NOURAH

WORDS BY
FREDERICK H. MARTENS

MUSIC BY
CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS

HIGH VOICE
LOW VOICE

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The dark waters mirror the torch'd flare,
    As in golden glory bright,
The Caliph's barge past the Tigris' marge
    Drifts on through the jasmined night.

The lutes and the viols sound sweetly forth
    As the oars dip in the stream,
And Nourah rests on the Caliph's breast:
    Soft breezes caress her dream.

In Bagdad they honor the Caliph's law
    Which has doomed that man to die,
Who sees at night, through the red torchlight,
    His barge on the stream drift by.

Come Death! I have looked into Paradise,
    Who have seen fair Nourah rise
From Haroun's side, when her name I cried,
    With the love-light in her eyes!

Frederick H. Martens
Nourah
(A Saracen Romance)

FREDERICK H. MARTENS  CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS

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As in the golden glory bright.
The Caliph's barge past the Tigris' marge,
Drifts on, drifts on thro' the jas-mined night.

The lutes and the vi-ois sound sweet-ly forth

As the oars dip in the
stream, And Nurah rests on the Caliph's breast.

Soft breezes caress her dream.
In Bagdad they honor the Caliph's law Which has doomed that man to die, Who sees at night, thro' the red torch-light, His barge on the stream drift by...

Come
Death! Come Death! I have looked into Paradise,
Who have seen fair Nourah rise.
From Haroun's side, when her name I cried,

With the love-light in her eyes.

Ah — Ah