

WAR AND PEACE

A Symphonic Ode

Set to music by

C. Hubert H. Parry

Composed for Sir Frederick Bridge and the Royal Choral Society Premiered at the Albert Hall, London - April 30, 1903

VOCAL SCORE



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The "renaissance" in English music is generally agreed to have started in the late Victorian period, beginning roughly in 1880, and was most notable for compositions by C.V. Stanford, C. Hubert H. Parry, Edward Elgar, Henry Walford Davies, Harold Darke and others. Public demand for major works in support of the annual choral festivals held throughout England at that time was considerable which led to the creation of many large scale works for orchestra with soloists and chorus. Although a number of those works found their way into print and are regularly performed today, a considerable number of compositions, both large-scale and more intimate works, are not available. These works either were never published or were published but are no longer available in the publishers' catalogues. While the existence of these works is documented in biographies of the composers, the ability to study and, most importantly, to perform these compositions is not possible.

Changes in the International copyright laws in the mid-1970's played a pivotal role in creating this void, opening a significant number of musical compositions to public access. As a result, music publishers lost the ability to generate revenue from the sale/rental of such music. Performance score inventories of these works were eliminated. In addition, for many compositions, the only published material were vocal scores - full scores and orchestra parts were hand notated for the premiere of a work and then were 'recycled' for future performances. While full score autograph manuscripts are now accessible through the major music libraries in the UK, the hand-notated parts have long since been lost. These autograph full score manuscripts along with copies of the published vocal scores are now the only resources available for studying and performing these works.

The English Heritage Music Series has been created to ensure that these compositions are preserved, are accessible for scholarly research and, most importantly, are available for performance by future generations. Its mission is to:

- Source unpublished/out-of-print English composer compositions that are in the U.S. public domain
- Preserve these compositions through the preparation of performance scores using notation software
- Provide open Internet access to the scores to facilitate study, performance and sharing of

performance material (program notes, audio, reviews, etc.)

In preparing the English Heritage Music Series editions, every effort has been made to adhere strictly to the notation contained in the manuscripts. Because of the passage of time and its effect on the condition of the manuscript, the absence of clear information often times by the composer in notating divided instruments, and with emendations in the composer and other hands resulting from use of the manuscript in performance, there were numerous circumstances which required interpretation and decisions for notes, accidentals, dynamics, articulations and tempi. Should questions arise in the use of these editions, the composers' autograph manuscripts and the Novello vocal scores should be consulted for clarification.

Matthew W. Mehaffey Editor

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Source Information

Autograph Manuscript: Vocal Score: Royal College of Music Library Oxford University, Bodleian Music Section, Weston Library Manuscript Transcription & Score Preparation Bodliean Libraries, Oxford University MS. Mus. C. 113 Novello Octavo Edition No. 11638 Michael Mullen, Ass't. Librarian - michael.mullen@rcm.ac.uk Martin Holmes, Curator of Music - martin.holmes@bodleian.ox.ac.uk David Fielding - dhcfielding@charter.net

Reference Material and Software

Notation Software: Finale v. 26 Audio Software: Garritan Personal Orchestra 5 Graphic Software: Adobe Photoshop CS5 Document Software: Adobe In Design CS5 Music Notation Reference: Behind Bars by Elaine Gould, Faber Music © 2011

WAR AND PEACE

PROLOGUE (Page 14)

Deep in the dark abyss, With Shame and Sin together, brood, First of the fallen angels, Pride and Hate !

Pride, that with lofty mien and stony stare Gazes on distance, greedy of vanities, Lovelorn and cold; whose children are born dead; Heedless of good, and fighting for no other end But that the smitten cower and cravens crawl, Feeding the lust insatiable To soar supreme, and dominate the world.

Hate, the distorted Fury, seeking nought but ruin; Fouling fair names, mocking at worth, Holding up lies for worship; swollen with gall; Feeding men's minds with poison and blind rage; Gliding through mire and gloom devising death. Such hand in hand conspiring, each for each, What monstrous exhalations from hell's depths arise ! How on the earth is hurrying to and fro! The distant thunder rattles, thunder of armed hosts; The lightnings flare from murderous mouths. What glitter of steel, And all the splendid panoply of war !

WAR SONG (Page 19)

Strike now ! Slay now ! Roar cannon, scream shell ! Rush where you must, shelter where you may ! We death dealing, death receiving Whirling in frenzy of fight, Shout our welcome to war !

Ride now ! Fall now ! Bleeding yet unsubdued, Biting at earth, Clutching at wounds, Speechless with sobbing breath, Dizzy with agony. We death dealing, death receiving Whirling in frenzy of fight, Shout our welcome to war !

Crash through, plunge through Slashing and parrying, Struggling through mire, Sightless through dust.

Smite when you may Fall when you must ! We death dealing, death receiving, Whirling in frenzy of fight Shout our welcome to war.

RECOMPENSE (Page 28)

Aye, let Hate and pride conspire, Let furious passion make men fiends, Drunk with the lust of blood And heedless of their own and others' fate; Yet 'tis not all drear carnage, cruel waste, Have patience, look beyond !

There is a gracious flower Springing from a bitter root, There is a sacred comradeship that blooms Among the fields of death.

Dark and deep beyond the fretful world Broods a steadfast purpose moving slow— Nations have their destinies, Checked and thwarted oft, Yet moving onwards to a mighty end. Have patience, look beyond !

The ragged cloudland parts A light breaks forth; There is a crown for the patient brow There is a recompense in war !

When fury is spent, When the dust settles down, And the thunder dies away, We have dared, we have endured, And the tale of these our deeds Shall light a beacon of hope, Shall fire the timorous heart, Shall nerve the shrinking hand. Have patience, look beyond ! Death is the end of all. To suffer and to die, Striving for truth and right, This is the guerdon of death, This is the crown of life !

