

Songs of Athena

for mezzo soprano, male chorus, and orchestra
from the opera, Iphigenia in Weimar

music and text by Philip Armstrong

1. The Moment Is Come (Act III Scene I)
2. The Gaze Of The Other (Act IV Scene I)
3. A Fine Hoard Of Classical Icons (Act III Scene V)
4. I Bid Farewell (Act IV Scene VI)

The score is written in C (with standard octave transpositions)

Duration: approx. 40 minutes

Draft: August 2015

1

The Moment Is Come

Athena

The moment is come, the Natural Law,
And thus Athena descends from the sky.
Here is now; now is here, the moment true.
A pristine wonder of gentleness, yet,
Foundering amid sceptic paradox,
The subject shall submit to the Other,
Is commanded to duty from outside,
Is ordered to ethical agency.
The transfixed shall seek ritual oblation.
This is the time-honoured obligation;
The deities beyond Olympus swoon.
If my creatures of the woods are felled then
There must be atonement, must be balance.
Look to a time when all blooms, save a few,
Shall relish with fondness the altar-stone.
Boundless tribute to tender age, I say,
Honour to those who look upon the face
In wonderment, and perform the duty.
Honour to this young fellow's family.
The past is replete with glorious tales,
Of those who rose aloft to offer dues.
King Agamemnon was one such figure;
A champion to this day, here and now.
When mortals rise to honour the altar,
Then they show respect to their precursors,
To each of the family Atreus,
Even when also there is tragedy.
Let it not be forgotten, the heartbreak.
Let it not be unsaid that long ago
Pelops failed to acknowledge the altar,
Holy rites, to comprehend his father.
He too is here and now, in vile disgrace.
He brought shame upon all his ancestry.
Orestes can be proud of his father,
Who performed great service to his people.
Who led many courageous young men on
To bravely face the sharp point of a spear,
And impelled his daughter to the altar.
Will Orestes wallow in deep regret
Like Pelops, and like his own dear mother?
Or follow this paternal wisdom,
Thus Endowed of King Agamemnon, and
Tantalus, Cronus and Gaia before?
The moment is here, the blade immanent.

Athena

The gaze of the Other is recondite.
It is not elsewhere, not part of the self;
It is infinite and it is nowhere.
There is a charge of diligent virtue.
There is a charge of care, of devotion.
There is no immunity from yielding.
Will this man, who summoned Athena forth
To lend him courage, also step forward?
Orestes shall be offered fit guidance.
At Olympus, the patron of wisdom
I am, nothing other than the Other,
The ethical by phenomenal thought.
I am sponsor of civilization,
Of law and justice, of licit warfare.
My emblem is the spear, tipped with fervour.
This man was astute to call the goddess.
Will Orestes be stirred by such guidance,
By the whetted edge of a scimitar,
And give of himself to the altar-rites?
Thus to be ingested as sacrament
Like, at Aulis, his sister was before?
If there is to be no ram's belly here,
Will there be feast on the tripe of this man
Who shall succeed where before Pelops failed,
Triumph where before there was misery?
This is the Natural Law of Gaia,
She who is primordial deity,
Mother Goddess, benefactor of life.
Her spawning was great, as was her wisdom.
She knew: if rights become elevated
Above charge of responsibility,
If feeble counterweight is brought to bear
Against unrestrained proliferation,
The physical world shall be overwhelmed.
Cronus employed this discernment aptly
He offered his children for the delight
Of the highest of mighty deities.
He watched them grow to adorable youth,
Of beauteous bloom, then slew them at the altar.
He dissevered and consumed of them all.
Demeter, Hestia, Hera, Hades,
And Poseidon; devoured ravenously,
But he was duped and deceived by Rhea,
She who did not perceive his deep insight.

