A CYCLE OF FOUR ARABIAN SONGS

BY

WILLIAM DICHMONT

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
BOSTON

HIGH VOICE

86302

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THE BEDOUIN'S BRIDE

O clinging sword, what dost thou feel,
  Here with thy charging lord?
There is no man hath seen thee kneel,
  There is no flame of tempered fire,
That knows the passion of thy steel,
  Or thy bright heart's desire.

Far in the tents of Aaron's kin,
  There is a maid who longs,
With tawny hair like tiger's skin,
  And soft dusk-veiled eyes.
But vain her pleadings, vain within
  That tent where her heart sighs.

O let defeat ride on apace,
  Here with my bride am I,
Clasped in each other's death embrace
  Here with thy lips to mine alone,
Here with thy kiss upon my face,
  And thy hand in mine own!

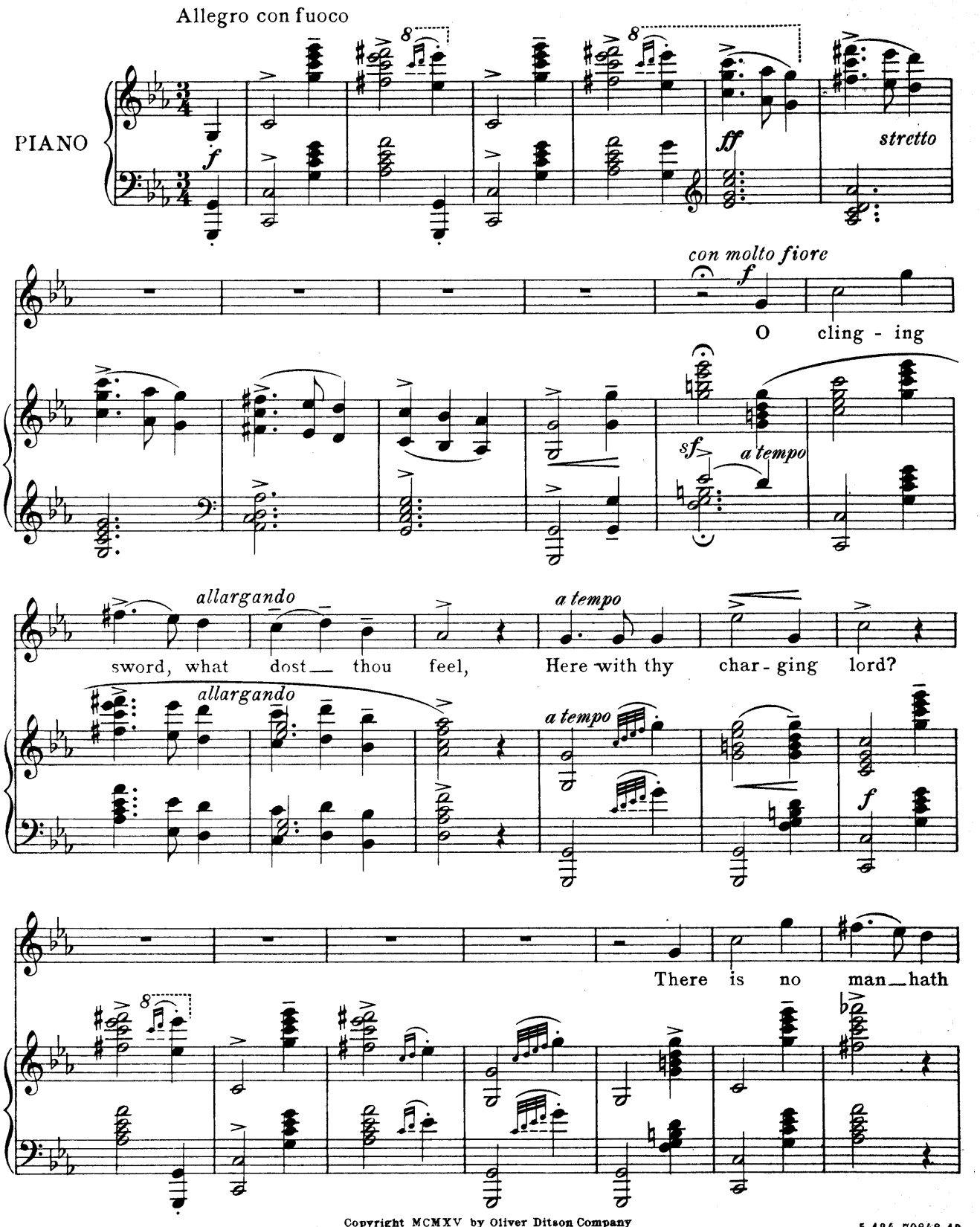
GORDON JOHNSTONE

I
THE BEDOUIN'S BRIDE

(Original Key)

