



none could things yield. And when the

boot - less task was o'er, her beau - teous ra - ven

locks she tore, and low on earth she lay,

V. S.

and rav'd in wild dis - may. With

After verse 12.

verses 13 — 24.

Now

hark! a courser's clatt'ring tread, a - larms the lone re - treat. And

*p* *c. 8.*

TO PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, BROTHER TO  
THE REIGNING KING, THE FOLLOWING SHEETS  
ARE INSCRIBED WITH GREAT RESPECT, BY HIS  
ROYAL HIGHNESS'S OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT  
HUMBLE SERVANT

THE TRANSLATOR.



# Leonora.

Verses 1, 2, and 3.

Reichardt.

From sickly dream, sad Leonor' up - starts at morning's ray: " Art

*Harpsichord.*

faithless, William? or no more? how long wilt bide a - way? " He march'd in Fred'rick's

warlike train, and fought on Prague's en - sanguin'd plain; yet no kind tidings tell if

A 3 V. S.

Verses 4 — 12.

William speeds him well. From rank to rank, now

The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature. The lyrics are "William speeds him well. From rank to rank, now". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

see her rove, O'er all the swarm - ing field;

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics are "see her rove, O'er all the swarm - ing field;". The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand.

and ask for ti - dings of her love; but

The third system concludes the musical piece. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are shown. The lyrics are "and ask for ti - dings of her love; but". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

straight a horseman slacks his speed, and lights be - fore the gate. Soft rings the

bell; the startled maid, now lists, and lifts her languid head; when lo, distinct and

clear, these accents reach her ear.

V. S.



After verse 24.

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The first system includes dynamic markings *rf.* and *p*. The lyrics are: "Lo, where the gib - bet scars the sight, see round the go - ry wheel, a shadowy mob, by moon's pale light, dis - port with light - some".

*rf.* *p* *rf.* *p* *rf.* *p* *rf.*

Lo, where the

gib - bet scars the sight, see round the go - ry

wheel, a shadowy mob, by moon's pale light, dis - port with light - some



... heel. "Ho! hi - ther, rab - ble, hither come, and haste with me to bridal home. There

dance in grisly row, when we to bride-bed go. There dance in grimly row,

when we to bride-bed go.

*B<sub>2</sub>* *p* *dim.* *pp*

## 1.

From sickly dream, sad Leonor'  
 Upstarts at morning's ray:  
 "Art faithless, William? — or no more?  
 How long wilt bide away?"  
 He march'd in Fred'rick's warlike train,  
 And fought on Prague's ensanguin'd plain;  
 Yet no kind tidings tell  
 If William speeds him well.

## 2.

The king and fair Hungaria's queen  
 At length bid discord cease;  
 Each other eye with milder mien,  
 And hail the grateful peace,  
 And now the troops, a joyous throng,  
 With drum and uproar, shout and song,  
 All deck'd in garlands fair,  
 To welcome home repair.

## 3.

On ev'ry road, on ev'ry way,  
 As now the crowd appears,  
 See young and old their path belay,  
 And greet with friendly tears.  
 "Praise God!" each child and matron cry'd;  
 And, "Welcome;" many a happy bride:  
 But, ah! for Leonor'  
 No kifs remains in store!

## 4.

From rank to rank, now see her rove,  
 O'er all the swarming field;  
 And ask for tidings of her love,  
 But none could tidings yield.  
 And when the bootless task was o'er,  
 Her beauteous raven-locks she tore;  
 And low on earth she lay,  
 And rav'd in wild dismay.

## 5.

With eager speed the mother flies:  
 "God shield us all from harms!  
 What ails my darling child?" she cries,  
 And snatch'd her to her arms.  
 "Ah, mother, see a wretch undone!  
 What hope for me beneath the sun!  
 Sure heav'n no pity knows!  
 Ah me! what cureless woes!"

