

ALEC ROTH

A Time to Dance

Cantata for SATB Soloists, Choir and Orchestra

Full Score

EIGENTUM DES VERLEGERS · ALLE RECHTE VORBEHALTEN

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INSTRUMENTATION

The orchestration uses the same forces as the Bach *Magnificat*, with timpani replaced by percussion. It is designed so that it can be performed on either period or modern instruments.

2 Flutes

2 Oboes (both doubling Oboe d'Amore)

Bassoon

3 Trumpets in D

Percussion

Large Bass Drum; Small Bass Drum (with pedal); Tomtom (large); Tambourine; 2 Bells in G and D (Tubular Bells, or Hand-bells, or Hand-chimes, ad lib.); Suspended Cymbal; Tamtam; Sleigh-bells; 2 Triangles (differing in pitch); Desk Bell; Fly-swat; Dinner Gong; Washboard; Birch (Rute)

Chamber ('Continuo') Organ (or Electronic Keyboard/Synthesizer)

Strings

Duration: 60 minutes approx.

Commissioned by the Summer Music Society of Dorset in celebration of its fiftieth anniversary.

First performed by Grace Davidson (soprano), Matthew Venner (alto), Jeremy Budd (tenor), Greg Skidmore (baritone), Ex Cathedra Choir and Baroque Orchestra, directed by Jeffrey Skidmore, at Sherborne Abbey, 9 June 2012.

RECORDING

A Time to Dance is recorded by Ex Cathedra, conducted by Jeffrey Skidmore, and is available on CD and as a digital download on the album 'A Time to Dance' on the Hyperion label (CDA68144).

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A Time to Dance was commissioned by the Summer Music Society of Dorset in celebration of its fiftieth anniversary. The commission was funded by grants from the Esme Fairbairn Foundation, an anonymous donor, and contributions from the following members of the Society:

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A TIME TO DANCE

Texts and Sources

PROCESSIONAL: Times and Seasons *choir*

To every thing there is a season,
and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down,
and a time to build up;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep,
and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence,
and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war,
and a time of peace;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn and a time to dance.

ECCLESIASTES 3: 1–3, 5–8, 4 (King James Version, 1611)

PROLOGUE: Sunrise

1. Out of the wood *solo bass*

Out of the wood of thoughts that grows by night
To be cut down by the sharp axe of light, –
Out of the night, two cocks together crow,
Cleaving the darkness with a silver blow:
And bright before my eyes twin trumpeters stand,
Heralds of splendour, one at either hand . . .

EDWARD THOMAS (1878–1917), from *Cock-crow*

2. Rise up *solo bass, choir*

Rise up, rise up,
And, as the trumpet blowing
Chases the dreams of men,
As the dawn glowing
The stars that left unlit
The land and water,
Rise up and scatter
The dew that covers
The print of last night's lovers –
Scatter it, scatter it!

While you are listening
To the clear horn,
Forget, men, everything
On this earth newborn,
Except that it is lovelier
Than any mysteries.
Open your eyes to the air
That has washed the eyes of the stars
Through all the dewy night:
Up with the light,
To the old wars;
Arise, arise!

EDWARD THOMAS (1878–1917), *The Trumpet*

PART I: SPRING MORNING

3. Awake *choir*

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky: unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree:
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake;
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

ROBERT BRIDGES (1844–1930), from *Awake, my heart*

4. Infant Joy *solo soprano & choir*

"I have no name:
I am but two days old."
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am,
Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty Joy!
Sweet Joy, but two days old.
Sweet Joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827), *Infant Joy*

5. Dancing on the hill-tops *solo soprano*

Dancing on the hill-tops,
Singing in the valleys,
Laughing with the echoes,
Merry little Alice.

If her father's cottage
Turned into a palace,
And he owned the hill-tops
And the flowering valleys,
She'd be none the happier,
Happy little Alice.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI (1830–94), from *Dancing on the hill-tops*

6. Dance there *choir*

Dance there upon the shore;
What need have you to care
For wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool's triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won.

O you will take whatever's offered
And dream that all the world's a friend,
Suffer as your mother suffered,
Be as broken in the end.
But I am old and you are young,
And I speak a barbarous tongue.

