

NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

THE
DREAM OF JUBAL

A POEM WITH MUSIC

FOR SOLI, CHORUS, ORCHESTRA, AND ACCOMPANIED RECITATION

WRITTEN BY

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THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

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ARGUMENT.



ON a morning in spring-time, Jubal* leaves his tent, and, taking with him his shell,† wanders abroad. His fingers idly touch the strings, and all Nature hushes itself to listen, presently, as the strange music ceases, raising its voices in a rival song. Observing the fulness and grandeur of Nature's hymn, Jubal deplores the weakness of his own, and questions the future with a longing to know what it may have in store for the infant art of music. While thus engaged a deep sleep falls upon him, and he dreams a dream.

In vision an Angel comes with words of reproach for discontent, but, also, with a mission to reveal to the father of music the after-development of his art. In succession, the celestial messenger causes him to hear—

A Chorus of Praise in Divine worship.
A Song of Comfort in bereavement.
A patriotic March and Chorus of Victory.
A Song of a Labourer in the Harvest-field.
A Funeral March and Chorus in honour of a Hero.
A Duet of Lovers.

Deeply impressed by the dream, Jubal, on awaking, adorns his shell with flowers, and, reverently bearing it to the altar, dedicates to God a "wondrous gift," calling upon his children through all time "to invoke, with sounding praise, this holy art." A chorus of invocation ends the work.

* "He was the father of all such as handle the harp and pipe."—Gen. iv. 21.

† Apollidorus states that the Trismegitus, or thrice-illustrious Egyptian Mercury, when walking along the banks of the Nile, struck his foot against a tortoise shell within which nothing was left but the sinews and cartilages of its former inhabitant. These, contracted by heat, vibrated on concussion. Pleased with the sound, Mercury conceived the idea of a lyre, which he made in the form of a tortoise, stringing it with the sinews of dead animals. Poetic license sometimes places this instrument in the hands of Jubal. Thus Dryden:—

"When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren thronged around;
And, wondering, on their faces fell,
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god, they thought, there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That sang so sweetly and so well."

THE DREAM OF JUBAL.



ONE day in spring-time, when the earth was young,
And Nature, like a maiden beautiful,
At sight of her own loveliness rejoiced,
Our father, Jubal, from his tent came forth
To greet the morning sun with cheerful heart.
Adown the spangled vale he wandered slow,
His shadow, long and large, unnumbered flow'rs
Eclipsing as he moved, while they full soon,
As still he moved, laughed back into the light.
So passing on, his fingers idly touched
The strings that made the music of his shell,
When straightway issued sounds in Nature's haunts
Ne'er heard. Full careless harmonies were they,
Their skill unguided by a mind attent,
But as they rose and filled the air, the birds
Gave heed, and all their warblings died away
To silence deep. Among the trembling leaves
The Zephyrs, listening, paused, while e'en the flow'rs,
Forsaking due allegiance to the sun,
Their bright eyes turned towards the fount
Of notes so strange and sweet. At length the strings
With faltering cadence slowly came to rest,
And Nature all her voices found again ;
Uplifting to the shining heavens a rival song,
Which hearing, Jubal stood in great amaze,
As one who, looking on familiar scenes,
Discerns new beauties, unsuspect before.
He, listening, marked no imperfection there—
The deep-voiced torrent and the tinkling rill ;
The swelling breezes and the whispering trees ;
The buzzing insects and the choirs of birds,
With all things that are vocal, each in form
Complete and full did magnify the Lord.

Upon a bank down-sinking, Jubal marked
The mighty concert, and his heart was sad.
" O Thou," he cried, " who like unto Thyself
Didst make Thy noblest work, this creature, Man,
And give him thoughts that soar above the heavens,
Emotions keen, and aspirations strong,
With love of Thee, which needs must move
His soul to rapture and his voice to praise—
Why him deny the power that these possess ?

Refusing the expression meet of all
 That crowns him chief among created things.
 My feeble strains fall short of my intent ;
 This poor, weak shell my lofty purpose mocks,
 And I, with reason most to praise Thy Name,
 In Earth's great chorus take the meanest part !
 Is thus Thy will complete ? or is it, Lord,
 That, in the ages coming, Man shall find
 A perfect utterance through the art divine
 Which now but lisps as with an infant's tongue ?
 Oh ! that the future were revealed, and I
 Could see into the distant years ! " He ceased ;
 Upon him fell a heaven-descended sleep,
 And that which should be, in a dream he saw.

