

# The Footsteps Die Out For Ever

Perusal score  
Not for performance

AJ Harbison

This is a perusal score only.

For performance materials, please send a request to [store@ajharbison.com](mailto:store@ajharbison.com).

Thank you for your interest in my music!

# The Footsteps Die Out For Ever

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

for narrator, drum set and orchestra

AJ Harbison

# Instrumentation

2 Flutes

2 Oboes (Oboe 2 doubles English horn)

2 Clarinets in B $\flat$  (Clarinet 2 doubles bass clarinet)

2 Bassoons (Bassoon 2 doubles contrabassoon)

4 Horns in F

2 Trumpets in B $\flat$

Tenor trombone

Bass trombone

Tuba

4 Timpani (E2, A2, B $\flat$ 2, 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)

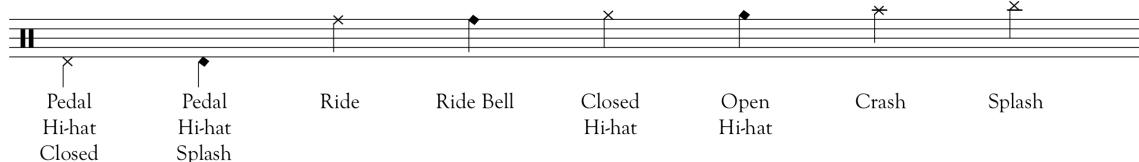
Large tam tam

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

bassoons

strings

## Guillotine

stopped horns, cup-muted trumpets

brake drum

## Heaven

flute and clarinet

tubular bells

## Jesus

sustained triads in violins and  
violas, moving very slowly

## Peace

flute

## Crowds

violins, violas, clarinets  
asynchronously

## Knitting-Women

bass clarinet

bassoon

contrabassoon

*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  
Not for performance. To order performance materials, please email store@bbc.co.uk

Perusal copy only. Not for performance. To order performance materials, please email store@ajharbison.com.  
Transposed Score Based on the final chapter of *A Tale of Two Cities*, Charles Dickens.

## Original Copy Only: Transposed Score

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

Charles Dickens (1859)

AJ Harbison (2016)



Perusal copy only. Not for performance. To order performance materials, please email store@ajharbison.com.

13 **5** **4** **6** **4** **5** **4** **6** **4**

Bsn. 1 & 2 sim.

Hn. 1 & 2

Tpt. 1 & 2 sim.

Tba.

Mar. soft yarn mallets

Tpl. Bl. **p**

Dr.

Narr. sim.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

Along the Paris streets, the death-carts rumble,  
hollow and harsh. [Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine.]

**20** **4** **5** **4** **4** **6** **4**

Bsn. 1 & 2

Hn. 1 & 2 **p** a2 3 + + n.

Tpt. 1 & 2 **p** a2 3 + + n.

T. Tbn. **p** cup mute

B. Tbn. **p** cup mute

Tba.

Br. D. **pp** n. 3

Tpl. Bl. **ppp**

Dr.

Narr. All the devouring and insatiate Monsters imagined since imagination could record itself, are fused in the one realisation, Guillotine.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

\* The end of the box, rather than the end of the last line of text, shows the approximate timing of the spoken text.

**B**

24 **4**      **5** sim.      **4**      **6**      **5**

Ob. 1 & 2      Cl. 1      Bsn. 1 & 2      Hn. 1 & 2      Hn. 3 & 4      Tba.      Tpl. Bl.      Dr.      Narr.

I. o.      p      IV.

to B. D.      Bass Drum

*p pp p*      *ppp, almost inaudible*

*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 pepper-corn, which will grow to maturity under conditions more certain than those that have produced this horror.

# PERUSAL SCORE ONLY

32

Ob. 1 & 2      Cl. 1      Hn. 1 & 2      Hn. 3 & 4      Br. D.      B. D.      Dr.      Narr.

I. II.      *p*      *mp*      *3:5*      *4:5*      *ppp*      *ppp*

*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      Vln. II      Vla.      Vc.