W B YEATS (1865–1939), from *To a child dancing in the wind*

7. **Nothing is so beautiful** *solo soprano*

Nothing is so beautiful as Spring.
What is all this juice and all this joy?
A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning
In Eden garden. Have, get, before it cloy!

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS (1844–89), from *Spring*

8. **Let them love** *choir*

Let them love now – those who have never loved;
And those who have loved – let them love again!

Spring is young, spring is melodious, now is the world re-born.
Love is truly harmonious; now all the birds sing a marriage song;
and the trees let down their tresses
after the rain's wedding-night caresses.

Love now binds all together, down in the shady woodland grove.
Love entwines, weaving together her green myrtle boughs;
and now the lovely Dione from on high lays down the law:

Let them love now – those who have never loved;
And those who have loved – let them love again!

ANON (2nd/3rd century), from *Pervigilium Veneris* (lines 1–6)
translated from Latin by ALEC ROTH

PART II: SUMMER NOON

9. **In summer's heat** *solo tenor*

In summer's heat and mid-time of the day
To rest my limbs upon a bed I lay,
One window shut, the other open stood,
Which gave such light as twinkles in a wood.

Then came Corinna in a long loose gown,
Her white neck hid with tresses hanging down:
Resembling fair Semiramis going to bed
Or Laïs of a thousand wooers sped.

Stark naked as she stood before mine eye,
Not one wen in her body could I spy.
What arms and shoulders did I touch and see,
How apt her breasts were to be pressed by me?
How smooth a belly under her waist saw I?
How large a leg, and what a lusty thigh?

Judge you the rest: being tired she bade me kiss,
Jove send me more such afternoons as this.

OVID (43BC–AD17), from *The Fifth Elegy*
translated from Latin by CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564–93)

10. **A something** *choir*

A something in a summer's Day
As slow her flambeaux burn away
Which solemnizes me.

A something in a summer's noon –
A depth – an Azure – a perfume –
Transcending ecstasy.

EMILY DICKINSON (1831–86), from *A something*

11. **Thirsty fly** *solo tenor*

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me and drink as I:
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

WILLIAM OLDYS (1696–1761), *On a fly drinking out of his cup*

12. **Little fly** *choir*

Little fly,
Thy summer's play
My thoughtless hand
Has brush'd away.

Am not I
A fly like thee?
Or art not thou
A man like me?

For I dance,
And drink, and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life
And strength and breath,
And the want
Of thought is death;

Then am I
A happy fly,
If I live
Or if I die.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827), *The Fly*

13. **Come, let us go** *solo tenor*

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun.

ROBERT HERRICK (1591–1674), from *Corinna's going a-Maying*

14. **Give all to love** *choir*

Give all to love;
Obey thy heart.

'Tis a brave master;
Let it have scope:
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope:
High and more high
It dives into noon.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–82), from *Give all to love*

PART III: AUTUMN EVENING

15. O Autumn *solo alto*

O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stained
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit
Beneath my shady roof; there thou may'st rest,
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,
And all the daughters of the year shall dance!

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827), from *To Autumn*

16. Humdrum *choir (ladies)*

When maidens are young, and in their spring,
Of pleasure, of pleasure, let 'em take their full swing,
Full swing, full swing,
And love, and dance, and play, and sing.
For Silvia, believe it, when youth is done,
There's nought but hum-drum, hum-drum, hum-drum.
There's nought but hum-drum, hum-drum, hum-drum.

Then Silvia be wise, be wise, be wise,
The painting and dressing for a while are supplies,
And may surprise –
But when the fire's going out in your eyes,
It twinkles, it twinkles, it twinkles, and dies,
And then to hear love, to hear love from you,
I'd as lief hear an owl cry, *Wit to woo! Wit to woo! Wit to woo!*

APHRA BEHN (1640–89), from *The Emperor of the Moon* (Act II Scene 5)

17. Autumnal *choir (gentlemen)*

No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face.

Were her first years the golden age? That's true,
But now she's gold oft tried and ever new.
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her tolerable tropic clime.

Here where still evening is, not noon nor night,
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.
In all her words, unto all hearers fit,
You may at revels, you at council, sit.

If we love things long sought, age is a thing
Which we are fifty years in compassing;
If transitory things, which soon decay,
Age must be loveliest at the latest day.