Secretly, furtively, in defiance,
She gave birth to another son, to Zeus.
She kept him from a voracious father.
The boy grew to mighty strength far from sight.
Until at last, he deposed his forebear
And forced the disgorging of the siblings.
All were reconstituted, seized and torn
Away from the maw of the deific.
The reversal of the sanctified rites,
The revival of Zeus' pretty children,
Undoing of the blessed offerings,
The darkest, calamitous tragedy
In all measurement of antiquity.
Gaia mourned the loss for the higher realms.
Thereafter King Cronus was overthrown.
And the shameless profligacy of Zeus
Was greater than anything of before.
Yet there was no thought to Natural Law,
Until the youngest son divined the truth.
Tantalus was born of the union
Between doughty Zeus and the nymph Pluto,
She from among the three thousand daughters
Of Oceanus, the Black Lake patroness.
She consumed the local youths in great stock,
Not hers but of many others to hand,
Always with heightened ceremonials,
Always with recourse to sharpened daggers,
Feeding in the silent and submerged depths,
And imparted to her child great wisdom.
Tantalus divined sacred truth, a sense
Of Gaian law. There was obligation
To reveal ancient learning to the gods.
He would offer Pelops to the altar.
With formal observance Tantalus drove
Into the tall boy, the beautiful youth,
He who could not in all days understand.
Tantalus offered the flesh to the gods,
As Cronus had once before done the same.
Demeter ate of her fill, shoulder first.
She was consumed by her father before,
And relished the extract; she swooned with joy.
Hestia and Hera were desirous too,
Even Hades and fluid Poseidon.
But they and the other Olympians
Were under the dominion of Zeus.
They spurned the moment, the truth of Gaia.

Zeus charged the punishment of Tantalus,
The disgorgement of Pelops, he who failed,
Where Orestes has the chance to succeed,
To fulfil the charge of moral duty
In the divine orifice forever.

Townsmen Rejoice together with us, you sea-folk.
You voyagers to the land of splendour.
The salt alone cannot cleanse the world's ills.
Yet it cleanses these gifts to the Other.
We do not pity those at the altar,
Which drips of blood; the law must be obeyed.
And those stood within must have fulfilment,
Driving the blades into bare skin, thus to
A mighty fire of incineration.
Bring the treasured offerings before us.
There is elevated glory in these deeds
It reaches on into eternity.
The dead do not hear it in their silence
But the gods heed everlasting echoes.

3 A Fine Hoard of Classical Icons

Athena A fine hoard of classical icons, yet
Here is the most stunning sight in the world,
And the most sublime undertaking too,
A driving momentum, forcing within.
We must not be deceived by dogma, yet
The face of the Other is core value.
It is not a symbol of something else.
Prior to all language and reflection,
It sets demands upon the anima.
Bright wildflower, you must bear duty to
Sanction this Other to sever the stalk.
You shall show great courage and bravery
Allowing the marvellous deed be done,
These incisions to the interior,
This scattering of petals to the wind.
Anything else would be a disservice,
A disfavour to others and to you.
Efflorescent blossom of the meadow,
You would live in bitterness for all days;
Witness the self-reproach of betrayal.
Instead of charming the gods in heaven
You would rot in the dirt of self-disgust.
So step forward now with the chin held high

And ready yourself for sharp intrusions.

Townsmen We hear the ritual drum, bell and cymbal,
The long droning of necromantic song.
We see the shared vision of a harbour;
The swell is strong, the foam effervescent.
There is an Argive ship with fifty men,
And an ancient saga to be told, yet
Tis also a thirst for bodies and death
In the banqueting hall and it's feeding;
We do not spurn this hunger and passion.
Would that these were fifty striplings, though still
There are others ready in the stockade,
Those of comestible digestible.
The gods are kindly and sympathetic.
They furnish fine fare for the sacrament.

4 I bid Farewell

Athena I bid farewell. To the handmaids I say:
Go forth, courageously, in peace and love
To the blades of zeal and adoration.
To Iphigenia I say the same:
Go forth, courageously, in peace and love.
The Goethian revisions have failed you,
But now, through darkness of oblivion,
To happiness; let the sword stay unsheathed
To inspire the rites uninterrupted
On into everlasting days, this gift
Leading the prosperity of those that
Remain behind. To Orestes I say:
Go too, courageously, in peace and love
To the blades of zeal and adoration.
Go forth, free from the veil of Apollo.
Be not racked with embitterment, fired by
A mother who never perceived the truth.
Go, be not another Pelops, blind man,
Bemused by a father's appetency,
Turning his back on all Gaian mystics,
Wholly misreading his son, Atreus,
The ritual offering of kindred,
The most dazzling star of all, Chrysippus.
This was not rivalry for the throne of
Olympus, as told by Zeus and allies.
It was inspired by the boy's great beauty,
By the fusion of blood with smelted ore,

