



THE DANCE OF SWORDS

WORDS BY

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

MUSIC BY

CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS

HIGH VOICE

6

LOW VOICE

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY

Cincinnati

New York

London

The black tents upraised on the desert sands,
The stars above in their radiant bands,
With my tribesmen I watch – for the desert's lords
Antara is dancing the dance of swords.

On Mosuli drugget of faded rose
Antara sways, as the full moon throws
A dark shadow fantastic, that sombre, apes
The grace that her every least motion shapes.

With shimmering flicker of argent sheen
The moonbeams play o'er the steel blades keen:
In the dance of the swords, where bright danger flaunts,
Antara their azure-edged sharpness taunts.

She's swaying and bending with tender grace,
The moonbeams kissing her upturned face:
On her foot a red drop, like a ruby raised,
The kiss of the sword, where its steel lip grazed!

O sword to be envied, whose blade, caressed
By the faintest touch of her foot, was blessed,
Ah, what would I not give, did she let me heal
With lips passion-kind, thy kiss of steel!

Frederick H. Mertens

To Mr. Joseph Mathieu

The Dance of Swords



FREDERICK H. MARTENS

CHARLES GILBERT SPROSS

Andantino

mp

The

p

ta * ta * ta *

black tents up - raised on the des - ert sands, The

ta * ta * ta *

stars a - bove in their ra-di-ant bands, With my

ta * ta *

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tribes - men I watch For the des-er-t's lords An -

ta - ra is danc - ing, is danc - ing, is -

danc - ing the dance of swords. On

Mo - su - li drug - get of fad - ed rose An -

ta - ra sways, An - ta - ra sways, as the
 full moon throws A dark shad - o w fan - tas - tic, that
 som - bre, apes The grace that her ev - 'ry least mo - tion shapes.
 With shim - mer - ing flick - er of ar - gent

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, and Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in G clef, and the piano part is in F clef. The lyrics "sheen" and "The moon-beams play o'er the steel blades" are written above the vocal parts. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes.

roll

keen: In the dance of the swords, Where bright dan-ger flaunts, An -

ta-ra their a-zure-edged sharpness taunts.

L.H.

She's sway-ing and bend-ing____ with

ten - der grace, The moon - beams kiss - ing her up - turned
 * * * * *

face: On her feet a red drop, like a ru - by
 * * * * *

raised, The kiss of the sword, where its steel lip
 * * * * * roll

grazed! O sword to be en - vied, whose
 * * * * * mf

blade, ca - ressed By the faint - est touch of her foot, was blessed, —

cresc.

Ah, — what would I not give, — did she let me heal, — with lips pas-sion-
with pas - sion'd

kind, — thy kiss — of
tips

steel!

a tempo

82.