

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

by

Robert Browning

SET TO MUSIC FOR TENOR AND BASS SOLI,
CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY

Composed for the Norfolk & Norwich Musical Festival

Premiered October 26, 1905

COVER IMAGE

"The Pied Piper of Hamelin"

by

James Elder Christie

1881

IN THE UNITED STATES

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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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SIR HUBERT PARRY'S 'THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.'

Robert Browning's 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin'* is the twentieth choral work with which the Director of the Royal College of Music has enriched English art, and, though his first 'humorous' cantata, it is one of his very best. Humorous it is almost throughout, and if one passage even touches the burlesque (of which more anon), the nature of Browning's poem, with its rich fun in the way of jingling rhymes and rattling rhythms, must be held responsible. The new cantata may be said to occupy amongst Sir Hubert's works a place analogous to that of 'Die Meistersinger' amongst Wagner's operas, by which we do not mean to lay ourselves open to the charge of foolishly comparing a little choral piece with one of the most stupendous emanations of the human brain in the whole realm of Art. But this 'Piper' has about it something of the sunny cheerfulness and genial warmth of Wagner's only comic opera and, like that matchless masterpiece, it is not without its touches of pathos and deep seriousness. Moreover, as 'Die Meistersinger' is pre-eminent amongst Wagner's operas as an inexhaustible fount of melody, so the 'Piper' is the most consistently tuneful of all Sir Hubert's works. That it is not less masterly in conception and workmanship because it is 'only a humorous cantata,' goes without saying in the case of a musician to whom native art is indebted for an unique sequence of dignified and ennobling choral utterances.

The work, which runs on without a break, is built upon a number of tuneful and straightforward diatonic subjects, such as Sir Hubert loves to write. In fact, the whole cantata might be put forward as a protest against modern chromaticism and over-elaboration; as a diatonic antiseptic to counteract what thoughtful judges of contemporary music may well consider a tendency to decay. The ingenuity displayed in dissecting the subject-matter and building up page after page with the fragments without incurring the charge of monotony, is worthy of close study and minute analysis.

Sir Hubert plunges very much *in medias res* by starting with the rat catastrophe! A bustling *Vivace* opens the orchestral introduction, and in the second bar we meet a swirling semiquaver passage which in the course of the cantata suggests the rodents' fatal header into the river Weser:



The groups of four descending semiquavers show in embryo, rhythmically transformed, the chief theme of the Piper (*vide* Ex. 9).

* Produced at the Norwich Musical Festival, too late for a notice of the performance in the present issue of THE MUSICAL TIMES.

The above passage is immediately succeeded by a jovial tune, to a variation of which later on the opening line of the poem is set:



Fragments of several themes connected with the 'Piper' follow—*e.g.*, a sequential passage showing at *a* the four semiquavers of Ex. 1:



This, which is energetically whipped along for some time, makes way for a fresh idea:



The little figure of three notes (*a*) plays a very important part in the cantata from the point where the 'Piper' appears on the scene.

A dignified melody of much charm, and suggestive of an old-time ballad:



leads up to the entry of the chorus, which runs along right merrily until it explodes, *ff*, on the word 'Rats!' This introduces a semiquaver figure, which stands, no doubt, for the ravenous rodents:





When the enraged inhabitants of long-suffering Hamelin flock to the Town Hall to rouse up official incompetence to a sense of its duty, and

> At this the Mayor and Corporation
> Quaked with a mighty consternation,

Sir Hubert provides rich fun for both executants and listeners. His declamation (always one of his strong points) could not be more forcible. But 'let not your angry passions rise,' the orchestra seems to sing; and the contrast between the impatient energy thrown into the voice-parts and the good-natured jollity of the accompanying instrumental phrase (suggestive, no doubt, of the too easy-going Corporation):

No. 7.



is highly diverting. We almost see the worthy, or rather unworthy, councillors cower before the excited gesticulations of the mob:

No. 8.



Note the threatening octave jumps, which are much in evidence when the situation suggests a possibility of the actors in the drama coming to blows.

The Mayor's speech is accompanied by the 'quaking' semiquaver figure of Ex. 8, and the voice-part lends itself to legitimate 'comic' interpretation. With the entrance of the Piper (after four 'gentle taps' on the drum and an affrighted *ff*, 'Bless me, what 's that?' by the Mayor), the music assumes a different complexion. At first the Piper's two themes are fragmentarily anticipated. By degrees they grow—the while the chorus describes 'the strangest figure,' and he makes his offer to rid the town of rats—until, at the words 'Into the street the Piper stept,' the tunes are combined with the following very charming result (compare the second bar of the vocal melody with Ex. 4):





Great and excellent use is made of these two ideas, and more especially of the voice theme, in the instrumental accompaniment to the next chorus describing the exodus of the vermin. The orchestra is kept tremendously busy suggesting, by means of countless *staccato* semiquavers and a rousing, prolonged *crescendo*, the muttering and grumbling and rumbling and tumbling as the rats rush to their doom. Then the fatal plunge (to bar 2, Ex. 1) and the first strain of Chopin's Funeral March strikes our astonished ear. A burlesqued version, *vivace*, of that famous melody follows, and with a rapid, jubilant, demisemiquaver flourish we are hurled into a short but merry, jig-like movement, while the people are 'ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple':



The three-note fragment (see Ex. 4*a*) of the 'Piper' theme recurs, as a persistent accompaniment figure, with the humble protagonist's return to receive his reward; but when the Mayor commences his mean, provoking speech, we have a delightful orchestral phrase which hits off the mock dignity of that pompous person to a nicety:



Passing over the angry speech, 'No trifling! I can't wait,' which is uttered *vivacissimo* in two-four time with many rapid quaver triplets, as if the 'Piper' could not get his scornful words out fast enough, we arrive, *viâ* the Mayor's strongly-declaimed insults, at the point, 'Once more he stept into the street,' whence the

chorus remains in possession of the field to the end of the work. For eight bars, in a tuneful strain, *tranquillo e dolce*, the voices are unaccompanied :



then a soft oboe 'call' of two notes (*f* and *g*) is heard, and ten times repeated as the sole accompaniment, an effect as strangely poetic as it is daringly simple. Soon, however, we become aware that the aforesaid 'call' was intended to foreshadow the following rhythmic metamorphosis of the 'Piper' theme :



and that the poet's lines—

> And ere he blew *three* notes (such sweet
> Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
> Never gave the enraptured air),

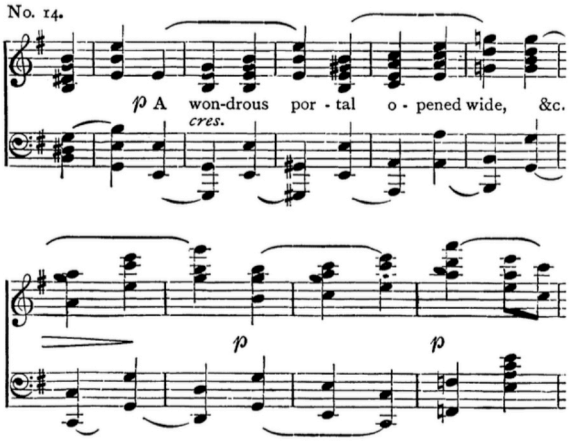
debarred our most painstaking composer from giving us more than these *two* notes of the theme until he arrived at :

> There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
> Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling, &c.

Sir Hubert has dealt lovingly with the famous description of the children gathering and pressing eagerly after the wizard Piper. Voices and instruments are busier than ever, the latter chiefly with the various forms of the 'Piper' theme, or fragments thereof (*e.g.*, Ex. 4*a*). The favourite device of six quavers in the voice parts against eight semiquavers in the orchestral is used with excellent effect at 'Tripping and skipping,' &c., and the movement is worked up in the most exhilarating fashion. The notes of Chopin's Funeral March, which also accompanied the drowning of the rats, are heard again (an expedient of doubtful value, surely !), as if to presage the coming tragedy. They appear as a counterpoint below a minor version of the 'Piper' theme, and serve momentarily to hush the warbling choir. But the orchestra soon gets back to *ff*, and the chorus lags not behind,—

> When lo ! as they reached the mountain's side,
> A wondrous portal opened wide.

These suggestive lines have generated the most beautiful page in Sir Hubert's work : a descriptive passage which almost brings before our mind's eye the opening of the 'wondrous portal.' Given appropriately 'mystic' orchestration (the Full Score was not available for this article), these expanding chords :



should introduce a feeling of real solemnity into the work. Nor is the new mood allowed henceforth to be absent. In fact, the music becomes more and more impressive until the end. Yet more metamorphoses—rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic, of the 'Piper' theme—supply material for some of the remaining pages, until at the line 'And on the great church window' the chorale-like theme, Ex. 5, appears with noble effect, and leads to an impressive orchestral peroration, in which the 'Piper' theme plays an important part :



Thus concludes a work the varied charms of which cannot possibly be made patent to the reader in a short analysis. The composer's music is of such splendid texture, and it is all so much of a piece, that to quote a few bars here and there is almost a sacrilegious proceeding for which it is necessary to do exceeding great penance. The work must be studied as a whole ; or, better still, it must be heard. It is destined to give delight to all who are not yet hopelessly blind to beauty in simple raiment. Was it not Brahms who, near the end of his great life, sadly remarked to a student : 'My dear young friend, I have throughout my life tried to be as simple as Mozart, yet tried in vain.' A master understands the almost paralysing difficulty of using simple means nowadays in an individual way to a great and impressive end. Sir Hubert Parry's beautiful and original 'Pied Piper' is emphatically the 'simple,' but in its way all but perfect work of a real master.

A. J. J.



I.

Hamelin Town's in
Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II.

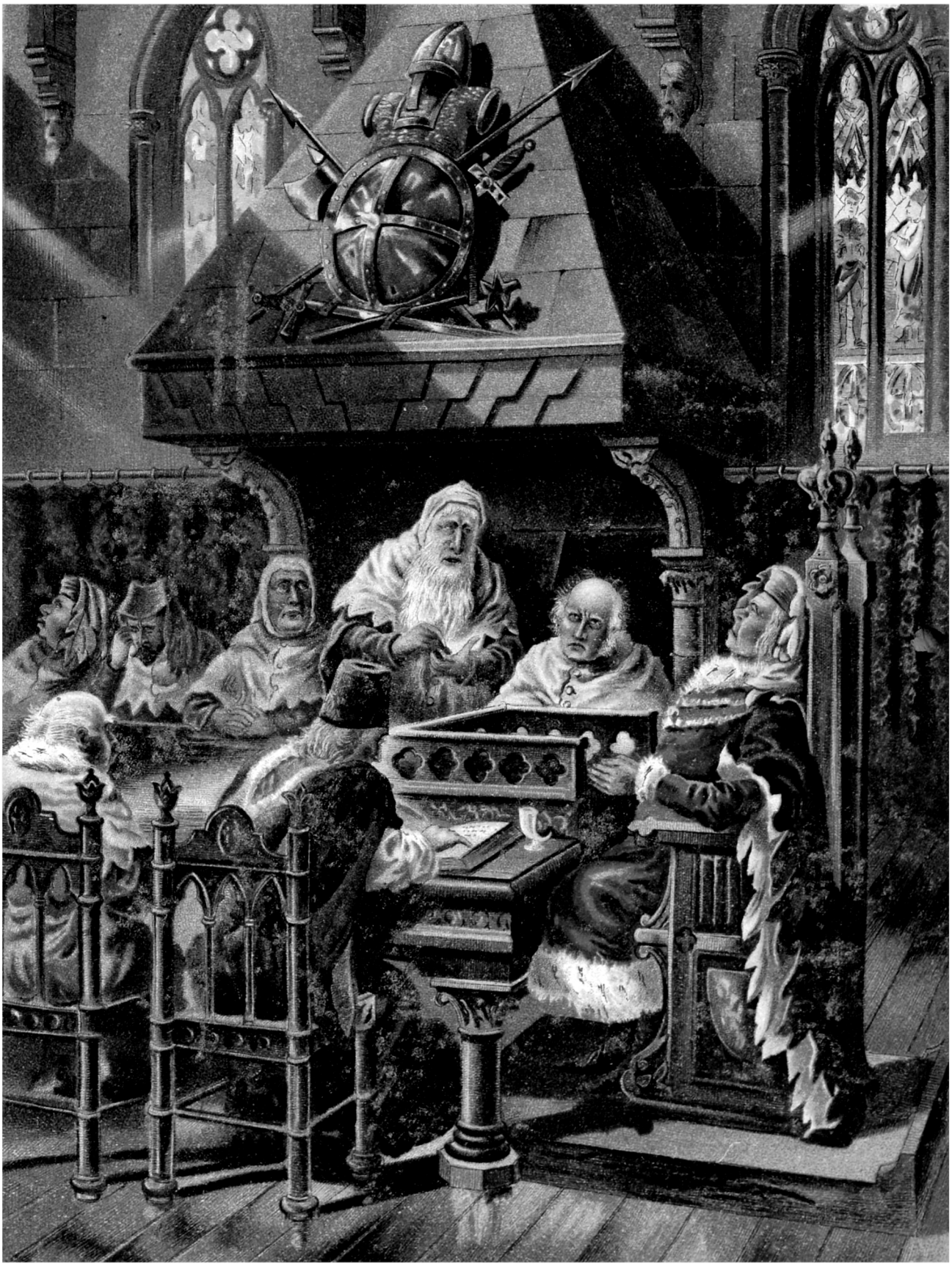
Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear", cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.



"At last
the people in a body,
To the Town Hall came flocking."



"An hour they sat in council."



"He advanced to the council-table."



IV.

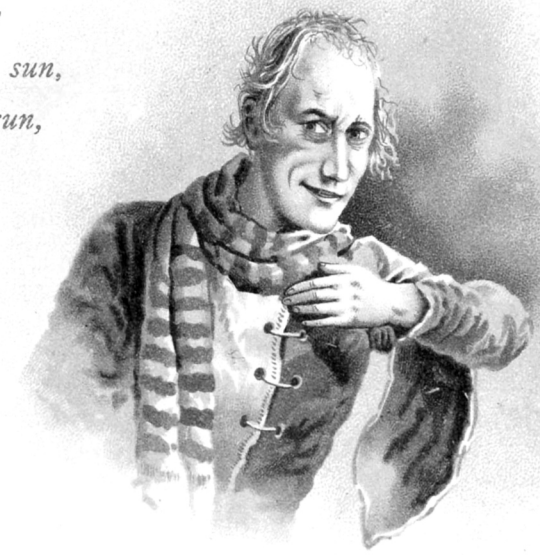
An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor
broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine
gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us", cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew
mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V.