## 6.

"Celestial pow'rs, look gracious on!  
 Haste, daughter, haste to pray'r.  
 What heav'n ordains is wisely done,  
 And kind its parent care."  
 "Ah, mother, mother, idle tales!  
 Sure heav'n to me no kindness deals.  
 O, unavailing vows!  
 What more have I to lose?"

## 7.

"O, trust in God! — Who feels aright  
 Must own his fost'ring care;  
 And holy sacramental rite,  
 Shall calm thy wild despair."  
 "Alas! the pangs my soul invade,  
 What pow'r of holy rite can aid?  
 What sacrament retrieve  
 The dead, and bid them live?"

## 8.

"Perchance, dear child, he loves no more;  
 And, wand'ring far and wide,  
 Has chang'd his faith on foreign shore,  
 And weds a foreign bride.  
 And let him rove and prove untrue;  
 Ere long his gainless crimes he'll rue.  
 When soul and body part,  
 What pangs shall wring his heart."

9.

“Ah, mother, mother, gone is gone!  
 The past shall ne'er return!  
 Sure death were now a welcome boon:  
 O, had I ne'er been born!  
 No more I'll bear the hateful light;  
 Sink, sink, my soul in endless night!  
 Sure heav'n no pity knows.  
 Ah me! what endless woes!”

10.

“Help, heav'n, nor look with eye severe  
 On this deluded maid,  
 My erring child in pity spare,  
 She knows not what she said.  
 Ah, child, all earthly cares resign,  
 And think of God and joys divine.  
 A spouse celestial, see:  
 In heav'n he waits for thee.”

11.

“O, mother, what are joys divine?  
 What hell, dear mother, say?  
 T'were heav'n, were dearest William mine;  
 'Tis hell, now he's away.  
 No more I'll bear the hateful light:  
 Sink, sink, my soul in endless night!  
 All blifs with William flies;  
 Nor earth, nor heav'n I prize!”

12.

Thus rav'd the maid, and mad despair  
 Shook all her tender frame;  
 She wail'd at providential care,  
 And tax'd the heav'ns with blame.  
 She wrung her hands and beat her breast,  
 Till parting day-light streak'd the West;  
 Till brightest star-light shone  
 Around night's darksome throne.

13

Now hark! a courser's clatt'ring tread  
 Alarms the lone retreat:  
 And straight a horse-man slacks his speed,  
 And lights before the gate.  
 Soft rings the bell, — the startled maid,  
 Now lists, and lifts her languid head;  
 When lo, distinct and clear,  
 These accents reach her ear.

14.

“What, ho! what, ho! ope wide the door!  
 Speak, love; dost wake or sleep?  
 Think'st on me still? — or think'st no more?  
 Dost laugh, dear maid, or weep?”  
 “Ah! Williams voice! so late art here?  
 I've wept and watch'd with sleepless care,  
 And wail'd in bitter woe!  
 Whence com'st thou mounted so?”

15.

“We start at midnight's solemn gloom,  
 I come, sweet maid, from far.  
 In haste and late I left my home;  
 And now I'll take thee there!”  
 “O, bide one moment first my love,  
 Chill blows the wind athwart the grove;  
 And here, secure from harm,  
 These arms my love shall warm.”

16.

“Let blow the wind and chill the grove;  
 Nor wind, nor cold I fear.  
 Wild stamps my steed; come, haste, my love:  
 I dare not linger here.  
 Haste, tuck thy coats, make no delay;  
 Mount quick behind, for e'en to-day,  
 Must ten-score leagues be sped  
 To reach our bridal bed!”



17.

“What, ten-score leagues! canst speed so far,  
 Ere morn the day restore?  
 Hark! hark! the village clock I hear: —  
 How late it tells the hour!“  
 “See there, the moon is bright and high,  
 Swift ride the dead! — we’ll bound, we’ll fly.  
 I’ll wager, love, we’ll come,  
 Ere morn, to bridal home.“

18.

