LOW VOICE

IDYLS OF THE SOUTH SEA

THE WORDS BY

NELLE RICHMOND EBERHART

THE MUSIC BY

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN

OP. 55

WHITE-SMITH MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

To Miss Christine Miller

Idyls of the South Sea

1

Where The Long White Waterfall

LOVE SONG

2

The Great Wind Shakes the Breadfruit Leaf

GHOST SONG

3

The Rainbow Waters Whisper

CANOE SONG

4

Withered is the Green Palm

DEATH SONG

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OPUS 55

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I.

Where the Long White Waterfall

Love Song

Where the long white waterfall
    Lone and lovely slips,
There is no hibiscus flower
    Redder than her lips.
Like a night without a moon,
    Her dark tresses are.
    Hokoolélé, Shooting Star,
Hokoolélé.

On the coral beach no palm
    Stands more straight and fair,
Sweeter she than jasmin wreath
    On her bosom bare.
Like the love-notes of a harp,
    Comes her song afar.
    Hokoolélé, Shooting Star,
Hokoolélé.

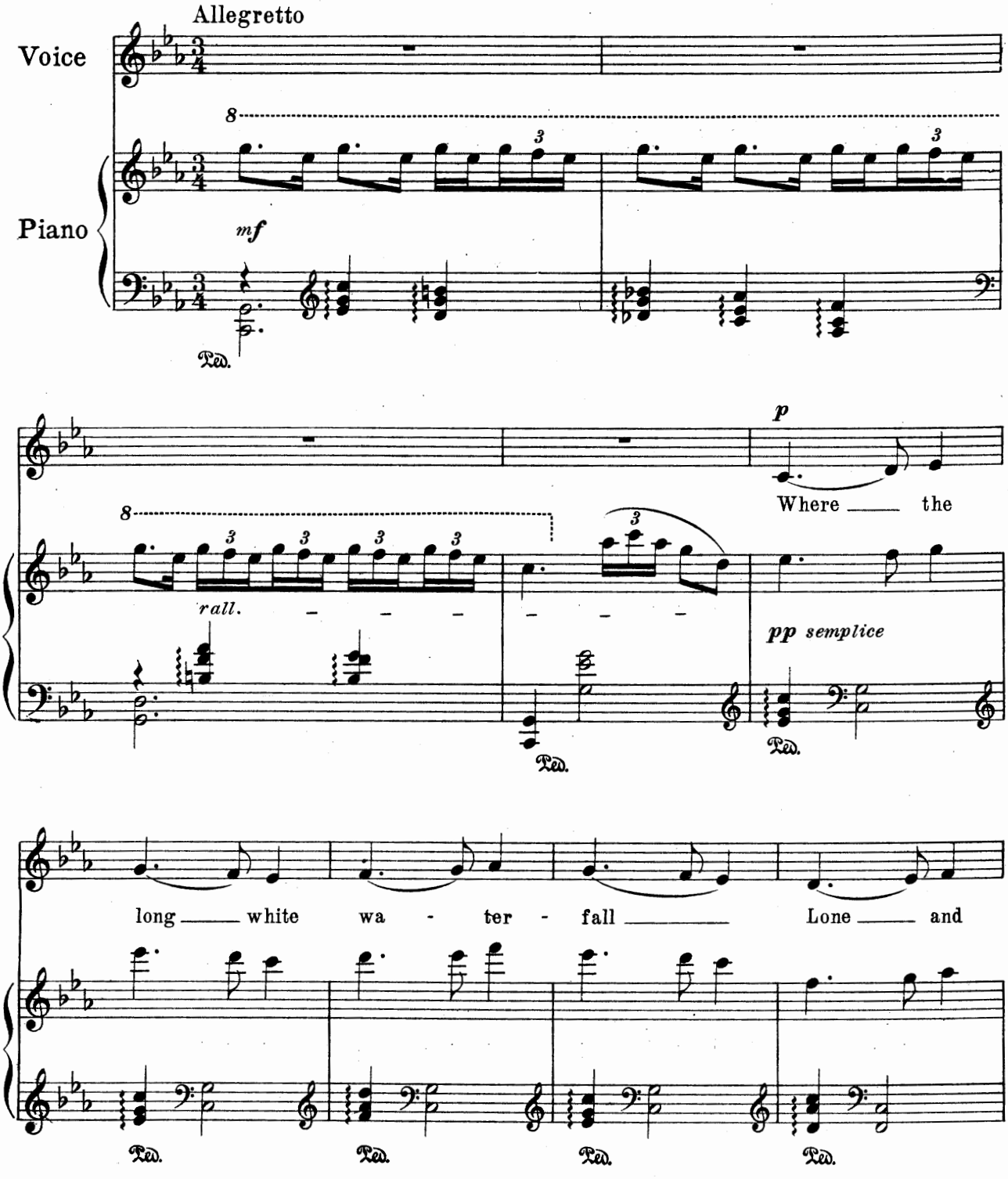
Nelle Richmond Eberhart

Where the Long White Waterfall

Love Song

Nelle Richmond Eberhart

Charles Wakefield Cadman
Opus 55, No.1



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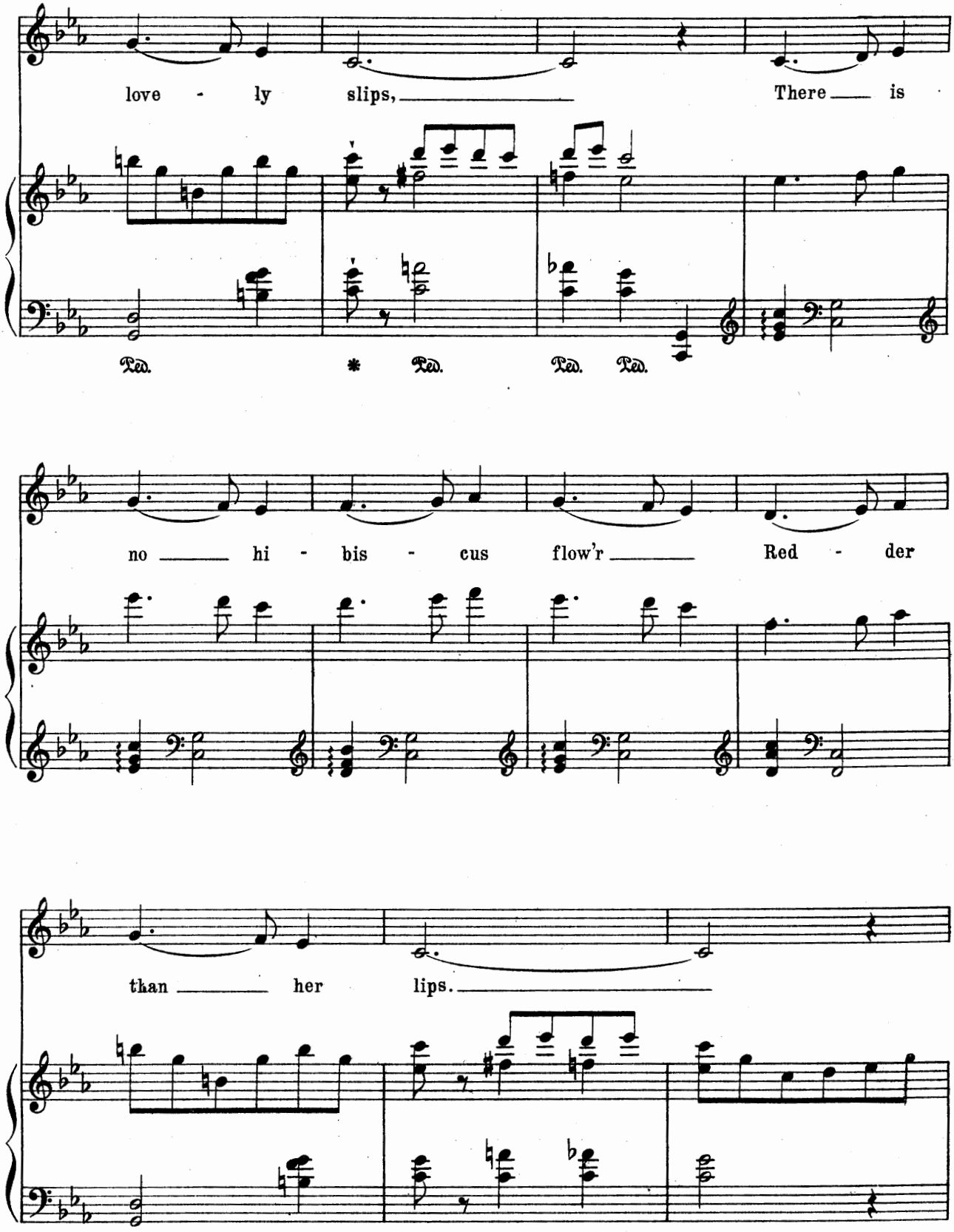
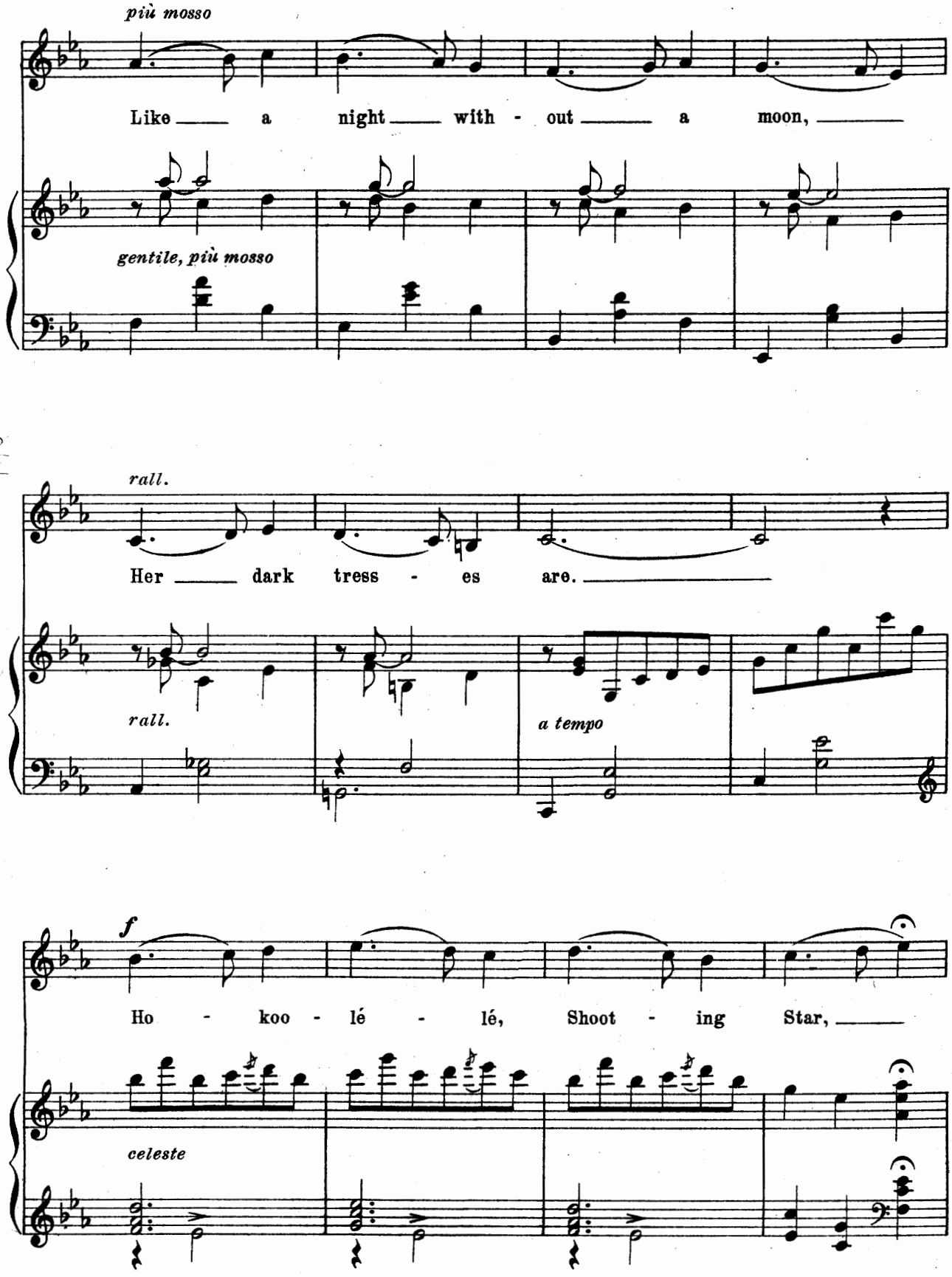
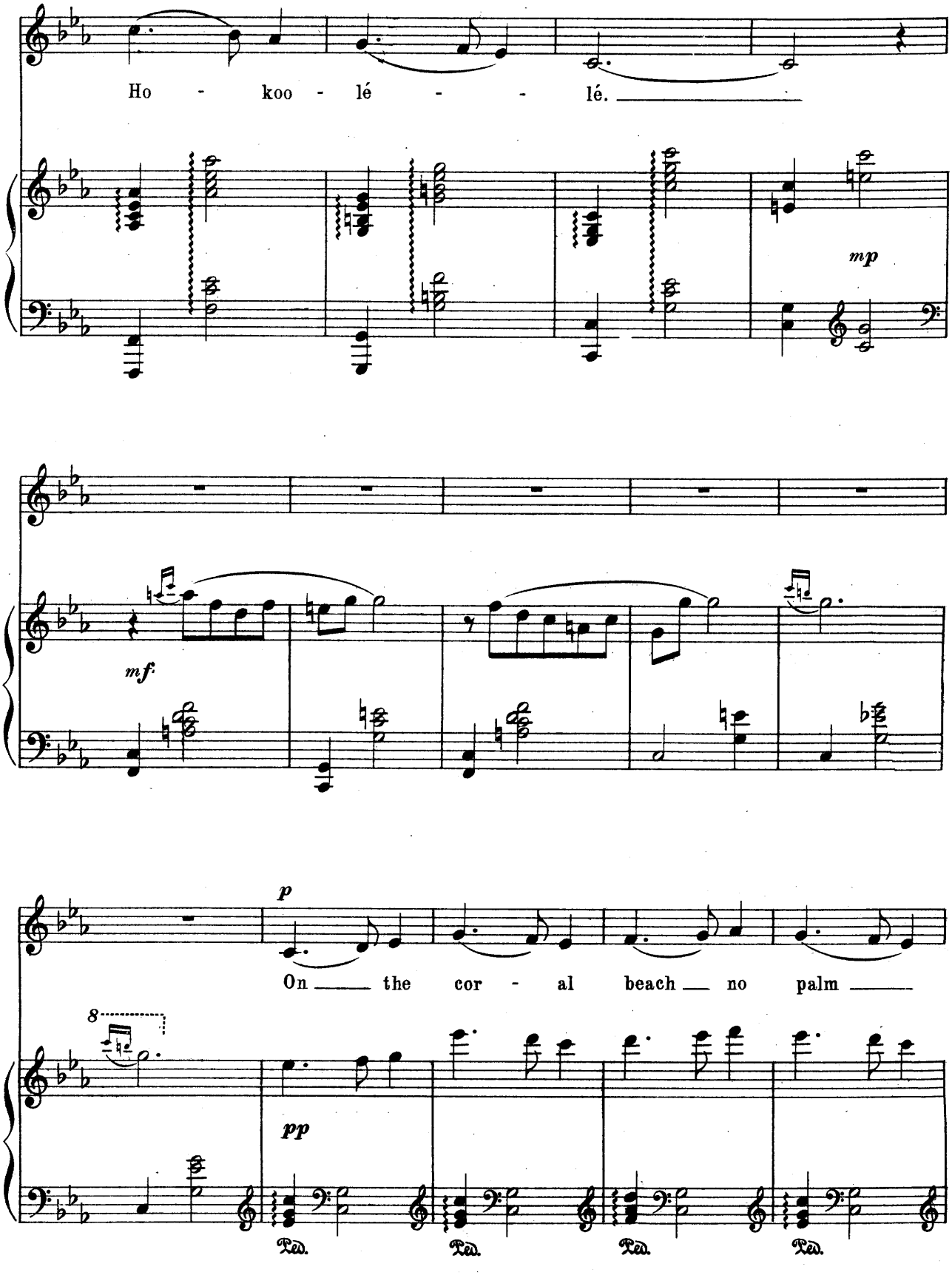
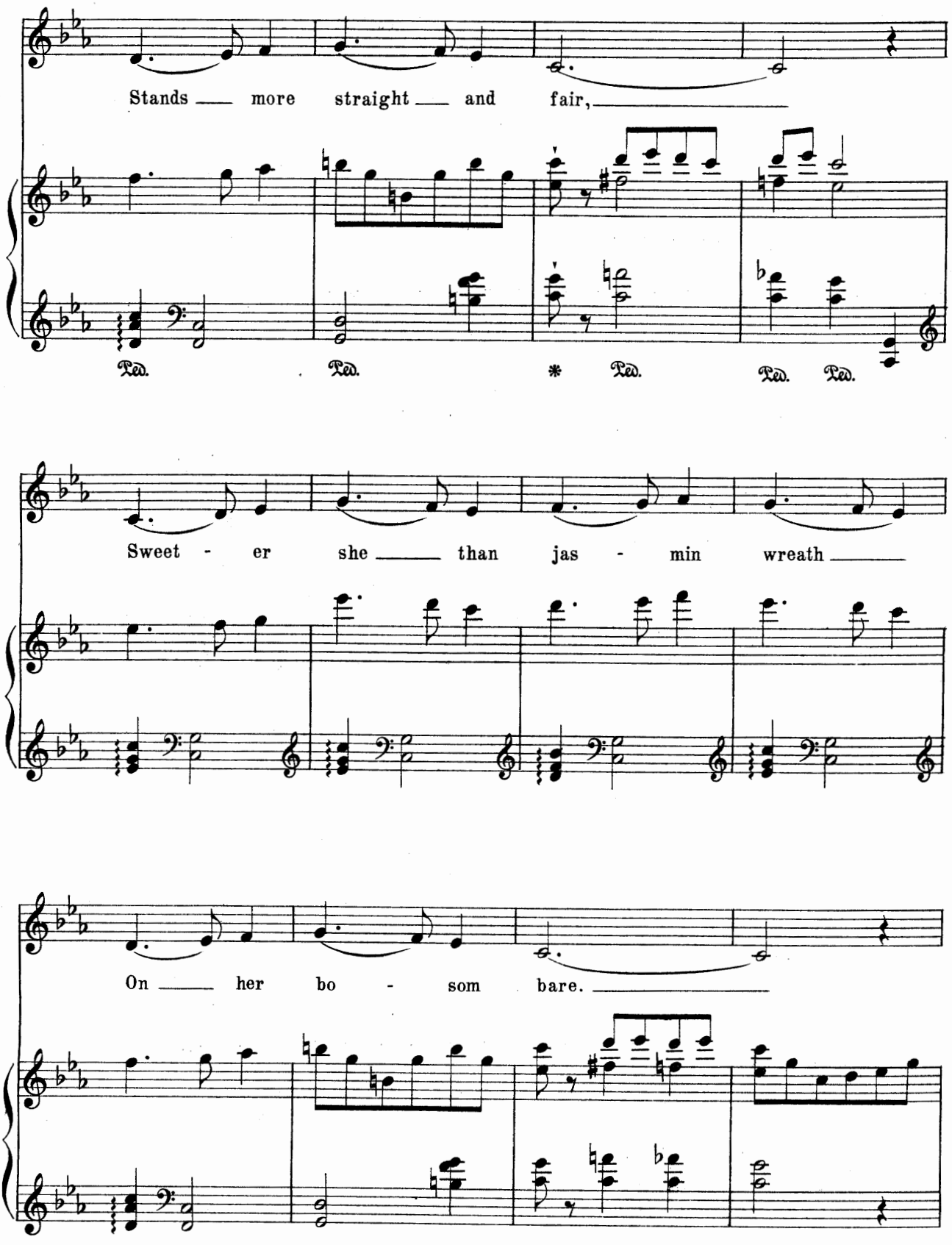
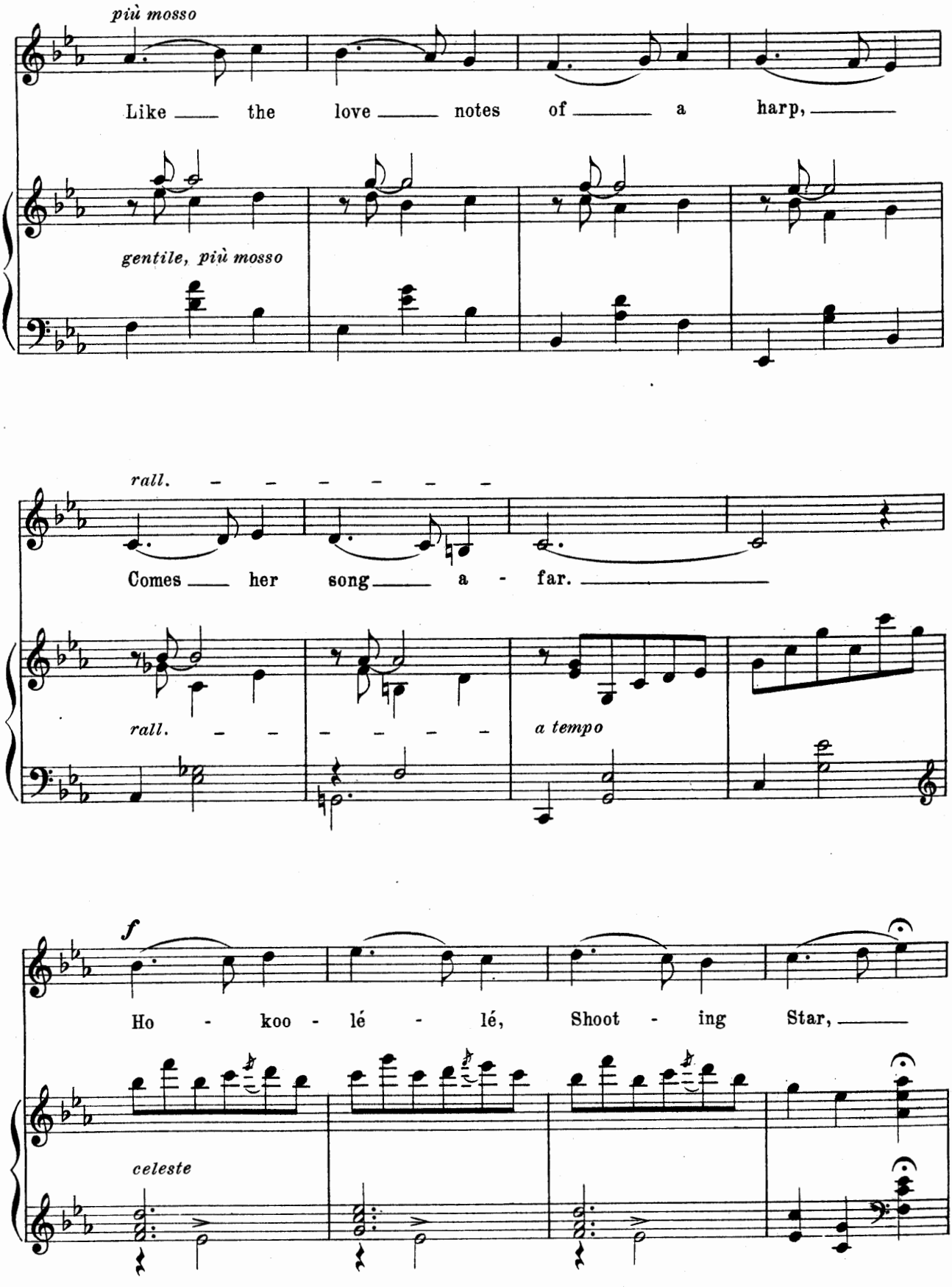
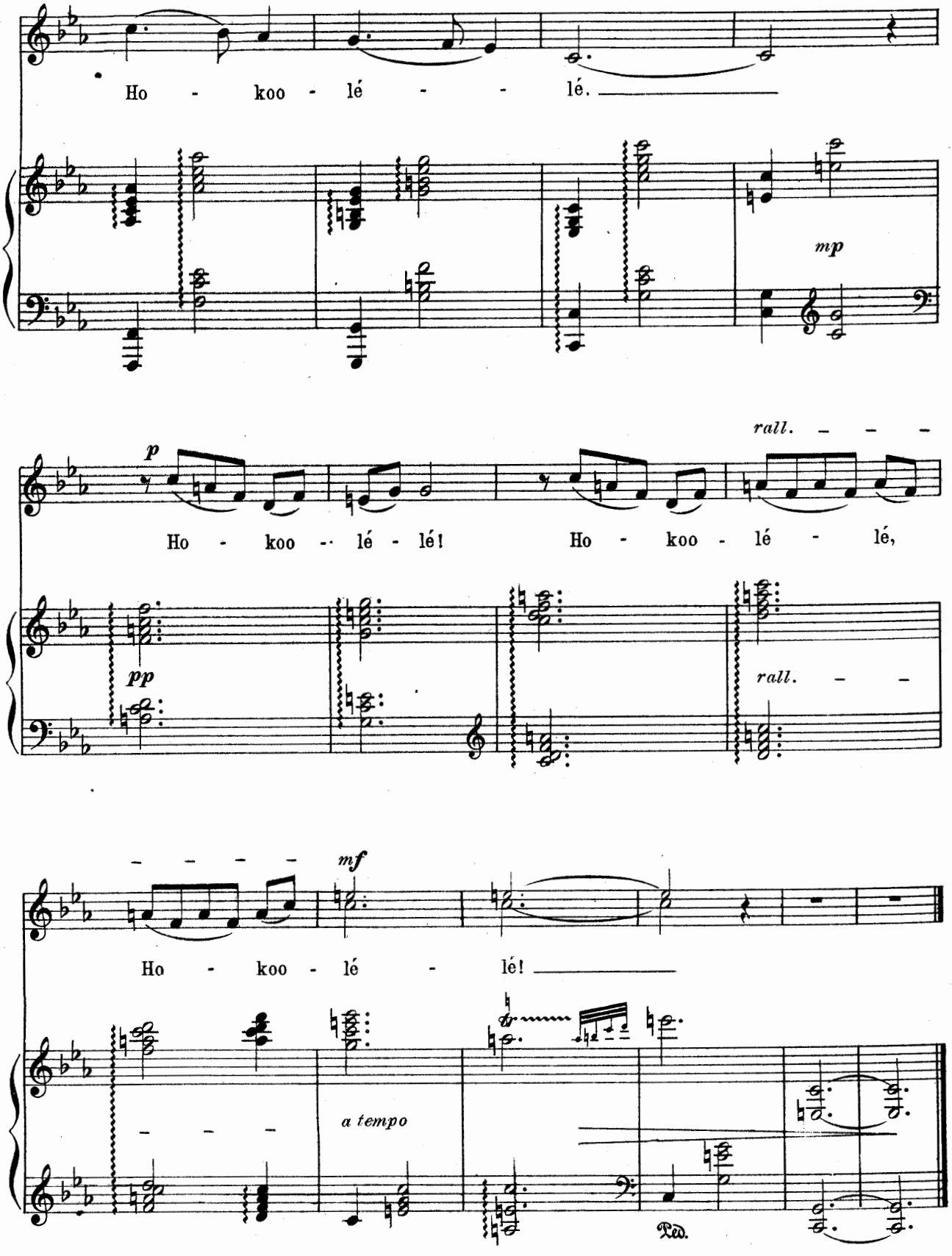

