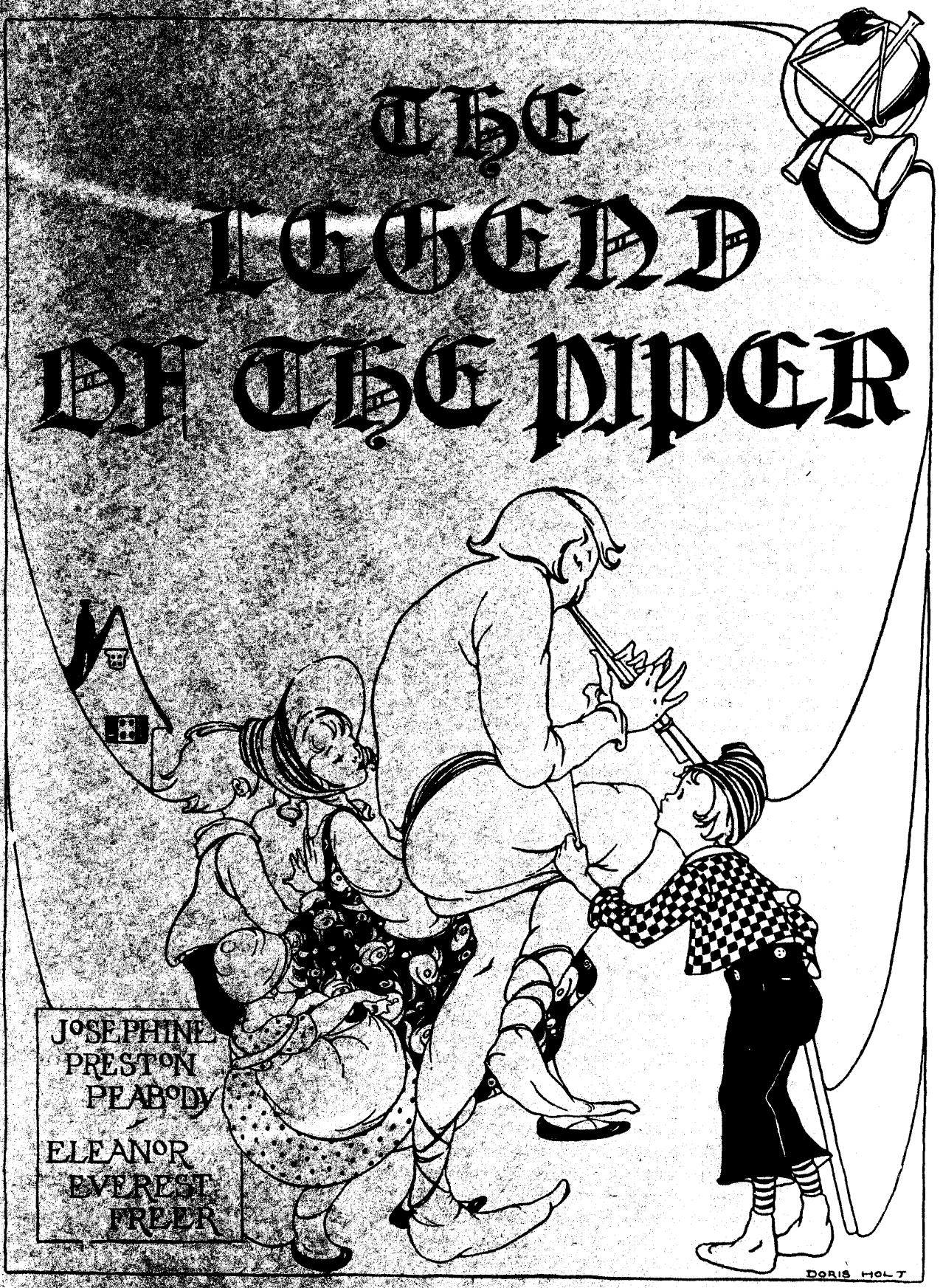
THE LEGEND OF THE PIPER



JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

C.C. BIRCHARD & CO.

BOSTON

149010

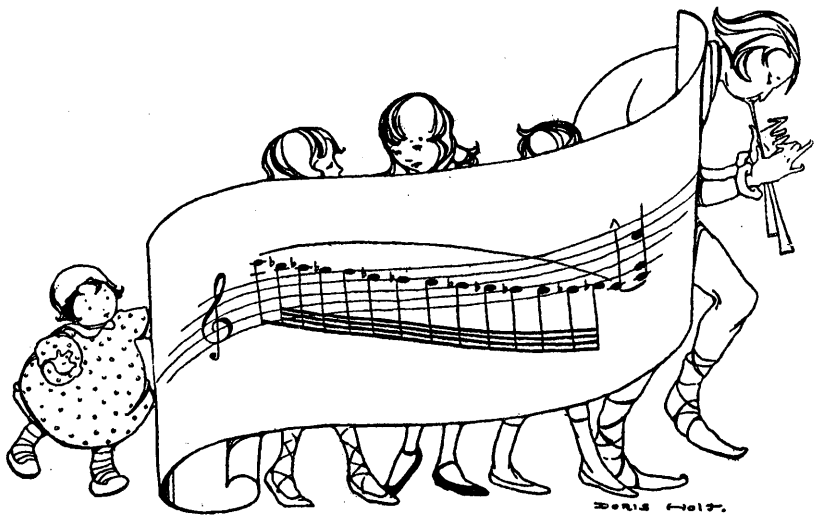
THE LEGEND OF THE PIPER

MUSIC BY

ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

WORDS BY

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY



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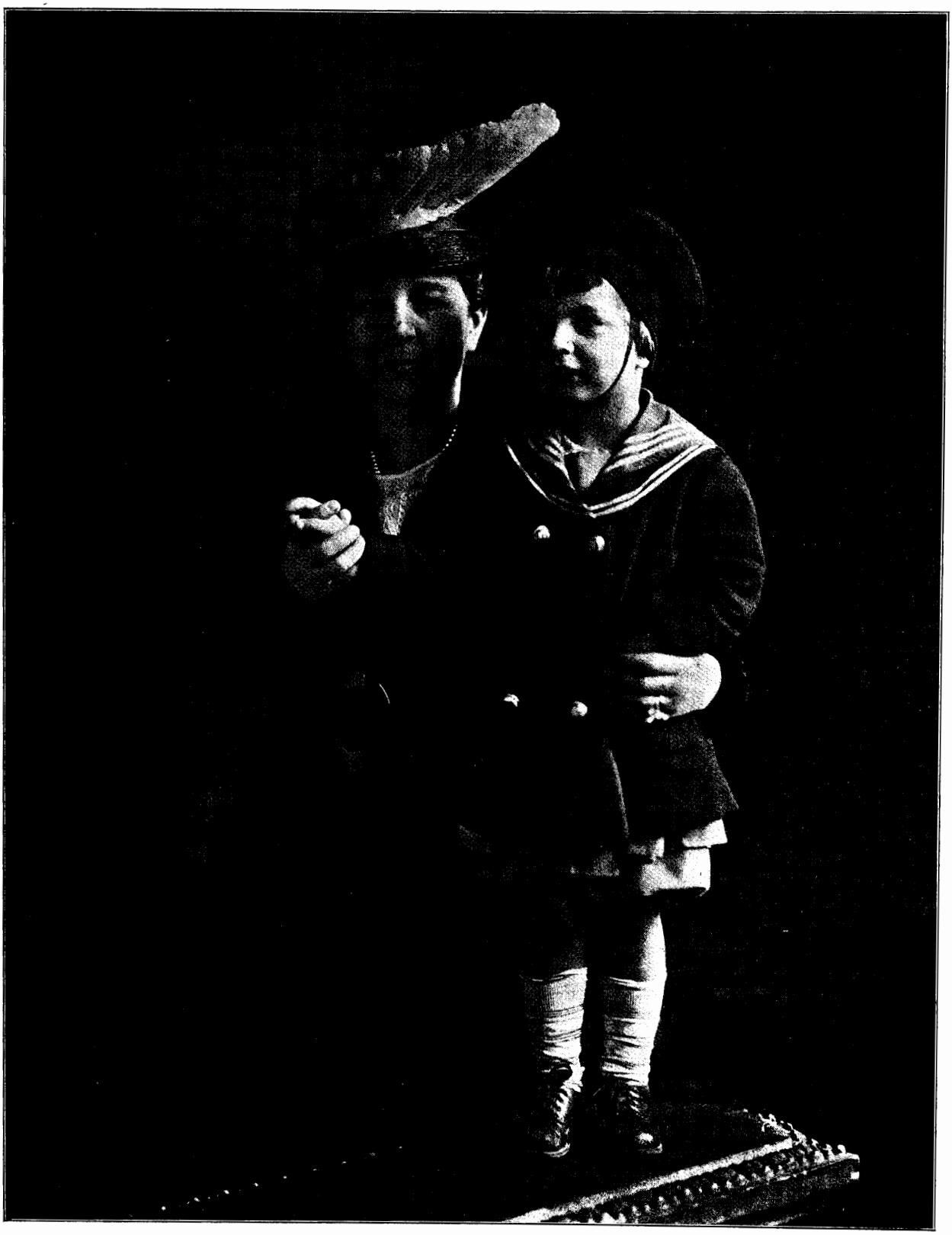
REQUIREMENTS FOR PERFORMANCE:

Purchase of 10 copies of the piano-vocal score for the principal characters; $10.00 royalty fee where admission is charged.

Engraved and Printed in the United States of America

The Piper of fate
charmed her little spirit away.



Cast of Characters

THE PIPER	*Strolling Players*	Tenor
MICHAEL–THE–SWORD–EATER		Tenor
CHEAT–THE–DEVIL		Bass
JACOBUS THE BURGOMEISTER	*Men of Hamelin*	Baritone
KURT THE SYNDIC		Tenor
PETER THE COBBLER		Baritone
HANS THE BUTCHER		Baritone
AXEL THE SMITH		Tenor
MARTIN THE WATCH		Baritone
PETER THE SACRISTAN		Tenor
ANSELM, A YOUNG PRIEST		Baritone
OLD CLAUS, A MISER		Tenor
TOWN CRIER		Tenor
JAN, HANSEL, ILSE, TRUDE, RUDI	*Children*	Soprani
VERONIKA, WIFE OF KURT		Mezzo Soprano
BARBARA, DAUGHTER OF JACOBUS		Soprano
WIFE OF HANS THE BUTCHER, WIFE OF AXEL THE SMITH, WIFE OF MARTIN THE WATCH		Mezzi-Soprani
OLD URSULA		Soprano

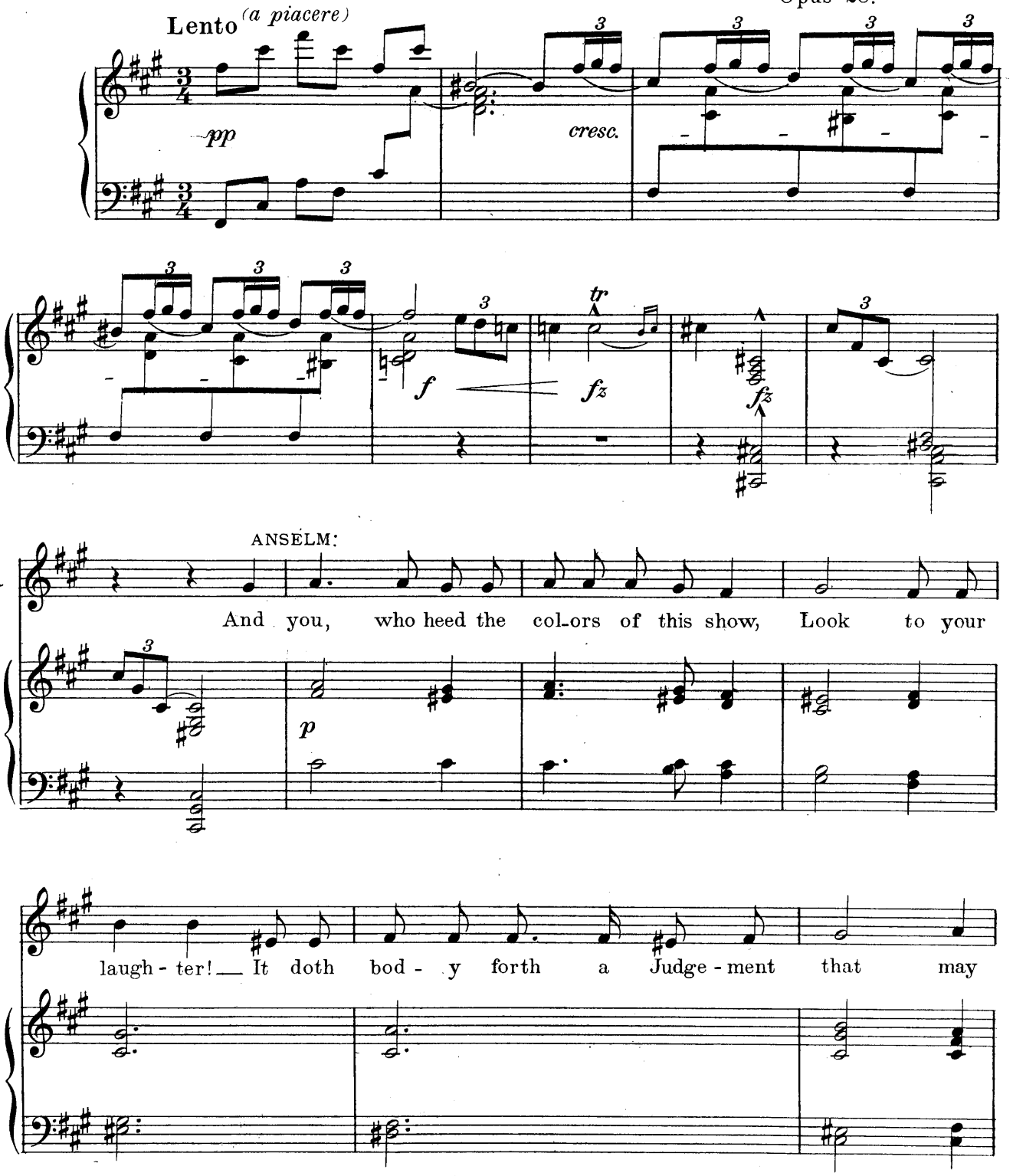
Burghers, Nuns, Priests and Children.

SCENE: Hamelin on the Weser, 1248 A.D.

THE LEGEND OF THE PIPER

Words by
JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

Music by
ELEANOR EVEREST FREER
Opus 28.



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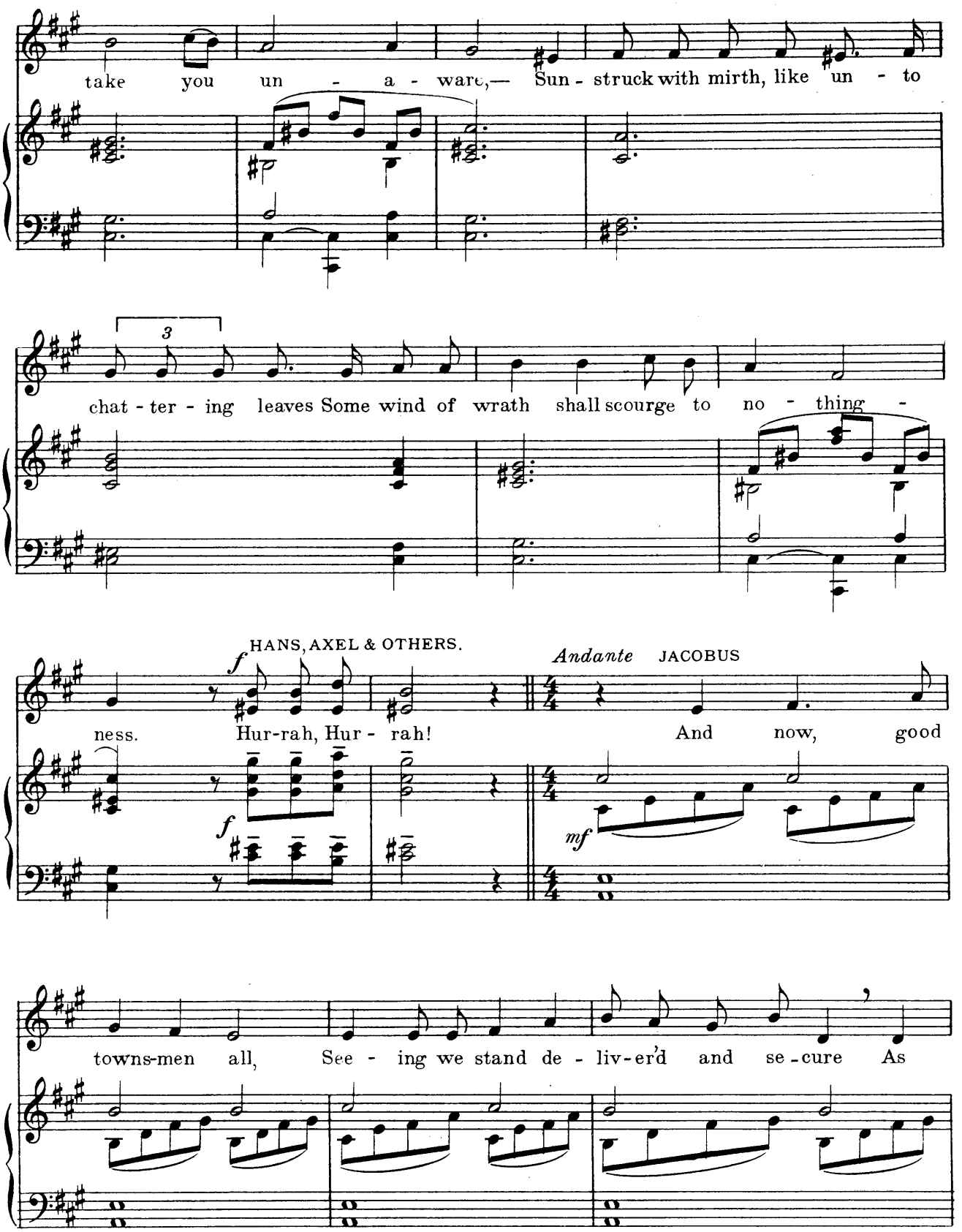
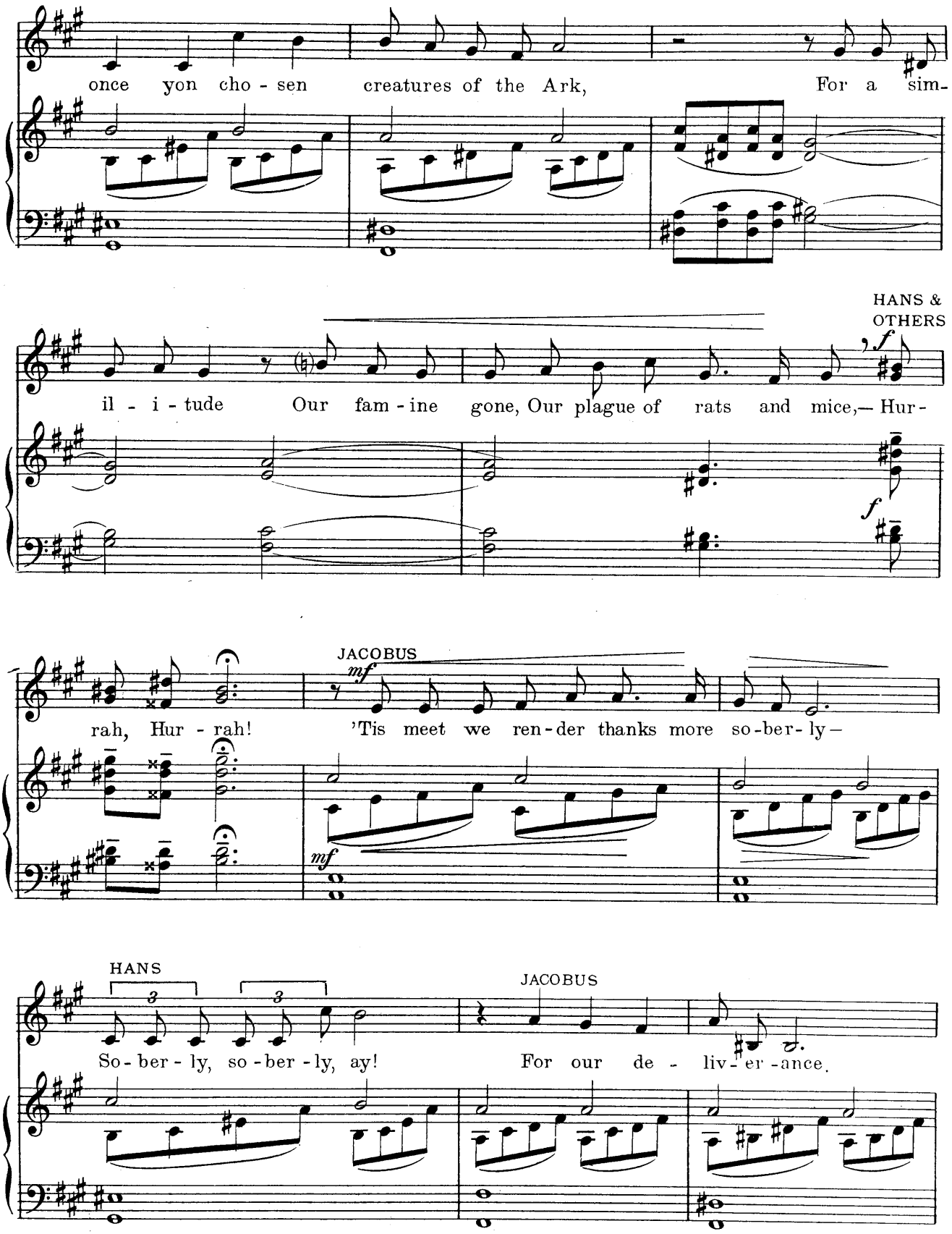
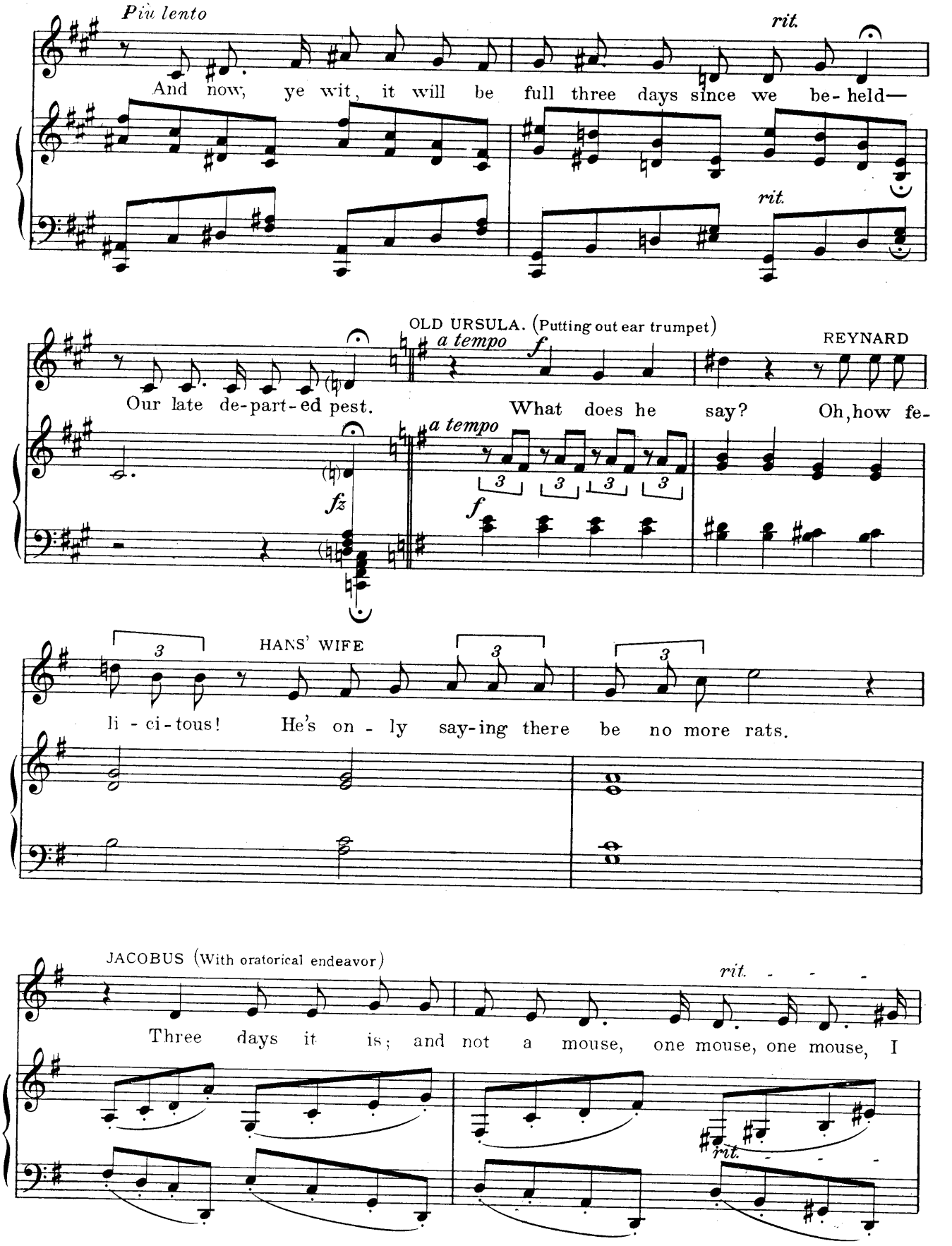
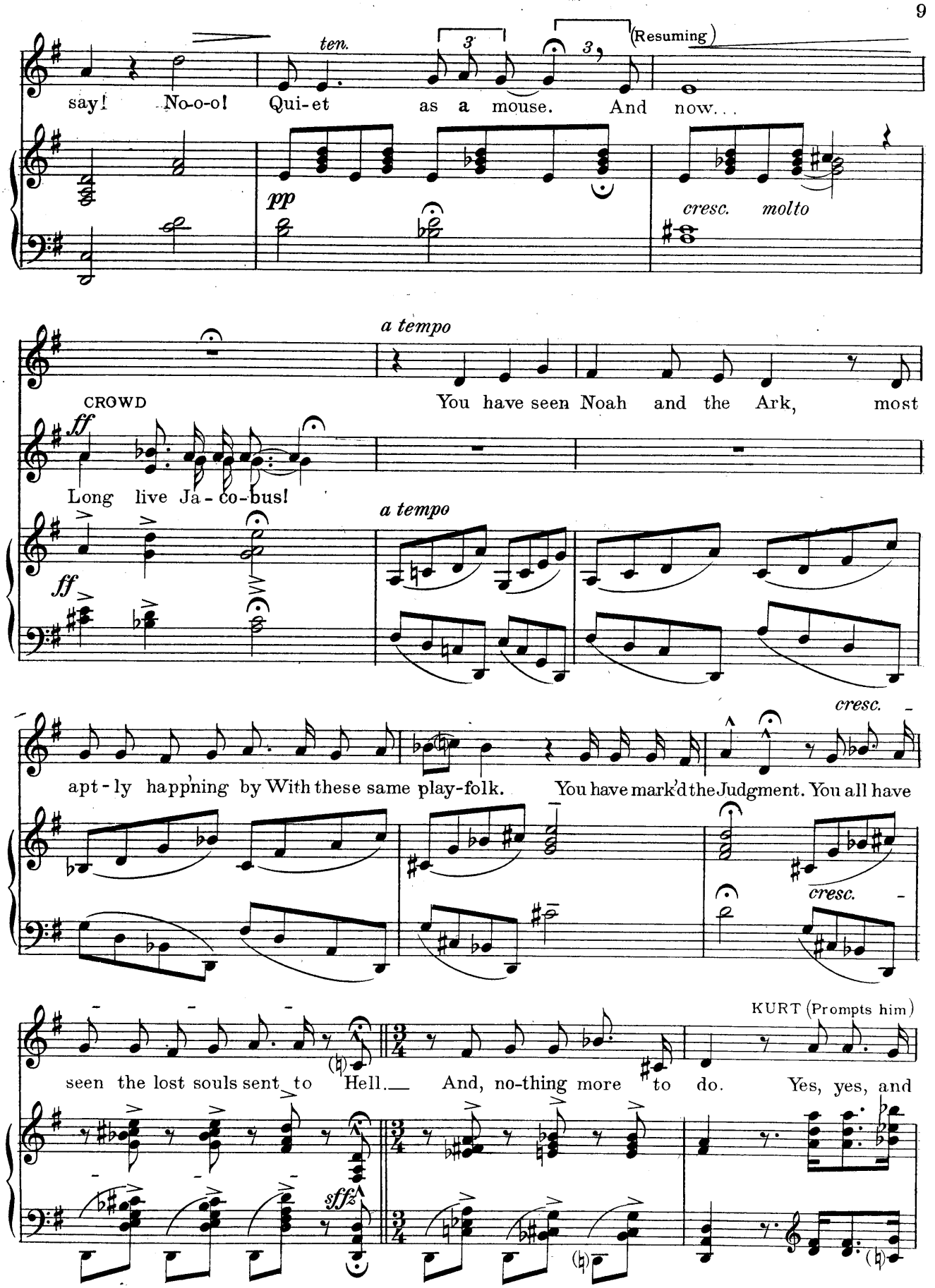
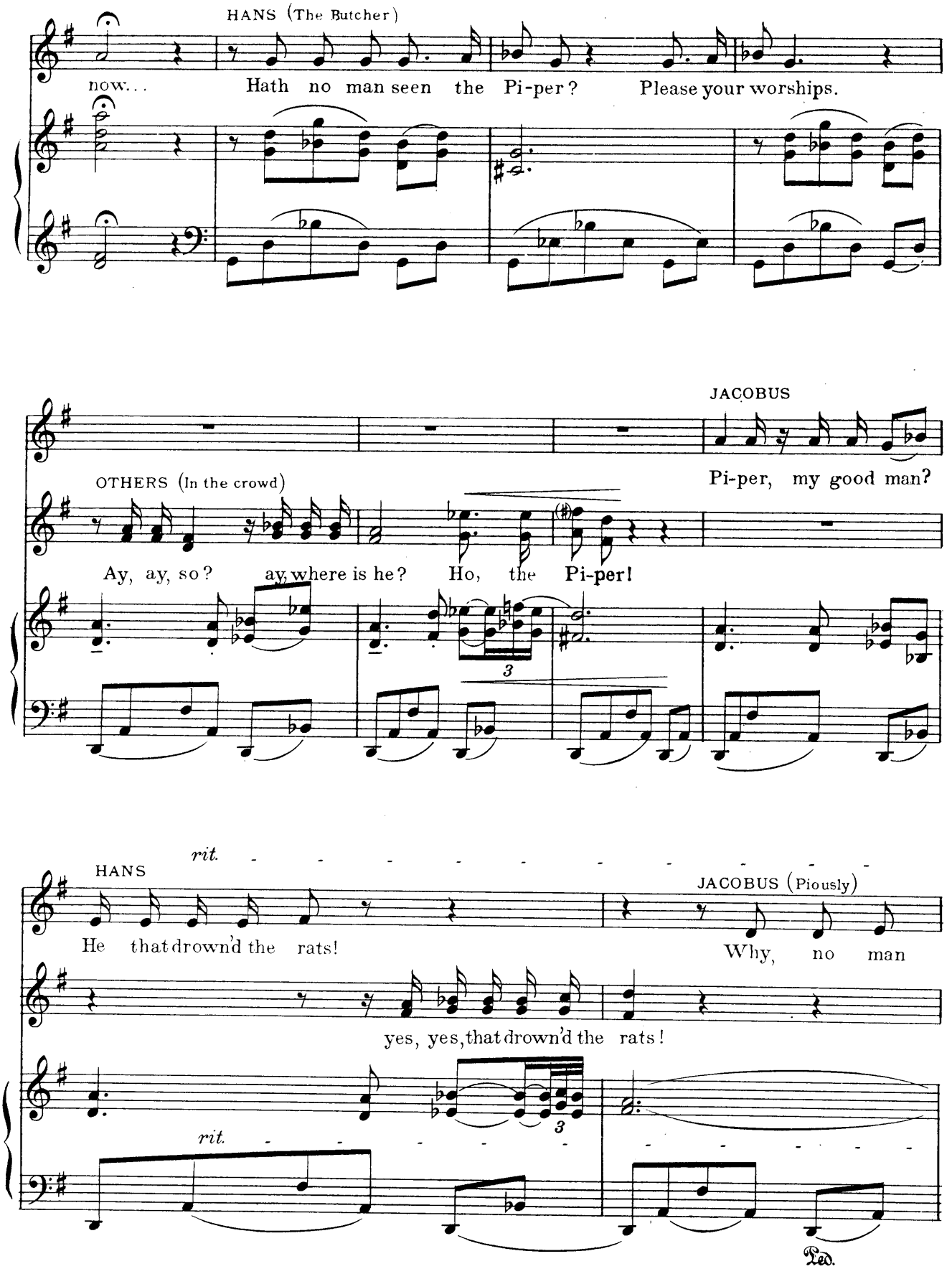
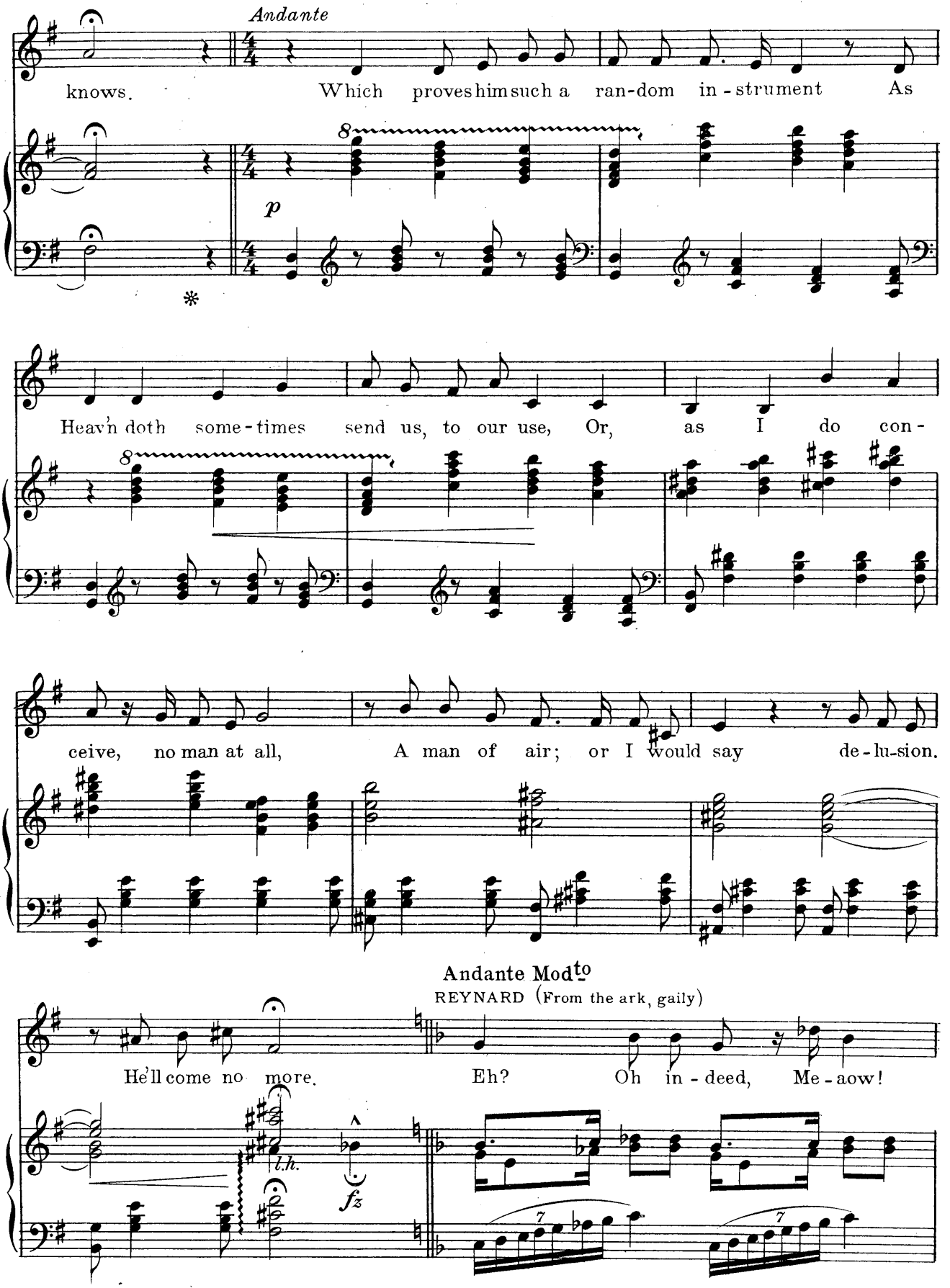

take you un - a - ware,— Sun - struck with mirth, like un - to
3
chat - ter - ing leaves Some wind of wrath shall scourge to no - thing -
HANS, AXEL & OTHERS.
f
ness. Hur-rah, Hur - rah!
Andante
JACOBUS
And now, good
mf
towns-men all, See - ing we stand de - liv-er'd and se - cure As

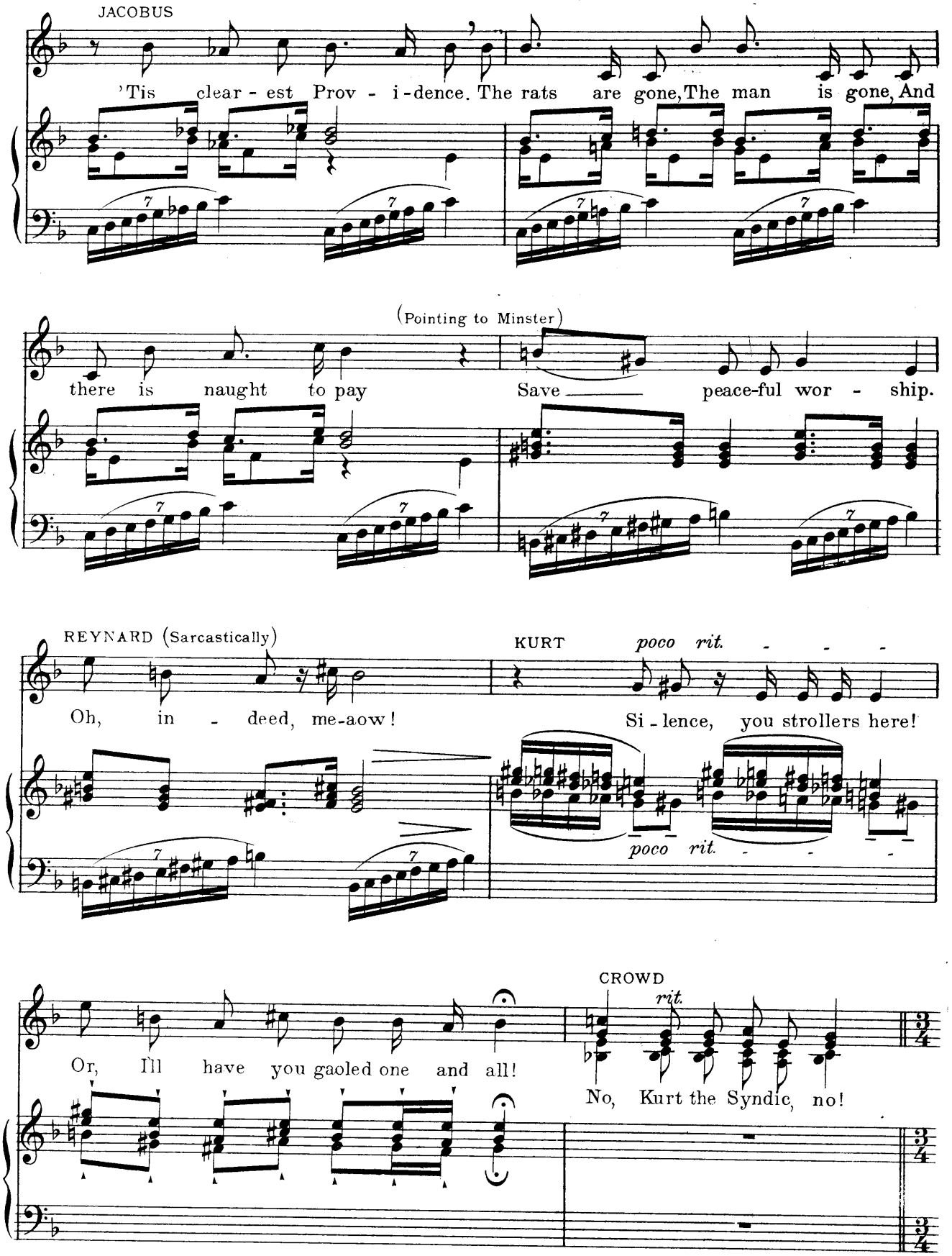

once yon cho - sen creatures of the Ark, For a sim-
HANS & OTHERS
il - i - tude Our fam - ine gone, Our plague of rats and mice,— Hur-
rah, Hur - rah!
JACOBUS
'Tis meet we ren - der thanks more so - ber - ly —
HANS
So - ber - ly, so - ber - ly, ay!
JACOBUS
For our de - liv - er - ance.


