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TAGORE POEMS

SET TO MUSIC BY

REGINALD SWEET

Voice & piano

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TAGORE POEMS

SET TO MUSIC BY

REGINALD SWEET

I On Many an Idle Day...
II It is the Pang of Separation...
III Beautiful is Thy Wristlet...
IV If it is Not My Portion...

Price, $1.25, net

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To My Wife

ON many an idle day have I grieved over lost time. But it is never lost, my lord. Thou hast taken every moment of my life in thine own hands.

Hidden in the heart of things thou art nourishing seeds into sprouts, buds into blossoms, and ripening flowers into fruitfulness.

I was tired and sleeping on my idle bed and imagined all work had ceased. In the morning I woke up and found my garden full with wonders of flowers.

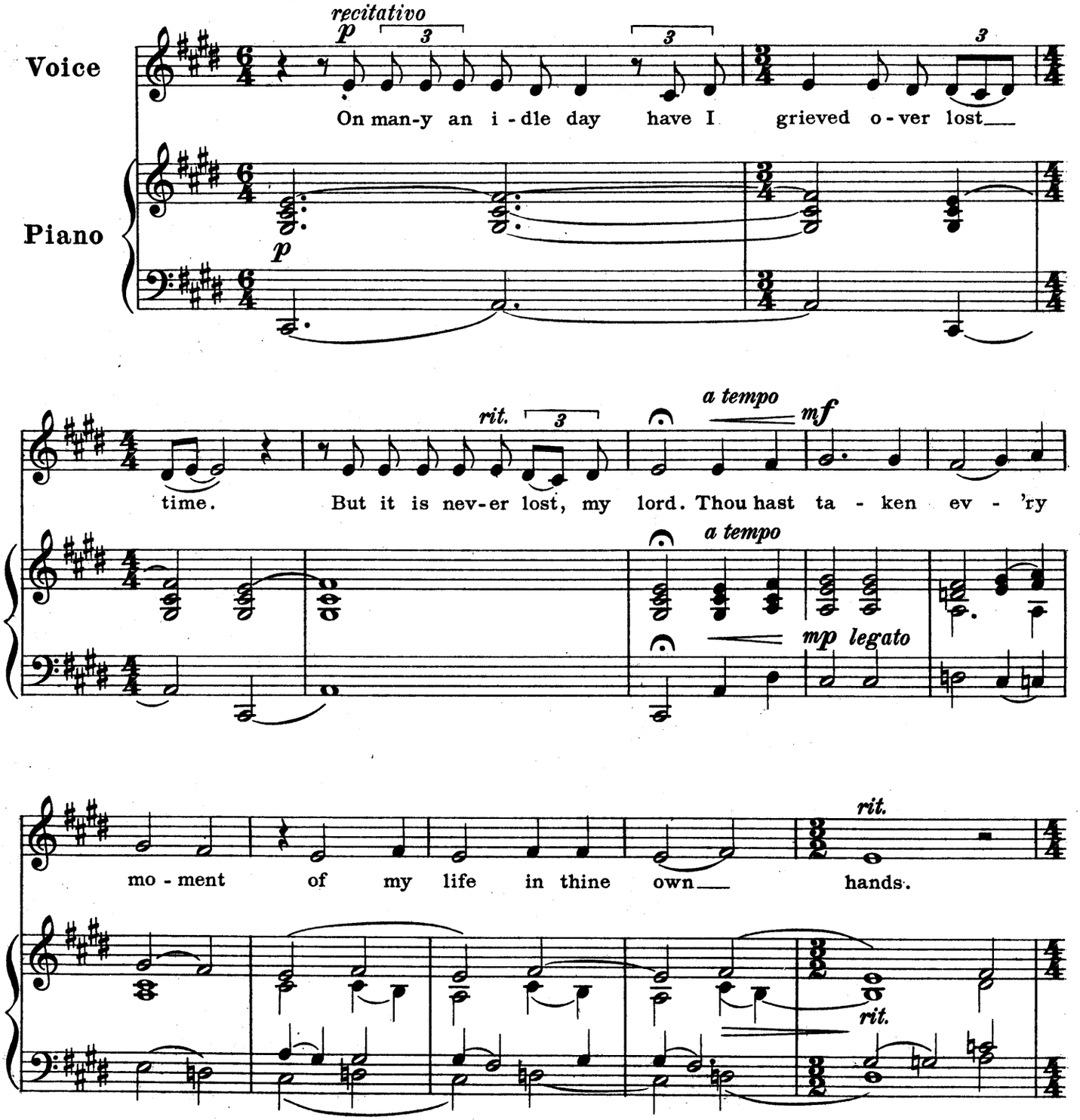
—*From* "Gitanjali," No. 81.

I

"On many an idle day"

