# Songs

## of Laurence Hope

set to Music by

## H.T. Burleigh

114196

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# FIVE SONGS

...*of*...

## LAURENCE HOPE

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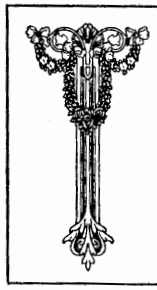
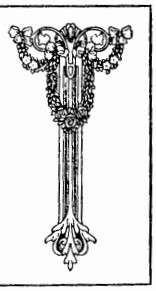
Set to Music by

## H. T. BURLEIGH



1 Worth While
2 The Jungle Flower
3 Kashmiri Song
4 Among the Fuchsias
5 Till I Wake



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**Price, $1.50 net**

Orchestral Accompaniment by
ALFREDO BRÜGGEMANN
to be had from the publishers

G. RICORDI & CO.
NEW YORK

MILAN ROME NAPLES PALERMO LONDON PARIS
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# PREFATORY NOTE

THE annual output of English songs is large, but there is still a deplorable dearth of lyrics which, because of their artistic distinction, bring pleasure to the connoisseur in their reading as well as refreshment and delight to both performer and hearer. It is this quality which is dominant in Mr. H. T. Burleigh's setting of five poems by Laurence Hope. They are, without being out of the convenient reach of amateurs, artists' songs, in which singer and pianist are paired in a lovely union and engaged in a mission calculated to warm the feelings of those who contemplate it. They are, moreover, as far removed from the commonplace melodic phrase which is rampant in the bulk of English sentimental ballads as they are from the bathos and affected harmonic phrase which has taken possession of the German *Lied* and the French *Mélodie*. In all of them the pianoforte and voice are beautifully and truthfully consorted in the utterance of the poetic sentiment.

The structure is motival, and while musical accent and declamation spring naturally and unconstrainedly from the poetic word, the instrumental voice has an independent development which frequently carries along the emotional passion as on a flood. In No. 5, "Till I Awake," the device of melodic delineation is finely illustrated. The motive, announced on the opening words, "When I am dying," which underlies the instrumental part as well as the voice, has an appropriate "dying fall"; but with the rising surge of feeling, the pianoforte breaks away from the word and carries the theme to a passionate climax of profound impressiveness, after which the music sinks down as in a swoon, while the heart beats on in a persistent syncopated bass. No 4, "Among the Fuchsias," is heavy with poppy and mandragora, and bells ring over the languorous murmur of the waters. We have had occasion to learn how adept Mr. Burleigh is in imbuing music with his own national voice, and it is a pleasure to observe that the idiom of the East is also at his command.

H. E. KREHBIEL,
Musical Editor of *New York Tribune.*

I

## Worth While

*(From "Stars of the Desert")*

I asked my desolate shipwrecked soul
' Would'st thou rather never have met
The one whom thou lovedst beyond control
And whom thou adorest yet?"

Back from the senses, the heart, the brain,
Came the answer swiftly thrown,
"What matter the price? We would pay it again,
We have had, we have loved, we have known!"

*Laurence Hope.*

II

## The Jungle Flower

*(From "Last Poems")*

Thou art one of the jungle flowers, strange and fierce and fair,
Palest amber, perfect lines, and scented with champa flower.
Lie back and frame thy face in the gloom of thy loosened hair;
Sweet thou art and loved—ay, loved—for an hour.

But thought flies far, ah, far, to another breast,
Whose whiteness breaks to the rose of a twin pink flower,
Where wind the azure veins that my lips caressed
When Fate was gentle to me for a too-brief hour.

*Laurence Hope.*

III

## Kashmiri Song

*(From "India's Love Lyrics")*

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?
Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway, far,
Before you agonise them in farewell?

Oh, pale dispensers of my Joys and Pains,
Holding the doors of Heaven and Hell,
How the hot blood rushed wildly through the veins
Beneath your touch, until you waved farewell.

Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds that float
On those cool waters where we used to dwell,
I would have rather felt you round my throat,
Crushing out life, than waving me farewell!

*Laurence Hope.*

IV

## Among the Fuchsias

*(From "Stars of the Desert")*

Call me not to a secret place
When daylight dies away,
Tempt me not with thine eager face
And words thou shouldst not say.
Entice me not with a child of thine,
Ah, God, if such might be,
For surely a man is half divine
Who adds another link to the line
Whose last link none may see.

Call me not to the Lotus lake
That drooping fuchsias hide,
What if my latent youth awake
And will not be denied?
Ah, tempt me not for I am not strong
(Thy mouth is a budded kiss)
My days are empty, my nights are long.
Ah, why is a thing so sweet so wrong
As thy temptation is?

*Laurence Hope.*

V

## Till I Wake

*(From "India's Love Lyrics")*

When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly,
Stoop, as the yellow roses droop in the wind from the South.
So I may, when I wake, if there be an awakening,
Keep, what lulled me to sleep, the touch of your lips on my mouth.