“Say, where is deck’d the bridal hall?  
 How laid the bridal bed?“  
 “Far, far from hence, still, cool and small;  
 Six planks my wants bestead.“  
 “Hast room for me?“ “For me and thee!  
 Come, mount behind, and haste and see.  
 E’en now the bride-mates wait,  
 And open stands the gate.“

19.

With graceful ease the maiden sprung  
 Upon the coal-black steed,  
 And round the youth her arms she flung,  
 And held with fearful heed.  
 And now they start and speed amain,  
 Tear up the ground and fire the plain;  
 And o’er the boundless waste  
 Urge on with breathless haste.

20.

Now on the right, now on the left,  
 As o’er the waste they bound,  
 How flies the heath! the lake! the clift!  
 How shakes the hollow ground!  
 “Art frightened, love? the moon rides high,  
 What, ho! the dead can nimbly fly!  
 Dost fear the dead, dear maid?“  
 “Ah, no. — why heed the dead!“

21.

Now knell and dirges strike the ear;  
 Now flaps the raven’s wing;  
 And now a sable train appear;  
 Hark! “Dust to dust,“ they sing.  
 In solemn march, the sable train  
 With bier and coffin crosses the plain.  
 Harsh float their accents round;  
 Like night’s sad bird the sound.

22.

“At midnight’s hour, the corpse be laid  
 In soft and silent rest!  
 Now home I take my plighted maid,  
 To grace the wedding feast!  
 And, sexton, come with all thy train,  
 And tune for me the bridal strain.  
 Come, priest, the pray’r bestow,  
 Ere we to bride-bed go!“

23.

The dirges cease — the coffin flies,  
 And mocks the cheated view;  
 Now rattling dins around him rise,  
 And hard behind pursue.  
 And on he darts with quicken’d speed:  
 How pants the man! How pants the steed!  
 O’er hill, o’er dale they bound:  
 How sparks the flinty ground!

24.

On right, on left, how swift the flight  
 Of mountains, woods and downs!  
 How fly on left, how fly on right,  
 The hamlets, spires and towns!  
 “Art frightened, love? — the moon rides high.  
 What ho! the dead can nimbly fly!  
 Dost fear the dead, dear maid?“  
 “Ah leave, ah leave the dead!“



25.

Lo, where the gibbet scars the sight,  
 See round the gory wheel,  
 A shadowy mob, by moon's pale light,  
 Disport with lightsome heel.  
 "Ho, hither, rabble! hither come;  
 And haste with me to bridal home.  
 There dance in grisly row,  
 When we to bride-bed go!"

26.

He spoke, and o'er the cheerless waste  
 The rustling rabble move.  
 So sounds the whirlwind's driving blast  
 Athwart the wither'd grove.  
 And on he drives with fiercer speed,  
 How pants the man! how pants the steed!  
 O'er hill and dale they bound;  
 How sparks the flinty ground!

27.

And all the landscape, far and wide,  
 That 'neath the moon appears;  
 How swift it flew, as on they glide!  
 How flew the heav'ns, the stars!  
 "Art frightened, love? — the moon rides high.  
 What, ho! the dead can nimbly fly!  
 Dost fear the dead, dear maid?"  
 "O, heav'ns! — Ah, leave the dead!"

28.

"The early cock, methinks I hear:  
 My fated hour is come!  
 Methinks I scent the morning air:  
 Come, steed, come haste thee home!  
 Now ends our toil, now cease our cares.  
 And, see, the bridal house appears.  
 How nimbly glide the dead!  
 See, here, our course is sped!"

29.

Two folding grates the road belay,  
 And check his eager speed;  
 He knocks, the pond'rous bars give way,  
 The loosen'd bolts recede.  
 The grates unfold with jarring sound;  
 See, new-made graves bestrew the ground,  
 And tomb-stones faintly gleam,  
 By moon-light's palid beam.

30.