GORDON JOHNSTONE

WILLIAM DICHMONT



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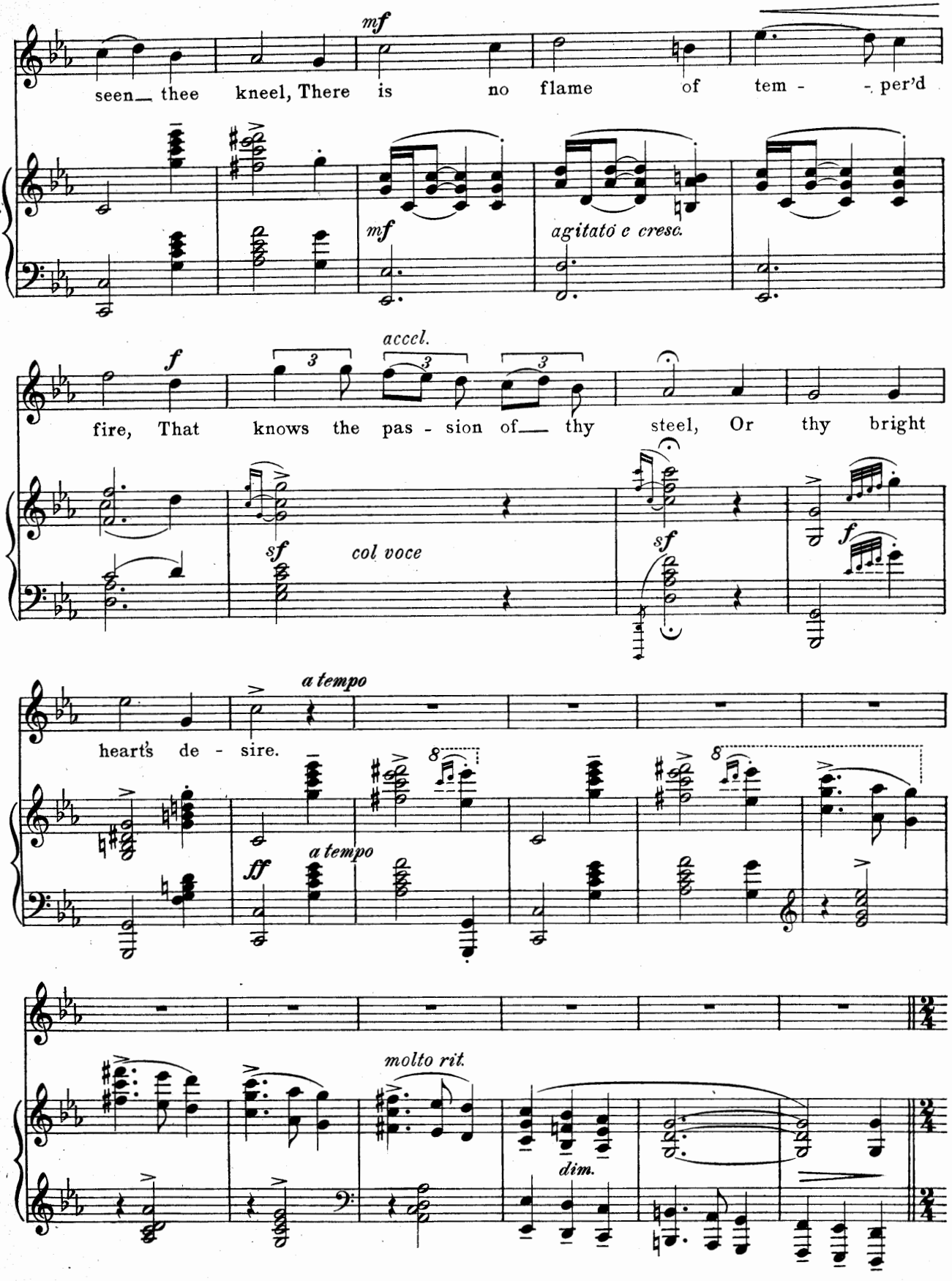
