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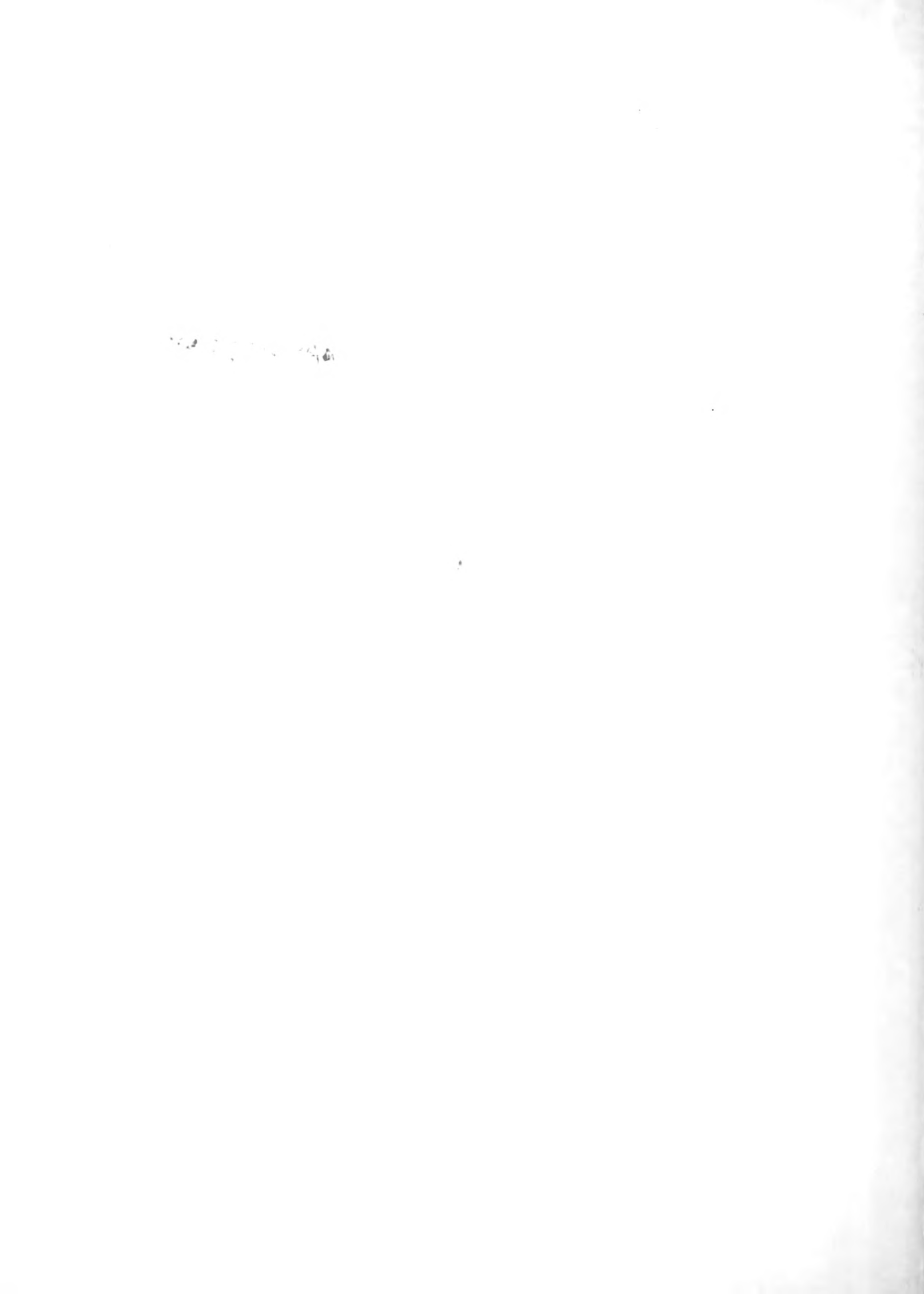


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# ONE HUNDRED SONGS BY TEN MASTERS

EDITED BY HENRY T. FINCK

VOLUME II

BRAHMS (1833-1897) : TCHAIKOVSKY (1840-1893)

GRIEG (1843-1907) : WOLF (1860-1903)

STRAUSS (1864- )

FOR HIGH VOICE



OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

THEODORE PRESSER CO., Distributors, 1712 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA

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MU 784.8-F  
v.2

N 45785  
05767-9082

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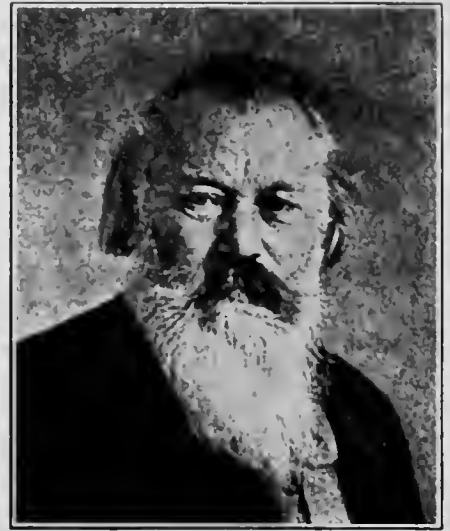
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TCHAIKOVSKY



BRAHMS



GRIEG



WOLF



STRAUSS

# ONE HUNDRED SONGS BY TEN MASTERS



## JOHANNES BRAHMS

WHEN Mendelssohn died, in 1847, Edward Marxsen said: "A great master has passed away, but Brahms is growing up to be a greater still." Johannes Brahms was at that time seventeen years old. He was a pupil of Marxsen, who was a prominent music teacher in Hamburg, where Brahms was born. The prophecy came true, for Brahms is now generally acknowledged the superior of Mendelssohn, at least as a composer of symphonies, chamber music, and songs.

In 1853 Schumann made a sensation by proclaiming Brahms the new "musical Messiah." He had seen only a few of his earliest works, but these convinced him that here was a man who would open "new paths" in the musical world. It has been suggested that this extravagant praise of the young Brahms was inspired partly by the fact that Schumann did not like Wagner, whom others looked on as the "musical Messiah;" that at the time when he wrote this article, his mind was already clouded by what, a few years later, developed into fatal insanity; and that he was naturally prejudiced in favor of Brahms because his own influence was reflected in the young man's music. But no one can read about the ardent friendship between these two men without feeling that Schumann was sincere when he gave Brahms so splendid a send-off.

Notwithstanding this recommendation, the young man did not have a "walk-over." When he was a boy of ten he played the piano so well that an American manager wanted to engage him for a tour. Yet Brahms never prospered as a concert pianist, and soon gave up efforts in that direction. One season he made his living by playing dance music in a hotel at a German summer resort. As a composer, he made his first hit with a series of Hungarian dances, which he got from the famous violinist Remenyi, who had engaged him for a tour as his accompanist. But he was not

generally classed with the masters till after the production of his *German Requiem*, in 1868, when he was thirty-five years old.

At that time he had violent opponents, who, when that work was produced in Vienna, actually hissed it. These hisses were an echo of similar demonstrations made some years previously, in Leipzig, against the same master's first piano concerto; a demonstration which angered Brahms very much, and subsequently he signed a public protest against Wagnerian tendencies in music. Some have thought that it was a foolish thing to do, for Wagnerism was destined to prevail. Yet Brahms did not suffer from such partisanship; on the contrary, his being pitted at so early a date against Wagner as the champion of the conservative party gave him a prominence which he would not otherwise have enjoyed at that time. It may be added that while Wagner never cared for Brahms's music, Brahms liked some of Wagner's, echoes of which may be heard in several of his works. There was really no reason why the respective admirers of these composers should have come to hisses and blows, for there was no competition between their idols. Brahms wrote no operas, while Wagner wrote hardly anything but operas.

The perpetuation of the fight was due largely to the antics of the popular Viennese critic, Dr. Hanslick, to whom every page by Brahms was celestial, and every page by Wagner infernal. Brahms himself had some violent prejudices, but on the whole he was peace-loving, and his range of sympathies was wide. While Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, and Schubert were his musical gods, he also enjoyed Bizet's *Carmen* and revelled in the delightful dance melodies of Johann Strauss, who was one of his most intimate friends. At general social gatherings Brahms was apt to be sarcastic and disagreeable. There is a story that one

evening, on leaving, he said to the hostess: "If there is any one here to-night whom I have not offended, I beg his pardon!"

To his friends he was most sympathetic, and to women usually most courteous. It is said that he was once in love, but did not propose, because he felt he could not, at that time, support a wife. In later years, when he became wealthy, he was still content with the friendship of women. Foremost among these were Clara Schumann, the widow of the composer, and Frau Herzogenberg. The letters written by him to the last-named and her husband have been published, together with their answers. The letters by Frau Herzogenberg should be read by all admirers of Brahms, not only because of their sincere enthusiasm, but because of their no less sincere censures. Brahms disliked adulation or lionizing; and one reason why he esteemed this woman was that she never hesitated to tell him the plain truth about his latest pieces or songs, which he usually submitted to her. She knew that his chief fault was the inclination to write too much—to compose at times when mere technical skill had to take the place of real inspiration. Once she asked him frankly: "Why, dear master, when you can produce gold, do you so often give us brass?"

There is much brass among the hundred and ninety-six songs of Brahms; also, a good deal of silver. That the ten *Lieder* selected for this volume are of the golden sort all admirers of Brahms will be ready to grant. Thirty others of the better sort are included in James Huneker's collection printed in the Musicians Library; while good descriptions of all the important Brahms songs may be found in Fuller-Maitland's volume on this composer, and in Evans's exhaustive volume on Brahms's vocal music. These writers are among the leading admirers of Brahms. Mr. Huneker claims for him a place among the romantic composers. Though he is "the greatest contrapuntist after Bach, the greatest architectonist after Beethoven, yet, in his songs he is nearly as naïve, as manly, as tender as Robert Burns." He set to music the various verse of fifty-nine poets, and "he was not always careful in his selection

of this verse." "He loves the open air, the clouds, the grass, the lilacs." "The scholastic pessimism that intrudes occasionally in his instrumental music is often interrupted in his songs by bursts of humor, jesting, student gaiety." He was "peculiarly happy in his delineation of the naïve moods hidden in the native folksongs. While he never quite reached the adorable simplicity of *Haidenröslein*, his *Little Sandman* (*Sandmännchen*) and other songs of this character are a close second to Schubert. He is also the interpreter of souls discouraged, of the aspirations of those whom sorrow has crushed."

The fact that no fewer than thirty-three of the one hundred and twenty-one works of Brahms that have appeared with opus numbers are sets of songs indicates almost as strong a predilection for the *Lied* on his part as Schubert had. This is due in part to his love of poetry. He read a great deal, and prided himself so much on his choice of verses for his music that he frequently expressed the hope that somebody might publish in a separate volume the poems used by him. This was actually done.

Perhaps the principal charm of the Brahms songs lies in their rhythmic features, which include many agreeable surprises. Professor Niecks could not find in these *Lieder* Schumann's glow of feeling, fragrance of poetry, and magic of romance. Tchaïkovsky went so far as to declare that Brahms was altogether incapable of melodic invention. The ten songs in this volume eloquently refute that statement. In some of the others, the melody is of an instrumental rather than of a vocal type, and occasionally, as in Schumann, the piano predominates too much over the voice. Yet for the most part the Brahms songs, even when of the "silver" or "brass" kind, are effective for the voice, which is the reason why, unfortunately, some of the poorer ones are favored by singers. For several years Brahms's songs have been sung, in Germany, at any rate, more frequently than the songs of any other master. This in itself does not prove anything, for there was a time when Mendelssohn's songs were more in favor than any others, whereas now nobody sings them. But



Brahms's best songs—those in this volume and some others—will live longer than any of Mendelssohn's.

A paragraph in Richard von Perger's excellent little book on Brahms (Reclam edition) may here be translated by way of concluding this introduction:

"Most popular of Brahms's works, and deservedly so, are his numerous songs. . . . In these the German master is in his element. He steers clear of the contemporary mania for declamation, which would transform the art song into a piano piece with a dry recitation, and although he always gives due importance to the words, he nevertheless puts the chief emphasis on the song-tone and a fine melodic line. To be sure, the exuberant, abundant melodic flow of Schubert and Schumann was not at his command; but Brahms's melodies, even when they sound a popular strain, are always noble and select. The master lays bare to us in his songs the whole depth of his rich soul-life, and he understands, especially with his melancholy songs, how to move and delight us."

1. *My Queen (Wie bist du meine Königin)*. This is one of the greatest of German songs, Brahms in every measure. It is the ninth and last of a group published as opus 32, and it comes, in the words of Fuller-Maitland, "as a most welcome climax of obvious beauty after various intense emotions have been portrayed." Placed under a microscope, the song is seen not to be flawless. As the same writer remarks, it shows that "there is some truth in the charges of occasional faulty accentuation laid to the door of Brahms; the melodic opening phrase allows of no break at the point where the comma would warn the reader of the words that a break must be made; the heaviest accents fall on the first syllable of 'meine' and the last of 'Königin,' and, after the first line, where it is essential that the words should run on to complete the sentence, there is a break in the musical phrase." But "hard indeed must be the heart, and dull the hearing, of any pedant who should resist the appeal of the lovely song on account of a momentary infraction of a rule which Brahms

elsewhere shows himself most careful to observe. For the song, from the first note to the last, is one of the immortal lyrics of the world, and it is quite clear that the musical theme could not have been so twisted and changed as to provide an ideal musical equivalent for the opening words without a sacrifice of absolute musical beauty which we may well imagine that Brahms was reluctant to make."

2. *Slumber Song (Ruhe, Süsслиebchen)*. The composer of the *New World* symphony, Antonin Dvořák (whose genius Brahms discovered), once said to the editor of this volume that to his taste the best songs composed since Schubert were the *Magelonenlieder* of Brahms, opus 33. They are settings of fifteen poems from Tieck's *Magelone*. This judgment is surprising because the group has serious defects, which the most ardent Brahmsites do not deny. That the set "does not make a very effective cycle when performed in its entirety" is of no special importance, for the same is true of the cycles of Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann. But it is surprising that Brahms should have failed to make use of the dramatic opportunities offered by the poems. There are no reminiscent themes to give coherence to the songs, and, as Fuller-Maitland admits, "there is not even an attempt at local color, nor is Sulima's song any more Oriental in character than the rest." The story, too long to tell here, may be found in the appendix to volume one of Miss May's *Life of Brahms*. The ninth of the fifteen songs, *Ruhe, Süsслиebchen*, is musically the most fascinating—"a magically beautiful lullaby . . . in which the accompaniment seems to be provided by gently waving branches." It is sung by Pierre while his lady sleeps. Tieck's book was one of Brahms's favorites when, as a boy of fourteen, he read it with the thirteen-year-old Lischen Giesemann.

3. *Cradle Song (Wiegenlied)*. It is odd that the most widely known of all the creations of Brahms should be a cradle song, for he was never married. He was rather unsocial, and to adults often sarcastic and rude, but for children he had a tender heart, and pockets full of presents. This ten-

derness is beautifully revealed in the present song, based on a poem by Karl Simrock.

4. *My heart is in bloom* (*Meine Liebe ist grün*). One of the favorite Brahms *Lieder*, but not the most marvellous love song ever composed, as one might infer from Fuller-Maitland's dithyrambic superlatives: "*Meine Liebe ist grün . . .* is one of the things concerning which it is impossible to guess how it came into the creator's brain. It is so ineffably spontaneous that it must seem to have been conceived in a single impulse and perfected at an instant. The glow of youthful passion has surely never been so superbly reflected in music, and the mind cannot grasp any process by which it was evolved, or think of any moment at which it was incomplete." Lillian Nordica was not fond of Brahms's songs, but this one she liked, and she knew how to thrill an audience with it.

5. *Love Song* (*Minnelied*). To the editor of this volume this seems the most inspired, spontaneous, and delightful of Brahms's vocal works—an adorable song. It shows, even more than *Meine Liebe ist grün*, how love exercises its creative spell likewise over bachelor composers. Its originality is complete—no other composer has sung a song resembling it, and the piano part is Brahms in every measure. It is not sung as often as it should be, which is strange, for it rises to a most effective climax. The interludes are very beautiful.

6. *The Disappointed Serenader* (*Vergebliches Ständchen*). "With animation and good humor" the composer wants this popular number to be sung. The text lacks refinement, but the music is "catchy." Concerning it, Fuller-Maitland supplies this information: "Opus 84 bears the strange inscription, 'Für eine oder zwei Stimmen,' but it is unlikely that on any occasion any of them have been sung by two persons. The modern singer, especially in Germany, is so anxious to show how many different sorts of voice-production he has learned, that he misses no opportunity of singing songs in which two or more voices can be imitated. There is, indeed, an *ad libitum* part for the second voice simultaneously with the first, in the fifth of the set, *Spannung*,

but here the music of each pair of stanzas is the same, and the male and female voices are supposed to alternate, as they are also in the best known of the set, *Vergebliches Ständchen*, though this is always sung by one singer, who must personify both the ardent lover and the disdainful lady at the window."

7. *In Summer Fields* (*Feldeinsamkeit*). In none of Brahms's songs is his love of nature more convincingly portrayed than in this, which is a general favorite. The poet pictures himself lying in the tall green grass, gazing at the blue sky and the white clouds floating past, leading his mind on to thoughts of eternal spaces; and the pensive music reflects all this as in a mirror. "Never was a more perfect picture of a summer noonday."

8. *Sapphic Ode* (*Sapphische Ode*). While romantic love did not play a part in Brahms's life, he favored poems concerned with it. Hans Schmidt's *Sapphic Ode* is one of these; it is frequently heard at recitals because of the popularity of Brahms's setting. Regarding the correct interpretation of this song Fuller-Maitland warns those vocalists who are so fond of singing it that "the last few bars of each verse, if performed in strict time, make the effect of a beautiful and well-ordered *rallentando*; if the time be slackened, over and above this, mere nonsense is the result."

9. *A thought like music* (*Wie Melodien zieht es mir*). The greatest thing in music, after all, is spontaneity of melodic invention. *Wie Melodien* has it, and that is why it is one of the favored mastersongs, while so many others of Brahms's one hundred and ninety-six *Lieder* are neglected. He himself knew that it was one of his best products, for, just as Schubert used to introduce themes of his finest songs in his instrumental works, so Brahms makes an allusion to this song in his violin sonata in A major, which, though bearing an earlier opus number, was composed later.

10. *Lighter far is now my slumber* (*Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer*). "A big song, though sad," one admirer has characterized this famous *Lied*. Edwin Evans, in his huge volume of six hundred pages in which all of Brahms's vocal works are analyzed in detail, says of *Immer leiser*: "A pa-

thetic song, very delicately set, and containing some choice harmonic progressions. There are two verses, at the commencement of each of which the accompaniment follows the voice; afterwards taking an independent form with right-hand syncopation and bass counter-melody."

## PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY

WHILE music doubtless hath charms to soothe the savage breast, it is none the less true that musicians are much given to squabbling. In Russia, in the days of Rubinstein and Tchaïkovsky, the musicians were divided into two hostile camps, and warfare was waged relentlessly between them. On the one side were the Nationalists, who based their art largely on Russian folk music, and otherwise strove to be unlike the composers of Germany, France, and Italy. On the other side were the Cosmopolitan composers — those who had come under the influence of the masters of the countries named, and who preferred to invent and elaborate melodies of their own, rather than borrow folk-tunes. The leaders of this faction were Tchaïkovsky and Rubinstein. The first of the Nationalists was Glinka, and the movement started by him with his opera *A Life for the Czar* culminated in *The Stone Guest* of Dargomijzsky, and the *Boris Godounoff* of Moussorgsky. Rubinstein paid Glinka the compliment of calling him one of the greatest five of all composers; but to the later Nationalists he referred as “these young Russian composers, who continue to confine themselves largely to popular and national themes, exposing thereby their poverty of invention, a lack which they attempt to conceal under the cloak of nationalism.”

Outside of Russia, until a few years ago, the history of Russian music meant the story of the activities of Rubinstein and Tchaïkovsky, whose works were the only ones from that country that aroused a wide interest and general admiration in foreign parts. The Russian dancers have now made English, French, and American audiences acquainted with one branch of their “national” art, while, thanks largely to the magic of Chaliapin, some of the Nationalistic operas have won attention and admiration. In America the efforts of Wassily Safonoff, Kurt Schindler, and Modest Altschuler, with his Russian Symphony Orchestra, have made music-lovers, from New York to California, acquainted with the best concert works

of the leading Russians, three of whom, at least — Rimsky-Korsakoff, Rachmaninoff, and Stravinsky — show evidence of genius in their works. Even these, however, have not created as ravishingly beautiful melodies as did Rubinstein and Tchaïkovsky, who will, for this reason, continue to be the most admired of the Russians, except by those who, figuratively speaking, value the peculiarities of national costumes more than the beauty of the women who wear them.

As a melodist, Tchaïkovsky has very few equals. Who has not been thrilled to the marrow by the heavenly melody opening the slow movement of his fifth symphony? Can you point to anything more supremely lovely in the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Bizet, Grieg, Verdi, or Wagner, than that inspired instrumental song? There are many other melodies in his works almost equally beautiful; and these account, in large part, for the extraordinary popularity this greatest of the Russian masters has enjoyed during the last two decades.

As melody is commonly assumed to be a product of the South, the melodiousness of Tchaïkovsky's music is often ascribed to his having, as a youth, been very much interested in Italian opera. But his melody is as different from Italian melody as Russian folksong is from the Italian. Though intensely individual, his music is at the same time thoroughly Russian, being characterized, in turn, by the climatic and ethnic melancholy, the barbaric splendor, and the fierce Cossack energy of that people. How amazingly stupid not to recognize him as a Nationalist — the very leader of the Nationalists! How ridiculous to make the use of borrowed folk-tunes the criterion of musical patriotism, thereby virtually excluding genius — that is, the faculty of creating one's own melodies! Even Rubinstein was a Nationalist, in the larger and better sense of the word. He was the musical illustrator of the orientalism (partly Jewish) that is so important an element in the life and art of Greater Russia. And he achieved this musical orientalism not by

the easy process of plagiarizing folk-tunes, but by creating new melodies dyed in Semitic and Persian tints.

The cosmopolitan element in Tchaïkovsky's art is accounted for partly by his studies and travels, and partly by his descent, there being some French and Polish blood in his veins. He was born in 1840, and died in 1893 of the cholera, nine days after he had conducted his "Pathetic" Symphony, which soon became the most popular of all symphonic works the world over. The intense melancholy of this symphony, culminating in the heart-breaking agony of the *adagio lamentoso*, gave rise to a rumor that he had committed suicide, after writing this score as a farewell to the world. There had been much in his life to make him unhappy; among other things, ill-health, an irritable temper, an unfortunate marriage, and the slowness of musicians in recognizing his genius.

His father, though not himself musical, had advised him to study music, and, at the Conservatory in St. Petersburg, Anton Rubinstein, who was one of his teachers, encouraged him, without, however, subsequently appreciating his worth. For some years he taught at the Moscow Conservatory, and he also earned something by writing musical criticisms for the press. The effort to earn his daily bread consumed so much of his energy that it is doubtful whether he could have written his ripest and greatest works had it not been for the assistance of a wealthy admirer, Madame von Meck, who gave him an annuity of six thousand roubles which enabled him to give up drudgery and devote himself to composition. This woman made it a condition of her generosity that he must never try to meet her; but they corresponded a great deal. She asked him questions about himself, his works, his method of composition, and a hundred other things, which he answered frankly, revealing to her his very soul. Much of this correspondence has been published in the story of his life written by his brother Modeste; a book which has been Englished by Rosa Newmarch, and which cannot be too warmly commended to all who would like to be

entertained while learning to understand the true inwardness of the music of this master.