Più lento
rit.
And now, ye wit, it will be full three days since we be- held—
rit.
OLD URSULA. (Putting out ear trumpet)
a tempo
f
REYNARD
Our late de-part-ed pest.
What does he say? Oh, how fe-
a tempo
fz
f
3
HANS' WIFE
li - ci-tous! He's on - ly say-ing there be no more rats.
JACOBUS (With oratorical endeavor)
rit.
Three days it is; and not a mouse, one mouse, one mouse, I
rit.


say! No-o-o! Qui-et as a mouse. And now...
ten.
3
3
(Resuming)
pp
cresc. molto
a tempo
CROWD
ff
You have seen Noah and the Ark, most
Long live Ja - co - bus!
a tempo
ff
cresc.
apt - ly happning by With these same play-folk. You have mark'd the Judgment. You all have
cresc.
KURT (Prompts him)
seen the lost souls sent to Hell. And, no-thing more to do. Yes, yes, and
sffz


HANS (The Butcher)
now...
Hath no man seen the Pi-per?
Please your worships.
JACOBUS
Pi-per, my good man?
OTHERS (In the crowd)
Ay, ay, so?
ay, where is he?
Ho, the Pi-per!
3
rit.
HANS
He that drown'd the rats!
JACOBUS (Piously)
Why, no man
yes, yes, that drown'd the rats!
3
rit.
Ped.


Andante
knows. Which proves him such a ran-dom in-strument As
p
Heav'n doth some-times send us, to our use, Or, as I do con-
ceive, no man at all, A man of air; or I would say de-lu-sion.
Andante Mod^to
REYNARD (From the ark, gaily)
He'll come no more. Eh? Oh in-deed, Me-aow!
l.h.
fz


JACOBUS
'Tis clear - est Prov - i - dence. The rats are gone, The man is gone, And
(Pointing to Minster)
there is naught to pay Save peace-ful wor - ship.
REYNARD (Sarcastically)
Oh, in - deed, me-aow!
KURT
poco rit. - - -
Si - lence, you strollers here!
poco rit. - - -
CROWD
rit.
Or, I'll have you gaoled one and all!
No, Kurt the Syndic, no!

Andante

BARBARA (To Jacobus)

2. Oh, 'tis my fan - cy yet to see them play A while, and watch those

1. No, no! Ah, Fa - ther, bid them stay a while And play it all a -

same dear youths a - gain, For when they go a - way, my heart will break

gain, Or, if not all, Do let us see that same good youth a - gain

Let my ap - peal be not in vain, Oh, fa - ther,

ritar - - - dan - - - - -

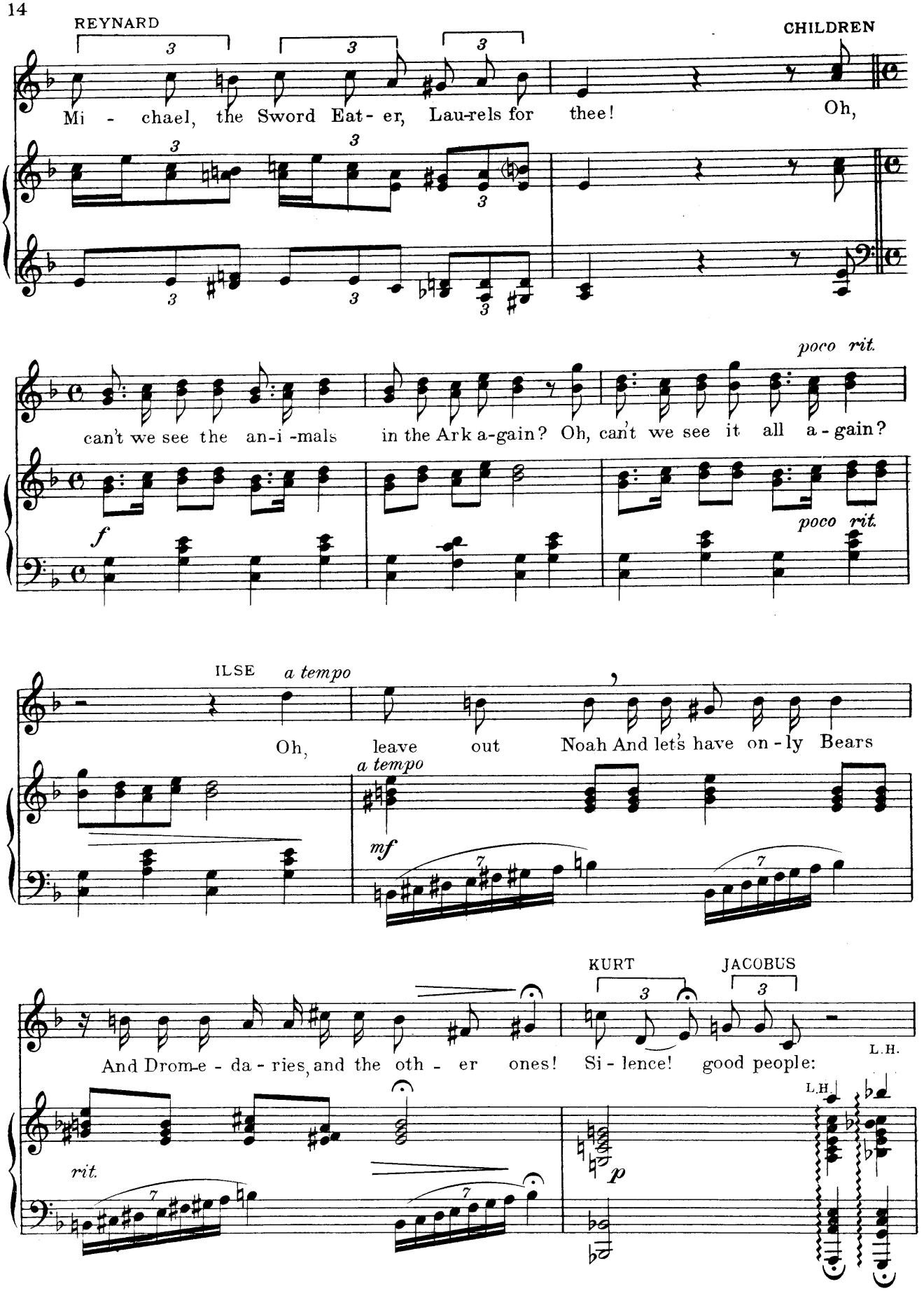
Who swal - low'd swords be-tween the Ark Pre - ser - ved

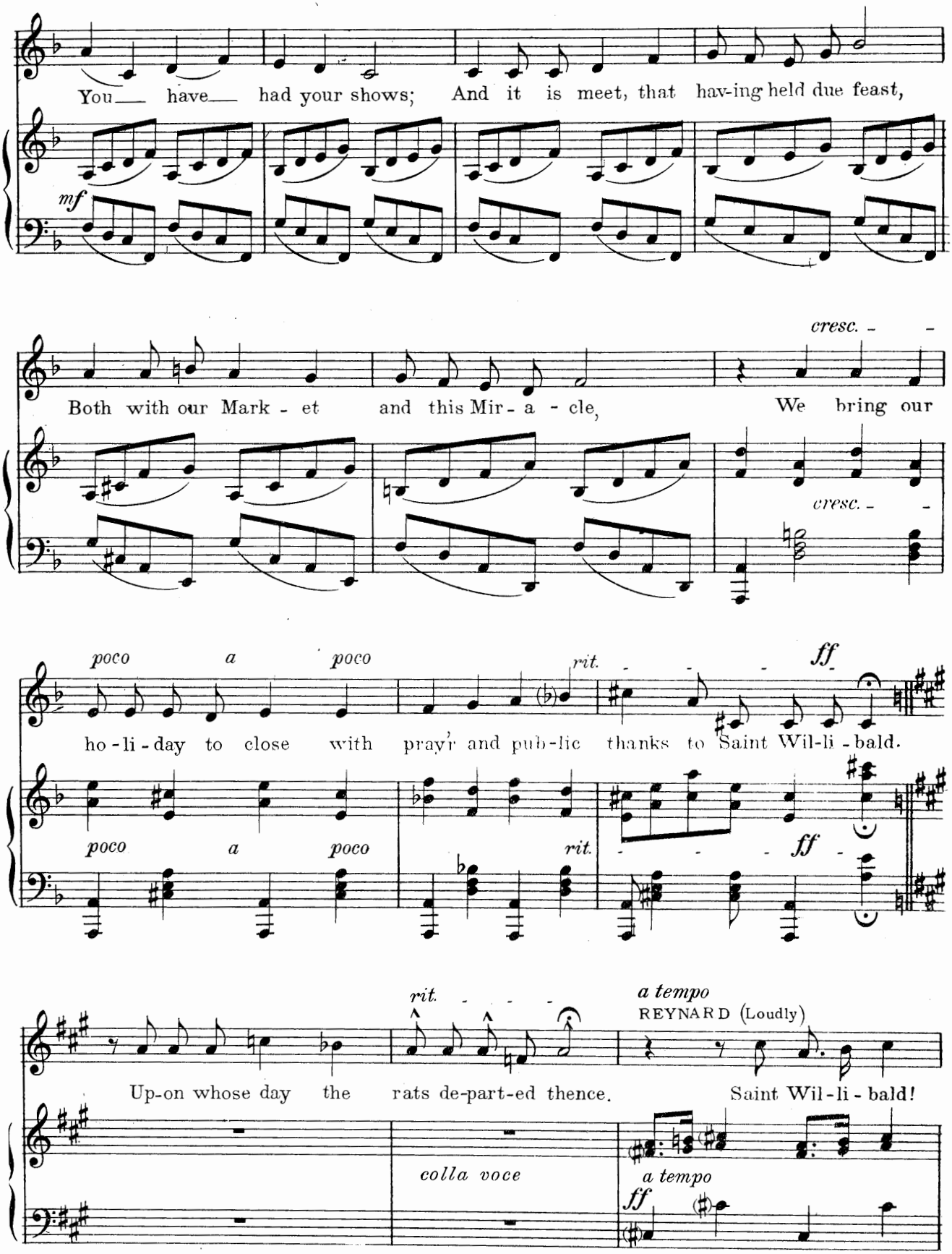
ritar - dan

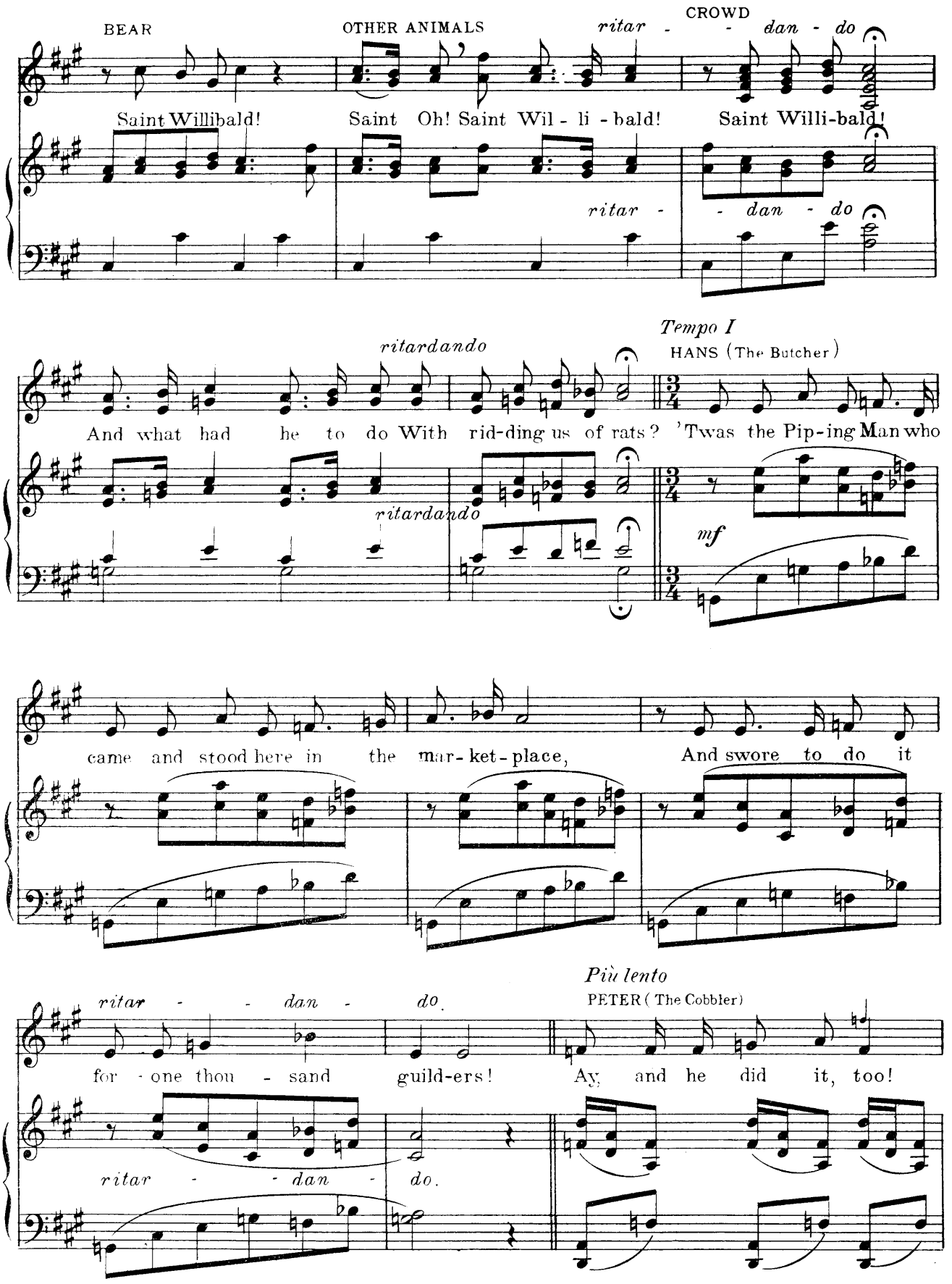
do For that Last Judg - ment!

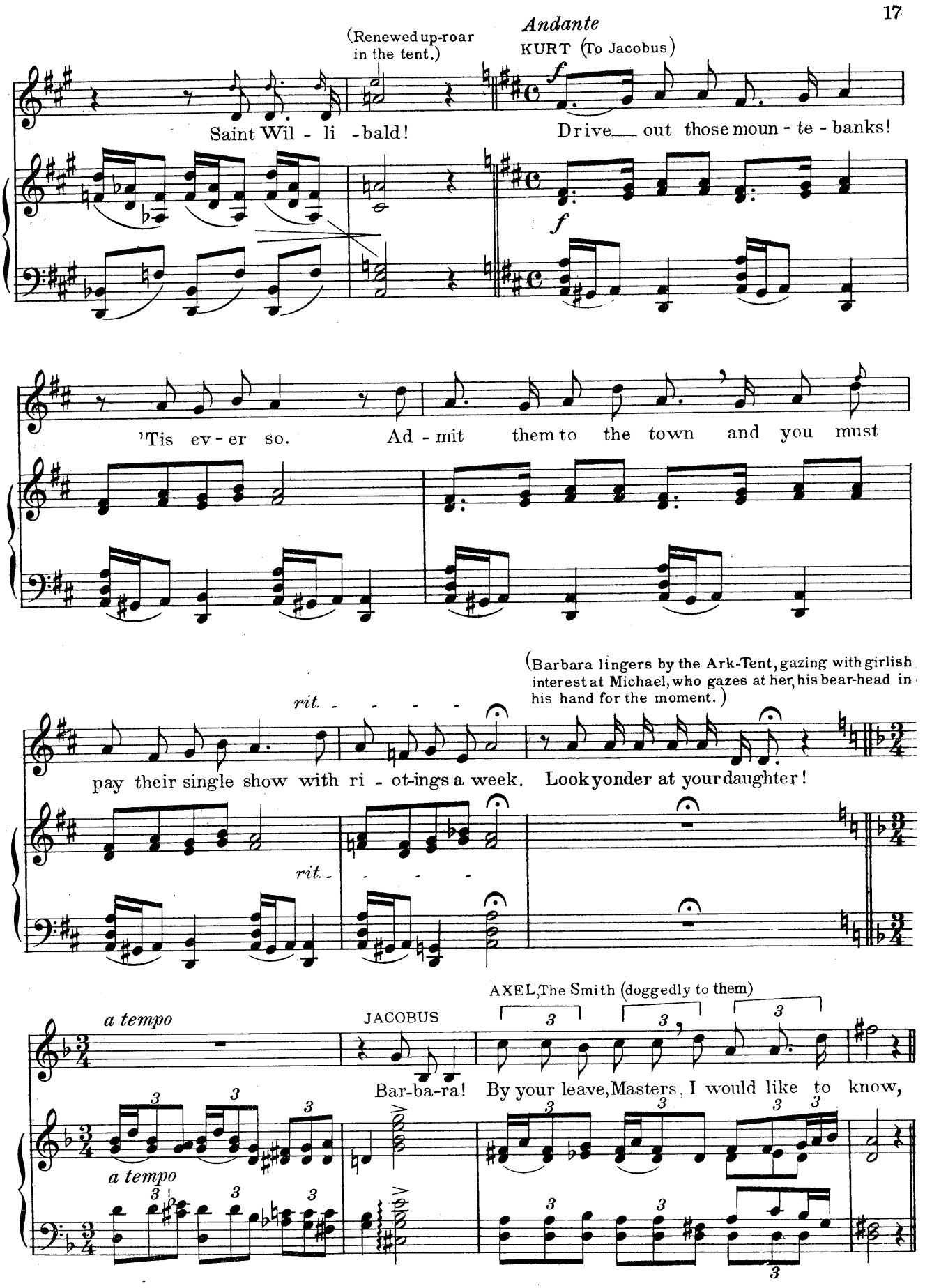
And the Last Judg - ment!

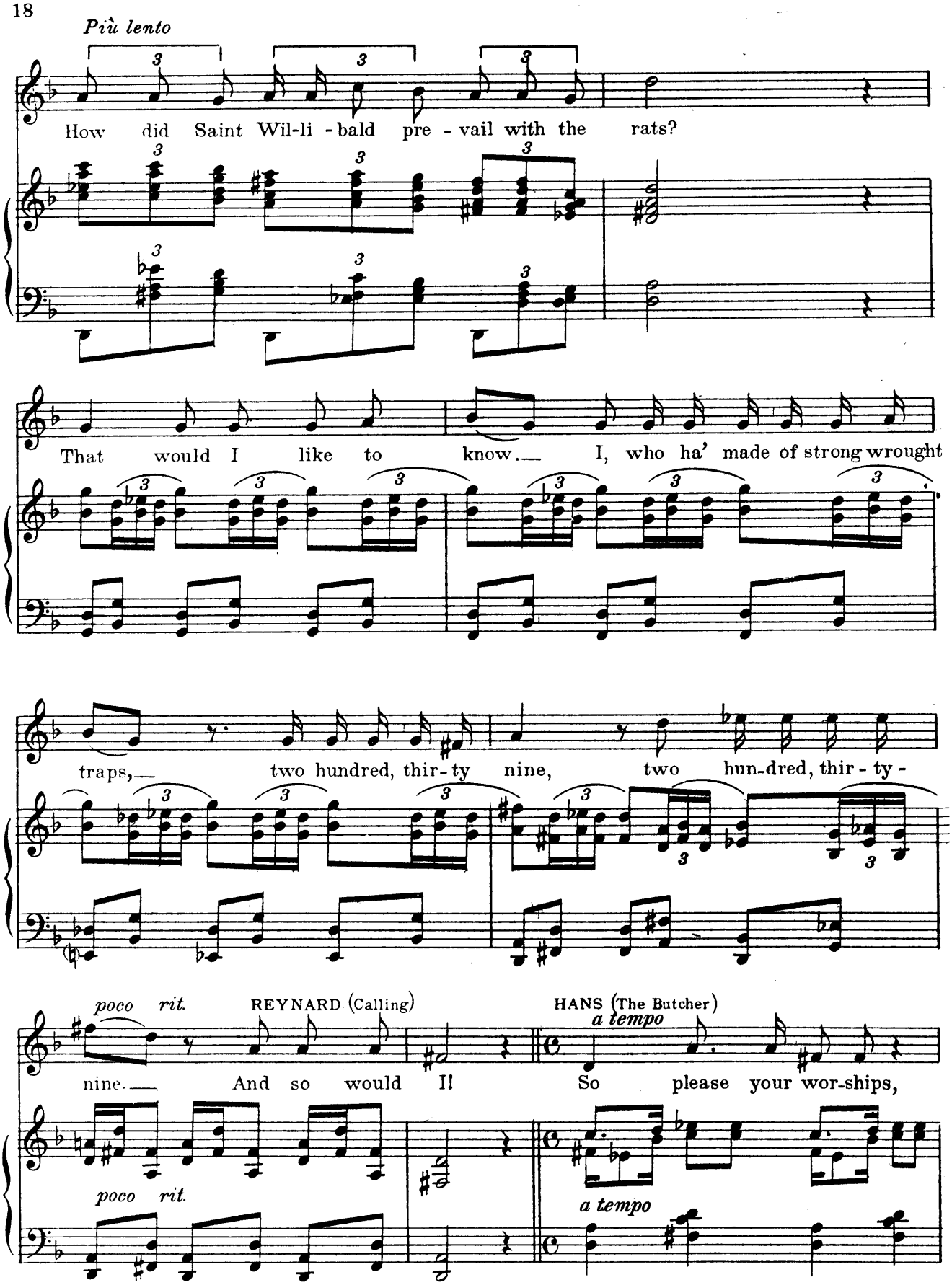
do

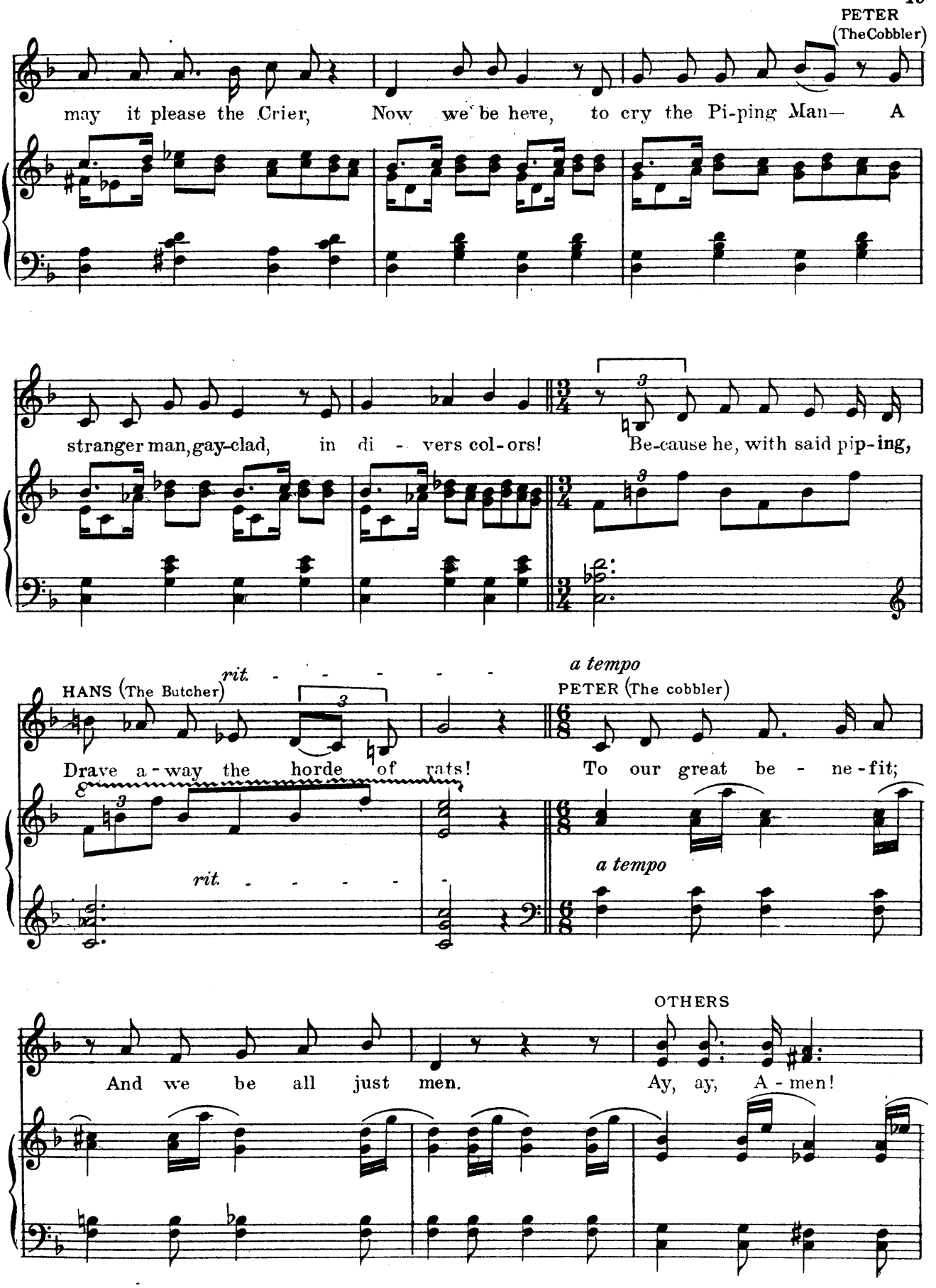

REYNARD
CHILDREN
Mi - chael, the Sword Eat - er, Lau-rels for thee! Oh,
can't we see the an-i-mals in the Ark a-gain? Oh, can't we see it all a-gain?
poco rit.
f
poco rit.
ILSE
a tempo
Oh, leave out Noah And let's have on - ly Bears
a tempo
mf
KURT
JACOBUS
And Drom-e - da - ries, and the oth - er ones! Si - lence! good people:
L.H.
L.H.
rit.
p

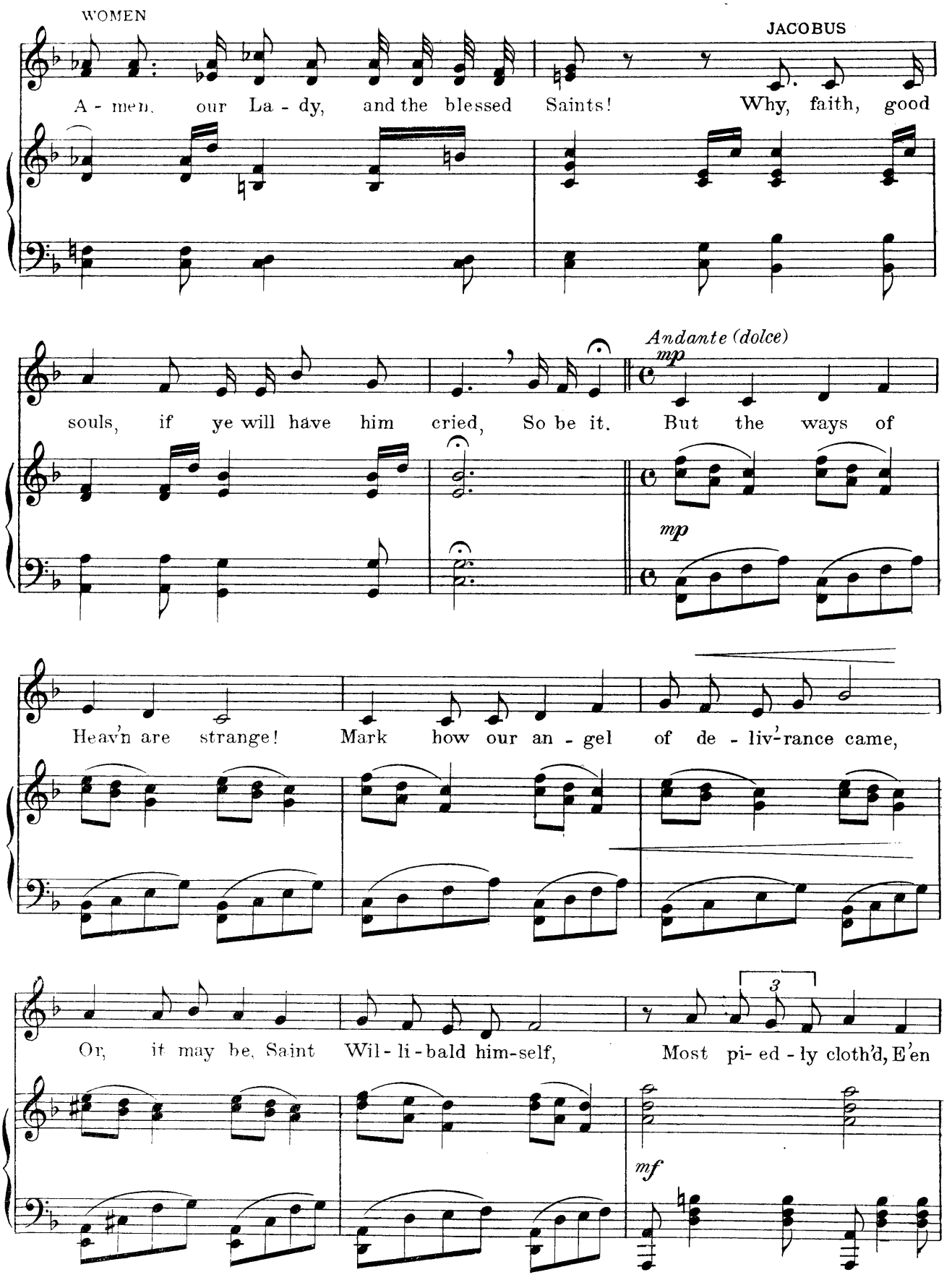

You have had your shows; And it is meet, that hav-ing held due feast,
mf
Both with our Mark - et and this Mir - a - cle, We bring our
cresc. - -
cresc. - -
poco a poco
rit.
ff
ho - li - day to close with pray'r and pub - lic thanks to Saint Wil - li - bald.
poco a poco
rit.
ff
rit.
a tempo
REYNARD (Loudly)
Up-on whose day the rats de-part-ed thence. Saint Wil - li - bald!
colla voce
a tempo
ff

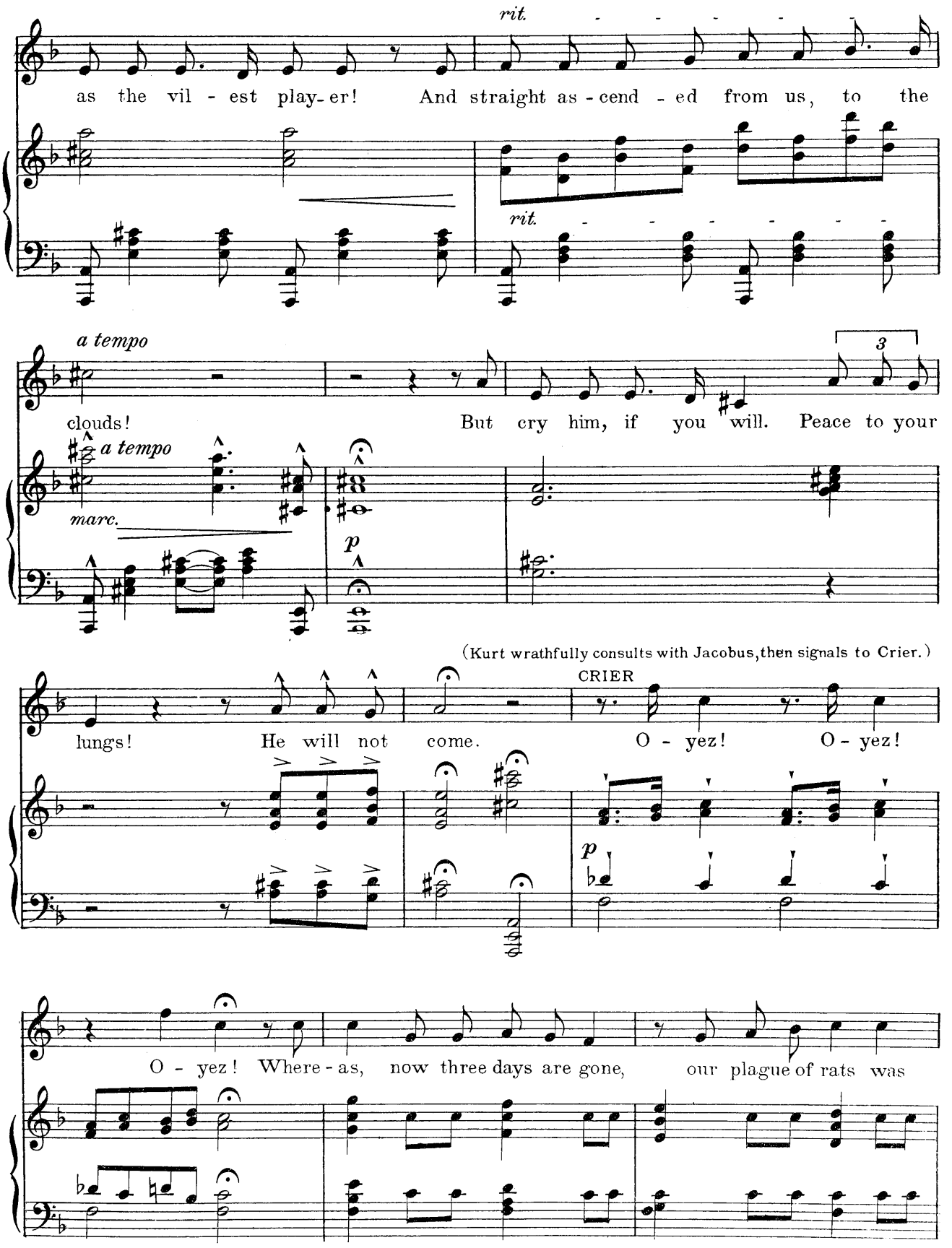

BEAR
OTHER ANIMALS
CROWD
ritar - - dan - do
Saint Willibald!
Saint Oh! Saint Wil - li - bald!
Saint Willi-bald!
ritar - - dan - do
ritardando
Tempo I
HANS (The Butcher)
And what had he to do With rid-ding us of rats? 'Twas the Pip-ing Man who
ritardando
mf
came and stood here in the mar-ket-place,
And swore to do it
Più lento
PETER (The Cobbler)
ritar - - dan - do.
for - one thou - sand guild-ers!
Ay, and he did it, too!
ritar - - dan - do.

