



The Songs
of **Laurence Hope**
set to Music by
H.T. Burleigh

114196

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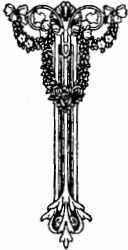
FIVE SONGS

...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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114196

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.

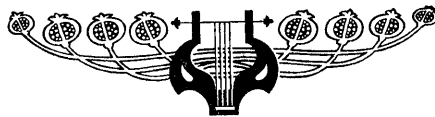
V

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

Andante cantabile *mf affettuoso* *cresc.*

Voice I asked my des - o - late ship - wreck'd

Piano *p* *p poco agitato* *cresc.*

soul "Would'st thou rath - er would'st thou

teneramente *p*

rath - er nev - er have met the one whom thou lov - edst lov'dst be - yond con -

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the voice part starting with 'I asked my des - o - late ship - wreck'd' and the piano part with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The second system shows the voice part with 'soul "Would'st thou rath - er would'st thou' and the piano part with a *teneramente* marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The third system shows the voice part with 'rath - er nev - er have met the one whom thou lov - edst lov'dst be - yond con -' and the piano part. Performance markings include *Andante cantabile*, *mf affettuoso*, *cresc.*, *p*, *p poco agitato*, and *teneramente*.

trol and whom thou a - dor - est yet?"

cresc. *f*

cresc. *f* *poco rit.*

Back — from the sen - ses, the heart, — the brain, — Came the

p appassionato *cresc.*

p a tempo *cresc.* *accel.*

an - swer swift - ly thrown: "What mat - ter the

rit. *f a tempo*

rit. *f* *f a tempo*

price? We would pay it a - gain, We have had, we have

rubato

sempre f

rubato *cresc.*

lov'd, we have known!" "We have had, we have lov'd, we have

mf *rit. ff* ²

f *mf* *rit. ff* ²

known!"

a tempo *cres - cen - do* *p* *sfz* *rit. e dim.* *pp*

II

The Jungle Flower

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE

Music by
H.T. BURLEIGH

Larghetto $\text{♩} = 80$

Voice

Piano

The musical score is written for Voice and Piano. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto' with a quarter note equal to 80 beats per minute. The score begins with a piano introduction in the left hand, marked 'p' (piano). The voice enters in the first system with a whole note rest. The piano accompaniment consists of a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: 'Thou art one of the jungle flow'rs, - strange and fierce and fair; Pal - est am - ber -'. The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte) in the second system. The score ends with a final piano accompaniment section.

Thou art one of the jun - gle flow'rs, -

strange and fierce and fair; Pal - est am - ber -

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per - fect lines, — and scent - ed with cham - pa flow'r: —

poco rit.

f con abbandono

Lie back and frame thy face in the gloom of thy loosen'd hair —

f rubato

rit.

p rubato

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

hour!

p a tempo *rit.* *pp* *ppp*

III

Kashmiri Song

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE

Music by
H.T. BURLEIGH

Mesto quasi Andantino

Voice *mf* Pale hands I lov'd — be -

Piano *p* *pp* *mf*

side the Sha-li - mar, *più rit.* Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?

a tempo *f* *poco rall.* Whom do you lead on Rap - ture's road - way, far, Be - fore you ag - o -

a tempo *cresc.* *f* *poco rall.*

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.*

veins (Oh pale soft hands!) Beneath your

p *rall.*

rall. *colla voce*

touch, un - til you wav'd fare - well.

p *rit.*

rit.

Pale hands, pink tipp'd, like Lo - tus buds that

mf a tempo

mf a tempo

float On those cool wa - ters where we used to dwell,

f

f

cresc. *cresc.*

I would have rath-er felt you round my throat, I would have rath-er

cresc. *cresc.*

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

Andante teneramente

Voice

Piano

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante teneramente'. The score consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The second system begins with the voice entry on a whole note, followed by piano accompaniment. The third system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, ending with a 'poco rit.' marking. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*).

Call me not to a se-cret place When — day-light dies a-way,,

Tempt me not with thine ea-ger face And words thou shouldst not say. En -

poco rit.

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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 *cresc.* *f*

What if my la - tent youth a - wake And will not be de - nied? Ah,

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

f *mf* *p rit.*

wrong As thy temp-ta - tion is?

p *rit. e dim.* *pp*

Red. *

V

Till I Wake

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE

Music by
H. T. BURLEIGH

Larghetto $\text{♩} = 92$

Voice

Piano

mf

p

When I — am dy - - ing,

p

lean o - - ver me — — — — — ten - der-ly,

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pp soft - ly, *mf cantabile* Stoop as the yel - low ros - es, *cresc.*

pp *mf* *cresc.*

ped. *ped.*

f Stoop as the yel - low ros - es droop in the wind from the

f *ped.* *ped.*

mf South, droop in the wind from the South

mf *ped.* *ped.*

accel. *e* *cresc.* *poco rit.* So I may when I wake,

accel. *e* *cresc.* *poco rit.*

So I may when I a - wake:

mf *cresc. molto* *f* *sfz*

If there

mf *meno mosso* *L.H.* *meno mosso* *mf*

be an a - wak - - 'ning, If there be an a -

cresc.

wak - - 'ning.

Maestoso *accelerando* *cresc.* *ff*

*rit. e dim.**rit. e dim.**a tempo**pp*

So I may when I wake _____

Keep what lull'd me to—

*p a tempo**pp**sotto voce**cresc.*

sleep; _____

the touch of your lips 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

Allegretto ben ritmato

Voice: Ah!

Piano: *gracioso*

I hear his foot - steps

mu - sic sweet, As long a - go they came; One

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No V

Thou art weary Almona's song to Yussouf

Words by
FRED G. BOWLES

Music by
H. T. BURLEIGH

Andante cantabile

Voice: Ah, my love... but thou art wear - y.

Piano: *Andante*

Thou hast rid - den far and long. And the moun - tain paths were

dear - y. Let me cheer with meal and song

rit.

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No VI

This is Nirvana Yussouf's song to Almona

Words by
FRED G. BOWLES

Music by
H. T. BURLEIGH

Allegretto

Voice: Nev - er for - got - ten that one day,

Piano: *gracioso*

Nev - er for - got - ten Love's sweet way! Cru - el was Fate; Not yet too late,

Nev - er shall Fate now say us "Nay!"

meno rall.

meno rall.

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No VII

Ahmed's Song of Farewell

Words by
FRED G. BOWLES

Music by
H. T. BURLEIGH

Andante doloroso

Voice: Fare - well, fare - well to all!

Piano: *Andante*

Sea - light and twi - light, the hour be - lov'd of Al - lah.

Fare - well, fare - well the Desert; fare - well, Life and Love, and

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