

SAVITRI.

An Episode from
the Mahabharata.

GUSTAV HOLST.
Op. 25.

Andante moderato.

Death.
(unseen)

Sā - vi-tri! Sā - vi-tri! I am Death. I am the law that no man breaketh,

I am he who lead-eth men on-ward, I am the road that each must tra-vel,

I am the gate that o - pens for all, I, the Sum-mon-er,

Whom all o - obey, Whose word may not be mov - éd, Whose

(Enter SAVITRI: she presses her hands to her head as if she would shut out the sound.)

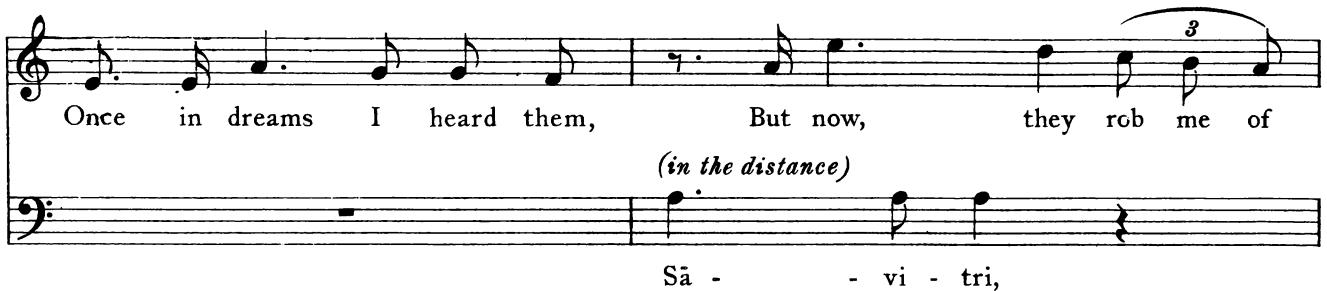
path may not be turn-ed I draw nigh to ful-fil my work, I

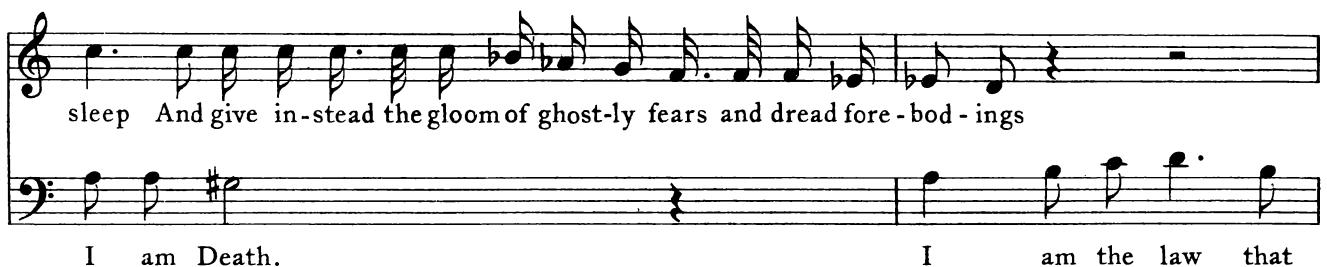
I SAVITRI. *p parlante*
A - gain,

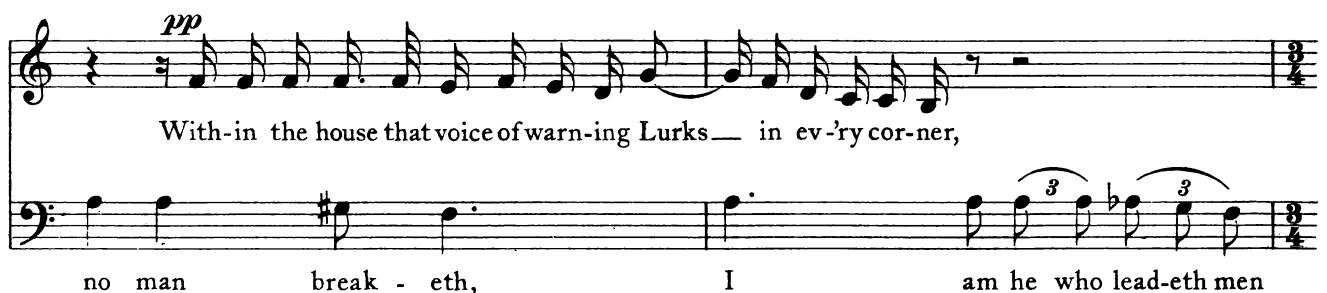
dim. e rall.

come for thy hus - band, For him the gate doth o - pen.