COMRADESHIP (Page 35)

Be strong, be strong Brothers, for the strife is long ! Cast self and ease aside And with a noble pride, Endure, with high heroic soul, Though high the battle thunders roll.

In yon dim land From wave-beat strand to strand, The dark groups gather and wheel, The hilltops bristle with foes, Silent, from rock to rock they steal. Leap, from the bastion leap ; Over the valley sweep ! Flash from the top of the wind-swept down A message of hope for the waiting town ! Great be your strength, for the fight is long, Only be strong !

Day fades to night and darkness pales to light ; Haste not nor linger–but be strong Oh brothers, for the fight is long ! To those who live we give the glorious meed of praise, To those who die, we give the sacred meed of tears.

THE DIRGE (Page 51)

Blow trumpets, solemnly, sadly blow : Thundering drums, beat sullen and slow : Banners of battle, droop as ye go.

All conquering Death, whose lips have touched The brows of those who dared thy might, Thy chosen ones we mourn with tears of fond regret, And mourning, praise.

Out of the reach of cares and fears, Wep thy tenderly falling tears, Here they sleep through the silence of years.

Dark earth under them, skies above, This is the rest that nought may move, This is the rest that heroes love.

Lo their glory ariseth bright, Burns a leading and kindly light, Set like a star in the brow of night.

Blow trumpets, solemnly, sadly blow : Thundering drums, beat sullen and slow : Banners of battle, droop as ye go.

HOMECOMING (Page 62)

Ring the tidings far and wide, Men have fought and men have died. To those who live a welcome give And joy to all betide ! Welcome the leaders of men ! Welcome the men of the wary brain ! Welcome the men of the iron will.

Welcome the heroes who wrought The good of the land that we love ! Welcome the men of our race Who have toiled, who have smiled at death, Upholding our ancient name.

Raise the song of joy, the joy of strength ! Raise the song of daring, the song of courage ! Raise the song of joy that fearless deeds are done, Raise the song of joy the mighty task is o'er.

Tell the tale that shall stir the blood ! Tell to the world the tidings of gladness, Welcome the living and praise the dead. Hands together, and face the coming years ! Hearts together and face all the world ! Whatever betide us-evil or good, Still together we'll fight, and prevail !

PEACE (Page 80)

After tumult rest, After tempest calm, Earth like a weary child is gently pressed In the enfolding arm.

Where the battle roared Round the trenched height, Steals a dewy fragrance, softly poured From the lips of Night.

Creeps the gathering rust O'er the broken gun, Fort and bastion crumble into dust Now their task is done.

Sleeps the silent glade, Sleeps the lowlit wood, Nature's healing hands are softly laid On the fields of blood.

Hushed the sounds of war Earth may rest awhile, Rest in loving patience, wearied sore, Sleep, and sleeping smile.

HOME (Page 84)

Sing the glories of peace, Of peace and homely life ! Sing the joys of happy labour, The joys of fruitful toil.

The lands that yield their rich increase, Where peasants lean upon the plough ; The fresh sweet scent of the new-turned earth, The steady plod of the team ; The breeze that lingers through long leagues of wheat, The merry clink of the wain ; The sun that sinks into the golden west, The children's voices calling, calling. The bells that ring the wanderers home, The sacred spots where rest the loved ones passed away.

Wider and wider still, toil, sacred toil ! The student reading the secret of stars and suns, Tracking and baffling the powers of disease and death, Binding the posers of the sky to serve mankind. Knowledge springing a gracious flower, Wisdom guiding a nation's heart, Love and pity consoling grief.

Far, far off is the beacon that guides The soul of man to its far off goal, The time when nations shall strive no more, The time when hearts shall be turned to love. These are thy triumphs, These are thy glories, Oh, Peace !

MARCHING SONG OF PEACE (Page 98)

Forward through the glimmering darkness, On beside the untrodden shore Where no voice hath waked the echo, Where no foot hath paced before ; In our feet a patient boldness, In our hearts a glowing fire. Forward, brothers, ever forward, To the land of our desire.

True and pure and loving-hearted, We would hope yet suffer long; Gentle to the frail and failing, Firmly set against all wrong; None shall linger empty-handed, None shall toil in dreary grief, Each shall bear another's burden, Give the labouring heart relief.

Forward brothers ! see the cloudland With the golden dawn is kissed ; See, the phantom of the ages Fades in whirling wreaths of mist ; None shall fail when all are eager, None shall faint when all aspire, Forward, through the golden ages, To the land of our desire.

ASPIRATION (Page 114)

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, that diviner dream, That patient strength the soaring soul desires, Peace that can kindle with unearthly gleam The pure heart's altar fires.

Peace with a joyous music of her own, Peace that encircles all the beauteous earth, A faithful people, and a stainless throne, A pure united hearth.

Oh for that day when all men's hearts shall beat In sacred unison of life and love !

Peace, thou shall still all fretful toil at length, And bid the world's calm energies increase. Source of all good. Fountain of hope and strength, Grant us Thy peace !

Composed for Sir Frederick Bridge and the Royal Choral Society and dedicated to those who died in the Boer War.