But, first, there came—'twas so the dream began—
 A radiant Angel, shining with a light
 Reflected from the splendour of the Throne.
 He, looking upon Jubal as in grief,
 Thus spake : " Presumptuous mortal, darest thou
 God's gifts despise, and His high orderings
 Arraign ? Didst thou not mark, a moment past,
 The world attentive to thy sounding shell ?
 In silence most profound acknowledging
 Supremacy of song belongs to him
 Who, rich endowed, can to his art subdue
 The force of Nature, and from out her store
 Bring things inanimate, to make them live
 With the full life of music eloquent.
 O man of vision limited and weak !
 Thine eyes I come to open. Thou shalt look
 Far down the vista of the ages dim,
 And hear the music of a world grown old.
 So wills the Power Divine, because from thee,
 As from a fount exhaustless, shall the art
 That's noblest, purest, most of Heaven, proceed ! "

Thus the celestial visitant, who, next,
 Before the wondering eyes of Jubal, waved
 The golden palm-branch that he bore, when, lo !
 Both stood within a temple vast and high,
 'Mid rich-robed priests and kneeling multitudes.
 On either hand the soaring arches rose,
 While, 'twixt their shafts, from windows glorious
 With every hue, look'd Saints and Martyrs down.
 Then said the Angel : " Listen thou, and know
 How, ages hence, thy sons will praise the Lord."

SOLI AND CHORUS.

Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis. Laudamus te ;
 benedicimus te ; adoramus te ; glorificamus te ; gratias agimus tibi propter magnam
 gloriam tuam, Domine Deus, Rex cœlestis Deus, Pater omnipotens. Domine Filii
 unigenite Jesu Christe. Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris. Qui tollis peccati
 mundi, miserere nobis. Qui tollis peccati 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.

The music ceased, and, with its last faint throb,
 Where stood the temple's seeming solid walls
 Was nought but air! Then Jubal, in his dream,
 Low at the feet of that bright Angel fell,
 Veiling his face with shame, while on him streamed
 From pitying and benignant eyes the light
 Of Heaven's great mercy. Not a word spake he;
 Deep self-reproach and wondering thankfulness
 There held him dumb. At length the Angel's voice
 Upon the solemn silence broke: "O Man,
 My mission is but part fulfilled: much more
 Thou hast to hear and learn. In distant time
 Shall Prophets of the Lord arise, whose words,
 Inspired by Heaven, thy glorious art shall wed,
 And bring forth comfort to all troubled souls.
 Again behold!" Once more the palm-branch waved,
 And Jubal, looking up, saw where, beneath
 A roof death-shadowed, mourners silent sat,
 In fellowship of sorrow. They could hear
 The beating of the Angel's wings whose call
 No man escapes, and, desolate of heart,
 The world to them was darkness. Then one sang;
 And, as the strain flowed on, the fount of tears
 Dried up, while down from Heaven fell the peace
 That passeth understanding; e'en the peace
 Of holy resignation and of trust
 In Him who doeth all things well. 'Twas this
 That Jubal, listening and adoring, heard:—

SOLO.—*Soprano.*

The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him.
 Though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude
 of His mercies.
 For He doth not willingly afflict the children of men.
 Thus saith the Lord:

I will ransom them from the power of the grave;
 I will redeem them from death.
 O Death, I will be thy plague.
 O Grave, I will be thy destruction.