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

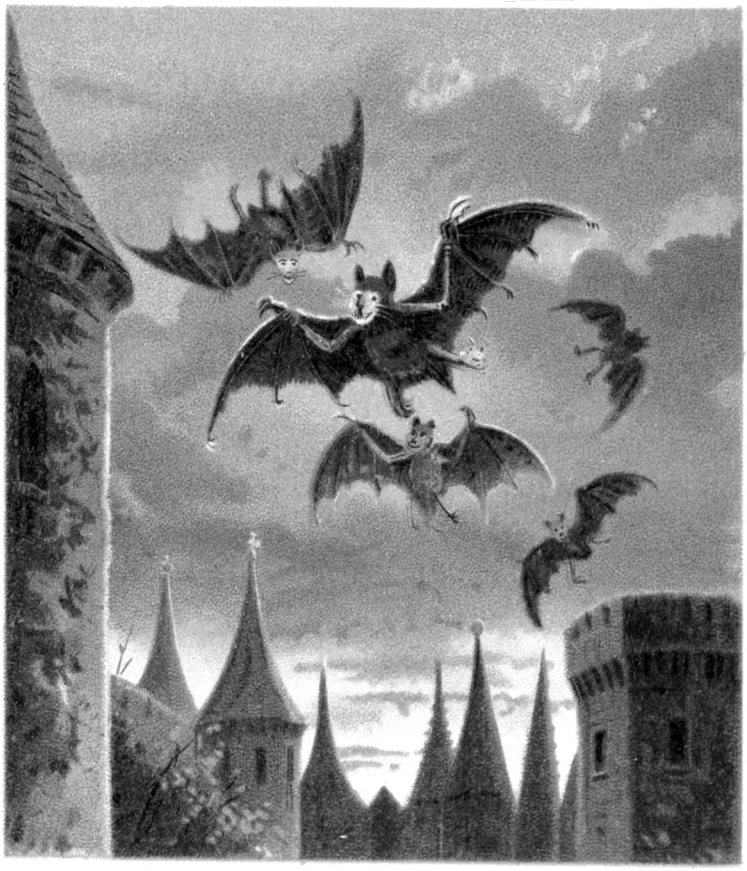
VI.

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honours", said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."



(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,

Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats; I eased in Asia the Nizam Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats: And as for what your brain bewilders,

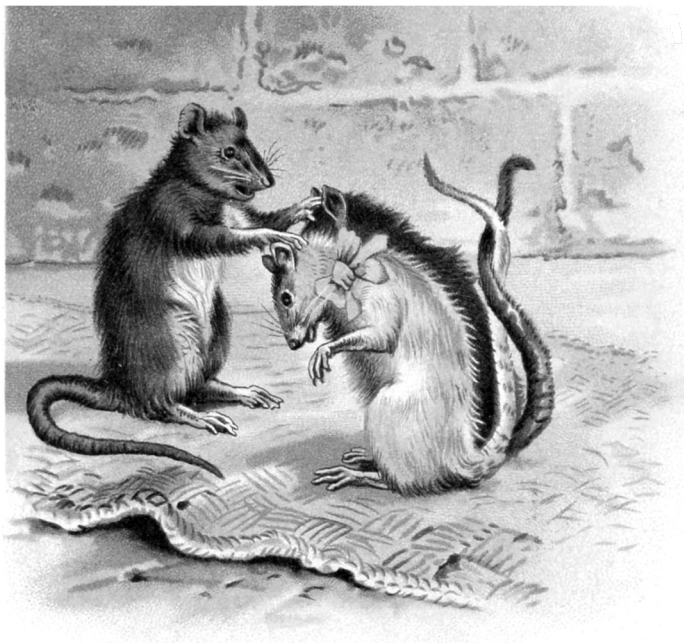


If I can rid your town of rats Will you give me a thousand guilders?" "One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

"A monstrous brood of Vampyre bats."

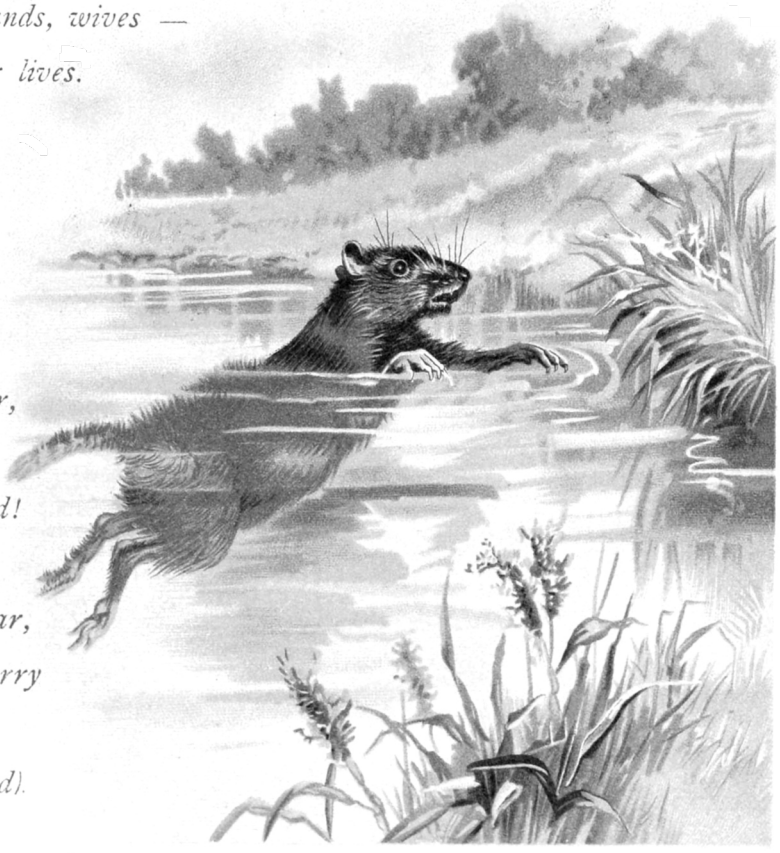
VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept,
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered



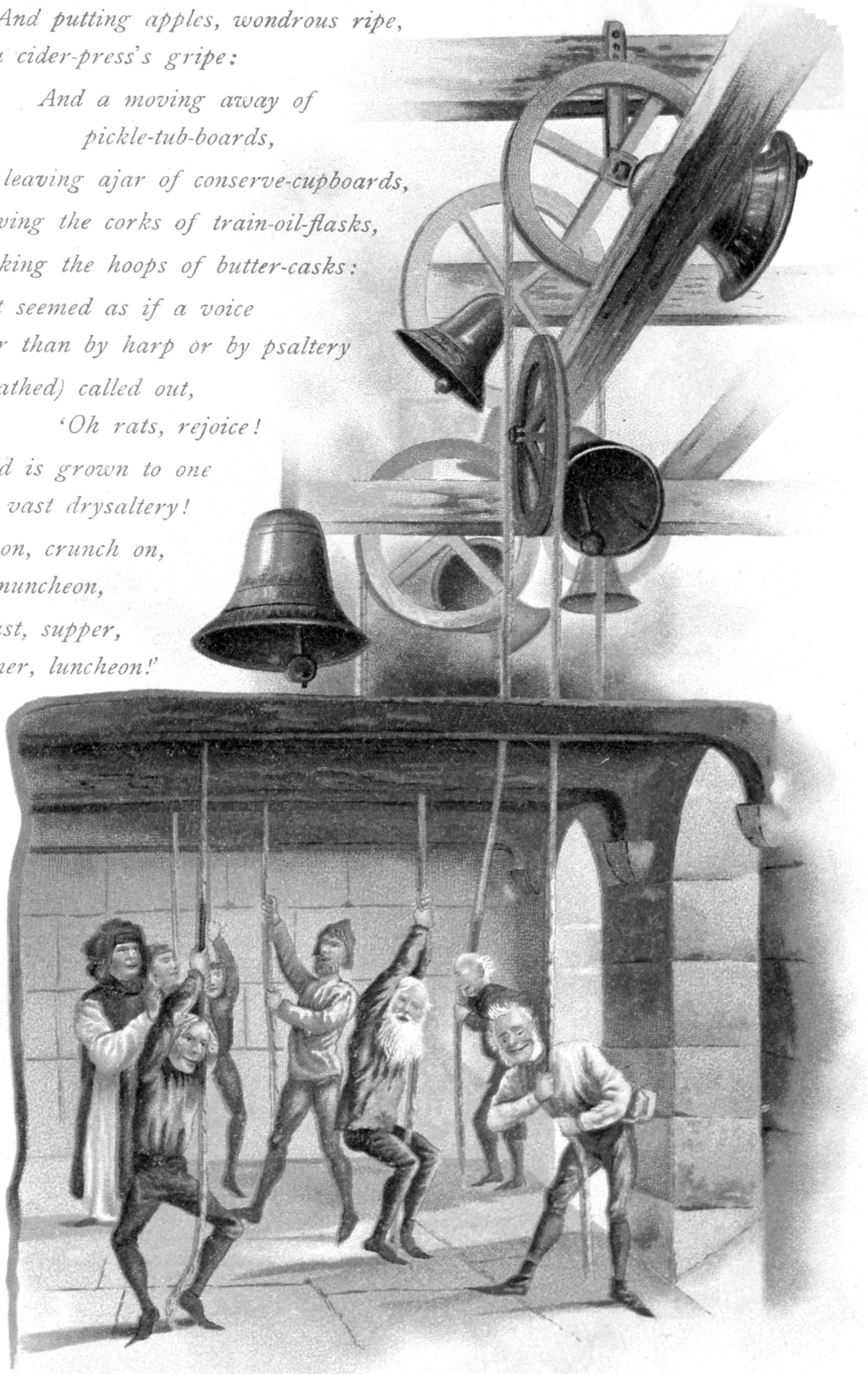
"Bless ye, my children."

And the muttering grew to a
grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to
a mighty rumbling:
And out of the houses the
rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats,
brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats,
tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay
young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he
piped advancing,
And step for step they
followed dancing,
Until they came to the
river Weser,
Wherein all plunged
and perished!
— Save one who, stout
as Julius Caesar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript
he cherished)
To Rat-land home his
commentary:



"Stout old Julius Caesar."

Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of
pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out,
'Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one
vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on,
take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper,
dinner, luncheon!'



And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave,
Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with
Rhenish,
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with
a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the
river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,



"The Mayor looked blue."

And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdat, and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!



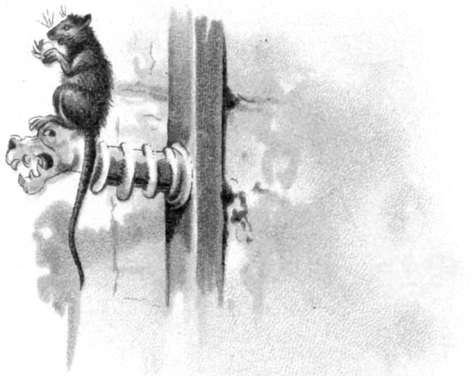
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

"And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."



"Out came the children running."

XI.



"How?" cried the Mayor,
"d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow?
Do your worst,
Blow your Pipe there till you burst!"

XII.

Once more he stept into the street
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by
— Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.

But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;



And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.

Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just
at hand
Where waters gushed and
fruit-trees grew
And flowers put forth a
fairer hue,
And everything was strange
and new;
The sparrows were brighter
than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our
fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost
their stings,



„And dogs outran our fallow deer."



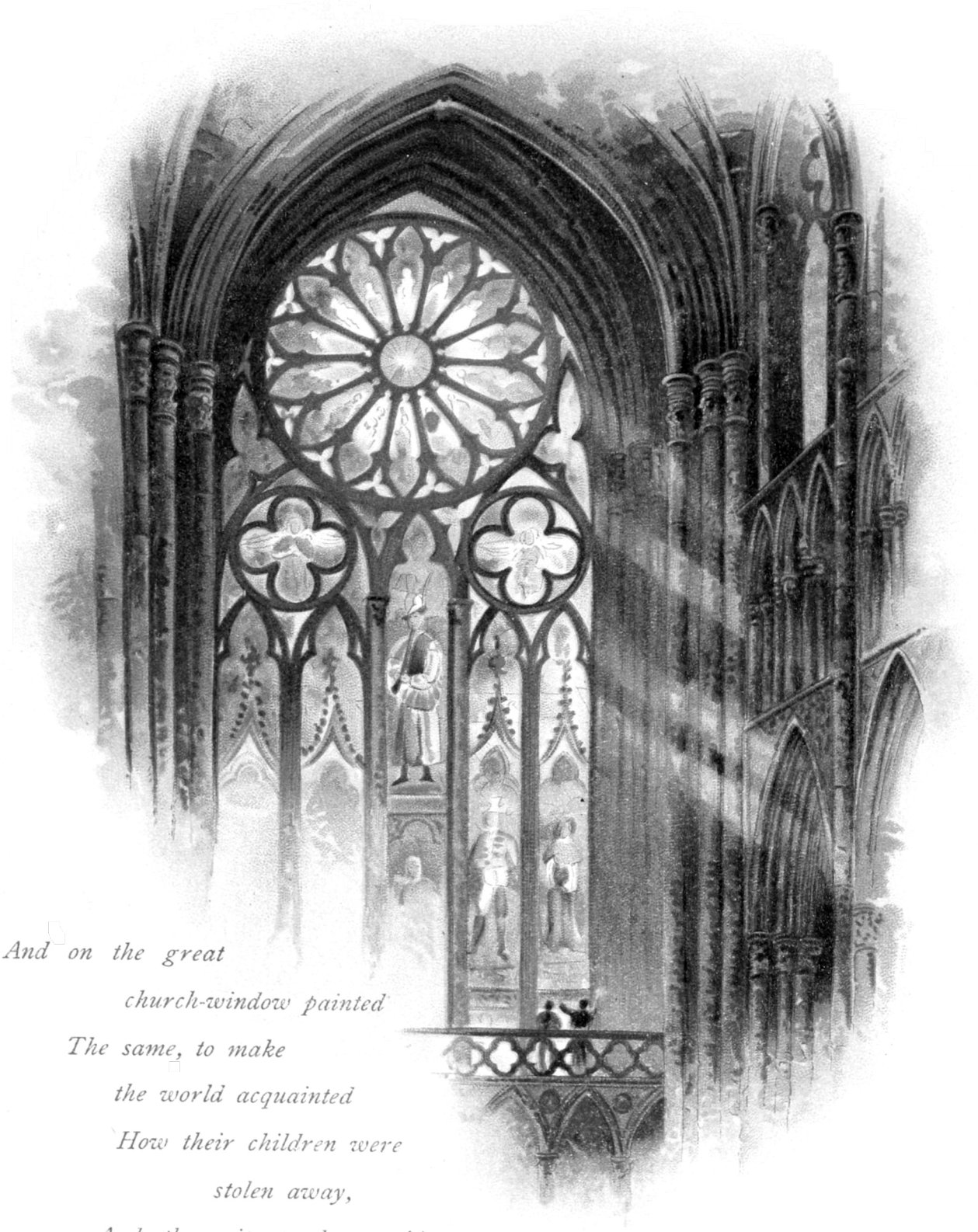
And horses were born with eagles' wings:
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that heaven's gate



Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes
a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West,
North and South,
To offer the Piper, by word
of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot
to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
„And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street--
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,



And on the great
church-window painted
The same, to make
the world acquainted
How their children were
stolen away,
And there it stands to this
very day.

