337406

No. 1
(LOW VOICE)

No. 2
(HIGH VOICE)

Three
SONGS OF THE EAST

The Words by

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD,

(BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co LTD)

The Music

BY

PERCY ALGERNON WHITEHEAD.

PRICE $1.00

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THREE

SONGS OF THE EAST

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HINDOO FUNERAL SONG.

Call on Rama! call to Rama!
Oh, my brothers, call on Rama!
For this Dead
Whom we bring,
Call aloud to mighty Rama!

As we bear him, oh, my brothers,
Call together, very loudly,
That the Bhûts
May be scared;
That his spirit pass in comfort.

Turn his feet now, calling "Rama,"
Calling "Rama," who shall take him,
When the flames
Make an end:
Ram! Ram!—oh, call to Rama!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

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Hindoo Funeral Song.

Words by
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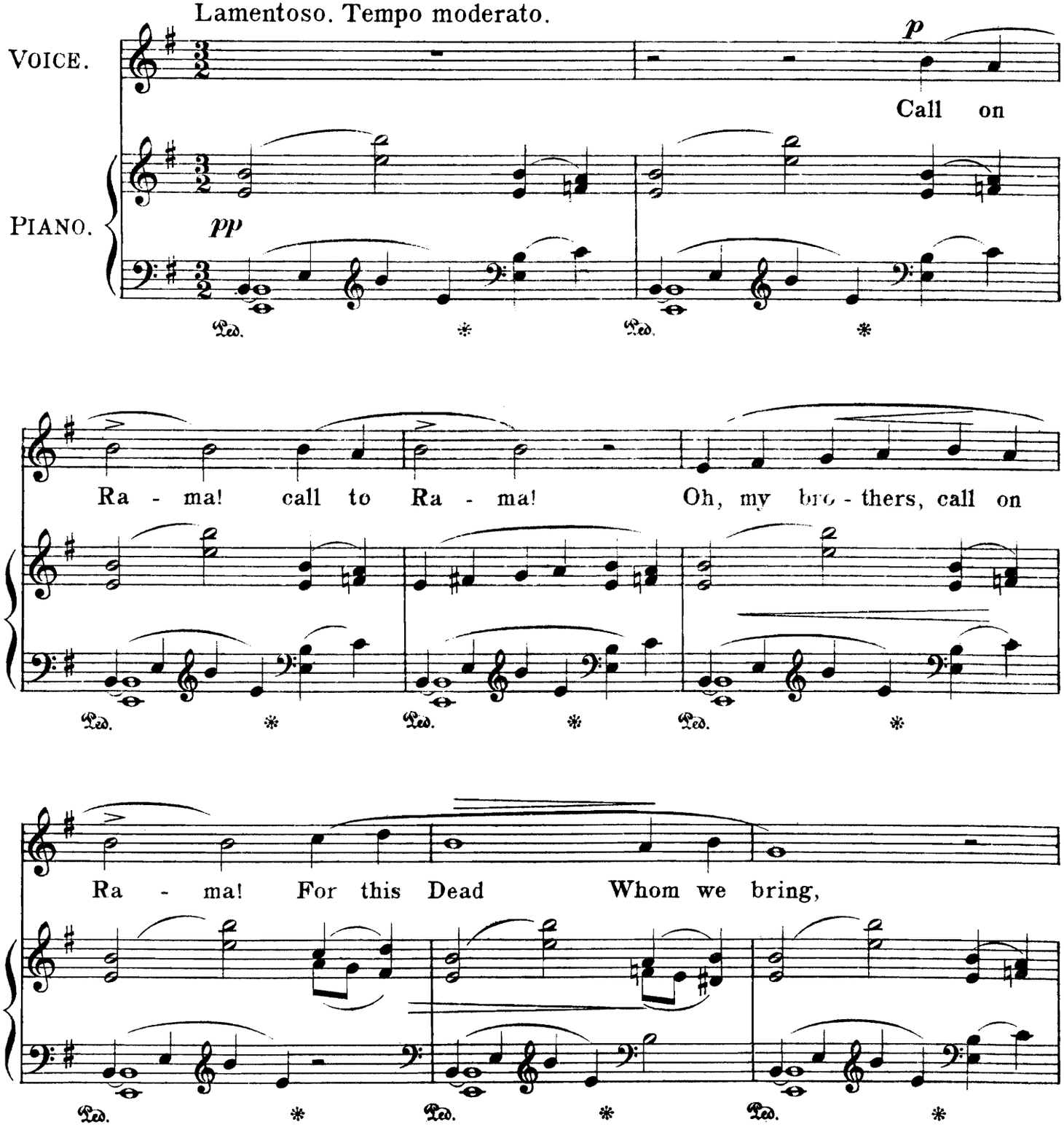

