FIFTY SONGS
BY
EDVARD GRIEG
EDITED BY
HENRY T. FINCK
FOR HIGH VOICE

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THERE is an expression, "I bought it for a song," which implies that a song is a mere trifle, a thing of little value. Now, it cannot be denied that the songs of the great masters, from Bach and Handel to Beethoven, are indeed for the most part mere trifles compared with the best numbers in their oratorios and symphonies. Schubert was the first great master who infused as much genius into his songs as into his symphonies or sonatas; and others, fortunately, soon followed his example. Among these, Edvard Grieg is conspicuous. His songs contain the very quintessence of his genius,—a world of musical thought, fancy, emotion; a lavish abundance of fresh melody, novel harmony, ravishing modulation, enchanting tone-color. They are entirely original,—as different from the songs of other countries as the scenery of Norway is from the scenery of Germany, France, and Italy. To sing them is like making an excursion in the Northern fjords.

Strange to say, most of these enchanting songs are still unknown, to professionals as well as amateurs; they are buried treasures, music of the future. One often reads that "every schoolgirl plays and sings Grieg;" but that is an absurd exaggeration. Grieg's friend, the Norwegian composer Schjeldunup, came nearer the truth when he said: "A few of the 'famous' songs are sung interminably, and that is about all. Who knows Grieg's settings of the poems by Ibsen, Vinje, and Garborg, which are among his best?"

It is the object of the present volume to change this deplorable state of affairs by making the best fifty of Grieg's one hundred and thirty-five songs conveniently accessible in an English version, and at the same time supplying such information as seems essential for a thorough comprehension and interpretation of them. A few years ago the eminent violinist Johannes Wolf, who made concert tours with Grieg in England and on the Continent, wrote to the editor of this volume: "His works are full of passion and poetry; the more I play them, the more I love them; always I find freshness and beauty. But," he adds, "few know how to play Grieg." To do that, "one must know him, his beautiful country, and the Norwegian character." This is emphatically true. Not that it is necessary to be a Scandinavian to do justice to Grieg's music. He himself wrote, a few months before his death, that the best exponent of his art was an Australian. But every singer or player of his works ought to know something of his life, his ideals, and the quaint customs and picturesque scenery which colored and gave shape to his music.

While Edvard Grieg was born in Norway (at Bergen, on June 15, 1843), his great-grandfather was a Scotchman,—a merchant who wrote his name Greig and was probably related to General Greigh. After the battle of Culloden, in 1746, which was so disastrous to the Scotch, he emigrated to Norway, where he changed his name to Grieg (to ensure the correct pronunciation), and married a Norwegian. Their son, John, who occupied the post of British consul at Bergen, also married a Norwegian, and so did his son, Alexander, the father of the composer, who thus had much more Norwegian than Scotch blood in his veins. His musical talent came to him entirely from the Norwegian side; he inherited his gifts from his mother (Gesine Hagerup), who played the piano sufficiently well to appear at public concerts. She had weekly soirées at her house at which Edvard heard much good music, especially by Mozart and Weber, his mother's favorite composers. She also gave him piano lessons, and at the age of twelve he wrote his first composition, a set of variations on a German melody. He took this to school and showed it to his teacher, who, however, pulled his hair and told him not to waste his time on such foolishness!

Edward's father never cared much more for
his music than that teacher did, even after he had made his mark. But he influenced him favorably otherwise, for he was a man of character and culture. He took Edvard, when a lad of fifteen, on a trip to the mountains, on which occasion the grandeur of the Norwegian scenery made such a deep impression on the boy that he wanted to become a painter. He admired particularly the snowy solitudes, the precipitous cliffs, the glaciers, the thundering waterfalls. Luckily, at this crisis, the eminent violinist Ole Bull came to the rescue of music. He had often visited the Griegs and had promptly discovered the boy’s talent. He advised the parents to send their son to Leipzig, and they followed his suggestion without a moment’s hesitation, as they had themselves reached the conclusion that he was destined to be a musician.