By sounds of overwhelming penetrant,
Musical blend. To Orestes I say:
If the choice is to flee prickly daydreams
With company of sister beside him,
As told in fables and fiction before,
Then all is not lost. Still perhaps he may
Build a splendid temple to call his own
And tell the tale of Tauris at Weimar
So that men and women joined may sing songs
And proclaim Natural Law through the rites.
Therein the sword, in lieu of one parting,
Shall bless many throats, and still red blood flow,
Likewise the new realm initiated.
The face of the Other reveals new paths.
Its rites seek to diminish deception,
Those mystical spectres, tired and infirmed,
Exposed as fallacy. No longer the
Due of the individual to wealth.
The imperatives of the ecosphere
Above birth right of any one species.
Instead the authentic and tangible,
Of the all-embracing ethical face,
Of the Other. To Orestes I say:
If the choice is to embrace this rapture,
Thus shall live the ancient ceremonies
Bestowed of Gaia from the depths of time.
This man can advance these outcomes greatly,
The one path that beckons above others,
That he shall go now to his ordained home.
Show courage, relent; go, in peace and love
Go with the handmaids, go with the sister
To the blades of zeal and adoration.

Townsmen This place is blessed; the king is sponsor.
He wills the exalted sacrifices.
We are a prudent and heedful people.
We look out across three million years,
Gazing at the ancient footsteps of men,
A mere three millennia to wise words.
We find our origins in the Gaia,
A natural world red in tooth and claw.
Yet we look forward to the common ground,
A realm of kindness and benevolence.
We aspire to a time of glory when
Men can peer across a great stretch of years
Upon these words; we look to the future.

One fine day the extraneous shall come
From beyond all scope of comprehension
And walk upon the surface of this world.
No longer a human-centric cosmos.
Yet the face, this ethical agency,
This precious grasp of semantic language
And abstract thinking, such capacity,
Mind of myth and riddles and metaphor,
Shall make humanity more suitable,
Than any other comestible in
The entire galaxy for ingestion.
However advanced in cognitive sight,
Like any probing civilization
They shall exploit for their own purposes.
They shall not ignore this special resource,
But rejoice in a provision that can
Look upon the gaze of the Other, and
Think for itself, and know it is consumed,
The fare dispensed across the galaxy.
It shall be a fine and wondrous new day
For this thorny altar looks to the stars,
Advances the notion of compliance
And of human oversight of the rites.
This vital ebullience, this dewy
Springtide shall lead the rites and wield the knives.
Even if just one bloom in billions
Sidesteps the altar, all shall be made free,
A never-ending cycle of rapture.
We shall advance in peace and liberty,
Become compassionate, benevolent.
We shall assume moral obligation,
One beside the Other beside the All.
A golden dawn of learning shall arise,
No more the oppression, the injustice.
All shall be privileged to perception.
The beautiful progeny of the Earth,
All shall be raised to greatest potential,
Thus to enhance the feeding, and likewise
The ecstasy of divine offering.

36 *mf* *mp*
 The sub-ject shall sub - mit to the O - ther, Is comm - an-ded to

39
 du - ty from out - side, Is or - dered to e - thi - cal a - gen - cy.

43 *mf* **D**
 The trans - fixed shall seek ri - tual o - bla - tion.

46 *mp*
 This is the time - ho - noured o - bli - ga - tion; The de - i - ties

49 *f* *mf*
 — be - yond O - lym - pus swoon. — If my creat - ures of the

52 *mp*
 woods are felled then There must be a - tone - ment, must be ba - lance.

56 **E** *mp* *f*
 Look to a time when all blooms, save a few, Shall

62
 re - lish with fond - ness the al - tar stone. Bound - less tri - bute to ten - der age;

66 *mp* *f* **F** Allegro Moderato ♩ = 68
 I say, Hon - our to those who per - form the du - ty,

100 **J** *mf* *mp*

rites, to com-pre-hend his fa-ther. He__ too is

105

here and now, in vile dis-grace. He brought shame u-pon all his an-ces-try.

