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The Russian Troubadour

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No. 348.

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THE
Russian Cronbadour
 OR
 A collection of UKRANIAN, and other national
MELODIES,
 Together with the WORDS of each respective AIR translated into
English Verse
 BY
 The Author of the German Erato,
 interspersed with several
favorite Russian Songs.
 Set to MUSIC BY Foreign Masters.
 (AND)
 TRANSLATED BY THE SAME HAND.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

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1816.

Hewitt, St. Charles St. 1816. 5/6



TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF PRUSSIA,
THE FOLLOWING MELODIES OF A NATION, WHICH NOW, IT MAY BE
PRESUMED, NATURALLY CREATES AN INTEREST IN HER, AND WHICH
MOST ASSUREDLY WILL HEREAFTER BE AMPLY RETURNED, HOW
WARM SO EVER IT MAY BE, ARE INSCRIBED WITH THE HIGHEST
RESPECT BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S MOST OBEDIENT AND MOST DE-
VOTED HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE National Melodies of Russia seem in general to bear some resemblance to the ancient airs of Italy, as they existed in their simplest form, long before the refinement of succeeding ages had carried them to their present state of perfection. The Russians, however, had no masters calculated to improve and mature their music; and the composers of their more ancient airs were the untaught children of nature, who accompanied them with such words as flowed spontaneously from their feelings, and that, too, without much regard to the rhyme or the regular structure of the stanza; — and this practice still prevails in many parts of the empire.

These melodies were noted by certain proficients in the musical art; and who, it is naturally supposed, must have been foreigners already settled in the country. More regular stanzas were successively applied by such as had a turn for poetry, but these bards, if we may judge from the texture of their verses, seem to have been no other than mere rustics or mechanics, whose talents, nature and passion, not art had thus called forth.

The Ukraine has ever been the PROVENCE of the Russian Empire, and, together with the White and the Lesser Russia, still continues to be the nursery of national airs. The inhabitants of those districts may, indeed, be considered as the genuine Troubadours of the nation.

Poets of a higher order have of late written better words to these original melodies, and the translator of the following songs has endeavoured to avail himself of as many of these as he could procure.

The Russian songs in their ancient dress have little more to recommend them than their extreme naïveté, which how interesting so ever it may be to the common people, would ill undergo a transfusion into another language. The local customs and the particular superstitions to which the songs so frequently allude, would besides contribute to render a literal version still more awkward and unintelligible to such foreign ears as are accustomed to the more fastidious effusions of the Lyric Muse.

THE TURTLE DOVE.

ANDANTE.

Un=heed=ed vic=tim.
mf

of des=pair, the sad Dove pines from morn till night, while his soft mate, a =

las! too far, has ta'en a long un=wont=ed flight.

1.
UNHEEDED victim of despair,
The sad Dove pines from morn till night,
While his soft mate, alas! too far,
Has ta'en a long unwonted flight.

2.
No longer now his cooes he pours,
No longer pecks the scatter'd grain;
Dark sorrow clouds his lonesome hours,
Unresting fears and secret pain.

3.
Long, long from spray to spray he roves,
All restless, pining and forlorn;
Looks wide around for her he loves,
And waits, how fondly! her return.

4.
How fondly waits!—alas! in vain,
For so his hapless fate decrees;
Heart-rending anguish, tender pain,
Upon his faithful bosom seize.

5.
Then lighting on the verdant sward,
Beneath his wing his head he plac'd;
And soon his moans no more are heard,
And soon his woes for ever ceas'd.

6.
Now home, at length his Dove hath hied,
Parting the air with languid beat;
She nestles at his downy side,
And fondly strives to wake her mate.

7.
She cooes and moans with ceaseless care,
Around him each fond effort tries,
In vain— for Oh, my Chloe fair,
He ne'er awakes, and ne'er shall rise.

DISCONSOLATE ABSENCE

ANDANTE.

dolce Lone-ly heart, in

P

vain thou hea-vest deep-est sighs the live-long day; all in vain each plea-sure

lea-vest, bent on her so far a-way. Sighs are lost when lo-vers lan-guish,

fp

tears may not the fair re-call; she can ne-ver know thine an-guish,

fp *fp*

lonely heart, be - reft of all.

P *f*

Dal Segno

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a piano (*P*) dynamic and later moves to a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system continues the piano accompaniment and includes the instruction *Dal Segno*.

1.

LONELY heart, in vain thou heavest
 Deepest sighs the livelong day;
 All in vain each pleasure leavest,
 Bent on her so far away.
 Sighs are lost when lovers languish,
 Tears may not the fair recall;
 She can never know thine anguish,
 Lonely heart, bereft of all.

2.

Yet 'twere sweet the dream to cherish,
 (Dreams at least may solace bring,)
 That these sighs, ere yet they perish,
 Mount the Zephyr's ruffled wing.
 In her ear perhaps they whisper
 Airy music sadly sweet,
 While the dewy glance of Hesper
 Sheds the light for pity meet.

3.

Yet a while, bright dream, deceive me,
 Wildest hopes are doubly dear;
 Cruel 'twere to fade and leave me
 Dreary, sad, neglected here. —
 Lonely heart, resume thine anguish;
 Sighs may not the fair recall,
 Dream no more — 'tis thine to languish,
 Hopeless, dark, bereft of all.

