The Erl-King's Daughter

Ballad
Founded on Danish Legends
For Soli, Chorus and Orchestra
The English Version by
Miss Louisa Vance

Music
by
Niels W. Gade
Op. 30

Vocal Score
40c. net

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THE ERL-KING'S DAUGHTER
(AFTER OLD DANISH LEGENDS)

THE ENGLISH VERSION BY MISS LOUISA VANCE

PROLOGUE.
At eve, Sir Oluf reined up his steed;
The dewy mist gently falling,
The flow'rs' fragrant sighing, the
feshening mead,
To thoughts of rest were calling.
He threw himself down on the Erl-
king's mound,
His eyelids in slumber soon closing;
And then came a group of fair maids
around,
Who gazed on him there reposing.
One bent and caress'd him; another
spake,
And thus to him whispered sweetly,
Wake up, oh youth! my love, awake!
And join in dancing fleetly.
They murmur'd a song of melody rare
That hushed the streamlet glitt'ring:
Calm and still was the evening air,
But distant birds were twitt'ring.
It was well for him the wak'ning
sound
Of cock-crow was heard shrilly
ringing;
Else had lie slept on the Erl-king's
mound
For aye, while damsels were singing.

PART I

Chorus.
The sun in Ocean sinks to rest,
The ev'ning bird is singing.
Haste on, oh morn, for Oluf blest
His wedding day in-bringing.

Oluf.
Bring forth my fleet, sure-footed steed,
With golden trappings deck him!
Yet one more wedding guest I need,
I forth must go to seek him.

Oluf's Mother.
My son!
The ev'ning shadows onward stride,
Day's orb will soon be hidden;
Why rid'st thou forth at eventide?
What guest hast thou not hidden?

Oluf.
I must from hence—the ev'ning calm
But mocks my inward anguish;
'Oh morning! wilt thou bring the balm
For which my heart doth languish?

Chorus.
The sun in Ocean, &c.

Song.—Oluf.
When thro' the meadows of tender
green
I see the streamlet wander,
Then turns my heart to its gentle
Queen,
And on her sweet charms do I ponder,
When, 'mid the ripened fields, I see,
With corn, bright flowers growing,
Then her blue eyes seem present to me
'Neath tresses all golden and flowing.
But if by night thro' the woods I go
When stars o'er the Erl-mound are
shining,
Then dark are the eyes that in fancy
I knew,
Above them are raven locks twining.
The deepest wound may be healed
again,
Though deadly the hate that gave it;
And now this poor heart would seem
cleft in twain,
Can time from such torture save it?
Bring forth my fleet, sure-footed steed,
With golden trappings deck him!
**The Mother.**

Oluf, keep far from the Erl-king’s mound!
O ride not forth at this witching hour,
Weird troops through the forest are thronging.

**Oluf.**

Near the Erl-mound, all is hush’d and still
Save cloud-wreaths idly sailing.

**The Mother.**

Thou knowest, my son, the Erl-king’s pow’r,
True love he can turn to vain longing.

**Oluf.**

Now forth, my steed, fly with goodwill,
(Oh cease, my heart, thy wailing!)

**Chorus.**

The black steed rushes, bespattered with foam,
Over wastes where all track is hidden,
Sir Oluf rides forth from hearth and from home
To seek wedding guests yet unbidden.

To-morrow, while the bells all peal and ring
We’ll join the feast and gaily sing.

---

**PART II**

**Song.—Oluf.**

Night, thou art silent!—The moon alone
Keeps watch, and o’er the thickets glistens,—
A bird now warbles with sweetest tone,
But all may o’erake him who listens.
A robe glitters there—’Tis gone again!
The air seems full of voices
That lull my sense, and my heart enchain,
While yet beneath the spell it rejoices!

**Chorus of Erl-maiden.**

Lightly through the wood are we dancing!

**Oluf.**

Erl-maidens are singing, my senses they capture;
Oh quick, let me fly from the treacherous rapture!

**Chorus of Erl-maidens.**

Lightly through the wood are we dancing!

**Oluf.**

Fair maidens dancing there I see,
The Erl-king’s Daughter now beckons to me.