Sir Rabindranath Tagore — Reginald Sweet

Allegro maestoso



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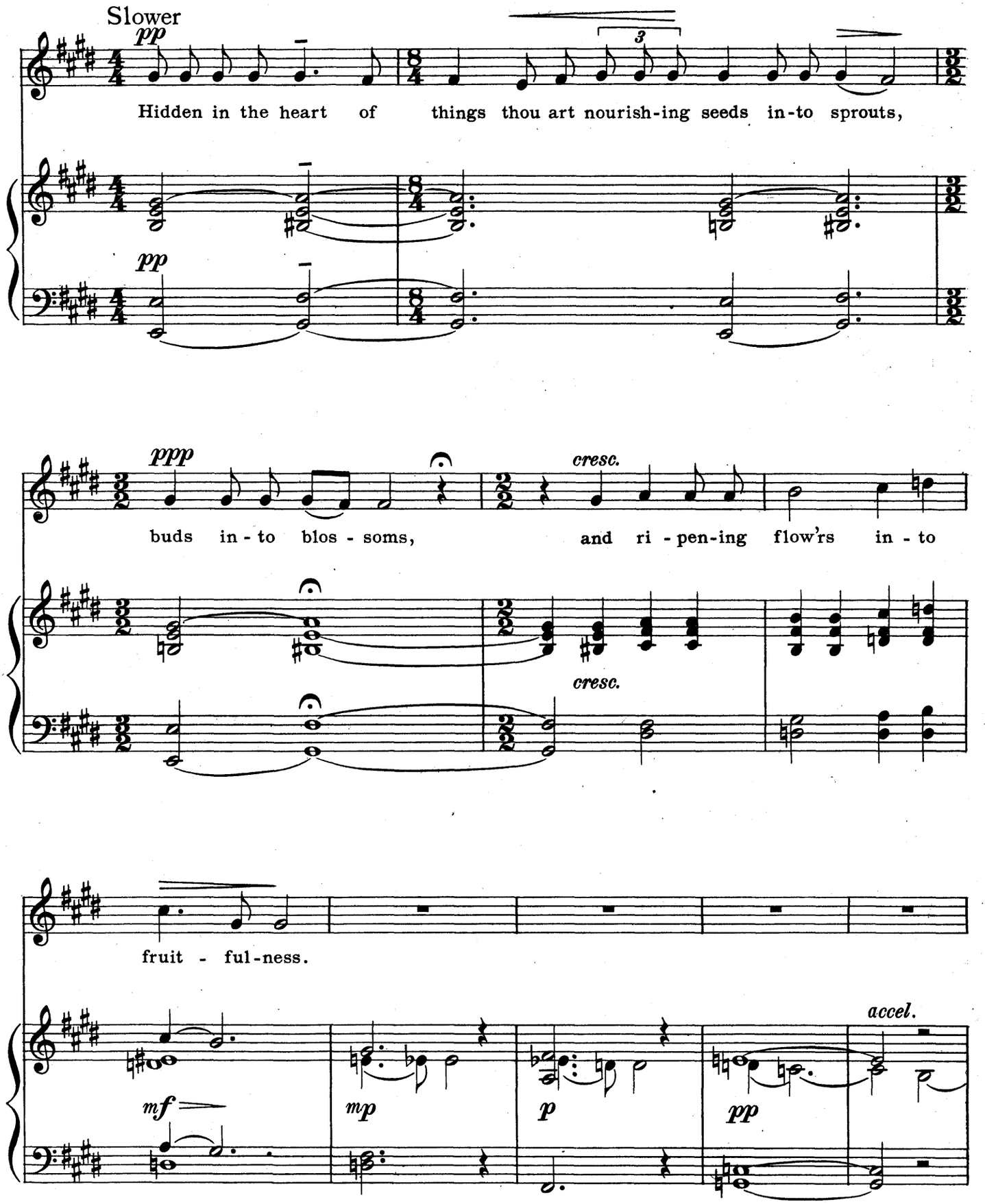
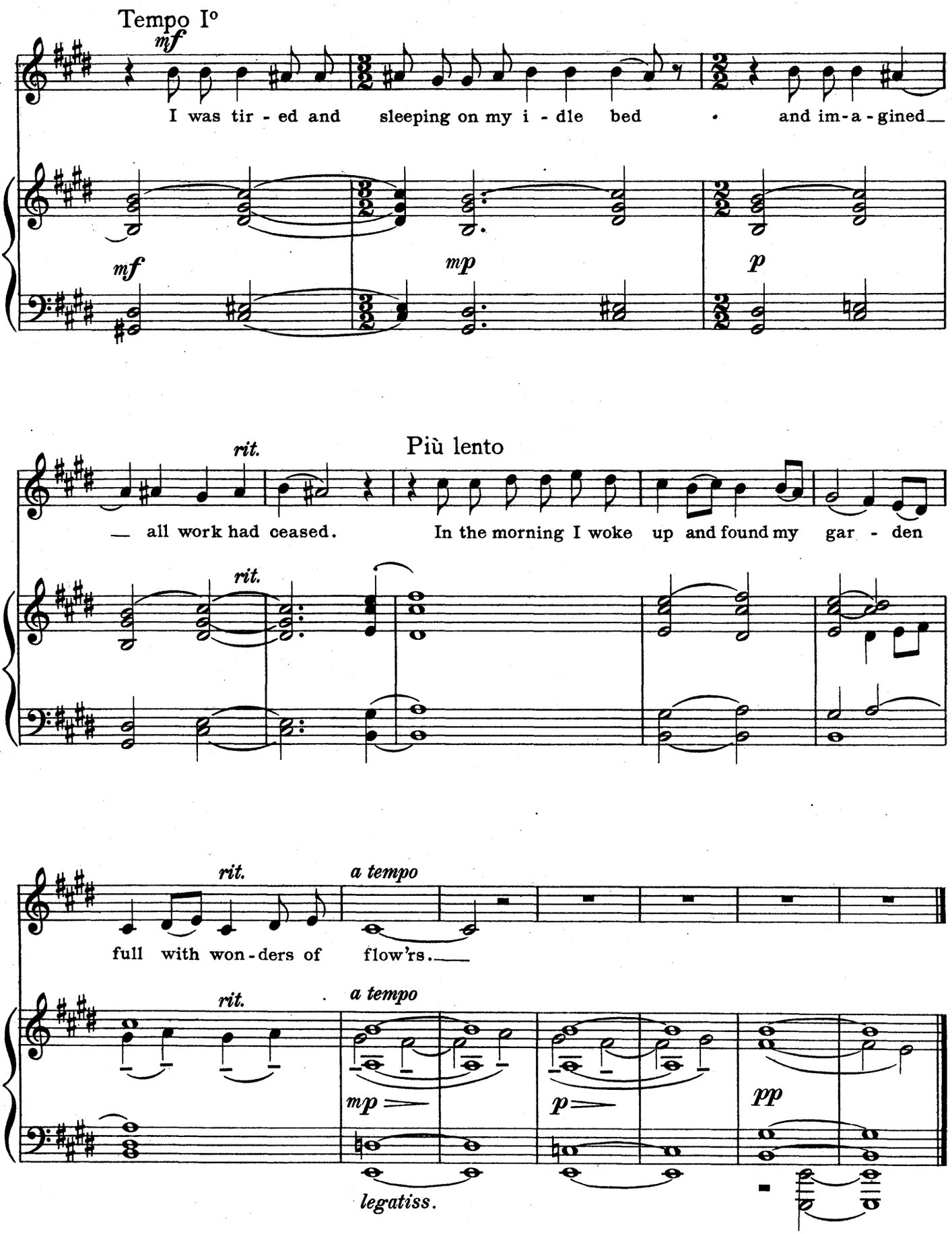

Slower
pp
3
Hidden in the heart of things thou art nourish-ing seeds in-to sprouts,
pp
ppp
cresc.
buds in - to blos - soms, and ri - pen-ing flow'rs in - to
cresc.
fruit - ful-ness.
accel.
mf
mp
p
pp


Tempo I°
mf
I was tir - ed and sleeping on my i - dle bed and im-a-gined
mf
mp
p
rit.
Più lento
— all work had ceased. In the morning I woke up and found my gar - den
rit.
rit.
a tempo
full with won - ders of flow'rs.
rit.
a tempo
mp
p
pp
legatiss.

IT is the pang of separation that spreads throughout the world and gives birth to shapes innumerable in the infinite sky.

It is this sorrow of separation that gazes in silence all night from star to star and becomes lyric among rustling leaves in rainy darkness of July.

