FOR RECITATION
UNISON CHORUS AND PIANO

A MASQUE

OF

DEAD FLORENTINES

TEXT BY

MAURICE HEWLETT

MUSIC BY

ERNEST R. KROEGER

OP. 75

2.00

BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
NEW YORK
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PREFACE

THE first performance of A MASQUE OF DEAD FLORENTINES in the present form took place in the Wednesday Club Auditorium, Saint Louis, February first, 1911. Before the *Prelude*, the folds of the curtains were drawn aside by two pages, and the mediæval herald appeared. At the conclusion of his verses, he stepped back, and the curtains were drawn together. The curtains were fully parted as the final notes of the *Prelude* were being played, and the members of the chorus were seen standing on an elevated platform in the background, the painted scene revealing Florence in the distance. During the opening chorus, the various characters came slowly down the left aisle of the Auditorium, in the order of their appearance in the *Masque*. A short flight of steps led to the stage, and each character came forward during the first four measures of the music allotted to him or her. The lines were recited, and afterward the character participated in the various *tableaux* or *dances*, according to the directions given in the text, or passed slowly over a walk situated between the chorus and the scenery, and disappeared to the right. The entrance and exit of each character was carried out in this manner. During the *Postlude*, the members of the chorus (in this instance numbering but seven,) slowly followed the final character (Michael Angelo) until the stage was clear, and during the last few measures, the pages gradually drew the curtains together.

A MASQUE OF DEAD FLORENTINES

PART I

MAURICE HEWLETT

ERNEST R. KROEGER
Op. 75

Prologue

Herald

Here you see, as in a glass,
Death and Florence grip and pass.
One was scornful as a maid
In her bravery fresh array'd:
One was brawny, hearted brass—
Which look'd longer, Death or lass?

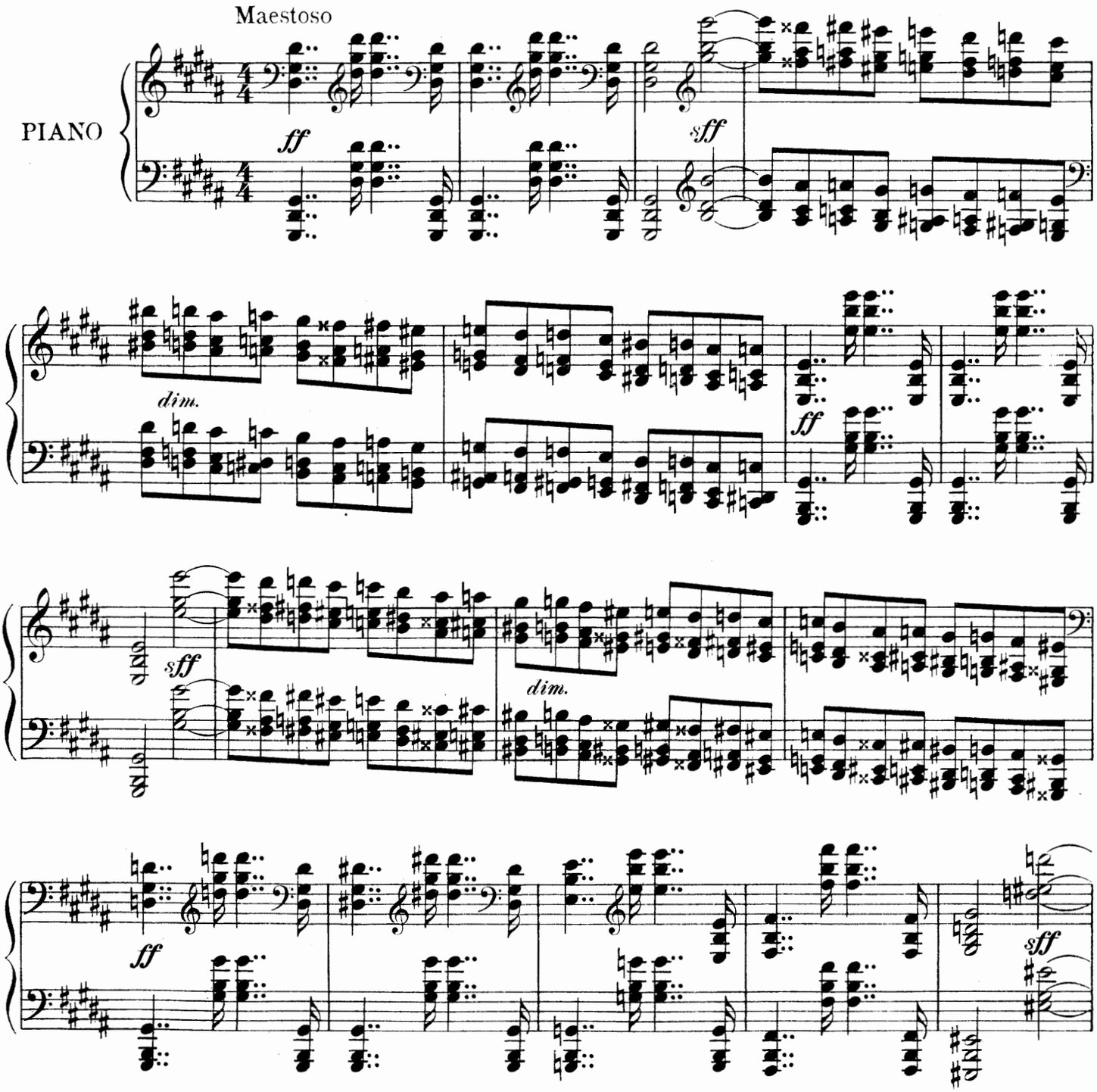
Gentles, you and Death and I
Have a friendly fall to try.
He is masterful and plays
Steadily; looks not for praise,
Heeds no blame. Your head is high,
High as mine— but by and bye?

The Scene is an open loggia *giving upon a garden in winter, with leafless trees, and cypresses. The rain stands in pools; over all is the soughing of a great wind. A fitful sunshine comes and goes.*

PRELUDE

Maestoso

PIANO



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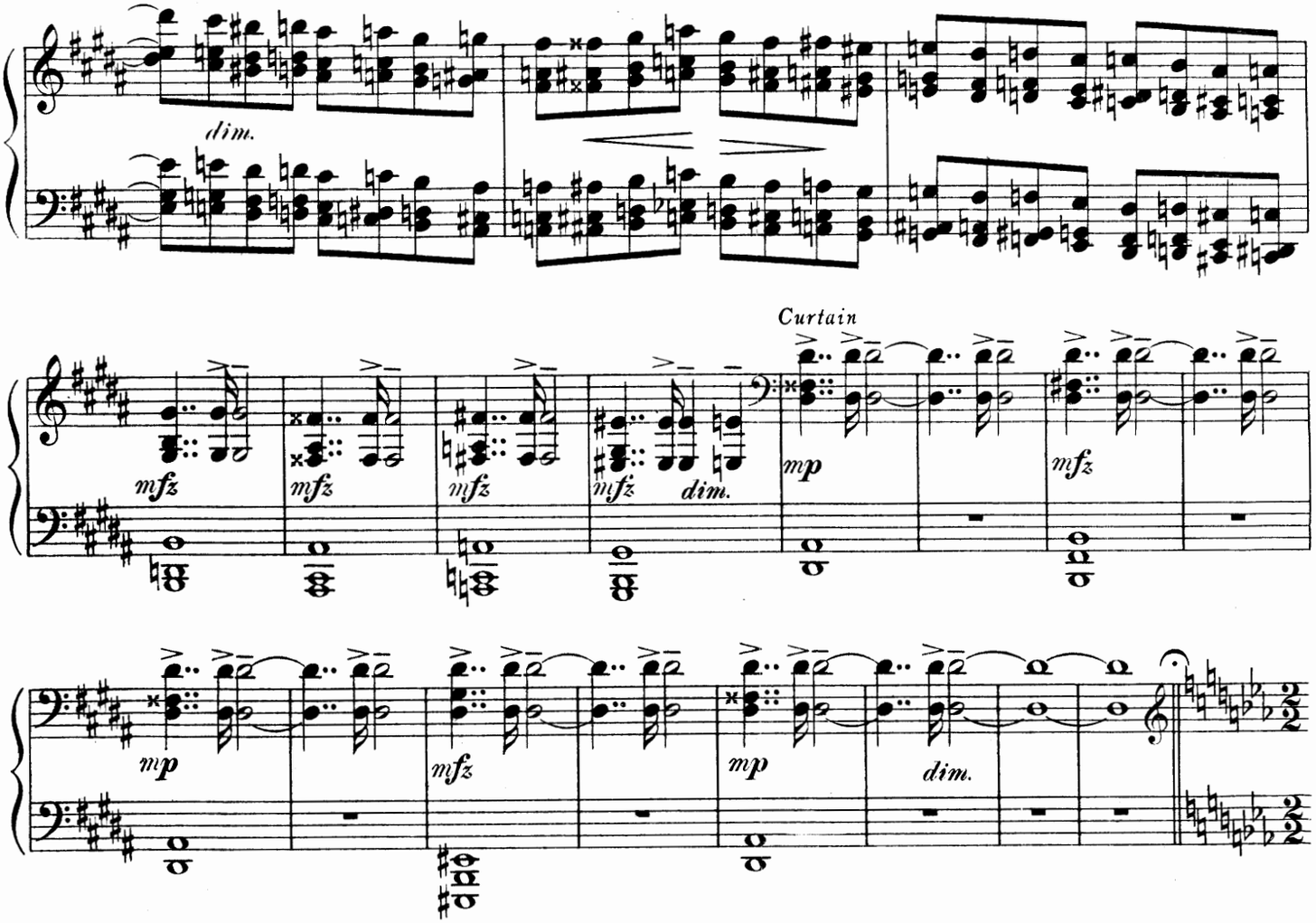
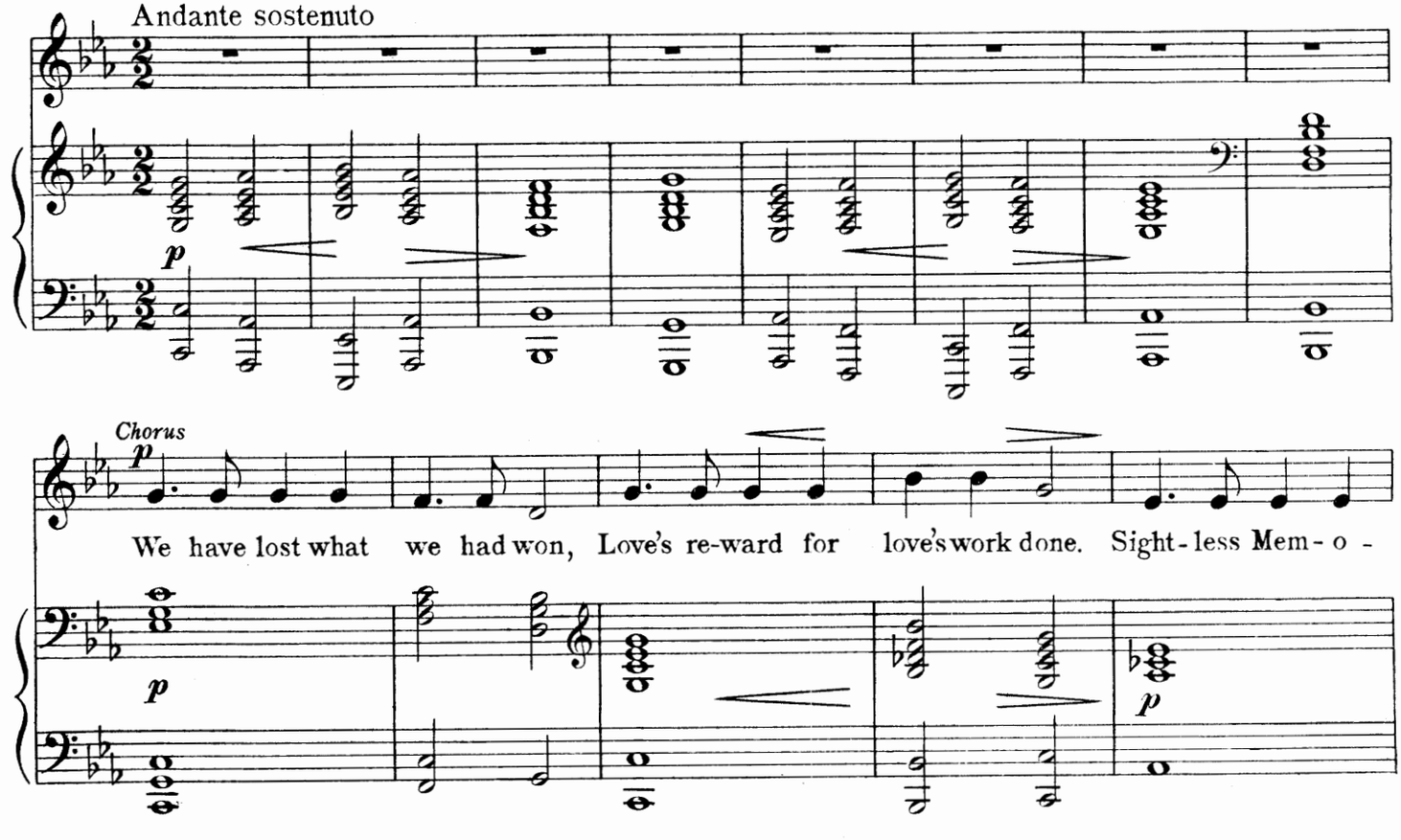
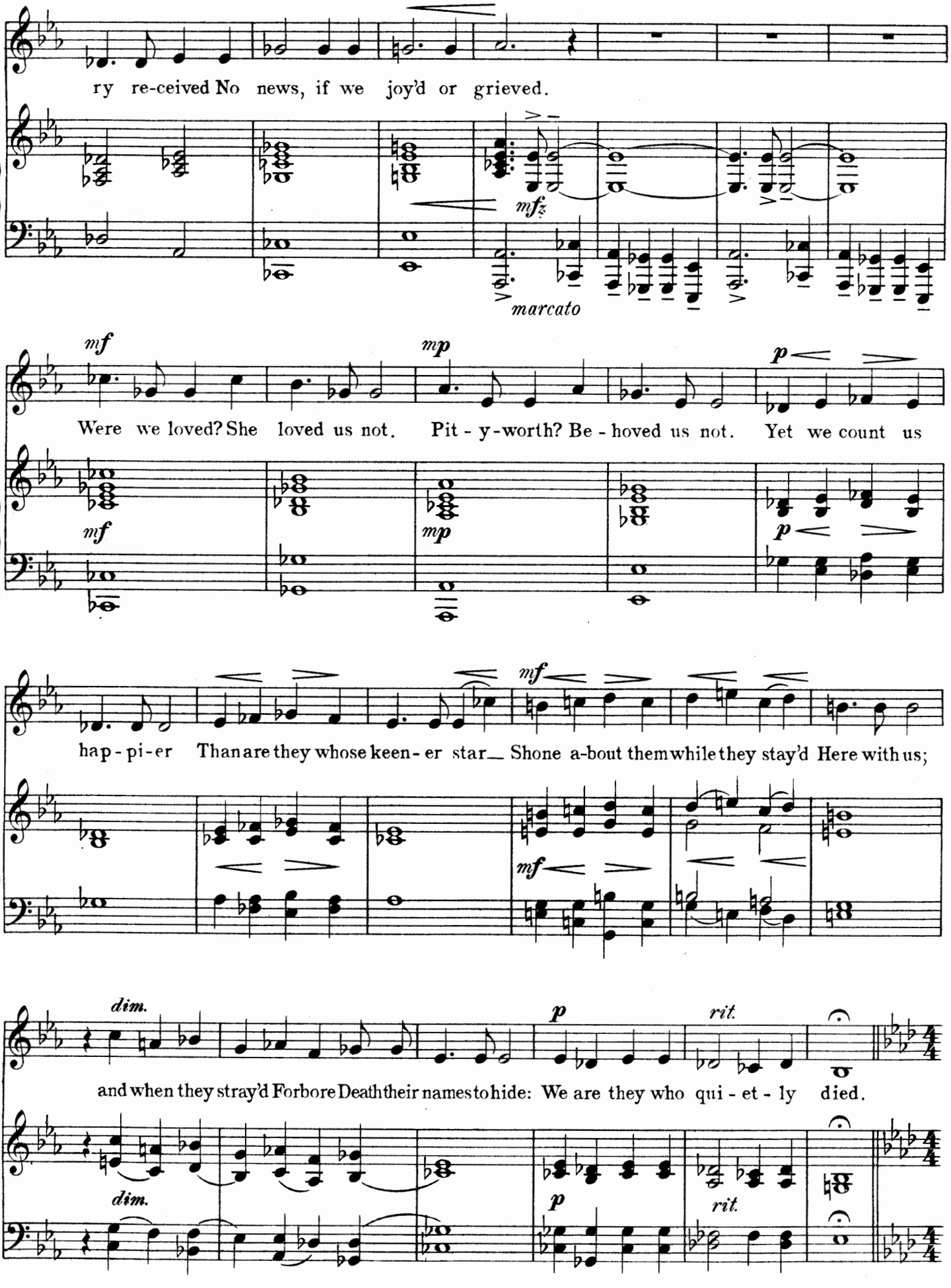
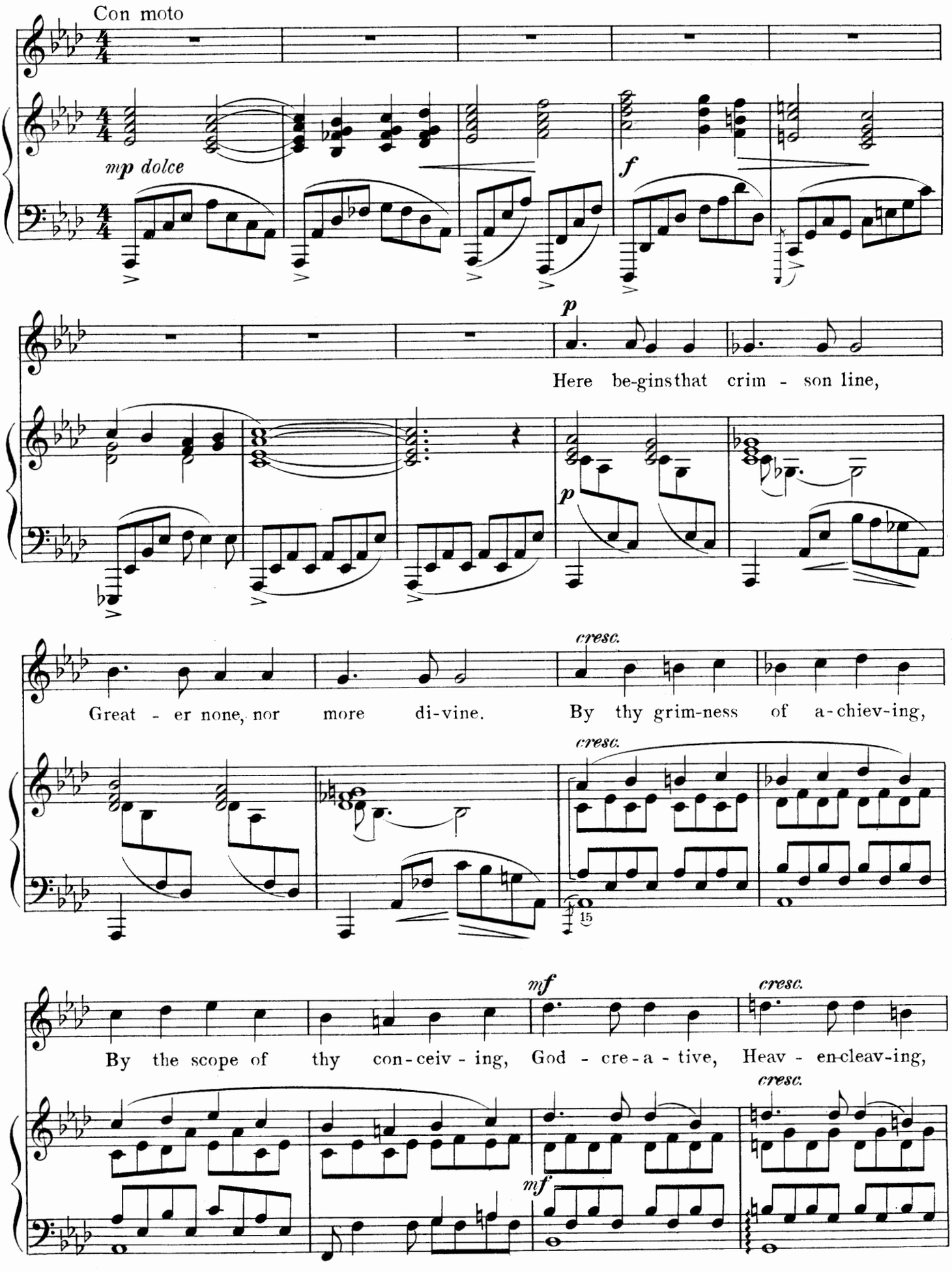
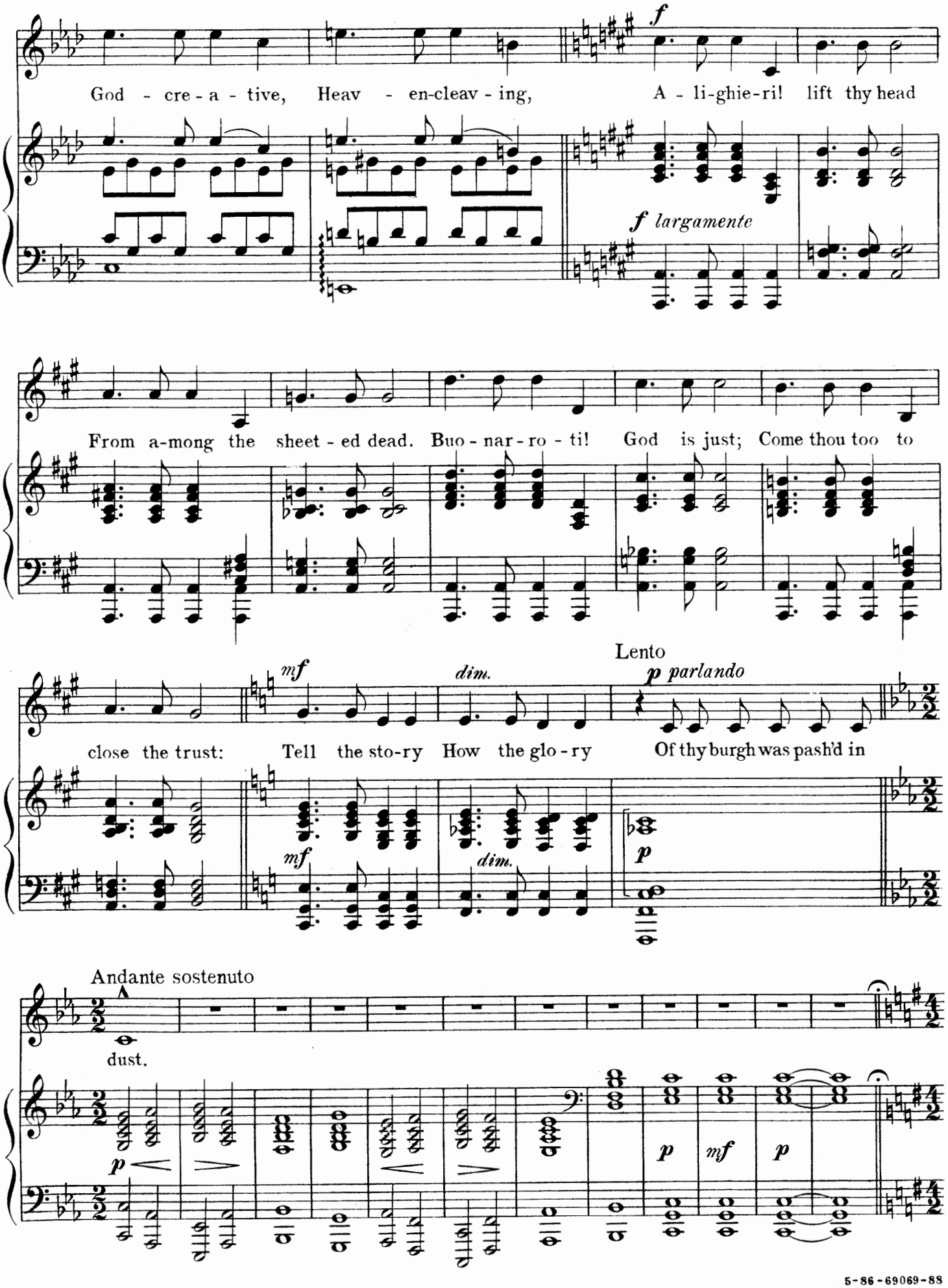


(The Chorus of poets and ladies, robed alike in sad-colored habits, comes into the garden.)



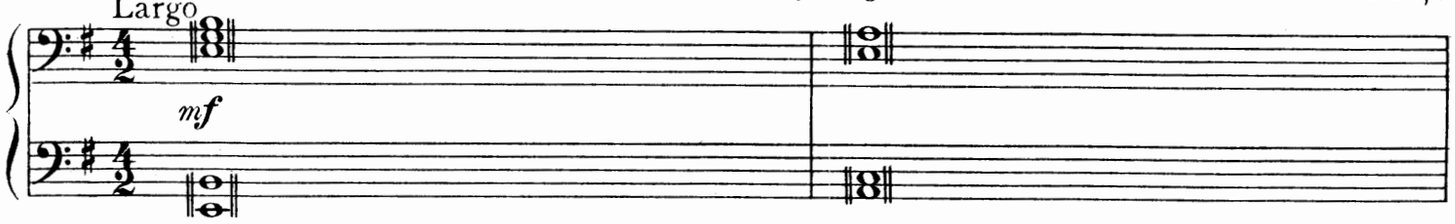

ry re-ceived No news, if we joy'd or grieved.
mfz
marcato
mf
mp
p
Were we loved? She loved us not. Pit - y-worth? Be - hoved us not. Yet we count us
mf
mp
p
mf
hap - pi-er Than are they whose keen - er star_ Shone a-bout them while they stay'd Here with us;
mf
dim.
p
rit.
and when they stray'd For bore Death their names to hide: We are they who qui - et - ly died.
dim.
p
rit.


Con moto
mp dolce
f
p
Here be-gins that crim - son line,
p
cresc.
Great - er none, nor more di-vine. By thy grim-ness of a-chiev-ing,
cresc.
15
mf
cresc.
By the scope of thy con-ceiv - ing, God - cre-a - tive, Heav - en-cleav-ing,
cresc.
mf

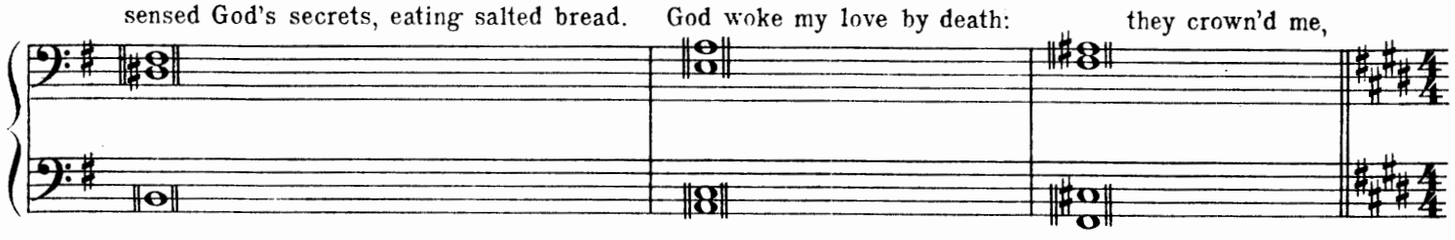

f
God - cre - a - tive, Heav - en-cleav - ing, A - li-ghie-ri! lift thy head
f largamente
From a-mong the sheet - ed dead. Buo - nar - ro - ti! God is just; Come thou too to
Lento
mf
dim.
p parlando
close the trust: Tell the sto-ry How the glo - ry Of thy burgh was pash'd in
mf
dim.
p
Andante sostenuto
dust.
p
p
mf
p

(Dante Alighieri passes, in sober red habit and cowled; a tongue of fire above his brow.)

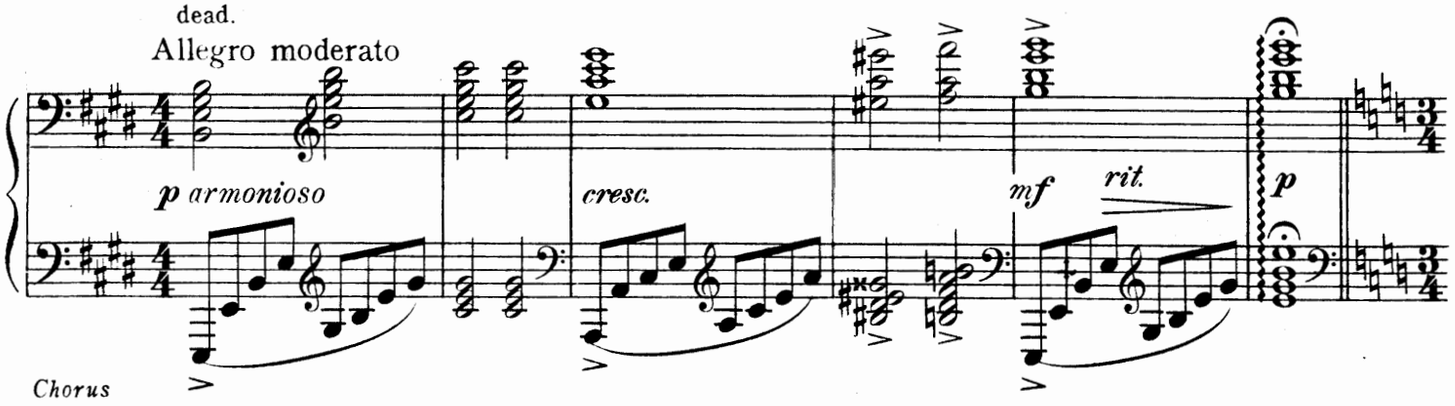
Dante: The first to speak in Florence, Florence spurn'd My song and service. From home to outland turn'd, I



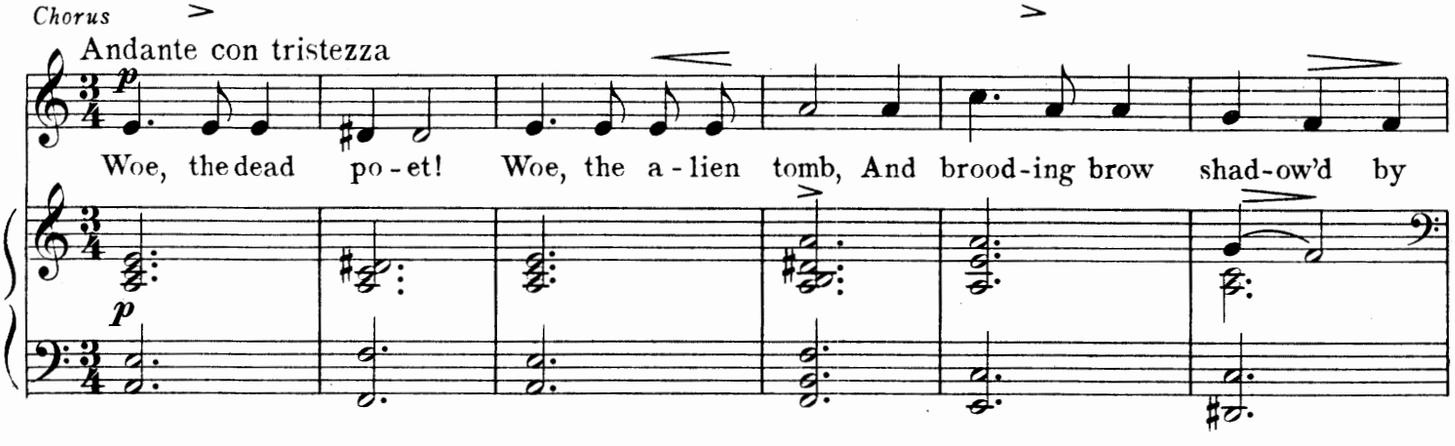
sensed God's secrets, eating salted bread. God woke my love by death: they crown'd me,

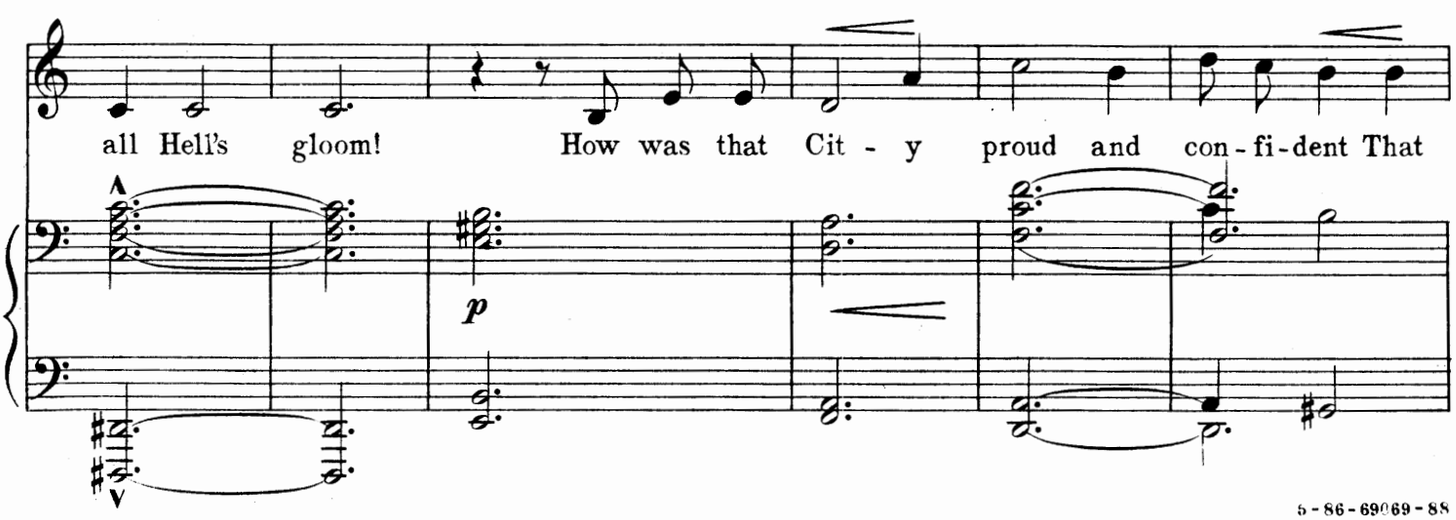


dead.



Chorus





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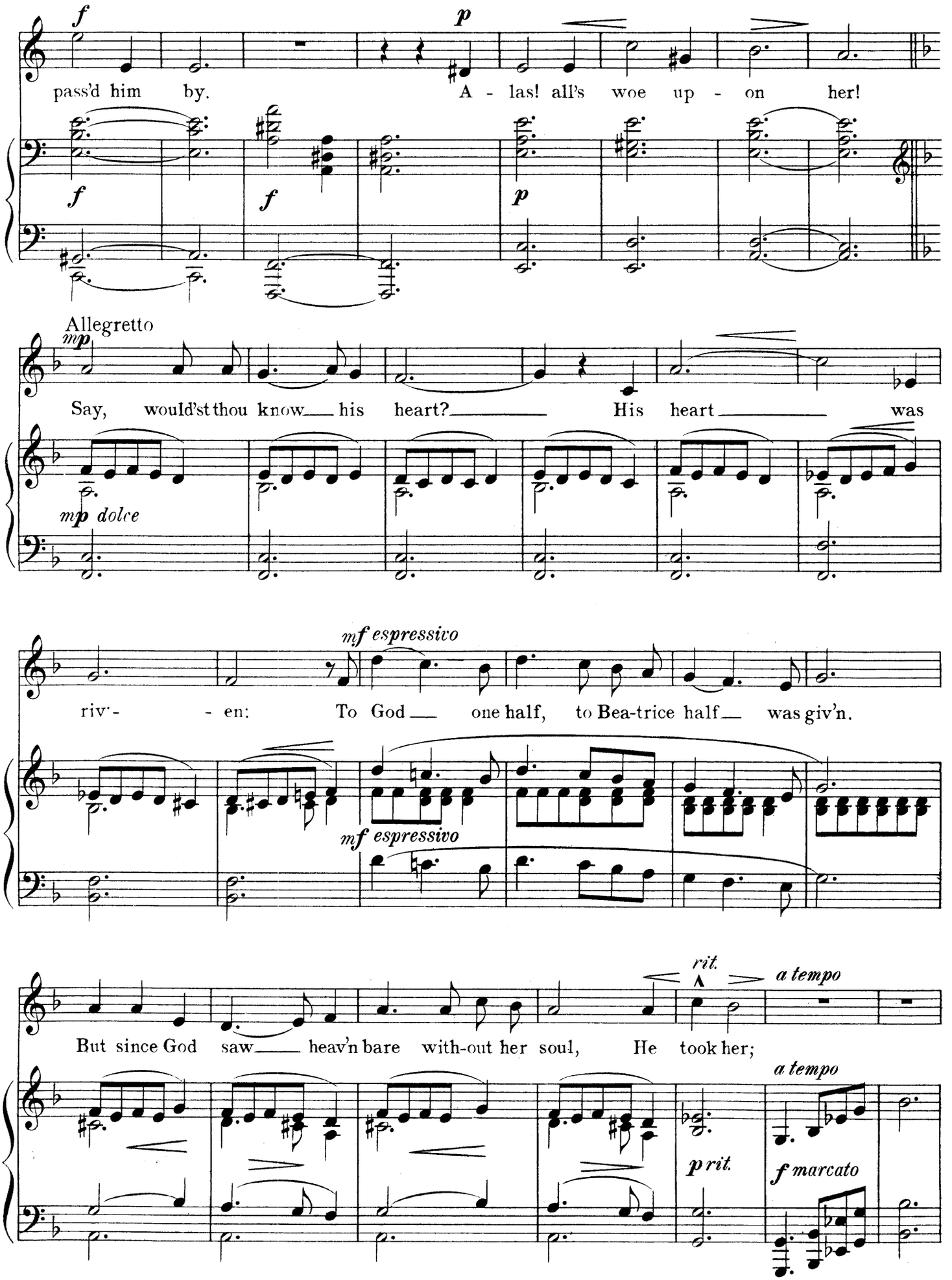
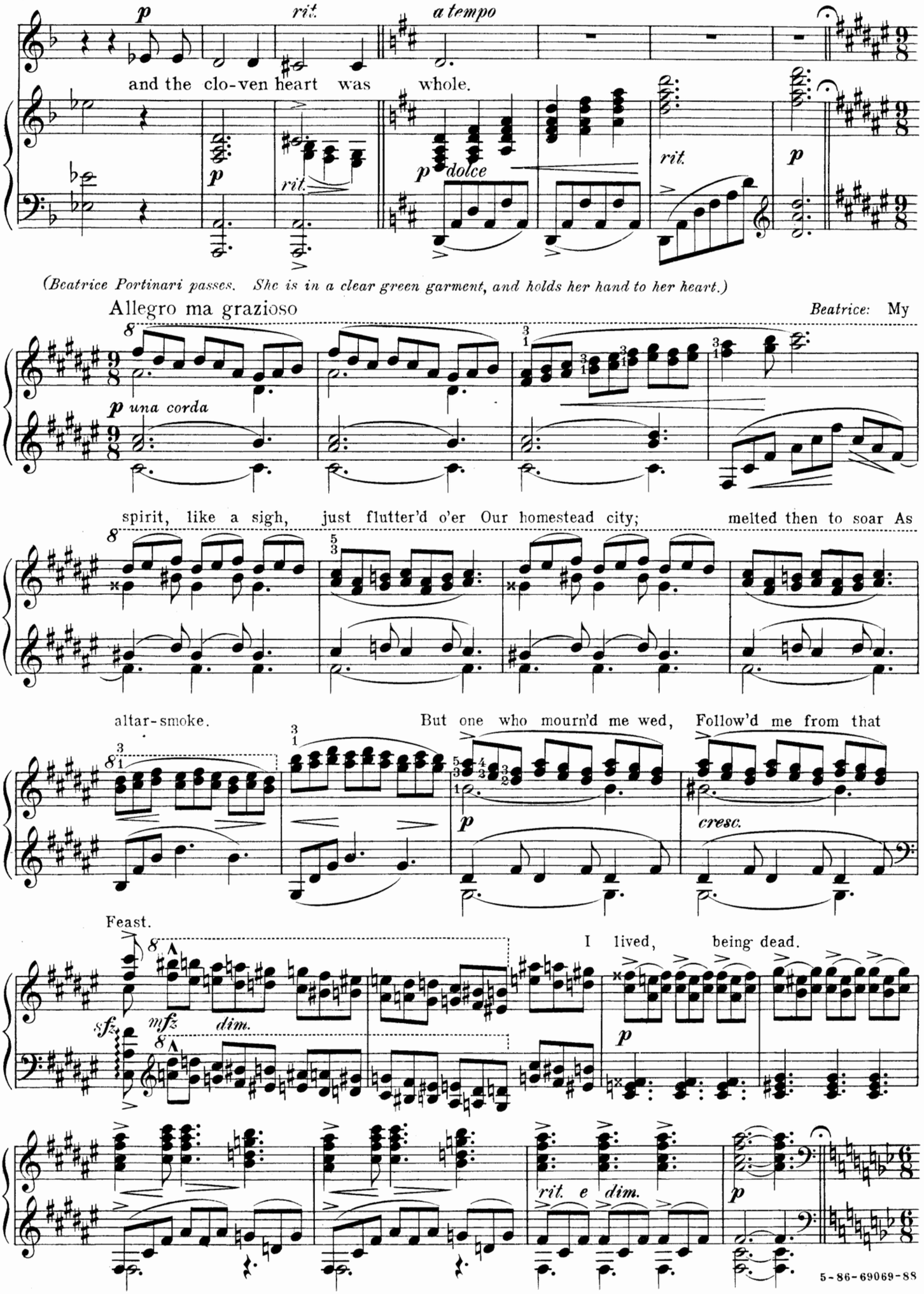

f
p
pass'd him by.
A - las! all's woe up - on her!
f
f
p
Allegretto
mp
Say, would'st thou know his heart? His heart was
mp dolce
mf espressivo
riv' - - en: To God one half, to Bea-trice half was giv'n.
mf espressivo
rit.
a tempo
But since God saw heav'n bare with-out her soul, He took her;
a tempo
p rit.
f marcato


p
rit.
a tempo
and the clo-ven heart was whole.
p
rit.
p dolce
rit.
p
(Beatrice Portinari passes. She is in a clear green garment, and holds her hand to her heart.)
Allegro ma grazioso
Beatrice: My
p una corda
spirit, like a sigh, just flutter'd o'er Our homestead city; melted then to soar As
altar-smoke.
But one who mourn'd me wed, Follow'd me from that
p
cresc.
Feast.
I lived, being dead.
sfz
mfz
dim.
p
rit. e dim.
p

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Chorus

Allegretto moderato

mf

God saw her beau - ti - ful, and loved, and took her! How dark the

tre corde

mf

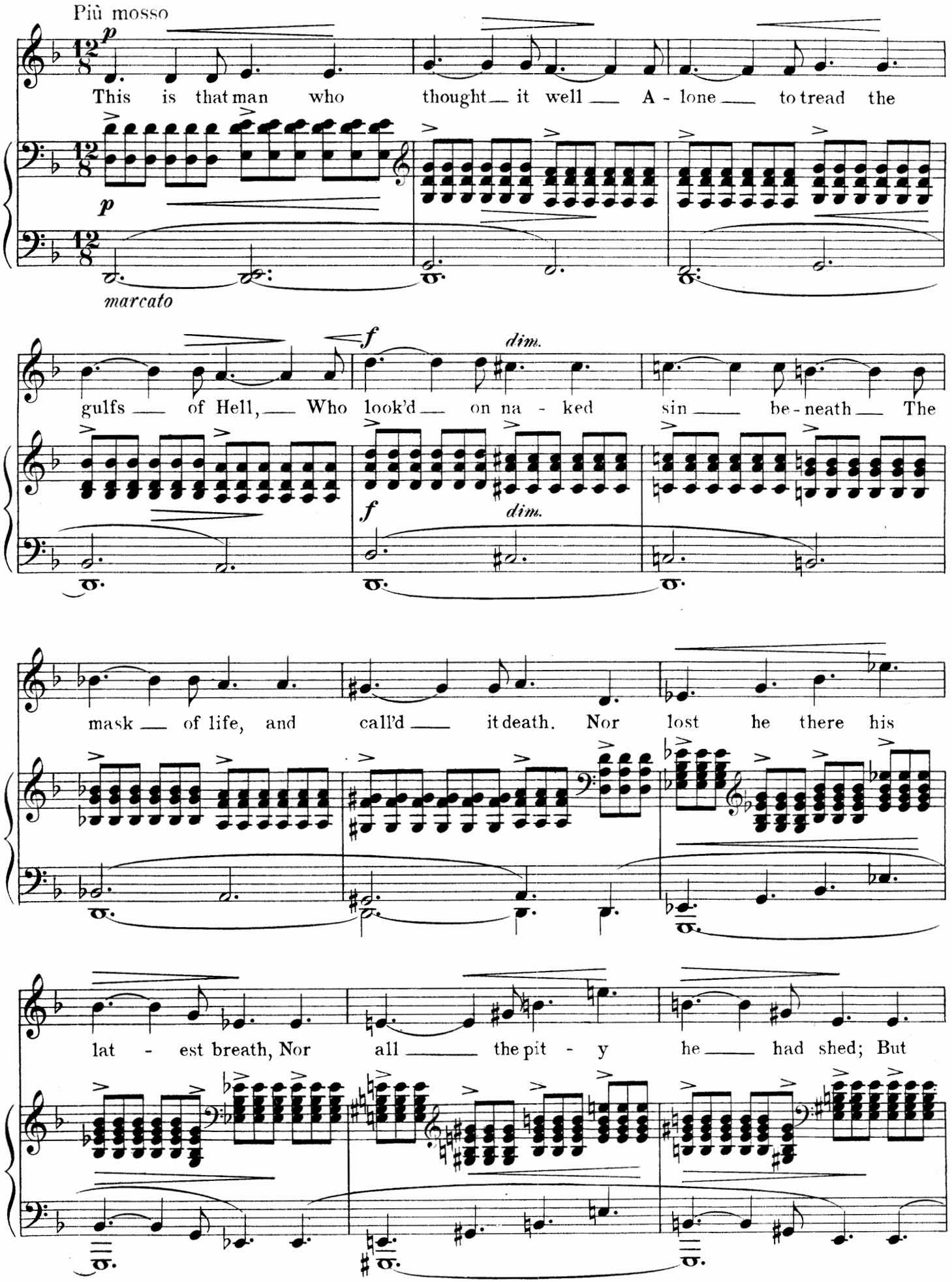
p *mf*

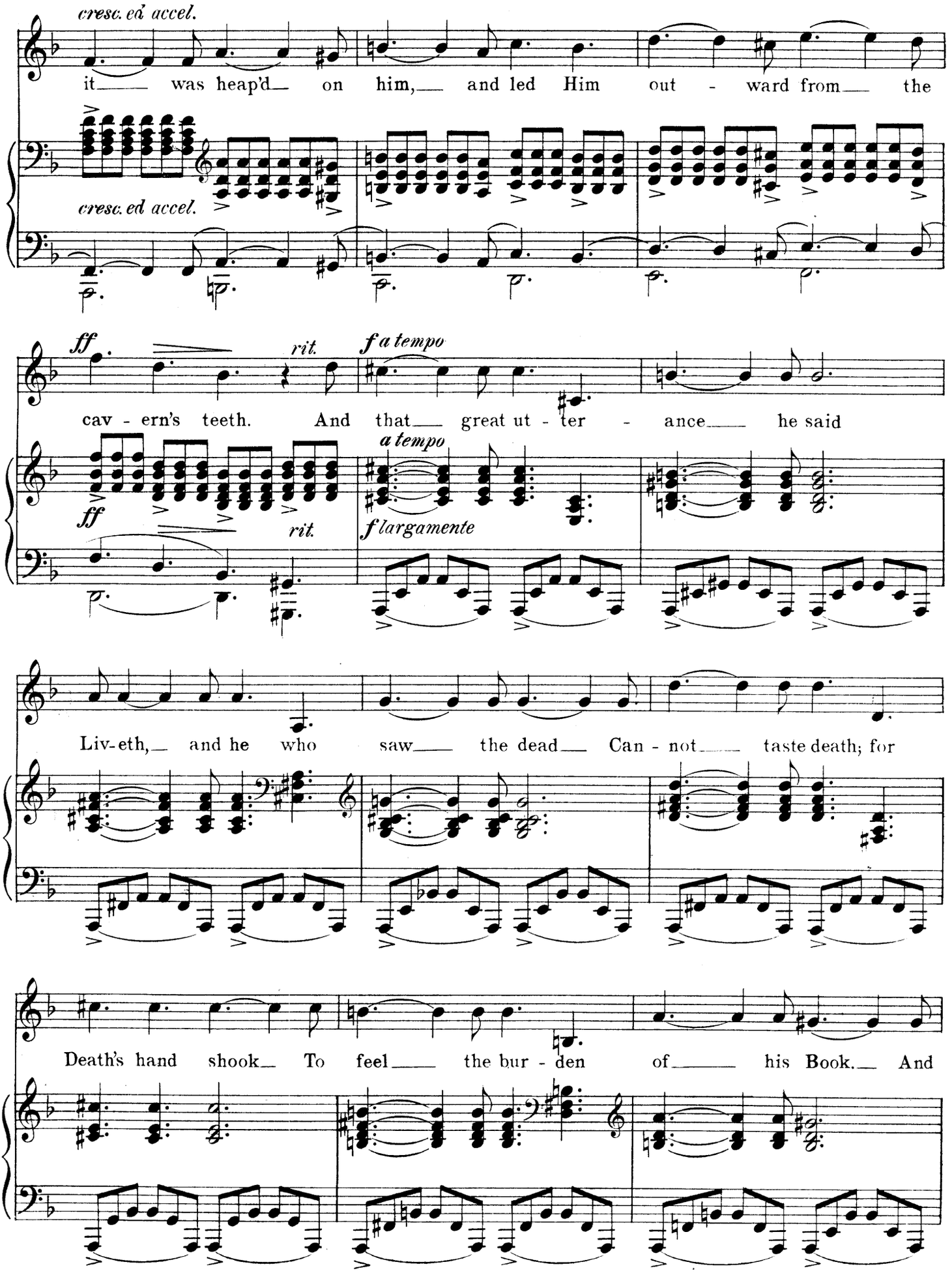
cit - y sate (That joy'd of late) When she, that young-est an - gel-shape, When

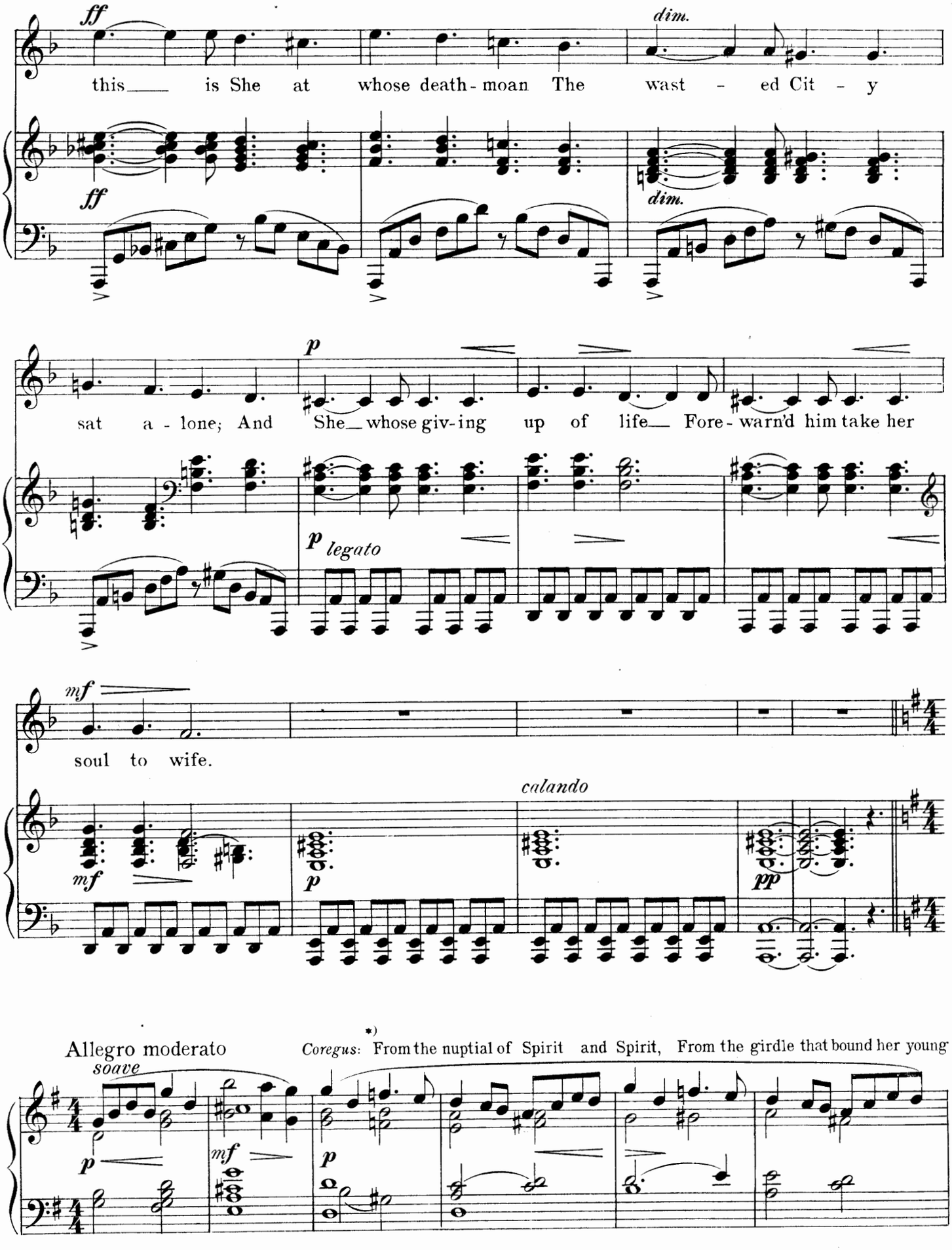
she for - sook her.

mfz *dim.* *mfz* *dim.*

mfz *dim.* *mfz* *dim.* *e* *rit.*


Più mosso
p
This is that man who thought it well A - lone to tread the
p
marcato
f
dim.
gulfs of Hell, Who look'd on na - ked sin be - neath The
f
dim.
mask of life, and call'd it death. Nor lost he there his
lat - est breath, Nor all the pit - y he had shed; But


cresc. ed accel.
it was heap'd on him, and led Him out - ward from the
cresc. ed accel.
ff
rit.
f a tempo
cav - ern's teeth. And that great ut - ter - ance he said
a tempo
ff
rit.
f largamente
Liv-eth, and he who saw the dead Can - not taste death; for
Death's hand shook To feel the bur - den of his Book. And



*) This part may be recited by a member of the Chorus.