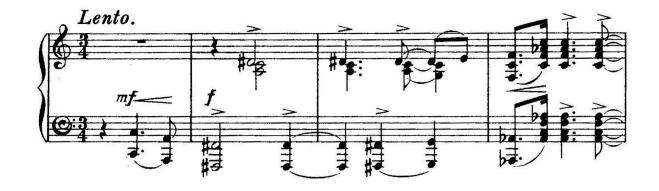


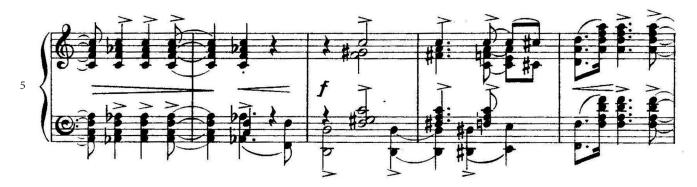
Window from St Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin in memory of men of the Royal Irish Regiment who fell in the South Africa War 1899–1902

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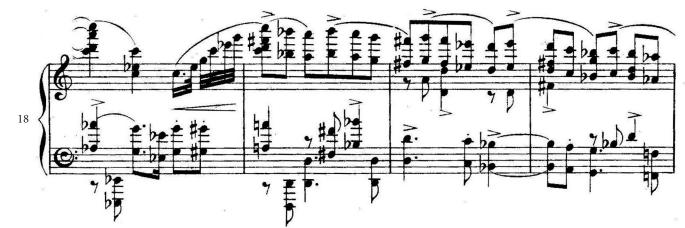
C. Hubert H. Parry