THE COSSAC AND HIS LOVE.

ANDANTE.

Mount-ed on his sa-ble steed, hies to arms the bold Cos-sac;
 ten-der ac-cents check his speed, fond-ly call him back. Gal-lant youth Love
 bids the stay; mark those tears that flow for thee; yet, if needs thou
 must a-way, think, O think on me

MOUNTED on his sable steed,
 Hies to war the bold Cossac;
 Tender accents check his speed,
 Fondly call him back.

SHE. Gallant youth, Love bids thee stay;
 Mark those tears that flow for thee;
 Yet, if needs thou must away;
 Think, O think on me.

HE. Cease to wring those hands so fair,
 Ne'er let sorrow dim thine eye;
 Crown'd with glory, from the war,
 Soon to thee I'll fly.

SHE. Nought but thee a wish can move,
 Nought but what thyself betides;
 Health and safety wait my love;
 Perish all besides!

SONG.

ANDANTINO.

To yon ri-ver I'll re -
pair, whose clear waters swift-ly flow; rap-id cur-rent, hear my pray'r,
waft a - way with thee my woe.

1.

TO YON river I'll repair,
Whose clear waters swiftly flow;
Rapid current, hear my pray'r,
Waft away with thee my woe.

2.

No, away thou canst not bear
Grief so rooted in my heart;
Ah! thy billows mock my care,
They but deeper wounds impart.

3.

As thy waves each other chase,
Tending towards the restless main;
So wild thoughts, in eager race,
Throng my breast to sink in pain.

4.

Languid heart, thou'rt sore depress'd,
Hiding flames that bid thee pine.
Most it grieves me that his breast
Cannot know the pangs of mine.

5.

Yet, may ne'er this sorrow fly;
Its sad hue may charm him yet;
Sweeter far whole years to sigh,
Than one moment to forget.

6.

Ere forget, with life I'd part!
He is more than life to me:
In each pulse about my heart,
He shall reign, and only he.

THE ADIEU.

ANDANTE.

Say, who like me could love, while at thy feet I lay? but

The first system of musical notation for the song 'THE ADIEU.' It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE.' The lyrics are: 'Say, who like me could love, while at thy feet I lay? but'.

ah! no sighs could move, nor all that love could say. Thy heart de-spis'd my pain, and

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'ah! no sighs could move, nor all that love could say. Thy heart de-spis'd my pain, and'.

doom'd me to de-spair; per-sist-ing love in vain shall hope to win the fair; per-

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'doom'd me to de-spair; per-sist-ing love in vain shall hope to win the fair; per-'.

sist-ing love in vain shall hope to win the fair.

The fourth system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The vocal line ends with the lyrics: 'sist-ing love in vain shall hope to win the fair.' The piano accompaniment also concludes with a double bar line.

1.

SAY, who like me could love,
 While at thy feet I lay?
 But ah! no sighs could move,
 Nor ought that love could say.
 Thy heart despis'd my pain,
 And doom'd me to despair;
 Persisting love in vain
 Shall hope to win the fair.

2.

Nor fortune shines on me,
 Why then expect thy love?
 Unfraught with idle glee,
 A heart like thine to move.
 A mind sincere and plain
 Ill suits the present day;
 Vile artifice shall gain,
 And bear love's prize away.

3.

A laugh, was all a tear
 Could e'er obtain from thee,
 And ev'ry hope and fear
 Was mock'd by gaiety.
 But Hope's fair sun is set;
 Farewel, soft dream of bliss!
 For now, O wayward fate!
 Another calls thee his.

4.

May blefsings on thee show'r,
 With blithsome ease combin'd;
 Content illumine each hour;
 O lovely, though unkind!
 While, 'neath yon forest's gloom,
 I'll fly from mortal view;
 There wail my hapless doom,
 And wish for death.— Adieu!

SONG.

LARGHETTO.

Dear source of

all my plea = sure, Li = set = ta, kind and fair; than heaps of count = lefs trea =

sure, than life it = self more dear. The love my heart con = fes = ses, nor

change nor bounds shall know; the heart, that thine pos = ses = ses, shall

own its death = lefs vow.

p *f* *p*

f *p* *fp* *fp* *f*

1.

DEAR source of all my pleasure,
 Lisetta, kind and fair;
 Than heaps of countless treasure,
 Than life itself more dear.
 The love my heart confesses,
 Nor change nor bounds shall know;
 The heart, that thine possesses,
 Shall own its deathless vow.

2.

Lisetta, I must leave thee,
 Although so dearly lov'd;
 It wounds my heart to grieve thee
 With pangs that I have prov'd.
 The only hope I cherish,
 That, e'en when far away,
 Remembrance shall not perish,
 But cheer thy pensive day.

3.

Lisetta oft hath told me
 That, if my faith were true,
 Her heart should still unfold me
 In mem'ry's fond review.
 I can forget thee never,
 Still faithful must I be;
 And though we part for ever,
 In death I'll think of thee.

ANDANTE
MOLTO.

What have I done that on thy brow, in-
dig-nant frowns should e-ver dwell? are these the meed of many a
vow, from one who on-ly lov'd too well?

