GITANJALI

(SONG-OFFERINGS)

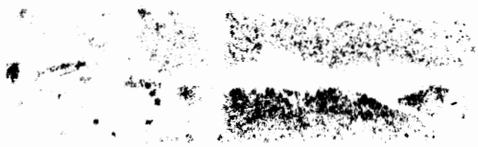
POEMS BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

MUSIC BY JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER

Price, net, $1.25

G. SCHIRMER, INC.

NEW YORK



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CREDO

I believe in the deep blue sky and the smiling water.

I can see through the clouds of the sky and I am not afraid of the waves of the sea.

I believe in the living friendship given by flowers and trees;—outwardly they die, but in the heart they live forever.

Little paths through green woods I love, and the sound of leaves on the ground, or of a nut falling, or even of a breaking twig.

I believe that the days to come already feel the wonder of the days that have passed, and will permit that wonder to endure and increase.

I believe in and love my belief in, and my love for, all of these things; and most of all I believe in and love The Source of my belief and of my love.

From the Chinese.

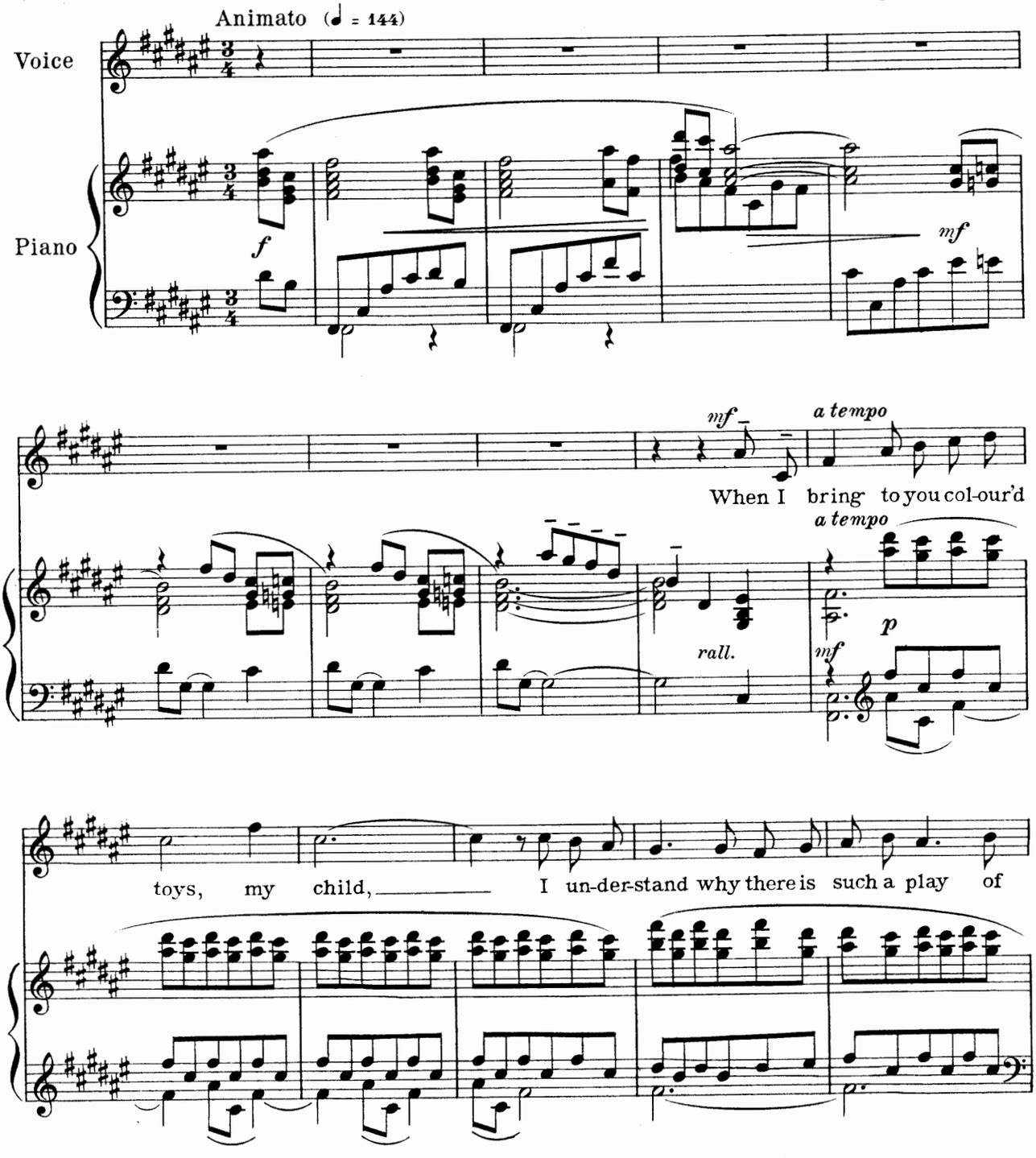
WHEN I bring to you coloured toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colours on clouds, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints—when I give coloured toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance, I truly know why there is music in leaves, and why waves send their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening earth—when I sing to make you dance.

When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands, I know why there is honey in the cup of the flower and why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice—when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands.

"When I bring to you colour'd toys"

John Alden Carpenter
June-September, 1913



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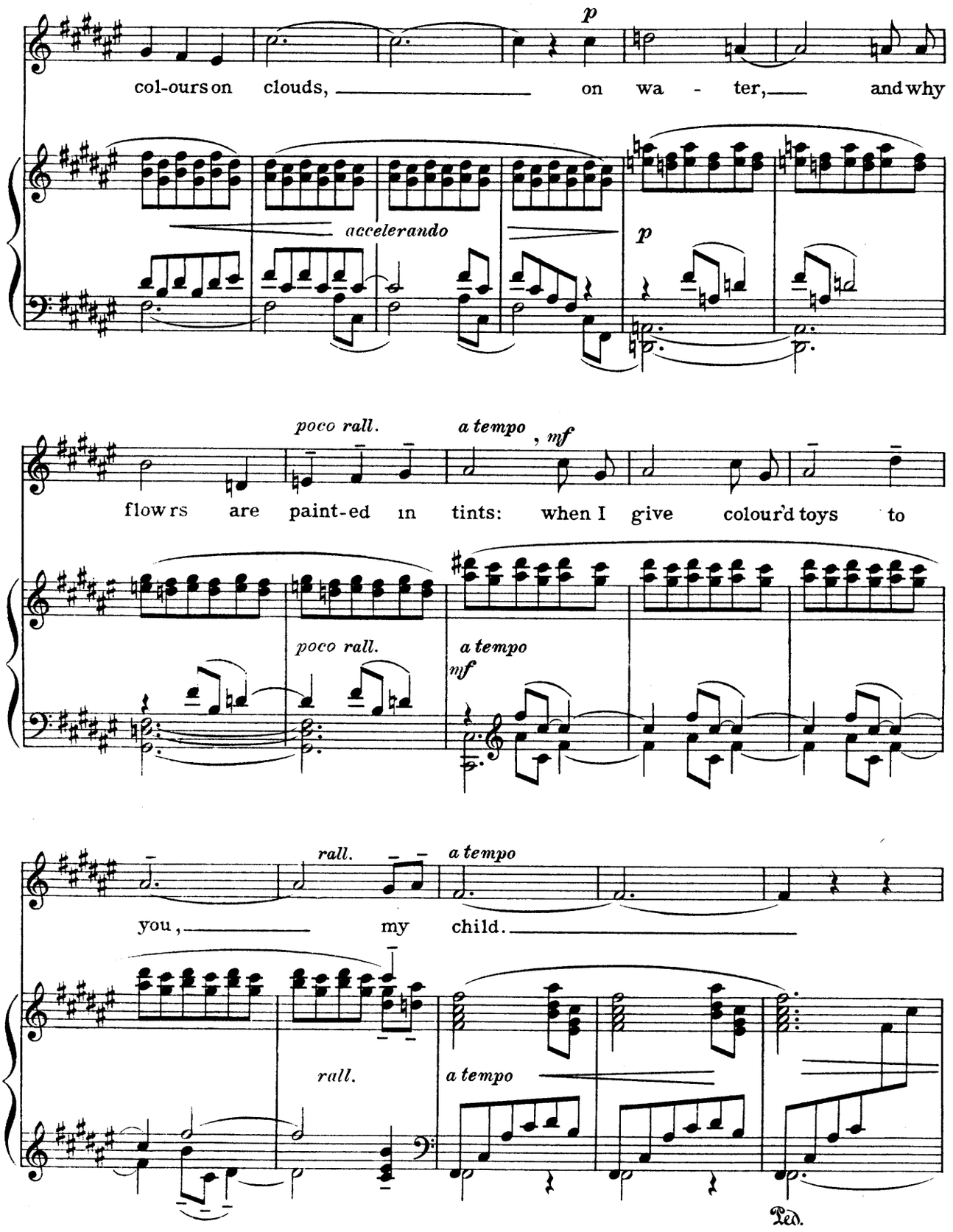
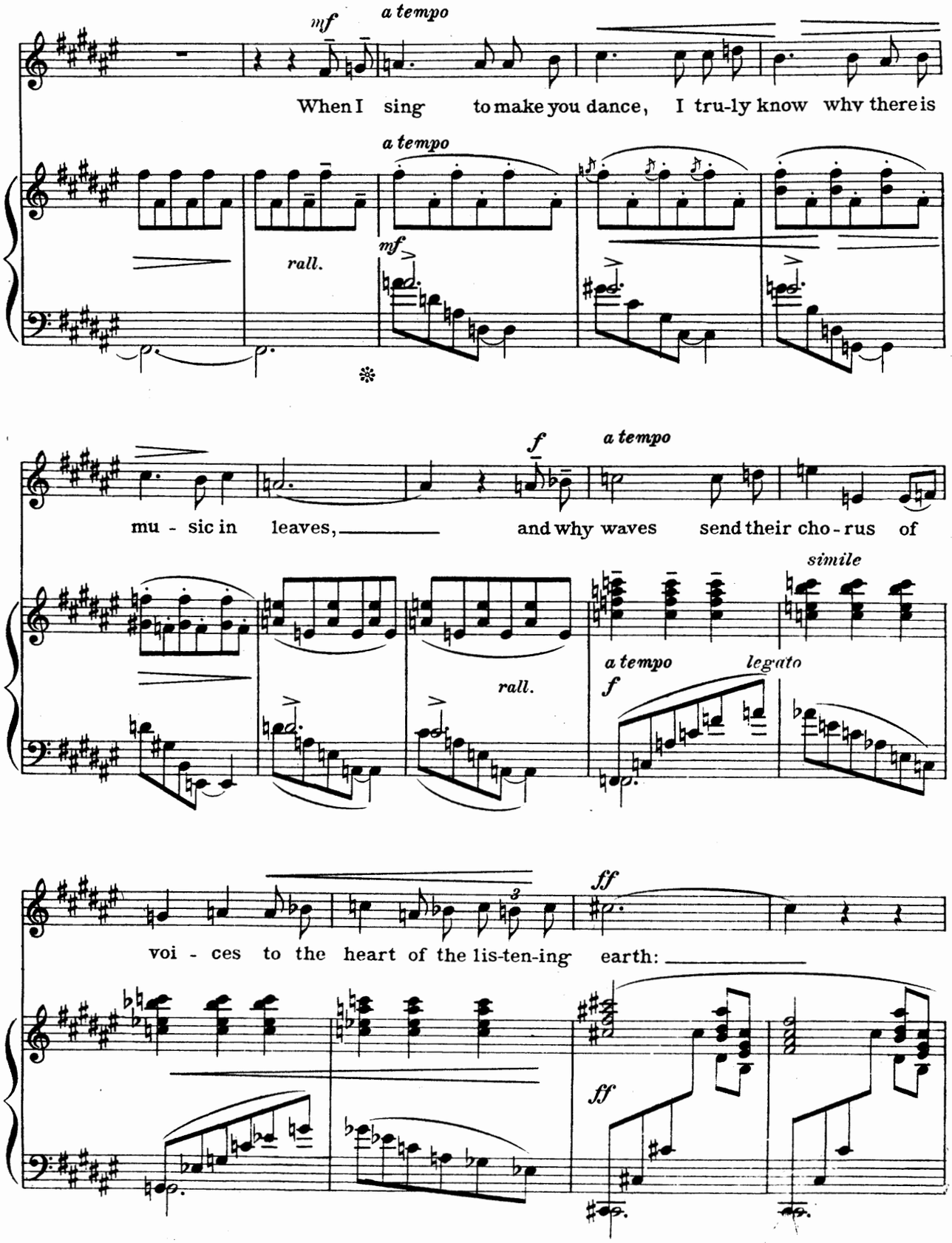
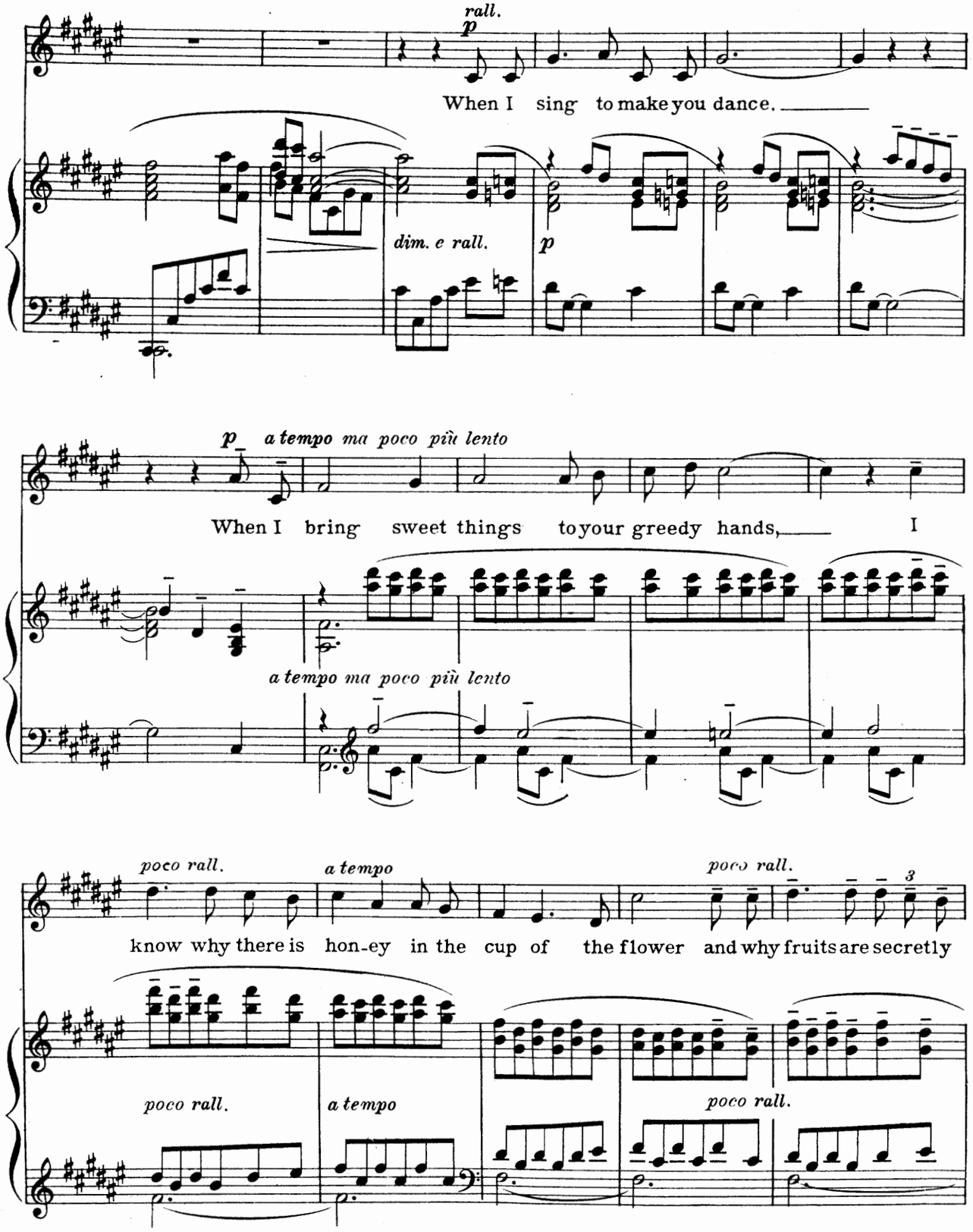
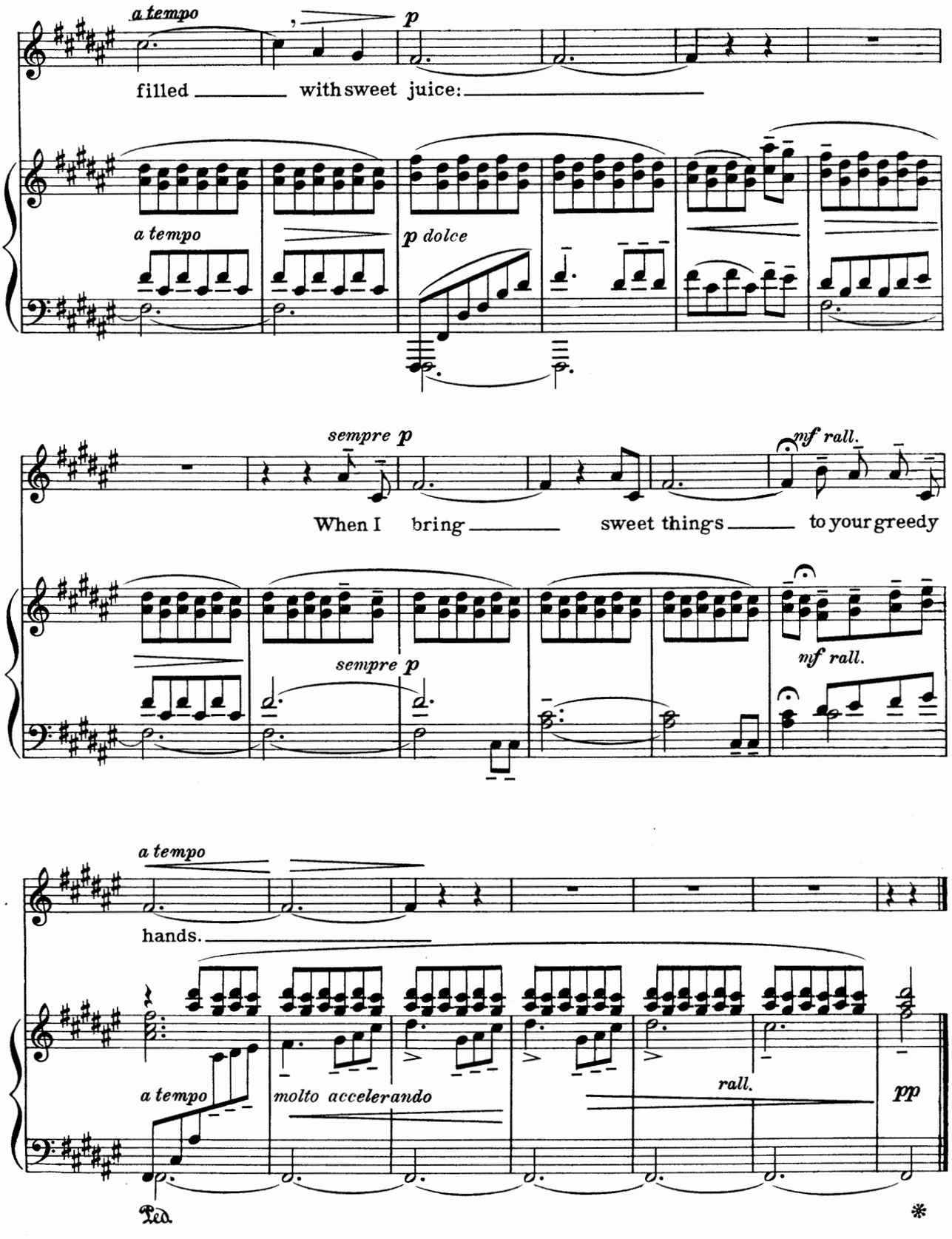