The greatest of his works are, no doubt, his six symphonies. Like Rubinstein, he composed one of the finest of all concertos for piano; and, again like Rubinstein, he was least successful with his operas; but he wrote a dozen or more songs which will long survive him, because of their beautiful and touching melodies. Of course, he wrote too many songs—always the same old story!—and many in his list of one hundred and seven are commonplace or even trivial "pot-boilers." Among his mature productions, however, there are many fine ones, which deserve to be more widely known; songs which, as Rosa Newmarch has well said, "take our emotions by storm"—which is what real music lovers enjoy most of all things. One of Mrs. Newmarch's favorites is the *Modern Greek Song* founded on a mediaeval *Dies Irae* and treated with consummate skill. "As specimens of intensity of emotion," she goes on to say, "few of his songs equal *The Dread Moment*, opus 28, and *Day reigns (Only for Thee)*; in the first we have the utterance of despairing passion, in the second, the exultation and fervour of love crying aloud for recognition and fulfilment. In complete emotional contrast to these are the *Slumber Song*, opus 16—the words of which are a Russian version by Maïkov of a Greek folk-poem—which is remarkable for tender and restrained sentiment, and *Don Juan's Serenade*, opus 38, a dashing song with a characteristic ritornelle. Tchaïkovsky has been very happily inspired by the verses of Count Alexis Tolstoi, who wrote the text of his popular song *At the Ball*, in which the music, with its languid valse rhythm, reflects so subtly the paradoxical musings of the lover, vaguely captivated by a vision of radiant beauty that may signify 'woe or delight.' In opus 54, *Sixteen Songs for Children*, the 'tearful minor' is less conspicuous and the majority of the songs have an echo of national melody. It is impossible to deny the charm, the penetrating sweetness and sadness, and the vocal excellence of many of Tchaïkovsky's songs."

1. *Why? (Warum?)* James Huneker, in his

introduction to *Fairy Songs by Tchaikovsky*, aptly refers to this song as "a charming lyric, tender, graceful, rather Gallic than Russian." But it is more than tender and graceful; it is a passionate, brilliant effusion which, if sung with spirit, cannot fail to rouse an audience to great enthusiasm, provided the pianist knows the words as well as the music and feels the thrill of the splendid climax beginning with the *stringendo* at the words, "Tell me why is my heart filled with fears," and culminating in the *fff* of "O my love." The last eight measures are a lamentable anti-climax and should by all means be omitted, the pianist ending with the chord at *ad tempo*. It is incomprehensible how a composer who was able to pen so inspired and spontaneous a song could have descended suddenly to such bathos and twaddle, except on the theory that the applause following the singer's last tone would drown the piano part anyway. There is much of that sort of thing in the music written for the opera house as well as the concert hall, and some of the greatest masters deserve censure and editing therefor.

2. *None but the lonely heart* (*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*). Another splendid song, betraying in every measure the spontaneity of true melodic genius. Mr. Huneker hardly exaggerates when he declares that not Schubert himself compassed the abysmal woe of this famous Goethe poem as did the Russian. "It is so wonderful a lyric that alone it would make a musical reputation." Tchaikovsky was twenty-nine when he wrote this mastersong, also included in his opus 6. From first to last—his heartrending Pathetic Symphony—he revelled in the "luxury of woe"—a subject on which a German author has written a whole volume.

3. *Cradle Song* (*Wiegengesang*). Cradles are no longer in favor in the nurseries, but cradle songs in music rooms and concert halls will never cease to appeal because so many of the great masters have immortalized this species of composition. In comparing this Russian specimen with the cradle songs of Chopin, Brahms, and others, one marvels at the variety of rhythmic devices used to suggest the rocking motion.

4. *The Canary* (*Der Kanarienvogel*). Tchaikovsky has little in common with Rubinstein except his abundant flow of melody. *The Canary*, however, recalls Rubinstein's Persian songs in its musical atmosphere and the quaintly oriental style of the poem.

5. *Some one said unto the fool* (*Einst zum Narren Jemand spricht*). Thoroughly Russian is this song. Apart from its purely musical merits it is also of especial interest because it shows Tchaikovsky in one of his rare humorous moods. *Allegro giocoso*—merry and jocular is his expression mark for it.

6. *To Sleep* (*An den Schlaf*). Only those who have read the elaborate and fascinating life of Tchaikovsky by his brother can realize how a poem like this—a prayer that sleep and dreams at least may bring peace to those who are bending under grievous loads, must have appealed to Tchaikovsky and stirred his musical fancy.

7. *Don Juan's Serenade* (*Ständchen des Don Juan*). This is not only Tchaikovsky's "greatest song for low voice," as Mr. Huneker calls it; it is one of the world's mastersongs, a setting of Tolstoi's poem which, if sung (and played) with spirit and in the right mood, never fails to delight an audience with its vision of the Andalusian lover addressing his beloved, and challenging all rivals to combat, in the true Spanish style.

8. *Whether day dawns* (*Ob heller Tag*) is a gorgeous effusion—an ardent love song which in its mood presents a vivid contrast to most of this composer's songs.

9. *Serenade* (*Sérénade*). Set to French words by Turquetiz, this song is less widely known than the Spanish Serenade of Don Juan, but thanks to Geraldine Farrar, who sings it frequently at her recitals, it is winning the popularity it deserves.

10. *Disappointment* (*Déception*). None of the one hundred and seven songs of Tchaikovsky speaks to the heart more directly than this melancholy ditty. In its melody simple as a folk-song, it is racy of the Russian soil, though written to French verses. Its racial sadness is emphasized by the composer's quaint harmonies, which haunt the memory. Emma Eames was the first to exhibit this gem to American audiences.



## EDVARD GRIEG

NONE of the song-writers except Schubert created so large a number of absolutely new and entrancing melodies as Grieg; yet, owing to an incredibly stupid misunderstanding, he did not receive full credit during his lifetime for the genius which enabled him to create all these glorious melodies. It was known that he was an ardent admirer of the folk-tunes of his native country, and that he had arranged a number of them for the piano; and from this it was assumed, in the most idiotic fashion, that the melodies of his one hundred and forty-six lyric songs were based on borrowed Norwegian folk-tunes. As a matter of fact, *every one* of those one hundred and forty-six melodies is his own, as he himself assured me.

A prominent American musician once wrote that he could not open a collection of Norwegian folk-tunes without seeing things that Grieg had borrowed. I challenged him to point to *a single case*; but he never did so, for obvious reasons. I myself have looked in vain through the folksong collections for any such borrowings. Another eminent American musician said to me one day: "It is no disgrace for a composer to be accused of borrowing folk-tunes; the greatest of them have done it." To which I replied: "But it *is* disgraceful to accuse of this practice a composer who has never indulged in it."

Grieg's *arrangements* of Norwegian folk-tunes are plainly marked as such. The rest of his pieces for piano, like those for orchestra, chorus, and solo voice, are entirely his own in melody, harmony, and everything else. *And it is on these compositions that his fame and popularity are based entirely*; for, oddly enough, his arrangements of folk-music are almost unknown to the public as well as to nearly all musicians. Percy Grainger was the first great pianist to give them a prominent place on his American programmes, and he has written regarding them that "Grieg was nowhere else more amazingly his own weird, partly selfish, partly heroic self, than in his settings for piano of *Norwegian Folksongs*, opus 66, and of *Peasant Dances* (Slaater), opus 72."

Norwegian folksongs are notable for their freshness and beauty; yet, as Philip Hale has aptly remarked, "Look over these folksongs and see how superior to them in haunting beauty are the melodies of Grieg." Genius, after all, is superior to the best the populace can produce collectively! But the notion that Grieg borrowed his melodies was so prevalent that some other composers actually used them freely in the belief that they were simply helping themselves to the common stores of wild honey!

I suggested to Grieg that he should have used the cudgel on those who treated him as one who had done little more than transplant wild flowers into his garden; but, unlike Wagner, he was not a fighter, and for this there were physical as well as temperamental reasons. In consequence of a severe attack of pleurisy at the time when he was a student at the Leipzig Conservatory, he was condemned to spend the remaining forty-seven years of his life with only one lung, which entailed much loss of vigor and acute suffering. He was born at Bergen in 1843; and it was by the advice of the famous Norwegian violinist, Ole Bull, that he had been sent to Leipzig. His illness interrupted his studies; but he returned and completed them. He was surprised and disappointed to find that the idols of his youth, Chopin, Wagner, and Schumann, were not yet appreciated at the conservative Leipzig institution. He learned more from their works than from his professors. Schumann, in particular, influenced his earliest compositions, including the famous song *I Love Thee*. Among the other songs that betray German influences are *Morning Dew* and *My mind is like a peak snow-crowned*.

Before he went to Leipzig, Grieg had made excursions into the mountains with Ole Bull, during which he became acquainted with some of the Norwegian folksongs, which made a deep impression on him. On returning from Leipzig to make his home once more in Norway, his interest in this native music was renewed and increased, partly through the enthusiasm of his young friend,

Richard Nordraak. Thenceforth he endeavored to avoid the Teutonic atmosphere in his compositions and to make them more Norwegian in character. I have already explained that this does not mean that, like the Russian Nationalists and others, he introduced Norse folk-tunes into his own compositions. Nor does it mean that he copied the harmonies of folksongs, for folk music has no harmonies. Grieg's harmonies are as much his own as his melodies, and the more we study Norwegian folksong and the Northern composers before Grieg, the more astonished we are at his originality. What it does mean is rather a matter of atmosphere and mood, together with certain rhythmic and intervallic peculiarities.

Grieg himself has lucidly explained what we are to understand by "Norwegian" in music: "The fundamental trait of Norwegian folksong as contrasted with the German is a deep melancholy, which may suddenly change to a wild, unrestrained gaiety. Mysterious gloom and indomitable wildness—these are the contrasts of Norwegian folksong." Norwegian music is often as rugged as the bold rocks that overhang those narrow and winding arms of the sea which are called fjords. It delights in abrupt changes; its rhythms are irregular and capricious, like those of the Hungarian gypsies; its tonality is uncertain and vacillating; and there is a preference for the minor mode and quaint melodic intervals. The "blending of delicacy and grace with rough power and untamed wildness as regards their melody, and more particularly the rhythm," to which Grieg refers, we find in many of his own pieces, too, which helps to make them Norwegian. We find in them also the rhapsodic manner and the ever-changing *rubato* pace which characterize Norse music; as well as the love of a drone bass, changeless through many measures, which Norway has in common with Scotland, the home of the bagpipe, where Grieg's great-grandfather was born.

Grieg's songs are melodically so lovely that it is easy for any good singer to enchant audiences with them. But thoroughly to thrill and hypnotize the hearers, vocalists must be able to suggest

this Northland atmosphere. For further details regarding it I must refer them to my book, *Grieg and his Music*, which was written with his coöperation. The first edition was revised by him.

Norwegian scenery is bolder, wilder, grander than that of the rest of Europe, excepting Switzerland. But here and there one comes upon a green fertile valley in which cherries and strawberries get a flavor and a fragrance hardly attained anywhere else in the world. Such green vales with luscious fruits and berries we often come upon unexpectedly in Grieg's wildest pieces, and they constitute one of their unique charms. A trip through his music is like a tour of Norway; it has the same bracing, stimulating effect on the nerves, the brain, and the heart. In 1900 I wrote in *Songs and Song-Writers*: "When I had revelled in the music of Chopin and Wagner, Liszt and Franz, to the point of intoxication, I fancied that the last word had been said in harmony and in melody; when lo! I came across the songs and piano-forte pieces of Grieg, and once more found myself moved to tears of delight." I also wrote that "Grieg has indeed created the latest, the most modern atmosphere in music." This is no longer true, in view of the achievements of Debussy, Richard Strauss, Schönberg, Stravinsky, and others; but the contempt for simple melody, and the use of dissonances for their own sake (instead of as a means of expression and contrast), which constitute the "atmosphere" of the ultra-modern composers, will not last long. When the fog lifts, it will be acknowledged that in the *legitimate* use of dissonances Grieg went as far as any of his successors. "The realm of harmony," he once wrote to me, "was always my dream-world." From this dreamland he brought us contributions to the evolution of harmony more original and valuable than those provided by any of the contemporary composers just referred to.

Liszt, whom nothing great escaped, was the first to recognize the harmonic originality and the genius of Grieg. His cordial letter to him had the important effect of inducing the Norwegian Government to grant him a sum of money which made it possible for him to visit Liszt in Rome.



Some years later the Government voted him an annuity of sixteen hundred crowns, which enabled him to give up the drudgery of teaching, and devote himself thenceforth chiefly to composing. He brought it about that, in the words of the poet Björnson, "Norwegian moods and Norwegian life are at home in every music room in the whole world." His ardent patriotism is one of the many moods portrayed in his songs; and as he loved his homeland, so did the Norwegians love him. When he died, the city of Bergen solicited the honor of taking charge of the funeral services, but the Norwegian Government intervened and made it a national affair. More than forty thousand persons participated; all schools, shops, and factories were closed on the day of the funeral.

In other countries Grieg's music is no less adored than in his own land. His first *Peer Gynt* suite is probably the most popular of all concert pieces everywhere. To us his music has an additional interest because the greatest of American composers, Edward MacDowell, was more influenced by Grieg, whom he worshipped, than by any one else. He adored Grieg's music because he knew it so well. It is because many other musicians know it less well, that much of it remains music of the future. Singers, in particular, have hitherto overlooked some of his mastersongs in the most inexplicable way, for they are as effective as they are beautiful. To be sure, it is not given to many vocalists to be able to reveal the tenderness and the virility which alternate in these songs.

It is a particularly difficult task to select the best ten of Grieg's *Lieder* for this volume, because there are so many that have a claim to be included. It was somewhat easier to choose those to be included in the *Fifty Songs by Grieg*, in the Musicians Library. That those are indeed the best fifty of the one hundred and forty-six, I feel sure because Grieg wrote to me after reading my *Songs and Song-Writers*: "Always the critics have pointed out my least important things as the best, and unfortunately *vice versa*. How happy I am that this is not the case with you. You have

in the main dwelt on the very songs which I myself consider the best."

1. *I Love Thee (Ich liebe Dich)*. This is the most popular of all the Grieg songs. It is a musical love-letter, composed in 1864, the year when Grieg became engaged to his cousin, Nina Hagerup. For her it was written, and never has a lover poured out his feelings more intensely, more overwhelmingly. To the editor of this volume Grieg once wrote: "My best songs were composed for her; they embody my personal feelings, and I could no more have stopped expressing them in songs than I could have stopped breathing." She fully deserved such love, for she was an ideal wife for him. Tchaïkovsky declared he never "met a better informed or more highly cultivated woman." She often sang the Grieg songs in public. Her art reminded Frau von Holstein of Jenny Lind's "in its captivating *abandon*, dramatic vivacity, soulful treatment of the poem, and unaffected manner;" and to Grieg himself it seemed "a matter of course that one should sing so beautifully, so eloquently, so soulfully as she did."

2. *Cradle Song (Wiegenlied)*. A better title for this ineffably sad song would have been *Vater's Wiegenlied*, for it is a dirge sung by a father, for the mother who died in giving life to her boy; and the father confesses he would have taken his own life to join her had it not been for the child's need of a protector. There is a prevalent belief that some of the best Grieg songs are too *intime* for public performance. He himself feared that this cradle song would have to be excluded from recitals for that reason, and, as he wrote to me in 1899, he was dismayed to find it on a programme in Leipzig. But the vocalist was Johannes Messchaert and no less a person than Arthur Nikisch played the piano part. After a few measures had been sung, deep silence prevailed in the hall. The composer's hopes began to rise, because the performance was so incomparably beautiful; and when the last note had been sung, the audience expressed its satisfaction in an outburst of prolonged applause. Note the expression mark, "not too slow, but very mournfully." The piano part is *pianissimo* throughout; the accents must be

very subtle, yet distinct. The intense grief, combined with the lulling tenderness that belongs to a cradle song, gives this *Lied* a unique place in musical literature. The popular author of the poem, Andreas Munch, was granted a pension by the Norwegian Government. His best work is his *Sorrow and Comfort*, in which he bewails the death of his wife.

3. *Solvejg's Song* (*Solvejg's Lied*). Next to *I Love Thee* this is the most widely known of Grieg's songs. When I wrote the introductory pages to *Fifty Songs by Grieg* in the Musicians Library, I stated that Grieg had written to me that *Solvejg's Lied* was the only one of his songs which contains a borrowed melody. This was a lapse of memory. Looking again through his twenty or more letters to me (which are now printed in *Grieg and his Music*) I could find no such assertion. Moreover, Madame Grieg promptly wrote me that I was mistaken; that, like all of Grieg's songs, this was entirely his own, and that she distinctly remembered the day when he composed it. The nearest approach to "borrowing" in a Grieg song is in *A bird cried o'er the lonely sea*, which embodies in the introductory measures a melodic-rhythmic motive which he heard from a gull. Solvejg (pronounced sole-vīgh') is the heroine of Ibsen's famous play, *Peer Gynt*. She falls in love with Peer, notwithstanding his rough peasant ways; but he has fantastic aspirations to become emperor of the world, and soon leaves her in quest of adventures. She remains in the hut he had built for her in the Norwegian forest, and her song attests that her thought and her heart are with him always.

4. *A Swan* (*Ein Schwan*). While *Solvejg's Lied* is a simple lyric, which even Patti found suited to her voice and style, the almost equally popular and more Griegian *Swan* requires a singer of a more modern type who is able to bring out the deeper meaning of Ibsen's poem, the varied musical expression, and, especially, the superb climax where the swan, after a lifelong silence, sings at last. In one of his letters to me Grieg asked me to call particular attention to the fact that the words "Ja, da—da sangst du" should be sung *sempre*

*fortissimo*, if possible even with a *crescendo*, and by no means *diminuendo* and *piano*. When Ibsen heard Grieg play this song, while his wife sang it, he pressed the hands of both and whispered one word: "Understood."

5. *The First Primrose* (*Mit einer Primula Veris*). Perhaps editors ought not to "gush," but who can help gushing over this song of a lover who offers the first primrose of the season to his beloved in exchange for her heart? All the delicacy of a flower, the fragrance of May, the buoyancy of youth, are in this music. When I wrote my *Songs and Song-Writers* I was forty-five years old, yet this is how my enthusiasm ran away with me: "Can any one hear that exquisite song, *The First Primrose*, without being moved by a thrill of delight like that which must be felt by a naturalist when he first comes across a bird of paradise, with its gorgeous plumage so different in pattern and coloring from that of all other birds? When I first heard it, I was affected as I was when I saw my first Mariposa Lily in California. . . . A more glorious original, simple song was never written." It is very effective, too, and would be extremely popular if vocalists had sense enough to sing it.

6. *Springtide* (*Der Frühling*). The title of this superb creation is misleading. It is anything but a spring song. The poet voices the sad feelings of one who, knowing that his days are numbered, gratefully rejoices in having been privileged to live through one more spring—to see once more the snow melt, rest his eyes on the green meadows, and hear the larks sing. When Grieg arranged this mastersong for orchestra he called it *The Last Spring* because, as he explained to me, it lacked, in its instrumental version, the words that explained the meaning of the title. *His Last Spring* would have been still more definite. When Tchaïkovsky heard Nina Grieg sing this heavenly song at Leipzig he was moved to tears; and subsequently he showed his gratitude for the great pleasure given by sending her his own songs, with a cordial dedication. What melodic breadth, what exquisite tenderness is here combined! Note the superbly swelling harmonies, entrancing modu-

lations into unexpected keys. In its orchestral garb it is of indescribable beauty. The iridescent colors glow and shimmer, as in Wagner's *Siegfried Idyl*. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra has a strict rule against encores, but when Josef Strinsky for the first time produced this piece before a Philharmonic audience that rule was shattered into a thousand fragments. He simply had to repeat it. It makes a great organ piece, too, and is eminently suitable for use in churches either for the organ alone or with voice. Follow the expression marks very carefully, especially the *dolcissimo* in the ninth measure, and the gradual crescendos.

7. *On the Journey Home (Auf der Reise zur Heimath)*. Like *Springtide* this mastersong is a setting of a poem by A. O. Vinje, whose prose works did much to enlighten the Norwegian people, and whose verses set Grieg "all aflame with enthusiasm," as he wrote to me, thus fertilizing his fancy with some of its most thrilling conceptions. Vinje's poem gives expression to the emotions of one who has been away from home and returns to see again the familiar fertile valleys between the snow mountains and to hear his mother-tongue once more. In Grieg's heart, which always remained in Norway when he resided elsewhere for a time, it struck a deeply responsive chord, patriotism and love of home being two of the strongest traits in his character. This whole song is of indescribable beauty. Attention is called particularly to the last four measures, in which the composer is overwhelmed with emotion as memories of youth come back to him. These final measures are a fervent and glorious outburst of feeling, for which few parallels exist in the whole

range of music. Note further the refreshingly unconventional ending of the music.

8. *The Way of the World (Lauf der Welt)*. There are cases of infatuation where everything is understood without a formal proposal and a kiss is as spontaneous and inevitable as the first glance of love. Uhland's poem tells of such a case, and Grieg has added a merry musical commentary as spontaneous as the glance and the kiss. Here, as in most of Grieg's songs, much of the effect depends on the artistic use of the sustaining pedal. When I wrote the notes for *Fifty Songs by Grieg* I said: "This song will some day have a sensational success in concert halls. The singers have not discovered it yet." They have now. Dr. Wüllner took the lead; he had to repeat it every time, and to-day it is often applauded at recitals.

9. *A Dream (Ein Traum)*. Of all the Grieg songs this is perhaps the most effective for the concert hall. With its crescendos and urge, rising at the end to a stirring climax, it is sure of arousing the enthusiasm of any audience. It is a love song in the Heine vein, by Friedrich von Bodenstedt, better known as Mirza Schaffy, to whom Germany owes some of her choicest lyrics.

10. *Eros*. This is another song with a splendid final climax, which endears it to singers and hearers alike. Though it bears a late opus number (70), it has less of the essence and quaintness of Grieg in it than most of his songs, including *The Mountain Maid*, *At Mother's Grave*, *Ere Long*, *Friendship*, *The Old Mother*, *At a Young Woman's Bier*, *Margaret's Cradle Song*, *Ragnhild*, *Ragna*, and others which, alas, cannot be included in this volume.

## HUGO WOLF

ONE of the most amusing things in musical biography is the violent hatred of Brahms which Hugo Wolf felt all his life, and which he freely expressed in print during the three years in which he served as musical critic of the *Vienna Salonblatt*, as well as in letters to his friends. He held Brahms to be deficient in the capacity for really deep feeling. To Eickstein he once said: "The true test of the greatness of a composer is this—*can he exult?* Wagner can exult; Brahms cannot." To this point he often referred, playing selections from *Lohengrin* which illustrated what he thought was lacking in Brahms. He pointed out flaws in the scansion of some Brahms songs, particularly the *Vergebliches Ständchen*; he complained of the "chill November fogs" in his works; and he agreed with Nietzsche that Brahms's melancholy was "the melancholy of impotence."

What makes these criticisms amusing is that Wolf, in his own songs, resembles Brahms more than he does any other composer except Loewe. Some of the Wolf songs, indeed, show the spirit and influence of Brahms so strongly that they might easily be attributed to him. In them the rhythmic element predominates over the melodic, as it does in most of the *Lieder* of Brahms, who, however, was more original and prolific as a melodist than Wolf.

What did Brahms, in turn, think of Wolf's music? It is on record that when Wolf's *Elfenlied* and *Feuerreiter* were produced in Vienna, under Wilhelm Gericke, "Brahms was present, and an eye-witness speaks of having seen him applaud warmly, notwithstanding the many sharp things Wolf had said of him in earlier years." The followers of Brahms were less inclined to forgive and forget. One of them, Max Kalbeck, who has written the official Brahms biography in four volumes, characterized a group of Wolf songs he heard at a concert in Vienna as "dry, puerile stuff, extravagantly banal melodies and ridiculous harmonic convulsions, that would fain pass themselves off as emotions of the soul."