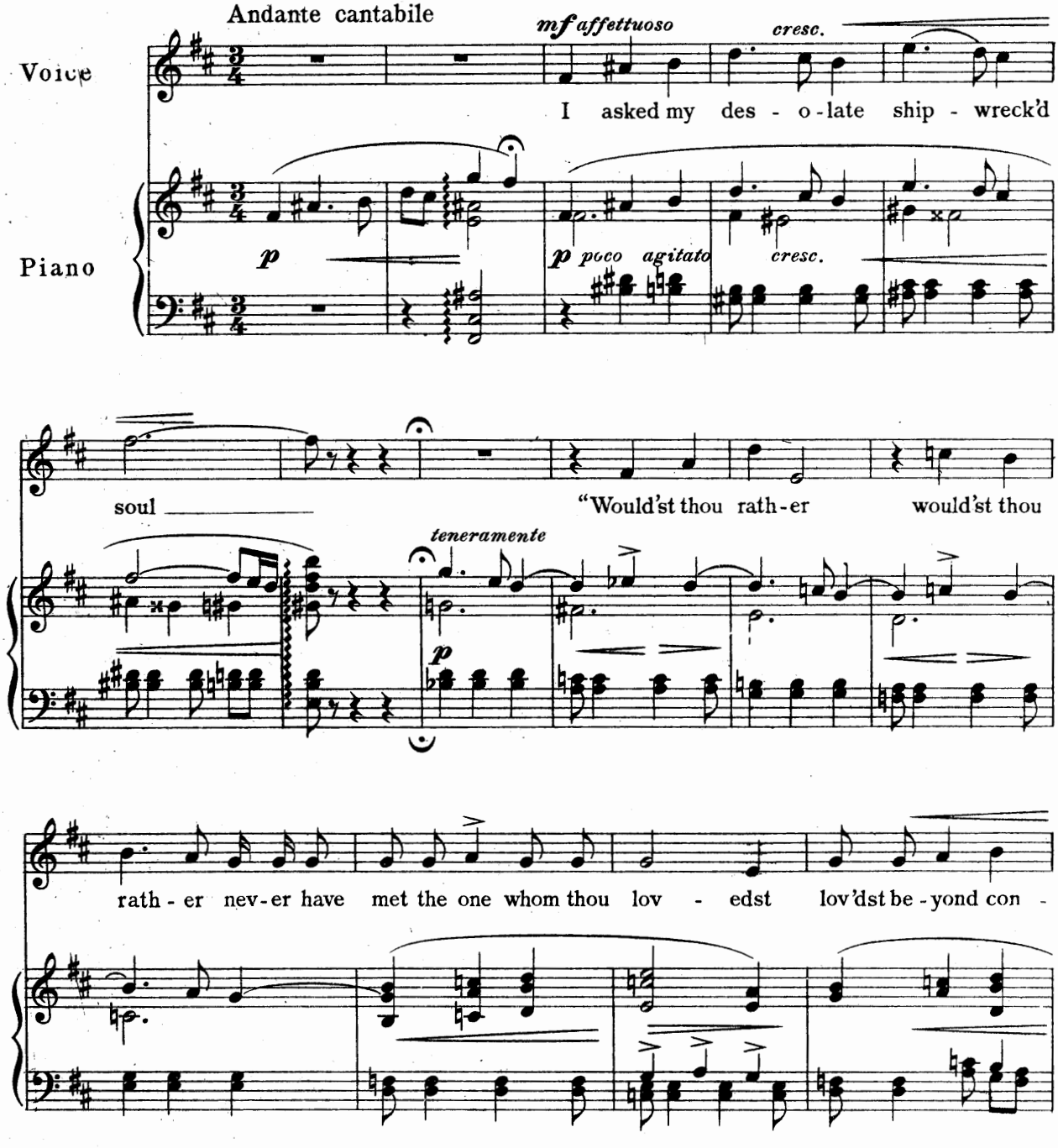
*Laurence Hope.*

# I

# Worth While

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE

Music by
H. T. BURLEIGH

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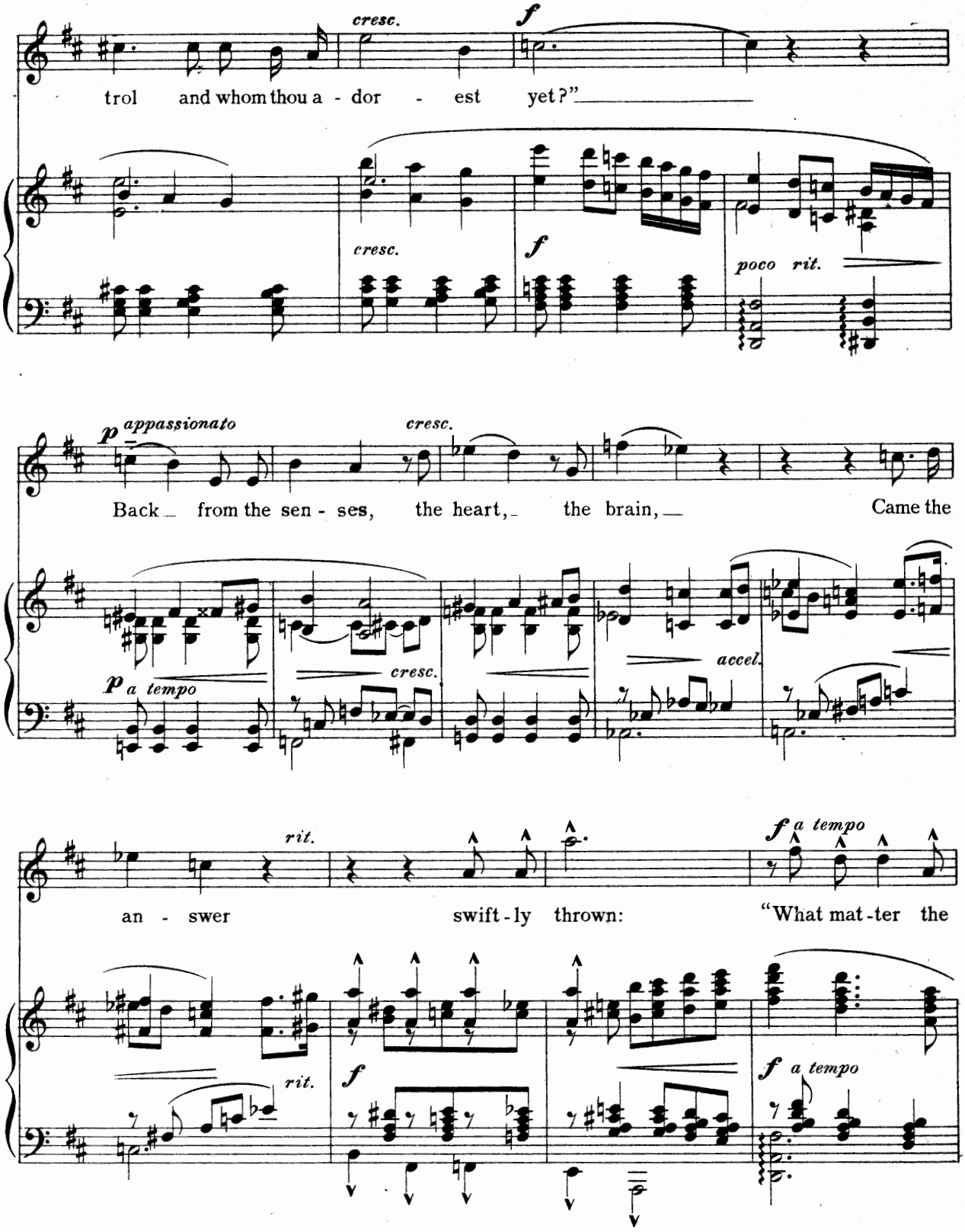
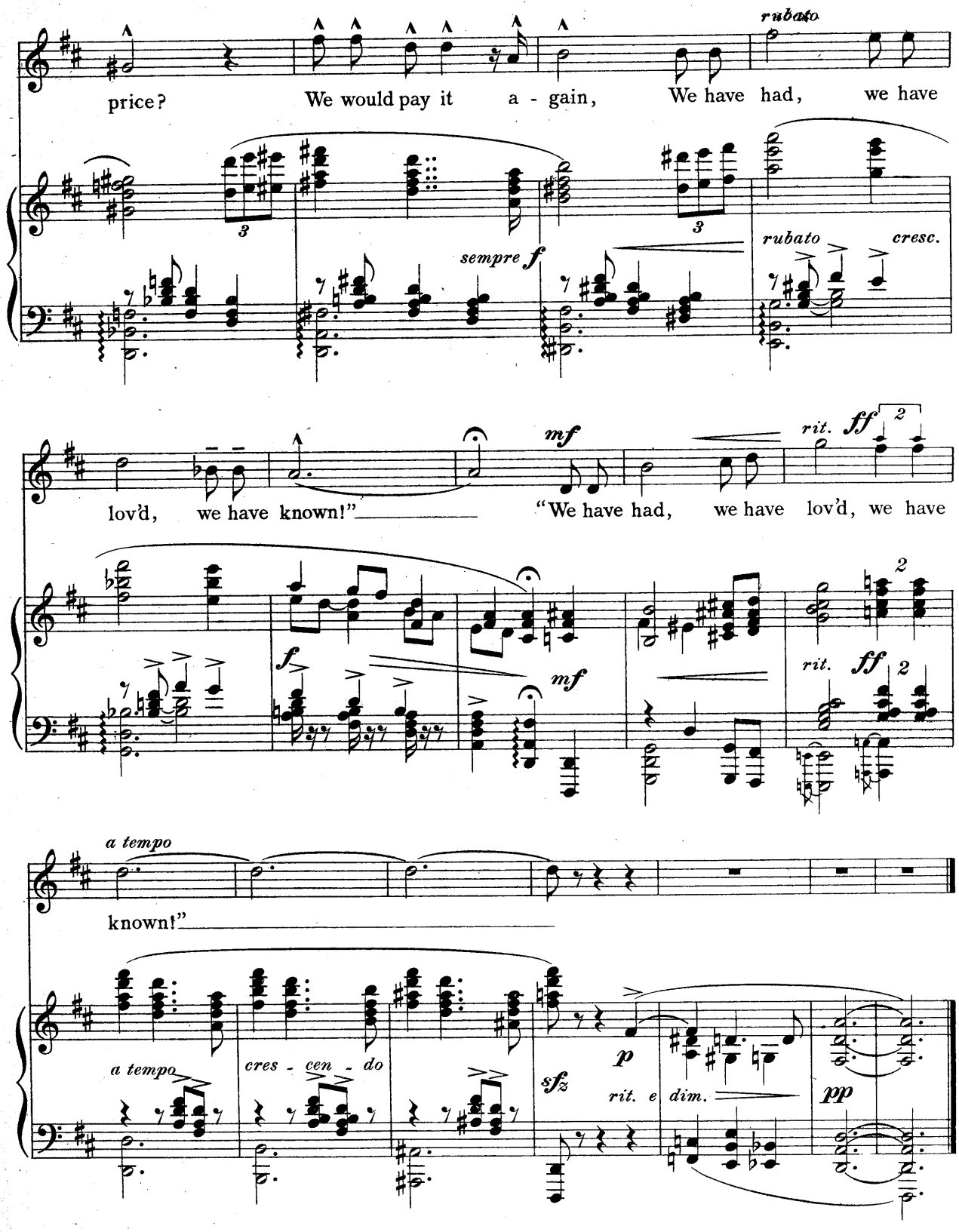

cresc.
f
trol and whom thou a - dor - est yet?"
cresc.
f
poco rit.
p appassionato
cresc.
Back from the sen - ses, the heart, the brain, Came the
p a tempo
cresc.
accel.
rit.
an - swer swift - ly thrown: "What mat - ter the
rit.
f
f a tempo
f a tempo

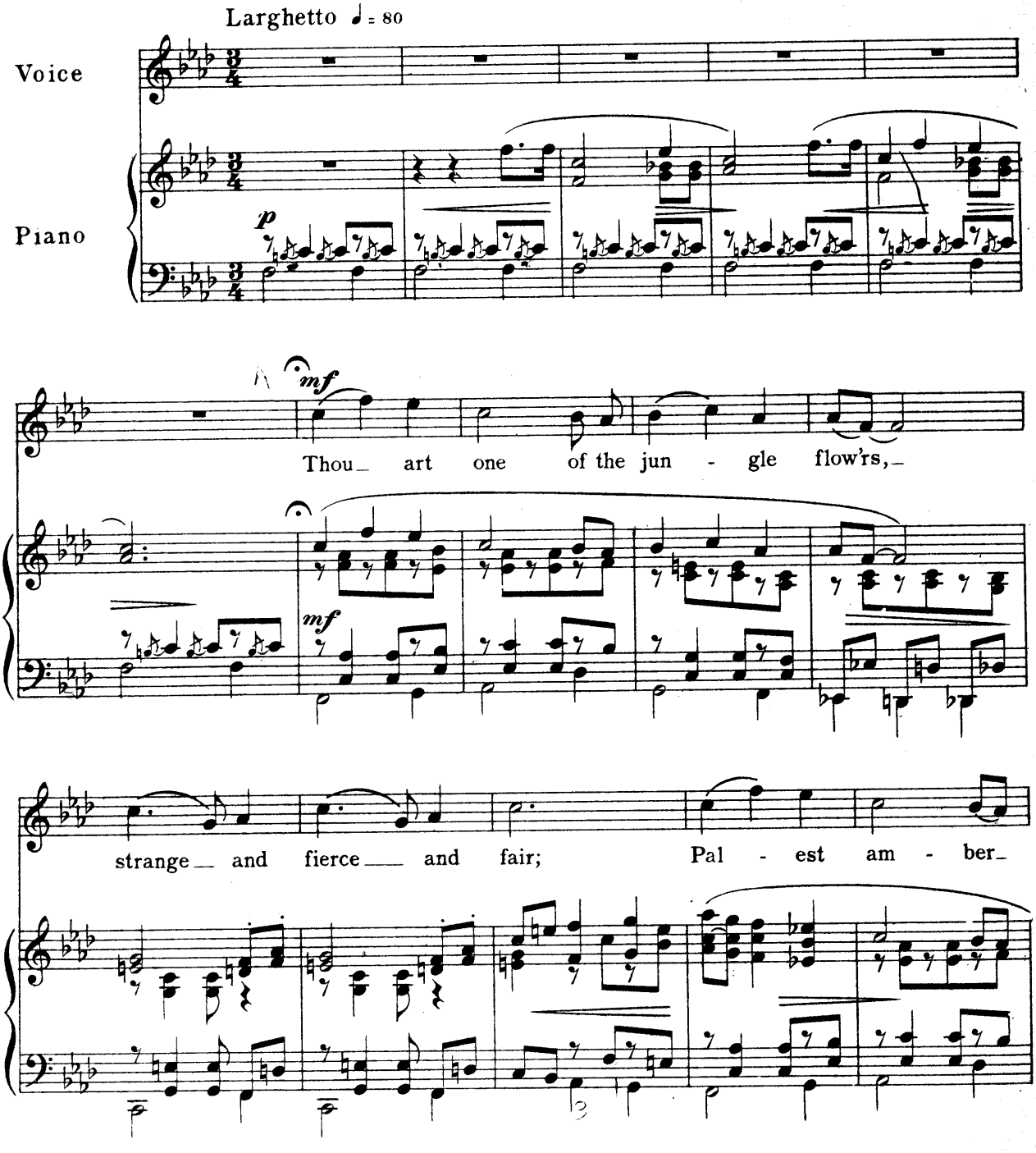

rubato
price? We would pay it a - gain, We have had, we have
sempre f
rubato
cresc.
lov'd, we have known!" "We have had, we have lov'd, we have
mf
rit.
ff
f
mf
rit.
ff
a tempo
known!"
a tempo
cres - cen - do
sfz
p
rit. e dim.
pp

