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The Footsteps Die Out For Ever

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The Footsteps Die Out For Ever

for narrator, drum set and orchestra

AJ Harbison

Muse Room Press

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The Footsteps Die Out For Ever, first edition, 2019

The Footsteps Die Out For Ever (2016)

for narrator, drum set and orchestra

Based on the final chapter of
A Tale of Two Cities
by Charles Dickens

AJ Harbison

Instrumentation

2 Flutes
2 Oboes (Oboe 2 doubles English horn)
2 Clarinets in B^b (Clarinet 2 doubles bass clarinet)
2 Bassoons (Bassoon 2 doubles contrabassoon)

4 Horns in F
2 Trumpets in B^b
Tenor trombone
Bass trombone
Tuba

4 Timpani (E2, A2, B^b2, E3)
2 Percussionists:

Percussion 1

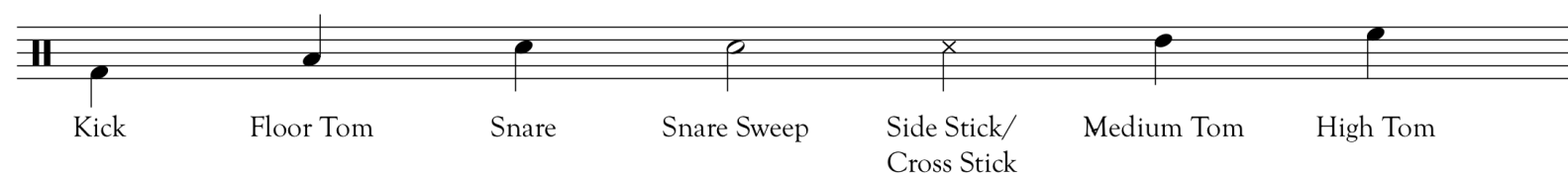
Tubular bells (C4-F5)
Brake drum
Marimba (five octaves) (optional)
Crotales (C7-C8)
Temple blocks (shared with Perc. 2)

Percussion 2

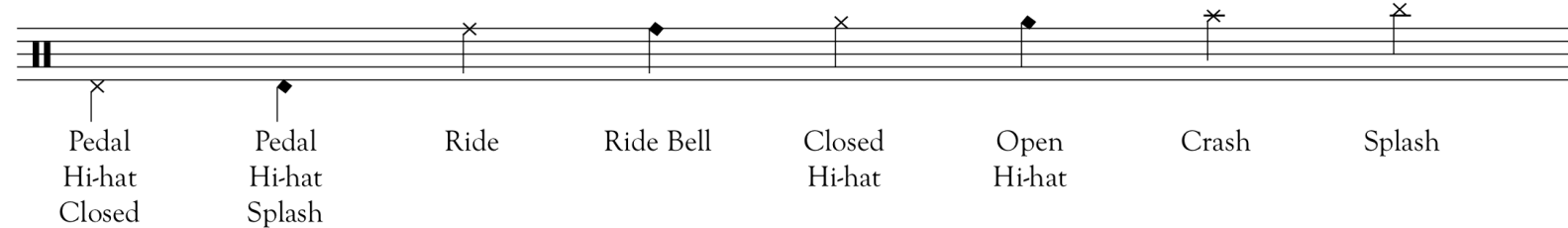
Bass drum
Temple blocks (shared with Perc. 1)
Large tam tam

Drum set

Drums



Cymbals



Narrator

Piano

Strings

Program Notes

A Tale of Two Cities, serialized in weekly and monthly installments and finally published as a single volume in November 1859, is one of Charles Dickens's best-loved and most-analyzed novels. In *The Footsteps Die Out For Ever*, I have sought to pay homage to Dickens's work, heightening and extending the drama of the story by writing music for drum set and orchestra to accompany the narrator, who recites text drawn from the novel.

In *A Tale of Two Cities*, Charles Darnay is the Marquis St. Evrémonde (though he has renounced the title), an aristocrat and emigrant from France living in England with his wife Lucie, daughter, and father-in-law. Sydney Carton is Darnay's doppelgänger; a ne'er-do-well who has wasted his life, he is in love with Lucie as well. Confessing his hopeless love to her, he states that he "would embrace any sacrifice for you and for those dear to you." In the latter half of the novel, Darnay returns to Paris and is unjustly imprisoned and sentenced to death in the frenzied fervor of the French Revolution. Following Darnay to Paris, Carton contrives to exchange places with him on the night preceding his execution; Darnay escapes, and Carton dies in his place.

