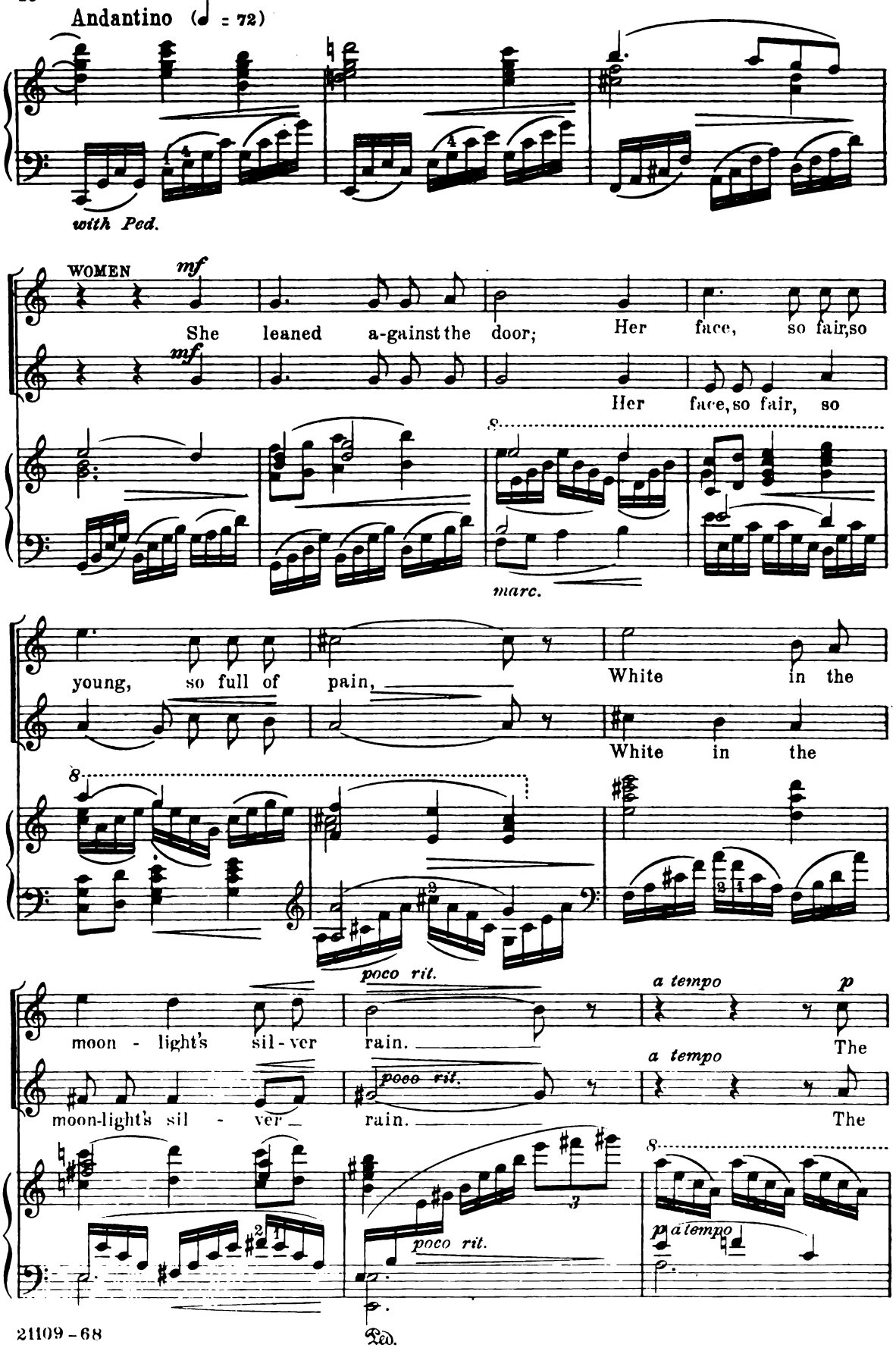

rit.
WOMEN
p
Poor
Agitato (♩ =100)
p
marcato
Ma - bel, home-ward turn - ing, passed The name-less
p sempre
sf
cresc.
ter - rors of the wood, And saw, as if a
sf
sost. Ped.

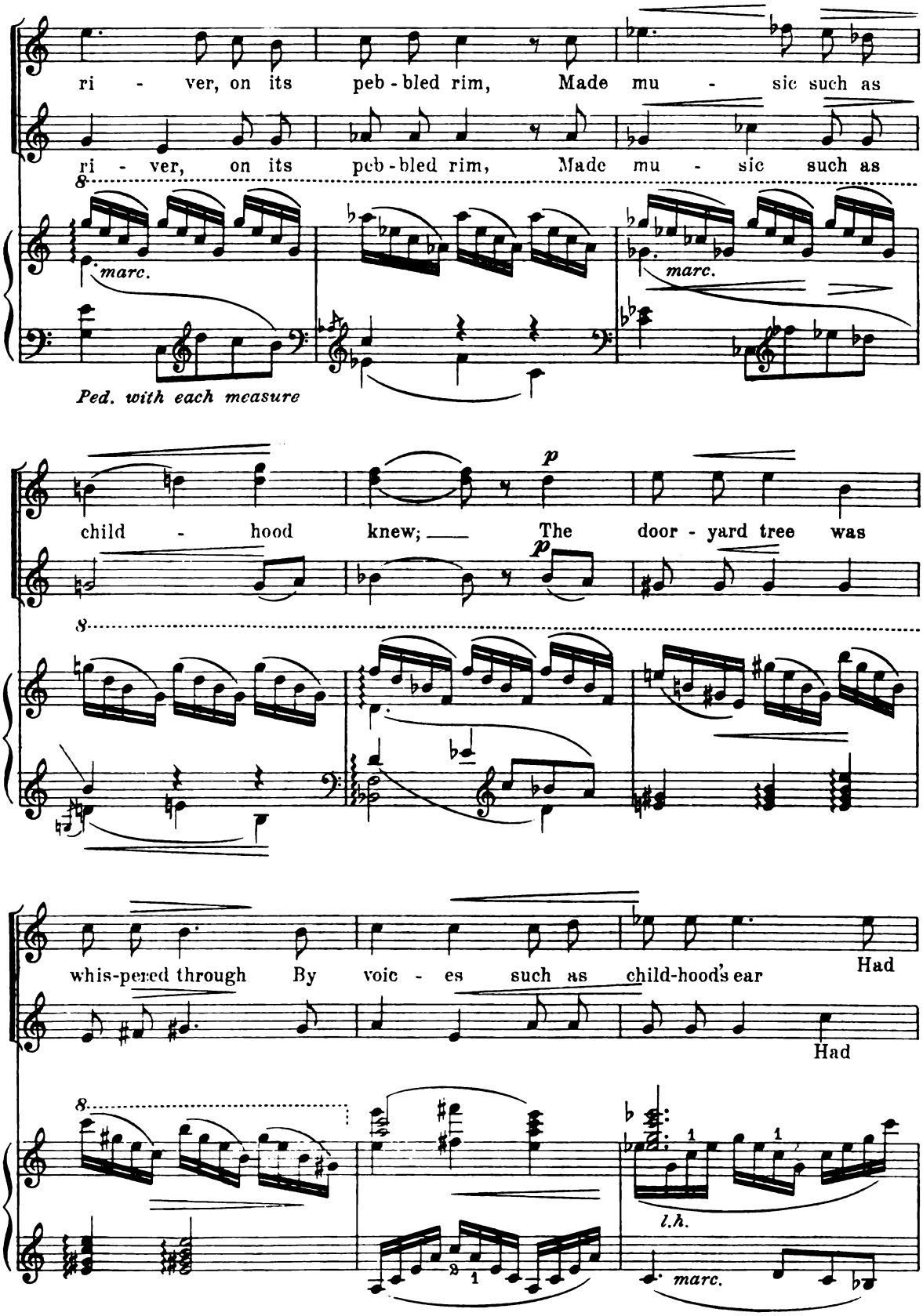

cen - - - do
p
ghost pur - sued, Her sha - dow
glid - ing
glid - ing in the moon; The soft breath of the
sf
west wind gave A chill as from her
sf
sf
moth - er's grave.
marc.

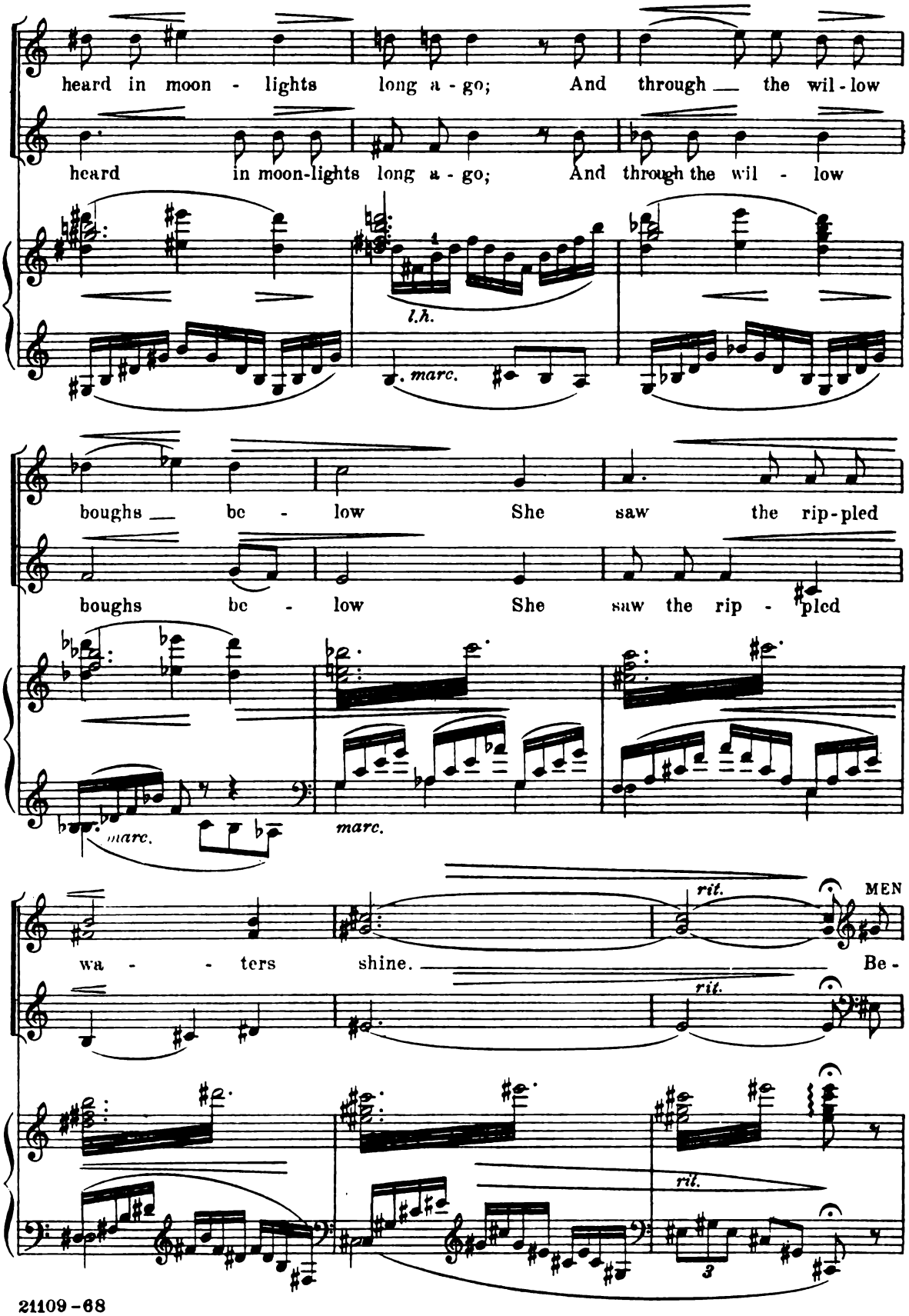

MEN
mf
How drear - y seemed the si - lent
mf
poco rit.
marc.
a tempo
sost. Ped.
house! Wide in the
marc.
cresc.
moon - beams' ghastly glare Its win - dows had a
moon - beams' ghast-ly glare
sf
Ped.