And now, O, frightful prodigy!  
 (As swift as light'ning's glare)  
 The rider's vestments piece-meal fly,  
 And melt to empty air!  
 His poll a ghastly death's-head shews,  
 A skeleton his body grows;  
 His hideous length unfolds,  
 And sithe and glafs he holds!

31.

High rear'd the steed, and sparks of fire  
 From forth his nostrils flew;  
 He paw'd the ground in frantic ire,  
 And vanish'd from the view.  
 Sad howlings fill the regions round;  
 With groans the hollow caves resound;  
 And death's cold damps invade  
 The shudd'ring, hapless maid!

32.

And lo, by moon-light's glimm'ring ray,  
 In circling measures hie  
 The nimble sprites, and as they stray,  
 In hollow accents cry:  
 "Though breaks the heart, be mortals still;  
 Nor rail at heav'n's resistless will.  
 And thou, in dying pray'r,  
 Call heav'n thy soul to spare!"

# B a l l a d.

*Non troppo presto.*

*Gerstenberg.*

Ro - dolph in pa - ter - nal hall, Breath'd from war's de -

struc - tive scene. Ro - dolph, prompt at glo - ry's call;

Ro - dolph, dread of hos - tile Gaul; Dread of Moor of

swar - thy mien.

1.

Rodolph, in paternal hall,  
 Breath'd from war's destructive scene.  
 Rodolph, prompt at glory's call,  
 Rodolph, dread of hostile Gaul,  
 Dread of Moor of swarthy mien.

2.

He a gallant son deplores,  
 Last of all his noble stem:  
 Whilst, amid the moss-grown tow'rs,  
 As his tender wail he pours,  
 Echo wafts the mournful theme.

3.

Agnes, deck'd with golden hair,  
 Props his age and stills his sigh;  
 Mild as dove, as lambkin fair,  
 Soothes a parent's sad despair,  
 Wipes the tear that dims his eye.

4.

Yet, herself in silent woe,  
 Pines by moon-light's solemn gleam:  
 Albert with the polish'd brow,  
 Breathes for her the tender vow,  
 And fair Agnes sighs for him.

5.

Haughty Raymond, at whose side,  
 Five score martial youths appear;  
 Swells with vain heraldic pride,  
 Vaunts his trophies far and wide,  
 And old Rodolph held him dear:

6.

Albert once, on festive day,  
 Kifs'd her hand as lily fair;  
 Agnes eyes, in soft dismay,  
 Chiding frowns would fain betray; —  
 But they only shew'd a tear!

7.

Raymond marks the tender dame,  
 Eyes askance his shining blade;  
 Love and rage his cheek inflame,  
 And his eye-balls wildly gleam,  
 And around their fury shed.

8.

Straight his gauntlet, threat'ning war,  
 On her virgin lap he laid;  
 "Take it Albert, and repair  
 'Neath the mill; — I'll wait thee there"  
 Swift he mounts and scours the mead.

9.

Albert hears the fierce defy,  
 Mounts his steed to seek the foe;  
 Proud the graceful tear to spy  
 Trickling from the maiden's eye; —  
 Love and honour bade it flow.

10.

Red their burnish'd arms appear,  
 Gleaming in the setting sun.  
 Hark! their coursers fierce career  
 Shakes the plain; the frightened deer  
 To their inmost covert run.

11.

Agnes, from the castle wall,  
 Cast a wistful look beneath.  
 Boding fears her heart appal;  
 Straight she saw her Albert fall; —  
 Saw, — and clos'd her eyes in death.

12.

Back the victor falt'ring lies,  
 (Anxious doubts his breast invade)  
 Hears the wail of woe arise,  
 To the fair-one's chamber flies; —  
 Starts, — and falls upon his blade.

13.

