A CYCLE OF
FOUR
ARABIAN SONGS
BY
WILLIAM DICHMONT

OLIVER DITSON
COMPANY
BOSTON
A CYCLE OF
FOUR
ARABIAN SONGS
BY
WILLIAM DICHMONT
HIGH VOICE
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THE BEDOUIN'S BRIDE

O clinging sword, what dost thou feel,
   Here with thy charging lord?
There is no man hath seen thee kneel,
   There is no flame of tempered fire,
That knows the passion of thy steel,
   Or thy bright heart's desire.

Far in the tents of Aaron's kin,
   There is a maid who longs,
With tawny hair like tiger's skin,
   And soft dusk-veiled eyes.
But vain her pleadings, vain within
   That tent where her heart sighs.

O let defeat ride on space,
   Here with my bride am I,
Clasped in each other's death embrace
   Here with thy lips to mine alone,
Here with thy kiss upon my face,
   And thy hand in mine own!

GORDON JOHNSTONE
I
THE BEDOUIN'S BRIDE
(Original Key)

GORDON JOHNSTONE

Allegro con fuoco

WILLIAM DICHMONT

PIANO

con molto fiore

O clinging

a tempo

sword, what dost thou feel, Here with thy charging lord?

allargando

There is no man hath
seen thee kneel, There is no flame of temper'd

fire, That knows the passion of thy steel, Or thy bright

col voce

hearts desire.

molto rit.
Andante moderato

Far in the tents of

Aaron's kin,

There is a maid who

longs,

With tawny hair like

tiger's skin,

And soft dusk veiled
eyes. But vain her pleadings,

vain within That tent where her heart, her

poco rit. dim. p L'istesso tempo

sad heart sighs.

poco rit. sf con brio
O let defeat ride on apace,
Here with my
bride am I,
Clasp'd in each other's death embrace Here with thy lips to mine alone, Here with thy kiss upon my face, And thy hand in mine own!
FROM MY TENT

From my tent I see her, when the turtles call,
Dreaming near the water of the palm-kissed river,
She, the Prophet's daughter, whose bright eyes quiver,
O'er her brown, brown shoulders, a golden waterfall.

From my tent I call her, she my soft gazelle,
And she cometh longing, as the wind from heaven
Cometh sweetly sorrowing thro' the purple even,
To my waiting bosom, me she loveth well.

To my tent she wingeth, swift on raptured feet,
Trembling like a dove-bird weary of its flying;
She, my roe, my love-bird, weighted down with sighing,
Heaven, hast thou angel like unto my sweet?

GORDON JOHNSTONE
II
FROM MY TENT

GORDON JOHNSTONE

Andante moderato

VOICE

PIANO

p con tenerizza

From my tent I see her, when the turtles

dim.

call,— Dreaming near the water of the palm-kiss'd river,
She, the Prophet's daughter, Whose bright tresses quiver
O'er her brown, brown

shoulders, a golden waterfall.

colla voce

dim.

pp
From my tent I call her, she my soft gazelle, And she cometh

longing, as the wind from heaven Cometh sweetly singing

thro' the purple even, To my waiting bosom, me she loveth
To my tent she wingeth swift on raptured feet,
Trembling like a dove-bird
wear-y of its flying; She, my roe, my
love-bird, weighted down with sighing,
Heaven, hast thou answered?
molto rit. gel like unto my
molto rit. sweet?
SONG OF JAMI

A breath of the myrrh is my beloved,
A garden of green herbs sweet,
A beam of the sun her tresses soft
Where the golden shadows meet.
The sheen of the moon her pale, pale cheek,
And the silver mist her feet.

The flower that swoons in a lotus pool
Knows no such perfumed sighs,
The stars that faint on the field of night
Are vanquished by her eyes.
The path that lures to her white abode
Is Jami’s paradise.

GORDON JOHNSTONE
III
SONG OF JAMI

GORDON JOHNSTONE

WILLIAM DICHMONT

Moderato

A breath of the myrrh is my beloved,
A garden of green herbs sweet,
beam of the sun—her tresses soft Where the golden

shadows meet. The sheen of the moon her

pale—pale cheek, And the silver mist her feet.
The flower that swoons in a lotus pool
Knows no such perfumed sighs,
The stars that faint on the field of
night Are vanquished by her eyes. The path that lures to her white abode Is Jami's paradise.
SLAVE SONG

In the silver clouds I see thy form,
   In the stars, my lord, thine eyes;
In the wind-caress that my lips warm,
   Thy bridal sighs, thy bridal sighs.

Fairest of dreams, if thou should'st lean
   Thy cheek to my thirsting kiss,
Thy mouth to my own like sun to rose
   And heavy-sweet with bliss!

Thou art fair as sunbeam on the grass,
   Alas! I am naught to thee,
But a slave to watch thy shadow pass
   In agony, in agony.

Ah, would with thine hand upon thy sword
   Thou hadst taken my last breath,
That I might be fore'er with thee,
   Fore'er with thee in death!

GORDON JOHNSTONE
In the silver clouds I see thy form. In the stars, my lord, thine eyes; in the wind caress that my lips warm, Thy bridal sighs, Thy bridal
Andante con moto p affettuoso

Fair-est of dreams, if thou shouldst lean Thy

con Ped.

check to my thirst-ing kiss, Thy mouth to my own like

sun to rose. And heav-y-sweet with bliss!
Thou art fair as sunbeam on the grass; A - las! I am naught to thee. But a slave to watch thy shadow pass In agony, In agony.