№1
LOW VOICE

№2
HIGH VOICE.



A DREAM OF EGYPT

SONG CYCLE

THE WORDS BY
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.
THE MUSIC BY
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.

PRICE 4/- NET.

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A Dream of Egypt.

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THESE LYRICS ARE DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR
To WILLIAM NEIL SMITH.

A DREAM OF EGYPT.

I.—BESIDE THE LONELY NILE.

BESIDE the lonely Nile,
I heard the whispering breeze
That sang beyond the desert's rim
And thro' the swaying trees.

It called me in the dusk
And in the sunset light,
And thro' the purple dark I went
Out in the velvet night.

I seemed to sleep—and then,
I was awake at last
In olden Egypt, Love, with you
In that mysterious past.

II.—WITHIN THE SPHINX'S SOLEMN SHADE.

WITHIN the Sphinx's solemn shade
In Pharaoh's golden prime,
I fold you to my breast, dear heart,
And live Love's glowing rhyme.
And Grief and Death are naught to us,
And naught to us is Time.

I know the wonder of your eyes,
The glory of your hair—
That perfumed darkness on your brow,
My joy and my despair.
Our love is one long ecstasy,
One glorious, white prayer.

III.—POMEGRANATE IS YOUR MOUTH.

POMEGRANATE is your mouth
And honey are your lips;
I plunder from the golden store—
A bee that sips and sips.

O Lily of Delight,
O Jasmine-flower, you hold
The hoarded sweet of all the world,
And all Love's fabled gold.

IV.—I ENVY EVERY CIRCLET.

I ENVY every circlet on your arm,
I envy every flower in your hair;
O Love, the deep delight that each must know
The hours they linger there!

I envy every jewel on your throat,
And every bloom you crush beneath your feet.
O Love, would I might learn their magic joy,
Their rapture wild and sweet!

V.—I WAKENED WHEN THE MOON.

I WAKENED when the moon, with silver feet,
Swept down the purple sky;
Dear Love, 'twas but a dream—yet how complete—
A dream that cannot die.

You are not with me now; the palm-trees chime
A solemn song and low;
But were we lovers in that long-lost time? . . .
Dear heart, it must be so.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

A DREAM OF EGYPT.

Song Cycle.

Words by
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.

Introduction.

Andante maestoso.



Andante non troppo.







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Beside the lonely Nile.

Words by
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.



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(Low voice.)


Andantino.
It call'd me
in the dusk
And in the sun - set light,
poco cresc.
mf
And
f
risoluto.
mf


thro' the pur- ple dark I went
Out in the vel - vet night.
mf
mf
p
morendo ppp
ppp
lunga pausa.
I seem'd to sleep —
p
morendo ppp
ppp
lunga pausa.


pp
a tempo. precipitoso.
and then, I was a - wake at
pp rall.
ff a tempo. precipitoso.
8
Con spirito.
last
ff
ff accel molto
Grandioso.
ff
In old - en E - gypt,
ff Grandioso.


Love, with you, with you, In that mys - ter - ious
past,
fff
accel.
with you.
f
risoluto.
f
ff

Within the Sphinx's Solemn Shade.

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CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.



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(Low voice)


mf cresc.
And live Love's glow - - - ing
mf cresc.
f
rhyme.
f
ff
p
And Grief and Death are naught to us,
p


And naught to us is
Time.
a little faster.
p
I know the won-der of your eyes,
a little faster.
p
cresc.
mf
The glo-ry of your hair,—
cresc.
mf


That per-fum'd dark-ness on your brow,
R.H.
My joy and my des - pair.
rall p
Our love is one long ec - sta - sy,
p rall
One glo - ri - ous, white pray'r.


Tempo I.
p
And Grief and Death are naught to us,
p dim
morendo.
And naught to us is Time.
mf
p
mf
8

Pomegranate is your Mouth.

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(Low voice.)


bee that sips and sips.
f
Più lento.
Con sentimento.
p
O Li-ly of De-light, O Jasmine flow'r, you
mf
Più lento.
Con sentimento.
mf
hold The hoard-ed sweet of all the world, And all Love's fa-bled
poco rall.
gold, And all Love's fa-bled gold.
ff a tempo.

