

Says and Legends
OF
THE RHINE.

The Poetry by
J. R. PLANCHE,

The Music by
HENRY. R. BISHOP.

Professor of Harmony & Composition at the Royal Academy of Music.

"I cannot tell how the Truth may be -"

"I say the Tale as 'twas said to me!"

Scott

NOTTINGHAM
FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARIES.



L. Haghe del.

Tomb of Frauenlob.

The last of the Minnesingers in the Cloisters of the Cathedral at Mentz.

London. Printed & Pub^d by Goulding & D'Almaine, 20, Soho Square.

Exit^d Sta. Hall.

Printed by W Day 38 Gt Queen St

f78

917/747P-SOM

NOTTINGHAM
PUBLIC LIBRARIES
REFERENCE LIBRARY
March 1968
Tr from Ref



197-457-28.
15m-161
X

To
Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

The following
Lays and Legends,

are respectfully

Inscribed,

by
His very obed^t Serv^t

J. R. Planché.

Brompton Crescent,
January 1st 1827.

THE idea of this work occurred to me on my return from a late visit to Dresden; and the necessary sketches and inquiries were consequently made upon the various spots, as I descended the river from Mainz to Cöln. On comparing, however, several of the traditions thus collected, with the printed versions of them, in sundry tours and travels, I found considerable variations, and have therefore taken the liberty to make use of such as appeared to me most eligible for the purpose in view. My friend, Mr. Bishop, has executed his valuable portion *con amore*; and Mr. Haghe has metamorphosed my rude outlines into faithful and spirited drawings. Thus supported, I venture before the Public, with a hope that the "Lays and Legends of the Rhine" may be deemed worthy of an occasional place on the piano at home, and not entirely destitute of interest and amusement as a companion on the noble stream the most remarkable points of which it is intended to illustrate.

J. R. P.

f7

CONTENTS.

No. 1. FRAUENLOB, THE LAST OF THE MINNESINGERS.

2. GIESELA.

3. THE MOUSE-TOWER.

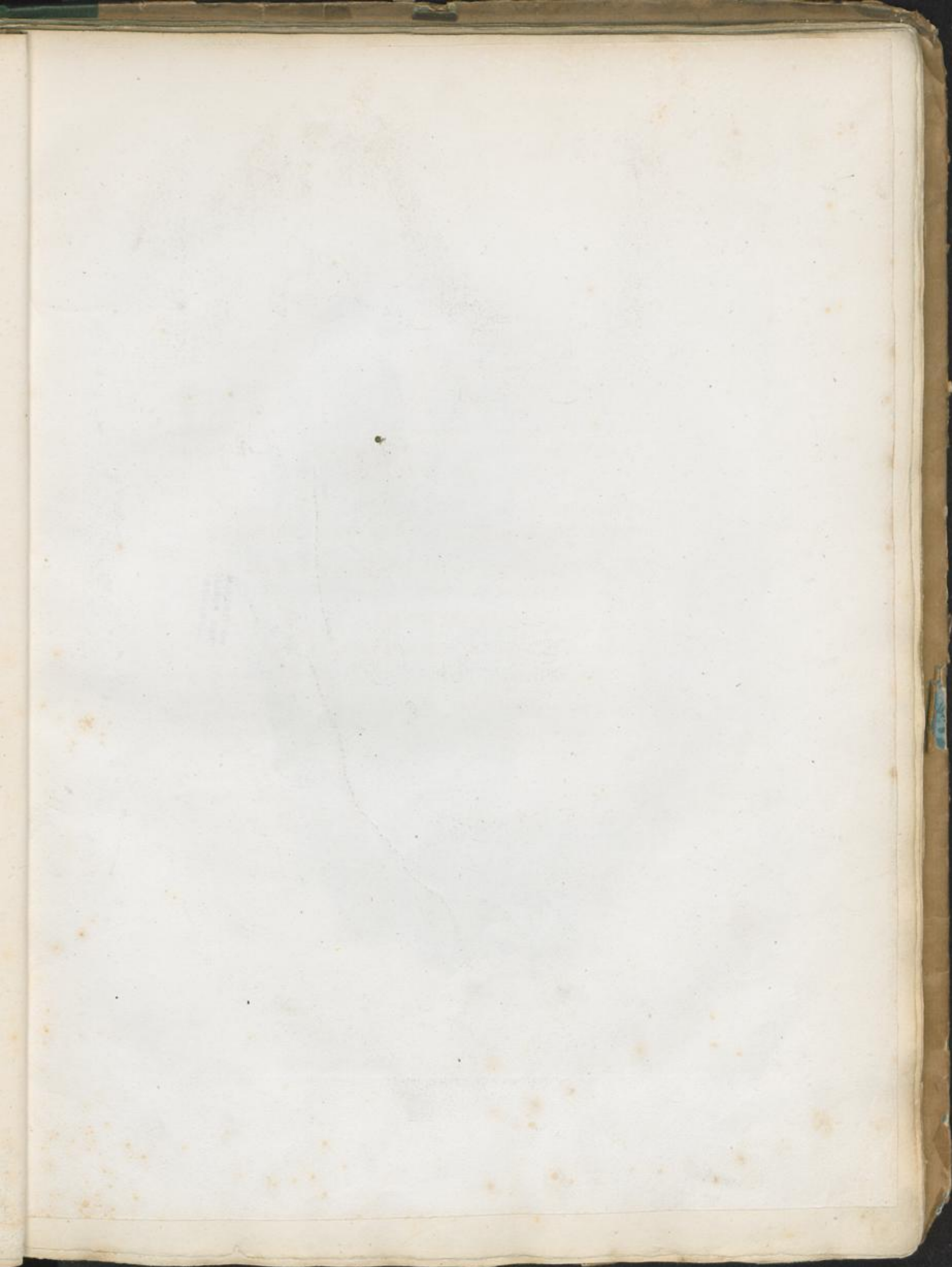
4. SIR HILCHEN OF LORCH.

5. SONG OF THE VINE-DRESSERS.

6. THE SEVEN SISTERS.

7. LURELEY.

8. THE BROTHERS.





ROTTERDAM
FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARIES.

MAJINZ.

Pub^d by Geo. Harding & Dalmon, 10, St. James's Square, Jan^y 1st 1827.

Printed by W. Day, 27, St. Queen's, 25.

H. Hughes del.

HENRY of MEISSEN, a doctor of theology, and canon of the cathedral of Mainz, but more commonly known by the name of Frauenlob, (Anglice, "Praise the Ladies,") was buried in the parvis of the cathedral, on the eve of Saint Andrew, in the year 1318, "with marvellous solemnity: his corpse was carried by ladies from his dwelling-house unto the place of burial; and loudly did they mourn and bewail his death, on account of the infinite praises which he had bestowed on womankind in his poetry."—Chron. Albert, of Strasburg. 'The Chronicle adds, that so much wine was poured into his grave, that it overflowed with the libations. Well might the good ladies of Mentz lament for the loss of the last of the minstrels who had so long toiled in their service! Almost prophetically did they crowd around the tomb where the spirit of German poetry was for centuries to make its bed of repose!'—Lays of the Minnesingers, or German Troubadours, 12mo. London, 1825, p. 306.

It may perhaps be as well to mention, in explanation of the second verse of the following lay, that in most countries persons were restricted from partaking in the chivalric exercises of the period, unless they could prove themselves to be knights of gentle birth by four descents, and display a legitimate coat-armour; and that the Germans were more fastidious on this point than any other people. (Vide the section entitled "Turniere und Lanzenrennen," in vol. 1. of "Ritterzeit und Ritterwesen," 8vo. Leipzig, 1823.) The poetic battle, or tournament, of Wartburg, between several Minnesingers at the court of Herman, Landgrave of Thuringia, A. D. 1207. (Vide Grimm's Deutsche Sagen, vol. 2.) is an authority for the musical species of knight-errantry alluded to in the last verse.

Frauenlob,

THE LAST OF THE MINNESINGERS.*

My harp!—my harp!—an hour hath past,
 And woman's praise I have not sung!
 My harp!—an hour hath fled since last
 With woman's praise thy chords have rung!
 A longer pause, my glorious name
 I had not worthy been to bear—
 Awake! Awake to woman's fame,
 For I am Henry "Laud the Fair!"

Yes! Thou light of life's short dream!
 Soul of love, and spring of pleasure!
 Thy praise shall be my only theme,
 And thy smile my only treasure.

I may not charge in battle-field,
 I may not ride in tourney gay;
 Nor crested helm, nor quarter'd shield,
 Are mine to don, or to display!
 But what a minstrel wight may do,
 That, lovely woman! will I dare:
 In life and death thy servant true,
 For I am Henry "Laud the Fair!"

Yes! Thou light, &c.

Beauty's bard and champion sworn,
 My pennon to the breeze unfurl'd,
 And my good harp before me borne,
 I'll vaunt thy virtues through the world,
 And keep the open lists of song
 Bravely against "all comers" there:
 Then tremble, ye who woman wrong,
 For I am Henry "Laud the Fair!"

Yes! Thou light, &c.

* Love Singers.

3

Frauenlob

the last of the
Winnersingers.

Moderately fast, and Gracefully

NOTTINGHAM
FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARIES.

Piano
Forte



My harp! — My harp! — An

hour hath past, And Woman's praise I have not sung! My

Frauenlob

harp! An hour hath fled, since last with Woman's praise thy chords have

rung! A lon = ger pause - my glo = rious name, I had not wor = thy

been to bear - A = wake! A = wake! to Wo = man's fame! For I am Henry "Laud the

Fair" For I am Henry "Laud the Fair".

cres:

mf

f

with tender Animation

Yes! thou light of life's short dream! Soul of Love, and spring - of

Pleasure! Thy praise shall be my on=ly theme - And thy smile my on=ly

trea= = sure.