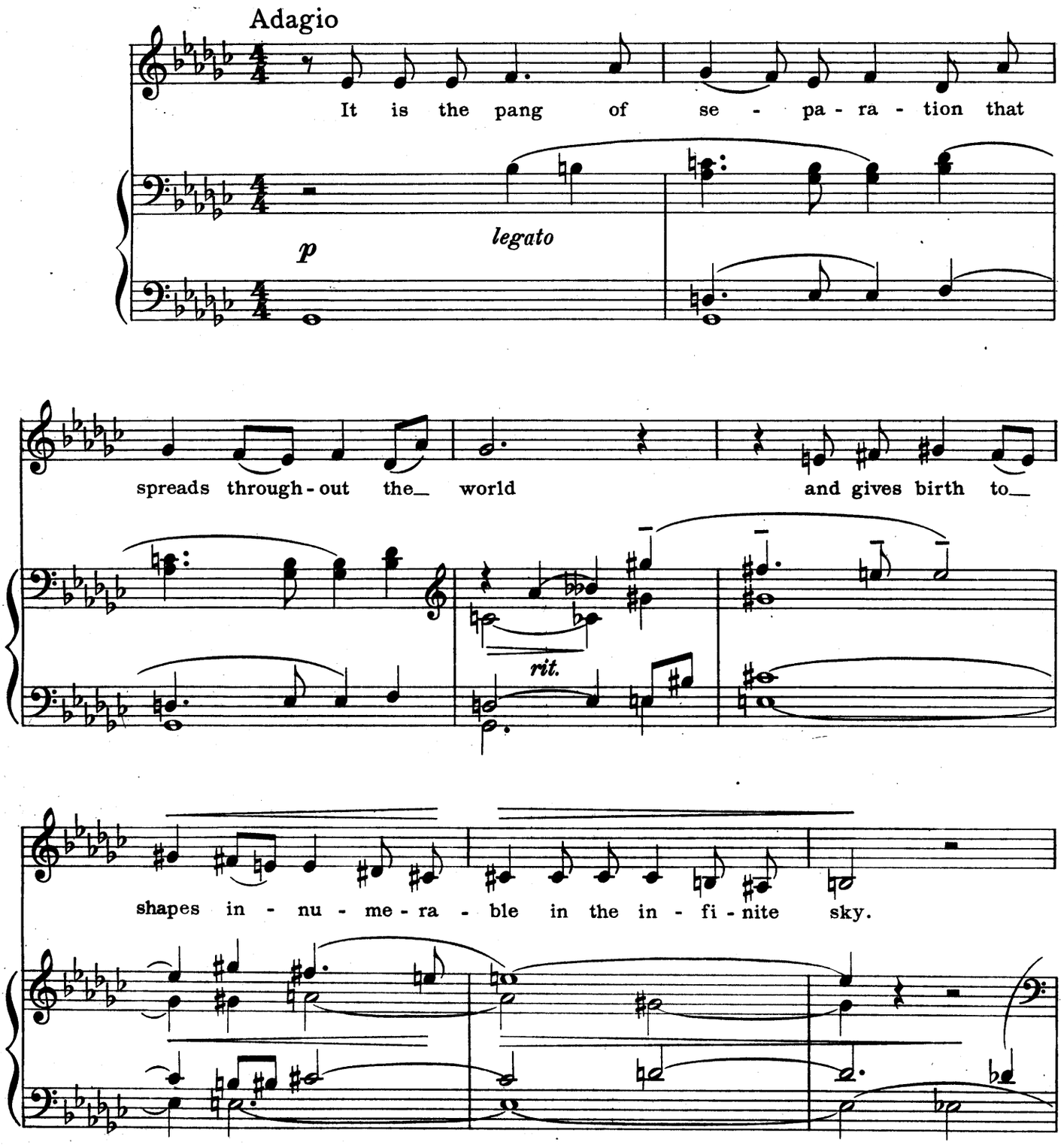
It is this overspreading pain that deepens into loves and desires, into sufferings and joys in human homes; and this it is that ever melts and flows in songs through my poet's heart.

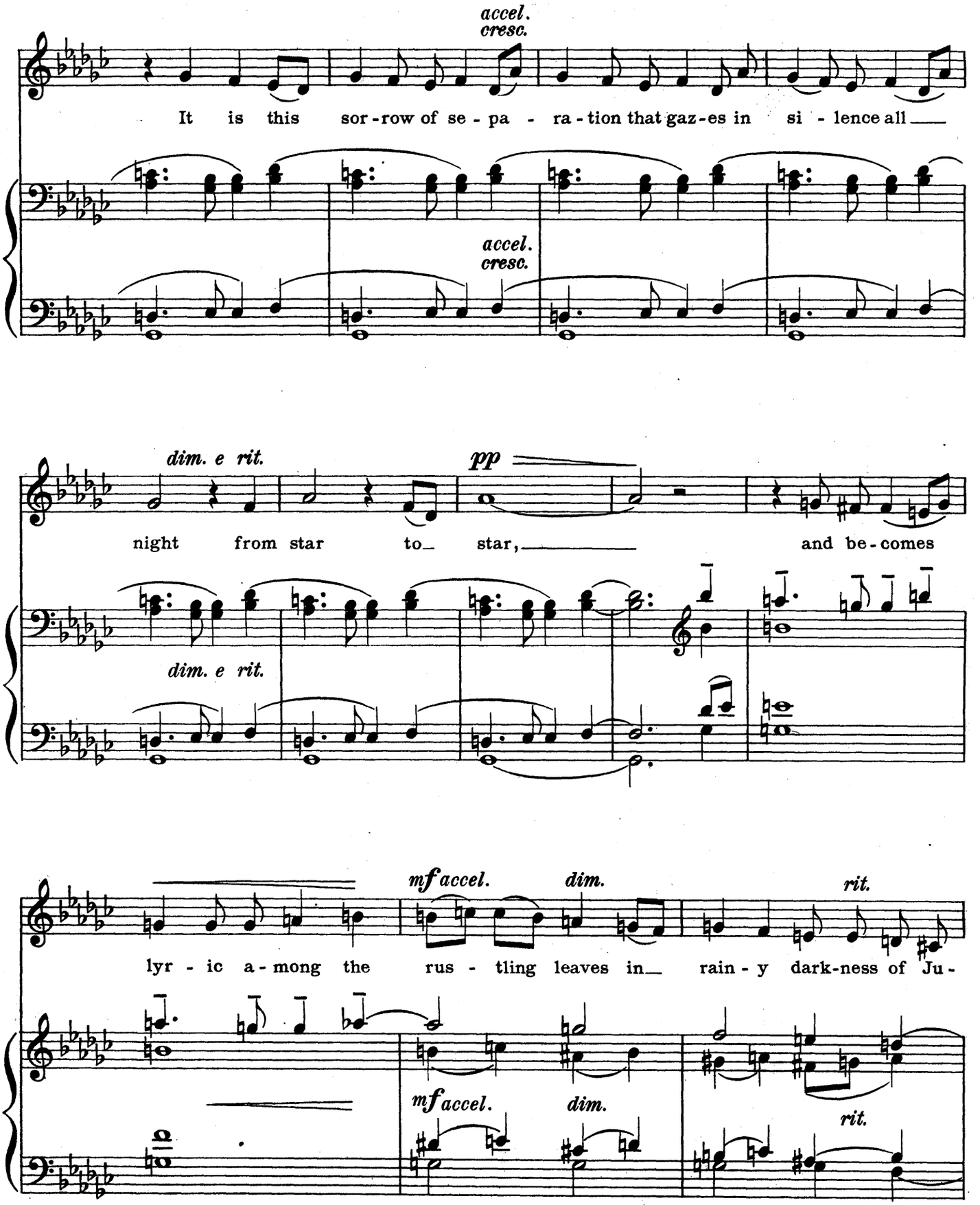
—*From* "Gitanjali," No. 84.

