A DREAM OF EGYPT.

SONG-CYCLE,

WRITTEN BY

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE,

SET TO MUSIC BY

AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.

PRICE $1.50 NET.

BOOSEY & CO.
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Song Cycle

Words by
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Music by
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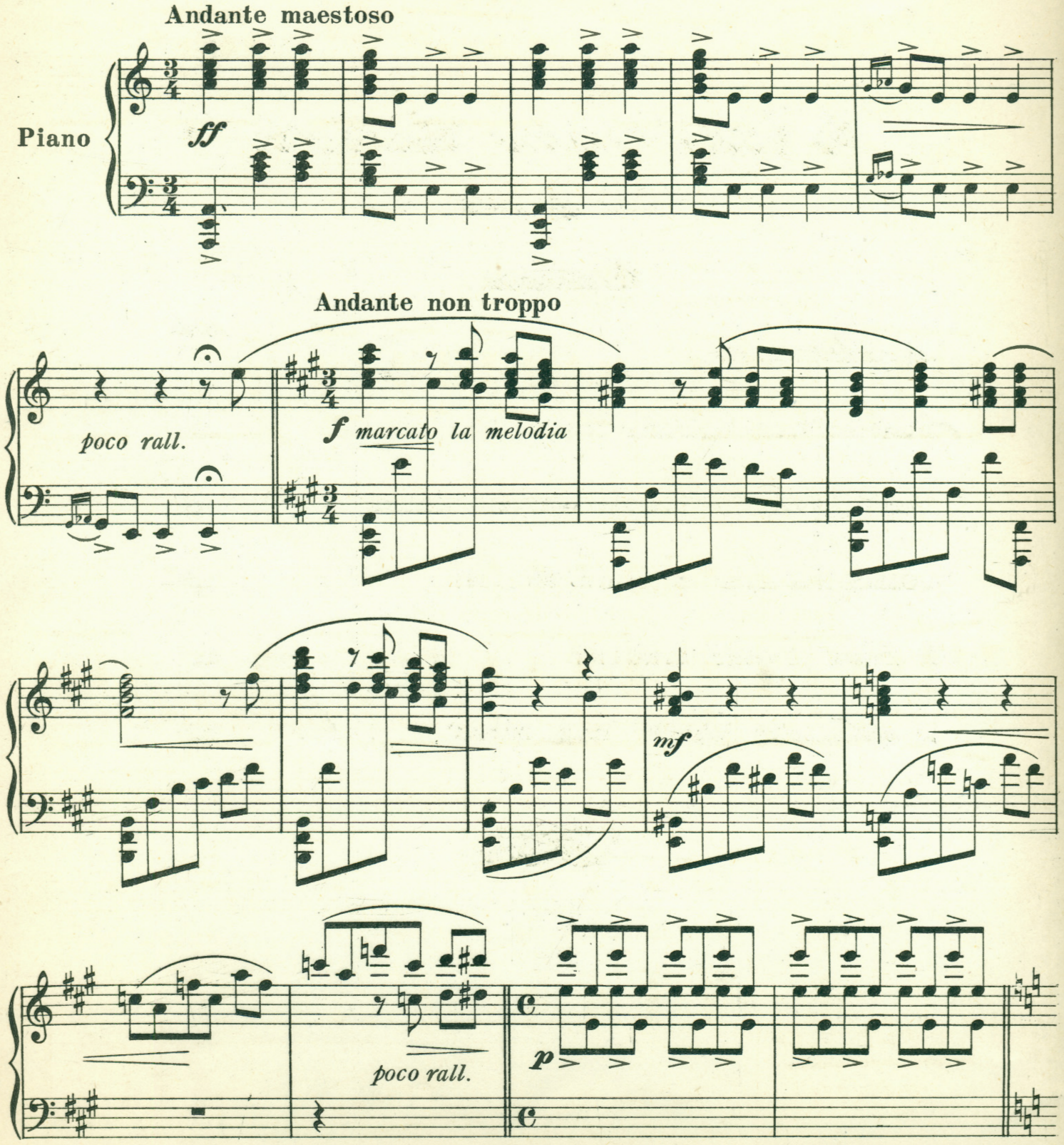
Introduction



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Beside the lonely Nile

Words by
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Music by
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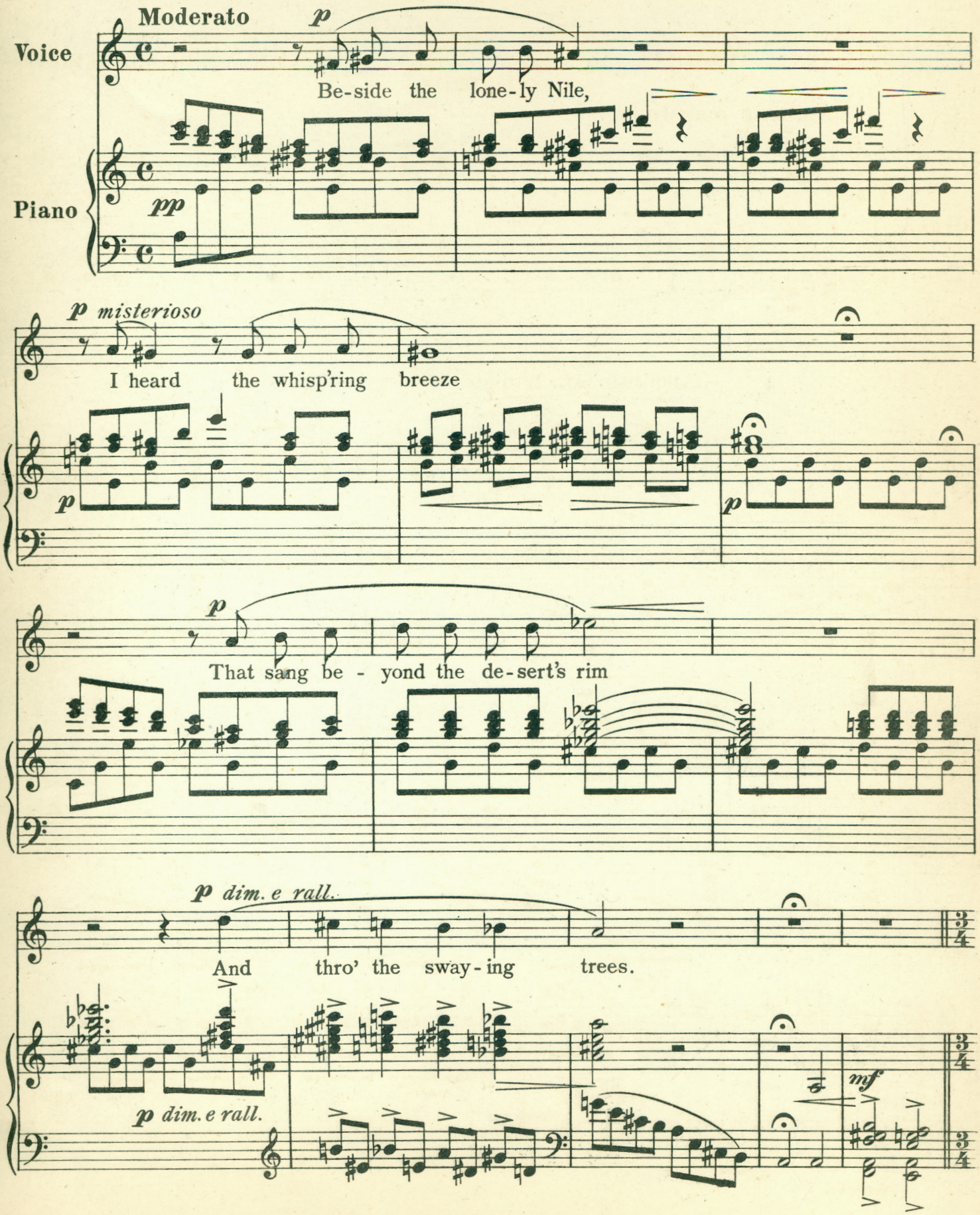