1.

WHAT have I done, that on thy brow,
Indignant frowns should ever dwell?
Are these the meed of many a vow,
From one who only lov'd too well?

2.

This heart its own repose has lost,
Yet ne'er with plaint hath troubled thine;
Though hope deferr'd and passion cross'd,
Condemn'd it, all unmark'd, to pine.

3.

Respect for thee forbid the tear,
And e'en forbid the rapturous gaze;
I sigh'd when none were nigh to hear,
I wept amid the woodland maze.

4.

Thou may'st forget, but thoughts of thee
Shall wrap my soul in tender gloom;
Nor till the cold turf covers me,
Shall thy dear memory find a tomb.

ANDANTE MOLTO.

The musical score is written in 2/4 time and consists of three systems. The first system includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics for the first system are: "Se - date, and heed - less". The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment with the lyrics: "of the mor - row, ex - empt from care and spleen; I liv'd, till soft, ob - tru - sive". The third system concludes the piece with the lyrics: "sor - row be - wild - er'd ev' - ry scene." The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line.

1.
SEDATE, and heedless of the morrow,
 Exempt from care and spleen;
 I liv'd, till soft, obtrusive sorrow
 Bewilder'd ev'ry scene.

2.
 Till then my peaceful, nightly slumber
 No vain desires could break;
 Ah! sure the sighs, I sadly number,
 Love's tyrant sway bespeak.

3.
 Where absent Colin now is straying,
 'Tis there my fancy roves;
 Yet, still I dread love's soft betraying,
 Although my heart approves.

4.
 O whither shall my footsteps wander
 To find my lost repose?
 I pine, from Colin far asunder,
 And no one heeds my woes.

5.
 Ye flow'rs that bloom so fair around me,
 As sunshine makes you gay;
 So I, while Colin's homage crown'd me,
 From him deriv'd my day.

ALLEGRETTO.

Late at eve, the stream be = side,

'neath a haw-thorn's spread-ing shade, my lov'd shep = herd = efs I spy'd,

sweet-ly war-bling in the glade. Echoing to each ten = der trill,

Phi = lo = me = la caught the sound, caught the sound, caught the sound;

f *p* *fp* *f*

ad libitum *f*

a tempo

but an e = cho tru = er still, in my ra = vish'd heart was found,

f

in my ra = vish'd heart was found.

1.

LATE at eve, the stream beside,
 'Neath a hawthorn's spreading shade,
 My lov'd shepherdess I spy'd,
 Sweetly warbling in the glade.
 Echoing to each tender trill,
 Philomela caught the sound;
 But an echo truer still,
 In my ravish'd heart was found.

2.

Now the evening's friendly breeze
 Bore each melting note to me;
 Now the rustling of the trees
 Robb'd me of her melody.
 Hush! be deepest silence there;
 Thou too, jealous bird, be gone,
 That the accents of my fair
 Waft to me, and me alone.

THE ROBBER. ADDRESSED TO THE LARK.

ANDANTE.

Warbler of the

skies, seek the dreary cell, where sad Wanka lies,

and his anguish quell.

1.
WARBLER of the skies,
Seek the dreary cell,
Where sad Wanka lies,
And his anguish quell.

2.
There the luckless swain,
Once a maid's delight,
Clanks his heavy chain,
Sorrows day and night.

3.
From his prison's gloom
Twelve long month's ago,
Sent the stripling home
Letter fraught with woe.

4.
Thou the note didst bear,
Moisten'd with his tears,
To his hapless sire,
Sad and bent with years.

5.
"Father, ever dear,
My repentant moan
Now assails thine ear,
Spare thy wretched son."

6.
"Father, hear my moan
From the dungeon walls.
Ah! it is thy son
That for pity calls."

7.
"Heavy hang his chains,
Heavy day and night.
Justice guilt arraigns,
Well thou know'st his plight."

8.
"Father, haste away,
Ope the prison drear,
Ere, in dread array,
Shameful death appear."

9.

"Mother, succour lend,
Thou that gav'st me birth;
Thou wert still my friend,
Well I know thy worth."

10.

"Parents dear of mine,
Cast a look on me;
Bring the golden fine,
And your son is free."

11.

And the old man swears,
Justice shall be done.
"Shame of my gray hairs,
Thou art not my son."

12.

"Surely thievish brat
Never sprang from me;
And, my honest mate,
Thief ne'er suckled she."

13.

"And, if son wert thou,
Thou deserv'dst thy pain;
He that strikes a blow,
Must a blow sustain."

14.

Warbler of the skies,
Seek the dreary cell,
Where sad Wanka lies,
And his anguish quell.

15.

There the wayward swain,
Once a maid's delight,
Clanks his heavy chain,
Sorrows day and night.

16.

Now his note is sped
To his maiden true;
And the tears he shed,
Did the note bedew.

17.

Thou, wing'd messenger,
Didst the maiden find,
While her bosom's care
Sank in slumbers kind.

18.

"Mark me, dearest maid;
Read, and treat with scorn
One whose steps have stray'd,
One that wails forlorn."

19.

"Heavy, shameful chains
Gall my wearied feet;
Justice 'loud complains
Soon my life shall fleet."

