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To the
Countess Valda Gleichen

THE GOLDEN THRESHOLD.

SONGS OF THE LOVER AND OF THE BELOVED.

Love Song, "YOU FLAUNT YOUR BEAUTY IN THE ROSE" (Tenor)	49
"ALABASTER" (Contralto)	88
"LIKE A SERPENT TO THE CALLING VOICE OF FLUTES" (Duet: Contralto and Tenor)	54

SONGS OF THE ONE ALONE.

SONG OF A YOUTH.

SONG OF THE LITTLE SISTER.

"CRADLE SONG" (Soprano) 65

SONGS OF THE CROWD.

THE GOLDEN THRESHOLD.*

I.—HARVEST HYMN.

(*Men's Voices*).

LORD of the lotus, lord of the harvest,
Bright and munificent lord of the morn !
Thine is the bounty that prospered our sowing,
Thine is the bounty that nurtured our corn.
We bring thee our songs and our garlands for tribute,
The gold of our fields and the gold of our fruit ;
O giver of mellowing radiance, we hail thee,
We praise thee, O Surya, with cymbal and flute.

* * * * *

(*Women's Voices*).

Queen of the gourd-flower, queen of the harvest,
Sweet and omnipotent mother, O Earth !
Thine is the plentiful bosom that feeds us,
Thine is the womb where our riches have birth.
We bring thee our love and our garlands for tribute,
With gifts of thy opulent giving we come ;
O source of our manifold gladness, we hail thee,
We praise thee, O Prithvi, with cymbal and drum.

(*All Voices*.)

Lord of the Universe, lord of our being,
Father eternal, ineffable Om !
Thou art the seed and the scythe of our harvests,
Thou art our hands, and our heart and our home.
We bring thee our lives and our labours for tribute,
Grant us thy succour, thy counsel, thy care ;
O life of all life and all blessing, we hail thee,
We praise thee, O Bramha, with cymbal and prayer.

* In printing these words in Concert Programmes,
“From ‘The Golden Threshold,’ by Sarojini Naidu,
published by William Heinemann,” must be added.

II.—SONG OF A DREAM

ONCE in a dream of a night I stood
Lone in the light of a magical wood,
Soul-deep in visions that poppy-like sprang ;
And spirits of Truth were the birds that sang,
And spirits of Love were the stars that glowed,
And spirits of Peace were the streams that flowed
In that magical wood in the land of sleep.

Lone in the light of that magical grove,
I felt the stars of the spirits of Love
Gather and gleam round my delicate youth ;
And I heard the song of the spirits of Truth ;
To quench my longing I bent me low
By the streams of the spirits of Peace that flow
In that magical wood in the land of sleep.

III.—HENNA.

A KOKILA called from a henna-spray :
Lira ! lirez ! lira ! lirez !
Hasten, maidens, hasten away
To gather the leaves of the henna-tree.
Send your pitchers afloat on the tide,
Gather the leaves ere the dawn be old,
Grind them in mortars of amber and gold,
The fresh green leaves of the henna-tree.

A kokila called from a henna-spray :
Lira ! lirez ! lira ! lirez !
Hasten, maidens, hasten away
To gather the leaves of the henna-tree.
The *tikka*'s red for the brow of a bride,
And betel-nut's red for lips that are sweet ;
But, for lily-like fingers and feet,
The red, the red of the henna-tree.

IV.—PALANQUIN-BEARERS.

LIGHTLY, O lightly we bear her along,
She sways like a flower in the wind of our song ;
She skims like a bird on the foam of a stream,
She floats like a laugh from the lips of a dream.
Gaily, O gaily we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

Softly, O softly we bear her along,
She hangs like a star in the dew of our song ;
She springs like a beam on the brow of the tide,
She falls like a tear from the eyes of a bride.
Lightly, O lightly we glide and we sing,
We bear her along like a pearl on a string.

V.—THE SERPENTS ARE ASLEEP

THE serpents are asleep among the poppies,
The fire-flies light the soundless panther's way
To tangled paths where shy gazelles are straying,
And parrot plumes outshine the dying day.
O soft ! the lotus-buds upon the stream
Are stirring like sweet maidens when they dream.

VI.—THE SNAKE CHARMER

WHITHER dost thou hide from the magic of my flute-call ?
In what moonlight-tangled meshes of perfume,
Where the clustering *keovas* guard the squirrel's slumber,
Where the deep woods glimmer with the jasmine's bloom ?

I'll feed thee, O beloved, on milk and wild red honey,
I'll bear thee in a basket of rushes, green and white,
To a palace-bower where golden-vested maidens
Thread with mellow laughter the petals of delight.

Whither dost thou loiter, by what murmuring hollows,
Where oleanders scatter their ambrosial fire ?
Come, thou subtle bride of my mellifluous wooing,
Come, thou silver-breasted moonbeam of desire !

VII.—THE ROYAL TOMBS OF GOLCONDA

I MUSE among these silent fanes
Whose spacious darkness guards your dust ;
Around me sleep the hoary plains
That hold your ancient wars in trust.

I pause,—my dreaming spirit hears,
Across the wind's unquiet tides,
The glimmering music of your spears
The laughter of your royal brides.

In vain, O Kings, doth time aspire
To make your name oblivion's sport,
While yonder hill wears like a tiar
The ruined grandeur of your fort.
Though centuries falter and decline,
Your proven strongholds shall remain
Embodyed memories of your line,
Incarnate legends of your reign.

O Queens, in vain old Fate decreed
Your flower-like bodies to the tomb ;
Death is in truth the vital seed
Of your imperishable bloom.
Each new-born year the bulbul sing
Their songs of your renascent loves ;
Your beauty wakens with the spring
To kindle these pomegranate groves.

VIII.—LOVE SONG.

COME to me, sweet, on silver-girt feet !
Come with a kiss on thy lotus lips' bloom !
Come to me, love, like a moon in the gloom,
And strangle my soul in thy kisses' perfume !

You flaunt your beauty in the rose,
Your glory in the dawn,
Your sweetness in the nightingale,
Your whiteness in the swan.