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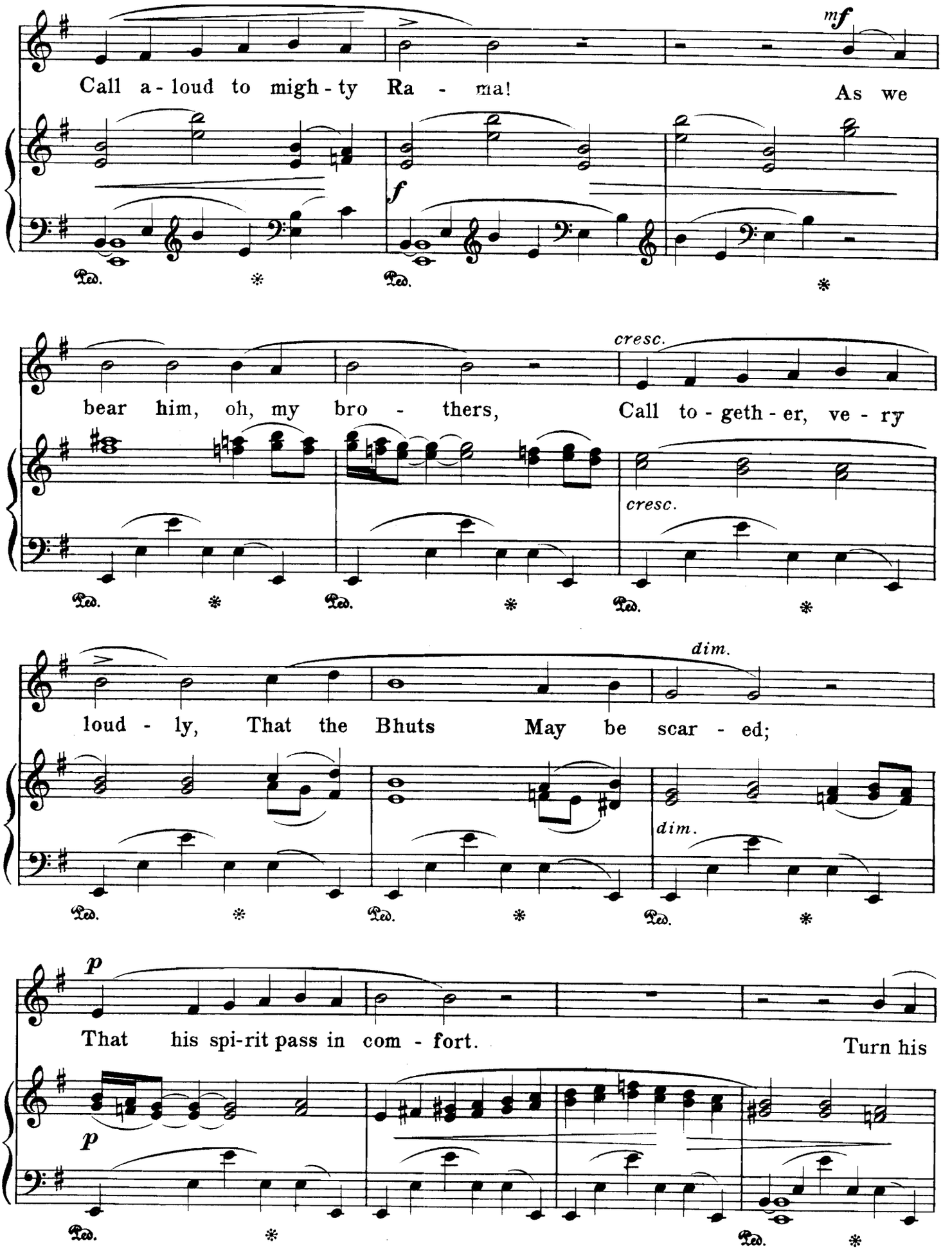
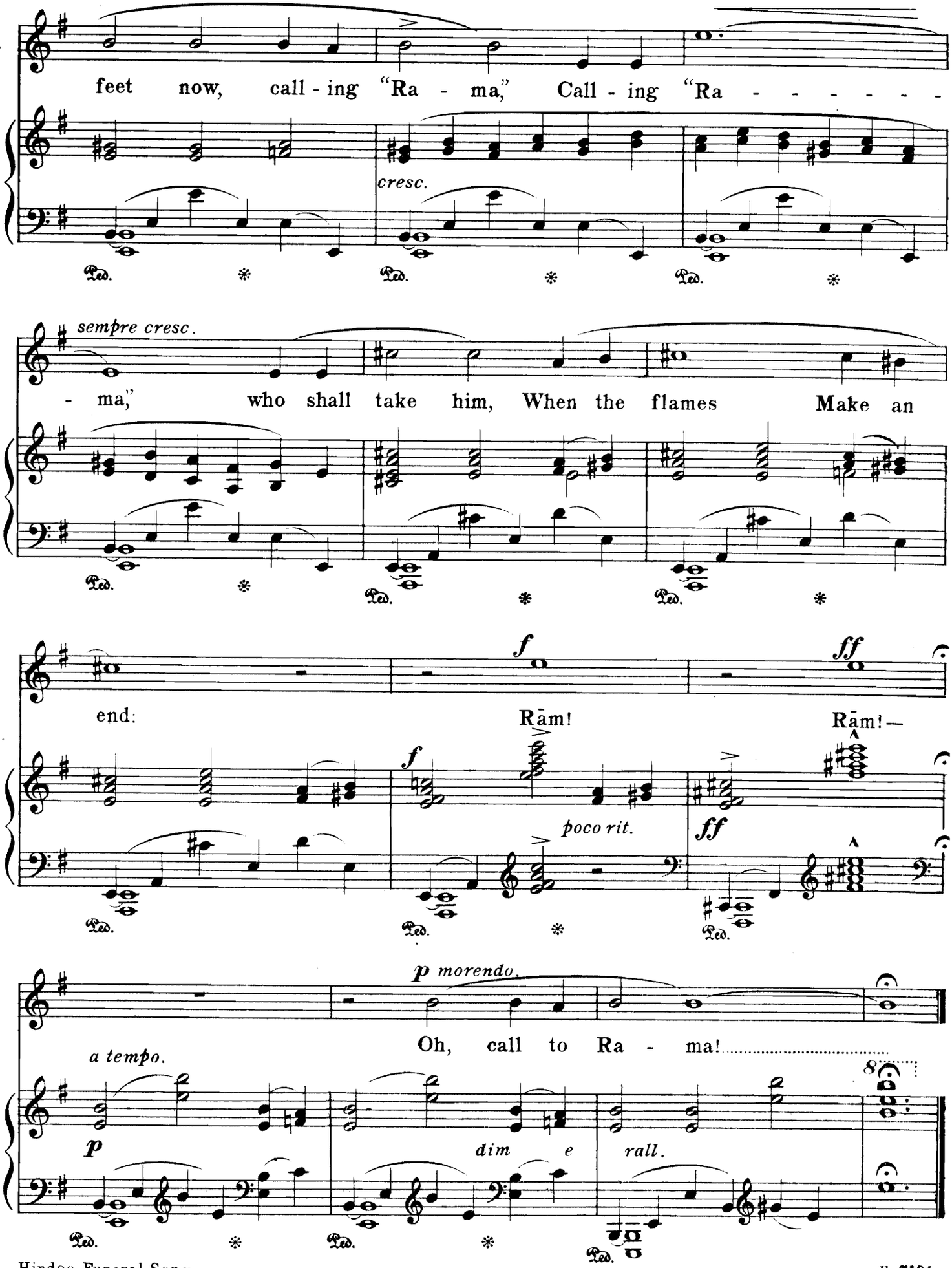

mf
Call a - loud to migh - ty Ra - ma! As we
f
Ped. * Ped. *
cresc.
bear him, oh, my bro - thers, Call to - geth - er, ve - ry
cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
dim.
loud - ly, That the Bhuts May be scar - ed;
dim.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
p
That his spi-rit pass in com - fort. Turn his
p
Ped. * Ped. *


feet now, call - ing "Ra - ma," Call - ing "Ra - - - - - - -
cresc.
sempre cresc.
- ma," who shall take him, When the flames Make an
end:
f
Rām!
ff
Rām!—
poco rit.
p morendo.
Oh, call to Ra - ma!
a tempo.
p
dim e rall.
8

SONG OF THE SERPENT CHARMERS.

Come forth, oh, Snake! come forth, oh, glittering Snake!
Oh shining, silent, deadly Nâg! appear,
Dance to the music that we make,
This serpent song, so sweet and clear,
Blown on the beaded gourd, so clear,
So soft and clear.

Oh, dread Lord Snake! come forth and spread thy hood,
And drink the milk and suck the eggs; and show
Thy tongue; and own the tune is good:
Hear, Maharaj! how hard we blow!
Ah, Maharaj! for thee we blow;
See how we blow!

. . . . . .

Ah, wise Lord Nâg! thou comest!—Fear thou not!
We make salaam to thee, the Serpent-King,
Draw forth thy folds, knot after knot;
Dance, Master! while we softly sing;
Dance, Serpent! while we play and sing,
We play and sing.

Dance, dreadful King! whose kisses strike men dead;
Dance this side, mighty Snake! the milk is here!
(They seize the Cobra by the neck.)
Ah, *shabash!* pin his angry head!
Thou fool! this nautch shall cost thee dear;
Wrench forth his fangs! this piping clear
It costs thee dear!

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Song of the Serpent Charmers.