love - ly slips, There is
Ped. * Ped. Ped. Ped.
no hi - bis - cus flow'r Red - der
than her lips.


più mosso
Like a night with - out a moon,
gentile, più mosso
rall.
Her dark tress - es are.
rall.
a tempo
f
Ho - koo - lé - lé, Shoot - ing Star,
celeste


Ho - koo - lé - - lé.
mp
mf
p
On the cor - al beach no palm
8
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


Stands more straight and fair,
Ped. Ped. * Ped. Ped. Ped.
Sweet - er she than jas - min wreath
On her bo - som bare.


più mosso
Like the love notes of a harp,
gentile, più mosso
rall.
Comes her song a - far.
rall.
a tempo
f
Ho - koo - lé - lé, Shoot - ing Star,
celeste


Ho - koo - lé - - lé.
mp
p
Ho - koo -- lé - lé!
Ho - koo - lé - lé,
rall. - - -
pp
rall. - -
mf
Ho - koo - lé - lé!
a tempo
Ped.

II.

The Great Wind Shakes the Breadfruit Leaf

Ghost Song

The great wind shakes the breadfruit leaf,
The great waves cry on the coral reef,
The great drums sigh with a spirit breath,
For Something here has looked on death.
Turn ye back from the bush tonight,—
Turn ye back!

The ghost tree falls across the trail,
A white crane flies with eerie wail,
A shriek goes up from the bamboo wood
Where spirits seek for living food.
Turn ye back from the bush tonight,
Burn the rush-fires bright, bright.
Turn ye back!