109 **K** **Allegro Moderato** $\text{♩} = 76$ *mf*

O - res-tes can be proud__ of his fa-ther, Who per-

117 *mp* *f*

formed great ser-vice to his peo-ple. Who

121 **L**

led ma-ny cour-a geous young men on To brave-ly face the sharp point__ of a

125 *mp* *f*

spear, And im-pelled his daugh-ter to the al-tar. al - tar, al -

129 **M**

tar, al - tar, al - tar, al - tar, al -


133

tar, al - tar, al - tar, al -

137

tar, al - tar,

140 **N** **O**



Will O - res - tes wa - llow in deep re - gret Like
 Pe - lops, and like his own dear mo - ther? Or fo - llow this pa ter - nal
 wis - dom, Thus en - dowed of King A - ga - mem non, and Tan ta - lus,
 Cro - nus and Gai - a be - fore? The
 mo - ment is here, the blade i - mma - nent.

Act IV Scene I

Adagio ♩ = 68

Philip Armstrong

12 **A** *f* *mp*

The gaze of the Oth-er is re - con-dite.

16 *f* *mp* *f*

It is not else - where, not part of the self; It is

20 *mp* **B** *f*

in - fi-nite and it is no-where. There is a charge of di-li-gent

24 *mp* *mf*

vir - tue. There is a charge of care, of de - vo - tion. There is no imm

27 *mp* *mf*

u - ni-ty from yield-ing. Will this man, who su-mmoned A-the-na forth To

30 *f* *mp*

lend him cou rage, al-so step for-ward? O-res tes shall be off ered fit gui-dance.

33 **C** *mp* *mf*

At O - lym - pus, the pat - ron of wis - dom I am,

35 *mp* *mf* *f*

noth - ing oth-er than the Oth - er, The eth - i - cal by phen-o-men-al thought. I am V.S.

37
 spon - sor of civ - i - liz - a - tion, Of law and jus - tice, of

39
 li - cit war-fare. My emb-lem is the spear, tipped with fer - vour.

42 **D** *mp* *f* *mp*
 This man was a-stute to call the godd ess. Will O-res-tes be stirred by

45 *f* *mp* *f* *mf*
 such gui-dance. By the whe-tted edge of a sci-mi tar. And give of him-self to the

48 *f* *mp*
 al-tar rites? Thus to be in-ges-ted as sa-cra-ment Like, at Au-lis, his

51 *mp* **E** *f*
 sis - ter was be-fore? If there is to be no ram's be-lly here, -

53 *mp* *f* *mp*
 Will there be feast on the tripe of this man Who shall su -

54 *f* *mp* *f*
 cceed where be-fore Pe-lops failed, Tri-umph where be-fore there was mi - se - ry?

56 **F** *mp*
 This is the Na-tu-ral Law of Gai - a,

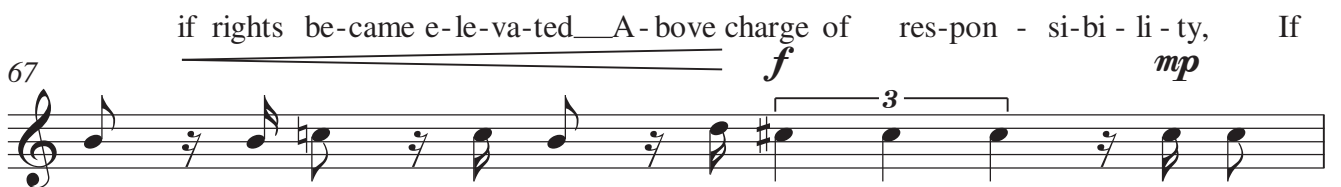
59 *mf*

 She who is pri-mor-di-al di - e-ty, Moth-er God-dess, be - ne-fac tor_ of life. Her