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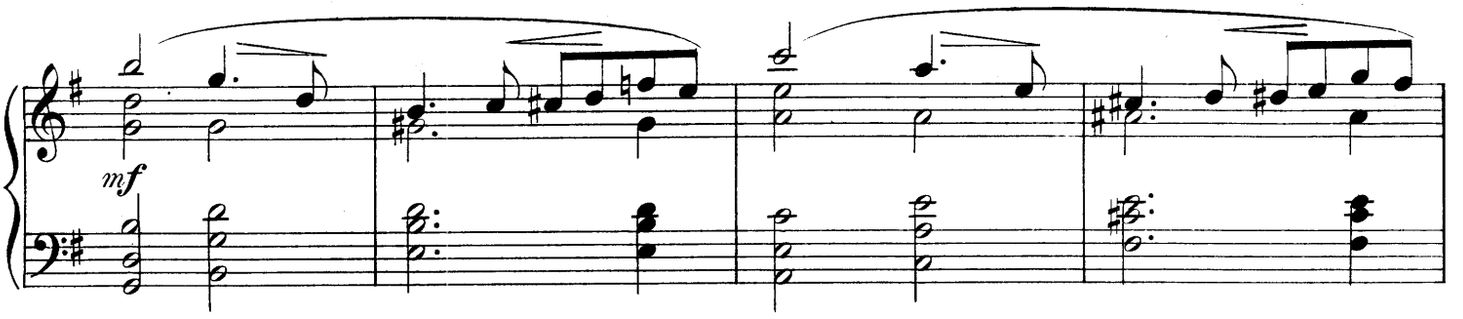
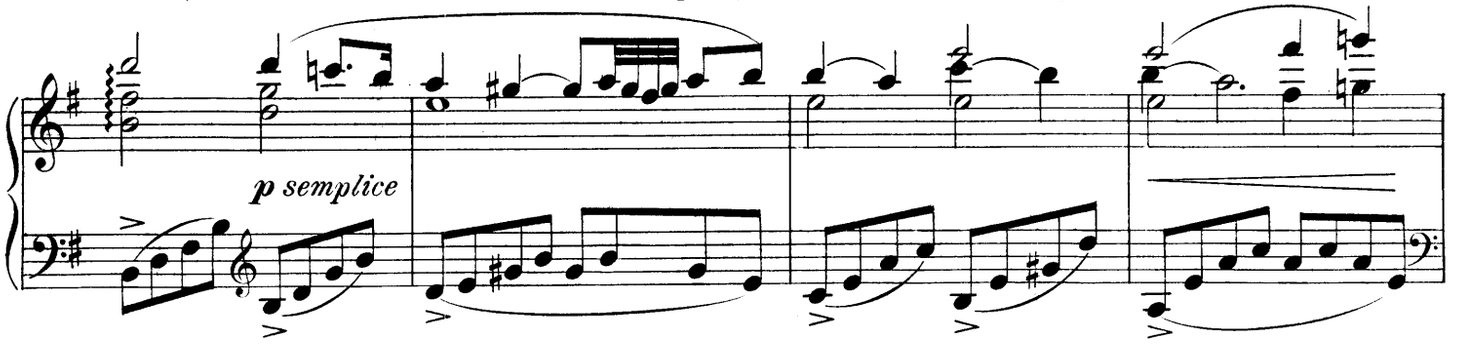
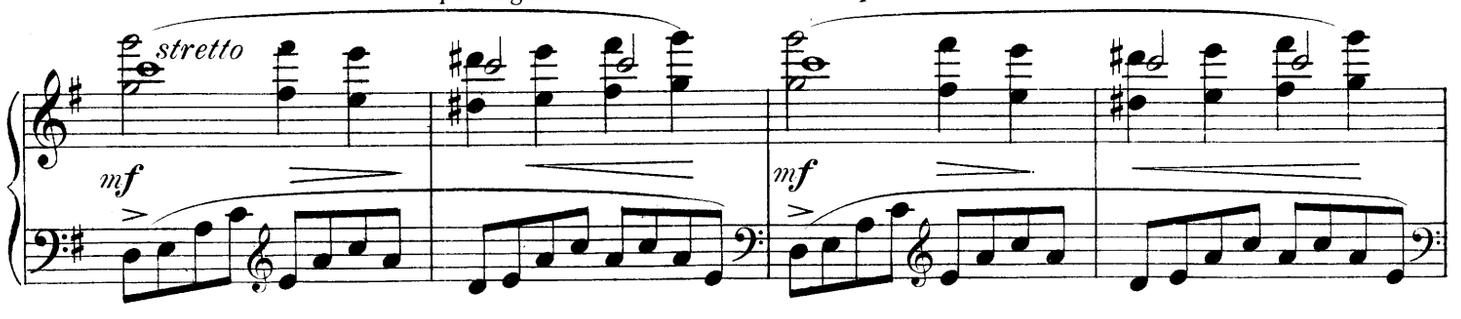
heart, Unloosed by the tongue of his art, Sprang the burning miraculous Child All soothsay that was to



inherit, To nourish and foster and spread, Till all kindreds should leap when he smiled,

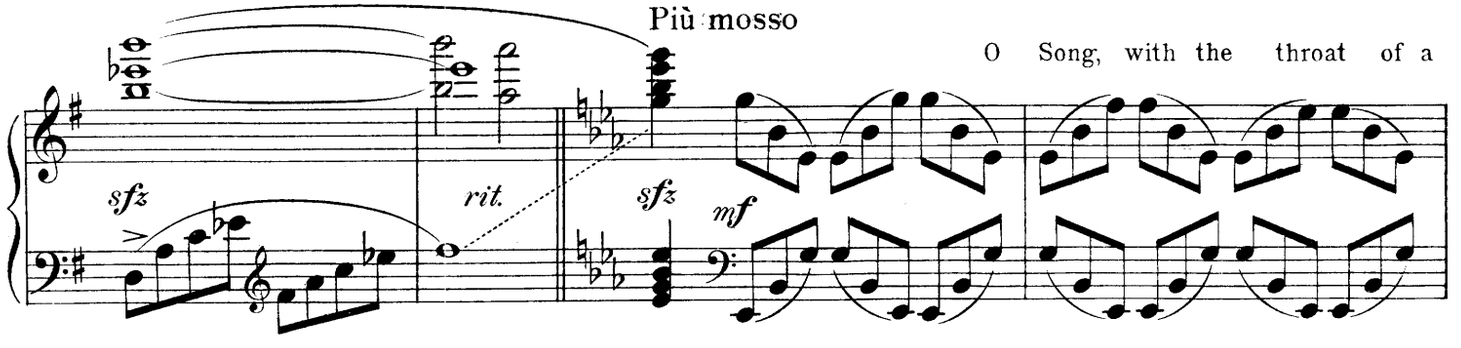


Or panting run whither he led At the spell of his treacherous merit.

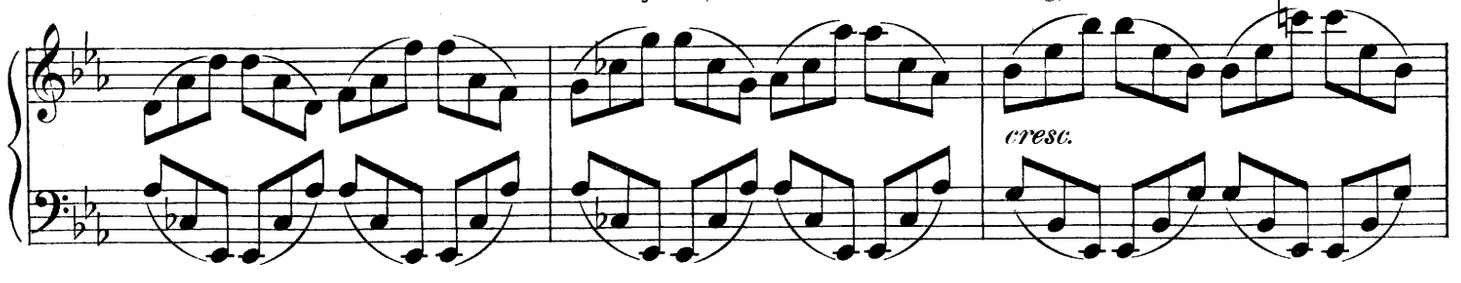


Più mosso

O Song, with the throat of a



bird And loins and core of a youth; O Song, crystal harbor



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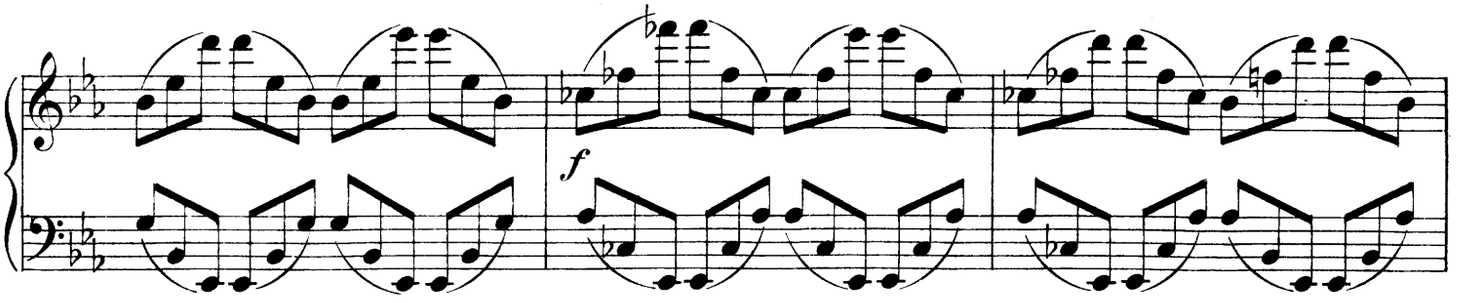
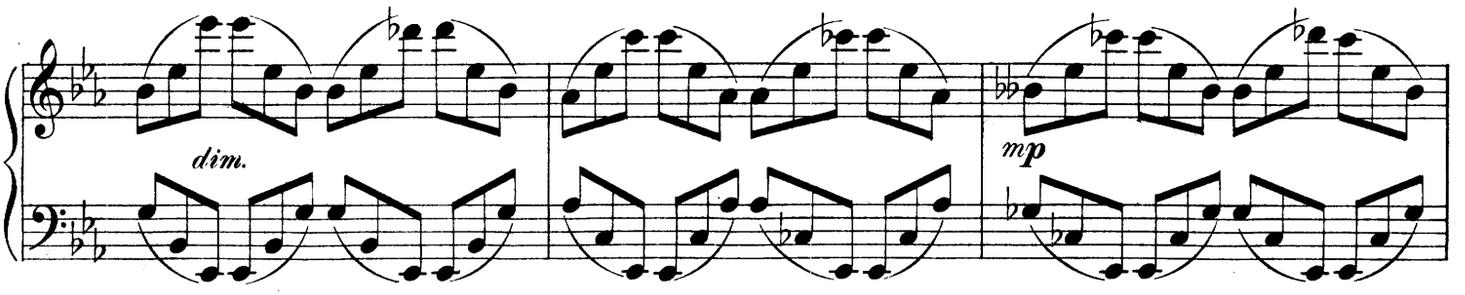
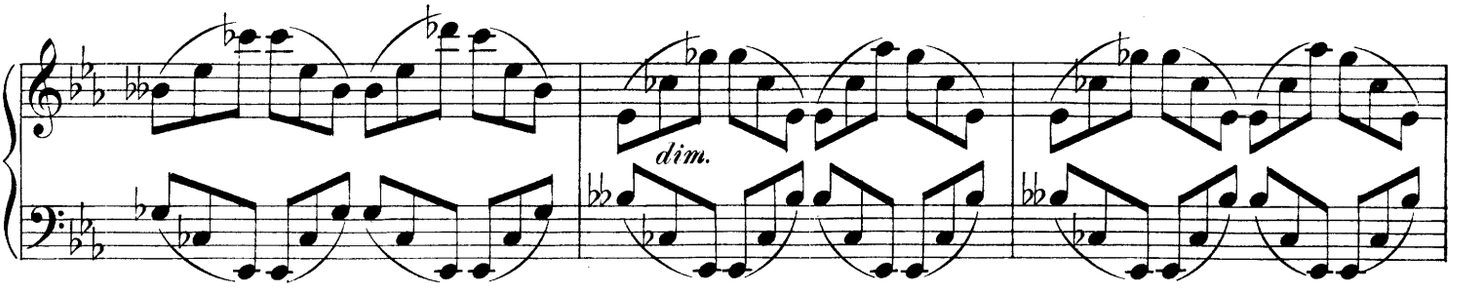
of truth, That sprang from Love mated with Power! O Song, when thy harping was



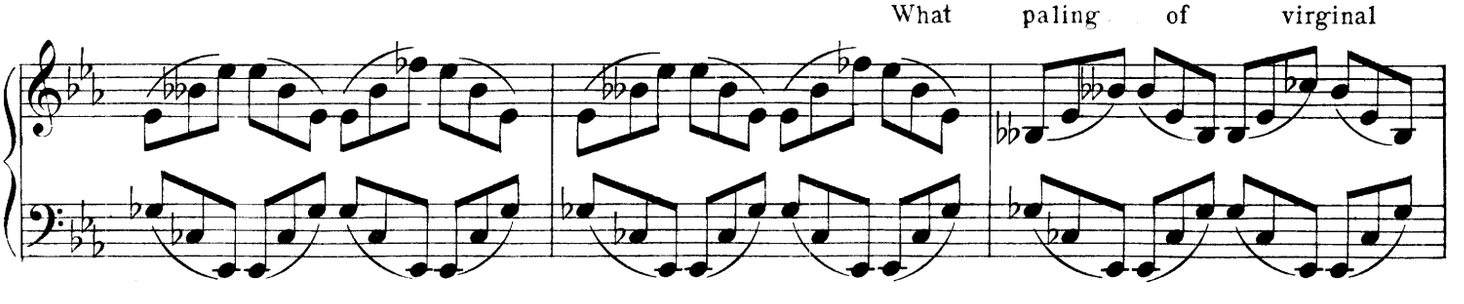
blurr'd, Thoughtest thou, O Song, in thy ruth, What blood had water'd thy flower



Ere yet one tendril had stirr'd?



What paling of virginal



bosoms, What prayerful, and tearful, and sooth Upgiving of strength, that thy

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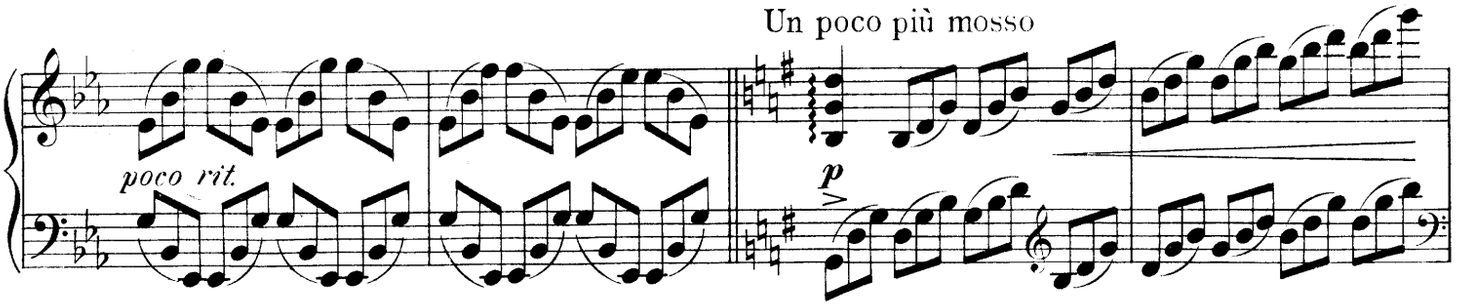
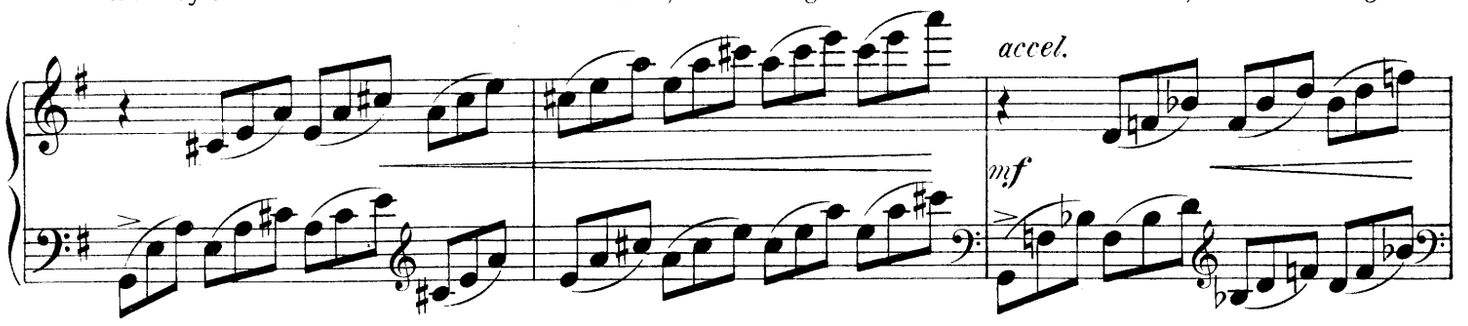
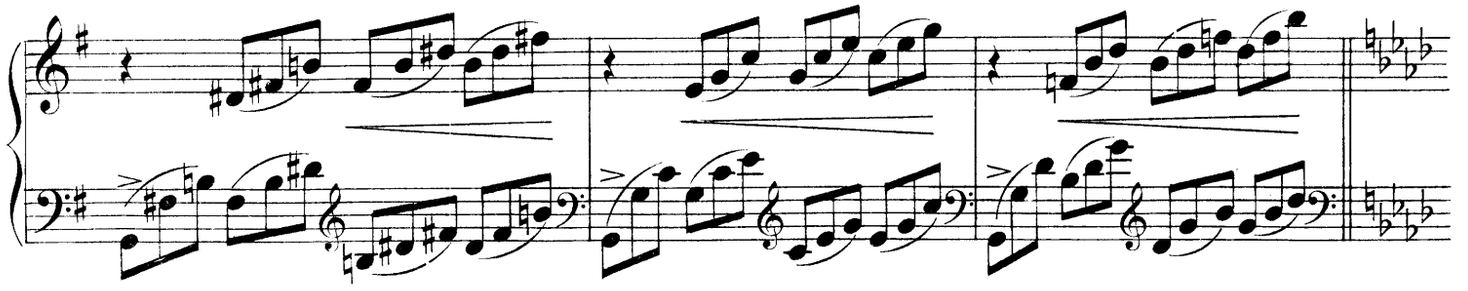
blossoms Should bud in that clamorous hour? But Song set his delicate feet In



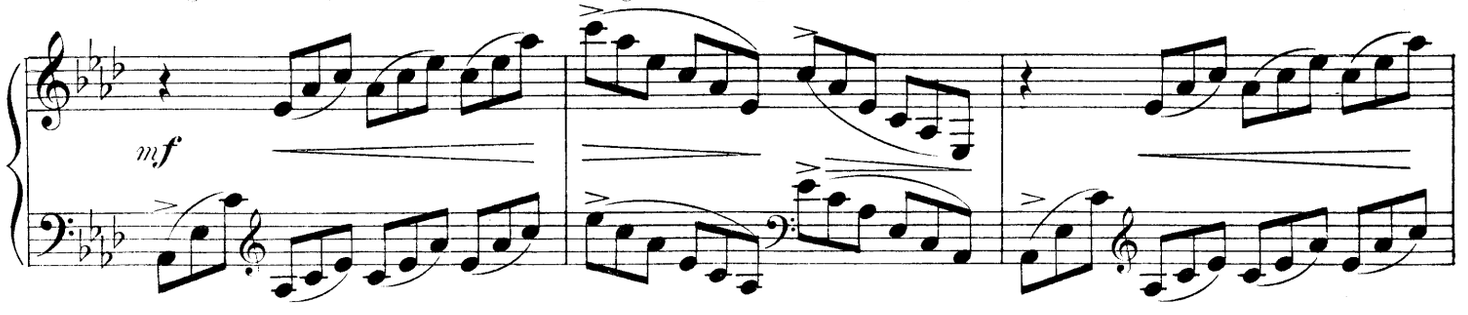
the way of the World and the mire; Song tasted the fruit of desire, And laugh'd at



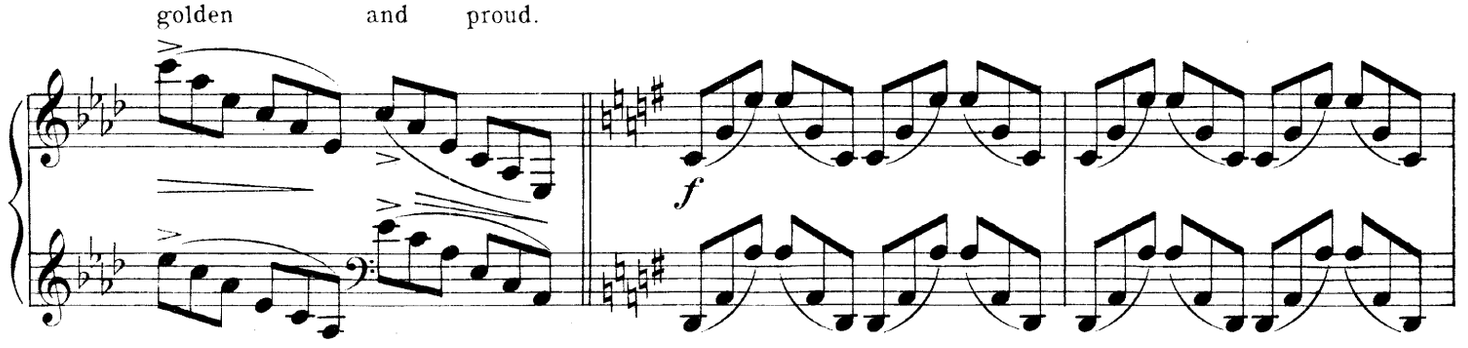
the clouding of eyes (For he knew love's filming was sweet.) So



Song held revel, and loud Sang he with passionate cries; And his raiment was



golden and proud.



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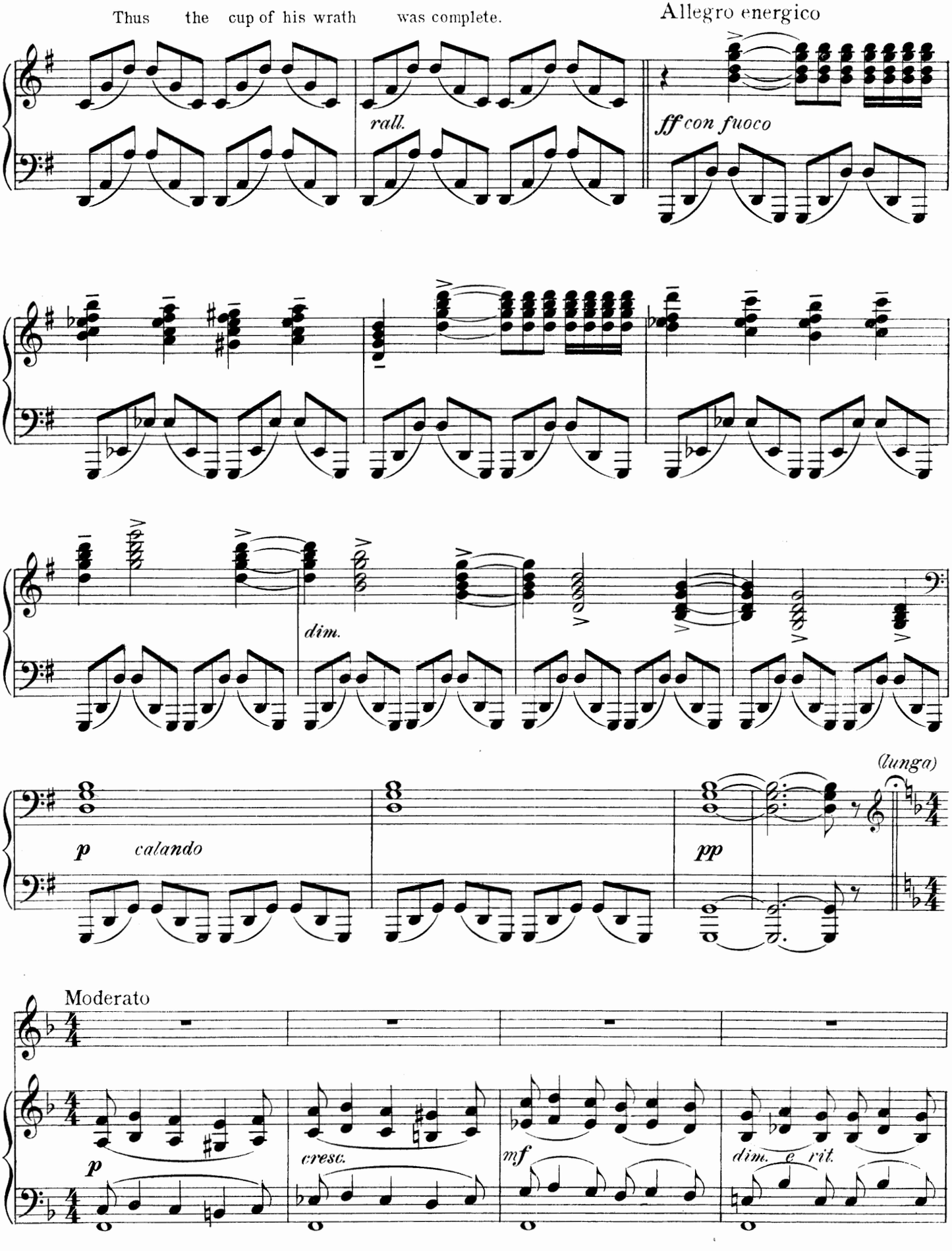
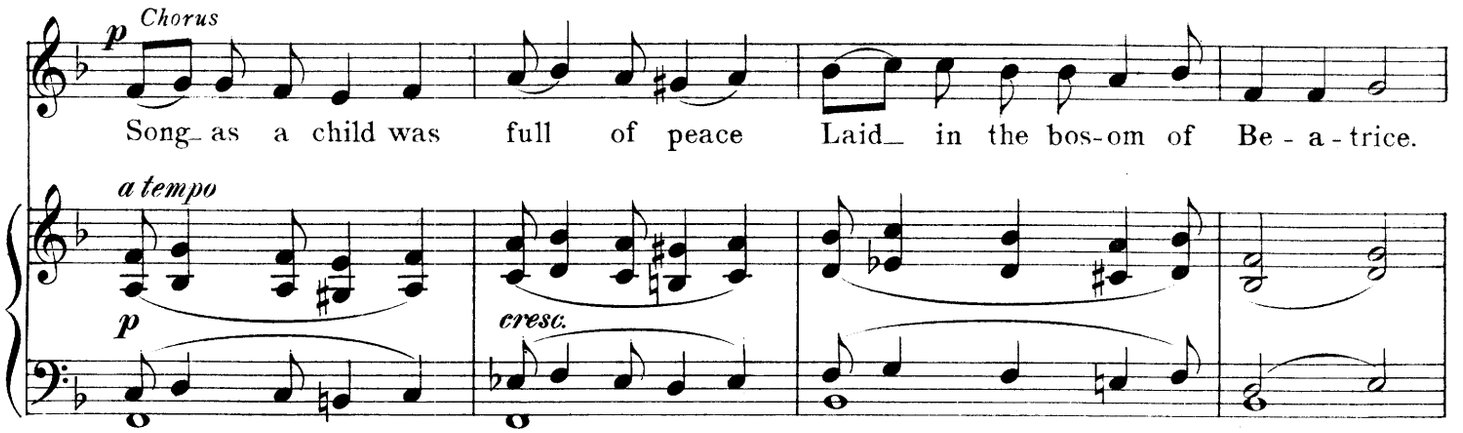
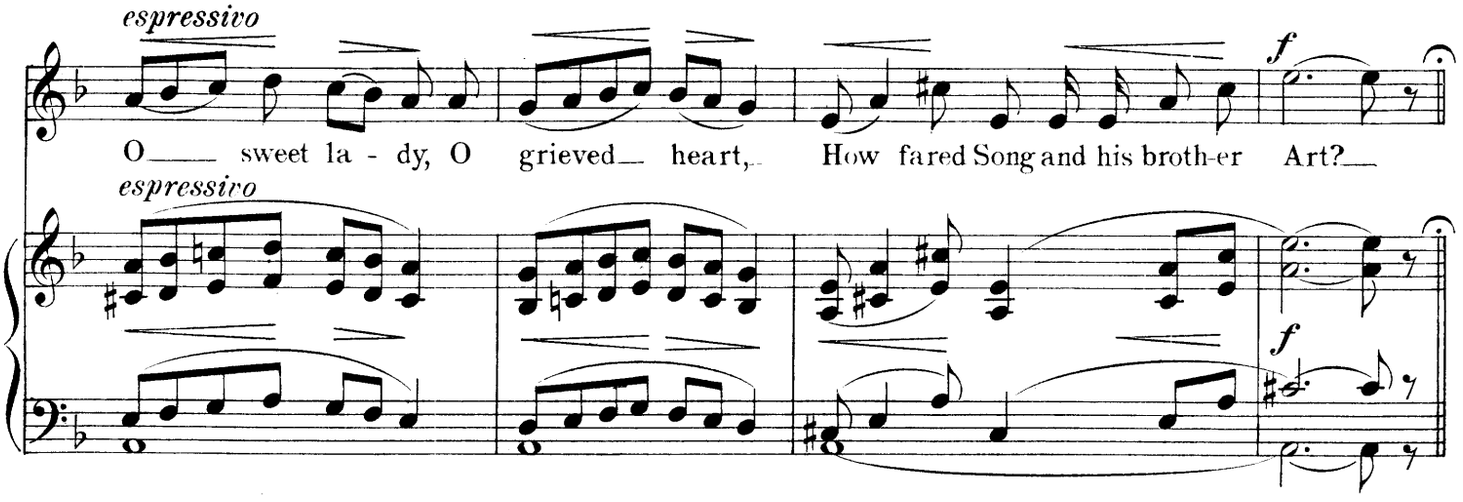
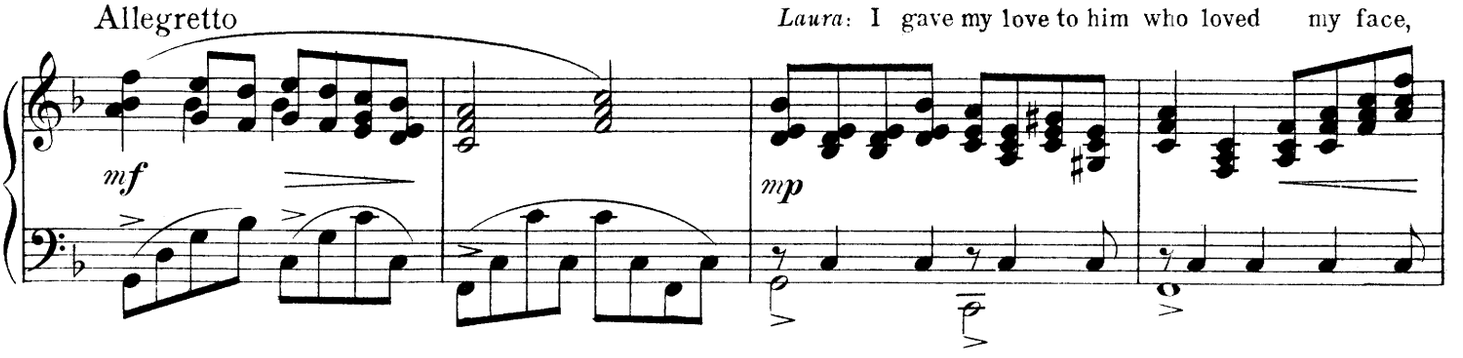
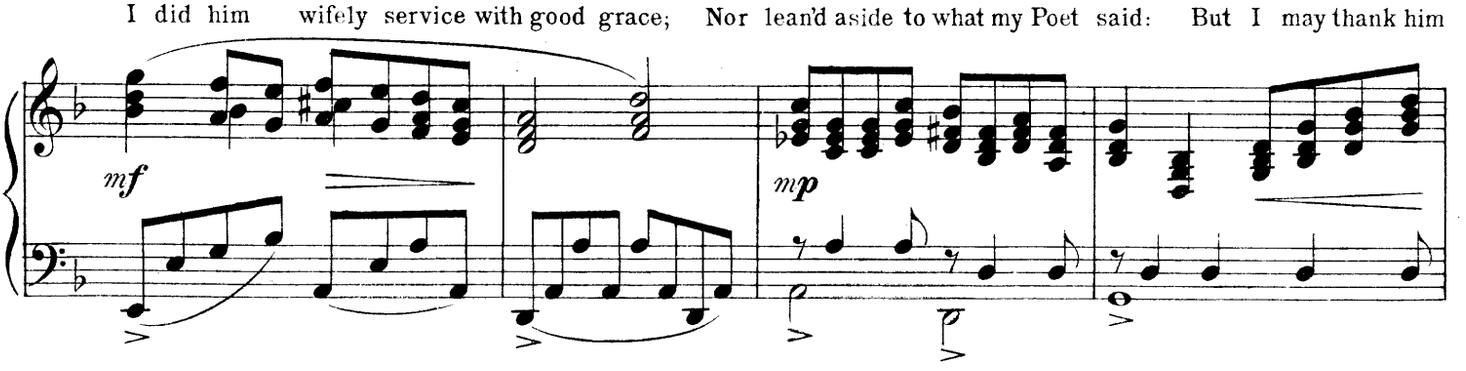

Thus the cup of his wrath was complete.
Allegro energico
rall.
ff con fuoco
dim.
p calando
pp
(lunga)
Moderato
p
cresc.
mf
dim. e rit.





(Laura comes, a youthful Matron in a high-waisted gown, a child at either hand. She looks patiently before her, with good courage.)





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now that I am dead.

Allegro vivo

f *stringendo*

ff

dim.

(Petrarch enters. He has a laurel-wreath, and bears a little crystal urn, wherein is his own heart.)

molto rit.

mf

Adagio

Petrarch: My voice was as the swan's that

mp

dirgeth death; My joys were frail things lighter than a breath. But, like the night, I froze them to a brede,

They wove me crowns thereof, and wrapt me dead.

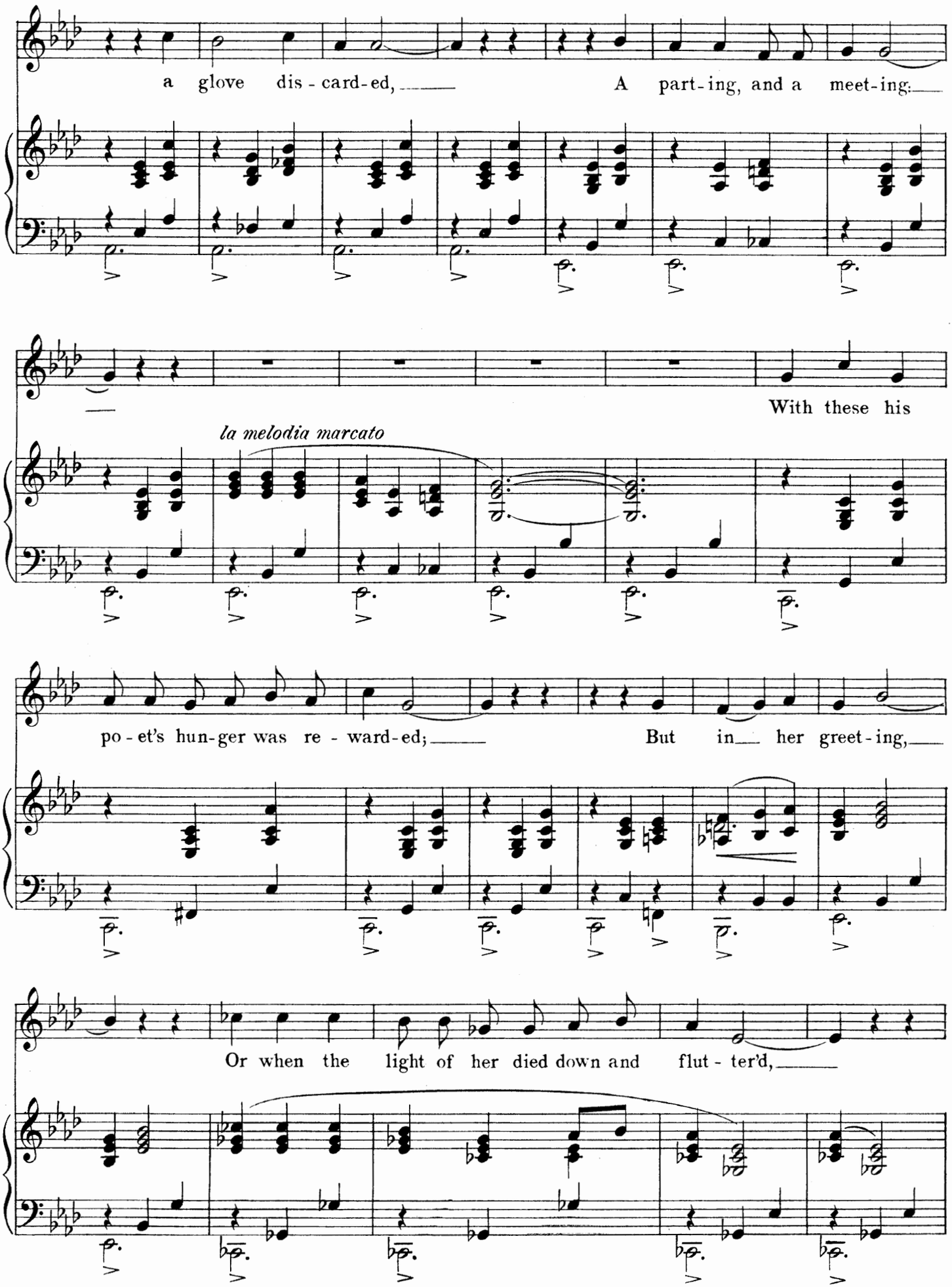
rit.

Tempo di Valse

mf *Chorus*

"Mer-ci," she laugh'd him once;

p


a glove dis - card-ed, A part-ing, and a meet-ing:
With these his
la melodia marcato
po - et's hun-ger was re - ward-ed; But in her greet - ing,
Or when the light of her died down and flut - ter'd,

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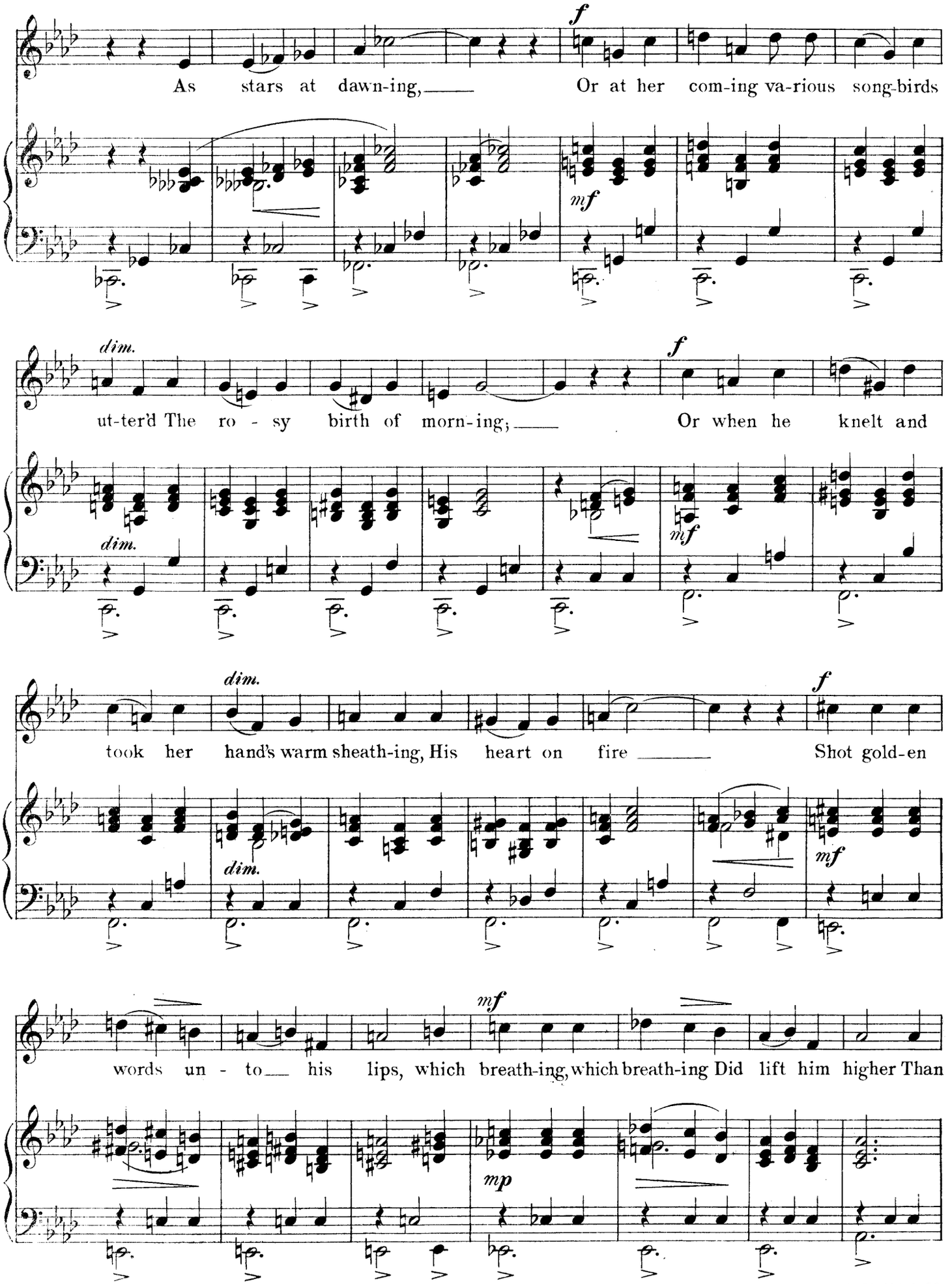
As stars at dawn-ing, Or at her com-ing va-rious song-birds
ut-ter'd The ro - sy birth of morn-ing; Or when he knelt and
took her hand's warm sheath-ing, His heart on fire Shot gold-en
words un - to his lips, which breath-ing, which breath-ing Did lift him higher Than
f
mf
dim.
mp

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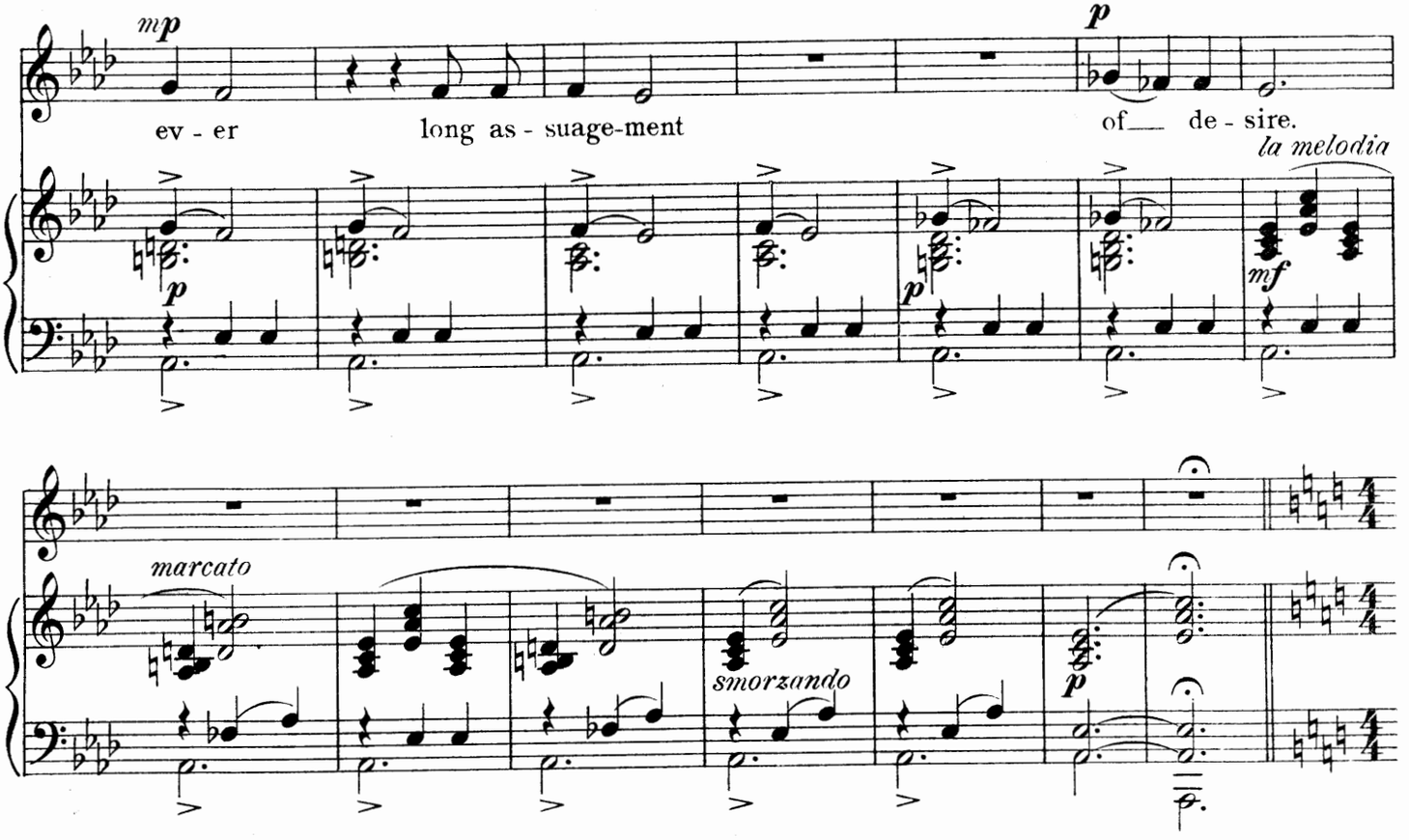
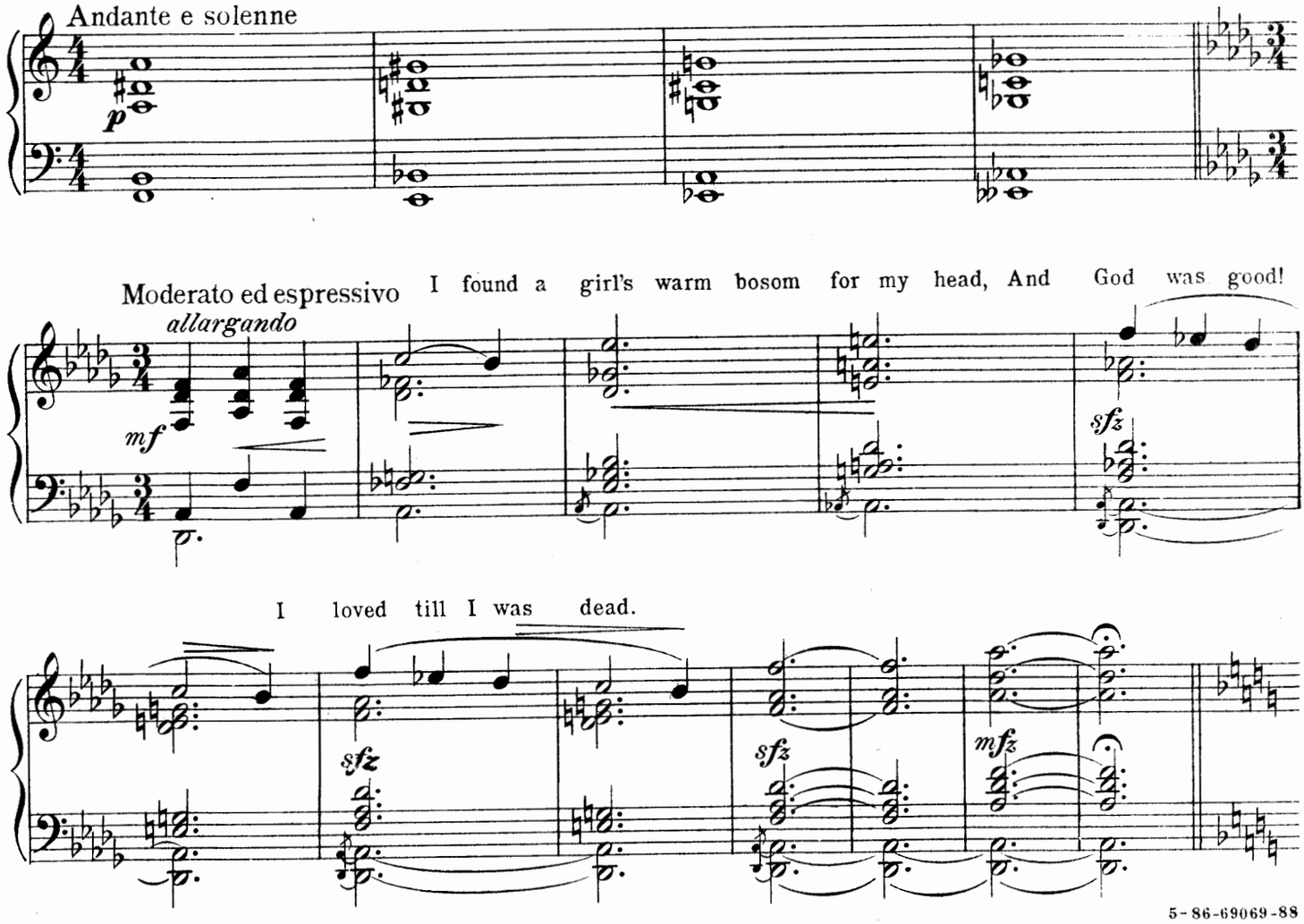


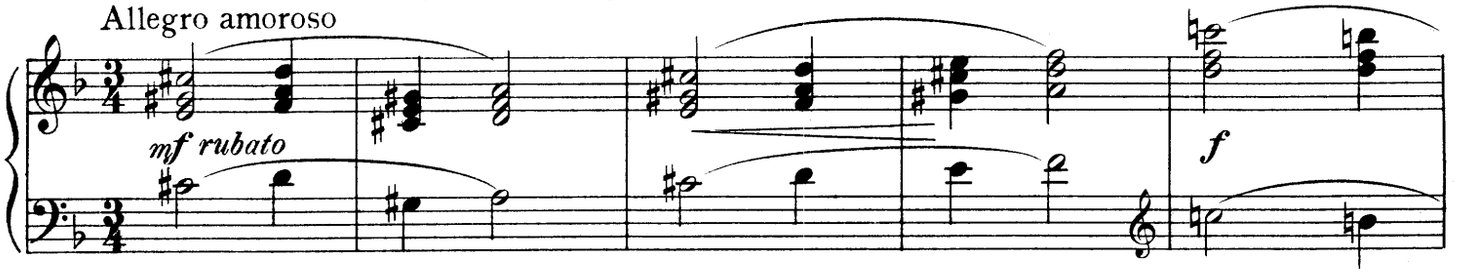
(Boccace passes, crowned with flowers, a wreathed thyrsus in his hand.)

Boccace: Heavy the blossoms, sultry-sweet the wine, And all the air gold-dusted with sun-shine.

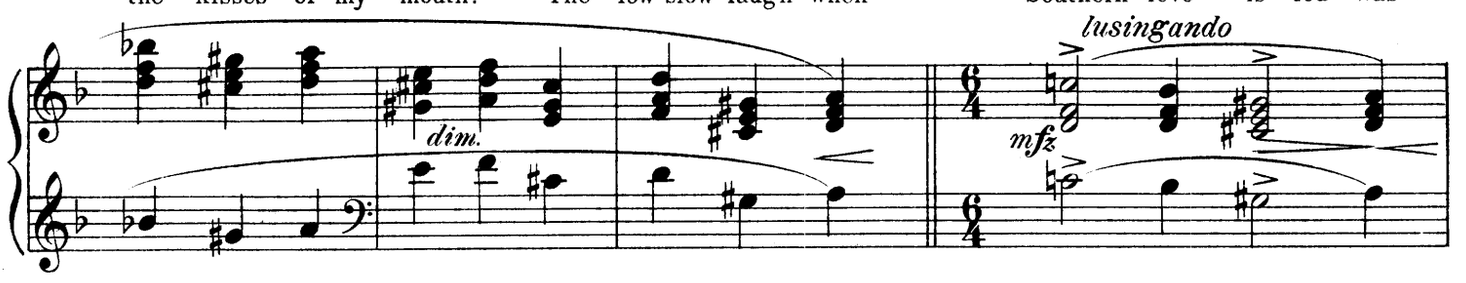


(Fiammetta passes. She is robed like a King's daughter, and carries a pair of golden shears.)

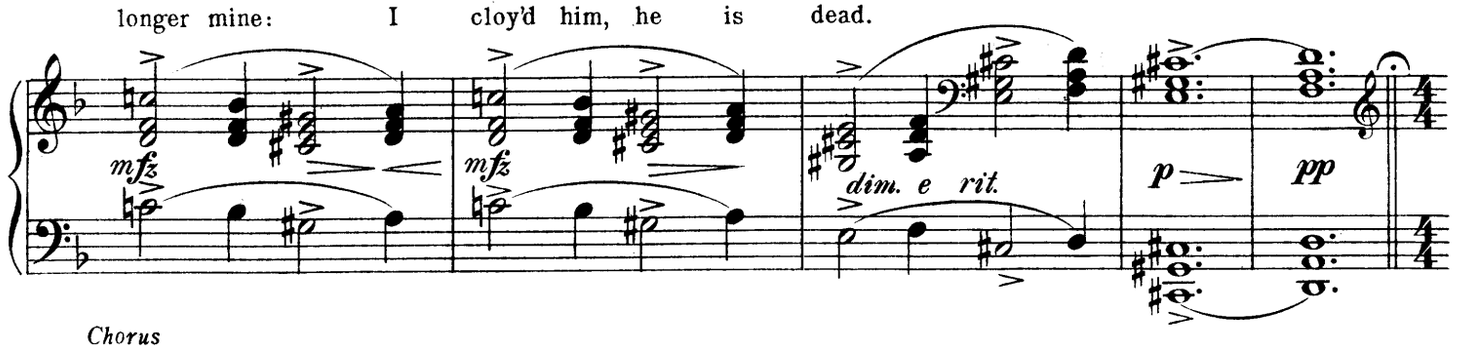
Fiammetta: I brought my burning wealth up from the South, I kiss'd him with



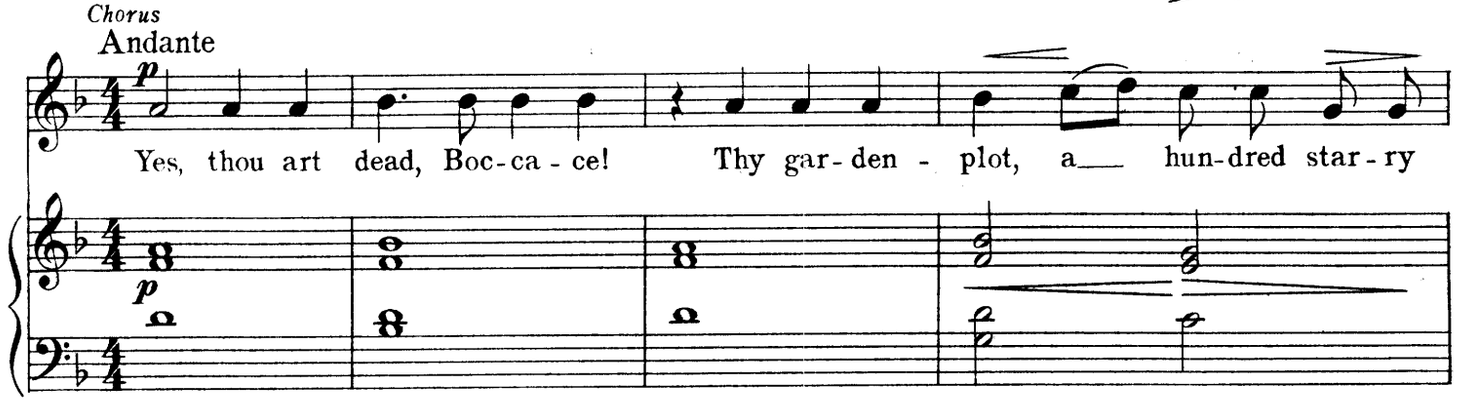
the kisses of my mouth: The low slow laugh when Southern love is fed Was

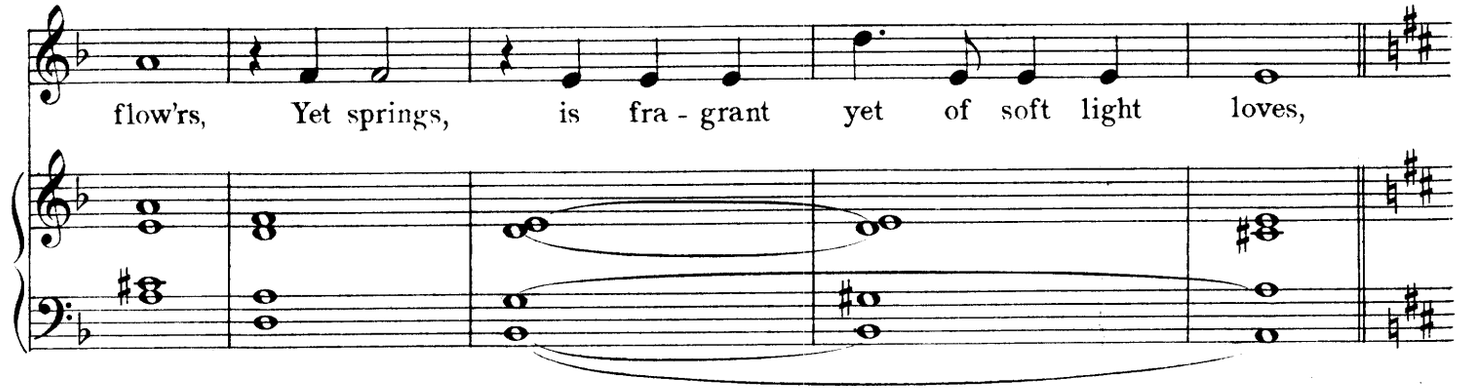


longer mine: I cloy'd him, he is dead.



Chorus





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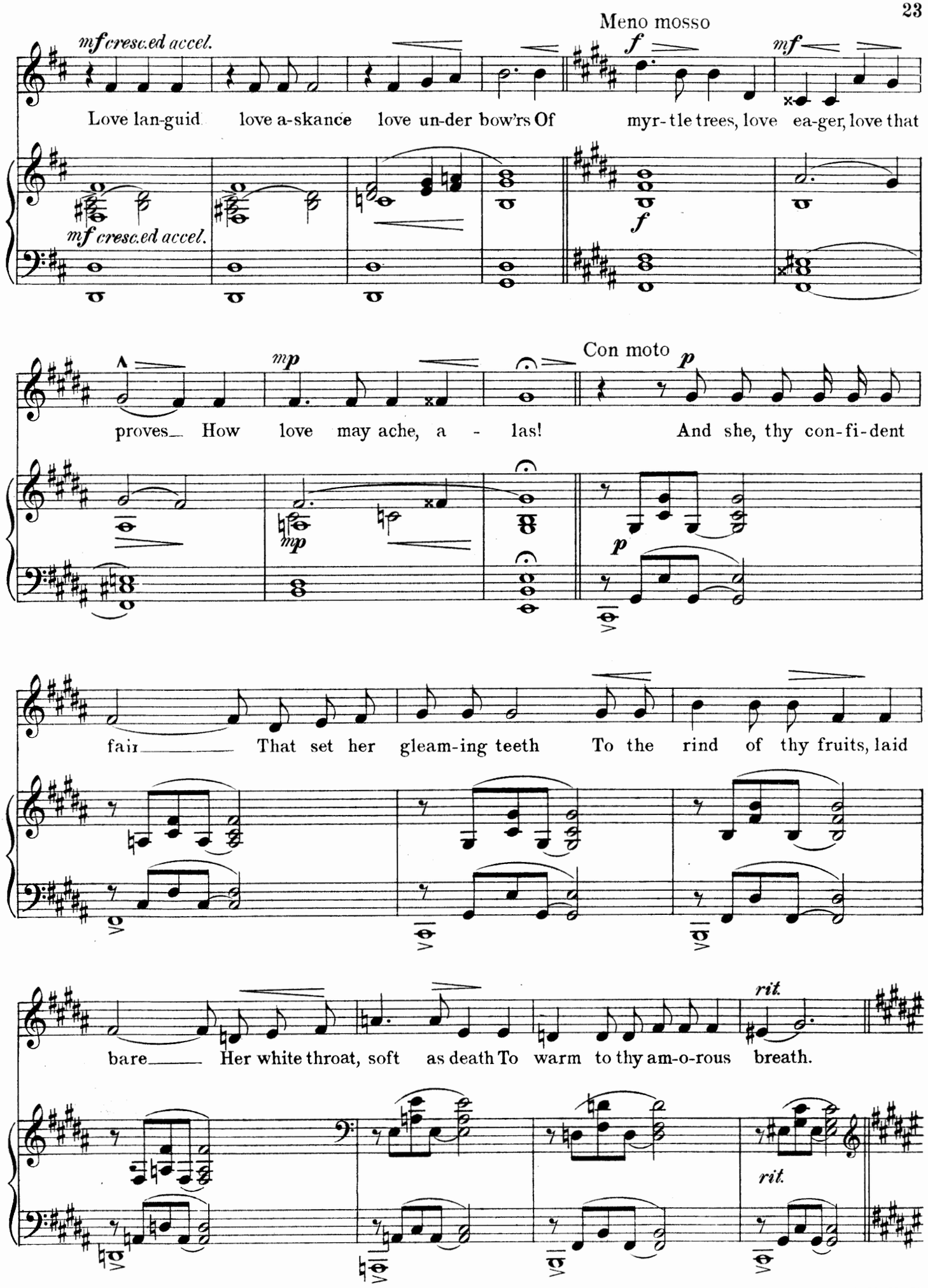
Meno mosso
mf cresc.ed accel.
f
mf
Love lan-guid love a-skance love un-der bow'rs Of myr-tle trees, love ea-ger, love that
mf cresc.ed accel.
f
Con moto
mp
p
proves_ How love may ache, a - las! And she, thy con-fi-dent
mp
p
fair_____ That set her gleam-ing teeth To the rind of thy fruits, laid
rit.
bare_____ Her white throat, soft as death To warm to thy am-o-rous breath.
rit.

