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FIFTY SONGS
BY
EDVARD GRIEG

EDITED BY
HENRY T. FINCK

FOR LOW VOICE



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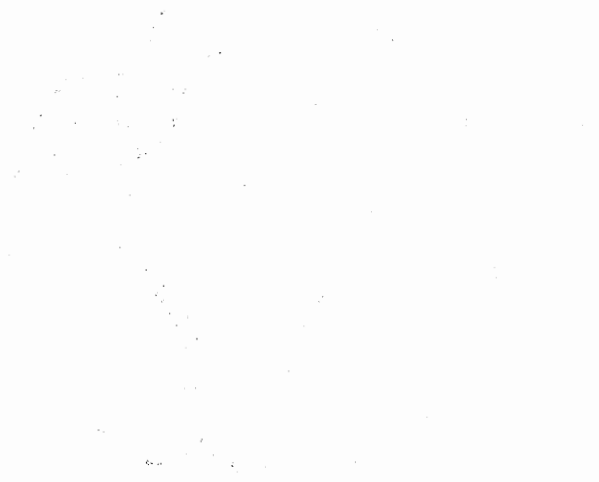
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**FIFTY SONGS
BY EDVARD GRIEG**

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Edited by Carl Reinecke
- FRANZ SCHUBERT: SELECTED PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by August Spanuth
- ROBERT SCHUMANN: FIFTY PIANO COMPOSITIONS
Edited by Xaver Scharwenka
- RICHARD WAGNER: SELECTIONS FROM THE MUSIC DRAMAS
Arranged for the piano by Otto Singer
- ...
- ANTHOLOGY OF FRENCH PIANO MUSIC
- VOL. I. EARLY COMPOSERS; VOL. II. MODERN COMPOSERS
Edited by Isidor Philipp
- ANTHOLOGY OF GERMAN PIANO MUSIC
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Edited by Moritz Moszkowski
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- VOL. I. AKIMENKO TO KORESTCHENKO
VOL. II. LIADOFF TO WRANGELL
Edited by Constantin von Sternberg

* All song volumes are issued for both High and Low Voice, except where otherwise stated.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
1. Morning Dew (<i>Morgenthau</i>)	Op. 4, No. 2 (1863) 1
2. My Mind is like a Peak Snow-crowned (<i>Mein Sinn ist wie der mächt'ge Fels</i>)	Op. 5, No. 4 (1863) 4
3. I Love Thee (<i>Ich liebe Dich</i>)	Op. 5, No. 3 (1864) 8
4. The Poet's Heart (<i>Des Dichters Herz</i>)	Op. 5, No. 2 (1864) 10
5. Cradle Song (<i>Wiegenlied</i>)	Op. 9, No. 2 (1865) 14
6. Autumn Storm (<i>Herbststurm</i>)	Op. 18, No. 4 (1865) 18
7. Ragnhild	Op. 44, No. 3 (1866) 26
8. Ragna	Op. 44, No. 5 (1866) 30
9. Margaret's Cradle Song (<i>Margarethens Wiegenlied</i>)	Op. 15, No. 1 (1868) 33
10. Woodland Wandering (<i>Waldwanderung</i>)	Op. 18, No. 1 (1869) 35
11. Mother Sorrow (<i>Mutterschmerz</i>)	Op. 15, No. 4 (1870) 37
12. Good Morning! (<i>Guten Morgen!</i>)	Op. 21, No. 2 (1870) 39
13. First Meeting (<i>Erstes Begegnen</i>)	Op. 21, No. 1 (1870) 41
14. From Monte Pincio (<i>Vom Monte Pincio</i>)	Op. 39, No. 1 (1870) 43
15. The Princess (<i>Die Prinzessin</i>)	Op. 21, No. 4 (1871) 51
16. My Song to the Spring I proffer (<i>Dem Lenz soll mein Lied erklingen</i>)	Op. 21, No. 3 (1872) 54
17. At a Young Woman's Bier (<i>An der Bahre einer jungen Frau</i>)	Op. 39, No. 5 (1873) 57
18. Hidden Love (<i>Verborg'ne Liebe</i>)	Op. 39, No. 2 (1874) 59
19. Solvejg's Song (<i>Solvejgs Lied</i>)	Op. 23, No. 1 (1874) 62
20. Solvejg's Slumber Song (<i>Solvejgs Wiegenlied</i>)	Op. 23, No. 2 (1875) 66
21. A Swan (<i>Ein Schwan</i>)	Op. 25, No. 2 (1876) 69
22. The First Primrose (<i>Mit einer Primula Veris</i>)	Op. 26, No. 4 (1876) 71
23. With a Water-Lily (<i>Mit einer Wasserlilie</i>)	Op. 25, No. 4 (1876) 73
24. Minstrel's Song (<i>Spielmannslied</i>)	Op. 25, No. 1 (1876) 78
25. 'T was on a Lovely Eve in June (<i>Am schönsten Sommerabend war's</i>)	Op. 26, No. 2 (1876) 81
26. The Youth (<i>Der Bursch</i>)	Op. 33, No. 1 (1880) 83
27. Springtide (<i>Der Frühling</i>)	Op. 33, No. 2 (1880) 86
28. The Wounded Heart (<i>Der Verwundete</i>)	Op. 33, No. 3 (1880) 91
29. At the Brookside (<i>An einem Bache</i>)	Op. 33, No. 5 (1880) 93
30. A Vision (<i>Was ich sah</i>)	Op. 33, No. 6 (1880) 96
31. The Old Mother (<i>Die alte Mutter</i>)	Op. 33, No. 7 (1880) 99
32. The Only Thing (<i>Das Erste</i>)	Op. 33, No. 8 (1880) 102
33. On the Journey Home (<i>Auf der Reise zur Heimath</i>)	Op. 33, No. 9 (1880) 104
34. Friendship (<i>Ein Freundschaftsstück</i>)	Op. 33, No. 10 (1880) 106
35. Greeting (<i>Gruss</i>)	Op. 48, No. 1 (?) 108
36. Ere Long, O Heart of Mine (<i>Dereinst, Gedanke mein</i>)	Op. 48, No. 2 (?) 110
37. The Way of the World (<i>Lauf der Welt</i>)	Op. 48, No. 3 (?) 112
38. The Silent Nightingale (<i>Die verschwiegene Nachtigall</i>)	Op. 48, No. 4 (?) 116
39. In Time of Roses (<i>Zur Rosenzeit</i>)	Op. 48, No. 5 (?) 120
40. A Dream (<i>Ein Traum</i>)	Op. 48, No. 6 (?) 123
41. The Mother Sings (<i>Die Mutter singt</i>)	Op. 60, No. 2 (?) 127
42. In the Boat (<i>Im Kahne</i>)	Op. 60, No. 3 (?) 129
43. The Mountain Maid (<i>Das Kind der Berge</i>)	Op. 67, No. 2 (1898) 133
44. The Tryst (<i>Stelldichein</i>)	Op. 67, No. 4 (1898) 136
45. Love (<i>Liebe</i>)	Op. 67, No. 5 (1898) 140
46. At Mother's Grave (<i>Am Grabe der Mutter</i>)	Op. 69, No. 3 (1900) 144
47. Dreams (<i>Träume</i>)	Op. 69, No. 5 (1900) 147
48. Eros	Op. 70, No. 1 (?) 152
49. Radiant Night (<i>Lichte Nacht</i>)	Op. 70, No. 3 (?) 156
50. Take Good Heed (<i>Sieh' dich vor</i>)	Op. 70, No. 4 (?) 158

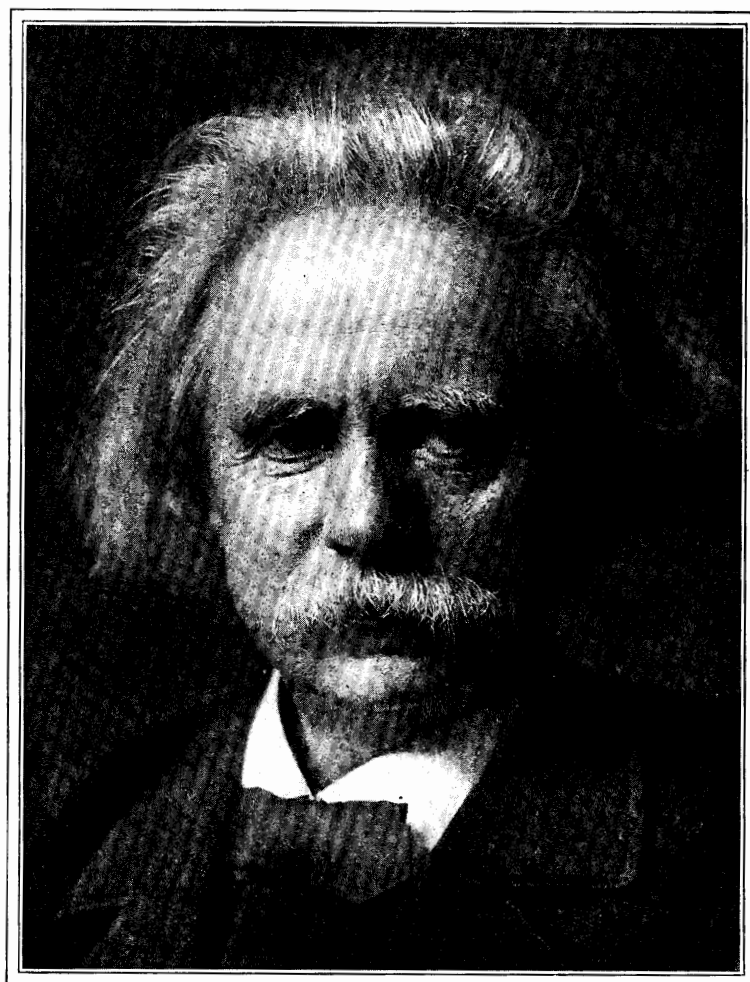
INDEX

[ENGLISH]

At a Young Woman's Bier. Op. 39, No. 5	
At Mother's Grave. Op. 69, No. 3	
At the Brookside. Op. 33, No. 5	
Autumn Storm. Op. 18, No. 4	
Cradle Song. Op. 9, No. 2	
Dream, A. Op. 48, No. 6	
Dreams. Op. 69, No. 5	
Ere Long, O Heart of Mine. Op. 48, No. 2	
Eros. Op. 70, No. 1	
First Meeting. Op. 21, No. 1	
First Primrose, The. Op. 26, No. 4	
Friendship. Op. 33, No. 10	
From Monte Pincio. Op. 39, No. 1	
Good Morning. Op. 21, No. 2	
Greeting. Op. 48, No. 1	
Hidden Love. Op. 39, No. 2	
I Love Thee. Op. 5, No. 3	
In the Boat. Op. 60, No. 3	
In Time of Roses. Op. 48, No. 5	
Love. Op. 67, No. 5	
Margaret's Cradle Song. Op. 15, No. 1	
Minstrel's Song. Op. 25, No. 1	
Morning Dew. Op. 4, No. 2	
Mother Sings, The. Op. 60, No. 2	
Mother Sorrow. Op. 15, No. 4	
Mountain Maid, The. Op. 67, No. 2	
My Mind is like a Peak Snow-crowned. Op. 5, No. 4	
My Song to the Spring I proffer. Op. 21, No. 3	
Old Mother, The. Op. 33, No. 7	
Only Thing, The. Op. 33, No. 8	
On the Journey Home. Op. 33, No. 9	
Poet's Heart, The. Op. 5, No. 2	
Princess, The. Op. 21, No. 4	
Radiant Night. Op. 70, No. 3	
Ragna. Op. 44, No. 5	
Ragnhild. Op. 44, No. 3	
Silent Nightingale, The. Op. 48, No. 4	
Solvejg's Slumber Song. Op. 23, No. 2	
Solvejg's Song. Op. 23, No. 1	
Springtide. Op. 33, No. 2	
Swan, A. Op. 25, No. 2	
Take Good Heed. Op. 70, No. 4	
Tryst, The. Op. 67, No. 4	
'T was on a Lovely Eve in June. Op. 26, No. 2	
Vision, A. Op. 33, No. 6	
Way of the World, The. Op. 48, No. 3	
With a Water-Lily. Op. 25, No. 4	
Woodland Wandering. Op. 18, No. 1	
Wounded Heart, The. Op. 33, No. 3	
Youth, The. Op. 33, No. 1	

[GERMAN]

PAGE		PAGE
57	Alte Mutter, Die. Op. 33, No. 7	99
144	Am Grabe der Mutter. Op. 69, No. 3	144
93	Am schönsten Sommerabend war's. Op. 26, No. 2	81
18	An der Bahre einer jungen Frau. Op. 39, No. 5	57
14	Am einem Bache. Op. 33, No. 5	93
123	Auf der Reise zur Heimath. Op. 33, No. 9	104
147	Bursch, Der. Op. 33, No. 1	83
110	Dem Lenz soll mein Lied erklingen. Op. 21, No. 3	54
152	Dereinst, Gedanke mein. Op. 48, No. 2	110
41	Des Dichters Herz. Op. 5, No. 2	10
71	Eros. Op. 70, No. 1	152
106	Erste, Das. Op. 33, No. 8	102
43	Erstes Begegnen. Op. 21, No. 1	41
39	Freundschaftsstück, Ein. Op. 33, No. 10	106
108	Frühling, Der. Op. 33, No. 2	86
59	Gruss. Op. 48, No. 1	108
8	Guten Morgen. Op. 21, No. 2	39
129	Herbststurm. Op. 18, No. 4	18
120	Ich liebe Dich. Op. 5, No. 3	8
140	Im Kahne. Op. 60, No. 3	129
33	Kind der Berge, Das. Op. 67, No. 2	133
78	Lauf der Welt. Op. 48, No. 3	112
1	Lichte Nacht. Op. 70, No. 3	156
127	Liebe. Op. 67, No. 5	140
37	Margarethens Wiegenlied. Op. 15, No. 1	33
133	Mein Sinn ist wie der mächt'ge Fels. Op. 5, No. 4	4
4	Mit einer Primula Veris. Op. 26, No. 4	71
54	Mit einer Wasserlilie. Op. 25, No. 4	73
99	Morgenthau. Op. 4, No. 2	1
102	Mutter singt, Die. Op. 60, No. 2	127
104	Mutterschmerz. Op. 15, No. 4	37
10	Prinzessin, Die. Op. 21, No. 4	51
51	Ragna. Op. 44, No. 5	30
156	Ragnhild. Op. 44, No. 3	26
30	Schwan, Ein. Op. 25, No. 2	69
26	Sieh' dich vor. Op. 70, No. 4	158
116	Solvejgs Lied. Op. 23, No. 1	62
66	Solvejgs Wiegenlied. Op. 23, No. 2	66
62	Spielmannslied. Op. 25, No. 1	78
86	Stelldichein. Op. 67, No. 4	136
69	Traum, Ein. Op. 48, No. 6	123
156	Träume. Op. 69, No. 5	147
136	Verborg'ne Liebe. Op. 39, No. 2	59
81	Verschwiegene Nachtigall, Die. Op. 48, No. 4	116
96	Verwundete, Der. Op. 33, No. 3	91
112	Vom Monte Pincio. Op. 39, No. 1	43
73	Waldwanderung. Op. 18, No. 1	35
35	Was ich sah. Op. 33, No. 6	96
91	Wiegenlied. Op. 9, No. 2	14
83	Zur Rosenzeit. Op. 48, No. 5	120



Evandrie.

EDVARD GRIEG



THERE is an expression, "I bought it for a song," which implies that a song is a mere trifle, a thing of little value. Now, it cannot be denied that the songs of the great masters, from Bach and Handel to Beethoven, are indeed for the most part mere trifles compared with the best numbers in their oratorios and symphonies. Schubert was the first great master who infused as much genius into his songs as into his symphonies or sonatas; and others, fortunately, soon followed his example. Among these, Edvard Grieg is conspicuous. His songs contain the very quintessence of his genius,—a world of musical thought, fancy, emotion; a lavish abundance of fresh melody, novel harmony, ravishing modulation, enchanting tone-color. They are entirely original,—as different from the songs of other countries as the scenery of Norway is from the scenery of Germany, France, and Italy. To sing them is like making an excursion in the Northern fjords.

Strange to say, most of these enchanting songs are still unknown, to professionals as well as amateurs; they are buried treasures, music of the future. One often reads that "every school-girl plays and sings Grieg;" but that is an absurd exaggeration. Grieg's friend, the Norwegian composer Schjelderup, came nearer the truth when he said: "A few of the 'famous' songs are sung interminably, and that is about all. Who knows Grieg's settings of the poems by Ibsen, Vinje, and Garborg, which are among his best?"

It is the object of the present volume to change this deplorable state of affairs by making the best fifty of Grieg's one hundred and thirty-five songs conveniently accessible in an English version, and at the same time supplying such information as seems essential for a thorough comprehension and interpretation of them. A few years ago the eminent violinist Johannes Wolf, who made concert tours with Grieg in England and on the Continent, wrote to the editor of this

volume: "His works are full of passion and poetry; the more I play them, the more I love them; always I find freshness and beauty. But," he adds, "few know how to play Grieg." To do that, "one must know him, his beautiful country, and the Norwegian character." This is emphatically true. Not that it is necessary to be a Scandinavian to do justice to Grieg's music. He himself wrote, a few months before his death, that the best exponent of his art was an Australian. But every singer or player of his works ought to know something of his life, his ideals, and the quaint customs and picturesque scenery which colored and gave shape to his music.

While Edvard Grieg was born in Norway (at Bergen, on June 15, 1843), his great-grandfather was a Scotchman,—a merchant who wrote his name Greig and was probably related to General Greigh. After the battle of Culloden, in 1746, which was so disastrous to the Scotch, he emigrated to Norway, where he changed his name to Grieg (to ensure the correct pronunciation), and married a Norwegian. Their son, John, who occupied the post of British consul at Bergen, also married a Norwegian, and so did his son, Alexander, the father of the composer, who thus had much more Norwegian than Scotch blood in his veins. His musical talent came to him entirely from the Norwegian side; he inherited his gifts from his mother (Gesine Hagerup), who played the piano sufficiently well to appear at public concerts. She had weekly soirées at her house at which Edvard heard much good music, especially by Mozart and Weber, his mother's favorite composers. She also gave him piano lessons, and at the age of twelve he wrote his first composition, a set of variations on a German melody. He took this to school and showed it to his teacher, who, however, pulled his hair and told him not to waste his time on such foolishness!

Edvard's father never cared much more for

his music than that teacher did, even after he had made his mark. But he influenced him favorably otherwise, for he was a man of character and culture. He took Edvard, when a lad of fifteen, on a trip to the mountains, on which occasion the grandeur of the Norwegian scenery made such a deep impression on the boy that he wanted to become a painter. He admired particularly the snowy solitudes, the precipitous cliffs, the glaciers, the thundering waterfalls. Luckily, at this crisis, the eminent violinist Ole Bull came to the rescue of music. He had often visited the Griegs and had promptly discovered the boy's talent. He advised the parents to send their son to Leipzig, and they followed his suggestion without a moment's hesitation, as they had themselves reached the conclusion that he was destined to be a musician.

