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FIFTY SONGS
BY ROBERT SCHUMANN
FIFTY SONGS BY
ROBERT SCHUMANN
EDITED BY
W. J. HENDERSON
FOR HIGH VOICE

THE
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ROBERT SCHUMANN

(BORN JUNE 8, 1810; DIED JULY 29, 1856)

S

CHUBERT, Schumann, Franz and Brahms are conceded to be the four great masters of song composition. The extraordinary fecundity of the genius of the first of these four, the marvelous felicity and fruitfulness of his melodic invention, have by no means obscured the merits of the other three, but have rather served to fix attention upon those excellencies by which these others are distinguished. The songs of Schumann differ from those of Schubert much as the men differed. Schubert wrote in the full flood of an inspiration which fed chiefly on itself. He sang like a bird and made music because he was music personified. Schumann, on the other hand, sang out his own life and thought. His piano pieces and his symphonies are chapters in a musical autobiography, and in this same history of his own soul the songs form a vital chapter. A maker of programme music was Schumann from first to last, and the programme was almost always an emotional one, drawn from his own experience. In the early period of his career, when he found the piano adequate to the embodiment of his ideas, fancy and imagination furnished most of the conceptions to be revealed in tone pictures; but later, when a long-cherished passion, which at first had seemed utterly vain, approached its reward, he turned to the more intimate, personal and direct medium of the song.

Schumann began his musical career as a pianist, and no composer shows a more complete understanding of that instrument than he. Impatient of restriction, vigorously original in fancy, moved deeply by the music of Bach and the prose of Jean Paul, yet never a slave to the authority of older masters, he struck out new paths in piano composition and enriched the domain of the instrument with a novel variety of technic. If it were not for the perfect poetry of such compositions as the Papillons and the Carnaval, one might almost be justified in saying that Schumann's mastery of the piano was most precious through its contribution to his songs. But it was while he was studying the piano in the home of Friedrich Wieck in Leipzig that he learned to love his teacher's daughter, Clara. For four years he suffered torments of doubt while a relentless father opposed his suit. At length in September, 1840, he married Clara in spite of her father. It was in that year, when he saw the fruition of his hopes at hand, that he poured out his soul in song. He had set a few songs of Byron in 1828, but his real song-writing began in 1840, and in that year he made one hundred and thirty-eight songs, of which not more than a score could be spared. That year is known to Schumann lovers as the "great song year," and had this master never produced a measure of music beyond the fruit of that twelvemonth, he would still be ranked among the most gifted of composers.

He felt the deepest artistic joy in his new field. He was thrilled through with the delight of creation. On February 19 he wrote to a friend: "I am now writing nothing but songs, great and small. I can hardly tell you how delightful it is to write for the voice as compared with instrumental composition, and what a stir and tumult I feel within me when I sit down to it. I have brought forth quite new things in this line." On February 24 he wrote to his beloved Clara: "Since yesterday morning I have written twenty-seven pages of music (something new), of which I can tell you nothing more than that I laughed and wept for joy after composing them." This was the set of twenty-six songs called Die Myrthen, opus 25, of which six will be found in this volume. He had already written the nine songs of opus 24,—the text being a series of lyrics by Heinrich Heine,—
and had dedicated them to the famous singer, Pauline Garcia. These were Schumann’s first published songs, and they were issued to the world in May, 1840.

In the great song year he created also the five songs of opus 27, *Lieder und Gedichte*, published in May, 1849; opus 29 and opus 30, each consisting of three poems by Emanuel von Geibel, the former published in March and the latter in April, 1841; opus 31, three songs of Chamisso, published in April, 1841; opus 33, six songs for male quartet; opus 34, four duets for soprano and tenor; opus 35, twelve poems of Justusius Kern, published in July, 1841; opus 36, six poems of Reinick, published in August, 1841; opus 37, twelve poems from Rückert’s *Liebesfrühling* (the second, fourth and eleventh set by Clara Schumann), published in November, 1841; opus 39, a cycle of twelve songs by Joseph von Eichendorff, published September, 1842; opus 40, five songs, four by Hans Christian Andersen and one by Chamisso, published October, 1842; opus 42, Chamisso’s *Frauentanz und Leben* (*Woman’s Love and Life*), eight songs, published August, 1843; opus 43, three duets, published May, 1844; opus 45, three romances and ballads, two by Heine and one by Eichendorff, published January, 1844; opus 48, *Dichterliebe* (*Poet’s Love*) from Heine’s *Book of Songs*, sixteen songs, published September, 1844; opus 49, three songs, texts by Heine and Fröhlich, published July, 1844; and opus 53, three songs by J. G. Seidl, Wilhelmine Lorenz and Heine, published October, 1845.

Schumann’s production of songs did not end here. The opus numbers run as high as 142, composed in 1852, and published in February, 1858; but little of notable worth was produced after 1840. Schumann recognized the importance of the work of that year, and realized that he had given the world his most admirable songs. He wrote to a critic: “In your essay on song-writing it has somewhat distressed me that you should have placed me in the second rank. I do not ask to stand in the first, but I think I have some pretensions to a place of my own.” To a friend who spoke of the year’s product as “promising,” he said, “I cannot venture to say that I shall produce anything further in the form of songs, and I am satisfied with what I have done.”

The deep joy of his married life sent Schumann in search of new means of expression for the powerful emotions rising within him. He felt, as it were, the need of a more pealing voice than that of the song, and hence he turned his attention to orchestral composition. In the year 1841 he composed the symphonies in B flat and D minor and the *Overture, Scherzo and Finale*—a symphony without a slow movement. The first movement of his great piano concerto was also written in this year. In subsequent years he returned to the song form, but he rarely again produced such lieder as those of the great song year. Of the fifty songs in this volume only nine were composed after 1840, and it is safe to say that even the large body of Schumann enthusiasts have seldom heard in public more than a score of songs contained in the third and fourth volumes of the Clara Schumann edition. Occasionally the composer had bursts of his early inspiration, and then he produced such gems as *Anfragen* (*Messages*) and the *Jung Volkers Lied* (*A Young Folk’s Song*).

To grasp the full import of Schumann’s achievements as a song-writer is easier for us than it was for his contemporaries. To us the whole significance of the early years of musical romanticism is now apparent. Those years were filled with a splendid artistic revolt against the cold and sculpturesque formulas of an outworn school. Those who had been laboring to make music an art of purely external beauty had reached the boundary of their movement, and the young spirits of the day demanded progress. This was possible only along the lines indicated unconsciously and without reformatory intent by Mozart when he gave the world his German opera, *Die Zauberflöte* (*The Magic Flute*), and his jewel of a song, *Das Veilchen* (*The Violet*). If music was to express the inner life of man, it must be by a reconstruction of forms to meet the variations of emotion. Beethoven bridged the chasm between symphonic movements, and Schubert in his *Erkönig* (*Erlking*).
showed the world how a song for a single voice might be a drama. In *Das Veilchen* Mozart had thrown over the old strophic form, in which a single tune served for every stanza, and by altering his melody here and there, to meet the demands of changing sentiment, led the way directly toward the *durchkomponirtes Lied*. In this form the music is made the true handmaid of the text. It follows the meaning of the poet and strives to express it. The words are no longer mere pegs upon which to hang tunes. In a word its relation to the old strophic song is precisely that of the Wagnerian drama to the Italian opera of the Donizetti period.

The art song, as it has been called for want of a better English description, did not spring, Minerva-like, from the head of Schubert. In the field pointed out by Mozart many futile experiments were made before the first master of the new region arrived. Schubert, however, opened an entirely new vein when he gave to the world his wonderful *Gretchen am Spinnrade* (*Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel*), written at the age of seventeen, and *Erkönig*, produced a year later. The preeminence of Schubert’s songs lies in their complete absorption of the fundamental spirit of modern music—detailed and exhaustive dramatic expression. Let the hearer follow the details of the two songs just mentioned and note the immense breadth and depth of the tone painting in the accompaniments, the exquisite eloquence of the harmonic treatment, the perfect truth of the declamatory setting of the words, and the union of all these elements of composition in the formation of a musical mood-picture which lays bare the very heart of the poem. To study and master the secrets of these two *lieder* alone is to get an insight into the whole nature and purpose of modern song.

Schumann’s songs stand beside Schubert’s in their inclusion of all the elements which go to make songs great. The difference between the lyrics of these two masters is what might be expected from the personalities of the two men. Not often so vivid and spontaneous as Schubert’s, the songs of Schumann are more continent, more intellectual, more profound, more suggestive. What they lack in power of exaltation they supply in depth and restfulness of conviction. As one commentator has said: “His songs are the very breath of poetry elevated by austere thought… With scrupulous art he reproduces all that runs in the poet’s mind, be it ever so subtle and delicate, but permeates it with a deeper shade of meaning.”

The salient external characteristic of Schumann’s songs is the extraordinarily fine treatment of the accompaniment. This is undoubtedly the outcome of the author’s long experience as a piano composer before entering the field of song. Here, however, the difference between his work and that of Schubert is by no means superficial. It requires some artistic insight to perceive the real line of demarcation between the two, for Schubert too, knew well how to utilize the piano, as may be seen in the wonderful rushing figure of the *Erkönig* accompaniment. But a brief study of the instrumental parts of such songs as *Der Nussbaum* (*The Almond Tree*), p. 23, *Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen* (*Now we’ve Piping and Pleasure*), p. 119, and *Aufträge* (*Messages*), p. 150, will serve to disclose the true Schumannesque treatment of the piano part.

In the first of these songs the piano is utilized to complete a melodic phrase, which is at first left unfinished by the voice. Only at the very close of the lyric does the voice intone the final cadence of that phrase with an effect made inexpressibly beautiful by reason of the long delay.