And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen

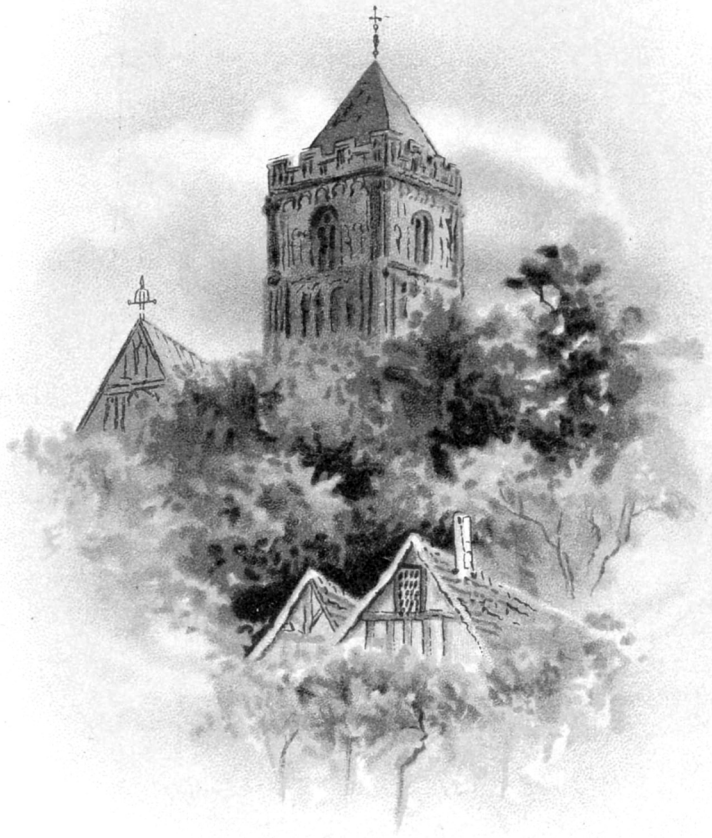


Out of some
subterraneous
prison
Into which
they where
trepanned
Long time
ago in a
mighty band
Out of Hamelin
town in
Brunswick land,
But how or why,
they don't
understand.

"Ye outlandish ways and dress."

XV.

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers!
And, whether they pipe us free fróm rats or fróm mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise!



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

Robert Browning. C. Hubert H. Parry.



12155

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14
17
B
p
simile
20
poco cresc.
22
C
cresc. molto
24


26
28
31
D
tranquillo ♩ = 120.
mp
35
mf
39
dim.
pp
rit.
mf
Segue.

44

Vivace ma non troppo presto.

CHORUS.

Soprano. *mf*

Hame-lin Town's in Bruns-wick, By fa-mous Han-o-ver ci-ty; The

Alto. *mf*

Hame-lin Town's in Bruns-wick, By fa-mous Han-o-ver ci-ty; The

Tenor. *mf*

Hame-lin Town's in Bruns-wick, By fa-mous Han-o-ver ci-ty; The

Bass. *mf*

Hame-lin Town's in Bruns-wick, By fa-mous Han-o-ver ci-ty; The

Vivace ma non troppo presto. ♩ = 112.

mf

46

ri-ver We-ser, deep and wide, Wash-es its wall on the south-ern side;—

ri-ver We-ser, deep and wide, Wash-es its wall on the south-ern side;—

ri-ver We-ser, deep and wide, Wash-es its wall on the south-ern side;—

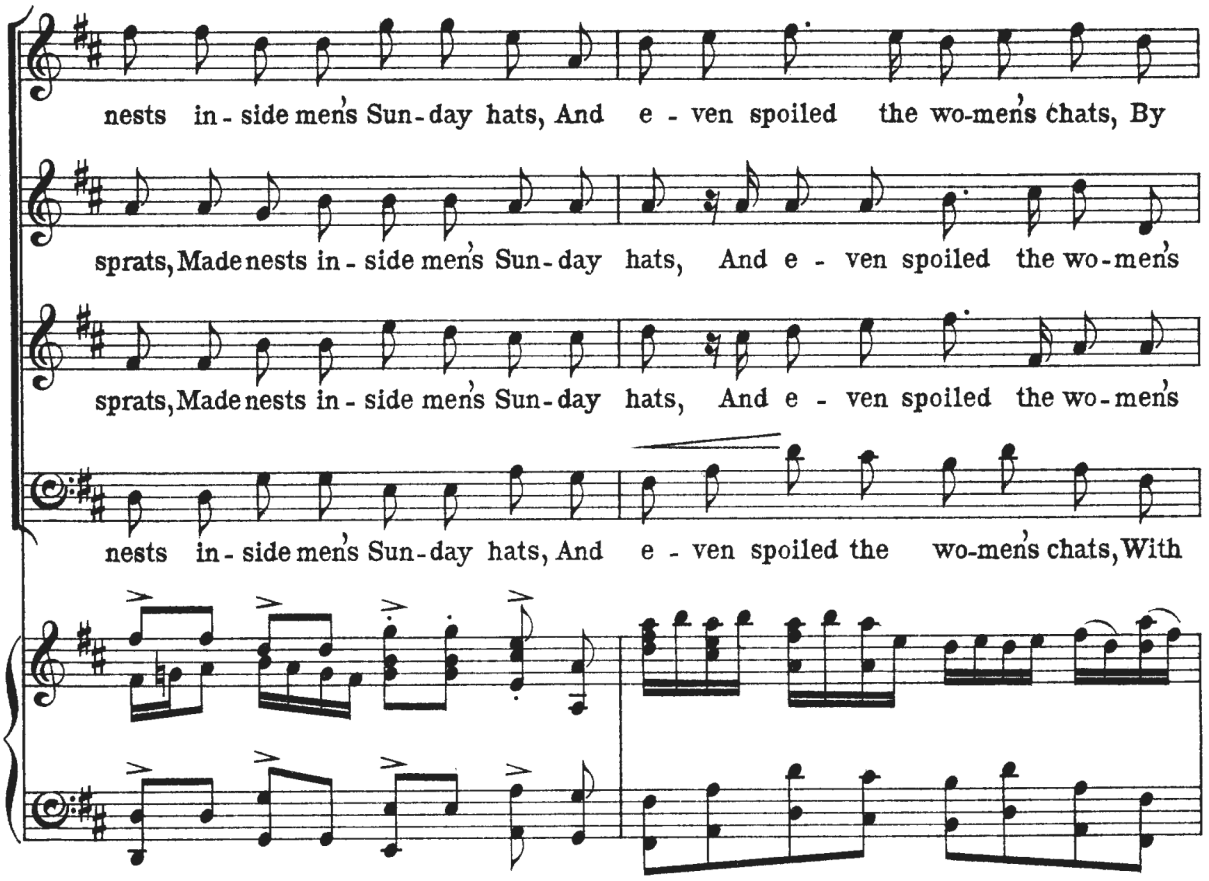
ri-ver We-ser, deep and wide, Wash-es its wall on the south-ern side;—


48
E
p
— A pleasanter spot you ne-ver spied; But,
— A pleasanter spot you ne-ver spied; But,
— A pleasanter spot you ne-ver spied; But,
— A pleasanter spot you ne-ver spied; But,
E
mf
51
when be-gins my dit-ty, Al-most five hun-dred years a-go, To
when be-gins my dit-ty, Al-most five hun-dred years a-go, To
when be-gins my dit-ty, Al-most five hun-dred years a-go, To
when be-gins my dit-ty, Al-most five hun-dred years a-go, To
poco cresc.
p


53
f p
see the townsfolk suffer so From vermin was a pi-ty.
p
F
mf
56
ff
Rats!
mf
cresc.
They fought the dogs and killed the cats, And
f p


58
mf cresc.
And ate the chees-es out of the vats, And
mf cresc.
And ate the chees-es out of the vats, And
cresc.
bit the ba-bies in the cra-dles,
And ate the chees-es,
cresc.
mf
60
f
C
cresc.
Split o - pen the kegs of salt - ed sprats, Made
f
cresc.
licked the soup from the cooks' own la-dles,
Split o - pen the kegs of salt - ed
f
cresc.
licked the soup from the cooks' own la-dles,
Split o - pen the kegs of salt - ed
f
cresc.
And licked the soup,
Split o - pen the kegs of salt - ed sprats, Made
C
sempre cresc.

62

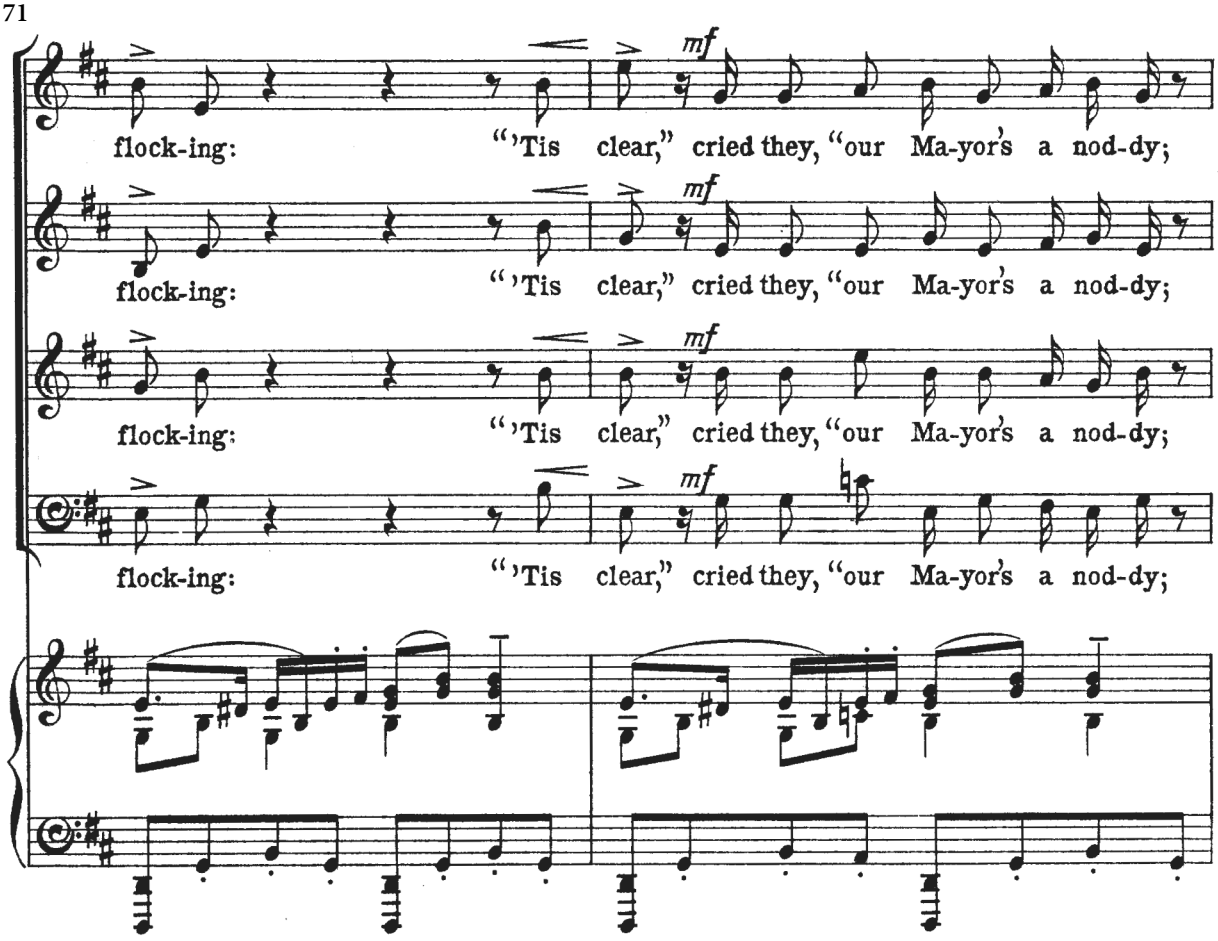

nests in - side men's Sun - day hats, And e - ven spoiled the wo-men's chats, By
sprats, Made nests in - side men's Sun - day hats, And e - ven spoiled the wo - men's
sprats, Made nests in - side men's Sun - day hats, And e - ven spoiled the wo - men's
nests in - side men's Sun - day hats, And e - ven spoiled the wo-men's chats, With

64

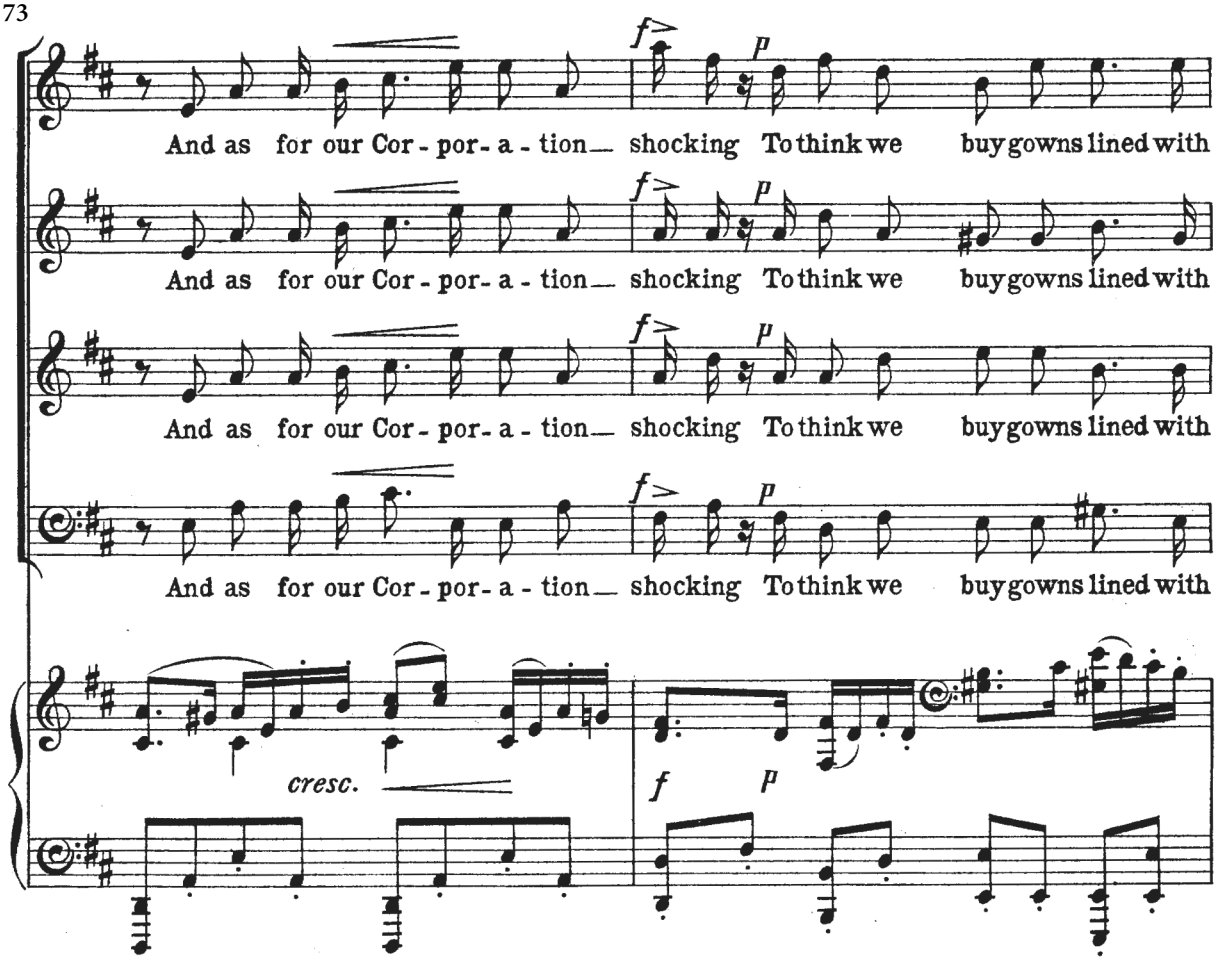

drown-ing their speaking with shrieking and squeak-ing In fif - ty different sharps and
chats, With shriek-ing and squeak-ing In fif - ty different sharps and
chats, With shriek-ing and squeak-ing In fif - ty different sharps and
shriek-ing and squeak-ing In fif - ty different sharps and


66
flats.
flats.
flats.
flats.
f
dim.
p
68
H
f
mf
f
At last the peo-ple in a body To the Town Hall came
At last the peo-ple in a body To the Town Hall came
At last the peo-ple in a body To the Town Hall came
At last the peo-ple in a body To the Town Hall came
H
mf
cresc.