Grieg entered the Leipzig Conservatory with joyous expectations and a vague idea that his mere presence there would soon make him a finished musician. He was displeased when he found that he was expected to do a great deal of work, and much of it pure drudgery. He was by no means a model student; much of his time was spent in dawdling and dreaming. But it was not all his fault. Many of the lessons given were unnecessarily dry and pedantic, and he was asked to compose chamber music and orchestral works before he had learned to handle his tools. What annoyed him particularly was the ultra-conservative attitude of most of the professors. Chopin and Wagner, whom he adored, were “forbidden fruit;” to some extent the same was true even of Schumann, one of the founders of the Conservatory. These things discouraged him, and for a time he neglected his work. But a reaction came. Seeing how industrious his classmates were (among them several young Englishmen who subsequently became famous: Arthur Sullivan, Edward Dannreuther, Franklin Taylor, and Walter Bache), he besmirched himself and went to the other extreme, the consequence being that in 1860 he broke down. Pleurisy supervened and left the young man to spend the remaining forty-seven years of his life with only one lung. His mother came and took him home, but subsequently he returned and finished his studies at the Conservatory, passing the examinations successfully.

From Leipzig he went to Denmark, where he began to compose industriously, partly under the guidance of the famous composer Gade. But there was a still stronger influence and incitement to work. In 1864 he became engaged to his cousin Nina Hagenup, but for three long years he had to work hard to command sufficient income to marry her. It was largely owing to his betrothed that his genius assumed such a strong bent toward lyric song. For her he composed the best known of all his songs, I Love Thee, and many of his other gems.

Had Grieg remained in Germany he would still have become a great composer; but his songs and pieces would have lacked that exotic fragrance which constitutes one of their greatest charms. His I Love Thee illustrates this point. It is quite German; Schumann might have written it when at his best, for it is quite in his style; but Schumann could never have written The First Primrose, The Swan, The Old Mother, On the Journey Home, At the Brookside, Minnel’s Song, The Mountain Maid, At Mother’s Grave, From Monte Piscio. These, and many others of the songs, only a Norwegian could have written, and only one Norwegian.—Edvard Grieg.

From Denmark Grieg passed on to his native country. For eight years he made Christiania his home, giving concerts and trying hard to educate the musical taste of his fellow citizens. For his compositions there was at this time very little demand. “He writes music that nobody wants to hear,” the mother of the girl he was engaged to used to say. Consequently he had to make his living by teaching, conducting, and playing the organ in churches.

The first to discover his genius was Liszt. He had accidentally come across Grieg’s first sonata for piano and violin, and was so much pleased that he wrote him a letter praising it for the inventive talent manifested in it. An important result of this letter was that the Norwegian Gov-
ernment granted him a sum of money which enabled him to go to Rome and visit Liszt. For his own very interesting account of his intercourse the reader must be referred to the editor's *Grieg and His Music* (John Lane Co.). Liszt was enthusiastic over Grieg's pieces, especially the piano concerto, and his final admonition was one which often upheld Grieg in later years when the bold originality of his music made it the target of critical arrows: "Keep steadily on; I tell you, you have the gifts, and—do not let them intimidate you!"

Schubert once said that creative artists should be supported by the government—an opinion which Wagner echoed. The Norwegian Government began long ago to do that very thing. Grieg, in 1894, received an annuity of sixteen hundred crowns (four hundred and forty dollars), which—as the expenses of living in Norway were low—enabled him to give up teaching and devote more time to composing. He made his home in Bergen again, and there wrote, among other things, at Iben's special request, the incidental music to *Peer Gynt*, which, in the form of suites, is to this day among the most popular concert pieces. In 1877 he made his residence at Lofthus, on the South Fjord, where he remained eight years, devoting most of his time to composing, varying this by making an occasional concert tour. But Lofthus, with all its scenic charms, had the disadvantage of being too much exposed to casual visitors and intruders, wherefore he moved, in 1885, to the villa Troldhaugen, near the railway station Hcp, about five miles from Bergen, and this remained his home to the end of his life.

A simple life it was, the only sensational incident in it having been an occurrence in Paris which at the same time reveals his character in a most agreeable light. At the time of the Dreyfus trial the eminent orchestral conductor Edouard Colonne invited him to participate in a concert at the Châtelet Theatre. But Grieg replied that he was too insignificant at the concept for justice shown in France to enter into relations at that moment with the French public. It was an unwise answer. A writer in *Le Figaro* had said not long before that among the most famous musicians of the time he knew none whose popularity in France equaled Grieg's. This popularity he risked losing; for had not Wagner's operas been boycotted in Paris many years because he had, in his play, *A Capitulation*, lampooned the French? But Grieg did not care. He had the courage, four years later, to accept Colonne's renewed invitation, and the chauvinists did not neglect the opportunity to hiss and to cry: "Apologize, you have insulted France!" The audience, however, took his part, and the result was an ovation, mingled with hisses.

