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# THE ATONEMENT

A SACRED CANTATA For Soli, Chorus and Orchestra

Words Written by Alice Parsons

Music Composed By Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (Op. 53)

VOCAL SCORE

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Cover Image: "Pietà" by William-Adolphe Bouguereau, 1876



The "renaissance" in English music is generally agreed to have started in the late Victorian period, beginning roughly in 1880. 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 were engraved, printed and are regularly performed today, performance scores for a considerable number of compositions, both large-scale and more intimate works, are not available. These works were either never engraved or were engraved and printed 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, coupled with changing musical tastes, played a pivotal role in creating this void. As a result, music publishers lost the ability to generate revenue from the sale/rental of such music. In 1964, holograph and copyist scores from both Novello and from publishers it represented were offered to the British Library and the Royal College of Music Library (see The RCM Novello Library – The Musical Times, Feb. 1983 by Jeremy Dibble ).

These autograph full score manuscripts along with copies of engraved vocal scores, widely available through various online library sources, 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 non-engraved/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 Royal Academy of Music Library Manuscript Transcription & Score Preparation RCM Library MS 4871/4872/4873 Novello and Company, Ltd. No. 11720 Ass't. Librarian - library@rcm.ac.uk Martin Holmes, Curator of Music - martin.holmes@bodleian.ox.ac.uk lib.ram.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

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor was born in 1875 in London, England to Alice Hare Martin (1856–1953), an English woman, and Dr. Daniel Peter Hughes Taylor, a Krio from Sierra Leone who had studied medicine in the capital. He became a prominent administrator in West Africa. The couple never married.

Alice Martin named her son Samuel Coleridge Taylor after the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge. They lived with her father Benjamin Holmans and his family after she had her son. Her father was a skilled farrier and was married to a woman other than her mother; they had four daughters and at least one son. Alice and her father called her son Coleridge. The family lived in Croydon, Surrey. In 1887 Alice Martin married George Evans, a railway worker.

Taylor was brought up in Croydon. There were numerous musicians on his mother's side and her father played the violin. He started teaching it to Coleridge when he was young. His ability was obvious when young, and his grandfather paid for the boy to have violin lessons. The extended family arranged for Taylor to study at the Royal College of Music, beginning at the age of 15. He changed from violin to composition, working under professor Charles Villiers



Stanford. After completing his degree, Taylor became a professional musician, soon being appointed a professor at the Crystal Palace School of Music; and conducting the orchestra at the Croydon Conservatoire.

The young man later used the name "Samuel Coleridge-Taylor", with a hyphen, said to be following a printer's typographical error. In 1894, his father Dr. Daniel Taylor was appointed coroner for the British Empire in the Province of Senegambia.

In 1899 Coleridge-Taylor married Jessie Walmisley, whom he had met as a fellow student at the Royal College of Music. Six years older than him, Jessie had left the college in 1893. The couple had a son, named Hiawatha (1900–1980) after a Native American immortalized in poetry, and a daughter Gwendolyn Avril (1903–1998). Both had careers in music: Hiawatha adapted his father's works. Gwendolyn started composing music early in life, and became a conductor-composer in her own right; she used the professional name of Avril Coleridge-Taylor.

By 1896, Coleridge-Taylor was already earning a reputation as a composer. He was later helped by Edward Elgar, who recommended him to the Three Choirs Festival. His "Ballade in A minor" was premiered there. His early work was also guided by the influential music editor and critic August Jaeger of music publisher Novello; he told Elgar that Taylor was "a genius".

On the strength of Hiawatha's Wedding Feast, which was conducted by Professor Charles Villiers Stanford at its 1898 premiere and proved to be highly popular, Coleridge-Taylor made three tours of the United States. In the United States, he became increasingly interested in his paternal racial heritage. Coleridge-Taylor participated as the youngest delegate at the 1900 First Pan-African Conference held in London, and met leading Americans through this connection, including poet Paul Laurence Dunbar and scholar and activist W.E.B. Du Bois.

In 1904, on his first tour to the United States, Coleridge-Taylor was received by President Theodore Roosevelt at the White House. Coleridge-Taylor sought to draw from traditional African music and integrate it into the classical tradition, which he considered Johannes Brahms to have done with Hungarian music and Antonín Dvořák with Bohemian music. Having met the African-American poet Paul Laurence Dunbar in London, Taylor set some of his poems to music. A joint recital between Taylor and Dunbar was arranged in London, under the patronage of US Ambassador John Milton Hay. It was organized by Henry Francis Downing, an African-American playwright and London resident.

Composers were not handsomely paid for their music, and they often sold the rights to works outright in order to make immediate income. This caused them to lose the royalties earned by the publishers who had invested in the music distribution through publication. The popular Hiawatha's Wedding Feast sold hundreds of thousands of copies, but Coleridge-Taylor had sold the music outright for the sum of 15 guineas, so did not benefit directly. He learned to retain his rights and earned royalties for other compositions after achieving wide renown but always struggled financially.

Coleridge-Taylor was 37 when he died of pneumonia on September 1, 1912. His death is often attributed to the stress of his financial situation. He was survived by his wife Jessie (1869–1962), their daughter Avril and son Hiawatha.

# I. — PRELUDE

#### II. — "GETHSEMANE"



#### Chorus

In the soft moonlight glow Of the Judæn night, Along the road their feet so oft have trod. Jesus of Nazareth And His disciples pass Into the Garden of Gethsemane. There, in the sombre shade Kneeling apart, the Lord In bitter anguish prays:

# Baritone Solo (Christ)

"Father ! the last dread hour Of shame and death is near ; The shadow of the Cross Upon My Spirit falls ;
Thy people hear My voice, yet heed Me not ! The snares of sin and death encompass Me ! The heavy sorrow of a weary world Rests on My soul to-night. Thy will, not Mine, be done ! But let Me feel Thee near — Forsake Me not in My last agony ! "

# Chorus

Lo ! through the gathering gloom Of dark Gethsemane, Upon swift wings a radiant angel comes ! Unto the Son of Man, From the High Heaven sent down, With confidence and hope to strengthen Him. Then, passing hence, toward Heaven behold him soar, Leaving the shadowy garden darker than before. Then Jesus, rising, comes Where the disciples lie, Weary with tribulation, Sleeping for very sorrow.