8va loco

Tempo 1mo

I may not charge in bat=tle field, I may not
 ride in tour=ney gay, Nor cres=ted helm, nor
 quar=ter'd shield Are mine to don or to dis=play.
 But what a min=strel-wight may do That, lovely

Woman, will I dare; In life! and death thy servant

mf

p ed espres:

true! For I am Henry "Laud the Fair." For I am Hen-ry "Laud the Fair?"

p *f*

Gracefully

Yes! thou light of life's short

p

dream! Soul of Love, and spring of Pleasure! Thy

praise shall be my on=ly theme! And thy smile, my on= ly trea= =

= sure.

cres: mf

cres: f *gta*

p *Slentando*

Tempo 1mo

Beau= = ty's bard, and cham= pion sworn, My pen= non

to the breeze un = = furl'd, And my good

harp be = = fore me borne I'll vaunt thy vir = = = tues

through the world. And keep the o = = = pen lists of

Song, Brave = ly a = = gainst all co = = = mers there; Then

cres: *f* *p*

with Energy

trem = = ble ye - - who Wo = = = man wrong, For I am

cres: f mf

Hen = ry "Laud the Fair". For I am Hen = ry "Laud the Fair".

f

In moderate time, & Tenderly

Yes! thou

p

light of life's short dream! Soul of

Love, and spring of Pleasure - - - Thy

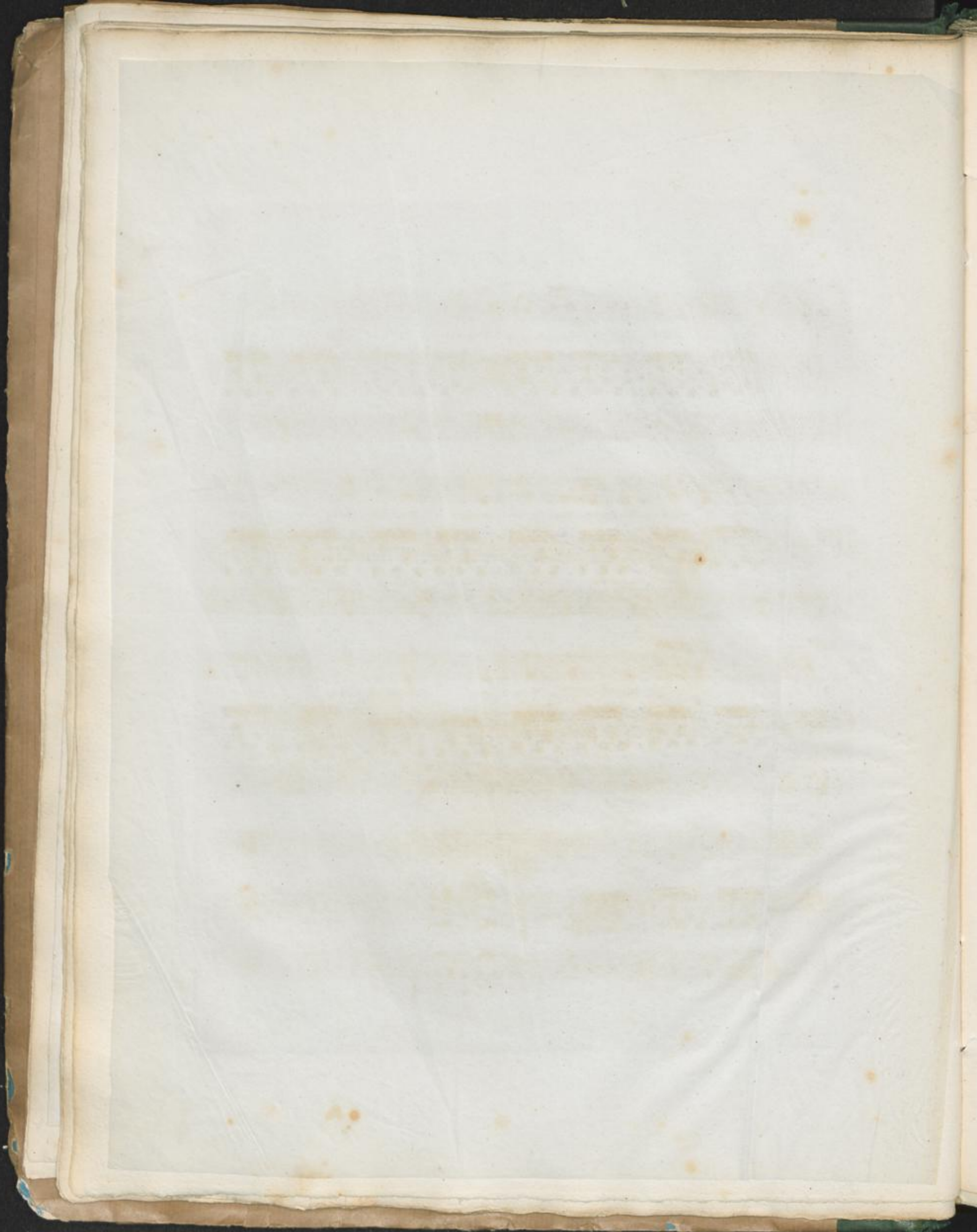
praise shall be my on = = ly theme And thy smile - - - my

on = = = ly - - - trea = = = = = sure And thy smile - - - my

on = = = = ly trea = = = = = sure

ad lib:

p *dim:*





NOTTINGHAM
FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARIES.

Printed by W. Day at Queen St.

RODENSEM.

Pub. by Gouling & D'Almeida, Soho Square, Jan^y 1st 1827.

MANUSCRIPT
DESCRIPTIVE
OF THE
MANUSCRIPTS

HANS BRÆMSER VON RÜDESHEIM, having been taken prisoner by the Saracens, made a vow, that should he be rescued, he would dedicate his only daughter, the lovely Giesèla, to the service of Heaven. On his subsequent deliverance and return to his castle on the Rhine, he learned that Giesèla had unconsciously frustrated his intentions, by plighting her troth to a young German knight, named Odon; and that the lovers had impatiently awaited his return, in the full assurance of their union receiving his sanction. In a transport of fury the stern Crusader cursed the unfortunate lady, who precipitated herself into the river. Her body was found by some fishermen close by the ruin called the Mouse Tower, in the middle of the Bingerloch: and to her self-destruction, under a father's malediction, popular superstition has ascribed the general turbulence of the waters in that neighbourhood.

Giesèla.

"AWAY, away, my maidens, unbraided leave my hair—
 The Cross!—the Holy Cross, I see on yonder banner fair!
 And well I know the warlike form that heads the knightly line—
 He comes! my noble father comes from distant Palestine!"
 Ere his foot be well from the stirrup free, or his hand hath left the rein,
 The whitest arms in Germany that warrior's neck enchain;
 But with a heavy sigh he meets Giesèla's fond embrace,
 And she trembles, though she knows not why, as she looks in his alter'd face.
 "Giesèla, I have tidings which it wrings my heart to tell—
 By numbers borne to earth, into the Paynim's power I fell;
 And there I vow'd a solemn vow, if aught should set me free,
 Giesèla, thou, my daughter dear, the bride of Heaven should be."
 Down sunk that lovely lady, like a blossom fair and frail,
 When the autumn winds come sweeping in their anger through the vale.
 "O pardon, father! pardon!—But in vain that vow of thine,
 For I've young Odon's plighted troth, and, father, he hath mine!"
 Back started then that stern old knight, as from an adder nigh—
 Up rush'd the red blood to his brow, and the fire shot from his eye:
 He smote the mail upon his breast with clenched hand so wild;—
 Then raised it in the morning air, and cursed his shrieking child.
 Madly she sought the river's brink, and stood one moment, where
 The rude rocks rose around her, as dark as her despair:
 Then with a piercing cry, she plunged beneath the startled wave,
 Which, troubled by a father's curse, still foams above her grave.
 When struggling through the evening mists, the pale moon tints the tide,
 Her form through Bingen's fatal loch is often seen to glide;
 And when the storm is scowling o'er that scene of woe and crime,
 Giesèla's shriek rings round the walls of ruined Rudesheim!

Giesela

Three Voices

With Animation

1st Voice (Soprano)

Voice

Piano Forte.

f *p*

A = way, a = way, my

maiden, unbraid leave my hair, The Cross! - the Holy Cross I see on

yonder banner fair! And well I know the warlike form that heads the knightly

line. He comes! my noble father comes from distant Palestine.

2^d Voice (*Soprano*)

The whitest arms in
 Ere his foot be well from the stirrup free or his hand hath left the rein, The whitest arms in

Germany that warrior's neck enchain:

Germany that warrior's neck enchain: But with a heavy sigh he meets Giesela's fond em-

And she trembles though she knows not why, As she looks in his al-ter'd face.

= brace, - And she trembles though she knows not why, As she looks in his al-ter'd face.

espres:

Down sunk that lovely lady, like a blossom fair and frail, When the autumn winds come

Down sunk that lovely lady, like a blossom fair and frail, When the autumn winds come

soave

sweeping in their anger through the vale! "O Pardon, father! Pardon! But in vain that vow of

sweeping in their anger through the vale!

thine, For I've young Odon's plighted troth, And, father, he hath mine! father, he hath mine!"

f
Back started then that stern old Knight, as from an adder nigh - Up rush'd the red-blood to his
Back started then that stern old Knight, as from an adder nigh - Up rush'd the red-blood to his
Back started then that stern old Knight, as from an adder nigh - Up rush'd the red-blood to his
f *mf*

brow, And the fire shot from his eye! He smote the mail up= on his breast, With
brow, And the fire shot from his eye! He smote the mail up= on his breast, With
brow, And the fire shot from his eye! He smote the mail up= on his breast, With
f

clenched hand, so wild - Then rais'd it in the morning air, And curs'd his shrieking child!
clenched hand, so wild - Then rais'd it in the morning air, And curs'd his shrieking child!
clenched hand, so wild - Then rais'd it in the morning air, And curs'd his shrieking child!