This was the first time in his life—he was sixty years old—that he had ever been hissed. But he looked at the matter from a humorous point of view, writing to a friend: "I have seen much, but never such a comedy as that in the Châtelet Theatre on the nineteenth. But—who can tell?—if I had not been hissed I would perhaps not have had such an enormous success!"

His capacity for seeing the funny side of things is frequently shown in his letters, and it serves as a counterpart to his *Humoresken* for pianoforte. When his friend Oscar Meyer, the song writer, congratulated him on his election as a member of the French Legion of Honor, he replied: "My election is an 'honor' I share with 'legions,' so let us not waste more words about it."

He received many tempting offers for an American tour, but distrust of his health and aversion to the turbulent ocean made him refuse them all. To an American visitor who urged him to cross, he remarked that he would do so if he could get a guaranty that the Atlantic would behave itself; "but," he added, "it must be a written guaranty!"

In European countries he gave a few concerts nearly every year, and the house was always sold out weeks in advance. He was a conductor who could get "nervous thrilling bursts and charming sentiment" out of any good orchestra, and he was a first-class pianist, playing his own pieces now with the wild abandon of Norwegian dancing peasants, now with the exquisite delicacy
and refinement of a man of genius who fathoms the deepest secrets of the soul.

Personally he was as shy and delicate as some of his melodies. In December, 1906, he wrote to Oscar Meyer: "You are perfectly right in being astonished that I still give concerts. The fact is, however, that I allow myself to be persuaded to do so; I have, unfortunately, not strength of character enough to refuse. To appear in public is, to me, the most hateful thing I can imagine. And yet, to hear my works excellently performed and in accordance with my own interpretation — this is a thing I cannot resist."

This was three years after his sixtieth birthday. That birthday was celebrated all over Scandinavia and in other countries, especially in Germany, where many music lovers feel toward Grieg much as they do toward the equally modest and melodious Schubert. The German Emperor is particularly fond of Grieg's music, which reminds him of the picturesque Norwegian fjords he visits nearly every summer on the Haukelands. Once he entertained Grieg on this yacht, and during this visit an incident occurred to which the composer often referred with special pleasure. A strong and cold wind was blowing, and the Emperor, knowing of Grieg's delicate state of health, lent him his military cloak. As the composer was walking up and down the deck alone, an officer said to him: "Take care! His Majesty's mantle is dragging." At that moment the Kaiser returned and said with a smile: "The main thing is that our master must not catch cold."

The Kaiser was also one of the chief mourners when Grieg died, at Bergen, on September 4, 1907, after lying ill for a week in the hospital. To the widow he sent this dispatch: "I communicate to you, on your husband's death, my most cordial sympathy. He and his art will never be forgotten by me, nor by his compatriots, nor by the Germans. May God console you in your grief. I have charged my Ambassador to represent me at the funeral ceremony and to lay on his bier a wreath in my name."

Bergen solicited the honor of taking charge of the funeral services, but the Norwegian Government intervened and made it a national affair. More than forty thousand persons participated; all schools, shops, and factories were closed. Grieg's wish, expressed in 1894, that the funeral march he had written on the death of his friend Nordraak should be played at his own obsequies was fulfilled. As the procession marched along the streets past the houses draped in black, all the men bared their heads — for every Norwegian loves Grieg as if he were a member of his own family; and to this love is added pride and gratitude — for what other man had done more to make Norway known and admired by the world? In the words of Björnson: "He brought it about that Norwegian moods and Norwegian life are at home in every music room in the whole world."

Grieg's body was cremated, and in April, 1904, the ashes were deposited in a spot as romantic and moody as his music. From the villa Trolldalshagen, which was his home during the last twenty years of his life, there is visible a promontory projecting into the fjord. At the extreme end of this there is a rock with a natural grotto. This grotto is not accessible by land, but can be reached only by boat, and the rock rises steep above it. Here the urn containing Grieg's ashes was deposited, and the grotto then closed forever and marked with an epitaph on a marble tablet indicating the former entrance.

