

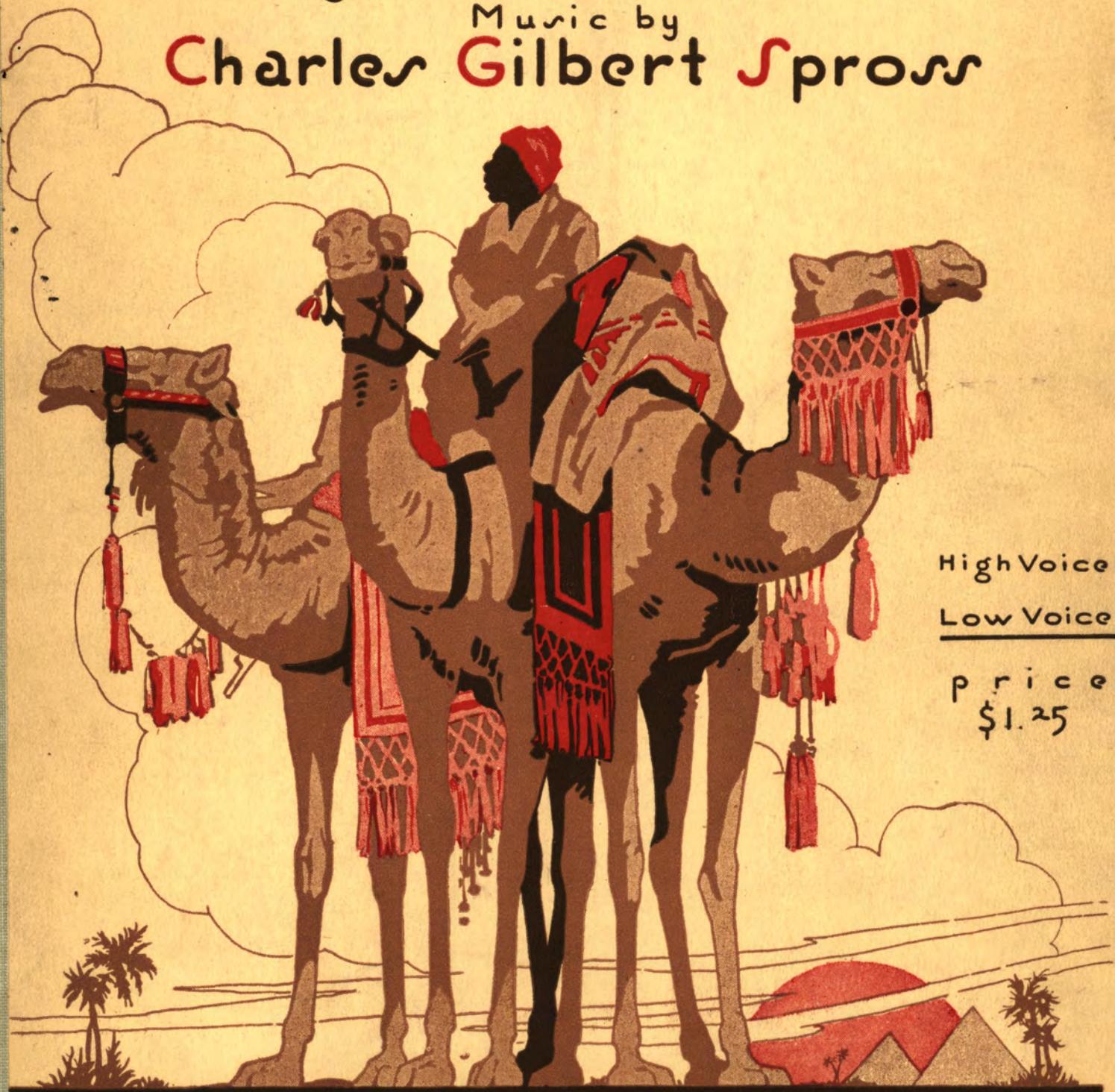
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# ARABIAN SONG CYCLE

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

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THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY  
CINCINNATI                    NEW YORK                    LONDON  
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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: Treble Clef, 4/4 time, one sharp (F#). Notes: -

Piano: Treble and Bass Clefs, 4/4 time. Dynamics: *p*, *mp*. Notes: Chords in treble and bass staves.

Lyrics:

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

Look thou up - on the mid - night sky—

The musical score consists of five systems of music. The first system shows the vocal part (Voice) in high C clef and the piano part (Piano) in both treble and bass clefs, both in 4/4 time with one sharp (F#). The second system begins with a dynamic *p* and continues with *mp*. The vocal line starts with "Ah! my be - loved," followed by a long note over a fermata. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords in both staves. The third system continues the vocal line with "all the world— is love!" and the piano accompaniment. The fourth system begins with a dynamic *p* and continues with *mp*. The vocal line starts with "Look thou up - on," followed by a long note over a fermata. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords in both staves. The fifth system concludes the piece.