You haunt my waking like a dream,
My slumber like a moon,
Pervade me with a musky scent,
Possess me like a tune.

Yet when I crave of you, my sweet,
One tender moment's grace,
You cry : "I sit behind the veil,
I cannot show my face."

Shall any foolish veil divide
My longing from my bliss ?
Shall any fragile curtain hide
Your beauty from my kiss ?

What war is this of thee and me ?
Give o'er the wanton strife,
You are the heart within my heart,
The life within my life.

IX.—LIKE A SERPENT.

(*She*) LIKE a serpent to the calling voice of flutes,
Glides my heart into thy fingers, O my love !
Where the nightwind, like a lover, leans above
His jasmine-gardens and *sirisha*-bowers ;
And on ripe boughs of many-coloured fruits
Bright parrots cluster like vermillion flowers.

(*He*) Like the perfume in the petals of a rose,
Hides thy heart within my bosom, O my love !
Like a garland, like a jewel, like a dove
That hangs its nest in the asoka-tree.
Lie still, O love, until the morning sows
Her tents of gold on fields of ivory.

X.—NIGHTFALL IN HYDERABĀD.

SEE how the speckled sky burns like a pigeon's throat,
Jewelled with embers of opal and peridot.

See the white river that flashes and scintillates,
Curved like a tusk from the mouth of the city gates.

Hark, from the minaret, how the *muezzin*'s call
Floats like a battle-flag over the city wall.

From trellised balconies, languid and luminous
Faces gleam, veiled in a splendour voluminous.

Leisurely elephants wind through the winding lanes,
Swinging their silver bells hung from their silver chains.

Round the high Char Minar sounds of gay cavalcades
Blend with the music of cymbals and serenades.

Over the city bridge, Night comes majestical,
Borne like a queen to a sumptuous festival.

XI.—CRADLE SONG.

FROM groves of spice,
O'er fields of rice,
Athwart the lotus-stream,
I bring for you,
Aglint with dew,
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,
The wild fire-flies
Dance through the fairy *neem* ;
From the poppy-bole
For you I stole
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good night,
In golden light
The stars around you gleam ;
On you I press,
With soft caress,
A little lovely dream.

XII.—TO A BUDDHA SEATED ON A LOTUS.

LORD Buddha, on thy Lotus-throne,
With praying eyes and hands elate,
What mystic rapture dost thou own,
Immutable and ultimate ?
What peace, unravished of our ken,
Annihilate from the world of men ?

The wind of change for ever blows
Across the tumult of our way,
To-morrow's unborn griefs depose
The sorrows of our yesterday.
Dream yields to dream, strife follows strife,
And Death unweaves the webs of Life.

For us the travail and the heat,
The broken secrets of our pride,
The strenuous lessons of defeat,
The flower deferred, the fruit denied ;
But not the peace, supremely won,
Lord Buddha, of thy Lotus-throne.

* * * * *

The end, elusive and afar,
Still lures us with its beckoning flight,
And all our mortal moments are
A session of the Infinite.
How shall we reach the great unknown
Nirvana of thy Lotus-throne ?

XIII.—INDIAN DANCERS.

THE music sighs and slumbers,
It stirs and sleeps again
Hush, it wakes and weeps and murmurs,
Like a woman's heart in pain.
Now it laughs and calls and coaxes,
Like a lover in the night;
Now it pants with sudden longing
Now it sobs with spent delight.

Like bright and wind-blown lilies
The dancers sway and shine,
Swift in a rhythmic circle,
Soft in a rhythmic line;
Their lithe limbs gleam like amber
Thro' their veils of golden gauze,
As they glide and bend and beckon,
As they wheel and wind and pause.

The voices of lutes and cymbals
Fail on the failing breeze,
And the midnight's soul grows weary
With the scent of the champak trees;
But the subtle feet of the dancers,
In a long melodious chain,
Wake in the breast of lovers
Love's ecstasy and pain.

XIV.—NEW LEAVES GROW GREEN.

NEW leaves grow green on the banyan twigs,
And red on the almond tree,
The honey-birds pipe to the budding figs,
And honey-blooms call the bee.

Kingfishers ruffle the feathery sedge,
And all the vivid air thrills
With butterfly wings in the wild rose hedge,
And the tremulous blue of the hills.

* * * * *

Kamala tinkles a lingering foot
By the shrine in the tamarind grove,
While Gopal blows on his bamboo flute
An idyll of spring and love.

XV.—ALABASTER.

Like this alabaster box, whose art
Is frail as a cassia-flower, is my heart,
Carven with delicate dreams and wrought
With many a subtle and exquisite thought.

Therein I treasure the spice and scent
Of rich and passionate memories blent
Like odours of cinnamon, sandal and clove,
Of song and sorrow, and life and love.

XVI.—AT THE THRESHOLD.

In childhood's pride I said to thee,
O thou, who mad'st me of thy breath,
Speak, master, and reveal to me
Thine inmost laws of life and death.

Give me to drink each joy and pain
Which thy eternal hand can mete,
For my insatiate soul would drain
Of earth's most bitter cup, or sweet !

Spare me no bliss, no pang of strife,
Withhold no gift or grief I crave,
Th' intricate lore of love and life
And subtle knowlege of the grave.

Lord, thou didst answer clear and low :
“Child, I will hearken to thy prayer,
And thy unconquered soul shall know
Each poignant rapture and despair.

* * * * *

So shall thy chastened spirit yearn
From its blind prayer to be released,
And, spent and pardoned, sue to learn
The simple secrets of my peace.

I, bending from my sevenfold height,
Shall teach thee of my quickening grace,
Life is a prism of my Light,
And death the shadow of my Face.”

THE GOLDEN THRESHOLD.

Nº 1. Harvest Hymn.

(Chorus.)

Moderato.

PIANO.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Lord of the lo.tus, lord of the har.vest, Bright and muni.fi.cent lord of the morn!

Bass.

Lord of the lo.tus, lord of the har.vest, Bright and muni.fi.cent lord of the morn!

