

EXPRESSLY COMPOSED FOR MR KUHÉ'S BRIGHTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
FEBRUARY, 1877.

LALLA ROOKH,
Cantata,

(THE SUBJECT FOUNDED ON MOORE'S EASTERN LEGEND)

The Words by

W. G. WILLS,

The Music by

FREDERIC CLAY.

ENT. STA. HALL.

PRICE 5/-

London.

CHAPPELL & CO 50, NEW BOND STREET,

WHERE MAY BE HAD THE SEPARATE VOICE & ORCHESTRAL PARTS

I N D E X.

	PAGE
No. 1.—INTRODUCTION,	I
No. 2.—SOLO (<i>Feramorz</i>),	4
No. 3.—CHORUS AND SOLO (<i>Leila</i>),	8
No. 4.—SOLO (<i>Fadladeen</i>),	20
No. 5.—SONG (<i>Lalla Rookh</i>),	24
No. 6.—RECITATIVE AND SONG (<i>Feramorz</i>),	27
No. 7.— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{RECITATIVE,} \\ \text{QUARTETT,} \end{array} \right.$	32
No. 8.—SLOW MARCH OF THE CORTEGE,	44
No. 9.—CHORUS,	48
No. 10.—RECITATIVE AND SCENA (<i>Feramorz</i>),	54
No. 11.—SONG (<i>Leila</i>),	65
No. 12.— $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{RECITATIVE (Lalla Rookh),} \\ \text{SONG (Fadladeen),} \end{array} \right.$	68
No. 13.—RECITATIVE AND SONG (<i>Lalla Rookh</i>),	76
No. 14.—DUET (<i>Lalla Rookh and Feramorz</i>),	85
No. 15.—CHORUS,	100
No. 16.—DANCE MUSIC,	106
No. 17.—RECITATIVE (<i>Leila and Lalla Rookh</i>),	114
No. 18.—CHORUS,	117
No. 19.—FINALE (<i>Lalla Rookh, Feramorz, and Chorus</i>),	130

"LALLA ROOKH."

RECITATIVE—FERAMORZ.

'Tis night ; no sound is in the air,
Save insects' hums—the moth that hums.
Oh ! Allah, hear a lover's prayer
For her that comes—my love that comes.
The tiger's distant moan is heard,
He scents the morn, he fears the morn.
Hark to the crow of jungle-bird !
The day is born !—young day is born !
On temple and on minaret
A silver rim—a shining rim.
The plantain and the cassia get
Less ghastly dim—less mournful dim.
Now ope the portals of the sky
On silent hinge—on golden hinge.
Light groweth to red extasy
With yellow fringe—with amber fringe.
What sound of cymbals joys mine ear,
And tinkling feet—and dancing feet !
My love, my pallid queen draws near,
As morning sweet—as daylight sweet !

CHORUS.

She goeth forth from us—Princess the Peerless,
No face but smiles on her—no face is tearless ;
Allah protect her from hurt and from sorrow,
We follow the light of the Pearl of the morrow !
Matchless the gems in the King's shalimar
Till he set in his egret this orient star.
Clash the bright cymbal,
Clink the gay bell,
The Princess of Delhi
Has bade her farewell !

SOLO—LEILA.

Princess, they love thee. Ah ! Princess, they lose thee ;
Happy and wise is the King, who did choose thee.
The god Camadeva doth hover above her,
To guide her bright feet to the throne of her lover.
Matchless the gems in the King's shalimar
Till he set in his egret this orient star.
Clash the bright cymbal,
Clink the gay bell,
The Princess of Delhi
Hath spoken farewell !

FADLADEEN.

Princess, thy royal father, great Abdallah,
At whose mighty mandate none dare cavil,
Appointeth me thy guardian (under Allah !)
To guide, amuse, and elevate thy travel :
'Twixt thee and joy lie jungle, forest, plain ;
Be it my care to while away thy pain.
I have provided pleasures new and subtle,
To make the hours fly past thee like the shuttle,
That weaveth pleasant tapestry amain.

LALLA ROOKH.

Alas ! good chamberlain, 'tis vain, 'tis vain !

FADLADEEN.

Jugglers, barbaric dance, and music shall
Turn the long travel to one festival.

LALLA ROOKH.

Good Fadladeen, would'st thou with dancers nimble
Amuse a heart which joy no more can know ?
Would'st soothe regret by clashing of a cymbal,
Kill sighs by noise—cure sorrow by a show ?

FADLADEEN.

What is this sorrow ? what is this misgiving ?

LALLA ROOKH.

Nay, nothing ; a mere weariness of living.

SONG—LALLA ROOKH.

