SCHIRMER'S EDITION.

Clarice of Eberstein
Poem by F. von Hoffmanass.

BALLAD

FOR

Solo Voices, Chorus and Orchestra.

Composed by

JOSEF RHEINBERGER.

OP. 97.

Vocal Score. Pr. 40 Cts. net.

NEW YORK: G. SCHIRMER
BOSTON: BOSTON MUSIC CO.
Clarice of Eberstein
Poem by F. von Hoffnaass.

BALLAD

FOR

Solo Voices, Chorus and Orchestra.

Composed by

JOSPEH RHEINBERGER.

OP. 97.

NEW YORK: G. SCHIRMER
BOSTON: BOSTON MUSIC CO.
CLARICE OF EBERSTEIN.

NO. 1. CHORUS.

JOSEF RHEINBERGER.

Tempo moderato. (\( \frac{d}{d} \) = 63.)

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TEMOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

rushlights are twinkling the whole night long Round Eberstein's fortress so gloomy and

rushlights are twinkling the whole night long Round Eberstein's fortress so gloomy and

rushlights are twinkling the whole night long Round Eberstein's fortress so gloomy and

rushlights are twinkling the whole night long Round Eberstein's fortress so gloomy and

ritard.

* * *
weaving and spinning for scanty reward, The people toil on for their hardhearted
weaving and spinning for scanty reward, The people toil on for their hardhearted
weaving and spinning for scanty reward, The people toil on for their hardhearted
weaving and spinning for scanty reward, The people toil on for their hardhearted

a tempo.

The
The
The
The

a tempo.
fast whirling wheel flies swift as the wind, The lab'ring loom clatters quickly behind; The fast whirling wheel flies swift as the wind, The loom clatters quickly behind, clatters

lab'ring loom clatters quickly behind;

quickly, the loom clatters quickly behind;

The fast whirling wheel flies swift as the wind, The fast whirling wheel flies swift as the wind, The lab'ring loom clatters quickly behind, The lab'ring loom clatters quickly behind

loom clatters quickly behind, clatters quickly behind
swift as the wind, as swift as the wind; Tho' weary with spinning the

as swift as the wind, as swift as the wind; Tho' weary with spinning the

as swift as the wind; Tho' weary with spinning the

as swift as the wind; Tho' weary with spinning the

fin - ger may be, The eye so sleep - y it scarce - ly can see, Spin

fin - ger may be, The eye so sleep - y it scarce - ly can see, Spin

fin - ger may be, The eye so sleep - y it scarce - ly can see, Spin

fin - ger may be, The eye so sleep - y it scarce - ly can see, Spin

work on, spin on, weave on. Tho' weary with spinning the

spin on, work on, spin on, Till the

spin on, work on, spin on, Till the

spin on, work on, Till the

spin on, work on, Till the

spin on, weave on, Till the
Baron a bride, A bride and a fortune has won!
Baron a bride, A bride and a fortune has won!
Baron a bride, A bride and a fortune has won!
Baron a bride, A bride and a fortune has won!

No 2. DUETT.

CLARICE.

Spinning Witch! ah, come and help me! Tang-led threads a-gain! a-gain! "Nay, my
darling, leave thy labour,
darling, leave thy labour, I—my-self will wind the
skein. Give me but one loving look, Rest upon my shoulder, so; Clarice! when shall we together to the altar go?

CLARICE.

"Were I rich I'd go tomorrow, But alas! An orphan I; Care and poverty and sorrow Are my only dowry." RUPERT.

Ah, were I, were I... the
Baron, Then at once to Church we'd go; I am but a humble weaver, So my timid love says 'No!'

glance, To the piping of thy tabor, Think not Clarice e'er will dance! Ah! were

Nay, to thy piping, thy piping tabor, Think not Clarice e'er will I, were I the Baron, To the Church at once we'd go; I am but a humble
dance. Think not Clarice e'er will dance!"

weaver. So my timid love says 'No!'
timidly brave, doth say, "Yes, e'en tho' I tremble, My cheek grow pale, I'll

speak to the Baron to-day?" “Sir Baron, Rupert has ask'd my hand, To

win my love has sought, If thou wilt consent; our wedding permit, I'll
serve the then a year for nought? The Baron laugh'd scornfully, say-ing, "A
serve the then a year for nought? The Baron laugh'd scornfully, say-ing, "A
serve the then a year for nought? The Baron laugh'd scornfully, say-ing, "A
serve the then a year for nought? The Baron laugh'd scornfully, say-ing, "A

bride! What! And thou, too, would'st married be? Then
bride! What! And thou, too, would'st married be? Then
bride! What! And thou, too, would'st married be? Then
bride! What! And thou, too, would'st married be? Then

dragging her in-to the window he cried, "Look down there! and an- swer
dragging her in-to the window he cried, "Look down there! and an- swer
dragging her in-to the window he cried, "Look down there! and an- swer
dragging her in-to the window he cried, "Look down there! and an- swer