Thine is the boun . ty that prosp . ered our sow . ing, Thine is the boun . ty that
 Thine is the boun . ty that prosp . ered our sow . ing, Thine is the boun . ty that

nurtured our corn. We bring thee our songs and our gar . lands for tri . bute, The
 nurtured our corn. We bring thee our songs and our gar . lands for tri . bute, The

gold of our fields and the gold of our fruit; O gi . ver of mellow . ing
 gold of our fields and the gold of our fruit; O gi . ver of mellow . ing

4

calando, a tempo.

radiance, we hail thee, We praise thee, O Sur- ya, with cym-bal and
 radiance, we hail thee, We praise thee, O Sur- ya, with cym-bal and

flute!

più dolce.

Queen of the gourd-flower, queen of the har-vest,
 Queen of the gourd-flower, queen of the har-vest,

più dolce.

L.H.

Sweet and om . ni - po tent mo ther, O Earth! Thine is the plen ti ful

Sweet and om . ni - po tent mo ther, O Earth! Thine is the plen ti ful

.L.H.

cresc.

bo som that feeds us, Thine is the womb where our rich es have birth.

We

bo som that feeds us, Thine is the womb where our rich es have birth. We

.L.H.

.L.H.

cresc.

bring thee our love and our gar lands for tri bute, With gifts of thy op u lent

bring thee our love and our gar lands for tri bute, With gifts of thy op u lent

6

calando.

giv ing we come; O source of our ma ni fold glad ness, we hail thee, We
giv ing we come; O source of our ma ni fold glad ness, we hail thee, We

a tempo.

praise thee, O Pri thvi, with cym bal and drum!
praise thee, O Pri thvi, with cym bal and drum!

ff ff

ff Poco allargato.

Lord of our U - ni - verse, lord of our be - ing, Fa - ther e - ter - nal, in -
 Lord of our U - ni - verse, lord of our be - ing, Fa - ther e - ter - nal, in -
 Lord of our U - ni - verse, lord of our be - ing, Fa - ther e - ter - nal, in -
 Lord of our U - ni - verse, lord of our be - ing, Fa - ther e - ter - nal, in -

ff Poco allargato.

- ef - fa - bie Om! Thou art the seed and the scythe of our har - vest,
 - ef - fa - bie Om! Thou art the seed and the scythe of our har - vest,
 - ef - fa - bie Om! Thou art the seed and the scythe of our har - vest,
 - ef - fa - bie Om! Thou art the seed and the scythe of our har - vest,

Thou art our hands and our heart and our home. We
 Thou art our hands and our heart and our home. We
 Thou art our hands and our heart and our home. We
 Thou art our hands and our heart and our home. We

bring thee our lives and our la .bour for tri .bute, Grant us thy succour, thy
 bring thee our lives and our la .bour for tri .bute, Grant us thy succour, thy
 bring thee our lives and our la .bour for tri .bute, Grant us thy succour, thy
 bring thee our lives and our la .bour for tri .bute, Grant us thy succour, thy
 coun .sel, thy care; O life of all life and all blessing, we hail thee, We
 coun .sel, thy care; O life of all life and all blessing, we hail thee, We
 coun .sel, thy care; O life of all life and all blessing, we hail thee, We
 coun .sel, thy care; O life of all life and all blessing, we hail thee, We

a tempo.

praise thee, O Brah-ma, with cym-bal and pray'r!.....

Nº 2.

Song of a Dream.

(Bass Solo)

Andante sostenuto.

VOICE. PIANO.

Once - in - a dream of - a
night - I stood | Lone in the light of a mag - ic - al wood,
Soul deep in vi - sions that pop - py - like sprang; And the
spi - rits of Truth were the birds that sang,.....

cresc.

rall.

a tempo

a tempo

And spi - rits of Love were the stars that glowed,

ritenuto

..... And spi - rits of Peace were the streams that flowed In that

primo tempo

mag - ic - al wood in the land of

sleep.....

pp

Lone in the light of that mag - ic - al grove I

L.H. *subito*

poco cresc.

felt..... the stars of the spi - rits of Love

Ga - ther and gleam round my del - i - cate youth, And I

a tempo

heard the song of the spi - - rits of Truth;.....

colla voce.

a tempo

..... To quench my long - ing I bent me low.....

ritenuto.

..... By the streams of the spi - rits of Peace that flow In that

tranquillo

primo tempo *molto dim.*

mag - ic - al wood in the land of

rall. colla voce.

pp

sleep.....

pp

Nº 3.

Henna.

(Duet: Soprano & Contralto with Chorus)

Allegretto un poco mosso.

PIANO.

Soprano Solo. *mf*

Contralto Solo. A Ko - ki - la call'd from a hen - na - spray

Li - ra li - ree!..... Has - ten, maid - ens,

Li - ra li - ree!

*A solo quartette version in small type is added for use when there is no chorus.

has - ten a - way To ga - ther the leaves of the hen - na - tree.

The

cresc.

Send your pitch - ers a -
, *cresc.*

leaves of the hen - na - tree. Send your pitch - ers a -

float on the tide, Ga - ther the leaves ere the dawn be old,

float on the tide, Ga - ther the leaves ere dawn be old,

Grind them in mortars of amber and gold,
The leaves of the

Grind them in mortars of amber and gold, The fresh green leaves of the

hen - na - tree!.....

hen - na - tree!.....

Soprano Solo.

Contralto Solo.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

*Solo Quartette.

The musical score consists of ten staves. The top five staves are for voices: Soprano Solo, Contralto Solo, Soprano, Contralto, and Tenor. The bottom five staves are for a Solo Quartette: Soprano, Contralto, Tenor, Bass, and a common piano accompaniment staff. The vocal parts sing a four-measure phrase: "A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,- Li - ra, Li - ree!....". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and bass notes. Measure numbers 1 through 4 are indicated above the staves.

*Solo Quartette version only to be used when there is no Chorus.

..... Has . ten, maid . ens, has . ten a . way To ga . ther the leaves of the
 Li . ra, Li . ree!

..... Has . ten, maid . ens, has . ten a . way To ga . ther the leaves of the
 Li . ra, Li . ree!

Li . ra, Li . ree!

Li . ra, Li . ree!

..... Has . ten, maid . ens, has . ten a . way To ga . ther the leaves of the

p cresc.