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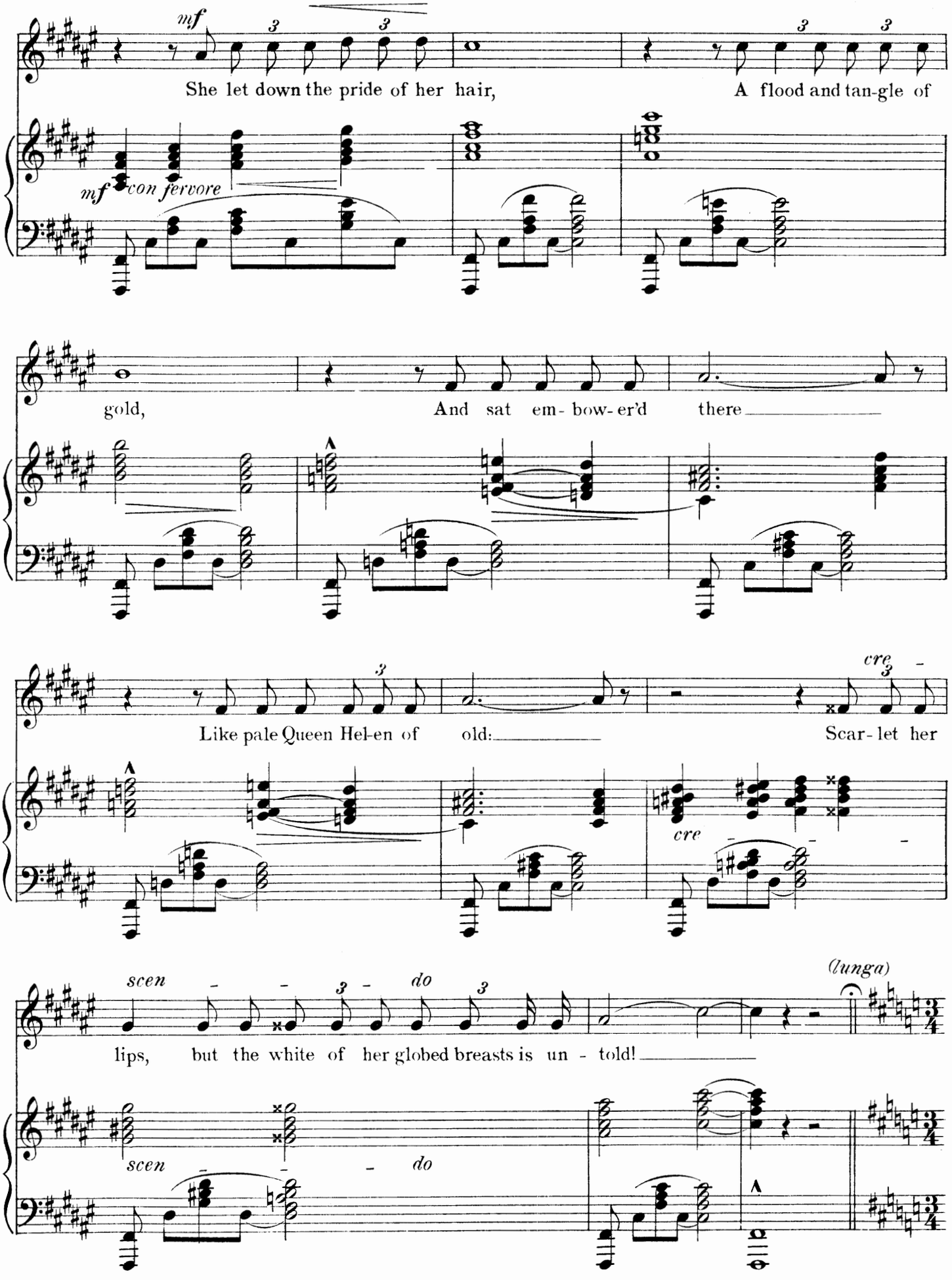
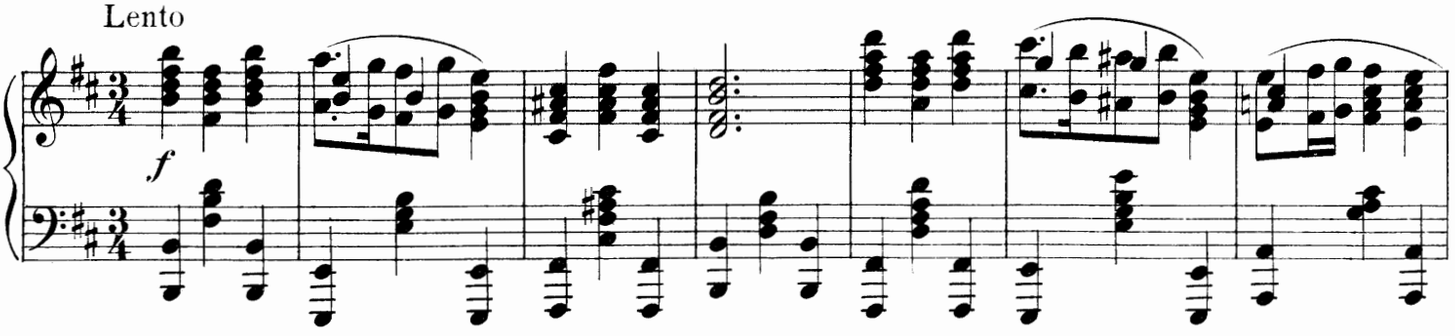

mf
She let down the pride of her hair,
A flood and tan-gle of
mf con fervore
gold,
And sat em- bow- er'd there
Like pale Queen Hel-en of old:
cre
Scar- let her
cre
scen
do
(lunga)
lips, but the white of her globed breasts is un - told!
scen
do

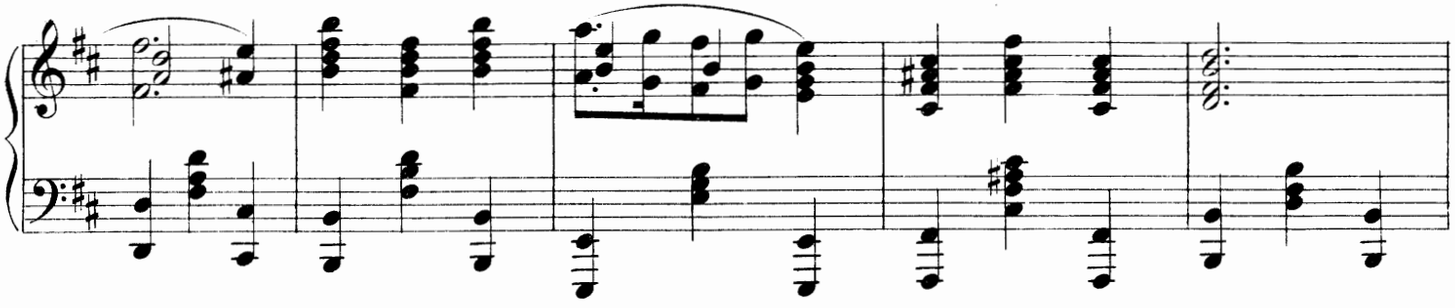
MINUET

(The Three Ladies dance a stately solemn measure.)

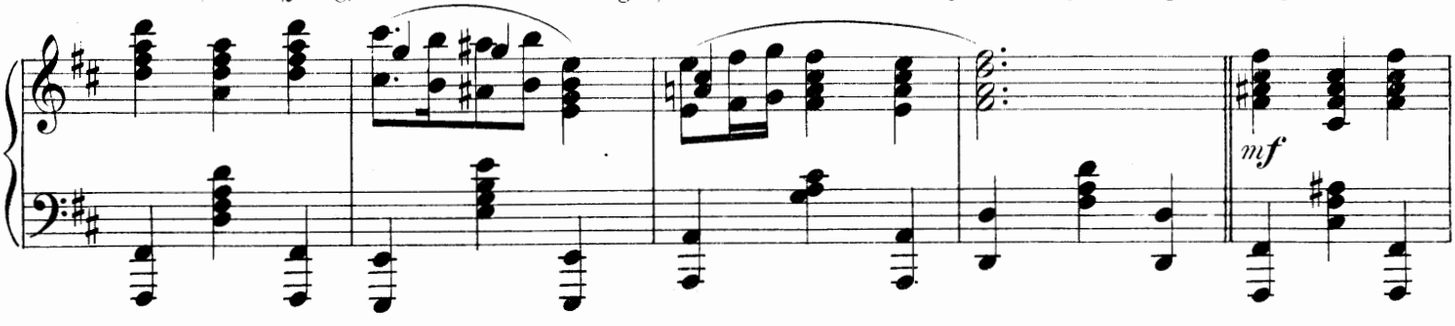
Lento



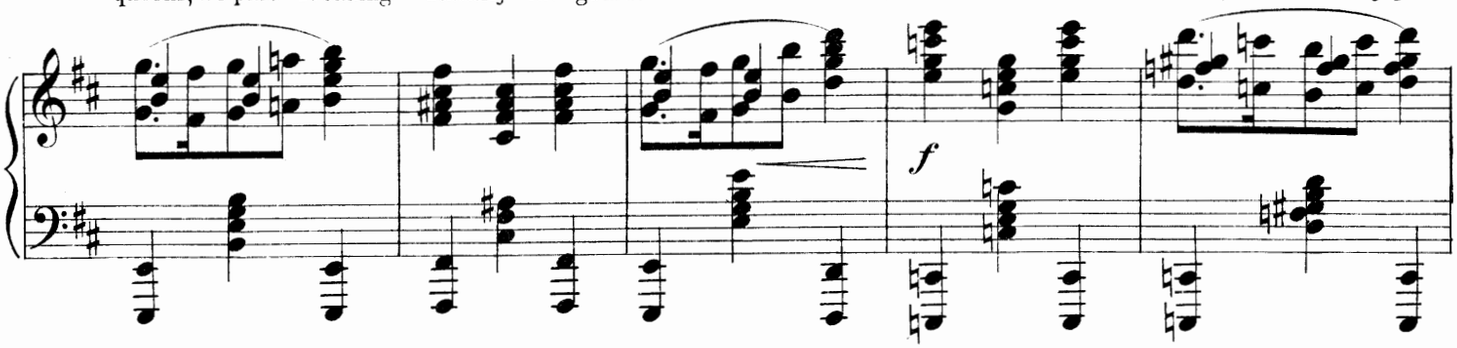
Coregus: Beatrice, the white Lady, Leads our mystic pageantry; Laura, slim and carcanetted, Shy as violets dew-wetted,



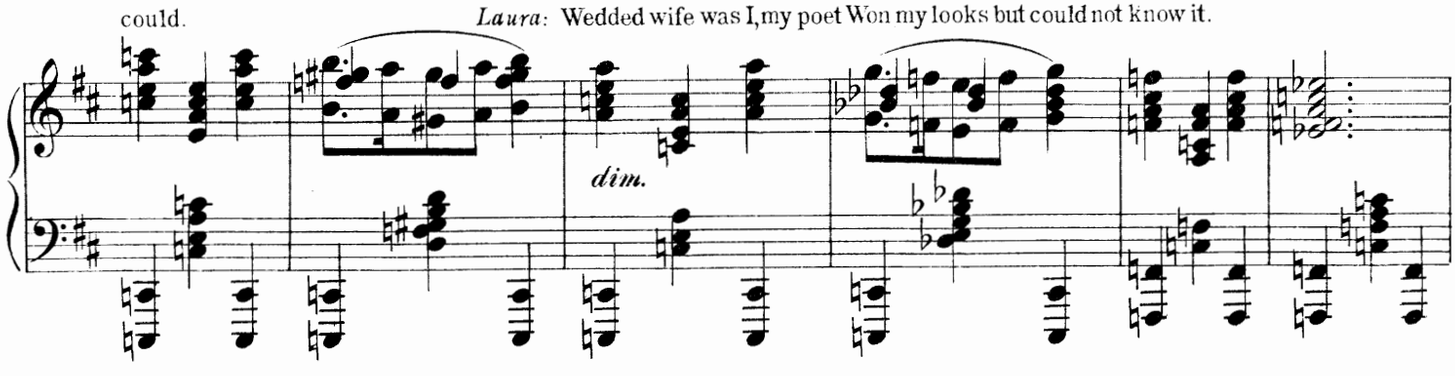
Fiammetta, lissom, young; Golden as the arum's tongue, Follow in the antic round, Eyes demurely cast to ground. High-born, stately,



queens, we pass Treading daintily the grass. *Beatrice:* I was nine when I was wooed, Never word my poet



could. *Laura:* Wedded wife was I, my poet Won my looks but could not know it.



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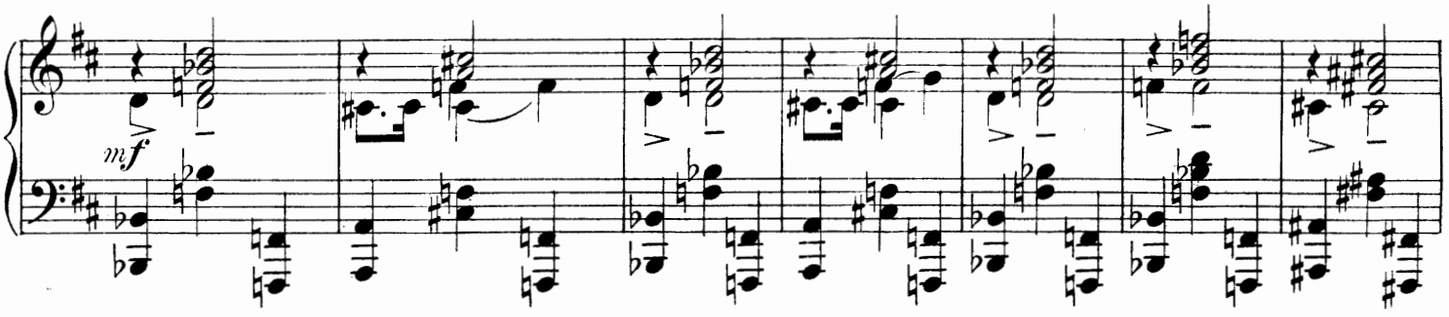
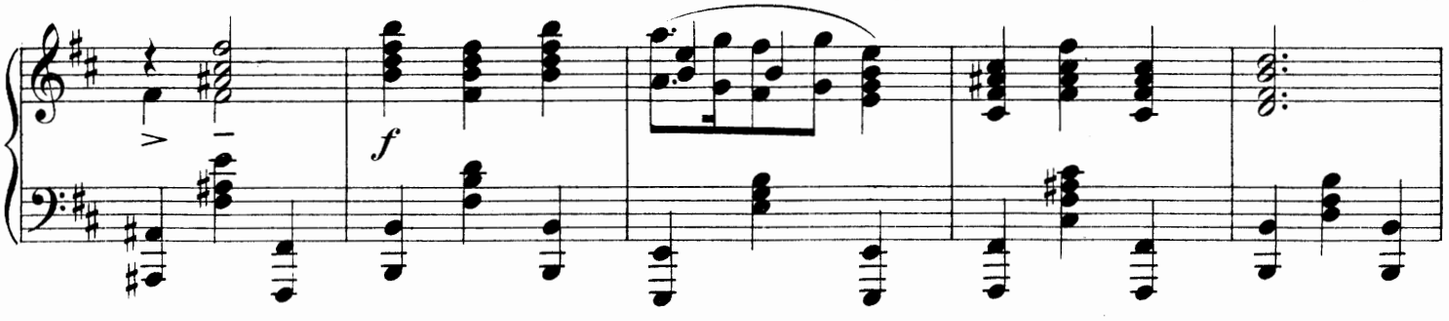
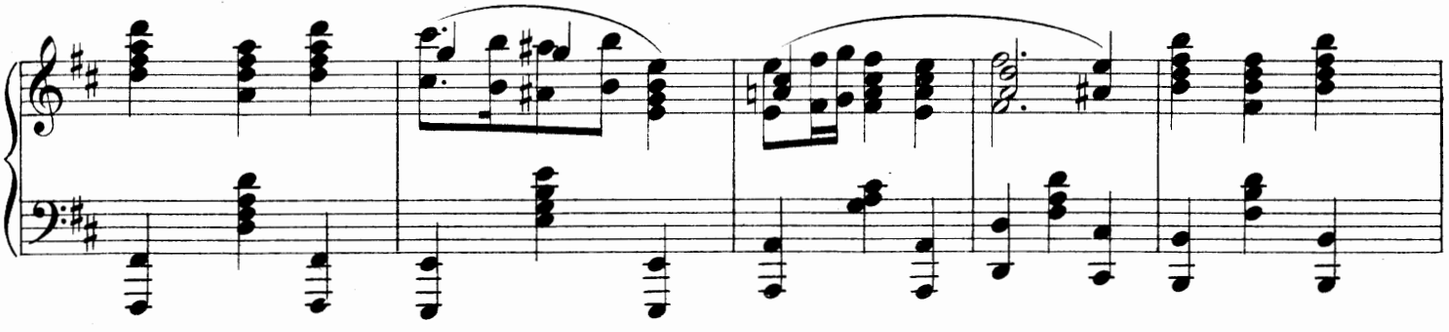
Fiammetta: Great King's daughter tho' I were, I chose my poet debonnair.



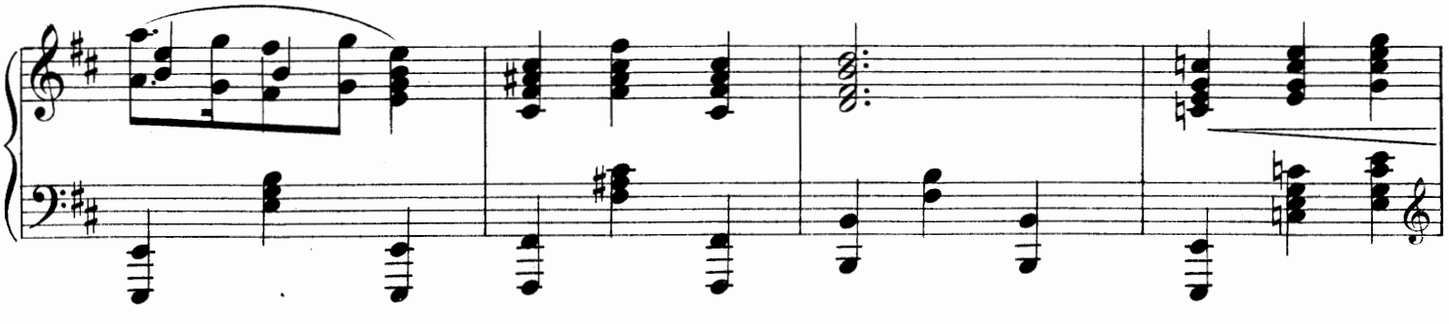
The Three Ladies: Twine white arms, tread the measure: Ours the grace and theirs the treasure. Let the ghostly



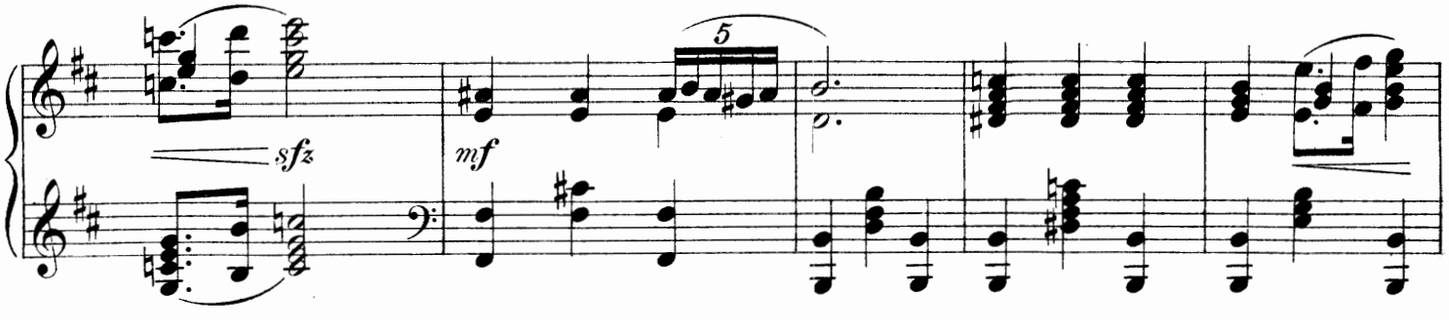
ladies pass Like the mist on springing grass. *Beatrice*: I was wedded ere my years



Number'd twelve: I shed no tears. *Laura*: Children bore I to my lord As thy years; I sigh'd no word. *Fiammetta*: Wedded

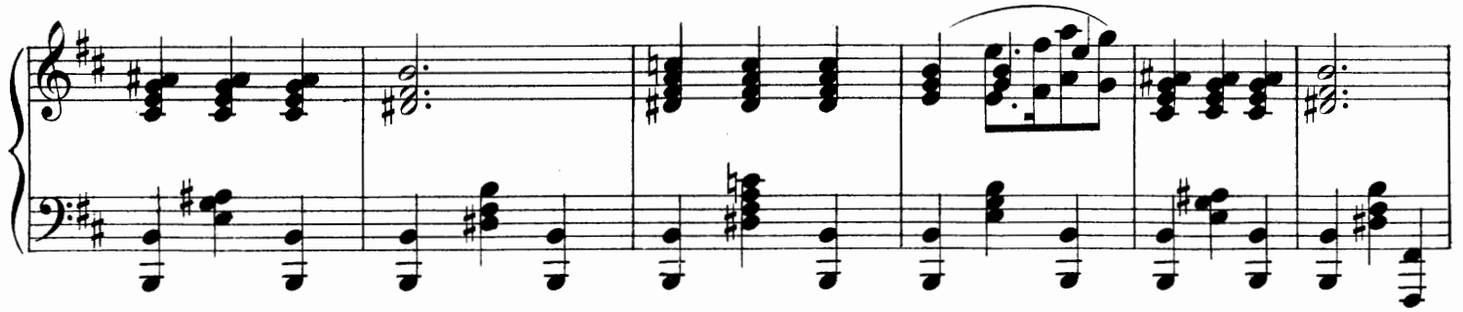


I, but love is free: Not my husband pleasured me. *The Three Ladies*: All the years and all the blisses Come and go

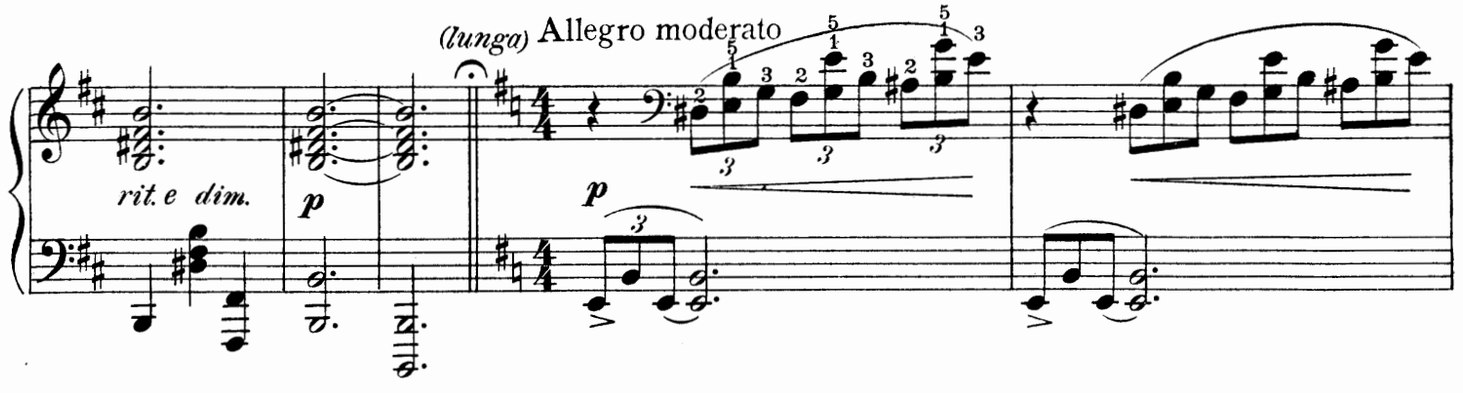


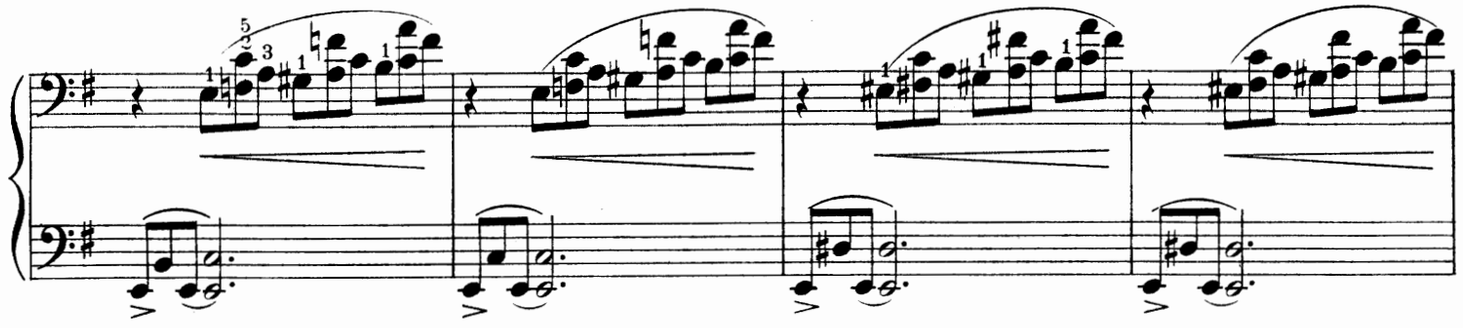
like children's kisses. We are dead, and now, alas! Shadows of us haunt the grass.

(The Three Ladies pass away)

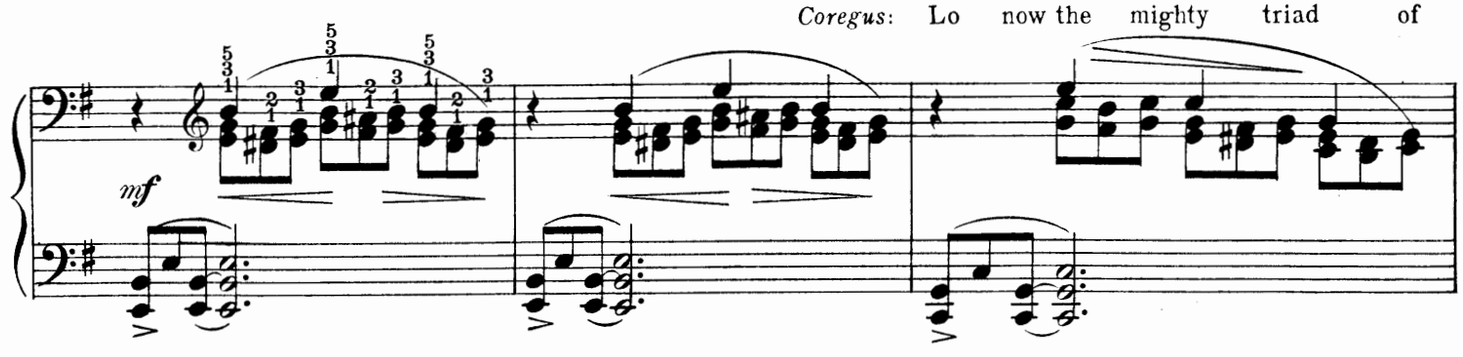


(lunga) Allegro moderato

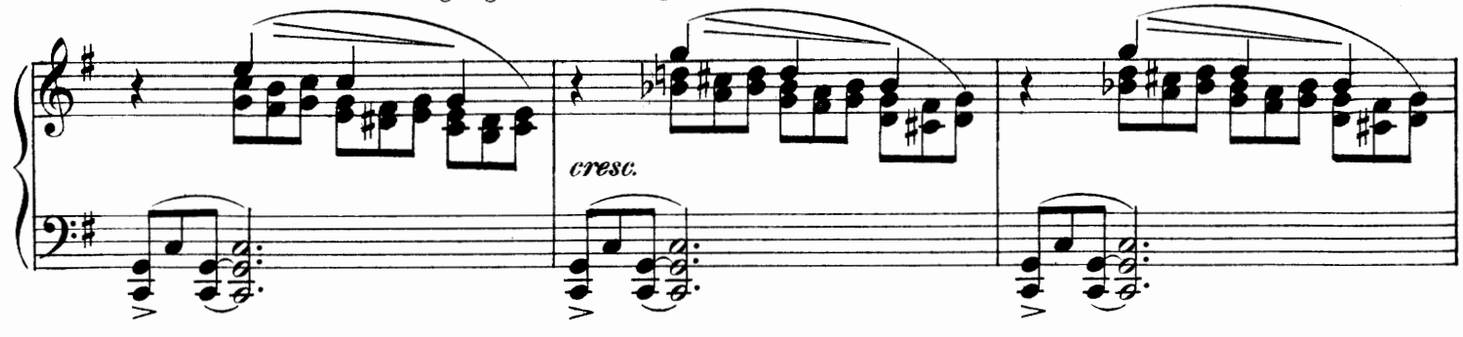




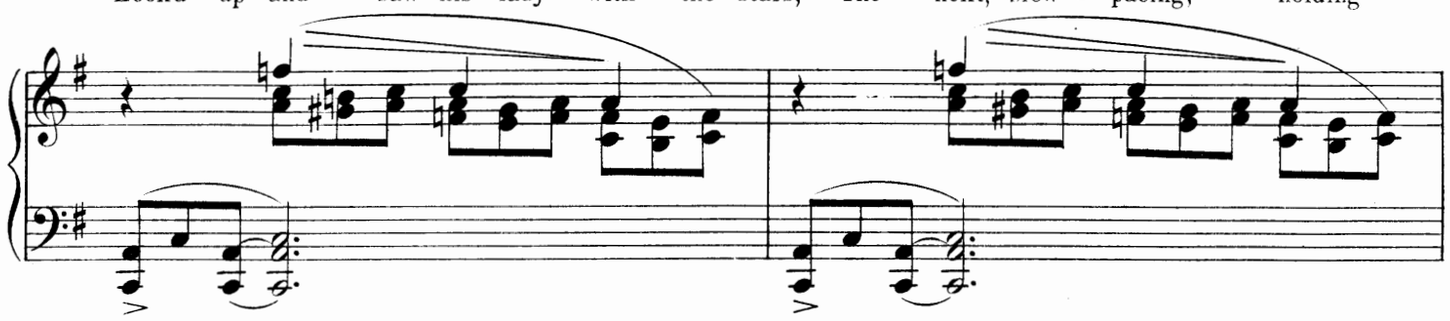
Coregus: Lo now the mighty triad of



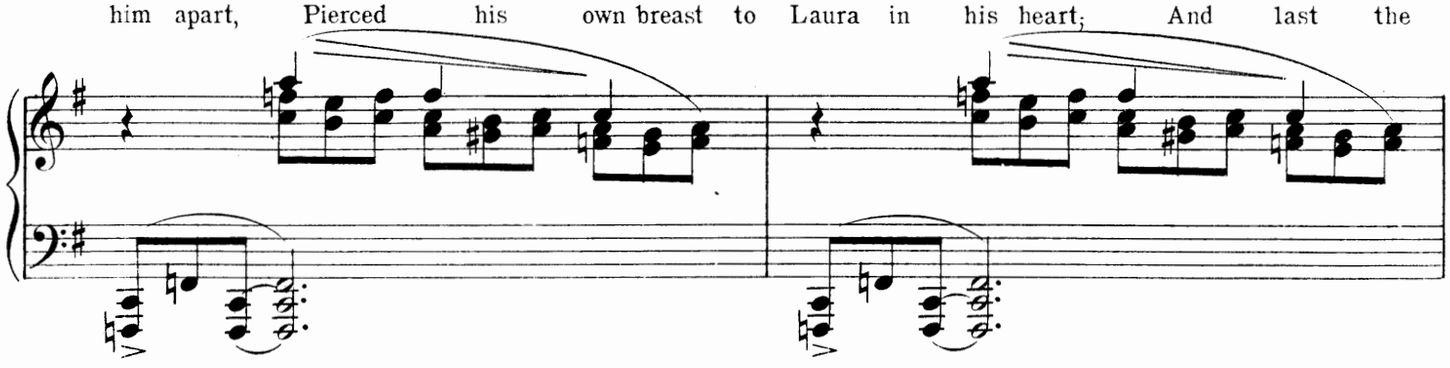
old Florence Mew'd like strong eagles in Death's pale abhorrence The first set patient at his prison - bars,



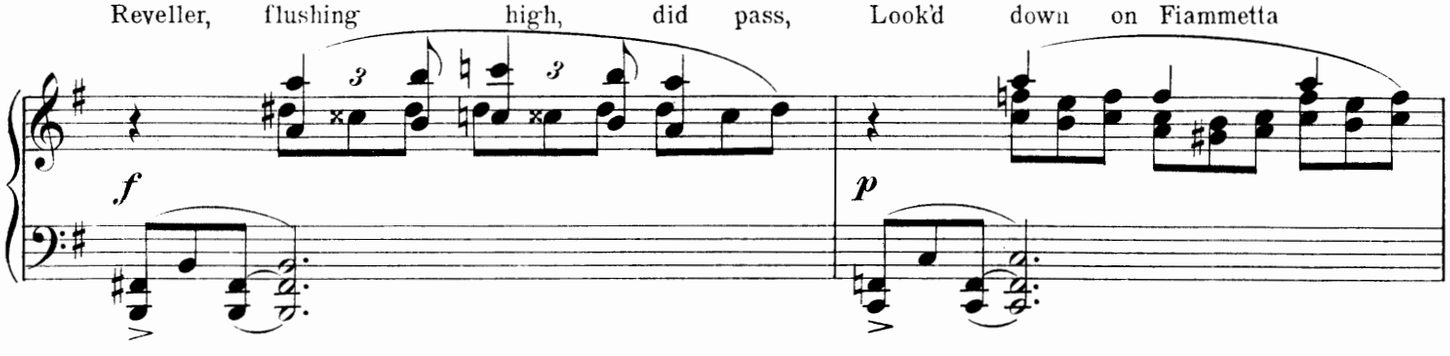
Look'd up and saw his lady with the stars; The next, slow - pacing, holding



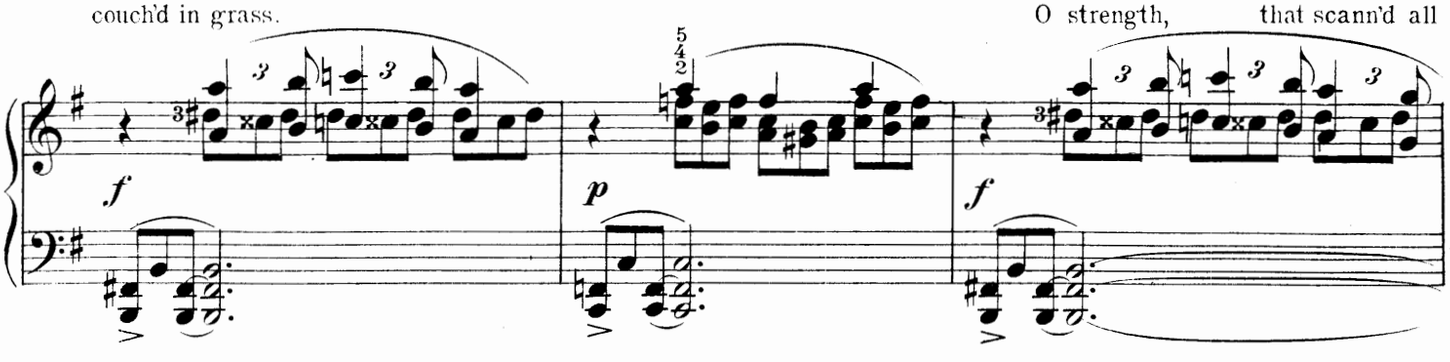
him apart, Pierced his own breast to Laura in his heart; And last the



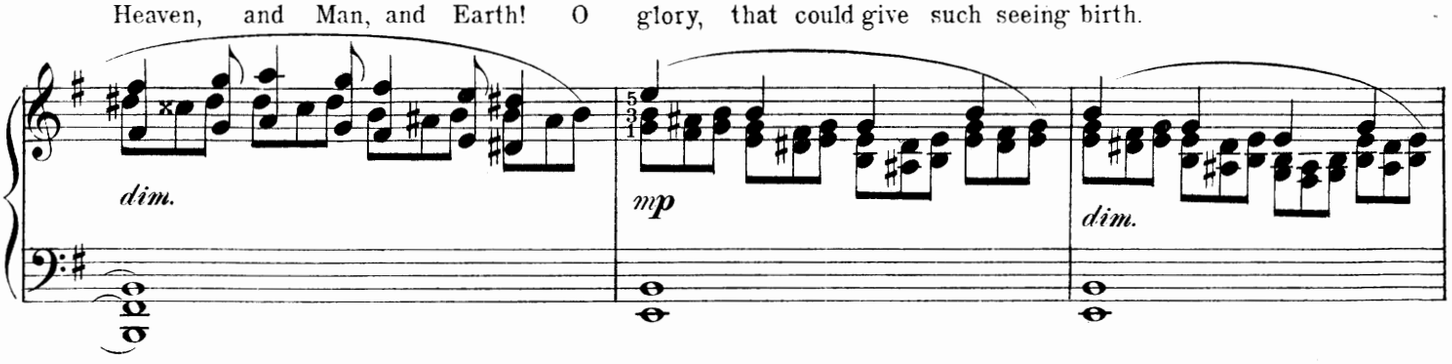
Reveller, flushing high, did pass, Look'd down on Fiammetta



couch'd in grass. O strength, that scann'd all



Heaven, and Man, and Earth! O glory, that could give such seeing birth.



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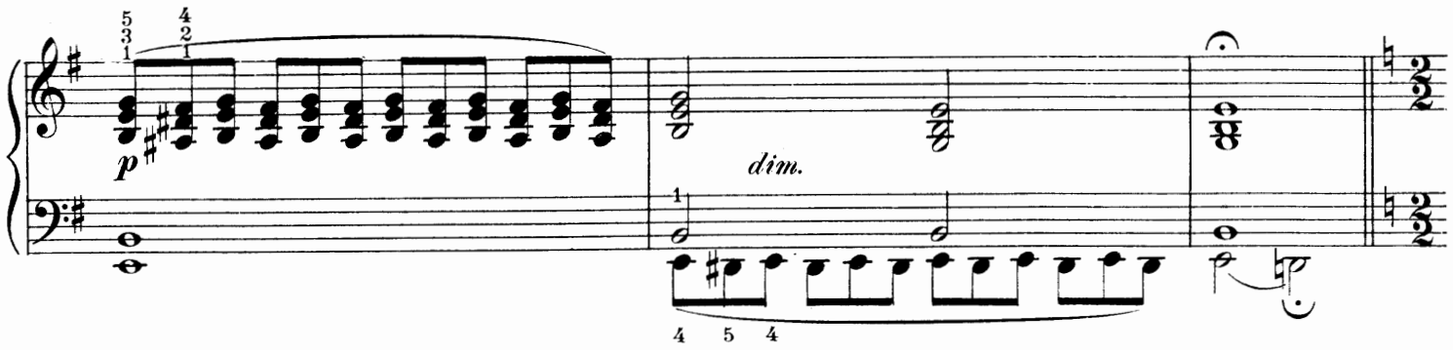
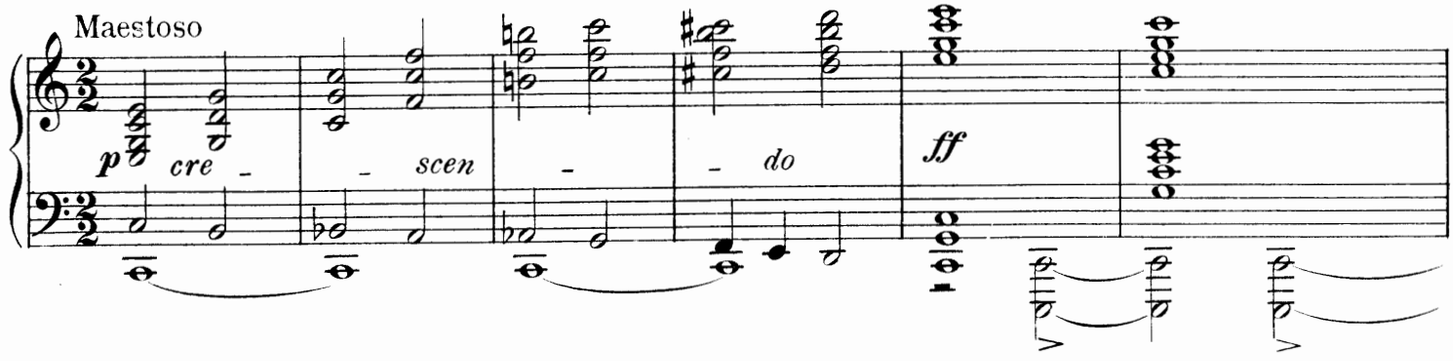
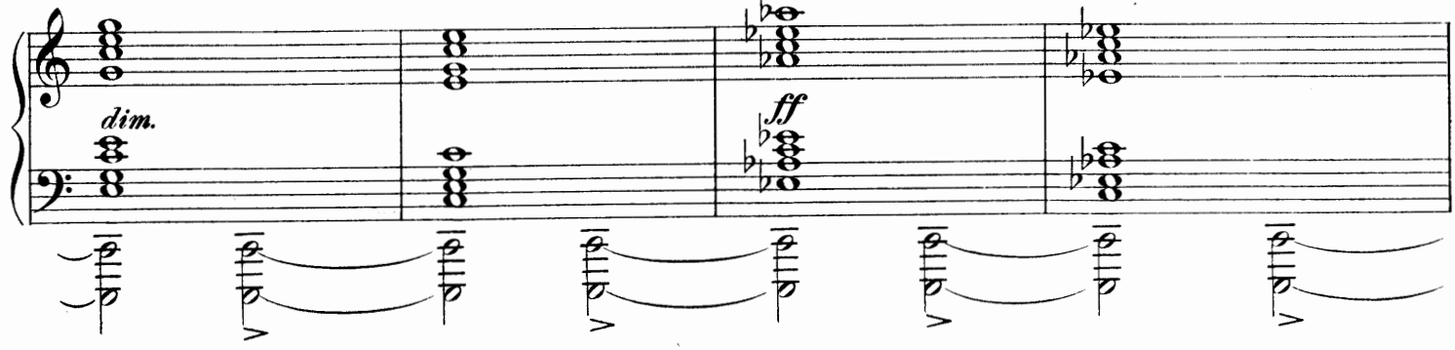


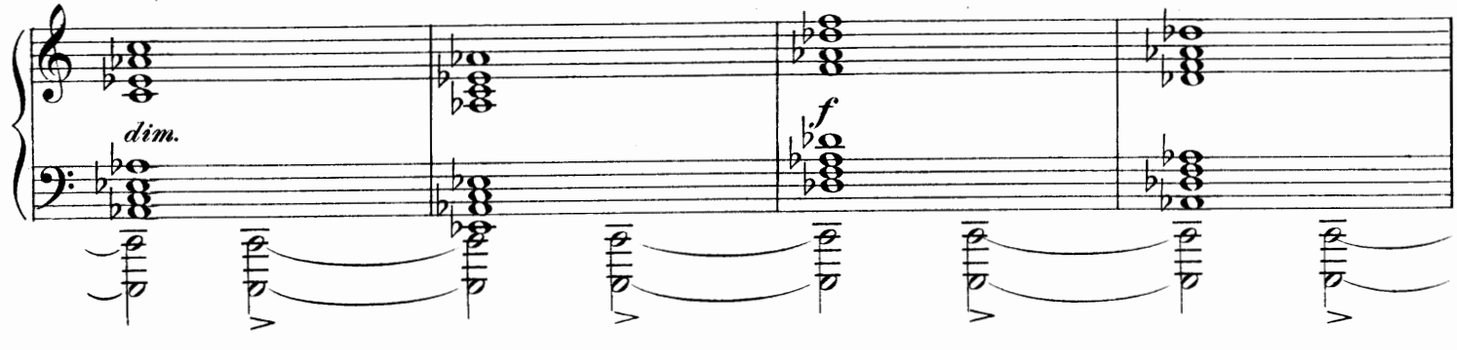
They built a shrine anon to speak those

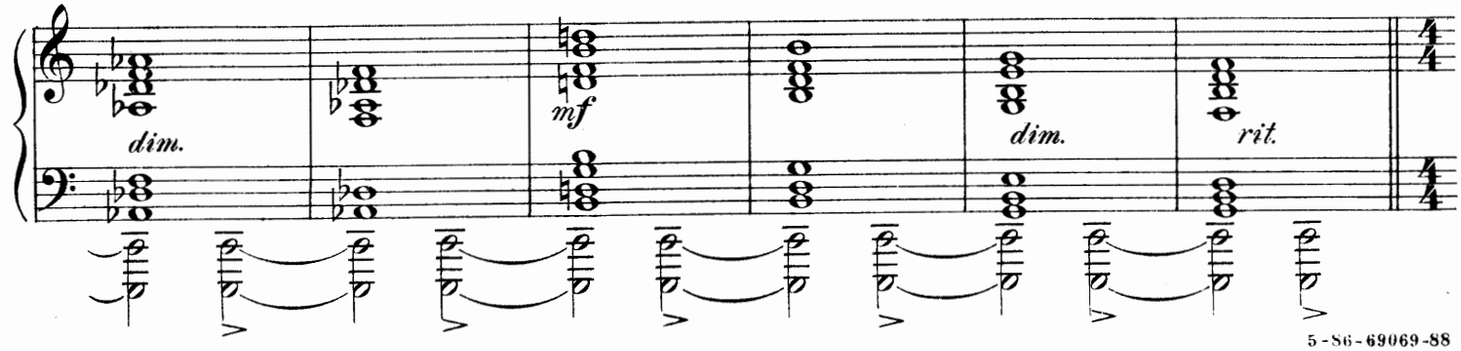


three, Soaring aloft, dome-shadow'd like a world, Deep-founded as the good brown Earth their

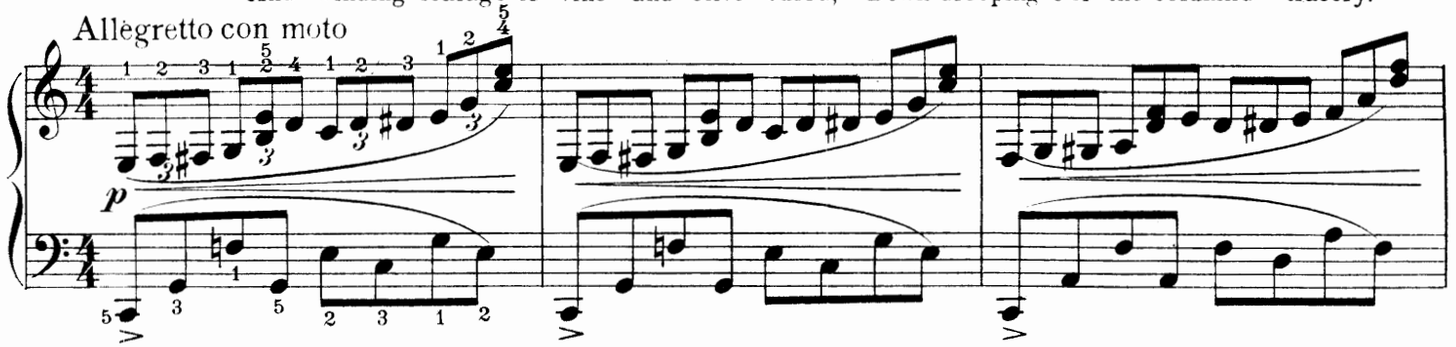


fee, And set about with massy, rich-empearl'd Smooth marble (like the soul of Poetry),

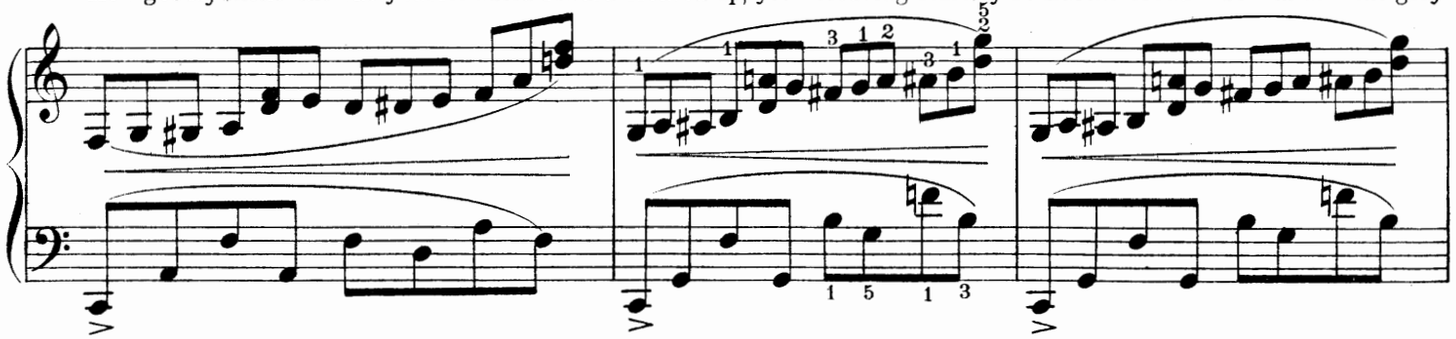




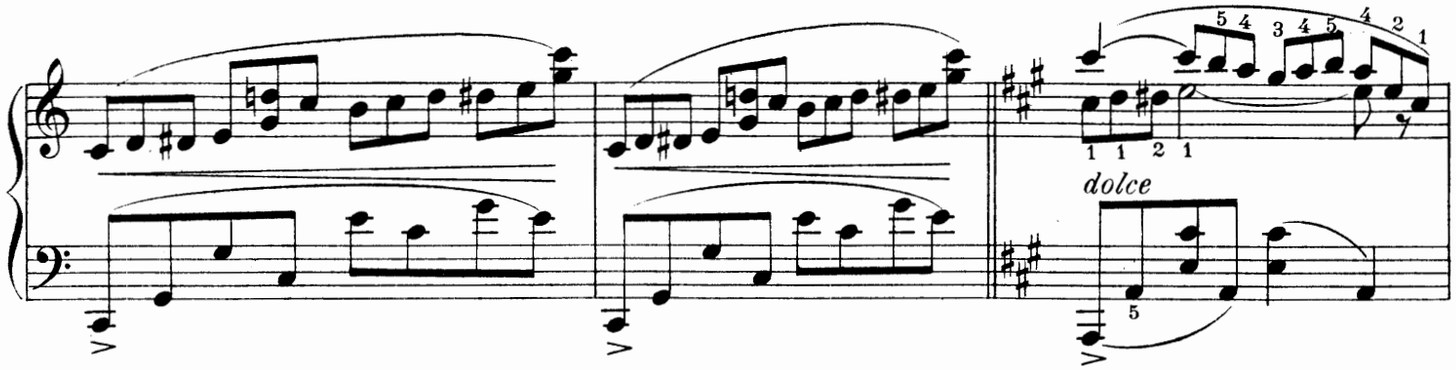
And winding leafage of vine and olive curl'd, Down drooping o'er the column'd tracery.



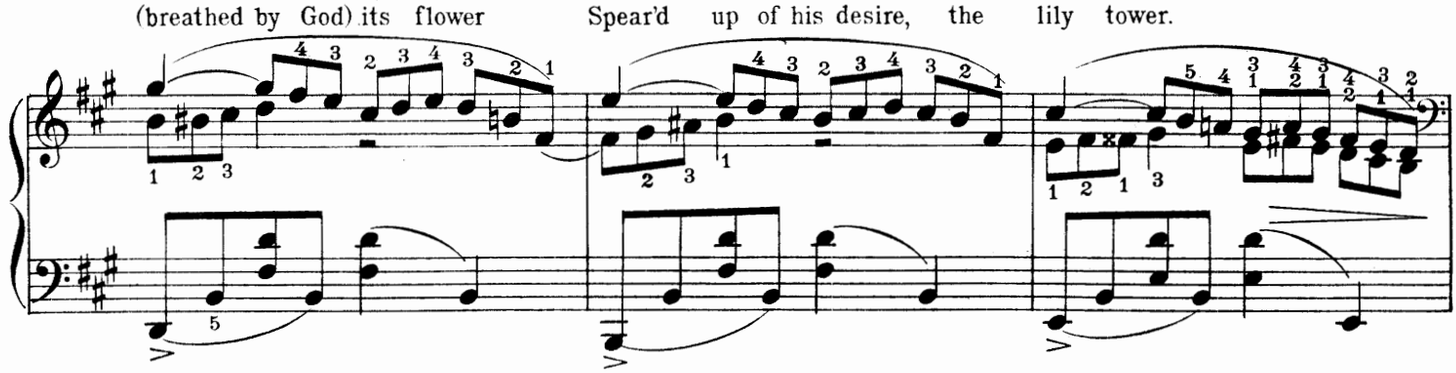
How goodly shone the vasty fabric hurl'd Toward Heaven up, yet cleaving sturdily To Earth's broad bosom and the gray

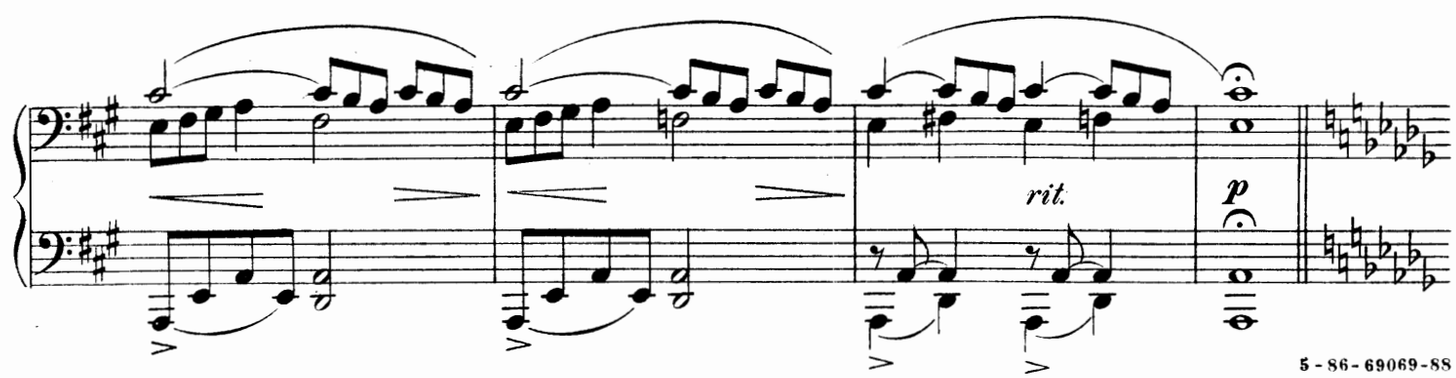


street's track, Barr'd like a great moth's wing with rose and black, Knew all men best when



(breathed by God) its flower Spear'd up of his desire, the lily tower.