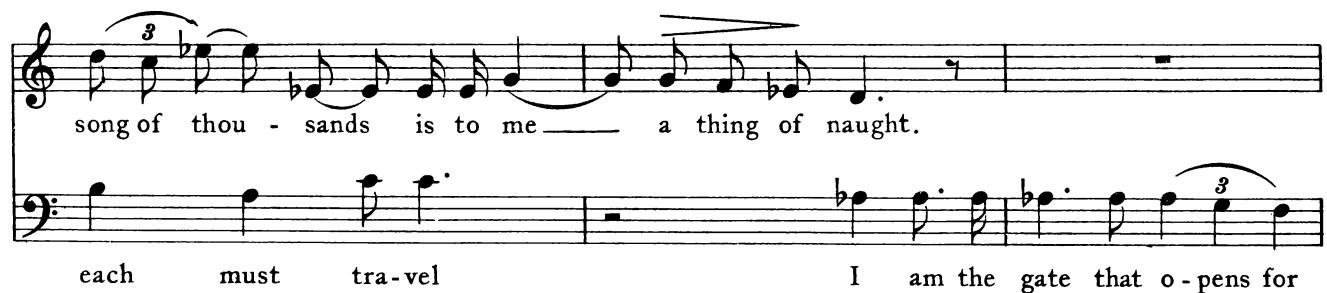
A musical score for a voice and piano. The vocal line starts with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics are: "a-gain those words of dread, Day or night ____ they nev-er leave me."

The vocal line continues with eighth notes. The lyrics are: "Once in dreams I heard them, But now, they rob me of
(in the distance) Sā - vi - tri,"

The vocal line starts with sixteenth-note patterns. The lyrics are: "sleep And give in-stead the gloom of ghost-ly fears and dread fore - bod - ings
I am Death. I am the law that

The vocal line starts with sixteenth-note patterns. The lyrics are: "With-in the house that voice of warn-ing Lurks____ in ev'-ry cor-ner,
no man break - eth, I am he who lead-eth men

The vocal line starts with sixteenth-note patterns. The lyrics are: "With - in the tem-ple it en-shrouds me Un - til the
on - ward I am the road that

The vocal line starts with sixteenth-note patterns. The lyrics are: "song of thou - sands is to me____ a thing of naught.
each must tra-vel I am the gate that o - pens for

II

And here the earth it-self doth fade, Nought re-mains but that dreadcry.

all.

pp Viola.

I come for thy hus-band? For

pp

b8
Fl.

8

b8

Sat-ya - vān, — Sat-ya - vān, — He — the strong and fear - less one,

f

b8

8

Str.
E.H.

In whose hands an axe is a feath - er? He —

p dolce

— in whom I live — Whose soul dwells in mine

p Fl.

Cel.

p staccato.

III Allegro moderato.

pp

'For him the gate doth o - - pen,'

SATYAVAN (*in the distance.*)

Greet - ing to thee, my lov - ing

Allegro moderato.

Sā - vi - tri What wife in all the world is like to Sā - vi - tri...

Vlns.

SĀVITRI.

f

Sat - ya - vān — Here I a - wait thy com-ing. Haste to me.

Vns.

p

SATYAVĀN. (*gradually approaching*)


Like a spec-tre of the for - est, Night's gloom-y pall is draw-ing nigh,

Ev - 'ry beast is wend-ing home - ward, Home to his nest each bird doth fly.

So to thee I am re - turn - ing, Thro' the wood I home-ward hie,

Home un - to thee, my lov - ing Sā - vi - tri:

(Enter SATYAVĀN carrying an axe.)
What wife in all the world is like to Sā - vi - tri? _____

IV

Ah, the trees that stand so proud - ly Know not I bring their dead-ly foe.