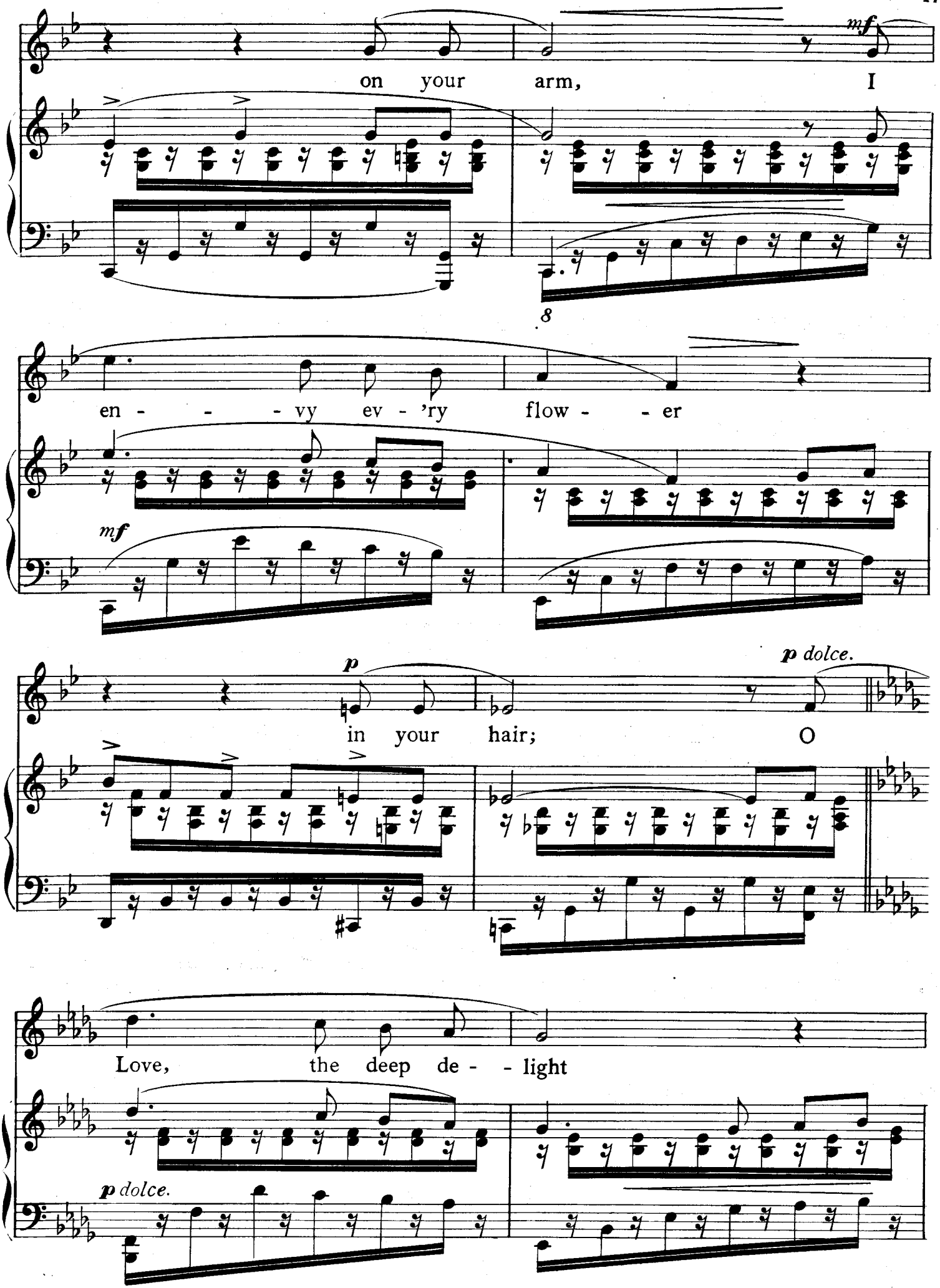

Pome-gra-nate is your mouth And
ho - ney are your lips;
f
O Li - ly of De - light,
p
pp
O Jas - mine flow r!
L.H.
p
pp

I envy every Circlet.

Words by
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.




mf
on your arm, I
8
en - - - vy ev - 'ry flow - - er
mf
p
in your hair;
p dolce.
O
Love, the deep de - - light
p dolce.


f
that each must know
f allarg.
8
The hours they lin - ger there!
tempo.
poco rall
p dolce.
O Love!
poco rall
f a tempo.
ff


I en - - vy ev - 'ry jew - - el
mf
on your throat, And
8
ev - - - 'ry bloom you crush


be - neath your feet. O
Love, would I might learn
their ma - gic joy,
8


Their rap-ture wild and sweet!
O
poco rall p dolce.
pp
Love!
pp
dim. pp
ppp

I wakened when the Moon.

Words by
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Music by
AMY WOODFORDE FINDEN.

Moderato.




wa-ken'd when the moon, with sil-ver feet, Swept down the
p
cresc.
pur - - ple sky; Dear Love, 'twas but a dream,—
cresc.
8
yet how com-plete,—
p
rall.
A dream that can-not die,—— that can-not die.
p rall.
mf
8 8


p
You are not with me now; the
p
palm trees chime A so - lemn song
p mf
pp p mf
and low;
p pp
a little faster.
mf
But were we lo - vers in that long - lost time?
mf a little faster.


Dear heart, it must be so! it must be
f
ff
fff
Tempo I.
so! Tempo I.
fff
sempre fff
fff