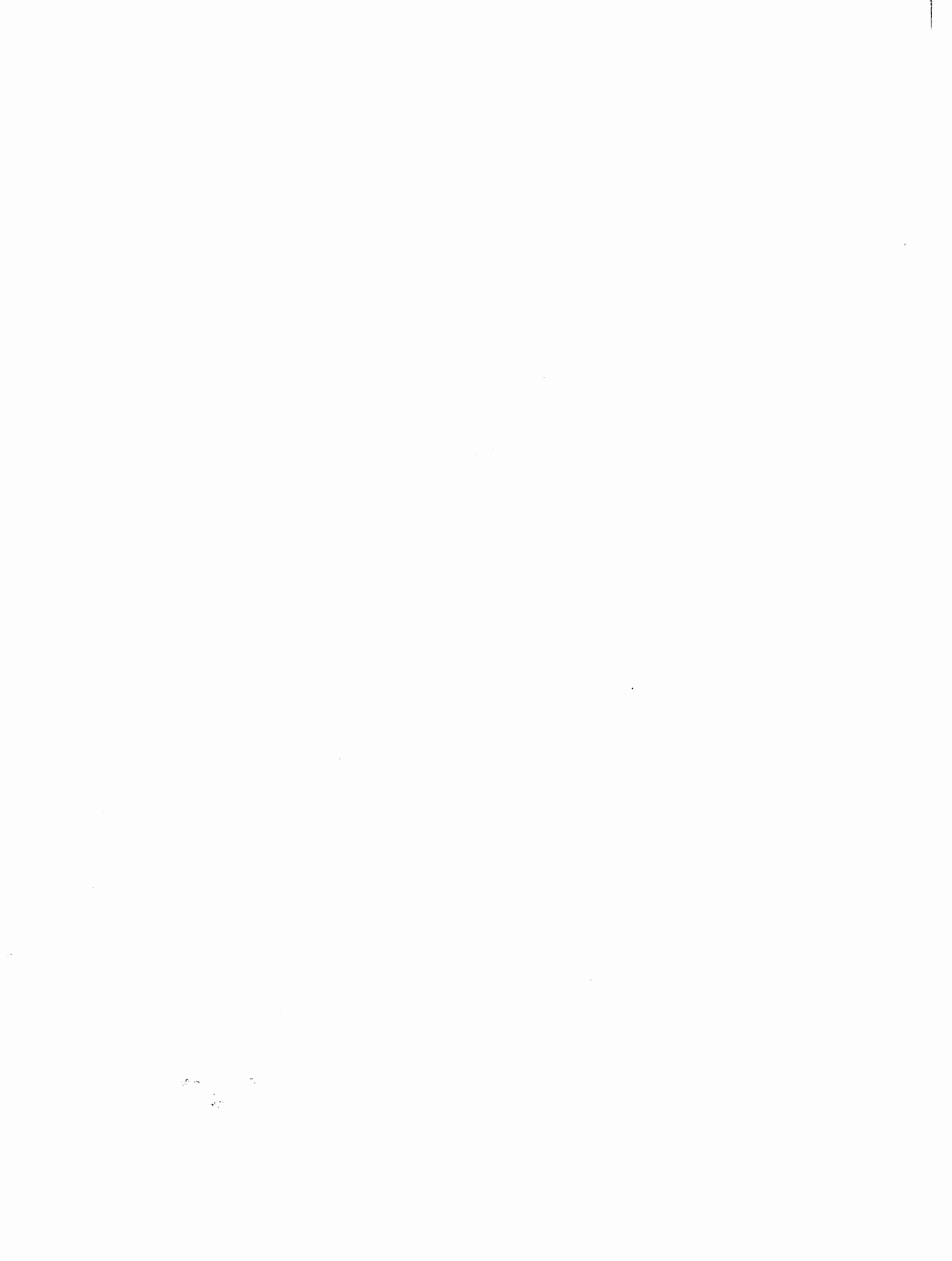


FIFTY SONGS
BY HUGO WOLF



FIFTY SONGS
BY
HUGO WOLF

EDITED BY
ERNEST NEWMAN

FOR LOW VOICE



BOSTON : OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

NEW YORK : CHAS. H. DITSON & CO. CHICAGO : LYON & HEALY

PHILADELPHIA : J. E. DITSON & CO.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

D. B. UPDIKE, THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS, BOSTON

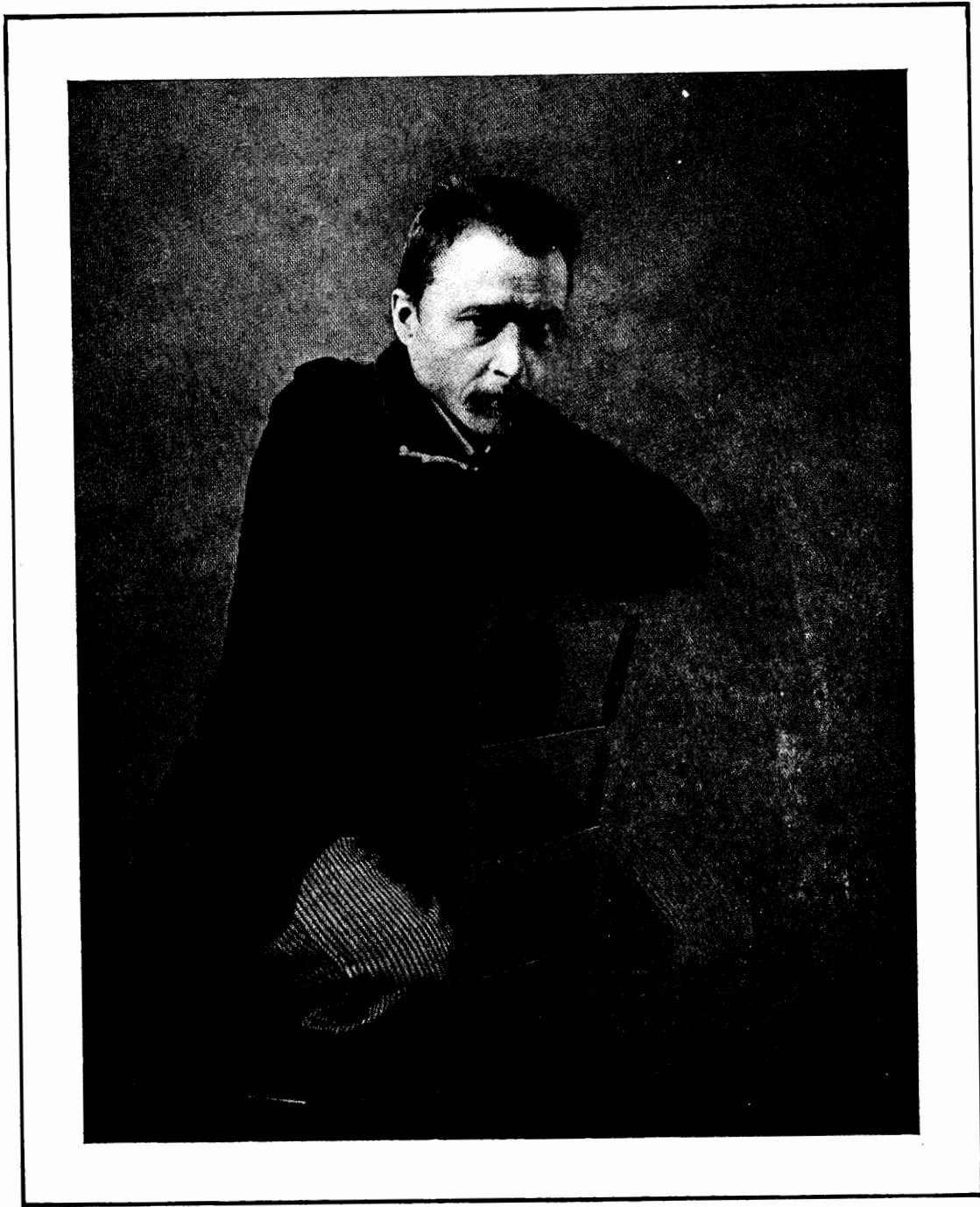
CONTENTS

	PAGE
SONGS FOR A WOMAN'S VOICE	
The Mouse-Trap (<i>Mausfallen-Sprüchlein</i>)	1
SONGS BY SCHEFFEL, ETC.	
To rest, to rest! (<i>Zur Ruh, zur Ruh!</i>)	3
Biterolf	5
EICHENDORFF SONGS	
The Soldier (<i>Der Soldat</i>), II	7
The Soldier (<i>Der Soldat</i>), I	9
The Sailor's Farewell (<i>Seemanns Abschied</i>)	12
The Serenade (<i>Das Ständchen</i>)	16
MÖRIKE SONGS	
The Drummer (<i>Der Tambour</i>)	20
The Hunter (<i>Der Jäger</i>)	24
Insatiable Love (<i>Nimmersatte Liebe</i>)	30
A Commission (<i>Auftrag</i>)	33
The Convalescent's Song to Hope (<i>Der Genesene an die Hoffnung</i>)	37
The Gardener (<i>Der Gärtner</i>)	40
Wandering (<i>Auf einer Wanderung</i>)	43
Prayer (<i>Gebet</i>)	49
Secrecy (<i>Verborgenheit</i>)	51
A Maiden's First Love-Song (<i>Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens</i>)	55
Tramping (<i>Fussreise</i>)	60
The Forsaken Maiden (<i>Das verlassene Mädlein</i>)	66
Fare thee well (<i>Lebe wohl</i>)	68
To an Ancient Picture (<i>Auf ein altes Bild</i>)	70
Song to Spring (<i>Er ist's</i>)	72
Morning (<i>In der Frühe</i>)	76
New Love (<i>Neue Liebe</i>)	78
Weyla's Song (<i>Gesang Weyla's</i>)	81
GOETHE SONGS	
He who on solitude is bent (<i>Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergiebt</i>)	83
Anacreon's Grave (<i>Anakreon's Grab</i>)	86
Think me the angel I soon shall be (<i>So lasst mich scheinen bis ich werde</i>)	88
The while you sober dwell (<i>So lang man nüchtern ist</i>)	91
Drunken must we be (<i>Trunken müssen wir alle sein</i>)	94
Thieves are not made by occasion (<i>Nicht Gelegenheit macht Diebe</i>)	98
Through thy dear love fortun'd highly (<i>Hochbeglückt in deiner Liebe</i>)	100
SPANISH SONGS	
I sailed over sea (<i>Ich fuhr über Meer</i>)	105
When thou goest to thy flowers (<i>Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst</i>)	108
Come, Mary, take comfort (<i>Nun wandre, Maria</i>)	112
Play, my love, with love your game (<i>Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott</i>)	115
Tinkle gaily, my pandero (<i>Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero</i>)	118
From her balcony green (<i>Auf dem grünen Balcon</i>)	122
Sad I come and bending lowly (<i>Müh'voll komm' ich und beladen</i>)	127
Now I am Thine (<i>Nun bin ich Dein</i>)	131
Ah! 't was Maytime (<i>Ach, im Maien war's, im Maien</i>)	135
Love within my bosom (<i>Liebe mir im Busen</i>)	139

	PAGE
SIX SONGS IN ANCIENT STYLE	
Come within, noble warrior (<i>Tretet ein, hoher Krieger</i>)	142
ITALIAN SONGS	
Thou art the loveliest maiden (<i>Ihr seid die Allerschönste</i>)	146
Wouldst thou behold thy lover sadly dying (<i>Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen</i>)	148
E'en little things (<i>Auch kleine Dinge</i>)	150
Although my true-love has no habitation (<i>Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen</i>)	152
How many hours I've wasted (<i>Wie viele Zeit verlor ich</i>)	154
When thou, my loved one, mountest up to heaven (<i>Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf</i>)	156
MICHELANGELO SONGS	
All things living soon must perish (<i>Alles endet, was entsteht</i>)	158

INDEX

[ENGLISH]	PAGE	[GERMAN]	PAGE
Ah! 't was Maytime	135	Ach, im Maien war's, im Maien	135
All things living soon must perish	158	Alles endet, was entstehet	158
Although my true-love has no habitation	152	Anakreon's Grab	86
Anacreon's Grave	86	Auch kleine Dinge	150
Biterolf	5	Auf dem grünen Balcon	123
Come, Mary, take comfort	112	Auf ein altes Bild	70
Commission, A	33	Auf einer Wanderung	43
Come within, noble warrior	142	Auftrag	33
Convalescent's Song to Hope, The	37	Biterolf	5
Drummer, The	20	Er ist's	72
Drunken must we be	94	Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens	55
E'en little things	150	Fussreise	60
Fare thee well	68	Gärtner, Der	40
Forsaken Maiden, The	66	Gebet	49
From her balcony green	122	Genesene an die Hoffnung, Der	37
Gardener, The	40	Gesang Weyla's	81
He who on solitude is bent	83	Hochbeglückt in deiner Liebe	100
How many hours I've wasted	154	Ich fuhr über Meer	105
Hunter, The	24	Ihr seid die Allerschönste	146
Insatiable Love	30	In der Frühe	76
I sailed over sea	105	Jäger, Der	24
Love within my bosom	139	Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero	118
Maiden's First Love-Song, A	55	Lebe wohl	68
Morning	76	Liebe mir im Busen	139
Mouse-Trap, The	1	Mausfallen-Sprüchlein	1
New Love	78	Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen	152
Now I am Thine	131	Müh'voll komm' ich und beladen	127
Play, my love, with love your game	115	Neue Liebe	78
Prayer	49	Nicht Gelegenheit macht Diebe	98
Sad I come and bending lowly	127	Nimmersatte Liebe	30
Sailor's Farewell, The	12	Nun bin ich Dein	131
Secrecy	51	Nun wandre, Maria	112
Serenade, The	16	Seemanns Abschied	12
Soldier, The, I	9	So lang man nüchtern ist	91
Soldier, The, II	7	So lasst mich scheinen bis ich werde	88
Song to Spring	72	Soldat, Der, I	9
Thieves are not made by occasion	98	Soldat, Der, II	7
Think me the angel I soon shall be	88	Ständchen, Das	16
Thou art the loveliest maiden	146	Tambour, Der	20
Through thy dear love fortun'd highly	100	Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott	115
Tinkle gaily, my pandero	118	Tretet ein, hoher Krieger	142
To an Ancient Picture	70	Trunken müssen wir alle sein	94
To rest, to rest!	3	Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen	148
Tramping	60	Verborgtheit	51
Wandering	43	Verlassene Mägdlein, Das	66
Weyla's Song	81	Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf	156
When thou goest to thy flowers	108	Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst	108
When thou, my loved one, mountest up to heaven	156	Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergiebt	83
While you sober dwell, The	91	Wie viele Zeit verlor ich	154
Wouldst thou behold thy lover sadly dying	148	Zur Ruh, zur Ruh!	3



Hugo Wolf

HUGO WOLF



ARTISTS are sometimes more fortunate in their deaths than in their lives. Hugo Wolf was one of these. Work like his was bound, sooner or later, to make its mark in the world; but it would have made it later rather than sooner had not the tragic and pitiful circumstances of his end forced him upon the attention of the musical world. His reputation even to-day is not as extensive as it should be. The inertia of the public, the slowness of men brought up in an older type of art to readjust their point of view so as to make it embrace a new type, and the occasional difficulties that the songs present to singers and players,—these considerations chiefly account for Wolf's fame not spreading more rapidly. But on the whole there is little reason to complain. Within the seven years or so that have elapsed since his death his reputation has grown steadily if not quickly, not only among practical musicians, but among the general public; and few will now deny that his songs represent the most significant development in this form of art since Schubert, and that he has made us think in the same new way about the nature and the possibilities of the song as Wagner has made us think about the opera and Strauss about the symphonic poem.

The story of his life may be briefly told. He was born on March 13, 1860, at Windischgraz, in Styria. His father was musical, and the boy received early the rudiments of a musical education, though there was no thought of his becoming a professional musician. Education of a general kind he received in various schools between 1870 and 1875. In the latter year, his impulses towards music having gradually dominated everything else, he persuaded his father to send him for study to the Vienna Conservatoire. There he remained less than two years; in 1877 he was dismissed, suspicion having fallen upon him—wrongly, it seems—of being the author of a schoolboy joke, that took the form

of a threat against the life of the principal, Hellmesberger. The boy's pride, and his instinct that his future lay solely in music, would not permit him to return home. He remained in Vienna, occasionally getting small remittances from his father, but for the most part eking out a precarious existence by giving piano lessons and enduring the greatest physical privations. He had learned little from his teachers at the Conservatoire; but with his quick and thorough intelligence it was an easy matter for him to learn technique by the study of the scores of the great masters. Life went very hardly with him. His temperament and manners unfitted him for the irritating drudgery of teaching; and a brief engagement as second Kapellmeister at Salzburg, under Karl Muck, in the winter of 1881–82, proved equally unsatisfactory. In 1884 he added slightly to his income and greatly to his enemies by exercising the functions of musical critic for a small Vienna paper, the *Salonblatt*; he was especially critical of Brahms, and so made himself a marked man for Hanslick and the Brahmsians in general. All this time he was composing busily, but without much success as regards publication or performances. The issue of his first volume of songs, indeed, in 1887–88, was only made possible by the financial help of friends. The same plan was adopted in the case of some future volumes; but to the end of his days the sales of his music were dishearteningly small. But if poor in worldly goods he was rich in friends, whose generosity relieved him from anxiety as to the bare necessities of life, and gave him leisure for composition. His outward existence was mostly uneventful; he held no post after leaving the *Salonblatt* in 1887, and rarely came into contact with the greater public or with the world of official musicians. In Vienna and a few other towns he had a small following, mostly among amateurs of intelligence; but to the world at large his name, to the very end of his days, conveyed next to nothing.

He was struck down in the plenitude of his powers, and just when the future seemed really to have some promise of popularity for him. He had made a partial success with his opera *Der Corregidor* in 1896. There was no question as to the beauty of the music, even if the work had not altogether the "sense of the theatre" that, over and above every other good quality, is necessary to keep an opera on the stage. But an operatic success in the future was clearly within the bounds of possibility; and Wolf was working at a second opera, *Manuel Venegas*, when his mind collapsed. The causes of the breakdown are at present imperfectly known; but we may be fairly sure that it was accelerated by the privations of his youth and the terrific pace at which he would compose, for months at a time, when the mood was on him. It was on the 19th of September, 1897, at a meeting at a friend's house near Vienna, called to hear the composer play as much as he had written of his new opera, that the symptoms of mental derangement became unmistakable. The next day he was quietly taken to a private institution. He left this on the 24th of January, 1898, apparently cured; but it soon became clear, even to himself, that his nervous system was flawed, and after a futile attempt at suicide in October he was, at his own request, again removed to an asylum. Here he remained over four years, in the utmost misery, one limb after another failing him, one faculty after another deserting him. The paralysis and the wasting had done their grim work so effectively that when kind death came, on the 22d of February, 1903, his friends, as Dr. Decsey records, were appalled at the sight his body presented. "He looked like a small doll of white wood; the nose came sharply out of the waxen face; the delicate hands had become still more delicate; they were crossed and the fingers hung loose, like the fingers of a white glove. This was all Fate had left of the artist who once bore a whole tone-world in his brain—a fragment, a human ruin." He lies now in the Vienna cemetery, near Beethoven and Schubert.

Wolf was not a song-writer only. The power and charm he exhibits in his songs we see also in *Der Corregidor* and *Manuel Venegas*, in the remarkable string quartet, in the *Italian Serenade* for small orchestra, and here and there in his larger orchestral work, *Penthesilea*. But it was in the song that his most significant and epoch-making work was done. It is a poor business lining up composers according to our various notions of their greatness, and deciding who is to take precedence of whom or go behind him; but it is sometimes possible to measure even art by instruments that are not wholly subjective, to apply tests of greatness that are independent of personal likings. The business of a musical dramatist, for example, being to delineate character in music, he is surely the greatest dramatist who—other things being equal—draws the greatest number of convincing portraits. One reason for Shakespeare's superiority to the average playwright, for example, is that Shakespeare draws more people and draws them truer to life. It is just this, again, that makes Wagner the greatest of musical dramatists. He comes nearer to life in the variety and the veracity of his portraits than any other writer for the musical stage; his *Magdalena*, for instance, does not sing like his *Brancaena*, as Mozart's *Figaro* often sings like *Leporello*. Now the same test must be applied to the song-writer. In so far as his aim is to reëxpress in music the emotions of the poem, the man who can thus reëxpress a thousand subtle emotions is greater than the man who can only reëxpress a few broad and generalized emotions; and the man who gives us a different musical portrait in each song is greater than the man who draws the same figure in one song after another. This, surely, is an objective test enough; and by applying it we are entitled to say that, in this respect at any rate, Wolf is as much above all previous or contemporary song-writers as Wagner is above all previous or contemporary opera-writers. There can be as little question of the immense variety of Wolf's portraits and pictures as there is of the tendency

of most other great song-composers to repeat themselves. Nothing can be more exquisite than Schubert, or Brahms, or Grieg, at his best; but will any impartial student of these men deny that in many of their finest songs it is Schubert, or Brahms, or Grieg that we hear talking, rather than the character? The physiognomy is unmistakable; whereas with Shakespeare, with Wagner, and with Wolf we cannot identify the artist himself with any of his characters, so many-sided is the observation and so varied the portraiture. The same difference is noticeable in the technical handling of the songs. Schubert has a tendency to run into easy formulæ,—changes from major to minor and vice versa, melodic lines of a certain stereotyped length and with a stereotyped form of cadence, and so on; his too easy-going adherence to these *clichés* often makes him false to the poet, however charming his melodic line may be, considered alone.¹ Brahms, again, has mannerisms that appear in song after song. What earthly need, we ask ourselves, for example, is there for twisting the 6/8 time into 3/4 time, by a different grouping of the quavers, at the end of *Von ewiger Liebe*? There is no need whatever for it; this is simply a habit of Brahms's that appears a thousand times in his work,—a trick of gesture, as it were, that is as irrational and irrelevant as another man's trick of fumbling with a waistcoat button. It represents a kind of track in the brain, like a sheep track in a field; and the imagination takes the track every now and then from sheer habit, not because it feels that it leads anywhere in particular. Whatever may be said of these mannerisms in purely instrumental music, it is undeniable that they do harm in those genres which, like the opera and the song, are concerned with painting from the life; a man's portraits are apt to look rather too much alike if he gives the same features or the same gestures to all his sitters. An examination of the songs in the present volume—even a cursory glance at the set of the type on the various pages—will show that Wolf is free from this

vice of stereotyped formulæ; the form and the expression alter in keeping with the character of the song. In this respect, it is safe to say, he, and he alone among modern musicians, stands by Wagner's side and reaches to Wagner's shoulder.