20.

"Ah! thou oft hast warn'd,
Warn'd me, but in vain;
And I've madly earn'd,
Well deserv'd, my pain."

21.

"Banish from thy breast
Each fond thought of love;
"Yet, for one distress'd,
Let sweet pity move."

22.

"Thou a father's care
Kindly take on thee;
Ah! his hard'ned ear
Will not lean to me."

23.

"Dearest, dearest maid,
Liberty were mine,
If, in timely aid,
Comes the golden fine."

24.

"Yes," exclaims the maid,
"Yes, I'll rescue thee:
Dearest nurse, O speed,
Rescue him and me."

25.

"Hither bring my key,"
Sweetly kind she cry'd,
"Take my gold away,
See his want supply'd."

26.

"Ring, and clasp, and all,
Take, dear nurse, with thee:
Wanka wails in thrall,
Haste and set him free."

27.

"Tender, breaking heart,
Though to virtue prone,
Mindful still thou art
Of the culprit's moan."

ANDANTE.



Lovely youth! thy glance of flame bids my bosom languish; joy no

more this heart shall claim, lost in tender anguish.

1.
LOVELY youth! thy glance of flame
 Bids my bosom languish;
 Joy no more this heart shall claim,
 Lost in tender anguish.

2.
 Can the sun forget to warm,
 Genial rays denying,
 Strip the field of ev'ry charm,
 Leave creation dying?

3.
 Or can Love desert a breast,
 Vow'd to Love's devotion?
 Dreary then the bosom's rest,
 Chill each soft emotion!

4.
 No where Love has fixt his throne,
 There he reigns for ever,
 Rules the willing heart alone,
 Finds a rival never.

5.
 Lovely youth, O could I flee
 Like autumnal swallow;
 Summer still would dwell with thee,
 Still thy light I'd follow.

6.
 Stay poor bird, within thy cage,
 There to droop and languish;
 Nought can tame a parent's rage,
 Nought dispel thine anguish.

ANDANTE.

Let me to the stream-let

hie, stream-let rol-ling crys-tal tide; on its banks, per-chance to

spy my dear love, O let me bide.

1.

LET me to the streamlet hie,
Streamlet rolling crystal tide;
On its banks, perchance to spy
My dear love, O let me bide.

2.

There to him, with secret glee,
I'll the willing kifs impart;
Nought exists so dear to me,
Nought so dear to my fond heart.

3.

Should the stealing hour of eve
Tell me I too long have stay'd;
Many a kifs I'll take and give,
Pledges of the vows we made.

4.

Late a taunting maiden said,
I should see my love no more;
That far hence he low was laid,
Mould'ring on a foreign shore.

5.

Falsely said! for he to-day
Pafs'd my cottage window near,
Whistled thrice, and slunk away;
Summons welcome to my ear.

6.

Thee, dear summons, I'll obey,
Haste me to the conscious tide;
There perchance my love may stray,—
Oft we've met its banks beside.

RESIGNATION.

LARGHETTO.

He, o'er whose soul re - lent - - lefs grief has

The first system of musical notation for the piece 'RESIGNATION.' It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The time signature is 3/4, and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: 'He, o'er whose soul re - lent - - lefs grief has'.

dark - ly thrown a lan - guid gloom, whose joy - lefs heart finds no re -

The second system of musical notation. The lyrics are: 'dark - ly thrown a lan - guid gloom, whose joy - lefs heart finds no re -'.

lief, nor e'er shall find - but in the tomb. His cloud - y brow, no flash of

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics are: 'lief, nor e'er shall find - but in the tomb. His cloud - y brow, no flash of'.

joy shall light with mo - - men - ta - - ry gleam, till mor - - tal

The fourth system of musical notation. The lyrics are: 'joy shall light with mo - - men - ta - - ry gleam, till mor - - tal'.

damps each sense de - stroy, and sor - row seems a dis - - tant

dream, and sor - row seems a dis - - tant dream.

1.

HE, o'er whose soul relentless grief
 Has darkly thrown a languid gloom,
 Whose joyless heart finds no relief,
 Nor e'er shall find — but in the tomb.
 His cloudy brow, no flash of joy
 Shall light with momentary gleam,
 Till mortal damps each sense destroy,
 And sorrow seems a distant dream.

2.

Yet, when the fated hour is near,
 My soul shall then remember thee;
 Reflect how fair thou wert, how dear,
 Nor then accuse thy cruelty.
 When all is past, my lingering shade
 Along thy secret path may steal;
 Mix with thy breathing in the glade,
 And snatch a kiss, thou canst not feel.

THE SHEPHERDESS

ANDANTE.

Where the limpid stream-let flows,

near the cooling grove; where the constant turtle cooes, where the lamb-kins rove;

there a youth and artless maid on the flow-ry margin stray'd; gay-ly toy'd and

gay-ly smil'd, and the hour be-guil'd.

1.

WHERE the limpid streamlet flows,
 Near the cooling grove;
 Where the constant turtle cooes,
 Where the lambkins rove;
 There a youth and artless maid
 On the flow'ry margin stray'd ;
 Gayly toy'd and gayly smil'd,
 And the hour beguil'd.

2.