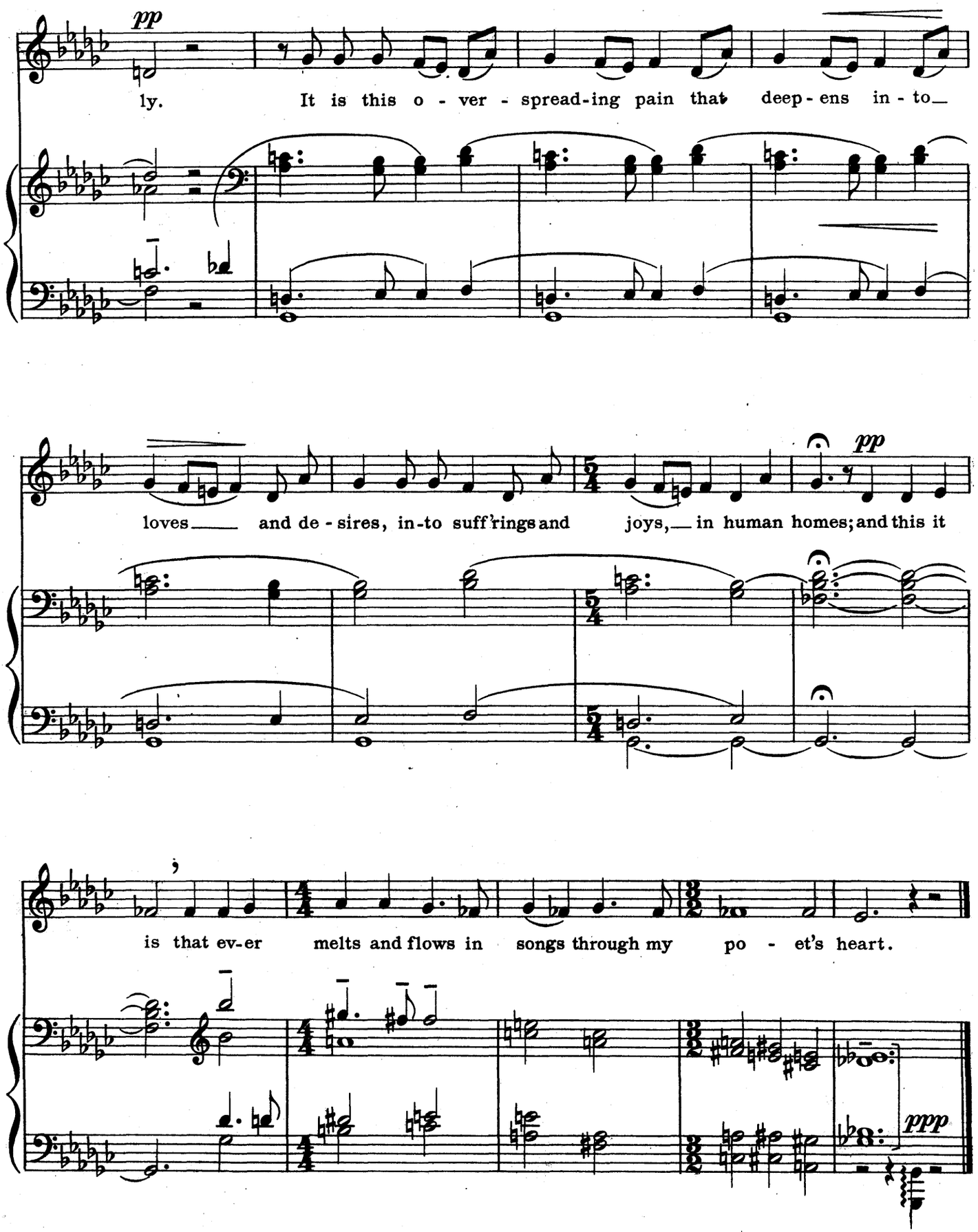
II

"It is the pang of separation"

Sir Rabindranath Tagore — Reginald Sweet




accel.
cresc.
It is this sor-row of se-pa-ra-tion that gaz-es in si-lence all
accel.
cresc.
dim. e rit.
pp
night from star to star, and be-comes
dim. e rit.
mf accel.
dim.
rit.
lyr-ic a-mong the rus-tling leaves in rain-y dark-ness of Ju-
mf accel.
dim.
rit.


pp
ly. It is this o - ver - spread-ing pain that deep - ens in - to
loves and de - sires, in-to suff'rings and joys, in human homes; and this it
pp
is that ev-er melts and flows in songs through my po - et's heart.
ppp

BEAUTIFUL is thy wristlet, decked with stars and cunningly wrought in myriad-coloured jewels. But more beautiful to me thy sword with its curve of lightning like the outspread wings of the divine bird of Vishnu, perfectly poised in the angry red light of the sunset.

It quivers like the one last response of life in ecstasy of pain at the final stroke of death; it shines like the pure flame of being burning up earthly sense with one fierce flash.

Beautiful is thy wristlet, decked with starry gems; but thy sword, O lord of thunder, is wrought with uttermost beauty, terrible to behold or to think of.

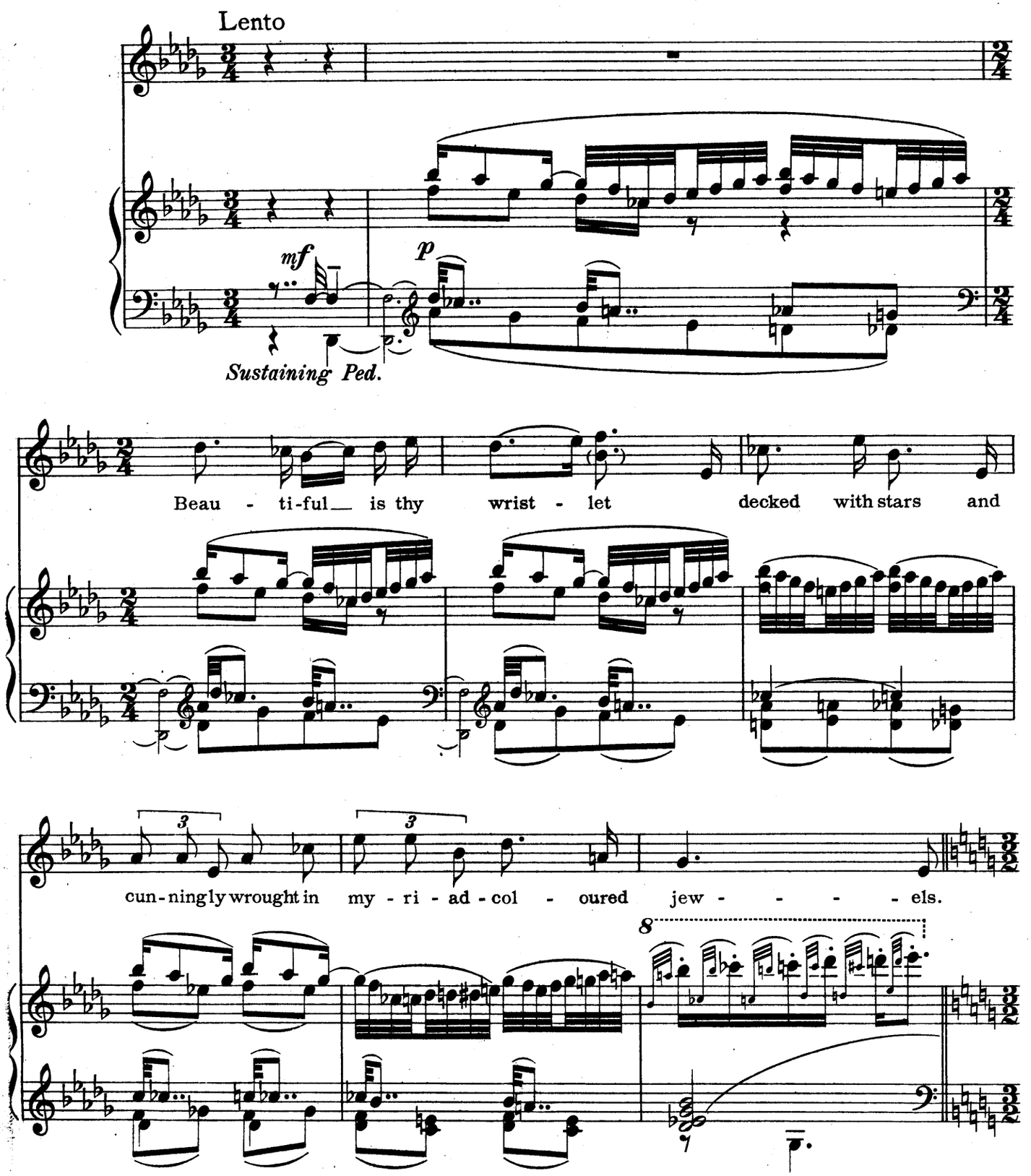
—*From* "Gitanjali," No. 53.

