SPOKEN SONGS

I. At this Time of My Parting
II. Do Not Go, My Love
III. O Mother, the Young Prince Is to Pass by
IV. It Was in May
V. Tell Me if this Be All True, My Lover

Poems by
SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Music by
ARTHUR KOERNER

Price, $1.50 net

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"AT THIS TIME OF MY PARTING"

At this time of my parting, wish me good luck, my friends! The sky is flushed with the dawn and my path lies beautiful. Ask not what I have with me to take there. I start on my journey with empty hands and expectant heart. I shall put on my wedding garland. Mine is not the red-brown dress of the traveller, and though there are dangers on the way I have no fear in my mind.

The evening star will come out when my voyage is done and the plaintive notes of the twilight melodies be struck up from the King's gateway.

Sri RABINDRANATH TAGORE—From Gitajali

Spoken Songs

“At this Time of My Parting”

Sir Rabindranath Tagore

Plaintively, not slow

Piano

melody well sustained

Free time
At this time of my parting, wish me good luck, my friends! The sky is

well sustained

flushed with the dawn and my path lies beautiful.

Note. It is obvious that the strict movement of the music in Spoken Song is not supposed to be maintained. Hence, the pianist must conform to the reader as regards tempo, phrasing, expression, etc. Then only will the music give background and atmosphere, and beautify and intensify the spoken text.
Ask not—what I have with me to take there. I start on my journey—with empty hands—and expectant heart.

I shall put on my wedding garland. Mine is not the red-brown broadly, well sustained
dress of the traveller, and though there are dangers on the way—
have no fear in my mind. The evening star will come out—

 broaden

when my voyage is done— and the plaintive notes— of the

twilight melodies— be struck up— from the King's gate—

way.

slower
“DO NOT GO, MY LOVE”

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.  
I have watched all night, and now my eyes are heavy with sleep.  
I fear lest I lose you when I am sleeping.  
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.  
I start up and stretch my hands to touch you. I ask myself, “Is it a dream?”  
Could I but entangle your feet with my heart and hold them fast to my breast!  
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

SUN RABINDRANATH TAGORE—From The Gardener

27097

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“Do Not Go, My Love”

Slew

*tenderly, caressingly*

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

Free time

*pleadingly*

I have watched all
night, and now my eyes— are heavy with sleep.

I fear lest I lose you when I am sleeping. Do not go, my tenderly
carelessly p

love, without asking my leave. I start up and stretch my hands to

pp mf

touch you. I ask myself— "Is it a dream?"

Coud I
but entangle your feet— with my heart— and hold them fast to my breast!
Do not go, my love, without asking my
leave.

As in the beginning

pleadingly
tenderly, caressingly

pp slower

ppp
"O MOTHER, THE YOUNG PRINCE"

O mother, the young Prince is to pass by our door,—
how can I attend to my work this morning?
Show me how to braid up my hair; tell me what garment
to put on.
Why do you look at me amazed, mother?
I know well he will not glance up once at my window;
I know he will pass out of my sight in the twinkling of an
eye; only the vanishing strain of the flute will come sobbing
to me from afar.
But the young Prince will pass by our door, and I will
put on my best for the moment.

O mother, the young Prince did pass by our door, and
the morning sun flashed from his chariot.
I swept aside the veil from my face, I tore the ruby
chain from my neck and flung it in his path.
Why do you look at me amazed, mother?
I know well he did not pick up my chain; I know it was
crushed under his wheels, leaving a red stain upon the dust,
and no one knows what my gift was nor to whom.
But the young Prince did pass by our door, and I flung
the jewel from my breast before his path.

Sri RABINDRANATH TAGORE—From *The Gardener*

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"O, Mother, the Young Prince is to Pass by Our Door"

With animation, fast

passionately, yet with

increase

pathos

27097
Free time

Mother, the young Prince is to pass by our door—how

light and airily

Can I attend to my work this morning? Show me how to braid up my hair—

tell me what garment to put on. Why do you look at me—amazed—mother? I

broadly, with pathos

know well—he will not glance up once—at my window;

naively
I know he will pass out of my sight——in the twinkling of an eye;

mf passionately

only the vanishing strain of the flute——will come sobbing to me——from a —

very faintly

p

pp

far.

