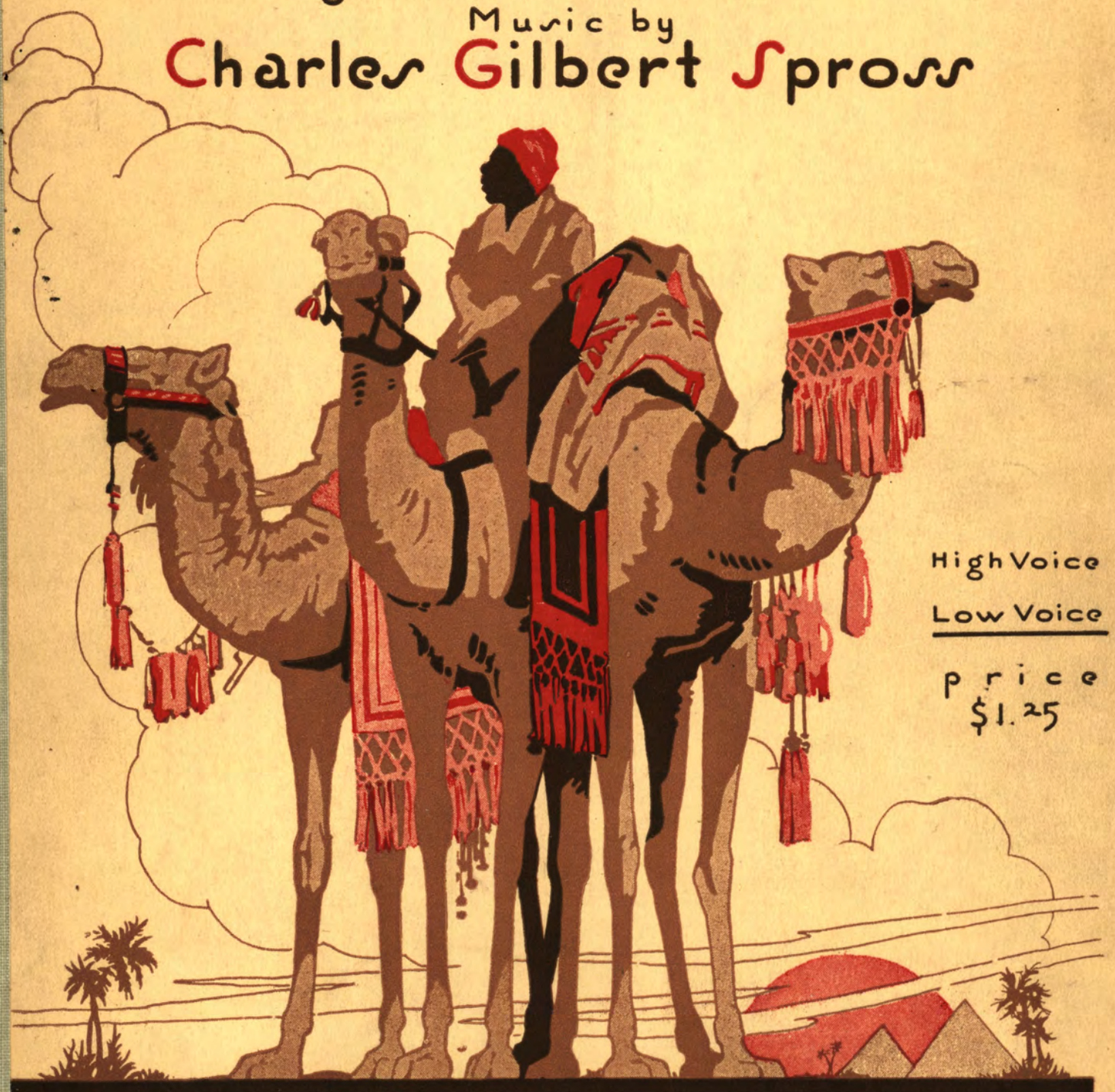
USIC House
84.061
771a

ARABIAN SONG CYCLE

Verse by
Elizabeth Evelyn Moore
Music by
Charles Gilbert Spross



High Voice
Low Voice

price
$1.25

The John Church Company Cincinnati New York London
The House devoted to the Progress of American Music

Arabian Song Cycle

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Volume 1
High Voice

Volume 2
Low Voice

PRICE $1.25

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
CINCINNATI NEW YORK LONDON
"THE HOUSE DEVOTED TO THE PROGRESS OF AMERICAN MUSIC"

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DESERT LOVE SONG

WHEN TIRED CARAVANS ARE RESTING

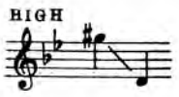
I HAVE HUNG MY TENT IN CRIMSON

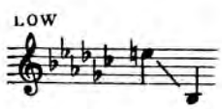
FULFILLMENT

IT IS THE SUNSET HOUR

DESERT LOVE SONG

Ah, my beloved, all the world is love!
Look thou upon the midnight sky,
And see how little lonely stars,
Weary of shining, die.
And all the brightest stars we view
Are smiling on us, two by two.
And turn you to yon garden fair,
Where grow such perfect flowers
As will perfume the summer air
Through days of golden hours.
Two roses on a single stalk,
Two lilies by the garden walk.
With none to love, the flowers would die,
The stars would fade in yonder sky,
And you and I—ah! you and I—
We learn of flowers and stars above
That all of Allah's world is Love.





