№ 1 FOR CONTRALTO & BARITONE

№ 2 FOR SOPRANO & TENOR

NEW EDITION

FOUR

Indian Love Lyrics

FROM

"The Garden of Kama."*

BY

LAURENCE HOPE.

Set to Music

BY

AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.

(*KAMA, THE INDIAN EROS)

№ 1. The Temple Bells.
„ II. Less than the dust.
„ III. Kashmiri Song.
„ IV. Till I wake.

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PRICE $1.25 NET.

BOOSEY & Co.
NEW YORK - TORONTO - LONDON (ENG.)
9 EAST 17TH ST. RYRIE BLDG., YONGE ST. 295 REGENT ST., W.

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The Temple Bells.

The Temple bells are ringing,
The young green corn is springing,
And the marriage month is drawing very near;
I lie hidden in the grass,
And I count the moments pass,
For the month of marriages is drawing near.

She is young and very sweet,
From the silver on her feet
To the silver and the flowers in her hair
And her beauty makes me swoon,
As the Moghra* trees at noon
Intoxicate the hot and quivering air.

Ah! I would the hours were fleet
As her silver-circled feet,
I am weary of the daytime and the night;
I am weary unto death,
O my rose with jasmin breath,
With this longing for your beauty and your light.

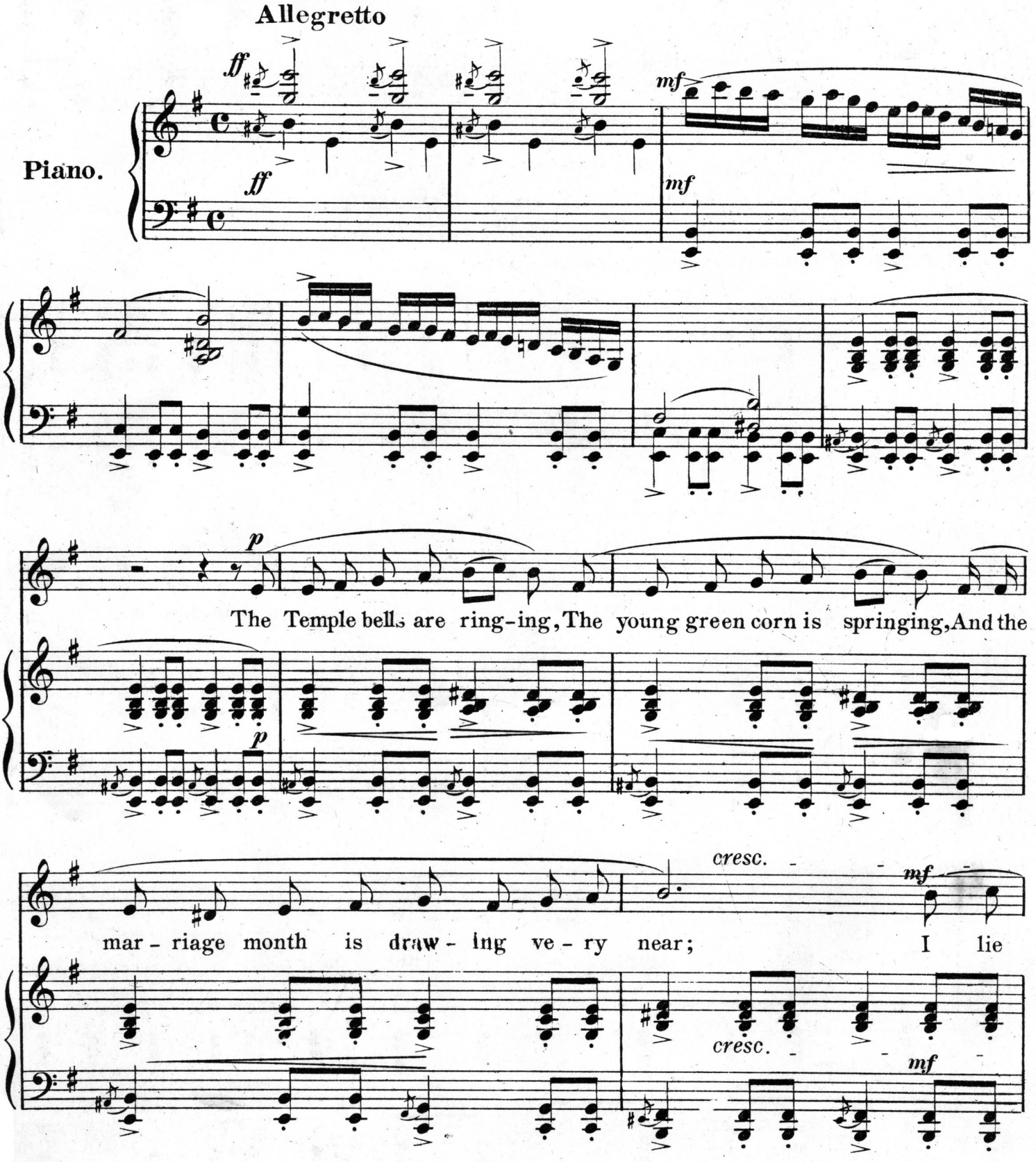
LAURENCE HOPE.

* A strong-scented flowering tree.

THE TEMPLE BELLS.

