



## From the desert.

Protheroe, Daniel, 1866-1934; Taylor, Bayard  
Boston: 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. Un - der 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. Un - der 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. Un - der thy win - dow I  
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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 Judg-ment Book un - fold! Till the

old And the leaves of the Judg-ment Book un - fold! Till the

old And the leaves of the Judg-ment Book un - fold! Till the

old And the leaves of the Judg-ment 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.