#### Baritone Solo (Christ)

" Could ye not watch one hour, oh My beloved ? Could ye not watch one hour ? Brave is the spirit, but the flesh, how weak ! Lest in temptation's path ye go astray, Watch, ever watch and pray ! "

#### Chorus

Listen ! a murmur of voices, A sound of numerous footsteps — Behold ! a glimmer of torches, Brighter and brighter glowing ! Now from out of the shadows An ominous crowd approaches, And the torchlight fitfully flickers On the helmets of Roman soldiers, On faces distored by malice.

# Baritone Solo (Christ)

"Whom seek yet? Whom seek ye?"

# Chorus

" Jesus of Nazareth ! Jesus of Nazareth ! The Galilean ! He that conspireth ' gainst might Cæsar ! The Blasphemer ! Jesus of Nazareth ! "

#### Baritone Solo (Christ)

" Lo ! I am He. Why come ye thus, all armed with swords and staves, To capture me ? Daily in yonder Temple have I taught, Daily I paced your city's crowded ways, And yet ye took me not. But now, as if against a thief ye come ! Behold ! this is your hour, Therefore I go with you. "

#### Chorus

" Away with Him ! Bring Him to Caiaphas ! Lead Him to Pilate ! To Judgment ! Away with Him ! "

#### Baritone Solo (Christ)

" Oh, little flock, whom I have loved so well, Why do ye tremble so ? Do those dim eyes not see The Angel of the Lord that walks with Me ? "

Chorus

But the disciples, they who walked with Him In Galilee, Stricken with terror, now desert their Lord With one accord. While Jesus, calm amidthe raging storm, Passes serenely on Toward the city that rejecteth Him.

# III. — PRAYER OF THE HOLY WOMEN AND APOSTLES



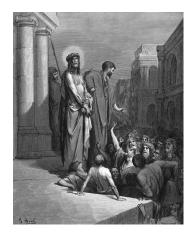
#### Chorale

Father Omnipotent, to Thee Out of the gathering gloom we cry; Our faith is weak, out light is low, The night of dark despair is night : Deeper and deeper the shadows fall, Help us and guide us, Lord of All.

We in the darkness falter, Thou In Heaven's clear light beholdest all ; The sounds of strife and sorrow here Discordant on our senses fall ; But well we know they blend for Thee In calm and perfect harmony.

Lighten or darkness, King of kings, Strengthen our faith and calm our fears ; Keep Thou the stumbling feet that read The pathway of the Vale of Tears ; Till at the last our souls are blest Father, in Thine Eternal Rest.

# IV. — " PONTIUS PILATE "



#### Chorus

The night is past ; Bright glows the Eastern sky ; And as the sun Rises above the dark Judæan hills, The multitude Lead Jesus forth to the Prætorium, To Pontius Pilate.

Tenor Solo (Pilate)

Upon what accusation, Oh men of Judæa, Bring ye this Man to me ?

#### Chorus

He is a traitor, A traitor to Cæsar ! He maketh sedition Throughout all Jewry Perverting the nation !

#### Tenor Solo (Pilate)

Behold, I, a Roman And faithful to Cæsar, Find no such fault in Him !

#### Chorus

He is a blasphemer ! He scorneth our priesthood, And defileth our Temple. Away with Him ! Let Him be crucified !

# Tenor Solo (Pilate)

I meddle not With your faith or your worship. Let your own High Priest Condemn or acquit Him.

iii.

# Chorus Let Him be crucified ! Barabbas ! Barabbas ! Release unto us Barabbas !

#### Tenor Solo (Pilate)

Barabbas! he whose hands are stained with blood! While this poor visionary harmeth none?

#### Chorus

Barabbas ! Barabbas ! Give us Barabbas ! Away with this fellow ! Let Him be crucified !

#### Soprano Solo (Pilate's Wife)

Oh Pilate, hear my words ! Have nought to do, I pray thee, with this Man ; For in my dreams Much have I been perplexed concerning Him.

> I dreamt that He Who meekly stands Before us now, was crucified ! But from His Cross a glory shone That lighted all the years to be, And they that looked toward that light Found rest.

I dreamt that He Whose weary head On earth no resting-place could find, Reigned in a city far away, Where sin and anguish never came, And tears of sorrow all were dried For aye.

I dreamt that He whom now they scorn Had come again in majesty ; The dead awakened at His Voice ; Before His face the nations bowed ; For He had come to reigh on earth Always.

Tenor Solo (*Pilate*) Shall I crucify your King, The King of the Jews ?

Chorus We have no king but Cæsar !

Soprano Solo *(Pilate's Wife)* Pilate, hear my words ! Have nought to do, I pray thee, with this Man.

### Tenor Solo (Pilate)

Breath of my life, in this strange land What other voice could plead so well As thine, that efer since we met, Like music on my spirit fell ? Yet not for thy sweet sake alone Would I these frenzied men defy : An unseen presence pleads for Him Whom now they seek to crucify.

The fury and the hate of men Rage round me like an angry sea : But calm amid the tumult stands This sad, strange Man of Galilee ! Breath of my life, dear heart of mine, Pray to thy household gods, that they Perchance may deign to lend me aid, In my perplexity to-day.

#### Soprano/Tenor Duet (Pilate & Pilate's Wife)

Ye mighty gods of ancient Rome ! If in your dwelling-place serene The prayers of mortal men are heard, Their motives read, their actions seen, Know that I fain would mercy shew, Know that he fain would judge aright, Condemn me/him not, if I/he should fail In this sad hour, for want of light.

#### Tenor Solo (Pilate)

Shall I crucify your King, Crucify this King of the Jews ?

### Chorus

We have no king but Cæsar, Let Him be crucified !

#### Tenor Solo (Pilate)

Hypocrites ! Wolves ! Upon your own heads Be the blood of the guiltless ! May the gods of my city, And the gods of my fathers, Judge and acquit me Of His condemnation.

#### Chorus

His blood be upon us, On us and our children !

#### Tenor Solo (Pilate)

Behold your King ! Take Him and go your way !

#### Chorus

Now lead they Jesus forth, And in a purple robe Clothe Him, in mackery ; And for His brow they weave a crown of thorns ' The, smiting Him, with mocking laughter cry :

" King of the Jews, all hail ! We lowly bend to Thee. Sceptre and robe and crown Thou hast, And upon Calvary Thy throne shall rise for all the world to see !