Desert Love Song

Words by
ELIZABETH EVELYN MOORE

Music by
CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS

Andantino

Voice

Andantino

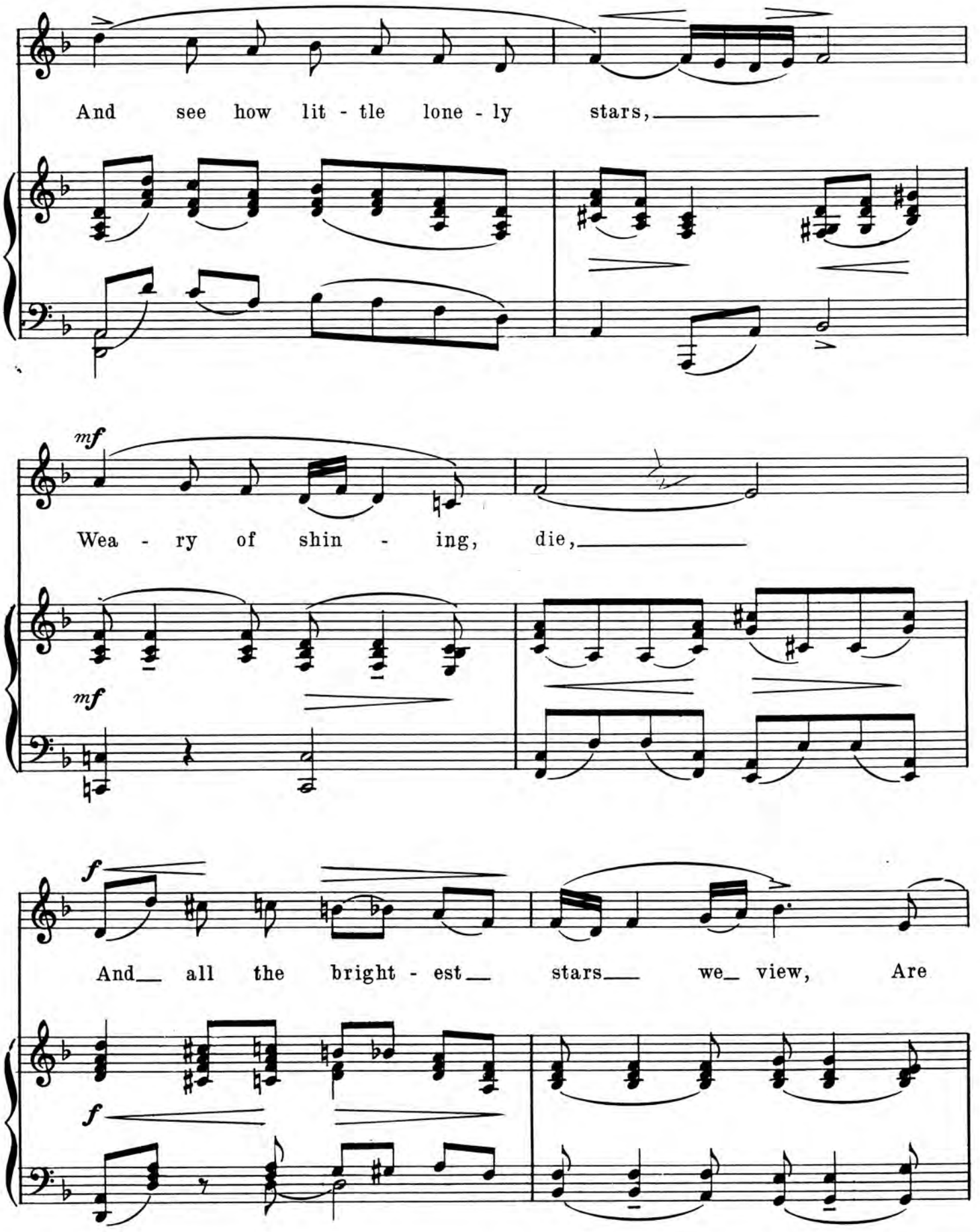
Piano

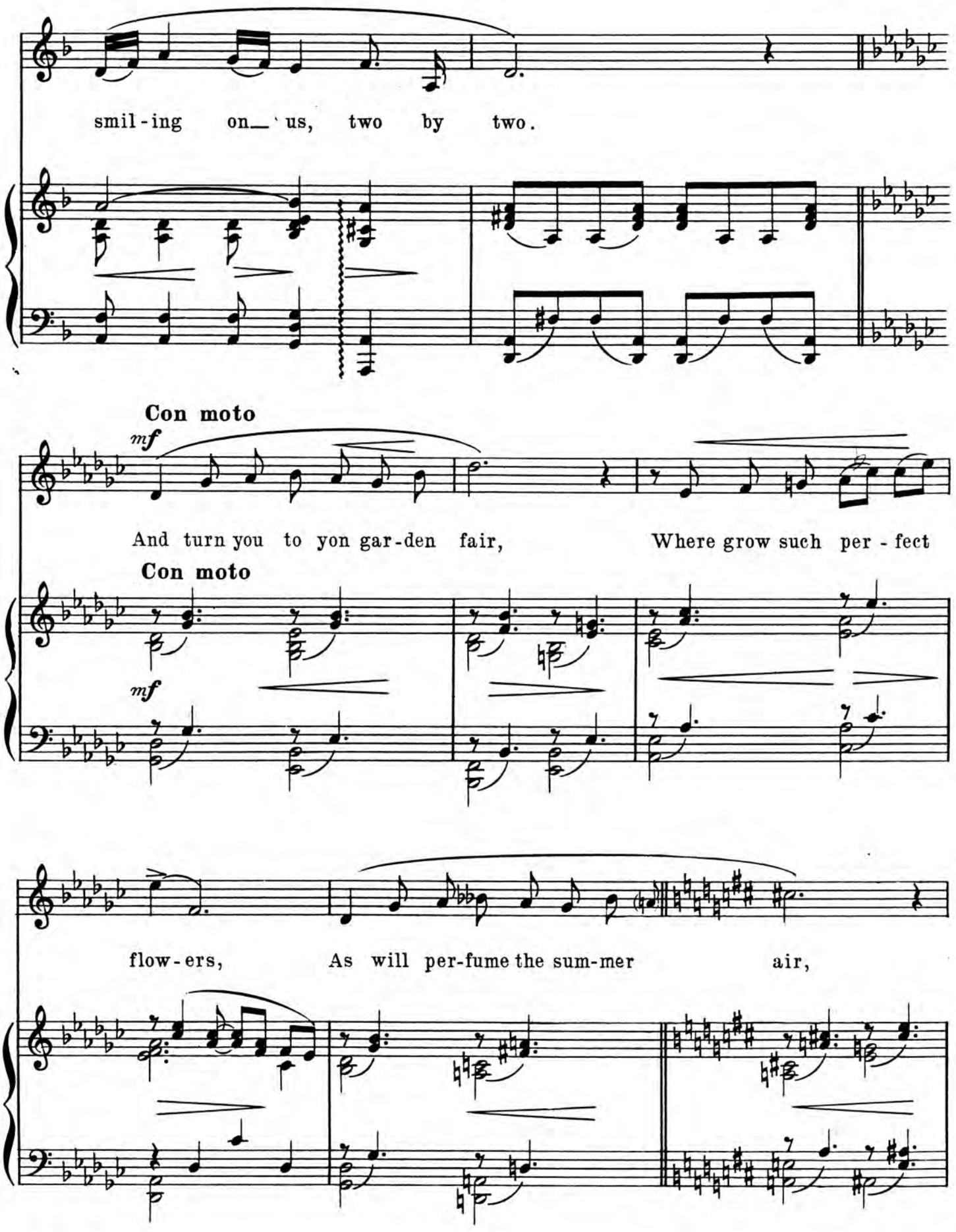
p

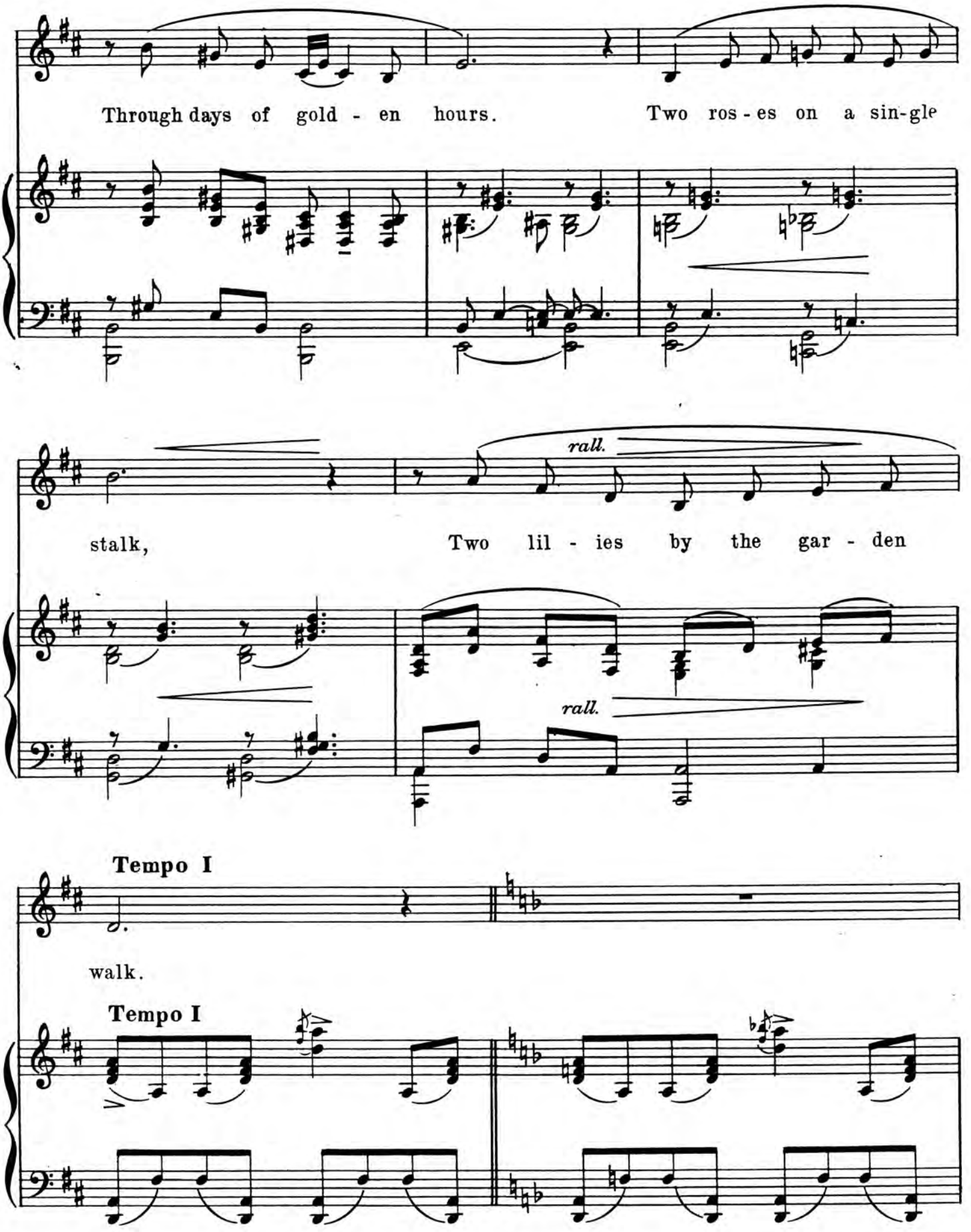
mp

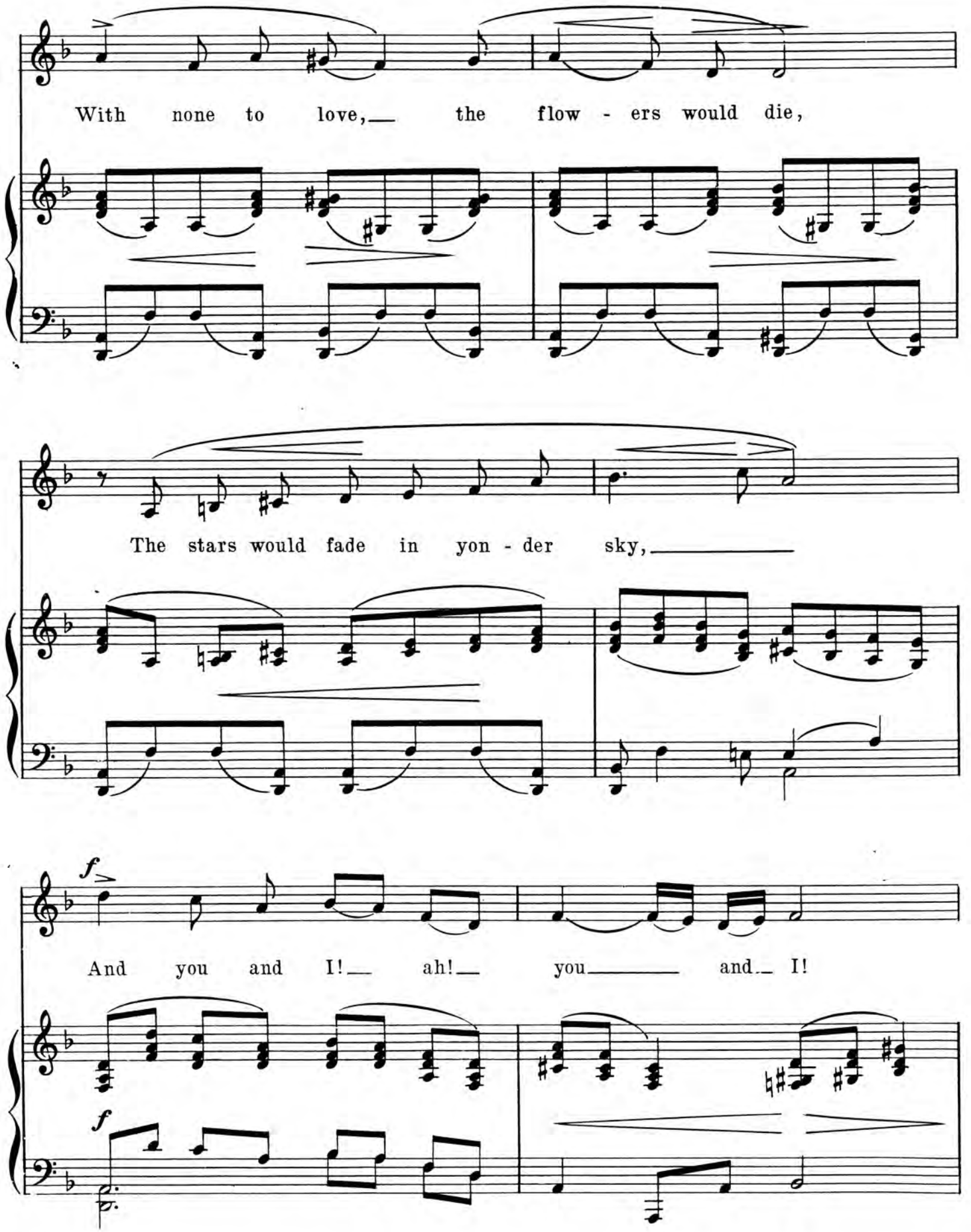
Ah! my be - loved, all the world is love!

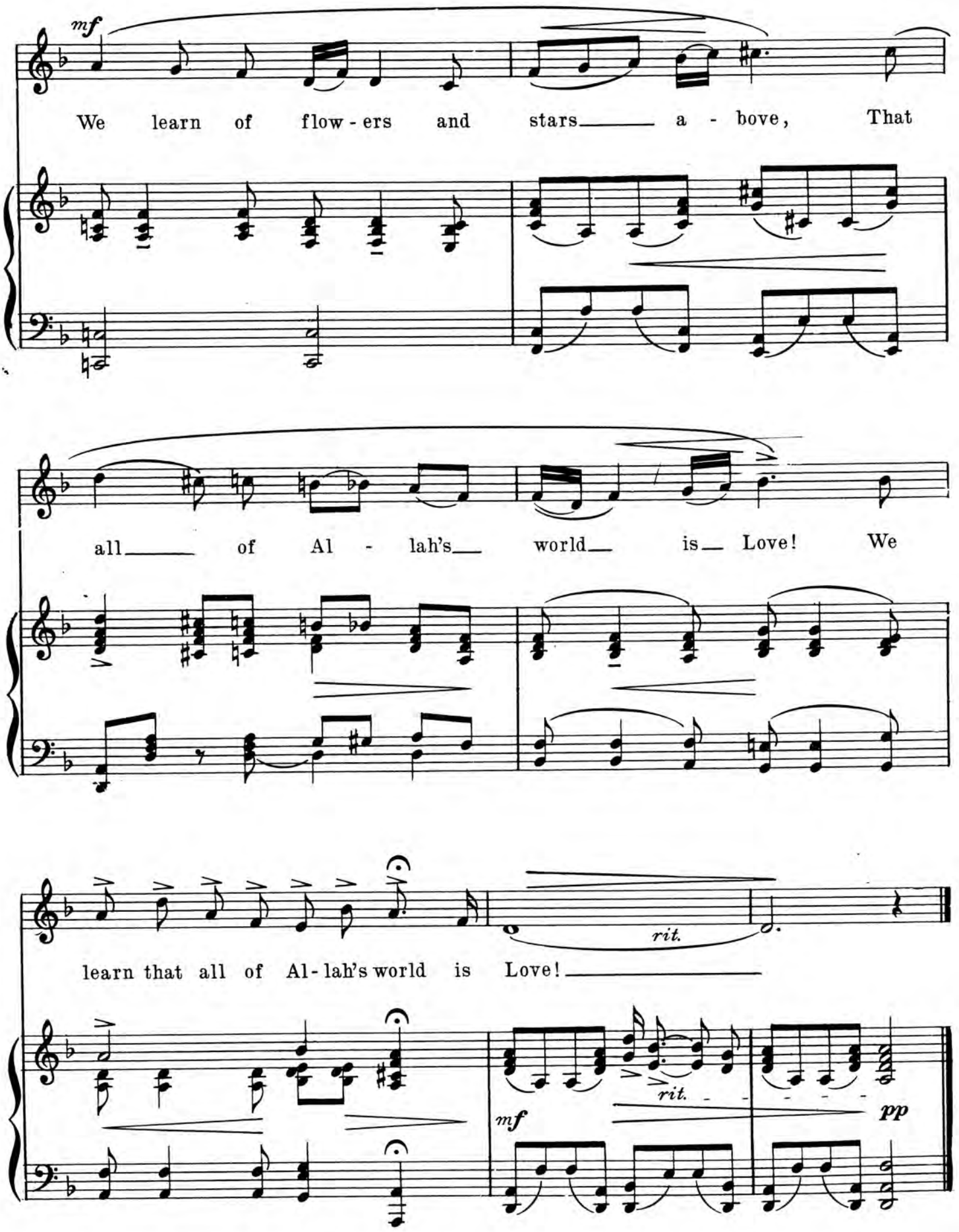
Look thou up - on the mid - night sky


And see how lit - tle lone - ly stars,
mf
Wea - ry of shin - ing, die,
mf
f
And all the bright - est stars we view, Are
f


smil - ing on_ us, two by two.
Con moto
mf
And turn you to yon gar - den fair,
Where grow such per - fect
Con moto
mf
flow - ers,
As will per-fume the sum-mer
air,


Through days of gold - en hours.
Two ros - es on a sin-gle
stalk,
rall.
Two lil - ies by the gar - den
rall.
Tempo I
walk.
Tempo I

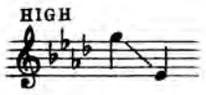

With none to love, the flow - ers would die,
The stars would fade in yon - der sky,
f
And you and I! ah! you and I!
f

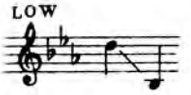

mf
We learn of flow - ers and stars a - bove, That
all of Al - lah's world is Love! We
learn that all of Al - lah's world is Love!
rit.
mf
rit.
pp

WHEN TIRED CARAVANS ARE RESTING

When tired caravans are resting,
  And the world is sleeping,
Under silent desert stars,
  Midnight watch I'm keeping!
Where you dream, a breeze is drifting
  To your tent-door, love to take—
Bending o'er you in the stillness,
  Will you hear it sigh—and wake?