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN



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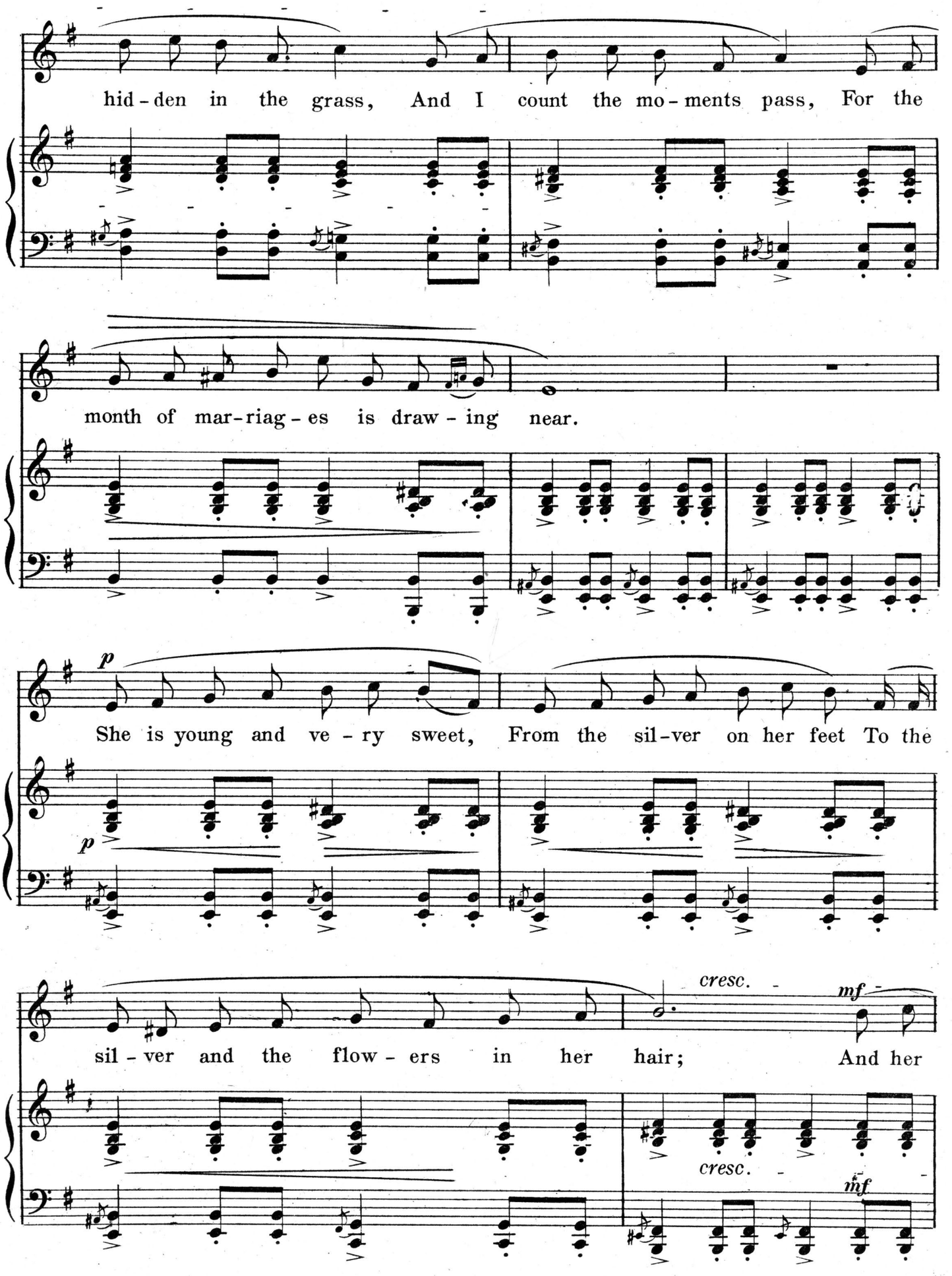
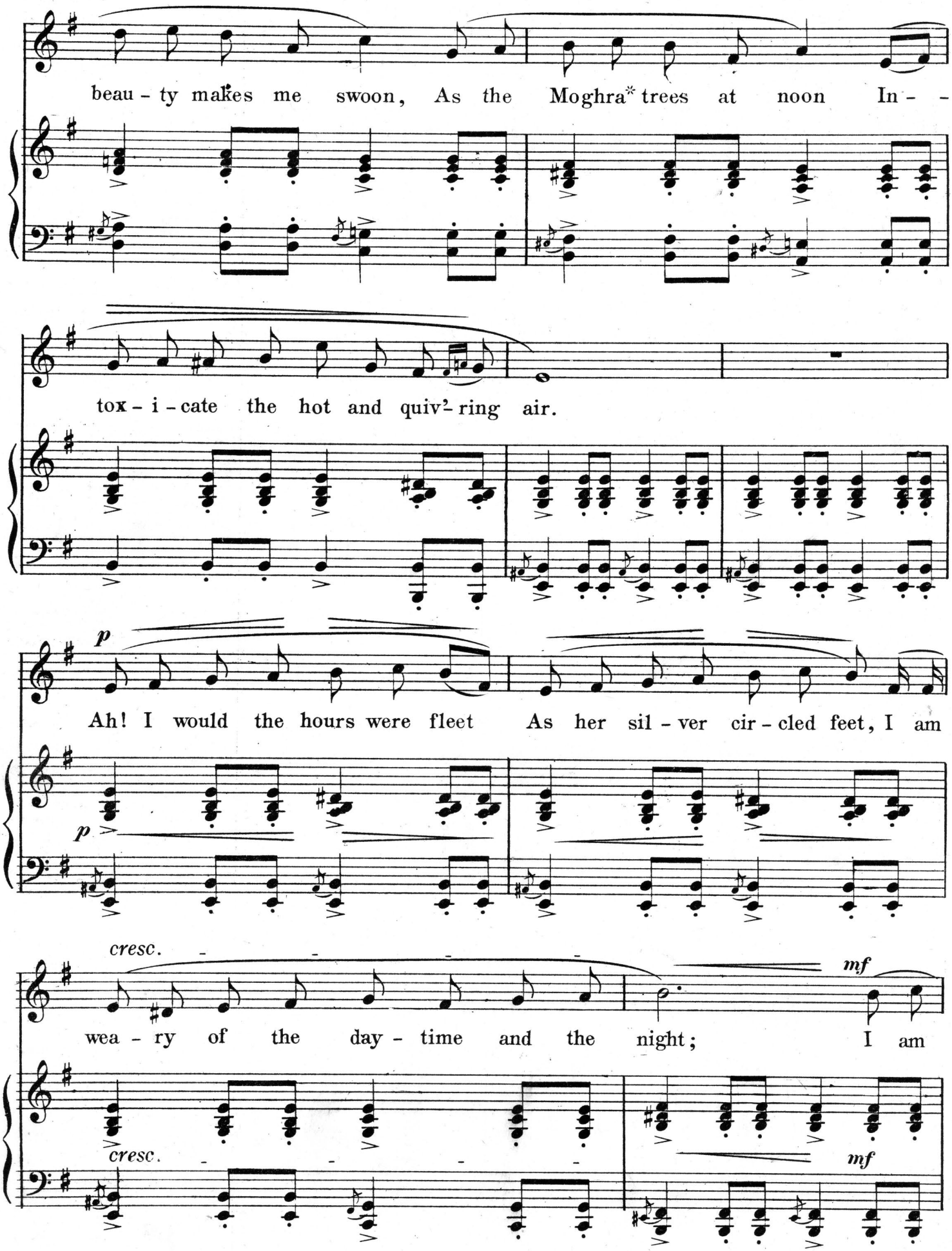
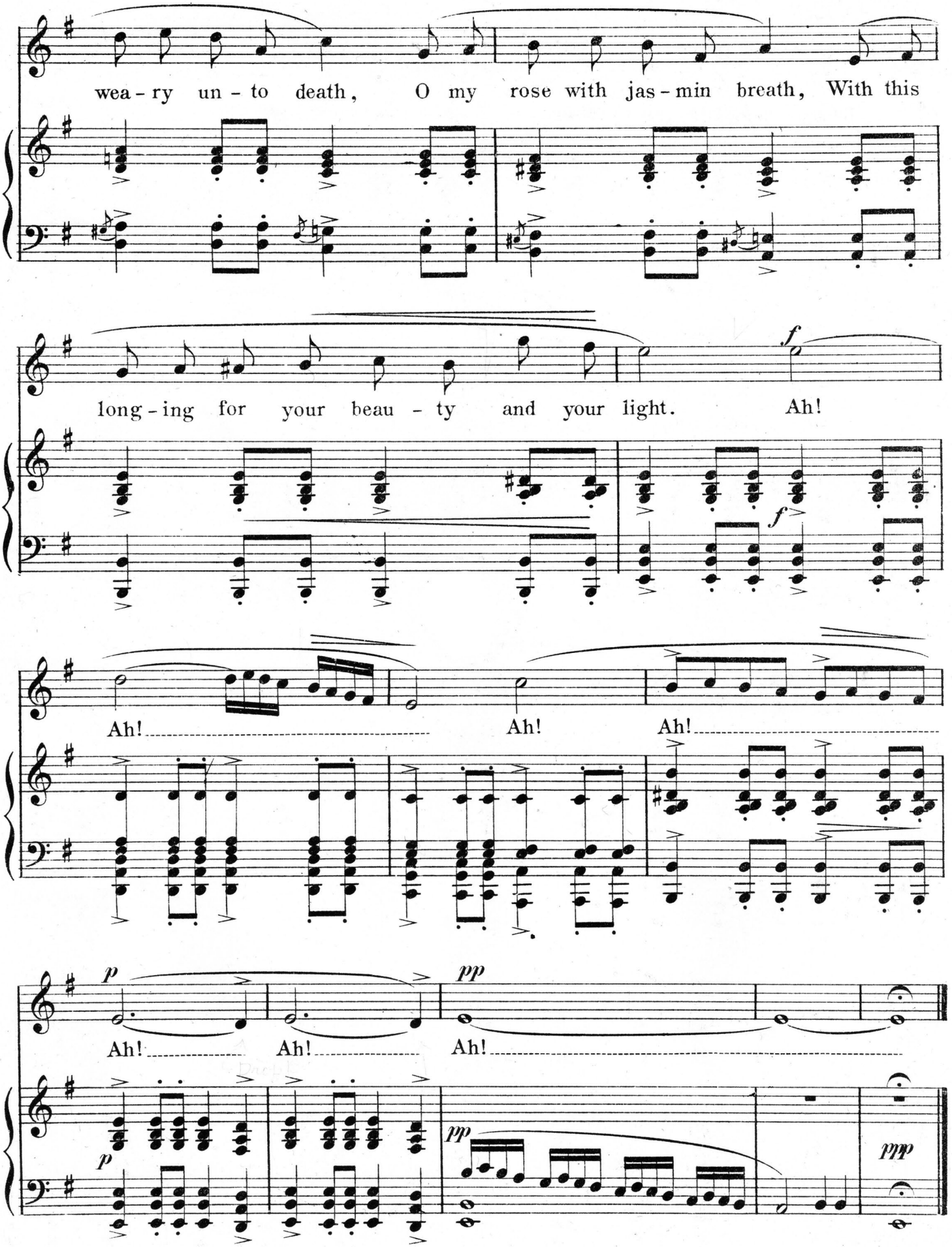

hid - den in the grass, And I count the mo - ments pass, For the
month of mar - riag - es is draw - ing near.
p
She is young and ve - ry sweet, From the sil - ver on her feet To the
p
cresc.
mf
sil - ver and the flow - ers in her hair; And her
cresc.
mf



* A strong-scented flowering tree.


wea - ry un - to death, O my rose with jas - min breath, With this
long - ing for your beau - ty and your light. Ah!
Ah! Ah! Ah!
Ah! Ah! Ah!

Less Than The Dust.

Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheel,
Less than the rust that never stained thy sword,
Less than the trust thou hast in me, my Lord,
Even less than these!

Less than the weed that grows beside thy door,
Less than the speed of hours spent far from thee,
Less than the need thou hast in life for me,
Even less am I.

Since I, my Lord, am nothing unto thee,
See here thy sword, I make it keen and bright,
Love's last reward — Death comes to me to-night,
Farewell, Zahirudin.*

LAURENCE HOPE.