3^d Voice (*Basso*)

Madly she sought the river's brink, and stood one moment where The rude rocks rose a=

round her, as dark as her des= pair! - Then with a piercing cry she plung'd be= neath the startled

wave, Which troubled by a father's curse still foams above her grave. a= bove her grave.

When struggling through the evening mists the pale moon tints the tide, Her

When struggling through the evening mists the pale moon tints the tide, Her

When struggling through the evening mists the pale moon tints the tide, Her

form through Bin=gen's fa=tal loch is oft=en seen to glide, And

form through Bin=gen's fa=tal loch is oft= = = en seen to glide, And

form through Bin=gen's fa=tal loch is oft=en seen to glide, And

when the storm is scowling o'er that scene of woe and crime, Gie=sèl's shriek rings

when the storm is scowling o'er that scene of woe and crime, Gie=sèl's shriek rings

when the storm is scowling o'er that scene of woe and crime, Gie=sèl's shriek rings

mf *f* *p*

dol: ed esp:

round the walls of ru= in'd Rü= des= heim! of ruin'd Rü= des= heim! Gie=

round the walls of ru= in'd Rü= des= heim! of ruin'd Rü= des= heim! Gie=

round the walls of ru= in'd Rü= des= heim! of Rü= = = des= heim! Gie=

f

f

f

f

dol:

dol: ed esp:

= sè= lās shriek rings round the walls of ru= in'd Rü= des= heim! of ruin'd Rüdes=

= sè= lās shriek rings round the walls of ru= in'd Rü= des= heim! of ruin'd Rüdes=

= sè= lās shriek rings round the walls of ru= in'd Rü= des= heim! of Rü= = = des=

dol:

dol:

pp

slent?

heim! of ruin'd Rü= des= heim! of Rü= = des= = heim!

heim! of ruin'd Rü= des= heim! of Rü= = des= = heim!

heim! of ruin'd Rü= des= heim! of Rü= = des= = heim!

heim! of ruin'd Rü= des= heim! of Rü= = des= = heim!

pp

pp

Gies-la

UNIVERSITY
OF MICHIGAN
LIBRARY



PRINTED BY W. D. DODD, 10, QUEEN'S ST.

THE MOUSE TOWER.

By J. C. H. W. DODD, 10, QUEEN'S ST.

THE little ruin in the Rhine, between the town of Bingen and the castle of Ehrenfels, and known by the name of the Mouse-Tower, was originally a station for enforcing the toll on the river, and most likely erected by Archbishop Hatto, when he rendered the Bingerloch navigable by blowing up the masses of rock which obstructed the current.

Superstition has affixed a ridiculous legend to this building, and a most unjust stigma on its princely and reverend founder, who was a noble benefactor to his country, though the rigidity of his ecclesiastical discipline made him obnoxious to many even of the clergy. The story, which was copied by Coryat in his *Crudities* from the old German writer, Sebastian Munster, is well known, and, unfortunately for me, has been already versified by the masterly pen of Dr. Southey. I would willingly have avoided a comparison which must be so greatly to my disadvantage, but there was no way of omitting so celebrated a tradition in a work professing to contain the most remarkable "*Legends of the Rhine*." I have only therefore to disclaim the slightest attempt at competition, and hasten to shelter my feeble version behind the musical ægis of my friend and collaborateur, Mr. Bishop.

The Mouse-Tower.

THE Bishop of Mentz was a wealthy prince,
 Wealthy and proud was he :
 He had all that was worth a wish on earth—
 But he had not charitie !
 He would stretch out his *empty* hands to *bless*,
 Or lift them both to *pray* ;
 But, alack ! to lighten man's distress
 They moved no other way !

A famine came ; but his heart was still
 As hard as his pride was high ;
 And the starving poor but throng'd his door
 To curse him and to die.
 At length from the crowd rose a clamour so loud,
 That a cruel plot laid he ;
 He open'd one of his granaries wide,
 And bade them enter free !

In they rush'd—the maid and the sire,
 And the child that could barely run—
 Then he closed the barn, and set it on fire,
 And burnt them every one !
 And loud he laugh'd at each terrible shriek,
 And cried to his archer-train,
 " The merry mice !—how shrill they squeak !
 They are fond of the Bishop's grain ! "

But mark what an awful judgment soon
 On the cruel Bishop fell !
 With so many mice his palace swarm'd
 That in it he could not dwell.
 They gnaw'd the arras above and beneath,
 They eat each savoury dish up,
 And shortly their sacrilegious teeth
 Began to nibble the Bishop !

He flew to his Castle of Ehrenfels,
 By the side of the Rhine so fair ;
 But they found the road to his new abode,
 And came in legions there !
 He built him in haste a tower tall
 In the tide, for his better assurance ;
 But they swam the river and scalod the wall,
 And worried him past endurance !

One morning his skeleton there was seen,
 By a load of flesh the lighter :
 They had pick'd his bones uncommonly clean,
 And eaten his very mitre !
 Such was the end of the Bishop of Mentz :
 And oft, at the midnight hour,
 He comes in the shape of a fog so dense,
 And sits on his old " Mouse-Tower."

The Mouse Tower.

Three Voices.

NOTTINGHAM
FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARIES.

Jovially

1st Voice. *f* *p* The Bishop of Mentz was a weal = thy Prince,

2^d Voice. The Bishop of Mentz was a weal = thy Prince,

3^d Voice. The Bishop of Mentz was a

Piano Forte.

Wealthy and proud was he, That was worth a wish on

Weal = thy and proud was he, That was worth a wish on

weal = thy Prince was he, He had all that was worth a wish on earth, But

earth, But he had not cha=ri=ty! He would stretch out his empty hands to
 earth, But he had not cha=ri=ty! He would stretch out his empty hands to
 he had not cha=ri=ty! He would stretch out his empty hands to
 bless, Or lift them both to pray: - - - But a = lack! to
 bless, Or lift them both to pray: - - - But a = lack! to
 bless, Or lift them both to pray: to pray: But a = lack!
 ligh= ten to lighten Man's dis= tress They mo= = ved no o= ther way They
 ligh= ten Man's dis= tress They mo= = ved no o= ther way They
 a=lack! to lighten Man's dis= tress They mo= = ved no o= ther way They

mov'd no o=ther way. *p* A fa= mine came *f* but his heart was still As
 mov'd no o=ther way. *p* A fa= mine came *f* but his heart was still As
 mov'd no o=ther way. *p* A fa= mine came *f* but his heart was still As

hard as his pride was high; *p* And the starving poor but throng'd his door To
 hard as his pride was high; *p* And the starving poor but throng'd his door To
 hard as his pride was high; *p* And the starving poor but throng'd his door To

curse him and to die.. *f* At length from the crowd rose a clamour so
 curse him and to die.. *f* At length from the crowd rose a clamour so
 curse him and to die.. *f* At length from the crowd rose a clamour so

The mouse tower

loud That a cru-el plot laid he - - - He o = = pen'd one of his

loud That a cru-el plot laid he - - - He o = = pen'd one of his

loud That a cru-el plot laid he laid he He

gra-na-ries wide, And bade them en = = ter free!

gra-na-ries wide, And bade them en = = ter free! In,

o = = pen'd one of his gra = na = ries wide In they rush'd -

f *p* *espres:*

In they rush'd the maid - - - and the child - - that could bare = = = ly

In they rush'd the maid - - - and the child - - that could bare = = = ly

In they rush'd and the sire, - and the child - - that could bare = ly

The mouse tower

run. Then he clo^{se}d the barn, - - -

run. Then he clo^{se}d the barn, - - -

run. Then he clo^{se}d the barn, - - -

and set it on fire, And burnt them e^{ve}ry one! ev^{er}y

and set it on fire, And burnt them e^{ve}ry one! ev^{er}y

and set it on fire, And burnt them ev^{er}y one! ev^{er}y

one!

one!

one! And loud he laugh'd, ha, ha, he laugh'd, laugh'd at each ter^{ri}ble

The mouse tower

shriek: And cried to his Ar=cher train cried to his Archer train "The

merry mice! how shrill they squeak They are fond of the Bishop's grain?"

Lightly, but with Spirit

mark what an aw = ful judgement soon on the cruel Bishop fell!

mark mark what a judgement soon on the Bish=op fell! with

But mark mark mark what a judgement on the Bish=op fell! with

The mouse tower

cres. *f* *p*
 so many mice his palace swarm'd, That in it he could not dwell. They
cres. *f* *p*
 so many mice his palace swarm'd, That in it he could not dwell. They
cres. *f* *p*
 so many mice his palace swarm'd, That in it he could not dwell. They
cres. *f* *p* *mf*

p *mf*
 gnaw'd the arras a= bove and beneath, They eat each sav'= ry dish up,
 gnaw'd the arras a= bove and beneath, They eat each sav'= ry dish up, And
 gnaw'd the arras a= bove and beneath, They eat each sav'= ry dish up, And
p *mf*

And shortly their sa= cri= legious teeth Be= gan to nibble the Bishop!
 short= = ly their sa= cri= legious teeth Be= gan to nibble the Bishop!
 short= = ly their sa= cri= legious teeth Be= gan to nibble the Bishop!
 short= = ly their sa= cri= legious teeth Be= gan to nibble the Bishop!