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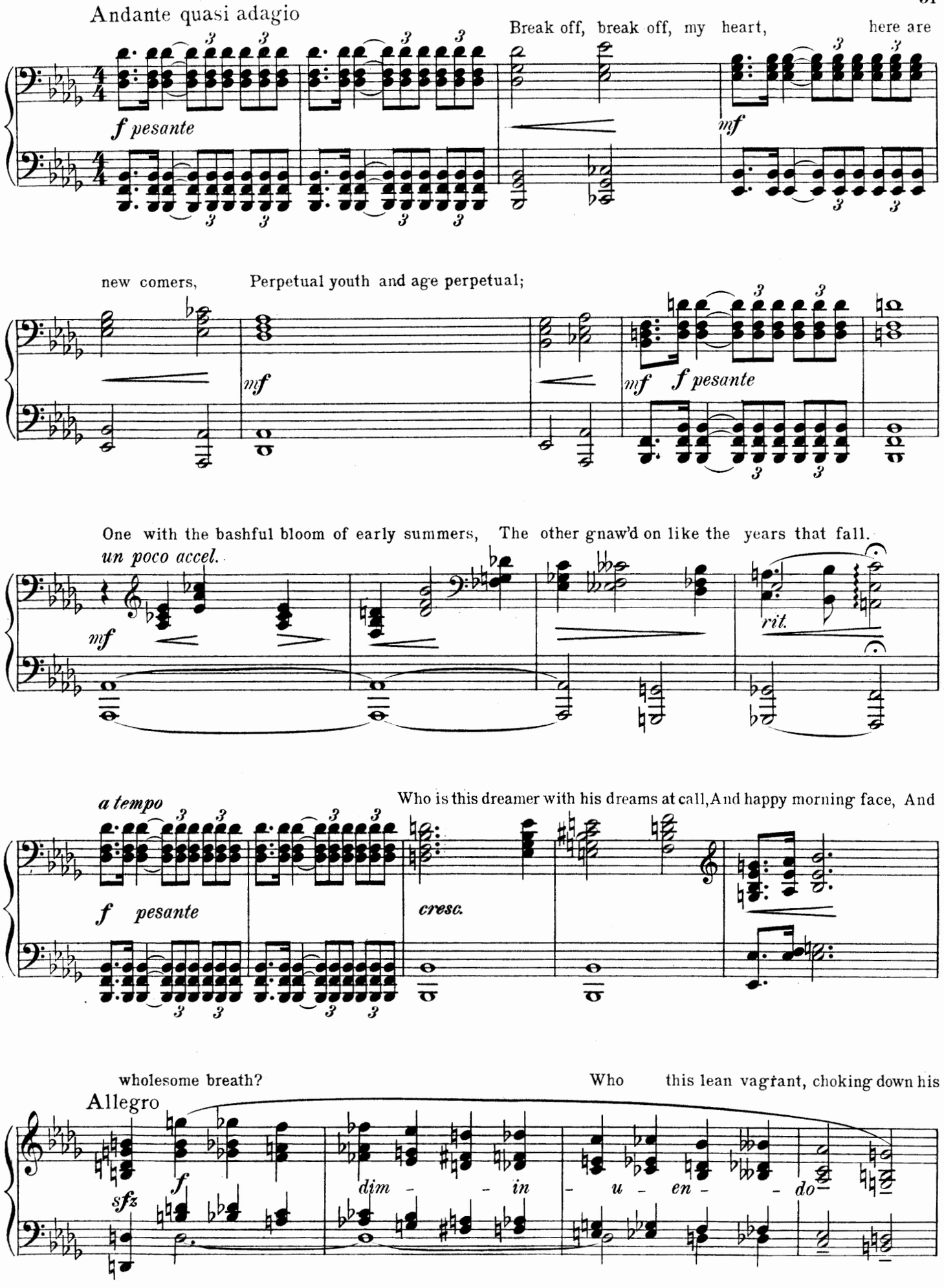

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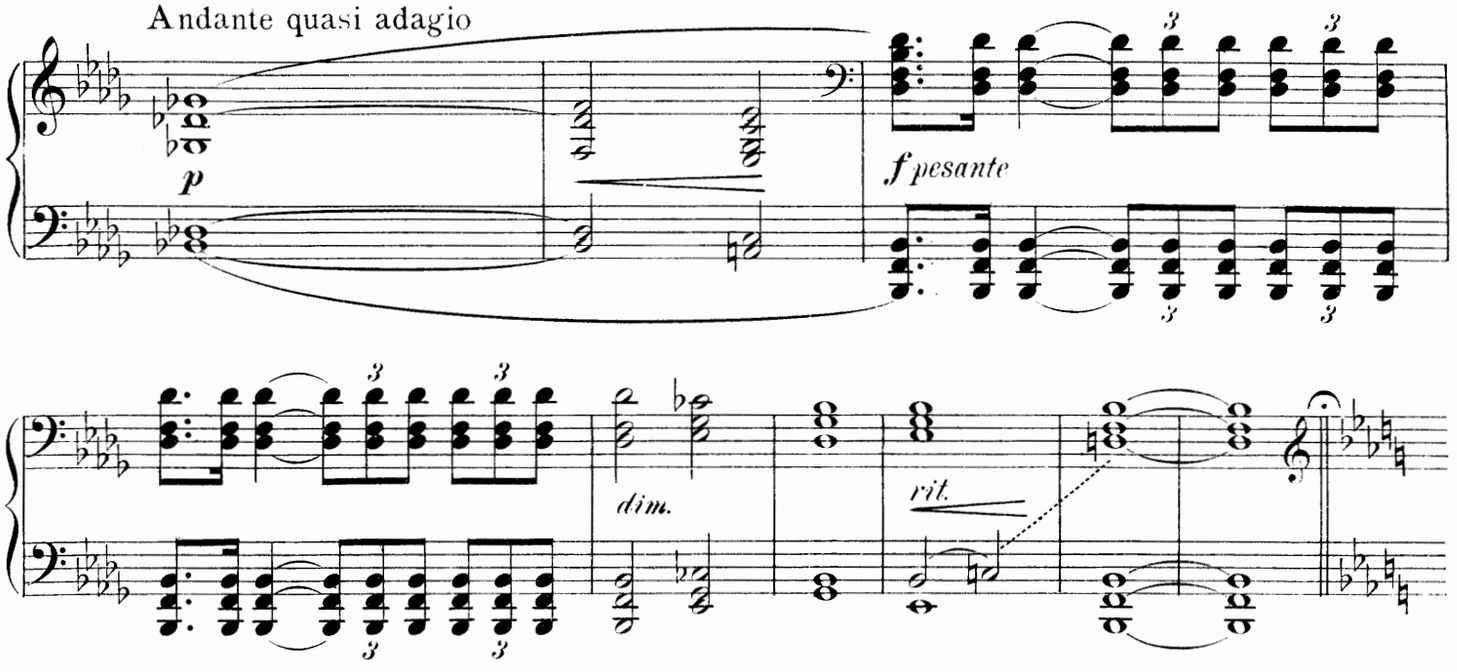
gall As he should grudge to void it upon Death?

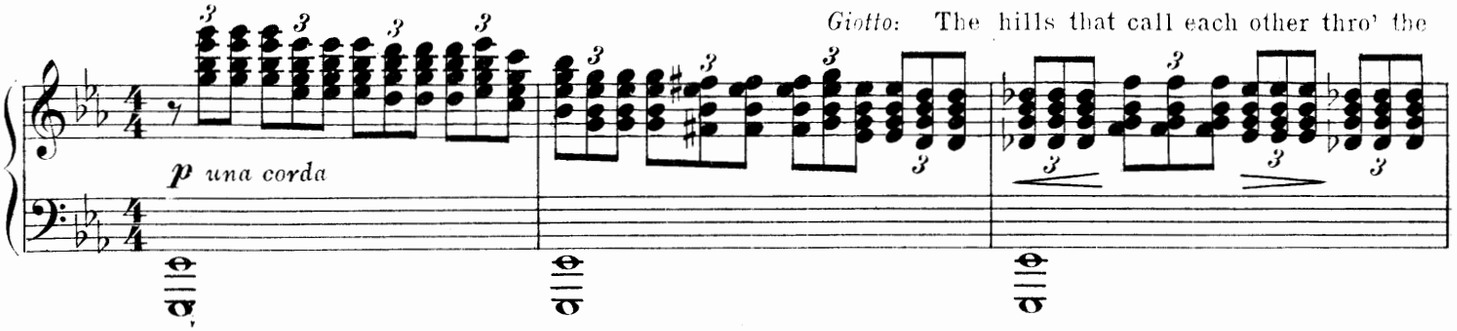
Andante quasi adagio



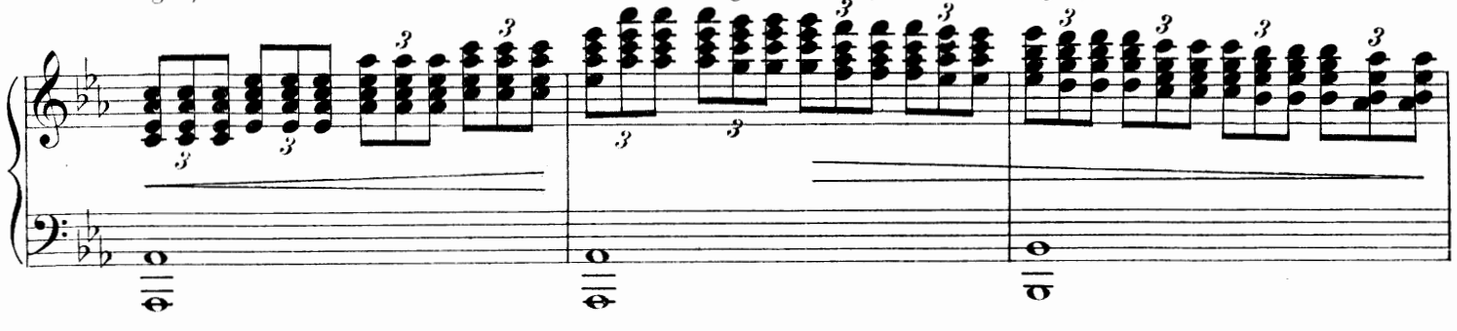
(Giotto, figured as a young man carrying a shock of spring boughs.)

Allegro moderato

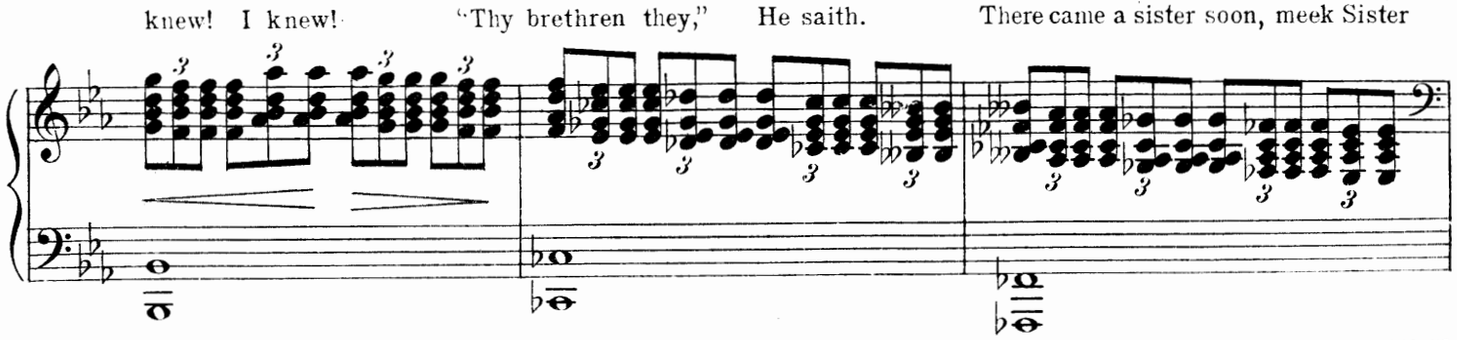
Giotto: The hills that call each other thro' the



night, The stars that sing of silence, the trees of light, I



knew! I knew! "Thy brethren they," He saith. There came a sister soon, meek Sister



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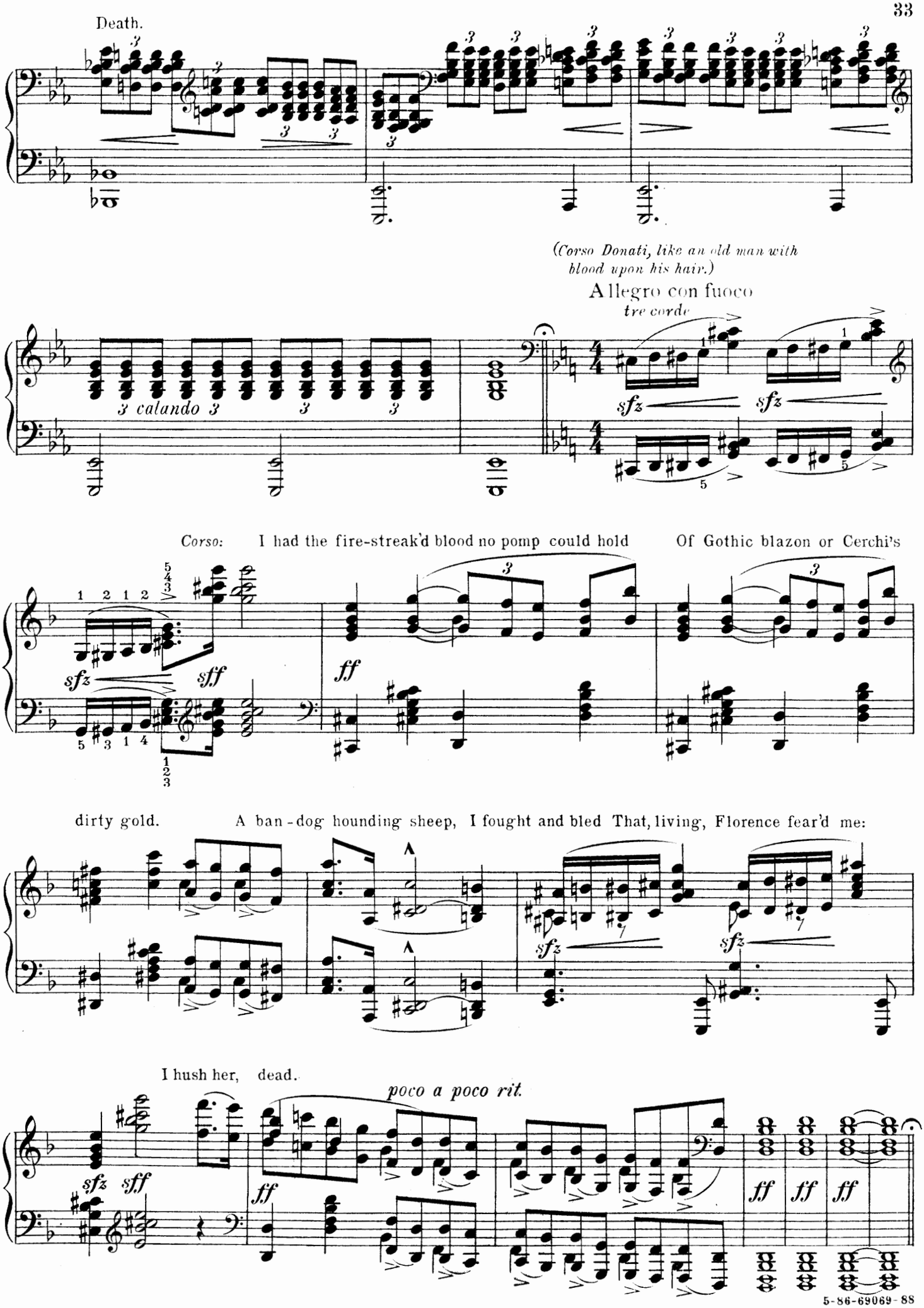

Death.
(Corso Donati, like an old man with blood upon his hair.)
Allegro con fuoco
tre corde
3 calando 3
Corso: I had the fire-streak'd blood no pomp could hold Of Gothic blazon or Cerchi's
dirty gold. A ban-dog hounding sheep, I fought and bled That, living, Florence fear'd me:
I hush her, dead.
poco a poco rit.

Chorus

Andante e tranquillo

p *cresc.*

One doth make what one doth mar; One brings peace, an-oth-er war.

p *cresc.*

mf *p*

See what Flo-rence' chil-dren are One bit her, one did kiss the scar.

mf

(Enter four Shades.)

Allegro tempestuoso

f *cresc.* *sff*

(Farinata in his armor, with a naked sword.)

Farinata. The fire that rages in me outburns Hell;

mf

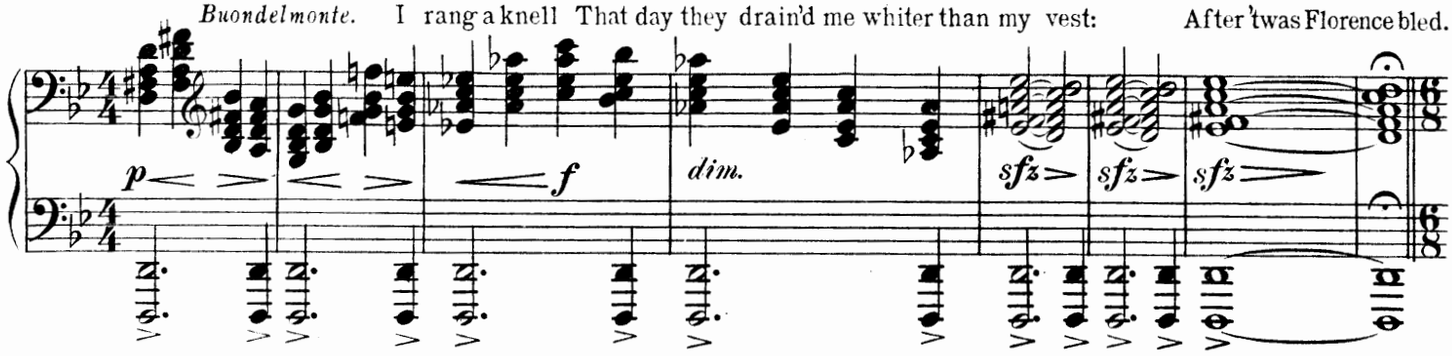
I am the pride of Florence!

dim. *p*

(Buondelmonte in a white silken doublet.)

Andante

Buondelmonte. I rang a knell That day they drain'd me whiter than my vest: After 'twas Florence bled.

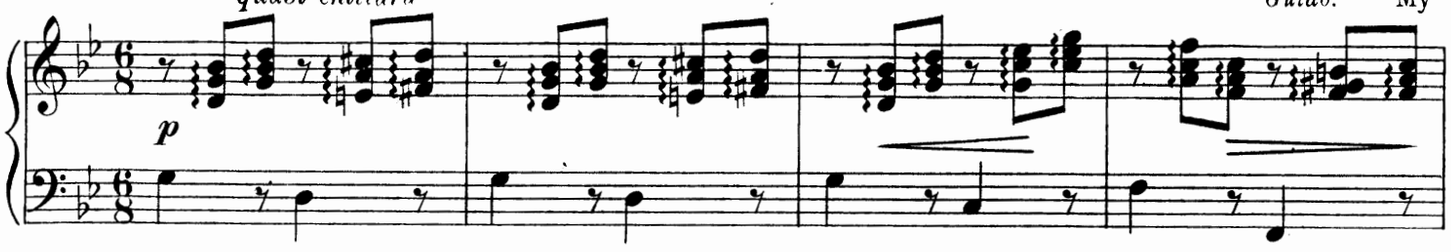


(Guido Cavalcante with a lute, and a peacock's feather stuck in his cap.)

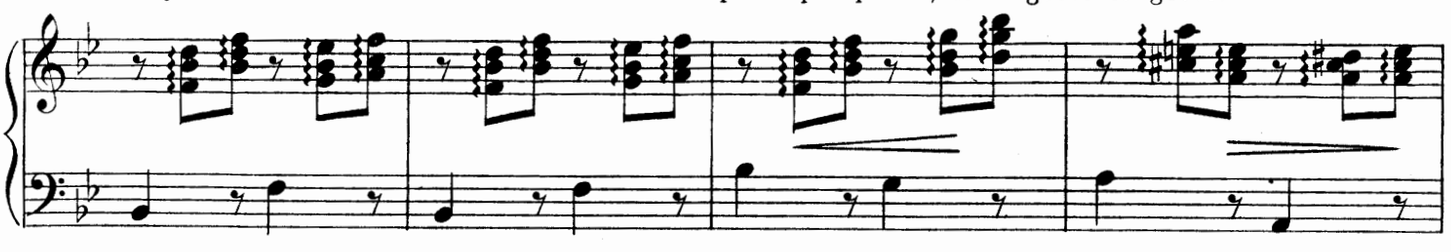
Allegretto

quasi chittara

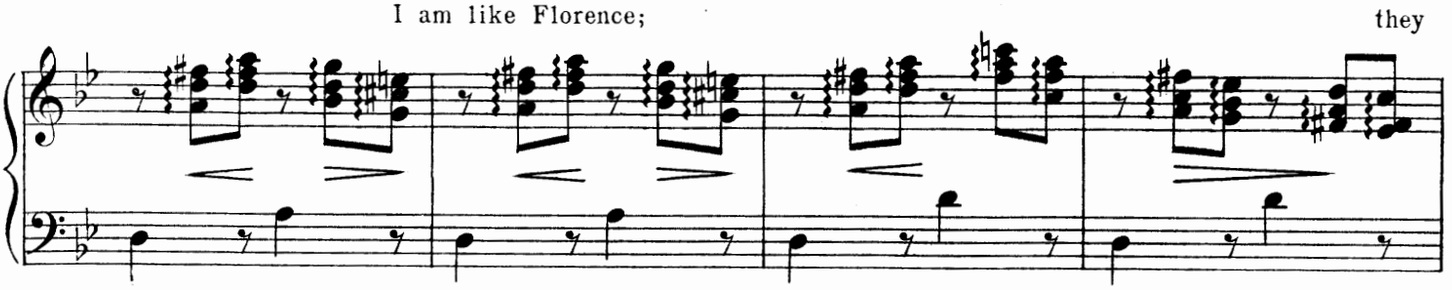
Guido: My



way was best. From lip to lip I pass'd, from grove to grove:

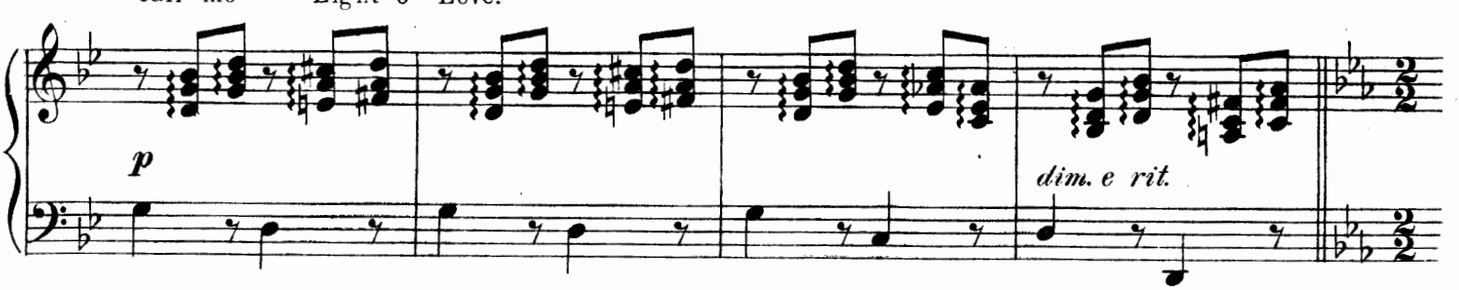


I am like Florence; they



(Piccarda Donati, with the Minoress' cord and sandals.)

call me Light o' Love.



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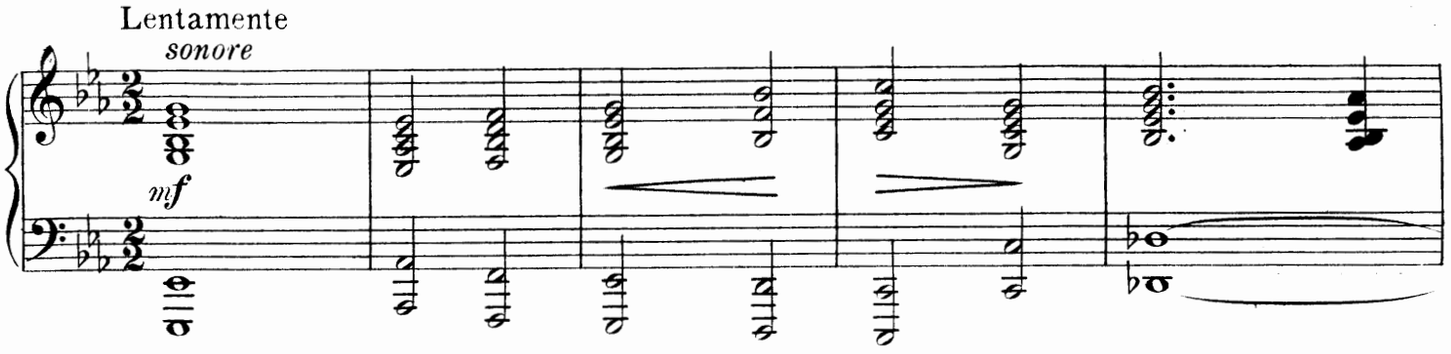
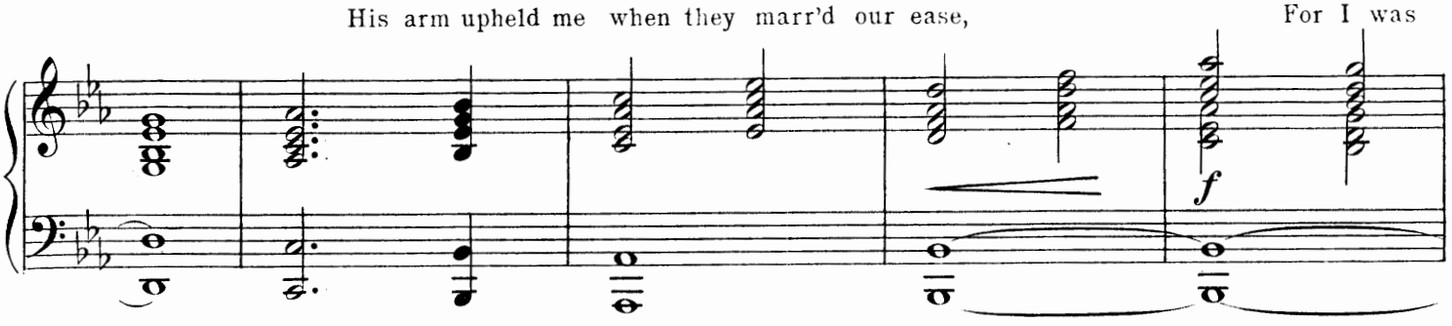
Piccarda: Rear'd in a goshawk's nest, I flew to peace; Plighted to sin, I wedded the white Christ:

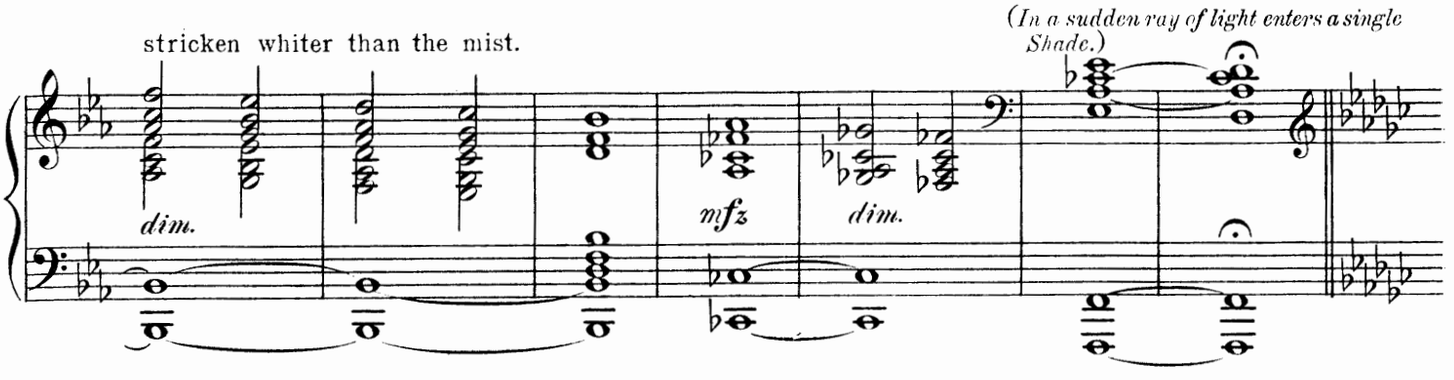


His arm upheld me when they marr'd our ease, For I was



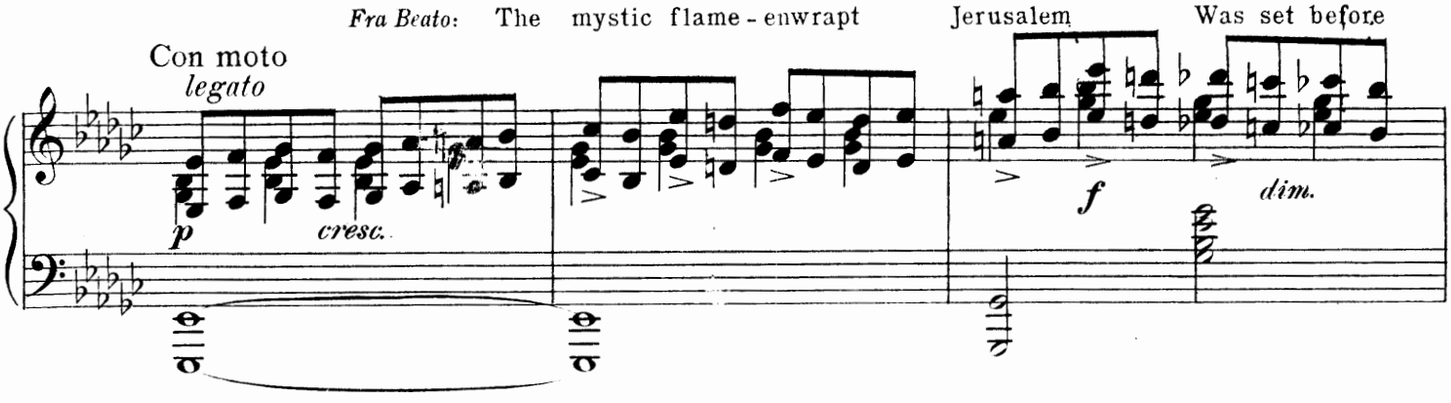
stricken whiter than the mist.

(*In a sudden ray of light enters a single Shade.*)

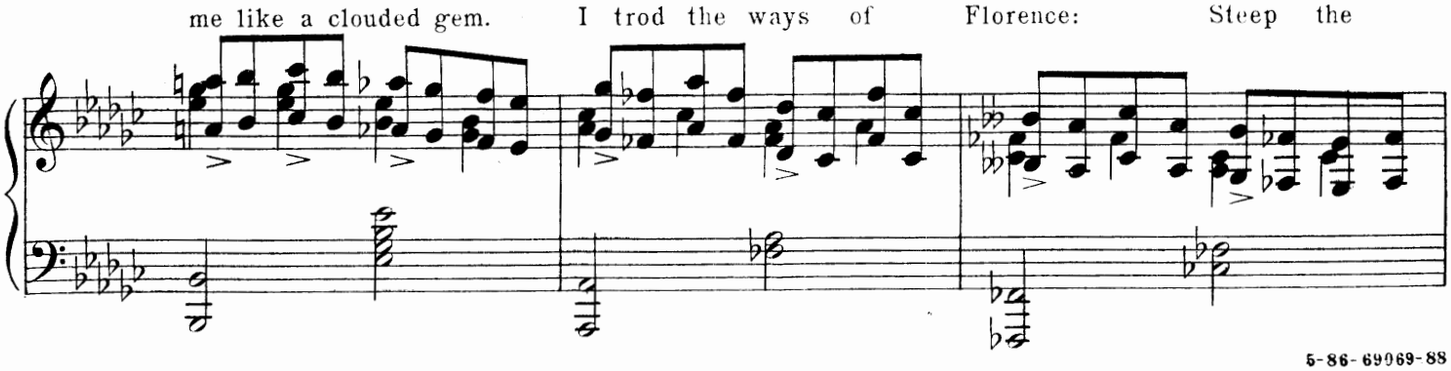


(*Fra Beato Angelico, in black and white habit. He carries a lily in one hand. On his shoulder burns a star.*)

Fra Beato: The mystic flame-enwrapt Jerusalem Was set before



me like a clouded gem. I trod the ways of Florence: Steep the



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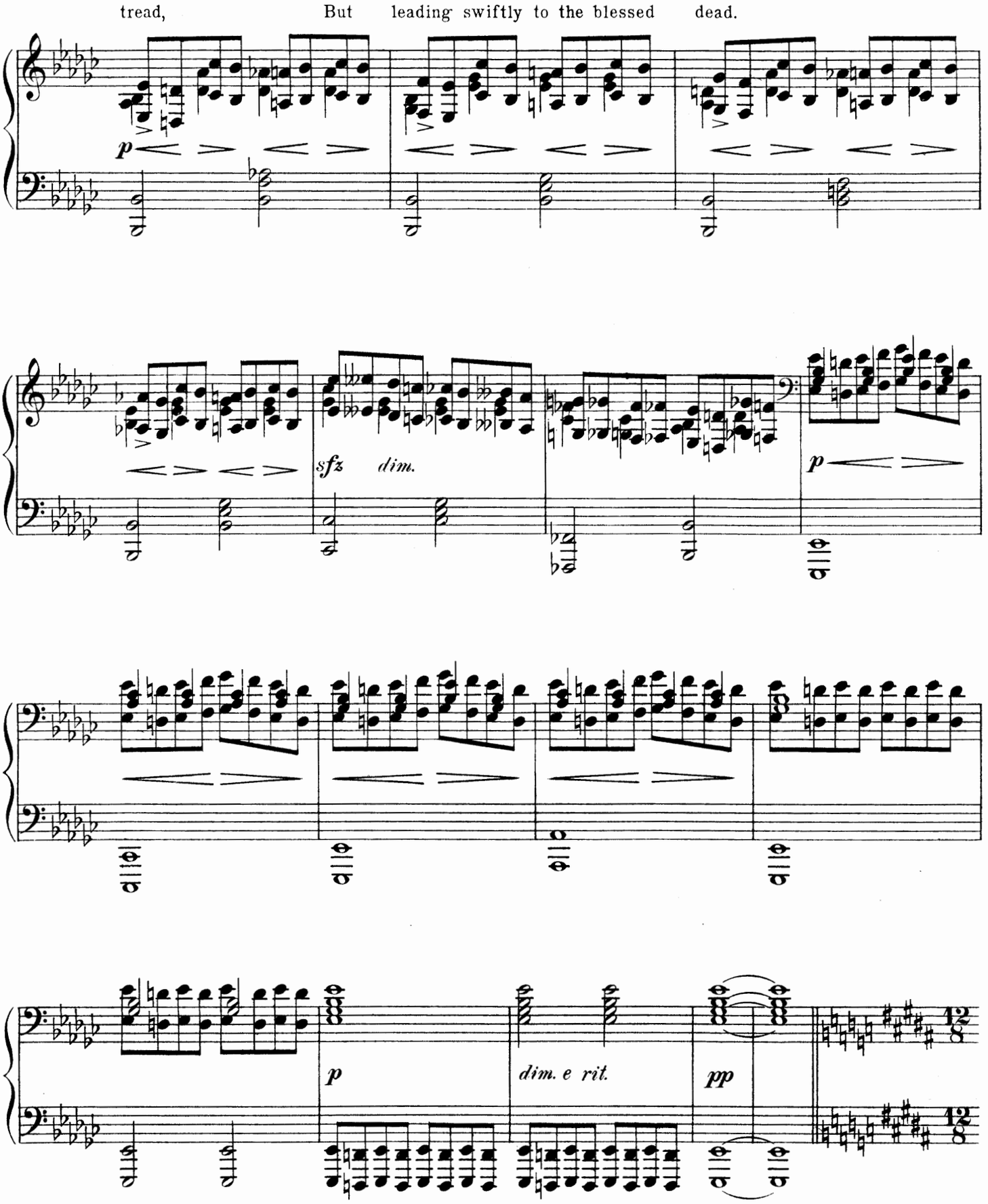
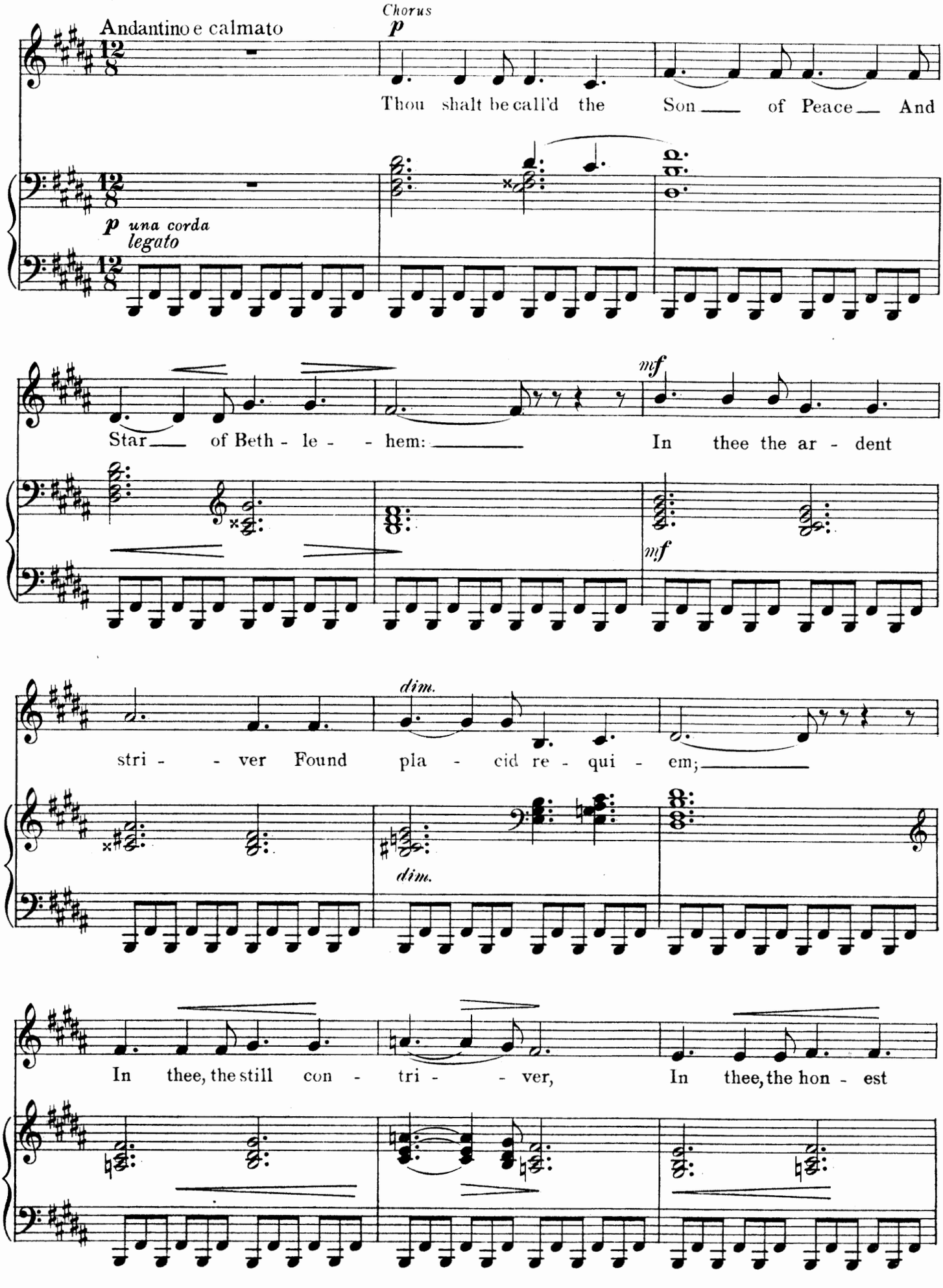

tread,
But leading swiftly to the blessed dead.
p
sfz dim.
p
p
dim. e rit.
pp
12/8
12/8


Andantino e calmato
Chorus
p
Thou shalt be call'd the Son of Peace And
p una corda
legato
Star of Beth - le - - hem:
mf
In thee the ar - dent
mf
dim.
stri - - ver Found pla - cid re - qui - em;
dim.
In thee, the still con - tri - - ver,
In thee, the hon - est

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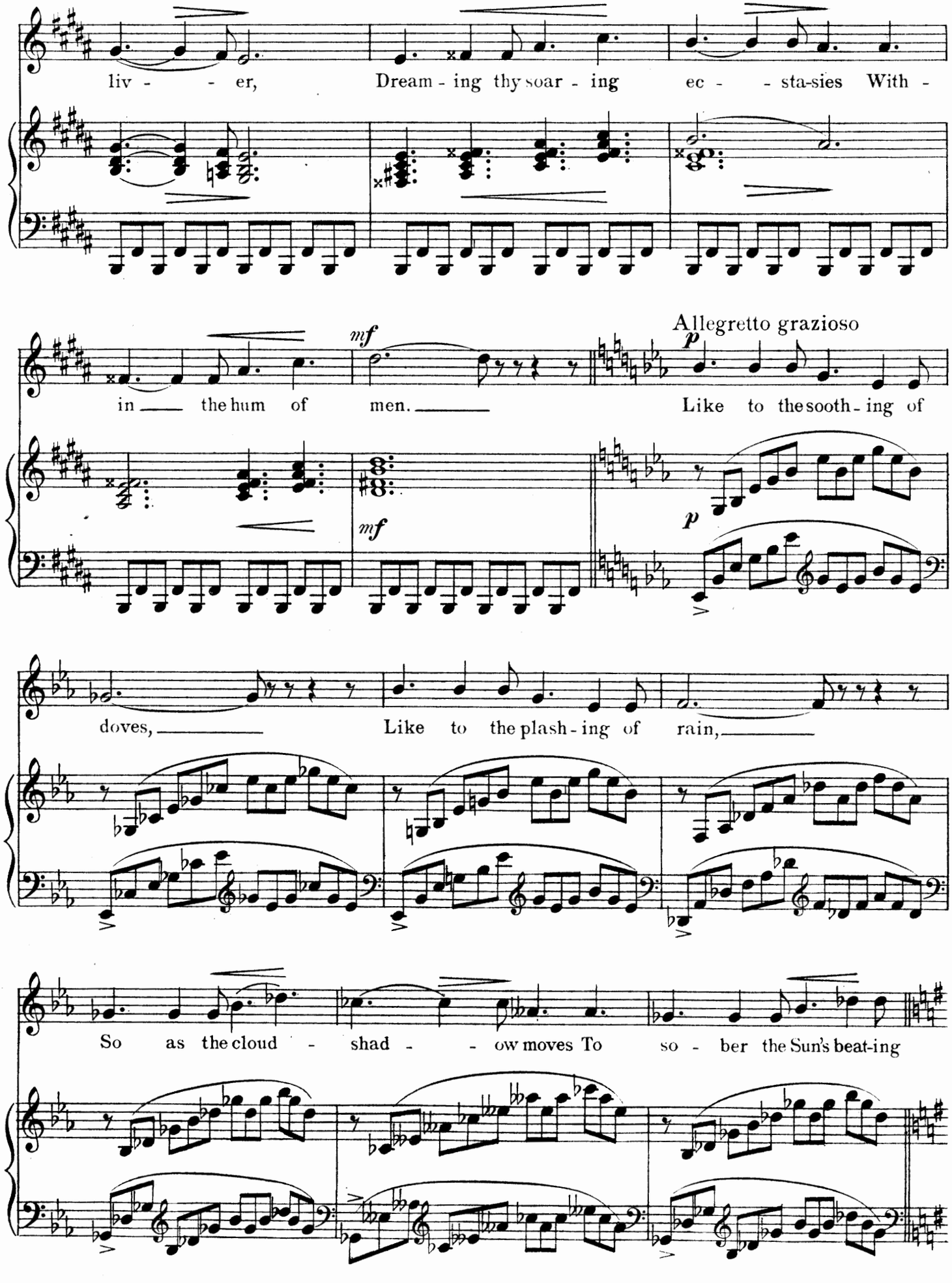
liv - - er, Dream - ing thy soar - ing ec - - sta-sies With -
mf
in the hum of men.
Allegretto grazioso
p
Like to the sooth - ing of
mf
p
doves, Like to the plash - ing of rain,
So as the cloud - shad - - ow moves To so - ber the Sun's beat-ing

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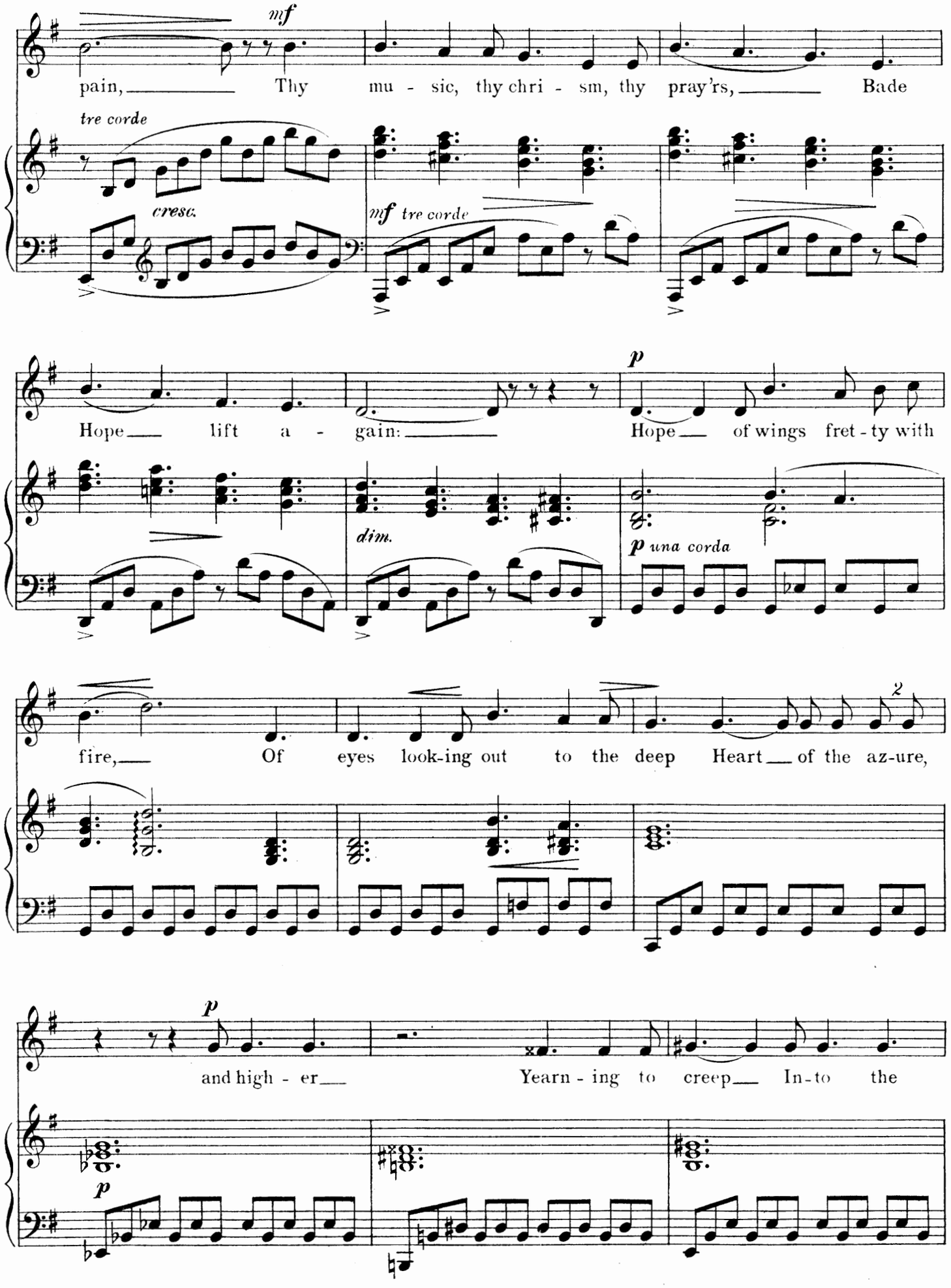
mf
pain, Thy mu - sic, thy chri - sm, thy pray'rs, Bade
tre corde
cresc.
mf tre corde
p
Hope lift a - gain: Hope of wings fret - ty with
dim.
p una corda
fire, Of eyes look-ing out to the deep Heart of the az-ure,
2
p
and high - er Yearn - ing to creep In-to the
p

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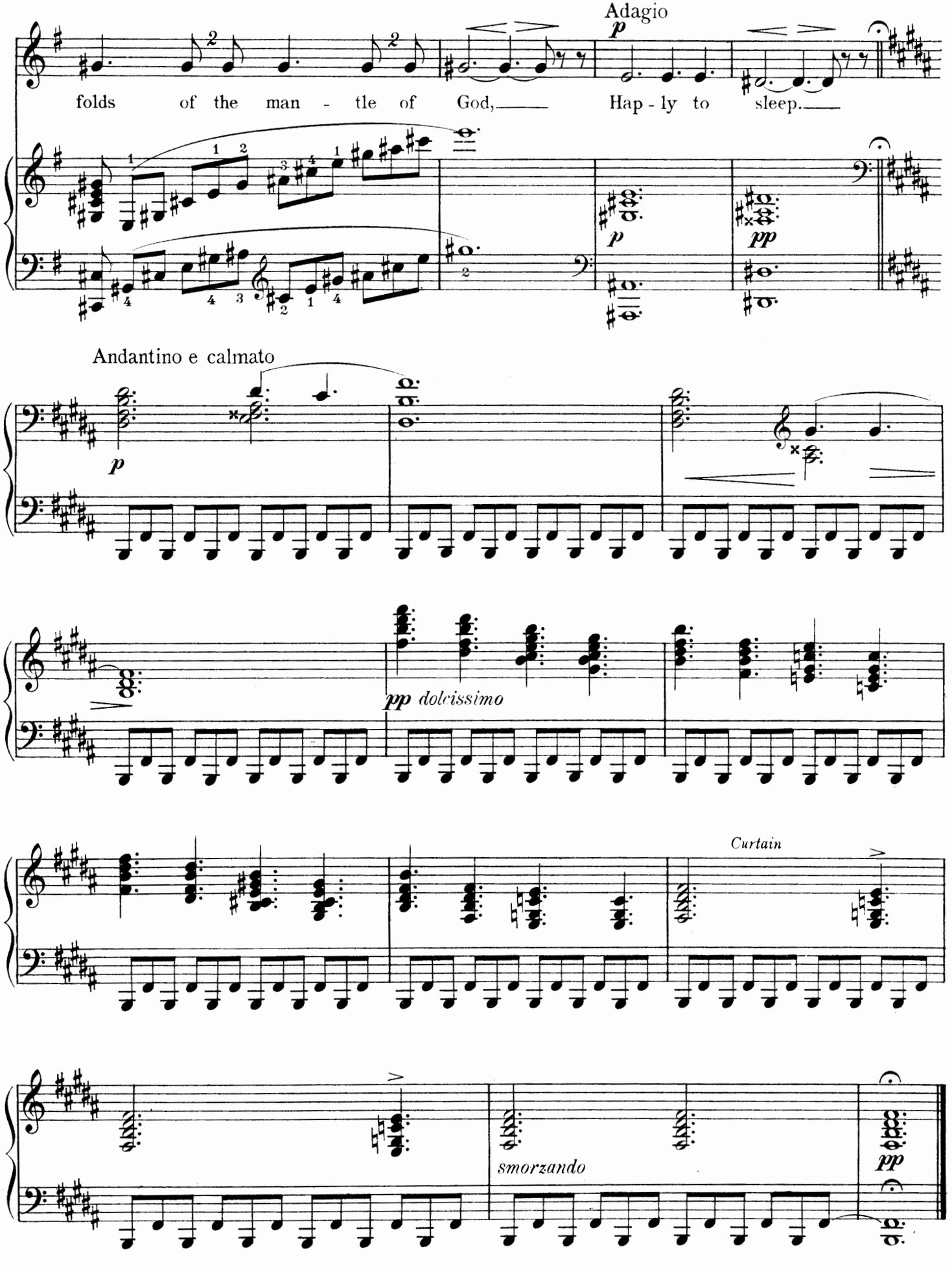

End of Part I

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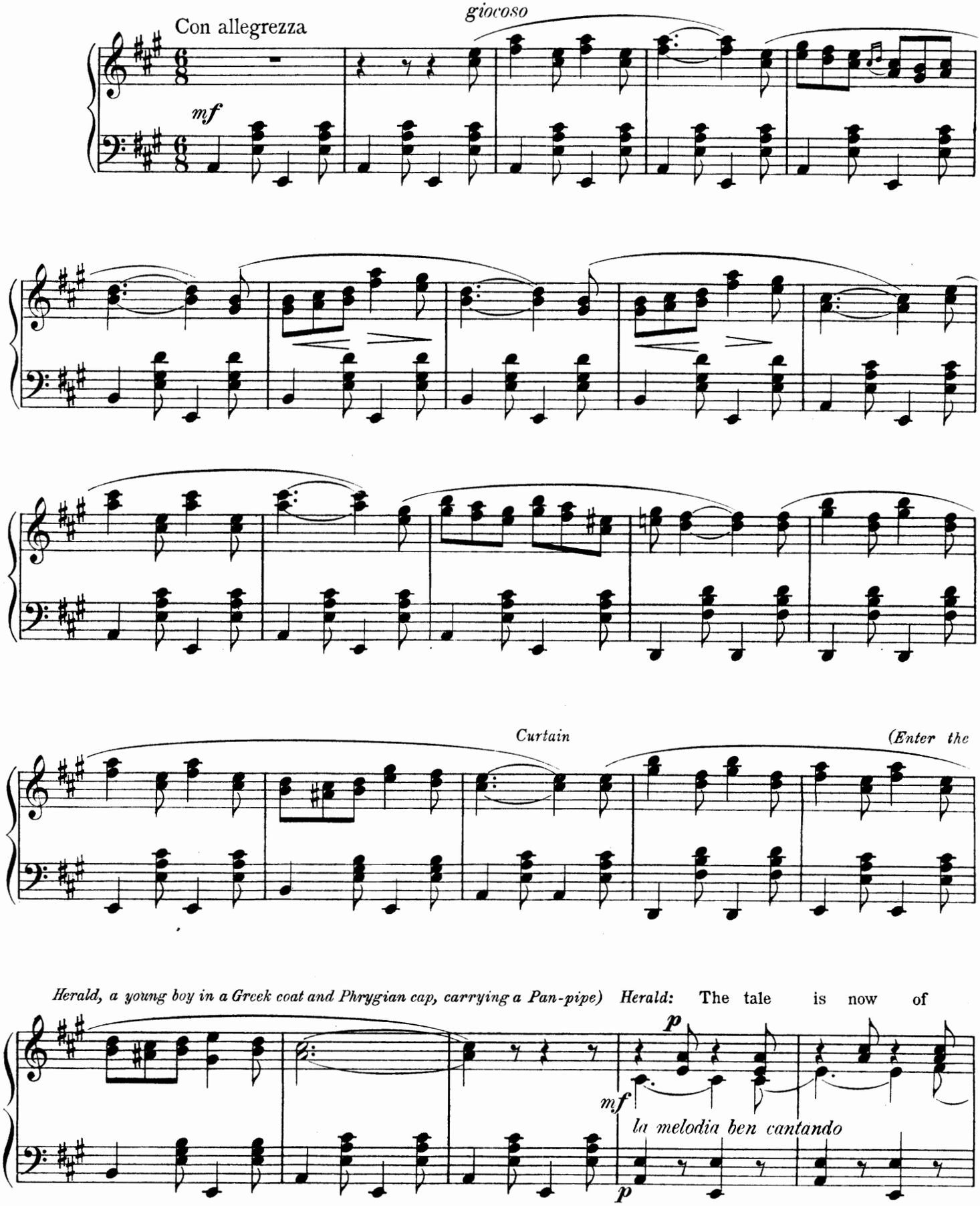
PART II



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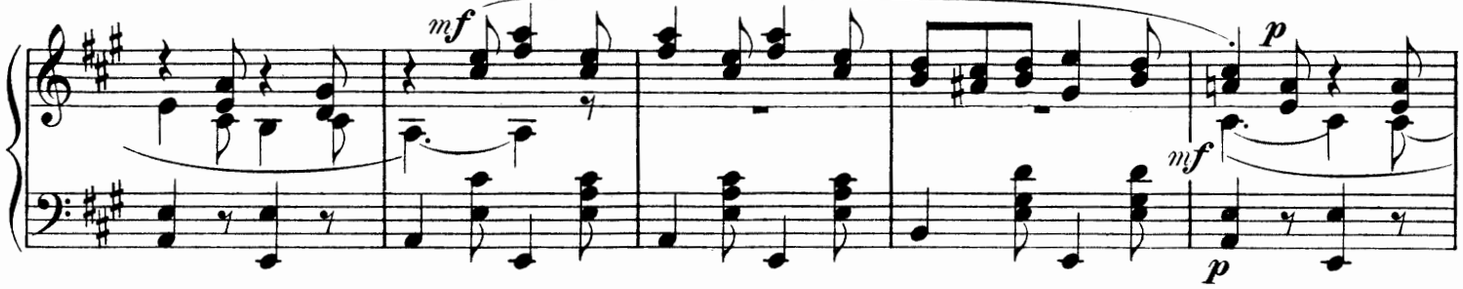
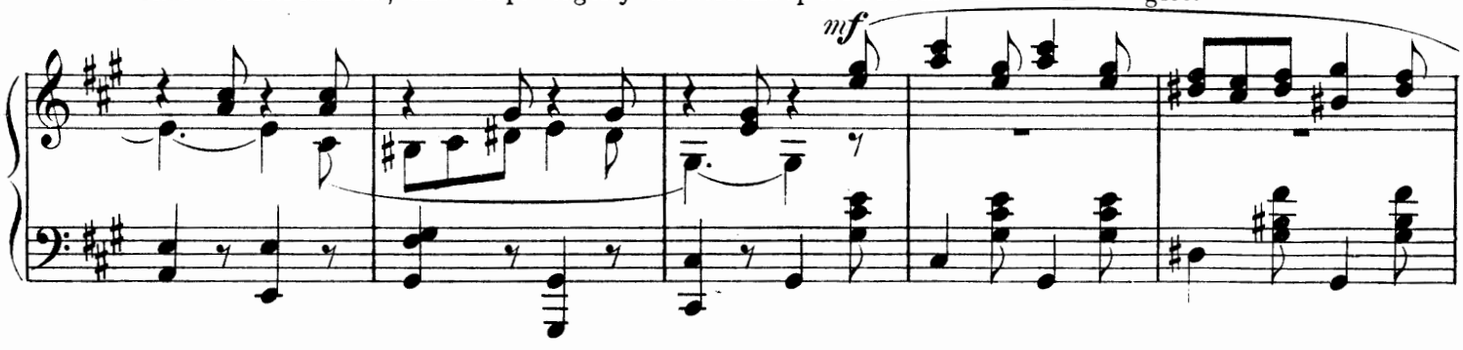
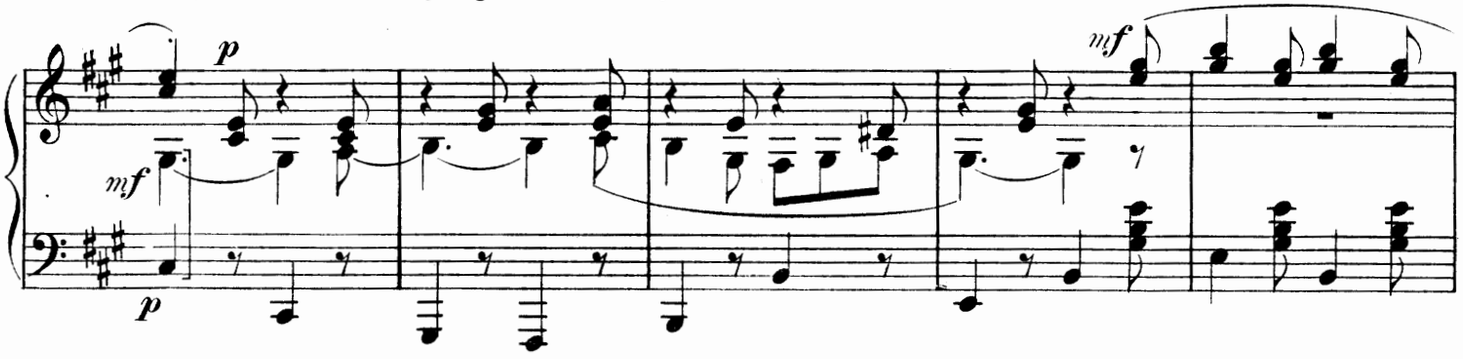
Love and Italy And Art, their fosterling, of that new time When first the Sun scatter'd the hoary



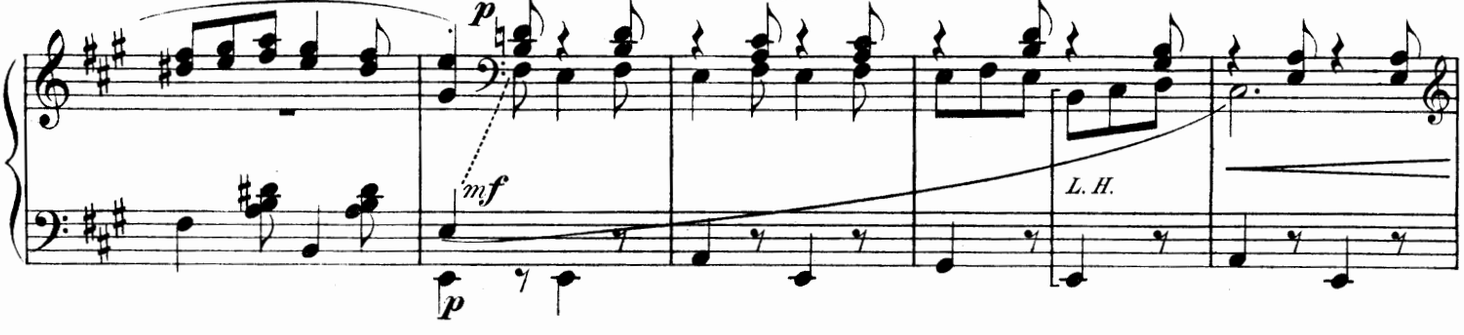
rime Of older fashions, and leapt eagerly Forward and up to flood the new with glee.



