THE DANCE OF SWORDS

WORDS BY
FREDERICK H. MARTENS

MUSIC BY
CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS

HIGH VOICE  6  LOW VOICE

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
Cincinnati  New York  London
The black tents upraised on the desert sands,
The stars above in their radiant bands,
With my tribesmen I watch—for the desert's lords
Antara is dancing the dance of swords.

On Mosuli drughtet of faded rose
Antara sways, as the full moon throws
A dark shadow fantastic, that sombre, apes
The grace that her every least motion shapes.

With shimmering flicker of argent sheen
The moonbeams play o'er the steel blades keen:
In the dance of the swords, where bright danger flaunts,
Antara their azure-edged sharpness taunts.

She's swaying and bending with tender grace,
The moonbeams kissing her upturned face:
On her foot a red drop, like a ruby raised,
The kiss of the sword, where its steel lip grazed!

O sword to be envied, whose blade, caressed
By the faintest touch of her foot, was blessed,
Ah, what would I not give, did she let me heal
With lips passion-kind, thy kiss of steel!

Frederick H. Mariner
The Dance of Swords

Andantino

black tents raised on the desert sands, The

stars above in their radiant bands, With my
tribes-men I watch For the desert lords

Tara is dancing, is dancing,

dancing the dance of swords.

Mosul drug-get of faded rose
Tarara sways, an-ta-ra sways, as the full moon throws a dark shadow fantastic, that sombre, apes the grace that her every least motion shapes.

With shimmering flicker of argent
sheen

The moon-beams play o'er the steel blades

keen:

In the dance of the swords, Where bright danger flaunts—

L.K.

ta-ram their a-ure-edged sharpness flaunts.

L.K.

She's swaying and bending— with

[Musical notation]
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blade, caressed By the faintest touch of her foot, was blessed.

Ah, what would I not give, did she let me heal, with lips passioned, with passion'd

kind, thy kiss, of

steel!
a tempo