Rodolph snatch'd his darling care,  
 Held her to his throbbing breast;  
 Torpid, lost in dumb despair,  
 Clasp'd the cold unconscious fair  
 Two long days, — then sunk to rest

C



## S o n g.

*Allegretto.**Octavo accompaniment.**Süssmeier.*

When - e'er a comely lass I spy, all lost in soft sur - prise, I

thank my stars, begin to sigh, then own her conqu'ring eyes. And while I gaze my wits a-way, and

fondly blefs my fate; my captive heart bespeaks her sway, and flutters pit-a - pat!





1.

Whene'er a comely lass I spy,  
 All lost in soft surprise,  
 I thank my stars, begin to sigh,  
 Then own her conqu'ring eyes.  
 And while I gaze my wits away,  
 And fondly bless my fate;  
 My captive heart bespeaks her sway,  
 And flutters pit-a-pat!

2.

At first, perchance, the bashful fair  
 To love is disinclin'd:  
 So let her be, — I little care,  
 Ere long she grows more kind:  
 For soon we smiling looks impart,  
 Soon toy and flirt and chat;  
 Then love invades her yielding heart,  
 And mine beats pit-a-pat!

3.

And now, as oft the maid I greet,  
 Her hand I softly press;  
 And oft the gentle squeeze repeat,  
 Oft taste a rissled kiss.  
 While silent joys each bosom charm,  
 And check our am'rous chat,  
 Each heart beats high to love's alarm,  
 And flutters pit-a-pat!

4.

To him who ne'er such rapture proves,  
 How cheerless wears the day! —  
 How poor the wretch that never loves,  
 Nor yields to beauty's sway!  
 O, may the heart of softer frame  
 To nought but pleasure beat,  
 When all alive to love's dear name,  
 It flutters pit-a-pat!

# The Fisher.

*Con tenuto tempo e voce.*

*Reichardt.*

In gur - gling ed-dies roll'd the tide, the wi-ly angler sat, its

ver-dant wil-low'd bank be-side, and spread the treach'rous bait. Re - clin'd he sits in

*cresc.*  
care-lets mood; the floating quill he eyes; when, rising from the op'-ning flood, a

*cresc.*  
humid maid he spies.

1.

In gurgling eddies roll'd the tide,  
 The wily angler sat  
 Its verdant willow'd bank beside,  
 And spread the treach'rous bait.  
 Reclin'd he sits in careless mood,  
 The floating quill he eyes; —  
 When, rising from the opening flood,  
 A humid maid he spies.

2.

She sweetly sung, she sweetly said,  
 As gaz'd the wond'ring swain;  
 "Why thus with murd'rous arts invade  
 "My placid harmless reign?  
 "Ah, didst thou know, how blest, how free  
 "The finny myriads stray,  
 "Thou'dst long to dive the limpid sea,  
 "And live as blest as they."

3.

"The sun, the lovely queen of night,  
 "Beneath the deep repair;  
 "And thence, in streamy lustre bright,  
 "Return more fresh and fair.  
 "Nor tempts thee yon ætherial space,  
 "Beting'd with liquid blue? —  
 "Nor tempts thee not thy pictur'd face,  
 "To bathe in worlds of dew?"

4.

The tide in gurgling eddies rose,  
 It reach'd his trembling feet:  
 His heart with fond impatience glows  
 The promis'd joys to meet.  
 So sung the soft, the winning fair;  
 Alas! ill-fated swain! —  
 Half dragg'd, half pleas'd, he sinks with her  
 And ne'er was seen again!

# The Harper.

*Allegro, ma non troppo presto.*

*Reichardt.*

“What melting strains sa - lute my ear, With - out the por - tal's bound?”

Page, call the bard; the song we'll hear, be - neath this roof re - sound.”

So spake the king; the strip - ling hies; he quick re - turns; the mon - arch

cries, “Old man, be wel - come here.”



1.

“What melting strains salute my ear,  
 Without the portal's bound?  
 Page, call the bard; — the song we'll hear  
 Beneath this roof resound.”  
 So spake the king; — the stripling lies;  
 He quick returns; — the monarch cries,  
 “Old man, be welcome here!”

