

THE CLOISTER GATE.

Words arranged and partly translated for this work by FLORANCE LE CLAIRE.

EDWARD GRIEG. Arr. by H. K. PALMER.

Sop. Solo.

Alto Solo. *tranquillo. poco allegro e con moto. (Doppio movimento.)*

31 measures rest.

p Who knocks so late at the clois-ter door!" "A homeless maid-en from far a-way!"

p Alto Solo.

m Sop. Solo.

"What have you suf-fer'd and what have you done?" "All I've suf-fer'd that a poor heart may!" "But noth-ing have I done, I'm

p *cres.*

wea-ry, in want, my heart is like a stone, for love I pant, Un-lock, un-lock, I'm weigh'd down with care, and

p Alto Solo.

m Sop. Solo.

dy - ing with de - spair."

dy - ing with de - spair."

"Where is the land you have left be-hind?" "Far to the north in the
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THE CLOISTER GATE. Continued.

p Alto Solo. *p* Sop. Solo. *m*

storm and cold!" "Why did you stop at our door to-night?" *tranquillo.* "Voic-es sweet-ly sang Hal-le-lu-jah! Me

poco tenuto. thought they sang of peace, it sooth'd my wea-ry soul; I felt my sor-row cease, my sick heart grew whole; Un-

agitato. lock, un-lock, for peace ye have, ah! give it me!" *p* Alto Solo. "First tell me your grief that your grief may end."

m Sop. Solo. Alto Solo. *f* Sop. Solo.

"Nev-er shall rest re-tur-n to me." "Have you lost some treasure, a fa-ther or friend?" "Yes! they both are

m poco tenuto. lost to me," "And all that I held dear, e'en peace, sweet peace of mind; I'm hemm'd around with fear, no rest can I find; Un-

molto. *a tempo* *p* Alto Solo. 17 measures rest.

lock, unlock, I faint at your door, I can bear no more." "Your fa-ther, how was it that him you have lost?"

m Sop. Solo. *m* Alto Solo. *poco string.* *ff* Sop. Solo.

"Slain he was while mine eyes be-held." "Your lov-er, how came it that him you have lost?" "He slew my fa-ther while mine

rit. *a tempo.* *m*

eyes be-held! He wild-ly held me fast, I struggled to be free, And when free-dom came at last I

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quick-ly hence did flee; Un - lock! un - lock! I love him, wretched I, must love him till I die. Un - lock! unlock, I

CHOIR OF NUNS in an adjacent church.
f 1st and 2d Soprano.

love him, wretched I, must love him till I die. From grief, from sin to God come in, And sweetly rest on Je - sus' breast; Thy

f 1st and 2d Alto.

sor - row all bring - ing to Hor - eb's hill, Like song - birds be sing - ing at day - break still. Here grief is a - bat - ed, de-

sire sa - ti - at - ed, Here new - ly be - got - ten, old things are for - got - ten. And here the bruise'd

spir - it a - ris - es to light, New pow'r doth in - tru - it with tri - umph bright. . . .

6 measures rest.