Grieg entered the Leipzig Conservatory with joyous expectations and a vague idea that his mere presence there would soon make him a finished musician. He was displeased when he found that he was expected to do a great deal of work, and much of it pure drudgery. He was by no means a model student; much of his time was spent in dawdling and dreaming. But it was not all his fault. Many of the lessons given were unnecessarily dry and pedantic, and he was asked to compose chamber music and orchestral works before he had learned to handle his tools. What annoyed him particularly was the ultra-conservative attitude of most of the professors. Chopin and Wagner, whom he adored, were "forbidden fruit;" to some extent the same was true even of Schumann, one of the founders of the Conservatory. These things discouraged him, and for a time he neglected his work. But a reaction came. Seeing how industrious his classmates were (among them several young Englishmen who subsequently became famous: Arthur Sullivan, Edward Dannreuther, Franklin Taylor, and Walter Bache), he bestirred himself and went to the other extreme, the consequence being that in 1860 he broke down. Pleurisy supervened and left the young man to spend the remaining forty-seven years of his life with only one lung.

His mother came and took him home, but subsequently he returned and finished his studies at the Conservatory, passing the examinations successfully.

From Leipzig he went to Denmark, where he began to compose industriously, partly under the guidance of the famous composer Gade. But there was a still stronger influence and incitement to work. In 1864 he became engaged to his cousin Nina Hagerup, but for three long years he had to work hard to command sufficient income to marry her. It was largely owing to his betrothed that his genius assumed such a strong bent toward lyric song. For her he composed the best known of all his songs, *I Love Thee*, and many of his other gems.

Had Grieg remained in Germany he would still have become a great composer; but his songs and pieces would have lacked that exotic fragrance which constitutes one of their greatest charms. His *I Love Thee* illustrates this point. It is quite German; Schumann might have written it when at his best, for it is quite in his style; but Schumann could never have written *The First Primrose*, *The Swan*, *The Old Mother*, *On the Journey Home*, *At the Brookside*, *Minstrel's Song*, *The Mountain Maid*, *At Mother's Grave*, *From Monte Pincio*. These, and many others of the songs, only a *Norwegian* could have written, and only *one Norwegian*,—Edvard Grieg.

From Denmark Grieg passed on to his native country. For eight years he made Christiania his home, giving concerts and trying hard to educate the musical taste of his fellow citizens. For his compositions there was at this time very little demand. "He writes music that nobody wants to hear," the mother of the girl he was engaged to used to say. Consequently he had to make his living by teaching, conducting, and playing the organ in churches.

The first to discover his genius was Liszt. He had accidentally come across Grieg's first sonata for piano and violin, and was so much pleased that he wrote him a letter praising it for the inventive talent manifested in it. An important result of this letter was that the Norwegian Gov-

ernment granted him a sum of money which enabled him to go to Rome and visit Liszt. For his own very interesting account of his intercourse the reader must be referred to the editor's *Grieg and His Music* (John Lane Co.). Liszt was enthusiastic over Grieg's pieces, especially the piano concerto, and his final admonition was one which often upheld Grieg in later years when the bold originality of his music made it the target of critical arrows: "Keep steadily on; I tell you, you have the gifts, and—*do not let them intimidate you!*"

Schubert once said that creative artists should be supported by the government—an opinion which Wagner echoed. The Norwegian Government began long ago to do that very thing. Grieg, in 1874, received an annuity of sixteen hundred crowns (four hundred and forty dollars), which—as the expenses of living in Norway were low—enabled him to give up teaching and devote more time to composing. He made his home in Bergen again, and there wrote, among other things, at Ibsen's special request, the incidental music to *Peer Gynt*, which, in the form of suites, is to this day among the most popular concert pieces. In 1877 he made his residence at Lofthus, on the South Fjord, where he remained eight years, devoting most of his time to composing, varying this by making an occasional concert tour. But Lofthus, with all its scenic charms, had the disadvantage of being too much exposed to casual visitors and intruders, wherefore he moved, in 1885, to the villa Trolldhaugen, near the railway station Hop, about five miles from Bergen, and this remained his home to the end of his life.

A simple life it was, the only sensational incident in it having been an occurrence in Paris which at the same time reveals his character in a most agreeable light. At the time of the Dreyfus trial the eminent orchestral conductor Edouard Colonne invited him to participate in a concert at the Châtelet Theatre. But Grieg replied that he was too indignant at the contempt for justice shown in France to enter into relations at that moment with the French public. It was an unwise answer. A writer in *Le Figaro* had said

not long before that among the most famous musicians of the time he knew none whose popularity in France equalled Grieg's. This popularity he risked losing; for had not Wagner's operas been boycotted in Paris many years because he had, in his play, *A Capitulation*, lampooned the French? But Grieg did not care. He had the courage, four years later, to accept Colonne's renewed invitation, and the chauvinists did not neglect the opportunity to hiss and to cry: "Apologize, you have insulted France!" The audience, however, took his part, and the result was an ovation, mingled with hisses.

This was the first time in his life—he was sixty years old—that he had ever been hissed. But he looked at the matter from a humorous point of view, writing to a friend: "I have seen much, but never such a comedy as that in the Châtelet Theatre on the nineteenth. But—who can tell?—if I had not been hissed I would perhaps not have had such an enormous success!"

His capacity for seeing the funny side of things is frequently shown in his letters, and it serves as a counterpart to his *Humoresken* for pianoforte. When his friend Oscar Meyer, the song writer, congratulated him on his election as a member of the French Legion of Honor, he replied: "My election is an 'honor' I share with 'legions,' so let us not waste more words about it."

He received many tempting offers for an American tour, but distrust of his health and aversion to the turbulent ocean made him refuse them all. To an American visitor who urged him to cross, he remarked that he would do so if he could get a guaranty that the Atlantic would behave itself; "but," he added, "it must be a written guaranty!"

In European countries he gave a few concerts nearly every year, and the house was always sold out weeks in advance. He was a conductor who could get "nervous thrilling bursts and charming sentiment" out of any good orchestra, and he was a first-class pianist, playing his own pieces now with the wild abandon of Norwegian dancing peasants, now with the exquisite delicacy

and refinement of a man of genius who fathoms the deepest secrets of the soul.

Personally he was as shy and delicate as some of his melodies. In December, 1906, he wrote to Oscar Meyer: "You are perfectly right in being astonished that I still give concerts. The fact is, however, that I allow myself to be persuaded to do so; I have, unfortunately, not strength of character enough to refuse. To appear in public is, to me, the most hateful thing I can imagine. And yet, to hear my works excellently performed and in accordance with my own interpretation—this is a thing I cannot resist."

This was three years after his sixtieth birthday. That birthday was celebrated all over Scandinavia and in other countries, especially in Germany, where many music lovers feel toward Grieg much as they do toward the equally modest and melodious Schubert. The German Emperor is particularly fond of Grieg's music, which reminds him of the picturesque Norwegian fjords he visits nearly every summer on the *Hohenzollern*. Once he entertained Grieg on this yacht, and during this visit an incident occurred to which the composer often referred with special pleasure. A strong and cold wind was blowing, and the Emperor, knowing of Grieg's delicate state of health, lent him his military cloak. As the composer was walking up and down the deck alone, an officer said to him: "Take care! His Majesty's mantle is dragging." At that moment the Kaiser returned and said with a smile: "The main thing is that our master must not catch cold."

The Kaiser was also one of the chief mourners when Grieg died, at Bergen, on September 4, 1907, after lying ill for a week in the hospital. To the widow he sent this dispatch: "I communicate to you, on your husband's death, my most cordial sympathy. He and his art will never be forgotten by me, nor by his compatriots, nor by the Germans. May God console you in your grief. I have charged my Ambassador to represent me at the funeral ceremony and to lay on his bier a wreath in my name."

Bergen solicited the honor of taking charge of the funeral services, but the Norwegian Gov-

ernment intervened and made it a national affair. More than forty thousand persons participated; all schools, shops, and factories were closed. Grieg's wish, expressed in 1894, that the funeral march he had written on the death of his friend Nordraak should be played at his own obsequies was fulfilled. As the procession marched along the streets past the houses draped in black, all the men bared their heads—for every Norwegian loves Grieg as if he were a member of his own family; and to this love is added pride and gratitude—for what other man had done more to make Norway known and admired by the world? In the words of Björnson: "He brought it about that Norwegian moods and Norwegian life are at home in every music room in the whole world."

Grieg's body was cremated, and in April, 1908, the ashes were deposited in a spot as romantic and moody as his music. From the villa Trolldhaugen, which was his home during the last twenty years of his life, there is visible a promontory projecting into the fjord. At the extreme end of this there is a rock with a natural grotto. This grotto is not accessible by land, but can be reached only by boat, and the rock rises steep above it. Here the urn containing Grieg's ashes was deposited, and the grotto then closed forever and marked with an epitaph on a marble tablet indicating the former entrance.

THE NORTHLAND SPIRIT IN MUSIC

A German critic once expressed his regret that Grieg "stuck in the fjord and never got out of it." Most music lovers are, on the contrary, delighted that his music is, like his life,—and now his ashes,—inseparable from the fjord. He began his career by writing German music; the first dozen or so of his songs were composed under the influence of Schubert and Schumann. Then came the Danish episode already referred to. Gade, the Dane, helped to arouse his musical ambition, but did not awaken his patriotic Scandinavian sentiment, being too much of a Germanist himself. He actually objected to the strong national color in the second violin sonata.

"Dear Grieg," he said, "your next sonata you really must make less Norwegian." But Grieg retorted boldly: "On the contrary, Professor, the next shall be more so!"

The courage of his convictions had come to him partly spontaneously, partly through the influence of two friends, Richard Nordraak and Ole Bull. Both were ardent patriots, convinced that musically Norway had something of great charm and eternal value to offer the world. Nordraak was a young enthusiast, a gifted composer, with whom Grieg played and discussed politics and nationalism. He died too young to make his mark. Ole Bull, in Grieg's youth, used to take him along on his tours to the mountainous interior, where they listened delightedly to the national airs as played by peasant fiddlers on their antique "fele." Then the great violinist transferred these wild airs, and played them, not only for the Griegs and the other Norwegians, but the world over, arousing unbounded enthusiasm.

The belief is still widely prevalent that Grieg did little more than Ole Bull—that he was simply a collector of national airs which he made accessible to the outside world, after dressing them up in appropriate harmonies. Several of his collections of pianoforte pieces (op. 17, 35, 66, 72) and a few other works are indeed based on borrowed melodies; but these constitute only a very small fraction of his productions; all the others are his own absolutely. Of his one hundred and thirty-five songs only one, *Solvejg's Song*, is based on a folk-tune. Grieg did not need to borrow tunes, for his own melodic faculty was astonishingly fertile. Norse folk-songs are noted for their freshness and beauty, yet, as Philip Hale has aptly remarked, "Look over these folk-songs, and see how superior to them in haunting beauty are the melodies of Grieg."

Grieg's strength, as Professor Niecks of Edinburgh University has remarked, "lies in the freshness and novelty of his ideas." This creat-

ing of "fresh and novel ideas" is the one thing in music which cannot be learned or taught. It is that which distinguishes genius from mere talent; and this we must bear in mind in determining Grieg's place among the masters. In point of originality he ranks with the greatest of them in all the elements of his art,—melody, harmony, modulation, rhythm, and coloring. His music is as unmistakably his own as his face.

While thus emphasizing his originality, we must bear in mind that he was nevertheless, like all other composers, subject to diverse influences. The masters who specially helped to mould his mind are Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Wagner. Great and salutary, also, was the influence on him of the folk-music of Norway; it helped to make his own music racy of the soil, as the folk-music of Poland did that of Chopin, the folk-music of Bohemia that of Dvořák, the folk-music of Hungary that of Liszt. Like a tree with its roots in the soil of his native country, Grieg absorbed the chemical qualities of the Norwegian soil without losing any of his individuality.

The folk-music of Norway is more exotic—more "foreign" to our ears—than that of the other Scandinavian countries—Sweden and Denmark. It is peculiarly robust, often rugged as the bold rocks that overhang those narrow and winding arms of the sea which are called fjords. It delights in abrupt changes; its rhythms are irregular and capricious, the tonality uncertain and vacillating; and there is a preference for the minor mode and for quaint melodic intervals. Grieg himself, in speaking of the Norwegian peasant tunes, refers to their "blending of delicacy and grace with rough power and untamed wildness as regards their melody, and more particularly the rhythm." This blend we find in many of his own pieces, too; we find in them also the love of a drone bass changeless through many bars, the rhapsodic manner, the need of an ever changing *rubato* pace, which characterize Norse music.¹

¹ For details regarding the characteristics of Norwegian music the reader must be referred to the author's biography of Grieg, chapter viii. Before the appearance of this book the opinion previously referred to—that Grieg did little more than transplant

Norwegian music differs from the Danish and Swedish very much as the scenery does. As I have said elsewhere: "The Norwegian is bolder, rougher, wilder, grander, yet with a green, fertile vale here and there in which strawberries and cherries reach a fragrance and flavor hardly attained anywhere else in the world." These green vales with luscious fruits are one of the main characteristics of Grieg's music. They impart a feeling of delight like that which overcomes a tourist going down a Swiss pass from the snowy Alps to the fig trees and vineyards of Italy.

Carl Engel, who made a special study of the varieties of national song, has tersely characterized the general spirit of Norwegian music. "It is a curious fact," he says, "that those nations which possess the most lugubrious music possess also the most hilarious tunes. The songs of the Norwegians are generally very plaintive, though at the same time very beautiful; and some of the Norwegian dances have perhaps more resemblance to dirges than to the dances of some other nations; but in single instances the Norwegian tunes exhibit an unbounded joy and cheerfulness, such as we rarely meet with in the music of other people. Indeed, the Norwegians, so far as their music is concerned, might be compared to the hypochondriac who occasionally, though but seldom, gives himself up to an almost excessive merriment."

Grieg himself, in a letter to the editor, wrote: "The fundamental trait of Norwegian folk-song as contrasted with the German is a deep melancholy, which may suddenly change to a wild unrestrained gayety. Mysterious gloom and indomitable wildness—these are the contrasts of Norwegian folk-song."

THE SONGS OF GRIEG

Beethoven is greatest in his adagios, and Dr. Dvořák once quoted approvingly to the editor of this volume the remark of Hans Richter that

in the case of composers in general their slow movements are the supreme test and manifestation of genius. Schubert once wrote in his diary: "Grief sharpens the intellect and strengthens the soul, whereas joy seldom does anything for the one and makes the other weak or frivolous." On another page he wrote: "My musical compositions are the product of my intellect and my sorrows; those which were born of sorrow alone, appear to give the world the most satisfaction."

In looking over the Grieg songs we find a preponderance of those in which he gives expression to his own sorrows and those of the bards whose poems he set. Yet there are also not a few in which is embodied that "unbounded joy and cheerfulness" characteristic of the Norwegians—contrasts inspired, no doubt, in part by the annual changes from the melancholy long winter nights to the cheery midnight sun of summer. Others remind us of the green and smiling valleys referred to. The emotional range of Grieg's songs is, indeed, very great, as we shall see in analyzing them separately; and it must be remembered that we have here only fifty out of one hundred and thirty-five. Patriotism is a sentiment frequently embodied in them, and so is the allied *Heimweh*,—the longing for home of which our No. 33 is such an eloquent example. There is infinite tenderness in some of these *Lieder*, and while a few of the earliest ones (not included in this volume) are commonplace, none of them are tainted and diseased, like so much modern music. To cite a few sentences from my book on Grieg: "One of the most remarkable traits of Grieg is that although he had an invalid body nearly all his life, his artist soul was always healthy; there is not a trace of the morbid or mawkish in his music, but, on the contrary, a superb virility and an exuberant joyousness such as are supposed to be inseparable from robust health. The tenderness just referred to is not incompatible with this sturdy virility; tenderness

Norwegian wild songs into his flower-pots—was very widely prevalent. After reading this book he wrote to the author, under date of December 30, 1905: "Of particular importance is the chapter on the relation of Norwegian folk-songs to my originality. For this I am extremely grateful to you, for you have succeeded brilliantly in rehabilitating me in the face of the many unjust and ignorant foreign criticisms."

is a modern trait of the best manhood; Homer's heroes had none of it."

To sum up: the emotional range of Grieg's songs is wide, their subjects are poetic and pictorial, there are single pages in them that contain more of the essence of genius than many whole sonatas, symphonies, and operas. That some of the best of these songs are known to few may seem strange; but the mystery is explained by the fact that to do justice to such poetic products a vocalist must be not only technically expert, but a person of deep feeling and able to enter into the spirit of something so rich and strange as Grieg's "fjord music." How many vocalists of that sort are there? Some day there will be more, and then Grieg's songs will be second in vogue to none.

Ffrangcon Davies relates in his book, *The Singing of the Future*, that when he sought Sims Reeves's aid in regard to the singing of *Elijah* the first words of that eminent artist to his pupil were: "What do you think about the Prophet—what sort of man was he?"

There is a wealth of suggestion in that question, to singers of songs as well as of oratorios. "What sort of *poem* is this that I am about to sing?" is the first question vocalists should ask themselves. Wagner suggested that in studying one of his operas the first thing to do was for the singers to have a meeting and read their parts, as if it were simply a play. In the same way, a singer should first study the poem of a song, and fathom its inner spirit before taking up the music. If this were more frequently done there would be larger audiences at song recitals, and fewer unfortunates like General Grant, who, when a young lady asked his permission to sing a song for him, asked, "Is it long?"

The following brief notes are offered in the hope of helping amateurs as well as professionals to present the Grieg songs with a fuller understanding of their contents. The new translations made specially for this volume will also facilitate that task. Grieg himself was very critical regarding the translations of his songs into other languages, and with some of them he was greatly

displeased, because the poetry had been impaired and the accents displaced.

A word of explanation is due regarding the texts used in this edition. The plan of *The Musicians Library* has been to print the songs in English and in the original language. If in this case German is used instead of Norwegian it is because there are in this country nine times as many Germans as Norwegians, and probably a proportionate number of singers and music lovers. The editor is glad to be able to assure the readers of these pages that Grieg would have approved the choice of his songs made for this volume, for he wrote to him, after reading *Songs and Song Writers*: "Always the critics have pointed out my least important things as the best, and unfortunately also *vice versa*. How happy I am that this is not the case with you. You have in the main dwelt on the very songs which I myself consider the best."

1. *Morning Dew* (*Morgenthau*). Written in 1863, the year after Grieg had passed his examination at the Leipzig Conservatory, this love-song harks back to Leipzig impressions. The poem is by a German, Chamisso, who was noted as a naturalist beside being one of the most popular writers of lyrics.