71

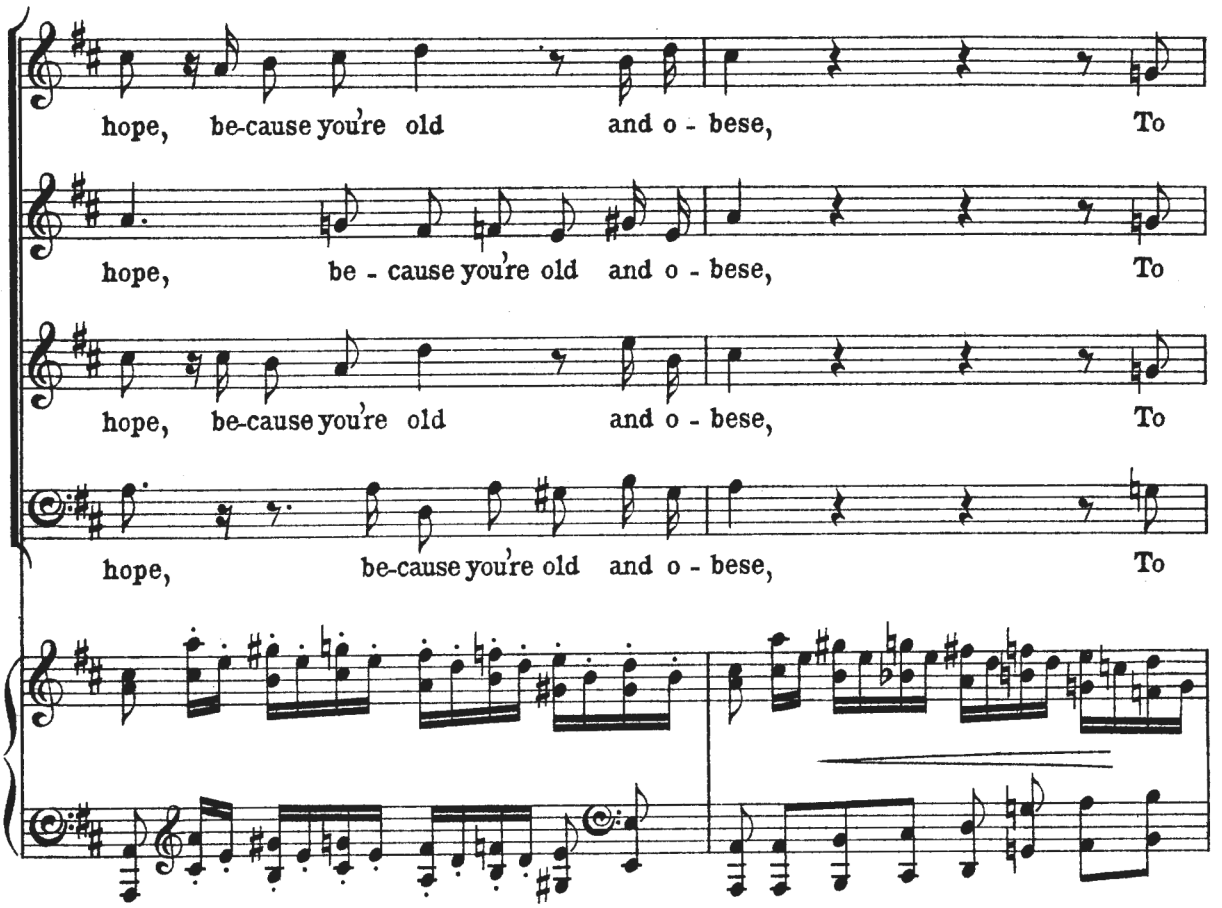

flock-ing: "'Tis clear," cried they, "our Ma-yor's a nod-dy;
flock-ing: "'Tis clear," cried they, "our Ma-yor's a nod-dy;
flock-ing: "'Tis clear," cried they, "our Ma-yor's a nod-dy;
flock-ing: "'Tis clear," cried they, "our Ma-yor's a nod-dy;

73


And as for our Cor - por - a - tion— shocking To think we buy gowns lined with
And as for our Cor - por - a - tion— shocking To think we buy gowns lined with
And as for our Cor - por - a - tion— shocking To think we buy gowns lined with
And as for our Cor - por - a - tion— shocking To think we buy gowns lined with
cresc.


75
ff
mf
er-mine, (er-mine!) For dolts that can't or won't de-ter-mine
er-mine, (er-mine!) For dolts that can't or won't de-ter-mine
er-mine, (er-mine!) For dolts that can't or won't de-ter-mine
er-mine, (er-mine!) For dolts that can't or won't de-ter-mine
77
I
p
What's best to rid us of our ver-min! You
What's best to rid us of our ver-min! You
What's best to rid us of our ver-min! You
What's best to rid us of our ver-min! You
I

79


hope, be-cause you're old and o - bese, To
hope, be - cause you're old and o - bese, To
hope, be-cause you're old and o - bese, To
hope, be-cause you're old and o - bese, To

81


find in the fur-ry ci-vic robe ease?
find in the fur-ry ci-vic robe ease?
find in the ci-vic robe ease?
find in the fur-ry ci-vic robe ease?


83
K
f
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a rack-ing To
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a rack-ing To
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a rack-ing To
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a rack-ing To
K
ff
85
allargando
find the re-me-dy we're lacking, Or, sure as fate, We'll send you
find the re-me-dy we're lacking, Or, sure as fate, We'll send you
allargando
find the re-me-dy we're lacking, Or, sure as fate, We'll send you
find the re-me-dy we're lacking, Or, sure as fate, We'll send you
allargando

88

a tempo

packing!"

packing!"

packing!"

packing!"

a tempo

con fuoco

ff

91

f

At this the Mayor and Cor - - po - ra - tion

f

At this the Mayor and Cor - - po - ra - tion

f

At this the Mayor and Cor - - po - ra - tion

f

At this the Mayor and Cor - - po - ra - tion

f

93

f *mf* *cresc.*

Quaked with a migh-ty con-ster-na-tion.

Quaked with a mighty con-ster-na-tion.

Quaked with a mighty con-ster-na-tion.

Quaked with a mighty con-ster-na-tion.

sf *mf* *cresc.* *sf* *sf*

95

p

An hour they sat in coun - cil,

An hour they sat in coun - cil,

An hour they sat in coun - cil,

An hour they sat in coun - cil,

sf *p*

97

Chorus Basses.

mf *f* *p*

At length the Mayor broke si-lence:

p

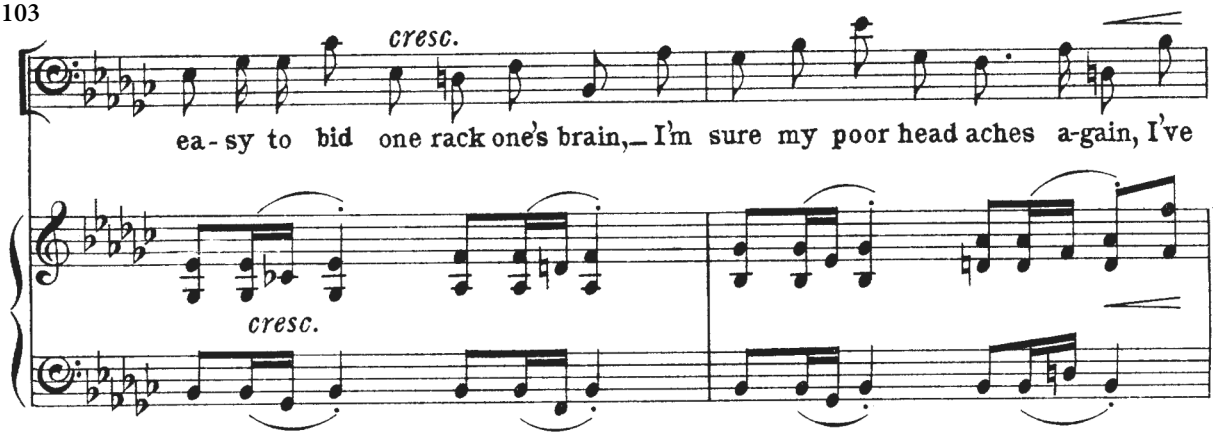
99 Bass Solo.



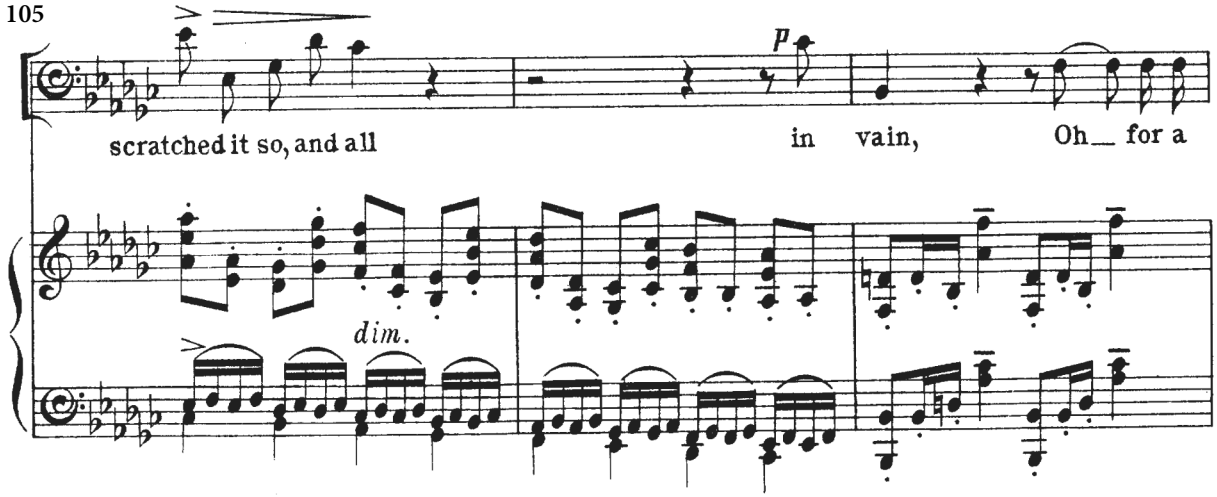
101



103



105




108
cresc.
trap, a trap, a trap!"
pp
111
Chorus Sopranos.
p
Just as he said this, what should hap At the cham-ber door but a gen-tle
p
p
113
Solo Bass.
N
ff
mf
"Bless us, what's that?
tap?
Chorus Tenors.
mf
cried the Mayor,
N
3
f
ff
pp
116
pp
A-ny-thing like the sound of a rat Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"
pp

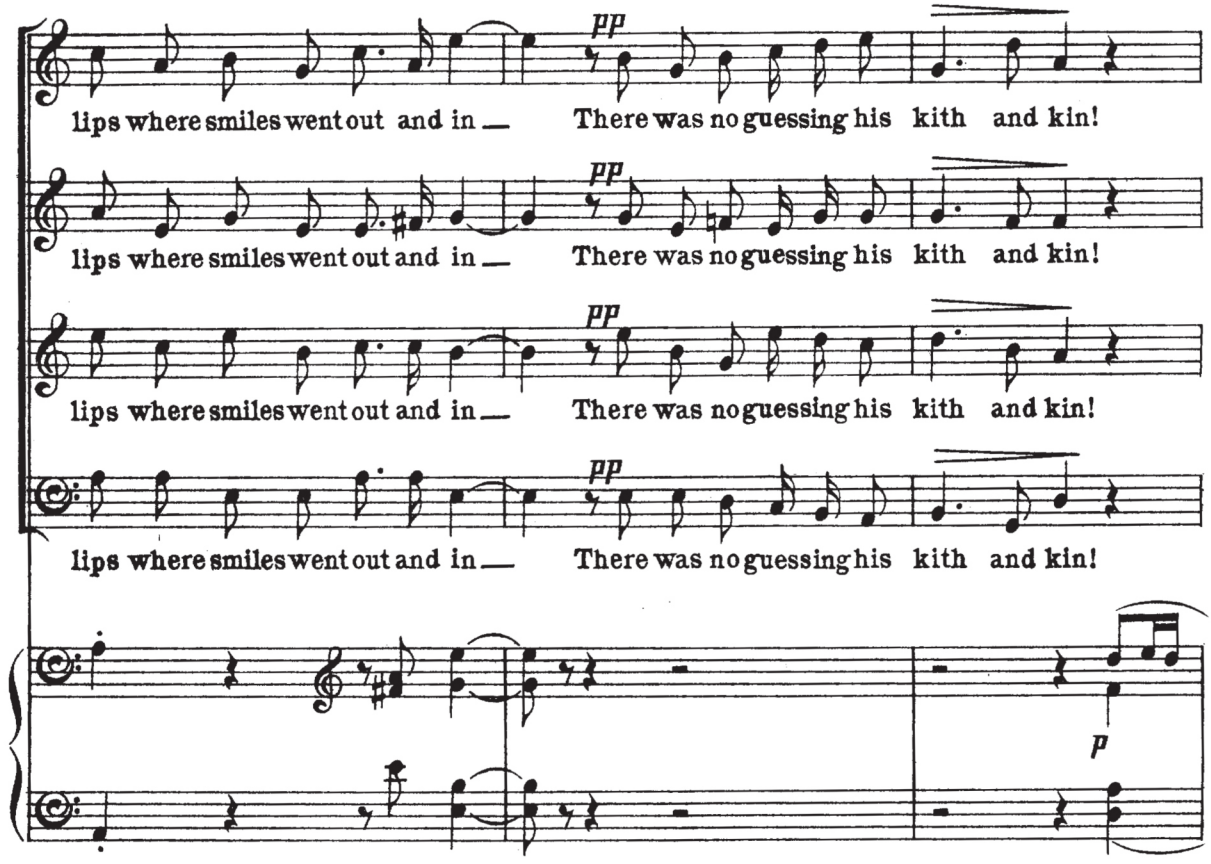

118
f
"Come in!"
Chorus Sopranos.
mf
the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
mf
f
mf
p
122
Chorus Altos.
rit.
p
And in did come the strangest
poco rit.
rit.
p
125
0 meno mosso.
p
His
fi-gure!
His
His
His
CHORUS.
meno mosso. ♩ = 76.
0
rit.
a tempo


128
sotto voce
poco cresc.
dim.
queer long coat from heel to head Was half of yellow and half of red; And
sotto voce
poco cresc.
dim.
queer long coat from heel to head Was half of yellow and half of red; And
sotto voce
poco cresc.
dim.
queer long coat from heel to head Was half of yellow and half of red; And
sotto voce
poco cresc.
dim.
queer long coat from heel to head Was half of yellow and half of red; And
p
131
P
cresc.
he himself was tall and thin, With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin, And
cresc.
he himself was tall and thin, With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin, And
cresc.
he himself was tall and thin, With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin, And
cresc.
he himself was tall and thin, With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin, And
mf
P
cresc.