62 *mp*

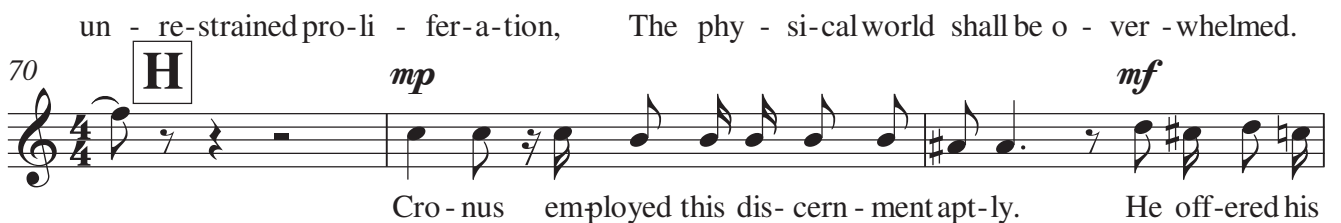
 spawn-ing was great, As was her wis - dom. She knew:

65 **G** *mp* *f* *mp* *f* *mp*


67 *f* *mp*

 if rights be-came e-le-va-ted_ A - bove charge of res-pon - si-bi - li - ty, If

68 *f* *mp* *ff*

 fee - ble coun - ter-weight is brought to bear A - gainst

70 **H** *mp* *mf*

 un - re-strained pro-li - fer-a-tion, The phy - si-cal world shall be o - ver - whelmed.
 Cro - nus employed this dis - cern - ment apt-ly. He off-ered his

73

 child - ren_ for the de-light of might - y de - i-ties. He watched them grow to a -

75 *f* *mf* *mp*

 dor - a-ble youth, Of beau - ti-ous bloom, then slew them at the al - tar. He di -

78 **I** *f* *mp*

 se - vered and con-sumed of them all. De-me ter, Hes-ti - a, He - ra, V.S.

80 *f* *mp* *f* *mf*
 Ha - des, And Po-sei - don; de-vooured ra-ve nous-ly. But he was

82 **J**
 duped and de-ceived by Rhe-a, She who did not per-ceive his deep in sight.____

85 *p*
 Sec-ret-ly, fur-tive-ly, in de - fi-ance, She gave birth to a - no-ther

87 *mf*
 son, to Zeus. She kept him____ from a vo-ra - cious fa - ther. The

89 *f* *mf*
 boy grew to might-y strength far from sight. Un-til at last, he de-posed his fore bear

92 *f* *mf*
 and forced the dis-gorg - ing of the sib - lings. All were re - con-sti-

94 *f* **4**
 tu - ted, siezed and torn A - way from the maw of the de - i - fic.

100 **K** **L** *f* *mp*
 10 3
 The re-ver - sal____ of the sanc - ti- fied_ rites,

113 *f* *mp* *f*
 — The re - vi - val____ of Zeus pre-tty child ren,____ Un

117 *mp* *f*

do - ing of the bless-ed off - er ings, The

120 *mf*

dark-est, ca-la - mi-tous tra - ge-dy In all mea - sure-ment of an

123 **M** *mp*

ti - qui ty. Gai-a mourned the loss for the high-er

127 *mf*

realms. There-af-ter King Cro-nus was o - ver thrown. And the shame-less

131

pro - fli - ga - cy of Zeus Was great - er than a - ny - thing of be -

135 *mp* *mf*

fore. Yet there was no thought to Na - tu - ral Law, Un - til the

138 *ff* **N** *mf*

young - est son di - vined the truth. Tan - ta - lus was born of the u - ni - on

141 *mp*

Be - tween dough - ty Zeus and the nymph Plu - to, She from a - mong the three

144 *mf* *mp*

thou - sand daugh - ters Of O - cean - us, the Black Lake pa - tro - ness. She con V.S.

147 **O** *f* *mp* *f*

sumed the lo - cal youths in great stock, Not hers but of ma - ny o - thers to hand,

149 *mp* *f*

Al - ways with height - ened ce - re - mo - ni - als, _____

150 *mp* *f*

Al - ways with re - course to sharp - ened dagg - ers,

151 *mp* *f*

Feed - ing in the sil - ent and sub merged depths,

152 **P** *mf* *mp*

And im - par - ted to her child great wis - dom. Tan - ta - lus di - vined sac - red

155

truth, a sense Of Gai - an law. There was ob - li - ga - tion To re -

157 *f* *mf* *mp*

veal an - cient learn ing to the gods. He would off er Pe - lops to the al tar. With

160 **Q** *f* *mp*

for - mal ob - ser - vance Tan - ta - lus drove in - to the tall boy, the beau - ti - ful youth,

162 *f*

He who could not in all days un - der - stand. _____

R

163 *mp* *f*

Tan - ta-lus off-ered the flesh to the gods, As Cro-nus had once be-fore done the same.