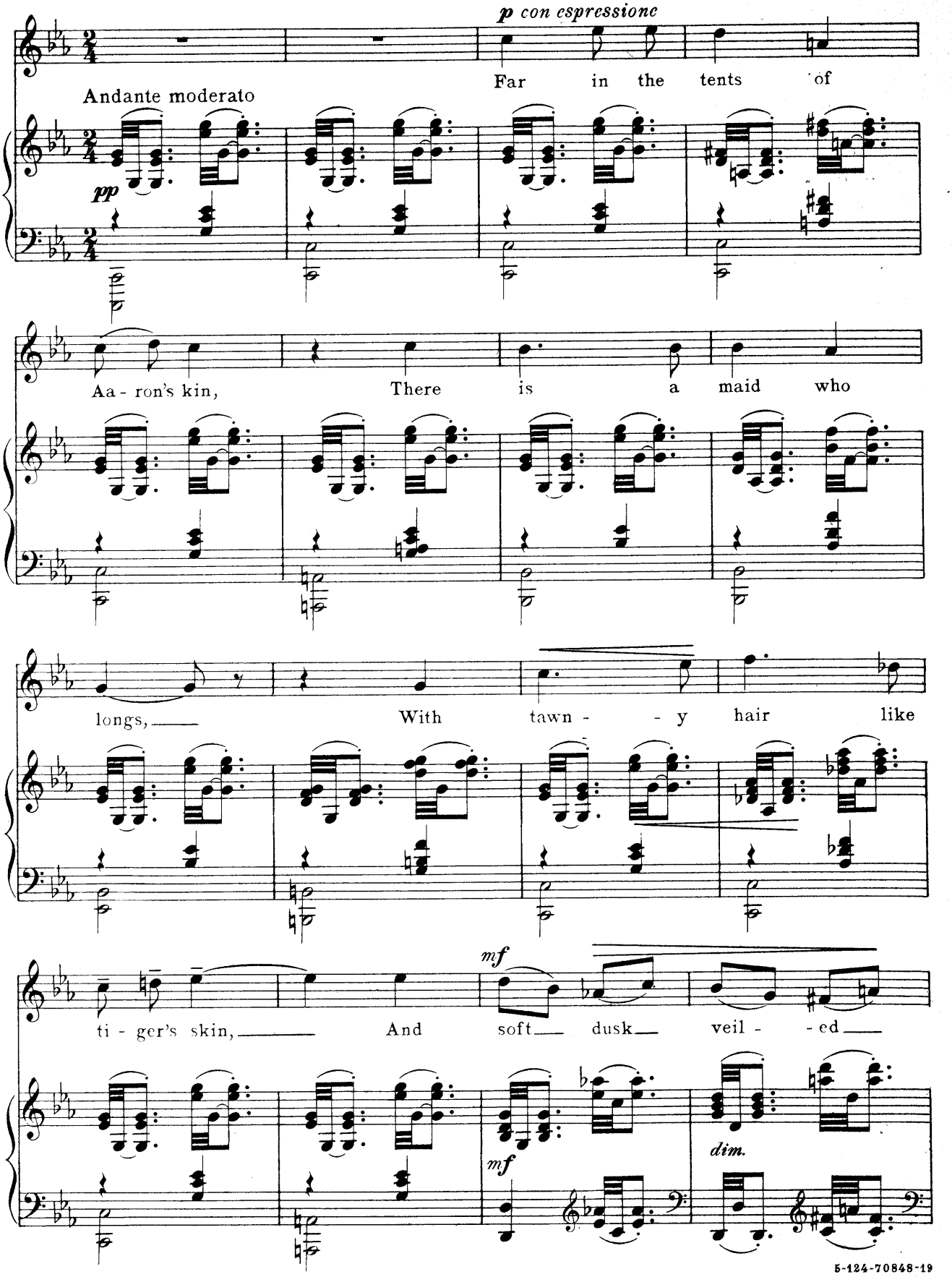
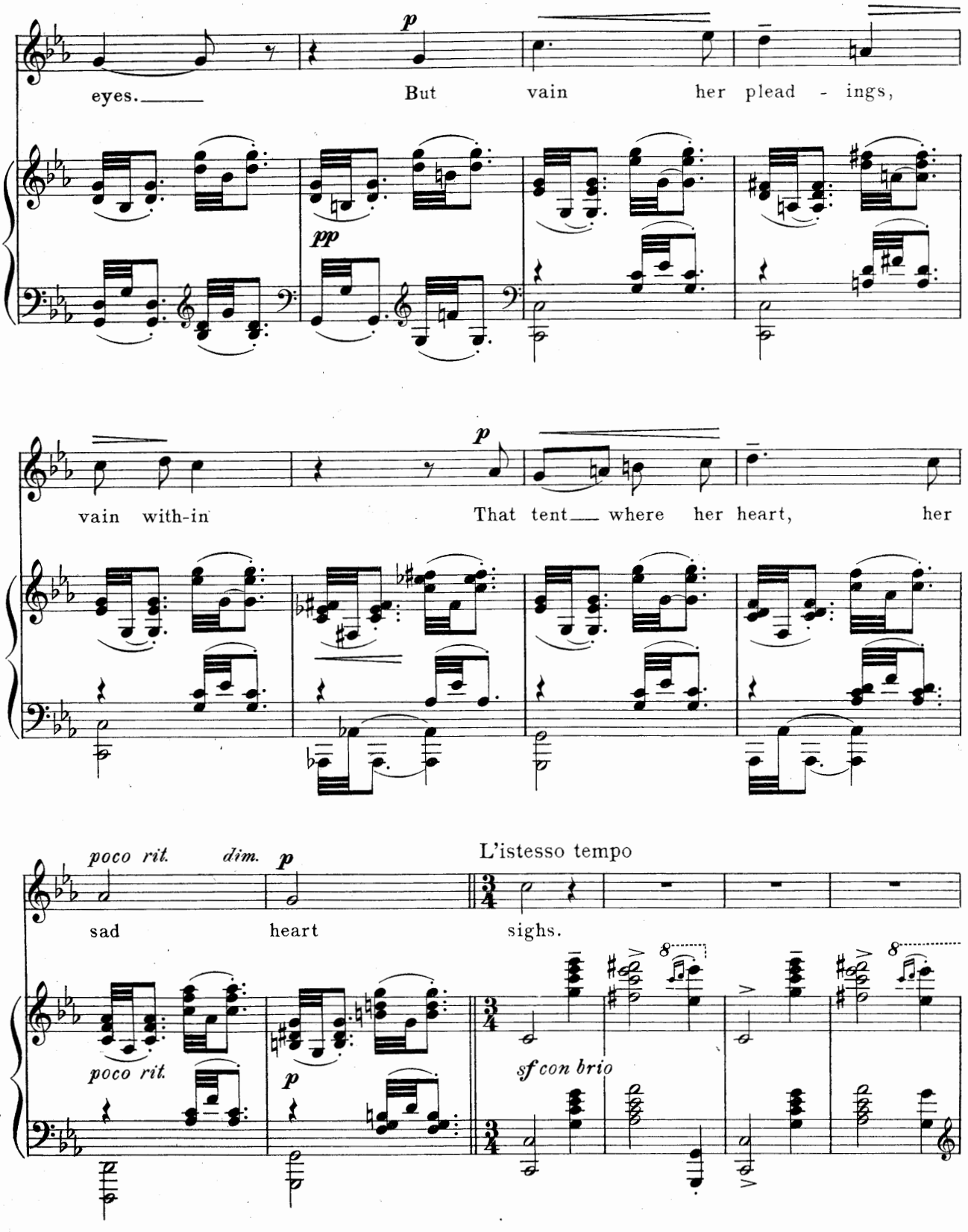
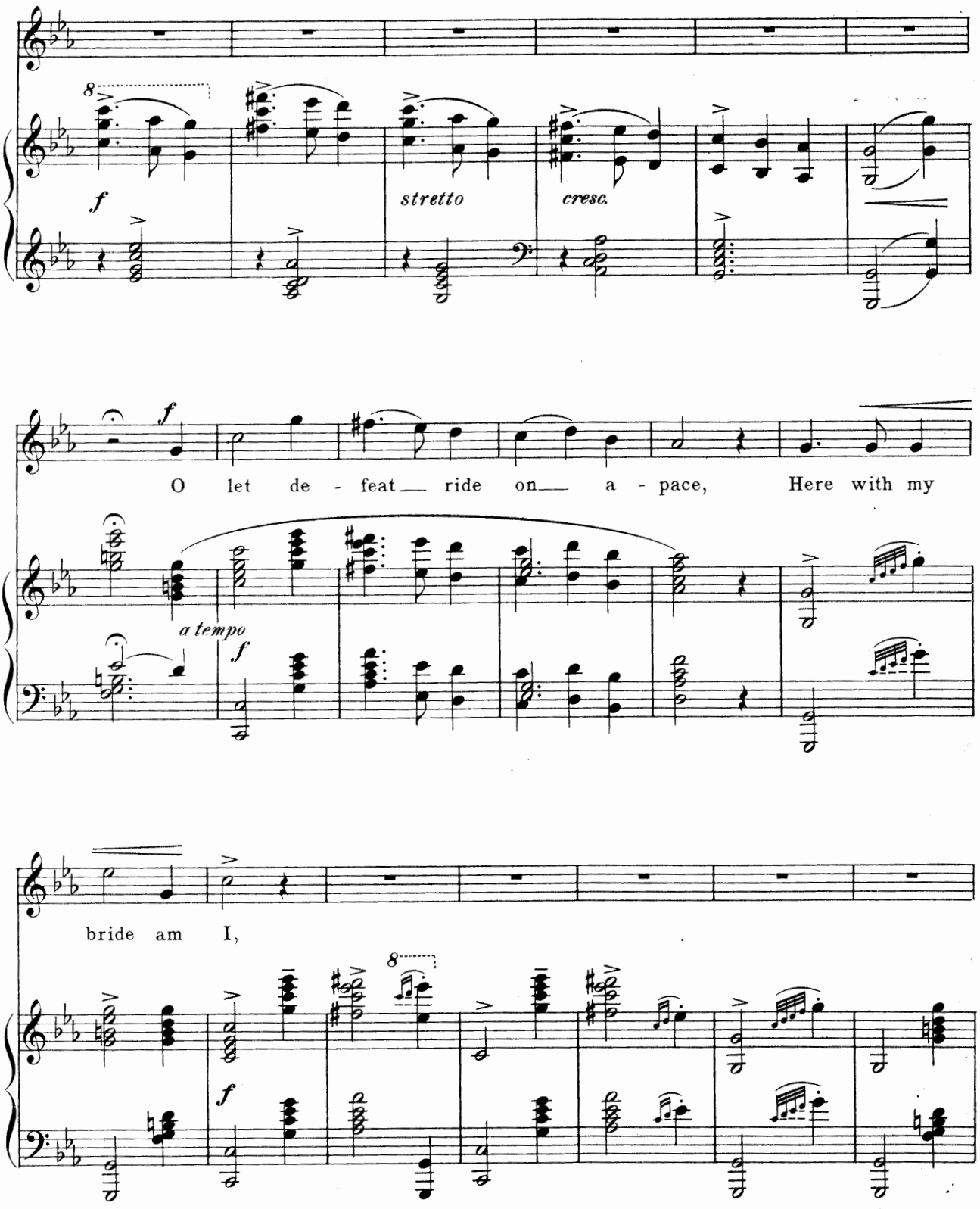
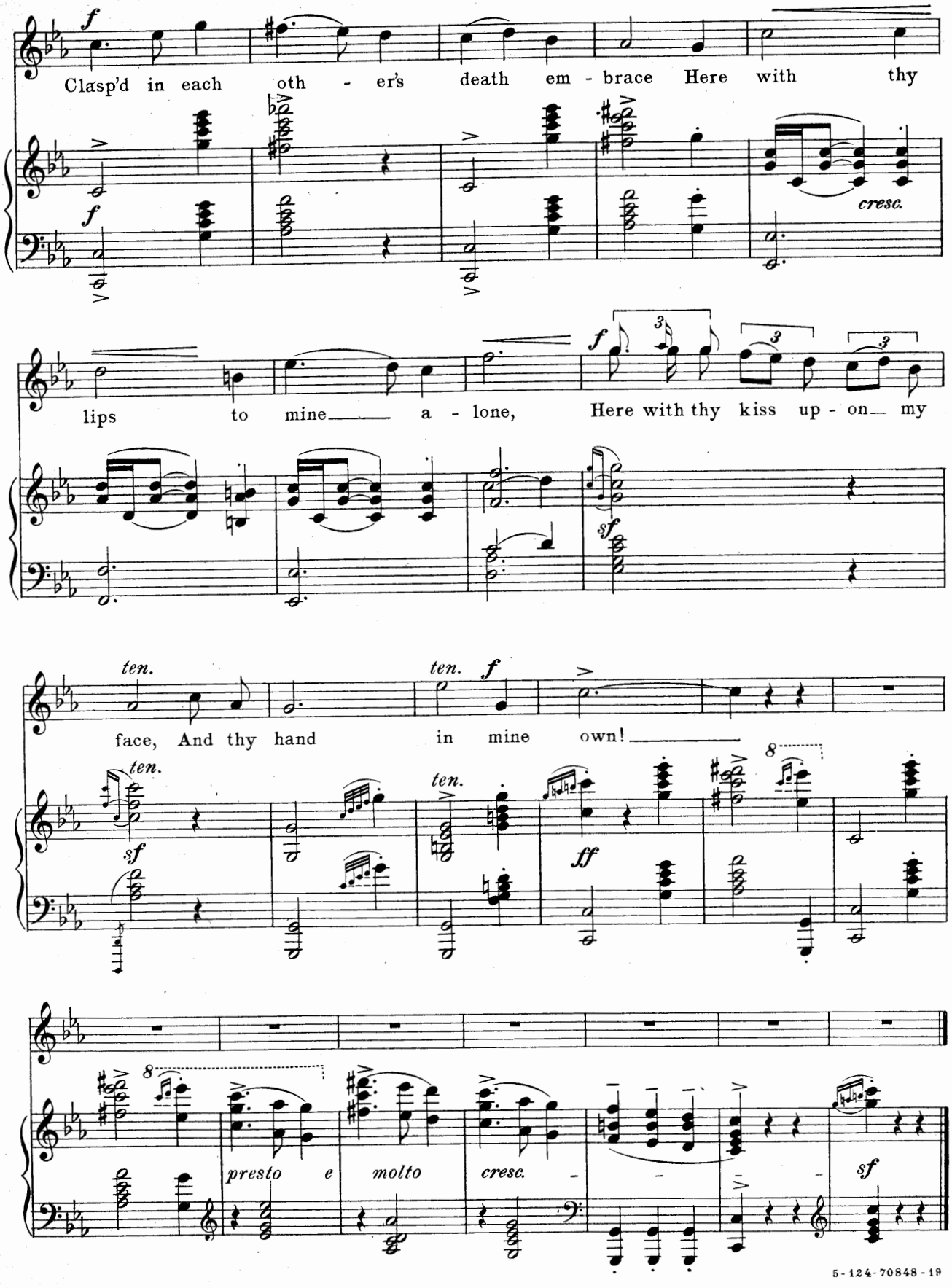