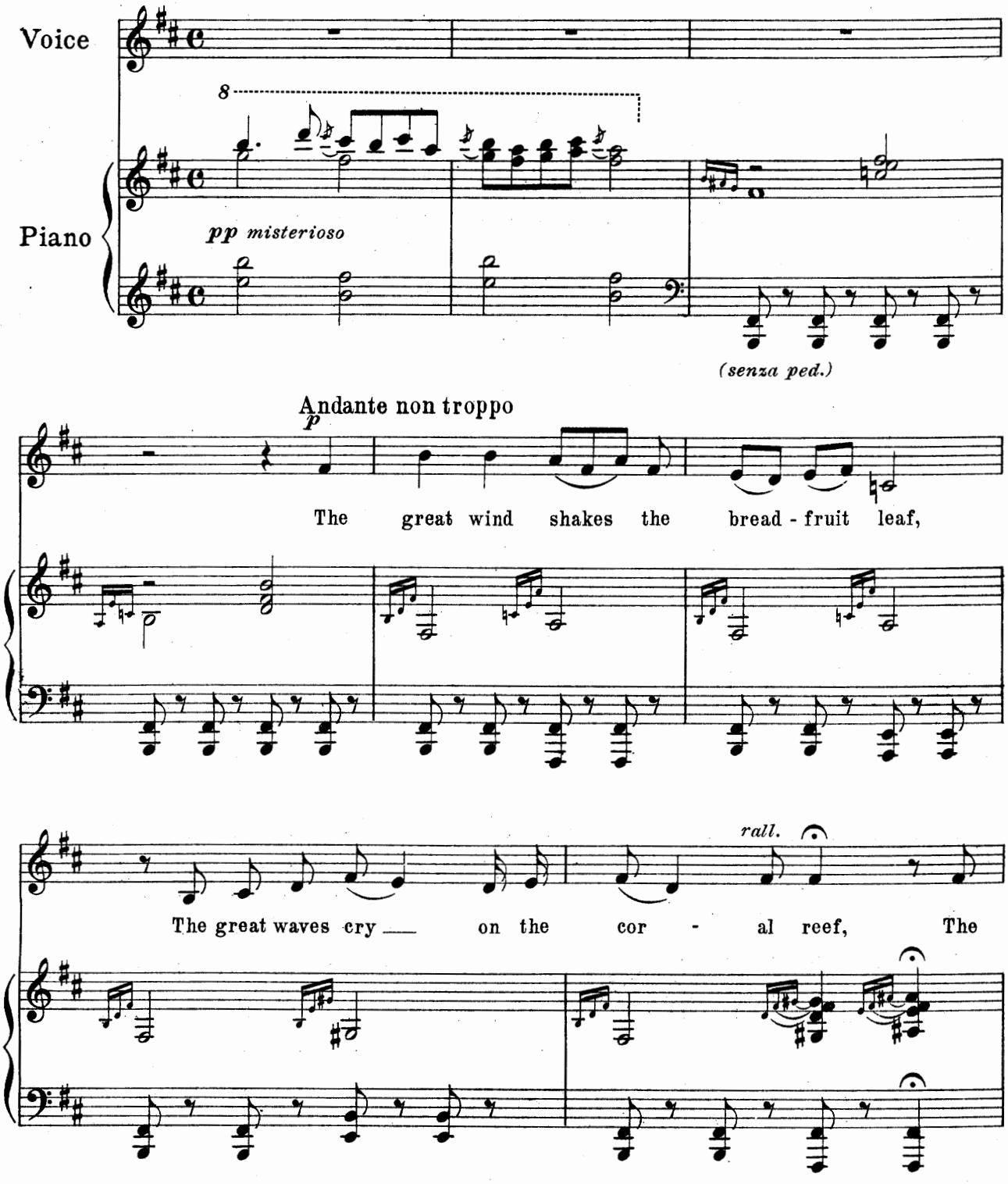
Nelle Richmond Eberhart

The Great Wind Shakes the Breadfruit Leaf

Ghost Song

Nelle Richmond Eberhart

Charles Wakefield Cadman
Opus 55, No. 2



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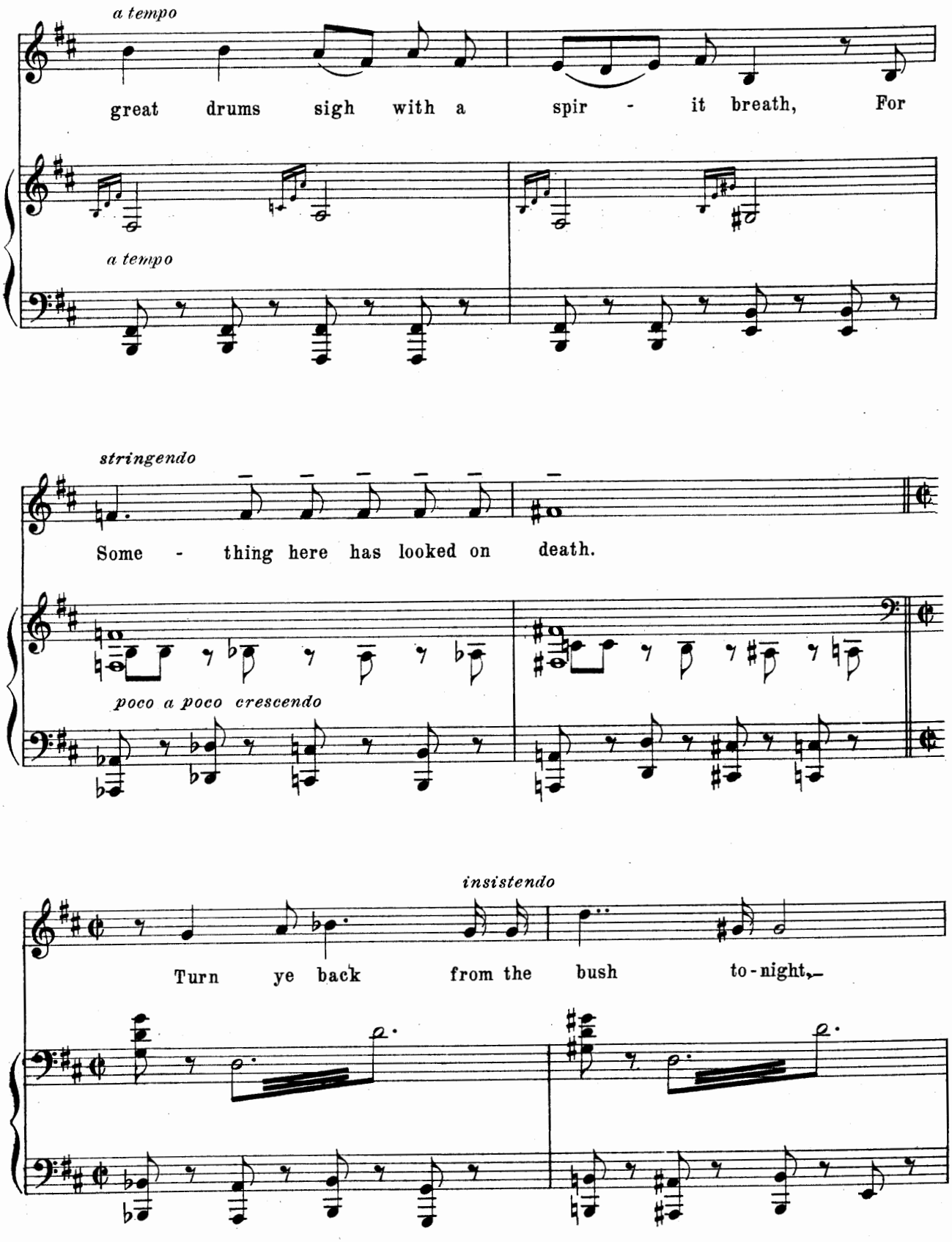
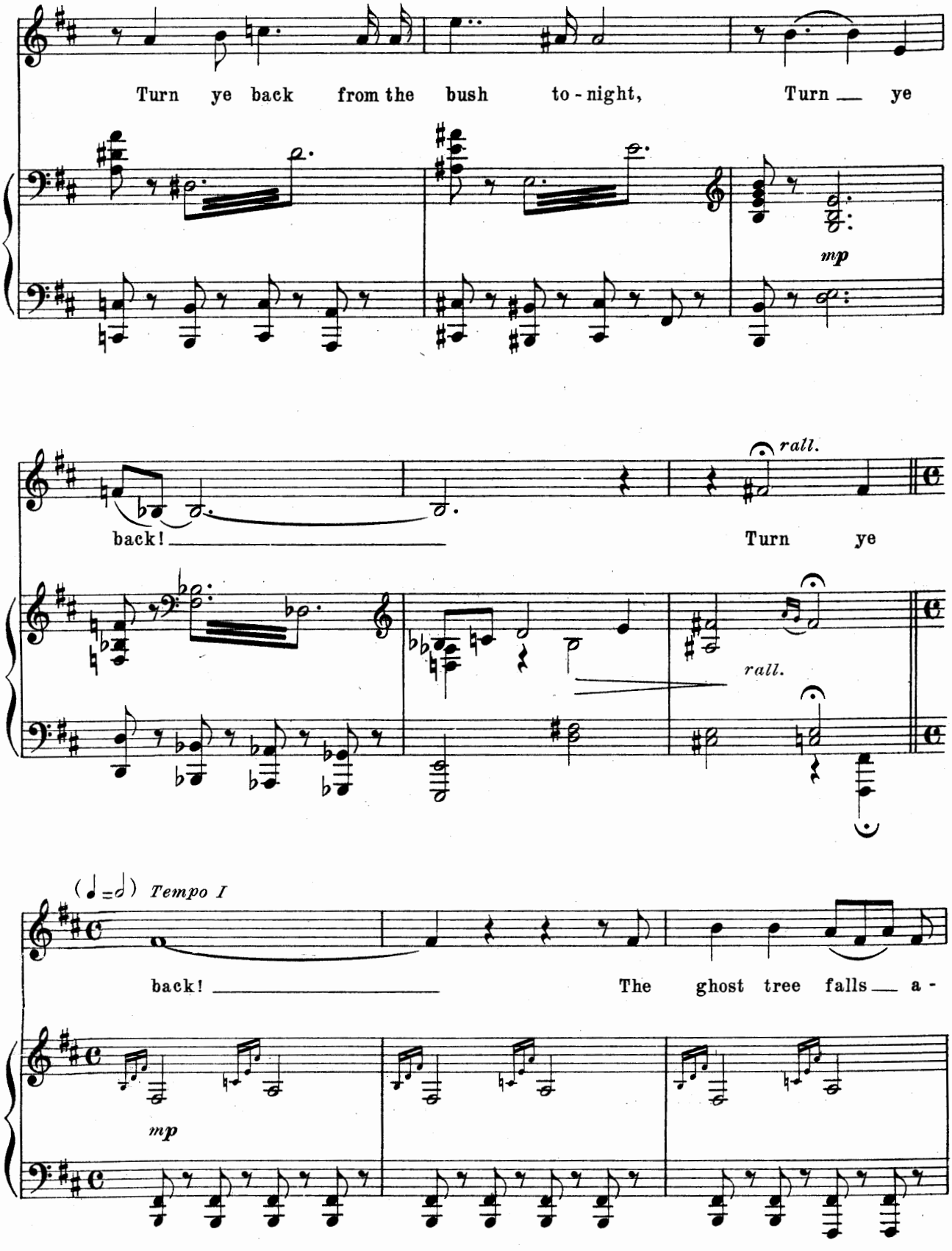
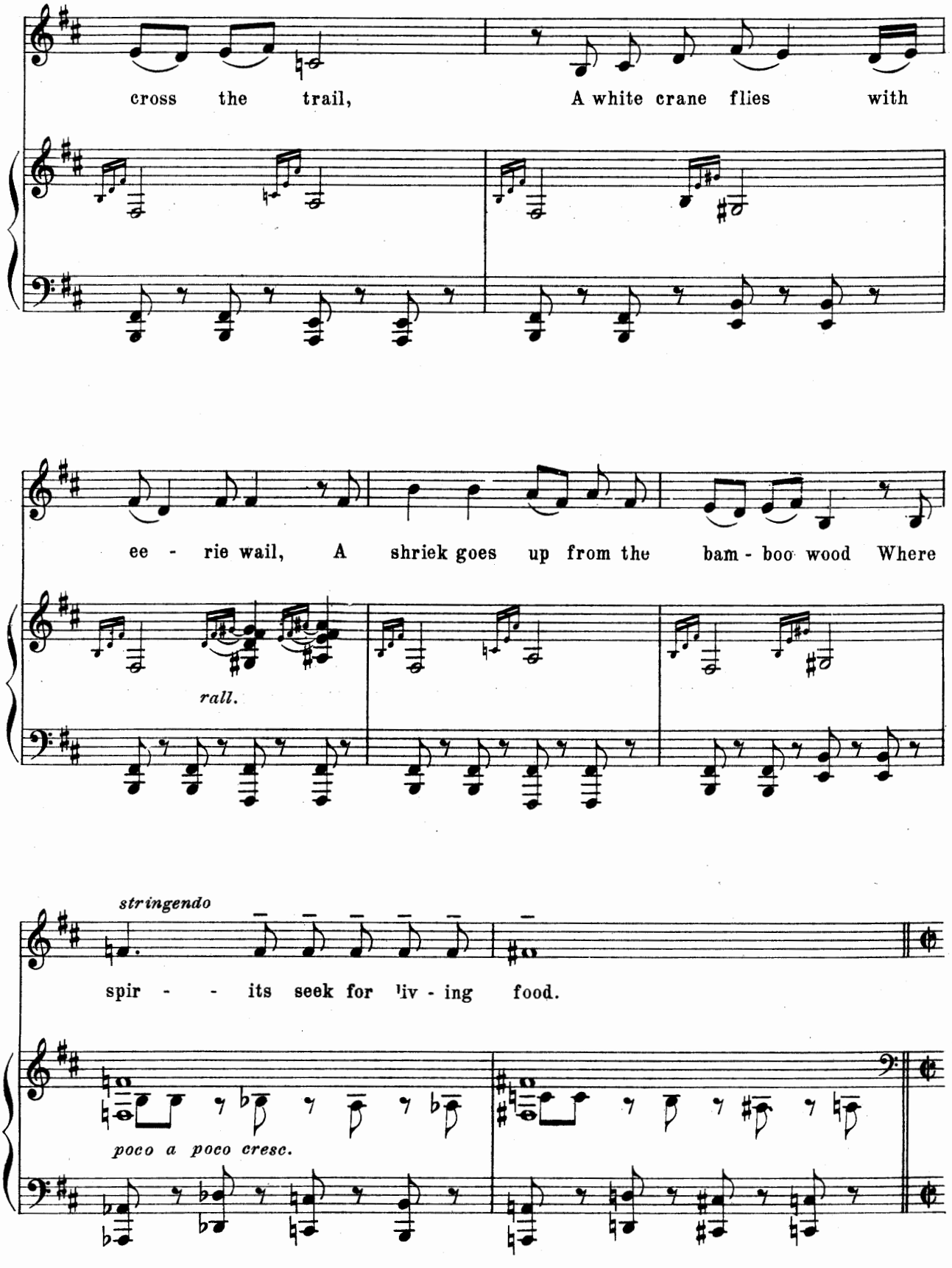
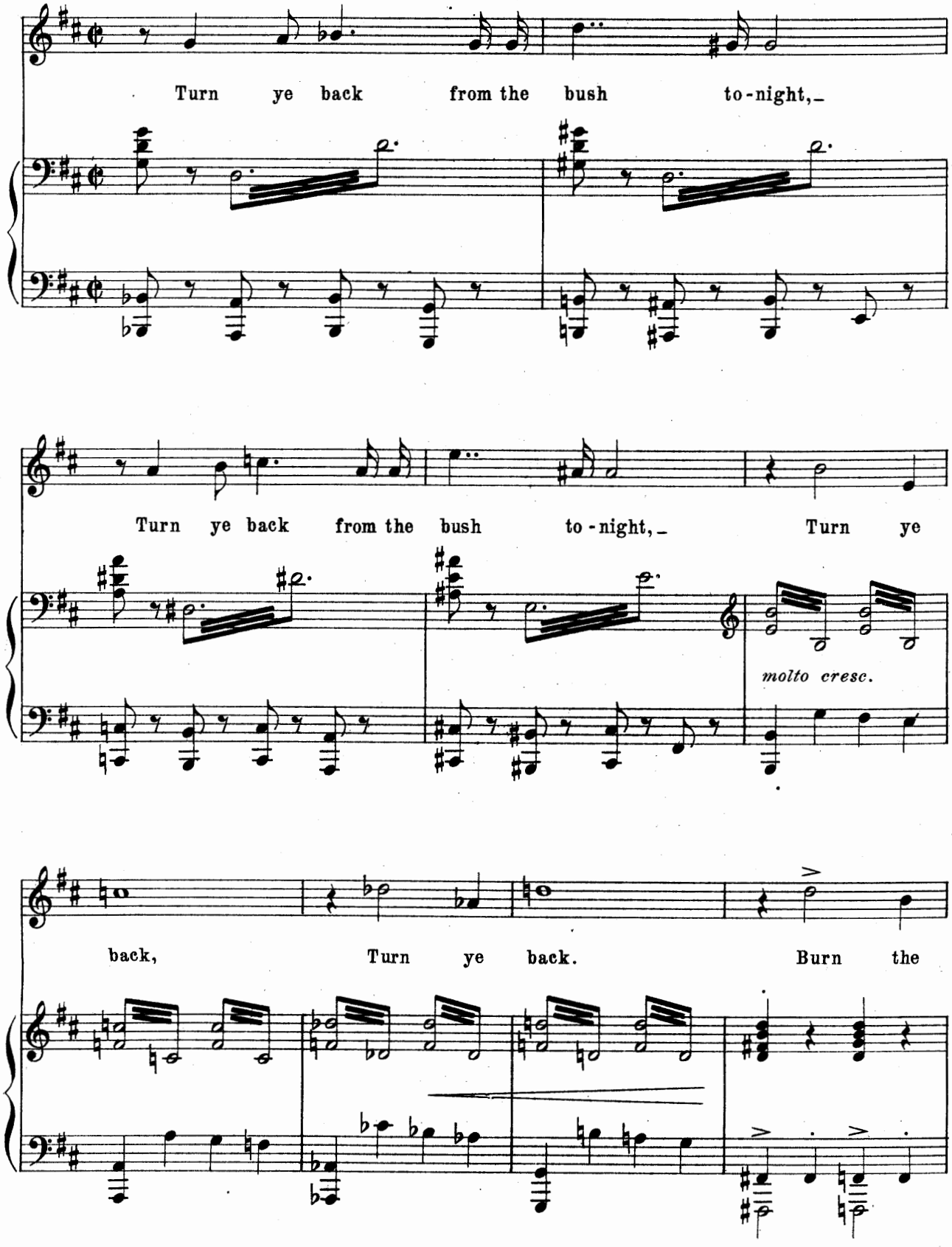
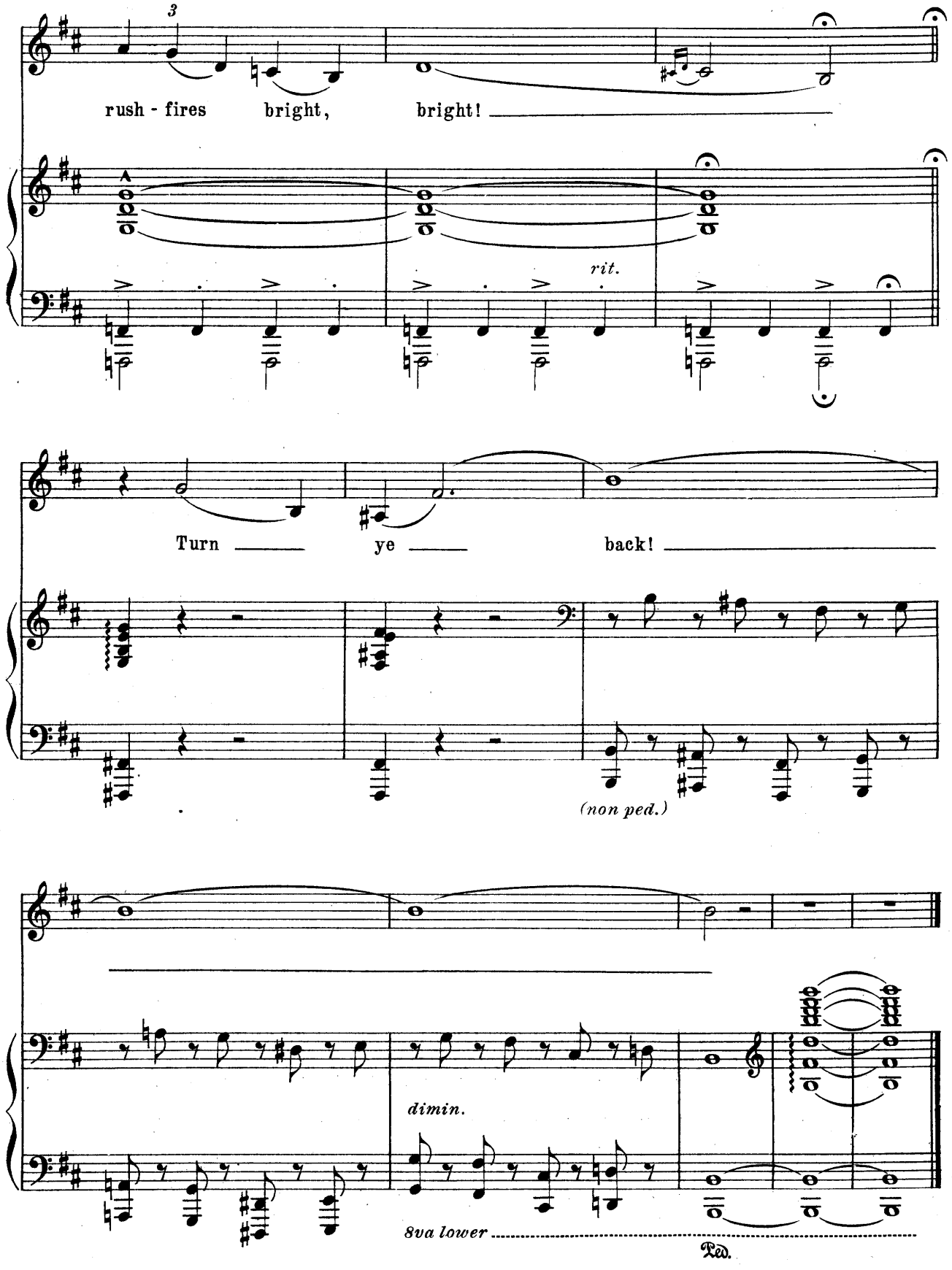

