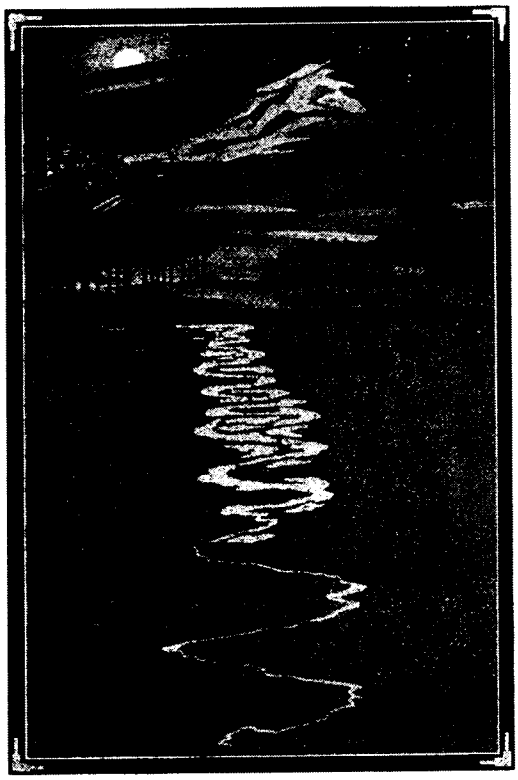
NOURAH



WORDS BY

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

MUSIC BY

CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS

HIGH VOICE 6 LOW VOICE

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY
CINCINNATI NEW YORK LONDON

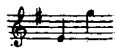
The dark waters mirror the torches' flare,
As in golden glory bright,
The Caliph's barge past the Tigris' marge
Drifts on through the jasmined night.

The lutes and the viols sound sweetly forth
As the oars dip in the stream,
And Nourah rests on the Caliph's breast:
Soft breezes caress her dream.

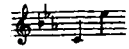
In Bagdad they honor the Caliph's law
Which has doomed that man to die,
Who sees at night, through the red torchlight,
His barge on the stream drift by.

Come Death! I have looked into Paradise,
Who have seen fair Nourah rise
From Haroun's side, when her name I cried,
With the love-light in her eyes!