mf
seen_ thee kneel, There is no flame of tem - - per'd
mf
agitato e cresc.
acccl.
f
fire, That knows the pas - sion of_ thy steel, Or thy bright
sf
col voce
sf
f
a tempo
heart's de - sire.
8
8
a tempo
ff
molto rit.
dim.


p con espressione
Andante moderato
pp
Far in the tents of
Aa - ron's kin, There is a maid who
longs, With tawn - - y hair like
ti - ger's skin, And soft dusk veil - - ed
mf
mf
dim.


p
eyes.
But vain her plead - ings,
pp
p
vain with-in
That tent where her heart, her
poco rit. dim. p
L'istesso tempo
sad heart sighs.
poco rit.
p
sf con brio


8
f
stretto
cresc.
f
O let de - feat ride on a - pace, Here with my
a tempo
f
bride am I,
8
f


Clasp'd in each oth - er's death em - brace Here with thy
cresc.
lips to mine a - lone, Here with thy kiss up - on my
face, And thy hand in mine own!
ten.
sf
ff
8
presto e molto cresc.
sf

FROM MY TENT

From my tent I see her, when the turtles call,
  Dreaming near the water of the palm-kissed river,
  She, the Prophet's daughter, whose bright tresses quiver,
O'er her brown, brown shoulders, a golden waterfall.

From my tent I call her, she my soft gazelle,
  And she cometh longing, as the wind from heaven
  Cometh sweetly songing thro' the purple even,
To my waiting bosom, me she loveth well.

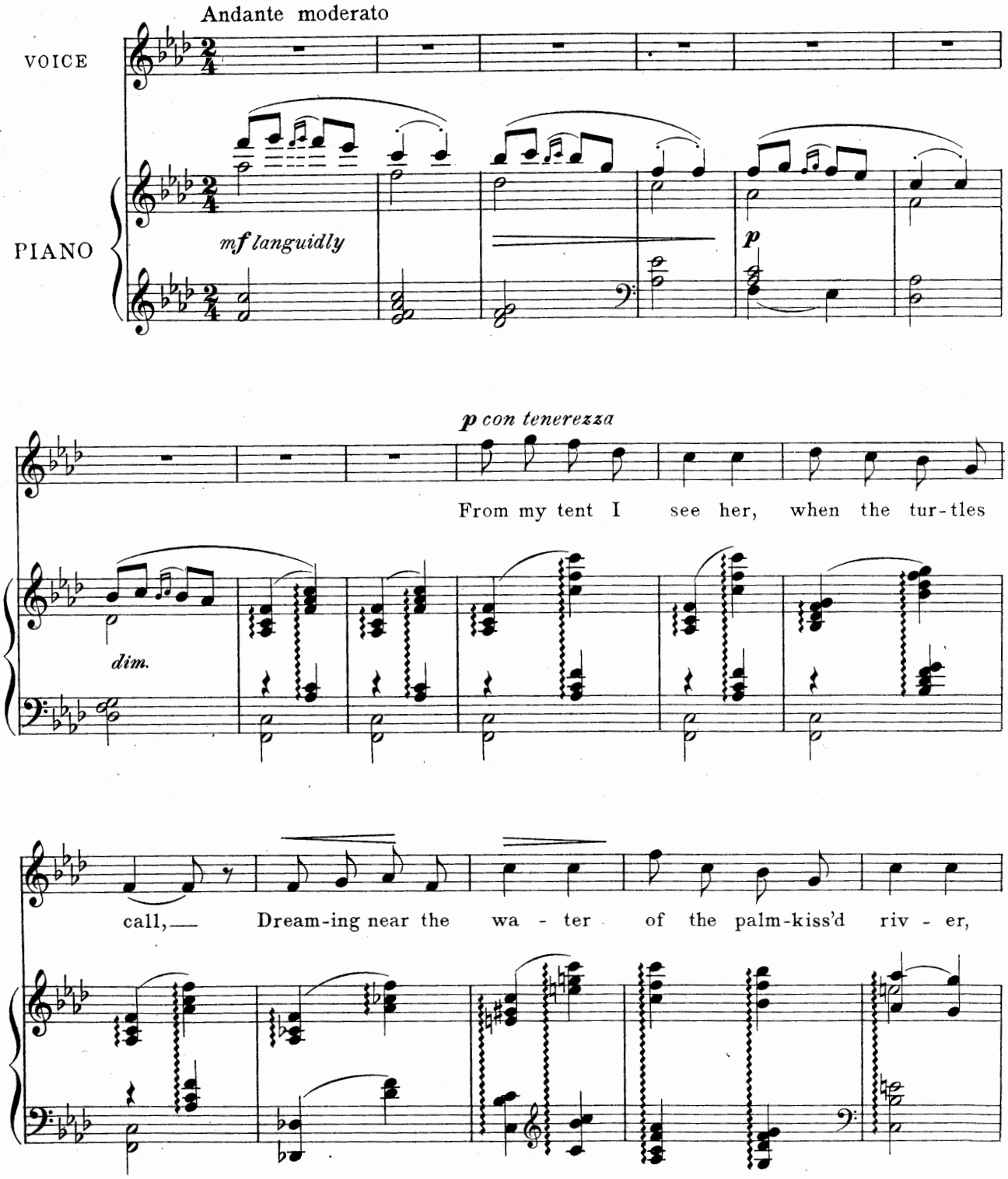
To my tent she wingeth, swift on raptured feet,
  Trembling like a dove-bird weary of its flying;
  She, my roe, my love-bird, weighted down with sighing,
Heaven, hast thou angel like unto my sweet?

