

Written in commemoration of the First World War centenary

# IN PACE

for mezzo-soprano solo and mixed choir with a wind ensemble of  
two cornets (with recorder solo), two sackbuts, and one dulcian

Robert Service (1874–1958)  
"On the wire" from *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* (1916)

Christopher Hossfeld  
September 2014

**Largo** ♩ = 54

1

2

3

8

17

Mezzo-Soprano: O God, O God, take the sun

Cornett 1, Cornett 2, Alto Sackbut, Tenor Sackbut, Dulcian, Cor. 1, Cor. 2, A. Sb., T. Sb., Dul.

*p*, *f*, *fp*

25 *p* *f* *p* **4**

M-S. — from the sky! It's burn-ing, burn-ing me, scorch-ing me up. God, can't you hear my cry? 'Wat-er! A

Cor. 1 *fp*

Cor. 2 *p* *fp* *pp*

A. Sb. *p* *fp* *pp*

T. Sb. *p* *fp* *pp*

Dul. *fp* *pp*

31

M-S. poor, lit - tle cup!' It's laugh-ing, laugh - ing, the curs-ed sun! See how it

Cor. 1 *p*

Cor. 2 *p*

A. Sb. *p*

T. Sb. *p*

Dul. *p*

35 *f* *p*

M-S. swells and swells and swells Fierce as a hun - dred hells! God, will it nev - er have

Cor. 1 *f* *p sub.*

Cor. 2 *f* *p sub.*

A. Sb. *f* *p sub.*

T. Sb. *f* *p sub.*

Dul. *f* *p sub.*

40 **5**

M-S. *mf*  
 done? It's sear-ing, sear-ing the flesh on my bones;— It's beat-ing, beat - ting, beat - ing—with ham  
*Christe qui lux es et dies, Sarum hymn for Compline*

Choir *p*  
 Chris te qui lux es et di - es, Noc - tis te - ne - bras de - te - gis,

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb. *p* *p* *mf*

T. Sb. *p* *p* *mf*

Dul. *p* *p*

46 **6**

M-S. *f* *p*  
 - mers red— My eye-balls in-to my head; It's parch-ing my ver - y moans, moans.—

Choir *p*  
 Lu - cis-que lu-men cre-de - ris, Lu - men be - a - tum

Cor. 1 *fp*

Cor. 2 *fp*

A. Sb. *fp* *p* *p*

T. Sb. *fp* *p* *p*

Dul. *fp* *p* *p*

53 *p* *mf* *f*

M-S. See! See! It's the size of the sky, and the sky is a tor-rent of fire, Foam - ing, foam -

Choir prae - di - cans.

Cor. 1 *p* *mf* *f*

Cor. 2 *p* *mf* *f*

A. Sb. *p* *mp* *mf* *f*

T. Sb. *p* *mf* *f*

Dul. *mf* *f*

58 **7** *p* *mf* *f*

M-S. - ing on me as I lie Here on the wire... the wire...

Cor. 1 *mp* *p* *fp* *p* *p*

Cor. 2 *mp* *p* *fp* *p* *p*

A. Sb. *mp* *p* *fp* *p* *p*

T. Sb. *mp* *p* *fp* *p* *p*

Dul. *mp* *p*

**7** *Agitato* ♩ = 108

64

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

70

8

M-S.

Of the thou - sands thou - sands that wheeze and hum Heed - less-ly o-ver my head, Why can't a bul let come, pierce to my brain in-

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

76

9

M-S.

stead, Black-en for - ev-er my brain, Fin-ish for - ev-er my pain? Here in the hell - ish glare Why,

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

83 *f* *p* *p*

M-S. why must I suf - fer so? Is it God does-n't care? Is it God does-n't know? Oh, to be

Cor. 1 *fp*

Cor. 2 *fp* *pp*

A. Sb. *fp* *p* *pp*

T. Sb. *fp* *p* *pp*

Dul. *fp* *pp*

89 **10** *p*

M-S. killed out - right, — Clean in the clash of the fight! That is a gold - en death, —

Cor. 1 *p* *pp*

Cor. 2 *p*

A. Sb. *p* *pp* *p*

T. Sb. *p* *pp*

Dul. *pp*

11

M-S. 96 That is a boon; but this... Draw-ing an an-guished breath Un - der a hot a - byss, Un

Cor. 1 *p* *mf*

Cor. 2 *p* *mf*

A. Sb. *pp* *p* *mf*

T. Sb. *pp*

Dul. *pp* *mf*

12

M-S. 102 - der a stoop-ing sky of seeth-ing sul-phur-ous fire, Scorch-ing me up as I lie Here on the wire... the wire.....