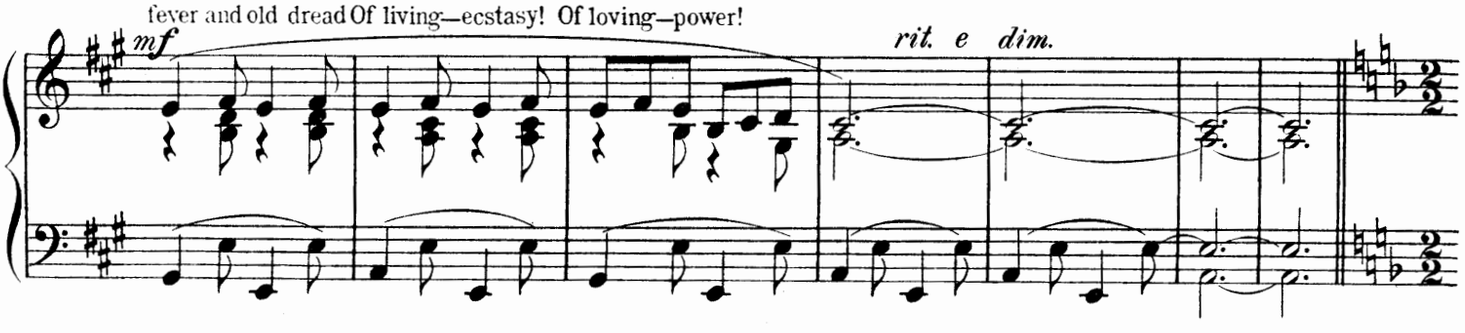
Then, when the world was young and saw in rhyme And color move all Nature, the sublime Prism and



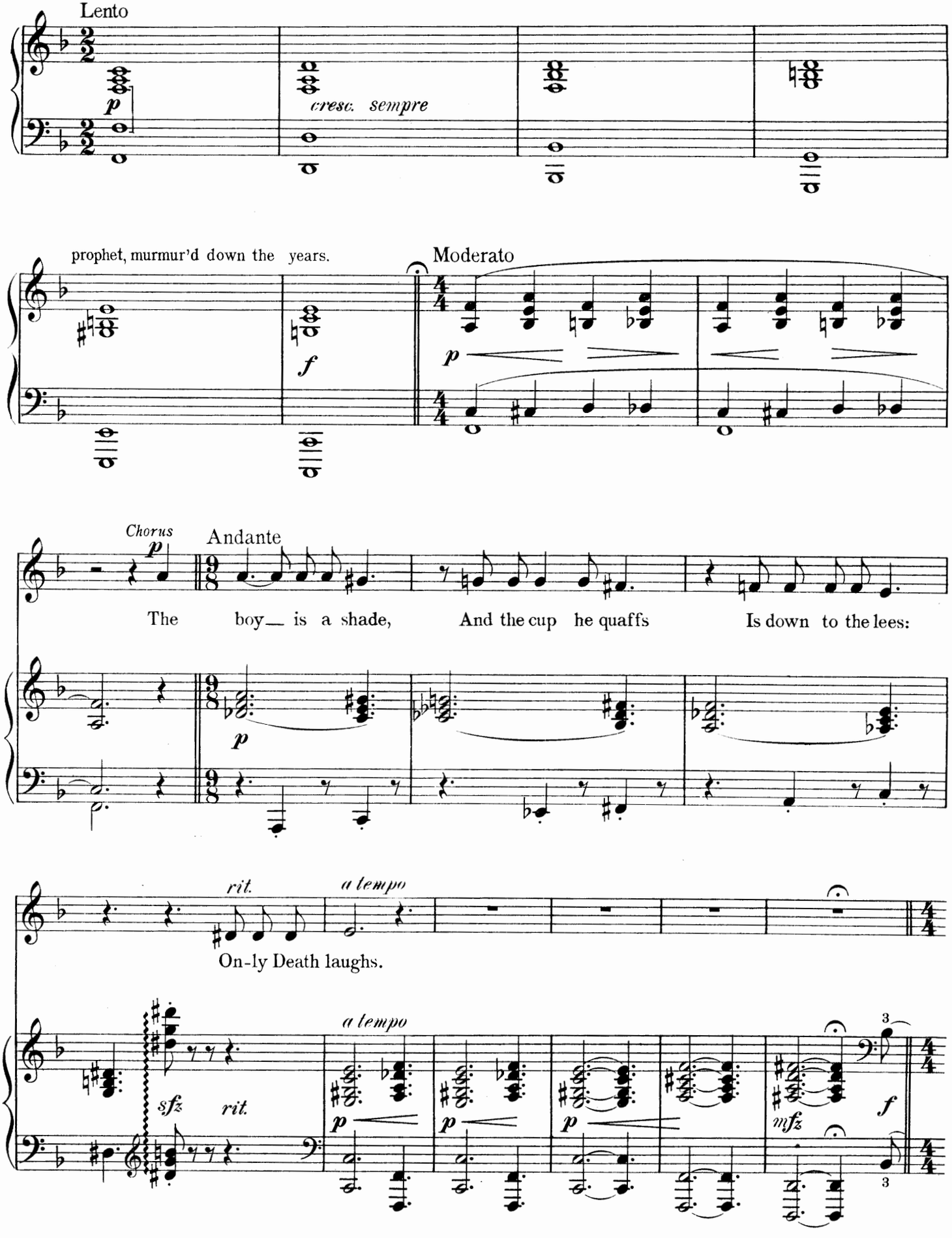
chord of God lay plain to see. Then every maid held godhead, every flower A sacrament, the



fever and old dread Of living—ecstasy! Of loving—power!



So Love call'd from the grave the mighty dead: And he that voiced the music of the spheres, Plato the



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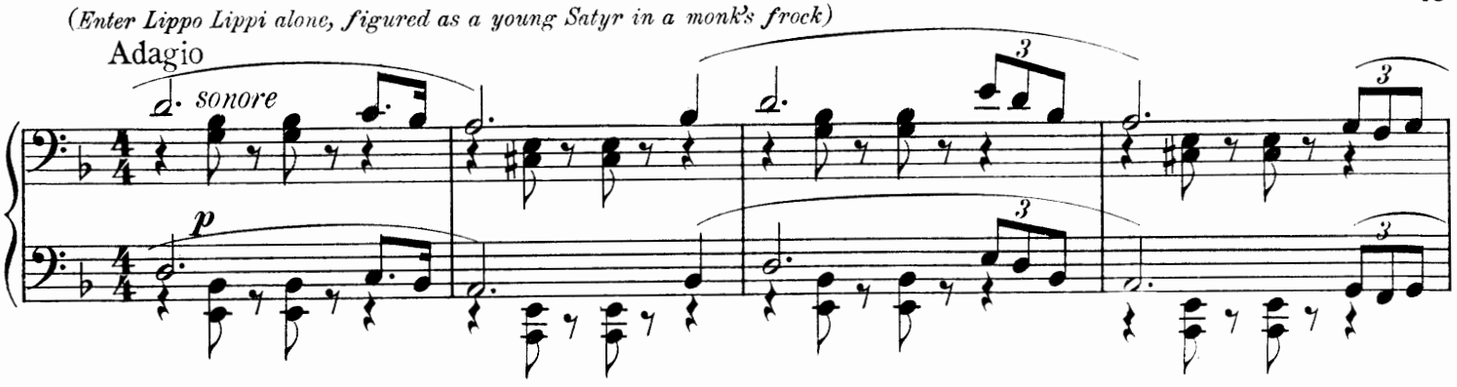
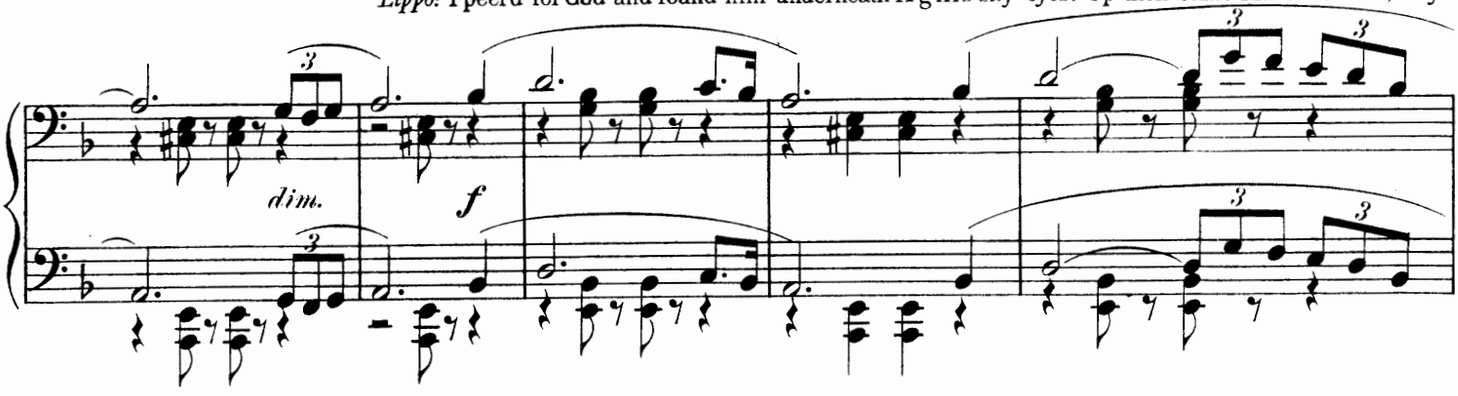
(Enter Lippo Lippi alone, figured as a young Satyr in a monk's frock)

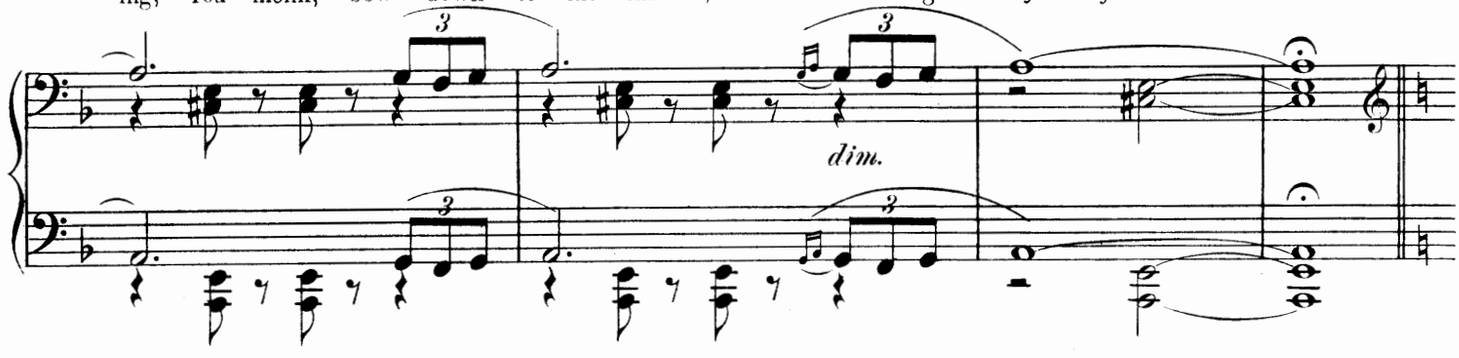
Adagio



Lippo: I peer'd for God and found him underneath A girl's shy eyes. Up then came Master Death, Say-



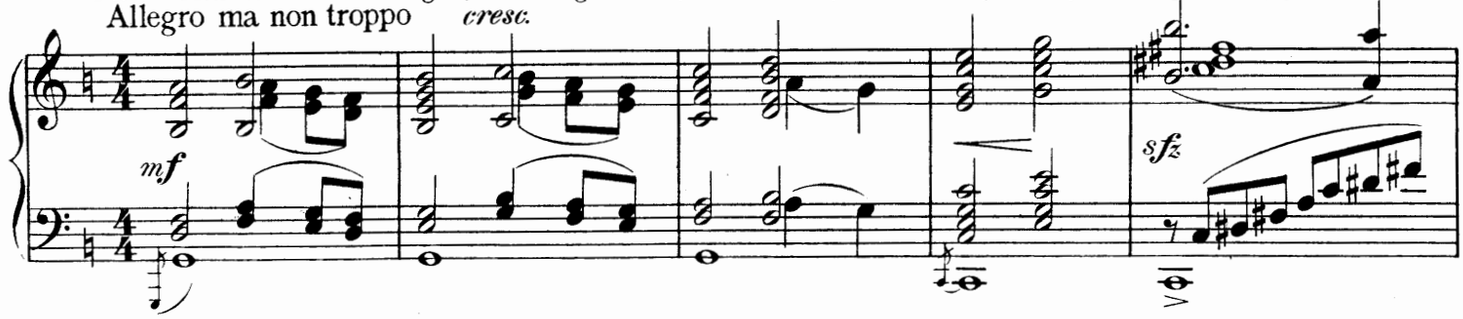
ing, "You monk, bow down to me instead; Here is no god for you." My wench was dead.



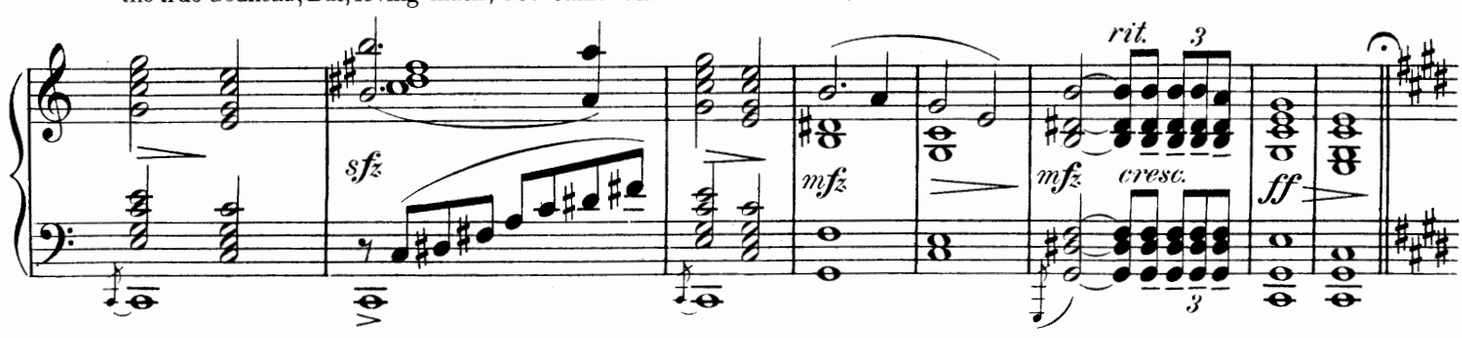
(Gio. Pico of Mirandola. He is a youth in soft raiment, reading in a Hebrew book)

Pico: Men call'd me Paragon; I challenged Rome; Rome frown'd, I fled: on many a dusty tome I ponder'd, yet found not

Allegro ma non troppo *cresc.*



the true Godhead; But, loving much, God came and laid me dead.



(Bartolommeo Scala in his burgher's dress, and spectacles pushed on to his forehead)

Scala: They dubb'd me inexpert, and set me slave At

Allegretto con moto

mp *con grazia*

lacquey work: my heart to Greek I gave. Had I that

fair sort that I coveted? I strove, I strain'd to reach, I

clutch'd, — 'twas dead.

rit. *e* *dim.*

(Lionardo da Vinci with a long white beard. He walks painfully with a crutch)

Maestoso

Lionardo: Too curious!

ff *largamente*

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Art short solace gave my spirit. Too curious! Power contented not my merit.

Too curious! Life itself me wearied. The living tire to death: we wait, we dead.

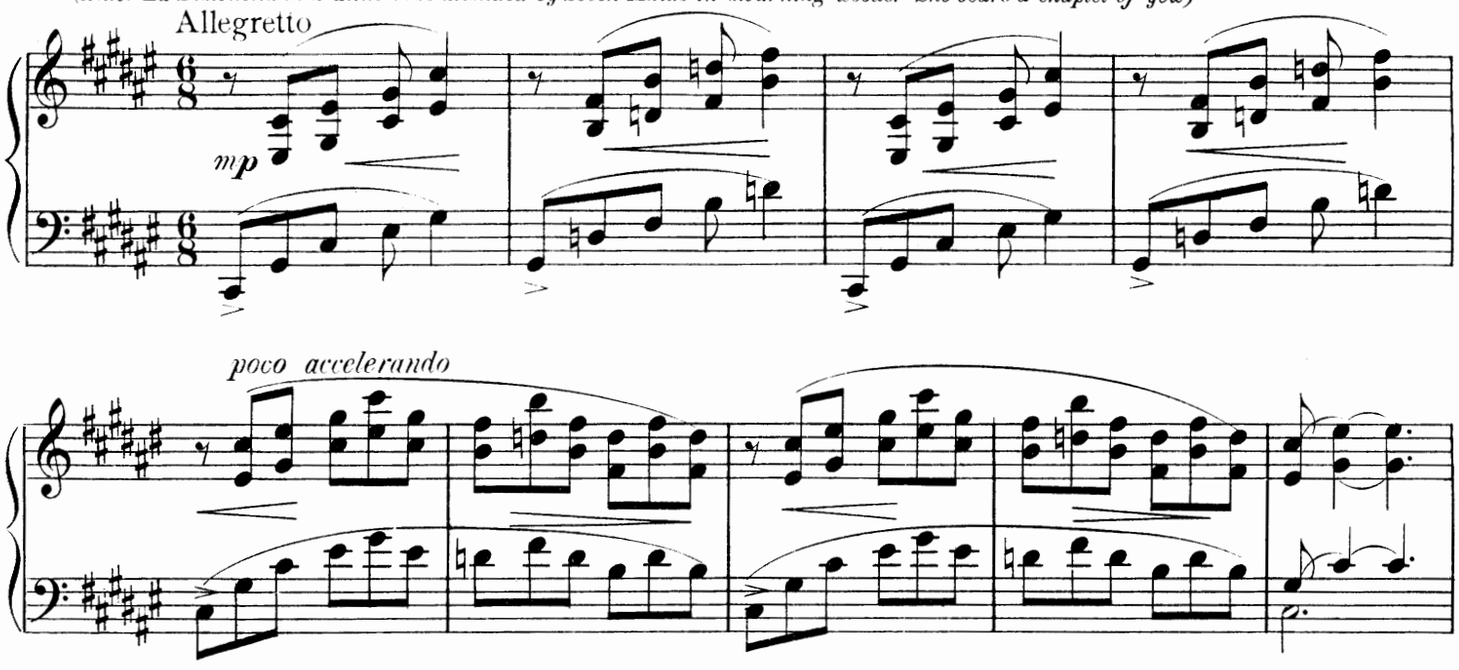
Chorus

Andantino

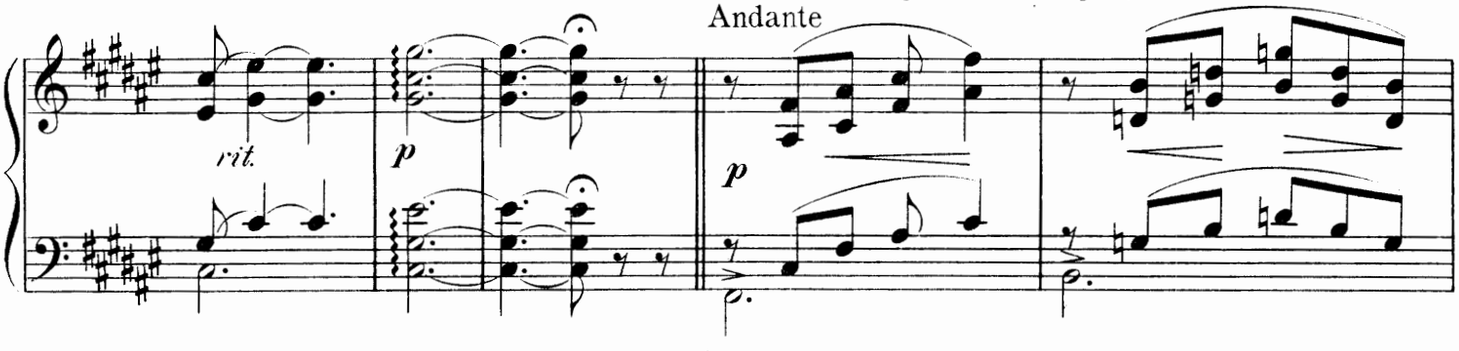
Blind, blind, blind! As sheep in the rain. Blind as the

Worm that be - guiled The Moth - er of Cain.

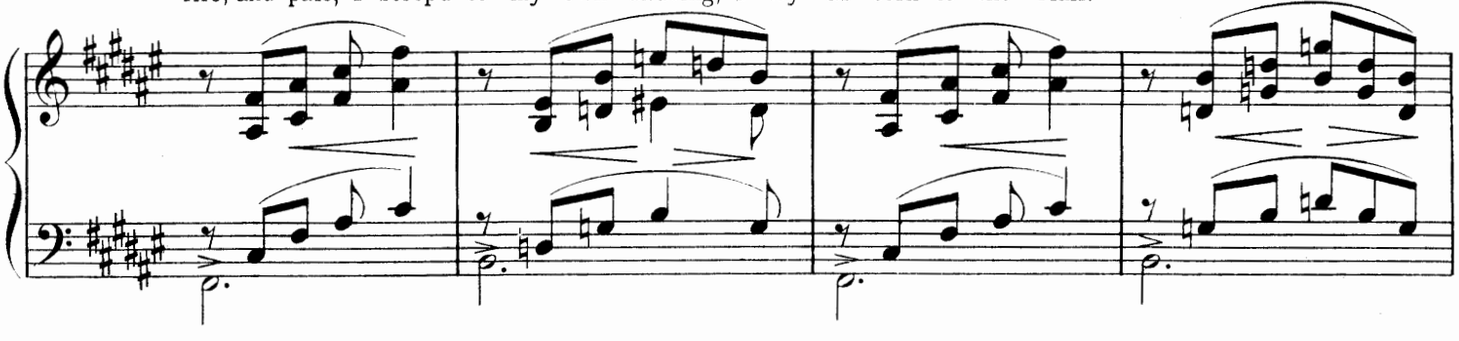
(Enter La Simonetta in a white robe attended by Seven Maids in mourning weeds. She bears a chaplet of yew)



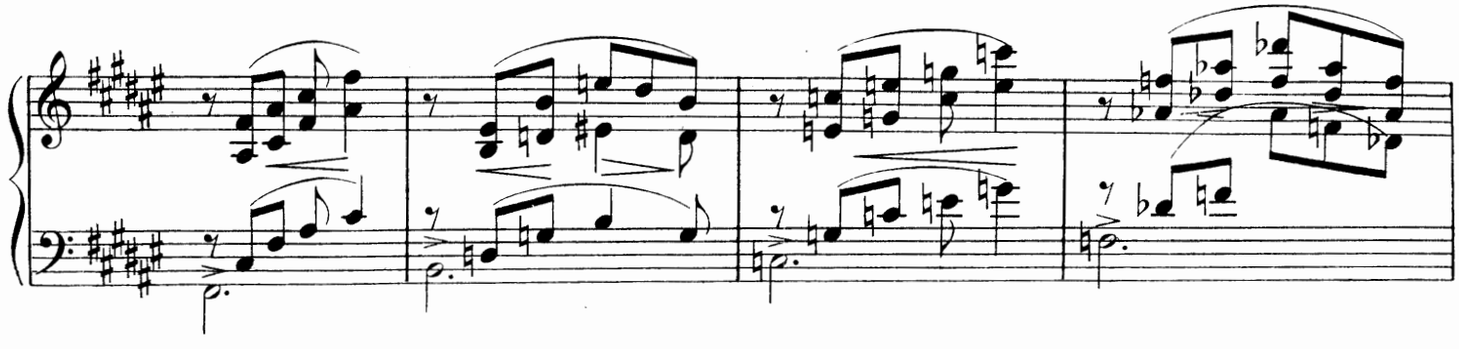
Simonetta: Once a virgin of virgins, Crown'd as with



fire, and pale, I stoop'd to my own undoing, I lay as corn to the flail.



The Seven: As a lily - stalk snapp'd by hail She fell to her girdle's undoing, Nor tears



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could avail. *Simonetta:* As the hawk on his wrist he was hard, As the

quail's my blithesomeness froze; I stood ashamed in the pasture, My eyes were wide as the roe's.

Allegretto

mf

The Seven: With her lapful of flowers she uprose: All

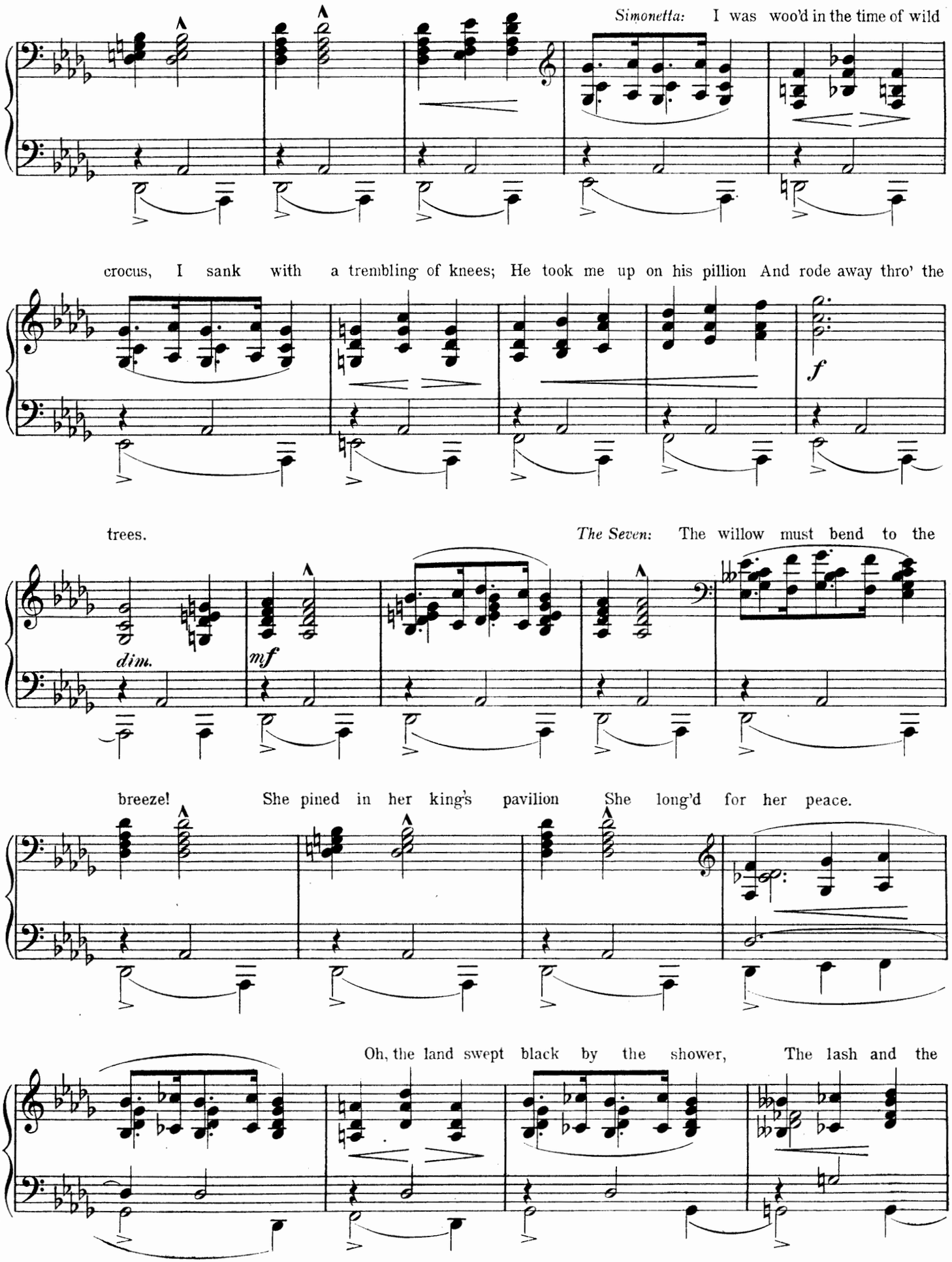
tenderly white was her vesture, She blush'd like a rose.

p subito cresc. *f* *dim.*

Molto moderato e rubato

p

mf *allargando*


Simonetta: I was woo'd in the time of wild
crocus, I sank with a trembling of knees; He took me up on his pillion And rode away thro' the
f
trees.
The Seven: The willow must bend to the
dim.
mf
breeze! She pined in her king's pavilion She long'd for her peace.
Oh, the land swept black by the shower, The lash and the

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rain! She bow'd like a tired sweet flower, She

mp *cres* -

moan'd for her pain!

- - *cen* - - *do*

f *mf* *p*

Tempo I

p

Simonetta: Because, being fairer than the dawn, I trod The flowery way that lures a soul from God,

And gaged my youth against man's hardihead;

accelerando

a tempo *(La Simonetta and the Maids gradually retire.)*

Therefore I wear the bleak smile of the dead. *languendo*

sfz *p*

poco a poco rit.

p

(Comes Giuliano de' Medici in hunter's green. He carries a broken shaft in his hand. Following him are seven lads (sons of princes) dressed in sables.)

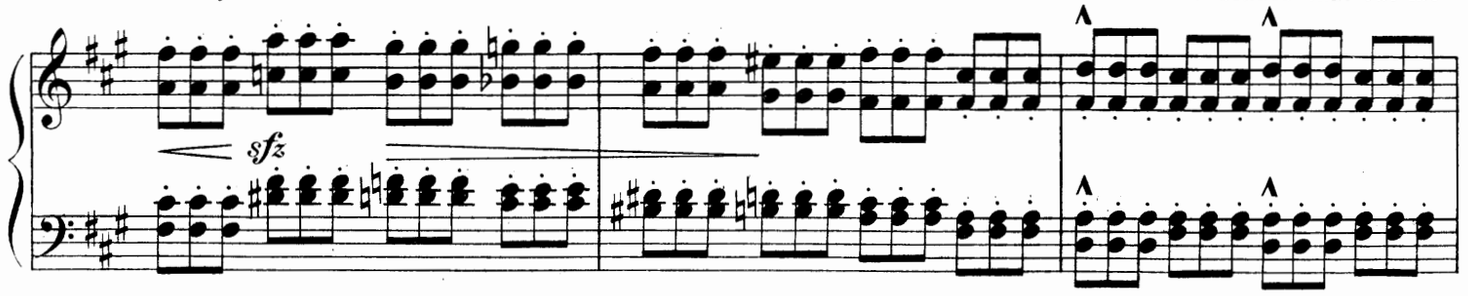
Tempo giusto

p

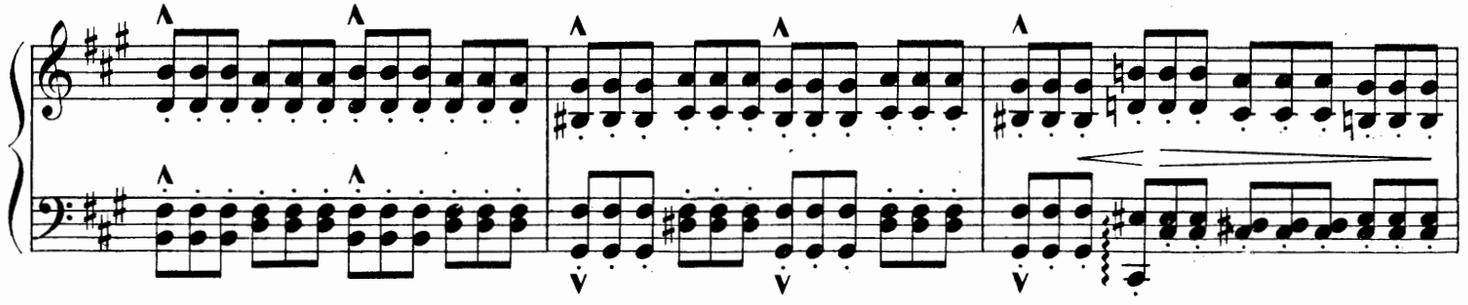
Giuliano: Once as a tiger-whelp I was athirst, And gnaw'd the breast where

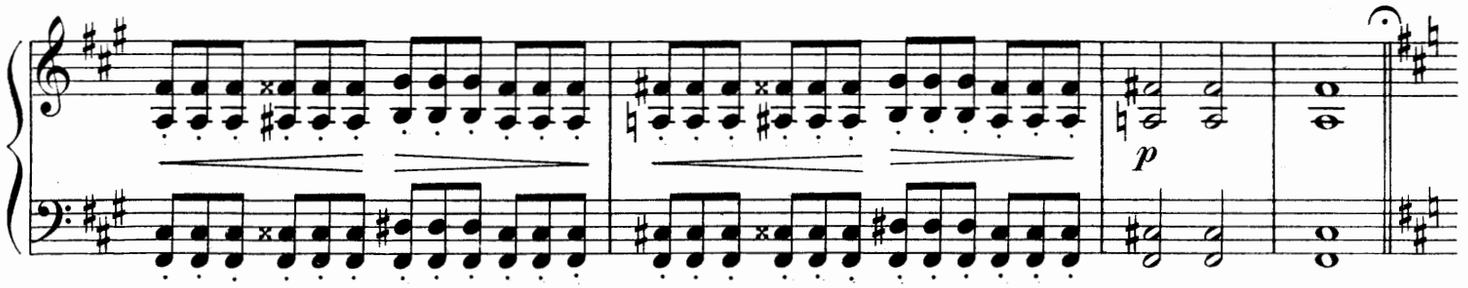
mf

kindly I was nursed. But thirstier the blades that cut me

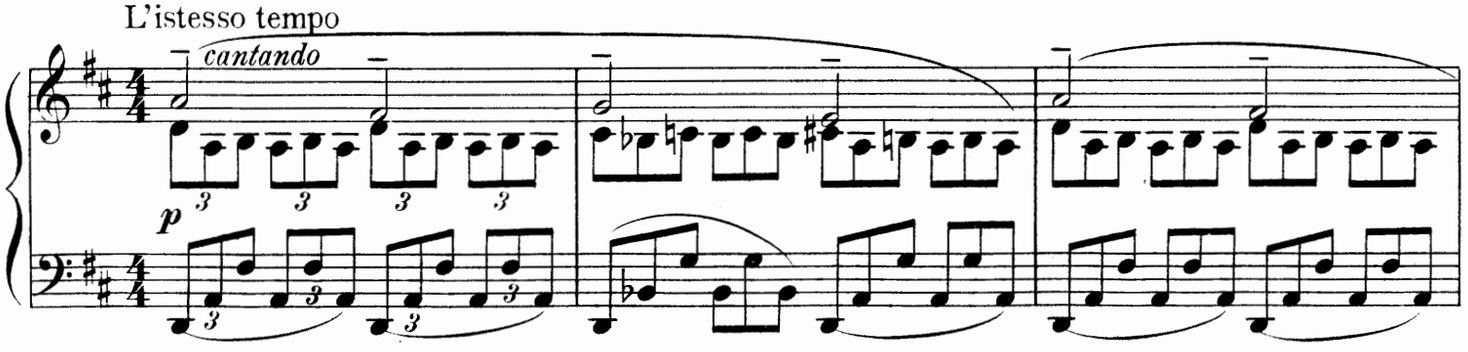


red, And sent me shaggy to the secret dead.

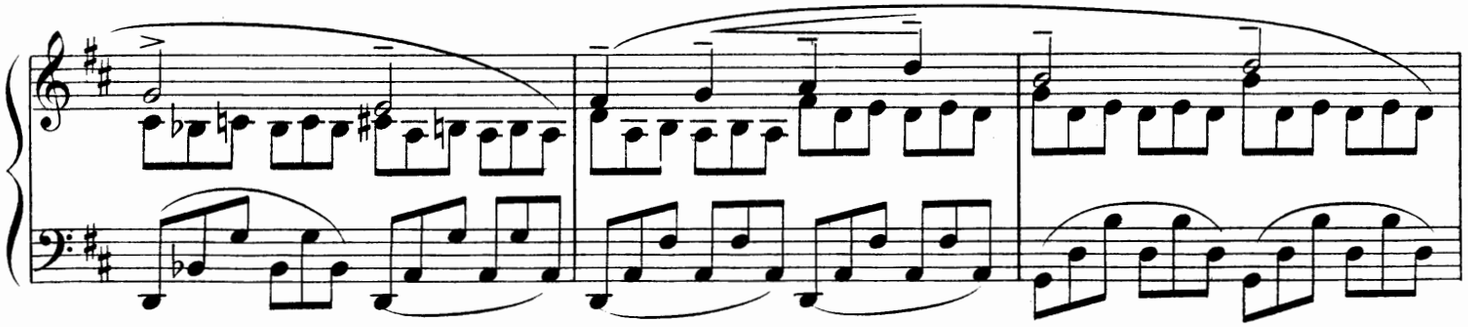




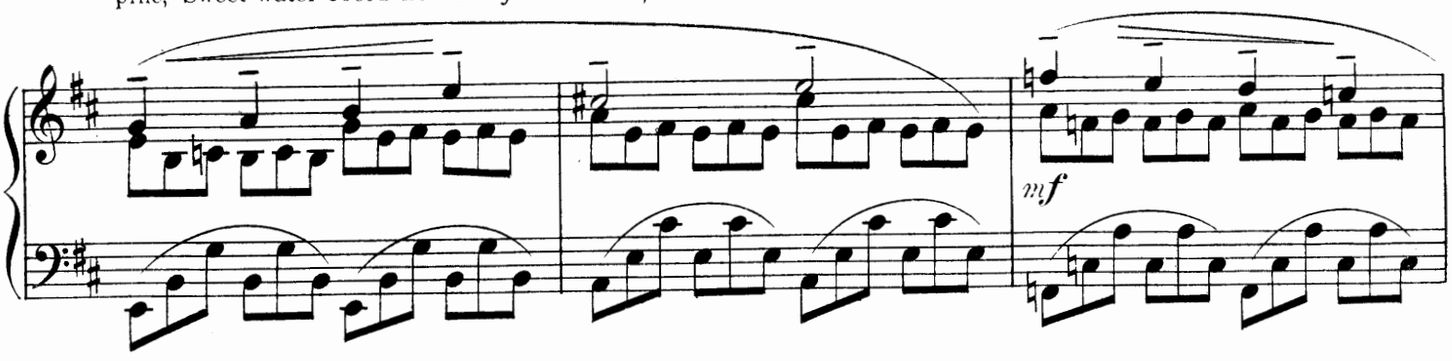
L'istesso tempo



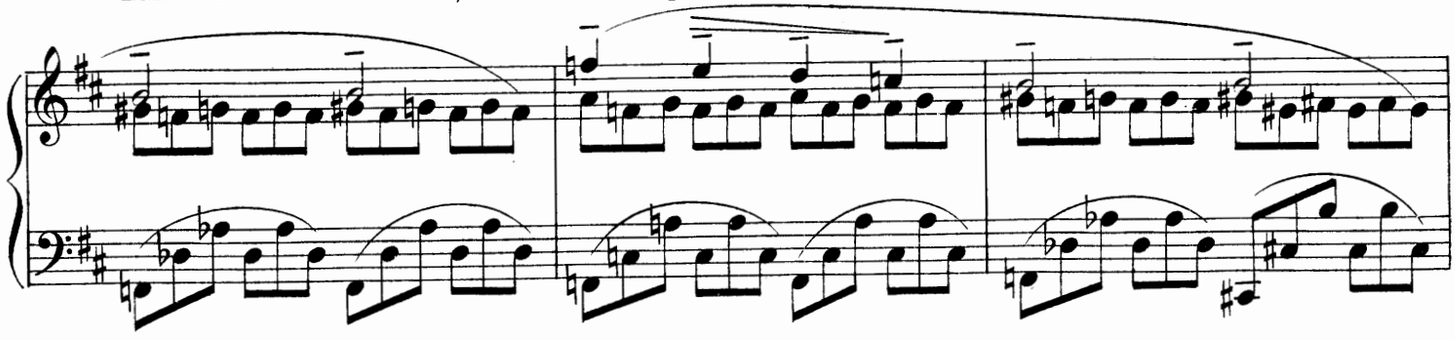
The Seven Princes: Swart as the heart of the South, Proud as the rock-springing



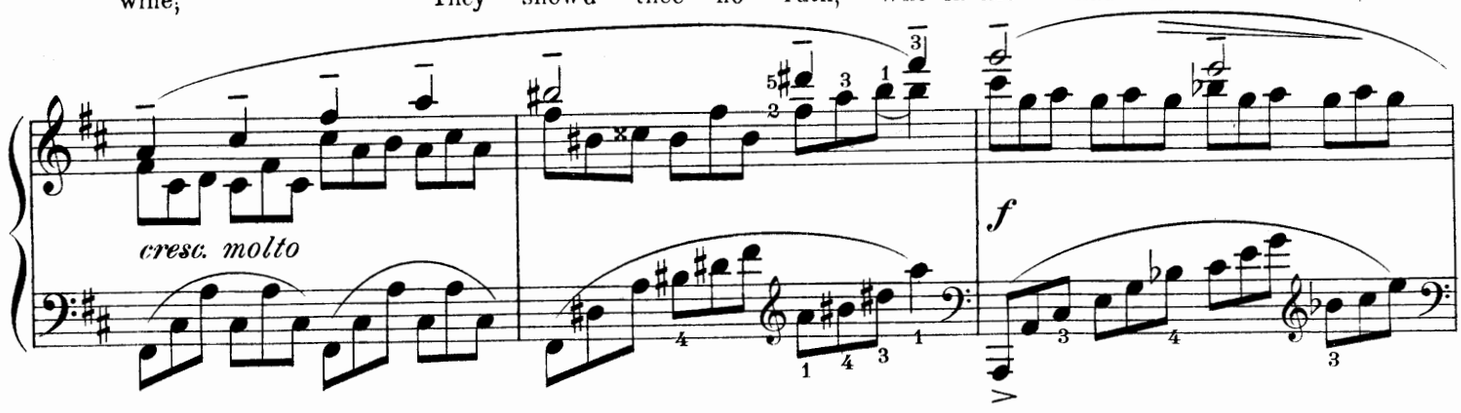
pine, Sweet water cool'd never thy drouth, Nor fruit of the vine!



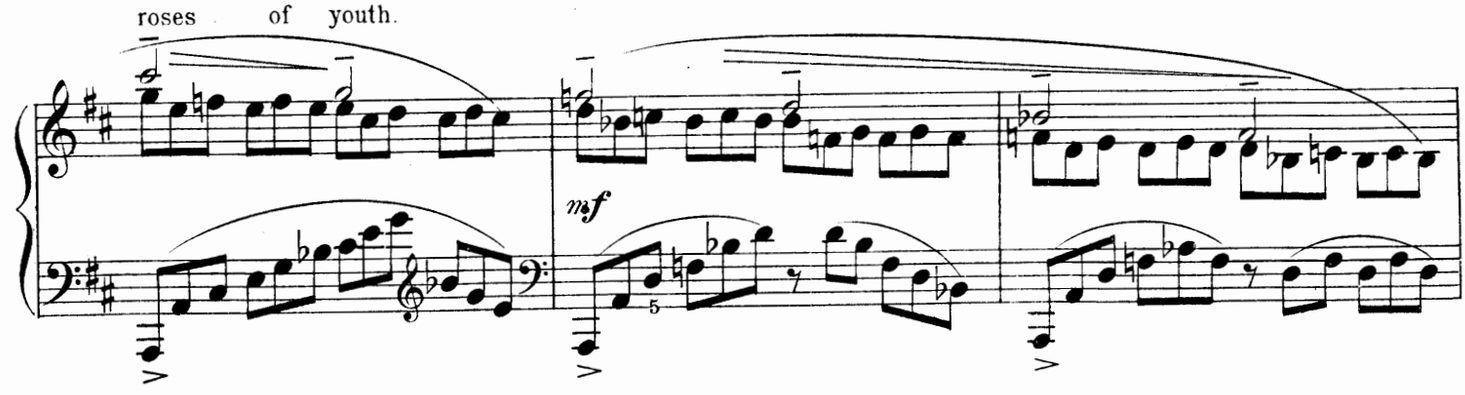
Last of old Cosimo's line, Cut off quick in thy youth, Thy blood was outpour'd like

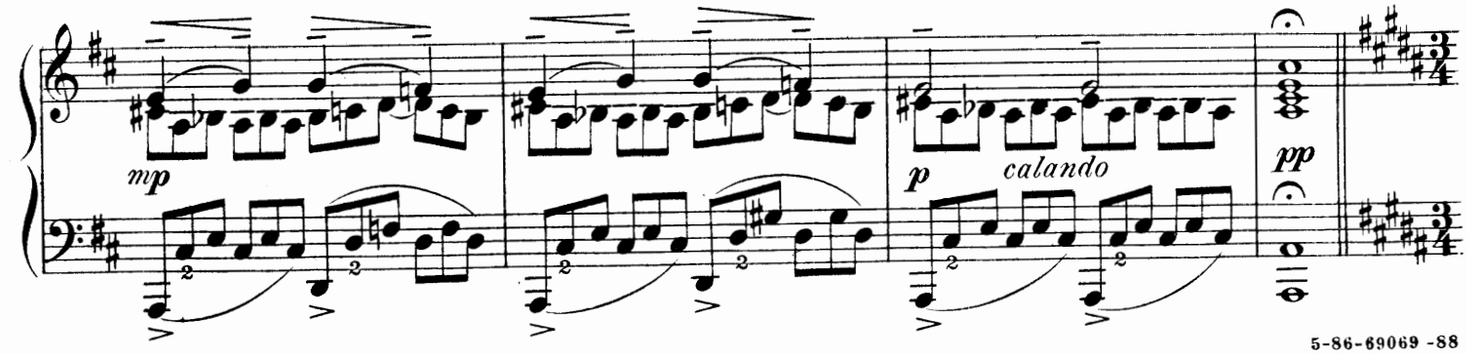


wine; They show'd thee no ruth, Who in life had none for the old, nor the



roses of youth.





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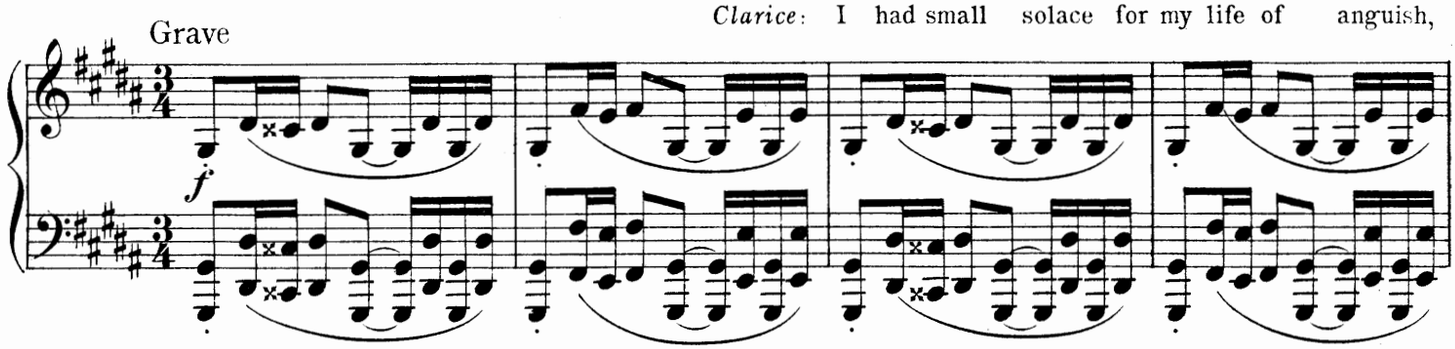
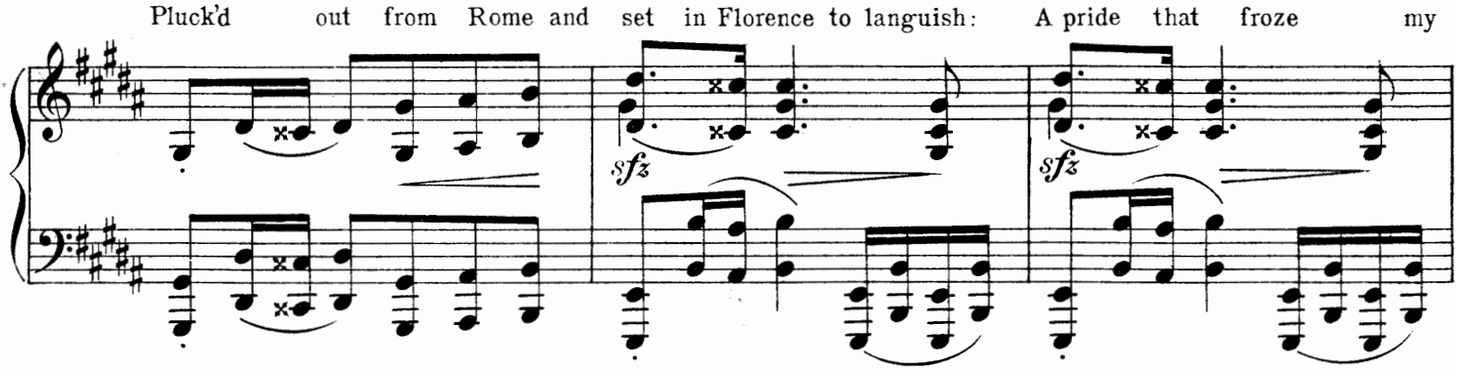
(Clarice Orsini, a gray-haired woman bowed beneath a golden yoke.)

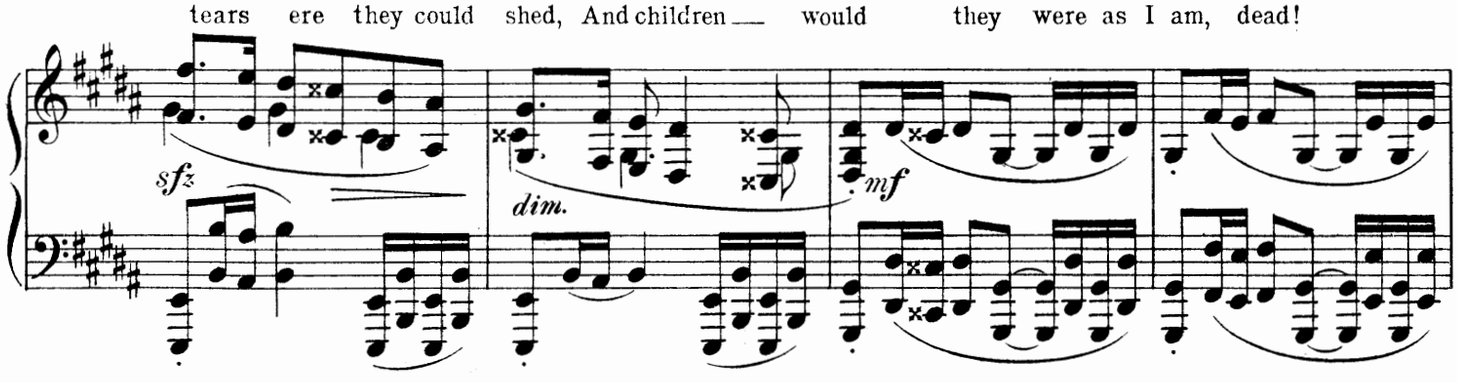
Clarice: I had small solace for my life of anguish,

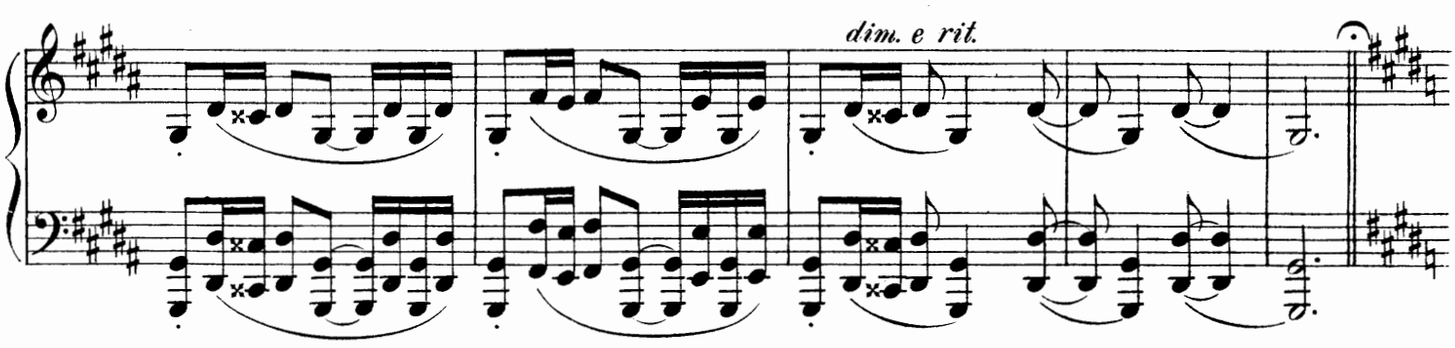


Pluck'd out from Rome and set in Florence to languish: A pride that froze my



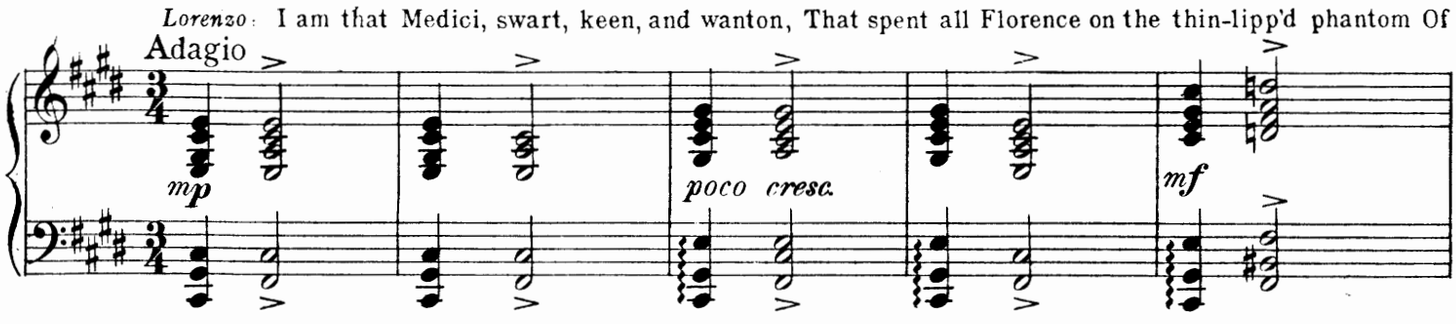
tears ere they could shed, And children — would they were as I am, dead!





(Lorenzo as a king crowned with thorns, and holding a leaden sceptre.)