p
col-ours on clouds, on wa - ter, and why
accelerando
p
poco rall.
a tempo
mf
flow rs are paint-ed in tints: when I give colour'd toys to
poco rall.
a tempo
mf
rall.
a tempo
you, my child.
rall.
a tempo
Ped.


mf
a tempo
When I sing to make you dance, I tru-ly know why there is
a tempo
rall.
mf
f
a tempo
mu - sic in leaves, and why waves send their cho - rus of
simile
rall.
a tempo
f
legato
ff
voi - ces to the heart of the lis-ten-ing earth:
ff


rall.
p
When I sing to make you dance.
dim. e rall.
p
p a tempo ma poco più lento
When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands, I
a tempo ma poco più lento
poco rall.
a tempo
poco rall.
know why there is hon-ey in the cup of the flower and why fruits are secretly
poco rall.
a tempo
poco rall.


a tempo
p
filled with sweet juice:
a tempo
p dolce
sempre p
mf rall.
When I bring sweet things to your greedy
sempre p
mf rall.
a tempo
hands.
a tempo
molto accelerando
rall.
pp
Ped.
*

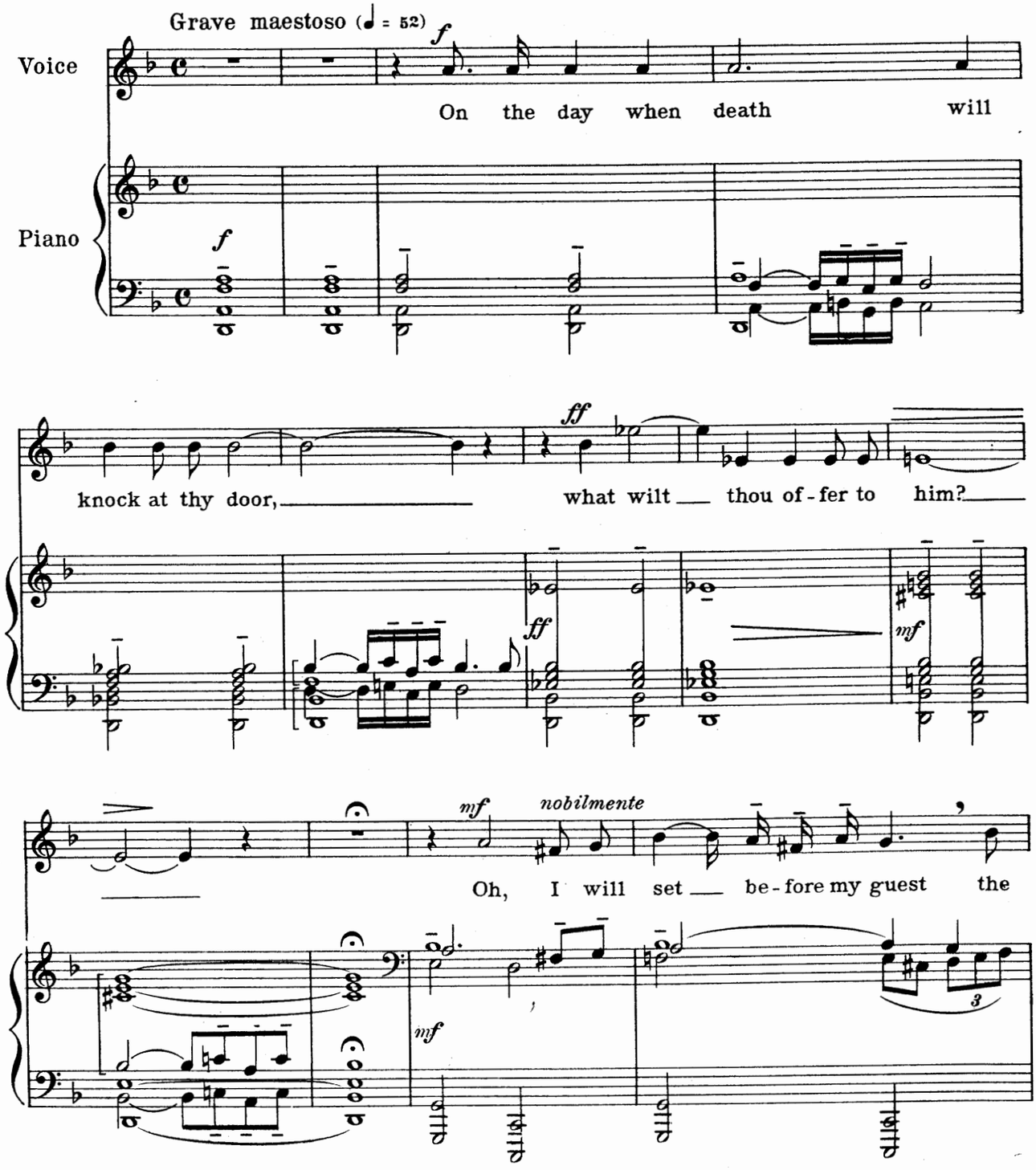
ON the day when death will knock at thy door, what wilt thou offer to him?

Oh, I will set before my guest the full vessel of my life; I will never let him go with empty hands.

All the sweet vintage of all my autumn days and summer nights, all the earnings and gleanings of my busy life, will I place before him at the close of my days when death will knock at my door.

"On the day when death will knock at thy door"

John Alden Carpenter



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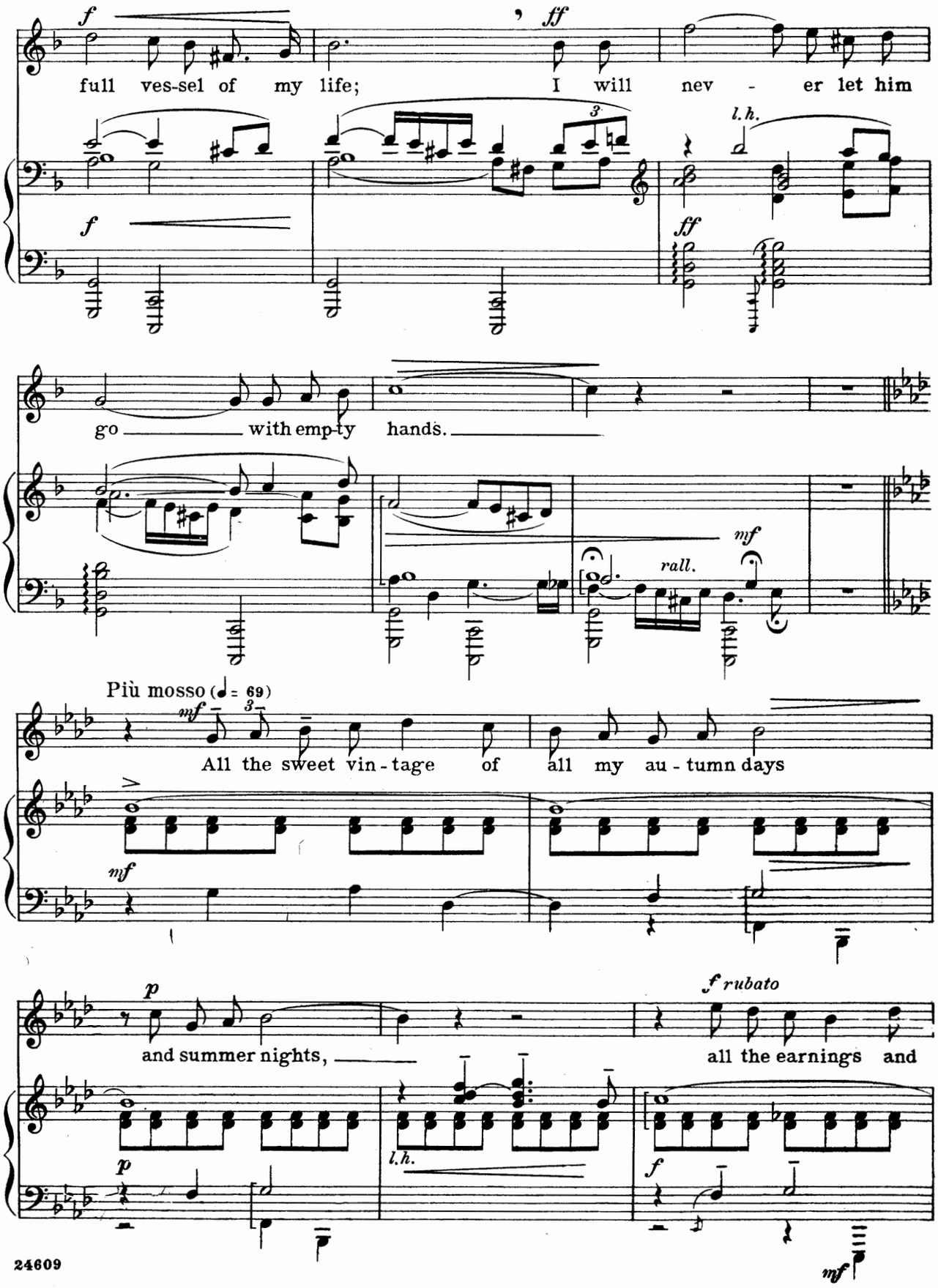
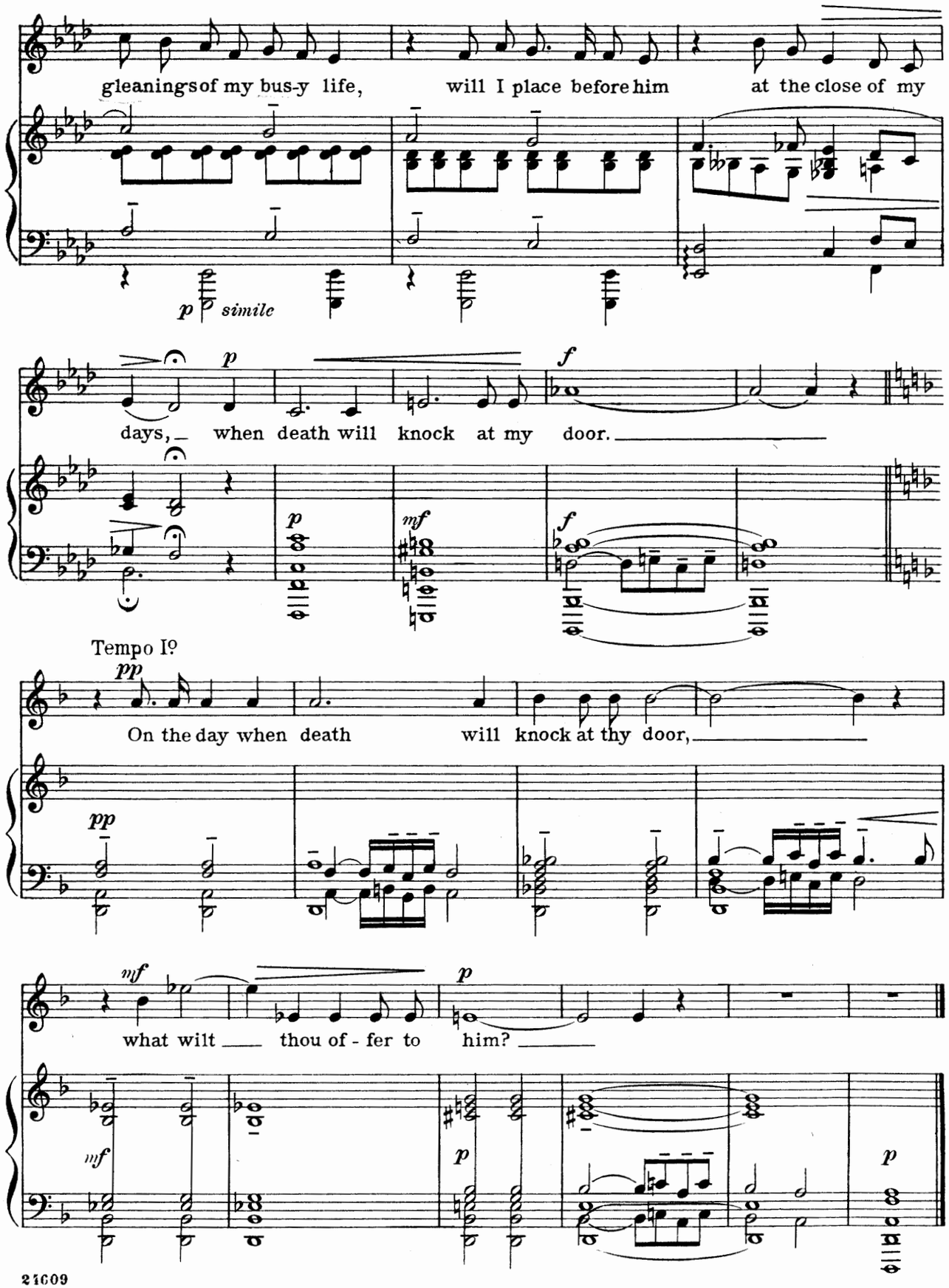

f
ff
full ves-sel of my life; I will nev - er let him
l.h.
f
ff
go with emp-ty hands.
mf
rall.
Più mosso (♩ = 69)
mf
All the sweet vin - tage of all my au - tumn days
mf
p
f rubato
and summer nights, all the earnings and
p
l.h.
f
mf