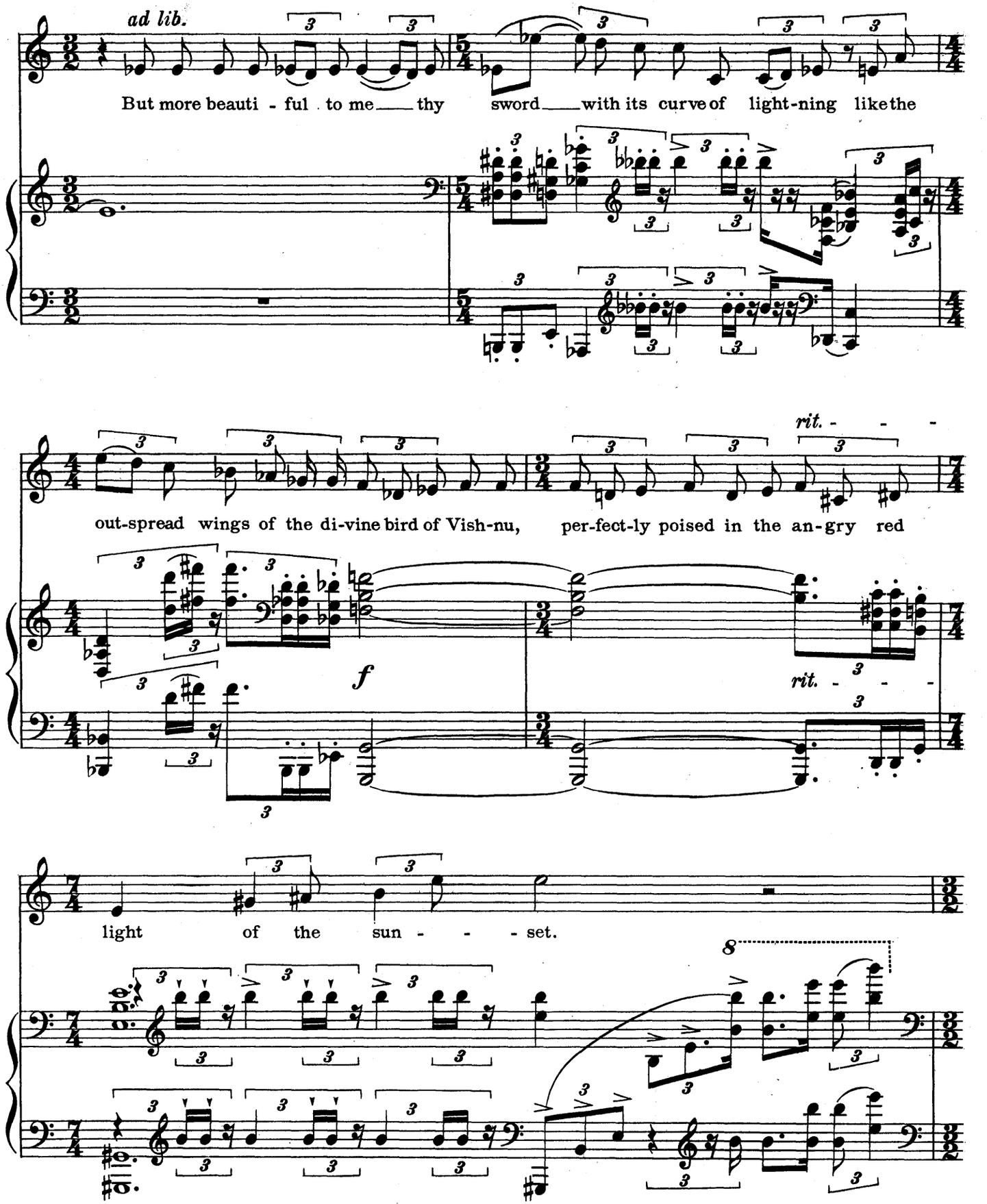
III

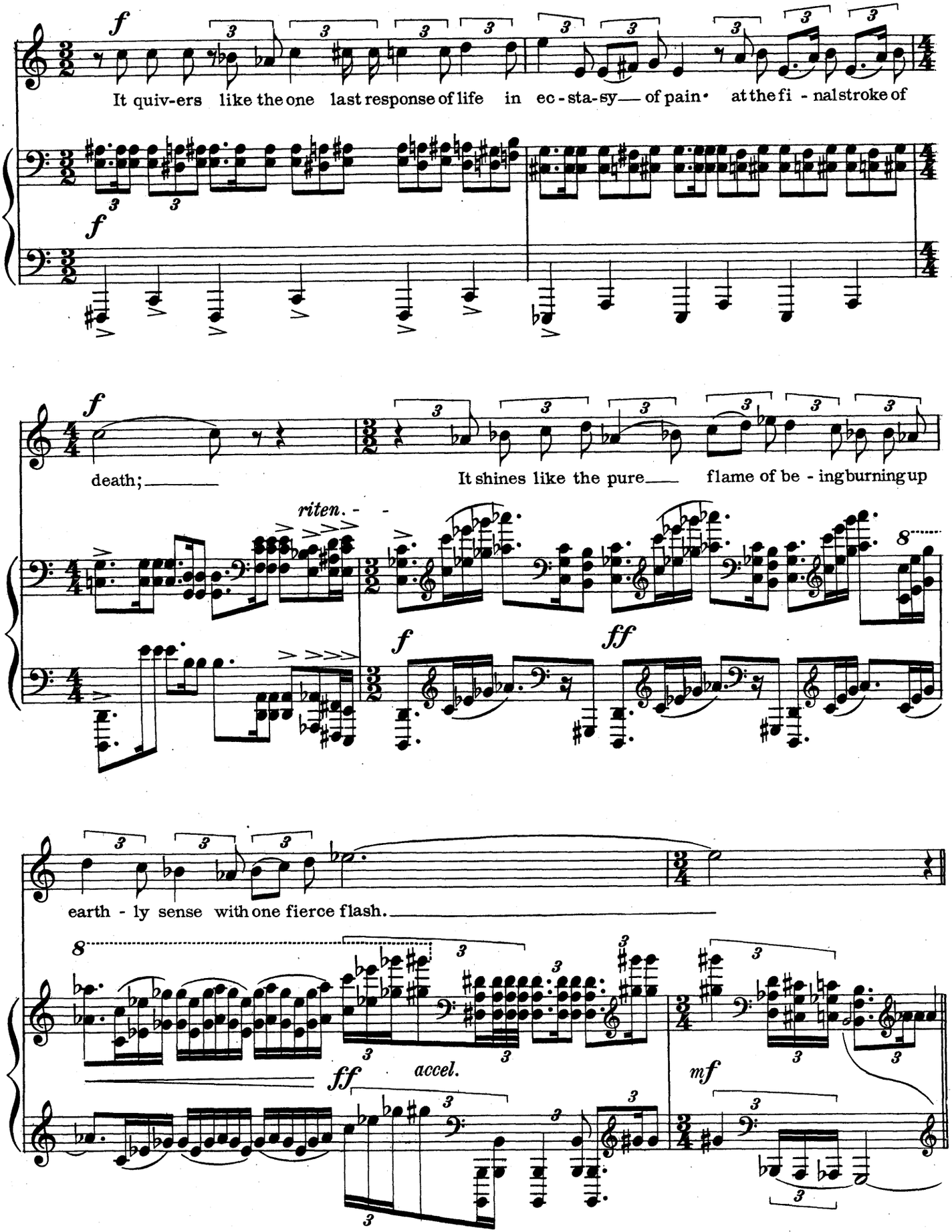
"Beautiful is thy wristlet"