Cor. 1 *fp* *fp* *mp* *sfz* *p*

Cor. 2 *fp* *fp* *p* *sfz* *p*

A. Sb. *fp* *fp* *p* *sfz*

T. Sb. *fp* *fp* *p* *sfz*

Dul. *fp* *fp* *p*

Cor. 1 108

Cor. 2

A. Sb. *p*

T. Sb. *p*

Dul. *p*

114 *f* *rit.* *p* **13** Adagio ♩ = 72

M-S. Hast - en, O God, thy night! — Hide from my eyes the sight

Choir Pre-ca mur Sanc-te Do-mi-ne, — De-fen-de nos in

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

121

M-S. Of the bod-y I stare and see Shat-tered so hi-de-ous - ly. I can't be-lieve that it's mine. My

Choir hac noc-te, — Sit no-bis in te re-qui-es, — Qui-e-tam noc-tem tri-bu-e. —

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*

*pp*



128 **14** **15** *mp*

M-S. bod-y was white and sweet, Flaw-less and fair and fine, Shape-ly from head to feet; Oh no, I can

Choir *p* Ne gra-vis\_som-nus ir-ru-at,\_\_\_

Cor. 2 *p*

A. Sb. *p*

T. Sb. *p*

Dul. *p*

135 *pp* 3

M-S. nev-er be The thing of hor-ror I see Un-der the ri - fle fire, Trussed on the

Choir Nec hos-tis nos sur - ri - pi - at,\_\_\_ Nec ca-ro il - li con-sen-tiens, Nos ti - bi\_\_\_ re-os sta-tu - at\_\_\_

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

141 **16** *mp*

M-S. wire... the wire... Of night and of death I dream; Night that will bring me

Recorder solo

Cor. 1 *p*

Dul. *p*

148 **17** *p*

M-S. peace, Cool - ness and star - ry gleam, Still - ness and death's re -

Cor. 1

Dul.

154 *pp*

M-S. - lease: A - - ges and a - - ges have passed, — Lo! it is

Cor. 1

Dul. *pp*

160 **18**

M-S. night at last.

Choir *p* O-cu-li som-num ca - pi - ant, Cor ad te sem-per vi - gi - let,

O-cu-li som-num ca - pi - ant, Cor ad te sem-per vi - gi -

Cor. 1

A. Sb. *pp*

T. Sb. *pp*

Dul. *pp*

19

166 — Dex-te-ra tu - a pro-te-gat — Fa-mu - los\_ qui te di-li-gunt. — **accel. e cresc. poco a poco**

Choir  
let, Dex-te - ra tu - a pro-te-gat — Fa-mu - los\_ qui te di - li - gunt. —

Cor. 1  
Cor. 2  
A. Sb.  
T. Sb.

**Cornett**  
*pp*

20 Molto agitato ♩ = 120

172

M-S. Night! — but the

Cor. 1  
Cor. 2  
A. Sb.  
T. Sb.  
Dul.

*f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf*

177

M-S. guns roar — out. Night! but the hosts at - tack. Red and yel-low and

Cor. 1  
Cor. 2  
A. Sb.  
T. Sb.  
Dul.