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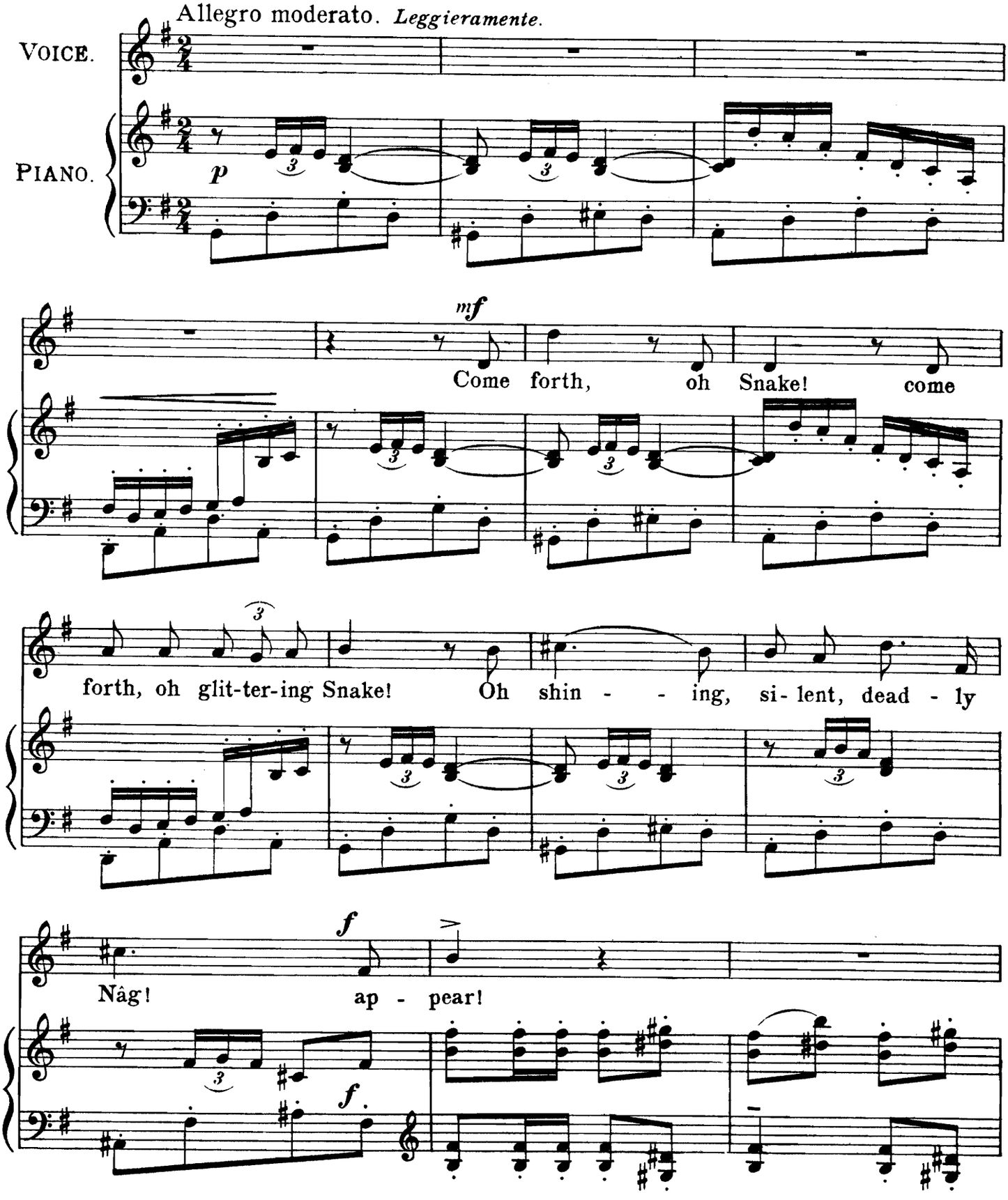
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Music by
PERCY ALGERNON WHITEHEAD.