---

**The Erl-king’s Daughter.**

Oh welcome, Sir Oluf! why turn’st thou from me?
Come, join in the dancing; we wait but for thee.

**Oluf.**

I may not dance—I cannot stay,
To-morrow is my wedding day.

**The Erl-king’s Daughter.**

A silken robe I’ll give thee—so white—’Twas bleached by my mother in pale moon-light!

**Oluf.**

Oh tempt me not with that sweet lay,
Though ’twere bliss to dance, I must not stay!

**The Erl-king’s Daughter.**

Hear me, Sir Oluf! Dance gaily with me,
This silver cuirass then give I to thee.

**Oluf.**

I may not dance—I dare not stay,
To-morrow is my wedding day!

**The Erl-king’s Daughter.**

Then if thou wilt not dance with me,
Pain and grief shall follow thee!
Oluf.
Ha! help me, Heav'n! she touches me now!
What icy chill do I feel on my brow?

The Erl-king's Daughter.
I laid my hand upon his head,
And down his cheek the blood streams red!

(With Chorus.)
Sir Oluf, to-morrow art thou dead!

Oluf.
Now fly, good steed, if thou my life wouldst save,
Else will the wedding mora break sadly o'er my grave!

The Erl-king's Daughter and Chorus.
Ride home to thy sweetheart in robe so red!
Sir Oluf, to-morrow art thou dead!

Oluf.
Now fly, good steed! fly at thy best!
Death rides with me as wedding guest.

PART III

Morning Hymn.
The sun now mounts the eastern sky,
To clouds bright hues he lends;
O'er sea and land, o'er mountains high,
O'er man, his course he wends.

From Paradise, where first he rose,
He comes with blessings rare;
The life and joy his light besows,
Both high and low may share.

God's own bright sun the world doth fill
With joy and glorious light.
He soothing brings for ev'ry ill,
And chases sorrow's night.

Song:—The Mother.
I watched before the castle gate
Till each pale star had vanished;
The dread I felt for Oluf's fate
All thought of sleep had banished.

My Oluf, what ails thee, that far from thy home
(While trembles thy mother) at night thou must roam?

Chorus.—Male Voices.
Fill high the cups with mead and wine!

Maidens.
Oluf, why tarry from sweetheart thine?

The Mother.
And now appears the bushing morn,
From night's embrace escaping.
Aias! the day, thus brightly born,
For me new grief is shaping.

My Oluf, what ails thee, that far from thy home
(While trembles thy mother) at night thou must roam?

Chorus.
Fill high the cups, etc.

The Mother.
But from afar who rides so fast?
Who sounds from golden horn that blast?
Oh joy! my son returns!
The earth his charger spurns;
With rapid swoop from yonder height
He mocks the eagle's daring flight!

Chorus.
He madly rides, he homeward teems,
Sparks fly, and stones are crashing;

The Mother.
Sir Oluf! draw rein! check thy speed—

Chorus.
See! in his helm no plume he wears,
Gone is the shield bright flashing,
From golden spurs is the charger bleeding!
Sir Oluf! draw rein! check thy speed—
The Mother.
Hear me, my son, oh tell me aright:
Why is thy cheek so ghastly white?

Oluf.
My cheek may well be ghastly white,
I dwelt in the Erl-king's realm last night.

The Mother.
But tell me, my son, my fond heart's pride!
What shall I say to thy gentle bride?

Oluf.
Oh say that my steed and my coursers good
Have lured me to hunt in yonder wood.

The Mother and Chorus.
Where are the guests after whom thou hast ridden?

Oluf.
But one saw the morn, of all those I had bidden.

The Mother and Chorus.
And who is so faithful, the tryst thus keeping?

Oluf.
The chill of death, o'er my heart slowly creeping!

The Mother and Chorus.
Help us, oh Heav'n, in our sorrow and dread!
He sinks—turns pale—Sir Oluf is dead!

EPILOGUE.
Then, youths, if through the wood you ride,
When night repose is bringing,
Turn from the Erl-king's mound aside,
Though songs through the air be ringing.
Danger will ever him betide.
Who heeds the Erl-maidens' singing!
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The Erl-king's Daughter.