In the second of the numbers named the piano is the real exponent of the thought lying behind the text, while the voice is, as it were, a commentator. This is a method which for external description cannot be excelled, because the possibilities of instrumental figuration in imitative writing are much greater than those of a solo voice. In *Aufträge* the piano plays an accompaniment pure and simple, but one devised with the genius of a master of romantic composition for the instrument. The piano perfectly supports the voice, but at the same time amplifies and intensifies the significance of the charming melody allotted to the singer. It is one of Schumann’s happiest inspirations, yet it is not always sung by
singers to whose voice and style it is adapted.

Again in many songs Schumann uses the piano to provide beautiful and expressive preludes and postludes. In some songs the eloquence of the piano in the postlude is so great as to make this the most important part of the lyric. For an example of this let the reader examine the exquisite instrumental coda to *Die alten, bösen Lieder* (*The Songs of Bitter Sorrows*), p. 131. This is, indeed, the coda of the entire cycle, and it is the most fragrant blossoming of this branch of Schumann's art. But Schumann also knew when to subordinate the piano so much as to make it a mere background. Note the wonderful effect of the soft chords in *Ich hab' im Traum geweint* (*In Dreams my Tears were falling*), p. 125. In short, as Dr. S. Spitta has admirably said in his fine article in *Grove's Dictionary of Music*, in “Schumann's songs the proper function of the pianoforte is to reveal some deep and secret meaning which is beyond the power of words, even of sung words, to express.”

That Schumann found the true mission of the song may readily be learned by an examination of the texts which he chose for setting. He never failed to select words embodying the true lyric spirit, the voicing of nature and love. The field of human emotion and thought as viewed through the eyes of youth was the theatre of his fancy, and he found abundant material for his inspiration in the splendid outpour of lyric poetry from the young romanticists of Germany. Eichendorff's contemplations of nature touched his mind no less than Heine's marvellous analyses of feeling; and when he came to the setting of Chamisso's persuasive verses in the cycle entitled *Frauenliebe und Leben*, opus 42, he unquestionably opened up a wealth of emotion not altogether disclosed by the poet.

When it was necessary to be humorous, Schumann had a fund of humor quite irresistible. Note the genuine humor of *Ein Jungling liebt ein Maiden* (*A Youth of Loves a Maiden*), p. 123, and the bewitching archness of *Aufträge*, p. 150. Such things are the conceptions of a true master laboring in a most congenial field, and all contentions that Schumann was merely a follower of Schubert must fail in the presence of such convincing demonstrations of power and originality. Schumann was always a romanticist, and he was unceasingly introspective. He looked into his own heart and wrote, and this is the great secret of the universal appeal of his songs.

Students of his songs should never lose sight of the fact that the master's whole aim was a satisfying embodiment of the poet's thought. For this reason in singing these songs the greatest attention should be paid to the enunciation of the text and with this to a faithful reproduction of the musical accentuation. Schumann was a master of the art of declamation, and his music should never be distorted. The rhythm, the accent, the phrasing, should be religiously followed. With proper attention to these details and a respectable performance of the accompaniment, singers cannot fail to command the sympathies of their hearers with these songs.

Schumann was especially happy in the treatment of the song cycle. Here his command of romantic expression was coupled most beautifully with his instinct for organic unity. Variety in unity is found in his song cycles just as it is in his matchless piano cycles, *Papillons* and the *Carnaval*. Of all the song cycles which he set the most admirable is undoubtedly the *Dichterliebe*, opus 48. The text is taken from Heine's *Buch der Lieder*, and the sixteen poems, without attempting to recite a narrative, contain a whole heart history. As the *Frauenliebe und Leben* was an exposition of woman's soul, the *Dichterliebe* lays bare that of man's. With our knowledge of the experiences through which Schumann passed in the year 1840, in which these songs were composed, we are justified in believing that they sound a personal note of the deepest significance. They are the highest flight of Schumann's genius in the department of song-writing, and they stand among the choicest treasures of lyric art. Perfect in the adaptation of the materials of musical expression to the end in view, eloquent with the sincerity of a direct appeal, united by a subtle organic union which defies definition, these songs move us more and
Robert Schumann

more at each successive hearing. The editor hesitated long before deciding to omit part of this lovely cycle in order to make room for other essential examples of Schumann's genius.

The other cycles from which selections have been made for this volume are opus 35, Twelve Poems by Justinus Kerner; opus 36, Six Poems by Robert Reinick, and opus 39, Liederkreis, by Joseph von Eichendorff. The other songs are taken from small collections with texts by various authors. Schumann occasionally manufactured cycles by bringing together poems from different sources and arranging them so that they had some slight connection. This is the case especially with opus 25, Die Mythen. This cycle contains twenty-six songs with texts by Goethe, Heine, Rückert, Mosen, Burns, Byron and Moore, yet such is the peculiar significance of Schumann's music that there actually seems to be some connection running through the series.

The editor believes that this volume contains the best songs of Schumann. It certainly contains all that are habitually sung by the most accomplished exponents of the lieder form, together with some infrequently heard, but well worthy of association with the others.

New York, April, 1903.

[Signature]

W. J. Henderson.
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FIFTY SONGS
BY ROBERT SCHUMANN
I FAIN WOULD FORTH, I'D FAIN BE FREE
(ES TREIBT MICH HIN)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797 - 1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 24, No. 2

Vivace (Sehr rasch)

PIANO

EINER MOSO (langsamer)

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ML. 360 - B
Hours are a lazy and lagging folk: Vagrant are the

Ways they're wending, Crawling, gaping, never ending.

Has tenethen, you lagging folk!

Swiftly, more swiftly my spirit it would move!

Tuben de Eile mich treibend erfasst.
Ahl! but the hours know nothing of lovers, Nothing, nothing.

Aber wohl nie mals lieb ten die Horen, nie mals, nie mals.

Nothing of lovers! Secretly sworn in a compact, each

lieb ten die Horen; heimlich im grau sten Bun de ver.

Hovers, Crucely mocking th'impatience of love.
schwaren, spotten sie tückisch der Lie ben den Hast.
WE WALKED UNDER WOODLAND ARCHES
(ICH WANDELTE UNTER DEN BÄUMEN)
(Composed in 1848)
(Original Key)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 24, No. 3

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

Poco adagio (Ziemlich langsam)

VOICE

We
Ich

PIANO

walked under woodland arches, My grief and I, alone; Till

kam das alte Traumen und schlicht mir’s Herz hina ein. "Who

long-forgotten memories awoke in my heart of stone.

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taught you the song you are singing, Ye larks with your wings... heaven-
hat euch dies Wortlein gelehret, ihr Vöglein in luftiger

set? Forbear! for my heart you're wringing with grief that I fain would for-
Höhe! Schweigt still, wenn mein Herz es höret, dann that es noch ein mal so

There came a young girl thro' the meadow; She
Es kam ein junges Mädlein gegangen, die

sang it clear and strong, And each of us songsters who heard her Did
sang es immerfort, da haben wir Vöglein gefangen das
LOVELY CRADLE OF MY SORROW
(SCHÖNE WIEGE MEINER LEIDEN)

(Composed in 1850)

(Original Key)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.24 No.5

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbroek

Con moto (Bewegt)

Love-ly cradle of my sor-row,
Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden.

Love-ly grave of all my rest. I must leave thee
schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh. schöne Stadt, wir
ere the mor-row; Fare thee well, O town so blest! Fare thee
müssen scheiden, Lebe wohl, ruf' ich dir zu. Lebe

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ML.352-6
well, fare thee well!     Fare thee well, O
wohl, le - be wohli!   Le - be wohli, du

thresh - old low - ly, Trod - den by my deat - ones
heil'ge Schmel - le, ne du wax - deit Lieb' - chen

feet, Fare thee well, O spot so ho - ly, Where my
trav'le le - be wohli. du heil'ge Stel - le, wo ich

love I first did meet. Fare thee well, fare thee well! Had I
sie zu - erst ge - schaut! Le - be wohli, le - be wohli! Hätt' ich
Piu mosso

Never thy face beheld, Beauteous sov' reign of my heart! Never.

dich doch nie gesélin, schöne Herzens-königin! nimmer.
gain; But to breathe the air thou breath-est,

fleht: nur ein stil - les Le - ben füh - ren

wollt' ich.

tent would I re - main, Well con - tent re - main. Yet I

wo dein O - dem weht. Doch du

could not brook thy spurning, Nor thy cru - el words of scorn;
drängst mich selbst von hin - nen, biß - re Wor - te spricht dein Mund:

Mad - ness in my brain is burn - ing. And my heart is

Wohn - sinn wühlt in mei - nen Sin - nen, und mein Herz ist
sick and torn. So, with trembling
kranck und wund. Und die Gitter

limbs and weary. Sadly, sadly
matt und trage schlepp' ich, schlepp' ich

forth from thee I stray, Till I lay my head, ex-
fort am Wanderstolz, bis mein müdes Haupt ich

haunted, In the cool grave far away. Lovely
leger fern in ein kühlles Grab. Schöne
WITH MYRTLE AND ROSES
(MIT MYRTHEN UND ROSEN)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
Translated by Arthur Welsbouck

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 24, No. 9

Affettuoso, non allegro (innig, nicht rasch)

con Pedale

With myrtle and roses, fair to be hold, With
Mit Myrthen und Rosen, lieblich und hold. mit

sweet breathing cypress and leaf of gold Would I cover this book from the
duft'gen Cypresse und Flittergold möchte ich ziehen dies Buch wie'non

light of day, And there my songs enshrouded would lay, My
Todten schrei und sargen und lie der bin ein. O

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ML-353-9
love could I lay there, then were I blest!
könnt ich die Liebe sorgen hinzu!