When eastern skies are touched with flame,
  And the world is waking,
With the tinkling caravans
  You your way are taking,
Could you see my dark eyes glowing,
  If you heard my low-voiced plea,
You would turn you from the desert,
  You would heed—and come to me.





When Tired Caravans Are Resting

Words by
ELIZABETH EVELYN MOORE

Music by
CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS

Andante

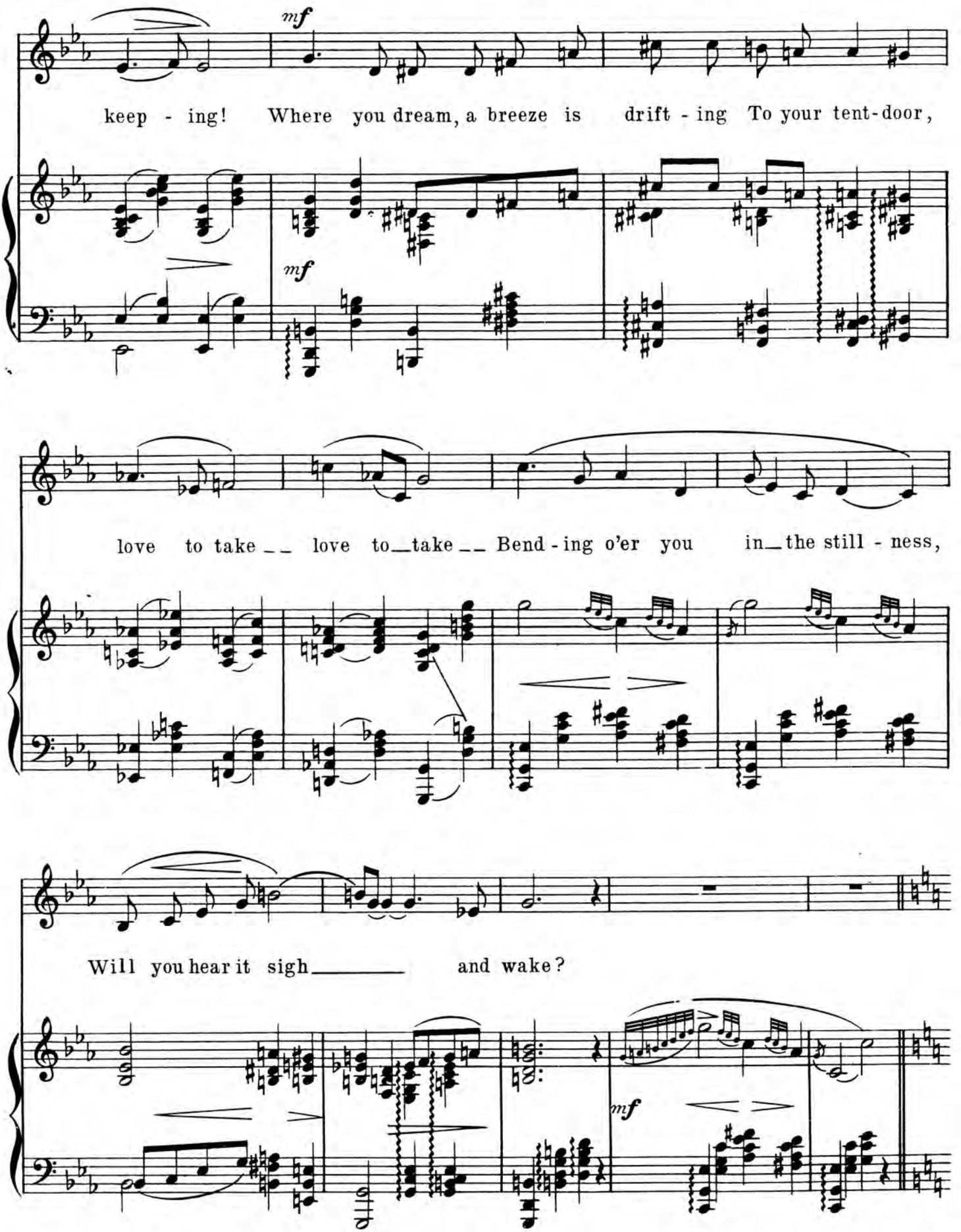
Voice

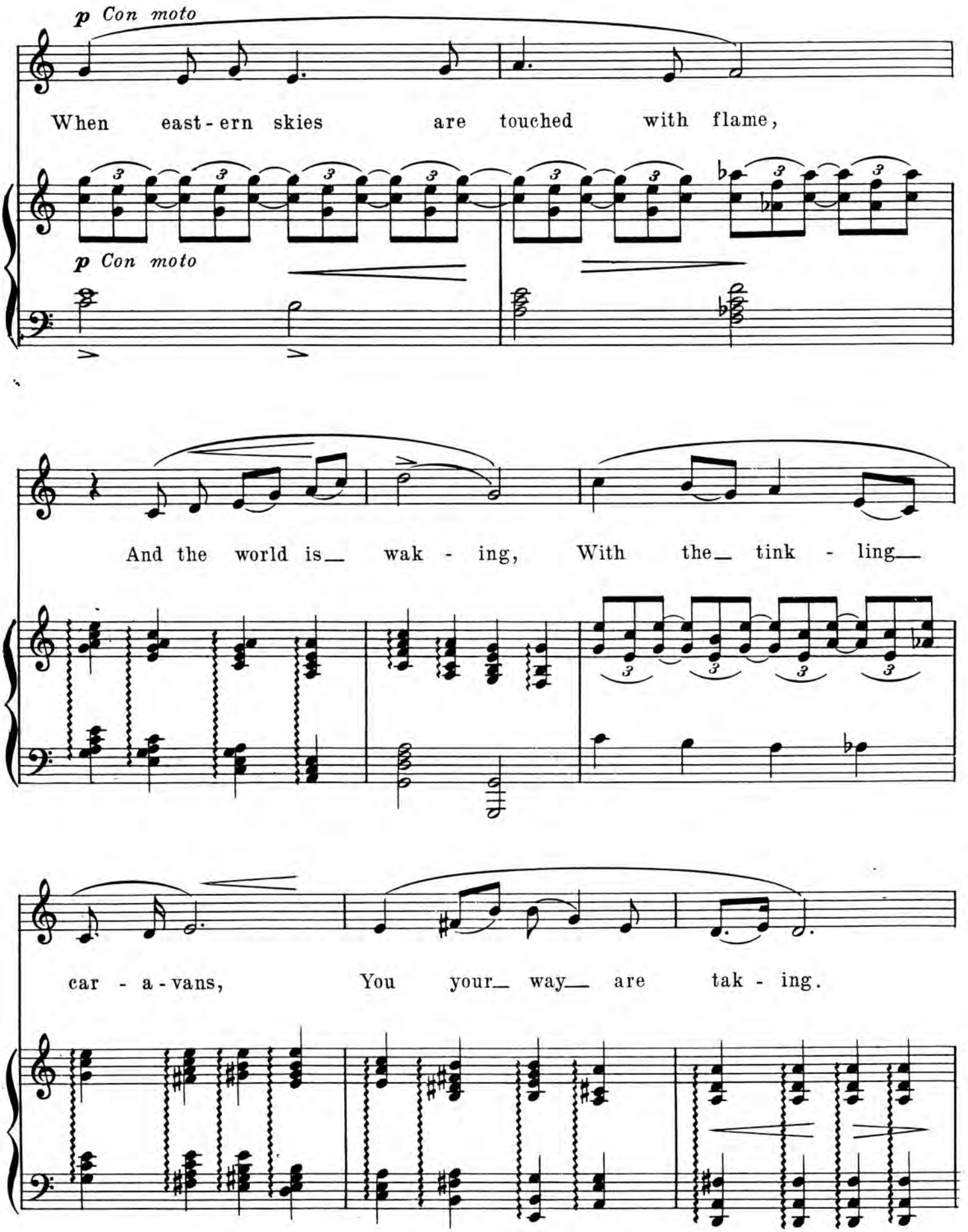
When tired car - a

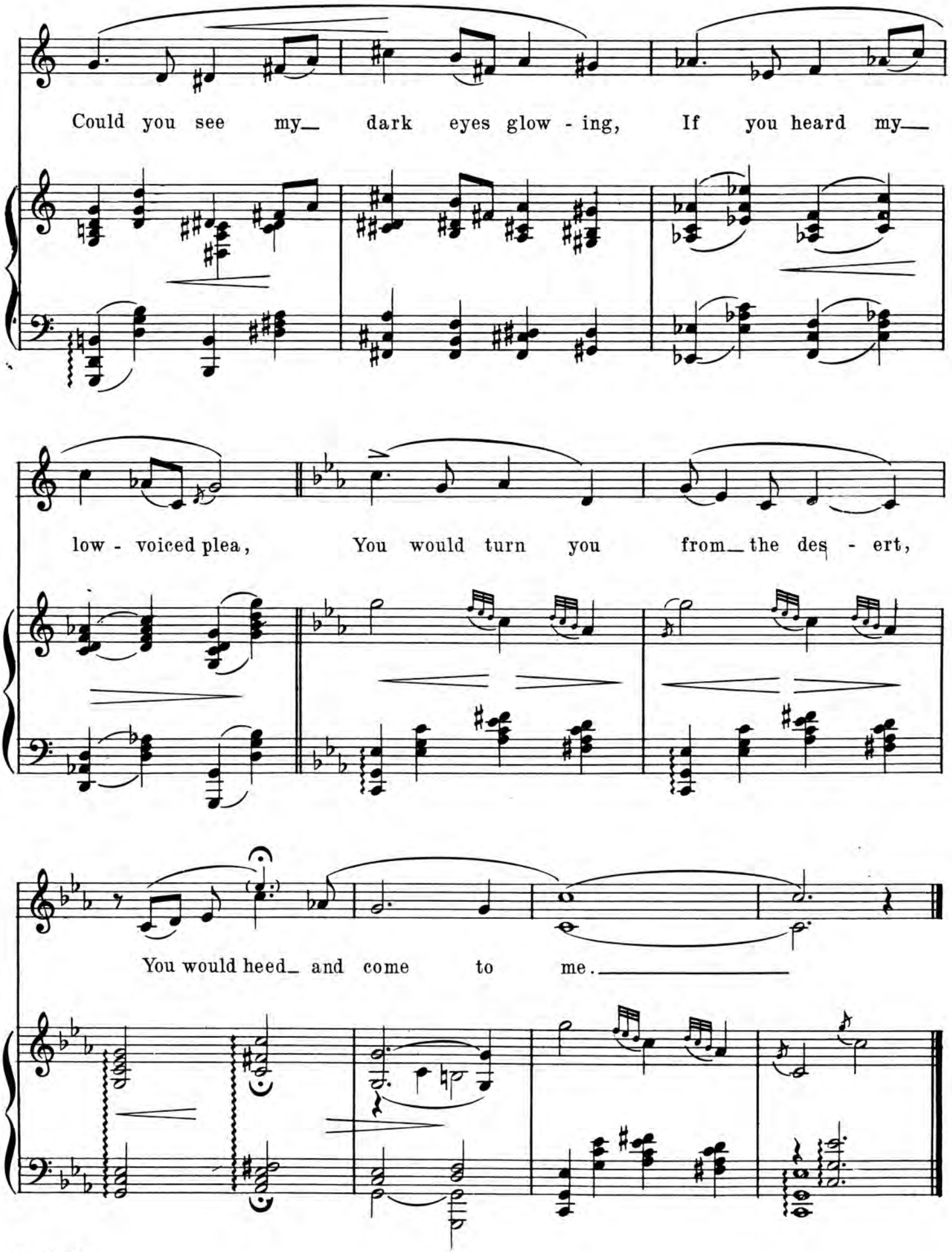
Piano

vans are rest - ing, And the world is sleep - ing,

Un - der si - lent des - ert stars, Mid - night watch I'm


mf
keep - ing! Where you dream, a breeze is drift - ing To your tent-door,
mf
love to take __ love to_take __ Bend - ing o'er you in_the still - ness,
Will you hear it sigh_____ and wake?
mf


p Con moto
When east - ern skies are touched with flame,
p Con moto
And the world is_ wak - ing, With the_ tink - ling_
car - a - vans, You your_ way_ are tak - ing.