The hen-na-tree.

The leaves of the hen-na-tree!..... The

hen-na-tree.

The leaves of the hen-na-tree!..... The

The hen-na-tree.

The leaves of the hen-na-tree!..... The

hen-na-tree.

The leaves of the hen-na-tree!..... The

The hen-na-tree.

The leaves of the hen-na-tree!..... The

til - ka's red for the brows of a bride, And betelnut's red for lips that are sweet,

til - ka's red for the brows of a bride, And betelnut's red for lips that are sweet,

til - ka's red And betelnut's red

til - ka's red for the brows of a bride, And be_tel_nut's red for lips that are sweet,

til - ka's red for the brows of a bride, And be_tel_nut's red for lips that are sweet,

til - ka's red And be_tel_nut's red

til - ka's red And be_tel_nut's red

cresc.

più cresc.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16

A musical score for a vocal ensemble and piano. The score is divided into four measures by vertical bar lines. The vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) sing the word "tree!" in unison on each measure. The piano part provides harmonic support with eighth-note patterns in both the treble and bass staves. The vocal entries are marked with a small "p" (pianissimo). The piano entries are marked with a small "f" (fortissimo).

A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,
A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,

A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,
A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,

A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,
A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,

A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,
A Ko - ki - la called from a hen - na-spray,

pp

pp

pp

pp

, *sempre pp*

Li . ra, Li . ree!..... Has . ten, maid . ens, has . ten a . way!

, *sempre pp*

Li . ra, Li . ree!..... Has . ten, maid . ens, has . ten a . way!

pp

Has . ten, maid . ens, has . ten a . way!

pp

Has . ten, maid . ens, has . ten a . way!

pp

Has . ten, maid . ens, has . ten a . way!

pp

Haste a . way!.....

, *sempre pp*

Li . ra, Li . ree!..... Has . ten, maid . ens, has . ten a . way!

, *sempre pp*

Li . ra, Li . ree!..... Has . ten, maid . ens, has . ten a . way!

pp

Has . ten, maid . ens, has . ten a . way!

pp

Haste a . way!.....

Music score for a vocal ensemble and piano, featuring ten staves of vocal parts and one staff for the piano.

Vocal Parts:

- Top staff (Treble clef): *Haste a way!*
- Second staff (Treble clef): *Haste a way!*
- Third staff (Treble clef): *Haste a way!*
- Fourth staff (Treble clef): *Haste a way!*
- Fifth staff (Bass clef): *Haste a way!*
- Sixth staff (Treble clef): *Haste a way!*
- Seventh staff (Treble clef): *Haste a way!*
- Eighth staff (Treble clef): *Haste a way!*
- Ninth staff (Treble clef): *Haste a way!*
- Tenth staff (Bass clef): *Haste a way!*

Piano Part:

The piano part begins with a series of eighth-note chords in common time. It then leads into a section marked *stretto.* The dynamic *leggiero assai.* is indicated at the end of this section.

Nº 4.

Palanquin Bearers.

(Duet: Tenor & Bass)

Andante grazioso.

PIANO.

Light - ly, o light - ly we bear her a - long, She sways like a
 Light - ly, o light - ly we bear her a - long, She sways like a

flow'r in the wind of our song, She skims like a
 flow'r in the wind of our song, She skims like a

bird on the foam of a stream, She floats like a.....
 bird..... on the foam of a stream,....
 laugh from the lips of..... a..... dream..... *portare la voce*
 Gai - ly, O
, We bear her a -
 gai - ly we glide and we sing, We bear her a -
 long like a pearl..... on a string.....
 long like a pearl..... on a string.....
 8

pp
Soft - ly, O
pp
Soft - ly, O
pp

soft - ly we bear her a - long, She hangs like a
soft - ly we bear her a - long,... She hangs like a

cresc.
star , in the dew of our song, She springs like a
star in the dew of our song, She springs like a

beam on the brow of the tide, She

beam..... on the brow of the tide,.....

falls like a..... tear from the eyes of.... a..... bride.....

portare la voce.

Light . ly, O light . ly we glide and we sing, We

bear her a - long like a pearl..... on a
 bear her a - long like a pearl..... on a
 string..... Ah!
 string.....
 oppure. *slur heavily.*
f
 Ah!
slur heavily.
f
 Ah!

Nº 5. The Serpents are asleep among the Poppies.
 (Solo: Contralto. Recit.)

Moderato.

PIANO.

R.H.

accel.

rall.

(Contralto Solo. Recit.)

p ritenuto

The ser-pents are a-sleep a-mong the pop-pies, The

p

fire - flies light the sound - less pan - ther's way To

tan - gled paths where shy gaz - elles are stray - ing, And

par - rot plumes out - shine the dy - ing day. O soft! the lo - tus buds up -

on.... the.... stream Are stir - ring like sweet mai - dens

when they dream.....

Nº 6.

The Snake-charmer.

(Soprano Solo.)

(WITH FLUTE OBBLIGATO.)

Più mosso, Moderato senza lentezza.

VOICE.

FLUTE.

PIANO.

Where the clus'tring ke - ov-as guard the squirrel's slum - ber,

Where the deep woods glim - mer with the jas - mine's bloom?

mf ma più animato

I'll feed thee, O be-lov-ed, on

milk and wild red hon - ey, I'll bear thee in a bas - ket of

rush - es, green and white, To a pal - ace bow'r Where
 gol-den-ves-ted mai - dens Thread with mellow laugh-ter the pet-als of de -
 light..... Ah!.....
 Ah!..... Ah!.....
 H. 5135.

Whith - er dost thou loi - ter, by what murmur-ring hol - lows, Where

L. H.

o - le - an - ders scat - ter their am - bro - sial fire? Come, subtle bride of

L. H.

my mel - li - flous woo - ing, Come, thou sil - ver breast-ed moonbeam

molto cresc.

of de - sire.....

L.H. *f*

H. 5135.

pp

Ah!..... Ah!..... Ah!.....

sempre pp

Ah!..... Whither dost thou hide from the
magic of my flute call?

pp

Ah!..... Come!.....

colla voce

Nº 7. The Royal Tombs of Golconda.
(Bass Solo & Chorus)

Lento.