**The Northland Spirit in Music**

A German critic once expressed his regret that Grieg "stuck in the fjord and never got out of it." Most music lovers are, on the contrary, delighted that his music is, like his life, — and now his ashes, — inseparable from the fjord. He began his career by writing German music; the first dozen or so of his songs were composed under the influence of Schubert and Schumann. Then came the Danish episode already referred to. Gade, the Dane, helped to arouse his musical ambition, but did not awaken his patriotic Scandinavian sentiment, being too much of a Germanist himself. He actually objected to the strong national color in the second violin sonata.
EDVARD GRIEG

"Dear Grieg," he said, "your next sonata you really must make less Norwegian." But Grieg retorted boldly: "On the contrary, Professor, the next shall be more so!"

The courage of his convictions had come to him partly spontaneously, partly through the influence of two friends, Richard Nordraak and Ole Bull. Both were ardent patriots, convinced that musically Norway had something of great charm and eternal value to offer the world. Nordraak was a young enthusiast, a gifted composer, with whom Grieg played and discussed politics and nationalism. He died too young to make his mark. Ole Bull, in Grieg's youth, used to take him along on his tours to the mountainous interior, where they listened delightedly to the national airs as played by peasant fiddlers on their antique "fæle." Then the great violinist transferred these wild airs, and played them, not only for the Griegs and the other Norwegians, but the world over, arouses unbounded enthusiasm.

The belief is still widely prevalent that Grieg did little more than Ole Bull—that he was simply a collector of national airs which he made accessible to the outside world, after dressing them up in appropriate harmonies. Several of his collections of piano pieces (op. 1, 3, 6, 72) and a few other works are indeed based on borrowed melodies; but these constitute only a very small fraction of his productions; all the others are his own absolutely. Of his one hundred and thirty-five songs only one, Solveig's Song, is based on a folk-tune. Grieg did not need to borrow tunes, for his own melodic faculty was astonishingly fertile. Norse folk-songs are noted for their freshness and beauty, yet, as Philip Hale has aptly remarked, "Look over these folk-songs, and see how superior to them in haunting beauty are the melodies of Grieg."

Grieg's strength, as Professor Niecks of Edinburgh University has remarked, "lies in the freshness and novelty of his ideas." This creating of "fresh and novel ideas" is the one thing in music which cannot be learned or taught. It is that which distinguishes genius from mere talent; and this we must bear in mind in determining Grieg's place among the masters. In point of originality he ranks with the greatest of them in all the elements of his art,—melody, harmony, modulation, rhythm, and coloring. His music is as unmistakably his own as his face.

While thus emphasizing his originality, we must bear in mind that he was nevertheless, like all other composers, subject to diverse influences. The masters who specially helped to mould his mind are Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Wagner. Great and salutary, also, was the influence on him of the folk-music of Norway; it helped to make his own music "racy of the soil, as the folk-music of Poland did that of Chopin, the folk-music of Bohemia that of Dvořák, the folk-music of Hungary that of Liszt. Like a tree with its roots in the soil of his native country, Grieg absorbed the chemical qualities of the Norwegian soil without losing any of his individuality.

The folk-music of Norway is more exotic—more "foreign" to our ears—than that of the other Scandinavian countries—Sweden and Denmark. It is peculiarly robust, often rugged as the bold rocks that overhang those narrow and winding arms of the sea which are called fjords. It delights in abrupt changes; its rhythms are irregular and capricious, the tonality uncertain and vacillating; and there is a preference for the minor mode and for quaint melodic intervals. Grieg himself, in speaking of the Norwegian peasant tunes, refers to their "blending of delicacy and grace with rough power and untamed wildness as regards their melody, and more particularly the rhythm." This blend we find in many of his own pieces, too; we find in them also the love of a drone bass changeless through many bars, the rhapsodic manner, the need of an ever changing rhabatic pace, which characterize Norse music.

1 For details regarding the characteristics of Norwegian music the reader must be referred to the author's biography of Grieg, chapter viii. Before the appearance of this book the opinion previously referred to—that Grieg did little more than transplanted
Norwegian music differs from the Danish and Swedish very much as the scenery does. As I have said elsewhere: “The Norwegian is bolder, rougher, wilder, grander, yet with a green, fertile vale here and there in which strawberries and cherries reach a fragrance and flavor hardly attained anywhere else in the world.” These green vales with inscrupulous fruits are one of the main characteristics of Grieg’s music. They impart a feeling of delight like that which overcomes a tourist going down a Swiss pass from the snowy Alps to the fig trees and vineyards of Italy.