Could you see my_ dark eyes glow - ing, If you heard my_
low - voiced plea, You would turn you from_ the des - ert,
You would heed_ and come to me._

I HAVE HUNG MY TENT IN CRIMSON

I have hung my tent in crimson
  And the Moghra tree shall share
Of its heavy-scented flowers,
  There are blossoms in my hair!
I have chosen gems of azure,
  Silver anklets I will wear,
I have touched my lips with scarlet
  For tonight I must be fair!

Bring me cloth of gold and purple,
  Veils and fabrics from afar;
Twine my hair with bands of silver,
  (Silver like the morning star).
For tonight, I would be fairer
  Than all other maidens are—
He is coming, my beloved!
  He is coming from afar!

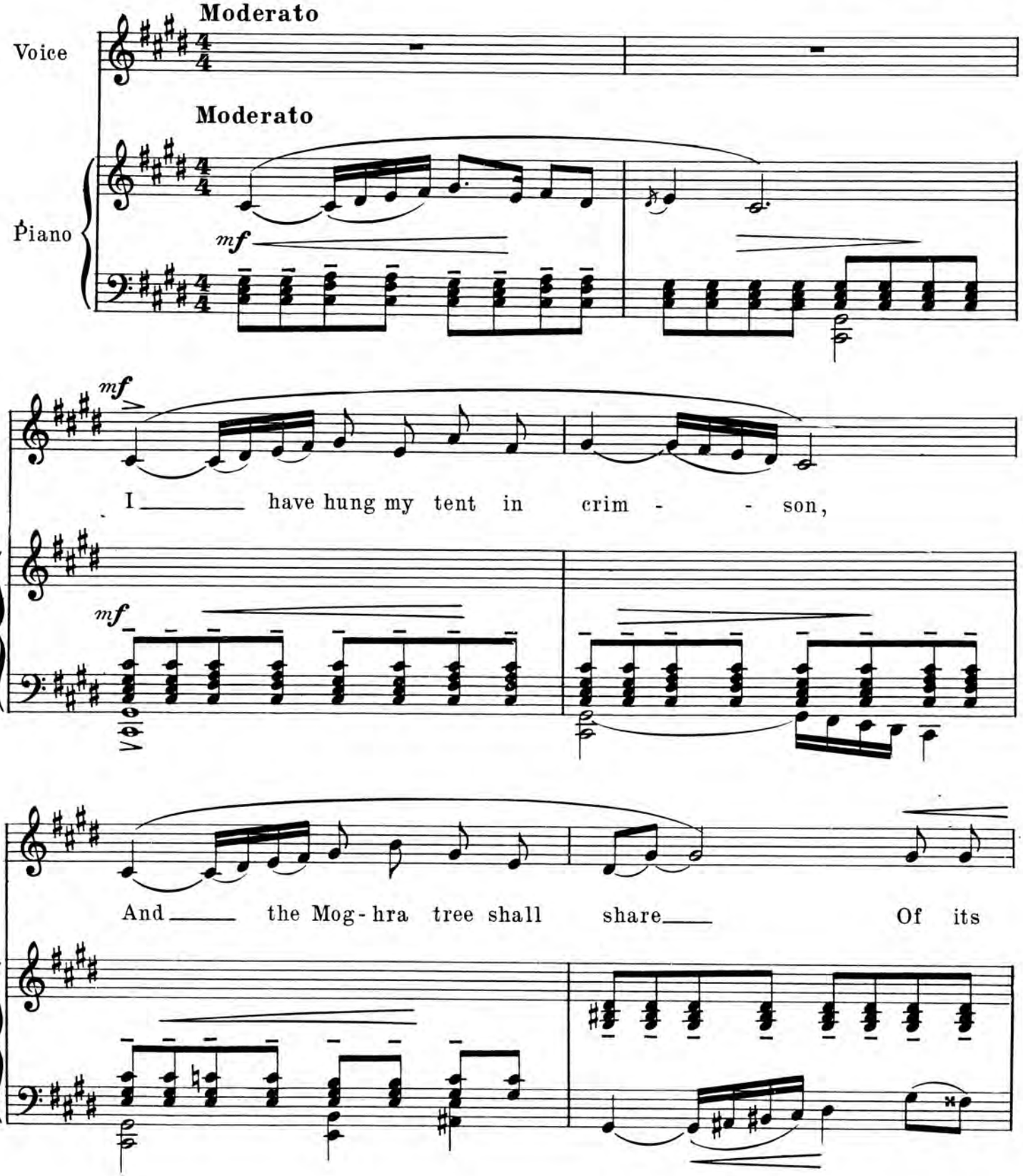
HIGH

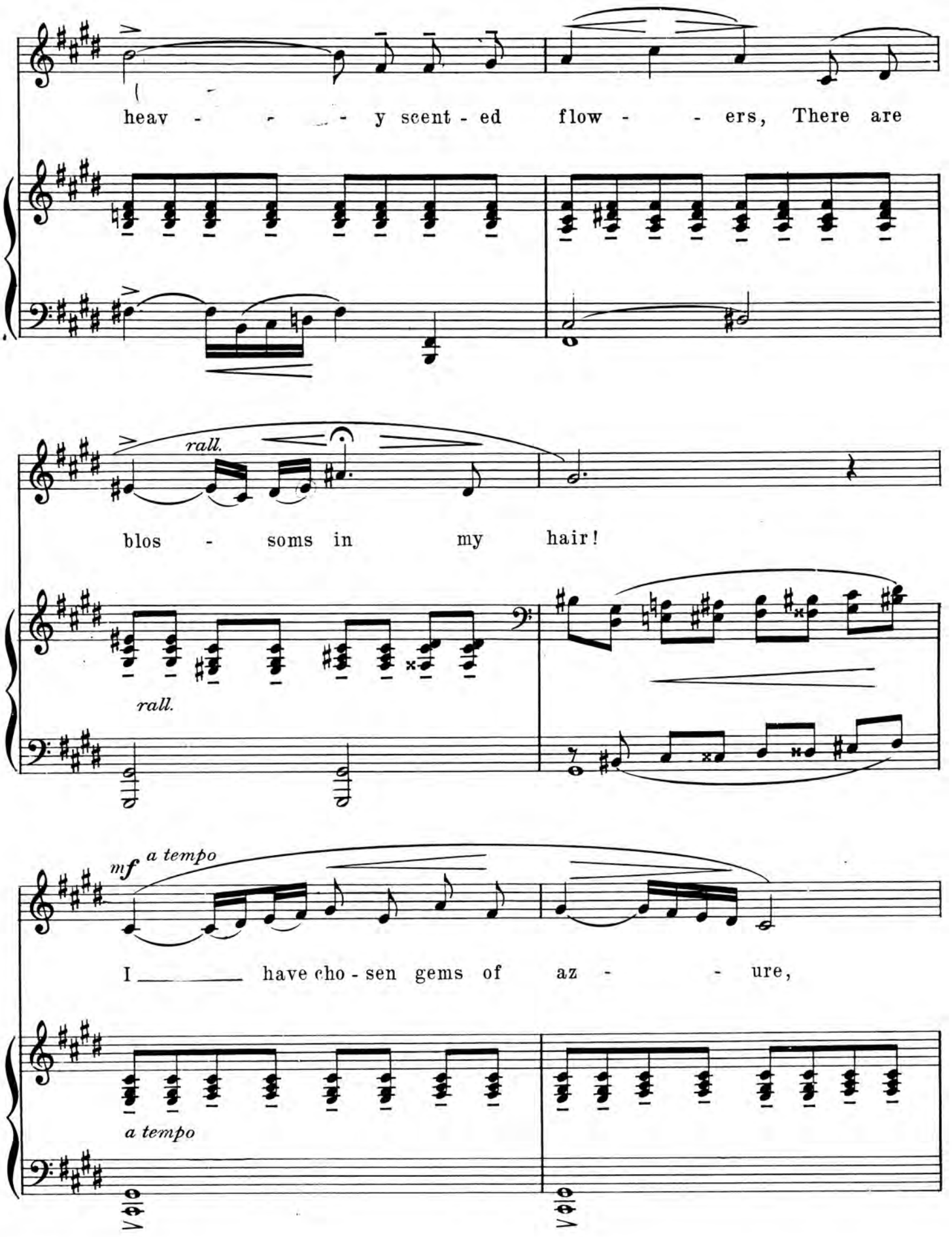
LOW

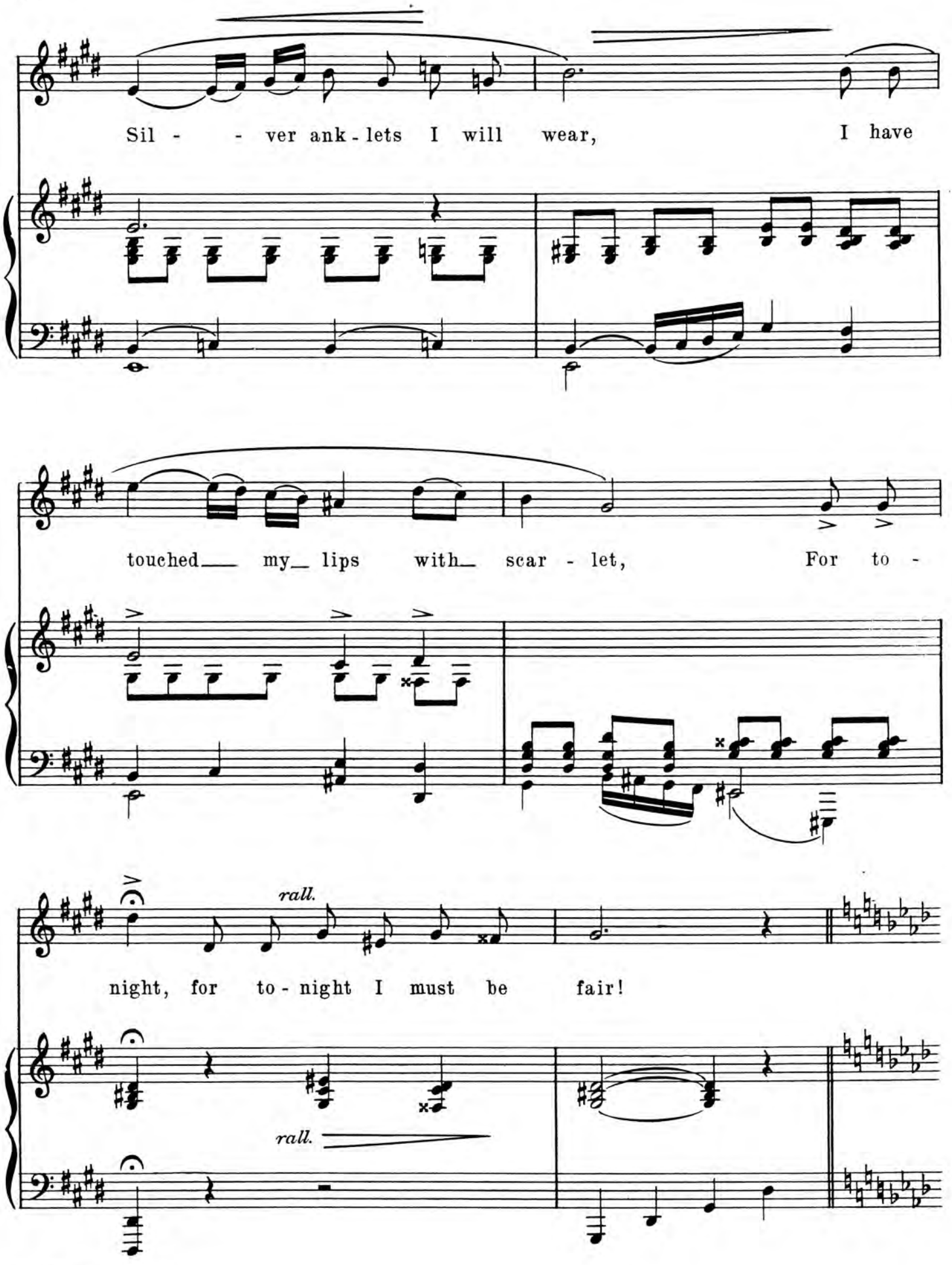
I Have Hung My Tent In Crimson

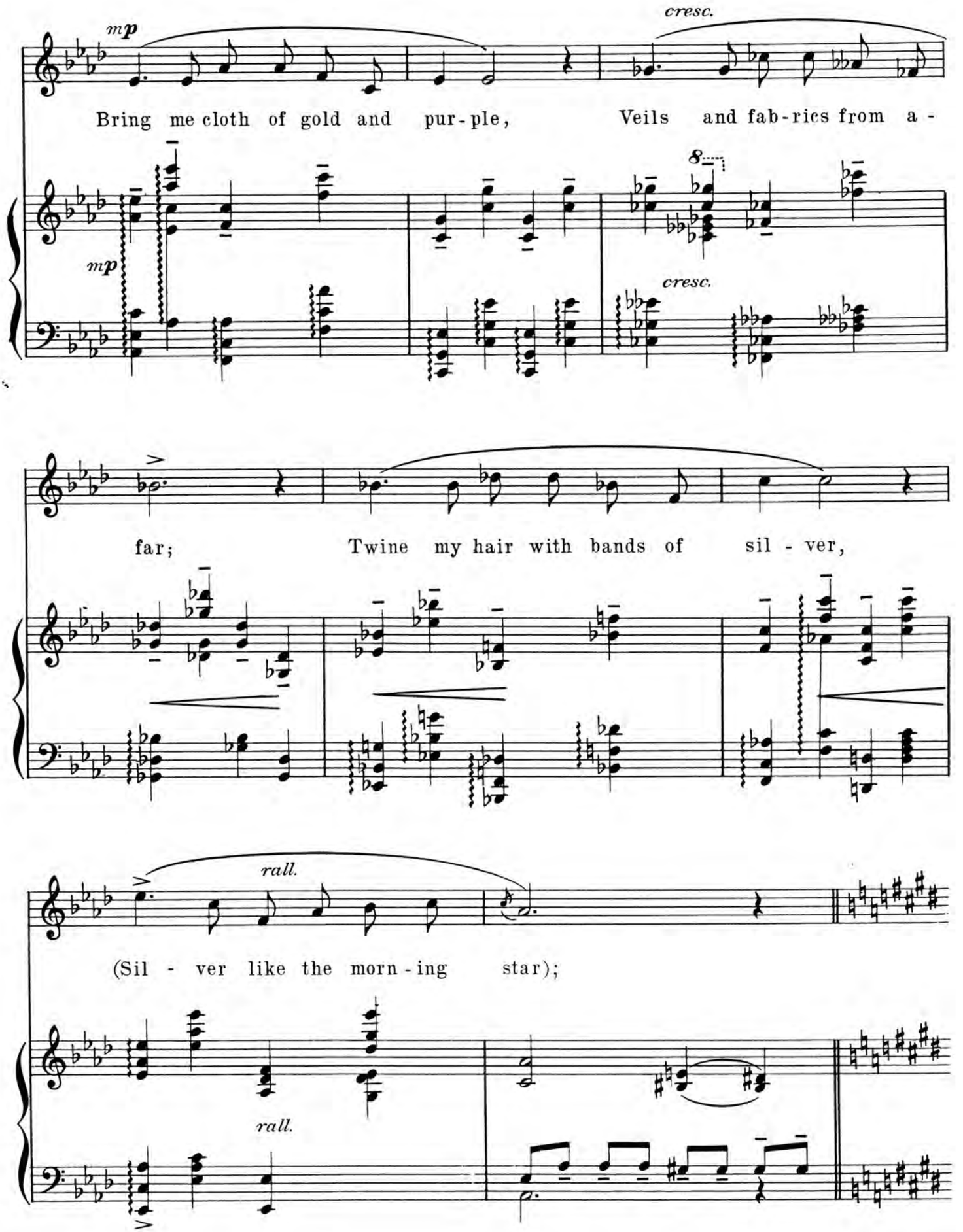