# II

# The Jungle Flower

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE

Music by
H.T. BURLEIGH

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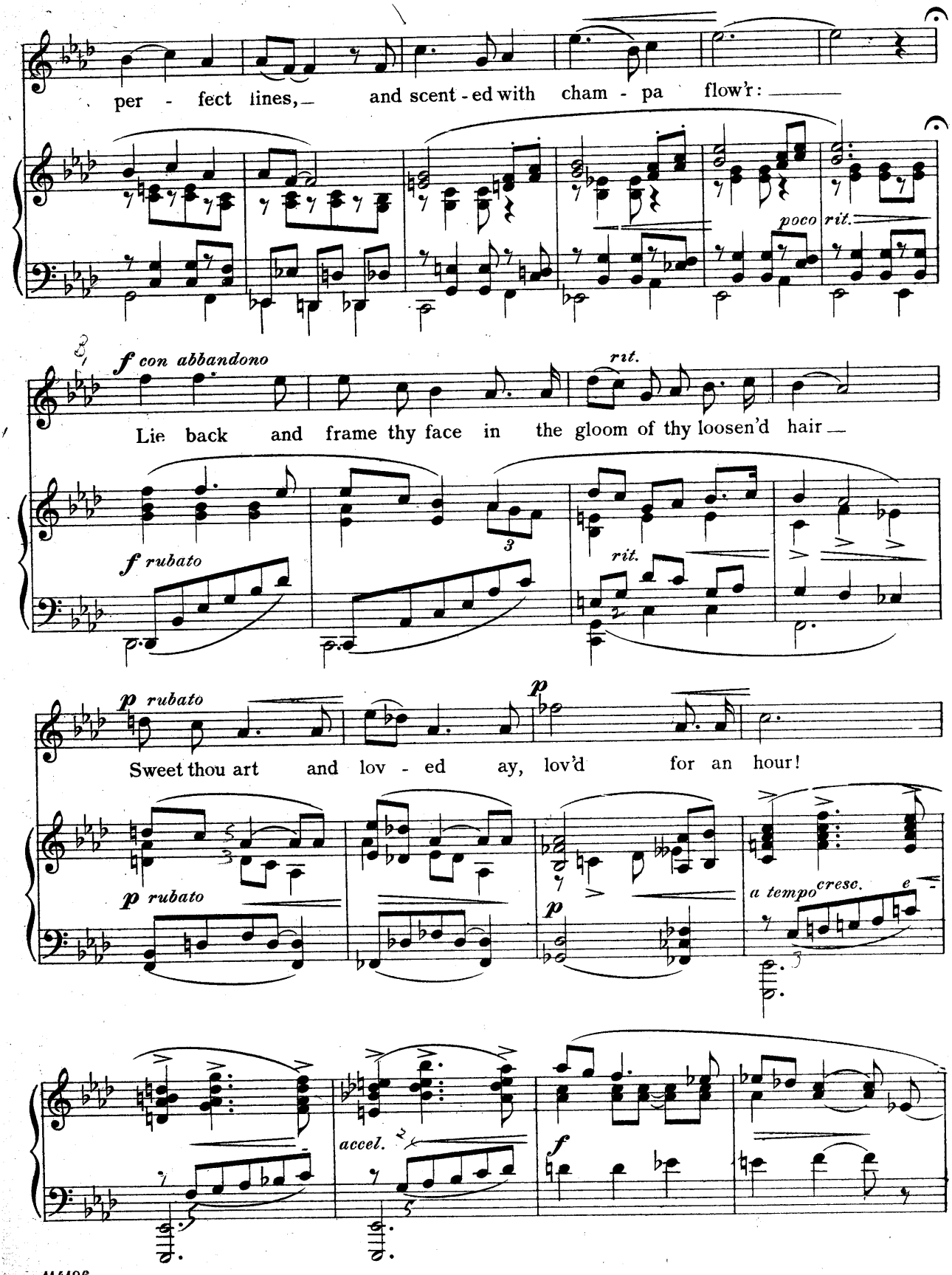
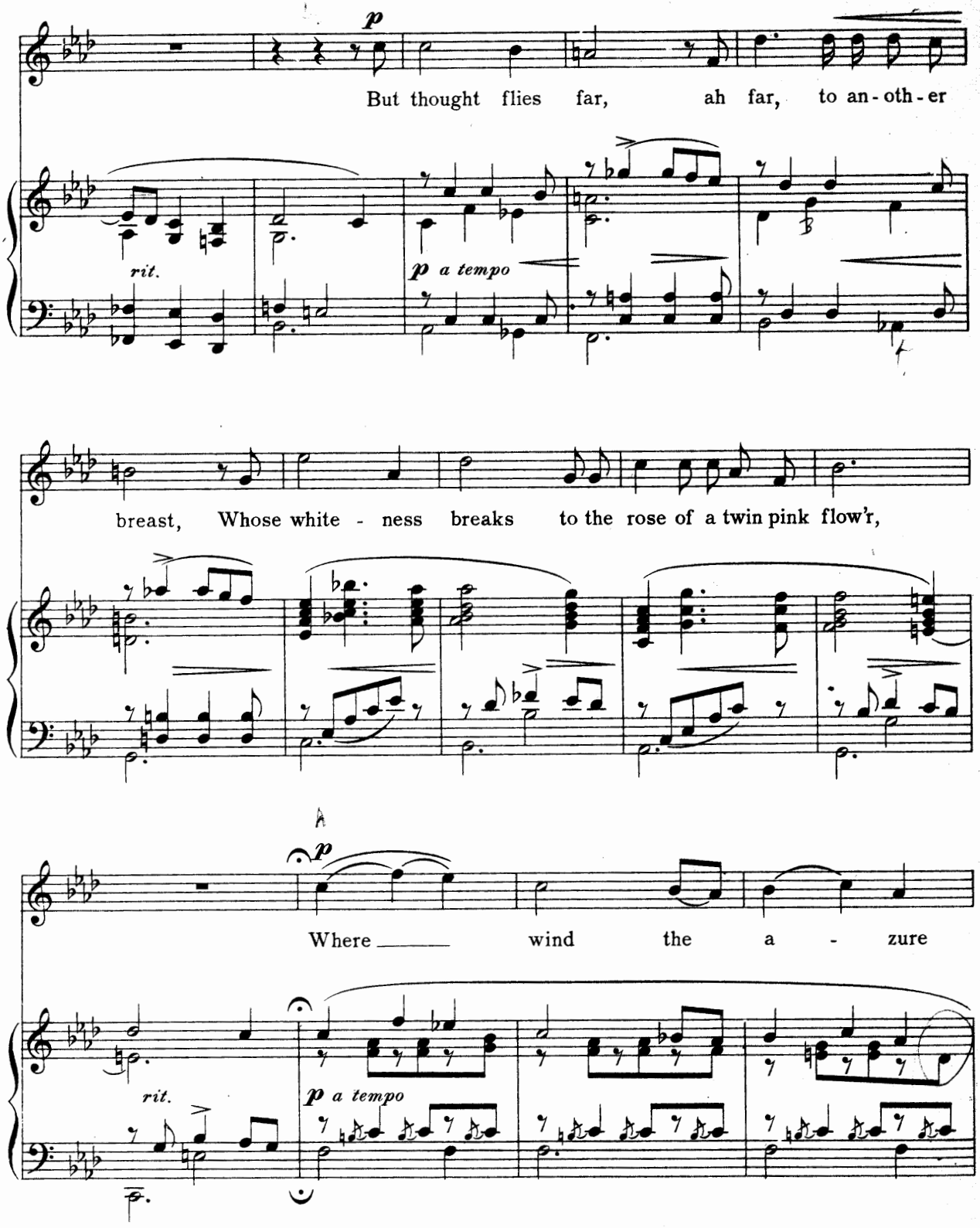
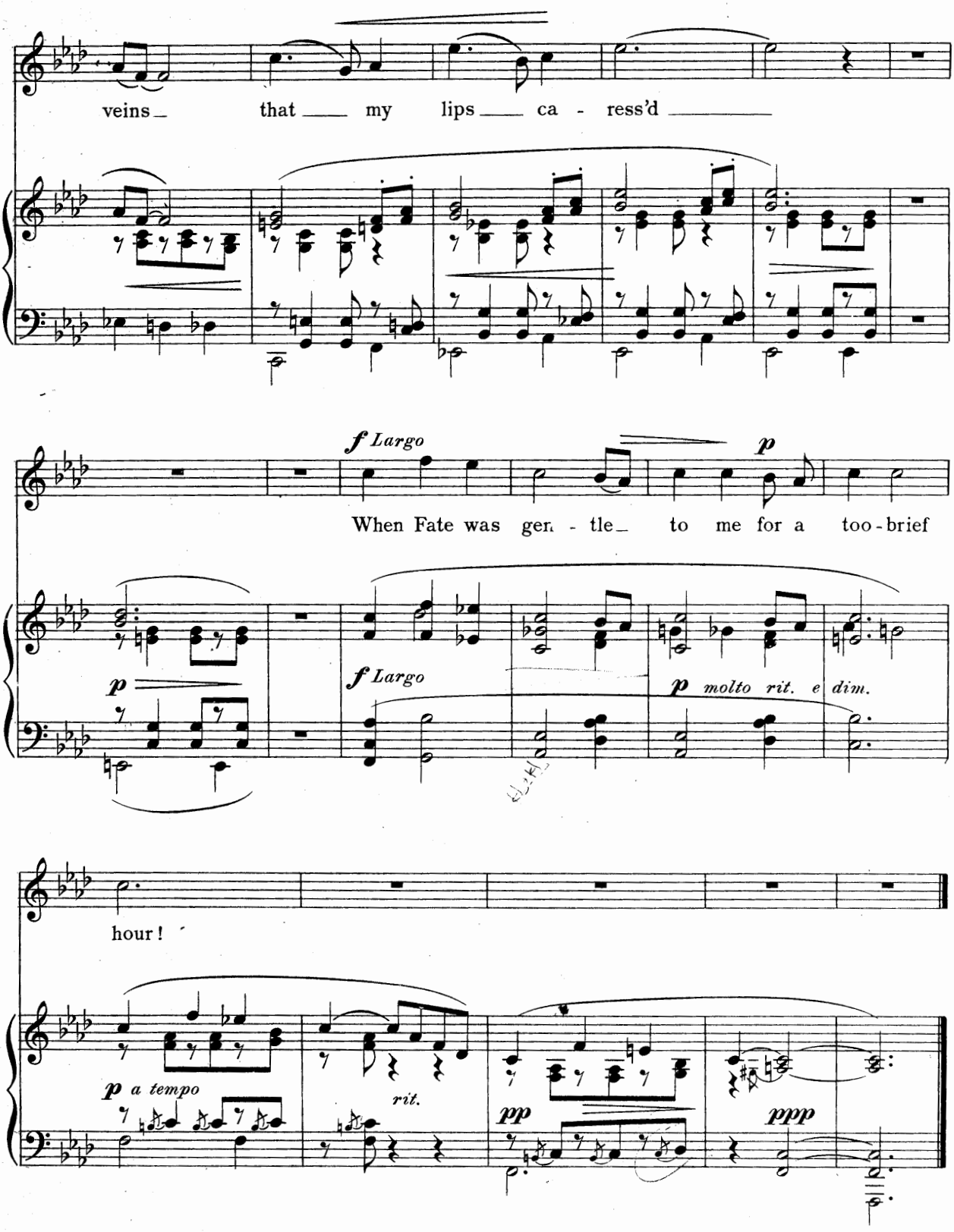

per - fect lines, — and scent - ed with cham - pa flow'r: ——
poco rit.
f con abbandono
rit.
Lie back and frame thy face in the gloom of thy loosen'd hair —
f rubato
rit.
p rubato
p
Sweet thou art and lov - ed ay, lov'd for an hour!
p rubato
p
a tempo
cresc.
accel.
f


p
But thought flies far, ah far, to an-oth-er
rit.
p a tempo
breast, Whose white - ness breaks to the rose of a twin pink flow'r,
A
p
Where wind the a - zure
rit.
p a tempo