For where love is entombed springs the flower of rest; It
Auf dem Grab der Liebe wächst Blümlein der Ruh, da

...grows there for all, yet mine nèer will bloom Till my life is past, and I
blüht es hervor, da pflückt man es ab. doch mir blüht nur, wenn ich

lie in the tomb, and I lie in the tomb.
selber im Grab, wenn ich selber im Grab.
For here are these songs, that as wildly rose as the lava stream which wild Aetna out-throws; From innermost depths of my being they gushed, and sparks flashed madly as onward they rushed. Now tiedsten Gemüth, und ringe viel blitzende Funken verspricht. Nun
silent they lie, like death they seem; All pal- lid and dim in a
lie- gen sie stumm und tod- ten-gleich, nun star- ren sie kalt und

mist- y dream; But the old- en glow to new life would leap If the
ne- bel-bleich. Doch aufs Neu' die al- te Gluth sie be- lebt, wenn der

soul of love should o- ver them sweep. But the old- en glow to
Lie- be Geist einst ü- ber sie schweigt, doch aufs Neu' die al- te

new life would leap If the soul of love should o- ver them
Gluh- sie be- lebt, wenn der Lie- be Geist einst ü- ber sie
Piu mosso (schweller)

sweep.
schwebt.

And fore-bod-ings a-rise in my heart, that say: The soul of love shall melt them one day.

Ah-nung laut: der Liebe Geist einst ü-ber sie thaut.

If e'er this book should reach thy hand, Thou dear-est love, thou ßear-est love, in a dis-tant land.

einst kommt dies Buch in deii-ne Hand. du süßes Lieb, du süßes Lieb im fern-en Land.

The Dann

rit.

rit.
spell shall be broken that binds my lays, The pallid letters on

thee will gaze, Imploringly look in thy lovely eyes, And

breathe of my love, of my tears and sighs.

flüstern mit Wehmuth und Liebe

ML-358-6
DEDICATION

(WIDMUNG)

(Original Key, A)

ROBERT SCHUMANN Op. 25, No. 1
"Myrten" (Myrten)

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1793-1866)
Translated by Alexander Bloom

VOICE

Animato, affetuoso (Intimo, lebhaft)

Thou art my life, my soul and heart,
Thou both my joy and sadness art,
Thou art my heaven, my matchless lover, The world of bliss wherein I

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz, du meine Wonne, o du mein Schmerz, du meine Welt, in der ich lebe, mein Himel, da rein ich

PIANO

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however, Thou art the grave wherein I cast forever

all my sorrow past.

rest and peace abiding;

Heaven is through thee kindly

mein Grab, in das hinab ich e--
sig

Du bist die

der Frieden.
bist vom Himmel mir be-

Du bist die
guiding; So has thy love to me appealed, I see my
scheiden: Dass du mich liebst macht mich mir
wert, dein Blick hat

in

most self revealed; Thou liftest
mich vor mir verklört, du behast mich

a tempo

me beyond myself; Good genius thou, my better
lie bend über mich, mein guter Geist, mein besser

self. Thou art my life, my soul and heart, Thou both my
Ich! Da meine Seele, du mein Herz, du meine

ML-334-4
joy and sadness art, Thou art my heav'n, my matchless
Woun', o du mein Schmerz. du meine Welt, in der ich

lover, The world of bliss where-in I hover, Good genius
to be, mein Himmel du, da rein ich schweb't, mein guter

thou, my better self! Geist, mein bess'res Ichi
THE ALMOND TREE
(DER NUSSBAUM)

JULIUS MOSE (1829 - 1894)
*Original Key*

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.25, No. 3
"Myrthen"/"Myrthen"

VOICE

Allegretto

PIANO

There grows by the house an
Es grünt ein Nussbaum

almond tree,
vor dem Haus,

Sightly, lightly spreading its
dastig, luftig beri
tet er
blät
tig die Blätter

t free;
and

*Schumann wrote "Blätter"; the original poem reads "Aeste."

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ML-325-5
many and sweet the blossoms there.

liebliche Blüthen stehen drau;

Mild and soft the wind comes, and stirs each blossom

bra. de Wind de kommen, die herzlich zu son.

fair.

flüstern je zwei zu

two and two, zwei gepaart,
Quiv'ring, shiv'ring sweetly, till, 
neigend, beugend zierlich zum Kuss die Häuptchen.

new. zart. 
Sie flüstern von einem.

melden, Who ponders and wonders by 
Magdelein, das dachte die Nächte und

night and day, 
Tag lang, Ah! but she knows not 

M1-355-5
a tempo

The maid en list en, the tree still

sings; Year ning burn ing, sinks she

smiling on shun ber's wings, träumend in Schlaf und Traum.
THE LOTUS FLOWER
(DIE LOTOSBLUME)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 125, No. 7
"Myrten" (Myrt-)

Larghetto (Ziemlich langsam)

VOICE

The Lotus flower doth languish
Die Lotusblume ängstigt

Under the sun's fierce light;
Mit ge: senk·tem

Wait eth, She dream·ily waits for the night.

The moon is her true lover, He wakes her with fond em

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ML.354-5
brace: For him she gladly unveileth Her sweet and flower-like face.

And thou unveilest her sweet and flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and brightens And mute gaze afar.

She blüht und glüht und leuchtet. And starrt stumm in die Ferne.

She weeps and exhales and trembles With love and the sorrows of love.

Sie duf tet und weint und zittert vor Liebe und Liebesweh.

With love and the sorrows of love.
MY SOUL IS DARK
(MEIN HERZ IST SCHWER)

(From the "Hebrew Melodies")

LORD BYRON (1788-1824)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 25, No. 15
"Myrthen" (Mythology)

Molto adagio (Scher langsam)

My soul is dark

Oh! quick-ly, quick-ly string

dark-schwer!

The harp, I — yet can brook to hear — And let thy mag-ic

乐器演奏

钢琴

My soul is dark

Oh! quick-ly, quick-ly string

dark-schwer!

The harp, I — yet can brook to hear — And let thy mag-ic

乐器演奏

钢琴
fingers fling Its melting murmurs over mine ear.

schick ihr Hand ihr Töne, die das Herz be-thö-ren!

If in this heart a hope be dear,

Kann noch mein Herz ein Hoffen nah-ren.

That sound shall charm it forth again: If

e zauber die Töne, und
in these eyes there lurk.

Auge

tear, Twill flow, and cease to

Zähren, sie fließen, und mich

burn my brain.

brennt's nicht mehr!
But Nur

bid the strain be wild and deep,

Nor let thy notes of joy be
gone.

first: I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep, Or

Ja Sänger, dass ich weinen muss, ernst

Ml-207-6
else, this heavy heart will burst;  
wird, das schwere Herz verzehret!

For it hath  
Denn sich!

been by sorrow nurs'd, And ached in  
Kummer warts ge-nähret, mit stummen

sleepless silence long; And  
Wa-chen trug es lang, und
semper più animato
(such und nach schneller)

now doomed to know, to know the
jést, und jést vom Aeussersten be-

worst, ret, And break at once—or
le brec' es o - der

yield to song.
heil' im Sang.

riii.
OUT OVER THE FORTH
(IM WESTEN)

(Original Key)

ROBERT BURNS (1759 - 1796)

ROBERT SCHEMANN, Op. 25, No. 23
"Minnep". Menuet

Semplice (Einfach)

Out o - ver the Forth I look to the north. But
Ich schau ü - ber Forth hin - ü - ber nach Nord. Was

what is the north and its High-lands to me? The south nor the east gie
wel - fur mir Nord und Hoch - lands Schnee? Was O - sten und Suid, wo die

ease to my breast. The far for-eign land, or the wild roll - ing sea; But I
Son - ne glüh, das fer - ne Land und die wil - de See? Aus
Più mosso

(leggiero)

look to the west when I gae to rest, That

Westen wint, wo die Sonne sinkt.

happy my dreams and my slumbers may be, For

wus mich im Schlummer und Traume beglückt. Im

far in the west lives he I lo’e best, The

Westen wohnt der mir Liebe lohnt.

lad that is dear to my babie and me.

mich und mein Kindlein an’l Herz gedrückt.

ML-338-2
THOU‘RT LOVELY AS A FLOWER
(DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME)

(Composed in 1846)
(Original Key)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.27, No. 24
"Myrtles" (Myrthen)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Charles Fenton Moccuney

Voice (Langsam)

Lento

Thou‘rt lovel-y as a
Du bist wie eine

Flower, So fair and pure thou art;
Blume, so hold und schön und rein;

I gaze on thee, and sadness
ich schaudich an, und Wehmuth

Fills my devoted
schleicht mir ins Herz hin.

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ML. 459-2
heart.

rest upon thy hair,

keep thee

My hands, in tender devotion, I'll

mir ist, als ob ich die hände aufs

praying that God ever

so love-ly, pure and fair.

halt, so rein und schön und hold.
THE JASMINE TREE
(JASMINENSTRAUCH)

(Original Key)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 27 No. 4

FRIEDRICH RÜCKERT (1788-1844)
Translated by Frederic Field Ballard

Leggiuso (Leicht)

Green, green is the jasmine tree
Grüner ist der Jasminenstrauch

When at night reposing,
Then the sun beams

A bends ein geschnitten.
Als ihn mit des

ten derly Kiss it to unclosing,
Morgens Hauch Sonnenlicht ter trennen,

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ML. 960-2
And'tis waked to snowy white—
"What befell me

forte in the night?"
Thus it is when flow

die im Frühling träumen.

Dream in springtime's bower.

for piano
WANDERER'S SONG
(WANDERLIED)

(Original Key)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.35, No.3

JUSTINUS KERNER (1796-1862)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

Vivace (Schr lebhaft)

Once more fill the cup and the bright wine shall flow! Farewell, then, O loved ones, now forth I must go; Farewell, verdant hills, and broad meadows of home! I now must depart thro' the

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XI. 261-6
wide world to roam.

The sun never is still in the

heaven's above; O'er land and o'er sea on his way doth he rove;

wave never stays when it beats on the shore; The storm rushes on with a

wild, restless roar.