Very Fast

He flew to his Castle of Eh-ren-fels, By the side of the

He flew to his Castle of Eh-ren-fels, By the side of the

He flew to his Castle of Eh-ren-fels, By the side of the

p

Rhine, so fair; But they found the road to his new abode, And came--

Rhine, so fair; But they found the road to his new abode, And came--

Rhine, so fair; But they found the road to his new abode, And came--

f

in legions there. He built him in haste a tower

in legions there.

in legions there.

p

tall In the tide, for his better as= su= = = rance But they swam the
 In the tide, for his better as= su= = = rance But they swam the
 In the tide, for his better as= su= = = rance But they swam the
 ri= ver And scal'd the wall And worried him past en= = du= = =
 ri= ver And scal'd the wall And worried him past en= = du= = =
 ri= ver And scal'd the wall And worried him past en= = du= = =
 = rance ! They wor= ried him past en= = du= = = = rance.
 = rance ! They wor= ried him past en= = du= = = = rance.
 = rance ! They wor= ried him past en= = du= = = = rance.
 The mouse tower

Gaily, but gracefully

One morning his skeleton there was seen By a load of flesh, the lighter, They had

One morning his skeleton there was seen By a load of flesh, the lighter, They had

there was seen By a load of flesh, the lighter, They had

pick'd his bones un= commonly clean, And ea=ten his ve= ry mi= = tre!

pick'd his bones un= commonly clean, And ea=ten his ve= ry mi= = tre!

pick'd his bones un= commonly clean, And ea=ten his ve= ry mi= = tre!

pp Such was the end the end of the Bishop of Mentz -

pp Such was the end the end of the Bishop of Mentz -

Such was the end the end of the Bishop of Mentz, - And oft at the

soave

And oft at the midnight hour and oft and
 oft at the mid = = = night mid = = = night hour and oft at the
 midnight hour the mid = = = night hour and oft at

oft at the midnight hour He comes in the shape of a
 mid = = = night hour He comes in the shape of a
 mid = = = night hour He comes He comes in the shape of a

sotto voce

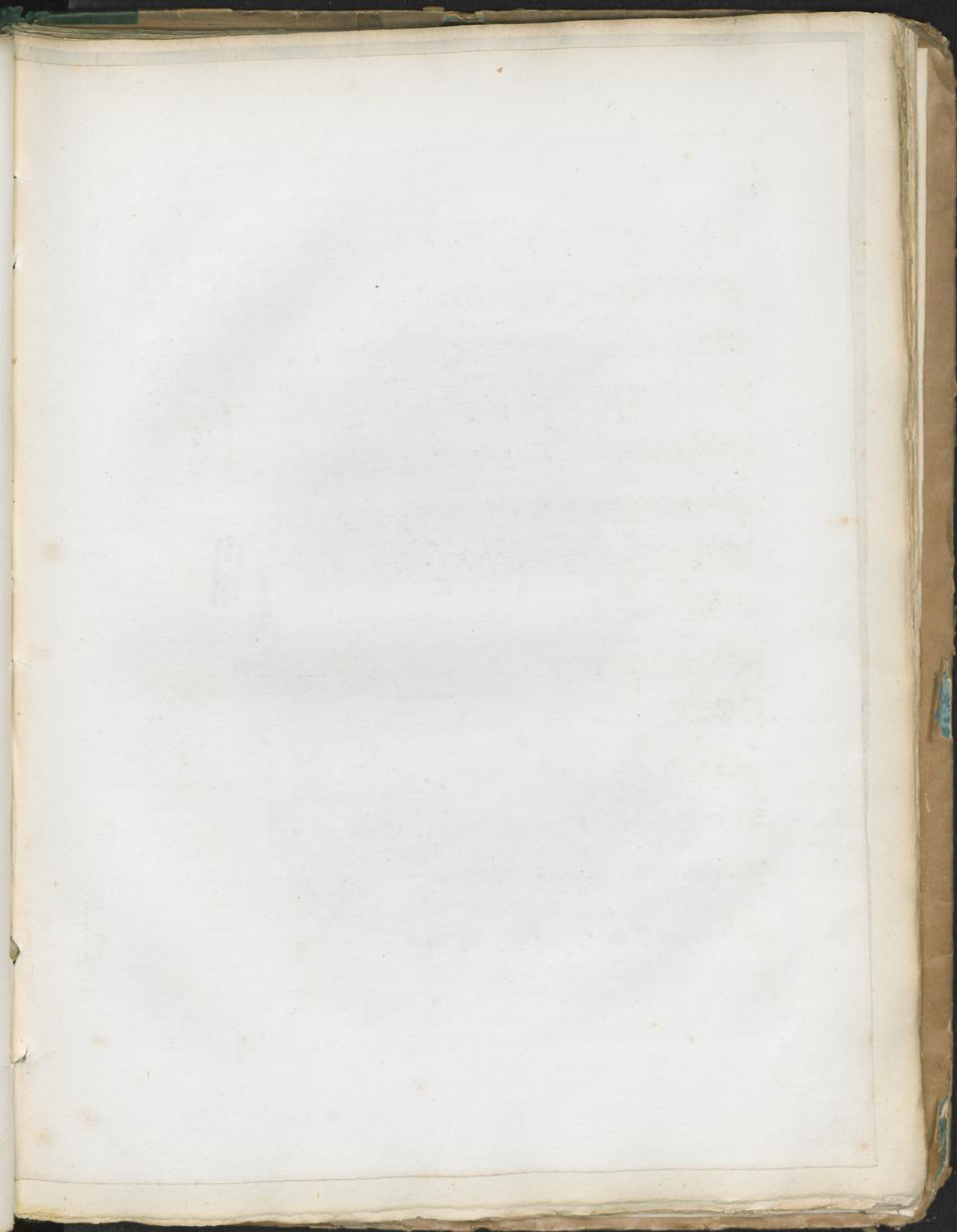
fog so dense, And sits on his old "mouse tow'r" sits on his old "mouse
 fog so dense, And sits on his old "mouse tow'r" sits on his old "mouse
 fog so dense, And sits on his old "mouse tow'r" sits on his old "mouse
 fog so dense, And sits on his old "mouse tow'r" sits on his old "mouse

tow'r" And oft at the midnight hour he comes in the shape of a fog so
 tow'r" And oft oft at the midnight hour comes in the
 tow'r" And oft oft sits

cres: dense And sits on his old "mouse tow'r". *ff*
cres: shape of a fog And sits on his old "mouse tow'r". *ff*
 sits on his old "mouse tow'r". *ff*

cres:

The mouse tower





L. Hayke del.

NOTTINGHAM
PUBLIC LIBRARY

Bought by W. Day 15th Oct 1827

LORCH.

Pubd by Gouling & Dalmaine, Soho Square, Jan 1st 1827.

BESIDE the little town of Lorch, or Lorrich, rises the precipitous mountain of Kedrich. It has received the name of the Devil's Ladder, from a tradition which is variously related. According to some, the devil himself rode up this hill on horseback. Others say, that a bold and amorous young knight, who had carried off the heiress of the Burgh of Lorch, performed the same extraordinary feat. Another entirely different version states, that a ladder was absolutely made and fixed against the precipice, in the short space of one night, by some friendly elves, to enable a young knight, named Ruthelm, to rescue the fair Garlinda, daughter of one Sibo Von Lorch, from the power of the gnomes, who inhabited the caverns of the Whisper-thal (a wild ravine in the neighbourhood), and whom Sibo had incautiously offended. The story told to me combines the principal features of the last two. A Sir Hilchen, or Gilgen Von Lorch, (*whose saddle is still preserved in the town-house!*) galloped up the Kedrich, and released his ladye-love from a lofty tower, to which she had been borne by the irritated gnomes aforesaid.

The old ruin of Nollingen, or Nolicht, which overlooks the town, is supposed by Baron Gerring to have belonged to the family of Hilchen Von Lorch.

Sir Hilchen of Lorch.

“THOUGH my ladye-love to a tower be ta'en,
Whose top the eagle might fail to gain;
Nor portal of iron, nor battlement height,
Shall bar me out from her presence bright:
Why has Love wings but that he may fly
Over the walls, be they never so high?”

“Though my ladye-love be guarded round
By goblin warder and grim blood-hound,
Nor charmed lance, nor ban-dog's spring,
One backward glance shall make me fling:
Why is Love hoodwink'd but that he may be
Blind to the danger another would see?”

O this is the brave Sir Hilchen's lay,
As he gallops up the goblin way!
One false step, thou noble steed!
Thou and thy rider art lost indeed!—
One more bound, and together now
They are safe on the brink of the Kedrich's brow!—

Hurrah! hurrah! 'Tis gallantly done!
The spell is broken! the bride is won!
From the magic hold of the mountain sprite
Down she comes with her dauntless knight!—
Holy St. Bernard, shield us all
From the wrath of the elves of the Whisper-thal!

Sir Mischen of Horeh.

Playfully

Piano
Forte.

Though my la-dye-love to a tow'r be ta'en, Whose top the ea-gle might

fail to gain, Nor por-tal of i-ron, nor battlement height, Shall bar me

out from her pre = = sence bright. Why has Love wings, but that he may fly

Over the walls be they never so high! Though my la = = dye - love be guard = ed

round By gob = = lin war = = der and grim blood hound, Nor charm = = ed

lance, Nor ban = = dogs spring, One back = = ward glance shall make me fling!

p *mf* *f* *f* *p* *cres:* *mf*

* *Avec intention.*

Why is Love hood-wink'd, but that he may be Blind to the

pe soave

dol:
 dangers a= nother would see? "Why is Love hood-wink'd, but that

he may be Blind to the dan= gers a= no= ther would see?"

f f f f

* I here use a French term of expression, as having more meaning for the purpose than any other I know of in our own, or indeed any other language. H.R.B. Sir Hilchen

Oh! this is the brave Sir Hilchen's lay As he gallops up the goblin way!

One false step thou noble steed, Thou and thy rider are lost - - in = deed!