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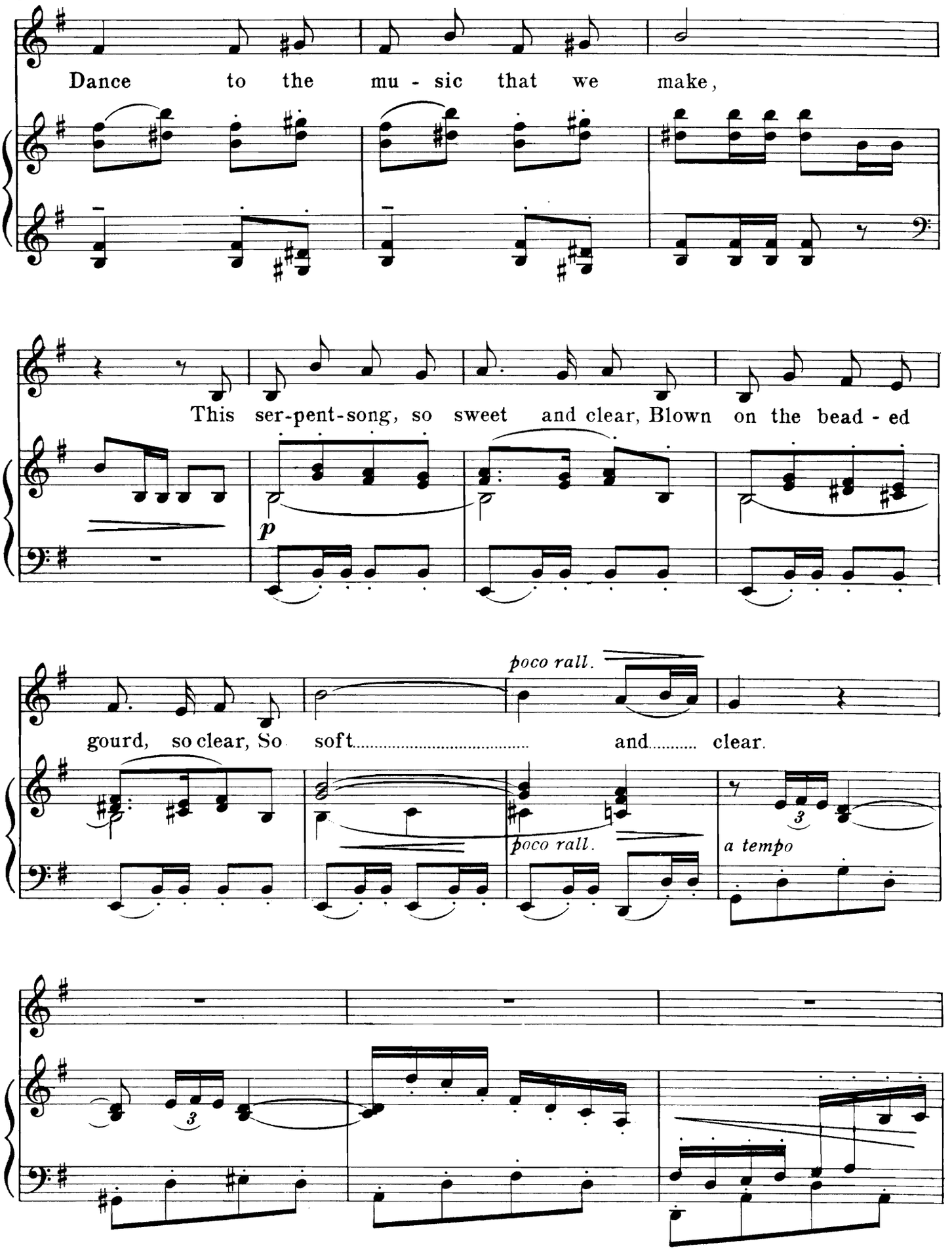
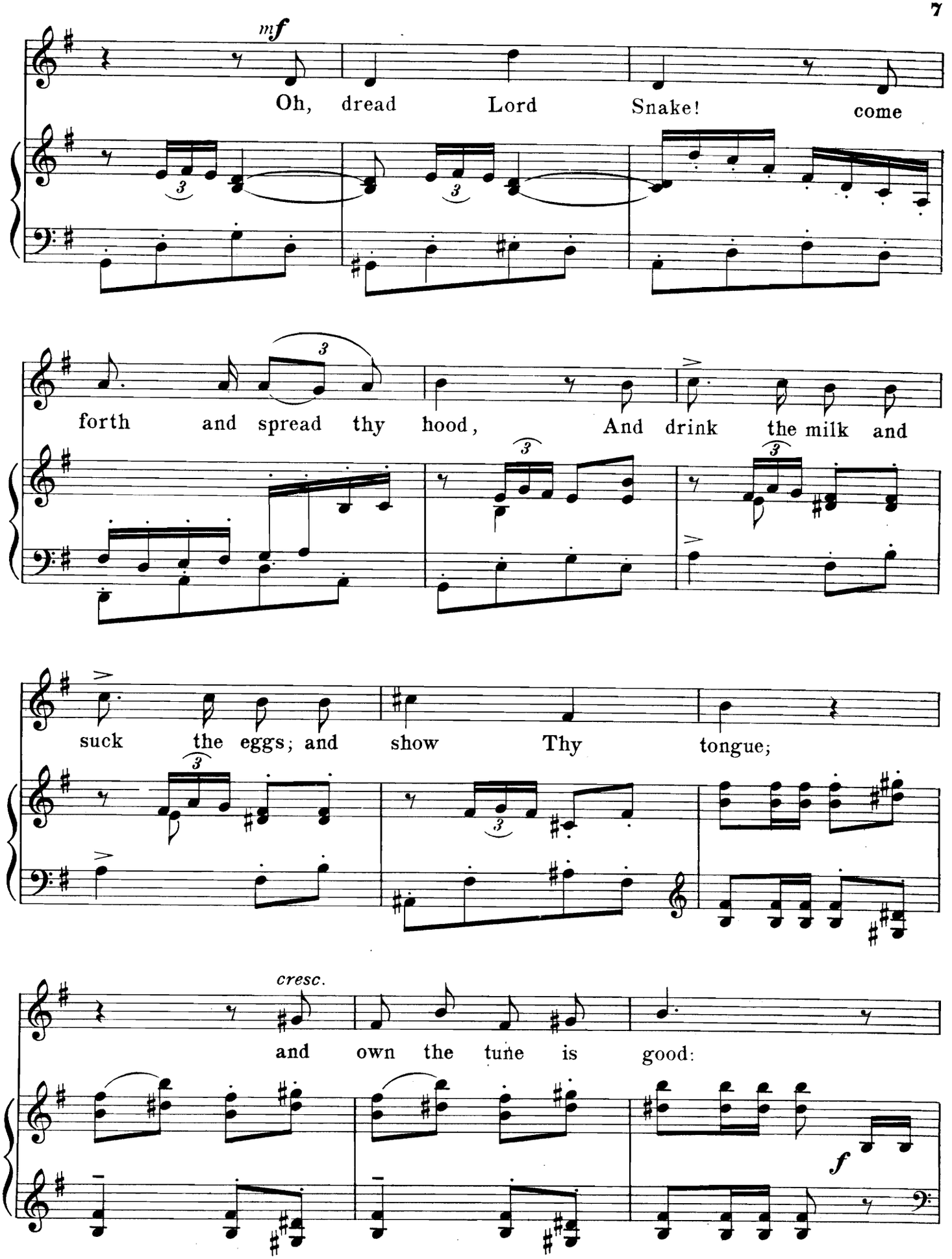