Straight the long-grown, tangled grafs
 Caught the maiden's heel;
 Willing, or by chance alas!
 Down the maiden fell.
 Quick the youth to aid her flew;
 Vain his haste, he stumbled too;
 And now near and nearer press'd,
 Flatter'd and carefs'd.

3.

"Forward, shameless shepherd, fie!"
 Oft the maid exclaims;
 "Shepherd, home O let me hie,"
 "Let me tend my lambs."
 "Shepherd, not so bold, I say,
 "Let me go, — I will not stay;
 "Cease, O cease to tease me so; —
 "Shepherd, let me go."

4.

While the maid thus chiding lay,
 Many a laughing swain,
 Many a laughing lass so gay,
 Trip across the plain.
 Up the youth and maiden rise,
 All abash'd and timely wise;
 Quickly clos'd the wanton fray,
 Blush'd and stunk away.

THE ROSE.

ANDANTE.

Nurs'd in Flo-ra's bow-er, nought so fair I see,
 as the Rose, sweet flow-er, none so dear to me. Day by day re-veal-ing
 charms that still in-crease; day by day soft steal-ing hues of new-born grace.

1.

NURS'D in Flora's bower,
 Nought so fair I see,
 As the Rose, sweet flower,
 None so dear to me.
 Day by day revealing
 Charms that still increase;
 Day by day soft stealing
 Hues of new-born grace.

2.

Fortune idly granting
 Weal outweigh'd by woes,
 Set the rose-bush flaunting
 Where the wormwood grows.
 Still the rose unfaded
 Brightest hues may boast;
 But its worth's degraded,
 All its fragrance lost.

3.

Mark the moral duty
 Here, my fair, imply'd;
 Such the doom of beauty
 When to vice ally'd.
 Beauty, matchless treasure,
 Virtue bids the charm;
 Vice, that dream of pleasure,
 Wakes ere long to harm.

ANDANTE
MOLTO.

Deep-ly sighs the maid with-out her love; young is

she, and fair, and soft of heart; and, as ver-nal joys re-viv-ing

move na-ture's breath-ing scene, she weeps a-part.

1.

DEEPLY sighs the maid without her love;
Young is she, and fair, and soft of heart;
And, as vernal joys reviving move
Nature's breathing scene, she weeps apart.

4.

Lo the tempest sweeps the lonely road;
See how fast and furious drives the snow;
But with smiles he'll mock the fleecy load,
Love around the youth his shield shall throw.

2.

Oh her pangs alas! have deeper sway,
Doubled sadness now incites her wail,
Should the youth belov'd too long delay
Life-inspiring spring with her to hail.

5.

Clearly do I see? And is it he?
Lightly darting on-my gallant love.
Swift his sledge as falcon's wing may be,
Chasing high in air the timid dove.

3.

"Mother, let me haste and climb the hill;
Or aloft upon the stair-case hie;
Dearest mother, yes - I must, I will,
Till my faithful swain perchance I spy."

6.

Wave. O wave to me thy kerchief white.
Now it kindly waves - O lov'd the best!
O, in more than female beauty bright,
Hast and rest thee on my faithful breast.

THE RECLAIMED LOVER.

ANDANTE.

dolce

Late a pert and vain co-quette set, to lure my heart, her snares;

snares a-las! not vain-ly set; Cu = pid wil'd me un-a = wares.

Yes = ter-morn when I be-held Daphne, true as true can be;

con = scious guilt my heart ap = pal'd; yet, she smil'd and par = don'd me.

dolce

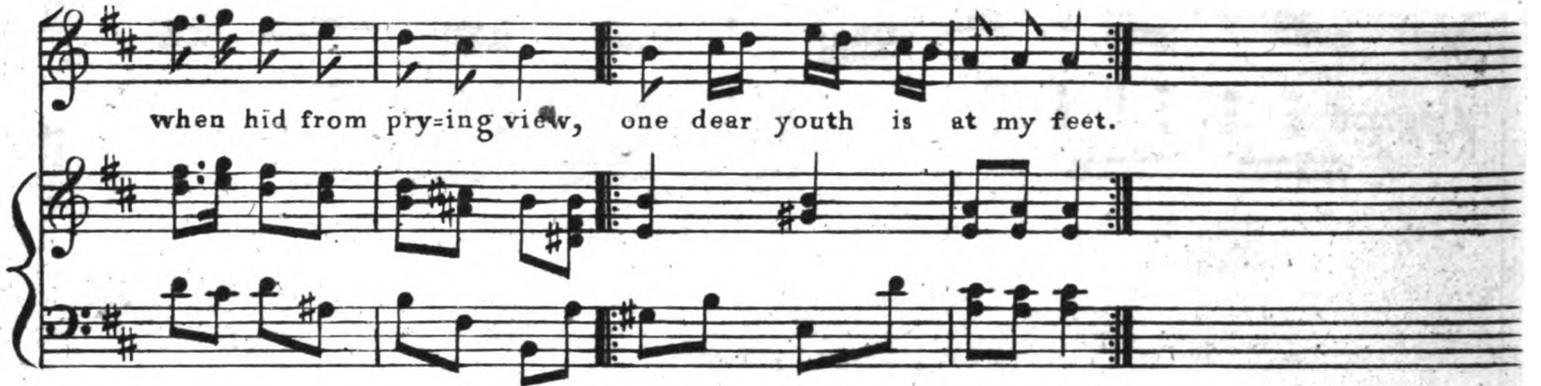
1.