Words by
ELIZABETH EVELYN MOORE

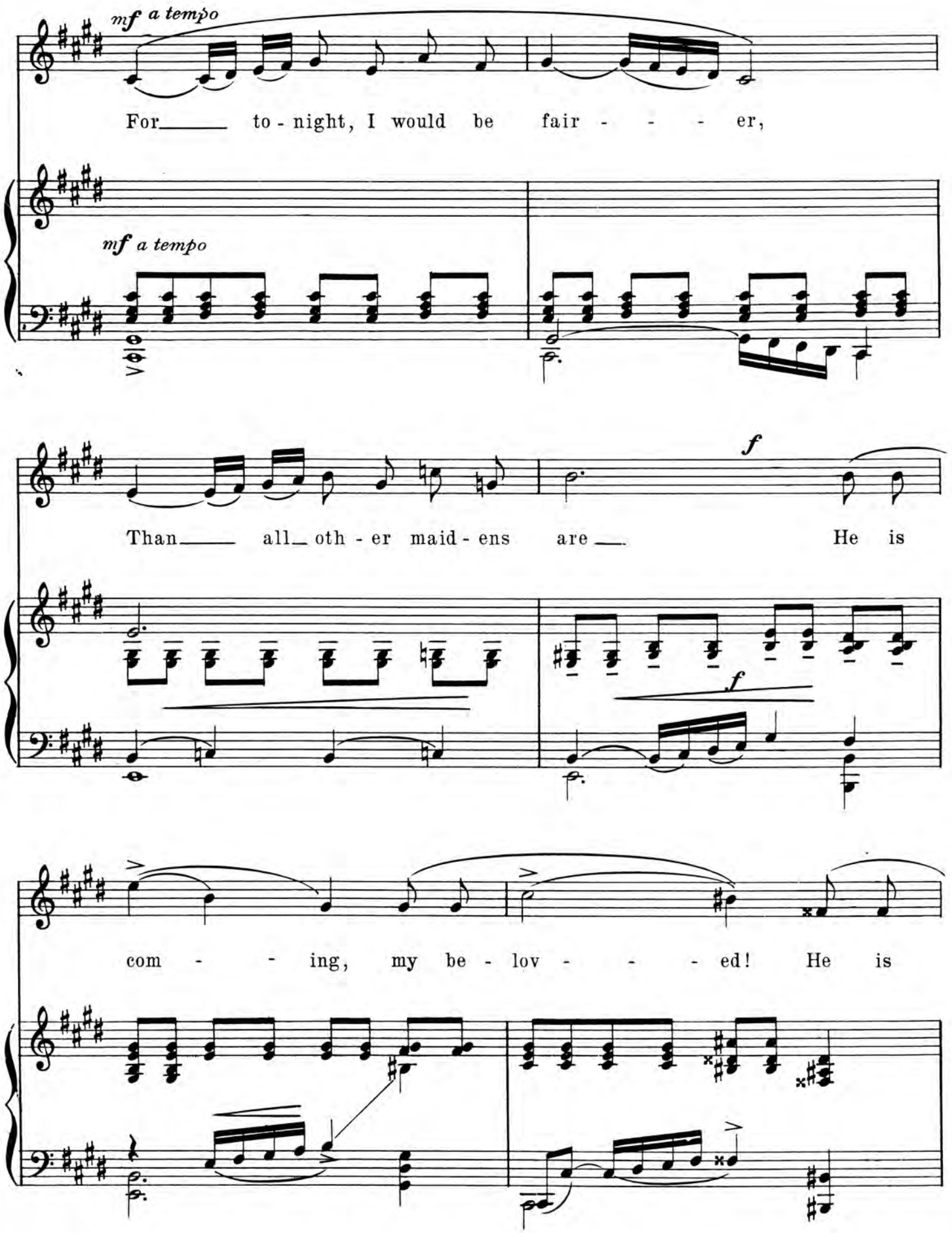
Music by
CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS

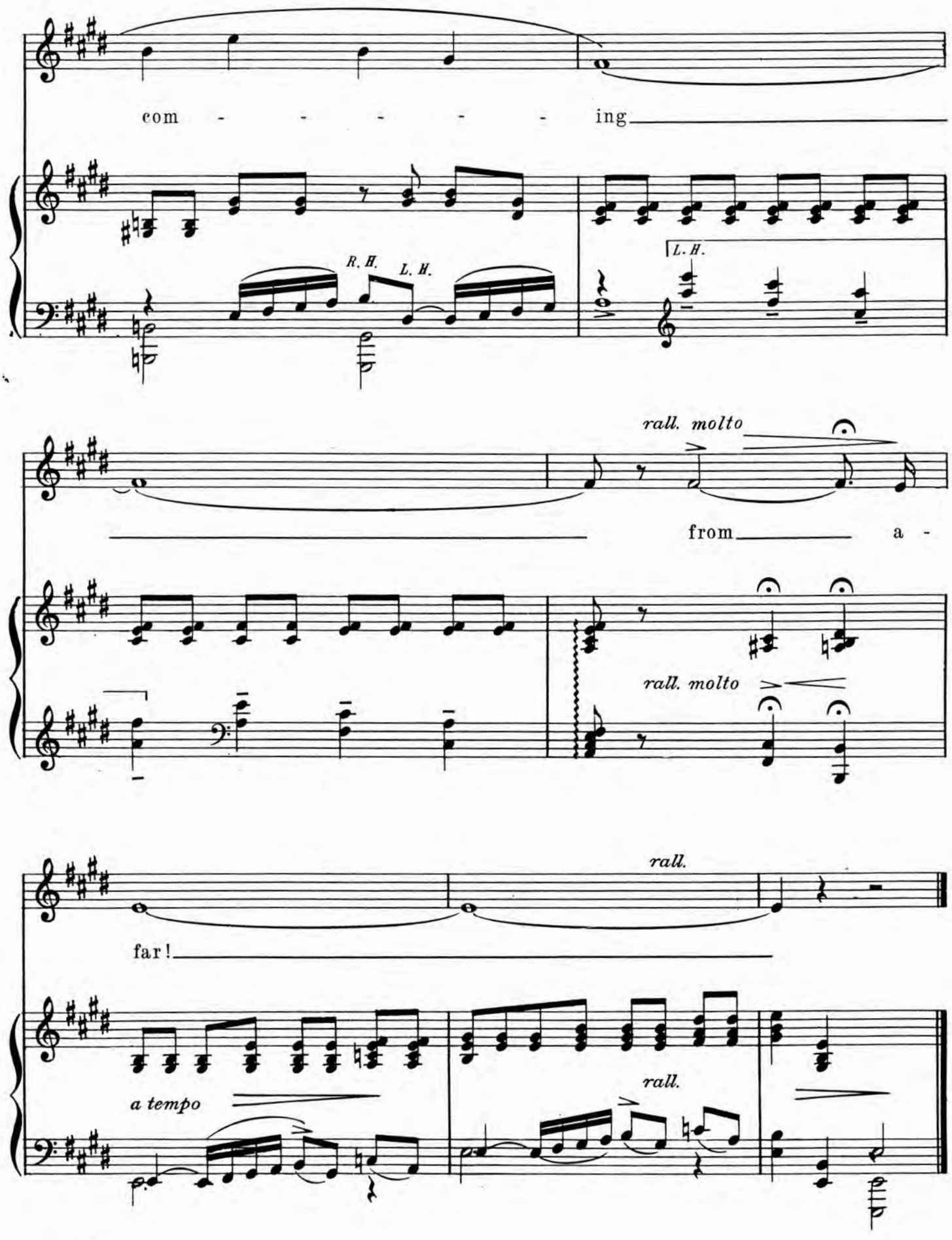



heav - - - y scent - ed flow - - ers, There are
rall.
blos - soms in my hair!
rall.
mf a tempo
I have cho - sen gems of az - - ure,
a tempo


Sil - - ver ank - lets I will wear, I have
touched my lips with scar - let, For to -
rall.
night, for to - night I must be fair!
rall.


mp
cresc.
Bring me cloth of gold and pur-ple, Veils and fab-rics from a-
mp
cresc.
far; Twine my hair with bands of sil-ver,
rall.
(Sil-ver like the morn-ing star);
rall.


mf a tempo
For to - night, I would be fair - - - - er,
mf a tempo
f
Than all oth - er maid - ens are He is
f
com - - ing, my be - lov - - - - ed! He is


com - - - - - - ing
R. H.
L. H.
L. H.
rall. molto
from a -
rall. molto
rall.
far!
a tempo
rall.