4000
Say, what is that cross, where the willow trees wave?" "Ah! my
me. Say, what is that cross, where the willow trees wave?" "Ah! my
me. Say, what is that cross, where the willow trees wave?" "Ah! my
me. Say, what is that cross, where the willow trees wave?" "Ah! my
me. Say, what is that cross, where the willow trees wave?" "Ah! my
me. Say, what is that cross, where the willow trees wave?" "Ah! my
lord, woe is me! 'tis my dear, dear parents' grave."
lord, woe is me! 'tis my dear, dear parents' grave."
lord, woe is me! 'tis my dear, dear parents' grave."
lord, woe is me! 'tis my dear, dear parents' grave."
"Thy father, an
lord, woe is me! 'tis my dear, dear parents' grave."
lord, woe is me! 'tis my dear, dear parents' grave."
lord, woe is me! 'tis my dear, dear parents' grave."
lord, woe is me! 'tis my dear, dear parents' grave."
"Thy father, an
"Thy father, an
 idle weaver he; Thy mother in spinning was slow!"
 idle weaver he; Thy mother in spinning was slow!"
 idle weaver he; Thy mother in spinning was slow!"
 idle weaver he; Thy mother in spinning was slow!"
selves to death for thee!  Devotion could no further go!

flow-ers white and red,  And nettles and thorns— to guard the

With the nettles spin thee a bridal veil;
A shroud for me of the blossoms pale.

When

A shroud for me of the blossoms pale.

When

A shroud for me of the blossoms pale.

When

And I will myself the wedding both are completed, the rite shall take place, And I will myself the wedding both are completed, the rite shall take place, And I will myself the wedding both are completed, the rite shall take place, And I will myself the wedding

poco meno mosso.

Pale with terror and ignominious grace."

Pale with terror and ignominious grace."

Pale with terror and ignominious grace."

Pale with terror and ignominious grace."

poco meno mosso.
No. 4.

Andante espressivo. \( \text{( } \text{ } \text{)} \) 69

CLARICE.

p con duolo.

cresc.

"Oh, Mo- ther mine! How couldst thou me for-
sake? — Let me come to thee, For grief my heart will break;

My Father, too, Father and Mother taken, Leaving their child All helpless and alone, Forsaken!

To rob the flow'rs, Here on your grave that spring, Oh! grief and shame! E'en sharper than the nettles cruel sting!
p a tempo.

Oh! Mo-ther mine! How couldst thou me for-sake?

Let me come to thee For grief my heart will break?

A-lass! poor child! up-on the grave, No light! No

A-lass! poor child! up-on the grave, No light! No

A-lass! poor child! she lies upon the grave, No light! No

A-lass! poor child! up-on the grave, No light! No
Andantino quasi Allegretto. \( \text{(} d = 188 \text{)} \)
THE SPINNING WITCH. (Alto.)
dolce.

Murmur not, thou gentle maid.

en, Fate has happy days in store.
p dolce.

Tender heart with sorrow laden, Weep no more, no more!

Oft when I lay sick and weary, Lay all lonely, all forsa...

Weep no more, no more.

Weep no more, no more.

Weep no more, no more.

Weep no more, no more.
ken; Thou didst come so kind and cheer-y, Pi-ty on me hast ta-
ken.

Now, my child

Weep no more, no more!

Weep no more, no more!

Weep no more, no more!

Weep no more, no more!

Weep no more, no more!

Weep no more, no more!

will I re-pay thee For
thy loving care of me

Touch no blossom here, I pray

Weep no more!

Weep no more!

Weep no more!

Weep no more!

thee

Flow'r's to spin would madness be

Weep no

Weep no

Weep no

Weep no
Yet the nettles leave to me more!
more!
more!
more!

How to use them I know best!

Come, my child, away with thee, Leave the dead to rest.
Here troubles cease, The

una corda.

grave is peace!

tutta corda.

sf sf sf dim.
No 6 Chorus.

