SONGS OF BURMA.

(SECOND SET.)

THE WORDS BY
R. C. J. SWINHOE,

THE MUSIC BY
J. W. J. ALVES.

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Lullaby.

Daylight fades; above the mountains
Night unfurls her spangled sign.
See, the Lotus folds her petals,—
Sleep in peace, O Baby mine!

In the Jungle lurks the Tiger,
Claws that tear, and eyes that shine;
Dancing fireflies softly twinkle,—
Sleep in peace, O Baby mine!

Little heart so gently beating,
Little hands that clasp and twine;
Till the dawn returns to-morrow,—
Sleep in peace, O Baby mine!

R. C. J. Swinhoe
Lullaby.
On the Burmese air "BAY DA THAN."

Words by
R. C. J. SWINHOE.

Music by
J. W. J. ALVES.

Lento.

Voice:

Piano:

Day-light fades;

Above the mountains Night unfurls

Her span-gled sign.

Copyright 1842 by Boosey & Co.
See, the Lotus folds her petals—Sleep in peace,
O Baby mine!

In the Jungle lurks the Tiger, Claws that tear, and eyes that shine, Dancing

fireflies softly twinkle, Sleep in peace, O Baby mine!
Tempo I. pp

Lit-tle heart so gently beat-ing,

Tempo I.

hands that clasp and twine;

Til the dawn re-turns to-mor-row,

Sleep in peace,

O Ba-by mine!

delicatissimo. rall molto. ppp
THE LOOM.

From fingers deft, through warp and weft,
The flashing shuttle gaily flies,
No need to tell, a maid knows well;
She reads the riddle in her eyes.

From leaf to rose the pattern grows,
From green to red, from gold to grey;
With silk so bright and laughter light,
She weaves throughout the summer day.

From side to side the shuttle flies,
As maidens used to weave of old;
Three threads of grey silk, three threads of red,
And just a tiny thread of gold.

From eager youth, through web and woof,
Life's busy shuttle swiftly goes;
Though mixed with grey the flowers of May,
The sun of June reveals the rose.

What though the years bring idle tears,
The web of life be dulled with care;
Through spot and stain, if Love remain,
A strand of purest gold is there.

From youth to age the shuttle flies,
And weaves a pattern tried and old—
Grey silk for Sorrow, Reel for Hope,
And Love a shining strand of Gold.

R. C. J. SWINHOR
The Loom.
From the Burmese Operetta, "THE CAT'S EYE."

Words by
R. C. J. SWINHOE.

Music by
J. W. J. ALVES.

Smoothly and rhythmically.
From fingers

deft, thro' warp and weft, The

flash ing shuttle gaily flies; No need to tell, a maid knows

well, She reads the riddle in her eyes. From
leaf to rose the pattern grows; From green to red, from gold to grey; With silk so bright and laughter light She weaves throughout the summer day, She weaves throughout the summer day.
side to side the shuttle flies,
As maid-ens used to weave of
old; Three threads of grey silk, three threads of red,

And just a ti-ny, ti-ny thread of gold.

From eager youth, thro' web and woof, Life's
Bus'ly shuttle swiftly goes; Tho' mixed with grey
the flowers of May,

May, The sun of June reveals the rose. What

tho' the years bring idle tears, The web of life be dul'd with care; Thro'

spot and stain, if Love remain, A strand of purest gold is there. A
strand of purest gold is there. From youth to age the shuttle flies, And weaves a pattern tried and old;— Grey silk for sorrow, Red for
Hope,

And Love a shining, shining strand of

Gold.

E. 7154.
III.

RUBIES.

When God created Earth and Sea, and welded all together,
The North and South winds blew like fire, and clouds for rainy weather;
His anvil thunders shook the ground, the Heavens themselves were quaking,
And showers of sparks fell thickly round, when Earth was in the making.

When Earth was made and Life began, but Man was still unmated,
God brought the Woman to the Man, the fairest thing created;
And gave her fire of love and grace to be the Man's un-doing,
And guide the early human race, when Life was in the wooin.

And still, where fell the anvil shower, bright Ruby gems lie gleaming,
And Man has won, through Woman's power, beyond his utmost dreaming;
Then if her heart grow cold and dead, what sport gift can win her,
Then rubies red to crown her head, and stir the fires within her:

R. C. J. SWINHOR.
Rubies.

Words by
R. C. J. SWINHOE.

Music by
J. W. J. ALVES.

Boldly.