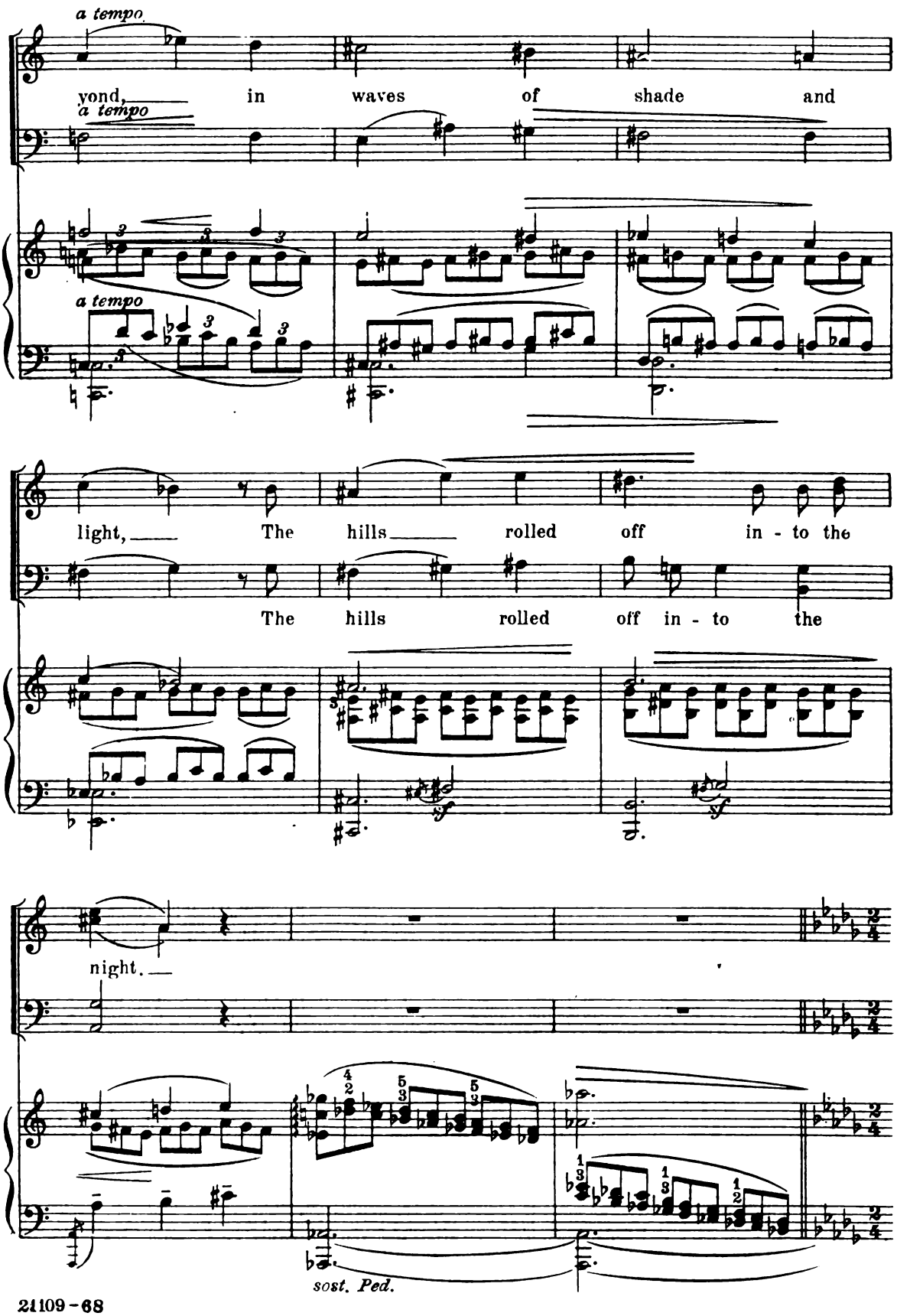

dead man's stare! And, like a
gaunt and spec-tral hand, The trem-ulous sha - dow of a
And, like a gaunt and spec-tral hand, The trem-ulous sha - dow
birch Reached out and touched the door's low
of a birch Reached out and touched the door's low

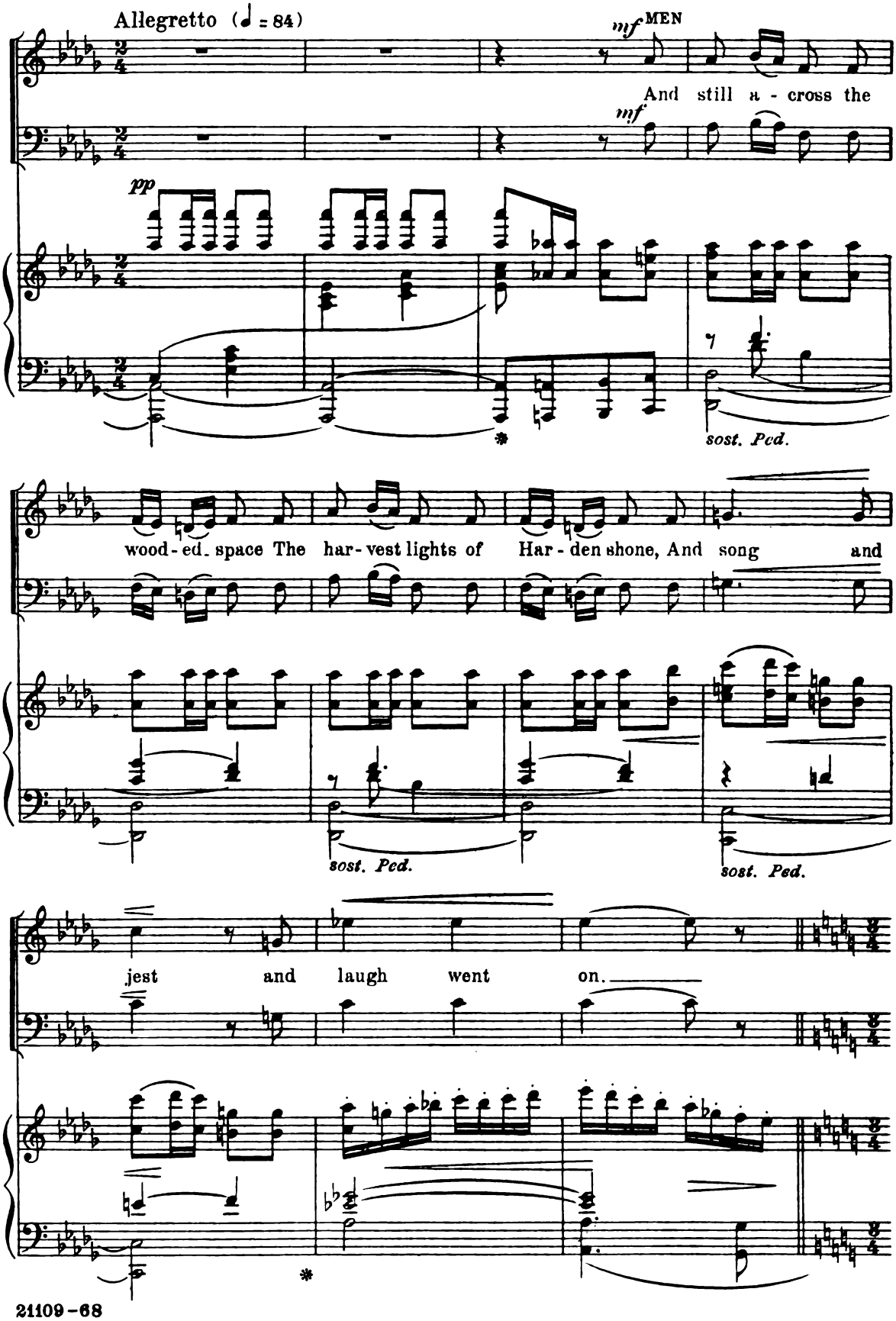

porch, As if to lift the latch; Hard-
cresc.
cresc.
f
f
f
8
sffz
Ped.
*
by, a sud - den warning call she heard, The
mf
mf
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
night cry of a bod - - ing bird.
rit.
rit.
8
(whip-po-will)
p
marc.
rit.
Ped.
*
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

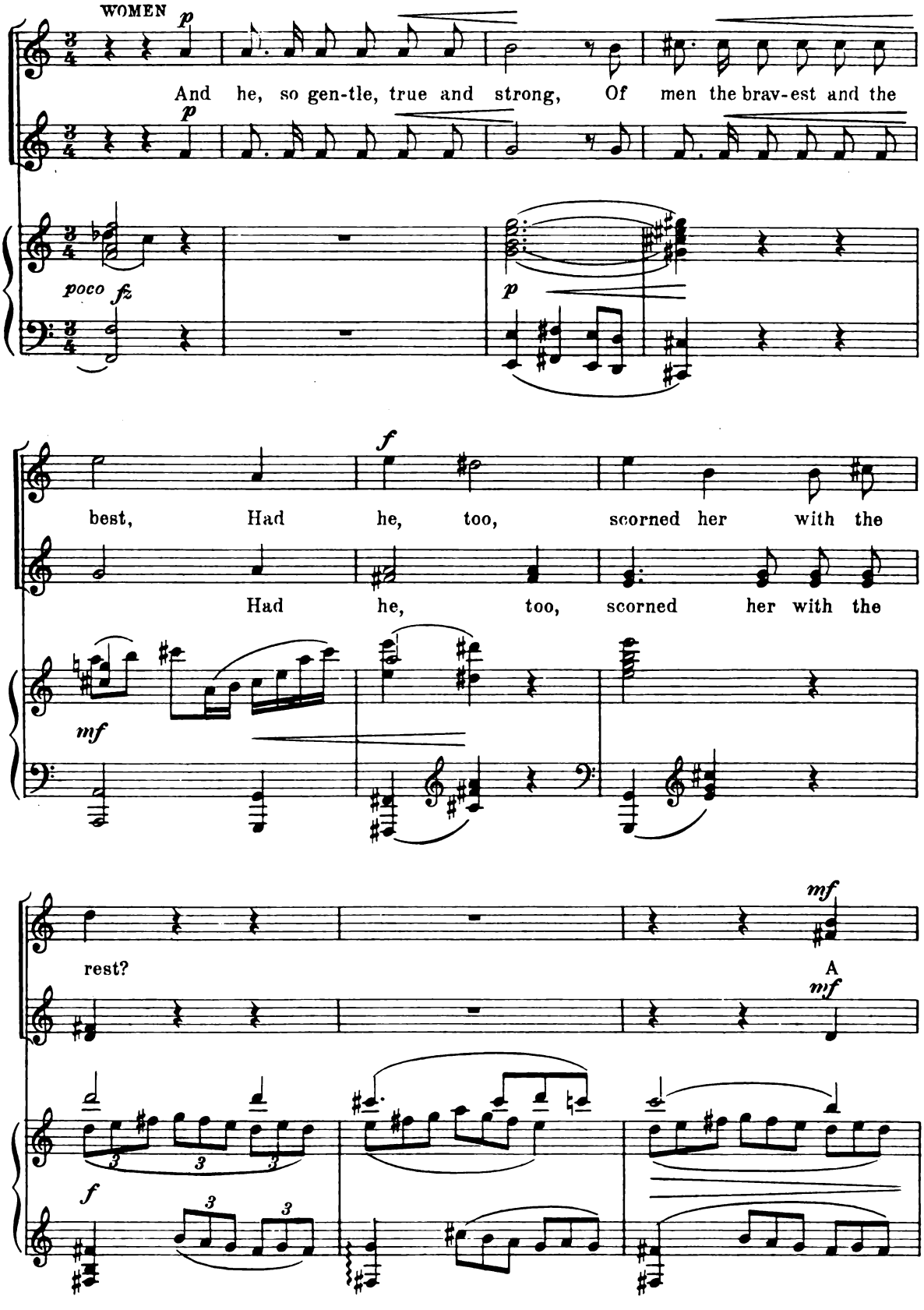

Andantino (♩ = 72)
with Ped.
WOMEN
mf
She leaned a-gainst the door; Her face, so fair, so
mf
Her face, so fair, so
8
marc.
young, so full of pain, White in the
White in the
8
poco rit.
a tempo
p
moon - light's sil - ver rain. The
a tempo
poco rit.
moon-light's sil - ver rain. The
8
poco rit.
p a tempo
Ped.