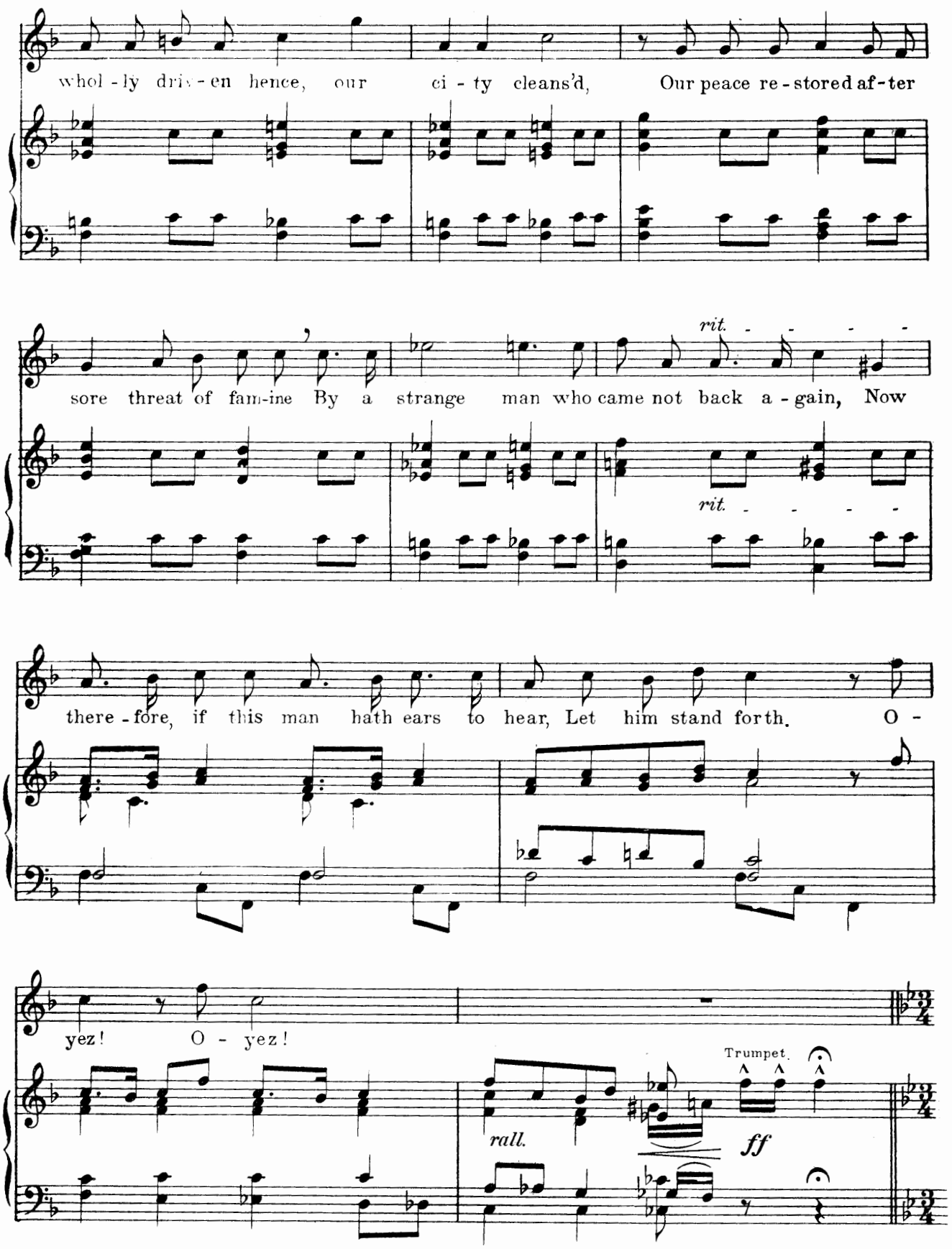

(Renewed up-roar in the tent.)
Andante
KURT (To Jacobus)
Saint Wil - li - bald!
Drive out those moun - te - banks!
'Tis ev - er so.
Ad - mit them to the town and you must
(Barbara lingers by the Ark-Tent, gazing with girlish interest at Michael, who gazes at her, his bear-head in his hand for the moment.)
rit.
pay their single show with ri - ot-ings a week.
Look yonder at your daughter!
AXEL, The Smith (doggedly to them)
a tempo
JACOBUS
Bar-ba-ra!
By your leave, Masters, I would like to know,
a tempo


Più lento
How did Saint Wil-li - bald pre - vail with the rats?
That would I like to know.— I, who ha' made of strong wrought
traps,— two hundred, thir-ty nine, two hun-dred, thir - ty -
poco rit.
REYNARD (Calling)
nine.— And so would I!
HANS (The Butcher)
a tempo
So please your wor-ships,
poco rit.
a tempo

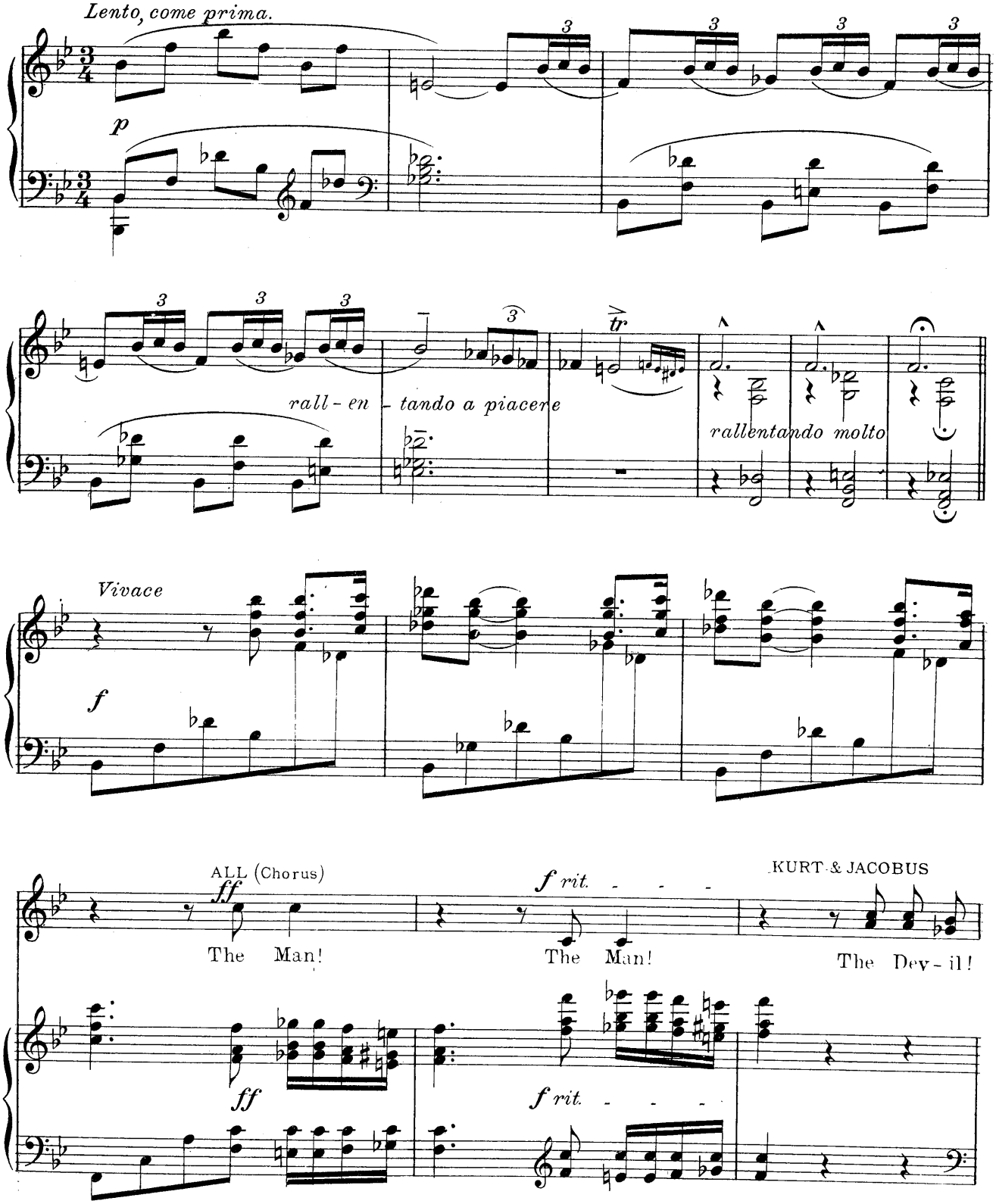

PETER
(The Cobbler)
may it please the Crier, Now we be here, to cry the Pi-ping Man— A
stranger man, gay-clad, in di - vers col-ors! Be-cause he, with said pip-ing,
HANS (The Butcher)
rit.
Drave a-way the horde of rats!
a tempo
PETER (The cobbler)
To our great be - ne-fit;
rit.
a tempo
OTHERS
And we be all just men.
Ay, ay, A - men!

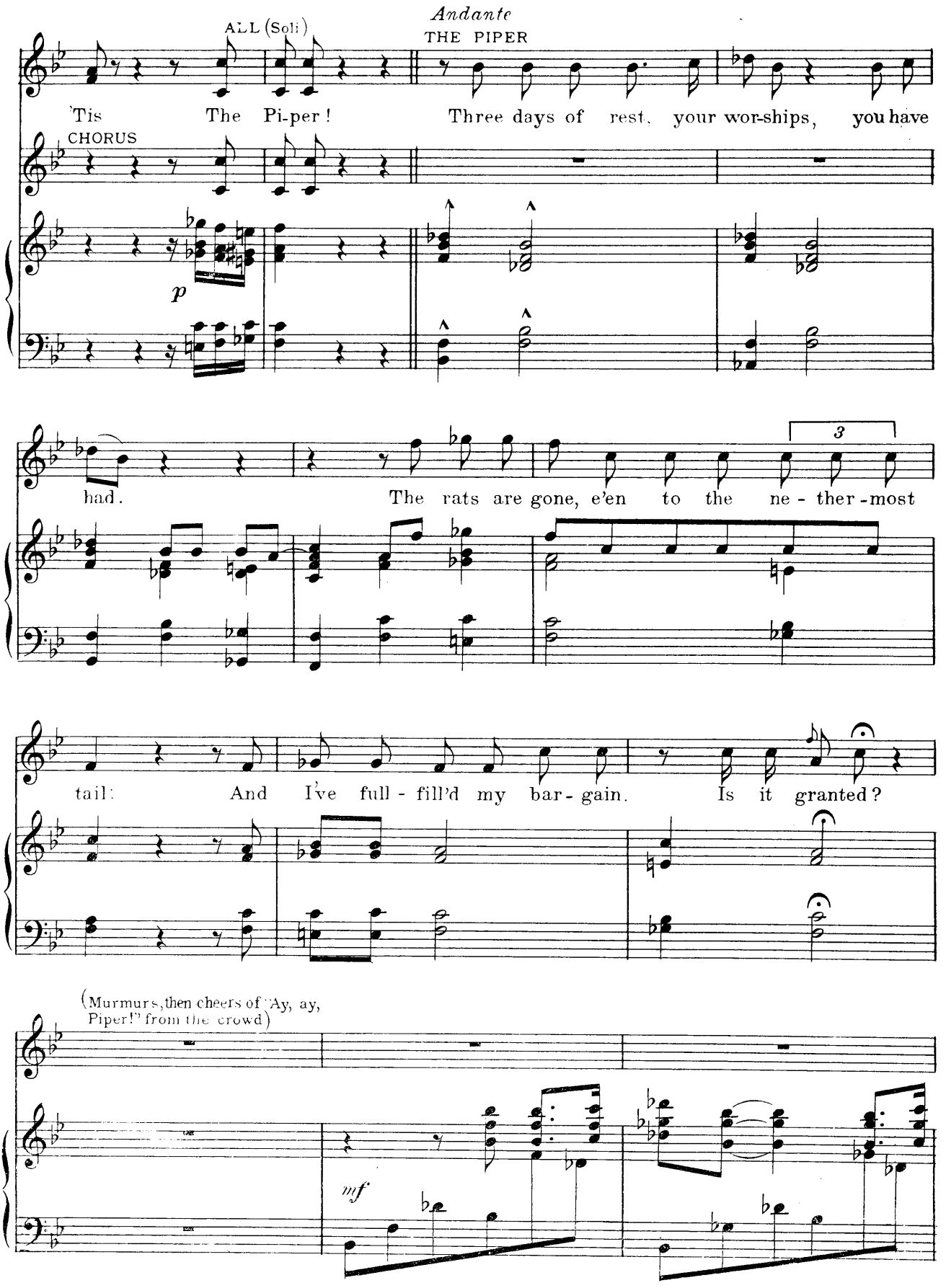

WOMEN
JACOBUS
A - men, our La - dy, and the blessed Saints! Why, faith, good
souls, if ye will have him cried, So be it. But the ways of
Andante (dolce)
mp
mp
Heav'n are strange! Mark how our an - gel of de - liv'-rance came,
Or, it may be, Saint Wil - li - bald him-self, Most pi- ed - ly cloth'd, E'en
3
mf

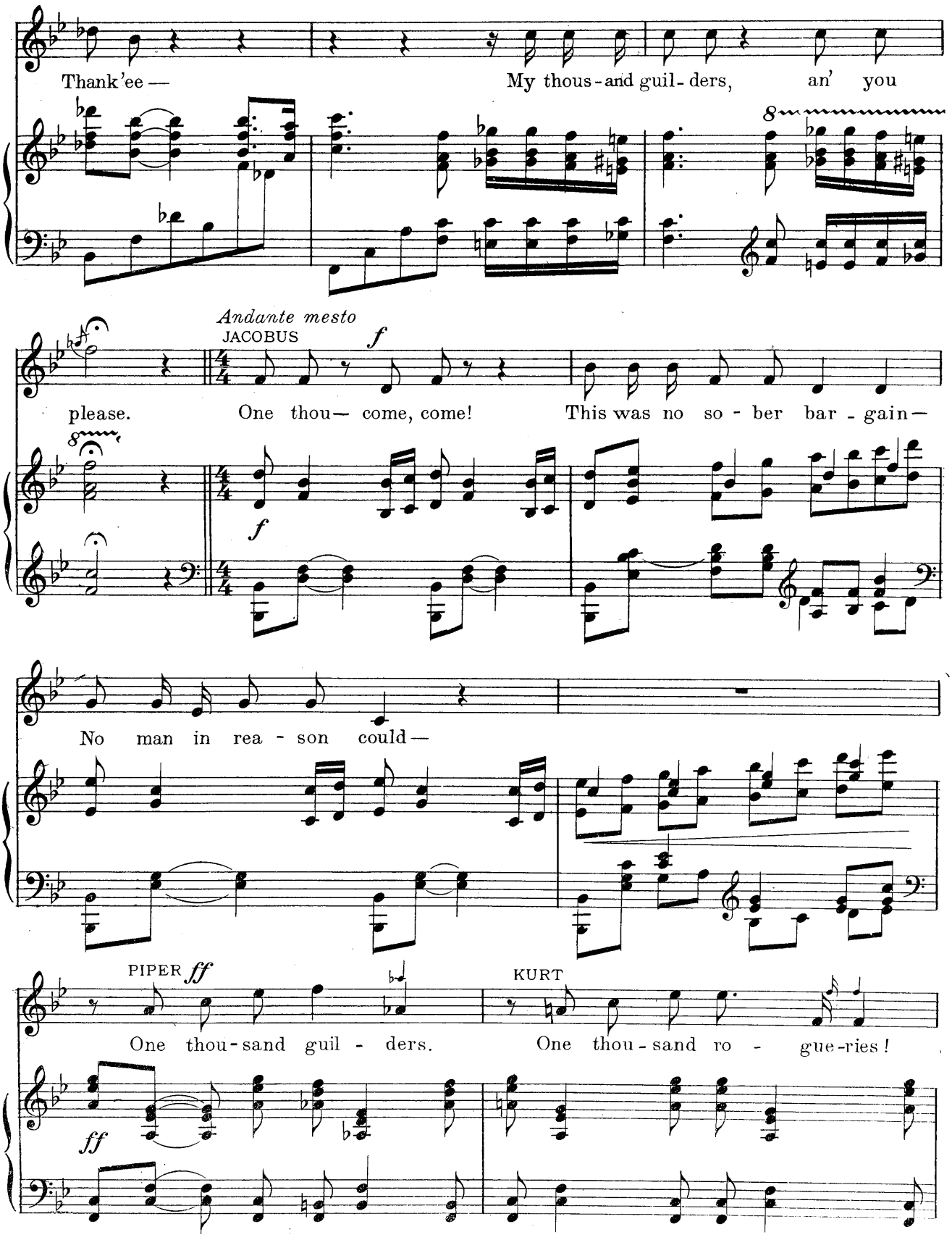

rit.
as the vil - est play-er! And straight as-cend - ed from us, to the
rit.
a tempo
clouds! But cry him, if you will. Peace to your
3
a tempo
marc.
p
(Kurt wrathfully consults with Jacobus, then signals to Crier.)
CRIER
lungs! He will not come. O - yez! O - yez!
p
O - yez! Where - as, now three days are gone, our plague of rats was

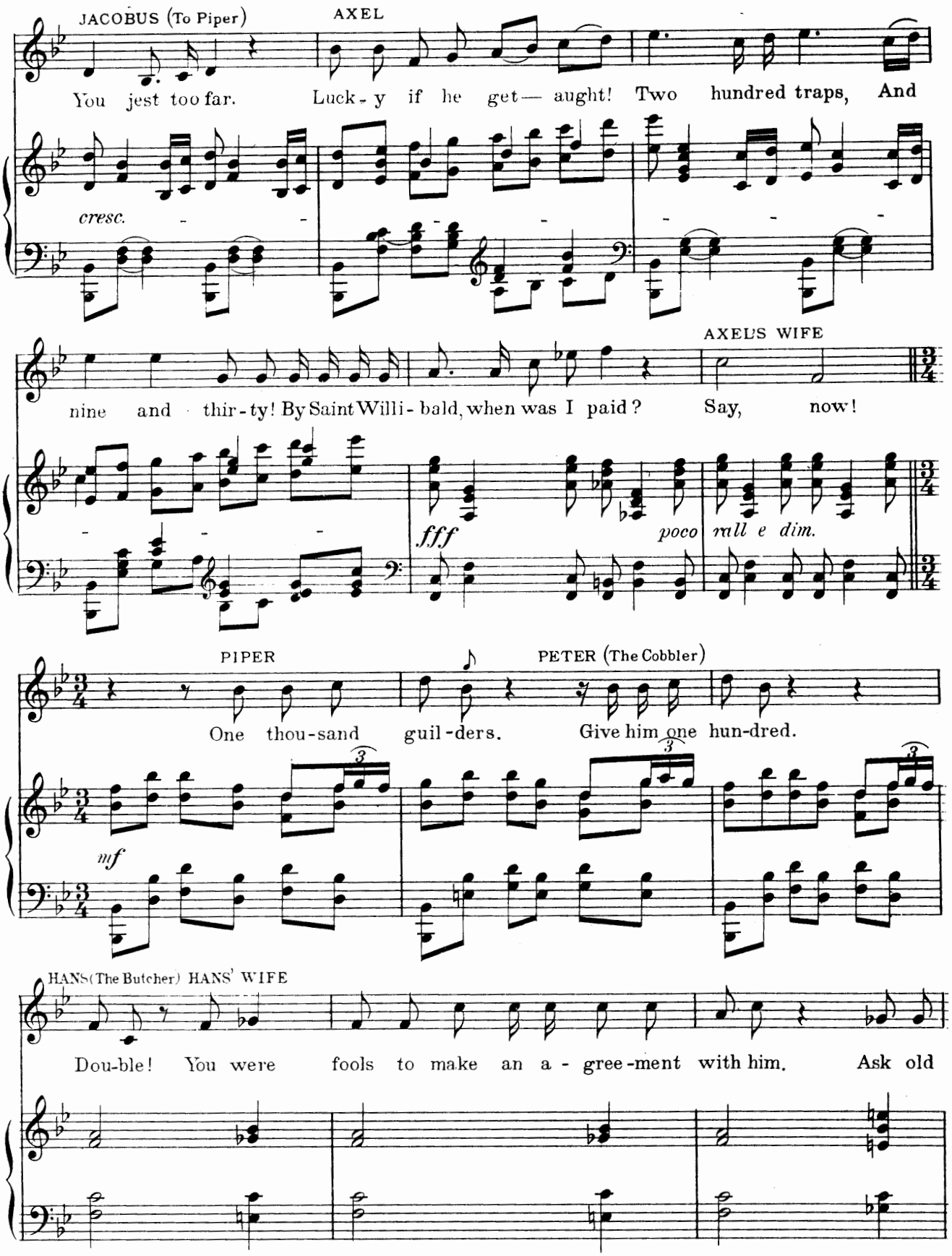

whol - ly driv - en hence, our ci - ty cleans'd, Our peace re - stored af - ter
sore threat of fam-ine By a strange man who came not back a - gain, Now
rit.
there - fore, if this man hath ears to hear, Let him stand forth. O -
yez! O - yez!
rall.
Trumpet.
ff

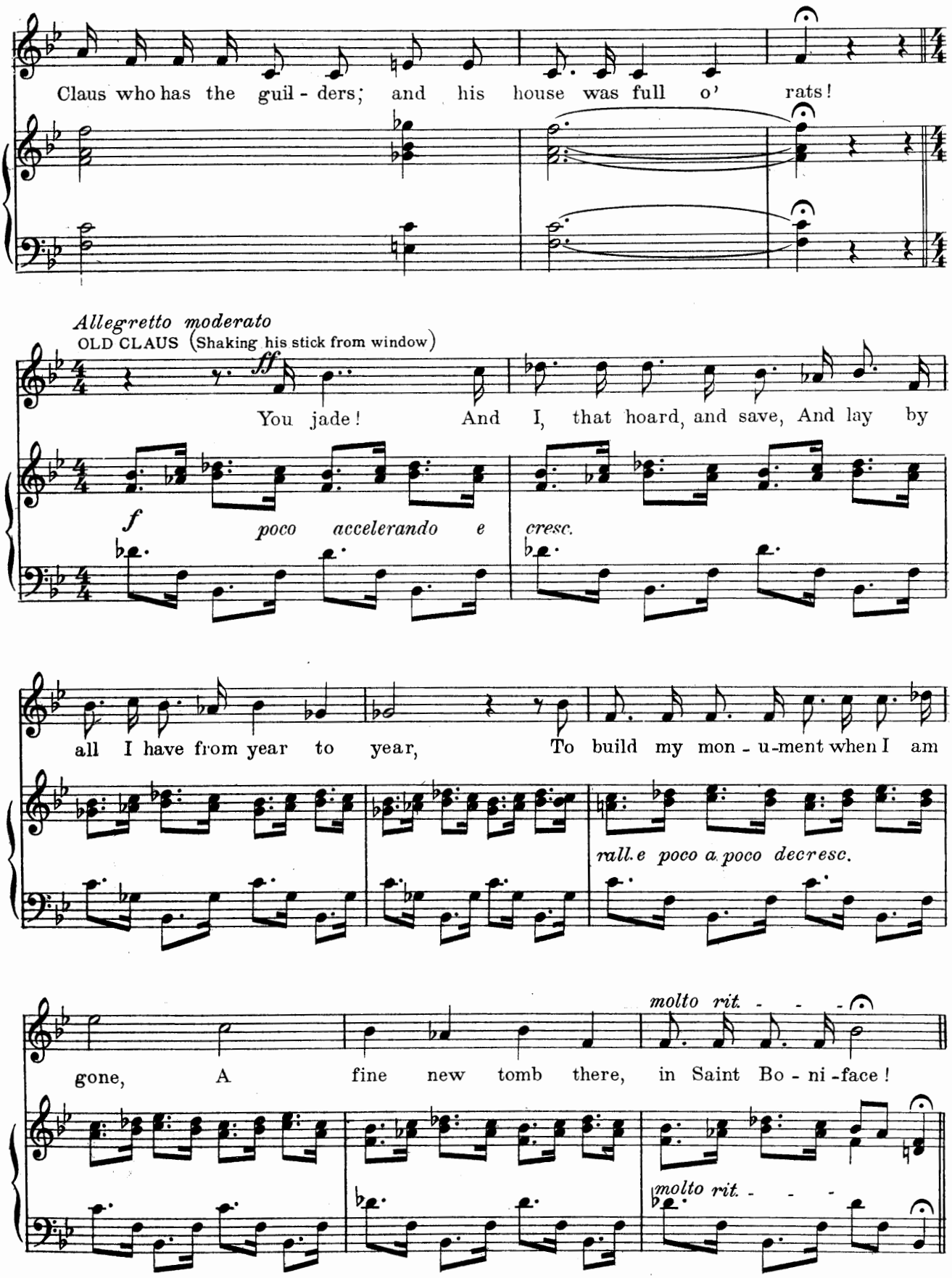
(People gaze up and down the little streets. Reynard steps out of the Ark and comes down slowly, with a modest air. Kurt points him out, threateningly, and the crowd bursts into derisive laughter. He doffs his animal-head at leisure, showing a sparkling, dark-eyed face.)

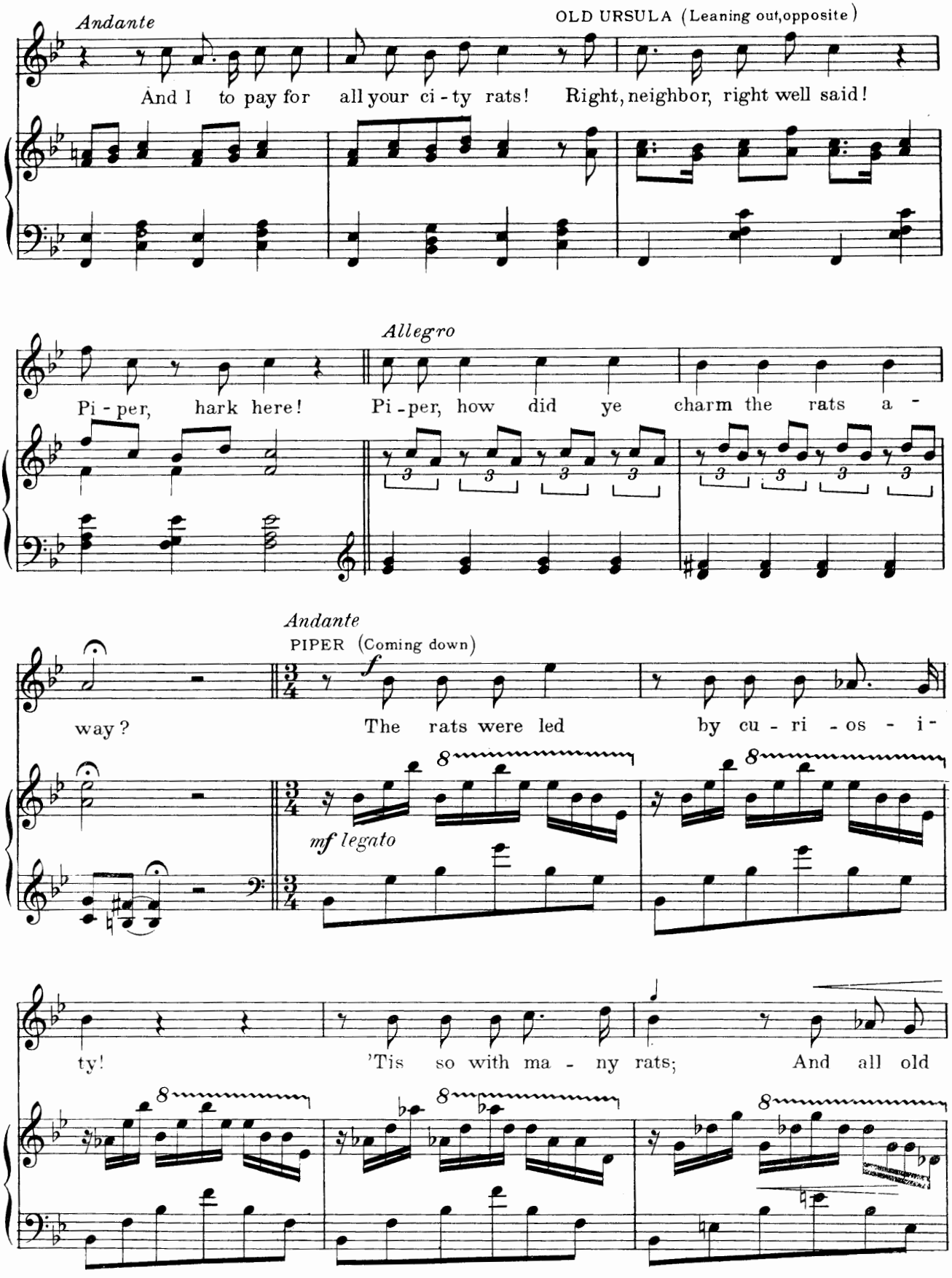


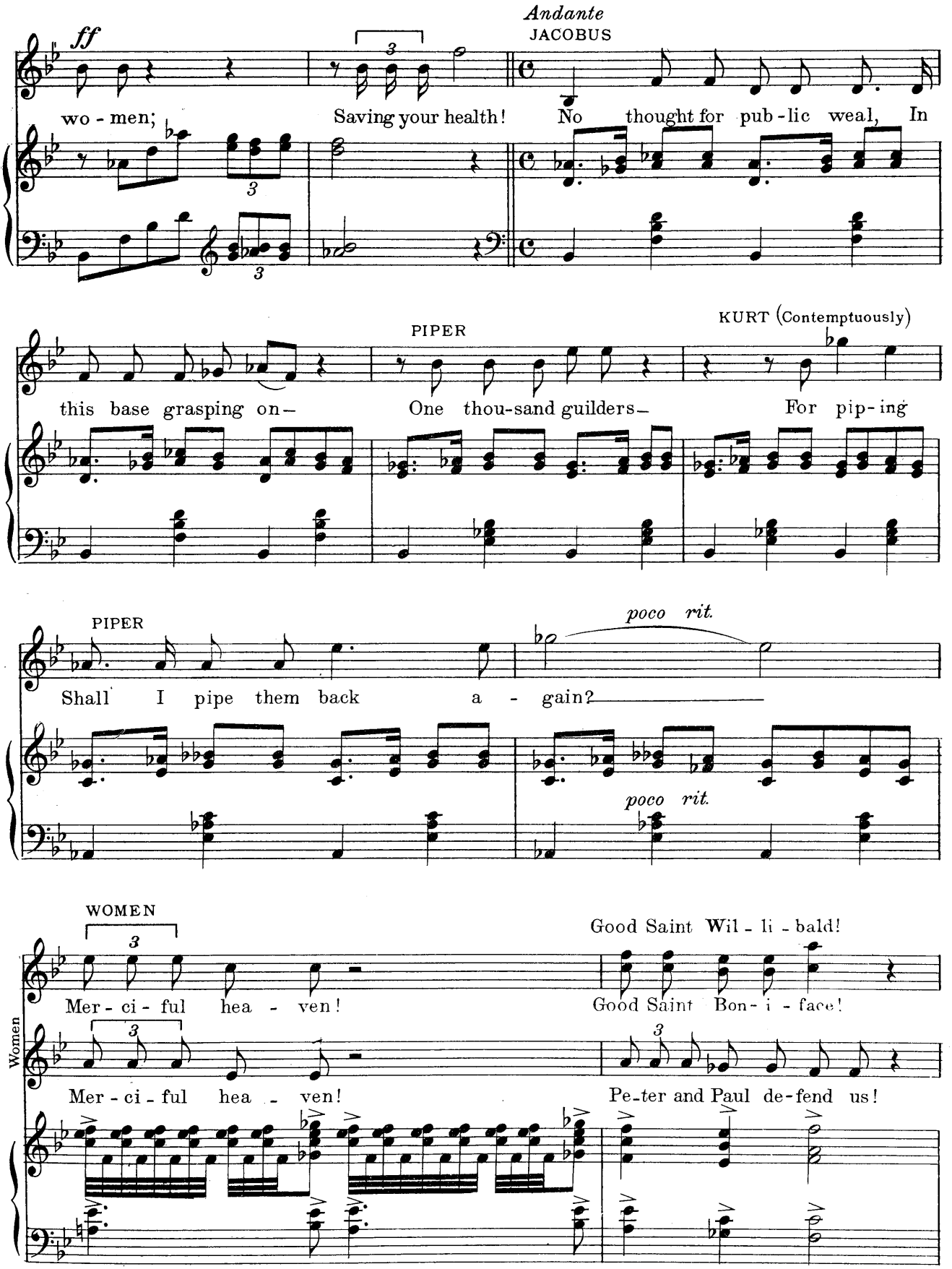

Andante
ALL (Soli)
THE PIPER
'Tis The Pi-per! Three days of rest, your wor-ships, you have
CHORUS
p
had. The rats are gone, e'en to the ne - ther-most
3
tail: And I've full - fill'd my bar - gain. Is it granted?
(Murmurs, then cheers of "Ay, ay, Piper!" from the crowd)
mf

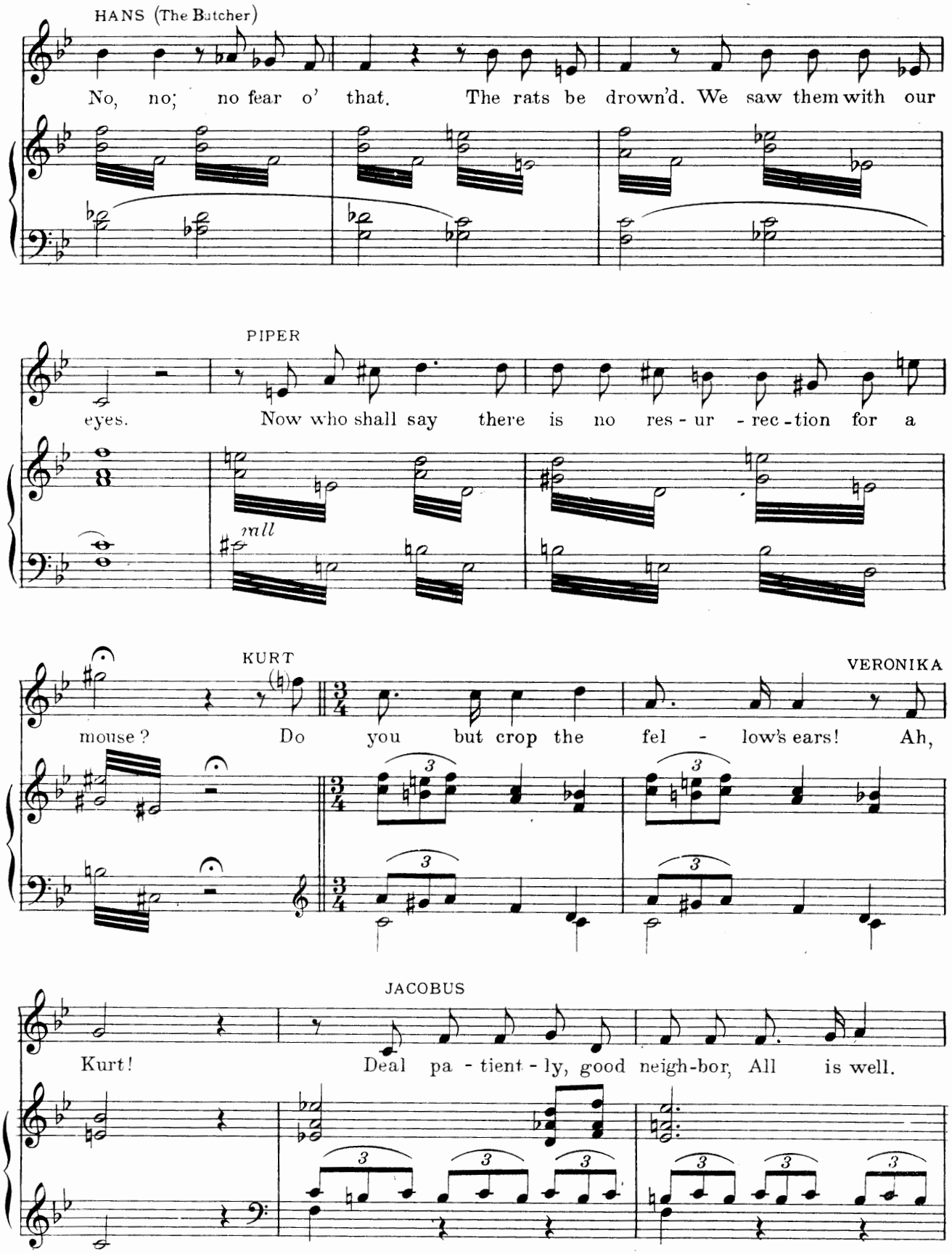

Thank'ee —
My thous-and guil-ders, an' you
Andante mesto
JACOBUS
f
please.
One thou— come, come!
This was no so - ber bar - gain—
f
No man in rea - son could—
PIPER ff
KURT
One thou-sand guil - ders.
One thou-sand ro - gue-ries!
ff

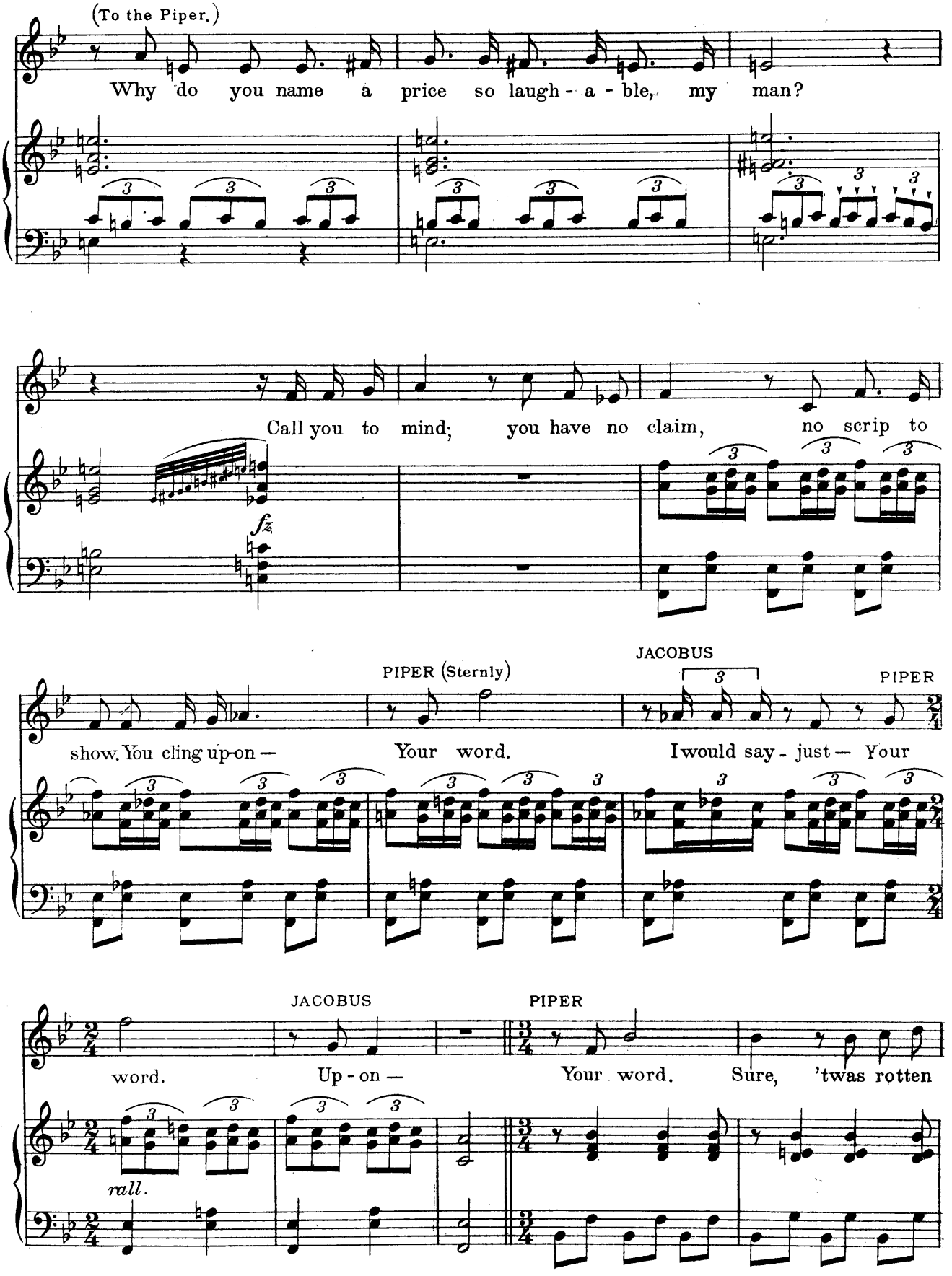

JACOBUS (To Piper)
AXEL
You jest too far. Luck - y if he get — aught! Two hundred traps, And
cresc.
AXEL'S WIFE
nine and thir - ty! By Saint Willi - bald, when was I paid? Say, now!
fff
poco rall e dim.
PIPER
PETER (The Cobbler)
One thou - sand guil - ders. Give him one hun - dred.
mf
HANS (The Butcher)
HANS' WIFE
Dou - ble! You were fools to make an a - gree - ment with him. Ask old


Claus who has the guil - ders; and his house was full o' rats!
Allegretto moderato
OLD CLAUS (Shaking his stick from window)
ff
You jade! And I, that hoard, and save, And lay by
f
poco accelerando e cresc.
all I have from year to year, To build my mon - u-ment when I am
rall. e poco a poco decresc.
molto rit. - - -
gone, A fine new tomb there, in Saint Bo - ni - face!
molto rit. - - -


Andante
OLD URSULA (Leaning out, opposite)
And I to pay for all your ci - ty rats! Right, neighbor, right well said!
Allegro
Pi - per, hark here! Pi - per, how did ye charm the rats a -
Andante
PIPER (Coming down)
way? The rats were led by cu - ri - os - i -
mf legato
ty! 'Tis so with ma - ny rats; And all old


Andante
JACOBUS
ff
wo - men;
Saving your health!
No thought for pub - lic weal, In
PIPER
KURT (Contemptuously)
this base grasping on –
One thou-sand guilders –
For pip - ing
PIPER
poco rit.
Shall I pipe them back a - gain?
poco rit.
WOMEN
Good Saint Wil - li - bald!
Mer - ci - ful hea - ven!
Good Saint Bon - i - face!
Women
Mer - ci - ful hea - ven!
Pe-ter and Paul de-fend us!


HANS (The Butcher)
No, no; no fear o' that. The rats be drown'd. We saw them with our
PIPER
eyes. Now who shall say there is no res - ur - rec - tion for a
rall
KURT
VERONIKA
mouse? Do you but crop the fel - low's ears! Ah,
JACOBUS
Kurt! Deal pa - tient - ly, good neigh-bor, All is well.


(To the Piper.)
Why do you name a price so laugh - a - ble, my man?
Call you to mind; you have no claim, no scrip to
fz
PIPER (Sternly)
JACOBUS
PIPER
show. You cling up-on — Your word. I would say - just — Your
JACOBUS
PIPER
word. Up - on — Your word. Sure, 'twas rotten
rall.

