Three

SONGS OF THE EAST

The Words by

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD,

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The Music

by

PERCY ALGERNON WHITEHEAD.

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THREE

SONGS OF THE EAST

HINDOON FUNERAL SONG........................................1

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HINDOO FUNERAL SONG.

Call on Rama! call to Rama!  
Oh, my brothers, call on Rama!  
For this Dead  
Whom we bring,  
Call aloud to mighty Rama!

As we bear him, oh, my brothers,  
Call together, very loudly,  
That the Bhuits  
May be scared;  
That his spirit pass in comfort.

Turn his feet now, calling "Rama,"  
Calling "Rama," who shall take him,  
When the flames  
Make an end:  
Ram! Ram!—oh, call to Rama!

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(By permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.)
Hindoo Funeral Song.

Words by
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Music by
PERCY ALGERNON WHITEHEAD.

Lamento. Tempo moderato.

VOICE.

Call on

PIANO.

Rama! call to Rama! Oh, my brothers, call on

Rama! For this Dead Whom we bring.

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Call a-loud to migh-ty Ra-ma! As we
bear him, oh, my bro-thers, Call to-geth-er, ve-ry
loud-ly, That the Bhuts May be scar-ed;
That his spi-rit pass in com-fort. Turn his

Hindoo Funeral Song.
feet now, calling "Rama," Calling "Rama,

sempre cresc.

who shall take him, When the flames Make an

end:

Ram! Ram!

a tempo.

Oh, call to Rama!

Hindoo Funeral Song.
SONG OF THE SERPENT CHARMERS.

Come forth, oh, Snake! come forth, oh, glittering Snake!
Oh shining, silent, deadly Nāg! appear,
Dance to the music that we make,
This serpent song, so sweet and clear,
Blown on the beadled gourd, so clear,
So soft and clear.

Oh, dread Lord Snake! come forth and spread thy hood,
And drink the milk and suck the eggs; and show
Thy tongue; and own the tune is good:
Hear, Maharaj! how hard we blow!
Ah, Maharaj! for thee we blow;
See how we blow!

Ah, wise Lord Nāg! thou comest!—Fear thou not!
We make salaam to thee, the Serpent-King,
Draw forth thy folds, knot after knot;
Dance, Master! while we softly sing;
Dance, Serpent! while we play and sing,
We play and sing.

Dance, dreadful King! whose kisses strike men dead;
Dance this side, mighty Snake! the milk is here!
(They seize the Cobra by the neck.)
Ah, shabash! pin his angry head!
Thou fool! this naught shall cost thee dear;
Wrench forth his fangs! this piping clear
It costs thee dear!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

(By permission of Messrs. KEAN PAYE, TRENCH, TRUBNER & Co., Ltd.)
Song of the Serpent Charmers.

Words by
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Music by
PERCY ALGERNON WHITEHEAD.

Allegro moderato. Leggieramente.

Come forth, oh Snake! come forth, oh glittering Snake! Oh shining, silent, deadly Nag! appear!

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Dance to the music that we make.

This serpent-song, so sweet and clear, Blown on the beaded gourd, so clear, So soft and clear.

Song of the Serpent Charmers.
Oh, dread Lord Snake! come forth and spread thy hood, And drink the milk and suck the eggs; and show Thy tongue,
cresc.
and own the tune is good:

Song of the Serpent Charmers.
Hear, Maharaj! how hard we blow! Ah,

Ma - ha - raj! for thee we blow; See

how we blow!

Poco meno mosso. Ah,

Song of the Serpent Charmers.
wise Lord Nag! thou comest! Fear thou not! We make salaam to thee.

the Serpent King. Draw forth thy folds, knot after knot.

pp Più vivace.

Dance, Master! while we softly sing.

pp più vivace

cresc. e accel.

Dance, Serpent, while we play and sing.

cresc. e accel.

Song of the Serpent Charmers.
Dance, dreadful King! whose kisses strike men dead; Dance
this side, mighty Snake! the milk is here!
Ah! sha-bash!
pin his angry head! Thou fool!

Song of the Serpent Charmers.
this nautch shall cost thee dear,

Wrench forth his fangs! this pip

ing clear It costs thee dear!

Song of the Serpent Charmers.
SONG OF THE FLOUR-MILL

Turn the merry mill-stone, Gunga!
Pour the golden grain in:
Those that twist the Churrak fastest
The cakes soonest win:
Good stones, turn!
The fire begins to burn;
Gunga, stay not:
The hearth is nearly hot.
Grind the hard gold to silver,
Sing quick to the stone;
Feed its mouth with dal and bajri,
It will feed us anon.

Sing, Gunga! to the mill-stone,
It helps the wheel hum;
Blithesome hearts and willing elbows
Make the fine meal come:
Handful three
For Gopal, you, and me;
Now it falls white,
Good stones, bite!
Drive it round and round, my Gunga!
Sing soft to the stone;
Better corn and churrak-working
Than idleness and none.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

(By permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.)
Song of the Flour Mill.

Words by
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Music by
PERCY ALGERNON WHITEHEAD.

Allegro moderato.

Turn the merry mill-stone, Gun-ga!

Pour the golden grain in;

Those that twist the Churrak fast-est

The cakes soonest win;

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Good stones, turn! The
agitato.

fire begins to burn; Gunga, stay not! The

hearth is nearly hot!

Grind the hard gold to silver, Sing quick to the

Song of the Flour-Mill.
stone;
Feed its mouth with dal and baj-ri,
It will feed us anon.

Sing, Gun-ga,
to the mill-stone. It helps the wheel hum;

Song of the Flour-Mill.
Blithe-some hearts and willing elbows
Make the fine meal
come:
Handful three
For
Gopal, you, and me:
Now it falls
white,
Good-stones,

Song of the Flour-Mill.

H. 7194.
bite!

Drive it round and
ound, my Gun-ga! Sing soft to the stone;

Bet-ter corn and chur-rak-work-ing Than i-dle-ness and

none.

Song of the Flour-Mill.
*Songs of Sun and Shade*

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Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall

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S. Coleridge-Taylor.

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Stars of the Desert

Four More

Indian Love Lyrics

By

Laurence Hope

Set to Music

By

Amy Woodforde-Finden.

I Stars of the Desert
II You are all that is lovely
III The Rice was under Water
IV Fate

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by

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Set to Music

by

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The Crescent Moon
Harbour Night Song

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