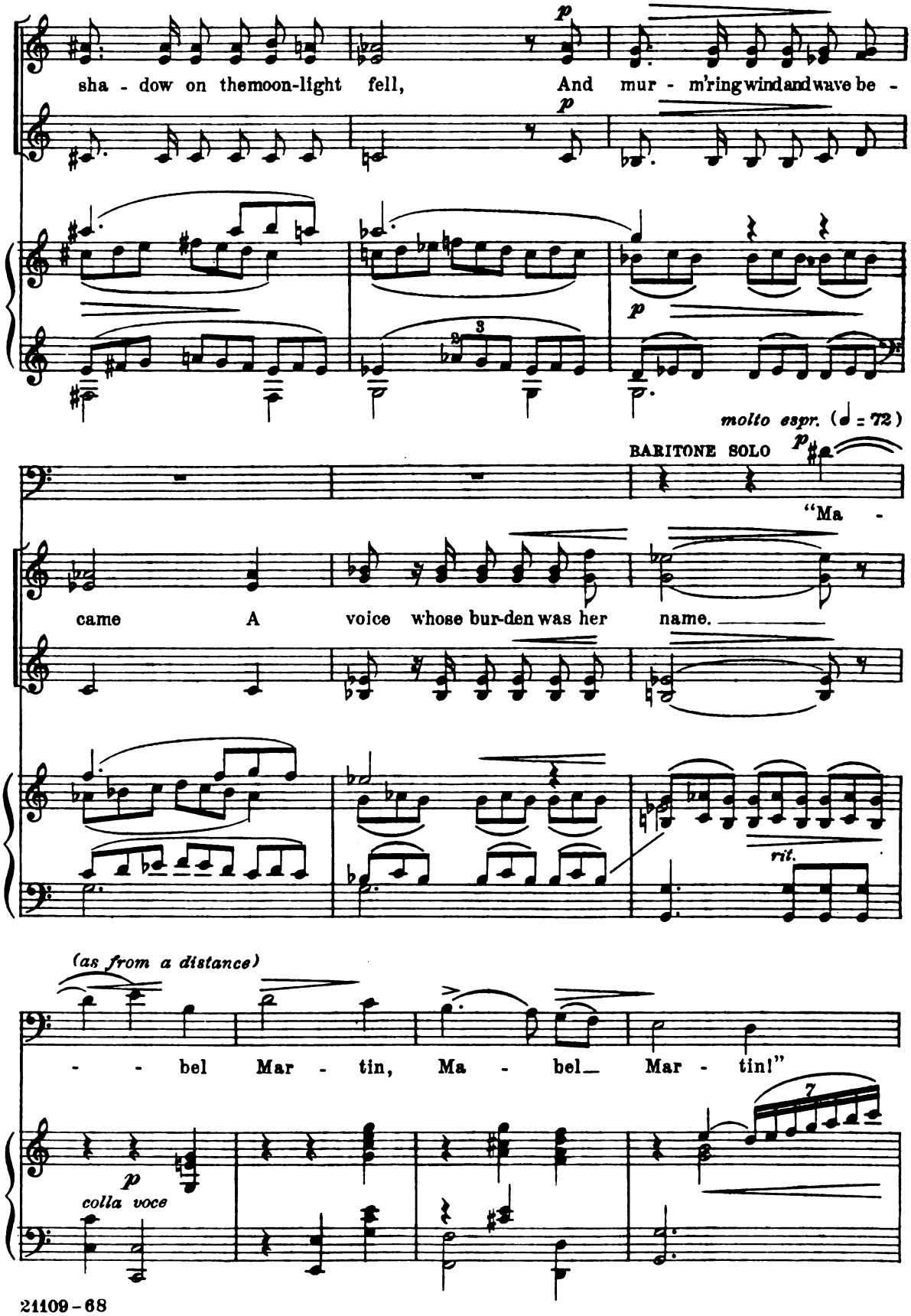

ri - ver, on its peb - bled rim, Made mu - sic such as
ri - ver, on its peb - bled rim, Made mu - sic such as
marc.
marc.
Ped. with each measure
child - hood knew; The door - yard tree was
p
p
whis-pered through By voic - es such as child-hood's ear
Had
Had
l.h.
marc.

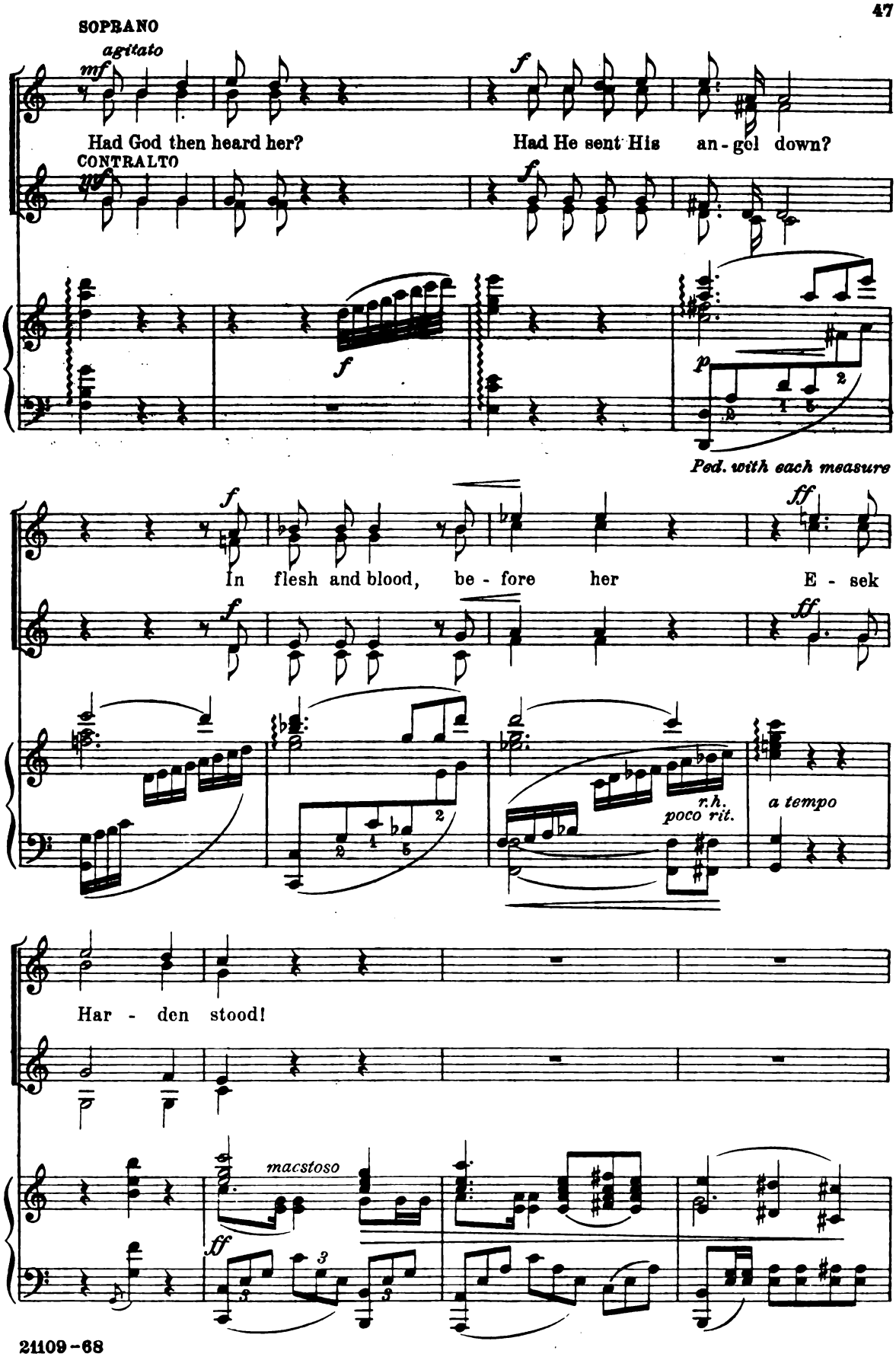

heard in moon - lights long a - go; And through the wil - low
heard in moon-lights long a - go; And through the wil - low
l.h.
marc.
boughs be - low She saw the rip-pled
boughs be - low She saw the rip - pled
marc.
marc.
rit.
MEN
wa - - ters shine. Be -
rit.
rit.
3


a tempo
yond, in waves of shade and
a tempo
a tempo
light, The hills rolled off in - to the
The hills rolled off in - to the
night.
sf
sf
sost. Ped.


Allegretto (♩ = 84)
mf MEN
And still a - cross the
mf
pp
sost. Ped.
wood - ed space The har - vest lights of Har - den shone, And song and
sost. Ped.
sost. Ped.
jest and laugh went on.

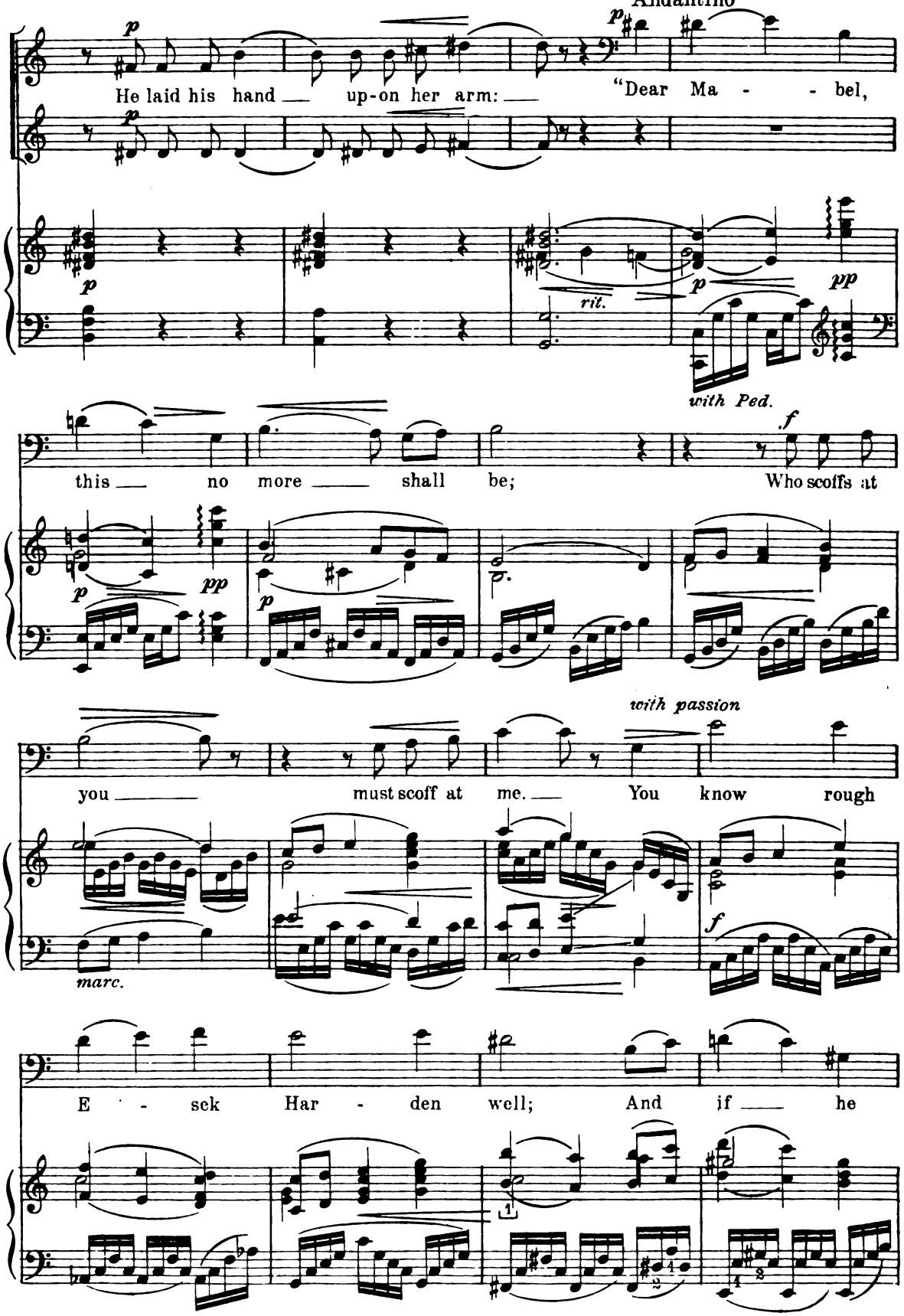

WOMEN
p
And he, so gen-tle, true and strong, Of men the brav-est and the
p
poco fz
p
best, Had he, too, scorned her with the
f
Had he, too, scorned her with the
mf
rest?
A
mf
mf
f