With

Macht durch das Land.

Die Sonne, sie bleibt am
fast drifting clouds wings the bird swiftly on, Yet still, far from home, sings his
ein den Wolken der Vogel dort zieht und singt in der Ferne ein
own native song. And so must the youth leave the place of his birth, To
heimatlich Lied. So treibt es den Burschen durch Wald und Feld, zu
wander abroad like the wandering earth.
gleichen der Muttern der wandern den Welt.
(Poco più lento)
(Etwa langsamer)
In far distant lands sing the birds that he knew, From
Dagrüssen ihn Vögel bekannt über dem Meer, sir
home field and forest o'er oceans they flew; And fair, blooming flowers a
flo-gen von Flu-ren der Hei-math hier-her, da du-fen die Blu-men ver-

per-fume ex-hale, Like fra-grance of spring in his dear na-tive vale. How
frau-lich um ihn, sie trei-ben vom Lan-de die Lüfte da-hin. Die

oft sang those birds near his cot-tage at morn, Those flow'rs he had gath-ered, his
Vögel, die ken-nen sein vä-ter-lich Haus, die Blu-men die pflanzt er der

love to a-dorn. So Love still doth lead him with soft, gen-tle hand, And
Lie-be zum Strauss, und Lie-be, die folgt ihm, sie geht ihm vor Hand; so
makes him a home even in far distant land. And makes him a home even in
wird ihm zur Heimat das ferneste Land. so wird ihm zur Heimat das

far distant land.
ferneste Land.

Tempo I

Once Wohl.

more fill the cup, and the bright wine shall flow! Farewell, then, O loved ones, now
auf! noch getrunken des funkelnden WIn! Ade nun, ihr Lieben! ge-
schieden muss sein. Ade nun, ihr Berge, du väterlich Haus! Es

forth I must go; Farewell, verdant hills and broad meadows of home! I
now must depart, the wide world to roam, I now must depart thro' the wide world to roam.

mächtig hin-aus.
Affettuoso (Innig)

Could I speak thy praise in music, though it made an endless song. I should never, never weary, singing thee for whom I longed:

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MI-212-3
Yet it ever brings me sadness That I must ever
Doch was immer mich betrübe, ist, dass ich nur immer

Dumb, Hiding
stumm tragen kann dich, Herzge-­liebte!

In my heart the songs that
in des Bu-­sens Heilig-

come.
thum.

And despairing love has ventured In this
Dieser Schmerz hat mich beswun-­gen, dass ich

con Pedale
song to thee to go, Full of bitter, bitter
sang diese letzte Lied, doch von bitterm Leid durch-

sor - row, Such as thou shalt nev - er know.
drung gen, dass noch keins auf dich ge - rieh.
SILENT TEARS
(STILLE THRÄNEN)

(Composed in 1846)

(Original Key)

JUSTINUS KERNEE (1796-1842)
Translated by Charles Foddy Mynory

Molto adagio (Sehr langsam)

When thou from
du bist von

sleep a wak est,
Schlaf er stan den

O'er flow'ry
und man delst

meads to roam;
durch die Au'

Wher'rye thy
da liegt ob

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ML-303-5
path thou tak' est          Spreads heav' en's
al - ten Lan - den        der Him mel

cloud - less dome.        While thou in
wun - der. blau.         So lang du

peace hast slum - ber'd.   Care - free till
oh - ne Sor - gen        geschlum - mert

dawn of day,              The
dscher - zen - los.
Heavens, with tears unnumber'd, Have
Himmel bis zum Morgen viel

Wept the night away.

Thro'

Nights of pain and yearning
Silen nights

How oft

Many weep alone.

Mancher aus den Schmerz.
Whose hearts, ye think at morning,
und morgens dann ihr meinet.

Never have sorrow known,
stets fröhlich sein in Herz;

Whose
hearts, ye think at morning,
morgen dann ihr meinet,

Never have sorrow known.
stets fröhlich sei sein Herz.
BYGONE PLEASURES
(ALTE LAUTE)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.35, No. 12

Lento e piano (Langsam und leise)

Listen! the birds are singing!
Hörst du den Vogel singen?

Look! every tower's in bloom!
Sticbt du den Blüthenbaum?

Heart! is the spring not bringing its joy to end your gloom?
Herz! kann dich das nicht bringen aus deinem hängen?

What say you? Bygone pleasures,
Was hör' ich? alte Laute

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ML-854-3
Dear to my soulful youth; That time of joyful

measures, Of trust and trust and truth! Gone are the days of

 gladness; Nothing can make me whole,

Till from this dream of sadness, An-gels shall wake my soul.

ML-364-2
TO THE SUNSHINE
(AN DEN SONNENSCHEIN)

(Composed in 1840)
(Original Key A)

ROBERT REINICK (1804-1852)
Translated by Arthur Wodehouse

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.36, No.4

In folkstone (Im Volkston)

VOICE

O shining sun! O shining sun! My
O Sonnen-schein! o Sonnen-schein! Wir

PIANO

con Pedale

heart is by thy brightness won; With in me stirs a
scheinst du mir ins Herz hin-ein, weckt drinnen laut vor

love divine, Which bursts this swelling breast of mine.
Lieber bist, dass mir so enge wird die Brust!

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ML-365-3
Too narrow now my house and home,

Forth thro' the gateway must I roam, Lured on to meadows

Fresh and green, Where maid-ens young and fair are seen, The fairest of all

maid-ens!

O shining sun! thou
bidst me now Be glad and joy ous even as thou, Ca res sing ev ry
flow ret bright Which turns its beau ty toward thy light. Yet thou must know the
world a right, And not for me is such de light. Why
meek me then, when hope is done? O shin ing sun! O shin ing sun!
machst du mir denn sol che Freu? O Son nen schein, o Son nen schein!
INTERMEZZO

(Composed in 1860)

(Original Key)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 38, No. 2

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)

Transcribed by Arthur Westbrook

Lento (Langsam)

VOICE

Dein Bildniss wunder selig

Thine image fair I cherish

Deep in my loving heart;

Each hour thy smile so joyful

Doth bid all care depart.

My heart softly is singing

An old and lovely song.

PIANO

con Pedale

Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich

Mach an zu jeder Stunde.

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Which, on the breezes winging,
To thee is borne along,
Thine

das in die Luft sich schweb't
und zu dir eilig sieht.
Dein

image fair I cherish
Deep in my loving heart;
Each

Bildnis wunder selig
hab' ich im Herzens grund,
das

hour thy smile so joyful Doth bid all care, all care depart.
sieht so frisch und fröhlich mich an zu jeder, jeder Stund;

rit.

rit.

rit.

rit.

rit.

ML-866-2
IN THE FOREST
(WALDGESPRÄCH)

(Composer in 1840)

(Original Key)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Alexander Blauz

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.39, No.3

VOICE

Allegrétto (Ziemlich rasch)

"The hour is late, cold grows the night; Dost thou not rue thy lone-

spät, es ist schon kalt, was reisst du ein sam durch den

ride? Thou art so fair; sad is thy plight; Oh, fol-low me and be

Wald? Der Wald ist lang, du bist al lein, du schö-ne Brautlich füh' dich

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ML-867-4
"Thy comb be-jewelled, O'er snow-white brow,
En-caps a wealth of love's sweet bow.

So reich ge-schmückt ist Ross, und Weib, so
wun-der-schön, so wun-der-schön.

Gold-en hair, of gold-en hair,
I know thee now! Heaven's help my soul! A witch art thou, the Lo-re-ley!

Du steh' mir bei! du bist die He-se Lo-re-bei!

Knowst me well, From tow-ering cliff I scan the Rhine And
kennst mich wohl, du kennst mich wohl-
von ho-hem Stein schaut.
Lure the skip - per and his skiff, The hour is late, the
still mein Schloss tief in den Rhein. Es ist schon spät.

night grows cold, Fair day thou'lt nev - er more be-
est schon kalt, kommt sim - mer-mehr aus die - sem

hold, nev - er - more, nev - er - more thou wilt be - hold!
Wald, sim - mer - mehr, sim - mer - mehr aus die - sem Wald!
M O O N L I G H T
(MONDNACHT)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
(Composer in 1840)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.39, No.5

Teneramente, misterioso (Zart, heimlich)

It seem'd as tho' the heavens had kissed the earth to rest.
That she, 'mid moonlit flowers,

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ML-308-3
The breeze stray'd

Die Luft ging

o'er the meadows,
And stirr'd the waving corn;

durch die Felder,
die Acker wogen sah;

'Mid rustling forest shadows
The stars shone

es rauschten leise die Wälder;
sö stern klar

mildly on.

My soul with out spread

Und meine Seele
pinions,
spinn-te
Long-ing from earth to roam,
weit ih-re Flü-gel aus.

Soar'd thro' the night's do-min-ions
flog durch die stil-len Lan-de,

seek her heav'n-ly home.
flü-ge sie nach Hans.
IN A FAIR AND FOREIGN LAND
(SCHÖNE FREMDE)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
(Original Key)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.39, No.6

The tree-tops are shivering and
Es rauschen die Wipfel und

As if 'throu the dusk profound
schauern, als macht'en zu dieser Stund um die halb-ver-sunken

The sylvan gods made their round.
Mauern die al'ten Götter die Rund. Hier hint'ren den Myrthen-

And languid mystical
búmen in heimlich dam-mern-der
Pracht.

What message strange are you

bring-ing To me, O dream-la-den night?

Träu-men zu mir: phantasi-sche Nacht?

The stars are shinning high above me:

Es fun-keln auf mich alle mit glüh-en-dem Lie-ben.

With love glows each radiant
sphere.

