

NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

WAR AND PEACE

A SYMPHONIC ODE

FOR

SOLI, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

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TO
HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY
KING EDWARD

THIS ODE
WAR AND PEACE

IS, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION,

DEDICATED

BY HIS MAJESTY'S LOYAL AND DEVOTED SERVANT

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

WAR AND PEACE.

1.—PROLOGUE.

Deep in the dark abyss,
With Shame and Sin together, brood,
First of the fallen angels,
Pride and Hate!

Pride, that with lofty mien and stony stare
Gazes on distance, greedy of vanities,
Lovelorn and cold; whose children are born
dead;

Heedless of good, and fighting for no other end
But that the smitten cower and cravens crawl,
Feeding the lust insatiable
To soar supreme, and dominate the world.

Hate, the distorted Fury, seeking nought but
ruin;

Fouling fair names, mocking at worth,
Holding up lies for worship; swollen with gall;
Feeding men's minds with poison and blind
rage;

Gliding through mire and gloom devising death.
Such hand in hand conspiring, each for each,
What monstrous exhalations from Hell's depths
arise!

How on the earth is hurrying to and fro!
The distant thunder rattles, thunder of armed
hosts;

The lightnings flare from murderous mouths.
What glitter of steel,
And all the splendid panoply of war!

2.—WAR SONG.

Strike now! Slay now!
Roar cannon, scream shell!
Rush where you must, shelter where you may!
We death dealing, death receiving
Whirling in frenzy of fight,
Shout our welcome to war!

Ride now! Fall now!
Bleeding yet unsubdued,
Biting at earth,
Clutching at wounds,
Speechless with sobbing breath,
Dizzy with agony.

We death dealing, death receiving
Whirling in frenzy of fight,
Shout our welcome to war!

Crash through, plunge through
Slashing and parrying,
Struggling through mire,
Sightless through dust.

Smite when you may
Fall when you must!
We death dealing, death receiving,
Whirling in frenzy of fight
Shout our welcome to war.

3.—RECOMPENSE.

Aye, let Hate and Pride conspire,
Let furious passion make men fiends,
Drunk with the lust of blood
And heedless of their own and others' fate;
Yet 'tis not all drear carnage, cruel waste,
Have patience, look beyond!

There is a gracious flower
Springing from a bitter root,
There is a sacred comradeship that blooms
Among the fields of death.

Dark and deep beyond the fretful world
Broods a steadfast purpose moving slow—
Nations have their destinies,
Checked and thwarted oft,
Yet moving onwards to a mighty end.
Have patience, look beyond!

The ragged cloudland parts
A light breaks forth;
There is a crown for the patient brow
There is a recompense in war!

When the fury is spent,
When the dust settles down,
And the thunder dies away,
We have dared, we have endured,
And the tale of these our deeds
Shall light a beacon of hope,
Shall fire the timorous heart,
Shall nerve the shrinking hand.
Have patience, look beyond!
Death is the end of all.
To suffer and to die,
Striving for truth and right,
This is the guerdon of death
This is the crown of life!

4.—COMRADESHIP.

Be strong, be strong
Brothers, for the strife is long!
Cast self and ease aside
And with a noble pride,
Endure, with high heroic soul,
Though high the battle thunders roll.

In yon dim land
 From wave-beat strand to strand,
 The dark groups gather and wheel,
 The hilltops bristle with foes,
 Silent, from rock to rock they steal.
 Leap, from the bastion leap;
 Over the valley sweep!
 Flash from the top of the wind-swept down
 A message of hope for the waiting town!
 Great be your strength, for the fight is long,
 Only be strong!

Day fades to night
 And darkness pales to light;
 Haste not nor linger—but be strong
 Oh brothers, for the fight is long!
 To those who live we give the glorious meed
 of praise,
 To those who die, we give the sacred meed of
 tears.

5.—THE DIRGE.

Blow trumpets, solemnly, sadly blow:
 Thundering drums, beat sullen and slow:
 Banners of battle, droop as ye go.

All conquering Death, whose lips have touched
 The brows of those who dared thy might,
 Thy chosen ones we mourn with tears of fond
 regret,
 And mourning, praise.

Out of the reach of cares and fears,
 Wep thy tenderly falling tears,
 Here they sleep through the silence of years.