2.

“Hail, mighty chiefs of high renown;  
 Hail, beauteous, matchless dames,  
 Whose smiles the genial banquet crown,  
 Whose glance each breast inflames!  
 Ah, scene too bright! with down-cast eyes,  
 In haste I check my fond surprise,  
 My rash presumption own!”

3.

With down-cast looks, the song he rear'd;  
 The full-ton'd harp reply'd:  
 The knights grew fierce, their eye-balls glar'd;  
 Each tender fair-one sigh'd.  
 The king applauds the thrilling strain,  
 And straight decrees a golden chain,  
 To deck the tuneful bard.

4.

“Be far from me the golden chain;  
 Ill suits the proffer'd meed.  
 To some bold knight 'mid yonder train,  
 Be then the gift decreed.  
 Or, let the upright chancellor  
 The load, with other burdens, bear:  
 To me such gift were vain!”

5.

“As chants the bird on yonder bough,  
 So flows my artless lay;  
 And well the artless strains that flow,  
 The tuneful task repay.  
 Yet, dare I ask, this boon be mine;  
 A goblet fill with choicest wine, —  
 On me the draught bestow.”

6.

He lifts the cup and quaffs the wine.  
 “O, nectar'd juice,” he cries,  
 “O blest abode, where draughts divine,  
 Unvalued gifts ye prize!  
 Ah, thank your stars, with heart as true,  
 'Mid all your joys, as I thank you,  
 For this rich cup of wine!”

# North-American Death-Song.

*Affetuoso ed andante.*

*Hummel.*

Seated on his sedgy mat, see the honour'd dead, All erect, as erst he

*p* *cresc.*

sat, ere his spirit fled. Where is now the stur-dy gripe? where his man-hood's

*f*

bloom? Where the breath that from his pipe, puff'd the vo-tive fame?

1.

Seated on his sedgy mat,  
 See the honour'd dead;  
 All erect, as erst he sat,  
 Ere his spirit fled.  
 Where is now his sturdy gripe?  
 Where his manhood's bloom?  
 Where the breath, that from his pipe,  
 Puff'd the votive fume?

2.

Where his eye, that o'er the plain,  
 Mark'd the rein-deer's way?  
 Sharper than the falcon's ken  
 Beam'd its piercing ray.  
 Where the leg, whose ample stride,  
 Brush'd the driven snow?  
 Fleet as stag, the woodland's pride,  
 Fleet as mountain roe!

3.

Where the arm, whose peerless might  
 Bent the stubborn bow?  
 (Death has clos'd his eyes in night;  
 Nerveless hangs it now!  
 Cease the plaint; he soars above,  
 Far from snow and hail;  
 Rambles o'er the shady grove,  
 Breathes the heathful gale.

4.

There, in ev'ry tangled brake  
 Through the feather'd brood;  
 Fishes swarm the lucid lake;  
 Game, the tufted wood;  
 There with happy souls he eats,  
 Quaffs his bev'rage there;  
 While we sing his valiant feats,  
 And his grave prepare.

5.

Bring the gifts, the last sad boon;  
 Songs funereal raise.  
 In his silent grave be thrown  
 Aught the dead can please.  
 'Neath his head, the hatchet lay,  
 Ting'd with hostile blood;  
 Bring the grim bear's brawny thigh;  
 Long's the dreary road!

6.

Bring the knife, whose sharpen'd blade  
 Scalp'd the prostrate foe.  
 O'er his grave the scalps be laid,  
 Rang'd in grisly row.  
 Store his hand with colours meet,  
 Ere he take his flight;  
 That his shade the ghosts may greet,  
 Beaming crimson'd light!