The reel ing zenith is

tell ing Of a hap pi ness great and

tell ing Of a hap pi ness great and

near! Glück!
MEMORIES
(IN DER FremDE)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by M. A. Heyes

(Original Key)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 69, No. 8

Contenenzza, misterioso (Zart, heimlich)

VOICE

I hear the brook let murmur
Ich hör' die Bächen rauschen

mid the dark'ning wood;
Wald de her und bin,

To sleep, its babbling
im Wald im dem

hulls me
Rauschen ich weiss nicht, wo ich bin.

The
Die

nightingale is singing
Nachtigallen singen

Softly her lonely
hier in der Eln.

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lay, To me sweet mem'ries bringing Of the
keit, als wollen sie was sagen von der

days now pass'd a-way. Beneath the moon-beams'
alten schönen Zeit. Die Mondes-schim-mer

radiance You castle seems more near, That
eigen als säch ich an- ter mir das

lies in yonder valley; And yet it is far from
Schloss im Thale lie- gen, und ist doch so weit von
here. I seem to see the garden
hier! Als müsste in dem Garten

roses white and red, As if still my love were waiting; And
Rosenweiss und roth, meine Liebste auf mich warten, und

yet, she has long been dead, My love has long been dead,
ist doch so lange tott, und ist doch lange tott.
SPRING NIGHT
(FRÜHLINGSNACHT)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Isabella G. Parker

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.20, No.12

Allegro moderato, appassionato
(Ziemlich rasch; lebhaft)

Over the gardens scent-ed
(Ue - dem Gar - ten durch die)

con Pande

brow - ers
(Lüf - te)

Heard
(hört
ich)

now the bird-song
(Wan - der - vö - gel)

sweet.
(zieh'n,

Spring re - turns with fair - est
(das be - den - tet Früh - lings -

flow - ers
(diff - le

Freshly blooming at our
(ue - un - fügt's schon an zu

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ML-271-3
Now for joy my tears are flowing, Such delight, doch, als könnt's nicht sein! Tis an olden wonder, Alte Wunder wieder, "showing in the soft moonlight to me."

Moon and star, the story
Und der Mond, die Sterne
MARCH VIOLETS
(MÄRZVEILCHEN)

From the Danish of
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875)
Translated by Frederic Field Ballard

(Original Key)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 40, No. 1

Non allegro, affettuoso (Nicht schnell, innig)

The heavens above are clear and blue. The
Der Himmel will sich rein und blau, der

frost is here, with flowers, too. The window-pane with
Reif stellt Blumen aus zur Schau. Am Fenster prangt ein
flowers is bright, And, gaz- ing in, stands a

love-laden wight. For there, 'mid the flowers, he's

ware of a prize. So blue and so smiling; a pair of eyes, March's

violins, full fairer than those of the May: A

veilchen, wie jener noch kleine gesehen. Der
warm breath melts the frost away. And soon the ice-flowers melt and run. Now God be good to the love-lorn one!

Reif wird, angehaucht, ser-geh'n. Eisblumen fun-gen zu schmelzen an, und Gott sei gnädig dem jungen Mann.

Now God be good to the love-lorn one!

und Gott sei gnädig dem jungen Mann!
LOVE'S SECRET LOST
(VERRATHENE LIEBE)

(Composed in 1840)

ADELBERT von CHAMISSO (1781-1838)
Translated by Frederic Field Ballard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 40, No. 5

VOICE

Leggiero (Leicht)

The night that I kiss'd you, dear
Du Nachts wir uns küssten, o

maid'en, No soul could have seen us to tell;
Mädchen, hat Kei ner uns zu geschaut.

as for the stars in the heavens, We trusted the stars full
Sterne, die standen am Himmel, wir haben den Ster nen ge

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ML-373-3
well. But that little star that fell, dear, Be-

tray'd us both to the sea;
The sea told all to the

oar, dear; The oar told the boat-man in glee.
And

he, the boat-man, he sang it To a lass with gold-en

sang der sel-bi ge Fi-scher es sei-ner Lieb-sten

Es ist ein Stern ge-fal len, der

hat dem Meer uns ver-klagt, da hat das Meer es dem
curls;
And
now
in
the
high-
ways
and
by-
ways
Tis
vor.
Nun
sin-
gen's
auf
Stras-
sen
und
Märk-
ten
die_

sung
by
the
boys
and
the
girls!
Kna-
ben
und
Mäd-
chen
im
Chor.
SINCE MINE EYES BEHELD HIM
(SEIT ICH IHN Gesehen)

(Composer in 1840)

TRANSARET: VON CHAMISSO (1781-1838)
Translated by Arthur Westbroek

ROBERT SCHUMANN, OP. 49, NO. 1
"Woman, Love and Life"
(Frauenliebe und Leben)

VOICE
Larghetto

Since mine eyes beheld him As one
Seit ich ihn gesehen, glaub' ich

PIANO

blind I seem; When I gaze around me I see
blind es sehe; wo ich hin nur blüche, seh' ich

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ML-374-3
From the gloom a day-dream fills
Dunkel heller, heller nur empor.

In my sisters' play-time I no
nach der Schwestern Spiele nicht he.

Shining, bright-er, bright-er still.
But for him to dark-ness All my
more can join. In my lone-
ly cham-
ber. I but

gehr' ich mehr. müch-
ter lie-
ber wein-
en, still im

weep and dream; Since mine eyes be-

Küm-
mer-
lein; seit ich ihn ge-

held him
se-
hen.

As one blind I seem,

glaub' ich blind zu sei.
HE, THE NOBLEST OF THE NOBLE
(ER, DER HERRLICHSTE VON ALLEN)

(Affettuoso, vivace (Innig, lebhaft))

VOICE

He, the no-blest of the no-ble,
Oh, how
gentle, oh, how kind!
Lips so ten-der, eyes so
ra-diant, Stead-fast heart and loft-y mind.
As from boundless depths of azure
Bright and splendid beams you

So wie dort in blau-er Tie-fe,
hell und herr-lich, je-nor

star,
In my heav’n he shines a-bove me, Bright and

also Er an mei-nem Him-mel, hell und

splen-did, seen a-far.
herr-lich, kehr- und fern.

On-ward speed, thy course pur-
Waund-le, waund-le deii-ne
singing, Silent watch-er I'll re-main; Humb-ly
Bahn-en, nur be-trach-ten de-nen Schein, nur als

gaz-ing on thy bright-ness, Thrill'd with mingled joy and
De-muth ihn be-trach-ten, se-lig nur und trau-rig

pain. Ne'er thou'lt know my heart's de-votion, Tho' for
sei'n! Hö-re nicht mein stil-les Be-len, de-nem

thee my ev-'ry pray'r; I am but a low-ly
Glü-cke nur ge-weicht; das-fst mich, nied-re Magd, nicht

M1-235-4
maiden, Thou a star of splendor rare, Thou a
kön nen ho her Stern der Herr lich keit, ho her

star of splendor rare. Only she, most pure and
Stern der Herr lich keit! Nur die Wür dig ste von

worth y Must find favor in thine eyes. And a
Allen darf be glü cken de ne Wahl, und ich

thous and times I'll bless her. Thus ex alt ed to the
wür die Ho he seg nen vie ltau send
skies. I should weep for very gladness,

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,

Hap - py still would be my lot,

se - lig, se - lig bin ich dann,

soll - te mir das Herz auch

sun - der; Break, O heart! It mat - ters not!

bre - chen, brich, o Herz; was liegt do - ran?

He, the no - blest of the

Er, der Herrlich - ste von
Noble, Oh, how gentle, oh, how kind!
Alten, wie so milde, wie so gut!

Tender, eyes so radiant!
Lippen, klares Auge.

Steadfast heart and lofty mind;
Muth, wie so milde, wie so gut!

A tempo
I DARE NOT, CANNOT BELIEVE IT
(ICH KANNS NICHT FASSEN, NICHT GLAUBEN)

(Composed in 1840)

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO (1781-1838)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 42, No. 3
"Woman's Love and Life"
(Frauenliebe und Leben)

Con passione (Mit Leidenschaft)

VOICE

i dare not, cannot believe it!
Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben, es

Piano

dream has held me in thrall; Oh, why has his
kai ein Traum mich berückt; wie hätt er doch

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ML 376-4
Me - thought he said to me soft - ly, "For

Mir war's, er ha - be ge - spro - chen: ich

ev - er, love, I'm thine; Me - thought still must I be
bin auf e - wig dein, mir war's, ich träu - me noch

dream - ing, Such joy can nev - er be mine, Such
immer, es kann ja nimmer so sein, es

joy can nev - er be mine. Oh, let me nev - er a -
kann ja nimmer so sein. O lasse im Trau - me mich

fin tempo
waken, Still cradled upon his breast; With
sterben gewieget an seiner Brust; den

Adagio
tears of unending rapture
seelig Tod mich schlüffen
in Tränen un-
collavoce

a tempo

a tempo

p

gladly find rest. I dare not, cannot believe it,
endlicher Lust. Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,

fa tempo

fa tempo

f

p

A dream has held me in thrall; Oh, why has his
es hat ein Traum mich berückt; war hätte er doch
love thus crown'd me. And lift-ed me high o-ver all?