With this contemptuous sentence it is amus-

ing, once more, to compare the ecstatic rhapsodies of Hugo Wolf's English biographer, Ernest Newman, who has supplemented his book on this composer by a long and equally eulogistic introduction to the volume of *Fifty Songs by Hugo Wolf* in the Musicians Library. To this eminent critic the many admirers of Hugo Wolf may turn for confirmation of their most ecstatic opinions of his compositions. Not only are Wolf's songs, in the opinion of Mr. Newman, "the most significant development in this form of art since Schubert," but he has no hesitation in putting him at the head of the song-writers of the world. "He surpasses them all," he declares, "to the same extent and for the same reason that Wagner surpasses all musical dramatists,—in virtue of the vast range of his interests, his Shakspearean breadth of sympathy, the infinite plasticity of his conceptions, his gift for finding for each poem a musical expression so poignant and veracious that one can never again imagine it being expressed in any other way. If you come to him with a preformed conception of the song as an exquisite melody for the voice thrown into high relief against a piano accompaniment that is often of no particular significance in itself, you will of course rank him below Schubert. To place him, as some of us do, above Schubert, is not to disparage that wonderful genius; Wolf himself would have thought poorly of any admirer of his who was guilty of insensitiveness to the lyric beauty of most of Schubert's songs, and no instructed lover of Wolf is likely to be so limited in his sympathies. But to see a man critically is not to disparage him."

Hugo Wolf had, Mr. Newman goes on to say, "just the gifts that Schubert either lacked or displayed only intermittently. He appeals to us as a poet no less than as a musician. It is as a musician alone, in many cases, that Schubert makes his main appeal to us; his melodies are often so divine in themselves that we scarcely trouble to think of the words. . . . Now the secret of Wolf's peculiar power is that he pierced to the very heart of

the poem as few musicians have done even in isolated cases, and as no other has done in so many varied cases. He allowed the poet to prescribe for him the whole shape and color of a song, down even to the smallest details. . . . The general habit of composers is to ignore everything in the words that will interfere with their developing their melody on its own lines. There is not a song-writer of genius, from Schubert to Brahms, in whose work examples of this sacrifice of the poet to the musician cannot be plucked by the handful. . . . Wolf, with one or two trifling exceptions, never sacrifices the verbal sense and the verbal accent to the needs of the melody in this way; yet he always manages to give his melodic phrases a look of perfect naturalness. It all seems so inevitable, and sings so easily, as it were of itself, that one does not suspect the difficulties that have lain in the composer's path, and the ease with which he surmounts them."

The startling discrepancy between the opinions of Hugo Wolf's detractors and admirers is almost the only amusing thing to relate regarding him. His life was a tragedy, from beginning to end. Failure followed almost everything he undertook to do. At the age of ten he was sent by his father from the Austrian town of Windischgrätz (where he was born in 1860) to a school in Graz, but came back after three months with low marks from all of his instructors excepting his violin teacher, who praised his scales. The following year he was dismissed from another school on account of incompetence (*ganz ungenügender Leistungen*). He now resolved to devote himself to music. Going to Vienna, he entered the Conservatory in 1875, but remained only two years, being dismissed *wegen Disziplinarvergehens*—for unruly conduct. He tried to make his living as a teacher, but failed. Although Felix Mottl and others aided him in securing pupils, he treated these so rudely that their number did not increase. At forty cents a lesson his income did not exceed thirty-eight florins, or about fifteen dollars, a month. His fifth failure was as assistant conductor to Dr. Karl Muck at the Salzburg Opera; this position he held only a year.

Perhaps the proudest event in Wolf's life was an interview he had with Wagner, who gave him some good advice. Thenceforth he became one of his most ardent champions. For three years, while he was musical critic of the *Salonblatt*, he preached Wagner, going so far as to compare a conductor who cuts one of his operas to an Indian who scalps a victim! The more the Brahmsites, headed by Hanslick, attacked Wagner, the more Wolf abused Brahms. But Brahms was not the only one of the great song-writers whom he did not like. He was far from appreciating the value and importance of Schubert, nor did he care for Robert Franz. As for Grieg, he referred to his gloriously melodious piano concerto as "a noise resembling music"! He liked Berlioz and — Mascagni (!), but could see little in the exquisite music of Humperdinck's fairy opera, *Hänsel und Gretel*, the success of which he attributed chiefly to the story and the scenery. Is it a wonder that Wolf's biographer, Eugen Schmitz, frankly admits that the value of his critical articles is very small (*sehr gering*)? Musical criticism was obviously his sixth failure.

Nor were his compositions successful while he lived. The publishers refused to print them, till shortly before he ceased to write. When, at last, thanks to the efforts of some influential friends, and to the founding of Hugo Wolf societies in Vienna and Berlin, they began to attract attention, he himself was in an insane asylum. Like Schumann, whom alone of all the great song-writers he seems to have admired, he attempted to commit suicide while mentally deranged; and he spent his last year and a half a victim of *paralysis progressiva*, totally bereft of reason. In an earlier stage of his disease he doubted his identity, exclaiming over and over again: "If I only *were* Hugo Wolf."

By his violent criticisms he had made many enemies, especially by those of Brahms. He also lacked entirely the quality we call "push." When he was asked by a writer for a sketch of his life, he replied: "My name is Hugo Wolf. I was born on March 13, 1860, and am still living." While he professed that he did not class himself with the

"great geniuses," he nevertheless had a most exalted idea of the value of his songs. In his letters to friends one comes across such expressions as these, referring to his latest creations: "A god-like song, I tell you! Heavenly, wonderful!" Two new songs, "the like of which has never been heard." "What I write now, dear friend, I write for posterity. They are master-works." "When you hear this, you can have only one desire in your soul—to die."

From being underrated (except by himself and a few friends), Wolf, soon after his death, began to be overrated by a group of enthusiasts. They distracted attention from his real achievements by making absurd claims, such as that he had done for the *Lied* what Wagner had done for the opera; and that he had given the piano part a significance it never had had before. As a matter of fact, it was Schubert who did for the *Lied* what Wagner did, *after him*, for the opera. In songs like *Margaret at the Spinning-Wheel*, *The Erlking*, *My Phantom Double*, *The Guide Post*, and *Death and the Maiden*, he effected a union between poem and music as intimate as that in any scene of Wagner's music-dramas. Furthermore, in these, and many of his other songs, he gave the piano part a significance that has never been surpassed. Schumann, in his *Waldesgespräch* and *Ich grolle nicht*, and Franz and Grieg, in their best efforts, achieved similar marvels, while Liszt's *Loreley* is much more like a miniature Wagner music-drama than anything Hugo Wolf ever wrote.

What Wolf really did achieve was that, more than any one else, he made the musician "play second fiddle" to the poet. Gluck, Weber, and Wagner also preached that "the play's the thing;" but in their *best* pages they did not live up to this doctrine. Wolf did. "More than any one else," in the words of Mr. Newman, "he frankly accepts the poet as his starting-point." At his recitals he usually began by reading the poem to the audience before a note of the music was allowed to be heard. Unlike Schubert and the other great melodists, who felt that they might "play a lone hand" and still win with the public, Wolf felt that full understanding of the poem

was essential to the success of his songs. When his Mörike cycle was printed he gave the poet the place of honor by having his portrait as frontispiece.

But it is in the construction of his vocal parts that he pays the most humble homage to the poet. You will note that this part, as Mr. Newman puts it, "not only faithfully follows the general sense of the poem, but that it curves and darts, rises and falls, hastens or stands still in conformity with particular suggestions in the words." If this treatment of the singer as primarily an elucidator of every word of the poem is accepted as the cardinal virtue in song-writing, then Hugo Wolf is undoubtedly supreme. But if the power of creating vocal melodies which, while reproducing the mood of the poem realistically, are at the same time entrancing all by themselves is the highest achievement in song-writing, then Wolf falls below all of those who have become famous in this department of music.

"What is a critic?" a boy asked his father, who replied: "A critic, my son, is a man who writes about things he does n't like." In the case of Wolf's songs—even the best of them—the editor of this volume frankly admits that he is a critic in that sense of the word. But it has also been said that a critic is usually right in what he praises and wrong in what he disparages. Diplomatically accepting that maxim as true, the editor will endeavor in his comments on the ten Wolf songs chosen for this volume, to hide his own opinions under a bushel, while parading the favorable views of them promulgated by Ernest Newman and others, including Hugo Wolf himself.

1. *To rest, to rest!* (*Zur Ruh, zur Ruh!*) The first section of this song is, in the opinion of Mr. Newman, one of the noblest of all Wolf's conceptions; "a more moving, more sincere voicing of bodily and mental fatigue could hardly be imagined." It is an early work, one of six songs to poems by Scheffel, which Wolf composed in 1888; but in its harmonic and declamatory features it already suggests the style of his mature period.

2. *Biterolf*. Eugen Schmitz, one of Brahms's



biographers, admires in this song particularly the introductory measures, which, with simple harmonic means, bring vividly before our eyes the sunburnt heathen land from which, in the year 1190, the crusader Biterolf voices his longing for his Thuringian home. Mr. Newman finds the heavy rhythmic tread of the song throughout "very expressive of the fundamental strength of Biterolf's soul, in spite of its deep depression."

3. *Secrecy (Verborgenheit)*. In view of Hugo Wolf's profound dislike of the music of Brahms it must have galled him if any one pointed out that this song, which was one of his first to be sung frequently, is strongly suggestive of that composer. "It is of a kind, with its regular strophic melody standing out above an 'accompaniment' in the ordinary sense of the word, that Wolf did not often affect," says Mr. Newman.

4. *Tramping (Fussreise)*. The rhythm of the left hand in the piano part, which runs through this song from the first measure to the last, seems rather jerky for a realistic suggestion of the "steady tramp" of a climber. But Wolf's English high priest was inspired by it to a disquisition on the function of music to "paint." He finds that "against this background are shown up the varying emotions of the wanderer." He admires "the long-breathed character of the melodic phrases," and declares that "*Fussreise* can take its place confidently among the very finest 'Songs of the Road.'" Wolf himself was enthusiastic over it. In a letter dated March 21, 1888, he said: "I take back what I wrote yesterday about *Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens*. It is not my best song; for what I wrote this morning, *Fussreise*, is a million times better." Yet he had said of the other that it was "so intense that it would lacerate the nervous system of a marble block. When you hear this, you can have only one desire in your soul—to die."

5. *Song to Spring (Er ist's)*. This is one of the most popular of the Wolf songs, notwithstanding its long postlude for piano, which might seem calculated to hold back applause. It owes its vogue to the tuneful effect of the vocal part. The left hand of the accompaniment is somewhat more

varied than in most of the Wolf songs. The song is "mainly one big crescendo of feeling."

6. *Morning (In der Frühe)*. If the songs included in this volume are, as the editors believe, the best ten that Wolf composed, then two of them (*Er ist's* and *In der Frühe*) were written on the same day: May 5, 1888. Wolf had periods of inspiration during which he worked feverishly day and night, allowing himself barely time to eat and sleep a little; and these were followed by weeks or months during which his mind was torpid. Mr. Newman admires the way in which the same musical motive is employed in both halves of the song: in the first, in minor, to give the sense of a gloomy atmosphere, while the clearer major harmonies of the second are in a more hopeful mood.

7. *Weyla's Song (Gesang Weyla's)*. Schubert had a habit of composing in succession a group of songs to verses by the same poet. To the same habit, and on a much larger scale, Hugo Wolf was addicted. Mörike, Goethe, Eichendorff, supplied him with material for cycles. Of Mörike's poems he set no fewer than forty-three in four months; he made this neglected poet famous, for his Mörike songs are considered by his admirers the best of all. Eighteen of them are in the volume of *Fifty Songs by Hugo Wolf* edited by Ernest Newman, while in the present selection of ten, five are from the Mörike cycle. *Weyla's Song* is the fifth of them, and it was one of the first of Wolf's to become popular.

8. *From her balcony green (Auf dem grünen Balcon)*. The *Spanisches Liederbuch* of Geibel and Heise, which included verses by the leading Spanish poets, inspired Wolf, as it had Schumann, Brahms, and Jensen, to musical settings. He started out with the intention of making the number forty-four, and succeeded. The best of these are *From her balcony green* and the following song.

9. *Sad I come and bending lowly (Müh'voll komm' ich und beladen)*. This, according to Mr. Newman, "is a cry from the depth of a sinner's heart. Probably there is nothing in modern music to compare with it for sheer intensity except the terrible lament of the unhappy Amfortas in the first act of *Parsifal*. . . . It would be impossible

to paint more finely than in this song the torture of the brain by the awful obsession of one idea."

10. *E'en little things* (*Auch kleine Dinge*). There is also an Italian *Liederbuch* by Hugo Wolf—settings of no fewer than forty-six poems. It is needless to say that in these, as in all his songs,

Wolf is as un-Italian as one could possibly be. It does not suggest either Palestrina or Verdi; either Rossini or Mascagni, but is purely Hugo Wolf, in every measure. Mr. Newman finds a good deal of deep feeling in *E'en little things*, and notes "the extreme simplicity of the musical means employed."



## RICHARD STRAUSS

TO the conservative admirers of Brahms the music of Richard Strauss is an abomination, for it represents the opposite extremes to those of the older master. Yet Strauss began his career as a follower of Brahms, his early compositions being strongly influenced by him. But in 1885 (he was born at Munich in 1864) he came into intimate association, at Meiningen, with Alexander Ritter, a nephew, by marriage, of Richard Wagner, and an ardent champion of the "music of the future" as represented by Wagner and Liszt; and thus it came about that Strauss gradually came forward as the leader of the ultra-modern school in two branches of music—the orchestral tone-poem and the opera, in both of which he travelled away from the principles of Brahms as far as it was possible to depart from them.

Adopting, in place of the classical symphony, Liszt's pattern of symphonic poems, Strauss composed a series of long and elaborate works, the titles of which—such as *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks*, *Don Juan*, *Don Quixote*, and *A Hero's Life*, indicate that they belong to the *genre* of programme music which tries to suggest definite scenes or happenings with orchestral tone combinations. In this direction he went beyond any previous composer in bold realism, while his dissonances and cacophonies jarred on many ears. That he wielded the orchestral forces with the skill of a supreme master was admitted even by his opponents; but when he wrote a *Domestic Symphony*, in which he tried to illustrate a day in the life of his wife, himself, and child, with a monster orchestra and tonal climaxes suggesting a European war rather than a domestic scene, some of his admirers began to doubt his sincerity, and began to wonder if he was not poking fun at them in a rather heavy, orchestral way. Nevertheless, the conductors continued to favor his tone poems, which serve so admirably to display the virtuosity of their orchestras.

As an opera composer, also, Strauss has attracted more attention than any other living musi-

cian. Each of his operas in succession, from *Feuersnot* through *Salome* and *Elektra* to the *Rosenkavalier*, created a sensation, partly because of its subject, partly because of the revolutionary musical methods employed; and while the excitement lasted the operas were sung everywhere, and Strauss prospered as no serious composer before him had ever prospered. But the sensation usually did not last long, and it is not likely that any of the Strauss operas, except perhaps the *Rosenkavalier*, will survive him.

It is quite otherwise with his songs. Among these—their number is large and steadily growing—there are gems that are of lasting value. In view of the character of his operas, it is odd that Strauss should have composed any songs at all; for in these operas he *deliberately* maltreats the human voice in the most amazing fashion, writing for it intervals that are well-nigh unsingable and drowning it in tidal waves of orchestral din. It is related that once, at a rehearsal of one of his operas in Munich, he shouted to the orchestral players: "Louder! Louder! I can still hear the voices!"

This may be merely a joke invented by a witty journalist, but it is undeniable that in his operas Strauss goes to the opposite extreme of Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini, whose operas were written chiefly to enable prima donnas to show off their voices and their vocal art. The *bel canto* essential to their works would be wasted in a Strauss opera, in which declamation and acting are the prime requisites of the artists performing them.

In many of his songs, also, the instrumental part is of more musical significance than the voice, which, as in Hugo Wolf's *Lieder*, specializes in declamation that is faithful to the poem. But in others of the Strauss songs the voice asserts itself, soaring aloft in true melody. Concerning the Strauss songs in general I wrote in *Songs and Song-Writers*:

"The first thing that strikes one about these songs is their difficulty, and the composer's predilection for unusual keys. The Vienna publish-

ers who used to object to Schubert's pianoforte parts and beg him to use easy keys with no more than three flats or sharps, would stand aghast at Richard Strauss, whose pages sometimes look like a wilderness of flats and sharps, with the head of a note timidly peeping out here and there. Familiarity, however, soon breeds contempt for these accidentals; while the songs grow more and more beautiful. The art of tonal coloring which is so noticeable in the orchestral works of Strauss, is also applied, as far as possible, to his pianoforte parts. He is fond of surging arpeggios sweeping the keyboard up and down, and producing harmonies so rich and glowing that one often feels tempted to keep the pedal down longer than necessary, and linger on the resulting chord just to enjoy its euphony. Schubert was the first to indulge in chords alluring by their euphony—color for color's sake—but he never dreamed of such orchestral glories in the pianoforte, of such arpeggios, and commingling of weird harmonies. Here are harmonies not anticipated by Bach, Chopin, and Wagner; harmonies beyond the daring of even Liszt and Grieg.

“Some of the harmonies—or discords—are frankly ugly, but they are characteristic, and we soon get to love them as we do faces that have more character than beauty. We look for something more than beauty in a man's face—why not also in a man's music? Yet beauty there is, too, in these songs—sometimes in alluring abundance, as just stated; nor is it confined to the piano part. Elaborate as the piano part is, it does not swamp the voice, which stands out as boldly as in Wagner's music-dramas, *when they are properly sung and played*. These songs are not much easier for the singer than for the pianist, and they are not for bungling amateurs. Serious music-lovers may as well begin with some of the easier ones—such as *Morgen, Ach, Lieb', ich muss nun scheiden, Breit über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar, Die Nacht, Nachtgang, Ach, weh mir, unglücklichstem Manne*—which also happen to be among the best. The appetite will soon grow for what it feeds on, and those who are not afraid of technical difficulties will have a rich menu to choose from. As regards

the poems, it is self-evident that the writer of the *Zarathustra* programme makes some novel experiments in the *Lied* too. Among the songs in the comic vein I may mention *Herr Lenz* and *Für fünfzehn Pfennige*.”

1. *Devotion (Zueignung)*. When he composed this song, Richard Strauss was a university student and only eighteen years old—the age at which Schubert wrote *The Erlking*. He had previously composed sonatas for piano, for violoncello, and for violin, besides a serenade for wind instruments. With the exception of Schubert, and of Mendelssohn, who wrote the marvellous *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture at the age of seventeen, there is no instance of ripeness in the works of a musical youth equal to those works, including *Devotion*, which shows a remarkable mastery of piano style and a treatment of the voice more vocal and melodious than is to be found in the later songs and the operas of Strauss.

2. *Night (Die Nacht)*. The preceding remarks apply as well to this song, which also (as well as the following, *All Souls' Day*) belong to Strauss' first group of songs, printed as opus 10. The poems are by Hermann von Gilm, and the songs were dedicated to the famous tenor of the Munich Opera, Heinrich Vogl.

3. *All Souls' Day (Allerseelen)*. With the exception of the *Serenade*, no Strauss song is sung more frequently than this; Madame Sembrich, in particular, has had it often on her programmes. It helps to bear out the opinion held by many that his earlier songs are musically and vocally more valuable than the later ones, in which too often the singer is subordinated unduly not only to the pianist but to the poet.

4. *E'er since thine eyes returned my glances (Seitdem dein Aug' in meines schaute)*. Ernest Newman, who does not greatly admire the Strauss songs, and is convinced that only a few of them will live, thinks that the composer's emotion, which in *Allerseelen* and *Zueignung* was still “a little solid and beefy,” grows more refined in the songs of opus 17, which includes *Seitdem dein Aug'* as well as the most popular of all the Strauss songs, the *Serenade*. In these, he declares, “his feeling is at

its purest and his technique at its best, the songs being mostly cast in one piece throughout." He had gradually learned to "pare down his expansive style to the limits of the lyric." *Ever since thine eyes* is a love song leading to one of those effective climaxes that are so dear to singers and the public too.

5. *Serenade (Ständchen)*. As Beethoven was annoyed by the tremendous popularity of his *Adelaide* and his septet (both of which he would have gladly destroyed in his later years) and Wagner by the excessive vogue of his *Tannhäuser* march and the bridal chorus from *Lohengrin* ("Are those the *only* things I have composed?" he once angrily shouted to a bandmaster), so Strauss has many a time thought bitterly about his *Serenade*, which "to hundreds is the whole of Richard Strauss," as his biographer, Max Steinitzer, remarks. There is this difference, however, that in his case popularity has singled out what actually is the best of his lyrics. Steinitzer calls it "a hybrid of the older and the modern styles of song;" but the public hears in it simply a splendid love song—a lover's invitation to his sweetheart to come into the garden and listen to the nightingale between kisses—set to spontaneous and splendidly effective music—always sure to bring down the house when delivered by a singer of the dramatic type and played by a nimble and intelligent pianist. It was a war-horse of Lillian Nordica. Who cares for the audacity with which the composer ignores the poetic accents and other "flaws"—to which Steinitzer (p. 159) devotes a whole paragraph. Such poetic license indulged in by a composer unwilling to mar the natural flow of the music is infinitely better than the slavish subordination of the composer to the poet which is noticeable in so many of the later and less inspired songs of Strauss, as well as in those of Hugo Wolf and in many other lyrics.

6. *Thy wonderful eyes my heart inspire (Breit über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar)*. It is now generally agreed that the most inspired of Strauss' orchestral works is *Don Juan*, which appeared as opus 20. It is therefore not surprising that the group of lyrics immediately preceding that tone-

poem, settings of six poems by A. F. von Schack, opus 19, includes one of his best songs: *Breit über mein Haupt*. Those who have heard Strauss' operas, particularly *Salome* and *Elektra*, in which the voice part is not only unvocal, but is usually lost in the orchestral din, must marvel at a song like this by the same composer—a simple song, in which the vocal melody is as important and as beautiful as the piano part, which, be it not overlooked, has in the last four measures a lovely epilogue, echoing the opening phrase.

7. *Why should we keep our love a secret? (Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten)*. This love song also is included in opus 19, and, like the preceding, it is not only beautiful in itself but has a singable melody, which cannot be said of most of the later songs, the declamatory style of which reduces the singer to the status of little more than a reciter of the poems. There are exceptions, opus 27, for instance, including three popular Strauss songs, *Cäcilie*, *Heimliche Aufforderung*, and *Morgen*, which might have been included in this volume had it not been for considerations of copyright. In this group (opus 27) Steinitzer finds that Strauss "presents himself in full maturity as the creator of a new epoch of lyric song"—a judgment which may be taken *cum grano salis*; for, while Strauss made futile attempts to set to music poems utterly unsuited for a setting, he did not, in essential points, go beyond his idol, Liszt, in musical realism.

8. *All of the thoughts in my heart and my mind (All' mein Gedanken, mein Herz und mein Sinn)*. It is worth noting that while two of the "best ten" Strauss songs included in this volume are from opus 19, directly preceding his master-work, *Don Juan*, three more of them are from opus 21, following that splendid tone-poem. Evidently the years 1887-88, when Strauss completed the first quarter century of his life, were specially conducive to creative activity. No one can fail to be pleased with *All' mein Gedanken*, opus 21, No. 1; or with

9. *Thou of my heart the diadem (Du meines Herzens Krönelein)*, opus 21, No. 2—another love song by Felix Dahn; or with

10. *Dear love, I now must leave thee* (*Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden*), opus 21, No. 3. The title suggests a folksong, and the music—strangely un-Straussian in that respect—sounds like one.

