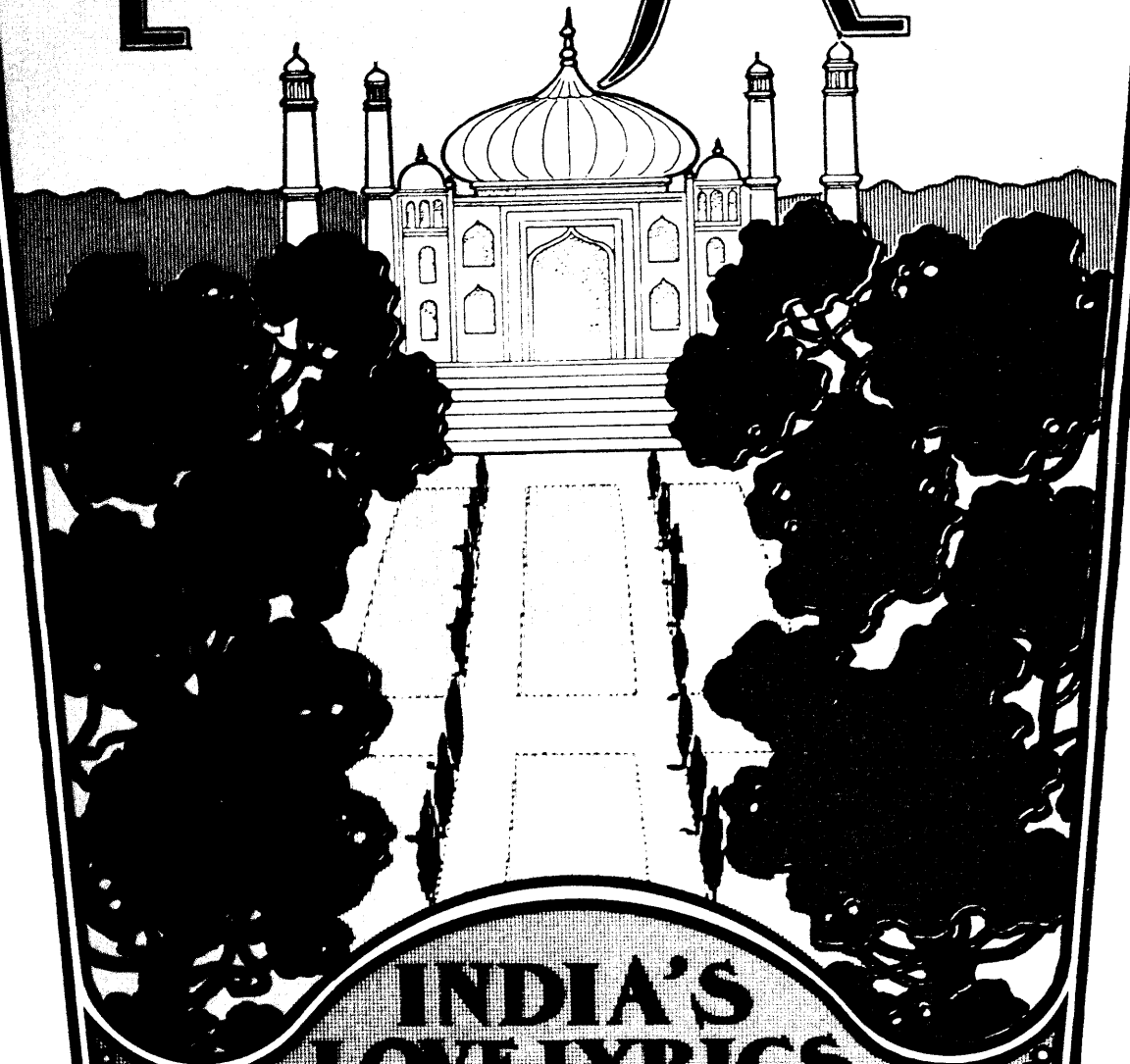
The Garden of Kama



INDIA'S LOVE LYRICS

By Laurence Hope.

The Music composed by

HENRY B. VINCENT.

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY

83514

"What should you know of him, or words of his?—
But all the songs he sang were sung for you."

THE GARDEN OF KAMA

A Song Cycle

For Four Solo Voices.

Soprano, Contralto, Tenor *and* Baritone
—with Piano forte accompaniment.

The Words selected from
INDIA'S LOVE LYRICS
By
LAURENCE HOPE,
(By permission of John Lane, New York.

The Music composed by
HENRY B. VINCENT.

M
1621.4
V77

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
Cincinnati, Chicago, New York, Leipsic, London.

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The Garden of Kama

KAMA, THE INDIAN GOD OF LOVE

PROLOGUE

Baritone Solo and Quartet

Out of the joy of your marriage feast,
Oh, brothers, be good to me.
The way is long, and the Shrine is far,
Where my weary feet would be.
And feasting is always somewhat sad
To those outside the door—
Still; Love is only a dream, and Life
Itself is hardly more!

"The Garden by the Bridge"—

Tenor Solo

The Desert sands are heated, parched and dreary,
The tigers rend alive their quivering prey;
* * * Here the kites rise weary
Too gorged with living food to fly away.

All night the hungry jackals howl together
Over the carrion in the river bed.
Or seize some small soft thing of fur or feather
Whose dying shrieks on the night air are shed.

I hear from yonder Temple in the distance,
Whose roof with * * * carven Gods is piled,
Reiterated with a sad insistence,
Sobs of, perhaps, some immolated child.

THE GARDEN OF KAMA

Strange rites here, where the archway's shade is deeper,
  Are consummated in the river bed;
Parias steal the rotten railway sleeper
  To burn the bodies of their cholera dead.

But yet their lust, their hunger, can not shame them
  Goaded by fierce desire, that flays and stings;
Poor beasts, and poorer men. Nay, who shall blame them?
  Blame the Inherent Cruelty of Things.

The world is horrible and I am lonely,
  Let me rest here where yellow roses bloom
And find forgetfulness, remembering only
  Your face beside me in the scented gloom.

I am so weary of the Curse of Living
  The endless, aimless torture, tumult, fears—
* * * * * *
  * * * * * *

Ah, give me here beneath the trees in flower,
  Beside the river where the fire-flies pass,
One little dusky, all consoling hour,
  Lost in the shadow of the long grown grass.

You walk thro' life, unheeding all the sorrow,
  The fear and pain set close around your way,
Meeting with hopeful eyes each gay to-morrow,
  Living with joy each hour of glad to-day.

Give me, oh you whose arms are soft and slender,
  Whose eyes are nothing but one long caress,
Against your heart, so innocent and tender,
  A little Love and some Forgetfulness.

"Oh, Silver Stars"—

Baritone Solo

Oh, Silver Stars that shine on what I love,
  Touch the soft hair and sparkle in the eyes,—
Send, from your calm serenity above,
  Sleep to whom, sleepless, here, despairing lies.

* * * * * * *

Far in the hillside camp in slumber lies
  What my worn eyes worship but never see.
Happier stars! Your myriad silver eyes
  Feast on the quiet face denied to me.

* * * * * * *

And ere the sunshine of the Desert jars
  My sense with sorrow and another day,
Through your soft Magic, oh, my Silver Stars!
  Turn sleep to Death, in some mysterious way.

"The Starlight"—

Quartet

O beautiful Stars, when you see me go
  Hither and thither in search of love.
Do you think me faithless, who gleam and glow
  Serene and fixed in the blue above?
O stars, so golden, it is not so.

Hither and thither I wandering go,
  With aimless haste and wearying fret
In a search for pleasure and love? Not so.
  Seeking desperately to forget.
You see so many, O stars, you know.

But there is a garden I dare not see,
  There is a place where I fear to go,
Since the charm and glory of life to me
  The brown earth covered there, long ago,
O stars, you saw it—you know, you know.

"Love Lightly"—

Soprano Solo

There were Roses in the hedges, and Sunshine in the sky,
Red Lilies in the sedges, where the water rippled by,
A thousand Bulbuls singing—oh, how jubilant they were—
And a thousand flowers flinging all their sweetness on the air.

But you, who sat beside me, had a shadow in your eyes,
Their sadness seemed to chide me when I gave you scant replies;
You asked, "Did I remember," and "When had I ceased to care?"
In vain you fanned the ember, for the love flame was not there.

* * * * * * * *

But half love is a treason, that no lover can forgive,
I had loved you for a season, I had no more to give.
You saw my passion faltered, for I could but let you see,
And it was not I that altered, but Fate that altered me.

And so, since I am tired of love, I ask you to forget,
What is the use you caring—now that I no longer care—
When Love is dead, his Memory can only bring regret;
Forget me, oh, forget me, and my flower-scented hair!

"No Rival Like the Past"—

Contralto Recitative

As those who eat a Luscious Fruit, sunbaked,
  Full of sweet juice, with zest, until they find
It finished, and their appetite unslaked,
  And so return and eat the pared-off rind;—

We, who in Youth, set white and careless teeth
  In the Ripe Fruits of Pleasure while they last,
Later, creep back to gnaw the cast-off sheath,
  And find there is no Rival like the Past.

"Famine Song"—

Quartet

Death and Famine on every side
  And never a sign of rain;
The bones of those who have starved and died
  Unburied upon the plain.
What care have I that the bones bleach white?
  To-morrow they may be mine,
But I shall be with you to-night†
  And drink your lips like wine!

Cholera, Riot, and Sudden Death,
  And the brave red blood set free,
The glazing eye and the failing breath,—
  But what are these things to me?
Your breath is quick and your eyes are bright,
  And your blood is red like wine,
And I shall be with you to-night†
  And hold your lips with mine!

I hear the sound of a thousand tears,
  Like softly pattering rain:
I see the fever, folly, and fears
  Fulfilling man's tale of pain.
But for the moment your star is bright,
  I revel beneath its shine,
For I shall be with you to-night†
  And feel your lips on mine.

* * * * * *

† A slight alteration of the original text.

So on I work, in the blazing sun,
To bury what dead we may,
But glad, oh glad, when the day is done
And the night falls around us grey.
Would those we covered away from sight
Had a rest as sweet as mine!
For I shall be with you to-night†
And drink your lips like wine.

"The Aloe"—

Soprano Solo

My life was like an Aloe flower, beneath an orient sky,
Your sunshine touched it for an hour; it blossomed but to die.
Torn up, cast out, on rubbish heaps where red flames work their will,
Each atom of the Aloe keeps the flower-time fragrance still.

"Poppy Song"—

Tenor Solo

The fields are full of Poppies and the skies are very blue,
By the Temple in the coppice, I wait, Beloved, for you;
The level land is sunny, and the errant air is gay,
With the scent of rose and honey; will you come to me to-day?

The Temple bells are ringing, for the marriage month has come.
I hear the women singing, and the throbbing of the drum.
* * * * * * * *
Oh that we, who have for pleasure so short and scant a stay,
Should waste our summer leisure; will you come to me to-day?

Little Life has got to offer, and little man to lose,
Since to-day Fate deigns to proffer; Oh wherefore, then, refuse
To take this transient hour in the dusky Temple gloom
While the poppies are in flower, and the mangoe trees a-bloom.

† A slight alteration of the original text.

And if Fate remember later, and come to claim her due,
What sorrow will be greater than the Joy I had with you?
For to-day, lit by your laughter, between the crushing years,
I will chance, in the hereafter, eternities of tears.

Till I Wake —

Contralto Solo

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.

To the Hills —

Baritone Solo

'T is eight miles out, and eight miles in,
Just at the break of morn.
'T is ice without and a flame within,
To gain a kiss at dawn!

* * * * * *

Behind us, wrapped in mist and sleep,
The Ruined City lies;
(Although we race, we seem to creep!)
While lighter grow the skies.

* * * * * *

As mile on mile behind us falls,
Till, Oh delight! I see
My Heart's Desire, who softly calls
Across the gloom to me.

* * * * * *

Midwinter grips this lonely land,
  This stony, treeless waste,
Where East, due East, across the sand,
  We fly in fevered haste.

* * * * * *

'T is eight miles out, and eight miles in,
  Just at the break of morn.
'T is ice without and flame within,
  To gain a kiss at dawn!

"Golden Eyes"—

Quartet and Tenor Solo

Oh Amber Eyes, oh Golden Eyes!
  Oh Eyes so softly gay!
Wherein swift fancies fall and rise,
  Grow dark and fade away.
Eyes like a little limpid pool
  That holds a sunset sky,
While on its surface, calm and cool,
  Blue waterlilies lie.

* * * * * *

(*Tenor*)

Oh, you whom I name "Golden Eyes,"
  Perhaps I used to know
Your beauty under other skies
  In lives lived long ago.
Perhaps I rowed with galley slaves,
  Whose labor never ceased,
To bring across Phœnician waves
  Your treasure from the East.

* * * * * *

Perhaps, adrift on desert shores,
  Beside some shipwrecked prow,
I gladly gave my life for yours,
  Would I might give it now!
Or on some sacrificial stone
  Strange Gods we satisfied—
Perhaps you stooped and left a throne
  To kiss me ere I died.

* * * * * *

(Quartet)

Oh Tender Eyes! Oh Wistful Eyes!
  You smiled on me one day,
And all my life, in glad surprise,
  Leapt up and pleaded "Stay!"
Alas! oh cruel, starlike eyes,
  So grave and yet so gay,
You went to lighten other skies,
  Smiled once and passed away.

The way is long and the Shrine is far,
  Where my weary feet would be.
* * * * *
Still; Love is only a dream, and Life
  Itself is hardly more!
Inshallah! Inshallah!

The Garden of Kama.

Feasting is always somewhat sad.

Baritone Solo and Quartet.

*Words from India's Love Lyrics
By LAURENCE HOPE.

Music by
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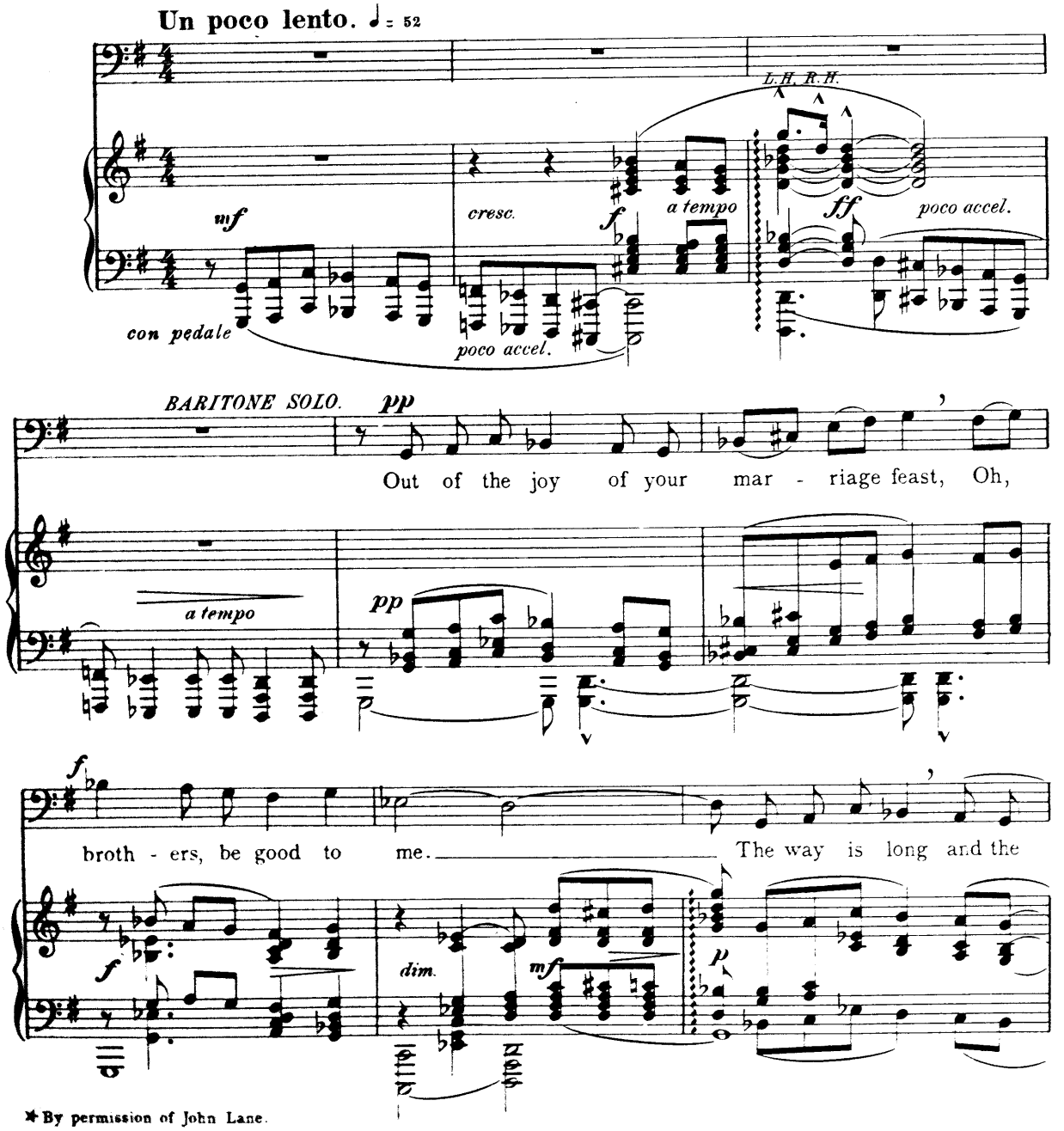

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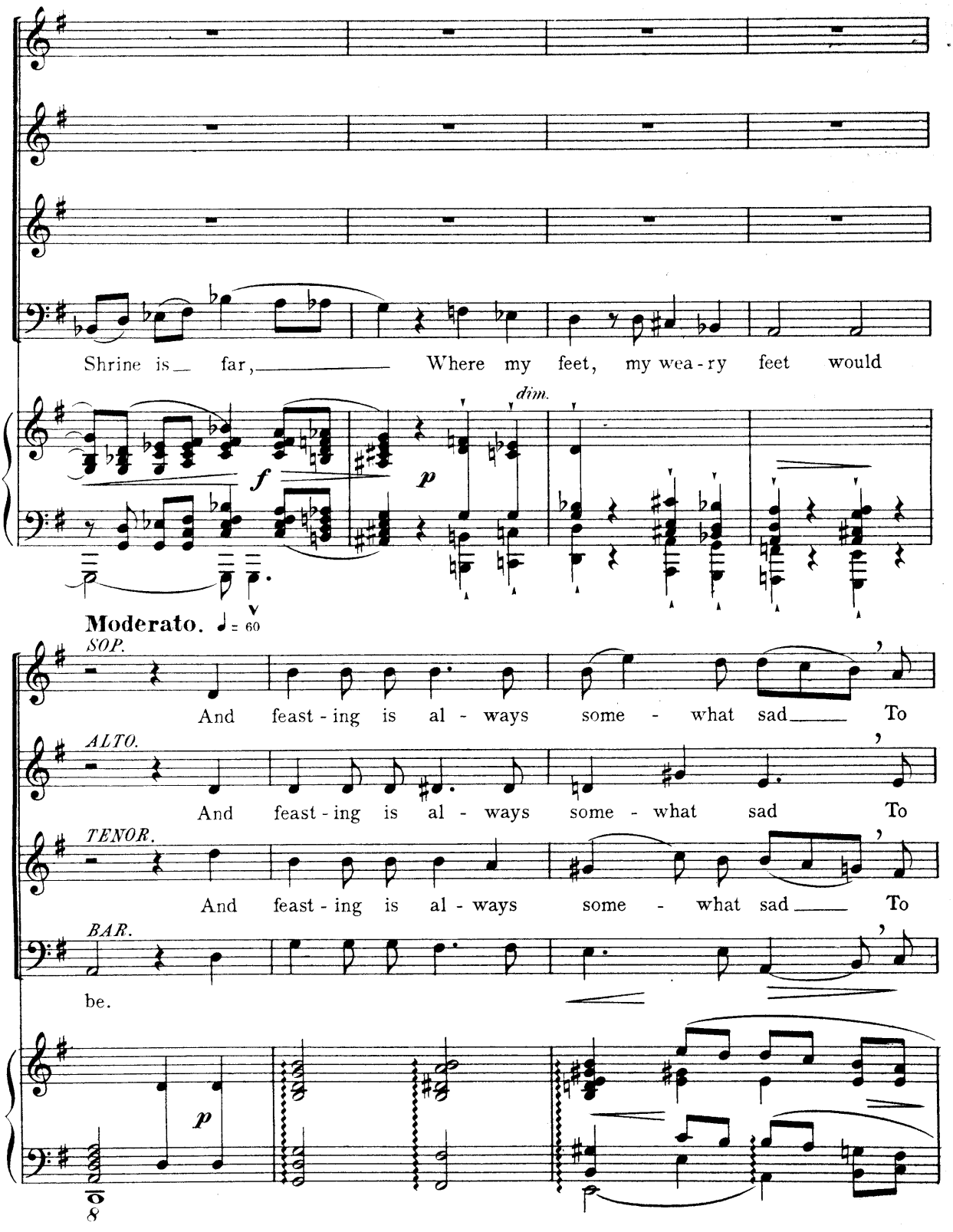
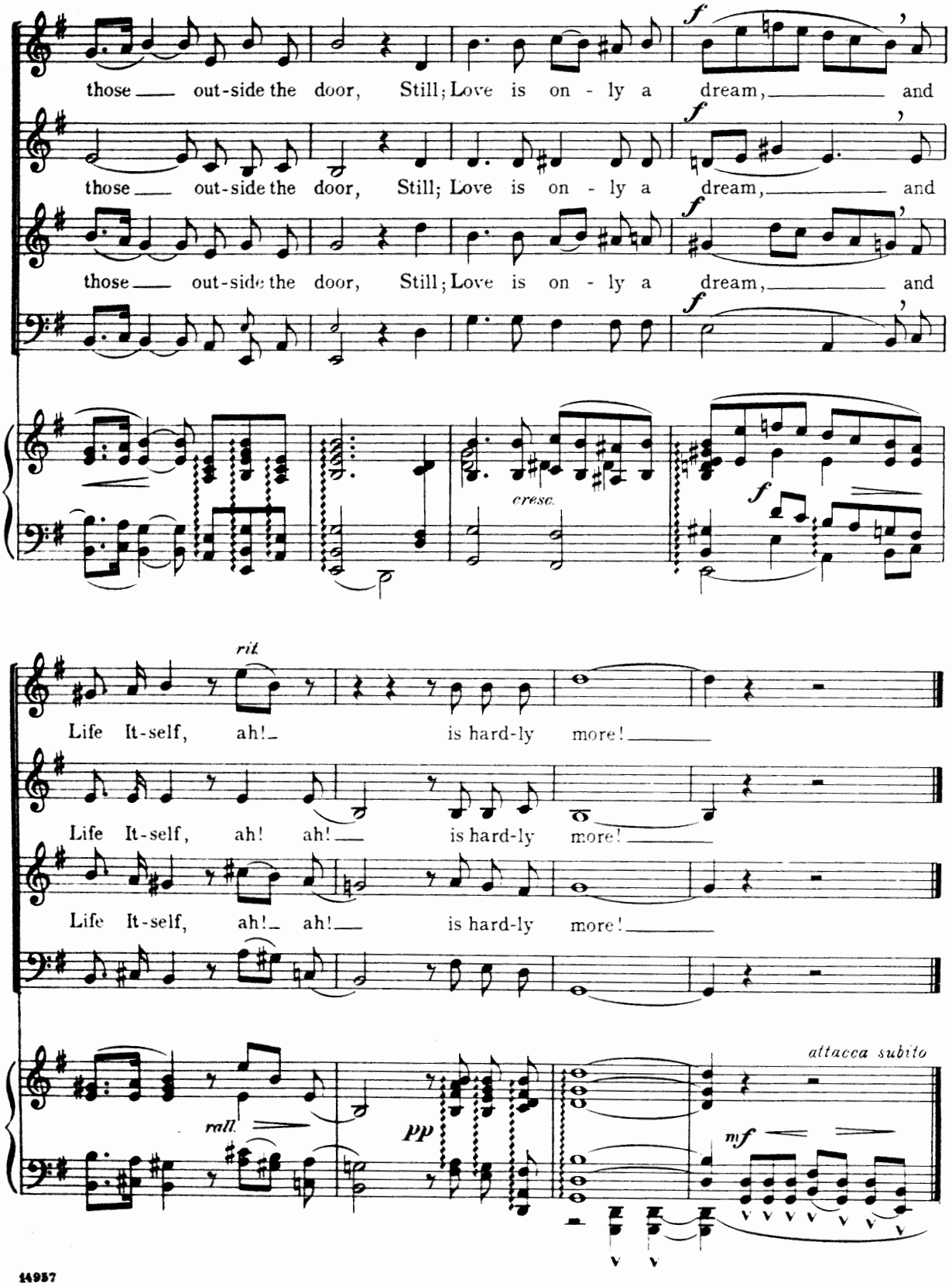
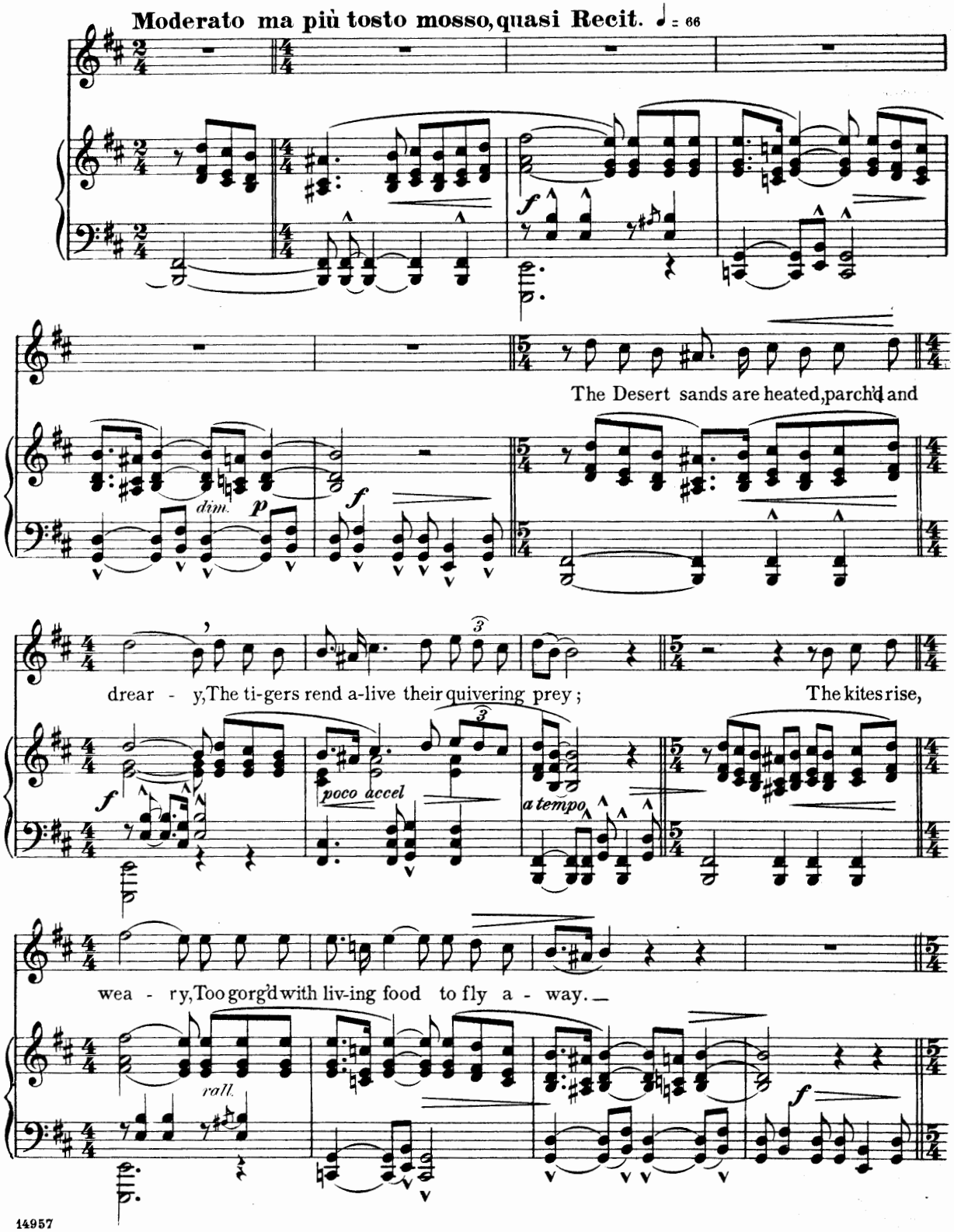
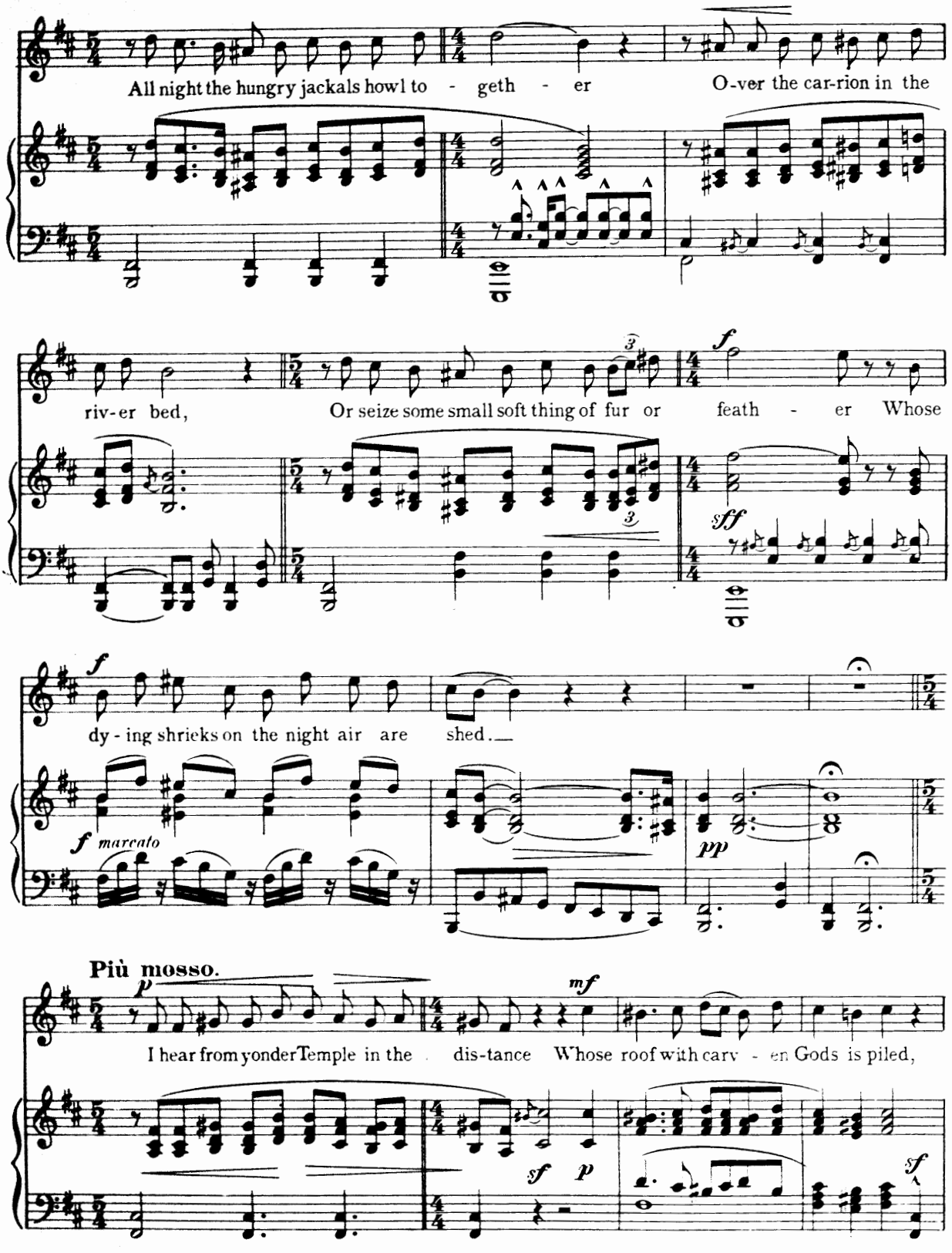

Shrine is far, Where my feet, my wea-ry feet would
dim.
Moderato. ♩ = 60
SOP.
And feast-ing is al-ways some-what sad To
ALTO.
And feast-ing is al-ways some-what sad To
TENOR.
And feast-ing is al-ways some-what sad To
BAR.
be.

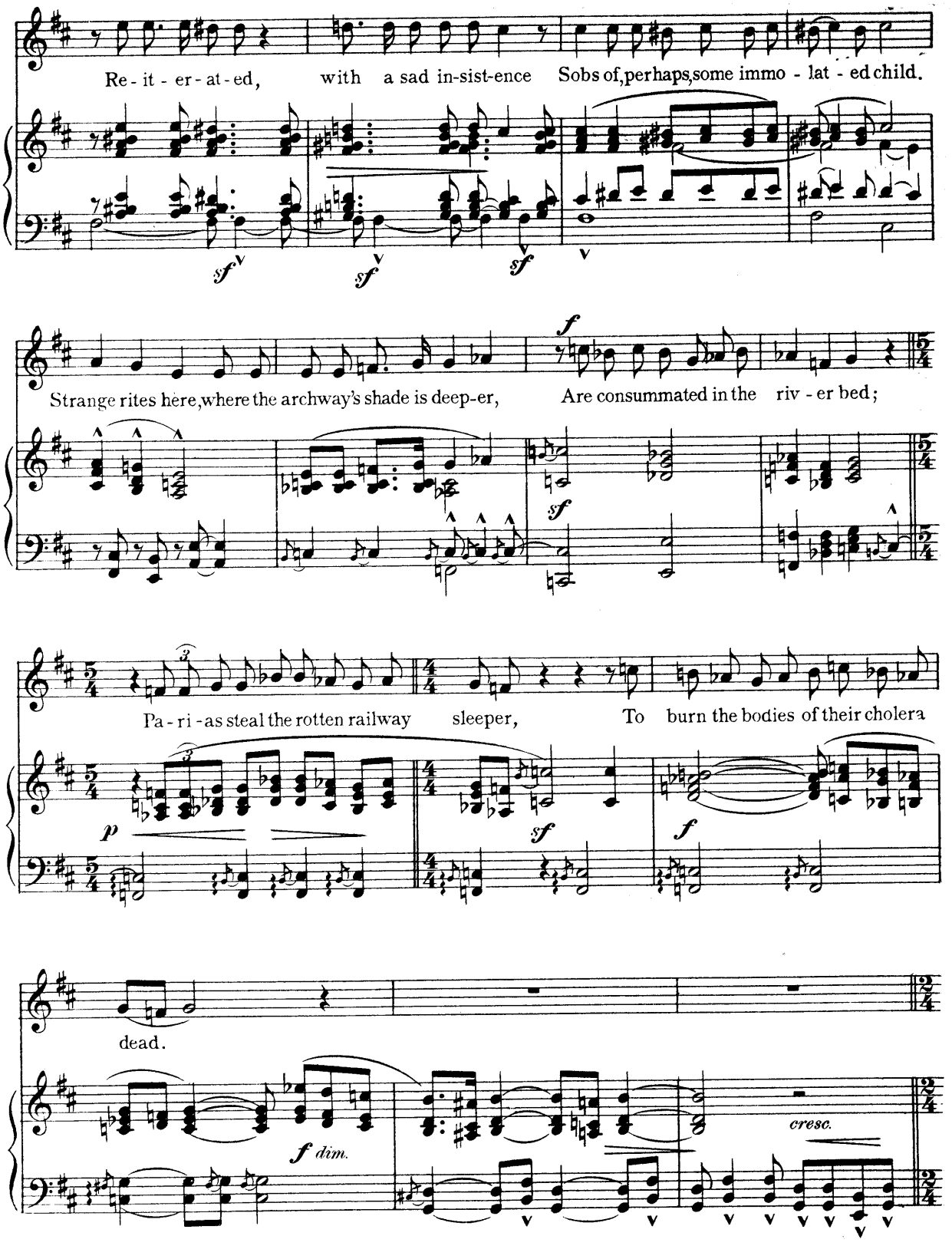

those out-side the door, Still; Love is on - ly a dream, and
those out-side the door, Still; Love is on - ly a dream, and
those out-side the door, Still; Love is on - ly a dream, and
f
cresc.
rit.
Life It-self, ah! is hard-ly more!
Life It-self, ah! ah! is hard-ly more!
Life It-self, ah! ah! is hard-ly more!
rall.
pp
attacca subito
mf

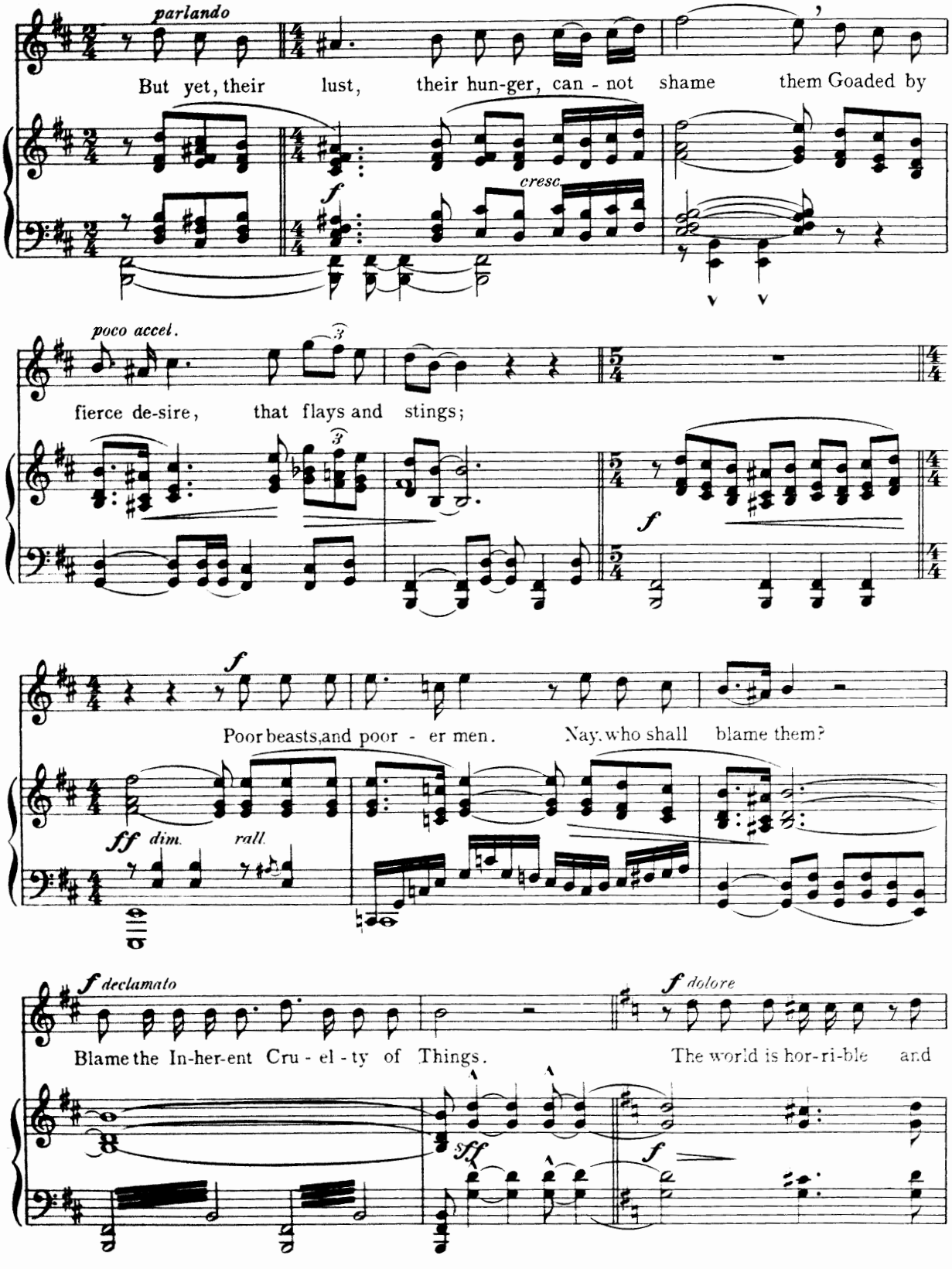
The Garden by the Bridge.