In saying that no other song-writer absorbs himself so thoroughly in his poet, we must guard against a misunderstanding that is current among those who do not know Wolf well at first hand. One of the excellences of Wolf is the free play his music gives to all the vital features of the words. The song-writer has to satisfy two demands at once,—to write agreeable music and to do justice to the words; to see, for example, that only the most important of them are thrown into the highest relief. A melody may be shapely enough in and by itself, but may make nonsense of the poetic line to which it is united. One instance may suffice for many. At the end of Goethe's *Prometheus* is a line in which the Titan threatens Zeus that he will make a race like himself to defy the god,—“a race that shall be like me.” Schubert, bent only on writing a nice melody, gets the stress on “like” instead of on “me,” and so destroys not only the force, but the very sense of the line. Examples of the kind can be cited by the hundred from him and other song-writers. There are other ways, too, in which the composer can be false to the poem,—by making the music pause when the sense of the poem goes on, or go on when the sense of the poem pauses, for example. All these errors Wolf avoids; the music, in accent, force, and color, fits the words as beautifully as in Wagner. But there is no truth in the charge, so unthinkingly made, that Wolf's motto is merely “follow the words,” and that consequently his songs have not the same perfection of musical form as those of Schubert, Schumann or Brahms. While accurate accentuation in a song is a most desirable thing, no one would call a song good merely on that account, if the music itself were bad. The point is that Wolf gets this rightness of accent, and the closest fidelity to all the details of the

¹ For a fuller consideration of this and other points than is possible here I would refer the reader to pages 154–56, 182, 191–97 of my book on *Wolf* (Methuen, London).

poem, without doing the least injustice to the general design of his song. A simple examination of any of the songs in the present volume will show how exquisitely designed and proportioned they are on the purely musical side. The belief that they are mere line-to-line settings of the words, without any organic structure, can only come from ignorance of them.

III

The present selection, it is hoped, is as representative of Wolf as any could be. Some of the more massive things, like the *Prometheus*, have had to be omitted because of their length; while exigencies of copyright have barred others that one would have liked to include. But we get here as full a picture of Wolf as any selection could give. As his life-work lay mainly in the song, it has been possible to show here the whole development of his art, from one of his earliest efforts—the *Mausfallen-Sprüchlein*, written in 1882—to the *Alles endet, was entstehet*, which was almost the last song Wolf wrote. It was a favorite practice of his to set continuously a large number of songs by the same poet. Thus we have the Mörike volume (fifty-three songs), the Eichendorff volume (seventeen), the Spanish volume (forty-four), the Goethe volume (fifty-one), and the Italian volume (forty-six). So thoroughly did he enter into the psychology of his poets that his style unconsciously varied with each of them, in the same way that Wagner's style in *Die Meistersinger* differs from that of *Tristan*. He wrote with great rapidity, and, like Schubert, in a state of something like clairvoyance. He would usually read and re-read a poem at night, sleep upon it, and in the morning find the music for it so completely made that all he had to do was to write it out without a pause. The first draft, too, was generally the last. These weeks or months of constant cerebration were generally succeeded by months of mental exhaustion, in which no ideas would come to him; then would follow another spell of feverish activity. During the ardor of composition he would scarcely sleep or eat or rest for days together.

He learned much from Schubert and Schumann, but the strongest influence upon him was undoubtedly Wagner. One means by this, not that he was an imitator of Wagner, but that he took full advantage of the great stimulus the dramatist has given to the poetic side of modern music, as Strauss has done in another way, and as Wagner himself took advantage of the new spirit that Beethoven infused into the art. It is a particularly bad error to call him, as some writers have done, the Wagner of the song, if by that is meant that he consciously applied the Wagnerian principles of structure to it. It is quite true that now and then he works on a kind of *leitmotiv*, as—to take a simple case—in *In der Frühe*. But wherever he does so, it is because that particular song is best treated in that particular way; for other songs he has different methods. Now and then he will write an "accompaniment" more or less of the ordinary type, as in *Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst*; but as a rule his piano parts are not "accompaniments," but joint-sharers of the expression with the singer. Of course the charge has been made that the piano part is the real thing and the voice only an accompanying instrument; but of what composer has it not been said, as soon as he began to use the vast expressional resources of our harmonic instruments, that he was "placing the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal on the stage"? This charge was made against Wagner, against Gluck, against Schubert, against Mozart. It is now Wolf's turn; but sensible people will not grumble because the piano part in his songs talks in a way that adds to our pleasure, instead of indulging in meaningless chatter. And what talk it is! How expressive and how infinitely varied! Nowhere else in the whole history of the song shall we find it touching life at so many points,—so full of passion, pathos, humor, and emotion of every kind.

1. *Mausfallen-Sprüchlein* (*The Mouse-Trap*). The *Mausfallen-Sprüchlein* was written some years before Wolf came to such superb consciousness of himself in the Mörike volume. But even in

1882 he had found his own path; we see already the characteristic features of his style,—the independent piano part, the unfettered movement of the voice, the power of creating “atmosphere,” the unconventional ending. The present song, it should be said, is put into the mouth of a little girl, who, according to Mörike’s directions, “goes round the trap three times and then speaks.”

2. *Zur Ruh, zur Ruh!* (*To rest, to rest!*) Again an early song, but one that is a distinct foreshadowing of the Mörike volume, not only in power and beauty, but even in idiom. The first section of the song is one of the noblest of all Wolf’s conceptions; a more moving, more sincere voicing of bodily and mental fatigue could hardly be imagined. In the second verse the formula of the opening bar of the first is retained in its essential quality; but while the individual phrases droop down in this way, as a totality they keep mounting all the time, until they culminate in the high G-flat on “Traum.” With the words “zum Mutterherzen” we have a repetition of the concluding phrase of the first verse, only this time in the minor. The final *ritornello* carries us down into profound depths of repose.

3. *Biterolf*. The heavy rhythmic tread of the song throughout is very expressive of the fundamental strength of Biterolf’s soul, in spite of its deep depression. Each phrase, each bar, if analyzed, will be seen to follow, in the most subtle way, the slightest *nuance* of feeling in the words. The philosophy of Biterolf’s final lines is summed up again in the five bars for the piano with which the song ends,—an aspiring surge of the spirit up “the hill and asperous way,” then a subsidence into resignation.

4. *Der Soldat* (*The Soldier*). II. Every expression-mark must here be attended to most carefully,—the grouping of the notes, the sudden changes from *pp* and *p* to *f* and *ff*, and back again, and every little *sforzando*. The whole song must give the impression of agitation and almost breathless haste.

5. *Der Soldat* (*The Soldier*). I. As the composer directs, the *staccato* must be kept going through-

out, partly in order to convey the sense of riding that runs through all the song, partly to give the requisite air of nonchalance and perkiness. Beware of dropping into the sentimental at the points marked “tenderly,” remembering that the whole song is cast in a rather ironical mould. Note that the soldier’s confident declaration of his love, in the words “So gibt’s doch just Keine die mir besser gefällt,” is echoed impishly in the accompaniment at the end, where he decides that he has no intention of being decoyed into matrimony.

6. *Seemanns Abschied* (*The Sailor’s Farewell*). Here, as in the case of some other songs of Wolf, we feel that the conception is not primarily pianistic, the orchestra being required to bring out fully all the tone-color that is suggested. Still it comes out very well in the piano, conveying the real salt taste of the sea and the sting of the wind on the cheek. Always with Wolf, as with Wagner, the expression is accurately modelled to the very tissue of the character that is speaking. The dignity of Wotan, for example, is different from that of Hans Sachs; the music in the one case suggests the god as clearly as in the other case it suggests the man. There is never any doubt as to the characters and the environment in Wolf’s songs; they are unmistakably of the sea, or the forest, or the sick-room, or the cloister. It all came from his being so thoroughly absorbed in his poet,—an absorption so absolute as to amount to hypnotization; for the time being the composer’s own identity was sunk in that of the character he was portraying.

7. *Das Ständchen* (*The Serenade*). This is one of the best examples of Wolf’s original handling, free and yet symmetrical, of a plain and quite pedestrian poetic rhythm. Read Eichendorff’s poem by itself, and you will see that it falls into one of the simplest, least subtle of metrical forms. Then observe what Wolf does with it,—how he avoids the faintest suspicion of the mechanical in the tread of *his* rhythm. After the preliminary trying of the lute, a theme begins in the piano in

the ninth bar, and comes to an end five bars later, instead of the customary four. The voice begins its phrase a bar later than the piano (for the phrase really starts on the B of the tenth bar, not on the two F-sharps of the ninth); and this also spreads itself over five bars, thus finishing a bar after the piano. For some time afterwards the piano works in phrases of six bars' duration.¹ Finally, with a return to the original key of B, we have a return also to the five-bar structure. Meanwhile, the voice, at the same time that it keeps making its entry independently of the starting-points of the piano phrases, achieves further rhythmic variety by declining the obvious resting-places to which the poet has invited it. Thus Eichendorff makes end-rhymes of "blassen" and "Gassen," though the former requires the succeeding noun, and the latter the succeeding verb, in order to complete the sense. This, of course, is always sanctioned in poetry; the reader would make merely an almost imperceptible pause at the end of the two lines in question,—just long enough to let the rhyme clink upon the ear, yet not enough to produce any feeling of an awkward splitting-up of the sense of the "blassen Wolken" and "Gassen singt." In music, however, with its more strictly regulated time-spaces, to finish the phrases on "blassen" and "Gassen" would be ridiculous; so Wolf's delicate rhythmic sense makes him build his stanza into two lines, instead of four,²—the rhymes being only "herfür" and "Thür;" while the assonance of "blassen" and "Gassen" is made as little obtrusive as possible by the quiet slipping of the weak "-sen" into the strong "Wolk-" and by the short "-sen" of "Gassen" being lost in the long "singt" that follows. In the next stanza, where the rhyme of "wieder" and "nieder" dislocates neither the verbal nor the musical flow, Wolf lets it stand, thus making his verse a four-line one, instead of a two-line one as in the first stanza.

There is, of course, a dual spirit running through

the song, the serenade of the student serving as a foil to the melancholy reflections of the other man. Wolf excelled in this species of double characterization.

8. *Der Tambour (The Drummer)*. A specimen of Wolf's lighter manner,—a series of little tone-pictures set in the frame of one humorous motive. The dream grows on the drummer in the middle portion of the song, till he believes in the reality of it, and lets himself go in fine style; then he recognizes the unsubstantiality of it all, and his reflections grow dimmer and more confused as he sinks into sleep.

9. *Der Jäger (The Hunter)*. One of the peculiarities of Mörike's muse is its faculty of seeing a familiar poetic figure in quite unfamiliar aspects. *Der Jäger* is a case in point. Instead of merely making the conventional poem out of the hunter's joy in his pursuit, Mörike frames this motive, as it were, inside another. He drives the hunter into the woods through a misunderstanding with his beloved, paints him in his attempts to find forgetfulness there, and finally shows him, melted and appeased, hungering again for her arms and her kisses. It will be seen at once how easily such a scheme plays into the hands of the musician,—what opportunity it affords for variety of mood and contrast of phrase. Note the touch of petulance and temper in the beginning, the wild joy of the verse beginning "Willkommen denn, des Jägers Lust," the softening of this same theme at "Nun sitzt sie wohl und weinet laut," the gradual depression of the hunter's spirits, and finally the almost boyish glee with which he makes up his mind to return to his beloved, in spite of the occasional sharpness of her tongue.

10. *Nimmersatte Liebe (Insatiable Love)*. The song hovers in mood between passion, regret and irony,

¹ The slurred B in the fourteenth bar of the song apparently makes the opening phrase a six-bar one; but it is evident, on consideration, that the phrase really ends with bar 13; the B might be slurred through half a dozen bars without altering the essential melodic and rhythmic structure.

² "Poetry," as Berlioz says, "is the slave of the rhythm it imposes on itself; music is not only independent, but is the factor that creates the rhythm, and that, all the while that it preserves it in its constitutive elements, can modify it in detail in a thousand ways."

—the last being predominant on the whole. Wolf thought a good deal of this song. On the 24th of February, 1888, he wrote to his friend Michael Haberlandt: "It is now just seven in the evening, and I am as extra happy as an extra happy king. To-day I have done a new song. When you hear it, it will delight you like the very devil. At the end it breaks into the student-spirit, and goes off right lustily." The melodic line is a long one, Wolf handling each verse differently from those that precede it; only at the end is a return made to the melody of the opening. The song looks like becoming extremely serious in cast by the time we get to the lines:

"Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh',
Wie's Lämmlein unter'm Messer;"

but with the *reprise* of the tune of the first verse, a philosophical nonchalance takes possession of the song, and it finishes up in a humorous, ironic tone.

11. *Auftrag* (*A Commission*). Wolf in his lighter moments is always charming. The *Auftrag* is a popular melody in the best sense of the word, smacking of the direct, colloquial speech of the people, yet always tasteful and artistic in its naturalness. The working-out is delightfully free and audacious.

12. *Der Genesene an die Hoffnung* (*The Convalescent's Song to Hope*). Out of the depths of the darkness there surges up a moan of pain and weariness; dawn is breaking, and towards it the sick man turns his eyes, still weighed down with suffering. Then a faint pulse of life stirs within him, soon swelling to a great cry as he feels that the victory over disease and death has been won. With the words "Opfer bracht' ich allen Göttern" a touch of weakness comes upon him again; he remembers mournfully his illness, until, with "O vergieb, du Vielgetreue!" there comes a blend of all his emotions and sensations,—exhaustion, hope, and longing for release. All this is painted in one eloquent page, till at last the strenuous appeal seems to bring with it the promise of its own consolation, and the song ends

with a most natural and moving sigh of contented abandonment, as the tired soul sinks into the tender arms of Hope.

13. *Der Gärtner* (*The Gardener*). The figure beginning in the first bar and running persistently through the accompaniment, which it seems hard at first to correlate with the idea of the gardener, becomes quite clear in meaning when the poem is read. It is really the princess who fills the poem, and the prancing and curvetting of the accompaniment is meant to suggest the movement of her horse as she rides before the enamored gaze of the gardener. There is a Schubertian spontaneity and a Schubertian charm in this simple lyric.

14. *Auf einer Wanderung* (*Wandering*). Here we have a specimen of Wolf's method, referred to in the introduction, of framing the piano part symphonically, making of it a kind of infinitely variable background over which the voice flits like a human figure across a scene. The general movement of the piano part gives the sense of travelling; it always changes its color and its intensity in harmony with the surroundings. At "Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht," there comes a kind of second subject,—the objective painting of movement disappears, and is replaced by a purely subjective frame of mind, the traveller giving himself up, in increasing rapture, to the beauty of his emotions; finally the first subject enters again, only to be broken, at the last moment, by a dreamy reminiscence of the preceding theme of rapture. Altogether it is one of the very rarest products of Wolf's genius, a conception that only a man who was at once poet and musician could have accomplished.

15. *Gebet* (*Prayer*). The eight bars of introduction are pregnant with meaning; it would be difficult to find another passage in music in which so much of the concentrated essence of devotion and spiritual passion is conveyed in so few tones. Note the constant accent of resignation in the voice-part,—a characteristic that reappears even in the pleading final phrases. The exquisite theme

in the piano at the words "Doch in der Mitten," with its tender caressing of the vocal phrase, is one of Wolf's happiest inspirations; there is a world of meaning in the soar and dip of its curve. A point that should not be missed is the effect of hesitation in the word "Doch" each time.

16. *Verborgenheit* (*Secrecy*). Being almost the simplest in construction of all Wolf's songs, the *Verborgenheit* was one of the first to become popular both in Germany and other countries. It is of a kind, with its regular, strophic melody standing out above an "accompaniment" in the ordinary sense of the word, that Wolf did not often affect. It is, indeed, the one song of his that reminds us most pointedly of other song-writers, though, of course, the handling from "Was ich traure" to "wonniglich in meiner Brust" is pure Wolf.

17. *Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens* (*A Maiden's First Love-Song*). Wolf spent the spring and summer of 1888 in composing, in a whirl of artistic delight, the songs of the Mörike volume. On March 20th he wrote to his friend Haberlandt: "To-day . . . I have done my masterpiece. *Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens* is by far the best that I have yet turned out. In comparison with this song all the preceding ones are child's play. The music is so overwhelming in its characterization, and of such intensity, that it would lacerate the nervous system of a block of marble." It is true that he writes the next day,—after composing the glorious *Fussreise*,—"I revoke what I said about the *Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens* being my best song; for the one I wrote this morning, *Fussreise*, is a million times better. When you hear this, you can have only one desire in your soul—to die."

The poem, with its terse, pregnant diction and its curious symbolism, is one that only a genius like Wolf could have set to music. Notice how, at the opening, he preserves the curtness of the poetic speech intact, and yet contrives to shape it all into a long and expressive musical phrase,—especially on the words "Aber ich bin bange." In the little interlude marked *immer mehr nach-*

lassend care must be taken to give due weight, with the thumb of the right hand, to the ascending G, Ab, A, A#.

Wolf's instinct did not betray him as to the value of this offspring of his muse. There is indeed in it a tornado-like passion that a heart of marble could hardly resist.

18. *Fussreise* (*Tramping*). At one time æstheticians used to object to any representation of external action, holding that it was not the "function" of music to "paint." This school—that really founded itself on Beethoven's remark about his own Pastoral Symphony—is now fast becoming extinct. Since Wagner showed how the movement of the waters, the licking of fire, the whizzing of a spear, and a hundred other things, could be painted in music, the æstheticians are realizing that it is risky to lay down *a priori* laws as to what music can and cannot do. Since Wagner's time, Richard Strauss, with his marvellous pictorial faculty, has given the older school of theorists their finishing blow. The representation or suggestion of things is of course quite legitimate in music, provided, first, it achieves what it pretends to achieve, and, second, it does so through a medium æsthetically pleasing in itself. Thus Wagner's fire-music is right because it both suggests the motion of fire and is beautiful. In Hugo Wolf's songs we get plenty of painting of the best kind. In *Anakreon's Grab* everything seems to droop quietly and tenderly over a flowered grave; in *Seemanns Abschied* the music, as it were, tastes of the very salt of the sea. In *Fussreise* we have the steady tramp of the climber, trudging along sturdily with his newly cut staff. This is Wolf's "atmosphere," his "motive;" it runs all through the song, keeping the man and his surroundings perpetually in our view. Against this background are shown up the varying emotions of the wanderer, both voice and accompaniment cunningly changing in outline and nuance in obedience to the spirit of the words. The long-breathed character of the melodic phrases, by the way, is worth noticing; in the third stanza, for example, there is no break from

start to finish, the melodic line being one continuous stroke of the brush, extending over ten bars. *Fussreise* can take its place confidently among the very finest "Songs of the Road."

19. *Das verlassene Mägdlein* (*The Forsaken Maiden*). We often get the best idea of Wolf's peculiar excellences by comparing one of his songs with some other composer's setting of the same words. In the present case we can compare him with Schumann, who set Mörike's poem as Op. 64, No. 2. We see at once that Wolf has been possessed far more deeply than Schumann by the subject; that is, while Schumann's setting is indeed congruous with the words, it is so in a *general* way only; there is nothing like the absolute interpenetration of words and music at *every* point that we get in Wolf. To begin with, what Schumann does only moderately well, Wolf does perfectly,—he suggests quite convincingly the constant grayness of the atmosphere of the poem, a grayness that overhangs it even in the middle section, where the poor girl's heart warms for a moment at the thought of her faithless lover. Schumann's setting of the first stanza—to put the thing in another way—paints a misery that might be born of a hundred situations; Wolf's picture is clearly of the desolate kitchen in the chill morning, and the unhappy little drudge unwillingly setting about her dreary work. Wolf's simple handling of the second stanza, again, with its bare apparatus of just two or three chords, achieves a veracity and a poignancy that leave Schumann far behind. Then note the difference after the words "Ich schaue so darein, in Leid versunken." Schumann flies off, with only a crotchet break, to the next words; Wolf, by means of four bars for the piano, brings home to us still more closely the misery of the girl. Schumann next fails in two ways to get the full value of the "Plötzlich da kommt es mir." In the first place he weakens the contrast between this and the preceding verse by giving to these words merely the end of a musical phrase of which the first part has been set to the "Ich schaue so darein, in Leid ver-

sunken;" that is, the new verse is only a musical completion of the other, not a contrast to it. In the second place, the dramatic force of the "Plötzlich" is lost by giving to the first syllable a crotchet value and to the second a quaver value. Look now at Wolf's treatment of the lines. The whole phrase is taken more quickly, thus suggesting the sudden irruption of a new and warmer emotion into the girl's heart; the "Plötzlich" comes out, in two rapid quavers, with startling suddenness; and the ascent of the voice to the highest point it reaches throughout the whole song throws this train of thought into correspondingly high relief; then a calmer mood, softened by a retrospect of her dream, comes with the words, "dass ich die Nacht von dir geträumet habe." Finally there is a return to the descending harmonies of the commencement, with their curious tinge of sadness, and the song ends in a kind of cold and hollow irresolution.