Strauss always adored Mozart and Mozartian simplicity, and occasionally paid it a tribute like this.

Henry T. Finck

ONE HUNDRED SONGS BY TEN MASTERS  
VOLUME II



# MY QUEEN

## (WIE BIST DU MEINE KÖNIGIN)

(Composed in 1864)

*(Original Key)*

G. F. DAUMER (1800-1875)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 32, No. 9

(1833-1897)

Adagio

VOICE

PIANO

*p molto espress. e dolce*

*col Ped.*

Ah, sweet my love, my gra-cious queen! As now, I've e'er thy sub-ject  
 Wie bist du mei - ne Kö - ni - gin, durch sanf - te Gü - te won - ne -

*espressivo*

been.— Dost thou but smile, then all a - round, sweet Spring is smil - ing.  
 voll:— Du läch - le nur, Lenz - diif - te weh'n durch mein Ge - mü - the

Thou my queen, thou my queen.  
 won - ne - voll, won - ne - voll!

Fresh is the bloom the ro - ses  
 Frisch auf - ge - blüh - ter Ro - sen

*p* *espress.*

wear. Yet can it not with thine — com-pare. Fair - est of  
 Glanz. ver-gleich ich ihn den dei - ni - gen? Ach, ü - ber

flow'rs thou bring - est joy my soul en - tranc - ing Thou my  
 al - les was du blüht, is dei - ne Blu - the won - ne -



queen, thou my queen.  
voll, won - ne - voll.

*p espress.*

Tho' I might roam in des-erts drear, All would be changed shouldst thou ap -  
Durch to - dte Wü - sten wan - dle hin, und grü - ne Schat - ten brei - ten

*p*

pear, Fra-grance and sweet re-fresh-ing shade Thou bring'st me  
sich, ob fürch - ter - li - che Schwü - le dort ohn' - En - de

*sf*

ev - er, Thou my queen, thou my  
brü - te, won - ne - voll, won - ne -

*dim.* *dolce*

queen, my queen.  
won - ne - roll.

*p* *espressivo*

In thy dear arms I would re - pose, E'en tho' for aye mine eyes might  
Lass mich ver - geh'n in dei - nem Arm! Es ist in ihm ja selbst der

*espressivo*

close. Wert thou but near, e'en death's sharp pang would harm me nev - er.  
Tod. — al auch die herb - ste To - des - qual die Brust durch - zeu - the,

Thou my queen, thou my queen, my queen.  
won ne roll, won ne won ne roll!

To Julius Stockhausen  
**SLUMBER - SONG**  
 (RUHE, SÜSSLIEBCHEN)

from the Magelone Cyclus

(Published in 1868)

(Original Key)

JOHANN LUDWIG TIECK (1773-1853)

Translated by John S. Dwight

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 33, No. 9

Adagio (Langsam)

VOICE

PIANO

*pp sempre e dolce*

*una corda*

Rest thee, my sweet, in the shad - ow Of the green - ly glim - mer - ing  
 Ru - he, Süß - lieb - chen, im Schat - ten der grü - nen, däm - mern - den

grove; — Soft sigh - eth the grass on the  
 Nacht; — es säu - selt das Gras auf den

*dolce*

mead - ow:                      Thou'rt fanned and art cooled in the shad - ow,  
 Mat - ten,                      es fä - chelt und kühlt dich der Schat - ten,

And watched by                      faith - ful                      love.  
 und treu - e                      Lie - be                      wacht.

Sleep, —                      then, sleep                      on,                      'Neath the  
 Schla -                      fe, schlaf'                      ein,                      lei - ser

whis - pring                      pine.                      Ev - er                      I'll be                      thine,  
 rauscht der                      Hain.                      E - wig                      bin ich                      dein,

*poco cresc.*                      *dim.*

Ev - er, ev - er I'll be  
e - wig, e - wig bin ich

thine.  
dein.

*p dolce*

*dim.*

Hush ye! in - vis - i - ble cho - -  
Schweigt, ihr ver - steck - ten Ge - sän - -

*p dolce*

rus! Dis - turb not her dain - ty re - pose! The  
ge. und stört nicht die sü - sse - ste Ruh! Es

birds all,      hov - er - ing o'er us,      Sus - pend their be -  
*lauscht der*      *Vo - gel Ge - drän - ge.*      *es ru - hen die*

wil - der - ing - cho - rus;      So, dar - ling, thine eye - lids  
*lau - ten Ge - sän - ge.*      *schliess, Lieb - chen, dein Au - ge*

*dolce*

close!      Sleep,      then, oh,      sleep!  
*zu*      *Schla - fe, schlaf - ein*

No noise      near thee      creep!  
*im dum - mern den Schein,*

*poco cresc.*



Faith - ful - lest watch I'll keep, faith  
 ich will dein Wäch - ter sein. ich

*dim.*

ful - lest watch I'll keep.  
 will dein Wäch - ter sein.

*dolce*

**Animato**

Mur - mur, mel - o - dies E - ly - sian!  
 Mur - melt fort, ihr Me - lo - di - en,

*f*

Whis - per low, thou stream, thou  
 rau - sche nur, du stil - ler, du

purl ing stream! Charmed by  
 stil ler Bach. Schö - ne

some en - chant - ing vis - ion,  
 Lie - bes - phan - ta - sie - en

Full of all de - lights E - ly - sian,  
 spre chen in den Me - lo - die - en.



She is smiling in her  
zar - te Träu - me schwim - men

*dim.*

dream;  
nach. Through the  
Durch den

*sempre più dolce*

*p*

*una corda*

whis - per - ing trees Lit - tle  
flü - stern - den Hain schwar - men

swarms of golden bees  
gol - de - ne Bie - ne - lein,

Keep and hum - ming to lull thee a -  
 und sum - men zum Schlum - mer dich

sleep, hum - ming to lull thee, to lull  
 ein, sum - men zum Schlum - mer, zum Schlum -

*dim.* *pp*

thee a - sleep.  
 mer dich ein.

*p*

*dim sempre e poco rit*

*pp*

To B.F. in Vienna  
**CRADLE SONG**  
(WIEGENLIED)

(Published in 1865)

(Original Key, E $\flat$ )

KARL SIMROCK (1802 - 1876)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 49, No 4

With gentle motion (*Zart bewegt*)

VOICE

Lul - la - by and good  
Gu - ten A bend, gut'

PIANO

night! With ro - ses be - dight, Creep in - to thy  
Nacht, mit Ro - sen be - dacht, mit Näg - lein be -

bed, There pil - low thy head. If God will, thou shalt  
steckt schlupf' un - ter die Deck' Mor - gen früh, wenn Gott

wake when the morn - ing doth break. If God will, thou shalt  
 will, wirst du wie - der ge - weckt, mor - gen früh, wenn Gott

wake when the morn - ing doth break.  
 will, wirst du wie - der ge - weckt.

Lul - la - by and good night; Those  
 Gu - ten A - bend, gut' Nacht, von —

blue eyes close tight; — Bright an - gels are near, So sleep with - out  
 Eng' - lein be - wacht, — die zei - gen im Traum dir Christ-kind - leins

fear. They will guard thee from harm With fair dream-land's sweet  
 Baum: Schlaf' nun se - lig und süß, schau' im Traum's Pa - ra -

charm, They will guard thee from harm With fair dream-land's sweet charm.  
 dies, schlaf' nun se - lig und süß, schau' im Traum's Pa - ra - dies.

## MY HEART IS IN BLOOM

(MEINE LIEBE IST GRÜN)

(Published in 1874)

(Original Key)

FERD. SCHUMANN

Translated by Frederic Foll Ballard

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 63, No. 5

With animation (*Lebhaft*)

VOICE

Oh, my heart is in bloom  
 Mei - ne Lie - be ist grün

PIANO

like the li - lac tree, And my  
 wie der Flic - der - busch, und mein

Love like a sun - beam glow eth, my  
 Lieb ist schön wie die Son - ne, mein

Love like a sun - beam glow - eth; She  
 Lieb ist schön wie die Son - ne; die

has but to glance at my li - lac tree, And  
 glänzt wohl her - ab auf dem Flie - der - busch und

lo! in - to blos - som it blow - eth, And  
 füllt ihn mit Duft und mit Won - ne, und

lo! in - to blos - som it  
 füllt ihn mit Duft und mit

blow  
Win

eth  
ne.

*string.*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two measures of the piece. The vocal line has lyrics 'blow Win' in the first measure and 'eth ne.' in the second. The piano accompaniment features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The right hand plays a melody with eighth notes and rests, while the left hand provides a bass line with quarter notes. The second measure includes a 'string.' marking and four triplet markings over the piano accompaniment.

*string.*

Detailed description: This system contains the next two measures. The piano accompaniment continues with a treble clef. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and accents, and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present. The left hand continues with a bass line. A 'string.' marking is placed above the piano part in the second measure.

*poco ten.*

*p*

Detailed description: This system contains the next two measures. The piano accompaniment continues with a treble clef. The right hand has a melodic line with slurs and accents, and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present. The left hand continues with a bass line. A 'poco ten.' (poco tenuto) marking is placed above the piano part in the second measure, and a dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the second measure.

And my soul has the wings  
Mei ne See le hat Schwin

Detailed description: This system contains the final two measures. The vocal line has lyrics 'And my soul has the wings' in the first measure and 'Mei ne See le hat Schwin' in the second. The piano accompaniment features a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The right hand plays a melody with eighth notes and rests, while the left hand provides a bass line with quarter notes.



of a night - in - gale; He  
 gen der Nach - ti - gall und

lives 'mid the li - lac flow - ers, He  
 wiegt sich in blü - hen - dem Flie - der, und

lives 'mid the li - lac flow - ers, In  
 wiegt sich in blü - hen - dem Flie - der, und

ec - sta - sy sing - ing his mad - ding lay, For  
 jauch - zet und sin - get vom Duft be - rauscht viel

*p*

joy of his per - fumed - bow - ers, For  
 lie bis trun ke - ne Lie - der. viel

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line contains the lyrics "joy of his per - fumed - bow - ers, For" and "lie bis trun ke - ne Lie - der. viel". The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the right hand.

joy of his per - fumed bow  
 lie bis - trun - ke - ne Lie

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "joy of his per - fumed bow" and "lie bis - trun - ke - ne Lie". The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

ers,  
 der.

The third system shows the vocal line with the lyrics "ers," and "der." The piano accompaniment features a complex texture with triplets in the right hand and a dynamic marking of *f* (forte).

*puoten.*

The fourth system concludes the piece with the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *p* (piano), and ends with a double bar line.

# LOVE SONG (MINNELIED)

(Composed in 1877)

(Original Key)

H. HÖLTY (1828-1887)  
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 71, No. 5  
(1833-1897)

With much tenderness but not too slowly  
(Sehr innig doch nicht zu langsam)

VOICE

Sweet-er  
Hol-der

sounds the song of birds. When she roams the mead-ows, When she comes with step so  
klingt der Vo-gel-sang, wenn die En-gel-rei-ne, die mein Jüng-lings-herz be-

light, 'Mid the wood-land shad-ows.  
zwang, wan-delt durch die Hai-ne.

Bright-er is the bloom-ing Spring, Green-er are its bow-  
*Ro-ther blu-hen Thal und Au, grü-ner wird der Ra-*

-ers, When, with ten-der fin-gers' touch She doth gath-er—  
*sen, wo die Fin-ger mei-ner Frau Mai en-blu men—*

flow-ers: But for thee all joy were dead, All earth's  
*la-sen. Oh-ne sie ist al-les tott, welk sind*

bright-ness fa-ded. Even the glow of eve-ning sky Were for  
*Blut und Kraut er und kein Fröh-ling-a-bend-roth dunkt mir*

me o'er-shad - ed. Dear - est sov - 'reign of my  
 schön und hei - ter. Trau - te, min - nig - li - che

heart, Leave, oh! leave me nev - er, Bloom sweet blos - soms of thy  
 Frau, wol - lest nim - mer flie - hen, dass mein Herz, gleich die - ser

love, In my soul for ev - er, In my soul for ev -  
 Au, mög' in Won - ne bli - hen, mög' in Won - ne bli -

er.  
 hen.

*dolce* *dim.* *rit.* *p*

# THE DISAPPOINTED SERENADER

## (VERGEBLICHES STÄNDCHEN)

(Published in 1882)

(Original Key)

Lower Rhine Folksong  
Translated by Frederic Field Ballard

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 51, No. 4

With animation and good humor (*Lebhaft und gut gelaunt*)

VOICE

(He) Ah, good eve - ning, fair  
(Er) Gu - ten A - bend, mein

PIANO

maid - en, good eve - ning, my dear,  
Schatz, gu - ten A - bend, mein Kind.

PIANO

Pleas - ant eve - ning, my dear! Love brings me here to - thee;  
gu - ten A - bend, mein Kind! Ich komme aus Lieb' zu - dir,

PIANO

So throw me down thy key, throw me down thy key, throw it down,  
 ach, mach' mir auf die Thür, mach' mir auf die Thür, mach' mir auf,

throw it down, throw me down thy key! (She) My  
 mach' mir auf, mach' mir auf die Thür! (Sie) Mein

door's lock'd and bolt - ed; I can't let you in,  
 Thür ist ver - schlos - sen, ich lass' dich nicht ein,

I can't let you in I My moth - er said, you see,  
 ich lass' dich nicht ein; Mut - ter, die rath mir klug,



If you came in to me I would rue the day, I would rue,  
 wärst du her ein mit Fug, wär's mit mir vor bei, wär's mit mir,

I would rue, I would rue the day!  
 wär's mit mir, wär's mit mir vor bei!

*poco f*

(He) The night is so cold, so chill-y the  
 (Er) So kalt ist die Nacht, so ei-sig der

wind, so chill-y the wind,  
 Wind, so ei-sig der Wind.

*p*



My heart will freeze right soon, And all my love be—gone.  
 dass mir das Herz er - friert, mein Lieb er - lö - schen wird,

Cru - el maid, be kind, cru - el maid cru - el maid,  
 öff - ne mir, mein Kind, öff - ne mir, öff - ne mir,

*Faster (lebhafter)*  
 cru - el maid, be kind! (She) Now if thy  
 öff - ne mir—mein Kind! (Sie) Lö - schet dein'

*Più animato*  
*f.*

love's go - ing, then let it go,  
 Lieb, lass sie lö - - schen nur

yes, then let — it go! Pray, let it  
 lass sie lö - schen nur, Lo - schet sie

*pllegiero*

go for — aye, And here no long — er — stay, Pleas-ant dreams, young  
 im - mer — zu, gehi heim zu Bett, zur — Ruh, gu - te Nacht, mein

man: So, good night, go to bed, pleas-ant dreams, young  
 Knab, gu - te Nacht, gu - te Nacht. gu - te Nacht. — mein

man!  
 Knab!

# IN SUMMER FIELDS

## (FELDEINSAMKEIT)

(Published in 1852)

HERMANN ALMERS

*(Original Key, F)*

Translated by Paul England (Verse 1)  
and Frederic Field Bullard (Verse 2)

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 86, No. 2

Slowly (*Langsam*)

VOICE

In sum - mer fields I  
Ich ru - he still im

PIANO

*p*

lie 'mid deep green grass, I lie and watch the bound-less blue a -  
ho - hen grü - nen Gras und sen - de lan - ge mei - nen Blick nach

bove me, a - bove me; The  
o - ben, nach o - ben; von

whirr of ti - ny wings is nev - er still; To won - drous vi - sions  
 Gril - len rings um-schwirrt wohn' Un - ter - lass, v von Him mels bläu - e

heav - en's glo-ries move me, To won - drous vi - sions heav - en's glo - ries  
 wun - der - sam um - wo - ben, v von Him - mels - bläu - e v wun - der - sam um -

move me. The  
 wo - ben. Die

fair white clouds ride slow - ly o - ver-head, A - thwart the blue, like  
 scho - nen wei - ssen Wöl - ken zieh'n da - hin v durch's tie - fe Blau, v wie

*dim.*

pure and ra - diant vi - sions, Like pure and ra - diant  
schö - ne stil - le Träu - me, *V* wie schö - ne stil - le

vi - sions. I feel the while as tho' I long were  
Träu - me; mir ist, als ob ich längst ge - stor - ben

*dolce.*

dead, And borne on wings a - loft to fields E - ly - sian, And  
bin, und zie - he se - lig mit durch ew' - ge Räu - me, *V* und

borne on wings a - loft to fields E - ly - sian.  
zie - he se - lig mit durch ew' - ge Räu - me.

*pp*

# SAPPHIC ODE (SAPPHISCHE ODE)

Published in 1889

HANS SCHMIDT  
Translated by Arthur Westcott

(Original Key, D)

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 94, No. 4

Rather slowly (*Ziemlich langsam*)

VOICE

Ro - ses culled at night from the dark - ning  
 Ru - sen brach ich Nachts mir am dunk - len

PIANO

*p mezzo voce*

hedge - rows Sweet - er than by day all their fragrance were breath - ing,  
 Ha - ge. Su - sser hauch - ten Duft sie, als je - am Ta - ge;

Tho' the lad - en branch - es were mov - ing a - bove me,  
 Doch vor - streu - ten reich die be - weg - ten Ae - ste

*pp*

Show Thau - ers be - drow - ing.  
 der mich nuss te

So thy kiss - es' fra - grance as naught has  
 Auch der Küss - se Duft mich wie nie be -

charmed me, Kiss - es caught by night from thy lips'— red blos - som;  
 rück - te, Die ich Nachts von Strauch dei - ner Lip - pen pflück - te:

Tho' from eyes with deep— e - mo - tion glow - ing.  
 Doch auch dir be - wegt im Ge - müth— gleich je - nen,

*pp*

Tears — were flow - ing.  
 Thau - - ten die Thrä - - nen.

*pp*



# A THOUGHT LIKE MUSIC

(WIE MELODIEN ZIEHT ES MIR)

(Composed in 1889)

(Original Key, A)

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 105, No. 1

(1833-1897)

KLAUS GROTH 1919-

Translated by L. L. Parker.

Tenderly (*Zart*)

VOICE

A thought, like mu - sic, — hold - ing My  
 Wie Me - lo - di - en — zieht es mir

PIANO

*p sempre dolce*

heart in soft con - trol, Like flow'rs of spring un -  
 lei - se durch den Sinn. Wie Früh - lings - blu - men

fold ing, It thrill - eth through my soul,  
 blickt es und schweht wie Duft da - hin.



It thrill - eth through my soul.  
und schwebt wie Duft da - hin.

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef. The right hand plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

But if a word be spo - ken, Its beau - ty to con -  
Doch kommt das Wort und fasst es und führt es vor das

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line starts with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures, including chords and moving lines in both hands.

vey, The spell at once is bro - ken, 'Twill  
Aug' Wie Ne - bel - grau er - blasst es und

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment features a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a bass clef. The right hand plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A *dim.* marking is present at the end of the system.

van - ish quite a - way, 'Twill  
schwin - det wie ein Hauch, und

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal line starts with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note G4. The piano accompaniment continues with similar textures, including chords and moving lines in both hands.

van ish quite a way.  
 schrein del wie ein Hauch.

In mel - o - dy deep  
 Und den - noch richt im

hid - den, A - fra - grance lies con - ceal'd, That  
 Kei - me ver - bor - gen wohl ein Duft, Den

bring eth tears un - hid den, Un  
 mild aus stil - len Kei - me ein

*dim.*

spo - - ken joy 'twill yield,  
feuch - - tes Au - - ge ruft,

That bring - eth tears un - bid - den; Un -  
Den mild aus stil - lem Kei - me ein

spo - ken, un - spo, - ken joy 'twill  
feuch - tes, ein feuch - tes Au - ge

yield.  
ruft.

*rit.*

# LIGHTER FAR IS NOW MY SLUMBER (IMMER LEISER WIRD MEIN SCHLUMMER)

(Published in 1889)

(Original Key of  $\text{E}^{\flat}$ )

HERMANN LINGG

Lyrics by Hermann Lingg, Music by Johannes Brahms

JOHANNES BRAHMS, Op. 105, No. 2

Slow and soft (*Langsam und leise*)

VOICE

Light - er far is now my slum - ber,  
Im - mer lei - ser wird mein Schlum - mer.

PIANO

*pp sempre e legato*

And my sor - rows with - out num - ber seem a shad - ovy  
mir wie Schlei - er liegt mein Kum - mer zil - ternd u - ber

veil — o - ver me. Oft in  
mir u - ber mir Oft im

*dim.*

dreams thy voice a - gain Call - eth to me ten - der - ly;  
 Trau - me hör' ich dich ru - fen draus vor mei - ner Thür,

But the door is closed to thee:  
 Nie - mand wacht und öff - net dir,

*pp* *dim.*

Then I wake and weep for bit - ter pain, bit -  
 ich er - wach und wei - ne bit - ter - lich, wei -

*f* *p*

- ter, bit - ter pain.  
 - ne bit - ter - lich.

*pp*

Ah, my love, I soon shall per - ish,  
 Ja, ich wer - de ster - ben müs - sen.

And an - oth - er love thou'lt cher - ish  
 ei - ne An - dre wirst du küs - sen.

When I'm pale and cold, — pale — and  
 wenn ich bleich und kalt. — bleich und

cold, Ere the May - wind warms the world, Ere the  
 kalt Eh die Mai - en - luf - te wehn, di die

thros - tle trills his tune,                      Wouldst thou me  
 Dros - sel singt im Wald:                      Willst du mich

a - gain be - hold,                      Seek,                      oh,  
 noch ein - mal sehn,                      komm;                      o

*poco cresc.*

seek                      me                      soon,                      seek,                      oh,  
 kom -                      me                      bald,                      komm;                      o

*f*

seek                      me                      soon!  
 kom                      me                      bald!

*p*

# WHY? (WARUM?)

(Composed in 1869)

(Original Key)

German from a Russian version  
 of a poem by HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)  
 Translated by Arthur Weale

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 6, No. 5

Moderato

VOICE

Tell me why are the ros - es so pale?  
 Wa - rum sind denn die Ro - sen so blass?

PIANO

*p*

The first system of the musical score is for the voice and piano. The voice part is in a soprano clef with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one flat and a 3/4 time signature. The piano part features a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking.

*cresc.*

Dear - est love, how their pure blos - soms fail!  
 sü - sses Lieb, kannst du sa - gen mir das?

Why so heav - y with  
 Wa - rum sind denn den

PIANO

*p*

The second system continues the musical score. The voice part has a *cresc.* marking above it. The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal textures. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking.

tear drops un shed  
 Trän - chen im Gras

Doth the vio - let in cline her sweet head?  
 nie von Thra - nen die Aeu - ge - lein nass?

PIANO

*mp*

The third system concludes the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The score ends with a final chord in both parts.

\* The retention of Heine's original text is not possible as the composer used a Russian translation in a different metre.



Why are ac - cents of sor - row and wrong  
 Wa - rum tönt mit so trau - ri - gen Klang

Thrill - ing loud in the  
 aus den Lüf - ten der

lark's mat - in song?  
 Ler - che Ge - sang?

Why the wind thro' the green bran - ches sighs  
 Wa - rum rauscht in den Bäu - men der Wind,

Like a voice that de - spair - ing - ly cries?  
 als ob kla - gen - de Stim - men es sind?

Why so cold shines the  
 Wa - rum blickt denn die

sun in the sky,  
 Son - ne so kalt

With no life - giv - ing warmth  
 und ver - dros - sen her - ab

from on  
 auf den

high? — Why so gray is the earth, and for —  
Wald? — Wa - rum ist denn die Er - de so

lorn. — Why so drear - y wher - ev - er I  
grau. — und so ü - de, wo - hin ich auch

turn? — Tell me why is my  
schau? — Und wa - rum ist mir

heart filld with fears, Why the world I must  
selbst denn seuch? — Wa - rum Al - les durch

*rit.* view thro' my tears?  
Thrä - nen ich seh?