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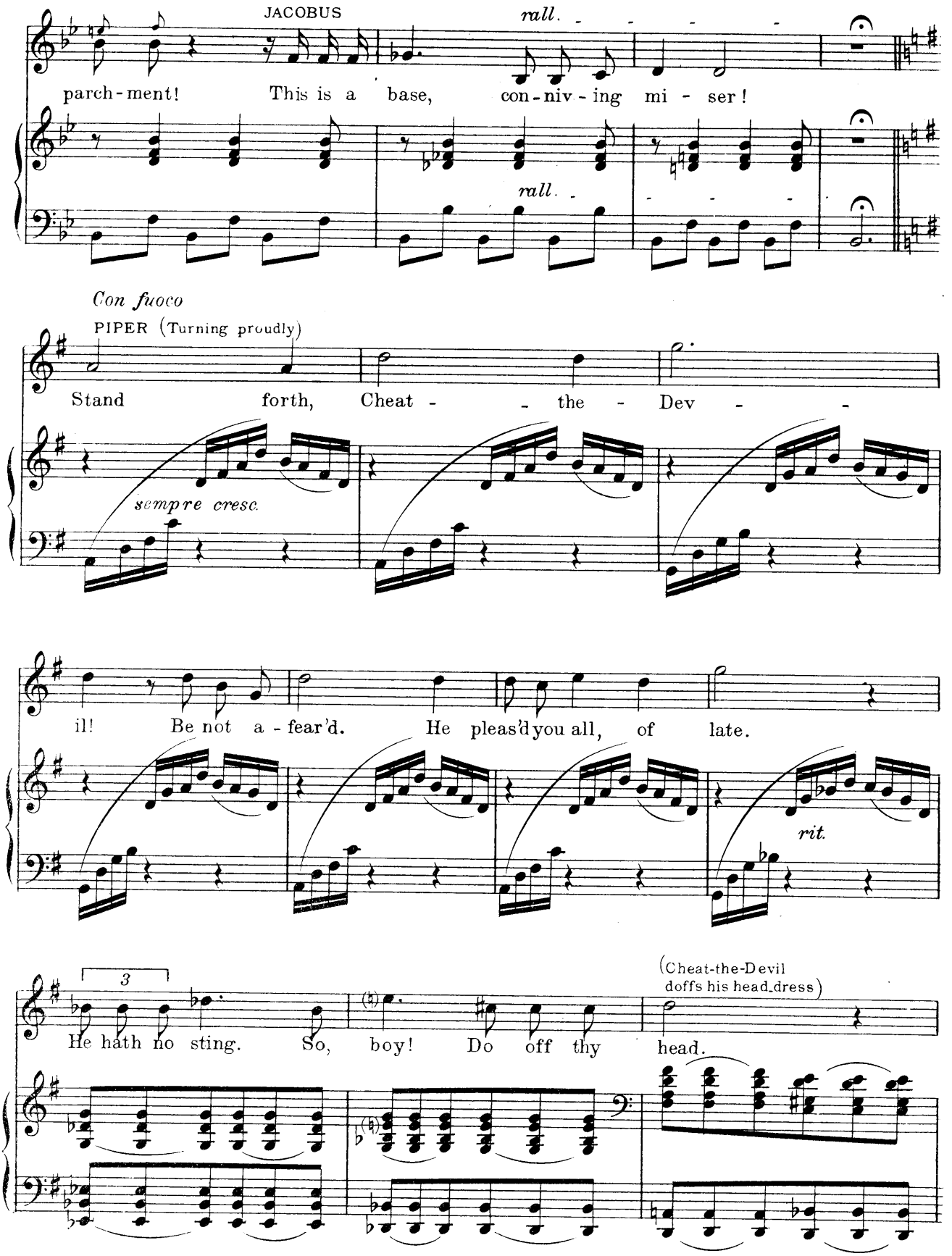
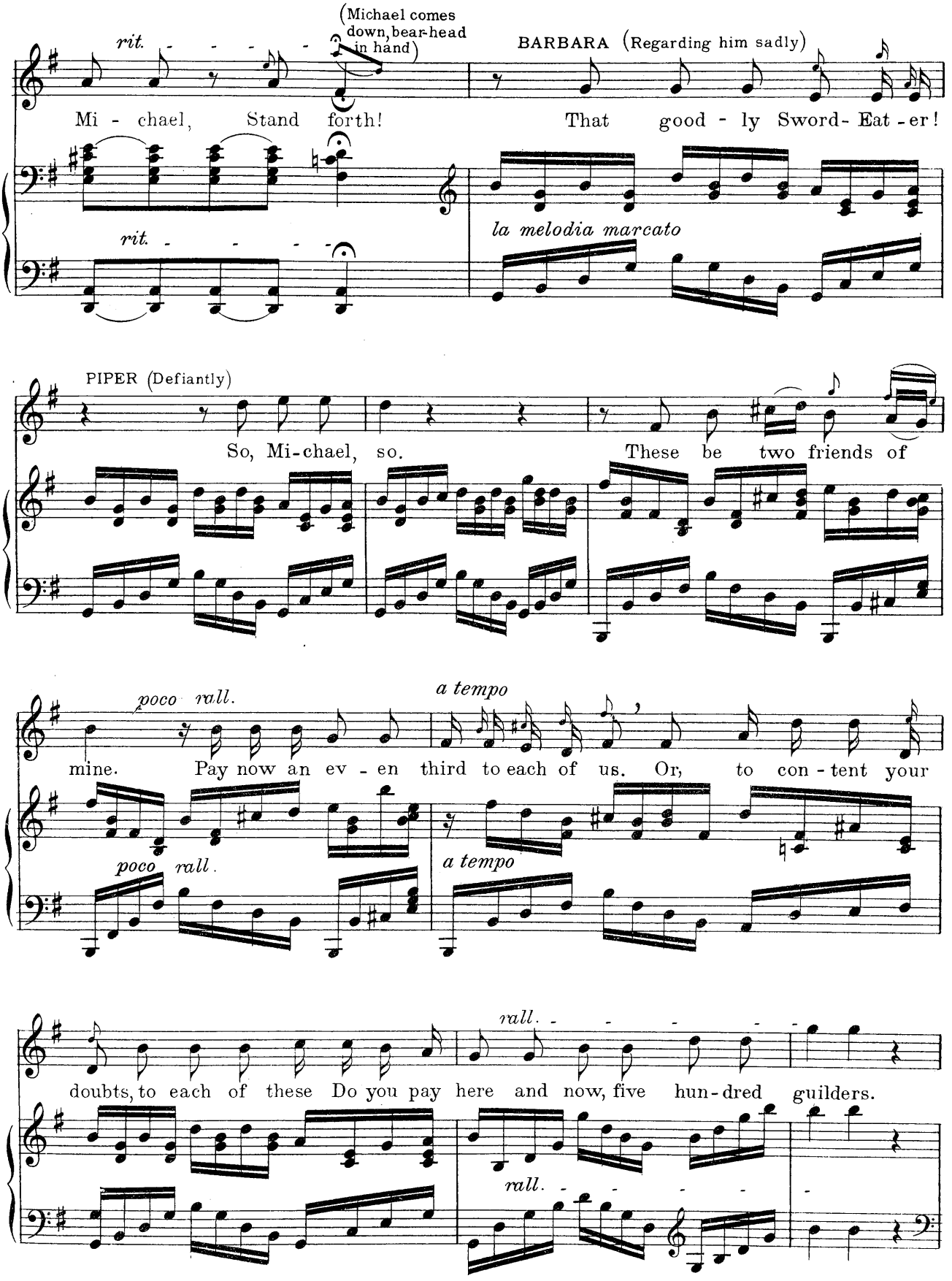
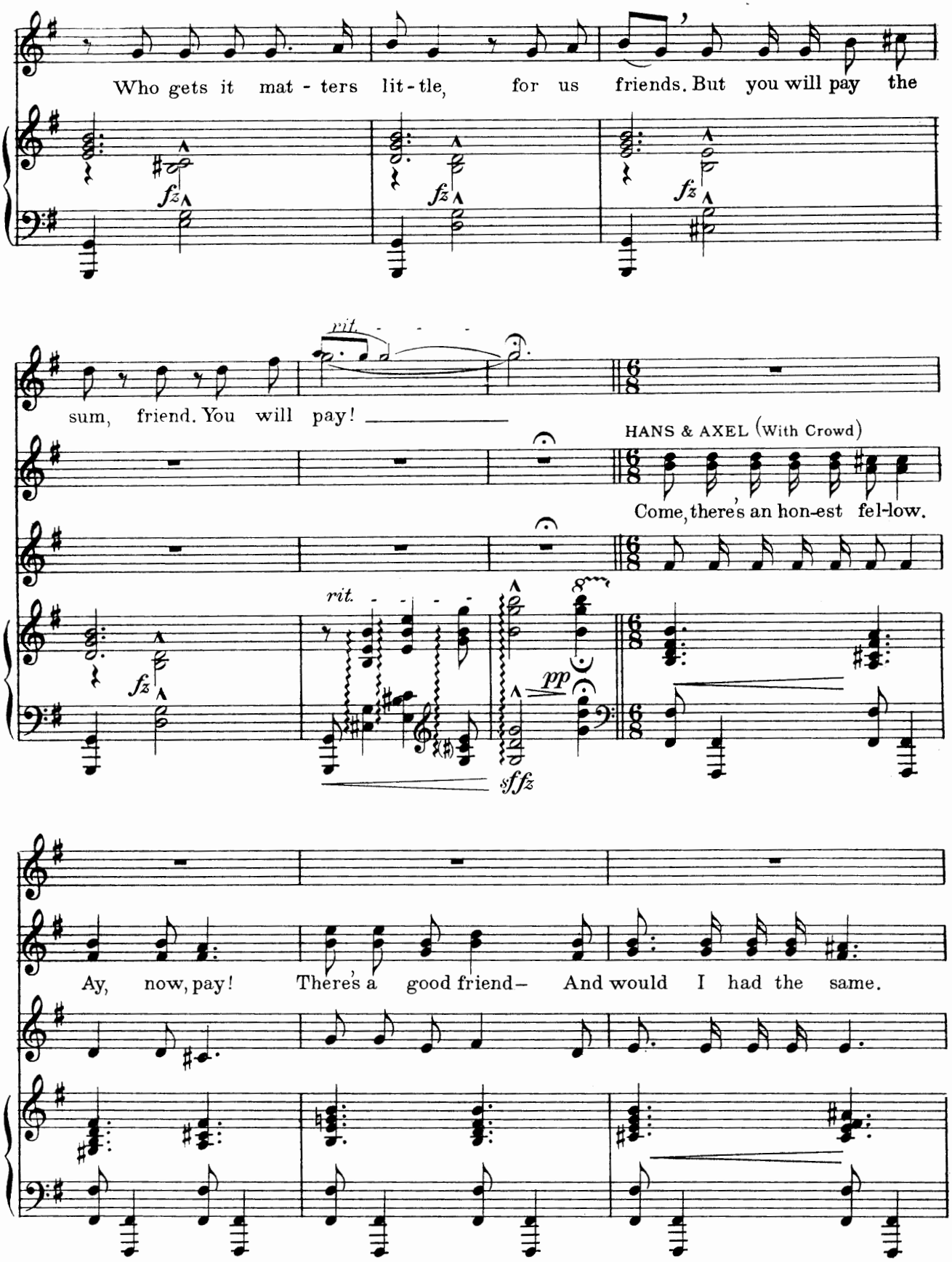
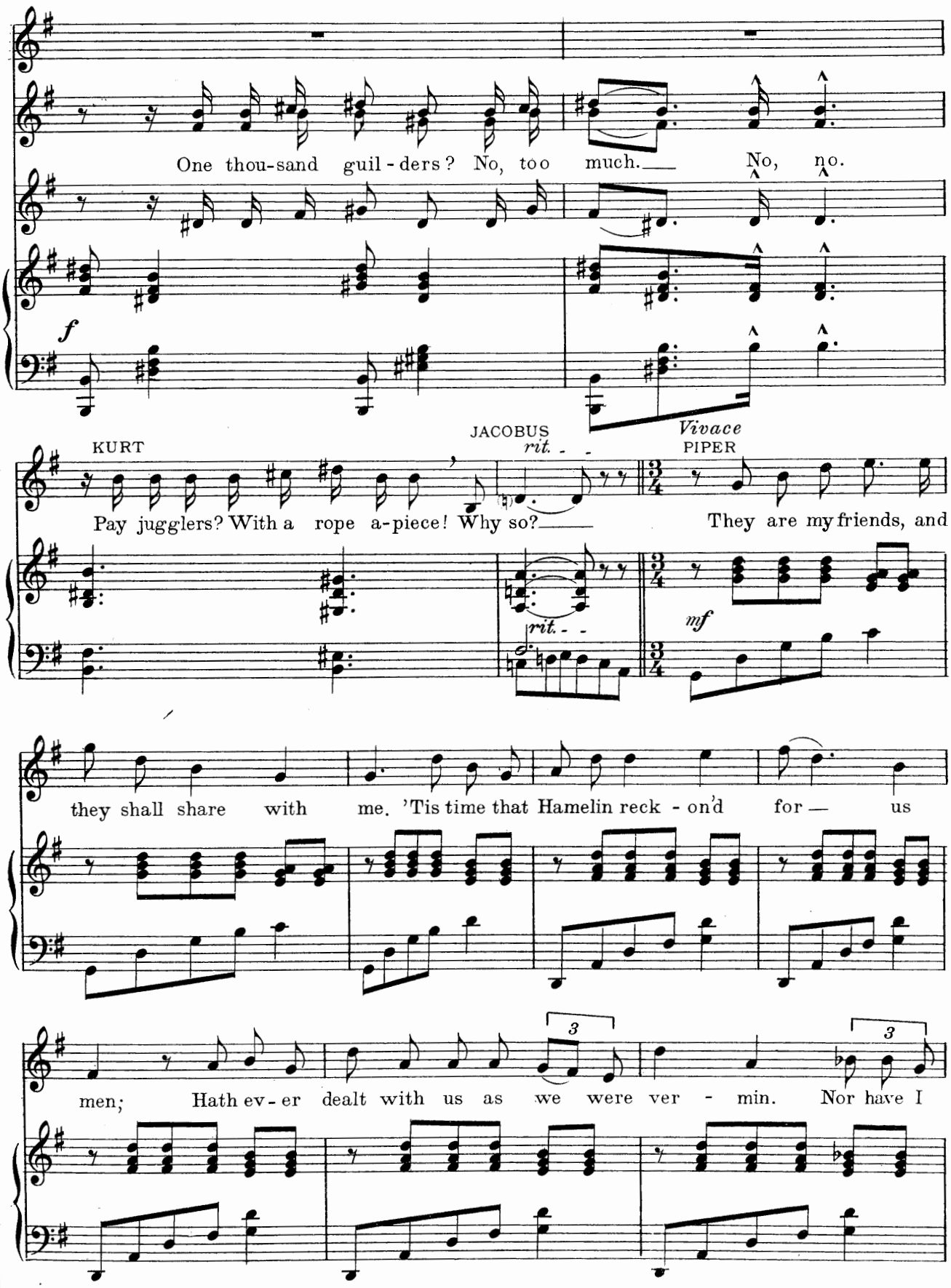
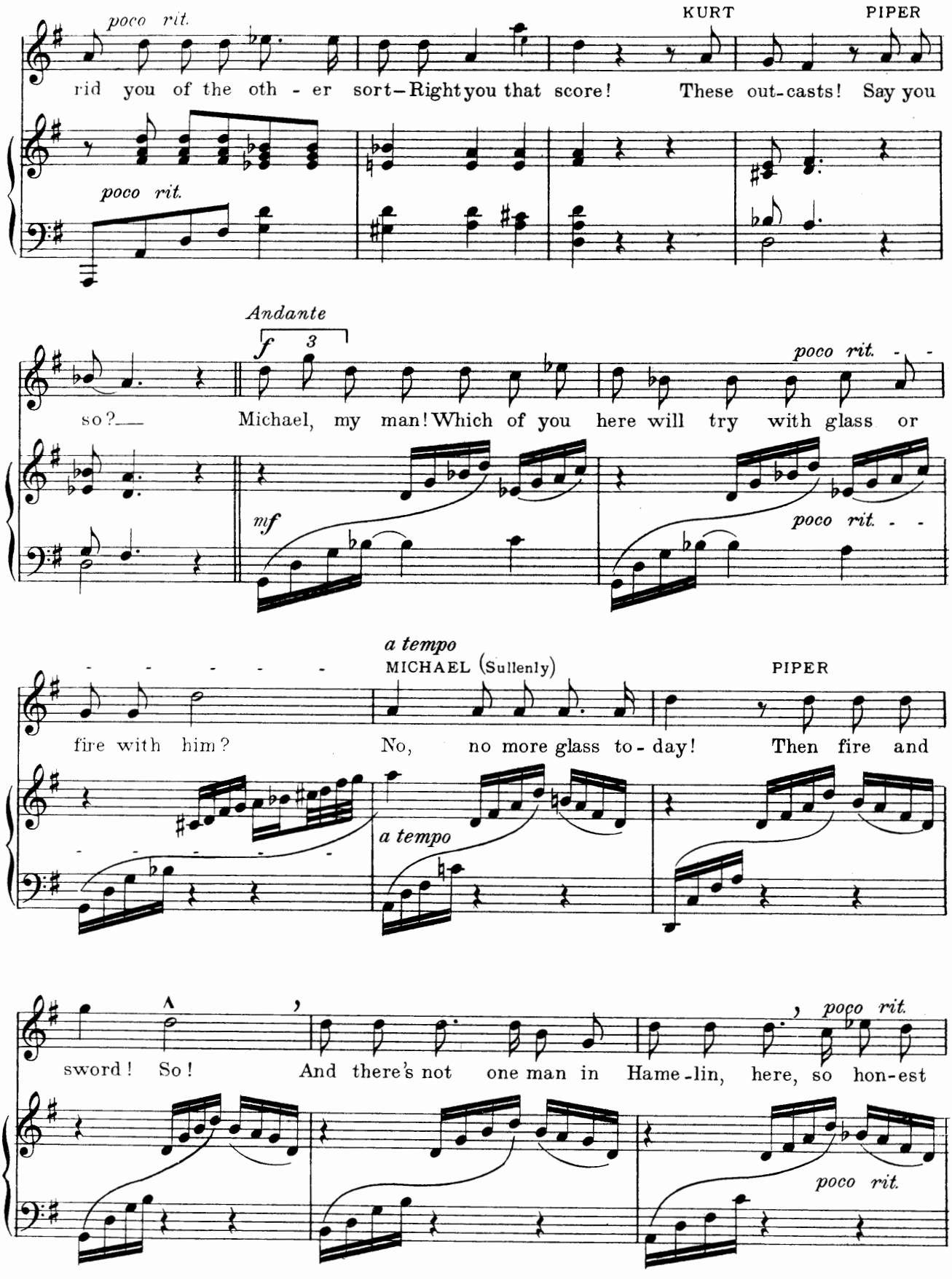
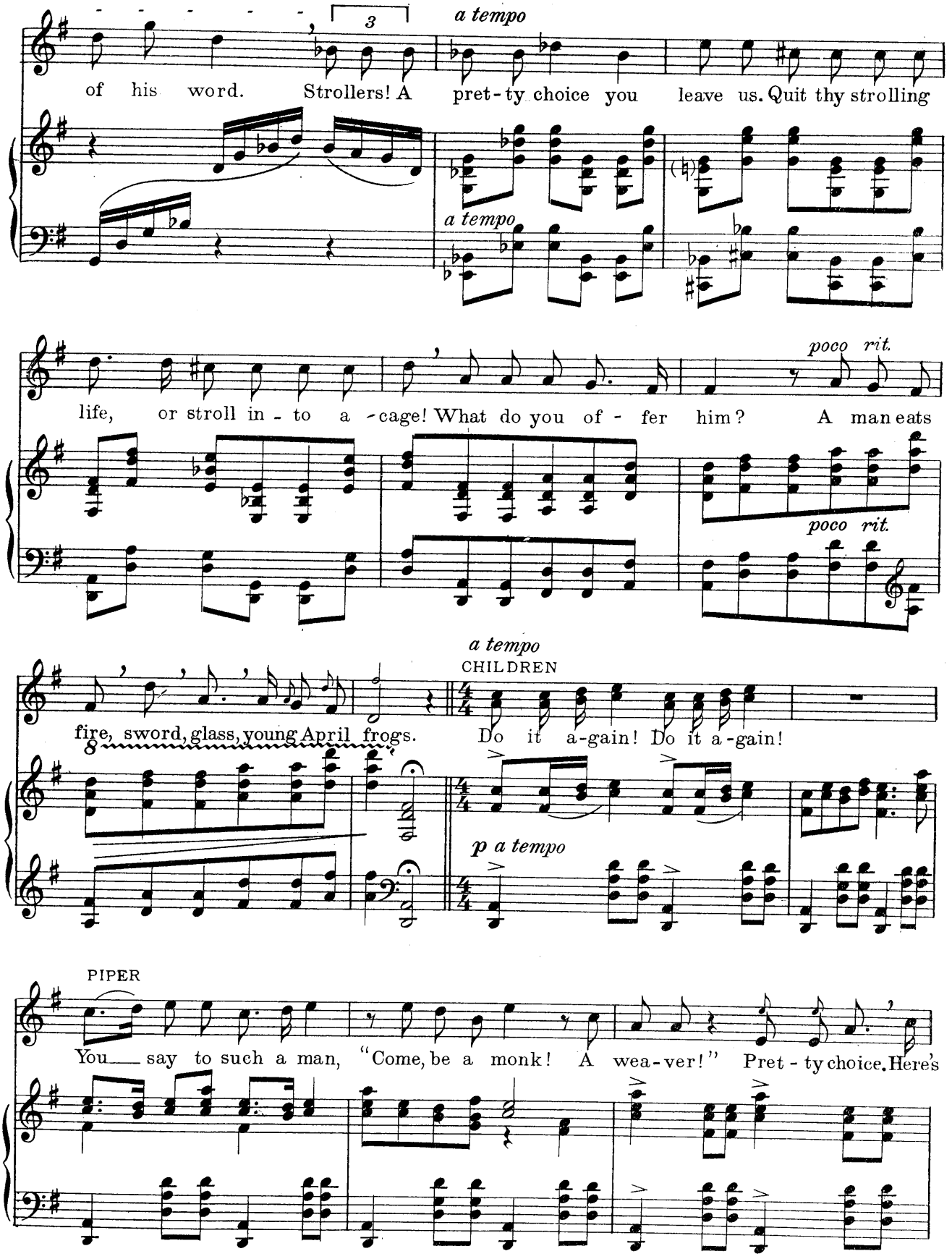

JACOBUS
rall.
parch-ment! This is a base, con-niv-ing mi - ser!
rall.
Con fuoco
PIPER (Turning proudly)
Stand forth, Cheat - - the - Dev -
sempre cresc.
il! Be not a-fear'd. He pleas'd you all, of late.
rit.
3
He hath no sting. So, boy! Do off thy head.
(Cheat-the-Devil doffs his head-dress)

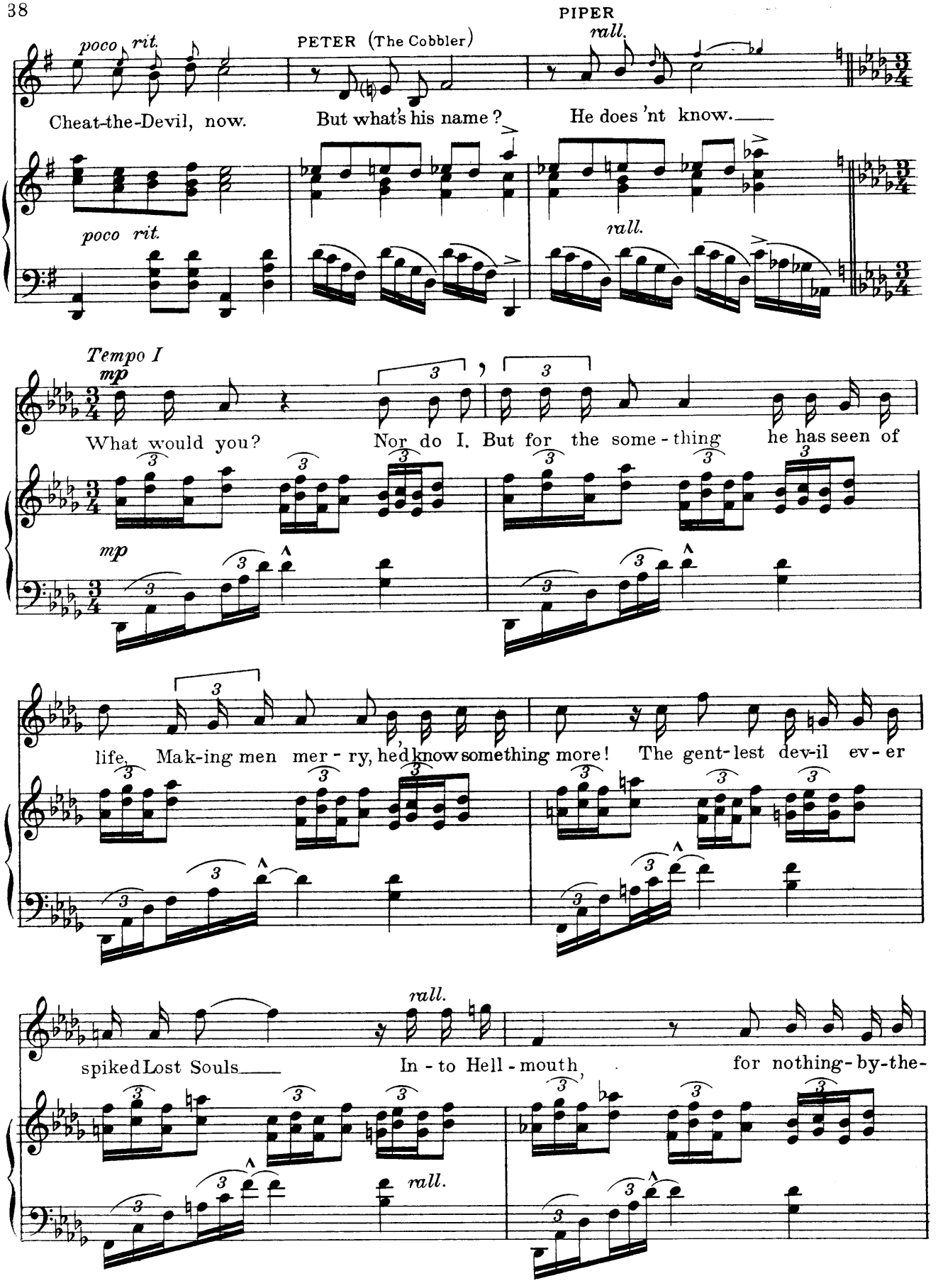

(Michael comes down, bear-head in hand)
rit.
Mi - chael, Stand forth!
BARBARA (Regarding him sadly)
That good - ly Sword- Eat - er!
la melodia marcato
PIPER (Defiantly)
So, Mi-chael, so.
These be two friends of
poco rall.
a tempo
mine. Pay now an ev - en third to each of us. Or, to con - tent your
doubts, to each of these Do you pay here and now, five hun-dred guilders.
rall.

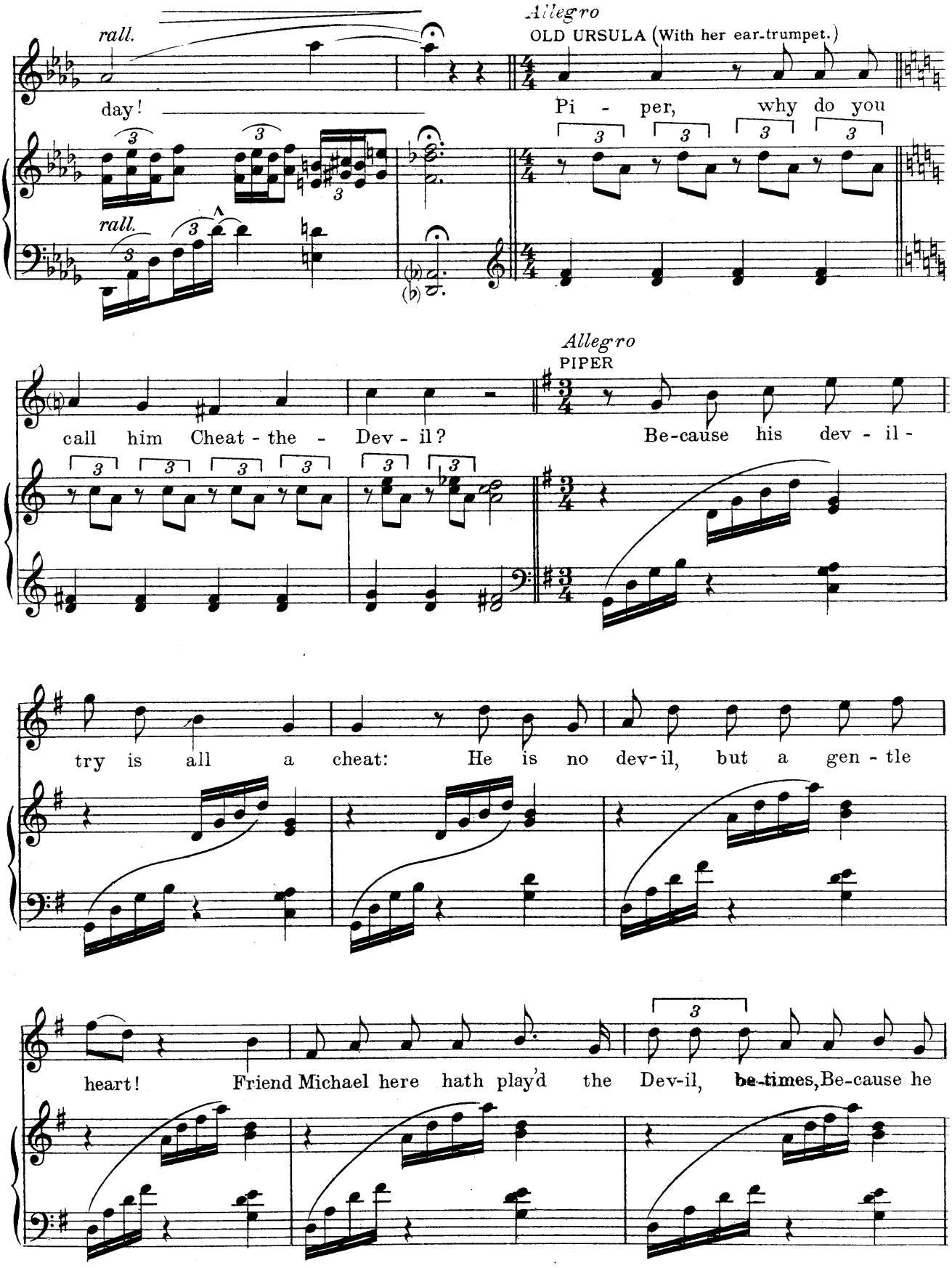

Who gets it mat - ters lit - tle, for us friends. But you will pay the
rit.
sum, friend. You will pay!
HANS & AXEL (With Crowd)
Come, there's an hon-est fel-low.
rit.
pp
sffz
Ay, now, pay! There's a good friend– And would I had the same.

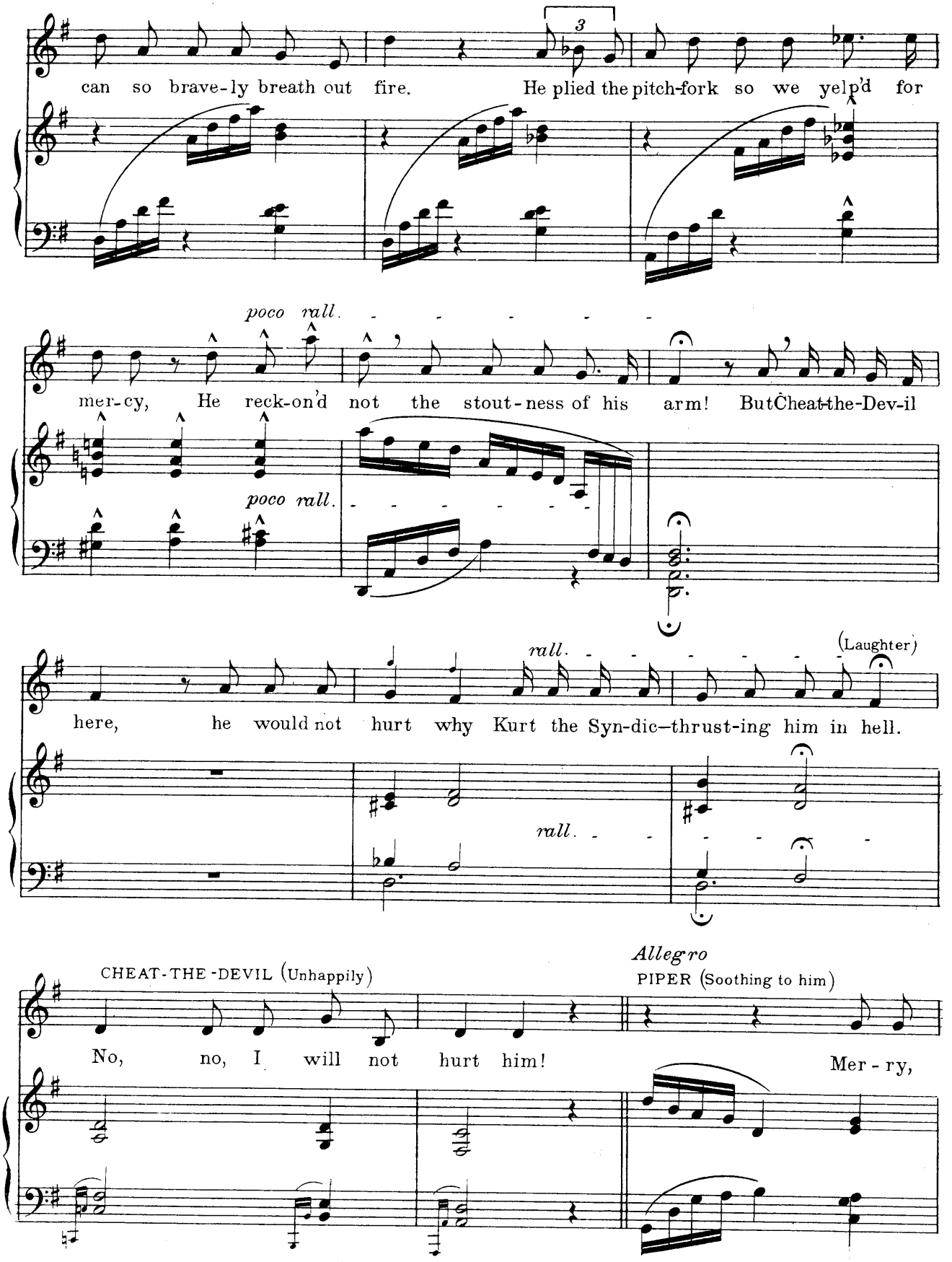

One thou-sand guil-ders? No, too much. No, no.
f
KURT
JACOBUS
rit. - -
Vivace
PIPER
Pay jugglers? With a rope a-piece! Why so?
They are my friends, and
rit. - -
mf
they shall share with me. 'Tis time that Hamelin reck-on'd for us
men; Hath ev-er dealt with us as we were ver-min. Nor have I
3
3

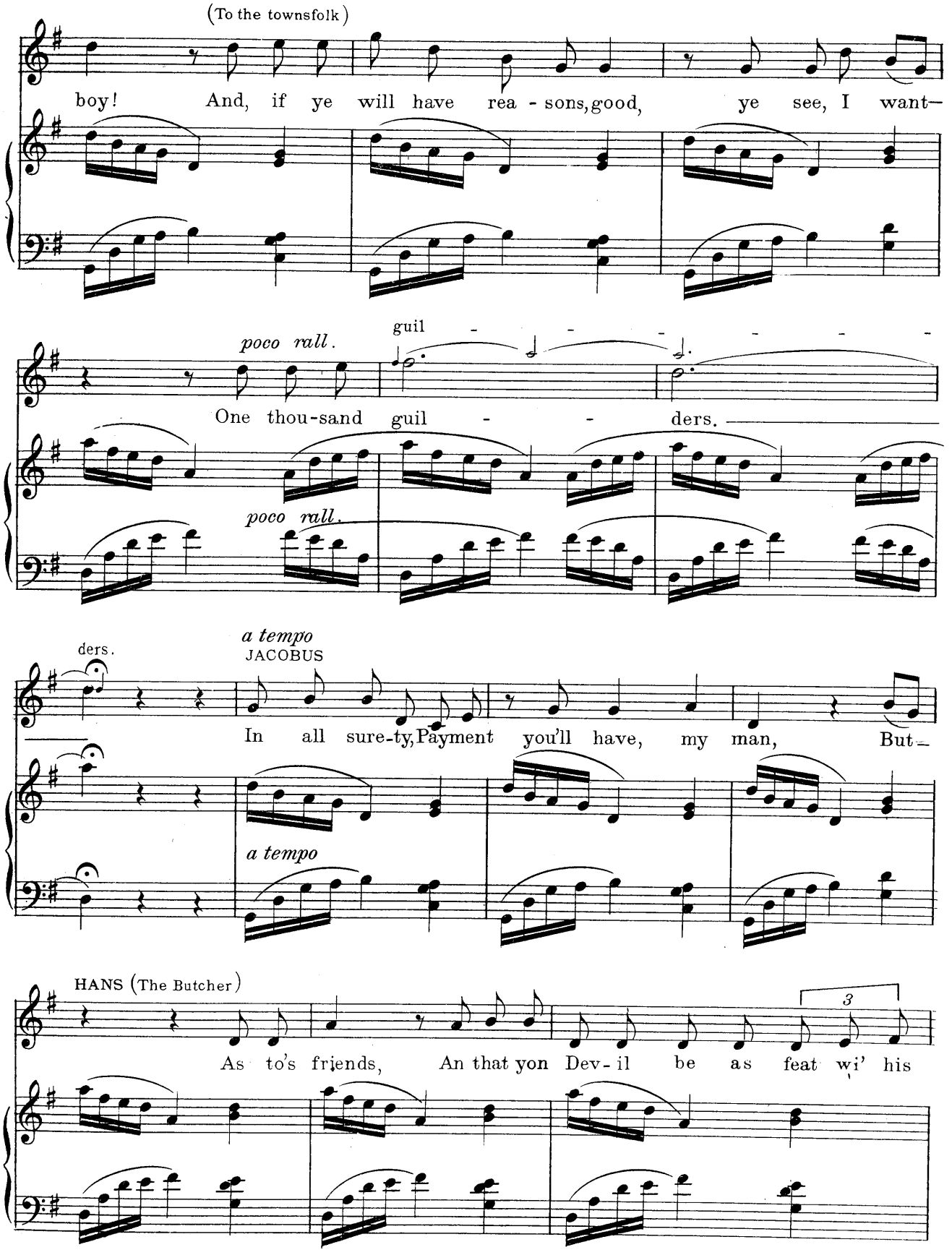

poco rit.
KURT
PIPER
rid you of the oth - er sort—Right you that score! These out-casts! Say you
poco rit.
Andante
f 3
so?— Michael, my man! Which of you here will try with glass or
poco rit. - -
mf
poco rit. - -
a tempo
MICHAEL (Sullenly)
PIPER
fire with him? No, no more glass to - day! Then fire and
a tempo
sword! So! And there's not one man in Hame - lin, here, so hon - est
poco rit.
poco rit.

