

A BALLAD OF HELL.

Words by
JOHN DAVIDSON.

Music by
STANLEY HAWLEY.

Andante e molto cantabile.

PIANO. *p*

cres: mf poco rall.

"A letter from my love today! Oh, unexpected, dear appeal!" She

sost: R.H. pp colla voce.

struck a happy tear away, And broke the crimson seal.

pp

"My love, there is no help on earth, No help in heaven; The dead man's bell must

tell our wedding; our first hearth Must be the well - paved floor of hell."

The colour died from out her face, Her eyes like ghostly candles shone; She

cast dread looks about the place, Then clenched her teeth and read right on.

"I may not pass the prison door; Here must I rot from day to day, Un -

less I wed whom I abhor, My cousin, Blanche of Valencay.

At midnight with my dagger keen, I'll take my life; it must be so.

Meet me in hell tonight, my queen, For weal and woe."

laughed although her face was wan, She girded on her golden belt, She

took her jewelled ivory fan, And at her glowing missal kneel.

rose, "And am I mad?" she said: She broke her fan, her belt untied; With

pp *Qed* *p* *Qed simile.*

leather girt herself instead, And stuck a dagger at her side.

cres: *mf.*

She waited, shuddering, in her room, Till sleep had fallen on all the house. She

gra. *loco.* *f* *sost:* *pp* *ppp*

never flinched; she faced her doom; They two must sin to keep their vows.

poco sost:

Then out into the night she went, And stooping crept by hedge and tree; [Her

cantando. *sempre ppp a tempo moderato.*

rose - bush flung a snare of scent, And caught a happy memory.

She fell, and lay a minute's space; She tore the sward in her distress;

The dewy grass refreshed her face; She rose and ran with lifted dress.

She started like a morn-caught ghost Once when the moon came out and stood to

watch; the naked road she crossed, and dived into the murmuring wood.

The branches snatched her streaming cloak; A

meno mosso.

p

Red *

Red *

live thing shrieked; she made no stay! She hurried to the trysting oak— Right

poco *cres:*

Red *

Red *

well she knew the way. With- out a pause she bared her breast, And

p *sf*

Red *

drove her dagger home and fell, And lay like one that takes her rest, And

sf *pp*

Red *

Red *

Red *

died and wakened up in hell. She

colla voce. *pp* *mf* *simile.*

Red *

Red *

Red *

bathed her spirit in the flame, And near the centre took her post; From

all sides to her ears there came, The dreary anguish of the lost.

The devil started at her side, Comely, and tall, and black as jet.

"I am young Malespina's bride; Has he come hither yet?" "My

poppet, welcome to your bed." "Is Malespina here?" "Not he! tomorrow he must wed His

cousin Blanche, my dear!" "You

lie, he died with me tonight." "Not
cantando.

he! it was a plot." "You lie."

"My dear, I never lie outright." "We

died at midnight, he and I"
cantando.

The devil went.

Without a groan She, gathered up in one fierce prayer, Took root in hell's midst all alone, And

waited for him there.

She

dared to make herself at home

A - midst the wail, the uneasy stir. The

pp 3

Red *

blood-stained flame that filled the dome,

Scentless and silent shrouded her.

3

Red *

How long she stayed I cannot tell; But when she felt his perfidy, She
Andante cantando.

poco sost:

mf 3

p

Red *

marched across the floor of hell; And

all the damned stood up to see.

cres: mf

cres:

Red *

The devil stopped her at the brink: She

sf

Red *

shook him off; she cried, "A - way!" "My

gra. *f* *accel: colla voce.* *ff*

dear, you have gone mad, I think. "I was betrayed: I will not stay!" A -

loco. gra. *dim:* *ff loco.* *loco.* *poco sost: e dim:*

- cross the weltering deep she ran; A stranger thing was never seen: The

cantando. *p* *simile.*

damned stood silent to a man; They saw the great gulf set between.

mf

To her it seemed a meadow fair; And

p *poco sost:* *pp*

flowers sprang up about her feet; She

entered heaven; she climbed the stair; And

gra
cres:
Ped

knelt down at the mercy-seat.

mf
cres: molto.
Ped

Seraphs and saints with one great voice

Welcomed that soul that knew not fear; A-

mf
gra
loco.
Poco a poco.
Ped

-mazed to find it could rejoice,

Hell raised a hoarse, half-human

cres
al
f
cres:
Ped

cheer.

gra

ff
3
gra bassa
Ped