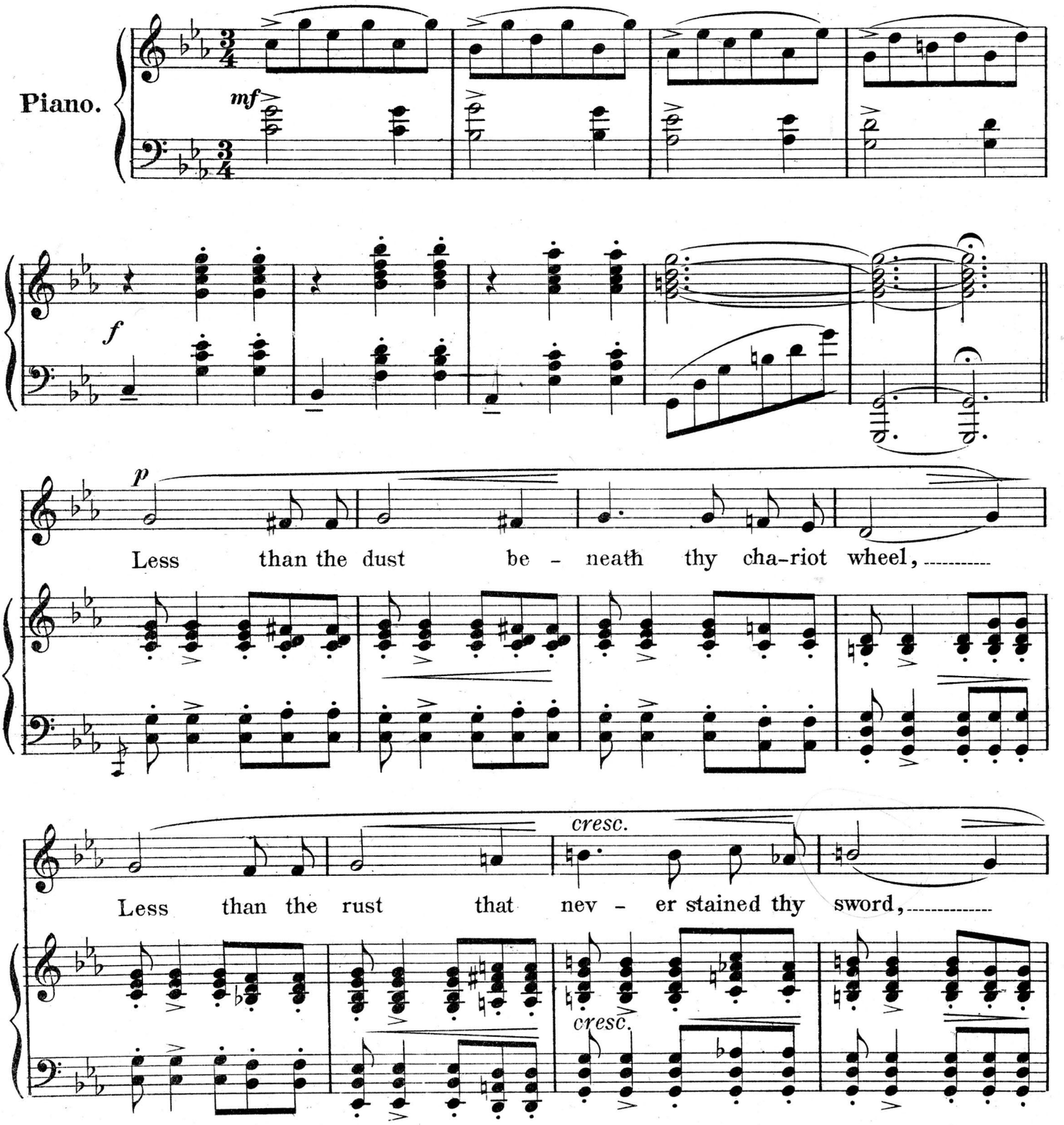
*A Mohammedan's name, meaning "Faith."

LESS THAN THE DUST.

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.