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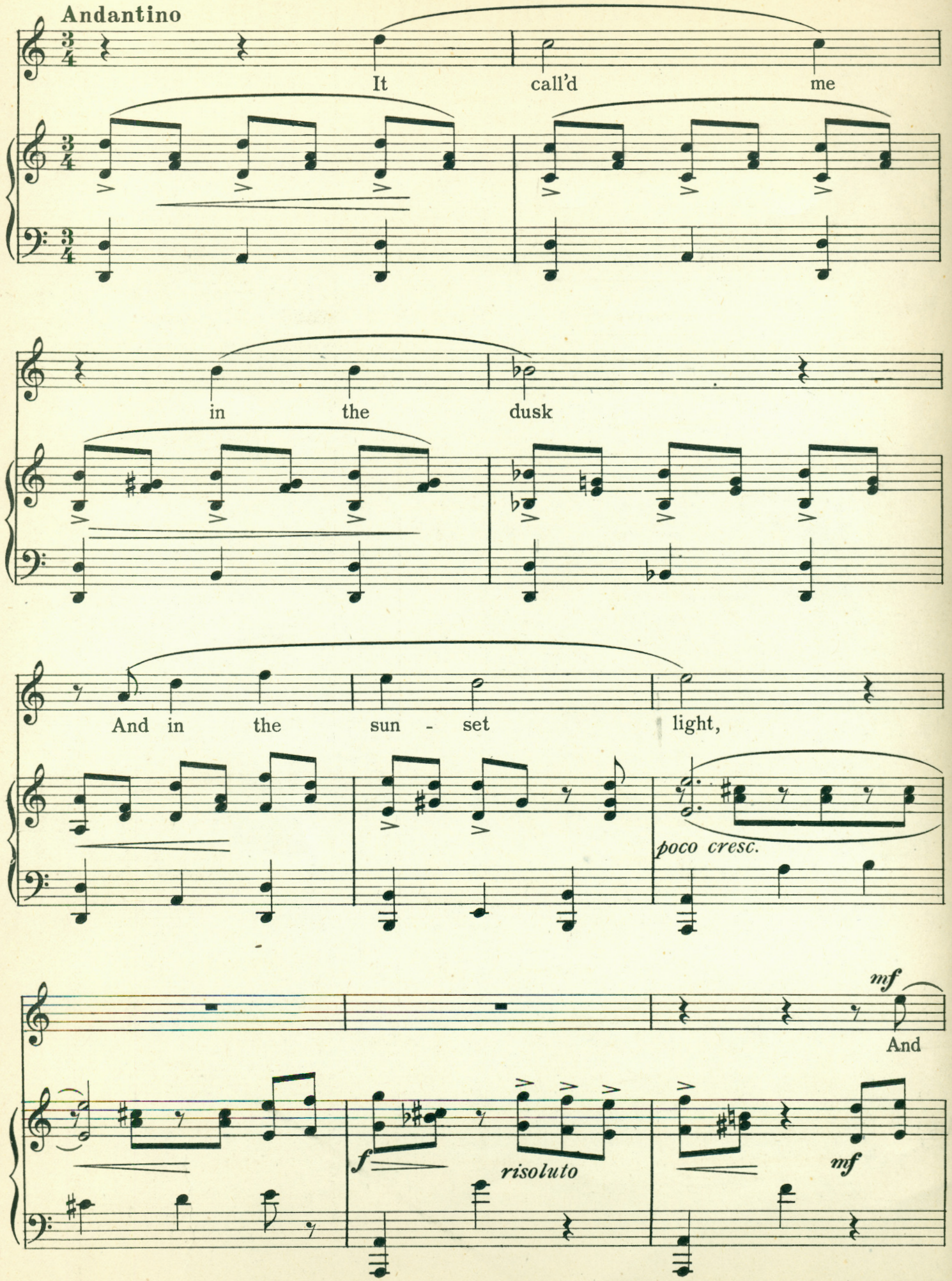
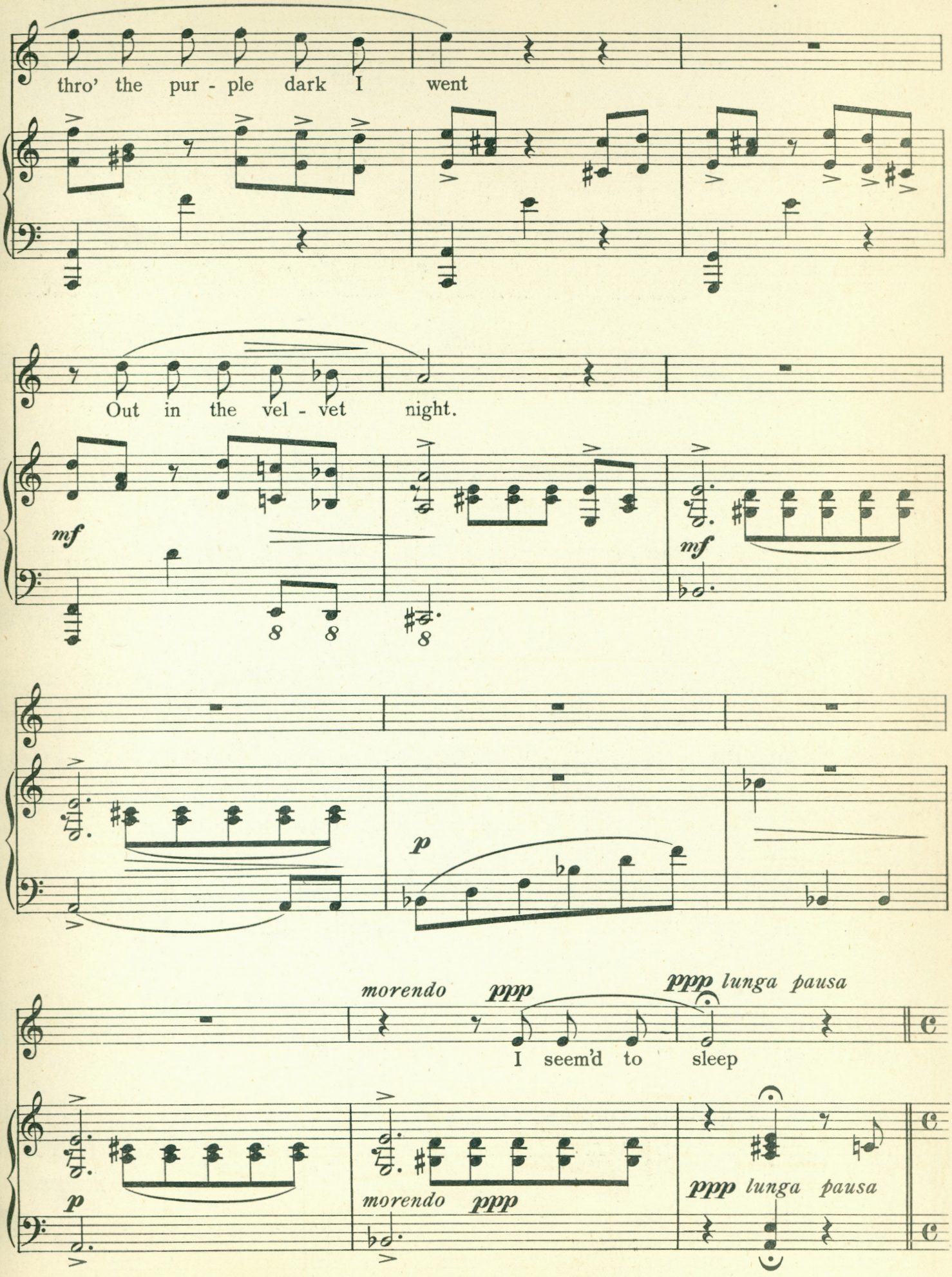
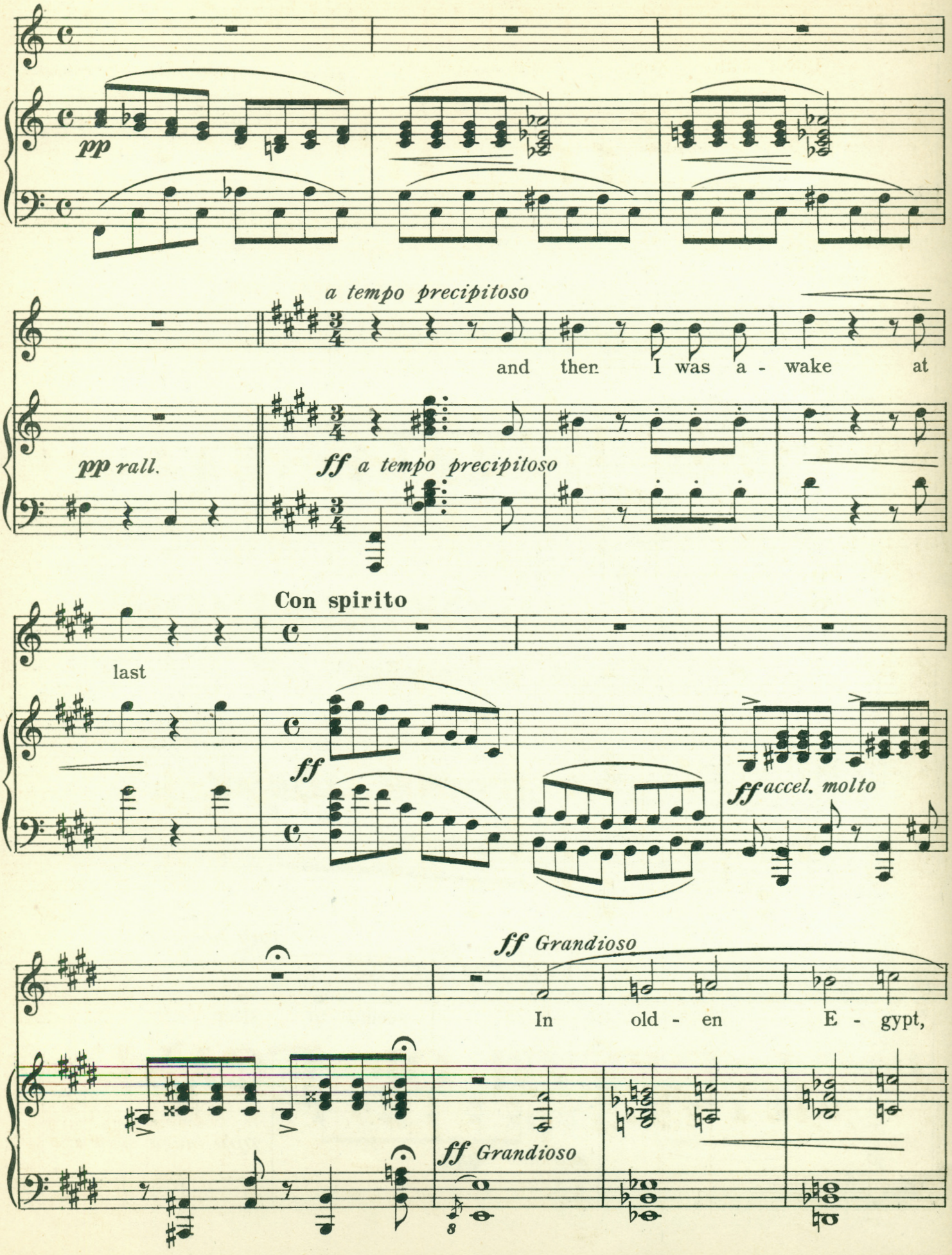
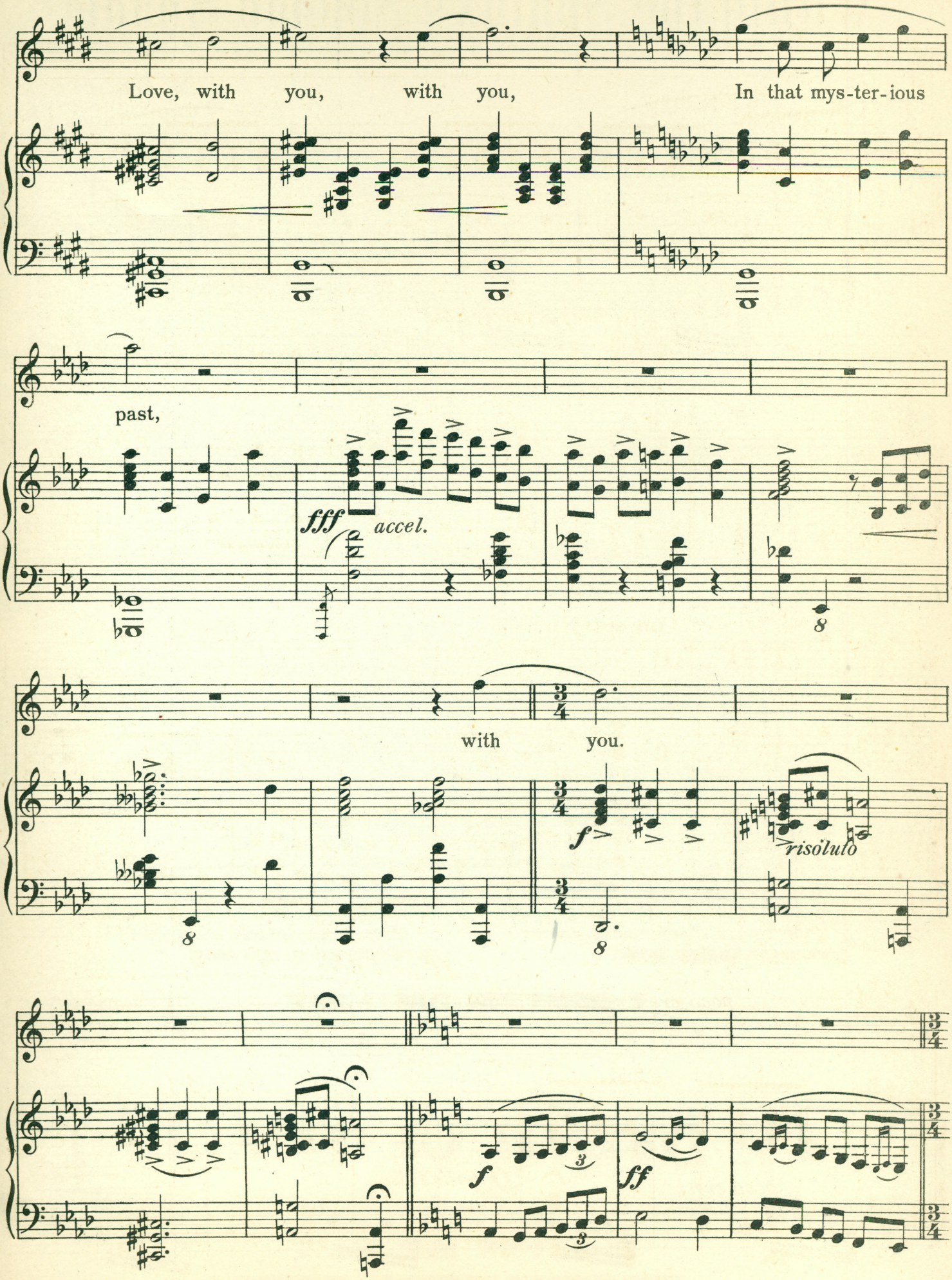

Andantino
It call'd me
in the dusk
And in the sun - set light,
poco cresc.
mf
And
f
risoluto
mf