21

182

M-S. *f* black Gey - sers of doom up - spout. *f* Sil - ver and green\_ and *mf*

Choir *mf* De - fen -

De - fen - sor\_ nos - ter

Cor. 1 *f* *mf*

Cor. 2 *f* *mf*

A. Sb. *f* *mf*

T. Sb. *f* *mf*

Dul. *f* *mf*



187

M-S. *f* red star - shells hov - er and spread. *f* Yon - der\_

Choir sor\_ nos - ter as - pi - - ce, as - pi - - ce, In -

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

191 *f*

M-S. off to the right Fierce - ly kin - dles the fight;

Choir In - si - - di - - an - - tes re -  
si - di - - an - - tes re - - pri - - me.

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

195 **22** *f*

M-S. Roar - ing near and more near,

Choir pri - me, Gu - ber -  
Gu - - ber - - na tu - os

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

199 *f*

M-S. Thun - der - ing now in my ear;

Choir na - tu - - os fa - mu - los,

fa - mu - - los, Quos san -

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

203 *ff*

M-S. Close to me, close to me,

Choir Quos san - - gui - - ne mer -

gui - - ne mer - ca tus es.

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

207 *ff* *p* **23**

M-S. close... Oh, hark! Some - one moans in the dark.

Choir ca - tus es.

Cor. 1 *pp*

Cor. 2 *pp*

A. Sb. *pp* *sim.*

T. Sb. *pp* *sim.*

Dul. *p*

212

M-S. I hear, but I can - not see, I hear as the rest re -

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

217 *pp* *3* *3* **24** *Largo* ♩ = 54

M-S. tire, Some-one is caught like me, Caught on the wire... the wire.....

Cor. 1 *p*

Cor. 2 *p*

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

223

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

232

25

M-S.

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

*p*

*f*

*p*

*p*

*p*

A - gain, a - gain the shud-der - ing dawn, Weird

238

26

M-S.

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

*p sub.*

*fp*

*mp*

*fp*

*p*

*pp*

*fp*

*p*

*pp*

*fp*

*p*

and-wick-edand wan; A-gain, and I've not yet gone. The man whom I heard is dead. Now I can un - der



244

M-S. stand: a bul-let hole in his head, A pis-tol gripped in his hand. Well, he knew what to do,— Yes, and now I know

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

252

M-S. *pp* too....

Choir *p* Me - men-to nos - tri Do - mi - ne, In gra - vi is - to cor - po - re, Qui es de - fen - sor  
Me - men - to nos - tri Do - mi - ne, In gra - vi is - to cor - po - re, Qui es de - fen - sor

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Me - men - to nos - tri Do - mi - ne, In gra - vi is - to cor - po - re, Qui es de - fen - sor

*p*

261

M-S. *pp* - fen - sor a - ni - mae, Ad - es - to no - bis Do - mi - ne. *f* Hark *p* the re - sent - ful guns!

Choir *pp* a - ni - mae, Ad - es - to no - bis Do - mi - ne. *pp* a - ni - mae, Ad - es - to no - bis Do - mi - ne. *pp* a - ni - me, Ad - es - to no - bis Do - mi - ne.

Dul. *p* *p* *p*

268

M-S. Oh, how thank - ful am I To think my be - lov - ed ones Will nev - er know how I die! I've suf - fered more than my

Dul. *mf* *p*

272 *p sub.* **29** *p sub.*

M-S. share; I'm shat-tered bey-ond re pair; I've fought like a man. the fight, And now I de-mand the right (God! how his fin - gers cling!) to

Dul. *p* *p* *p sub.*

278 *p sub.* *mp* *mf*

M-S. do with-out shame this thing. Good! there's a bul-let still; Now I'm read-y to fire; Blame me, blame me,

Dul. *p sub.* *mp*

284 *f* *long*

M-S. God, if You will, Here on the wire... the wire...