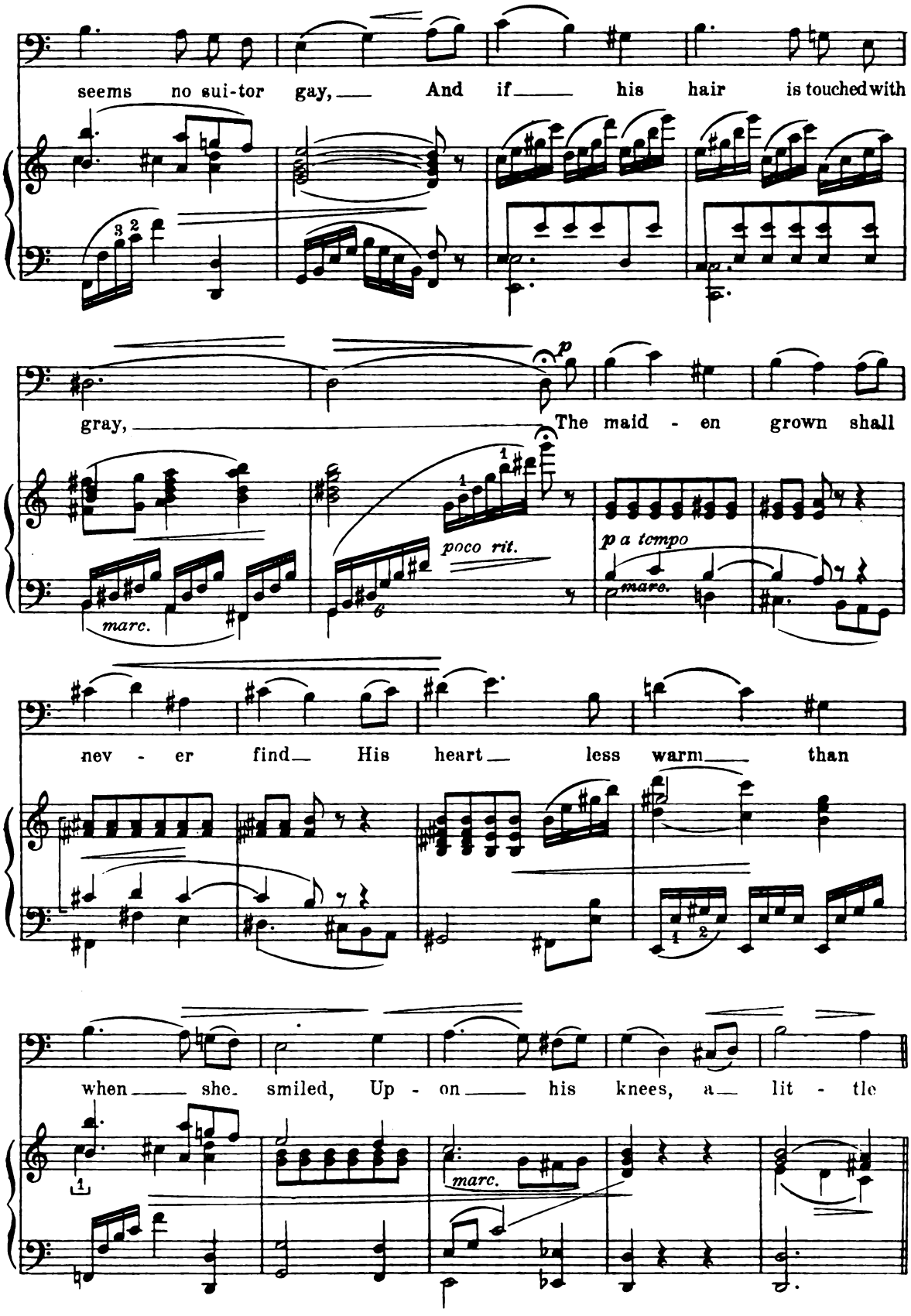

sha - dow on themoon-light fell, And mur - m'ringwindandwave be -
molto espr. (♩ = 72)
BARITONE SOLO
"Ma -
came A voice whose bur-den was her name.
rit.
(as from a distance)
- - bel Mar - tin, Ma - bel_ Mar - tin!"
colla voce

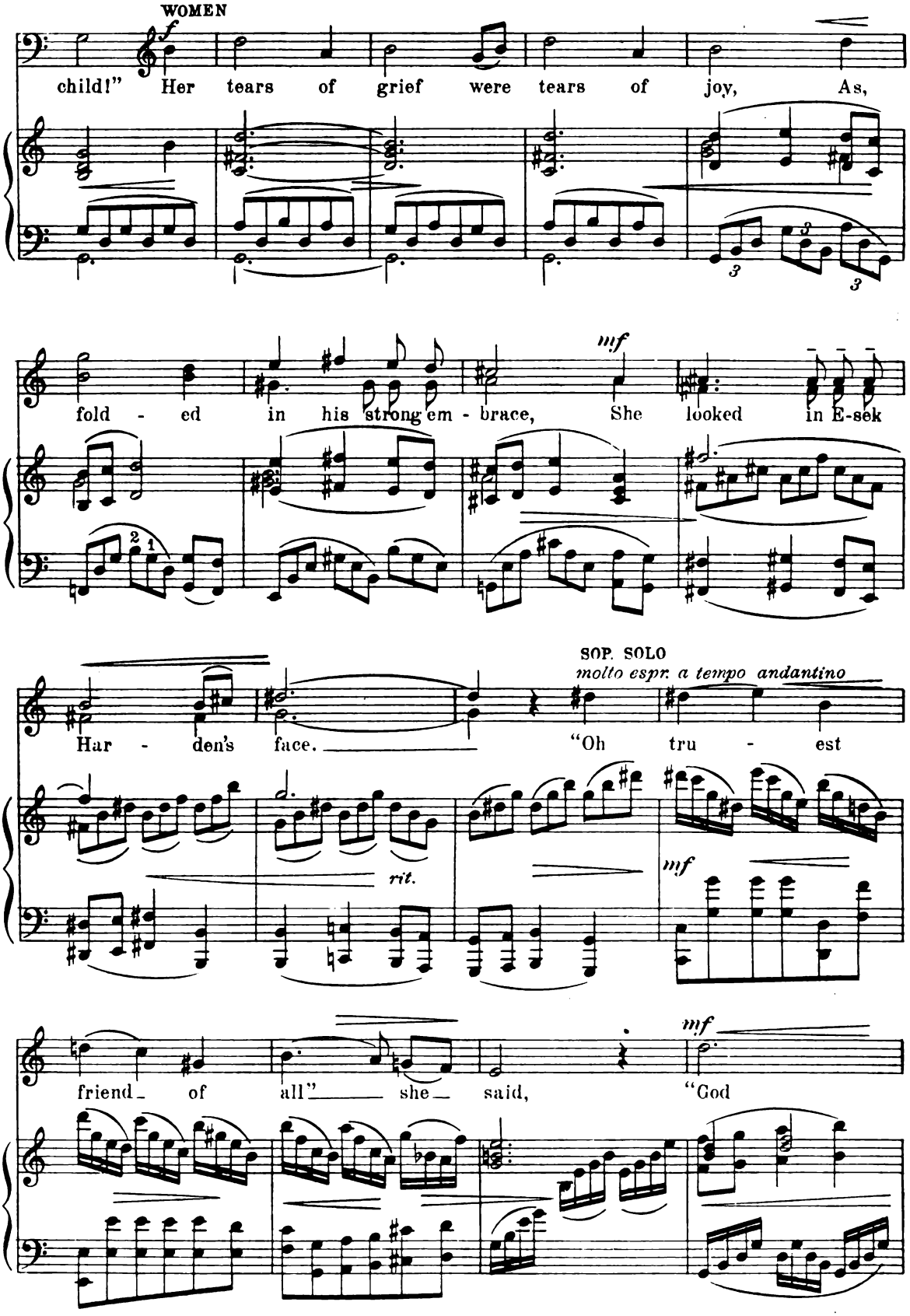

SOPRANO
agitato
mf
Had God then heard her?
Had He sent His an - gel down?
CONTRALTO
mf
f
f
p
Ped. with each measure
f
In flesh and blood, be - fore her E - sek
ff
r.h.
poco rit.
a tempo
Har - den stood!
macstoso
ff