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

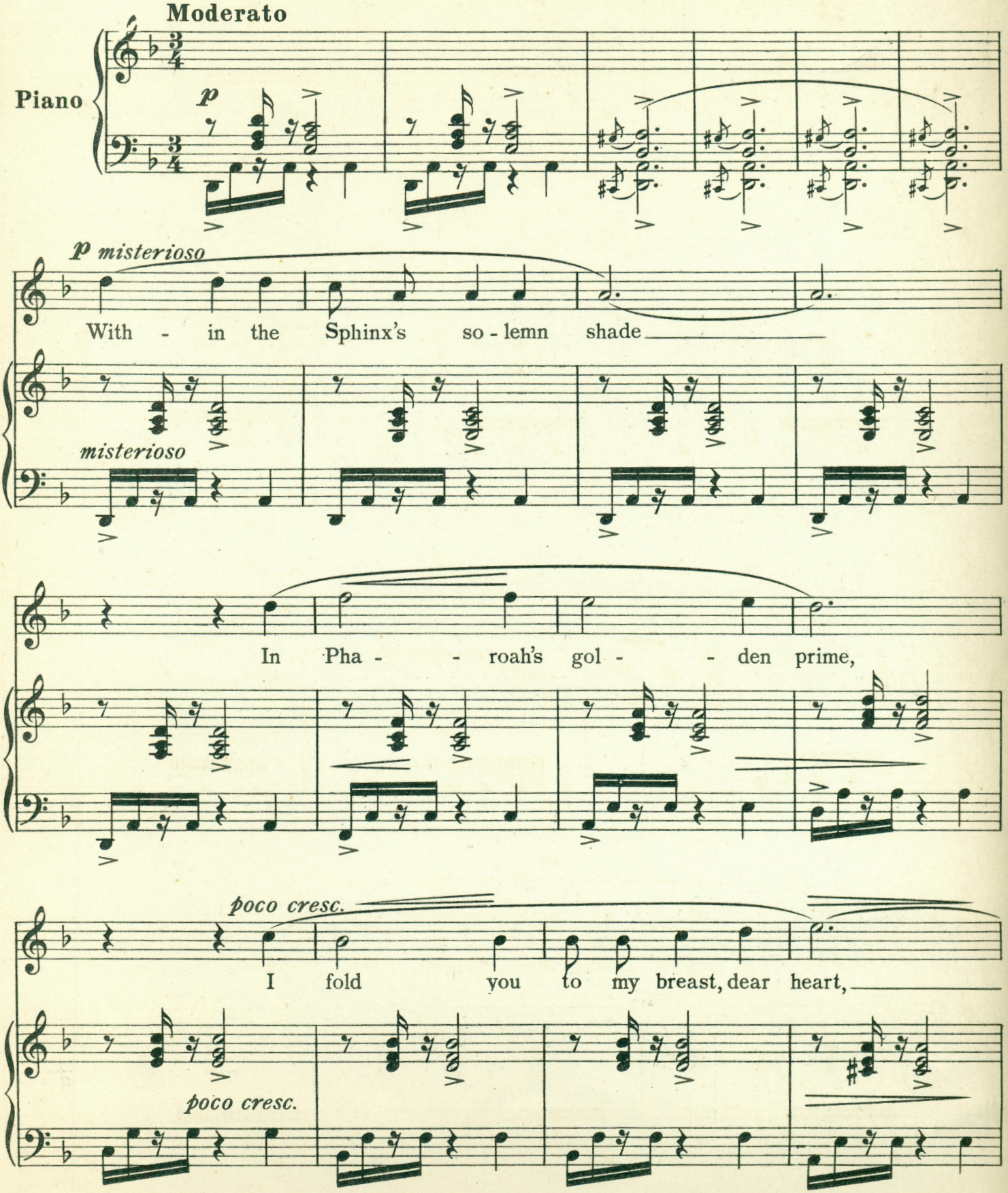

pp
a tempo precipitoso
and then I was a - wake at
pp rall.
ff a tempo precipitoso
Con spirito
last
ff
ff accel. molto
ff Grandioso
In old - en E - gypt,
ff Grandioso


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

Words by
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN



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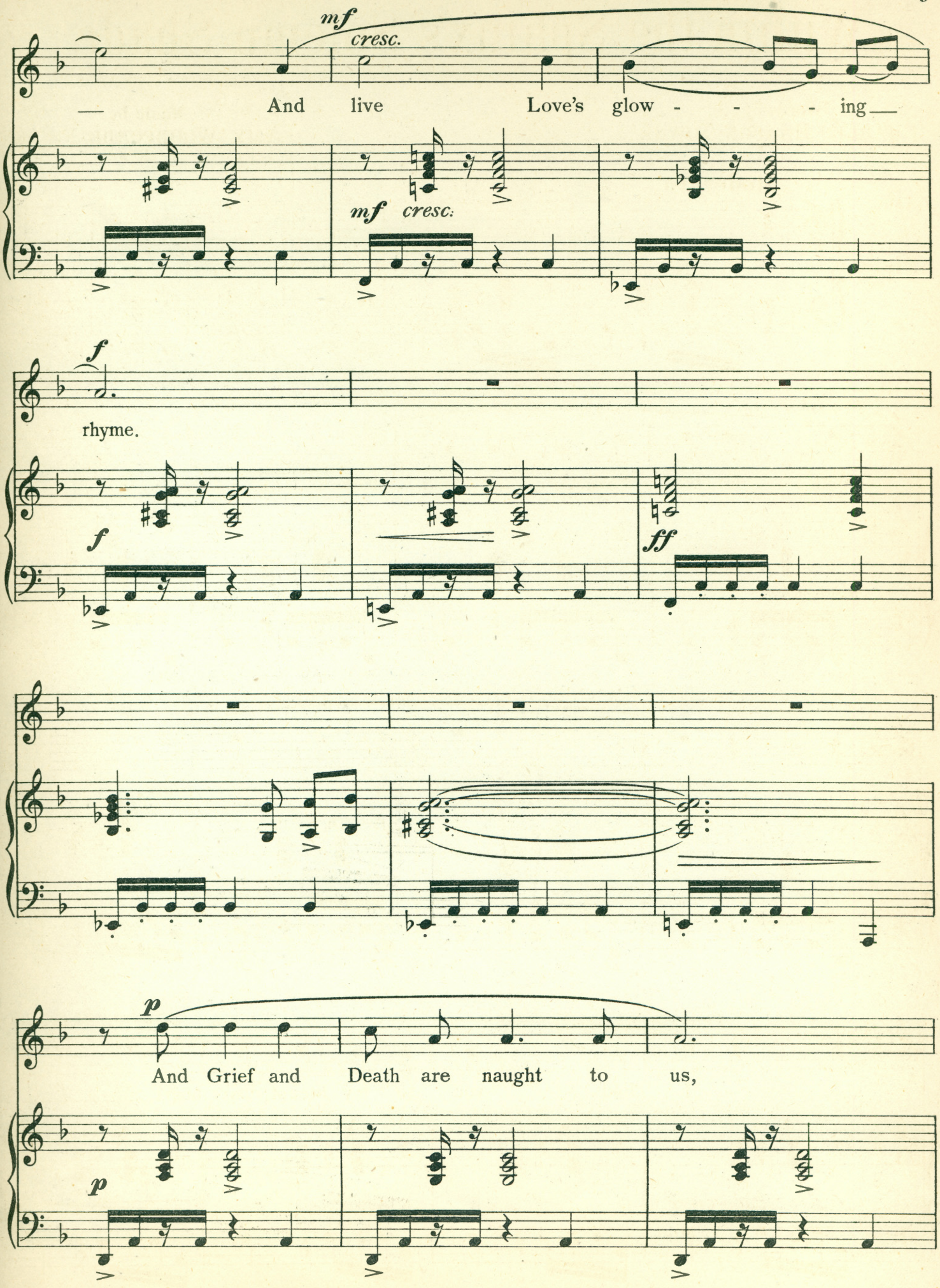
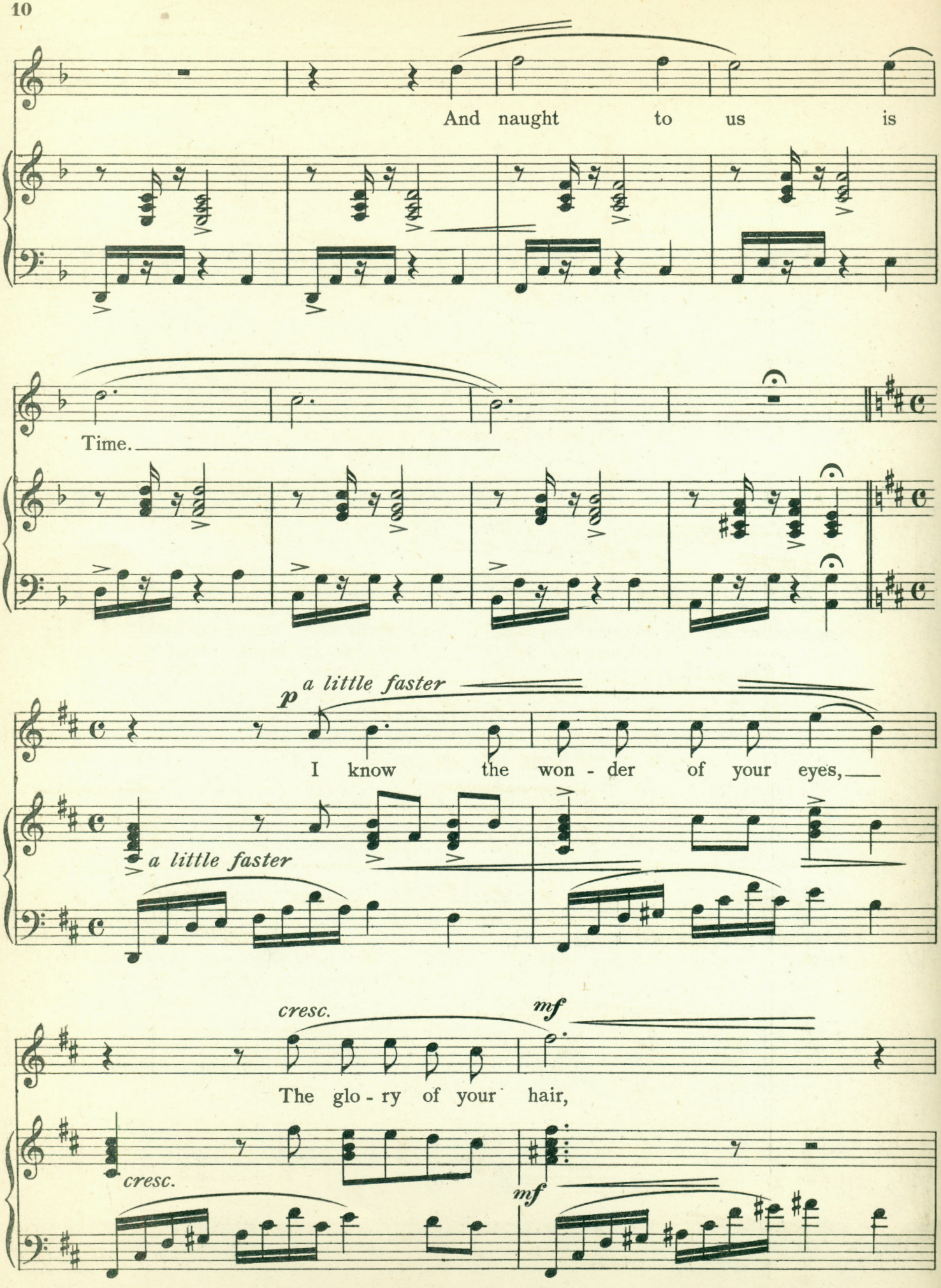
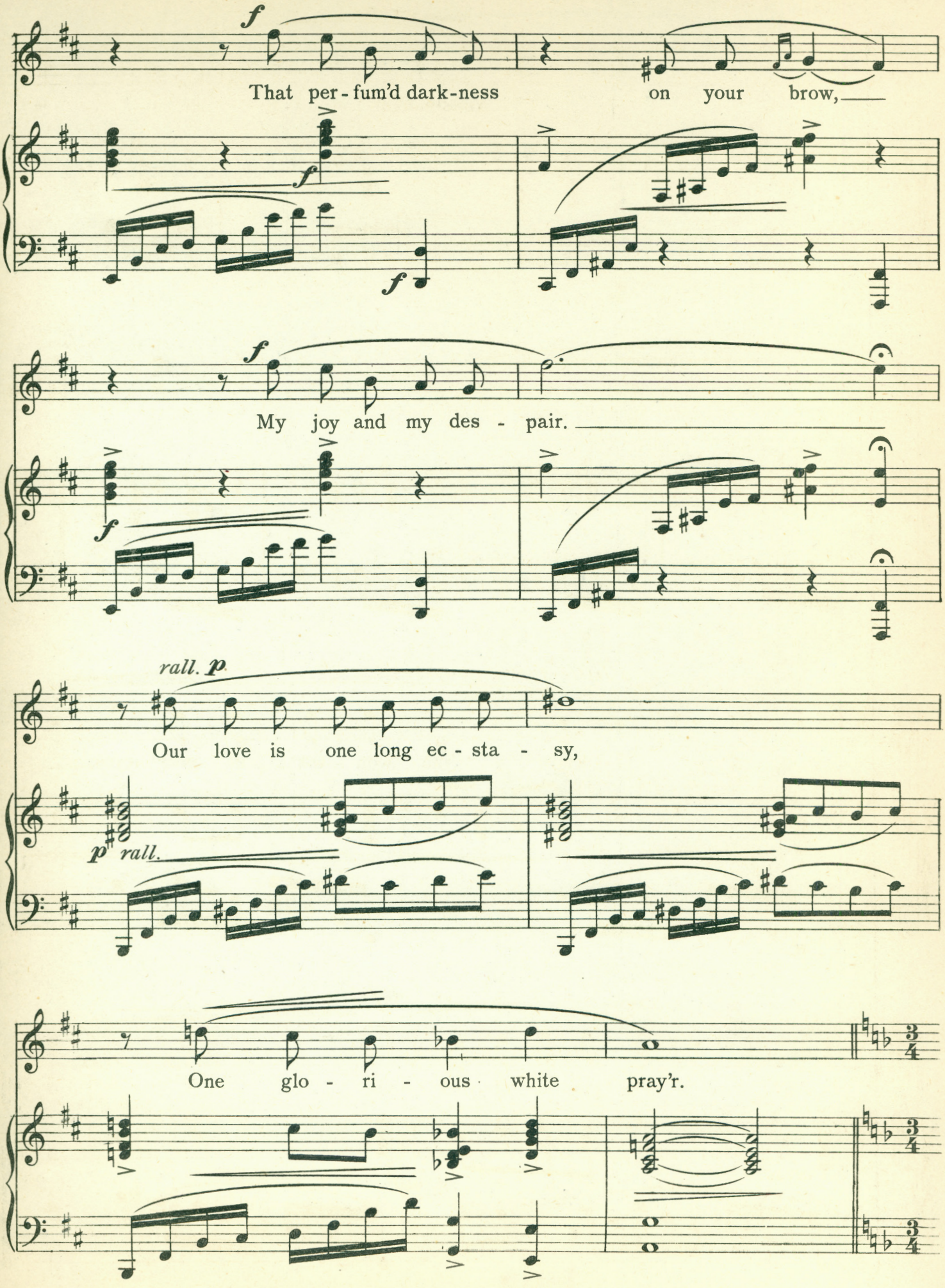
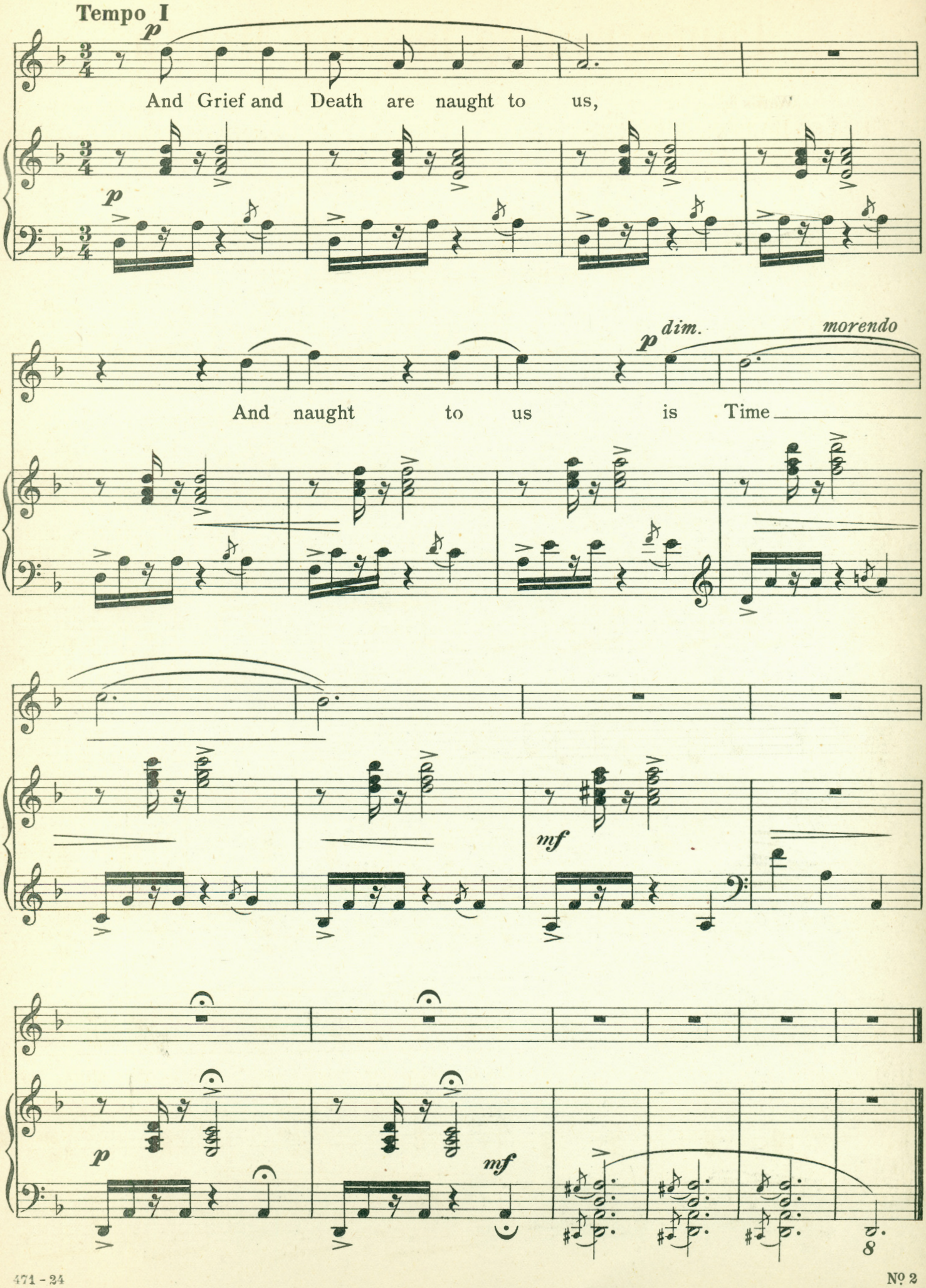