Allegro agitato



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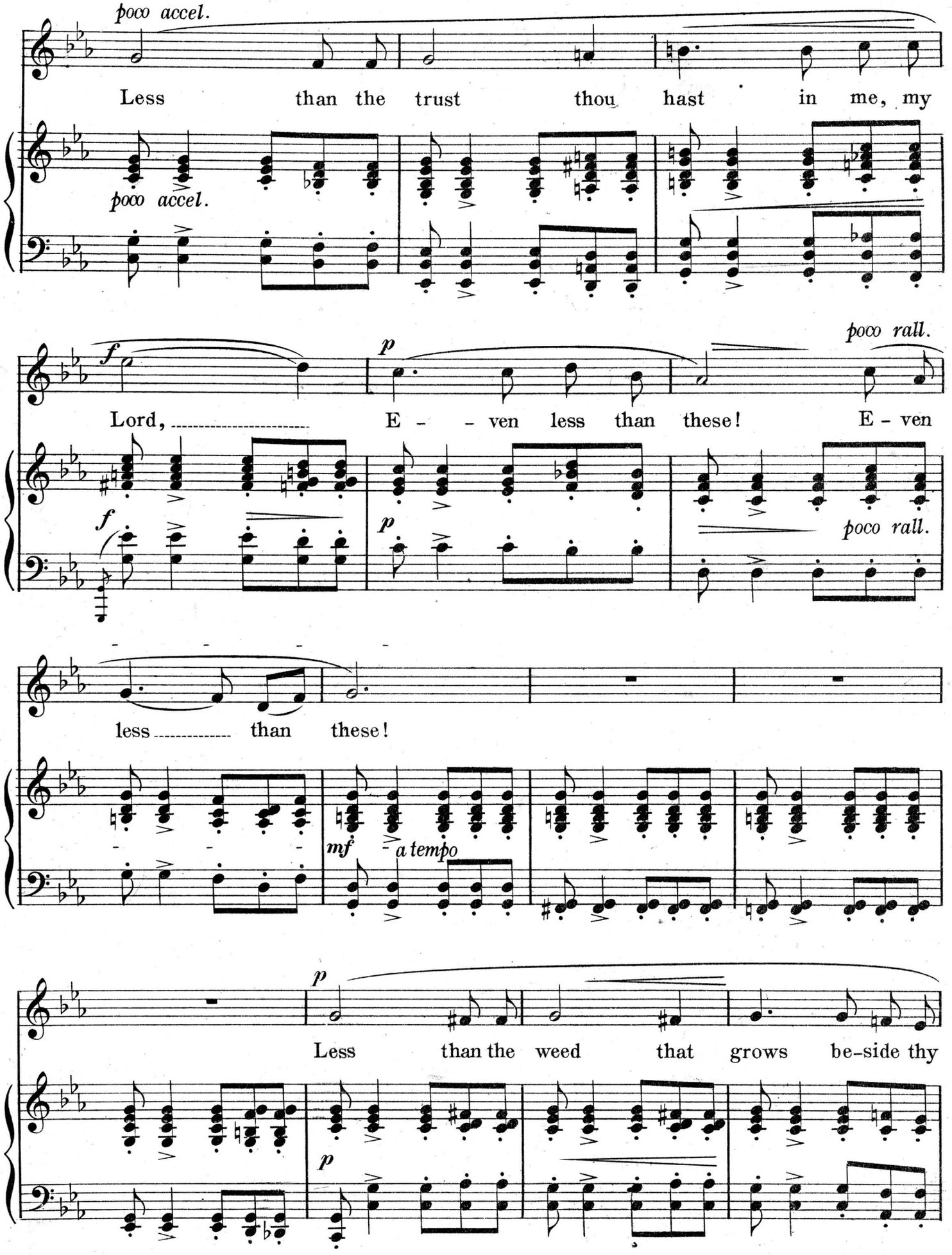
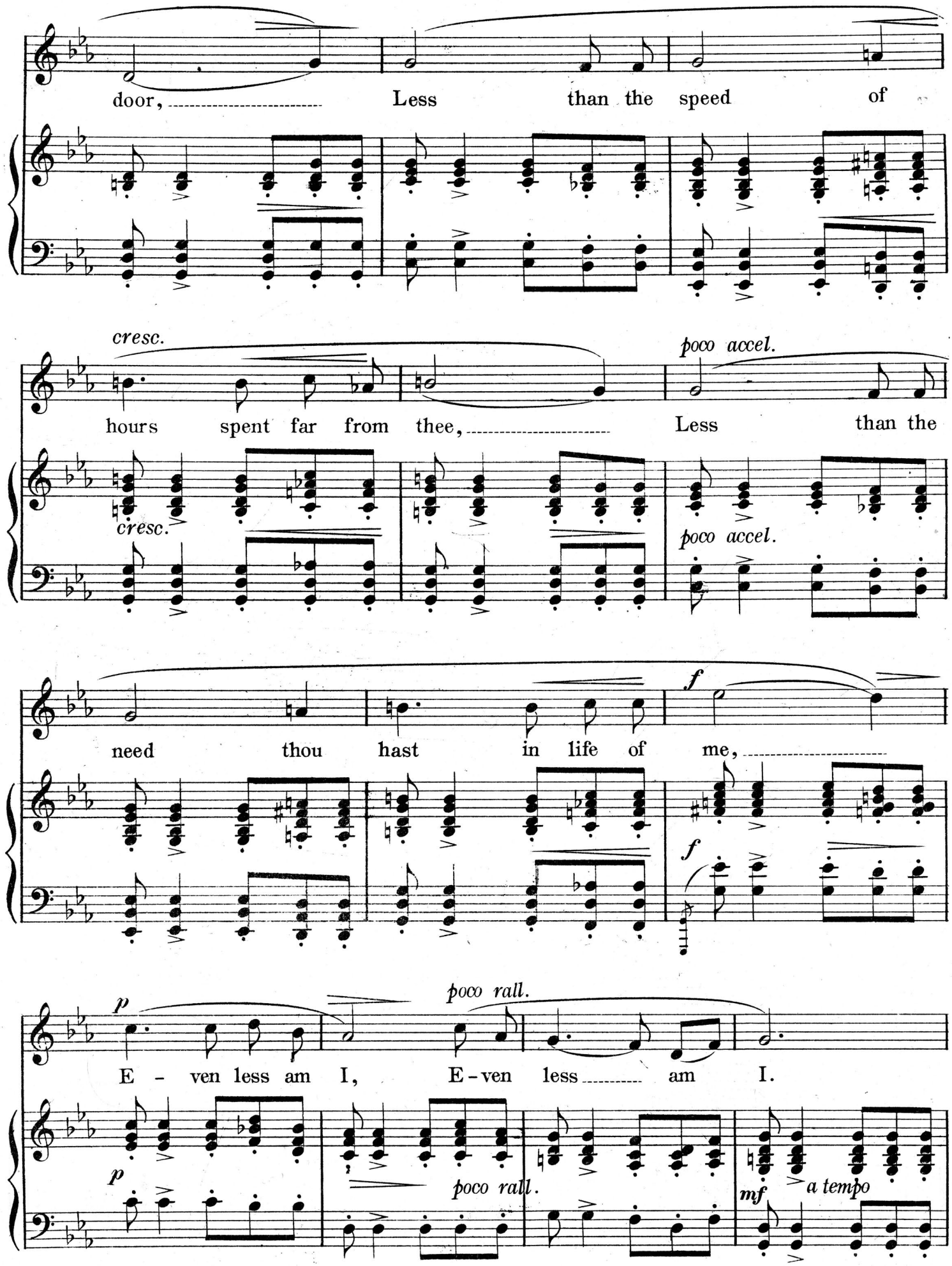
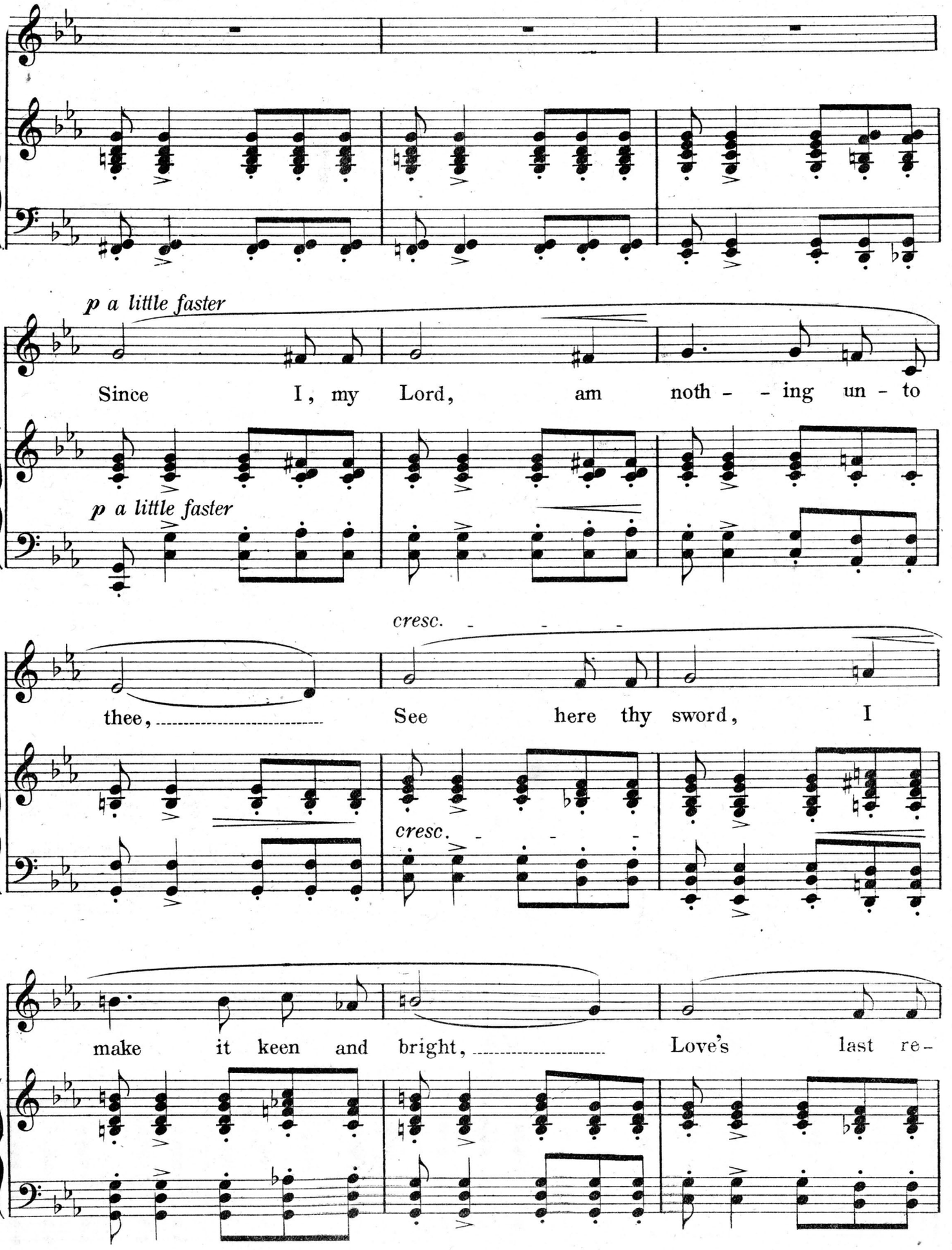
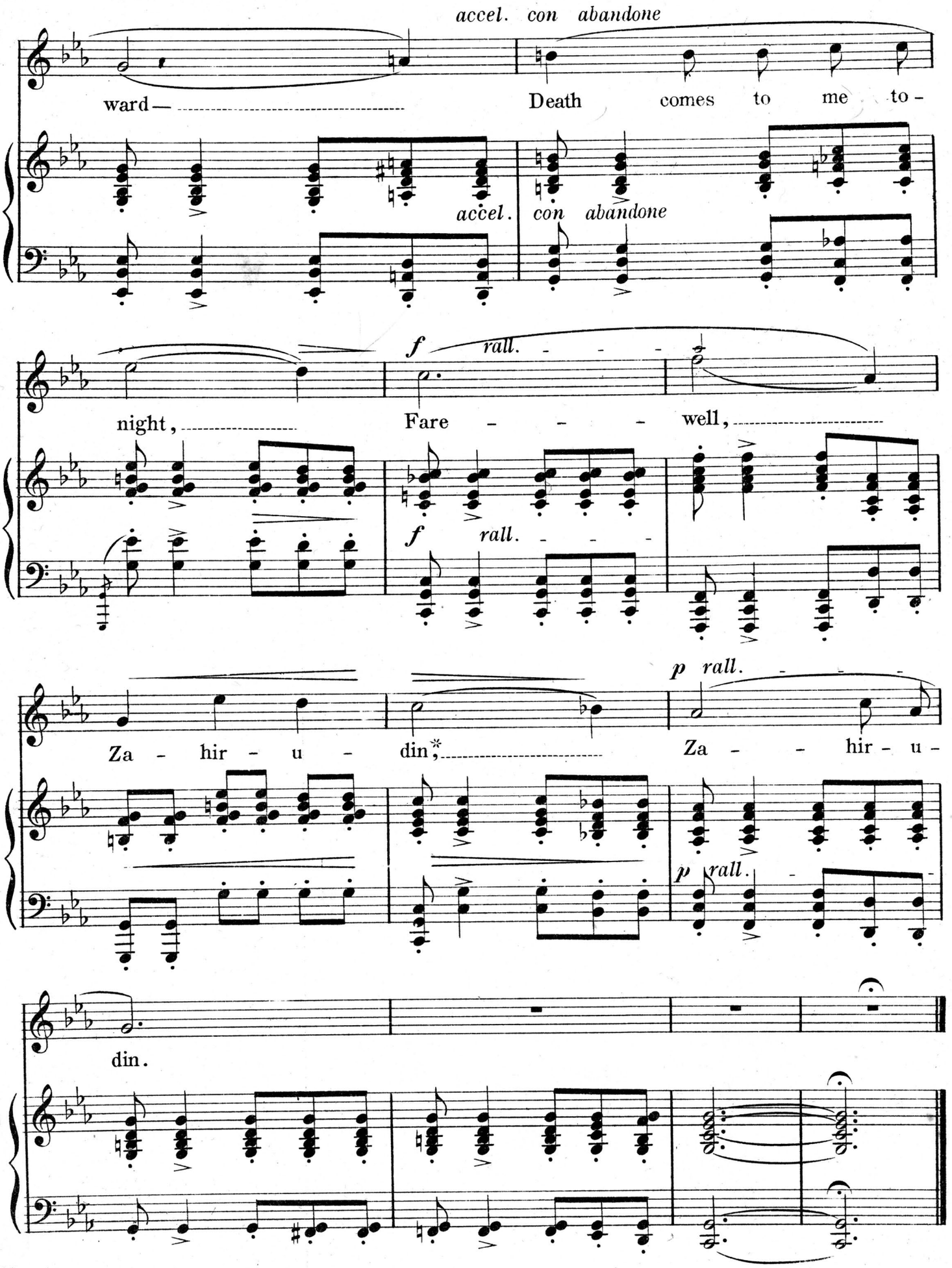

poco accel.
Less than the trust thou hast in me, my
poco accel.
f
p
poco rall.
Lord, E - - ven less than these! E - ven
f
p
poco rall.
less than these!
mf
a tempo
p
Less than the weed that grows be-side thy
p


door, Less than the speed of
cresc.
poco accel.
hours spent far from thee, Less than the
cresc.
poco accel.
need thou hast in life of me,
f
f
p
poco rall.
E - ven less am I, E - ven less am I.
p
poco rall.
mf
a tempo


p a little faster
Since I, my Lord, am noth - - ing un - to
p a little faster
cresc.
thee, See here thy sword, I
cresc.
make it keen and bright, Love's last re-



*A Mohammedan name, meaning "Faith."

