

Ballads Op. 54 No. 1

## Beside the ungathered rice he lay

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912)

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912) was born in 1875 in London. His parents were Dr. Daniel Peter Hughes Taylor, a Sierra Leonean Creole, and Alice Hare Martin, an English woman. Dr. Taylor returned to Africa not knowing he had a son in London. His middle name Coleridge was after the poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge and he later assumed the name Coleridge-Taylor. He was raised in Croydon (London) by his mother and her father. Taylor studied violin at the Royal College of Music and composition under Charles Villiers Stanford. He was appointed a professor at the Crystal Palace School of Music and conducted the orchestra at the Croydon Conservatoire. Coleridge-Taylor earned a reputation as a composer and was later helped by Edward Elgar. Music editor and critic August Jaeger considered Taylor was "a genius." Coleridge-Taylor made three tours of the United States, which increased his interest in his racial heritage, and at one stage seriously considered migrating there. In 1904, he was received by President Theodore Roosevelt at the White House, an unusual honor in those days for a man of African descent and appearance. He was given the title "the African Mahler" from the white orchestral musicians in New York in 1910. Coleridge-Taylor was greatly admired by African Americans; in 1901, a 200-voice African-American chorus was founded in Washington, D.C., named the Samuel Coleridge-Taylor Society. Coleridge-Taylor's greatest success was his cantata Hiawatha's Wedding-feast. He composed orchestral works, chamber music, anthems, part-songs and other works. He died of pneumonia at age 37.

Beside the ungathered rice He lay, His sickle in his hand; His breast was bare, his matted hair Was buried in the sand. Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep, He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams The lordly Niger flowed; Beneath the palm-trees on the plain Once more a king he strode; And heard the tinkling caravans Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew:
From morn till night he follow'd their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph, of his dream.

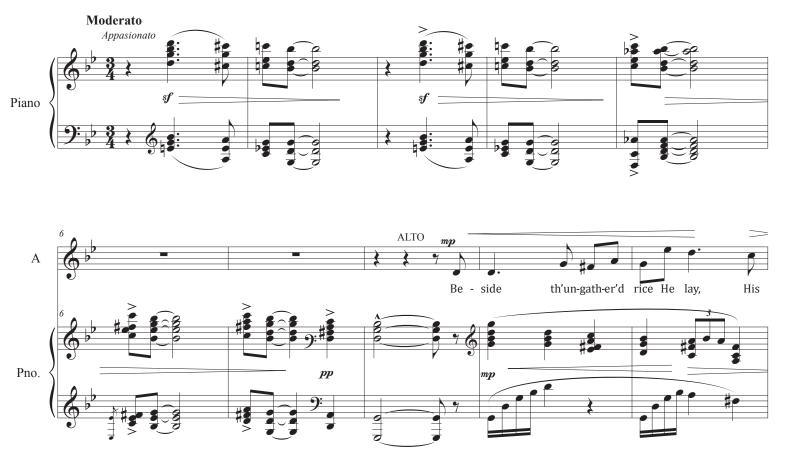
The forests, with their myriad tongues, Shouted of liberty; And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud, With a voice so wild and free, That he started in his sleep and smiled At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (18071882)

## Beside the ungathered rice he lay

S. Coleridge-Taylor

























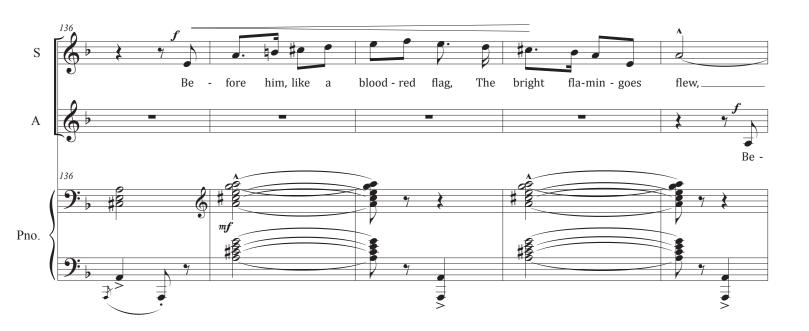




















































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