Still this golden lull for ever,
Dreary pomp and tuneless flow,
Endless longing—cold endeavour,
Phantom days that come and go.
Joyless still each phantom day flits.
Ah ! but I remember one,
At whose voice the hours like wavelets
Bounded laughing in the sun !
Still this golden lull for ever,
Dreary pomp and tuneless flow,
Endless longing—cold endeavour,
Phantom days that come and go !

FERAMORZ.

Princess, a maiden's heart is like a lute,
 Joy, sorrow, hope, and fear the tuned strings,
 Unswept by love all harmony is mute :
 His hand doth touch the chords, and weariness has wings.

FADLADEEN.

Who is this forward stranger ?

FERAMORZ.

A poor Poet,
 Who would presume the journey to beguile
 With song and tale.

LALLA ROOKH.

(That voice ! methinks I know it !)

(To FERAMORZ.)

What could'st thou do to win from me a smile ?

SONG—FERAMORZ.

I'll sing thee songs of Araby,
 And tales of fair Cashmere,
 Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh,
 Or charm thee to a tear.
 Dreams of delight shall on thee break,
 And rainbow visions rise,
 And all my soul shall strive to wake
 Sweet wonder in thine eyes !

Through those twin lakes, when wonder wakes,
 My raptured song shall sink,
 And as the diver dives for pearls,
 Bring bright tears to their brink.
 I'll sing thee songs of Araby,
 And tales of fair Cashmere,
 Wild tales to cheat thee of a sigh,
 Or charm thee to a tear.

LALLA ROOKH.

Leila ! 'tis he who sang to us last night,
 Whose footprints lurked among the tuber roses !

LEILA.

The roses of thy cheeks have lost their blight,
 Sweet Princess, silent joy thine eye discloses.

FADLADEEN.

Stranger, whilst dancing girls, and juggler's art
 Are in our train, what valueth Poetry ?

LALLA ROOKH.

Is it so slight a thing to touch the heart ?
 So cheap, the heart's interpreter to be ?
 Hail, Poet, to our train.

FADLADEEN.

Morn wanes and we must go,
 Whilst yet 'tis breezy, and the sun is low.

QUARTETT.

LALLA ROOKH, LEILA, FERAMORZ, and FADLADEEN.

Morn wanes, we must away,
 Away o'er Ganges' yellow tide to wind,
 Hence before the blinding heat of day :
 Groves of palm in front, and Delhi's walls behind.

Hence, hence, the dew is dry,
 The maddening heat of day will strike us soon.
 Away, to where the forest's shadows lie,
 And lacing branches shield us from the noon.

Slow March of the Cortège.

CHORUS.

Now, youthful stranger, if you hope
 The Princess to regale,
 While day-light dies upon the slope,
 Come, let us hear thy tale.
 Come, tell thy wondrous tale.

Lo ! signs of light the traveller sees
 Yonder Cashmere's far light ;
 With bent backs, her ancient trees
 Bathe themselves in starlight !

Breezes sweep away the mist,
 Day is by dark o'er-took,
 All the summer night doth list !
 And all the mute stars look !

'Tis the hour for tale or song,
 Poet, sing before us ;
 Ganges, as it rolls along,
 Murmureth a chorus.

SCENE—FERAMORZ.

(*Recitative.*)

Most beauteous Princess, in thy track of light,
 Follow all other lights but as the shade,
 Yet will I venture, if a minstrel might,
 Whose lines may live when regal splendours fade,
 To sing a desert fable of a Hindoo maid.

SONG—FERAMORZ.

The desert around an oasis
 Of green in the hoary sand,
 And a Hindoo child, alone in the wild,
 With the lavender in her hand.
 She gathers sprigs of lavender,
 For Buddha, great and bland.

There are sunny calms around the palms,
 In the air is a wondrous hush,
 Except for the beat of her naked feet,
 And the water's whispering gush.
 What shuddering sigh floats through the sky,
 What wan and dusky veil—
 In the West doth climb in a second of time,
 With a sound like a distant wail !
 It came, it came, with a breath of flame,
 A wild and lurid wall !
 And right amid, the sun, half-hid,
 Glared as a blood-red ball.
 She looked to the East, and she looked to the West,
 With fear in her wide black eye,
 She cried aloud, " Oh, greatest and best,
 God Buddha, hear my cry !"
 Down, down on thy face, frail human form,
 Thou drifting, gasping thing.

'Tis here with the headlong rush of the storm,
 And on the Death-Angel's wing !
 She totters and falls, the Hindoo girl,
 And, ghost-like, vanisheth ;
 Lost in the cloud and the sandy whirl,
 And choked by the blast of death !
 'Tis past and gone, the dread simoon,
 The air is without a breath :
 Yet not all cruel, the dread simoon,
 In its fell and deadly race,
 It hath buried her over with shining sand,
 In a grave without a trace !
 And wanderers say, when that deadly whirl
 Careers the desert sand,
 They see again the Hindoo girl,
 With the lavender in her hand,
 Still gathering sprigs of lavender
 For Buddha, great and bland.