JOHN DONNE (1572–1631), from *The Autumnal*

18. Fall, leaves, fall *choir*

Fall, leaves, fall; die, flowers, away;
Lengthen night and shorten day;
Every leaf speaks bliss to me
Fluttering from the autumn tree.

EMILY BRONTË (1818–48), from *Fall, leaves, fall*

19. The Evening Star *solo alto & choir*

Thou fair-haired angel of the evening,
Now, while the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!

Smile on our loves; and, while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep.
Speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827), from *To the Evening Star*

PART IV: WINTER NIGHT

20. Deep midnight *solo bass*

The sun is spent, and now his flasks
Send forth light squibs, no constant rays;
The world's whole sap is sunk;
The general balm the hydroptic earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's-feet, life is shrunk . . . since this
Both the year's and the day's deep midnight is.

JOHN DONNE (1572–1631)
from *A Nocturnal upon St Lucy's Day, being the shortest day*

21. Snowflakes *choir*

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–82), *Snow-Flakes*

22. Dregs *solo bass*

The fire is out, and spent the warmth thereof,
(This is the end of every song man sings!)
The golden wine is drunk, the dregs remain,
Bitter as wormwood and as salt as pain;
And health and hope have gone the way of love
Into the drear oblivion of lost things.
With pale, indifferent eyes, we sit and wait
For the dropt curtain and the closing gate:
This is the end of all the songs man sings.

ERNEST DOWSON (1867–1900), from *Dregs*

23. A glee for winter *choir*

Hence, rude Winter! crabbed old fellow,
Never merry, never mellow!
Well-a-day! in rain and snow
What will keep one's heart aglow?
Groups of kinsmen, old and young,

Oldest they old friends among;
Groups of friends, so old and true
That they seem our kinsmen too;
These all merry all together
Charm away chill winter weather.

What will kill this dull old fellow?
Ale that's bright, and wine that's mellow!
Dear old songs for ever new;
Some true love and laughter too;
Pleasant wit, and harmless fun,
And a dance when day is done.
Music, friends so true and tried,
Whispered love by warm fireside,
Mirth at all times all together,
Make sweet May of winter weather.

ALFRED DOMETT (1811–87), *A Glee for Winter*

24. **Lights out** *choir*

I have come to the borders of sleep,
The unfathomable deep
Forest where all must lose
Their way, however straight,
Or winding, soon or late;
They cannot choose.

Many a road and track
That, since the dawn's first crack,
Up to the forest brink,
Deceived the travellers,
Suddenly now blurs,
And in they sink.

Here love ends,
Despair, ambition ends;
All pleasure and all trouble,
Although most sweet or bitter,
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book
Or face of dearest look
That I would not turn from now
To go into the unknown
I must enter, and leave, alone,
I know not how.

The tall forest towers;
Its cloudy foliage lowers
Ahead, shelf above shelf;
Its silence I hear and obey
That I may lose my way
And myself.

EDWARD THOMAS (1878–1917), *Lights Out*

EPILOGUE: Sunrise

25. **Elder by a year** *solo bass*

All kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The sun itself, which makes times, as they pass,
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I first one another saw:
All other things to their destruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;

This no tomorrow hath, nor yesterday,
Running it never runs from us away.

JOHN DONNE (1572–1631), from *The Anniversary*

26. **The secret of the sun** *soloists & choir*

Love, from whom the world begun,
Hath the secret of the sun.
Love can tell, and love alone,
Whence the million stars were strewn,
Why each atom knows its own,
How in spite of woe and death,
Gay is life, and sweet is breath:
This he taught us, this we know . . .

ROBERT BRIDGES (1844–1930), from *My delight and thy delight*

27. **Love, all alike** *choir & soloists*

Love, all alike, no season knows, nor clime,
Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

JOHN DONNE (1572–1631), from *The Sun Rising*

AFTERDANCE: Proper Exercise *soloists & choir*

Dancing, bright lady, then began to be,
When the first seeds whereof the world did spring,
The fire, air, earth, and water, did agree
By Love's persuasion, nature's mighty king,
To leave their discorded combating,
And in a dance such measure to observe,
As all the world their motion should preserve.

This wondrous miracle did Love devise,
For dancing is love's proper exercise.