The Footsteps Die Out For Ever begins with a brief flourish on the tubular bells, introducing the piece's scalar material, and the narrator reciting the opening paragraph of *A Tale of Two Cities*: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times..." This text sets the stage for the action and commentary to follow in the narrative, as well as reminding the listener of his or her own place in time. Dickens compares the period of the French Revolution to "the present period," a conceit which makes the work relevant not only to his time, but just as much to our own.

The rest of the composition's text is an edited version of the novel's final chapter, titled "The Footsteps Die Out For Ever." The music uses recurring motives to represent characters, themes, and ideas, and serves as background illustrating much of the action, including the tumbrils that carry the prisoners of the Revolution, the guillotine's grim work, an intimate conversation between Sydney Carton and a seamstress, Carton's recollection of Christ's declaration "I am the resurrection and the life...", Carton's execution, and his prophetic last thoughts foreseeing the end of the Revolution and its evils. In those final words, Carton's thoughts turn to the lives for which he is laying down his life, and end with the famous concluding words of the novel: "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

Performance Notes

The narrator may be male or female. The text should be spoken naturally and directly, with inflection and expression, never over-dramatically. Some differentiation can be made in the dialogue between Carton and the seamstress, through a slight lowering and slight raising in pitch, but the narrator should not give discrete voices to the characters.

As noted in measures 16 and 17, the box around the narrator's text specifies the approximate length of time it should take the narrator to speak the text (regardless of where the text ends within the box). Spoken text should always begin slightly after the downbeat of the measure, and always finish by the end of the last measure in which the box appears, and closer to the box's end if possible. Spoken text finishing earlier than the end of the box is always acceptable.

The marimba part may be omitted. If a marimba is available but is smaller than five octaves, the octaves in measures 12 and 294 may be played an octave higher.

Duration

ca. 18 minutes

Motives

Tumbrils

strings, winds, brass

Musical score for 'Tumbrils' featuring strings, winds, brass, bassoons, and strings. The score is written in 4/4, 5/4, 4/4, and 6/4 time signatures. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef staff for strings, winds, and brass, and a bass clef staff for bassoons. The second system has a bass clef staff for strings. The third system has a bass clef staff for strings. The music is characterized by a slow, steady rhythm with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

Guillotine

stopped horns, cup-muted trumpets

Musical score for 'Guillotine' featuring stopped horns and cup-muted trumpets. The score is written in a bass clef staff with a 3/4 time signature. It consists of a single system of staves. The music is characterized by a slow, steady rhythm with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. A brake drum is indicated by a symbol below the staff.

Heaven

flute and clarinet

Musical score for 'Heaven' featuring flute and clarinet. The score is written in a treble clef staff with a 3/4 time signature. It consists of a single system of staves. The music is characterized by a slow, steady rhythm with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. Tubular bells are indicated by a symbol below the staff.

Jesus

sustained, slow-moving harmonics in violins and violas

Peace

flute

Musical score for 'Peace' featuring flute. The score is written in a treble clef staff with a 4/4 time signature. It consists of a single system of staves. The music is characterized by a slow, steady rhythm with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

Crowds

violins, violas, clarinets
asynchronously

Musical score for 'Crowds' featuring violins, violas, and clarinets. The score is written in a treble clef staff with a 4/4 time signature. It consists of a single system of staves. The music is characterized by a slow, steady rhythm with a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

Knitting-Women

bass clarinet

Musical score for 'Knitting-Women' featuring bass clarinet, bassoon, and contrabassoon. The score is written in a bass clef staff with a 5/4 time signature. It consists of three systems of staves. The music is characterized by a slow, steady rhythm with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The score is written in a single system of staves.

The Footsteps Die Out For Ever is dedicated to my family:

To my father, who was never less of a father to me than Dr. Manette was to Lucie, and often was more;

To my mother, the Mrs. Manette whom Lucie never knew, but whom I have the privilege to know;

To my brother, a fellow Darnay/Carton along the path;

To my wife, my own Lucie and so much more;

And to my daughter, my own little Sydney:
may she win her way up in the path of life well.