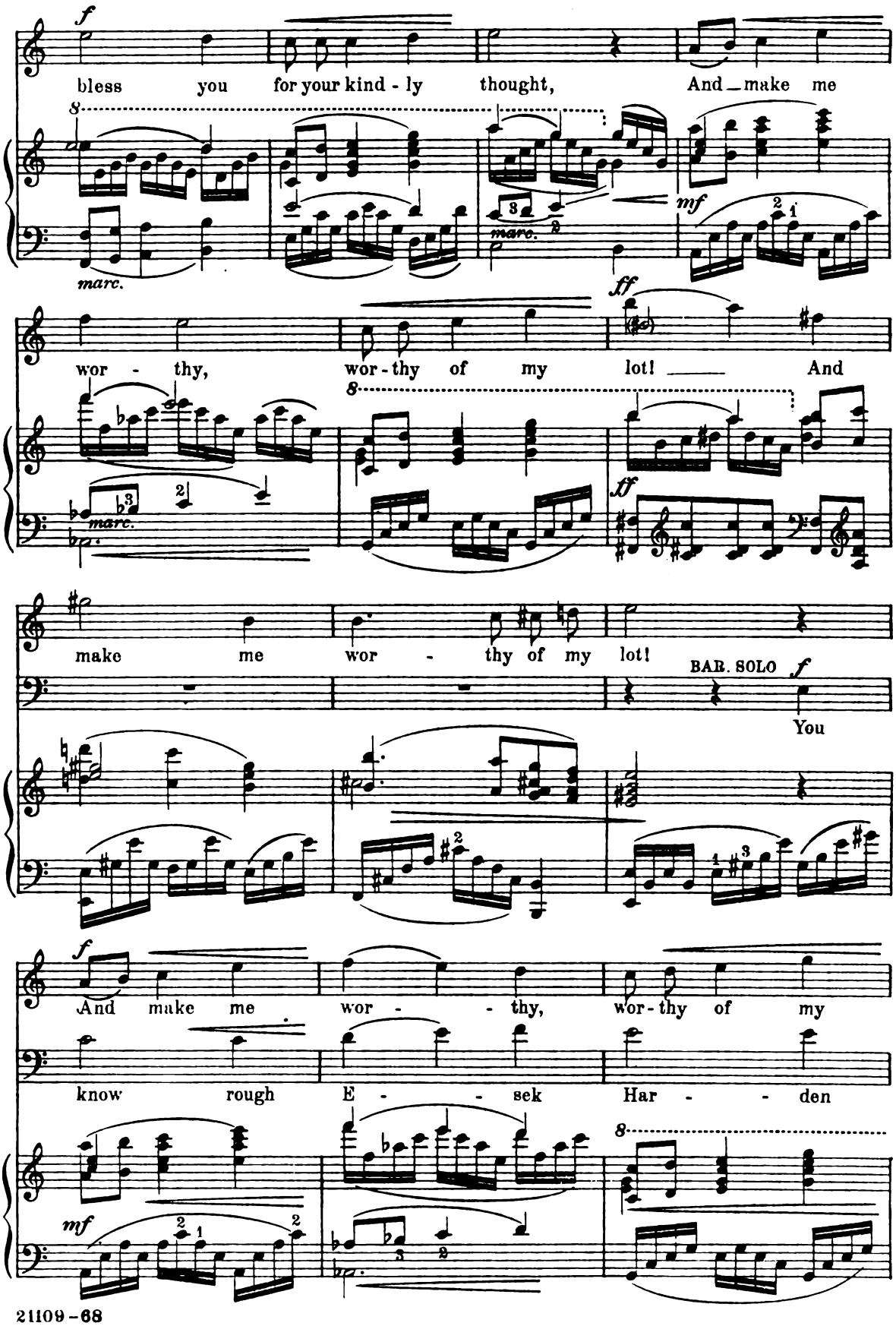
BARITONE SOLO

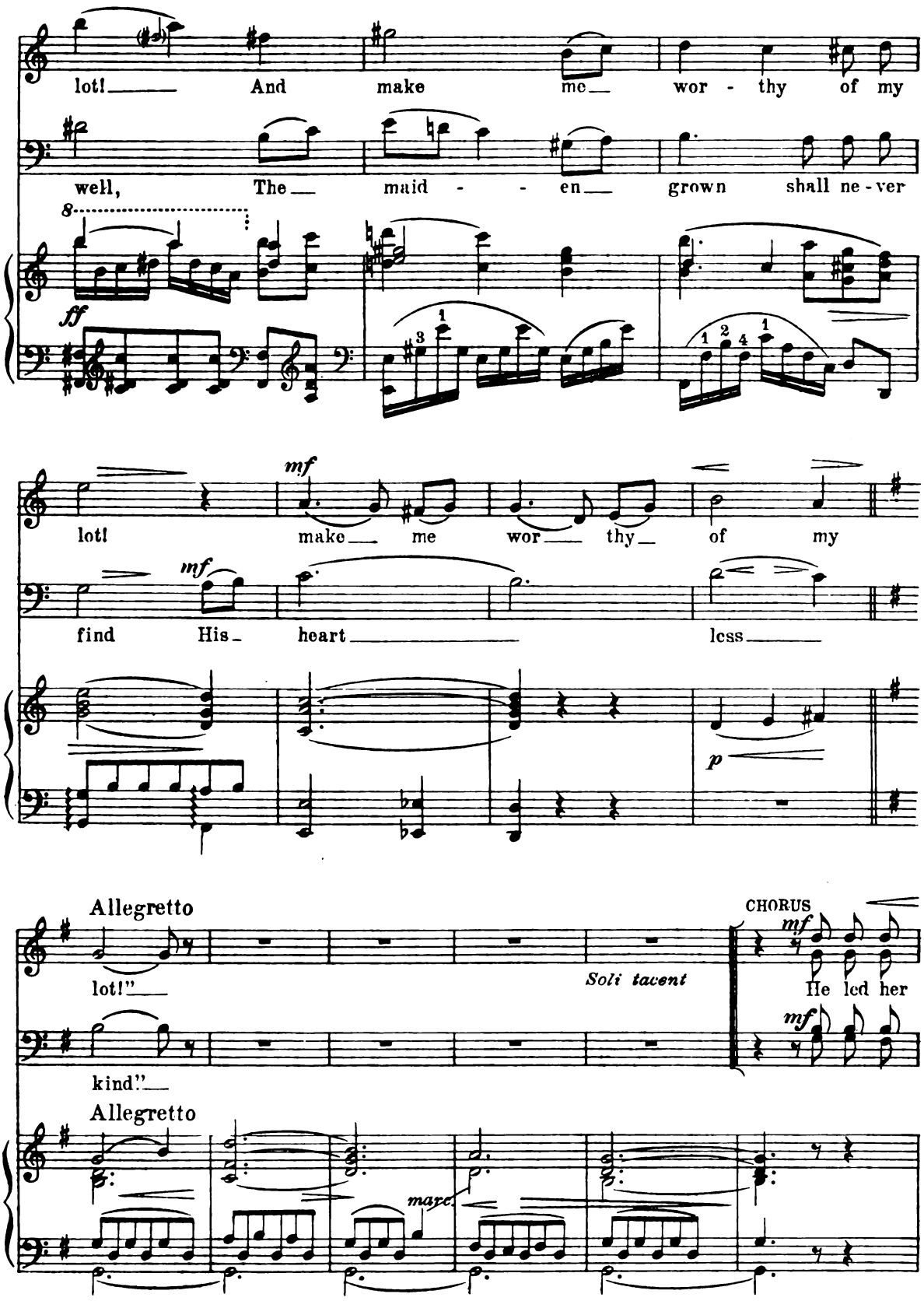
Andantino

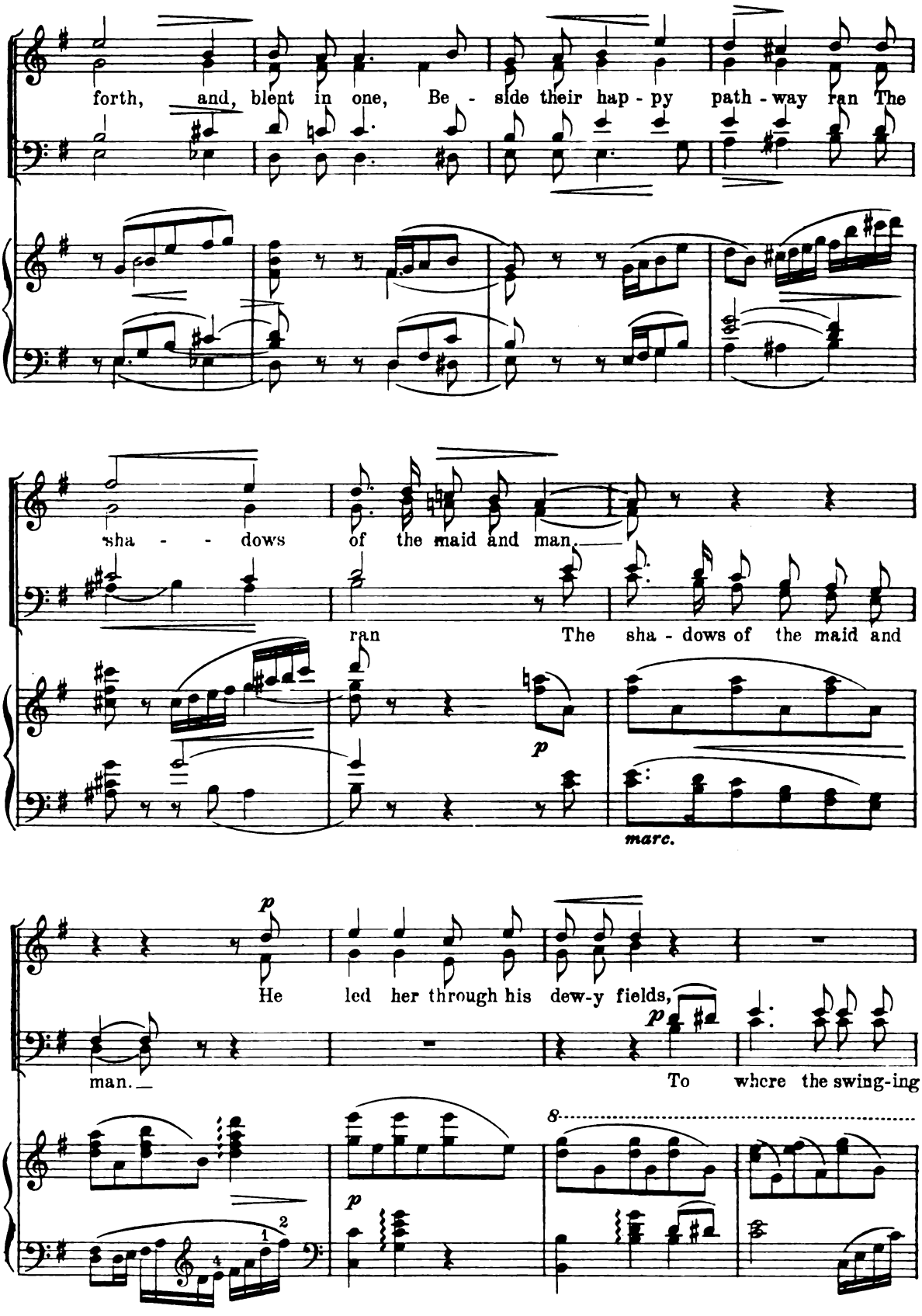


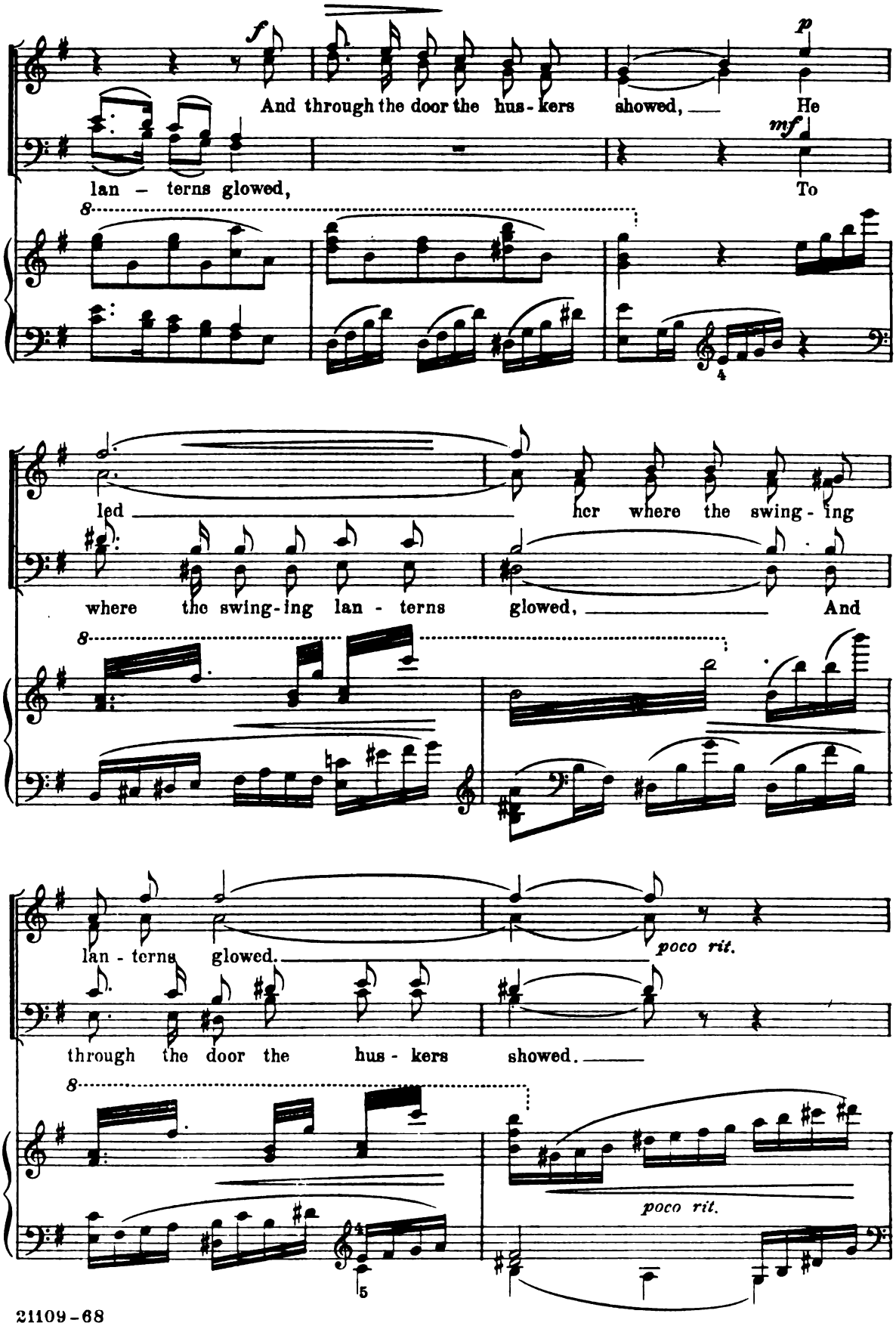

seems no sui-tor gay, And if his hair is touched with
gray, The maid - en grown shall
marc.
poco rit.
p a tempo
marc.
nev - er find His heart less warm than
when she smiled, Up - on his knees, a lit - tle
marc.

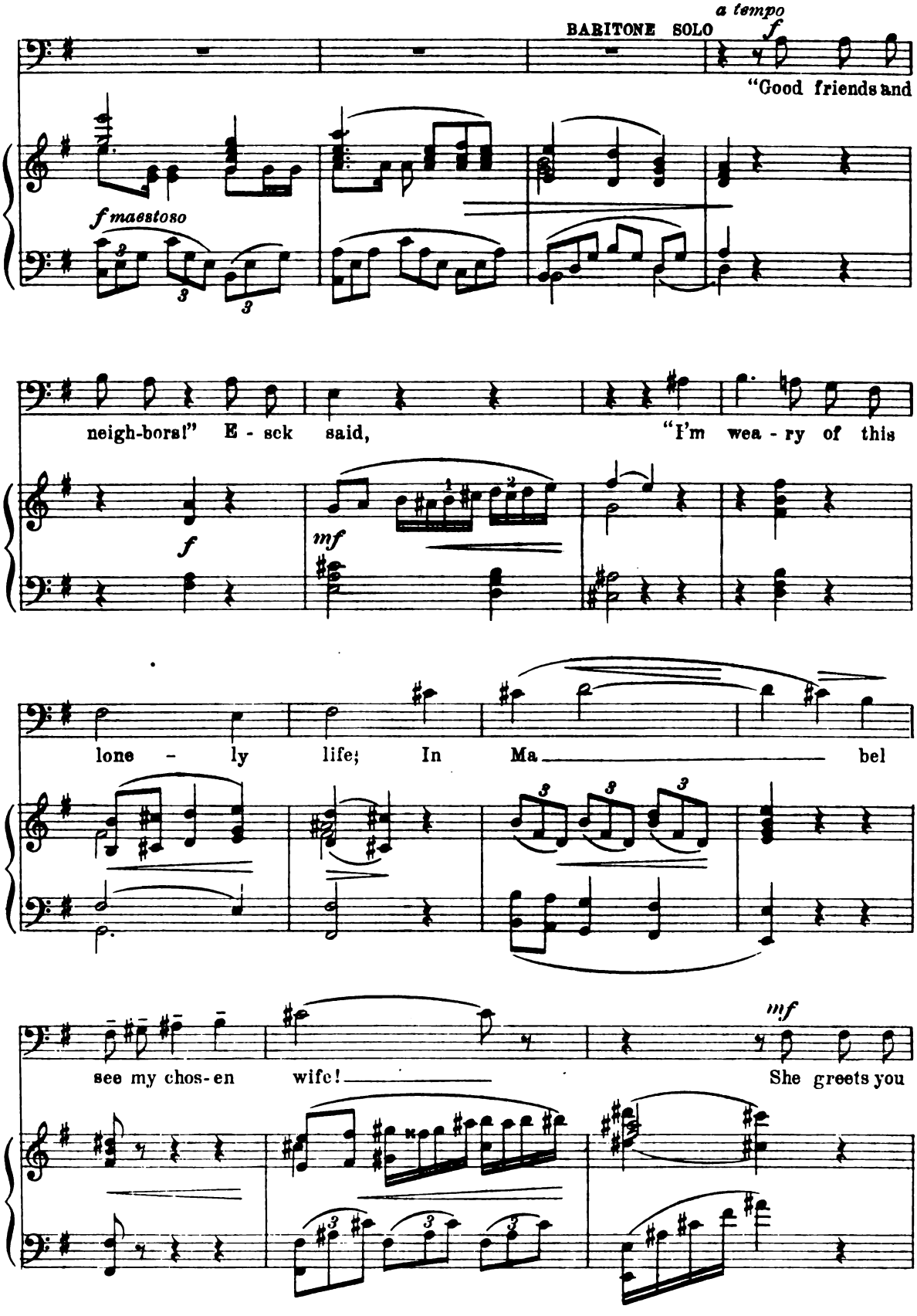

Più mosso
WOMEN
f
child!" Her tears of grief were tears of joy, As,
mf
fold - ed in his strong em - brace, She looked in E-sek
SOP. SOLO
molto espr. a tempo andantino
Har - den's face. "Oh tru - est
rit.
mf
friend of all" she said, "God
mf