When God created Earth and Sea, and welded all together, The North and South winds blowing free, and clouds for rainy weather; His anvil thunders shook the ground, the Heavens themselves were

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quaking. And showers of sparks fell thickly round, when

Earth was in the making, and showers of sparks fell

thickly round, when Earth was in the making.

When Earth was made and
Life began, but Man was still unmaled, God

brought the Woman to the Man, the fairest thing created; And

gave her fire of love and grace to be the Man's undoing, And

guide the early human race, when Life was in the wooing.
And still, where fell the anvil shower, bright

Ruby gems gleaming, And Man has won, thro'

Woman's power, beyond his utmost dreaming; Then

If her heart grow cold and dead, what
apt - er gift, can win her, Than
rubies red to crown her head, And
stir the fires within her!
IV.

SUNRISE.

The moon has set; above the East
Black Night has turned to grey,
And Dawn with rosy fingers comes
To pluck the veil away.

Faint breezes kiss the waking bird
And stir the ripening grain;
The silent wheels of God revolve,
And bring the Sun again.

The glory grows; on cloud and height
The flashing Sunbeams play;
The Lord of Nature, crimson robed,
Flings wide the Gates of Day.

R. C. J. SWINHOR.
Sunrise.

N.B. A Gradual Crescendo should be made from beginning to end of this song, representing the rising of the sun and the increasing sounds of activity in the neighbouring village.

Words by
R. C. J. Swinhoe.

Music by
J. W. J. Alves.

The moon has set;
\textbf{Above the East Black}

\textbf{Night has turned to grey, And}

\textbf{Dawn with rosy fins –}

\textbf{Gers comes To pluck the veil a –}

H. 7139
Poco accel.

Faint breezes

kiss the waking bird
And stir the ripening grain;
The silent wheels of God revolve,
And bring the Sun a-gain.
accelerando to the end.

The glory grows;

on cloud and height

Allegro.

The flash -

Allegro.

- ing Sun - beams play;

H. J.


stringendo.

The Lord of Nature.

stringendo.

crimson robed, Flings wide,

agitato.

flings wide the Gates of Day.
V.

THE MAIDEN AND THE BUDDH.

Where the silence lies the deepest, 'neath the overhanging trees,
And the perfume of the flowers fills the early morning breeze,
In a tumble-down Pagoda, on a dusty, musty shelf,
Sat a little brazen image, meditating by himself.

Now this little brazen image was as brazen as could be,
One hand was open on his lap, the other on his knee,—
His hair was neatly plaited in an early Indian style,
And he sat and looked before him with a brazen little smile.

The thorns were thick around him, but Faith will find a way,
And through the tangle of the jungle, came a little "Mane-ka-loy,"
Though the Buddhist faith forbade it, yet it somehow came to pass
That she prayed, that simple maiden, to the little god of banyas.

One morning, ere the palms and leaves had caught the beams of day,
An early English traveller came down from Mandalay;
He had studied Eastern culture in the esoteric line,
So he stole that little image from his dusty little shrine!

With face all newly polished and freshly painted hair,
That little brazen image now looks out on Russell Square;
While in the distant Jungle, beneath the flickering shade,
The Champak swings its blossoms down to crown the sleeping maid.

R. C. J. SWINHOR.
The Maiden and the Buddh.

Words by
R. C. J. SWINHOE.

Music by
J. W. J. ALVES.

Andante non troppo.

Where the silence lies the deepest, 'Neath the over-hanging trees, And the perfume of the flowers fills the early morning breeze, In a tumble-down Pagoda, on a dusty musty shelf, Sat a little brazen image, meditating by himself.

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Now this little brazen image was as brazen as could be, One...

hand was open on his lap, the other on his knee—His

hair was neatly plaited in an early Indian style, And he
sat and look'd before him with a brazen little smile. The

thorns were thick a round him, but Faith will find a way, And thro' the
tangle of the jungle, came a little "Mane-ralay"

Tho' the

* Pron. Minkelay = A young girl.
Buddhist faith for-bade it, yet it some-how came to pass That she
pray'd, that sim-ple maid-en, to the lit-tle god of brass; One ...
morn-ing ere the Palm-groves had caught the beams of day, An ...
ear-ly English travel-ler came down from Mandalay.
He had studied Eastern culture in the

esoteric line, So he stole that little image from his

dusty little shrine! With face all newly polished and

freshly painted hair, That little brazen image now looks
out on Russell Square; While in the distant Jungle, be-
neath the flick-ring shade. The Cham-pak flings its blossoms down to

crown the sleep-ing maid.