

Deposited July 10, 1858
Recorded Oct. 31, Page 450

No. 13

Rev. J. Weiss.

By the stream a youth was sitting

Der Jüngling am Bach

BALLAD

WORDS BY

SCARLLETER

Set to Music by

Wulf Fries.



Published by
NATHAN RICHARDSON at the MUSICAL EXCHANGE
292 Washington Boston
Entered according to act of Congress A.D. 1858 by T. Richardson in the Office of the Secy. of State

DER JÜNLING AM BACHE.

German Words by SCHILLER.

Translated by Rev. J. WEISS.

Andante.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of two sharps (F major). The vocal line starts with a melodic line in the upper staff, accompanied by piano chords in the middle and bass staves. The lyrics are integrated into the melody, with some words underlined. The vocal part begins with a dynamic of *p*, followed by *cresc.* and *p*. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note patterns in the bass and sixteenth-note patterns in the middle staff. The vocal line continues with "sich zun Kranz," followed by a section marked *dolce.* The piano accompaniment includes sustained notes and eighth-note chords. The final section begins with "Treiben in der Wel len Tanz," with the piano providing harmonic support through eighth-note chords.

cresc.

1.—*An der Quel - le sass der Knabe, Blu-men wand er.*
1.—*By the stream a youth was sit - ting, Ro - - ses weav-ing*

p

sich zun Kranz, und er sah sie fort - ge - ris - sen
for a crown, And he saw them on the rip - ples

dolce.

Treiben in der Wel - len Tanz, Und so flie - hen meine Tage
Dancing, caught and hurried down. So a - las! my days are slipping,

:

wie die Quel .. le rast - los hin! Und so blei - chet
Like the foun - tain rest - less past! So the hours of

cresc.

mei .. ne Ju - gend, wie die Kränze schnell verblühn.
youth are pal - ing, Like the gar - lands with - er fast.

2

*Fragest nicht warum ich traure
In des Lebens Blüthenzeit!
Alles freuet sich und hoffet,
Wenn der Frühling sich erneut.
Aber die tausend' tausend Stimmen
Der erwachenden Natur
Wecken in dem tiefen Busen
Mir den schweren Kummer nur.*

2

*Ask me not wherefore I sorrow,
In my time of blossoming!
All save me is hoping blithely,
When renews herself the Spring.
But the many thousand voices
In reviving nature's air,
Only in my hidden bosom
Wake to life the heavy care.*

3

*Was soll mir die Freude frommen
Die der schöne Lenz mir deut?
Eine nur ist's die ich suche
Sie ist nah, und ewig weit.
Sehnend breit' ich meine Arme
Nach dem theuren Schattenbild
Ach ich kann es nicht erreichen,
Und mein Herz bleibt ungestillt.*

3

*What avail to me the pleasures,
Gifts of graceful spring that are?
'Tis but one whom I am seeking,
She is near and ever far.
I extend my arms with longing
For the dear delusive shade,
But alas! attain I cannot,
And my heart is unallayed!*

4

*Komm herab du schöne Holde
Und verlass dein stolzes Schloss
Blumen die der Lenz geboren
Streu ich dir in deinen Schoos
Horch, der Hain erschallt von Liedern
Und die Quelle rieselt klar
Raum ist in der kleinsten Hütte
Für ein glücklich liebend Paar.*

4

*Hither come, thou charm and beauty,
And desert thy haughty hold!
In thy lap the flowers I'll scatter,
Which the days of spring unfold.
Hark! the grove with song is singing
And the streamlet ripples clear!
Joye within the smallest hovel
Maketh room for us and cheer.*