166 *mf* *p*

De-me-ter ate of her fill, shoul - der first. She was con-

168 *mf* *f*

sumed by her fath-er be-fore, And re-lished the ex tract; she swooned with joy.

171 *f*

Hes-ti-a and He-ra were de-si-rous too, E-ven Ha-des and

175 *mp*

flu-id Po-sei-don. But they and the o-ther O-lym-pi-ans Were

S

178 *f* *mp*

un-der the do-mi-ni-on of Zeus. They

182 **T** *f*

spurned the mo-ment, the truth of Gai-a Zeus charged the pu-nish-ment of

185 *mp* *mf*

Tan - ta-lus The dis-gorge-ment of Pe-lops, he who failed, Where O-

187 *mf*

res-tes has the chance to su-ceed, To ful-fill the charge of V.S.

190

mo-ral du - ty In the di-vine o-ri fice__ for - e - ver.__

U **V**

194

3 **4**

Act III Scene V

Allegro ♩ = 124

Philip Armstrong

mf

A fine hoard of cla-ssi-cal i-cons, yet

6

Here is the most stu-nning sight in the world, And the most sub -

9

lime un - der - ta - king too, A dri - ving mo men - tum, deep with - in

13 **A**

mf *mp* *mf*

We must not be de - ceived by dog - ma, yet The face -

19

— of the O - ther is core va - lue; —

B Andante moderato ♩ = 92

29

3

32 *f* *mf*

It is not a sym-bol of some thing else. Pri-or to all lan - guage and re-

37 *p*

flec - tion, _____ It sets de - mands u - pon the a - ni - ma.

42 **C** Tempo Primo ♩ = 124 *mp*

Bright wild - flo - wer, you must bear du - ty to Sanc - tion this

45 **15**

O - ther _____ to se - ver the stalk.

62 **D** Andante moderato ♩ = 92 *f* *mf*

You shall show great cou - rage and bra - ve - ry A -

69 *p* **2**

llo - wing the mar - ve - lous deed be done.

75 **E** Tempo Primo ♩ = 124 *mp*

These in - ci - sions _____ to the in - te - ri - or, This

78 *mf*

sca-tte ring of pe-tals to the wind. A-ny-thing else would be—

85

— a dis-ser-vice, A dis-fa-vour to o-thers and to you.

F Andante moderato ♩ = 92

89

E-fflo-re-scent blo-ssom of the mea-dow,

94 *mf* *mp*

You would live in bi-ter-ness for all days; Wit-ness the self re-proach of be-

99 *p*

tra-yal. In-stead of char-ming the gods in hea-ven You would

103

rot in the dirt of self dis-gust.——

106 **G** Tempo Primo ♩ = 124

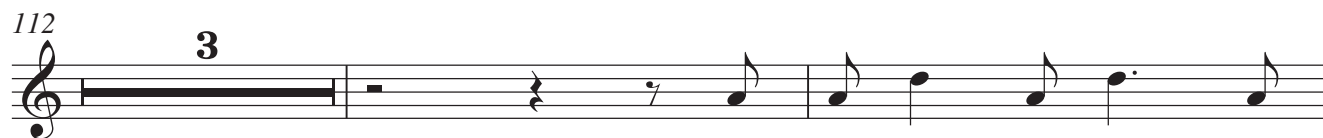
2

108 *mf*



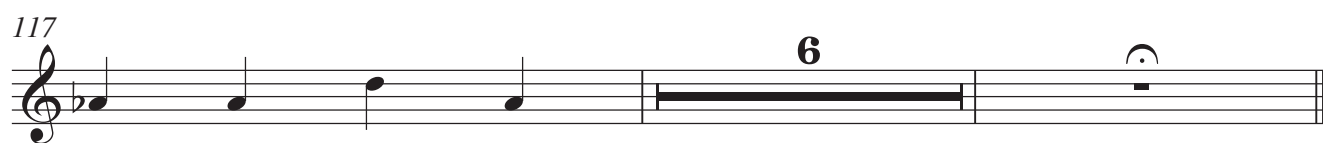
So — step forward now with the chin held high

112 **3**



And rea - dy your - self for

117 **6**



sharp in - tru - sions.