Prologue.


Piano.

Andantino. (♩ = 48) *

Soprano.

At eve, Sir O-luf rein'd up his steed; The dew-y mist gen-tly

Alto.

At eve, Sir O-luf rein'd up his steed; The dew-y mist gen-tly

Tenor.

At eve, Sir O-luf rein'd up his steed; The dew-y mist gen-tly

Bass.

At eve, Sir O-luf rein'd up his steed; The dew-y mist gen-tly

*) The Metronome times were added by the Composer in London, in 1832.
fall ing, the flow'rs' fragrant sighing, the freshening mead, To thoughts of rest were
fall ing, the flow'rs' fragrant sighing, the freshening mead, To thoughts of rest were
fall ing, the flow'rs' fragrant sighing, the freshening mead, To thoughts of rest were
fall ing, the flow'rs' fragrant sighing, the freshening mead, To thoughts of rest were

calling;

He threw himself down on the Erl-king's mound, His
eye-lids in slumber soon closing; and then came a group of fair maidens around, who

gazed on him there resting.

One

gazed on him there resting.

One

gazed on him there resting.

One

gazed on him there resting.

One
bent and caress'd him, an-oth-er spake, And thus to him whis-pher'd

sweet-ly: "Wake up, oh youth! my love, a-wake! And

join in danc-ing fleet-ly!"

They
nur-mur'd a song of melody rare
That hush'd the streamlet
glitt'ring; Calm and still was the evening air,
But distant birds were twitt'ring.

It was
well for him the wak'ning sound of cock-crow was heard shrilly ring-ing,
well for him the wak'ning sound of cock-crow was heard shrilly ring-ing,
well for him the wak'ning sound of cock-crow was heard shrilly ring-ing,
well for him the wak'ning sound of cock-crow was heard shrilly ring-ing,

Else had he slept on the Erl-king's mound — For aye, while
Else had he slept on the Erl-king's mound — For aye, while
Else had he slept on the Erl-king's mound — For aye, while
Else had he slept on the Erl-king's mound — For aye, while
Part I.

No. 1. "The sun in ocean sinks to rest."

Chorus.

Allegro moderato ma vivace. (d = 12)

Piano.
SOPRANO.  

\[\text{p dol.}\]

The sun in ocean sinks to

ALTO

\[\text{P dol.}\]

The sun in ocean sinks to

TENOR

\[\text{P dol.}\]

The sun in ocean sinks to

BASS

\[\text{p dol.}\]

The sun in ocean sinks to

\[\text{p sempre e legato dol.}\]
rest, The sun in ocean sinks to rest, rest, The sun in ocean sinks to rest, rest, The sun in ocean sinks to rest, rest, The sun in ocean sinks to rest,

The evening bird is singing. The evening bird is singing. The evening bird, The evening bird is
ing, the ev'ning bird is sing-

ing, the ev'ning bird is sing-

ing, the ev'ning bird is sing-

ing, ev'ning bird is sing-

ing,

cresc.

Haste on, oh morn, for O - luf

Haste on, oh morn, for O - luf

Haste on, oh morn, for O - luf

Haste on, oh morn, for O - luf
Blest His wedding day in bringing, his wedding day in bringing, his wedding day in bringing, his wedding day in bringing.
Oluf.

Bring forth my fleet, sure-footed steed! With

golden trappings deck him! Yet one more

wedding guest I need, I forth must ride to seek

him! Bring forth my fleet, sure-footed steed, With
The Mother.

golden trappings deck him.

My son!

The evening shadows onward stride,

My son, my son, day's orb will

soon be hidden.

Yet one more

wedding guest I need, yet one more wedding guest I

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The Moher.

need, I forth must ride to seek him. My son! Why

rid'st thou forth at even-tide? What guests hast thou not

bid - den? Why rid'st thou forth at even-tide? What guest hast

thou not bid - den? I must from hence, the ev'n-ing calm But

mocks my in-ward an-guish! Oh morn-ing! wilt thou
bring the balm for which my heart doth languish?

The Mother.