Come, Jews and Gentiles, come ! Put on your best array ! The King Whom we with pomp have crowned Ascends His throne to-day. Come, all ye people and obeisance pay ! King of the Jews, stand forth, That one an all may see The mighty Monarch Who hath come From out of Galilee ! Forward, in order ! March to Calvary ! "

#### V. – CALVARY



Chorus

Through the gateway of the city, All along the Way of Sorrow To Golgotha, Jesus passes. Now He falters, now He stumbles, For the shameful Cross is heavy, And the sun is high in heaven. Close around Him throng the people, Mocking, cursing, and reviling ; And the women follow after, Weeping for Him, and lamenting. Way of Sorrow, Way of Sorrow, Stained with blood and tears for ever ! Baritone Solo *(Christ)* Women, weep not for One Who soon will be at rest. Weep rather for the fate Of fair Jerusalem ; Weep for her sorrow in the days to be. Weep not for Me ; Weep not for Me !

# Chorus

Behold the Cross, The Cross uplifted on the green hillside ! With straining limbs They raise it on high, With its burden of pain. Behold the King ! The King of sorrow, crown'd with many thorns ! Mark how His feet And His hands have been nailed To that terrible throne. Behold the Love, The Love Divine of Him who suffers there, Patiently bearing Sorrow and shame For the sins of the world.

> Come down from the Cross Thou Boaster ! Destroyer of Temples, Miraculous Builder ! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Come down from the Cross Blasphemer ! Thou Son of God. Thou Saviour of others, Save now Thyself! Come down from the Cross, Pretender ! Thou Ruler of Israel, Come down from the Cross And we will believe Thee ! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Where is the God, then, In Whom Thou hast trusted ?

#### **Choral Recitative**

Two thieves with Him are crucified, And one, whose body vainly writhes In agony unspeakable, Reviles the Saviour, and blasphemes ; The other, calmer in his pain, Wistfully with his glazing eyes Regarding Jesus, prays of Him Forgiveness in the passing world of woe, Remembrance in the world that lies beyond.

#### Baritone Solo (Christ)

Be not afraid ! This mortal agony Is but the cleansing fire Through which thy spirit, purified, shall rise, And, passing hence, be evermore at rest In Paradise. Be not afraid ! The mist will roll away, And thou shalt see The brightness of the better world beyond, The rapture of the blessed ones at rest In Paradise. Be not afraid ! Before yon scorching sun His course hath run, Thy sins forgiven and thy suffering o'er, Thou shalt be with Me in the healing shade Of Paradise.

#### Chorus

At the Cross their vigil keeping Through the long, long hours of sorrow, Kneel the faithful women, weeping, Suffering as women suffer When the ones they love are tortured, And they have no power to save them.

# TRIO

#### Mary the Mother of Christ

Son of mine, my tears are falling, As I watch Thee bleeding, dying For the sinners who reject Thee ; And I cannot see Thy glory Through the mist of doubt and sorrow.

#### Mary Magdalene

Friend of sinners, I am kneeling At Thy feet in bitter anquish ; And my very soul is piercèd By the cruel thorns that wound Thee, By the nails that tear and rend Thee.

#### Mary, the wife of Cleophas

Master, Master, I am praying, Praying to the Lord, Thy Father, That he give thee strength to suffer, In this hour of tribulation, In this hour of pain and darkness.

### All

Son of Man and Friend of Sinners, Saviour of the meek and lowly, Helper of the weak and helpless, We are weeping, we are praying, At Thy Cross in sorrow kneeling.

# Chorus

Lo ! at the sixth hour, over all the land The darkness falls ; The noonday sun in heaven is blotted out ; And in the fields The cattle, humble children of the Lord, Affrighted stand. Pale faces gather in the darkened streets, Wild eyes are raised towards the awful sky, And terror reigns, For three long hours, supreme in every heart.

# Baritone Solo (Christ)

My God ! My God ! Hast Thou forsaken Me ? Hast Thou forsaken Me ?

#### Chorus

He calleth Elias ! Now we shall see Whether Elias Will Come and deliver Him.

#### Baritone Solo (Christ)

Father, into Thy hands My spirit I commend !

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* It is finished !



#### FINAL CHORUS

It is finished, He hath triumphed, Sin and Death to Him shall yield, For the work of our salvation With His blood for aye is sealed.

Lo ! the solid earth is shaken, Lightnings flash along the skies, And the quiet dead, awakened, From their riven graves arise.

Hark ! a song of triumph rises O'er earth's tumult, far away ; 'Tis the choir angelic singing In the land of perfect day !

Surely He who meekly suffered Shame and frief and pain untold, Was in truth the Man of Sorrows Promised by the Seer of old.



Surely He whom men rejected Was the Son of God most High ! Conqueror of Sin and Satan, Lord of all Eternity !

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I. PRELUDE.



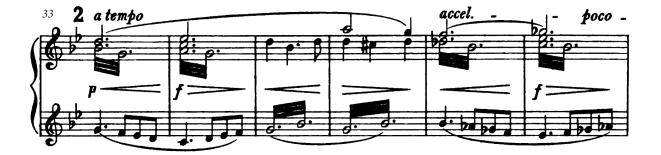








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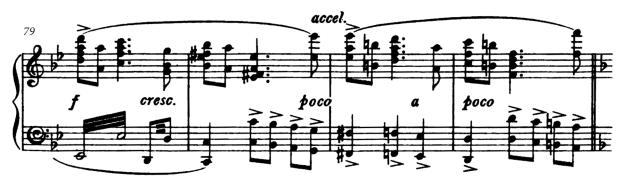






