Frederick H. Martens



To John Barnes Wells

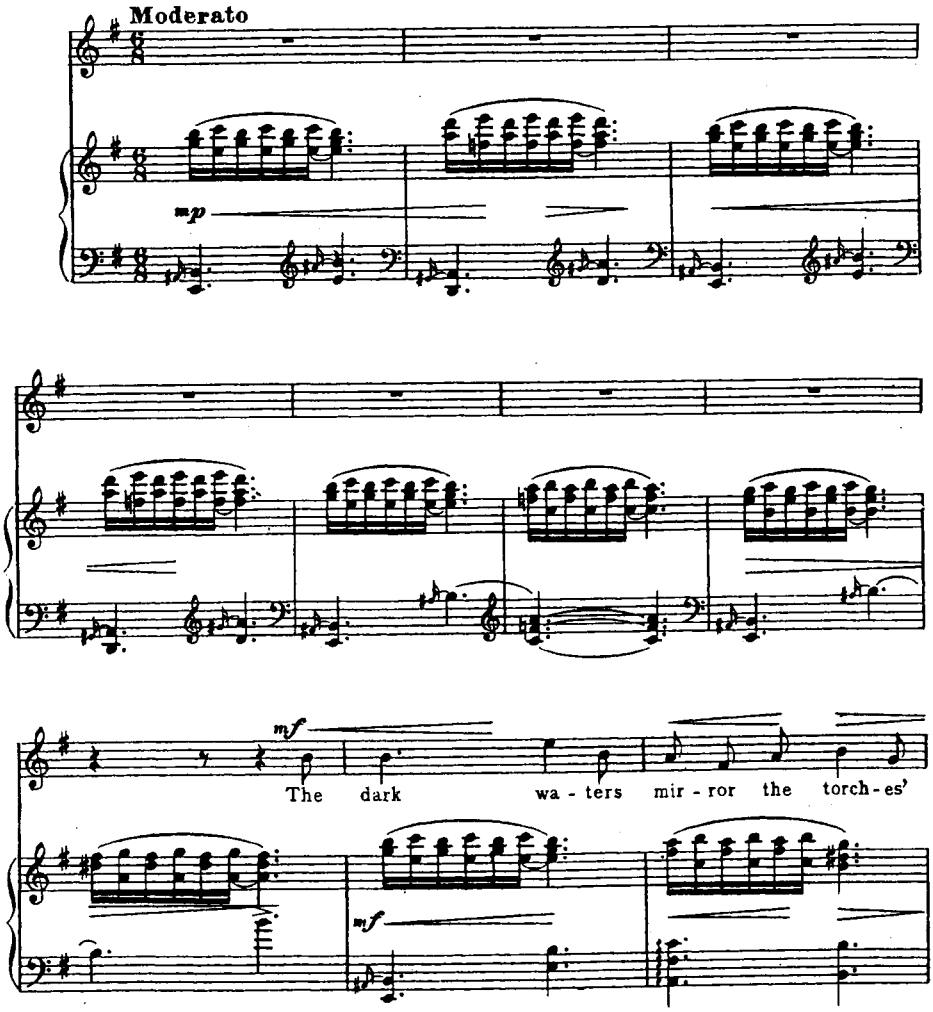


Nourah

(A Saracen Romance)