And see how lit - tle lone - ly stars, \_\_\_\_\_

Wea - ry of shin - ing, die, \_\_\_\_\_

And all the bright - est stars we view, Are

smiling 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,

Two lil - ies by the gar - den

**Tempo I**

walk.

**Tempo I**

With none to love,— the flow - ers would die,

The stars would fade in yon - der sky, —

And you and I! — ah! — you — and — I!

*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! \_\_\_\_\_



## 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**

**Piano**

When tired car-a

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

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



keep - ing! Where you dream, a breeze is drift - ing To your tent-door,

The vocal line continues with a melodic line in G minor, marked *mf*. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained chords.

love to take -- love to take -- Bend - ing o'er you in the still - ness,

The vocal line continues with a melodic line in G minor. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and some rhythmic patterns indicated by arrows.

Will you hear it sigh \_\_\_\_\_ and wake?

The vocal line concludes with a melodic line in G minor, marked *mf*. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chordal statement.

*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.

The score consists of three systems of music. The top system shows the vocal line starting with eighth-note patterns, followed by sixteenth-note patterns with dynamic marks 'p' and 'b'. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and bass notes. The middle system shows the vocal line continuing with eighth-note patterns, followed by sixteenth-note patterns with dynamic marks 'p' and 'b'. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and bass notes. The bottom system shows the vocal line continuing with eighth-note patterns, followed by sixteenth-note patterns with dynamic marks 'p' and 'b'. The piano accompaniment features sustained chords and bass notes.

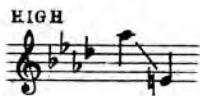
Could you see my dark eyes glow-ing,  
 If you heard my—  
  
 low-voiced plea,  
 You would turn you from the des-ert,  
  
 You would heed—and come to me.



## 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!



# I Have Hung My Tent In Crimson

Words by  
ELIZABETH EVELYN MOORE

Music by  
CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS

**Moderato**

Voice

Piano

**Moderato**

*mf*

*mf*

I \_\_\_\_\_ have hung my tent in crim - - son,

*mf*

*mf*

And \_\_\_\_\_ the Mog - hra tree shall share\_\_\_\_\_ Of its

*mf*

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the Voice, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff is for the Piano, starting with a bass clef and a key signature of three sharps. The third staff continues the Voice part, and the fourth staff continues the Piano part. The music is in common time (indicated by a '4'). The vocal line begins with a short melodic phrase, followed by a sustained note. The piano accompaniment features rhythmic patterns of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with the piano providing harmonic support. The vocal line continues with another melodic phrase, followed by a sustained note, and the piano accompaniment concludes with a final rhythmic pattern.



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*  
 Bring me cloth of gold and pur-ple,  
*cresc.*  
 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*

Than \_\_\_\_\_ all\_ oth - er maid - ens are \_\_\_\_\_ He is

com - - ing, my be - lov - - - ed! He is

com - - - - ing

*R. H.* *L. H.*

*L. H.*

*rall. molto*

from \_\_\_\_\_ a -

*rall. molto*

*rall.*

*a tempo*

## 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

**Andantino**

*mp*

Voice



Dark is the des - ert night - no sin - gle star,

Piano

*L.H.*

*mp*

*ped.*

\*

No low - hung moon be - yond the al - mond tree ,

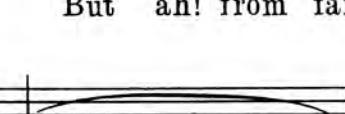
*L.H.*

*ped.*

\*

Si - lent the sands !

But ah! from far you come a -



*molto rall.*

cross the dark to me. Love, I had hoped we'd meet at

*molto rall.*

gold - en twi - light In some o - a - sis where the

flow - ers bloom, Where on a long - gone night we dreamed the hours,

(P)

A - gain we'd vow be-neath the list - 'ning moon;

But des - ert suns have fad - ed all the lil - ies,

The tired\_\_ ros - es droop since you were here,

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.

*mf a tempo*

Yet all the des-ert turns to ra - di-ant beau-ty, Now you are come, and life is

ec - sta - sy. Though dark the night, your

arms will hold and shield me, And life is mine! \_\_\_\_\_

— And life is mine! — Now you have come to me.



## 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!



# It Is The Sunset Hour

Words by  
ELIZABETH EVELYN MOORE

Music by  
CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS

**Andantino**

Voice

Piano

**Andantino**

Al - - - lah! It is the

sun - set hour! Far floats up - on the air The

bells from tem - ple tower, That sum-mon me to prayer;

See, here I bow to Thee! But drift - ing

des - ert airs, — Spice - lá - den, beck - on me —

Bid me for - get my prayers!

*L. H.* *L. H.*

*mf*

A1 - lah! Up - on my

*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,

I im - plore. Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ Ah! \_\_\_\_\_ Ah! \_\_\_\_\_