One more bound One more bound and to=gether now They are safe on the brink of the

Kedrick's brow! Hur = rah! Hur = rah! Hur = rah! 'Tis gallantly done! The spell is

mf *f* *p* *cres:* *mf* *p*

bro = ken! the bride is won! From the ma = gic hold of the mountain sprite,

cres: mf

Down she comes with her daunt = less knight! Ho = ly saint Bernard shield us

p cres mf pp

all From the wrath of the elves of the Whis = per = thal! Ho = ly saint Bern = ard

shield us all From the wrath of the elves of the Whis = per = thal!

ff

SAOCHARACHE

NOTTINGHAM
FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARIES.

Printed by W. Day 27 Queen St.



THE "Ara Bacchi," or altar of Bacchus, from which it is said the town of Bacharach derives its name, is a stone lying in the river, just under the old toll-house, on the Wörth or island before the town. Its appearance above water, which never happens but in very dry weather, and when the Rhine is in consequence low, is hailed by the vine-dressers as a token of a fine vintage.

"In former days," says the Baron Von Gerring, "the festal peals of the baptized and consecrated May-bells sweetly echoed through the pleasant valleys of the Rheingau, from the setting in of even to the dawn of morning, with the view of obtaining the blessing of Heaven on the labours of man in that season of hope, when he commits the source of his future sustenance to the bosom of the earth. This ringing of bells has been prohibited, on account of the disturbance which it occasioned by night."

Song of the Vine-dressers.

Joy, brothers, joy ! Above the Rhine
Its stony brow " the Altar " rears !
Not vainly bends the laden vine ;
Each grape shall melt in golden tears !
Such sweet weeping, brothers dear,
Only may we witness here !

Joy, sisters, joy ! For this, your prayer
Was duly to the Virgin sung,
And through the blossom-scented air,
All night the May-bells sweetly rung !
May the hopes of your young spring
Know as fair a ripening !

The Song of the Vine Dressers.

With boisterous gaiety.

NOTTINGHAM
FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY

Voice

Piano
Forte

Joy, Brothers, joy! A = bove the Rhine Its sto = ny brow "the Al = tar" rears! Not

vain = = ly bends - - the la = = = den vine, Each grape shall

melt - - in gol = = den tears! Such sweet weep = ing, Bro = thers,

dear - - on = = = = ly, may we witness here - - - - -

cres *f* *p*

with much Animation.

Joy, Brothers, joy! A = = bove the Rhine its

f

sto = ny brow "the Al = = tar" rears!

Joy, Sisters, joy! For this your pray'r was

du = ly to the vir = = gin sung; And through the blos = = = som

scent = = = ed air, All night the may - - bell sweet = = = ly rung!

May the hopes of your young spring Know - - - as

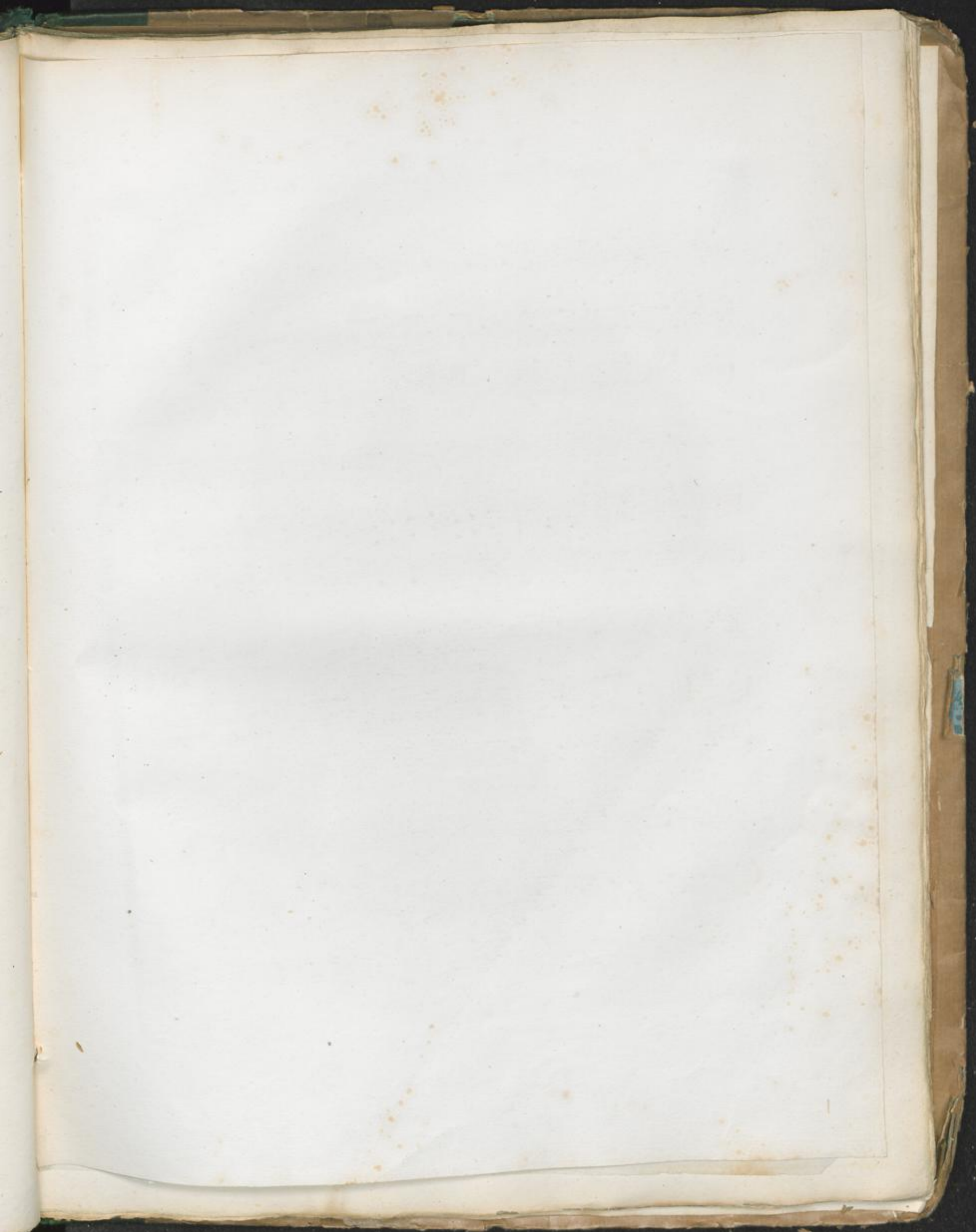
fair a ripe = = ning! - - -

Joy, Sis = ters, joy! For this your pray'r was du = ly to the

vir = = = gin sung.

cres *p* *pp* *mf* *mf* *ff* *ff*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The third system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features various dynamics including *cres*, *p*, *pp*, *mf*, and *ff*. The vocal line includes lyrics and musical notation.





OBER WESTL.

THE seven beautiful Countesses, whose coquetry, cruelty, and punishment are recorded in the following legend, are supposed to have been the seven daughters of the Gaugrave Louis I. Von Arnstein. The story runs, that the celebrated Rhein-Nixe, Lureley, who is the subject of our next ballad, was the avenger of the jilted knights; and when the Rhine is low, and the wind causes the waves to foam around the protruding group of rocks, into which it is supposed these cold and scornful ladies were transformed, the peasantry of the neighbourhood imagine "the Seven Sisters" are endeavouring to leap from out the flood, and regain their paternal castle.

The Seven Sisters.

THE Castle of Schœnberg was lofty and fair,
And seven Countesses ruled there.
Lovely, and noble, and wealthy I trow—
Every sister had suitors enow.
Crowned duke and belted knight
Sigh'd at the feet of those ladies bright;
And they whisper'd hope to every one,
While they vow'd in their hearts they would favor none!

Gentles, list to the tale I tell—
'Tis many a year since this befel:
Women are alter'd now, I ween,
And never say what they do not mean!

At the Castle of Schœnberg 'twas merriment all—
There was dancing in bower and feasting in hall;
They ran at the ring in the tilt-yard gay,
And the moments flew faster than thought away!
But not only moments—the days fled too—
And they were but as when they first came to woo;
And spake they of marriage or bliss deferr'd,
They were silenced by laughter and scornful word!

Gentles, list to the tale I tell—
'Tis many a year since this befel:
And ladies now so mildly reign,
They never sport with a lover's pain!

Knight look'd upon knight with an evil eye—
Each fancied a favor'd rival nigh;
And darker every day they frown'd,
And sharper still the taunt went round;
Till swords were drawn and lances in rest,
And the blood ran down from each noble breast:
While the sisters sat in their chairs of gold,
And smiled at the fall of their champions bold!

Gentles, list to the tale I tell—
'Tis many a year since this befel:
Times have changed, and we must allow
Countesses are not so cruel now.

Morning dawn'd upon Schœnberg's towers,
But the sisters were not in their wonted bowers;
Their damsels sought them the castle o'er—
But upon earth they were seen no more!
Seven rocks are in the tide,
Ober-wesel's walls beside,
Baring their cold brows to heaven:
They are call'd "The Sisters Seven."

Gentles, list to the tale I tell—
'Tis many a year since this befel:
And ladies now may love deride,
And their suitors alone be petrified.

The Seven Sisters.

