

“Our enemies have fall’n.”

## “OUR ENEMIES HAVE FALL’N.”

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Our enemies have fall’n, have fall’n; the seed,  
The little seed they laugh’d at in the dark,  
Has risen and clef’t the soil, and grown a bulk  
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side  
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun.

Our enemies have fall’n, have fall’n: they came;  
The leaves were wet with women’s tears: they heard  
A noise of songs they would not understand;  
They mark’d it with the red cross to the fall,  
And would have strown it, and are fall’n themselves.

Our enemies have fall’n, have fall’n; they came,  
The woodmen with their axes : lo the tree!  
But we will make it fagots for the hearth,  
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,  
And boats and bridges for the use of men.

Our enemies have fall’n, have fall’n: they struck;  
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew  
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain:  
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,  
Their arms were shatter’d to the shoulder-blade.

Our enemies have fall’n, but this shall grow  
A night of summer from the heat, a breadth  
Of autumn, dropping fruits of power; and, roll’d  
With music in the growing breeze of Time,  
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs  
Shall move the stony bases of the world.

# OUR ENEMIES HAVE FALL'N.

BERTHOLD TOURS.

*Maestoso e energico.*

VOICE. *sempre declamato.* *f*

*Maestoso e energico. ♩ = 92.*

PIANO. *f marcato.*

Our

en - e - mies have fall'n, have fall'n: the seed, The

Ped. \* Ped. \* P

OUR ENEMIES HAVE FALL'N.

lit - tle seed they laugh'd at in the dark, Has ris - en and cleft the

cres. f

soil, and grown a bulk . . . Of span-less girth, that lays on ev - ery

*mf* *f*

side . . . . A thou-s-and arms and rush-es to the Sun.  
*a tempo.*

*ff* *colla voce.* *f* *fz*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped.

Our en - e-mies have fall'n, have

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OUR ENEMIES HAVE FALL'N.

*dolce.*

fall'n : they came ; The leaves were wet . . with wo - men's tears : they

*poco a poco accelerando.*

*molto crescendo.*

heard A noise of songs they would not un - der-stand : They mark'd it with the

*poco a poco accelerando.*

*mf*

*f*

*molto crescendo.*

*ff furioso.*

*mf sostenuto.*

red cross to the fall, And would have strown it,

and are

*ff*

*furioso.*

*Ped.*

\*

*Ped.*

\*

*molto rit.*

*a tempo.*

fall'n them-selves.

*molto rit.*

*a tempo.*

*mf sostenuto.*

*f*

*fz*

## OUR ENEMIES HAVE FALL'N.

*Più Agitato.*

Our en - e- mies have fall'n, have fall'n: they

*Più Agitato.**f*  
*Ped.*

came, The wood - men with their ax - es:

*cres.**cres.*

lo the tree!

But we will make it

*Allegro risoluto.*  $\text{d} = 132$ .*fz**mf marcato.*

&gt;

fag - gots for the hearth,

And shape it plank and

*cres - cen - do.**f*

OUR ENEMIES HAVE FALL'N.

beam for roof and floor,  
And boats and  
*cres - cen - do.*

*rallentando.*      *poco meno mosso.*  
bridg - es for the use of men.  
*rallentando.*      *poco meno mosso.*      Our  
*f*      *cres - cen - do.*

*Allegro risoluto.*  
en - e-mies have fall'n,      have fall'n :      they struck ;  
*fz*      *mf*  
*Ped.*      \*      *Allegro risoluto.*

*mf*      *come Recit.*  
With their own blows they hurt them - selves, nor knew      There dwelt an i - ron  
*f*      *colla voce.*

OUR ENEMIES HAVE FALL'N.

*molto rit.*

*a tempo.*

na - ture in the grain:  
*a tempo.*

*molto rit.*

*mf*      *cres*      *cen*      *do.*

*come Recit.*

The glit - tering axe was bro - ken in their arms,      Their arms were

*fz*

*Ped.*

\* *Ped.*

*ff*

\*

shat-ter'd to the shoul - der blade.

*a tempo.*

*rallentando.*

*cres*      *cen*      *do.*      *ff*

*dim.*

*Lento assai.*

Our en - e - mies have fall'n,

*Lento assai.*  $\text{♩} = 60.$

*Ped.*

OUR ENEMIES HAVE FALL'N.

*Adagio.*

*pp*

but this shall grow A night of Sum-mer from the heat, a

*Adagio.*  $\text{d} = 56.$

*pp*

*colla voce.* *pp dolce.*

*con Pedale.*

breadth . . . Of Au - tumn, drop - ping fruits of power; . . .

*mf*

*Meno mosso.*

*pp*

and roll'd With mu - sic in the grow - ing . . . breeze . . . of Time, The

*pp tranquillo.*

*crescendo.*

*p*

*Molto Adagio.*  
*grandioso.*

*ff*

tops . . . shall strike . . . from star . . . to star, the fangs . . Shall

*Molto Adagio.*  $\text{d} = 48.$

*f*

*grandioso.*

*ff*

$6$   $8$   $12$

$6$   $8$   $12$

OUR ENEMIES HAVE FALL'N.

*ritardando.*

move, the fangs shall move . . . the ston - y ba - ses of . . . the

*colla voce.*

*Maestoso.* ♩ = 92.

*f marcato.*

*crescendo.*

*ff*

*Ped.*

V