FULFILLMENT

Dark is the desert night—no single star,
No low-hung moon beyond the almond tree,
Silent the sands!
But ah! from far you come across the dark
to me.

Love, I had hoped we'd meet at golden twilight
In some oasis where the flowers bloom,
Where on a long-gone night we dreamed the
hours,
Again we'd vow beneath the list'ning moon;

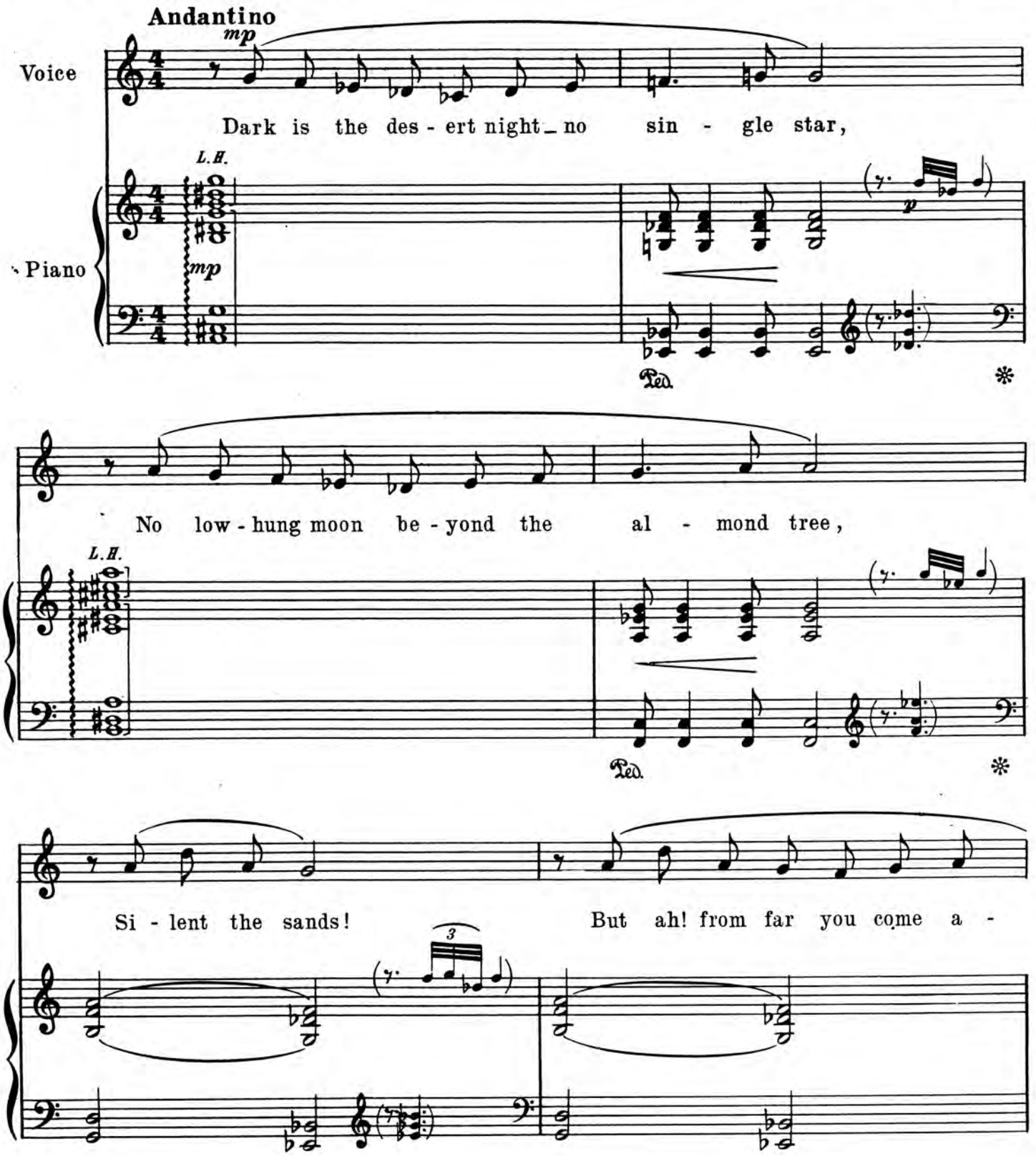
But desert suns have faded all the lilies,
The tired roses droop since you were here,
The stars have crept away, nor heed our long-
ing,
There is no moon above our vows to hear,

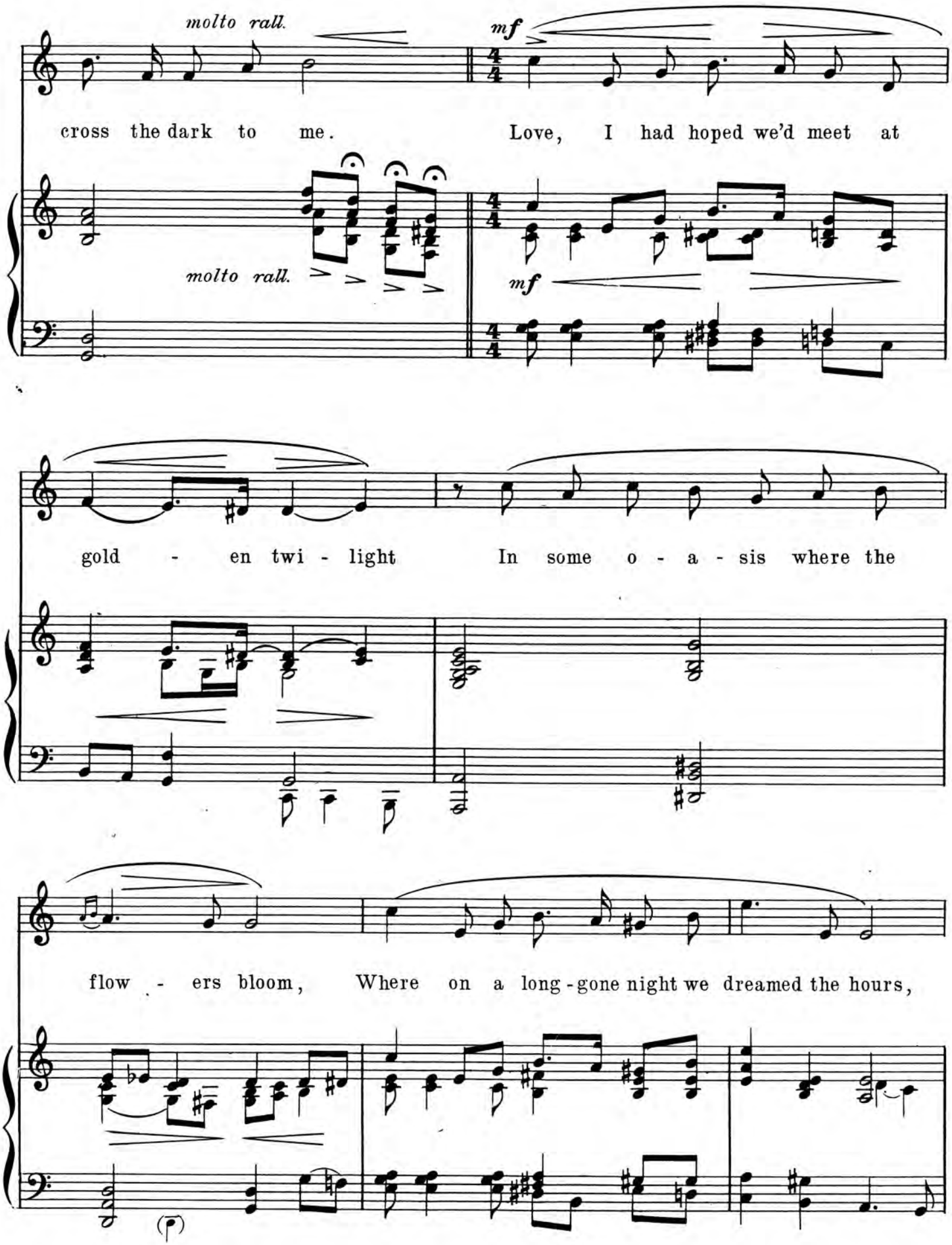
Yet all the desert turns to radiant beauty,
Now you are come, and life is ecstacy.
Though dark the night, your arms will hold
and shield me,
And life is mine!—Now you have come to me.