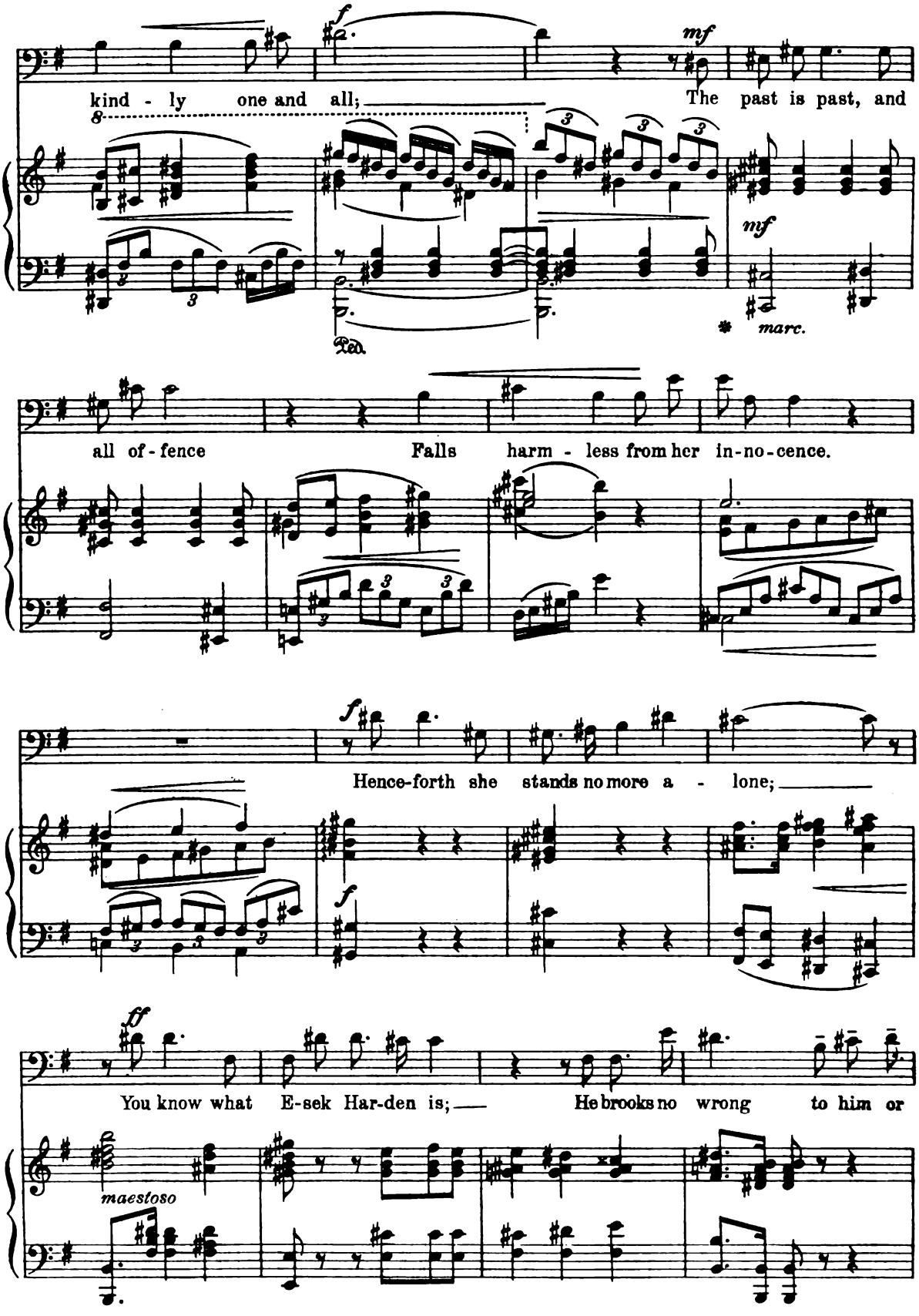

f
bless you for your kind - ly thought, And make me
marc.
mf
ff
wor - thy, wor - thy of my lot! And
marc.
make me wor - thy of my lot!
BAR. SOLO
f
You
f
And make me wor - thy, wor - thy of my
know rough E - sek Har - den
mf


lot! And make me wor - thy of my
well, The maid - - en grown shall ne - ver
ff
lot! make me wor thy of my
mf
find His heart less
mf
p
Allegretto
lot!"
kind!"
Soli tacent
CHORUS
mf
He led her
mf
Allegretto
marc.


forth, and, blent in one, Be - side their hap - py path - way ran The
sha - - dows of the maid and man.
ran The sha - dows of the maid and
p
marc.
p
He led her through his dew-y fields,
man.
p
To where the swing-ing
8
p


f
And through the door the hus - kers showed, He
p
lan - terns glowed, To
mf
led her where the swing - ing
where the swing - ing lan - terns glowed, And
lan - terns glowed.
poco rit.
through the door the hus - kers showed.
poco rit.


a tempo
BARITONE SOLO
f
"Good friends and
f maestoso
neigh-bors!" E - sck said, "I'm wea - ry of this
f
mf
lone - ly life; In Ma bel
mf
see my chos-en wife! She greets you


kind - ly one and all;
The past is past, and
all of - fence
Falls harm - less from her in-no-cence.
Hence-forth she stands no more a - lone;
You know what E-sek Har-den is;
He brooks no wrong to him or
maestoso
Ped.
marc.

Allegretto giocoso

his.