mf
cresc.
And live Love's glow - - - ing
mf cresc.
f
rhyme.
f
ff
p
And Grief and Death are naught to us,
p


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

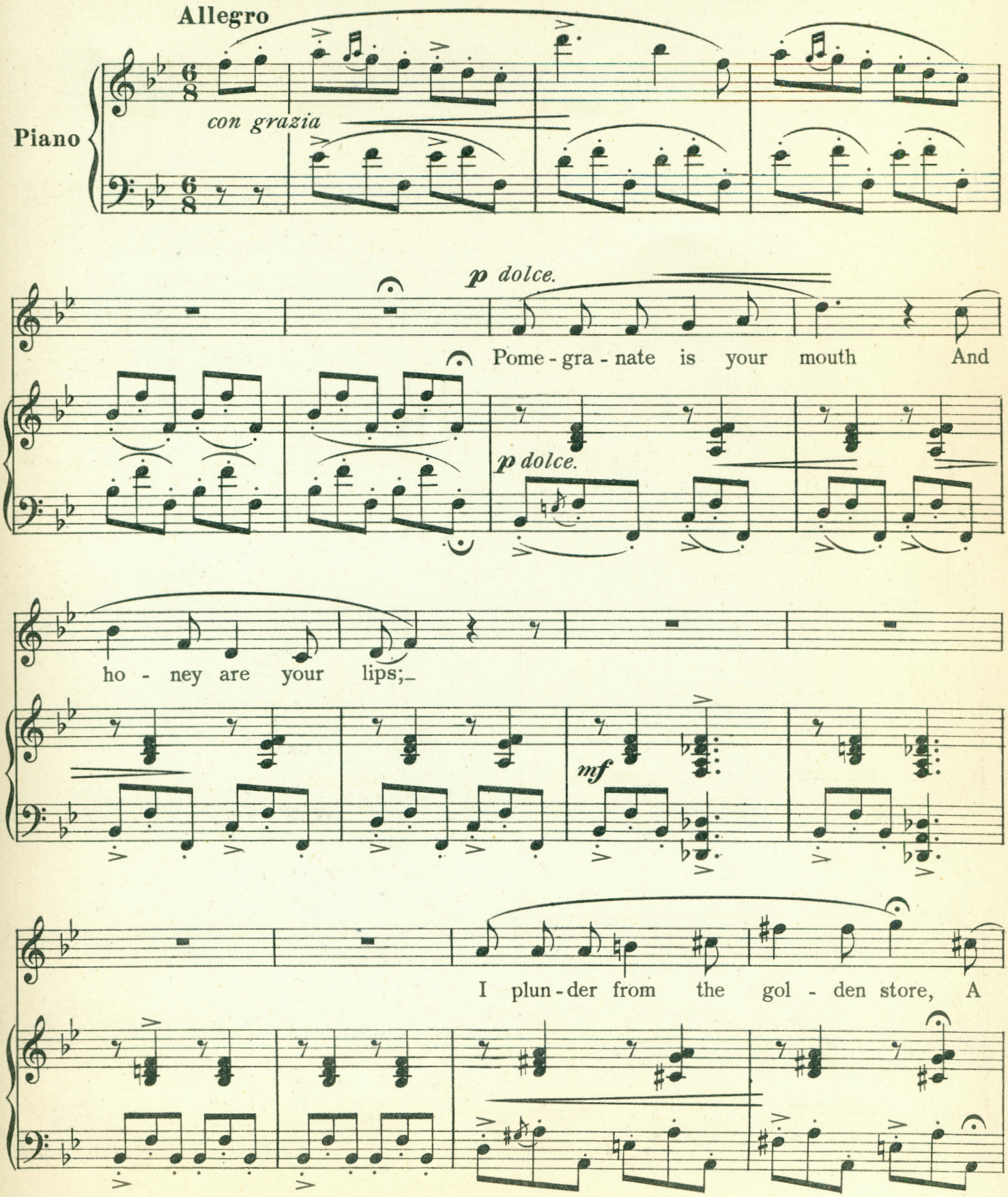

That per - fum'd dark - ness on your brow,
My joy and my des - pair.
Our love is one long ec - sta - sy,
One glo - ri - ous white pray'r.