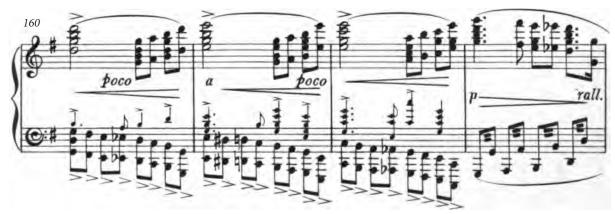














# II.

# GETHSEMANE.















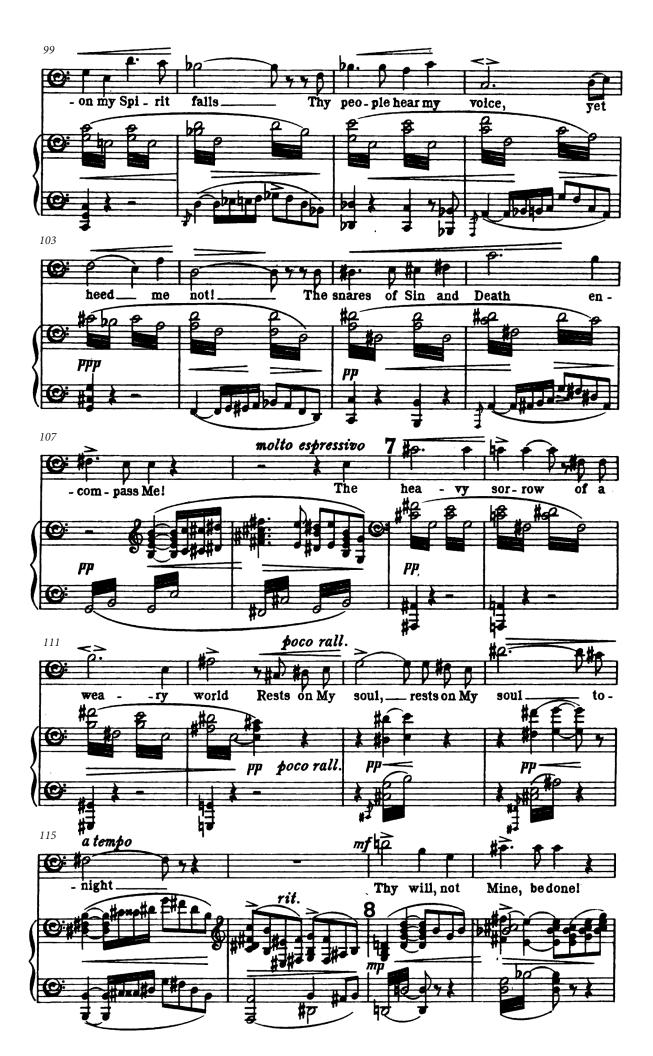
















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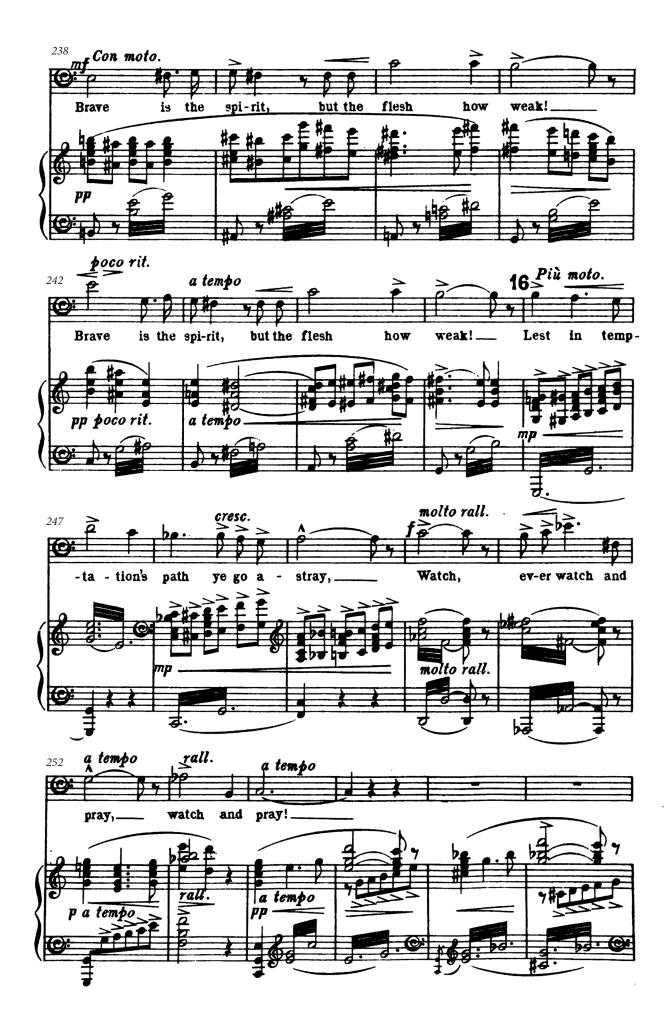