LATE a pert and vain coquette
 Set, to lure my heart, her snares;
 Snares, alas! not vainly set;
 Cupid wil'd me unawares.
 Yester-morn, when I beheld
 Daphne, true as true can be;
 Conscious guilt my heart appal'd;
 Yet, she smil'd and pardon'd me.

2.

Tears soft glistening as she smil'd,
 Grao'd her eye and dew'd her cheek;
 Straight she spoke, in accents mild,
 Words that love unchang'd bespeak.
 Sham'd I stood, nor aught I said,
 While my bosom heav'd with pain;—
 Tears repentant quickly shed,
 And became her slave again..

ALLEGRETTO.



1.

JOY has ne'er so bright a hue,
 Nor content a smile so sweet,
 As, when hid from prying view,
 [One dear youth is at my feet.]

2.

All impatient here I wait,
 Him I love at home to meet;
 Why this hope so much elate?
 ['Tis to see him at my feet.]

3.

Many an anxious hour of pain
 Have I watch'd his steps to greet;
 What shall cheer this heart again?
 [His fond vows when at my feet.]

4.

Music hath a lovely voice,
 Sadly soft or gayly sweet;
 But the music of my choice
 [Are his accents at my feet.]

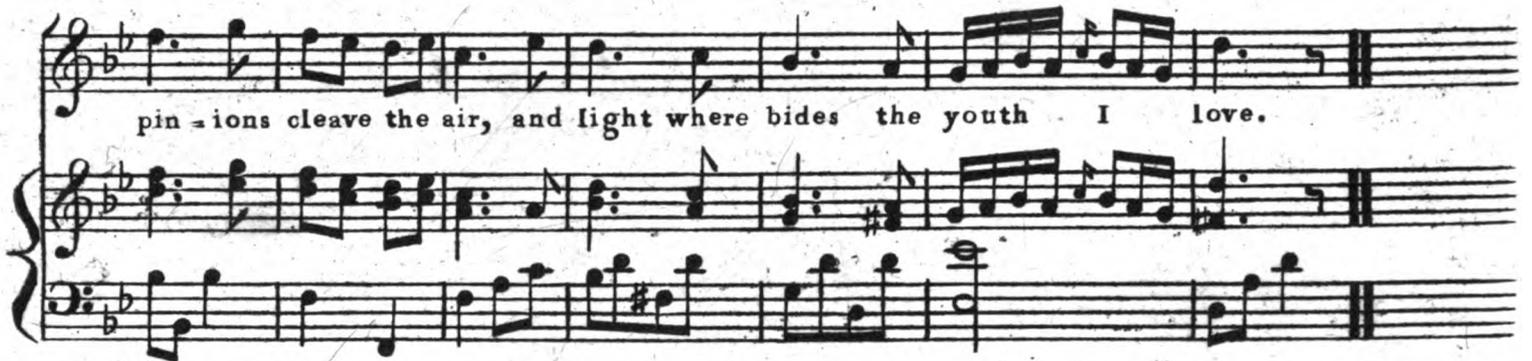
5.

Many a bard's entrancing page
 Oft beguiles my lone retreat;
 More his ardent vows engage,
 [Softly murmur'd at my feet.]

6.

Wealth nor glory lures me not,
 Such like airy visions fleet;
 Rich and glorious is my lot,
 [When that youth is at my feet.]

ANDANTE.



1.
O MOUNT aloft, dear messenger,
If tender grief thy breast can move;
With rapid pinions cleave the air,
And light where bides the youth I love.

2.
Ah! tell him how his maiden mourns,
How beats her heart for him alone;
And how it glows and chills by turns,
And pines and dies now he is gone.

3.
Deserted is the conscious bower
That witness'd oft our fond embrace,
Wither'd each shrub and every flower,
While tears of woe bedew my face.

4.
The nightingale on yonder spray
Oft trill'd his soft melodious strain;
But, when my love was snatch'd away,
He sought the deepest dells again.

5.
The beechen grove, where I with thee
So oft enjoy'd the cooling shade,
Has all its verdure lost to me;—
Without thee nature's beauties fade.

6.
Surrounding objects once so dear,
No longer charm now thou art flown;
They only mock my tender care,
And tell me that my love is gone.

7.
O linger not one moment more,
But haste, dear youth, to meet me here;
My heart's repose thou canst restore;
O haste and dry my falling tear.

8.
Then every pang of woe shall cease,
Haste quickly, love, thine art employ;
Thy presence brings my bosom peace,
And changes all my grief to joy.

SONG TO THE LUTE.

SOSTENUTO.

Wake thy deepest tone of sor-row, sweet-ly sad, my lone-ly

lute; while thy sooth-ing notes I bor-row, well might busy grief be mute.

Yes, thy ma-gic yet may cheer me, fleet-ing though the res-pite be;



though de-spon-dence ho-vers near me, mild-er feel-ings breathe in thee.

1.