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

C

37

Hn. 1 & 2 *mf*

Tim. *f*

Br. D. *p*

B. D.

Dr. *f* *p*

Vln. I *f*

Vln. II *f*

Vla. *f* *div.*

Vc. *f* *div.* *pizz.*

D.B. *f*

**6** **5** **4** **5** **4** **5**

D

43

Fl. 1 & 2 *mf*

Ob. 1 & 2 *p*

Cl. 1 & 2 *p*

Bsn. 1 & 2 *p*

Hn. 1 & 2 *pp*

Tbns. *f*

Tba. *f* *mf* *p*

B. D.

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

Narr. *Temple Blocks*

**4** **5** **4** **5** **4** **6** **4**

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

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.

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

Vln. I *mf*

Vln. II *mf*

Vla. *mf*

Vc. *mf*

D.B. *mf*

*pp*, murmuring

*mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim.

*mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim.

*mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim.

*mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim. *mf* sim.

51

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tbns.

Tba.

T. Bl.

Dr.

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY

Narr.

Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the plows 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.

E

Ob. 1 & 2      574      64      4      54      64      a2      54      4      64      sim.

Cl. 1

B. Cl.      p      5      to Cl. 2      Clarinet 2      *trill*      *pp, murmuring*

asynchronously repeat pattern until the end of the solid line, vary rhythms, breathe as needed

Bsn. 1 & 2      f      *mf*      *mp*

Hn. 1

Hn. 3 & 4      a2      3      +      pp      f      sim.

T. Tbn.      *mf*      p      sim.

B. Tbn.      *mf*      p      sim.

Tba.      f      sim.

T. Bl.

Dr.      3      f      p

Narr. [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.]

Vln. I      asynchronously, sim.      *mp, murmuring*

Vln. II      asynchronously, sim.      *p, murmuring*

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

Vc.      p      f      sim.

D.B.      p      f      sim.

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

Peruse & copy only. Not for performance. For resale or performance materials, please email store@ajharbison.com.

# PERUSAL SCORE ONLY

684

**6**

**5**

**4**

**4**

**6**

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.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

The following page contains a perusal score for *La Bohème*. It includes parts for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon, Horn, Bass Trombone, Tuba, Trombone, Drums, Narrator, Violin I, Violin II, Viola, Cello, and Double Bass. The score is in 6/4 time, with various key changes indicated by sharps and flats. Dynamics range from *p* (pianissimo) to *pp* (pianississimo). Articulation marks like *trill*, *mf*, and *3* are also present. The score is annotated with several text boxes containing stage directions and narrative notes. The first section of the score shows the beginning of a scene with multiple instruments playing simultaneously. The second section features a solo for the Narrator with descriptive text boxes. The third section shows the continuation of the scene with the full orchestra.

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

Bsn. 1 & 2

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

B. Tbn.

Tba.

T. Bl.

Dr.

Narr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

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.

asynchronously, sim.  
*pp*, murmuring

# F

78 asynchronously  
repeat pattern until the end of the solid line, vary rhythms, breathe as needed

Cl. 1 *pp, murmuring* *mf* *p* *mp* *p*

Cl. 2 *f* *p*

Bsn. 1 & 2 *p*

Hn. 1 & 2 *a2* *3* *p* *n* *a2* *p* *3:5* *n*  
*a2 (cup mutes)* *3* *p* *n* remove mutes

Tpt. 1 & 2 *p* *n*

T. Tbn. *(cup mute)* *mf* *p* *p* *n*

B. Tbn. *(cup mute)* *mf* *p* *p* *n*

Tba. *still pesante and detached* *mf* *n*

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

Br. D. *pp* *n* *3:5* *pp* *n*

T. Bl. *n*

Dr. *mf* *p>* *3* *n* *3* *n*

Narr. *n* 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, (short pause) and end.

