THE DESERT

SYMPHONIC ODE

IN THREE PARTS

THE WORDS TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF AUGUSTE COLIN BY THE

REV. J. TROUTBECK, D.D.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

FELICIEN DAVID.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.
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and
THE DESERT.

PART I.

Spoken.

In deserts is the Infinite revealed,
The soul, by such immensity inspired,
An eagle gazing on the new-born sun,
The vastness of Infinity can sound.

In deserts all is silent; yet, behold,
While calm profound seems everywhere to reign,
Upon the pensive solitary soul
There fall the sounds of wondrous melody.

O sounds, of this eternal silence born!
Each grain of sand is gifted with a voice,
To which the depths aerial make reply.
I feel, I hear, that thus the desert speaks:

CHORUS.

Allah, Allah, to Thee I render homage,
Allah, Allah, of Thine immensity, of Thine eternity,
I am the created image.
Allah, Allah!
Thou only art glorious, Thou only art merciful,
Thou liftest up the lowly, the proud Thou dost abase,
Thou only art glorious, Thou only art merciful,
Thou art of life the giver, Thou bringest down to death.
Allah, Allah!

To Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation,
That dwellest in eternity.
The solitude of the desert
Thou fillest with Thy majesty.
Allah, Allah!

Spoken.

Behold, upon the verge a dusky train
Alternately appears and disappears:
A caravan it is, that winds along,
A giant serpent seen against the sky.
It passes on its slow and toilsome way:
The tents will be unfurled, when sinks the day.

MARCH OF THE CARAVAN.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

We take our way, with a song we march,
With full delight we onward fare,
Beneath this blue overhanging arch
We freely breathe in ample air.

Spoken.

The air is gloomy, motionless, and dull,
As charged with death. Behold the whirlwind comes
Impetuously on: the arid blast
Is like an all-devouring pestilence.

THE STORM IN THE DESERT.

CHORUS.

Bow down your heads! The Simoom, fiery wind,
Passes, as 'twere a scourge from God.
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THE DESERT.

PART I.

(Oratorio, Oboes, Clarinets, Bassoon, Horns, Trumpets, Cornets—Pianos, Trombones, Ophicleide, Timpani and Strings.)

Andante.

(Spoken.) In deserts is the Infinite revealed.
The soul, by such immensity inspired,
An eagle gazes on the new-born sun,
The vastness of Infinity can sound.

(Spoken.) In deserts all is silent; yet, behold,
While calm profound seems everywhere to reign,
Upon the pensive solitary soul
There fall the sounds of wondrous melody.

(Spoken.) O sounds, of this eternal silence born!
Each grain of sand is gifted with a voice,
To which the depths aerial make reply.
I feel, I hear, that thus the desert sparks.

F. David's Ode, "The Desert."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(1.)
Chorus.

1st Tenor. pp

2nd Tenor. Al - lah, Al - lah

1st Bass. Al - lah, Al - lah

2nd Bass. Al - lah, Al - lah

Thee I render homage, Allah, of Thine immensity, I am, I am.
the created image. Al-

lah, Al-lah, Al-lah, Al-

lah, Al-lah, Al-lah, Al-

lah, Al-lah, Al-lah, Al-

lah, Al-lah, Al-lah, Al-

E Chorus.

To Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation.
Thou dost dwell in eternity. The solitude of the desert Thou dost dwell in eternity. The solitude of the desert Thou dost dwell in eternity. The solitude of the desert

Thou art filled with Thy majesty, the solitude of the desert Thou art filled with Thy majesty, the solitude of the desert Thou art filled with Thy majesty, the solitude of the desert

Thou art filled with Thy majesty, Thou art filled with Thy majesty, Thou art filled with Thy majesty, Thou art filled with Thy majesty.

with Thy majesty. To Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell.
est in eternity, the solitude of the desert Thou fillest with Thy majesty.
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(Spoken.) Behold, upon the verge a dusky train
Alternately appears and disappears:
A caravan it is, that winds along,
A giant serpent, seen against the sky.

It passes on its slow and toilsome way;
The tents will be unfurled, when sinks the day.

G March of the Caravan.
Poco più tenso. 4 = 104.

We take our way, with a song we march, With full delight we onward
We take our way, with a song we march, With full delight we onward
We take our way, with a song we march, With full delight we onward
We take our way, with a song we march, With full delight we onward
We take our way, with a song we march, With full delight we onward

Solo.

