

# 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*

$\text{♩} = 72$

*mf*

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

*pp*

$\text{♩} = 72$

*mf*

*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

*f*

32

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

*f*

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

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

42  $\text{♩} = 120$  *rit....* *a tempo*

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

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