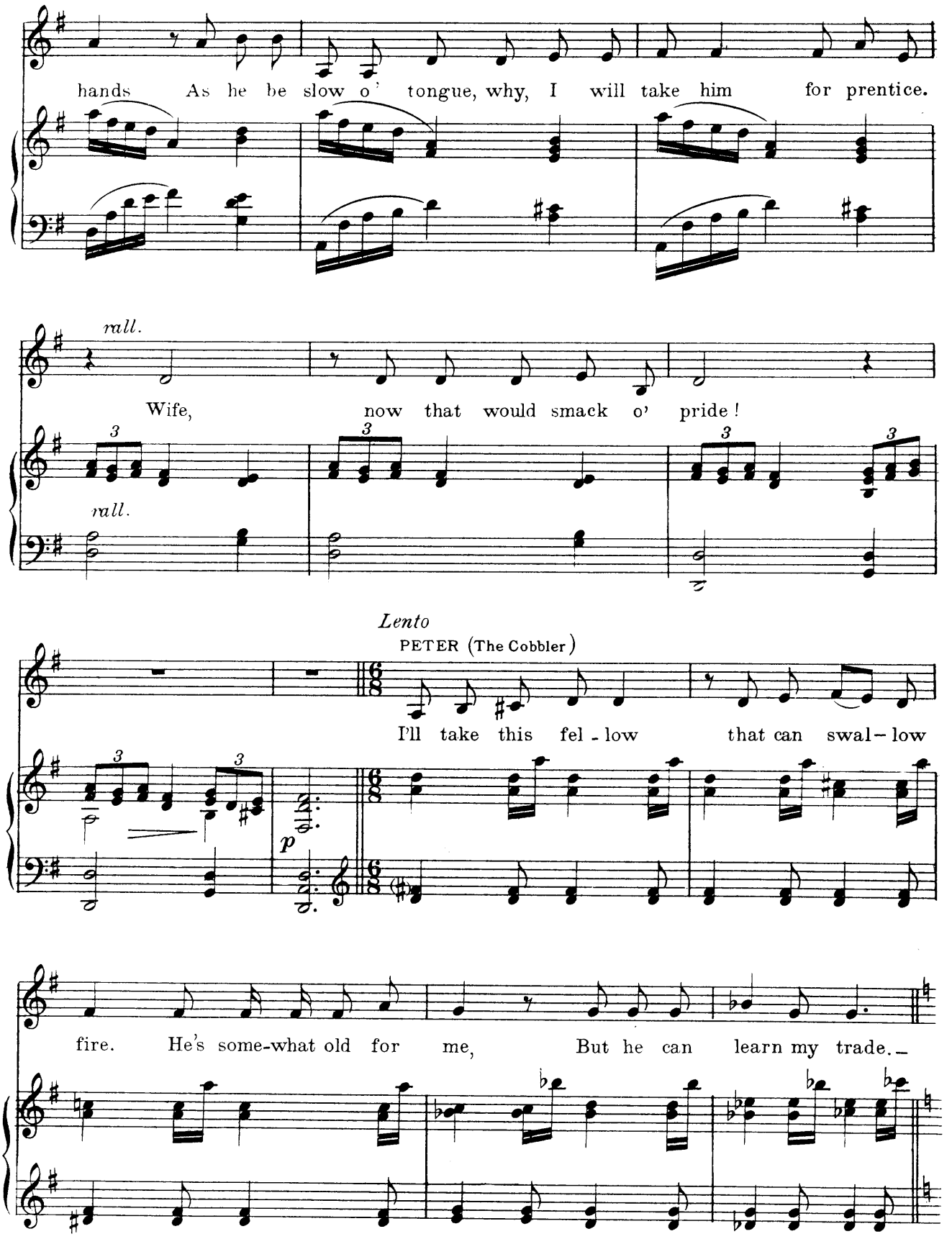

3
a tempo
of his word. Strollers! A pret-ty choice you leave us. Quit thy strolling
a tempo
poco rit.
life, or stroll in-to a cage! What do you of-fer him? A man eats
poco rit.
a tempo
CHILDREN
fire, sword, glass, young April frogs. Do it a-gain! Do it a-gain!
p a tempo
PIPER
You say to such a man, "Come, be a monk! A wea-ver!" Pret-ty choice. Here's

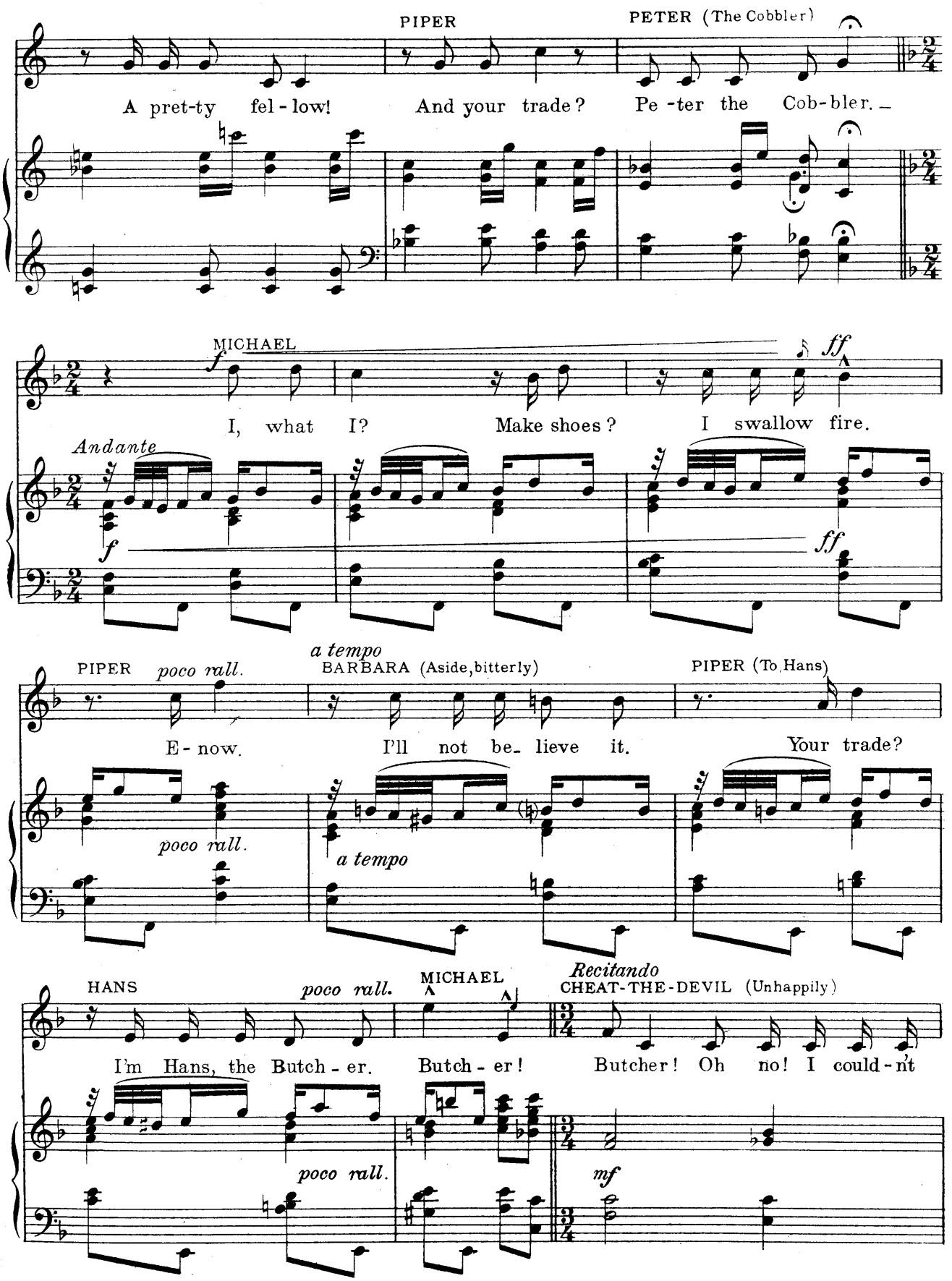

PIPER
PETER (The Cobbler)
poco rit.
rall.
Cheat-the-Devil, now.
But what's his name?
He does 'nt know.
poco rit.
rall.
Tempo I
mp
What would you?
Nor do I. But for the some-thing he has seen of
mp
life, Mak-ing men mer-ry, he'd know something more! The gent-lest dev-il ev-er
rall.
spiked Lost Souls
In-to Hell-mouth
for nothing-by-the-
rall.

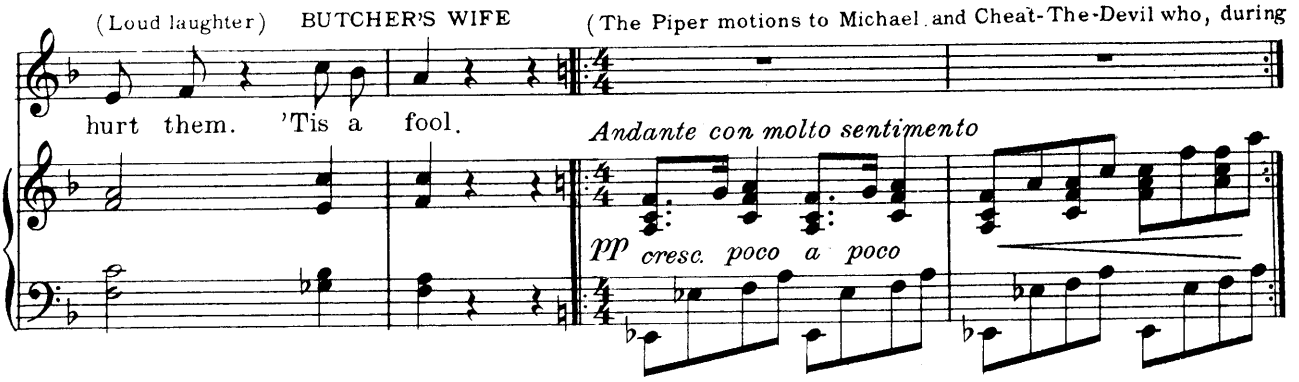

rall.
day!
Allegro
OLD URSULA (With her ear-trumpet.)
Pi - per, why do you
rall.
call him Cheat - the - Dev - il?
Allegro
PIPER
Be-cause his dev - il -
try is all a cheat: He is no dev-il, but a gen - tle
heart! Friend Michael here hath play'd the Dev-il, be-times, Be-cause he


can so brave-ly breath out fire. He plied the pitch-fork so we yelp'd for
poco rall.
mer-cy, He reck-on'd not the stout-ness of his arm! But Cheat-the-Dev-il
poco rall.
here, he would not hurt why Kurt the Syn-dic—thrust-ing him in hell.
rall.
rall.
(Laughter)
CHEAT-THE-DEVIL (Unhappily)
No, no, I will not hurt him!
Allegro
PIPER (Soothing to him)
Mer-ry,

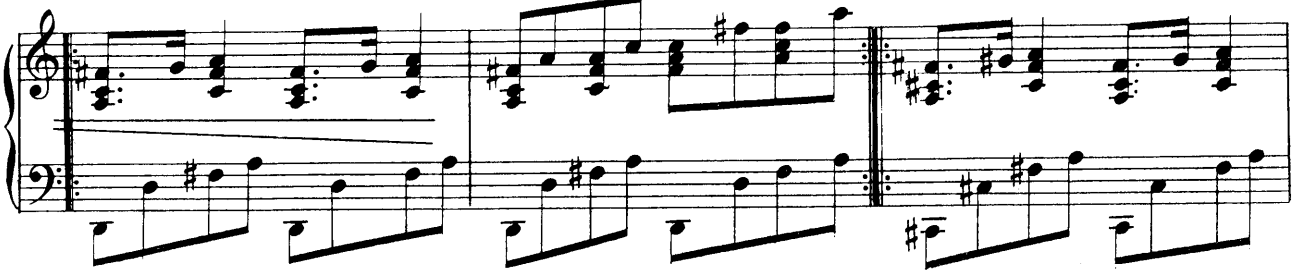

(To the townsfolk)
boy! And, if ye will have rea - sons, good, ye see, I want—
poco rall.
guil - - - - - - - -
One thou-sand guil - - ders.
poco rall.
ders.
a tempo
JACOBUS
In all sure-ty, Payment you'll have, my man, But—
a tempo
HANS (The Butcher)
3
As to's friends, An that yon Dev-il be as feat wi' his

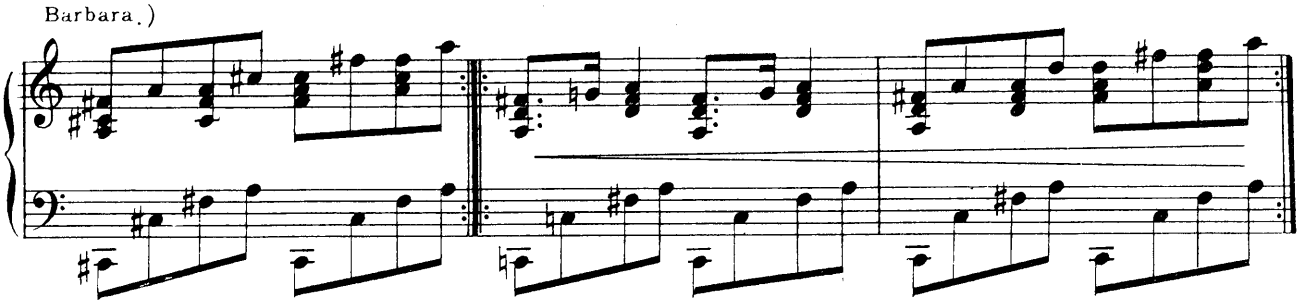

hands As he be slow o' tongue, why, I will take him for prentice.
rall.
Wife, now that would smack o' pride!
rall.
Lento
PETER (The Cobbler)
I'll take this fel - low that can swal - low
p
fire. He's some-what old for me, But he can learn my trade.

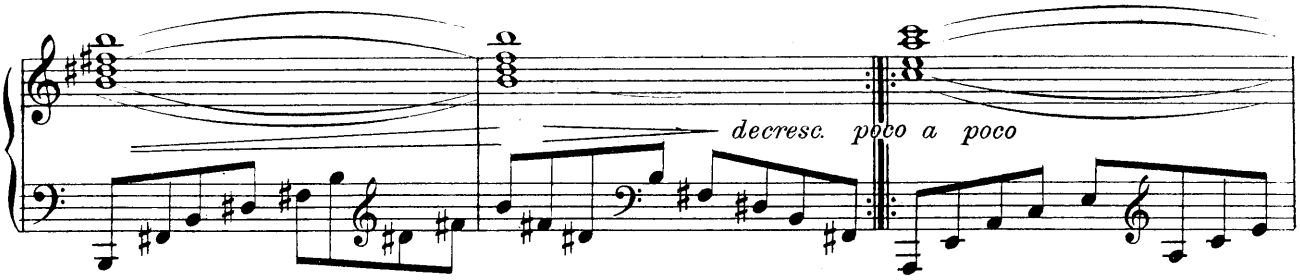

PIPER
PETER (The Cobbler)
A pret-ty fel-low!
And your trade?
Pe-ter the Cob-bler.
MICHAEL
I, what I?
Make shoes?
I swallow fire.
Andante
PIPER
poco rall.
E-now.
a tempo
BARBARA (Aside, bitterly)
I'll not be-lieve it.
PIPER (To Hans)
Your trade?
HANS
poco rall.
I'm Hans, the Butch-er.
MICHAEL
Butch-er!
Recitando
CHEAT-THE-DEVIL (Unhappily)
Butcher! Oh no! I could-n't

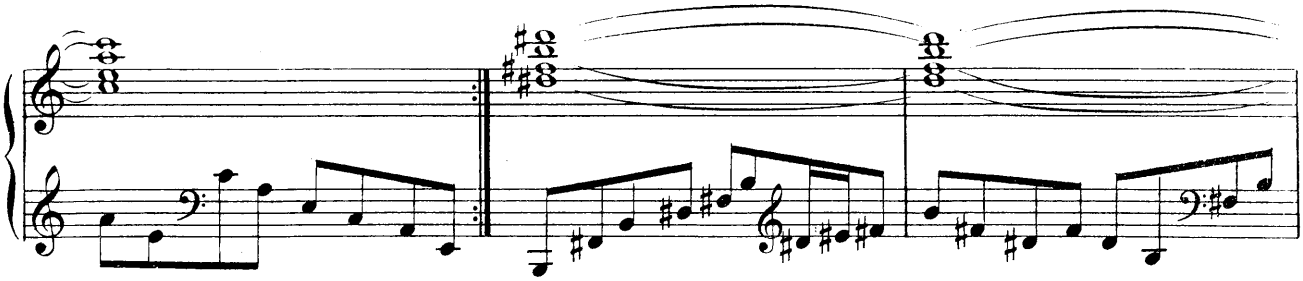


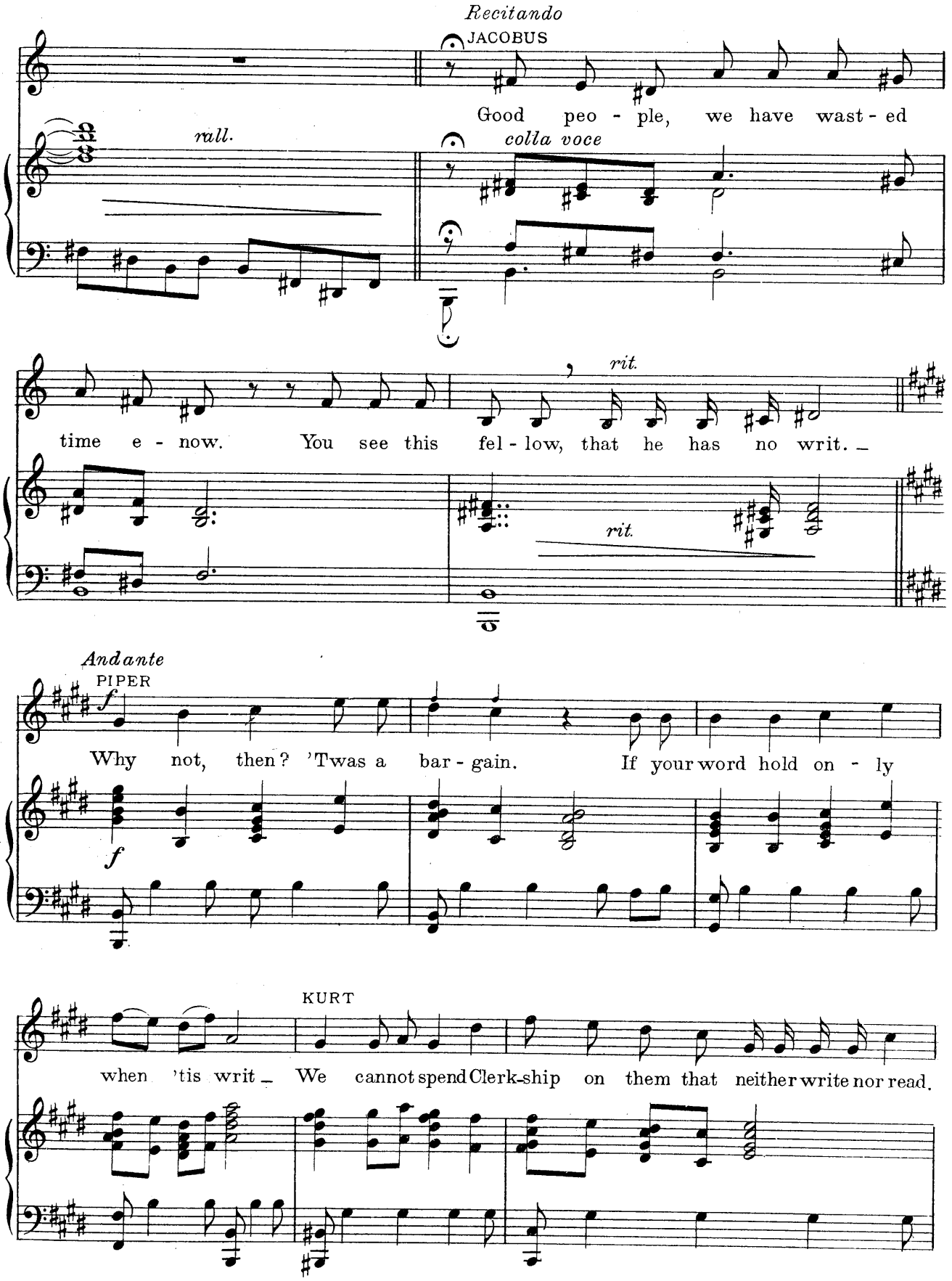
the following, join the other player-folk, strike their tent, pack their bundles, wheel off the barrows that have served them for an Ark, leaving the space clear before the Shrine. Exeunt strollers, all but Michael, who hangs about, still gazing at

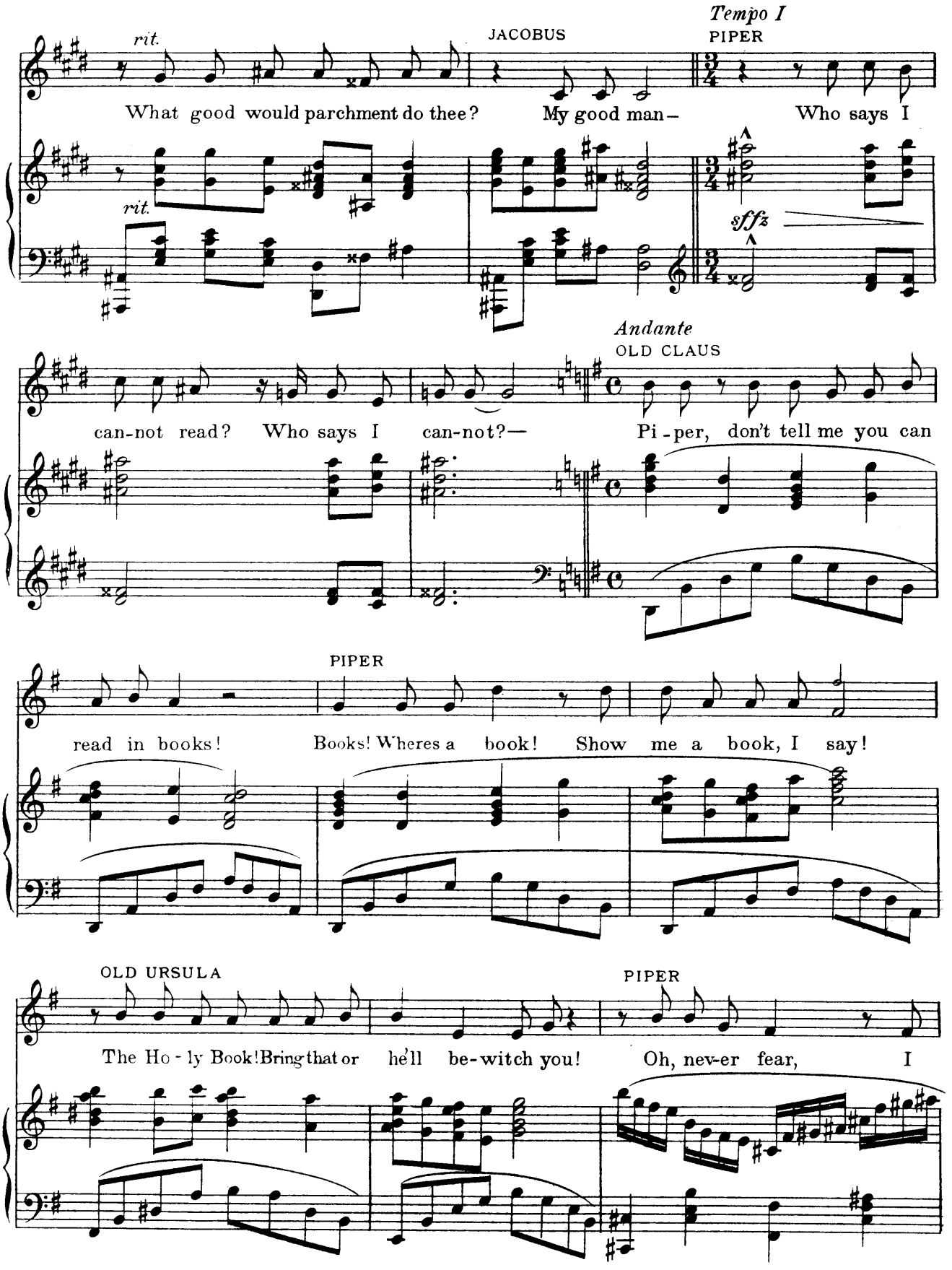


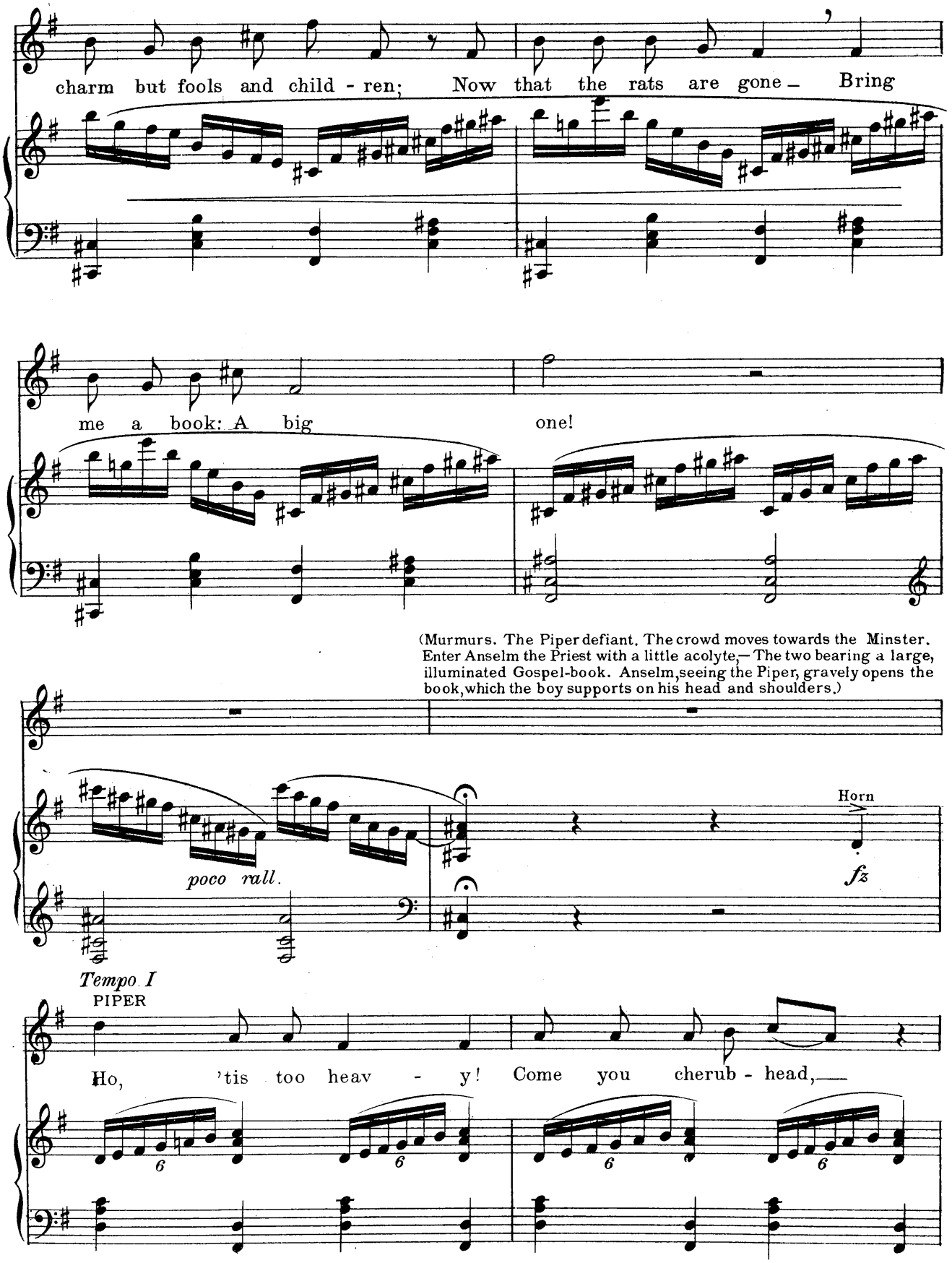


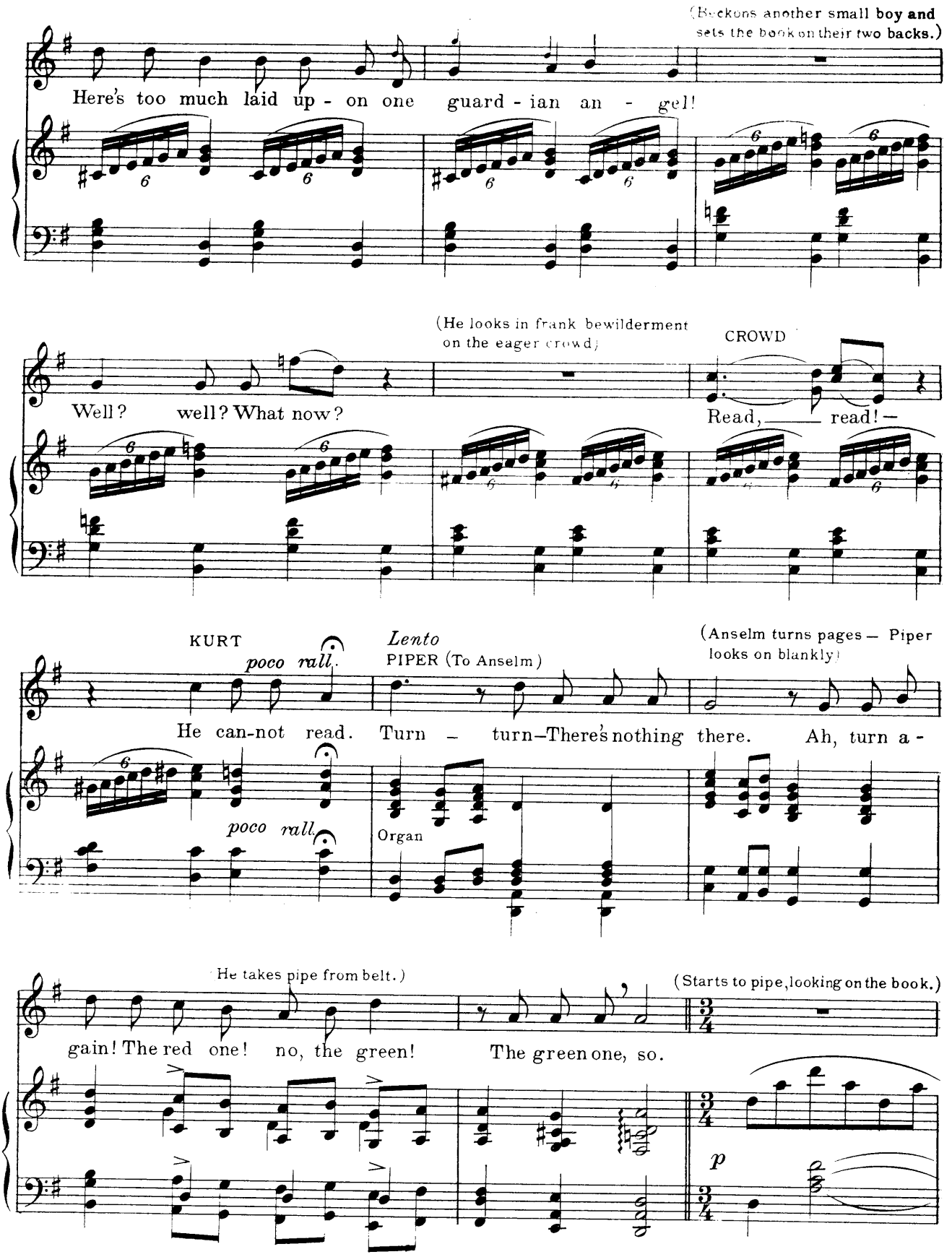


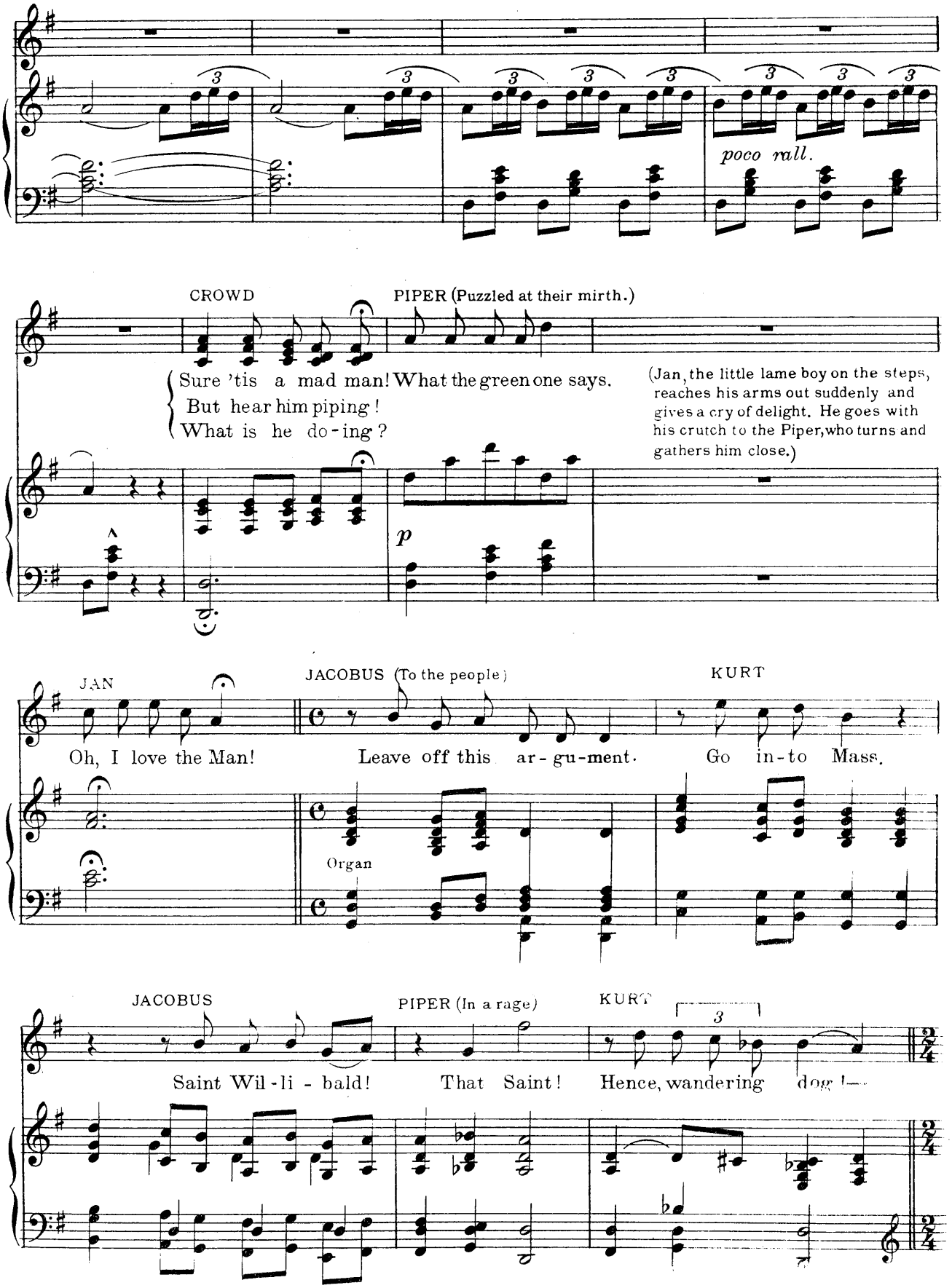



Recitando
JACOBUS
Good peo - ple, we have wast - ed
rall.
colla voce
time e - now. You see this fel - low, that he has no writ. –
rit.
rit.
Andante
PIPER
f
Why not, then? 'Twas a bar - gain. If your word hold on - ly
f
KURT
when 'tis writ – We cannot spend Clerk-ship on them that neither write nor read.


Tempo I
rit.
JACOBUS
PIPER
What good would parchment do thee?
My good man—
Who says I
rit.
sffz
Andante
OLD CLAUS
can-not read? Who says I can-not?—
Pi-per, don't tell me you can
PIPER
read in books!
Books! Wheres a book!
Show me a book, I say!
OLD URSULA
PIPER
The Ho-ly Book! Bring that or he'll be-witch you!
Oh, nev-er fear, I


charm but fools and child - ren; Now that the rats are gone – Bring
me a book: A big one!
(Murmurs. The Piper defiant. The crowd moves towards the Minster. Enter Anselm the Priest with a little acolyte,– The two bearing a large, illuminated Gospel-book. Anselm, seeing the Piper, gravely opens the book, which the boy supports on his head and shoulders.)
poco rall.
Horn
fz
Tempo I
PIPER
Ho, 'tis too heav - y! Come you cherub - head,—


(Beckons another small boy and sets the book on their two backs.)
Here's too much laid up - on one guard - ian an - gel!
(He looks in frank bewilderment on the eager crowd)
CROWD
Well? well? What now?
Read, —— read! —
KURT
poco rall.
Lento
PIPER (To Anselm)
(Anselm turns pages — Piper looks on blankly)
He can-not read. Turn — turn—There's nothing there. Ah, turn a -
poco rall.
Organ
He takes pipe from belt.)
(Starts to pipe, looking on the book.)
gain! The red one! no, the green! The green one, so.
p


poco rall.
CROWD
PIPER (Puzzled at their mirth.)
Sure 'tis a mad man! What the green one says.
But hear him piping!
What is he do-ing?
(Jan, the little lame boy on the steps, reaches his arms out suddenly and gives a cry of delight. He goes with his crutch to the Piper, who turns and gathers him close.)
p
JAN
Oh, I love the Man!
JACOBUS (To the people)
Leave off this ar-gu-ment.
KURT
Go in-to Mass.
Organ
JACOBUS
Saint Wil-li-bald!
PIPER (In a rage)
That Saint!
KURT
Hence, wandering dog!—

Andante ed ***a tempo***

PIPER

rall.

O-ho! Well, ev-'ry Saint may have his day.

rall.

(To Anselm, suddenly)

But there are dog-days com-ing – Eh, your worship? You, there! you –

poco rall.