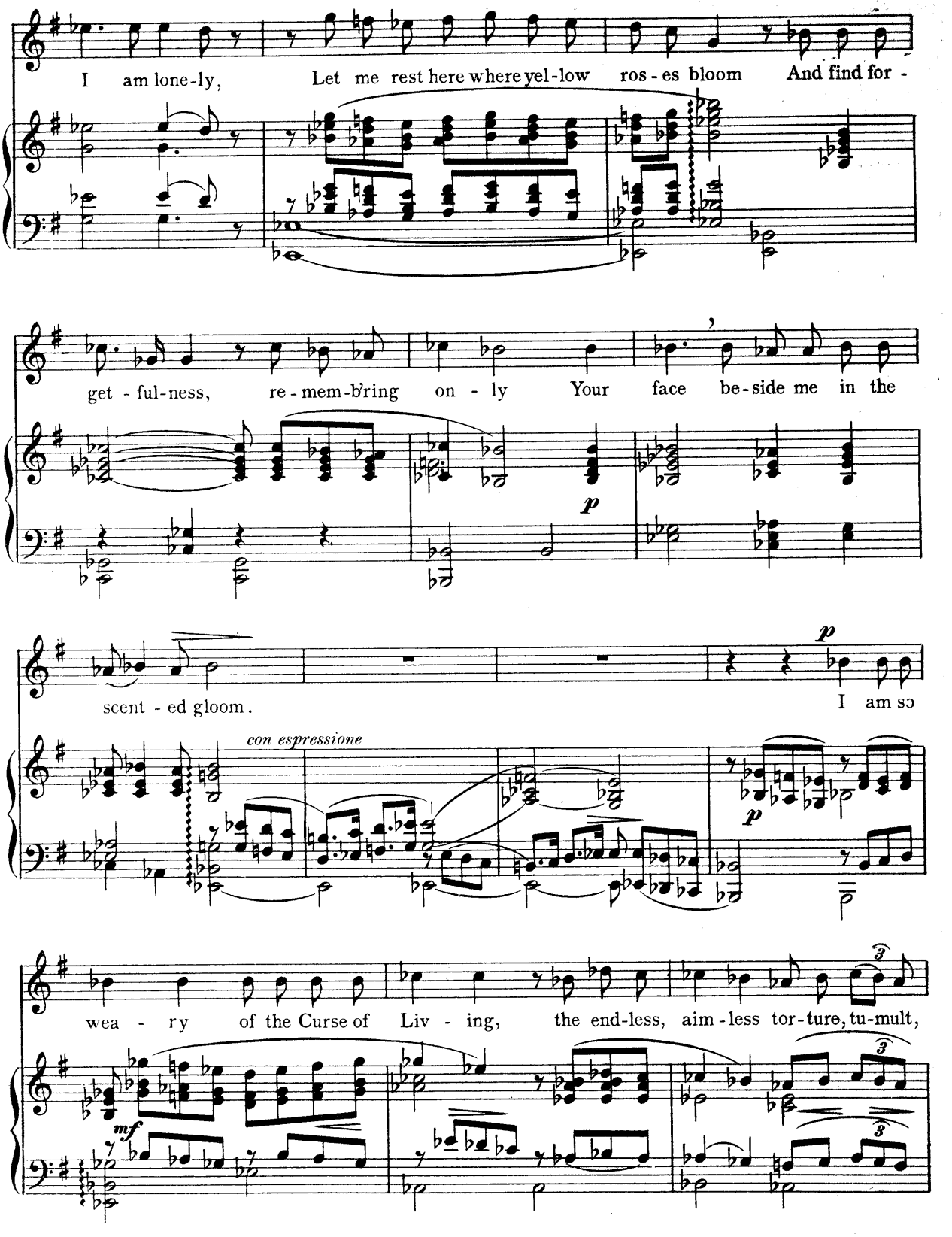
Tenor Solo.

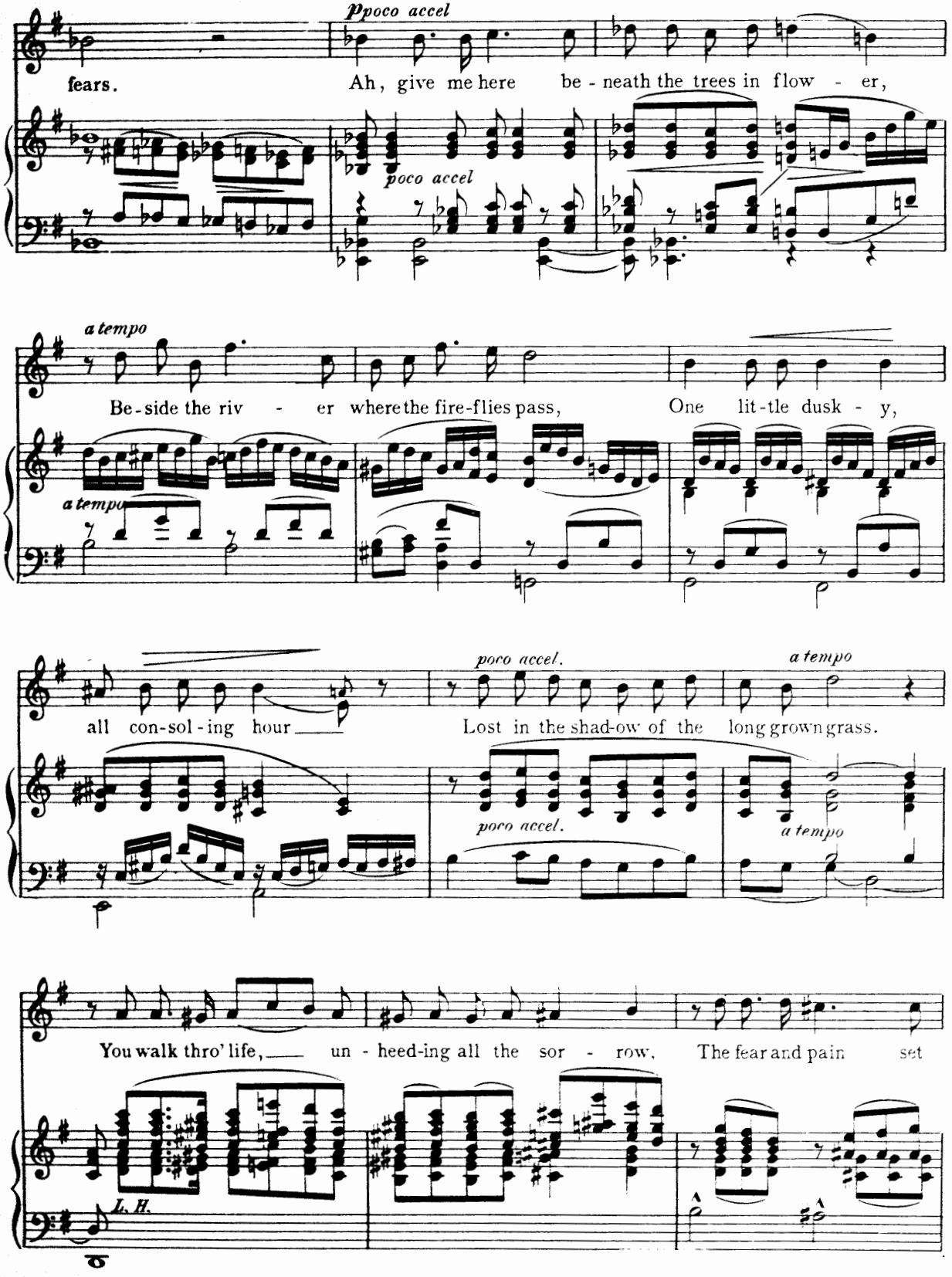


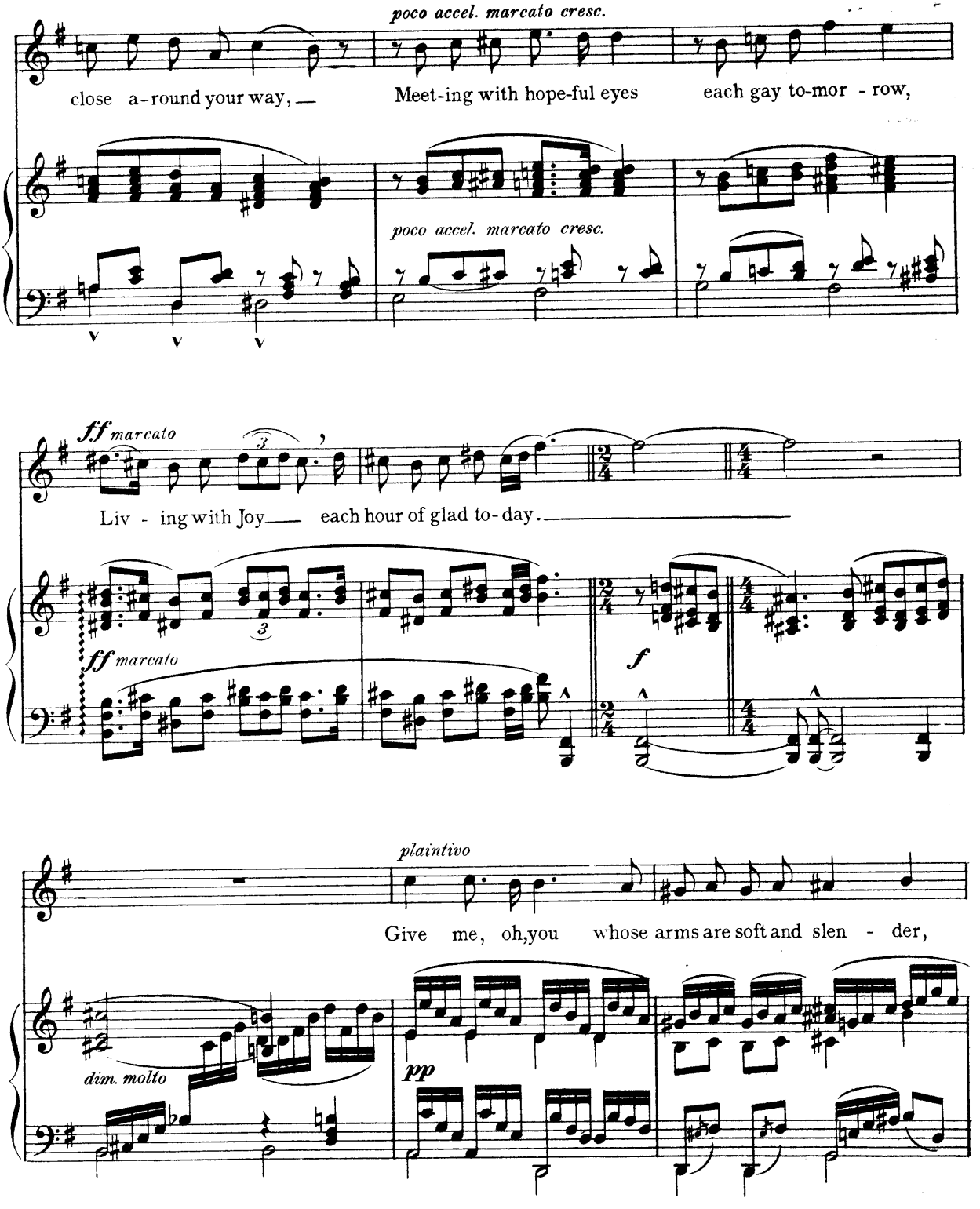

All night the hungry jackals howl to - geth - er
O-ver the car-rion in the
riv-er bed,
Or seize some small soft thing of fur or
feath - er
Whose
dy - ing shrieks on the night air are
shed.
marcato
Più mosso.
I hear from yonder Temple in the
dis-tance
Whose roof with carv - en Gods is piled,

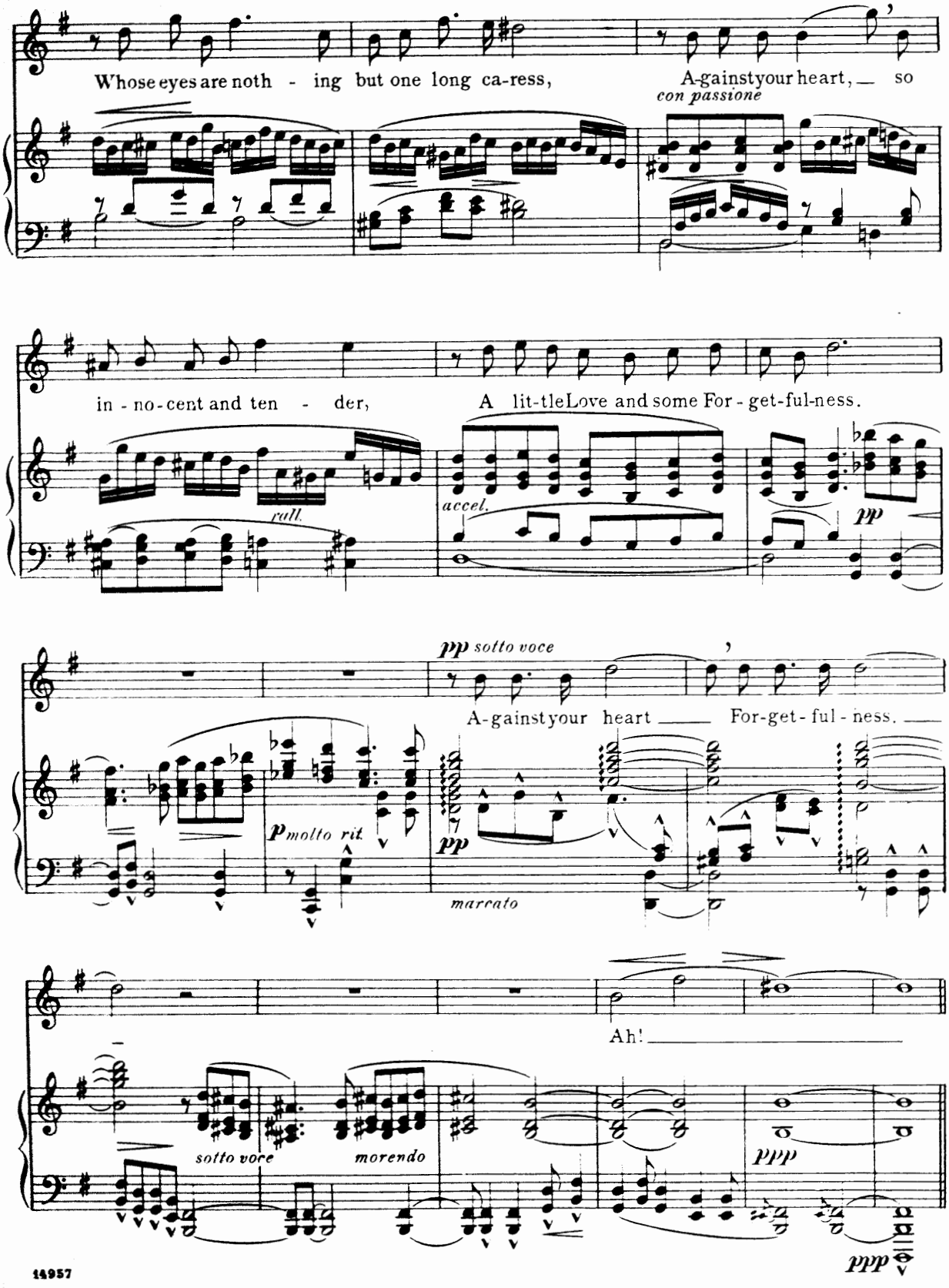

Re - it - er - at - ed, with a sad in-sist-ence Sobs of, perhaps, some immo - lat - ed child.
Strange rites here, where the archway's shade is deep-er, Are consummated in the riv - er bed;
Pa - ri - as steal the rotten railway sleeper, To burn the bodies of their cholera
dead.
cresc.


parlando
But yet, their lust, their hun-ger, can - not shame them Goaded by
cresc.
poco accel.
fierce de-sire, that flays and stings;
Poor beasts, and poor - er men. Nay, who shall blame them?
ff dim. rall.
declamato
Blame the In-her-ent Cru - el - ty of Things.
dolore
The world is hor-ri-ble and


I am lone-ly, Let me rest here where yel-low ros-es bloom And find for-
get-ful-ness, re-mem-b'ring on-ly Your face be-side me in the
p
scent-ed gloom.
p
I am so
con espressione
p
wea-ry of the Curse of Liv-ing, the end-less, aim-less tor-ture, tu-mult,
mf
3
3
3

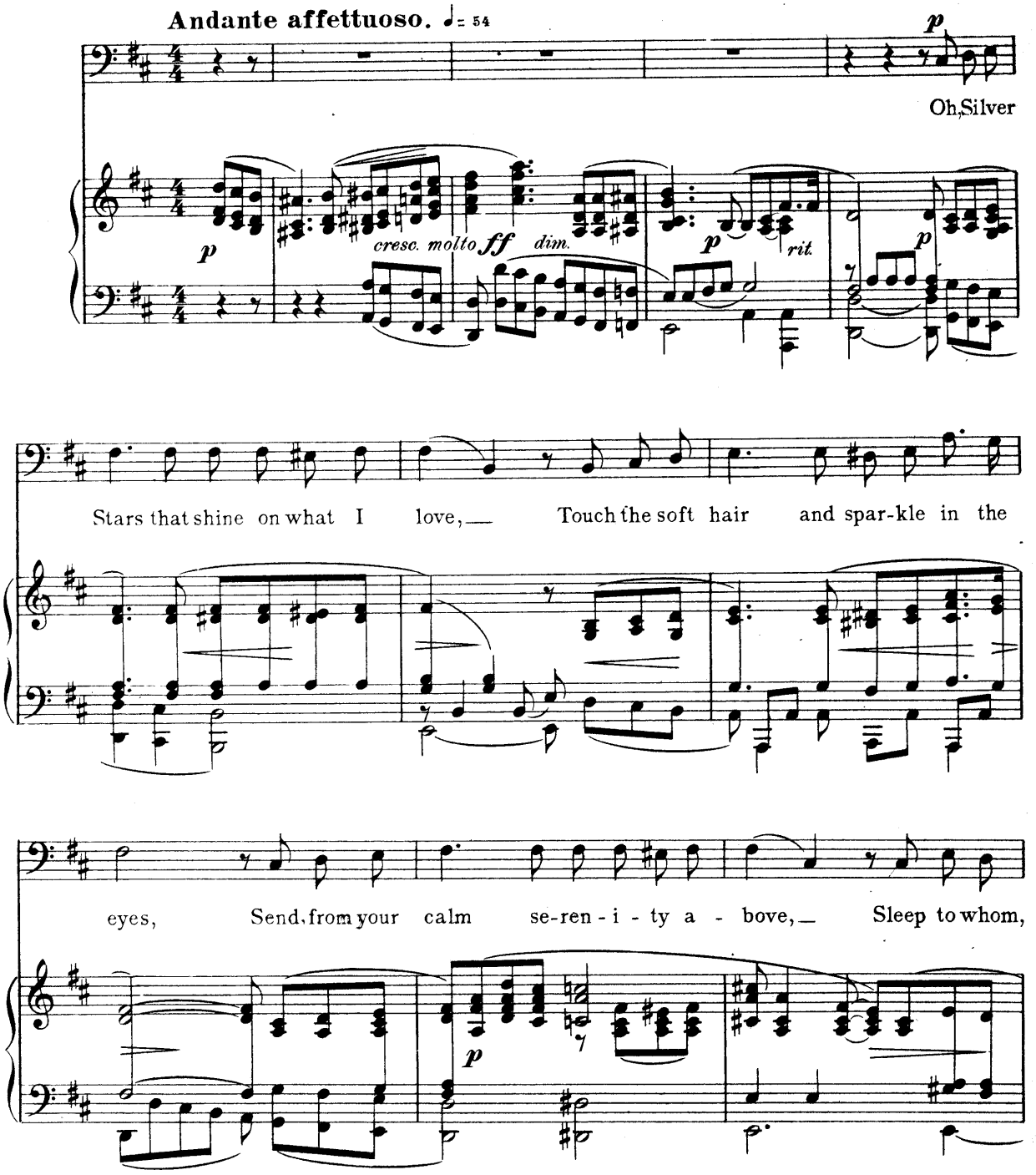

fears.
Ppoco accel
Ah, give me here be - neath the trees in flow - er,
poco accel
a tempo
Be - side the riv - er where the fire-flies pass,
One lit - tle dusk - y,
a tempo
all con-sol - ing hour
poco accel.
Lost in the shad-ow of the long grown grass.
a tempo
poco accel.
a tempo
You walk thro' life, un - heed-ing all the sor - row,
The fear and pain set
L. H.


poco accel. marcato cresc.
close a-round your way, —
Meet-ing with hope-ful eyes
each gay to-mor - row,
poco accel. marcato cresc.
ff marcato
Liv - ing with Joy —
each hour of glad to-day. —
ff marcato
f
plaintivo
Give me, oh, you whose arms are soft and slen - der,
dim. molto
pp


Whose eyes are noth - ing but one long ca-ress,
A-gainstyour heart, so
con passione
in - no-cent and ten - der,
A lit-tleLove and some For - get-ful-ness.
rall.
accel.
pp
pp sotto voce
A-gainstyour heart For-get-ful - ness.
p molto rit.
pp
marcato
Ah!
sotto voce
morendo
ppp
ppp

Oh, Silver Stars.

Baritone Solo.



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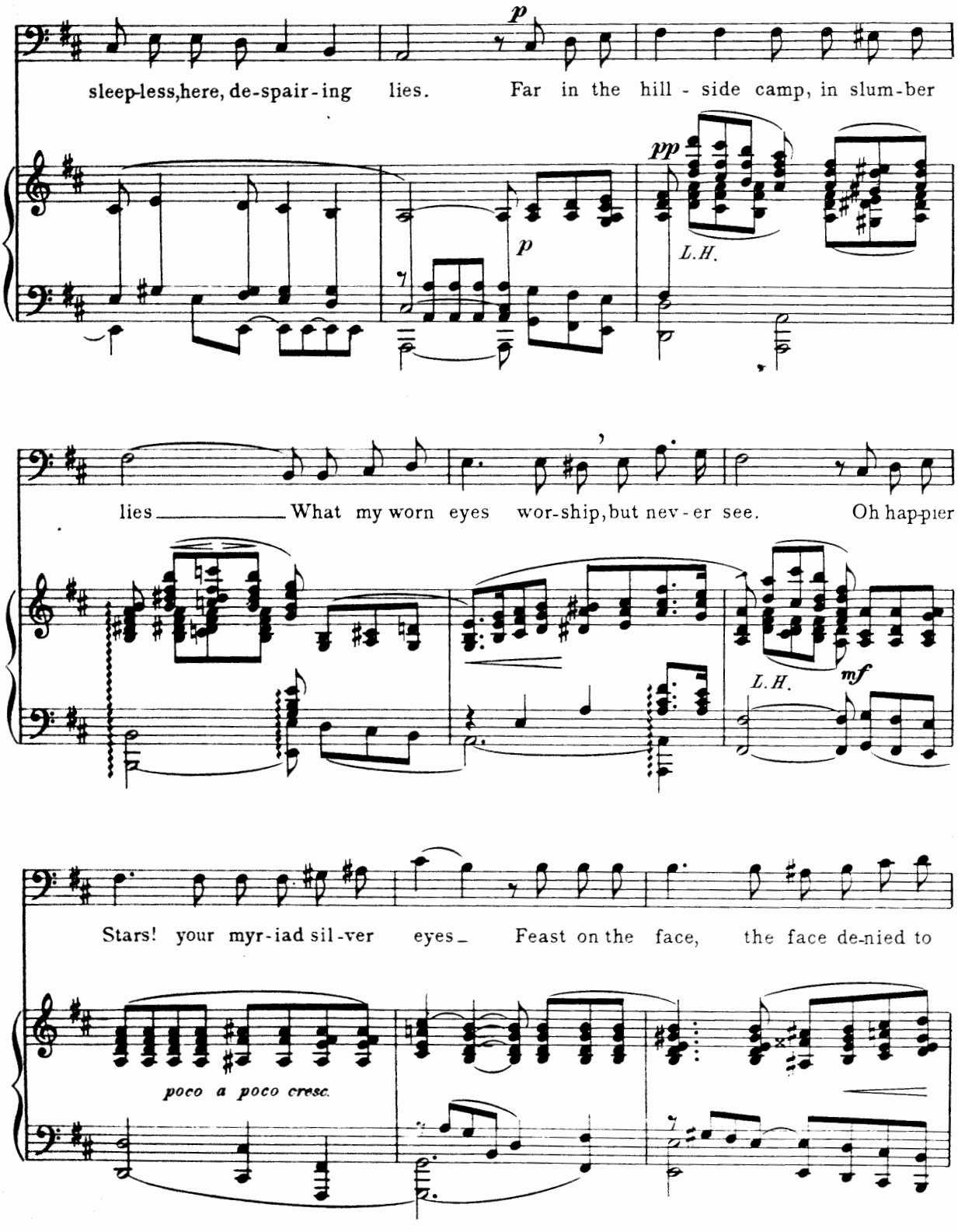
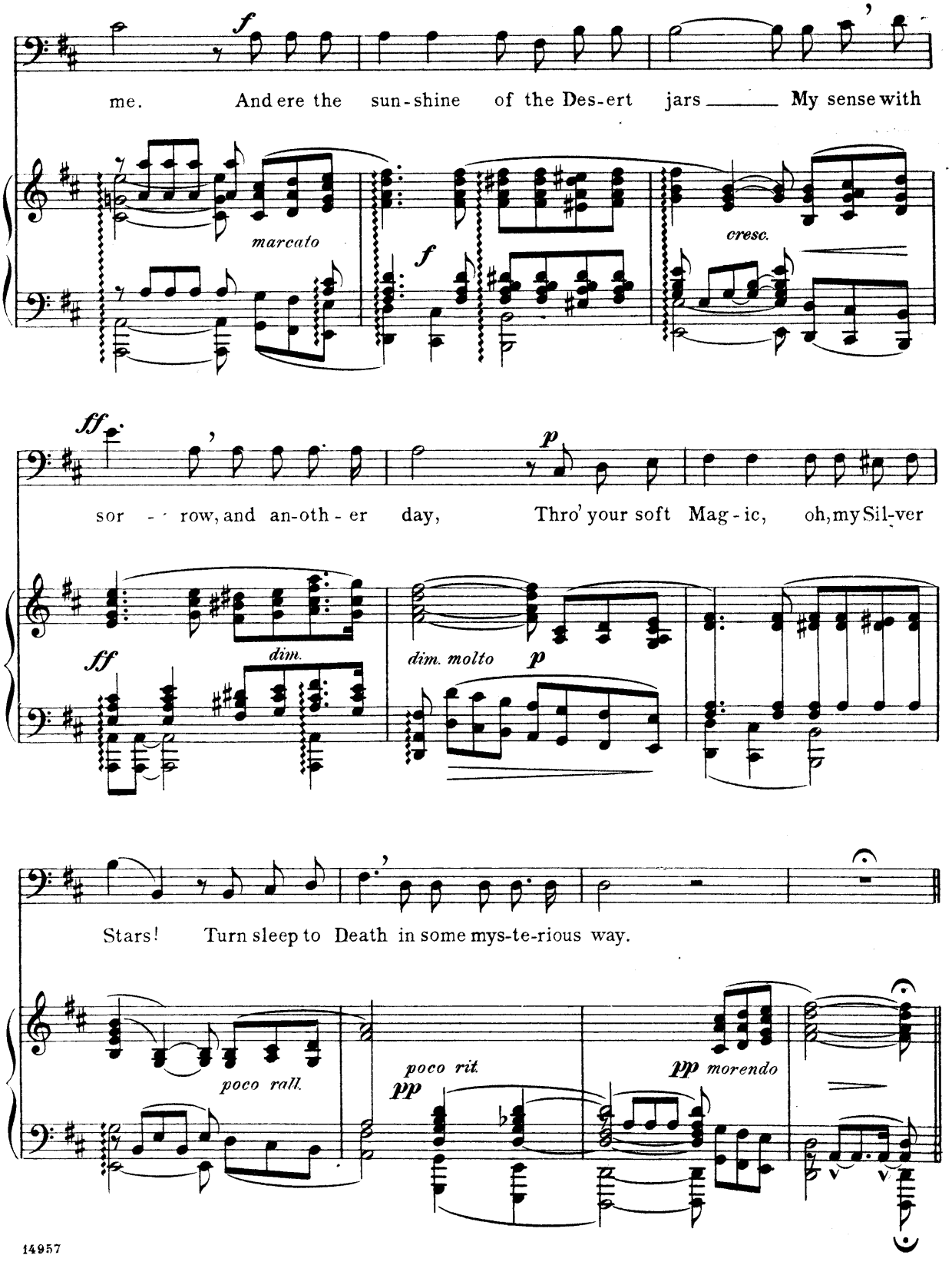
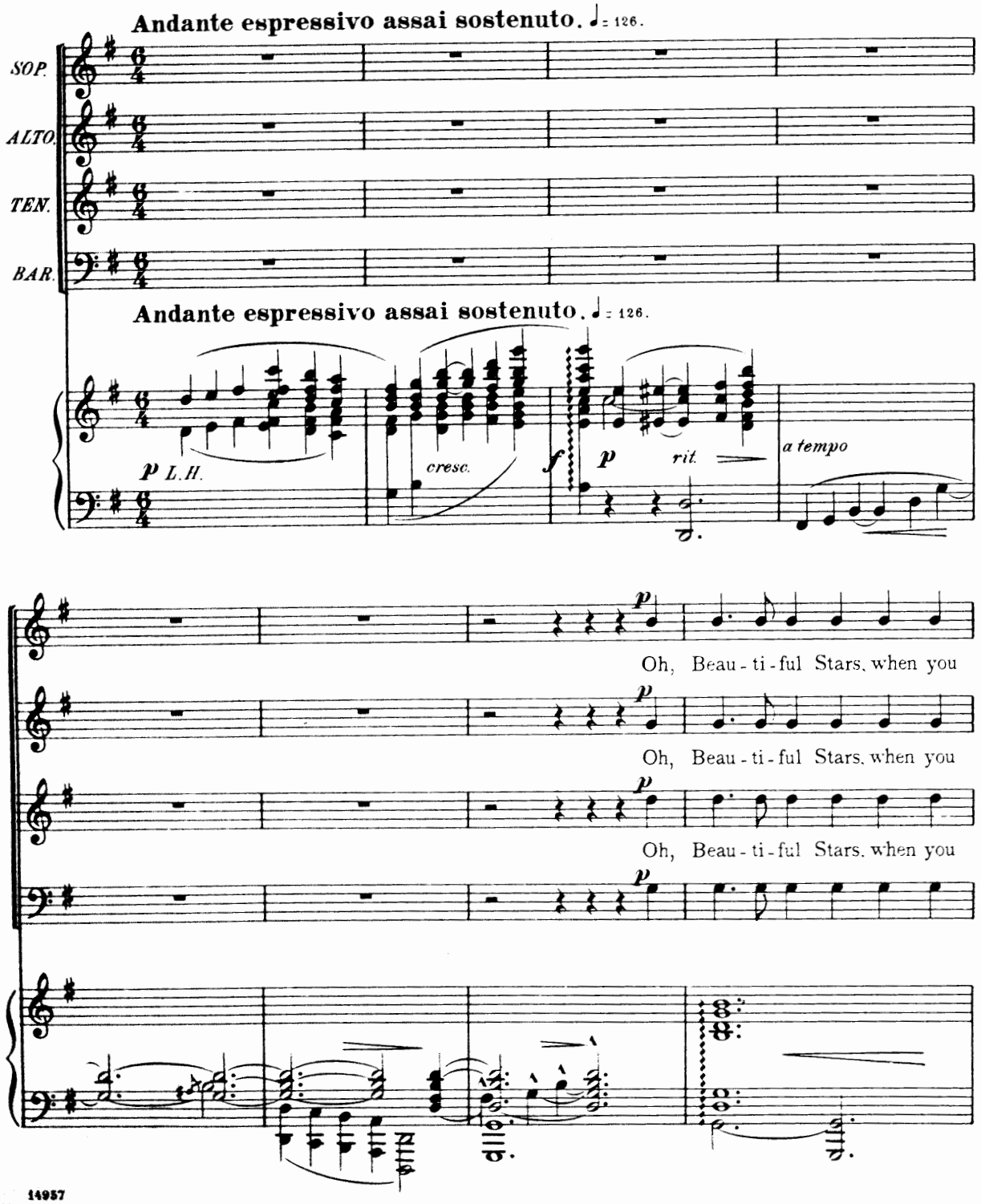
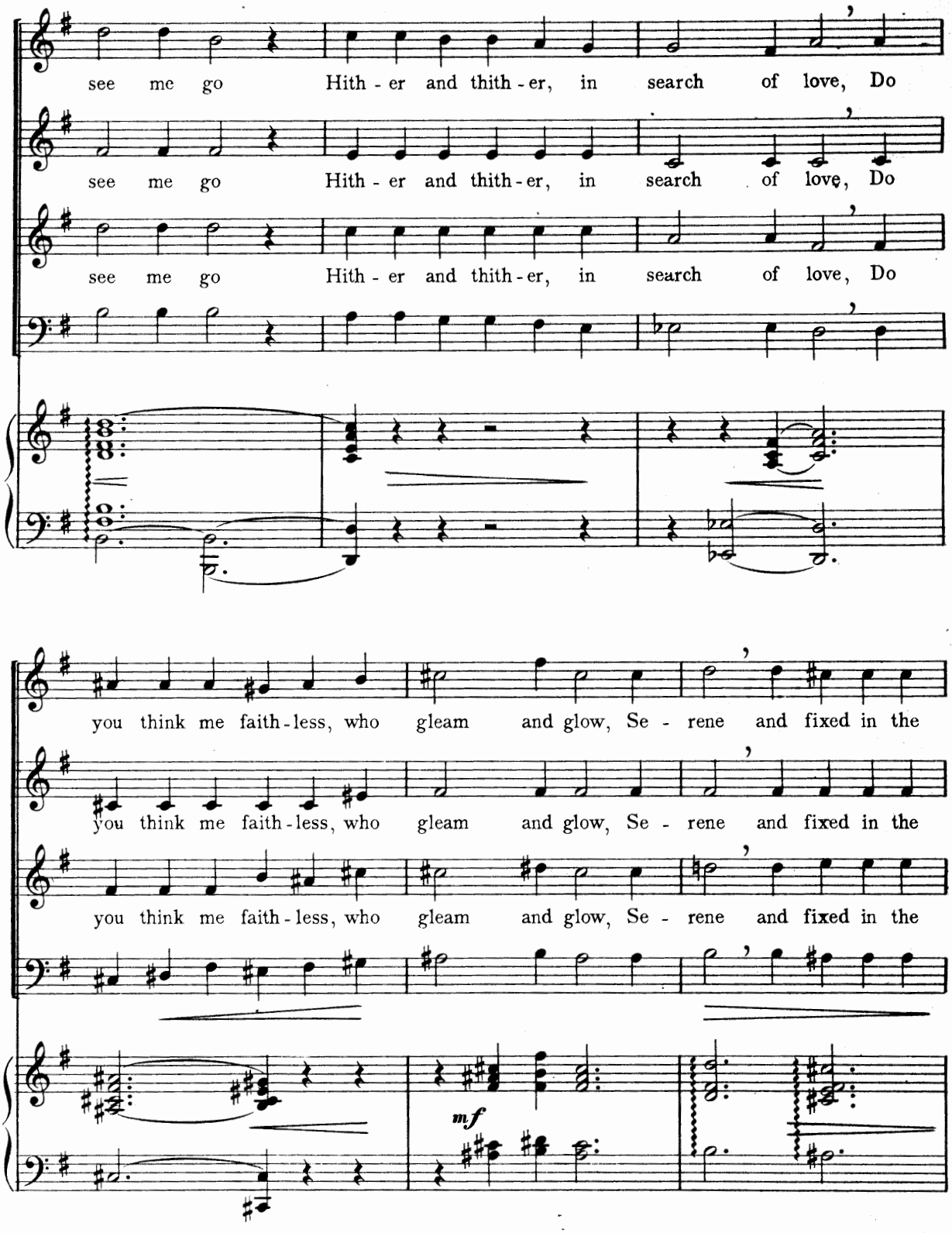

p
sleep-less,here, de-spair-ing lies. Far in the hill - side camp, in slum-ber
pp
L.H.
p
lies What my worn eyes wor-ship,but nev-er see. Oh hap-pier
L.H.
mf
Stars! your myr-iad sil-ver eyes Feast on the face, the face de-nied to
poco a poco cresc.

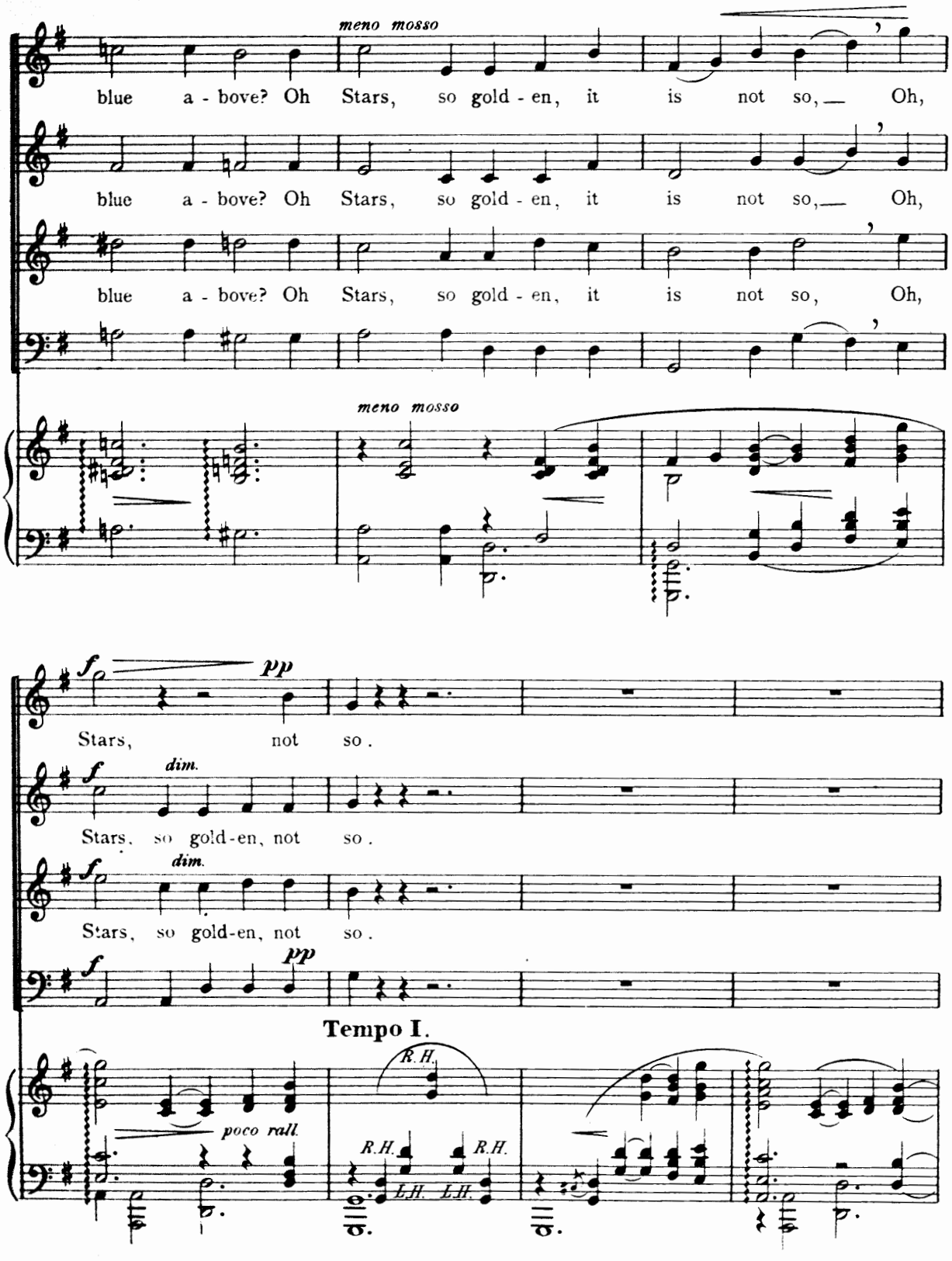

me. And ere the sun-shine of the Des-ert jars My sense with
marcato
cresc.
sor - row, and an-oth-er day, Thro' your soft Mag-ic, oh, my Sil-ver
dim.
dim. molto
Stars! Turn sleep to Death in some mys-te-rious way.
poco rall.
poco rit.
morendo

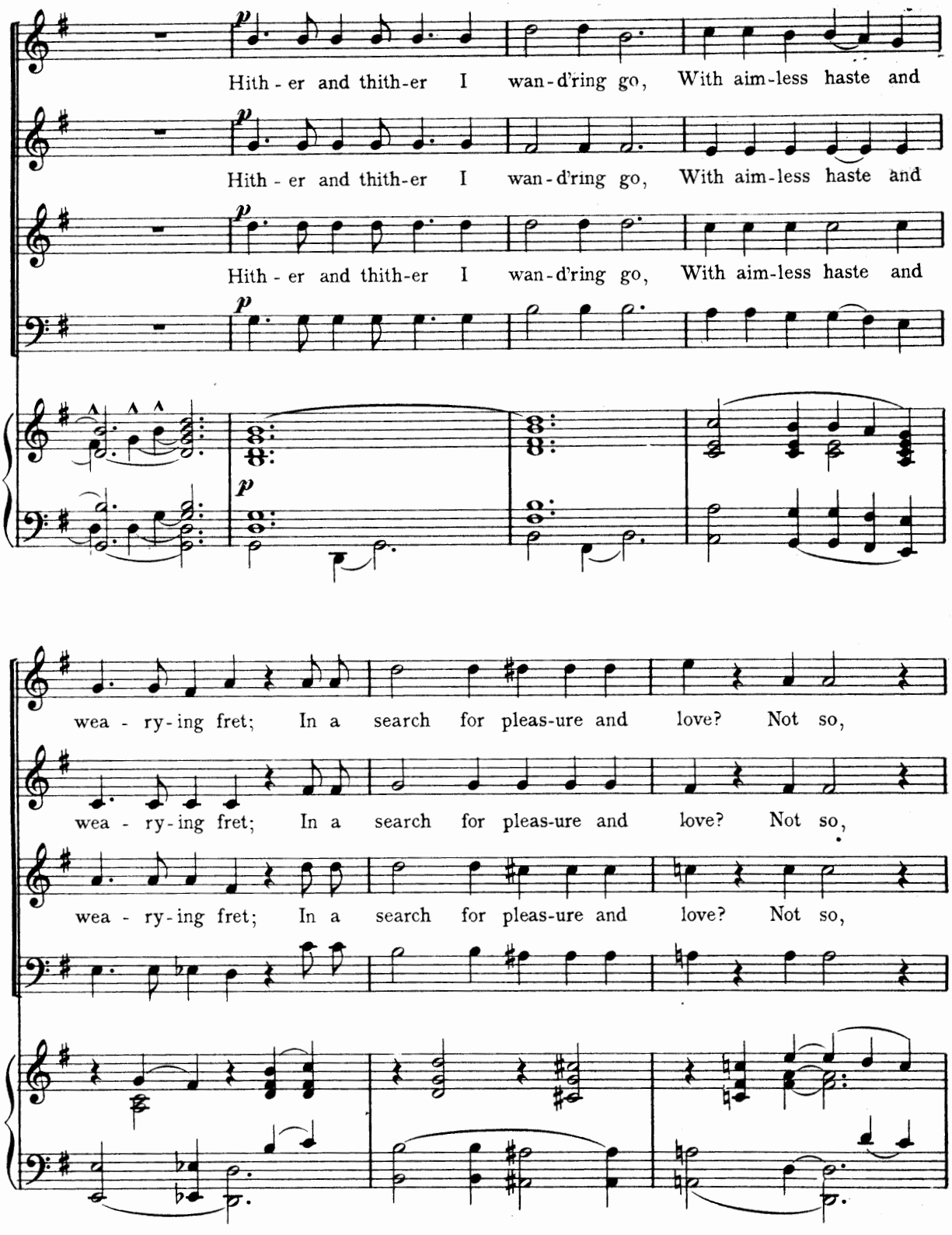
Starlight.