Moderato. (d=80.)

The Baron stands with gloomy brow, and watches the rising storm now.

The Baron stands with gloomy brow, and watches the rising storm now.

The Baron stands with gloomy brow, and watches the rising storm now.

The Baron stands with gloomy brow, and watches the rising storm now.

Gathering fast. The Heavens are dark, the golden sun with driving clouds is overcast.

Now gathering fast. The Heavens are dark, the golden sun with driving clouds is overcast.

Now gathering fast. The Heavens are dark, the golden sun with driving clouds is overcast.

Now gathering fast. The Heavens are dark, the golden sun with driving clouds is overcast.

Now
gleams out the mountain's loftiest peak, Hal! do not I see there the spinning Witch

frowning? A flash! From Heaven the thunders break, The

voice of the bold Baron drowning, "Accursed Bel-dame! Thy
threats I dare! Go winding and spinning till time shall have no mor-row;

And lackest thou hemp, then thy foxy red hair
Weave thy heddress thou may'st bor

4000
row."

But hark to the magpie's ma-l-li-cious refrain, She

row."

But hark to the magpie's ma-l-li-cious refrain, She

row."

But hark to the magpie's ma-l-li-cious refrain, She

drops at his feet a coal-black fea-ther, And "Bride-robe! Deathshroud!"

drops at his feet a coal-black fea-ther, And "Bride-robe! Deathshroud!"

drops at his feet a coal-black fea-ther, And "Bride-robe! Deathshroud!"

drops at his feet a coal-black fea-ther, And "Bride-robe! Deathshroud!"

screams she a-gain; And "Bride-robe! Deathshroud!" screams she a-gain

screams she a-gain; And "Bride-robe! Deathshroud!" screams she a-gain

screams she a-gain; And "Bride-robe! Deathshroud!" screams she a-gain

screams she a-gain; And "Bride-robe! Deathshroud!" screams she a-gain
poco rit.
cresc.
two garments display-
cresc.
two garments display-
cresc.
two garments display-

meno mosso.
dolce.
Thy will is obeyd; Here, thy shroud! Here, my veil! May God bless thee, and me for o-
Thy will is obeyd; Here, thy shroud! Here, my veil! May God bless thee, and me for o-
Thy will is obeyd; Here, thy shroud! Here, my veil! May God bless thee, and me for o-
Thy will is obeyd; Here, thy shroud! Here, my veil! May God bless thee, and me for o-

bey ing!
bey ing!
bey ing!
bey ing!
una corda.

4000
N° 7. CHORUS OF WOMEN.
(Bridal song.)

Allegretto.

SOPRANO I & II.

SOLO.

The joy-bells are ring-ing, And

ALTI.

SOLO.

The joy-bells are ring-ing, And

\[ \text{jubilant sing-ing, And jubilant sing-ing} \]
\[ \text{Resounds thro' the air} \]

To

\[ \text{jubilant sing-ing, And jubilant sing-ing} \]
\[ \text{Resounds thro' the air} \]

To

\[ \text{greet the happy pair. They've suf}-fer'd and stri-ven, Now vict'-ry is gi-ven, Their} \]

\[ \text{greet the happy pair. They've suf}-fer'd and stri-ven, Now vict'-ry is gi-ven, Their} \]

4000

844 88
patience and love. The Heavens approve. The joy-bells are ringing. And
CHORUS.

jubilant singing. And jubilant singing. Resounds thro' the air. To
greet the happy pair. Now bridegroom and bride. Live on side by side. What
RUPERT. Tenor Solo. Con moto.

"Take, my darling, these three flowers To deck thy faith-ful breast, Fore-shadow-ing hap-py hours Of love and u-nion blest This crimson daisy dy-ing To tell thy tender heart That mine on thine re-ly-ing, Can nev-er live a-part, Thy Heartsease, o my treasure! I fain my-self would
bel — My one and only pleasure To live and die for

thee. — Ah! sure, thou art not weeping To see Forget-me-not

not From out this posy peeping? I know we need it

not; But, dear, these starry flowers Bring greeting from above; And bear from heavenly bowers Thy Mother's kiss of
love; They bear, these starry flowers, Thy Mother's

smerz.          Tempo I.

kiss of love!

SOPR. I. II. Solo.

In love now united And troth surely plight-ed, And troth surely

ALTO. Solo.