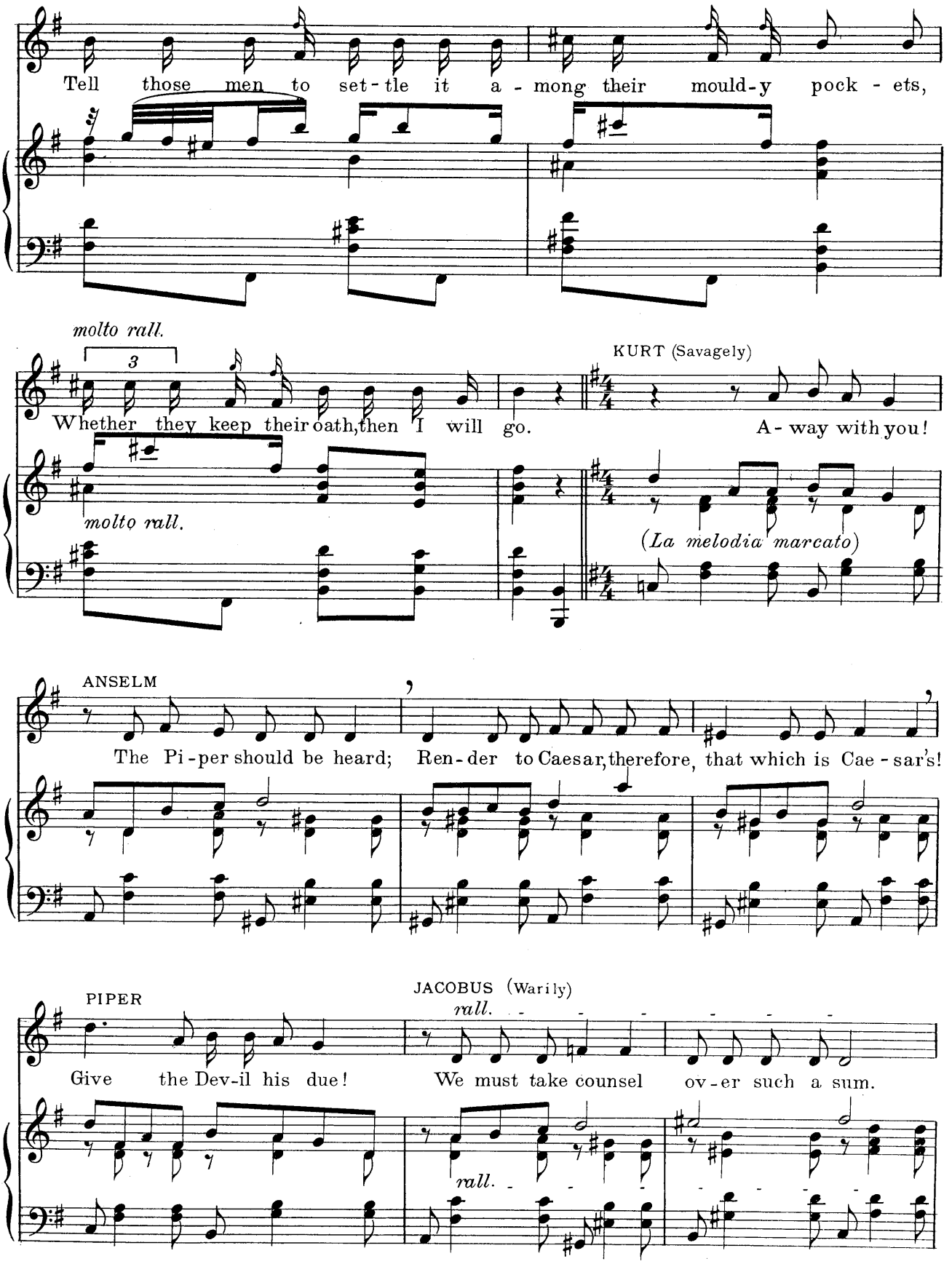
Brother – Father – Un-cle – You! Speak! Will you let them

poco rall.

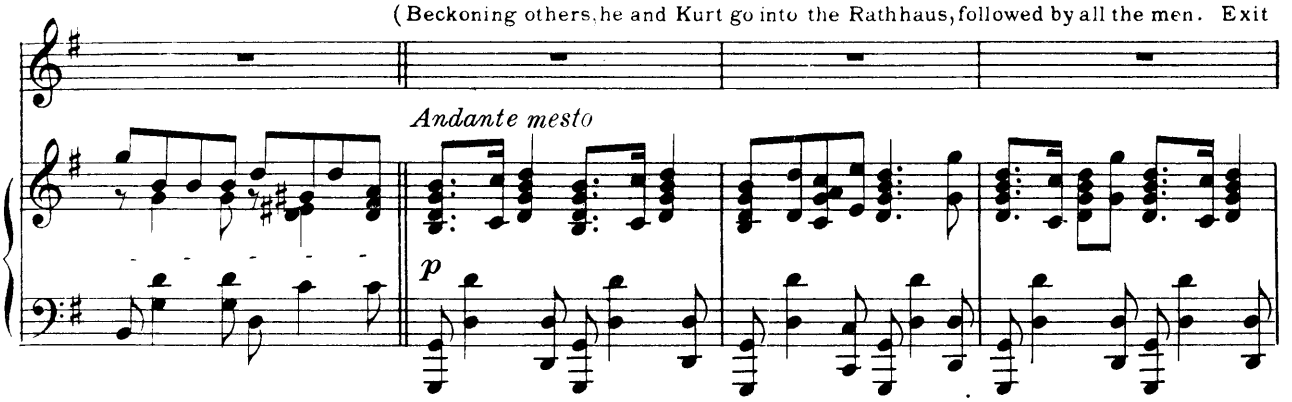
a tempo

in to say their prayers And mock me thro' their fin-gers?

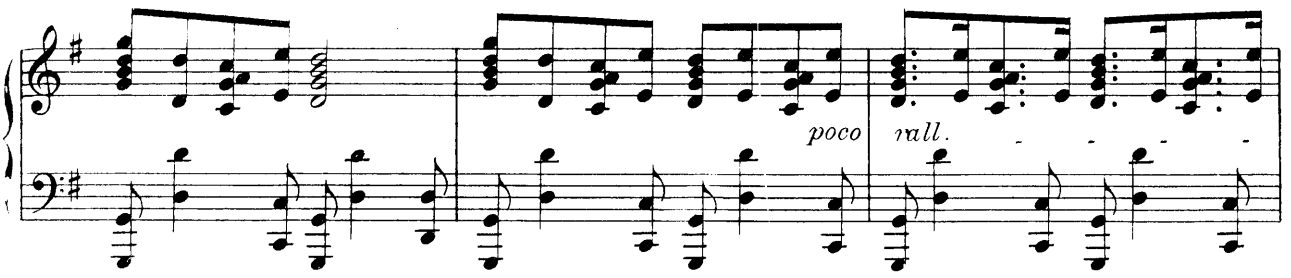
a tempo


Tell those men to set-tle it a-mong their mould-y pock-ets,
molto rall.
3
Whether they keep their oath, then I will go.
KURT (Savagely)
A-way with you!
molto rall.
(La melodia marcato)
ANSELM
The Pi-per should be heard; Ren-der to Caesar, therefore, that which is Cae-sar's!
PIPER
Give the Dev-il his due!
JACOBUS (Warily)
rall.
We must take counsel ov-er such a sum.
rall.

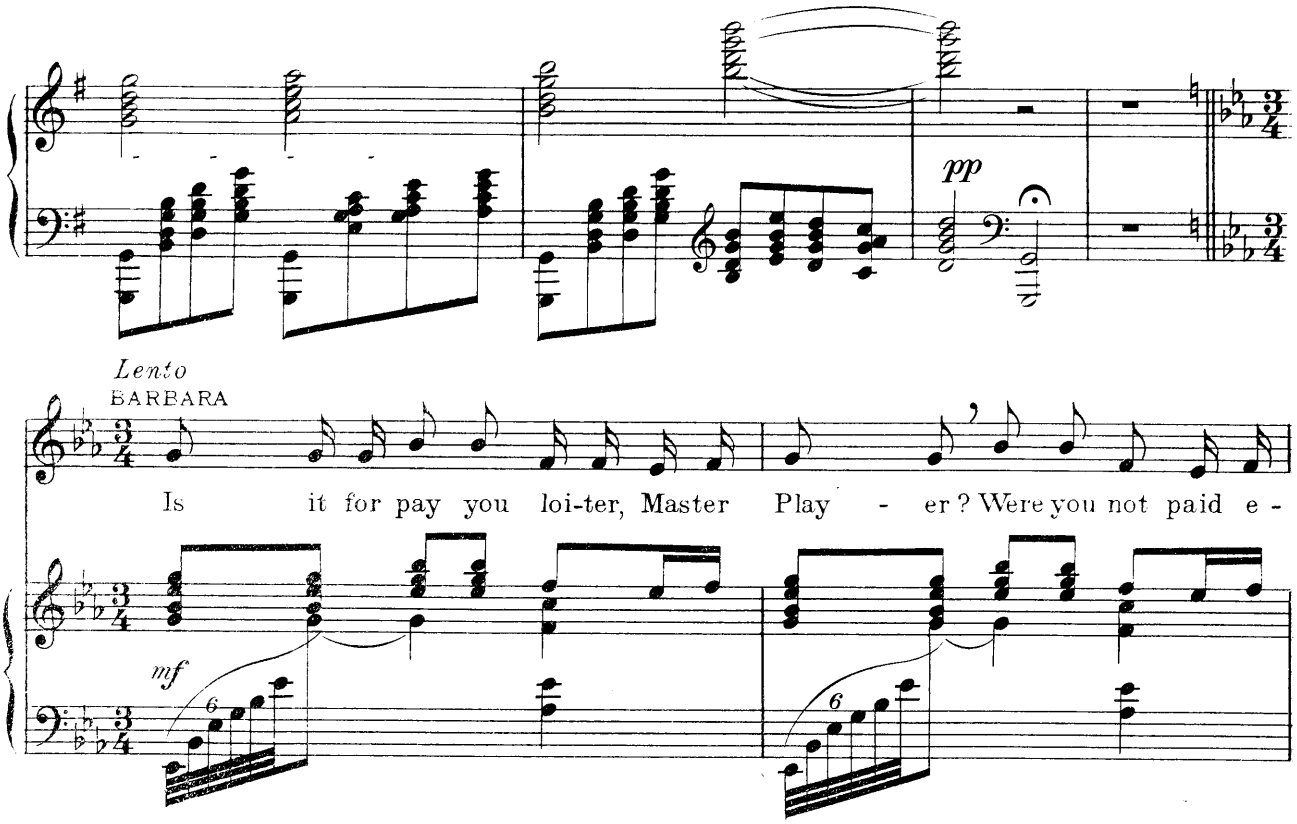
(Beckoning others, he and Kurt go into the Rathhaus, followed by all the men. Exit

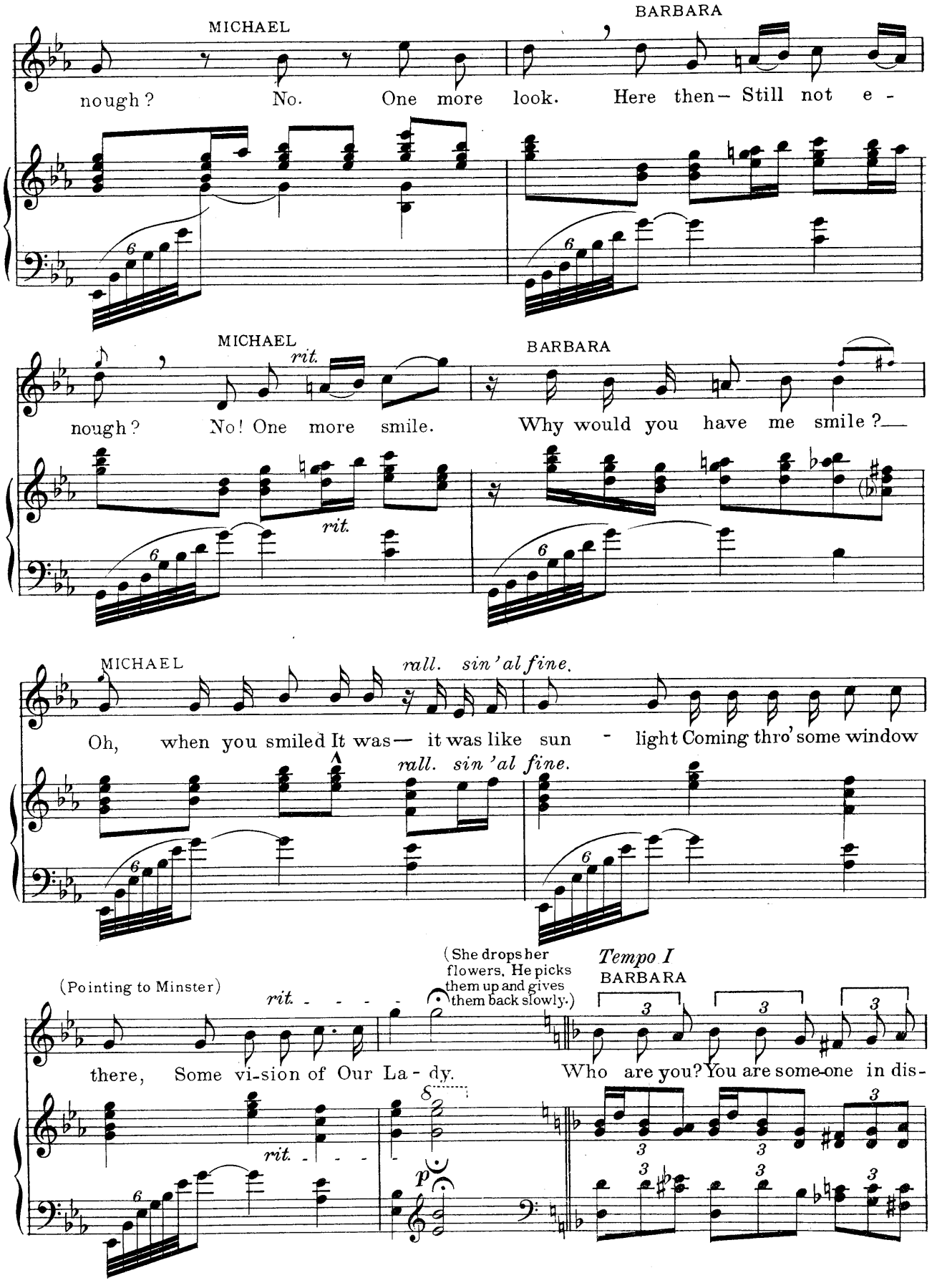


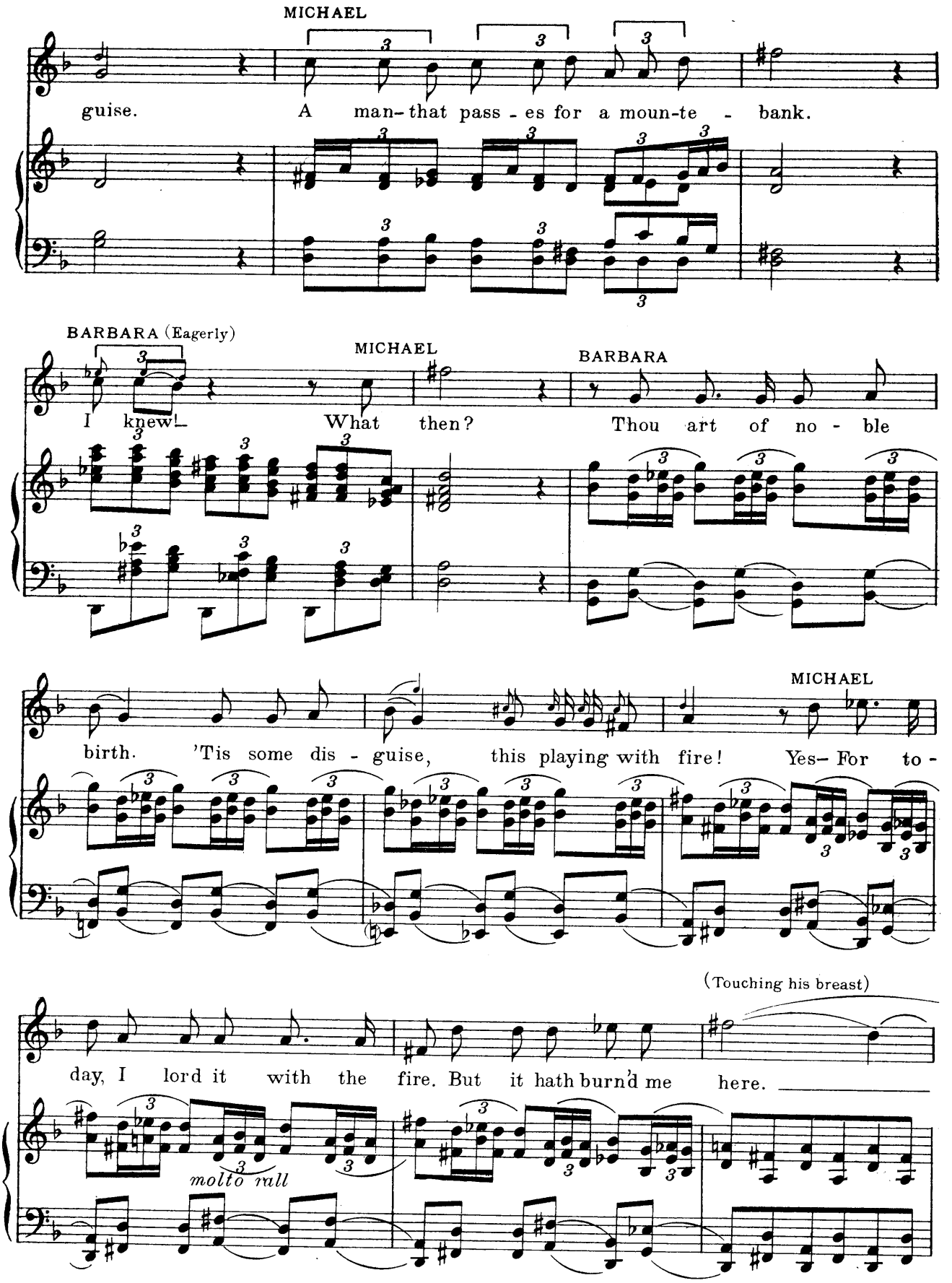
Anselm with the Holy Book into the Minster. — The children play mouse, to and fro, round the Piper. — The women, some of them spin on the door-steps with little distaffs, or stand about, gossiping. The Piper wipes his forehead and goes

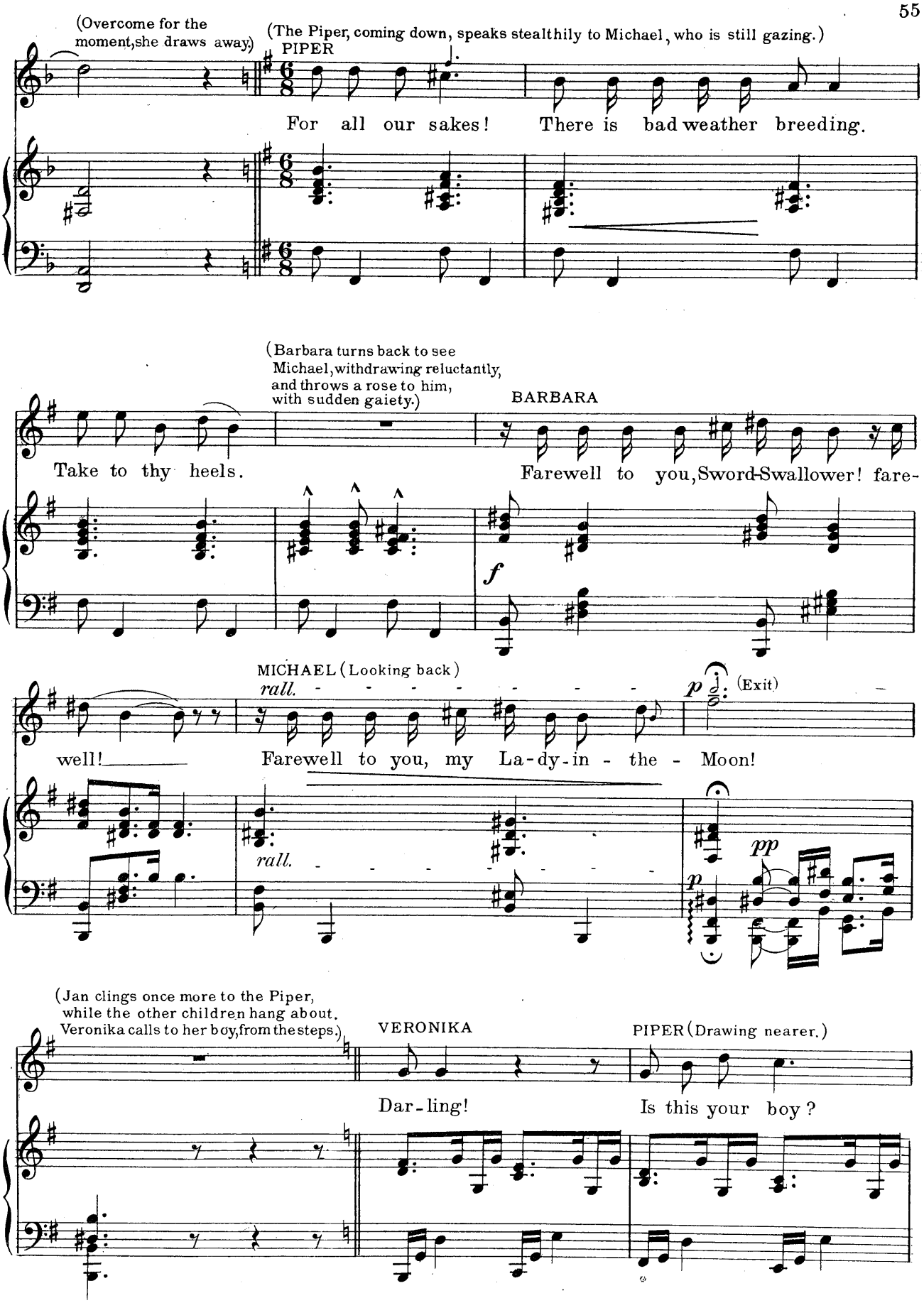


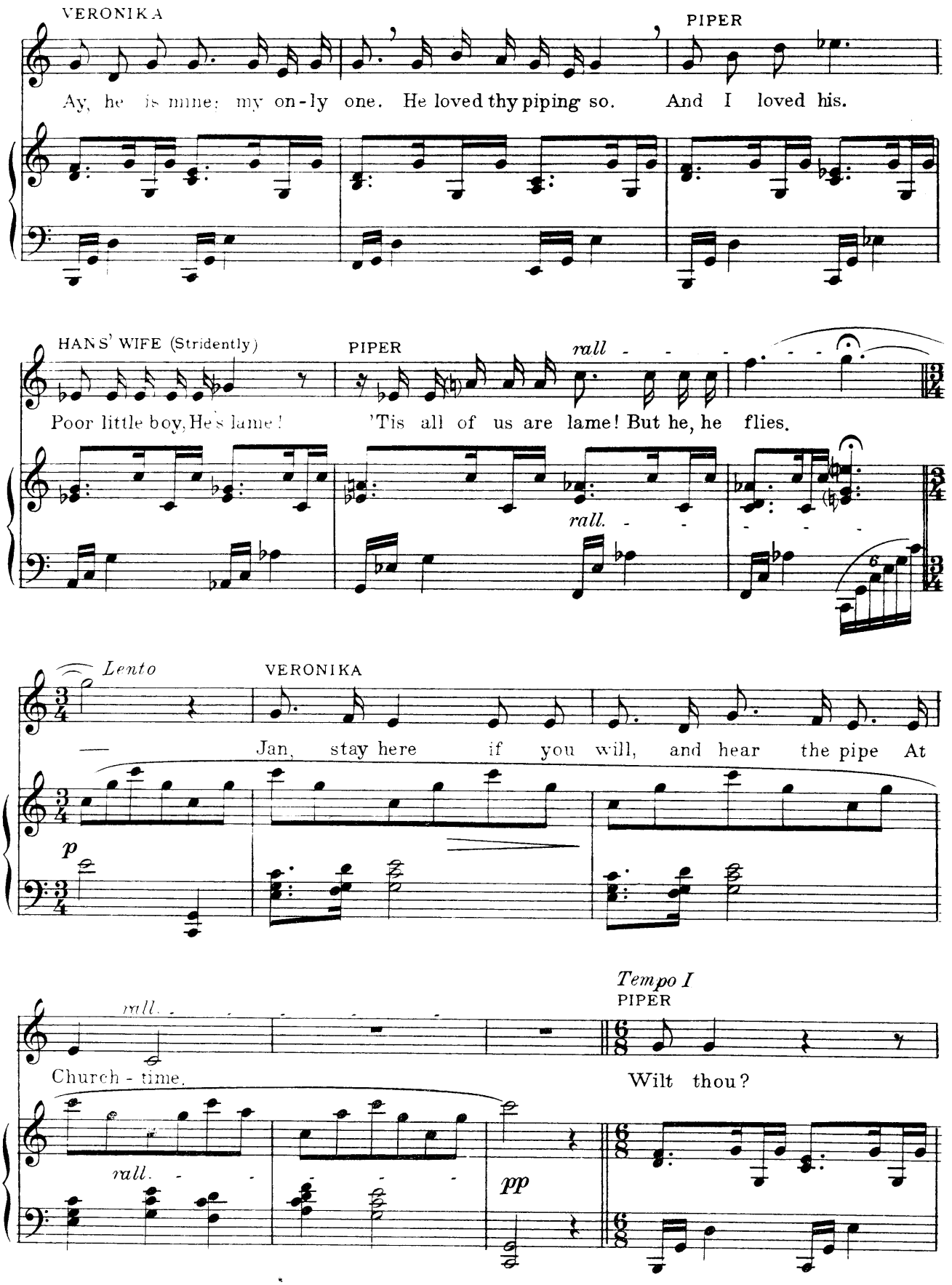
up slowly (centre) to drink from the fountain at the foot of the Shrine. Michael, like one in a dream, comes down towards Barbara, who gazes back at him, fascinated, through her laughter.)

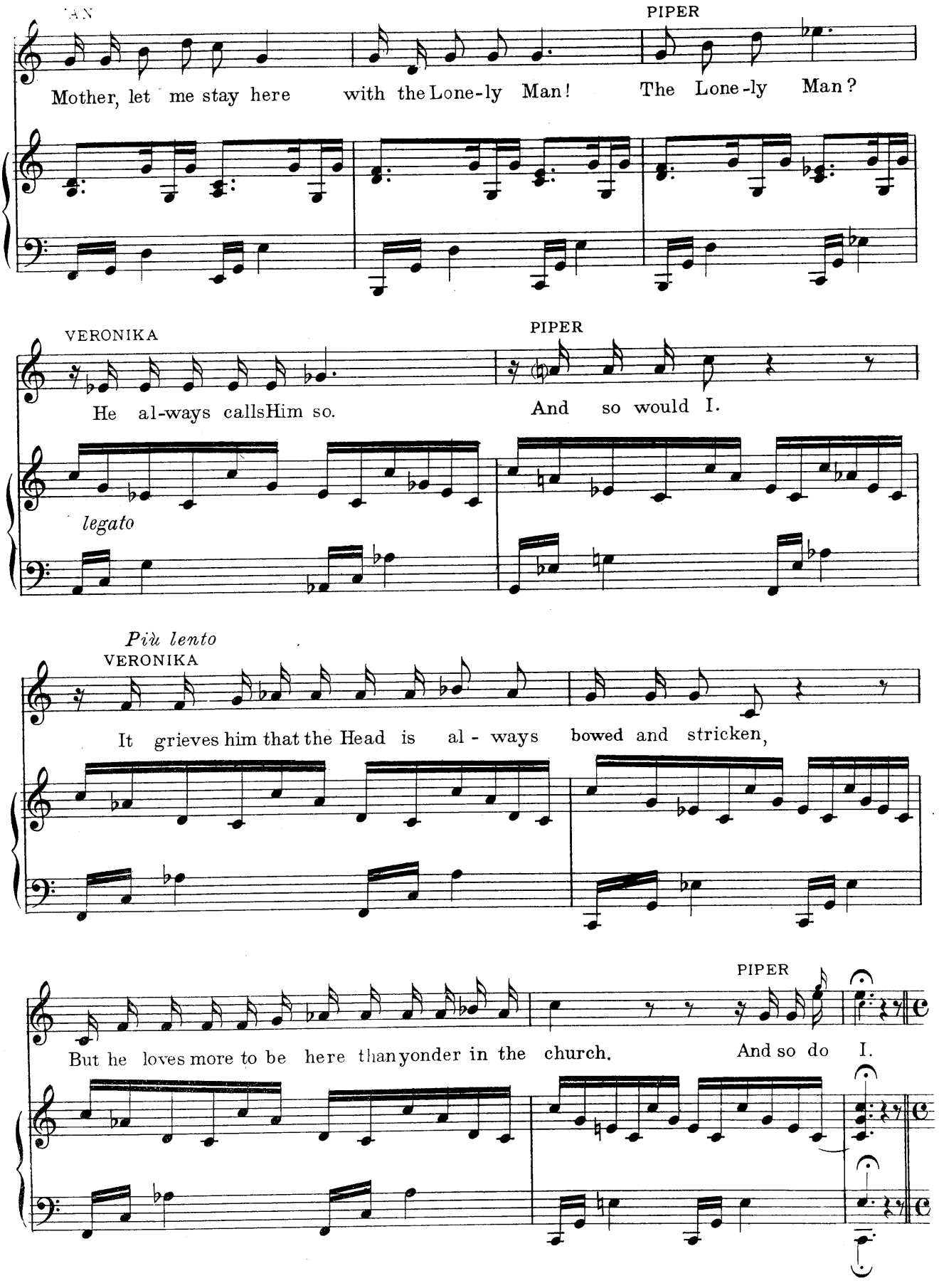


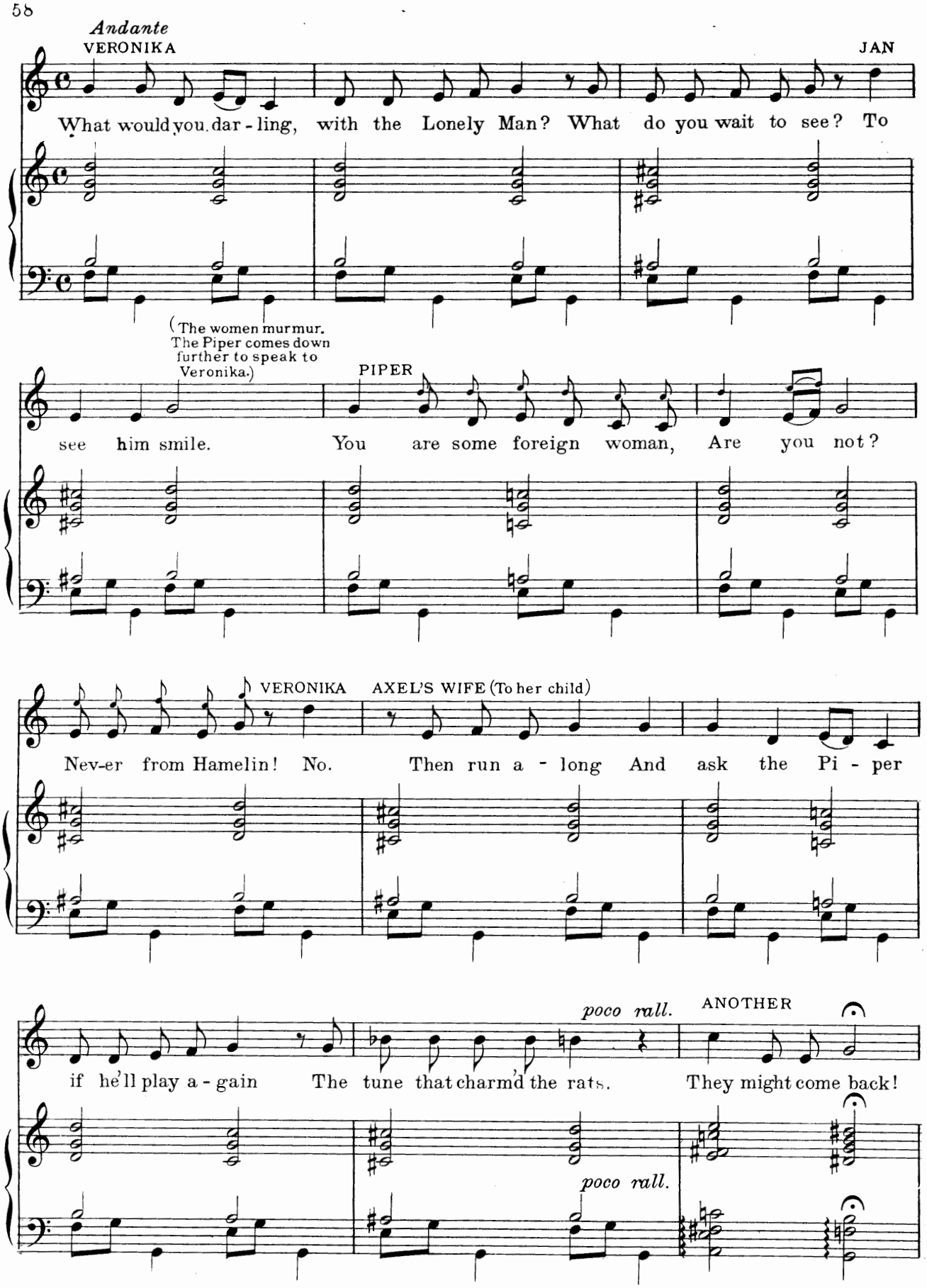

MICHAEL
BARBARA
nough? No. One more look. Here then— Still not e -
MICHAEL
rit.
BARBARA
nough? No! One more smile. Why would you have me smile?—
rit.
MICHAEL
rall. sin'al fine.
Oh, when you smiled It was— it was like sun - light Coming thro' some window
rall. sin'al fine.
(Pointing to Minster)
rit.
(She drops her flowers. He picks them up and gives them back slowly.)
Tempo I
BARBARA
there, Some vi-sion of Our La - dy. Who are you? You are some-one in dis-
rit.
p


MICHAEL
guise. A man- that pass - es for a moun-te - bank.
BARBARA (Eagerly)
MICHAEL
BARBARA
I knew! What then? Thou art of no - ble
MICHAEL
birth. 'Tis some dis - guise, this playing with fire! Yes- For to -
(Touching his breast)
day, I lord it with the fire. But it hath burn'd me here.
molto rall


(Overcome for the moment, she draws away.)
(The Piper, coming down, speaks stealthily to Michael, who is still gazing.)
PIPER
For all our sakes! There is bad weather breeding.
(Barbara turns back to see Michael, withdrawing reluctantly, and throws a rose to him, with sudden gaiety.)
BARBARA
Take to thy heels.
Farewell to you, Sword-Swallower! fare-
f
MICHAEL (Looking back)
rall.
p
(Exit)
well!
Farewell to you, my La-dy-in - the - Moon!
rall.
pp
p
(Jan clings once more to the Piper, while the other children hang about. Veronika calls to her boy, from the steps.)
VERONIKA
PIPER (Drawing nearer.)
Dar-ling!
Is this your boy?


VERONIKA
Ay, he is mine; my on-ly one. He loved thy piping so.
PIPER
And I loved his.
HANS' WIFE (Stridently)
Poor little boy, He's lame!
PIPER
'Tis all of us are lame! But he, he flies.
rall
rall.
Lento
VERONIKA
Jan, stay here if you will, and hear the pipe At
p
rall.
Church - time.
Tempo I
PIPER
Wilt thou?
rall.
pp


PIPER
Mother, let me stay here with the Lone-ly Man! The Lone-ly Man?
VERONIKA
PIPER
He al-ways calls Him so. And so would I.
legato
Più lento
VERONIKA
It grieves him that the Head is al - ways bowed and stricken,
PIPER
But he loves more to be here than yonder in the church. And so do I.


Andante
VERONIKA
JAN
What would you dar - ling, with the Lonely Man? What do you wait to see? To
(The women murmur. The Piper comes down further to speak to Veronika.)
PIPER
see him smile. You are some foreign woman, Are you not?
VERONIKA
AXEL'S WIFE (To her child)
Nev-er from Hamelin! No. Then run a - long And ask the Pi - per
poco rall.
ANOTHER
if he'll play a - gain The tune that charm'd the rats. They might come back!
poco rall.

Andante

OLD URSULA (Calling from the window)

Piper! I want the tune that charm'd the rats! If they come back, I'll have my grandson play it.

PIPER

I pipe but for the child - ren.

rall.

a tempo

ILSE (Dropping her doll and picking it up)

Oh, do pipe some - thing for Fri - do - lin!