'Tis mine axe that, steal-ing near them, With but one stroke could lay them low.

(throws down his axe) (sees SĀVITRI)

Fare-well, friend, un-til the morn; To a fair - er love I go.

Greet - ing — to thee my lov - ing Sā - vi - tri: What wife in all the

world is like — to Sā - vi - tri? _____

SĀVITRI.

pp

The
 But thou art pale and tremb-ling, What ails thee?

p

V

for - est is to me a mir - ror where-in. I see an - oth - er world,

pp

con 8o...

CHORUS. 1st. & 2nd. TREB. *pp*

a world where all is name-less, un-known, all sick — with fear.

ALTO.

ppp una corda

*ad lib. senza misura.**p parlante*

It is Mā - yā: Dost thou not know her? Il - lu-sion, dreams, phan-toms.

colla voce

colla voce

But to the wise, Mā - yā is more,
Look a-round—All that thou

see'st Trees and shrubs, The grass at thy feet, All that walks or creeps,

cantabile *a tempo*

All that flies from tree to tree, All is un - real, All is Mā - yā.

ad lib.

Our bo - dies, our limbs, our ve - ry thoughts, we our - selves are slaves to

*colla voce**colla voce***Adagio.***con larghezza*

Mā - yā. What re-main-eth? Who can say? Love to the lov - er, The

p Str.

child to the mo-ther, the song to the sing-er, God to the wor - shipper

*cresc.**f**cresc.**f*

SATYAVĀN.
dim.

Maestoso.

These wand'-ring thro' the world of Ma - ya are per-chance sha-dows of that which

CHORUS TREBLES.

CHORUS ALTOS.

p

f

b3:

8

#

#

pp

SĀVITRI.

VI

parlante
agitato

Once I knew Mā - yā, Now she is for-

is.

colla voce

got, Mine eyes are o - pen, would they were shut, I see the heart of ev - 'ry tree,

cresc. è accel. poco a poco

pale with ter - ror, The elves that dance up - on the grass blades crouch-ing earth - ward

SAV. (spoken) **Moderato.**

Dost thou not feel? Ah! Canst thou not see?

SAT. I see nought. What ails thee?

He doth come.

He? Whom dost thou mean? A foe?—

cresc.

(He picks up his axe)

VII **f**

Who is lurk-ing in the for - est,

Fl. L.H.

Str. E.H.

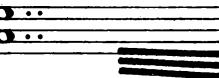
SĀVITRI. (*following him*)*f*

Ah, cease thy song.

Say, dost thou come as friend or foe?

Show thy face, O cring-ing cow - ard.

8



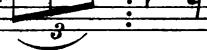
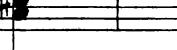
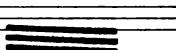
Sat - ya - vān.

Nay, Nay,

Then will I deal thee ma-ny a blow.

Mine axe that leaps in wrath

8



Sat - ya - vān.

Hun - gers for thy ov - er - throw

It thirst-eth for thy life - blood

(the axe falls from his hand: he staggers. VIII
DEATH appears and slowly approaches.)

Sā-vitri, Sā-vi-tri, mine armis pow'r-less-



Sat - ya - vān.

(She runs to him and supports him.)

Sat-ya-vān.

Fl.

E.H.

p

SAT.

morendo

Sā - vi - tri, where art thou? Mine eyes are dim.

SĀVITRI.

dolce

I am with thee, my arms are

I see thee not —

round thee.

(He sinks to the ground.)

Sā - vi - tri — where art — thou?

E.H.

dim.

IX SĀVITRI.

p dolce

I am with thee, my arms are round thee,

Fl.

p

Thy thoughts are mine, My spir - it dwells with thee.

When thou art

When thou art

wea - ry I am watch-ing, When thou sleep - est I am wak-ing, When in

sor - row I am near making it a thing of joy Be - yond all o - ther joys_

pp

Basses.

8va

X

(DEATH draws nearer to SAVITRI.)

Through the for-est creeps the dark-ness—

p

3-4

3-4

cresc.

All is dark and cold and still.

