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From the desert.

Protheroe, Daniel, 1866-1934; Taylor, Bayard
Boston, MA: Boston Music Co., 1903

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From the Boston Music Co. Series of QUARTETS and CHORUSES for MALE VOICES

Respectfully inscribed
to
The Mendelssohn Club of Chicago

FOUR PART SONGS

for

Men's Voices

by

DANIEL PROTHEROE

Op. 55

- | | | |
|-------------|---|-----|
| 159. | The Night has a Thousand Eyes (<i>Bourdillon</i>) | .08 |
| 160. | Up! Sailor Boy (<i>Thomas Moore</i>) | .15 |
| 201. | My Heart's in the Highlands (<i>R. Burns</i>) | .15 |
| <u>202.</u> | From the Desert (<i>Bayard Taylor</i>) | .15 |

G. Schirmer, Jr. THE BOSTON MUSIC CO. Boston, Mass.

AGENTS FOR GREAT BRITAIN: CHARLES WOOLHOUSE, LONDON

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From the desert.

Bayard Taylor.

Daniel Protheroe Op. 55 No 4.

Allegro moderato con sentimento.

Tenor I.
From the des-ert I— come to thee, — On my
My steps are night-ly driv-en By the

Tenor II.
From the des-ert I— come to thee, — On my
My steps are night-ly driv-en By the

Bass I.
From the des-ert I— come to thee, — On my
My steps are night-ly driv-en By the

Bass II.
From the des-ert I— come to thee, — On my
My steps are night-ly driv-en By the

ar - ab shod with fire: And the winds are — left be -
fe - ver in my breast, To hear from thy lat - tice

ar - ab shod with fire: — And the winds are — left be -
fe - ver in my breast, — To hear from thy lat - tice

ar - ab shod with fire: — And the winds are — left be -
fe - ver in my breast, — To hear from thy lat - tice

ar - ab shod with fire: — And the winds are — left be -
fe - ver in my breast, — To hear from thy lat - tice

hind — In the speed of — my de - sire. Under thy win-dow I
breathed The word that shall give me rest. O - pen the door of thy

hind — In the speed of my de - sire. Under thy win-dow I
breathed The word that shall give me rest. O - pen the door of thy

hind — In the speed of — my de - sire. Under thy win-dow I
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breathed The word that shall give me rest. O - pen the door of thy

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ten. *dim.* *molto cresc.*

stand, And the mid - night hears my cry, I love thee, I
heart And o - pen thy cham - ber door And my kiss - es shall

ten. *dim.* *molto cresc.*

stand, And the mid - night hears my cry, I love thee, I
heart And o - pen thy cham - ber door And my kiss - es shall

ten. *dim.* *molto cresc.*

stand, And the mid - night hears my cry, I love thee, I
heart And o - pen thy cham - ber door And my kiss - es shall

ten. *dim.* *molto cresc.*

stand, And the mid - night hears my cry, I love thee, I
heart And o - pen thy cham - ber door And my kiss - es shall

ff. *rit.*

love but thee, With a love that shall not die, With a
teach thy lips - The love that shall fade no more, The

ff. *rit.*

love but thee, With a love that shall not die, With a
teach thy lips - The love that shall fade no more, The

ff. *rit.*

love but thee, With a love that shall not die, With a
teach thy lips - The love that shall fade no more, The

ff. *rit.*

love but thee, With a love that shall not die, With a
teach thy lips - The love that shall fade no more, The

con forza *Cantabile. - Broadly.*

love that shall not die. 1-2. Till the sun grows cold And the stars are
love that shall fade no more. 1-2. Till the sun grows cold And the stars are

con forza

love that shall not die. 1-2. Till the sun grows cold And the stars are
love that shall fade no more. 1-2. Till the sun grows cold And the stars are

con forza

love that shall not die. 1-2. Till the sun grows cold And the stars are
love that shall fade no more. 1-2. Till the sun grows cold And the stars are

con forza

love that shall not die. 1-2. Till the sun grows cold And the stars are
love that shall fade no more. 1-2. Till the sun grows cold And the stars are

old And the leaves of the Judgment Book un - fold! Till the

old And the leaves of the Judgment Book un - fold! Till the

old And the leaves of the Judgment Book un - fold! Till the

old And the leaves of the Judgment Book un - fold! Till the

poco a poco cresc. *Largamente.* *ff*

sun grows cold And the stars are old, And the leaves of the

poco a poco cresc. *ff*

sun grows cold And the stars are old, And the leaves of the

poco a poco cresc. *ff*

sun grows cold And the stars are old, And the leaves of the

poco a poco cresc. *ff*

sun grows cold And the stars are old, And the leaves of the

1. 2. *ff*

Judg - ment Book un - fold. Book un - fold. .

Judg - ment Book un - fold. Book un - fold. .

Judg - ment Book un - fold. Book un - fold. .

Judg - ment Book un - fold. Book un - fold. .

Judg - ment Book un - fold. Book un - fold. .