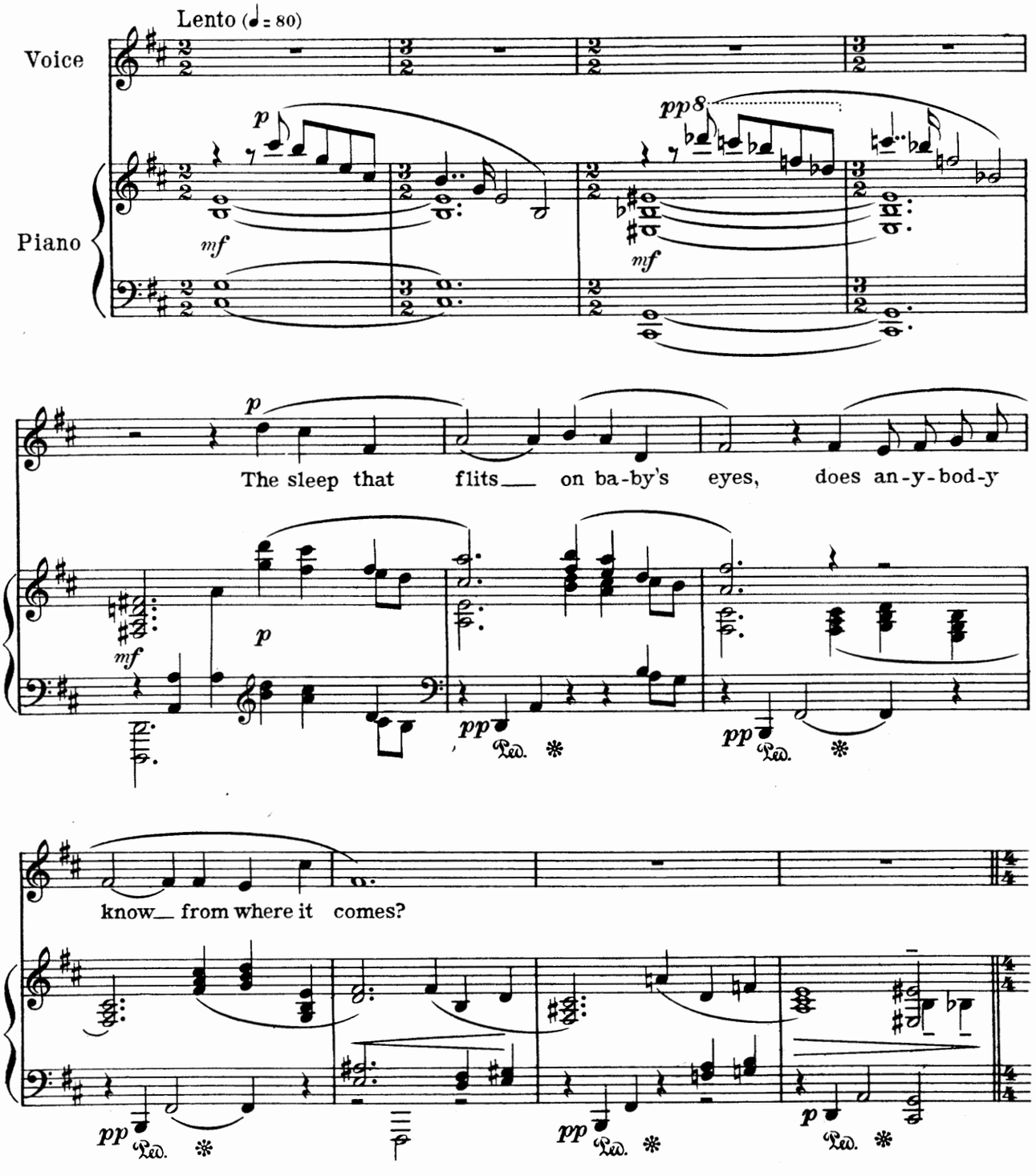

gleanings of my bus-y life, will I place before him at the close of my
p simile
p
f
days, when death will knock at my door.
p
mf
f
Tempo I?
pp
On the day when death will knock at thy door,
pp
mf
p
what wilt thou of - fer to him?
mf
p
p

61.

THE sleep that flits on baby's eyes—does anybody know from where it comes? Yes, there is a rumour that it has its dwelling where, in the fairy village among shadows of the forest dimly lit with glow-worms, there hang two timid buds of enchantment. From there it comes to kiss baby's eyes.

"The Sleep that flits on Baby's Eyes"

John Alden Carpenter



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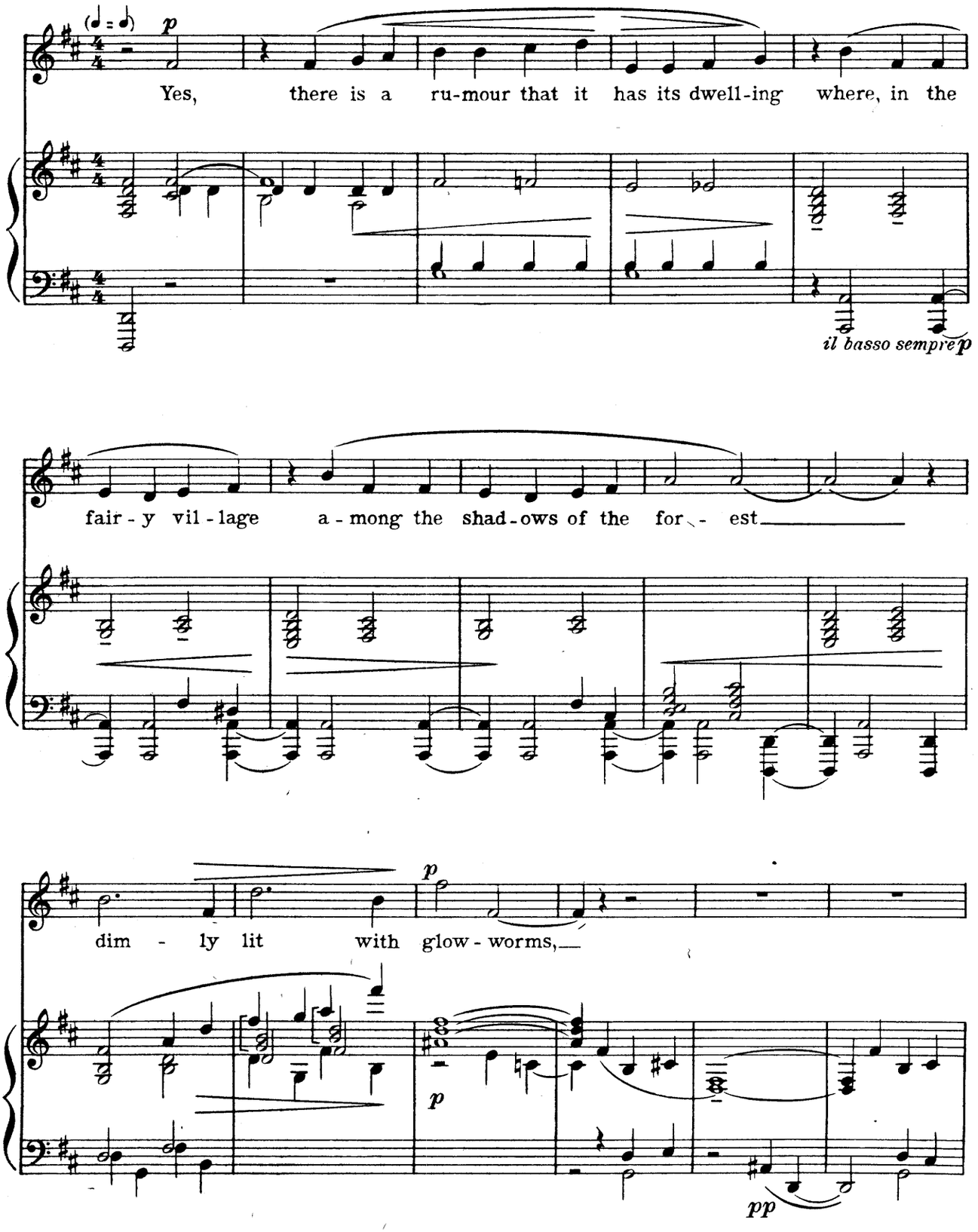
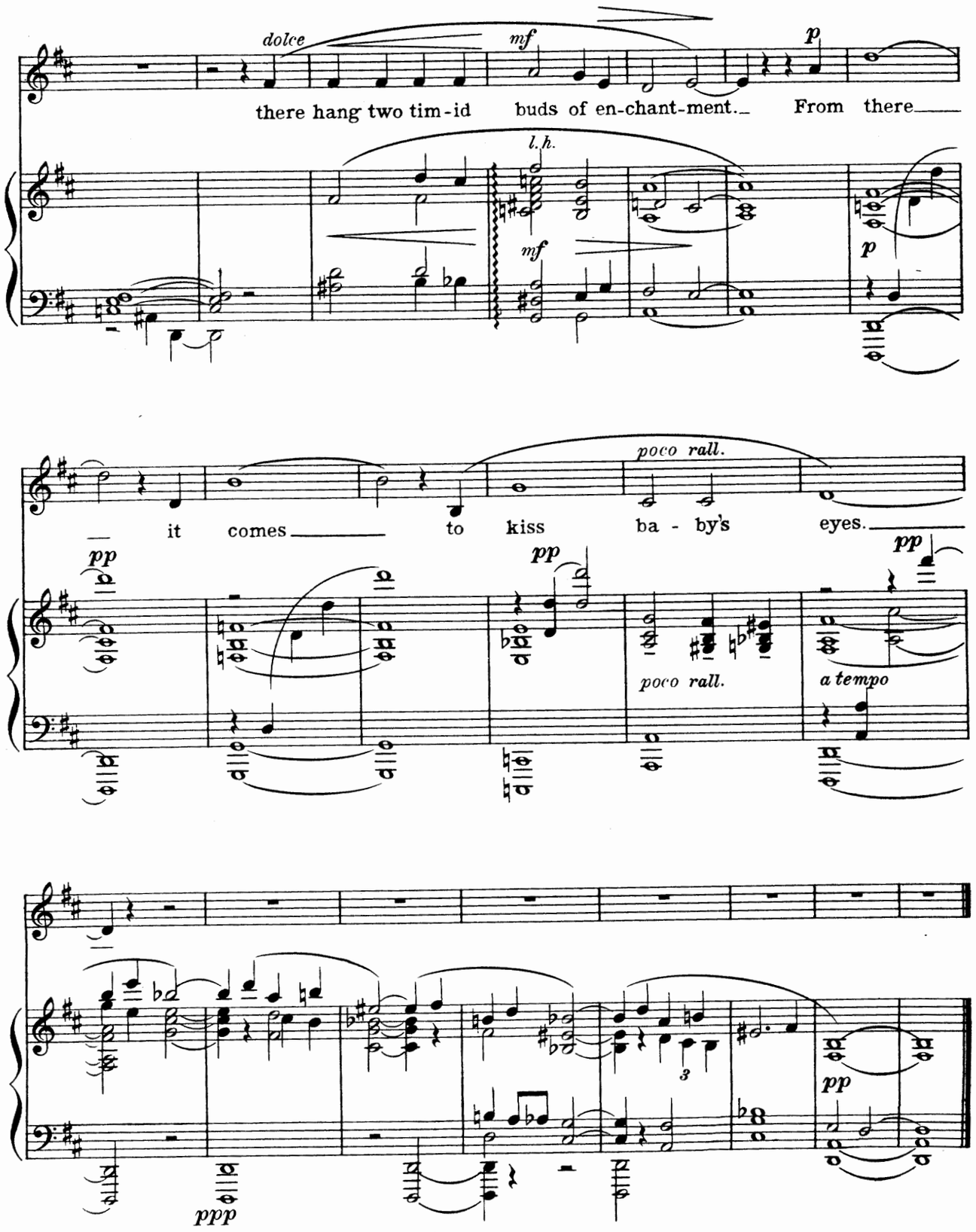

Yes, there is a ru-mour that it has its dwell-ing where, in the
il basso sempre p
fair - y vil - lage a - mong the shad - ows of the for - est
dim - ly lit with glow - worms,
p
p
pp


dolce
mf
p
there hang two tim-id buds of en-chant-ment. From there
l.h.
mf
p
poco rall.
it comes to kiss ba - by's eyes.
pp
pp
pp
poco rall.
a tempo
3
pp
ppp

80

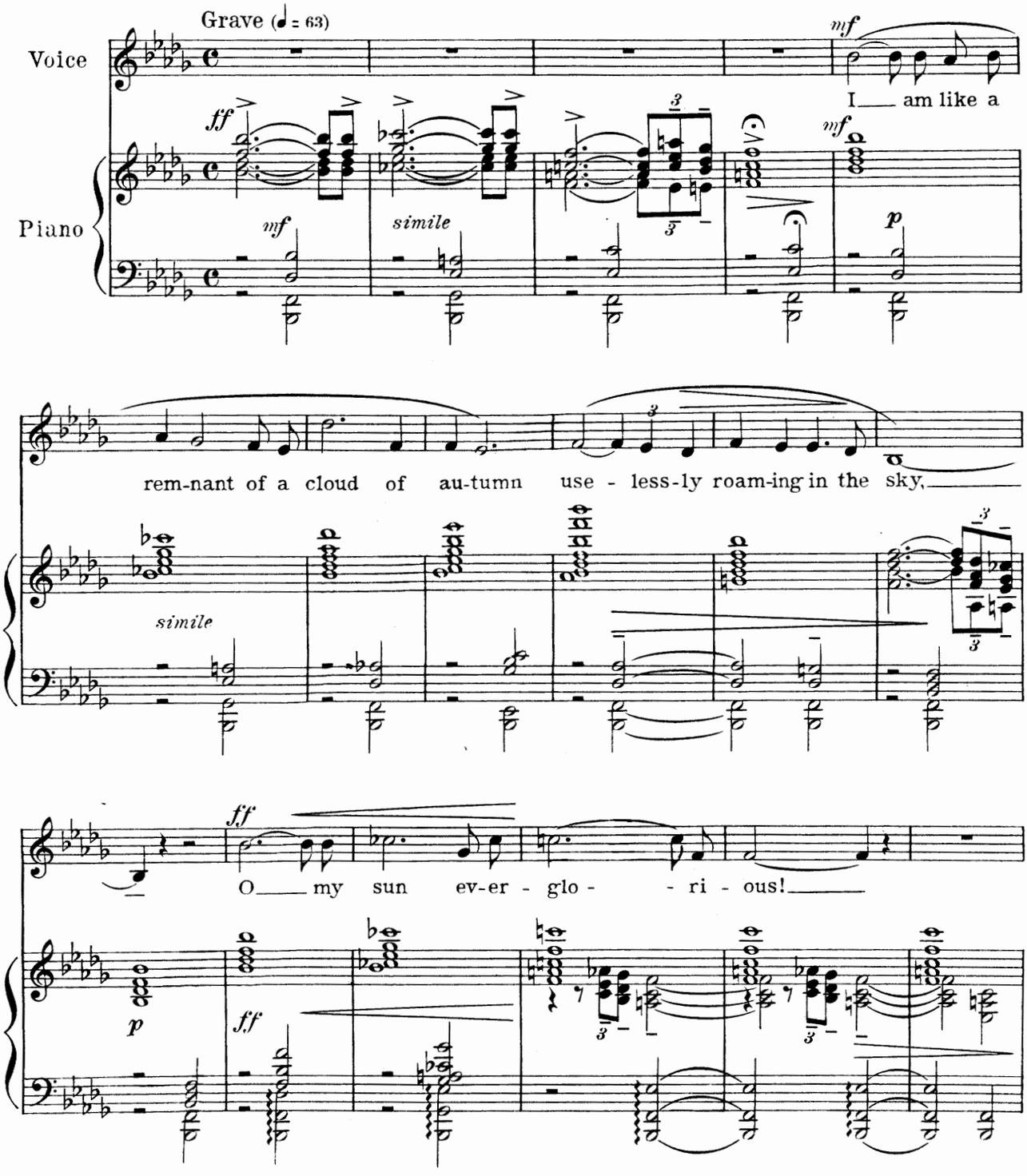
I AM like a remnant of a cloud of autumn uselessly roaming in the sky, O my sun ever-glorious! Thy touch has not yet melted my vapour, making me one with thy light, and thus I count months and years separated from thee.

If this be thy wish and if this be thy play, then take this fleeting emptiness of mine, paint it with colours, gild it with gold, float it on the wanton wind and spread it in varied wonders.

And again, when it shall be thy wish to end this play at night, I shall melt and vanish away in the dark, or it may be in a smile of the white morning, in a coolness of purity transparent.