20. *Lebe wohl* (*Fare thee well*). Here again the piano has a complete picture of its own to delineate; it is a noble piece of writing, surcharged with deep feeling, and almost orchestral in the rich intensity of its color. The modulations in the last three bars in which the voice takes part are particularly expressive. After "und leichtem Herzen" the piano is almost exclusively occupied with the "Lebe wohl" theme heard in the first bar of the song. In spite of the independent flow of the piano-part, at no point does the vocal writing bear any trace of mechanical adaptation; it is quite spontaneous throughout, quite musical in itself, and in perfect accord with the words.

21. *Auf ein altes Bild* (*On an Old Picture*). Here everything is so straightforward, and the poetic intention, with its realization in the music, so easily grasped, that the song hardly calls for comment. One may perhaps just draw attention to the curious peacefulness of the music, so suggestive of the mellowness of the old religious picture; it is only in the last words of the song that there comes a faint touch of pain.

22. *Er ist's (Song to Spring)*. This song was composed on the same day as *In der Frühe*. The piano part is a fine example of Wolf's logical working-out of an emotion. It is mainly one big crescendo of feeling. Examine it from "Veilchen träumen schon," and you will see that it is always ascending, until it culminates in the crashing tonic chords that enter just as the voice finishes. There is a curious and very effective "disappointment of expectation," at "streifen ahnungsvoll das Land," where the harmonies modulate away from the key our ear has been led to anticipate.

23. *In der Frühe (Morning)*. As Dr. Ernst Decsey points out in his biography of Wolf, the poetic problem in this song is much the same as that in *Der Genesene an die Hoffnung*,—first the sleepless man turning his eyes to the window in the gray morning, then the coming of a brighter day both in nature and in his soul. The same essential musical motive is employed in both halves of the song. At first it is in the minor, and the piano-part lies low down in the instrument,—everything uniting to give the sense of a gloomy, dispiriting atmosphere. Gradually the mists clear away; the motive appears in the major, with clearer harmonies, and the emancipated soul, rid of its spectres, looks at the world in a calmer and more hopeful mood.

24. *Neue Liebe (New Love)*. One of the best examples of Wolf's use of a continuous leading-motive in the piano-part. It is quietly sketched at the beginning of the song; then, at the words "So kann ich Niemand's heissen auf der Erde," it enters on a fine working-out, modulating through a wide range of key-color. The vocal writing is both expressive and unusually free; very striking is the finishing of the voice on a tone just short of the key-note to which one expects it to return.

25. *Gesang Weyla's (Weyla's Song)*. Here the tone of solemn, almost religious, exaltation is admirably conveyed; the emotion is of too deep a nature to express itself in anything but this

slow, restrained, sibylline speech. This song was one of the first of Wolf's to attain popularity, both in Germany and elsewhere.

26. *Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergiebt (He who on solitude is bent)*. This song—one of those that almost every German lyricist feels himself called upon to set to music—is to be found in Book II, Chapter XIII, of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*. It is sung by the old harper, and is an epitome of the sad life-history of that strange, melancholy being. There is the right weariness, the right touch of morbidity, in Wolf's handling of it. Very expressive is the change to the D major at "nicht allein," with its note of balm and consolation, that throws into still higher relief the subsequent return to the opening world of gloom. There is a fine suggestion of frustration, of striving and coming to nothing, in the final bars of the song, that seem to leave us face to face with a question to which there is no answer.

27. *Anakreon's Grab (Anacreon's Grave)*. Out of one of the most beautiful of all Goethe's poems Wolf has made one of the most beautiful of all his songs. Goethe dwells tenderly upon the recollection of Anacreon,—the joyous old poet who lived so long among the heart-gladdening things of the world, and to whose ever young spirit there never came a breath of winter and its chill. Notice the exquisitely suggestive droop of the opening *ritornello*,—as of some one bending lovingly, and without sadness, over a grave; then the triplet groups rising and falling at the end of each bar, like gently swaying, intertwining leaves; the note of serious questioning as the beholder asks, "Welch ein Grab ist hier," and the pregnant peace of the reply, "Es ist Anakreons Ruh'." A comparison of the end of the song with the beginning is instructive, and throws a strong light on the variety of resources of Wolf's art. Every student of Wagner's music-dramas is aware that too often the composer fails to blend his voice-part convincingly with his accompaniment—the picture has been drawn primarily in the orchestra, and the vocal line

has been made to square with it as best it can, and sometimes very badly. This is a reproach that can only rarely be brought against Wolf. No matter how self-contained and apparently complete the piano-part may be, we feel, as a rule, no awkwardness, no trace of cold reflective labor, in the handling of the voice-part. It seems quite inevitable in itself, and quite an organic part of the accompaniment. *Anakreon's Grab* is a case in point. The piano-part in the first and last stanza is practically the same. The voice-part is absolutely different; yet in each case it gives us the impression that it is the one melody in the world that was meant to go along with that particular accompaniment. Allowing himself, as it would seem, the minimum of freedom and of space in which to move, Wolf yet succeeds in making the music to each verse a perfect expression of the particular emotion it embodies.

Observe, finally, the note of conviction in the music to the closing words, and the soothing, undulating descent of the concluding *ritornello*, so suggestive of the beautiful peace of the old poet's end.

28. *So lasst mich scheinen (Think me the angel I soon shall be)*. This is Mignon's song, from Book VIII, Chapter II, of *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*; and to appreciate the song fully it is necessary to know the story. For the benefit of those who do not, it may just be said that Mignon is a little Italian girl who has been stolen by travelling rope-dancers. She is ultimately rescued from them by Wilhelm Meister. She is a mysterious, enigmatic little character, passionately devoted to Wilhelm, and full of the strangest poetry; but no one, not even Wilhelm himself, really understands her. She has always dressed in boy's clothes, and only towards the very end can she be prevailed upon to clothe herself as a girl. Reference is made to this in the lines:

“Und jene himmlischen Gestalten,
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib;
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.”

Shortly before she dies, from a spasm of the heart, she plays the part of a fairy in a little scene, in which, on the birthday of two twin sisters, she has to bring them the reward of their good behavior. She is clothed in “a long, light snow-white dress,” with “a golden girdle round her waist and a golden fillet on her hair,” and a pair of large golden wings. “Thus did the strange apparition, with a lily in one hand and a little basket in the other, glide in among the girls.” They question her wonderingly:

“‘Art thou an angel?’ asked one of them.
‘I wish I were,’ said Mignon.
‘Why dost thou bear a lily?’
‘So pure and so open should my heart be;
then were I happy.’
‘What wings are these? Let us see them!’
‘They represent far finer ones, which are not
yet unfolded.’”

Then, when the performance is over, and the elder people wish “to undress the little angel,” Mignon resists them, and sings the present song.

Wolf's setting of it is a triumph of characterization; it is, indeed, when one knows it thoroughly, one of the most moving of his works. It is poignant, but never poignant beyond the years, as it were, of the poor little singer; it sounds a pitiful note throughout, in keeping with the pathos of this sad and incomprehensible fragment of child-life. Many fine musicians have set the beautiful lyrics of *Wilhelm Meister*, but it is no disparagement of them to say that none of them but Wolf can reach to the full height of great Goethe and worthily take him by the hand. The others have made a musical masterpiece of this song or that; Wolf alone compasses the whole length and breadth, the whole height and depth, of Goethe's soul, comprehending in a flash every secret intention of the poet, and dowering it with a beauty and a meaning that only the finest music can give to the finest poetry.

29. *So lang man nüchtern ist (The while you sober dwell)*. This and the next three songs are taken from the *Westöstlicher Divan (West-Eastern Divan)*, a collection of poems in oriental style,

mostly written by Goethe about 1814, when he was sixty-five years old. He was stimulated to this form of work by the publication, in 1813 and 1814, of Hammer-Purgstall's translation of Hafiz. Of the twelve books into which the *Divan* is divided, each with a more or less fanciful title, Wolf chose three for his selections,—the *Buch des Sängers* (*Book of the Singer*), the *Schenkenbuch* (*Book of the Tavern*), and the *Buch Suleika* (*Book of Suleika*). The *So lang man nüchtern ist* and the *Trunken müssen wir alle sein*, are from the *Schenkenbuch*. This song is an example of Goethe's success in a mode of poetical philosophizing made familiar to modern readers by translations of Omar Khayyám and Hafiz. Life is seen through eyes half cynically humorous, half regretful, but always imaginative and poetical. The present poem, indeed, appeals directly to Hafiz for justification of its views upon love and wine. Wolf has caught admirably the quiet, sly features of the original. The gaiety is never too boisterous; we are not allowed to forget that it is a philosopher's discourse we are listening to, not a mere advertisement of the bottle.

30. *Trunken müssen wir alle sein* (*Drunken must we be*). This song also is from the *Schenkenbuch* division of Goethe's *Westöstlicher Divan*, and brings to bear upon the praise of wine the same wealth of eloquence that in the *Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens* and the *Hochbeglückt in deiner Liebe* is showered upon the praise of love. There is equal expressiveness in the Bacchic whirl of the beginning and end of the song (in 6/8 time), and in the less lyric and more casuistic middle portions (in 2/4 time), where we can imagine the bibulous philosopher pounding out an accompaniment to his remarks with his fists upon the table.

31. *Nicht Gelegenheit macht Diebe* (Hatem)
(*Thieves are not made by occasion*)

32. *Hochbeglückt in Deiner Liebe* (Suleika)
(*Through thy dear love fortun'd highly*)

These two songs are from the *Buch Suleika*. Hatem and Suleika are the two chief personages

therein; Hatem is Goethe himself, while Suleika is Marianne von Willemer, whom the ever amorous old poet had met and fallen in love with in 1814. The two songs are complementary; it will be noticed that the second one begins with the theme that opens the voice-part of the first, while the soaring syncopated figure seen in the piano part of "Nicht Gelegenheit," after the first verse, is turned to magnificent use in the second song. Fine as Hatem's singing is, it is eclipsed by the reply of Suleika, that must have swept the good Hatem off his feet with its torrential passion. It is, indeed, one of the very finest of Wolf's efforts. Once the flood-gates are opened, there is no keeping back the mighty rush of water; and long after the voice has ceased, the great full-throated emotion keeps singing on, sustaining its inner fire and its volume undiminished to the end.

33. *Ich fuhr über Meer* (*I sailed over sea*). There is a suggestion of Wagner in this song. Very curious is the almost perpetual octave treatment of the upper half of the piano-part. The general working-out is bold, producing a fine impression of ever present torment that leaves the speaker no rest; and there is great pathos in the return, at the end of each verse, to the one sad refrain, that must be given slowly each time in tones of settled despair. The furious, pelting figure that has torn restlessly throughout the song becomes a moan, a wail, in the concluding bars.

34. *Wenn du zu den Blumen gehst* (*When thou goest to thy flowers*). This lovely song has the aromatic charm and the floreate beauty of the garden of which it sings. Again we see how royally Wolf sets aside the artificial divisions of poetic verse-making in order to achieve the true blending of the verbal sense with the flow of the melody; see, for instance, how he disregards the chip-chop of the verse at

"Lieblicher als Rosen sind
Die Küsse, die dein Mund verschwendet;
Weil der Reiz der Blumen endet,
Wo dein Liebreiz erst beginnt."

With a supreme contempt for the exigencies of rhyme that made the poet throw the compara-

tively unimportant "sind" into such high relief, the musician relegates it to obscurity, putting the weight of *his* phrasing on the "Lieblicher als Rosen" and "die Küsse;" and in the last two lines he gets a contrast, that is hard for the reader of the poetry to get, by dwelling a long time on the essential word "dein."

35. *Nun wandre, Maria (Come, Mary, take comfort)*. This is one of the most curious and at the same time most exquisite conceptions in modern music. It is profoundly true as a piece of psychology; it sounds just the right note of tender solicitude; and the touching simplicity of the whole thing reminds us at times of the pre-Raphaelite painters, at times of those altar-pieces of Hans Memling in which realism is so subtly blended with the utmost idealism of feeling. A curious feeling of pilgrimage is induced by the ceaseless flow of thirds in the right hand, symbolical, to my mind, of the two figures moving along side by side in the night; while the consecutive fifths and sixths in the left hand give an atmosphere of spacious quietness, at the same time that they contribute to the delightful archaism of the general effect. And—without ever forcing the picture out of its frame, without ever disturbing the main characteristics of the song—what beautiful heartfelt sympathy breathes through the music at the words:

"Wohl seh' ich, Herrin, die Kraft dir schwinden,
Kann deine Schmerzen ach! kaum verwinden."

The more one examines the song, indeed, the more of a psychological triumph does it become. How finely it is suggested that the pair are not ordinary lovers, and what exquisite humility blends with the love of Joseph!

36. *Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott (Play, my love, with love your game)*

37. *Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero (Tinkle gaily, my pandero)*

Like Wagner, Wolf changed his style with each new intellectual world that he entered. There is the utmost possible difference, for example, between the Mörike volume and the *Spanisches*

Liederbuch; the very appearance of the printed page is different, suggesting in itself a new mode of speech and of color effect. This change is at once seen in No. 1 of the Spanish secular songs, *Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero*, the accompaniment being full of local color. The song is of a kind that Wolf greatly liked, running simultaneously, as it were, along two tracts of feeling. The player makes tripping music for the dancing, but all the time her mind is full of her own sorrow. We have already seen Wolf working on these lines in *Das Ständchen*; another specimen is the *Ach im Maien war's, im Maien*, further on in the volume. (Some difficulty, by the way, will probably be found at first in striking the A-natural at the beginning of the second and fourth verses. The best way is to keep in mind the A-sharp of the chord of F-sharp major, upon which the preceding bars are mostly based, and then descend a semitone.)

In *Treibe nur mit Lieben Spott* the proper mixture of seriousness and light-heartedness can only be brought out by the strictest attention to every mark of expression and phrasing. It is a song of which the mechanic and the artist will make two absolutely different products.

38. *Auf dem grünen Balcon (From her balcony green)*. Wolf could always drop the tragic mask when he liked, and sing lovely songs out of pure love for beauty; but for sheer loveliness there are few things of his to compare with *Auf dem grünen Balcon*,—a song that is instinct with delicate and fragrant poetry. Again we have to note the rare art in the handling of the vocal portion,—the apparently unconscious and yet always successful and justifiable submerging of the poetic rhythm in the musical.

39. *Mühevoll komm' ich und beladen (Sad I come, and bending lowly)*. Like the "Nun bin ich Dein," this is a cry from the depth of a sinner's heart. Probably there is nothing in modern music to compare with it for sheer intensity except the terrible lament of the unhappy Amfortas in the first act of *Parsifal*. Observe the harping upon one note, particularly the incessant return

to the C in the first verse, the A and B in the lines:

"Du nur schaffest, dass ich weiss
Wie das Vliess der Lämmer werde.
Tilgen willst du ja den Schaden
Dem, der reuig dich umfasst;"

the C-sharp in the third verse, and the terrifying reiteration of those packed, insistent chords that recur in almost every other bar of the song, but are particularly forceful in the form they assume after the words "der reuig dich umfasst," and again at the final "O nimm mich an." It would be impossible to paint more finely than in this song the torture of the brain by the awful obsession of one idea.

40. *Nun bin ich Dein (Now I am Thine)*. A good example of Wolf's application of the "leading-motive" principle to the song. It will be noticed that practically the whole song is constructed out of the phrase heard in the first bar of the piano-part. Numerous changes are rung upon this; it varies in form and color in obedience to the sentiment of the words, being now restful, now passionate, now appealing, now despairing. Note the bold spacing of the parts in the piano in bars 9 and 10, and the poignant effect of the E-flat in the voice striking in as it does.

41. *Ach im Maien war's, im Maien (Ah! 't was Maytime)*. The superficial aspect of this song is somewhat deceptive. Apparently a light-hearted lyric in praise of the Maytime, its dominant tinge is really gray and sad. The prisoner cannot help singing tenderly and sweetly of May and its delights, even though he cannot share in them. A more poignant accent comes into the music in the verse commencing "Ich allein, ich armer Trauriger;" and the tender spirit of the first verse, that reappears in the third as the prisoner thinks of his little songster, gives way to a mood of pain when he tells how it was killed. The final passage for the piano keeps up to the last the curious blend of joyousness and regret that makes the song so extraordinarily epicene throughout.

42. *Liebe mir im Busen (Love within my bosom)*. *Liebe mir im Busen* is another song of the tornado order, like *Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens* and *Hochbeglückt in deiner Liebe*. The torrent-like figure that surges up and down in the piano-part is worked out with fine freedom; and the desperation of the cry of "Wasser, liebe Mutter, eh das Herz verbrannt," that occurs each time in a different rhythm from the other parts of the song, is really terrifying.

43. *Tretet ein, hoher Krieger (Come within, noble warrior)*. This is very simple in form and substance, but quite characteristic of Wolf. The whole song, in spite of its lightness, moves with a dignity befitting the characters; the delicate, deliberate movements of the maiden as she relieves the knight of his trappings, and the seductive *câlinerie* of her speech, are admirably painted; and there is something quaint and old-world in the general atmosphere of the song, reminding us of the wood-cuts of the Little Masters.

44. *Ihr seid die Allerschönste (Thou art the loveliest maiden)*. Wolf's love-singing is always noble and loftily passionate, free from the slightest suspicion of the sentimental. When he is working on a small scale, as in the present case, the song seems to come out all in one breath, as it were, the sheer volume of the emotion giving no opportunity for pause until all is said. Note the insistent effect of the reiterated notes in the prelude,—an effect recurring in some form or other throughout the song; it gives the right point and weight to the strong assertiveness and large imagery of the poem. It is as if the composer were driving a conclusion home so forcibly that we could not possibly question it.

45. *Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen (Wouldst thou behold thy loved one sadly dying)*. Here again the tone is noble and elevated. The whole song is really built up out of the little progression seen in the first bar of the piano-part. An exquisite, self-absorbed rapture breathes through the music; the lover sees poetry in his

lady's hair, and describes its beauty in a kind of quiet ecstasy.

46. *Auch kleine Dinge* (*E'en little things*). This beautiful little song may be taken as typical of two of the most noteworthy features of the "Italian Song-book" as a whole,—the extraction of a good deal of deep feeling out of words that at first sight do not seem particularly rich in it, and the extreme simplicity of the musical means employed. The left-hand part should be slightly prominent throughout, without, of course, transgressing against the marking of *sempre pianissimo*. It should be drawn, as it were, in one continuous line from the first bar to the last, and should have the effect of accompanying the voice like a counterpoint, while the right-hand part flutters and murmurs delicately in between.

47. *Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen* (*Although my true love has no habitation*). Exactly the right *tempo* is required to get the proper atmosphere of this song; the jocular ascending passages (bars 6, 8, 10, etc.) must be taken *piano* and *staccato*, so as to bring out the high light on the succeeding *forte* chords, with their heavier marking. The accompanist may conceive the song as scored for the orchestra, the *mezzo-forte* theme being given to one section of it, and the other section replying with the *piano* phrase; this color contrast must be clearly brought out. There is a fine effect in bar 9, where, instead of the chord of F-sharp major which we confidently expect, we are suddenly projected into A major, extra point being thus given to the "Nicht Holz noch Herd," etc.

48. *Wie viele Zeit verlor ich* (*How many hours I've wasted*). Here the piano part looks at first like the ordinary "accompaniment," but how rich and meaningful it is! Although it is all based on a series of groups of four quavers each, no monotony is apparent. In the last bar but two and last but one, care must be taken that the D-flat in the bass sounds throughout each chord.

49. *Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf* (*When thou, my loved one, mountest up to heaven*).

Another song based upon a perpetually recurring figure in the piano, but full of variety. At "So liebevoll umarmst du mich darauf" we see a device of which Wolf was very fond, and which he uses with curious expressiveness,—the device, namely, of writing in the piano a chord not quite filled up, the voice striking in with the completing note. Here, for example, he omits the A-sharp from the piano in the chord at the beginning of the bar, giving it to the voice, where its partly unexpected introduction gives us a peculiar pleasure.¹ In the second stanza the piano-part is worked out with that closeness of texture—rich and spacious chords moving along in a solid company, like a phalanx—that we get so often in the Mörike songs,—for example, in the middle and concluding portions of *Der Genesene an die Hoffnung*. The pianist, by the way, must beware of playing the primary figure of the song (shown in the first bar) with the same phrasing throughout. More especially in the second stanza does Wolf give it great variety of grouping, preserving its uniform architectonic feature without allowing it to sink into monotony. From "Zu einem Herzen" onward a fine effect is made by the alternation of ascent in voice and piano, the whole phrase seeming to be spurred incessantly, by the mutual rivalry of its two constituents, to a loftier and loftier flight.

50. *Alles endet, was entstehet* (*All things living soon must perish*). In 1897, shortly before Wolf's system came to its tragic collapse, he had become greatly interested in Michelangelo through reading Hermann Grimm. It was his intention to set a cycle of the Italian master's sonnets; but only three had been done when he turned his attention feverishly to his opera *Manuel Venegas*. This remained merely a fragment, and the end came before any more of the Michelangelo sonnets could be set. The three we have are all of a noble seriousness of tone; while the *Alles endet, was entstehet* is a gloomy night-piece,—an

¹ Another fine instance is to be had in *Neue Liebe*, on the word "sagen" at the end of the first verse.

eloquent voice from that world of shadows in which Wolf's mental life at this time must have been passed. It is his own epitaph, his own final judgment upon life and the world. His friend Haberlandt, to whom he first played and sang these songs, well describes them as "chiselled in marble,—a threefold motto of his own life, especially the one so full of presage, the *Alles endet, was entsteht*, that in toneless gloom tells of the vanity of all earthly things, and impresses us like an open grave."