My son, the evening shadows onward stride!

---

The sun in ocean sinks to rest.

---

The sun in ocean sinks to rest, the sun in ocean sinks to rest,

---

The sun in ocean sinks to rest, the sun in ocean sinks to rest,
The evening bird is singing,

The evening bird is singing,

The evening bird is singing,

The evening bird is singing,

The evening bird is singing,

The evening bird is singing,

The evening bird is singing,
Haste on, oh morn, for

O - luf blest His wed - ding day in -
No. 2. "When through the meadows of tender green."

Song.

Andante sostenuto. \( \text{d} = 108 \)

con express.

through the meadows of tender green I see the streamlet wander,

Then turns my heart to its gentle Queen, and on her sweet charm do I ponder.

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'mid the rip'nd fields I see, With corn, bright flow'rs.
growing, Then her blue eyes seem present to me, 'Neath
tress-es all gold'en and flow-
ing!
But
Agitato.

if by night thro' the woods I go, When
stars o'er the Erland are shining,

Dark are the eyes that in fancy I know, And a-

bove them are raven locks twining.

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p e tranquillo

The deepest wound may be healed again, Tho'

deadly the hate that gave it; And now this poor heart would seem

cleft in twain. Can time from such torture

save it?
No. 3. "Bring forth my fleet, sure-footed steed."

Duet and Chorus.

Allegro risoluto. ($d = 128$)

Bring forth my fleet, sure-footed steed! With golden trappings deck him!
The Mother.

O - luf! keep far, far from the

Eri - king's mound!

Agitato.

Oh ride not forth at this witching

hour, Weird troops thro' the forest are thronging!

O - luf, ride not, ride not at this witching
hour!

Near the Erlmound all is hush'd.

The Mother.

—and still!

Thou know'st, my son, the Erlking's pow'r. True love he can turn to vain longing; Olf, ride not, ride not at this
witching hour!  All is still save cloud-wreaths

i-dly sail-ing.

The Mather.

O - luf!  keep far from the

Erl - king's mound!
Now, my steed, now forth! fly with good will! Oh cease, my heart, thy wailing! now forth, now forth!

The black steed rushes, he rushes, be-
spatter'd with foam, Over wastes where all track is hid-
spatter'd with foam, Over wastes where all track is
es, he rushes, be-spatter'd with foam, Over wastes where all track is
es, be-spatter'd with foam, Over wastes where all track is

I den!
be-spatter'd with foam!
I den!
be-spatter'd with foam!
I hid-
den!
be-spatter'd with
I den, be-spatter'd with foam!

Allegro molto.

Sir O - luf rides

foam! Sir O - luf, Sir O -

Allegro molto.

hearth and

forth from hearth and home, To seek wedding

luf rides forth, To seek wedding
guests yet unbidden.

Sir Oluf rides forth from

Sir Oluf, Sir Oluf

Sir Oluf, Sir Oluf
hearth and
hearth and home, To seek wedding guests yet un-
rides forth, To seek wedding guests yet un-

bid

bid

bid

bid den. To mor row, while
To-night, while the bells all peal and
while the bells all peal and
while the bells all ring,
bells peal and ring, and ring,
ring, We'll join the feast and gaily
ring, We'll join the feast and gaily
— We'll join the feast and gaily
— We'll join the feast and gaily
sing!
well

sing!

well

sing! well gai-ly sing,

then

sing!
at the feast well

well

gai-ly sing!
well

gai-ly sing!

well

at the feast well gai-ly sing,

well

gai-ly sing,

well gai-ly
sing, well gaily sing!

sing, well gaily sing!

sing, well gaily sing!

sing, well gaily sing!

dim.

p dolce

dim.

pp
Part II.

No. 4. "Night, thou art silent."

Andante con moto. (\( \text{\textit{j}} = 69 \)) Song.

Piano.

\( \text{\textit{sempre pianissimo}} \)
Oluf.  
\textit{p tranquilto}

Night, thou art silent! the moon alone keeps watch, and
o'er the thickest glit-
tens;— A bird now warbles with
sweet est tone, But ill may o'ertake him who
lits tens! A robe glitters there!
'Tis gone a gain! The
air seems full of voic...
es
That lull my sense, and my

heart enchain, While yet beneath the spell it re-

joic-
es,

joic-
es!

semple pp
No. 5. "Lightly through the wood."

