THE CALL OF RÂDHÂ

Poem

From "SONGS OF A BENGALEE"

BY

SAROJINI NAIDU

AN ARIA FOR DRAMATIC SOPRANO

MUSIC BY

HARRIET WARE

7½

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY

CINCINNATI NEW YORK CHICAGO LEIPSIC LONDON
THE CALL OF RÂDHA*
FROM THE SONGS OF A BENGALEE

By SAROJINI NAIDU

(MOTHER)
Honey child, honey child, whither are you going?
Would you cast your jewels all to the breezes blowing?
Would you leave the mother who on golden grain has fed you?
Would you grieve the lover who is riding forth to wed you?

(CHILD)
O mother mine, to the wild forest I am going,
Where upon the champa boughs the champa buds are blowing;
To the koll-haunted river isles where lotus lilies glisten,
The voices of the fairy folk are calling me: O listen!

(MOTHER)
Honey child, honey child, the world is full of pleasure,
Of bridal songs and cradle songs and sandal-scented leisure.
Your bridal robes are in the loom, silver and saffron glowing,
Your bridal cakes are on the hearth: O whither are you going?

(CHILD)
The bridal songs and cradle songs have cadences of sorrow,
The laughter of the sun to-day, the wind of death to-morrow.
Far sweeter sound the forest notes, where forest streams are falling:
O mother mine, I cannot stay, the fairy-folk are calling.

* The Goddess who lures away from the pleasures of the senses to the joys of the spiritual.
The Call of Râdha

SAROJINI NAIDU

Allegro appassionato

Moderato agitato

Honey child, honey child, whither are you going?

Would you cast your jewels all to the breezes blowing?

Copyright MCMIX by The John Church Company
Would you leave the mother who on

golden grain has fed you?

Would you grieve the lover who is riding forth to wed
Andante

you?

moth - er mine, to the wild

for-est I am go - ing, Where upon the cham - pa boughs

cham-pa buds are blow - ing; To the koll-haunt-ed riv-er isles where

lo - tus lil - ies glis - ten, The
voic-es of the fair-y folk are call-ing me:

lis-ten!

Hon-ey child, hon-ey child, the world is full of pleas-ure,

brid-al songs, and cra-dle songs and san-dal-scent-ed lei-sure. Your
bridal robes are in the loom,
silver and saffron glowing, Your
bridal cakes are on the hearth: O whither are you going?

Andante

The bridal songs and
cradle songs have cadences of sorrow, The

laughter of the sun today, the wind of death tomorrow. Far

sweeter sound the forest notes, where

forest streams are falling: O
moth-er mine, I can-not stay, the fair-y folk are
call- ing, The voic-es of the fair-y folk are
Allegro
call- ing me, O lis-
ten!