The *gedämpft* written over the beginning of the voice-part is not easy to translate in a single word. Technically it is the equivalent of "muted," but Wolf means rather more than this. We must add to the "muted" some sense of "choked" or "suffocated;" it must be sung literally as if death had us by the throat. The voice comes

out on that pregnant A like a moan of utter despair, and sinks helplessly into the depths at "rings vergehet." The whole of the first section is based on the troubled line thrown out in bars 5 and 6 of the piano-part, that afterwards appears (in crotchets instead of minims) in the bass. At the words "sieht, dass Alles" a variant of this figure appears also in the upper part, and it thunders out again for a moment implacably in the two bars that follow "Schmerz und Wonne." The unearthly gloom of the section beginning "Und die wir zu Enkeln hatten," and the pathos of "Menschen waren wir ja auch," while maintaining the general mood of the song, bring with them a change of musical appeal that makes all the more expressive the final return to the terrible "Alles endet, was entsteht."

Ernest Newman.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

In English

- NEWMAN, ERNEST: Hugo Wolf. Methuen & Co., London, 1907
NEWMAN, ERNEST: Hugo Wolf (in *Contemporary Review*, May, 1904)

In German

- BATKA, R.: Kranz: Gesammelte Blätter über Musik (has five articles on Wolf). Lauterbach & Kuhn, Leipzig, 1903
BERINGER, J. A.: Hugo Wolf's Lied (in *Die Gesellschaft*, Vol. 18, No. 22). Dresden and Leipzig
BOSSE, GUSTAV: Hugo Wolf (in *Musik-und Theaterwelt*, Vol. 6, Nos. 12, 13). Berlin
DECSEY, ERNST: Hugo Wolf. 4 vols. Schuster & Loeffler, Leipzig and Berlin, 1903-06
DECSEY, ERNST: Hugo Wolf's "Corregidor" (in *Die Gesellschaft*, Vol. 18, Nos. 17, 18). Dresden and Leipzig
GESAMMELTE AUFSÄTZE ÜBER HUGO WOLF. 3 vols. S. Fischer, Berlin, 1898, 1899, 1900
HABERLANDT, M.: Hugo Wolf: Erinnerungen und Gedanken. Lauterbach & Kuhn, Leipzig, 1903
HECKEL, KARL: Hugo Wolf in seinem Verhältniss zu Richard Wagner. Georg Müller, München, 1905
HELLMER, EDMUND: Hugo Wolf-Briefe (in *Die Zeit*, No. 427). Vienna
HIRSCHFELD, R.: Hugo Wolf's Lyrik (in *Die Zeitschrift der internationalen Musikgesellschaft*, No. 8). Leipzig, 1903
JOSS, VICTOR: Hugo Wolf (in *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, Vol. 70, No. 17). Leipzig
MARSCHNER, FRANZ: Hugo Wolf's Begräbniss. Anton Bruckner's Wiederkunft. In *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, Vol. 70, No. 17. Leipzig
MAYREDER, ROSA: Hugo Wolf: Erinnerungen (in *Die Jugend*, No. 11, 1903). Munich
MÜLLER, PAUL: Hugo Wolf. Goze & Tetzlaff, Berlin, 1904
NAWRATIL, KARL: Hugo Wolf (in *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, Vol. 70, No. 17). Leipzig
NODNAGEL, E. O.: Jenseits von Wagner und Liszt, 1902
OCHS, SIEGFRIED: Hugo Wolf in Berlin, January, 1894: Persönliche Erinnerungen (in *Deutsche Tonkünstler-Zeitung*, No. 17). Charlottenburg
TEIBLER, H.: Hugo Wolf (in *Daheim*, Vol. 39, No. 1)
VANCSA, MAX: Hugo Wolf (in *Neue musikalische Presse*, Vol. 12, No. 5). Vienna
WELTI, H.: Hugo Wolf (in *Die Nation*, Vol. 20, No. 22). Berlin
WOLF, HUGO: Briefe an Hugo Faisst; herausgegeben von Michael Haberlandt. Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart, 1904
WOLF, HUGO: Briefe an Oskar Grohe; herausgegeben von Heinrich Werner. S. Fischer, Berlin, 1905
WOLF, HUGO: Briefe an Emil Kauffmann; herausgegeben von Edmund Hellmer. S. Fischer, Berlin, 1903
ZSCHORLICH, PAUL: Hugo Wolf (in *Die Zeit*, Vol. 2, No. 23). Vienna
DIE MUSIK devoted the whole of No. 12 of Vol. II of its issue to Hugo Wolf
Jahrbuch der Musikbibliothek Peters, 1904. (Contains some letters of Wolf)

FIFTY SONGS
BY HUGO WOLF

To my dear Mother

THE MOUSE TRAP (MAUSFALLEN-SPRÜCHLEIN)

HUGO WOLF

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Composed at Maierling, June 18, 1882)
(Original Key, F)

Six Songs for a Woman's Voice, No 6

Swiftly and delicately
(Leicht bewegt)

VOICE

Lit - tle guests in ti - ny house, Dear - est Miss or Mis - ter
Klei - ne Gä - ste, klei - nes Haus, lie - be Mäus - in, o - der

PIANO

very delicately
(sehr zart)

Mouse, En - ter bold - ly, have no fear, When to - night the moon shines clear, moon shines
Maus, stel - le dich nur keck - lich ein heu - te Nacht bei Mon - den - schein, Mon - den -

dim.

clear, moon shines clear. But close tight the door be - hind you, my
schein, Mon - den - schein! Mach' a - ber die Thür fein hin - ter dir

ppp *pp*

dear, Dost hear? dost hear? And take care of your tail, sir!
zu, hörst du? Hörst du? Da - bei hü - te dein Schwänzchen!

pp *mf* *p* *mf* *pp*

Take care! take care! your tail, sir!
hörst du? Hörst du? Dein Schwänzchen!

When we have suppd and sung,
Nach Ti-sche sin-gen wir,
And gay are old and young, We'll join in the
nach Ti-sche sprin-gen wir und ma-chen ein

dan-cing, the dan-cing,
Tänz-chen, ein Tänz-chen!
Run, run! Run, run!
Witt, witt! Witt, witt!
My old cat will want to
mei-ne al-te Kat-ze

harshly (rauh)

join you in the fun, Take care! take care! take care!
tanzt wahr-schein-lich mit, hörst du? Hörst du? Hörst du?

To the memory of my dear father
TO REST, TO REST!
 (ZUR RUH, ZUR RUH!)

JUSTINUS KERNER (1786-1862)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Composed at Vienna, June 16, 1883)

(Original Key, A \flat)

HUGO WOLF

Six Songs by Scheffel, etc, No 6

Very slowly
 (Sehr langsam) *p*

VOICE

To rest, to rest! The toil is o-ver; May slum-ber
 Zur Ruh, zur Ruh! Ihr mü-den Glie-der! schliesst fest euch

PIANO

blest Mine eye-lids cov-er. I am a-lone,
 zu, ihr Au-gen-li-der! ich bin al-lein,

Earth's sor-rows van-ish; Night's som-bre zone My gloom
 fort ist die Er-de; Nacht muss es sein, dass Licht

Rather faster (ein wenig belebter)
 Very fervently (sehr innig)

can ban-ish. Lead me to-night, Ye pow'rs
 mir wer-de, O führt mich ganz, ihr in-

im - mor - tal, In - to the light Thro' mid - - - night's
 - - - - - nern Mäch - tel hin zu dem Glanz der tief - - - - - sten

p *f*

with more intense expression
(mit gesteigertem Ausdruck)

por - tal. In dreams a - part From cares that grieve me, The
 Näch - te. Fort aus dem Raum der Er - den Schmer - zen durch

p cresc.

moth - er - heart Will there re - ceive me!
 Nacht und Traum zum Mut - ter - her - zen!

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

ppp

BITEROLF

IN THE CAMP OF AKKON, 1190 (IM LAGER VON AKKON, 1190)

J.V. von SCHEFFEL (1826-1886)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Composed at Vienna, December 26, 1886)

(Original Key, F)

HUGO WOLF

Six Songs by Scheffel etc, N°3

Rather sustained
(Ziemlich gehalten)

PIANO

f *f* *f* *dim. p* *pp*

p

War - worn and trop - ic-tann'd On this far hea - then strand, For - est - crown'd
Kampf - müd und sonn - ver-brannt, fern an der Hai - den Strand, wald - grii - nes

p *pp*

softly
(zart)

Thü - ring - land, I think of thee. Star - light so mild and clear,
Thü - ring - land, denk' ich an dich. Mild - kla - rer Ster - nen - schein,

p *pp*

pp

Thoushalt my mes - sage bear; Go, greet my home - land there, Far o'er the sea!
du sollst mir Bo - te sein, geh', grüss' die Hei - math mein weit ü - ber Meer!

p *cresc.* *mf* *p* *mf* *p* *f*

f

When ar-mord' foes as-sail My sword and shield pre-vail,
 Fein-den von al-ler-wärts trotzt mei-ner Waf-fen Erz;

p *mf*

Yet may they not a-vail, Long-ing to spare! Though hold my
 wi-der der Sehn-sucht Schmerz schirmt mich kein Schild. Doch wie das

f *p* *f* *p* *mf*

heart dis-may, Stead-fast and true I stay; Who treads God's ho-ly way
 Herz auch klagt, aus-harr' ich un-ver-zagt: wer Got-tes Fahrt ge-wagt,

p

His cross must bear.
 trägt still sein Kreuz.

To Joseph and Franz Schalk
THE SOLDIER
(DER SOLDAT)

II

(Composed at Vienna, December 14, 1886)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key, C minor)

HUGO WOLF
Eichendorff Songs, No 6

Swiftly and vehemently
(Eilig und heftig)

VOICE

PIANO

Musical score for the first system, featuring a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of two staves with chords and melodic lines. Dynamics include *p*, *mf*, and *f*.

Bold thou must be and swift in thy rout - - ing,
 Wa - gen musst du und flüch - tig er - beu - - ten,

Musical score for the second system, featuring a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of two staves with chords and melodic lines. Dynamics include *p*, *ff*, *pp*, and *f*.

Back of us now thro' the night I hear shout - - ing; Leap on my
 hin - ter uns schon durch die Nacht hör'ich's schrei - - ten, schwing' auf mein

Musical score for the third system, featuring a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of two staves with chords and melodic lines. Dynamics include *pp* and *f*.

steed with all speed, And e'en as we flee, kiss me, Wild sweet
 Ross dich nur schnell und küss' noch im Flug mich wild - - - schö - nes

child! Make haste! for swift Death is a fel - low to heed! Make haste!
 Kind, ge - schwind, denn der Tod ist ein ra - scher Ge - sell, ge - schwind,

for swift Death is a fel - low to heed! Make haste! make haste! make haste!
 denn der Tod ist ein ra - scher Ge - sell, ge - schwind, ge - schwind, ge - schwind,

for swift Death is a fel - low to heed!
 denn der Tod ist ein ra - scher Ge - sell.

To Joseph and Franz Schalk
THE SOLDIER
(DER SOLDAT)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

I
(Composed at Vienna, March 7, 1887)

HUGO WOLF
Eichendorff Songs, No 5

Lively
(Frisch)

(Original Key, C)

PIANO

p

staccato throughout
(durchweg staccato)

f



Piano introduction in 3/8 time, featuring a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes in the bass and chords in the treble. The piece is marked 'Lively (Frisch)' and 'staccato throughout'.

If my steed lacks a - dorn - ment He's clev - er in - deed; —
Ist auch schmuck nicht mein Röss - lein, so ist's doch recht klug, —

pp



First system of vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. The piano part continues with the rhythmic accompaniment from the introduction.

— Thro' the dark - ness to - a cas - tle He bears me with speed. —
— trägt im Fin - stern zu'nem Schläss - lein mich rasch noch ge - nug. —



Second system of vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

If the cas - tle lack splen - dor, The gar - den has a gate, —
Ist das Schloss auch nicht präch - tig, zum Gar - ten aus der Thür —

pp



Third system of vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes the piece, and the piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic setting.

rit. a tempo

— Where a maid-en sweet and slen-der Comes night-ly to wait! —
 — tritt ein Mäd-chen doch all-näch-tig dort freund-lich her - für. —

poco rit. (ein wenig zurückhaltend) tenderly (zart)

— If she's not so pret-ty As the maids one may find, —
 — Und ist auch die Klei - ne nicht die Schönst' auf der Welt, —

poco rit. (ein wenig zurückhaltend) a tempo

pp rit. very tenderly (sehr zart)

lively (frisch)

— There's in town or cit - - y No one more to my mind, —
 — so giebt's doch just Kei - - ne, die mir bes - ser ge - fällt, —

lively (frisch)

f pp

— No one more to my mind, — No one more to my mind! —
 — die mir bes - ser ge - fällt, — die mir bes - ser ge - fällt. —

Red.

p If she speak of mar-riage I mount my good
 Und spricht sie vom Frei-en, so schwing'ich mich

f

p rit. (gedehnt) steed; set spurs! I'm wed-ded to free-dom, Her
 auf mein Ross ich blei-be im Frei-en, und

a tempo

f *pp* *mf pp*

cas-tle is hers, Her cas-tle is hers, Her
 sie auf dem Schloss, und sie auf dem Schloss, und

cas-tle is hers!
 sie auf dem Schloss.

mf *p* *dim.* *pp*

To Joseph and Franz Schalk

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL (SEEMANNS ABSCHIED)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Composed at Unterach, September 21, 1888)

(Original Key, F)

HUGO WOLF

Eichendorff Songs, No 17

With tempestuous emotion
(Stürmisch bewegt)

VOICE

PIANO

ff

Fare-well, sweetheart! you're rid of me! My love you light-ly
A - de, mein Schatz, du mocht'st mich nicht, ich war dir zu ge -

p

treat - ed; Some moon-lit night you'll watch thesea By love-ly mu-sic greet - ed:
rin - ge. Einst wandelst du bei Mon - denlicht und hörst ein sü - sses Klin - gen:

pp mysteriously (geheimnissvoll)

A mer-maid sings; the night is clear; The si - lent clouds pass o - ver; Think
Ein Meer-weib singt, die Nacht is lau, die stil - len Wol - ken wan - dern, da

f

then of me— my wife you hear, ——— So get an-oth-er lov - er!
 denk' an mich, 'sist mei-ne Frau, ——— nun such' dir ei-nen An - dern!

Fare-well, you lands-men
 A - de, ihr Lands-knecht'

mus-ke-teers! An un-tamed steed we plunge on, That likes to gal-lop wild, and rears Near
 Mus-ke-tier! wir zieh'n auf wil-dem Ros - se, das bäumt und ü - ber-schlägt sich schier vor

mysteriously
 (geheimnissvoll)

ma-nya rock-y— dun - geon. The mer - man ris - es
 man-chem Fel - sen - schlos - - se. Der Was - ser-mann bei

from the sea, While light-nings flash and rat - tle; Up-leaps the shark, the
 Bli - tzes-schein taucht auf in dunk-len Näch - ten, der Hai - - fisch schnappt, die

sea - - - gulls cry, This makes a bur-ly bat -
 Mö - - - ven schrei'n, das ist ein lu-stig Fech -

tle!
 ten!

rather more broadly
 (ein wenig breiter)

poco rit.
 (etwas gedehnt)

Then on your bear-skin stay at ease Your la - zy limbs ex - tend - ing, While
 Streckt nur auf eu - rer Bä - ren-haut da - heim die fau - len - - Glie - der, Gott

*In the original tempo**(Voriges Zeitmass)**poco rit.*

God the Fa-ther as He sees, An-oth-er flood is send - ing!
 Va - ter aus dem Fen - sterschaut, schickt sei-ne Sünd-fluth wie - der!

cresc. *ff poco rit.*

*a tempo, with great jollity**(sehr flott)*

Lieu - té - nant, ser - geant, mus - ke - teer! They all will drown to - geth - er, While we t'ward Par - a -
 Feld - we - bel, Rei - ter, Mus - ke - tier, sie müs - sen all' er - sau - fen, der - weil mit fri - schem

a tempo
p stacc. *cresc.* *f* *sempre*

dise will steer, With fresh wind and cool weath - er!
 Win - de wir im Pa - ra - dies ein - lau - fen.

ff *fff*

3

To Joseph and Franz Schalk

THE SERENADE (DAS STÄNDCHEN)

(Composed at Unterach, September 28, 1888)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key, D)

HUGO WOLF
Eichendorff Songs, No 4

Moderato
(Maessig)

VOICE

PIANO

p *mf* *p*

La * La * La *

High a - bove the roofs mid
Auf die Dä - cher zwi - schen

(dolce)

f *p*

La *

Accompaniment always *pp*
(Begleitung immer *pp*)

pearl - y Clouds the moon doth calm - ly gaze; In yon
blas - sen Wol - ken schaut der Mond her - für, ein Stu -

mf *p*

street a stu-dent gai - ly Trolls his true - love round - e -
 dent dort auf der Gas - sen singt vor sei - ner Lieb - sten

lays. There's a sound of bab - bling foun - -
 Thür. Und die Brun - nen rau - schen wie - -

tains Thro' the si - - lence of the night, And of
 der durch die stil - - le Ein - - sam - keit und der

for - ests on the moun - tains As in days
 Wald vom Ber - ge nie - - der wie in al - -

a tempo

— of past de - light. So in days of youth de - part -
 - ter schö - - ner Zeit. So in mei - nen jun - gen Ta -

rit. *a tempo*

p *p* *mf* *p*

- ed Ma - nya sum - - mer eve I've play'd On my
 - gen hab' ich man - - che Som - - mer - nacht auch die

pp *p*

lute here, joy - ous - heart - ed Ma - nya love - song have I
 Lau - te hier ge - schla - gen und manch lust' - ges Lied er -

mf *p*

made. But — my true - love from her
 dacht. A - ber von der stil - len

pp *p* *p dolce*

Accompaniment *pp*
 (Begleitung *pp*)

rit. *a tempo*

dwelling To her peace-ful rest they bore: _____
 Schwel-le tru - gen sie mein Lieb zur Ruh', _____

mf *p* *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

rather more slowly
(etwas zurückhaltend)

So, my lad, with joy up-well - ing Sing a-way! Thy heart out-pour! _____
 und du, fröh-li - cher Ge - sel - le, sin - ge, sing' nur im - mer zu! _____

mf *p*

a tempo

Sing a - way!
 sing' nur zu,

mf *dim.* *p*

p *a tempo*

Sing a - way! _____
 im - mer zu! _____

rather more slowly
(etwas zurückhaltend)

a tempo *pp* *morendo*
(verklingend) *ppp*

THE DRUMMER

(DER TAMBOUR)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, Feb. 16, 1888)

(Original Key, E)

HUGO WOLF

Mörike Songs, No 5

Tempo di Marcia
(Im Marschtempo)

VOICE

If moth - er
Wenn mei - ne

PIANO

pp

could a charm in-vent,
Mut - ter he - xen könn't!

Shed trav-el with the re - gi-ment
da müsst' sie mit dem Re - gi-ment,

To France and
nach Frank - reich,

p *cresc.*

ev - 'ry-where it went, She'd go on sut-lér-iz - - ing bent!
ü - ber - all mit hin, und wär' die Mar-ke - ten - - de - - rin.

f *ff*

In camp 'neath mid-night's mag - ic spell, When on - ly waked the
Im La - ger wohl um Mit - ter-nacht, wenn Nie-mand auf ist

pp *p* *pp*

rit.
p (zurückhaltend)

heavily
f (gewichtig)

sen - ti - nel, And all were snor - ing, hor - ses, men. Be - fore my drum I'd sit me
als die Wacht, und Al - les schnar - chet, Ross und Mann, vor mei - ner Trom - mel säss' ich

p rit.
(zurückhaltend)

f

a tempo

then: The drum would serve as a plate for me; — Some
dann: die Trom - mel müsst' ei - ne Schü - ssel sein; — ein

heavily (schwer)

f a tempo

p lightly
(leicht)

f pompously
(pompös)

steam - ing sour - kraut I — should see! For knife and fork drum - sticks
war - mes Sau - er - kraut da - rein; die Schle - gel, Mes - ser und

p scherzando

sf
ff

pertly
(keck)

la - - bor, And a gi - ant — sau - sage were my sa - - bre, For
Ga - - bel, ei - ne lan - ge — Wurst — mein — Sa - - bel, mein

p

bowl I'd take my sha-ko fine And brim it with Bur-gundian wine! And
 Tscha-ko wär' ein Hum-pen gut, den füll' ich mit Bur-gun-der-blut. Und

rit.
(zurückhaltend)

tenderly, with slight rit.
(zart, etwas zögernd)

tho' my light is near-ly spent, There shines the moon in-to my tent;
 weil es mir an Lich-te fehlt, da scheint der Mond in mein Ge-zelt:

pp rit. *col voce*

a tempo *rit.*

French-men too see her glo-rious beam, While of my ab-sent love I dream: Heigh-
 scheint er auch auf Fran-zö'sch her-ein, mir fällt doch mei-ne Lieb-ste ein: ach

pp a tempo *rit.*

a tempo *p*

ho! a-las! well-a-day! The game at last is
 weh! ach weh! ach weh! weh! jetzt hat der Spass ein

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

spent!
End!

p

If my moth-er could a charmin-vent!
Wenn nur mei-ne Mut-ter he-xen könnt!

pp

staccato
(kurz)

pp

ppp

pp

as if in a dream
(wie in Traume)

If moth-er could a charmin-vent!
Wenn mei-ne Mut-ter he-xen könnt!

still more slower
(noch langsamer)

a tempo

rit.

dim.

pppp

sf

THE HUNTER

(DER JÄGER)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, February 23, 1888)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key, G minor)

HUGO WOLF
Mörike Songs, No 40

With energetic movement
(Kräftig bewegt)

VOICE *mf*

Three days the stead - y rain has pour'd, The
Drei Ta - ge Re - gen fort und fort, kein

PIANO *f* *mf*

clouds have nev - er bro - ken; Three live - long days no kind - ly word My
Son - nen - schein zur Stun - de; drei Ta - ge lang kein gu - tes Wort aus

sweet - heart's lips have spo - ken! She's vex'd with me and
mei - ner Lieb - sten Mun - de! Sie trutzt mit mir und

p *cresc.* *f* *p*

I with her: This knot she likes en - tan - gling! Hard thoughts with - in my
ich mit ihr, so hat sie's ha - ben - wol - len; mir a - ber nagt's am

f *p*

bos - om stir From wran - gling and from jan - - - gling.
 Her - zen hier, das Schmol - len und das Grol - - - len.

f
 Be wel - comethen the roar - ing storm, The rain, the hunts - man's.
 Will - kom - men denn, des Jä - gers Lust, Ge - wit - ter - sturm und

f energetically (energisch) *ff*

f
 pleas - ure! With full heart beat - ing high — and warm, Fare forth our strength to
 Re - gen: fest zu - ge - knöpft die hei - sse Brust, und jauch - zende uch ent -

p
 meas - ure! Now with her friends she
 ge - gen! Nun sitzt sie wohl da -

fff *dim.* *p*

sits at home To laugh and jest re - ply - ing; While thro' the for - est -
heim und lacht und scherzt mit den Ge - schwi - stern, ich hö - re in des

ppp

night I roam And hear the old leaves sigh - ing. And
Wal - des Nacht die al - ten Blät - ter flü - stern. Nun

rather more slowly
(etwas langsamer)

now her lone - ly room she keeps; Her tears they start un - bid - den; While
sitzt sie wohl und wei - net laut im Käm - mer - lein in Sor - gen; mir

tenderly and expressively
(zart und ausdrucksvoll)

dim.