Chorus with Baritone Solo.

Andantino. (♩= 58.)

The Erl-Maidens.
2 SOPRANOS & ALTO.

Light - ly through the wood are we
dancing!

maiden are singing, my senses they capture, Oh. quick, let me fly, let me

fly from the treacherous rapture!
The Erl-Maidens.

Lightly through the wood are we dancing!
Fair maidens dancing

there I see: Now the Erlking's daughter beckons to me!
No. 6. "Oh welcome."

Scene for Soprano, Baritone and Chorus.

The Erl-king's Daughter.

Andante sostenuto. ($\dot{z} = 120$)  

$\text{dolciss.}$  

Oh wel - come, Sir  

$\text{pp}$  

O - luf! why turn'st thou from me?  

Come,  

join in the danc - ing, we wait  

but for  

The Erl-Maidens.  

$\text{pp}$  

Light - ly through the  

$\text{pp}$  

thee!  

Sir  

$\text{PP}$  

wood are we danc -  

$\text{PP}$
luf! I may not dance. I cannot stay, To-morrow, to-morrow is my wedding day.

The Erl-king's Daughter.

A silken robe I'll
give thee so white, 'Twas bleach'd by my-
mo-
mother in pale moon-
The Erl-Maidens. pp Light
through the
light!
Sir pp wood are we danc-
Olef. animato
luf! Oh tempt me not with thy sweet lay, Tho'twere
bliss to dance, I must not stay.

The Erlking's Daughter.

Hear me, Sir Oluf! Dance gaily with me, This.

silver cuirass then give I to The Erl-Maidens.

Lightly through the
pee dolce

thee. Sir O - luf, dance

wood Are we danc ing, Sir O

gai - ly with me, dance gai - ly with me!

luf, dance with us! I

Allegro molto. ( \( \text{\( m = 132 \)} \))

may not dance, I dare not stay, To - mor - row is my

wed - ding day.
The Erl-king's Daughter.

Then if thou wilt not dance with me, then if thou wilt not dance with me, Pain and grief, Pain and grief shall follow

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The Erl-king's Daughter.

I laid my hand on his head.
And down his cheek the blood streams red! Sir O-

luf, Sir O- luf, to- mor- row

The Erl-Maidens. ff

Art thou dead!
Now fly, now fly, good steed, fly, if thou my life wouldst save! Oh fly, oh fly, good steed, fly, if thou my life wouldst save! Else will the wedding morn break o'er my
The Erl-king’s Daughter.

Ride home to thy dead!

thou my life wouldst save!

sweet-hearted robe so red! Sir O-luf, Sir

Ride home, ride home, Sir

Oh fly! fly quickly, oh
O - luf! to - mor - row, Sir O -
fly, fly quick - ly, oh fly, good steed, fly quick -
morrow art thou dead!
isteed, fly quickly, oh fly, good steed!
Now

dead! To-morrow

to.

To-morrow, O luf,

fly, good steed, fly at thy best! Death rides with me as
Part III.

No. 7. "The sun now mounts the eastern sky."

Morning Hymn.

Andante con moto. (d=50)

Soprano.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

The sun now mounts the eastern sky, To clouds bright hues he

O'er sea and land, o'er mountains high, O'er man, his course he

lends;— O'er sea and land, o'er mountains high, O'er man, his course he

lends;— O'er man, his course he

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From Paradise, where first he rose, He comes with blessings rare; The life and joy, the life, the life, the life.
joy, the joy his light bestows, Both high and low may

life and joy his light bestows, Both high and low may

life and joy his light bestows, Both high and low may

life and joy his light bestows, Both high and low may

Life and joy

share. God's own bright sun the world doth fill With joy and
No. 8. "I watched before the castle gate."

Air and Chorus.

Andantino. (\( \text{\textdegree} 67 \))

dolce

The Mother.

dolce

I watch'd before the castle gate, Till each pale star had vanish'd; The grief I felt for Olf's fate, All thought of sleep had banish'd.