Carl Engel, who made a special study of the varieties of national song, has tersely characterized the general spirit of Norwegian music. “It is a curious fact,” he says, “that those nations which possess the most lugubrious music possess also the most hilarious tunes. The songs of the Norwegians are generally very plaintive, though at the same time very beautiful; and some of the Norwegian dances have perhaps more resemblance to dirges than to the dances of some other nations; but in single instances the Norwegian tunes exhibit an unbounded joy and cheerfulness, such as we rarely meet with in the music of other people. Indeed, the Norwegians, so far as their music is concerned, might be compared to the hypochondriac who occasionally, though but seldom, gives himself up to an almost excessive merriment.”

Grieg himself, in a letter to the editor, wrote: “The fundamental trait of Norwegian folk-song as contrasted with the German is a deep melancholy, which may suddenly change to a wild unrestrained gaiety. Mysterious gloom and indomitable wildness—these are the contrasts of Norwegian folk-song.”

The Songs of Grieg

Beethoven is greatest in his adagios, and Dr. Dvořák once approvedly to the editor of this volume the remark of Hans Richter that in the case of composers in general their slow movements are the supreme test and manifestation of genius. Schubert once wrote in his diary: “Grief sharpens the intellect and strengthens the soul, whereas joy seldom does anything for the one and makes the other weak or frivolous.” On another page he wrote: “My musical compositions are the product of my intellect and my sorrows; those which were born of sorrow alone, appear to give the world the most satisfaction.”

In looking over the Grieg songs we find a preponderance of those in which he gives expression to his own sorrows and those of the bards whose poems he set. Yet there are also not a few in which is embodied that “unbounded joy and cheerfulness” characteristic of the Norwegians—contrasts inspired, no doubt, in part by the annual changes from the melancholy long winter nights to the cheery midnight sun of summer. Others remind us of the green and smiling valleys referred to. The emotional range of Grieg’s songs is, indeed, very great, as we shall see in analyzing them separately; and it must be remembered that we have here only fifty out of one hundred and thirty-five. Patriotism is a sentiment frequently embodied in them, and so is the allied Heimweh,—the longing for home of which our No. 33 is such an eloquent example. There is infinite tenderness in some of these Lieder, and while a few of the earliest ones (not included in this volume) are commonplace, none of them are tainted and diseased, like so much modern music. To cite a few sentences from my book on Grieg: “One of the most remarkable traits of Grieg is that although his invalid body nearly all his life, his artist soul was always healthy; there is not a trace of the morbid or mawkish in his music, but, on the contrary, a superb virility and an exuberant joyousness such as are supposed to be inseparable from robust health. The tenderness just referred to is not incompatible with this sturdy virility; tenderness

Norwegian wild songs into his flower-pots—was very widely prevalent. After reading this book he wrote to the author, under date of December 10, 1905: “Of particular importance is the chapter on the relation of Norwegian folk-songs to my originality. For this I am extremely grateful to you, for you have succeeded brilliantly in rehabilitating me in the face of the many unjust and ignorant foreign criticisms.”
EDVARD GRIEG

is a modern trait of the best manhood; Homer's heroes had none of it.

To sum up: the emotional range of Grieg's songs is wide, their subjects are poetic and pictorial, there are single pages in them that contain more of the essence of genius than many whole sonatas, symphonies, and operas. That some of the best of these songs are known to few may seem strange; but the mystery is explained by the fact that do justice to such poetic products a vocalist must be not only technically expert, but a person of deep feeling and able to enter into the spirit of something so rich and strange as Grieg's "fjord music." How many vocalists of that sort are there? Some day there will be more, and then Grieg's songs will be second in vogue to none.

Pirangon Davies relates in his book, _The Singing of the Future_, that when he sought Sims Reeves's aid in regard to the singing of Elijah the first words of that eminent artist to his pupil were: "What do you think about the Prophet—what sort of man was he?"

There is a wealth of suggestion in that question, to singers of songs as well as of oratorios. "What sort of poem is this that I am about to sing?" is the first question vocalists should ask themselves. Wagner suggested that in studying one of his operas the first thing to do was for the singers to have a meeting and read their parts, as if it were simply a play. In the same way, a singer should first study the poem of a song, and fathom its inner spirit before taking up the music. If this were more frequently done there would be larger audiences at song recitals, and fewer unfortunates like General Grant, who, when a young lady asked his permission to sing a song for him, asked, "Is it long?"