2. *My Mind is like a Peak Snow-crowned* (*Mein Sinn ist wie der mächt'ge Fels*). This passionate and impetuous love-song was written in the same year as the preceding number and likewise betrays the influence of the German masters, notably Schubert, whose *Aufenthalt* it suggests. The poem is by Andersen, Denmark's most prolific and popular author, among whose thirty-three volumes are the *Fairy Tales* which have made his name a household word throughout the world.

3. *I Love Thee* (*Ich liebe Dich*). Of all the one hundred and thirty-five songs of Grieg this one is the most popular. Though entirely original, it might have been, as stated on another page of this volume, written by Schumann in one of his most inspired moments. It is a musical love-letter, dated 1864, the year when Grieg became engaged to his cousin, Nina Hagerup. For

her it was written, and never has a composer poured out his feelings more intensely, more overwhelmingly, for the object of his adoration. The daughter of a famous Danish actress, she was ideally suited to being Grieg's wife. "She is short and somewhat broad," wrote Mrs. Finck, when we visited them at Trolldhaugen in July, 1901, "with a face that her photographs do not do justice to, because there is a peculiar mixture of shyness and vivacity that eludes the camera; she has gray hair, cut short, and very intelligent, dark blue eyes." Tchaikovsky had written three years previously that she was "just as small, fragile, and sympathetic" as her husband; that he had never "met a better informed or more highly cultivated woman;" and that he found her "as amiable, as gentle, as childishly simple and without guile as her celebrated husband." She sang his songs, sometimes in public (the last time, before Queen Victoria in 1898), as no one else could sing them. Her art reminded Frau von Holstein of Jenny Lind's "in its captivating *abandon*, dramatic vivacity, soulful treatment of the poem, and unaffected manner." Grieg himself once wrote to the editor of this volume: "My best songs were composed for her; they embody my personal feelings, and I could no more have stopped expressing them in songs than I could have stopped breathing." It seemed to him "a matter of course that one should sing so beautifully, so eloquently, so soulfully, as she did."

4. *The Poet's Heart* (*Des Dichters Herz*). Another Andersen poem, set to music in the same year as *I Love Thee*. The expression mark *allegro molto ed agitato*—very fast and impassioned—indicates the keynote of this effusion of the poet, who maintains excitedly that however urgent may be the ocean-waves, however fragrant the flowers, wild the winds, they are as naught compared with the exuberant emotions in the poet's bleeding heart.

5. *Cradle Song* (*Wiegenlied*). Not a cradle song in the usual sense of the term is this ineffably sad effusion. It is a dirge sung by the father, for the mother who died in giving life to her boy;

and the father confesses he would have slain himself to join her had it not been for the child's need of a protector. In 1899, when the editor of this volume was writing his book on *Songs and Song Writers*, he asked Grieg for some details regarding his songs. After some hesitation, the composer kindly forwarded him a letter of thirty-six pages full of valuable information. In this letter he referred to the *Wiegenlied*. A few years previously he was dismayed to find it in the programme of a concert given at the Gewandhaus. It seemed to him impossible in a concert hall because of its very *intime* character. But—the vocalist was Johannes Messchaert, and Arthur Nikisch played the piano part. After a few lines had been sung, deep silence prevailed in the hall. The composer's hopes began to rise, because the performance was so incomparably beautiful. And when the last bar had been sung, the audience expressed its satisfaction in an outburst of prolonged applause. Note the expression mark, "not too slow, but very mournfully." The piano part is *pianissimo* throughout; the accents must be very subtle, yet distinct. The intense grief, combined with the lulling tenderness that belongs to a cradle song, gives this *Lied* a unique place in musical literature. The author of the poem, Andreas Munch, enjoys great popularity in Norway; the parliament granted him an honorary pension. His best work is his *Sorrow and Comfort*, in which he bewails the death of his wife.

6. *Autumn Storm* (*Herbststurm*). Concert singers with dramatic gifts will find this a most effective number. It is longer than most of Grieg's songs and presents excellent opportunities for climaxing. The text, by the eminent Danish poet, Christian Richardt (who is particularly noted for his pictures of nature in diverse aspects), imperatively called for such a setting. It presents a vivid suggestion of the advent of winter in the North, and Grieg's music is equally realistic, recalling both the stormy aspect of approaching winter and its domestic comforts and consolations.

7, 8. *Ragnhild*; *Ragna*. In 1866 Grieg and the

poet Drachmann made an excursion to the Norwegian mountains. One day they became acquainted with some charming women who at once inspired the poet and the composer to utter their sentiments in joint song. The result of this collaboration appeared as opus 44, entitled *From the Mountains and the Fjords*, with the subtitle *Souvenirs of a Trip in Norway*. It consists of a prologue, an epilogue, and between them the two buoyant songs *Ragnhild* and *Ragna*, which are as tuneful and almost as simple as folk-songs, yet unmistakably Griegian. They speak for themselves.

9. *Margaret's Cradle Song* (*Margarethens Wiegenlied*). Although the poem underlying this number is by the Norwegian Ibsen, the music seems like a reminiscence of the days Grieg spent as a youth amid the chorals and folk-songs of Germany and the songs of Franz. But when we reach bars 10-18 we realize our mistake: it is a Norwegian baby, after all, that Ibsen and Grieg are singing about. The song is both a lullaby and a prayer—how different from the heart-rending dirge of No. 5 in our collection!

10. *Woodland Wandering* (*Waldwanderung*). Here is a song of love and summer—a merry woodland song that everybody can understand and enjoy at first hearing, including even those men who never go to anything but “musical comedies.” The melody is so simple and trips along so lightly that one might fancy it had been invented by a shepherd boy instead of by the greatest master of subtle harmony since Wagner and Liszt.

11. *Mother Sorrow* (*Mutterschmerz*). The poet who, in No. 6, took us to the heart of nature, here bares the heart of a poor mother who has lost her infant boy and prays for more tears to weep. It is a most tender, pathetic song. A grief like this came into the life of Grieg and his wife. In the words of his intimate friend, Frank Van der Stucken: “Grieg liked children very much, and used to speak about a child of his, a girl, that had died very young. How tenderly he would

mention her name and relate incidents of her short life!” It was Mr. Van der Stucken who added a second German verse to Grieg’s song *I Love Thee* for the Peters edition.

12. *Good Morning* (*Guten Morgen*). This song is a good illustration of how much the combined imaginative powers of a poet and a composer can make of the simple idea of daybreak. It is one of Grieg’s most joyous songs.

13. *First Meeting* (*Erstes Begegnen*). Another Björnson song, on the dawn of love. This eminent poet has played almost as important a part in the political life of Norway as in its literature. He and Grieg were for several decades intimate friends; they collaborated not only in a number of songs but also in larger works, like *Olaf Trygvason* (an operatic fragment), the men’s chorus *Landsighting*, and the melodious and pathetic *At the Cloister Gate*, which cannot be too highly commended to music clubs commanding a women’s choir and a soprano and an alto soloist.

14. *From Monte Pincio* (*Vom Monte Pincio*). The Pincio, in Rome, used to be known as the “hill of gardens.” Here two thousand years ago were the famous gardens of the millionaire Lucullus, and many memories of mediaeval events are associated with the place, too. At present it is a fashionable resort and drive, and in the evening, when there is music, it presents a gay scene. Björnson touches on the various points of view which occur to a poet’s observant and reminiscent mind on a visit to this picturesque place; and Grieg’s music, with a realistic art worthy of both Schubert and Liszt, reproduces all these aspects in his music—the glowing sunset, the swarming people, the domes of the city below, the mists calling up dim memories of the past and prophecies as to a future awakening of Rome to her former glory. Note how the opening chords conjure up the sunset mood; how the music grows funereal at the words “face of the dead;” note the echo-like sounds of the mountain horns; the fine contrast provided by the recurring gay melody (*vivo*); and many other exquisite details.

15. *The Princess (Die Prinzessin)*. Another immortal mastersong—Griegish in every bar of the melody and harmony, as individual, as original almost as if no one had written songs before Grieg. Sing it, play it, twice, twenty times, two hundred times, you will like it more and more, and it will haunt you like the face of a beautiful girl illumined by love. How exquisitely Björnson's Heine-like story of the princess in her castle overcome by the lay of the minstrel below, is mirrored in the music! How grandly the chords near the close sink with the setting sun!

16. *My Song to the Spring I proffer (Dem Lenz soll mein Lied erklingen)*. With *Monte Pincio* and *The Princess* we entered the second phase of Grieg's activity, in which his individuality manifests itself strongly, and Norwegian local color becomes more and more vivid. No. 16 also is thoroughly characteristic of its composer. To enter fully into the spirit of this greeting to spring, the singer should bear in mind that if the coming of spring is a joyous event to us who live in temperate latitudes, it is doubly so to the Norseman, who not only has missed the murmuring of the brooks and the blooming of the flowers, but has not even seen the light of the sun, for months. Spring to him is like the release from a dark dungeon, and it begets that "unbounded joy and cheerfulness" which we have noted as a Norwegian characteristic.

17. *At a Young Woman's Bier (An der Bahre einer jungen Frau)*. There is a world of sorrow in the spectacle of a man standing at the bier of his wife, cut off in her youth—a world of sorrow which finds its most poignant expression in this deep-felt song. It is pathetic, tragic, to the end; but conspicuous for thrilling, tear-compelling beauty are the nine bars from the twelfth to the twentieth, which are like a vision of heaven granted to the mourner. Had Grieg written nothing but those nine bars he would still be one of the immortal masters.

18. *Hidden Love (Verborg'ne Liebe)*. The story

of a maiden and a youth who love one another while neither ever discovers the secret is a favorite one with the poets. Björnson's poem might have been written in any country, but Grieg's setting of it is music such as the world never heard before he began to compose. It is Norse music, and the expert ear also detects melodic steps which illustrate the strange relationship between Scandinavian and Oriental art.

19. *Solvejg's Song (Solvejgs Lied)*. Grieg once wrote to the editor of this volume that *Solvejg's Song* was the only one of his songs which contains a borrowed melody. The allegretto section, in particular, has the lilt of a folk-song; but the harmonies are, of course, his own. None of Grieg's songs is sung oftener than this; even Patti added it to her repertory a few years ago. Solvejg (pronounced Solevīg) is the heroine of *Peer Gynt*, Ibsen's famous drama. She falls in love with Peer Gynt notwithstanding his rough peasant ways. But he has fantastic aspirations to become emperor of the world, and soon leaves her to seek adventures in diverse countries, including Arabia. She remains in the hut he had built for her in the Norwegian forest, and her song attests that her thoughts and her heart are with him always.

20. *Solvejg's Slumber Song (Solvejgs Wiegenlied)*. No more than No. 5 in our collection is this a cradle song in the usual sense of the word. It is the ineffably sad dirge which Solvejg sings when Peer Gynt has at last returned to her, only to die in her arms. No singer, unless she is an artist of the highest rank or has suffered the same grief in her life, can fathom the depth of the sorrow here expressed in tones of exquisite tenderness. The creative thrill of delight which Grieg must have felt when he penned this song—especially the last twelve bars, which have not their equal in more than a dozen other songs ever composed—must have atoned for all the sufferings of his life. As the editor has said elsewhere: "This death song closes the quasi-operatic score of *Peer Gynt*, and if there is, excepting *Tristan and Isolde*, an opera which has a more

deeply emotional or a more sorrowful ending, I have not heard it."

21. *A Swan (Ein Schwan)*. This is not only one of the most popular songs in modern concert halls, but is also one of the grandest ever composed. No one should attempt to sing it unless endowed with sufficient dramatic feeling to bring out the deeper meaning of Ibsen's poem, the varied expression, and, especially, the superb climax where the swan, after a lifelong silence, sings at last. Grieg, in a letter to the editor, wished him to call particular attention to the fact that the words "Ja, da, da sangst du" should be sung "*sempre fortissimo*, if possible even with a *crescendo*, and by no means *diminuendo* and *piano*."

22. *The First Primrose (Mit einer Primula Veris)*. Perhaps this is the best of all the Grieg songs for a first introduction to his style. Its ravishing melody enraptures the senses at a first hearing, and every one will agree that it is the loveliest of spring songs. All the delicacy of a flower, the fragrance of May, the buoyancy of youth, are in this song of a lover who offers the first primrose of the season to his beloved in exchange for her heart. "When I first heard it, I was affected as I was when I saw my first Mari-rosa Lily in California."

23. *With a Water-Lily (Mit einer Wasserlilie)*. Ibsen's poems always inspired Grieg to his best efforts. One day when Madame Grieg had sung her husband's setting of Ibsen's songs for him, he shook hands with both and whispered one word, "Understood!" In the *Water-lily* song, as in the others, Grieg has musically "understood" his great countryman. It is aptly named an *allegro grazioso*, the melody poising on the chords as the lilies on their slender stems. The variety amid the unity of the accompaniment suggests the skill with which Schubert voices the brook in his songs of the Miller's Maid.

24. *Minstrel's Song (Spielmannslied)*. Another gem of the first water, Grieg in every bar, thoroughly Ibsenish and Norwegian. The poem em-

bodies the favorite Norse legend of the river sprite teaching the magic love-compelling art of song in exchange for the singer's salvation. In this case the lover loses his beloved as well as his soul. The music starts in the manner of a legend and develops into a miniature drama. It is a song which afterwards haunted the composer himself; following the example of Schubert, he made it the theme of a piece of chamber music—his splendid string quartet, of which it colors three movements, and which, as he informed the editor of this volume, was written in the country after his soul had been harrowed by heartrending experiences.

25. *'Twas on a Lovely Eve in June (Am schönsten Sommerabend war's)*. In this poem by J. Paulsen, one of Norway's favorite bards, we behold a Norse maiden tending her goats, knitting and gazing dreamily over the fjord. The music is an exact echo of the poem, engendering the same summery mood. Heed the *dolce e tranquillo*! The last bars have a peculiarly haunting quality, and they illustrate one of the most captivating of Grieg's musical traits,—his utter avoidance of the commonplace, particularly at the end of a song or piece, where so many composers are careless, forgetting that all's well that ends well.

26. *The Youth (Der Bursch)*. The high-water mark of Grieg's genius is represented by the nine songs from Nos. 26 to 34 in this collection. They belong in a group of twelve, concerning which Grieg wrote to the editor in 1900: "I was all aflame with enthusiasm when I became acquainted in the spring of 1880 with the poems of Vinje, which embody a deep philosophy of life; and in the course of eight to ten days I composed not only the songs contained in the fourth volume, but others by the same poet which are not yet in print. A. O. Vinje was a peasant by birth. He attempted with his prose works to enlighten the Norwegian people, and these writings, together with his poems, gave him a great national importance." *Der Bursch* is one of those songs which indicate that despair in the Far North, with its sunless winters, must be a more

hopeless feeling than elsewhere. And the music! How weird its melodic intervals, how disconsolate its strange harmonies! Here we breathe the very air of Norway; there is a tone of Norwegian *Volkstümlichkeit*, which was new at that time,—new in music, new in Grieg, as he himself has said.

27. *Springtide* (*Der Frühling*). When Tchaikovsky heard Nina Grieg sing this heavenly song in Leipzig he was moved to tears; and he showed his gratitude subsequently for the great pleasure given, by sending her his own songs, with a cordial dedication. What melodic breadth, what exquisite tenderness, what superbly swelling harmonies and entrancing modulations from key to key, are in this *Lied*!

28. *The Wounded Heart* (*Der Verwundete*). This exquisitely Griegish song is closely associated with the foregoing, not only as following it in the same series, but because the composer arranged them for string orchestra, in which version they were published under the title of *Two Elegiac Melodies*. They are often heard in concert halls. In a letter to the editor, Grieg explained that while in the songs themselves the profound melancholy of the poems explains the sombre strains of the music, the orchestral version, having no explanatory verses, called for more significant titles, wherefore he called them *The Last Spring* and *Heart-Wounds*.

29. *At the Brookside* (*An einem Bache*). This is one of the best songs for studying—and enjoying—the peculiar melodic intervals and harmonies of Grieg. Every bar seems to have the five letters of his name stamped on it, and the charm of this original musical physiognomy grows on you like the expression of a face that indicates character as well as beauty. There are here melodic steps and harmonic progressions so strange that the uninitiated may almost suspect them to be misprints; but gradually, as the ear becomes habituated to them, they assume an unearthly beauty.

30. *A Vision* (*Was ich sah*). A song depicting the

effect of love at first sight—love which failed of fruition and now lives on remembrance only.

31. *The Old Mother* (*Die alte Mutter*). A charming song of filial love and gratitude which shows that the romantic infatuation for a beautiful girl is not the only kind of emotion that inspires immortal tone-poems. Here the music is not so inseparably associated with the poem as in *Monte Pincio* or *A Swan*; but what a glorious melody, what quaint original harmonies! Original harmonies the composers of our time can still write; but who will pen a melody like this?

32. *The Only Thing* (*Das Erste*). This song might be considered a commentary on Otway's lines:

"O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you."

33. *On the Journey Home* (*Auf der Reise zur Heimath*). Vinje's poem gives expression to the emotions of one who has been away from home and returns to see again the familiar fertile valleys, the snow mountains, and to hear his mother-tongue once more. It struck a deeply responsive chord in Grieg's heart, which always remained in Norway when he resided for the time elsewhere,—patriotism and love of home being two of the strongest traits in his character. This whole song is of indescribable beauty. Attention is called particularly to the last four bars, in which the composer is overwhelmed with emotion as the memories of youth come back to him. These final bars are a fervent and glorious outburst of feeling, for which few parallels exist in the whole range of music. Note, further, the refreshingly unconventional and poetic ending.

34. *Friendship* (*Ein Freundschaftsstück*). The title of this song is obviously sarcastic, as the first four words indicate. All friends are false, the poet wails, because one has stolen away another's chosen spouse. Poignant grief has never been expressed more bitterly than in Grieg's setting of these lines. The strange, weird chords give the effect of an intensified minor. Among Grieg's songs this one occupies the same place that the gruesome *Doppelgänger* does among Schubert's.

47. *Dreams (Träume)*. This story of a lover who, failing to win the object of his fancy, finds consolation in dreaming of her, but loses even that pleasure on awaking, is not taken by the composer too seriously. There are plenty of fish in the sea! But it is good music, cosmopolitan, and with no suggestion of the fjord.

48. *Eros*. Concert singers will find this a valuable number for their purposes. There is less of the essence of Grieg in it than in most of these songs, but it has "go," and at the end there is an imposing climax.

49, 50. *Radiant Night (Lichte Nacht)*; *Take Good Heed (Sieh' dich vor)*. While Number 49 is

sufficiently cosmopolitan to please even that German critic who objected to Grieg because he "stuck in the fjord," No. 50 takes us back to the fjord, where most of us like him best,—the fjord, where he sang his loveliest melodies and dreamed his quaintest harmonies. As Leonard Liebbling has aptly remarked: "It is stupid to reproach Grieg with being too national. Had he been less so he would not now be universal. That is a curious paradox in music. See Tchaikovsky, Dvořák, Smetana, Verdi, Wagner, and others,"—notably Chopin.