The vision faded—dream within a dream—
 And then the Angel, turning to the man:
 "Think not thy gracious art shall be confined
 To His high service Whom the Host of Heaven
 Praise alway in eternity of sound,
 With Holy, Holy, Holy to the Lord.
 Learn thou that by its aid, through time to come,
 The deep emotions of thy race shall speak
 With organ wonderful. Whene'er the souls
 Of men are moved by common joy or woe,
 Through music shall be heard, in tones sublime,
 The common voice—the cry of multitudes,
 Which only Heaven's great chorus, like the sound
 Of many waters, can exceed in awe.
 This shalt thou know." He ceased, and Jubal, then,
 Whose dream-entranced eyes on empty space

Had rested, saw take shape therein a street
 Of some vast city. Broad it was and straight;
 Its temples, palaces, on either hand
 Bedecked as for a nation's festival.
 The vibrant air with noise of joy-bells rang,
 And over all arose the sound—which known
 Is ne'er forgot—of countless myriads
 By single impulse and one passion stirred.
 Now, sudden, in the distance of the street
 That stretched, like a great river, far
 'Twixt restless banks of men, was movement made,
 And, forth an indistinguishable mass,
 A horseman rode, in solitary state,
 His silver armour flashing in the sun;
 While following, with steady, ceaseless tramp,
 And pomp of war, and beauty terrible
 Of gleaming steel, a conquering army came,
 Its standards, battle-torn, with laurel decked.
 At once, with clangour, rose the fierce war-march,
 And all the passion of the hour found tongue.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH AND CHORUS.

Hail to our Chief and his sword!
 Terrible sword!
 Battle's stern lord!
 It hath flashed 'mid the smoke of the fight
 It hath struck for the cause of the right;
 It hath smitten the foe in his flight!
 Hail to the sword!
 Terrible sword!

Hail to our Chief and his sword!
 Conquering sword!
 Battle's stern lord!
 Its lightnings have blasted around—
 The enemy maketh no sound!
 Where now may his legions be found?
 Ask of the sword,
 Conquering sword!

The fierce wild chorus ceased, and, lo! as fades
 A vision born of nothingness and night,
 So did the mighty pageant melt away;
 While still, in fancy, Jubal's straining eyes
 Its palaces and temples looked upon,
 And still, with wondering ears he heard
 The martial tramp of that victorious host.
 To him again the voice celestial spake:
 "A servant not alone of pomp and state
 Thy art shall be, for e'en the toil-worn man
 Therewith may ease the burden of his care,
 And suffer with a spirit calm and strong
 The curse primeval under which thy sire
 Was driven from lost Eden's flaming gates.
 O Man, behold and learn." The golden branch,
 Far mightier than the potent rod of him
 Who wonders wrought in Egypt, once again
 Was waved, and in a moment sprang to view
 A scene idyllic, nearest like to that
 Which fancy pictures as of Paradise.

'Twas time of harvest, and beneath a sky
 That burned with autumn heat, while all the air,
 By wind unvest, lay shimmering in the sun,
 Stretched far and wide the ripe and golden grain.
 Some stood, the sickle waiting ; some had fallen
 Beneath its stroke, and some on creaking wains
 Was slowly borne from field. So doth the land,
 Our silent mother, to her children yield
 The nurture of her bosom fair and full.
 Sudden rang out the twelve-fold stroke of noon,
 The sickles fell, and in a place of grateful shade
 Strong men and sun-burnt maidens sat them down
 With healthful zest to eat their humble meal.
 Refreshed, and ere the call to labour came,
 They cried " A song ! " and thrust into the midst
 A half-reluctant youth, who, taking heart,
 Did there the rustic echoes wake amain.
 Rude was his ditty, but all heads kept time,
 And in its chorus lusty voices sang :

THE SONG OF THE SICKLE.

Tenor Solo and Chorus.

The sword is a dainty thing, my lads,
 And crownèd kings they wear it ;
 There's not a noble in the land
 But proud is he to bear it.
 O brave it looks with its jewelled hilt,
 And its scabbard shining gaily ;
 If I were a duke or a royal prince
 I'd gird on the weapon daily.
 Nor dukes nor princes we, my lads,
 With the sickle 'tis we labour,
 And that can flash in the sun, you know,
 As well as any sabre.

Chorus.—And that can flash, &c.

The sword has a harvest too, my lads,
 Of reapers there are many,
 And when they take the field the sight
 Is grander far than any.
 But the crop—ah me ! is human lives,
 And it falls with shrieks and groaning ;
 The reapers curse as they ply the steel,
 Nor heed the victims' moaning.
 The sickle's work is bloodless, lads,
 And goes with song and story ;
 It strews the land with fallen grain,
 Not bodies stark and gory.