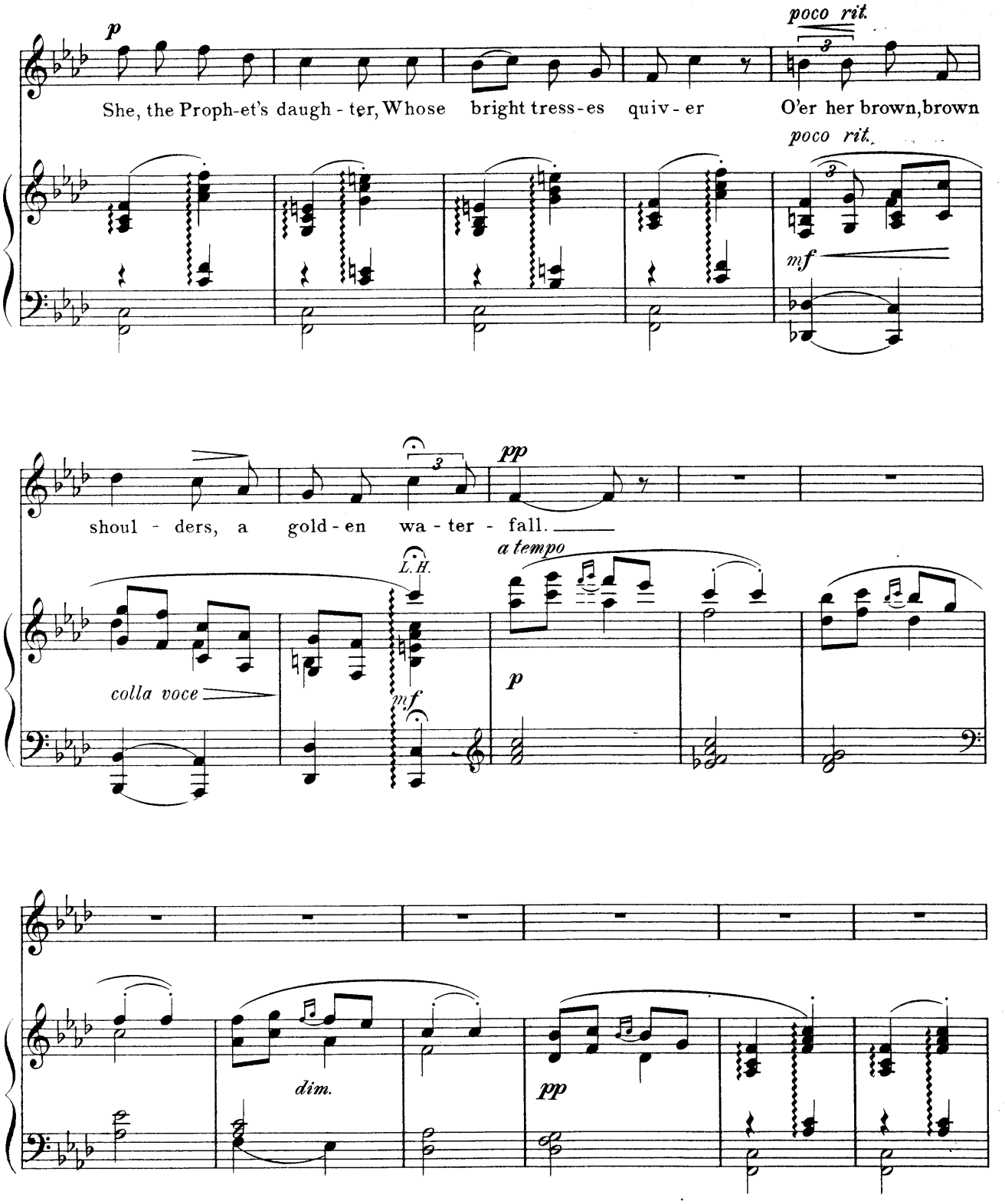
GORDON JOHNSTONE

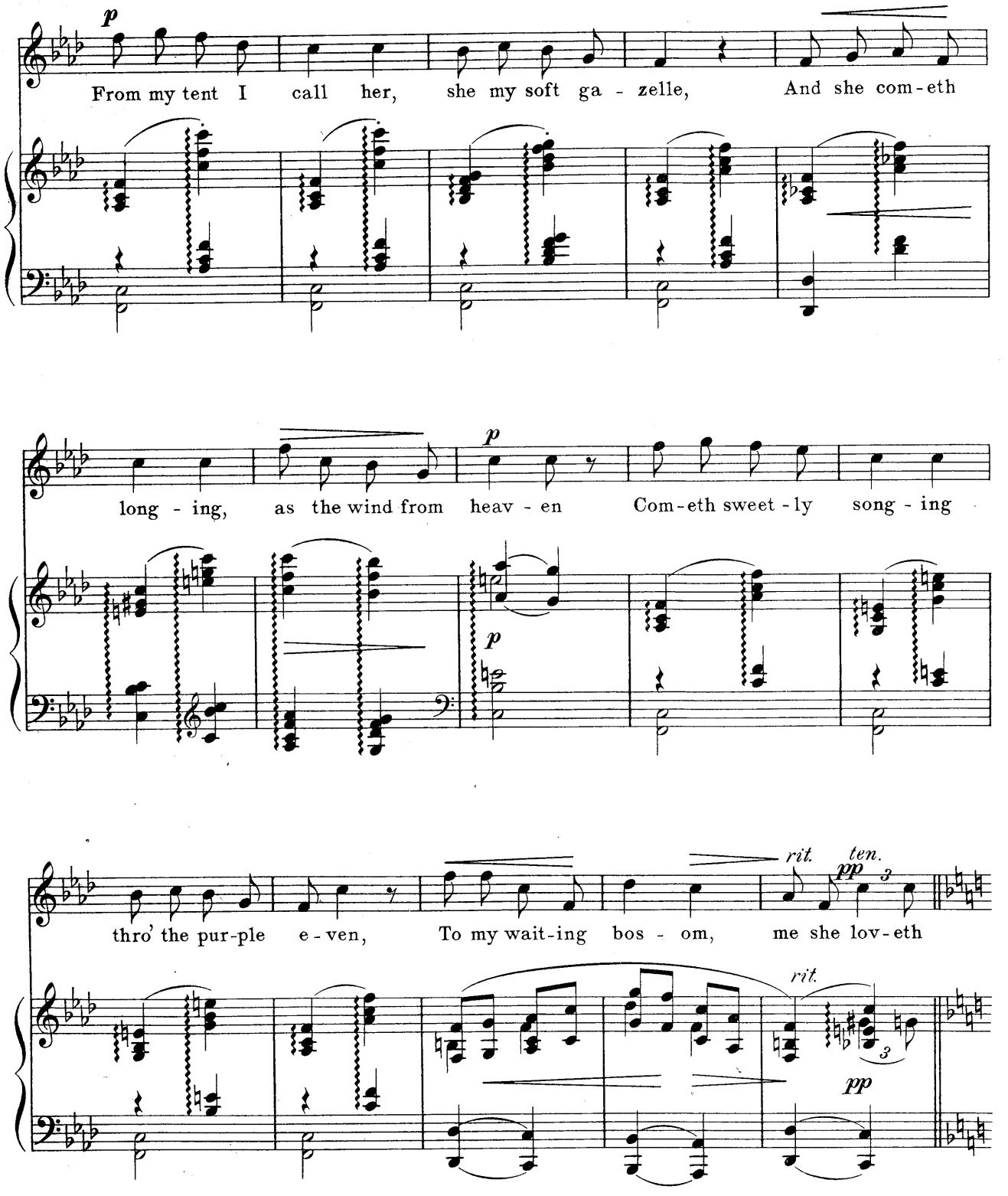
II
FROM MY TENT

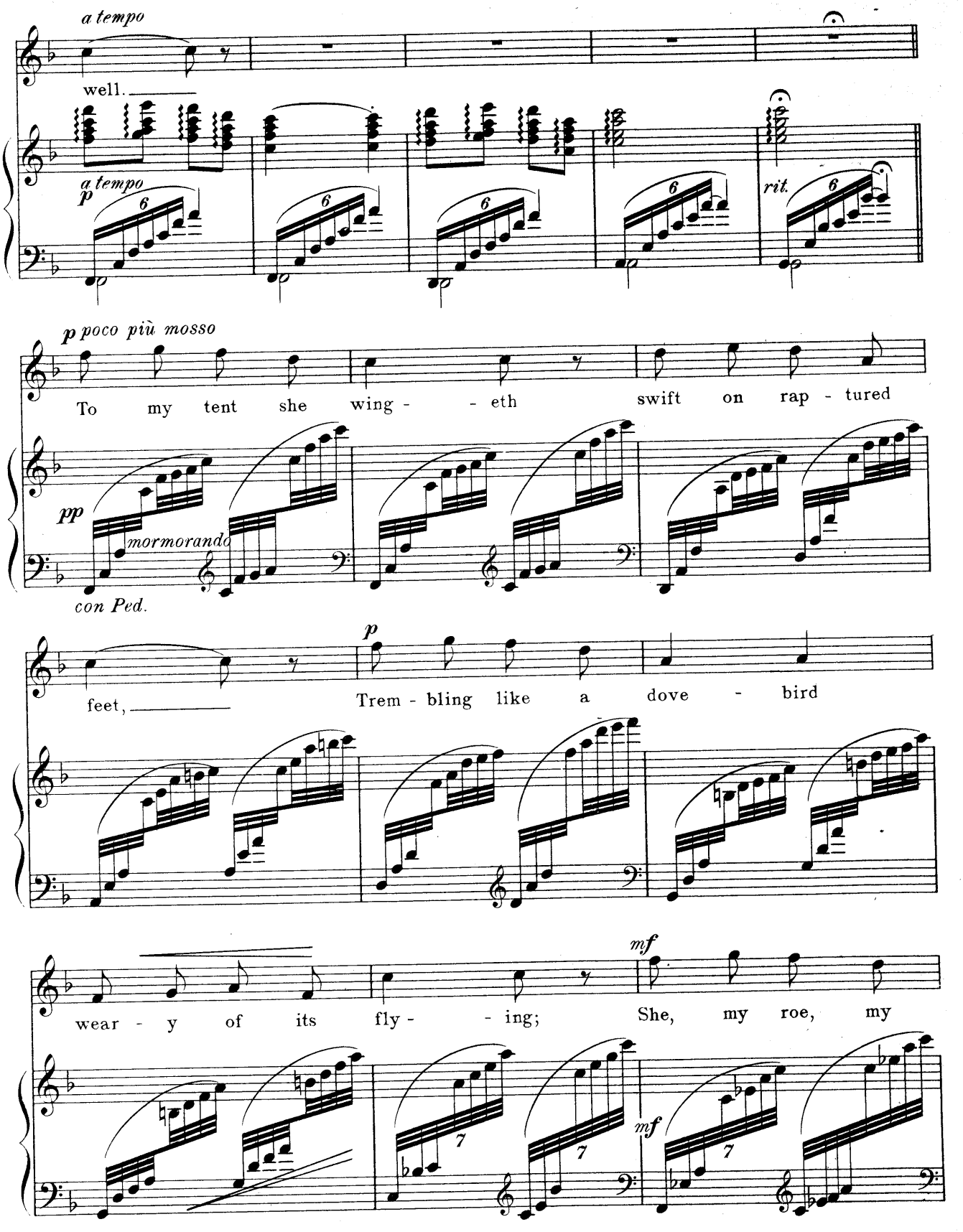
GORDON JOHNSTONE

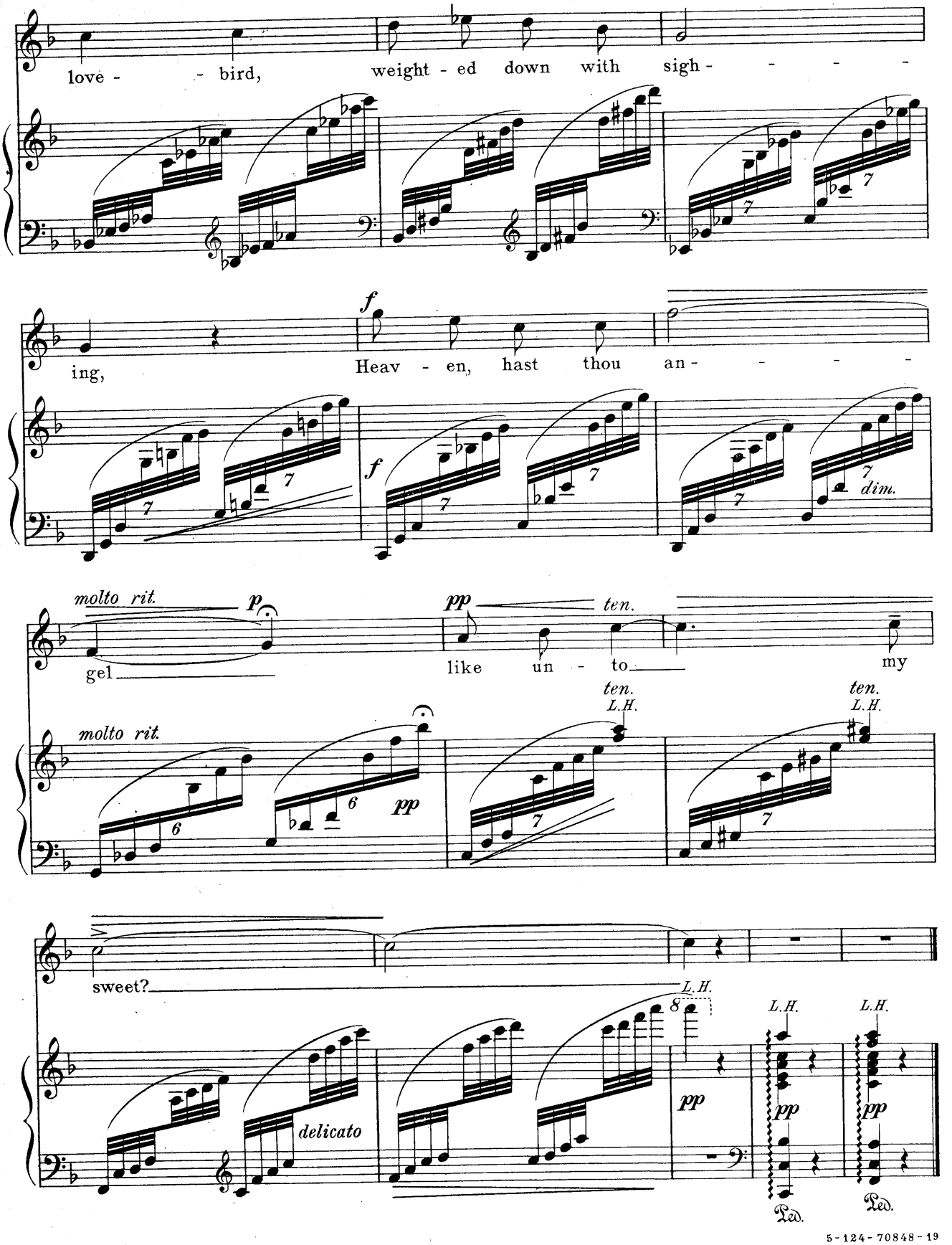
WILLIAM DICHMONT




p
poco rit.
She, the Proph-et's daugh - ter, Whose bright tress-es quiv - er O'er her brown, brown
poco rit.
mf
shoul - ders, a gold - en wa - ter - fall.
pp
a tempo
L.H.
colla voce
mf
p
dim.
pp


p
From my tent I call her, she my soft ga - zelle, And she com-eth
long - ing, as the wind from heav - en Com-eth sweet - ly song - ing
p
p
thro' the pur-ple e - ven, To my wait-ing bos - om, me she lov-eth
rit.
ten.
pp
3
rit.
3
pp


a tempo
well.
a tempo
p
rit.
p poco più mosso
To my tent she wing - - eth swift on rap - tured
pp
mormorando
con Ped.
feet,