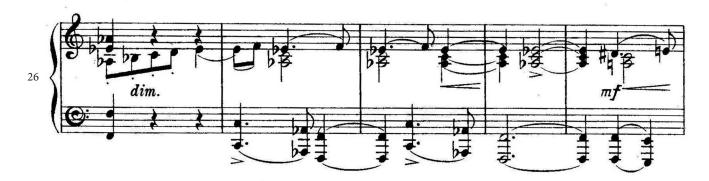


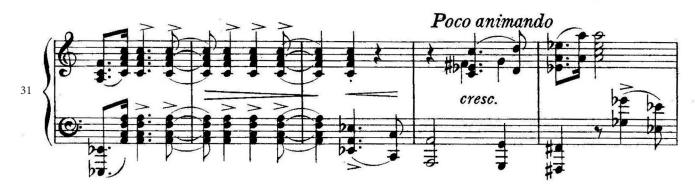


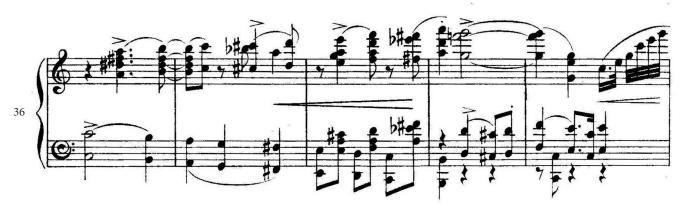
















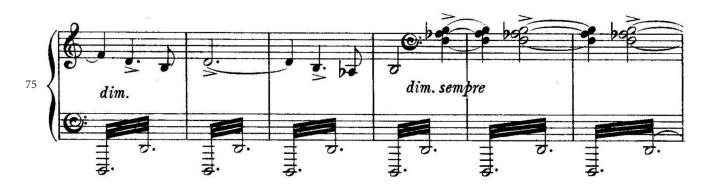


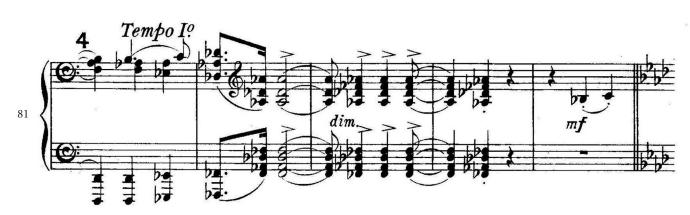








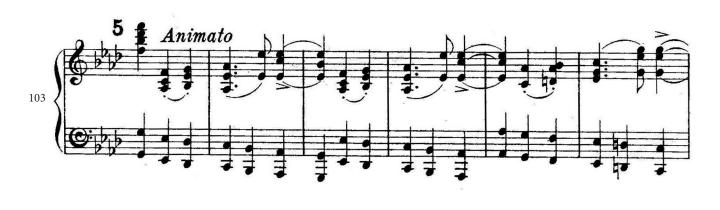












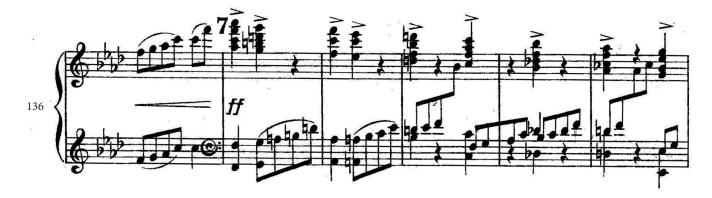








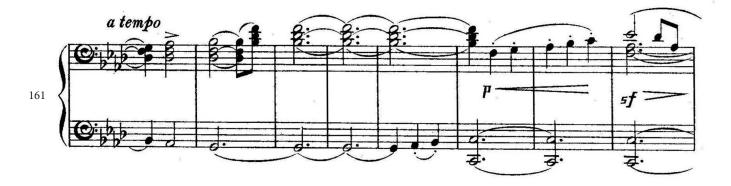


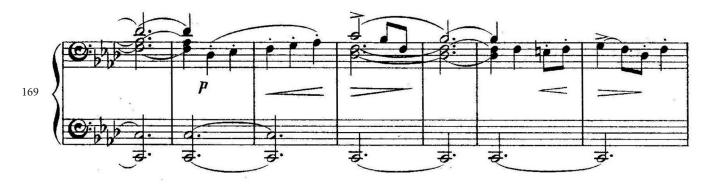








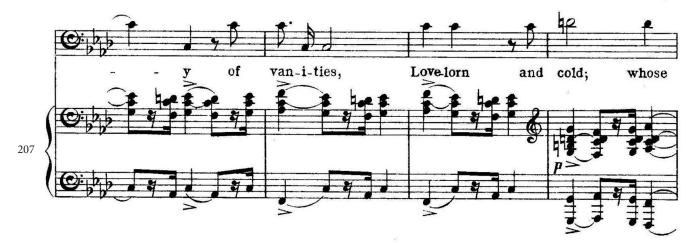




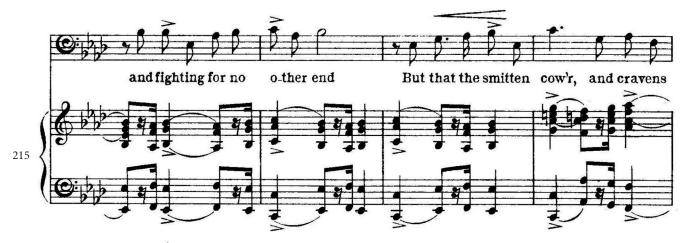






















































