

THE

LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER

A Dramatic Oratorio

FOR SOLO VOICES, CHORUS, ORCHESTRA & ORGAN

THE VERSE BY

ISABELLA PARKER

THE MUSIC BY

HORATIO PARKER

(OP. 43)

VOCAL SCORE

COVER IMAGE

TRIPTYCH OF THE FAMILY MOREEL

[Detail - Central Panel]
by
Hans Memling
1484
Groeninge Museum
Bruges, Belgium



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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.

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Source Information

Autograph Manuscript: Vocal Score: Royal College of Music Library Manuscript Transcription & Score Preparation Royal College of Music Library, London: MS 5152a Novello's Original Octavo Edition no. 8269, Novello, Ewer & Co., 1898 Jonathan Frank, Ass't. Librarian - jonathan.frank@rcm.ac.uk David Fielding - dhcfielding@charter.net

Reference Material and Software

Notation Software: Dorico Pro Version 6.0.22.6052 Audio Software: NotePerformer 4 Graphic Software: Affinity Photo 2

Document Software: Affinity Publisher 2 Music Notation Reference: Behind Bars by Elaine Gould, Faber Music © 2011

LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER

from *The Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine*, translated and adapted by Ryan Granger and Helmut Ripperger. (Arno Press: Longmans, Green & Co.) 1941 pp. 377-382

Before his baptism, Christopher was called Reprobus, but after his baptism he was called Christopher, which means Christ-bearer, because he bore Christ in four ways: upon his shoulders when he carried Him, in his body by his fortifications, in his mind by his devotion, and in his mouth by professing and preaching Him.

Christopher, a Canaanite, was a man of prodigious size, being twelve cubits in height, and fearful of aspect. According to certain authors who have written down his deeds, he was in the service of the king of the Canaanites, when the idea came to him that he should go in search of the most powerful king on earth, and should enter his service. Thus he went to a certain very great king, of whom it was commonly said that no other king on earth equaled him in power. And when the king saw him, he gladly received him, and gave him lodgings in his palace.

But one day, in the presence of the king, a minstrel sang a song in which the Devil was named several times. And the king, who was a Christian, made the sign of the cross each time that the Devil's name was mentioned. Christopher was astonished thereat, and wondered why the king did this, and what the sign meant. But the king refused to tell him, until he said: 'Unless thou tell me, I shall no longer remain with thee!' Then the king said: 'Each time that I hear the Devil's name, I make this sign as a safeguard, lest he gain power over me and do me harm!' Then Christopher replied: 'If thou fearest that the Devil harm thee, he must be more puissant than thou! Therefore am I thwarted in my hope, for I thought to be in the service of the most powerful king on earth. So now farewell, for I shall seek out the Devil, and take him for my lord and give myself into his service!'

Then he left the king and hurried off in search of the Devil. And in the desert he came face to face with a great host, whose leader, a soldier fierce and terrible of visage, came to him and asked whither he was going. And Christopher answered: 'I am in search of my lord the Devil, that I may take service with him.' And the soldier answered: 'I am he whom thou seekest!' Christopher rejoiced, and bound himself forever to the Devil. But as they marched along a common road, they came upon a cross, and the Devil, terrified, took flight, and leaving the road, led Christopher through a wild desert, and returned to the road at some distance. He asked the reason thereof, and when the Devil refused to answer, said: 'Then shall I quit thy service, unless thou tell me!' And the Devil was forced to reply: 'A certain man named Christ was once nailed to a cross, and since that time, at the sight of the cross, I take fright and flee!' 'This Christ,' answered Christopher, 'must therefore be greater and more puissant than thou; and once more I have labored in vain, for I have not yet found the most powerful king on earth! Farewell then, for I go to seek Christ!'

Long he sought for someone who could give him word of Christ until at last he found a hermit, who preached Christ to him and diligently instructed him in the faith. And the hermit said to him: 'The King whom thou desirest to serve demands of thee that thou fast oftentimes in His honor!' And Christopher answered: 'Let him demand somewhat else, for to fast I am not able!' 'Then He demands,' said the hermit, 'that thou offer Him many prayers!' 'Nor can I do this service,' answered Christopher, 'for I know not how to pray!' Then the hermit said: 'Knowest thou a certain river, into which many who attempt to cross tumble and are drowned?' 'I know it,' replied Christopher. 'Since thou art mighty of stature and strong of arm,' responded the hermit, 'thou couldst dwell beside the river, and carry over all who wished to cross. This would be most pleasing to Christ, the King Whom thou desirest to serve; and I hope that He may show Himself to thee there!' 'This at last is a thing that I can do,' said Christopher, 'and I promise to do it for the service of Christ!' He betook himself therefore to the river, built a hut upon its bank, and using a great pole as a staff to steady himself in the water, he bore across all who sought his aid.

When many days had passed, he lay asleep one night in his hut, when he heard a child's voice calling him and saying: 'Christopher, come out and carry me across the river!' Swiftly he hurried out of his hut, but found no one. And when he went back indoors, the same voice called to him a second time; but going out again, he found no one. But at the third call he went out, and found a child standing on the river bank, who earnestly besought him to carry him across. Christopher took the child upon his shoulders, and taking up his staff, set out through the water. But little by little the water rose, and the child became heavier than a leaden weight; and the farther he went, the higher rose the water, and the heavier grew the child, until Christopher was so sorely tried that he thought he would founder in the waves. But at last he made his way to the other bank, and set the child down, saying: 'Child, thou hast put me in dire peril, and hast weighed so heavy upon me that if I had borne the whole world upon my shoulders, it could not have burdened me more heavily!' And the child answered: 'Wonder not, Christopher, for not only hast thou borne the whole world upon thy shoulders, but Him Who created the world. For I am Christ thy King, Whom thou servest in this work! And as a sign that I say the truth, when thou shalt have returned to the other side of the river, plant thy staff in the earth near thy hut, and in the morning thou shalt see it laden with flowers and fruits!' And straightway He disappeared. And Christopher planted his staff in the earth, and rising in the morning he saw that it had borne leaves and fruits, like to a palm tree.

http://projects.mcah.columbia.edu/medieval-architecture/htm/sw/ma_sw_gloss_christopher.htm

Jacobus de Voragine

Jacobus de Voragine, OP (<u>c.</u> 1230 – 1298) was an Italian chronicler and archbishop of Genoa. He was the author, or more accurately the compiler, of the *Golden Legend*, a collection of the legendary lives of the greater saints of the medieval church that was one of the most popular religious works of the Middle Ages.