The world has now be-come a

3-4

3-4

cresc.

grave. I a - lone am liv - ing and o - ver me the gloom is

*f**dim.*

XI

mf dolce

press - ing Like to a babe in his mo - ther's

Vns.

mp legato

Fl.

robe Thou art en - shroud - ed in my

love. With my song I weave a spell. *cresc.*

pesante

Vas.
Cel.
Bass.

pow'r may not ap - proach with - in the hear - ing of my voice

cresc.

On - ly the gods may en - ter here _____ in

SĀVITRI.

XII

Ah! all fades

DEATH. (*close to her*)

Sā - vi - tri

TREBLES.

1

ALTOS.

f

8

1

8
11

1

十一

A musical score page featuring two staves of music. The top staff consists of six horizontal lines with a circled '7' at the top. The bottom staff consists of five horizontal lines. Both staves have vertical stems extending downwards from the notes.

(she sinks to the ground)

Andante sostenuto.

Death is at my heart.

Sā - - - vi - tri. I am Death.

Andante sostenuto.

DEATH.

mf

I am the law tha no man break-eth, I am he who lead - eth men

p

2 *4*

on - ward I am the road that each must tra - vel I am the gate that

SĀVITRI.

XIII

pp dolce

Wel - come Lord,

DEATH.

o - pens for all.

1st TREBLE.

2nd TREBLE.

1st ALTO.

2nd ALTO.

Voices only.

pp

pp

pp

pp

pp

ppp

SĀVITRI.

Thou art call - ed the Just One, Thou rul-est all by thy de - cree, Thou

call - est men to - geth - er, Thou show - est them the path that leads —

— to thine a - bode, Our on - ly sure pos - sess - ion.

Me-thinks ev - en now thou hast led me thi - ther.

Round me I see gen - - - tle fac - es

I hear voi - ces The air is ho - ly *p dolce*
DEATH. Thine is the

XIV

DEATH.

DEATH.

ho - li-ness Thou art en-shroud-ed in thy self The

- es are the sweet words thou hast spo - ken, the air

— is made ho - ly by thy love Be - ing with

thee is be-ing in Par - a-dise. With thee the Gods them-selves may

dwell.

XV

SĀVITRI.

Then en - ter Lord, dwell with me, what bet - ter fate be-fall - eth than

DEATH.

be - ing with the Ho - ly ones. That may not be, I am he who

p animato

lead - eth men on - ward. Yet ere I go, To thee who dost not shrink from me

Str. $\frac{3}{8}$

ppp

cresc.

Who ba-dest me wel - come I will grant a boon.

mf Full.

A boon for thy-self, Ask naught for Sat - ya-vān

My breath hath chilled his

XVI sĀVITRI.

agitato

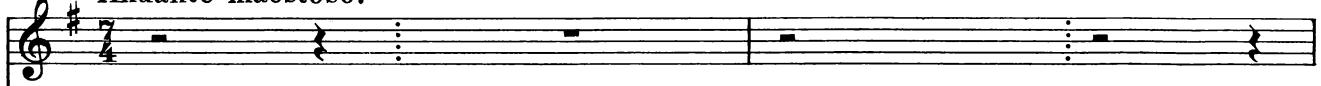
Oh Great one, dost thou mock? What boon hath val - ue
DEATH.

heart.

If I have not him who mak-eth all a boon?

ff Full.

Andante maestoso.



DEATH.

3-4 *ff*

Then I tar - ry no long - er. Through the gate a mor-tal en - ters.

3-4

4-3

Andante maestoso.

3-4

4-3



Stay, Grant me this boon.

Bid thy fare - well.

ad lib

bd*colla voce*

SĀVITRI.

XVIII Allegro moderato.

mf

'Tis but slight, yet all it hold-eth. Give me life, Life is all I

ask of thee — 'Tis a song I fain would be sing-ing

Thy song, O Death is a mur-mur of rest, Mine — should be of the
Full.

joy of striv - ing Where dis - ease hath

Animato.

spread her mant - le, Where de-feat and des - pair are reign - ing,

Animato.

There _____ shall my song, like a

rall.

trum-pet in batt-le re - sound in tri - - - umph. Grant me this

a tempo

meno mosso

boon _____ I ask for life.