Act IV Scene VI

Allegro Moderato ♩ = 80

9 **A** 8 **B** *mf* *mp*

I bid fare well.

To the

25

hand - maids I say: _____ Go forth, cou-ra-geous-ly—

29 *mf* *f*

in peace and love To the blades of zeal and a - do - ra - tion.

33 **C** *mp*

To I-phi - ge - ni - a I say _____ the same:

38 *mf* *f* *mp*

Go forth cou-ra-geous-ly— in peace and love. The

42 *mf*

Goethi-an re-vi-sions have failed you, But now, through dark - ness _____ of o - bli - vi - on, —

46 *p* *mf*

To ha ppi-ness;— let the sword stay un - sheathed

51 *mp*

To in - spire the rites un - in - te - rup - ted On in - to e - ver las - ting days, this V.S.

55

gift Lea - ding — the pros - pe - ri - ty of those that Re - main be -

58

p

hind.

To O - res - tes I say:

62

D *Poco più mosso* ♩ = 84

mp

Go too, cou-ra-geously, — in peace and love — To the

68

mf *mp* *f*

blades of zeal and a - do - ra - tion. Go forth, free — from the

72

mp **E** **F** *mp*

veil of A-po-llo. Be not racked with em -

86

mf *f*

bi-tter-ment, fired by A mo-ther who ne-ver per - ceived the truth.

91

G *mp*

Go, be not a - no-ther Pe-lops, blind man,

95

f **2**

Be-mused by a fa - ther's a - ppe - ten - cy,

99

H *f*

Turn - ing his back on all Gai-an mys-tics, Who - lly mis-read-ing his

106 *f*

son, A - tre - us, The ri - tu - al o - ffer - ing of

109

kin - dred, The most daz - zling star of all, Chry - si - ppus.

116 **I** *mp*

This was not ri - val - ry for the

120 **J** *f* **12**

throne of O - lym - pus, as told by Zeus and a - llies.

135 *mp* *mf* *f*

It was in - spired by the boy's great beau - ty, By the fu - sion of blood with smel - ted

139 *mf* *f*

ore, By sounds of o - ver - whelm ing pe - ne - trant, Mu - si - cal blend.

142 **K** *p* *mp*

To O - res - tes I say: If the

147 *mf* *mp*

choice is to flee pick - ly day - dreams With com - pa - ny of sis - ter be - side him, As -

151 *f* **11**

told in fa - bles and fic - tion be - fore, Then all is not lost. —

166 **L** *f*

Still per-haps he may Build a splen - did tem-ple to

173

call his own And tell the tale of

176

Tau - ris at Wei - mar — So that men and wo-men joined may sing

179 **M** *f*

And pro-claim Na - tu-ral Law through the rites,

184 *f* **2**

the rites, the rites. —

188 **N** *f*

There - in the sword, in lieu of one par - ting, — Shall bless ma - ny

196

throats, and still red blood flow, Like - wise the new realm_ in -

200 **O** *f* **2**

i - ti - a - ted. The face of the O - ther re - veals new paths. Its

206

rites seek to di - mi - nish de - cep - tion, Those mysti - cal spec - ters, tired and in -

245 *f*

Be-stowed of Gai - a from the depths of time.

248 **S** *mp*

This man can ad-vance these out-comes great-ly, — The

253

one path that be-ckons a-bove o-thers, That he shall go now_ to his or-

257 **T** *mp*

dained home. Show cou-rage, re -

265 *mp*

lent; go, in peace and love Go with the hand-maids, go with the sis - ter_

269 *mf*

— To the blades of zeal and a - do - ra - tion.

277 **U** *mf* Curtain - end of Act 4