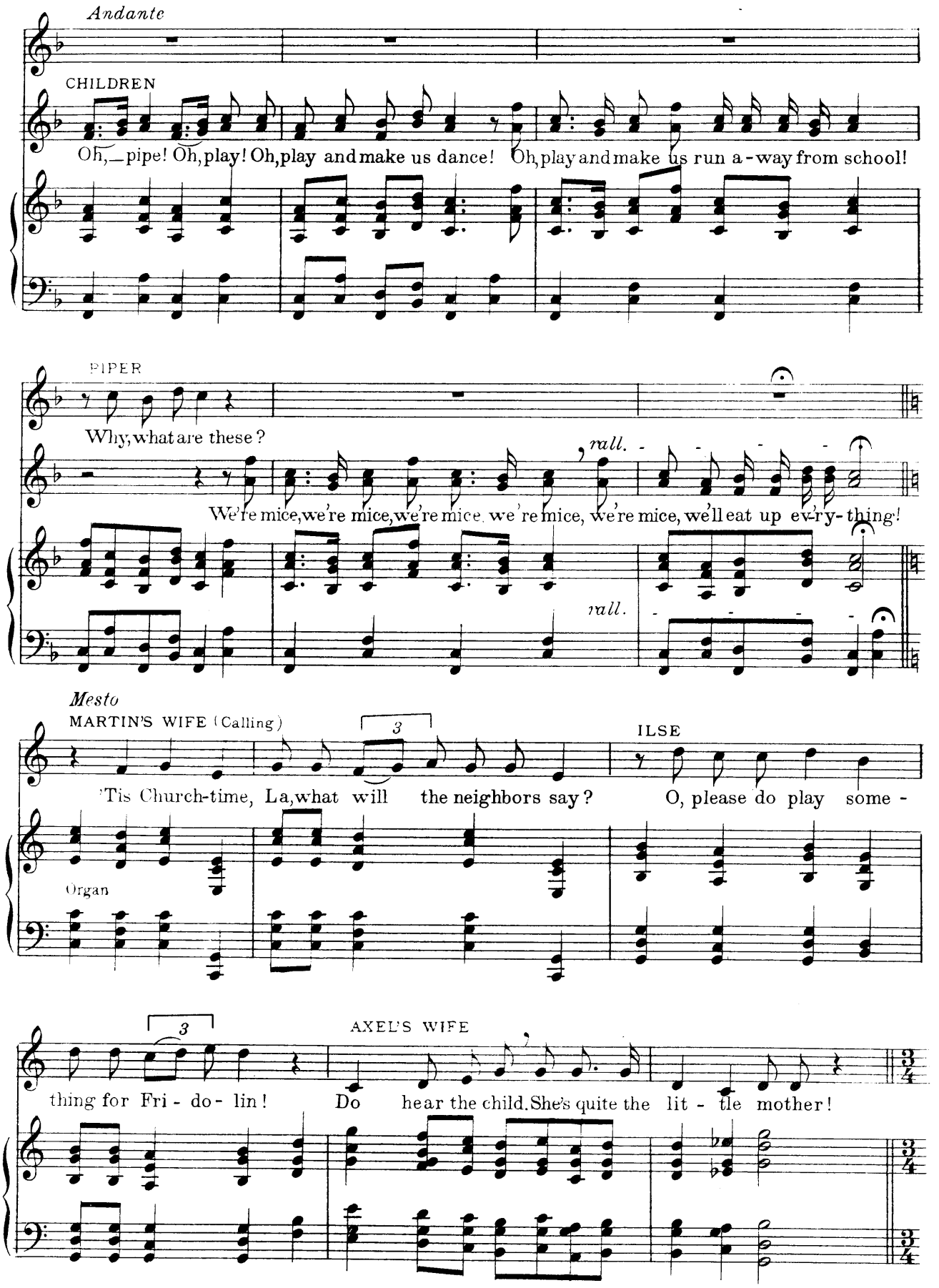
a tempo

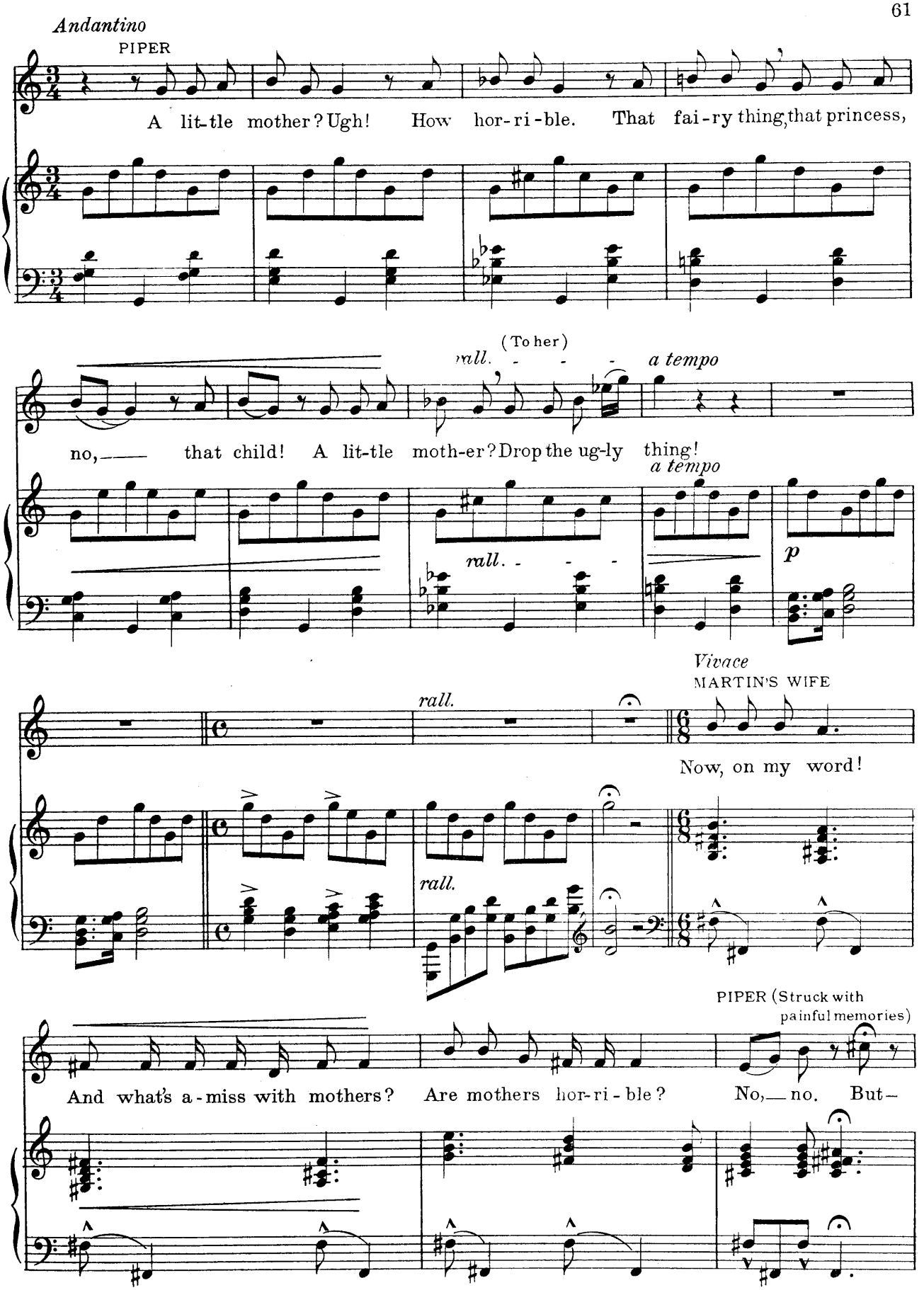
HANSEL

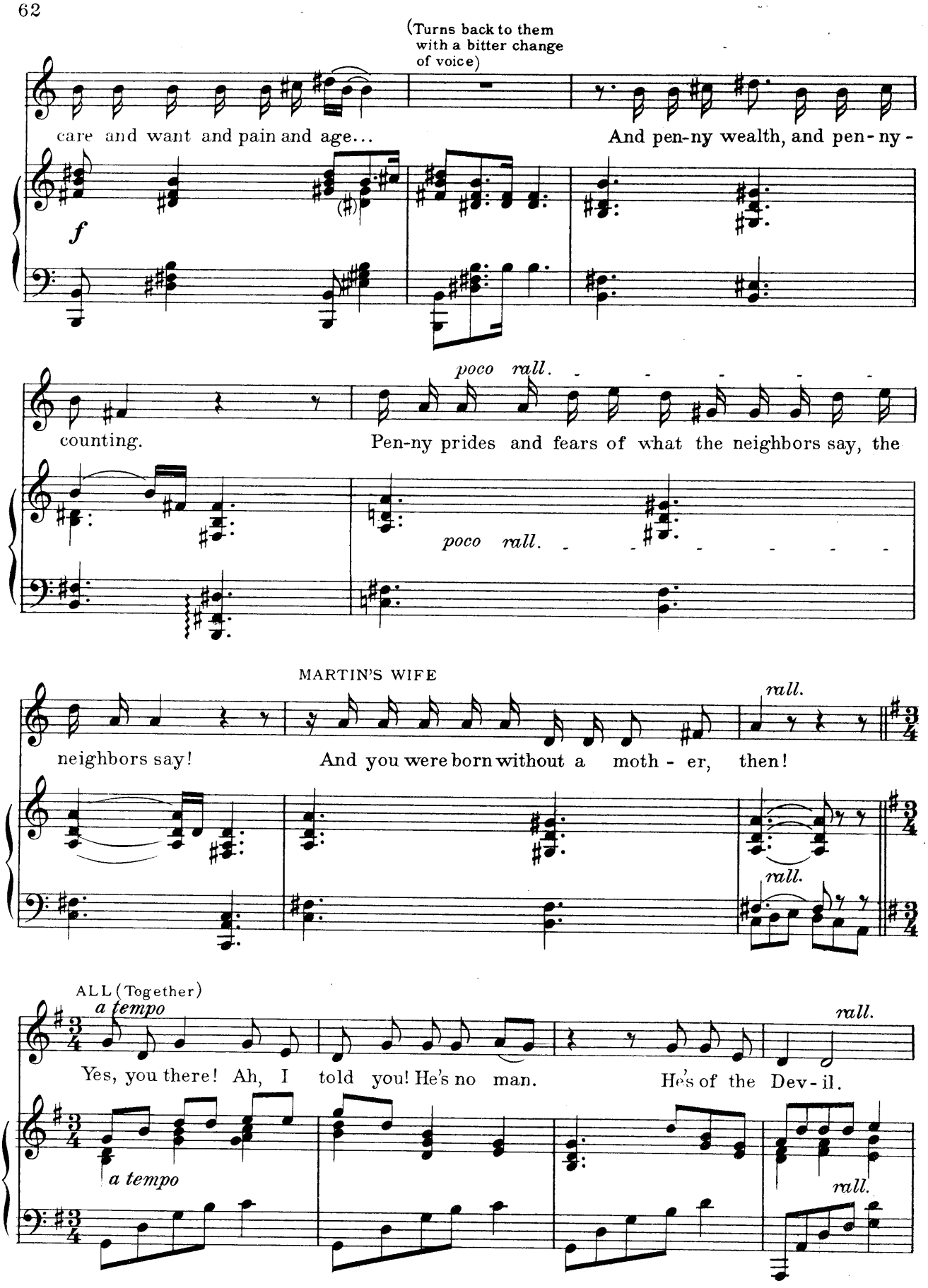
rit.

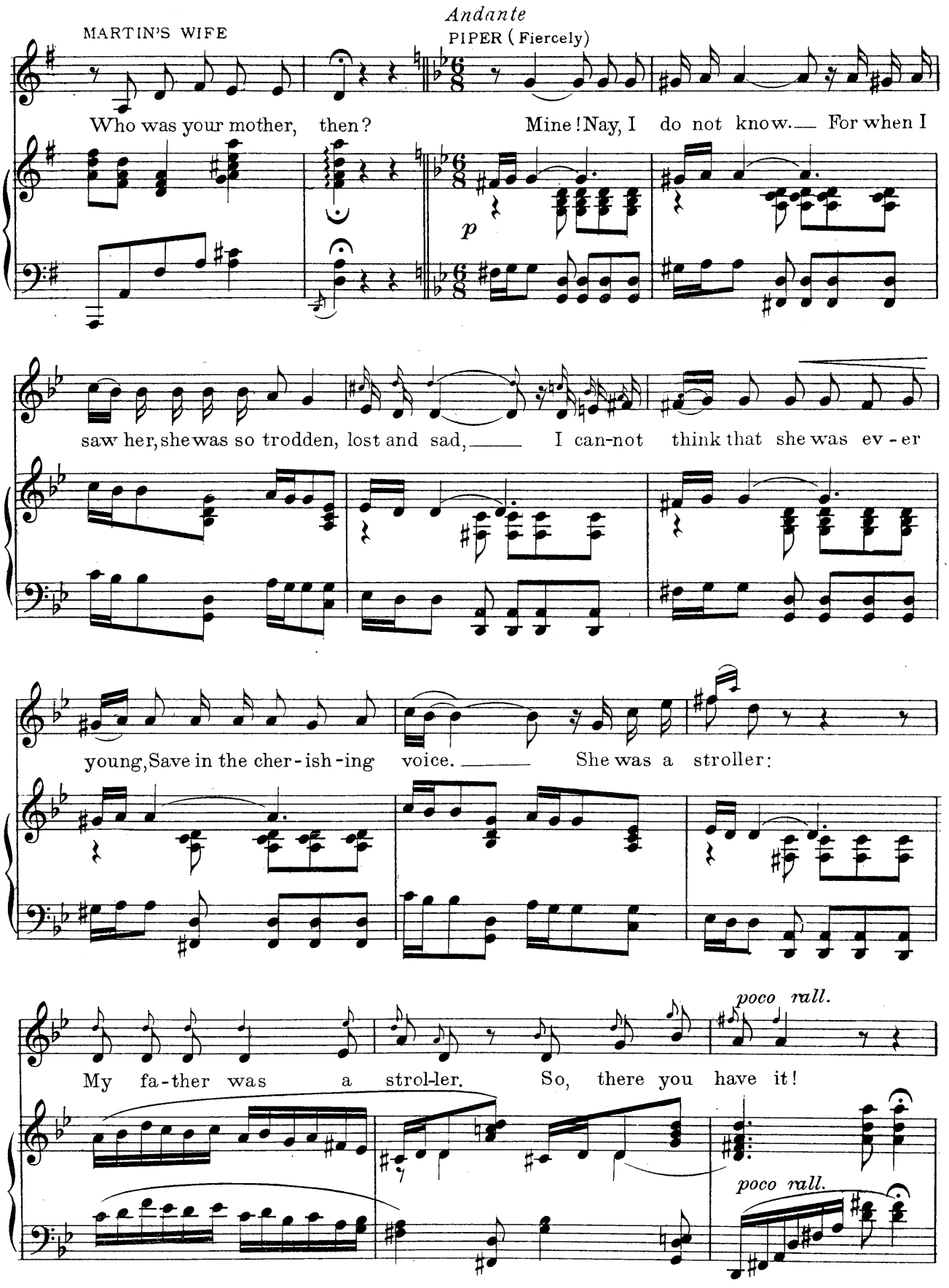
Oh, pipe at me! Now I'm a mouse, I'll eat you up, Rrrr!

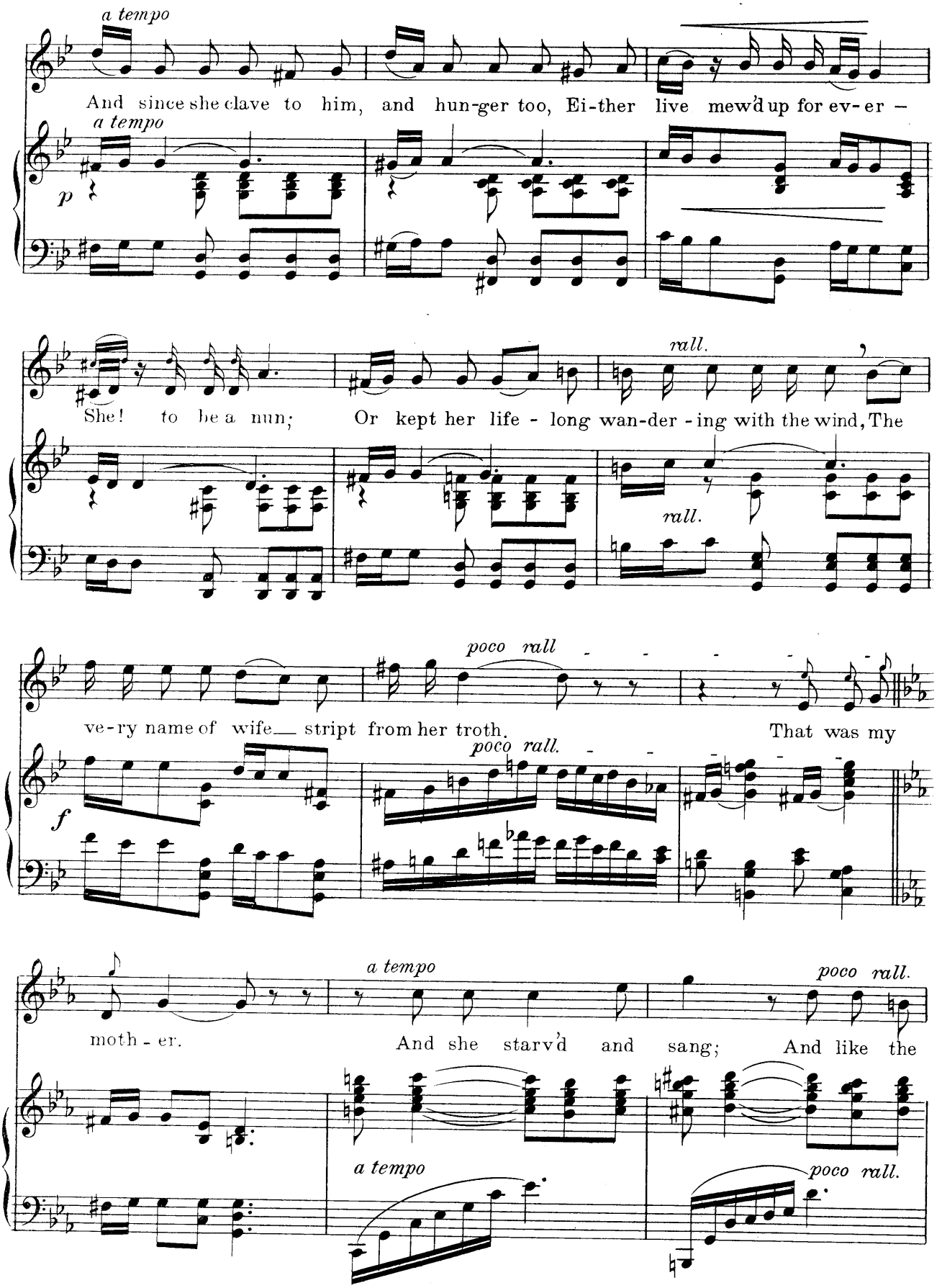
rit.

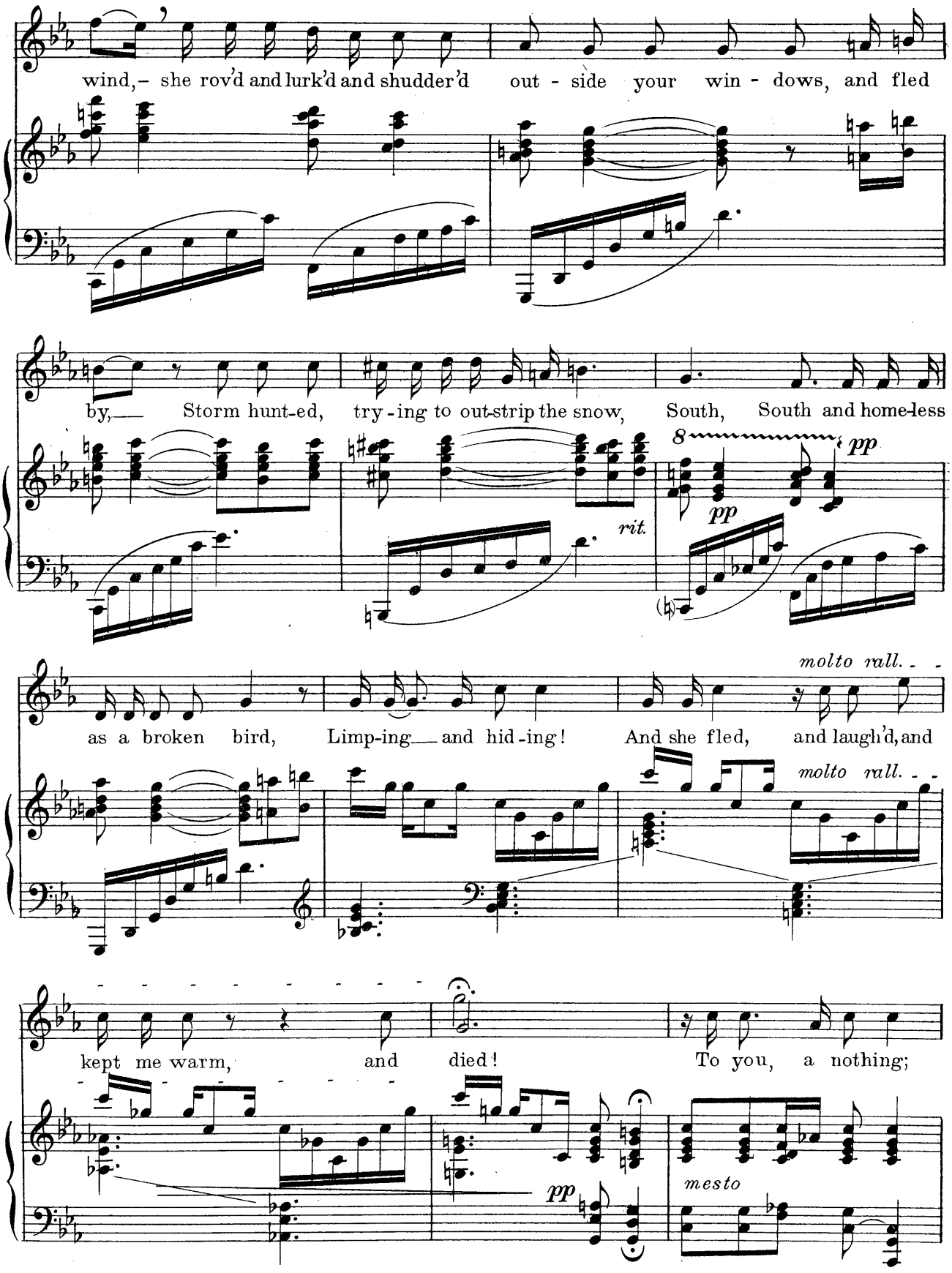

Andante
CHILDREN
Oh, pipe! Oh, play! Oh, play and make us dance! Oh, play and make us run a-way from school!
PIPER
Why, what are these?
rall.
We're mice, we're mice, we're mice, we're mice, we're mice, we'll eat up ev-'ry-thing!
rall.
Mesto
MARTIN'S WIFE (Calling)
3
'Tis Church-time, La, what will the neighbors say?
ILSE
O, please do play some -
Organ
3
thing for Fri - do - lin!
AXEL'S WIFE
Do hear the child. She's quite the lit - tle mother!

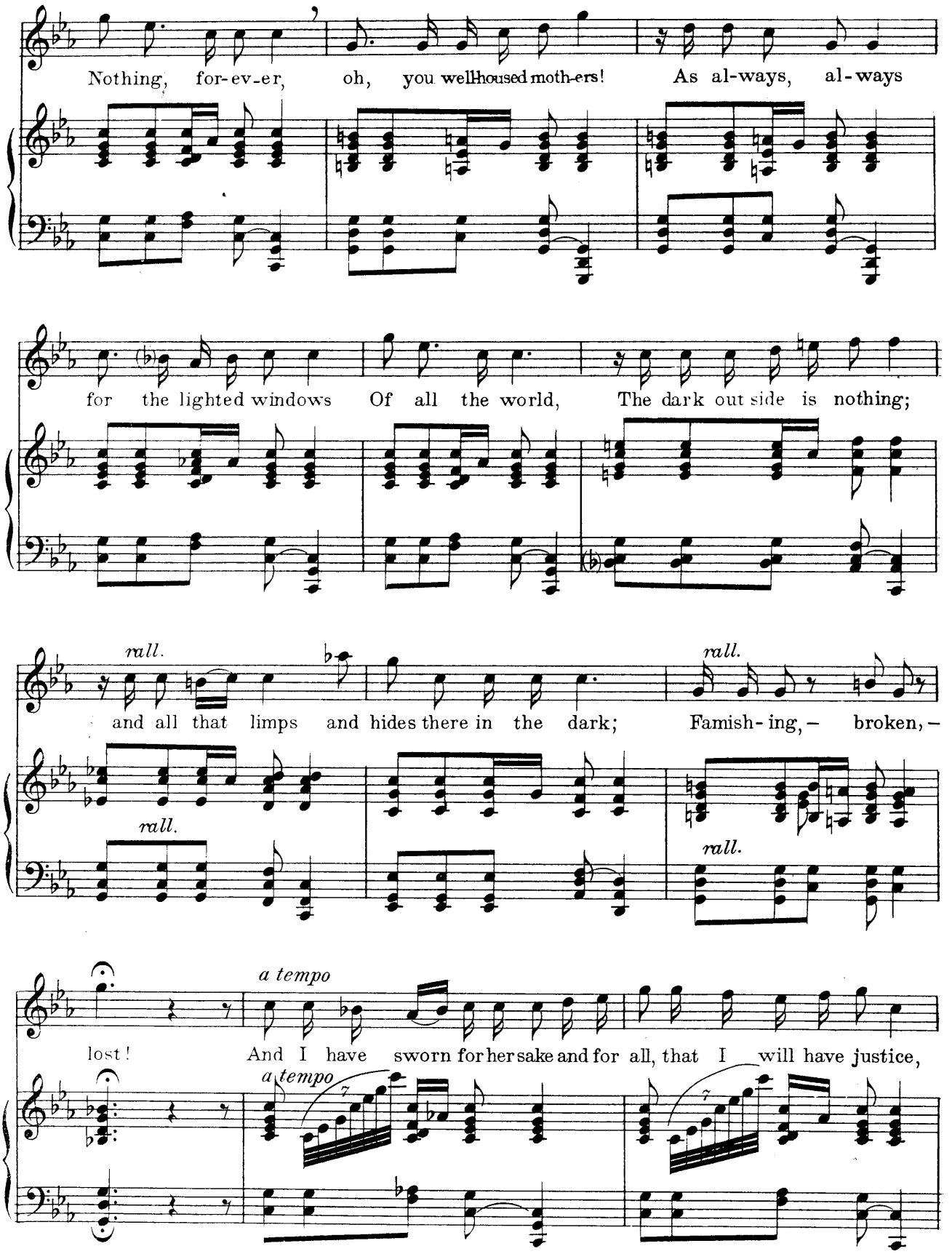

Andantino
PIPER
A lit-tle mother? Ugh! How hor-ri-ble. That fai-ry thing, that princess,
(To her)
rall.
a tempo
no, — that child! A lit-tle moth-er? Drop the ug-ly thing!
a tempo
rall.
p
Vivace
MARTIN'S WIFE
rall.
Now, on my word!
rall.
PIPER (Struck with painful memories)
And what's a-miss with mothers? Are mothers hor-ri-ble? No, — no. But—

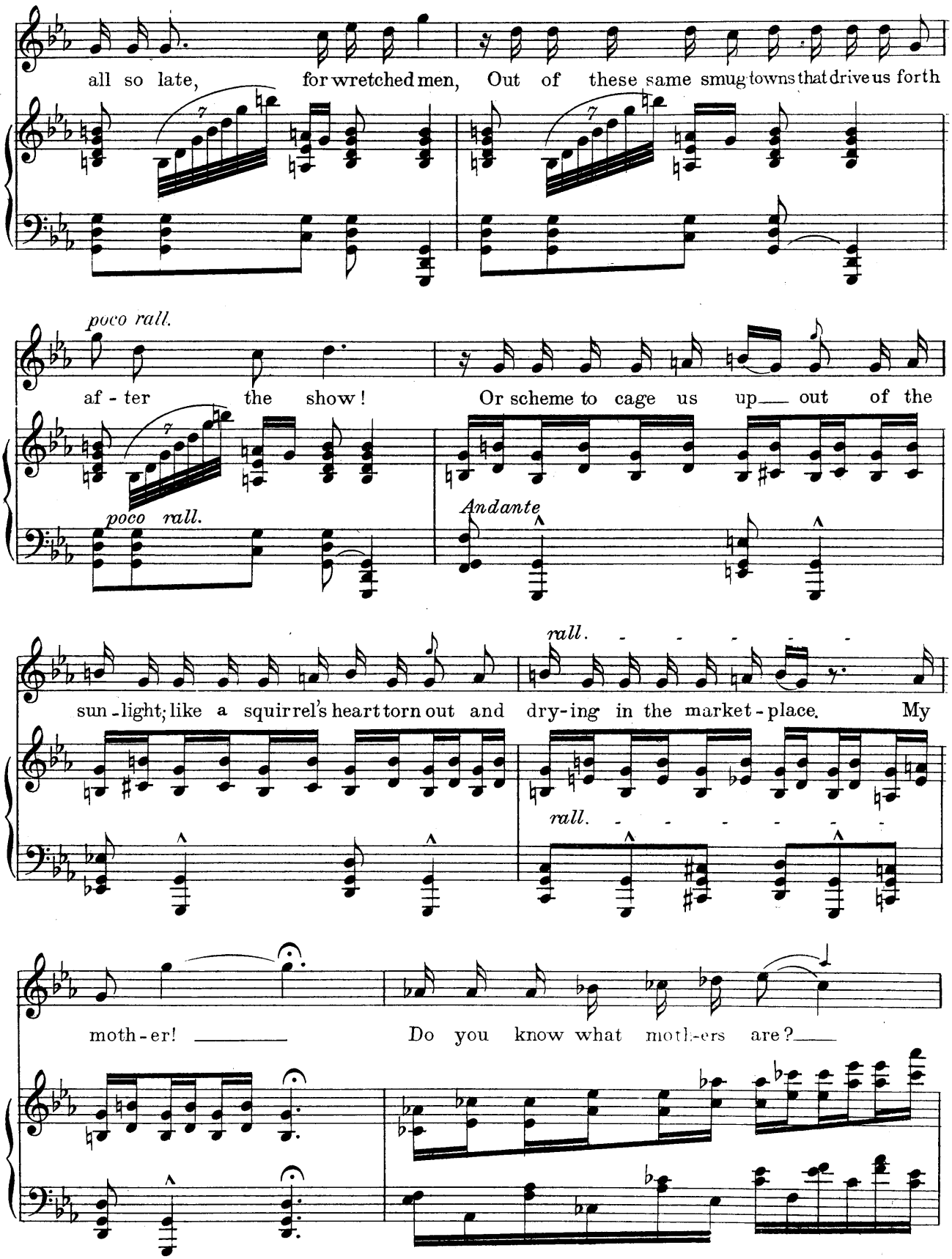

(Turns back to them with a bitter change of voice)
care and want and pain and age...
And pen-ny wealth, and pen-ny-
f
poco rall.
counting.
Pen-ny prides and fears of what the neighbors say, the
poco rall.
MARTIN'S WIFE
rall.
neighbors say!
And you were born without a moth-er, then!
rall.
ALL (Together)
a tempo
rall.
Yes, you there! Ah, I told you! He's no man.
He's of the Dev-il.
a tempo
rall.

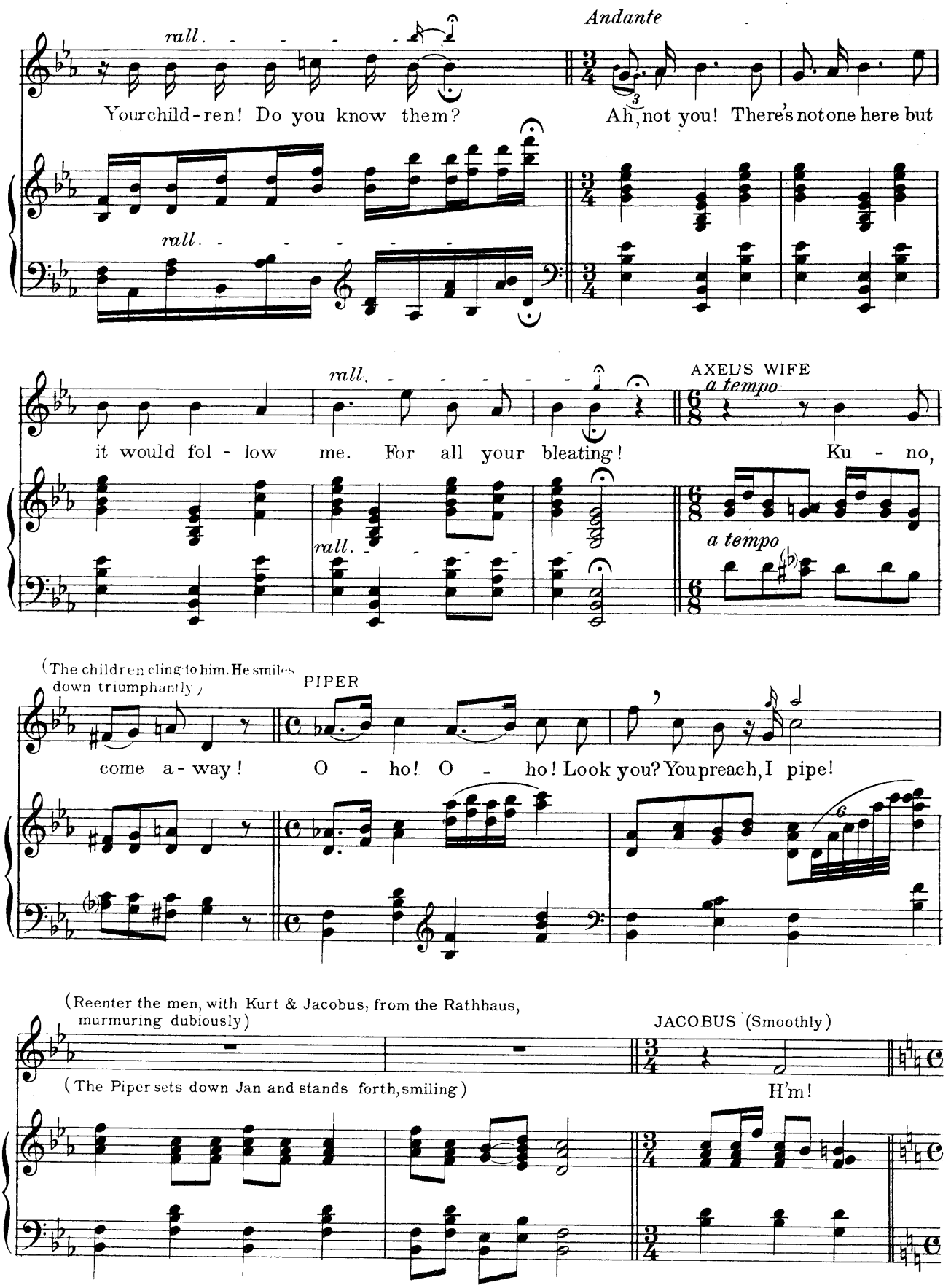

Andante
MARTIN'S WIFE
PIPER (Fiercely)
Who was your mother, then?
Mine! Nay, I do not know. For when I
p
saw her, she was so trodden, lost and sad, I can-not think that she was ev-er
young, Save in the cher-ish-ing voice. She was a stroller:
poco rall.
My fa-ther was a strol-ler. So, there you have it!
poco rall.

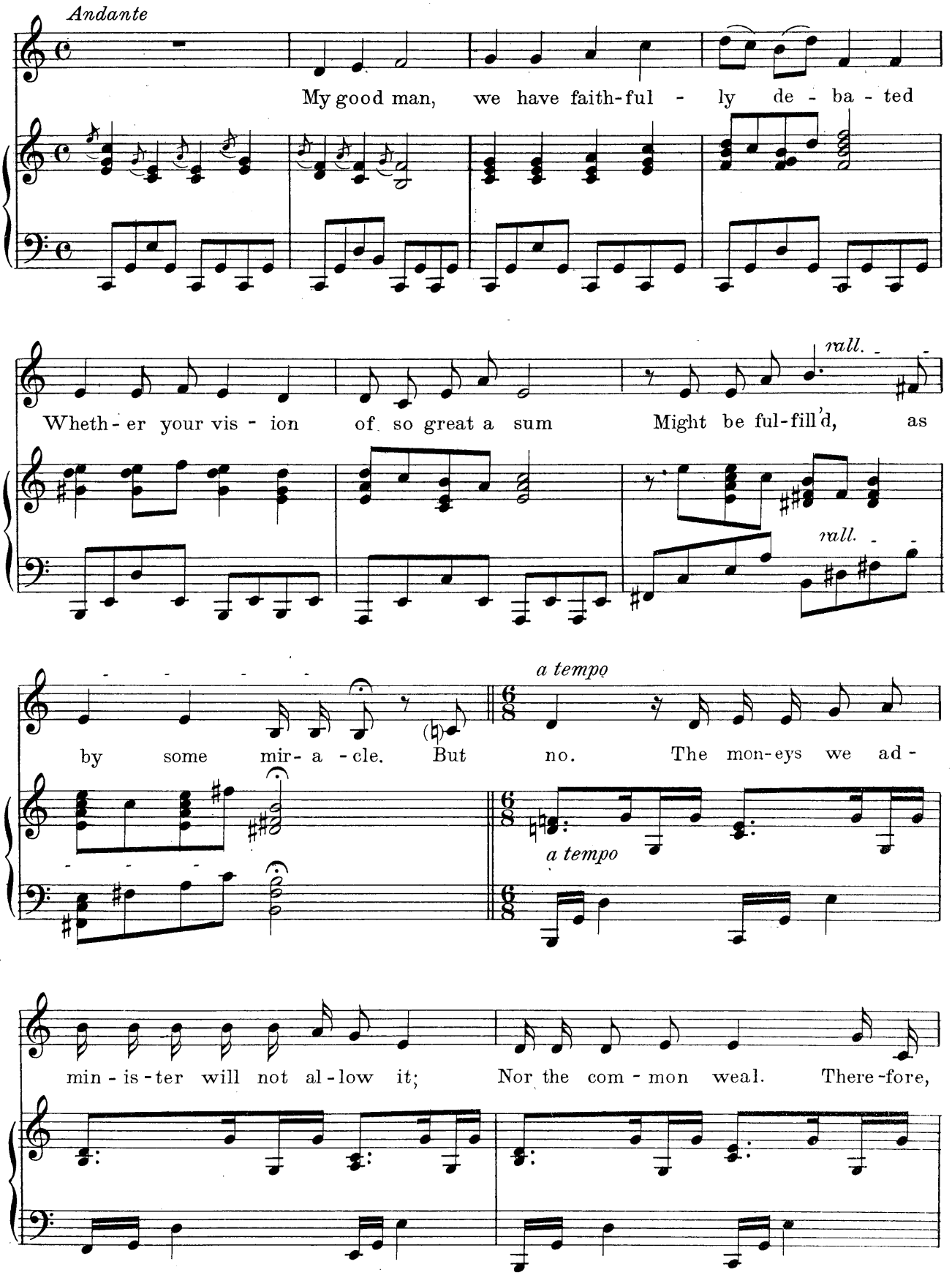

a tempo
And since she clave to him, and hun-ger too, Ei-ther live mew'd up for ev-er –
a tempo
p
rall.
She! to be a nun; Or kept her life - long wan-der - ing with the wind, The
rall.
poco rall
ve-ry name of wife— stript from her troth. That was my
poco rall.
f
a tempo
poco rall.
moth - er. And she starv'd and sang; And like the
a tempo
poco rall.

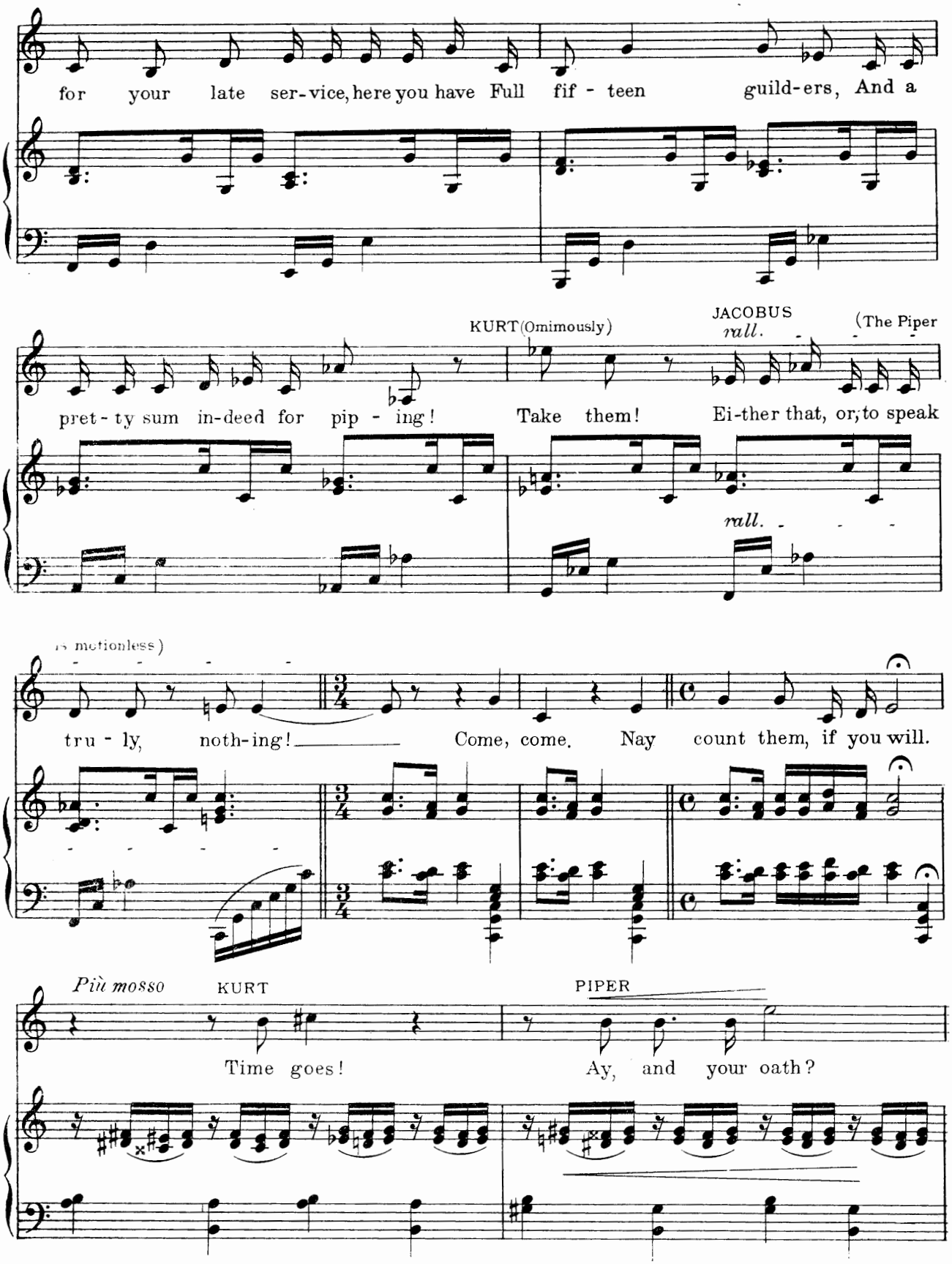

wind,– she rov'd and lurk'd and shudder'd out - side your win - dows, and fled
by,— Storm hunt-ed, try - ing to out-strip the snow, South, South and home-less
rit.
pp
pp
as a broken bird, Limp-ing— and hid - ing! And she fled, and laugh'd, and
molto rall.
molto rall.
kept me warm, and died! To you, a nothing;
pp
mesto


Nothing, for-ev-er, oh, you well-housed moth-ers! As al-ways, al-ways
for the lighted windows Of all the world, The dark out side is nothing;
rall.
and all that limps and hides there in the dark;
rall.
Famish-ing, – broken, –
rall.
rall.
a tempo
lost!
And I have sworn for her sake and for all, that I will have justice,
a tempo


all so late, for wretched men, Out of these same smug towns that drive us forth
poco rall.
af - ter the show! Or scheme to cage us up out of the
poco rall.
Andante
rall.
sun - light; like a squirrel's heart torn out and dry-ing in the market - place. My
rall.
moth - er! Do you know what moth-ers are?


rall.
Andante
Your child-ren! Do you know them?
Ah, not you! There's not one here but
rall.
rall.
AXEL'S WIFE
a tempo
it would fol - low me. For all your bleating!
Ku - no,
rall.
a tempo
(The children cling to him. He smiles down triumphantly)
PIPER
come a - way!
O - ho! O - ho! Look you? You preach, I pipe!
(Reenter the men, with Kurt & Jacobus, from the Rathhaus, murmuring dubiously)
JACOBUS (Smoothly)
(The Piper sets down Jan and stands forth, smiling)
H'm!