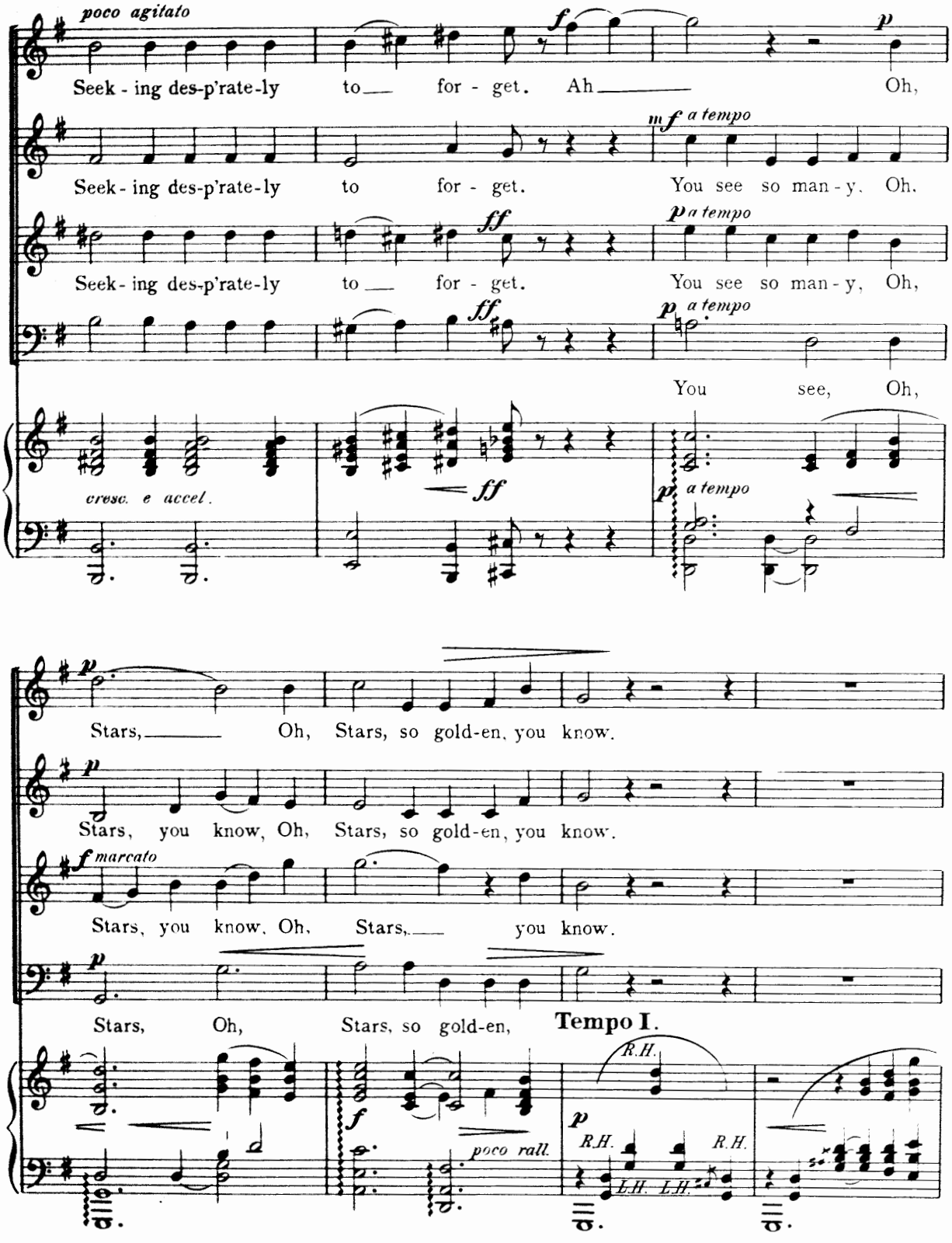
Quartet.

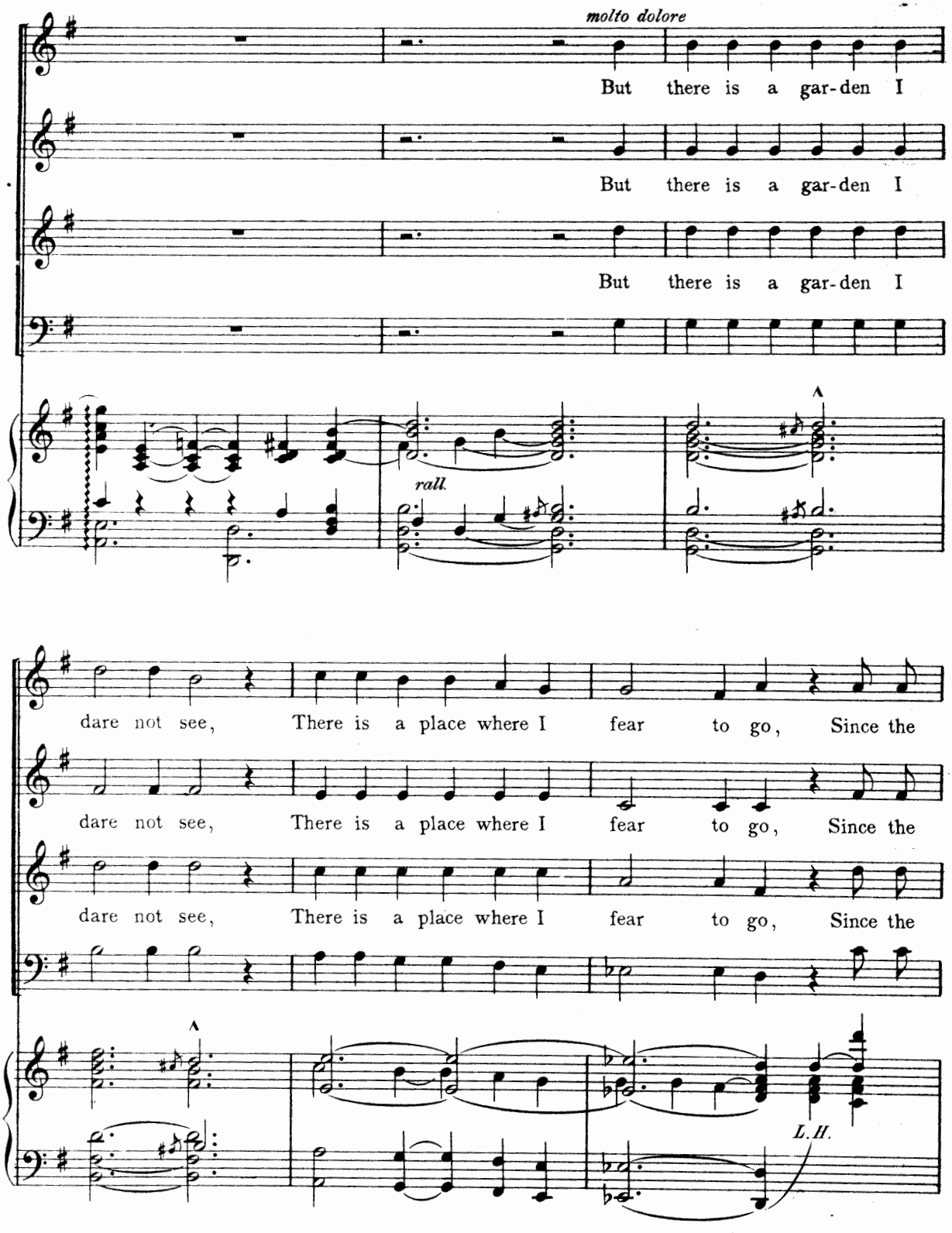


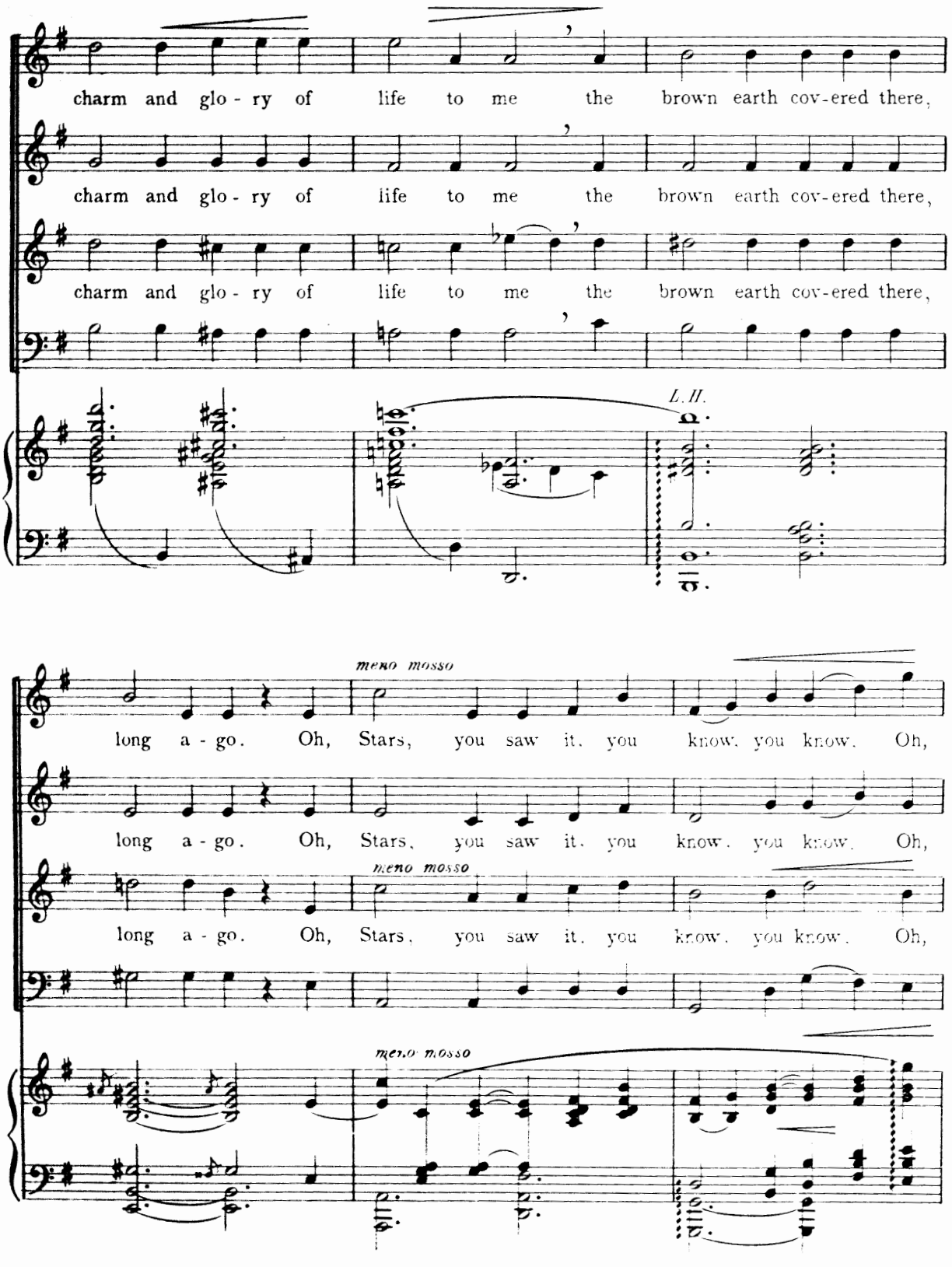

see me go Hith - er and thith - er, in search of love, Do
see me go Hith - er and thith - er, in search of love, Do
see me go Hith - er and thith - er, in search of love, Do
you think me faith - less, who gleam and glow, Se - rene and fixed in the
you think me faith - less, who gleam and glow, Se - rene and fixed in the
you think me faith - less, who gleam and glow, Se - rene and fixed in the
mf

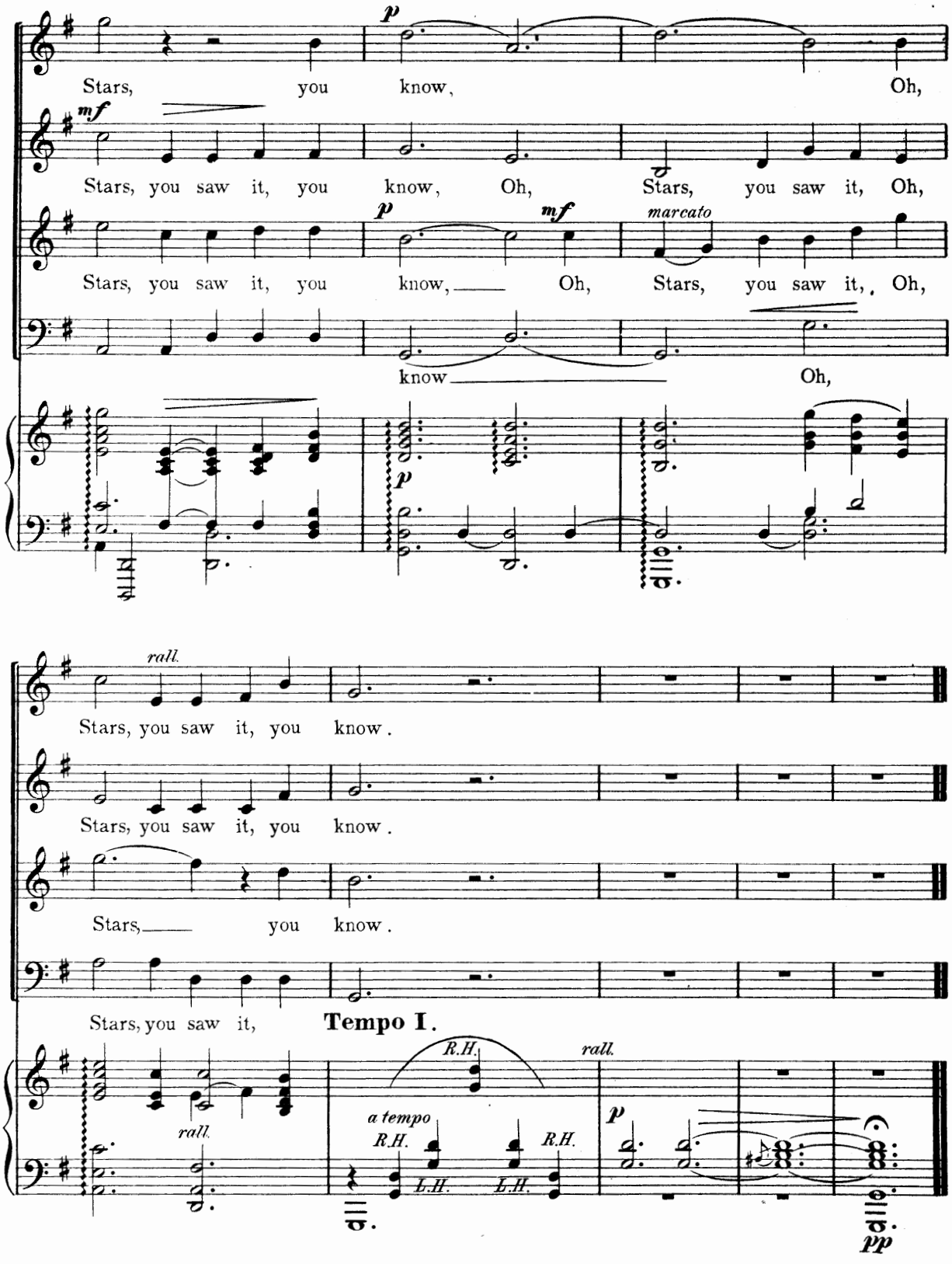

meno mosso
blue a - bove? Oh Stars, so gold - en, it is not so, Oh,
blue a - bove? Oh Stars, so gold - en, it is not so, Oh,
blue a - bove? Oh Stars, so gold - en, it is not so, Oh,
meno mosso
f
pp
Stars, not so.
f
dim.
Stars, so gold-en, not so.
f
dim.
Stars, so gold-en, not so.
f
pp
Tempo I.
poco rall.
R.H.
R.H.
R.H.
L.H.
L.H.


Hith - er and thith-er I wan-d'ring go, With aim-less haste and
Hith - er and thith-er I wan-d'ring go, With aim-less haste and
Hith - er and thith-er I wan-d'ring go, With aim-less haste and
wea - ry-ing fret; In a search for pleas-ure and love? Not so,
wea - ry-ing fret; In a search for pleas-ure and love? Not so,
wea - ry-ing fret; In a search for pleas-ure and love? Not so,


poco agitato
Seek - ing des-p'rate-ly to for - get. Ah Oh,
Seek - ing des-p'rate-ly to for - get. You see so man - y. Oh,
Seek - ing des-p'rate-ly to for - get. You see so man - y, Oh,
You see, Oh,
cresc. e accel.
a tempo
Stars, Oh, Stars, so gold-en, you know.
Stars, you know, Oh, Stars, so gold-en, you know.
marcato
Stars, you know, Oh, Stars, you know.
Stars, Oh, Stars, so gold-en,
Tempo I.
poco rall.
R.H.
L.H.

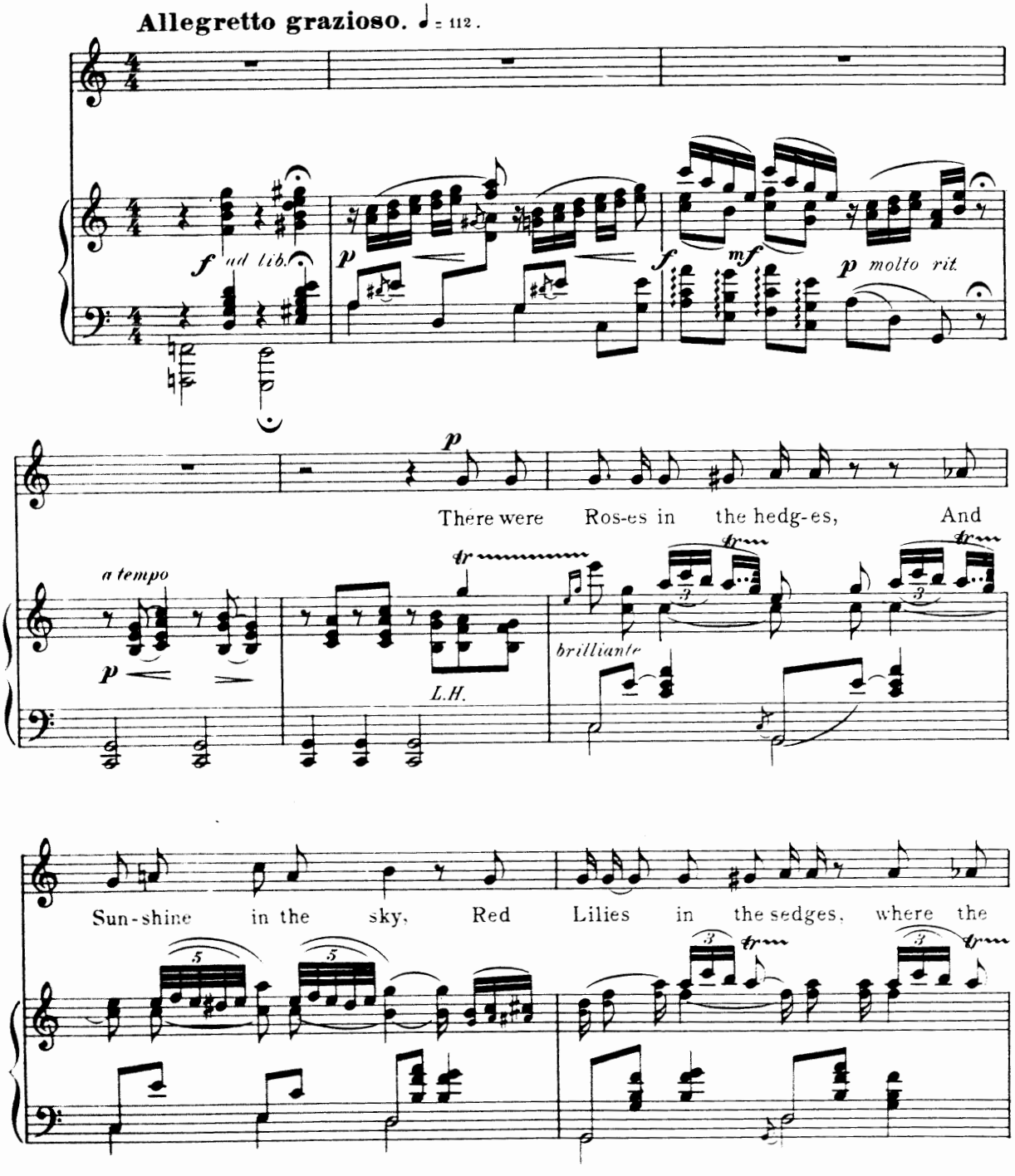

molto dolore
But there is a gar-den I
But there is a gar-den I
But there is a gar-den I
rall.
dare not see, There is a place where I fear to go, Since the
dare not see, There is a place where I fear to go, Since the
dare not see, There is a place where I fear to go, Since the
L.H.

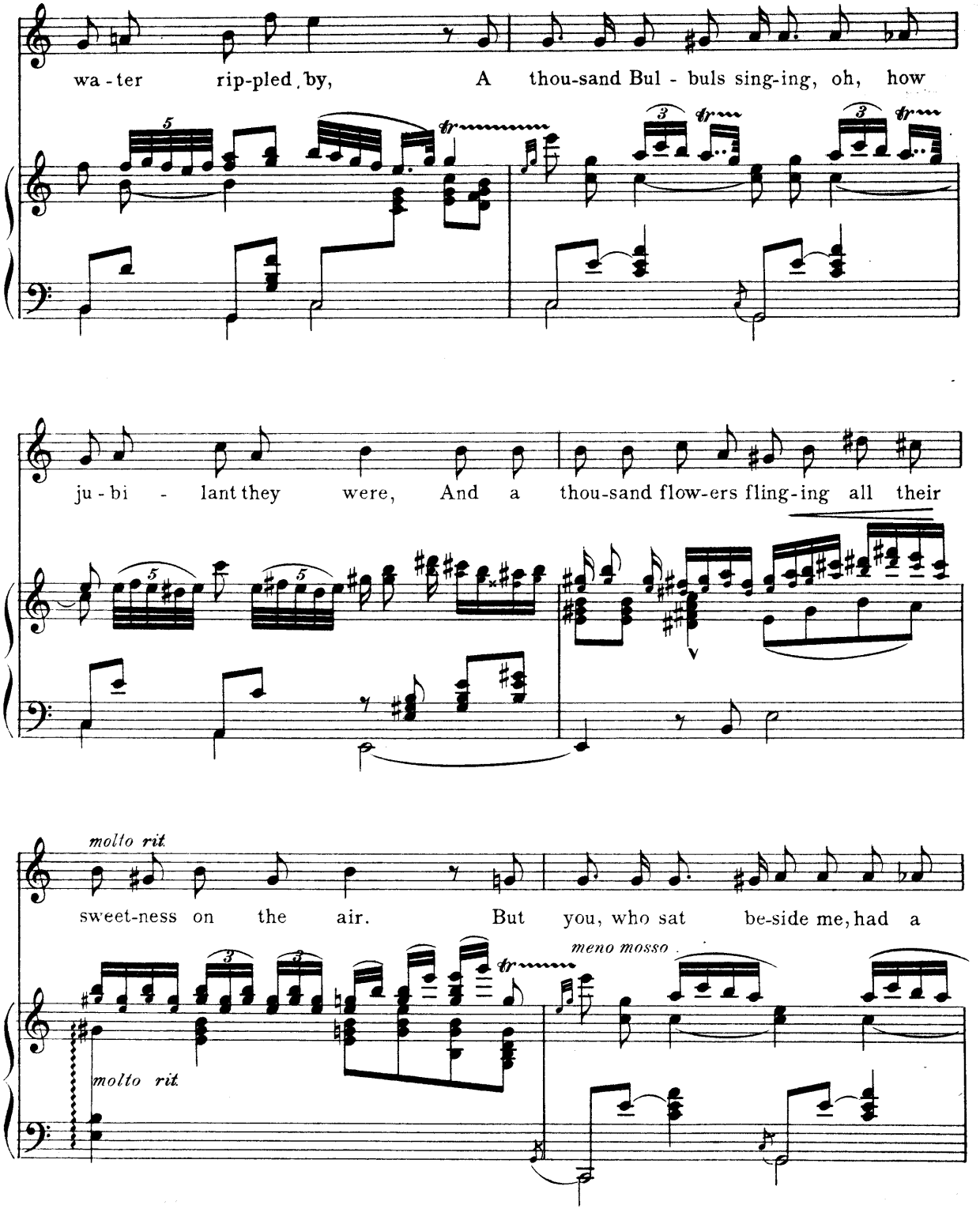

charm and glo - ry of life to me the brown earth cov-ered there,
charm and glo - ry of life to me the brown earth cov-ered there,
charm and glo - ry of life to me the brown earth cov-ered there,
L.H.
meno mosso
long a - go. Oh, Stars, you saw it, you know, you know. Oh,
long a - go. Oh, Stars, you saw it, you know, you know. Oh,
meno mosso
long a - go. Oh, Stars, you saw it, you know, you know. Oh,
meno mosso

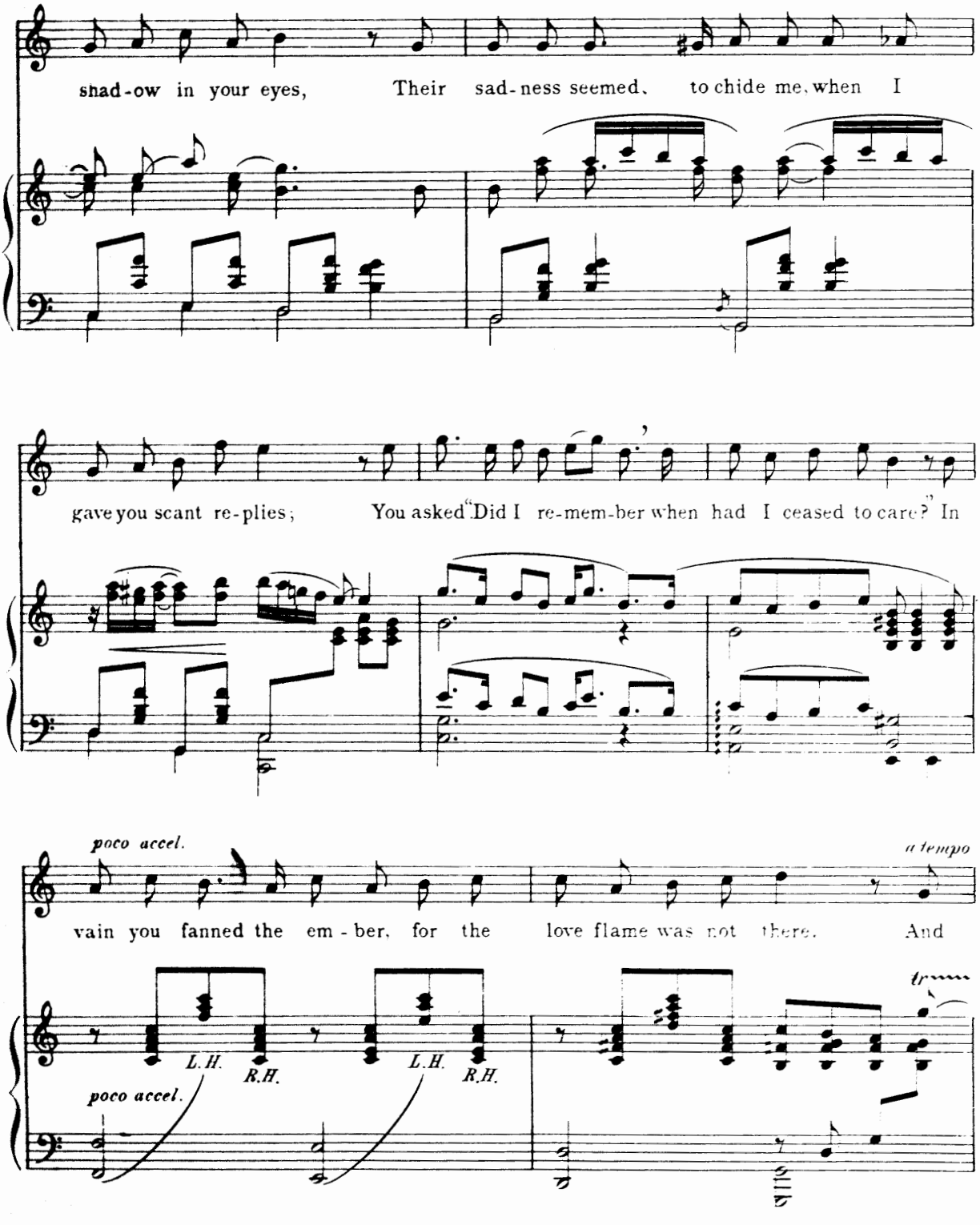

Stars, you know, Oh,
Stars, you saw it, you know, Oh, Stars, you saw it, Oh,
Stars, you saw it, you know, Oh, Stars, you saw it, Oh,
know Oh,
Stars, you saw it, you know.
Stars, you saw it, you know.
Stars, you know.
Stars, you saw it,
Tempo I.
a tempo
R.H.
L.H.
rall.

"Love Lightly."

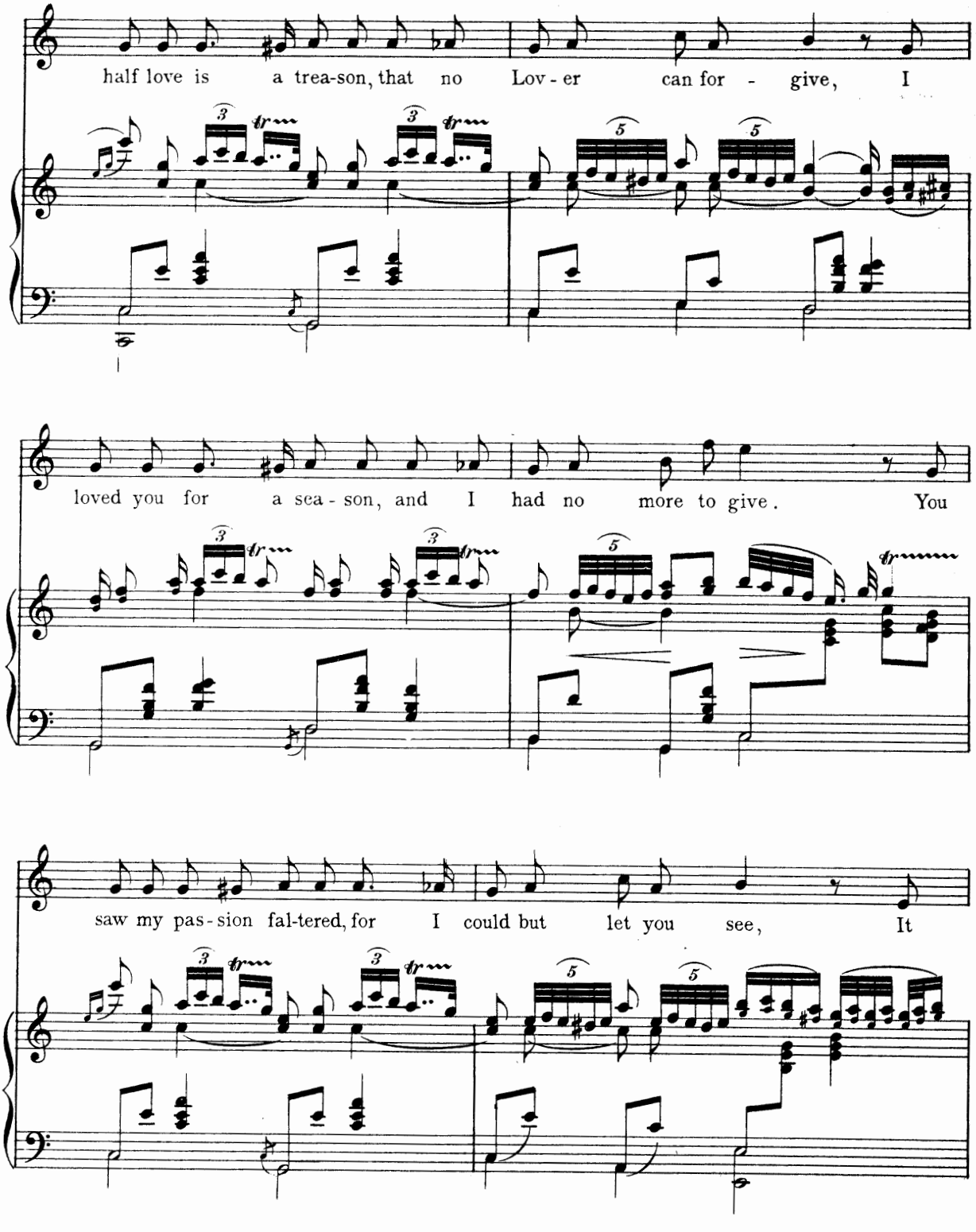
Soprano Solo.