I dare not, can-not be-lieve it! A

dream has held me in thrall.
THOU RING UPON MY FINGER
(DU RING AN MEINEM FINGER)

THOU RING UPON MY FINGER, THOU
Pu RING an mei nem Fin ger, mein

DEAR LITTLE RING OF GOLD, I PRESS THEE DEVOTEDLY
gol de nes Rin ge lein, ich dreicke dich fromm an die

TO MY LIPS, DEVOTEDLY THEE UPON MY HEART HOLD.
Lip pen, dich fromm an die Lip pen, an das Her ze mein. Ich

DREAM MUST NEEDS BE ENDING, MY CHILDHOOD'S FAIR AND
hatt ihn ausge trau mel, der Kind heit fried lich
placid dream, And I was lonely and wandering in

schönen Traum, ich fand allein mich, verloren im

space that unending seemed. Thou ring upon my

öden, unendlichen Raum. Du Ring auf meinem

finger, 'Twas then that thou cam'st to me And

Finger, da hast du mich erst belehrt.

taught me all the wonder of Life and of Immortality. I'll

meinem Blick erschlossen des Lebens unendlichen tiefen Werth. Ich
poco a poco più animato
(nach und nach schneller)

serve him gladly, I'll live for him. My joys with his en-

will ihm dien'en, ihm lieben, ihm angehören

rit.

bene; To him I will yield me, and find me illuminated, and
ganz. ihn selbst mich geben und finden verklärt mich, und

rit.

find me illuminated in his fond glance. Thou ring up on my
fin-den verklärt mich in sei-nem Glanz. Du Ring an mei-nem

a tempo

a tempo

ML-377-4
finger, Thou dear little ring of gold,
Finger, mein gol-de-nes Rin-gelein.

press thee devotedly to my lips, Devotedly thee upon my heart I hold.
drücke dich fromm an die Lip-pen, dich fromm an die Lip-pen an das Her-zeo mein.

a tempo
DEAREST LOVE, WHY GAZE?
(SÜSser Freund, du blickest)

ADELBERT von CHAMISSO (1781-1838)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 42 No. 6
"Womans Love and Life"
"Frauendreben und Leben"

Losto, con molto espressione
(Langsam, mit innigem Ausdruck)

Dearest love, why gaze on me with

Süßer Freund, du blickest mich ver...

wondering eyes,
Canst not guess the source from which my

wundern an.
kennt es nicht be-grei-fen, wie ich

tears arise? Let un-wont-ed pear-ly drops still o-ver-flow;

weinen kann: lass der fruch-ten Per-len un-ge-wohnte Zier

Hap-pi-ness un-bound-ed in my heart they shew. How my

freu-dig hell er-zi-lern in dem An-ge mir.

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ML. 378-4
breast with mingled joy and fear doth swell!

Would that

bange mein Bunsen, wie so wonne soll!

Weiβ... ich

words could bear thee what I have to tell: Come, my love, and hide thy

nur mit Wörten, wie icks sagen soll: komm und biege dein Antlitz

face upon my heart. Let a whisper in thine ear my joy impart.

hier auf meiner Brust, will in's Ohr dir flüstern alle meine Lust.

Now dost know the reason

Weiβt du nun die Tränen.
why my tears eber run? Should I hide them from thee, O thou

die ich weinen kann. sollst du nicht sie sehen, du ge

p

dear-est, thou dear-est one?
lieb- ter ge lieb- ter Mann? poco animato

(leggero)

p

Clasp me to thy bosom, Feel my beating heart, Let me
Bleib an mei- nem Her-sen. füh- le des- sen Schlag, dass ich

close and clos-er hold thee, ne'er to part- close and clos-er!
fest und fe-ster nur dich drücken mag. fest und fe-ster!
Here beside my bed the cradle
Hier aus meinem Bette hast dir

shineth white,
Wo sie still verbergen halten Traum kommen

come the hour when dawn will softly break,
Wird der Morgen, wo der Traum erwacht, und daraus dein Bildnis mir ent

dream will wake
Adagio dein Bildnis

   pp
NOW HAST THOU TURNED MY JOY TO BITTREST PAIN
(NUN HAST DU MIR DEN ERSTEN SCHMERZ GETHAN)

COMPOSED IN 1840

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 42, No. 8
"WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE"
(FRAUENLIEBE UND LEHEN)

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO (1781-1838)
TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR WESTBROOK

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Copyright Renewed
love for thee was all my life, and now my life seems gone. In silence I withdraw into my breast; The veil doth fall. There I have thee and memories ever blest, O thou mine all!

liebet hab' ich und gelebt, ich bin nicht lebend mehr Ich zieh mich in mein Innever fällt, da hab' ich dich und mein verlornes Glück, du meine Welt!
As in the first song (of the Cycle)
(Tempo aus den ersten Liedern)
'TWAS IN THE LOVELY MONTH OF MAY
(IM WUNDERSCHÖNEN MONAT MAI)

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)
(Original Key)

Robert Schumann, Op. 18, No. 1
"Poet's Love" (Dichterliebe)

Adagio, dolce (Langsam, zart)

PIANO

Con Pedale

Twas in the lovely month of May,
When all the buds were blowing,
I felt within my bosom
The flame of love was glowing.

Im wunder-schö nen Monat Mai,
als alle Knos pen sprangen,
da ist in meinem Herzen
die Liebe aufgegangen.
Twas in the lovely month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
I came unto my darling,
My love and longing,

"Im neuen, der schönen Monat"
"als alle Vögel sangen,"
"hab ich ihr gestanden mein Schen und Ver-
bring - eng."

"als alle Vögel sangen,"
"da"
WHERE'ER MY TEARS ARE FALLING
(AUS MEINEN THRÄNEN SPRIESSEN)

Moderato (Nicht zu schnell)

Where'er my tears are falling A blossom its fragrance ex-
(DIE ROSE, DIE LILIE, DIE TAUPE, DIE SONNE)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799–1856)
Translated by Frederic Fichl Bullard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No. 3
"Poet's Love" (Dichterliebe)

Giojoso (Maister)

VOICE

The Rose and the Lily, the Sun and the Dove, Oh, I
Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne, die

PIANO

loved each and all for the joy of love. But I love them no more; I
lieb' ich einst alle in Liebe. Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr; ich

love but the maiden, the fine one, the kind one, benign and divine one.
liebe alle die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine; sie
she is perfect joy of love. Is the Rose and the Lily the
sel be, alter Liebe Wonne, ist Rose und Lili und

Sun and the Dove; And I love but the maiden, the fine one, the kind one, be-
Taufe und Son ne, ich liebe alle ne die Kleine, die Freue, die

magnificent and divine one, divine one!
Reine, die Eine, die Eine, die Ei ne!
WHEN GAZING IN THINE EYES SO DEAR
(WENN ICH IN DEINE AUGEN SEH)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
Translated by Arthur Wethebrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No. 4
"Poets Love" (Dichterliebe)

When gazing in thine eyes so dear, My pain and grief all disappear;
Wann ich in deine Augen seh, doch wenn ich kiss' deinen Mund, so werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

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ML-383-2
when I lean upon thy breast, No dream of heav'n could be more blest; But when thou say'st: "I love but thee!" I fall to

ich nicht lehn' an deine Brust, komme's ü-ber mich wie Himmels

lust; doch wenn du sprichst: ich lie-be dich! so muss ich

weeping bitterly, wet-ten bit-ter-ly.

I'LL NOT COMPLAIN
(ICH GROLLE NICHT)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
Translated by John S. Dwight

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No. 7
"Poesy's Love" (Dichterliebe)

Moderate (Nicht zu schnell)

VOICE

I'll not com-plain, tho' break my heart
ich grol-le nicht, und wenn das Herz

tho' break my heart
ich grol-le nicht

in

ich grol-le nicht

O love for ever lost!
e-wig ver-lo-renes Lieb!

O love for ever lost!
e-wig ver-lo-renes Lieb!

I'll not com-plain,

I'll not com-plain

HOW-'er thou
Wie du auch

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ML-284-8
Shinest in diamond splendor bright; There falls no ray into thy
strahlst in Di-a-man-ten-pracht, es fällt kein Strahl in deines

Heart's deep night, I know full well.
Her-ons Nacht, das weiß ich längst.

I'll not complain, tho break my heart in
eich gro-l-le nicht und wenn das Herz auch

twain. In dreams I saw thee waning. And saw the
ich sah dich ja in Trau-me, und sah die
night within thy bosom reign, And saw the
Nacht in deines Herzens Baum, und sah die

snake that on thy heart doth gnaw, How all for-
Schlang' die dir am Herzen frisst, ich sah, mein

I saw. I'll not complain, I'll not com-
Ich sehr du elend bist. Ich grolle nicht, ich grolle

plain. nicht.
NOW WE’VE PIPING AND PLEASURE
(DAS IST EIN FLÖTEN UND GEIGEN)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
(Translated by Frederic Field Bulard)

VOICE
Allegro non troppo (Nicht zu rasch)

PIANO

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She's dancing a bridal measure,
The maiden whom I call,
Herr Al-ler-lieb-ste mein.

But now we've
Das ist ein
Discord and sighing, but now we've discord and
Klingen und Dröhnen, das ist ein Klingen und

sighing, The shawm and the muffled drum!
Dröhnen, ein Pauken und ein Schalmein;

And

lo! absorption and crying, and lo! a-
zwischen schluchzen und stöhnen, da zwischen
sobbing and crying. The dear little angels come!

leim.
A YOUTH OFT LOVES A MAIDEN
(EIN JÜNGLING LIEBT EIN MÄDCHEN)

HEINRICHE HEINE (1797-1856)
Transcribed by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 48, No. 11
"Poets Love" (Liebeslieder)

A youth oft loves a maiden
Ein Jungling liebt ein Mädchen

Who sighs for another instead; And he, in turn, loves another,
Die hat einen Andern erwählt; der Andere liebt einen

To whom he is happily wed.
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

The maid whose love is slighted weeps the first who comes her
Das Mädchen nimmt aus Anrger den ersten besten

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Mi-284-2
way, Then he who in vain has wooed her To grief falls a wretched
Mann, der ihr in den Weg gelaufen; der jungling ist übel

prey. It is but an old, sorry story, Yet new 'twill 'er re-
dran. Es ist eine alte Geschichte, doch bleibt sie immer

main; The last poor youth who suffered, It broke his heart in twain.
neu; und wenn sie just passirt, dem bricht das Herz entzwei.
IN DREAMS MY TEARS WERE FALLING

(ICH HAB' IM TRAUM GEWEINET)

(Composed in 1840)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1834)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.48, No.18
"Poets Love" (Inndertiefe)

TEXT:

In dreams my tears were falling;
Ich hab' im Traum ge-wein-et.