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS



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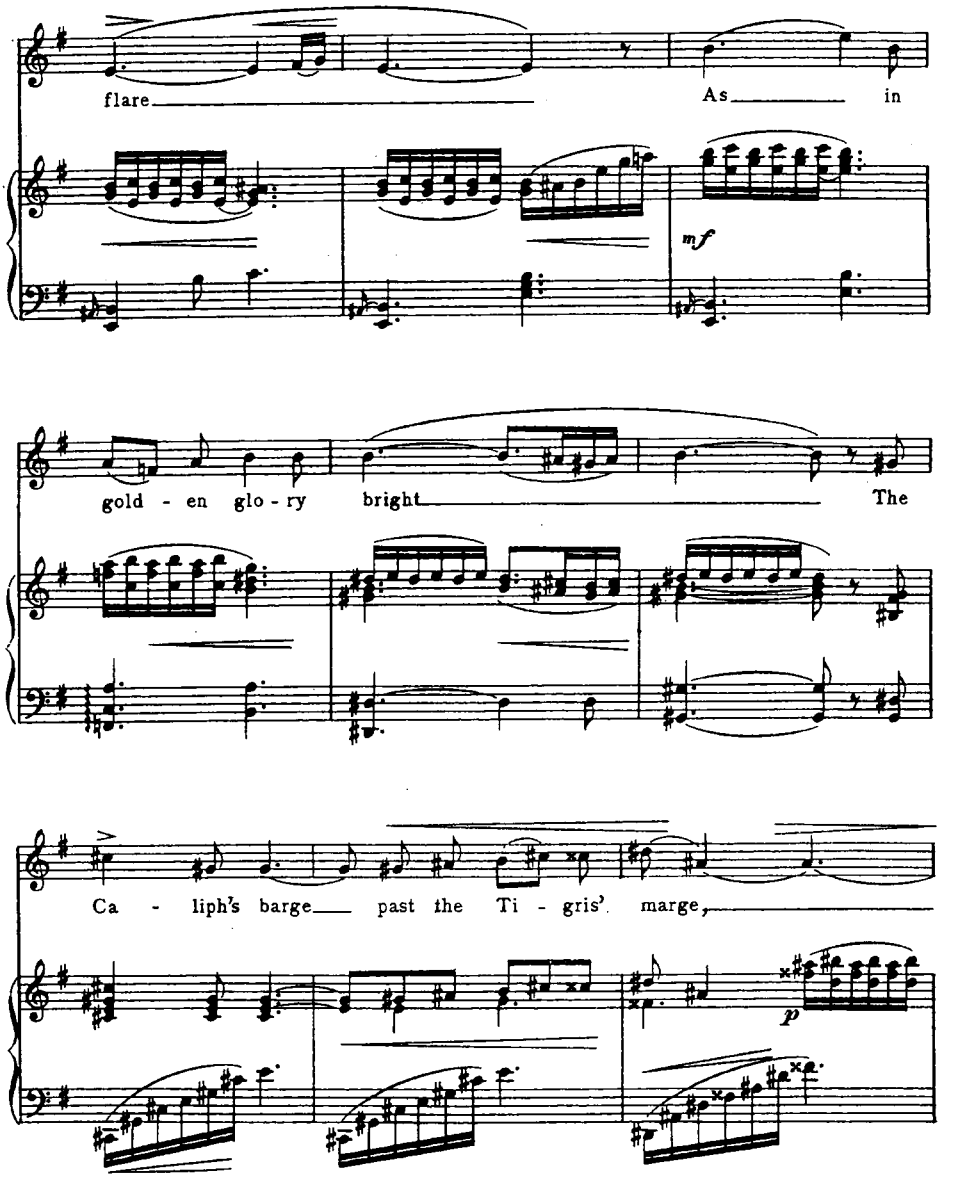
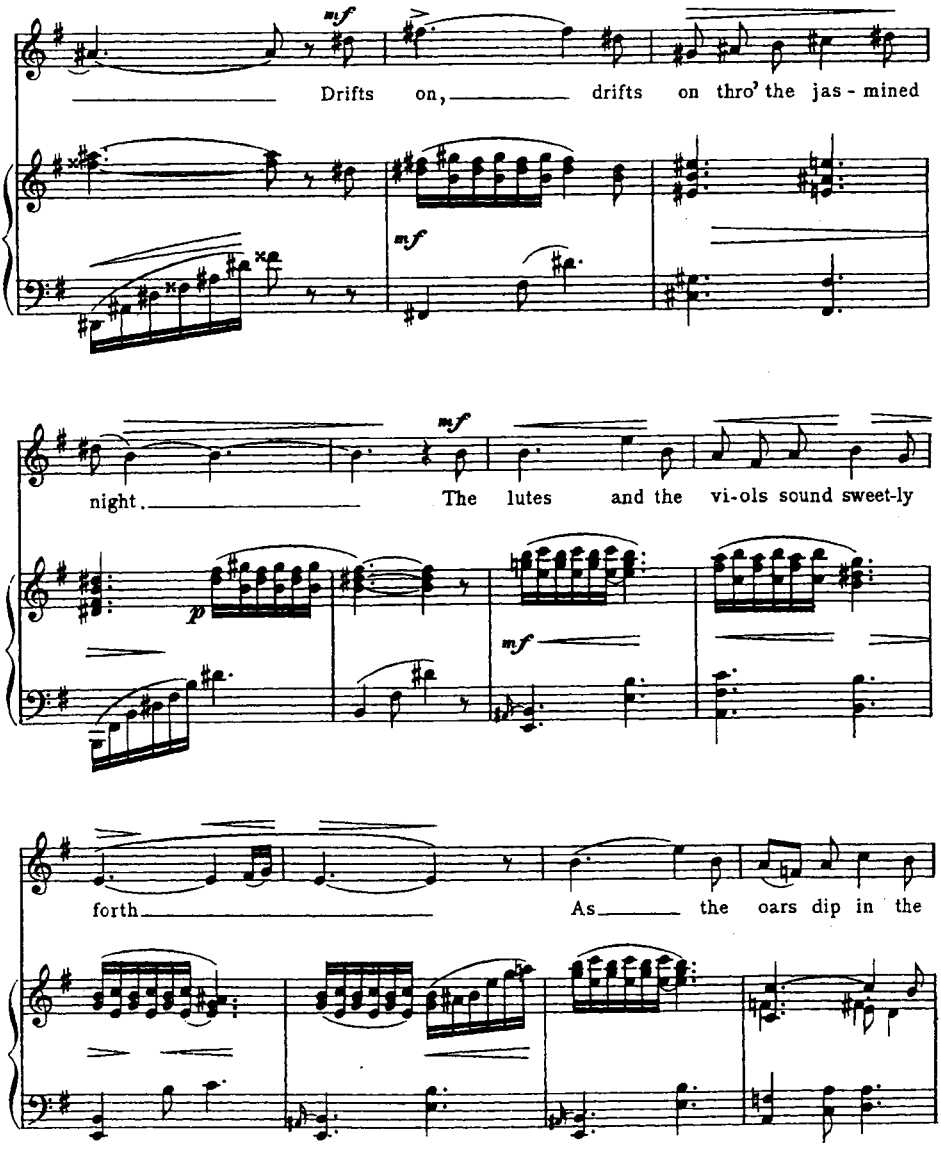
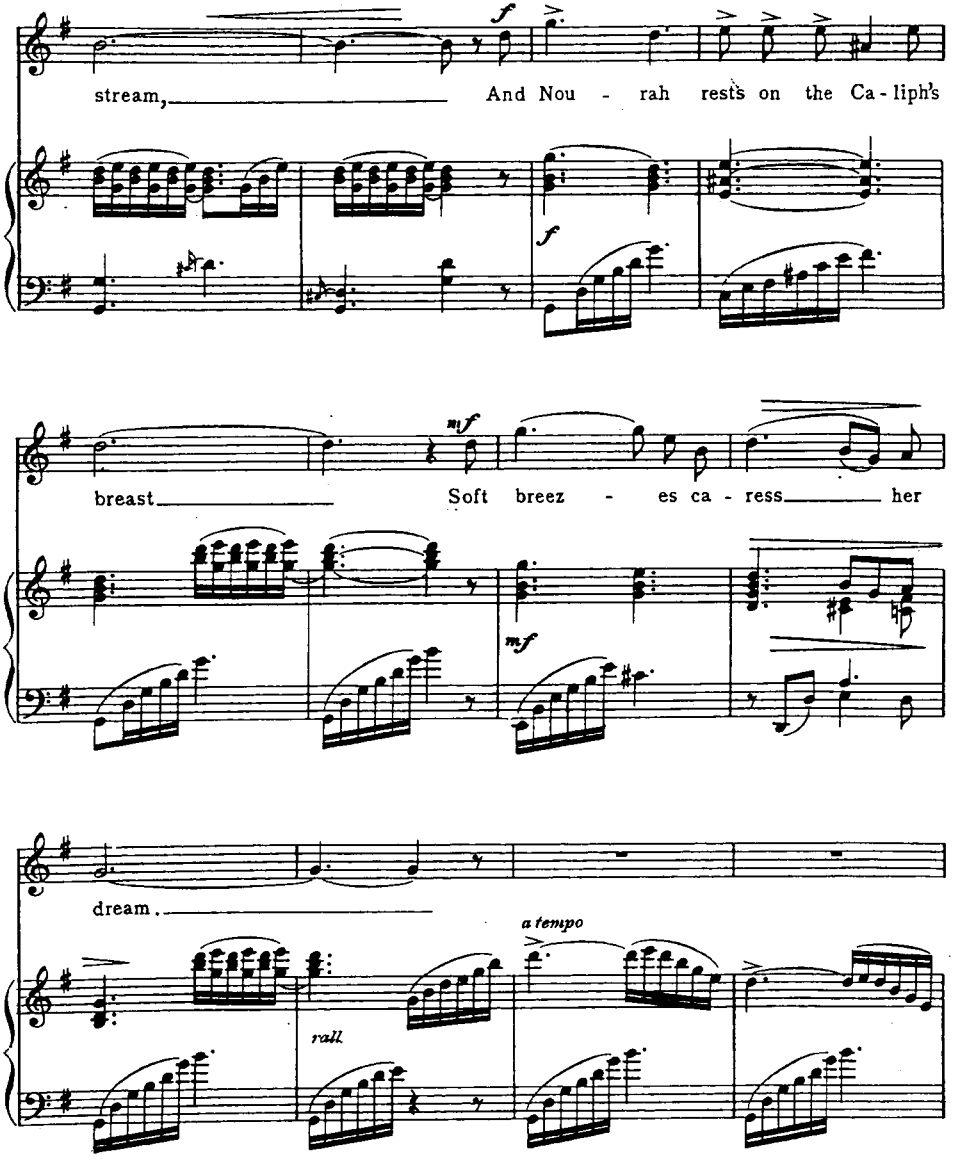