DEATH.

Why dost thou ask for

a tempo

meno mosso



fa tempo

Art thou the just one?
Art thou Death?

Life? Thou hast it now.

mf

Or art thou but a blind spir - it know-ing naught of what is round thee?

XIX

Give me Life. Life is all I ask of thee ____ and

f Str. *mp*

dolce

Life is a path I would tra - vel
Where - in flow - ers should

L.H. Fl.

spring up a - round me, Stal - wart sons whom I would
 send where fight - ing is fierc - est.
 Bright-eyed daugh - ters fol - low-ing my path, Car - ry-ing life on thro' the a - ges.

XX più mosso

XXX più mosso

Thou, O Death, work - est a - lone Thro' thy

f più mosso

dim.

gate, lone - ly and de - so - late Man must go.

Fl. *p*

poco cresc.

But Life _____ is com - mun - - ion

rall. 2 2 2 andante

Each one that liv - eth, liv - eth for all.

Vns. andante

rall.

XXI

p

Thou art for the mo - ment, a por - tal soon passed. _____

più mosso

più mosso

mf

But life _____ is e - ter - -

Str.

nal, Great - - er than thou _____ Like

Full.

XXII

poco accel.

boun - teous rain he show'r's his gifts on us _____. Like an

mf

p

poco accel.

bA

p

o'erwhelm - ing wind he urg - es us on Till time and

space are for - got _____ And joy and sor - row are

XXIII Andante.

rall.

one

ff

rall.

ff Andante.

DEATH.

Sā -

vi - tri

glo - ri - ous wo -

-

-

-

-

-

-

f

p

p

p

p

p

p

d

p

p

p

p

p

- - man ____ Take the gift thou hast asked Life is thine -

SĀVITRI.

Ah

DEATH.

— in all its ful-ness Thine the song, the path of flowers.

XXIV SĀVITRI.
Vivace.

Death the just one, whose word rul-eth all,
Grants me a boon, He

f Str.

E.H.

giv-eth me life, The life of wo-man, of wife, of mo - ther,

XXV

So hath he grant-ed that ____ which a - lone ful - fils his word.

f

Fl.

mf Str.

If Sat - ya-vān die, _____ my voice is

mf

3

A musical score for a piece titled "I were but a dream". The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the piano, showing a treble clef, a key signature of one flat, and a tempo marking of 3/4. The lyrics are written below the notes: "I were but a dream, an image, float - ing on the". The bottom staff is for the flute, also in 3/4 time, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The flute part includes dynamic markings like "Fl." and "3". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

XXVI

A musical score for soprano voice and piano. The vocal line begins with a dotted half note followed by eighth notes. The lyrics "waters of memory" are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a sustained bass note and a harmonic progression in the upper octaves.

Musical score page 16, measures 11-12. The score consists of four staves. The top two staves are treble clef, the bottom two are bass clef. Measure 11 starts with a rest, followed by a dynamic *p*. Measure 12 begins with a dynamic *p*, followed by a measure ending with a fermata over the bass staff.

Sat - ya - vān. on - ly can

accel. e cresc.

teach me the song — can o - - pen the gate to my

accel. e cresc.

XXVII Adagio.

path — of flowers — The path of a

Adagio.

woman's life.

ff

8:

8:

fff

8:

8:

8:

8:

poco animato

A-way, Death, back to thy king-dom. A-

8:

8:

poco animato

Str.

XXVIII

- lone must thou tra - vel True to thy word.

(DEATH slowly draws back and disappears.)

(*SĀVITRI goes towards SATYAVĀN.*)

SĀVITRI (bending over SATYAVĀN.)

Allegro moderato.

Lone-li-ness and pain are end - ed Wak - en once more to home and wife

Far thou jour-neyd in the dark - ness, Fierce- ly a-round thee raged the strife,

Lin - ger not up - on the road. Thou art bring-ing me my life.

SATYAVĀN. XXIX (*opens his eyes*) (feebley) Sā - vi - tri is it thou?

E.H.

I thought there was a strang-er here who threatened.