Henry T. Finck

New York, September 15, 1908.

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FIFTY SONGS
BY EDVARD GRIEG

MORNING DEW

(MORGENTHAU)

(Composed in 1863)

(Original Key)

ADELBERT von CHAMISSO (1781-1838)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 4, No 2

VOICE *Andante* *p*

Fain would we with love and ca-ress - es Take
Wir woll - ten mit Ko - sen und Lie - ben ge -

PIANO *p*

joy of this rap - tur - ous night; But how hur - rying Time on - ward
nie - ssen der köst - li - chen Nacht! Wo sind doch die Stun - den ge -

sempre cresc. *un poco rit.* *a tempo*

press - es! E'en now crows the cock for the light.
blie - ben? es ist ja der Hahn schon er - wacht.

sempre cresc. *un poco rit.* *a tempo*

p

The Sun is the sor - row - bring - er, The Night scatters tears as she
Die Son - ne, die bringt viel Lei - den, es wei - net die schei - den - de

La. *

flies; I al - so must weep and not lin - ger — The
Nacht, ich al - so muss wei - nen und schei - den, es

La. *

world now has o' - pend its eyes, — its — eyes. —
ist ja die Welt schon er - wacht, — schöner - wacht. —

rit. *pp*

rit. *a tempo* *p*

La. * La. * La. * La. * La. *

p

I would — no sun - light were gleam - ing, But
 Ich wollt', — es gäb' kei - ne Son - ne, als

La. *

on - ly thine eye clear and bright! The rest of the world might be
 e - ben dein Au - ge so klar. Wir weil - ten in Tag und in

poco a poco cresc.

f *molto rit.*

dream - ing; For us 'twould be day and de - light.
 Won - ne, und schlie - fe die Welt im - mer - dar.

molto rit. *fp stretto al Fine*

dim. sempre

p *pp*

La. *

MY MIND IS LIKE A PEAK SNOW-CROWNED

(MEIN SINN IST WIE DER MÄCHT'GE FELS)

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875)

(Composed in 1863)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key)

German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 15, No. 4

Allegro molto agitato

VOICE

PIANO

f

fp *cresc.*

con Pedale

My
Mein

mind is like a peak snow-crown'd
Sinn ist wie der mächt'ge Fels,

That tow'rs a loft to the
der hoch zum Him - mel sich

skies;
thürmt;

p

My heart is like the
mein Herz ist wie das

p

sea pro - found Where sur - ges on sur - ges
 tie - fe Meer wo Wo - ge auf Wo - ge

cresc.

f rise, Where sur - ges on sur - ges rise.
 stürmt, wo Wo - ge auf Wo - ge stürmt.

poco rit. *a tempo*

p The moun - tain lifts thine
 Em - por - zum blau - en

im - age
 Him - mel

f

High ——— toward heav'ns' blue verge, ———
 hebt ——— der Fels dein Bild, ———

p *f*

f
 But thy - self ———
 du selbst ———

p cresc.

— in my heart thou dwell - - - est,
 — a - ber lobst im Her - - - zen,

f

Where might - - - y storm-bil-lows
 da to - - - sen Bran-dun-gen

p cresc.

più agitato

surge, But thy-self in my heart thou dwell - est, Where
wild, Du selbst a - ber lebst im Her - zen, da

Ped *

might - y storm - bil-lows surge, Where might - y storm - bil-lows
to - sen Bran - dun-gen wild, da to - sen Bran - dun-gen

f *fz* *fz* *fz*

Ped *Ped* *Ped* *Ped*

surge, Where might - y storm bil-lows surge.
wild, da to - sen Bran - dun-gen wild.

dim. *cresc.*

fz *fz* *Ped* *Ped* *Ped*

ff *fz* *fz*

Ped *

I LOVE THEE (ICH LIEBE DICH)

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875)

English version by Auber Forestier

German version by F. von Holstein

(Composed in 1864)

(Original Key, C)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.5, N°3

Andante

VOICE

p

1. My thought of
1. Du mein Ge-

PIANO

*p**pp*

thoughts, my ver - y in - most be - ing,
lone my ev - 'ry thought is burn - ing,
dan - ke, du mein Sein und Wer - den!
dein, kann stets nur dei - ner den - ken,

Thou on - ly
Hap - py my
Du mei - nes
nur dei - nem

pp

art my heart's fe - li - ci - ty!
heart if good I bring to thee!
Her - zens er - - ste Se - lig - keit!
Glück ist die - - ses Herz ge - weih't;

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

p

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

cresc. sempre

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

cresc. sempre

Ped. *

ff rit.

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

ff rit. *mp*

Ped. *

1. *p* 2. *pp*

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

1. *a tempo* 2.

dim. *pp*

Ped. *

THE POET'S HEART

(DES DICHTERS HERZ)

(Composed in 1864)

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875)

(Original Key, F# minor)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 5, No 2

Allegro molto ed agitato *mp*

VOICE

The in - fi-nite course of the
Be - greifst du des Mee - res

PIANO

p

waves who can tell? You know not the soul that in mu - sic doth dwell; The
Wo - gen-drang? den Geist der Tö - ne im Sai - ten-klang? Be -

feel - ing con-ceal'd in the breath of flow'rs, The blaze of the sun a-against
greifst du der Blu - me Bal - sam-duft, der Son - ne Flam - men gen

rit.

molto rit. *mf a tempo*

storm - y pow'rs, The joy of birds in their
 Sturm und Luft, der Vö - gel Zwi - schern in

molto rit. *mf*

a tempo

La

cresc.

car - ols ex - press'd, Then how know the heart in a
 seh - nen - der Lust, und glaubst zu be - grei - fen die

sempre cresc.

La

f *rit.*

po - et's breast? Then how know the heart, know the heart in a po - et's
 Dich - ter-brust? Und glaubst zu be - grei - fen, be - grei - fen die Dich - ter -

f *fz* *fz* *rit.*

La *La*

p

breast?
 Brust?

a tempo

p

It sur - ges more fierce than the
Dort brau - set es stür - ker als

bil - lows' throng; You find there the foun - tain of ev - 'ry song;
Wo - gen - drang, dort ist der Quell von je - dem Sang,

There o - pen blos - soms of per - fume rare; There rage lur - id flames with - out
dort spriesst die Blu - me mit ew' - gem Duft, dort flam - met es oh - ne

tem - p'ring air; There ghosts are bat - tling in yearn - ing and joy, They're
küh - len - de Luft, dort käm - pfen Gei - ster in seh - nen - der Lust, im

a tempo *cresc.* *cresc. sempre*

bat - tling with Death who would fain de - stroy, with Death, with
 Kam - pfe ver - blu - tet des Dich - ters Brust! im Kam - pfe ver -

f *fz*

f *fz*

La *

Death, — with Death who would fain, who would fain —
 blu - tet, im Kam - pfe ver - blu - tet des Dich -

fz *p* *poco rall.*

fz *p* *poco rall.*

La *

de - stroy! —
 - ters Brust!

a tempo *a tempo*

pp *cresc. molto*

fz

La *

CRADLE SONG

(WIEGENLIED)

A. MUNCH (1811-1884)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Edmund Lobedanz

(Composed in 1865)

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.9, No 2

Non lento, ma molto doloroso

VOICE

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

PIANO

Ped

* Ped

* Ped

*

Cra - dle works the sooth - ing spell;
 Here thy fa - ther sits by thee,
 Shall his cru - el grief de - stroy;
 O'er thine in - no - cence hov - 'ring near?

Wieg - lein ist dein Pa - ra - dies.
 Va - ter sit - zet hier bei dir,
 trü - ben dei - ne Mor - gen - lust,
 neigt im Schlum - mer ü - ber dich?

Ay, al - tho' the
 Rocks thee with un -
 Nev - er shall thy
 Dost thou see her

Ach, die dir das
 wie - get dich mit
 nie - mals soll dein
 Lachst ja oft so

Ped

* Ped

* Ped

* Ped

*

grave so cold
 prac - tised skill,
 mer - ry eyes
 in thy dreams

Le - ben gab,
 treu - em Muth,
 Kin - des Glück
 süß und rein,

Doth thy gen - tle moth - er
 Would pro - tect thee from all
 Bit - ter tears in his sur -
 When thy smile in an - swer

lie - get in dem kal - ten
 schir - met dich mit Leib und
 schau - en sei - ner Thrä - nen
 siehst du dann dein Müt - ter

moth - er
 from all
 his sur -
 an - swer

kal - ten
 Leib und
 Thrä - nen
 Müt - ter

Ped

*

Ped

*

Ped

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

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

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

pp

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

* Ped * Ped * Ped * Ped

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

* Ped * Ped * Ped *

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

* Ped * Ped * Ped *

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

pp

p

pp

La *

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

rit.

mf

rit.

La *

hold.
 Grab.

cresc. molto

a tempo

ff

fz

La *

p

pp

La *

AUTUMN STORM

(HERBSTSTURM)

(Composed in 1865)

C. RICHARDT (1831 - 1892)

(Original Key)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 18, No 4

German version by F. von Holstein

Allegro agitato

VOICE

PIANO

pp stacc.

pp

In sum-mer the for-est was green, so green, And mer - ry birds sang from
 Im Som-mer wie war da so grün der Wald, als Zwi - tschern von je - dem

sempre pp e stacc.

ff con fuoco

morn till e'en. Then blew the tem-pest his pow-er-ful horn; The
 Zweig er-schallt! Da blies der Sturm sein ge-wal-ti-ges Lied, und

ff

Ad. *

clus-ter-ing leaves with af-fright were torn; A-gain did he blow his
 Zit-tern und Ban-gen den Wald durch-zieht! Zum zwei-ten Mal blies er mit

Ad. *

horn with might, Then fad-ed the for-est's crown so bright. When
 neu-er Wuth, da bleich-te des Wal-des grü-ne Gluth. Beim

ff

Ad.

thrice he had blown, the leaves on the gale All flut-ter'd a-way mid sleet and hail.
 drit-ten Mal sank ein je-des Laub, es flat-tern die Blät-ter in den Staub.

fff

Ad. *

*quasi recitando**dim.*

All was blast-ed in one au-tumn night, Win-ter now en-ters with
 Ei-ne Herbst-nacht hat Al-les zer-stört, dir nun, o Win-ter, die

fz *fz* *fz* *fz*

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

più p

sud-den might. All is so cold, so bleak, ap-pal-ling, Ma-ny a beech in
 Welt ge-hört. Al-les ist öd, vor Käl-te schau-ernd ste-hen die Bu-chen

p *p* *più p*

La * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* * *La* *

cresc.

death is fall-ing, Whith-er, O kind-ly sun, art flown?
 ein-sam trau-ernd! Son-ne, wo blieb dein feu-rig Lohn?

pp *cresc.*

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

ff

Storm has u-surp'd thy roy-al throne. Pal-lid are
 Stiess dich der Sturm-wind vom gold'-nen Thron? Blei-cher nun

ff

La * *La* * *La* *

all the love - ly ro - ses Sum - mer dis - clo -
 wer - den Rös - leins Wan - gen, Lenz ist ver - gan -

dim.

p

ses, Sum - mer dis -
 gen! Lenz ist ver -

pp

pp

clo - ses.
 gan - gen!

pp

pp

Poco Andante

But need - y folk prize the spoil of storm:
 Die Ar - men nur freut des Sturms Gesaus:

mf *rit.* *p*

Lad * *Lad* * *Lad*

They gath - er them fag-gots to keep them warm,
 sie sam - meln sich Brennholz für's en - ge Haus;
 And Win-ter, albeit he's
 doch ist auch der Win-ter

Lad * *Lad*

cresc. *f* *p*

hard as steel, The wounds that he made him-self will heal! He
 hart ge-nug, er hei - let die Wun - de, die selbst er schlug. Er

cresc. *f*

* *Lad*

Più vivo

pp

spreads out his man - tle soft and white,
 hüllt in den Man - tel, weiss und weich,
 On ev - 'ry place where the
 wohl je - de Wun - de in

pp

Lad *

storm-winds smite. *cresc.*
 sei - nem Reich. What hard - ness so - ev - er Win - ter may bring At
 Wie stren - ge der Win - ter dro - hen uns mag, einst

last will ap - pear *f* the wel - come Spring *rit.*
 leuch - tet uns wie - der ein Früh - lings - tag. *p*

Allegro molto vivace
p *cresc.* *f* *più*
 This ev - 'ry ti - niest seed doth know, "True life to at -
 Das weiss - jed' Keim - lein im Grund ver - steckt, was tod't war, der -

f *ff* *p* *cresc.*
 tain one thro' death must go? This knows each ti - niest
 einst wird es auf - er - weckt Das weiss - jed' Säm - lein ver -

f

bur - geon no doubt, That once heard the sun call "Come
weht vom Wind, der - einst ruft die Son - ne: Wach'

f

La *

ff *p*

out, come out!" What hard - ness so - ev - er old
auf ge - schwind! Wie hart der Win - ter auch

ff *p*

La *

poco *a*

Win - ter may bring, At last will ap -
dro - hen uns mag, Einst leuch - tet auf's

poco *a*

La *

poco *cresc.* *molto* *f sostenuto* *ff*

pear the wel - come Spring O
Neu' ein Früh - lings tag O

poco *cresc.* *molto* *f*

La *

Più mosso

joy, how sweet that sight will show, O
 Lust, wenn einst ich kei - men seh', o

ffz *p*

Lead *

joy how sweet that sight will show The
 Lust, wenn einst ich kei - men seh' die

fz *p*

first young flow'r in the last of snow!
 er - - - ste Blu - me im letz - ten Schnee!

ff *rit.* *ff a tempo*

Lead *

RAGNHILD

(Composed in 1866)

(Original Key, F)

HOLGER DRACHMANN (1846-)

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

German version by Wilhelm Henzen

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 44, No. 3

Allegro giocoso (♩ = 56)

VOICE

When I saw you, dear one,
Ach! als ich, du Trau - te,

PIANO

f *fp*

fp *cresc.*

Light-ly come on board, New and ten-der mean-ing Fill'd the sounds I heard;
dich ge - seh'n an Bord: Al - les, was ich schau - te, sprach ein neu - es Wort;

f *fp* *cresc.*

Land and sea were ring-ing With a wondrous sing-ing;
Fjord und Fel - sen klan-gen, schier als ob sie san-gen,

pp *cresc.*

As we sail'd a - long, We too
wie das Boot hin - glitt, san - gen

pp *cresc.*

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

molto *f*

sang their song.
selbst wir mit.

molto *f* *p*

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

p *tranquillo*

When our voyage was o - ver End - ed was the spell,
Als die Fahrt ge - en - det, hör' es, ach! noch jetzt

p

La *

dolce e più tranquillo

And thy sweet lips fal - ter'd In a last fare - well.
wur - de mir ge - spen - det ihr Leb - wohl zu - letzt.

dolce e più tranquillo *espress. e tranq.*

espressivo e tranquillo

Then the sun was cloud-ed, Day in dark-ness shroud-ed,
 Son - ne war ver - bli - chen, da sie fort - ge - wi - chen,

Sang the waves no more To the ring - ing
 kei - ne Wo - ge sang, kein Ge - birg er -

ritard.

shore. But that ra-diant beau - ty E'er re - turns to
 klang. A - ber ihr ver - trau - tes Ant - litz schwand mir

fp *Tempo I*

me; In the smile of maid - ens Still the charm I see,
 nicht, war mir doch, ich schaut' es, wo ein Frau'n - ge - sicht,

fp *cresc.*

f Where the moun - tains tow - er, *f* Where the mead - ows
wo - sich Fel - sen reck - ten, wo - sich Glet - scher

flow - er, *pp* O - ver vio - let snows *cresc.*
streck - ten, in - der All - na - tur

rit. Ragn - hild's im - age glows! *f a tempo*
sah - ich Ragn - hild nur!

p *pp*

RAGNA

(Composed in 1866)

(Original Key, E)

HOLGER DRACHMANN (1846-)

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

German version by Wilhelm Henzen

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.44, N°5

Allegretto espressivo (♩ = 50)

VOICE

p

O Rag - na, time so
Wie doch die Zeit vor -

PIANO

con Pedale

quick - ly flies; But now just four years old were you, And raised to me in
ü - ber wallt, jüngst wur - dest Du vier Jah - re alt, Dein Kin - des - blick, o

sweet sur - prise Your in - fant eyes so dark - ly blue. So
Rag - na, war so tief, so blau, so dun - kel klar. So

lies the lake on moun - tain height, Whose az - ure depths on eye can know; Yet
liegt in grau-em Fel - sen - kranz des Alp - sees träu - me - ri - scher Glanz; kein

from those wa - ters gleam - ing bright A voice a - ris - es soft and low:
Au - ge mass den tie - fen Grund, doch that er ein Ge - heim - niss kund:

tranq ppp *poco meno p*
"Here dreams a spir - it in the deep, But nourish'd thro' the
„Hier un - ten träumt des Le - bens Geist, von ra - scher Quel - le

cresc. *f* *rit.*
wait - ing years; Full soon she'll break the spell of sleep, And lo! a lov - ing
stets ge - speist; der wächst Jahr ein, Jahr aus em - por, bis ei - ne Ni - xe

cresc. *ff* *rit.*

p a tempo

fay ap-pears! "O Rag - na, time so quick - ly flies; But now just four years
stieg her-vor! „Wie doch die Zeit vor - ü - ber wallt, jüngst wur - dest Du vier

a tempo p

old were you, And raised to mine in sweet sur - prise Your in - fant eyes so
Jah - re alt, Dein Kin - des - blick, o Rag - na, war so tief, so blau, so

sempre

dark - ly blue, so dark - ly blue, so
dun - kel - klar, so dun - kel - klar, so

sempre più p

più p *poco rit.*

dark - ly blue, so dark - ly blue.
dun - kel - klar, so dun - kel - klar.

poco rit. *pp*

MARGARET'S CRADLE SONG

(MARGARETHENS WIEGENLIED)

33

(Composed in 1868)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)

English version by Arthur Westbrook

German version by F. von Holstein

(Original Key, Ab)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op 15, No 1

Andante molto tranquillo

VOICE *pp sempre*

The low - ly cot - tage raft - ers Seem
Des Hau - ses De - cke wölbt sich zum

PIANO *pp*

vault - ed to the skies; On wings of dream out - spread - ing My
Ster - nen - dom so klar, nun brei - tet aus klein Haa - kon sein

ppp

lit - tle Haa - kon flies. For him a gold - en path-way Leads up-ward to the
Trau-mes-schwin-gen - paar. Da baut sich ei - ne Stie - ge bis in den Him-mel hin-

ppp

mf *p*

light, And there with shin- ing an- gels He takes his hap- py
 ein. Dort klimmt hin- auf klein Haa- kon mit Got- tes En- ge -

mf *p*

La *

pp

flight. So thro' the long night slum-ber The an-gels watch thee true; God
 lein. Die En- gel all' be- wa- chen mein sü-sses Kind zur Nacht, be -

pp

La

mf *riten.*

guard thee, lit- tle Haa- kon, Thy moth-er watch- es, too.
 hüt' dich Gott; klein Haa- kon, auch dei- ne Mut- ter wacht.

riten. *una corda* *ppp*

La *La* *

35

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.18, №1

ML-1620-2

animato

none our joy may know; To for-est glade then— come with me, Where wood-land flow-’rets
 rich am I to- night! My love-ly bride, my— dear-est wife, My treas-ure, my de-
 neath the moon’s pale light, Oh, come, my love, my— dear-est wife, My treas-ure, my de-
 wei - chen Schwin-gen zieht— zum Bu-chen-hain komm— Hand in Hand, wo Wald-blüm-lein er-
 Wunsch mehr hebt die Brust. Du sü - sse Braut, mein— Weib so hold, mein Reich-thum, mei-ne
 Mon - den-strahl er - hellt, komm, sü - sse Braut, komm,— hol - des Weib, mein Reich-thum, mei-ne

animato

poco rit.

grow, To for-est glade, then— come with me, Where wood-land flow-’rets
 light! My love-ly bride, my— dear-est wife, My treas-ure, my de-
 light! Oh, come, my love, my— dear-est wife, My treas-ure, my de-
 blüht, zum Bu-chen-hain komm— Hand in Hand, wo Wald-blüm-lein er-
 Lust! Du sü - sse Braut, mein— Weib so hold, mein Reich-thum, mei-ne
 Welt! Komm, sü - sse Braut, komm,— hol - des Weib, mein Reich-thum, mei-ne

poco rit.