Text

Text by Charles Dickens (1859)

Edited by AJ Harbison (2016)

[Book the First: I. The Period]

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

[Book the Third: XV. The Footsteps Die Out For Ever]

Along the Paris streets, the death-carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine. All the devouring and insatiate Monsters imagined since imagination could record itself, are fused in the one realisation, Guillotine. And yet there is not in France, with its rich variety of soil and climate, a blade, a leaf, a root, a sprig, a peppercorn, which will grow to maturity under conditions more certain than those that have produced this horror. Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms. Sow the same seed of rapacious license and oppression over again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind.

Six tumbrils roll along the streets. As the sombre wheels of the carts go round, they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the ploughs go steadily onward. So used are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle, that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupation of the hands is not so much as suspended, while the eyes survey the faces in the tumbrils. Here and there, the inmate has visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with something of the complacency of a curator or authorised exponent, to this cart and to this, and seems to tell who sat here yesterday, and who there the day before.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them, and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for, it is always followed by a press of people towards the third cart. The horsemen abreast of that cart, frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is, to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down, to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart, and holds his hand. He has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. Here and there in the long street of St. Honore, cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only to a quiet smile, as he shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He cannot easily touch his face, his arms being bound.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs, as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting.

The tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held up, and the knitting-women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their Work, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

“But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven.”

“Or you to me,” says Sydney Carton. “Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object.”

“I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid.”

“They will be rapid. Fear not!”

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom.

“Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little.”

“Tell me what it is.”

“I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this:—If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time: she may even live to be old.”

“What then, my gentle sister?”

“Do you think:” the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble: “that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?”

“It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there.”

“You comfort me so much! Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment come?”

“Yes.”

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.

“I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.”

The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the same scaffold, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

“I see long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long years to come, I see the evil of this time and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

“I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, prosperous and happy, in that England which I shall see no more.

“I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence.

“It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known.”

The Footsteps Die Out For Ever

Based on the final chapter of *A Tale of Two Cities* by Charles Dickens

Charles Dickens (1859)

AJ Harbison (2016)

10-12" ♩ = 90

4/4 5/4 4/4

Flutes 1 & 2 *f*

Oboes 1 & 2 *f*

Clarinet in B♭ 1 *f*

Clarinet in B♭ 2 *f* Bass Clarinet

Bassoons 1 & 2 *fp*

Horns in F 1 & 2 *f*

Horns in F 3 & 4 *f*

Trumpets in B♭ 1 & 2 *f*

Trombones *f*

Tuba *f*

Timpani *fp*

Percussion 1 *p* Tubular Bells medium leather mallets to Brake Drum Brake Drum hard yarn mallets

Percussion 2 *f* Bass Drum

Drum Set *f* drumsticks *f* *n*

Narrator

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times,
 it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness,
 it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity,
 it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness,
 it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair,
 we had everything before us, we had nothing before us,
 we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way—
 in short, the period was so far like the present period,
 that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received,
 for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

Piano *f*

Violin I *f*

Violin II *f*

Viola *f*

Violoncello *div.* *fp*

Double Bass *div.* *fp*

A ♩ = 70, pesante, detached **5**/**4**

5 **4**/**4** **6**/**4** **3**/**4** **7**/**4** **4**/**4** **3**/**4** **4**/**4** **5**/**4**

Fl. 1 & 2 *f* *mf* 3

Ob. 1 & 2 *f*

Cl. 1 *f* *mf* 3

B. Cl. *fp* *f* *pp* *p* *f*

Bsn. 1 & 2 *fp* *p*

Hn. 1 & 2 *f* *p* *f* *pp* *p* *f*

Hn. 3 & 4 *f* *p* *f* *pp* *p* *f*

Tpt. 1 & 2 *f* *f* *pp* *p* *f*

Tbns. *f* *f* *pp* *p* *f*

Tba. *f* *f* *p* *p* *f* *p*

Timp. *fp* *f* *pp* *p* *f*

Br. D. *f* *p* *f*

B. D. *f* *p* *f*

Dr. *f* *f* *pp* *f* *mp*

Ph. *f* *f*

to Tub. B. Tubular Bells to Marimba Marimba medium yarn mallets to Br. D. Temple Blocks

A ♩ = 70, pesante, detached **5**/**4**

4/**4** **6**/**4** **3**/**4** **7**/**4** **4**/**4** **3**/**4** **4**/**4** **5**/**4**

Vln. I *f* *p* *ff* *p* *f* *mf*

Vln. II *f* *p* *ff* *p* *f* *mf*

Vla. *f* *p* *ff* *p* *f* *mf*

Vc. *fp* *f* *p* *f* *mf* unis.