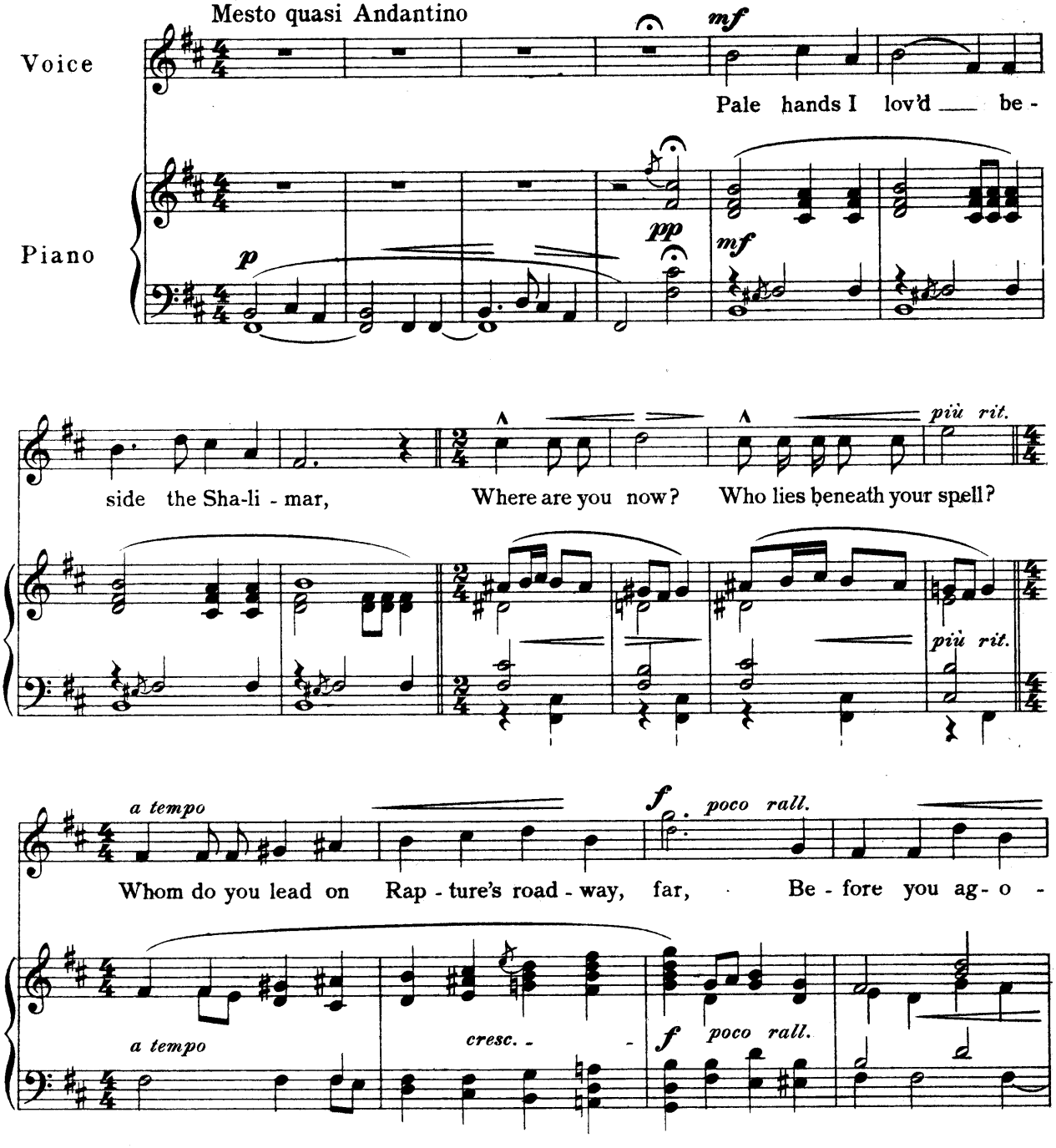

veins that my lips ca - ress'd
f Largo
p
When Fate was gen - tle to me for a too-brief
p
f Largo
p molto rit. e dim.
hour!
p a tempo
rit.
pp
ppp

# III

# Kashmiri Song

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE

Music by
H.T. BURLEIGH

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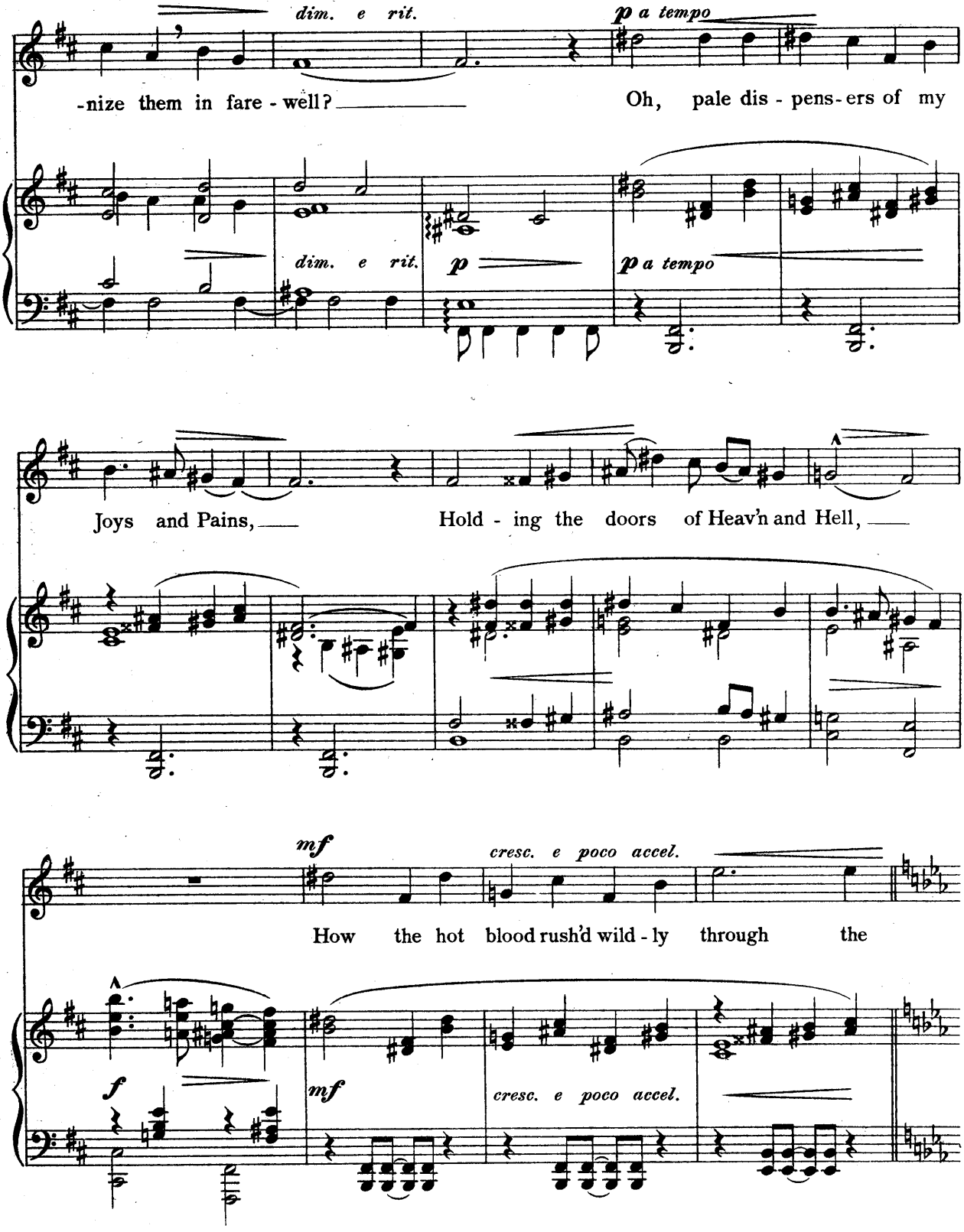
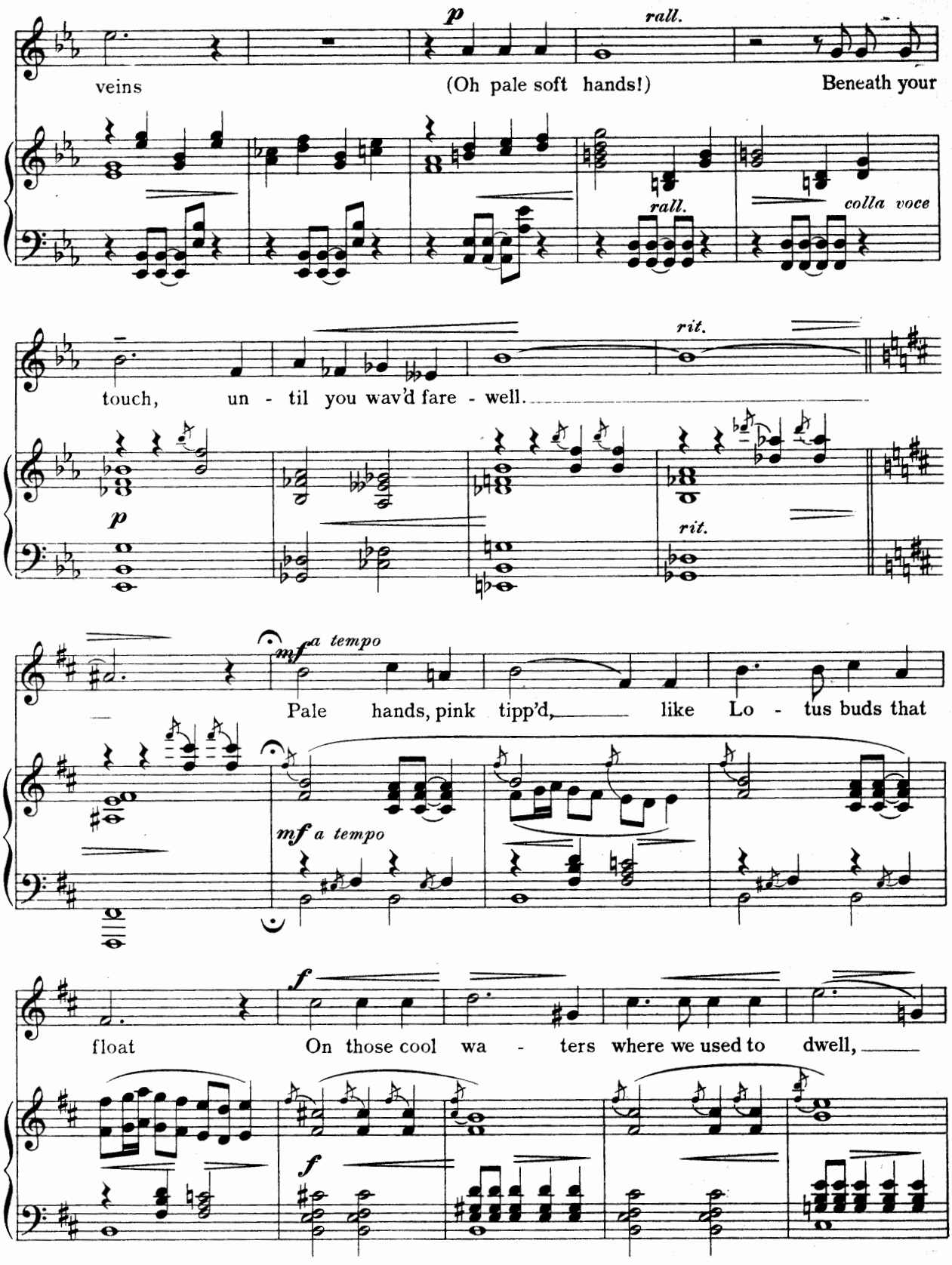
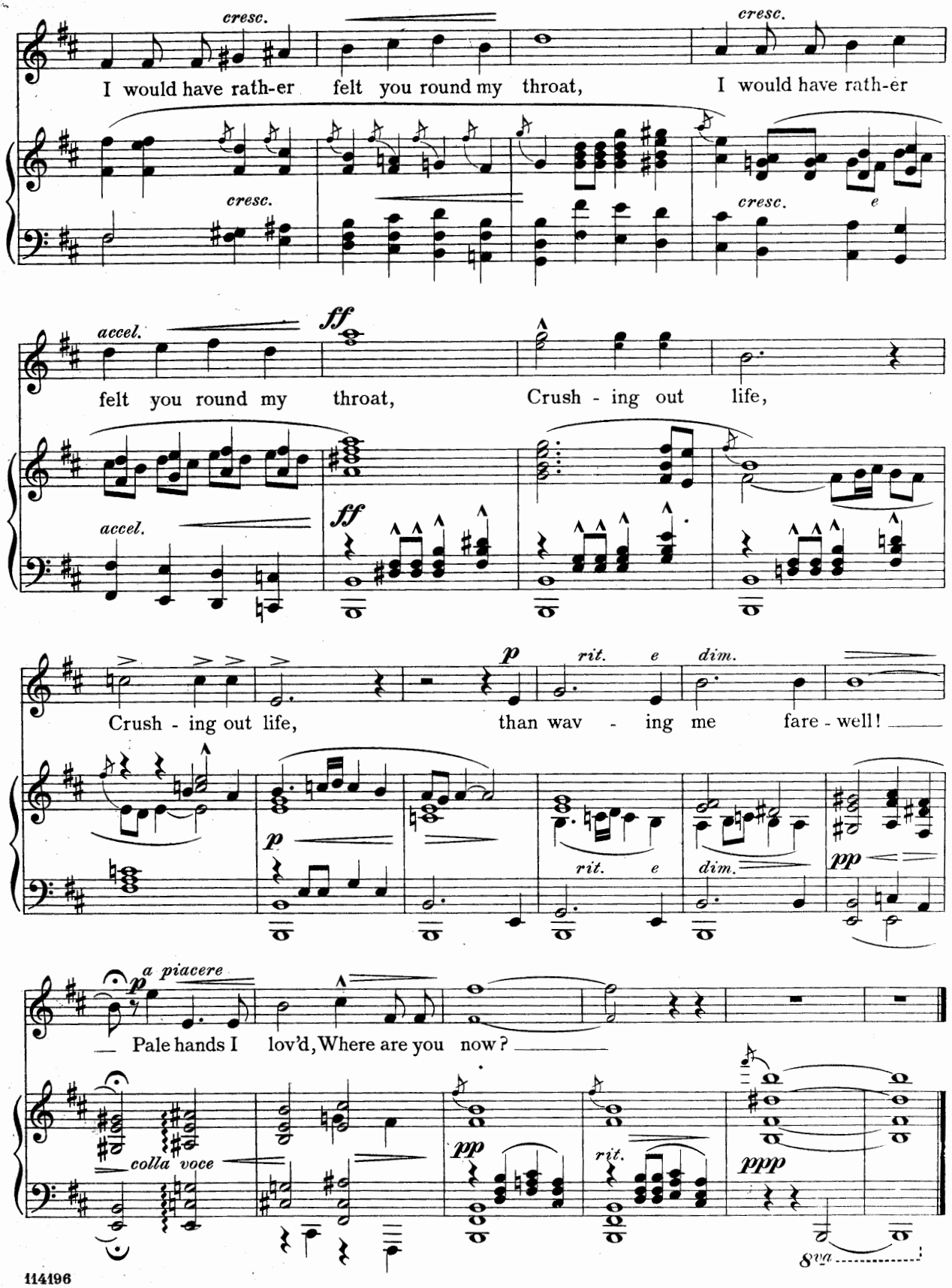

