

# THE CROSS

Lyrics by: *On the grave of an unknown British soldier, Givenchy 1915*

Music by: Daniele Colla ( 2017)

Mezzo-Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Bass-Baritone

The cross is twined with goss - a - mer, the cross some hand has

Mezzo

A

T

Bs.-Bar.

shaped with care, and by his grave the grass - es stir but he is

16

Mezzo *ff* *pp*  
 si - lent sleep - ing there. The guns speak loud, he hears

A *ff* *pp*  
 si - lent sleep - ing there. The guns speak loud, he hears

T *ff* *pp*  
 si - lent sleep - ing there, The guns the guns speak loud. he hears

Bs.-Bar. *ff* *pp*  
 si - lent sleep - ing there, The guns, the guns speak loud, he hears

24

Mezzo *p* *pp*  
 them not. The night goes by: he does not know. A lone white

A *p* *pp*  
 them not. The night goes by: he does not know. A lone white

T *p* *pp*  
 them not. The night goes by: he does not know. A lone white

Bs.-Bar. *p* *pp*  
 them not. The night goes by: he does not know. A lone white

32

Mezzo *mp*  
 cross stands on the spot, and tells of one who sleeps be - low. The

A *mp*  
 cross stands on the spot, and tells of one who sleeps be - low. The

T *mp*  
 cross stands on the spot, and tells of one who sleeps be - low. The

Bs.-Bar. *mp*  
 cross stands on the spot, and tells of one who sleeps be - low. The

40

Mezzo  
brood - ing night is hushed and still, The croon - ing breeze draws qui - et

A  
brood - ing night is hushed and still. The croon - ing breeze draws qui - et

T  
brood - ing night is hushed and still. The croon - ing breeze draws qui - et

Bs.-Bar.  
brood - ing night is hushed and still. The croon - ing breeze draws qui - et

47

Mezzo  
breath, A star - shell flares u - pon the hill and lights the

A  
breath. A star - shell flares u - pon the hill and lights the

T  
breath. A star - shell flares u - pon the hill and lights the

Bs.-Bar.  
breath. A star - shell flares u - pon the hill and lights the

54

Mezzo  
low - ly house of death. while *p*

A  
low - ly house of death. *p* while

T  
low - ly house of death. Un - known, a sol - dier slum - bers there

Bs.-Bar.  
low - ly house of death. Un - known a sol - dier slum - bers there

Mezzo  
62  
mourn - ful mists come drop - ping low. *mf* But oh! A wea - ry mai - den's

A  
mourn - ful mists come drop - ping low. *mf* But oh! A wea - ry mai - den's

T  
But oh! A wea - ry mai - den's

Bs.-Bar.  
But oh! A wea - ry mai - den's

Mezzo  
69  
prayer And oh! A mo - ther's tears of woe. *rall.*

A  
prayer And oh! A mo - ther's tears of woe. *rall.*

T  
prayer. And oh! A *rall.* mo - ther's tears of woe.

Bs.-Bar.  
prayer. And oh! A mo - ther's tears of woe. *rall.*

## LA CROCE

sulla tomba di un milite ignoto, Givenchy 1915

1. La croce e` intrecciata con una ragnatella,  
Quella croce che delle mani hanno formato con cura.  
Su questa tomba l'erba si agita,  
Ma lui dorme li` in silenzio.

2. Le armi sono assordanti: ma lui non le sente.  
La notte avanza: ma lui non lo sa.  
Una croce bianca e solitaria sta sul posto  
E ci dice di uno che dorme qui sotto.

3. La notte silenziosa e` calma e tranquilla  
Il sussurro della brezza attira un sopiro silenzioso.  
Una piccola stella brilla sul colle  
Ed illumina l'umile casa della morte.

4. Un soldato ignoto dorme li`,  
Mentre una funerea nebbia scende pian piano.  
Senti! Una gracile preghiera di una fanciulla:  
Senti! Le lacrime di dolore di una madre.