I am like the stag that creeps Far down the cov - ert hid - den.
ist es wie dem Wil - de traut in Fin - ster - niss ge - bor - gen.

pp

Tempo I

p rit. *slower (gedehnt)* *f lively (frisch)*

No deer or roe - buck makes a dash: A shot — for pleas - ure
 kein Hirsch und Reh - lein ü - ber - all! Ein Schuss zum Zeit - ver -

fleet - ing! A blind - ing flash — a — thun - der - crash — Set
 trei - be! Ge - sun - der Knall und Wie - der - hall er -

Moderato (etwas gemessen)

ev - 'ry pulse to — beat - ing.
 frisch das Mark im — Lei - be.

In slightly slackened time, ad libitum with freedom of treatment
(Ziemlich nachlassend; mit freiem Vortrag)

Yet as the ech - o slow - ly dies Down val - leys far — re - dou - bled,
 Doch wie der Don - ner nun ver - hallt in Thä - lern, durch — die Run - de,

ritard.

A sud-den sad-ness dims mine eyes, My heart is sore-ly
 ein plötz-lich Weh mich ü-ber-wallt, mir sinkt das Herz zu

cresc. *mf* *ritard.*

trou-bled.
 Grün-de.

Tempo I

pp *cresc.*

She's vex'd with me and I with her This knot she likes en-
 Sie trutzt mit mir und ich mit ihr, so hat sie's ha-ben

f *p*

tan-gling, Hard thoughts with-in my bos-om stir From wran-gling and from
 wol-len, mir a-ber frisst's am Her-zen hier, das Schmol-len und das

f *p*

jan - - - - - gling. Then back! Where dwells thy
 Grol - - - - - len. Und auf! und nach der

dear - est fair! With thy em - brace be - clever! "O wring the rain-drops
 Lieb - sten Haus! und sie - ge - fasst um's - Mie - der! „Drück' mir die nas - sen

from my hair And kiss me, thine for ev - er!" Very quickly and passionately
 Lo - cken aus, und küss' und hab' mich wie - der!" (sehr schnell und leidenschaftlich)

cresc. *f* *ff* *fff*

INSATIABLE LOVE (NIMMERSATTE LIEBE)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, February 24, 1888)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key, Ab)

HUGO WOLF
Mörike Songs, No 9

Moderato
(Sehr mässig)

VOICE

PIANO

sf *p* *sf* *p* *p*

And such is love, and
So ist die Lieb! So

such is love! No kiss-ing can con - tent it: For wa - ter aye leaks thro' a sieve, Tho'
ist die Lieb! Mit Küs - sen nicht zu stil - len: wer ist der Thor und will ein Sieb mit

rit. *a tempo*

fools would fain pre - vent it! A thou - sand years you'd try in vain To
ei - tel Was - ser fül - len? und schöpfst du an die tau - send Jahr; und

rit. *cresc.*

poco rit.
(etwas zurückhaltend)

kiss a - way your pas - sion's pain, Ca - ress - es but aug - ment - it.
kü - sest e - wig, e - wig gar, du thust ihr nie zu Wil - len.

ff *pp*

with more animation
(etwas belebter)

expressively
(ausdrucksvoll)

In love, in love each hour is fill'd With new and won-drous
Die Lieb' die Lieb' hat al - le Stund' neu wun - der-lich Ge -

p *pp* *p*

f *rit.*
(zurückhaltend)

yearn - ing; Our lips but late with kiss - ing still'd, To meet a - new are
lü - sten; wir bis - sen uns die Lip - pen wund, da wir uns heu - te

f *p*

tenderly
(zart) *with increasing animation*
(immer erregter)

burn - ing. The maid - en, for ca - ress - es fain, Her warm mouth of - fer'd
küss - ten. Das Mäd - chen hielt in gu - ter Ruh', wie's Lämm - lein un - term

pp *cresc.*

ritard.

sweet - ly; Her eyes im plored: Yet once a - gain En - rap - tured be com -
Mes - ser; ihr Au - ge bat: nur im - mer zu, je we - her de - sto

f ritard. *dim.*

long pause (lang) *As at the beginning (Wie zu Anfang)*

plete - ly!
bes - ser!

And such is love, while moon and sun Thro'
So ist die Lieb', und war auch so, wie

p *pp* *p*

rit. (zögernd) *a tempo with humor (mit Humor)*

day or dark-ness move; For e - ven learn - ed Sol - o - mon In
lang es Lie - be giebt, und an - ders war Herr Sa - lo - mo, der

a tempo

rit. *p*

a tempo *p*

just such wise made love, For e - ven learn - ed Sol - o - mon In
Wei - se, nicht ver - liebt - und an - ders war Herr Sa - lo - mo, der

a tempo

rit. *f* *ff* *p*

just such wise made love!
Wei - se, nicht ver - liebt.

sf *sf* *sf* *p*

A COMMISSION (AUFTRAG)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, February 24, 1888)

(Original Key, F)

HUGO WOLF
Mörike Songs, No 50

Quickly and jovially
(Rasch und lustig)

VOICE

PIANO

In a
In po -

lyr - i - cal e - pis - tle Cries a high - ly des - p'rate wight: Dear - est
e - ti - scher E - pi - stel ruft ein des - pe - ra - ter Wicht: lie - ber

cous - in! Cous - in Chris - tel! Tell me why you do not write? You must
Vet - ter! Vet - ter Chri - stel! Wa - rum schreibt Er a - ber nicht? weiss Er

poco rit. *a tempo*

poco rit. *f* *Pa tempo*

know tis not per - mit - ted, When two hearts in love are vow'd To in -
doch, es las - sen Her - zen, die die Lie - be an - ge - weht, ganz und

poco rit.

dulge in jests keen-wit - ted For a po - et full - en-dow'd!
 gar nicht mit sich scher - zen, und nun vol - lends ein Po - et!

poco rit. **f**

a tempo

For I'm made so and I show it That my
 Denn ich bin von dem Ge - lich - ter, dem der

a tempo **p** *lightly* (leicht)

brain is nev - er dry; Tho' I'm on - ly half a po - et, On - ly
 Kopf be-stän - dig voll; bin ich auch nur halb ein Dich - ter, bin ich

sf **sf**

sem - i - mad am I. Cupid
 doch zur Häl - fe toll. A - mor

sf **sf**

pledged me your as - sis - tance: Your re - ward to come is fair, And the
 hat Ihn mir ver - pflich - tet, sei - nen Lohn weiss Er vor - aus, und der

p *pp*

lips that bridge the dis - tance Shall not fail the fee to share.
 Mund, der Ihm be - rich - tet, geht da - bei auch leer nicht aus.

Therefore seize the gold - en mo - ment When your true - love's by your side: From her
 Pass' Er denn zur gu - ten Stun - de, wenn Sein Schatz durch's Lädchen schaut, lock' ihr

p

lips en - tice each com - ment That my sweet - heart should con - fide.
 je - des Wort vom Mun - de, das mein Schätz - chen ihr ver - traut.

poco rit.

poco rit. *pp*

a tempo

Write me then a twelve-page treat - ise, Tell - ing me each slight - est fact, And ad -
 Schreib' Er mir dann von dem Mäd - chen ein halb Dut - zend Bo - gen voll, und da -

p
a tempo

poco rit.

wise how now it meet is I should with the maid - en act,
 ne - ben ein Trac - tät - chen, wie ich mich ver - hal - ten soll,

poco rit. *mf*

quickly
(*rasch*)

I should with the maid - en act.
 wie ich mich ver - hal - ten soll.

p *f*

ff

Tempo I
(Erstes Zeitmass)

p

To all gods I made ob - la - tion, Tho' I
O - pfer bracht' ich al - len Göt - tern, doch ver -

p *pp*

blind - ly pass'd thee by; Thou didst heed my des - o - la - tion
ges - sen wa - rest du; seit-wärts von den ew'-gen Ret - tern

f *p* *f*

From thy mer - cy - seat on high.
sa - hest du dem Fe - ste zu.

p *pp* *mf* *R.H.*

with the deepest emotion
(mit innigster Empfindung)

Oh, for-give, thou Ev - er-lov - ing!
O ver - gieb, du Viel - ge-treu - e!

dim. *ppp* *p* *f* *p*

On me turn thy smile se-rene, — And, thy va-p'rous veil re-mov-ing,
 Tritt aus dei-nem Däm-mer-licht, — dass ich dir in's e-wig-neu-e,

Show thy beau-ty's gra-cious mien. — On-ly once, as child un-fear-ful,
 mon-den-hel-le An-ge-sicht — ein-mal schau-e, recht von Her-zen,

very vervently
(sehr innig)

Let me see thee face to face; Freed from pain and an-guish tear-ful,
 wie ein Kind und son-der Harm; ach, nur Ein-mal oh-ne Schmer-zen

Give me rest in thine em-brace!
 schlie-sse mich in dei-nen Arm!

THE GARDENER

(DER GÄRTNER)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

Translated by Marie Boileau

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, March 7, 1888)

(Original Key, D)

HUGO WOLF

Mörke Songs, No 17

Leggiero e grazioso
(Leicht, grazios)

VOICE

PIANO

sempre staccato
(immer staccato)

pp

p

Up-
Auf

on her white steed, down a green - bow - er'd way, A
ih - rem Leib - röss - lein, so weiss wie der Schnee, die

Prin - cess comes rid - ing as fair as the May.
schön - ste Prin - zes - sin reit't durch die Al - leel

The sand that I strew'd where those hoofs proud-ly
Der Weg, den das Röss - lein hin - tan - zet so

mf

pp

go Like gold in the sun - shine is brave - ly a -
 hold, der Sand, den ich streu - te, er blin - ket wie

glow. O rose - col - or'd
 Gold. Du ro - sen - farbs

mf *pp*

hood, dan - cing up, dan - cing down, Pray waft me in
 Hüt - - lein, wohl auf und wohl ab, o wirf ei - ne

se - - cret one plume for mine own. And wouldst thou as
 Fe - - der ver - stoh - - len her - ab! Und willst du da -

rit. *a tempo*

guer - don have a blos - som from me, Take thou - sands, take
 ge - gen ei - ne Blü - the von mir, nimm tau - send für

pp rit. *a tempo* *cresc.*

all, for they bloom but for thee, Take thou - sands, take
 Ei - ne, nimm al - le da - für! Nimm tau - send für

mf *p* *f*

rit. *a tempo*

all, for they bloom but for thee.
 Ei - ne, nimm al - le da - für!

pp *rit.* *p* *pp*

ppp

WANDERING (AUF EINER WANDERUNG)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, March 11, 1888)

(Original Key, Eb)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)
Translated by A. M. von Blomberg

HUGO WOLF
Mörrike Songs, No 15

Quickly and lightly
(Leicht bewegt)

VOICE

PIANO

p

*staccato throughout
(immer staccato)*

p

To a friend - ly old town I come at night, _____ O - ver all is
In ein freund - lich - es Städt - chen tret' ich ein _____ in den Stra - ssen

shed crim - son sun - set - light. _____
liegt ro - ther A - bend - schein. _____

Thro' the wide win - dow I hear sing - ing; O-ver the ro - ses' glow - ing thron'g It
 Aus ei - nem off - nen Fen - ster e - ben, ü - ber den reich - sten Blu - men - flor - hin -

pp

floats, like the sound of gold - en bells a - ring - ing,
 weg, hört man Gold - glo - cken - tö - - - - ne schwe - ben,

And, as a choir of night - in - gales in rap - tured
 und ei - ne Stim - me scheint ein Nach - - - - ti - gal - len -

pp *ppp*

ardently
 (glühend)

song, ——— Sets the blos - - - - soms sway - ing,
 chor, ——— dass die Blü - - - - then be - ben,

poco a poco cresc.
 (allmählig zunehmend)

f

pp. *p.*

And the breez - es play - ing, Paints a love - li - er hue the blush -
 dass die Lüf - te le - ben, dass in hö - he - rem Roth die Ro -

mf *f* *f molto cresc.*

- ing flow'rs a - mong.
 - - sen leuch - ten vor.

ff

dim.
 (abnehmend)

f *dim.* *p* *mf* *p* *mf* *dim.*

gradually slower
 (immer langsamer)

p *pp*

rit. *a tempo* *rit.* *a tempo*

Long— stood I joy - ous,
Lang— hielt ich stau - nend,

rapt with won - der.
lust - be - klom - men.

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

in a whisper
(flüsternd) *poco rit.*

And how I pass'd the gate-way yon - der I hard - ly
Wie ich hin - aus vor's Thor ge - kom - men ich weiss es

ppp *poco rit.*

a tempo

know and ne'er can tell.
wahr - lich sel - ber nicht.

pppp *a tempo* *rit.*

appreciably slower
(bedeutend langsamer)

Be - hold, — the world one mag - ic spell — The
Ach hier, — wie liegt die Welt so licht! — Der

p *expressively*
(ausdrucksvoll) *pp*

clouds a-bove drift on in roy - al glo - ry, All gold - en
 Him - mel wogt in pur - pur - nem Ge - wüh - le, rück - wärts die

pp

haze the dale be - low; How tune - ful sings the brook its
 Stadt in gold - nem Rauch; wie rauscht der Er - len - bach, wie

mf *p*

accelerando
 (beschleunigend)

nev - er - end - ing sto - ry, My soul ex - ult - ing way -
 rauscht im Grund die Müh - le, ich bin wie trun - ken, irr -

cresc.

broadly
 (breit)

- ward strays - O Muse,
 - ge - führt - o Mu -

f *rit.* *ff* *broadly*
 (breit)

se, thou hast, with - in my heart, set flames of
 du hast mein Herz be - rührt mit ei - nem

dim. *p*

love a - glow!
 Lie - bes - hauch!

rit. *a tempo*

(dolce) *tr.* *rit.* *pp a tempo*

pp

ppp

rit. (zögernd) *a tempo*

pp *expressively* *(ausdrucksvoll)* *dim.* *ppp*

PRAYER (GEBET)

49

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)
Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, March 18. 1888)

(Original Key, E)

HUGO WOLF
Mörike Songs, No 28

Sostenuto
(Getragen)

VOICE

PIANO

p *mf*

with devotion and fervor
(fromm und innig)

Lord, to Thy will I bow, If
Herr, schi-cke was du willst, ein

f *ff* *p* *pp*

joy be mine, or griev - ing, I am con - tent, be - liev - ing Thy love doth
Lie-bes o - der Lei - des; ich bin ver - gnügt, dass Bei - des aus dei - nen

f

each , be-stow. But not with pleas - ure Nor grief with-out meas - ure, Fill.
 Hän - den quillt. Wol-lest mit Freu - den und wol - lest mit Lei - den mich

— my_ cup, O Fa-ther! For these to - geth-er,
 — nicht ü - ber - schüt-ten! Doch in der Mit-ten,

delicately and with expression
 (zart und ausdrucksvoll)

For these to - geth-er Yield_ life's_ pur - est treas - ure.
 doch in der Mit-ten liegt_ hol - des Be - schei - den.

ppp

SECRECY

(VERBORGENHEIT)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, March 13, 1888)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

(Original Key, E \flat)

HUGO WOLF

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Mörike Songs, No 12

Slowly and with great feeling
(Mässig und sehr innig)

VOICE

PIANO

Tempt me not, O world, a - gain With the joys of
Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein! lo - cket nicht mit

love's il - lu - sion; Let my heart in lone se - clu - sion
Lie - bes - ga - ben, lasst dies Herz al - lei - ne ha - ben

rit. *a tempo*

Hoard its rap - - - ture and its pain! Un - known grief fills
 sei - ne Won - - - ne, sei - ne Pein! Was ich trau - re,

all my days, — Sor - row from my search - ing hid - den
 weiss ich nicht, — es ist un - be - kann - tes We - he;

mf *f*

Floods my eyes with tears un - bid - den When the sun - light
 im - mer - dar durch Thrä - nen se - he ich der Son - ne

p *pp*

8

with increasing passion and animation
(nach und nach belebter und leidenschaftlicher)

meets my gaze. Oft when dream - ing
 lie - bes Licht. Oft bin ich mir

8

pp

brings me rest, Comes a cheer - ing ray of glad - ness
 kaum be - wusst, und die hel - le Freu - de zü - cket

f

Thro' the shad - ows of my sad - ness, Lights the gloom with - in my
 durch die Schwe - re, so mich drü - cket, won - nig - lich in mei - ner

ff mf p ff mf ff rit.

Tempo I

breast. Tempt me not, O world, a - gain
 Brust. Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!

p dim. *rit.* *pp*

Tempo I

With the joys of love's il - lu - sion; Let my heart in
 lo - cket nicht mit Lie - bes - ga - ben, lasst dies Herz al -

pp

lone se - clu - sion Hoard its rap - - ture and its pain!
 lei - ne ha - ben sei - ne Won - - ne, sei - ne Pein!

rit.

rit.

A MAIDEN'S FIRST LOVE SONG

(ERSTES LIEBESLIED EINES MÄDCHENS)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, March 20, 1888)

HUGO WOLF

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key, A)

Mörike Songs, No 42

Very quickly and passionately
(Äusserst schnell und leidenschaftlich)

VOICE

What is cap-tured
Was im Ne-tze?

PIANO



in my net? Tell me! Oh,
Schau ein-mal! a-ber ich

PIANO



it frights me!
bin ban-ge;

PIANO



Is't a dain-ty eel I get,
greif' ich ei-nen sü-ssen Aal?

PIANO



p Or a snake that bites me? *f*
 Greif' ich ei - ne Schlan - ge?

Love the fish - er -
 Lieb' ist blin - de

boy is blind; Tell the maid -
 Fi - sche - rin; sagt dem Kin -

retarding slightly
(etwas nachlassend)

- en what to find.
 - de, wo greift's hin?

rit. *a tempo* *sempre più rall.*
(immer mehr nachlassend)

Tempo I

with utmost vehemence
(äusserst heftig)

It
Schon

glides thro' my fin-gers!
schnellt mir's in Hän-den!

O glo-ry! O pest!
ach Jam-mer! o Lust!

It nes-tles! It lin-gers! It slips to my breast!
mit Schmie-gen und Wen-den mir schlüpft's an die Brust.

How swift-ly, O won-der!
Es beisst sich, o Wun-der!

My skin it gnaws
mir keck durch die

thro'; _____ My heart it glides un - der! O Love,
 Haut, _____ schiesst's Her - ze hin - un - ter! o Lie -

if I knew! _____ What way
 be, mir graut! _____ Was thun,

can I turn me? _____ The ter - ri - ble thing! I feel its breath
 was be - gin - nen? _____ Das schau - ri - ge Ding, es schnal - zet da -

burn me! _____ It coils in a ring! _____ Poi - son en -
 drin - nen, _____ es legt sich im Ring. _____ Gift _____ muss ich

slaves me! It creeps thro' my frame, With rap -
 ha - ben! Hier schleicht es her - um, thut won -

ff *sf* *f*

poco rit.
 (ein wenig zurückhaltend) *a tempo*

- ture it laves me: Yet kills by its flame!
 - nig-lich gra - - ben und bringt mich noch um! *a tempo*

piu f *fff madly (wütend)*

TRAMPING

(FUSSREISE)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, March 21, 1888)

(Original Key)

HUGO WOLF

Mörke Songs, No 10

Moderately fast
(Zelmlich bewegt)

PIANO

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The music is in the key of D major and 6/8 time.

With fresh - cut staff at break of day To the road I'm
Am frisch - ge - schnitt - nen - Wan - der - stab, wenn ich in der

p

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern to the introduction, with a dynamic marking of *p*.

tak - ing, Thro' the woods a - wak - ing, O'er the hills a -
Frü - he so durch Wäl - der zie - he, - Hü - gel - auf und

f

The second line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, with a dynamic marking of *f*.

way.
ab:

p

The third line of the song features a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, with a dynamic marking of *p*.