*Meno mosso*  
*fff* O my love, I am  
Sprich wa - rum, sü - sses

part - ed from thee, Where - fore hast thou for - sak - en  
Lieb - chen, o sprich, wa - rum hast du ver - las - sen

*sempre ff*

me?  
mich?

*molto rit.* *a tempo*

*a tempo*  
*meno f*

*mf*

*pp* *pp*

# NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART

(NUR WER DIE SEHNSUCHT KENNT)

Composed in 1869

(Original Key, D<sup>♭</sup>)

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE 1749-1832  
The Sorcerer's Apprentice, Act II, Scene 3

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 6, No. 6

*Andante non tanto*

PIANO

*p espressivo*

Musical notation for the piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass clef with a 2/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece begins with a series of chords in the bass and a melodic line in the treble.

Musical notation for the piano accompaniment, continuing from the introduction. It features a treble and bass clef with a 2/2 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece continues with a series of chords in the bass and a melodic line in the treble.

*p espressivo*

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first part of the song. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are: "None but the lone - ly heart / Nur wer die Seh - sucht kennt,"

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second part of the song. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are: "Can know my sad - ness; A - lone, and / kann man ich lei - del - Al - lein und

part - ed far From joy and glad - ness.  
ab - ge - trennt von al - ler Freu - de.

*p*

Heav'ns bound - less  
S eh' ich an's  
*un poco marcato*

arch I see Spread out a - bove me. Ah! what a  
Fir - ma - ment nach je - ner Sei - te. Ach! der mich

*mf*

*cresc.*

*mf*

dis - tance drear To one who loves me!  
liebt und kennt ist in der Wei - te.

*dim.*

*pp*

*f* >

None but the lone - - ly heart  
Nur wer die Schn - - sucht kennt,

*p* >

Can know my sad - - ness; A - lone, and  
weiss, was ich lei - - de! Al - lein und

*cresc.* *mf* *cresc.*

part - ed far From joy and glad - - ness  
ab - ge - trennt von al - - ler Freu - - de,

*f* *cresc.*

A lone, and part ed far  
Al lein und ab - ge - trennt

*cresc. e stringendo*

*ff* From joy and glad - ness. *pp molto rit.* My sens - es  
 von al - ler Freu - del Es schwin - delt

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and concludes with a pianissimo (*pp*) dynamic and a *molto rit.* (very slow) tempo marking. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and arpeggiated figures in both hands.

*a tempo* fail, \_\_\_\_\_ A burn - ing fire de -  
 mir, \_\_\_\_\_ es brennt mein Ein - ge -  
*espressivo*

*p a tempo*

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked *a tempo* and *espressivo*. The piano accompaniment is marked *p a tempo*. The music features a mix of sustained notes and moving lines.

vours me. None but the lone - - ly heart Can  
 wei - de, Nur wer die Seh - - sucht kennt, weiss,

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "None but the lonely heart Can". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and melodic fragments.

know my sad - ness.  
 was ich lei - del

*pp*

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with the lyrics "know my sadness." and "was ich leidet". The piano accompaniment is marked *pp* and features a *molto rit.* tempo marking.



## CRADLE SONG

(WIEGENLIED)

(Composed in 1873)

(Original Key)

German by Ferdinand Gumbert  
 from the Russian of MAIKOW  
 Translated by Charles Fenton Manney

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 16, No. 1

Andantino

PIANO

*pp*

First system of piano introduction, featuring a waltz-like melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The music is in 3/4 time and B-flat major.

Second system of piano introduction, continuing the waltz-like melody and bass line.

Vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the first system. The vocal line begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment continues from the previous system.

Sleep. O ba - by mine, sleep and dream, ba - by mine!  
 Schla - fe, Kind - chen, ein; schla - fe ein, schla - fe ein!

Vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the second system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues.

Peace - ful slum - ber now be thine.  
 Ru - hig mag dein Schlum - mer sein



Ea - gle, sun, and breeze so mild, Fond - ly  
 Gab zum Schu - tze mei - nem Kind Ad - ler,

guard my sleep - ing child.  
 Son - ne und den Wind.

Soon the ea - gle home - ward flew;  
 Ad - ler flog nach Hau - se ab,

Sank the sun in o - cean blue; When three nights all had pass'd a - way  
 Son - ne sank in's Meer hin - ab; als drei Näch - te vor - ü - ber sind,

*poco rit.* *a tempo* *p*

Home the gen-tle breeze did stray. Then his  
 hin zur Mut-ter fliegt der Wind Fragt den

*poco rit.* *a tempo* *p* *pp*

moth-er ask'd in fear: "Why hast stay'd so long from  
 Wind die Mut-ter bang: „Wo ver-schwan-dist du so

here? With the stars in heav'n to strive?  
 lang? Strit- test mit dem Ster- nen- heer?

*p*

Or the o-cean's waves to drive?"  
 Trachst die Wo-gen du im Meer?"

*mf*

Not with o - cean's  
Nein, den Wo - gen

*mf*

waves was I,  
blieb ich fern, Fought no fight in  
rührt' an kei - nen star - ry sky;  
gold - nen Stern; Near thy child my  
hab' ver - wahrt das

*mf*

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

watch I kept,  
Kind - chen dein, Rock'd the cradle while he  
schau - kel - te die Wie - ge slept.  
klein.

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

*p*

*pp*

Sleep, O  
Schla - - fe, ba - by mine,  
Kind - chen, ein, sleep and dream,  
schla - fe ein, ba - by mine!  
schla - fe ein!

*pp*

Peace - ful slum - ber now be thine.      Ea - gle,  
 Ru - hig mag dein Schlam - mer sein      Gab - zion

*pochissimo cresc.*

sun, and breeze so mild,      Fond - ly  
 Schu - tze mei - nom Kind      Ad - ler,

*ppp* *p*

guard my sleep - ing child.  
 Son - ne und don Wind!

*sempre dim.*

*ppp* *ppp*

# THE CANARY (DER KANARIENVOGEL)

(Composed in 1875)

(Original Key)

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 25, No 4

German by Ferdinand Gumbert  
from the Russian of MEY

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Moderato

PIANO

*mf* *espressivo*

*dim.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with triplets and slurs, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamics range from mezzo-forte to decrescendo.

*p*

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line continues with a similar texture to the introduction, featuring chords and moving lines in both hands. The dynamic is marked 'p' (piano).

*semplice*

Spoke Zu - lei - ka thus to her ca - na - ry:  
Sprach die Sul - ta - nin zum Ka - na - rien - vo - gel:

*riten.*

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line features a more sustained texture with longer note values and a 'riten.' (ritardando) marking. The right hand has a melodic line, and the left hand has a bass line.

*p*

"Bird - ling, rest thee in our peace - ful pla - ces. Trill thy song, nor  
„Vög - lein, ist's nicht hier im Thurm am bes - ten, wenn du zwit - scherst,

*a tempo*

*p*

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line includes a trill in the right hand and a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The tempo is marked 'a tempo'. The piano part continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

vain-ly fly and flut-ter Toward thy home in air-y West-ern spa-ces.  
 sin-gest vor Zu-let-ka, wa-rum zie-hest du zum-fer-nen Wes-ten?

Tell me, bird-ling, of these  
 Sin-ge, Vög-lein, sin-ge

lands so far and for-eign; O'er their dis-tant wonders let me dream and pon-der.  
 et-was mir von Wes-ten, sin-ge, Vog-lein, sin-ge mir von fer-nen Or-ten!

Are their arch - ing skies more pure an az - ure, Are there ha - rem  
Sahst du je - mals uns - ren schö-nen Him - mel, hat man Ha - rem,

and bright ca-ges yon - der? Do the ro - - ses bloom in - such pro - fu - sion,  
hat man Kü - fig dor - ten? Gibt's im Wes - - ten wohl so - üpp' - ge Ro - sen?

Does one, fair - - er than Zu - lei - ka, bor - - row Add - - ed charm from  
Wel - - cher Schah be - sitzt Zu - lei - ka's Lie - be, sol - - che Schön - heit



*p*

robes of rar-er beau-ty?"      And the bird made an-swer in his sor-row:  
 in dem Pracht-ge-wan-de?      Doch das Vog-lein sang als Ant-wort tru-be

*mf*

"Ask me not of that far—land of free-dom,  
 „Frag' mich nicht nach je-nem—fer-nen Lan-de,

*p*

*cresc.*

Here, where ha-rem walls do—mock my sad-ness;      O—da-lisques may dwell here  
 wa-rum willst du mei-nen—Kum-mer se-hen,      was ich sin-ge in dem

in contentment,      But my song can nev-er wake here to glad-ness!  
 in gen Ha-rem,      kon-nen O-da-lis-ken nie-er-ste-hen!



*f*

Ask me not of that far land of free - dom; Here thy ha - rem  
 Frag' mich nicht nach je - nem fer - nen Lan - de, wa - rum willst du

*p*

walls but mock my sad - ness. O - da - lisques may dwell here in con - tent - ment,  
 mei - nen Kum - mer se - hen, was ich sin - ge in dem en - gen Ha - rem,

*3*

But my song can nev - er wake to glad - ness!  
 kön - nen O - da - lis - ken nie ver - ste - hen?"

*pp*

# SOME ONE SAID UNTO THE FOOL

## (EINST ZUM NARREN JEMAND SPRICHT)

German by Ferdinand Gumbert  
from the Russian of MFY  
Translated by Ludw. M. (1875)

(Composed in 1875)  
(Original Key, G minor)

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 25, No 6

*Allegro giocoso*

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a melody in G minor, marked *mf*. The left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is *Allegro giocoso*. The piece concludes with a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

*semplice*

Someone said un-to the fool, "Go thou not to tav-ern cool Since then all must hear this  
Einst zum Nar-ren Je-mand spricht In die Schen-ke sollst du nicht! Seit dem hü-ren's al-le

The vocal line is marked *semplice*. The piano accompaniment is in G minor. The first line of the song is set in a simple, conversational style. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line.

rhyme, Drink but wa-ter all the-time!  
Leut Trink nur Was-ser je-der-zeit!

The second line of the song continues the simple conversational style. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with some dynamic changes indicated by *mf* and *p* markings.

*p cresc.* Hum-bly bend thee o'er the-pool, To the brook-let go to-school!"  
Lauf zum Bach, ver-beug' dich sch-n, Sellst bei ihm zur Leh-re-gehn.

The third line of the song concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a *p cresc.* (piano crescendo) marking, leading to a final *f* (forte) dynamic. The vocal line ends with a final note on a half note.

*mf*

To the brook - let then I went,  
 Wohl, zum Bäch - lein eilt' ich hin,

Spoke him fair and o'er him bent: "Thou art wise, so all men say,  
 Sprach mit ihm nach mei - nem Sinn: Du bist klug, sagt Je - der mir,

*cresc.*

So I bend as low I may; Tell me where - fore must it be  
 Drum beug' ich mich tief vor dir; Sa - ge mir, wie fang' ich's an,

*cresc.*

*f*

There's no more ca - rouse for me? There's no more ca - rouse for me?  
 Dass ich kein Rausch ha - ben kann, Dass ich kein Rausch ha - ben kann?

Dear-est brook-let, whis-per low,      How my grief can  
 Lie - bes Bäch - lein, sag' ge - schaid,      Wo ver-trink'ich

*dim.*      *p*

I drown so? Wouldst that art to me im-part,      Hon-or'dwert thou in my heart!  
 nun mein Leid? Hast du mich die Kunst ge-lehrt,      Wirst du e - wig hoch ver-ehrt

*mf*

But say, brook-let, first of all,      Left the fool the tav - ern hall?"  
 A - ber, Bäch - lein, sag' erst dies,      Ob der Narr die Schen - ke liess!

*mf cresc.*      *f*

*p cresc.*      *f*

*mf*

# TO SLEEP

## (AN DEN SCHLAF)

German by Ferdinand Gumbert  
from the Russian of OGAREV  
Translated by Isidora Martinez

(Composed in 1875)  
(Original Key, B $\flat$  minor)

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 27, No 1

Allegro misterioso

VOICE *p*

Now dark-some night the am-ple earth doth cov-er, The for-est trees are  
Die dun-kle Nacht nun deckt die wei-te Er-de, des Wal-des Bäu-me

PIANO *p*

*pp*

mur-m'ring low! And now the long-ing soul toward rest doth hov-er, For day hath spent and  
rau-schen sacht! Die See-le sehnt sich, dass ihr Ru-he wer-de, es hat der Tag sie

*mf* Andante sostenuto

worn it so. I call to Thee, O God, hear my im-  
müd' ge-macht. Ich ruf' zu dir, o Gott, er-hör' mein

*pp* *rit.* *mf*

plor-ing, Give peace to us; Sa-cred to  
Fle-hen, gieb Frie-den uns: dir sei ge-

Thee the in - fant's sleep, the beg - gar's wretch - ed pal - let, and  
 weicht des Sang - lings Schlaf, des Bett - lers e - lend La - ger, der

*p*

love's mute ag - o - ny of pain!  
 Lie - be still ver - schwieg' - nes Leid!

*cresc. poco a poco*

*p*

Thou hear'st from wound - ed hearts the cry a -  
 Du horst des wun - den Her - zens nach - lich

*f*

*f* *mf*

seem - ing Know - est how drear de - spair may seem;  
 Kla - ren, Kennst der Ver - zweif - lung ban - ge Pein,



*ff*

And they who un - der griev - ous loads are  
 die wa - chend schwe - ren Kum - mers La - sten

bend - ing, Let them find peace, tho' but in  
 tra - gen, lass' sie im Trau - me glück - lich

dream! And they who un - - der  
 sein! Die wa - chend schwe - - ren

griev - ous loads are bend - ing, Let them find peace, tho'  
 Kum - mers La - sten tra - gen, lass' sie im Trau - me

but in dream, Let them find peace, tho' but in  
glück - lich sein, lass' sie im Trau - me glück-lich

*p*

dream! \_\_\_\_\_  
sein! \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

*fp* *p*

*p* *pp* *rit.*



# DON JUAN'S SERENADE

## (STÄNDCHEN DES DON JUAN)

(Composed in 1878)

(Original Key, B minor)

German by Ferdinand Gumbert  
from the Russian of A. TOLSTOI  
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 38, No. 1

Allegro non tanto

PIANO

*mf*
*mf*

All Gre - na - - da li - - eth  
Al - - pu - - cha - riens gold' - ne

sleep - ing, In thy bal - co - ny — ap - pear!  
 Stoi - fen schwin - den bald in wei - ter Fern;

Here thy lov - er watch is keep - ing;  
 folg' dem Ruf der Man - do - li - ne,

Let this song de - light thine ear!  
 u - er - schei - ne, schö - ner Stern!

*f* a piena voce

Who will dare de - ny thy beau - ty,  
 Wir er - kuh - net sich zu sa - - gen,

Thou, my heart's su - preme de - light?  
 dass ein Weib wie du so schön,

*meno mosso* Knight or peas - - ant, 'tis — my du - ty Straight,  
 mag mit mir zu käm - pfen wa - gen, ja, *Tempo I*

straight, straight to chal - lenge him — to fight! *P* While  
 ja, gleich soll ihm der Trotz ver - gehn! Das

morn - ing is grow - ing My strain I pro - long, My  
 Mond - licht uns win - ket zum sü - sses - ten Lohn, o

*cre - - scen - - do poco a poco*

*meno rit.*

tears they are flow - ing, My heart it is glow - ing, O  
 kom - me Nis - set - ta, o kom - me, Nis - set - ta. schnell

Tempo I

list to my song!  
 auf den Bal - kon!

*mf*

Com - ing seas and moun - tains o - ver,  
 Von Se - ril - la bis — Gra - na - da

Have I sought thy ten - der glance.  
 hab' ich dich — ist — die Nacht,

Dost thou hear thy plead - ing lov - er?  
 hat den Frau - en zar - te Ständ - chen,

*p*

Dost thou see my gleam - ing lance?  
 Män - nern oft den Tod - ge - bracht.

*mf* *p*

Ah, what songs of love I'll sing thee,  
 Ro - - thes Blut und hei - sse Lie - - der

*f* *mf*

When the eve - ning draw - eth nigh.  
 sol - - len wir die Schö - nen weih'n,

*MENO MOSSO*

Tempo I

All my choi - cest gifts — Ill bring thee. Glad -  
 doch mein Blut, mein Lied — ge - hei - ret, ja,

glad, glad for thee, love, would I die! While  
 ja, ja der Schön - sten nur - al - lein! Das

*cresc.*  
 morn - ing is grow - ing My strain I pro - long,  
 Mond - licht ions zwin - ket zum sü - sses - ten Lehn,

*ff* *poco rit*  
 My tears they are flow - ing, My heart it is  
 a kom - me, Nis - set - ta, a kom - me, Nis -

glow - ing, O list to my song!  
 set - ta, schnell auf den Bal - kon!

*ff* *f*

Detailed description: This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a half note 'glow' and a quarter note 'ing', followed by a quarter rest, a quarter note 'set', and a quarter note 'ta'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. Dynamic markings *ff* and *f* are present in the piano part.

Detailed description: This system continues the piano accompaniment from the first system. It features a treble and bass clef staff with various chords and melodic lines. The music is in a minor key, as indicated by the key signature.

*p*

Detailed description: This system continues the piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass clef staff with various chords and melodic lines. A dynamic marking *p* is present in the piano part.

Detailed description: This system continues the piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass clef staff with various chords and melodic lines. The music is in a minor key, as indicated by the key signature.

*dim.* *pp*

Detailed description: This system concludes the piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass clef staff with various chords and melodic lines. Dynamic markings *dim.* and *pp* are present in the piano part.



# WHETHER DAY DAWNS (OB HELLER TAG)

Original by Y. A. Apuchin  
Composed by P. I. Tchaikovsky  
Transcribed by G. F. ...

Composed in 1881  
(Original Key)

PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 47, No. 6

Andantino *espressivo*

PLANO

*mf* *piu f* *mf*

*rit.* *riten molto*

Andantino

*mf*



*f*

Wheth-er day dawns or night shad-ows are tall- - ing,  
 Ob hel - ler Tag o - der Stil - le der Näch - - te,

*Ad. simile*

Wheth-er I dream or life's pa - geant I see,  
 ob nur ein Traum, ob das Le - ben drängt mich,

*CRSC.*

Ev - 'ry - where fol - lows and fills all my be - - ing  
 All - wärts mir fol - get, mein Sein ganz er - fül - - lend,

*CRSC.*

One thought a - lone, like a ho - ly voice call - - ing,  
 nur ein Ge - dan - ke, der Ruf höh - rer Mäch - - te:

*ff*

Ev - er of thee, ev - er of thee,  
 Stets nur an dich! stets nur an dich!

*riten.*

On - ly and ev - er of  
 Stets, stets, stets, stets nur an

*a tempo*

thee!  
 dich!

*f a tempo*

*f*

Gone are the griefs — that my spir - it have blight - ed,  
 Mit ihm nicht furcht - bar Ver - gang' - nes mir schei - net,

*mf*

Love in my heart reigns e - ter - nal - ly;  
 regt doch im Her - zen er - neut Lie - be sich;

*f*

Cour - age and hope — and un - sel - fish de - vo - tion,  
 Glau - be und Hoff - nung, be - gei - ster - te Sän - ge,

*mf*

*Ped.*      ✻      *Ped.*      ✻

All that for good in my soul is u - nit - ed, All is from  
 was in der See - le sich ho - hes ver - ei - net, Al - les durch

*cresc.*

*Ped.*      ✻      *Ped.*      ✻

thee, yes, all is from thee, all is from  
 dich, ja, al - les durch dich, al - les durch

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line contains the lyrics: "thee, yes, all is from thee, all is from dich, ja, al - les durch dich, al - les durch". The piano accompaniment consists of flowing arpeggiated figures in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. There are several asterisks (\*) and a circled asterisk (⊛) marking specific notes in the piano part.

thee!  
 dich!

*ff*

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "thee! dich!". The piano accompaniment becomes more intense, marked with a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic. It features a complex texture with many sixteenth notes and chords. A circled asterisk (⊛) is present in the piano part.

Wheth - er my days pass in joy or in sad - - ness,  
 Ob mei - ne Ta - - ge auch hei - ter, ob trü - - be,

*mf*

The third system features a vocal line with the lyrics: "Wheth - er my days pass in joy or in sad - - ness, Ob mei - ne Ta - - ge auch hei - ter, ob trü - - be,". The piano accompaniment is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and consists of arpeggiated figures in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

Wheth - er the end of my life soon may be,  
 ob ich bald en - de, rer - der - hend selbst mich,

The fourth system features a vocal line with the lyrics: "Wheth - er the end of my life soon may be, ob ich bald en - de, rer - der - hend selbst mich,". The piano accompaniment continues with arpeggiated figures in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand.

*cresc.*

This do I vow, that till death shall o'er - take me,  
 eins weiss ich nur, dass doch stets bis zum To - de

*cresc.*

All do I give, in love's heav - en - ly mad - - ness,  
 al - le Ge - dan - ken, die Sän - ge, die Lie - - be

*ff*

On - ly to thee, on - ly to thee!  
 stets nur für dich, stets nur für dich,

*f*

*ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.*

*mf cresc.* - - - - - *al -*

All do I give, in love's heav - en - ly mad - - ness, On - ly and  
 Al - le Ge - dan - ken, die Sän - ge, die Lie - - bi, stets, stets, stets,  
*cresc.* - - - - -

*mf*

*ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.*

*riten.* *fff* *a tempo*

ex - er to thee!  
stes mo für dich!

*riten.* *fff marcantissimo* *a tempo*

*fff marcantissimo*

*ff* *Leg.* *Leg.* *Leg.* *Leg. simile*

*ff* *Leg.* *Leg.* *Leg.* *Leg. simile*

*sf* *sf*

*sf* *sf*

*ff*

*ff*

*dim* *f dim.* *mf*

*dim* *f dim.* *mf*

*p* *pp*

*p* *pp*

# SERENADE

## (SÉRÉNADE)

(Composed in 1888)

(Original Key)

ÉDOUARD TURQUETIZ

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 65, No. 1

Allegretto quasi andantino

PIANO

*pp*

The first system of the piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto quasi andantino' and the dynamics are 'pp'.

*mf pp*

The second system continues the piano introduction. The right hand features a more active melodic line with some grace notes, and the left hand continues with a steady accompaniment. Dynamics are marked 'mf' and 'pp'.

*p*

Whit - er bound, O breeze of morn - ing,  
Où vas - tu, souf - fle d'au - ro - re,

The first line of the vocal melody begins with a rest, followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes in both hands. Dynamics are marked 'p'.

Hon - ey-sweet, a - stir at dawn - ing, Breath of day's re - cur-ring round,  
vent de miel qui vient d'é - clo - re, frai-che ha-lei - ne d'un beau jour?

The second line of the vocal melody continues with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. Dynamics are marked 'p'.