Lorenzo: I am that Medici, swart, keen, and wanton, That spent all Florence on the thin-lipp'd phantom Of



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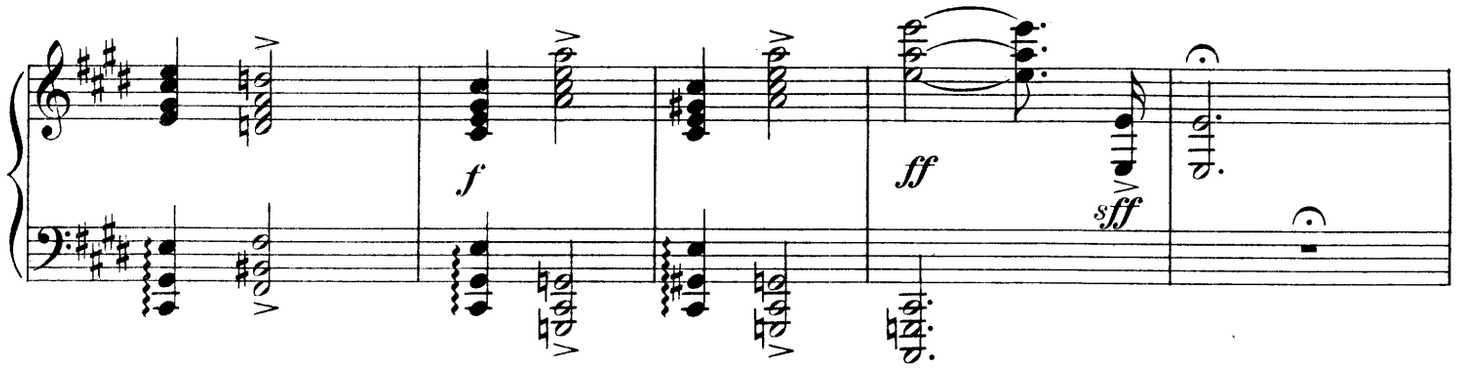
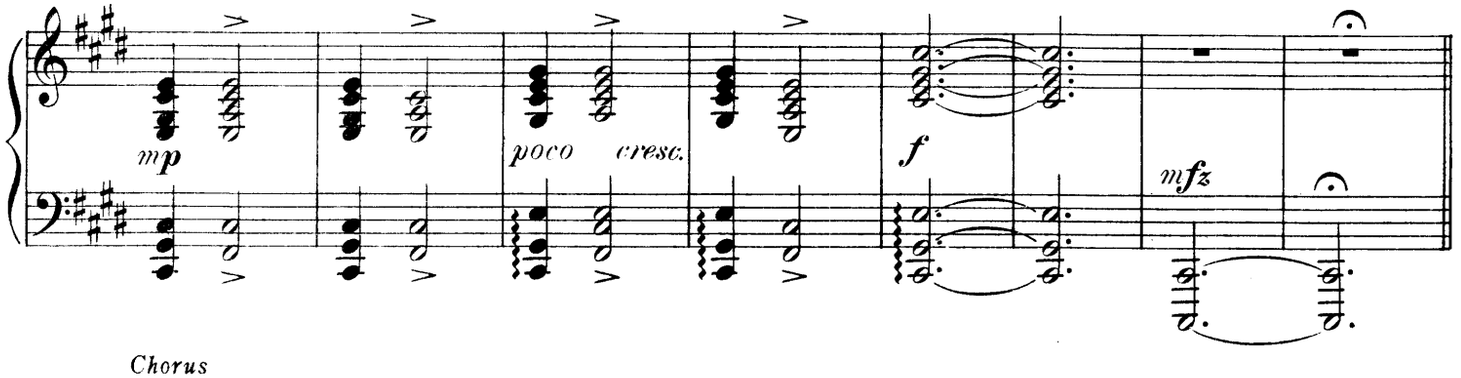
lust so dry it never could be fed:

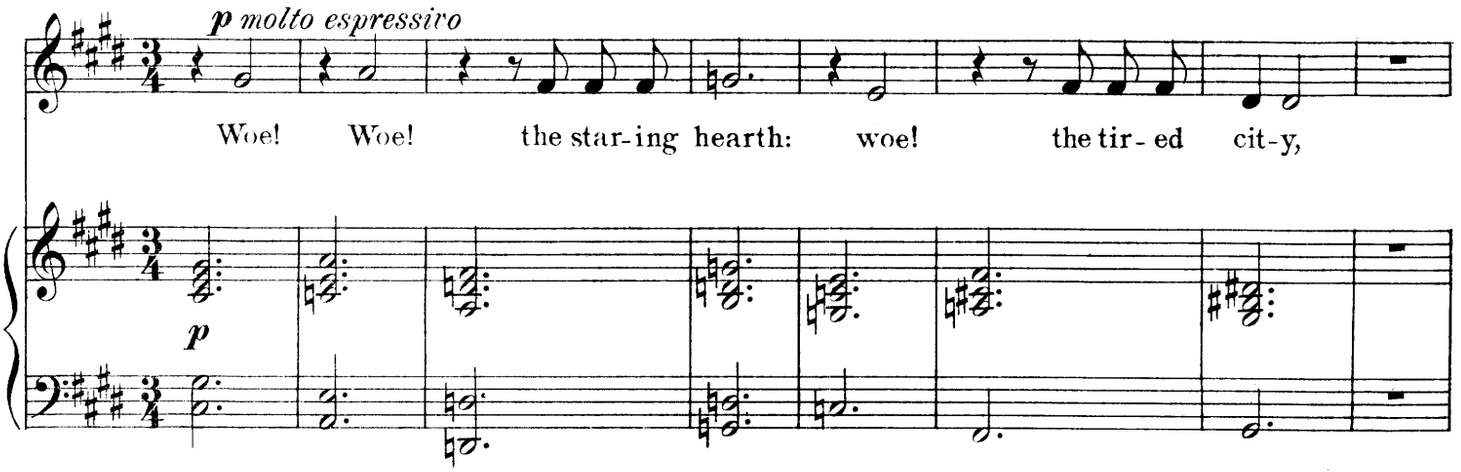
At last unshrived, still burning, I fell dead.

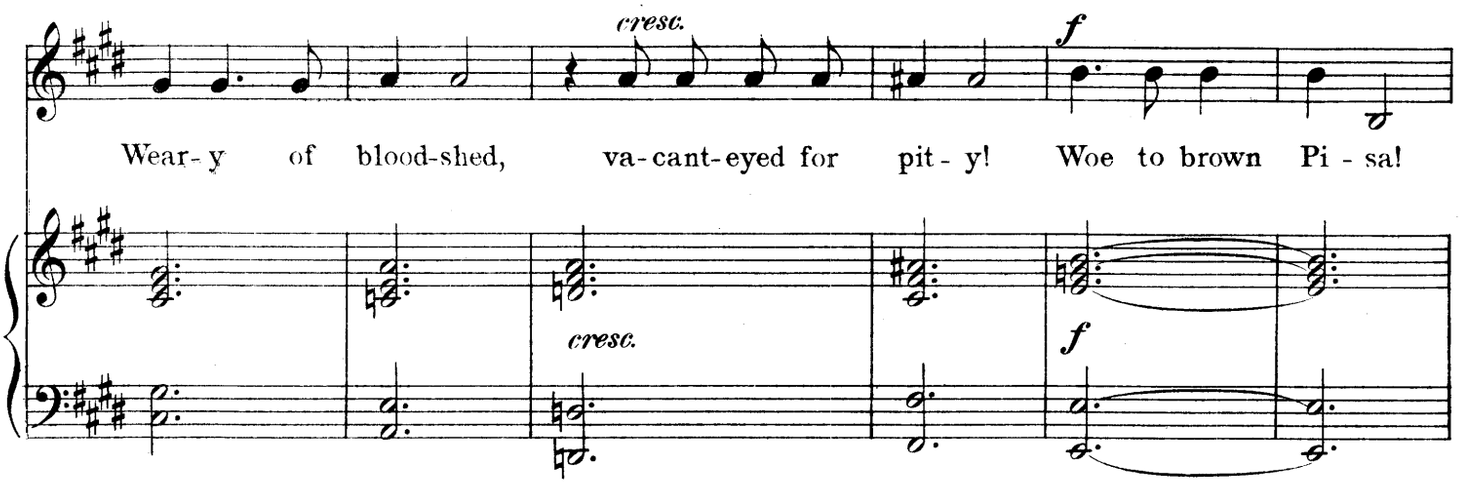




Chorus

Andante sostenuto





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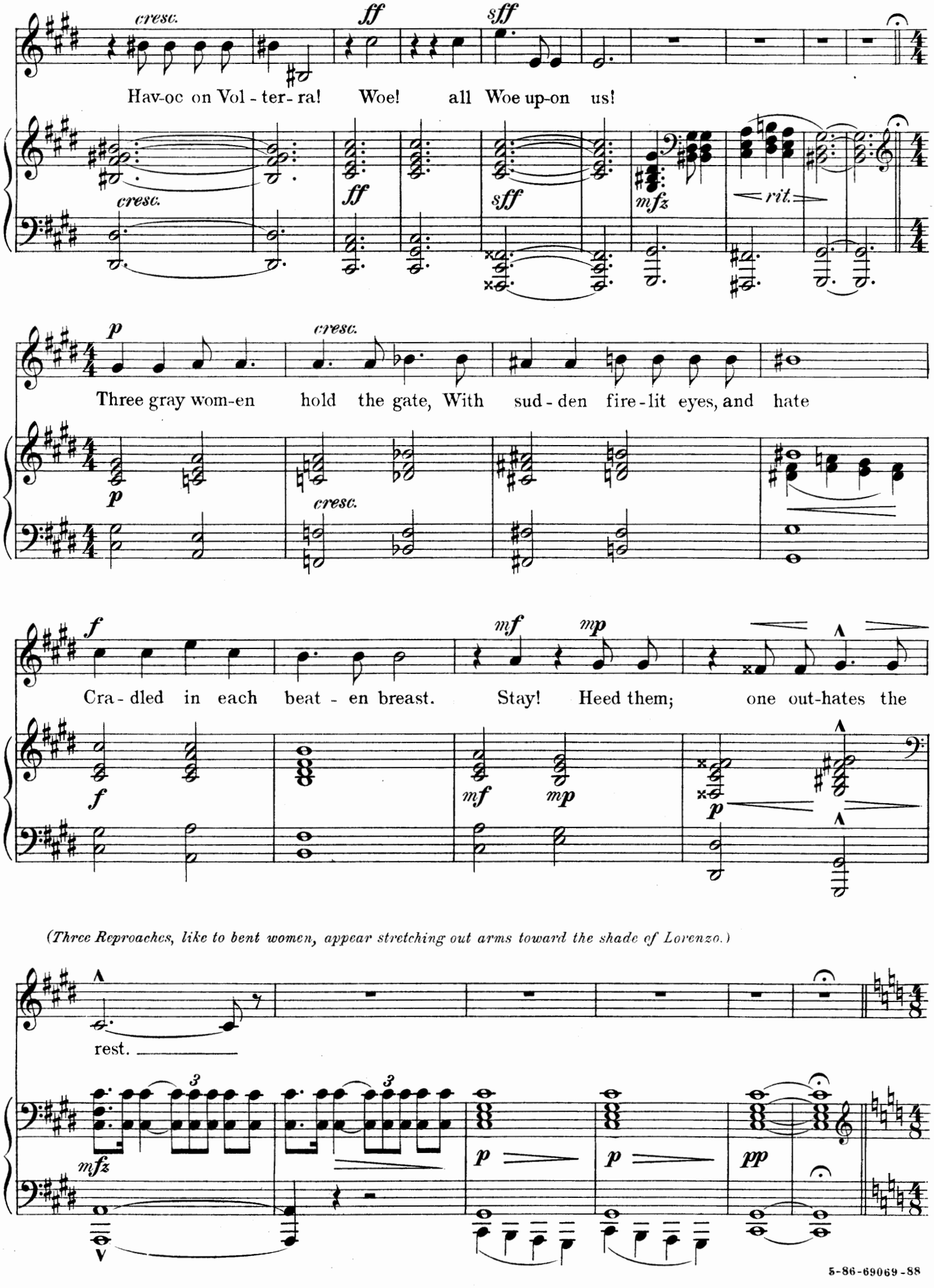
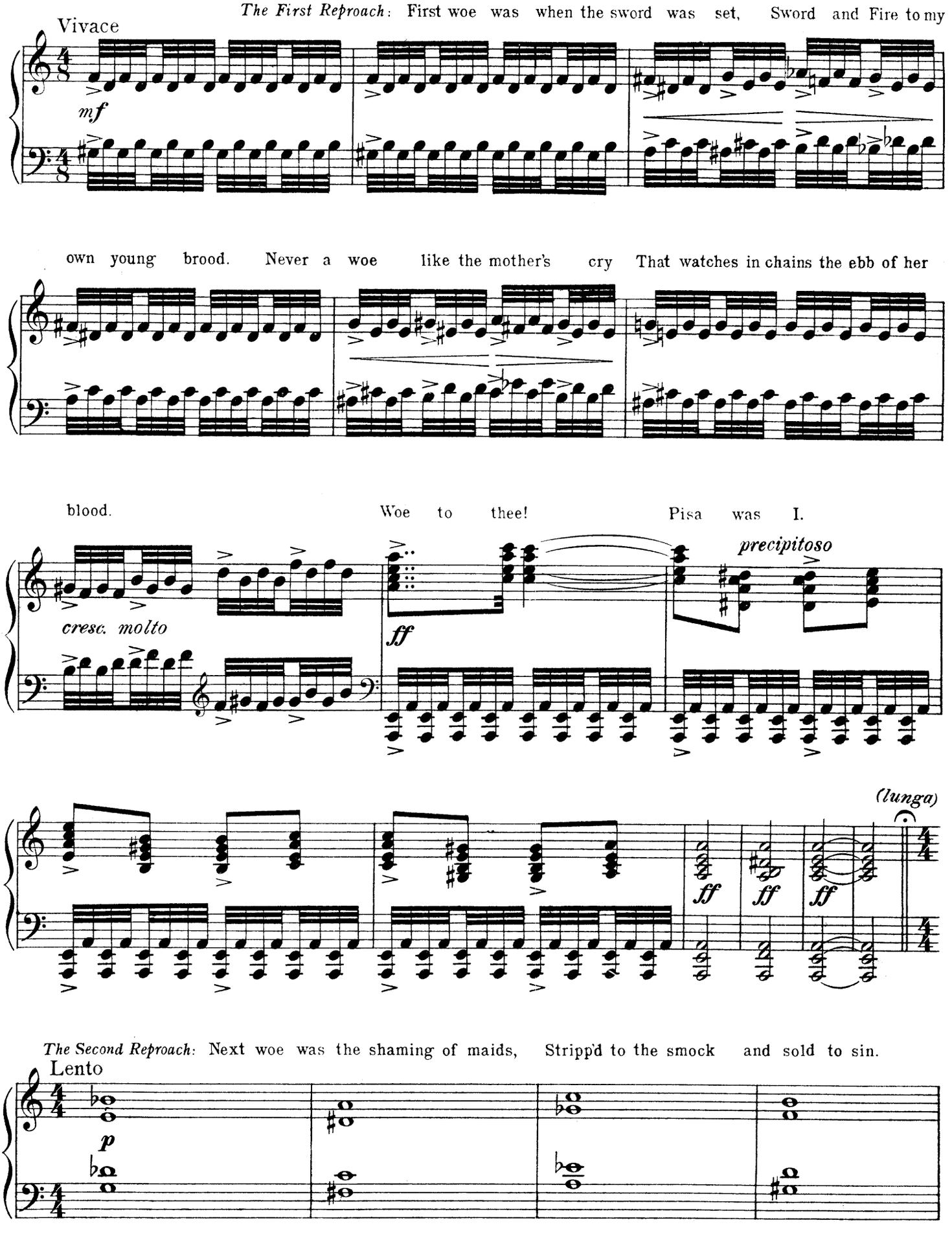

cresc.
ff
sff
Hav-oc on Vol - ter- ra! Woe! all Woe up-on us!
mfz
rit.
p
Three gray wom-en hold the gate, With sud - den fire - lit eyes, and hate
f
mf
mp
Cra - dled in each beat - en breast. Stay! Heed them; one out-hates the
(Three Reproaches, like to bent women, appear stretching out arms toward the shade of Lorenzo.)
rest.
pp


The First Reproach: First woe was when the sword was set, Sword and Fire to my
Vivace
mf
own young brood. Never a woe like the mother's cry That watches in chains the ebb of her
blood. Woe to thee! Pisa was I.
cresc. molto
ff
precipitoso
(lunga)
ff
ff
ff
The Second Reproach: Next woe was the shaming of maids, Stripp'd to the smock and sold to sin.
Lento
p

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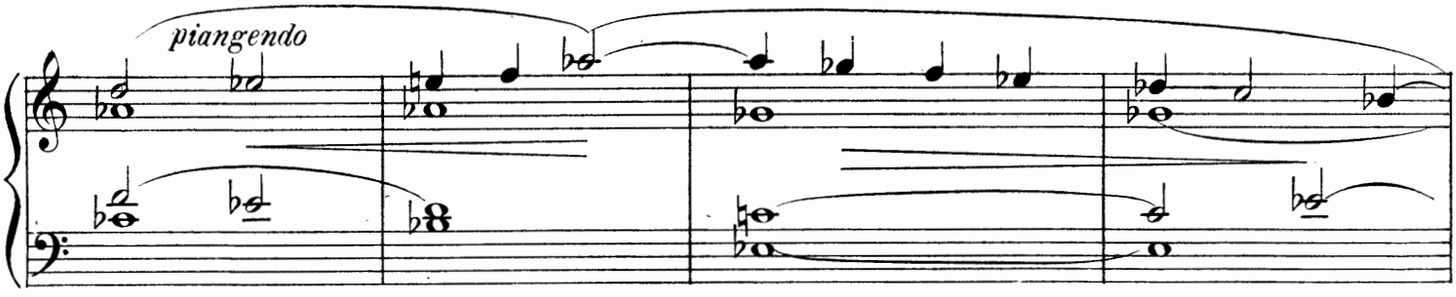
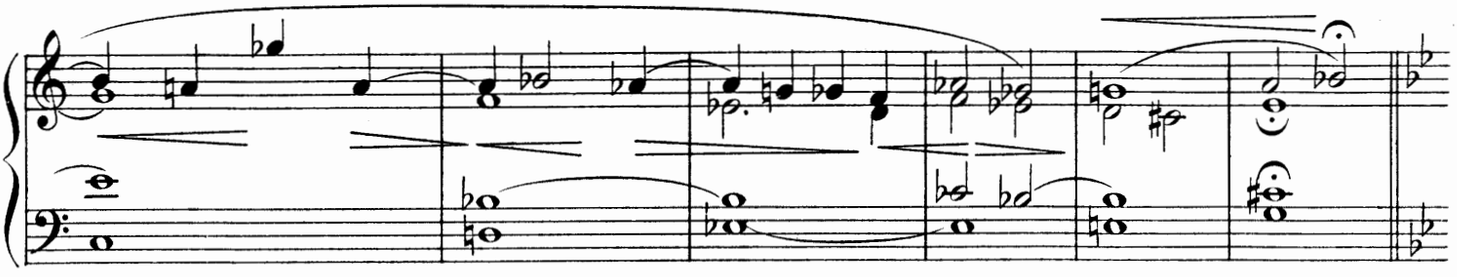
Never such woe as to lay the lure, Smirch and soil what once was clean,

piangendo



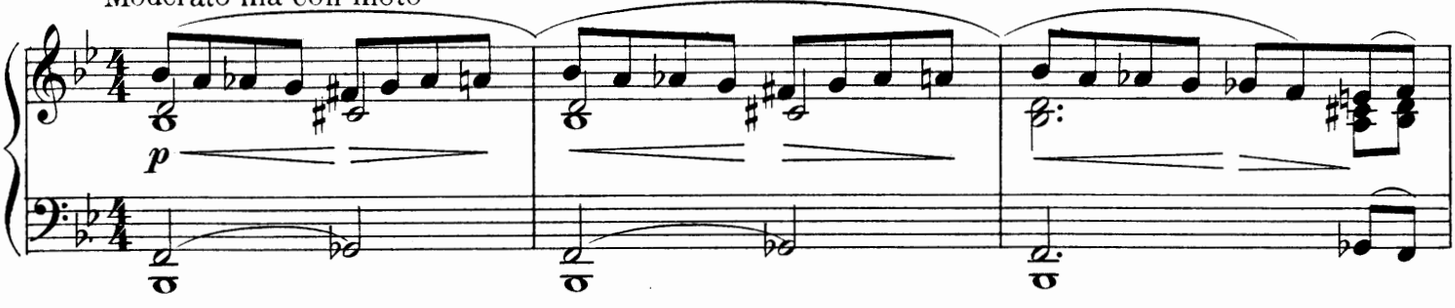
Woe! who shall ravish the poor.



The Third Reproach: Third woe was the land in chains, Golden seeming and

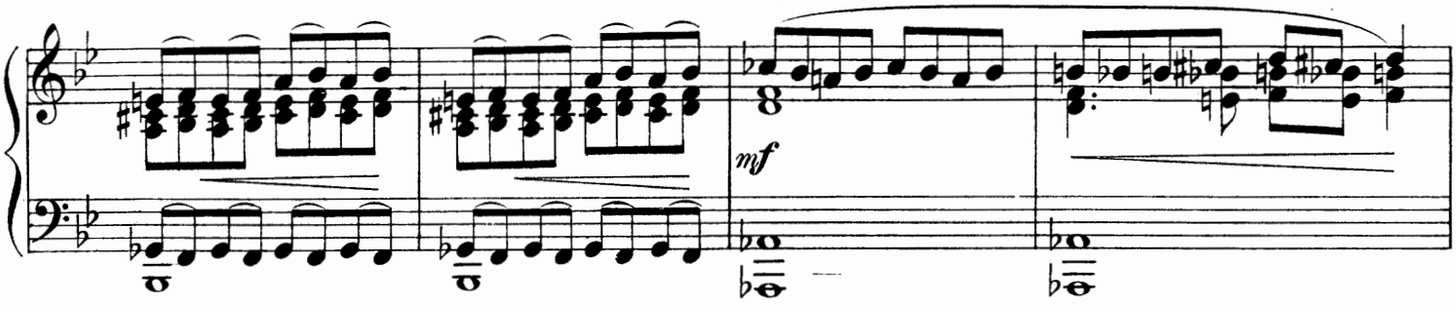
Moderato ma con moto

p



brave in silk. Where is woe as for brother and brother Bruise the bosom that gave them

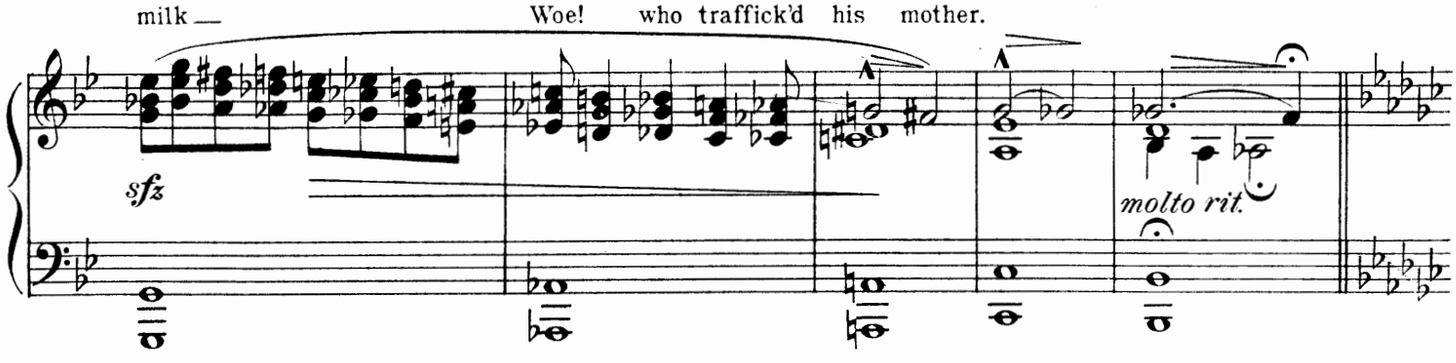
mf



milk — Woe! who traffick'd his mother.

sfz

molto rit.



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ELEGY

Adagio dolente

molto espressivo

(Enter Poliziano with a muffled rote,) and weeping.)*

p

Poliziano: Grant me, gods, a fount of tears, So that night and day Weeping I may drown old grief, Mourning

cresc.

quench the years. So the widow'd turtle may Give her heart relief; So the fainting snowy

p

swan, So the nightingale, All their sorrows, utter lonely passion, do bewail.

Woe for us, and woe, and woe! Grief is bow'd and gray;

p

*) A mediaeval musical instrument, shaped like a guitar.

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Jove hath carved our goodly Tree With his thunderblow! Woe the Muses' broken lay,

Woe the melody! Woe, Apollo, woe God Pan, Woe, ye Sisters Nine,

poco stretto

Woe, green - kirtled Dryads, woe, my Bacchus, to thy vine! Mourning let me quench

dim.

f con passione

the years, And my grief to drown, Grant me, gods, a waterflood, Grant a fount of tears.

a tempo
mesto

rit.

p

dim.

pp

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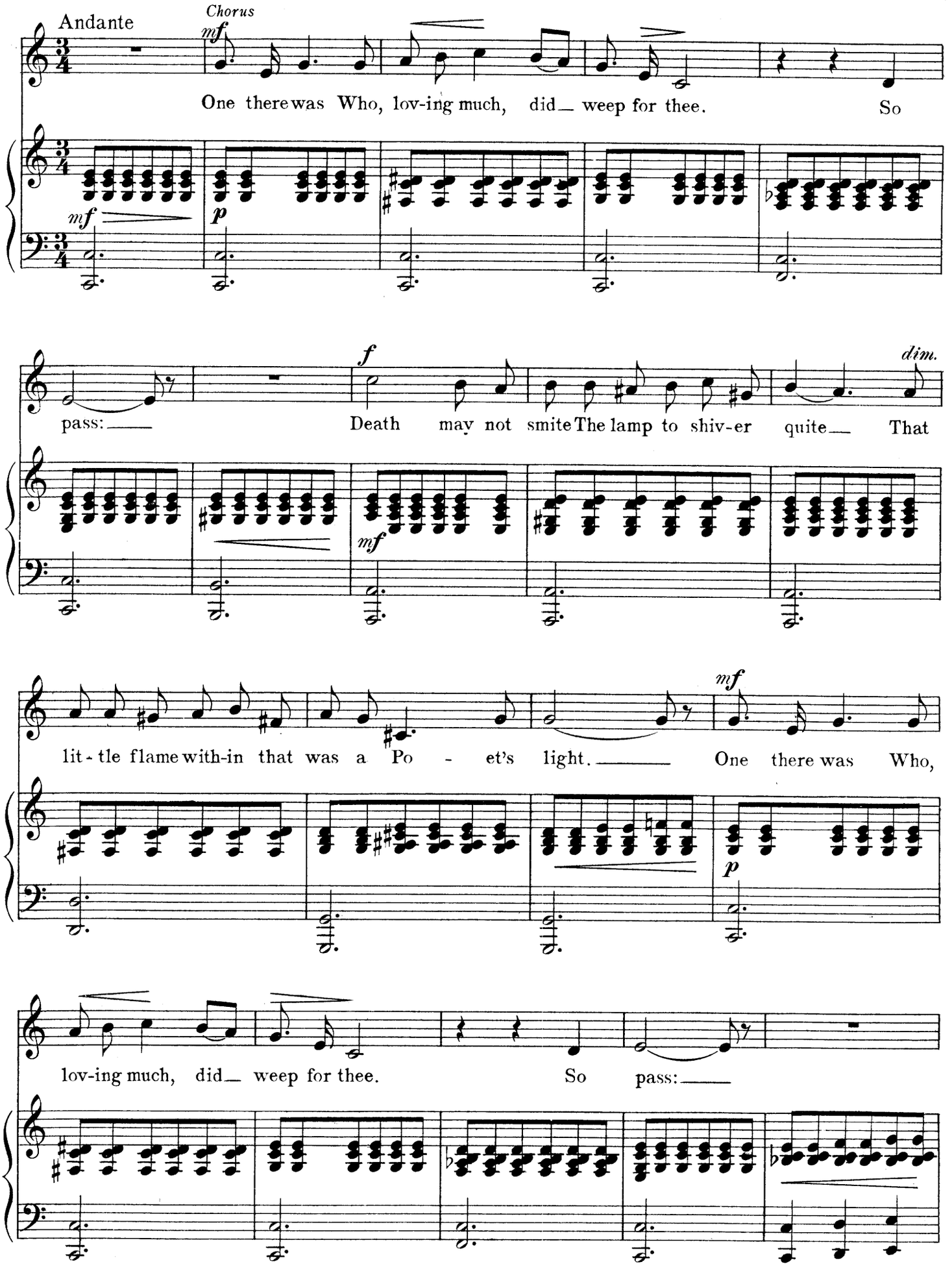
Andante
Chorus
mf
One there was Who, lov-ing much, did_ weep for thee. So
mf
p
pass:_____ Death may not smite The lamp to shiv-er quite_ That
f
dim.
mf
lit-tle flame with-in that was a Po - et's light._____ One there was Who,
mf
p
lov-ing much, did_ weep for thee. So pass:_____

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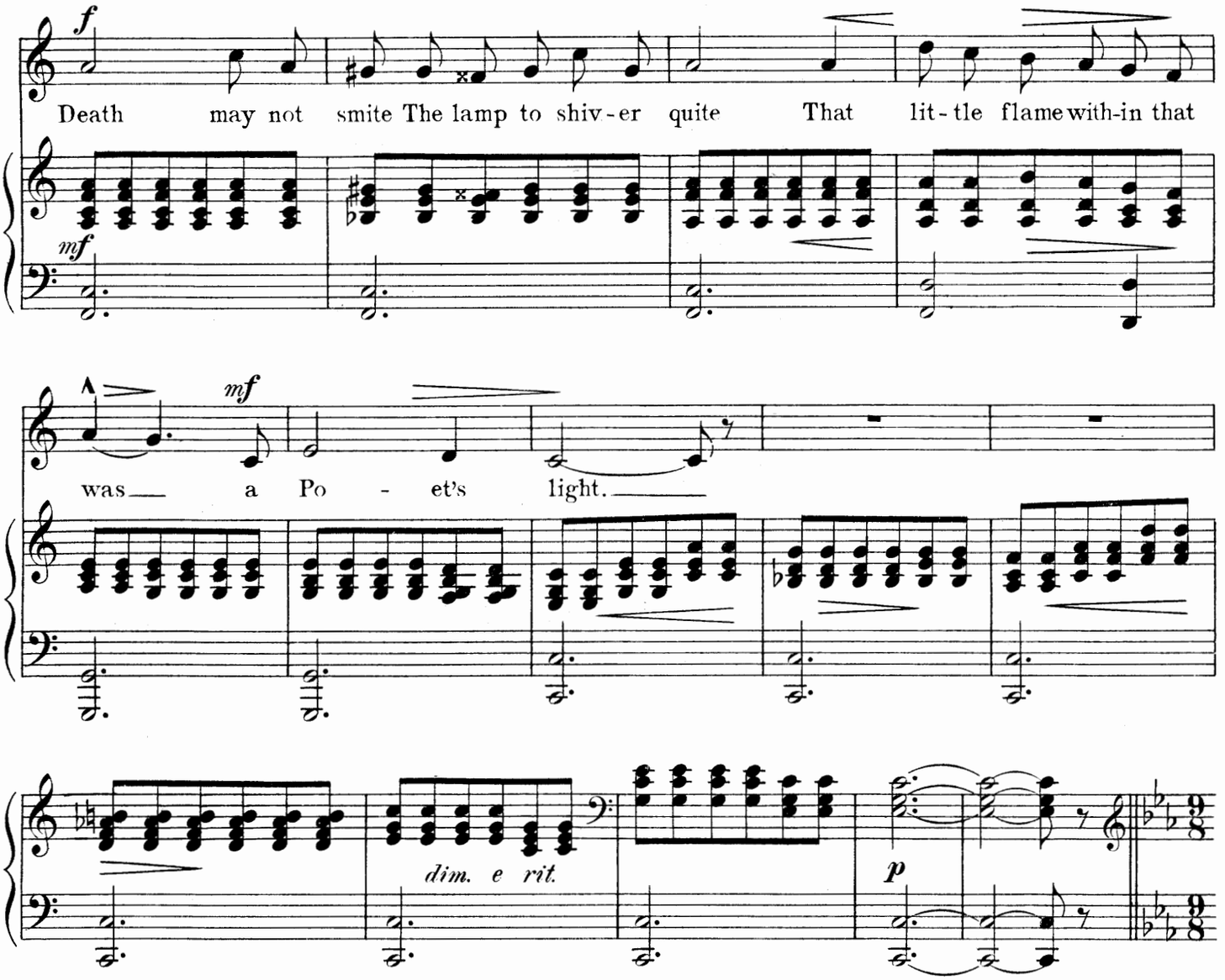
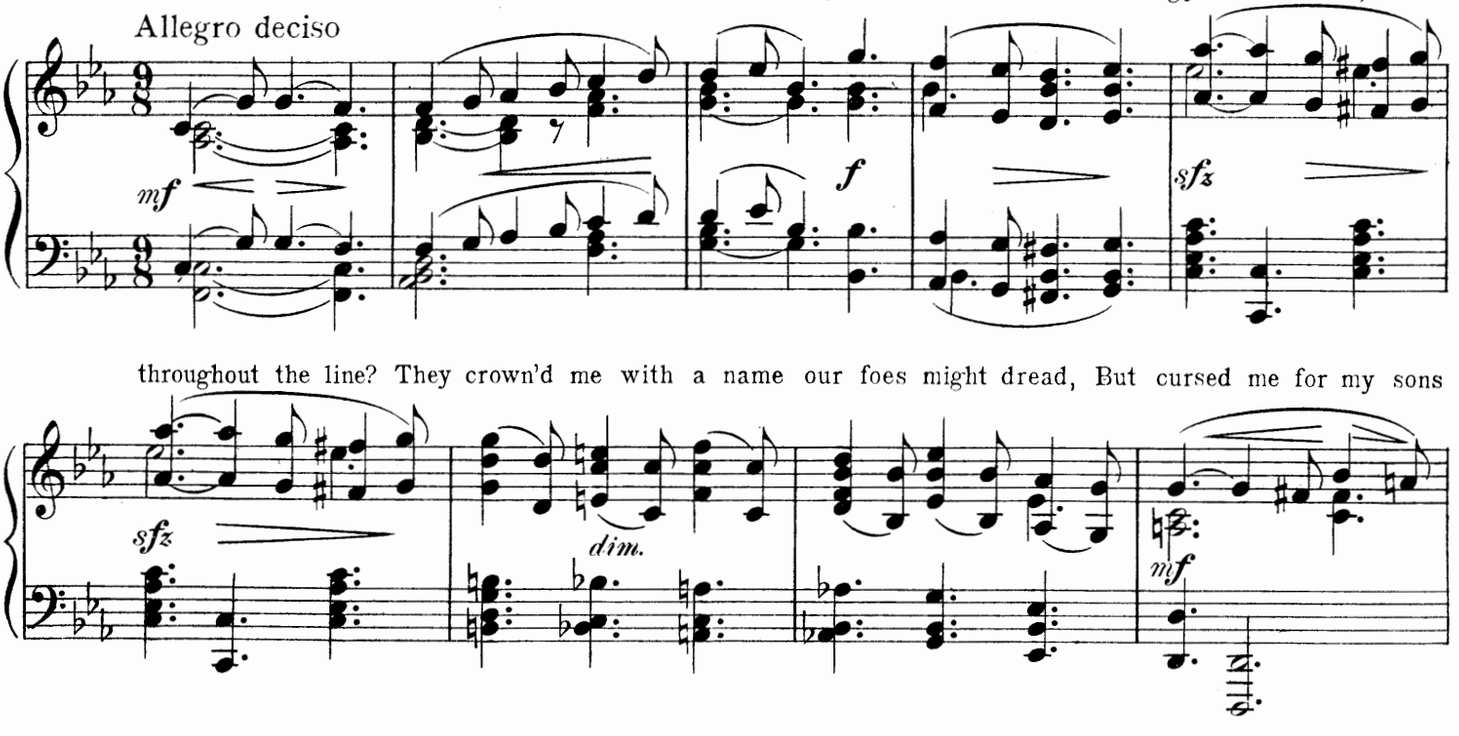


(Next comes Cosimo, Pater Patriæ, an old man richly habited, having the ears of Midas.)

Cosimo: Labor'd I well, that bound the state to mine In gyves that chafed, but held



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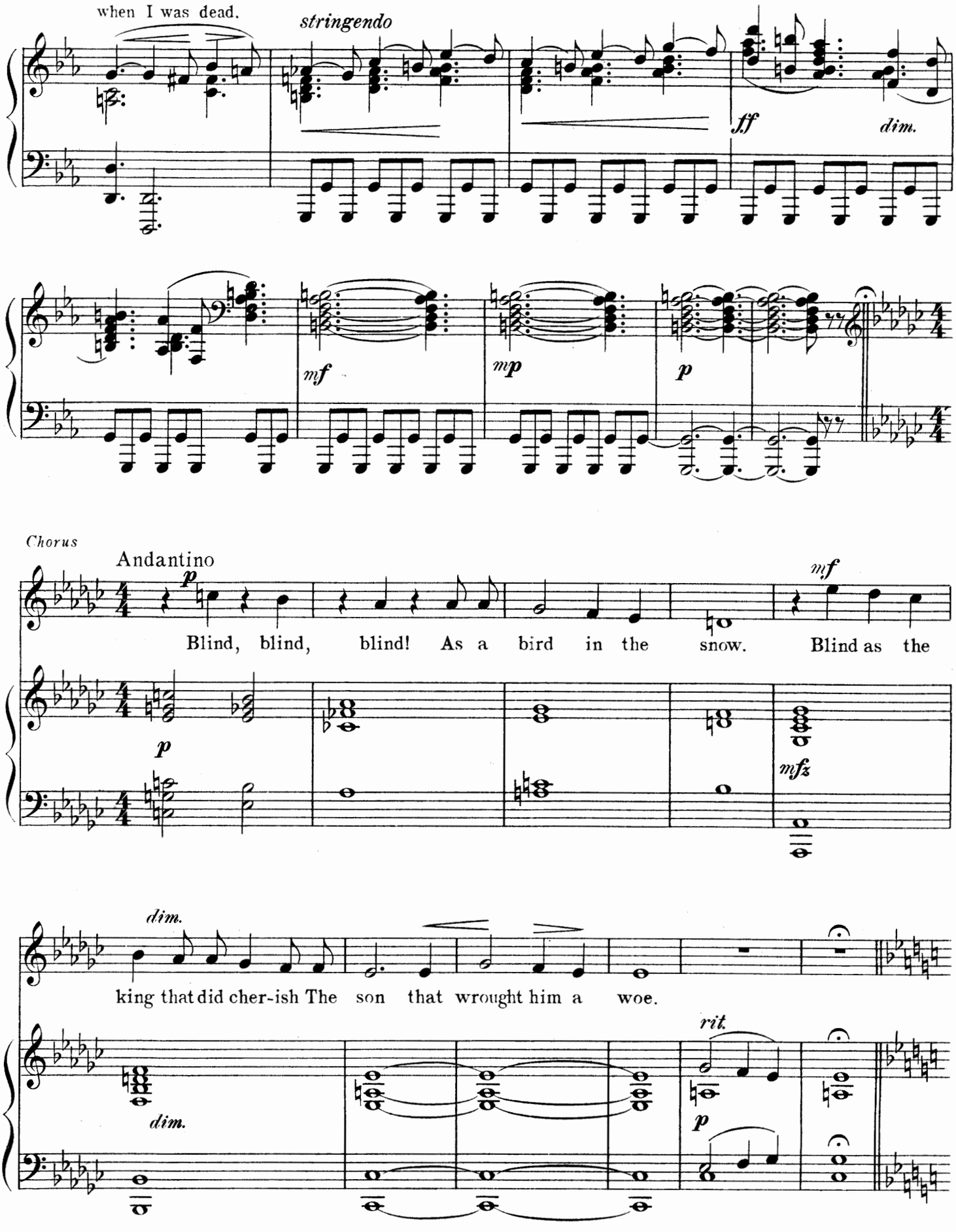
when I was dead.
stringendo
ff
dim.
mf
mp
p
Chorus
Andantino
p
Blind, blind, blind! As a bird in the snow. Blind as the
mf
p
mfz
dim.
king that did cher-ish The son that wrought him a woe.
dim.
rit.
p

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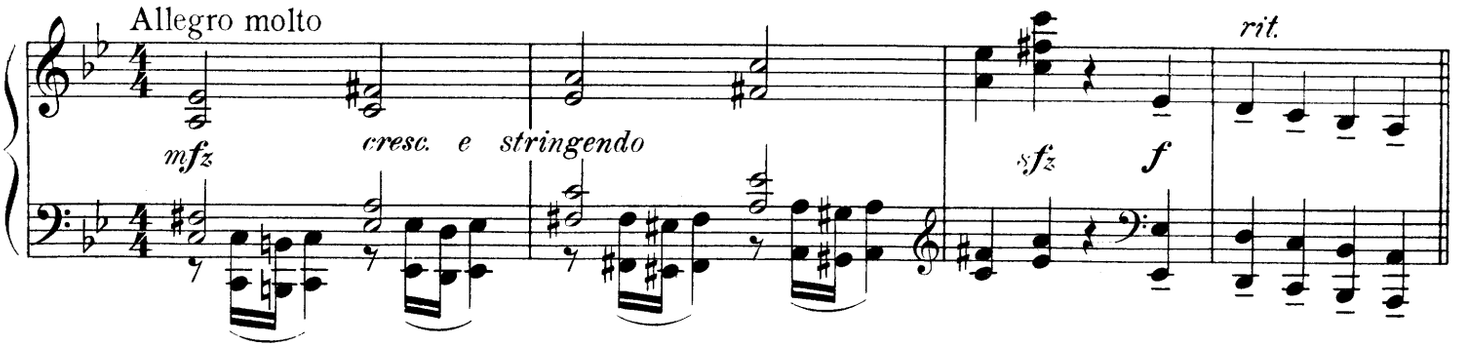
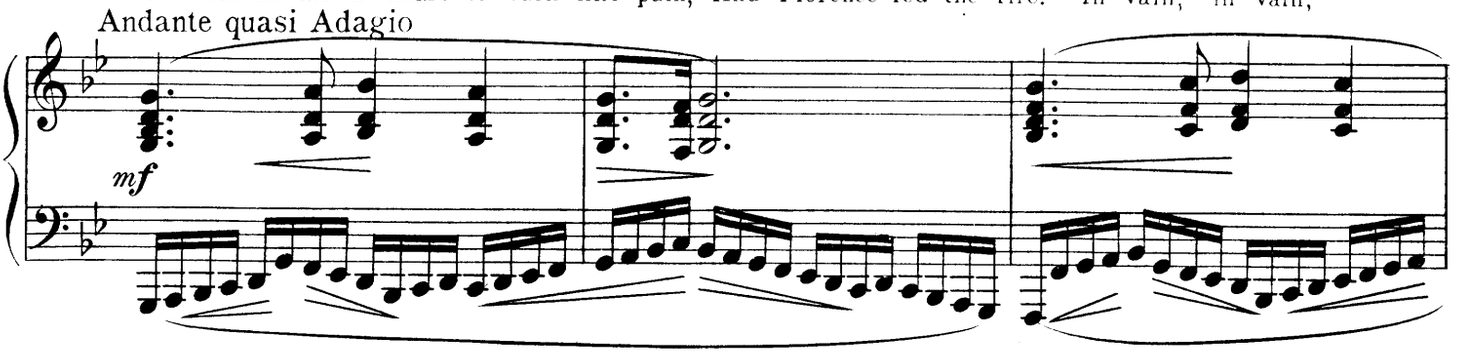
(Savonarola, carrying a smouldering torch.)

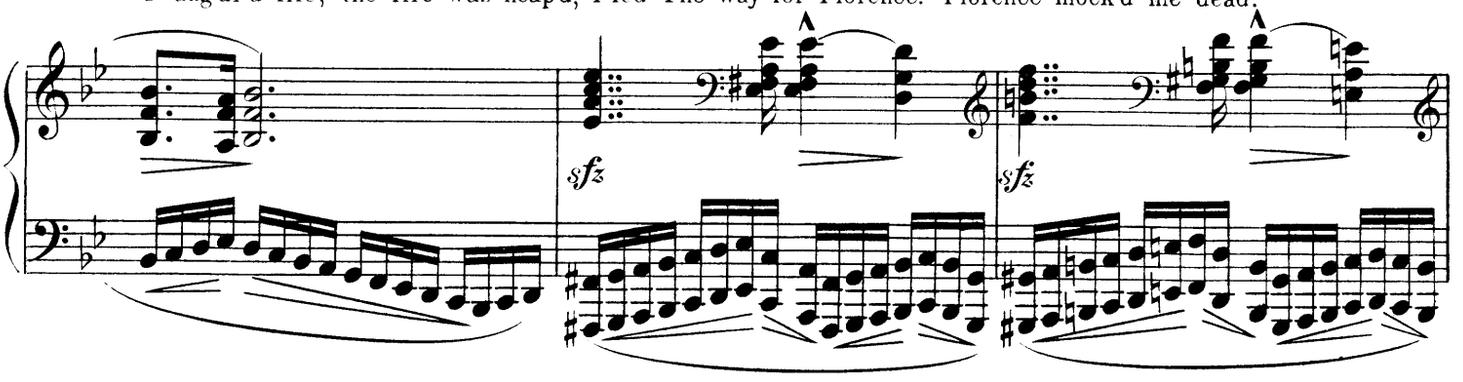


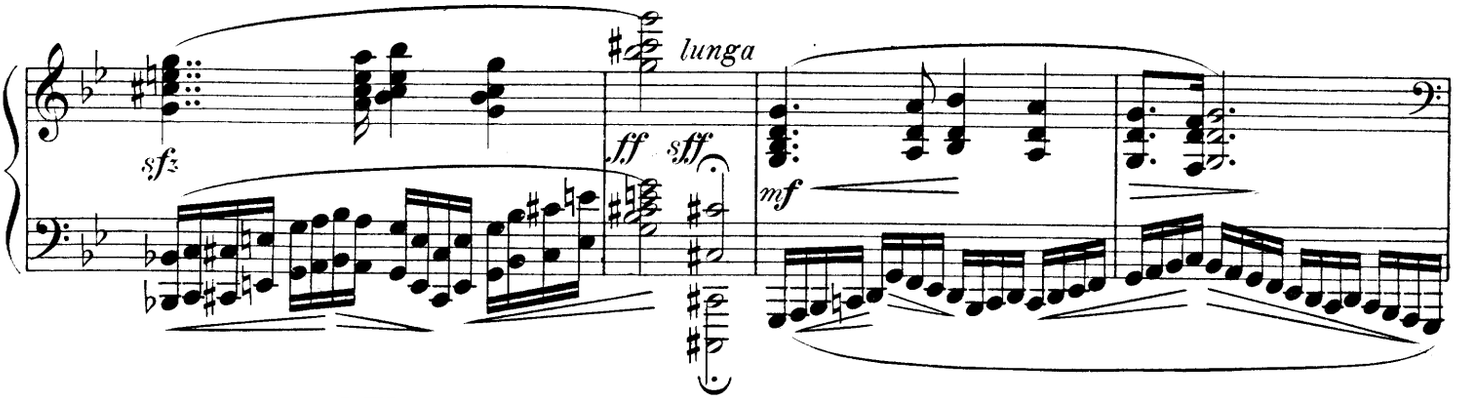
Savonarola:

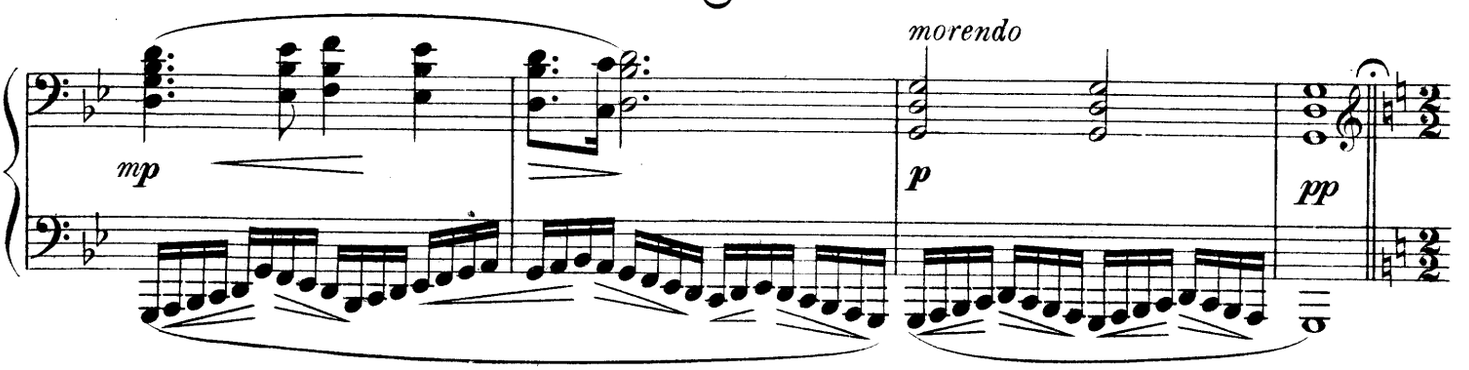
God set in me a heart to burn like pain, And Florence fed the fire. In vain, in vain,



I augur'd life; the fire was heap'd; I led The way for Florence: Florence mock'd me dead.







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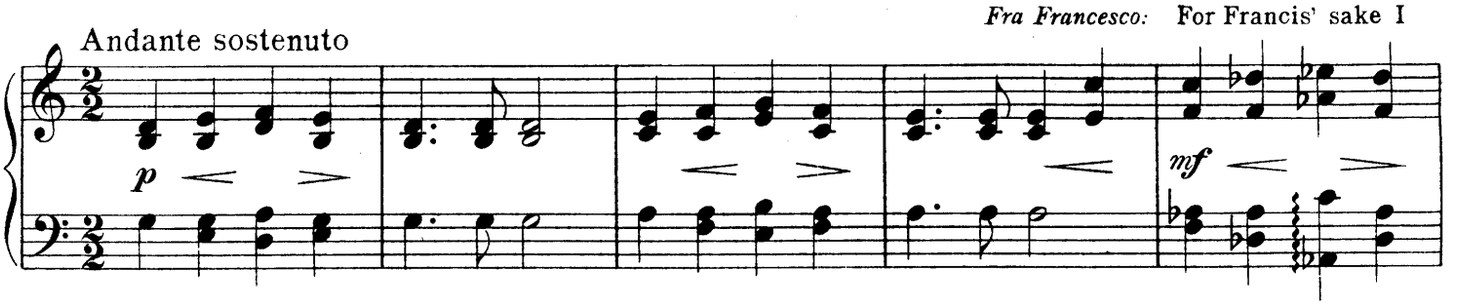
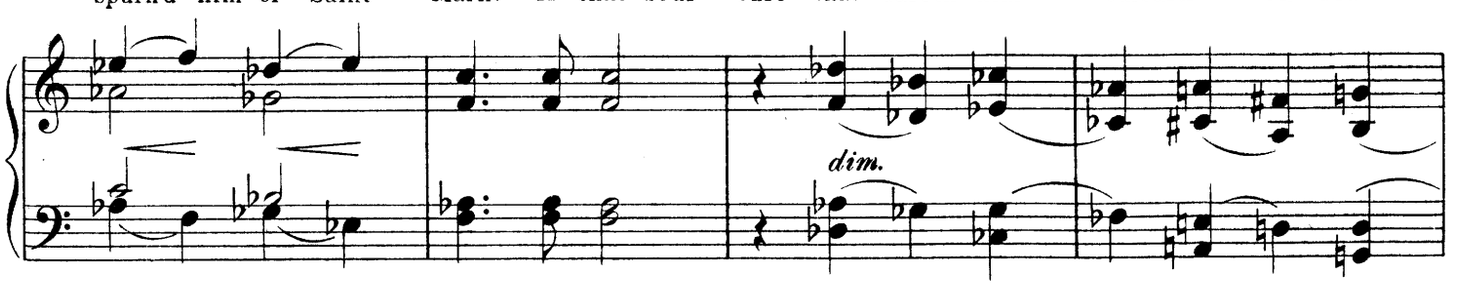
(Following is his enemy, Fra Francesco the Minorite, carrying a distorting glass.)

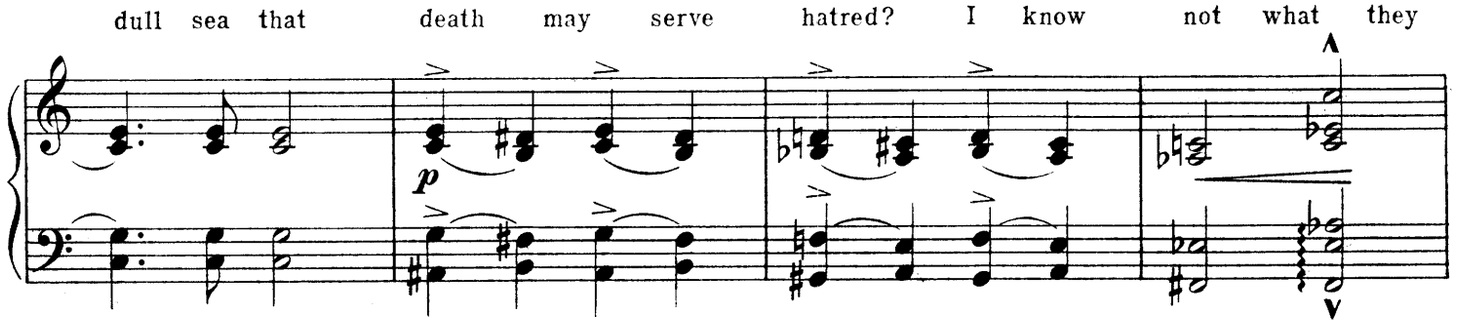
Fra Francesco: For Francis' sake I



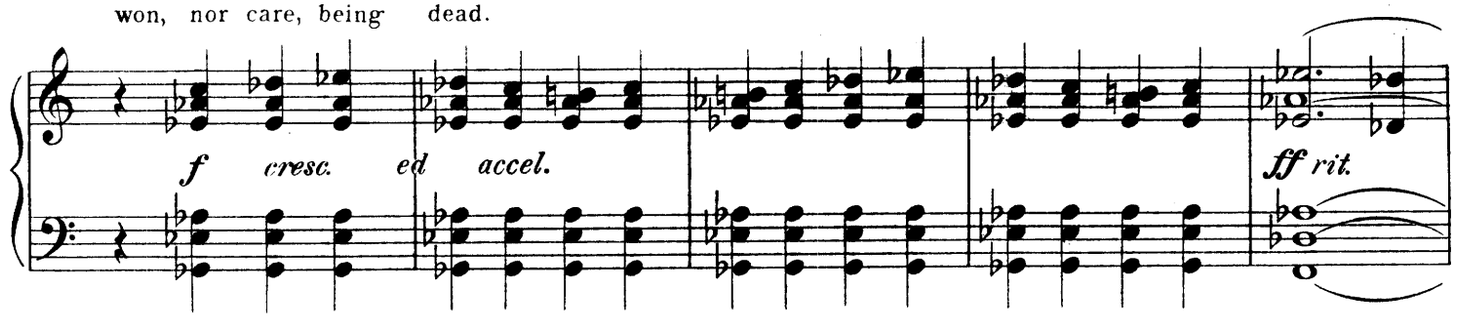
spurn'd him of Saint Mark: Is that soul sure that dareth him embark On death's

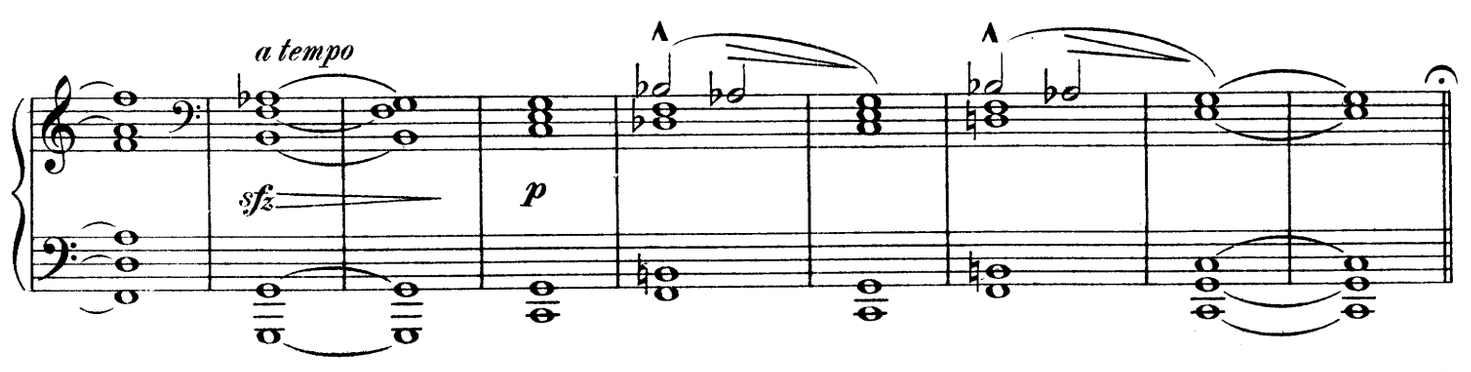


dull sea that death may serve hatred? I know not what they



won, nor care, being dead.





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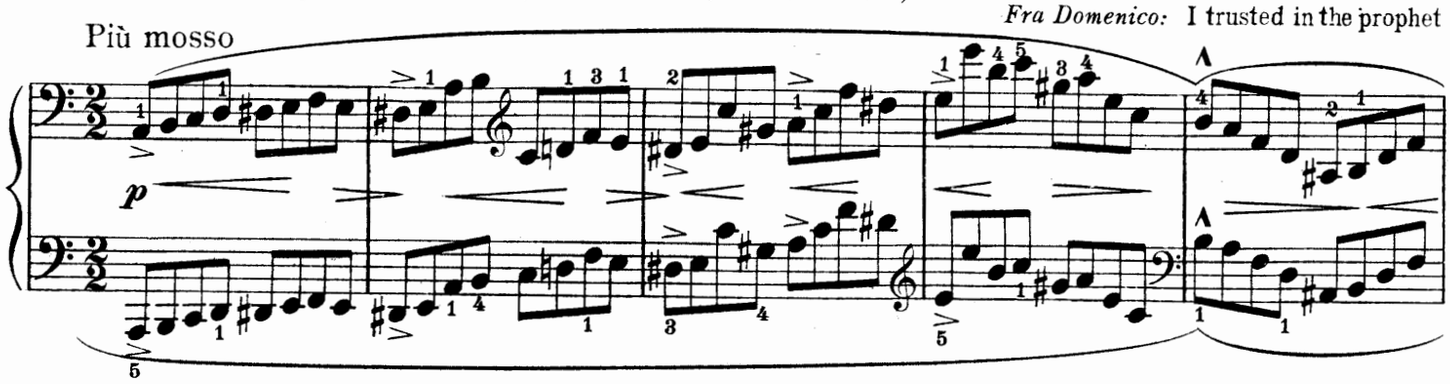
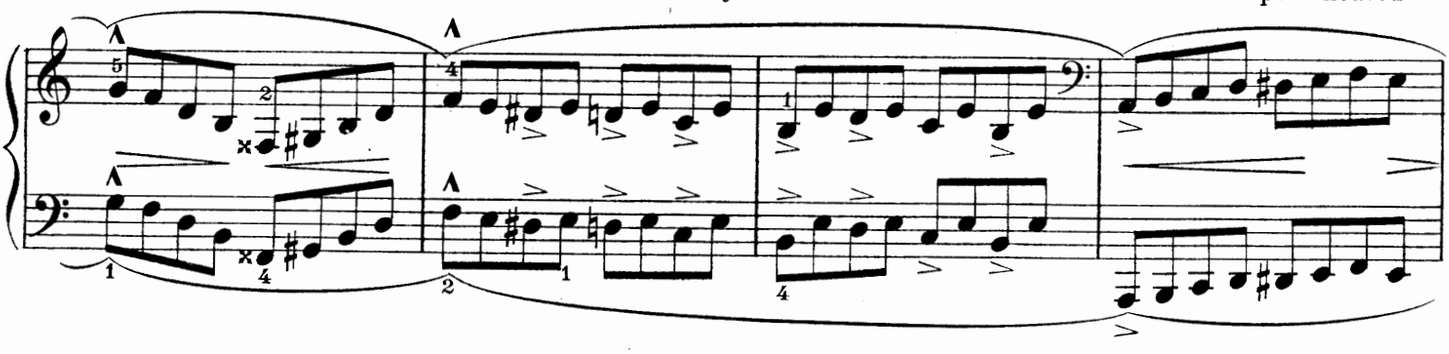
(Next the Frate's champion, Fra Domenico, cowled in white, with an anchor.)

