HERVÉ RIEL; A POEM, SET TO MUSIC FOR BARITONE SOLO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649278572

Hervé Riel; A Poem, Set to Music for Baritone Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra by Robert Browning & H. Walford Davies

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ROBERT BROWNING & H. WALFORD DAVIES

HERVÉ RIEL; A POEM, SET TO MUSIC FOR BARITONE SOLO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA



THE CATHEDRAL PARAGRAPH PSALTER

CONTAINING THE

CANTICLES, PSALMS, AND PROPER PSALMS

ARRANGED IN PARAGRAPHS AND POINTED FOR CHANTING

TOGETHER WITH

A SCHEME OF APPROPRIATE CHANTS AND BRIEF NOTES ON THE PSALTER

BDITED BY THE

REV. J. TROUTBECK, D.D.

(Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen and Minor Canon of Westminster).

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.

The principle of Pointing followed is that of the Cathedral Paalter, with slight modifications here and there, suggested by experience, in the treatment of individual verses. For the accents which are used in the Cathedral Pealter to indicate the beginning of the bar of duple time, which connects the free recitation with the metrical part of the chant, are substituted super-imposed musical notes, in accordance with the principle set forth in the Preface to the Cathedral Paalter, so as to indicate exactly, in every verse throughout the Psalter, the best method of dividing the bar into the component parts of a semiloree. Other means also have been adopted to ensure clearness and promote facility.

Prefixed to the new Paulter is a Schome of Chants and some brief Notes on the History of the Paulter and the racteristics of each Paulm.

THIRD EDITION (REVISED AND GREATLY ENLARGED).

Containing 600 Chants. Price 25. 6d.; Cloth, 3s.

THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY CHANT BOOK

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY THE

REV. J. TROUTBECK, D.D. (Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen and Minor Canon of Westminster),

J. FREDERICK BRIDGE, Mus. Doc.

(Organist of Westminster Abbey and Gresham Professor of Music).

This Edition has been arranged in connection with the CATHEDRAL PARAGRAPH PEALTER, prepared by Dr. Troutbeck on the lines of the Cathedral Pasiter.

It has been enriched by many fresh contributions, including Single, Double, and Triple Chants—apecially written for the Paslms to which they are set—by Dr. J. F. Bridge, J. Foster, Myles B. Foster, Dr. G. M. Garrett, Battison Haynes, Dr. A. C. Mackeurs, John E. West, Dr. G. C. Martin, Sir Herbert Ackley, Sir John Stainer, B. Tours, and others, besides many now printed for the first time, by Sir Joseph Barnby, H. Smart, &c.

LONDON & NEW YORK: NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

HERVÉ RIEL

A POEM

BY

ROBERT BROWNING

SET TO MUSIC

FOR BARITONE SOLO, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

BY

HAWALFORD DAVIES.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

LONDON AND NEW YORK NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Copyright, 1895, by Novello, Ewer and Co.

M 1533 D26

LONDON:
NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.
PRINTERS.

1645.6 Unsee

TO MY DEAR FRIEND

M. G. M.

3-19.34 cm

•

X (17)

HERVÉ RIEL.

T

On the sea an l at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two, Did the English fight the French,—woe to France! And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue, Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue, Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo on the Rance, With the English fleet in view.

II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chave;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English Can and Will!"

III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?" laughed they:
"Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,—
Shall the 'Formidable' here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter—where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Resch the mooring? Rather say,

IV.

While rock stands or water runs, Not a ship will leave the bay!"

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!"
"Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

٧.

"Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? a Lieutenant? a Mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

Sult

VI.

And "What mockery or malice have we here?" cries Hervé Riel:
"Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?
Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
"Twint the offing here and Grève, where the river disemboguec?
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hoguest
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Greve,
And there lay them safe and sound;

And if one ship misbehave,—
—Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!" cries Hervé Riel.

VII.

Not a minute more to wait.

"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!" cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace,
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe through sheal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground!
The peril, see is past,
All are harboured to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!"—sure as fate,
Up the Engliah come,—too late!

VШ,

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grave.
Hearts that bled are stanched with b.ilm.
Out burst all with one accord,
"This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King,
Thank the man that did the thing!"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Heryé Riel!"