dim. e rit.
p a tempo
-nize them in fare - well?
Oh, pale dis - pens - ers of my
dim. e rit.
p
p a tempo
Joys and Pains,
Hold - ing the doors of Heav'n and Hell,
mf
cresc. e poco accel.
How the hot blood rush'd wild - ly through the
f
mf
cresc. e poco accel.

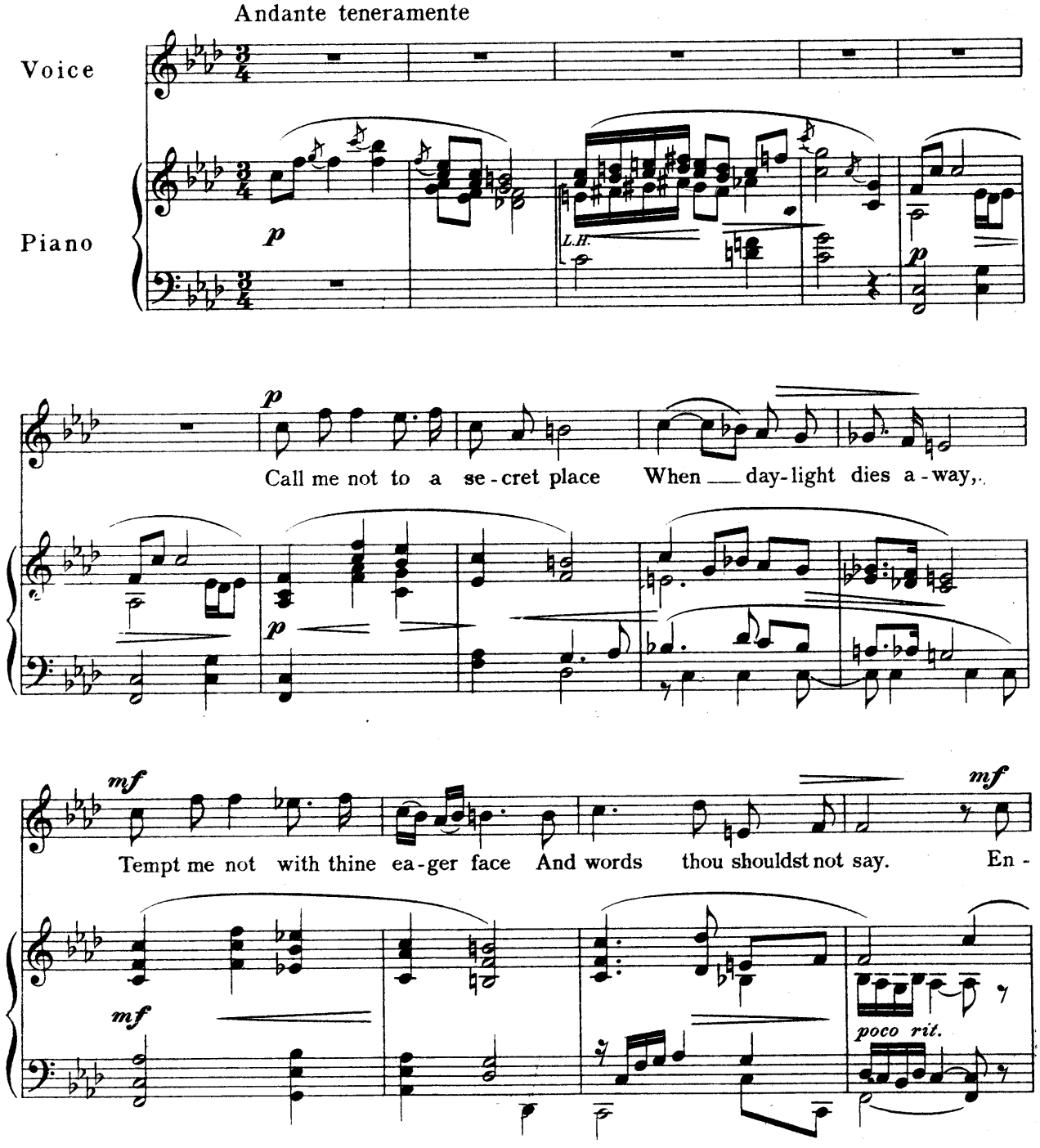

p
rall.
veins
(Oh pale soft hands!)
Beneath your
rall.
colla voce
rit.
touch, un - til you wav'd fare - well.
p
rit.
mf a tempo
Pale hands, pink tipp'd, like Lo - tus buds that
mf a tempo
f
float
On those cool wa - ters where we used to dwell,
f


cresc.
I would have rath-er felt you round my throat, I would have rath-er
cresc.
cresc.
e
accel.
ff
felt you round my throat, Crush - ing out life,
accel.
ff
p
rit.
e
dim.
Crush - ing out life, than wav - ing me fare - well!
p
rit.
e
dim.
pp
a piacere
p
Pale hands I lov'd, Where are you now?
colla voce
pp
rit.
ppp
8va