1. & 2. 3.

grow.
light!
light!
blüht.
Lust!
Welt!

mf a tempo

1. & 2. 3.

p *pp*

La * La * La La *

MOTHER SORROW

(MUTTERSCHMERZ)

37

C. RICHARDT (1831-1892)

(Composed in 1870)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key, B $\flat$ Minor)

German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.15, No 4

Con moto

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. Did you see my
2. Ten - der Je - sus,
1. Sahst du wohl mein
2. Mil - der Je - sus,

lit - tle lad, with his hair so cur - ly and bright? —
it was hard, when you took him back un - to you. —
Knäb - - lein klein mit den Aug' so hell und so klug? —
du warst hart, der du ihn zu den Ster - nen ent - rückt. —

All day long I gazed at him, and ev - er with de - light.
Must you have an - oth - er an - gel when earth has so few.
Sah ihn oft so lan - ge an und sah doch nie ge - nug.
Brauch - test du ein En - ge - lein? Du nahmst, was mich be - glückt.

Ah! how emp - ty, ah! how emp - ty now his cra - dle's ly - ing?
 Did you give him shin - ing wings, and heav - en's ra - diance glow - ing?
 Ach, wie leer, wie leer, wie leer steht sei - ne Wieg' am Mor - gen,
 Gabst du ihm ein Flü - gel - paar? Lässt Him - mels - freud' ihm schei - nen?

While my wretch - ed heart is full of deep de - spair and sigh - ing.
 Oh! help me, so sore be - reft, and set my tears to flow - ing.
 a - ber, ach, die Brust wie voll von Seh - nen, Leid und Sor - gen.
 Hilf mir, die ich freu - den - bar, o hilf, dass ich kann wei - nen.

molto legato *pp*

ritard

1. *a tempo* 2. *molto rit.* *pp*

GOOD MORNING! (GUTEN MORGEN!)

39

BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSON (1832-)

(Composed in 1871)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key, D)

German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 21, No 2

Molto vivace

VOICE

Day is a - wa - ken'd, joy re - turns,
Auf geht der Tag, mit feur'gem Ge - schoss

PIANO

f *p*

Gloom's cloud-y strong-hold crum - bles and burns! O - ver the moun-tains en - chant - ing
stürmt er des Un-muths Wol - ken-schloss, wal - len-de Ne - bel ver - flie - gen,

Light - King's ar-mies are tent - ing! "Wake! a-wake!" sing nest - ing birds,
Licht - kö-nigs Heer-schaa-ren sie - gen. „Auf!“ tönt Vög - leins Lied im Grund,

"Wake! a-wake!" ring chil - dren's words, Wake, O my hopes, with Sun - rise!
„auf!“ er-schallt's aus Kin - der-mund, auf, mei-ner Hoff - nung Son - ne!

pp

f Wake, O my hopes, with Sun - rise!
auf, mei-ner Hoff-nung Son - ne!

fz "Wake! a-wake! a - wake! a-wake!" sing
„Auf!“ tönt Vög - leins Lied, tönt Vög - leins

ffz

La * *La* * *La* *

tr nest - ing birds.
Lied im Grund.

fz "Wake! a-wake! a - wake! a-wake!" ring chil - dren's
„Auf!“ er-schallt's aus Kin - der-mund, aus Kin - der -

ff

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

words.
mund.

p Nest - ing birds,
Vög - lein im Grund,

chil - dren's words,
Kin - der - mund,

p

cresc. nest - ing birds,
Vög - lein im Grund,

chil - dren's words,
Kin - der - mund,

f Wake, O my hopes, with Sun - rise!
auf, mei-ner Hoff-nung Son - ne!

fz

cresc. *f* *fz*

La *

FIRST MEETING (ERSTES BEGEGNEN)

41

(Composed in 1870)

BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSON (1832-)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by F. von Holstein

(Original Key, Db)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 21, No 1

Molto Andante

VOICE

p

The bliss of that first meet-ing Is
Des er-sten Se-hens Won-ne ist

PIANO

p

Ad *

p

like a wood-land - sing-ing, Like song o'er wa-ters ring-ing When
wie der Duft im— Wal-de, wie, ü-ber's Was-ser schal-lend, Ge-

pp

day's last blush is fleet-ing. 'Tis like the horns—that sun-der Me-
sang im A-bend-schei-ne, wie Hör-ner-klang—ver-hal-lend, wo

ppp

pp

Ad * *Ad* *

rall. *più mosso cresc.*

lo - dious dis - so - nan - ces Where - in with deep - est
 tö - nen - de Se - kun - den uns den Na - tur - ge -

ppp *rall.* *più mosso*

La * *La* *

mf

won - der, We feel how Na - ture en - tran - ces, Where - in with deep - est won -
 wal - ten so wun - der - gleich ver - bun - den, wo tö - nen - de Se - kun -

più sostenuto al Fine *f*

der, We feel how she en - tran - ces, feel how Na - ture en - tran -
 den uns den Na - tur - ge - wal - ten wun - der - gleich ver - bun -

più sostenuto *f* *dim.*

1. 2.

ces. ces.
den. den.

p *p* *rit.*

La * *La sempre* *

FROM MONTE PINCIO

(VOM MONTE PINCIO)

NOCTURNE

(Composed in 1870)

(Original Key, G $\flat$)

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON (1832 -)

English version by F. Corder

German version by W. Henzen

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 39, No 1

Poco Andante

VOICE

p

Eve - ning how ten - der!
A - bend wie mil - del!

PIANO

p *mf* *pp*

cresc.

Sun - set how red! All with a ro - se - ate glow is en - light - en'd,
Son - ne wie roth! Al - les er - füllt sich mit far - bi - gem Glan - ze,

cresc.

più cresc.

Bask - ing in sun - shine, the moun - tain is bright - en'd,
schwel - gend im Lich - te ver - klärt sich das Gan - ze,

più cresc.

dim.

Rapt and se - rene as the face of the dead.
 klärt sich der Berg wie ein Ant - litz im Tod.

dim. *p*

La * La * La * La *

pp un poco mosso

Domes in the sweet-scent - ed dis - tance are gleam - ing, Mists blue and gray o'er the
 Kup - peln in duf - ti - ger Fer - ne er - glü - hen, blau - schwar - ze Ne - bel die

pp un poco mosso

La ³ * La * La * La *

pp stretto e cresc. molto

mead - ows come stream - ing, Roll - ing a - down, as ob -
 Fel - der um - zie - hen, wal - len ein - her wie Ver -

una corda stretto e cresc. molto pp

La * La *

f rit. *ff.*

li - vion has roll'd, Weav - ing a gar - ment a thousand years old.
 ges - sen - heit wallt, we - ben ein Kleid, das Jahr - tau - sen - de alt.

tre corde *f rit.*

La * La * La * La * La * La *

Vivo
p
 Gleam-eth all red and warm, Eve-ning falls, peo - ple swarm; Moun-tain horns
 Al - les glüht roth und warm, A - bend-schein, Vol - kes-schwarm; Al - les glüht;

p leggiero

La *

poco rall.
 sound a-bove, Flow-er-scent, looks of love.
 Horn-mu-sik, Blu-men-duft, hei-sser Blick.

poco rall. *pp*

La *

Sempre vivo
f
 All heart could wish gleams and sounds sweet-ly near us, Yearn-ing for
 Al - les be - gehrt, rings um - strahlt und um - tö - net, sehn - lich nach

un poco rit.

f *un poco rit.*

La *

Presto
 beau - ty to cheer us.
 dem, was ver - söh - net.

p leggiero

La *

Gleam-eth all red and warm, Eve-ning falls,
 Al - les glüht roth und warm. A - bend-schein,

peo - ple swarm; Moun - tain horns sound a-bove,
 Vol - kes-schwarm; Al - les glüht: Horn - mu - sik,

Flow - er-scent, looks of love.
 Blu - men-duft, hei - sser Blick.

ML-1624-8

Andante

p

Deep-ens the still-ness, dark-ens the day,
 Stil - ler nun wird es, es dun - kelt das Blau,

p *mf* *pp*

La *

cresc. *più cresc.*

And, from the ghosts of the past thus be-hold - ing, Heav - en is sure - ly the
 und, aus der däm - mern - den Vor - zeit Ge - stal - ten, sieht sich der Him - mel die

cresc. *più cresc.*

La *

dim.

fu - ture un - fold - ing, Shim - mer - ing vague - ly in gath - er - ing gray.
 Zu - kunft ent - fal - ten, un - si - cher schimmernd in brü - ten - dem Grau.

dim. *p*

La * La * La * La * La *

pp poco mosso *cresc. molto*

But, like a bea - con, will Rome one day wa - ken, Bright - en the dark - ness of
 Doch, ei - ne Leuch - te, wird Ro - ma er - star - ken, hel - len die Nacht von I -

pp poco mosso *cresc. molto*

La 3 * La * La * La *

pp stretto e molto cresc.

It - a - ly for - sa - ken; Toc - - sins will ech - - o and
 ta - li - ens Mar - ken; Glo - - cken - ge - laü - - te, Ka -

pp stretto e molto cresc.

La * La *

f rit. *ff*

can - non will roar! Fierce - ly will blaze out the spir - it of yore.
 no - nen - ge - dröhn! Flam - mend wird wie - der die Vor - zeit er - steh'n.

f rit.

La * La * La * La * La *

Vivo

Wed - ding strain, sound a - main! Flute so gay, zith - er play! Out of time's
 Tö - ne denn Hoch - zeit - sang, Zi - ther - spiel, Flö - ten - klang! Gib von der

p

La *

scroll im - part Hope to the trust - ing heart!
 Zei - ten Bund Gläu - bi - gen Her - zens - kund.

poco rall.

poco rall. *pp*

La *

It - a - ly, look to the blest goal un - sha - ken; Ten - der - er
 Sehn - sucht I - ta - li - as träu - met vom Zie - le, wach wer - den

f *un poco rit.*

f *un poco rit.*

La *

feel - ings will wa - ken.
 sanft' - re Ge - füh - le.

Presto

p leggiero

La *

p

p

Wed - ding strain, sound a - main! Flute so gay, zith - er play!
 Tö - ne denn, Hoch - zeit - sang, Zi - ther - spiel, Flö - ten - klang!

pp

pp

ppp morendo

Wed - ding strain, sound a - main! Flute so gay,
 Tö - ne denn, Hoch - zeit - sang, Zi - ther - spiel,

morendo

zith - er play!
 Flö - ten - klang!

ppp

ppp

al Fine.

THE PRINCESS (DIE PRINZESSIN)

51

BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSON (1832 - ')
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by F. von Holstein

(Composed in 1871)
(Original Key, D minor)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 21, No. 4

Allegretto semplice

VOICE

High up in her bow'r sat a Prin-cess-maid; A
Es sass die Prin-zes-sin im Frau-en-ge-mach. Der

PIANO

pp

youth in the vale on his horn sweet-ly play'd. "Why
Kna-be im Tha-le, er blies—die Schal-mei. „Schweig“

play-est thou al-ways? O lad, cease to play, It fet-ters my thoughts that would
stil-le, o Klei-ner, du fes-selst mir, ach! all' mei-ne Ge-dan-ken, die

rit. *a tempo* *p* fly—far a-way, As the sun goes down, As the sun goes down." High
schweiften so frei, wenn die Son-ne sank, wenn die Son-ne sank." Es

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

up in her bow'r sat the Prin - cess - maid; The youth heard her words and no
 sass die Prin - zes - sin im Frau - en - ge-mach. Es schwei - get der Kna - be, es

long - er he play'd. "O, why art thou si - lent, My
 schweigt die Schal - mei. „Blas' wei - ter, o Klei - ner, er -

mf

lad, - prith - ee play, It car - ries my thoughts that would fly — far a - way, As the
 fül - le mir, ach! all' mei - ne Ge - dan - ken, einst schweif - ten sie frei, wenn die

f *rit.* *a tempo*

sun goes down, As the sun goes down? High
 Son - ne sank, wenn die Son - ne sank? Es

p *pp*

up in her bow'r sat the Prin - cess - maid; The youth took his horn and a -
 sass die Prin - zes - sin im Frau - en - ge - mach; auf's Neu - e im Tha - le er -

gain sweet-ly play'd.
 tönt die Schal - mei.

Then wept she and sobb'd as the
 Da weint sie hin - aus in den

pp *mf*

day - came to end: "O tell me, my God, what my feel - ings por - tend? Then the
 sin - ken - den Tag: „Wie weh mir im Her - zen, steh', Herr - gott, mir beil!“ Und die

f *ff rit. molto* *a tempo*

sun went down, Then the sun went down.
 Son - ne sank, und die Son - ne sank.

p *pp* *rit.* *ppp*

MY SONG TO THE SPRING I PROFFER

(DEM LENZ SOLL MEIN LIED ERKLINGEN)

(Composed in 1872)

(Original Key, B)

BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSSON (1832-)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 21, No 3

VOICE *Vivace*

My song to the Spring I
Dem Lenz soll mein Lied er -

PIANO *p*

prof - fer, Tho' yet there is no — sign of her, My song to the Spring I
klin - gen, das helf' ihn zu - rück — uns brin - gen. Dem Lenz soll mein Lied er -

prof - fer, For in - fi - nite yearn - ings — wake, The twain now a com - pact make:
klin - gen, von Seh - sucht so ü - ber - reich, die Bei - den ver - steh'n sich gleich.

rit.

p legg.

The sun to en - tice — with
 Sie we - cken die Son - ne mit

a tempo

La * La * La *

joy - - ance,
 Ne - - cken,

That
 den

poco rit.

La * La * La *

rit. *a tempo*

Win - ter may cease his an - noy - - ance;
 Win - ter wird das — er - schre - - cken.

To start mer - ry streams in
 Im Chor dann die Bäch - lein

a tempo

La * La *

sempre string. e cresc.

cho-rus, That scare him with song so - nor - ous; To drive him from balm - y
 flie-ssen, der Sang thut ihn arg ver - drie-ssen, bald jagt ihn aus ho - hen

sempre string. e cresc.

ff *più lento* *riten.*

re-gions With per-fume of flow'rs in le-gions. My song to the Spring I
 Lüf-ten der Blu-men hold-se-lig Düf-ten. Dem Lenz soll mein Lied er-

f *dim.* *riten.*

prof - fer.
 klin - gen.

pp

AT A YOUNG WOMAN'S BIER (AN DER BAHRE EINER JUNGEN FRAU)

57

(Composed in 1873)

A. P. MONRAD

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Wilhelm Henzen

(Original Key, C minor)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 39, No 5

VOICE *Lento* *p*

1. Fro - zen, fro - zen Lies she a -
2. Slow - ly, slow - ly Place her be -
1. Lei - che, Lei - che sie, die's nicht
2. Seh - nen, Seh - nen sinkt mit dem

PIANO *pp*

mid life's glow! Cho - sen, cho - sen Death's mys - te - ries to know!
neath the ground. Ho - ly, ho - ly Hence - forth this tear - wet mound!
ahn - te, todt!_ Blei - che, blei - che sie, die so blü - hend roth!_
Sarg hin - ab, — Thrä - nen, Thrä - nen spie - geln das dunk - le Grab._

mf

Death made haste to stray Down life's flow - 'ry
He whose deep - est joy— Fate's dart came to de -
Ach, der Tod_ be - trat_ rauh den Blu - men -
Er, dem Lieb' und Glück nie - mals kehrt_ zu -

p

più agitato e string.

way, Fair - est flow'r to mow! Sor-row's tones— are
 stroy, Fa - ther, moth-er grief-drown'd! Yet un-seen with them
 pfad, brach die schön - ste Blum! Welch ein Meer— von
 rück, steht in dum - pfem Schmerz. Da un - sicht - bar

pp

più agitato e string.

cresc.

heard now, Com - fort has— no word now; Long-ing's cry— and
 stand - ing, Life's great Lord com - mand - ing, Teach - es them— the
 Zäh - ren! kann das Ruh' be - schee - ren? Ruf aus tief - stem
 naht er, Sein und Al - ler Va - ter lehrt ihn je - nen

cresc.

più cresc.

ff

sigh, Can they hope sup - ply?— Long-ings cry— and sigh,
 cry, That can hope sup - ply,— Teach - es them— the cry,
 Weh, schuf er Hoff - nung je?— Ruf aus tief - stem Weh,
 Ruf, der stets Hoff - nung schuf,— lehrt ihn je - nen Ruf,

ff

p poco a poco rit.

p poco a poco rit.

più rit.

