

# Der König in Thule

Melodie: Carl Friedrich Zelter, 1812

Text: Johann Wolfgang Goethe, 1774

Es war ein Kö - nig in Thu - le, gar treu bis an das Grab,

5 dem ster-bend sei - ne Buh - le einen gold - nen Be - cher gab.

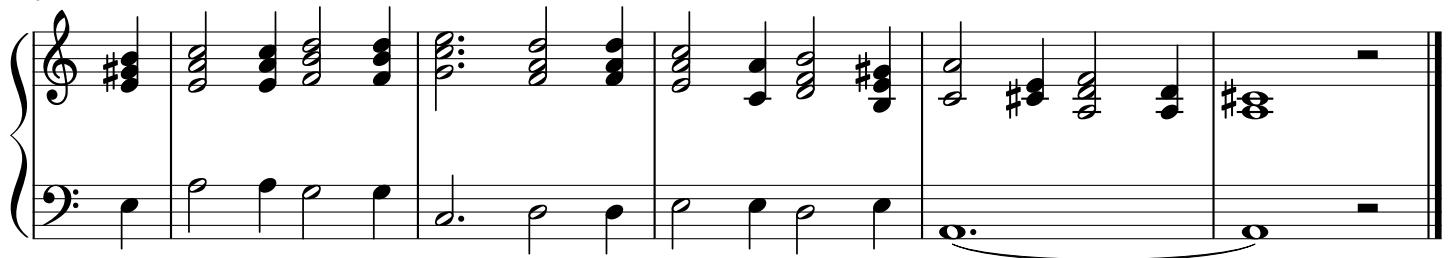
10

15

21

Melodie

The musical score consists of five systems of music. System 1 (measures 1-4) starts in 6/4 time with a treble clef, featuring a melody line above a bass line. The melody has a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. System 2 (measures 5-8) continues in 6/4 time with a bass clef, showing harmonic changes through various chords. System 3 (measures 9-12) begins a transition to 4/4 time with a treble clef, maintaining the melodic line. System 4 (measures 13-16) shows a continuation in 4/4 time with a bass clef. System 5 (measures 17-20) concludes in 4/4 time with a treble clef, identifying the 'Melodie' (melody) line.



Es war ein König in Thule,  
Gar treu bis an das Grab,  
Dem sterbend seine Buhle  
einen gold'nen Becher gab.

Es ging ihm nichts darüber,  
Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus;  
Die Augen gingen ihm über,  
So oft er trank daraus.

Und als er kam zu sterben,  
Zähl' er seine Städ' im Reich,  
Gönnt' alles seinem Erben,  
Den Becher nicht zugleich.

Er saß bei'm Königsmahle,  
Die Ritter um ihn her,  
Auf hohem Väter Saale,  
Dort auf dem Schloß am Meer.

Dort stand der alte Zecher,  
Trank letzte Lebensgluth,  
Und warf den heil'gen Becher  
Hinunter in die Flut.

Er sah ihn stürzen, trinken  
Und sinken tief in das Meer,  
die Augen täten ihm sinken,  
Trank nie einen Tropfen mehr.

There was a king in Thule,  
Was faithful to the grave,  
Whom she that loved him truly  
In dying a goblet gave.

He found no prize more appealing,  
Each feast he drained the cup;  
To his eyes the tears came stealing  
Whenever he held it up.

And when he came to dying,  
The towns in his realm he enrolled,  
His heir no prize denying,  
Except that cup of gold.

And at a royal wassail  
With all his knights sat he  
In the hall of his father's castle  
That faces toward the sea.

The old carouser slowly  
Stood up, drank life's last glow,  
And flung the cup so holy  
Into the flood below.

He saw it plunging, drinking  
As deep in the sea it sank.  
His eyes the while were sinking,  
Not a drop again he drank.