Fra Domenico: I trusted in the prophet

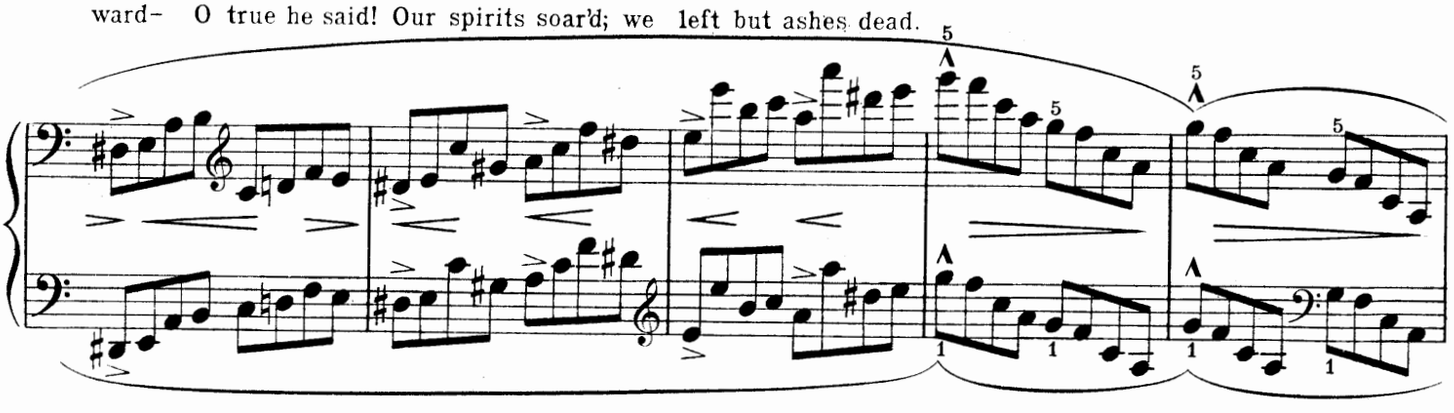
Più mosso

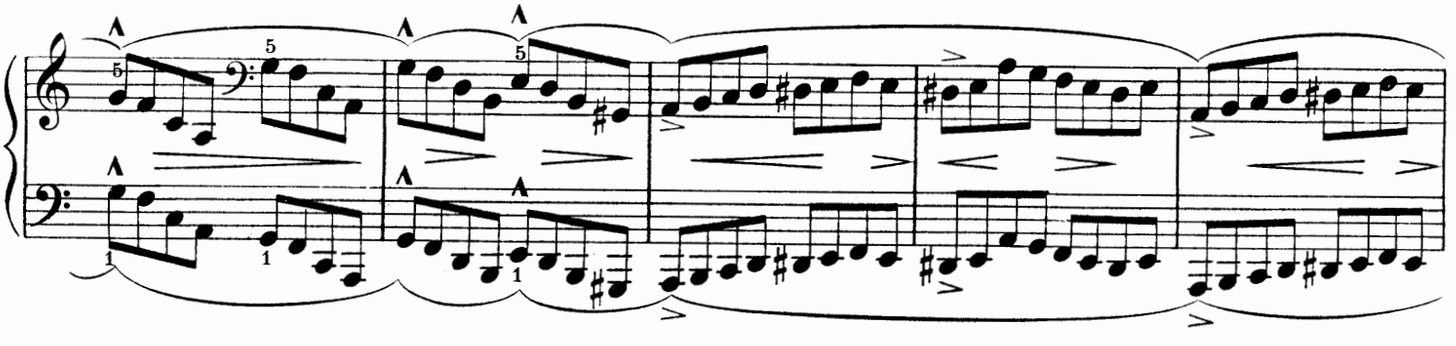


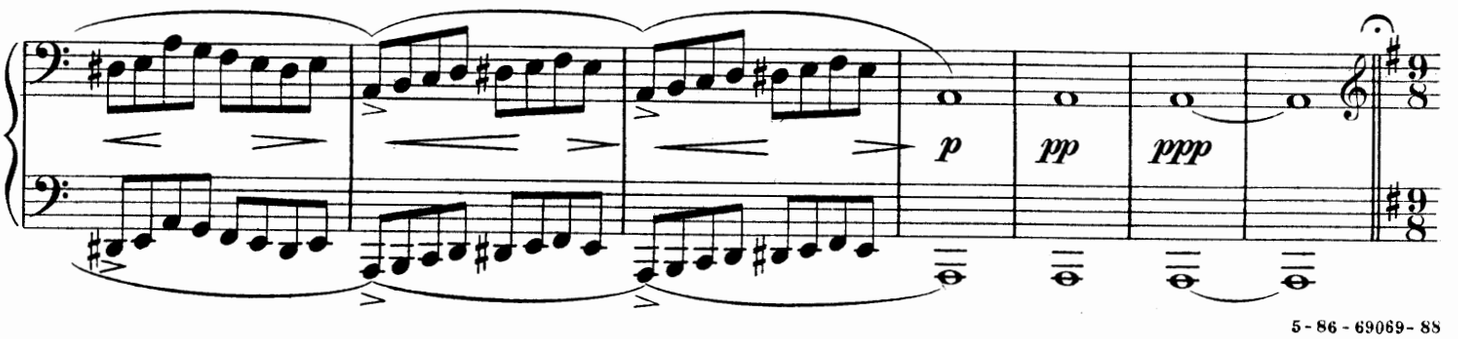
sent from God; Side to his side the way to death I trod. The flame leapt heaven -



ward- O true he said! Our spirits soar'd; we left but ashes dead.







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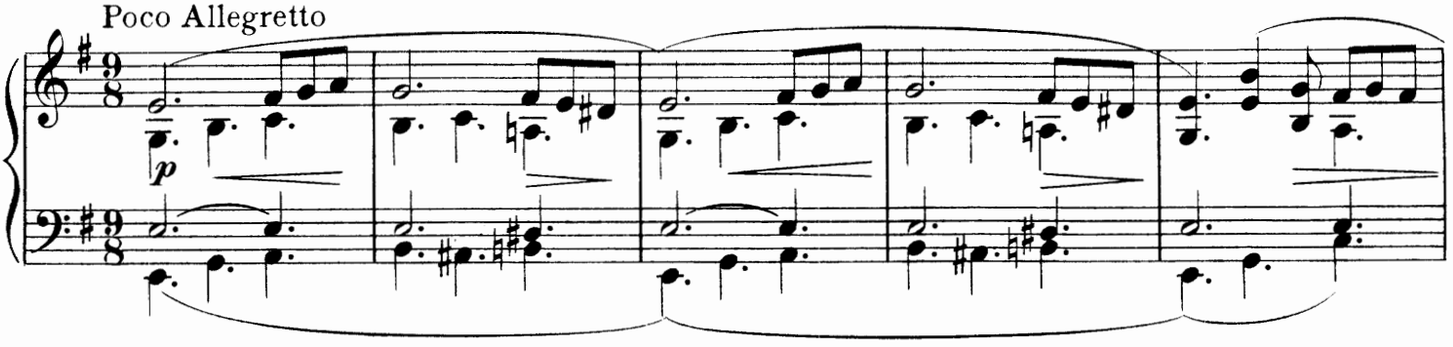
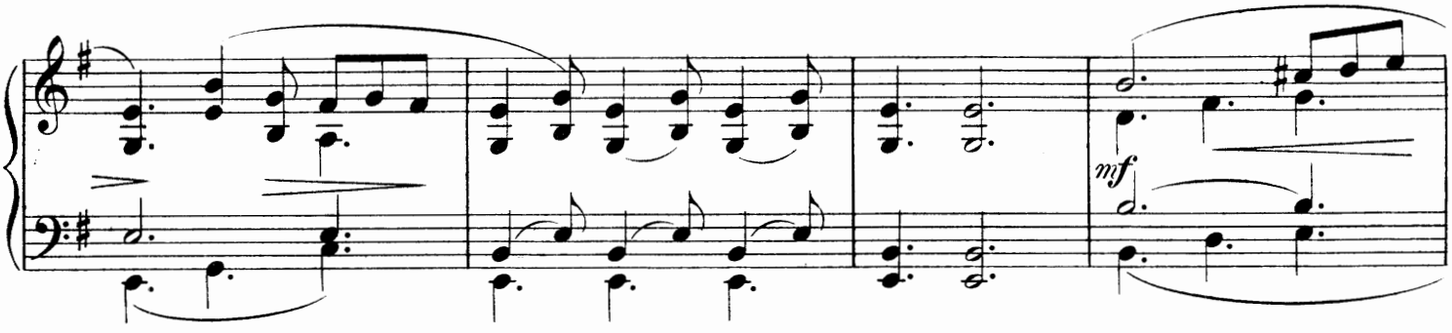
(Enter Sandro Botticelli, holding a hollow sphere.)

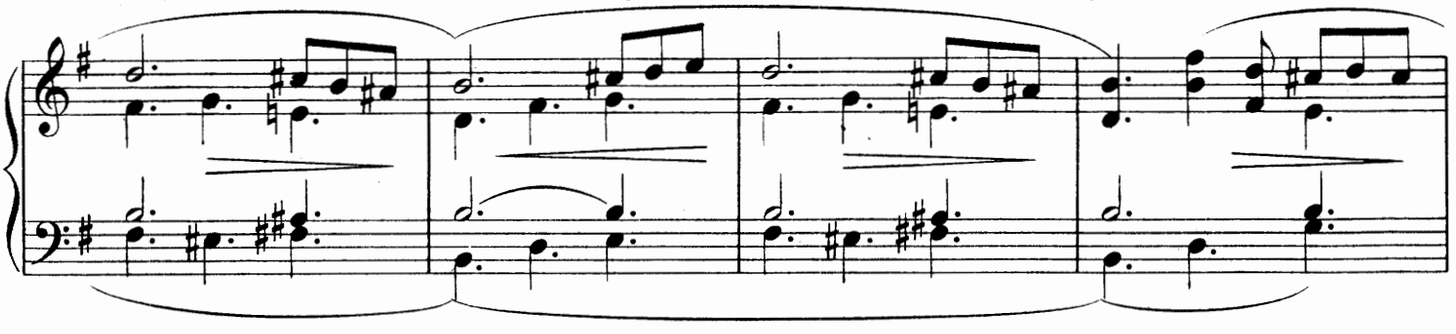
Poco Allegretto



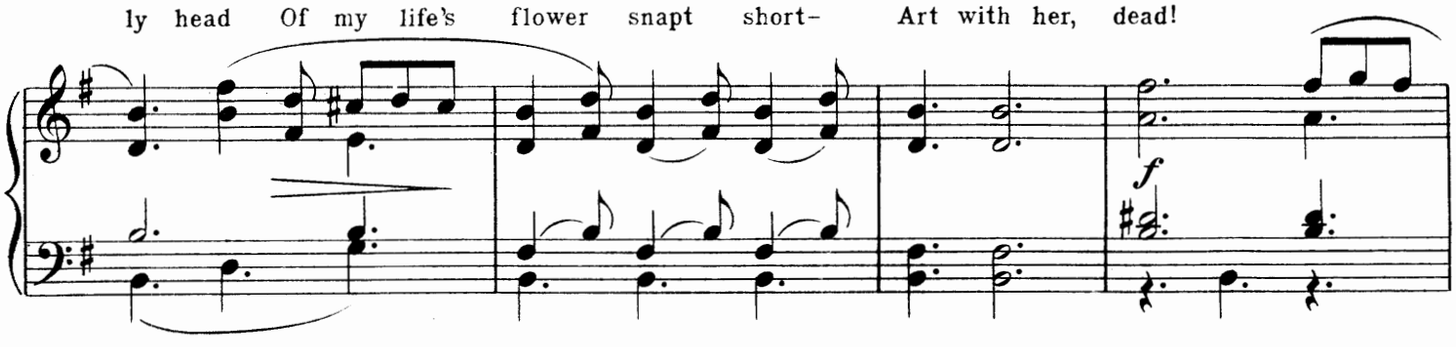
Sandro: Latest of all, and lone-

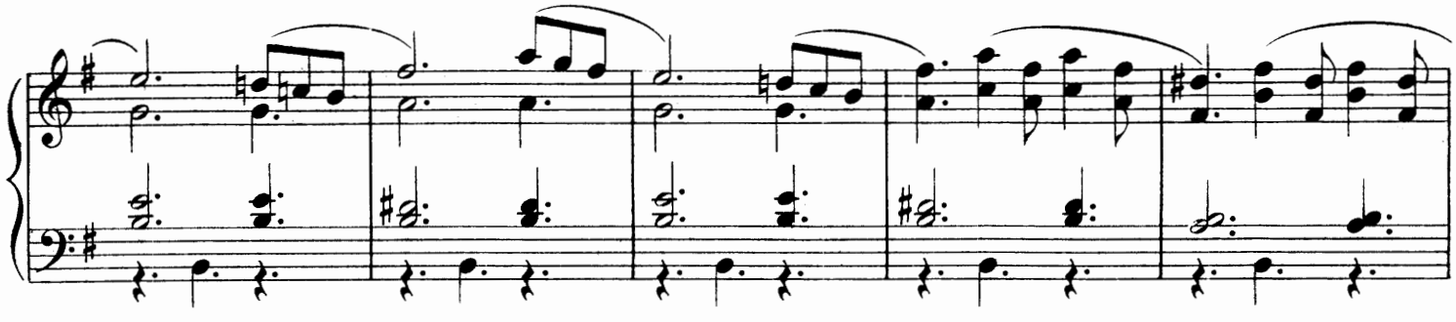


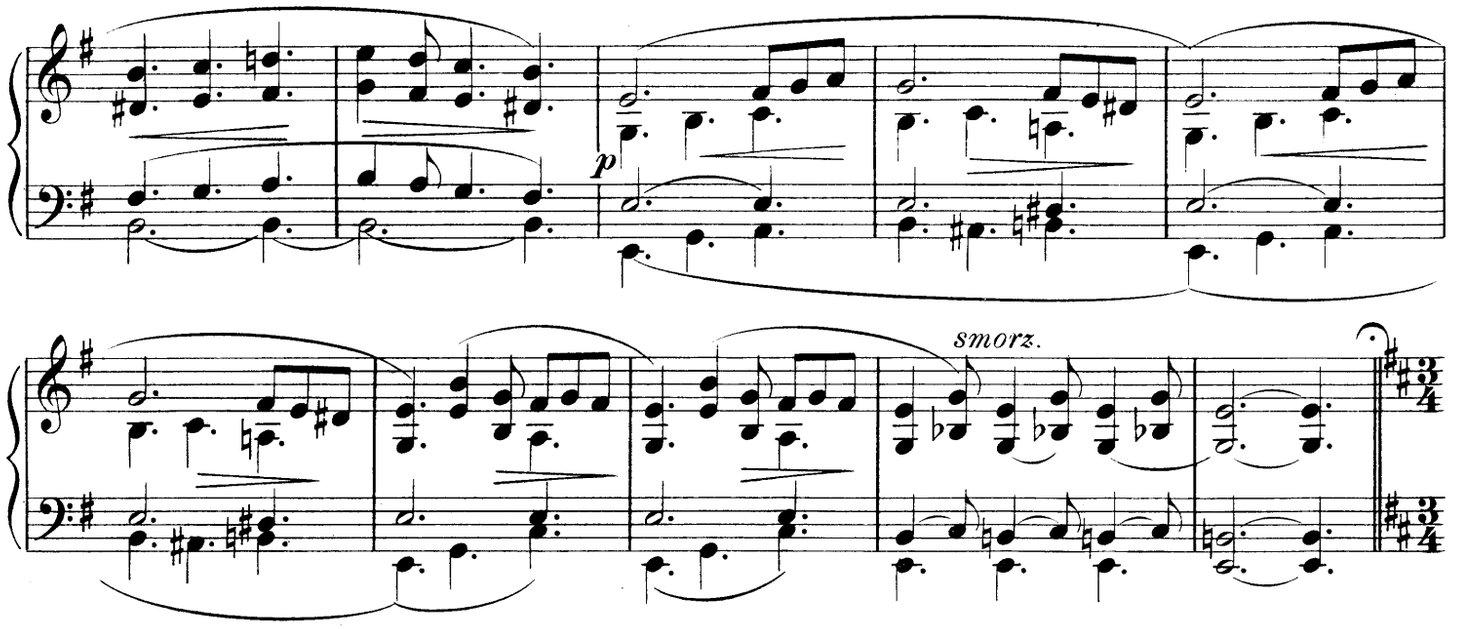
liest, I endured In heaviness of days with light obscured: Green earth grown gray, sun cold, the come-



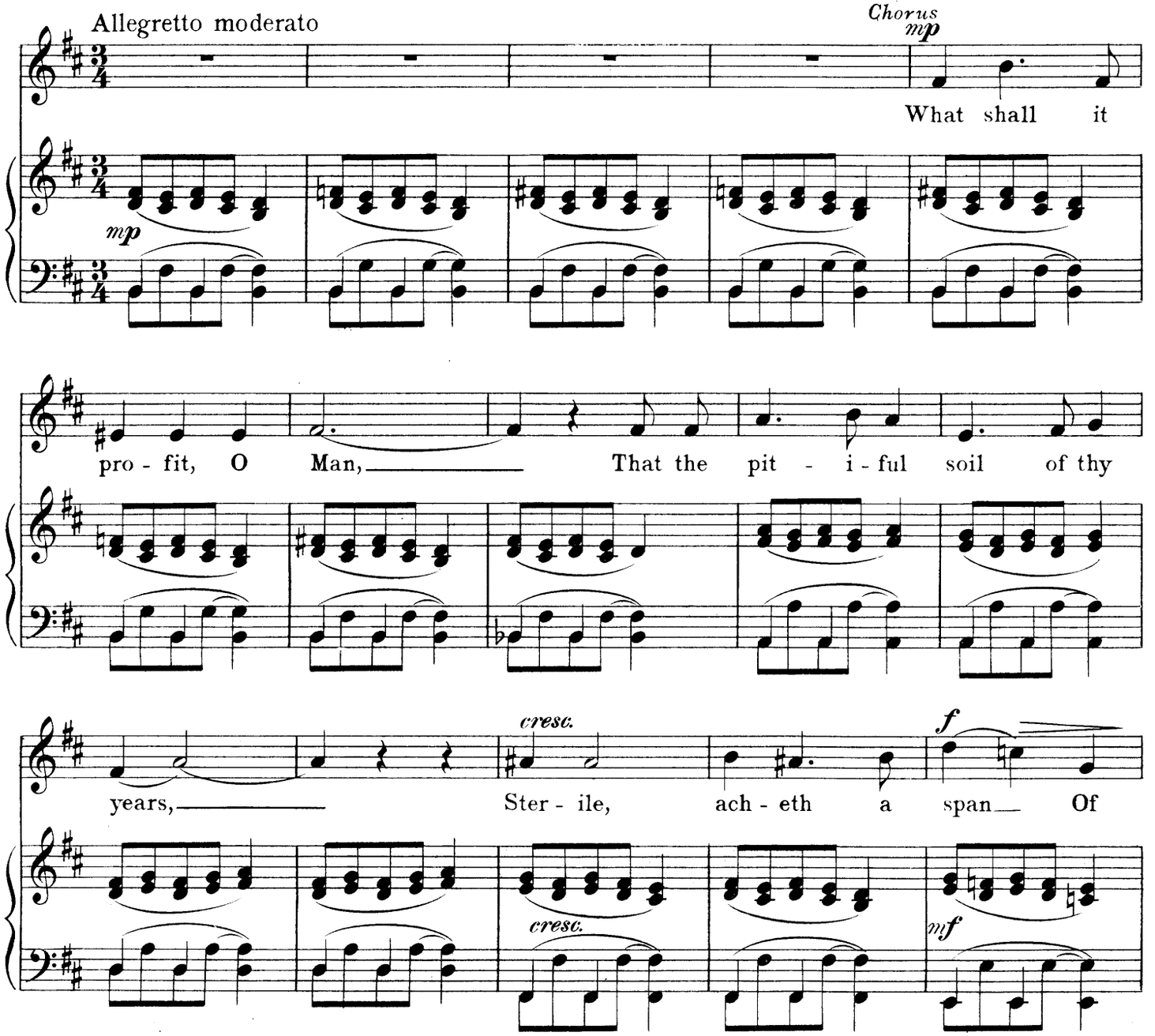
ly head Of my life's flower snapt short- Art with her, dead!







(The Chorus breaks in with a lament, what time the rain descends and the wind blows shrill.)



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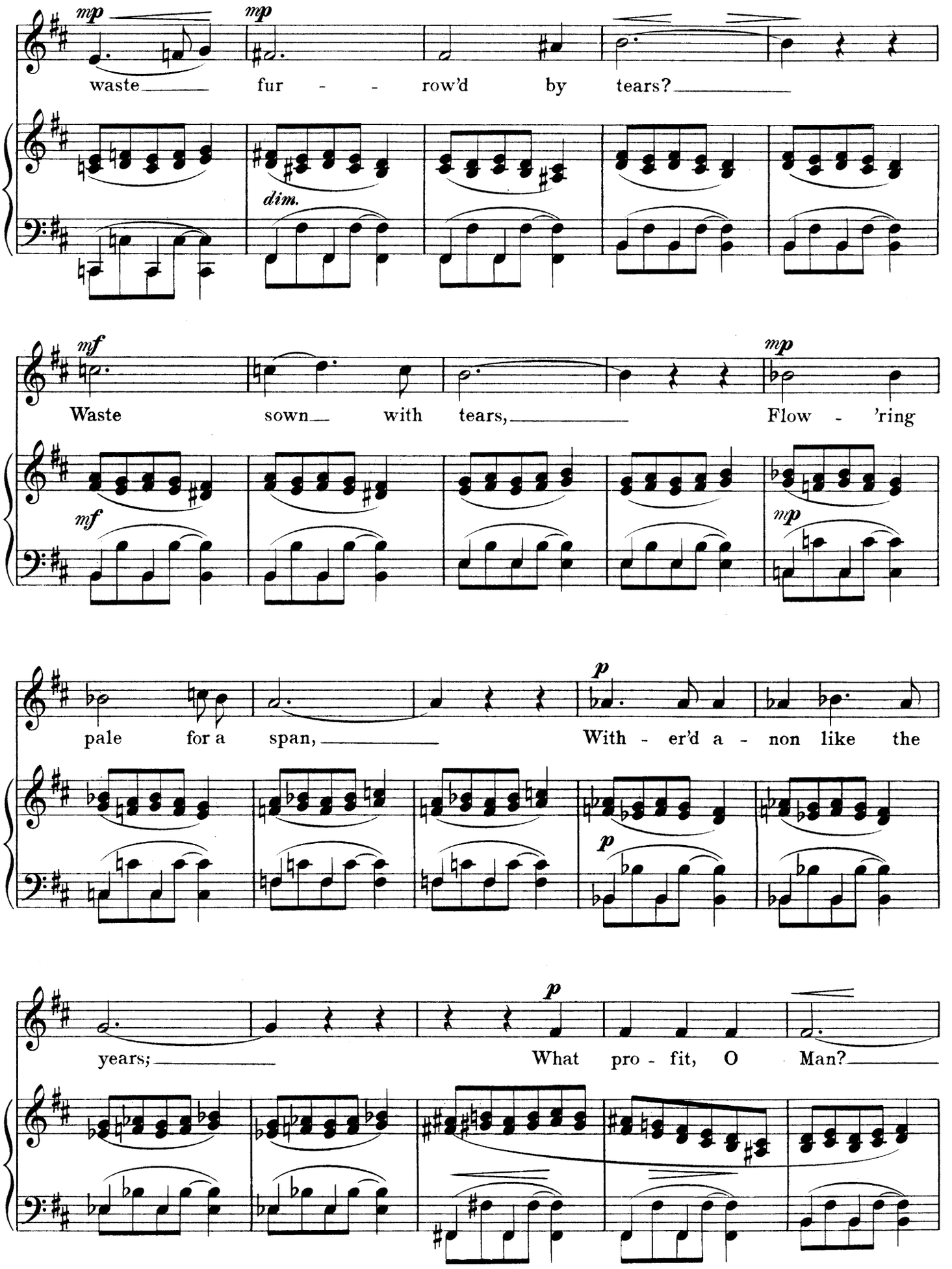
mp
mp
waste fur - - row'd by tears?
dim.
mf
mp
Waste sown with tears, Flow - 'ring
mf
mp
pale for a span, With - er'd a - non like the
p
p
years; What pro - fit, O Man?
p

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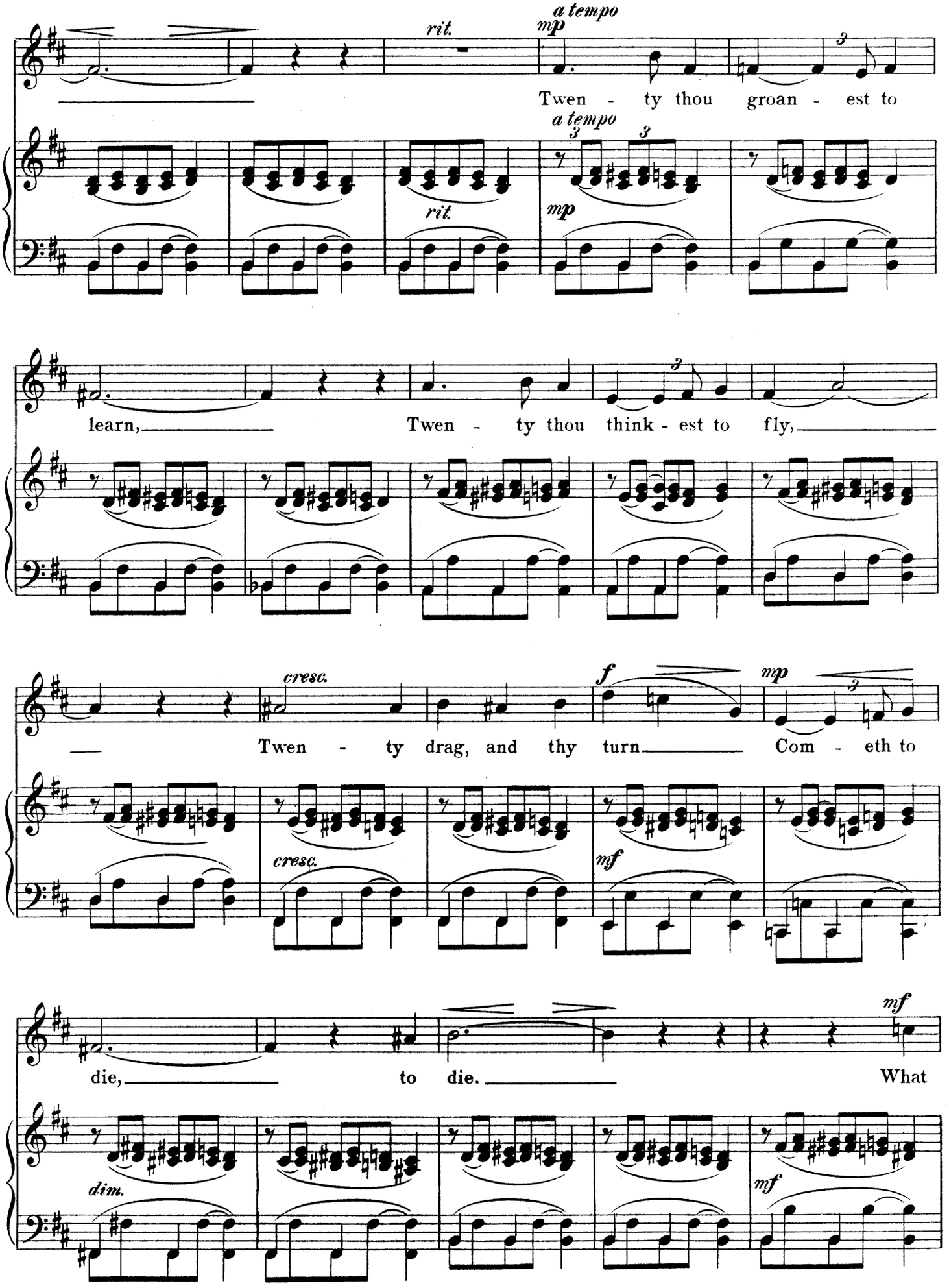
rit.
a tempo
mp
Twen - ty thou groan - est to
a tempo
rit.
mp
learn,
Twen - ty thou think - est to fly,
cresc.
f
mp
Twen - ty drag, and thy turn
Com - eth to
cresc.
mf
die,
to die.
What
mf
dim.
mf

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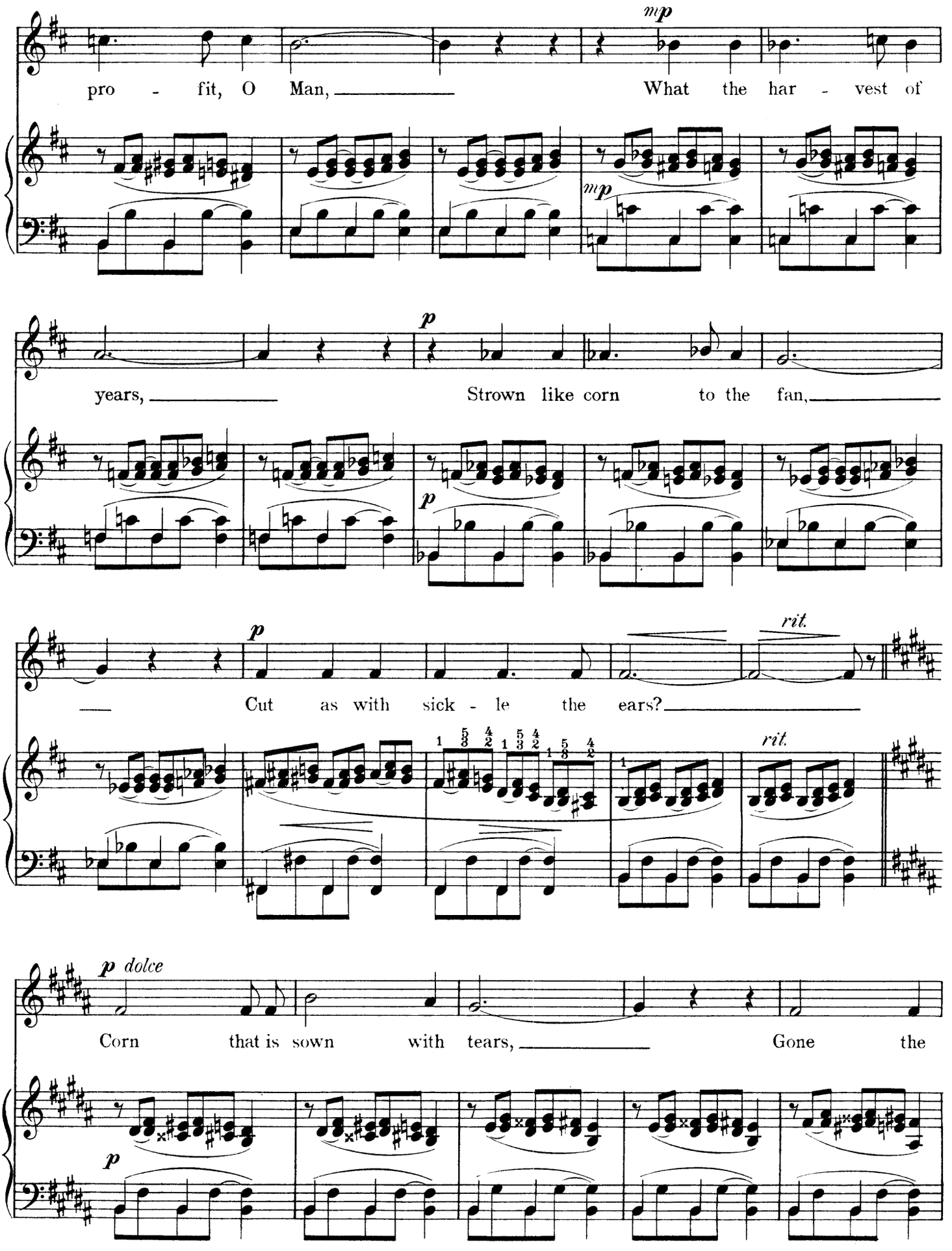
mp
pro - fit, O Man, What the har - vest of
mp
p
years, Strown like corn to the fan,
p
p
Cut as with sick - le the ears?
rit.
rit.
p dolce
Corn that is sown with tears, Gone the
p

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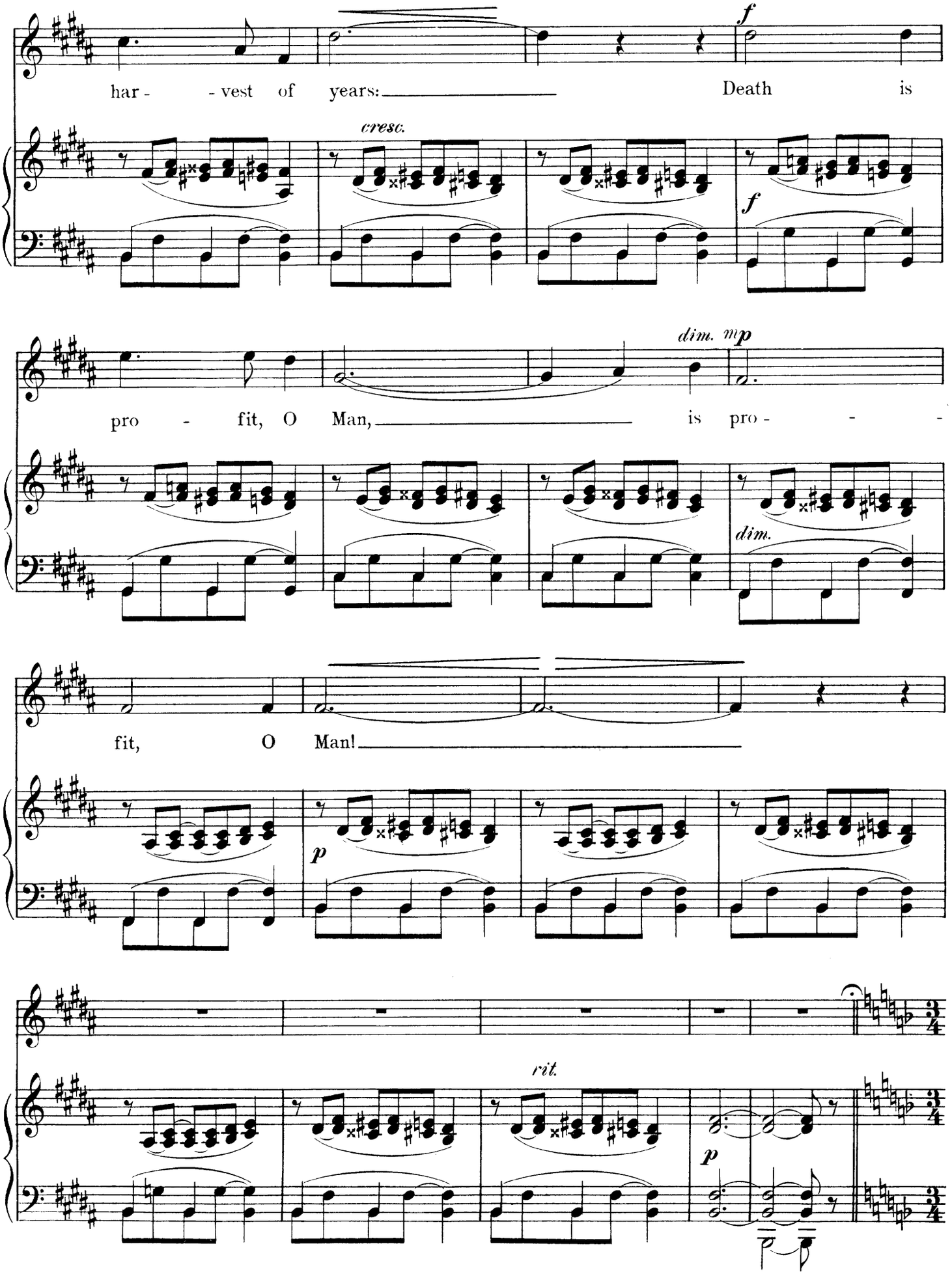
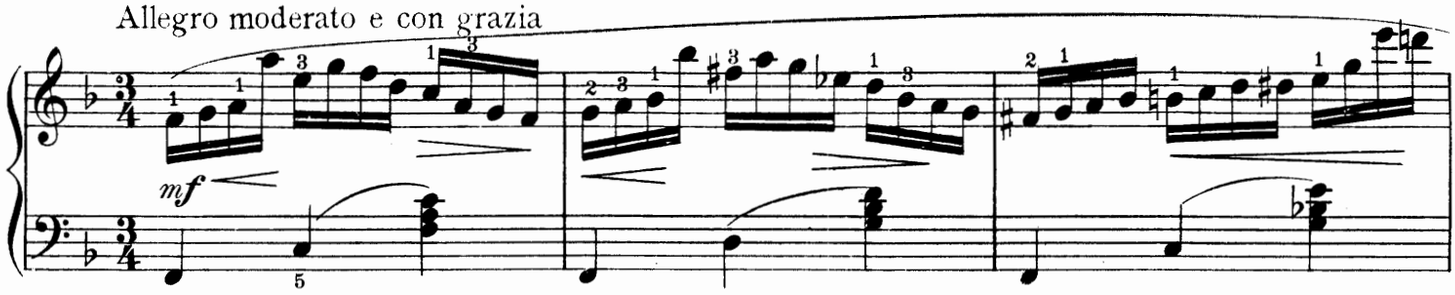
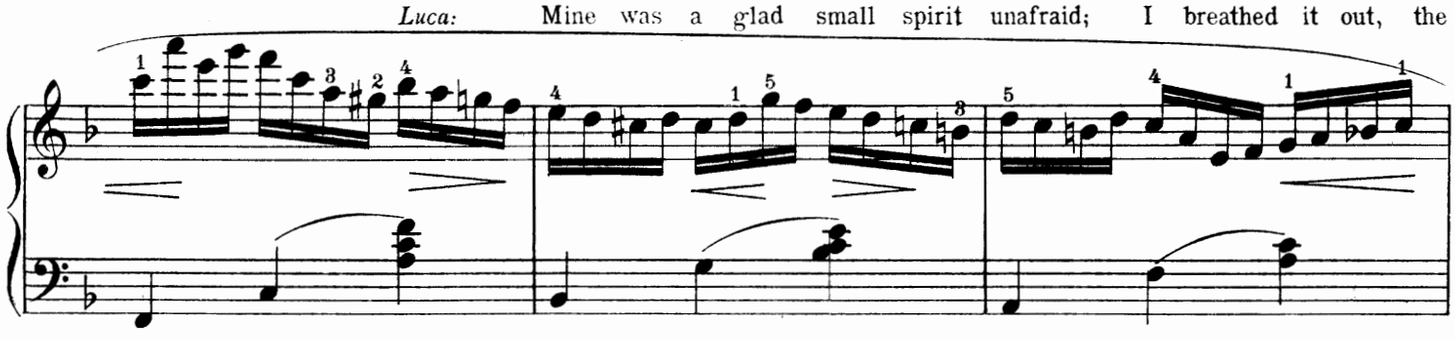

har - - vest of years: Death is
cresc.
f
f
pro - fit, O Man, is pro - - -
dim. mp
dim.
fit, O Man!
p
rit.
p

(When the sun gleams again Luca della Robbia enters, clothed in apple-green, with a bunch of yellow and blue flowers in his hand)

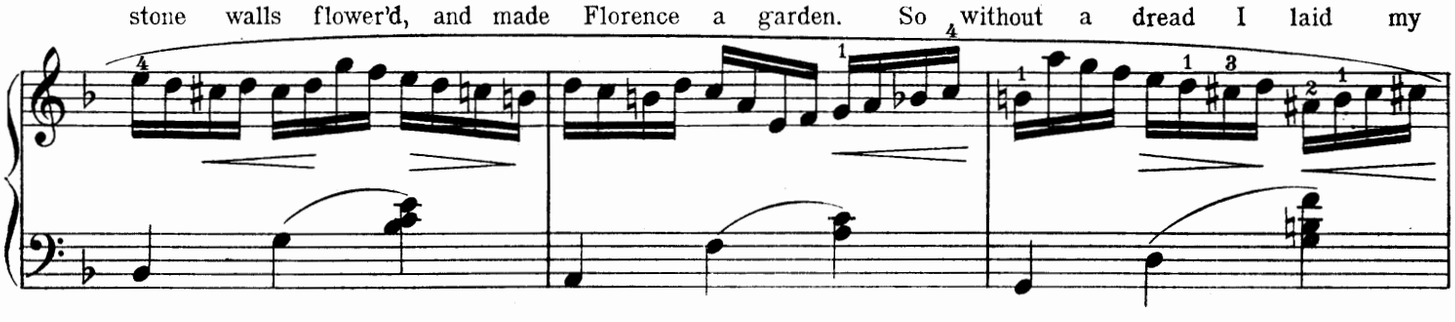
Allegro moderato e con grazia



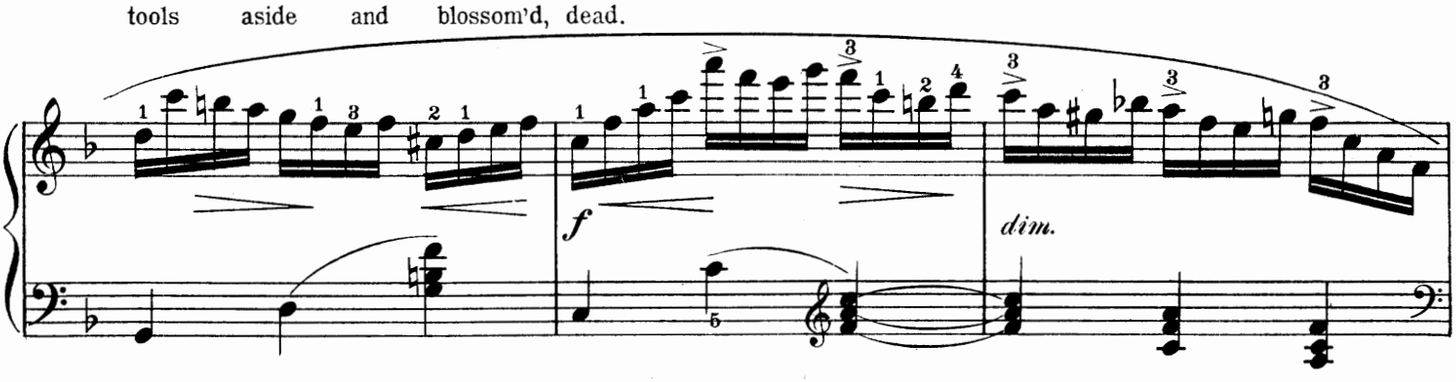
Luca: Mine was a glad small spirit unafraid; I breathed it out, the

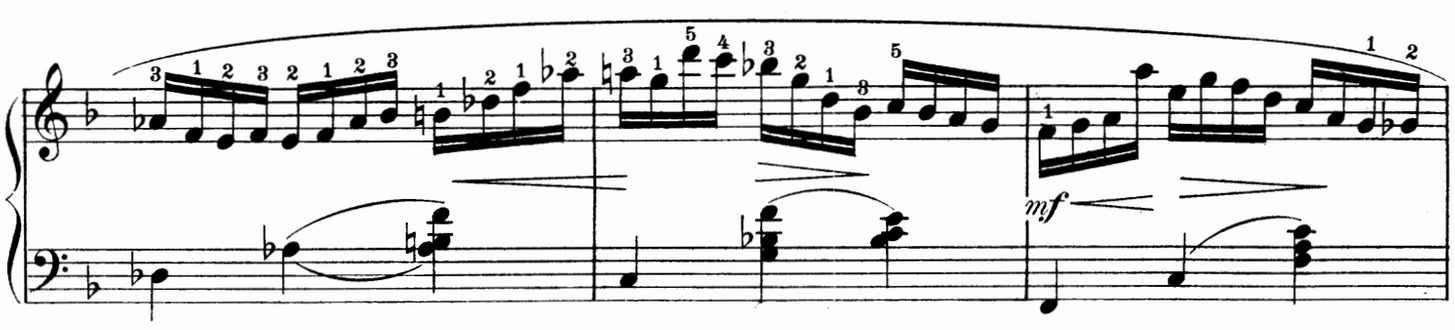


stone walls flower'd, and made Florence a garden. So without a dread I laid my



tools aside and blossom'd, dead.





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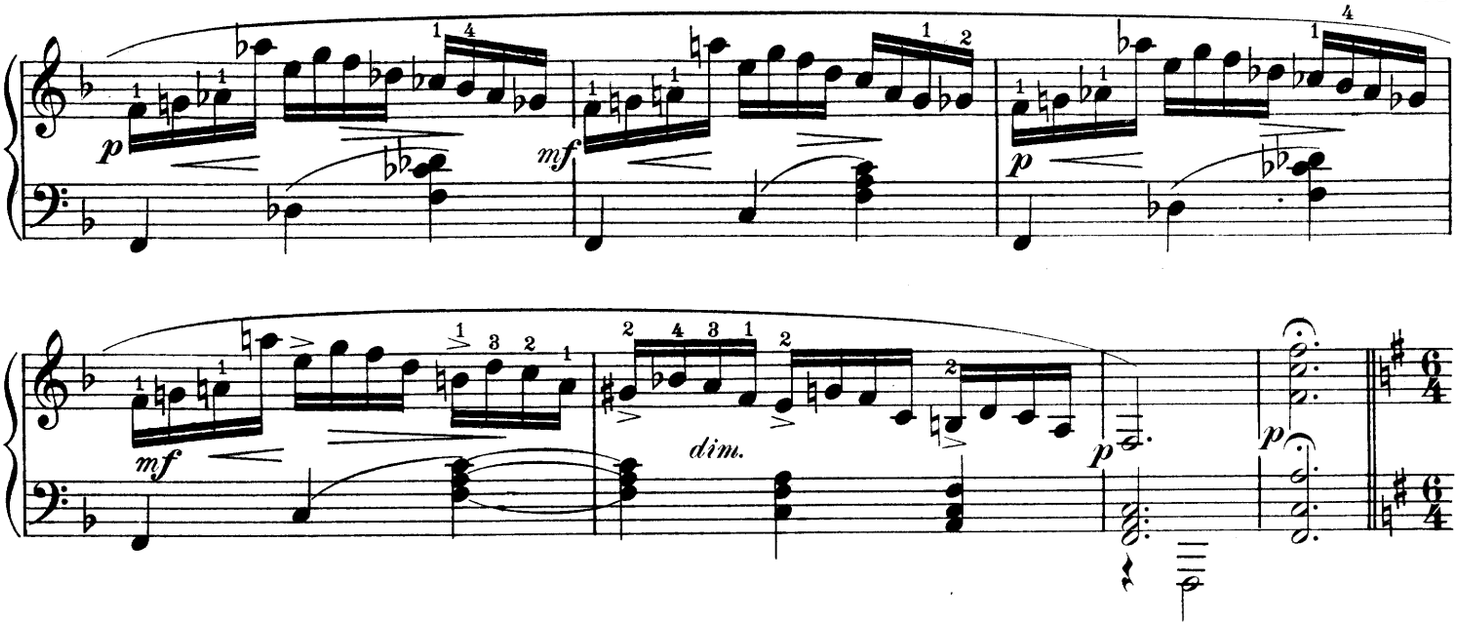
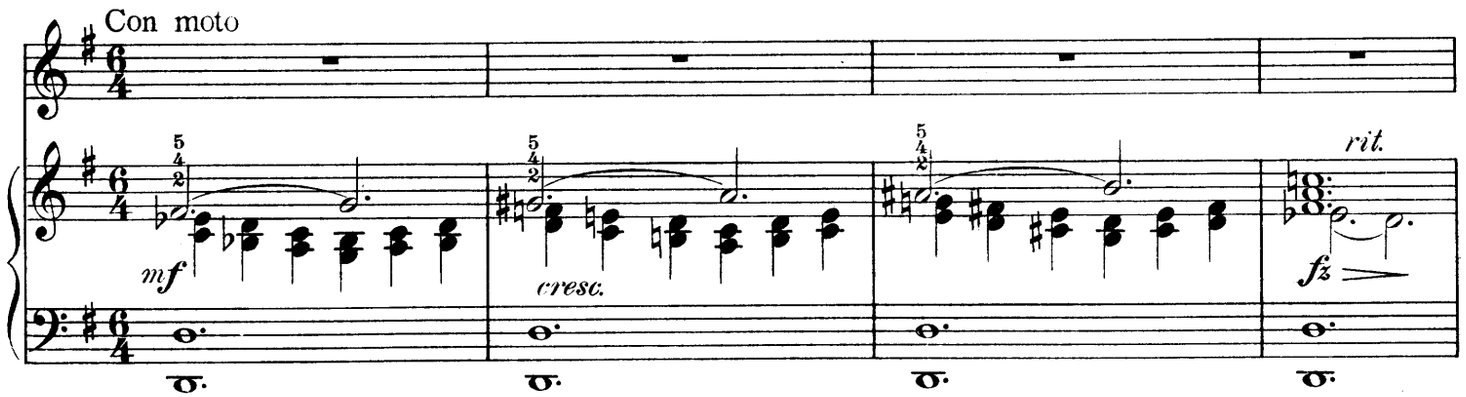
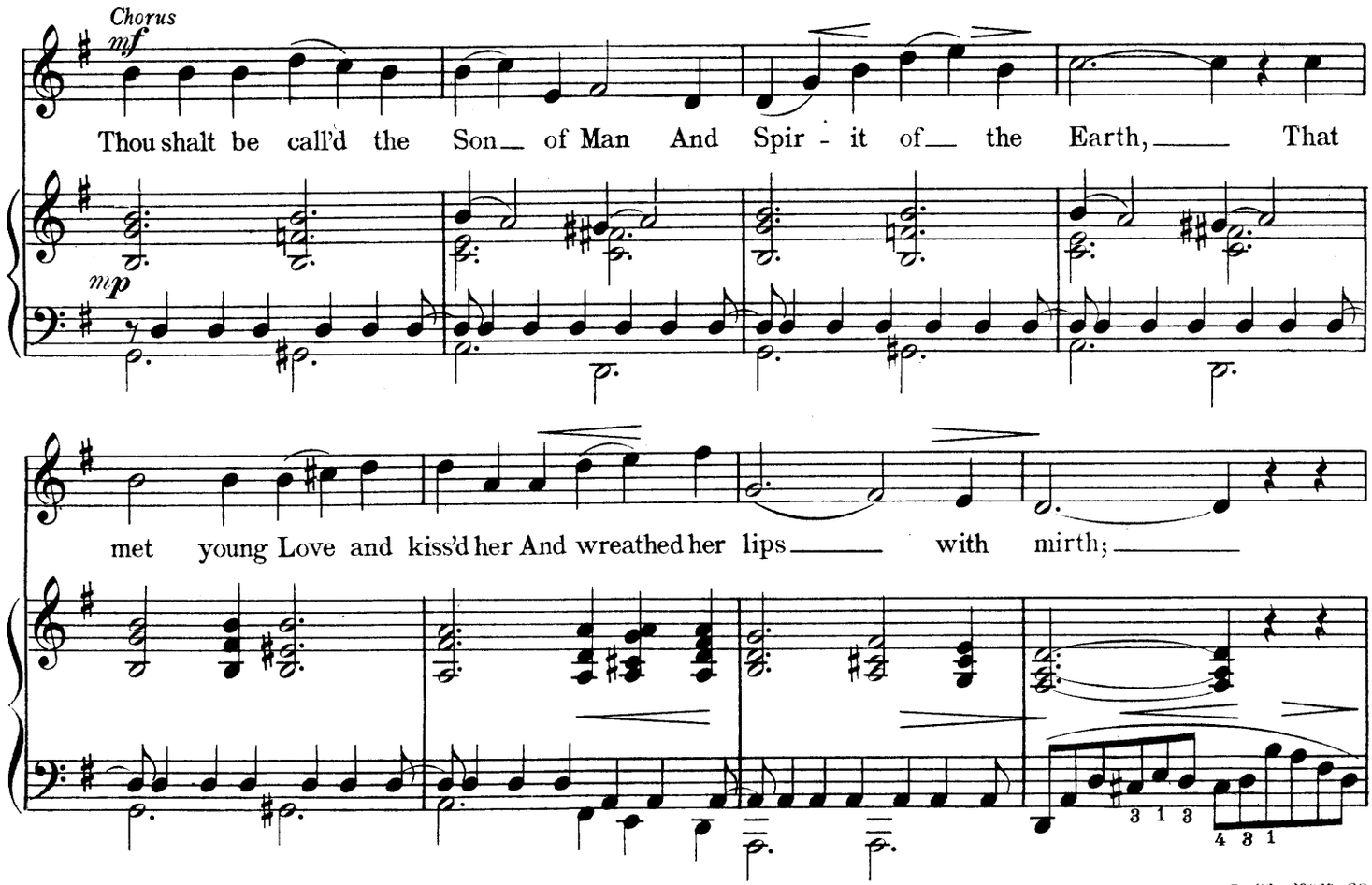
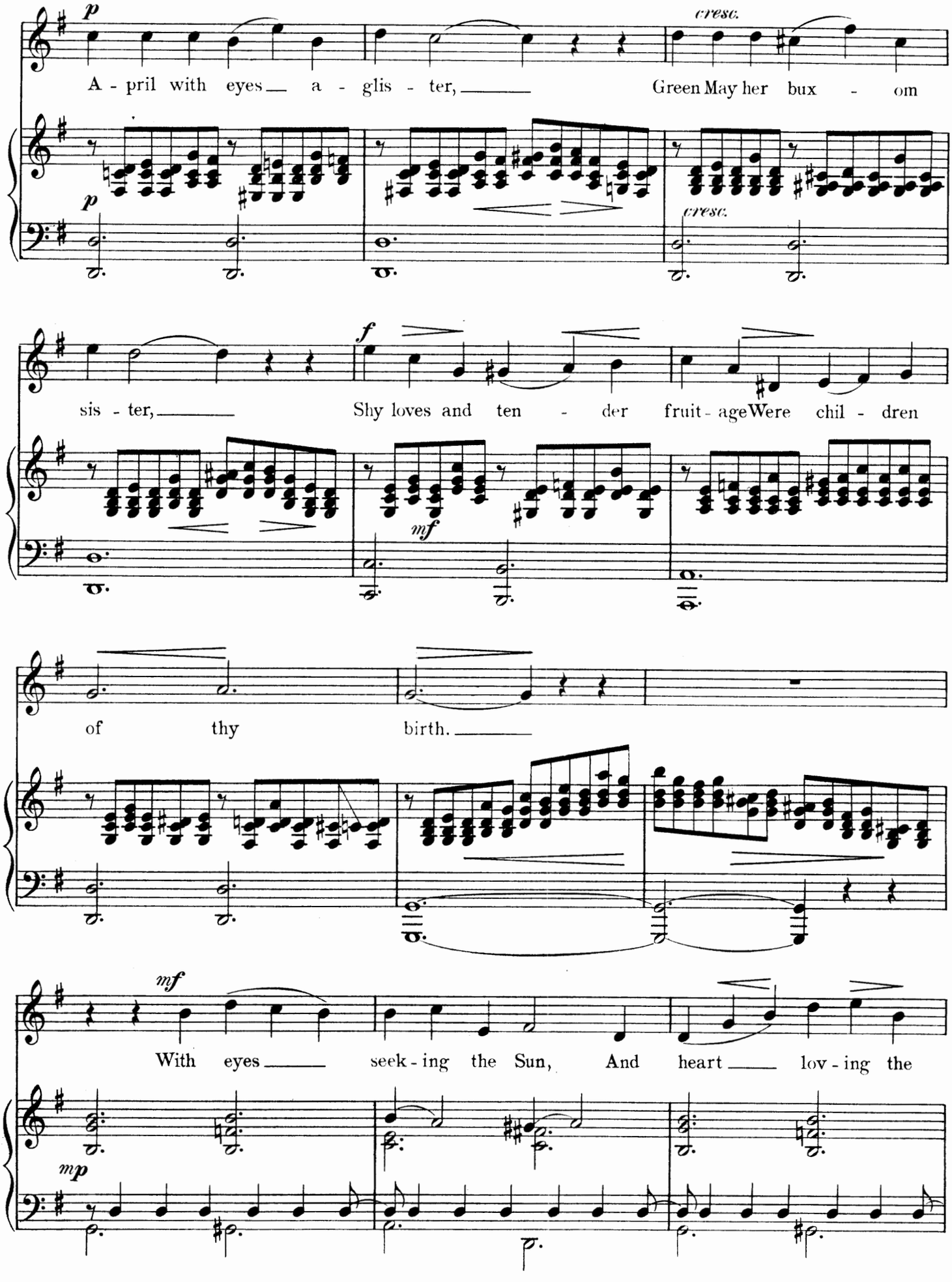
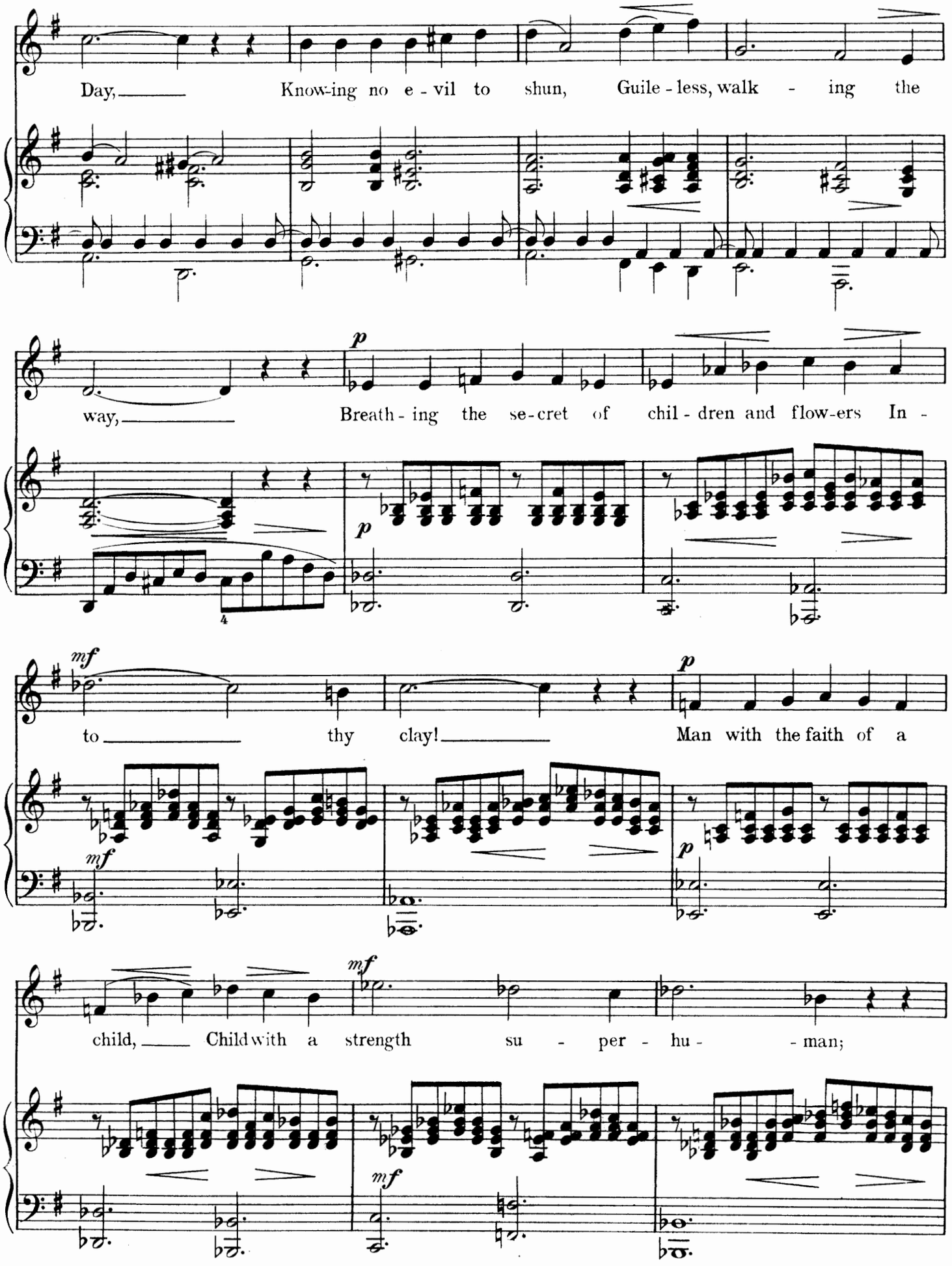
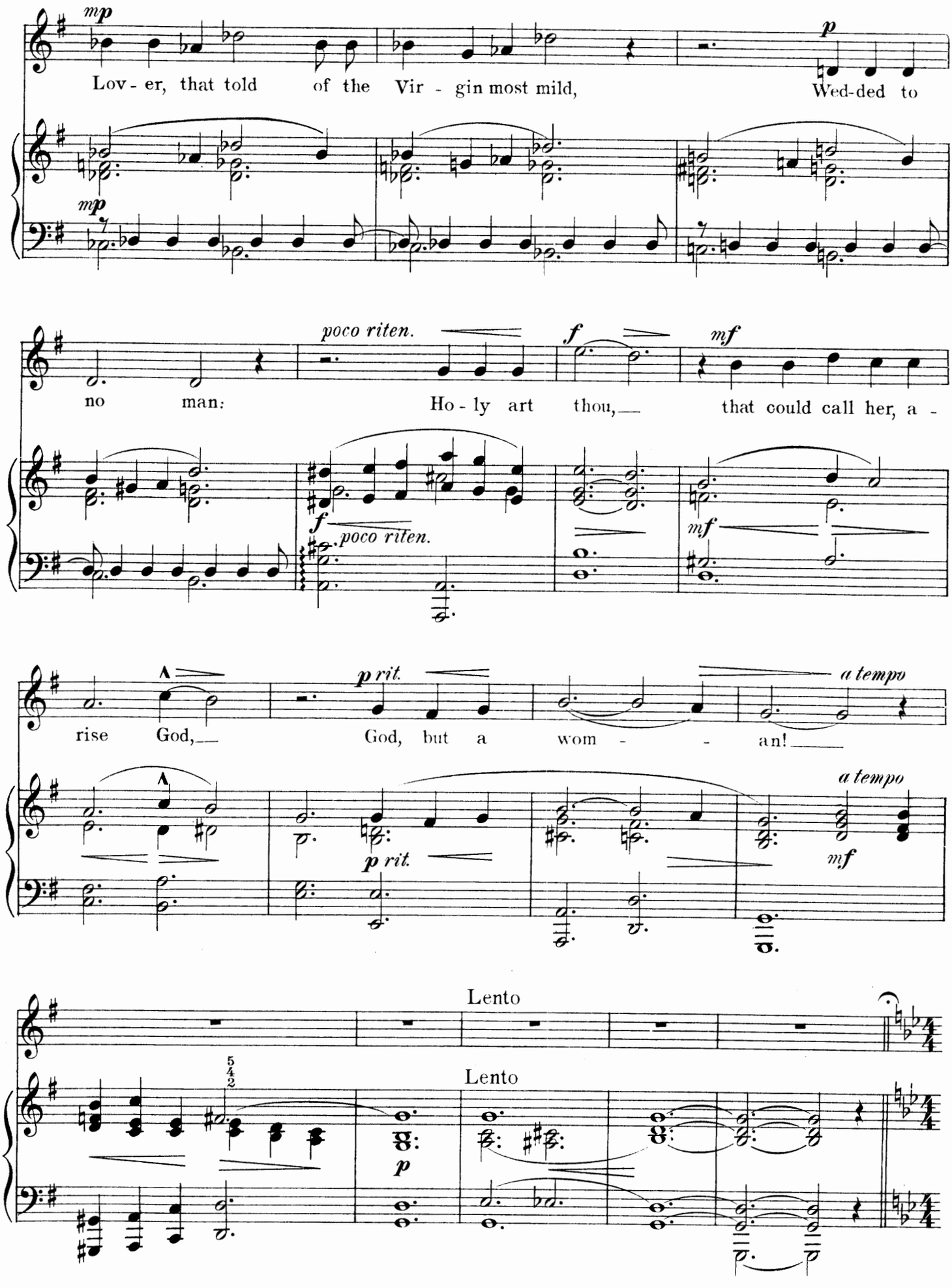

p
mf
p
mf
dim.
p
p


Con moto
mf
cresc.
rit.
fz


Chorus
mf
Thou shalt be call'd the Son of Man And Spir - it of the Earth, That
mp
met young Love and kiss'd her And wreathed her lips with mirth;


p
A - pril with eyes a - glis - ter,
cresc.
Green May her bux - om
sis - ter,
f
Shy loves and ten - der fruit - ageWere chil - dren
mf
of thy birth.
mf
With eyes seek - ing the Sun, And heart lov - ing the
mp