With decision, and playful expression

Piano
Forte

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked *f* (forte) in 3/4 time. The piano part consists of a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The vocal melody enters in the second system, marked *pp* (pianissimo). The lyrics are: "The Castle of Schunzberg was lofty and fair And seven Countesses ru=led there, - Lovely and noble and wealthy - I trow, - E=ve-ry Sis=ter had sui=tors e=now. Crown=ed Duke and belt==ed Knight -". The piano accompaniment continues throughout, with dynamics ranging from *pp* to *mf* (mezzo-forte). The score is arranged in five systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

The Castle of Schunzberg was lof=ty and fair And se=ven Countesses
ru=led there, - Lovely and no=ble and wealthy - I trow, - E=ve-ry
Sis=ter had sui=tors e=now. Crown=ed Duke and belt==ed Knight -

Sigh'd at the feet of those Laz = dies bright, And they whisper'd hope to

pp

ev' = ry one While they vow'd in their hearts they would fa = = vor none.

p

1st Voice Soprano.
Gen = = tles, list to the tale I tell, 'Tis ma = ny a year since

2^d Voice Soprano.
Gen = = tles, list to the tale I tell, 'Tis ma = = ny a year since

3^d Voice Tenore.
Gen = = tles, list to the tale I tell, 'Tis ma = = ny a year since

4th Voice Basso.
Gen = = tles, list to the tale I tell, 'Tis ma = = ny a year since

Accompaniment.
p

this be = fel, Wo = men are al = = ter'd now I ween, And
 this be = fel, Wo = men are al = = ter'd now I ween, And
 this be = fel, Wo = men are al = = ter'd now I ween, And
 this be = fel, Wo = men are al = = ter'd now I ween, And

ne = ver say what they do not mean. Women are alter'd now I ween, And
 ne = ver say what they do not mean. Women are al = ter'd now I ween, And
 ne = ver say what they do not mean. Women are al = ter'd now I ween, And
 ne = ver say what they do not mean. Women are alter'd I ween, And

never never never say what they do not mean.

never never never say what they do not mean.

ne = = = = ver say what they do not mean.

ne = = = = ver say what they do not mean.

f

This block contains the first system of a musical score. It features four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "never never never say what they do not mean." The piano part includes a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

At the Cas = tle of

p

This block contains the second system of the musical score, which is a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff. The lyrics "At the Cas = tle of" are written above the treble staff. The piano part includes a piano (*p*) dynamic marking and a triplet of eighth notes.

Schœnberg 'twas merriment all, There was dan = cing in bower, and

This block contains the third system of the musical score, which is a piano accompaniment. It features a treble and bass staff. The lyrics "Schœnberg 'twas merriment all, There was dan = cing in bower, and" are written above the treble staff.

feasting in hall, They ran at the ring in the tilt-yard gay, And the

cres: mf p

moments flew faster than thought away! But not only moments the

pp

days fled too And they were but as when they first came to woo And spake they of

marriage, or bliss de-ferr'd They were si-lenc'd by laughter, and scorn-ful word!

p

Gen = tles, list to the tale I tell, 'Tis ma = ny a year since this be =

p

Gen = tles, list to the tale I tell, 'Tis ma = = ny a year since this be =

p

Gen = tles, list to the tale I tell, 'Tis ma = = ny a year since this be =

p

Gen = tles, list to the tale I tell, 'Tis ma = = ny a year since this be =

fel, And la = dies now so mild = ly reign, They ne = ver sport with a

fel, And la = dies now so mild = ly reign, They ne = ver sport with a

fel, And la = dies now so mild = ly reign, They ne = ver sport with a

fel, And la = dies now so mild = ly reign, They ne = ver sport with a

cres.

lo = = ver's pain. La = = dies now so mildly reign, They never never never

cres.

lo = = ver's pain. La = = dies now so mild = = ly reign, They never never never

cres.

lo = = ver's pain. La = = dies now so mild = = ly reign, They ne = = = ver

cres.

lo = = ver's pain. La = dies now mildly reign, They ne = = = ver

cres. mf

sport with a lo = = ver's pain.

sport with a lo = = ver's pain.

sport with a lo = = ver's pain.

sport with a lo = = ver's pain.

Rather Quicker

f

Knight look'd upon Knight with an
e = vil eye, Each fancied a fa = vor'd ri = val nigh, And dark = er
ev = ry day they frown'd, And sharper still the taunt went round; Till
swords were drawn and lances in rest, And the blood ran down from each

p
f
mf

The musical score is written on six systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The tempo and dynamics are indicated by 'p' (piano), 'f' (forte), and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words underlined or hyphenated to match the syllables in the music.

no = ble breast; While the Sis = ters sat in their chairs of gold, And smild at the

Tempo 1^{mo}

fall of their champions bold! Gen = tles list to the tale I tell, 'Tis

Gen = tles list to the tale I tell, 'Tis

Gen = tles list to the tale I tell, 'Tis

Gen = tles list to the tale I tell, 'Tis

Tempo 1^{mo}

The Seven Sisters

many a year since this be = fel, - Times have chang'd, and we must al = low

ma = ny a year since this be = fel, - Times have chang'd, and we must al = low

ma = ny a year since this be = fel, - Times have chang'd, and we must al = low

ma = ny a year since this be = fel, - Times have chang'd, and we must al = low

Countesses are not so cru = el now. Times have chang'd, and we must al = low

Countesses are not so cru = el now. Times have chang'd, and we must al = low

Countesses are not so cru = el now. Times have chang'd, and we must al = low

Countesses are not so cru = el now. Times have

f
= low Coun-tes-ses are not so cru- = el now.
= low Coun-tes-ses are not so cru- = el now.
= low Coun-tes-ses are not so cru- = el now.
chang'd Coun-tes-ses are not so cru- = el now.
mf *p*

Morn- ing dawn'd upon Schœn- berg's
pp

tow'rs, But the sisters were not in their won- ted bow'rs, Their dam- sels sought them the
The Seven Sisters

Cas=tle o'er; But upon earth they were seen no more! Se=ven rocks are

in the tide, O=ber=we=sel's walls be=side, Baring their cold

brows to heaven They are called "The Sis=ters Seven?" Gen=les, list to the

Gen=les, list to the

Gen=les, list to the

Gen=les, list to the

tale I tell, 'Tis many a year since this be = fel, And la = dies now may
 tale I tell, 'Tis ma = ny a year since this be = fel, And la = dies now may
 tale I tell, 'Tis ma = ny a year since this be = fel, And la = dies now may
 tale I tell, 'Tis ma = ny a year since this be = fel, And la = dies now may

love de = ride, And their suitors a = lone be pe = = tri = fied. La = = dies
 love de = ride, And their suitors a = lone be pe = = tri = fied. La = dies now may
 love de = ride, And their suitors a = lone be pe = = tri = fied. Ladies now may
 love de = ride, And their suitors a = lone be pe = = tri = fied. Ladies may

cres. *f* *p*
 now may love de- ride, And their suitors a = lone be pe = tri = fied. Their sui = tors a
cres. *f* *p*
 love de = ride, And their suitors a = lone be pe = tri = fied. Their sui = = =
cres. *f* *p*
 love de = ride, And their suitors a = lone be pe = tri = fied. Their sui = = =
cres. *f* *p*
 now love de = ride, And their suitors a = lone be pe = tri = fied. Their sui = = =

cres. *mf* *p*

pp *cres.* *f*
 lone be pe = tri = fied.
pp *cres.* *f*
 = tors be pe = tri = fied.
pp *cres.* *f*
 = tors be pe = tri = fied.
pp *cres.* *f*
 = tors be pe = tri = fied.

Accellerando

NOTHING
WAS FOUND
THERE



NOTTINGHAM
FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARIES.

L. Haghs del.

Printed by W. Day 23. Gt Queen. St.

THE LURLEI-BERG.

Pub^d by Goulding & Co. Soho Square Jan^y 1st 1827.

A SHORT distance from St. Goar, an enormous mass of black basalt projects into the river, and at first sight appears to forbid all further progress. It is indeed believed that the Rhine has, by its own perseverance, fretted the narrow channel through which it at present winds round this formidable impediment.

This is the Lurley Berg, celebrated by the Minnesinger Marner, as early as the twelfth century. It has a remarkable echo, which repeats four or five times; and from thence its name; Lurley, or Lurelei, as it is indifferently called, being derived from *Lallen*, or *Lullen*, "to stammer," and *ley*, "a rock." (Vide Baron Gerring, Voy. Pitt.) Tradition has, however, made it the haunt of a fair Nixe, or Water Spirit, named Lurley, Lureley, or Luseley, of whom many mad pranks are told. She is, notwithstanding, generally believed to be friendly to faithful lovers; and her punishment of the seven Countesses of Schönberg proves her detestation of insincerity. The boatmen on the Rhine seldom pass without invoking her, and the echoes never fail to repeat "Lureley!"

Lureley.

LIGHTLY o'er the rapid Rhine—

Lureley!

Glide we to thy rocky shrine—

Lureley!

Friend of all the fond and fair,

Answer to thy pilgrim's prayer—

Lureley!

Like the waves that glitter here—

Lureley!

Bright and gentle is my dear—

Lureley!

But her father's heart is stone,

Harder than thy craggy throne,—

Lureley!

As thy bold rock cleaves the tide—

Lureley!

We are parted by his pride—

Lureley!

Teach us, O thou friendly Fay!

Like the waves to find a way—

Lureley!

Who shall chase my lady's fear—

Lureley?

Who shall dry my lady's tear—

Lureley?

Hark upon the passing wind,

Faintly floats her answer kind!—

“Lureley!”

Surely.

Voice.

*Moderately Slow,
but Fluently.*

Lightly o'er the rapid Rhine,

Piano

Forte.

The first system of the musical score. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 6/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The piano part begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic and includes a *pp* (pianissimo) marking. The voice part begins with a rest followed by the lyrics 'Lightly o'er the rapid Rhine,'.