SĀVITRI.

p dolce

One _____ hath been here, a Ho - ly One, Who

A musical score for Sāvitri's voice and orchestra. The top five staves represent the vocal line, with lyrics provided for the first measure. The bottom three staves represent the orchestra, specifically the strings (Violin, Viola, Cello). The score is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal part is marked *p dolce*.

SĀVITRI.

blessed me.

SATYAVĀN. *senza misura (ad lib.)*

Then it was but a dream, Yea, so too was my wear - i - ness,

A musical score for Satyavān's voice and orchestra. The top two staves represent the vocal line, with lyrics provided for the second measure. The bottom three staves represent the orchestra, specifically the strings (Violin, Viola, Cello). The vocal part is in *senza misura (ad lib.)*. The score is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

dolce

Ma - ya had seized me. I was her slave. Now hath she

1st ALTOS.

ppp Str.

XXX

Andante.

fled. Nought re-mains but thou— and thy

Andante.

Fl.

SĀVITRI.

senza mesura

love, Thou a-lone art free from Ma-yā, Thou a-lone art real.

SATYAVĀN.

pp senza mesura

With-out thee I am as the

senza mesura

dead, A word with-out mean-ing, Fire with-out warmth, a star - less night

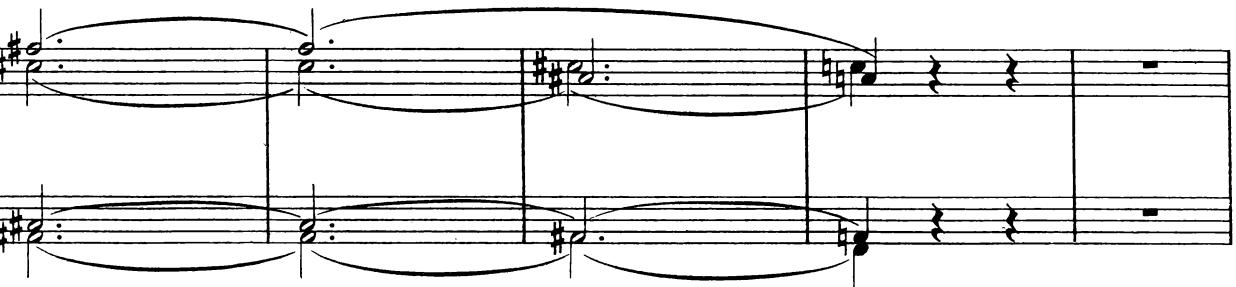
pp

Str.
pp
Fl.

XXXI Poco animato.

dolce

Thou mak - est me real.



Poco animato.

p

E.H.

(She supports him and they go out.)

Thou _____ giv-est me life.

E.H.

Vn.

Fl.

pp

Moderato.

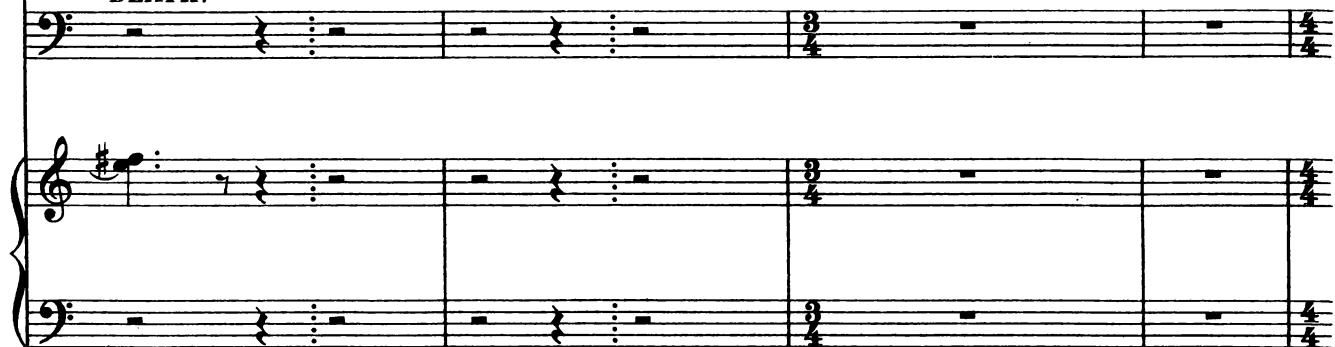
When thou art wea - ry I am watch-ing, When thou sleep - est I am

Fl.