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

Pomegranate is your Mouth

Words by
CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN



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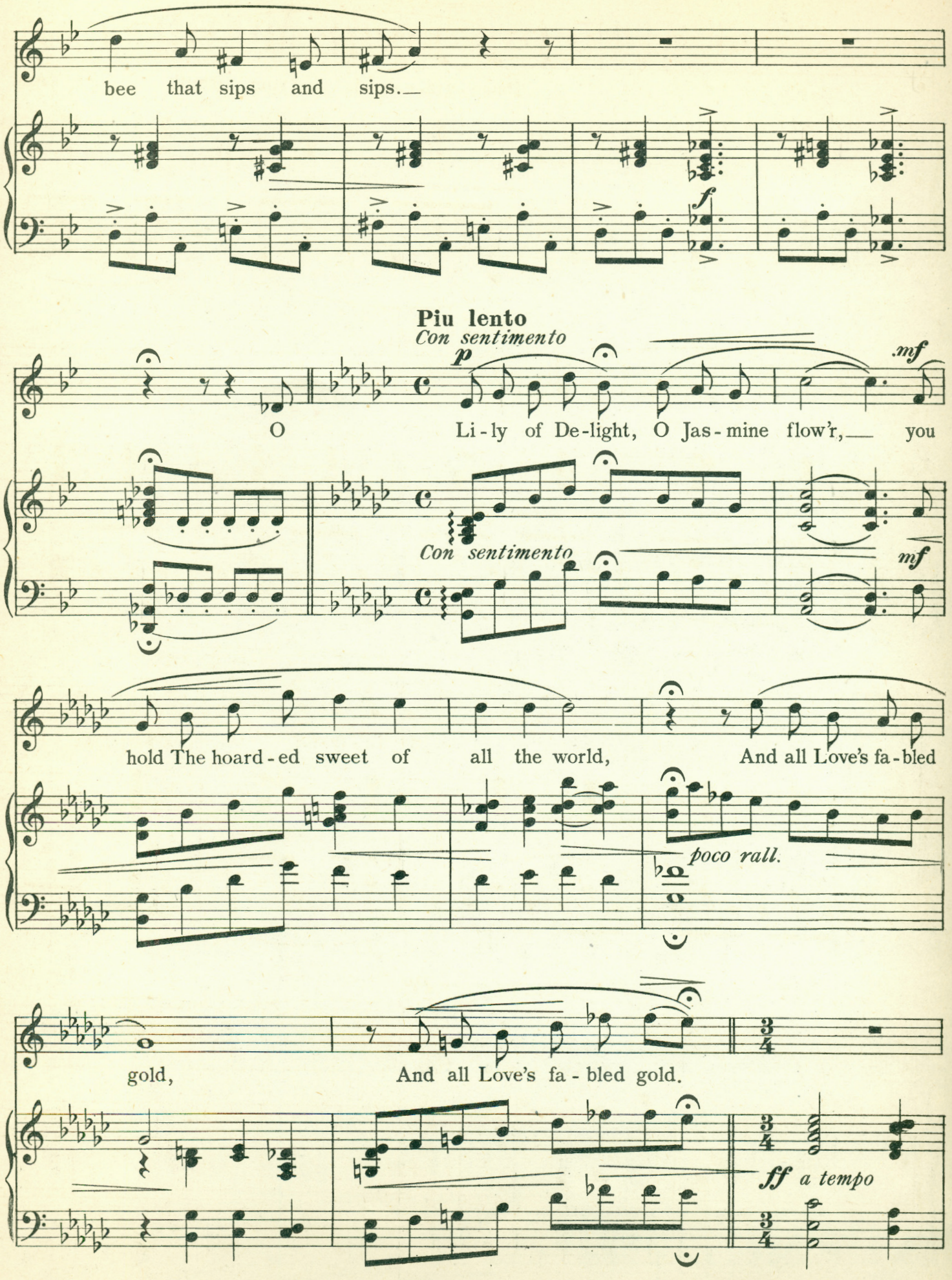
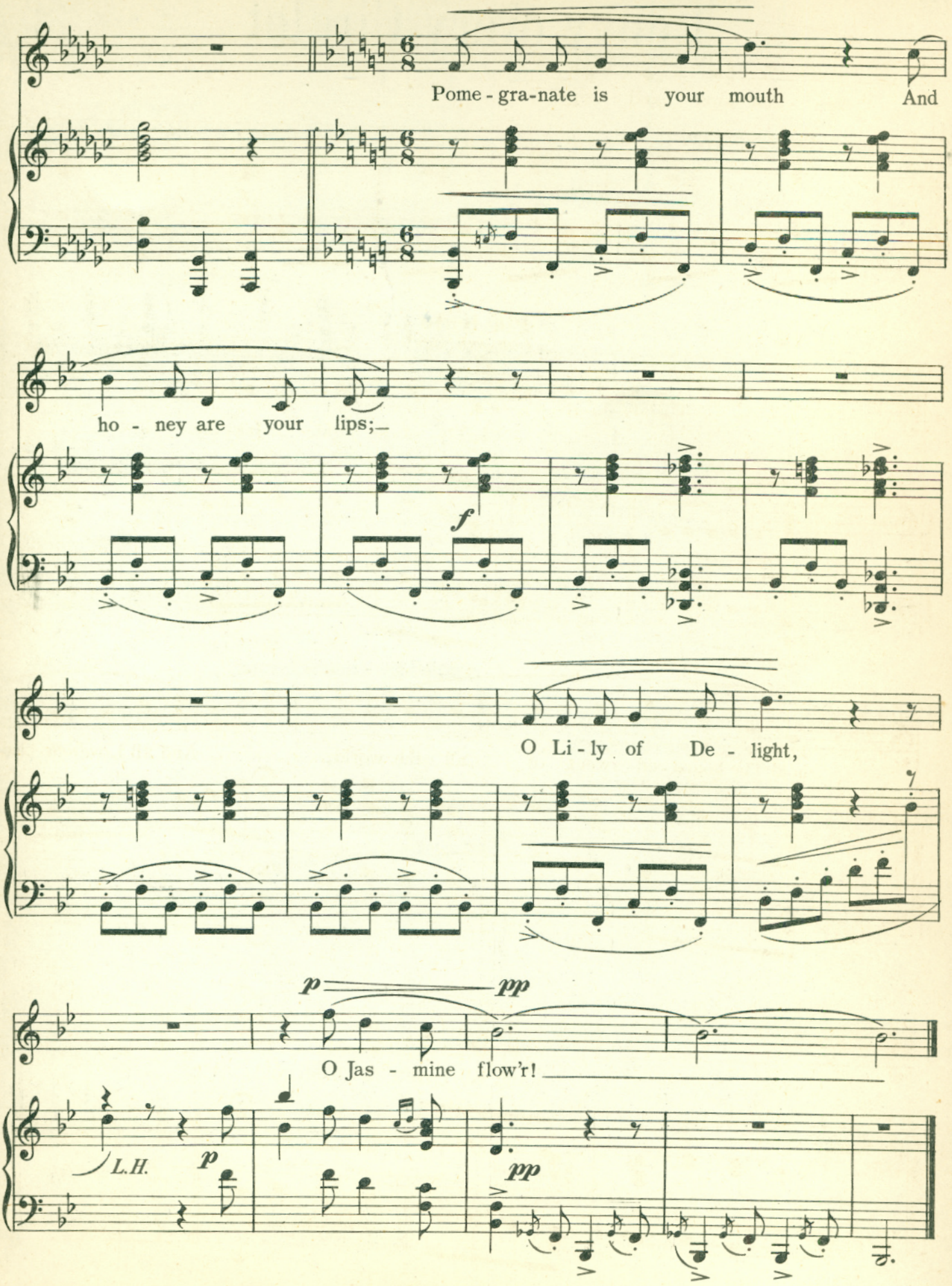

bee that sips and sips.
f
Piu lento
Con sentimento
p
mf
O Li-ly of De-light, O Jas-mine flow'r, you
Con sentimento
mf
hold The hoard-ed sweet of all the world, And all Love's fa-bled
poco rall.
gold, And all Love's fa-bled gold.
ff a tempo


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

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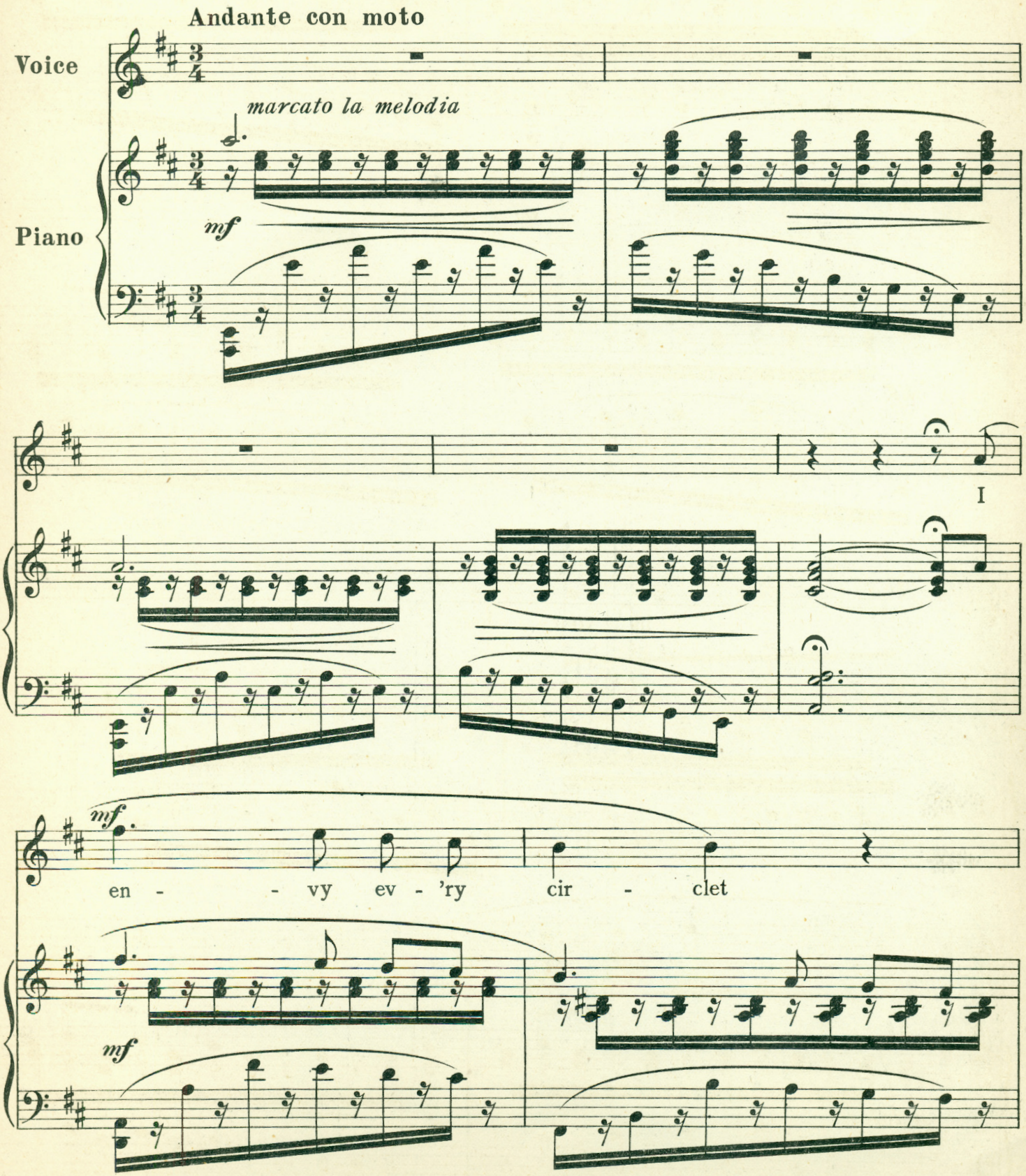