Chorus.—It strews the land, &c.

What comes in the wake of the sword, my lads,
 For all its shining splendour,
 But broken hearts of widowed wives,
 And tears of orphans tender ?
 Behind it see gaunt Famine's shape,
 And Ruin's torches flaming !
 O that such things should ever be,
 The good Lord's mercy shaming !
 But when the sickle moves, my lads,
 Its train is mirth and laughter ;
 Then let the sickle's praise be sung
 To-day and all days after.

Chorus.—Then let the sickle's, &c.

Vanished from Jubal's spell-bound gaze the scene
 Idyllic, and the Angel spake again :—
 " That thy great art can voice a nation's joy
 Thou know'st ; learn now that Music can express
 A nation's grief." Once more the city street
 Took form and shape before our father's eyes,
 But lo, how changed of aspect ! Crowds were there
 With sorrow mute ; no sound of joy-bells rose,
 No banners waved, no garlands decked the scene,
 As through the midst, with solemn funeral pomp
 The body of a hero passed to rest.

FUNERAL MARCH AND CHORUS.

Weep for the glorious dead !

See with stately march and slow,
 While the solemn trumpets blow,
 And the tears of thousands flow,
 To his grave
 We bear the brave !

Weep for the glorious dead !

Hark the cannon's shuddering boom !
 Wails the music through the gloom !
 Dark the day like day of doom !
 To his grave
 We bear the brave !

Then the benignant Angel, as to naught
 The pageant dissolved : " O Man, my task
 Is nearly ended. On the scenes to come
 Thou'st looked thy last, but yet there still remains
 For thee to know thy art the minister
 Of that great passion intimate and dear,
 Which over all the world doth human life
 Ennoble and preserve. My power from out
 The far remoteness of the centuries
 That yet must pass along the stream of time
 Shall call a song of Love." Then Jubal heard,
 As in the air around him, this sweet strain :—

DUET.—*Soprano and Tenor.*

Mine ! and the shadows have vanished from life ;
 Mine ! and the burden of care has departed ;
 What is thy magic, O Love, that all strife
 Hath ceased in my bosom, and I, joyous hearted,
 Lift up to the heaven a song in thy praise !
 Let me sing to thee, Love, of the bliss that is mine,
 A rapturous song with a fervour divine !
 O Soul, by Love blessèd, pour forth thy glad lays.

Thine ! and my trusting heart resteth secure ;
 Thine ! and the skies are with rosy light glowing !
 How doth thy magic, Love, holy and pure,
 To the bosom give peace like a full river flowing !
 I, to the heaven, lift a song in thy praise !
 Let me sing to thee, Love, of the bliss that is mine,
 A rapturous song with a fervour divine !
 O Soul, by Love blessèd, pour forth thy glad lays.

Fired with the song, our father stretched his hand
 Towards his once despised shell, when, lo !
 The sudden movement roused him, and he knew
 That he had dreamed. Then slowly from the ground
 Uprising, Jubal lifted with a reverent touch
 The shell, and to his bosom clasped it close ;
 So homeward through the valley took his way,
 Nor halted, save to twine with flowers the strings,
 'Till 'fore the altar of his daily sacrifice
 He stood. There, kneeling, Jubal raised on high
 The instrument adorned by his hand, and cried :—
 " O Thou, the source of all that blesseth man,
 To Thee I dedicate a wondrous gift ;
 And charge my children in all following years
 To invoke, with sounding praise, this holy art.
 Through time, till time shall be no more,
 Let an unceasing chorus roll—a song
 Of laud to music and to music's God.

INVOCATION.

Soli and Chorus.

O Music, voice inspired of all our joy !
 When on us streams the golden light
 Of sunny days, no cloud in sight,
 And heaven and earth are radiance bright,
 Thy noblest powers our grateful hearts employ.

O Music, source of consolation sweet !
 When round us fall the shadows drear.
 When shrinks the soul in mortal fear,
 'Tis light and peace if thee we hear ;
 Of heavenly rest thou speak'st in accents meet.

O Music, highest gift to mortals known !
 Upon thy soaring wings we rise,
 Above the earth, above the skies,
 Till open on our ravished eyes
 The splendours of the Everlasting Throne.