Dul. *p* *mf* *f* *ffz* *long*

289 **30** *Moderate* ♩ = 42 John Sheppard, *In pace*

Cor. 1 *p* *In pa-* *-ce,*

Cor. 2 *p* *In pa-* *-ce,*

A. Sb. *pp* *In pa-* *-ce,*

T. Sb. *pp* *In pa-* *-ce,*

295 **31** ♩ = 54 CHOIR

Choir *p* *In pa - ce in id - ip - sum, dor - mi - am et re - qui - es - scam.*

Cor. 1 *in pa - ce.*

Cor. 2 *in pa - ce.*

A. Sb. *in pa - ce.*

T. Sb. *in pa - ce.*

32

301  $\text{♩} = 42$

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Si de - de-ro

Si de - de-ro

Si de - de-ro

Si de - de-ro

som - num

Si de - de-ro som - num o -

307

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

som - num o - cu - lis me-

som - num o - cu - lis me-

o - cu - lis me-

- cu - lis me-

33

312

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

-is, et pal-pe - bris me-

-is, et pal-pe - bris me-

-is, (me-)

-is, et pal-pe - bris me-

et pal-pe - bris me-

317

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

-is, dor-mi - ta - ti - o - - -

-is, dor-mi - ta - ti - o - - - nem, dor-mi -

-is, dor-mi - ta - ti - o - - - (nem,) dor-mi - ta - ti -

-is, dor-mi - ta - ti - o - - - nem, dor-mi - ta - ti - o - -

322

Cor. 1  
Cor. 2  
A. Sb.  
T. Sb.  
Dul.

nem, dor-mi - ta - ti - o - - - - - nem.  
ta - ti - o - - - - - nem, dor-mi - ta - ti - o - - - - - nem.  
o - - - - - nem, dor-mi - ta - ti - o - - - - - nem.  
- - - - - nem, dor-mi - ta - ti - o - - - - - nem.

34  $\text{♩} = 54$   
327 CHOIR

35  $\text{♩} = 42$

Choir

dor-mi - am et re - qui-es - scam.

Cor. 1  
Cor. 2  
A. Sb.  
T. Sb.

Glo - ri - a Pa - tri et  
Glo - ri - a Pa -  
Glo - ri - a Pa - tri et Fi - li -  
Glo - ri - a Pa - tri et Fi - li - - - o,

332

Cor. 1  
Cor. 2  
A. Sb.  
T. Sb.

Fi - li - - - - - o, et Spi - ri - tu -  
tri et Fi - li - - - - - o, et Spi -  
- o, glo - ri - a Pa - tri et Fi - li - - - - o,  
glo - ri - a Pa - tri et Fi - li - o,

36

337

Cor. 1  
Cor. 2  
A. Sb.  
T. Sb.

i San - - - - - cto, et Spi - ri - tu - i San -  
ri - tu - i San - - - - - cto, et Spi - ri - tu - i San -  
et Spi - ri - tu - i San - - - - - cto, et Spi -  
et Spi - ri - tu - i San - - - - - cto,

342

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

*cto,* *et Spi - ri - tu - i* *San -*

*ri - tu - i San - - - cto, et Spi - ri - tu - i* *San-*

*et Spi - ri - tu - i San - - - cto, et Spi - ri - tu - i San-*

347

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

Dul.

*cto.*

*-cto.*

*-cto.*

*-cto.*

*In pa-*

*In pa-*

**37**

353

Cor. 1

Cor. 2

A. Sb.

T. Sb.

*In pa-*

*In pa-*

*-ce, in pa - ce.*

*-ce, in pa - ce.*

*-ce, in pa - ce.*

*-ce, in pa - ce.*

**38**

358

CHOIR

Choir

*p*

*In pa - ce in id - ip - sum, dor - mi - am et re - qui - es - scam.*

## Texts

O God, take the sun from the sky!  
It's burning me, scorching me up.  
God, can't You hear my cry?  
'Water! A poor, little cup!'  
It's laughing, the cursed sun!  
See how it swells and swells  
Fierce as a hundred hells!  
God, will it never have done?  
It's searing the flesh on my bones;  
It's beating with hammers red  
My eyeballs into my head;  
It's parching my very moans.  
See! It's the size of the sky,  
And the sky is a torrent of fire,  
Foaming on me as I lie  
Here on the wire... the wire....

