01/084 WALLACE, WILLIAM The Outlaw

J. R. Bolam. March 11 !! 15.

The Outlaw

Ballad for Baritone and Orchestra

William Wallace

London: Riorden.

THE OUTLAW.

Snow lies soft and the red stars are asleep, The stars that were bright last spring: But lighter than snow is the wing of a dove When she seeks her mate . . . What black thing flew across the field With the flapping wings of Death?

For bicker and strife I've a battle-brand, A battle-brand for my heritage,—
Outlaw am I!

One who had emptied my heart Stole my bride like a thief: Then my knife leapt ready for all, It clamour'd for its reward.

It drave me over the frost-bound field,
And a red planet rose.
Then hate came knocking with incessant beat,
It ceased not till my heart had let it in.
I let it in,
And then . . . then my knife spake back to me.

- "What wilt thou do? Was she not thine?
- " Art thou faint for the strength to strike?
- " I am balm to a wound like thine,
- " So drive me home.
- " For my edge is aweary to quench its thirst,
- " Then drive me home!
- " Ah, thou and I are companions dear,
- " And I am close to thy heart,
- "Thy heart where restless hate doth knock,
- "Then let it in that our blood be thawed . . .
- "'Tis he! Swift on his heels . . .
- " My thirst is quenched!"

They drave me over the frost-bound field, They drave me away from fire and hearth. So watch I, waiting for thieves that roam, Then my comrade, my knife, wakes hate again, And knocks at my frozen heart.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

When this is sung as a solo the upper line is to be taken throughout unaltered. As a chorus for baritone and busses all the voices sing in unison except in those parts indicated.

Between the signs * *, pages 8 to 10, a single voice should sing.



BALLAD FOR BARITONE.

Words and Music by

WILLIAM WALLACE.

