a tempo
great drums sigh with a spir - it breath, For
a tempo
stringendo
Some - thing here has looked on death.
poco a poco crescendo
insistendo
Turn ye back from the bush to-night,


Turn ye back from the bush to-night, Turn ye
mp
back!
rall.
Turn ye
rall.
(♩=♩) Tempo I
back!
The ghost tree falls a-
mp


cross the trail, A white crane flies with
ee - rie wail, A shriek goes up from the bam - boo wood Where
rall.
stringendo
spir - - its seek for liv - ing food.
poco a poco cresc.


Turn ye back from the bush to-night,_
Turn ye back from the bush to-night,_ Turn ye
molto cresc.
back, Turn ye back. Burn the


3
rush - fires bright, bright!
rit.
Turn ye back!
(non ped.)
dimin.
8va lower
Ped.

III.

The Rainbow Waters Whisper

Canoe Song

The rainbow waters whisper
Beneath the swift canoe,
The bamboo flute is yearning for the moon;
But sweeter than the waters,
Than flute of sweet bamboo,
The boat songs float across the wide lagoon.
"Aloha, aloha,
My love to you!"

The shining oars are beating
The name song of my chief,
And softly, softly beats my heart in tune;
While o'er the rainbow waters,
Above the crying reef,
I send my call across the wide lagoon.
"Aloha, aloha,
My love to you!"