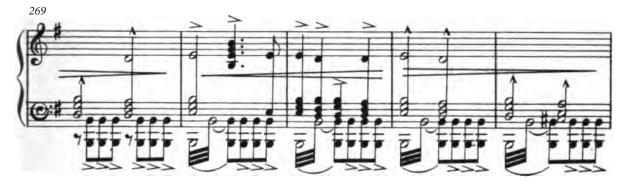




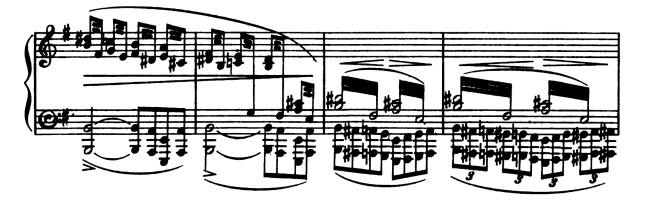




































































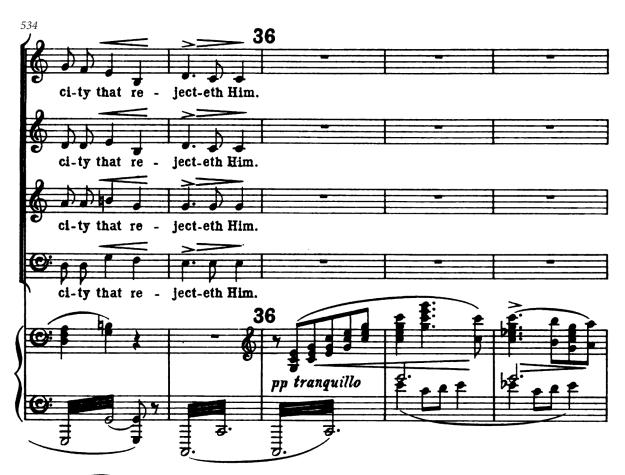






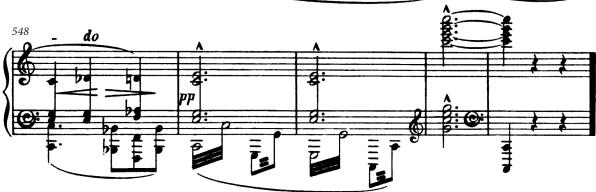












## PRAYER OF THE HOLY WOMEN AND APOSTLES.



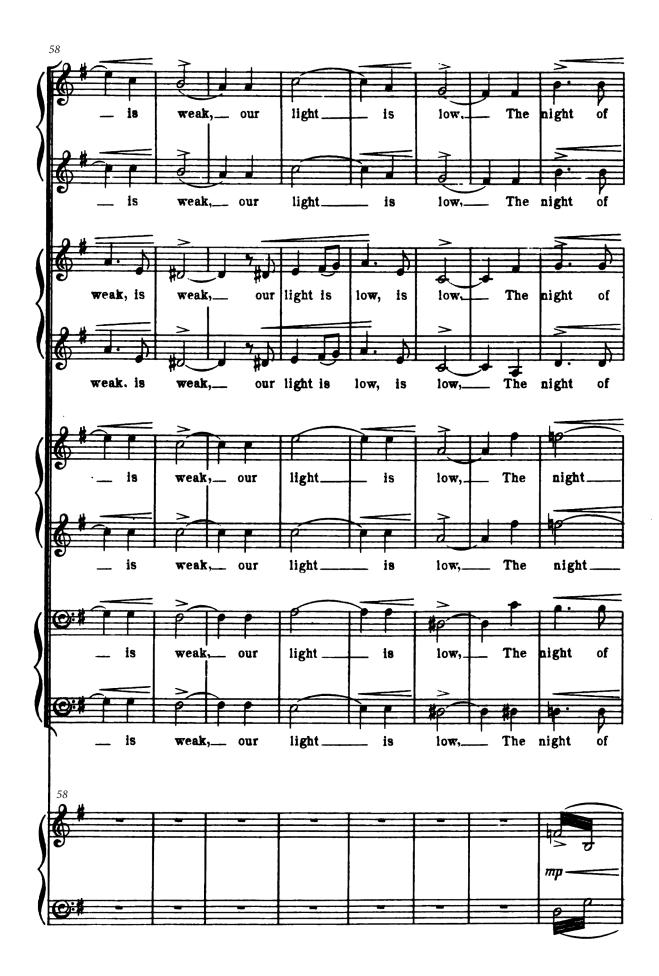








