

ODE TO SHAKESPEARE



Music by HENRICH JACOBSEN

Words by JOHN R. SLATER

Written Especially for and Dedicated to the

Shakespeare Tercentenary Pageant

Exposition Park - Rochester, New York

June 7th, 8th, 9th, 1916

f. Moderato.

Opening Prelude and Invocatox Theme.

Sop Alto

Tenor Bass

Shakespeare a-rise! a-rise, a-rise, a-rise Shakespeare, a-

men in unison

rise, a-rise!

Out of the vast and mist-y past, Out of the deep, where a-ges

Soprano

sleep, Come from the state-ly halls where hon-or hath her home! *f.* Heart-en, and

Sop Alto

Tenor Bass

Come! a-rise, a-rise, a-rise!

Heart-en and Come a-rise, a-rise, a-rise!

pia lento

Horn Solo.

pia lento

prani

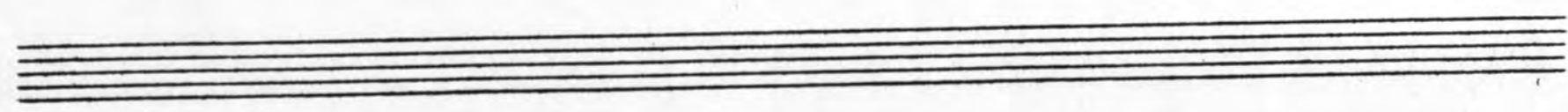
p. The world has hon-or too, And all for you has decked the fleet-ing

Spring with im-mor-telles, Lav-ish with flow'rs To mark the pass-ing hours, When Shakspeare pass-ing with the

Eas-ter bells, Crowned birth and death in one great fes-ti-val of life's im-mor-tal

years. **Chorus.** Tenor Be-hold he hears! Shakes-peare ap-pears! a-rise, a-
 & Be-hold he hears!

Basses & Tenors rise! Pros-pe-ro hears us in his mag-ic isle. His Calm, grave smile shines for a



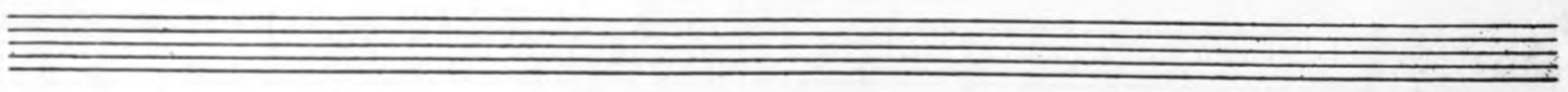
lit-tle white up-on our sight, as from a dis-tant land. He waves his hand and Spir-its gath-er

on the gold-en strand. *Soprani + alti.* Mor-tals, be-hold where his im-

Horn

mor-tals wan-der in the land of gold. *Sol* They are old, ver-y old, *alti* But their hearts are bold, Their

hearts are true. All's made new for you, for you. See where his sol-diers march in



rit. *Tenori e Bassi*

vic-to-ry, Comat. Watch, mor-tals, watch, and see. Comat. Ham-let, the Dane,

Mens chorus

Can-dor's thane, Bru-tus and Lear, He-ros ap-pear with trum-pet and drum The

princes Come. Be-hold on high, a-cross the sky The kings are march-ing

Women's chorus

by O la-dies fair, Who know-eth where ye keep your beau-ty While the swift years

go? Who is Syl-via, What is she, That she should a-

dor-ed be? What youth, what im-mor-tal-i-ty, Hath touched you all and made you

free, Free from the ty-rant time and win-ters snow, We come and go But

ye for-er-er stay, Daugh-ters of May, With hearts of A-pril

in the midst of June. What ver-nal tune Keeps you for-er-er

Sing-ing on your way? Tenor Bass Spir-its, come, both bright and good,

Spir-its of the deep green wood, Elves and fair-ies, come and see Who doth

lie
Who doth lie beneath the tree. 'Tis he! 'Tis he! The great en-chant-er of

all Faer-ia.
Pros-pe-ro waits for a-ri-el; The mid-night bell

Break-ing the spell Calls from his dreams the seer that sees so well what mor-tals

blind can nev-er find. Spir-its, ap-pear! He waits you here! Puck, A-ri-el

o-be-ron, Come swift-ly ere the dawn. For all en-chant-ment swift-ly comes, and

Sud-den-ly is gone. Shaks-peare a-ri-se, a-ri-se,

rise, a-rise, Shakspeare a-rise, a-rise! He is near! He is near!

He is here! Shakspeare is here, He is here He is here, He is here

here. 'Tis Shakspeare's year. He is here, he is here. Shakspeare, reply!

Shakspeare, draw nigh! Shakspeare a-rise, a-rise, draw nigh, a-rise, a-

rise, a-rise, re-ply (orchestra) a-rise, a-rise, a-

rise a-rise. Shakspeare a-rise.

piu lento *lento*