FOUR SONGS
OF
BURMA

The Words by
R.C.J. Swinhoe.
The Music by
J.W.J. Alves.

Boosey & Co.
FOUR

Songs of Burma.

THE WORDS BY

R. C. J. SWINHOE,

THE MUSIC BY

J. W. J. ALVES.

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# FOUR

**SONGS OF BURMA.**

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The Cold Weather.
I.

THE COLD WEATHER.

When the North Wind, blowing fair,
Sweeps the floor of Heaven bare,
All the storm-clouds gleaming white
Vanish in a single night.
Good-bye, Heat and pelting Rain,
Cool November's come again.

When the pale Sun's welcome ray
Drives the morning mists away,
And the dewdrop's threaded gem
Links the jungle stem to stem;
When the world feels clean and sweet—
Good-bye, pelting Rain and Heat.

When the mountains come in view
Clear-cut twixt the green and blue,
And the palm tree's matted crown
Flings the dead fronds rattling down;
When the tall grass plumes appear
All may tell November's here.

R. C. J. SWINBUR.
I.
The Cold Weather.

Words by
R. C. J. SWINHOE.

Music by
J. W. J. ALVES.

Allegro con moto. (♩ = 162)

When the North Wind,

blowing fair, sweeps the floor of Heaven bare.

All the storm clouds gleaming white—Vanish in a single night—

Good-bye, Heat and pelt-ing Rain: Cool November's come a-gain.

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P. 6679.
Good-bye, Heat and pelt-ing Rain:- Cool No- vember's come a-gain.

When the pale Sun's rall-en-ten-do.

wel-come ray ....... Drives the morn-ing mists a-way,
And the dew-drops threaded gem
Links the jungle stem to stem;
When the world feels clean and sweet,

Good-bye, pelting Rain and Heat!
When the mountains come in view
Clear cut 'twixt the green and blue,
And the palm tree's matted crown
Flings the dead fronds rattling down;
When the tall grass plumes appear
All may tell November's here!
When the tall grass plumes appear
All may tell November's here.
The Well.
II.

THE WELL

---

The Sun is hid behind a palm,
A purple shadow fills the dell:
With merry laugh the Bute maids
Come trooping to the village well.
Ah me! ah me! what love tales it could tell,
Could it but speak,—the village well.

The clattering rope runs round the wheel,
The crystal water gleams below,
The crimson fires of sunset fade
And tinge the golden afterglow.
Love's old, old tale the simple maidens tell,
With beating hearts, around the village well.

The Sun is set, the scented night
Shines blue between the rustling trees,
The laughter of returning maids
Is faintly borne upon the breeze.
Now softly tolls the evening bell
And all is hushed around the well.

K. C. J. SWINHUE
II.

The Well.

Words by
R. C. J. SWINHOE.

Music by
J. W. J. ALVES.

Vivo.

The sun is hid behind a palm, A purple shadow fills the dell; With merry laugh the Bur-na maids Come trooping to the village well! Ah

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me! Ah me! What love tales it could tell, Could it but speak, the village well, the village well!
The clattering rope runs round the wheel, The crystal water gleams be-
-low, The crimson fires of sunset fade And tinge the golden after-

-glow. Love's old, old tale the simple maidens

tell, With beating hearts, around the well, the village

well!
Slower and always ppp

The Sun is set, the scented night, Shines blue between the rustling trees; The laughter of returning maids Is faintly borne upon the breeze. Now softly tolls the evening bell. And all is hushed around the well.
The River.
long canoe leaps down the stream, Bare-chest-ed rowers bend and strain, And, as their paddles flash and gleam, They

("HLAY DAW THAN" the Burmese Royal Boat Song.)*

sing the River's old refrain:

* In this movement, starting from pp, a gradual crescendo should be made to letter A, and thence a diminuendo to pppp at letter B, representing a Royal Boat coming from a distance, passing close, and fading away into the distance.

R. 6679.
In rain or shine, Through wet or fine, In serried line, We

hope to gain the sea! Our boat is long, Our arms are

strong, Tho' winds may blow, No fear we know......
When screams the gale, We
hoist our sail.
The foam flakes flying merrily!
Below the sky, We live and die.

"Loo la kya la? Yauk kya ba that!"

*"Prose. Loô la chê lí? Yow chê sì thê!"
The long wake spreads from side to side, The tiny waves spread.

*diminuendo to end.*

beat the shore, And, lost upon the distant tide. The long canoe is seen no more! The

waves pass, the voices die. Once more, with mirror'd landscape blue, The silent stream slips

i - dly by. Beneath a sky of opal hue.
Ma Lay Lay.
IV.

MA LAY LAY.

Ma Lay Lay
Sold in the big Bazaar
Silk all day,
So did her Mamma—
But the stall of the Mother of Ma Lay Lay
Was round the corner, and far away.

Ma Lay Lay
Was young and very fair,
(Wore a spray
Of 'twin-ban in her hair :)’
And every loo-byo who passed that way
Bought himself a loongyi from Ma Lay Lay.

Ma Lay Lay
(So I have been told)
Has a box
Of silver and of gold.
Would she have had, think you, less or more.
Had her Mother sold in the stall next door?

R. C. J. SWINHOE.

'Twin-ban — Flower of Bulbophyllum Auricommum.
Loo-byo — A young bachelor.
Loongyi — A silk waist-cloth (pron. Lünjye).
Ma Lay Lay.
(From the Burmese Operetta, "THE CAT'S EYE")

Words by
R. C. J. SWINHOE.

Music by
J. W. J. ALVES.

Allegro (\( \text{\textit{d = 176}} \))

Voice.

Piano.

Ma Lay Lay sold in the big Bazaar

Silk all day, So did her Mamma, But the

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R. 6679.
stall... of the Mother of Ma Lay Lay was round the...
corner, and far... a-way.
Ma Lay Lay was young and very fair, (Wore a spray of...
"tzin-ban" in her hair; And ev'ry "loo byo" who pass'd that way
Bought himself a "loongyi" from Ma Lay Lay
Ma Lay Lay, (so I've been told)
Has a box of silver and of gold.

Would she have had, think you, less or more?

Had her mother sold in the stall next door?
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