D.B. *fp* *f* *p* *f* *mf* unis.

B

24 $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{5}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{4}$

Ob. 1 & 2 *p* *sim.*

Cl. 1 *p* *sim.*

Bsn. 1 & 2 *p*

Hn. 1 & 2 *p* I. *IV.*

Hn. 3 & 4 *p*

Tba. *p*

Tpl. Bl. *pp* *n* to B. D. Bass Drum *ppp* almost inaudible

Dr. *p* *pp* *p*

Narr. *softer, more introspectively; with motion, not too slowly*
 And yet there is not in France, with its rich variety of soil and climate, a blade, a leaf, a root, a sprig, a peppercorn, which will grow to maturity under conditions more certain than those that have produced this horror.

B

$\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{5}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{6}{4}$ $\frac{5}{4}$

Vln. I *mf* *pp* *p* *f* *p*

Vln. II *mf* *pp* *p* *f* *p*

Vla. *p*

Vc. *p*

D.B. *p*

32

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1

Hn. 1 & 2 *p* I. II. *p* *mp*

Hn. 3 & 4 *mp*

Br. D. *ppp* 3:5 *ppp* 4:5

B. D.

Dr.

Narr. *more quickly and intensely*
 Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms. Sow the same seed of rapacious license and oppression over again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind.

Vln. I *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

Vln. II *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

Vla. *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

Vc. *p* *cresc. poco a poco*

C

37

Hn. 1 & 2 *mf* *mp* *mf* *p* *mp*

Timp. *f* *f*

Br. D. *p* *p*

B. D. *p* to T. Bl.

Dr. *f* *p* *mf*

6/4 5/4 4/4 5/4

C

Vln. I *f*

Vln. II *f*

Vla. *f*

Vc. *f* div. *pizz.*

D.B. *f*

6/4 5/4 4/4 5/4

D

43

Fl. 1 & 2 *mp*

Ob. 1 & 2 *p* *a2* *p* *sim.*

Cl. 1 & 2 *p* *a2* *p* *sim.*

Bsn. 1 & 2 *p* *a2* *f* *p* *sim.*

Hn. 1 & 2 *pp* *f* (cup mutes)

Tbns. *f* *sim.*

Tba. *f* *mf* *p*

B. D. *p* Temple Blocks

Dr. *mp* *mf* close hi-hat *f* *mf* *p*

Narr. Six tumbrils roll along the streets. As the sombre wheels of the carts go round, they seem to plough up a long crooked furrow among the populace in the streets.

4/4 5/4 a2 4/4 5/4 4/4 6/4 4/4

D

Vln. I *f* *mf* *pp*, murmuring

Vln. II *f* *mf* *sim.*

Vla. *f* *mf* *sim.*

Vc. *f* *mf* *sim.*

D.B. *f* *mf* *sim.*

4/4 5/4 4/4 5/4 4/4 6/4 4/4

asynchronously repeat pattern until the end of the solid line, vary rhythms, bow changes ad lib.

6/4 5/4 4/4 6/4

Ob. 1 & 2 *p*

Cl. 1 *p*

Cl. 2

Bsn. 1 & 2 *p*

Hn. 3 & 4 *p*

B. Tbn. *p*

Tba. *p*

T. Bl.

Dr.

Narr. There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them, and they are asked some question. It would seem to be always the same question, for, it is always followed by a press of people towards the third cart.

6/4 5/4 4/4 6/4

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc. *mf*

D.B. *mf*

6/4 5/4 4/4 6/4

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

Bsn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

B. Tbn.

Tba.

T. Bl.

Dr.

Narr. The horsemen abreast of that cart, frequently point out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is, to know which is he; he stands at the back of the tumbril with his head bent down, to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart, and holds his hand.