Can they hope sup - ply?—
 That can hope sup - ply. —
 schuf er Hoff - nung je? —
 der stets Hoff - nung schuf. —

Tempo I

più rit.

ppp

* * *

59

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 39, № 2

Andante molto

VOICE

He gloom - i - ly stood by the wall,
Er schlich sich die Wän - de ent - lang;

PIANO

p

mf

She mer - ri - ly danced at the ball, With
sie lu - stig in Tan - ze sich schwang. Ihr

cresc. *e* *string.*

this one she laugh'd, With that one she chaff'd; His heart with love's long - ing was
Au - ge so hell lacht' man - chem Ge - sell; — ihm woll - te das Herz schier er -

p *cresc.* *e* *string.*

f rit. *più lento* *pp*

bro - ken, Yet ne'er the se - cret was spo - ken.
star - ren. doch das hat Nie - mand er - fah - ren.
ritard. *più lento*

f *ppp*

Tempo I

p

He came then to bid her good - bye,
Er kam um zu schei - den in's Haus,

p

La *

mf

She fled to the gar - den to cry.
sie trieb's in den Gar - ten hin - aus.

p *string. e*

She sank down for - lorn, she
Sie weint' und sie weint', zu

mf *p* *string. e*

La * *La* * *La* *

cresc. molto

ceased not to mourn, With love her poor heart too is bro - ken, With
ster - ben sie meint'; sie hatt' ihn ge - lie - bet seit Jah - ren, sie

f *ff*

cresc. molto

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

poco rit.

love her poor heart too is bro - ken, bro - ken. Yet
hatt' ihn ge - lie - bet seit Jah - ren, Jah - ren. doch

ff poco rit. *ff* *pp più lento*

La * *La* *

pp *Tempo I* *p*

ne'er the se - cret was spo - ken. Time served not to
 das hat Nie - mand er - fah - ren. Ihm wur - den die

p

Ad.

mf *p*

light - en his pain. So home he re - turn'd once a - gain. But
 Jah - re zur Qual. So kehr - te er wie - der ein - mal. Sie

mf

Ad.

tranquillo *poco rit.*

her fate was best; her heart had found rest True faith and true love to be -
 hat - te es gut; in Frie - den sie ruht; ihr Herz thät sie treu ihm be -

p *poco rit.*

più lento *pp*

to - ken. Yet ne'er the se - cret was spo - ken.
 wah - ren. Doch das hat Nie - mand er - fah - ren.

pp più lento *ppp*

Ad.

SOLVEJG'S SONG (SOLVEJGS LIED)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)
English version by Arthur Westbrook
German version by W. Henzen

(Composed in 1874)

(Original Key, A)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 23, No 1

Un poco Andante

PIANO

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

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

year may die, the year may die; But one day you'll re-turn, that in
Jahr ver-weh'n, das Jahr ver-weh'n; du keh-rest mir zu-rü-cke, ge-

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

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

Allegretto con moto

una corda
simile

Tempo I

pp

p

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

p tre corde

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

Ad *

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

poco animato

Ad *

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

cresc. *f*

cresc.

poco animato

last I'll meet you there, at last I'll meet you there! (humming to herself:) Ah! —
 tref - fen wir uns da, so tref - fen wir uns da! (vor sich hin summend:.) A —

f *p*

Allegretto con moto

pp una corda

Tempo I
pp

tre corde

pp *dim.* *pp*

SOLVEJG'S SLUMBER SONG

(SOLVEJGS WIEGENLIED)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)

(Composed in 1875)

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 23, No 2

German version by Wilhelm Henzen

(Original Key, D)

Lento (♩ = 72)

PIANO

*pp sempre**con Pedale**dim.**p*Sleep and rest, dear-est
Schlaf, du theu - er - ster*ppp*

La.

boy of mine!
Kna - be mein!I will cra - dle thee, I — will watch thee.
Ich will wie - gen mein Kind und wa - chen.

La. * La. * La. *

La.

*

La.

*

La.

*

La.

*

Safe in my lap he's heard my croon-ing song, We two have been play-ing all his
 Still mir im Schoosse hat's ge - lauscht dem Sang, mit mir hat ge - spielt es all sein

La * *La* * *La* * *La* *

life - day - long. Close to my breast I've held my dar - ling boy All his
 Leb - ta - ge - lang. An sei - ner Mut - ter Brust mag gern es sein all sein

poco animato

poco animato

mf

dolce

La * *La* * *La* *

life - day - long; God's bless-ing on my joy! Warm in my heart have I
 Leb - ta - ge lang; Gott seg - ne es fein! An mei - nem Her - zen lass ich's

tranquillo

animato

pp tranquillo

animato

mf

La *

har - bor'd my own All his life - day - long; now wear - y has he grown.
 ger - ne ruh'n all sein Leb - ta - ge lang; so müd' - ist es nun.

tranquillo

pp tranquillo

La *

Sleep and rest, dear - est boy of mine! Sleep! Sleep!
 Schlaf', du theu - er - ster Kna - be mein! Schlaf! Schlaf!

p

La *

cresc. *più cresc.*

I will cra - dle thee, I will watch thee. Sleep! Sleep!
 Ich will wie - gen mein Kind und wa - chen, Schlaf! Schlaf!

cresc. *più cresc.*

La * *La* *

f

I will cra - dle thee, I will watch thee, Sleep and rest, dear - est boy of mine!
 Ich will wie - gen mein Kind und wa - chen, schlaf', du theu - er - ster Kna - be mein!

f

La *

p *cresc.*

La *La* *La* *La* *La* *La* *La* *La* *

pp

A S W A N

(EIN SCHWAN)

69

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)

(Composed in 1876)

(Original Key, F)

English version by Frederic Field Bullard

German version by W. Henzen

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 25, No. 2

Andante ben tenuto *p*

VOICE

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

PIANO

p *piu p*

con Pedale

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

pp molto legato

meas - ure. *dolce* Shy - ly, fear-ing the
Tril - ler. *poco animato* Angst-lich sor - gend des

pp

elves in the bush - es, *cresc.* Glid - ed he, lis - t'ning
El - fen im Grun - de, glittst du hor - chend all -

cresc.

* *La* *

f agitato

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

più f *ff* *rit.*

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

pp tranquillo *p*

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

pp *Lento*

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

THE FIRST PRIMROSE

(MIT EINER PRIMULA VERIS)

71

J. PAULSEN (1851 -)
English version by F. Corder
German version by W. Henzen

(Composed in 1876)

(Original Key, Gb)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 26, No 4

Allegretto dolcissimo

VOICE

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

PIANO

p

con Pedale

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

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

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

poco rit.

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

pp a tempo

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

mf

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

dim. e poco rit. *p*

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

WITH A WATER-LILY (MIT EINER WASSERLILIE)

73

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by W. Henzen.

(Composed in 1876)

(Original Key, A)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 25, No 4

Allegro grazioso *p*

VOICE

See, Ma - ri - a, what I'm
Sieh, Ma - ri - e, was ich

PIANO

mf *poco rit.* *pa tempo*

bring - ing: Blossom with white wings up - spring - ing;
brin - ge: Blu - me mit der wei - ssen Schwin - ge,

pp *cresc. molto*

On the rip - ples of the riv - er
auf des Stro - mes stil - len Wo - gen

poco a poco *frit.* *fz* *a tempo* *poco rit.*

Dream-y spring-time made it quiv - er.
kam sie träu - me - risch ge - zo - gen.

poco a poco *frit.* *fz* *pa tempo* *poco rit.*

p a tempo

Wilt thou to thy cham-ber bear it?
 Wenn sie dei - nen Bu - sen schmück - te,

p a tempo

La *

On thy breast, Ma - ri - a, wear it?
 kehr - te heim - wärts die Be - glück - te,

La *

p *cresc. molto*

Then 'twill dream its head is hid - ing
 denn auf stil - len Wel - len thro - ne

pp *cresc. molto*

poco a poco *frit.* *fz*

On the bil - lwy stream-let glid -
 ruh - te se - lig ih - re Kro -

poco a poco *frit.* *fz*

La *

La *

a tempo *poco rit.* *poco ten.*

ing! _____
ne. _____

Child, be-ware the pond's deep stream there;
Hü - te dich, am Strom zu träu - men,

pa tempo *poco rit.* *poco ten.*

poco ten.

Per - il - ous it is to dream there!
furcht - bar kön - nen Flu - then schäu - men!

animato *mf poco ten.*

poco ten.

Wa - ter - sprite pre - tends to slum - ber;
Neck ist still, als wenn er schlie - fe;

animato *mf poco ten.*

poco ten. *poco rit.*

Lil - ies play in count-less num - ber.
Li - lien spie - len ob der Tie - fe.

poco ten. *poco rit.*

a tempo
poco ten.

Child, thy breast is like the stream there;
Gleich der See dein Bu - sen klar ist,

poco ten.

animato

p a tempo

poco ten.

Per - il - ous it is to dream there!
wo ein je - der Traum Ge - fahr ist;

poco ten.

animato

poco ten.

Lil - ies play in count - less num - ber
Li - lien spie - len ob der Tie - fe;

poco ten.

Wa - ter - sprite pre -
Neck ist still, als

poco ten.

poco ten.

tends to slum - ber.
ob er schlie - fe.

poco rit.

p a tempo

See, Ma - ri - a, what I'm
Sieh, Ma - ri - e, was ich

poco rit.

p a tempo

bring - - ing: Bloss - - som with white wings up -
brin - - ge: Blu - - me mit der wei - ssen

spring - - ing, On the rip - ples
Schwin - - ge, auf des Stro - mes

pp

molto cresc. *e rit. poco* *a poco* *f*
of the riv - er Dream - y spring-time made it
stil - len Wo - gen kam sie träu - me - risch ge -

fz *a tempo*
quiv - - er. - -
zo - - - gen. - -

MINSTREL'S SONG

(SPIELMANNSLIED)

(Composed in 1876)

(Original Key)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by W. Henzen

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 25, No 1

Lentamente

VOICE *p*

Toward her my thoughts were at - tract - ed Ev-'ry night of sum - mer
 Nach ihr nur stand mein Ver - lan - gen je - de som - mer - hel - le

PIANO *pdolce*

pp

mild; But my feet were drawn to the nix - y Thro' the dew-spark-ling green-wood
 Nacht; da hat durch thau - ig Ge - bü - sche mich zum Stro - me mein Weg ge -

pp

più mosso *recitando*

wild. "Ha! Know - est thou spells and mu - sic? Canst thou
 bracht. Hei! kennst du Ge - sang und Schau - ern, kannst du

trem.
fpp più mosso

molto

charm with a ma - gi - cal art,
 ban - nen der Won - ni - gen Sinn,

molto

So in mighty halls and ca - the - drals She may yearn with thee to de -
 dass in wei - te Hal - len und Sä - le sie wähnt dir zu fol - gen da -

cresc. e stretto

part?" I con - jured the sprite from the riv - er; He
 hin? Mich lehr - te der Neck in der Tie - fe; er

fp cresc. e stretto

molto

charm'd me from God a - side;
 war's der von Gott mich ver - trieb;

sempre cresc.

But while I re-main'd still his mas-ter, She be-came my broth - er's
 doch da ich war wor - den sein Mei-ster, war sie des Bru - ders

Tempo I

bride. — In might - y halls and ca - the - drals My - self I charm - ed a -
 Lieb! — In gro - sse Hal - len und Sä - le mich sel - ber spielt' ich da -

way; And wa-ter-falls' runes and mu - sic Sang ev - er in my
 hin, des Stur-mes Ge - sang — und Schau-ern wick nie — mir aus dem

lay, — Sang ev - er in my lay. —
 Sinn, — wick nie trem. aus dem Sinn. —

ML-1634-3

'Twas ON A LOVELY EVE IN JUNE

(AM SCHÖNSTEN SOMMERABEND WAR'S)

81

(Composed in 1876)

(Original Key, F# minor)

J. PAULSEN (1851 -)

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

German version by W. Henzen

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 26, No 2

Allegretto

GESANG

p

1. Am schön - sten Som - mer -
 2. Ein schlan - kes Mäd - chen mit
 3. Was träum - te sie wohl, die

VOICE

p

1. 'Twas on a love - ly
 2. A slen - der maid - en with
 3. What dreams are hers, the

PIANO

p

con Pedale

pp

a - bend war's, ich ging durch ein ein - sam Thal, ———— der
 ro - them Band im gold' - nen di - cken Ge - flecht, ———— mit
 schlan - ke Maid, hin - aus in die däm - mern - de Nacht? ———— Al -

pp

eve in June, I pass'd thro' a lone - ly vale, ———— The
 rib - bons red En - twined in her tress - es of gold ———— Sat
 slen - der maid, While shad - ows of night gath - er fast? ———— Do

dolce e tranquillo

Fels stand licht und die Son - ne schwand, der Fjord war blau — und
 Strich - zeug still auf der Haus - flur sass, die Zie - gen - heer - de am
 lei - ne, ein - sam! Ihr wird wohl bang? Ob Sehn - sucht wohl ü - bern

dolce e tranquillo

rocks stood bright in the sun - set sheen, The fiord was blue, — the
 knit - ting there in the si - lent dell, While flocks were feed - ing up -
 fears come o - ver her there a - lone? Be - yond those hills have her

pp dolce

La * La * La *

grün der Strand, und Som - mer - lüf - te und
 Fel - sen frass, die thät sie hü - ten, und
 Fels sich schwang? Horch, fer - ne Lie - der! rings

mf

mead - ows green, And scent of flow - ers From
 on the fell; Her herds she tend - ed As
 fan - cies flown? Hark! dis - tant sing - ing Sets

mf p

La * La *

dim. *tranquillo*
 Bir - ken - düf - te, und still das Land.
 Quel - len glit - ten ge - lind durch's Gras.
 hallt es wie - der wie Weh - muths - klang.

dim. *tranquillo*
 wood-land bow - ers Re - fresh'd the scene.
 gen - tly wend - ed The rip - pling rill.
 ech - oes ring - ing With mourn - ful tone.

dim.

La *

THE YOUTH (DER BURSCH)

83

A. O. VINJE (1818-1870)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Edmund Lobedanz

(Composed in 1880)
(Original Key, B minor)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.33, No.1

Poco Andante (freely declaimed) (*frei declamirt*)

VOICE

PIANO *fp*

Thou'st trav - el'd far and thou art worn; Thy feet com -
Du wan - derst weit und du wirst müd; dein Fuss wird

plain. Thy bit - ter tears (so thou dost mourn) Thy pil - low stain.
wund. Im Bet - te man dich wei - nen sieht so man - che Stund!

Thou wash - est out that salt of thine Till thou hast seen
Doch die - ser Thau er macht dich rein, dich klärt der Schmerz,

cresc. molto *ff*
The bit - ing con - cen - trat - ed brine That makes life clean.
es drängt sich tief die schar - fe Pein dir in dein Herz.

cresc. molto *ff* *p*

p

When all the mean-ing thou hast learn'd Of death's pow'r grim, And all for
 Weisst, was es heisst dann, wenn der Tod dein Lieb - stes nahm, wenn Glück ver -

fp

p

which thy heart hath yearn'd Must yield to him, Hast seen the green —
 wan - delt sich in Noth und bitt' - ren Gram. Es welkt vor dir —

cresc. molto

— be turn'd to hay, As fair flow'r's fade. — 'Twere least to see her turn a -
 — die Blu - me süß, kein Duft ihr blieb. — Das Klein - ste war, dass dich ver -

cresc. molto

ff

way, Thy young heart's maid. —
 liess dein er - stes Lieb. —

ff

p

p

Hadst thou not been for - sak - en so, And suf - fer'd
Und wenn nicht oft be - tro - gen wär' dein Herz, so

fp

wrong, Thou nev - er couldst have caught the flow Of love's true song.
bang, dann spräch' nicht Lie - be recht und hehr aus dei - nem Sang.

fp

p

On thy life's ru - in's must thou climb, That on — each side, —
Wenn auf Ru - i - - nen sich dein Sein hat auf - ge - baut, —

cresc. molto *ff*

— Thou may'st a - round thee in due time See far and wide. —
— dann erst dein Aug' mit Bli - cken rein, weit um sich schaut.

cresc. molto *ff* *f* *f* *ffz*

SPRINGTIDE

(DER FRÜHLING)

(Composed in 1880)

A. O. VINJE (1818-1870)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Edmund Lobedanz

(Original Key, F#)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, No 2

Andante espressivo

VOICE

p

1. Now once a - gain have I
2. O - ver the hills of the
1. Ja, noch ein - mal konnt' den
2. Glit - zern - de Strah - len noch

PIANO

p

seen spring at hand And win - ter a va - grant, Hed - ges and trees by the
spring I could see The sun - beams a - dan - cing; Birds 'mid the blooms all a -
Win - ter ich seh'n dem Früh - lin - ge wei - chen, Weiss - dorn er - blüh - te mit
ein - mal ich sah auf Lenz - hü - geln gau - keln, Schmet - ter - ling' sah ich auf

dolcissimo

south - wind were fann'd, Their blos - soms all fra - grant.
quiv - er with glee Were gleam - ing and glan - cing.
Dol - den, so schön, so ganz oh - ne Glei - chen.
Blu - men all - da, so lu - stig sich schau - keln.

pp

pp

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

pp
 8

p

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

p

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

cresc. e più tenuto poco a poco

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

cresc. e più tenuto poco a poco

cresc. molto *ff*

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

cresc. molto *ff*

pp

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

pp

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

pp e con Ped.

p

*Ad. * Ad. **

p

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

p

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

pp

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

pp

p

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

p

cresc. *cresc. molto*

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

cresc. *cresc. molto*

ff ten. *pp*

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

ff *pp*

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

pp *pp sempre*

La *

rit. *pp*

La * *La* * *La* *

THE WOUNDED HEART

(DER VERWUNDETE)

A.O. VINJE, (1818-1870)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Edmund Lobedanz

(Composed in 1880)

(Original Key, C#)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, No 3

Allegretto espressivo

VOICE

1. My heart in the conflict of life has fought, And many a sorrow has
 1. Mein Herz war mit in des Lebens Streit und Wunden hat es em-

PIANO

cresc.

grieved it; Sick and wound-ed sore, by the pain 'twas taught, And
 pfan-gen; es lag krank, verwundet, in Schmerz und Leid, und

cresc.

mf

sad-ly now a re-treat has sought From life's cru-el game which de-
 den-noch ist es bis die-se Zeit dem Spie-le des Lebens ent-

mf

p

molto

ceived it, From life's cru-el game which de-ceived it.
 gan-gen, dem Spie-le des Lebens ent-gan-gen.

cresc. molto

ff

dim.

p

p

2. But scar on scar af-ter wound on wound Re - main with their mem'-ries ap-
 3. But flow'rs will bloom on the scars that close, And tears fall up - on them in

2. Doch Narb' auf Nar - be und Wund' auf Wund' schon seh ich auf bei - den
 3. Doch sieh, ein Flor aus den Nar - ben spriesst und Blu - men ent-blüh'n aus den

p

cresc.

pal - ling; They ope a - fresh when the Spring comes round, When
 show - ers. For so in spring on the earth it goes; When

Sei - ten, sie öff - nen sich in des Len - zes Stund'; wenn's
 Thrä - nen. So geht's der Erd', wenn sie neu sich er - schliesst, wenn

cresc.

mf

leaves un-curl and no ice is found, And loud the cuck - oo is
 rain and dew kind - ly heav'n be-stows; From wounds spring forth fair - est

Eis zer-bricht bis zum Mee - res-grund, der Ku - ckuck ruft in den
 Re - gen mil - de vom Him - mel fließt, zu Blu - men wird dann dein

mf *p*

molto *ff*

call - ing, And loud the cuck - oo is call - ing.
 flow - ers, From wounds spring forth fair - est flow - ers.