# IV
# Among the Fuchsias

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE

Music by
H.T. BURLEIGH

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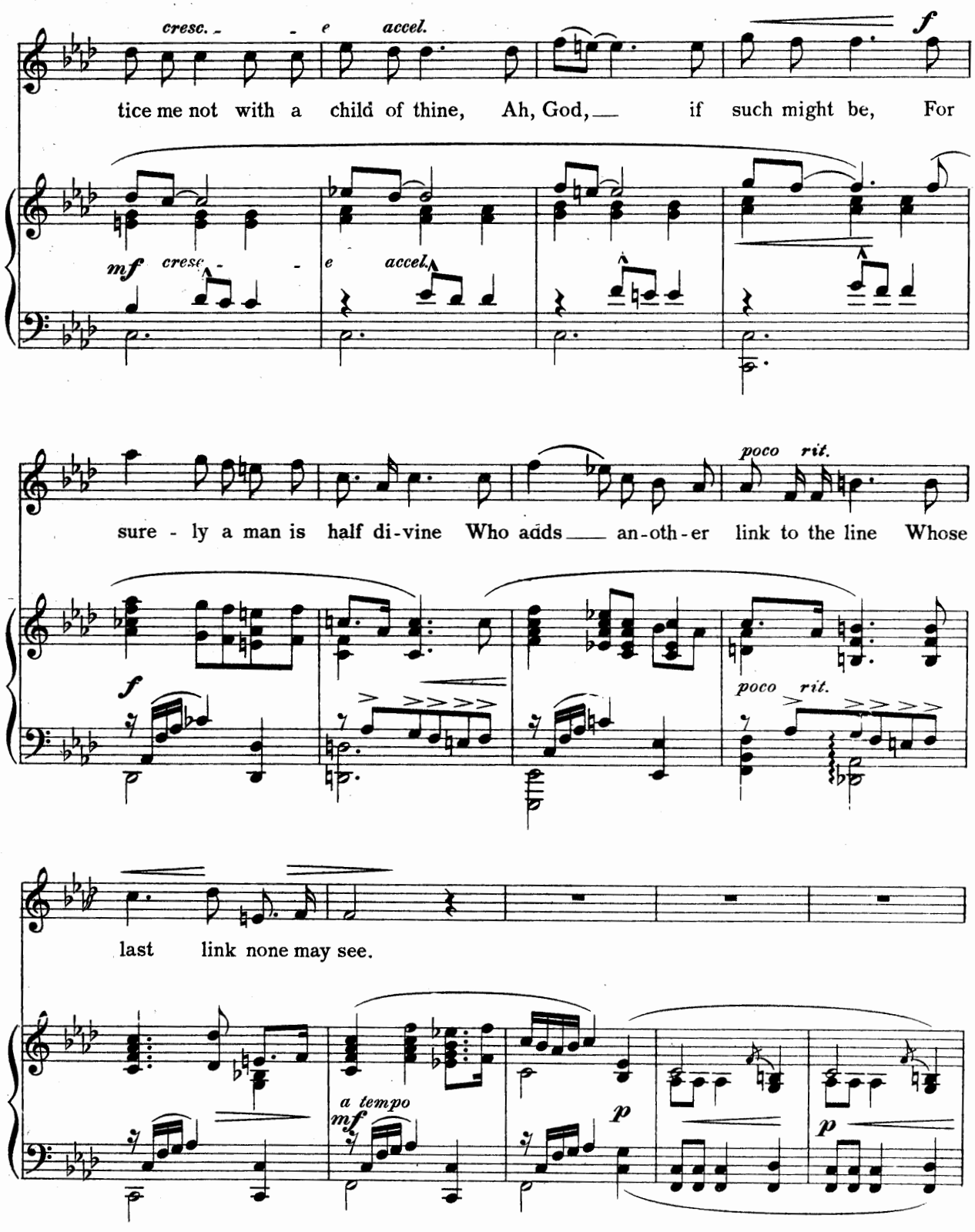
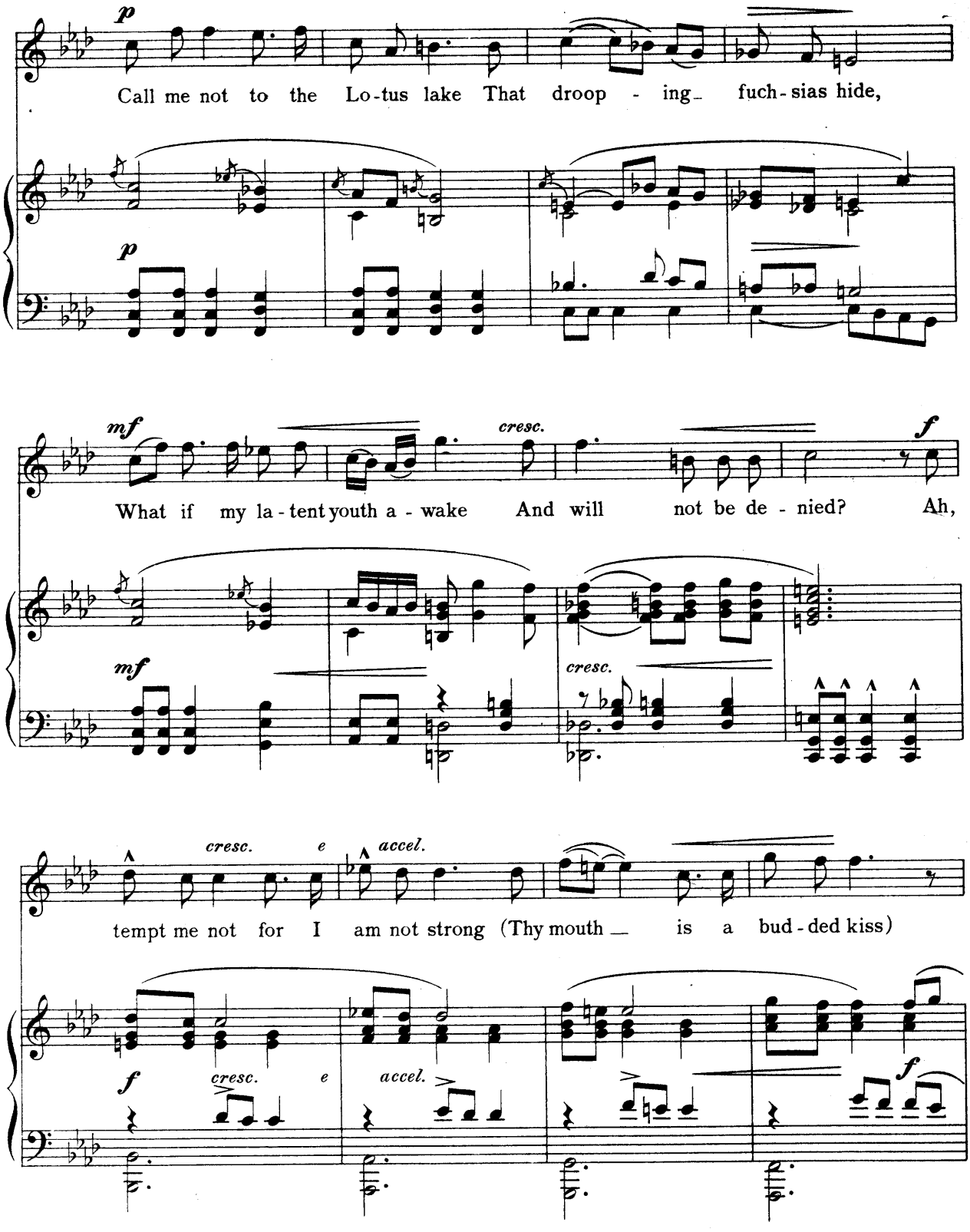
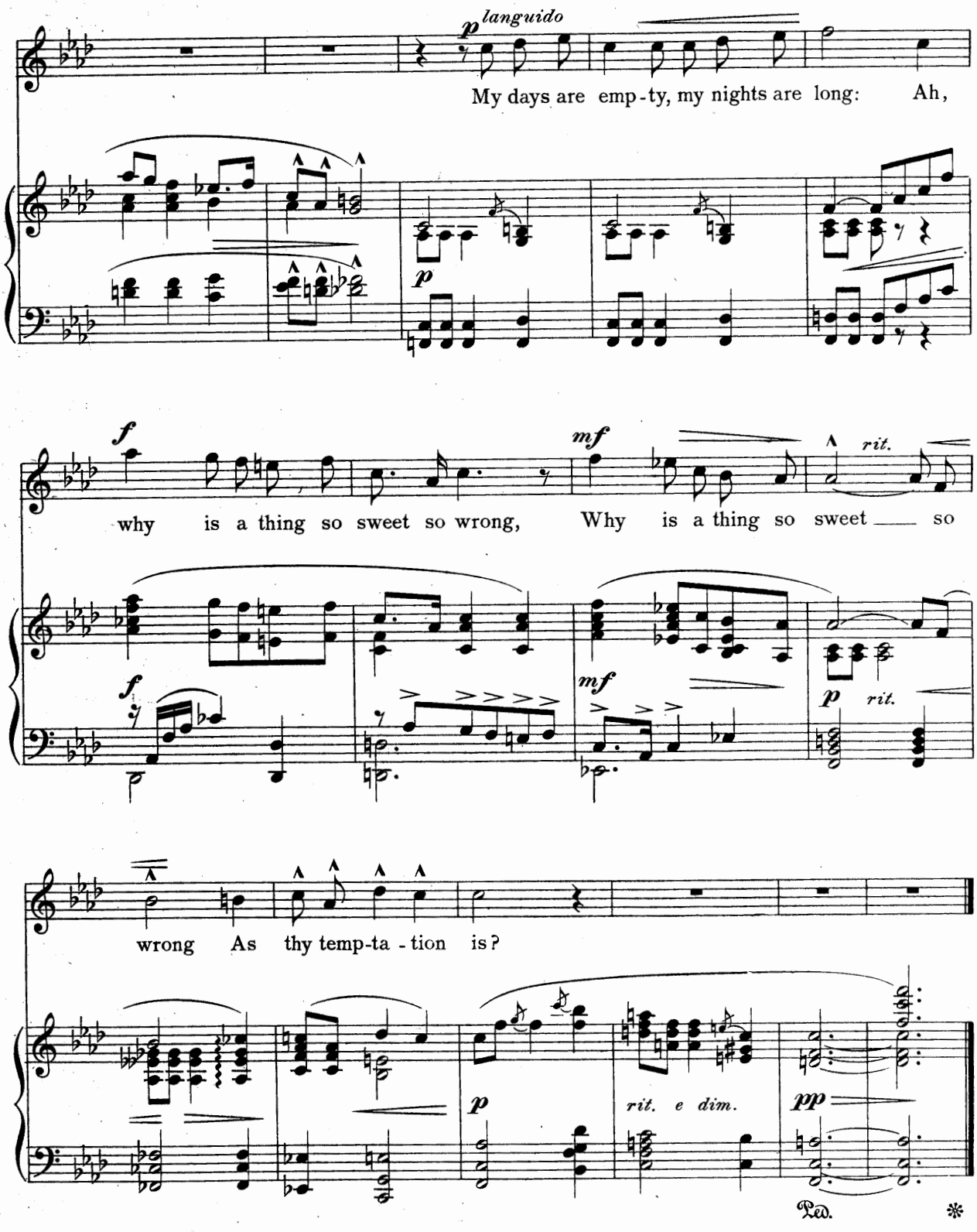

cresc. - - e accel.
f
tice me not with a child of thine, Ah, God, if such might be, For
mf cresc - - e accel.
poco rit.
sure - ly a man is half di-vine Who adds an-oth-er link to the line Whose
f
poco rit.
last link none may see.
a tempo
mf
p
p


p
Call me not to the Lo-tus lake That droop - ing_ fuch-sias hide,
p
mf
What if my la-tent youth a-wake And will not be de-nied? Ah,
cresc.
f
mf
cresc.
cresc.
e
accel.
tempt me not for I am not strong (Thy mouth _ is a bud-ded kiss)
f
cresc.
e
accel.
f

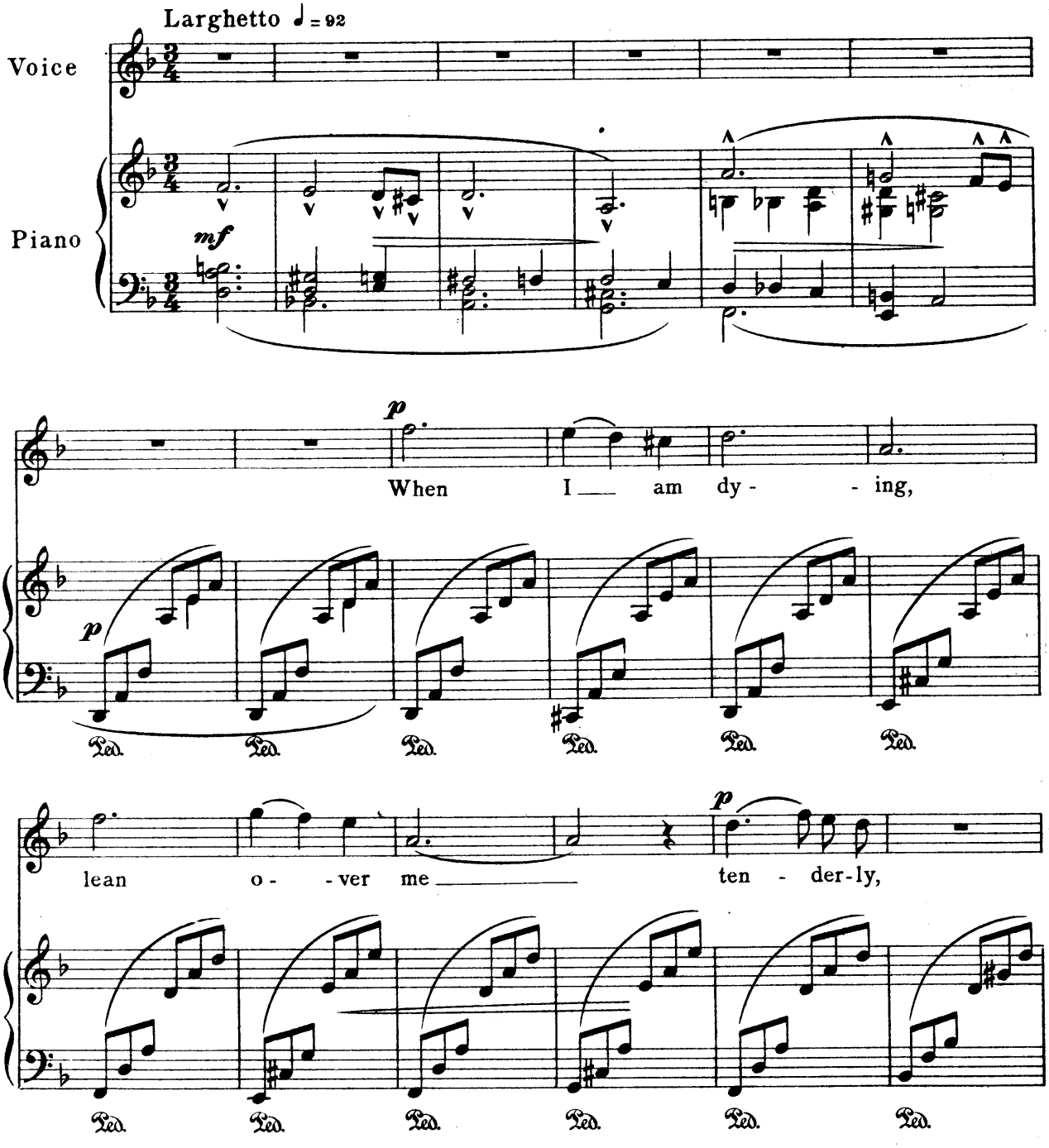

p languido
My days are emp-ty, my nights are long: Ah,
p
f
why is a thing so sweet so wrong,
mf
Why is a thing so sweet so
rit.
f
mf
p
rit.
wrong As thy temp-ta-tion is?
p
rit. e dim.
pp
Ped.
*