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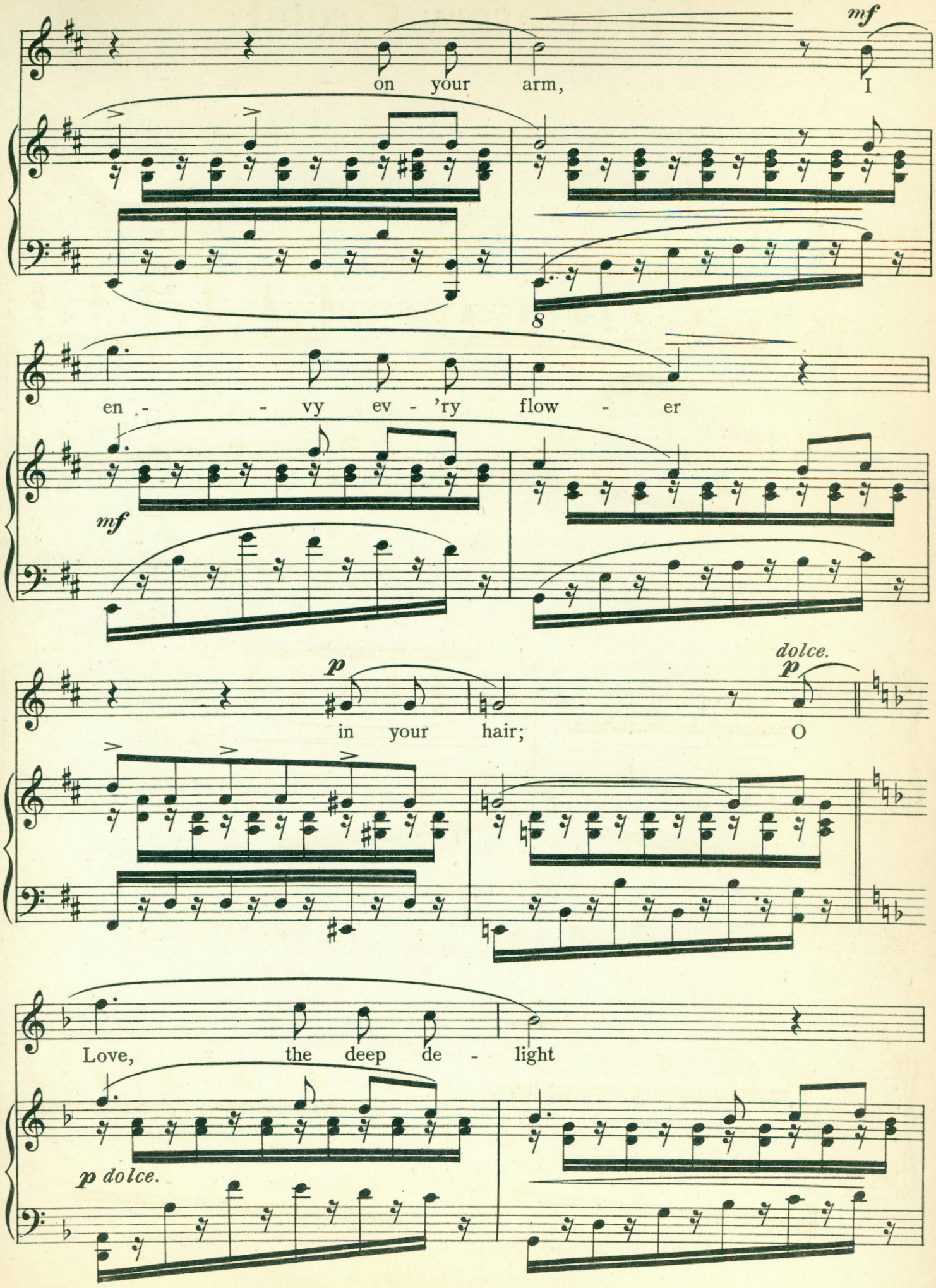
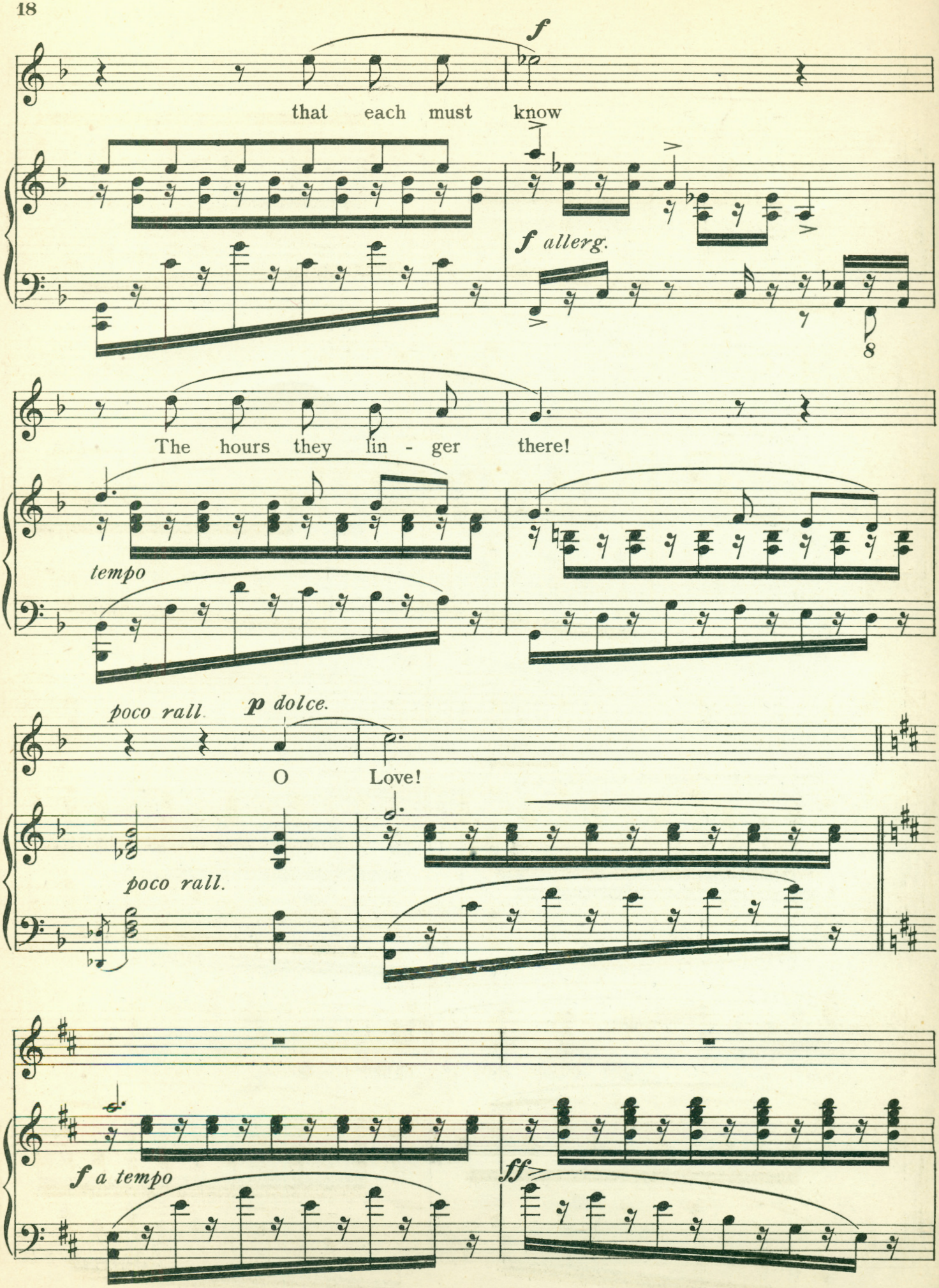
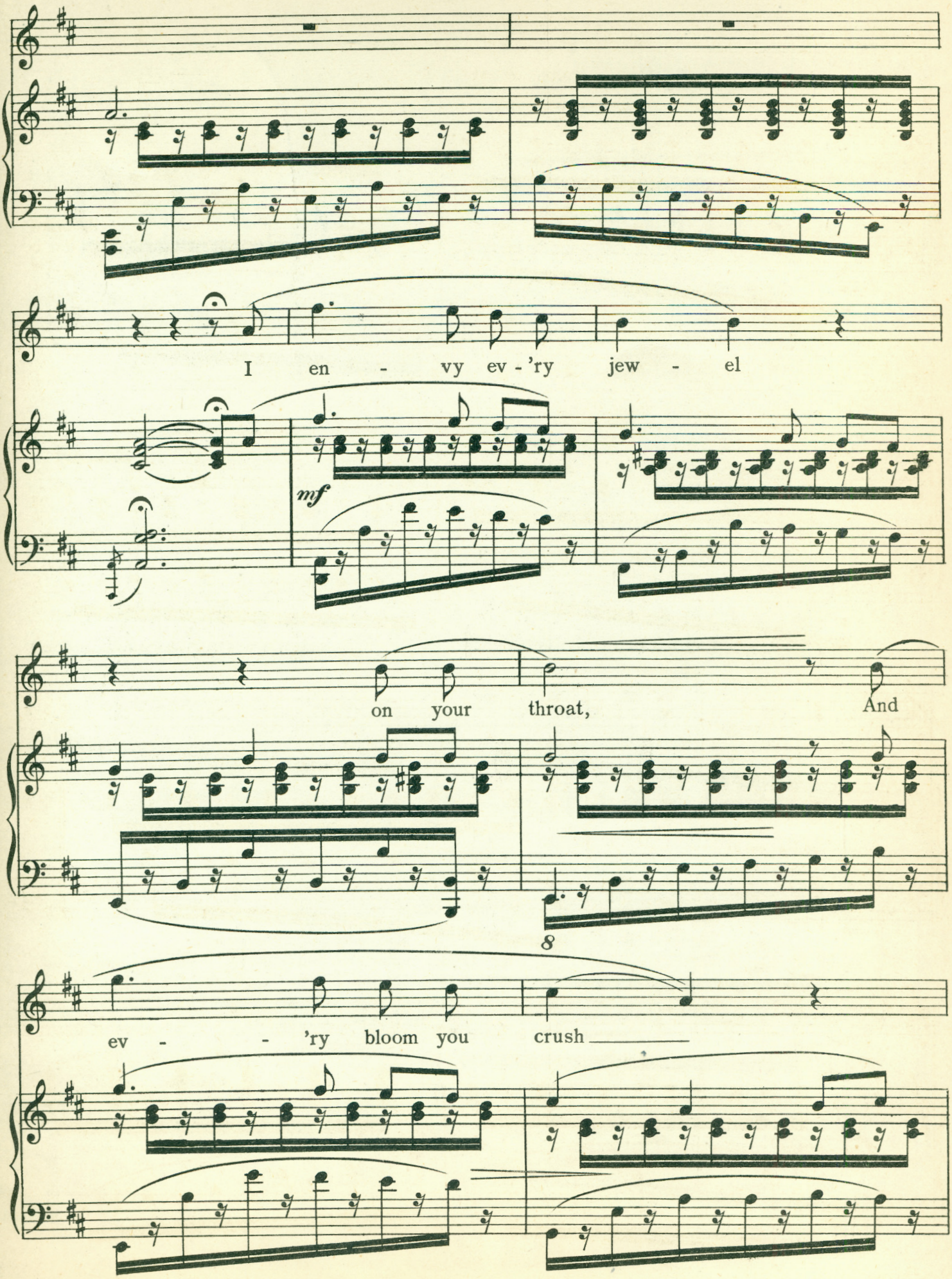
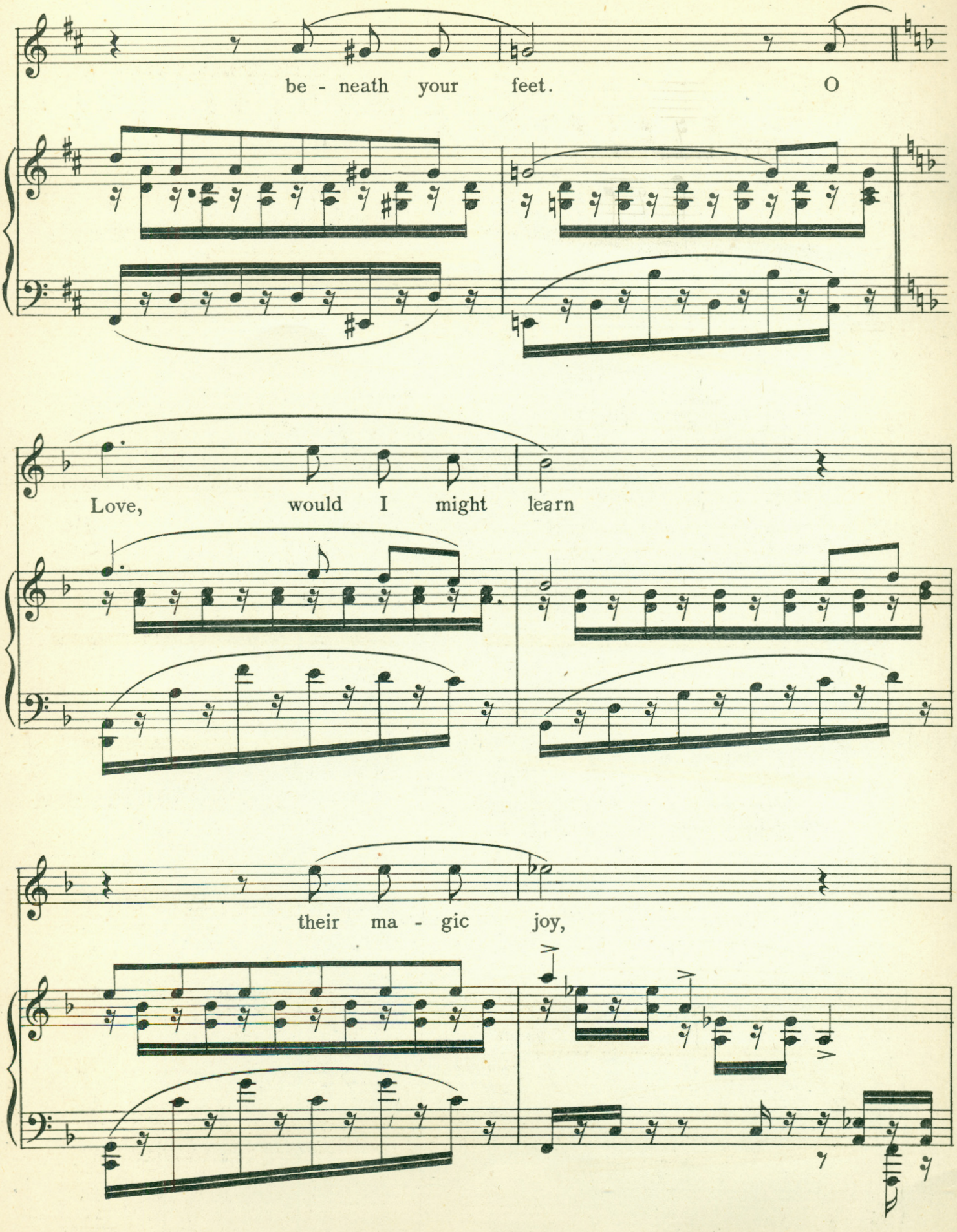
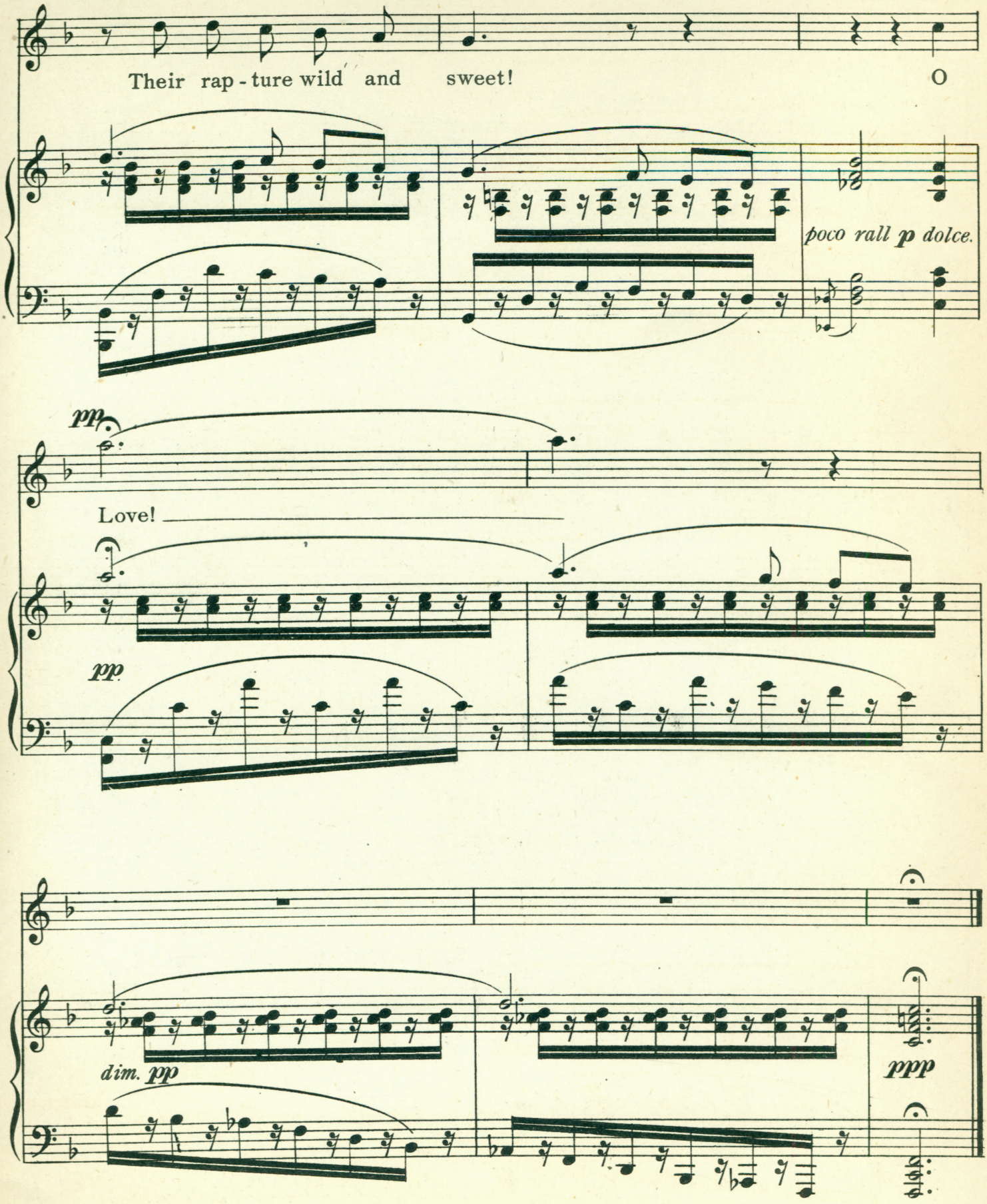