"I am like a Remnant of a Cloud of Autumn"

John Alden Carpenter



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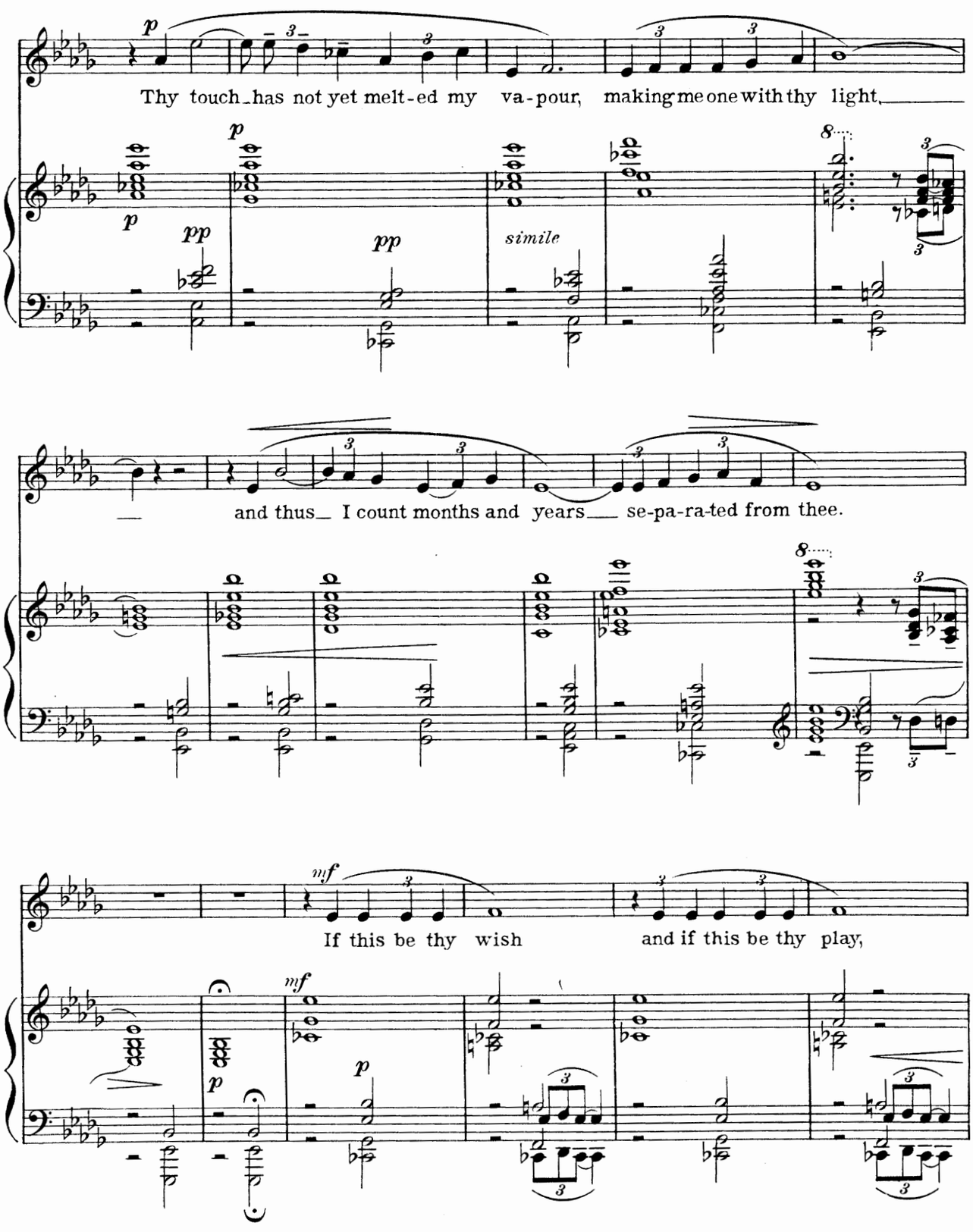
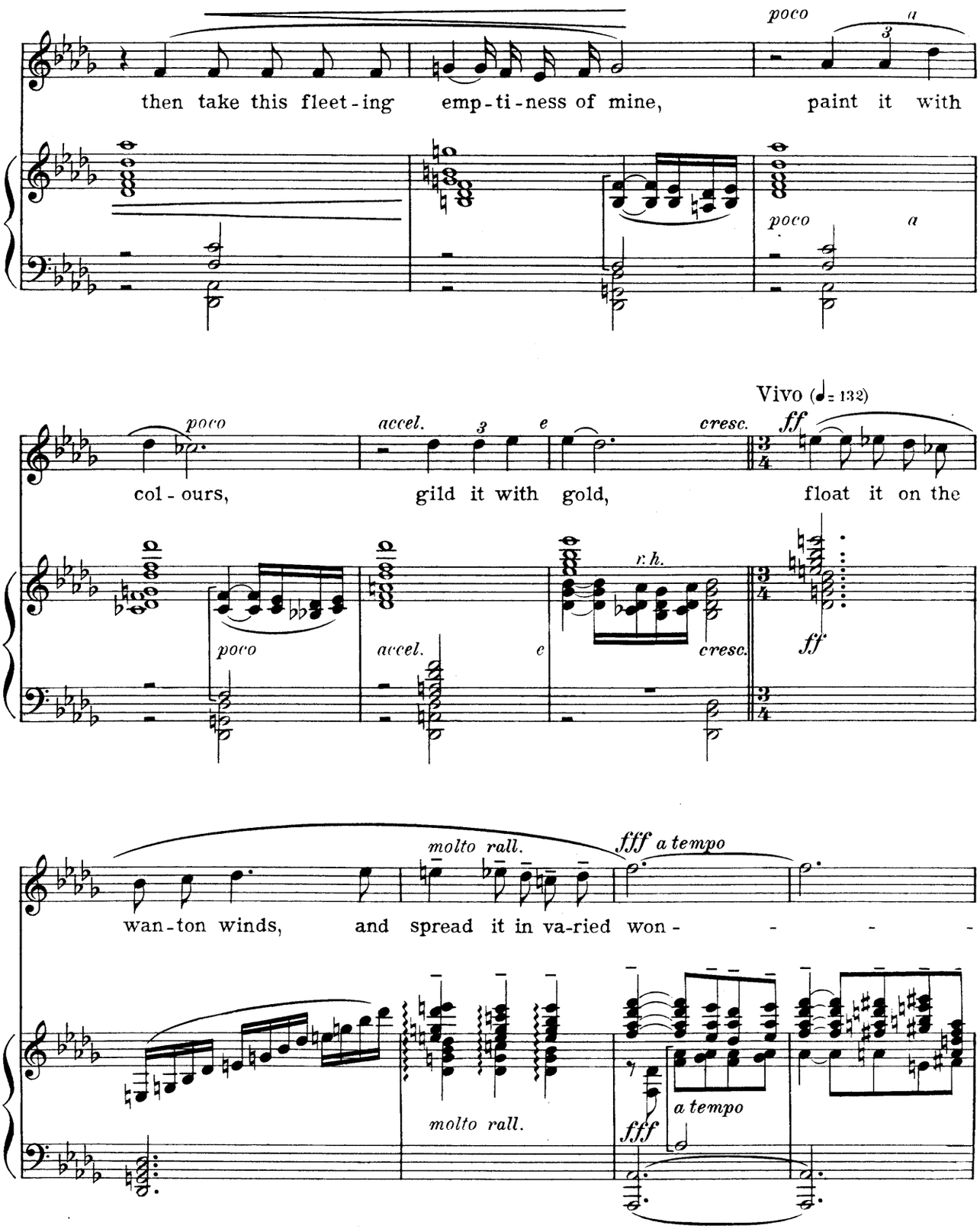
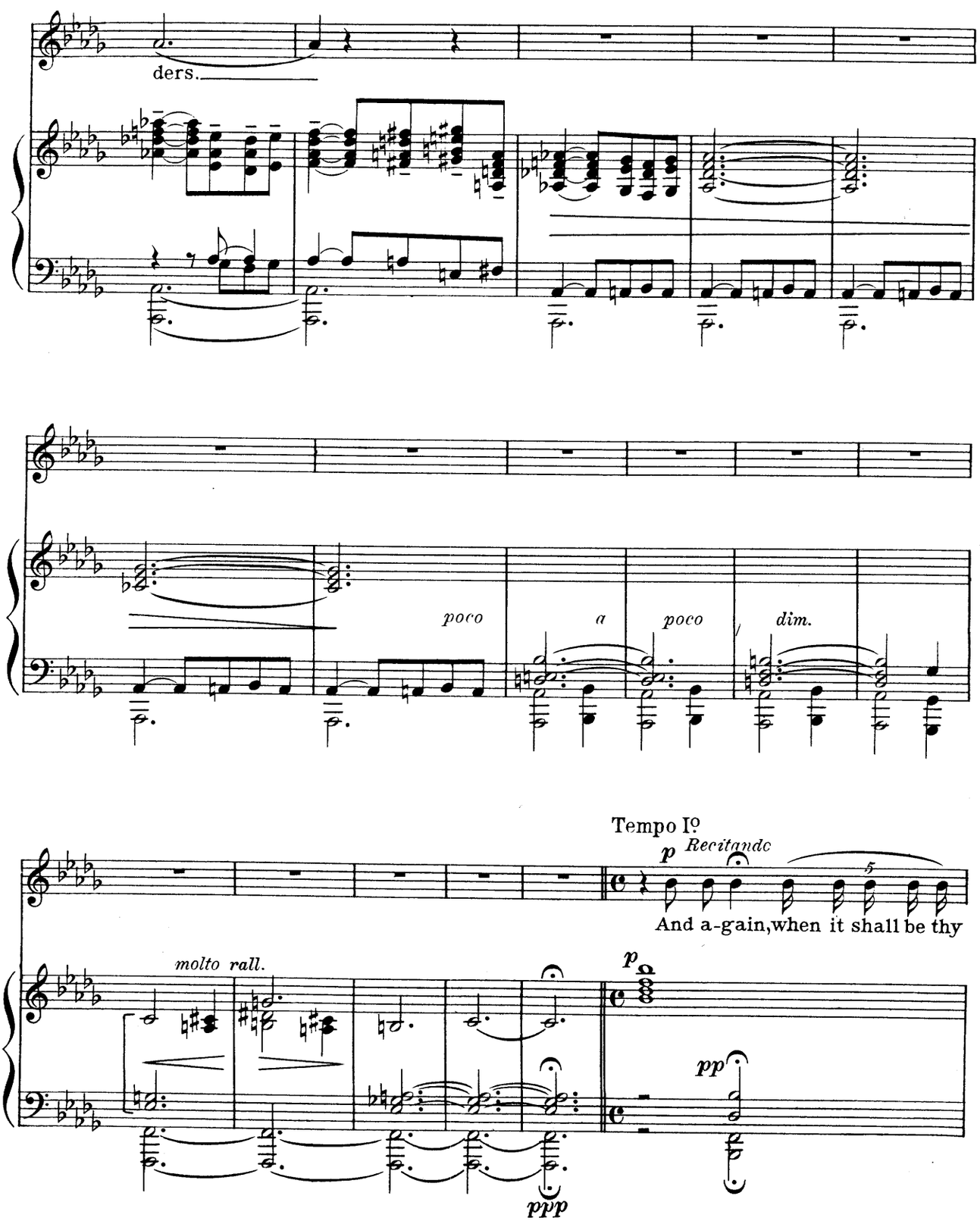
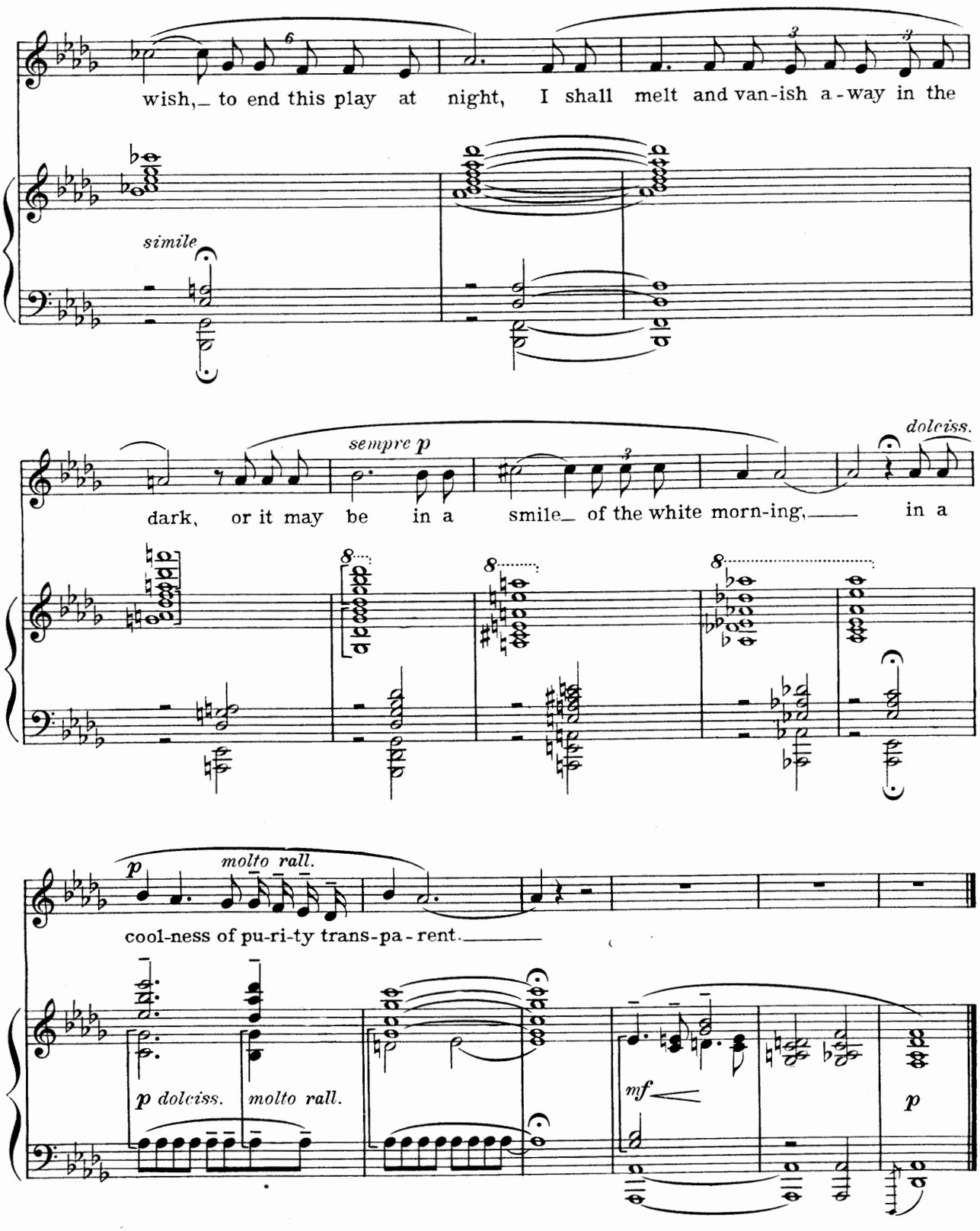

p
Thy touch has not yet melt-ed my va-pour, making me one with thy light,
pp
simile
and thus I count months and years se-pa-ra-ted from thee.
mf
If this be thy wish and if this be thy play,


poco
a
then take this fleet-ing emp-ti-ness of mine, paint it with
poco
a
Vivo (♩= 132)
poco
accel.
e
cresc.
ff
col-ours, gild it with gold, float it on the
r.h.
poco
accel.
e
cresc.
ff
molto rall.
fff a tempo
wan-ton winds, and spread it in va-ried won- - - -
molto rall.
a tempo
fff


ders.
poco
a
poco
dim.
Tempo Iº
p
Recitando
5
And a-gain, when it shall be thy
molto rall.
p
pp
ppp


wish,_ to end this play at night, I shall melt and van-ish a-way in the
simile
sempre p
dolciss.
dark, or it may be in a smile_ of the white morn-ing,_____ in a
p
molto rall.
cool-ness of pu-ri-ty trans-pa-rent._____
p dolciss.
molto rall.
mf
p

60.

ON the seashore of endless worlds children meet. The infinite sky is motionless overhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.

They build their houses with sand and they play with empty shells. With withered leaves they weave their boats and smilingly float them on the vast deep. Children have their play on the seashore of worlds.

They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast nets. Pearl fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. They seek not for hidden treasures, they know not how to cast nets.