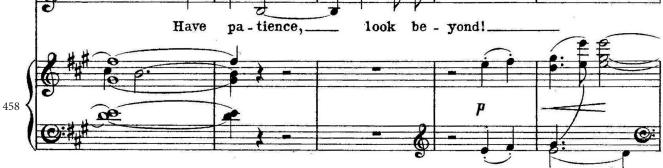


























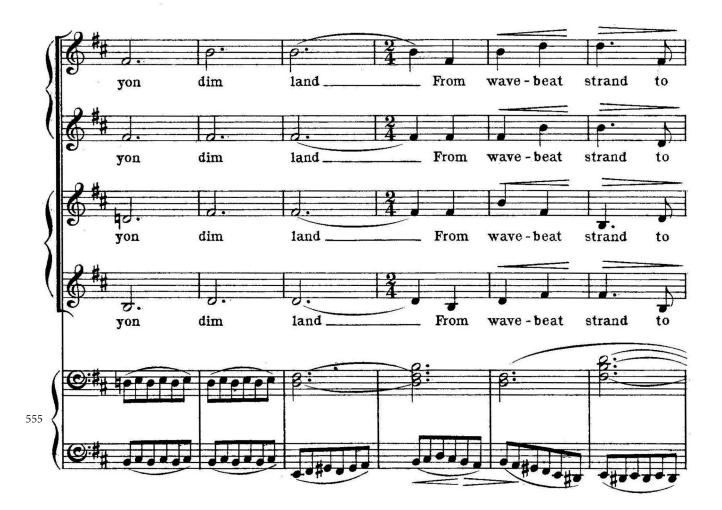




























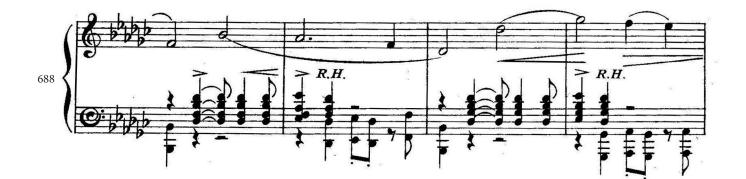


















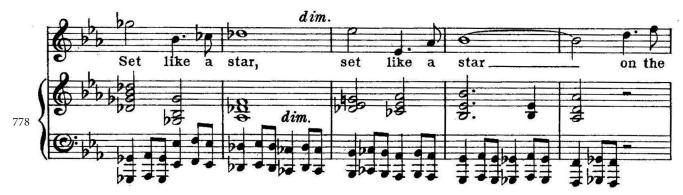








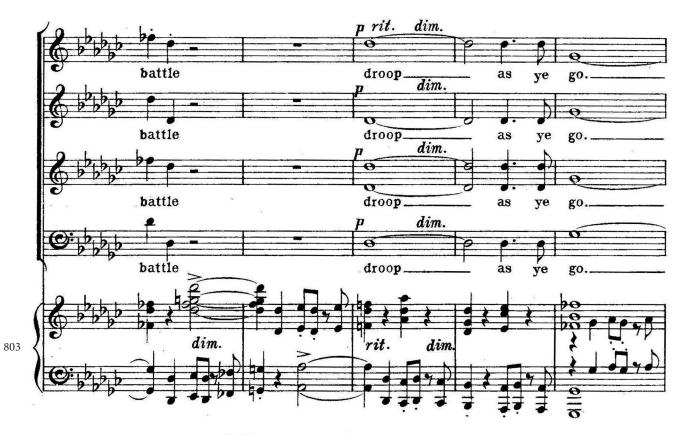








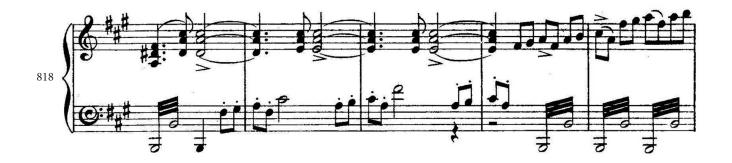


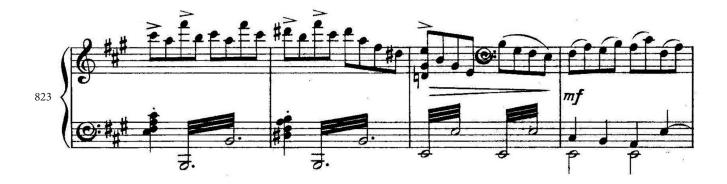


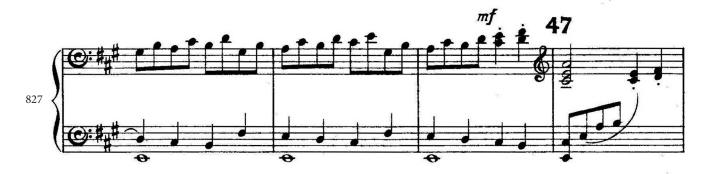


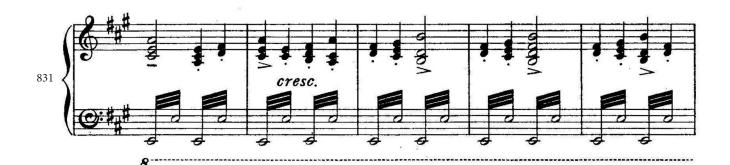


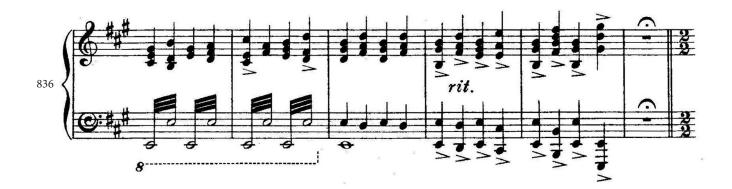
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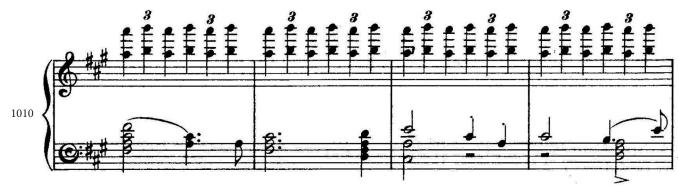