The second system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics 'Lu-re=ly! Lu-re=ly! Lu-re=ly! Lu-re=ly! Glide we to thy rocky shrine, Lu-re=ly! Lu-re=ly!'. The piano accompaniment continues with a *pp* dynamic and a *cres* (crescendo) marking. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The third system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics 'Lu-re=ly! Lu-re=ly! Friend of all the fond and fair, Answer to thy'. The piano accompaniment continues with a *pp* dynamic and a *cres* marking. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The fourth system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics 'pilgrim's pray'r, Lu-re=ly! Lu-re=ly! Lu-re=ly! Lu-re=ly! Lu-re=ly! Lu-re=ly! Lu-re=ly!'. The piano accompaniment continues with a *p* dynamic and a *pp* marking, followed by a *slent?* (slender) and *a tempo* marking. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Lu-re=ly!

espress

Like the waves that glitter here, Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly!

dol

p

pp

cres

Bright and gentle is my dear, Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! But her father's

p

pp

heart is stone Harder than thy craggy throne, Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly!

p

cres

pp

pp

cres

p

Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly!

morendo

soave

Lu-re-ly!

f As thy bold rock cleaves the tide, *p* Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! *pp* Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly!

mf

cres We are parted by his pride, *pp* Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Teach us, oh, thou

friend-ly fay, Like the waves to find a way, *p* Lu-re-ly!

pp Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! *slento?* *a tempo* Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly!

colla voce *a tempo*

Volti

Lu-re-ly!

espress *dol*

Who shall chase my la=dys fear, Lu=re=ly! Lu=re=ly! Lu=re=ly!

Who shall dry my la=dys tear, Lu=re=ly! Lu=re=ly! Lu=re=ly! Hark, upon the

p

pas=sing wind Faintly floats her an=swer kind — Lu=re=ly! Lu=re=ly!

pp

pp *slent?* *a tempo* *slent?*

Lu=re=ly! Lu=re=ly! Lu=re=ly! Lu=re=ly! Lu=re=ly!

colla voce *soave* *morendo*

Lu=re=ly!

Surely.
Three Voices.

(1st Voice.)
 Soprano. *Moderately Slow,*
but Fluently. Lightly o'er the rapid Rhine,

(2nd Voice.)
 Soprano. Lightly o'er the rapid Rhine,

(3rd Voice.)
 Tenore. Lightly o'er the ra - - pid Rhine,

Piano
 Forte. *p pp*

pp
 Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Glide we to thy rocky shrine,

Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Glide we to thy rocky shrine,

Lu-re-ly! Lu-re-ly! Glide we to thy rocky shrine,

Lu-re-ly!

pp
Lurely! Lurely! Friend of all the fond and fair, Answer to thy
Lurely! Lurely! Friend of all the fond and fair, Answer to thy
Lurely! Lurely! Friend of all the fond and fair,

pp *slent?* *a tempo*
pilgrim's pray'r, Lurely! Lurely! Lurely! Lurely! Lu-rely!
pilgrim's pray'r, *p* Lurely! Lurely! Lurely! Lurely! Lu-rely!
answer, answer, *p* Lurely! Lurely! Lurely! Lurely! Lu-rely!
a tempo
colla voce

p
Lurely! Lurely!
espress
Like the waves that glitter here, Lurely! Lurely!
dol *pp*
Lu-rely!

As thy bold rock cleaves the tide, *pp* Lurely! Lurely! We are parted
As thy bold rock cleaves the tide, *p* Lurely! Lurely! We are parted
As thy bold rock cleaves the tide, *p* Lurely! Lurely! We are parted
mf
by his pride, *pp* Lurely! Lurely! Teach us, Oh thou friendly fay,
by his pride, *p* Lurely! Lurely! Teach us, Oh thou friendly fay,
by his pride, *p* Lurely! Lurely! Teach us, Oh thou friendly fay,
slent?
Like the waves to find a way. Lurely! Lurely!
Like the waves to find a way. *p* Lurely! Lurely!
Like the waves to find a way. *p* Lurely! Lurely!
colla voce
Lurely!

a tempo *espress:*

Lurely! Lurely! Lu - rely! Who shall chase my la - dy's fear,

Lurely! Lurely! Lu - rely!

Lurely! Lurely! Lu - rely!

Lurely! Lurely! Lu - rely!

Who shall dry my la - dy's tear,

p Lu - re - ly!

p Lu - re - ly!

Hark upon the pas - sing wind

p Lurely! Lurely! Lu - rely!

p Lurely! Lurely! Lu - rely!

Lu - rely!

Faintly floats her an-swer kind, "Lurely! Lurely! Lurely! Lurely!"

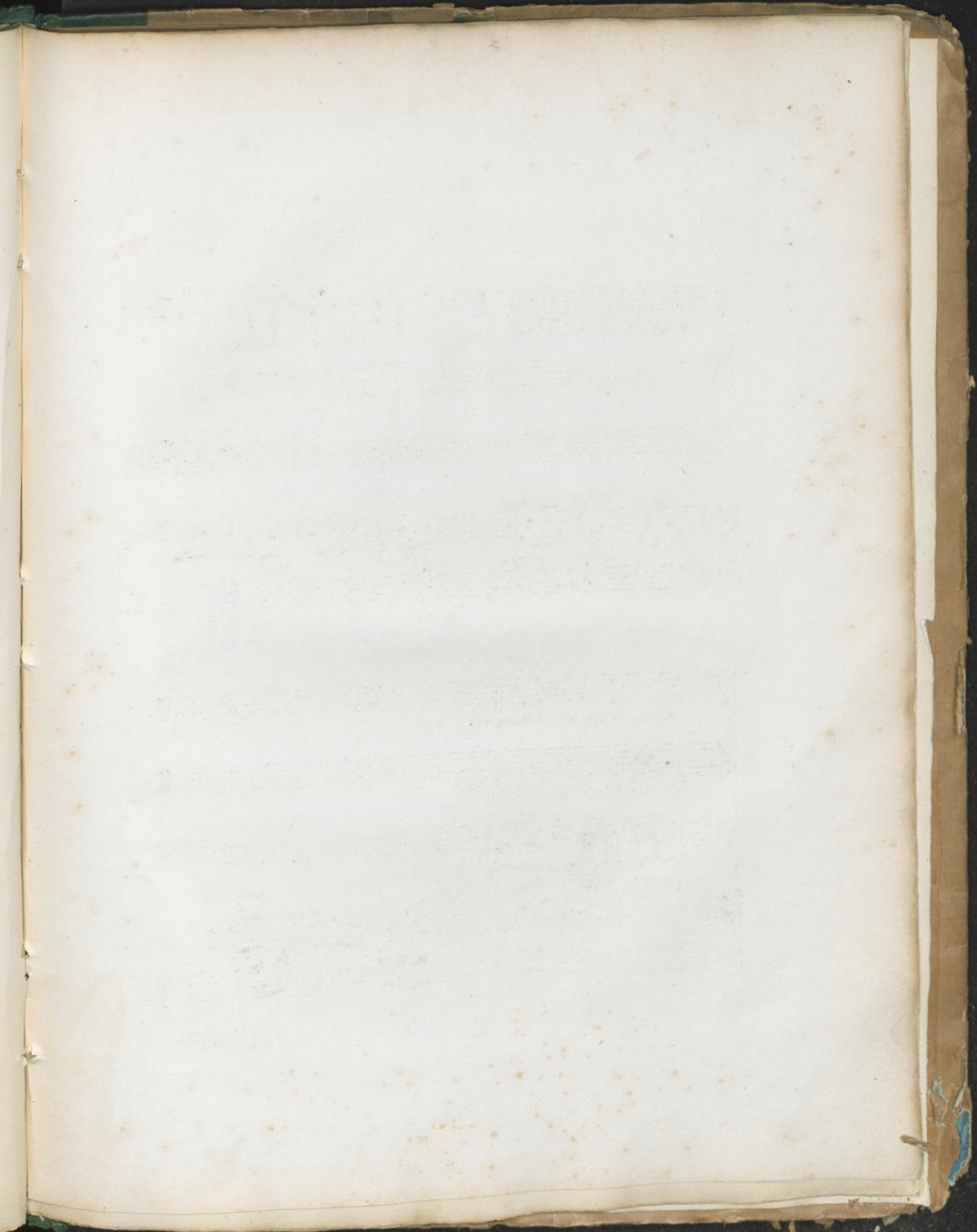
p *pp* *ppp*

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with the lyrics "Faintly floats her an-swer kind," followed by a series of eighth notes and a final phrase "Lurely! Lurely! Lurely! Lurely!" marked with dynamic levels *p*, *pp*, and *ppp*. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) and features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand, also marked with *pp* and *ppp*.

slent?
"Lu-rely! Lu-rely! Lu-rely!"

morendo
soave
colla voce
Lu-rely!

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with the lyrics "Lu-rely! Lu-rely! Lu-rely!" marked with the dynamic *slent?*. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) and features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand, also marked with *pp* and *ppp*. The system concludes with the lyrics "Lu-rely!" marked with *morendo*, *soave*, and *colla voce*.





NOTTINGHAM
FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARIES.

THE BROTHERS.

Printed by Goulding & Dalmano, Soho Square, Jan. 1st 1827.

Printed by W. Bayly, 40, St. John Street.

TRADITION informs us, that the two Castles of Liebenstein and Sternfels, or Sternberg, generally known by the name of "Die Bruder," (the Brothers,) were once the property of an old nobleman, who had two sons, and a beautiful ward, of whom the said sons were both desperately enamoured. The elder, however, perceiving that the young lady preferred his brother, nobly resigned his pretensions, and retired to Rhense, to avoid the sight of so dangerous an object. Before the marriage could take place, the banner of the Cross was raised at Frankfort, and the young intended bridegroom, catching the general flame, resolved on joining the crusade and deferring his nuptials till his return from the Holy Land. Neither the prayers of his father, nor the tears of his love, had power to damp this pious but ungallant determination. He assembled his little troop, and joined the Emperor Conrad at Frankfort. Shortly after his departure, the old Burg-grave dying, the elder son returned from Rhense to take possession of his share of the estate; and, far from making use of the advantage which his power, and the absence of his brother gave him, he scrupulously behaved to the young lady as to a beloved sister. Two years had scarcely elapsed, when the crusader arrived from Palestine, bringing with him a beautiful Grecian lady, to whom he was betrothed! Indignant at his perfidy, the elder brother sent him a fierce defiance, and a bloody combat would have ensued but for the tears and entreaties of the forsaken fair one, who took the veil in the noble Convent of Marienberg at Boppard, and saw the brothers no more. The falsehood of the crusader was punished by the frailty of his new love, and the conclusion of the legend may be gathered from the ballad. It is certain that two brothers, Henry Bayer Von Liebenstein, and Henry Bayer Von Boppard Von Sterrenberg, possessed these castles about the middle of the fourteenth century. The dear fair one is said to have been of the family of Brömser Von Rüdesheim; and John 3d Brömser founded the Capuchin Convent of Bornhoffen, at the foot of the vine-covered mountain on which the two burghs stand, with the unfortunate lady's estate.