Wei - ten, der Ku - ckuck ruft in den Wei - ten.
 Seh - nen, zu Blu - men wird dann dein Seh - nen.

cresc. molto *ffz* *dim.* *p*

AT THE BROOKSIDE

93

(AN EINEM BACHE)

(Composed in 1880)

(Original Key, A)

A. O. VINJE (1818-1870)

English version by Frederic Field Bullard

German version by Edmund Lobedanz

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, No 5

VOICE

Poco Andante *p*

Fair trees, that hang your heads and bow To
 Du Wald, der sich her - ü - ber biegt und

PIANO

p

con Pedale

kiss the brook, so dark and still, _____ Which un - der - mines your
 küsst den schwar - zen Bach so still, _____ der nagt an dei - nem

roots be - low, And to your down-fall bends its will, _____
 Mark ver - gnügt und tief hin - un - ter zieh'n dich will; _____

poco

dolce

più mosso

Like you, full ma - ny a one I've known, —
gleich dir hab' Man - chen ich ge - kannt —

When Life was Spring, and hope was fair,
im Lenz des Le - bens, frisch und roth,

Whose kiss - es warm-ly met mine own, To
der Küss - se drückt' auf je - ne Hand, die

molto *fz*

fz

Ad. *

poco rit. *molto* *fz* *pp* *molto*

bring — but grief and dark de-spair, Grief —
 Weh' — ihm bracht' und bitt' - ren Tod, Weh' —

pp poco rit. *fz* *pp* *molto*

Ad. *

f più rit. *Tempo I*

— and dark de - spair. —
 — und bitt' - ren Tod! —

f *cantabile* *tranquillo*

più rit. *p*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

tranquillo *p* *pp* *ff* *p*

Fair trees! — Fair trees! — Fair trees! Fair trees! —
 Du Wald! — Du Wald! — Du Wald! du Wald! —

dim. *ppp* *fff* *pp* *ppp*

Ad. *

A VISION (WAS ICH SAH)

A.O. VINJE (1818 - 1870)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Max Kalbeck

(Composed in 1880)

(Original Key, F# minor)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, No 6

Allegro agitato

VOICE

PIANO

f *p* *p*

con Pedale

A maid - en I met Who
Ein Mäd - chen so schön aus

made me for - get The woes of life, and set me dream - ing! So
himm - li - schen Hök'n, es neig - te sich zu mir her - nie - der; die

p *più tranquillo* *cresc. e rit.*

hap - py I felt My heart seem'd to melt, I still feel the
Herr - li - che sah ich ein - mal mir nah, und nim - mer ver -

a tempo *f* *a tempo* *f* *p*

joy thro' me stream - ing!
gess' ich es wie - der!

il Basso tenuto

p

I stood as if nail'd, I blush'd and I paled, My ears were roar - ing as with
 Ich zit - ter - te, stand be - zau - bert, ge - bannt, mit Pur - pur - glu - ten ü - ber -

f *p poco a poco rit.* *cresc. e rit.*

thun - der; I gazed at her there, So far, yet so near, And dream - ing was
 gos - sen, vom strah - len - den Glanz ge - blen - det so ganz, dass stumm ich die

f *p poco a poco rit.* *cresc. e rit.*

a tempo *pp*

changed in - to won - der. The charm of her
 Au - gen ge - schlos - sen. Die sü - sse Ge -

a tempo *f* *p* *pp*

mf

face, Her fig - ure and grace And all of her beau - ty and splen - dor, —
 stalt, des Bli - ckes Ge - walt, der tief mir zu Her - zen ge - drun - gen. —

mf

Her glan - ces so bright, De - light - ed my sight, Yet
Ach, was ich ge - sehn, und wie mir ge - sehn, das

ppp

La *

molto rit. *f* *a tempo*

nev - er in words could I ren - der. — I could not por - tray, She fad - ed a - way, Why
wird nicht ge - sagt noch ge - sun - gen! — Wohl' schau' ich em - por: wann trittst du her - vor, noch

rit. *a tempo*

molto *f* *p*

f *p un poco riten.*

came she in my sight in - sis - tent? So daz - zling she gleam'd, Pure sun - light she seem'd, But
ein - mal, lieb - lich - ster der Ster - ne? Wann kehrst du zu - rück, mein flüch - ti - ges Glück? Zer -

f *p* *un poco rit.*

cresc. *f.* *a tempo*

dis - tant, oh, dis - tant, so dis - tant!
sto - ben, ver - weht in der Fer - ne!

cresc. *a tempo* *f* *p* *pp*

THE OLD MOTHER

(DIE ALTE MUTTER)

(Composed in 1880)

A. O. VINJE (1818-1870)

English version by F. Corder

German version by Edmund Lobedanz

(Original Key, B minor)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.33, No 7

Allegretto espressivo

VOICE

My dear old moth - er, poor thou art, And toil - est day and
 Du al - te Mut - ter bist so arm, und schaffst im Schweiss wie

PIANO

night, — But ev - er warm re - mains thy heart, 'Twas
 Blut, — doch im - mer noch ist's Herz dir warm, und

thou my cour-age didst im-part, My arm of stur - dy might. —
 du gabst mir den star - ken Arm und die - sen wil - den Muth. —

p

Thou'st wiped a - way each
Du wisch - test ab die

mf

child - ish tear When I was sore dis - tress'd, — And
Thrä - ne mein, war's mir im Her - zen bang, — Und

cresc.

kiss'd thy lit - tle lad - die dear, And taught him songs that
küß - test mich, den Kna - ben dein, und hauch - test in — die

cresc.

f

ban - ish fear From ev - 'ry man - ly breast. —
Brust hin - ein den sie - ges - fro - hen Sang. —

ff

p

And more than all, thou'st giv - en me A
Du gabst mir was be - se - ligt mich, das

mf

true and ten - der heart; So, dear old moth - er,
wei - che Herz da - zu; drum, Al - te, will ich

cresc.

I'll love thee Wher - e'er my foot may wan - der free, Till
lie - ben dich, wo - hin mein Fuss auch rich - tet sich, wohl

f

death our lives shall part.
son - der Rast und Ruh'.

ff *rit.* *p*

molto

then 'tis all o - ver with youth's de - sire, With
 if a man live who can get no sweet Ere
 dann ist ver - lo - ren der ke - cke Knab, sein
 ist wo ein Mann, der das Le - ben nicht aus

molto *più f*

man - hood's day; — Ex - tin - guish'd then is the vi - tal fire,
 love's — flow'r fail, — He flits a - way on ca - pri - cious feet,
 Werth, — so gross, — des Her - zens Flam - me ihm brann't her - ab,
 Lie - be sog, — da war er nichts als ein Traum - ge - sicht,

ff *dim.* *Adagio* *p*

All ash - es gray, — All ash - es gray.
 A phan - tom pale, — A phan - tom pale.
 ward A - sche blos, — ward A - sche blos.
 das Le - ben log, — das Le - ben log.

ON THE JOURNEY HOME

(AUF DER REISE ZUR HEIMATH)

A.O. VINJE (1818-1870)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Edmund Lobedanz

(Composed in 1880)

(Original Key, D $\flat$)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, No 9

Andante tranquillamente *p*

VOICE

1. The vales and moun - tains am I now sur -
 2. Ay! life streams o'er me as it once came
 1. Nun seh' ich heh - - re Berg' und Thä - lèr
 2. Ja, Le - ben strömt auf mich, wie Wel - len -

PIANO

p *pp*

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

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

pp

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

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

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

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

FRIENDSHIP

(EIN FREUNDSCHAFTSSTÜCK)

A O VINJE (1818-1870)

(Composed in 1880)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, No. 10

German version by Edmund Lobedanz

Andante doloroso

VOICE

p

Friend - ship trust not, Tho' thou
Falsch sind Freun-de! Stets ich's

PIANO

pp

dost not know a name more dear. One friend I be -
mein - te, oft ich's dacht' zu - vor. Ei - ner von den

pp

lieved in (Thine be not de - ceived in!) Took my treas - ure
mei - nen (hüt' dich vor den dei - nen) raubt' vom Ne - ste

cresc.

molto f

For his pleas - - ure, Wou'd her from my care!
mir die Be - - ste, die ich mir er - kor!

rit.

dim. *p* *rit.*

p a tempo

His de - ceiv - ing, Leaves me griev - ing
 Er ge - wann sie, mir ent - rann sie,

pp a tempo

pp

In my emp - ty nest. False the friend who left me,
 Eul' ich auf dem Ast. Vie - le sind ge - flo - gen,

pp

cresc.

Of my love be - reft me; Old and lone - ly I can
 ha - ben mich be - tro - gen; nichts sie hal - ten von mir

cresc.

molto f

on - - ly Sor - row with - out rest.
 Al - - ten, hier ohn' Ruh und Rast.

dim.

f *dim.* *p* *rit.*

GREETING

(GRUSS)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)

(Original Key, E)

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 48, No 1

Allegro con moto

VOICE

PIANO

p *pp*

Soft - ly
Lei - se

sound-eth thro' my soul Love - ly tones of
zieht durch mein Ge - müth lieb - li - ches Ge -

sing - ing. Go, thou lit - tle song of spring,
läu - te, Klin - ge, klei - nes Früh - lings - lied,

f *cresc.* *f*

p Set the ech-oes ring - ing.
Kling' hin - aus in's Wei - te. *poco rit.*

p

p

Speed a - way un - to the house ———— Where grow vio - lets ————
 Zieh' hin - aus bis an das Haus, ———— wo die Veil - chen

p

più p

ten - der, There, if thou a rose dost spy,
 sprie - ssen, wenn du ei - ne Ro - se schaust,

più p

cresc.

Say, — my love I send her, There, if thou a
 sag, — ich lass sie grü - ssen, wenn du ei - ne

cresc.

f *sf*

rose dost spy, Say, — my love I send — her. —
 Ro - se schaust, sag, — ich lass sie grü - ssen. —

f *p*

decresc.

pp

ERE LONG, O HEART OF MINE

(DEREINST, GEDANKE MEIN)

EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815-1884)

(Original Key, B)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 48, No. 2

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Molto Andante

VOICE

p

Ere long, O heart of mine,
Der-einst, Ge-dan-ke mein,

PIANO

pp

cresc. ed agitato

Shall peace be thine. Tho' love's un-rest Doth still en-fold thee,
wirst ru-hig sein. Lässt Lie-bes-gluth dich still nicht wer-den,

cresc. ed agitato

f molto ten. *dim.* *pp*

Soon earth shall hold thee In slum-ber blest; No more to
in küh-ler Er-den da schläfst du gut; dort oh-ne

f molto ten. *dim.* *pp* *poco*

pp *ben ten.*

love, No more to pine,— Shall peace be thine.
Lieb' und oh-ne Pein— wirst ru-hig sein.

ppp

p *cresc. ed*

What life could nev - er To thee dis - cov - er, What life could
Was du im Le - ben nicht hast ge - fun - den, was du im

p *cresc. ed agitato*

agitato *f molto ten.* *dim.*

nev - er To thee dis - cov - er, When life is o - ver
Le - ben nicht hast ge - fun - den, wenn es ent - schwin - den

f molto ten. *dim.*

pp *pp* *poco*

Is thine for ev - er. Be - neath earth's cov - er, Cease to re -
wird's dir ge - ge - ben, dann oh - ne Wun - den und oh - ne

ppp *ben ten.*

pine, — O heart of mine.
Pein — wirst ru - hig sein.

ppp

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

(LAUF DER WELT)

LUDWIG UHLAND (1787-1862)

(Original Key, D)

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 48, No. 3

Allegretto leggiero *pp*

VOICE

PIANO

pp

con Pedale

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

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

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

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

poco rit.

poco rit.

STILL

a tempo

made. _____
Welt. _____

When
Ich

a tempo

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

cresc.

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

cresc.

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

pp

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

pp

poco cresc.

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

poco cresc.

f

love. _____
 gut. _____

f *dim.* *pp*

pp

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

loves; Her dew - wet - cheek which flames and glows An - an - sw'ring pas - sion
 lieb? Das Rös - chen - sich am - Thau - e - kühlt, es - sagt nicht lan - ge:

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

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

poco rit.

thee!"
 dich!

a tempo *poco rit.* *pp*

THE SILENT NIGHTINGALE

(DIE VERSCHWIEGENE NACHTIGALL)

(Original Key, C)

WALTHER von der VOGELWEIDE (died about 1227)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 48, No. 4

Allegretto (sempre con mezza voce)

VOICE

PIANO.

pp *p*

Where with my lov - er,
Un - ter - den Lin - den,

On the heath - er, 'Neath fra - grant lin - dens Did I
an - der Hai - de, wo ich mit mei - nem Trau - ten

poco cresc.

stay, You might dis - cov - er How to - geth - er The
sass, da möcht ihr fin - den, wie wir Bei - de die

grass - and flow - rs All bro - ken - lay!
Blu - men bra - chen und das - Gras.

poco cresc.

mf Thro' the for - est, down the dale
Vor dem Wald mit sü - ssem Schall

p leggiero Tan-da-ra-dei!
Tan-da-ra-dei!

a tempo

mf *poco rit.* *p*

Tan-da-ra-dei! Sang the dul - cet night - in - gale. _____
Tan-da-ra-dei! sang im Thal die Nach - ti - gall. _____

pp *dolce* *pp*

Ad *

I tra - versed slow - ly Mead - ows sha - dy;
Ich kam ge - gan - gen zu der Au - e,

p

My sweet-heart came a - long that way. There was I,
mein Lieb - ster kam vor mir da - hin. Ich ward em -

poco cresc.

low - ly, Greet-ed as la - dy, So that I ne'er for -
 pfan - gen als heh - re Frau - e, dass ich noch im - mer

get that day! Kiss-es did he of - fer me? - Tan-da-ra-dei!
 se - lig bin. Ob er mir auch Küs-se bot? - Tan-da-ra-dei!
mf *p leggiero*
a tempo
mf *poco rit.* *p*

Tan-da-ra-dei! See, how red my lips are, see! _____
 Tan-da-ra-dei! Seht, wie ist mein Mund so roth! _____
pp *dolce* *pp*

How there I found me, If _____ I told it! Good Lord _____ for -
 Wie ich - da ruh - te, wüsst' _____ es Ei - ner, be - hü - te
p *poco*

bid! For shame I'd die! His arm a - round me Did he
 Gott, ich schäm - te mich. Wie mich der Gu - te herz - te,

cresc.

fold it? There's no one knows but he and I!
 Kei - ner er - fah - re das, als er und ich;

p

mf And a cun - ning lit - tle bird, Tan - da - ra - dei!
 und ein klei - nes Vö - ge - lein, Tan - da - ra - dei!

p leggiero

mf *poco rit.* *p*

a tempo

pp Tan - da - ra - dei! Who will nev - er say a word!
 Tan - da - ra - dei! das wird wohl ver - schwie - gen sein.

pp *dolce* *rit.* *pp*

IN TIME OF ROSES

(ZUR ROSENZEIT)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832) (Original Key, Bb minor)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.48, N°5

Allegretto serio

VOICE

p

Love-ly ro - ses, are ye fad - ed,
Ihr ver - blü - het, sü - sse Ro - sen,

PIANO

p

con Pedale

Ne'er up - on her bos - om borne? Bloom for me whose hope is
mei - ne Lie - be trug euch nicht; blü-het, ach! dem Hoff - nungs -

shad - ed, And whose soul with grief is torn!
lo - sen, dem der Gram die See - le bricht!

p poco più mosso *cresc.* *f*

Sad - ly now my thoughts are turn - ing To the days when
Je - ner Ta - ge denk' ich trau - ernd als ich, En - gel,

p poco più mosso *p* *cresc.* *f*

p

you — were kind; When for you I pluck'd at
an — dir hing, auf das er — ste Knös — pchen

f

morn — ing The first rose — buds I — could find;
lau — ernd, früh zu mei — nem Gar — ten ging;

Ev — ry flow — 'ret, fruits the rar — est Glad — — ly to your
al — le Blü — then, al — le Früch — te noch — — zu dei — nen

poco a poco meno mosso e dim.

feet I bore, While I sought in eyes the dear — est
Fü — ssen trug, und vor dei — nem An — ge — sich — te

poco a poco meno mosso e dim.

più rit. e dim. Tempo I *p*

Hope, — and cour-age to a - dore. Love - ly
 Hoff - nung in dem Her - zen schlug. Ihr ver -

più rit. e dim. Tempo I *p*

La. *

ro - ses, are ye fad - ed, Ne'er up - on her bos - om
 blü - het, sü - sse Ro - sen, mei - ne Lie - be trug euch

borne? Bloom for me whose hope is shad - ed, And whose
 nicht; blü - het, ach! dem Hoff - nungs - lo - sen, dem der

poco ten.

rit.

soul — with grief is torn!
 Gram — die See - le bricht!

a tempo

rit. *pp*

A DREAM

123

(EIN TRAUM)

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

(Original Key, D $\flat$)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 48, No 6

Andante *p*

VOICE

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

PIANO

p *con Ped.*

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

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

for - est glade,
Wal - des-raum,

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

dolce

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

^{*)} very softly

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ML-1652-4

cresc.

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

cresc.

cresc.

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

cresc.

un poco mosso
pp dolce *cresc.*

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

un poco mosso *pp* *cresc.*

dolce

p

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

pp

cresc.

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

cresc.

p.

p poco a poco stringendo e cresc.

The stream - let flow'd, the wood - bird sang, A sound of bells the
 der Wald - bach schwoll, die Kno - spe sprang, Ge - läut' er - scho'll vom

p poco a poco stringendo e cresc.

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

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

più cresc. *poco ten.* *f agitato*

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

più cresc. *poco ten.* *f* *agitato*

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

più f

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

più f

ff *Allegro*

al - i - ty!
Wirk - lich - keit!

ff *strepitoso* *L.H.* *L.H.*

THE MOTHER SINGS (DIE MUTTER SINGT)

127

VILHELM KRAAG (1871-)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 60, No 2

Molto andante *p*

VOICE

Gret-chen lies in her cof-fin, Deep in the dark, dark
Irm-lein ru-het im Sar-ge tief in dem dun-klen

PIANO

p

mould. ——— There's the hood that I gave her, Lined with red, red
Grab, ——— nahm ihr sei-den-es Häub-chen mit in die Gruft hin-

gold. *ppp*
ab. Down in her nar-row cof-fin
Tief in die schwar-ze Er-de

pp

sempre ppp

My lit - tle maid's at rest; Cold her small hands are fold - ed
senkt' ich mein Ir - me - lein, fal - te - te die kal - ten Händ - chen

O - ver her qui - et breast. Lone - ly at night I am
ü - ber dem wei - ssen Lein. Ein - sam nun träum' ich die

sit - ting, While on the bay tem - pests rave, — Tear - ing all of the
Nacht hin, die Stür - me, sie gehn ü - ber's Meer, — streu - en al - le die

blos - soms From lit - tle Gret - chen's grave.
Blu - men von Irm - lein's Grab um - her.