Like a bird sing-ing glad - ly Where green leaves en -
 Dann, wie's Vög-lein im Lau - be sin - get und sich

pp

fold, Or the rap-ture cours - ing mad - ly
 rührt, o - der wie die gold' - ne Trau - be

Thro' the grapes of gold — When the sun, ap - pears at dawn - ing:
 Won - ne - gei - ster spürt — in der er - sten Mor - gen - son - ne:

f *p*

Thus old Ad - am_ in me mov - ing Stirs me, spring and
 so fühlt auch mein al - ter, lie - ber A - dam Herbst = und

fall, to_ rov - ing, Heavh - de - scend - ed, Nev - er - end - ed
 Früh - lings - fie - ber, gott - be - herz - te, nie ver - scherz - te

cresc.

Joy of Par - a - dise' first morn -
 Erst - lings = Pa - ra - di - ses - won -

f

ing.
 ne.

f *p*

più tranquillo
(etwas ruhiger)

Thou de - serv - est - not so much dis - fa - vor,
Al - so bist du - nicht so schlimm, o al - ter

Ad - am, as stern teach - ers oft have stat - ed;
A - dam, wie die stren - gen Leh - rer - sa - gen;

Thou to - day, in
liebst und lobst du

love and praise, Still a joy - ous hymn dost raise
im - mer doch, singst und prei - sest im - mer noch,

As on that first day of things cre - at - ed
wie an e - wig neu - en Schö - pfungs - ta - gen,

To thy great Cre - a - - tor
dei - nen lie - - ben Schö - - pfer

mf

and Pre - serv - er.
und Er - hal - ter.

p

p

dim.

a tempo

Naught I'd need of heav - en Could this
 Möcht' es die - ser - ge - ben und mein

boon be giv - en: All my life en - tranced to wan - der
 gan - zes Le - ben wär' im - leich - ten Wan - der - schwei - sse

cresc.

rit. *a tempo*

While earth smiles in morn - ing splen - dor!
 ei - ne sol - che Mor - gen - rei - sel

f *rit.* *a tempo* *p* *mf*

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

*
220

THE FORSAKEN MAIDEN

(DAS VERLASSENE MÄGDLEIN)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, March, 24, 1888)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

(Original Key, A minor)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

HUGO WOLF
Mörike Songs, No 7

Slowly
(Langsam) *pp*

VOICE

PIANO *pp* *simile*

When crows the cock at morn
Früh, wann die Häh - ne krähn,

Ere the star - beams dwindle, Must I arise, for-lorn, Hearth-fire to kin-dle.
eh' die Stern - lein schwin-den, muss ich am Her - de stehn, muss Feu - er zün-den.

Gay is the flick'ring flame, The sparks fly mad-ly; I with a
Schön ist der Flam - men Schein, es sprin-gen die Fun-ken; ich schau-e

heart of shame Gaze on them sad - ly.
so da-rein, in Leid ver - sun - ken.

pp *ppp*

with more animation
(etwas lebhafter)

more calmly
(etwas ruhiger)

Sud - den it comes to me, O faith - less lov - er, That I have
Plütz - lich, da kommt es mir, treu - lo - ser Kna - be, dass ich die

f *f* *p*

dream'd of thee Till night was o - ver.
Nacht von dir ge - träu - met ha - be.

p *pp* ritard -

as at the beginning
(wie zu Anfang)

Fast flow my scald - ing tears, Ev - er de - scend - ing; Thus drear - y day ap - pears -
Thrä - ne auf Thrä - ne dann stür - zet her - nie - der; so kommt der Tag her - an

Would it were end - ing!
o ging' er wie - der!

ppp

FARE THEE WELL (LEBE WOHL)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, March 31, 1888)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key, Gb)

HUGO WOLF
Mörike Songs, No 36

Very slowly, fervently and passionately
(Sehr langsam, innig und leidenschaftlich)

VOICE

PIANO

p

“Fare thee well”— thou dost not know—
„Le - be wohl!“— Du füh - lest nicht,—

pp *cresc.*

f *p*

What de - spair — these words a - wak - en; Light - ly
was es heisst, — dies Wort der Schmer - zen; mit ge -

ff *p* *expressively*
(ausdrucksvoll)

thou — didst let me go, Calm thy face, thy
tro - stem An - ge - sicht sag - test du's und

mfp *mfp*

pp

breast un - shak - en. Fare thee well! —
 leich - - tem Her - zen. Le - be wohl! —

gradually louder
f (immer gesteigert)

how oft a - gain — In my thoughts these words are spo - ken,
 Ach! tau - send - mal — hab' ich mir es vor - ge - spro - chen,

slackening the time
(nachlassend) *p*

Till, with nev - er - end - ing pain — My poor heart at last is
 und in nim - mer - sat - ter Qual — mir das Herz da - mit ge -

bro - - ken!
 bro - - chen!

pp *pp* *pp*

TO AN OLD PICTURE

(AUF EIN ALTES BILD)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, April 14, 1888)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, F#)

HUGO WOLF
Mörke Songs, No 23

Slowly
(Langsam)

VOICE

PIANO

pp

very delicately
(sehr zart)

In verdant mead where rushes grow And cooling waters—
In grü-ner Land-schaft Som-mer-flor, bei küh-lem Was-ser,—

gen-tly flow,— Look, where the sin-less Child—we see Still—
Schilf und Rohr,— schau, wie das Knäb-lein Sün-de-los frei—

— play - ing on the Vir - gin's knee!
 — spie - let auf der Jung - frau Schooss!

mf

But yon - der in the woods so green
 Und dort im Wal - de won - ne - sam,

pp *mf*

Lo, now thac-curs - ed tree is seen.
 ach, grü - net schon des Kreu - zes Stamm!

rit.
pp *rit.* *mf* *pp*

a tempo
p *sf* *p* *pp*

SONG TO SPRING

(ER IST'S)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, May 5, 1888)

(Original Key, G)

HUGO WOLF
Mörike Songs, No 6

Molto vivace, joyously
(Sehr lebhaft, jubelnd)

VOICE

PIANO

p

Spring her az - ure
Früh - ling lässt sein

ban - ner flings,
blau - es Band

Prom - ise of re - turn - ing pleas - ures;
wie - der flat - tern durch die Lief - te;

p

Per - fumes sweet, which mem - ry treas - ures, Waft once more
sü - sse, wohl - be - kann - te Duf - te strei - fen ah -

pp

their fra - grant wings.
- nungs - voll das Land.

Vio - - lets in the
Veil - - chen träu - men

ppp

ground _____ Dream of ear - ly wak - - ing.
schon, _____ wol - len bal - de kom - - men.

pp

Hark! a - far _____
Horch, von fern _____

ppp

I hear a harp - like sound! _____
ein lei - ser Har - - fen - ton! _____

f

Spring is here at last!
Früh - ling, ja du bist's!

f

Spring is here at last! Glo - rious all earth
Früh - ling, ja du bist's! Dich hab' ich ver-

piüf *ff*

f

mak - ing! Spring is
nom - men! ja _____ du

mf molto cresc. *ff*

comel
bist's!

fff ardently (feurig) *f* *sf*

First system of musical notation. The top staff is empty. The middle staff (treble clef) contains a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *sf*. The bottom staff (bass clef) contains a rhythmic accompaniment with slurs and accents, also marked with *sf*.

Second system of musical notation. The top staff is empty. The middle staff (treble clef) contains a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *sf* and *ff*. The bottom staff (bass clef) contains a rhythmic accompaniment with slurs and accents, marked with *ff*. A *La* marking is present below the bottom staff.

Third system of musical notation. The top staff is empty. The middle staff (treble clef) contains a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *p* and *dim.*. The bottom staff (bass clef) contains a rhythmic accompaniment with slurs and accents, marked with *p*. A *La* marking with an asterisk is present below the bottom staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The top staff is empty. The middle staff (treble clef) contains a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *pp*, *dim.*, and *ppp rit.*. The bottom staff (bass clef) contains a rhythmic accompaniment with slurs and accents, marked with *pp*, *dim.*, and *ppp rit.*. A *La* marking is present below the bottom staff, and an asterisk is at the end of the system.

MORNING

(IN DER FRÜHE)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, May 5, 1888)

(Original Key, D)

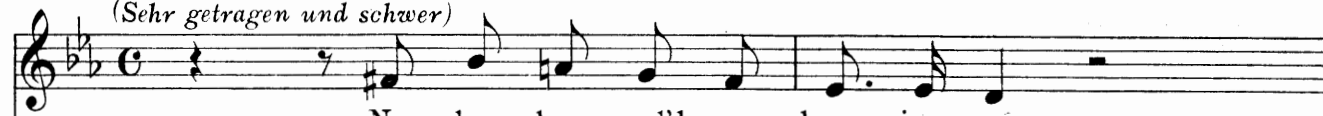
HUGO WOLF

Mörike Songs, No. 24

Very sustained; heavily and darkly

(Sehr getragen und schwer)

VOICE

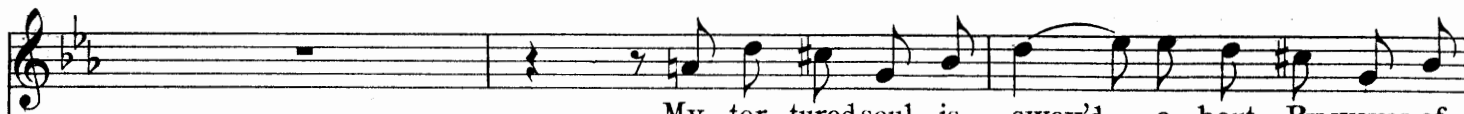


No sleep has cool'd my burn - ing eyes,
 Kein Schlaf noch kühlt das Au - ge mir,

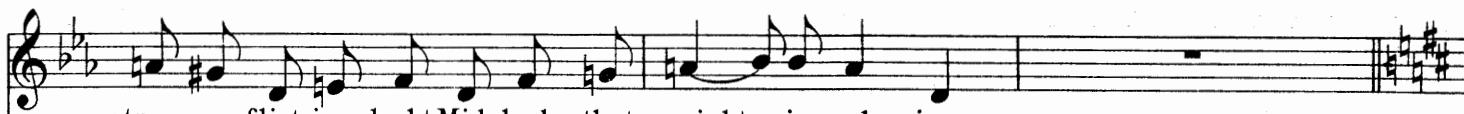
PIANO



And now up - on the east - ern skies The light of day is break - ing.
 dort ge - het schon der Tag her - für an mei - nem Kam - mer - fen - ster.



My tor - tured soul is sway'd - a - bout By waves of
 Es wüh - let mein ver - stör - ter Sinn noch zwi - schen



strong con - flict - ing doubt Mid shades that night - is mak - ing.
 Zwei - feln her und hin und schaf - fet Nacht - ge - spen - ster.



with deep, tender feeling
(innig und zart)

p

— Fear not, fret no more, my soul, and cease to sor - row!
 — Äng - stige, quä - le dich nicht län - ger, mei - ne See - le!

pp very gently
(sehr weich)

p

Heark - en! thro' the morn - ing glow - ing
 Freu' dich! Schon sind da und dor - ten

mf *p* *pp*

pp

Bells are chim - - ing, peace be -
 Mor - gen - glo - - cken wach - ge -

pp

stow - - - ing.
 wor - - - den.

gradually dying away
(allmählich verklingend)

pppp

NEW LOVE (NEUE LIEBE)

(Composed at Unterach, October 4, 1888)

(Original Key, Bb)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)
Translated by A. M. von Blomberg

HUGO WOLF
Mörike Songs, No 30

Slowly and with deepest feeling
(Langsam und mit der innigsten Empfindung)

VOICE

Can an - y hu - man
Kann auch ein Mensch des

PIANO

p very expressively
(sehr ausdrucksvoll)

pp

soul on earth here love me, All mine to be for aye?
an - dern auf der Er - de ganz, wie er möch - te, sein?

mf

p

tenderly
(zart)

Thro' end-less night I strove and thought, And had to an - swer: Nay!
In lan - ger Nacht be - dacht' ich mir's, und muss - te sa - gen, nein!

pp

p

f *pp*

passionately
(leidenschaftlich)

Then is there none in all — the world to love me, And none to call —
 So kann ich Nie-mands hei - ssen auf der Er - de, und Nie - mand wü -

The first system features a vocal line in G major with a 7/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and moving to forte (*f*) in the second measure. The lyrics are in English and German.

— mine own? From black-est dark-ness sud-den flash'd thro' me a light - ning-
 - re mein? Aus Fin - ster-nis - sen hell in mir auf-zücht ein Freu - den-

rit. *a tempo* *f*

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings such as *rit.*, *a tempo*, *ff*, *pp*, *cresc.*, and *f*. The lyrics continue in English and German.

with great feeling
(sehr innig)

ray; And will not God by night and day be mine for
 schein: soll' ich mit Gott nicht kön-nen sein, so wie ich

The third system features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings *ff* and *p*, and the instruction *very expressively (sehr ausdrucksvoll)*. The lyrics continue in English and German.

ev - er, mine al - way? Why not be one with God then,
 möch - te, Mein und Dein? Was hiel - te mich, dass ich's nicht

The fourth system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings *p* and *f*. The lyrics continue in English and German.

p God a - bove me? *pp* I thrill with awe more sweet than
 heu - te wer - de? Ein sü - sses Schre - cken geht durch

tenderly
(zart)

ppp

ev - er known! I mar - - vel at my doubt, and stray
 mein Ge - bein! mich wun - - dert, dass es mir ein Wun -

f

- no more a - lone, God I will love, and He will al - ways love me!
 - der woll - te sein, Gott selbst zu ei - gen ha - ben auf der Er - de!

f *fff* *p* *pp*

in a solemn, measured way
(feierlich, gemessen)

p *f* *p* *pp*

WEYLA'S SONG

(GESANG WEYLA'S)

(Composed at Unterach, October 9, 1888)

EDUARD MÖRIKE (1804-1875)

Translated by Marie Boileau

(Original Key)

HUGO WOLF

Mörike Songs, No 46

Slowly and solemnly

(Langsam und feierlich)

p

VOICE



Hail, sa - cred Isle! dear land! Far
Du bist Orp - lid, mein Land! das

PIANO

dis - tant shin - ing! The mists, be - guil - ed by thy
fer - ne leuch - tet; vom Mee - re dam - pfet dein be -

sun - ny strand From o - - cean, chap - lets for the gods—
sonn - ter Strand den Ne - - bel, so der Göt - ter Wan -

— are twin - ing. E - ter - nal waves as - cend -
 - ge feuch - tet. Ur - al - te Was - ser stei -

- - ing Thy ver - nal slopes, lost youth re - gain.
 - - gen ver - jüugt um dei - ne Hüf - ten. Kind!

Be - fore thine al - tar bend - ing Great
 Vor dei - ner Gott - heit beu - gen sich

pp

kings, thy vas - sals, thron'g thy mar - ble fane.
 Kö - ni - ge, die dei - ne Wä - ter sind.

f *p* *pp* *ppp*

HE WHO ON SOLITUDE IS BENT (WER SICH DER EINSAMKEIT ERGIEBT)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Composed at Vienna, October 27, 1888)

(Original Key)

HUGO WOLF

Goethe Songs, No 1

Very sustained, and with melancholy
(Sehr getragen, schwermuthig)

PIANO

He who on sol - i - tude is
Wer sich der Ein - sam - keit er -

bent, Ah! sole a - lone may go; On life and love—
giebt, ach! der ist bald al - lein; ein je - der lebt,—

all are in - tent, — And leave him to his woe.
ein je - der liebt, — und lässt ihn — sei - ner Pein.

Yea! — leave me to my grief! Yet if I seek re - lief In
 Ja! — lasst mich mei - ner Qual! Und kann ich nur ein - mal recht

lone - li - ness I'm not com - pan - ion - less. Did e'er a
 ein - sam sein, dann bin ich — nicht — al - lein. Es schleicht ein

lov - er, with foot - steps light, A - bout his love's dwell - ing
 Lie - ben - der lau - schend sacht, ob sei - ne Freun - - din al -

go? So round me prowls both day and night Mid
 lein? so ü - ber - schleicht bei Tag und Nacht mich

sol - - i - tude my woe, mid sol - i - tude my
 Ein - - sa - men die Pein, mich - Ein - sa - men die

dim.

woe. _____ Oh, comes at last re -
 Pein. _____ Ach, werd' ich erst ein -

poco rit. *a tempo*

p *pp* *p*

lief: lone in the grave at peace, Then I shall find re -
 mal ein - sam im Gra - be sein, da lässt sie mich al -

dying away
(ersterbend)

pp

lease.
 lein.

p *piu p* *p* *pp*

ANACREON'S GRAVE

(ANAKREON'S GRAB)

(Composed at Vienna, November 4, 1888)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

(Original Key)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

HUGO WOLF
Goethe Songs, No 29

Molto lento e tranquillo
(Sehr langsam und ruhig)

PIANO

The piano introduction is in G major, 12/8 time, and consists of two staves. The right hand begins with a series of chords and moving lines, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. Dynamics range from piano (p) to pianissimo (pp).

dolce (zart)

Where still blos-soms the rose, — where lau-rels and vines are en-twin-ing,
Wo die Ro-se hier blüht, — wo Re-ben um Lor-beer sich schlin-gen,

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in G major, 12/8 time, with a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Molto lento e tranquillo' and the mood is 'dolce (zart)'. The lyrics are in both English and German.

Where the gen-tle dove woos, — and where the crick-et is glad, —
wo das Tur-tel-chen lockt, — wo sich das Grill-chen er-götzt, —

molto dolce (sehr zart)

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The tempo remains 'Molto lento e tranquillo' and the mood is 'molto dolce (sehr zart)'. The lyrics are in both English and German.

p

Ah, whose grave is this, with ev-er-greens by the gods —
welch ein Grab ist hier, das al-le Göt-ter mit Le-

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The tempo remains 'Molto lento e tranquillo' and the mood is 'p'. The lyrics are in both English and German. The piano accompaniment includes a 'cresc.' marking.

so rich-ly plant-ed and a - dorn'd? 'Tis here A - na -
 - ben schön be - pflanzt und ge - ziert? Es ist A - na -

- cre - on sleeps. - kre - on's Ruh!

Au - tumn, sum - mer and spring made glad the heart of the po - et;
 Früh - ling, Som - mer und Herbst ge - noss der glück - li - che Dich - ter;

'Neath the hill - side he is shel - ter'd from win - ter for aye.
 vor dem Win - ter hat ihn end - lich der Hü - gel ge - schützt.

dim. morendo (verklingend) ppp

THINK ME THE ANGEL I SOON SHALL BE

(SO LASST MICH SCHEINEN BIS ICH WERDE)

(Composed at Döbling, December 22, 1888)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

Translated by Frederic Field Bullard

(Original Key, A minor)

HUGO WOLF

Goethe Songs, No 7

Very slowly and tenderly
(Sehr langsam und zart)

VOICE

pp

Think me the an - gel I soon shall be, Let this white
So lasst mich schei - nen, bis ich wer - de, zieht mir das

PIANO

pp

robe en - fold me still! I has - ten from this earth so love - ly,
wei - sse Kleid nicht aus! Ich ei - le von der schö - nen Er - de

To seek adwelling dark and chill. I'll rest methere a
hin-ab in je - nes fe - ste Haus. Dort ruh' ich ei - ne

p

qui - et mo - ment, Till dawns for me the per - fect day;
klei - ne Stil - le, dann öff - net sich der fri - sche Blick;

p

Then shall — I cast my snow - y gar - ment, My gir - dle and my cross —
 ich las - se dann die rei - ne Hül - le, den Gür - tel und den Kranz —

p

very softly
(sehr leise)

— a - way. Nor will those heav'n - ly be - ings cen - sure,
 — zu - rück. Und je - ne himm - li - schen Ge - stal - ten,

pp

Or ask con - cern - ing man and wife, Nor an - y gar - ment,
 sie fra - gen nicht — nach Mann und Weib, und kei - ne Klei - der,

an - y ves - ture Con - ceal — the bod - y's ra - diant life.
 kei - ne Fal - ten um - ge - - - ben den ver - klär - ten Leib.

tenderly
(zart)

with more and more feeling
(mit immer gesteigertem Ausdruck)

Al-tho' I dwell with care - less mind — I felt — my heart
Zwar lebt' ich oh - ne Sorg und Mü - he, doch fühlt — ich tie -

mp *cresc.*

— with sor - row wrung. From griev - ing sore — my life de - clined; —
- fen Schmerz ge - nung. Vor Kum - mer al - tert' ich zu fru - he;

mf *p*

dim.
(abnehmend) *p*

Make me for aye — and ev - er young! —
macht mich auf e - - wig wie - der jung! —

f *p*

pp *ppp*

THE WHILE YOU SOBER DWELL

(SO LANG MAN NÜCHTERN IST)

(Composed at Döbling, in the evening of January 16, 1889)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

(Original Key, A minor)

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

HUGO WOLF

Goethe Songs, No. 36

Molto moderato
(Sehr gemessen)

VOICE

The while you so - ber dwell The wrong as -
So lang man nüch - tern ist, ge - fällt das

PIANO

mf

sails — you; When you have drunk - en well Right — nev - er
Schlech - te, wie man ge - trun - ken hat, weiss — man das

fails you. On - - ly ex - cess in - deed When -
Rech - te, nur ist das Ü - ber - mass auch —

f *ff*

p

- e'er you meet it, Teach, Ha-fiz, how suc-ceed Best
 - gleich zu han - den: Ha - fis, o leh - re mich, wie

to de - feat it!
 du's ver - stan - den.

p

Well, my o - pin - ions need no -
 Denn mei - ne Mei - nung ist nicht

f *p* *mf*

- la - bor'd prov - ing: If you from wine ab - stain Steer -
 - ü - ber - trie - ben: wenn man nicht trin - ken kann, soll -

f *p*

— clear of lov - ing; Yet, should you
 — man nicht lie - ben; doch sollt ihr

to - pers find This — to your think - ing: If you to
 Trin - ker euch nicht — bes - ser diin - ken: wenn man nicht

love are blind, Then — keep from drink - ing.
 lie - ben kann, — soll — man nicht trin - ken.