For that brave sun, the father of the day,
Doth love this earth, the mother of the night;
And, like a reveller in rich array,
Doth dance his galliard in his leman's sight,
Both back and forth and sideways passing light.
His gallant grace doth so the gods amaze,
That all stand still and at his beauty gaze.

This wondrous miracle . . . &c

And thou, sweet music, dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Lodestone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones canst teach,
That when the air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born, the gods' and men's sweet pleasure.

This wondrous miracle . . . &c

Only the earth doth stand forever still:
Her rocks remove not, nor her mountains meet,
Although some wits enriched with learning's skill
Say heaven stands firm and that the earth doth fleet,
And swiftly turneth underneath their feet;
Yet, though the earth is ever steadfast seen,
On her broad breast hath dancing ever been.

This wondrous miracle . . . &c

JOHN DAVIES (1569–1626), from *Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing*

A TIME TO DANCE

Alec Roth

PROCESSIONAL (OPTIONAL) * Times and Seasons

Ecclesiastes 3: 1-3, 5-8, 4, King Solomon (attrib.)
(translation: King James Version, 1611)

Recit. (♩ = ca. 69)

Bells (Tubular Bells, or Handbells, or Hand-chimes, ad lib.)

Pc *l.v.*

Solo Bass *SOLO BASS (onstage)***

To e-ve-ry thing there is a sea-son, and a time to e-ve-ry pur-pose un-der the hea-ven;

N.B * The Processional is optional. If it is not used, the performance begins directly with the Prologue, No.1 ('Out of the wood').
The procession should be arranged so that the Choir arrive in their normal positions onstage in time to sing the final phrase "A time to dance".
If the Choir is too large for all to process, a smaller Semi-Chorus may perform the Processional, with the Full Choir singing the final phrase (bar 35).
** The Bass Soloist sings from onstage, as though summoning the Choir.

7 *Andante* (♩ = ca. 48-52)

Pc *l.v. (sempre)*

SOPRANO 1
SOPRANO 2
ALTO

FULL CHOIR or SEMICHORUS, ad lib. (approaching in procession)

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is

11

Pc

Soprano

TENOR

BASS 1
BASS 2

plant-ed; A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build

15

Pc

Soprano

Tenor

A time to cast a-way stones, and a time to ga-ther stones to-ge-ther, a time to em-up;

18

Pc

S
A

brace, and a time to re-frain from em-brac-ing;

T
B

a time to get, and a time to lose; a time to

22

Pc

S
A

A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep si-lence, and a time to

T
B

keep, and a time to cast a-way;

27

Pc

S
A

speak; a time to

T
B

a time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace;

32

Pc

Molto rit. **Segue No. 1**

S
A

(FULL CHOIR) **CHOIR SIT**

weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance, a time to dance.

T
B

a time to dance.

PROLOGUE: Sunrise

1. Out of the wood

from 'Cock-crow', Edward Thomas (1878-1917)

Recit. (tempo rubato)

Bass Drum

1A Più animato

Pc

p

SOLO BASS

mp 3

mf >

Out of the wood of thoughts that grows by night to be cut down by the sharp axe of light, – out of the night, two cocks to-ge-ther

V I

V II

Vla

Vc

Solo

pp

Solo

DB

pp

10

Attacca No. 2

Pc

Solo Bass

crow, cleav-ing the dark-ness with a sil-ver blow: and bright be-fore my eyes twin trum-pet-ers stand, he-ralds of splen-dour, one at ei-ther hand . . .

V I

V II

Vla

Vc

DB

2. Rise up

'The Trumpet', Edward Thomas (1878-1917)

Animato (♩ = ca. 84-88)

Fl

Ob

Bn

Trumpet 1 is onstage in normal position, centrally within the orchestra; Trumpets 2 & 3 stand widely separated, stage right (Tr.2) and stage left (Tr.3)

Trpt (D)

Trumpet 2 (stage right)

Trumpet 3 (stage left)

mf *mf* (*p*)

Pc

S

A

T

B

CHOIR (still sitting)

niente

mm

Solo Bass

(SOLO BASS)

f

Rise up, rise up, and, as the trum - pet blow - ing chas-es the dreams of men,

VI

VII

Vla

Vc

DB

trem.

pp

trem.

pp