SĀVITRI. (*Exit with SATYAVĀN.*)

wak-ing, When in sor - row I am near mak-ing it a thing of joy Be -

DEATH.



XXXII

- yond all oth-er joys.

(passing in the background)

Un-to his king-dom Death wend-eth a - lone

E.H.
Str.

One hath con-quer'dhim, One know-ing life, One free from Mā - yā



cresc.

3-4 (h)

Ma - ya who reigns where men dream — they are liv - ing,

cresc.

3-4 Full.

Whose pow'r — ex-tends to that oth - er world — where men

f

SAVITRI.

(in the distance)

I am with

DEATH.

(misterioso) *p*

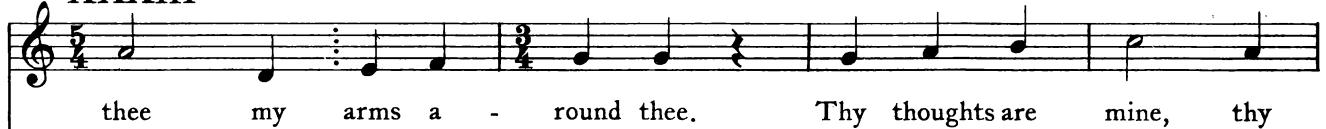
dream that they are dead. For ev - en Death is

Fl.

Vios.

pp

XXXIII

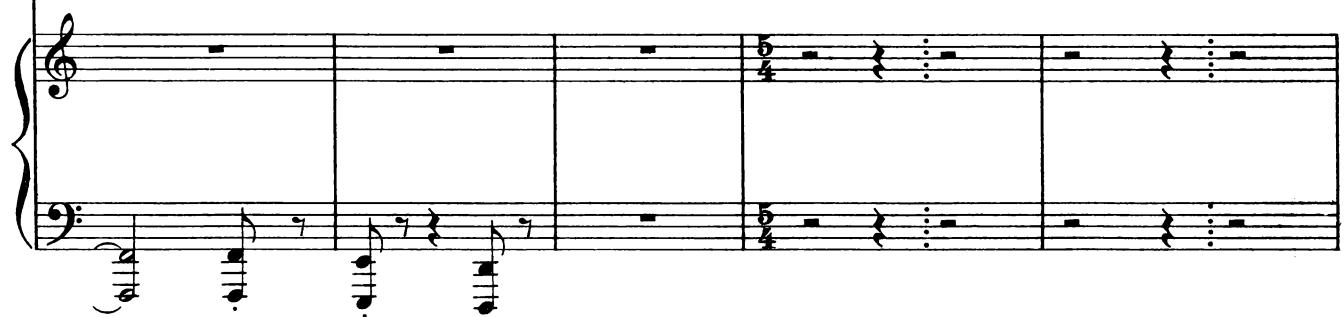

 thee my arms a - round thee. Thy thoughts are mine, thy

Mā - yā.

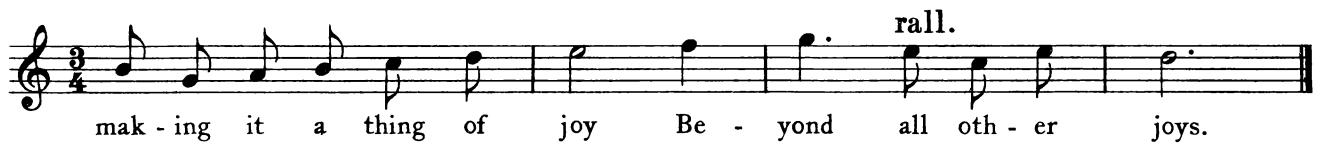

 ppp

spi - rit dwells with thee

When thou art wea - ry I am watching, When thou


 When thou art wea - ry I am watching, When thou

sleep - est I am wak - ing, When in sor - row I am near


 sleep - est I am wak - ing, When in sor - row I am near
rall.
mak - ing it a thing of joy Be - yond all oth - er joys.