DRUNKEN MUST WE BE (TRUNKEN MÜSSEN WIR ALLE SEIN)

(Composed at Döbling, in the evening of January 18, 1889)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832) *(Original Key, F# minor)*
Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

HUGO WOLF
Goethe Songs, No 95

In Bacchanalian style
(Bacchantisch)

VOICE

Drunk - en must we be more or less! Youth
Trun - ken müs - sen wir al - le sein! Ju -

PIANO

ff

— is a wine - less drunk - wine - en - ness;
gend ist Trun - ken - heit oh - ne Wein;

Old - age thro' drink - ing lost - youth re -
trinkt sich das Al - ter wie - der zu

f

gain - ing Shows vir - tue won - der - ful in train - ing.
 Ju - gend, so ist es wun - der - vol - le Tu - gend.

For cares dear life her - self e'er car - eth; The grape care's break - age
 Für Sor - gen sorgt das lie - be Le - ben, und Sor - gen - bre - cher

soon re - pair - eth.
 sind die Re - ben.

Very quickly
 (Sehr schnell)

Not a question raised shall be! Wine's for - bid -
 Da wird nicht mehr nach - ge - fragt! Wein ist ernst -

den - sol - emn - ly. If to drink - ing then you
 lich - un - ter - sagt. Soll denn doch ge - trun - ken

hold, Let your wine be rare and old!
 sein, trin - ke nur vom be - sten Wein!

Dou - ble
 Dop - pelt

you de - serve dam - na - tion, Her - e - tic for cheap po -
 wä - rest du ein Ke - tzer in Ver - damm - niss um den

ta - tion!
Krä - tzer!

cresc.

As at the beginning
(Wie am Anfang) *Hastening*
(Zunehmend)

Drunk - en must we be more or less, Drunk -
Trun - ken müs - sen wir al - le sein, trun -

fff throughout
(immer)

- en! Drunk - en!
- ken! trun - ken!

Faster still
(Rasch)

THIEVES ARE NOT MADE BY OCCASION

(NICHT GELEGENHEIT MACHT DIEBE)

(Composed at Döbling, in the evening of January 21, 1889)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749 - 1832)

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key, F)

HUGO WOLF

Goethe Songs, No 39

Moderately fast and with deep feeling
(Ziemlich bewegt und sehr innig)

VOICE

PIANO

p

Thieves are not made by oc - ca - sion,
Nicht Ge - le - gen - heit macht Die - be,

poco
(etwas)

She her-self com-mit - ted theft, When she by a sly e - va - sion, Stole what love my
sie ist selbst der gröss - te Dieb, denn sie stahl den Rest der Lie - be, die mir noch im

mf *p*

ritard.
zurückhaltend)

heart had left. *a tempo* Un - to thee she
Her - zen blieb. Dir hat sie ihn

passionately
(leidenschaftlich) *dim.* *p dolce*

— quick-ly gave it, All my life's most pre - cious dow'r, So that now, if
— i - ber - ge - ben, mei - nes Le - bens Voll - ge - winn, dass ich nun, ver-

p *p*

THRO' THY DEAR LOVE FORTUNED HIGHLY (HOCHBEGLÜCKT IN DEINER LIEBE)

(Composed at Döbling, in the afternoon of January 23, 1889)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)

(Original Key, Bb)

HUGO WOLF

Goethe Songs, No 40

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

With the utmost fire and passion
(Äusserst leidenschaftlich und sehr lebhaft)

VOICE

PIANO

p *p*

mf *f* *più f*

ff *p*

f *ff* *p*

Thro' thy dear love for-tuned high - ly
Hoch be-glückt in dei - ner Lie - be

I Oc - ca - sion could not blame, Tho' like thee, in
schelt' ich nicht Ge - le - gen-heit, ward sie gleich an

rob - bing sly - ly She so sweet a theft might
 dir zum Die - be, wie mich solch ein Raub er -

f *ff*

gradually slower
 (immer ein wenig nachlassend)

claim! Yet, oh, why need there be thiev - ing?
 freut! Und wo - zu denn auch be - rau - ben?

dim. *p* *pp*

faster
 (zunehmend)

Yield thy - self to my fond art;
 Gieb dich mir aus frei - er Wahl;

p *f*

Tempo I

I'd far rath - er live be - liev - ing That I stole from thee thy
 gar zu ger - ne möcht ich glau - ben: ja, ich bin's, die dich be -

p *f*

heart. _____
 stahl. _____

più f *ff*

What thou'st giv - en with - out meas - ure Brings thee re - com - pense di - vine:
 Was so wil - lig du ge - ge - ben bringt dir herr - li - chen Ge - winn;

sf *p* *f*

All my peace, my life's full meas - ure, Give I glad - ly. —
 mei - ne Ruh', mein rei - ches Le - ben geb' ich freu - dig. —

sf *p*

Take _____ 'tis thine!
 nimm _____ es hin!

f *ff* *dim.* *p*

gradually slower
(immer ein wenig nachlassend)

Make no jest! Say not I've
Scher - ze nicht! Nichts von Ver -

faster
zunehmend

bound thee! Does not love en - rich us both?
ar - men! Macht uns nicht die Lie - be reich?

Tempo I

When mine arms are twined a - round thee
Halt ich dich in mei - nen Ar - men,

For - tune's dow'r finds full -
je - dem Glück ist mei -

With still more animation
(noch lebhafter)

poco rit.

est growth!
nes gleich.

ff

This system contains the first system of music. It features a vocal line at the top with lyrics and a piano accompaniment below. The piano part includes a treble and bass clef. The lyrics are: "est growth!" and "nes gleich." The piano part has a dynamic marking of *ff*.

ff

This system contains the second system of music. It features a piano accompaniment with treble and bass clefs. The piano part has a dynamic marking of *ff*.

This system contains the third system of music. It features a piano accompaniment with treble and bass clefs.

accelerando
(beschleunigend)

This system contains the fourth system of music. It features a piano accompaniment with treble and bass clefs. The piano part has a dynamic marking of *ff*.

fff

This system contains the fifth system of music. It features a piano accompaniment with treble and bass clefs. The piano part has a dynamic marking of *fff*.

My for - tune I sought for, Then sor - row tried me; As
 Nach Glück — ich jag - te, an Lei - - den krank'ich: als

f *più f*

poco a poco rall.
 (immer zurückhaltender) *slowly*
 (langsam)

mine I de - mand - ed What love — still de - nied me.
 Recht — ver - langt? — ich was Lie - - be ver - sag - te.

ff *dim.* *p*

a tempo *poco rit.*

What - e'er I fought — for, I nev - er could gain,
 Ich hofft' und wag - - te, kein Glück — mir ge - dieh,

f *più f*

slowly
 (langsam) **Tempo I**
 (Erstes Zeitmaass)

So un - blest I re - main.
 und so schaut'ich es nie.

p *pp*

I SAILED OVER SEA (ICH FUHR ÜBER MEER)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, in the afternoon of October 31, 1889)

(Original Key, B minor)

Translated from an
anonymous Spanish poet
by PAUL HEYSE (1830-)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

HUGO WOLF
Spanish Songs (Secular) No 8

Quickly, and with passionate expression
(Lebhaft und mit leidenschaftlichem Ausdruck)

VOICE

I sail'd o-ver sea, I cross'd ma-ny a land;
Ich fuhr ü-ber Meer, ich zog ü-ber Land,

PIANO

mf *f*

slowly
(langsam)

Tempo I
(Erstes Zeitmaass)

No-where at hand Was joy for me. Yet oth-ers grew
das Glück das fand ich nim-mer-mehr. Die An-dern um-

poco a poco rall.
(immer zurückhaltender)

sf *dim.* *p* *f*

slowly
(langsam)

Tempo I
(Erstes Zeitmaass)

glad. How hap-py they were! Joy came to me ne'er!
her wie ju-bel-ten sie! ich ju-bel-te nie!

rit. *più f* *rit.* *ff* *p* *pp* *p*

Still all my sor - rows I bore un - com - plain - ing, And
 Trug oh - ne Kla - ge die Lei - den, die bö - sen, und

poco a poco rall. (immer zurückhaltender) *slowly* (langsam) *a tempo*

thought: re - main - ing Are hap - pier mor - rows. Those joy - - ous to -
 dacht, es lö - sen sich ab die Ta - ge, die früh - - li - chen

poco rit. *slowly* (langsam)

mor - rows, They van - ish'd in air! I could cap - ture them
 Ta - ge, wie ei - len sie! ich er - eil - te sie

Tempo I
 (Erstes Zeitmass)

ne'er! _____
 nie! _____

gradually slower
 (immer ein wenig langsamer)

WHEN THOU GOEST TO THY FLOWERS

(WENN DU ZU DEN BLUMEN GEHST)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, in the afternoon of November 1, 1889)

Translated from an
anonymous Spanish poet
by PAUL HEYSE (1830 -)

(Original Key, A)

HUGO WOLF
Spanish Songs (Secular) No 6

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

With graceful flow, in quite moderato tempo
(Anmuthig fließend, in sehr mässigem Tempo)

VOICE

p

When thou go - est to thy flow'rs, For thine a - dorn - ment
Wenn du zu den Blu - men gehst, pflü - cke die schön - sten,

PIANO

dolcissimo

pluck the fair - est. In thy gar - den's love - liest bow'rs, Thou
dich zu schmie - cken. Ach, wenn du in dem Gärt - lein stehst, muss -

— out - vi - est those — thou wear - est. All
— test du dich sel - ber pflü - cken. Al -

the blos - soms must a - gree Thou art love - ly, — must a - dore thee,
 le Blu - men wis - sen ja, dass du hold bist — oh - ne glei - chen.

p *cresc.*

And each blos - som, see - ing thee, Glad - ly
 Und die Blu - me, die dich sah Farb' und

f *p* *f* *p*

pales its hue be - fore — thee. When thou go - est
 Schmuck muss ihr er - blei - chen. Wenn du zu den

pp

to — thy flow'rs, For thine a - dorn - ment pluck the fair - est.
 Blu - men gehst, pflü - cke die schön - sten, dich zu schmä - cken.

In thy gar - den's love - liest bow'rs, Thou out - vi - est those
 Ach, wenn du in dem Gärt - lein stehst, muss - test du dich sel -

— thou wear - est. Sweet - er far than ro - ses,
 — ber pflü - cken. Lieb - li - cher als Ro - sen

Are the kiss - es from thy lips love - cher - ish'd; For the charm
 sind die Küs - se, die dein Mund ver - schwen - det, weil der Reiz

of flow'rs has per - ish'd Where thy love - ly charms
 — der Blu - men en - det, wo dein Lieb - reiz erst

COME, MARY, TAKE COMFORT

(NUN WANDRE, MARIA)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, in the evening of November 4, 1889)

Translated from the Spanish of Ocaña
by PAUL HEYSE (1830 -)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key, E minor)

HUGO WOLF
Spanish Songs (Sacred) No. 3

Slowly and tranquilly
(Langsam und ruhig)

VOICE

p

Come, Ma - ry, take com - fort, now
Nun wan - dre, Ma - ri - a, nun

PIANO

p *pp*

quick - en thy pace. The cocks crow for morn - ing, and near is the place. Now
wan - dre nur fort. Schon krä - hen die Häh - ne und nah ist der Ort. Nun

has - ten, my dear one, my love's best crown, We soon shall set foot in far Beth - le - hem town.
wan - dre, Ge - lieb - te, du Klein - od mein, und bal - de wir wer - den in Beth - le - hem sein.

dim. *pp*

And there shalt thou rest and sleep a space: The
 Dann ru - hest du fein und schlum - merst dort. Schon

cocks crow for morn-ing and near is the place. — Wellknow I, La - dy,
 krä - hen die Häh - ne und nah ist der Ort. — Wohl seh' ich, Her - rin,

Thy strength doth languish; Scarce art thou a - ble to bear thine an-guish.
 die Kraft dir schwinden; kann dei - ne Schmer - zen, ach, kaum ver - win - den.

Take heart! our path we shall sure - ly trace; Cocks crow for morn - ing and
 Ge - trost! wohl fin - den wir Her - berg dort; - schon kräh'n die Häh - ne und

pp

near is the place. ——— When comes thine hour of de - liv' - rance, Ma - rie, The
 nah ist der Ort. ——— Wär' erst be - stan - den dein Stünd - lein, Ma - rie, die

very tenderly
(sehr zart)

bless - ed ti - dings well paid shall be! The ass that I ride
 gu - te Bot - schaft gut - lohn' ich sie. Das E - se - lein hie

pp *as if from a distance*
(wie aus weiter Ferne)

I'd give with grace! The cocks crow for morn - ing, come!
 gäb' ich drum fort! Schon krä - hen die Häh - ne, komm!

near is the place. ———
 nah ist der Ort. ———

ppp

PLAY, MY LOVE, WITH LOVE YOUR GAME

(TREIBE NUR MIT LIEBEN SPOTT)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, in the evening of November 15, 1889)

Translated from an
anonymous Spanish poet
by PAUL HEYSE (1830 -)

(Original Key, G minor)

HUGO WOLF
Spanish Songs (Secular) N^o 4

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

Moderato molto
(Sehr mässig)

VOICE

Play, my love, with love your game Of
Trei - be nur mit Lie - ben Spott, Ge -

PIANO

tri - fling, ay;
lieb - te - mein;

Yet the god of love the same With - you may - try!
spot - tet doch der Lie - bes - gott der - einst auch - dein!

mf p

più animato
(etwas bewegter)

You may think in sport you're clever Beyond meas-ure; It is wom-an brings us
Magst an Spot-ten nach Ge - fal - len du dich wei - den; von dem Wei - be kommt uns

p f p

Tempo I
(Erstes Zeitmaass)

ev - er Woe and pleas - - ure. Play, my love, with love your game Of
Al - len Lust und Lei - - den. Trei - be nur mit Lie - ben Spott, Ge -

tri - fling, ay; Yet the god of love the same With you may - - try!
lieb - te - mein; spot - tet doch der Lie - bes - gott der - einst auch - - dein!

poco rit. ♩

più animato
(etwas bewegter)

If you're now too proud for woo - ing, Let me warn you:-
Bist auch jetzt zu stolz zum Min - nen, glaub, o glau - be:

Tempo I
(Erstes Zeitmaass)

Love will yet be your un - do - ing. It may scorn you. If of me you make such
Lie - be wird dich doch ge - win - nen sich zum Rau - be, wenn du spot - test mei - ner

game, When sad am I, Ah! the god of love the same With you may try!
 Noth, Ge - lieb - te - mein; spot - tet doch der Lie - bes - gott der - einst auch - dein!

mf *p*

più animato
(etwas bewegter)

He who's in the flesh is tak - ing Risks each hour: Love may sleep but, sud - den
 Wer da lebt in Fleisch, er - wä - ge al - le Stun - den: A - mor schläft und plötz - lich

p *f* *p*

Tempo I
(Erstes Zeitmaass)

wak - ing, Wounds with pow - er! Play, my love, with love your game Of
 re - ge schlägt er Wun - den. Trei - be nur mit Lie - ben Spott, Ge -

f *ff* *p*

poco rit. *3*

tri - fling, ay: Yet the god of love the same, With you may try!
 lieb - te - mein; spot - tet doch der Lie - bes - gott der - einst auch dein!

mf *poco rit.* *pp*

TINKLE GAILY, MY PANDERO

(KLINGE, KLINGE, MEIN PANDERO)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, in the afternoon of November 20, 1889)

Translated from the Spanish of
Alvaro Fernandez de Almeida

(Original Key, G minor)

by EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815-1884)

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

HUGO WOLF

Spanish Songs (Secular) No 1

Moderato
(Mässig)

VOICE

PIANO

staccato throughout
(immer staccato)

p *mf* *pp*

p

Tin - kle gai - ly, my pan -
Klin - ge, klin - ge, mein Pan -

de - ro, Yet my thoughts a - far are
de - ro, doch an an - dres denkt mein

borne. _____
Herz. _____

p *mf*

Couldst thou, pret - ty toy, be shar - ing In the pain _____ my heart is
 Wenn du, mun - tres Ding, ver - stän - dest mei - ne Qual _____ und sie em -

p *mf*

bear - ing Ev - 'ry tone would ring de - spair - ing With the cry _____
 pfän - dest, je - den Ton, den du ent - sen - dest, wür - de kla -

p *f* *ff*

— of one for - lorn.
 - gen mei - nen Schmerz.

p *pp*

For the whirl - ing dan - cers' pleas - ure Must I beat _____ the rhyth - mic
 Bei des Tan - zes Drehn und Nei - gen schlag' ich wild _____ den Takt zum

meas - ure;
 Rei - gen,
 Had, a - las! my thoughts no lei - - sure O'er my
 dass nur die Ge - dan - ken schwei - - gen, die mich

bit - ter fate to mourn.
 mah - nen an den Schmerz.

Ah, my friends, while mu-sic mak-ing, Oft - times is my heart nigh
 Ach, ihr Herrn, dann will im Schwin-gen oft - mals mir die Brust zer -

break - ing; An-guish in my song is wak-ing, For a - far — my thoughts are
 sprin - gen, und zum Angst-schrei wird mein Sin-gen, denn an an - dres denkt mein

borne. _____
 Herz. _____

FROM HER BALCONY GREEN

(AUF DEM GRÜNEN BALCON)

Translated from an
anonymous Spanish poet

by PAUL HEYSE (1830 -)

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, December 12, 1889)

(Original Key, A)

HUGO WOLF
Spanish Songs (Secular) No 5

With swift and delicate motion; gracefully

(Leicht bewegt, anmuthig)

VOICE

From her bal-con - y green my fair_ one Sends her glance to
Auf dem grü-nen Bal - con mein Mäd - chen schaut nach mir durch's

PIANO

pp (dolce)

La La La La

me be-low; Tho' her eyes con - vey lov - ing greet - ing, -
Git - ter - lein. Mit den Au - gen blin - zelt sie freund - lich, -

*) *cresc.*

La

Still her fin - ger says_ to me: No!
mit dem Fin - ger sagt_ sie mir: Nein!

f *pp*

*) Pedal with each change of harmony.
(nach jedem Harmonienwechsel, Pedal.)

Luck that nev - er, with - out
Glück das nim - mer oh - ne

changing, Helps a lov - er bliss to cap - ture, For a fleet - ing hour of
Wan - ken jun - ger Lie - be folgt hie - nie - den, hat mir ei - ne Lust be -

rap - ture Now with heart - ache is a - ven - ging. Words, now flat - t'ring,
schie - den, und auch da noch muss ich schwan - ken. Schmei - cheln hör' ich

now es - tran - ging, From her win - dow greet my sigh - - - ing.
o - der Zan - ken, komm' ich an ihr Fen - ster - läd - - - chen.

Wom - en, there is no de - ny - ing, Bit - ter with the
 Im - mer nach dem Brauch der Mäd - chen trüft ins Glück ein

sweet be - stow : ——— Tho' her eyes con - vey lov - ing greet - ing, —
 bis - chen Pein : ——— Mit den Au - gen blin - zelt sie freund - lich, —

cresc.

Still her fin - ger says — to me : No ! —
 mit dem Fin - ger sagt — sie mir : Nein ! —

f *pp*

Ev - er in her bos - om shar - ing
 Wie sich nur in ihr ver - tra - gen

f

Dwell her cold-ness and my love, For she's like the heav'n a-bove
 ih - re Kal - te, mei-ne Gluth? Weil in ihr - mein Him - mel ruht,

With both sun and clouds ap-pear - ing. And the wind my - plaint is bear - ing,
 seh' ich Trüb und Hell sich ja - gen. In den Wind gehn - mei - ne Kla - gen,

That my arms may not en-fold her, Close - ly to my bos - om hold -
 dass noch nie die sü - sse Klei - ne ih - re Ar - me schlangum mei -

her, For no near - er
 ne; doch sie hält mich

may I go; Tho' her eyes con-vey lov - ing
 hin so fein, mit den Au - gen blin - zelt sie

greet - ing, Still her fin - ger says _____ to me:
 freund - lich, mit dem Fin - ger sagt _____ sie mir:

No!
 Nein!

poco rit.

SAD I COME AND BENDING LOWLY

(MÜH'VOLL KOMM' ICH UND BELADEN)

127

Translated from the Spanish of
Don Manuel del Rio
by EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815-1884)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, January 10, 1890)

(Original Key, G minor)

HUGO WOLF
Spanish Songs (Sacred) No. 7

Very slowly and sustained
(Sehr langsam und getragen)

VOICE

Sad I come and bend-ing low-ly;
Müh'-voll komm' ich und be-la-den,

PIANO

p

Lift me up, Thou Help-er ho-ly!
nimm mich an, du Hort der Gna-den!

f

Here with scald-ing tears I am, Weight-ed by my deep con-
Sieh, ich komm' in Thrä-nen heiss mit de-mü-thi-ger Ge-

f p f p f p

tri-tion, Stain'd and soil'd is my con-di-tion.
ber-de, dun-kel ganz vom Staub der Er-de.

f p pp

Thou canst make me like a lamb — White as snow; heed my pe-ti-tion.
 Du nur schaf-fest, dass ich weiss — wie das Vliess der Läm-mer wer-de.