FADLADEEN.

'Tis very well, and promising in sooth,
 But poetry !—You may retire, good youth.
 On royal tastes thou hast peculiar views.
 I will essay the Princess to amuse,
 And strive for hours of tedium to atone.

LALLA ROOKH.

Nay, learned Fadladeen, I'd be alone ;
 Thy promised revels hie thee to prepare.

FADLADEEN.

From henceforth thy amusements be my care.

LALLA ROOKH (*to* LEILA).

Sing me some lulling song—that which my slaves
 Were won't to sing above me as I lay.

SONG—LEILA.

Silent the bells of the mosque,
 In white fleece the moon is a capture,
 The nightingales round the kiosk,
 Are chiming together in rapture.
 Thy slave doth vigil keep,
 Sleep, my Sultana, sleep !
 Ye eyelids like buds of white rose,
 Oh, which are ye, thinking or dreaming !
 Ye red lips that softly unclose,
 Would ye break into song in soft seeming !
 Thy slave doth vigil keep,
 Sleep, my Sultana, sleep !

LALLA ROOKH.

I cannot sleep, for still my thoughts keep brooding
 Upon to-morrow,—end of all delight !
 This thought through all my happiness intruding,
 To-morrow without Feramorz is night !

FADLADEEN.

Princess, the music and the show advance,
 The Nautch-girls poise on tip-toe for the dance.

SONG—FADLADEEN.

See yon gleams on night encroaching,
 Hark ! the Nautch-girls' steps approaching,
 Round their ankles, winged with sound,
 Glittering as they whirl around,

Carcanets of golden bells.
 Round their waists are opal-shells.
 They shall bend as rushes, lithely
 Swaying, gliding, laughing blythely,
 Wondrous music all around,
 Wondrous wealth of brazen sound.
 They shall leap, as they would fly,
 Eyes as black as midnight sky,
 Laughing in barbaric tune,
 Wildly chanting 'neath the moon.
 Mellow, wild and random laughter,
 All their black hair streaming after.
 Coloured lamps o'er all shall blaze,
 Lanterns rich with jewelled rays,
 While on all the moonlight plays.

LALLA ROOKH.

I thank thy zeal, good friends, but yet forbear,
 There is a sweeter music in the air,
 Of wending waters, and of wandering wind,
 Disturb not yet this glamour of the mind.
 I've seen the Hindoo girls launch forth a taper
 In a frail, tiny boat, adown the tide,
 Through ripples, eddies, weeds, and ghostly vapour,
 And on its fate their future fates confide.
 Now will I prove, in fantasy half idle,
 What this small river-light may tell to me.
 If it should sink, oh, then ! this fatal bridal
 Shall drown my youth—if it should float, I'm free !

SONG—LALLA ROOKH.

Oh, slow, sail slow, thou tiny boat,
 Thy freight is all my weal or woe,
 With thee my heart shall sink or float,
 I strain mine eyes thy fate to know.
 Slow, sail slow !

Yes, every wave you dance above,
 I feel some trembling danger past,
 Thou hast the secret of my love,
 Oh, keep it tenderly and fast.
 Slow, sail slow !

Thou fluttering light, so faint and far,
 Sink not, oh, live some little space,
 Would I could bid a living star
 Down from the sky, to fill thy place.
 Slow, sail slow !

FERAMORZ.

Princess, what watchest thou upon the stream ?
 So keen, so trembling, is thy melting gaze.

LALLA ROOKH.

Minstrel, thou breakest on an idle dream,
 I watched the rising moon, the starry rays,
 Which in the ripples seem like golden thorns.

FERAMORZ.

I've watched beside thee, noons, and nights, and morns,
 With a most loving service, ever yearning
 To see the gleaming growth of health and peace
 To thy wan cheek, from smile to smile, returning.
 But soon, too soon, that loving task must cease,
 And thy presumptuous lover find a sad release !

LALLA ROOKH.

Ah ! Feramorz, my secret thou hast robbed,
 In vain ! in vain I hid it deep away,
 My heart did blab it every pulse it throbb'd,
 My cheek betrayed it to the light of day !
 But we must part ;—I to heart-broken splendour,
 And thou—

FERAMORZ.

To watch thee still, though from afar,
 Ay ! with a vigil infinitely tender,
 As thou didst watch thy gleaming Ganges star.

LALLA ROOKH.

Would that this travel could go on for ever ;
 Would that our souls were fused into one.

FERAMORZ.