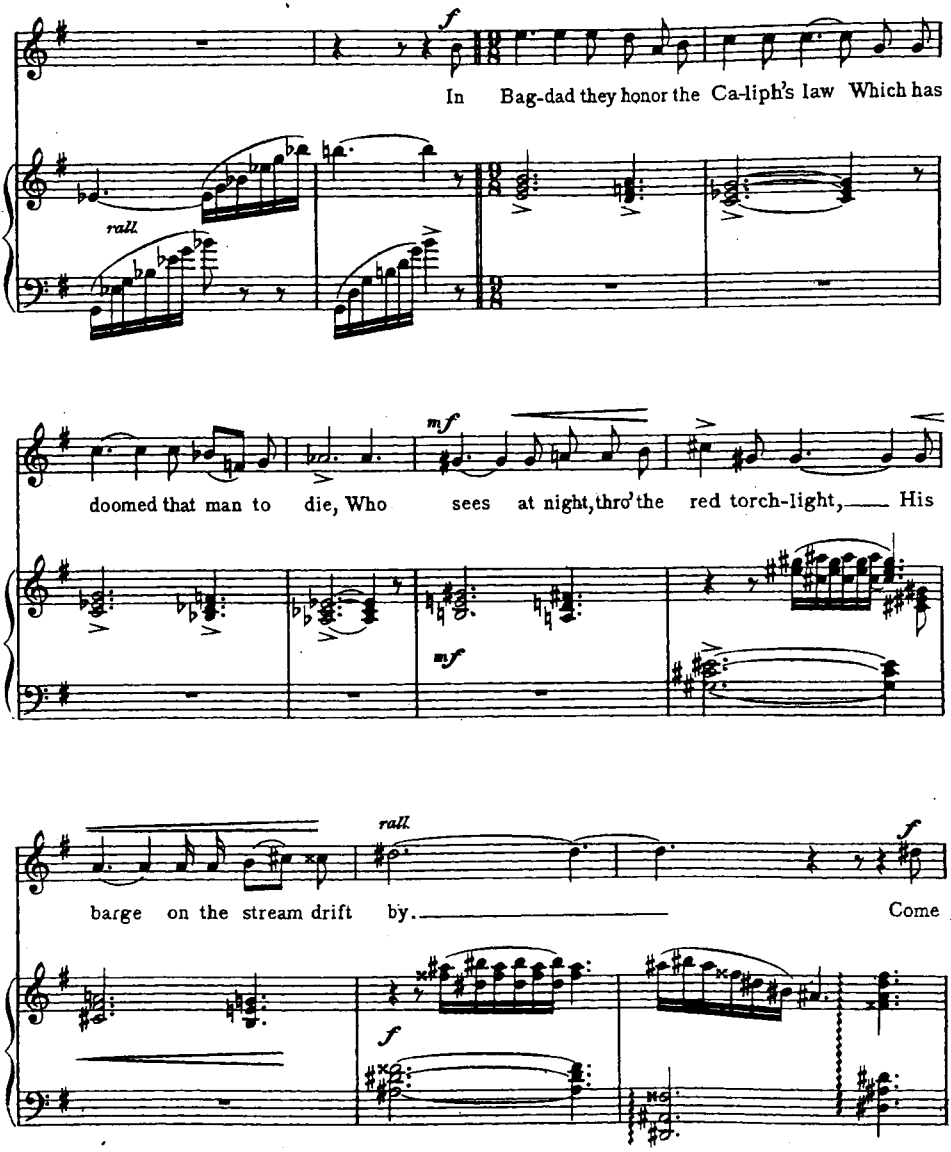
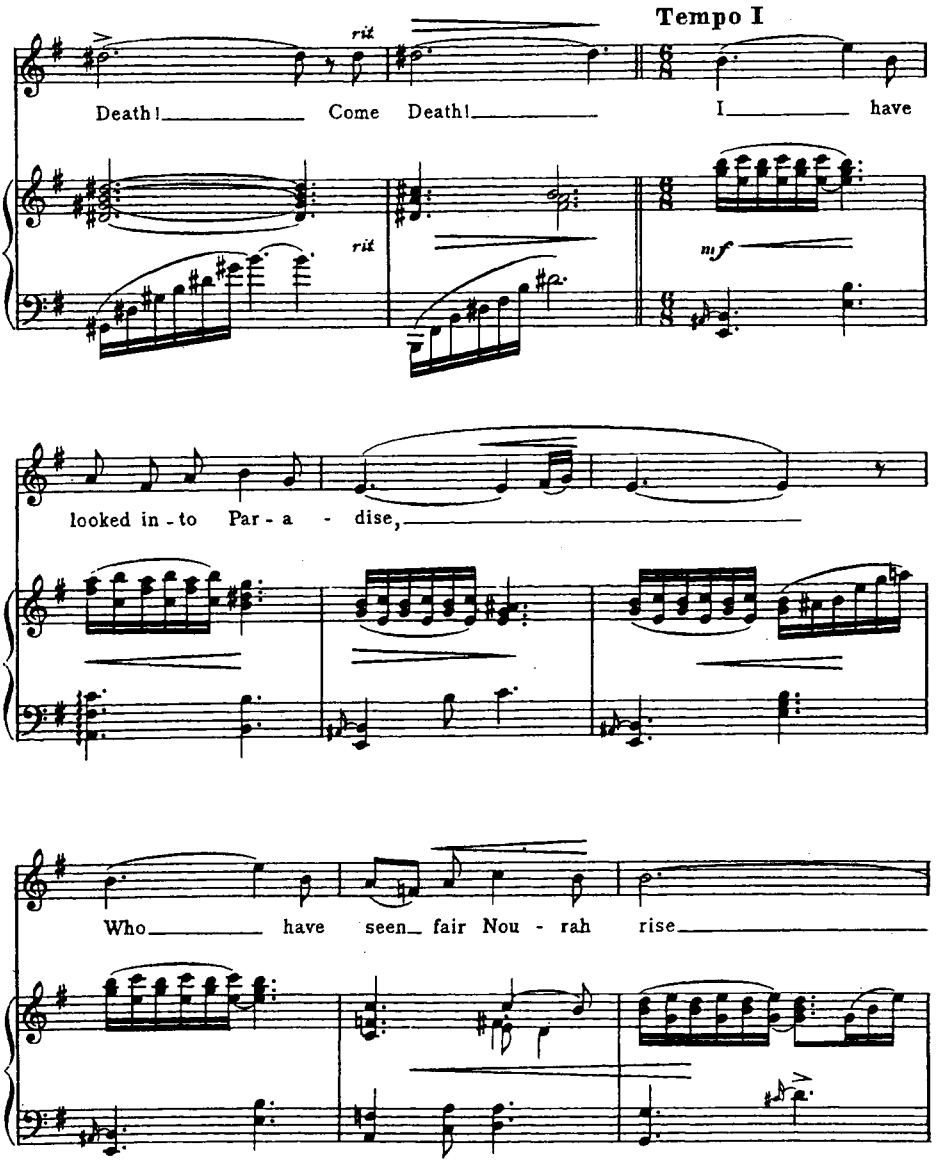
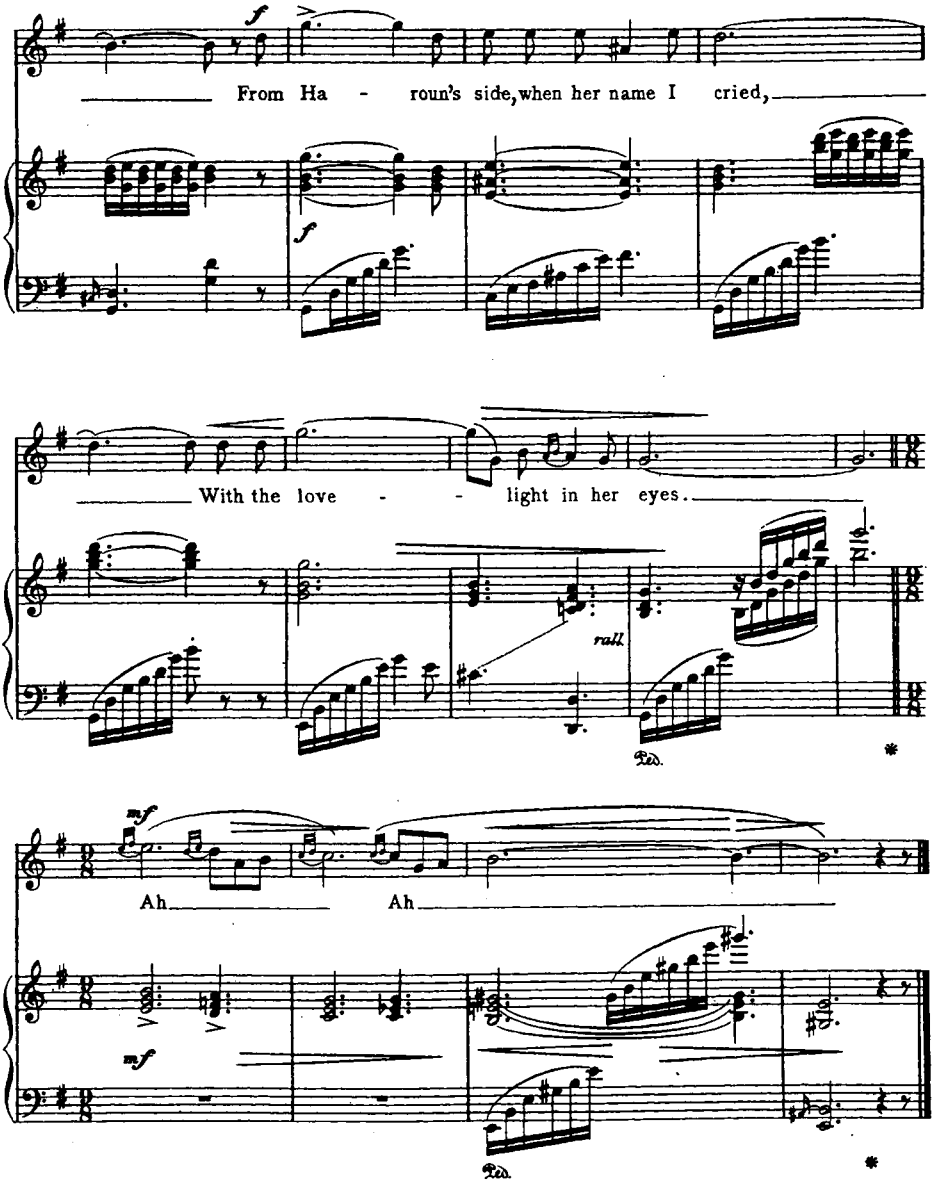

flare
As in
mf
gold - en glo - ry bright
The
Ca - liph's barge past the Ti - gris' marge,
p


mf
Drifts on, drifts on thro' the jas - mined
mf
night. The lutes and the vi-ols sound sweet-ly
p
mf
forth As the oars dip in the


stream, And Nou - rah rests on the Ca - liph's
breast Soft breez - es ca - ress her
dream.
rall.
a tempo


f
In Bag-dad they honor the Ca-liph's law Which has
rall.
mf
doomed that man to die, Who sees at night, thro' the red torch-light, His
mf
rall.
f
barge on the stream drift by. Come
f


Tempo I
rit
rit
mf
Death! Come Death! I have
looked in - to Par - a - dise,
Who have seen fair Nou - rah rise


f
From Ha - roun's side, when her name I cried,
f
With the love - - light in her eyes.
rall.
Ped.
*
mf
Ah Ah
mf
Ped.
*