134


dim. poco rit. a tempo
light loose hair, yet swarthy skin, No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin, But
dim.
light loose hair, yet swarthy skin, No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin, But
dim. poco rit. a tempo
light loose hair, yet swarthy skin, No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin, But
dim.
light loose hair, yet swarthy skin, No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin, But
poco rit. a tempo
p

136


pp
lips where smiles went out and in — There was no guessing his kith and kin!
pp
lips where smiles went out and in — There was no guessing his kith and kin!
pp
lips where smiles went out and in — There was no guessing his kith and kin!
pp
lips where smiles went out and in — There was no guessing his kith and kin!
p

139

Chorus Sopranos.

p

Q

He advanced to the council-ta-ble:

p

143

Solo Tenor.

p

"Please your honours, I'm able, By means of a secret charm, to draw

Chorus Basses.

p

And

p

said he,

molto rit.

a tempo

p

146

pp

All creatures liv-ing be-neath the sun, That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,

148

Af-ter me so as you ne-ver saw!

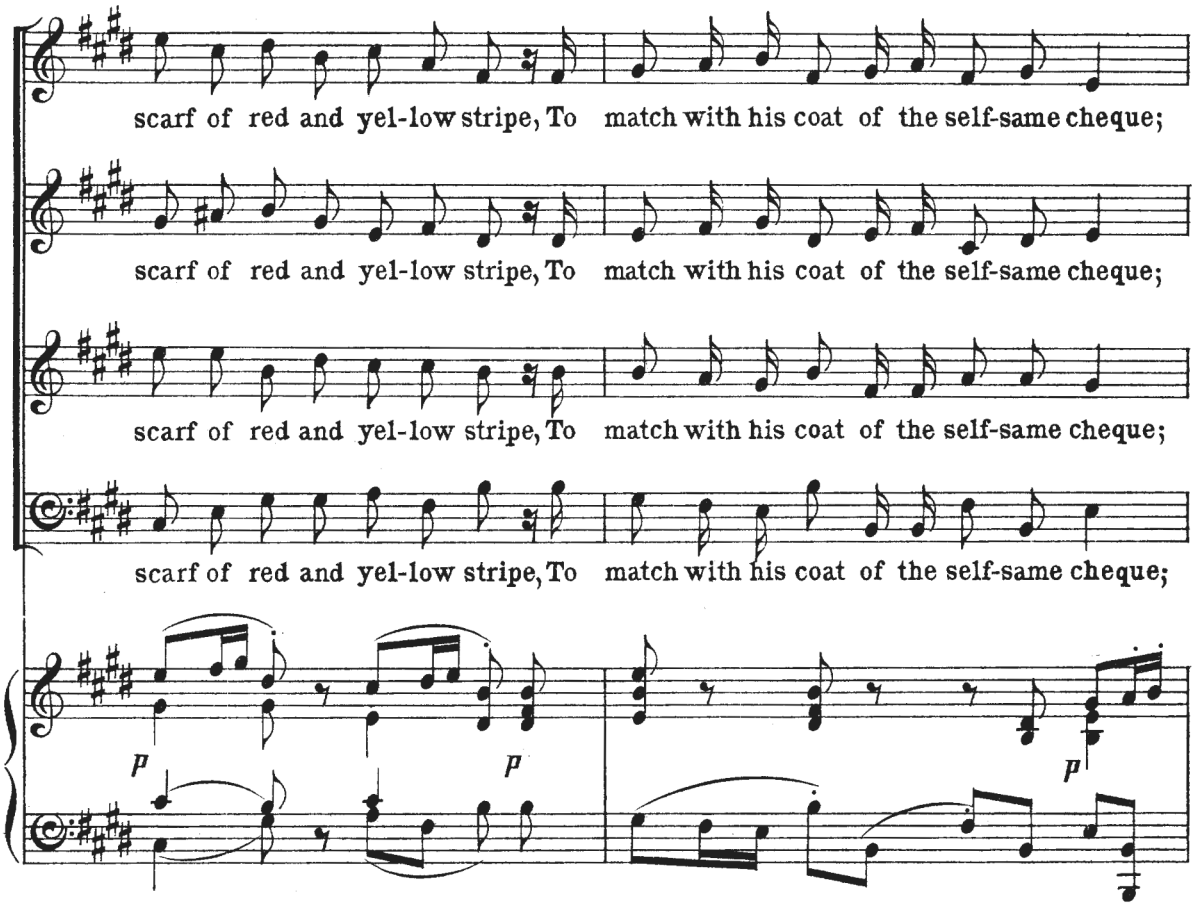
p

And

mf


150
— I chief-ly use my charm On crea-tures that do peo - ple harm, The
p
152
mole, and toad, and newt, and viper; And people call me the Pied
pp
pp
pp
p
155
R
Piper!"
CHORUS.
rit.
pp
a tempo
sotto voce
(And here they noticed round his neck A
(And here they noticed round his neck A
(And here they noticed round his neck A
(And here they noticed round his neck A
R
p
rit.
a tempo

158


scarf of red and yel-low stripe, To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
scarf of red and yel-low stripe, To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
scarf of red and yel-low stripe, To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
scarf of red and yel-low stripe, To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
p
p
p

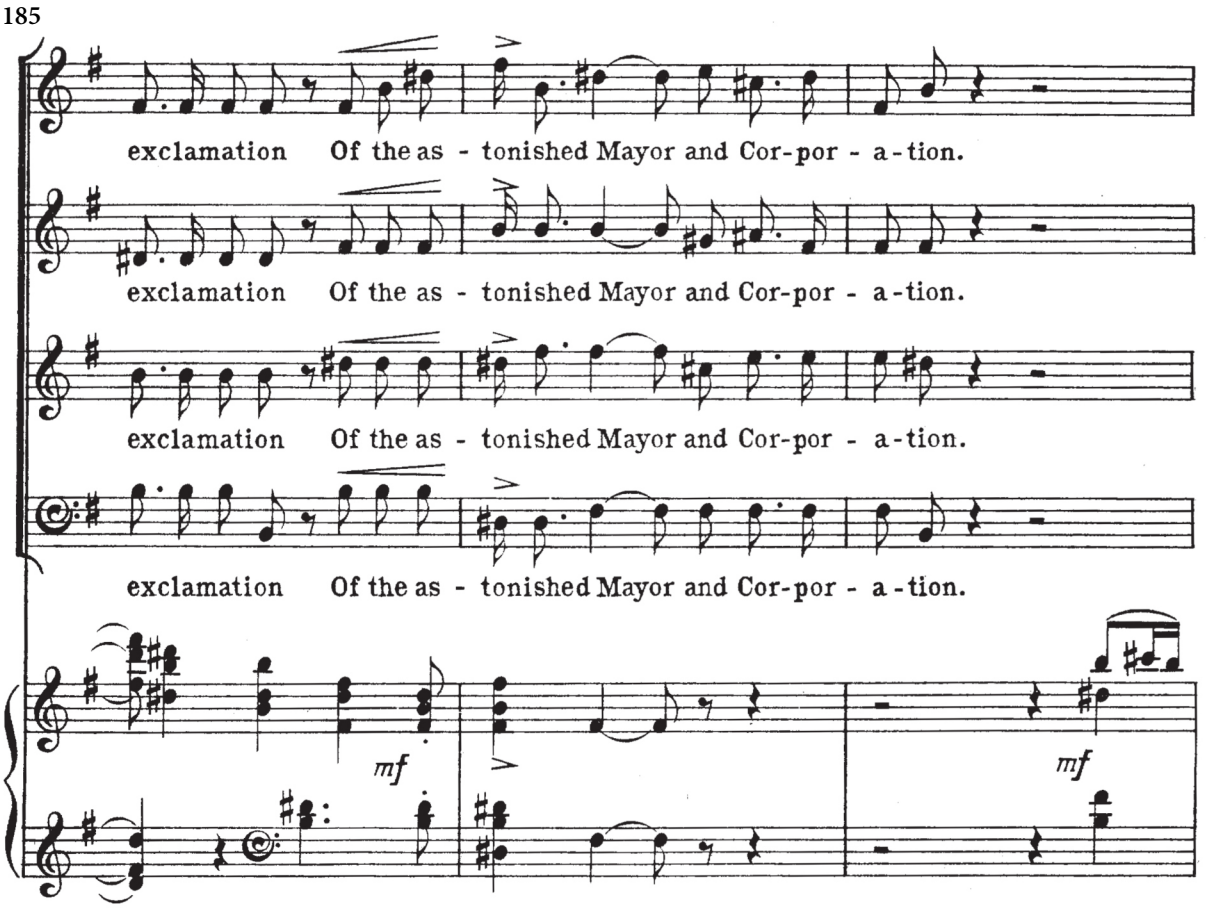
160


p
And his fingers, they noticed, were e-ver straying
p
his fingers, they noticed, were e-ver straying
p
his fingers, they noticed, were e-ver straying
p
his fingers, they noticed, were e-ver straying
simile


163
As if im - pa-tient to be play-ing Up-on his pipe,which at the
As if im - pa-tient to be play-ing Up-on his pipe, which
As if im - pa - - -tient to be play-ing Up-on his
As if im - pa-tient to be play-ing Up-on his pipe,which at the
165
Solo Tenor.
S
p
"Yet, poor
scarf's end dang - - led O-ver his vesture so old - fangled.)
at the scarf's end dangled O-ver his vesture so old - fangled.)
pipe, as low it dangled O-ver his vesture old-fangled.)
scarf's end dangled O-ver his vesture so old - fangled.) said he,
S
p


168
piper as I am, In Tar-tar-y I freed the Cham, Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
171
cresc.
I eased in A - sia the Ni - zam Of a mon-strous brood of vampyre
cresc.
173
animando
p cresc.
bats;
And as for what your brain bewilders,
cresc.
fanimando
f
176
cresc.
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me
p
sf
cresc.
f
p
179
pp
Vivace. ♩ = 132.
a thou-sand guilders?"
ff


182
animando
ff
a tempo
p
"One?
fif-ty thousand!" was the
CHORUS.
animando
a tempo


185
exclamation Of the as - tonished Mayor and Cor-por - a-tion.
mf


188
meno mosso.
rit.
Allegretto grazioso. ♩ = 76.
192
Chorus, Sopranos.
p dolce
rit.
pp
In - to the street the Pi - per stept, Smiling first a lit - tle smile, As
p
rit.
194
a tempo
if he knew what ma - gic slept In his qui - et pipe the while;
a tempo
196
Chorus, Altos.
poco rit.
p
Then,
poco rit.
p

198

a tempo animando

— like a music-al a-dept, To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,

Chorus, Tenors.

p

And

a tempo *animando*

200

green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,

Chorus, Basses.

p leggiero

Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;

202

CHORUS.

W

p

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered, You heard — as if an

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered, You heard — as if an

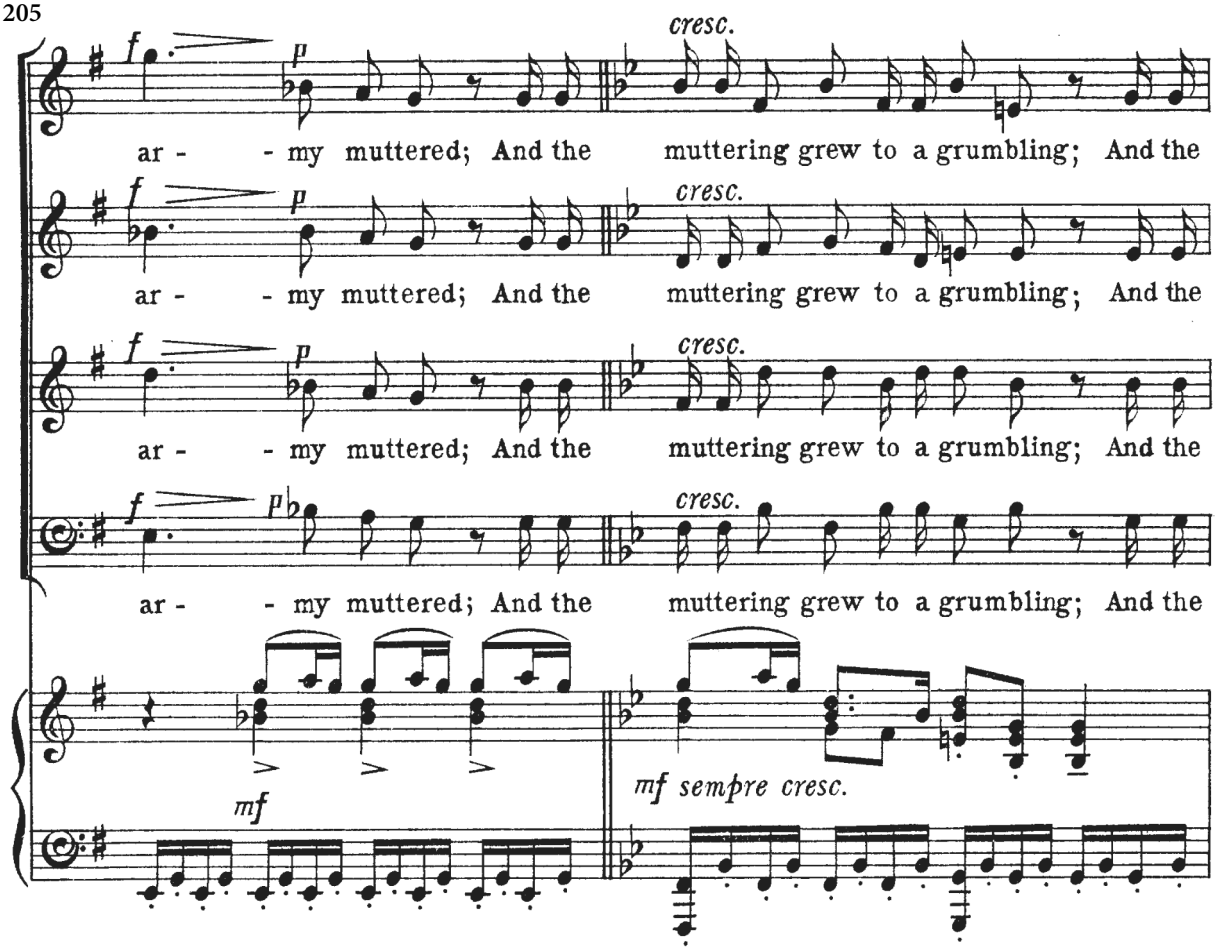
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered, You heard — as if an