The preface divides the ecclesiastical year into four periods corresponding to the various epochs of the world's history, a time of deviation, of renovation, of reconciliation and of pilgrimage. The book itself, however, falls into five sections: (a) from Advent to Christmas (cc. 1–5); (b) from Christmas to Septuagesima (6–30); (c) from Septuagesima to Easter (31–53); (d) from Easter Day to the octave of Pentecost (54–76); (e) from the octave of Pentecost to Advent (77–180). The saints' lives are full of fanciful legend, and in not a few cases contain accounts of 13th century miracles wrought at special places, particularly with reference to the Dominicans. The penultimate chapter (181), "De Sancto Pelagio Papa", contains a universal history from the point of view of Lombardy, or *Historia Lombardica* (History of Lombardy"), from the middle of the 6th century. The last (182) is a somewhat allegorical disquisition on the dedication of churches, "De dedicatione ecclesiae".

The *Golden Legend* was translated into Catalan in the 13th century and a first dated version was published in Barcelona in 1494. A French version was made by Jean Belet de Vigny in the 14th century. A Latin edition is assigned to about 1469; and a dated one was published at Lyon in 1473. Many other Latin editions were printed before the end of the century. A French translation by Master John Bataillier is dated 1476; Jean de Vigny's appeared at Paris, 1488; an Italian one by Nic. Manerbi (Venice, 1475); a Czech one at Plzeň, 1475–1479, and at Prague, 1495; Caxton's English versions, 1483, 1487, and 1493; and a German one in 1489. Overall, during the first five decades of printing in Europe, editions of the *Legenda Aurea* appeared at a rate of about two per year.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

CHARACTERS.

OFFERUS. Bass.

THE KING. THE HERMIT.

THE QUEEN. Soprano.

SATAN. High Baritone or Robust Tenor (Tenore robusto).

THE ANGEL. Soprano.

(May be suny by the QUEEN.)

THE CHILD. Soprano.

(Preferably a boy's voice.)

A CHORUS.

PROLOGUE.

In the grey dawn of early time, The Church on earth arose; Upbuilt with battlements sublime, Against her mighty foes.

And many a noble saint of old,
The fair foundation laid;
And living stones, of price untold,
The stately fabric made.

In glory of unfading light
Their faithful record lives;
The touch of Time the vision bright
Unchanging lustre gives.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

(An open space before the palace of King ORIENS. A dense wood is on the left, and a road in the distance, upon which the King is seen approaching in a chariot, with soldiers and trumpeters.)

CHORUS OF MEN.

The King! the King returns in triumph! Come forth and bid him joyful welcome. Haste, some forth!

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

(With laurel wreaths and garlands of flowers.)

He comes, our King, in regal pride and glory; Our faithful legions follow in his train; Their noble deeds, renowned in song and story; We count, and welcome them with glad refrain.

Hail to our King, our heroes hail! Our loyal welcome shall not fail; Your praises rise on honour's wing, While in high chorus here we sing.

(The KING arrives.)

SOLDIERS' CHORUS.

Sing victory, sing victory, our glorious King returns,

Triumphantly, triumphantly, his chariot homeward sped;

In loyal hearts, in loyal hearts, the flame of triumph burns;

The conqueror, the conqueror, we crown his honoured head.

(They place the wreath upon his head.)

Double Chorus.

Women.

Hail to our King and heroes brave!
Right royal welcome do we give;
While banners high above you wave,
Long, long in gladness may ye live.

Men.

Hail to our King and maidens fair!
Right royal welcome do ye give;
Garlands of flowers ye maidens bear,
Long, long in gladness may ye live.

(OFFERUS, the giant, emerges from the wood and kneels before the KING.)

Offerus.

Mighty King, to thee I bend,
Humble homage offer thee;
Kindly my request attend,
And grant to me,
Thy slave to be.
I entreat, my offer thou'lt receive;
Brave and faithful service will I give.

King.

Thy name, bold wanderer!

Offerus.

Offerus my name. Immortal gods have given me strength and stature to excel. And long in poverty have I sought the mightiest earthly monarch, that my service might be his.

King.

Thy service I receive, thou Offerus, and bind thee to obey my commands.

Offerus.

Henceforth thy slave am I, for thou the mightiest art.

King.

Give thy service unto me, Rich rewards I offer thee.

Offerus.

Burden-bearer is my name, Service is my only claim.

King.

Thou art mine, and mine alone, Till life be done.

Offerus.

I am thine, and thine alone, Till there come a mightier one.

SCENE II.

(A hall in the Palace. The Queen and her attendants wait while the King enters with his retinue, followed by Offerus.)

Queen.

The dear delights of home and peace
Once more, my love, are thine.
Could strife and war forever cease,
What joy, what bliss were mine!
Then no more my heart in sorrow
Should be sad for the coming morrow.
Yet proud am I thy noble deeds to hear,
And willing tribute to thy courage bear.

CHORUS.

Yes, proud are we thy noble deeds to hear, And willing tribute to thy courage bear.

King.

Thy welcome voice, beloved,
Is music to my heart.
Now gladly will I linger,
Nor willingly depart.
The memory of battle's fierce affray
Is banished and forgotten, far away.

Queen.

From cruel voice of clanging arms
Thou comest to thy rest;
Free from the fear of dread alarms,
This refuge is thy best.
Rest thee here, love shall enfold thee;
Peace within her arms shall hold thee.

King.

Come, Offerus, present thee to our Queen.
(Offerus advances and kneels.)

Offerus.

Most royal lady, here I kneel
To offer thee thy rightful due;
Command me, and with earnest zeal
I gladly give my service true,
Thee and my royal master to obey,
With proud submission, from this happy day.

Queen.

Rise, Offerus, I take thy service, brave and worthy man.

Offerus.

I will serve thee, I obey thee, most gracious Queen.

(Exeunt all but King and QUEEN.)

King.

There is a king, albeit a slave; How gentle is he, and yet how brave! May heaven delay the fateful hour When he shall find a mightier power.

Queen.

How can he find on earth a mightier?
Art thou not lord of all the kingdoms now?

King.

I am, but powers there be I cannot dare To brave. I must before them bow.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

(An open glade in the forest. The King and his followers are resting after the hunt. A deer starts from the wood and OFFERUS draws his bow. The King trembles and crosses himself).

King.

Hold, Offerus, send not the shaft! Knowest thou not this dreadful wood is haunted?

Offerus.

Haunted, by whom?

Kina

By the presence of the Fiend.

Offerus.

Who's the Fiend that thou should'st fear him?
Fear I know not, though a slave.
Thou, O King, hast found thy master,
Him I seek and thee I leave.

(He sends the arrow and moves towards the wood.

Fires flash in the distance.)

King, Queen, and Chorus.

Stay, good Offerus, O stay, Terrors are before thee. Darkest clouds close o'er thee, Wings of demons hover Round thy path and over; Dost thou not discover Horrid phantoms in the way?

Leave us not, good Offerus; See the lurid gleaming Of the fires upstreaming In the forest glowing, Where thy steps are going, Thy great gifts bestowing On the Fiend, to leave us thus.