VOICE.

PIANO.

tranquillo
mf

I

muse | among these silent fanes.... Whose spacious dark - ness hides your

dust; A . round me sleep the hoar - y plains..... That hold your

an - cient wars in trust. I pause,— my dreaming spi - rit
p
 hears,..... Across the wind's..... un . qui . et tides, The
poco cresc
 glim.m'ring mu . sic of your spears,... The laughter of..... your roy . al
 brides.
 L.H.
 In vain, . O Kings, doth time as - pire..... To make your

name..... ob - liv - ion's sport..... While yon - der hill wears like a
 tiar..... The ru - ined gran - deur of your fort. Though
 centuries falter and de - cline,.... Your proven strong - holds shall re -
 main Em - bo - died mem'ries of your line,..... In - car - nate
 le - gends of your reign.

L. H.

mf cantabile assai

O Queens, in vain old Fate de - creed..... Your
flow'r - like bod - ies to the tomb;.....
Death is in truth the vi - tal seed
Of your - im - per - ish - a - ble bloom.....

Each new-born year..... the bul - - - buls sing..... Their

misterioso, *p*

songs..... of your re-na-scent loves;..... Your

beau - ty wa - kens with the spring..... To

pp

kin - dle these..... pome - gra - - nate groves.....

L.H.

Solo Bass.

Soprano. *p e poco a poco cresc.*

Contralto. *o* Queens, in vain old Fate de - creed..... Your

Chorus. *p e poco a poco cresc.*

Tenor. *o* Queens, in vain old Fate de - creed..... Your

Bass. *p e poco a poco cresc.*

o Queens, in vain old Fate de - creed..... Your

o Queens, in vain old Fate de - creed..... Your

flow'r - like bo - dies to the tomb.....

flow'r - like bo - dies to the tomb.....

flow'r - like bo - dies..... to the..... tomb.....

flow'r - like bo - dies to the tomb.....

Death is in truth..... the vi - tal seed ,
 Death is in truth..... the vi - tal seed ,
 Death is in truth..... the vi - tal seed ,
 Death is in truth..... the vi - tal seed ,
 L. H.

Of your im - per - ish - a - ble bloom..... ,
 Of your im - per - ish - a - ble bloom..... ,
 Of your im - per - ish - a - ble bloom, of your bloom..... ,
 Of your im - per - ish - a - ble bloom..... ,

cresc.

Each new-born year the bul - - buls sing..... Their

Each new-born year the bul - - buls sing..... Their

Each new-born year the bul - - buls sing..... Their

Each newborn year... the bul - - buls sing..... Their

Each new-born year the bul - - buls sing..... Their

songs..... of your re-na-scent loves..... Your

, dim.

beau . ty wa . kens with the spring..... To

beau . ty wa . kens with the spring

beau . ty wa . kens with the spring.....

beau . ty wa . kens with the spring.....

beau . ty wa . kens with the spring.....

beau . ty wa . kens with the spring.....

kin . dle these..... pome . gra - - - nate

L.H.

colla voce.

groves.....
pp Bouche fermée.
L.H.
Almost bouche fermée.
Ah
slur
slur
slur
slur
slur

pp

, *morendo*.
Ah.....

Bouche fermée.

Bouche fermée.

Bouche fermée.

Bouche fermée.

sempre morendo.

morendo

pppp

Nº 8. Love-Song— You flaunt your Beauty.
(Tenor Solo)

Moderato senza lentezza.

sotto voce ma appassionato

VOICE.

PIANO.

Un poco mosso

You

con slancio

flaunt your beauty in the rose, Your glo - ry in the

L.H. R.H.

dawn, Your sweet ness in the night in - gale, Your

L.H. R.H.

white ness in the swan. You haunt my wa - king like a

L.H. R.H. subito p

dream, My slum - ber like a moon, Per - vade me with a

L.H. R.H.

pp

musky scent, Possess me like a tune.

Poco più mosso

Yet when I crave of you, my sweet, A tender moments

grace, You cry: "I sit behind the veil, I

cannot show my face!"..... Shall any foolish veil di...

L.H. 8

vide My long - ing from my
 bliss?..... Shall a ny fra gile cur tain
 hide Your beau ty from my
 kiss? What war is this of thee and

me? Give o'er the wan-ton strife, You

are the heart with in my heart, The life.....

with in my life!.....

L. H. * colla voce. a tempo

accell.

accell.

* Play this note as (A) if the Vocalist is singing A.

Nº 9. Like a Serpent to the calling Voice of Flutes.
 (Duet: Contralto & Tenor)

Moderato un poco mosso.

Contralto.

Like a..... ser - pent

Tenor.

Moderato un poco mosso.

PIANO.

to the call-ing voice of flutes, Glides my heart in -

- to thy fin - gers, o my love!

Where the night - wind, like a lo - ver, leans a -

bove His jas - mine gar - dens and sir - ish - a

portare la voce.

bow - ers; And on ripe boughs of

ma - ny-coloured fruits Bright parrots clus - ter like ver-milion flow - ers.

Like the per - fume in the pet - als of a rose

Hides thy... heart with . in my bo - som, o my

love! Like a gar - land, like... a..... jew - el,

like..... a..... dove That hangs its nest.....

in the a - so - ka tree.....
ritenuto ad lib.
 lunga subito pp
 Lie still, O love, un - til the morn - ing sows Her tents of
 lunga
 subito pp
 gold on fields of..... iv - - o - ry!
p a tempo
 Like a..... ser - pent
colla voce. mf a tempo
 to the call - ing voice of flutes,
 lie still!

Glides my heart in - to thy..... fin - gers Ah!

Ah!.....

my love!

lie still!

pp

Quartet Stand.

Lento.

p

L. H.

Nº 10.

Nightfall in Hyderabad.

(Chorus.)

Andante maestoso.

PIANO.

Soprano.

See how the speckled sky burns like a pig-eon's throat,

Contralto.

See how the speckled sky burns like a pig-eon's throat,

Tenor.

See how the speckled sky burns like a pig-eon's throat,

Bass.