Thou dost par-don man's of-fend-ing If the sack-cloth garb — he
 Til-gen willst du ja den Scha-den dem der reu-ig dich — um-

wear; Lift, then, Lord, the load I bear!
 fasst; nimm denn, Herr, von mir die Last,

Sad — I come and low-ly bend-ing.
 müh'-voll komm' ich und be-la-den.

Let me kneel — be - fore Thy feet, —
 Lass mich fleh - end vor dir knie'n,

Tears and fra-grant in - cense pour-ing, With — the zeal of my — im - plor - ing,
 dass ich ü - ber dei - ne Fü - sse Nar - den-duft und Thrä - nen gie - sse,

Like the wo - man Thou did'st greet All her in - no - cence re -
 gleich dem Weib, dem du ver - zich'n, bis die Schuld wie Rauch zer -

stor-ing! Lord, who told — the robber dy - ing! "Thou'lt —
 flie - sse. Der den Schä - cher du ge - la - den: „Heu -

in Par - a - dise with me be to - day"
 - te noch in E - dens Bann wirst du sein!"

with abandonment
 (hingebend)

Take me to Thee, Lord of
 O nimm mich an, nimm mich

mer - cy, heed my cry - ing!
 an, du Hort der Gna - den!

p *pp* *pp*

NOW I AM THINE (NUN BIN ICH DEIN)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, January 15, 1890)

(Original Key, F)

HUGO WOLF
Spanish Songs(Sacred) No 1

Translated from the
Spanish of von Hita

by PAUL HEYSE (1830 -)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

Slowly and very fervently
(Langsam und sehr innig)

VOICE

Now I am Thine, Thou queen-ly flow'r of flow-ers, This voice of mine shall
Nun bin ich dein, du al - ler Blu - men Blu - me, und sing al - lein all -

sing thy gra-cious dow - ers; With zeal-ous praise I'll fill my
stund zu dei - nem Ruh - me; will ei - frig sein, mich dir zu

days And serve with all my pow - ers. Wom - an e -
weih'n und dei - nen Dul - der - thu - me. Frau, aus - er -

lect-ed, In Thee my hope is found-ed; Thou hast de - tect - ed What depths my soul has
 le - sen, zu dir steht all mein Hof - fen, mein in-nerst We - sen ist al - le-zeit dir

sound - ed; Thro' sins that blind me I seek to find
 of - fen. Komm, mich zu lö - sen vom Fluch des Bö -

— Thee, Tow'rd God to be — di-rect - ed! Star of the Main! A-bode of Gra -
 - sen, der mich so hart — be-trof - fen! Du Stern der See, du Port der Won -

— ces! Whom not in vain Men pray in dan - g'rous pla - ces,
 — nen, von der im Weh die Wun - den Heil ge - won - nen,

Ere death I see Look Thou on me, Thou Queen of star-lit
 ek' ich ver-geh' blick' aus der Höh, du Kö-ni-gin der

spa - ces! 'Tis all un - end - ed, The meas - ure of Thy mer - cies;
 Son - nen! Nie kann ver - sie - gen die Fül - le dei - ner Gna - den;

By Thee de - fend - ed Man con - quers tho' sin curs - es.
 du hilfst zum Sie - gen dem der mit Schmach be - la - den.

In pray'rs im - plor - ing, Be - fore Thy feet a - dor - ing,
 An dich sich schmie - gen, zu dei - nen Fü - ssen lie - gen

Sor - row and sin are end - ed. I suf - fer sore And
 heilt al - len Harmund Scha - den. Ich lei - de schwer und

pun - ish - ment I mer - it. I pale be - fore The death -
 wohl ver - dien - te Stra - fen. Mir bangt so sehr, bald To -

— sleep, Ah! I fear - it. O guide Thou me O'er storm - y
 - des - schlaf zu schla - fen. Tritt du ein - her, und durch das

sea, Where har - bor waits my spir - it. Meer, o füh - re mich zu Ha - fen.

AH! 'T WAS MAYTIME

(ACH, IM MAIEN WAR'S, IM MAIEN)

Translated from an
anonymous Spanish poet
by PAUL HEYSE (1830-)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, on Sunday, March 30, 1890)

(Original Key, A)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

HUGO WOLF
Spanish Songs (Secular) No 20

Tenderly, with delicate motion
(*Leicht bewegt, zart*)

VOICE

PIANO

pp

con Pedale

p

Ah! 'twas May - -
Ach, im Mai - -

time, love - - ly May - - time, When the gen - -
en war's, im Mai - - en, wo die war - -

- tle winds are blow - - ing, When young lov - -
- men Lüf - - te weh - - en, wo ver - - lieb - -

poco cresc. *pp*

tenderly
(*zart*)

- - ers to their true loves At day's close
- - te Leu - - te pfle - - gen ih - - ren Lieb - -

are wont to go. I
- - chen nach - - zu - - gehn. Ich

a - lone, poor wretch - - ed pris - on - er, Deep in
al - lein, ich ar - - mer Trau - ri - ger, lieg' im

dun - - geon cell am pin - ing, And
Ker - - ker so ver - schmach - tet, und

I know not when 'tis sun - rise, And
ich seh' nicht, wann es ta - get, und

I know not day's de-clin - ing.
ich weiss nicht, wann es nach - tet.

a tempo
On - ly by
Nur an ei -

poco rit.
dim. *ppp* *pp a tempo*

a bird - ling's car - ol Did I know
nem Vög - lein merkt' ich's, das da drauss

cresc.

— that now 'twas May; Ah! a hunt -
— im Mai - - en sang; das hat mir

f

er's dart has kill'd it Him may God in
ein Schütz ge - töd - - tet geb' ihm Gott den

dim. *p* *cresc.*

an - - ger slay!
schlimm - - sten Dank!

f *ff* *dim.*

without Pedal with Pedal

p *dim.*

pp *dim.* *ppp*

LOVE WITHIN MY BOSOM (LIEBE MIR IM BUSEN)

139

Translated from an
anonymous Spanish poet
by PAUL HEYSE (1830 -)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Composed in Perchtoldsdorf, at noon of April 2, 1890)
(Original Key, A minor)

HUGO WOLF
Spanish Songs (Secular) No 17

Extremely fast, with intense passion
(Ausserst rasch, mit leidenschaftlichstem Ausdruck)

VOICE

PIANO

Love with-in my bos-om starts—
Lie - be mir im Bu - sen zün -

— a ra-ging fire: Wa - ter, dear-est moth-er, ere my heart ex - pire!
- det ei - nen Brand. Was - ser, lie - be Mut - ter, eh das Herz ver - brannt!

Not — for fell in - tent Blame—
Nicht — das blin - de Kind straft—

— the Blind Boy hate - ful: First — a cool -
— für mei - ne Feh - le; hat — zu - erst —

ness grate - ful To my soul he sent.
die See - le mir ge - kühl so lind.

f *pp*

Then up - blaz - ing clear rose
Dann ent - flammt's ge - schwind ach,

cresc. *più f*

my mad de - sire; Wa - ter, dear - est moth - er, ere my heart ex - pire!
mein Un - ver - stand; Was - ser, lie - be Mut - ter, eh das Herz ver - brannt!

ff

Ah! — could an - y stream Quench this fire — as - sail - ing? For so
Ach! — wo ist die Fluth, die dem Feu - er weh - re? für so

p *f*

great a flame Seas were un - a - vail - -
 gro - - sse Gluth sind zu arm - die Mee - -

- ing. That de - light it gives makes
 - re. Weil es wohl - - - mir thut wein'

my plight more dire! Wa -
 ich un - ver - wandt; Was -

- ter, dear - est moth - er, ere my heart ex - pire!
 - ser, lie - be Mut - ter, eh das Herz ver - brannt!

COME WITHIN, NOBLE WARRIOR

(TRETET EIN, HOHER KRIEGER)

(Composed at Unterach on Whitsunday, May 25, 1890)

(Original Key, D)

GOTTFRIED KELLER (1819-1890)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

HUGO WOLF

Six Songs in Ancient Style, No 1

Moderato, gracefully
(Sehr gemessen, mit Anstand)

VOICE

PIANO

Come with - in, no - ble war - rior, who dost give me — thy love!
Tre - tet ein, ho - her Krie - ger, der sein Herz mir — er - gab!

delicately
(zart)

Doff thy deep crim - son man - tle, and thy gold spurs — re - move.
Legt den pur - pur - nen Man - tel und die Gold - spo - - ren ab.

f Put thy horse to the plough, my old father to greet;
 Spannt das Ross in den Pflug, mei - nem Va - ter zum Gruss!
p

f While thy crest-broider'd housings make a carpet
 die Scha-brack' mit dem Wap-pen giebt 'nen Tep-pich
p

p for my feet. So thy sword-hilt shall furnish rich jewels—
 mei - nem Fuss. Eu - er Schwert-griff muss las - sen für mich Gold—

for my hands, And the bright blade of combat
 und Stein, und die bli - tzen - de Klin - ge

now shall stir hearth-fire brands. And the white flow-ing feathers
 wird ein Schür - ei - sen sein. Und die schnee - - wei - sse Fe - der

tr
p
delicately
(zart)

which thy red hat a - dorn, Will make a fan to re-fresh me
 auf dem blut - ro - - then - Hut ist zu 'nem küh - len-den We - del

delicately
(zart)

on a warm sum - mer morn. And the mar - -
 in der Som - - mers - zeit gut. Und der Mar - -

f

shal must learn now how the wheat - loaves we bake; How the
 schalk muss - ler - nen wie man Wei - zen - brot backt, wie man

f

pies and the pas - ties for the Yule - tide we make. Now com -
 Wurst und Ge - füll - sel um die Weih - nachts - zeit hackt. Nun be -

pp *f*

p *pp* *f*

mend thy spir - it to the saints good and kind! For thy bod - y
 fehlt eu - re See - le dem hei - li - gem Christ! Eu - er Leib ist

p

p *delicately* (*zart*)

is for - feit, no re - demp - tion thou't
 ver - kauft, wo kein Er - lö - sen mehr

f

cresc. *f*

find!
 ist!

ff

THOU ART THE LOVELIEST MAIDEN (IHR SEID DIE ALLERSCHÖNSTE)

Translated from an Italian popular song
(In Tigris's Florentine Collection)
by PAUL HEYSE (1830-)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Composed at Unterach, October 2, 1890)

(Original Key, A \flat)

HUGO WOLF
Italian Songs, No. 3

Fervently and passionately (♩ = 100)
(Innig und leidenschaftlich)

PIANO

tenderly
(zart)

p

Thou art the love-liest maid - en far and wide, Than flow - 'ry mead in
Ihr seid die Al - ler - schön - ste weit und breit, viel schö - ner als im

f

May thou art more fair! With thee Or-vie - to's dome in all its pride
Mai der Blu - men-flor. Or - vie - to's Dom steigt so voll Herr - lich-keit,

riten.
(gehalten)

a tempo

Nor can Vi-ter - bo's lof - tiest fount com-pare.
Vi - ter - bo's grö - sster Brun - nen nicht em - por.

più f *ff* *dim.*

more quietly (etwas ruhiger)
with feeling (innig)

Mag - ic so great and charm — so high sweep o'er thee, Si - en-na's tem - ple must -
So ho-her Reiz und Zau - ber ist dein ei - gen, der Dom von Sie - na muss -

poco rit. (ein wenig zurückhalten) *faster* (bewegt) *poco rit.*

— bow down be - fore thee! Ah! thou'rt so full of charm — and grace re-veal'd, —
— sich vor dir nei - gen. Ach! du bist so an Reiz — und An-muth reich, —

broadly (etwas breit) *faster* (bewegt)

Si - en-na's church it - self — to thee must yield.
der Dom von Sie - na selbst — ist dir nicht gleich.

poco rit. *ff* *p* *pp* *rit.*

slackening the time (nachlassend)

148 WOULDST THOU BEHOLD THY LOVER SADLY DYING

(UND WILLST DU DEINEN LIEBSTEN STERBEN SEHEN)

(Composed at Döbling, in the afternoon of December 4, 1891)

Translated from a popular song
in Tommaseo's Collection of Tuscan Songs

(Original Key, Ab)

HUGO WOLF

by PAUL HEYSE (1830 -)

Italian Songs, No 17

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

Slow and sustained (♩ = 54)
(Langsam und getragen)

VOICE

Wouldst thou be-hold thy lov - er sad - ly dy - ing? Then do not
Und willst du dei - nen Lieb - sten ster - ben seh - en, so tra - ge

PIANO

p softly
(weich)

braid thy won-drous hair, my dear - est; Down from thy shoul-ders wear it
nicht dein Haar ge - lockt, du Hol - de. Lass von den Schul-tern frei sie

f

free - ly fly - ing; En - veild in pur - est gold then thou ap - pear - est.
nie - der weh - en; wie Fä - - den sehn sie aus von pu - rem Gol - de.

p *pp* *p*

very quietly (♩ = 44)
(sehr ruhig)

pp

Bright gold-en threads with breez-y sun - light show'r'd,
Wie gold-ne Fä - - den, die der Wind be - wegt.

pp *very softly and tenderly*
(sehr weich und zart)

tenderly
(zart)

Love - ly thy hair is, love - ly she thus dow'r'd!
schön sind die Haa - re, schön ist, die sie trägt!

pp

Gold ring - lets, silk - en ring-lets sun - ca - ress'd,
Gold - fä - den, Sei - den - fä - den un - ge - zählt,

p *mf* *pp*

Love-ly the hair is, love-ly she thus blest!
schön sind die Haa - re, schön ist, die sie strahlt!

pp *p* *dim.* *pp*

E'EN LITTLE THINGS (AUCH KLEINE DINGE)

Translated from a popular song
in Tommaseo's Collection of Tuscan Songs

(Composed at Döbling, December 9, 1891)

by PAUL HEYSE (1830-)

(Original Key, A)

HUGO WOLF
Italian Songs, No 1

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

Slowly and very tenderly (♩ = 54)
(Langsam und sehr zart)

PIANO

E'en lit-tle things can yield us per-fect pleas-ure,
Auch klei-ne Din-ge kön-nen uns ent-zü-cken,

pp *always pp* (immer *pp*)

E'en lit-tle things may be su-preme-ly dear. Re-flect, how pre-cious
auch klei-ne Din-ge kön-nen theu-er sein. Be-denkt, wie gern wir

— are the pearls we treas-ure; Tho' great their worth, how small do they ap-pear.
— uns mit Per-len schmü-cken; sie wer-den schwer be-zahlt und sind nur klein.

Be - think, how small the ol - ive is in size, Which for its fla - vor rare —
Be - denkt, wie klein ist die O - li - ven - frucht, und wird um ih - re Gü -

— we high - ly prize. How small a thing the rose with heart a - glow,
- te doch ge - sucht. Denkt an die Ro - se nur, wie klein sie ist,

pp

rather more slowly (very tenderly)
etwas breiter (sehr zart) *a tempo*

Yet how di - vine its fra - grance, as — ye — know.
und duf - tet doch so lieb - lich, wie — ihr — wisst.

pp
a tempo
p

p

152 **ALTHOUGH MY TRUE-LOVE HAS NO HABITATION**
(MEIN LIEBSTER HAT ZU TISCHE MICH GELADEN)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, March 26, 1886)

(Original Key, F)

Translated from an Italian popular song
 (in Dalmedico's Canti del Popolo Veneziano)

by PAUL HEYSE (1830 -)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

HUGO WOLF
 Italian Songs, No 25

Moderately fast (♩ = 108)
 (Mässig bewegt)

VOICE

PIANO

Al - tho' my true-love has no hab - i - ta - tion, My pres - ence
 Mein Lieb - ster hat zu Ti - sche mich ge - la - den und hat - te

at his board he has be - spo - ken; He has no hearth or wood to
 doch kein Haus - mich zu em - pfan - gen, nicht Holz noch Herd zum Ko - chen

cook a ra - tion, And long a - go his wa - ter crock was bro - ken.
 und zum Bra - ten, der Ha - fen auch war längst ent - zwei ge - gan - gen.

He could not of - fer me — a sip of wine, Not
 An ei - nem Fäss - chen Wein — ge - brach es auch, und

e'en a glass he u - ses if he dine; His ta - ble mean; his
 Glä - ser hatt' er gar nicht im Ge - brauch; der Tisch war schmal, das

ta - ble cloth no full - er, His bread like stone, his knife could not be dull - er!
 Ta - fel - tuch nicht bes - ser, das Brod stein - hart und völ - lig stumpf das Mes - ser.

HOW MANY HOURS I'VE WASTED

(WIE VIELE ZEIT VERLOR ICH)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, April 2, 1896)

Translated from a popular song
(in Tommaseo's Collection of Tuscan Songs)

by PAUL HEYSE (1830 -)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key, G minor)

HUGO WOLF
Italian Songs, No 37

Very sustained (♩ = 52)
(Sehr gehalten) *p*

VOICE

How ma-ny hours I've wast-ed but to love thee!
Wie vie-le Zeit ver-lor ich, dich zu lie-ben!

PIANO

p *mf*

And had I loved my God with fire as great My place in Par-a-dise
hätt' ich doch Gott ge-liebt in all der Zeit, Ein Platz im Pa-ra-dies

pp *f* *p*

— would wait a-bove me, And with the saints I'd dwell in blest es-tate.
— wär mir ver-schrie-ben, ein Heil'-ger säs-se dann an mei-ner Seit'.

mf *mf* *mf* *p*

always pressing forward somewhat
(immer etwas drügend)

But for my love of thee, — thy beau-teous eyes,
Und weil ich dich ge- liebt, — schön frisch Ge- sicht,
I've for-feit-ed the light of
ver-scherzt ich mir des Pa - ra -

slackening the time
p (nachlassend)

Par - a-dise;
die - ses Licht,
And for my love of thee,
und weil ich dich ge- liebt,
thy — hair of gold,
schön — Vei - ge-lein,

Tempo I
(I. Zeitmass)

rather faster
(etwas bewegter)

The gates of heav'n will ne'er to me un - fold.
komm' ich nun nicht in's Pa - ra - dies hin - ein.

poco rit.

156 WHEN THOU, MY LOVED ONE, MOUNTEST UP TO HEAVEN
 (WENN DU, MEIN LIEBSTER, STEIGST ZUM HIMMEL AUF)

(Composed at Perchtoldsdorf, April 24, 1896)

Translated from an Italian popular song
 (In Tigri's Florentine Collection)
 by PAUL HEYSE (1830 -)
 English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key, Gb)

HUGO WOLF
 Italian Songs, No 36

Very sustained (♩ = 46)
 (Sehr getragen) *p*

VOICE

When thou, my loved one, mount-est up to heav'n,
 Wenn Du, mein Lieb-ster, steigst zum Him-mel auf,

PIANO

p very expressively
 (sehr ausdrucksvoll)

I'll take my heart in hand to meet thee has-t'ning,
 trag' ich mein Herz dir in der Hand ent-ge-gen. Then when our first em-brace of
 So lie-be-voll um-armst Du

love is giv'n,
 mich dar-auf, We'll bow us low be-fore our Lord for chas-t'ning.
 dann woll'n wir uns den Herrn zu Fü-ssen le-gen.

(dolce)

animato
(etwas bewegter) *p*

And when the Lord God sees our love's dear pas - sion
 Und sieht der Herr - gott uns' - re Lie - bes - schmer - zen,

with increasing exaltation
(mit immer gesteigertem Ausdruck)

In - to one heart our two fond hearts He'll fash - ion, One heart - from two will
 macht er Ein Herz aus zwei ver - lieb - ten Her - zen, zu Ei - nem Her - zen

poco a poco rit.
(immer zurückhaltender)

be a - new - com - pound - ed, In Par - a - dise, by heav'n's bright flames sur - round - ed.
 fügt er zwei zu - sam - men, im Pa - ra - dies, um - glänzt von Him - mels - flam - men.

molto animato
(viel bewegter)

poco a poco rit.
(immer zurückhaltender)

Tempo I
(I. Zeitmass)

ALL THINGS LIVING SOON MUST PERISH

(ALLES ENDET, WAS ENTSTEHET)

MICHELANGELO (1475-1564)

(Composed at Vienna, March 20, 1897)

HUGO WOLF

Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key)

Three Poems by Michelangelo, No 2

Slow and sustained
(Langsam und getragen)

muted (gedämpft)

VOICE

PIANO

All things liv- ing soon must per- ish,
Al - les en- det, was ent- ste - het,

All things, all things that men cher - ish.
Al - les, Al - les rings ver - ge - het,

Time is fleet - ing,
denn die Zeit flieht,

and the splen - did sun be - hold - eth Thought and ac - tion,
und die Son - ne sieht, das Al - les rings ver - ge - het,

Sor - row, pleas - ure quick - ly end - ed.
Den - ken, Re - den, Schmerz und Won - ne;

f ff dim.

rather faster
(etwas bewegter)

pp

We who once your sires were reck - on'd Fled like shad - ows
und die wir zu En -keln hat - ten schwan - den wie bei

p *rather faster*
(etwas bewegter) *pp*

in a sec - ond, Like a va - por swept a - way.
Tag die Schat - ten, wie ein Dunst im Win - des - hauch.

p
mfp *mfp*

We were al - so men like
Men - schen wa - ren wir ja

mf *mp* *pp*

you, Gay and mourn - ful, false and true,
auch, froh und trau - rig, so wie ihr,

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

pp *f*

Now we are but life - less clay, — And in earth our forms must
 und nun sind wir leb - los hier, — sind nur Er - de, wie ihr

p

van - ish.
 se - het.

All things liv - ing
 Al - les en - det,

p *mf* *pp*

soon must per - ish, All things, all things that men cher - ish.
 was ent - ste - het, Al - les, Al - les rings ver - ge - het.

p *mf* *mp* *dim.* *pp*