(OFFERUS, moving slowly, turns.)

Offerus.

I see the darkening path, And yet I cannot stay. A stronger king than thou, I must before him bow. I would not feel thy wrath, But him I must obey.

King and Chorus.

Farewell, our hero, gallant Offerus. Thy vow leads thee forth to mightier power devoted. Farewell!

(They watch him as he disappears in the wood.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

(A desert plain. Offenus meets Satan at the head of an armed legion.)

Satan.

See where comes bold Offerus,
He hath learned no evil.
Fears nor man nor devil,
He shall come and dwell with us.
Man, who art thou, and whom dost thou seek?

Offerus.

I seek that Fiend, who maketh kings to tremble. I would have him for my master.

Satan.

Prince of all this world am I. Come, thou noble creature, Yield thee, body, mind, and soul Unto my supreme control. Fit reward shalt thou enjoy, For thy kingly nature.

Thus my followers I lead
Through this barren region,
Storms and whirlwinds do not flee;
Naught on earth can conquer me.
My commands they ever heed,
Faithful demon-legion.

DEMONS.

Satan, our king, thy reign we own,
Thy might alone,
In all our ranks it holdeth sovereign sway.
Thee we obey.

Offerus.

I also thee obey.
Yield me unto thy will.
Thou shalt have utmost sway
O'er my strength and my skill,
Thy every behest to fulfil.

DEMONS.

Thus we march, a mighty legion,
Through the world's wide fields afar,
All its woes and ills unheeding,
Discord dire and ruin spreading,
And throughout the fairest region
Bring confusion, rage, and war.

Shrines and altars fall before us,
Naught is sacred in our eyes;
Drink we deep in fullest measure
Of the cup of earthly pleasure;
Mirth and music merrily share we,
Pleasure's flowing goblet bear we,
And there is naught we fear in earth or skies.

Thus we march, &c.

(Excunt singing.)

SCENE II.

(They arrive at a cross. SATAN trembles and turns away. The sound of women's voices is heard singing:—)

Asperges me, Domine,
Hyssopo et mundabor.
Lavabis me, lavabis me,
Et super nivem de albabor.

Offerus.

Ha, my master, tremblest thou? This high cross thou fearest, Nor, in terror, darest Even to look upon it now. Why showest thou these signs of fear? The mystery to me declare.

CHORUS.

On the cross the Lord of Heaven
Died, to ransom man, His creature;
There His blessed life was given
To upraise the fallen nature;
Therefore are the signs of fear:
None but saints the sight can bear.

Offerus.

Thou art my master no longer;
I seek the Lord who died,
For He is greater and stronger.
I follow far and wide
Till I His face may behold,
And learn His love manifold.

Satan.

Offerus, beware, beware!
How canst thou endure
Fast and vigil, watch and prayer,
Heaven to secure?
Earth's delights I give to thee,
Heaven is far above;
Lose not present liberty
Future hope to prove.

Offerus, beware my wrath,
Heavy shall it fall on thee;
Ruin shall attend thy path—
Thus now do I warn thee.
All the kingdoms of the world,
All their glory great,
These I own, and alone
I can bestow them.
All this glory and power I give thee;
Come, faithful servant, I bid thee;
Call not vengeance upon thee.
Stay, Offerus, stay.

Offerus.

Ask me not my vow to break. Him, the Highest, will I seek; Unto Him, the Lord of Heaven, Shall my life henceforth be given; There, at length, my restless mind True content and peace shall find.

CHORUS.

Farewell, our hero, gallant Offerus!

Thy vow leads thee forth to mightiest power devoted.

Love guide thee in thy quest of Him who only can give thee peace and joy, and meet reward for noble strife. Farewell!

ACT III.

SCENE I.

(A hermit's cottage in a dense forest. The Hermit opens his door to Offenus, who is clad in worn garments.)

Offerus.

Tell me, good father, where to find the Lord of Heaven.

Hermit.

Enter, son, rest thee, and let me bathe thy feet, for they are sore and travel-stained.

Offerus.

Glad am I to rest. I am weary,

Hermit.

Rest thee here, my son; refreshment will I offer thee.

(The HERMIT brings food and a long flowing garment.)

Hermit.

The story thou shalt hear Of Him, the Saviour blest, Who came our life to share, And lead us to His rest.

Wise men had foretold His coming, From the Orient land they came, Star-led, through the desert roaming, To the town of Bethlehem.

Through many blessed years
His dwelling was with men
Bearing their griefs and cares
And soothing every pain,

When His work on earth was ended, Willingly He gave His life, And to heaven once more ascended, Conqueror in the deadly strife,

Offerus.

Most wonderful thy story! How thankfully I hear it from thy lips. Thy voice, good father, brings a memory strange to me.

Hermit.

It is not strange, for I was Oriens, the monarch proud, who now for many years have served the King of kings.

Come, and I will show thee All the Church's beauty, Where her worship holy Daily doth arise. With her blessing o'er thee Thou shalt learn thy duty, And in service lowly Train thee for the skies,

SCENE II.

(The interior of a Cathedral. Priests are seen robed in beautiful vestments. The Hermit and Offenus enter and kneel.)

CHOIR.

Asperges me, Domine, Hyssopo et mundabor. Lavabis me, lavabis me, Et super nivem de albabor.

(Offerus, greatly moved, draws the Hermit aside.)

Offerus.

Tell me, good father, what can I do for the Christ, my Master.

Hermit.

Come, and I will show thee All the Church's beauty, Where her worship holy Riseth day by day. In that worship lowly, Learn thy constant duty, And with light before thee, Tread the blessed way.

CHOIR.

Gloria in excelsis Deo,

Et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis. Laudamus te, Benedicimus te, Glorificamus te. Gratias agimus tibi propter magnam gloriam tuam. Domine Deus, Rex Cœlestis, Deus, Pater Omnipotens. Domine Fili Unigenite, Jesu Christe. Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris, Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram, Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis. Quoniam tu solus sanctus, Tu solus Dominus, Tu solus altissimus, Jesu Christe, Cum Sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

Offerus.

(With great firmness.)

In gloria Dei Patris, Amen!

Now let me go, my father, where I may serve
the Lord.

TRIO.

The Hermit, Offerus, and an Angel.

Learn the blessedness of giving,
Give thy strength, thy soul, thy spirit
For the Master ever-living
Claiming no reward, no merit.
So in boundless liberty shalt thou walk for evermore.

Thy best labour freely given
In the largest, fullest measure,
Dear to man, beloved of heaven,
Thou shalt taste immortal pleasure,
And unending rest remains, when thy noble
life is o'er.

HYMN.

Jam sol recedit igneus, Tu lux perennis unitas, Nostris beata trinitas Infunde lumen cordibus.

Te mane laudum carmine, Te deprecamur vespere, Digneris, ut te supplices, Laudamus inter celites.