See how the speckled sky burns like a pig-eon's throat,

Jewelled with em bers of o - pal and per i - dote

Jewelled with em bers of o - pal and per i - dote.....

Jewelled with em bers of o - pal and per i - dote.....

Jewelled with em bers of o - pal and per i - dote.....

See the white ri - ver that flash - es and scin - til - lates,

See the white ri - ver that flash - es and scin - til - lates,

See the white ri - ver that flash - es and scin - til - lates,

See the white ri - ver that flash - es and scin - til - lates,

Curvd like a tusk from the mouth of the ci - ty gates.

Curvd like a tusk from the mouth of the ci - ty

Curvd like a tusk from the mouth of the ci - - - ty

Curvd like a tusk from the mouth of the ci - - - ty

Hark, from the min - a - ret, how the mu - ez - zin's call ,

gates, from the min - a - ret, how the mu - ez - zin's call ,

gates, from the min - a - ret, how the mu - ez - zin's call ,

gates, from the min - a - ret, how the mu - ez - zin's call

FLOATS LIKE A BATTLE-FLAG

Floats like a battle-flag over the ci - ty wall.
Floats like a battle-flag over the ci - ty wall.....
Floats like a battle-flag over the ci - ty wall.....
Floats like a battle-flag over the ci - ty wall.....

From trellised balconies, lan - guid and lum - inous,

From trellised balconies, lan - guid and lum - inous,
From trellised balconies, lan - guid and lum - inous,
From trellised balconies lan - guid and lum - inous
From trellised balconies lan - guid and lum - inous

poco allarg. a tempo.

FACES GLEAM

Faces gleam veiled in a splen - dour vol - u - mi -
Faces gleam veiled in a splen - dour vol - u - mi -
Faces gleam veiled in a splen - dour vol - u - mi -
Faces gleam veiled in a splen - dour vol - u - mi -

- nous.....

- nous.....

- nous.....

- nous.....

mf un poco pesante

Lei . sure . ly el . e.phants wind through the wind . ing lanes,

un poco pesante

Swing . ing their sil . ver bells hung from their sil . ver chains.....

Round the high Char Mi . nar sounds of gay cav . al . cades

Round the high Char Mi . nar sounds of gay cav . al . cades

Blend with the mu . sic of cym . bals and ser . e . nades.....

Blend with the mu . sic of cym . bals and ser e .

nades.....

allargando.

Over the ci - ty bridge , Night comes ma - jes - tic - al ,
 Over the ci - ty bridge , Night comes ma - jes - tic - al ,
 Over the ci - ty bridge Night comes ma - jes - tic - al
 Over the ci - ty bridge Night comes ma - jes - tic - al

fallargando.

Borne like a queen to a sump - tuous fes - - ti -
 Borne like a queen to a sump - tuous fes - - ti -
 Borne like a queen to a sump - tuous fes - - ti -
 Borne like a queen to a sump - tuous fes - - ti -

val.....
 val.....
 val.....
 val.....

loco. > > > > >

Nº 11.

Cradle Song.

(Soprano Solo)

L'istesso tempo.

PIANO.

Andante.

From groves of spice, O'er fields of rice, A . thwart the lo . tus

poco rall. a

stream, I bring for you, A - glint with dew, A

lit - tle love-ly dream..... colla voce.

tempo

shut your eyes, The wild fire flies Dance through the fair - y

neem; From the pop - py - bole For you I stole a

lit - tle love-ly dream.....

pp poco ritenu.

Dear eyes, good - night,- In

poco rit: pp

gol - den light The stars a round you gleam; On

you I press, with soft car - - - - ess, A
gliss. *rall.* *pp*

you I press, with soft..... caress, A

colla voce.

pp lit - little love - - ly..... dream.....

pp lit - little love - - ly.... dream.....

pp *R.H.*

Nº 12. To a Buddha seated on a Lotus.

(Bass Solo and Solo Quartette.)

Lento.

Tranquillo.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Grave.

molto cresc.

Lord

Bud - dha, on thy Lo - tus throne, With pray - ing eyes and hands e -

late, What mys - tic rap-ture dost thou own, Im - mut - a - ble and

ul - ti - mate?..... What

peace un - ravi - shed of our ken, An - nihilate from the world of
 men?..... The wind of change for ev - er blows A.
 cross the tumult of our way, To - mor - row's unborn griefs de - pose The
 sor - rows of our yes - ter - day.

Dream yields to dream, strife follows strife, And Death unweaves the webs of

Poco più mosso.

Life. For us the travail and the heat, The

bre . ken se . crets of our pride, The stren . uous les . sons of de .

-feat, The flow'r deferred, the fruit de . nied; But not the peace, su .

-preme . ly won, Lord Bud . dha, of thy Lo . tus throne.

allargato.

allargato.

Primo tempo
pp

ff *subito pp*

end, e - lu - sive and a - far, Still lures us with its beck'ning

flight, And all our mor - tal moments are A

ses - sion of the In - fi - nite.....

mf

How shall we reach the great un - known Nir -

(Solo Sopr. Cont. & Tenor rise.)

va - na of.... thy Lo - tus throne?.....

Soprano Solo.

pp

How shall we reach the great un - known Nir .

pp Contralto Solo.

How shall we reach the great un - known Nir .

pp Tenor Solo.

How shall we reach the great un - known Nir .

pp

How shall we reach the great un - known Nir .

(The small notes for purposes of practise only.)

va - na of..... thy.... Lo - tus throne?.....

va - na of thy Lo - tus throne?.....

va - na of..... thy.... Lo - tus throne?.....

va - na of thy Lo - tus throne?.....

SOLO ENDING WHEN THERE IS NO QUARTETTE.

*sempre pp**slur slowly*

How shall we reach the great un - known Nir - va - na of thy

sempre pp

Lo - tus throne?.....

Nº 13.

Indian Dancers.

(Chorus)

Moderato.

PIANO.

Moderato.

PIANO.