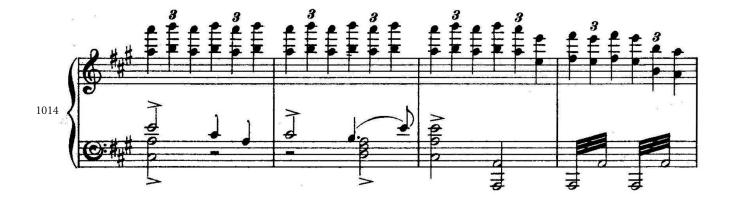




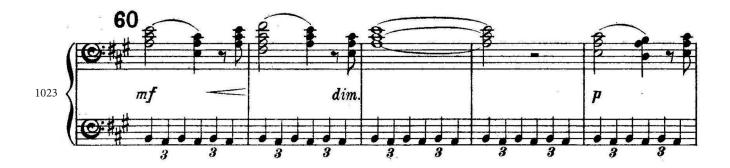


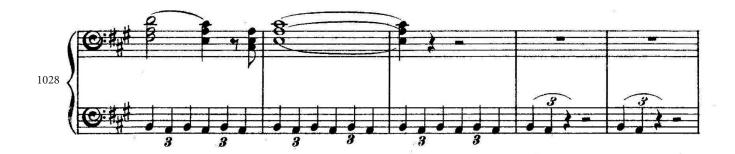




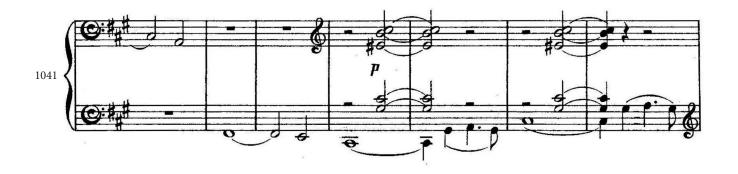


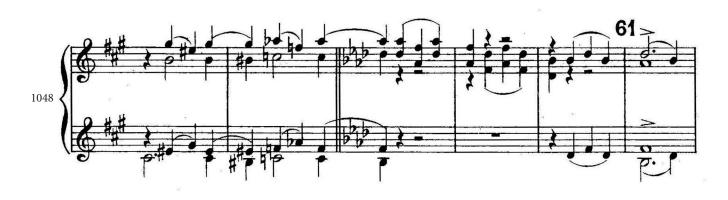










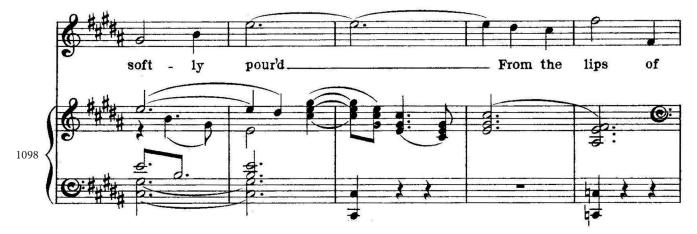




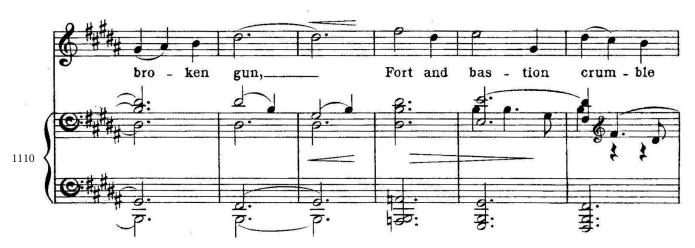


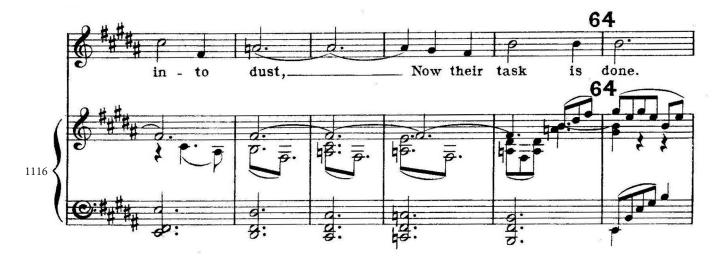


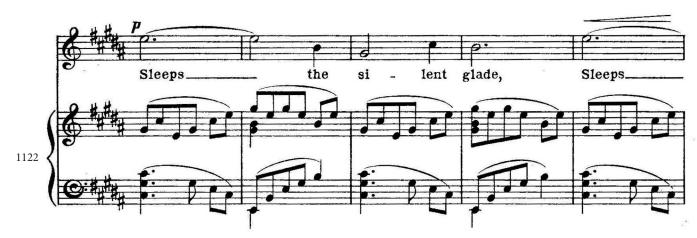


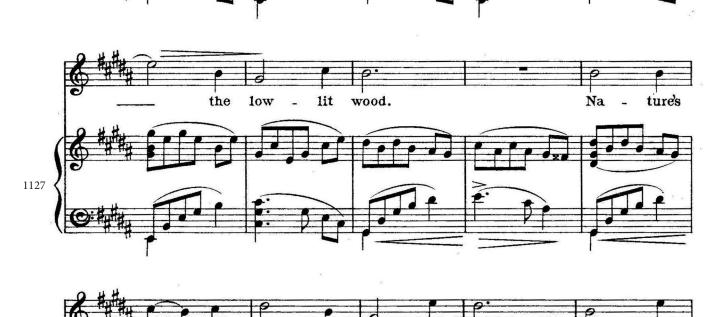




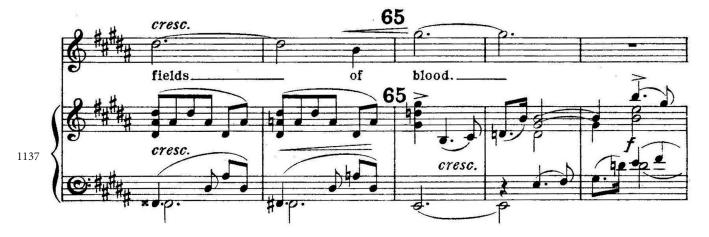


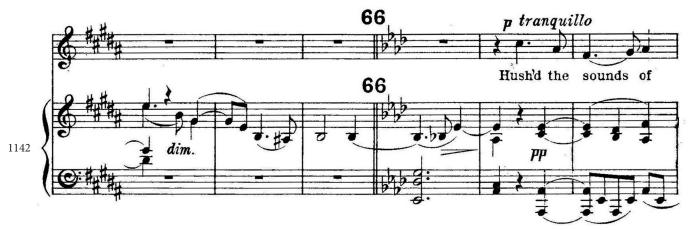