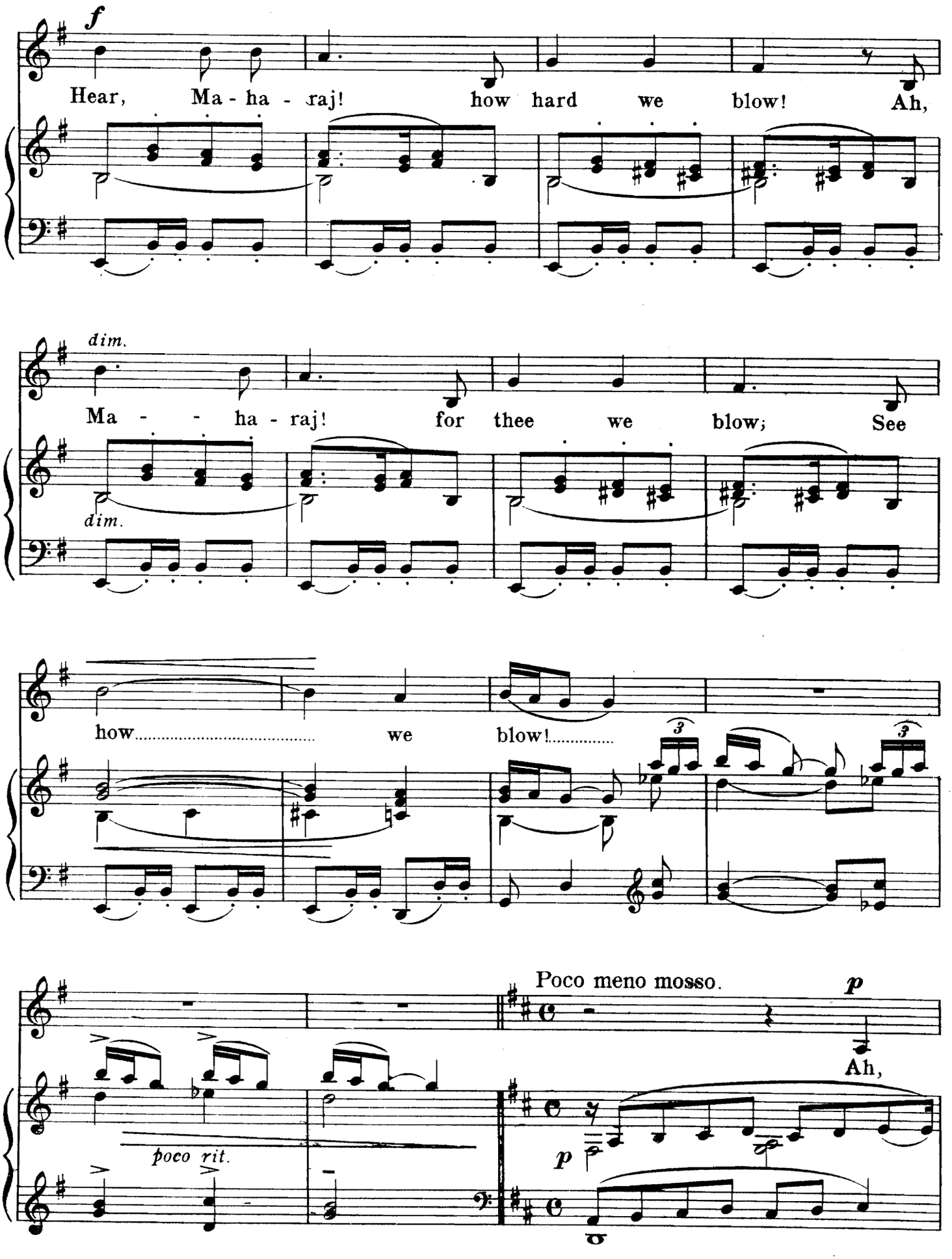
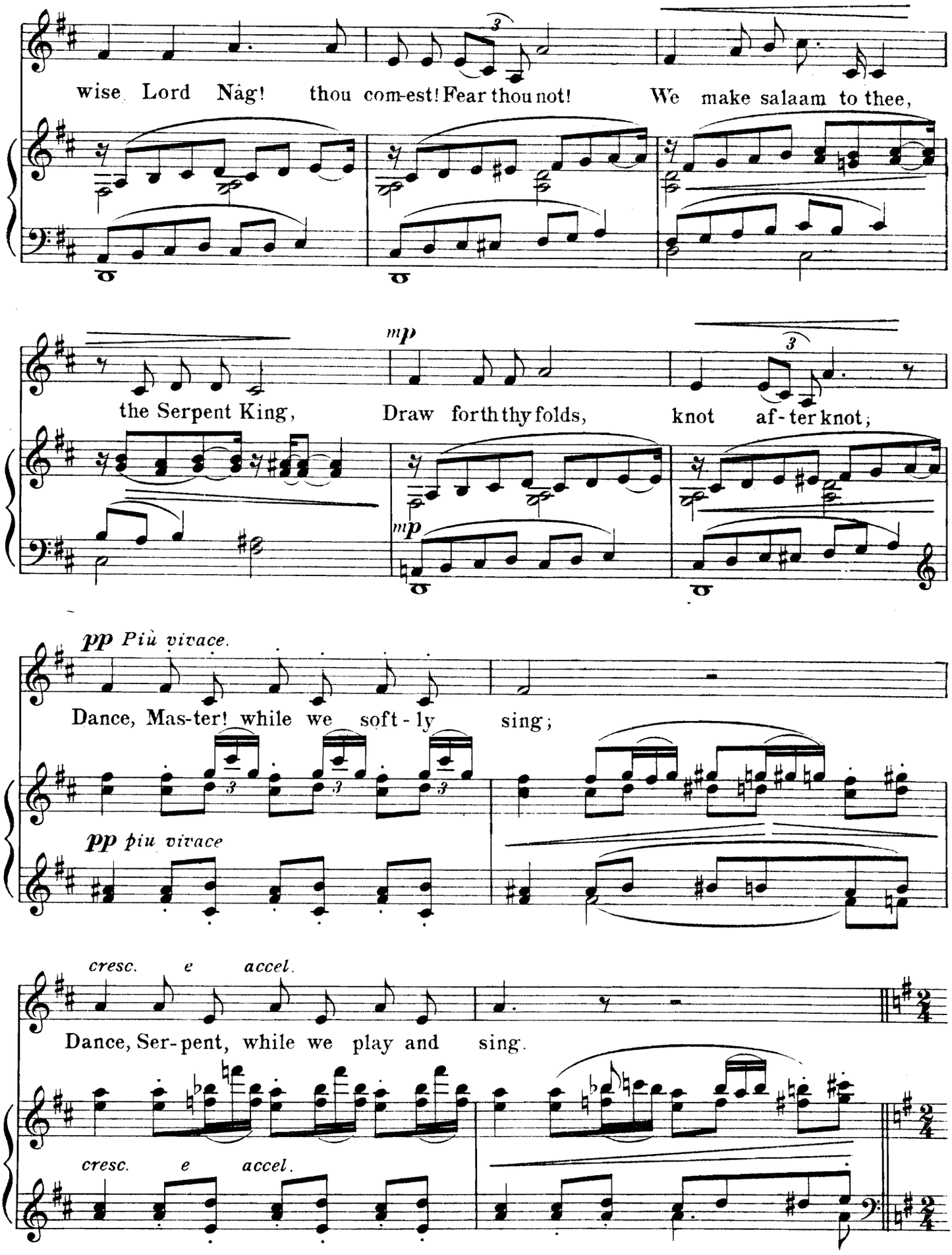
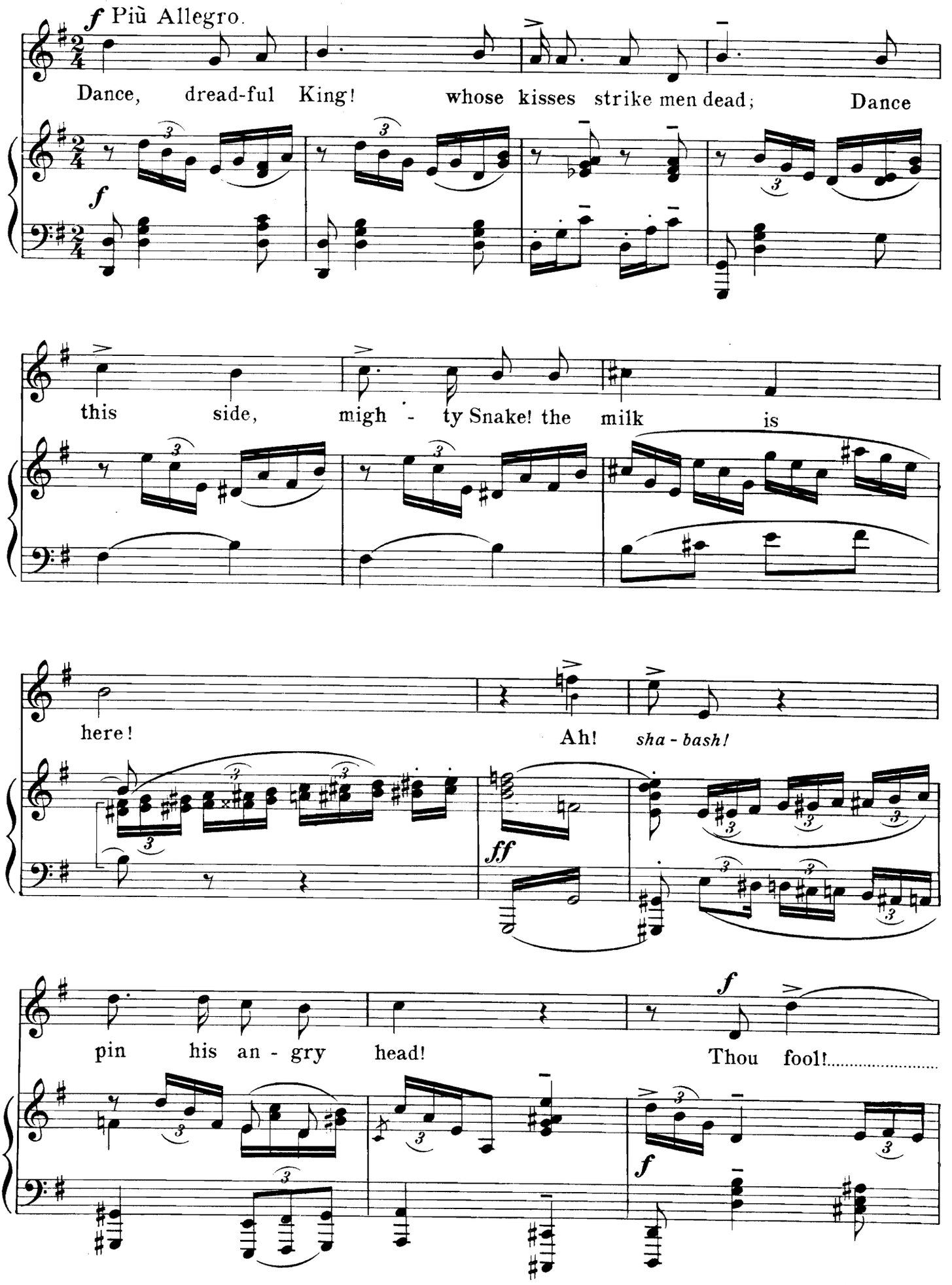
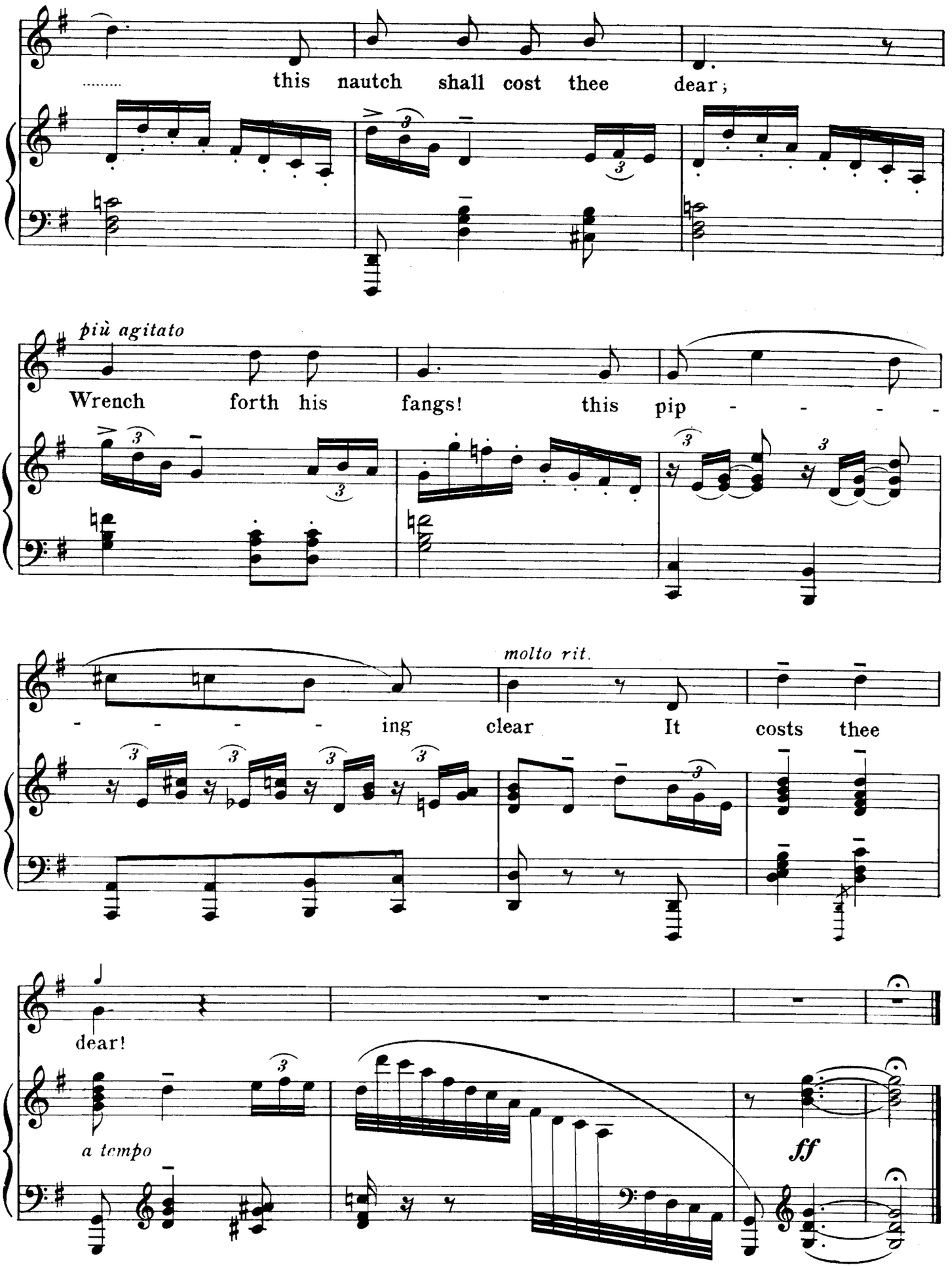