Patri simulque Filio, Tibique, Sancte Spiritus, Sicut fuit, sit jugiter Sæclum per omne gloria.

SCENE III.

(The Hermit's cottage.)

Offerus.

Tell me now, father, what can I do for the Christ, my Master?

Hermit.

Yonder is the river, deep and rapid, where many cross in danger. Build thee a hut upon its banks and carry them through the flood.

(Light fills the cottage. An Angel sings:-)

Blessings of heaven Richly are given, Service most worthy Waiteth before thee.

SCENE IV.

(A small hut on river bank. There is night and storm. A child's voice sings:—)

Offerus, wilt thou not bear me across?

(Offerus appears, but, seeing nothing, re-enters the hut. The child's voice repeats:—)

Offerus, carry me over to-night!

(Again he goes forth but finds nothing. The third time the voice is heard nearer:—)

Offerus! Offerus! carry me over to-night!

(And a little child is seen. OFFERUS lifts the child and enters the stream. There is great violence of the elements, but a quiet light upon the child's head.)

Offerus.

Bearing thus my precious burden Through the wild and angry flood, Every moment heavier growing, As the weight of all the world. In the tumult of the surges Power Divine my spirit urges, Till I win the blessed guerdon Of my Lord's approving word.

(The storm subsides. OFFERUS reaches the shore.

The dawn appears faintly.)

CHORUS.

Know, O mortal, thou hast borne In thine arms the Holy One, Christ, and the sin of the world. Peace be with thee! Lo, the morn On thy head its light hath thrown.

Hermit.

Christopher be now thy name, Thine henceforth by rightful claim. This, through the ages yet to be, Shall bring high honour unto thee.

CHORUS.

Labour nobly, bravely on
Though the stormy waves arise.
On the far eternal shore
He is watching evermore,
Who, at length, thy work shall own,
And with joy divine shall crown
With the saints in Paradise.

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THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER



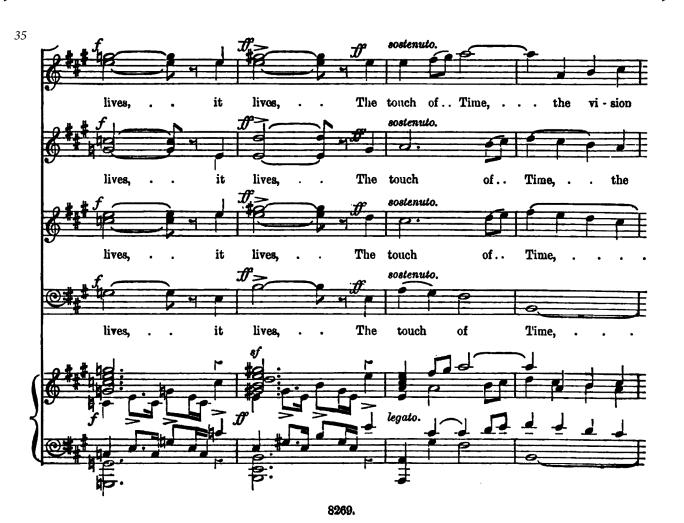






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ACT I.

Scene I.—An open space before the palace of King Oriens. A dense wood is on the left, and a road in the distance upon which the King is seen approaching in a chariot, with soldiers and trumpeters.



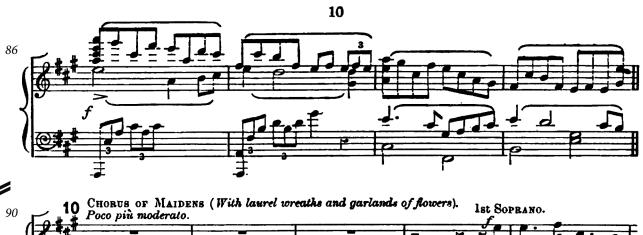








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Scene III.—An open glade in the forest. The King and his followers are resting after the hunt. A deer starts from the wood and Offenus draws his bow. The King trembles and crosses himself.





















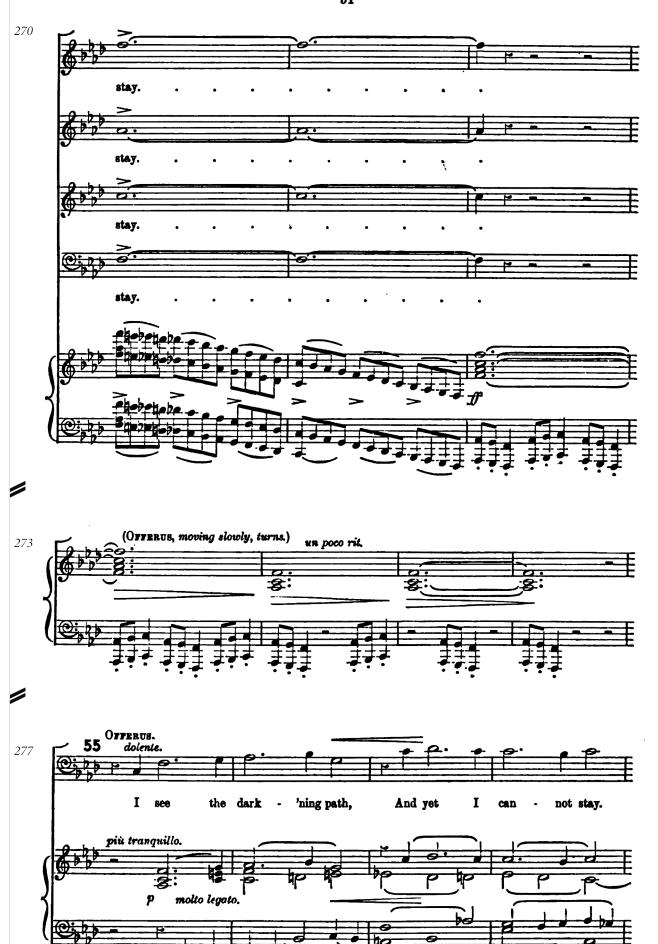




















ACT II.

Scene I .- A desert plain. Offerus meets Satan at the head of an armed legion.