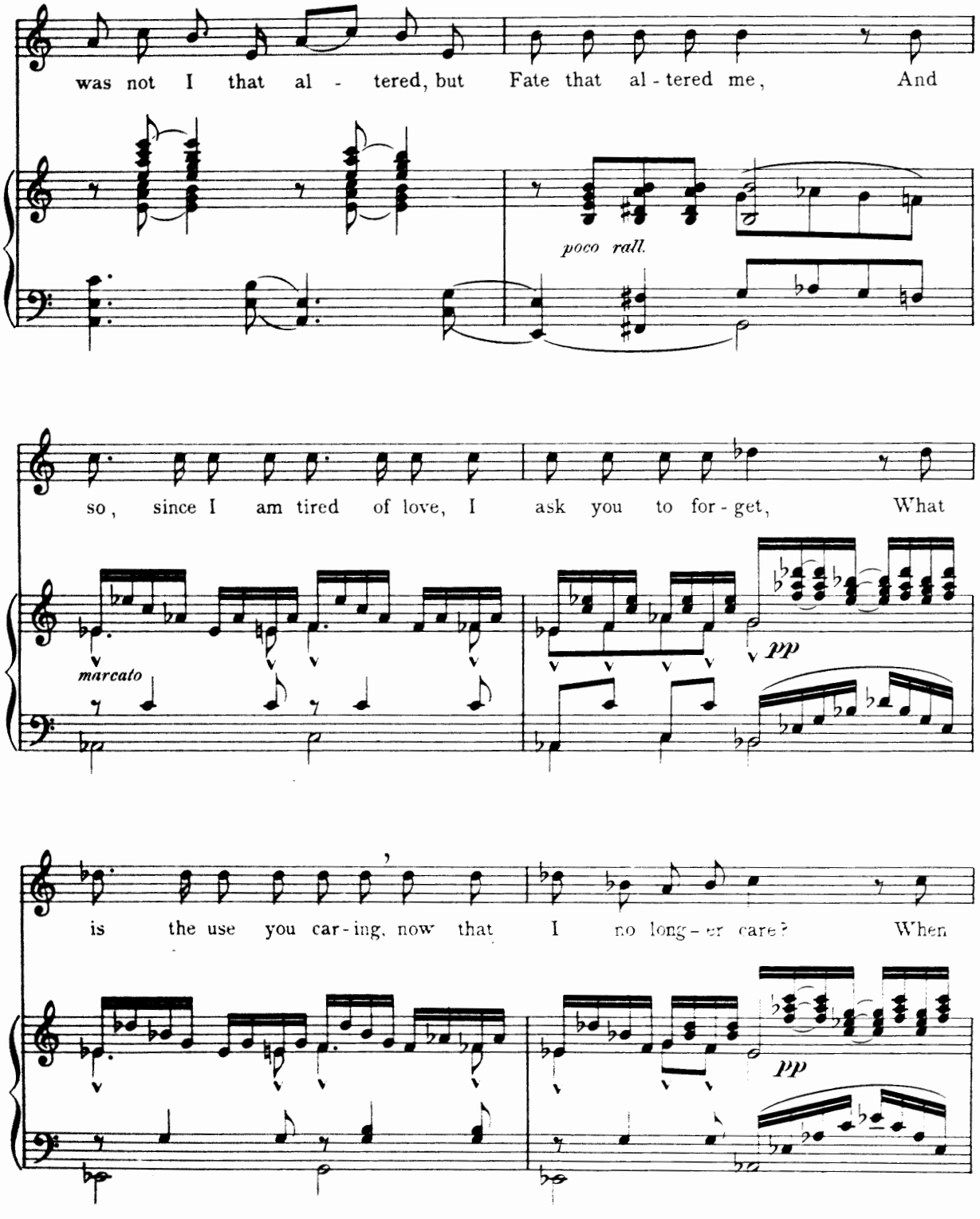


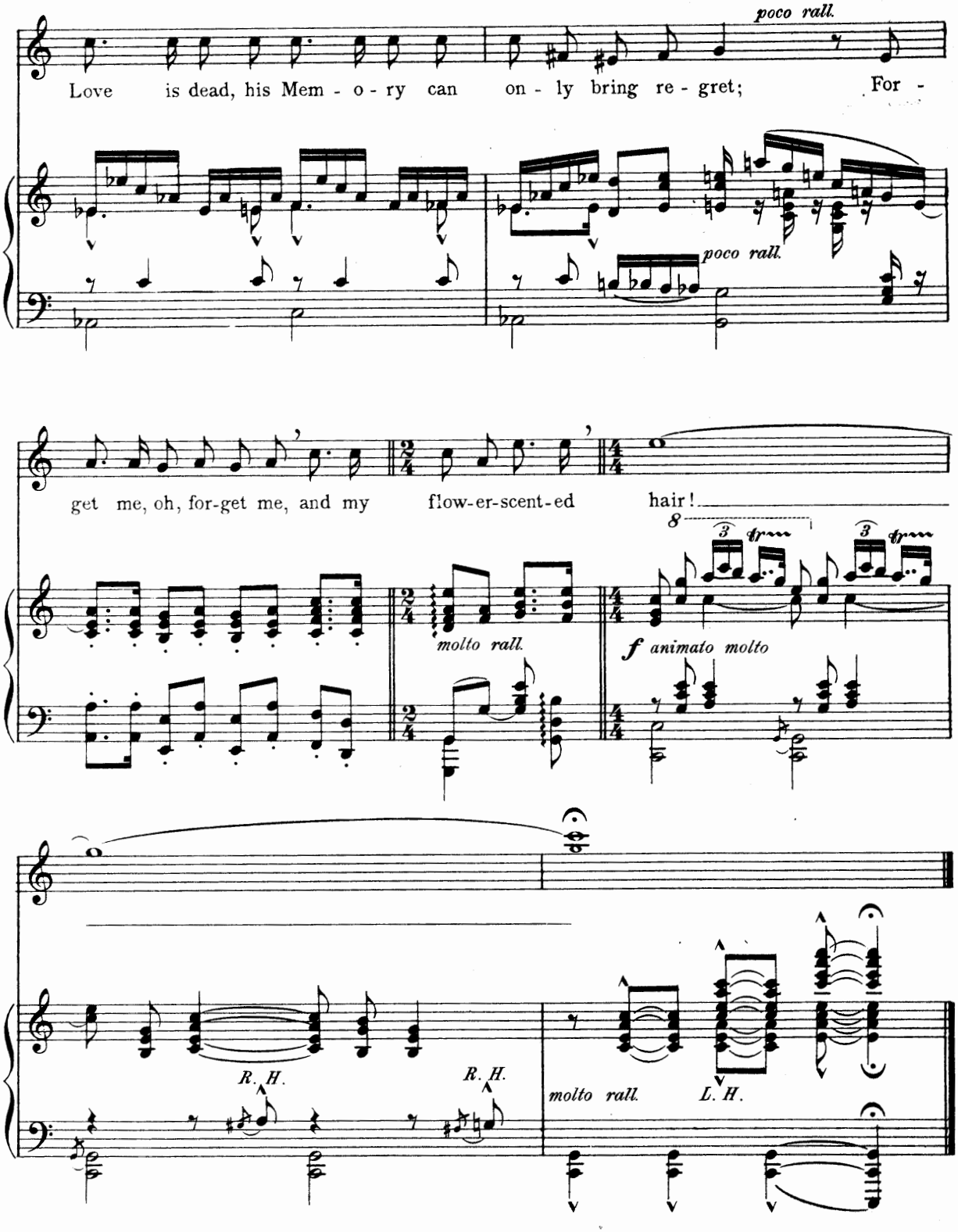

wa - ter rip-pled by, A thou-sand Bul - buls sing-ing, oh, how
ju - bi - lant they were, And a thou-sand flow-ers fling-ing all their
molto rit
sweet-ness on the air. But you, who sat be-side me, had a
meno mosso
molto rit


shad-ow in your eyes, Their sad-ness seemed, to chide me, when I
gave you scant re-plies; You asked "Did I re-mem-ber when had I ceased to care?" In
poco accel.
a tempo
vain you fanned the em-ber, for the love flame was not there. And
L.H.
R.H.
L.H.
R.H.
poco accel.
tr

83514

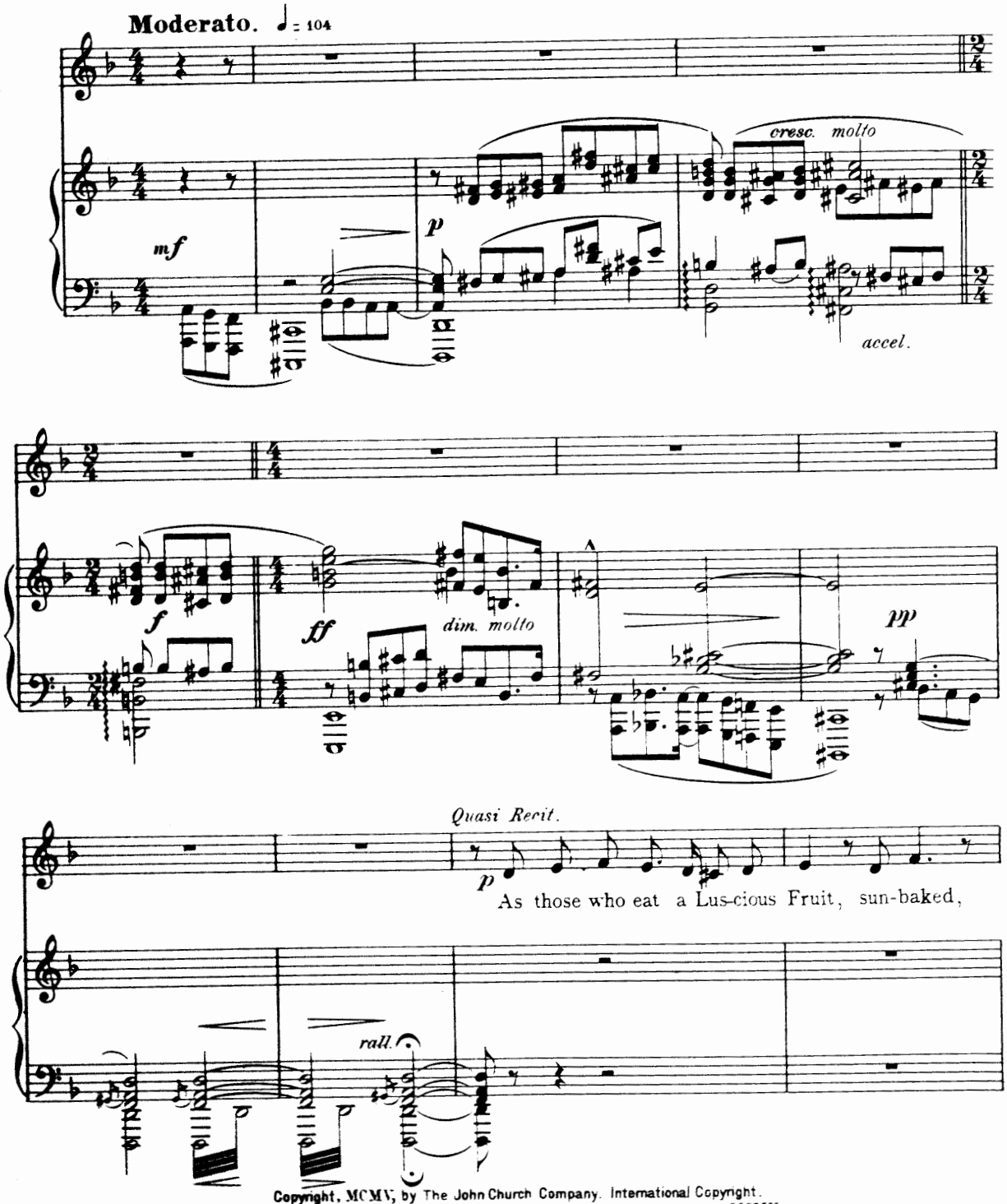

half love is a trea-son, that no Lov - er can for - give, I
loved you for a sea - son, and I had no more to give. You
saw my pas - sion fal-tered, for I could but let you see, It


was not I that al - tered, but Fate that al - tered me, And
poco rall.
so, since I am tired of love, I ask you to for - get, What
marcato
pp
is the use you car - ing, now that I no long - er care? When
pp


poco rall.
Love is dead, his Mem - o - ry can on - ly bring re - gret; For -
poco rall.
get me, oh, for-get me, and my flow-er-scent-ed hair!
molto rall.
f animato molto
R. H.
R. H.
molto rall.
L. H.

No Rival like the Past.

Contralto Solo.



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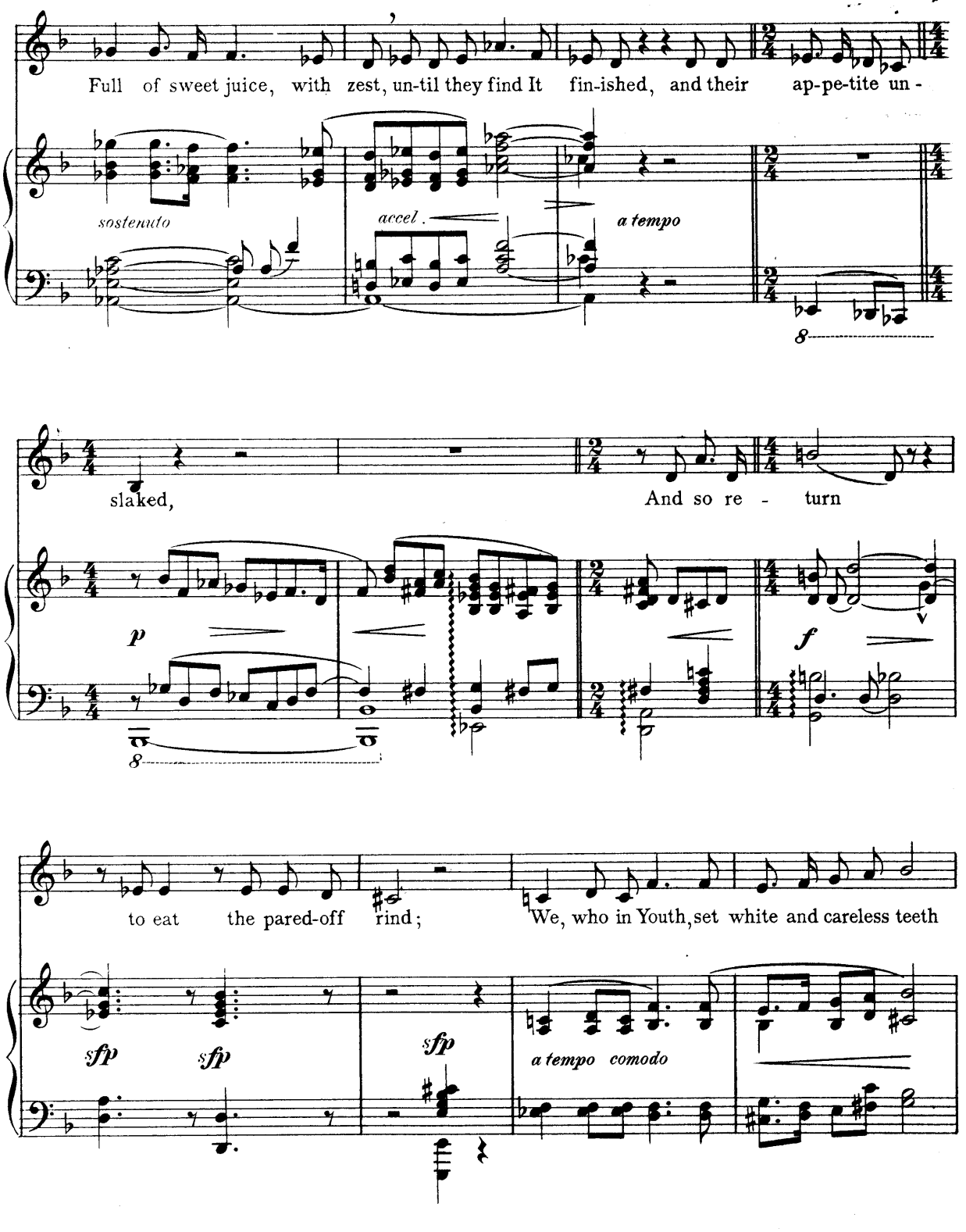
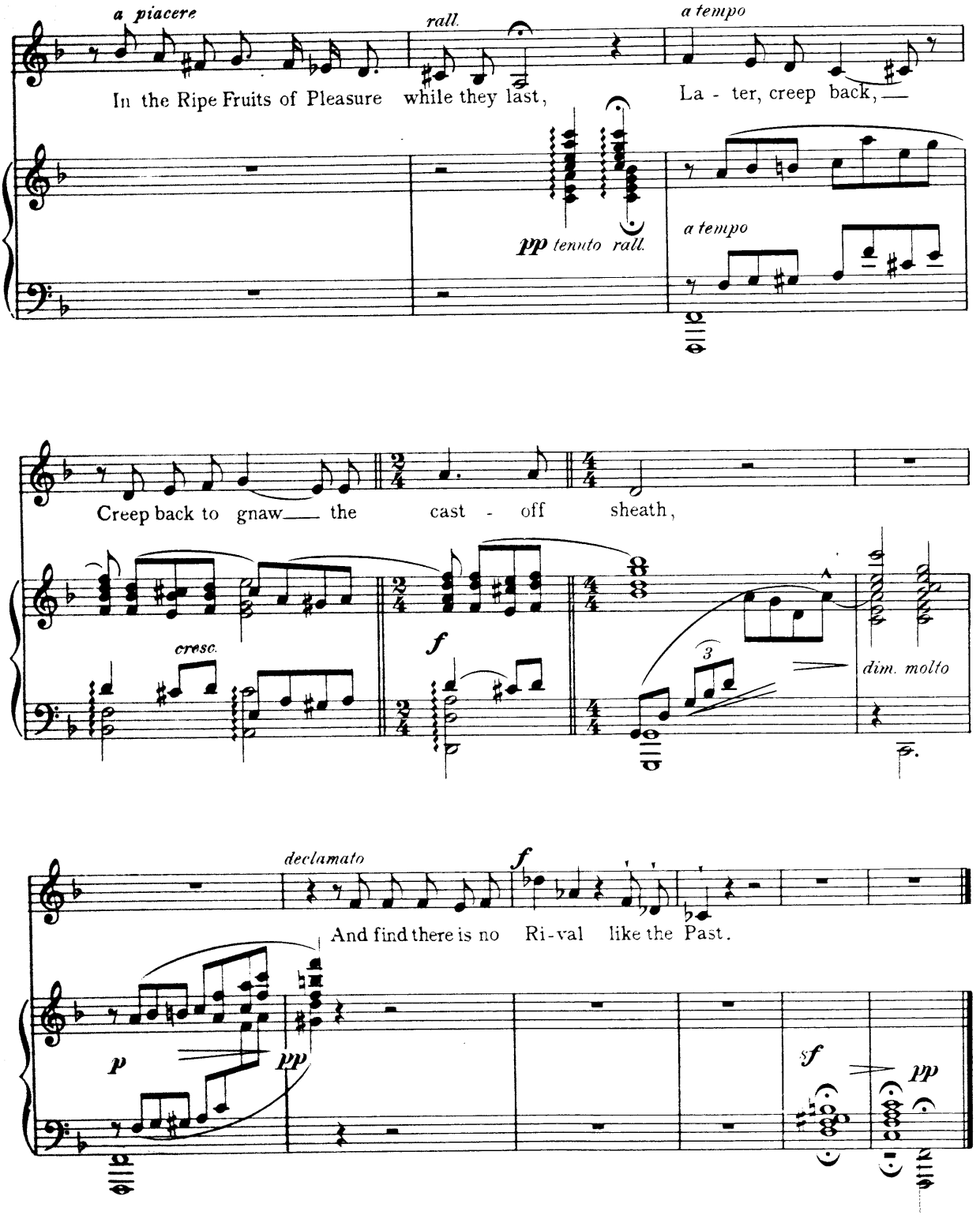
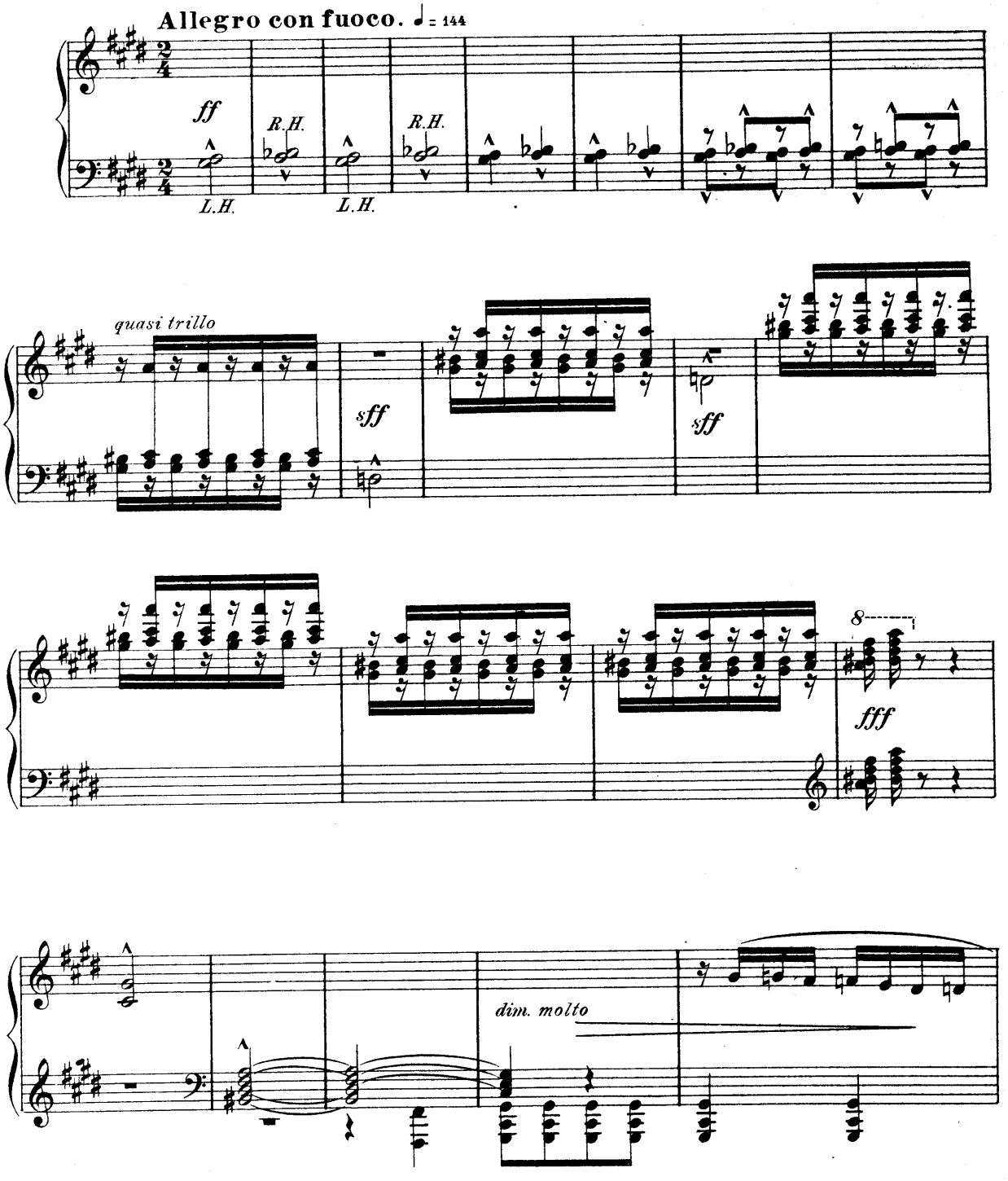
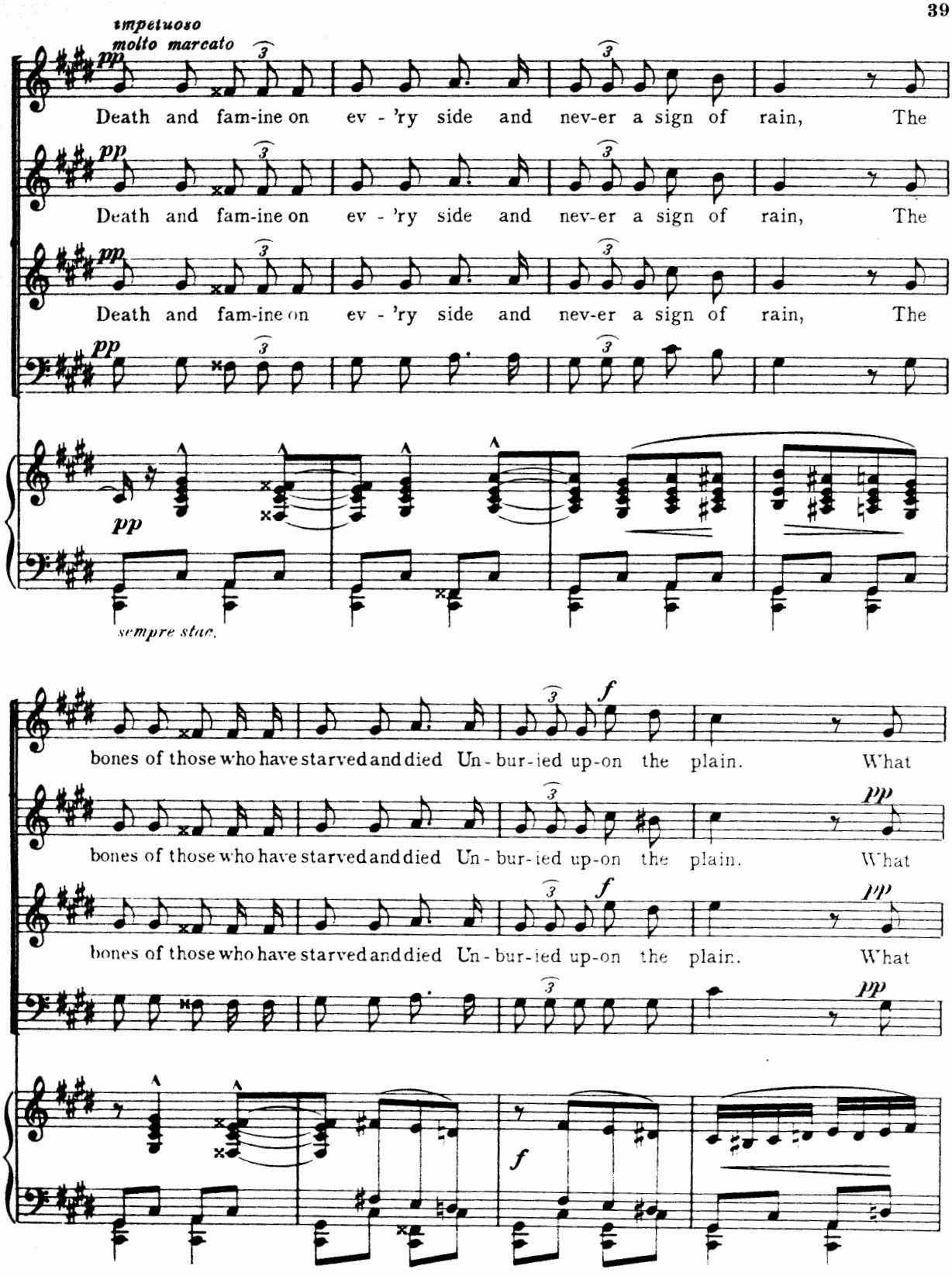

Full of sweet juice, with zest, un-til they find It fin-ished, and their ap-pe-tite un -
sostenuto
accel.
a tempo
slaked,
And so re - turn
p
f
to eat the pared-off rind;
We, who in Youth, set white and careless teeth
sfp
sfp
sfp
a tempo comodo

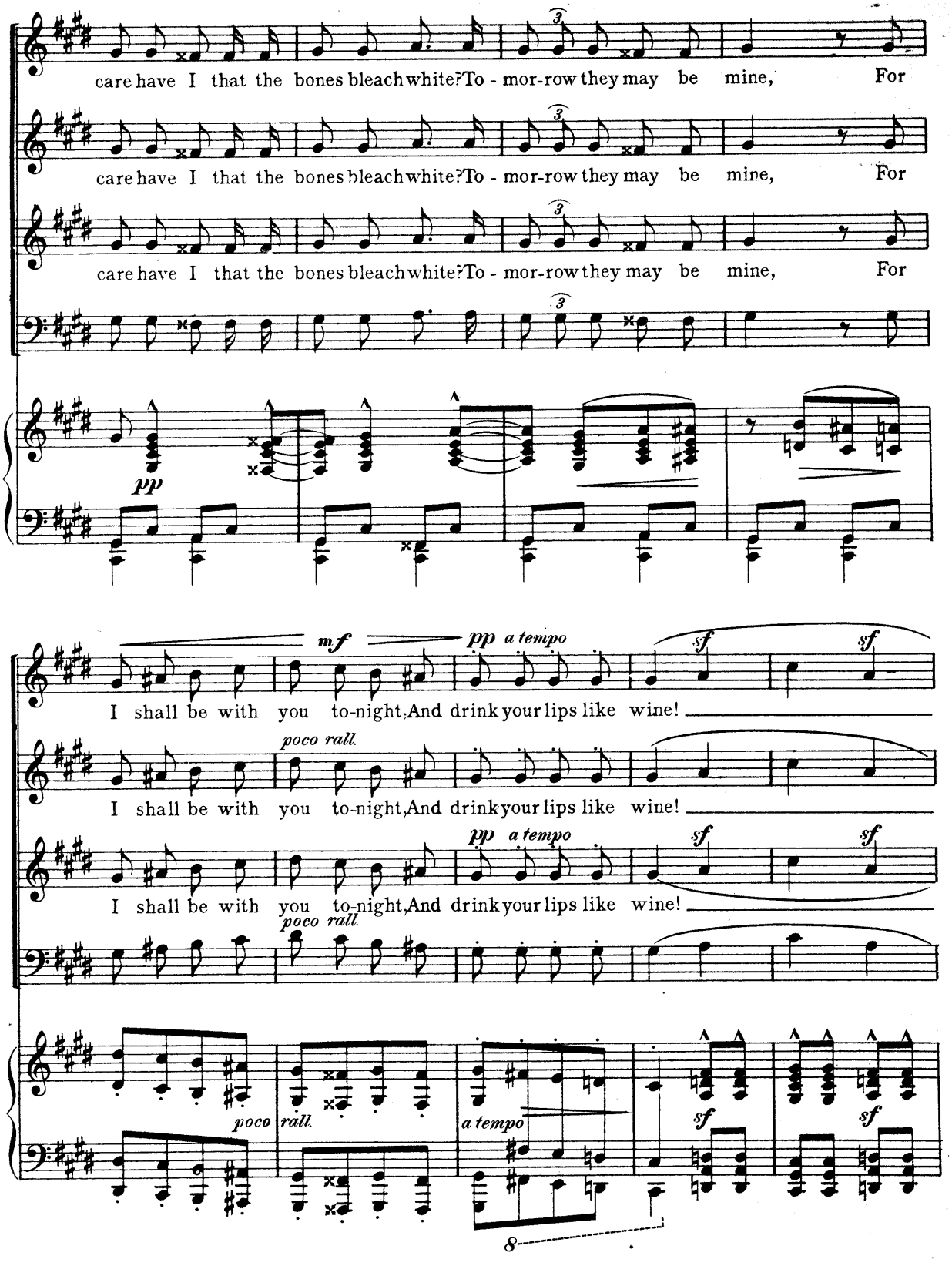

a piacere
rall.
a tempo
In the Ripe Fruits of Pleasure while they last,
La - ter, creep back,—
pp tenuto rall.
a tempo
Creep back to gnaw— the cast - off sheath,
cresc.
f
3
dim. molto
declamato
f
And find there is no Ri-val like the Past.
p
pp
sf
pp

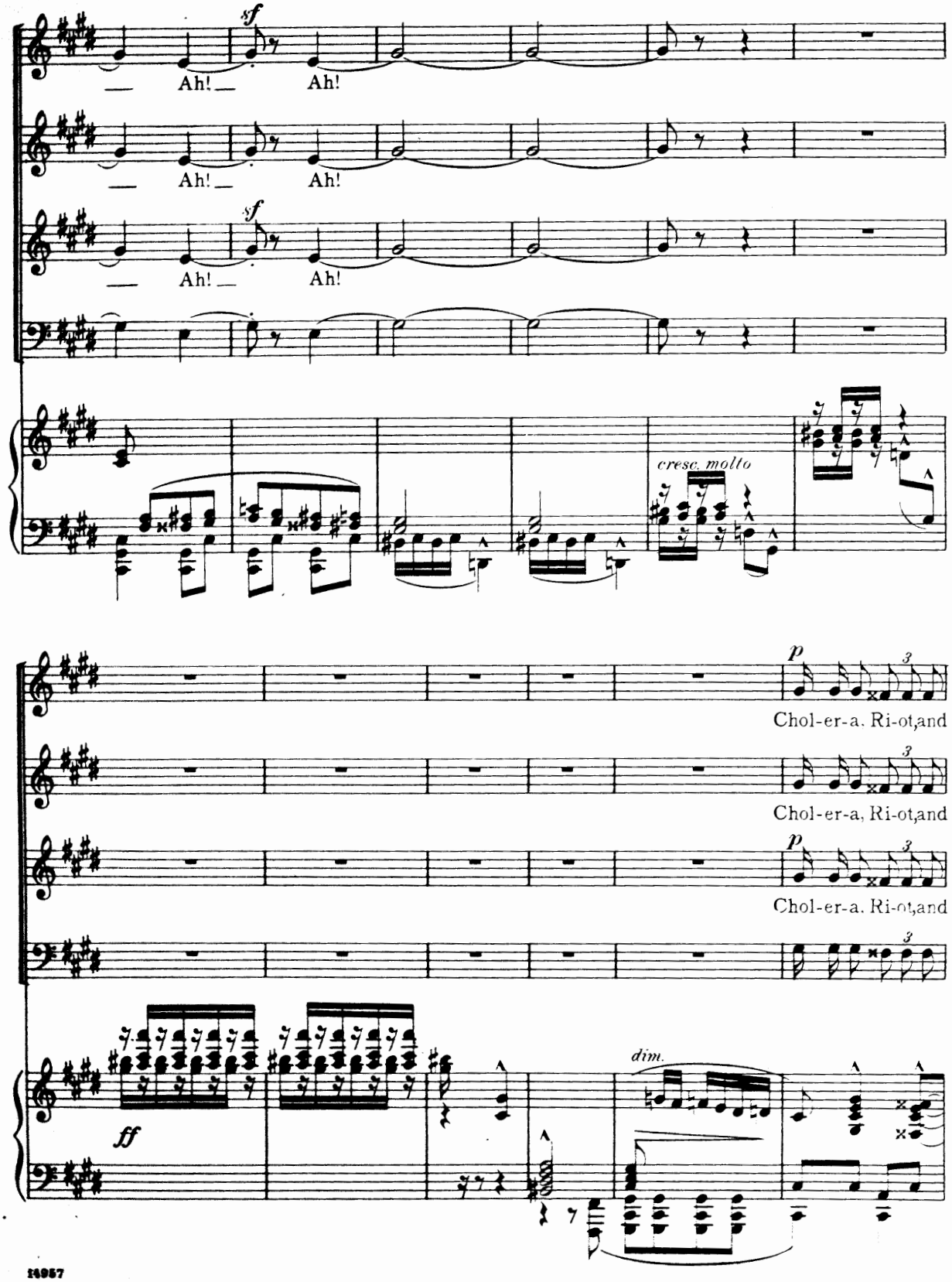
Famine Song.

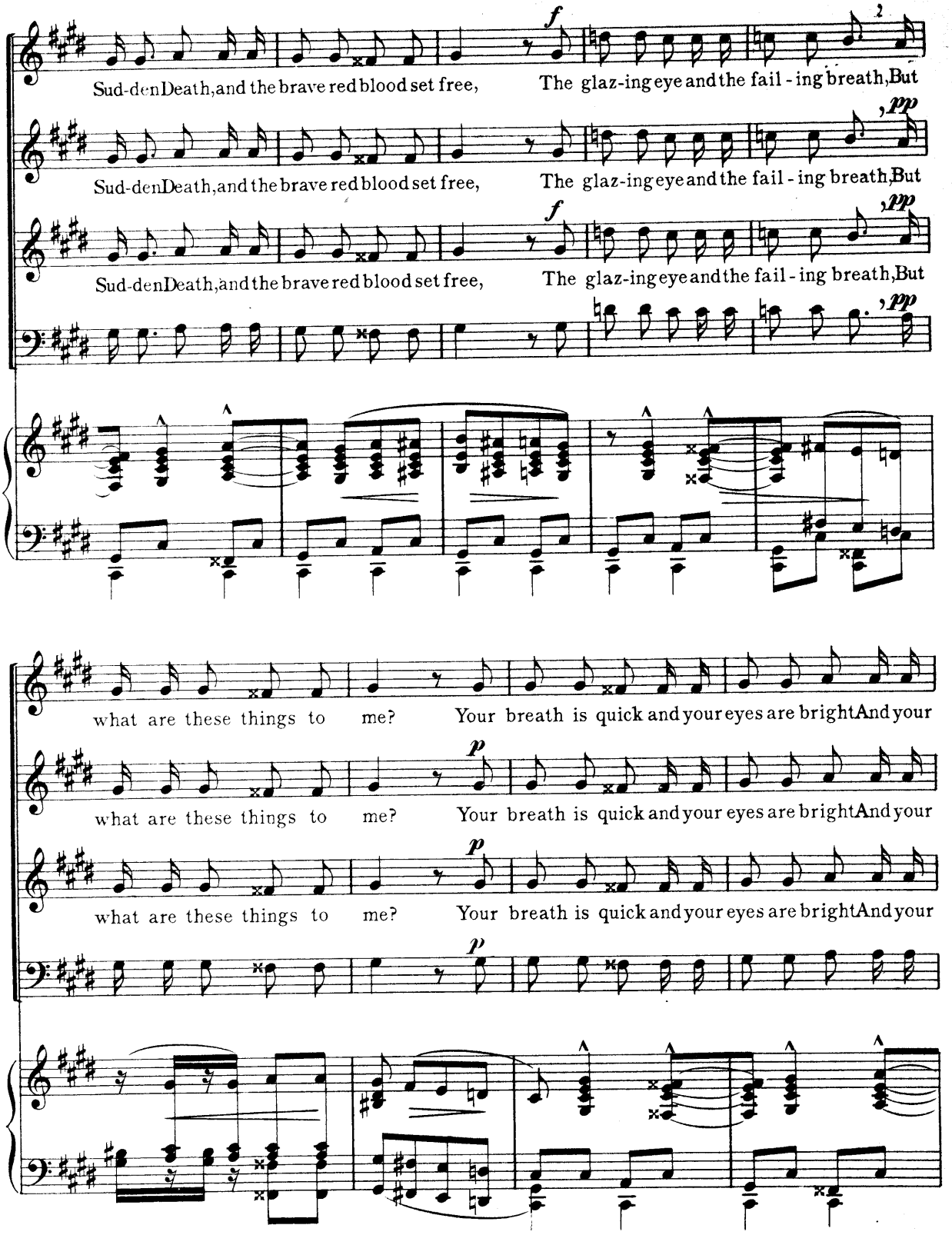
Quartet.

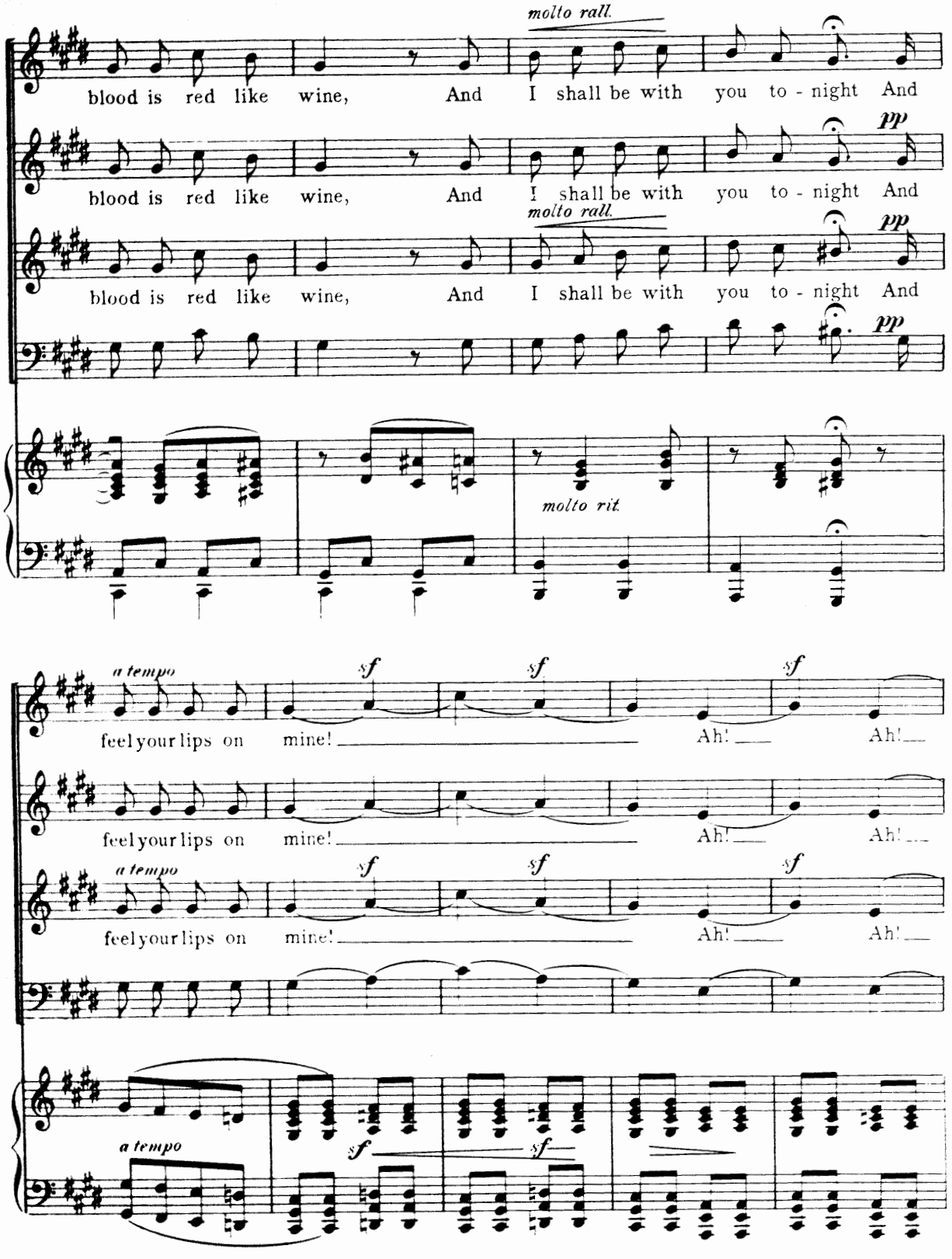


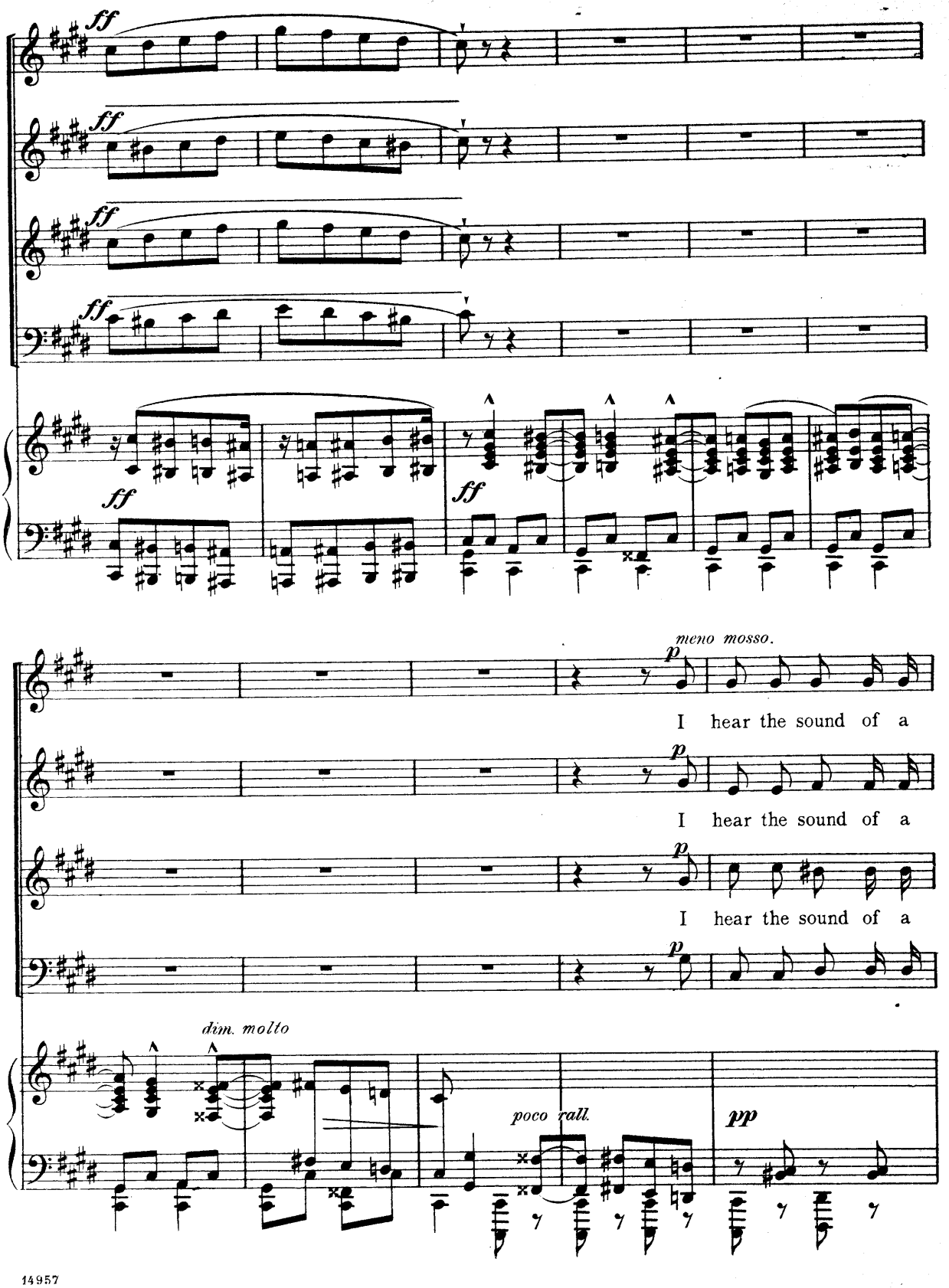

impetuoso
molto marcato
pp
Death and fam-ine on ev - 'ry side and nev-er a sign of rain, The
Death and fam-ine on ev - 'ry side and nev-er a sign of rain, The
Death and fam-ine on ev - 'ry side and nev-er a sign of rain, The
sempre stac.
bones of those who have starved and died Un - bur-ied up-on the plain. What
bones of those who have starved and died Un - bur-ied up-on the plain. What
bones of those who have starved and died Un - bur-ied up-on the plain. What
f
pp