Dance to the mu - sic that we make,
This ser-pent-song, so sweet and clear, Blown on the bead - ed
p
gourd, so clear, So soft..... and..... clear.
poco rall.
poco rall.
a tempo
3
3


mf
Oh, dread Lord Snake! come
forth and spread thy hood, And drink the milk and
suck the eggs; and show Thy tongue;
cresc.
and own the tune is good:
f


f
Hear, Ma - ha - raj! how hard we blow! Ah,
dim.
Ma - - ha - raj! for thee we blow; See
dim.
how..... we blow!.....
Poco meno mosso.
p
Ah,
poco rit.
p


wise Lord Nág! thou com-est! Fear thou not! We make salaam to thee,
mp
the Serpent King, Draw forth thy folds, knot af-ter knot;
pp Più vivace.
Dance, Mas-ter! while we soft-ly sing;
pp più vivace
cresc. e accel.
Dance, Ser-pent, while we play and sing.
cresc. e accel.


f Più Allegro.
Dance, dread-ful King! whose kisses strike men dead; Dance
f
this side, migh - ty Snake! the milk is
here!
Ah! sha - bash!
ff
pin his an - gry head!
Thou fool!.....
f
f


..... this nautch shall cost thee dear;
più agitato
Wrench forth his fangs! this pip - - - -
molto rit.
- - - - ing clear It costs thee
dear!
a tempo
ff

SONG OF THE FLOUR-MILL

Turn the merry mill-stone, Gunga!
Pour the golden grain in;
Those that twist the Churrak fastest
The cakes soonest win:
Good stones, turn!
The fire begins to burn;
Gunga, stay not!
The hearth is nearly hot.
Grind the hard gold to silver,
Sing quick to the stone;
Feed its mouth with dal and bajri,
It will feed us anon.

Sing, Gunga! to the mill-stone,
It helps the wheel hum;
Blithesome hearts and willing elbows
Make the fine meal come:
Handsful three
For Gopal, you, and me;
Now it falls white,
Good stones, bite!
Drive it round and round, my Gunga!
Sing soft to the stone;
Better corn and churrak-working
Than idleness and none.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

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Song of the Flour Mill.

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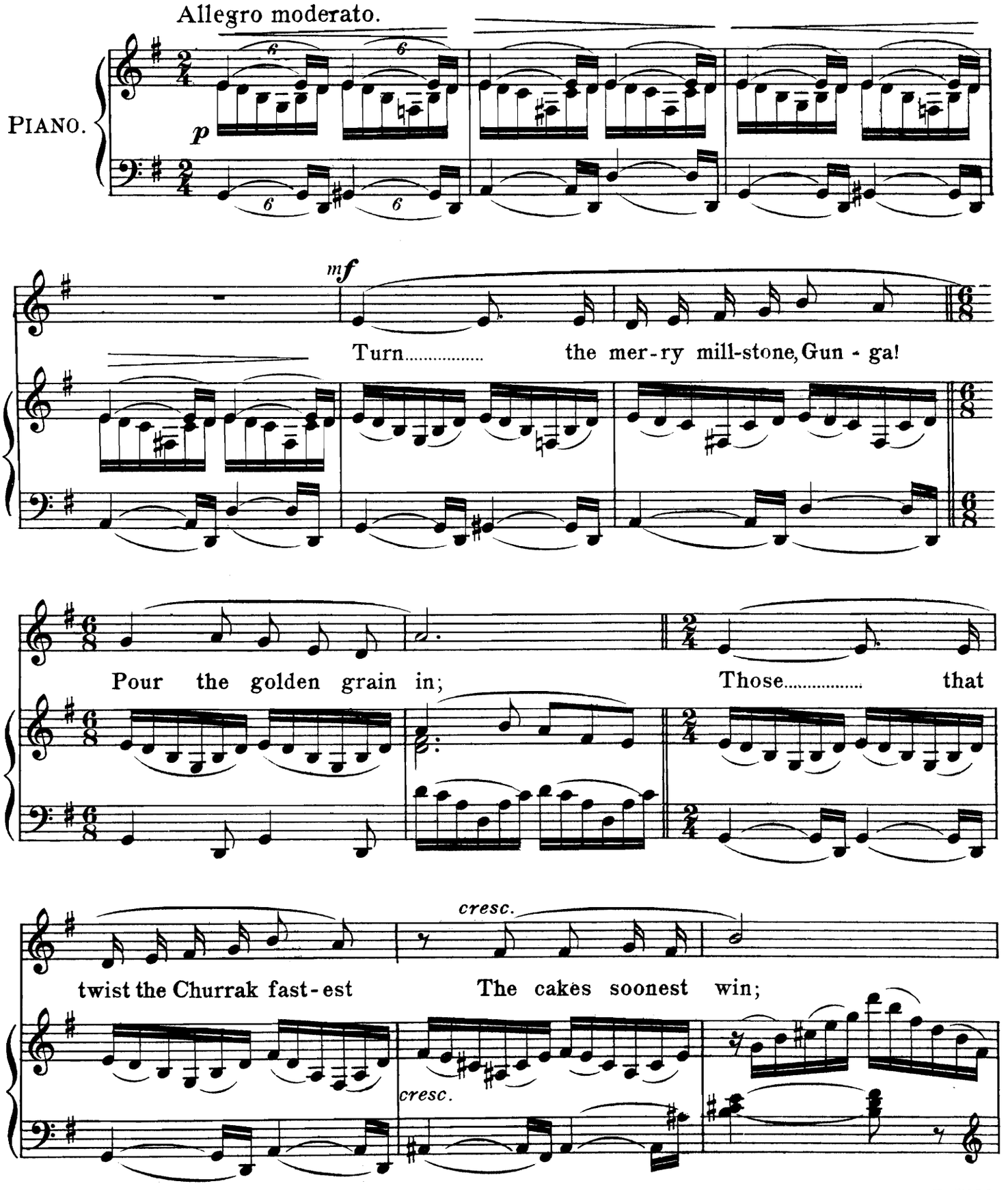