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

Vln. II *f* *p*

Vla. *f* *p* *mf*

Vc. *still pesante and detached* *f* *p*

D.B. *still pesante and detached* *f* *p*

Musical score for strings and double bass. The score consists of five staves: Vln. I, Vln. II, Vla., Vc., and D.B. The Vln. I and Vln. II staves begin with dynamic *f*, followed by *p*. The Vla. staff begins with dynamic *p*. The Vc. and D.B. staves play eighth-note patterns throughout the measure.

H

92

The tumbrils begin to discharge their loads.  
The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready.  
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*  
*sul A* *trill* *trill* *trill* *trill* *pizz.* *p* *p* *p* *p* *p* *p* *p*

Vln. I *mp* *p* *n* *n* *p* *f* *pizz.* *arco*  
*(d)* *trill* *trill* *trill* *trill* *pizz.* *arco*

Vln. II *mp* *p* *(d)* *trill* *trill* *trill* *pizz.* *arco*

Vla. *mp* *p* *pizz.* *arco*  
*(d)* *trill* *trill* *pizz.* *arco*

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

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

\* 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

The following text provides specific instructions and narrative for the score:

- Fl. 1 & 2:** *p* *mf* no cresc. *sub. ff*
- Ob. 1 & 2:** *p* *mf* no cresc. *sub. ff*
- Cl. 1:** *p* *mf* no cresc. *sub. ff*
- B. Cl.:** eighth-note patterns
- Bsn. 1:** eighth-note patterns
- Cbsn.:** eighth-note patterns
- Hn. 1 & 2:** *p* *ff*
- Hn. 3 & 4:** *p* *ff* open *ff*
- Tpt. 1 & 2:** cup mutes *mf*; remove mutes
- Tbns.:** *ff*
- Tba.:** *ff*
- Tim.:** *ff*
- Br. D.:** *mf* *pp* *pp* *sub. ff* Tam-tam
- B. D.:** *p* *ff* *pp*
- Dr.:** *p* no cresc. *sub. ff* on beat 3-1/2; not too loudly or dramatically [Crash!] And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their Work, (short pause) count Two.
- Narr.:** count One. The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up.
- Pn.:** eighth-note patterns *ff*
- Vln. I:** *arc* *pizz.* *ff*
- Vln. II:** *arc* *pizz.* *ff*
- Vla.:** *f* *f* *pizz.* *ff*
- Vc.:** *f* *mf* *pizz.* *ff* arco two soli (stagger bow changes)
- D.B.:** *f* *mf* *pizz.* *ff* *p*

**J** **$\frac{3}{4}$**  ♩ = 60

104

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1

Ob. 2

Cl. 1

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

Hn. 1 & 2

Tpt. 1 & 2

Tam-tam

Dr.

Narr.

Pn.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

*up mutes*

*l.v.*

*pp*

*soft mallets*

*l.v. to T. Bl.*

*brushes*

*continuous circular sweep on snare drum*

*tap*

*p*

*with a slightly softer and gentler tone*

*The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him.*

*p*

*arco*

*div. in 3*

*pp*

*unis. pizz.*

*mp*

*arco*

*tutti*

*stagger bow changes*

*n*

*pp*

K

115

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1

Eng. Hn.

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

Bsn. 1

*p*

*mp*

*mp*

*p*

Hn. 1 & 2

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

*pp*

*ppp*

*pp*

*ppp*

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;"]

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

*arco*

*n*

*arco*

*n*

124

accel. to m. 135

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1

Eng. Hn.

Cl. 1

Cl. 2

Bsn. 1

Hn. 1 & 2

Tpt. 1 & 2

Tam-tam

Dr.

Narr.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

Temple Blocks

do not speed up along with orchestra

"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."

stagger bow changes



138 3  
4

Fl. 1 & 2  
Ob. 1 & 2  
Cl. 1 & 2  
Hn. 1  
Narr.  
Vln. I  
Vln. II  
Vla.

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.

**M**

147 3  
4

Fl. 1 & 2  
Ob. 1  
Ob. 2  
to Eng. Hn.  
Eng. Horn  
Cl. 1  
*p*  
Cl. 2  
*p*  
Dr.  
one brush  
and one stick  
sweep  
*p*  
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."