WAKE thy deepest tone of sorrow,
 Sweetly sad, my lonely lute:
 While thy soothing notes I borrow,
 Well might busy grief be mute.
 Yes, thy magic yet may cheer me,
 Fleeting though the respite be;
 Though despondence hovers near me,
 Milder feelings breathe in thee.

2.

Hidden lurks my bitter anguish; —
 Worldly hearts would mock my woe:
 O'er thy trembling strings I languish,
 Freely then my sorrows flow;
 Then my lonely heart retraces
 Every wrong it hath sustain'd;
 Bleeds for him whose falsehood razes
 Each fond vow his passion feign'd.

3.

Honor's band though he could sever;
 Plighted faith and love despise;
 Yet this heart shall wrong him never,
 Though its worth he cannot prize.
 Wake thy deepest tone of sorrow,
 Sweetly sad, my lonely lute:
 While thy soothing notes I borrow,
 O might busy grief be mute!

THE FORLORN SHEPHERDESS.

ANDANTE.

Me, each friend = ly
youth and maid = en in = vites in vain, while with hea = vy sor = row
la = den, to join their train.

1.

ME, each friendly youth and maiden
Invites in vain,
While with heavy sorrow laden,
To join their train.

2.

For the youth, for whom I languish,
Away is flown:
Rural sports but mock my anguish,
Now he is gone.

3.

Long the fondest hopes I cherish'd
That he was true;
All those hopes alas! have perish'd;
Fond hopes adieu!

4.

Whilom I was proud to call him
My favour'd swain;
Whilom thought my charms might thrall him
In love's soft chain.

5.

She, who sways him by her beauty,
Has arts that move;
I, who boast a dove-like duty,
Can only love.

6.

Sighs, and tears, and endless sorrow,—
My doom are these;
No bright sun shall gild my morrow;
Till death, no ease!

AFFETTUOSO.

O maid = en

fair be = yond com = pare, I lov'd thee true, what joys I knew!

1.
O MAIDEN fair
Beyond compare,
I lov'd thee true,
What joys I knew!

2.
But now forgot,
O cruel lot!
I droop and sigh,
And fain would die.

3.
O stupid me,
Who could not see
That hope is vain,
And ends in pain;

7.
O where shall I
For refuge fly?
O were my doom
The peaceful tomb!

4.
That flow'rs appear
Not all the year;
That winter comes
And all entombs;

5.
That fortune's flow'r
Shall bloom its hour;
Anon shall fade,
And hang its head.

6.
Alas! my grief
Finds no relief,
And my distress
Mocks all redress.

ANNETTE

ANDANTE.

An = nette, my heart's best trea = sure, my ev' ry thought em =

plays; An = nette, the on = ly mea = sure of all my griefs and

joys. With = out her nought can please me, her smile's my so = lar

ray; when gone, what charm can ease me? what beam re =

p

rf

pf

rf *rf*

1.

ANNETTE, my heart's best treasure,
 My ev'ry thought employs;
 Annette, the only measure,
 Of all my griefs and joys.
 Without her nought can please me,
 Her smile's my solar ray;
 When gone, what charm can ease me?
 What beam restore the day?

2.

What skilful hand can paint her,
 Nor wrong her lovely mien?
 The warmest hues were fainter
 Than on her cheek are seen.
 But Oh! her look so tender
 Is dear to feeling hearts;
 And soft emotions lend her
 A charm no tint imparts.

3.

Whene'er I linger near her,
 Absorb'd in converse sweet;
 In joyous trance I hear her,
 And all the world forget.
 Her lasting chain is round me,
 I cannot but adore;
 Alas! when first she bound me,
 My peace was then no more.

4.

No warmth her breast discovers,
 Nor echoes soft to mine.
 Constraint is not for Lovers,
 Their hearts must freely twine.
 Yet love is often hiding
 Where coldness seems to be,
 And yet may spring confiding
 From her fair breast to me.

MARTIAL SONG.

IN HONOUR OF GENERAL COUNT WITTGENSTEIN.

MAESTOSO
RISOLUTO.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a piano (P) dynamic marking.

Musical notation for the second system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a piano (P) dynamic marking.

Hail to the chief whose pro-w-efs sav'd the domes that bear great Pe-ter's

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

name; whose stern re-gard the foe-man brav'd, whose brows the vic-tor's

Musical notation for the fourth system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking.

lau-rels claim. Let fair-est wreaths his tem-ples crown, who check'd the

Musical notation for the fifth system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment with a 'dol:' (ritardando) marking.

foe and freed the town; let fair-est wreaths his tem- ples crown

who check'd the foe and freed, and freed, the town.

1.

HAIL to the chief, whose prowess sav'd
 The domes that bear great Peter's name;
 Whose stern regard the foeman brav'd,
 Whose brows the victor's laurel claim.
 Let fairest wreaths his temples crown,
 Who check'd the foe and freed the town.

2.

Where'er he came, his swift career
 Bore sure destruction in its train;
 The northern banners fan the air,
 And Gallic hosts oppose in vain.
 Let fairest wreaths his temples crown,
 Who check'd the foe and freed the town.

3.

His bold compeers alike shall claim
 The meed of praise that waits the brave;
 And those that fell shall live in fame,
 And tears bedew the warrior's grave.
 Let fairest wreaths his temples crown,
 Who check'd the foe and freed the town.