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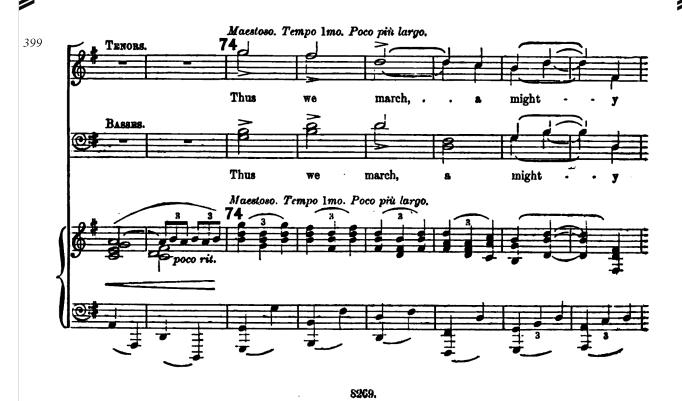






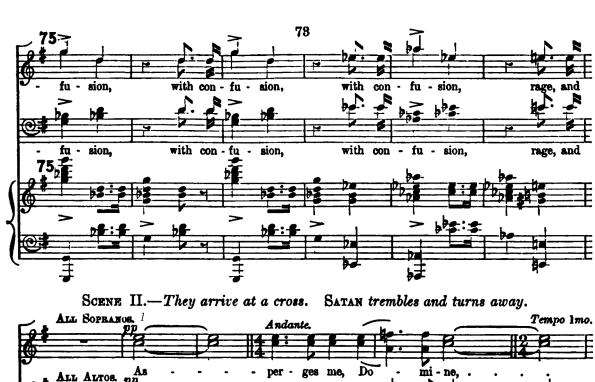


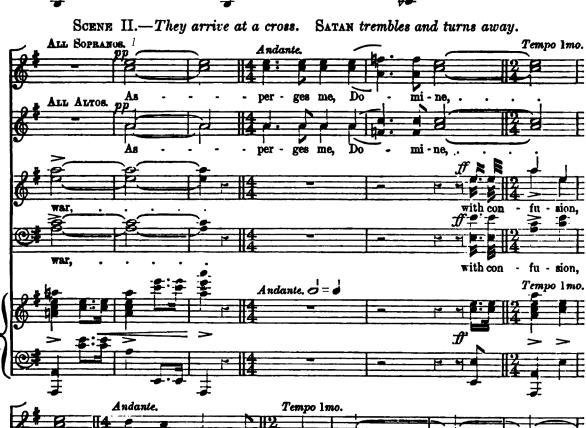




















































































ACT III.

Scene I.—A hermit's cottage in a dense forest. The Hermit opens his door to Offerus who is clad in worn garments.)



































Scene II.—The interior of a Cathedral. Priests are seen robed in beautiful vestments.

The Hermit and Offerus enter and kneel.