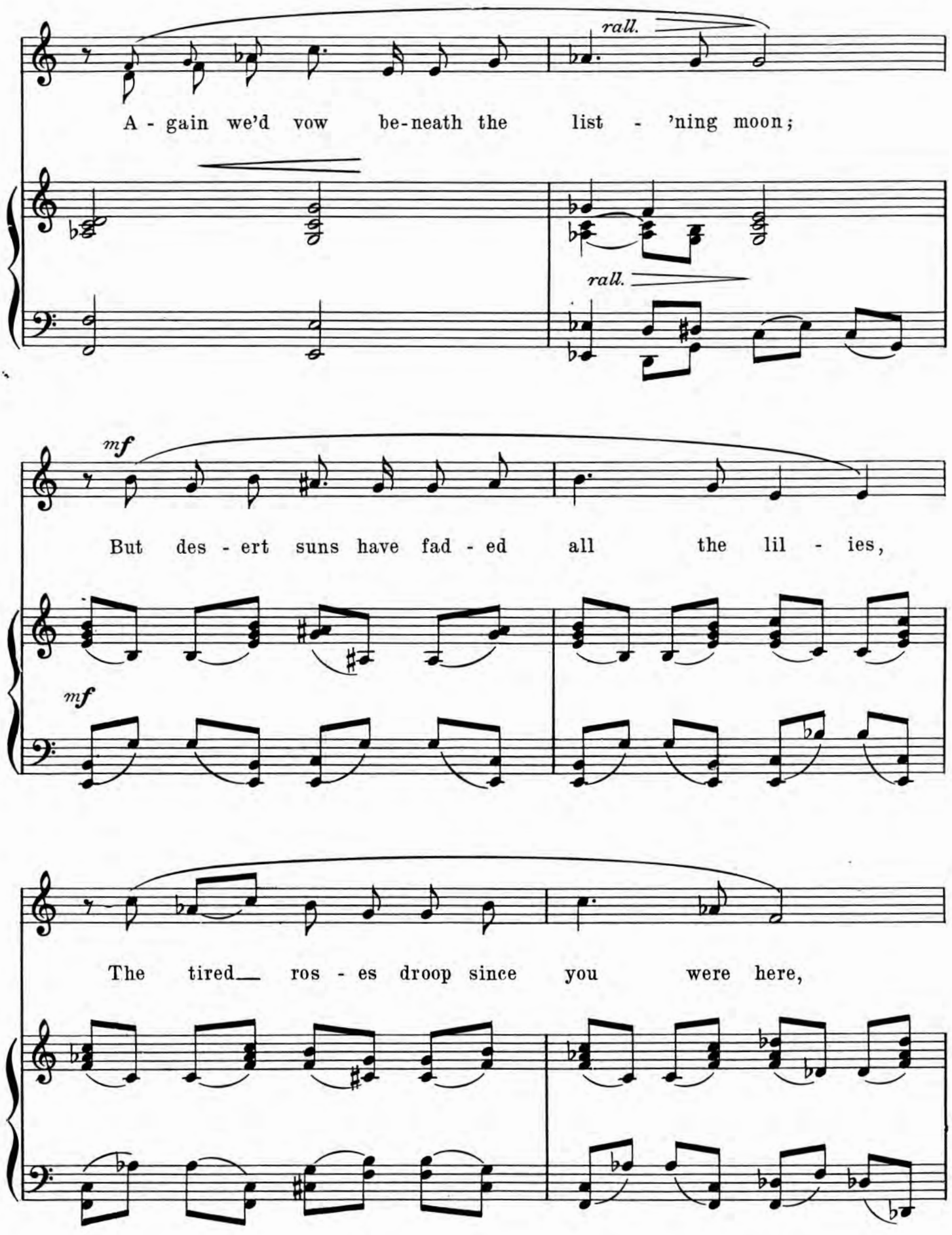
Fulfillment

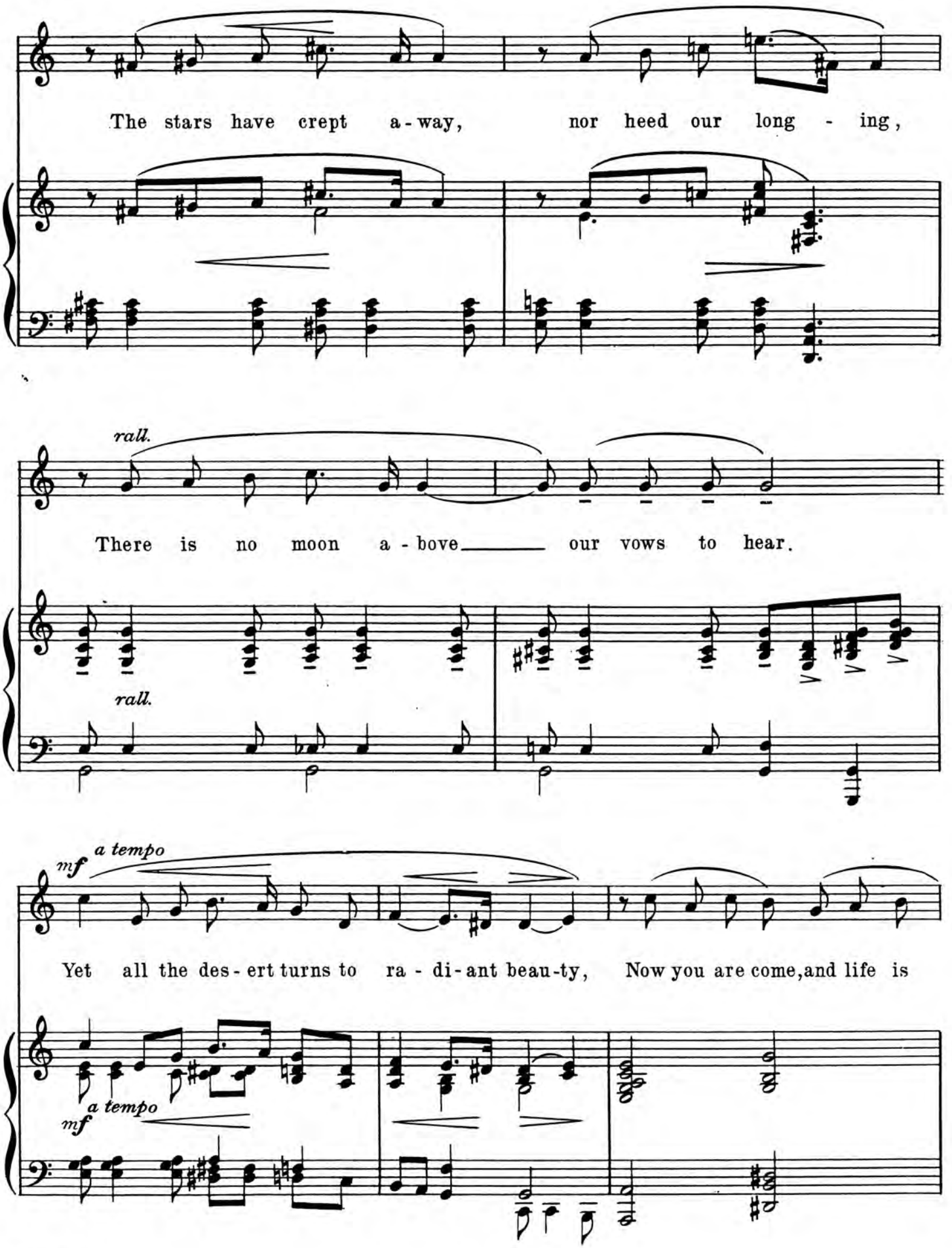
Words by
ELIZABETH EVELYN MOORE

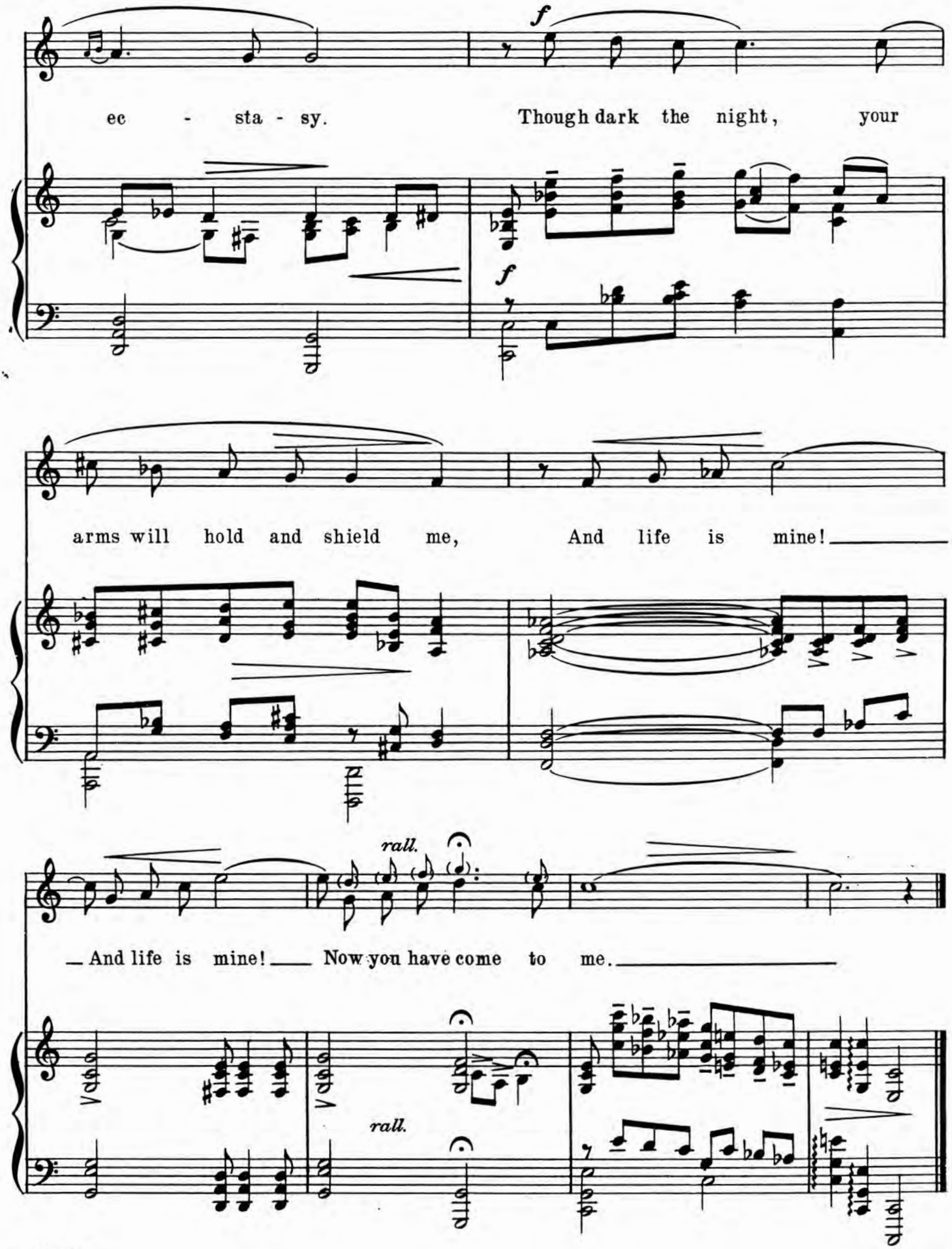
Music by
CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS




molto rall.
mf
cross the dark to me.
Love, I had hoped we'd meet at
molto rall.
mf
gold - en twi - light
In some o - a - sis where the
flow - ers bloom,
Where on a long-gone night we dreamed the hours,


rall.
A - gain we'd vow be-neath the list - 'ning moon;
rall.
mf
But des - ert suns have fad - ed all the lil - ies,
mf
The tired ros - es droop since you were here,


The stars have crept a - way, nor heed our long - ing,
rall.
There is no moon a - bove our vows to hear.
rall.
mf a tempo
Yet all the des - ert turns to ra - di - ant beau-ty, Now you are come, and life is
mf a tempo

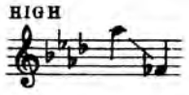

f
ec - sta - sy. Though dark the night, your
f
arms will hold and shield me, And life is mine!
rall.
And life is mine! Now you have come to me.
rall.

IT IS THE SUNSET HOUR

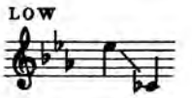
Allah! It is the sunset hour!
Far floats upon the air
The bells from temple tower,
That summon me to prayer;
See, here I bow to Thee!
But drifting desert airs,
Spice-laden, beckon me,
Bid me forget my prayers.

Allah! Upon my love
Thy blessings pour,
I love Thee, Lord of Lords!
—I love him more!
Ah! Not unto me, but to my heart's beloved,
Thy blessings I implore.
Ah! Ah!