4.

And while the laurel'd Monarch vies
 To heap new honours on his name;
 To distant shores his glory flies,
 And echo wafts the loud acclaim.
 Let fairest wreaths his temples crown,
 Who check'd the foe and freed the town.

THE ANGRY SHEPHERDESS.

ALLEGRO.

While the shep-herd

home-wards leads his flee-cy care to night-ly shed, all the bloom-ing

vil-lage maids af-sem-ble gay-ly on the mead

1. WHILE the shepherd homeward leads
His fleecy care to nightly shed,
All the blooming village maids
Assemble gayly on the mead.

2. Pride of all the village train,
Fair Anna leaves her favorite sheep
To the careless shepherd swain,
O happy envied task! to keep.

3. Scarce the shepherd's pipe had blown,
When all the simple rustic fair,
Lightly tripping o'er the lawn,
To meet the pastur'd flock repair.

4. Tender Anna seeks in vain
To find her straggled favorite sheep,
Backwards treads her path again,
And sadly hastens home to weep.

5. Straight she asks the youth again,
"O say where lurks the wanderer?
While the presence of the swain
Provokes and mocks her fond despair.

6. "Shepherd, where's my pet"? she cries,
While tender sorrow chokes her voice;
"Where's the pet that glads my eyes,
"Dear object of my fondest choice?"

7. "All her wants my cares supplied,
"And screen'd her from the cold and rain.
"Why alas! did I confide
"In such a wayward, heedless swain?"

8. "Her to seek, ere morn appear,
"I'll surely call thee to the mead;
"And each corner, far and near,
"Shall we together ceaseless tread."

9. "And should slumber seal thine eye
"At early peep of blushing dawn;
"Shepherd, thou shalt hear my cry
"Re-cho wide across the lawn."

ANDANTINO.

O'er the mead and through the bow'r,
 when thou sought'st my fav'rite flow'r, dear-est gift of all to me; in that hap-py hour,
 could I dream my faith should be spurn'd a-las! by thee?

1.

O'ER the mead and through the bow'r,
 When thou sought'st my fav'rite flow'r,
 Dearest gift of all to me;
 In that happy hour,
 Could I dream my faith would be
 Spurn'd alas! by thee?

2.

I believ'd thy tender wile;
 This I own, and blush the while;
 Now another's love thou art;
 How that thought beguile?
 Hymen, thou revenge my smart
 On his thankless heart.

3.

Still with each returning day,
 Earlier than the morning ray,
 To the fields I led thee forth;
 Then the sun-beam gay
 Found not at its lovely birth,
 Happier swain on earth.

4.

Now the magic spell is o'er,
 Love's delusions cheat no more,
 Nor within my bosom sway.
 Pangs unknown before!
 Trusting in a flatt'ring ray,
 Far I roam'd astray.

DIRGE

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS KIER OF MOSCOW.

ESPRESSIVO.

No lon = = ger pluck the new-blown rose, sweet

f *p*

emblem of Ma-ri-a's bloom; the mourn = = ful cy=press now bestows a wreath to

f

deck her early tomb. And ye, who oft have seen her smile, and caught soft trans=port

from her eye; O say, what charm shall grief beguile, suppress the

tear and still the sigh? suppress the tear and still the sigh, and still the sigh?

1.

NO LONGER pluck the new-blown rose,
 Sweet emblem of Maria's bloom;
 The mournful cypress now bestows
 A wreath to deck her early tomb.
 And ye, who oft have seen her smile,
 And caught soft transport from her eye;
 O say, what charm shall grief beguile;
 Suppress the tear and still the sigh?

2.

And ev'ry maid of beauty vain,
 Come here, and learn no more to prize
 The triumph of its fleeting reign,
 And weep where fair Maria lies.
 And ye, whose heart soft pity sways,
 O strew with flow'rs Maria's bier!
 With us the plaintive accents raise,
 And join the holy requiem here.

ANDANTE ASSAI.

At Sa = ra = toff and Tza-rit-

zine, where Wol-ga's sur = ges lave the shore, the stream re = ceives the Ka = mou =

chine, and proud = ly wafts its ad = ded store.

1.
 AT Saratoff and Tzaritzine,
 Where Wolga's surges lave the shore,
 The stream receives the Kamouchine,
 And proudly wafts its added store.

2.
 And two fair barks in gayest pride
 All on the swelling current ply,
 And o'er the rippling surface glide,
 With many a streamer waving high.

3.
 And when the fields are cloth'd in green,
 A sturdy train from Tanais' shore,
 Repair to Wolga's busy scene,
 And gayly tug the pliant oar.

4.
 And as they urge the gliding prow,
 To every measur'd stroke they sing;
 And Peter forms each ardent vow,
 Great Peter, Rufsja's Lord and King.

5.
 At Menchikoff, the poor man's foe,
 Deep murmurs speak their inward rage;
 Dire author he of all their woe,
 The stripling's bane, the bane of age.

6.
 "He shares the bread we earn" they cry,
 As they the doleful strain prolong;
 "At his approach all pleasures fly"
 "The merry dance, the joyous song".

6

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