Dark earth under them, skies above,
 This is the rest that nought may move,
 This is the rest that heroes love.

Lo their glory ariseth bright,
 Burns a leading and kindly light,
 Set like a star in the brow of night.

Blow trumpets, solemnly, sadly blow:
 Thundering drums, beat sullen and slow:
 Banners of battle, droop as ye go.

6.—HOME-COMING.

Ring the tidings far and wide,
 Men have fought and men have died.
 To those who live a welcome give
 And joy to all betide!
 Welcome the leaders of men!
 Welcome the men of the wary brain!
 Welcome the men of the iron will.

Welcome the heroes who wrought
 The good of the land that we love!
 Welcome the men of our race
 Who have toiled, who have smiled at death,
 Upholding our ancient name.

Raise the song of joy, the joy of strength!
 Raise the song of daring, the song of courage!
 Raise the song of joy that fearless deeds are
 done,
 Raise the song of joy the mighty task is o'er.

Tell the tale that shall stir the blood!
 Tell to the world the tidings of gladness,
 Welcome the living and praise the dead.

Hands together, and face the coming years!
 Hearts together and face all the world!
 Whatever betide us—evil or good,
 Still together we'll fight, and prevail!

7.—PEACE.

After tumult rest,
 After tempest calm,
 Earth like a weary child is gently pressed
 In the enfolding arm.

Where the battle roared
 Round the trenched height,
 Steals a dewy fragrance, softly poured
 From the lips of Night.

Creeps the gathering rust
 O'er the broken gun,
 Fort and bastion crumble into dust
 Now their task is done.

Sleeps the silent glade,
 Sleeps the lowlit wood,
 Nature's healing hands are softly laid
 On the fields of blood.

Hushed the sounds of war
 Earth may rest awhile,
 Rest in loving patience, wearied sore,
 Sleep, and sleeping smile.

8.—HOME.

Sing the glories of peace,
 Of peace and homely life!
 Sing the joys of happy labour,
 The joys of fruitful toil.

The lands that yield their rich increase,
 Where peasants lean upon the plough;
 The fresh sweet scent of the new-turned
 earth,
 The steady plod of the team;
 The breeze that lingers through long leagues
 of wheat,
 The merry clink of the wain;
 The sun that sinks into the golden west,
 The children's voices calling, calling.
 The bells that ring the wanderers home,
 The sacred spots where rest the loved ones
 passed away.

Wider and wider still, toil, sacred toil !
 The student reading the secret of stars and
 suns,
 Tracking and baffling the powers of disease
 and death,
 Binding the powers of the sky to serve
 mankind.
 Knowledge springing a gracious flower,
 Wisdom guiding a nation's heart,
 Love and pity consoling grief.

Far, far off is the beacon that guides
 The soul of man to its far off goal,
 The time when nations shall strive no more,
 The time when hearts shall be turned to love.
 These are thy triumphs,
 These are thy glories,
 Oh, Peace !

9.—MARCHING SONG OF PEACE.

Forward through the glimmering darkness, on
 beside the untrodden shore
 Where no voice hath waked the echo, where
 no foot hath paced before ;
 In our feet a patient boldness, in our hearts a
 glowing fire,
 Forward, brothers, ever forward, to the land of
 our desire.

True and pure and loving-hearted, we would
 hope yet suffer long ;
 Gentle to the frail and failing, firmly set
 against all wrong ;

None shall linger empty-handed, none shall
 toil in dreary grief,
 Each shall bear another's burden, give the
 labouring heart relief.

Forward brothers ! see the cloudland with the
 golden dawn is kissed ;
 See, the phantom of the ages fades in whirling
 wreaths of mist ;
 None shall fail when all are eager, none shall
 faint when all aspire,
 Forward, through the golden ages, to the land
 of our desire.

10.—ASPIRATION.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, that diviner dream,
 That patient strength the soaring soul desires,
 Peace that can kindle with unearthly gleam
 The pure heart's altar fires.

Peace with a joyous music of her own,
 Peace that encircles all the beauteous earth,
 A faithful people, and a stainless throne,
 A pure united hearth.

Oh for that day when all men's hearts shall beat
 In sacred unison of life and love !

Peace, thou shall still all fretful toil at length,
 And bid the world's calm energies increase.
 Source of all good, Fountain of hope and
 strength,
 Grant us Thy peace !

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