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered, You heard — as if an

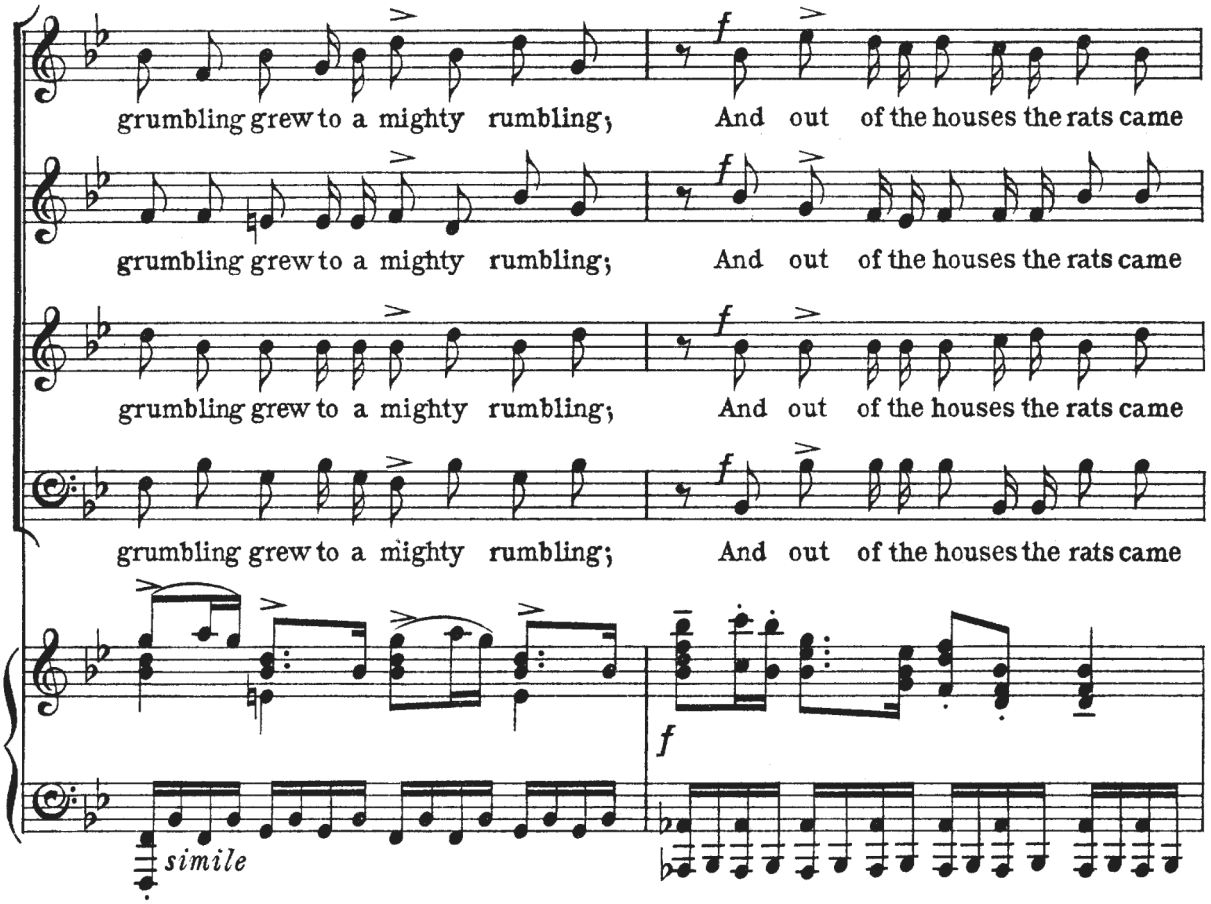
W

p

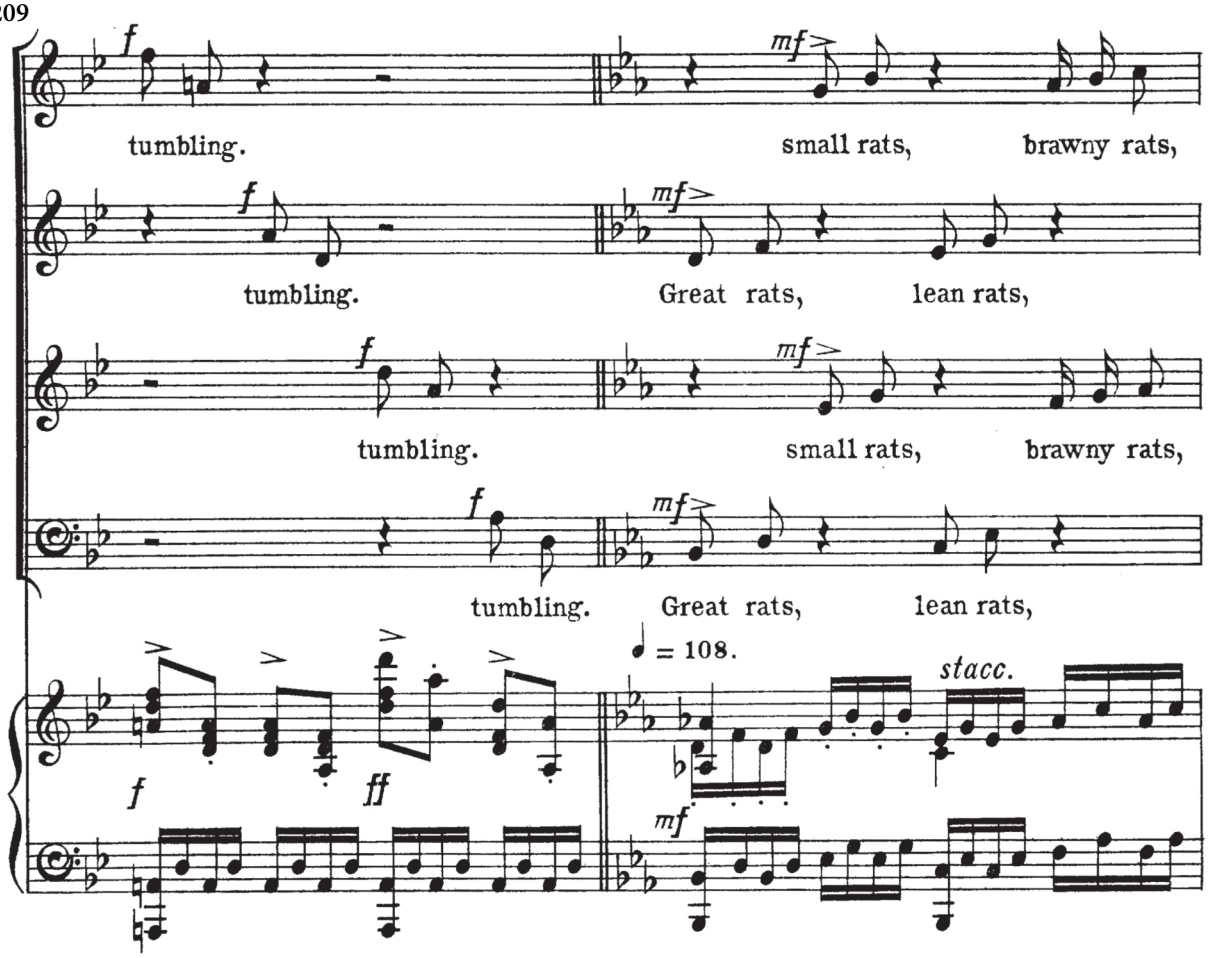
205


f
p
cresc.
ar - - my muttered; And the muttering grew to a grumbling; And the
mf
mf sempre cresc.

207


grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling; And out of the houses the rats came
f
simile

209


f
tumbling.
mf
small rats, brawny rats,
f
tumbling.
mf
Great rats, lean rats,
f
tumbling.
mf
small rats, brawny rats,
f
tumbling.
mf
Great rats, lean rats,
♩ = 108.
stacc.
f
ff
mf

211


cresc.
black rats, tawny rats, gay young friskers,
cresc.
Brown rats, grey rats, Grave old plodders,
cresc.
black rats, tawny rats, gay young friskers,
cresc.
Brown rats, grey rats, Grave old plodders,
cresc.

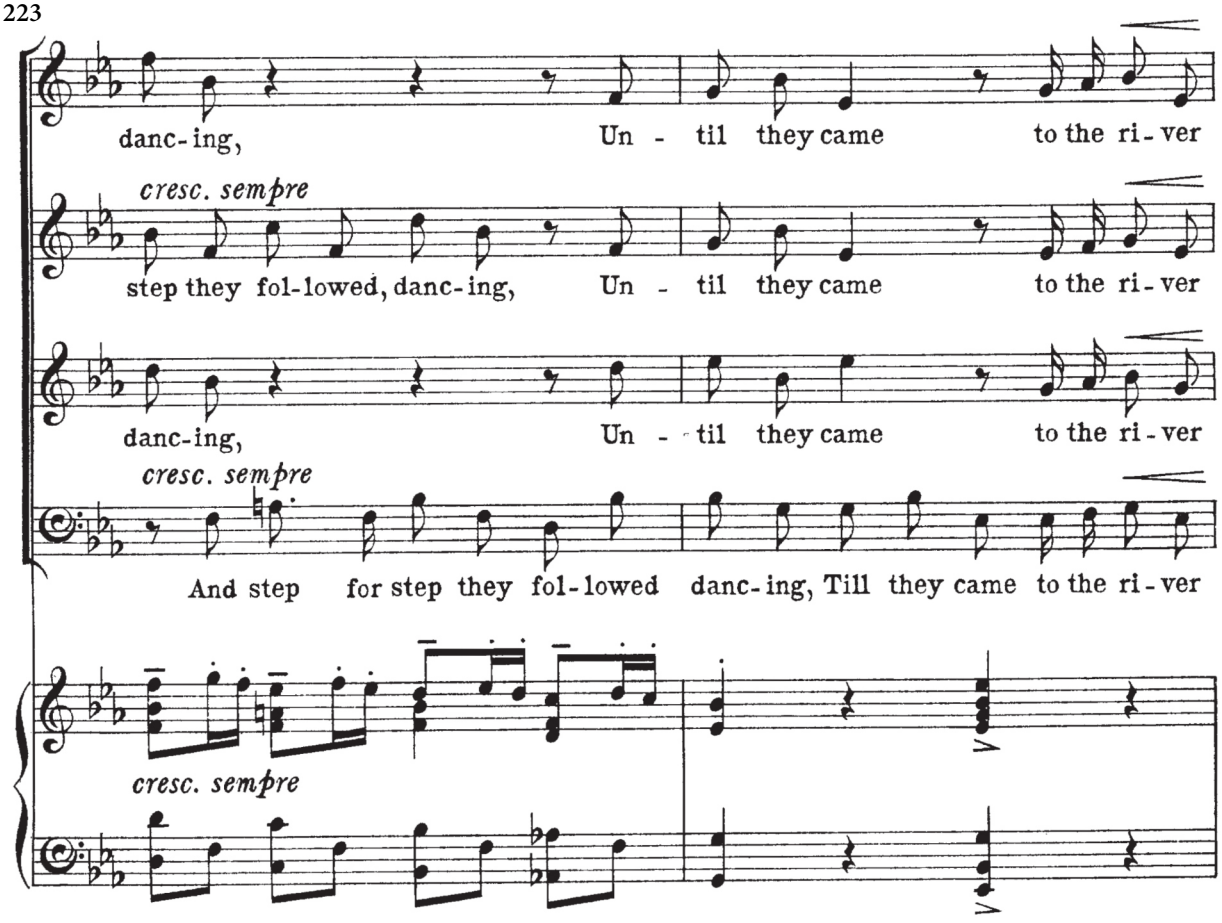

213
animando
cresc.
Cock-ing tails and pricking whiskers, mothers, cousins,
cresc.
Cock-ing tails and pricking whiskers, Fathers, uncles,
cresc.
Cock-ing tails and pricking whiskers, mothers, cousins,
cresc.
Cock-ing tails and pricking whiskers, Fathers, uncles,
animando
cresc.
215
cresc. molto
Fam - i-lies by tens and dozens, Bro-thers, sis-ters, husbands,
cresc. molto
Fam - i-lies by tens and dozens, Bro-thers, sis-ters, husbands,
cresc. molto
Fam - i-lies by tens and dozens, Bro-thers, sis-ters, husbands,
cresc. molto
Fam - i-lies by tens and dozens, Bro-thers, sis-ters, husbands,
cresc. molto


217
ff
wives
Followed the Pi - per for their lives.
wives
Followed the Pi - per for their lives.
wives
Followed the Pi - per for their lives.
wives
Followed the Pi - per for their lives.
219
X
mf
From street to street he piped, ad -
From street to
From street to street he piped, ad -
X
mf

221


cresc.
- vanc - ing,
And step for step they fol-lowed,
street he piped, ad - vanc - ing,
And step for
cresc.
- vanc - - ing,
And step for step they fol-lowed,
mf
cresc.
From street to street he piped, ad - vanc-ing,
f

223


danc-ing,
Un - til they came to the ri-ver
cresc. sempre
step they fol-lowed, danc-ing,
Un - til they came to the ri-ver
danc-ing,
Un - til they came to the ri-ver
cresc. sempre
And step for step they fol-lowed danc-ing, Till they came to the ri-ver
cresc. sempre


225
ff Vivace.
We-ser Where-in all plunged and
ff
We-ser Where-in all plunged and
ff
We-ser Where-in all plunged and
ff
We-ser Where-in all plunged and
Vivace.
ff ♩=138.
sf
228
Vivace.
perished!
perished!
perished!
perished!
meno mosso. ♩=76.
p
Vivace. ♩=120.
p cresc.
232
cresc.


234
Vivace.
f
You should have
You should have
You should have
You should have
Vivace. ♩.= ♩ = 120.
ff
simile
237
heard the Hame-lin peo - ple
Ring-ing the bells, ring-ing the bells,
heard the Hame - lin peo - ple
Ring-ing the bells, ring-ing the bells,
heard the Hame - lin peo - ple
Ring-ing the bells, ring-ing the bells,
heard the Hame - lin peo - ple
Ring-ing the bells, ring-ing the bells,

241


cresc.
ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing the bells till they rocked
cresc.
ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing the bells till they rocked
cresc.
ring-ing, ring-ing, ring-ing ring-ing, ring - - ing the bells till they
cresc.
ring - - ing, ring - - ing, ring-ing the bells till they rocked
cresc. sempre

245


the steeple.
the steeple.
rocked the steeple.
the steeple.
dim.


250
Solo, Bass.
"Go, and get long poles! Poke out the
Chorus Basses.
cried the Mayor,
simile
poco cresc.
simile
255
nests and block up the holes! Con - sult with car-pen-ters and
260
cresc.
build - ers, And leave in our town not e - ven a trace Of the
266
AA
rats!"
Chorus, Altos.
when sud-den-ly, up the face Of the Pi-per perked in the
AA


270
Solo, Tenor.
p tranquillo
poco rit.
"First, if you please, my mas-ters my thou-sand
mar-ket-place, With a,
p
p
poco rit.
274
a tempo
BB animato
guild-ers!"
Solo, Bass.
ff
A
thou-sand guild-ers!
♩ = 120.
BB
p
a tempo
f
animato
278
CHORUS.
mf
The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Cor-por - a-tion too.
mf
The May-or looked blue;
So did the Cor-por-a-tion
mf
The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Cor-por - a-tion too.
mf
The May-or looked blue;
So did the Cor-por-a-tion
p


282
p
For coun - cil din - ners made rare ha-voc With Clar - et, Mo - selle
too. For coun - cil din - ners made rare ha-voc With Clar - et, Mo - selle
For coun - cil din - ners made rare ha-voc With Clar - et, Mo - selle
too. For coun - cil din - ners made rare ha-voc With Clar - et, Mo - selle
286
Vin - de-Grave, Hock; And half the mo - ney would re - plen - ish Their
Vin - de-Grave, Hock; And half the mo - ney would re - plen - ish Their
Vin - de-Grave, Hock; And half the mo - ney would re - plen - ish Their
Vin - de-Grave, Hock; And half the mo - ney would re - plen - ish Their


289
Solo, Bass.
CC
f
"Be - side,"
cel - lar's big - gest butt with Rhen - ish.
cel - lar's big - gest butt with Rhen - ish.
cel - lar's big - gest butt with Rhen - ish.
cel - lar's big - gest butt with Rhen - ish.
Meno mosso.
p
quoth the
CC
Meno mosso. ♩ = 108.
dolce
p
292
mf
"Our busi - ness was done at the
Chorus, Bass.
p
Mayor with a know - ing wink,
295
ri - ver's brink; We saw with our eyes the ver - min sink, And
mf


298
what's dead can't come to life, I think.
301
So, friend,— we're not the folks to
304
shrink From the du-ty of giv-ing you some-thing to drink, And a mat-ter of
307
mo-ney to put in your poke; But, as for the guilders, what we spoke Of

311

them, as you ve-ry well know, was in joke. Be-side, our los-ses have made us

315

thrif-ty; A thousand guilders! Come, take

321 DD

fif-ty!"