But the young Prince——will pass by our door, and I will

pp in strict time

mf more cheerfully ——— f

put on my best for the moment.

Much slower than the beginning

mf ——— f

f

fff

77097
O mother, the young Prince did pass by our door, and the morning sun
with pathos

flashed from his chariot. I swept aside the veil from my face—I

impetuously

faster


tore the ruby chain from my neck and flung it in his path.

passionately

l.l.


Why do you look at me amazed, mother?
I know well—he did not pick up my chain; I know it was crushed—

increase

under his wheels—leaving a red stain upon the dust, and no one knows—what my

f

p

resignedly

broadly

gift was—nor to whom. But the young Prince did pass by our door,

and I flung the jewel from my breast—before his path.
“IT WAS IN MAY”

It was in May. The sultry noon seemed endlessly long.
The dry earth gaped with thirst in the heat.
When I heard from the river-side a voice calling, “Come, my darling!”
I shut my book and opened the window to look out.
I saw a big buffalo with mud-stained hide, standing near
the river with placid, patient eyes; and a youth, knee-deep
in water, calling it to its bath.
I smiled amused and felt a touch of sweetness in my heart.

Sr. RABINDRANATH TAGORE—From The Garden

Copyright 1913 by The Macmillan Company.
"It Was in May"

Dashing, vigorously, jocosely

Free time

It was in May. The sultry noon seemed

end lessly long. The dry earth gaped with thirst in the heat. When I
heard—from the river-side— a voice calling,— "Come my darling!"

I shut my book—and opened the window to look out. I saw a big buffalo with mud-stained hide, standing near the river with placid, patient eyes; and a youth, knee-deep in
water, calling it to its bath. I smiled amused—and

felt a touch of sweetness in my heart. As in the beginning

light and airily
"TELL ME IF THIS BE ALL TRUE."

Tell me if this be all true, my lover, tell me if this be true. When these eyes flash their lightning the dark clouds in your breast make stormy answer.

Is it true that my lips are sweet like the opening bud of the first conscious love?

Do the memories of vanished months of May linger in my limbs?

Does the earth, like a harp, shiver into songs with the touch of my feet?

Is it then true that the dewdrops fall from the eyes of night when I am seen, and the morning light is glad when it wraps my body round?

Is it true, is it true, that your love travelled alone through ages and worlds in search of me?

That when you found me at last, your age-long desire found utter peace in my gentle speech and my eyes and lips and flowing hair?

Is it then true that the mystery of the infinite is written on this little forehead of mine?

Tell me, my lover, if all this be true.

Six—RABINDRANATH TAGORE—From *The Gardener*

"Tell Me if this Be All True, My Lover"

Free time sustained

Tell me if this be all true, my lover, coquettishly

tell me if this be true. When these eyes flash their lightning—

the dark clouds in your breast make stormy answer. Light and playfully

27097
A little faster

Free time

Is it true— that my lips—

are sweet— like the opening bud— of the first— conscious love?
Do the memories of vanished months of May—linger in my limbs?

Does the earth,—like a harp, shiver into songs—

with the touch of my feet?

Is it then true—that the dew-drops fall from the eyes of night—when I am seen.

pp coyly and tenderly
and the morning light—is glad—when it wraps—my body round?

Is it true,—
scoquettishly

is it true, that your love—travelled alone—through ages and worlds—in

search of me? That when you found me at last, your age-long desire—found utter peace—
in my gentle speech and my eyes and lips and flowing hair?

Is it then true that the mystery of the infinite is written on this little fore

with abandonment

p

PP increase

head of mine?

tell me, my

ff

boldly

lov'er, if all this be true.

faster

ff

ff
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