mf
on your arm,
I
8
en - - vy ev - 'ry flow - er
mf
p
in your hair;
dolce.
p
O
Love, the deep de - light
p dolce.


f
that each must know
f allerg.
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,


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

I wakened when the Moon

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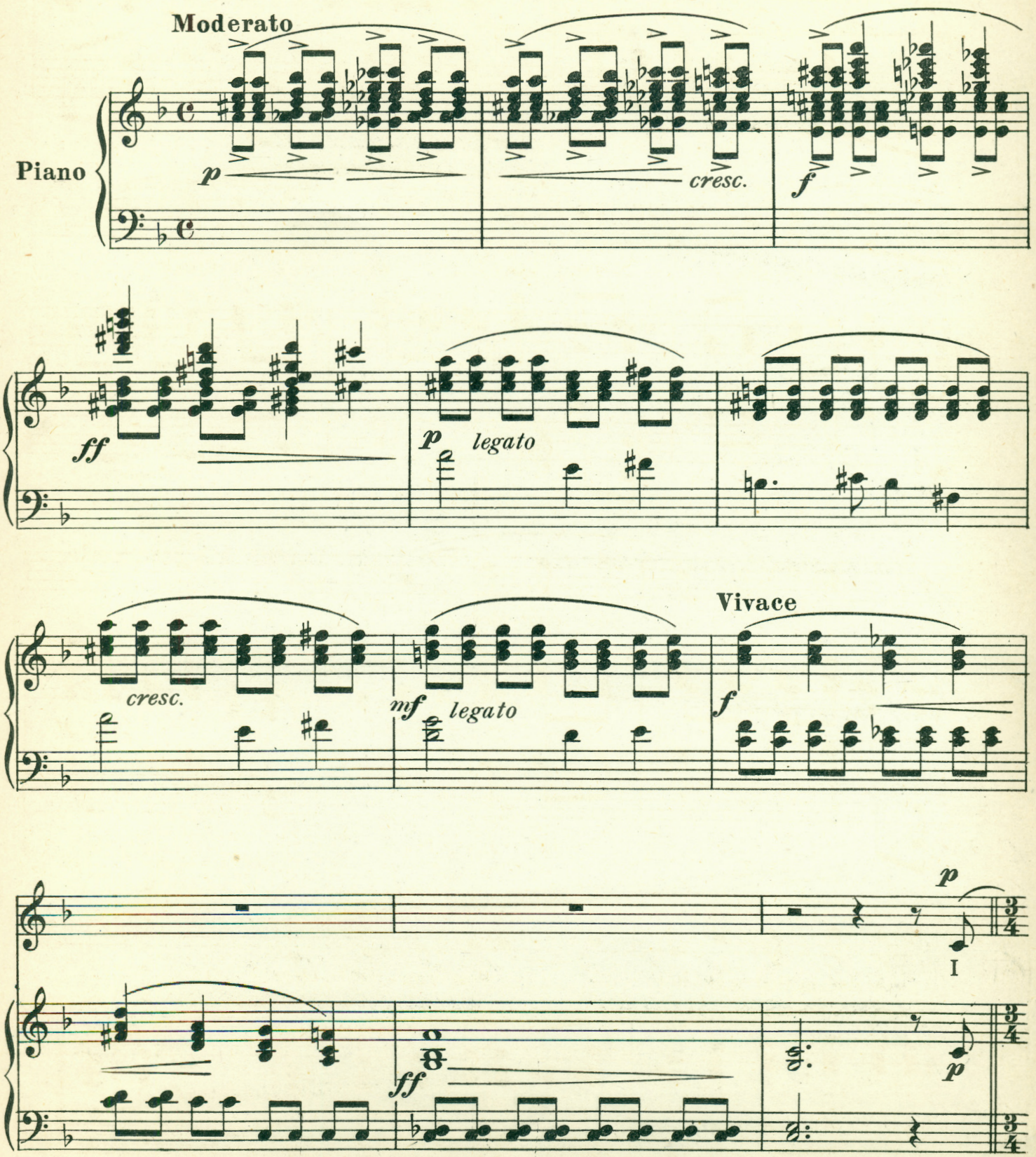