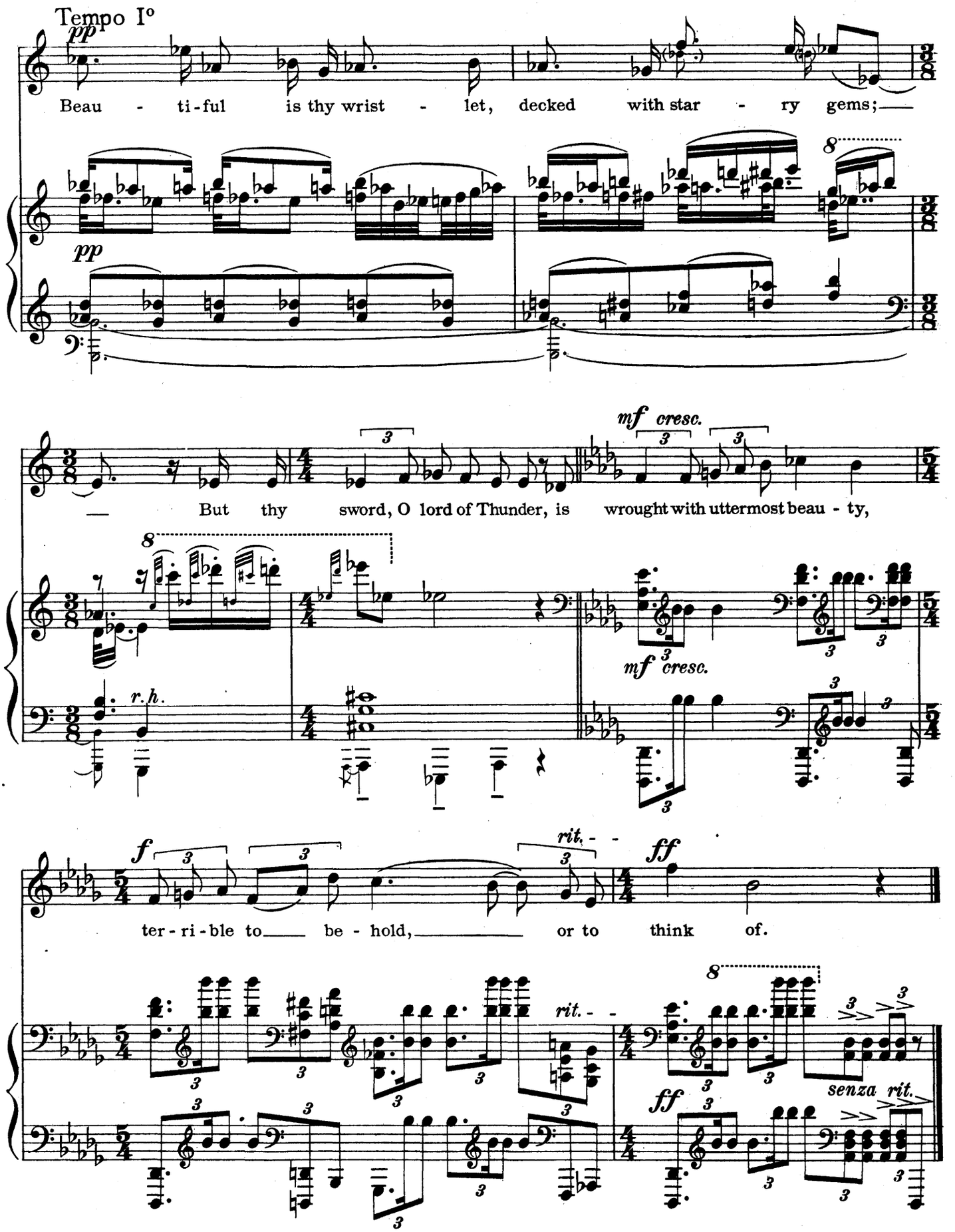
Sir Rabindranath Tagore

Reginald Sweet




ad lib.
But more beauti - ful to me thy sword with its curve of light-ning like the
out-spread wings of the di-vine bird of Vish-nu, per-fect-ly poised in the an-gry red
f
rit. - - -
rit. - - -
light of the sun - - - set.
8


f
It quiv-ers like the one last response of life in ec-sta-sy— of pain• at the fi-nal stroke of
f
death;—
It shines like the pure— flame of be-ing burning up
riten.
f
ff
earth-ly sense with one fierce flash.
8
ff
accel.
mf


Tempo I°
pp
Beau - ti-ful is thy wrist - let, decked with star - ry gems;
pp
8
mf cresc.
— But thy sword, O lord of Thunder, is wrought with uttermost beau - ty,
8
r.h.
mf cresc.
f
rit. - -
ff
ter - ri - ble to be - hold, or to think of.
8
rit. - -
ff
senza rit.

IF it is not my portion to meet thee in this my life then let me ever feel that I have missed thy sight—let me not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

As my days pass in the crowded market of this world and my hands grow full with the daily profits, let me ever feel that I have gained nothing—let me not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

When I sit by the roadside, tired and panting, when I spread my bed low in the dust, let me ever feel that the long journey is still before me—let me not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

When my rooms have been decked out and the flutes sound and the laughter there is loud, let me ever feel that I have not invited thee to my house—let me not forget for a moment, let me carry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.