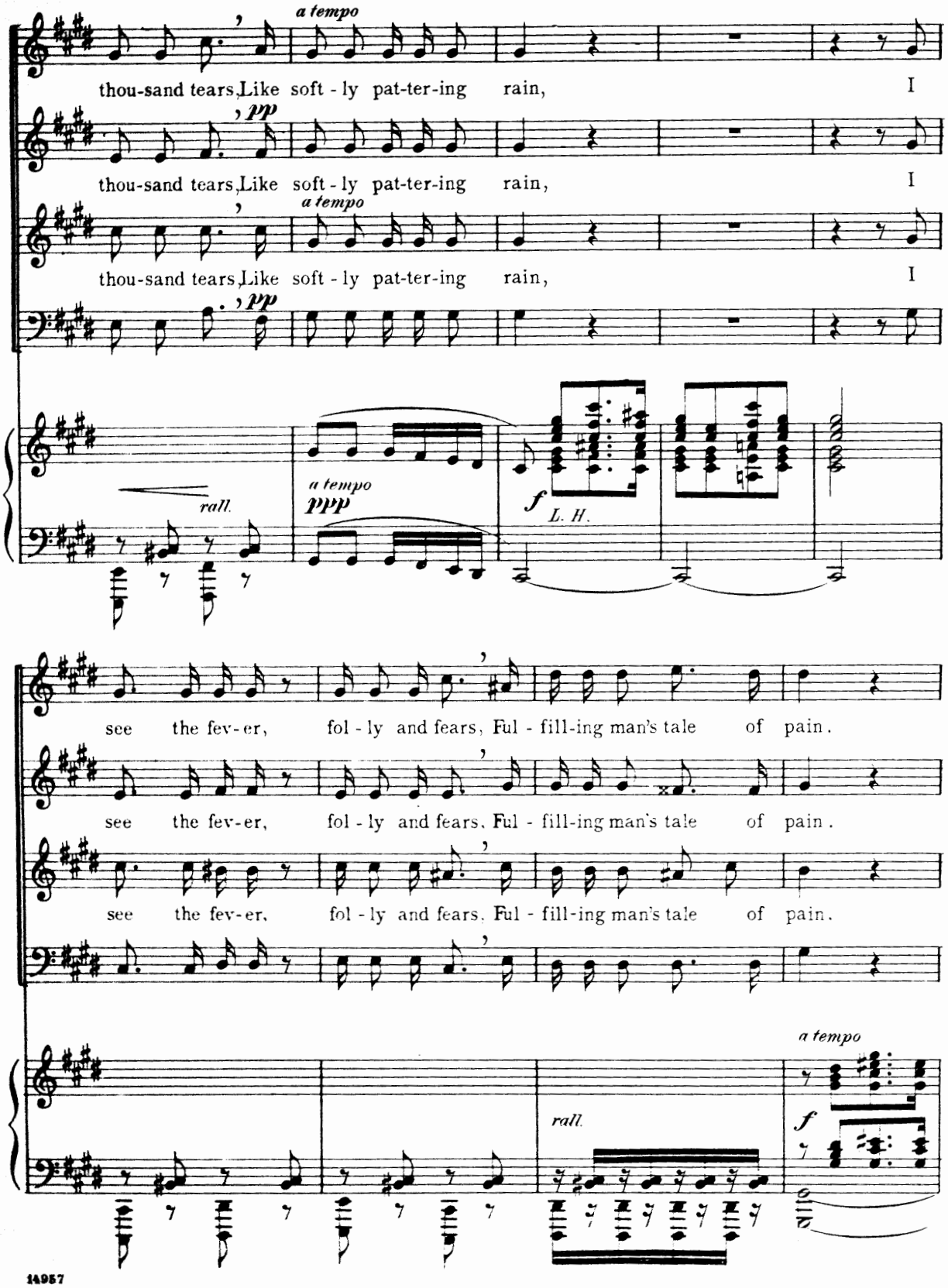

care have I that the bones bleach white? To - mor-row they may be mine, For
pp
mf
pp a tempo
I shall be with you to-night, And drink your lips like wine!
sf
poco rall.
poco
rall.
a tempo
8

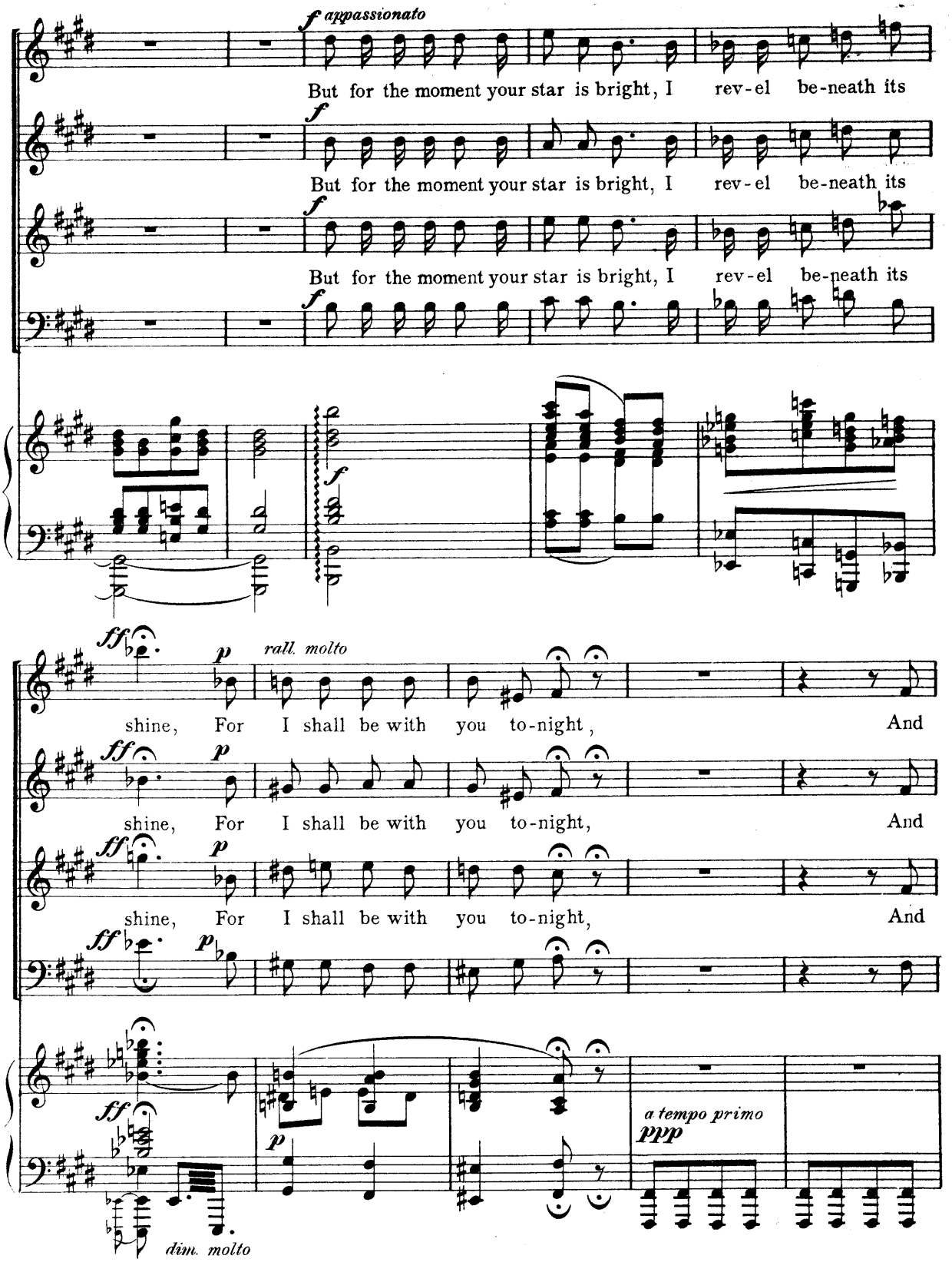

sf
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
sf
Ah!
Ah!
cresc. molto
p
Chol-er-a. Ri-ot,and
Chol-er-a, Ri-ot,and
p
Chol-er-a. Ri-ot,and
ff
dim.

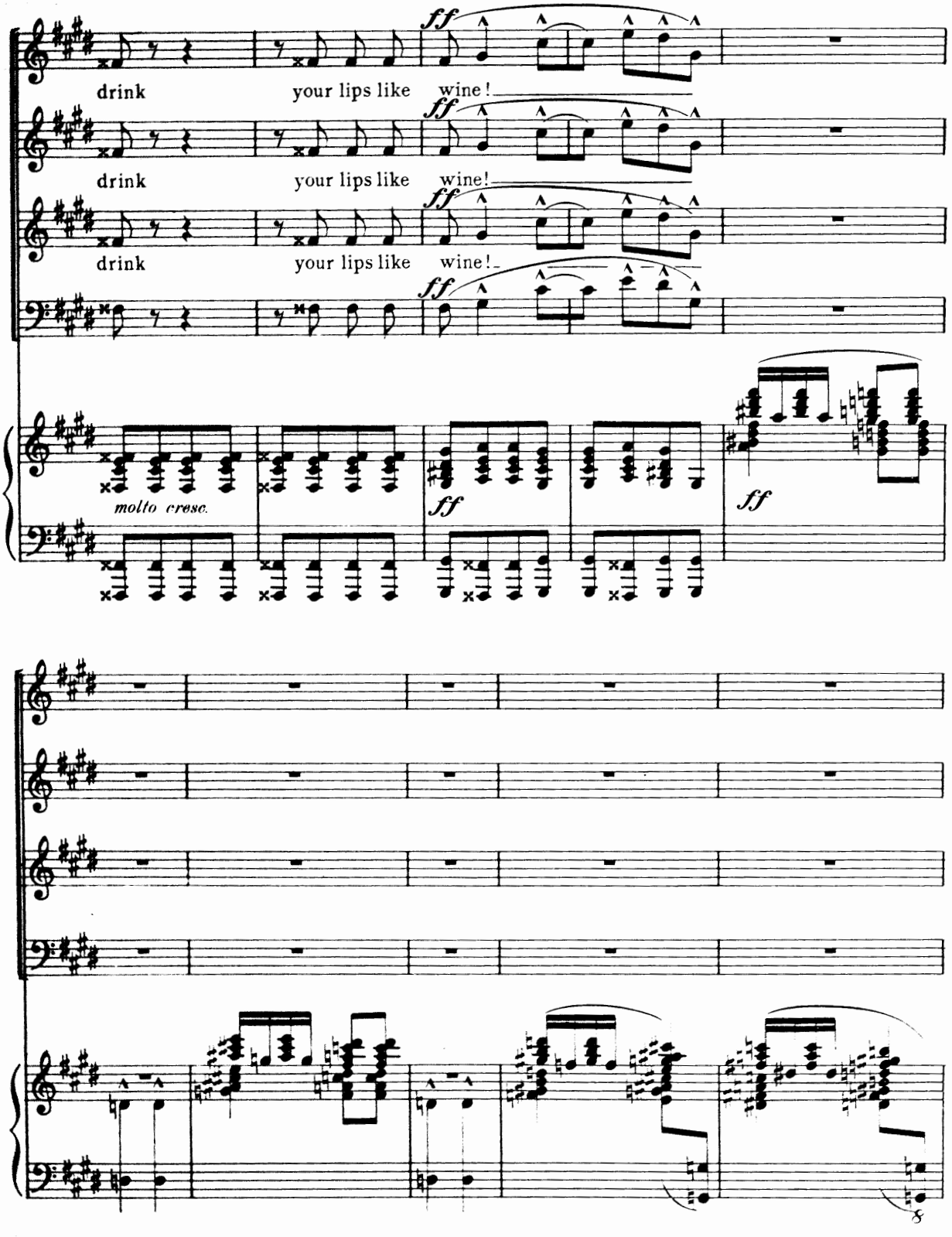

Sud-den Death, and the brave red blood set free, The glaz-ing eye and the fail - ing breath, But
Sud-den Death, and the brave red blood set free, The glaz-ing eye and the fail - ing breath, But
Sud-den Death, and the brave red blood set free, The glaz-ing eye and the fail - ing breath, But
what are these things to me? Your breath is quick and your eyes are bright And your
what are these things to me? Your breath is quick and your eyes are bright And your
what are these things to me? Your breath is quick and your eyes are bright And your

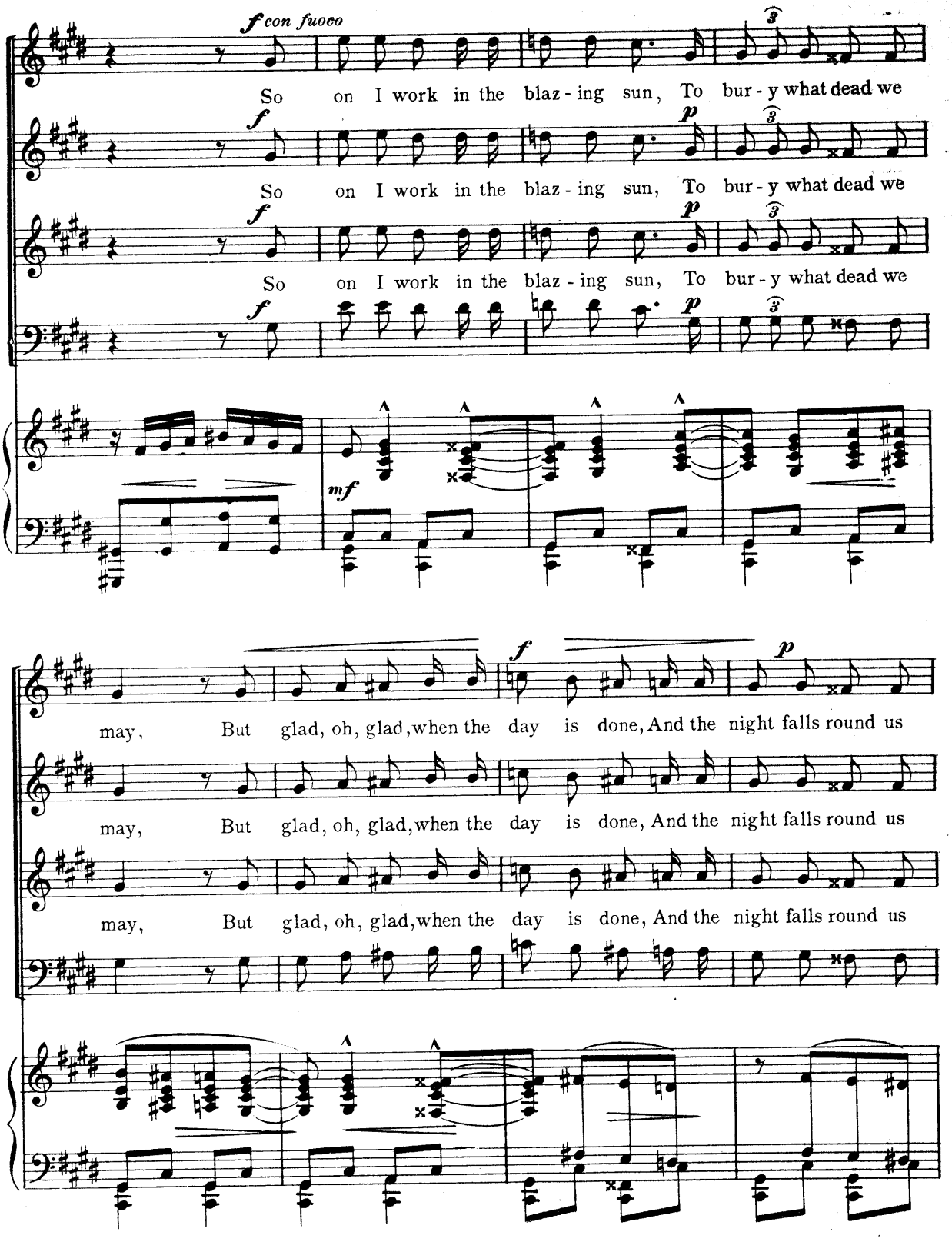

molto rall.
blood is red like wine, And I shall be with you to - night And
pp
molto rall.
blood is red like wine, And I shall be with you to - night And
pp
molto rall.
blood is red like wine, And I shall be with you to - night And
pp
molto rit.
a tempo
sf
feel your lips on mine! Ah! Ah!
a tempo
sf
feel your lips on mine! Ah! Ah!
a tempo
sf
feel your lips on mine! Ah! Ah!
a tempo
sf

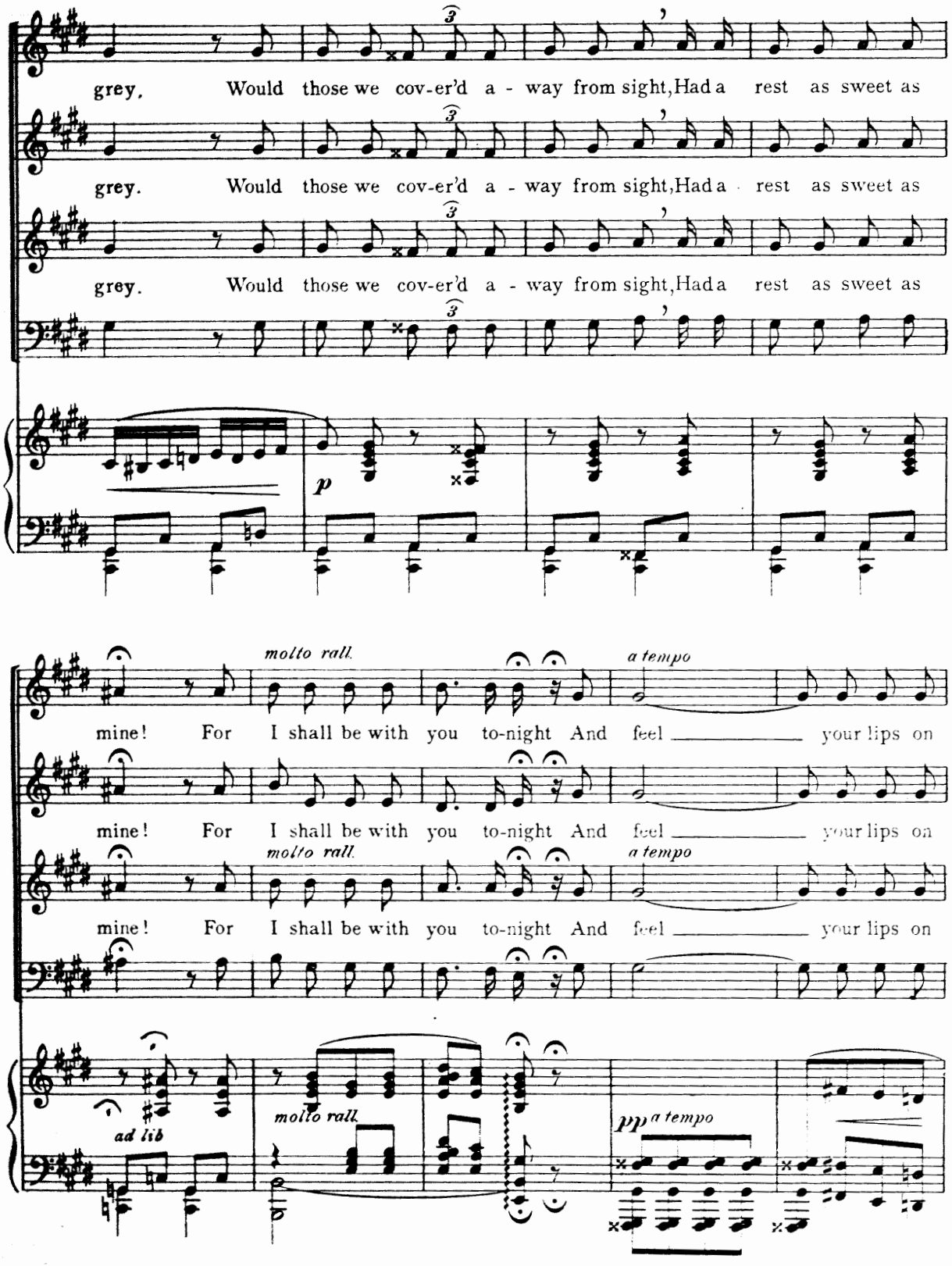

ff
ff
ff
ff
ff
ff
meno mosso.
p
I hear the sound of a
p
I hear the sound of a
p
I hear the sound of a
p
dim. molto
poco rall.
pp

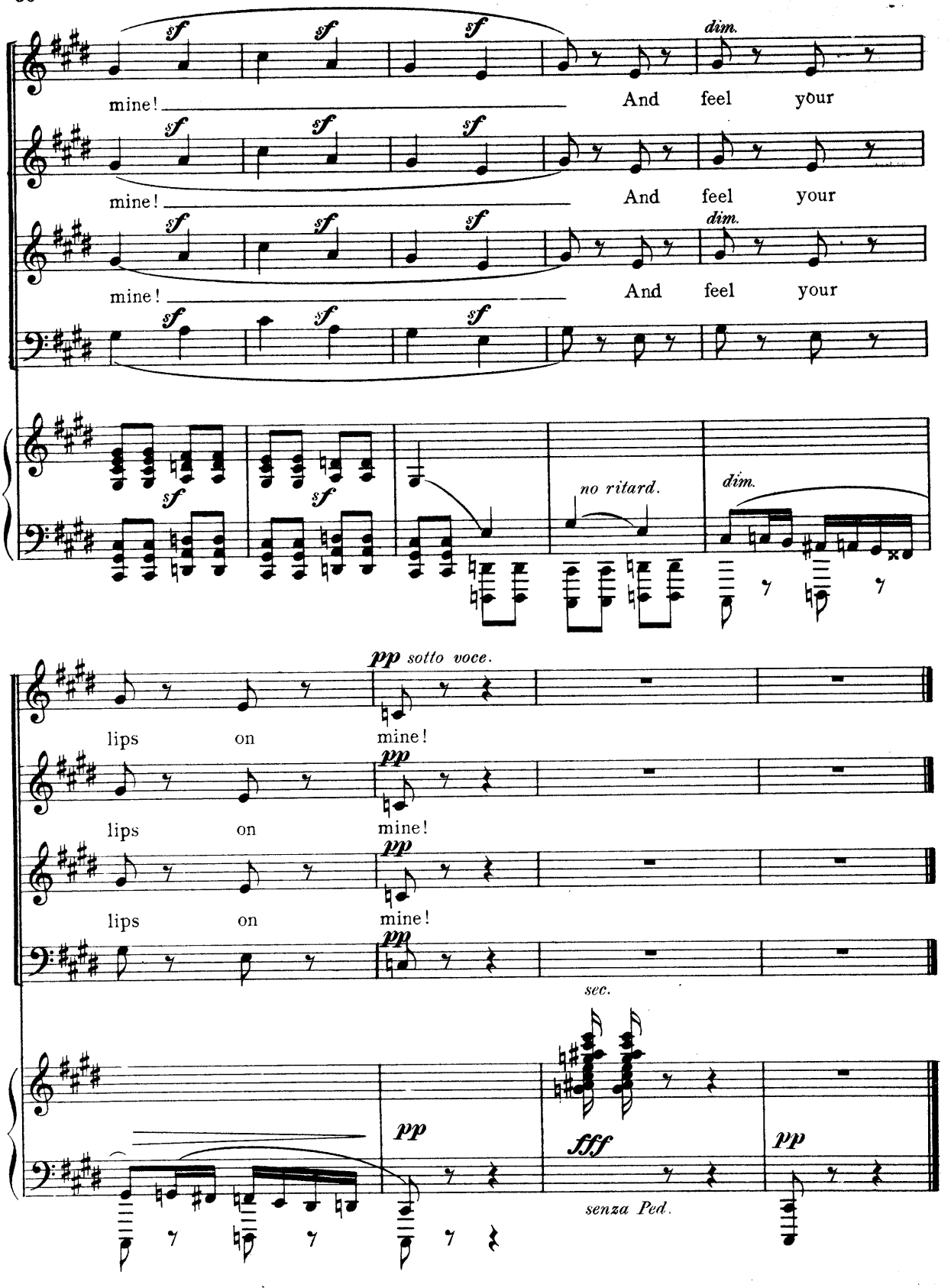

a tempo
thou-sand tears, Like soft - ly pat-ter-ing rain,
I
pp
thou-sand tears, Like soft - ly pat-ter-ing rain,
I
a tempo
thou-sand tears, Like soft - ly pat-ter-ing rain,
I
pp
rall.
a tempo
ppp
f
L. H.
see the fev-er, fol - ly and fears, Ful - fill-ing man's tale of pain.
see the fev-er, fol - ly and fears, Ful - fill-ing man's tale of pain.
see the fev-er, fol - ly and fears, Ful - fill-ing man's tale of pain.
rall.
a tempo
f


f appassionato
But for the moment your star is bright, I rev-el be-neath its
f
But for the moment your star is bright, I rev-el be-neath its
f
But for the moment your star is bright, I rev-el be-neath its
f
ff
p
rall. molto
shine, For I shall be with you to-night, And
ff
p
shine, For I shall be with you to-night, And
ff
p
shine, For I shall be with you to-night, And
ff
p
ff
p
dim. molto
a tempo primo
ppp


drink your lips like wine!
drink your lips like wine!
drink your lips like wine!
molto cresc.
ff
8

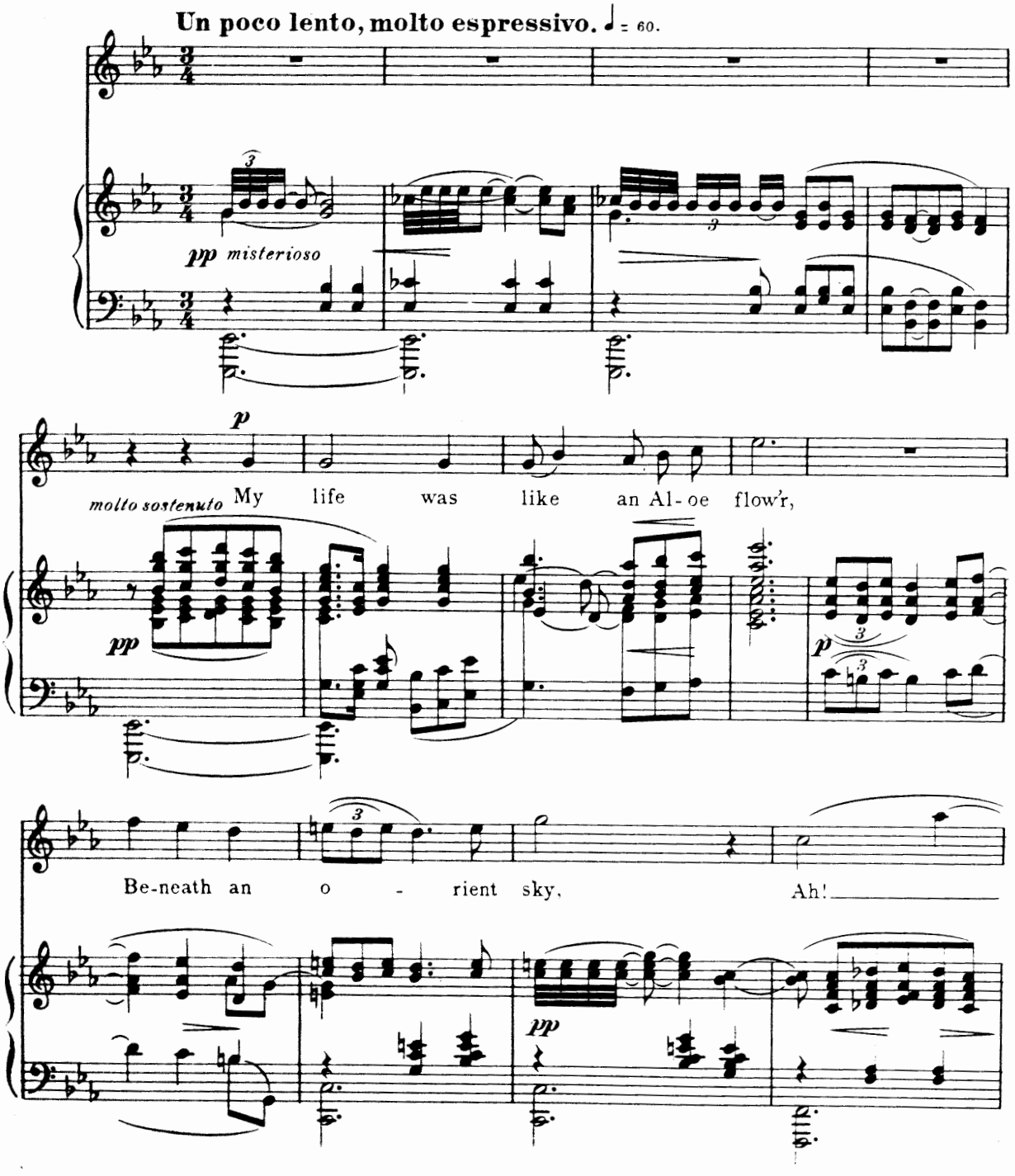

f con fuoco
So on I work in the blaz - ing sun, To bur - y what dead we
f
p
So on I work in the blaz - ing sun, To bur - y what dead we
f
p
So on I work in the blaz - ing sun, To bur - y what dead we
f
p
mf
may, But glad, oh, glad, when the day is done, And the night falls round us
f
p
may, But glad, oh, glad, when the day is done, And the night falls round us
may, But glad, oh, glad, when the day is done, And the night falls round us

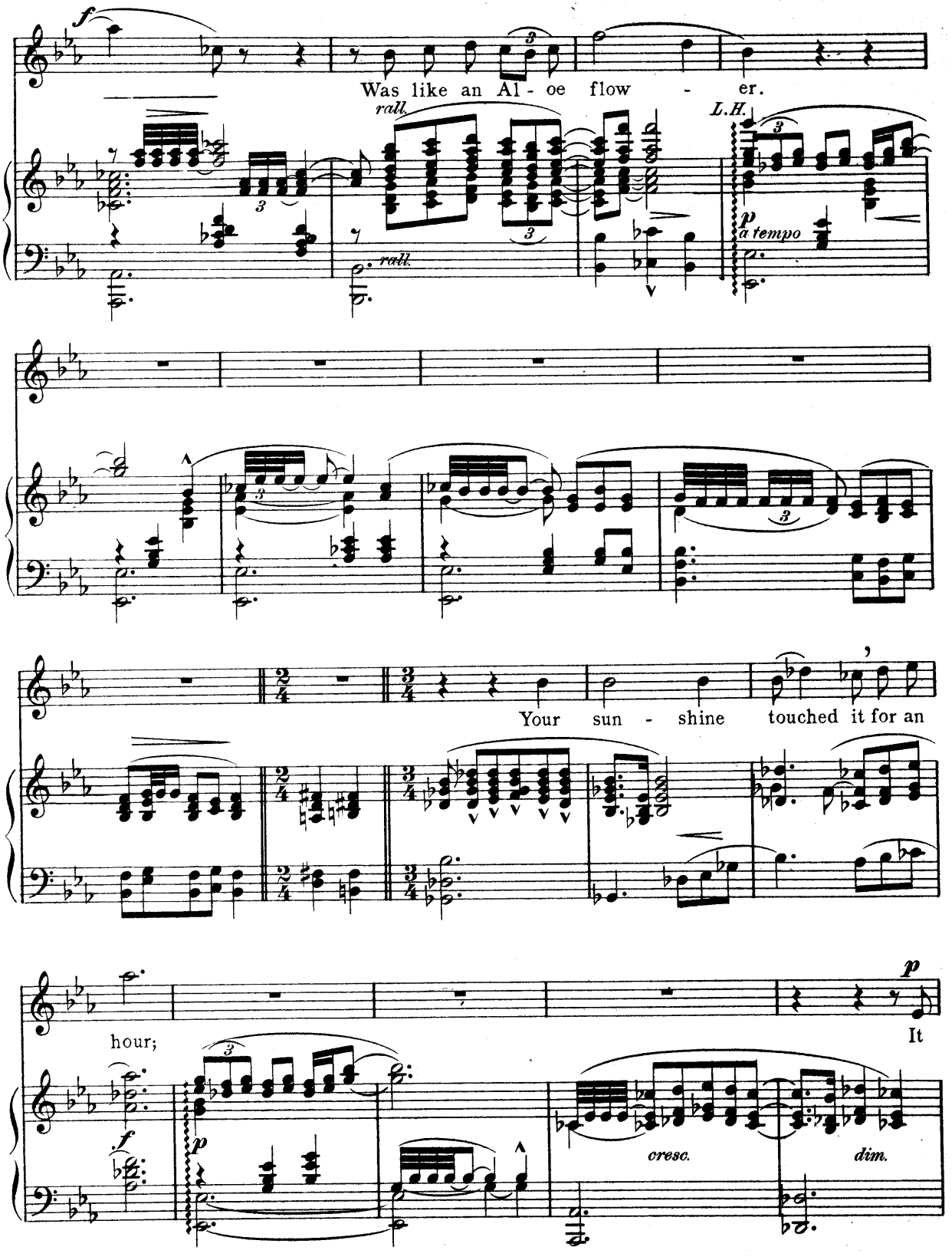

grey. Would those we cov-er'd a - way from sight, Had a rest as sweet as
grey. Would those we cov-er'd a - way from sight, Had a rest as sweet as
grey. Would those we cov-er'd a - way from sight, Had a rest as sweet as
p
molto rall.
a tempo
mine! For I shall be with you to-night And feel your lips on
mine! For I shall be with you to-night And feel your lips on
molto rall.
a tempo
mine! For I shall be with you to-night And feel your lips on
ad lib
molto rall.
pp
a tempo

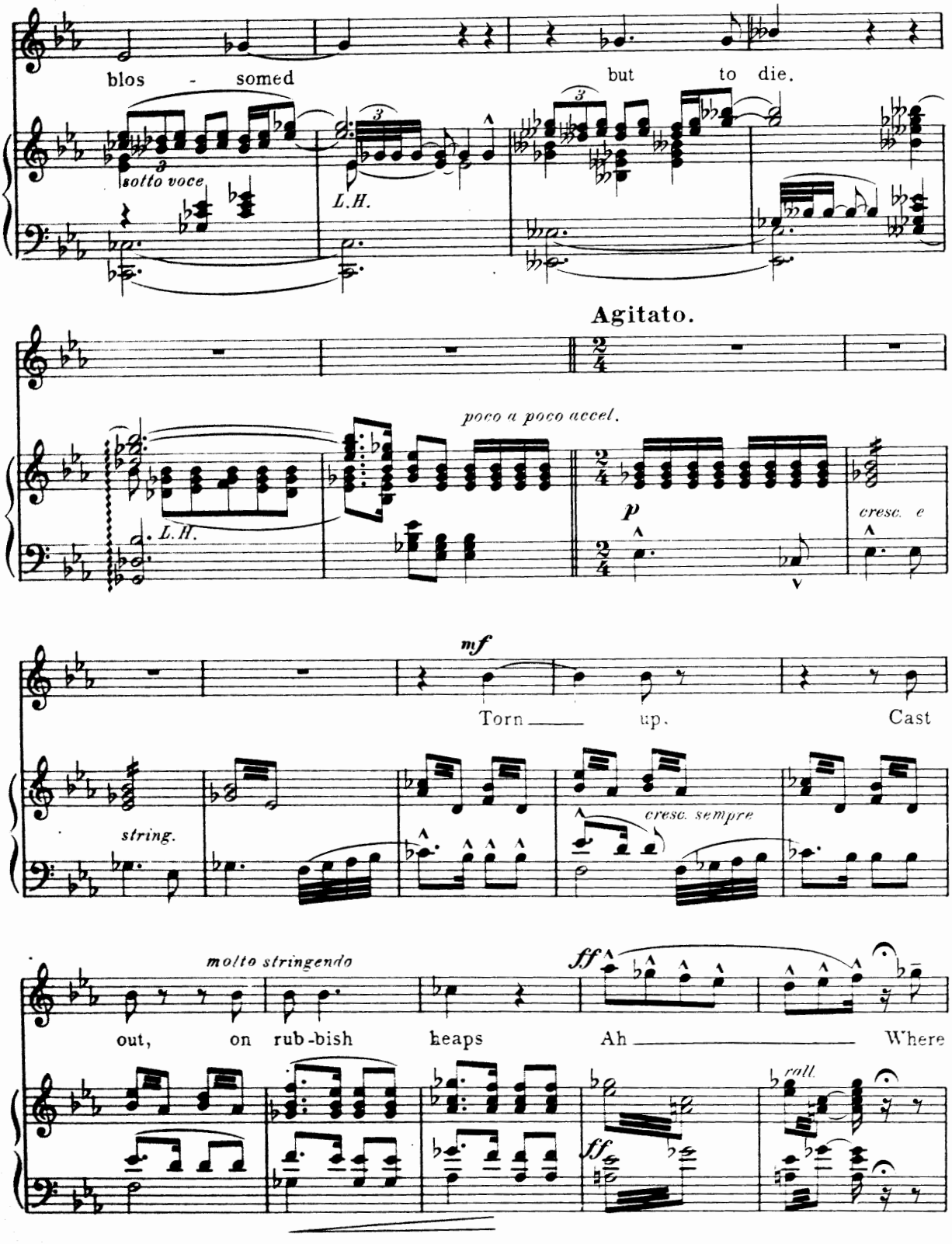

mine!
And feel your
mine!
And feel your
mine!
And feel your
dim.
dim.
sf
no ritard.
dim.
pp sotto voce.
lips on mine!
lips on mine!
lips on mine!
pp
sec.
pp
fff
pp
senza Ped.

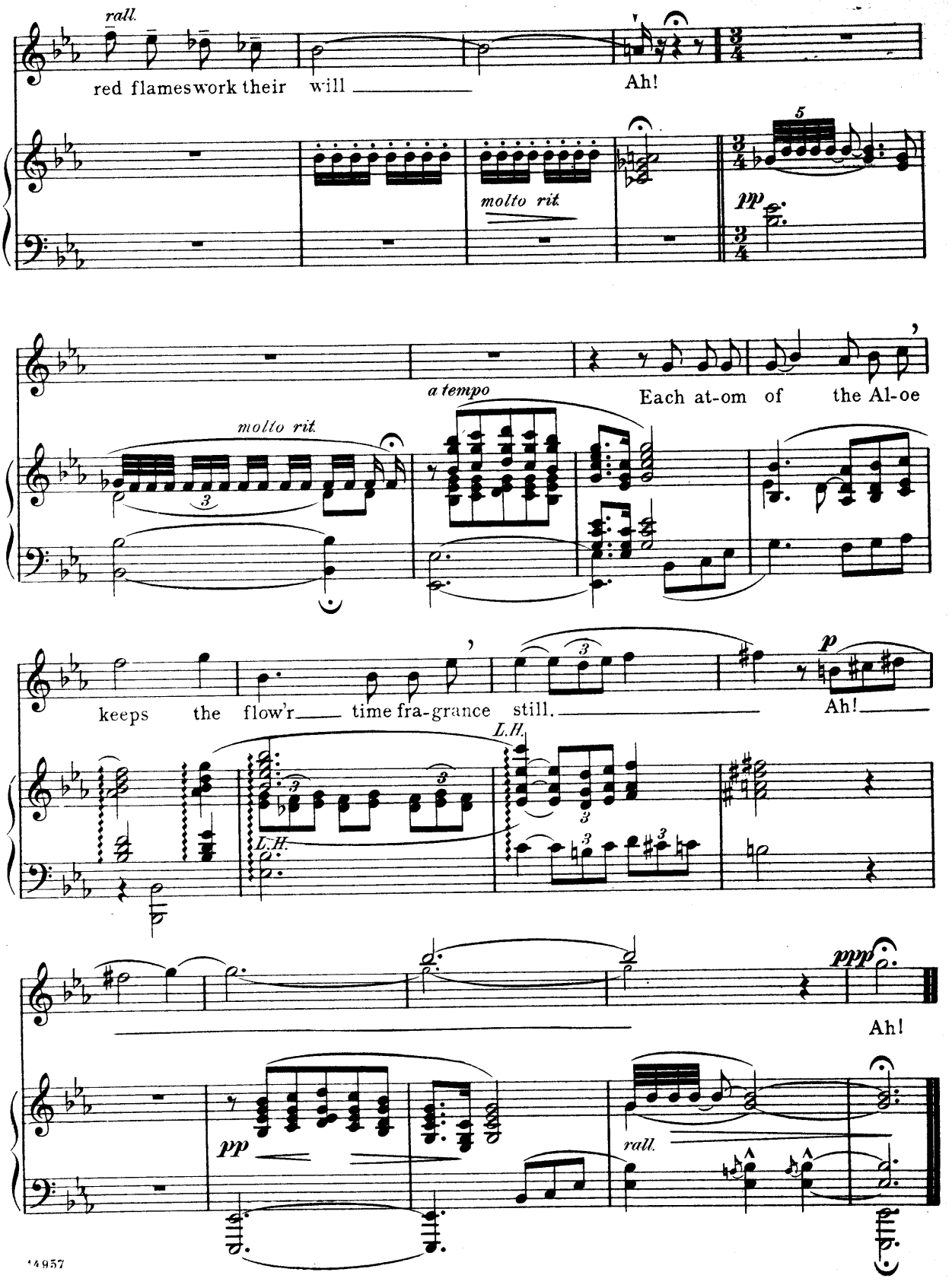
The Aloe.