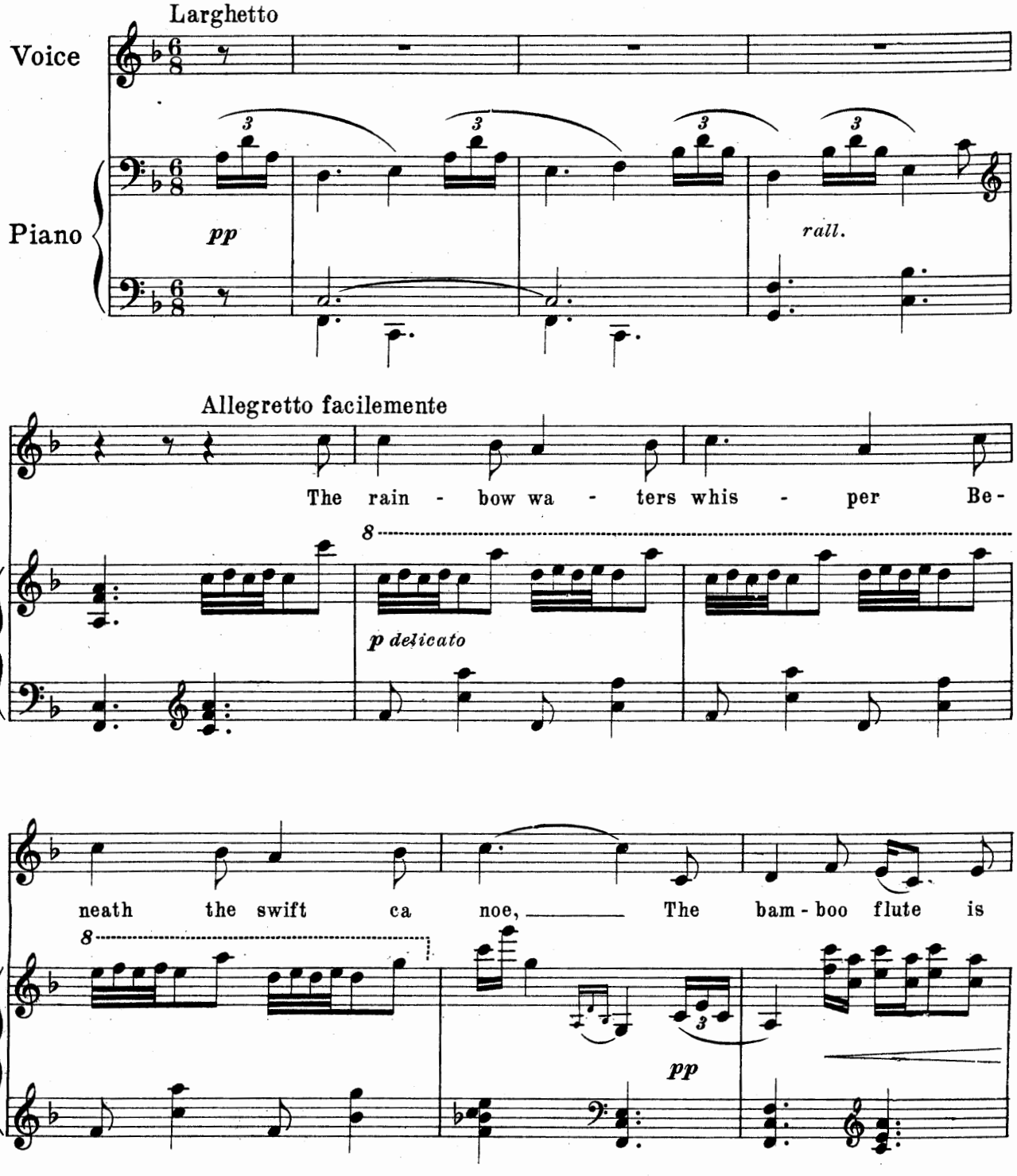
Nelle Richmond Eberhart

The Rainbow Waters Whisper

Canoe Song

Nelle Richmond Eberhart

Charles Wakefield Cadman
Opus 55, No. 3



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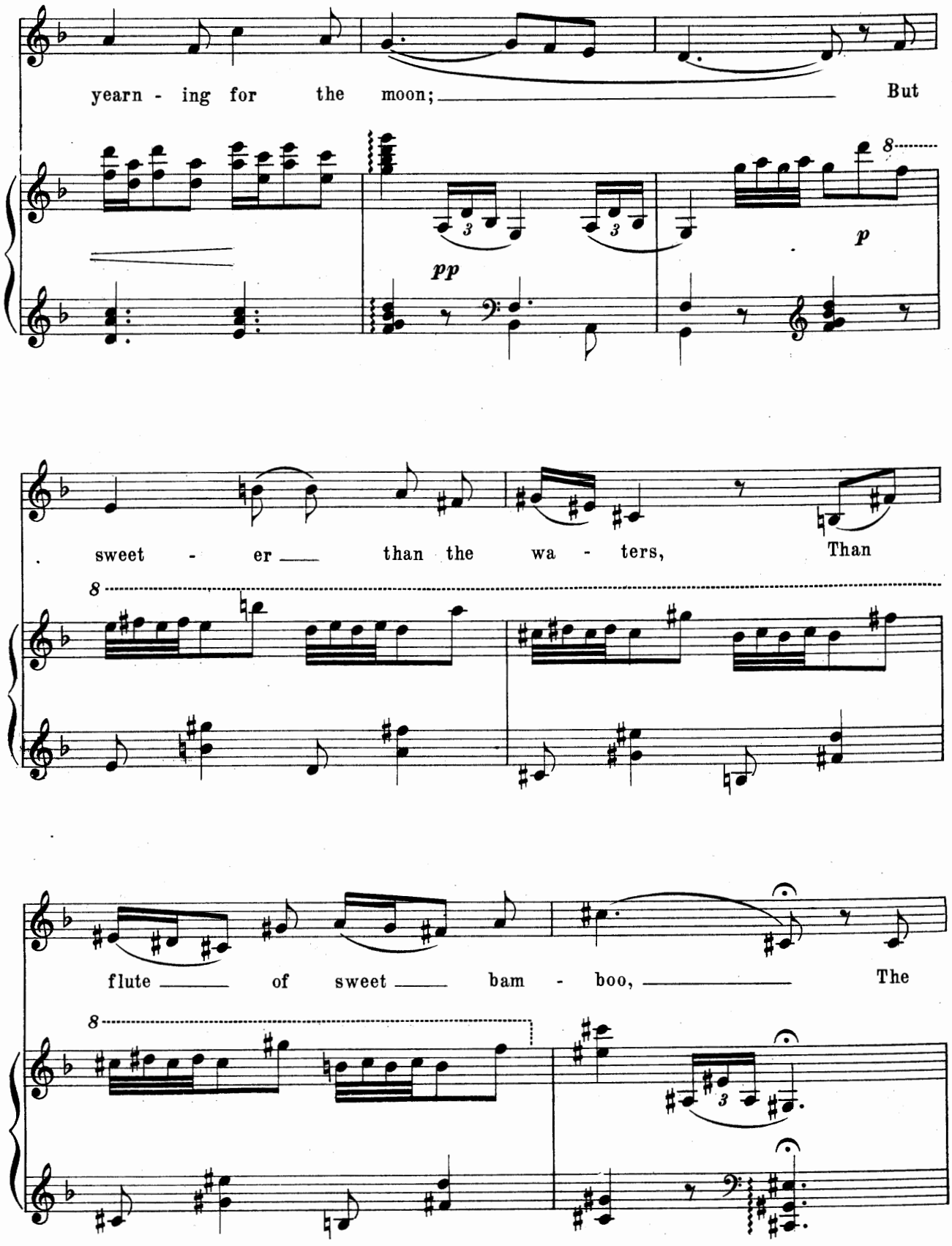
