

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,

Musical notation for the first system, measures 1-4. The score is in 4/4 time and D major. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes, with a fermata over the final note of the first phrase.

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

Musical notation for the second system, measures 5-8. The piano accompaniment features a series of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. The melody continues in the treble clef.

10

Musical notation for the third system, measures 9-12. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The melody in the treble clef has a fermata over the final note of the second phrase.

15

Musical notation for the fourth system, measures 13-16. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The melody in the treble clef has a fermata over the final note of the third phrase.

21

Musical notation for the fifth system, measures 17-20. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line. The melody in the treble clef has a fermata over the final note of the fourth phrase.

Melodie



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

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

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

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

Und als er kam zu sterben,
 Zählt' er seine Städt' im Reich,
 Gönn't' alles seinem Erben,
 Den Becher nicht zugleich.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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