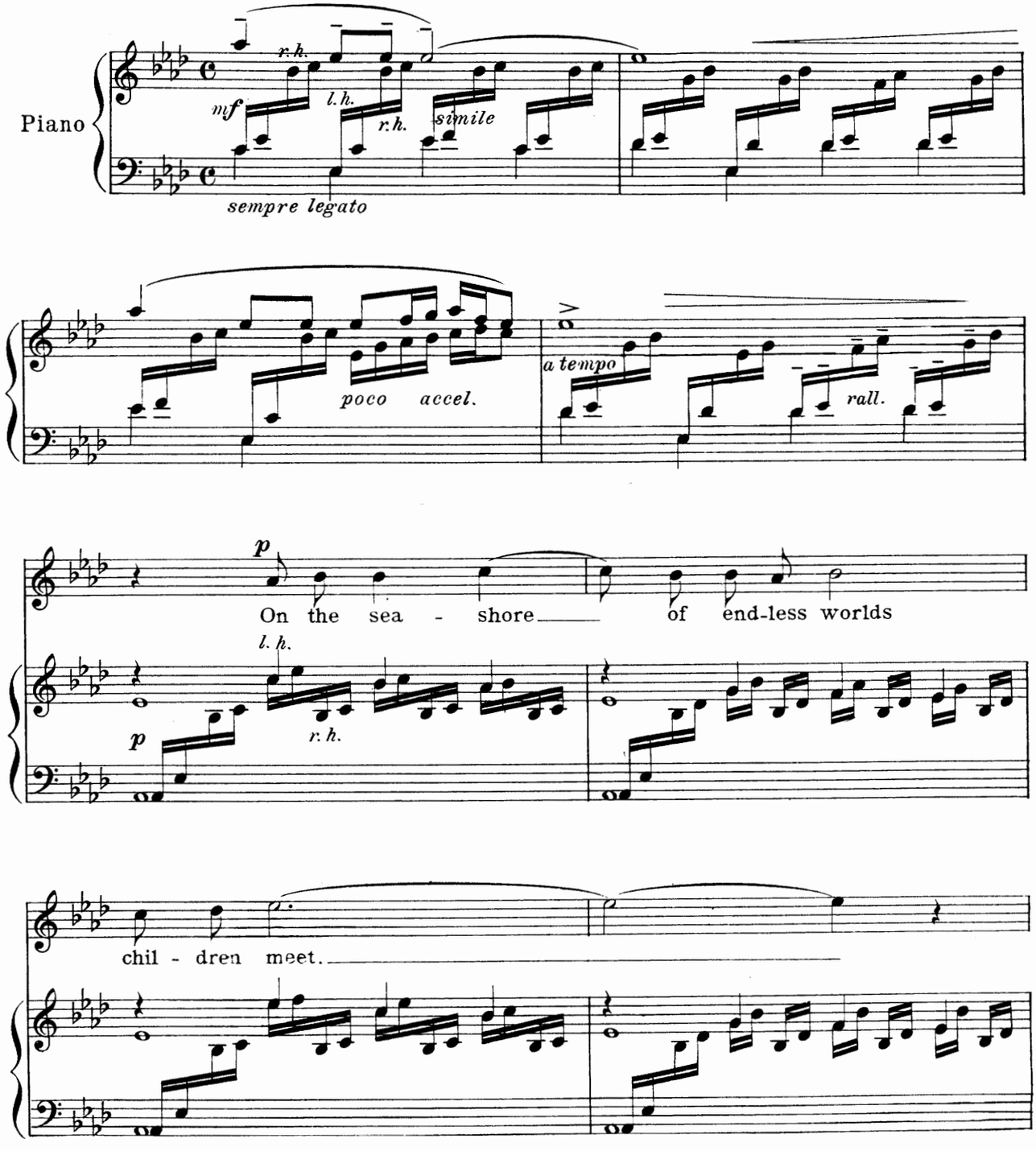
The sea surges up with laughter, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the children, even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea-beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships get wrecked in the trackless water, death is abroad and children play. On the seashore of endless worlds is the great meeting of children.

"On the Seashore of Endless Worlds"

Andantino, con moto grazioso (♩=92)

John Alden Carpenter



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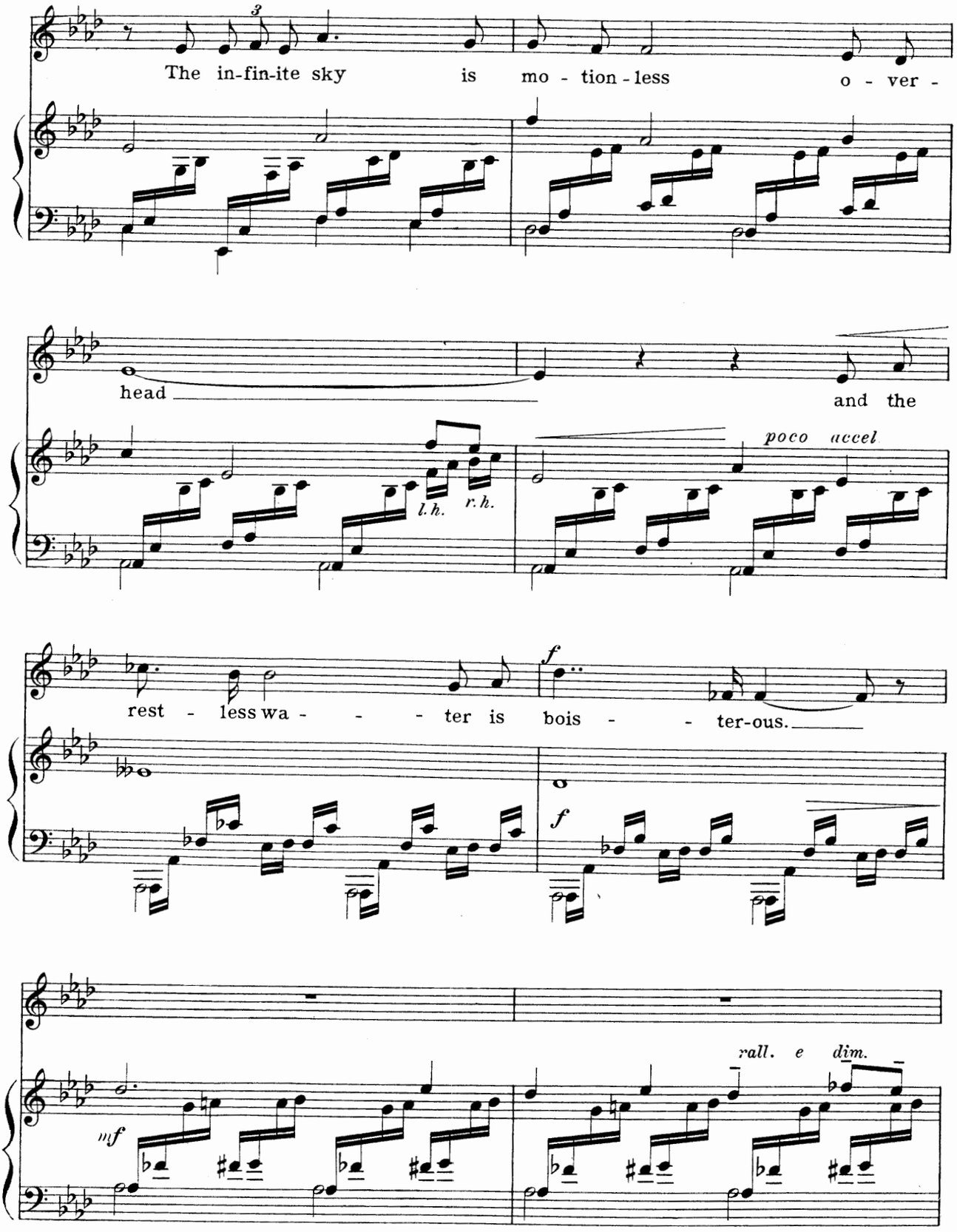
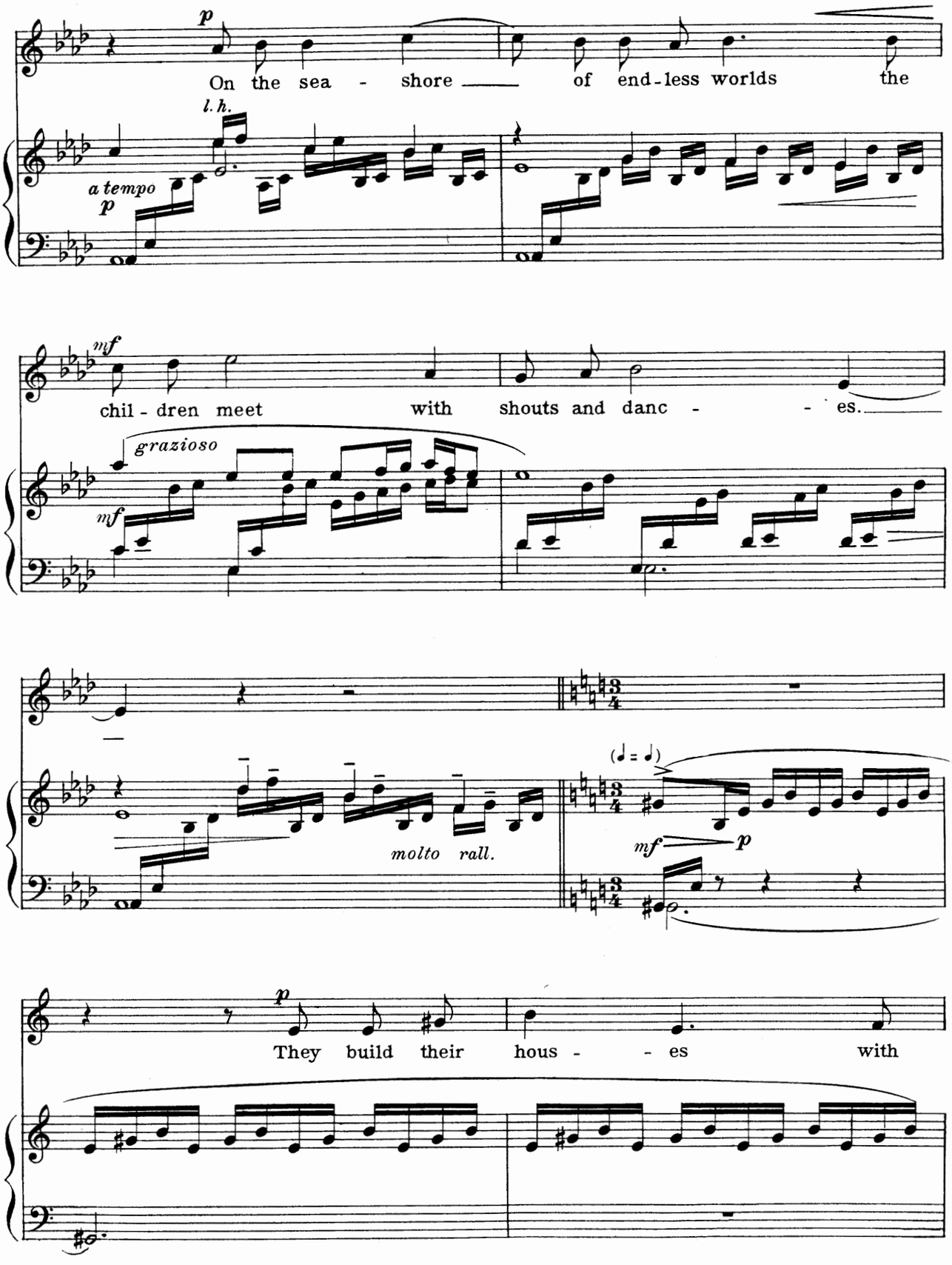
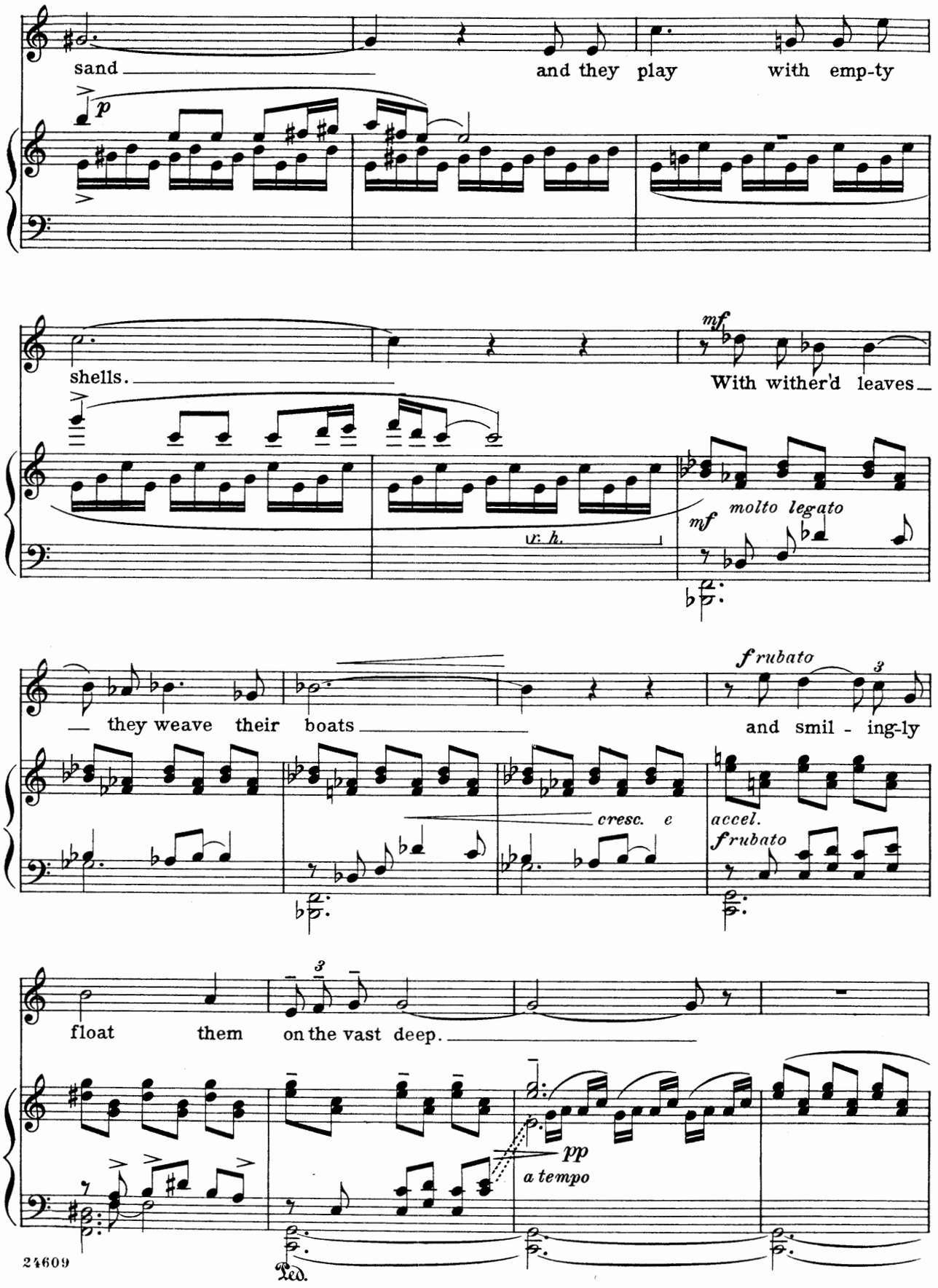
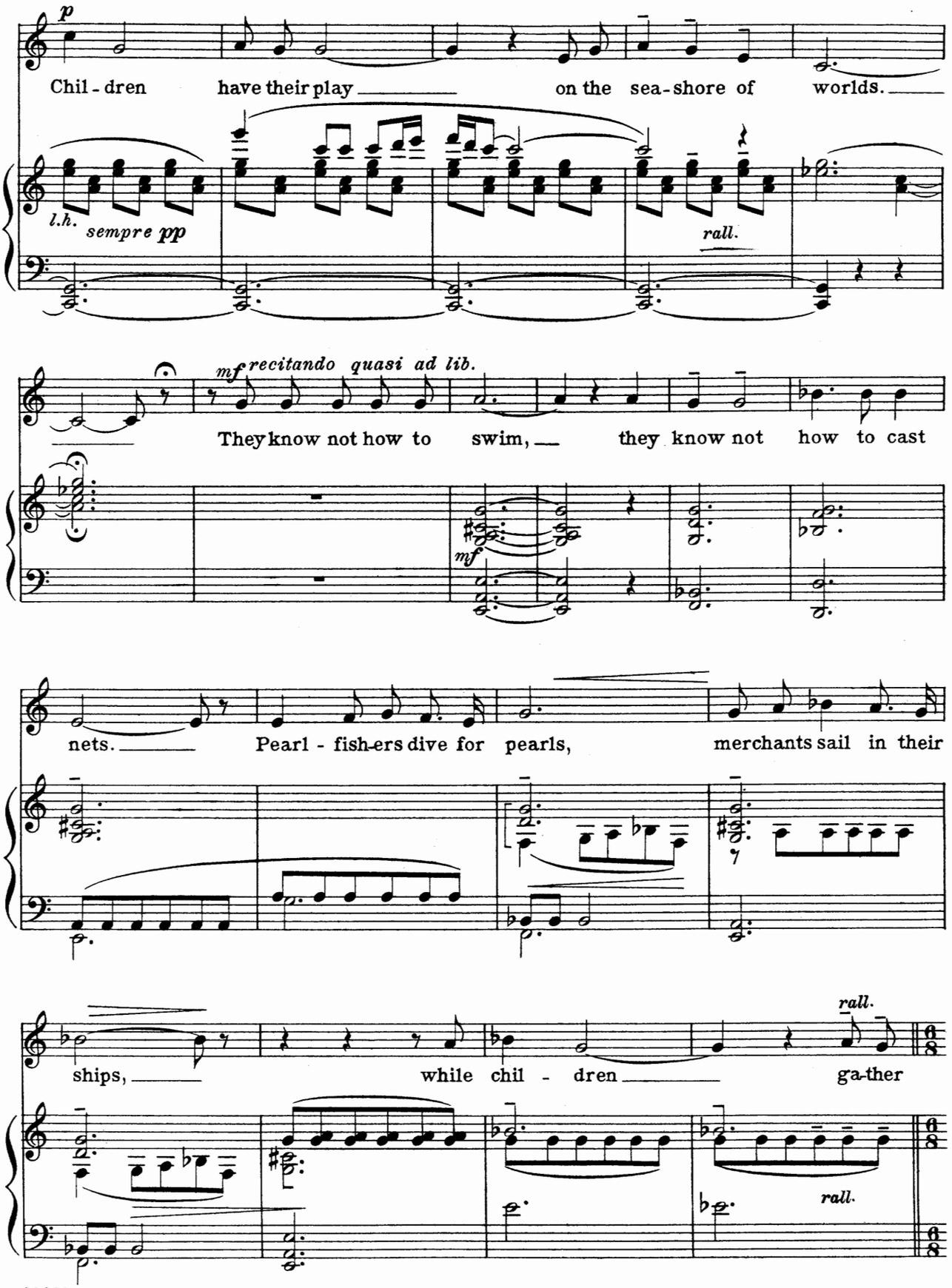

The in-fin-ite sky is mo - tion - less o - ver -
head
and the
l.h.
r.h.
poco accel
rest - less wa - - - ter is bois - - ter-ous.
f
f
mf
rall. e dim.


p
On the sea - shore of end-less worlds the
l. h.
a tempo
p
mf
chil - dren meet with shouts and danc - - es.
grazioso
mf
molto rall.
(♩ = ♩)
mf
p
p
They build their hous - - es with


sand
and they play with emp-ty
p
shells.
With wither'd leaves
mf
molto legato
v. h.
they weave their boats
and smil - ing-ly
f rubato
cresc. e
accel.
f rubato
float them on the vast deep.
pp
a tempo
Ped.


p
Chil - dren have their play on the sea - shore of worlds.
l.h. sempre pp
rall.
mf recitando quasi ad lib.
They know not how to swim, they know not how to cast
mf
nets. Pearl - fish-ers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their
rall.
ships, while chil - dren ga-ther
rall.

p a tempo

peb - bles

mf

and scatter them a - gain.

p a tempo

mf

They seek not for hid - den trea - sures, they

leggiero

know not how to cast nets. The

rall.