p
Trem - bling like a dove - bird
wear - y of its fly - - ing;
mf
She, my roe, my
mf


love - - bird,
weight - ed down with sigh - - - - -
ing,
f
Heav - en, hast thou an - - - - -
f
dim.
molto rit.
p
pp
ten.
gel
like un - to my
molto rit.
pp
ten.
L.H.
ten.
L.H.
sweet?
L.H.
delicato
pp
L.H.
pp
L.H.
pp
Ped.
Ped.

SONG OF JAMI

A breath of the myrrh is my beloved,
  A garden of green herbs sweet,
A beam of the sun her tresses soft
  Where the golden shadows meet.
The sheen of the moon her pale, pale cheek,
  And the silver mist her feet.

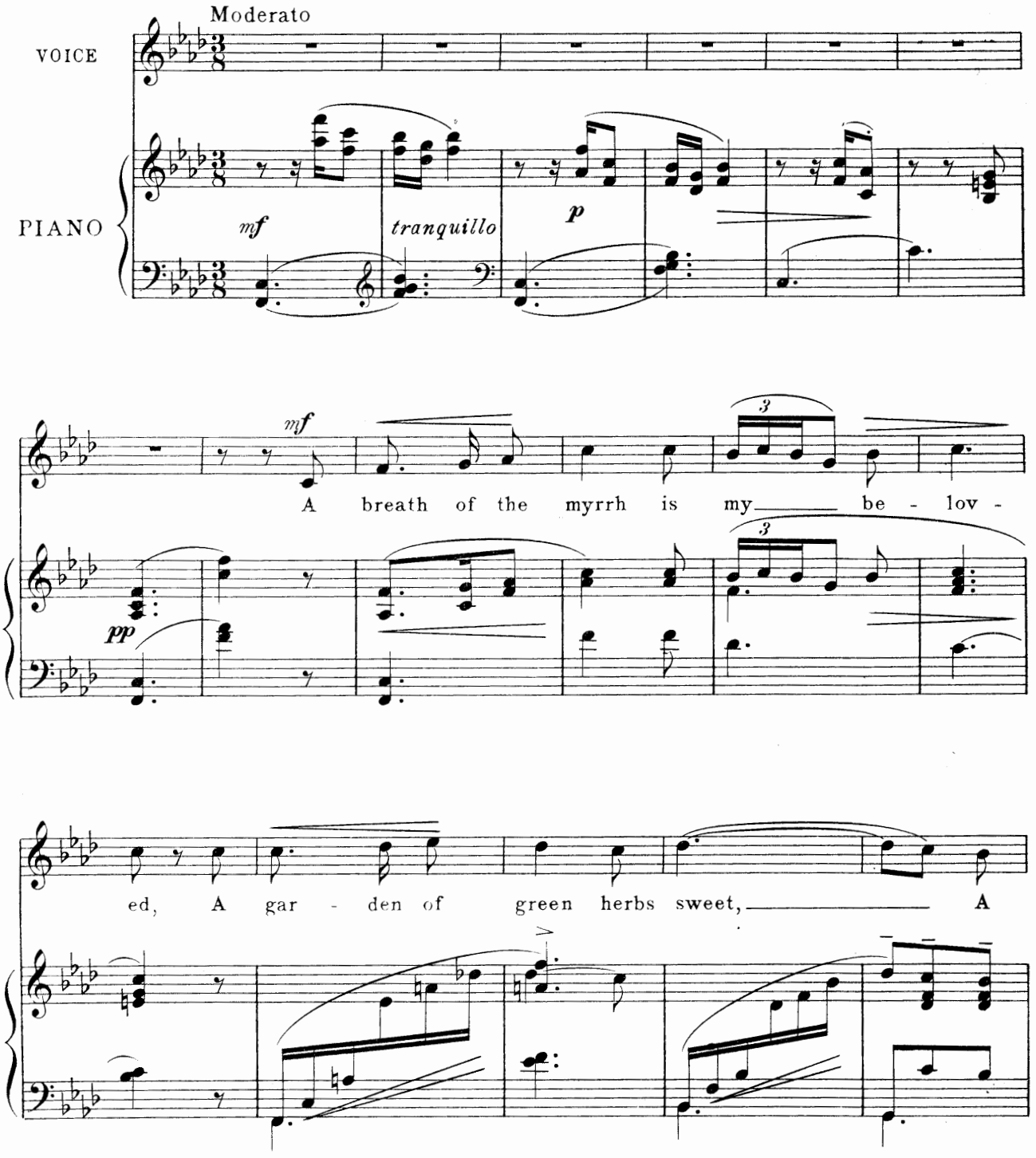
The flower that swoons in a lotus pool
  Knows no such perfumed sighs,
The stars that faint on the field of night
  Are vanquished by her eyes.
The path that lures to her white abode
  Is Jami's paradise.