6/4 5/4 4/4 6/4

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

G

85

Ob. 1 *p* *tr* *mp* *3*

Ob. 2 *p* *tr* *mp* *3*

Cl. 1 *mf* *p*

Cl. 2 (J) to B. Cl. *n* *p* *Bass Clarinet*

Bsn. 1 & 2 *n* *p* *1.*

Hn. 1 & 2 *p* *a2* *n*

Hn. 3 & 4 *p* *a2* *4:5* *n*

T. Tbn. *p* *n* *p*

B. Tbn. *p* *n* *p*

Tba. *p* *n*

Br. D. *pp* *pp* *n*

T. Bl. *p* *n*

Dr. *3* *3*

Narr. The ridges thrown to this side and to that, now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs, as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting.

G

Vln. I *f* *p* *f*

Vln. II *f* *p*

Vla. *p* *f* *p*

Vc. *p* *f*

D.B. *p* *f*

H

92

Fl. 1 & 2 *p* *mf, no cresc.* *sub. f*

Ob. 1 & 2 *mf* *p* *mf, no cresc.* *sub. f*

Cl. 1 *mp* *n* *p* *mf, no cresc.* *sub. f*

B. Cl. *f* *p*

Bsn. 1 *f* *p*

Bsn. 2 *f* *p*

Hn. 1 & 2 *p* *f*

Hn. 3 & 4 *p* *f*

Tpt. 1 & 2 *f*

Tbns. *f* *f*

Tba. *f* *p* half-valve gliss.

Timp. *f*

Br. D. *pp* *sub. f*

T. Bl. *mf* *f* *p*

Dr. *mf p, no cresc.* *sub. f*

Narr. The tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robbed and ready. Crash! A head is held up, and the knitting-women who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak,

Pn. *p* *f* *p*

H

Vln. I *mp* *p* *n* *pizz.* *f*

Vln. II *mp* *p* *f* *pizz.* *f*

Vla. *mp* *p* *f* *pizz.* *arco* *p*

Vc. *f* *pizz.* *arco* *sul G* *p*

D.B. *f* *pizz.* *arco* *f*

* The conductor should cue the downbeat of measure 96, then cue the narrator for "A head is held up," and then cue the orchestra for beat three of the measure.

I

98

Fl. 1 & 2 *p* $\overset{5}{\curvearrowright}$ *mf*, no cresc. *sub. ff*

Ob. 1 & 2 *p* $\overset{5}{\curvearrowright}$ *mf*, no cresc. *sub. ff*

Cl. 1 *p* $\overset{5}{\curvearrowright}$ *mf*, no cresc. *sub. ff*

B. Cl. *sub. ff* *p*

Bsn. 1 *sub. ff* *p*

Cbsn. *p*

Hn. 1 & 2 *p* $\overset{a2}{+}$ $\overset{+}{3}$ *p* *ff*

Hn. 3 & 4 *p* *ff*

Tpt. 1 & 2 cup mutes *mf* remove mutes *ff* open

Tbns. *ff*

Tba. *ff*

Timp. *ff*

Br. D. *mf* *pp* *pp* *sub. ff*

B. D. *p* *ff* *pp* Tam-tam

Dr. *p*, no cresc. *sub. ff*

Narr. count One. The second tumbrel empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash! And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their Work, (short pause) count Two.

Ph. *ff*

I

Vln. I *arco* *p* *f* *pizz.* *ff*

Vln. II *arco* *p* *f* *pizz.* *ff*

Vla. *pizz.* *f* *f* *ff*

Vc. *f* *mf* *arco* *mf* *pizz.* *ff*

D.B. *pizz.* *f* *arco* *mf* *arco* *ff* *p* *arco* two soli (stagger bow changes)

K

115

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1

Eng. Hn.

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

Bsn. 1

Hn. 1 & 2

Dr.

Narr.

He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised.

He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed;

K

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

accel. to m. 135

124

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1

Eng. Hn.

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

Bsn. 1

Hn. 1 & 2

Tpt. 1 & 2

Tam-tam

Dr.

Temple Blocks

to B. D.

do not speed up along with orchestra

Narr.

"nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day.