The Brothers.

“ RISE up, thou lord of Liebenstein,
 Glad tidings thou shalt hear ;
 Ere morn upon yon waves shall shine,
 Thy brother will be near.
 He brings with him a Grecian bride,
 To grace his mountain hold :
 Bid Sternfels ope its portals wide,
 And greet its master bold !”

Up rose the lord of Liebenstein
 With anger on his brow ;
 He look'd—as on the rolling Rhine
 His ruin'd towers look now !
 “ Back, varlet, to thy faithless lord,
 And bid him shun this strand ;
 For he will find a brother's sword,
 But not a brother's hand !

“ Long have I nursed a lovely flower
 Upon this mountain fair,
 For him,—although 'twas in my power
 That flower myself to wear.
 And ere in Sternfels' Burg* shall reign
 His Grecian leman fine,
 These rocks shall redden with the stain
 Of his heart's blood or mine !”

To Sternfels, with the morning light,
 The false crusader came ;
 And by his side, on palfrey white,
 Was seen his Grecian dame.
 Then swords were drawn, and bows were bent,
 And pennons stream'd on high,
 And trumpets blew, and air was rent
 With each loud battle-cry !

* Castle.

St. Mary ! 'Twas an awful thing
 To see the arrows hail,
 And hear the axe and falchion ring
 Upon the sounding mail ;
 And mark the brave who oft had bled
 Beneath one banner fair,
 By brother against brother led,
 In hate and fury there !

Already with the spouting blood
 Their wrathful weapons blush'd,
 When through the battle's raging flood
 A shrieking maiden rush'd !
 " Let those who love me, hold !" (she cried)
 " And thou, who hast betray'd,
 Live happy with thy Grecian bride—
 I seek a cloister's shade !

" Take back, false knight ! thine olden vow,
 And better keep thy new ;
 Though he who breaketh one, I trow,
 To none will e'er be true !
 Farewell to both !—It cannot be
 As we had never met :
 Then mayst *thou* still remember me—
 And *thou*, full soon forget !"

In Sternfels rang the harp's light sound,
 And foam'd the Rhenish wine ;
 While all was sad and silent round
 The Burg of Liebenstein.
 But honor, in the house of grief,
 Untarnish'd held its place ;
 While lurk'd in pleasure's rosy leaf
 The canker of disgrace.

For O, that Grecian lady gay
 Was false as she was fair ;
 And busy tongues began to say
 What husbands must not bear.
 Then rage, and shame, and anguish stung
 The heart of Sternfels' knight,
 And to his sword again he sprung
 To venge him as he might !

Ere green again the sunny vine
 That garlands all the shore,
 The Grecian dame was o'er the Rhine
 With some new paramour.
 The sainted nun from earth had past;
 And, lost in grief their feud,
 The brothers dwelt in friendship fast,
 But aye in solitude.

They never enter'd court or town,
 Nor look'd on woman's face,
 But childless to the grave went down,
 The last of all their race.
 And still upon the mountain fair,
 Are seen two castles gray,
 That, like their lords, together there
 Sink slowly to decay.

The gust that shakes the tottering stone
 On one Burg's battlement,
 Upon the other's rampart lone
 Hath equal fury spent.
 And when through Sternfels' shatter'd wall
 The misty moon-beams shine,
 Upon the crumbling towers they fall
 Of dreary Liebenstein!

The Brothers.

83

Three Voices Solo. (2nd Voice)

Voice *Moderately Quick and with Chivalrous Expression.* Rise up thou Lord of Liebenstein,

Piano *ff* *p* *mf*

Forte

Glad ti-dings thou shalt hear Ere morn upon yon waves shall shine, Thy

brother will be near. He brings with him a Grecian bride To grace his mountain

hold Bid Sternfels ope its portals wide, And greet its master bold.

1st Voice.
Soprano. *p*

Up rose the Lord of Liebenstein With anger on his brow He look'd as on the

2^d Voice.
Soprano. *p*

Up rose the Lord of Liebenstein With anger on his brow He look'd as on the

3^d Voice.
Basso. *p*

Up rose the Lord of Liebenstein With anger on his brow He look'd as on the

Piano *pp*

Forte

slent?

rolling Rhine, His ru_in'd tow'rs look now! His ru_in'd tow'rs look now!

rolling Rhine, His ru_in'd tow'rs look now! His tow'rs look now!

rolling Rhine, His ru_in'd tow'rs look now! His tow'rs look now! "Back

colla voce

varlet, to thy faithless Lord, And bid him shun this strand, For he will find a

brother's sword But not a brother's hand! Long have I nurs'd a love-ly

espress
dol

flow'r Up- on this mountain fair, For him, although 'twas in my pow'r That flow'r myself to

mf *p*

wear And 'ere in Sternfels' burg* shall reign His Grecian leman fine, These

mf *p* *mf*

* Castle

The Brothers.

rocks shall redden with the stain Of his heart's blood or mine!"

To Sternfels with the morning light, The false Crusader came And
To Sternfels with the morning light, The false Crusader came And
To Sternfels with the morning light, The false Crusader came And

pp

by his side, on palfry white, Was seen his Grecian dame, Then swords were drawn, And
by his side, on palfry white, Was seen his Grecian dame, Then swords were drawn, And
by his side, on palfry white, Was seen his Grecian dame, Then swords were drawn, And

cres *f* *ff*
cres *f* *ff*
cres *f* *ff*
cres *mf* *f*

bows were bent, And pennons stream'd on high, And trumpets blew, and air was rent With

bows were bent, And pennons stream'd on high, And trumpets blew, and air was rent With

bows were bent, And pennons stream'd on high, And trumpets blew, and air was rent With

each loud battle cry. *p* Al-ready, with the spouting blood, Their wrathful weapons

each loud battle cry. *p* Al-ready, with the spouting blood, Their wrathful weapons

each loud battle cry. *p* Al-ready, with the spouting blood, Their wrathful weapons

cres blush'd, When through the battle's raging flood A shrieking maiden rush'd! *f* (piu lento) "Let

cres blush'd, When through the battle's raging flood A shrieking maiden rush'd!

cres blush'd, When through the battle's raging flood A shrieking maiden rush'd!

f *cres* *f* *pp*

The Brothers.

those who love me, hold" (She cried) "And thou who hast be - tray'd Live

colla voce

happy with thy Grecian bride. I seek a cloister's shade! Take back false Knight thine

ad lib. *a tempo*

a tempo

olden vow, And better keep thy new, Though he who breaketh one, I trow, To none will e'er be

true! Farewell to both! Farewell It cannot be As we had never met! Then may'st

espress

soave

Tempo 1^{mo}

thou still remember me And thou, full soon, for-get! Ere green a-gain the sunny vine, That

Ere green a-gain the sunny vine, That

Ere green a-gain the sunny vine, That

garlands all the shore, The Grecian dame was o'er the Rhine, With some new pa-ra-

garlands all the shore, The Grecian dame was o'er the Rhine, With some new pa-ra-

garlands all the shore, The Grecian dame was o'er the Rhine, With some new pa-ra-

soave

mour. The sainted nun from earth had past, and lost

soave

mour. The sainted nun from earth had past, and lost

mour.

pp

lost in grief their feud, The brothers dwelt in friendship fast, But aye in

lost in grief their feud, The brothers dwelt in friendship fast, But aye in

The brothers dwelt in friendship fast,

so _ litude

so _ litude

They never enter'd court or town, Nor look'd on woman's face, But childless to the

grave went down, The last of all their race, And still upon the mountain fair, Are

The Brothers.

slentando

seen two castles grey, That like their Lords, to - gether there sink slowly to de - cay

p

dol

The gust that shakes the tott'ring stone on one burg's battlement, Up - on the other's

dol

The gust that shakes the tott'ring stone on one burg's battlement, Up - on the other's

dol

That gust that shakes the tott'ring stone Up -

dol

p

ramparts lone Hath e - qual fury spent And when through Sternfels

p

ramparts lone Hath e - qual fury spent And when through Sternfels shatter'd

p

on the o - thers ramparts lone And when through Sternfels shatter'd

The Brothers.

shatter'd wall, The misty moonbeams shine, Upon the crumb-ling tow'rs they

wall, The misty moonbeams shine, Up-on the crumbling tow'rs they

wall, The misty moonbeams shine, Up-on the crumbling tow'rs they

cres

cres

cres

cres

fall Of drea-ry drea-ry Lie--ben-stein! Up-on the crumb-

fall Of drea-ry drea-ry Lie--ben-stein! Up-on the crumbling

fall Of drea-ry Lie--ben-stein! Up-on the crumbling

cres

cres

cres

cres

decreas

ling towrs they fall . . . of drear - - y drear - - y Lie - - ben - -

towrs they fall . . . of drear - - y drear - - y Lie - - ben - -

towrs they fall of drear - - - - y Lie - - ben - -

slent?

stein! Of drear - - - y Lie - - ben - stein!

stein! Of drear - - - y Lie - - ben - stein!

stein! Of drear - - - - y Lieben - stein!

colla voce

PRINTED BY GOULDING &
Sons
LONDON