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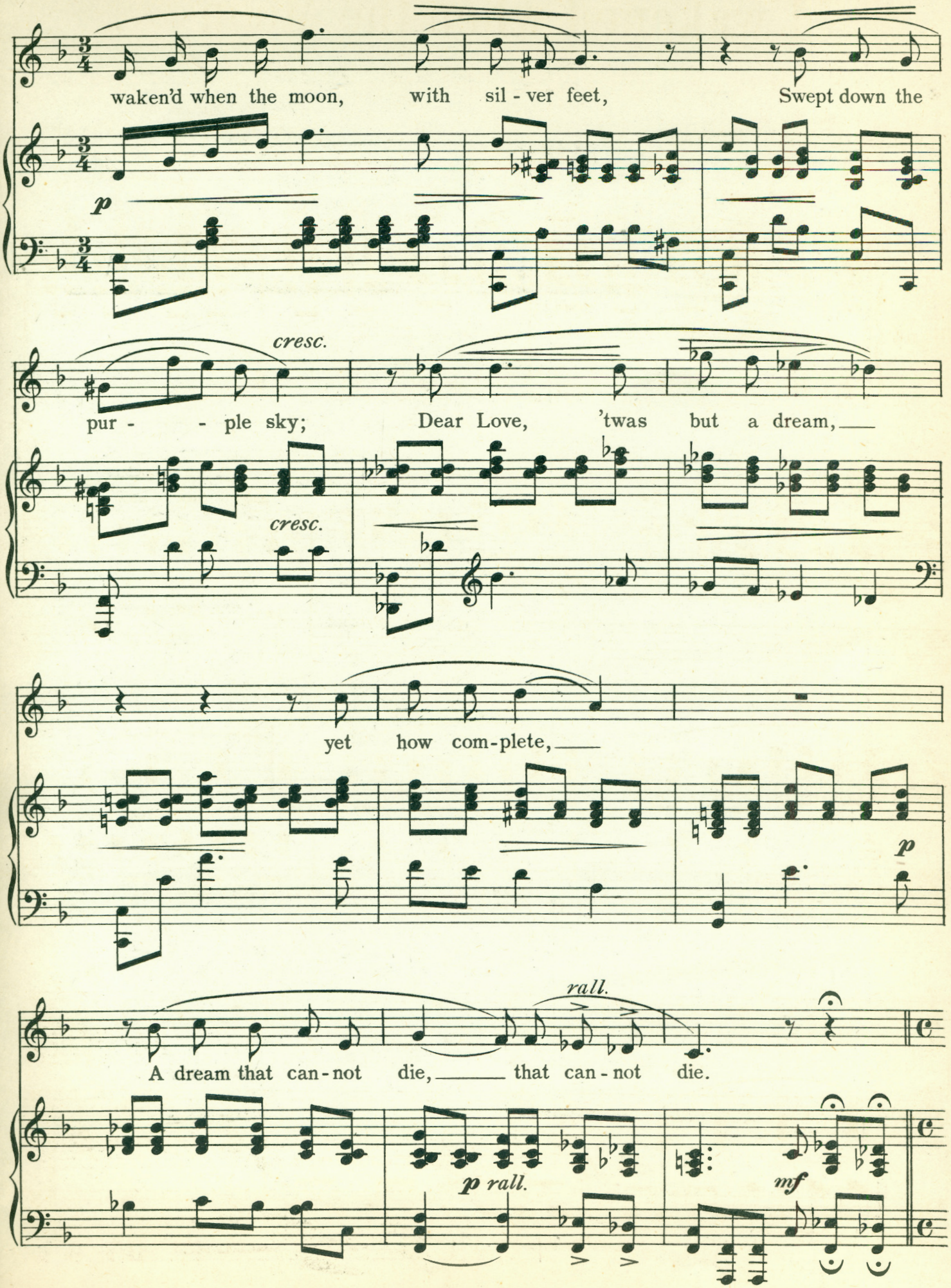
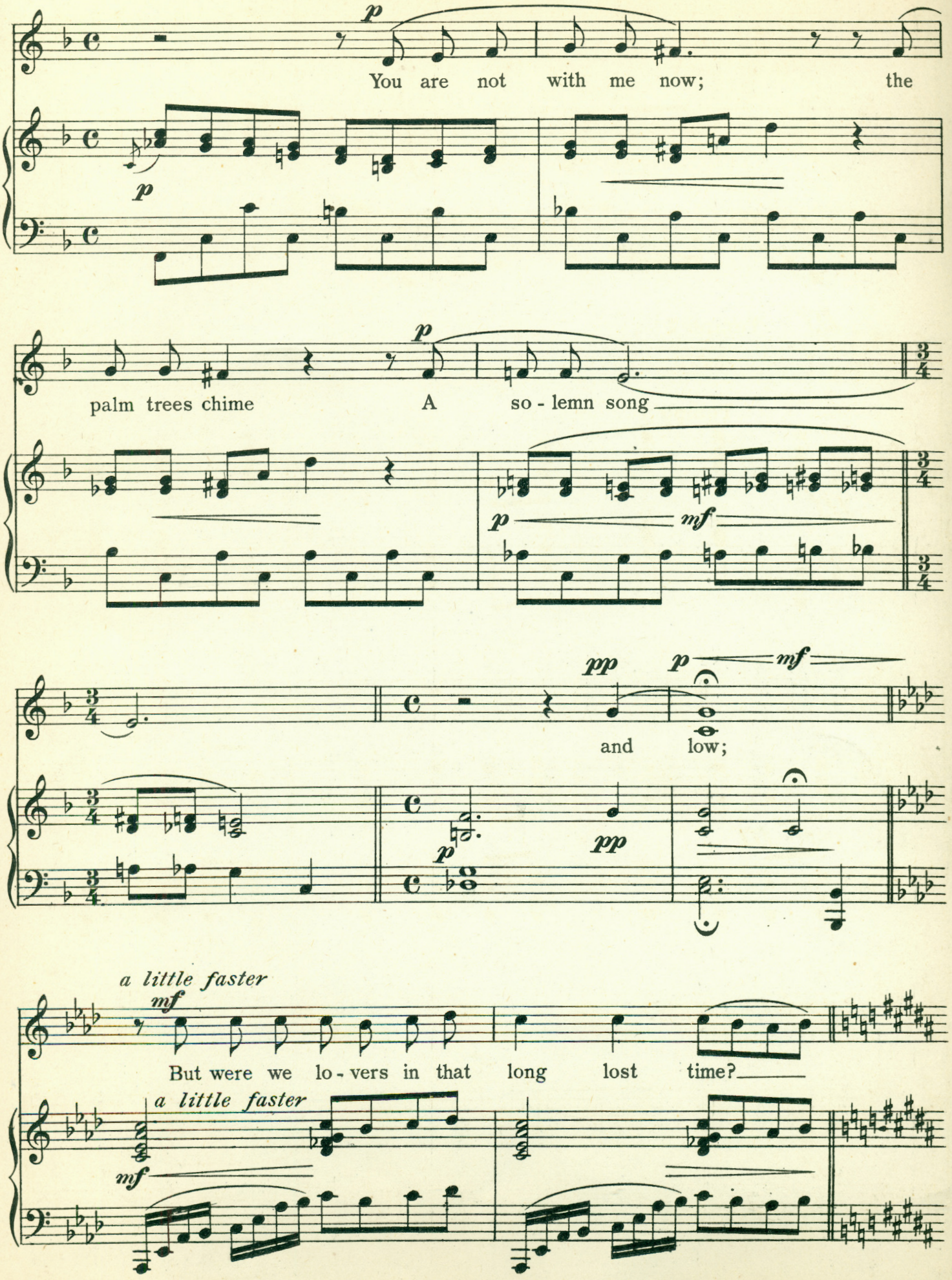
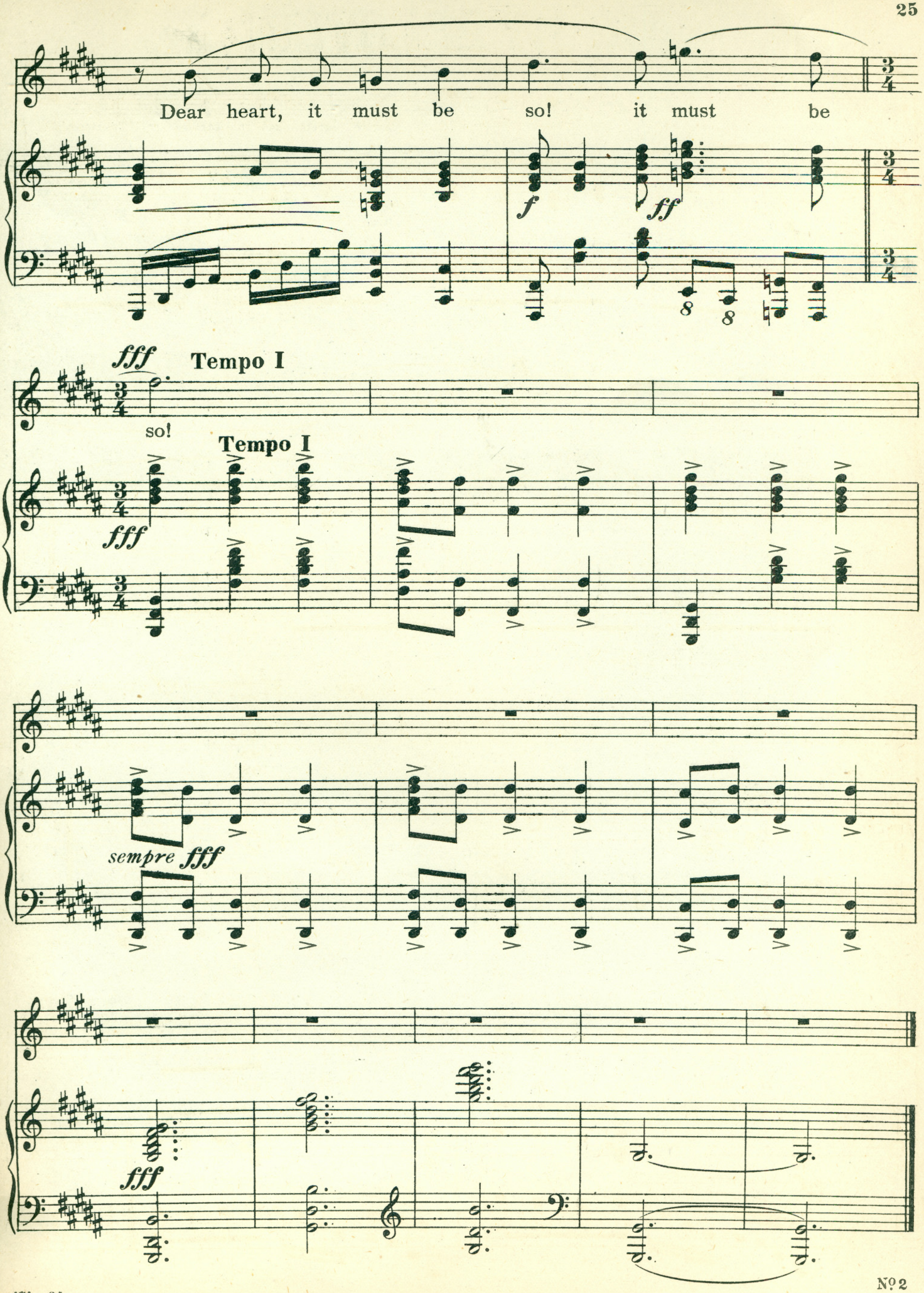

waken'd when the moon, with sil - ver feet, Swept down the
p
cresc.
pur - - ple sky; Dear Love, 'twas but a dream,
cresc.
yet how com-plete,
p
rall.
A dream that can-not die, that can-not die.
p rall.
mf


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?
a little faster
mf


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