I dreamt in the grave you were laid,

Then I a-wake-the

Woke, and the tears-drops

Still a-down my pal-lid cheek

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stray'd.

In dreams my tears were falling,

ab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweint,

I dreamed you were false to me.

Then I

mir träumt, du verleistest mich.

Ich wachte

woke, but remembering.

I wept full bitterly.

auf, und ich weinte noch lange bitterlich.

a tempo
In dreams my tears were falling; I dreamt that you still loved me
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet, mir träumte, du würst mir noch

well. Yet when I woke, never ceasing. Silent my tear-drops
gut. Ich wachte auf. und noch immer strömt meine

fell. flut.
ALL NIGHT LONG I’M DREAMING
(ALLNACHTLICH IM TRAUME)

(Composed in 1846)

(Original Key B)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
Translated by Frederic Field Bulard

ROBERT SCHUMANN Op.48 No. 14
“Poet’s Love” (Dichterliebe)

VOICE

All night long I’m dreaming, love, of you,
And

see you so smiling—
hear you calling; And

then cry out in bitter pain,
Before you prostrate

PIANO

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ML-388-3
falling. You gaze, love, at
Du siehst mich

me longingly then Your blond head
an wehmüßiglich und schüttest.

shaking, your gaze you lower. And
schüttelst das blonde Kopfchen, aus

from your eyelids fall like rain The tears, a pearly
deinen Augen schließen sich die Perlen trönen.
show - er, You whis - per
tröpf-ch en. Du sagt mir

soft - ly one word at morr, And give me your
heim - lich ein lei - ses Wort und gibst mir den

wreath of pale cy - press blos - soms: But I a - wake! and the
Strauss, den Strauss von Cy - pres - sen; ich wa - che auf, und der

wreath is gone, The word, too, I've for - got - ten.
Strauss ist fort, und's Wort hab' ich ver - ges - sen.
THE SONGS OF BITTER SORROW
(DIE ALTEN, BÖSEN LIEDER)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)

Translated by Frederic Field Ballard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.48 No.16

"Poets Love" (Dichterliebe)

Lento assai (Ziemlich langsam)

F

The songs of bitter
Die al - ten, bö - sen

sor - row,
The dreams so full of hate,
Come,
Lieder,
die Träume bös und arg,
die

let us now inter them
All in a coffin
lasst uns jetzt begraben,
holt einen großen

great.
How much I'll lay within it
You'll
Sarg
Hin - ein leg' ich gar Man - ches, doch

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M1. 589 5
learn ere I am done: The coffin must be
sag' ich noch nicht was; der Sarg muss sein noch
deeper Than the Heidelberg Tun; And
grosser wie's Heidelberg Fuss. Und
rest on a bier gigantic Of planks full thick and
kalt eine Totenbahre und Bretter fest und
strong, And that must be yet longer Than
dick; auch muss sie sein noch langer als...
Mayence Bridge is long.

Then bring to me twelve

Giants, And they shall stronger be.

Thou

was the mighty Christopher Whom at Cologne we

wie der starke Christoph, im Dom zu Köln am

see. And these shall the coffin carry.

To Rhein. Die sollen den Sarg fort tragen.
sink to an ocean cave; For such a mighty
sunk in its Meer hinab; denn solchem grossen

cofin deserves a mighty grave.
Sorge gebührt ein grosses Grab.

Say, can you tell why the cofin Should be so deep and great?
Wisset ihr, warum der Sarg wohl so gross und schoen sein? Ich

cause within I'd bury Together love and hate.
seh' auch meine Liebe und meinen Schmerzhin ein.
Andante espressivo
THE TWO GRENADEIR
(DIE BEIDEN GRENADEIER)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
Translated by Arthur Wheekn

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 49, No. 1

(Composed in 1849)
(Original Key: G minor)

VOICE
Moderato (Missig)

To France were returning two grenadiers,
Nach Frankreich sogenn zwei Grenadiers,
Their Russian captivity leaving,
Und die Waren in Russland gefangen,
And when they came to the German frontiers,
Als sie kam an's deutsche Quartier,
Their heads were bowed down with griefing,
Dass sie hören sie Beide die traurig Müter, dass

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ML-190-6
As their country had shaken, defeated and scatter'd the
Franks, the people gone, besieged and seized the

valiant host, And the Emperor, the Emperor been taken.

Then sorrow together the grenadiers,
Such dolorous news to be.

Kne'de, Der Einker sprach: Wie weh wird mir, wie braust mein altes

M1 = 290 / 6
burning" The other said: "My song is done; I would that I were
Wandelt! Der Andere sprach: Das Lied ist aus, auch ich mochte mit dir

dying; But I've a wife and child at home On me for bread re-
sterben, doch hab’ ich Weib und Kind zu Haus, die ohne mich ver-

lying; "Nor wife nor child give care to me! What matter if they are for-
derben: Wozu schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind, ich tra-ge weil bis vor Ver-

saken? Let them beg their bread if they hungry be; My
lange; lass sie betelten gehen, wenn sie hungrig sind mein
Em-|pror, my Em-|pror is ta-|ken! Oh, grant me, broth-er, but one
Kaiser, mein Kaiser ge-|fan-gen! Ge-|zahr' mir, Bru-der, ei- ne

If my hours must num-ber—Take
Bitt! Wenn ich jetzt ster- ben wer- de,

with thee my corpse to my na- tive land; In France let me calm- ly
nimm mei-ne Lei- che nach Frank-reich mit, be- grab' mich in Frank- reichs

slum-ber. My cross of hon- or with its band
Er- de. Das Ehr- kreuz am rech-ten Band
Leave on my bosom lying,

My musket place within my hand.

My sword around me tying.

Thus will I, ten with-in the tomb, A sentry still and unstirring,

Till the war of cannon sounds thru' the gloom, And tramp of the horsemen
spur, ring. Then over my grave will my Emperor ride, While
tra-be. Dann reit mein Kaiser wohl iiber mein Grab, viel
swords with clash are descending, While swords with clash are de-
Schwerter klingen und blitzen, viel. Schwerter klingen und
scending. Then, armed to the teeth, will I rise from my grave, My
bitten; dann steige ich gewittert her vor aus dem Grab-
den
Emperor, my Emperor defending!
Kaiser, den Kaiser zu schutzen!
Adagio
IN THE GARDEN
(VOLKSLIEDCHEN)

FRANZ RÜCKERT (1794-1868)
Translated by Charles Francis Meany

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 51, No. 2

Semplice (Einfach)

VOICE

In the garden at early morning,
Wenn ich früh in den Garten gehe

PIANO

Deck'd with ribbons gay,
Diesen grünen Hut,

What does my love today?
Was nun mein Liebster thut?
No stars too brightly shine
To flash my love a greeting.

Am Himmel steht kein Stern,
ich dem Freund nicht gönnte.
Mein Herz gäb' ich ihm

mine For him alone is beating.
In the garden at
gern, wenn ich's her aus thun könnte.
Wenn ich früh in den

early morning, Deck'd with ribbons gay,
This my

Garten geht in meinen grünen Hut, ist mein
first thought at
dawning—What does my love to-
er ster Gedanke, was nun mein Liebler

This my first thought at
dawning, What

does my love to-
day?

a tempo

nun mein Liebler that?

a tempo
WHEREFORE SHOULD I WANDER?
(ICH WAND'RE NICHT)

(Composed in 1842)

(Original Key)

C. CHRISTERN
Translated by Frederic Field Ballard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 51, No. 3

VOICE

Gioioso (Heiter)

Now where-fore should I
Wa - rum soll ich denn

PIANO

wan - der
And with the oth - ers roam?
wan - dern
mit An - dern glei - chen Schritt,

Our paths lie far a - sun - der
The while my love's at
ich pass' nicht zu den An - dern,
und Lieb - chen geht nicht

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They sing in countless measures
Of peaks and crags in air:

What care I for such pleasures, My home-land is so fair,
al-leya wa-rum noch rei-sen, die Hei-math ist so schö

My home-land is so fair!
die Hei-math ist so schön!
I love to hear the stories
Of those who've been abroad.

Ich will ja alles glauben,
Was draußen wächst und blüht,

They tell me of the glories
Of vineyards' golden hoard.

Das Göt der süßen Trauben,
Wie's Sonnenfunken sprüht.

What then? Their noblest vintage
Is carried to my door.

Allein, der Trunk der Rebhun, er kommt
Ja auch hier, auch hier.
I've wife and wine and music. Now say, what would you more,

Now say, what would you more?

I'll never seek for pleasure

The world that yonder lies.

The skies of clearest azure

Are in my love's dear den klarsten, blauen Himmel zeigt Liebens Augen.
a tempo

eyes.

More joys than Spring's enchantment Here

zeit.

Und mehr als Frühlingswonne ver-

ad lib.

smiles to me betide.

Oh tender, fond companion! I'll

spricht ihr Lächeln mir.

o zarte meine Sonne, ich

colla voce
dim.

a tempo

never leave thy side,

I'll never leave thy

wand're nicht von hier,

ich wand're nicht von

a tempo

side.

hier. a tempo
MESSAGES
(AUFTRÄGE)

CH. LÉGRU

(Composed in 1856)

Translited by Frederic Field-Ballard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 77, No. 5

Leggiero, con tenerezza (Leicht, zart)

Wait a moment, wait a

Not so swiftly, not so

lit-tle!

schuel-let!

Not so swiftly, tiny ripple!

war't ein we-nig, kleine Welle!

For I'd have thee bear a message

will dir ei- nen Auf- trag ge- ben

feet.

mein. Wirst du ihr vor- über- schwe- ben,

When to her you've made your passage, Give her greetings sweet!