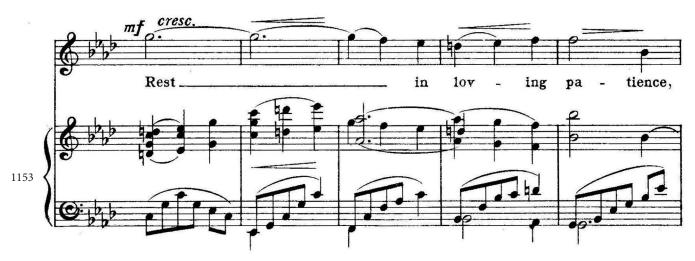


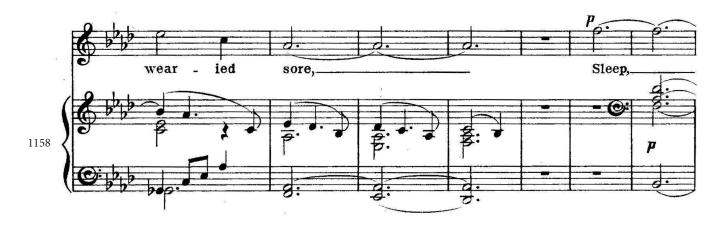


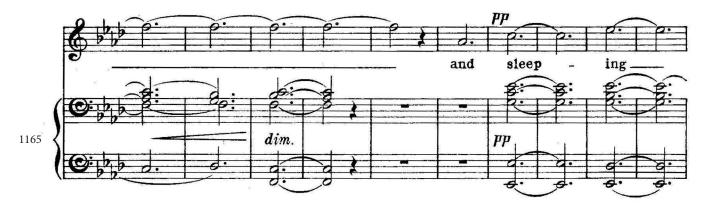
























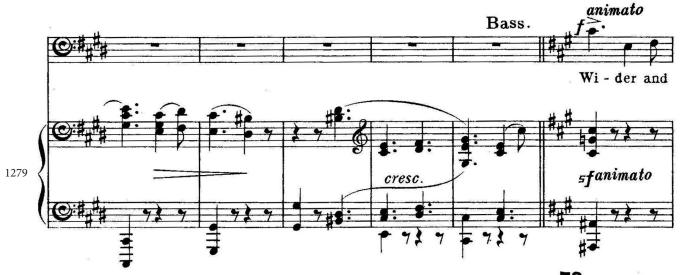




























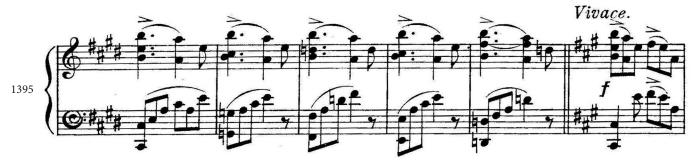




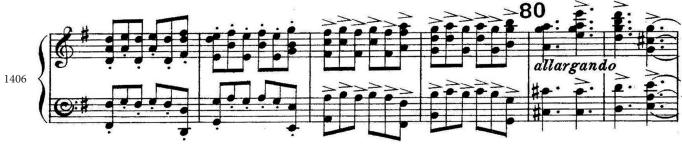












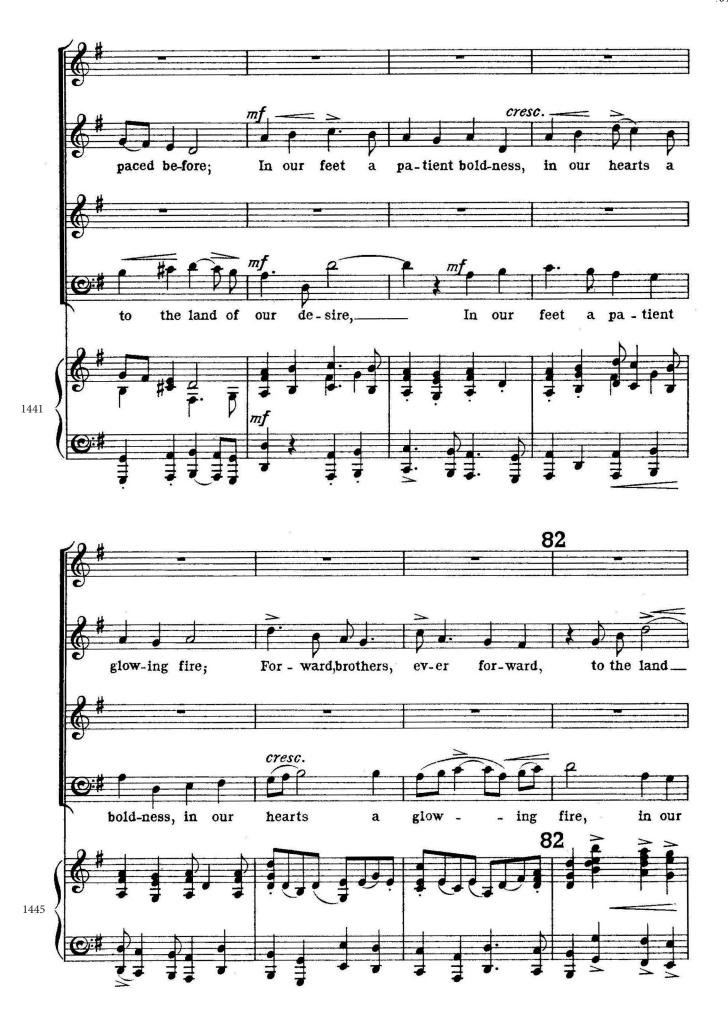






















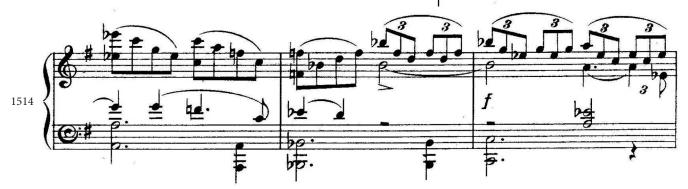






























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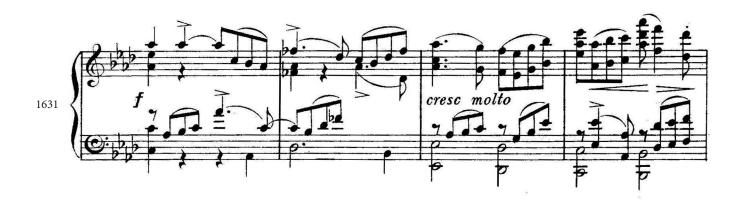
