Kashmiri Song.

Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,*
Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?
Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway, far
Before you agonise them in farewell?
Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now? Where are you now?

Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds that float
On those cool waters where we used to dwell,
I would have rather felt you round my throat
Crushing out life, than waving me farewell!
Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now? Where lies your spell?

LAURENCE HOPE.

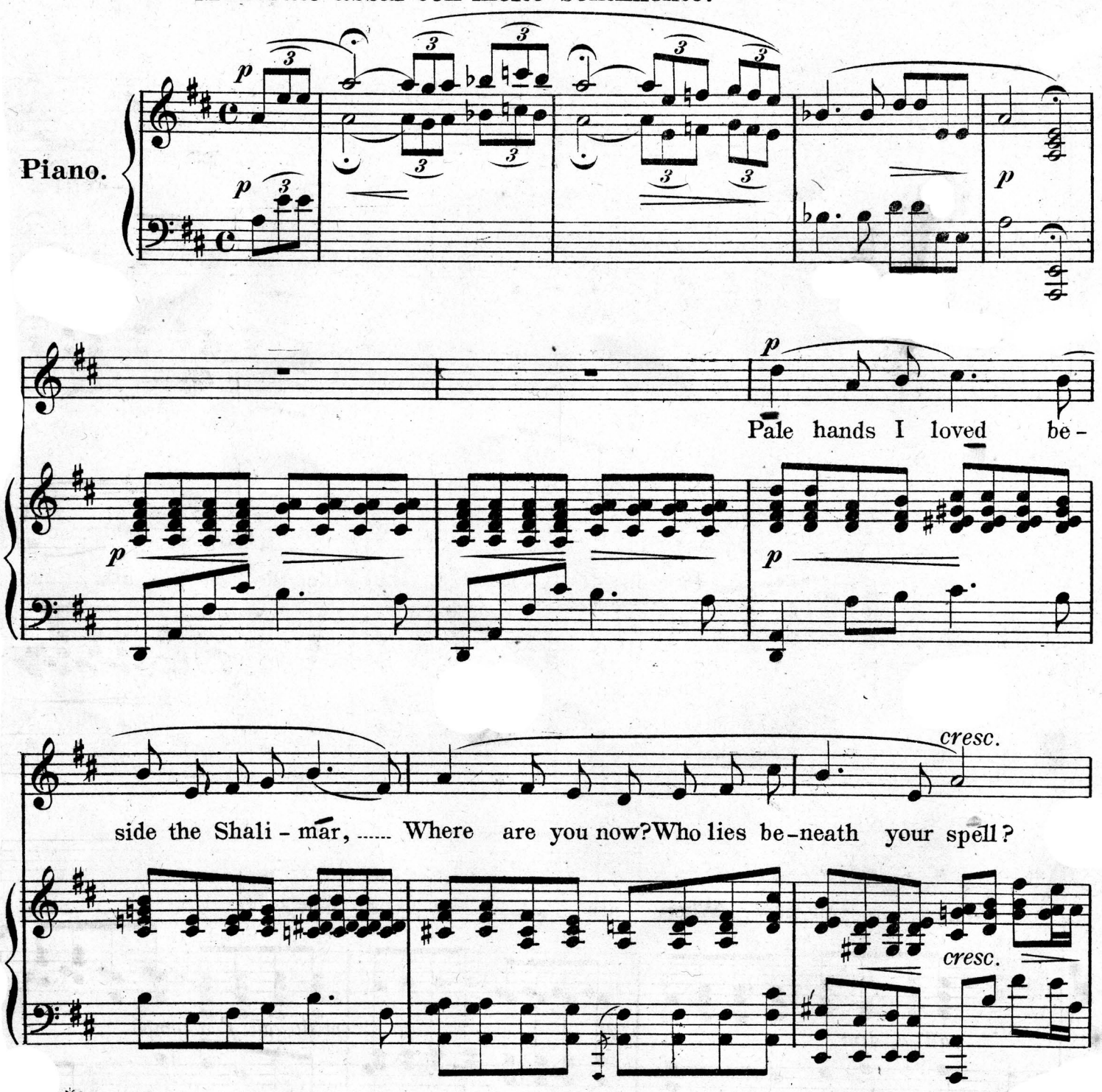
* Gardens.

KASHMIRI SONG.

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE.

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.

Moderato assai con molto sentimento.