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ML-399-6
Say, I'd fain to her be wafted,
Sag', ich wäre mit gekommen,

On thy bosom gently rafted,
auf dir selbst herab geschwommen:

For the bliss of her kiss Boldly to be
für den Gruss einen Kuss kühn mir zu er

suing, Short the day, long the way; Thou must do my woo-
bitten, doch der Zeit Dringlichste hätt' es nicht geleit.
Not so swiftly! stop, I
pray thee,

Lit-tle light-winged dove; oh, stay thee!

For there is a mes-sage ten-der In my heart that

bides!

Thou-sand greet-ings I would

mein!

Sollst ihr tau-send Grü-sse
Send her, hundreds more besides.

Say, I'd fain have flown to meet her
Over hill and stream, to greet her

For the bliss of her kiss
Boldly to be seeking;
Short the day, long the way; Thou must do my wooing;
Doch der Zeit Dringlich hält es nicht getlit.
a tempo

ing.
ten.

Oh, de-lay not, if thou love me,
War-te nicht, dass ich dich" treibe,
Slen-der

O du
cres-cent moon a-bove me!
Down the star-ry
trä-ge Mon-des-schei-bel!
Weiss's ja, was ich

cres-cent moon a-bove me!
Down the star-ry
trä-ge Mon-des-schei-bel!
Weiss's ja, was ich

heav-en slid-ing,
Go, my love to meet.
Thro' her
dir be-füh-len
für die Lieb-ste mein:
durch das

cham-ber win-dow glid-ing,
Give her greet-ings sweet!
 Fen-ster-chen ver-stok-len
grü-sse sie mir fein!
Say, I'd fain on thee be flying;
Sug', ich wär auf dich gegangen.

To be near her
selber zu ihr

I'd be trying,

For the bliss

Of her kiss

Is du

Boldly to be suing,

Is for thee: but for me thou must do my woo-
kühn mir zu

er bitten,

Du seist Schuld, Ungeduld hätt mich nicht ge-

r il.

ing!

a tempo

a tempo

a tempo
Non troppo allegro (Nicht zu schnell)

Two dainty little shoes I wear;
Zwei feine Stiefel hab' ich an.

Their soles are soft beneath;
mit wunderweichen

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Sack up on my back I hear; Hush! now I'm tripping up the stair.

And when I reach the nursery there, And find the children all at prayer,

Two grains of sand of smallest size von meinem Sand zwei Körnlein
I drop into their little eyes;

And then they sleep the whole night long; While God doth watch and

una corda
(Verschiebung)

a tempo

Eng - liein Wacht.

PP a tempo

'tre corde

When of my sand two kernels fine

Von meinem Sand zwei Kör - ne - lein

ML-894-5
I drop within the children's eyes;

To loving children 'tis a sign That they shall sleep with
den from men Kinder soll gar schön ein früher Traum vor-
dreams di-vine. Then up and off, with
über-geh'n. Nun r'sch und rasch mit

Sack and stick A-down the stairs with footsteps quick!
Sack und Stab wur-wieder jetzt die Trepp hin-ab.
I can no longer linger here
Ich kann nicht länger mussig stehen.

Must go to many children dear.
muß nach zu gar Viele gehen.

E'en now in dreams you're smiling back, And yet I have hardly
Despite sein schön und lacht im Traum, und offene doch mein

oped my sack!
Sacklein kaum.
LADYBIRD
(MARIENWÜRMCHEN)

Aus "des Knaben Wunderhorn"
From "The Child's Hour of Plenty"

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 39, No. 14
"Song Album for the Young"

Allegretto (Nicht schnell)

COME, LA-DY-BIRD, AND SIT YOURSELF UPON MY HAND, UP
Ma-ri-en-würm-chen, setz dich auf meine Hand, auf

ON MY HAND; BE SURE I WILL NOT HARM YOU, NO, I'LL NOT
meine Hand, ich thue dir nichts zu Leide, nichts, nichts zu

HARM YOU! I WILL NOT HARM YOU, PRETTY DEAR, SHOW YOUR TINY WINGS AND
Lei-de. Es soll dir nichts zu Leid geschah, will nur deine bun-ten

NEVER FEAR, TINY WINGS SO GAY AND PRETTY.
Flügel s Geh, bunte Flügel meine Freude!

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ML-305.9
Go, Lady-bird, fly home, fly home; Tis all on fire, your
Mary-würmchen, figge weg, dein Hüschen brennt, die

children cry So sore-ly, oh, so sore-ly, Cry, cry so
Kinder schrei'n so sch-ve, wie so sch-re, schrei'n, schrei'n so

sore-ly! The cunning spider spins them in; Go, Lady-bird, fly
sch-re. Die böse Spin-ne spinnt sie ein, Go, Lady-bird, fly

in, fly in, To your children crying sore-ly.
flieh hin ein, deine Kinder schrei'en sch-re.
Fly, Ladybird, now fly away across the hedge, a.

Nächsters Kind, sie ihm dir nichts zu Leid, Es soll dir da kein Leid geschehn, sie wollen deine bunten Flügel sehen und grüßen sie alle bei de.

cross the hedge; The neighbors will not harm you, No, they'll not harm you! They will not harm you, pretty dear. Then show your tiny wings and never fear; And greet them all so gaily.
TIS SPRING
(ER IST'S)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1808-1875)
Translated by Frederick Field Ballantyne

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 79, No. 24
"Song Album for the Young"

Affettuoso (Intenz)

VOICE

Piano

ban-ter blue, Borne on high by ev-ry zeph-yr,leses Band wie der flut-ern durch die Luf-te.

cresc.

Sweet the perfumes, wel-come Süsse, welBe hannte

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Now the violets dream;
Veilchen träumen schon.

Soon they will be waking.
Hark! a harp-tone near!

Springtime, thou art here,
Yes, thou'rt here! thou'rt

here! Thou this joy art making. Yes, thou'rt here!
bist! Ich hab' dich vernommen, ja du bist!

più mosso (schneller)
Thou this joy art mak-ing,
Dich hab' ich ver-nom-men,

Spring-time thou art here,
Früh-ling, ja du bist's,

Yes, thou art here, thou art
ja du bist's, ja du

here, art here, art here!
Bist's, du bist's, du bist's,

Thou this joy art mak-ing.
Dich hab' ich ver-nom-men, ja

thou'ret here!
Du bist's!
SNOW-BELLS
(SCHNEEGLÖCKCHEN)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.79, No. 27
"Song Album for the Young"

FRIEDRICH RUCKERT (1788–1866)
Translated by Frederic Field Ballard

Moderato (Nicht schnell) \( \frac{4}{4} \)

The snow, that yester-day in showers

\textit{molti legato (sehr gebunden)}

Der Schnee, der gestern noch in Flöckchen

From heaven fell, Hangs on these tender stems as

\textit{vom Himmel fiel, hängt nun gewunden heut als}

Flow-ers, Each flake a bell!

\textit{Glückchen}

\textit{am sar-ten Stiel}

The snow-bells chime we hear them ringing

\textit{glückchen läu-en, was be-den-tet}

Across the

\textit{im stil-len}

"Little of the Valley"

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mend? Oh, hith-er haste! Glad news, they're bring-ing!

 Hai'n? O komm ge-schwind! Im Hai-ne läu-teh

'Tis Spring, in-deed! Then come, ye leaves and buds and
den Früh-ling ein. O kommt, ihr Blät-ter, Blüt' und

flow-ers-
Blü-me.

From dreams a-wake, And to your
die ihr noch träumt, all' zu der

shrines in Spring's fair bow-ers Your-selves be-take!
Früh-lings Hei-lig-thu-me! kommt unge-säumt!

ML-397-8
A YOUNG FOLKS' SONG
(JUNG VOLKERS LIED)

(Composed in 1851)

(Original Key)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)
Translated by Frances Field Billard

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op. 125, No. 4

Vivace (Sehr lebhaft) 4.oo

My mother tossed me up and down,
Und die mich trug im Mut-ter-arm,

And crushed me with embraces.
Und die mich schwang in Kiss-en.

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She was free and young and brown, Little cared for beard ed faces. She danced and laughed the live-long day, And mocked each ardent woo er. I'd "Macht" rather wed the wind so free Than marry such as you!" lie ber sein des Win des Braut, als in die E he gehen?
The wind he came, the wind beguiled And
Da kam der Wind, da nahm der Wind eis

won her, so she told me.
Buh-le, sie ge-sun-gen,

To him she bore a lust-y
von dem hat sie ein lu-stig

child;
Kind,

And, young folks, here be-hold me!
Jung Vol-ker, mich em-pfan-gen.
THY FACE SO FAIR
(DEIN ANGESICHT)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)
Translated by Arthur Westbroek

(Original Key)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, Op.127, No.2

Lento (Langsam)

VOICE

Thy face so fair in dreams I see, A
Dein An - gesicht, so lieb und schön, das

vi - sion pare it comes to me; So gen - tle tis, so
hab ich jüngst im Traum ge - schn, es ist so mild und

angel - fair. And yet so pale, so pale with care. The
en - gel - gleich, und doch so bleich, so schmer - zeu - reich. Und

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lips alone are rosy-bright; Death soon will kiss them

nur die Lippen, die sind roth; bald aber kiest sie

cold and white, And quench the light of Paradise, Traut

bleich der Tod, Erloschen wird das Himmelslicht, das

shines from out those earnest eyes. Thy face so fair in

aus den from-men Augen blich. Dein An-ge-sichl, so
dreams I see, A vision pure it comes to me; So
lieb und schön, das hab' ich jüngst im Traum ge-sehn, es

gen-tle 'tis, so an-gel-fair, And yet so pale, so pale with
ist so mild und en-gelgleich und doch so klein, so schmer-zen

care.
reich.