Day, Know-ing no e - vil to shun, Guile - less, walk - ing the
way, Breath - ing the se-cret of chil - dren and flow-ers In -
to thy clay! Man with the faith of a
child, Child with a strength su - per - hu - man;


mp
Lov - er, that told of the Vir - gin most mild,
p
Wed-ded to
poco riten.
f
mf
no man:
Ho - ly art thou,
that could call her, a -
f
poco riten.
mf
p rit.
a tempo
rise God,
God, but a wom - - an!
a tempo
p rit.
mf
Lento
Lento
p

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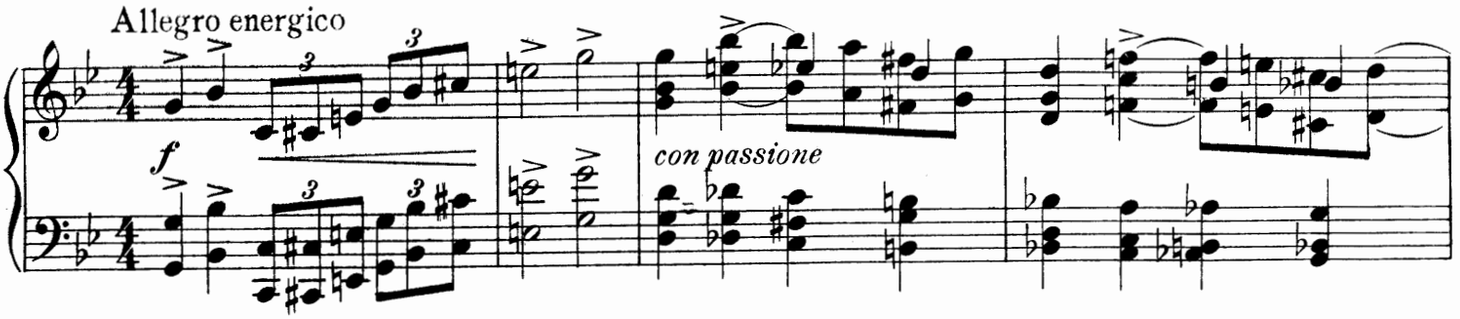
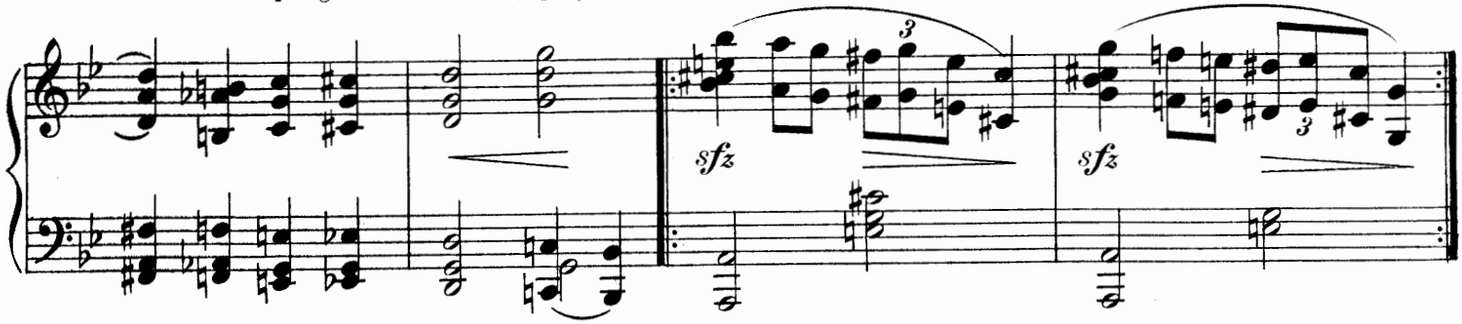
(Niccolo Macchiavelli, bearing a skull wreathed with flowers.)

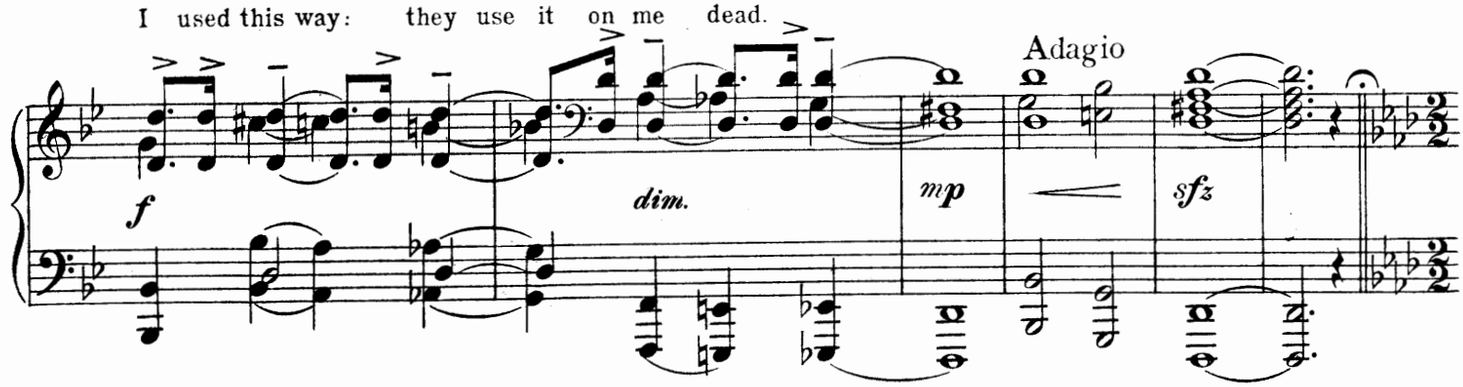
Macchiavelli: That kings might feast I sweated God away; To



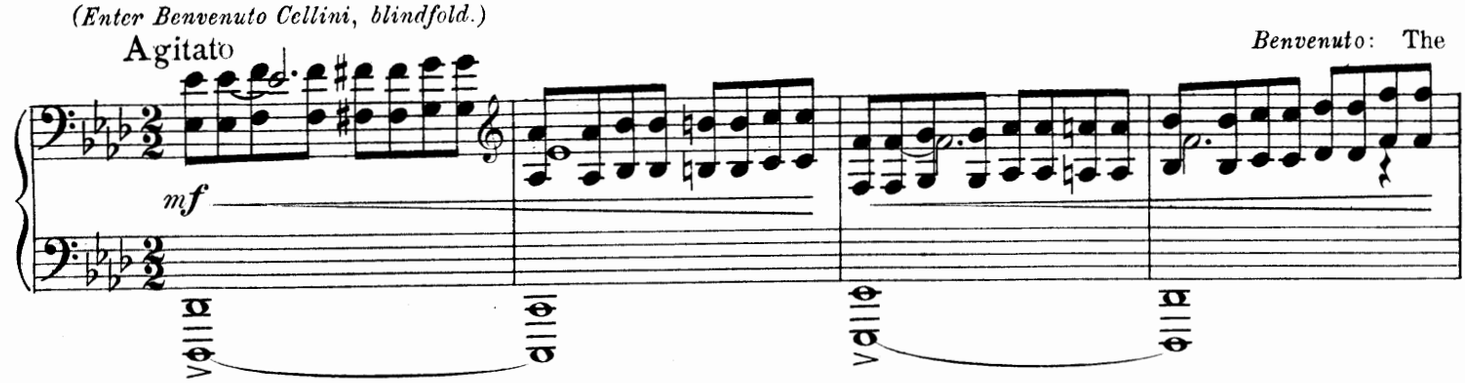
insolent stripling feet I bow'd my gray Wise brows. A smirk, a shrug, a wagging head,



I used this way: they use it on me dead.

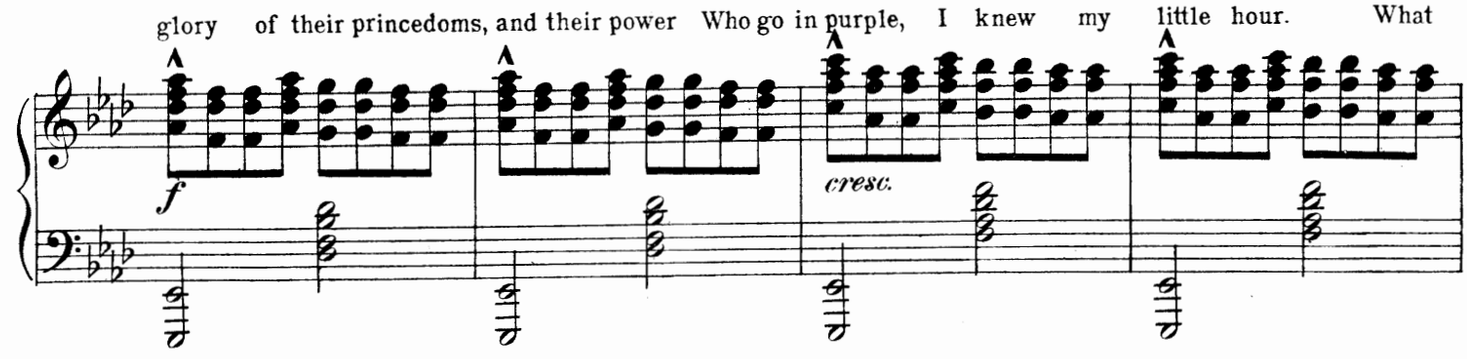


(Enter Benvenuto Cellini, blindfold.)



Benvenuto: The

glory of their princedoms, and their power Who go in purple, I knew my little hour. What



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time my brain-trap gripp'd them all, I led Whither I would. What profiteth me dead?

ff molto animato *dim.*

(Enter Luigi Pulci, gnawing a stone.)

molto rit. Poco allagramente

sff *sff* *sff* *sff* *sff* *sff* *mp*

Pulci: Let who wins laugh: I laugh'd at Heaven and Earth. Dante saw Grief and loved her;

scherzando *p* *mfz*

I chose Mirth. Mirth and I laugh'd till we were out of breath, And left one laughing still—

dim. *mfz*

the jester, Death.

f pesante *f* *rit.*

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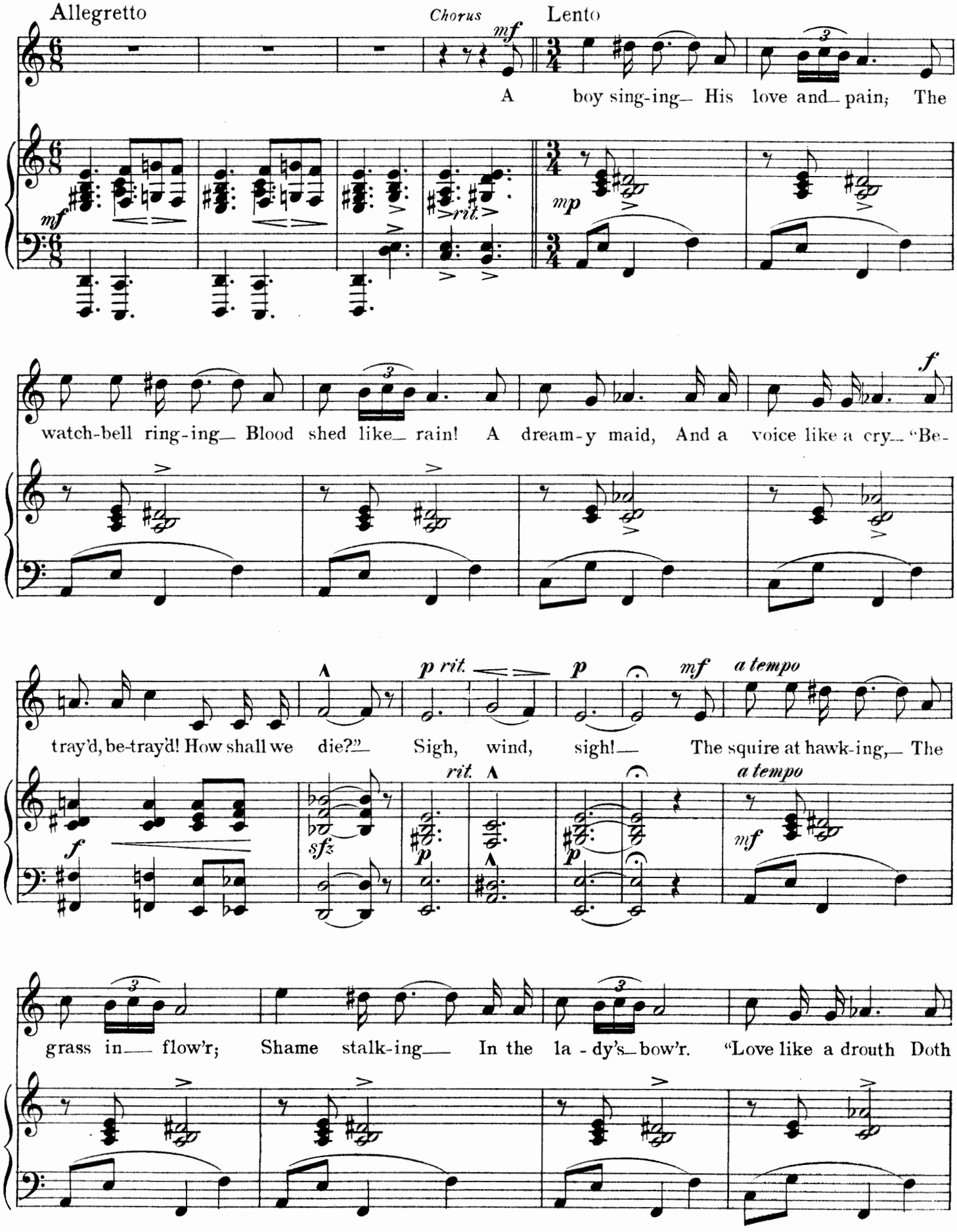
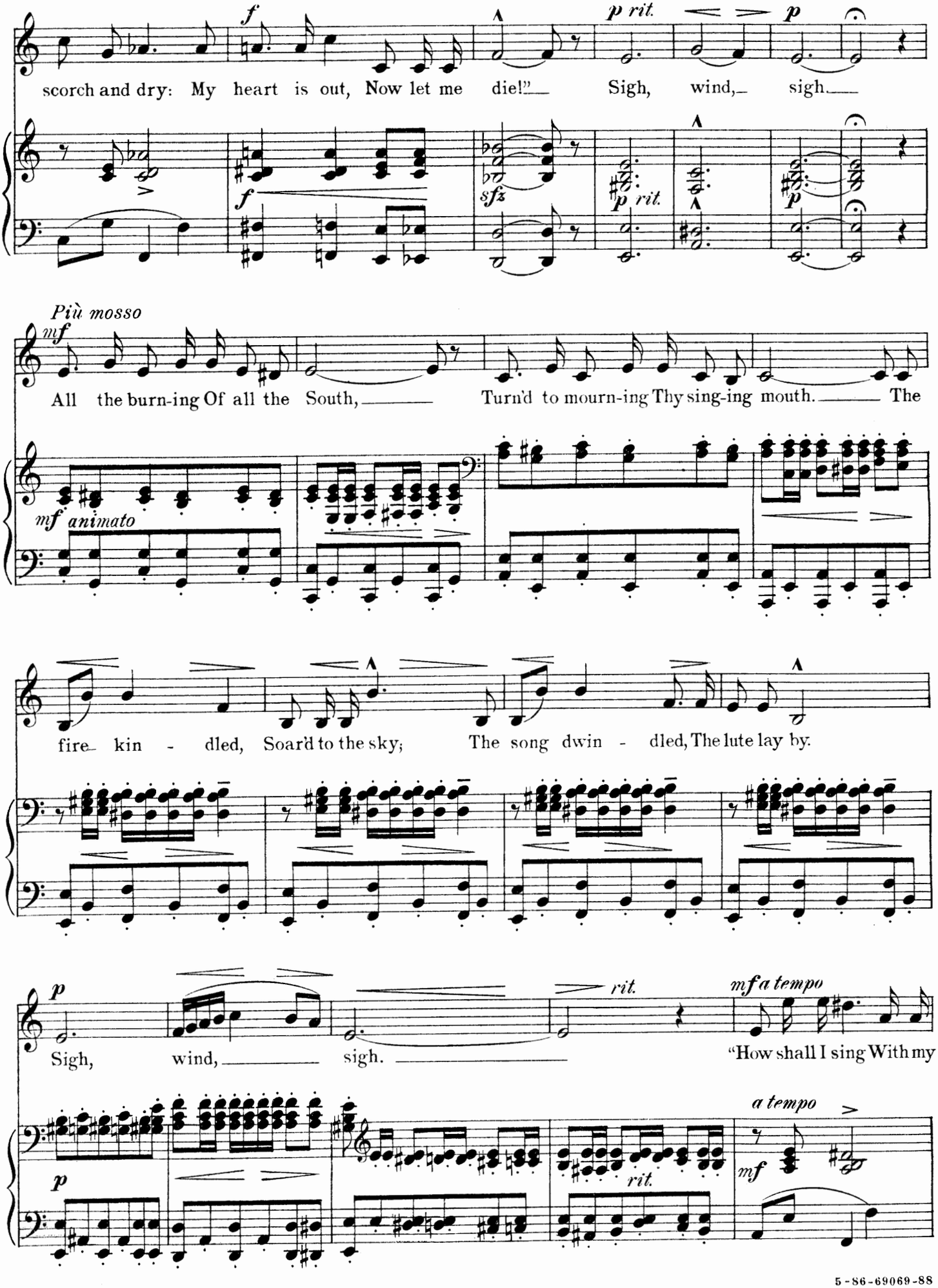
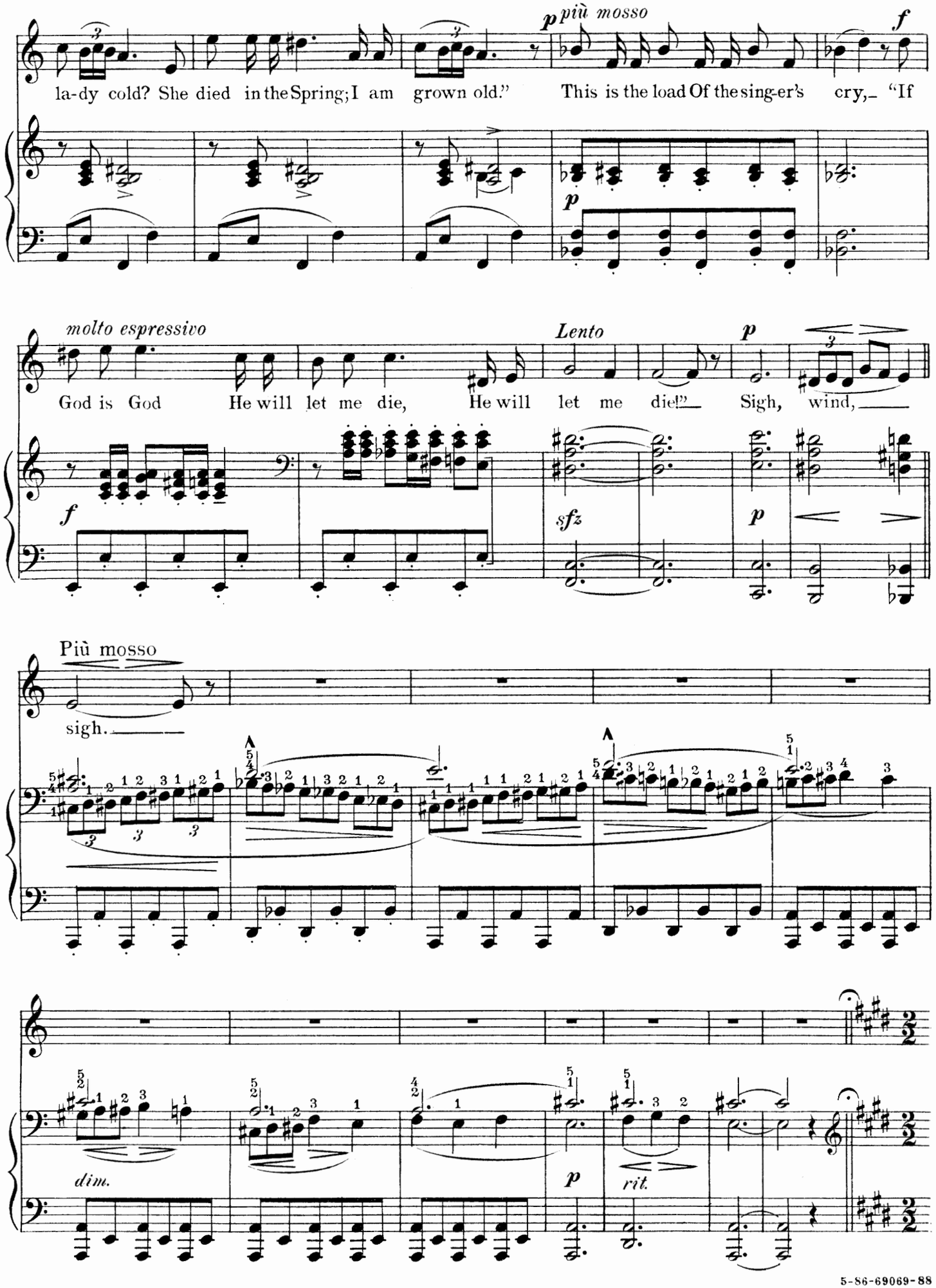
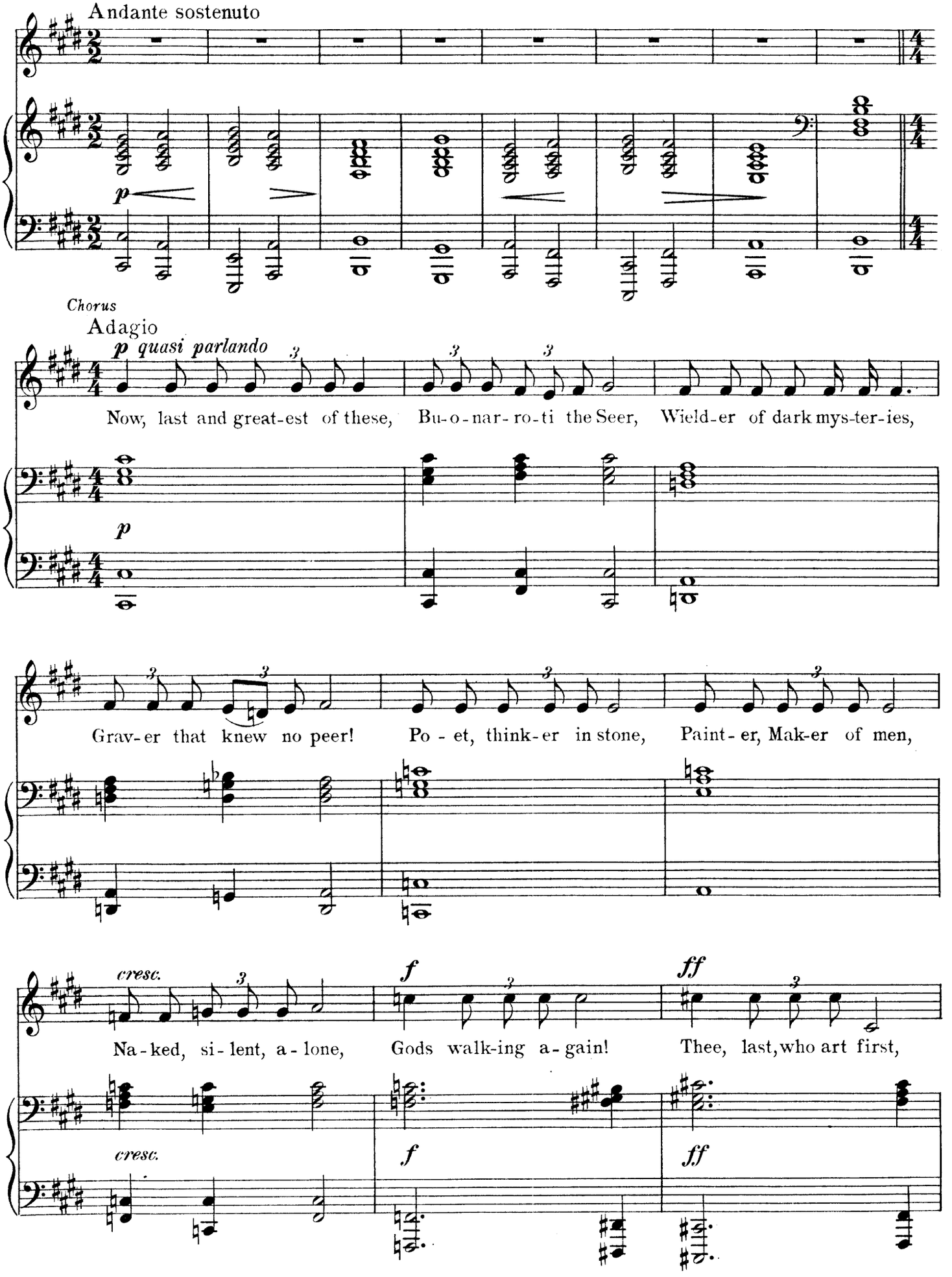
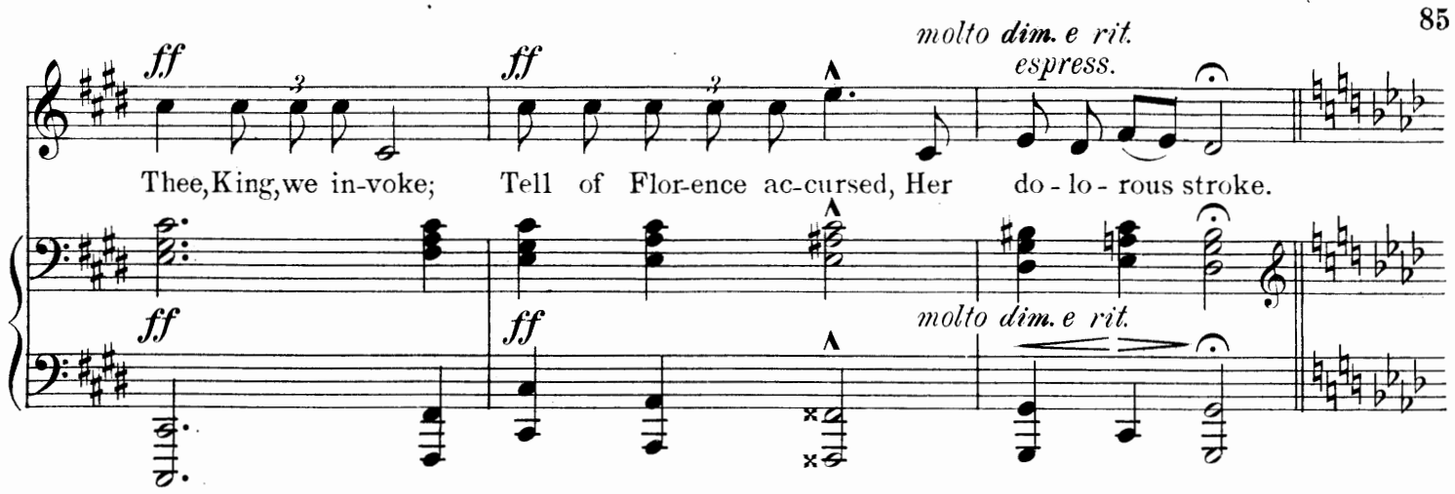
BALLAD


Allegretto
Chorus
mf
Lento
A boy sing-ing— His love and— pain; The
mf
mp
rit.
watch-bell ring-ing— Blood shed like— rain! A dream-y maid, And a voice like a cry— "Be-
f
tray'd, be-tray'd! How shall we die?"— Sigh, wind, sigh!— The squire at hawk-ing,— The
p rit.
p
mf
a tempo
f
sfz
rit.
a tempo
grass in— flow'r; Shame stalk-ing— In the la - dy's— bow'r. "Love like a drouth Doth


f
p rit.
p
scorch and dry: My heart is out, Now let me die!" Sigh, wind, sigh.
sfz
Più mosso
mf
All the burn-ing Of all the South, Turn'd to mourn-ing Thy sing-ing mouth. The
mf animato
fire kin - dled, Soar'd to the sky; The song dwin - dled, The lute lay by.
rit.
mf a tempo
Sigh, wind, sigh. "How shall I sing With my
a tempo
mf

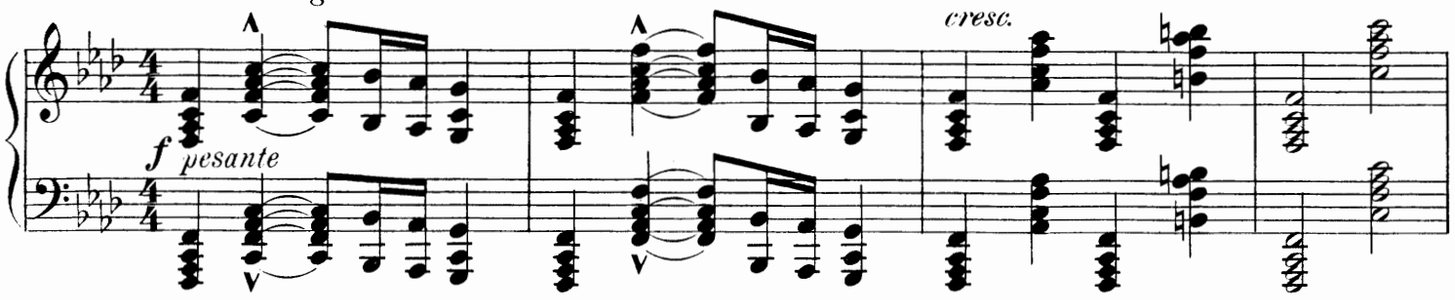

p più mosso
f
la-dy cold? She died in the Spring; I am grown old." This is the load Of the sing-er's cry,— "If
p
molto espressivo
Lento
p
God is God He will let me die, He will let me die!" Sigh, wind,
f
sfz
p
Più mosso
sigh.
dim.
p
rit.


Andante sostenuto
p
Chorus
Adagio
p quasi parlando
Now, last and great-est of these, Bu-o-nar-ro-ti the Seer, Wield-er of dark mys-ter-ies,
p
Grav-er that knew no peer! Po - et, think-er in stone, Paint - er, Mak-er of men,
cresc.
f
ff
Na-ked, si-lent, a-lone, Gods walk-ing a-gain! Thee, last, who art first,
cresc.
f
ff



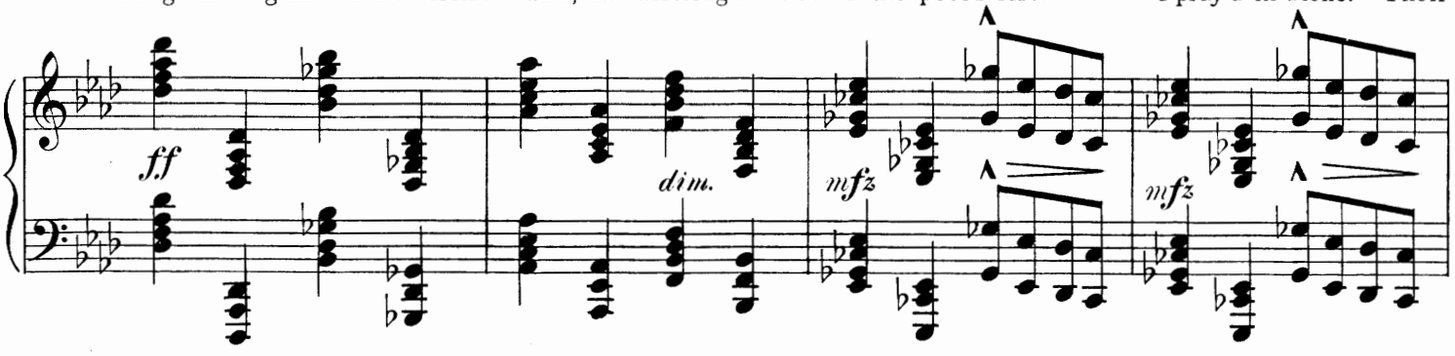
(Michael Angelo comes crowned.)

Maestoso e grandioso

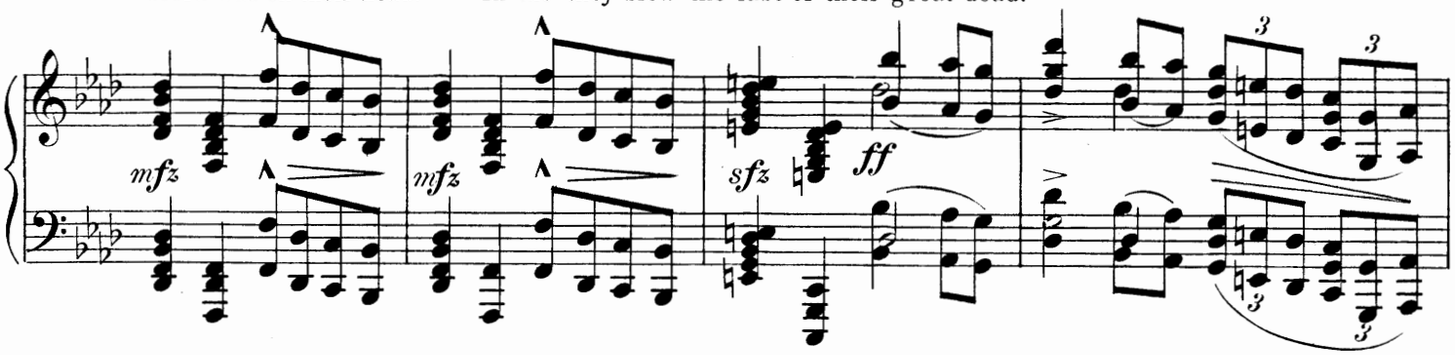


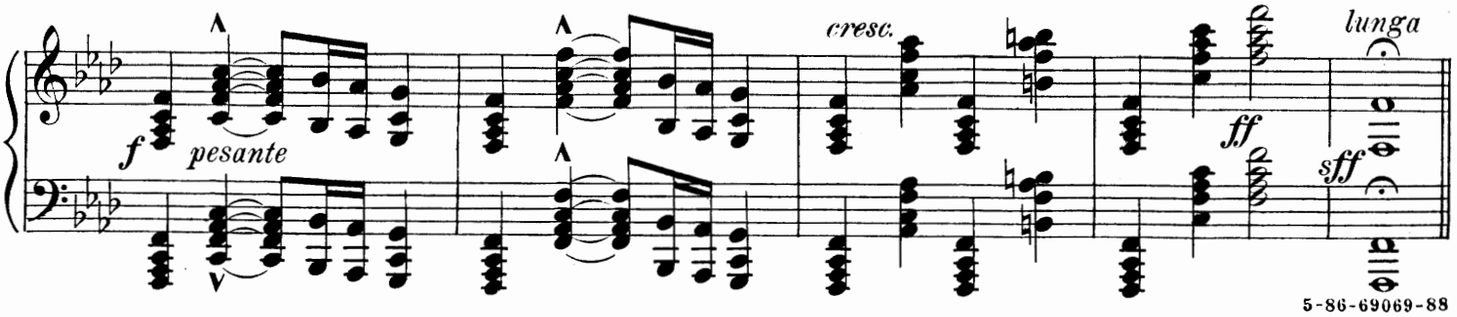
Michael Angelo:

The gaunt long life of unfulfill'd desire, The hireling's ashes on the poet's fire! I pray'd in stone. Their



scorn was on their head: In me they slew the last of their great dead.





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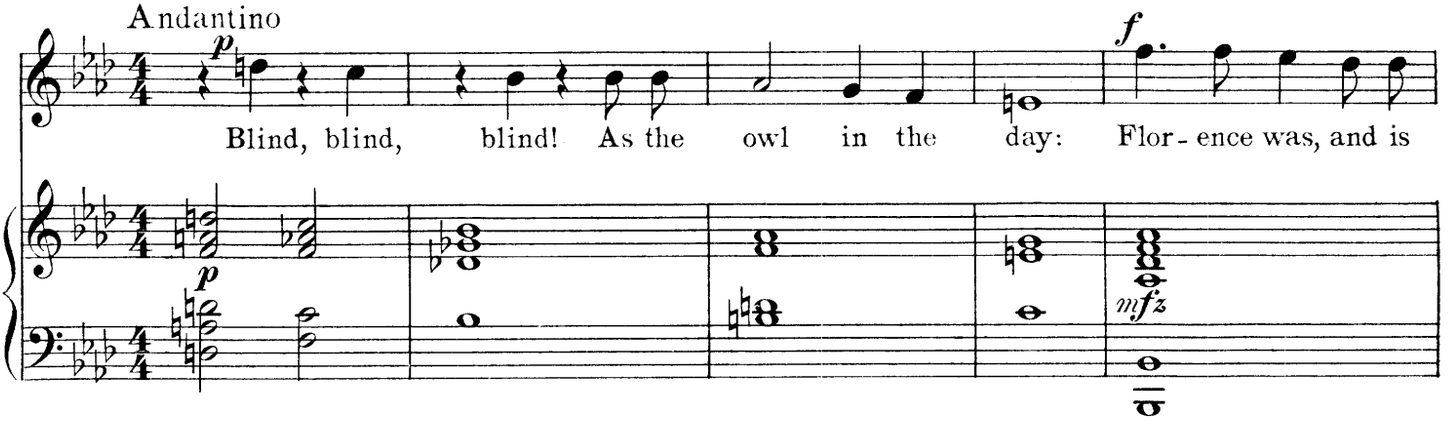
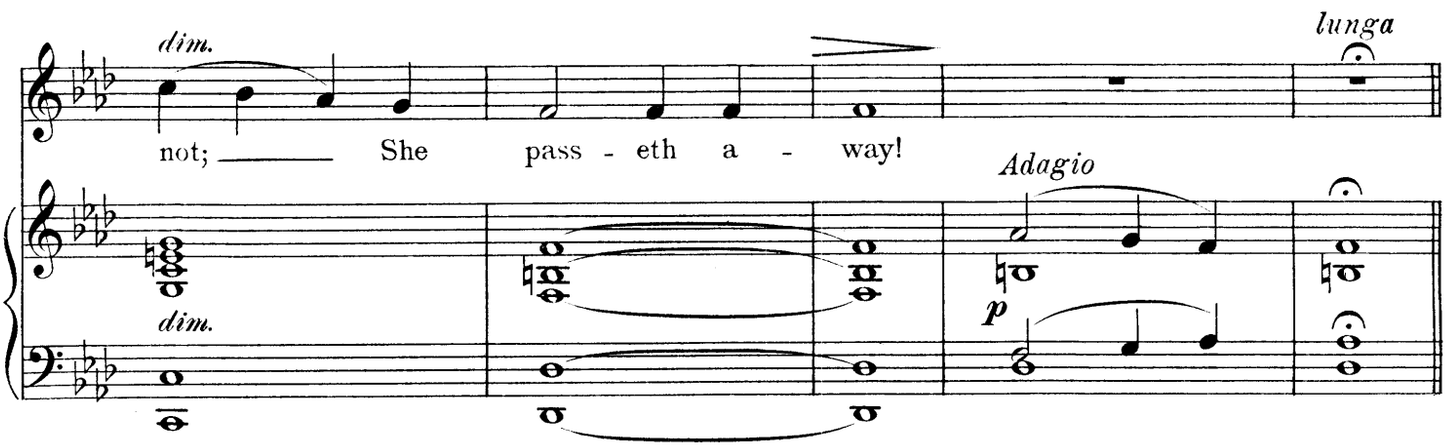
Chorus

Andantino

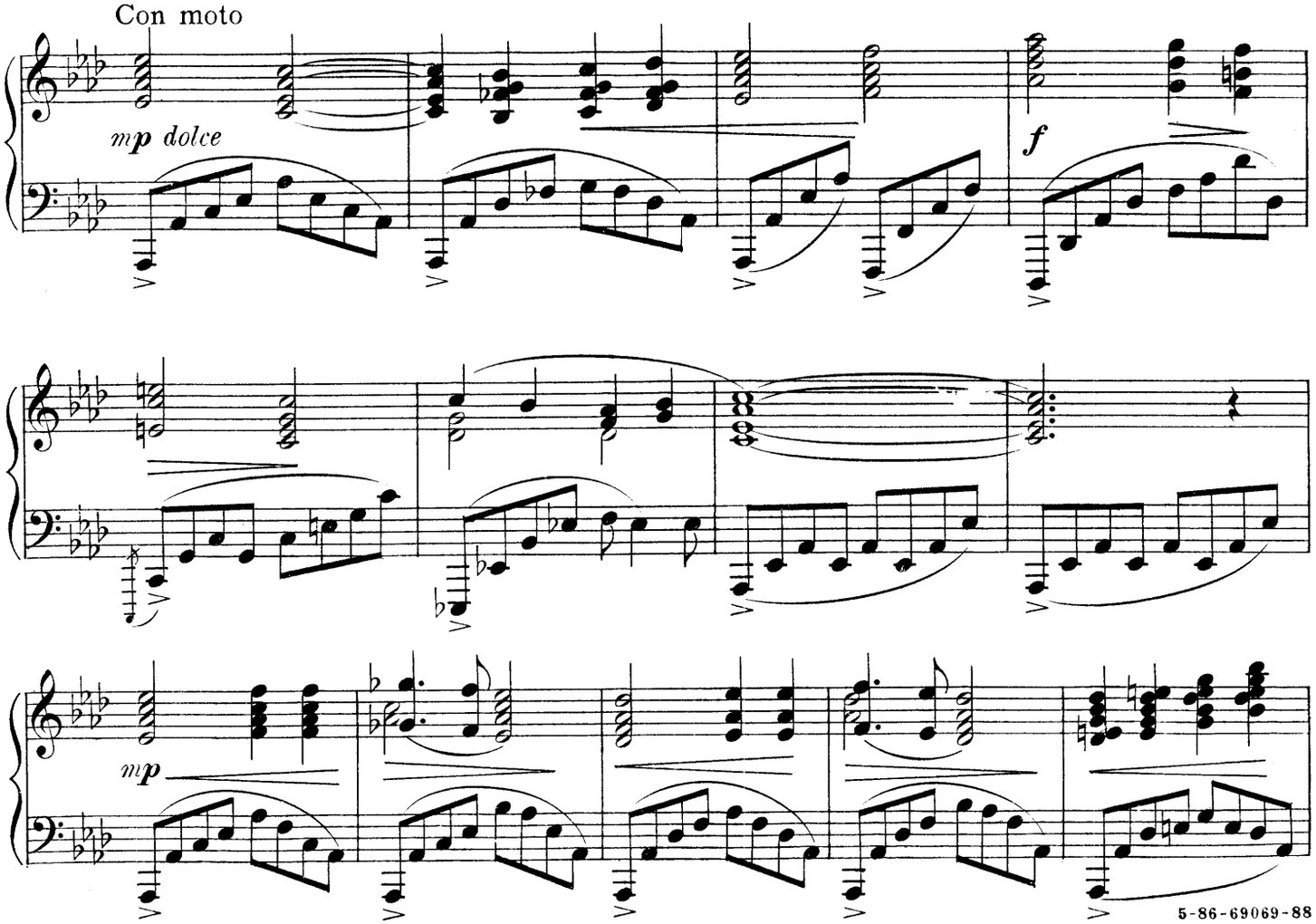


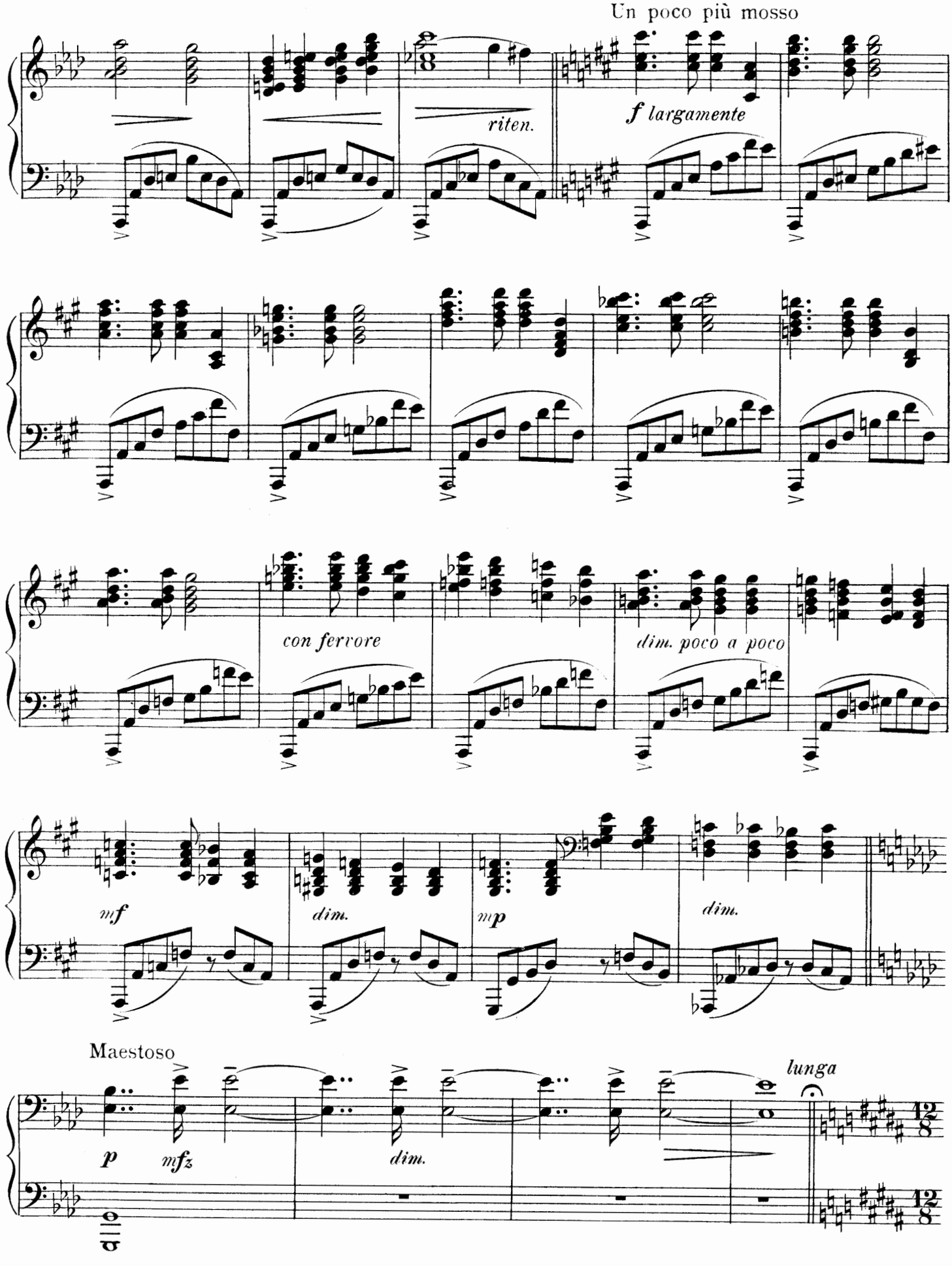


Postlude

(During the Postlude, the members of the Chorus gradually retire, until the stage is left empty. The curtains are drawn together as the last six measures are being played.)

Con moto




Un poco più mosso
riten.
f largamente
con fervore
dim. poco a poco
mf
dim.
mp
dim.
Maestoso
p
mfz
dim.
lunga

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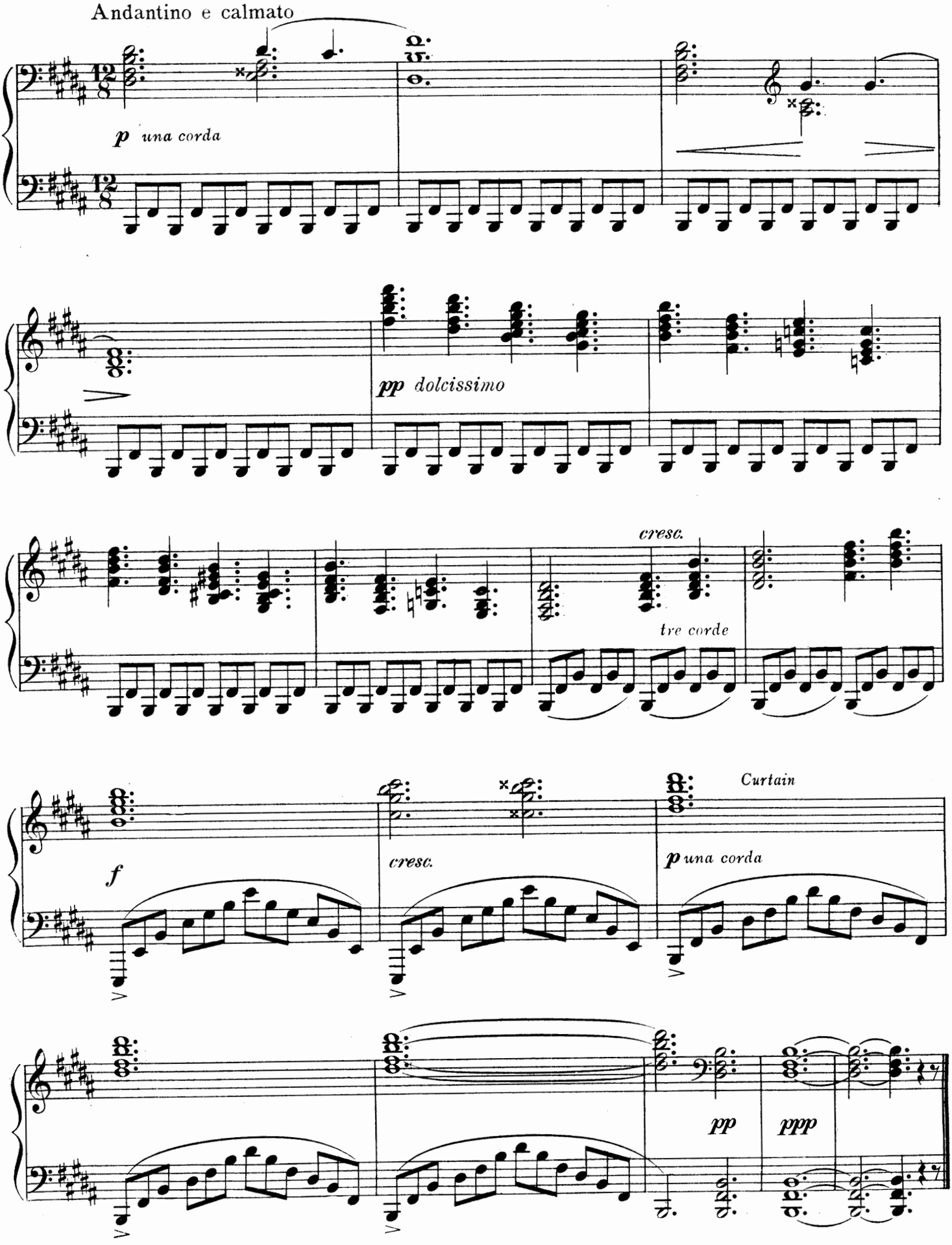
Andantino e calmato
12/8
p una corda
pp dolcissimo
cresc.
tre corde
f
cresc.
Curtain
p una corda
pp
ppp

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