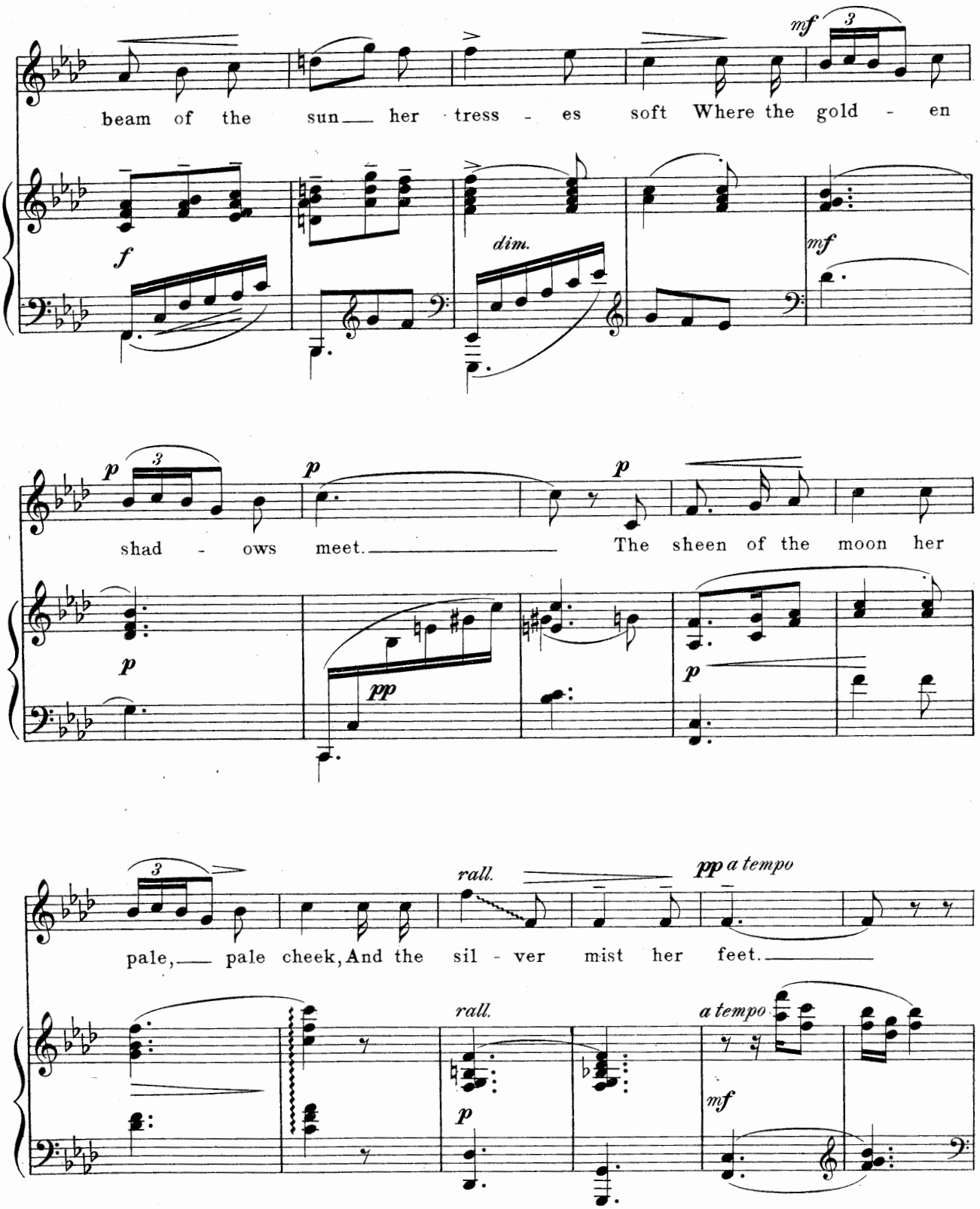
GORDON JOHNSTONE

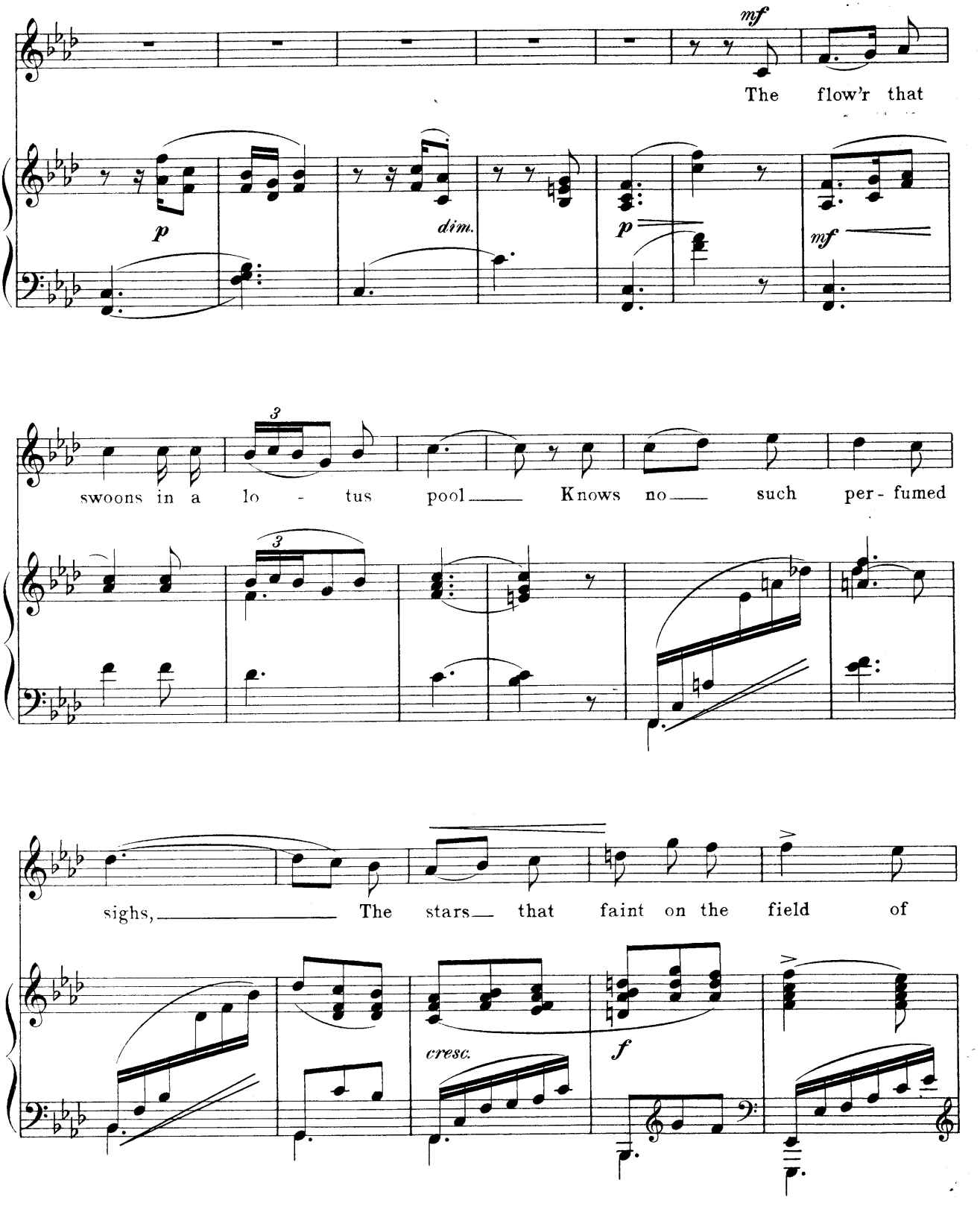
III
SONG OF JAMI

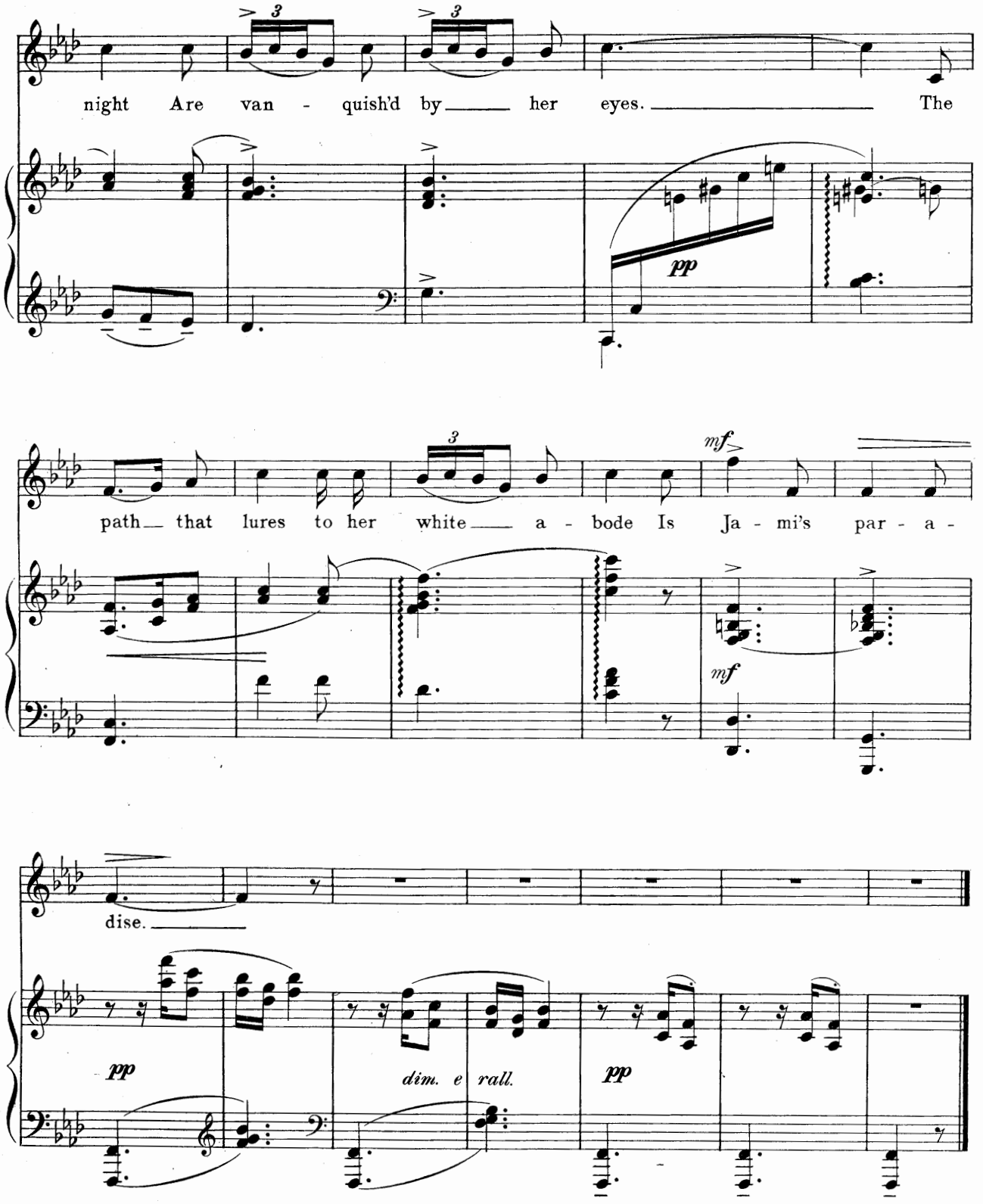
GORDON JOHNSTONE

WILLIAM DICHMONT




mf
beam of the sun her tress - es soft Where the gold - en
f
dim.
mf
p
shad - ows meet. The sheen of the moon her
pp
rall.
pp a tempo
pale, pale cheek, And the sil - ver mist her feet.
rall.
a tempo
p
mf


mf
The flow'r that
p
dim.
p
mf
swoons in a lo - tus pool Knows no such per- fumed
sighs, The stars that faint on the field of
cresc.
f



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SLAVE SONG

In the silver clouds I see thy form,
  In the stars, my lord, thine eyes;
In the wind-caress that my lips warm,
  Thy bridal sighs, thy bridal sighs.

Fairest of dreams, if thou should'st lean
  Thy cheek to my thirsting kiss,
Thy mouth to my own like sun to rose
  And heavy-sweet with bliss!

Thou art fair as sunbeam on the grass,
  Alas! I am naught to thee,
But a slave to watch thy shadow pass
  In agony, in agony.

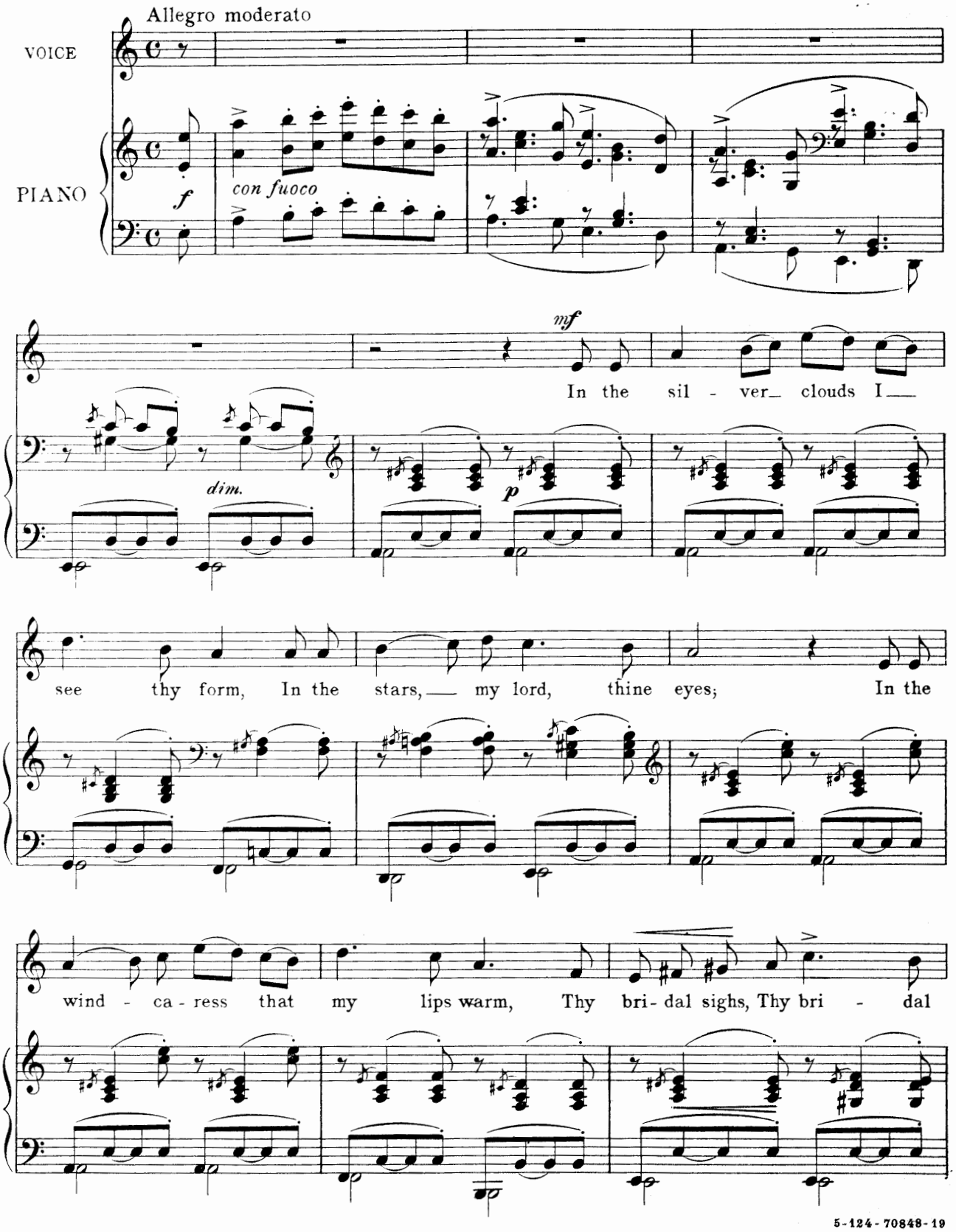
Ah, would with thine hand upon thy sword
  Thou hadst taken my last breath,
That I might be fore'er with thee,
  Fore'er with thee in death!