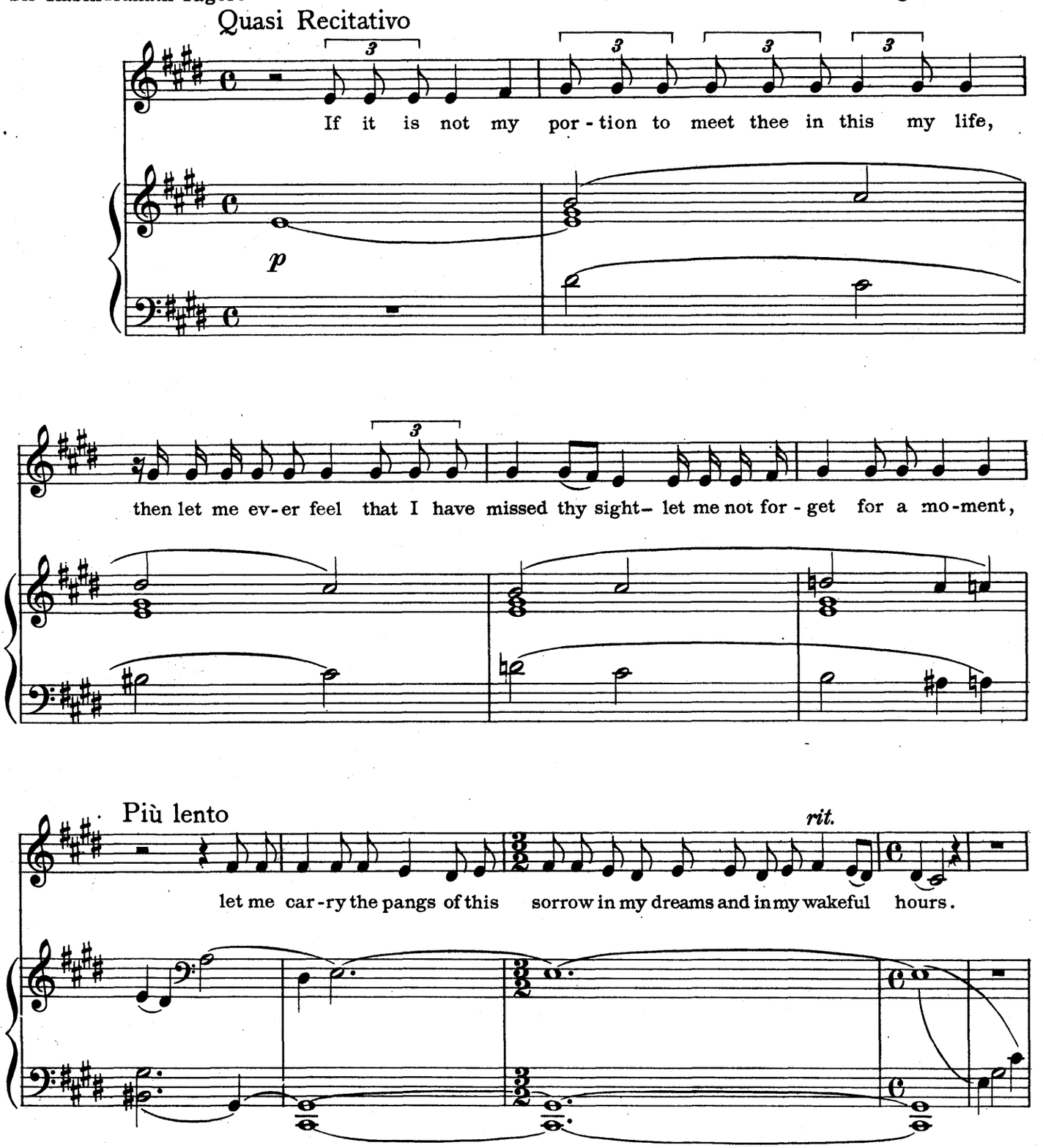
—*From* "Gitanjali," No. 79.