"I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me," says Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand.

accel. to m. 135

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

stagger bow changes

L

5/4 ♩ = 70

132

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1 & 2

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tpt. 1 & 2

T. Tbn.

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Br. D.

T. Bl.

Dr.

Narr.

Pn.

remove mutes
open

I. II.

a2

pp

mf

f

p

ff

5

7

3

4

4

drumsticks

"I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

to Tub. B.

to Tam-tam

choke cymbal

L

5/4 ♩ = 70

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

pp

f

mp

pp

ff

f

p

arco

pizz.

arco

div.

div.

div.

n

138

3/4

Fl. 1 & 2
 Ob. 1 & 2
 Cl. 1 & 2
 Hn. 1

Narr. The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom.

3/4

Vln. I
 Vln. II
 Vla.

M

147

3/4

Fl. 1 & 2
 Ob. 1
 Ob. 2
 Cl. 1
 Cl. 2
 Dr.

Narr. "Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little." "Tell me what it is." "I have a cousin, an only relative and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly."

M

3/4

Vln. I
 Vln. II
 Vla.
 Vc.

N

157

Eng. Hn.
 Cl. 1
 Cl. 2
 Hn. 1 & 2
 Dr.

Narr. "What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face which gives me so much support, is this: "—If the Republic really does good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time: she may even live to be old."

N

Vln. I
 Vln. II
 Vla.
 Vc.

O

166

Ob. 1

Eng. Hn.

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

Hn. 1 & 2

Dr.

Narr.

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think:" the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance, fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble:

"that it will seem long to me, while I wait for her in the better land where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

O

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

cresc. poco a poco

cresc. poco a poco

cresc. poco a poco

cresc. poco a poco



176

Fl. 1 & 2

Eng. Hn.

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

Br. D.

Dr.

Narr.

"It cannot be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much!"

"Am I to kiss you now?"

"Is the moment come?"

Tubular Bells to Br. D.

drumsticks

p

n.

mp

mf

mf

f

mf

f

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

f

f

f

f

P

185 6/4 5/4 3/4

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1

Eng. Hn.

Cl. 1

Cl. 2
to B. Cl. Bass Clarinet

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

Tpt. 1 & 2

Dr.

Narr.

Ph.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

P

6/4 5/4 3/4

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

196 $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ **Q**

B. Cl. *mp* *mf* *f* *p* *n*

Bsn. 1 *mp* *f* *p* *n*

Cbsn. *p* *mp* *f* *p* *n*

Hn. 1 & 2 *f*

Hn. 3 & 4 *f*

Tbns. *f*

Tba. *f*

Tub. B. Brake Drum *ppp* *mf* *p* to Crot. Crotales *ppp*

B. D. Tam-tam *n* *pp* sempre

Dr. *p* *mf* *p* *n* *pp* sempre

Narr. She goes next before him— —is gone; (short pause) the knitting-women count Twenty-Two. slowly, quietly, reverently, not overdramatic "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord:

Pn. *mf* *f* *n* *ppp* *sim.* 10 10 10

à la "La Cathédrale engloutie," floating and muted

$\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ **Q**

Vln. I *n* *p*

Vln. II *n* *p*

Vla. *pp* *p* *n* *n* *p*

Vc. *f* *p* *n* *p*

D.B. *f* *p* *n* *p*

arco

arco stagger bow chgs.

208

to T. Bl.

Crot.

Tam-tam

Dr.

Narr. "he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:" "and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Ph.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

≡ **R**

218

to Br. D.

Cl. 1

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Crot.

Tam-tam

Dr.

Narr. The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces,

Ph.

R

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

226 slight accel.

a tempo

4-6" 4/4

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tpt. 1 & 2

T. Tbn.

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Br. D.

B. D.

Dr.

Narr.

Pn.

gaining speed, volume and intensity until m. 229

the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water,

quietly, not too dramatically
all flashes away.

Twenty-Three.

to Tub. B.

slight accel.

a tempo

4-6" 4/4

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

keep general contour of line, but begin to move it higher with each repetition (exact pitches are not important)

gliss. to highest possible pitch during last beat

accent individual staggered bow changes (>) (>) (>) etc.

keep general contour of line, but begin to move it higher with each repetition (exact pitches are not important)