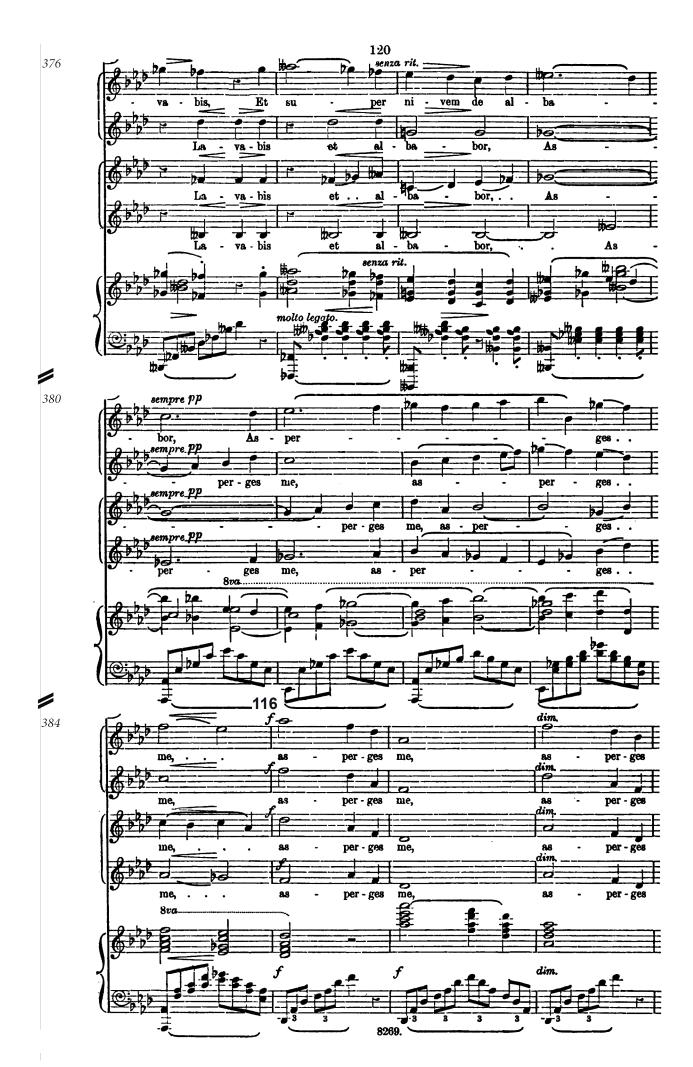






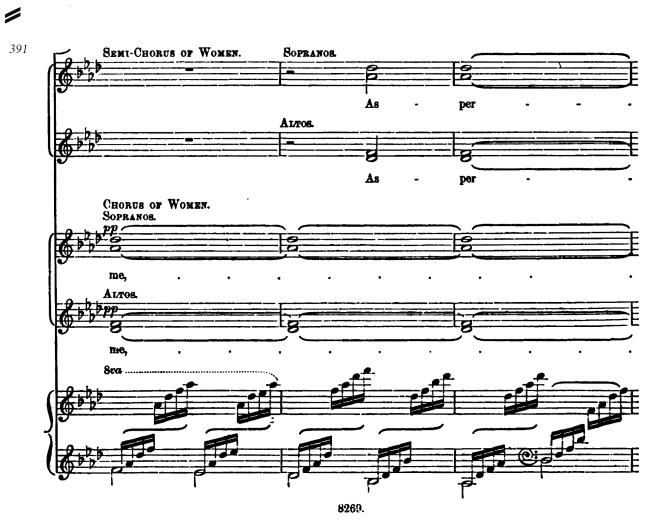
















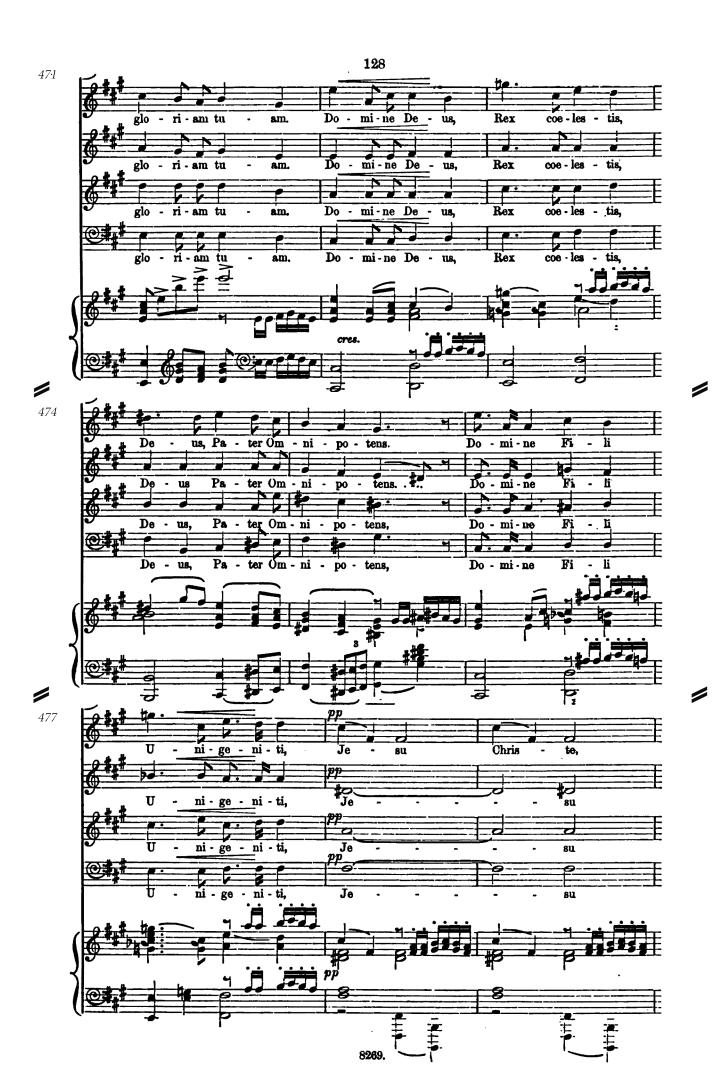


























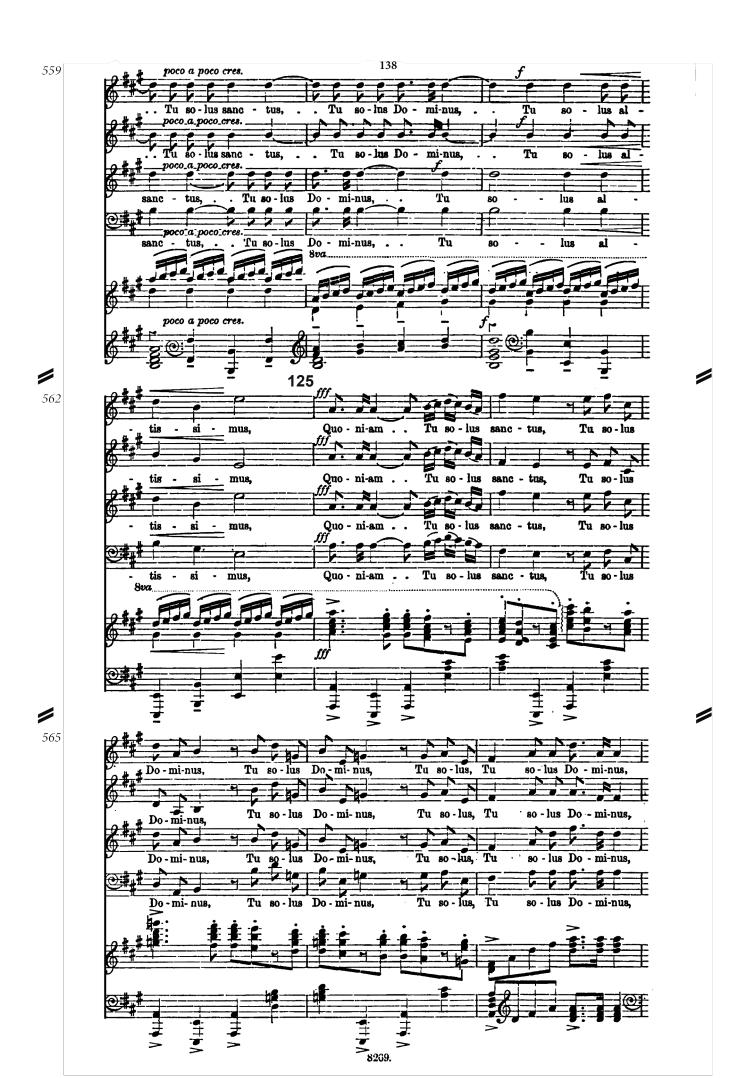
















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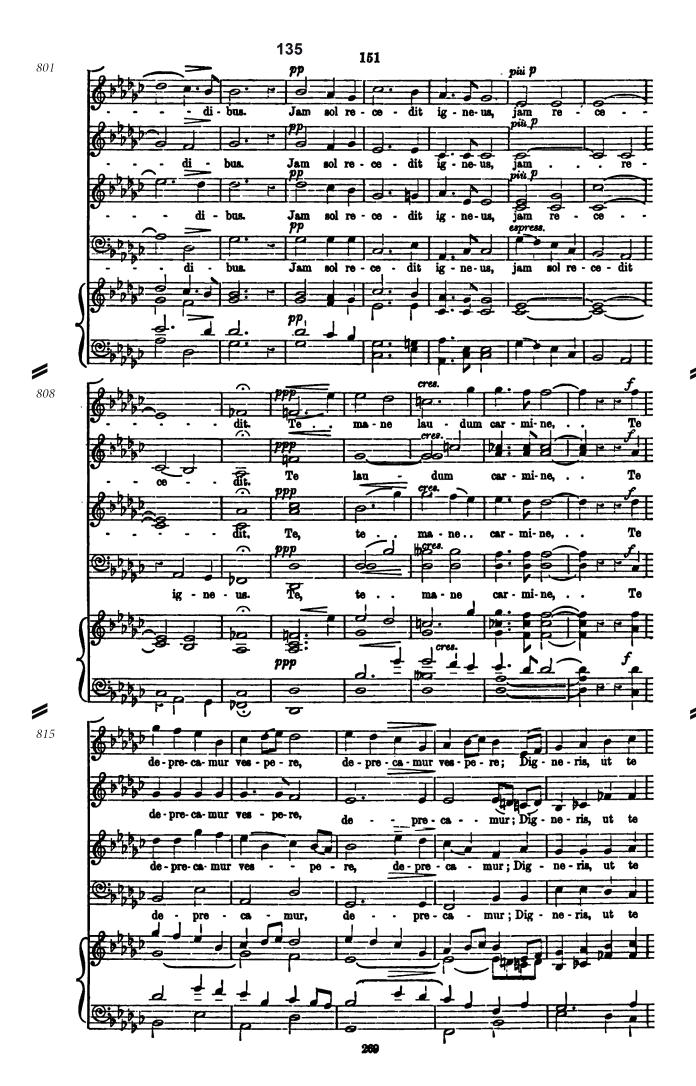