Soprano Solo.



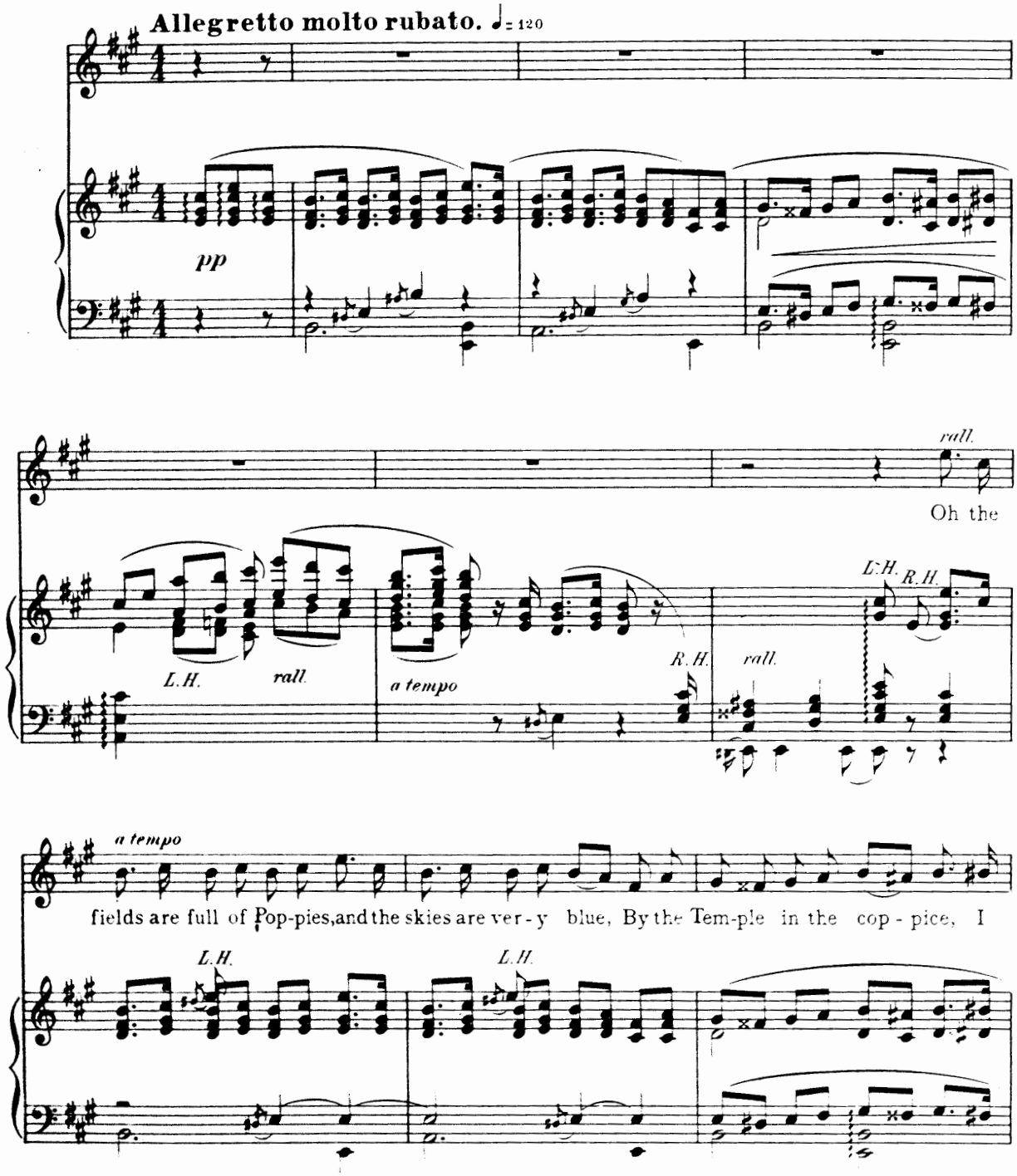

Was like an Al - oe flow - er.
rall.
rall.
L.H.
a tempo
Your sun - shine touched it for an
hour;
It
cresc.
dim.


blos - somed
but to die.
sotto voce
L.H.
Agitato.
poco a poco accel.
L.H.
p
cresc. e
mf
Torn up.
Cast
string.
cresc. sempre
molto stringendo
ff
out, on rub-bish heaps
Ah
Where
roll.
ff


rall.
red flames work their will
Ah!
molto rit.
pp
molto rit.
a tempo
Each at-om of the Al-oe
keeps the flow'r time fra-grance still.
Ah!
L.H.
L.H.
p
ppp
Ah!
pp
rall.

In the Early, Pearly Morning.

Tenor Solo.



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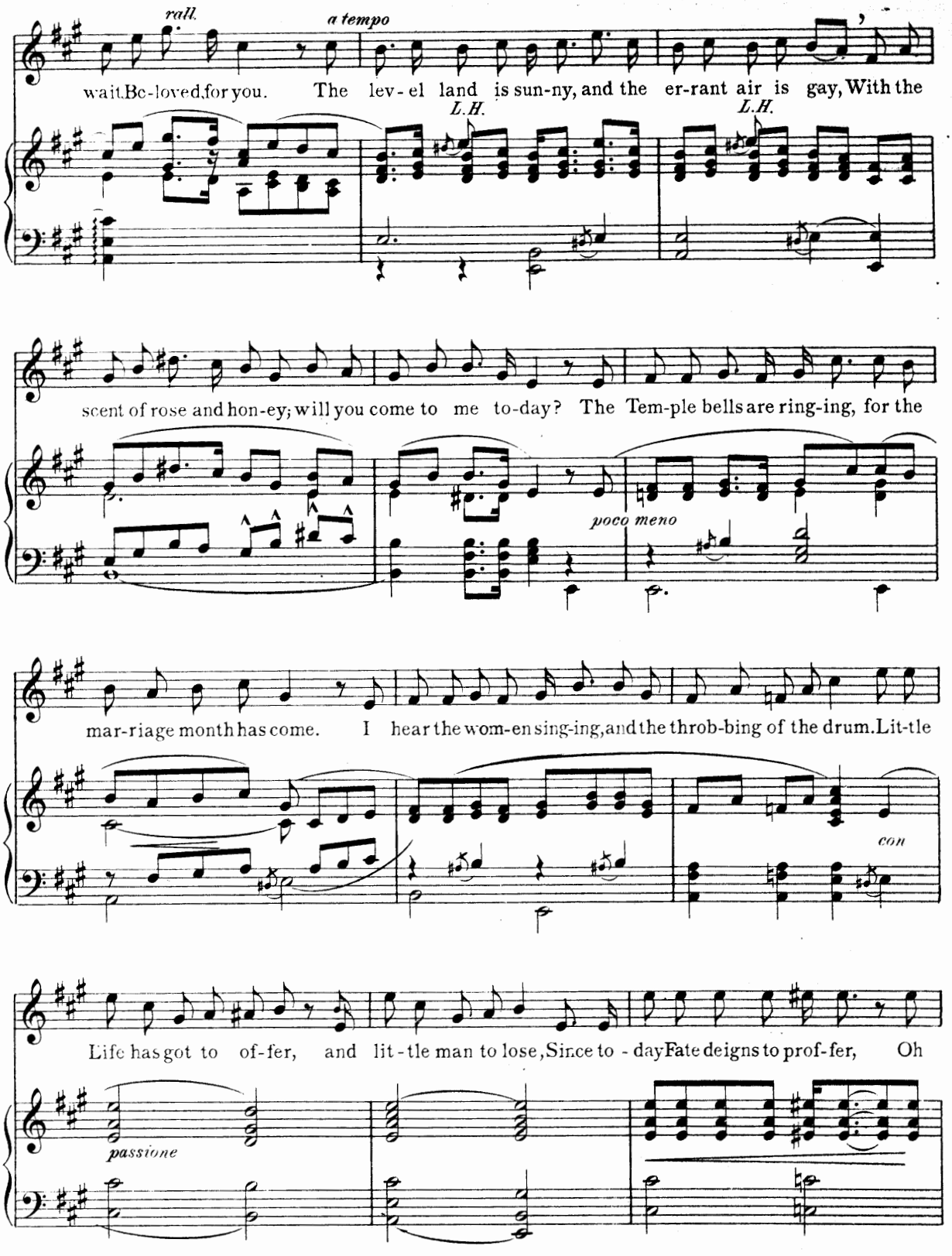
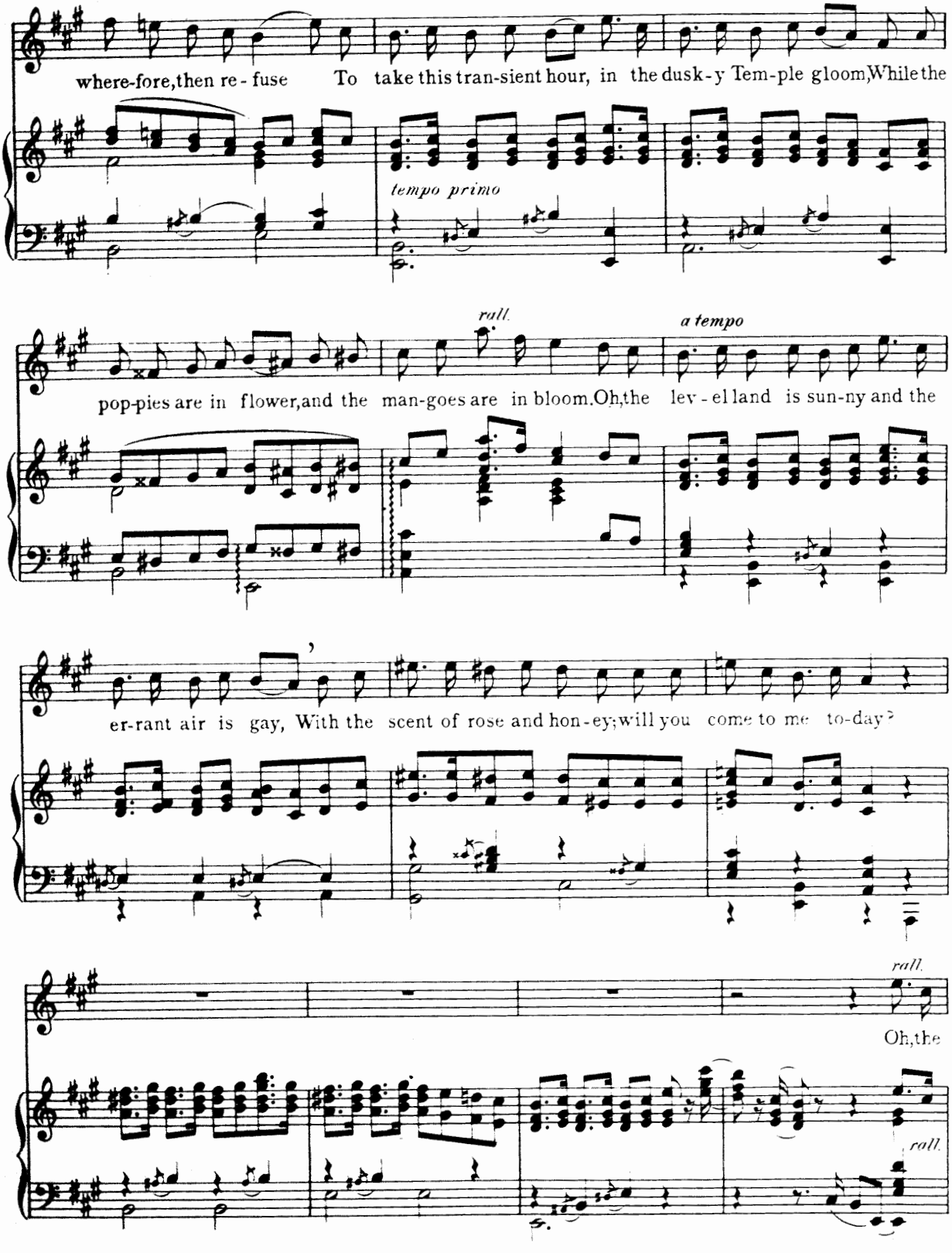
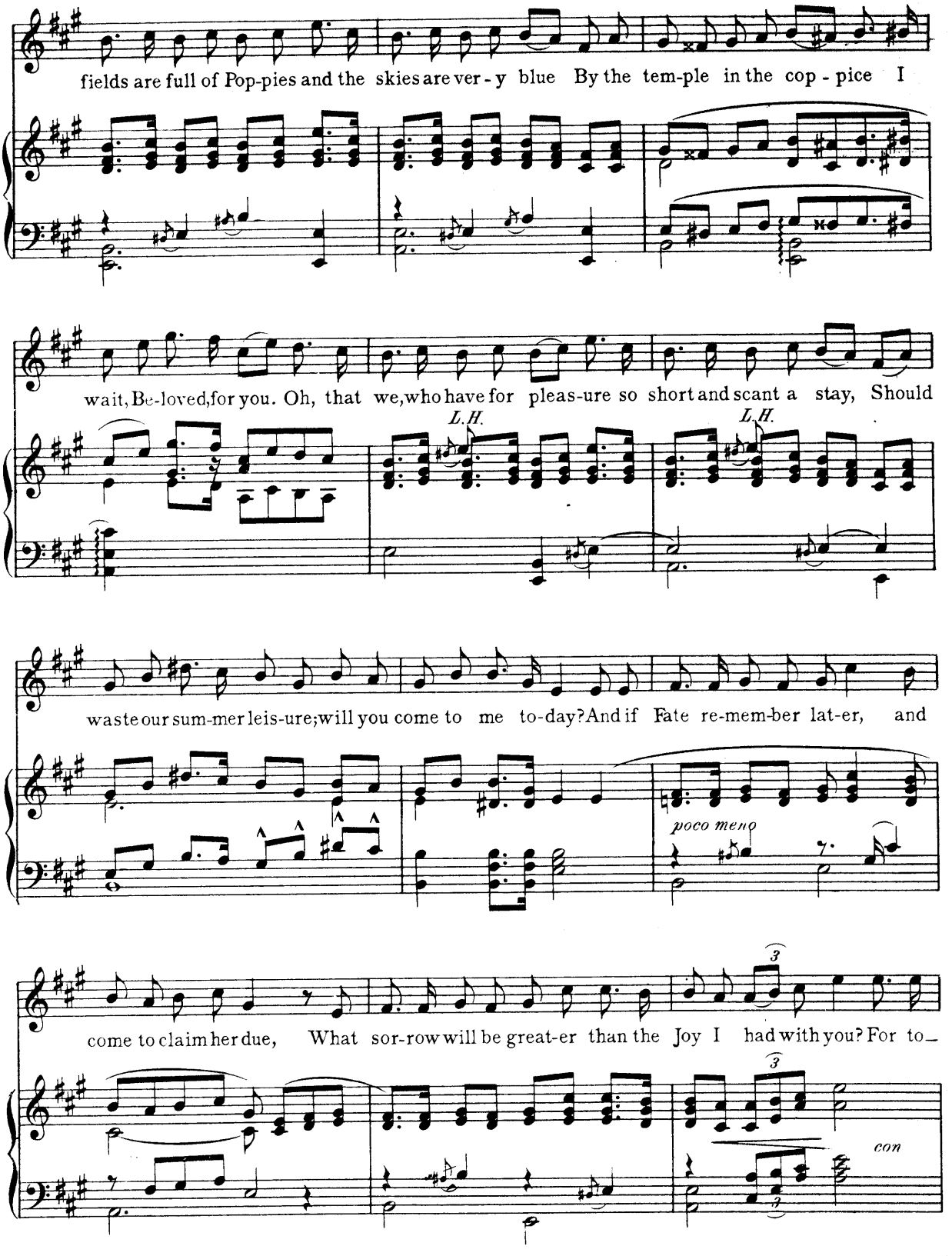
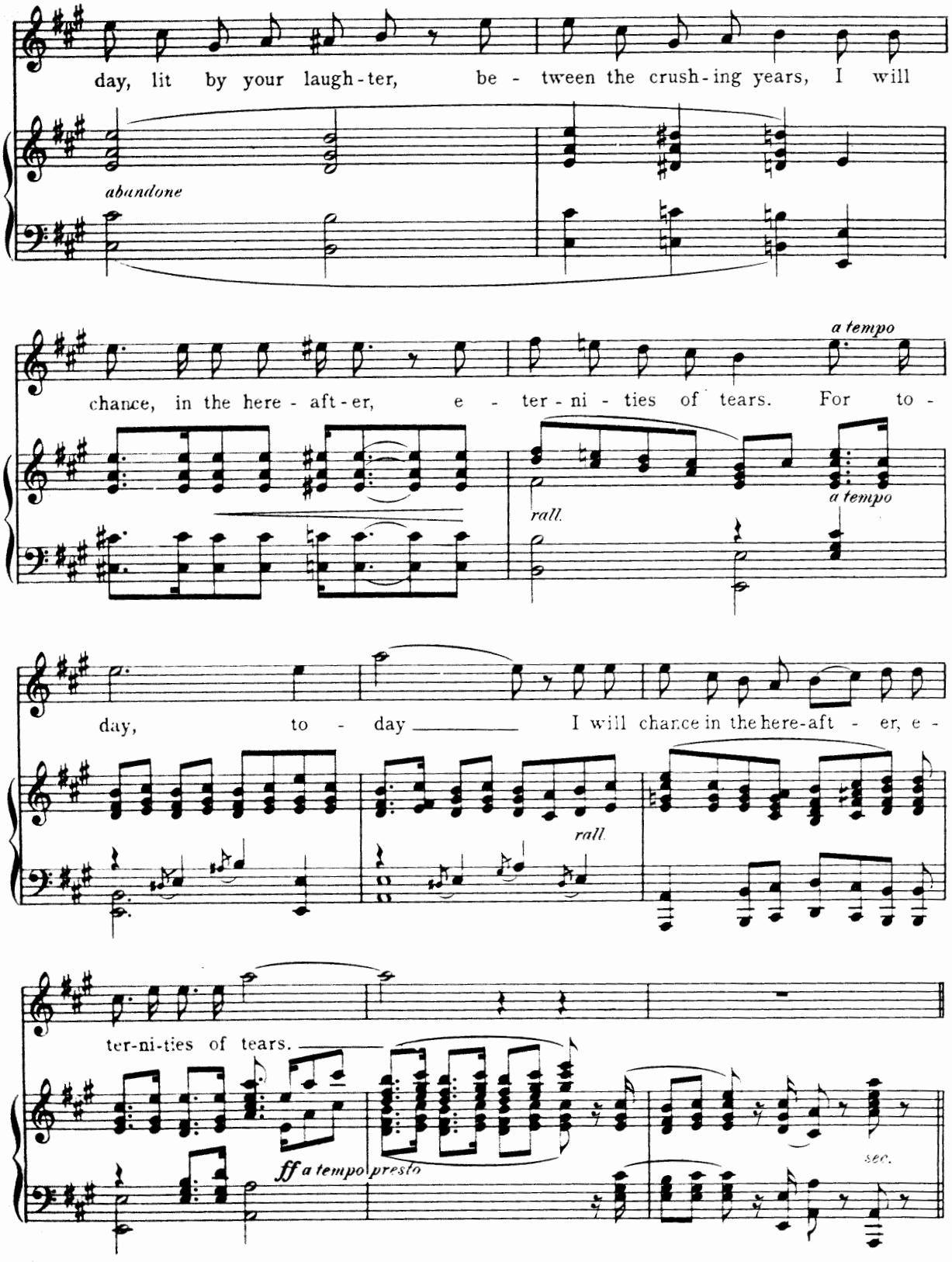

rall.
a tempo
wait Be-loved, for you. The lev-el land is sun-ny, and the er-rant air is gay, With the
L.H.
L.H.
scent of rose and hon-ey; will you come to me to-day? The Tem-ple bells are ring-ing, for the
poco meno
mar-riage month has come. I hear the wom-en sing-ing, and the throb-bing of the drum. Lit-tle
con
Life has got to of-fer, and lit-tle man to lose, Since to-day Fate deigns to prof-fer, Oh
passione

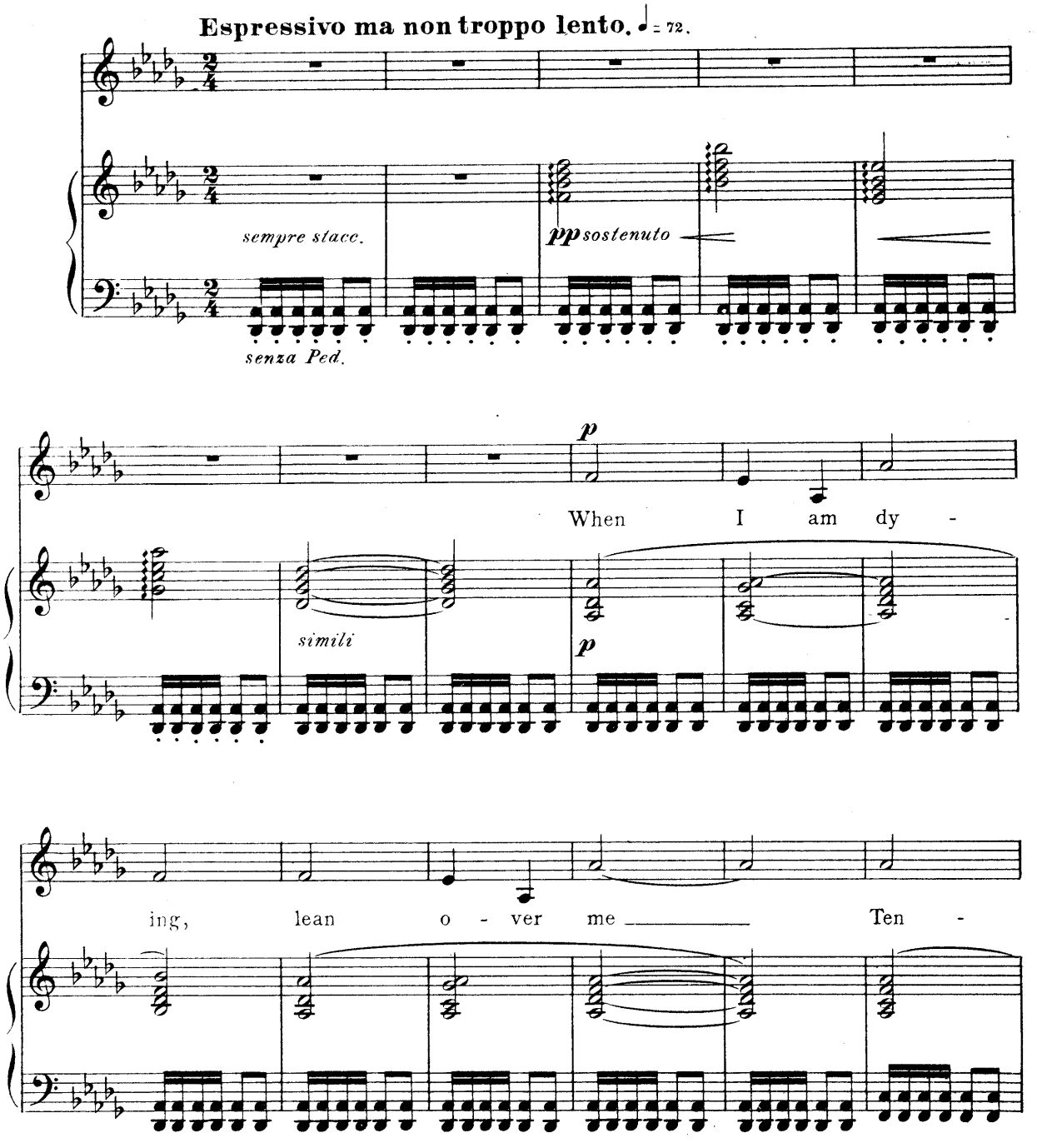

where-fore, then re-fuse To take this tran-sient hour, in the dusk-y Tem-ple gloom, While the
tempo primo
rall.
a tempo
pop-pies are in flower, and the man-goes are in bloom. Oh, the lev-el land is sun-ny and the
er-rant air is gay, With the scent of rose and hon-ey; will you come to me to-day?
rall.
Oh, the
rall.

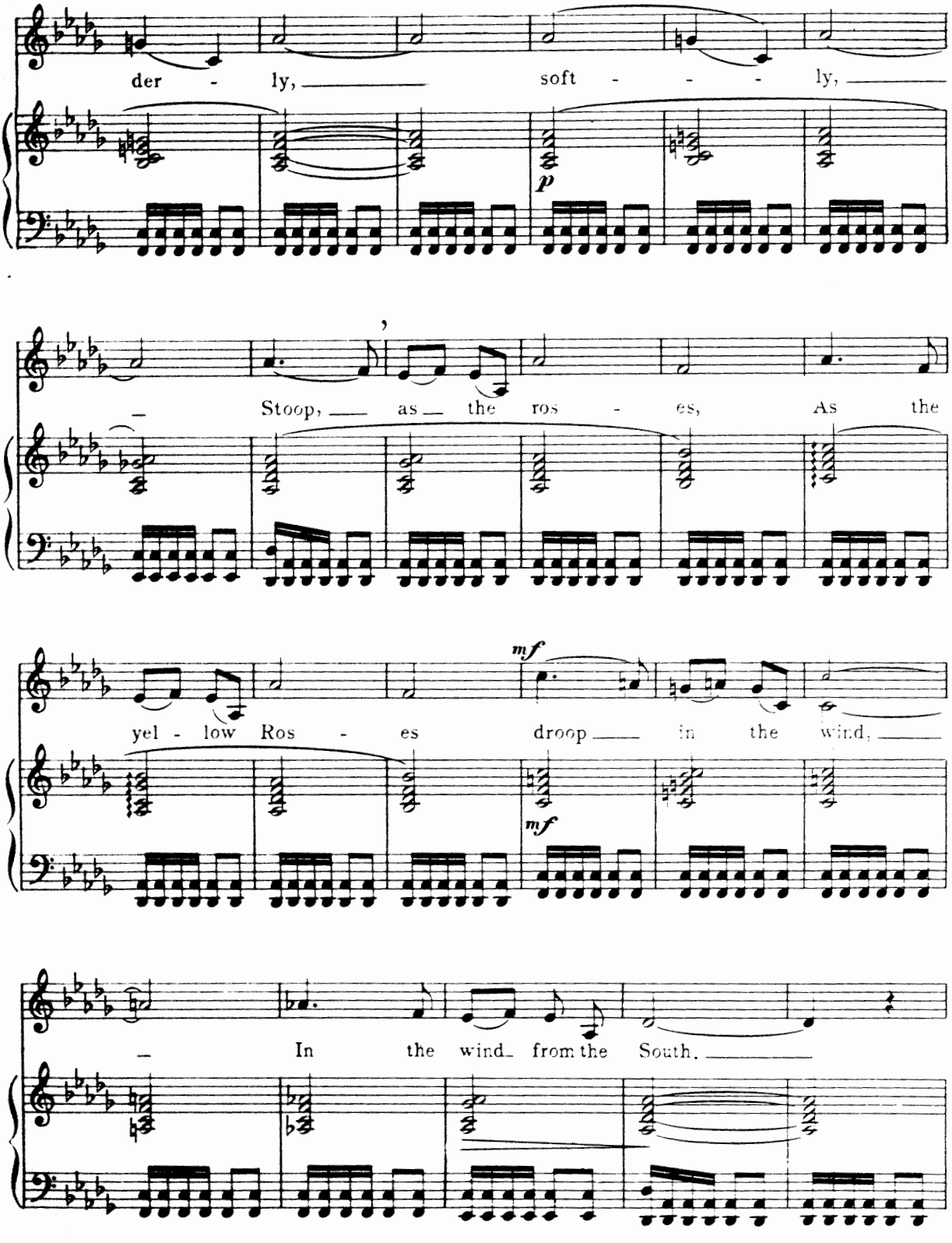

fields are full of Pop-pies and the skies are ver - y blue By the tem-ple in the cop - pice I
wait, Be-loved, for you. Oh, that we, who have for pleas-ure so short and scant a stay, Should
L.H.
L.H.
waste our sum-mer leis-ure; will you come to me to-day? And if Fate re-mem-ber lat-er, and
poco meno
come to claim her due, What sor-row will be great-er than the Joy I had with you? For to—
3
3
con

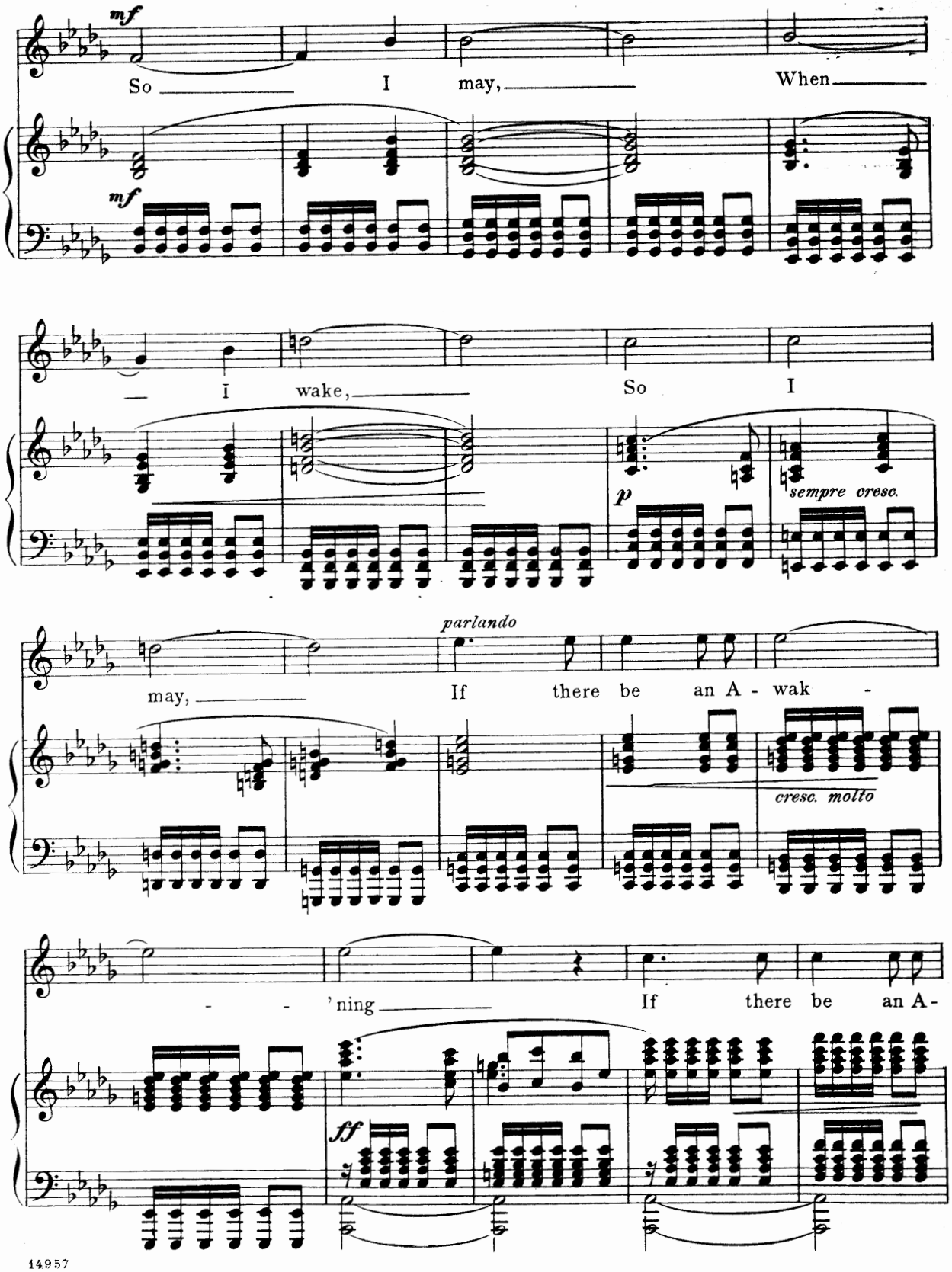

day, lit by your laugh-ter, be - tween the crush-ing years, I will
abandone
chance, in the here - aft-er, e - ter-ni - ties of tears. For to -
a tempo
rall.
a tempo
day, to - day I will chance in the here-aft - er, e -
rall.
ter-ni-ties of tears.
ff a tempo presto
sec.

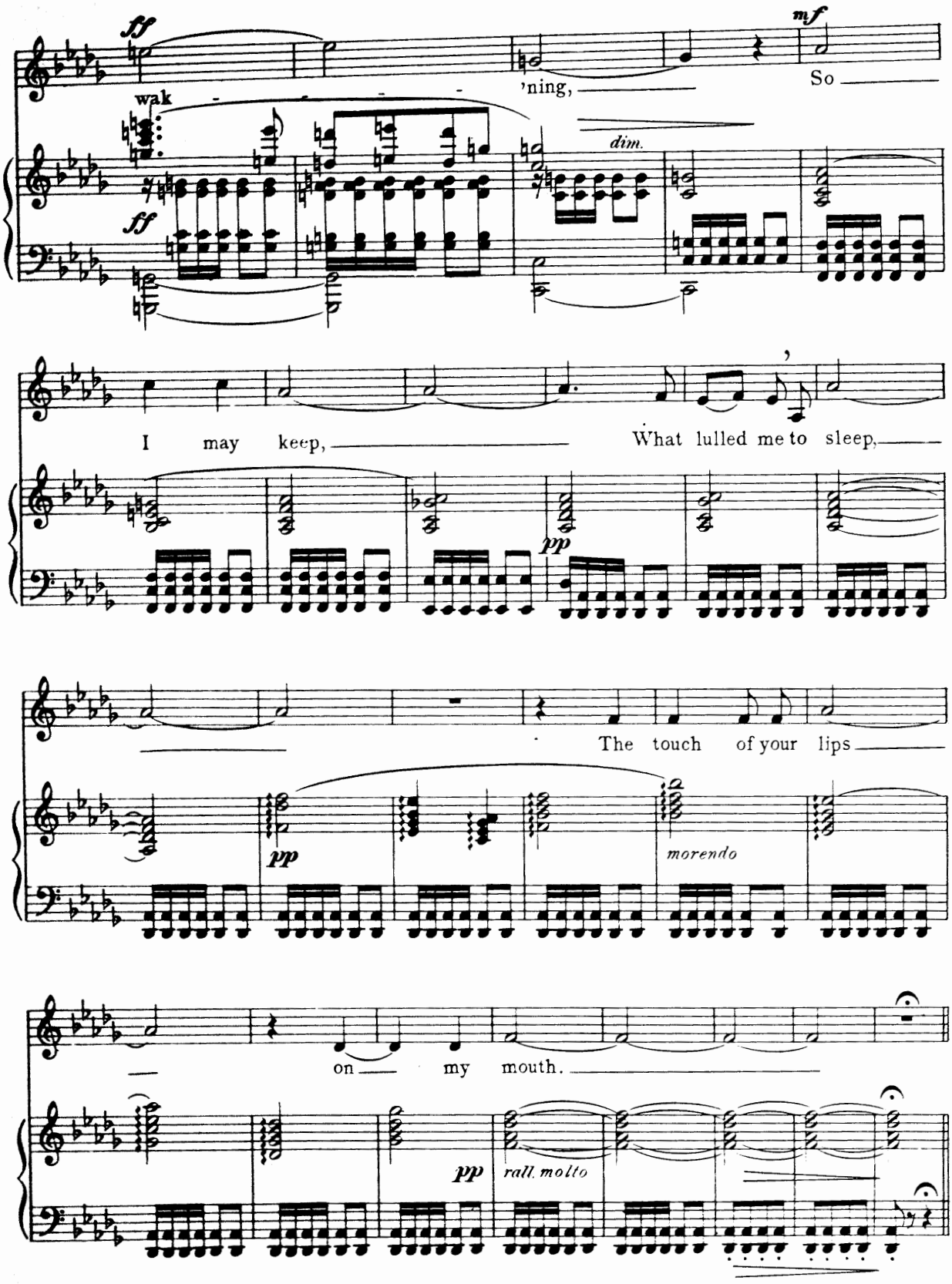
Till I Wake.

Contralto Solo.



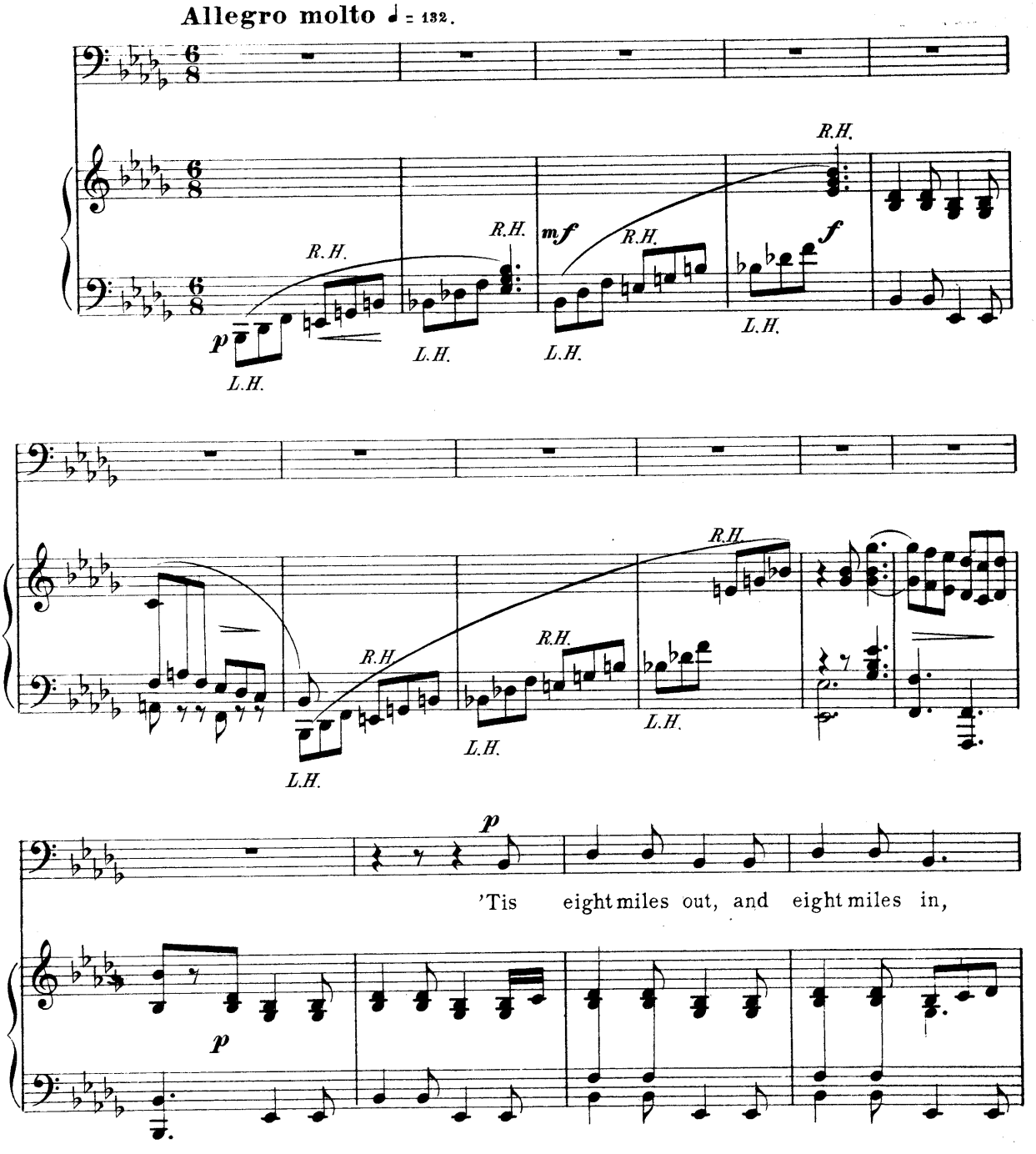

der - ly, soft - - - ly,
p
Stoop, as the ros - es, As the
mf
yel - low Ros - es droop in the wind,
mf
In the wind from the South.