*p cresc.*

Whith - er bound? \_\_\_\_\_ Where, un - sta - ble, wouldst thou flut - ter,  
 d'un beau jour? \_\_\_\_\_ OÙ ras - tu, bri - se in - con - stan - te,

*mp* *pp cresc.*

*f* *dim.*

While each lit - tle leaf would ut - ter Am - 'rous — plead - ings to — the  
 quand la feuil - le pal - pi - tan - te sem - ble — fris - son - ner — d'a -

*mf* *p*

*p*

air? \_\_\_\_\_ Down in - to the val - ley glid - ing, Where in ver - dant thick - et  
 mour? \_\_\_\_\_ Est - ce au fond de la val - lé - e, dans la ci - me é - che - re -

*pp*

hid - ing, Tim - id wood doves coo - ing pair Wouldst thou go there?  
 lé - é d'un saule où le ra - mier dorl? \_\_\_\_\_

*mp*



*p cresc.*

For some red rose art thou sigh - ing, But - ter - flies with fond vows ply - ing,  
 Pour - suis - tu la fleur ver - meil - le, ou le pa - pil - lon què - veil - le

*pp cresc.*

*f* Whom the sun - beams kiss'd and woke? Seek my love, for now time  
 un ma - tin de flam - me et d'or? Va plu - tôt, souf - fle d'au -

*dim.* *p*

*mf* *pp cre -*

press - es! Lull her slum - ber with ca - ress - es, Her dreams with  
 ro - re, ber - cer l'a - me que ja - do - re: por - te à son

*f*

*scen - do* *mf*

fra - grance cloak; Balm - y breath of woods and flow - ers,  
 lit em - bau - mé l'o - deur des bois et des mous - ses,

*p* *pp*

*crusc.*

Thoughts of me, the ten-der    dow - ers    That    the spring's rapt sighs e - voke,  
 et quel-ques fa - ro - les    dou - ces    com - me les    ro - ses de    mai,

*crusc.*

Balm - y breath of woods and    flow - ers, Thoughts of me, the ten-der  
 lè - deur des bois et des    mous - ses    et quel-ques pa - ro - les

*mf**pp**leggiero*

dow - ers    That the spring's rapt sighs e - voke,  
 dou - ces    com - me les    ro - ses de    mai.

*pp**sp**p*

# DISAPPOINTMENT

(DÉCEPTION)

(Composed in 1888)

(Original Key, E minor)

PAUL COLLIN

Translated by Alexander Blaess

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY, Op. 65, No 2

Moderato

PIANO

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) in E minor, 2/4 time. The tempo is Moderato. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The dynamic increases to *più f* (piano-forte) in the second measure.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics are: "While the sun shines in wont - ed / Le so - leil ra - yon - nait en -". The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style, marked with *p* and *pp* dynamics.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics. The lyrics are: "splen - dor, The deep woods I fain would be - hold, Where — in bliss our / co - re, J'ai vou - lu re - voir les grands bois, où — nous pro - me -". The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style, marked with *p* and *mf* dynamics.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics. The lyrics are: "love we first told 'Mid sweet pled - ges, with faith - ful can - dor. Thought I with / nions au - tre - fois no - tre a - mour à sa belle au - ro - re. Je - me di -". The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style, marked with *p* and *pp* dynamics.

joy: "My love I'll meet Be - low the nod-ding beech - tree yon - der,  
 sais "Sur le che - min, je la re - trou - ve - rai sans dou - te,

*pp*

A - gain rove through thick - ets dis - creet, Our hands en-twined in  
 ma main se - ten - dra vers sa main, et nous nous re - met -

*f* *p*

*p* Più mosso *mf* *f*  
 si - lent won - der." Yet I seek thee, my love, in vain! I  
 trons en rou - te?" Je re - gar - de par - tout, En vain! J'ap -

*p* *pp* *cresc.* *poco* *a*

*rit.* **Tempo I**  
 call thee! but si - lence mocks my plead - ing. Dark - ness fall - ing o'er  
 pel - lel Et le - cho seul m'è - cou - tel O le pau - vre so -

*poco* *frit.*

sky and plain,                      Dead and scat - ter'd leaves are con - ced - ing,  
*leil pa - li!*                      *O les pau - vres bois sans ra - ma - gel!*

*ff*

While my heart's to death slow - ly bleed - ing,                      That thy trea - son our  
*O mon pau - vre a - mour, quel dom - ma - ge*                      *si vi - te per -*

poor love has slain.  
*du dans l'ou - bli!*

*pp*                      *p*

*pp*

# I LOVE THEE (ICH LIEBE DICH)

Composed in 1864

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875)

English version by Aubrey Frestler

German version by Fiedl. H. Stein

Original Key

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 5, No 3

Andante

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

1. My thought of  
1. Du mein Ge-

thoughts, my ver - y in - most be - ing, Thou on - ly  
 lone my ev - ry thought is burn - ing, Hap - py my  
 dan - ke, du mein Sein und Wer - den! Du mei - nes  
 dein, kannst's nur dei - ner den - ken, nur dei - nen

*pp*

art my heart's fe - li - ci - ty!  
 heart if good I bring to thee!  
 Her - zens er - ste Se - lig - keit!  
 Glück ist die - ses Herz ge - wohnt,

*f*

*Ad.*

*p*

I love thee more than all else un - der heav - en, I  
 Wher-e'er God wills my path in life be turn - ing,  
 Ich lie - be dich wie nichts auf die - ser Er - den, ich  
 Wie Gott auch mag des Le - bens Schick - sal len - ken,

*cresc. sempre*

love but thee, I love but thee, I love but thee thro' all e -  
 lie - be dich, ich lie - be dich, ich lie - be dich in Zeit und

*cresc. sempre*

*ff rit.* *Ad.*

ter - ni - ty! I love but thee thro' all e - ter - ni - ty!  
 E - wig-keit! Ich lie - be dich in Zeit und E - wig-keit!

*ff rit.* *mp*

*Ad.* *Ad.* \*

1. *p* 2.

2. For thee a -  
 2. Ich den - ke

*a tempo*

*dim.* *pp*

*Ad.* \*



# CRADLE SONG (WIEGENLIED)

A. MUNCH (1861-1884)

(Composed in 1865)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

Original Key G $\flat$  minor

German version by Edmund Lebedanz

EDVARD GRIEG, Op 9, No 2

Non lento, ma molto doloroso

VOICE

1. Sleep, my son, oh, slum - ber well!  
 2. Sleep, my son, sleep pla - cid - ly!  
 3. Nev - er thy sweet morn - ing-joy  
 4. Dost thou feel thy moth - er dear  
 1. Schlaf' mein Sohn, und schlummi - re süss,  
 2. Schlaf' mein Herz - chen, traum' von ihr,  
 3. Nie soll sei - ne schwe - re Brust  
 4. Ob wohl dei - ne Mut - ter sich

PIANO

Cra - dle works the sooth - ing spell; Ay, al - tho' the  
 Here thy fa - ther sits by thee, Rocks thee with un -  
 Shall his cru - el grief de - stroy; Nev - er shall thy  
 O'er thine in - no - cence hov - ring near? Dost thou see her  
 Wie - gen - lein ist dein Pa - ra - dies Ach, die dir das  
 Va - ter sit - zet hier bei dir, wie - get dich mit  
 tru - ben dei - ne Mor - gen - lust, nie - mals soll dein  
 neigt im Schlum - mer u - ber dich? Lachst ja oft so

grave so cold Doth thy gen - tle moth - er  
 prac - tised skill, Would pro - tect thee from all  
 mer - ry eyes Bit - ter tears in his sur -  
 in thy dreams When thy smile in an - swer  
 Le - ben gab, lie - get in dem kal - ten  
 trou - im Muth, schir - met dich mit Leib und  
 Kin - des Glück schau - en sei - ner Thra - nen  
 süss und rein, siehst du dann dein Mut - ter



hold: She may not thy dreams at-tend,  
 ill. Lone - ly seems the world to him,  
 prise. Sleep, my babe, in slum - ber deep,  
 gleams? Noth - ing can thy fa - ther see,  
*Grab.* Kann nun nicht zu je - der Stund'  
*Blut.* Ein - sam ist es um ihm her,  
*Blick.* Schlaf, mein Gold, ohn' Sorg' und Müh,  
*lein?* Va - ters Blick sie nim - mer sieht,

La. \* La. \* La. \*

O'er thy rose - mouth may not bend, Will not catch thy first smile start:  
 Liv - ing mid this tri - al grim; Sor - row's heav-y weight and ache  
 Ti - ny Life from Death, O sleep! Fa - ther now has on - ly thee -  
 Noth - ing but Death's mis - er - y. On - ly thy frail hand in - deed  
*küs - sen dei - nen Ro - sen - mund, sah dein er - stes Lächeln nicht,*  
*lebt in Qual und Jam - mer schwer, und der Sor - gen dunk - le Last*  
*klei - ne To - des - knos - pe, blüh! Va - ter hat nur dich al - lein*  
*To - des - we - he in ihm glüht, und nur dei - ne klei - ne Hand*

La. \* La. \*

She thro' thee felt Death's keen dart.  
 He must car - ry for thy sake.  
 E - ven so, ah! rich is he.  
 Helps him in this hour of need.  
*weil der Tod das Le - ben bricht.*  
*drü - cken ihn zu Bo - den fast.*  
*sollst sein gan - zer Reich - thum sein.*  
*reisst ihn von des To - des Rand.*

La.

5 Sleep, my son, oh, slum - ber well, Cra - dle works the  
5 Schlaf, mein Sohn, und schlumm' re süss, Wieg - lein ist dein

\* \* \* \* \*

sooth - ing spell; Ay, al - tho' the grave so cold  
Pa - ra dies, ach, die dir - das Le - ben gab,

\* \* \* \* \*

Doth thy gen - tle moth - er hold,  
lie gel in dein kal - ten Grab

\* \* \* \* \*

*pp*

Ay, al - tho' the grave so cold Doth thy gen - tle  
 Ach, die dir - das Le - ben gab, lie - get in - dem

*p* *pp*

La. \* La. \* La. \* La. \*

moth - er hold, Doth thy gen - tle moth - er  
 kal - ten Grab, lie - get in - dem kal - ten

*rit.*

*mf* *rit.*

La. \* La. \*

hold. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Grab. \_\_\_\_\_

*cresc. molto*

*a tempo* *ff*

*fz*

La. \*

*p* *pp*

La. \* La. \*

# SOLVEJG'S SONG (SOLVEJGS LIED)

Composed in 1874

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 23, No. 1

HENRIK IBSEN (Dramatist)

English lyrics by A. C. W. Benson

German lyrics by W. H. W. Benson

Un poco Andante

PIANO

*p* *f* *dim.* *p* *pp*

The win - ter may wane and the spring-time go by, the —  
 Der Win - ter mag schei - den, der Früh - ling ver - geh'n, der —

spring - time go by, The sum - mer too may van - ish, the —  
 Früh - ling ver - geh'n, der Som - mer mag ver - wel - ken, das

year may die, the — year may die, — But one day you'll re - turn, that in —  
 Jahr ver - wehn, das — Jahr ver - wehn, — du kehrest mir zu - ru - cke, ge

*cresc.*

truth — I know, in truth I — know, And here — I'll a-wait you as I  
 wiss, du wirst mein, ge - wiss, du wirst mein, ich hab' — es ver-spro - chen, ich

prom-ised long a - go, I prom-ised long a - go. — (humming to herself:) Ah! —  
 har - re treu-lich dein, ich har - re treu - lich dein. — (vorsich hin summend:) A —

*pp*

*Allegretto con moto*

*pp una corda*

La La La La simili

*Tempo I*

*pp*

*p*

May God guide your feet, if on earth still you rove, on  
 Gott hel - fe dir, wenn du die Son - ne noch siehst, die

*p tre corde*

earth still you rove, His bless-ed peace be yours, if in  
 Son - ne noch siehst, Gott seg - ne dich, wenn du zu

*La* \* *mf*

*poco animato*

realms a - bove, in realms a - bove, Faith-ful-ly I'll bide till a -  
 Fü - ssen ihm kniést, zu Fü - ssen ihm kniést. Ich will dei - ner har - ren, bis

*poco animato*

*cresc.* *f*

gain you draw near, a - gain you draw near, But if you wait in heav - en, at  
 du mir nah, bis du mir nah, und har rest du dort a - ben, so

*cresc.*

*poco sostenuto*

last I'll meet you there, at last I'll meet you there! Ah! —  
 tref-fen wir uns da, so tref-fen wir uns da! — A —

*Allegretto con moto*

*pp una corda*

La La La La simili

*Tempo I*

*pp* *tre corde* *p* *dim.* *pp*



# A SWAN EIN SCHWAN

Composed in 1876

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)

English version by Frederic Field Ballard

German version by W. Henzen

Original Key

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 25, No. 2

Andante ben tenuto

VOICE

My swan, my treas - ure, With  
 Mein Schwan, mein stil - ler, mit

PIANO

*p* *piu p*

snow - y - white feath - er, Of his songs sang me nev - er A sin - gle  
 wei - ssem Ge - fie - der, dei - ne won - ni - gen Lie - der ver - rieth kein

*pp molto legato*

meas - ure. Shy - ly fear - ing the  
 Tril - ler Angst lich sor - gend des

*dolce poco animato* *pp*

elves in the bush - es, Glid - ed he, lis - tning  
 El - fen im Grun - de, glittst du hor - chend all

*crusc.*



*f agitato*

there 'mid the rush-es. And yet, when death came And  
zeit in die Run-de. Und doch be-zwangst du zu -

*più f* *ff* *rit.*

part-ing a-larm'd me, With sweet song he charm'd me, And song— with death came!  
letzt mich beim Schei-den mit trü-gen-den Ei-den, ja da, — da sangst du!

*tranquillo* *pp* *p*

And, with its ring-ing, His spir-it pass'd on, then; He died— while  
Du schlo-ssest sin-gend die ir-di-sche Bahn doch, du starbst ver-

*pp* *Lento*

sing-ing. Was he on-ly a swan, then? a swan, then?  
klin-gend; du warst ein Schwan doch? ein Schwan doch?

# THE FIRST PRIMROSE (MIT EINER PRIMULAVERIS)

Composed in 1876

(Original Key)

J. PAULSEN 1881

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 26, No. 4

English version by F. C. Carter

German version by W. Henzen

Allegretto dolcissimo

VOICE

O take, thou love - ly child of Spring, This Spring's first ten - der  
Mag dir, du zar - tes Früh - lings - kind, dies er - ste Blüm - chen

PIANO

La

flow - er. De - spise - it not that lat - er on Fair  
from - men Em - pfang' - es gern, ver - schmäh' es nicht, weil

ro - ses June - will show - er. The sum - mer has its  
spa - ter Ro - sen kom - men. Wohl köst - lich ist die

gold - en charm, In au - tumn hearts are gay. — But  
Sum - mer zeit, der Herbst er quickt das Herz, — der

*poco rit.*

spring is love - li - er than all, The time — of love — and  
 Lenz doch ist der Won - nig - ste mit Lie - bes - lust — und

*pp a tempo*

play. — For thee and me, O dear - est maid, The  
 Scherz. — Für uns, o hol - de Maid, er - glüht der

*pp a tempo*

*mf*

light — of spring is glow - ing; Then take — the flow'r and  
 Früh - lings Mor - gen - son - ne; so nimm die Blum' und

*mf*

*dim. e poco rit.*

rap - ture yield, Thy heart on me — be - stow - ing.  
 gib — da - für dein Herz — mit sei - ner Won - ne.

*dim. e poco rit.*

*p*

# SPRINGTIDE (DER FRÜHLING)

(Composed in 1880)

(Original Key)

A. O. VINJE 1818-1887

English Version by Nathan Haskell Dole  
German Version by Edward L. Bohanz

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.33.No.2

Andante espressivo *p*

VOICE

1. Now once a - gain have I  
2. O - ver the hills of the

1. Ja, noch ein - mal konnt' den  
2. Glit zorn - de Strah len noch

PIANO

seen spring at hand And win - ter a - va - grant, Hed - ges and trees by the  
spring I could see The sun - beams a - dan - cing; Birds 'mid the blooms all a -

Win - ter ich sah dem Fröh - lin - ge wei - chen, Weiss - dorn er - blüh - te mit  
ein - mal ich sah auf Lenz - hü - geln gau - keln. Schmet - ter - lü - ing' sah ich auf

*dolcissimo*

south - wind were fannil. Their blos - soms all fra - grant.  
quiv - er with glee Were gleam - ing and glan - cing.

Blä - sen so schön, so ganz oh - ne Glei - chen  
Blü - men all da, so lu - stig sich schau - keln.

*pp*

*pp*

Now once a - gain went the ice — from the land, The  
 No more for me is that spring- life so gay Which  
 Und noch ein - mal konnt' ich Eis - flä - chen schau'n dem  
 All' die - se Lenz - lust von neu - em ich sah, die

*pp*

snow I saw go - ing, Run - nels were riv - ers; I  
 once was my pas - time; There - fore dis - heart - en'd am  
 Lan - de ent - flie - hen, Schnee sah ich schmel - zen und  
 dann, ach, ent - schwun - den, Doch jetzt, voll Schwer - muth, schon

*p*

*p*

saw — pools ex - pand With bright wa - ters flow - ing.  
 I, — and I say: Can this be the last time?  
 Strö - me, voll Grau'n, sich wäl - zen und sprü - hen.  
 fühl' — ich mir nah' die letz - te der Stun - den.

*cresc. e più tenuto poco a poco*

Green grew the grass and the mead - ows once more Were  
 Well, let it be! re - col - lec - tions un - told Of  
 Mat - ten, die grü - nen, noch ein - mal konnt' ich seh'n, mit  
 Mög' es ge - scheh'n denn, im Le - ben, so wert, viel

*cresc. e più tenuto poco a poco*

*cresc. molto* *ff*

jew - - eld with flow - ers, Loud - ly a - gain chant - ed  
 life do I cher - ish: More has been mine than by  
 Blu - men voll Won - ne; ein - mal noch sang mir die  
 Glück darft' ich fin - den: mehr als ver dient ward mir

*pp*

birds as of yore, For spring's glad - some  
 mer - it I hold! And all things must  
 Ler - che, so schön, im Som - mer voll  
 Freu - de be - schert, und al - les muss

hours, per - ish!  
 Son - ne, schwin - den

*pp e con Ped.*

*p*

3. Once more I'll go to the spring-ver-dant vale Which glad-dens my vi-sion;  
 3. Ein-mal mich führt's nach dem lenz-fri-schen Thal, das Schn-sucht mir stil-let,

Some-time I'll find there a home and shall dwell In re-gions e-lys-ian,  
 dort find' voll Son-ne ein Heim ich ein-mal, wo Lust mich er-fül-let.

*pp*

All that by spring to the val-ley is giv'n, The flow'rs that sur-  
 Das, was der Lenz mir hie-nie-den ge-bar, die Blum', die ich

*p*

round me, Seem now to me like fair spir-its of heav'n And whis-per a-  
 pflück-te, schien mir der se-li-gen Gei-ster heh-re Schaar, der Erd' schon ent-



*cresc.* *cresc. molto*

round me. Thus to mine ear in this birch-haunt-ed glade Does sing - ing a -  
 ruck - te. Da - rum ich hör - te auf Schritt und auf Tritt ein rath - sel - haft

*ff ten.* *pp*

wak - en; There - fore the notes of the pipe that I made With weep -  
 Sin - gen, Lau - te, auf Flö - ten, die oft ich mir schnitt, wie Seuf -

- ing seem shak - en.  
 zer - zer - klin - gen.

*pp sempre*

*rit* *pp*



# ON THE JOURNEY HOME (AUF DER REISE ZUR HEIMATH)

A. O. VINJE (1818-1870)

(Composed in 1880)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key)

German version by Edmund Lobedanz

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, No. 9

Andante tranquillamente

VOICE

1. The vales and moun - tains am I now sur -  
 2. Ay! life streams o'er me as it once came

1. Nun sch' ich keh - re Berg' und Thä - ler  
 2. Ja, Le - ben strömt auf mich, wie Wel - len -

PIANO

*p* *pp*

vey - ing Which in my long - past youth I used to  
 stream - ing When 'neath the drifts green grass be - gan to  
 wie - der, gleich de - nen, die ich in der Kind - heit  
 schäu - men, wenn wie - der un - ter'm Schnee ich Grü - nes

know; The same pure breez - es round my brow are  
 show. I dream as in the old days I went  
 sah, auf mei - ne Stirn weht küh - ler Wind her -  
 schau, ich träu - me noch, so konnt' der Kna - be

*pp* *pp*

*La* *La* *La*

play - ing;                      The    twi - light gold still    lies    up - on the  
 dream - ing,                    And    saw    the blue sky    to    the hills bend  
 im    der,                      und    gol - den glänzt der    Schnee    auf Gi - pfeln  
 trau    men.                    wenn    sol - chen Berg er    sah    im luft - gen

snow;                      My child-hood speech I hear    a - bout me    say - ing                      The words that  
 low!                      And as I    see the sun    so bright-ly beam - ing                    Once more do  
 nah;                      ich hör' der Kind heit Sprach'    so frisch, so    bie - der,                    und steh' ge  
 Blau.                      Des Ta - ges    Streit er - starb    in die - sen    Räu - men,                    wie einst, wenn

make    my heart                    with sweet grief    glow,                      With    such keen re - col - lections is it  
 I    for - get                    day's toil and    woe,                      I    find a calm a - bodewhere I would  
 dan    ken roll,                    doch fröh - lich    da,                      mir    wacht Er - inn - rung auf aus Ju - gend  
 Son    ne sank,                    in Lüf - ten,    lau;                      hier    will ich ru - sten in des Wal - des

*dim. e rit.*                      *p*

blend - ed                      I    scarce can walk as my    lone way is    wend - ed.  
 hide me                      When sun - set home ward for    the night would    guide me.  
 ta - gen.                      es    u - ber mannt mich, dass    ich's kaum kann    sa - gen.  
 Schwei - gen,                    wenn, Son - ne, du    ein sich'    res Heim willst    zei - gen.

*dim.*                      *rit.*                      *pp*

# THE WAY OF THE WORLD (LAUF DER WELT)

LUDWIG UHLAND (1787-1862)

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 48, No. 3

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

*Allegretto leggiero* *pp*

VOICE

PIANO *pp*

*con Ld.*

A - long the mead - ow - path I stray Each  
 An je - dem A - bend geh' ich aus, hin -

day at twi - light hour; And she, to meet me on my way, De -  
 auf den Wie - sen - steg. Sie schaut aus ih - rem Gar - ten - haus, es -

serts her gar - den bow'r. The spo - ken word is still un - said, Yet  
 ste - het hart am Weg. Wir ha - ben uns noch nie be - stellt, es

that's the way the world is made, Yet that's the way the world is  
 ist nur so der Lauf der Welt, es ist nur so der Lauf der

*poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

*a tempo*

made. \_\_\_\_\_ When  
 Will. \_\_\_\_\_ Ich

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The tempo is marked 'a tempo'. The vocal line has two blank lines for lyrics, with the words 'made.' and 'Will.' on the first line, and 'When' and 'Ich' on the second line. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

first I dared to steal a kiss, 'Tis now so long a - go;  
 weiss nicht, wie es so ge - schah, seit lan - ge küss' ich sie,

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has two lines of lyrics: 'first I dared to steal a kiss, 'Tis now so long a - go;' and 'weiss nicht, wie es so ge - schah, seit lan - ge küss' ich sie,'. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.

*cresc.*  
 She did not breathe a will - ing "yes," Nor  
 ich hit - te nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja, doch

*cresc.*

The third system of the musical score includes the tempo marking 'cresc.' above the vocal line. The vocal line has two lines of lyrics: 'She did not breathe a will - ing "yes," Nor' and 'ich hit - te nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja, doch'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

did she say me "no",  
 sagt sie nein, auch nie,

The fourth system of the musical score features the vocal line with two lines of lyrics: 'did she say me "no",' and 'sagt sie nein, auch nie,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

*pp*

What need of words our bliss to prove,  
 Wenn Lip - pe gern auf Lip - pe ruht,

*poco cresc.*

When lips were join'd in ar - dent  
 wir hin - dern's nicht, uns dünkt es

*poco cresc.*

*f*

love. \_\_\_\_\_  
 gut. \_\_\_\_\_

*f* *dim.* *pp*

*pp*

Young Zeph-yr woos the bud-ding rose, Nor asks if him she  
 Das Lüft-chen mit der Ro - se spielt, es fragt nicht: hast mich

loves; Her dew-wet cheek which flames and glows An an-swinging pas-sion  
 Lieb? Das Roschen sich am Thau-e kühlt, es sagt nicht lan-ge.

proves. So I love her, as she loves me, Yet nei-ther says "Yes,  
 gib: Ich lie-be sie, sie lie-bet mich, doch kei-nes sagt: ich

I love thee!" Yet doch nei-ther says "Yes, I love  
 lie-be dich! doch kei-nes sagt: ich lie-be

*poco rit.*

*(senza cresc.)*

*poco rit.*

*a tempo*

thee!"  
 dich!