*Gardens

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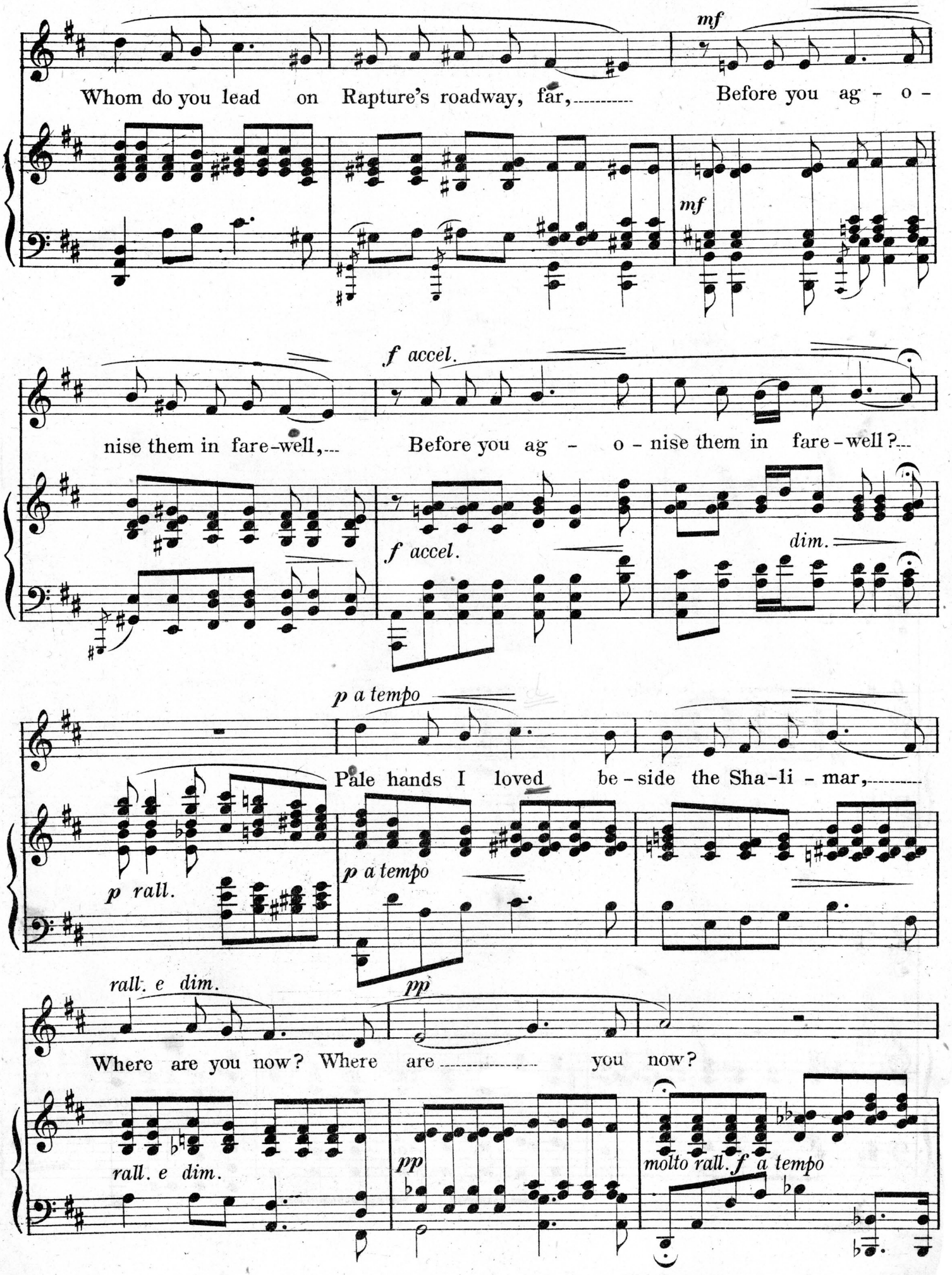
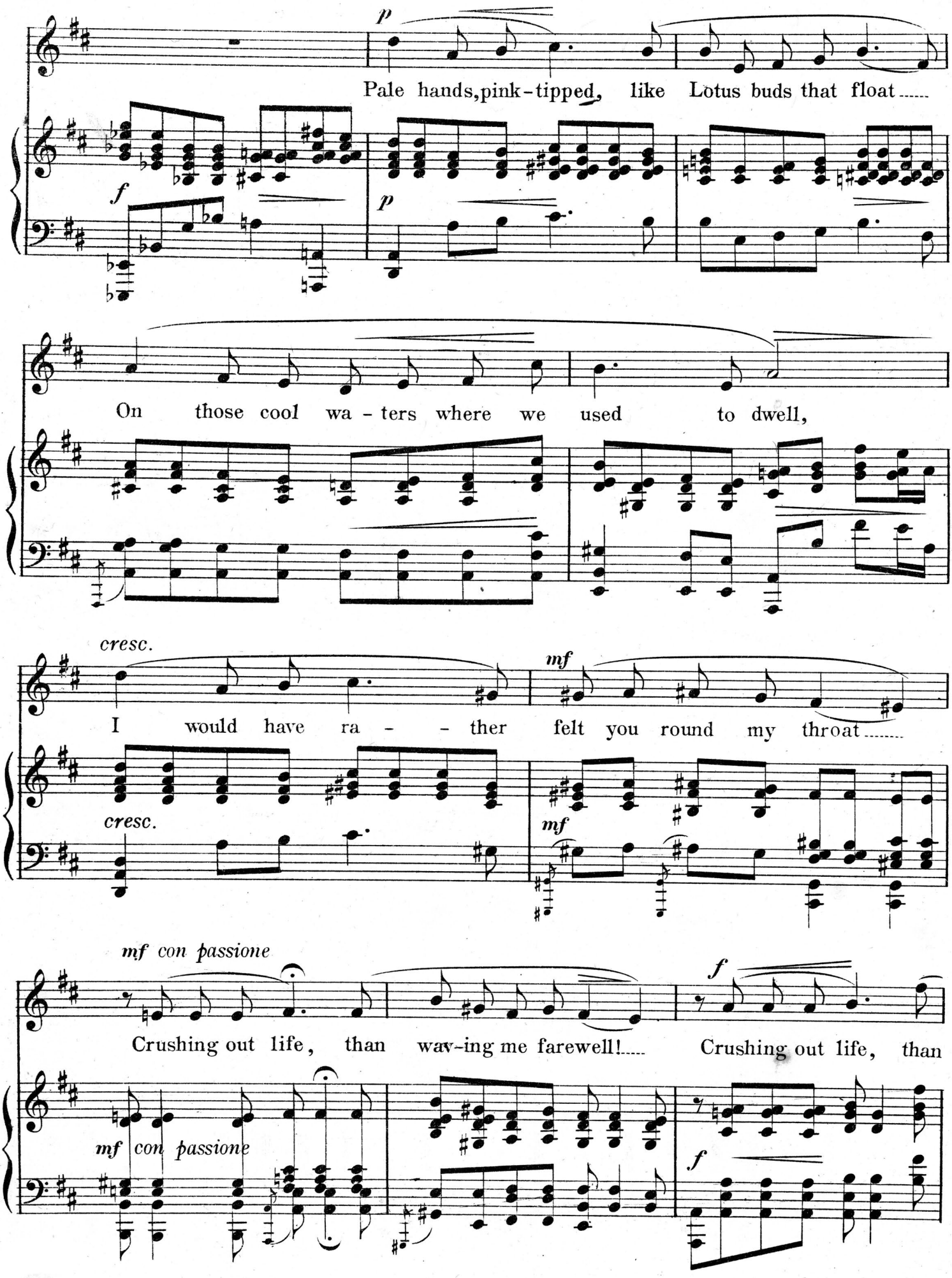
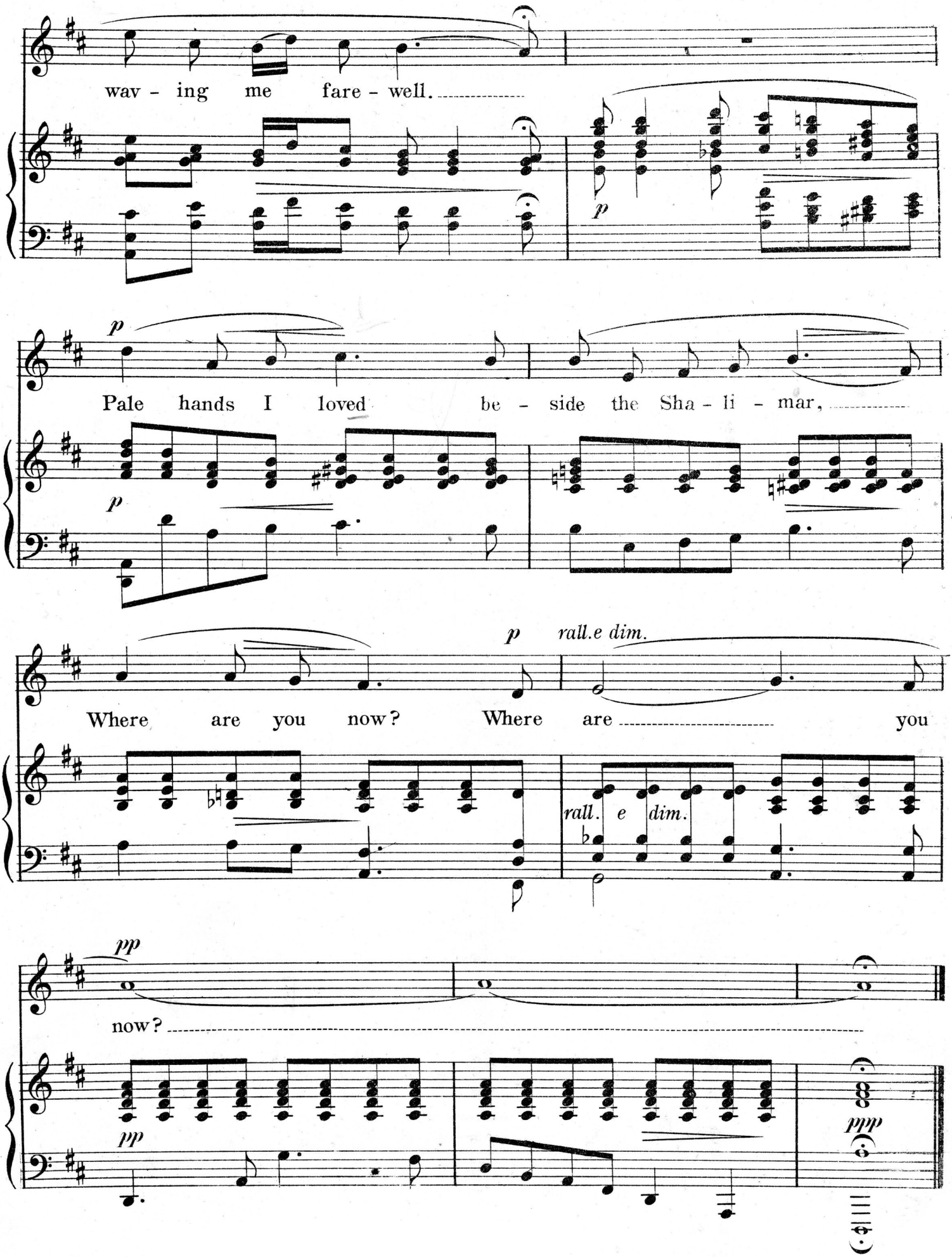

mf
Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway, far,
Before you ag - o -
mf
f accel.
nise them in fare-well,
Before you ag - o - nise them in fare-well?
f accel.
dim.
p a tempo
Pale hands I loved be-side the Sha-li - mar,
p rall.
p a tempo
rall. e dim.
pp
Where are you now? Where are you now?
rall. e dim.
pp
molto rall. f a tempo


p
Pale hands, pink-tipped, like Lotus buds that float.....
f
p
On those cool wa - ters where we used to dwell,
cresc.
mf
I would have ra - - ther felt you round my throat.....
cresc.
mf
mf con passione
f
Crushing out life, than wav-ing me farewell!..... Crushing out life, than
mf con passione
f


wav - ing me fare - well.
p
Pale hands I loved be - side the Sha - li - mar,
p
p rall.e dim.
Where are you now? Where are you
rall. e dim.
pp
now?
pp
ppp

Till I Wake.