# Friendship.

*Dolce ed amoro.so.*

Sure not to life's short span confin'd, shall sa - cred friend - ship

*Andante. calando*

*Ru f s*

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and 'calando'. A dynamic marking 'Ru f s' is placed above the final measure of the system.

glow; Be - yond the grave the ar - dent mind, its

*dolce e piano calando*

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of music. The notation continues from the first system. The tempo remains 'Andante' but is marked 'dolce e piano' and 'calando'. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes.

best de - lights shall know. Its best de - lights shall know.

*più f. f. p. f. rf.*

Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of music. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'best de - lights shall know. Its best de - lights shall know.' The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: 'più f.', 'f.', 'p.', 'f.', and 'rf.' (ritardando). The tempo is marked 'Andante'.



*rf.* *p*

1.

Sure not to life's short span confin'd,  
 Shall sacred friendship glow;  
 Beyond the grave, the ardent mind  
 Its best delights shall know.

2.

Blest scenes! where ills no more annoy,  
 Where heav'n the flame approves;  
 Where beats the heart to nought but joy,  
 And ever lives and loves!

3.

There friendship's matchless worth shall shine,  
 (To hearts like ours so dear!)  
 There angels own its pow'r divine;  
 Its native home is there!

4.

For here below, tho' friendship's charm,  
 Its soft delights display;  
 Yet souls like ours, so touch'd, so warm,  
 Still pant for brighter day!

S o n g .

*Andante teneroso.*

*Himmel.*

See, dear maid, in si - lent lan - guor, Beautiful

Na - ture droops her head. While the dews of

eve de - scend - ing, Cool the dap - pled fra - grant

*p* *crescendo* *f*

mead. Al - rea - dy the soft tril - ling song - sters,

*decrecendo* *p*

That wak'd the gay grove are a - sleep, Al -

rea - dy the sun's par - ting splen - dour Il - lu - mines the

V. S.

far dis - rant deep, lu - mines the far distant

deep.

1.  
 See, dear maid, in silent languor,  
 Beauteous Nature droops her head.  
 While the dews of eve descending,  
 Cool the dappled fragrant mead.  
 Already the soft trilling songsters,  
 That wak'd the gay grove are asleep;  
 Already the sun's parting splendour  
 Illumines the far distant deep.

2.  
 So my day's faint taper glimmers,  
 Fades and sinks and dies away;  
 Thus the song of rapture ceases,  
 Thus my fondest hopes decay.  
 Ah, since thou hast left me to sorrow,  
 I rove the wild desert alone;  
 My cheek, that was whilom so ruddy,  
 Is wan as the gleam of the moon.

3.  
 When a wreath I fain would twine thee,  
 From the bloomy rose-bush torn,  
 (Meat to deck thy flowing tresses,)  
 Deep I felt the pungent thorn,  
 Sure this my life's image resembles; —  
 Ah, such should my destiny be;  
 The thorn's sharpest puncture I'd suffer,  
 Would fate doom the roses for thee!



I N D E X.

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			Page
From sickly dream, sad Leonor',	( <i>Lenore fuhr um's Morgenroth</i> )	from Bürger.	V.
Rodolph, in paternal hall,	( <i>In der Väter Hallen ruhte</i> )	Stolberg.	XVI.
Whene'er a comely lass I spy,	( <i>Wenn ich ein schönes Mädchen seh,</i> )		XVIII.
In gurgling eddies roll'd the tide,	( <i>Das Wasser rauscht, das Wasser</i>		
	<i>schwoll,</i> )	Göthe.	XX.
What melting strains salute my ear;	( <i>Was hör' ich draussen vor dem</i>		
	<i>Thor?</i> )	Göthe.	XXII.
Seated on his sedgy mat,	( <i>Scht da sitzt er auf der Matte,</i> )	Schiller.	XXIV.
Sure not to life's short span confin'd,	( <i>Nicht blos für diese Unterwelt</i> )		XXVI.
See, dear maid, in silent languor,	( <i>Hebe sieh in sanfter Fier,</i> )	Nostiz.	XXVIII.

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