

An Arab Love-Song

Francis Thompson (1859-1907)

Kathryn Rose

$\text{♩} = 120$ (approx.) *all voices in unison*
p

Choir

The hunch-èd cam-els of thenight trou-ble the

Piano

5

bright and sil - ver wa-ters of the moon. The Maid - en of the

8 *mp*

Morn will soon through Heav-en stray and sing, star gath - er ing...

12 *mp* unison or upper voices

Now while the dark a-bout our loves is strewn,

16 *accelerando poco a poco* *mf* *tutti p*

Light of my dark, blood of my heart, O come! And

19 *pp* *mf* $\text{♩} = 72$

night will catch her breath up, and be dumb. Leave thy

pp *mf* $\text{♩} = 72$

pp *mf* $\text{♩} = 72$

Ped.

23

fath - er leave_ thy moth - er and thy broth - er;

27

Leave the black tents of thy tribe a-part! Am I not thy

32

fath - er and thy broth - er, and thy moth - er?

36 $\text{♩} = 120$ *solo (optional)*
p

And thou-- what need-est with thy tribe's black tents who hast the

42 *rit....* *a tempo*

red pa - vi - li - on of my heart?