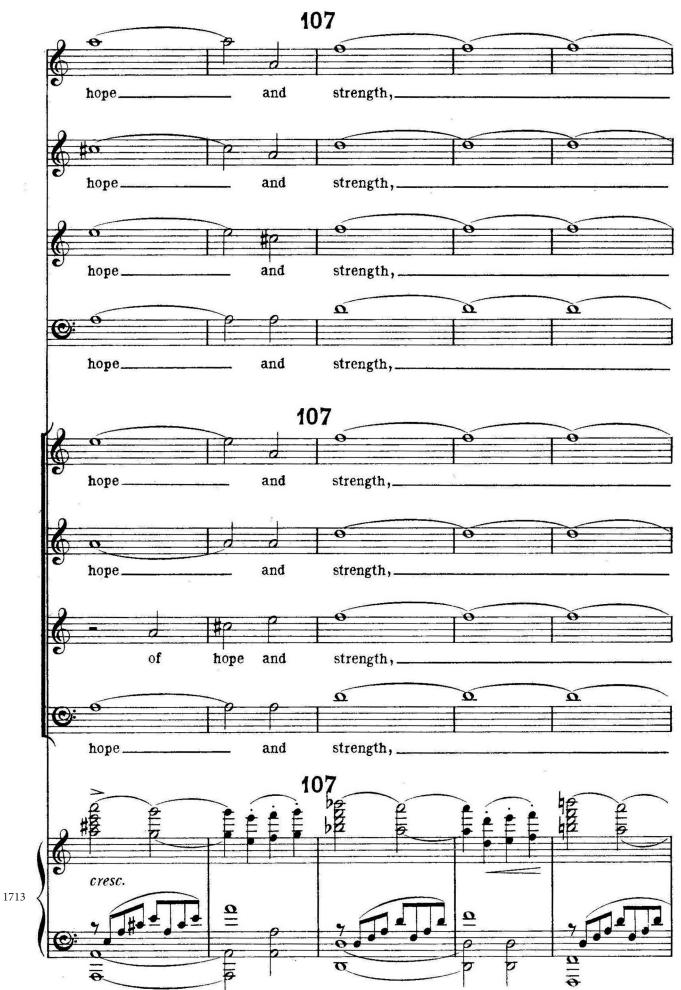


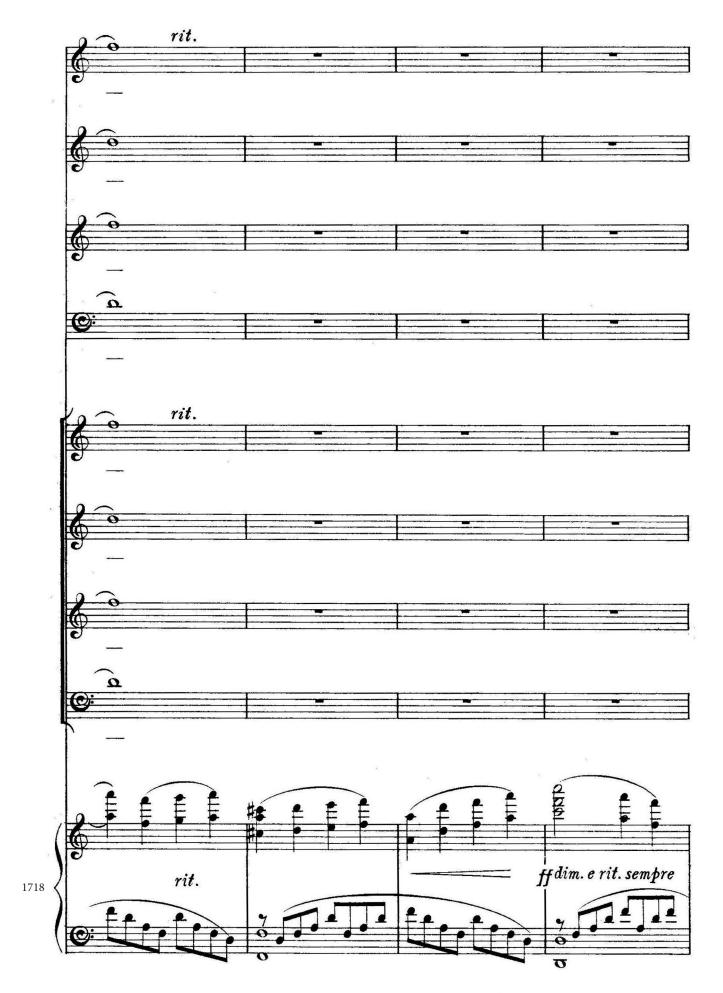


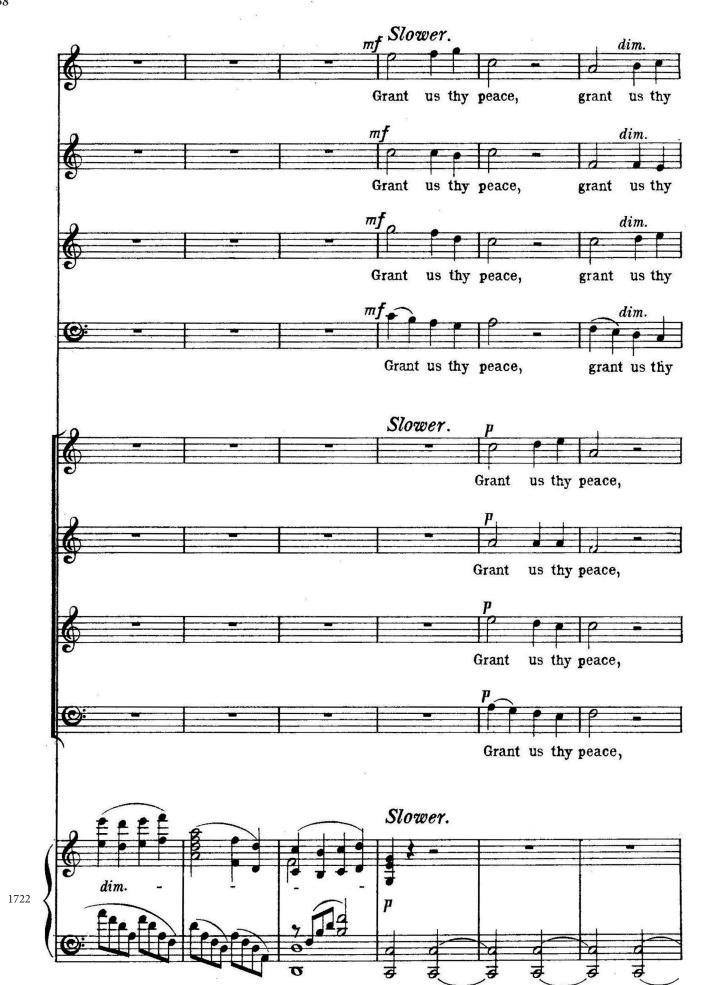


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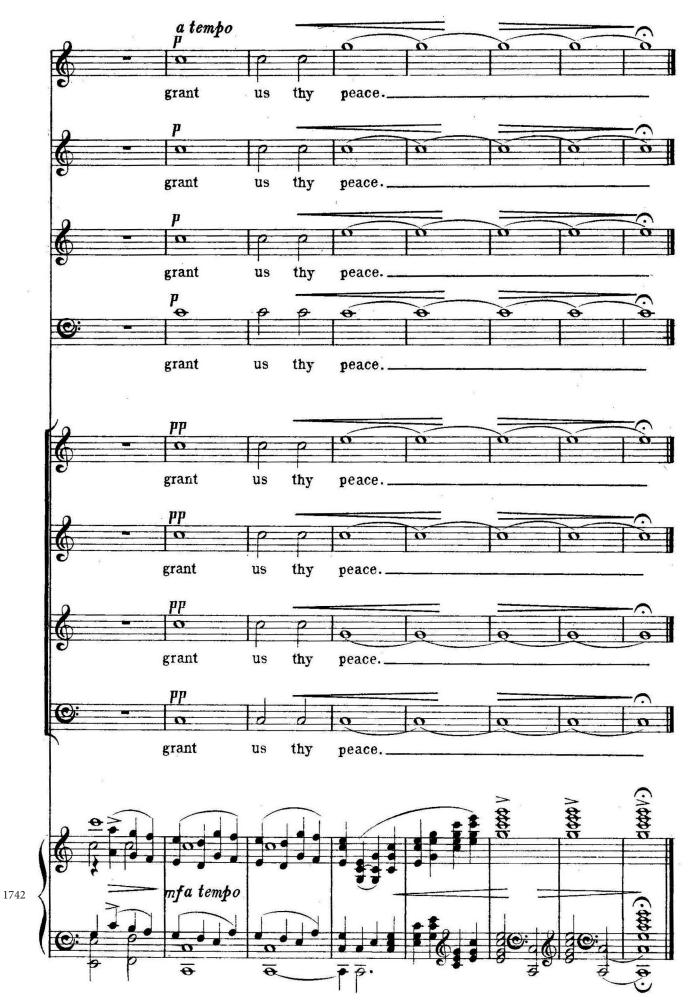
















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