Tempo Iº

poco

a

poco

sea surg - es up with

l.h.

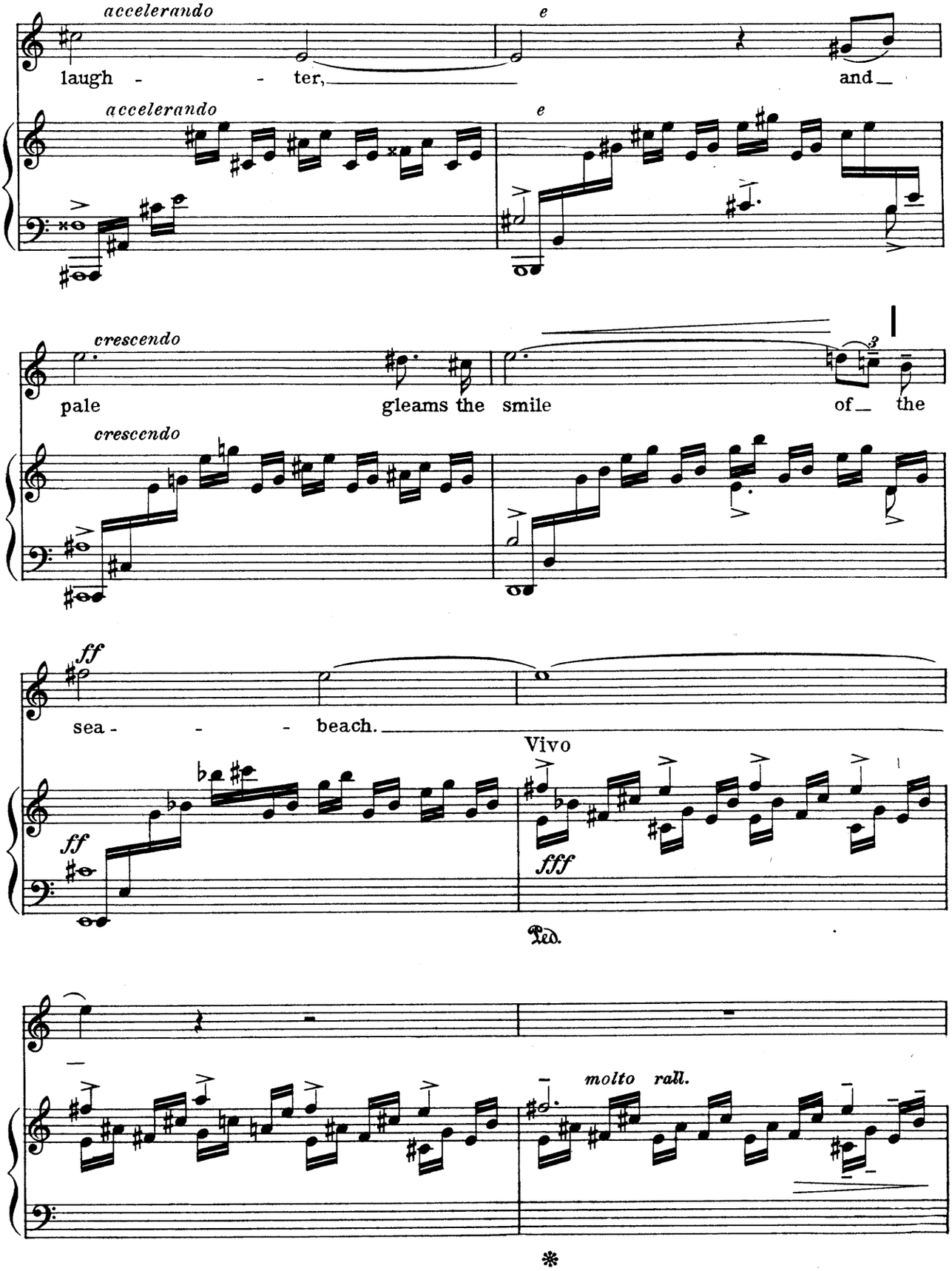
poco

a

poco

mf

r.h.


accelerando
e
laugh - - ter, and
accelerando
e
crescendo
pale gleams the smile of the
crescendo
ff
sea - - - beach.
Vivo
ff
fff
Ped.
molto rall.
*

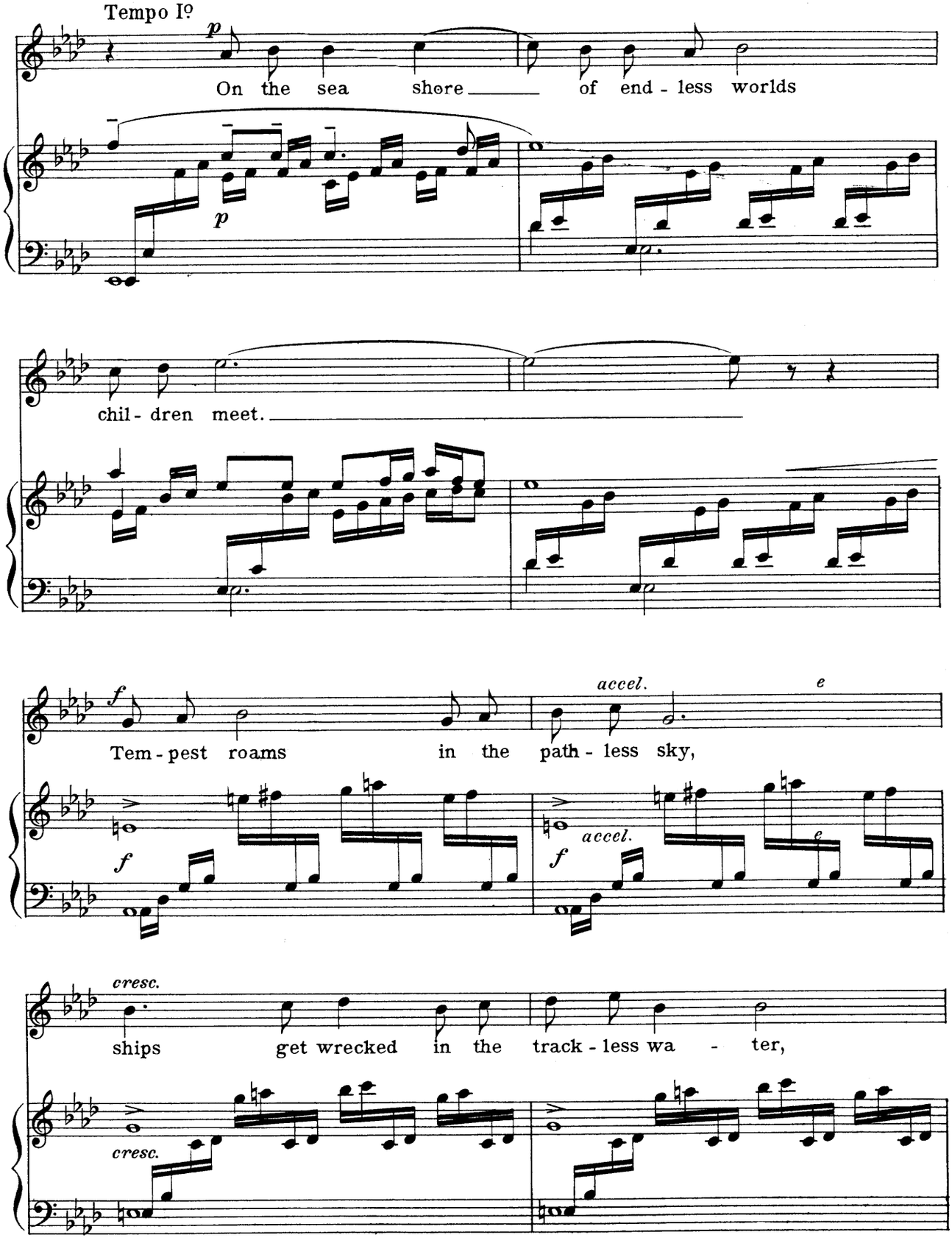
a tempo
f marcato
Death - deal-ing waves sing_ mean - ing-less bal-lads to the
a tempo
f marcato

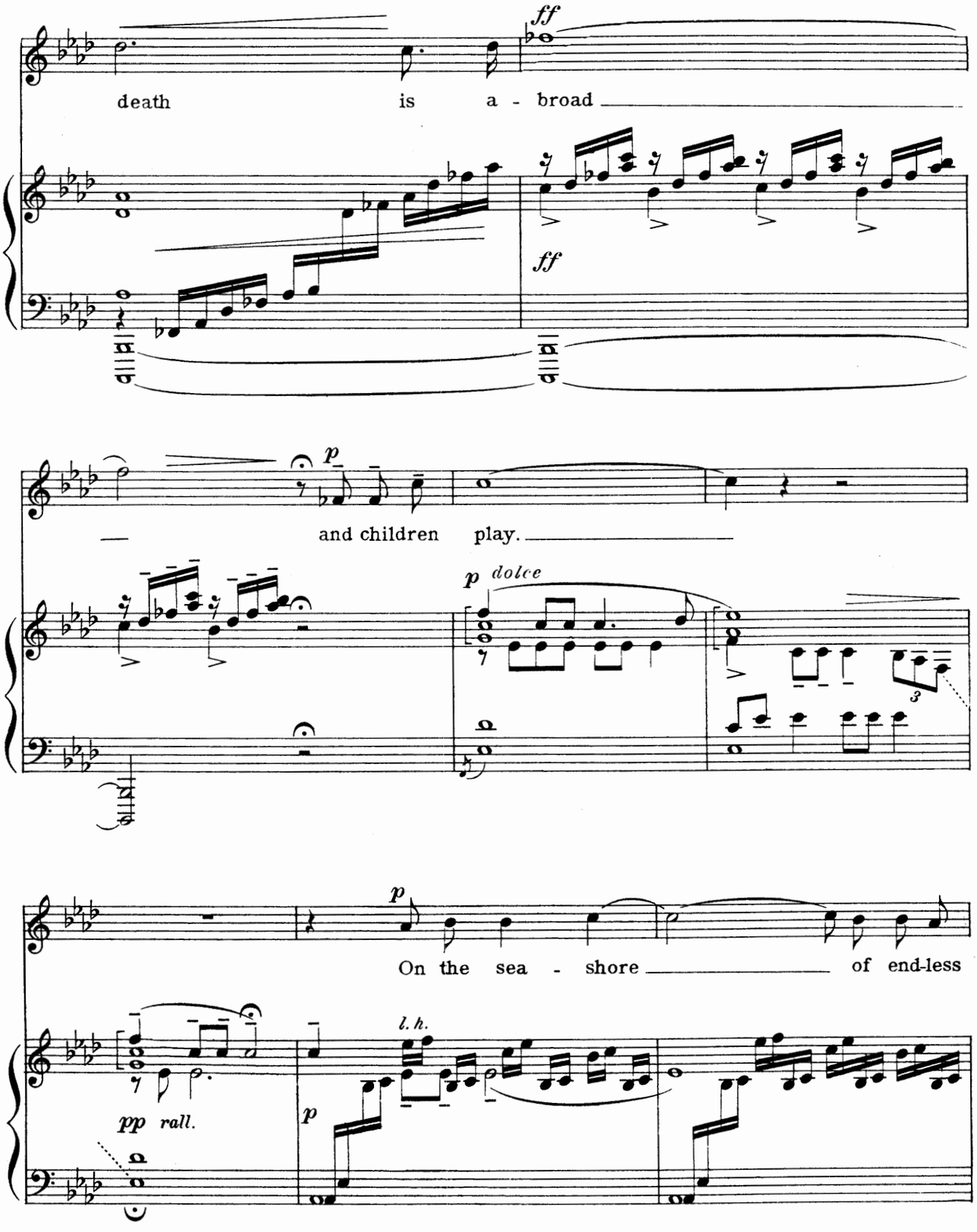
molto più lento e legato
pp dolce
chil - - dren, e - ven like a moth - er while
rall.
pp molto più lento e legato

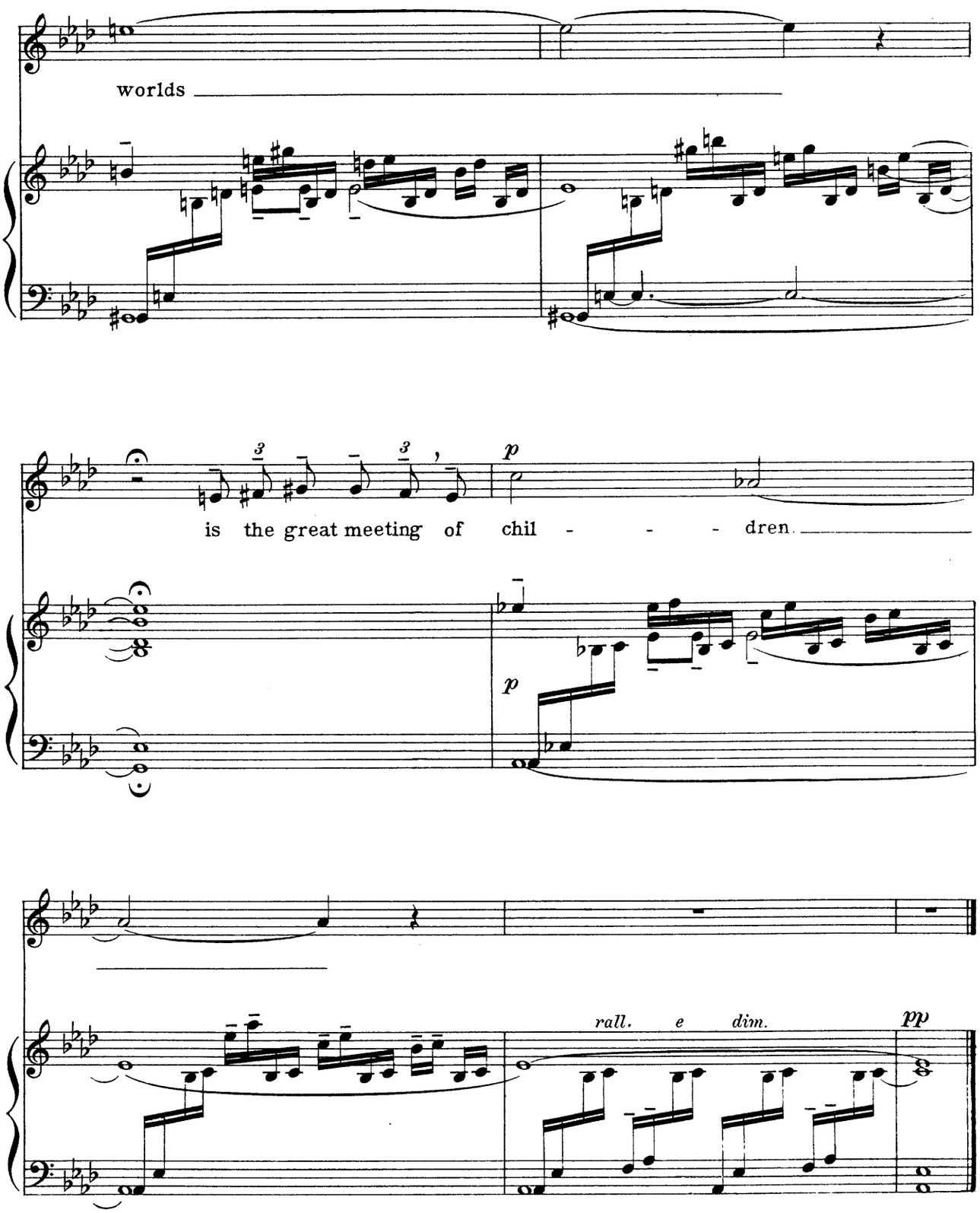
rock - ing her ba - by's_ cra - dle. *p* The sea plays with

più mosso *rall.* *p*
chil-dren, and pale_ gleams the smile of the sea - beach._
più mosso
rall. *p dolce*

Ped.


