

Lützow's Wild Chase.

CHORUS FOR FOUR MEN'S VOICES.

Composed by C. M. VON WEBER.

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Allegro molto.

1st TENOR. *p* *cres.*
 What streams from yon wood, where the sun - beams shine, Still near - er and near - er

2nd TENOR. *p* *cres.*
 What streams from yon wood, where the sun - beams shine, Still near - er and near - er

1st BASS. *p* *cres.*
 What streams from yon wood, where the sun - beams shine, Still near - er and near - er

2nd BASS. *p* *cres.*
 What streams from yon wood, where the sun - beams shine, Still near - er and near - er

Allegro molto.
 PIANO. *p* *cres.*
 ♩ = 96.

f *pp* *cres.*
 sound - ing? It hur - ries a - long, dusky line up - on line, The shrill sounding horns with

f *pp* *cres.*
 sound - ing? It hur - ries a - long, dusky line up - on line, The shrill sounding horns with

f *pp* *cres.*
 sound - ing? It hur - ries a - long, dusky line up - on line, The shrill sounding horns with

f *pp* *cres.*
 sound - ing? It hur - ries a - long, dusky line up - on line, The shrill sounding horns with

f *pp* *cres.*

LUTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

shouting combine, The soul with dark hor-ror con-found-ing, And if this swart
shouting combine, The soul with dark hor-ror con-found-ing, And if this swart
shouting combine, The soul with dark hor-ror con-found-ing, And if this swart
shouting combine, The soul with dark hor-ror con-found-ing,

com-pa-ny's name you'd know, These are Lüt-zow's
com-pa-ny's name you'd know, These are Lüt-zow's
com-pa-ny's name you'd know, These are Lüt-zow's
Lüt-zow! These are Lüt-zow's

rid-ers, a-hunt-ing that go, . . . these are Lüt-zow's rid-ers, a-hunt-ing that go. . .
rid-ers, a-hunt-ing that go, . . . these are Lüt-zow's rid-ers, a-hunt-ing that go. . .
rid-ers, a-hunt-ing that go, . . . these are Lüt-zow's rid-ers, a-hunt-ing that go. . .
rid-ers, a-hunt-ing that go, . . . these are Lüt-zow's rid-ers, a-hunt-ing that go. . .

LÜTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

2. From hill un - to hill through the woods they hie, Each man to his com - rades call -
 3. Some stag-ger and fall, 'mid the groan - ing foe, No more the bright sun - light see -

2. From hill un - to hill through the woods they hie, Each man to his com - rades call -
 3. Somestag-ger and fall, 'mid the groan - ing foe, No more the bright sun - light see -

2. From hill un - to hill through the woods they hie, Each man to his com - rades call -
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2. From hill un - to hill through the woods they hie, Each man to his com - rades call -
 3. Some stag-ger and fall, 'mid the groan - ing foe, No more the bright sun - light see -

- ing; Be-hind the dark thick-ets in ambush they lie, The ri - fle is heard, the loud bat-tle cry, In
 - ing; The writh-ings of death on their fa-ces they shew, Yet hearts that are free no terror can know, The

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