*a tempo*

*poco rit.*

*pp*

# A DREAM

## (EIN TRAUM)

FRIEDRICH von BODENSTEDT (1819-1892)  
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 48, No 6

Andante *p*

VOICE

In dreams I had a vis - ion fair:  
Mir träum-te einst ein schö - ner Traum:

PIANO

*p* *3*  
*con Pedale*

I wooed a maid with gold - en hair;  
mich lieb - te ei - ne blon - de Maid,

We met in love - ly  
es war am grü - nen

for - est glade,  
Wal - des-raum,

Where spring had spread her ver - dant shade;  
es war zur war - men Früh - lings-zeit:

*dolce*

The wood-bird sang, the stream - let flow'd,  
die Kno - spe sprang, der Wald - bach schwoll,

<sup>\*)</sup> very softly



*cresc.*

We heard the dis - tant vil - lage chime; In ev - 'ry look our  
*fern aus dem Dor - fe scholl Ge - läut -* wir wa - ren gan - zer

*cresc.*

rap - ture glow'd. Our hearts were held in bliss sub - lime.  
*Win - ne voll. ver - sun - ken ganz in Se - lig - keit.*

*cresc.*

*un poco mosso*  
*pp dolce* *cresc.*

That gold - en dream was not so fair  
*Und schö - ner noch, als einst der Traum.*

*un poco mosso*

*dolce* *pp* *cresc.*

*p*

As wak - ing joys im - part - ed there: A - gain we stood  
*be - gab es sich in Wirk - lich - keit. es war am gru -*

*pp*

*cresc.*

in for-est glade, ——— Where spring had spread her ver-dant shade;  
 nen Wald - des - raum, ——— es war zur war - men Früh-lings-zeit,

*cresc.*

*p poco a poco stringendo e cresc.*

The stream-let flow'd, the wood - bird sang, A sound of bells the  
 der Wald - bach schwoll, die Knos - pe sprang, Ge - läut' er - scholl vom

*p poco a poco stringendo e cresc.*

breez - es bore; ——— I held thee fast,  
 Dor - fe her: ——— Ich hielt dich fest,

I held thee long, And I shall leave thee nev - er - more!  
 ich hielt dich lang - und las - se dich nun nim - mer - mehr!

*pù cresc.* *poco ten.* *fugitato*

nev - er more! nev - er more! O for - est, warm with  
 nim - mer mehr! nim - mer mehr! O, fruh lings grü - ner  
*agitato*

sun - ny beam, Thro' life thou'rt ev - er dear to me!  
 Wal - des raum, du lobst in mir durch al - le Zeit!

*pù f*

Here did the truth become a dream, Here dreams be - came re -  
 Dort ward die Wirk - lichkeit zum Traum, dort ward der Traum zur

*ff* *Allegro*

al - ty! ty!  
 Wirk - lichkeit!

*strepitoso*

# EROS

(Original Key)

OTTO BENZON

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole  
 German version by Hans Schmidt

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 70, No 1

Allegro con passione (♩ = 144)

VOICE

PIANO

*p* *dim. e rit.* *pp*

Andante (♩ = 69)

*f*

Hear me, ye north-ern-born hearts, cold as snow,  
 Hört mich, ihr fro - sti - gen Her - zen im Nord,

Ye who seek peace in re-  
 ihr, die ihr Glück im Ent-

*pp*

noun - cing re - sign'd - ly,  
 sa - gen wollt fin - den,

Ye wan - der blind - ly, ye wan - der blind - ly,  
 weh' euch, ihr Blin - den, weh' euch, ihr Blin - den,

*f*

Yed gath - er ro - ses where ro - ses ne'er grow. Time speeds his hors - es, V  
 die ihr sucht Ro - sen, wo Al - les zer - dorrt. V Jah - re, sie schwin - den V

Faint fall your for - ces! V Where are the snows of a year— a - go?  
 flüch - tig gleich Win - den, V und neh - men Ju - gend und Lust mit sich fort!

Ne'er comes the past at your yearn - ing re - turn - ing,  
 O säu - met nicht, eu - ren Kranz euch zu bin - den,

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

So then be learn - ing my words as they flow:  
 fragt in den Sinn — euch ein fest mein Wort:

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

*trem*

*p*

Cher - ish her who is whol - ly thine own,  
 Hal - tet um - fasst sie, die ganz - sich euch giebt,  
*trem.*

*p*

Cher - ish the one — thou lov - est a - lone!  
 stark, wie die Ju - gend ein - zig nur liebt,

*stretto e cresc. poco a poco*

*p*

Love thy dar - ling V with all the fire, V All of life's deep  
 hal - tet um - fasst sie, V mit all' der Gluth, V all' der Kraft der

*pp* *stretto e cresc. poco a poco*

lim - it - less long - ing, V Which in thy fast - beat - ing heart — must glow. V  
 flam - men - den See - le, V die hoch das Herz euch in Se - lig - keit schwellt, V

*a tempo*  
*f*

This is the great - est,      V naught else can com - pare! V  
das ist das gröss - te,      V nein, mehr noch als das! V

*piu f e ben ten.*

This is the on - ly one V per - fect - ly bound - less V Joy V men may  
das ist das ein zig - ste, V wirk - lich gro sse V Glück V die ser

Tempo I.

know!  
Wilt!

*dim. e ritard al fine.*

*pp*



To the memory of my dear father  
**TO REST, TO REST!**  
 (ZUR RUH, ZUR RUH!)

JUSTINUS KERNER (1786-1862)  
 Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Composed at Vienna, June 16, 1883)  
 (Original Key)

HUGO WOLF  
 Six Songs by Scheffel, etc., No 6

Very slowly  
 (Sehr langsam) *p*

VOICE

To rest, to rest! The toil is o - ver; May slum - ber  
 Zur Ruh, zur Ruh, Ihr mü - den Glie - der! schliesst fest euch

PIANO

*p* *pp* *cre*

blest— Mine eye - lids cov - er. I am a - lone,  
 zu, — ihr Au - gen - li - der! ich bin al - lein,

*scendo* *mf* *p* *f* *p*

Earth's sor - rows van - ish; Night's som - bre zone My gloom—  
 fort ist die Er - de; Nacht muss es sein, dass Licht—

*mf* *p*

Rather faster (ein wenig belebter)  
 Very fervently (sehr innig)

— can ban - ish. Lead me to - night, Ye pow'rs—  
 — mir wer - de, O führt mich ganz, ihr in -

*mf* *p*

im - mor - tal, In - to the light Thro' mid - - - night's  
tern Mach - tel hin zu dem Glanz der tief - - - sten

*with more intense expression*  
*(mit gesteigertem Ausdruck)*

por - tal. In dreams a - part From cares that grieve me, The  
Näch - tel. Fort aus dem Raum der Er - den Schmer - zen durch

moth - er - heart Will there re - ceive me!  
Nacht und Traum zum Mut - ter - her - zen!

# BITEROLF

## IN THE CAMP OF AKKON, 1190 (IM LAGER VON AKKON, 1190)

J. V. von SCHEFFEL (1826-1886)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Composed at Vienna, December 26, 1886)

(Original Key)

HUGO WOLF

Six Songs by Scheffel etc., No. 9

Rather sustained  
(Ziemlich gehalten)

PIANO

*p*

War-worn and trop-ic-tan'd On this far hea-then strand, For-est-crown'd  
Kampf-mü'd und sonn-ver-brannt, fern an der Hei-den Strand, wald-grü-nes

*softly*  
(zart)

Thü-ring-land, I think of thee. Star-light so mild and clear,  
Thü-ring-land, denk' ich an dich. Mild-kla-rer Ster-nen-schein,

*p*

Thou shalt my mes-sage bear; Go greet my home-land there, Far o'er the sea!  
du sollst mir Bo-te sein, geh, grüss' die Hei-math mein weit ü-ber Meer!

*f*

When ar-mor'd foes as-sail My sword and shield pre-vail,  
 Fein-den von al-ler-warts trotz mei-ner Waf-fen Erz,

*p* *mf*

Yet may they not a-vail Long-ing to spare! Though hold my  
 ei-der der Schn-sucht Schmerz schirmt mich kein Schild. Doch wie das

heart dis-may, Stead-fast and true I stay; Who treads God's ho-ly way  
 Herz auch klagt, aus harr' ich un-ver-zagt; wer Got-tes Fahrt ge-wagt,

His cross must bear  
 tragt still sein Kreuz

# SECRECY (VERBORGENHEIT)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, March 13, 1888)

(Original Key)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

HUGO WOLF

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Mörike Songs, No 12

Slowly and with great feeling  
(Mässig und sehr innig)

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

Tempt me not, O world, a - gain With the joys of  
 Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein! lo - cket nicht mit

*pp*

love's il - lu - sion; Let my heart in lone - se - clu - sion  
 Lie - bes - ga - ben, lasst dies Herz al - lei - ne ha - ben

*pp*

*rit.* *a tempo*

Heard its rap - ture and its pain! Un - known grief fills  
 i - ne Win - ne, sei - ne Pain! Was ich trau - re,

all my days, — Sor - row from my search - ing hid - den  
 weiss ich nicht, — es ist un - be - kann - tes We - he;

*mf* *f*

Floods my eyes with tears un - bid - den When the sun - light  
 im - mer - dar durch Tra - nen se - he ich der Son - ne

*p* *pp*

*with increasing passion and animation*  
*(nach und nach belebter und leidenschaftlicher)*

meets my gaze. Oft when dream - ing  
 lie - bes Licht. Oft bin ich mir

*pp*

brings me rest, — Comes a cheer - ing ray — of glad - ness  
 kaum be - wusst, — und die hel - le Freu - de zü - cket

*f*

Thro' the shad - ows of my sad - ness, — Lights the gloom with - in my  
 durch die Schwe - re, so mich drü - cket, won - nig - lich in mei - ner

*ff mf p ff mf ff rit.*



## Tempo I

breast  
*Bru. t*

Tempt me not, O world, a - gain  
*Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!*

## Tempo I

*p dim. rit. pp*

With the joys of love's il - lu - sion; Let my heart in  
*lo - ck't nicht mit Lie - bes - ga - ben, lasst dies Herz al -*

*pp*

lone se - clu - sion Hoard its rap - - ture and its pain!  
*lei - ne ha - ben sei - ne Won - - ne, sei - ne Pein!*

*rit.*

*rit.*

# TRAMPING (FUSSREISE)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, March 21, 1888)

(Original Key, D)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

HUGO WOLF

Mörike Songs, No. 10

Moderately fast  
(Ziemlich bewegt)

PIANO

*mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes in a 2/4 time signature, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature is D major (two sharps).

With fresh - cut staff, at - break of day To the road I'm  
*Am frisch - ge - schnitt'-nen Wan - der - stab, wenn ich in der*

*p*

The first system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction, with some chords in the right hand.

tak - ing, Thro' the woods a - wak - ing, O'er the hills a -  
*Frü - he so durch Wäl - der zie - he, Hü - gel - auf und*

*f*

The second system of the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more active accompaniment with some sixteenth-note runs in the right hand.

way.  
*ab:*

*p*

The final system of the piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a final chord.

Like — a bird singing glad — ly Where green leaves en —  
 Dann, — wie's Vog - l in im Lau — be sin - get und sich —

*pp*

fold, — Or the rap - ture cours - ing mad - ly  
 ruhrt, — a - der wie die gold' - ne Trau - be

Thro' the grapes of gold — When the sun ap - pears at dawn - ing.  
 Won - ne - gei - ster spurt — in der er - sten Mor - gen - son - ne

*f* *p*

Thus old Ad - am in me mov - ing Stirr - me, spring and  
 so fühlt auch mein al - ter, lie - ber A - dam Herbst und

fall, to - rov - ing, Heav'n - de - scend - ed, Nev - er - end - ed  
 Früh - lings - fie - ber, gott - be - herz - te, nie ver - scherz - te

*cresc.*

Joy of Par - a - dise? first morn -  
 Erst - lings - Pa - ra - di - ses - won -

*f*

ing.  
 ne.

*f sf p*

*più tranquillo*  
(rit. a piacere)

Thou de - serv - est not so much dis - fa - vor,  
Al - so - bist du nicht so schlimm, o al - ter

Ad - am, as stern teach - ers oft - have stat - ed;  
A - - dam, wie die stren - gen Leh - rer - sa - gen.

Thou to - day, in  
lieb - st und lobst du

love and praise, Still a joy - ous hymn dost raise  
im - mer doch, singst und frei - sest im - mer noch,

As on that first day of things cre - at - ed  
 wie an e - wig neu - en Schö - pfungs - ta - gen,

To thy great Cre - a - - - tor  
 dei - nen lie - - - ben Schö - - - pfer

*mf*

and Pre - serv - er.  
 und Er - hal - ter.

*f* *p*

*p* *dim.*

*a tempo*

Naught I'd need of heav - en Could this  
 Mücht' es die - ser - ge - ben, und mein

*a tempo*

*pp rit.* *p*

boon be giv - en; All my life en - tranced to wan - der  
 gan - zes Lo - ben wär' im - leich - ten Wan - der - schwei - sse

*pp*

*rit.* *a tempo*

While earth smiles in morn - ing splen - dor!  
 ei - ne sol - che Mor - gen - rei - sel

*rit.* *a tempo*

*f* *p* *mf*

*f* *dim.* *rit.* *pp*



# SONG TO SPRING (ER IST'S)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, May 5, 1888)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)  
Translated by Arthur Wistbrook

(Original Key)

HUGO WOLF  
Mörke Songs, No 6

Molto vivace, joyously  
(Sehr lebhaft, jubelnd)

VOICE

PIANO

*p*

Spring her az - ure  
Früh - ling lässt sein

ban - ner flings, Prom - ise of re - turn - ing pleas - ures;  
blau - es Band wie - der flat - tern durch die Lüf - te;

*p*

Per - fumes sweet, which mem - 'ry treas - ures, Waft once more  
sü - sse, wohl - be - kann - te Lüf - te strei - fen ah -

*pp*

— their fra - grant wings.  
— nungs - voll das Land.

Vio - lets in the  
 Wil - chen träu - men

*ppp*

ground  
 schon, \_\_\_\_\_

∨ Dream of ear - ly wak - ing.  
 ∨ wol - len bal - de kom - men.

*pp*

Hark!  
 Horch, \_\_\_\_\_

∨ a - far \_\_\_\_\_  
 ∨ von fern \_\_\_\_\_

*ppp*

I hear a harp - like sound!  
 Ich höre Har - fen - ton!

*f*

Spring is here at last! V  
 Früh - ling, ja du bist's! V

*f* *f*

Spring is here at last! V Glo - rious all earth V  
 Früh - ling, ja du bist's! V Dich — hab' ich ver -

*più f* *ff*

*f*

mak - ing! V Spring V is V  
 nom - men! V ja V du V

*mf molto cresc.* *ff*

come! V  
 bist's! V

*ff ardently (feurig)* *f* *f*

System 1: Treble clef (top) is empty. Bass clef (bottom) contains a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *f* (forte) dynamics.

System 2: Treble clef (top) is empty. Bass clef (bottom) contains a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *f* (forte) dynamics. A *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic is present in the second measure, followed by a *dim.* (diminuendo) dynamic in the third measure.

System 3: Treble clef (top) is empty. Bass clef (bottom) contains a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *p* (piano) dynamics. A *dim.* (diminuendo) dynamic is present in the fourth measure.

System 4: Treble clef (top) is empty. Bass clef (bottom) contains a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *pp* (pianissimo) dynamics. A *dim.* (diminuendo) dynamic is present in the second measure, and a *ppp* (pianississimo) dynamic is present in the third measure. The system concludes with a double bar line and a fermata.

# MORNING (IN DER FRÜHE)

139

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, May 5, 1858)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key)

HUGO WOLF

Mörrike Songs, No 24

Very sustained; heavily and darkly  
(Sehr getragen und schwer)

VOICE

No sleep has coold my burn - ing eyes,  
Kein Schlaf noch kühl't das Au - ge mir,

PIANO

*sf* *p* *sf* *p*

And now up - on the east - ern skies The light of day is break - ing.  
dort ge - het schon der Tag her - für an mei - nem Kam - mer - fen - ster.

*pp*

My tor - tured soul is sway'd a - bout By waves of  
Es wüh - let mein ver - stör - ter Sinn noch zwi - schen

*pp* *sf* *p* *sf* *p*

strong con - flict - ing doubt Mid shades that night - is mak - ing.  
Zwei - feln her und hin und schaf - fet Nacht - ge - spen - ster.

*sf* *p* *sf* *p* *p* *pp*

*with deep tender feeling*

*(innig und ernst)*

*p*

Hear - not, fret no more, my soul, and cease to sor - row!  
Hör - ste, qua - le dich nicht lan - ger, mei - ne See - lel

*pp very gently*  
*(sehr zueck)*

*p*

Heark - en! thro' the morn - ing glow - ing  
Hör' dich! Schon sind da und der - ten

*pp*

Bells are chim - ing, peace be -  
Mör - gen glo - cken wach ge -

*pp*

slow  
mor

ing  
den

*gradually dying away*  
*(allmählig verklingend)*

*pppp*



# WEYLA'S SONG (GESANG WEYLA'S)

(Composed at Unterach, October 9, 1888)

(Original Key, D $\flat$ )

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)  
Translated by Marie Bailcau

HUGO WOLF  
Mörrike Songs, N $\circ$ 46

Slowly and solemnly  
(Langsam und feierlich)

*pp*

VOICE

Hail, sa - cred Isle! dear land! Far  
Du bist Orp - lid, mein Land! das

PIANO

*pp*

dis - tant shin - ing! The mists, be - guil - ed by thy  
fer - ne leuch - tet; vom Mee - re dam - pfet dein be -

sun - ny strand From o - cean, chap - lets for the gods —  
sonn - ter Strand den Ne - bel, so der Göt - ter Wan -



are twin - ing E - ter - nal waves as - cend -  
 se - fuch - tet Ur - al - te Was - ser stei -

- ing Thy ver - nal slopes, lost youth re - gain.  
 - gen ver - jüugt um dei - ne Hüf - ten, Kind!

Be - fore thine al - tar bend - ing Great  
 Vor dei - ner Gott - heit beu - gen sich

kings, thy vas sals, throug thy mar - ble fane.  
 Kö - ni - ge die dei - ne Wär - ter sind

# FROM HER BALCONY GREEN

## (AUF DEM GRÜNEN BALCON)

Translated from an  
anonymous Spanish poet  
by PAUL HEYSE (1830- )

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, December 12, 1889)

(Original Key)

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

HUGO WOLF  
Spanish Songs (Secular.) No. 5

With swift and delicate motion; gracefully

(Leicht bewegt, anmuthig)

VOICE

From her bal-con - y green my fair one Sends her glance to  
Auf dem grü-nen Bal - con mein Mäd-chen schaut nach mir durchs

PIANO

*pp (dolce)*

*3*

*3*

*3*

*3*

*3*

me be - low;  
Git - ter - lein.

Tho' her eyes con - vey lov - ing greet - ing, -  
Mit den Au - gen blin - zelt sie freund - lich, -

*3*

*\*) cresc.*

*3*

*3*

*3*

*3*

Still her fin - ger says - to me: No!  
mit dem fin - ger sagt - sie mir: Nein!

*f*

*pp*

*3*

*3*

*3*

*3*

\*) Pedal with each change of harmony.  
(nach jedem Harmonienwechsel: Pedal.)

Luck that nev - er, with - out  
Glück, das nim - mer oh - ne

chang - ing, Helps a lov - er bliss - to cap - ture, For a fleet - ing hour of  
Wan - ken jun - ger Lie - be folgt - hic - nie - den, hat mir ei - ne Lust be -

rap - ture Now with heart - ache is a - ven - ging. Words, now flat - tring,  
schie - den, und auch da noch muss ich schwan - ken. Schmei - cheln hör' ich

now es tran - ging, From her win - dow greet my sigh - - - ing.  
an - der Zan - ken, komm' ich an ihr Fen - ster - läd - - - chen.

*dim.* *pp*

Wom - en, there is no de - ny - ing, Bit - ter with the  
 Im - mer nach dem Brauch der Mäd - chen träuft ins Glück ein

sweet be - stow: \_\_\_\_\_ Tho' her eyes con - vey lov - ing greet - ing,  
 bis - chen Pein: \_\_\_\_\_ Mit den Au - gen blin - zelt sie freund - lich,

*cresc.*

Still her fin - ger says \_\_\_\_\_ to me: No!  
 mit dem Fin - ger sagt \_\_\_\_\_ sie mir: Nein!

*f* *pp*

Ev - er in her bos - om shar - ing  
 Wie sich nur in ihr ver - tra - gen

*f*

Dwell her cold-ness and my love, For she's like the heav'n a-bove  
 th - re Kal - te, mei - ne Gluth? Weil in ihr mein Him - mel ruht,

With both sun and clouds ap-pear - ing, And the wind my plaint is bear - ing,  
 sch' ich Trüb und Hell sich ja - gen. In den Wind gehn mei - ne Kla - gen.

That my arms may not en-fold her, Close - ly to my bos - om hold  
 dass noch nie die sü - sse Klei - ne ih - re Ar - me schlang um mei -

her, ne; For no near - er  
 doch sie halt mich

*rit.* *a tempo* *pp*

may I go; Tho' her eyes con-vey lov - ing  
 hin so fein, mit den Au - gen blin-zelt sie

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'may I go;' and 'hin so fein,'. The piano accompaniment includes a treble staff with eighth-note patterns and triplets, and a bass staff with block chords. The system concludes with the lyrics 'Tho' her eyes con-vey lov - ing' and 'mit den Au - gen blin-zelt sie'.

greet - ing, Still her fin - ger says \_\_\_\_\_ to me:  
 freund - lich, mit dem Fin - ger sagt \_\_\_\_\_ sie mir:

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'greet - ing, freund - lich, mit dem Fin - ger' and 'says \_\_\_\_\_ to me: sagt \_\_\_\_\_ sie mir:'. The piano accompaniment features a treble staff with eighth-note patterns and triplets, and a bass staff with block chords. Dynamic markings 'mf' and 'p' are present. The system concludes with a double bar line.

No! \_\_\_\_\_  
 Nein! \_\_\_\_\_

The third system shows the vocal line with the lyrics 'No! \_\_\_\_\_' and 'Nein! \_\_\_\_\_'. The piano accompaniment continues with eighth-note patterns and triplets in the treble staff, and block chords in the bass staff. A dynamic marking 'pp' is present. The system concludes with a double bar line.

*poco rit.*

The fourth system consists of piano accompaniment in grand staff. It features a treble staff with eighth-note patterns and triplets, and a bass staff with block chords. Dynamic markings 'p' and 'pp' are present. The system concludes with a double bar line and a fermata over the final chord.



# SAD I COME AND BENDING LOWLY (MÜHVOLL KOMM' ICH UND BELADEN)

Translated from the Spanish of  
Don Manuel Geibel  
FA I MANUEL GEIBEL 1817-1884  
First Edition by Nathan Haskell Dole

Composed at Perchtoldsdorf January 10, 1890  
(Original Key)

HUGO WOLF  
Spanish Songs (Sacred) No. 7

Very slowly and sustained  
(Schlanksam und getragen)

VOICE

Sad — I come and bend-ing low - ly;  
Mü - voll komm' ich und be - la - den,

PIANO

*p*

Lift — me up, — Thou Help - er ho - ly!  
nimm — mich an — du Hort der Gna - den!