Tempo Iº
p
On the sea shore of end - less worlds
p
chil - dren meet.
f
accel.
e
Tem - pest roams in the path - less sky,
f
accel.
f
e
cresc.
ships get wrecked in the track - less wa - ter,
cresc.


ff
death is a - broad
ff
p
and children play.
p dolce
3
p
On the sea - shore of end-less
pp rall.
l. h.
p


worlds
p
is the great meeting of chil - - - dren
p
rall. e dim.
pp

57.

LIGHT, my light, the world-filling light, the eye-kissing light, heart-sweetening light!

Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the centre of my life; the light strikes, my darling, the chords of my love; the sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.

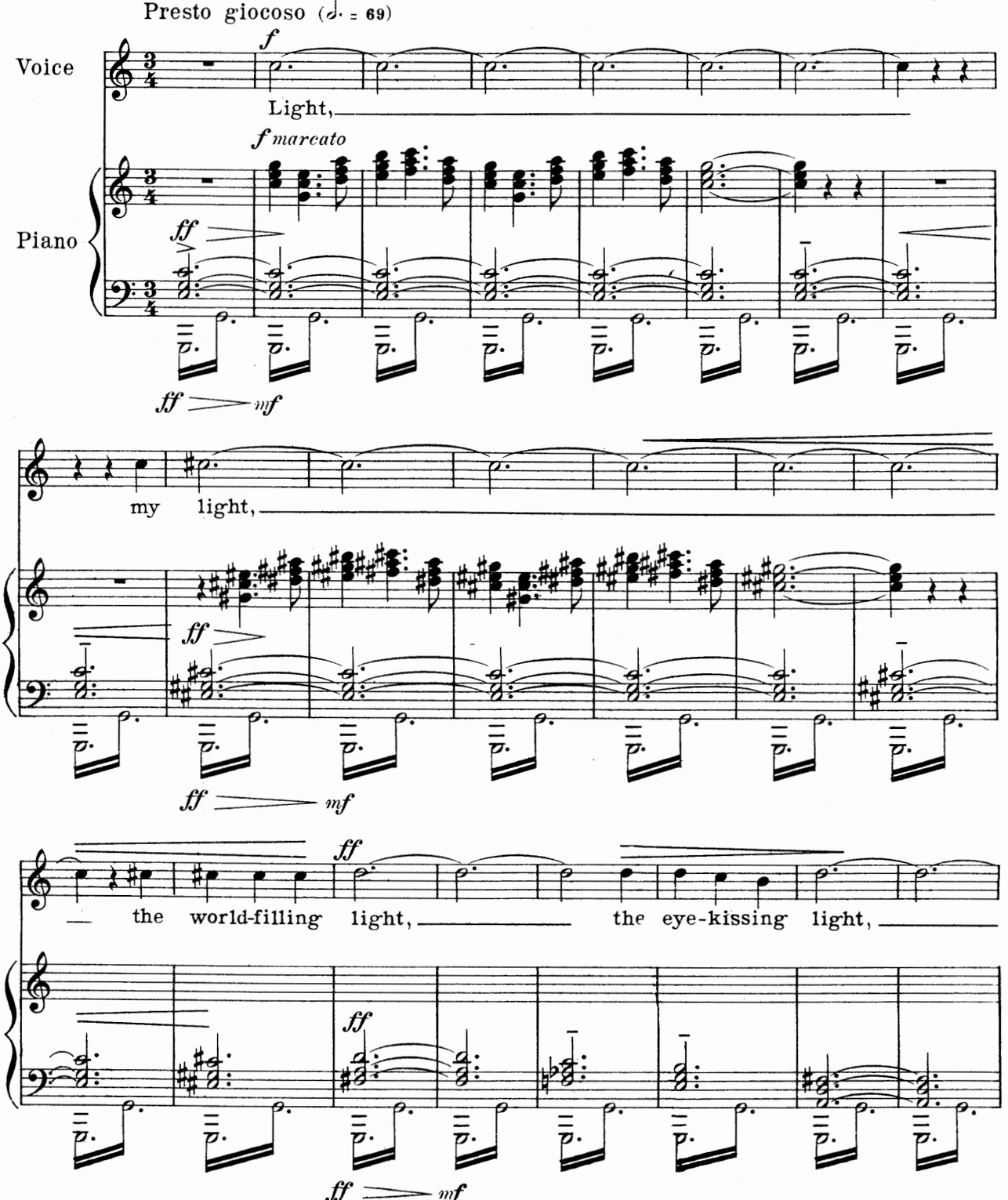
The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light. Lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light.

The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling, and it scatters gems in profusion.

Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness without measure. The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad.

"Light, My Light"

John Alden Carpenter



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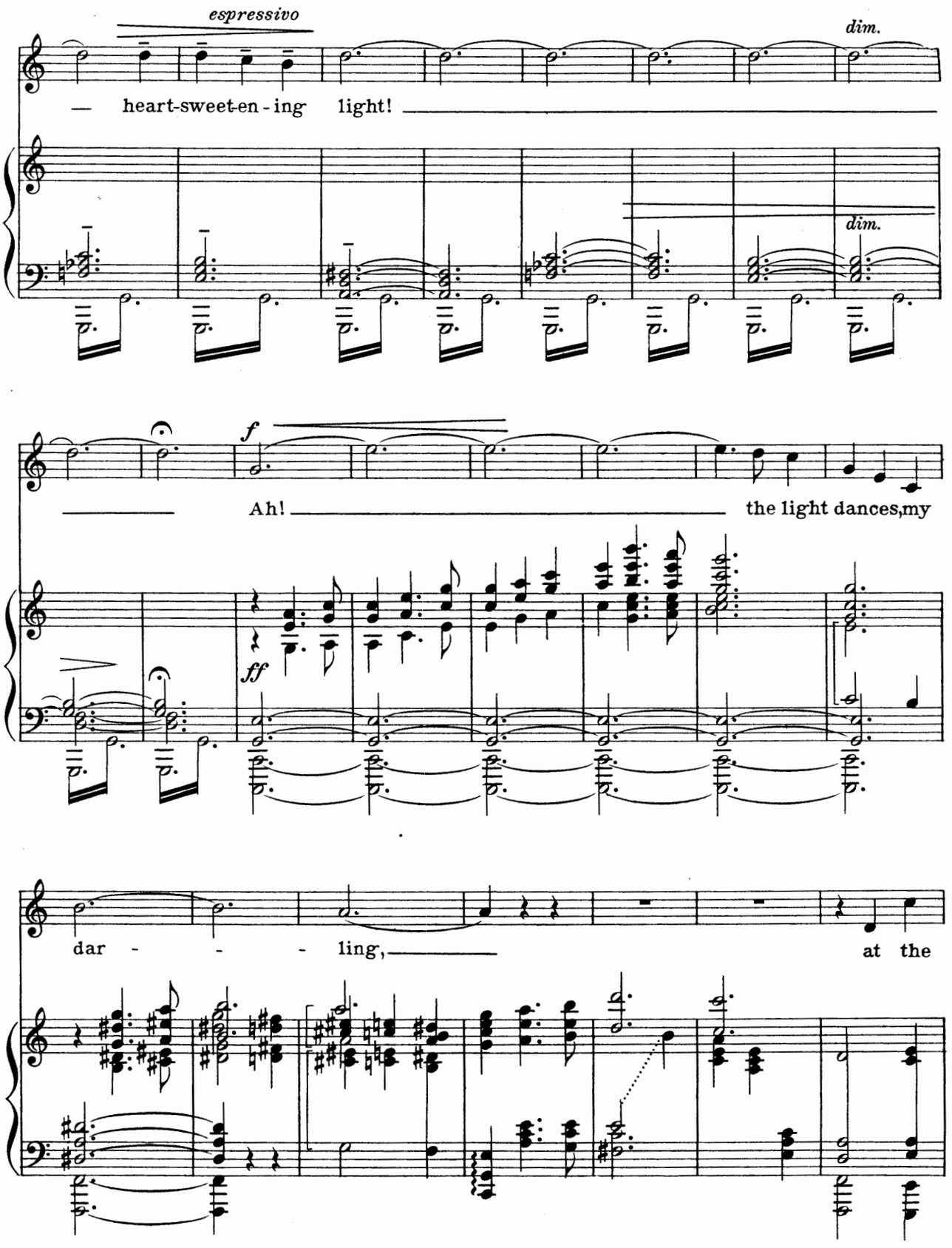
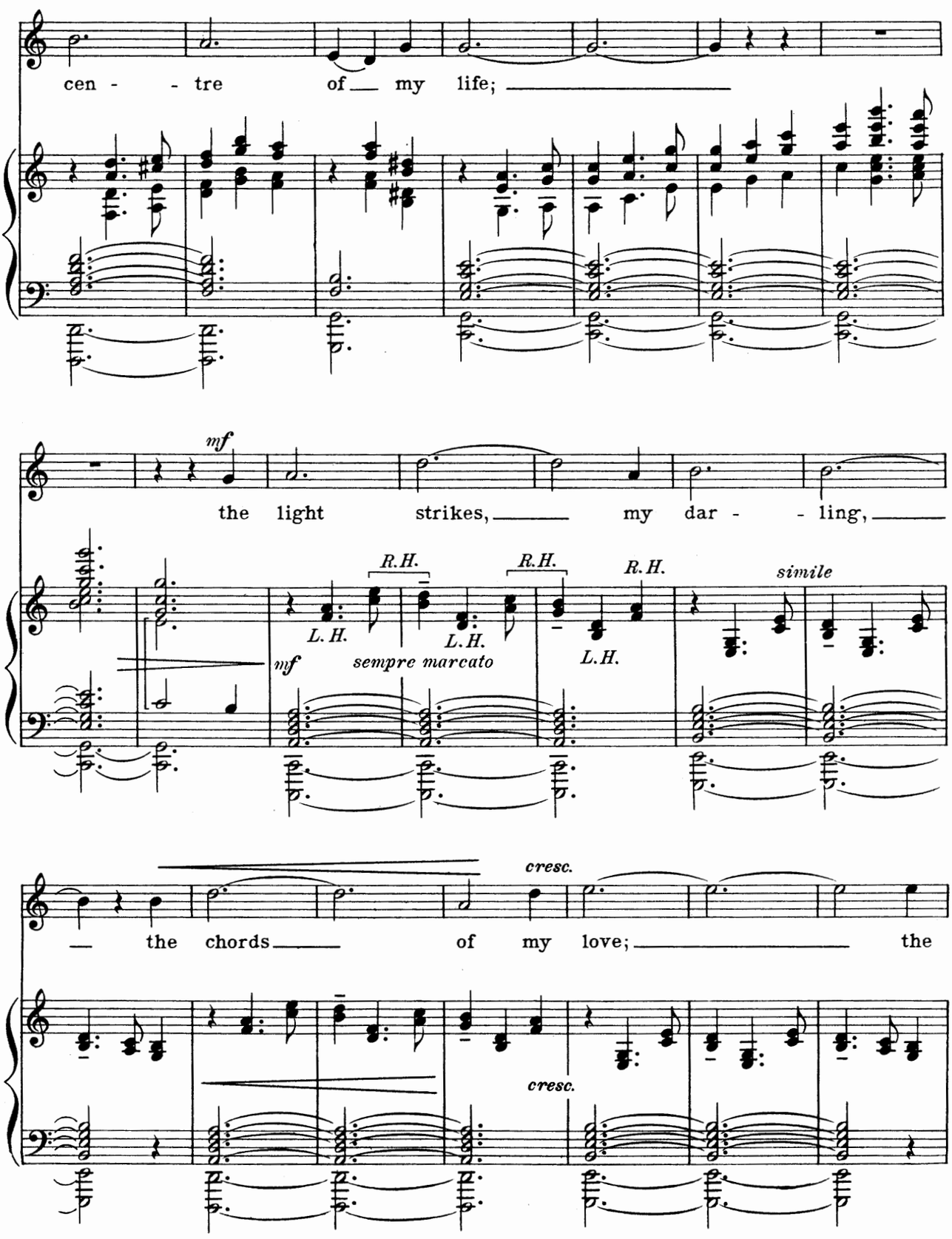
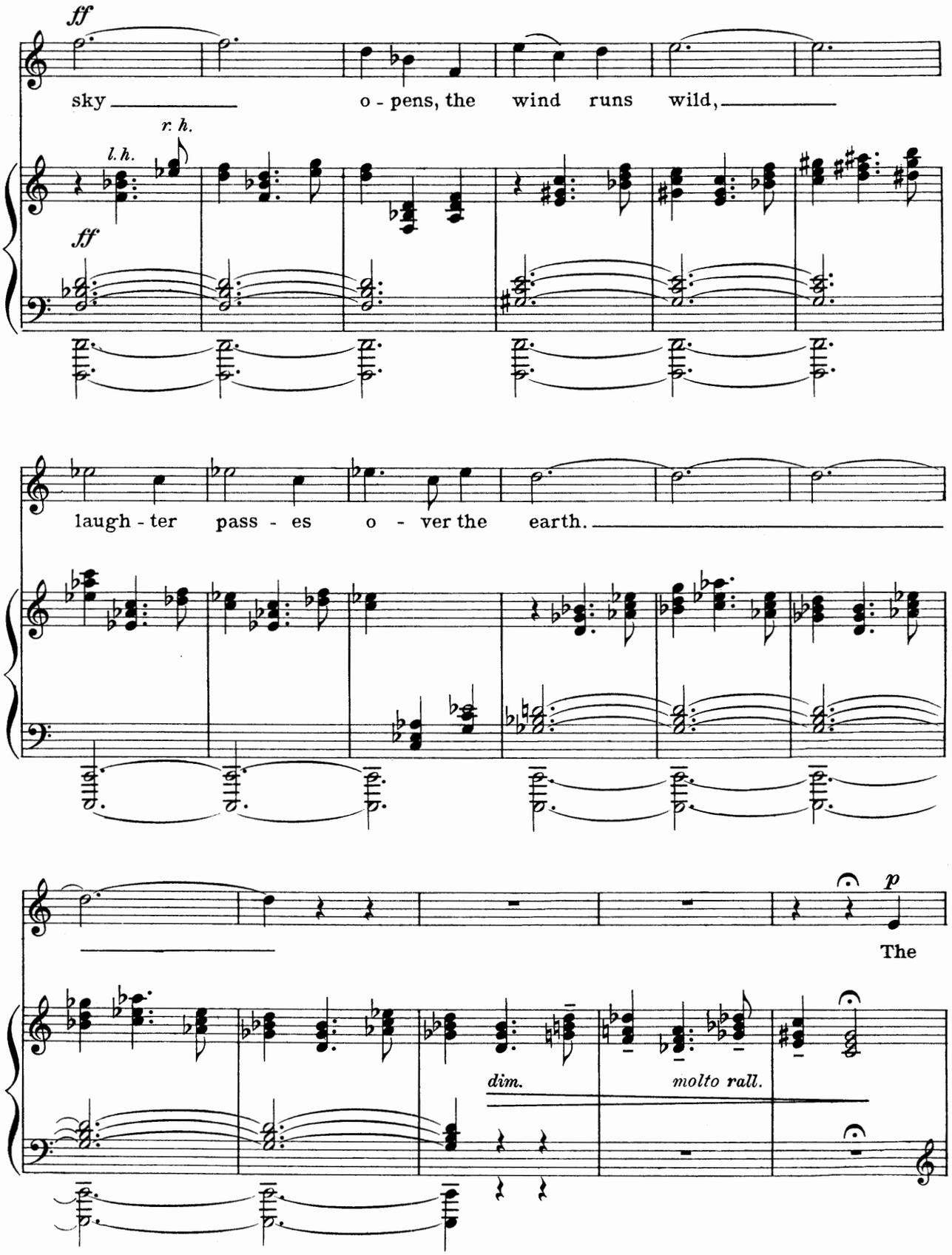
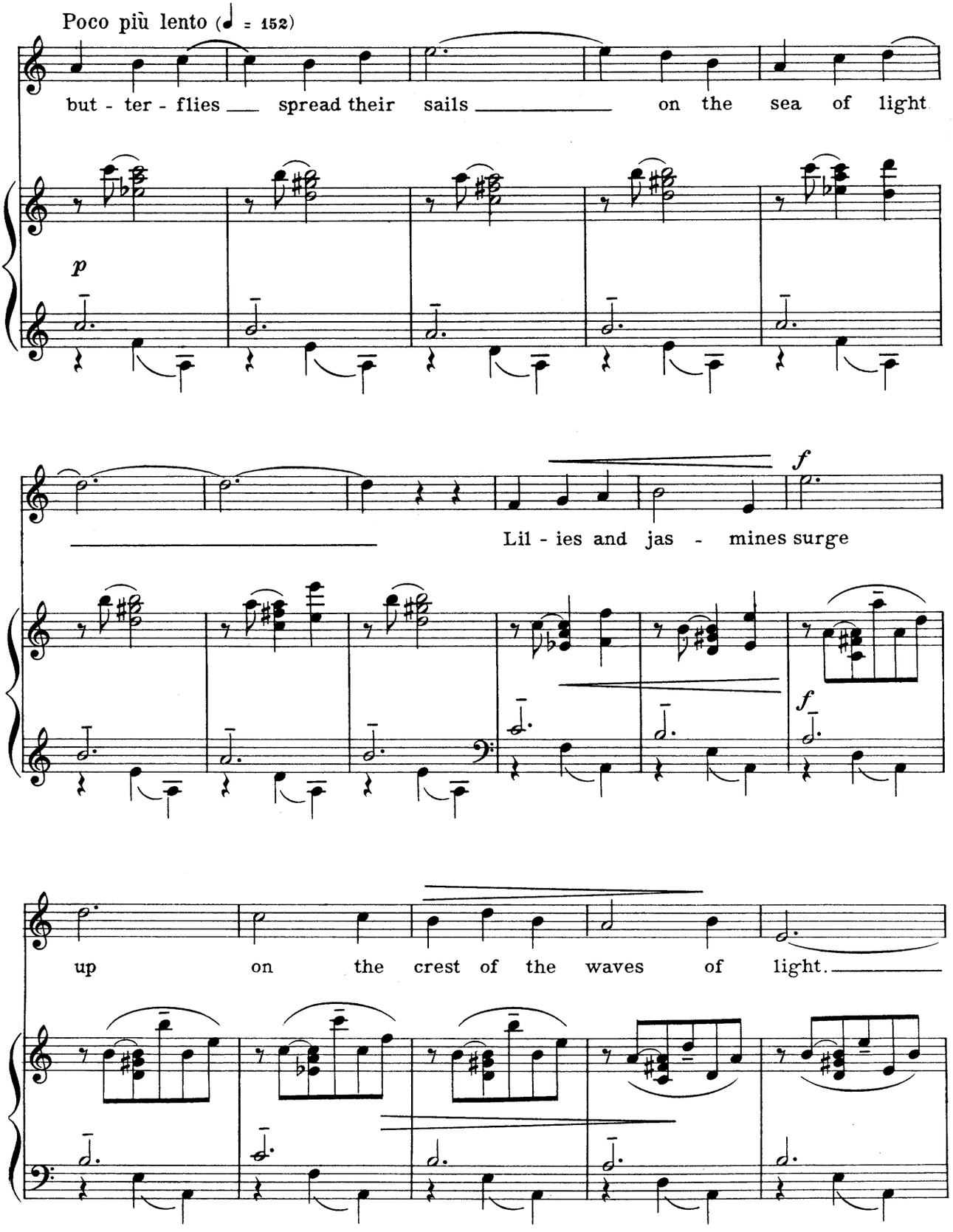
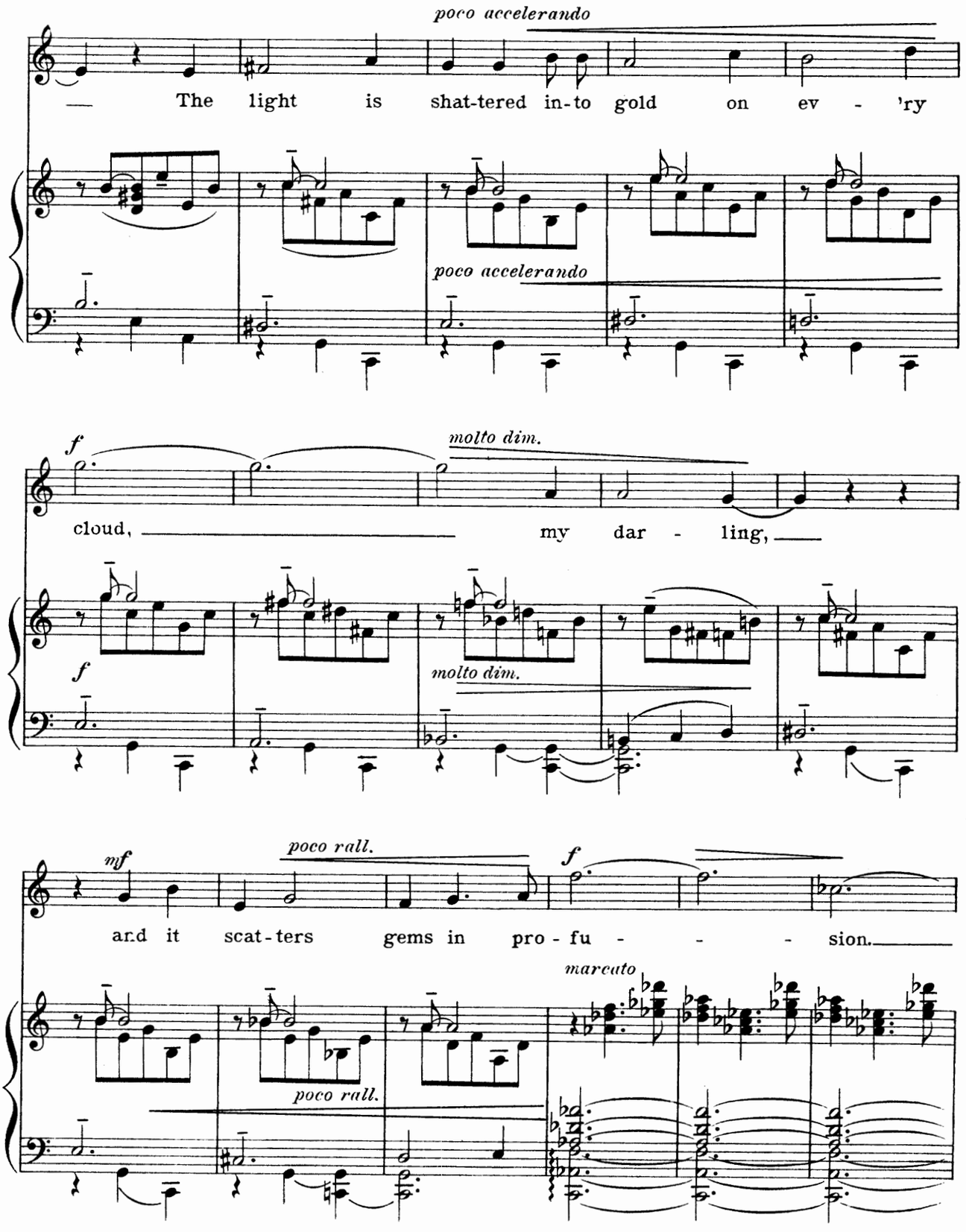