8

dim.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

The music sighs and mur-murs, It

languido

stirs and sleeps a - gain, Hush it...wakes and mur - murs Like a wo - man's

heart in pain..... *poco cresc.*

Now it calls and coaxes Like a

pp

cresc. Now it pants with sud - den long - ing, Now it

, *cresc.* Now it

lov - er in the night; Now it pants with sud - den long - ing, Now it

cresc. Now it

sobs with spent de - light.....

Like bright and wind-blown li - lies The

mf

dim.

f

Swift in a rhythmic cir - cle,

dan - cers sway and shine, Swift in a rhythmic cir - cle,

Their

pp

Soft in a rhythmic line

pp

Soft in a rhythmic line

pp

lithe limbs gleam like am ber Thro' their veils of gol den

lithe limbs gleam like am ber Thro' their veils of gol den

lithe limbs gleam like am ber Thro' their veils of gol den

, cresc.

gauze, As they glide and bend and beck on, As they wheel and

As they wheel and

, cresc.

gauze, As they glide and bend and beck on, As they wheel and

As they wheel and

cresc.

wind , and pause.....
wind and pause.....
wind and pause.....
wind and pause.....

The voi - ces of lutes and cymbals Fail on the fail - ing

breeze, And the mid - night's soul grows wea - ry With the

Poco accel.
pp leggiere

But the subtle feet of the
But the subtle feet of the
scent of the cham-pak trees; But the subtle feet of the
But the subtle feet of the
Poco accel.

dan - cers, In a long me - lo - dious chain,
dan - cers, In a long me - lo - dious chain,
dan - cers, In a long me - lo - dious chain,
dan - cers, In a long me - lo - dious chain,

cresc. molto

Wake in the breast of lov - ers Love's ec - sta - sy, and
Wake in the breast of lov - ers Love's ec - sta - sy, and
Wake in the breast of lov - ers Love's ec - sta - sy, and
Wake in the breast of lov - ers Love's ec - sta - sy, and

slur heavily

pain slur heavily

pain slur heavily

pain slur heavily

pain slur heavily

p

The mu . sic sighs and slumbers, It

Primo tempo

stirs and sleeps a . gain, Hush, if....wakes and mur . murs

80

Like a wo - man's heart..... in

morendo

(Footfalls.)

Nº 14. New leaves grow green on the Banyan Twigs.

(Trio: Soprano, Contralto & Tenor.)

Un poco mosso.

PIANO.

f molto vivace.

cresc.

accell.

(Soloists rise.)

L.H.

Soprano Solo.

Leggiero.

Contralto Solo.

Tenor Solo.

New

leaves show green on the

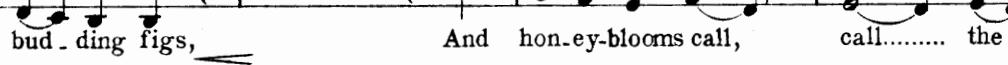
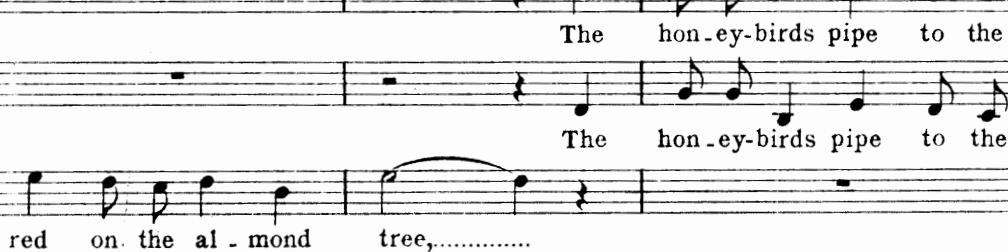
ban - yan twigs,

New

leaves show green on the

ban - yan twigs,

And



And hon-ey-blooms call the bee



bee..... And
 bee..... King. fish. ers ruf. fle the fea. the. ry sedge, And

all the vi. vid air thrills , pp With but. ter. fly wings in the
 all the vi. vid air thrills With but. ter. fly wings in the

wild rose hedge, And the trem. u. lous blue of the hills.....
 wild rose hedge, And the trem. u. lous blue of the hills.....

mf

Ka .

L.H.

ma - la tin - kles a lin - ger - ing foot By the shrine in the tam - a - rind

While Go - pal blows on his bam - boo flute An
While Go - pal blows on his bam - boo flute An
grove, While Go - pal blows on his bam - boo flute An

i - dyll of spring and love. Ah!

i - dyll of spring and love. Ah!

i - dyll of spring and love.....

L.H.

Ah!.....

Ah!.....

Ah!.....

p

New *p*

New

Ah!.....

leaves show green on the ban - yan twigs,

leaves show green on the ban - yan twigs,

And red on the al - mond

The hon . ey-birds pipe to the bud - ding figs,
 The hon . ey-birds pipe to the bud - ding figs,
 tree,..... And

cresc.
 And hon . ey-blooms call the bee.....
cresc.
 And hon . ey-blooms call the bee.....
 hon . ey-blooms call, hon . ey-blooms call the bee.....

f
 Ah!..... Ah!
f
 Ah!..... Ah!
f
 Ah!..... Ah!

molto accell.

Ah!.....

Ah!.....

Ah!.....

p *molto accell.*

stretto assai.

più accell.

stretto assai.

H. 5135.

Nº 15.

Alabaster.

(Contralto Solo)

Andante ritenuto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

assai sostenuto

p

L.H.

mp sostenuto assai

Like this al-a-bas-ter box, whose art Is

p

frail as a cas-sia flow-er, is my heart,

Car-ven with de-li-cate dreams..... and wrought With

many a subtle and ex - qui - site thought.....

L.H.

There in I treasure the spice and scent Of

rich and pas - sion - ate mem'ries blent Like

o - dours of cin na mon, san - dal and clove, Of

L.H. L.H.

song and sor - row and life and

H. 5135.

love.....

dim. *p*

Like this al-a-bas-ter box, whose art Is

p

s *s*

frail as a cas-sia flow-er, is my

colla voce.

L.H. *pp*

s

heart.....

L.H. *ppp*

(C) (D)

Nº 16.

At the Threshold.

(Tenor Solo, Solo Quartette & Chorus)

Lento.