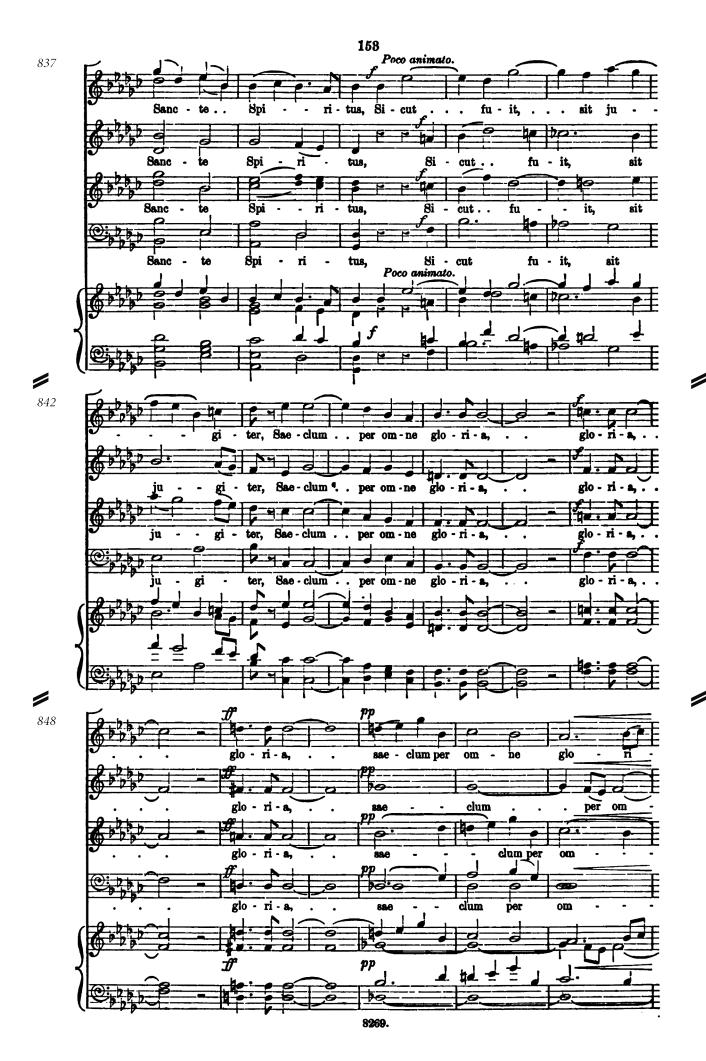














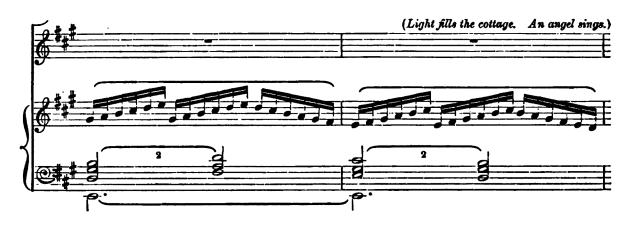


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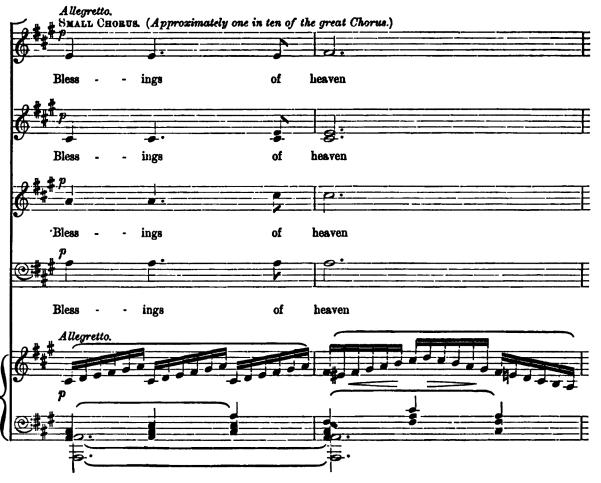








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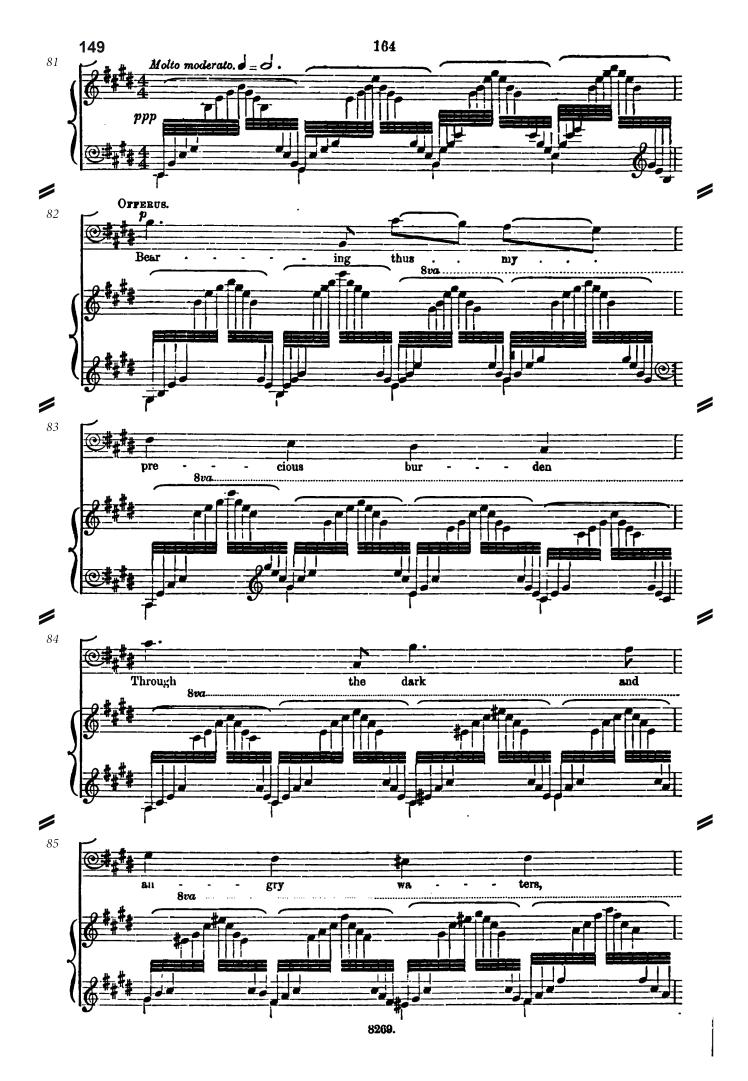
Scene IV. — (A small hut on river bank. There is night and storm. A child's voice sings:—)