Here with scald-ing tears I am, Weight-ed — by — my deep con -  
Sich, ich komm' in Thra - nen heiss mit de - mu - thi - ger Ge -

*f p f p f p*

tri-tion, Stain'd and soil'd is my con - di - tion,  
ber - de, duh kel ganz vom Staub der Er - de

*f p pp*



Thou canst make me like a lamb — White as snow; heed my pe - ti - tion.  
 Du nur schaf-fest, dass ich weiss — wie das Vliess der Läm-mer wer - de.

Thou dost par-don man's of - fend - ing If the sack - cloth garb — he  
 Til - gen willst du ja den Scha - den dem, der reu - ig dich — um -

wear; Lift, then, Lord, the load I bear! —  
 fasst; nimm denn, Herr, von mir die Last, —

Sad — I come and low-ly bend - ing.  
 müh - voll komm' ich und be - la - den.

Let me kneel — be — fore Thy feet,  
Lass mich flh — end vor dir knie'n,

Tears and fra-grant in — cense pour-ing, With — the zeal of my — im — plor — ing,  
dass ich u — ber dei — ne Fü — sse Nar — den Duft und Thrä — nen gie — sse,

Like the wo — man Thou did'st greet — All her in — no — cence re —  
gleich dem Weib, dem du ver — zich'n, bis die Schuld wie Rauch zer —

stor-ing! Lord, who told — the rob-ber dy — ing: "Thou'lt —  
flie — Der den Schu — cher du ge — la — den "Hau —

in Par - a - dise with me be to - day."  
 - te noch in E - dens Bann wirst du - sein!"

*with abandonment*  
*(hingebend)*

Take me to Thee, Lord of  
 O nimm mich an, nimm mich

mer - cy, heed my cry ing!  
 an, du Hort der Gna - den!

*p* *pp* *pp*

# E'EN LITTLE THINGS (AUCH KLEINE DINGE)

Translated from a popular song  
(in Tommasini's Collection of Tuscan Songs) (composed at Lübling December 9, 1891)  
by PAUL HLYSE (1830)  
*Trasparenza (Chiaro) F. m. m. g.*

*(Original Key)*

HUGO WOLF  
Italian Songs, No 1

Slowly and very tenderly (♩ = 54)  
*Langsam und sehr zart*

PIANO

*pp*

*p*

*p*

*p*

*p*

E'en lit - tle things can yield us per - fect pleas - ure,  
Auch klei - ne Din - ge kün - nen uns ent - zü - cken,

*pp*

*always pp*  
*immer pp*

E'en lit - tle things may be su - preme - ly dear, Re - flect, how pre - cious  
auch klei - ne Din - ge kün - nen theu - er sein. Be - denkt, wie gern wir -

are the pearls we treas - ure; Tho' great their worth, how small do they appear.  
sind wir - den schu - er be - zahlt und sind nur klein.

Be-think, how small the ol-ive is in size, Which for its fla - vor rare —  
 Be - denkt, wie klein ist die O - li - ven - frucht, und wird um ih - re Gü -

— we high - ly prize. How small a thing the rose with heart a-glow,  
 - te doch ge - sucht. Denkt an die Ro - se nur, wie klein sie ist,

*pp*

*rather more slowly (very tenderly)*  
*etwas breiter (sehr zart)*

yet how di-vine its fra-grance, as — ye — know.  
 und duf-tet doch so lieb-lich, wie — ihr — wisst.

*a tempo*

*pp*  
*a tempo*

*p*

*p*

To Heinrich Vogl

# DEVOTION

(ZUEIGNUNG)

(Composed in 1882-1883)

(Original Key)

H. F. HOFFMANN G. GILM  
Translated by Charles Fonteyn Murray

RICHARD STRAUSS, Op. 10, No. 1

Moderato

VOICE

PIANO

The first system of music features a voice line at the top and a piano accompaniment below. The piano part consists of a treble and bass clef. The treble clef has a melody with triplet markings and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass clef has a simple harmonic accompaniment with notes marked *La* and asterisks.

Dear, thou know - est sor - - rows grieve me, When sad fate doth  
 Ja, du wisst es, thou - - re See - le, dass ich fern von

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the voice line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns as the first system.

bid me leave thee, Love but mak - eth sick the heart:  
 dir mich qua - le, Lie - be macht die Her - zen krank,

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the voice line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns as the previous systems.



Thanks, dear heart!  
ha - be Dank. *con espress.*

The first system features a vocal line with a few notes and rests, followed by a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a treble and bass clef with various rhythmic patterns and slurs. Below the piano part, there are several 'Ped.' markings with asterisks, indicating pedal points.

*mf*  
 Once when I, with ar - dor glow - ing, Drank from free - dom's  
 Einst hielt ich, der Frei - heit Ze - cher, hoch den A - me -

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'p' dynamic marking. The 'Ped.' markings continue below the piano part.

chal - ice flow - ing, Thou didst bless, and joy im - part:  
 thi - sten Be - cher und du seg - ne - test den Trank,

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'p' dynamic marking. The 'Ped.' markings continue below the piano part.

Thanks, dear heart!  
ha - be Dank. *con espress.*

The fourth system features a vocal line with a few notes and rests, followed by a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'p' dynamic marking. The 'Ped.' markings continue below the piano part.



*religioso*  
(mit Weisheit)

Thou didst quell my e - vil spir - it, Till I, thro' thy  
Und be - schwörst da - - rin die Bü - ßen, bis ich, was ich

*p*

*crusc.*

shin - - ing mer - - it, Sank trans - fig - - ured up -  
nie - - ge - we - - son, hei - - lig, hei - - lig an's

*ff*

*f*

on thy heart:  
Herz dir sank,

*ff*

Thanks, dear heart!  
ha - be Dank.

# NIGHT (DIE NACHT)

HERRMANN von GILM

Translated by Isabella G. Parker

(Composed in 1882-1883)

(Original Key)

RICHARD STRAUSS, Op. 10, No. 3

Andantino *sotto voce*

VOICE

Com - eth now from for - est old  
Aus dem Wal - de tritt die Nacht,

PIANO

*pp una corda*

Som - bre Night in si - lence creep - ing, Wid - er dark - ness  
aus den Bäu - men schleicht sie lei - se, schaut sich um in

*pp*

*Ped.* \*

round her sweep - ing, Now be - hold!  
wei - tem Krei - se, nun gib Acht.

*pp*

All the bright - ness of the day, All the flow - ers, all the  
Al - le Lich - ter die - ser Welt, al - le Blu - men, al - le

*pp*

beau - ty Night con - ceals,  
 Far - be - l - i - ch - t in - aus  
 and as her du - ty Bears a - way  
 und stiehlt die Gar - ben weg vom Feld

pp

Ad.

'Neath her veil doth Night en - fold  
 Al - les nimmt sie, was nur hold,

pp

pp

E'en the stream-let's sil - v'ry light,  
 nimmt das Sil - ber weg des Stroms,  
 And from dome and win - dow bright  
 nimmt von Kup - fer - dach des Doms

Ad.

Steals the gold  
 weh - t das Gold  
 Plun - der'd now the  
 Aus - ge - plun - dert

p

dim.

pp

Ad.

*cresc.*

bush - es stand. Come thou near, I fear when  
 steht der Strauch, rü - cke nä - her, See! an

*cresc.*

Ad. \* Ad. \*

*dim.*

near - - est, That the Night may snatch thee,  
 See - - le; o die Nacht, mir bangt sie

*dim.*

Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \*

*pp.*

dear - - est, From my  
 steh - - le dich mir

*pp*

Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \* Ad. \*

hand.  
 auch

*pp* *f* *dim.* > >

p p p

# ALL SOULS' DAY (ALLERSEELEN)

(Composed in 1882-1883)

(Original Key)

RICHARD STRAUSS, Op. 10, No. 8

HERMANN AND GILM

Translated by Luther H. Foster

Tranquillo

PIANO

*p*

La. \* La. \*

*p*

Place on the board sweet mi-gnon ette be-  
Stell' auf den Tisch die duf-ten-den Re-

La. \* La. \*

fore us, The last red as-ters bring, ere they de - cay, Let mem-ry's  
se - den, die letz - ten ro - then A - stern trag' her - bei, und lass uns

La. \* La. \*

*pp*

charm on ear ly love re - store us, As once in May,  
wie der ren der Lu - be - re - den, wie einst im Mai.

*pp* *cresc.*

La. \* La. \*

*p*

Give me thy hand once  
Gib mir die Hand, dass

*mf dim.*

*p*

more in glad sur - ren - der, It mat - ters not what an - y one may say:  
ich sie heim - lich drü - cke, und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es ei - ner - lei,

*pp*

Bend on me one look, warm and sweet and ten - der, As once in  
gib mir nur ei - nen dei - ner sü - ssen Bli - cke, wie einst im

*pp*

*p con espressione*

May. How sweet - ly blooms each grave with fra - grant  
Mai. Es blüht und duf - tet heut auf je - dem

*p con espressione*



*molto espress.*

How is Sa - cred to souls of all our dead, this day; Come to my  
 Gra ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Tod - ten frei, komm an mein

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in G major with a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a steady eighth-note bass line. The lyrics are in English and German. Performance markings include *molto espress.* and a *cresc.* instruction.

heart, thro' all the bless - ed hours, As once in  
 Herz dass ich dich wie - der ha - be wie einst in

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking. The lyrics continue in English and German.

May, As once in  
 Mai, wie einst in

The third system shows the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking and a *p* (piano) dynamic. The lyrics are in English and German.

May  
 Mai

The fourth system concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment features a *molto espress.* marking and a *p* dynamic. The lyrics are in English and German.



## E'ER SINCE THINE EYES RETURNED MY GLANCES

(SEITDEM DEIN AUG' IN MEINES SCHAUTE)

(Composed in 1886)

(Original Key)

ADOLF FRIEDRICH von SCHACK (1815 - 1894)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

RICHARD STRAUSS, Op. 17, No 1

Larghetto

VOICE

*p* *pp*

E'er since thine eyes re - turnd my glances And love, as if from  
 Seit - dem dein Aug' in mei - nes schau - te und Lie - be, wie vom

PIANO

*p cantabile*

heav - en pour'd, Be - dews my heart, my soul en - tran - ces, What high - er joy —  
 Him - mel her aus ihm auf mich her - nie - der thau - te, was bö - te mir —

*pp* *p*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

— can life — af - ford? — Now — earth —  
 — die Er de mehr? — Ihr — Be -

*molto espress.*

*mf*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

N.B. High tenors are recommended to transpose this song to Eb.

to me her best has giv - en,  
 stes hat sie mir ge - ge - ben.

*cresc.*  
 Full - fill my heart with bliss di - vine; My  
 und von des Her - zens stil - lem Glück ward

*cresc. poco a poco*

world was changed to glo - rious heav - en Thro'  
 u - ber - voll mein gan - zes Le - ben durch

*ff*  
 that one look thine eyes gave mine.  
 den ein Au - gen blick.

*dim.* *p* *espress.*

# SERENADE (STÄNDCHEN)

(Composed in 1886)

ADOLF FRIEDRICH von SCHACK (1815-1894)  
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

(Original Key)

RICHARD STRAUSS, Op. 17, No 2

Vivace e dolce

VOICE

*pp*

A - wake! a -  
Mach' auf, mach'

PIANO

*pp una corda*

*Ad.*

wake! and soft - - ly a - rise None  
auf, doch lei - - se, mein Kind, um

oth - er from slum - ber a - wak - en!  
Kei - nen vom Schlum - mer zu we - cken,

*\* Ad.*

The brook mur-murs low; \_\_\_\_\_ the  
 kaum mur-melt der Bach, \_\_\_\_\_ kaum

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line at the top with lyrics in English and German. Below it is a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The piano part includes various musical notations such as chords, arpeggios, and dynamic markings like 'Led.' and 'ff'.

light zeph-yr flies, \_\_\_\_\_ No leaf by its soft \_\_\_\_\_  
 zit-tert im Wind \_\_\_\_\_ in Blatt an den Bü

The second system of the musical score, continuing the vocal and piano parts. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures and melodic lines in both hands.

— breath is shak en \_\_\_\_\_ So  
 — chen und He-cken \_\_\_\_\_ Drum

The third system of the musical score, concluding the page. It includes a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The piano part ends with a double bar line and repeat signs. There are also some performance markings like 'ff' and 'p'.

si - lent - ly, dear - est, that none a - wake. — Lift gen - tly the latch —  
 lei - se, mein Mäd - chen, dass nichts sich regt, — nur lei - se die Hand —

*pp*  
 Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

— lest fair slum - bers you break. *pp* With  
 — auf die Klin - ke ge - legt. Mit

*pp*  
 Ped.

foot - steps like foot - steps of fair - - ies so  
 Trit - ten wie Trit - te der El - - fen so

*pp*

soft O - ver the flow'rs — trip - ping light - ly,  
 sacht, um ü - ber die Blu - - men zu hü - pfen,

*pp*  
 Ped.

Haste thou — to me,  
 Flieg' leicht — hin — aus

where the moon a — loft  
 in die Mond — schein — nacht The gar —  
 zu mir

den il — lu — mines so bright — ly.  
 in den Gar — ten zu schlü — pfen.

Here flow'rs — by the brook-side in slum-ber so deep,  
 Rings schlum — mern die Blü — then am rie — schen Bach

*un poco rit.*

— Breathe out their per - fume, — Love a - lone can - not sleep  
 — und duf - ten im Schlaf, — nur die Lie - be ist wach.

*a tempo*

*pp*

*un poco rit.*

*Ped.*

Here  
Sitz'

*ppp*

*Ped.*

rest thee! The  
nie der, hier

glim - mer of mys - - ter - y  
 däm - mert's ge - heim - - niss - voll



Deep lin - den shade  
 ten - den Lin

en - fold ing, The  
 den - bäu - men, die

night in - gale shall our  
 Nach - ti - gall uns zu

rap - ture see, In dreams our  
 Hauf - ten soll ron un - s'ren

love be hold - ing.  
Küs - sen träu - men,

*Ped.*

And the ros -  
und die Ro -

*espress.*

*Ped.*

es when they a -  
se, wenn sie am

*tutte le corde*

*espress.*

*cresc.*

*Ped.*

wake with de - light, Shall  
Mor - gen er - wacht, hoch

*Ped.*

gleam shall gleam  
glühn hoch glühn

*mf*

\* La

in the bliss - - - ful  
ron den Won - - - ne - - -

*p*

\* La \* La \*

beau - ty of night.  
schau - ern der Nacht.

*espress.*

\* La \* La \* La

*pp una corda*

*pp una corda*

\* La \*

# THY WONDERFUL EYES MY HEART INSPIRE (BREIT ÜBER MEIN HAUPT DEIN SCHWARZES HAAR)

(Composed in 1887)

(Original Key)

ADOLF FRIEDRICH von SCHACK (1815-1894)  
Translated by A. M. von Blomberg

RICHARD STRAUSS, Op. 19, No 2

Andante maestoso

VOICE *p*

Thy won - der - ful eyes my heart in - spire Neath thy  
Breit ü - ber mein Haupt dein schwar - zes Haar, neig' zu

PIANO *p molto legato*

*con Pedale*

locks' en - chant - ed gloom, They kin - dle my soul with their sa - cred  
mir dein An - ge - sicht, da strömt in die See - le so hell und

fire, And with their light il - lume. What do I  
klar mir dei - ner Au - - gen Licht. Ich will nicht

*p*

cure for the sun - light fair, Or the star - lit glo - ry of  
 b - ten - der S n - ne Pracht, auch der Ster - ne leuch - ten - den

*3 cresc.*

night? My night shall be thy ra - ven  
 Kranz, ich will nur dei - ner Lu - cken

*ff*

hair, My sun - thine eyes a - light.  
 Nacht und dei - ner Bli - cke Glanz *multo espress.*

*dim.* *cresc.*

*f* *p*

# WHY SHOULD WE KEEP OUR LOVE A SECRET? (WIE SOLLTEN WIR GEHEIM SIE HALTEN)

(Composed in 1887)

(Original Key)

ADOLF FRIEDRICH von SCHACK (1815-1894)  
Translated by A. M. von Blomberg

RICHARD STRAUSS, Op. 19, No. 4

Allegro vivace

VOICE

Why should we keep our  
Wie soll - ten wir ge -

PIANO

*p*

love a se - cret? No, let it soar in hap - py flight!  
heim sie hal - ten, die Se - lig - keit, die uns er - füllt?

Yea, o - pen wide our hearts' re - cess - es, Let all men know our  
Nein, bis in sei - ne tief - sten Fal - ten sei al - len un - ser

deep de - light! When two in love have found each oth - er All  
Herz ent - hüllt! Wenn zwei in Lie - be sich ge - fun - den geht

*p* *cresc.*

*pp*

*f*

na - ture holds high ju - bi - lee, lu - lon - ger hours of high - est  
 Ja - hel - lan durch die Na - tur, in lan - gen won - ne - rol - len

*dim.*

rap - ture, Descends the day on wold and lea,  
 Stou - den lgt sich der Tag auf Wald und Flur,

*dim.* *dim.*

*mf*

Een yon - der oak - tree a - ges - old Sends forth its way - ing boughs a -  
 Selbst aus der Ei - che mar - schen Stamm, die ein Jahr tau - send ü - ber -

*p*

*mf*

now, That quiv - er glad in youth - ful vig - or,  
 lbt, stopt neu - er des Wi - pfels gru - ne Flam - me

*mf*



*ff* *p*

The ver - y sky - seems bright - er blue. To -  
 und rauscht von Ju - gend - lust durch - bebt. Zu -

*ff* *dim.* *pp*

*Ped.* *Ped.*

*cresc.*

warm - er hue and sweet - er fra - grance The buds are burst - ing  
 hö - hern Glanz und Duf - te bre - chen die Knos - pen auf beim

*poco cresc.*

this fair day And clear - er sing the brooks and thrush - es, And  
 Glück der Zwei und sü - sser rauschet in den Bä - chen und

*ff*

rich - er blows and glows the month of May!  
 rei - cher blüht und rei - cher glänzt der Mai.

*ff*

*Ped.*

*p*

Why should we keep our love a se - cret? No,  
 Wie soll - ten wir ge - heim sie hal - ten die

let - it soar in hap - py flight!      Yea, o - pen wide our heart's re -  
 Se - lig - keit, die uns er - fullt?      Nein, bis in sei - ne tief - sten

*molto espress.*

cess - es,      Let all \_\_\_\_\_ men, let all men know our deep de -  
 Fal - ten      sei al - len, sei al - len un - ser Herz ent -

*cresc.*      *ff*

light  
hüllt

*ff*

# ALL OF THE THOUGHTS IN MY HEART AND MY MIND (ALL' MEIN GEDANKEN, MEIN HERZ UND MEIN SINN)

(Composed in 1888)  
(Original Key)

FELIX DAHN

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

RICHARD STRAUSS, Op.21, No.1

Allegretto

VOICE

All of the thoughts in my heart and my mind  
All' mein Ge - dan - ken, mein Herz und mein Sinn,

PIANO

*p*

Fly to my dar - - ling one, rest there they find.  
da, wo die Lieb - - ste ist, wan - dern sie hin,

*Ad.* \*

On - ward their way they wend thro' gate and wall,  
Gehn ih - res We - ges trotz Mau - er und Thor,

Bolts can-not hin-der them, bars quick-ly fall, Swift as a bird in air  
da hält kein Rie-gel, kein Gra - ben nicht vor, gehn wie die Vö - ge - lein

light - ly they pass,      Need - ing no brid - ges o - ver  
 le - ch - ten die Luft,      brauch - en kein Brück - en ü - ber

wave - or cre - vasse,      Straight to her dwell - ing they  
 Was - ser und Kluft,      fin - den das Städt - lein und

fare - on their flight,      Choos - ing her win - dow, and  
 fin - den das Haus,      fin - den ihr Fen - ster aus

there they a light,      And knock - ing, they call her Un -  
 al - len her - aus      und klop - fen und ru - fen mach

*pp*      *un poco*

*marcato e calando* *a tempo*

bar with - out fear, We come from your lov -  
auf, lass uns ein, wir kom - men vom Lieb -

- - er, his greet - - - ing we  
- - sten und grü - - - ssen dich

*ped.* ✻

bear, We come from your lov - er, his greet - ing we bear, Un -  
fein, wir kom - men vom Lieb - sten und grü - sen dich fein, mach

*p* *pp*

bar, un - bar — with - out fear."  
auf, mach auf, — lass uns ein.

*ped.* ✻

# THOU OF MY HEART THE DIADEM (DU MEINES HERZENS KRÖNELEIN)

(Composed in 1888)

(Original Key)

FELIX DAHN

RICHARD STRAUSS, Op. 21, No. 2

Trans. of the Author's Handwritten Score

Andante

VOICE

*p*

Thou of my heart — the di — a — dem, Thou art of gold — the  
*Du mei-nes Her-zens Krö-ne-lein, du bist von lau-trem*

PIANO

*p*

fin — est; All oth — ers — thou com — pared to them — A  
*Gol — de, wenn an — de-re-da-ne-ben sein, dann*

thou — sand times out — shin — est. While oth — er maids are shy or  
*bist du noch viel hol — de. Die An — dern thun so gern ge —*

*mf*

*dim.*

*mf*

*p>* *p*

pert Thou'rt sweet and un - af - - fect - - ed; That  
 scheid, du bist gar sanft und stil - - le, dass

*pp*

*Ad.* \*

dear thou art to ev - 'ry heart Is giv'n thee - not ex -  
 je - - des Herz sich dein er - freut, dein Glück ist's, nicht dein

*dim.*

*mf*

pect-ed. While oth-ers fain would win good will With count - -  
 Wil - le. Die an - dern su - chen Lieb und Gunst mit tau - -

*pp* *mf*

*p>* *espress.* *p*

- - less hol - low phras - es, Thou - - scorn-ing con - scious  
 - - send fal - schen Wor - ten, du - - oh - ne Mund = und

*p*

*Ad.* \*



*pp*

Art — and skill, Art crown'd with all men's prais - - es.  
 A - - gen - kunst bist wirth an al - len Or - - - ten.

*p*

Thou'rt like the wild rose bloom - ing lone, Her own love - - li-ness un -  
 Du bist, als wie die Ros' im Wald, sie weiss nichts von ih - rer

*pp*

heed - ing; Yet ev - 'ry pass - er - by must own Her  
 Blu - the, doch je - dem, der vor - ü - ber - wallt, er -

charm — all else ex - ceed - ing.  
 fröh - sie das Ge - mu - - the.

To my dear sister

# DEAR LOVE, I NOW MUST LEAVE THEE

(ACH LIEB, ICH MUSS NUN SCHEIDEN)

(Composed in 1888)

(Original Key)

FELIX DAHN

RICHARD STRAUSS, Op. 21, No 3

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Munney

Andante

VOICE

*espress.*

Dear love, I now must  
Ach Lieb, ich muss nun

PIANO

*mf* *dim.* *p*

leave thee O'er hill and vale to rove; The alders and the  
schei - den gehn ü - ber Berg und Thal, die Er - len und die

wil - lows Are weep - ing for our love. How oft they saw us  
Wei - den, die wei - nen all - zu - mal. Sie sahn so oft uns

Ed. ☼

wan - der To - geth - er, thy hand in mine; Now, one with - out the oth - er  
 die zu - sam - men an Ba - ches Rand, das Ei - ne ohn' die An - dern

Is more than they can di - vine. The al - ders and the wil - lows  
 geht u - ber ih - ren Ver - stand, Die Er - len und die Wei - den

Are weep - ing o'er our woe - But what our depths of an - guish 'Tis  
 vor Schmerz in Thra - nen stohn, nun den - ket, wie uns bei - den erst

we a lone can know, *espress.*  
 muss zu Her - ren gehn

