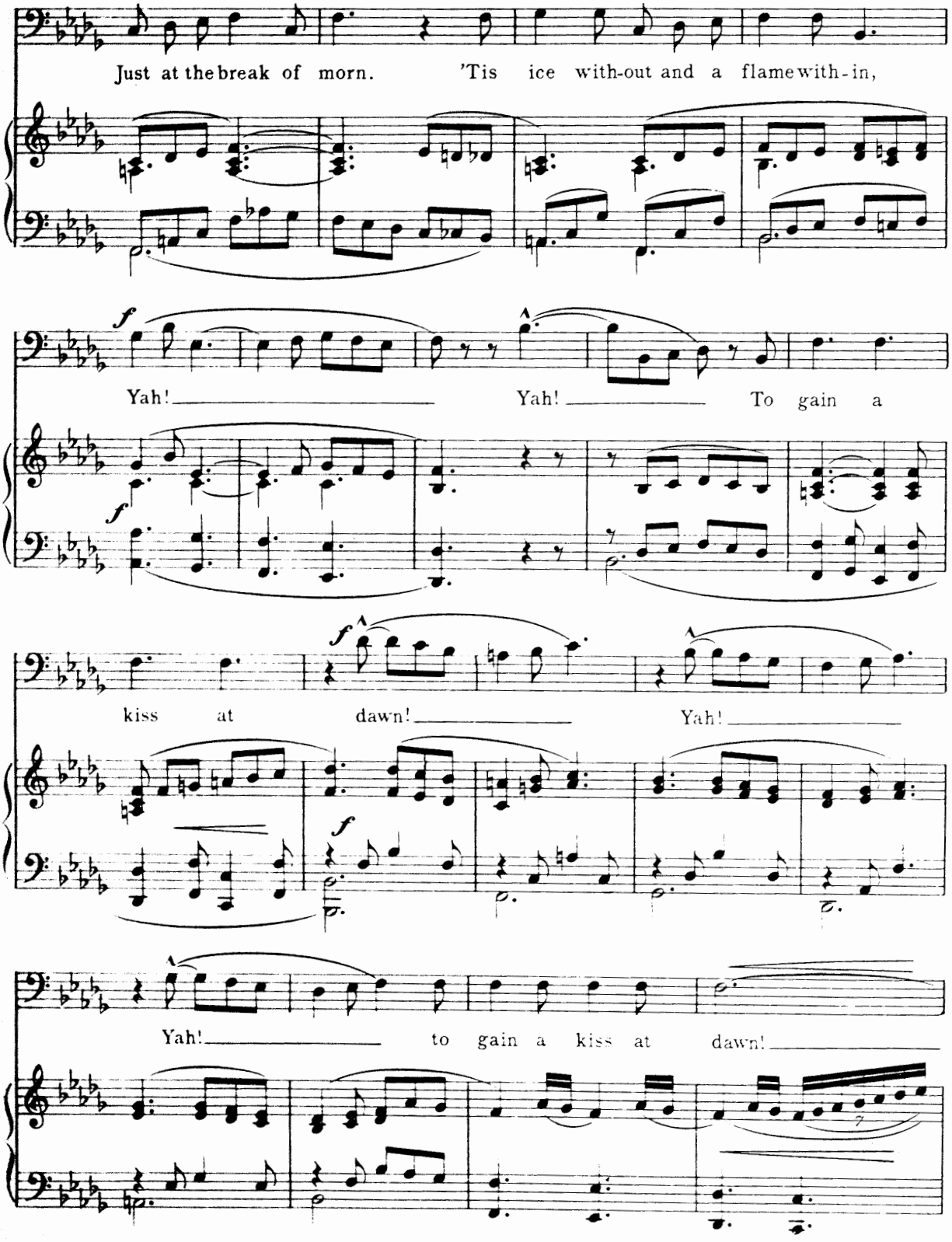

mf
So I may, When
mf
— I wake, So I
p
sempre cresc.
parlando
may, If there be an A - wak -
cresc. molto
- - 'ning If there be an A -
ff

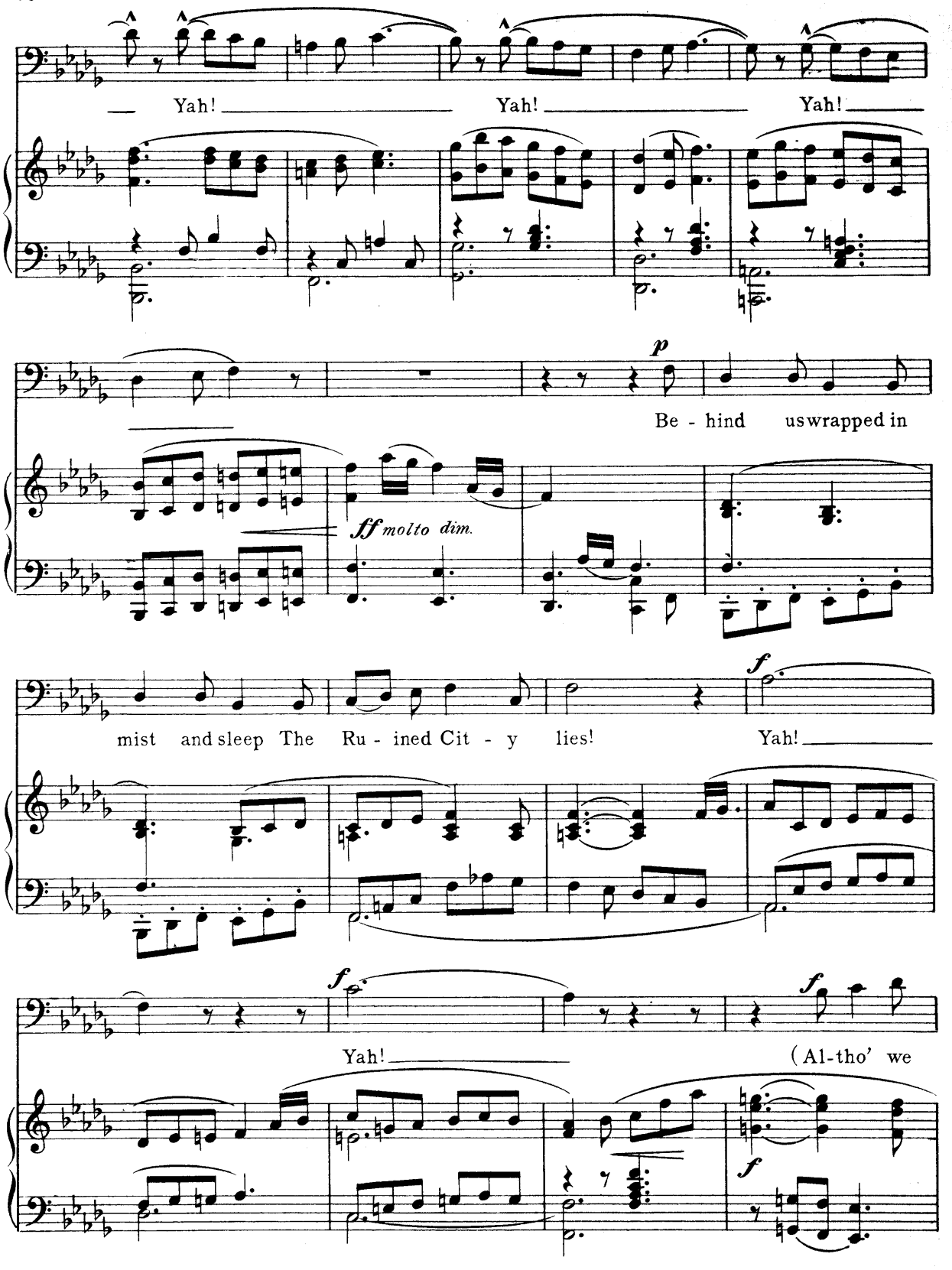

ff
wak
ning,
mf
So
dim.
ff
I may keep,
What lulled me to sleep,
pp
The touch of your lips
pp
morendo
on my mouth.
pp
rall. molto

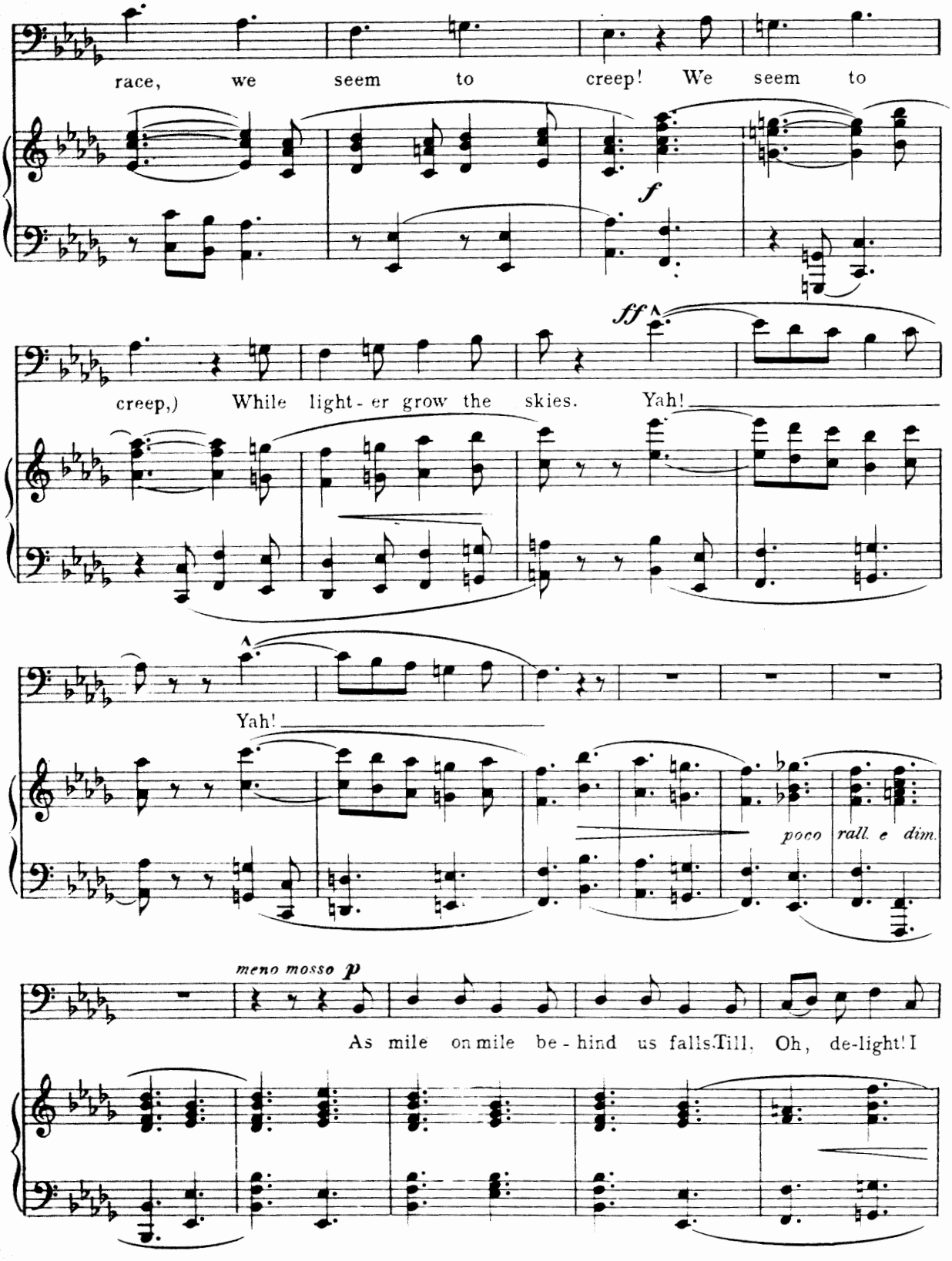
To the Hills!

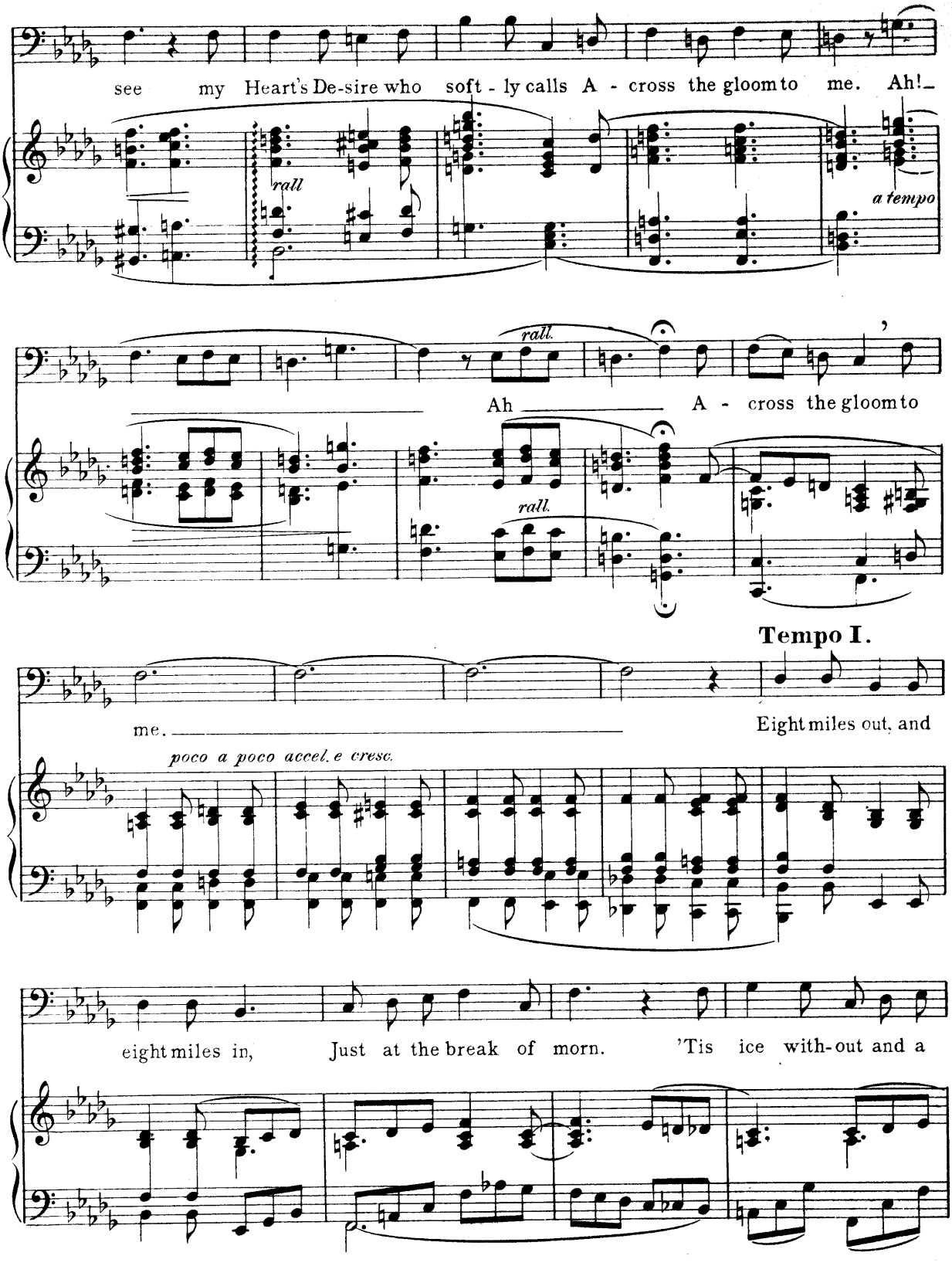
Baritone Solo.

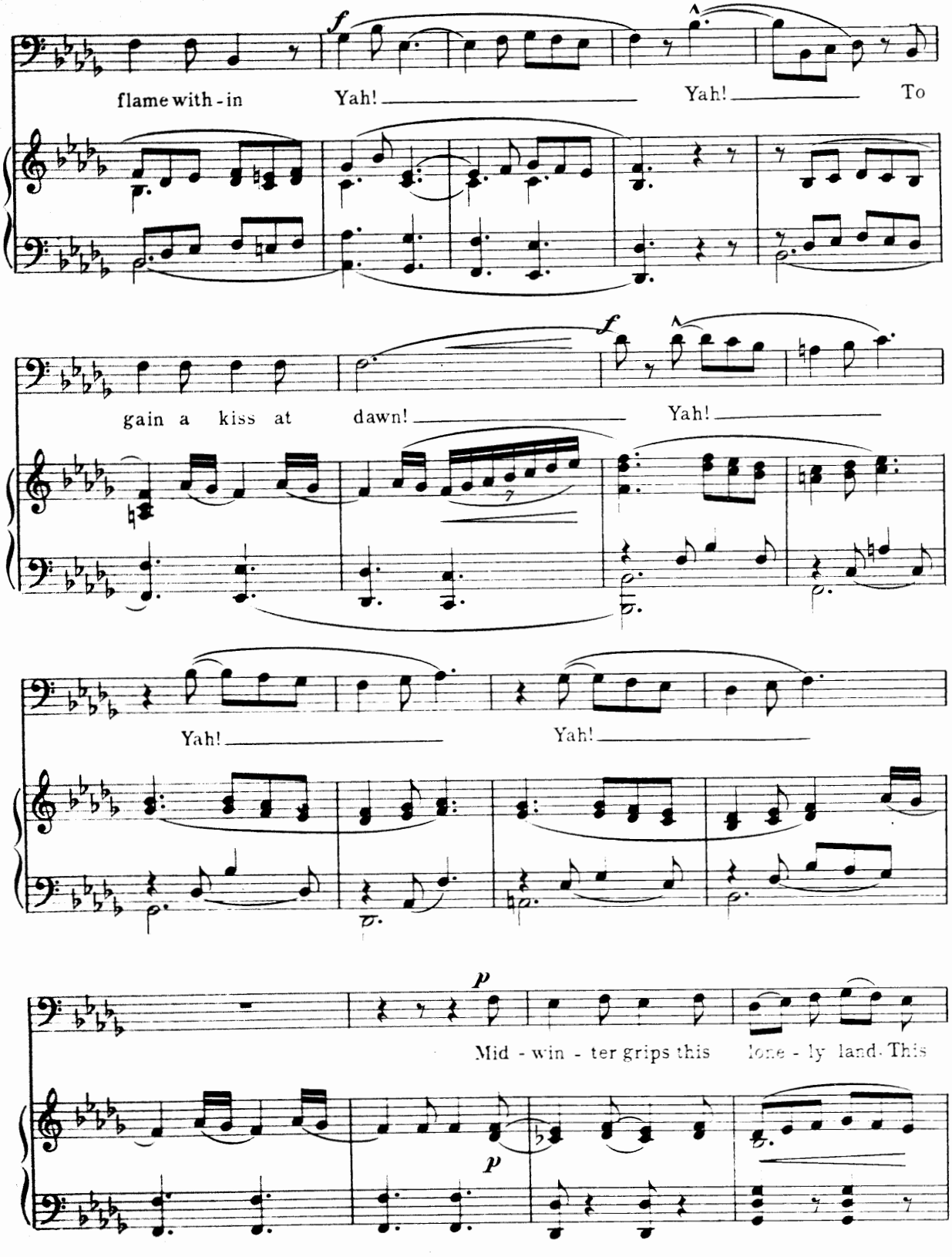


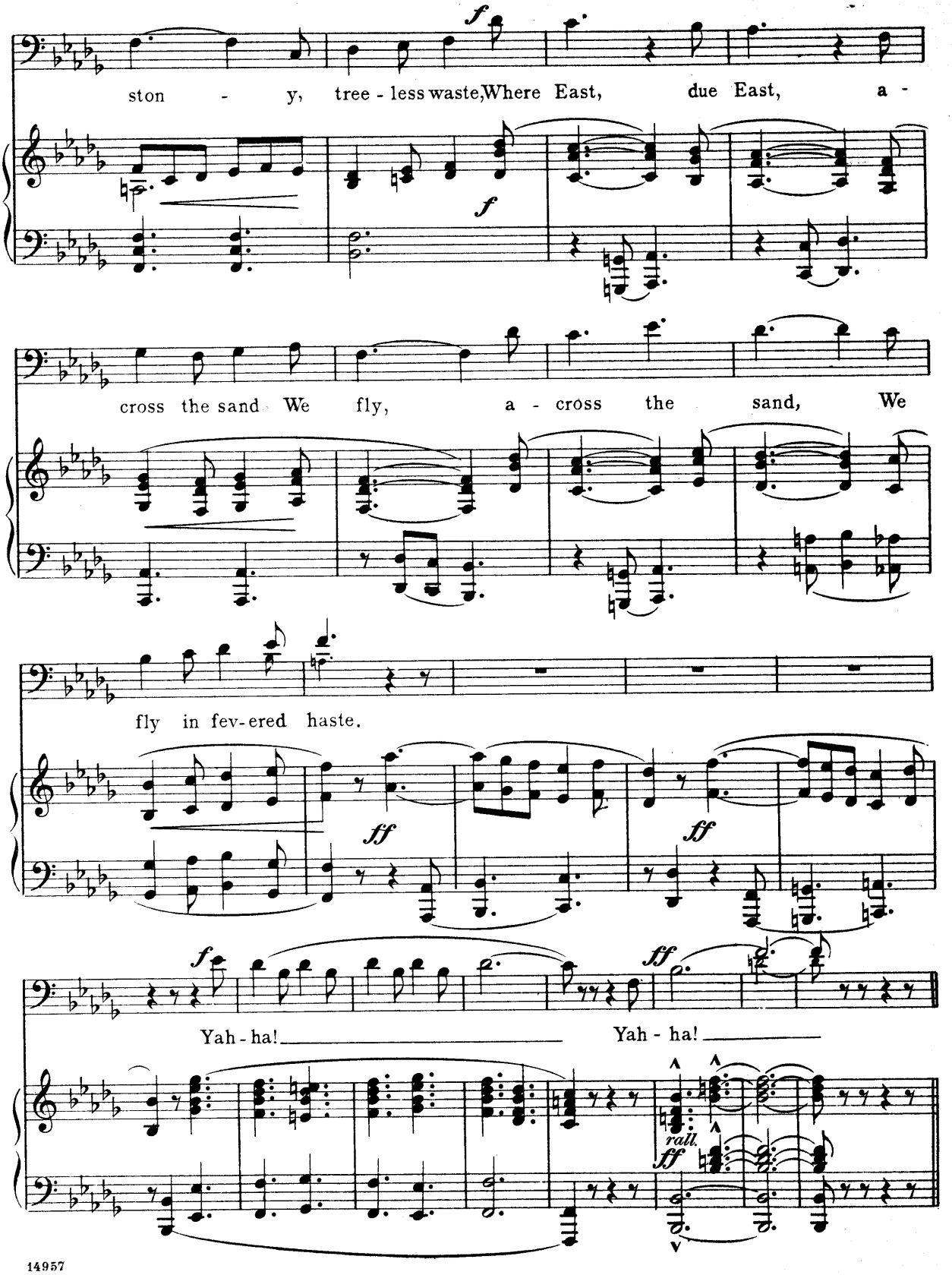

Just at the break of morn. 'Tis ice with-out and a flame with-in,
Yah! Yah! To gain a
kiss at dawn! Yah!
Yah! to gain a kiss at dawn!


Yah!
Yah!
Yah!
p
Be - hind us wrapped in
ff molto dim.
mist and sleep The Ru - ined Cit - y lies!
f
Yah!
f
Yah!
f
(Al-tho' we
f


race, we seem to creep! We seem to
f
creep,) While light - er grow the skies. Yah!
ff
Yah!
poco rall. e dim.
meno mosso p
As mile on mile be - hind us falls. Till, Oh, de-light! I

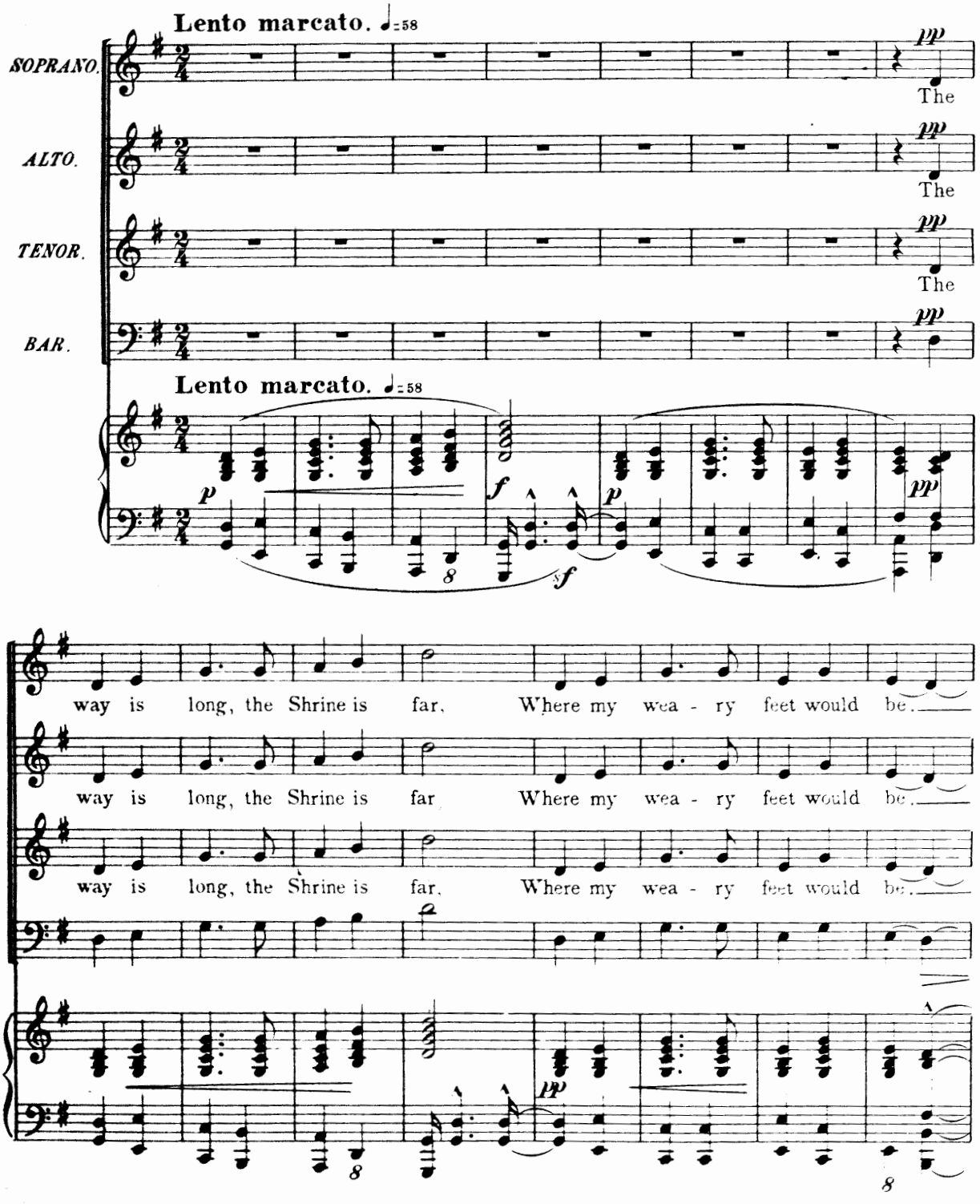

see my Heart's De-sire who soft - ly calls A - cross the gloom to me. Ah!
rall
a tempo
rall.
Ah
A - cross the gloom to
rall.
Tempo I.
me.
Eight miles out, and
poco a poco accel. e cresc.
eight miles in, Just at the break of morn. 'Tis ice with-out and a

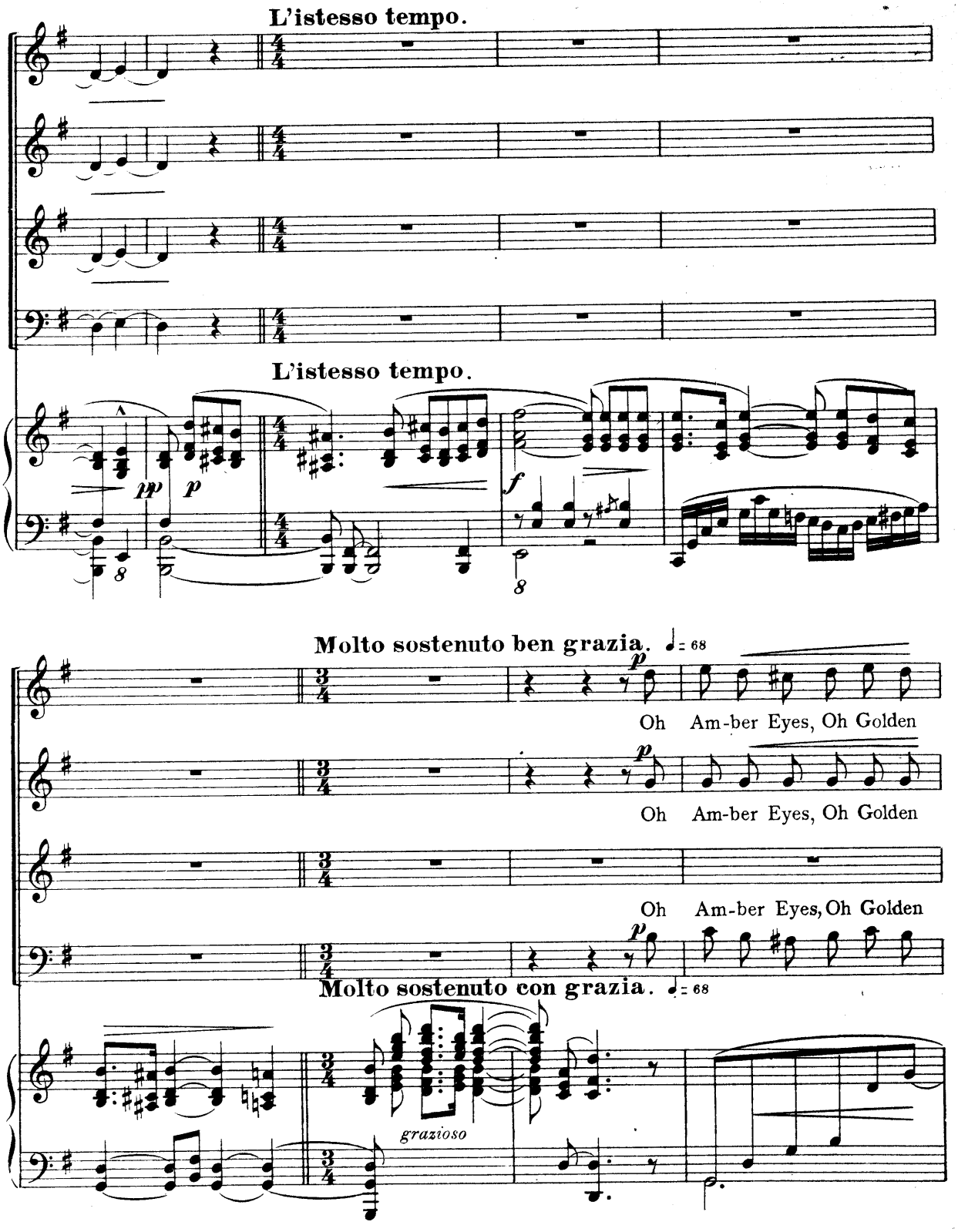

f
flame with - in
Yah!
Yah!
To
f
gain a kiss at
dawn!
Yah!
Yah!
Yah!
p
Mid - win - ter grips this
lone - ly land. This
p

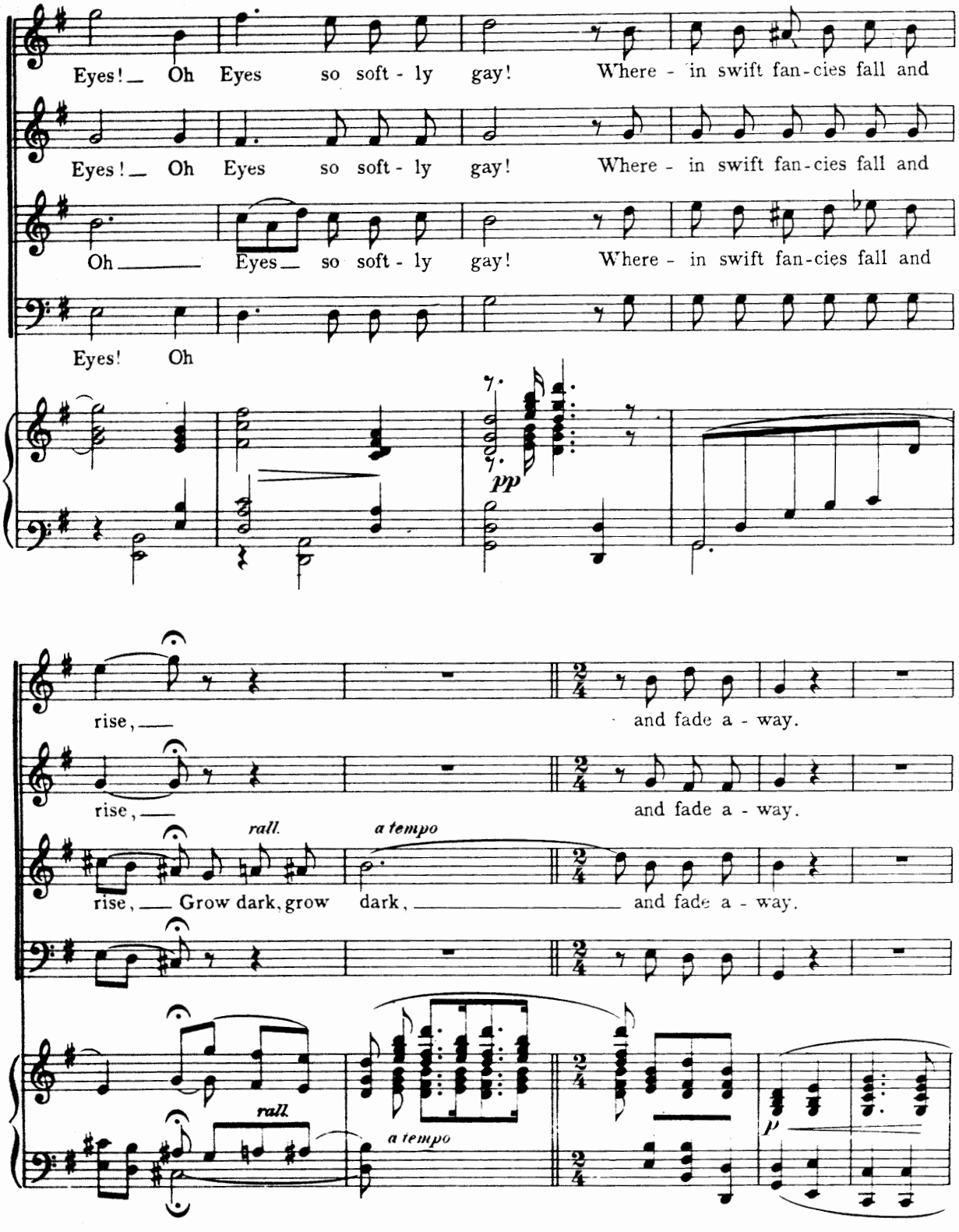

ston - y, tree - less waste, Where East, due East, a -
cross the sand We fly, a - cross the sand, We
fly in fev-ered haste.
Yah - ha! Yah - ha!
rall.

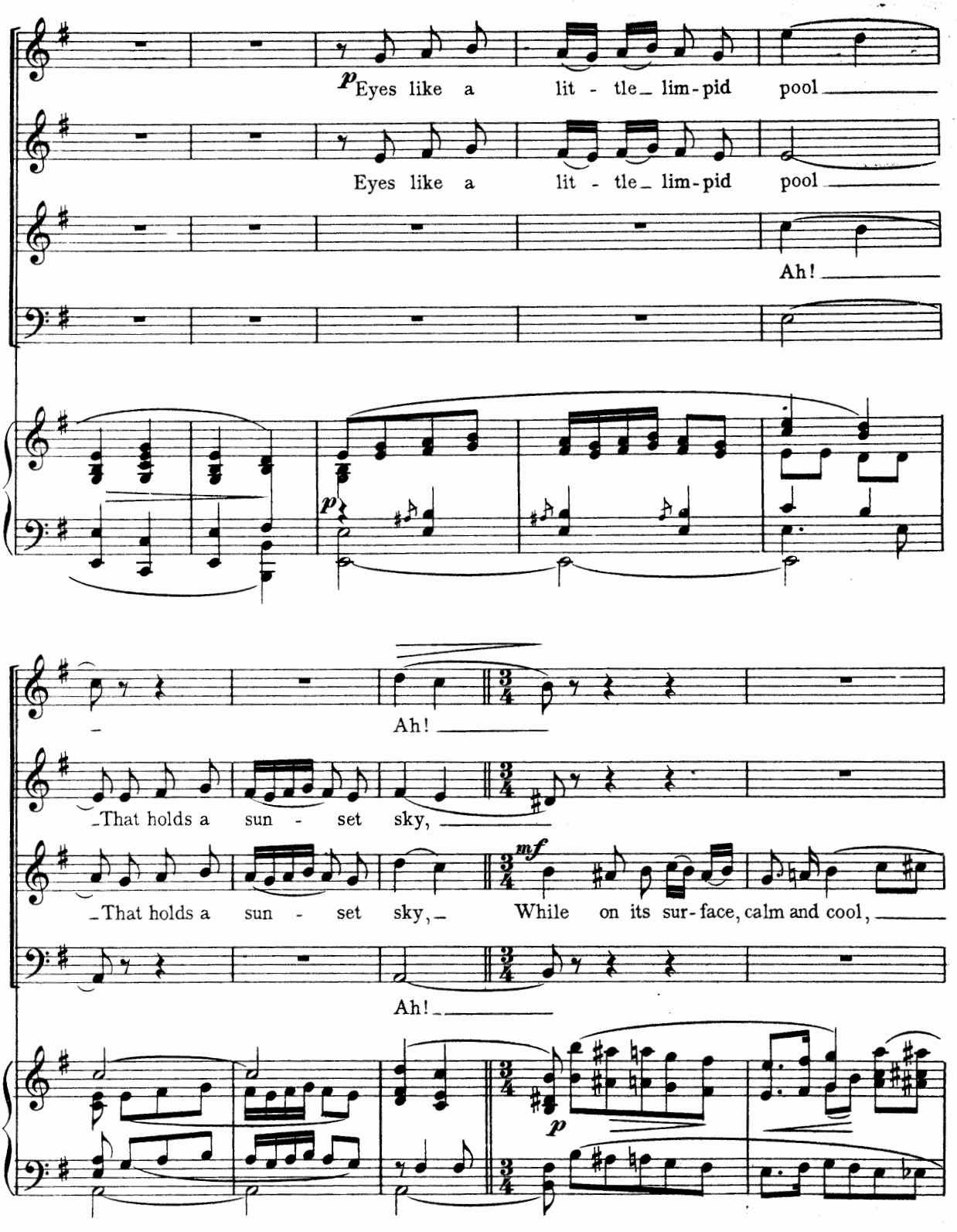
Oh, Amber Eyes.

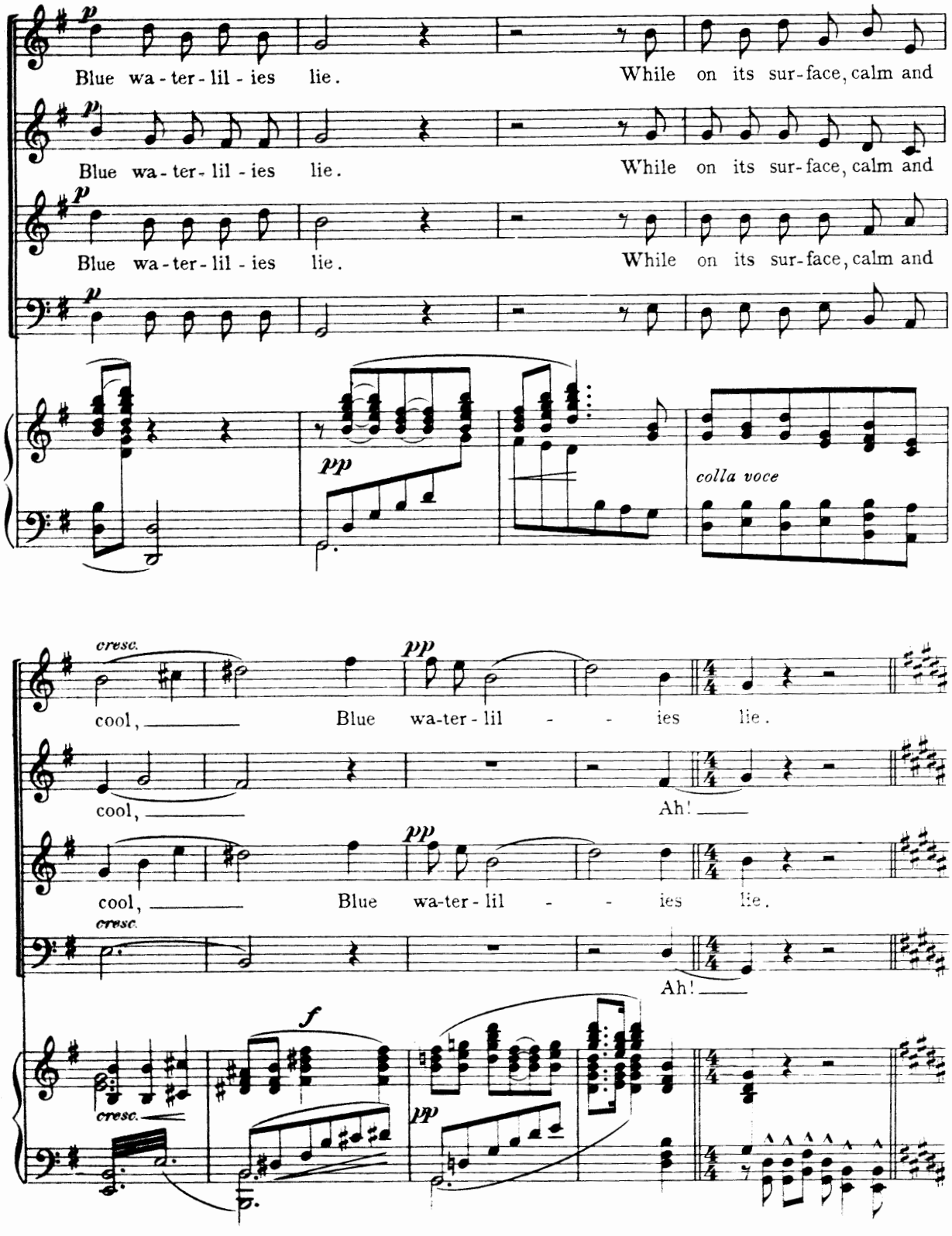
Quartet and Tenor Solo.