CHORUS.

The Pi-per's face fell, and he cried

The Pi-per's face fell, and he cried

The Pi-per's face fell, and he cried

The Pi-per's face fell, and he cried

DD


327
Vivacissimo. ♩ = 120.
Solo, Tenor.
"No trif - ling! I can't wait, be-side, I've prom-ised to
332
vi-sit by din-ner-time Bag-dat, and ac-cept the prime Of the Head Cook's
336
pot-tage, all he's rich in, For hav - ing left, in the Ca - liph's
cresc.
340
kit-chen, Of a nest of scor-pions no sur - vi - vor
EE
cresc.
344
With him I proved no bar-gain-dri-ver, With you,

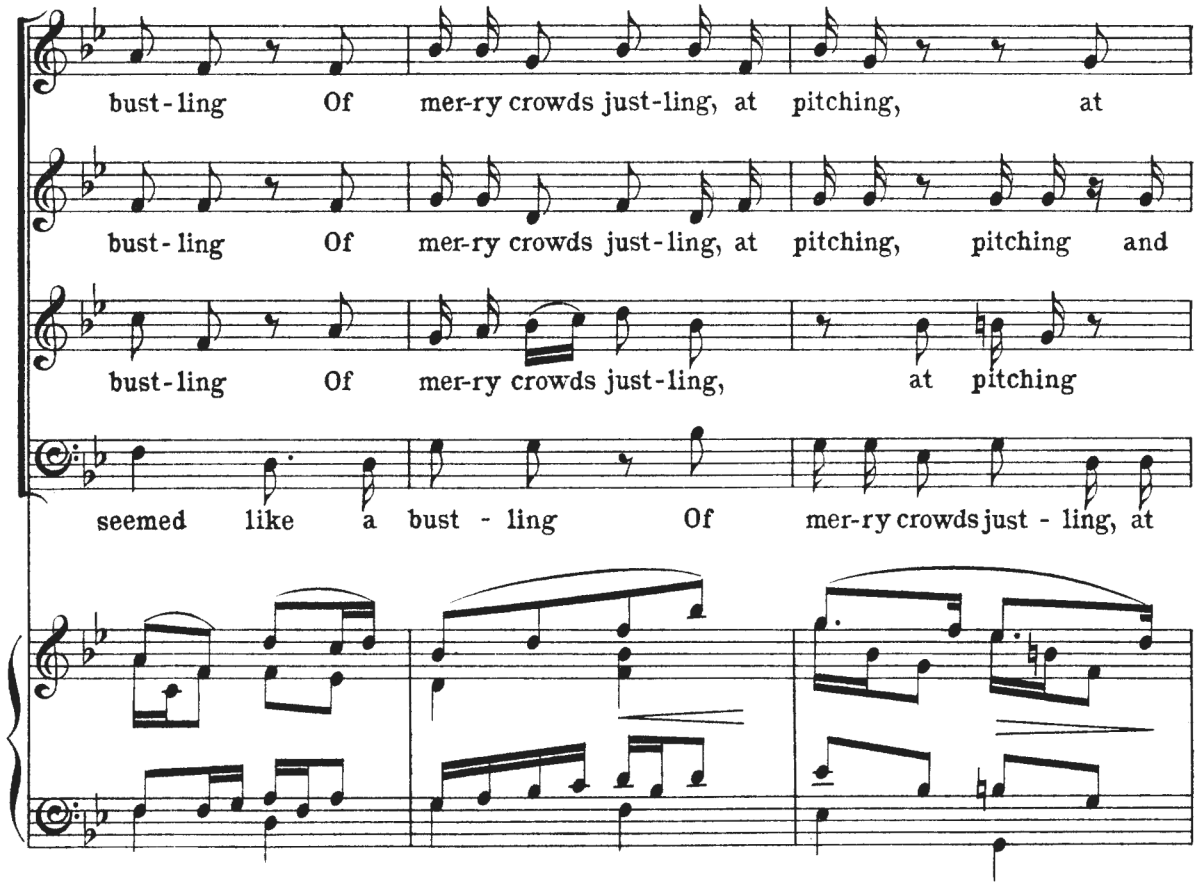

349
don't think I'll bate a sti - ver! And folks who
f
f
354
put me in a pas - sion May find me pipe af - ter an - o - ther
358
FF
Solo, Bass.
ff
mf
fash-ion." "How? d'ye think I'll
Chorus, Basses.
mf
cried the Mayor,
FF
ff
363
brook Be-ing worse treat-ed than a Cook? In -
mf
f


368
animando
cresc. molto
cresc. sempre
- sult - ed by a la - - zy ri-bald With i - dle
mf
cresc.
373
pipe and ves - ture pie-bald? You
ff
378
CC
rit.
threaten us, fel - low? Do your worst, Blow your pipe there
ff
rit.
384
a tempo
ff
till you burst!"
ff a tempo
f
390
rit.
sf
p
pp

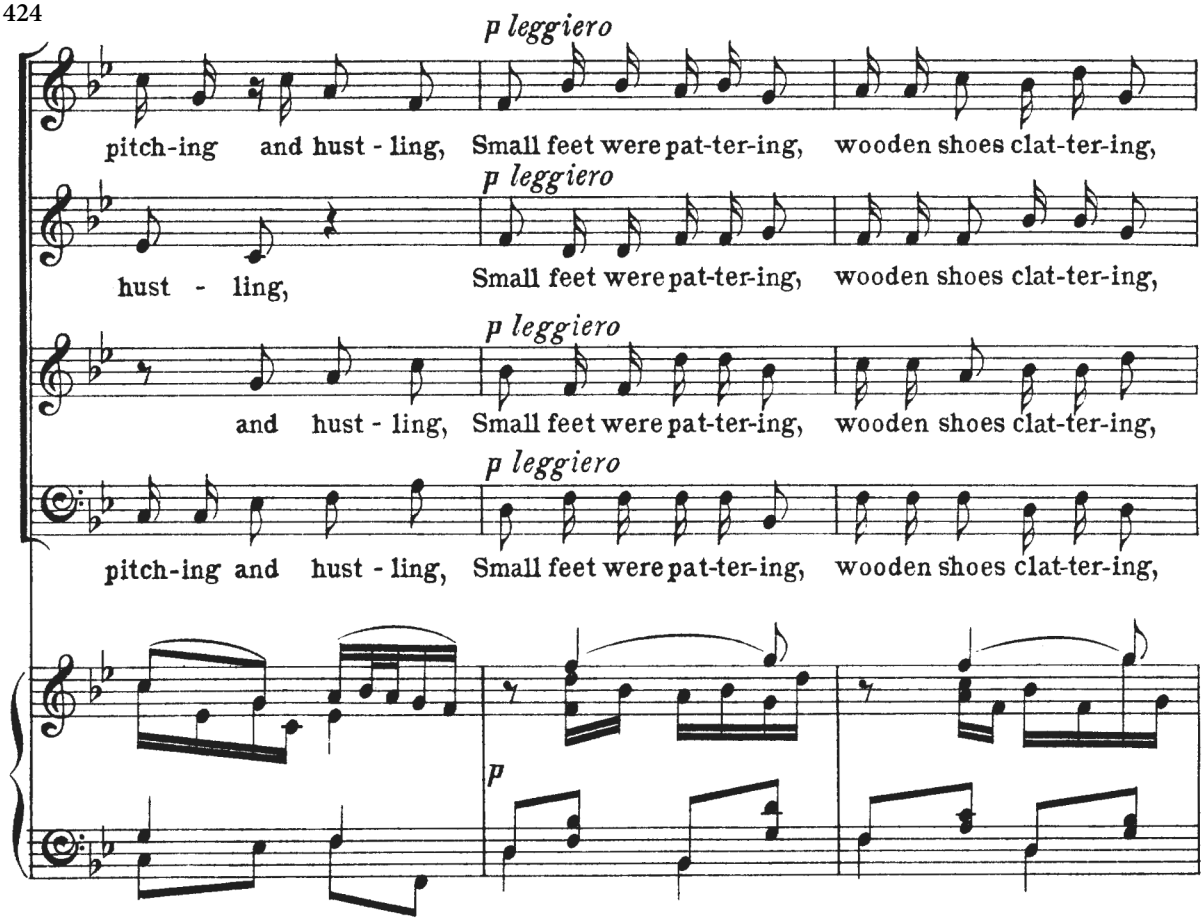

tranquillo e dolce ♩ = 80.
397
CHORUS.
Once more he stept in - to the street; And to his lips a-gain
Once more he stept in - to the street; And to his lips a-gain
Once more he stept in - to the street; And to his lips a-gain
Once more he stept in - to the street; And to his lips a-gain
403
dim.
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane; And ere he blew three
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane; And
pp
409
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet Soft notes
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet Soft
notes (such sweet Soft notes as yet mu - si - cian's cun - ning
ere he blew three notes (such sweet Soft notes as


413
as yet mu - sician's cun-ning Ne-ver gave the en - rap- - tured
notes, such sweet soft notes, such sweet soft
Ne-ver gave the en - - rap- - tured
yet mu-sician's cun - ning Ne-ver gave the en-rap-tured
417
Poco più mosso.
pp leggiero
air,) There was a rustling that seemed like a
notes,) There was a rustling that seemed like a
air,) There was a rust - ling that seemed like a
air,) There was a rustling that
Poco più mosso. ♩=100.
pp

421


bust-ling Of mer-ry crowds just-ling, at pitching, at
bust-ling Of mer-ry crowds just-ling, at pitching, pitching and
bust-ling Of mer-ry crowds just-ling, at pitching
seemed like a bust - ling Of mer-ry crowds just - ling, at

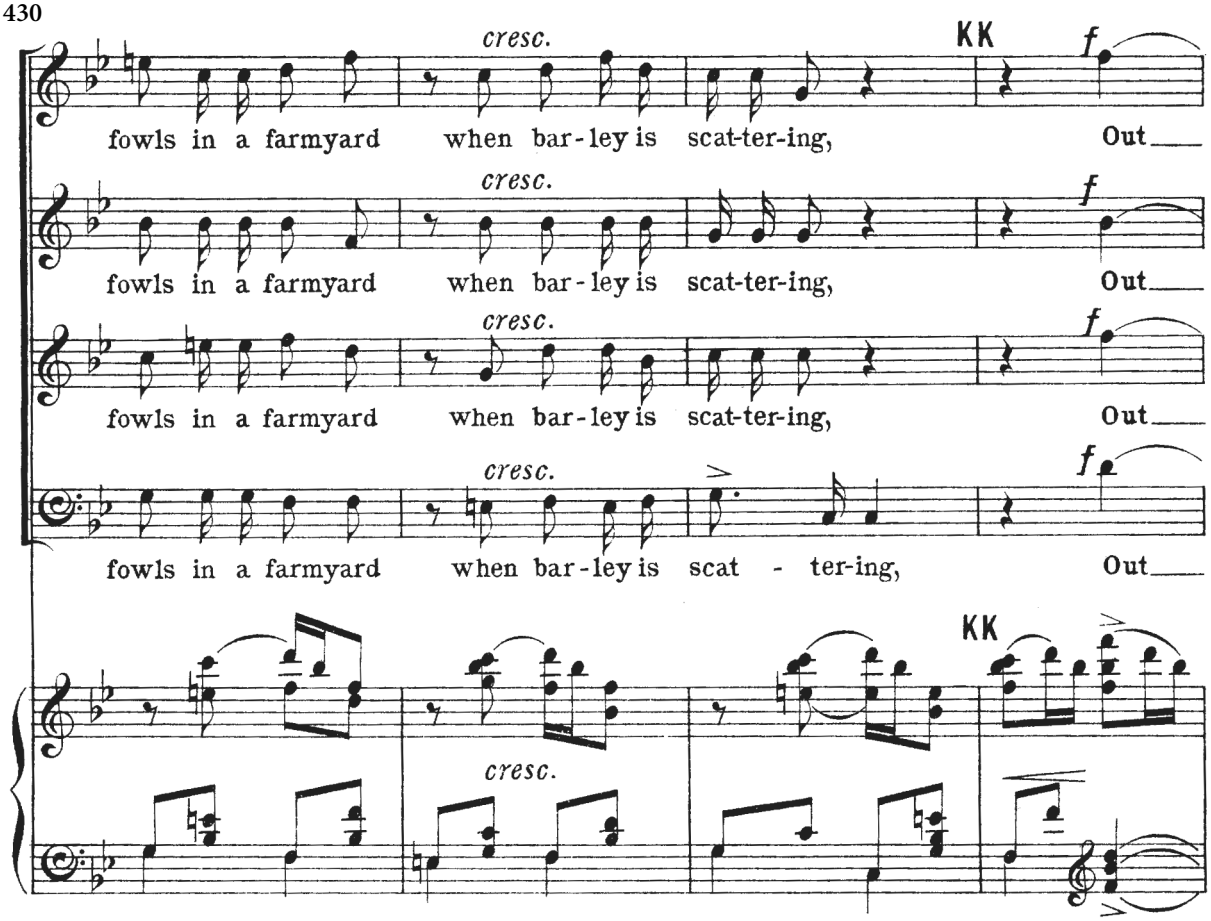
424


p leggiero
pitch-ing and hust - ling, Small feet were pat-ter-ing, wooden shoes clat-ter-ing,
p leggiero
hust - ling, Small feet were pat-ter-ing, wooden shoes clat-ter-ing,
p leggiero
and hust - ling, Small feet were pat-ter-ing, wooden shoes clat-ter-ing,
p leggiero
pitch-ing and hust - ling, Small feet were pat-ter-ing, wooden shoes clat-ter-ing,
p

427


poco cresc.
mf
p
Lit-tle hands clapping, and lit-tle tongues chatter-ing, And, like
poco cresc.
mf
p
Lit-tle hands clapping, and lit-tle tongues chatter-ing, And, like
poco cresc.
mf
p
Lit-tle hands clapping, and lit-tle tongues chatter-ing, And, like
poco cresc.
mf
p
Lit-tle hands clapping, and lit-tle tongues chatter-ing, And, like
mf