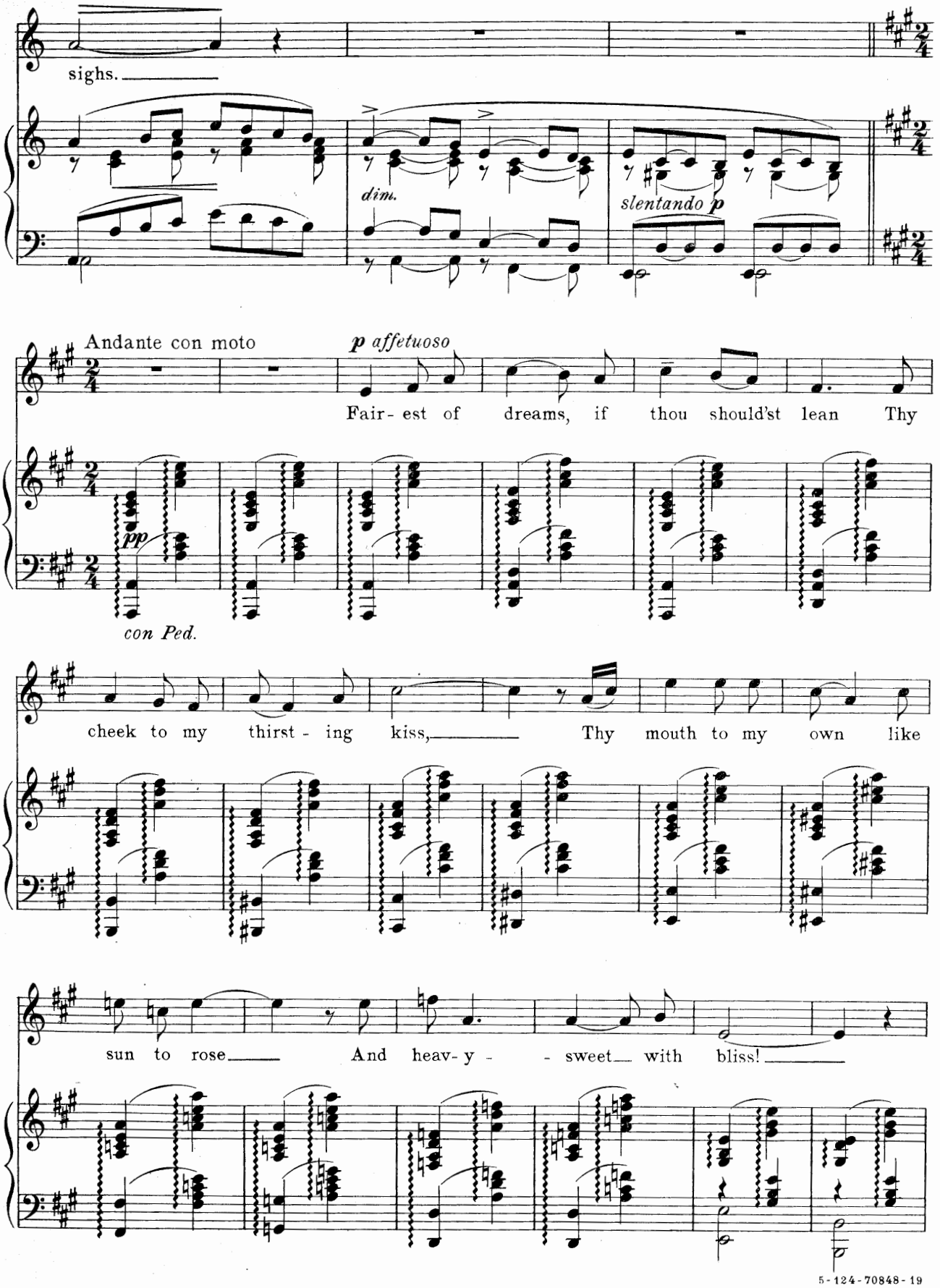
GORDON JOHNSTONE

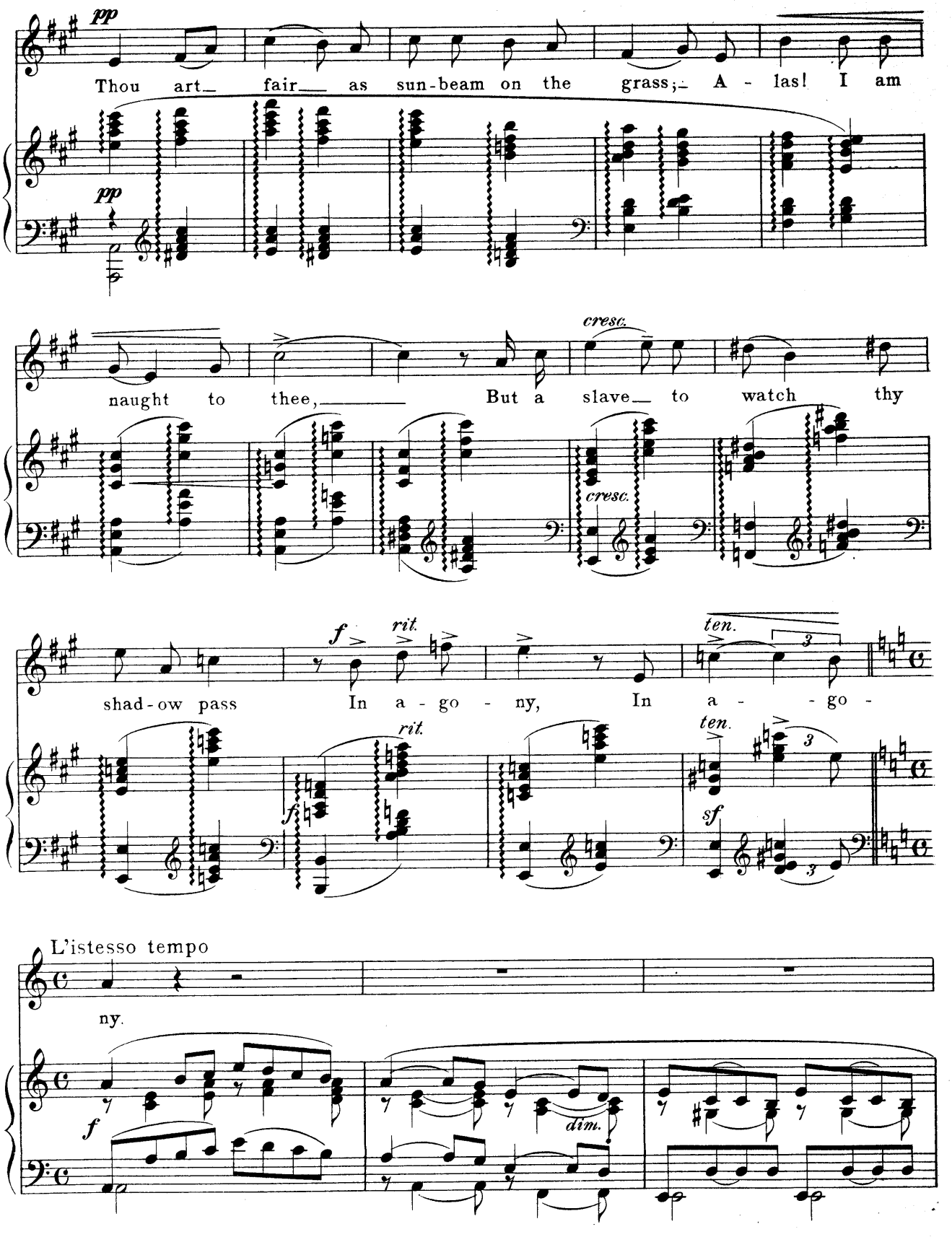
IV
SLAVE SONG

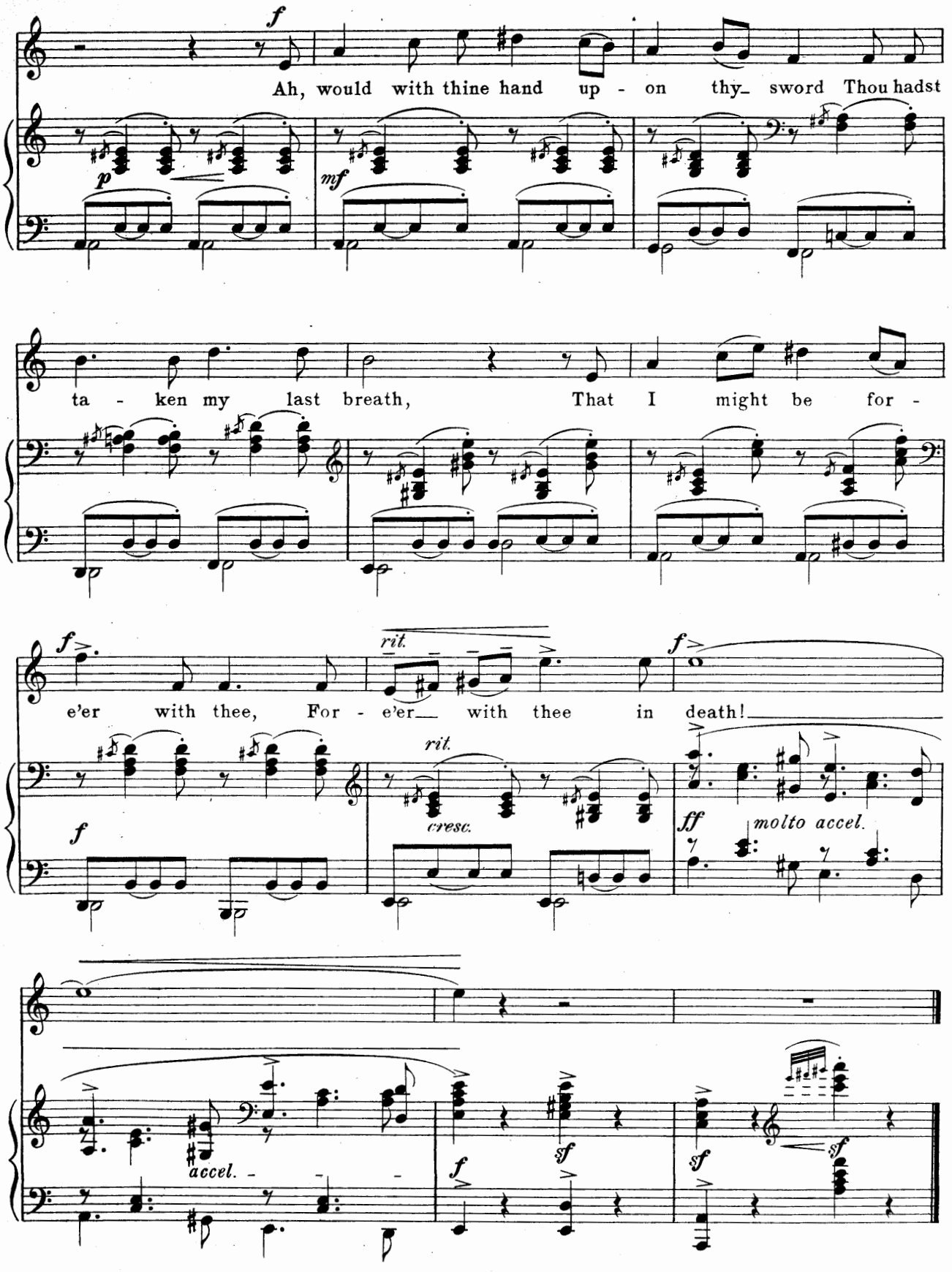
GORDON JOHNSTONE

WILLIAM DICHMONT




sighs.
dim.
slentando p
Andante con moto
p affetuoso
Fair- est of dreams, if thou should'st lean Thy
pp
con Ped.
cheek to my thirst - ing kiss, Thy mouth to my own like
sun to rose And heav- y - - sweet with bliss!


pp
Thou art fair as sun-beam on the grass; A - las! I am
pp
naught to thee, But a slave to watch thy
cresc.
cresc.
shad-ow pass In a - go - ny, In a - go -
f
rit.
rit.
ten.
ten.
3
3
3
f
sf
L'istesso tempo
ny.
f
dim.


f
Ah, would with thine hand up - on thy_ sword Thou hadst
p
mf
ta - ken my last breath, That I might be for -
f
rit.
e'er with thee, For - e'er_ with thee in death!
f
rit.
cresc.
ff
molto accel.
accel.
f
sf
sf
sf