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Solo.
we onward fare, we take our way, we onward
con do

we onward fare, we take our way, we onward

we onward fare, we take our way, we onward

afp

fare, we onward fare.

fare, we onward fare.

fare, we onward fare.

fare, we onward fare. The air is gloomy, motionless, and dull,
As charged with death. Behold the whirlwind comes
Impetuously on: the arid blast
Is like an all-devouring pestilence.

Ped.

PPPP Sr.

Russel
THE STORM IN THE DESERT.

Poco più vivace. \( \text{\#} \# = 133 \).

Chorus.

Bow down your heads! The Si...
moon, fe - ry wind,
moon, fe - ry wind,
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moon, fe - ry wind,
lah. regard our faith sincere, Al
lah. regard our faith sincere, Al
lah. regard our faith sincere, Al
lah. regard our faith sincere, Al
lah. support our hearts that fear,
lah. support our hearts that fear,
lah. support our hearts that fear,
lah. support our hearts that fear,

Heaven is no more.
Heaven is no more.

Al-lah!

Hell closes round us!

Al-lah!

Al-lah!

Heaven is no more.

Heaven is no more,

Al-lah!

Hell closes round us!

Al-lah!

Al-lah!

Thou that rulest the worlds, our distress Thou be-

hold — est,

hold — est,

hold — est,

Thou that rulest the worlds, our distress Thou be-

Thou that rulest the worlds, our distress Thou be-

Thou that rulest the worlds, our distress Thou be-

Thou that rulest the worlds, our distress Thou be-

hold est. The angel of death about us doth hover!

The tempest is fierce, and no refuge have we!

The tempest is fierce, and no refuge have we!

No succour is near us, though faithful we be, No succour is near us, though faithful we be,
Al - lah, re -
Al - lah, re -
Al - lah, re -
Al - lah, re -
gard our faith sin -
gard our faith sin -
gard our faith sin -
gard our faith sin -

The Caravan resumes its march.

*Tempo di marcia. * \( \textit{d} = 104. \)

---

Chorus.

Again we go on our weary way, But nought, but nought shall us dismay, Nor sands nor

winds that are burning. Nor heat nor toil shall bring distress, For we are strong, and we onward

press, A certain end discerning; And we will strive, and achieve success, To vanquish

F. David's "We, The Desert."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Nature learning! We take our way, with a song we march, with full delight we onward

Solo.

Nature learning! We take our way, with a song we march, with full delight we onward

Solo.

Nature learning! We take our way, with a song we march, with full delight we onward

Solo.

Nature learning! We take our way, with a song we march, with full delight we onward

Solo.

Nature learning! We take our way, with a song we march, with full delight we onward

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Solo.

Nature learning! We take our way, with a song we march, with full delight we onward

Solo.

Nature learning! We take our way, with a song we march, with full delight we onward

Solo.

Nature learning! We take our way, with a song we march, with full delight we onward

Solo.
fare, beneath this over-hanging arch we freely breathe in ample

air, we take our way, with a song we march, with a song we march, beyond the

plain our home to gain ever yearning.

F. David's Ode, "The Desert."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition. END OF FIRST PART.
PART II.

NIGHT.

(Adagio.)

(Spoken.)

Like to the falling of a bridal veil,
Upon the desert sable night descends,
Her wondrous charms are to the heart enhanced,
When Venus high in heaven is gleaming bright.
lovelry night, Thou dost bring us pure delight,

When in prayer we have best us,

And on the tranquil plain, All they that long have wander'd, In re-

pose now remain.

O night, O love-ly night,

Then dost bring us pure delight, As when a loved one


Cl & Fl. a faithful heart will re pay: By thee is calm'd the wasting ardour of

Ped. * Ped. *

day. . . . 0 night, 0 gentle


night!


C 0 night, 0 lovely night.


Thou dost bring us pure delight, When the air is full of fragrance.

Girls, in the dance comin'—ing, Nimbly ply twinkling feet,

O night, O lovely night, Thou dost bring us pure delight.

FREEDOM IN THE DESERT.