Of the thousands that wheeze and hum  
Heedlessly over my head,  
Why can't a bullet come,  
Pierce to my brain instead,  
Blacken forever my brain,  
Finish forever my pain?  
Here in the hellish glare  
Why must I suffer so?  
Is it God doesn't care?  
Is it God doesn't know?  
Oh, to be killed outright,  
Clean in the clash of the fight!  
That is a golden death,  
That is a boon; but this...  
Drawing an anguished breath  
Under a hot abyss,  
Under a stooping sky  
Of seething, sulphurous fire,  
Scorching me up as I lie  
Here on the wire... the wire....

Hasten, O God, Thy night!  
Hide from my eyes the sight  
Of the body I stare and see  
Shattered so hideously.  
I can't believe that it's mine.  
My body was white and sweet,  
Flawless and fair and fine,  
Shapely from head to feet;  
Oh no, I can never be  
The thing of horror I see  
Under the rifle fire,  
Trussed on the wire... the wire....

Christe qui lux es et dies,  
Noctis tenebras detegis,  
Lucisque lumen crederis,  
Lumen beatum praedicans.

*Christ, who art the light and day,  
You drive away the darkness of night,  
You are called the light of light,  
For you proclaim the blessed light.*

Precamur Sancte Domine,  
Defende nos in hac nocte,  
Sit nobis in te requies,  
Quietam noctem tribue.

*We beseech you, Holy Lord,  
Protect us this night.  
Let us take our rest in you;  
Grant us a tranquil night.*

Ne gravis somnus irruat,  
Nec hostis nos surripiat,  
Nec caro illi consentiens,  
Nos tibi reos statuat.

*Let our sleep be free from care;  
Let not the enemy snatch us away,  
Nor flesh conspire within him,  
And make us guilty in your sight.*

Of night and of death I dream;  
 Night that will bring me peace,  
 Coolness and starry gleam,  
 Stillness and death's release:  
 Ages and ages have passed,—  
 Lo! it is night at last.  
 Night! but the guns roar out.  
 Night! but the hosts attack.  
 Red and yellow and black  
 Geysers of doom upspout.  
 Silver and green and red  
 Star-shells hover and spread.  
 Yonder off to the right  
 Fiercely kindles the fight;  
 Roaring near and more near,  
 Thundering now in my ear;  
 Close to me, close ... Oh, hark!  
 Someone moans in the dark.  
 I hear, but I cannot see,  
 I hear as the rest retire,  
 Someone is caught like me,  
 Caught on the wire... the wire....

Again the shuddering dawn,  
 Weird and wicked and wan;  
 Again, and I've not yet gone.  
 The man whom I heard is dead.  
 Now I can understand:  
 A bullet hole in his head,  
 A pistol gripped in his hand.  
 Well, he knew what to do,—  
 Yes, and now I know too....

Hark the resentful guns!  
 Oh, how thankful am I  
 To think my beloved ones  
 Will never know how I die!  
 I've suffered more than my share;  
 I'm shattered beyond repair;  
 I've fought like a man the fight,  
 And now I demand the right  
 (God! how his fingers cling!)  
 To do without shame this thing.  
 Good! there's a bullet still;  
 Now I'm ready to fire;  
 Blame me, God, if You will,  
 Here on the wire... the wire....

Oculi somnum capiant,  
 Cor ad te semper vigilet,  
 Dexter tua protegat  
 Famulos qui te diligunt.

Defensor noster aspice,  
 Insidiantes reprime,  
 Guberna tuos famulos,  
 Quos sanguine mercatus es.

Memento nostri Domine  
 In gravi isto corpore,  
 Qui es defensor animae,  
 Adesto nobis Domine.

In pace, in idipsum  
 dormiam et requiescam.

*Though our eyes be filled with sleep,  
 Keep our hearts forever awake to you.  
 May your right hand protect  
 Your willing servants.*

*You who are our shield, behold;  
 Restrain those that lie in wait.  
 And guide your servants whom  
 You have ransomed with your blood.*

*O Lord, remember us, who  
 Bear the burden of this mortal form;  
 You who are the defender of the soul,  
 Be near us, O Lord.*

*In peace and into the same  
 I shall sleep and rest.*

English text by Robert W. Service, "On the Wire" from *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* (1916).  
 Latin text from the Sarum Compline service for the First Sunday of Lent (Hymn and Antiphon).