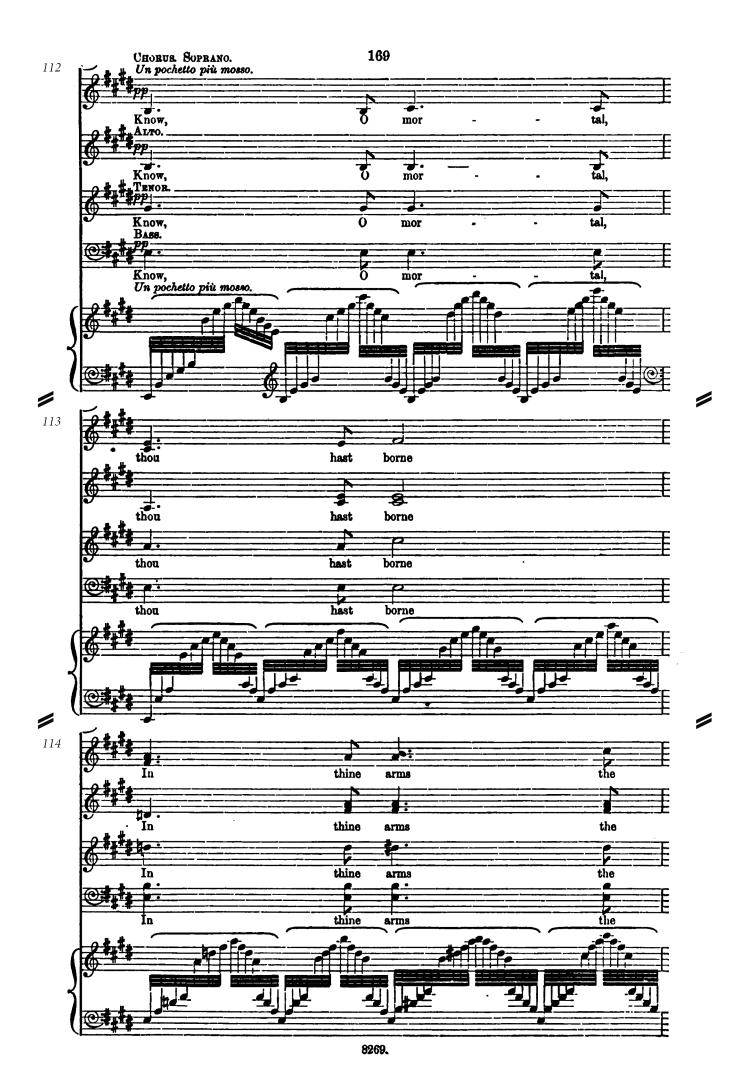
























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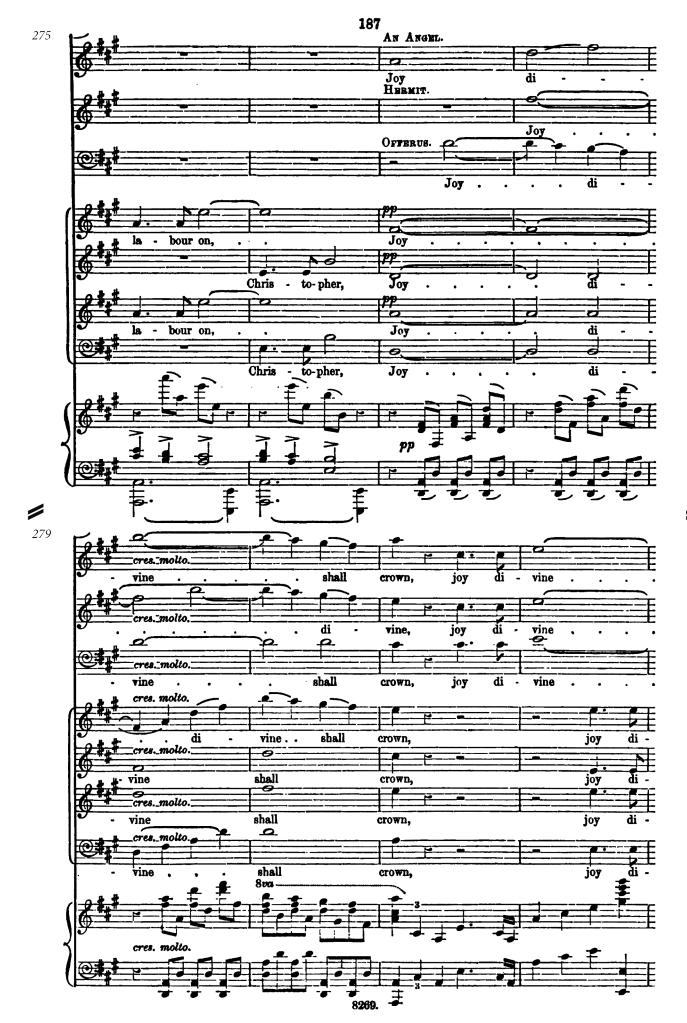






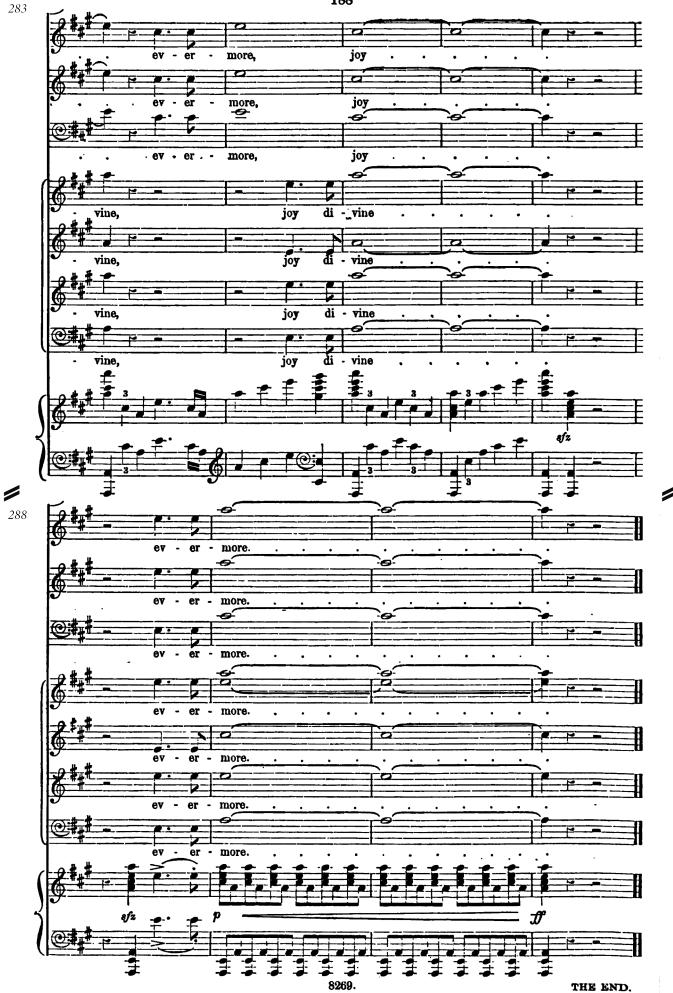






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