HIGH



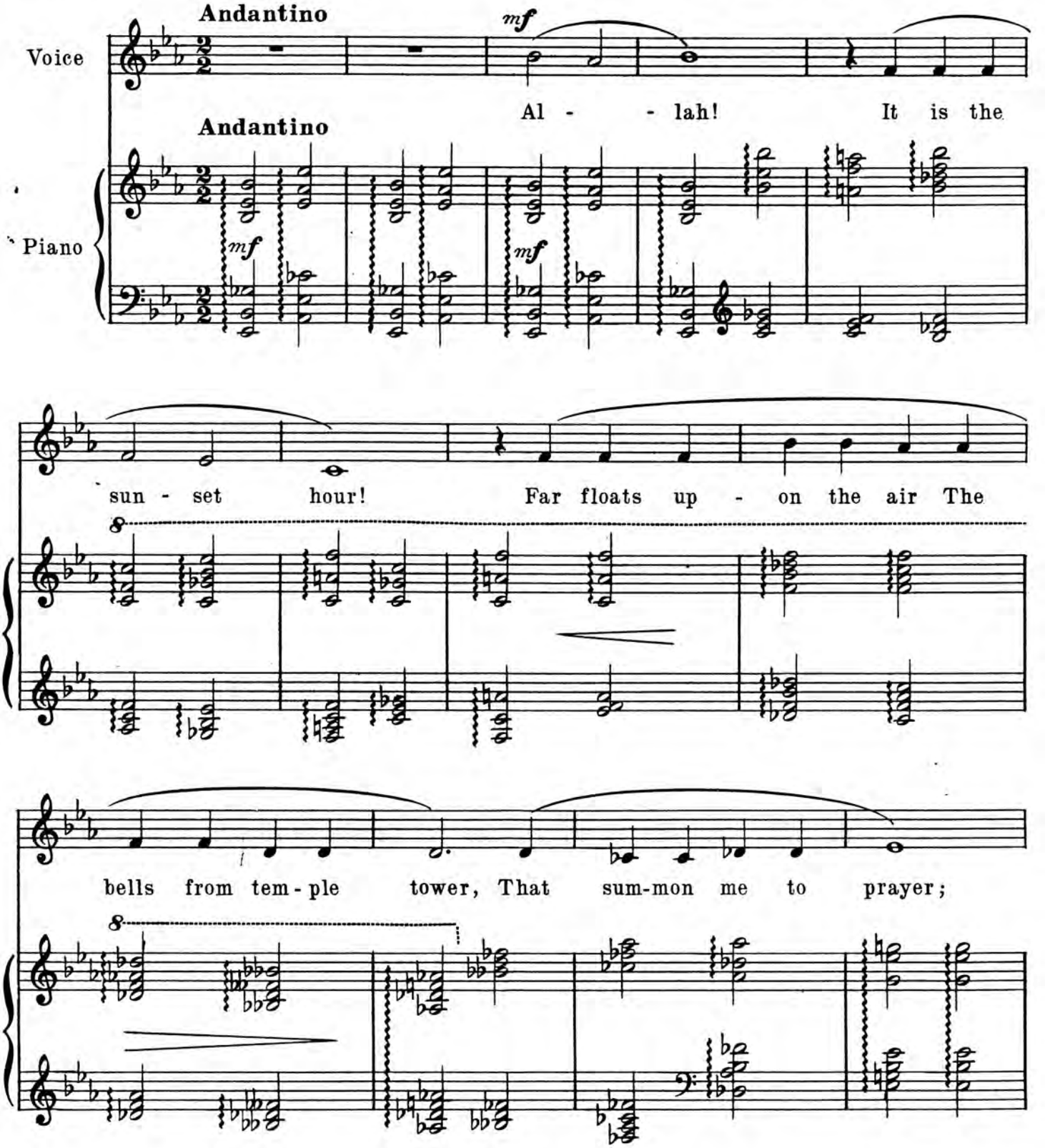
LOW

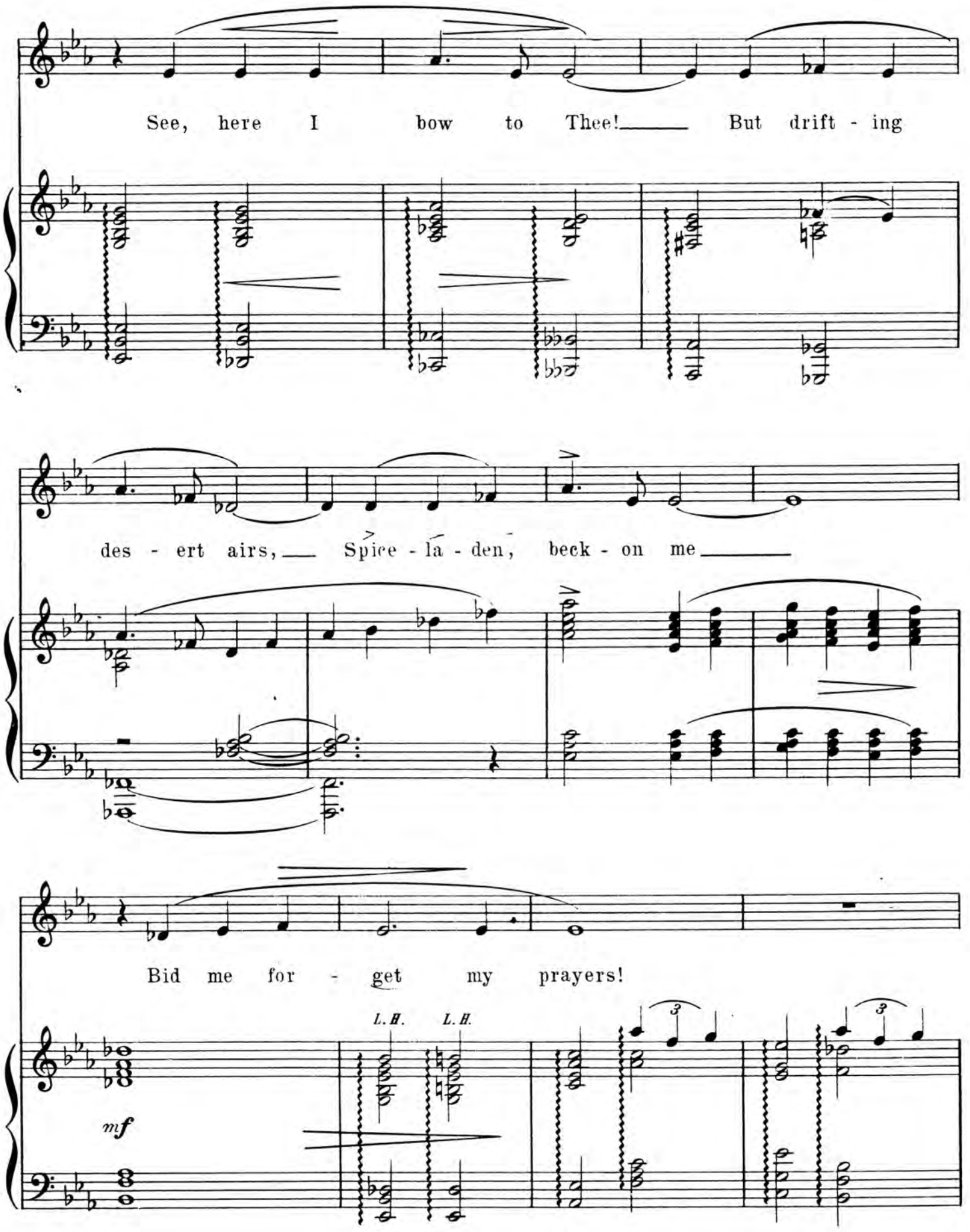


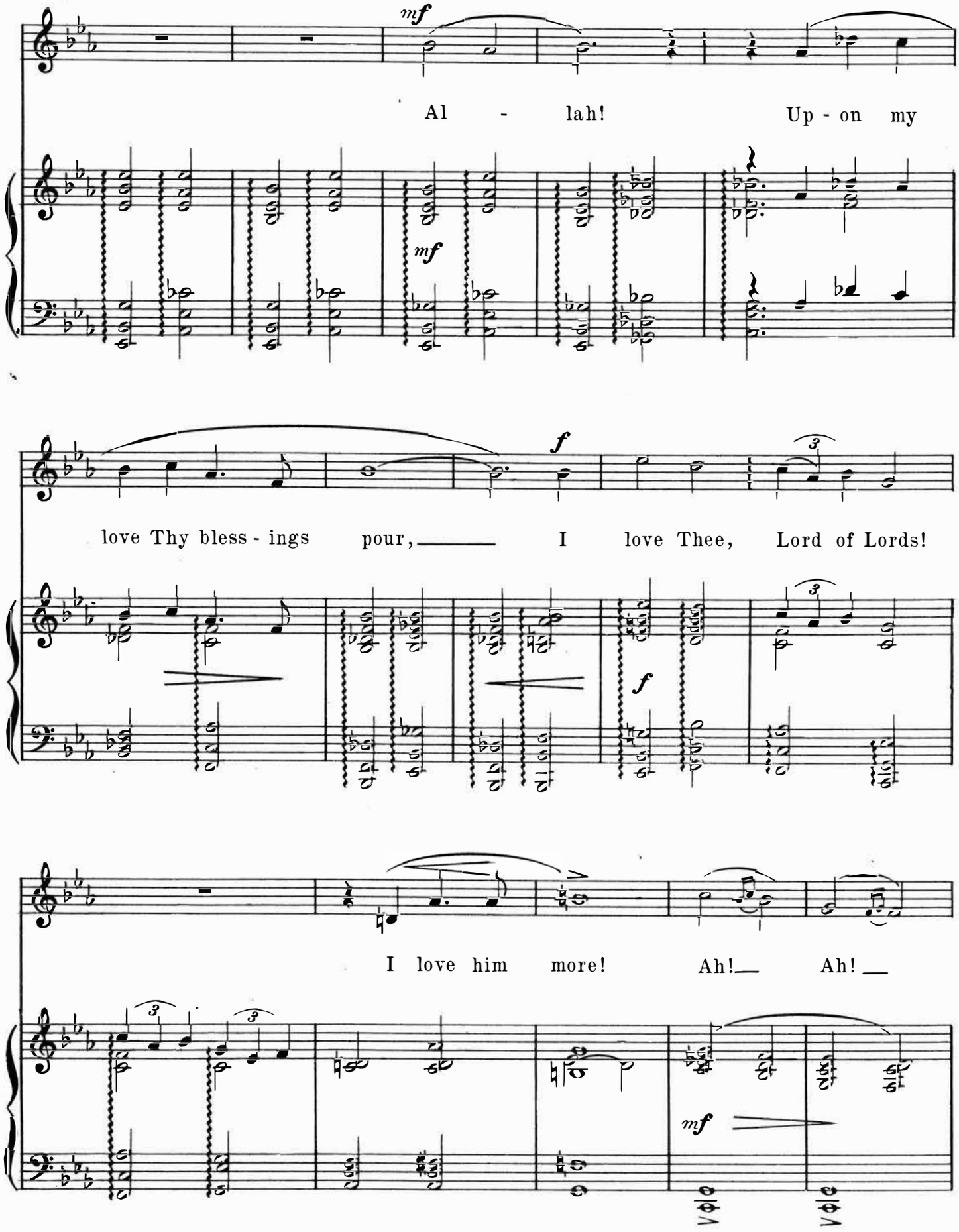
It Is The Sunset Hour

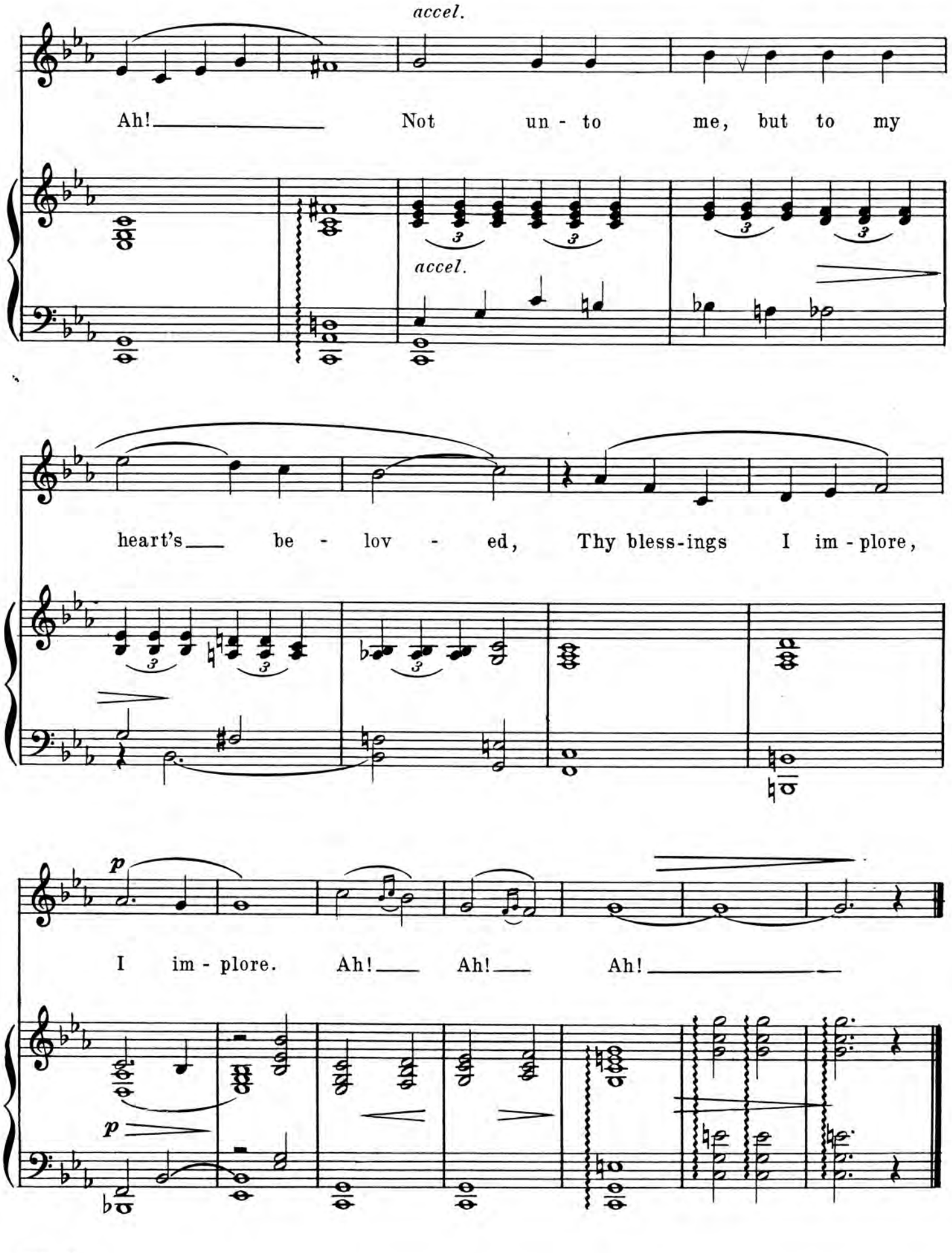
Words by
ELIZABETH EVELYN MOORE

Music by
CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS




See, here I bow to Thee! But drift - ing
des - ert airs, Spice - la - den, beck - on me
Bid me for - get my prayers!
L.H.
L.H.
mf
3
3


mf
Al - lah! Up - on my
mf
f
love Thy bless - ings pour, I love Thee, Lord of Lords!
f
I love him more! Ah! Ah!
mf


accel.
Ah! Not un - to me, but to my
accel.
heart's be - lov - ed, Thy bless-ings I im - plore,
p
I im - plore. Ah! Ah! Ah!
p