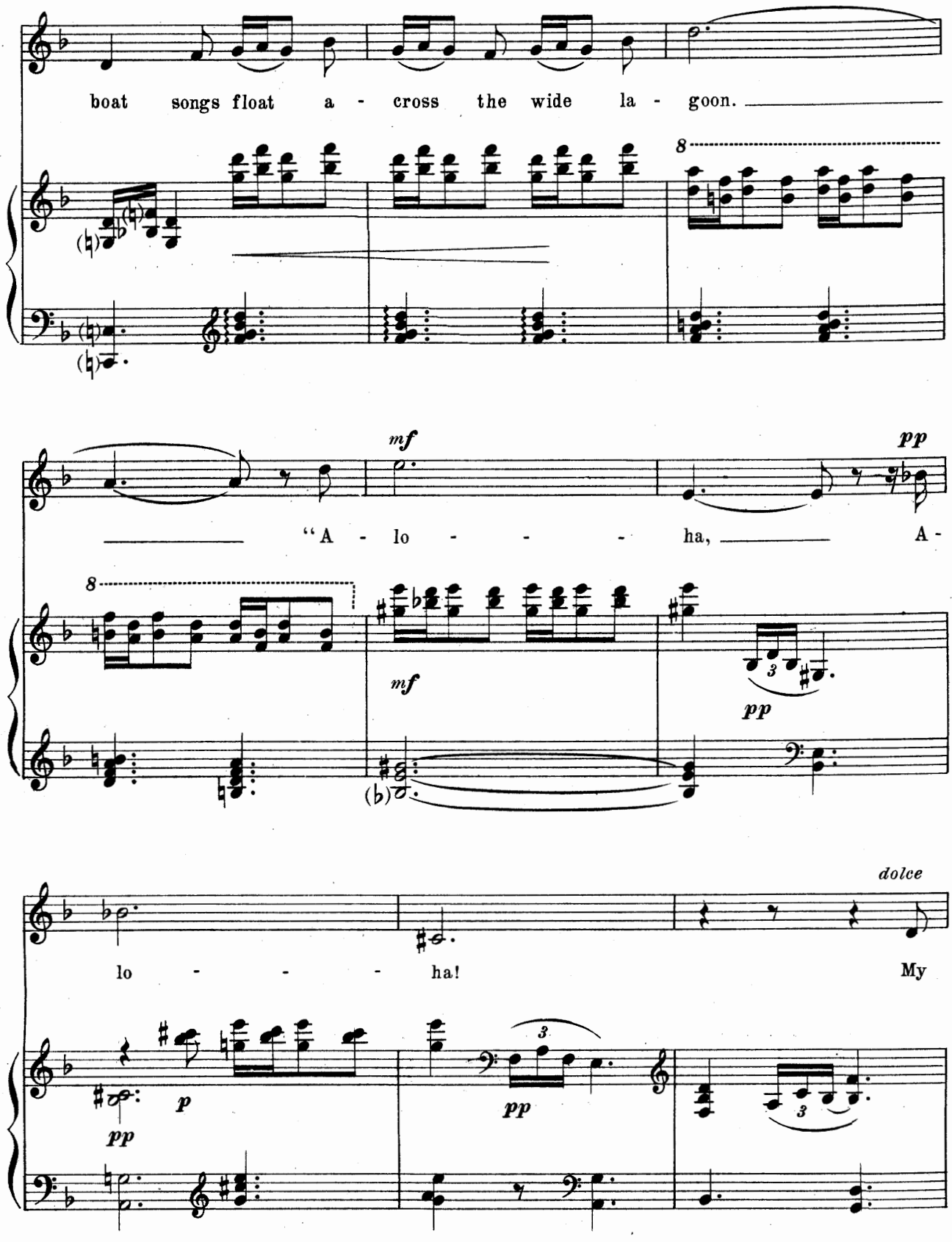
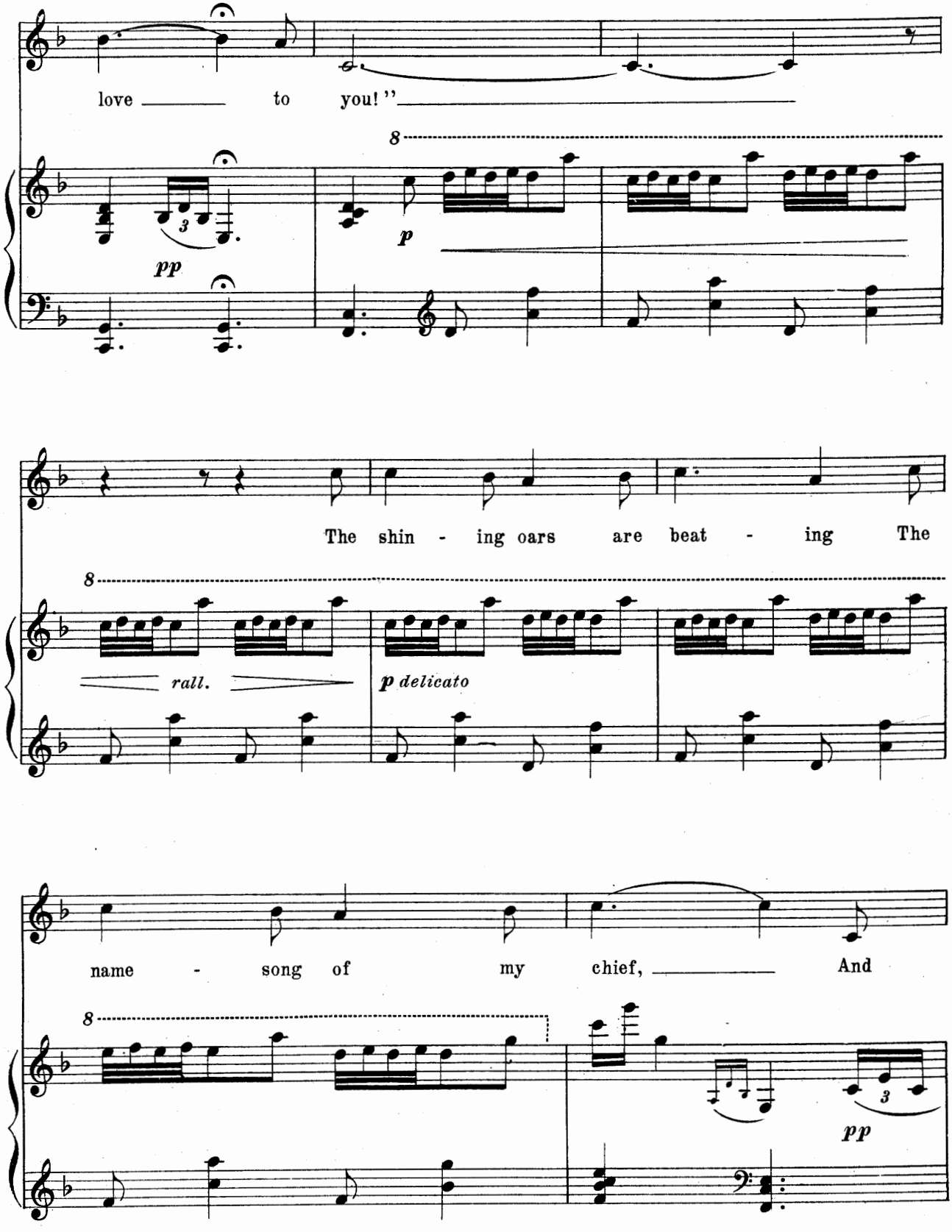
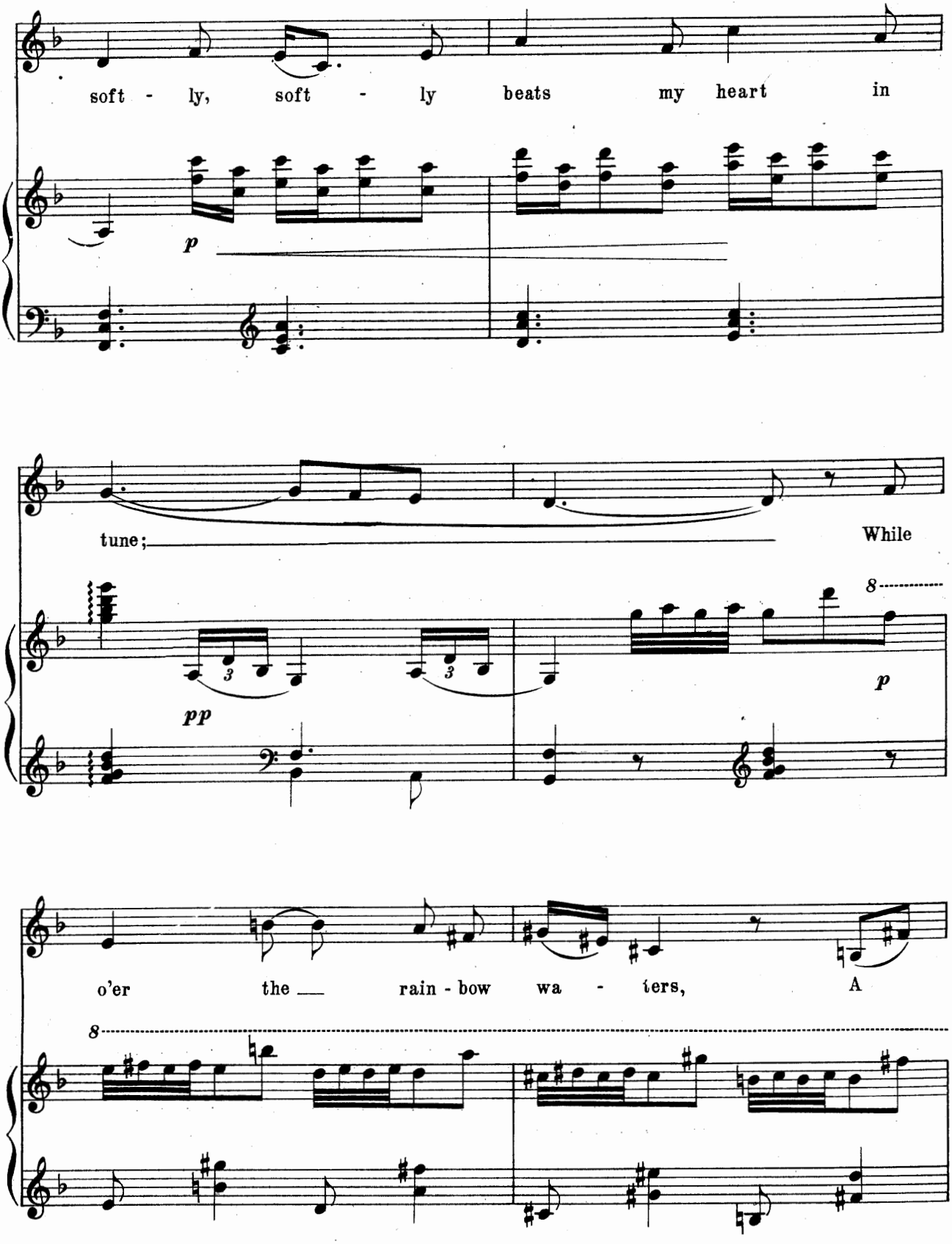
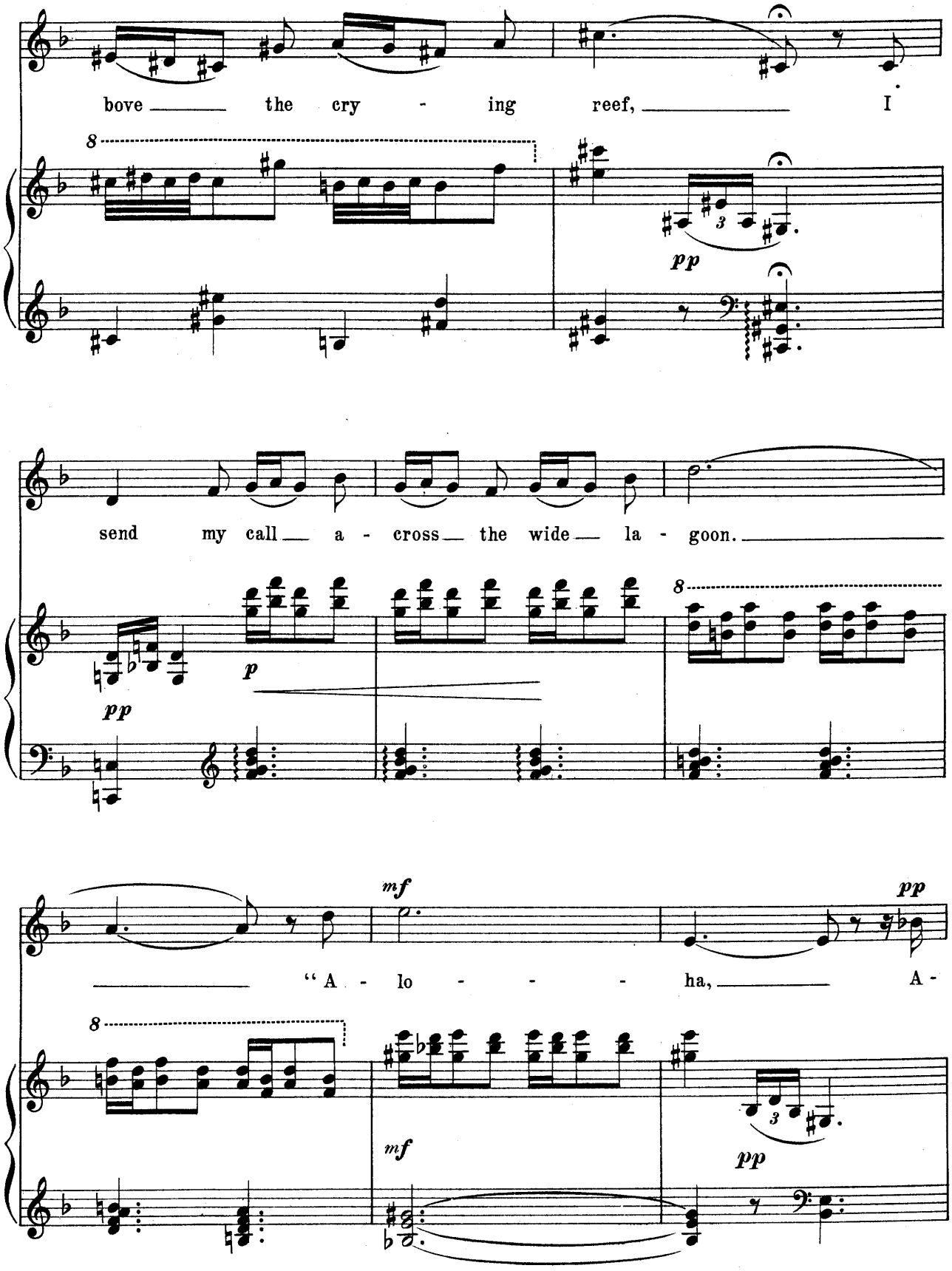
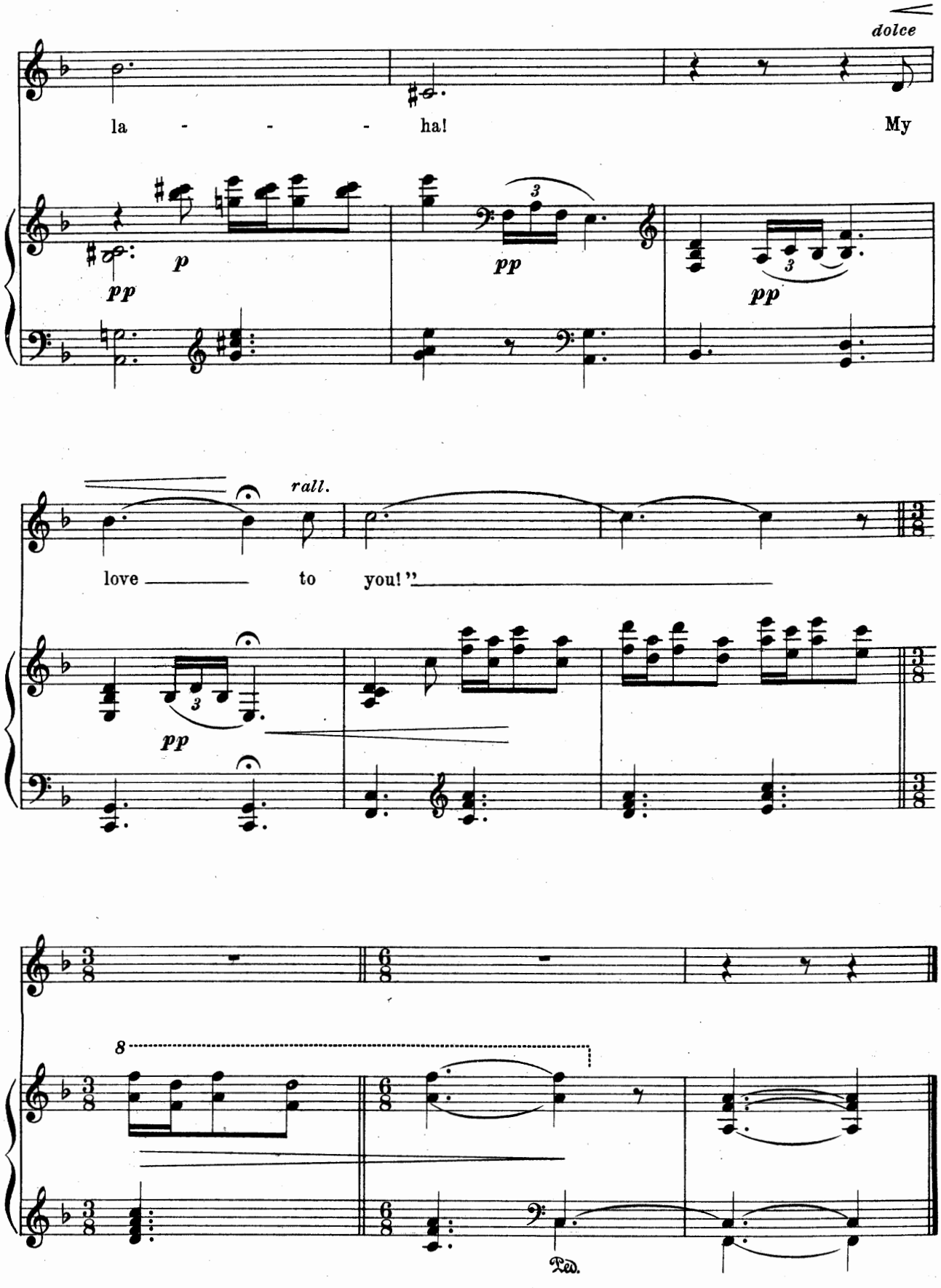