Now let the mer-riest

tales be told, And let the sweet-est songs be sung That

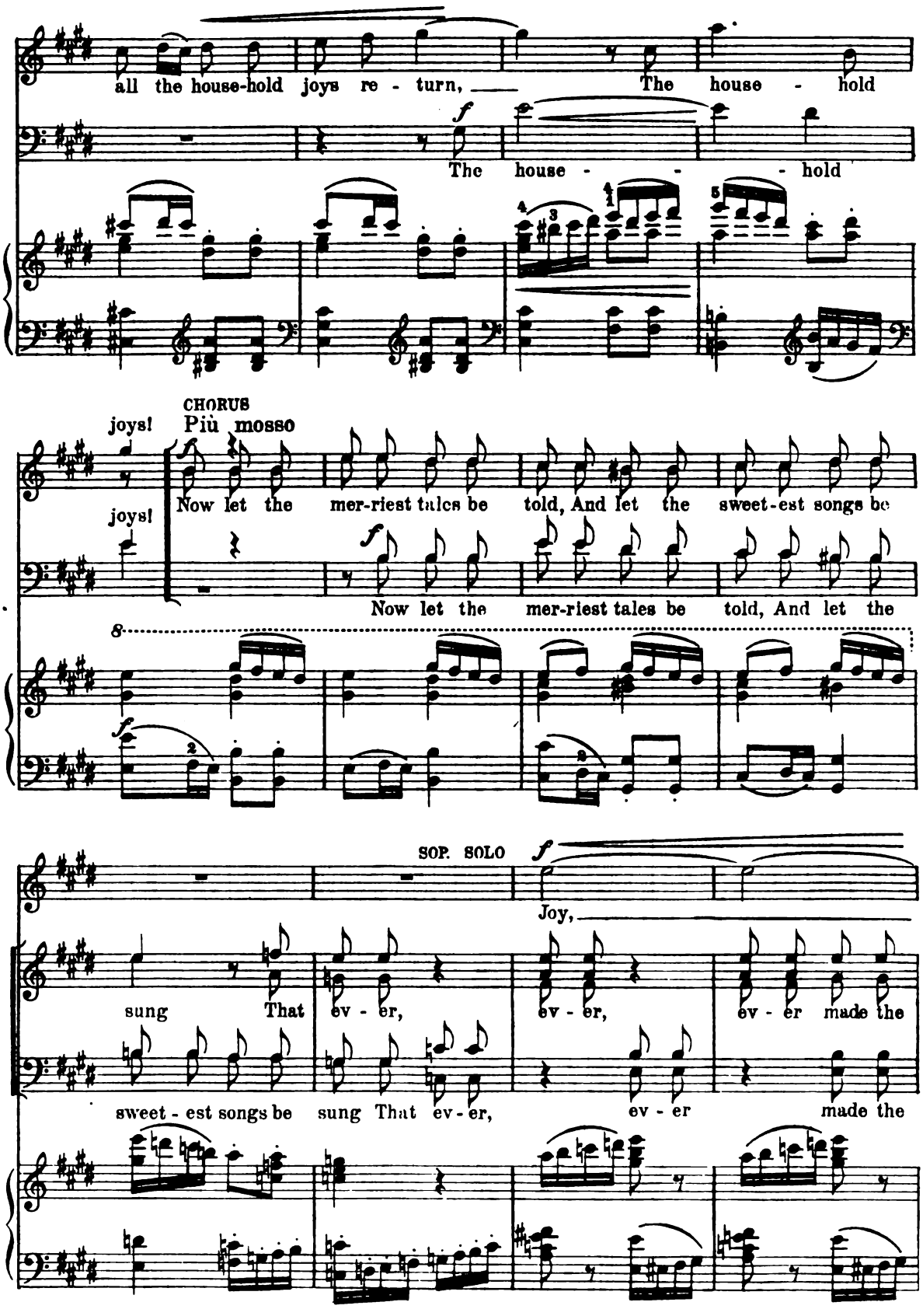
SOP. SOLO

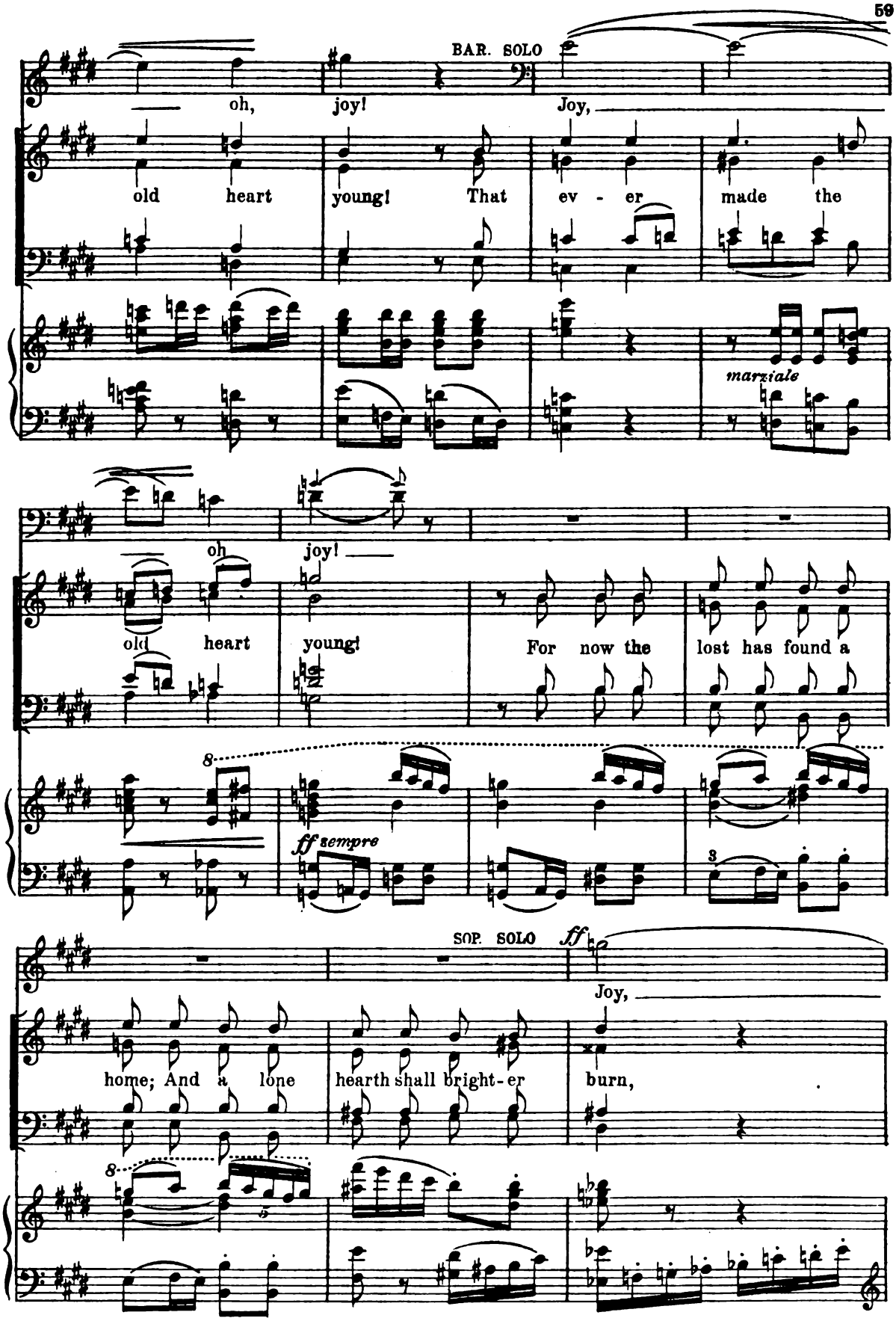
"For

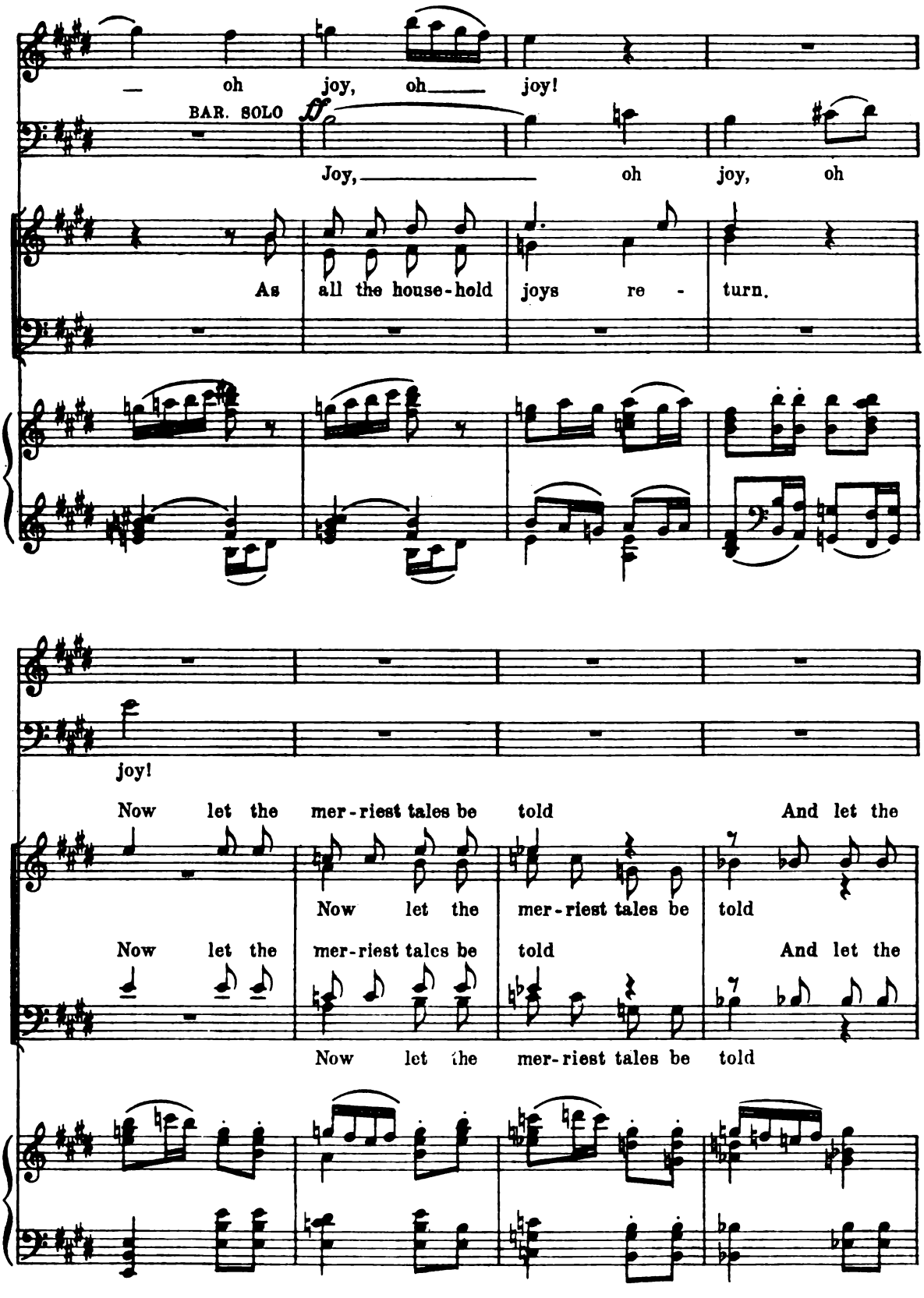
ev-er made the old heart young, the old heart young!

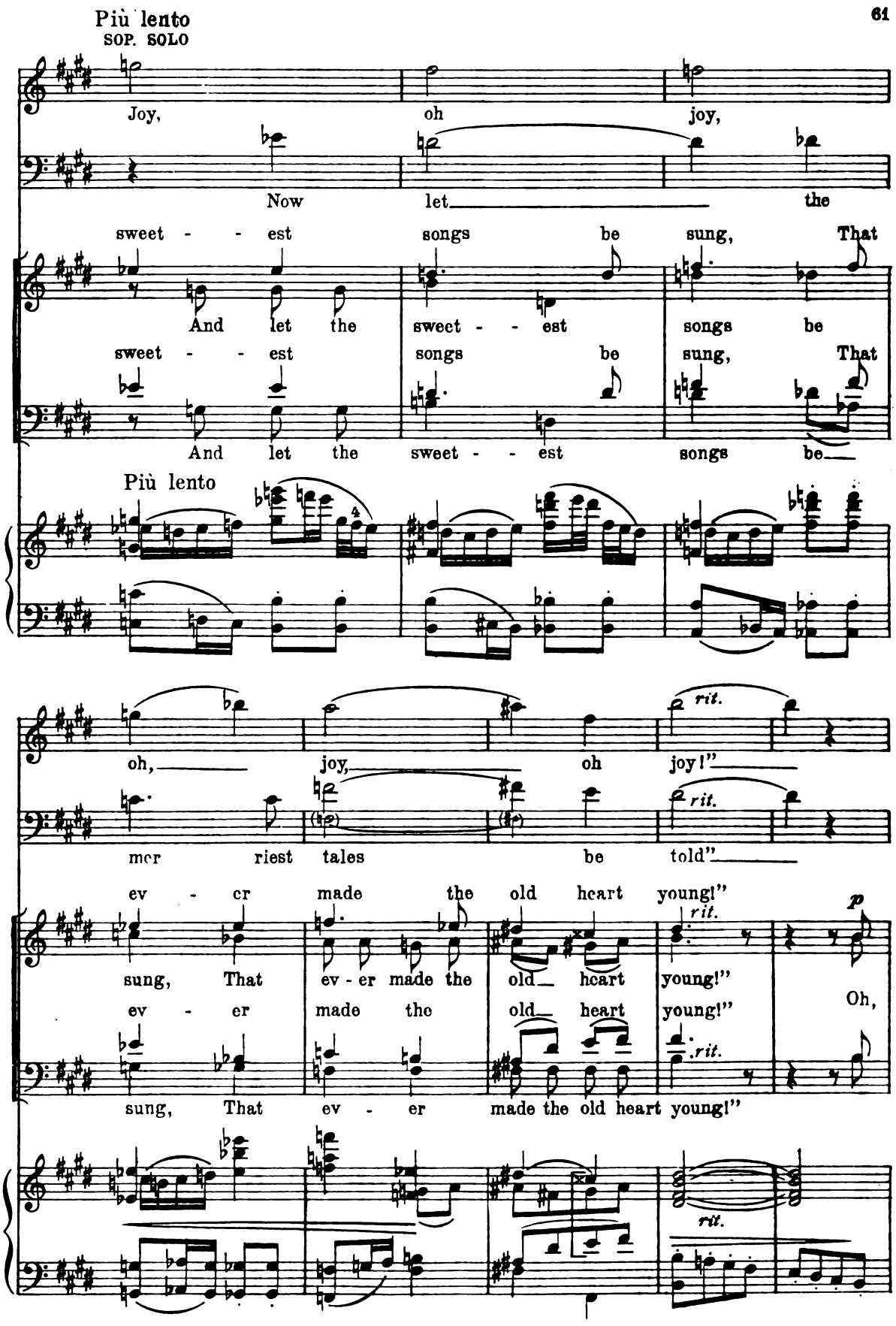
now the lost has found a home; And a lone hearth shall bright-er burn, As

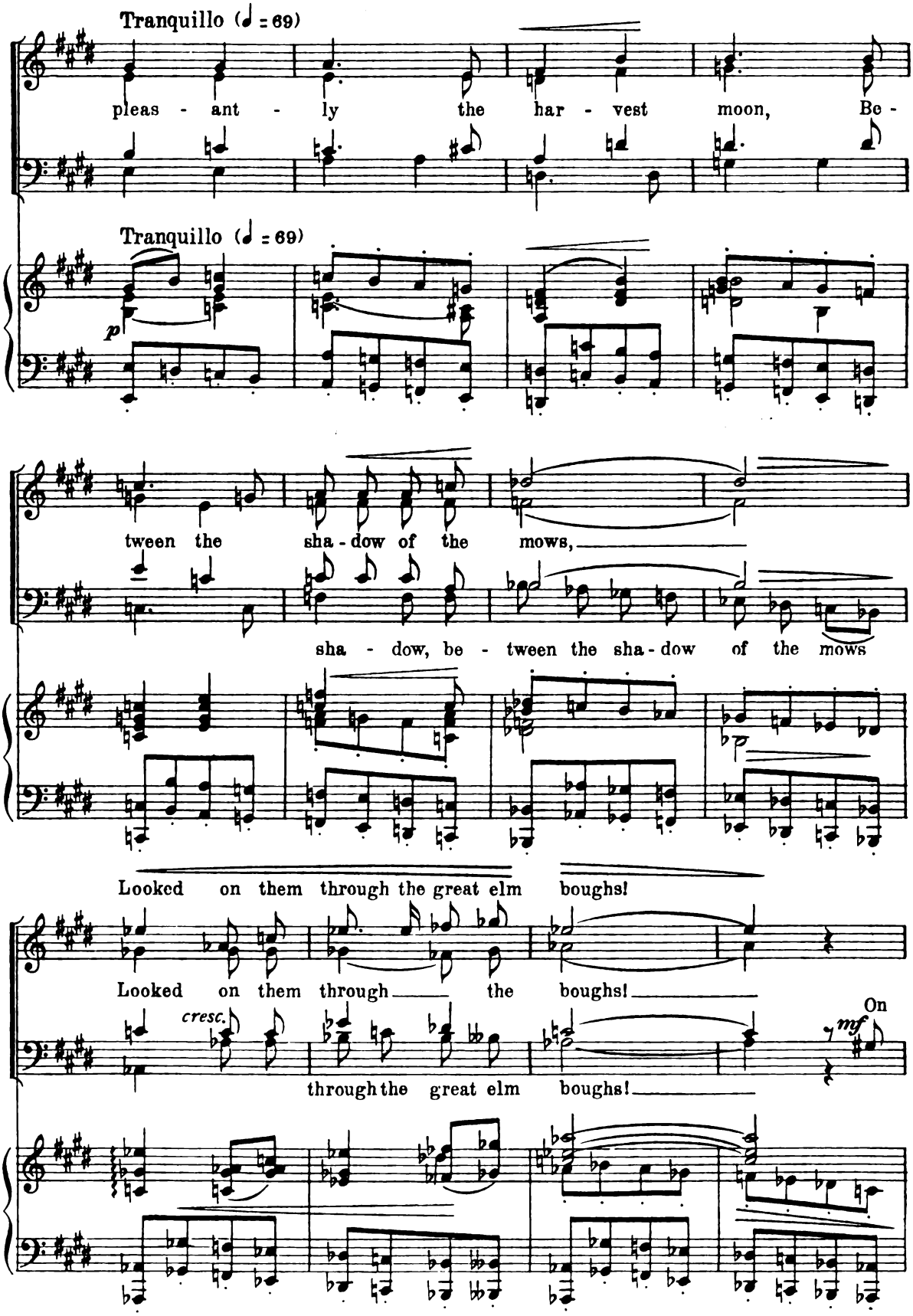
A lone hearth shall bright-er burn.