In love now united And troth surely plight-ed, And troth surely

plight-ed, How happy their lot! How happy their lot! The wretch-ed she

plight-ed, How happy their lot! How happy their lot! The wretch-ed she
tended, The lonely befriended; Safeguarded her door

By prayers of the

CHORUS.

Poor. In love now united And troth surely plighted, And troth surely

plighted. How happy their lot! How happy their lot! Now bridegroom and bride, Live
on side by side, What e'er may be - tide, _ Mur - murye not! Now
on side by side, What e'er may be - tide, _ Mur - murye not! Now
dimin.
cresc.

bide gromand bride, Live on sideby side, What - e're may be - tide, What-
cresc. pp
bide gromand bride, Live on sideby side, What - e're may be - tide, What-
cresc. dimin.
pp

cresc.
dimin.

       e're may be - tide, _ Mur - mur ye
       e're may be - tide, _ Mur - mur ye
not!

not!
dimin.

SOPR.

ALTO.  Hail! the Weaver, the Weaver's Bride!

TENOR. Hail! the Weaver, the Weaver's Bride!

BASS.  Hail! the Weaver, the Weaver's Bride!

Hail! the Weaver, the Weaver's Bride!

Hail! the Weaver, the Weaver's Bride!

Come

Hail! the Weaver, the Weaver's Bride!

Hail! the Weaver, the Weaver's Bride!

Hail! the Weaver, the Weaver's Bride!

Hail! the Weaver, the Weaver's Bride!
Allegro. (d'84.)

No. 8. CHORUS.

now in the dance let us merrily glide! This festival day, this bridal day With

now in the dance let us merrily glide! This festival day, this bridal day With

Allegro. (d'84.)

music and mirth we'll all be gay! The wheel must turn both year out and year in For

music and mirth we'll all be gay! The wheel must turn both year out and year in For

Hail, Hail, the youthful pair!

Hail, Hail, the youthful pair!

poco rit.

once in the dance men and maidens may spin, for once in the dance men and maidens may

once in the dance men and maidens may spin, for once in the dance men and maidens may

Come

Come
a tempo.

now in the dance let us merri-ly glide, This festival day, this bri-dal day—With

now in the dance let us merri-ly glide, This festival day, this bri-dal day—With

Hail, Hail, the youth-ful pair! For

Hail, Hail, the youth-ful pair! For

music and mirth well all be gay, The wheel must turn both year out and in, For

music and mirth well all be gay, The wheel must turn both year out and in, For

once in the dance men and maid-en-s may spin,— For

once in the dance men and maid-en-s may spin,— For

once in the dance men and maidens may spin, for once in the dance, For—

once in the dance men and maidens may spin, the dance, the
once in the dance men and maidens may spin.

once in the dance men and maidens may spin.

once in the dance men and maidens may spin.

Poco meno mosso. TENOR SOLO.

Why ringeth the bell—so
dimin.

loud—and shrill? At once the jubilant sounds are still.
A voice calls down to the festive throng:

The Baron is dead!

hush your joyous

The Baron is dead!

hush your joyous

The Baron is dead!

hush your joyous

The Baron is dead!

hush your joyous
Quasi Adagio. (\( \text{\textit{d}} = 69. \))

Stark lies he and cold in death-shroud ar-

song.\(^\text{\textit{n}}\)

Stark lies he and cold in death-shroud ar-

song.\(^\text{\textit{n}}\)

Stark lies he and cold in death-shroud ar-

song.\(^\text{\textit{n}}\)

Stark lies he and cold in death-shroud ar-

Quasi Adagio. (\( \text{\textit{d}} = 69. \))

dolce.

ray'd, A happy bride is that lowly

ray'd, A happy bride is that lowly

ray'd, A happy bride is that lowly

ray'd, A happy bride is that lowly

Tempo \(10 (\text{name} = 69)\)

maid. Still wanders his phantom round dark Eber-stein, In

maid. Still wanders his phantom round dark Eber-stein, In

maid. Still wanders his phantom round dark Eber-stein, In

maid. Still wanders his phantom round dark Eber-stein, In

4000
castle and valley the corpse candles shine, As nightly he weaves, he

weaves on and spins, as nightly he weaves, he weaves on and

spins, till repose everlasting his
worn

spir

dimin.

it

wons

worn

spir

dimin.

it

wons

worn

spir

dimin.

it

wons

worn

spir

dimin.

it

wons

he weaves and spins, till repose everlasting,
till repose everlasting,
till repose everlasting,
till repose everlasting,