espressivo
dim.
— heart-sweet-en - ing light! —
dim.
f
— Ah! — the light dances, my
ff
dar - - - ling, —
at the


cen - - tre of my life;
mf
the light strikes, my dar - - ling,
R.H.
L.H.
R.H.
L.H.
R.H.
L.H.
simile
mf
sempre marcato
cresc.
the chords of my love; the
cresc.


ff
sky o - pens, the wind runs wild,
r. h.
l. h.
ff
laugh - ter pass - es o - ver the earth.
p
The
dim.
molto rall.


Poco più lento (♩ = 152)
but - ter - flies spread their sails on the sea of light
p
f
Lil - ies and jas - mines surge
f
up on the crest of the waves of light.


poco accelerando
— The light is shat-tered in-to gold on ev - 'ry
poco accelerando
f
molto dim.
cloud, my dar - ling,
f
molto dim.
mf
poco rall.
f
and it scat-ters gems in pro-fu - - - sion.
marcato
poco rall.

Tempo Iº

f

Mirth spreads from

poco rall. *f a tempo*

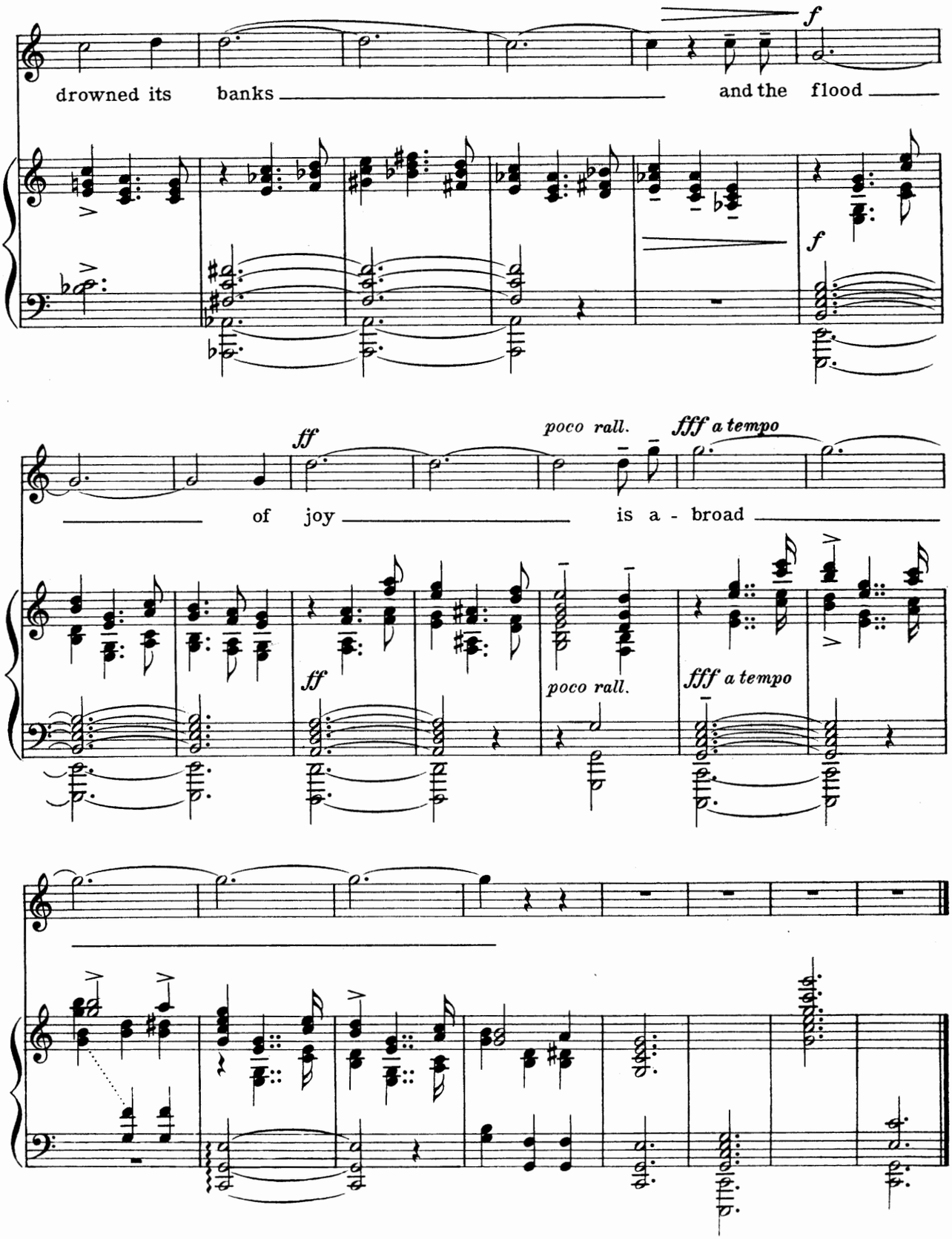
f

leaf to leaf, my dar - ling, and glad - ness with - out

ff

mea sure. The heav-ens riv - er has

ff


drowned its banks and the flood
f
f
ff
poco rall.
fff a tempo
of joy is a - broad
ff
poco rall.
fff a tempo

13.

THE song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day. I have spent my days in stringing and unstringing my instrument.

The time has not come true, the words have not been rightly set; only there is the agony of wishing in my heart.

WATERCOLORS—Four Chinese Tone Poems

"On a Screen"

Poem by Li-Po
A. D. 705-762
Translated by Herbert A. Giles
Publ. by Bernard Quaritch, London

John Alden Carpenter
April 30th, 1916

Larghetto (♩ = 88)

Voice: A tor - toise I see — on a lo-tus-flow-er rest - - ing, — A bird — 'mid the reeds and the rush - es is nest - ing.

Piano

rall.

Molto più lento

p espressivo

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"The Odalisque"

Poem by Yü-hsi
A. D. 772-842
Translated by Herbert A. Giles

John Alden Carpenter
January 10th, 1916

Grazioso (♩ = 126)

Voice: A gai - ly dressed dam - sel steps forth from her bow'r, — Be - wail - ing be -

Piano

rall.

Poco più lento (♩ = 100)

mf leggiero

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"Highwaymen"

Poem by Li-Shê
9th Century A. D.
Translated by Herbert A. Giles

John Alden Carpenter
May 7th, 1916

Largo (♩ = 88)

Voice: The rain - y mist — sweeps gen-tly o'er the vil-lage by the stream,

Piano

dim.

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"To a Young Gentleman"

Poem from "National Odes of China"
Collected by Confucius
B. C. 551-479
Translated by Herbert A. Giles

John Alden Carpenter
January 5th, 1916

Vivo, giocoso (♩ = 138)

Voice: Don't come in, sir, please! — Don't break my wil-low-trees!

Piano

m.s. m.d.

rall.

a tempo

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Compositions of
JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER

Published by G. Schirmer - New York

Songs

Berceuse de guerre. Poem by Émile Cammaerts. Medium, D♭

Bid me to live. Poem by Robert Herrick. e. f. Medium, D♭

The Cock shall crow. DITTY. Poem by Robert Louis Stevenson. Medium, A

A Cradle song. Poem by William Blake. Medium, A♭

The Day is no more. From Rabindranath Tagore "Gitanjali." Medium, B

Don't ceäre. Poem by William Barnes. Medium, F

Fog wraiths. Poem by Mildred Howells. Medium, G

Four poems by Paul Verlaine:

No. 1. Chanson d'automne. Low, B m.
No. 2. Le ciel. High or Medium, B
No. 3. Dansons la gigue! Medium, D
No. 4. Il pleure dans mon cœur. Medium, D m.

Go, lovely rose. Poem by Edmund Waller. Medium, D♭

The Green river. Poem by A. D. Medium, B

Her voice. Poem by Oscar Wilde. Low, E♭

The Home road. Words by the composer. Medium, E♭

Khaki Sammy. Words by the composer. Medium, C

The Lawd is smilin' through the do'. Medium, E

Little fly. Poem by William Blake. Medium, D♭

Looking-glass river. Poem by Robert Louis Stevenson. Medium, D

The Player queen. Song from an unfinished play by W. B. Yeats. Medium, E♭ m.

Les silhouettes. Poem by Oscar Wilde. Medium, E♭

To one unknown. Words by Helen Dudley. Low, B m.

Treat me nice. Words by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. Medium, D

Wull ye come in eärly Spring. Poem by William Barnes. Medium, E

Song Cycles

Gitanjali (Song-offerings): *1. When I bring to you colour'd toys. 2. On the day when death will knock at thy door. 3. The sleep that flits on baby's eyes. 4. I am like a remnant of a cloud of autumn. 5. On the seashore of endless worlds. 6. Light, my light.* Words by Rabindranath Tagore.

Improving songs for anxious children. Words, music and pictures by John and Rue Carpenter

Watercolors. Four Chinese tone poems. Translations by Herbert A. Giles. *1. On a scre[illegible]*
2. The Odalisque. 3. Highwaymen. 4. To a young gentleman.

Piano Compositions

Impromptu
Little dancer
Little Indian
Polonaise Américaine

Concertino for 2 pianos—4 hands

Violin and Piano

Sonata in G

Symphony Orchestra

Adventures in a perambulator

Concertino

(Orchestral parts may be secured from the publisher)

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