Andante
My good man, we have faith-ful - ly de - ba - ted
Wheth - er your vis - ion of so great a sum Might be ful-fill'd, as
rall.
rall.
by some mir- a - cle. But
a tempo
no. The mon-eys we ad -
a tempo
min - is - ter will not al - low it; Nor the com - mon weal. There-fore,


for your late ser-vice, here you have Full fif - teen guild-ers, And a
KURT (Omimously)
JACOBUS
rall.
(The Piper
pret - ty sum in-deed for pip - ing!
Take them!
Ei-ther that, or, to speak
rall.
is motionless)
tru - ly, noth-ing!
Come, come.
Nay count them, if you will.
Più mosso
KURT
PIPER
Time goes!
Ay, and your oath?

Più lento

KURT

No more; E-nough.

(There is sound of organ music from the Minster)

VERONIKA (Beseechingly)

Ah, Kurt!

Andante

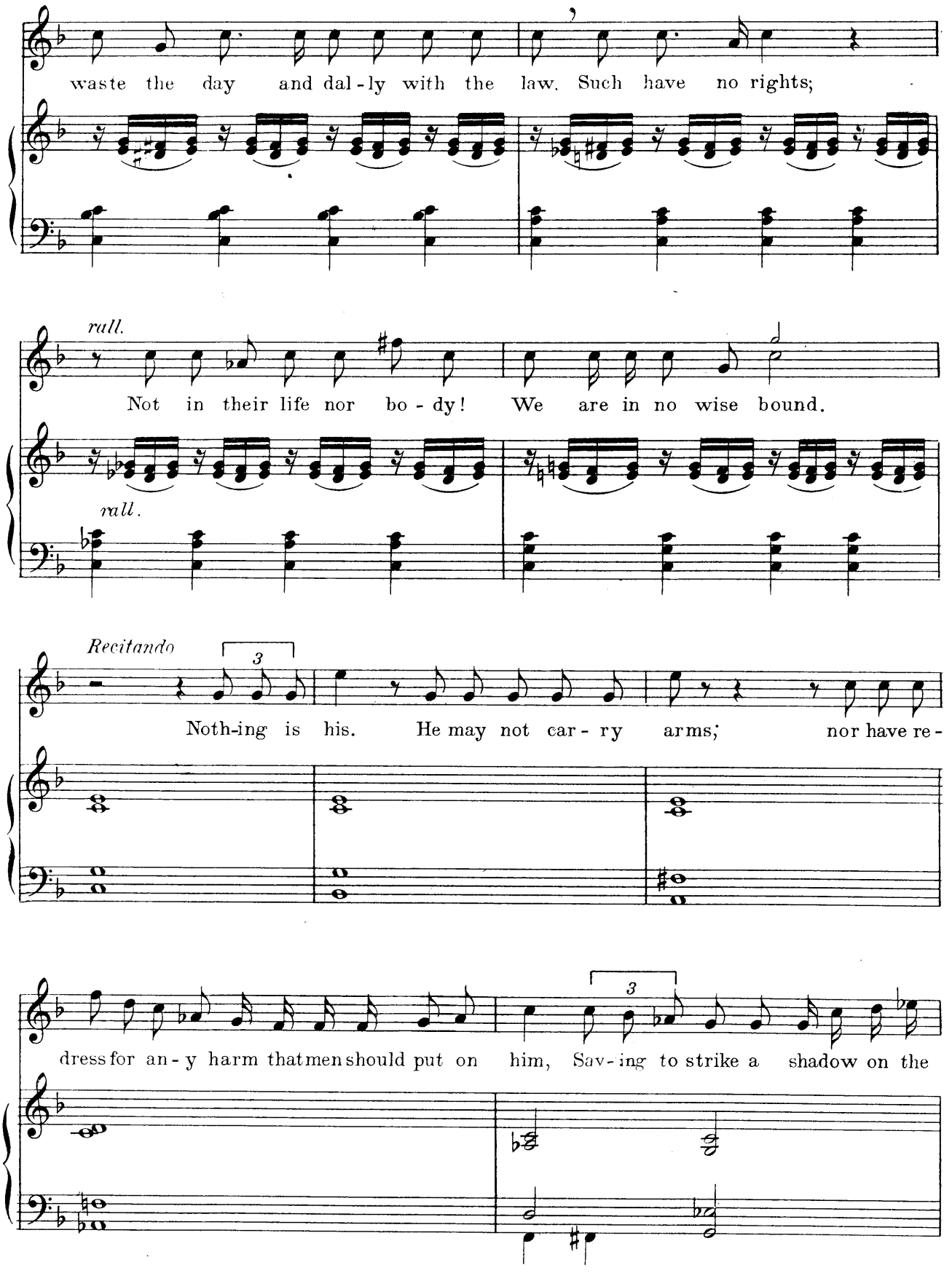
Più mosso

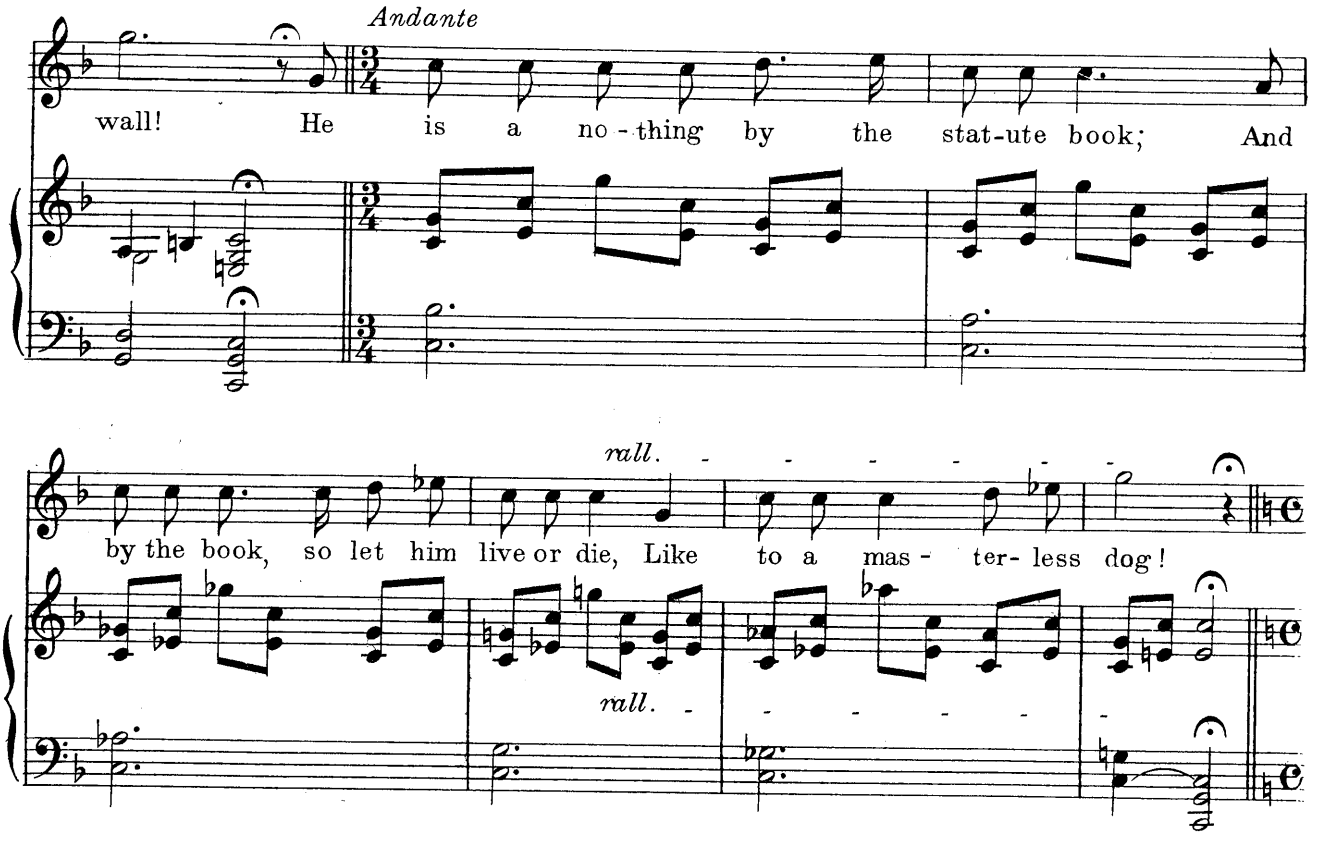
KURT (Savagely to the crowd)

What do ye, mew-ling of this fel-low's right? He hath none!

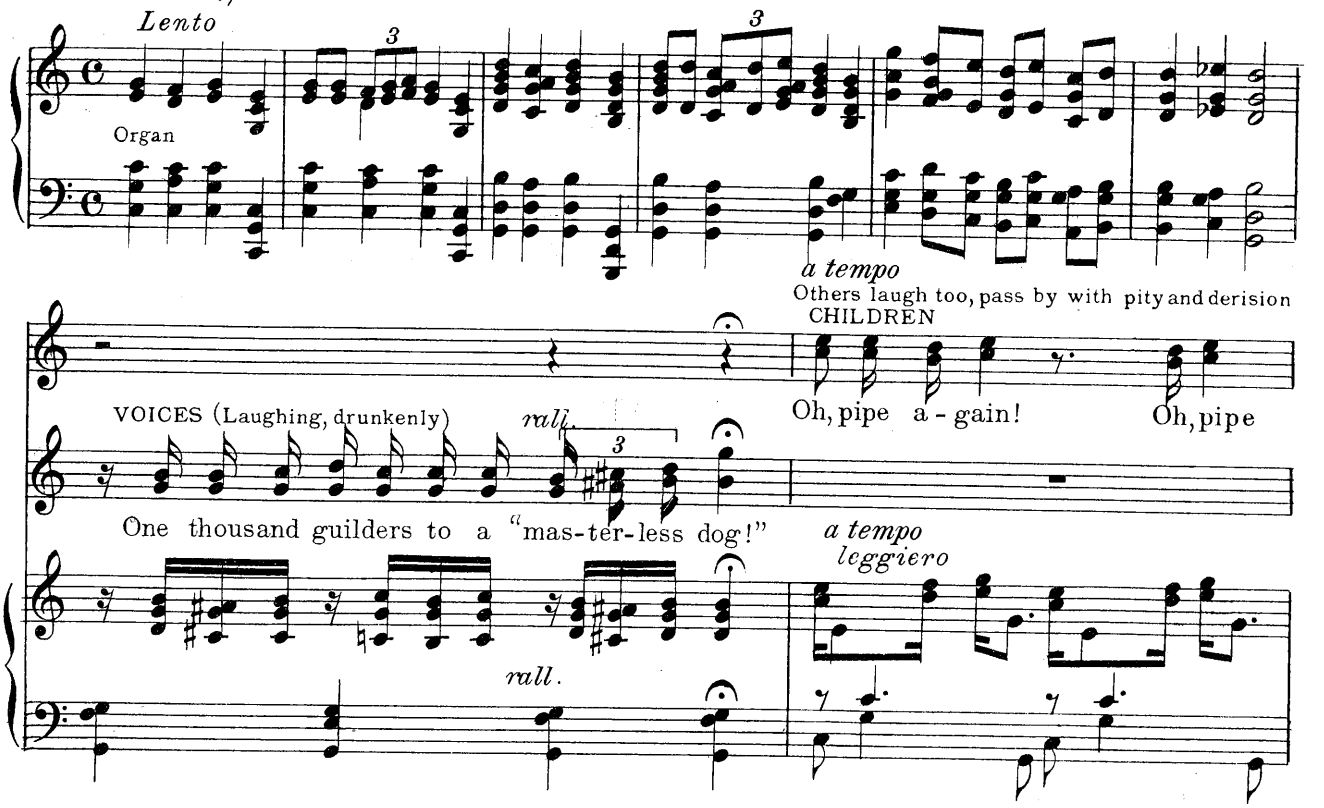
Wit ye well, he is a strol - ler, A

wast - rel, And the sha-dow of a man! Ye

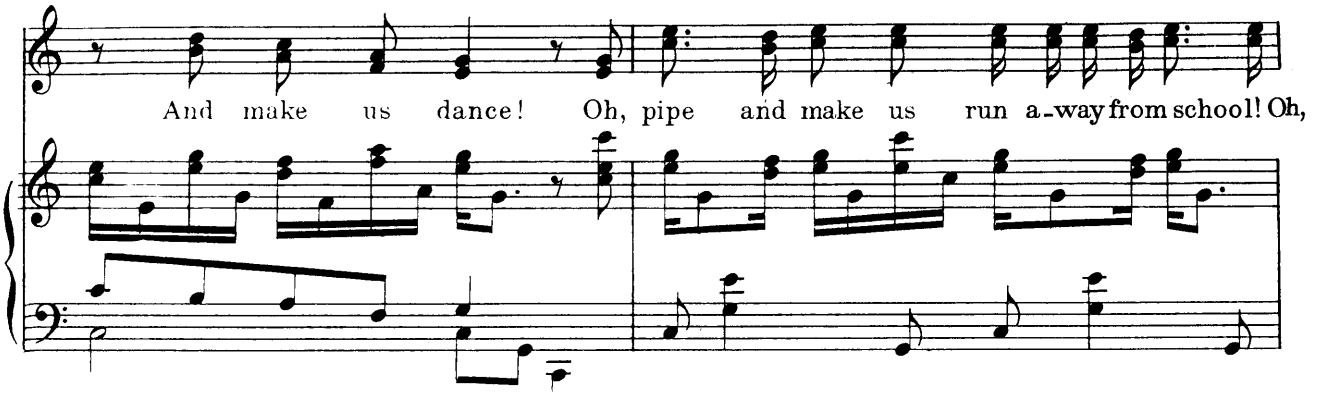

waste the day and dal - ly with the law. Such have no rights;
rall.
Not in their life nor bo - dy! We are in no wise bound.
rall.
Recitando
3
Noth-ing is his. He may not car - ry arms; nor have re -
3
dress for an - y harm that men should put on him, Sav - ing to strike a shadow on the



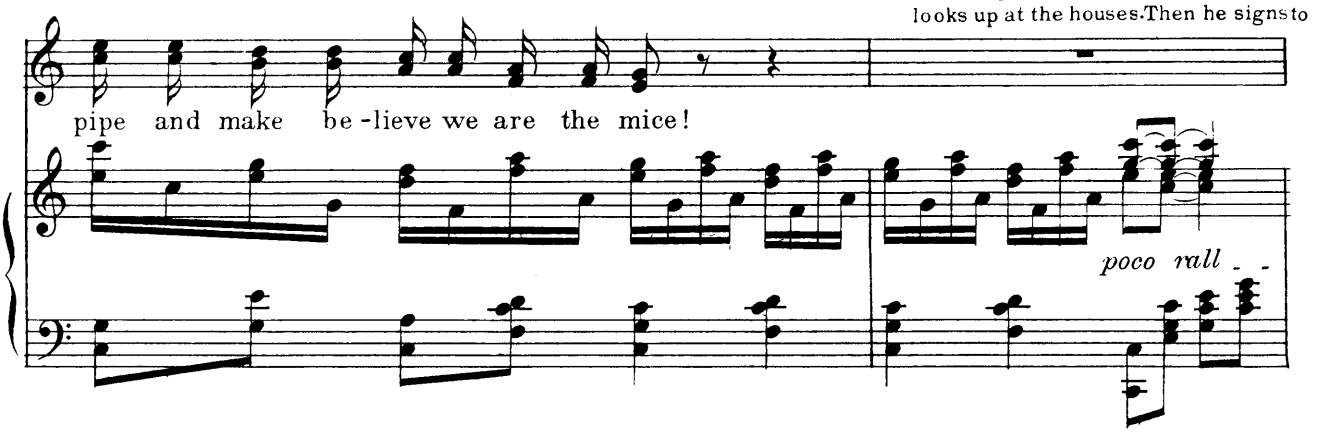
(The Piper stands motionless with head upraised, not looking at Kurt. The people, half-cowed, half doubting, murmur and draw back. Lights appear in the Minster. Kurt and Jacobus lead in the people. Jacobus picks up the money-purse and takes it with him.)



for the Piper, and echoes of "Masterless Dog!" Exeunt Women and Men to the Minster. Only the children are left, dancing round the motionless figure of the Piper.)

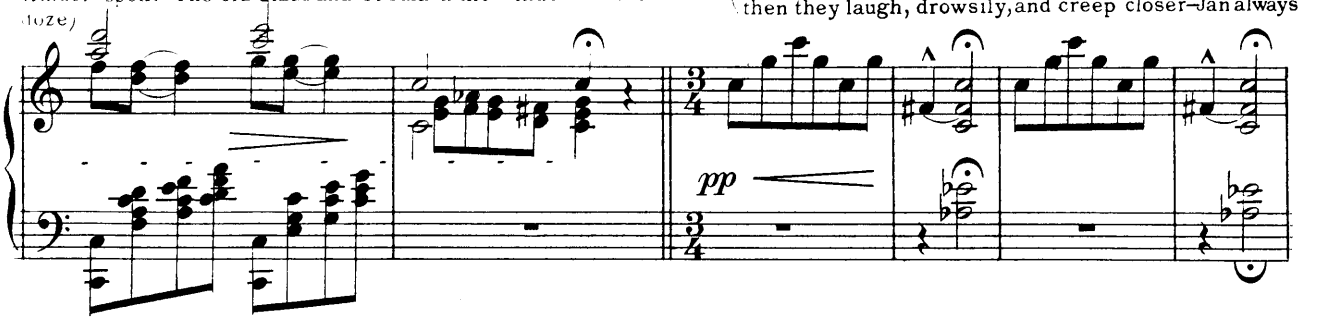


(The Piper looks down at them. He looks up at the houses. Then he signs to them, with his fingers on his lips, and begins softly to pipe the

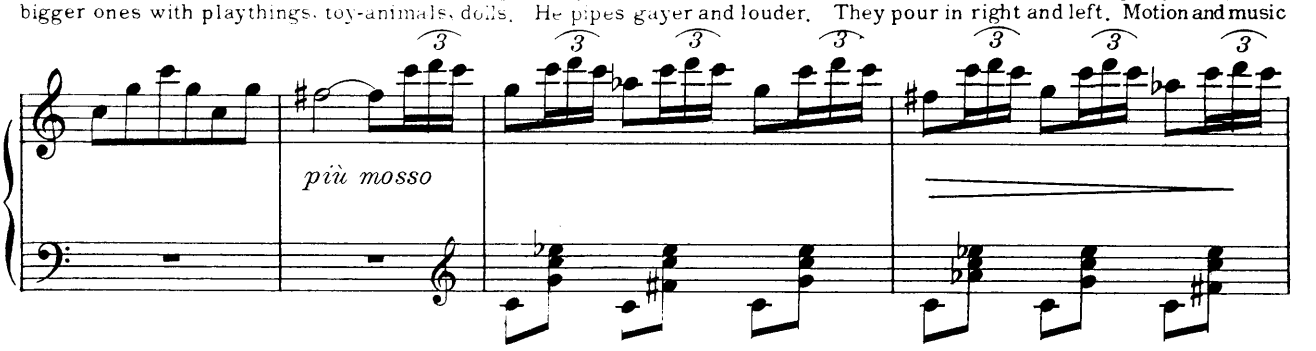


hinder-spell. The old Claus and Ursula in the windows seem to doze.)

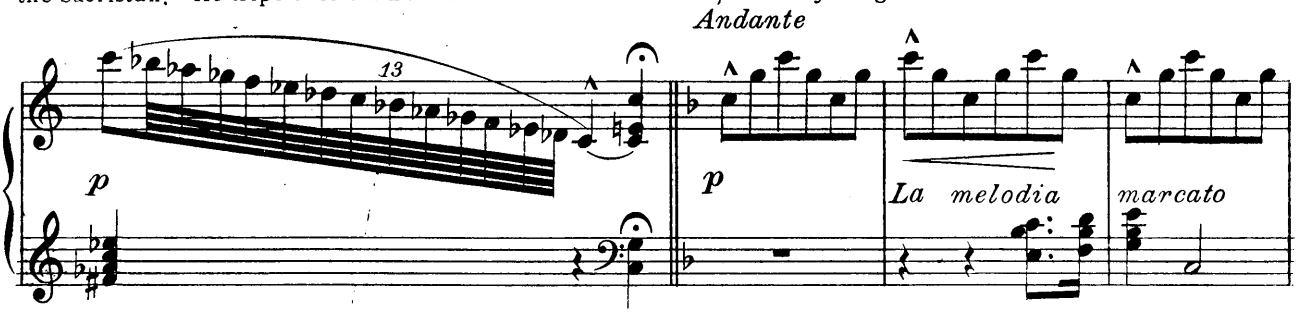
(The children stop first, and look at him, fascinated; then they laugh, drowsily, and creep closer—Jan always



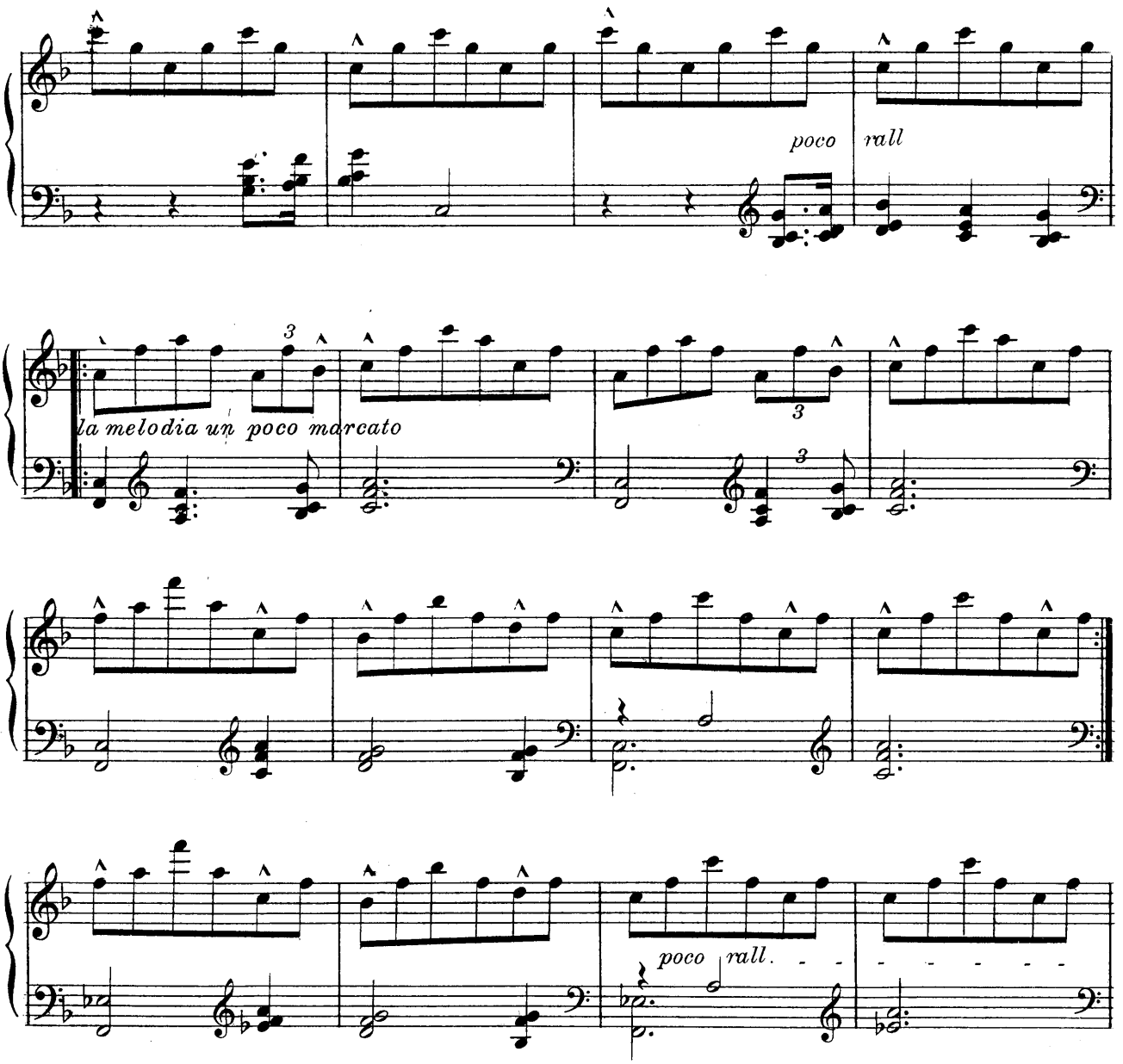
near. They crowd around the Piper. He pipes louder, moving backwards, slowly, with magical gestures, towards the little by streets and the closed doors. The doors open everywhere. Out come the children: The little ones in night-gowns; the bigger ones with playthings, toy-animals, dolls. He pipes gayer and louder. They pour in right and left. Motion and music

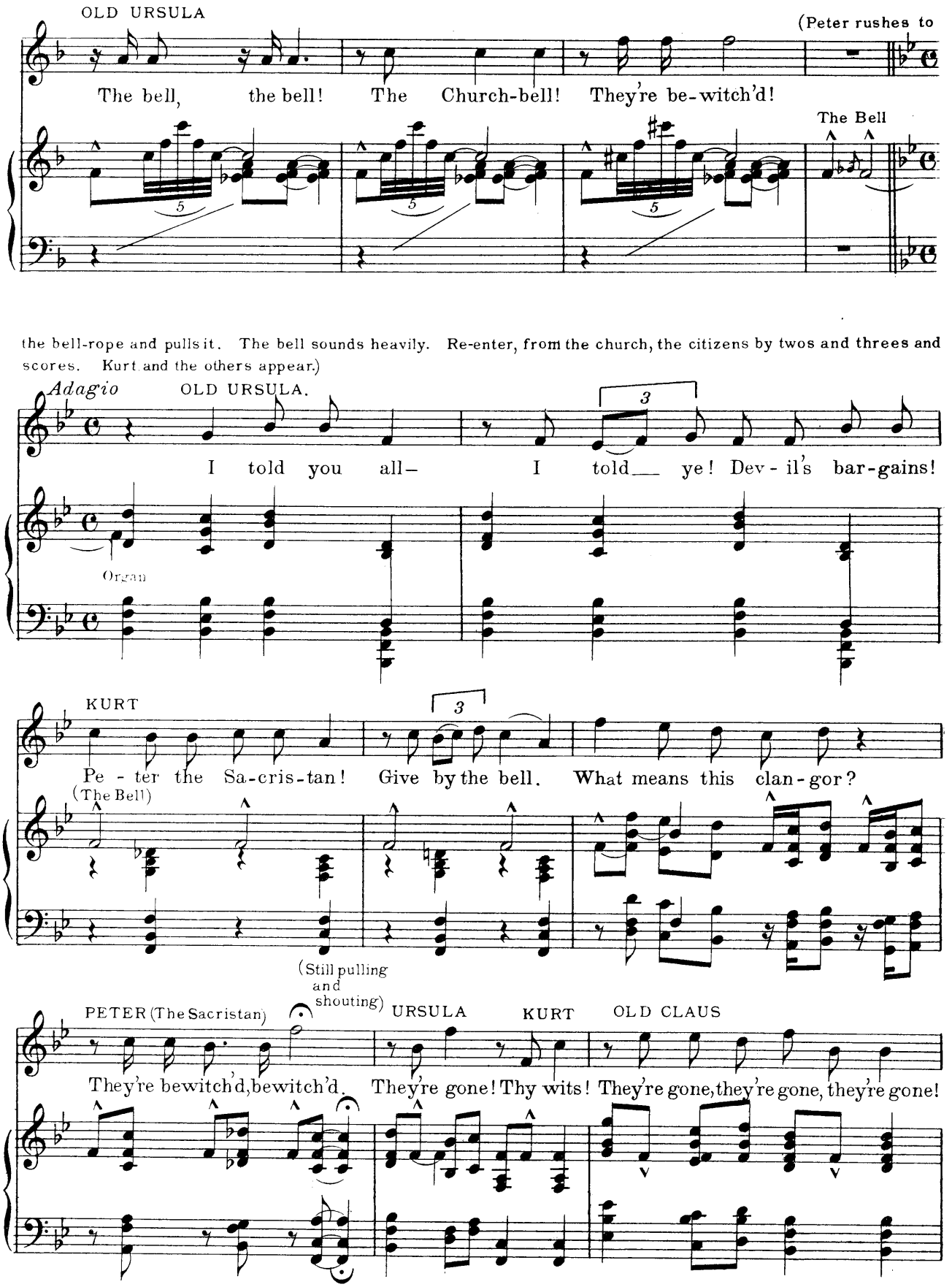


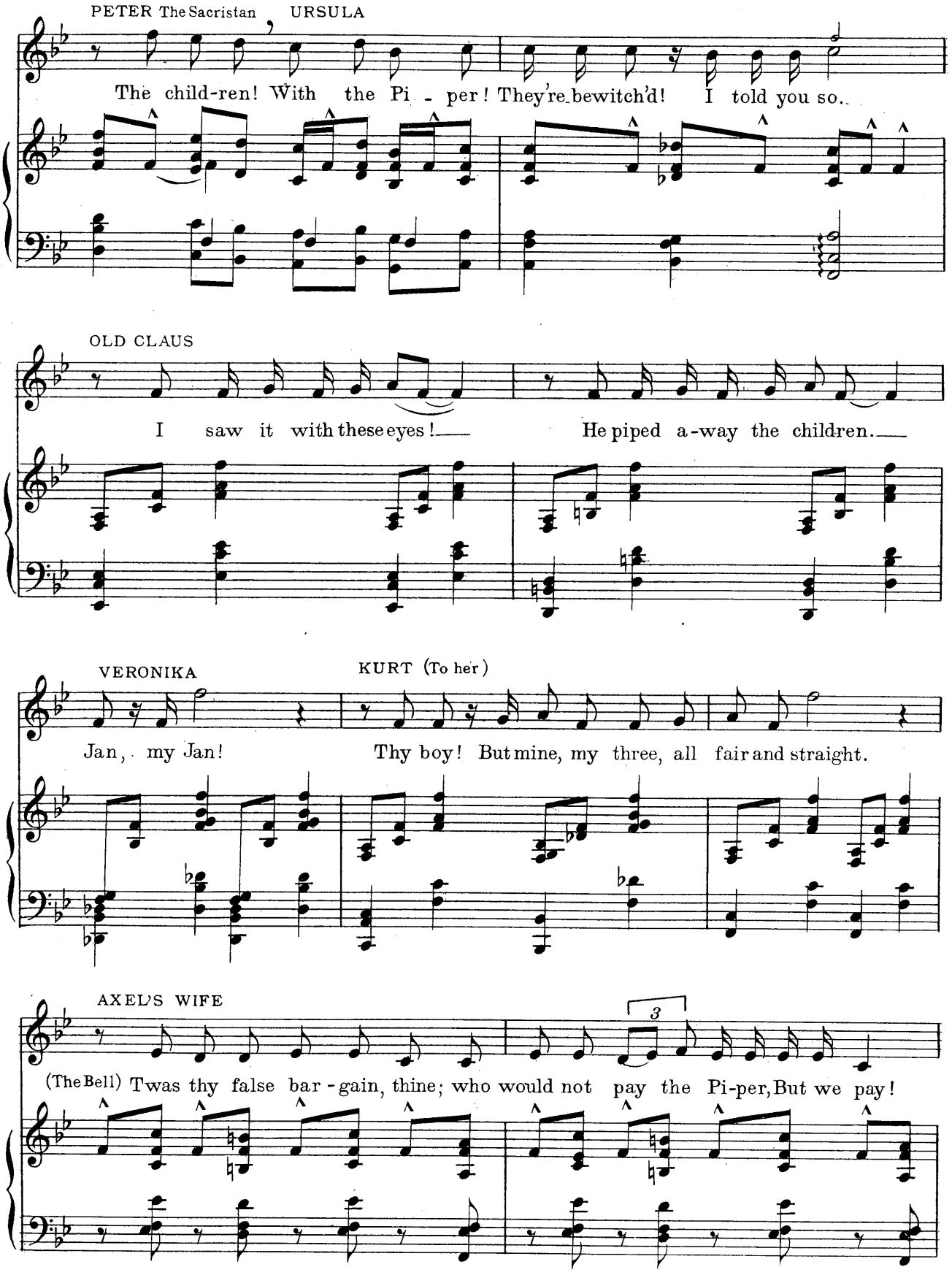
fill the air. The Piper lifts Jan to his shoulder (dropping the little crutch) and marches off, up the streets at the rear, piping in the midst of them all. Last, out of the Minster come tumbling two little acolytes in red, and after them, Peter the Sacristan. He trips over them in his amazement and terror; and they are gone after the vanishing children be-

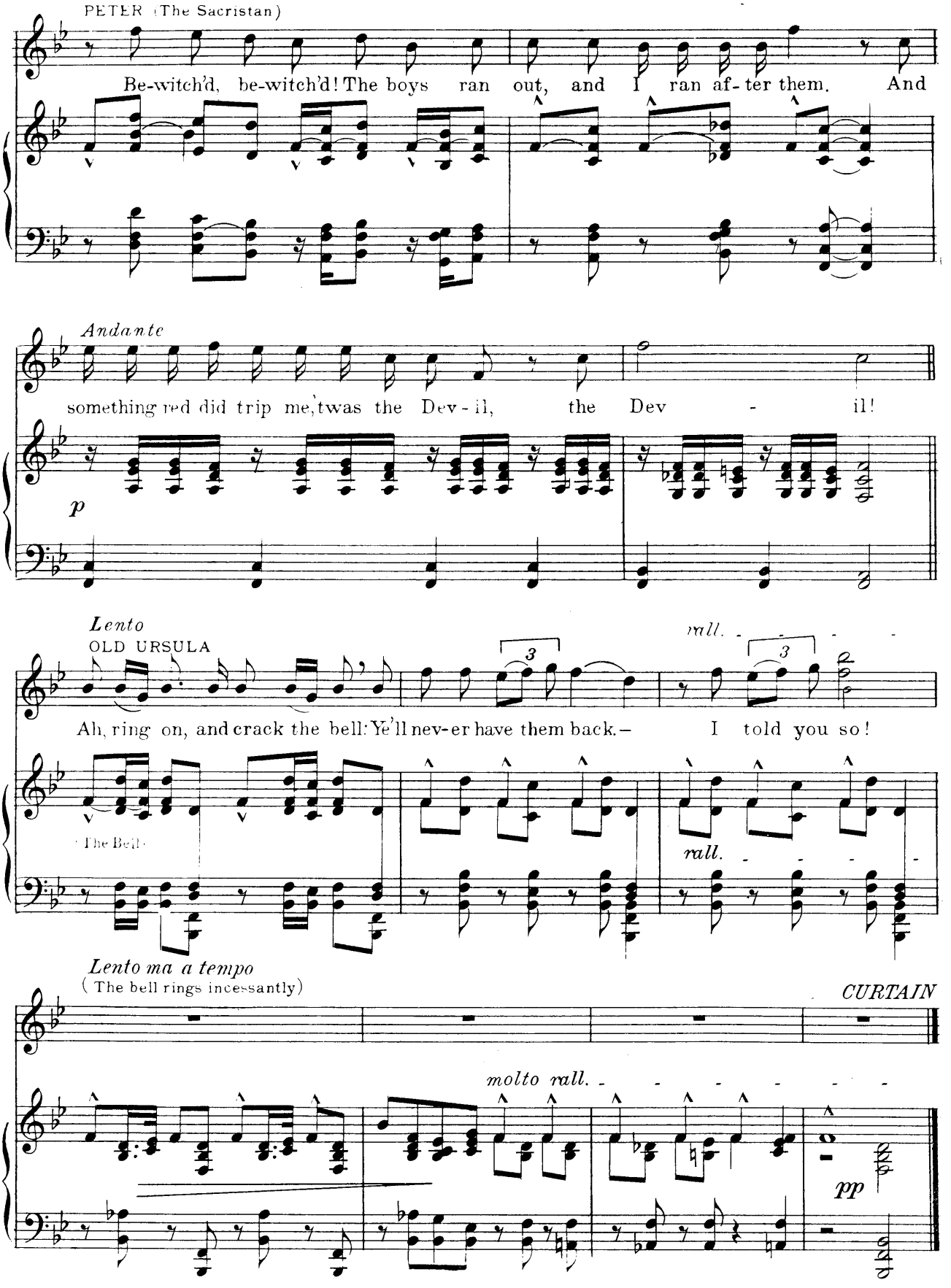


fore the church-people come out. The old folks lean from their windows.)




OLD URSULA
(Peter rushes to
The bell, the bell! The Church-bell! They're be-witch'd!
The Bell
the bell-rope and pulls it. The bell sounds heavily. Re-enter, from the church, the citizens by twos and threes and scores. Kurt and the others appear.)
Adagio
OLD URSULA.
I told you all— I told ye! Dev-il's bar-gains!
Organ
KURT
Pe-ter the Sa-cris-tan! Give by the bell. What means this clan-gor?
(The Bell)
(Still pulling and shouting)
PETER (The Sacristan)
URSULA
KURT
OLD CLAUS
They're bewitch'd, bewitch'd. They're gone! Thy wits! They're gone, they're gone, they're gone!


PETER The Sacristan
URSULA
The child-ren! With the Pi - per! They're bewitch'd! I told you so..
OLD CLAUS
I saw it with these eyes! — He piped a-way the children. —
VERONIKA
KURT (To her)
Jan, my Jan!
Thy boy! But mine, my three, all fair and straight.
AXEL'S WIFE
3
(The Bell) Twas thy false bar - gain, thine; who would not pay the Pi-per, But we pay!


PETER (The Sacristan)
Be-witch'd, be-witch'd! The boys ran out, and I ran af-ter them. And
Andante
something red did trip me, 'twas the Dev-il, the Dev - il!
p
Lento
OLD URSULA
rall.
Ah, ring on, and crack the bell: Ye'll nev-er have them back.— I told you so!
(The Bell)
rall.
Lento ma a tempo
(The bell rings incessantly)
CURTAIN
molto rall.
pp