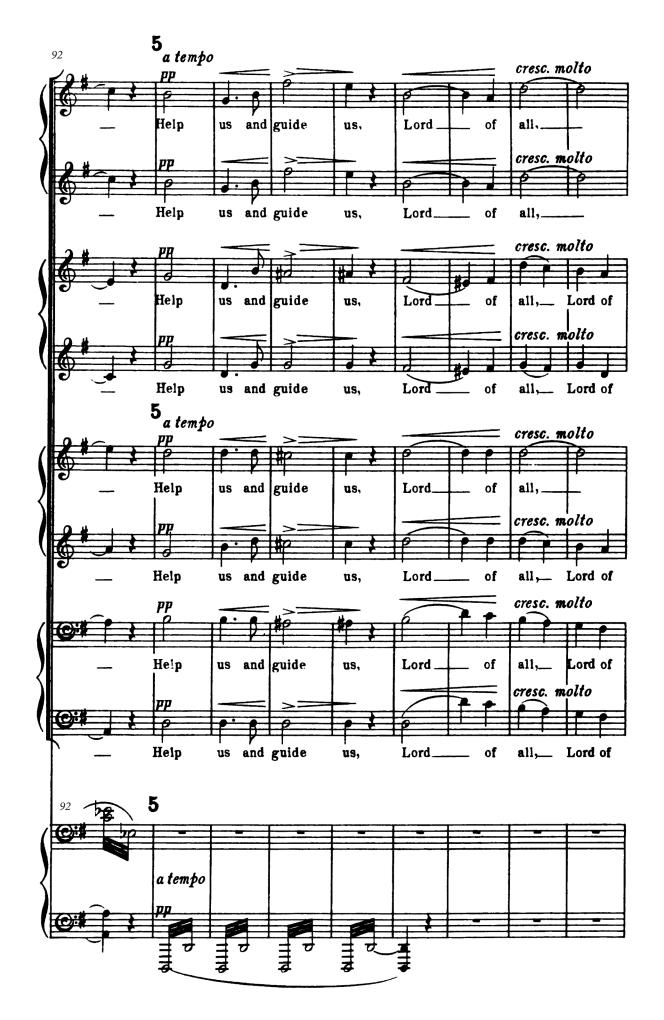


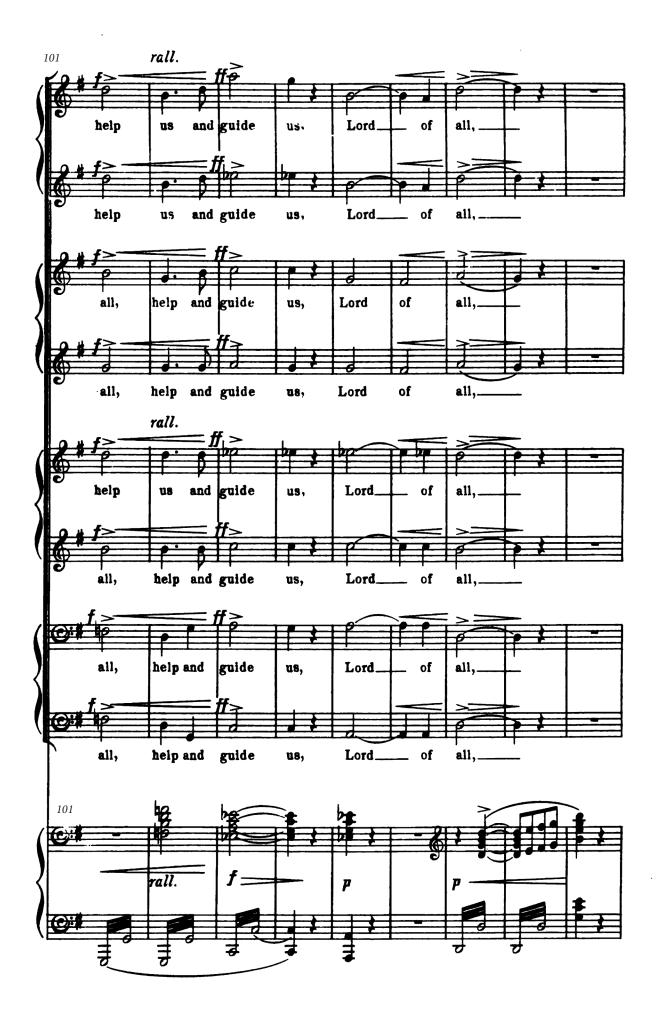




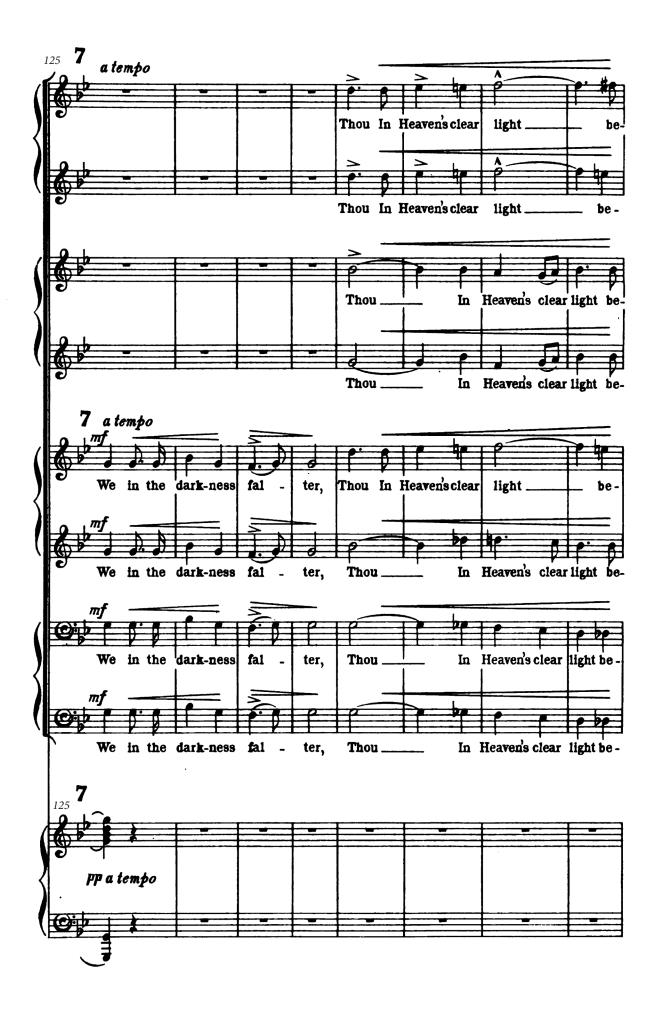












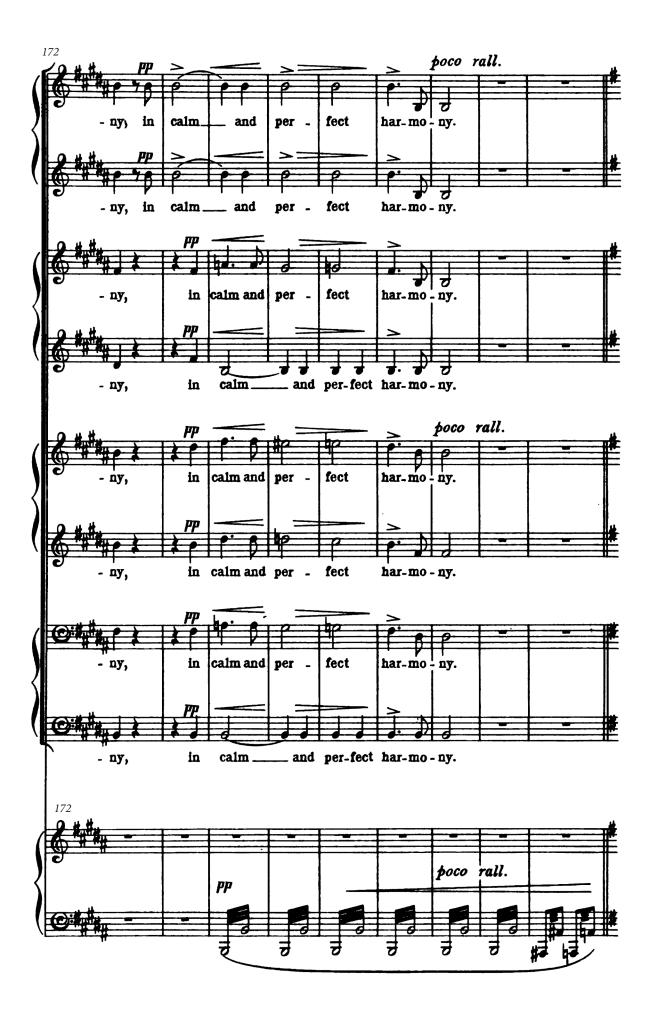




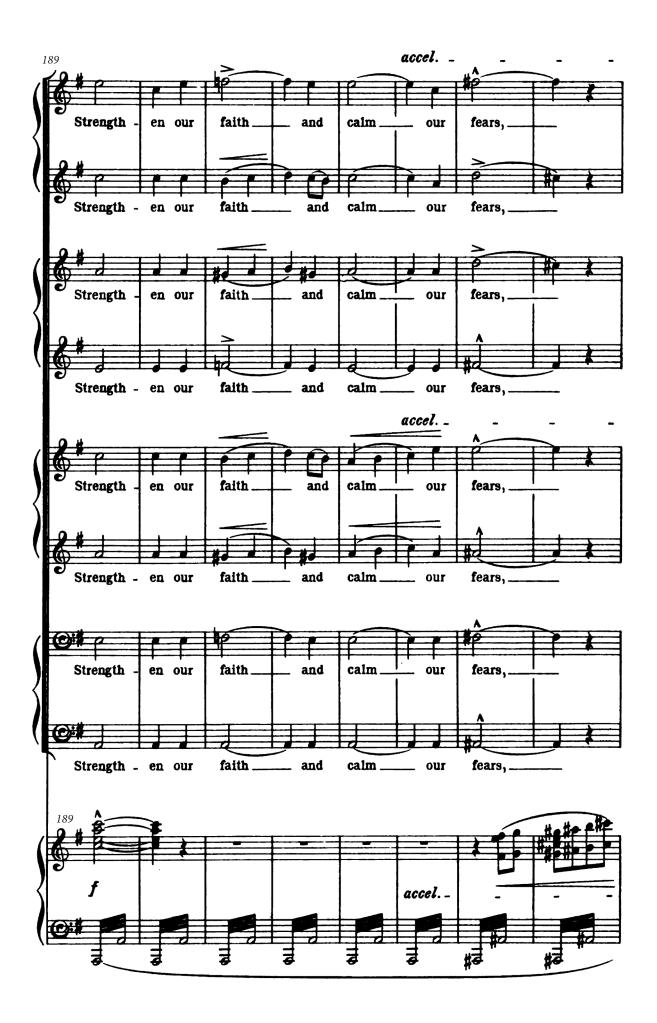


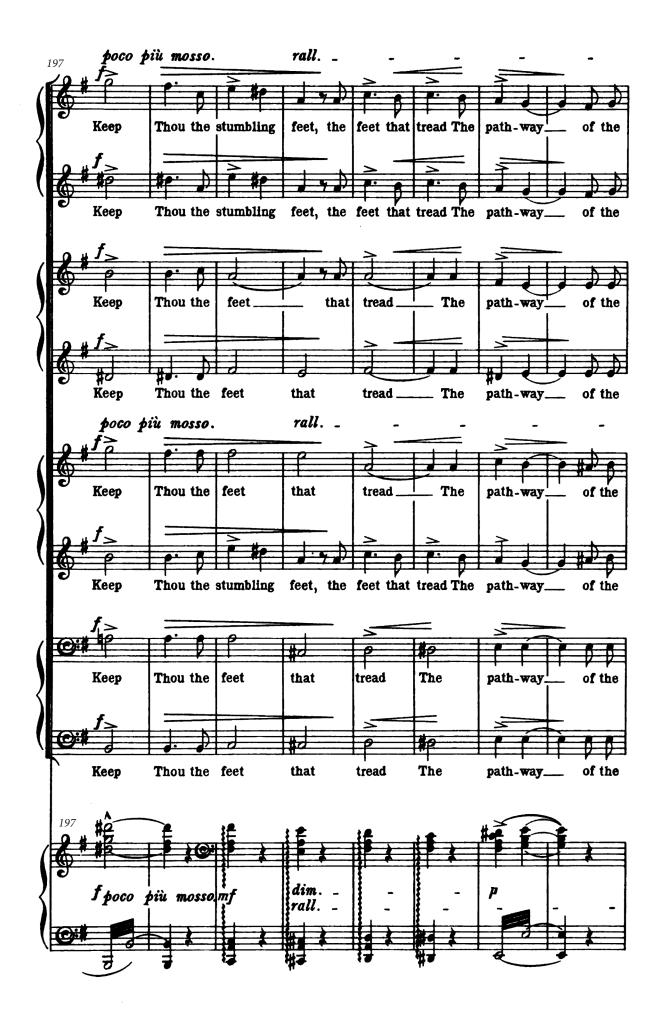


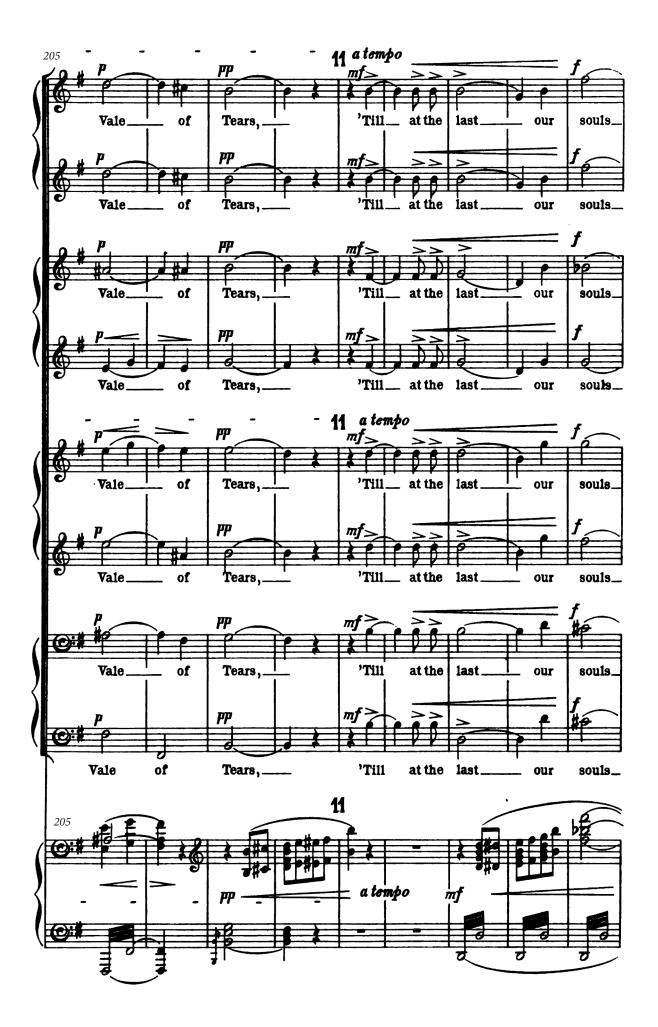


















IV.

## PONTIUS PILATE.



































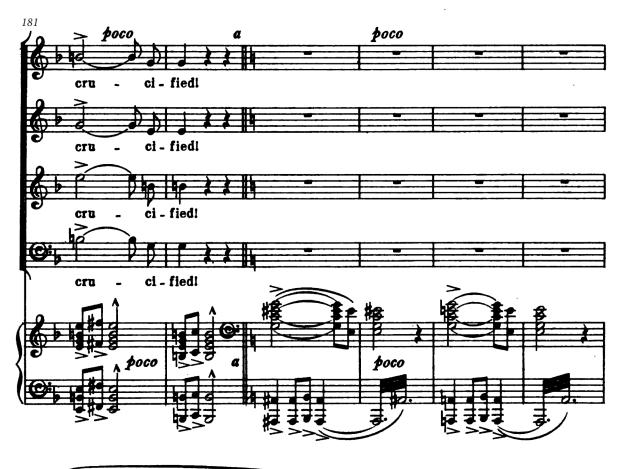






170 Let Him be cru-ci-fied! A - way with Him, Let Him be cru-ci-fied! Let Him be cru-ci-fied! with Him, Let Him be cru-ci-fiedl A - way 12 > cru-ci-fied! cru-ci-fied! with this 📊 fel-low, Let Him be Λway > cru-ci-fied! A - way with this fel-low, Let Him be cru-ci-fied! > र्ज sf sf sf sţ





