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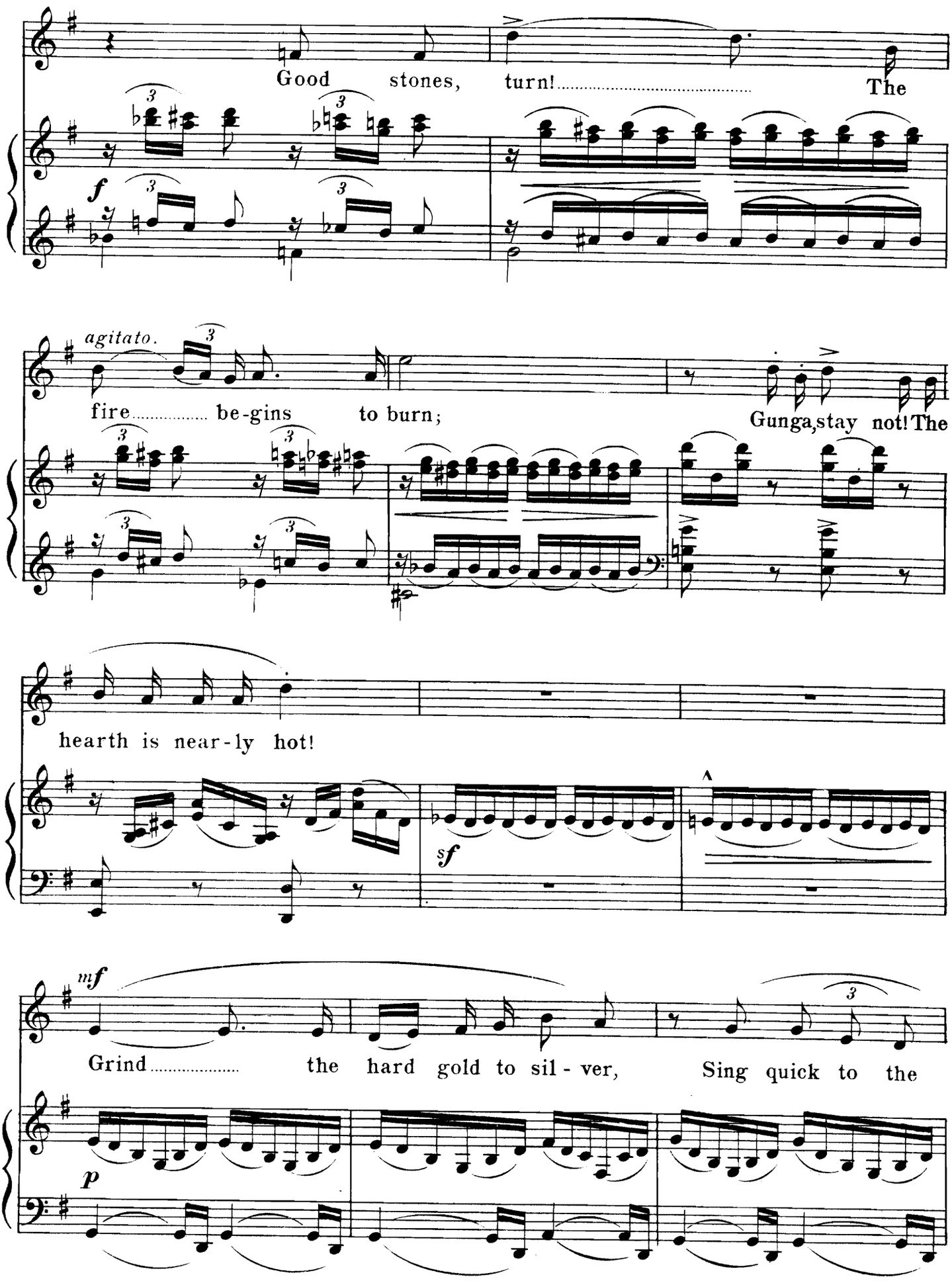
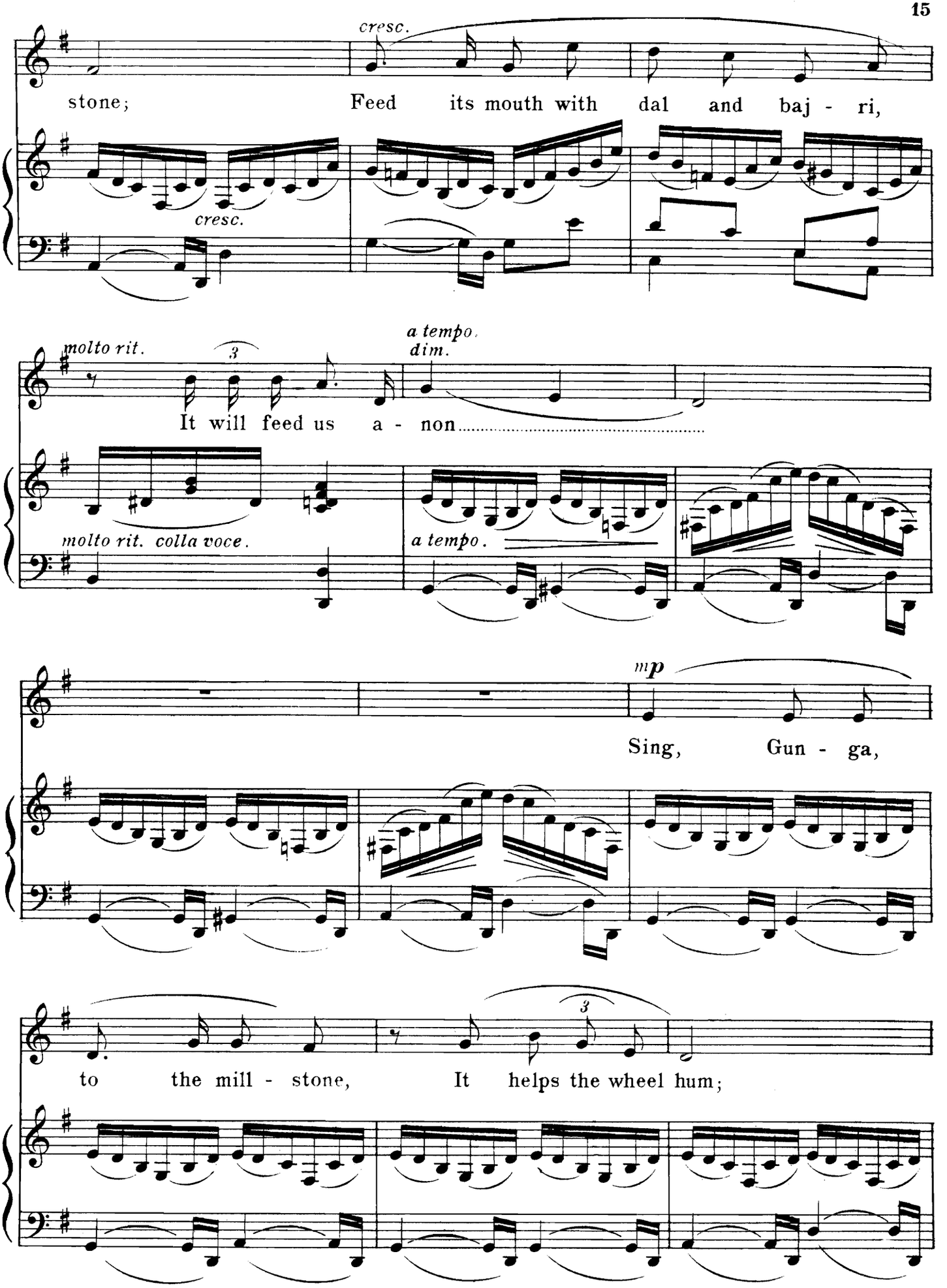
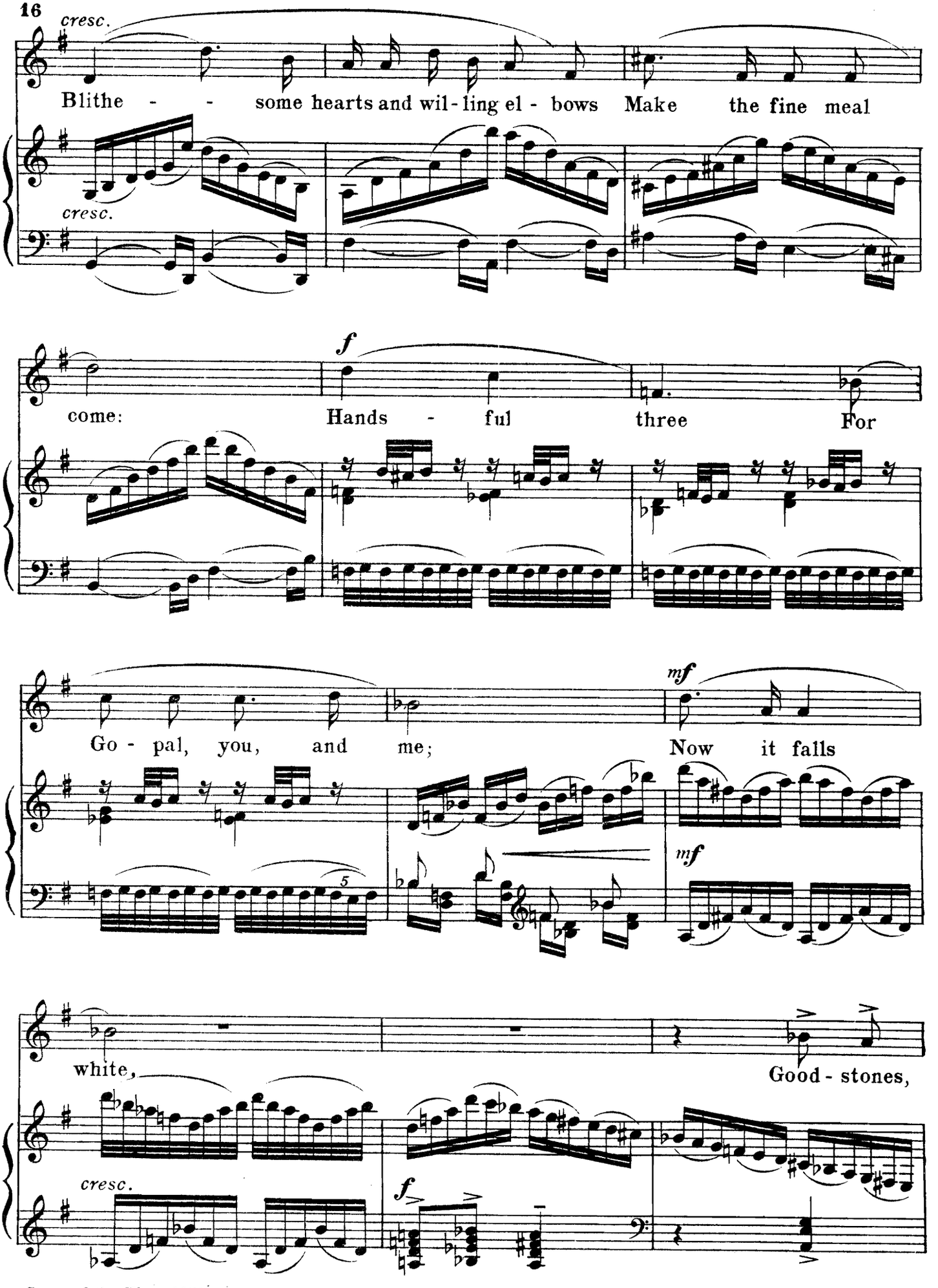
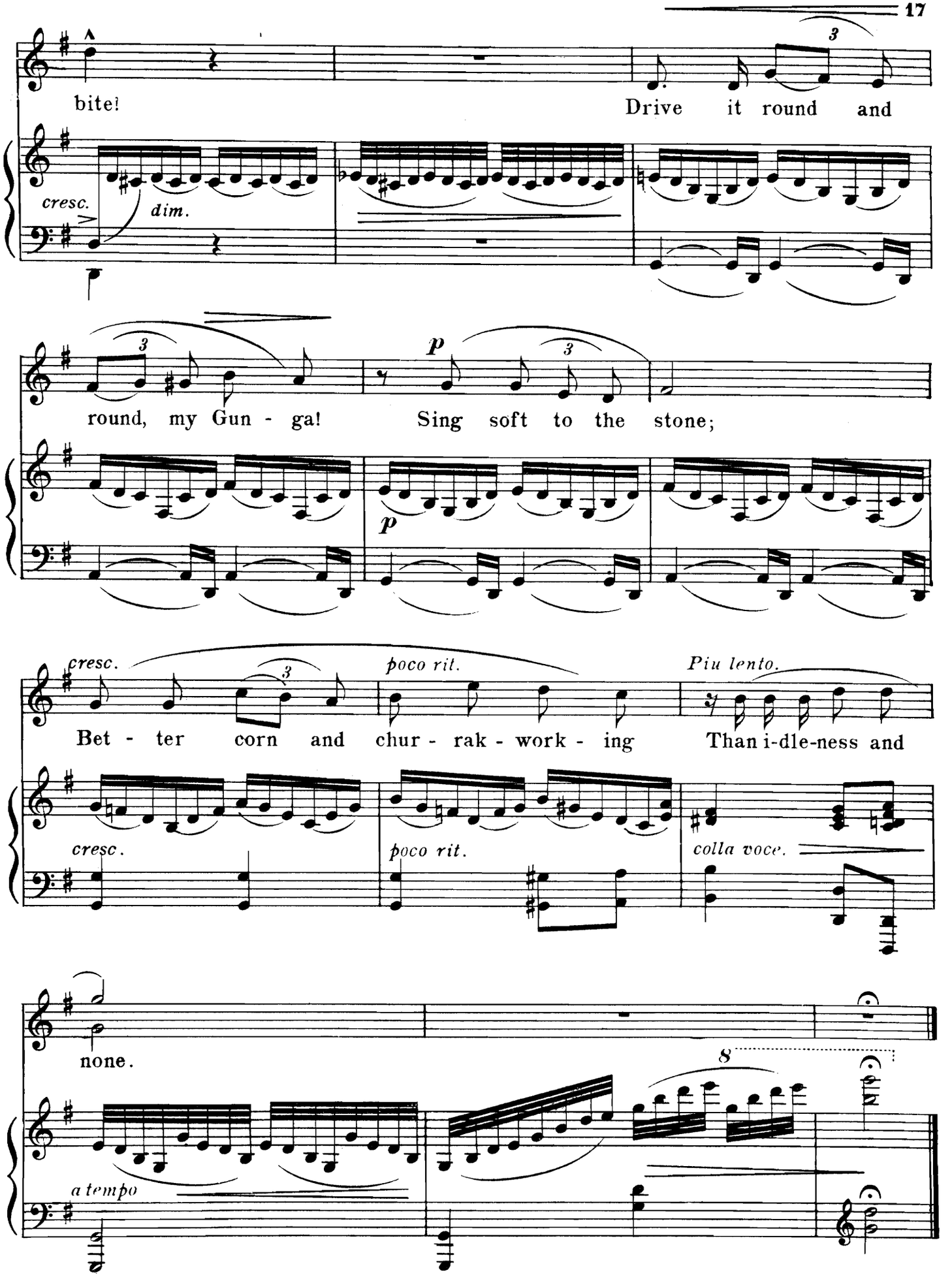

Good stones, turn! The
f
agitato.
fire be-gins to burn;
Gunga, stay not! The
hearth is near-ly hot!
sf
mf
Grind the hard gold to sil-ver, Sing quick to the
p


cresc.
stone; Feed its mouth with dal and baj - ri,
cresc.
molto rit.
3
a tempo.
dim.
It will feed us a - non.....
molto rit. colla voce.
a tempo.
mp
Sing, Gun - ga,
3
to the mill - stone, It helps the wheel hum;


cresc.
Blithe - - some hearts and wil - ling el - bows Make the fine meal
cresc.
f
come: Hands - ful three For
Go - pal, you, and me; Now it falls
mf
mf
white, Good - stones,
cresc.
f


bite!
Drive it round and
cresc.
dim.
round, my Gun - ga!
Sing soft to the stone;
p
p
cresc.
poco rit.
Piu lento.
Bet - ter corn and chur - rak - work - ing
Than i-dle-ness and
cresc.
poco rit.
colla voce.
none.
8
a tempo

337406