IN THE BOAT

(IM KAHNE)

129

VILHELM KRAAG (1871-)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key, G)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 60, No 3

Allegretto grazioso

PIANO *p*

Sea - gulls, sea - gulls with plum - age snow - y!
Mö - ven, Mö - ven in wei - ssen Flo - cken!

Sun - light gay! Gos - lings with yel - low -
Son - nen - schein! En - ten stol - zie - ren in

slent. *pp*

a tempo
tranq. sempre p

stock-ings show-y Strut a - way. Row, row to is-lands fair,
gel - ben So - cken schmuck und fein. Fahr', fahr' zum Fi - scher-strand,

un poco rit. *pp a tempo*

All is calm o'er the shal-lows there, Seas are peace-ful-ly ly-ing,
 ru-hig ist es am Schee-ren-rand: rings die See liegt so stil-le,

p poco rit. a tempo
 "Fair my-la-dy."
 Wo-wo-wil-le.

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

p
 Free thy gold locks from hood con-
 Lö-se, lö-se, mein Schatz, die

fin-ing, My de-light,
 dich-te Lo-cken-pracht,

pp

pp Then will we dance thro' the bright-ly shin-ing Warm June night. *a tempo* Wait, wait! Mid-
 Dann lass uns tan - zen die war - me, lich - te Ju - ni - nacht. Wart', wart', zu

un poco rit. *a tempo dolce*

anim. sum-mer-tide Soon will make thee my hap - py bride, All of the fid-dle-bows fly - ing. *f*
 Sank-te Hans giebt es Hoch - zeit mit lust - gem Tanz, Gei-gen in Hül - le und Fül - le.

anim. *f*

p poco rit. *a tempo*
 "Fair my - la - dy."
 Wo - wo - wil - le.

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

p Rock me, rock me, O wave so ten - der, On the tides
 Wie ge, wie - ge mich, blan - ke Wel - le, im - mer - fort!

pp

Fair as a dove, as a young fawn slen-der,
 Lieb-lich naht, wie die schlan-ke Ga-zel-le, mein

pp

a tempo
sempre p

Comes my bride. Rock, rock in dreams di-vine, I am thine and
 Schätz-lein dort. Wieg' wieg' in Traum mich ein, du bist mein, und

un poco rit. *a tempo dolce*

p poco rit.

thou art mine. Now the mu-sic is dy-ing! "Fair my
 ich bin dein. Gei-gen, schwei-get nun stil-le! Wo-wo-

tranq. *pp* *poco rit.*

a tempo

la-dy."
 wil-le.

a tempo p *ppp*

THE MOUNTAIN MAID

(DAS KIND DER BERGE)

(Composed in 1898)

ARNE GARBORG (1851-)

English version by Arthur Westbrook

German version by Eugen von Enzberg

(Original Key, E minor)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 67, No. 2

Allegretto tranquillo

VOICE



She is slen-der and fair and young, With fea-tures so pure and
 Sie ist schmächtig und zart und bleich, mit Zü-gen so rein und

PIANO



poco rit. a tempo

pale; The drooping lids of her eyes Their dream-y splen-dor veil. As
 klar, die tie-fen Augen um-säumt der Li-der träumendes Paar. Es

poco rit. a tempo

ten.

one who wan-ders in sleep On her sad si-lent way she goes, Her
 ist, als wan-del-te sacht sie im Schla-fe wohl im-mer-zu: Ge-

ten.

bear - ing, her voice, her look A strange, mourn-ful calm dis -
 bär - de, Mie - ne und Wort ver - rät die - se düst' - re

close, mourn-ful calm dis - close. 'Neath the
 Ruh; die - se düst' - re Ruh! Un - ter'm

lus - trous gloom of her hair Shine her eyes with a haunt - ing
 dun - keln lo - cki - gen Haar strahlt das Au - ge mit mat - tem

gleam; Some world that we know not she sees Re -
 Schein; sie starrt wie im Traum vor sich hin in

poco rit. *a tempo*

veald to her wak - ing dream. But her
 an - dre Wel - ten hin - ein. Nur der

poco rit. *a tempo*

breast swift - ly ris - es and falls, And her pale lips are trem - bling
 Bu - sen geht bang und schwer, und es bebt um den blei - chen

ten.

strong, She is maid - en - ly, ten - der and sweet, Yea, in
 Mund. Sie ist jung - fräulich, zart und fein, ja für -

truth, she is fair and young, she is fair and young.
 wahr: sie ist schön und jung, sie ist schön und jung.

ten.

THE TRYST (STELLDICHEIN)

ARNE GARBORG (1851-)

(Composed in 1898)

English version by Charles Fontcyn Manney

(Original Key, F)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 67, No 4

German version by Eugen von Enzberg

Andante espressivo

VOICE

p

She lin-gers lone on Sun-day in the grove:— A
 Sie weilt am Sonn-tag har-rend in den Hain;— ein

PIANO

p

ten-der long-ing thro' her bos-om sur - ges, In throb-bing pulse the blood more quick-ly
 sü-sse Seh-nen ihr den Sinn um - ran - ket, das Her - ze voll und schwer im Bu - sen

p dolce

pp

ur - ges, And all her thought is fill'd with dreams of love. Then
 schwan - ket, und Träu - me fül - len sanft ihr gan - zes Sein. Da

p dolce

like a crim-son rose her wan cheek flush - es: The bon - ny lad
 für - ben sich mit Pur - pur ih - re Wan - gen: Der schmu - cke Bursch,

pp

[illegible]

a tempo

She fain would flee from out the for - est glade, But
 Fort will sie flie - hen in die Heid' hin - aus, doch

dim. *p a tempo*

bonds of mag-ic to the spot en - chain her, His hands so warm-ly clasp-ing hers re -
ist's als ob ein Zau-ber fest sie bän - de; sie rei - chen bei - de sich die war-men

strain her, And so they stand, and ne'er a word is said.
Hän - de, und steh'n so da, und wis - sen kei - nen Rath.

pp

Then sud - den sounds her voice in fal - t'ring tone: "My dear - est boy, _____
 Da bricht sie plötz - lich in die Wor - te aus: „Du lie - ber Knab', _____

pp

molto *poco rit.* *ff* *a tempo*

— how tall and fine you've grown! —
 — wie statt - lich schaut du aus! —

molto *poco rit.* *ff* *animato* *a tempo*

L.H. *poco rit.*

p *a tempo*

As breeze of eve blows gen - tly from the south, — And
 Und als dann naht die schwü - le A - bend - stund', — und

dim. *p* *a tempo*

field and fell the twi - light is en - fold - ing, In swift em-brace the yield-ing maid he's
 Flor um Flor der Dämm'-rung Dun - kel brin - get, gar rasch den Hals der jun - ge Arm um -

p dolce

hold - ing, A glow - ing kiss u - nites then mouth with mouth.
 schlin - get. In hei - ssem Kuss ver - mählt sich Mund mit Mund.

p dolce

pp

Soon all is still; and thro' the eve - ning warm In bliss un -
 Bald al - les ruht. Und dort am A - bend warm in sel' - gem

pp

molto rit. ff a tempo

told she rests with-in his arm.
 Rausch sie schläft in sei - nem Arm.

molto rit. ff animato a tempo

L.H. poco rit. dim. p ppp

LOVE (LIEBE)

ARNE GARBORG (1851-)

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

German version by Eugen von Enzberg

(Composed in 1898)

(Original Key, C)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 67, No 5

Allegretto

VOICE

p

The care-less boy all my thought en-rap-tured, Like bird en-
 Der wil-de Knab' mir den Sinn be-rück-te, zu fan-gen

PIANO

p

cresc.

snared, soon my heart he cap-tured; The care-less boy light-ly goes his way, Nor fears his
 mich, sei-nen Vogl ihm glück-te; der wil-de Knab' macht sich nichts dar-aus, er weiss: der

dim.

cresc.

dim.

rit.

cap-tive will ev-er stray, Nor fears his cap-tive will ev-er stray.
 Vo-gel will nie hin-aus, er weiss: der Vo-gel will nie hin-aus.

a tempo

a tempo

Più mosso

With withes of wil-low so strong-ly grow-ing, Oh, bind my
 O komm und bind' mich mit Wei-den - ru - then, o komm und

hands till the blood is flow-ing! Oh, come and hold me so close to thee, That sun and
bind', bis die Hän - de blu - ten! O komm und press' mich so fest an dich, dass Mond und

moon I no long-er see! _____ Is there no mag-ic the pow'r possess-es To guide me
Son-ne vergeht für mich! _____ O könnt' durch Zau-ber es mir ge - lin-gen, so würd' ich

pp

straight to thy soul's re - cess - es? I'd en - ter deep to thy deep-est heart, And nev - er
tief in dein Her - ze drin-gen, ich wür - de drin-gen gar tief hin - ein und wei-len

L'istesso tempo (♩ = ♩)

dwell from my love a - part! _____ O thou, whose im - age my mind is
ein - zig beim Lieb-sten mein! _____ O du, der woh - net im Her - zen

pp

cresc. e più tranquillo

hold - ing, Each thought and long - ing of mine en - fold - ing, My heart is
 drin - nen, du all' mein Hof - fen, du all' mein Sin - nen: Jed' lei - ses

cresc. e più tranquillo

dim. e poco rit.

beat - ing for thee a - lone, Each throb is thine, dear, is all thine
 Po - chen im Bu - sen hier, ge - hö - ret ein - zig nur dir, nur

dim. e poco rit.

p a tempo

own! —
 dir! —

p a tempo *cresc. molto e stretto* *fz* *dim.*

*dolce**p poco rall.**pp*

8 *8* *8*

Tempo I

p

And when the sun mounts to high - est heav - en, I think to
 Seh' hoch em - por ich die Son - ne stei - gen, ich wahn', dass

cresc.
 light thee, a - lone 'twas giv en; And when the moon's gen - tle beam I
 dir sie sich nur will zei - gen. Und naht der A - bend und däm - mert's

dim.
 see, I fain would know if thou'rt true to me, I fain would
 sacht, wüsst' gern, ob mein du in Treu ge - dacht! wüsst' gern, ob

rit. *a tempo*
 know if thou'rt true to me!
 mein du in Treu ge - dacht!

rit. *a tempo* *rall.*

AT MOTHER'S GRAVE

(AM GRABE DER MUTTER)

(Composed in 1900)

OTTO BENZON

(Original Key, C minor)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Hans Schmidt

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 69, N°3

Lento funebre ♩ = 60 *p*

VOICE

Calm - ly sleep, O moth - er blest,
Schla - fe süß, lieb Müt - ter - lein,

PIANO

p

con Pedale

Sleep the sleep that has no dream-ing; Heed - less how our
schlaf' im stil - len Sar - ge drin - nen, schwe - re, ban - ge

poco rit.

tears are stream-ing As we lay thee in earth's breast.
Thrä-nen rin - nen nie - der auf den dunk - len Schrein.

poco rit.

a tempo
p poco mosso *cresc.*

Dim thy glad - some eye hath grown, Hush'd thine ac - cents
Nie zu - rück mehr keh - ren kann, was mit dir ge -

p a tempo *cresc.*

mf

mild and ten - der, Ah, but we shall al - ways ren - der
gan - gen nie - der, nie mehr klingt dein Wort uns wie - der,

mf

dim. *p*

Love for all the love thou'st shown. Nev - er throbb'd a
nie mehr blickt dein Aug' uns an. Nie mehr schlägt ein

dim. *p*

cresc. e poco stretto *f*

kind - er heart, Ne - ver kind - er heart ceased giv - ing, Ne'er was kind - er
Herz uns treu, dei - nem gleich auf die - ser Er - den, ach, kein Trost kann

cresc. e poco stretto *f*

ff poco rit. *più lento* *dim. e rit.*

moth - er liv - ing, Thee God gave and His thou art!
 je uns wer - den, sol - cher Schmerz ist täg - lich neu!

ff poco rit. *più lento* *dim. e rit.*

* 

pp Tempo I

Sleep, dear moth - er, there in peace; Thanks — for what thy
 Schla - fe süß, lieb Müt - ter - lein, schlaf' und sei dir

life has taught us, Thanks for all that thou hast brought us
 nun be - schie - den sanf - te Ruh' und sel' - ger Frie - den

poco rit.

From thy lov - ing deeds' in - crease!
 uns' - re Lieb' denkt e - wig dein!

poco rit. *ppp*

DREAMS (TRÄUME)

147

(Composed in 1900)

(Original Key, C)

OTTO BENZON

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Hans Schmidt

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 69, N^o5

Allegretto con moto (♩ = 76) *p*

VOICE

You're all that I treas - ure, my
Du warst mir mein Al - les, das

PIANO

mf *pp* *p*

con Pedale

dear - est de - light, — My care and my glad - ness, by day and by
reich mich ge - macht, — mein Sor - gen, mein Freu - en bei Tag und bei

night. — You fill all my mind, you en -
Nacht. — Du füll - test die See - le mit

p cantabile

cresc. chain my de - sire; — My life — do you del - uge with
 Won - ne mir ganz, — du gabst — mei - nem Le - ben die

dim.

poco rit. glo - ry and fire!
 Wei - he, den Glanz!

poco rit. *a tempo*
p

p poco agitato I know but too well — you will nev - er be
 Wohl wusst' ich, dass nim - mer du mein würdest

cresc. *pp* *cresc.*

f mine;
 sein,

p But some - times in dreams —
 da ka - men die Träu - me,

cresc. *f* *p*

you have said "I am thine!" O ra - di - ant
und da warst du mein! Glück - se - li - ge

cresc. *dim.* *poco rit.*

vis - ion, when you — were so near, — And blush'd in con - fess - ing, "I
Träu - me, so fern, — ach so fern! — Ich lag dir zu Fü - ssen, du

a tempo *p*

love thee, my dear!" O
hat - test mich gern. Zu

poco tranquillo

E - den in dream - land, your stay was too brief, And
bald nur ver - lor ich mein Traum - pa - ra - dies. der

pp poco tranquillo

harsh dis - il - lu - sion o'er-whelm'd me with grief!
 Wirk - lich - keit Stren - ge mich rauh draus ver - stieß.

pp

An-oth-er than I by your love you have crown'd, Now morning is
 Nicht mir war be - schie - den dein Herz, dei - ne Hand, es grau-te der

pp un poco rall.

dawn - ing the dreams false are found.
 Mor - gen, das Traum - bild ent - schwand.

Tempo I

Fare-well, then, ye vis - ions that quick - en my care! — Fare
 Fahrt wohl denn, ihr Träu - me, die reich mich ge - macht, — die

ffz un poco rall.

pp

well, then, my Em - press of dream - land so fair! My
hold mich um - fan - gen bei Tag und bei Nacht! Fahr'

bright-shin-ing jew - el 'neath night's mag-ic spell, — My joy — de-
wohl, du mein Le - ben, mein Glück, mein I - dol! — mein Ein, — mein

cresc. *dim.*

cantabile *cresc.* *dim.*

part - ed, fare - well, — fare-well!
Al - les, fahr' wohl, — fahr' wohl!

rit. *a tempo*

rit. *a tempo* *ben tenuto* *rit.* *p*

p *dim.* *pp* *ppp* *pppp*

EROS

(Original Key, C)

OTTO BENZON

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Hans Schmidt

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 70, No 1

Allegro con passione (♩ = 144)

VOICE

PIANO

p

dim. e rit. pp

Ped. *

Andante (♩ = 69)

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

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

f

Ped.

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

pp

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

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

pp

3

Ped.

f

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

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

ff

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

p *poco rit.* *a tempo*

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

poco rit. *a tempo*

trem.

p

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

pp

3

Lead *

p

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

pp

3

Lead *

p stretto e cresc. poco a poco

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

pp stretto e cresc. poco a poco

3

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

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

più fe ben ten.
 This is the on - ly one per - fect - ly bound - less
 das ist das ein - zig - ste, wirk - lich gro - sse

ff *Tempo I*
 Joy men may know!
 Glück die - ser Welt!

pp

RADIANT NIGHT

(LICHTE NACHT)

OTTO BENZON

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Hans Schmidt

(Original Key, E)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 70, No. 3

Andante con moto (♩ = 112)

VOICE

Was it so long a - go the sun hid Be - hind the far moun - tain
 Sank nicht die Son - ne kaum erst zum Meer in duf - ti - ger däm - mern - der

PIANO

ran - ges, Since the stars with their ma - zy chan - ges Saw their im - age the waves a -
 Fer - ne, Sa - hen kaum nicht erst Mond und Ster - ne still ihr Bild da - raus schim - mern

cresc. *dim.*

cresc. *dim.*

pp poco più mosso

mid? Is it the past day's gold that dyes
 her? Ist es schon neu - en Ta - ges Schein,

pp poco più mosso

Lead

Yes - ter sun's la - va bright - ly stream - ing O - ver the
 der hin - ter dunk - ler Wol - ken Säu - men hel - ler und

pp

Lead

moun - tain - bil - low - y skies? Has it all pass'd — the
 hel - ler flu - thet her - ein? Ist es vor - bei — mit

night's long dream - ing?
 Nacht und Träu - - men?

pp *ppp*

Ped. *

Tempo I
p

Come so late - ly, must_ thou de - part?
 Kaum er - dun - kelnd, schon_ wie - der hell! —

Tempo I
p

*

p dolce e tranquillo *pp*

Ra - diant night, how swift-wing'd thou art!
 Som - mer - nacht, wie schwin - dest du schnell!

p *pp* *ppp* *rit.*

Ped. *

TAKE GOOD HEED

(SIEH' DICH VOR)

OTTO BENZON

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Hans Schmidt

(Original Key, F minor)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 70, No. 4

Allegretto espressivo (♩ = 84)

VOICE

Take good heed where thou choos - est thy way,
Sieh' dich vor, eh' du wählst dei - nen Weg,

PIANO

Oft the road cross - es mi - ry mo - rass - es; Run no chance on the
man - cher Pfad führt hin - aus in die Wei - te, ei - ner nur ist der

brink to stay, Paths that one knows, there one pass - es: Oft in sor - row ends
si - che - re Steg, der an das Ziel dich ge - lei - te. Rings - um dräu - en Ge -

mer - riest play: Take good heed where thou choos - est thy way.
strüpp und Ge - heg', sieh' dich vor, eh' du wählst dei - nen Weg.

p

Take good heed where thou set-test thy foot! Look out well where
 Sieh' dich vor eh' du set-test den Fuss, dass die rich-ti-ge

pp p

p

paths are the clean-est; Fate be-tides thee a Dead-Sea fruit If 'gainst thine own-self thou
 Bahn er be-schrei-te, fe-sten Bo-den be-tre-ten er muss, dass er nicht strau-ch'le noch

p

p pp

sin - nest! Bit - ter rue has a sin at its root: Take good heed where thou
 glei - te. Sonst zu spät kom-men Reu' dir und Buss', sieh' dich vor, eh' du

p pp

set - test thy foot.
 se - - t-test den Fuss!

p pp