PIANO.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The first system, labeled 'Lento.', features a piano part in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp. The piano part includes dynamic markings like 'mf' and 'f'. The second system begins with a soprano solo, followed by a contralto, tenor, bass, and finally a chorus entry. The lyrics for the first section are: 'In child hood's pride I..... said to thee, O.....'. The second section starts with 'thou who mad'st me of thy breath,' followed by three repetitions of the same line, each ending with an 'Oh.....' The music concludes with a final piano cadence.

Soprano.

Contralto. In child hood's pride I..... said to thee, O.....

Tenor. In child hood's pride I..... said to thee, O

Bass. In child hood's pride I said to thee, O

In child hood's pride I..... said to thee, O

Chorus.

thou who mad'st me of thy breath,

thou who mad'st me of thy breath, Oh.....

thou who mad'st me of thy breath, Oh.....

thou who mad'st me of thy breath,.....

Speak, mas - ter, and re - veal to me Thine
 Speak, mas - ter, and re - veal to me Thine
 Speak, mas - ter, and re - veal to me Thine
 Speak,..... mas - ter, and re - veal to me Thine

in - most laws of life and death. Give me to drink each
 in - most laws of life and death. Give me to drink each
 in - most laws of life and..... death. Give me to drink each
 in - most laws of..... life and..... death. Give me to drink each

joy and pain..... Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,
 joy and pain Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,
 joy and pain..... Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,
 joy..... and pain Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,

For my in - sa - tiate soul..... would drain Of
 For my in - sa - tiate soul would drain Of
 For my in - sa - tiate soul would drain Of
 For my in - sa - tiate.... soul..... would drain Of

earth's most bit - ter cup or sweet.
 earth's most bit - - ter..... cup or..... sweet....
 earth's most bit - - ter..... cup or..... sweet....
 earth's most bit - - ter..... cup or..... sweet....

Spare me no bliss,... no..... pang of strife, With -
 Spare me no bliss,... no..... pang of strife, With -
 Spare me no bliss no..... pang of strife, With -
 Spare..... me no..... pang of strife, With -

hold no gift or grief I crave, Th'in - tri - cate lore of
 hold no gift or grief I crave, Th'in - tri - cate lore of
 hold no gift or grief I crave, Th'in - tri - cate lore of
 hold no gift I crave, Th'in - tri - cate lore of....

love.... and life And sub - tle know - ledge of the
 love and life And sub - tle know - ledge of the
 love and.... life And sub - tle know - ledge of the
 love.... and life And sub - tle know - ledge of the

grave.....

grave..... (Solo Tenor rises)

grave.....

grave.....

Tenor Solo.

p

Lord, thou didst answer clear and low:

Child, I will heark-en to thy pray'r,

And thy un-conquer'd soul shall know

Each poignant rap-ture and des-pair.

So shall thy chas-tend spi-rit yearn

From its blind pray'r to be re - leased, L.H. And, spent and par - doned,

sue.... to learn The sim - ple se - crets of my peace.....

dim. colla voce.

I, bend - - - ing

from my sev - en - fold height, Shall

teach thee of my quick - - ning

grace,

Life..... is a prism.....

of..... my light, And death the sha - dow of my

L.H.

face.....

In

In

In

In

CHORUS

3

7

child - hood's pride..... I..... said to thee, Oh.....
 child - hood's pride..... I..... said to thee, Oh
 child - hood's pride I said to thee, Oh
 child - hood's pride L..... said to thee, Oh

Thou who mad'st me of thy breath, , Speak, mas-ter, and re -
 Thou who mad'st me of thy breath, Oh.... speak, mas-ter, and re -
 Thou who mad'st me of thy breath, Oh.... speak, mas-ter, and re -
 Thou who mad'st me of thy breath,... Speak, mas-ter, and re -

- veal to me , Thine..... in - most laws of life and
 - veal to me Thine in - most laws of life and
 - veal to me Thine in - most laws of
 - veal to me Thine in - most laws of.....

death! Give me to drink each
 death! Give me to drink each
 life and..... death!..... Give me to drink each
 life and..... death!..... Give me to drink each

joy and pain..... Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,
 joy and pain Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,
 joy and pain..... Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,
 joy and pain..... Which thy e - ter - nal hand can mete,

For my in - sa - tiate soul..... would drain Of
 For my in - sa - tiate soul would drain Of
 For my in - sa - tiate soul would drain Of
 For my in - sa - tiate.... soul..... would drain Of

(Solo Soprano rise) *pp*

earth's most bitter cup or sweet! Lord, Thou didst answer clear and

(Solo Contralto rise) *pp*

earth's most bitter cup or sweet! Lord, Thou didst answer clear and

(Solo Quartet) *pp*

earth's most bitter cup or sweet! Lord, Thou didst answer clear and

(Solo Bass rise) *pp*

earth's most bitter cup or sweet! Lord, Thou didst answer clear and

rall.

pp

low: "Child, I will hearken to thy pray'r,

L. H. L. H.

Solo Quartette.

cresc.

And thine un - con - quered soul shall know Each poig - nant

And thine un - con - quered soul shall know Each poig - nant

And thine un - con - quered soul shall know Each poig - nant

And thine un - con - quered soul shall know Each poig - nant

cresc.

And thine un - con - quered soul shall know Each poig - nant

And thine un - con - quered soul shall know Each poig - nant

And thine un - con - quered soul shall know Each poig - nant

And thine un - con - quered soul shall know Each poig - nant

†Omit these parts when there is no Chorus.

rap - ture and des .

rap-ture and des .

rap-ture, know each rap-ture... and..... des .

rap-ture, know..... each rap-ture and des .

rap-ture, And thine unconquered soul shall know Each rap-ture and des .

rap-ture, And thine unconquered soul shall know Each rap-ture and des .

rap-ture, And thine unconquered soul shall know Each rap-ture and des .

rap-ture, know..... each.... rap-ture and.... des .

L.H.

rall.

8

a tempo

- pair".....

- pair".....

- pair".....

- pair".....

a tempo

- pair".....

- pair".....

- pair".....

- pair".....

a tempo

accel. e sempre cresc.

8

8

rall.

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