yearn - ing for the moon; But
pp
p
sweet - er than the wa - ters, Than
flute of sweet bam - boo, The


boat songs float a - cross the wide la - goon.
8
mf
pp
"A - lo - - - - ha, A -
8
mf
pp
dolce
lo - - - - ha! My
p
pp
pp


love to you!''
pp
p
The shin - ing oars are beat - ing The
rall.
p delicato
name - song of my chief, And
pp


soft - ly, soft - ly beats my heart in
p
tune;
While
pp
p
o'er the rain - bow wa - ters, A


bove the cry - ing reef, I
send my call a - cross the wide la - goon.
"A - lo - - - ha, A -


dolce
la - - - - ha! My
p
pp
pp
pp
rall.
love to you!"
pp
8
Ped.

IV.

Withered is the Green Palm

Death Song

Withered is the green palm,
Broken is the bamboo,
Fallen is the strong one;
On the surf at sunset
His canoe rides empty,
His canoe rides empty!

On his grave I lay him
Tamarind and mango;
O'er his grave at midnight,
Call I through the darkness.
He hears not my calling,
He hears not my call!

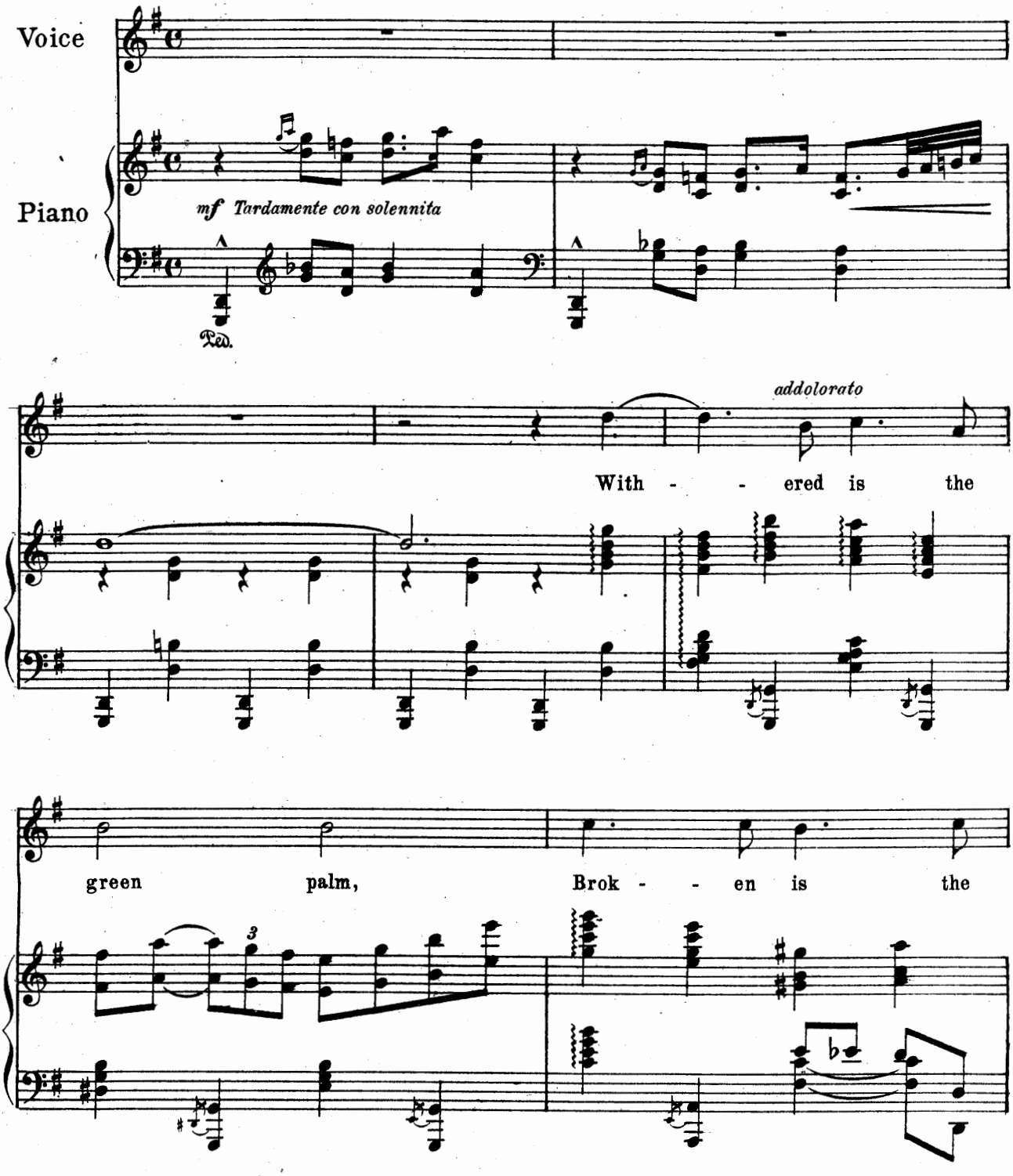
Nelle Richmond Eberhart

Withered is the Green Palm

Death Song

Nelle Richmond Eberhart

Charles Wakefield Cadman
Opus 55, No.4



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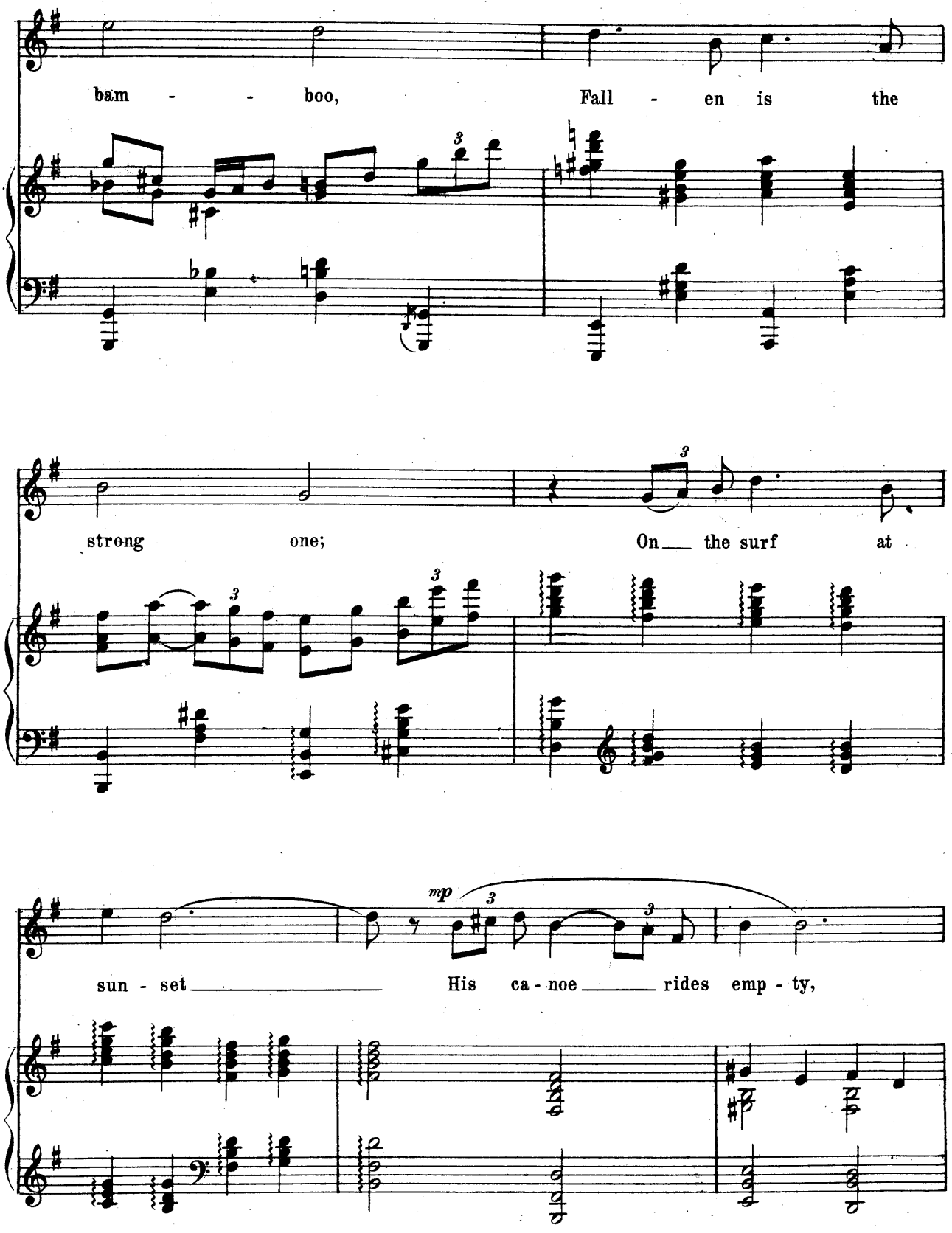
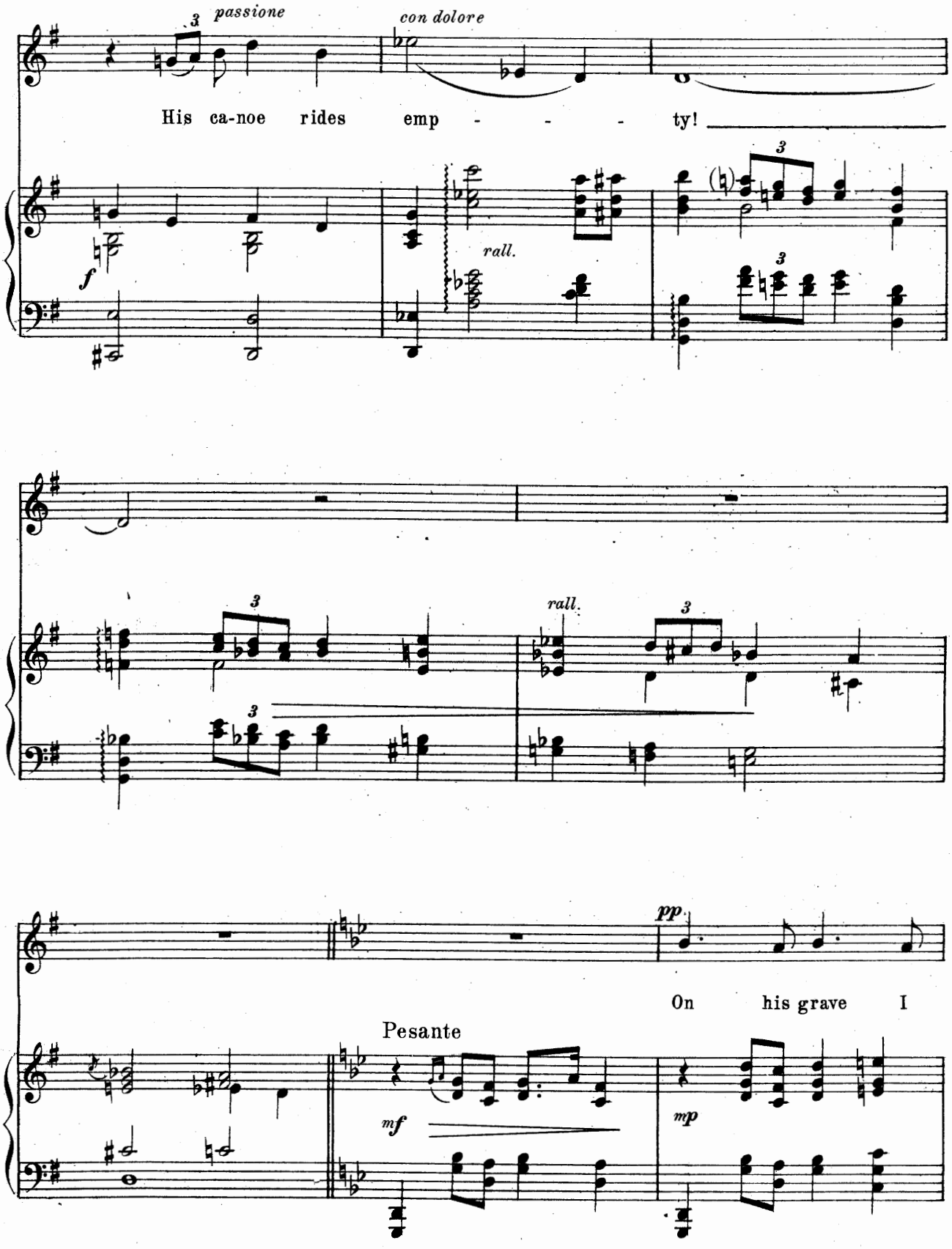
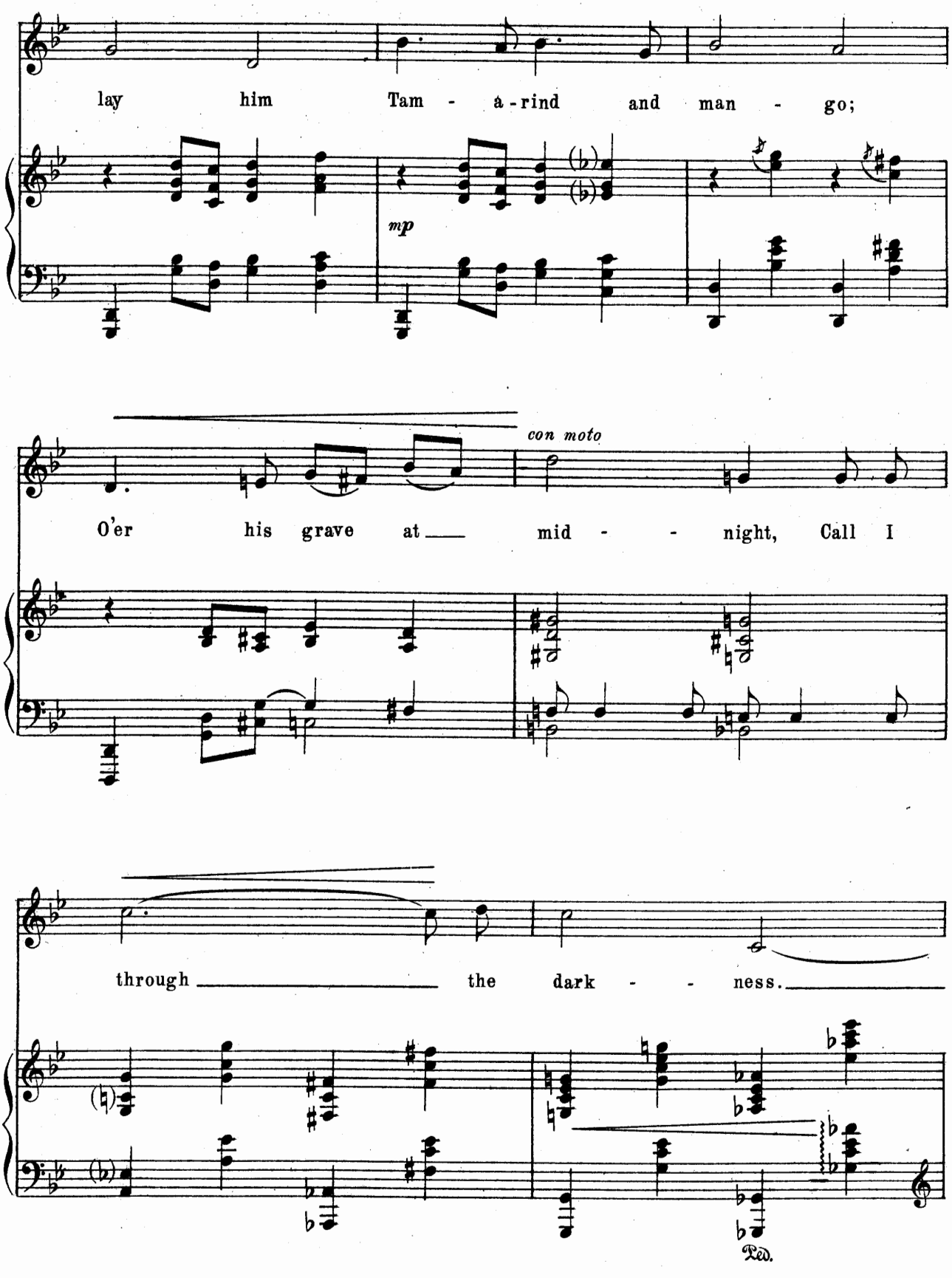
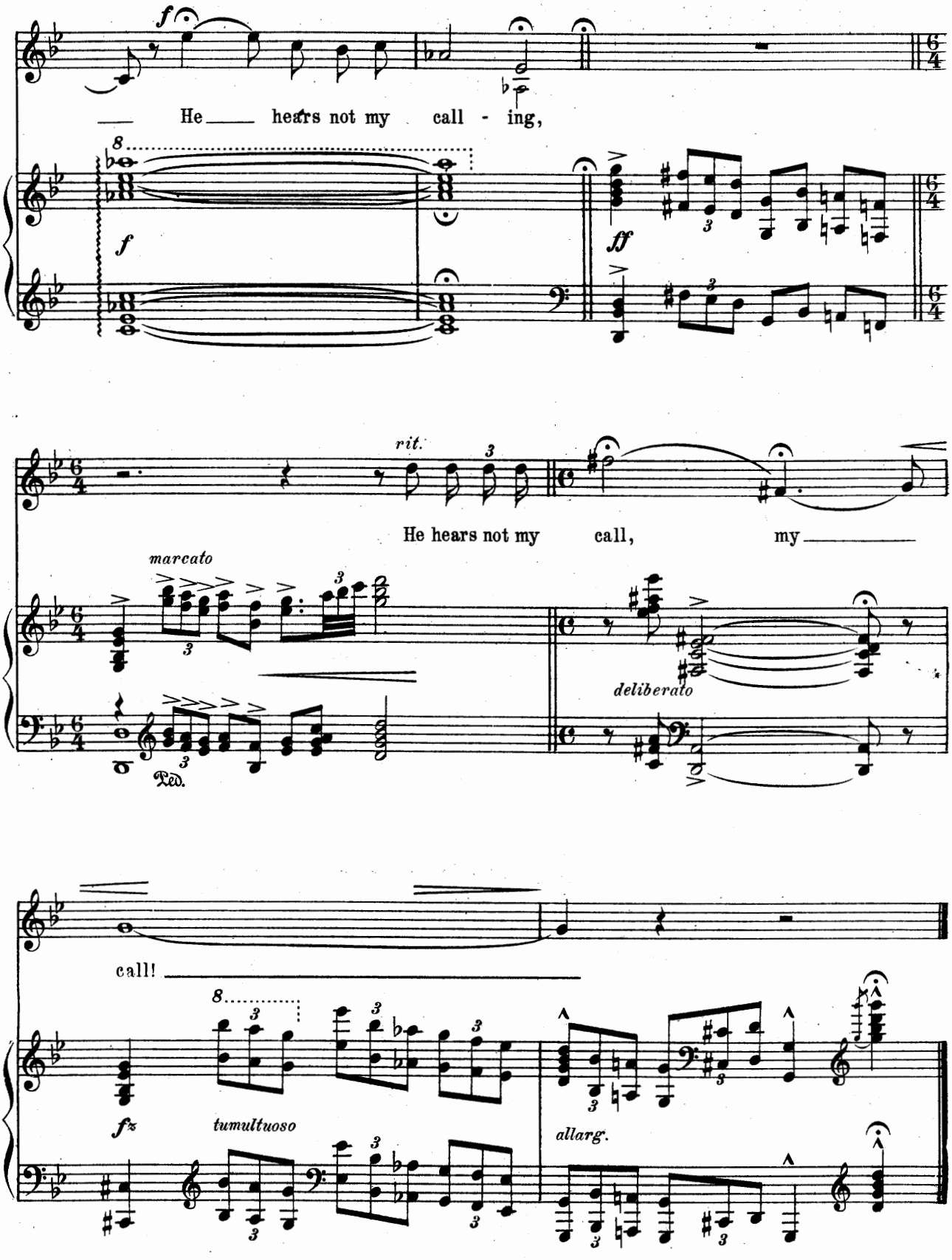

bam - - boo, Fall - en is the
strong one; On the surf at
mp
sun - set His ca - noe rides emp - ty,


passione
con dolore
His ca-noe rides emp - - - ty!
f
rall.
rall.
pp
On his grave I
Pesante
mf
mp


lay him Tam - a-rind and man - go;
mp
con moto
O'er his grave at mid - - night, Call I
through the dark - - ness.
Ped.


f
He hears not my call - ing,
8
f
ff
rit.
3
He hears not my call, my
marcato
deliberato
Ped.
call!
8
fz
tumultuoso
allarg.