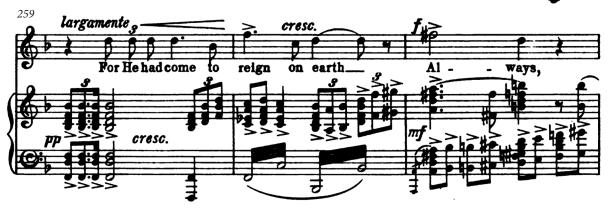


















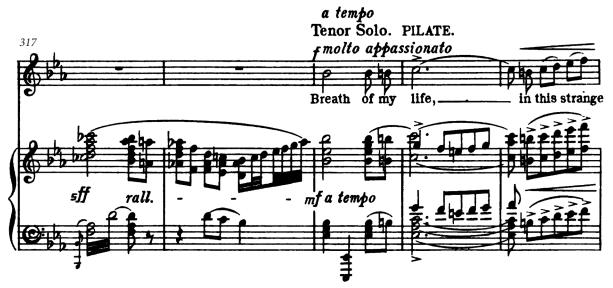


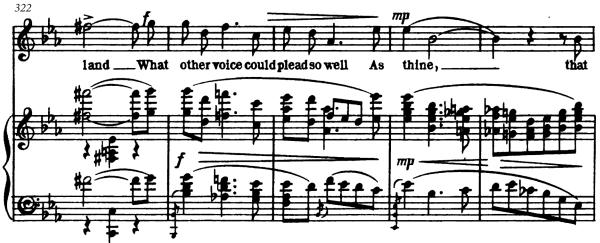


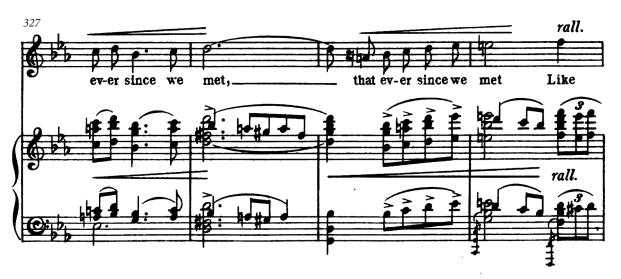










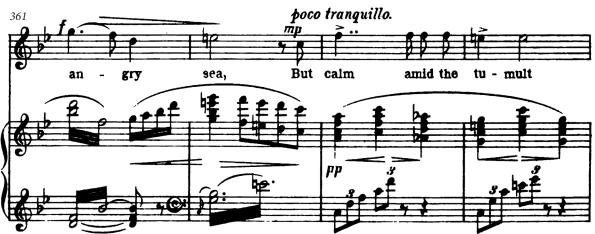










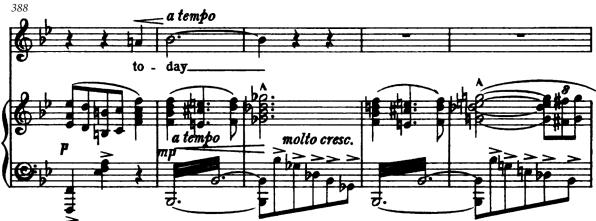






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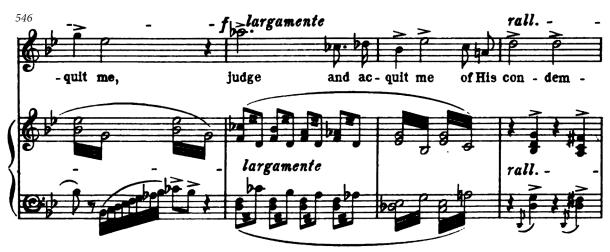
















































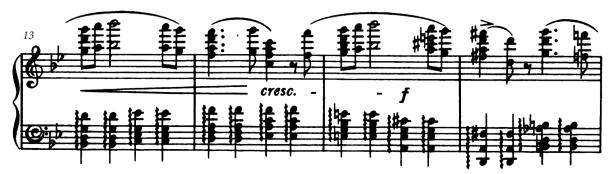
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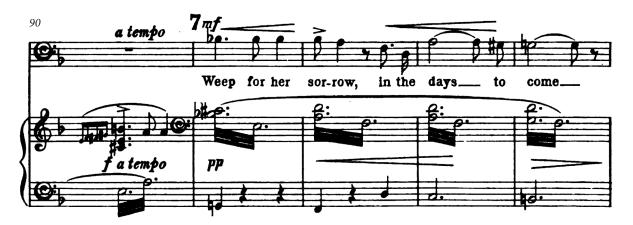






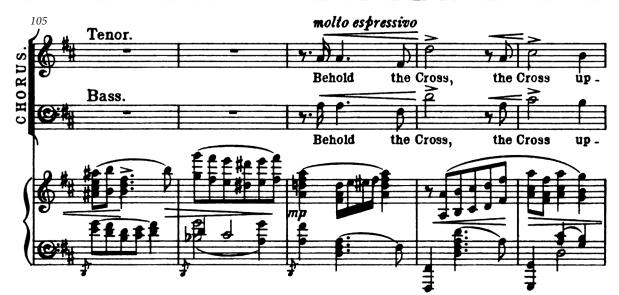














































































































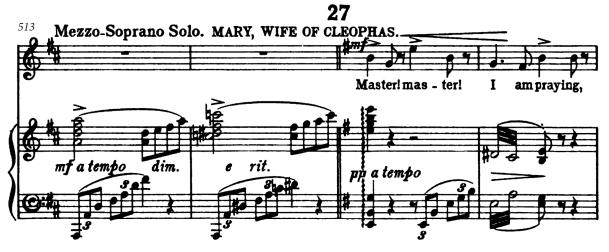






























































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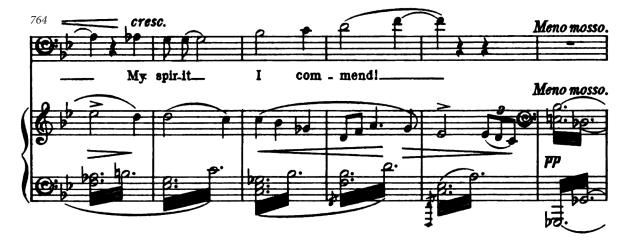


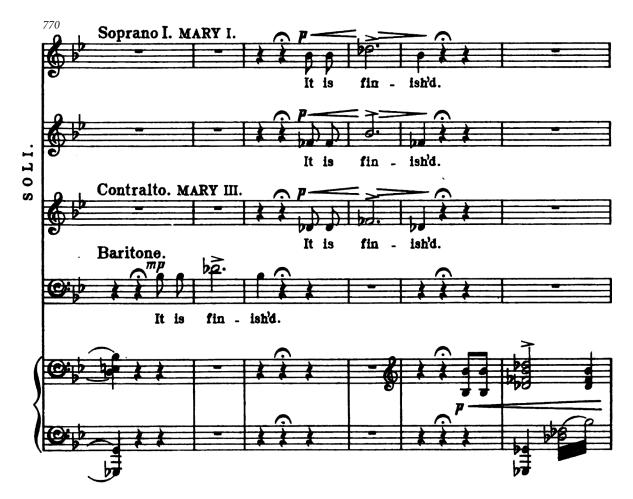






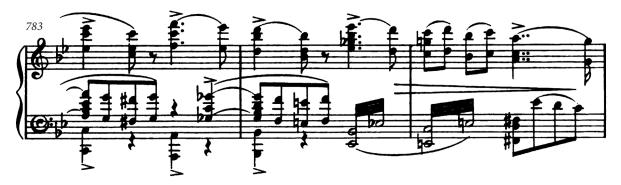


































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