# V

# Till I Wake

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE

Music by
H. T. BURLEIGH

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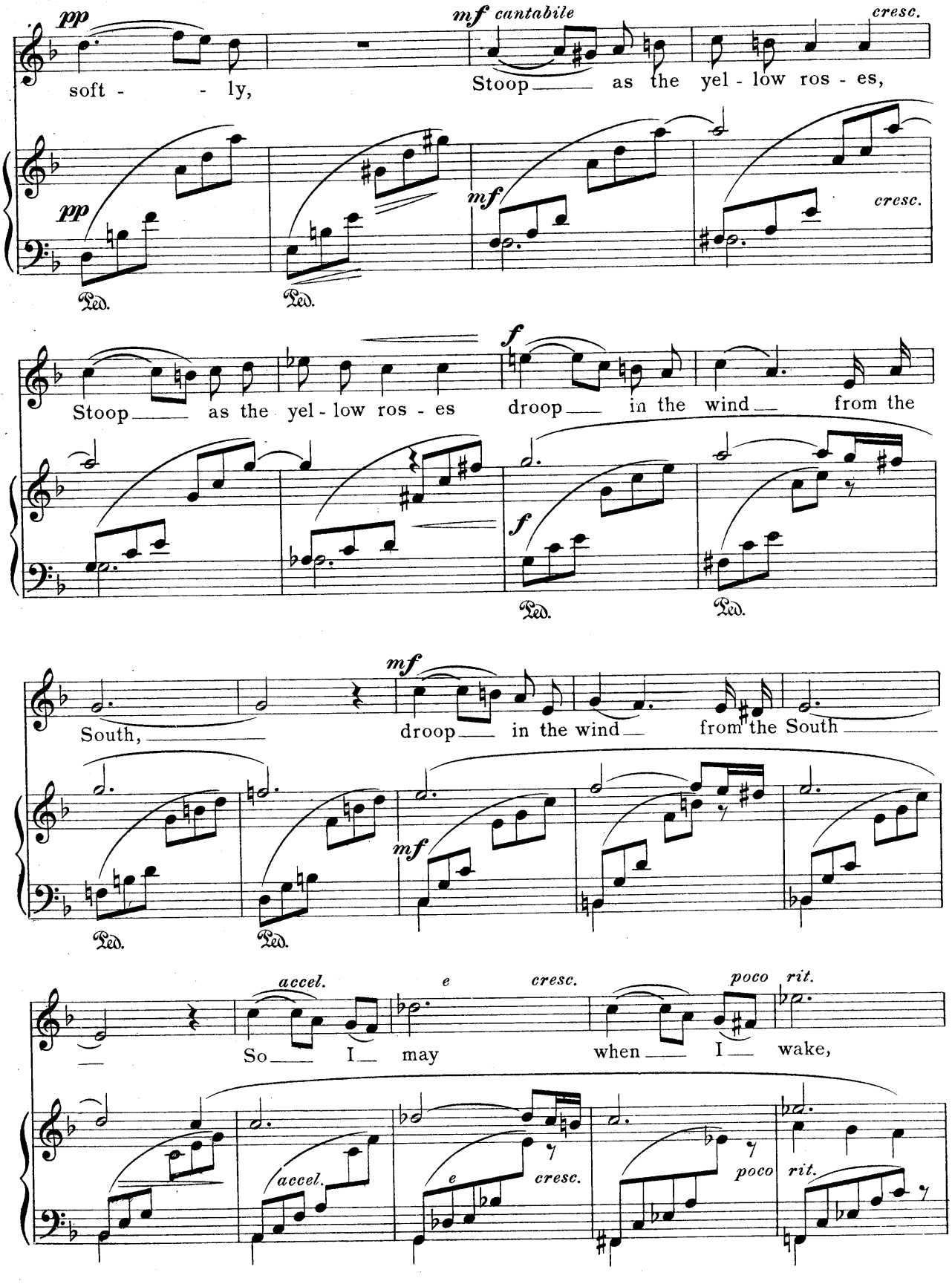
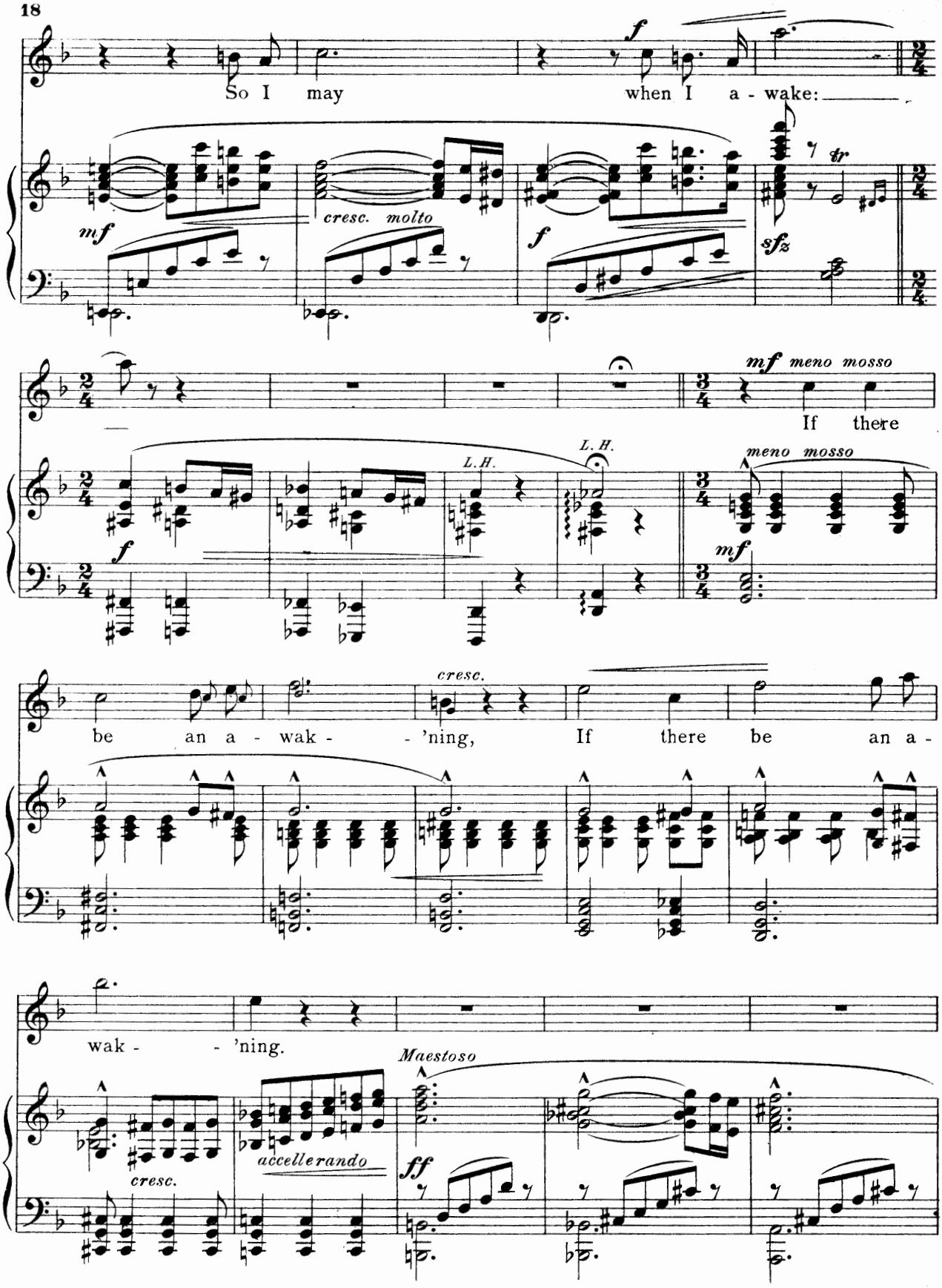
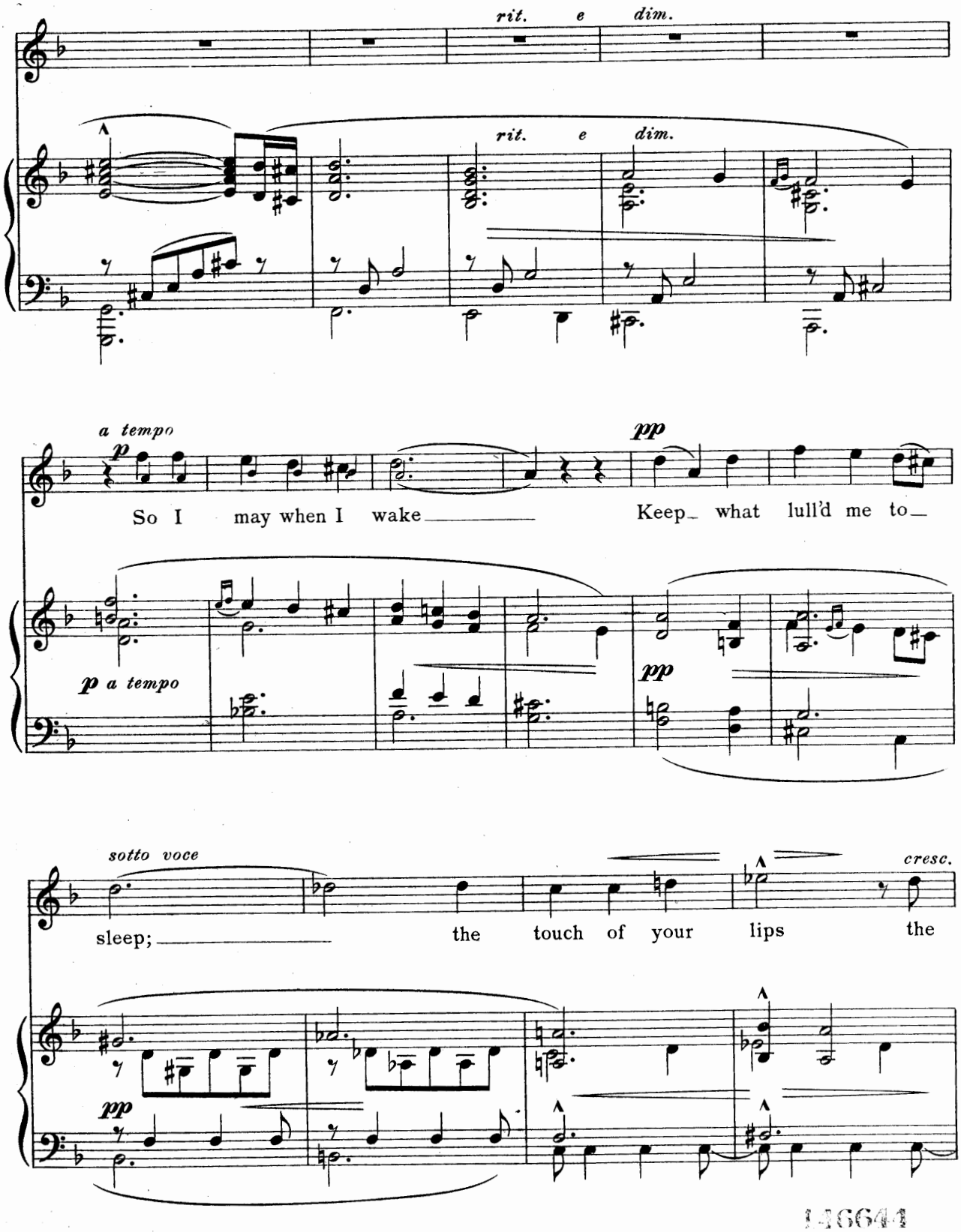