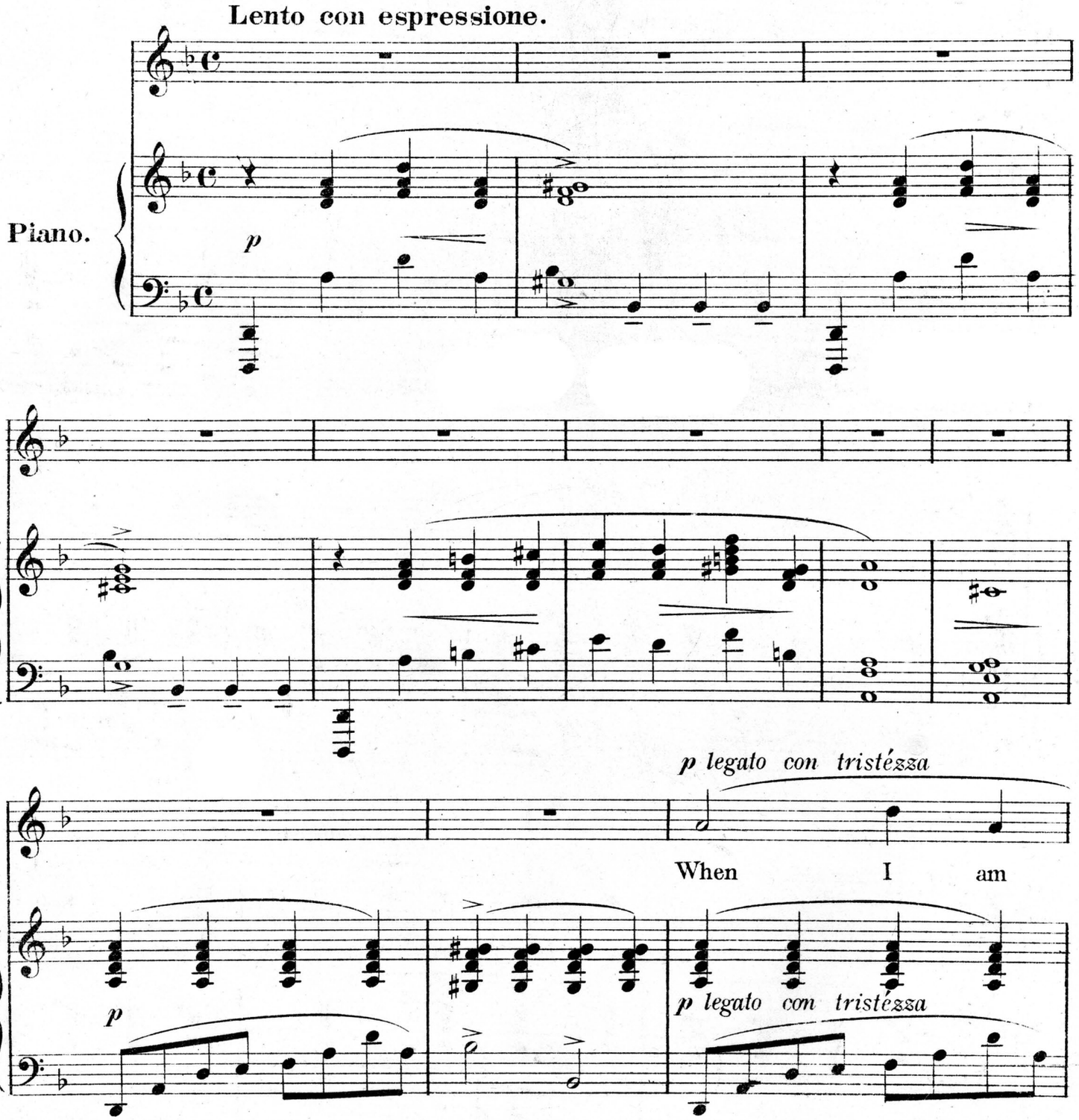
When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly, —
Stoop, as the yellow roses droop
    In the wind from the South;
So I may when I wake, if there be an awakening,
Keep, what lulled me to sleep,
    The touch of your lips on my mouth.

LAURENCE HOPE.

TILL I WAKE.

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE.

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.