L'istesso tempo.
L'istesso tempo.
pp
p
f
8
8
Molto sostenuto ben grazia. ♩= 68
p
Oh Am-ber Eyes, Oh Golden
p
Oh Am-ber Eyes, Oh Golden
Oh Am-ber Eyes, Oh Golden
p
Molto sostenuto con grazia. ♩= 68
grazioso

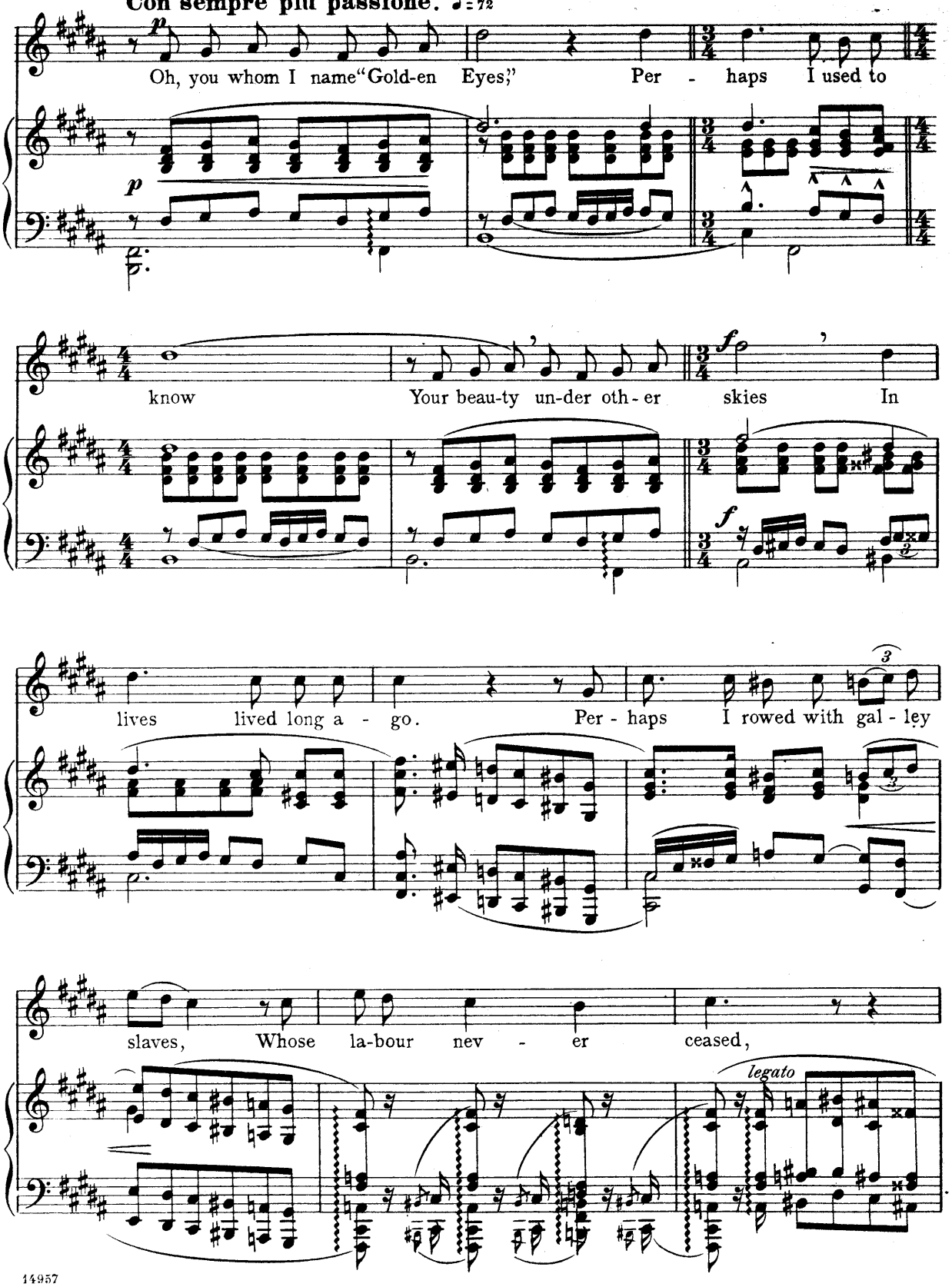

Eyes! Oh Eyes so soft - ly gay! Where - in swift fan-cies fall and
Eyes! Oh Eyes so soft - ly gay! Where - in swift fan-cies fall and
Oh Eyes so soft - ly gay! Where - in swift fan-cies fall and
Eyes! Oh
pp
rise, and fade a - way.
rise, and fade a - way.
rall.
a tempo
rise, Grow dark, grow dark, and fade a - way.
rall.
a tempo
p

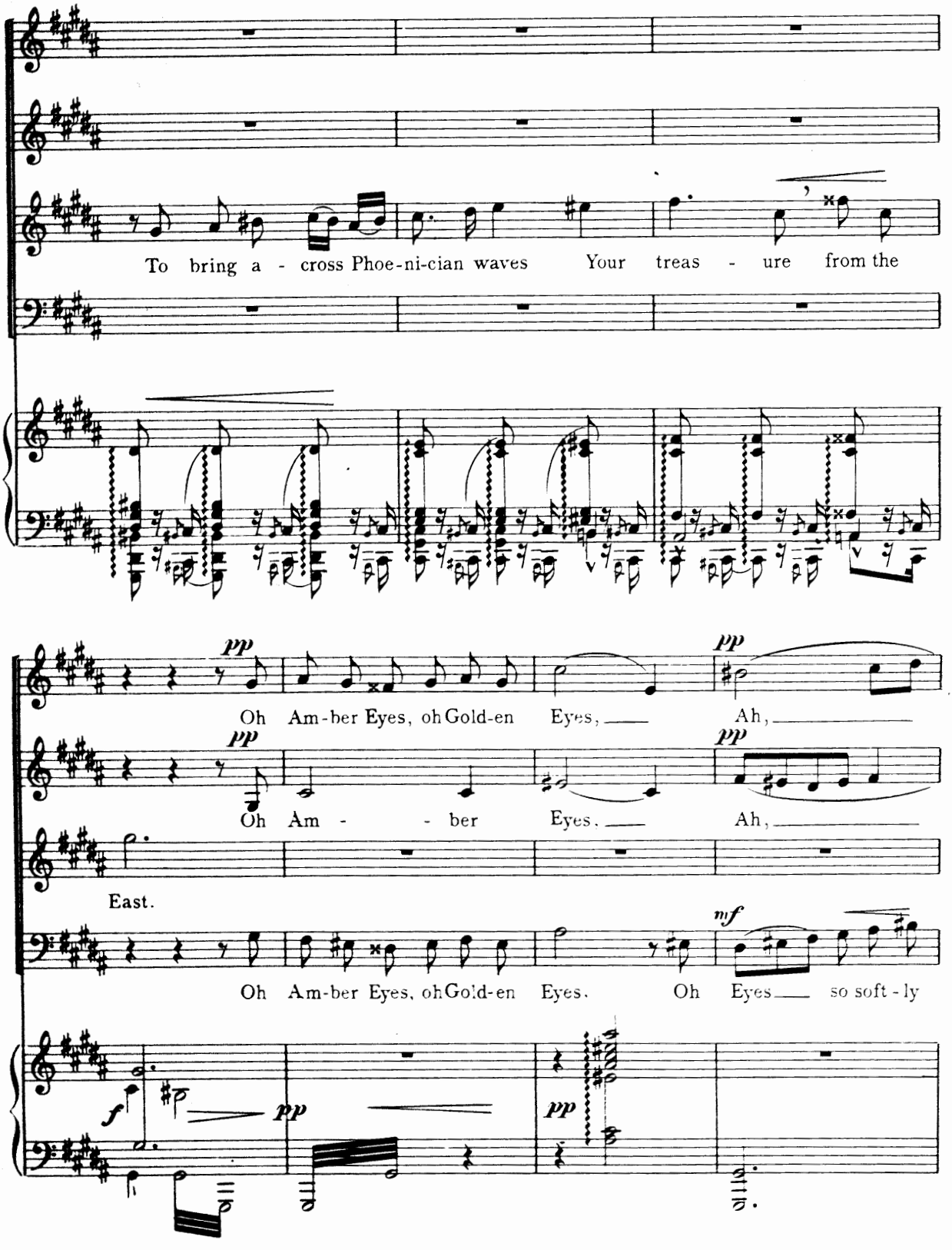

p Eyes like a lit - tle lim-pid pool
Eyes like a lit - tle lim-pid pool
Ah!
p
Ah!
That holds a sun - set sky,
That holds a sun - set sky, While on its sur-face, calm and cool,
mf
Ah!
p

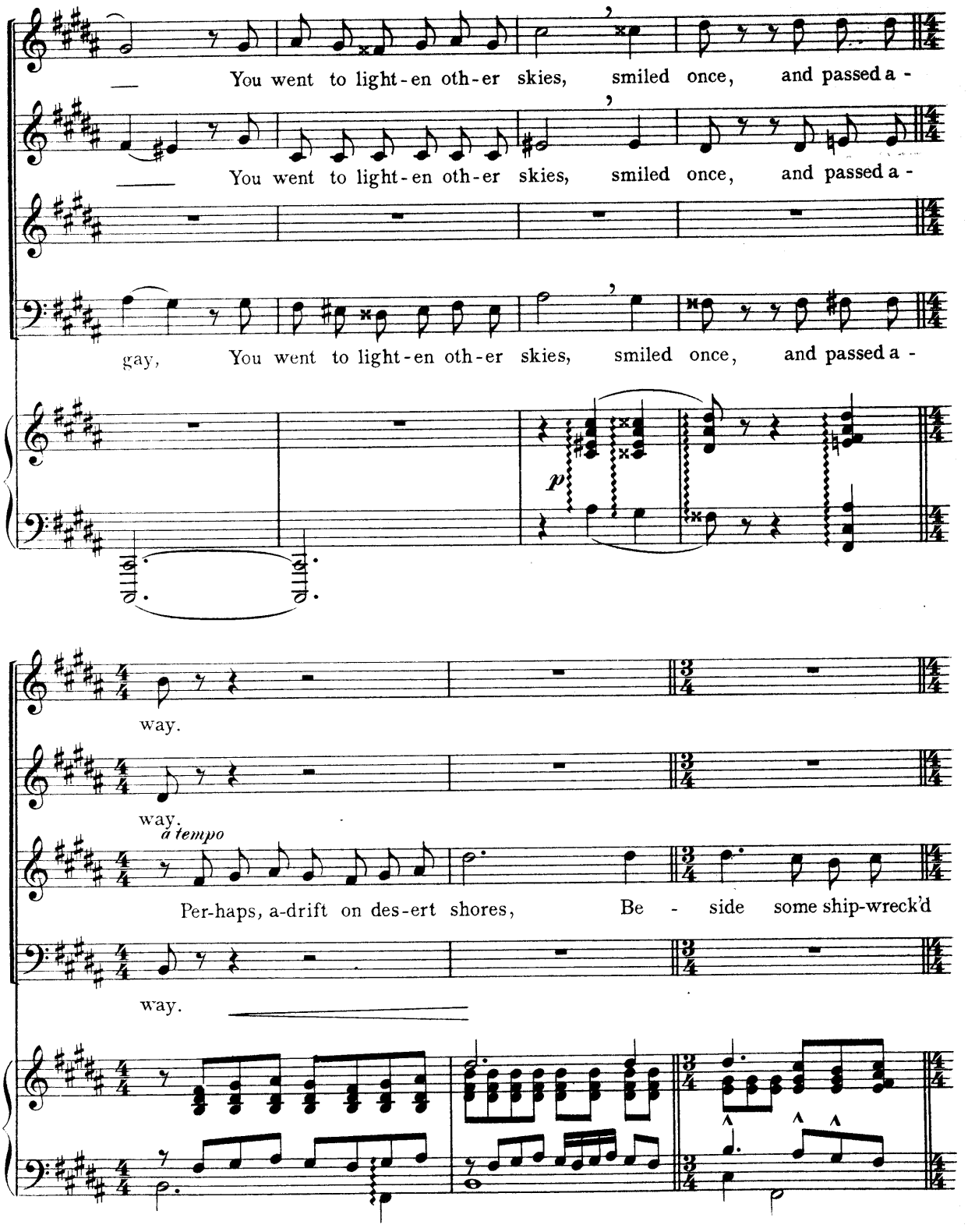

p
Blue wa - ter - lil - ies lie.
While on its sur - face, calm and
Blue wa - ter - lil - ies lie.
While on its sur - face, calm and
Blue wa - ter - lil - ies lie.
While on its sur - face, calm and
pp
colla voce
cresc.
pp
cool, Blue wa-ter - lil - - ies lie.
cool, Ah!
cool, Blue wa-ter - lil - - ies lie.
cresc.
Ah!
f
cresc.
pp

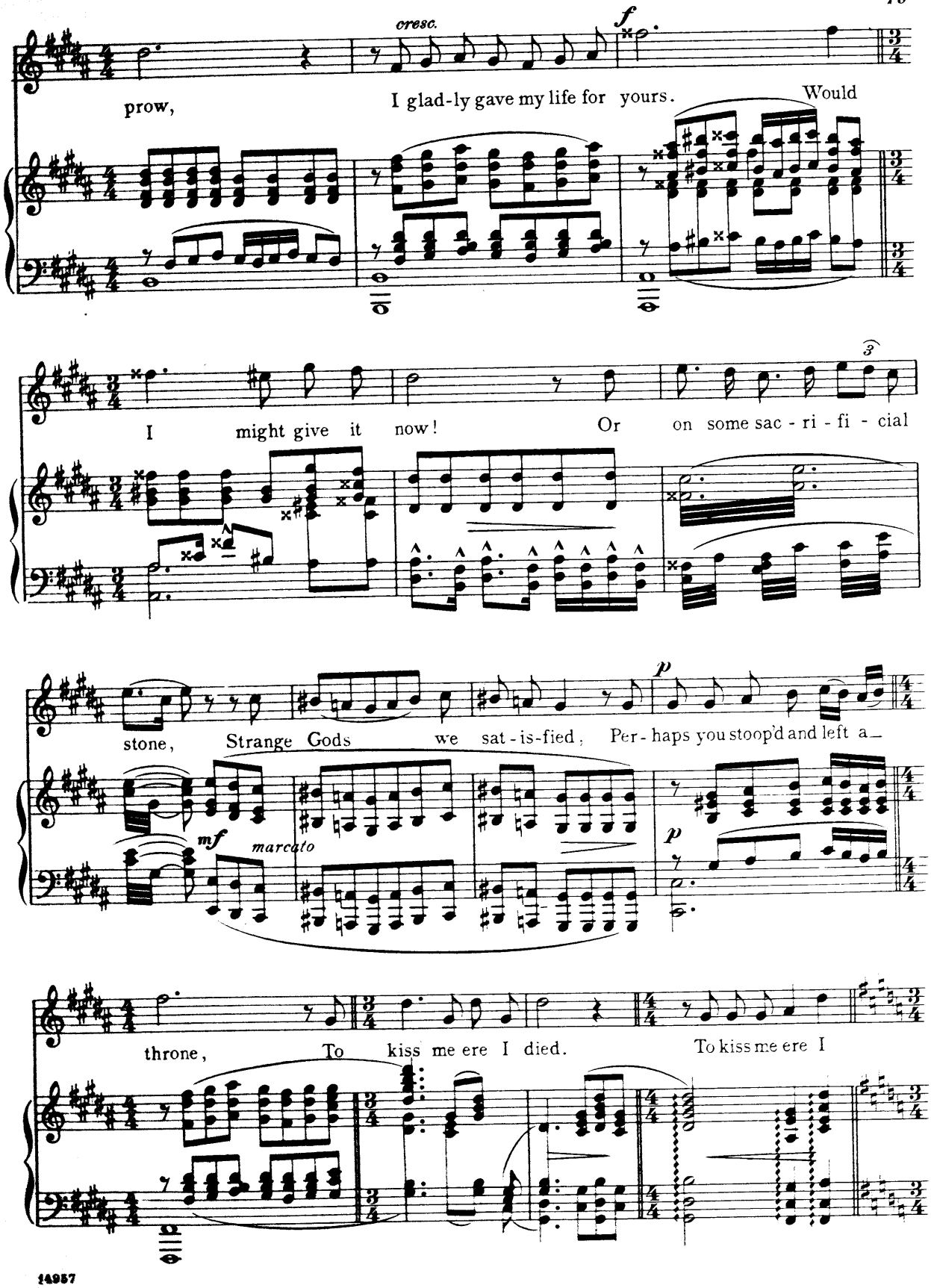
TENOR SOLO.

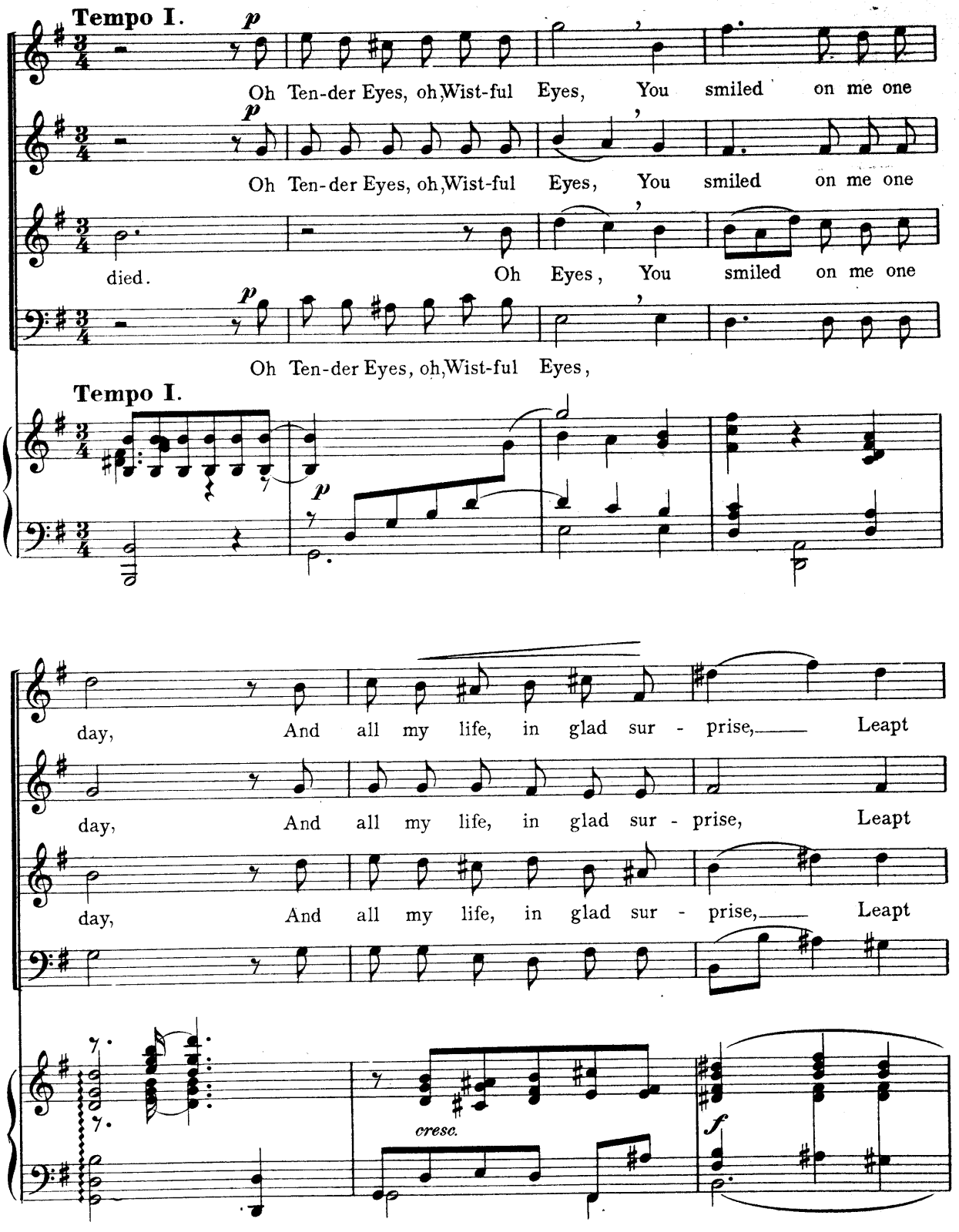
Con sempre più passione. ♩ = 72

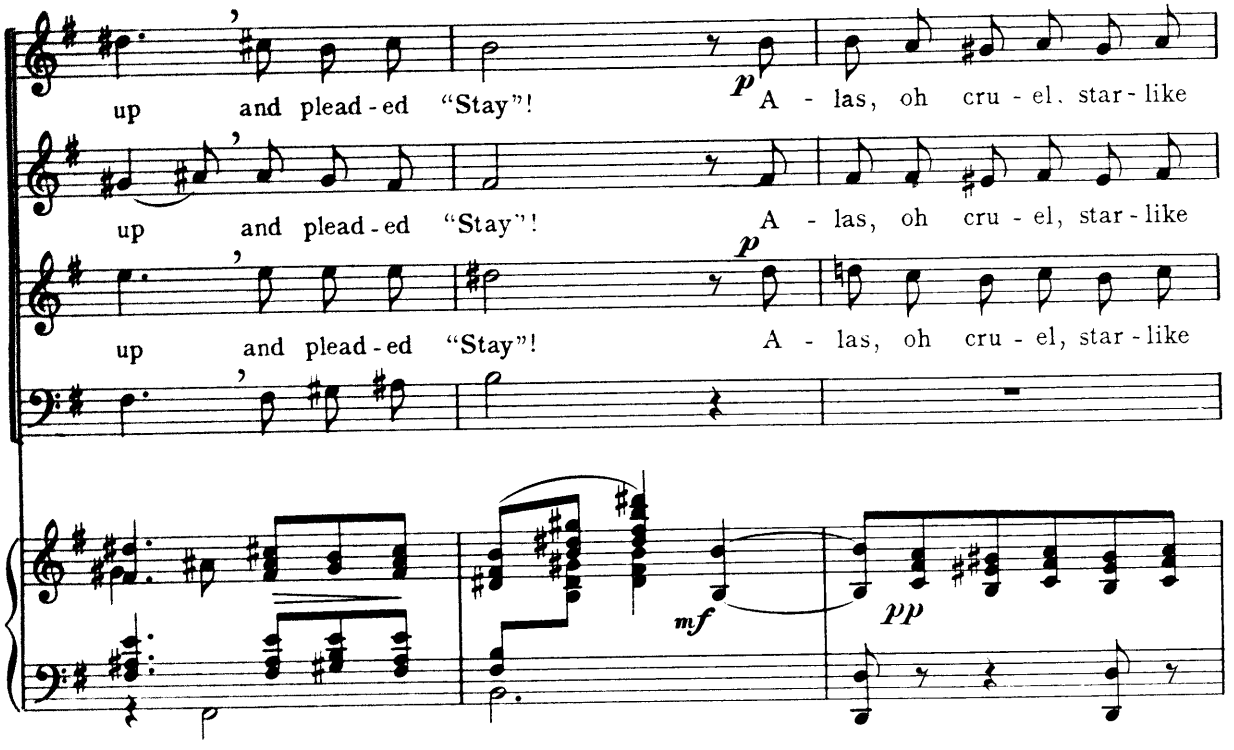


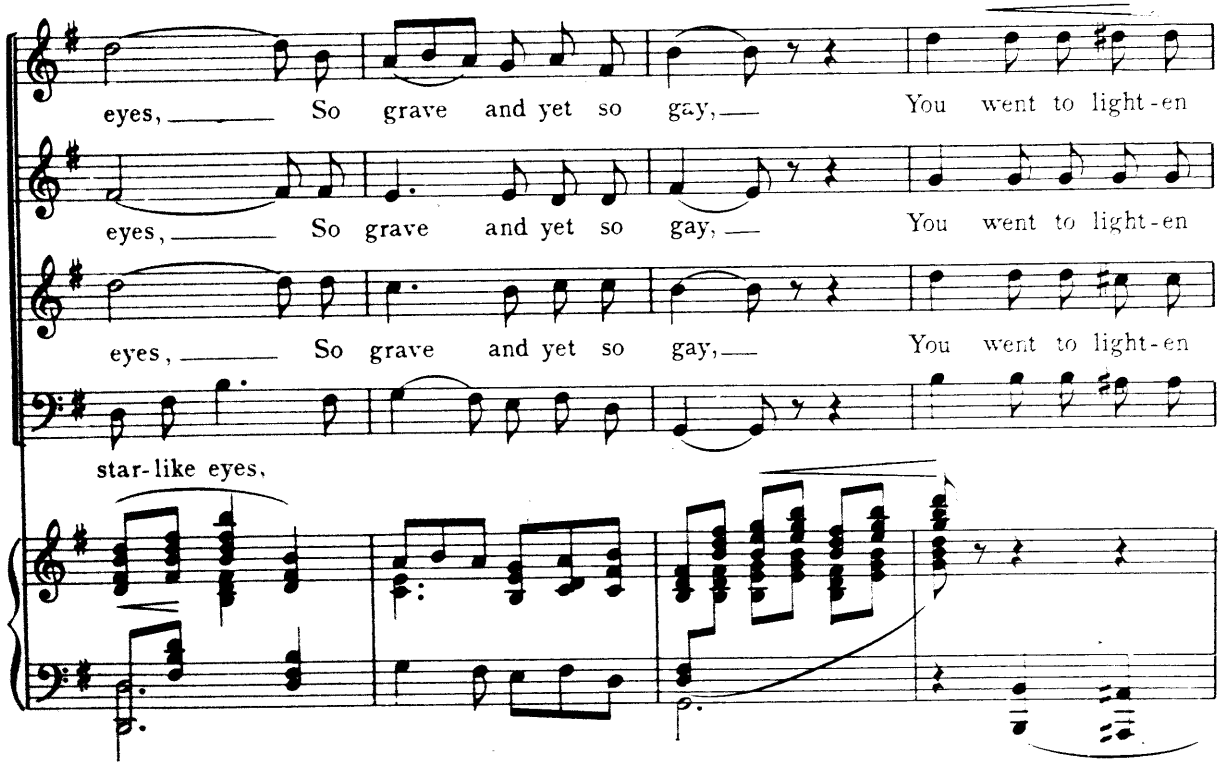

To bring a - cross Phoe-ni-cian waves Your treas - ure from the
pp
Oh Am-ber Eyes, oh Gold-en Eyes, Ah,
pp
Oh Am - - ber Eyes, Ah,
pp
East.
mf
Oh Am-ber Eyes, oh Gold-en Eyes. Oh Eyes so soft - ly
f
pp
pp

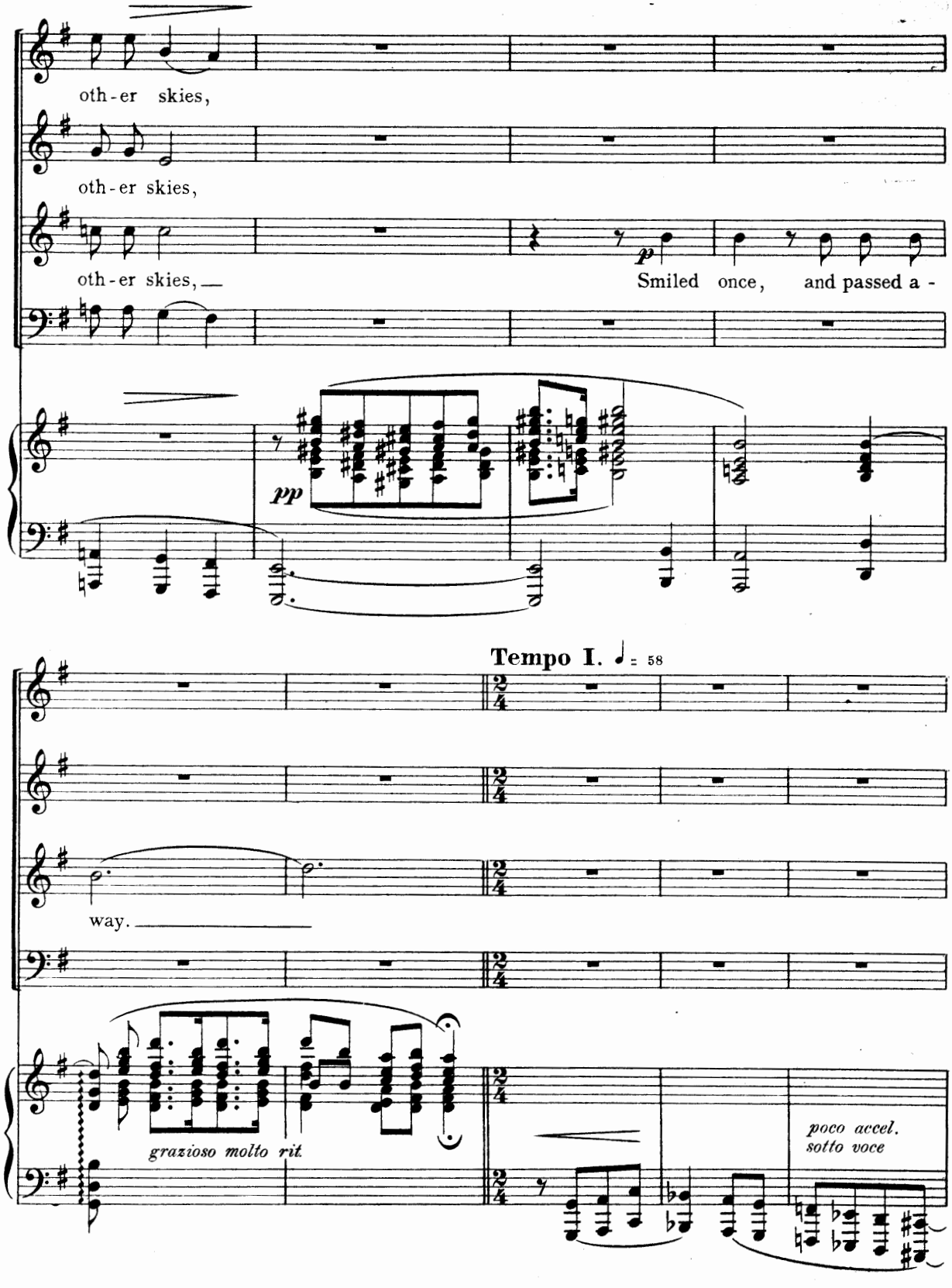

You went to light-en oth-er skies, smiled once, and passed a -
You went to light-en oth-er skies, smiled once, and passed a -
gay, You went to light-en oth-er skies, smiled once, and passed a -
p
way.
way.
a tempo
Per-haps, a-drift on des-ert shores, Be - side some ship-wreck'd
way.

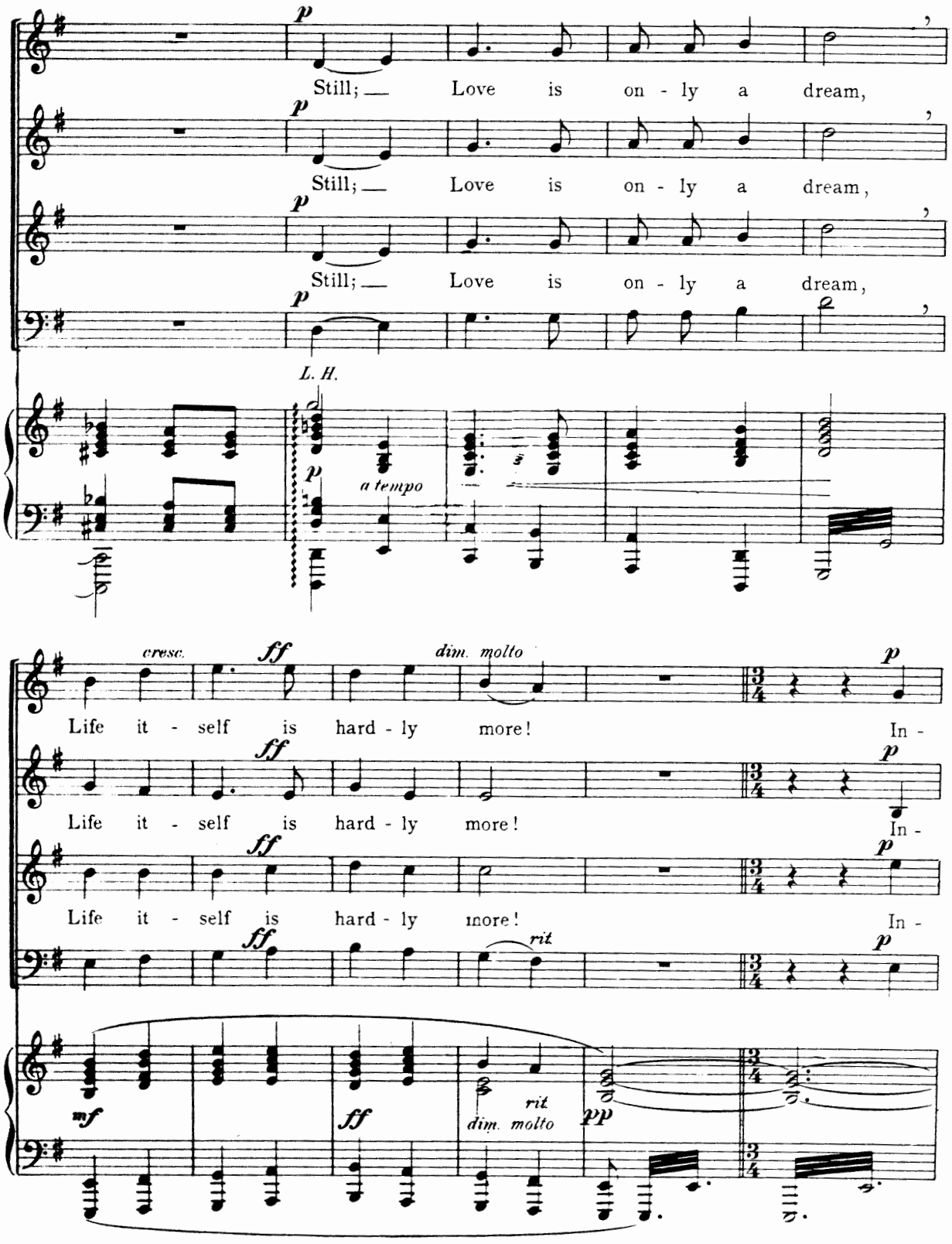

cresc.
f
prow,
I glad-ly gave my life for yours.
Would
I might give it now!
Or on some sac - ri - fi - cial
stone,
Strange Gods we sat-is-fied;
Per-haps you stoop'd and left a_
mf
marcato
p
p
throne,
To kiss me ere I died.
To kiss me ere I

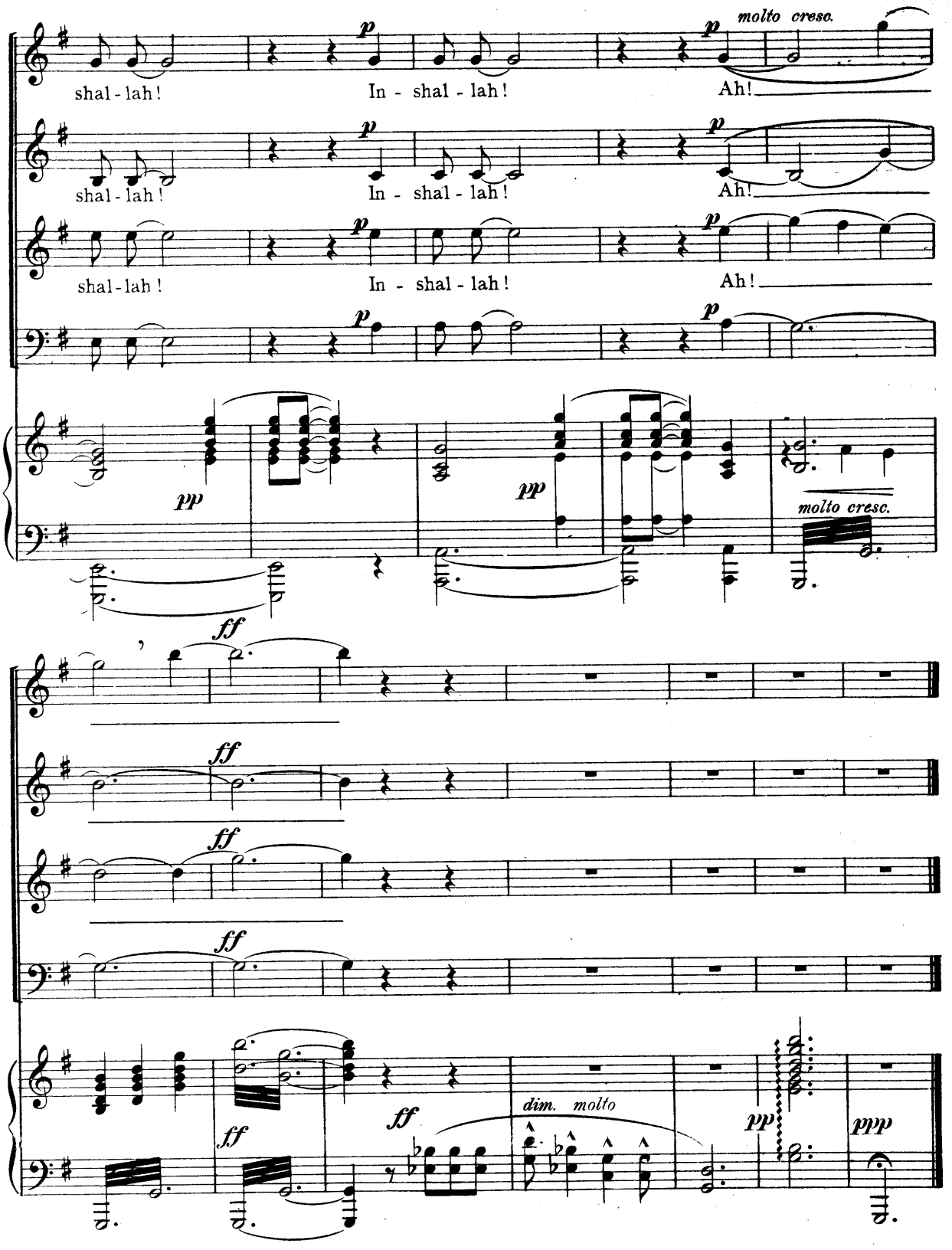

Tempo I.
p
Oh Ten-der Eyes, oh, Wist-ful Eyes, You smiled on me one
Oh Ten-der Eyes, oh, Wist-ful Eyes, You smiled on me one
died. Oh Eyes, You smiled on me one
Oh Ten-der Eyes, oh, Wist-ful Eyes,
Tempo I.
day, And all my life, in glad sur - prise, Leapt
day, And all my life, in glad sur - prise, Leapt
day, And all my life, in glad sur - prise, Leapt
cresc.
f


up and plead-ed "Stay"!
A - las, oh cru - el, star-like
up and plead-ed "Stay"!
A - las, oh cru - el, star-like
up and plead-ed "Stay"!
A - las, oh cru - el, star-like
p
p
mf
pp


eyes, So grave and yet so gay, You went to light-en
eyes, So grave and yet so gay, You went to light-en
eyes, So grave and yet so gay, You went to light-en
star-like eyes,


oth - er skies,
oth - er skies,
oth - er skies,
p
Smiled once, and passed a -
pp
Tempo I. ♩ = 58
way.
grazioso molto rit.
poco accel.
sotto voce


p
Still; Love is on - ly a dream,
p
Still; Love is on - ly a dream,
p
Still; Love is on - ly a dream,
p
L. H.
a tempo
cresc.
ff
dim. molto
p
Life it - self is hard - ly more! In -
ff
p
Life it - self is hard - ly more! In -
ff
p
Life it - self is hard - ly more! In -
ff
rit
p
mf
ff
rit
dim. molto
pp


shal - lah!
In - shal - lah!
Ah!
molto cresc.
shal - lah!
In - shal - lah!
Ah!
shal - lah!
In - shal - lah!
Ah!
pp
molto cresc.
ff
dim. molto
ppp