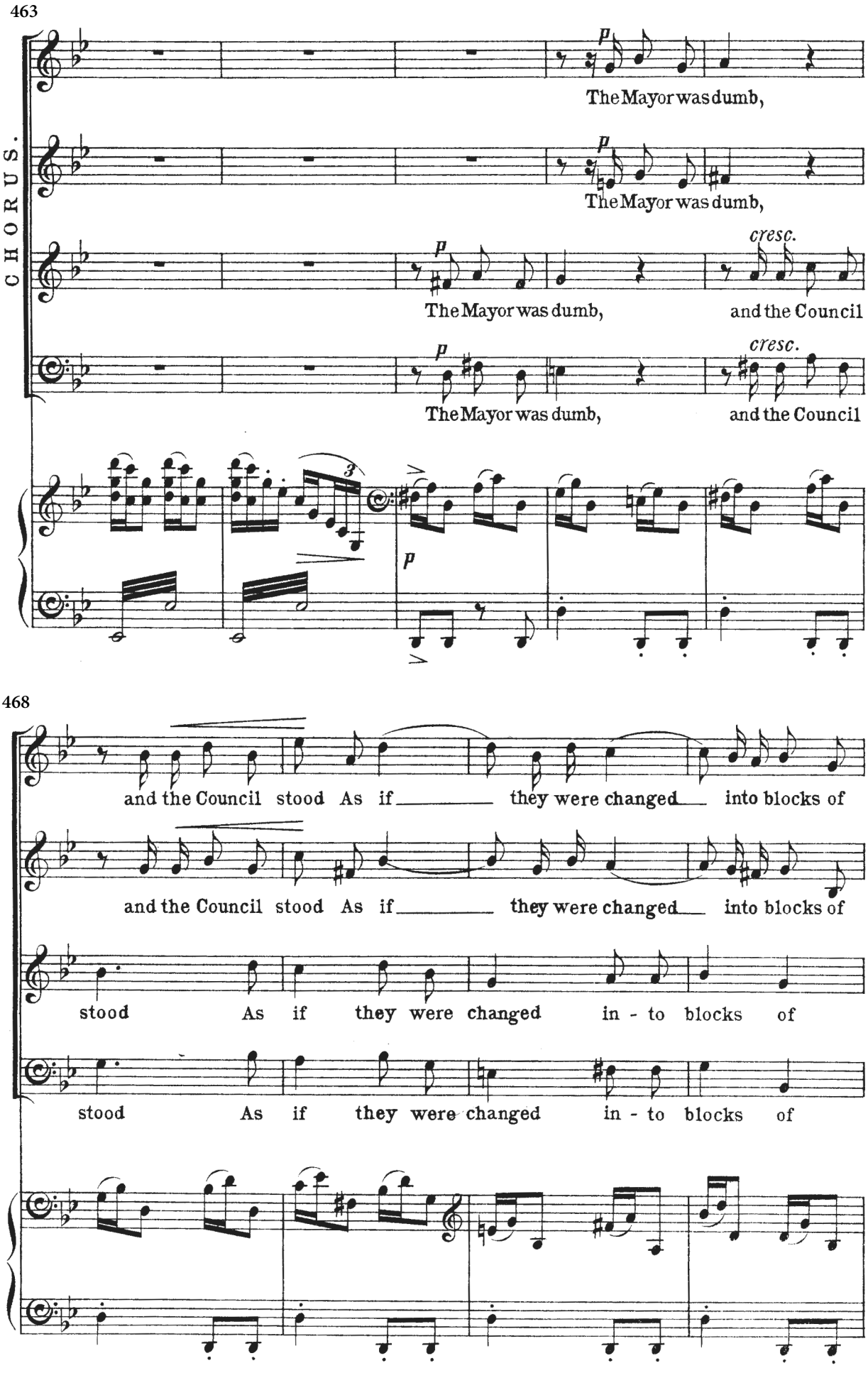
430


cresc.
KK
f
fowls in a farmyard when bar-ley is scat-ter-ing, Out
cresc.
f
fowls in a farmyard when bar-ley is scat-ter-ing, Out
cresc.
f
fowls in a farmyard when bar-ley is scat-ter-ing, Out
cresc.
f
fowls in a farmyard when bar-ley is scat - ter-ing, Out
KK
cresc.


434
came the children running.
came the children running.
came the children running.
came the children running.
♩ = 108.
p
438
mf p
All the lit-tle boys and girls, With ro-sy cheeks and flaxen curls, And
mf p
All the lit-tle boys and girls, With ro-sy cheeks and flaxen curls, And
mf p
All the lit-tle boys and girls, With ro-sy cheeks and flaxen curls, And
mf p
All the lit-tle boys and girls, With ro-sy cheeks and flaxen curls, And
simile

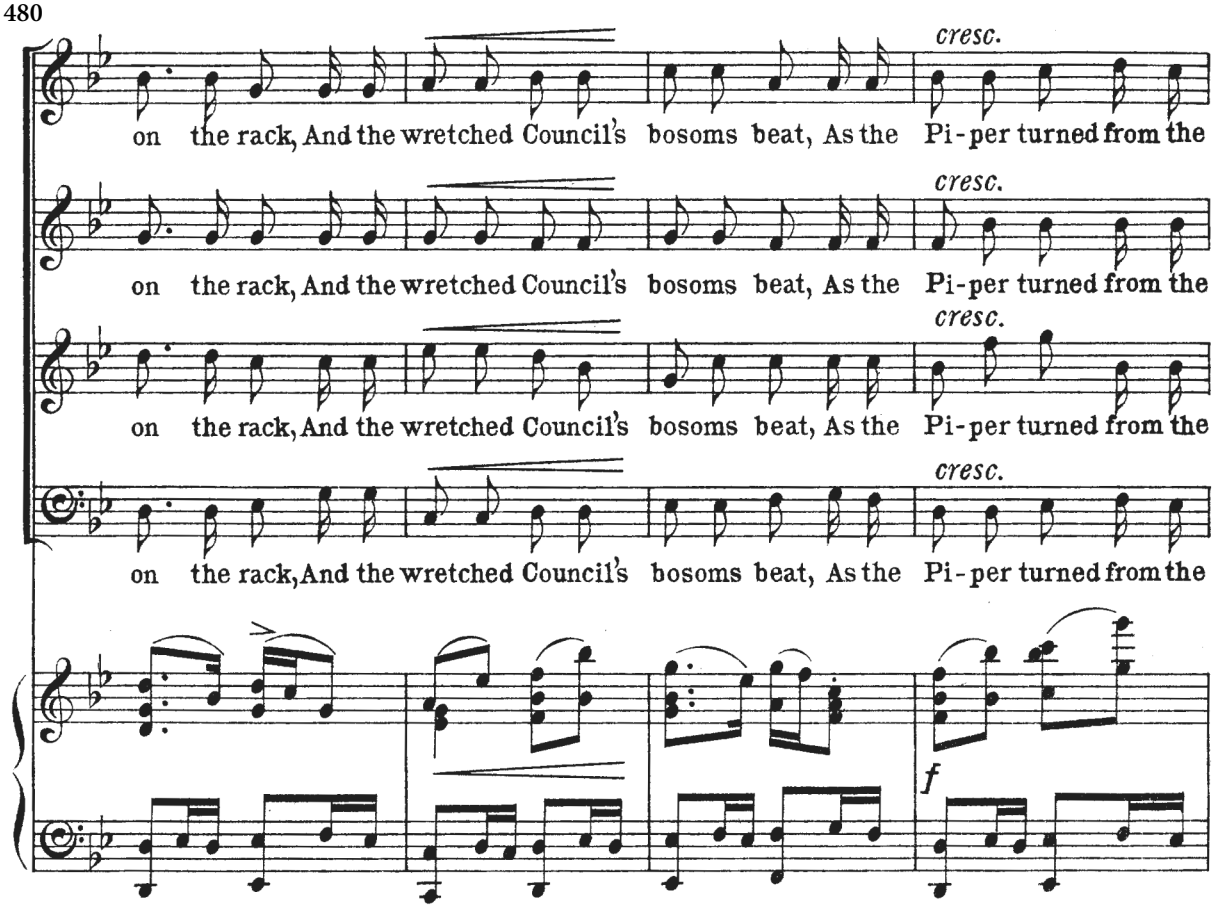

443
LL
sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
LL
p
447
p
cresc.
Tripping and skipping, tripping and skipping, tripping, skipping, tripping, skipping, ran
p
cresc.
Tripping and skipping, tripping and skipping, tripping, skipping, tripping,
p
cresc.
Tripping and skipping, tripping and skipping, tripping, skipping, tripping, skipping,
p
cresc.
Tripping and skipping, tripping and skipping, tripping, skipping, tripping,
cresc.


52
451
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly af - ter The won-der-ful mu -
skipping, tripping, skipping, mer-ri - ly af - ter The won-der-ful
mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly af - ter The won-der-ful mu-sic, the
skipping, tripping, mer-ri - ly af - ter The won - der - ful
454
- sic with shout - ing, shout - ing and laughter.
MM
mu - sic with shout - ing and laughter.
cresc.
won-der-ful mu-sic with shout - ing and laughter.
mu - sic with shout - ing, shout - ing and laughter.
458
cresc.


463
CHORUS.
The Mayor was dumb,
The Mayor was dumb,
The Mayor was dumb, and the Council
The Mayor was dumb, and the Council
cresc.
468
and the Council stood As if they were changed into blocks of
and the Council stood As if they were changed into blocks of
stood As if they were changed in - to blocks of
stood As if they were changed in - to blocks of


472
p
wood, Un - a - ble to move a step, or cry To the
wood, Un - a - ble to move a step, or cry To the
wood, Un - a - ble to move a step, or cry To the
wood, Un - a - ble to move a step, or cry To the
cresc.
476
p
children mer-ri-ly skip-ping by_
But how the Mayor was
poco cresc.
00

480


cresc.
on the rack, And the wretched Council's bosoms beat, As the Pi-per turned from the
cresc.
on the rack, And the wretched Council's bosoms beat, As the Pi-per turned from the
cresc.
on the rack, And the wretched Council's bosoms beat, As the Pi-per turned from the
cresc.
on the rack, And the wretched Council's bosoms beat, As the Pi-per turned from the
f

484


cresc. molto
ff
High Street To where the We-ser rolled its wa-ters Right in the way
cresc. molto
ff
High Street To where the We-ser rolled its wa-ters Right in the way
cresc. molto
ff
High Street To where the We-ser rolled its wa-ters Right in the way
cresc. molto
ff
High Street To where the We-ser rolled its wa-ters Right in the way
ff

488

of their sons and daughters!

of their sons and daughters!

of their sons and daughters!

of their sons and daughters!

p

493

p cresc.

cresc. molto

simile

497

CHORUS.

PP

f

How-e-ver he turned from South to West, And to Kop-pel-berg Hill his

f

How-e-ver he turned from South to West, And to

f

How-e-ver he turned from South to West,

f

How-e-ver he turned from South to West,

PP

ff


501
steps ad - dressed,
f
cresc.
And af - ter him the
Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed, And af - ter him the children pressed;
f
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps ad-dressed,
f
And
f
And af - ter him the
505
cresc.
chil-dren pressed;
RR
ff
Great
Great
cresc.
af - ter him the chil-dren pressed;
Great
cresc.
chil-dren pressed;
Great
RR
cresc. molto
ff

509


was the joy in ev - 'ry breast. "He
was the joy in ev - 'ry breast. "He
was the joy in ev - 'ry breast. "He
was the joy in ev - 'ry breast. "He
ff
sf
ff

516


never can cross that mighty top! He's forced to let the pip-ing drop, And we shall
never can cross that mighty top! He's forced to let the pip-ing drop, And we shall
never can cross that mighty top! He's forced to let the pip-ing drop, And we shall
never can cross that mighty top! He's forced to let the pip-ing drop, And we shall
ff


521
SS
see our children stop!"
see our children stop!"
see our children stop!"
see our children stop!"
SS
527
meno mosso.
p
When lo!
as they reached the mountain - side,
When lo!
as they reached the mountain - side,
When lo!
as they reached the
When lo!
as they reached the
meno mosso.
ff
p

532


p cresc. molto mf
A wondrous por-tal o-pened wide, As if a
p cresc. molto mf
A wondrous por-tal o-pened wide, As if a
p cresc. molto mf
moun-tain-side, A wondrous por-tal o-pened wide, As if a
p cresc. molto mf
moun-tain-side, A wondrous por-tal o-pened wide, As if a
p cresc.

539


p
cavern was sud-den-ly hollowed, And the Pi-per ad-vanced and the
p
cavern was sud-den-ly hollowed, And the Pi-per ad-vanced and the
p
cavern was sud-den-ly hollowed, And the Pi-per ad-vanced and the
p
cavern was sud-den-ly hollowed, And the Pi-per ad-vanced and the
p p


545
dim.
TT
children followed, And when they were all in
552
poco rit.
p
meno mosso.
to the ve - ry last,
pp
♩ = 80.

559


p
The door in the mountain-side shut
p
The door in the mountain-side shut
p
The door in the mountain-side shut
dim.
sfff p

564


Lento patetico.
fast.
pp
A - las, a - las for
fast.
pp
A - las for
pp
A - las, a - las for
fast.
pp
A - las for
Lento patetico. = 126.
dim.
p


569
WW
p
Hame - lin! There came in-to ma-ny a burgher's pate A
Hame - lin! There came in-to ma-ny a burgher's pate A
Hame - lin! There came in-to ma-ny a burgher's pate A
Hame - lin! There came in-to ma-ny a burgher's pate A
WW
f
p
573
cresc.
text which says that heaven's gate Opes to the rich at as ea - sy a rate As the
text which says that heaven's gate Opes to the rich at as ea - sy a rate As the
text which says that heaven's gate Opes to the rich at as ea - sy a rate As the
text which says that heaven's gate Opes to the rich at as ea - sy a rate As the
cresc.


577
XX
Poco più mosso.
needle's eye takes a camel in!
The
XX
Poco più mosso. ♩ = 76.
583
Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper by word of
cresc.


589
mouth, Wher-ev-er it was men's lot to find him, Silver and gold to his
mouth, Wher-ev-er it was men's lot to find him, Silver and gold to his
mouth, Wher-ev-er it was men's lot to find him, Silver and gold to his
mouth, Wher-ev-er it was men's lot to find him, Silver and gold to his
sempre dim.
594
heart's content, If he'd on-ly re-turn the way he went, And bring the
heart's content, If he'd on-ly re-turn the way he went, And bring the
heart's content, If he'd on-ly re-turn the way he went, And bring the
heart's content, If he'd on-ly re-turn the way he went, And bring the
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp


599
Più mosso.
p
children be-hind him.
But
children be-hind him.
But
children be-hind him.
But
children be-hind him.
But
Più mosso. ♩ = 100.
p
606
when they saw 'twas a lost en - deav-our, And Pi - per and
when they saw 'twas a lost en - deav-our, And Pi - per and
when they saw 'twas a lost en - deav-our, And Pi - per and
when they saw 'twas a lost en - deav-our, And Pi - per and


611
poco cresc.
dan - cers were gone for ev - er, The better in the mem-o - ry to
dan - cers were gone for ev - er, The better in the mem-o - ry to
dan - cers were gone for ev - er, The better in the mem-o - ry to
dan - cers were gone for ev - er, The bet - ter in the mem-o - ry to
616
allargando
a tempo
fix The place of the children's last re - treat,
fix The place of the children's last re - treat,
fix The place of the child - ren's last re - treat,
fix The place of the children's last re - treat,

621


mf
p
Poco animando
— They called it Pied Piper's street.
— They called it Pied Piper's street.
— They called it Pied Piper's street.
— They called it Pied Piper's street.
Poco animando ♩=132.

628


p
And op - - po - site the place of the cav - ern
And opposite the place of the cav - ern
And op - - posite the place of the cav - ern
And op - - posite the place of the cav - ern


633
f
cresc.
They wrote the sto - ry on a column,
cresc. molto
639
645
Moderato.
mf
And on the great church win - dow
CHORUS.
pp
Moderato. ♩=100.


651
paint - ed The same, to make the world ac - quainted How their
paint - ed The same, to make the world ac - quainted How their
paint - ed The same, to make the world ac - quainted How their
paint - ed The same, to make the world ac - quainted How their
f
f
f
f
f


655
dim.
pp
allargando
mf
children were stolen a - way; And there it stands
children were stolen a - way; And there it stands
children were stolen a - way; And there it stands
children were stolen a - way; And there it stands
allargando
pp
ff



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