With in your dark and narrow dungeons, Pale-\ldweller\s in cities, live,

With in your dark and narrow dungeons, Pale-\ldweller\s in cities, live,

With in your dark and narrow dungeons, Pale-\ldweller\s in cities, live,

With in your dark and narrow dungeons, Pale-\ldweller\s in cities, live,

With in your dark and narrow dungeons, Pale-\ldweller\s in cities, live,

free and proud and strong.

light, and space unbounded, 'Tis for us the mirage is bright;

For us the cloud that onward passes, Ours is the courser's tireless flight. For us the silver sands are sparkling, On them we rest, calmly we sleep;
\textit{For us are the stars clearly shining, O'er us a nightly watch they keep.}

\textit{For us are the stars clearly shining, O'er us a nightly watch they keep.}

\textit{For us are the stars clearly shining, O'er us a nightly watch they keep.}

\textit{For us are the stars clearly shining, O'er us a nightly watch they keep.}

\textit{For us are the stars clearly shining, O'er us a nightly watch they keep.}

\textit{For us are the stars clearly shining, O'er us a nightly watch they keep.}

Evening Meditation.

Andante molto.  \# 60.

Viola & cello.

Fl. Ob. & Bom.

Fl. & Hn. sustain.

Bass.

Enchanting

K

Tranq. dolce, espressivo e legato.

Delightful.

night, delay thy going, For thee to love and life doth

wake me; It is while song from me isflowing. That to her
Heart my love will take me. Wind.

Up on thy way, fair moon, be going, To follow thee thou cannot make me, But here shall song from me be flowing. And to her heart my love will

My weary eyes to sleep are going, In peace to rest, till morning wake me, Yet though my song no more be flowing, Still to her heart my love will take me.
N Chorus. pp

My wea-ry eyes to sleep are

My wea-ry eyes to sleep are

My wea-ry eyes to sleep are

My wea-ry eyes to sleep are

Wind rustles.

Go- ing, In peace to rest till morn- ing wake me, Yet tho' my

Go- ing, In peace to rest till morn- ing wake me, Yet tho' my

Go- ing, In peace to rest till morn- ing wake me, Yet tho' my

Go- ing, In peace to rest till morn- ing wake me, Yet tho' my

song no more be flowing, Still to her heart my love will
take me.

PART III.

SUNRISE.

Behold, with rosy tints of dawn is dyed
The wide expanse of heaven; the orb of day
Appears with sudden beams; and as he moves
He fills the desert plains with light and love.
Adagio. CHANT OF THE MUEZZIN.

Peace be unto you, peace be unto all,

Ei. Salaam-ah, a lekomen el Salaam

Adagio. \( \dot{=} \ 48 \)

\( \text{p} \)

Al-lah is great, to prayer come fall.

Al-lah, ouak bar ta le Salam

None is God but Al-lah, Mahomet is the prophet of Al-lah,

la Al-lah, il Al-lah, on Mahommed rassoul Al-lah

Al-lah is great, to prayer come fall.

None is God but Al-lah, Ma-ho-net is the prophet of Al-

Al-lah is great,
DEPARTURE OF THE CARAVAN.

B: Moderato, tempo di marcia. \( \text{\#} = 104 \).

C: Chorus.

Again our march we resume, going on Across the dreary wastes a-

-mone, The depths of the desert beholding. We forward press through-out the

Song: 

Solo. 

Chorus. 

f 

Chorus. 

Solo. 

Chorus. 

f 

Chorus. 

Solo. 

Chorus. 

f 

Chorus. 

Solo. 

Chorus. 

Piano, oboe, & str. pizz. 

air, we take our way, with a song we march, with full delight we onward fare, beneath this
blue overhanging arch we freely breathe in ample air, we sing, we march, we sing.

The moving mass is in the distance lost;  
Like morning mists; and o'er the waste of sands  
Eternal silence now resumes her reign.

O sounds, of this eternal silence born!  
Each grain of sand is gifted with a voice,  
To which the depths aerial make reply.  
I feel, I hear, that thus the desert speaks:

Chorus. pp

Al-lah, Al-lah, to
Al-lah, Al-lah, to
Al-lah, Al-lah, to

Wind. pp sforzando

Thee I render homage, Al-lah, Al-lah, to
Thee I render homage, Al-lah, Al-lah, to
Thee I render homage, Al-lah, Al-lah, to

To Thee be praised, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity,
To Thee be praised, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity,
To Thee be praised, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity,
To Thee be praised, Thou ruler of creation, that dwell in eternity.


Praise thee, to Thee be praise, Thou ruler of creation, to Thee be praise for ever.

-lah, Al-lah!
-lah, Al-lah!
-lah, Al-lah!
-lah, Al-lah!
-lah, Al-lah!
-lah, Al-lah!
-lah, Al-lah!
-...