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My Oluf, my Oluf, what ails thee, that, far from home, (While trembles thy mother) at night thou must roam?
SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.
Fill high the cups with mead and wine, with mead and wine!

BASS.
Fill high the cups with mead and wine, with mead and wine!

---

O- -luf, why tar- ry from sweet- heart thine?

---

Tempo I.
And now appears the blush-ing morn, from night's embrace escap-ing, an-

las! the day, thus bright-ly born, for me new grief is shap-ing!

My O-luf, my O-luf, what poco animato poco animato
ailsthee, that far from home, (While

trembles thy mother) at

night thou must roam?

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

Chorus.

TENOR.

BASS.

Fill high the cups with mead and wine, with mead and wine!

Fill high the cups with mead and wine, with mead and wine!
O - luf, why tar - ry from sweet - heart thine?

Tempo I.

Allegro non troppo (cresc.)

The Mother.

But from a - far who rides so fast?

Who sounds from gold - en horn - that
blast? Oh joy! my son returns! The earth, the earth his charg-
er

spurns; With rapid swoop from wonder height, He mocks the eagle's
daring flight!

He madly rides, he homeward tears, he madly

He madly rides, he homeward tears, he madly

He madly rides, he homeward tears, he madly

He madly rides, he homeward tears, he madly

Chorus.
Sir Oluf! draw home-ward tears!

rein, check thy speed-ing!

See! in his helm no other.
My O-luf, my son, my son!

plume he wears!

plume he wears!

plume he wears!

plume he wears!

Sir O-luf, draw rein! check thy speeding!

Gone is the shield bright flashing!

Gone is the shield bright flashing!

Gone is the shield bright flashing!

Gone is the shield bright flashing!
From gold-en spurs is the char-g-er bleed-

Sir O-luf, Sir O-luf, draw rein, oh
No. 9 "Hear me, my son."

Duet and Chorus.

Molto moderato. The Mother.

Hear me, my son, O tell me a-

right. Why is thy cheek so ghastly white?

My cheek may well be ghastly white, my cheek may well be
ghastly white, I dwelt in the Erl-king's realm last night!

But tell me, my son, my fond heart's pride! What shall I say to thy gentle bride?

O say, my steed and my...
cours - ers good Have lured me to hunt in _ yon - der

Where, where are the guests af - ter whom thou hast

SOPRANO & ALTO.

Where, where are the guests af - ter whom thou hast

TENOR & BASS.

Where, where are the guests af - ter whom thou hast

But one, but one saw the
more, of all those I had

The Mother. 

And who is so faithful, the

And who is so faithful, the

And who is so faithful, the

tryst thus keeping? Who is so

tryst thus keeping?

tryst thus keeping?

Who? The

cresc.

Animato. \( \text{f} = 104 \)

chill of death, the chill of death o'er my heart slowly creeping.
Help us, oh heav-en, in our sor-row and dread! He sinks — turns

Help us, oh heav'n! in sor-row and dread!

Help us, oh heav'n! in sor-row and dread!

(dim. e rit.)  Poco lento.  pp  

pale  Sir  O - luf is dead!

Sir  O - luf is dead!

Sir  O - luf is dead!

(rit.)  Poco lento.(cresc.)  pp  

(dim.  p  

attacca.
Epilogue.

Andante sostenuto.

SOPRANO.

Then, youths, if thro' the wood you ride, When night repose is

ALTO.

Then, youths, if thro' the wood you ride, When night repose is

TENOR.

Then, youths, if thro' the wood you ride, When night repose is

BASS.

Then, youths, if thro' the wood you ride, When night repose is

Andante sostenuto. (p=46)

p dolce

bring-ing, Turn from the Erl-king's mound a-side, Tho' songs thro' the air be

bring-ing, Turn from the Erl-king's mound a-side, Tho' songs thro' the air be

bring-ing, Turn from the Erl-king's mound a-side, Tho' songs thro' the air be

bring-ing, Turn from the Erl-king's mound a-side, Tho' songs thro' the air be