Vln. I  
Vln. II  
Vla.  
unis.  
*p*  
Vc.  
pizz.  
*mp*

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

N

157

Eng. Hn. *mp* 3 *p* 7 *mf* *n.*

Cl. 1 4 4 4 4 *mp* 4 4 4 4

Cl. 2 *n.*

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

Dr. *x* *x* *x* *x*

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: *p* "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."

Vln. I - unis.  
stagger bow changes

Vln. II - *p* unis.  
stagger bow changes

Vla. - *p* stagger bow changes

Vc. -

# PERUSAL SCORE ONLY

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!"  
Vln. I  
Vln. II  
Vla.  
Vc.

*p*

*mp*

*p*

*a2*

*p*

*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

Tubular Bells to Br. D.

Br. D.

Dr.

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY

drumsticks

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?"

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

P

185       $\frac{6}{4}$        $\frac{5}{4}$        $\frac{3}{4}$

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1

Eng. Hn.

Cl. 1

to B. Cl.

Cl. 2

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

Tpt. 1 & 2

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

Dr.

Narr. *quietly* "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.

Pn.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

The following page contains a full score for orchestra and choir. Please note that some parts are not present in the score, such as the strings and woodwinds.

**Measure 196:**

**Meter:**  $\frac{4}{4}$  (B. Cl., Bsn. 1, Cbsn.) /  $\frac{3}{4}$  (Hn. 1 & 2, Hn. 3 & 4, Tbn., Tba.)

**Key Signature:** **Q**

**Instrumentation:** B. Cl., Bsn. 1, Cbsn., Hn. 1 & 2, Hn. 3 & 4, Tbn., Tba., Tub. B., B. D., Dr., Narr., Pn., Vln. I, Vln. II, Vla., Vc., D. B.

**Brake Drum:**  $p p p \rightarrow m f$

**Tam-tam:**  $n \text{ (four soft mallets (roll one cymbal with each hand))}$

**Crotales:**  $p p p$

**Narr. (She goes next before him):**  $p$

**Narr. (is gone! (short pause) the knitting-women count Twenty-Two.):**  $p$

**Narr. (I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord.):**  $p$

**Pn. (8):**  $m f \rightarrow f$

**Vln. I:**  $n \text{ (à la "La Cathédrale engloutie," floating and muted)}$

**Vln. II:**  $n \text{ (p, unis.)}$

**Vla. (div.):**  $pp \leftarrow p \rightarrow n$

**Vc. (f):**  $f$

**D. B. (f):**  $f$

**Vln. I (p):**  $p$

**Vln. II (p):**  $p$

**Vla. (arco):**  $n \text{ (p)}$

**Vc. (p):**  $p$

**D. B. (arco stagger bow chgs.):**  $n \text{ (p)}$

**Text:** soft rubber mallets asynchronously; repeat this pattern in a fairly steady tempo as written until the end of the solid line, but do not line up with meter or other instruments

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

208

Crot. to T. Bl.

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."

Pn.

# PERUSAL SCORE ONLY

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

copy only. Not for performance. To order performance materials, please email store@ajnarobis.com

**R**

218

Cl. 1

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Crot.

Temple Blocks

to Br. D.

Tam-tam

I.v. to B. D.

Bass Drum

drumsticks

Dr.

PERUSAL SCORE ONLY

Narr.

The murmuring of many voices,

the upturning of many faces,

Pn.

pp

sim.

\*

Vln. I

unis.  
asynchronously, as before

p murmuring

mf

mp

Vln. II

unis.  
asynchronously, as before

p, murmuring

mf

mp

f

Vla.

unis.  
asynchronously, as before

p, murmuring

mf

mp

f

mf

Vc.

stagger bow changes

p

D.B.

stagger bow changes

f

p

226 slight accel.