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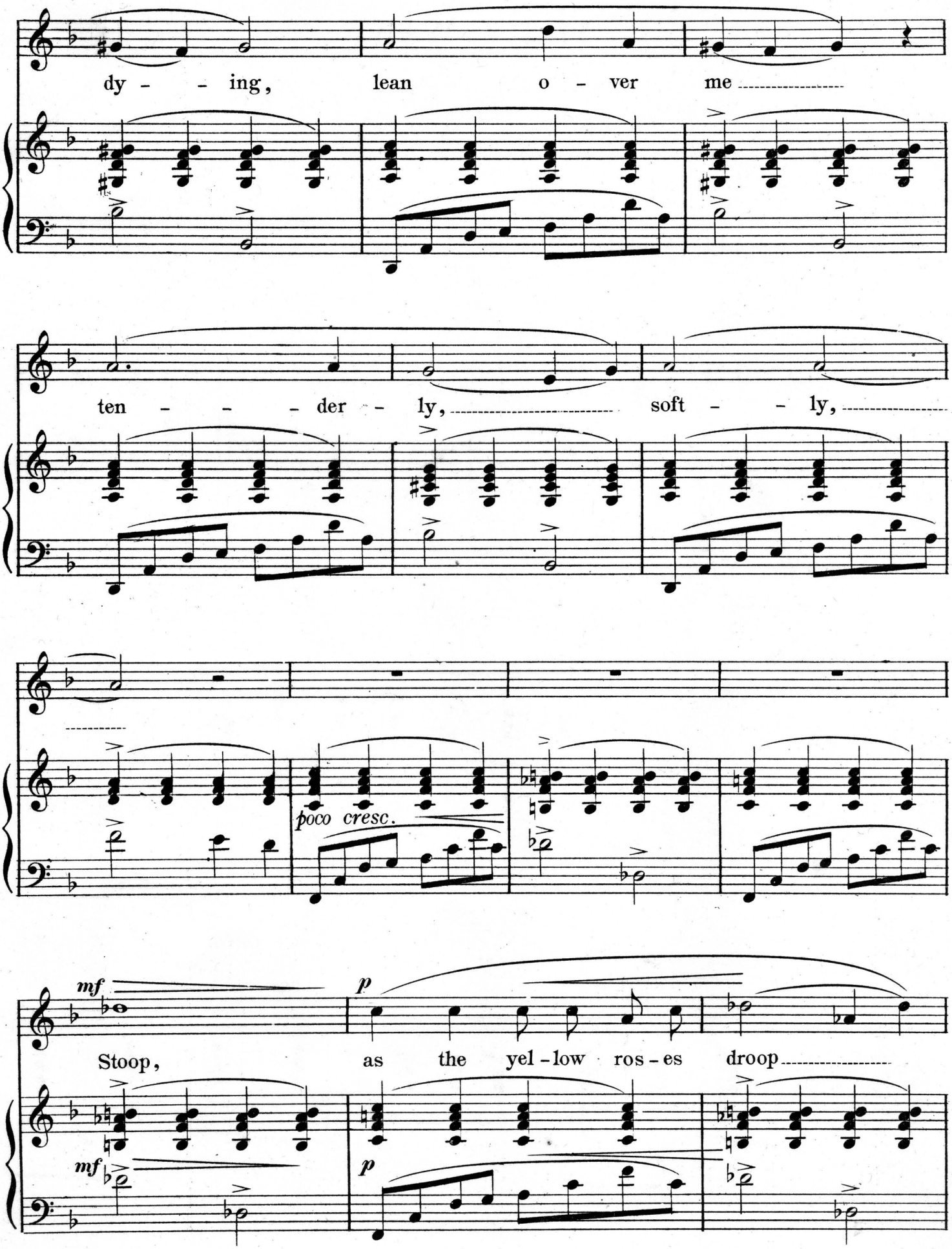
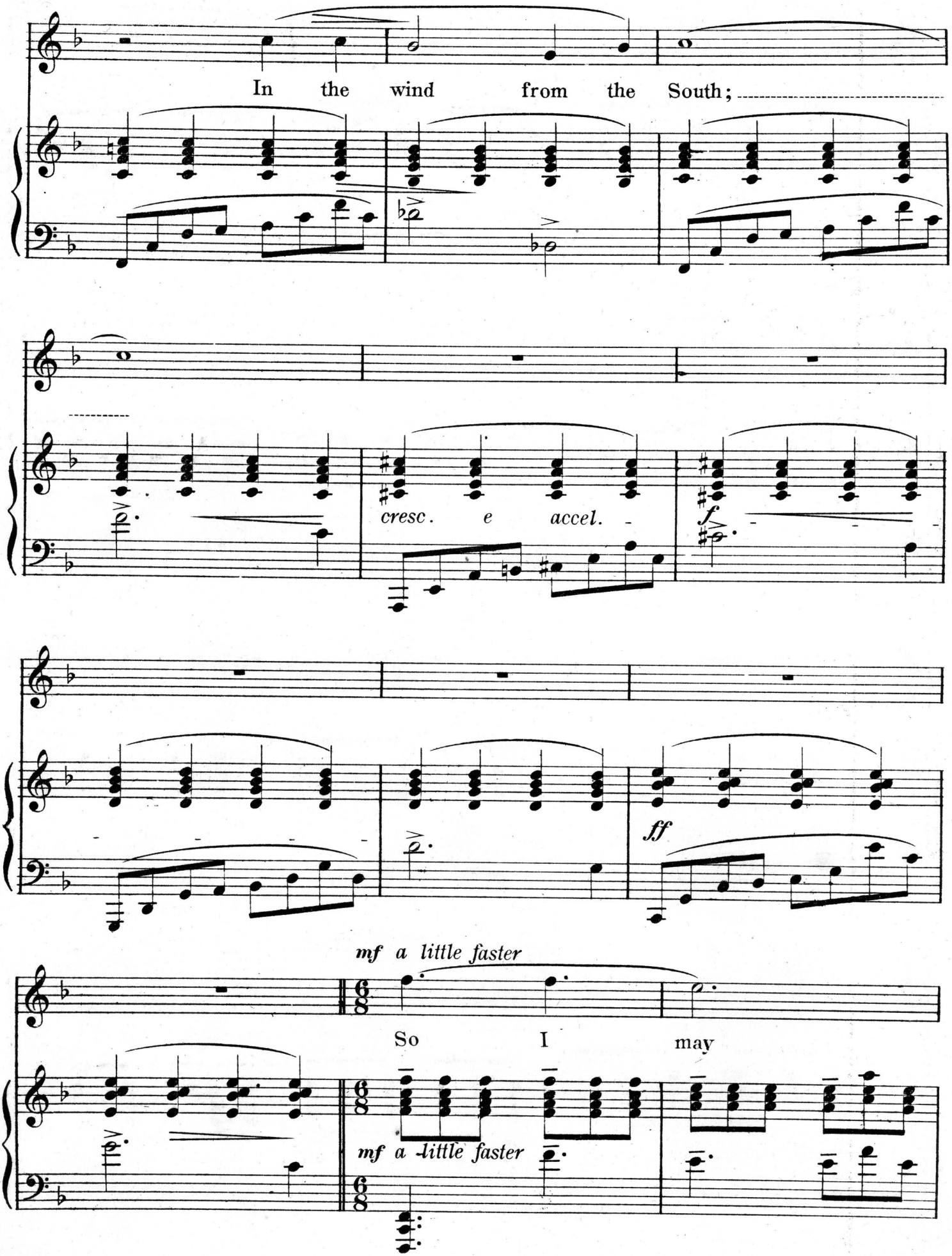
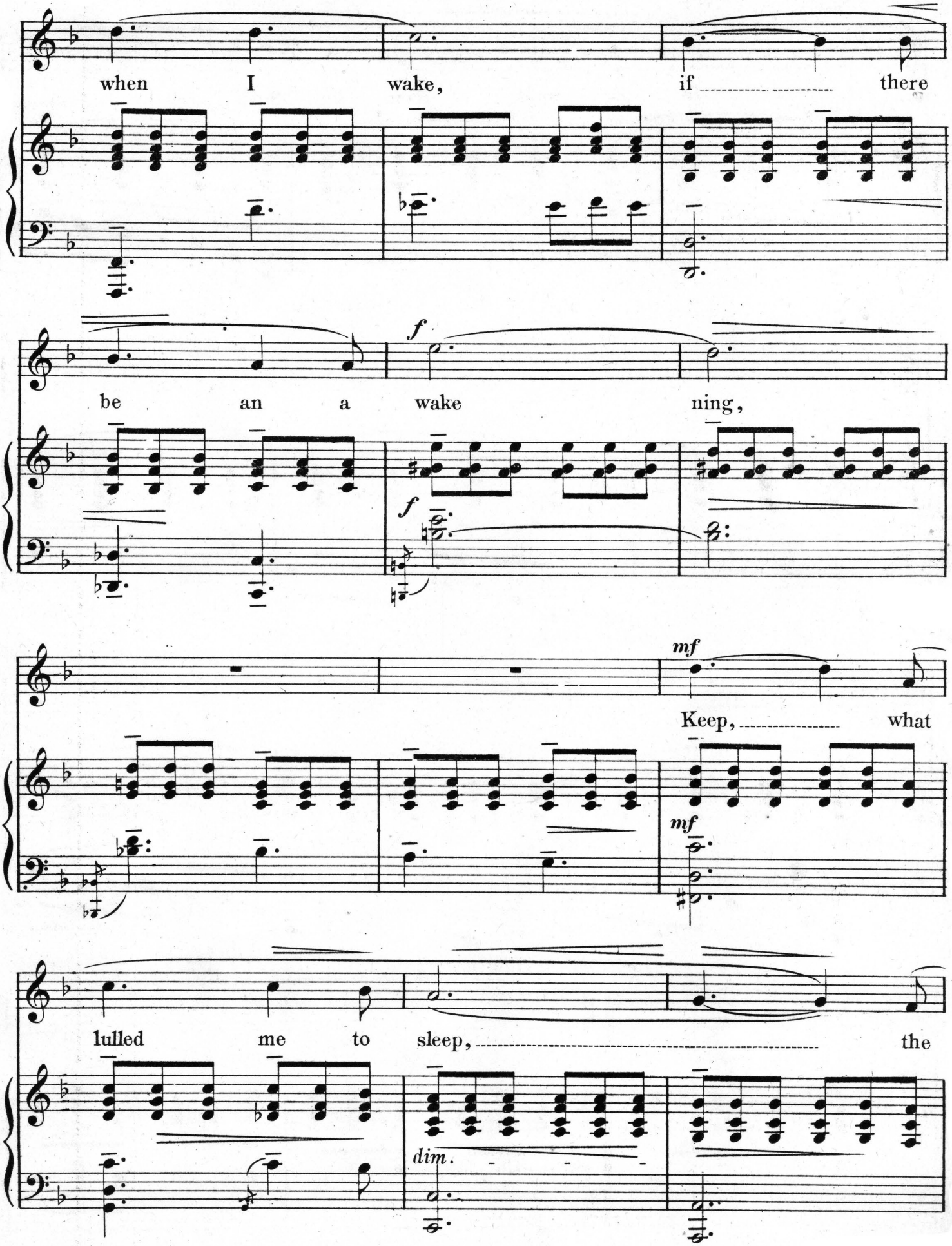
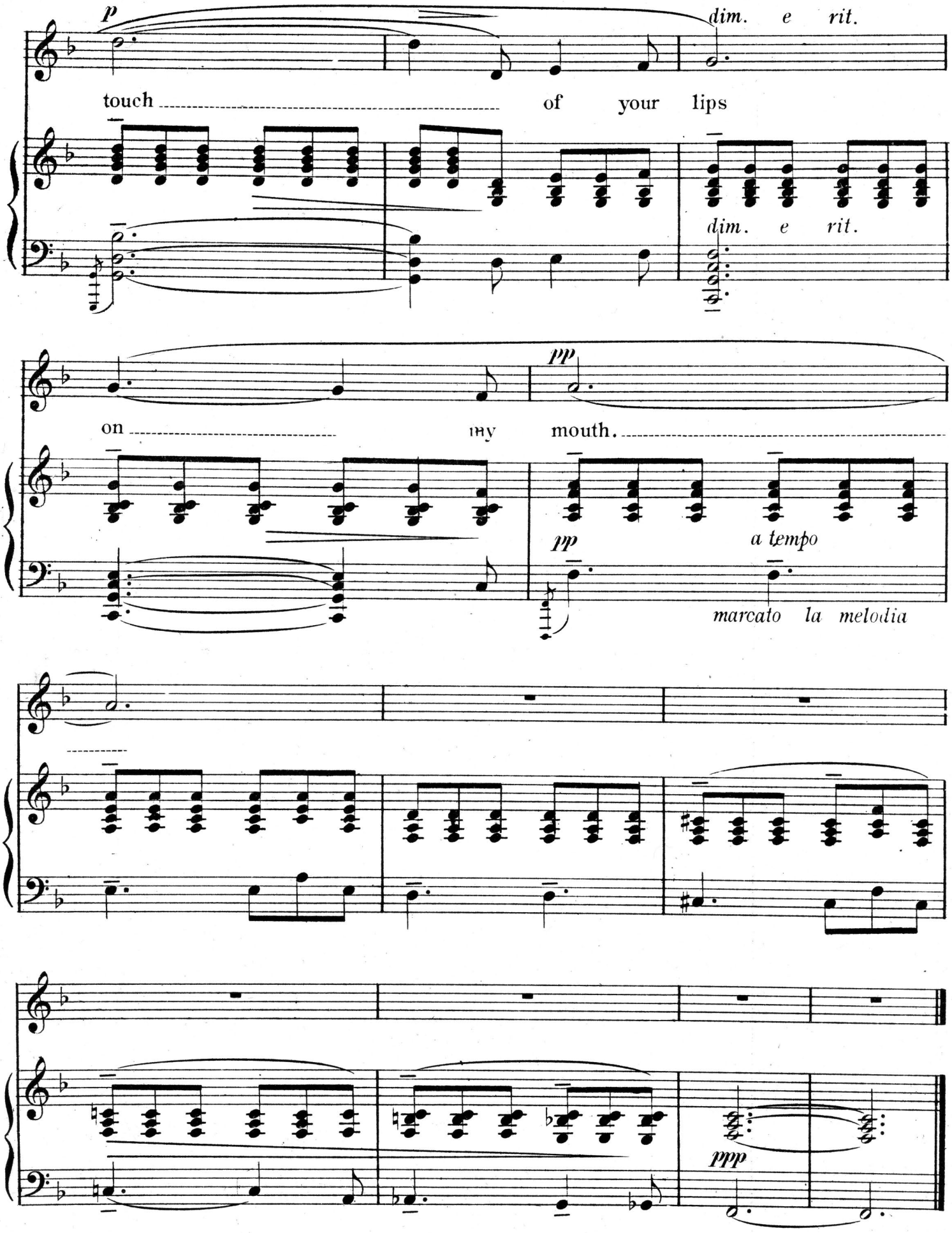

dy - - ing, lean o - ver me
ten - - - der - ly, soft - - ly,
poco cresc.
mf
p
Stoop, as the yel - low ros - es droop
mf
p


In the wind from the South;
cresc. e accel.
f
ff
mf a little faster
So I may
mf a little faster


when I wake, if there
f
be an a wake ning,
f
mf
Keep, what
mf
lulled me to sleep, the
dim.


p
dim. e rit.
touch of your lips
dim. e rit.
pp
on my mouth.
pp
a tempo
marcato la melodia
ppp

Hounslow N.Y.