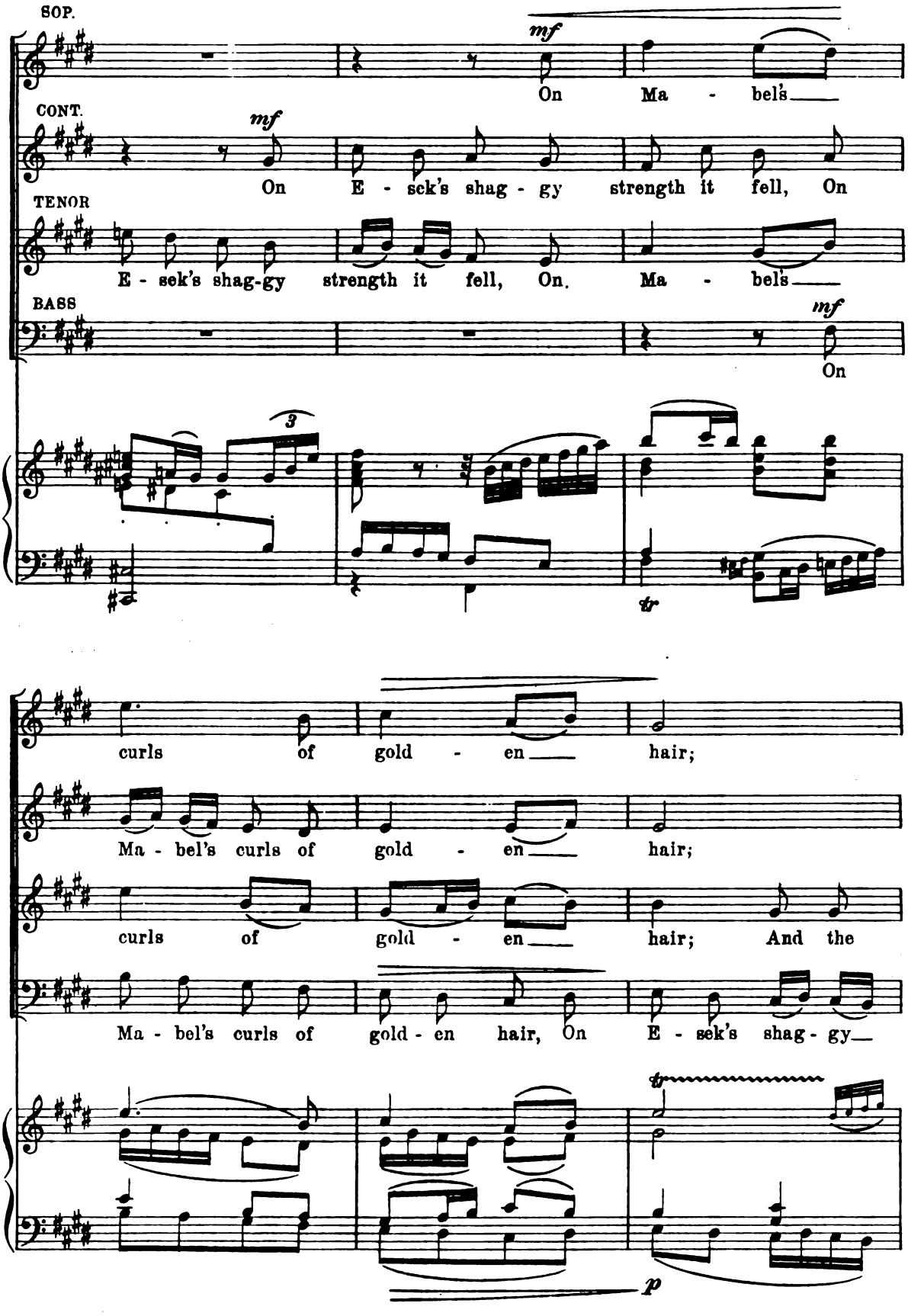

all the house-hold joys re - turn, The house - hold
f
The house - - - hold
joys!
CHORUS
Più mosso
Now let the mer-riest tales be told, And let the sweet-est songs be
joys!
f
Now let the mer-riest tales be told, And let the
8
f
SOP. SOLO
f
Joy,
sung That ev - er, ev - er, ev - er made the
sweet - est songs be sung That ev - er, ev - er made the

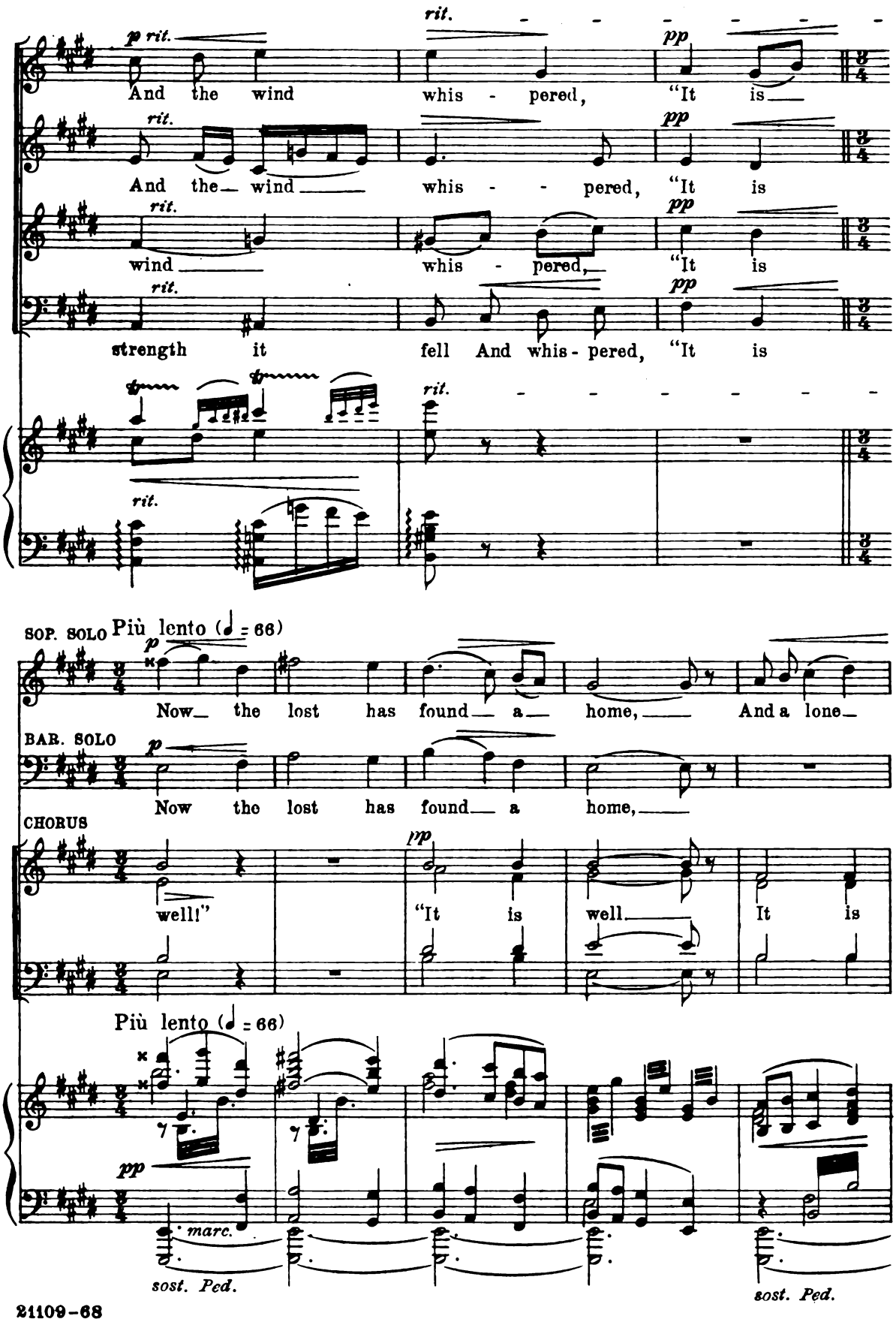

BAR. SOLO
oh, joy! Joy,
old heart young! That ev - er made the
marziale
oh joy!
old heart young! For now the lost has found a
ff sempre
SOP. SOLO ff
Joy,
home; And a lone hearth shall bright-er burn,

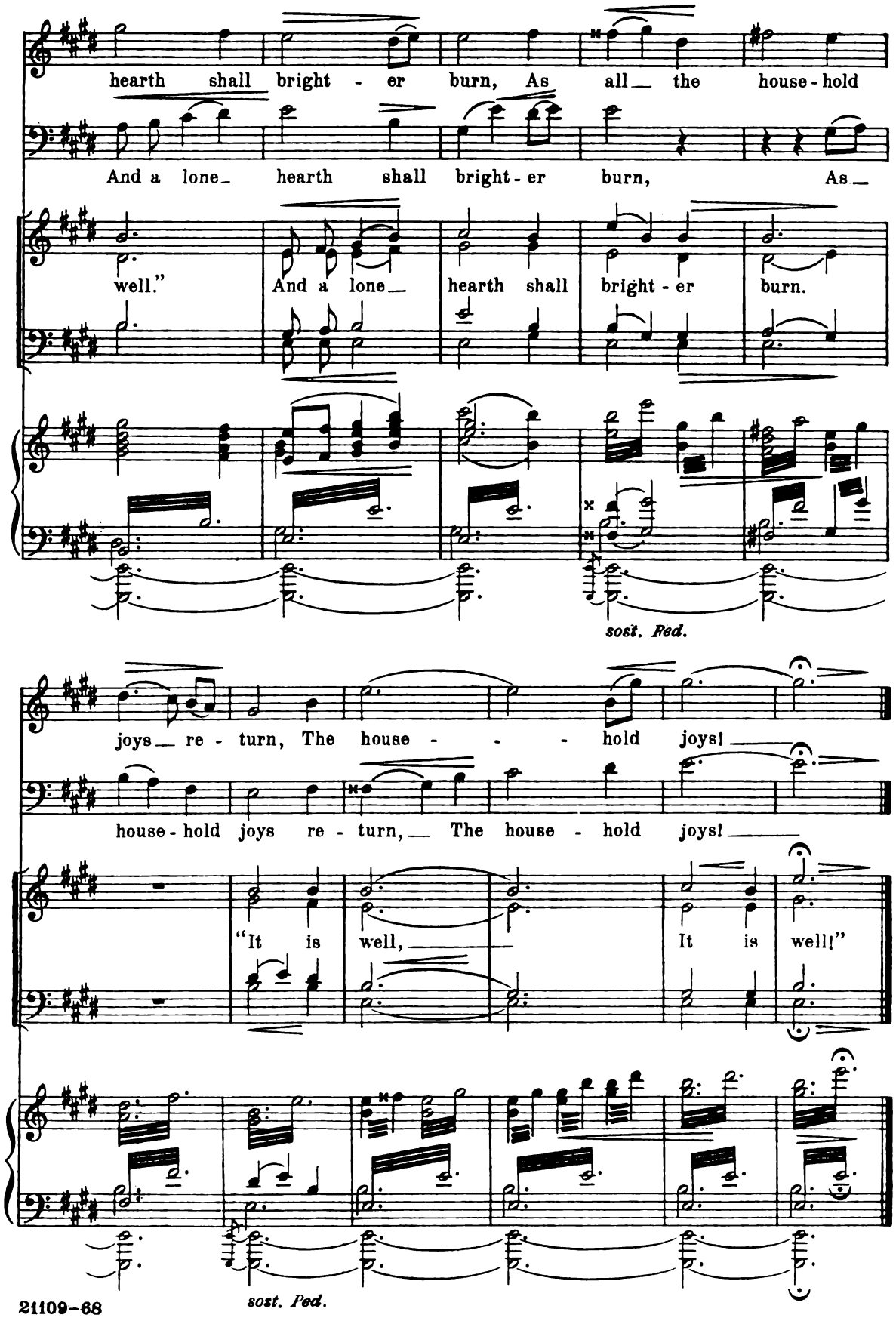

— oh joy, oh — joy!
BAR. SOLO
ff
Joy, — oh joy, oh
As all the house-hold joys re - turn.
joy!
Now let the mer-riest tales be told And let the
Now let the mer-riest tales be told
Now let the mer-riest tales be told And let the
Now let the mer-riest tales be told


Più lento
SOP. SOLO
Joy, oh joy,
Now let the
sweet - - est songs be sung, That
And let the sweet - - est songs be
sweet - - est songs be sung, That
And let the sweet - - est songs be
Più lento
oh, joy, oh joy!"
rit.
mer riest tales be told"
ev - er made the old heart young!"
sung, That ev - er made the old heart young!"
ev - er made the old heart young!"
p
Oh,
sung, That ev - er made the old heart young!"
rit.


Tranquillo (♩ = 69)
pleas - ant - ly the har - vest moon, Be -
Tranquillo (♩ = 69)
p
tween the sha - dow of the mows,
sha - dow, be - tween the sha - dow of the mows
Looked on them through the great elm boughs!
Looked on them through the boughs!
cresc.
On
mf
through the great elm boughs!


SOP.
mf
On Ma - bel's
CONT.
mf
On E - sek's shag - gy strength it fell, On
TENOR
E - sek's shag-gy strength it fell, On. Ma - bels
BASS
mf
On
3
tr
curls of gold - en hair;
Ma - bel's curls of gold - en hair;
curls of gold - en hair; And the
Ma - bel's curls of gold - en hair, On E - sek's shag - gy
tr
p


p rit.
rit.
pp
And the wind whis - pered, "It is
rit.
pp
And the wind whis - - pered, "It is
rit.
pp
wind whis - pered, "It is
rit.
pp
strength it fell And whis - pered, "It is
rit.
rit.
SOP. SOLO
Più lento (♩ = 66)
p
Now the lost has found a home, And a lone
BAR. SOLO
p
Now the lost has found a home,
CHORUS
well!"
pp
"It is well. It is
Più lento (♩ = 66)
pp
marc.
sost. Ped.
sost. Ped.


hearth shall bright - er burn, As all the house - hold
And a lone hearth shall bright - er burn, As
well." And a lone hearth shall bright - er burn.
sost. Ped.
joys re - turn, The house - - - hold joys!
house - hold joys re - turn, The house - hold joys!
"It is well, It is well!"
sost. Ped.