How knowest thou that our ways have yet to sever,
 Or that joy comes not with to-morrow's sun ?

DUETT—LALLA ROOKH and FERAMORZ.

FERAMORZ.

Oh, could a kiss our souls unite
 In one, as flame meets flame ;
 Or sighs, like wings, waft us in flight
 To Delhi, whence we came.

Oh, then thy lips I would not kiss,
 Nor breathe the winged sigh,
 Before us, lo ! the dawn of bliss,
 The foot of joy draws nigh !

Oh, could a prayer prolong the way
 To distance infinite,
 And one eternal dawn of day
 To thee owed all its light.

I would not speak that lover's prayer,
 Nor let that hope be born,
 For rising bliss is dawning fair,
 And joy comes with the morn !

LALLA ROOKH.

Oh, could a prayer prolong the way
 To distance infinite,
 And one eternal dawn of day
 To thee owed all its light.

I fain would speak that lover's prayer,
 And let that hope be born,
 For rising day brings gilded care,
 And grief comes with the morn !

I may not sleep, I may not smile,
 I may not shed a tear,
 But something whispers all the while,
 The foot of woe draws near !

FERAMORZ.

Thou may'st not sleep, thou may'st not smile,
 Thou may'st not shed a tear,
 But something whispers all the while,
 The foot of joy draws near !

LALLA ROOKH.

Part ! oh, part ! heart from heart,
 Lip from lip for ever,
 This venom'd joy must end in aching,
 So sweet the dream, so black the waking,
 Come—let us sever !

FERAMORZ.

Stay ! still stay ! fond delay
 Will lighten sad to-morrow ;
 Stay ! my fervent arms enfold thee,
 And to think I once did hold thee,
 Will sweeten sorrow !

LALLA ROOKH.

Part ! oh part ! heart from heart,
 World-wide must they sever ;
 Let thy memory only glad me,
 With this dream no longer mad me,
 Farewell, farewell for ever !

FERAMORZ.

Part ! oh part ! heart from heart,
 World-wide must they sever :
 With thy memory left to glad me,
 Farewell joy, that fate forbade me,
 Farewell, farewell for ever !

CHORUS.

Princess happiest ! lend thine ear,
 Lo ! the cymbals flashing bright,
 Dance barbaric glideth near,
 Sweet shrill music fills the night !

(Dance Music.)

LEILA.

The sun hath risen, still the moon doth linger,
 As for her rising king his houri waits,
 A sunbeam striketh, like a pointing finger,
 Upon the gold of Cashmere's opening gates.
 He comes, the king ! forth his bright train doth issue !

LALLA ROOKH.

There's one I fain would meet— who is not here,
 His voice would shine out like a golden tissue,
 Across this dull applause, which wounds mine ear.

LEILA.

Thy pride, the glory of thy state remember.

LALLA ROOKH.

My pride is dead, my glory but an ember.

PROCESSION CHORUS.

Cashmere, be thou proud
 Of the gift we bring,
 Welcome her aloud
 And lead her to thy king.
 Bend before the charms
 Which the king awaits,
 And, like loving arms,
 Open wide thy gates !

LEILA.

Princess, why art thou mute? thy cheek is white,
 As almond blossom on the leafless bough
 Thy bridegroom comes—a welcome sweet and bright,
 Let royal pride and joy bedeck thy brow!

LALLA ROOKH.

How can I mask with joy wan sorrow's traces,
 Or dole out golden smile for leaden tear?
 Oh! look around, peer through the thronging faces,
 Find him—my heart doth tell me he is near.

LEILA.

Alas! I see him not.

LALLA ROOKH.

Look as for life!
 His face, 'tis light and life and breath to see.

LEILA.

Sweet Princess, raise thine eyes, with sorrow rife,
 And greet him!

LALLA ROOKH.

Feramorz!

FERAMORZ.

Thou knowest me,
 Look up, beloved, and no longer sorrow,
 Smile on me, bright and happy in the sun,
 Said I not, love, joy cometh with the morrow,
 Thy bridegroom and poor Feramorz are one!

CHORUS and SOLOS—

LALLA ROOKH and FERAMORZ.

Proudest morn, that e'er did rise,
 Be thou honoured ever more!
 Coped with opal be thy skies,
 And of gold thy walls and floor;
 'Neath thy roof, so azure fair,
 Ride abreast a princely pair!

Allah! keep them with thine hand,
 Love them, as they love, we pray,
 Would the sun for aye might stand
 On this proud and precious day!
 Be their life one golden lull,
 Perfumed as with Attar Gul!

The slight plot of this Cantata is borrowed from the little prose tale which served MOORE as a thread on which to string his important poems. The dialogue and songs of the libretto are entirely original.