The Total Picture for Every Audience  
a tempo 46" 

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1 & 2 *a2*

Cl. 1 *pp*

B. Cl. *mf*

Bsn. 1 *mp*

Cbsn. *mf*

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tpt. 1 & 2

T. Tbn.

B. Tbn.

Tba. **PERUSAL SCORE ONLY** *mf* *f* *ff*

**Brake Drum**

Br. D. *p*

B. D. *mp*

Dr. *mp* *mf*

Narr. 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, to Tub. B. quietly, not too dramatically all flashes away. Twenty Three.

Pn. *pp* *sim.* *5 ff*

Vln. I *mf* keep general contour of line, but begin to move it higher with each repetition (exact pitches are not important) *(.)* *ff* gliss. to highest possible pitch during last beat *(.)*

Vln. II *mp* keep general contour of line, but begin to move it higher with each repetition (exact pitches are not important) *(.)* *ff* gliss. to highest possible pitch during last beat *(.)*

Vla. accent individual staggered bow changes *(>)* *(>)* *(>)* etc. *ff*

Vc. accent individual staggered bow changes *(>)* *(>)* *(>)* etc. *ff*

D.B. accent individual staggered bow changes *(>)* *(>)* *(>)* etc. *ff*



The Total Performance Materials

**S** = 60 **T**

233 **4** **3** **4** **3** **4** **3** **4** **2** **3** **4** **3**

Eng. Hn. **p**

Cl. 1 **p**

B. Cl. **p**

Hn. 1 & 2 **pp>n** **pp>n** **p** **I.** **p** **n** **I. II.** **p** **n** **III.** **pp** **n**

Hn. 3 & 4

Tub. B. **p**

Dr. **p**

Vln. II

Vla. **p**

Vc. **p**

D.B. **p**

**TUBULAR BELLS**

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

246 **2** **3** **2** **3** **2** **3** **2** **3**

Ob. 1

Eng. Hn. **mp** **pp** **mp** **pp**

Dr. **p**

Narr. They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peacefulest 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.

Pn. **ppp** **pp** **p**

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla. **div. in 2**

Vc. **unis.**

D.B.

U

258

3

2

4

3

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tbns.

Tim. *p*

Tub. B. *p*

B. D. *pp*

Dr. *p* drumsticks *p* *p* *pp*

# PERUSAL SCORE ONLY

Narr. [If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:] ["] 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."

Pn. *p*

Vln. I *p*

Vln. II *p*

Vla. unis. div.

Vc. stagger bow changes

D.B. stagger bow changes

266

Fl. 1 & 2

Cl. 1 & 2

Hn. 1 & 2

Hn. 3 & 4

Tpt. 1 & 2

Tbns.

Tba.

5

*to Crot.*

Tub. B.

B. D.

Dr.

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

*to Tam-tam*

*quick cymbal scrape*

Narr.

"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."

*begin slightly after beat 2*

Pn.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

*unis.*

V

275

**Fl. 1 & 2**

**Eng. Hn.**

**Cl. 1 & 2**

**B. D.**

**Dr.**

**Narr.**

"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."

**Vln. I**

**Vln. II**

**Vla.**

**Vc.**

**D.B.**

**Tam-tam**

four soft mallets (roll one cymbal with each hand)

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**

W

282

**Crotales**

**Tub. B.**

**Tam-tam**

**Dr.**

**Narr.**

"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." raise head, lift eyes

**Vln. I**

stagger bow changes as needed

**Vln. II**

stagger bow changes as needed

**Vla.**

stagger bow changes as needed

289

Fl. 1 & 2

Ob. 1 & 2

Cl. 1

B. Cl.

Bsn. 1

Cbsn.

Hns. 1-4

Tpt. 1 & 2

T. Tbn.

B. Tbn.

Tba.

Timp.

Crot.

Tam-tam

Dr.

Pn.

Vln. I

Vln. II

Vla.

Vc.

D.B.

The following page contains a copy of the full score for this work. A link to the full score is also provided at the top of the page.

**PERUSAL SCORE ONLY**