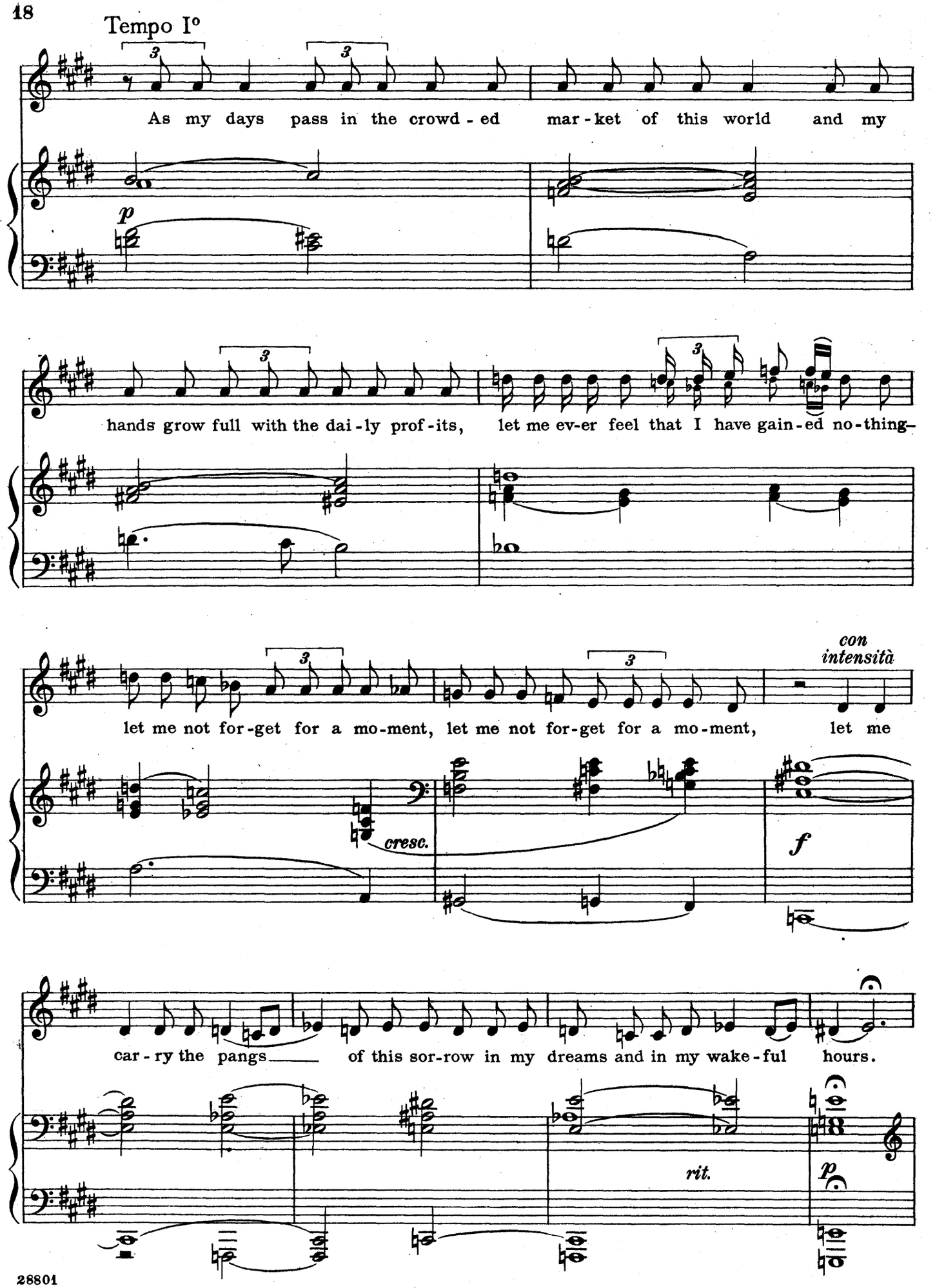
IV

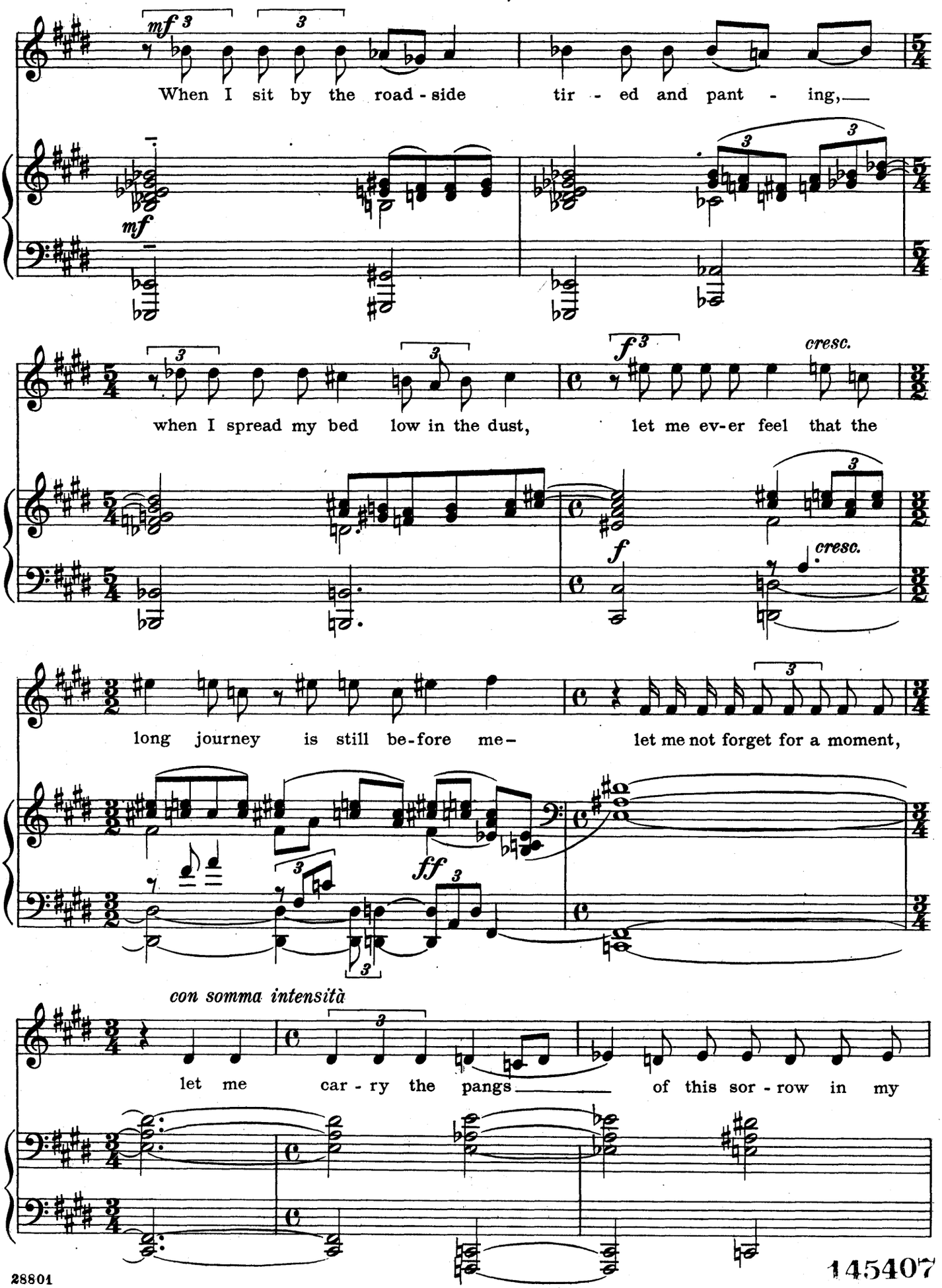
"If it is not my portion to meet thee in this my life"

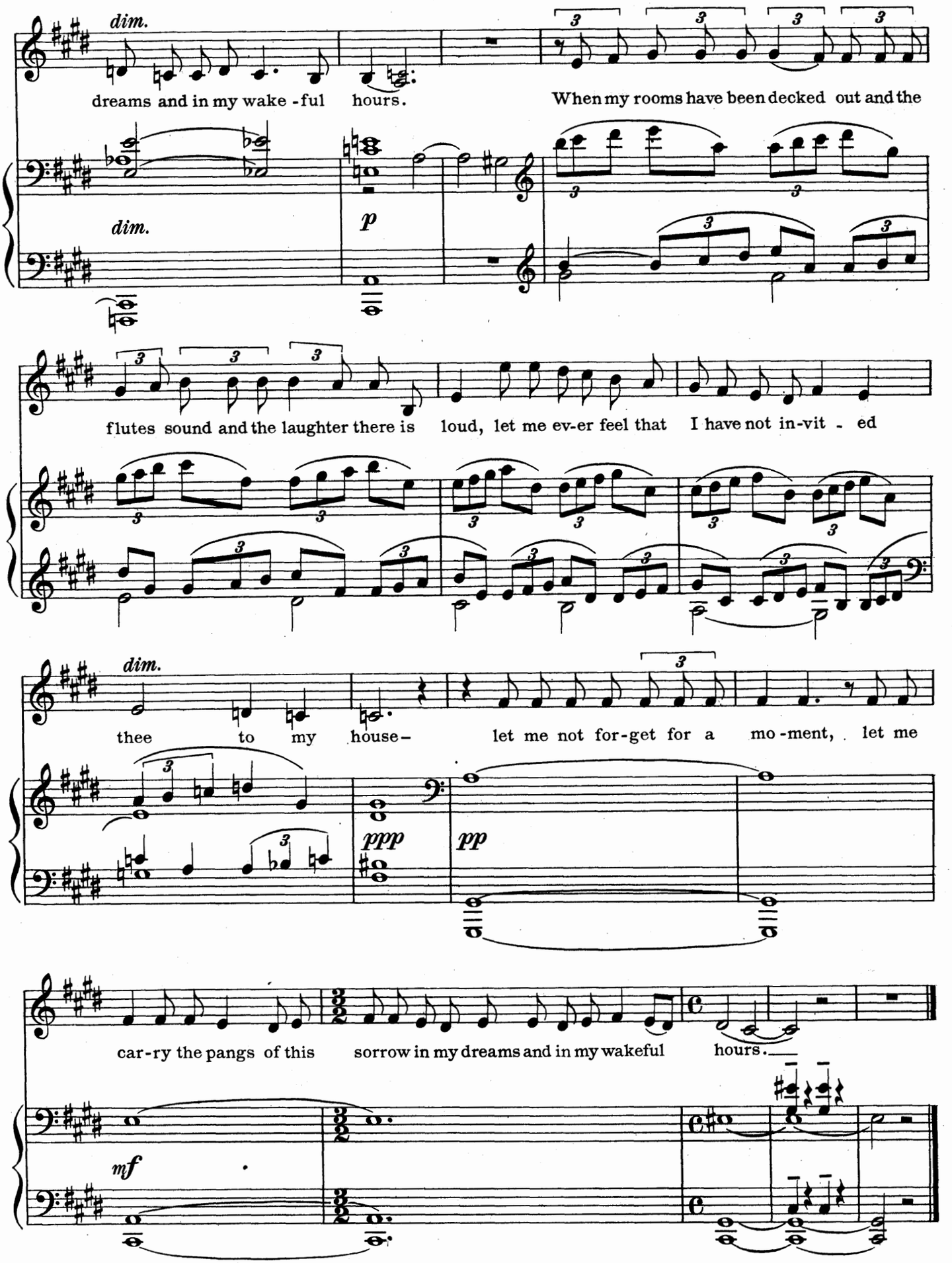
Sir Rabindranath Tagore

Reginald Sweet




Tempo I°
As my days pass in the crowd - ed mar - ket of this world and my
p
hands grow full with the dai - ly prof - its, let me ev-er feel that I have gain - ed no - thing -
let me not for - get for a mo - ment, let me not for - get for a mo - ment, let me
con intensità
cresc.
f
car - ry the pangs of this sor - row in my dreams and in my wake - ful hours.
rit.
p


mf
When I sit by the road - side tir - ed and pant - ing,
mf
f
cresc.
when I spread my bed low in the dust, let me ev-er feel that the
f
cresc.
long journey is still be-fore me- let me not forget for a moment,
ff
con somma intensità
let me car - ry the pangs of this sor - row in my


dim.
dreams and in my wake -ful hours.
When my rooms have been decked out and the
dim.
p
flutes sound and the laughter there is loud, let me ev-er feel that I have not in-vit - ed
dim.
thee to my house-
let me not for-get for a mo-ment, let me
ppp
pp
car-ry the pangs of this sorrow in my dreams and in my wakeful hours.
mf