

XLVI

SONGS AND RALLADS
BY AMERICAN
COMPOSERS

LYRIC from TABORE
HILL & HINDS

Sung by Edith Van
Winkle's Arrangement

ALEXANDER RUSSELL

Author of
"The American Song Book"



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Lyric from Tagore

"I hold her hands"

Sir Rabindranath Tagore*

Alexander Russell

Quasi recitativo *p* Andante con moto

Voice *p*
I hold her hands, and press her to my breast.

Piano *p*

Come prima *mf*
I try to fill my soul with her love-li-ness,

rit.

Andante con moto *mf*
To plun-der her sweet smile with kiss - - es,

mf (l. h.) (r. h.)

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mf

To drink her dark glanc - es with my eyes.

poco rit.

Poco più mosso
p

Ah! but where is it? Who can strain the blue from the sky?

agitato *cresc.*

I try to grasp the beau - ty, it e - ludes me,

mf *poco rit.* Tempo I^o

leav - ing only the bod - y in my hands.

accel. *mf* *ff*

rit. *a tempo* *mf*

I try to grasp the beau - ty,

rit. *mp a tempo*

dim.

it e - ludes me, leav - ing on-ly the bod - y in my

dim.

p *a piacere* *a tempo*

hands. Baf - fled - and wear - y, I come

ritard. *colla voce*

pp

back.

p

pensieroso

How can the bod - y touch the flow'r, which on-ly the spir - it may

p

allargando

touch? the spir - it touch?

pp allargando *ppp* *dim.*

Red. *

Recent work by the author is at THE FIELD OF THE WILDERNESS

Published in 1902

The Field

The Wilderness

1. The Field is a vast, open expanse of land, stretching far and wide, with a horizon that seems to go on forever. It is a place of freedom and possibility, where the only limits are those set by nature.

2. The wilderness is a place of mystery and wonder, where the unknown reigns supreme. It is a land of secrets and hidden treasures, where the only path is the one that leads to the heart of the matter.

3. The field is a place of peace and tranquility, where the only sounds are those of the wind and the rustling leaves. It is a place where the soul can find rest and solace, where the only light is that of the sun and the moon.

4. The wilderness is a place of danger and peril, where the only enemies are those of the wild. It is a land of death and destruction, where the only hope is that of survival.

5. The field is a place of beauty and grace, where the only colors are those of the sky and the earth. It is a place where the eye can feast on the most magnificent of sights, where the only music is that of the birds and the bees.

6. The wilderness is a place of power and might, where the only forces are those of the elements. It is a land of fire and ice, where the only strength is that of the storm and the earthquake.

7. The field is a place of life and growth, where the only seeds are those of the future. It is a place where the only harvest is that of the harvest, where the only hope is that of the harvest.

8. The wilderness is a place of death and decay, where the only signs are those of the past. It is a land of ruins and ruins, where the only memory is that of the memory.

9. The field is a place of joy and happiness, where the only smiles are those of the children. It is a place where the only laughter is that of the laughter, where the only love is that of the love.

10. The wilderness is a place of sorrow and pain, where the only tears are those of the heart. It is a land of heartache and heartache, where the only pain is that of the pain.

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