pp
soft - - ly,
mf cantabile
Stoop as the yel - low ros - es,
cresc.
pp
mf
cresc.
Ped.
Ped.
Stoop as the yel - low ros - es
f
droop in the wind from the
f
Ped.
Ped.
South,
mf
droop in the wind from the South
mf
Ped.
Ped.
accel.
So I may
e
cresc.
when I wake,
poco rit.
accel.
e
cresc.
poco rit.


So I may
when I a - wake:
f
mf
cresc. molto
f
tr
sfz
mf meno mosso
If there
L.H.
L.H.
meno mosso
f
mf
be an a - wak - - 'ning,
cresc.
If there be an a -
wak - - 'ning.
Maestoso
accellerando
cresc.
ff


rit. e dim.
rit. e dim.
a tempo
p
So I may when I wake
pp
Keep what lull'd me to
p a tempo
pp
sotto voce
sleep;
the touch of your lips
cresc.
the
pp

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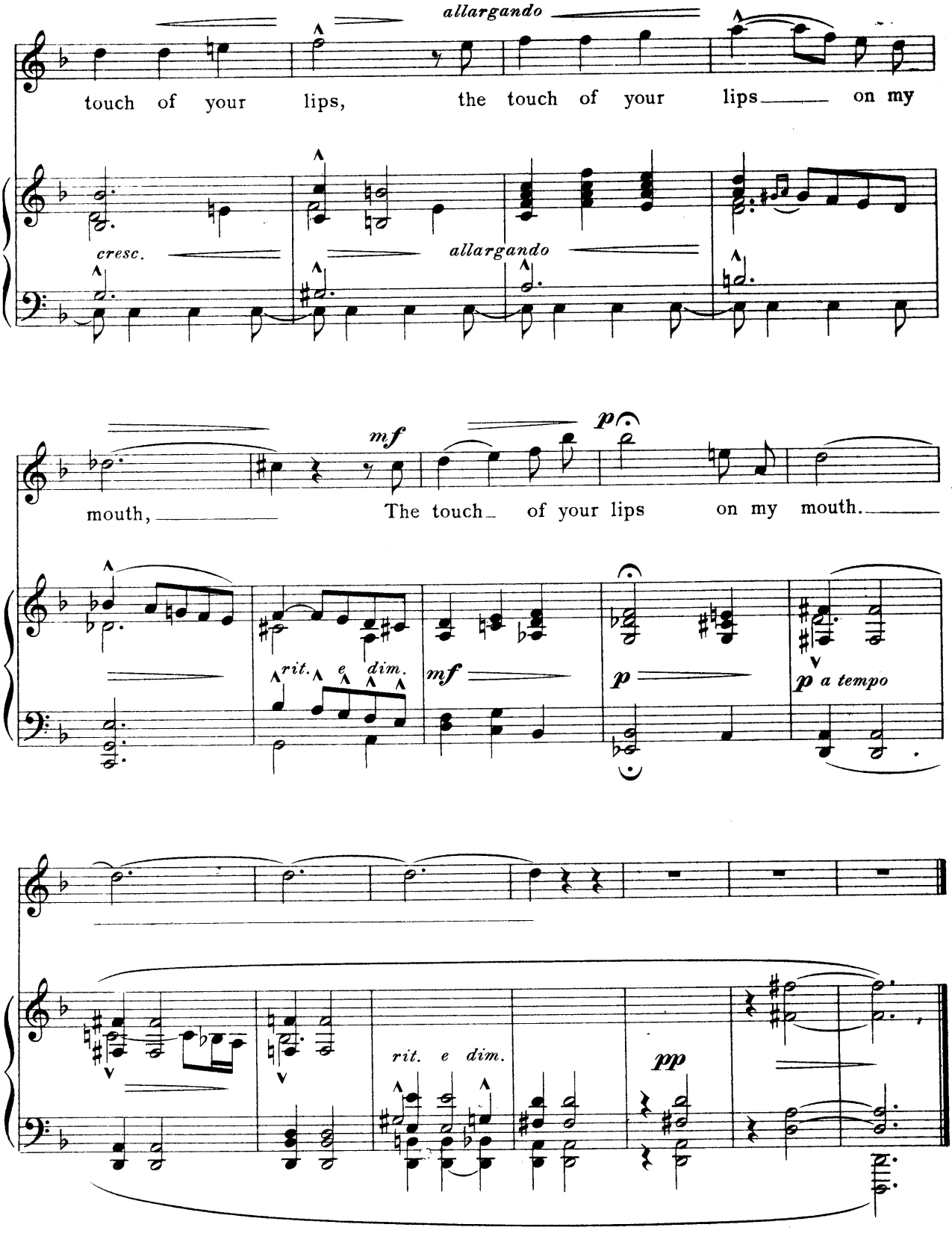

allargando
touch of your lips, the touch of your lips on my
cresc.
allargando
mf
p
mouth, The touch of your lips on my mouth.
rit. e dim.
mf
p
p a tempo
rit. e dim.
pp

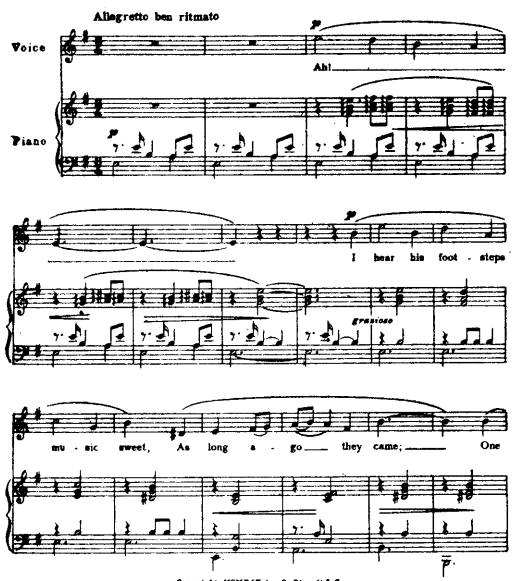
## Nº IV

### I hear his footsteps, music sweet

Almona's song of delight

Words by FRED G. BOWLES

Music by H. T. BURLEIGH

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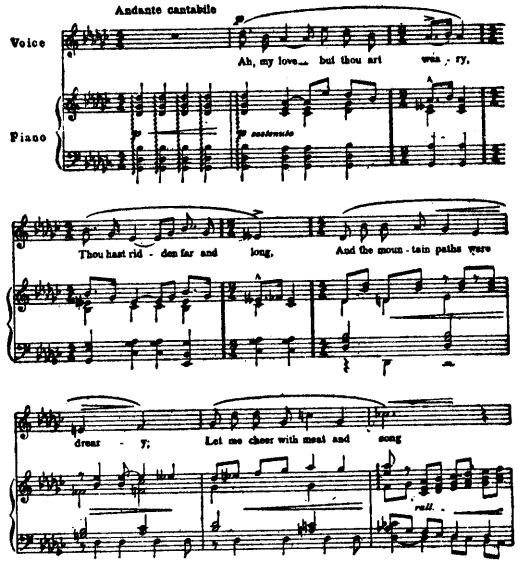
## Nº V

### Thou art weary

Almona's song to Yussouf

Words by FRED G. BOWLES

Music by H. T. BURLEIGH

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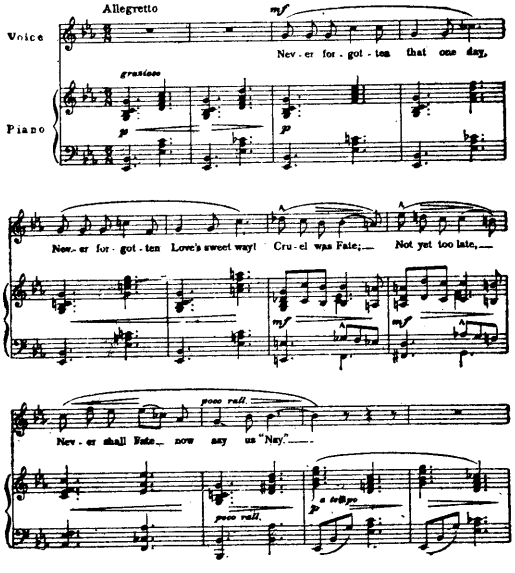
## Nº VI

### This is Nirvana

Yussouf's song to Almona

Words by FRED G. BOWLES

Music by H. T. BURLEIGH

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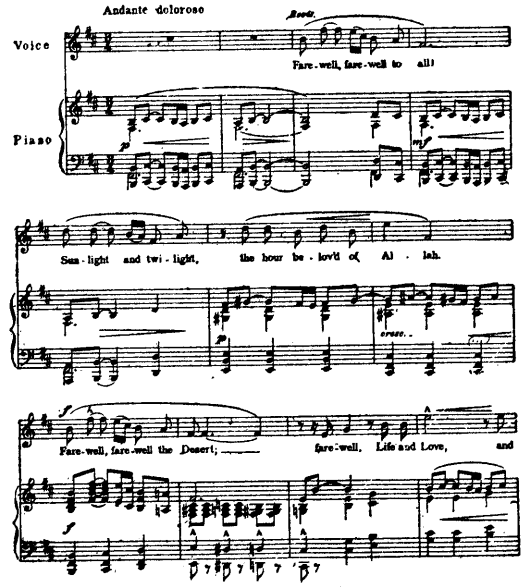
## Nº VII

### Ahmed's Song of Farewell

Words by FRED G. BOWLES

Music by H. T. BURLEIGH

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