The following brief notes are offered in the hope of helping amateurs as well as professionals to present the Grieg songs with a fuller understanding of their contents. The new translations made specially for this volume will also facilitate that task. Grieg himself was very critical regarding the translations of his songs into other languages, and with some of them he was greatly displeased, because the poetry had been impaired and the accents displaced.

A word of explanation is due regarding the texts used in this edition. The plan of _The Musician's Library_ has been to print the songs in English and in the original language. If in this case German is used instead of Norwegian it is because there are in this country nine times as many Germans as Norwegians, and probably a proportionate number of singers and music lovers. The editor is glad to be able to assure the readers of these pages that Grieg would have approved the choice of his songs made for this volume, for he wrote to him, after reading _Songs and Song Writers_, "Always the critics have pointed out my least important things as the best, and unfortunately also vice versa. How happy I am that this is not the case with you. You have in the main dwelt on the very songs which I myself consider the best."

1. _Morning Dew_ (Morgenthaler). Written in 1863, the year after Grieg had passed his examination at the Leipzig Conservatory, this love-song harks back to Leipzig impressions. The poem is by a German, Chamisso, who was noted as a naturalist beside being one of the most popular writers of lyrics.

2. _My Mind is like a Peak Snow-crowned_ (Mein Sinn ist wie der mächt'ge Fel). This passionate and impetuous love-song was written in the same year as the preceding number and likewise betrays the influence of the German masters, notably Schubert, whose _Affenhals_ it suggests. The poem is by Andersen, Denmark's most prolific and popular author, among whose thirty-three volumes are the _Fairy Tales_ which have made his name a household word throughout the world.

3. _I Love Thee_ (Ich liebe Dich). Of all the songs of Grieg this one is the most popular. Though entirely original, it might have been, as stated on another page of this volume, written by Schumann in one of his most inspired moments. It is a musical love-letter, dated 1864, the year when Grieg became engaged to his cousin, Nina Hagerup. For
her it was written, and never has a composer poured out his feelings more intensely, more overwhelmingly, for the object of his adoration. The daughter of a famous Danish actress, she was ideally suited to being Grieg's wife. "She is short and somewhat broad," wrote Mrs. Finck, when we visited them at Troldhagen in July, 1901, "with a face that her photographs do not do justice to, because there is a peculiar mixture of shyness and vivacity that eludes the camera; she has gray hair, cut short, and very intelligent, dark blue eyes." Tchaikovsky had written three years previously that she was "just as small, fragile, and sympathetic" as her husband; that he had never "met a better informed or more highly cultivated woman;" and that he found her "as amiable, as gentle, as childishly simple and without guile as her celebrated husband." She sang his songs, sometimes in public (the last time, before Queen Victoria in 1898), as no one else could sing them. Her art reminded Frau von Holstein of Jenny Lind's "in its captivating abandon, dramatic vivacity, soulful treatment of the poem, and unaffected manner." Grieg himself once wrote to the editor of this volume: "My best songs were composed for her; they embody my personal feelings, and I could no more have stopped expressing them in songs than I could have stopped breathing." It seemed to him "a matter of course that one should sing so beautifully, so eloquently, so soulfully, as she did."

4. The Poet's Heart (Des Dichters Herz). Another Andersen poem, set to music in the same year as I Love Thee. The expression mark allegro molto ed agitato—very fast and impassioned—indicates the keynote of this effusion of the poet, who maintains excitedly that however urgent may be the ocean-waves, however fragrant the flowers, wild the winds, they are as naught compared with the exuberant emotions in the poet's bleeding heart.

5. Cradle Song (Wiegenlied). Not a cradle song in the usual sense of the term; this is ineffably sad effusion. It is a dirge sung by the father, for the mother who died in giving life to her boy; and the father confesses he would have slain himself to join her had it not been for the child's need of a protector. In 1899, when the editor of this volume was writing his book on Songs and Song Writers, he asked Grieg for some details regarding his songs. After some hesitation, the composer kindly forwarded him a letter of thirty-six pages full of valuable information. In this letter he referred to the Wiegenlied. A few years previously he was dismayed to find it in the programme of a concert given at the Gewandhaus. It seemed to him impossible in a concert hall because of its very intimate character. But—"the vocalist was Johanna Messchaert, and Arthur Nikisch played the piano part. After a few lines had been sung, deep silence prevailed in the hall. The composer's hopes began to rise, because the performance was so incomparably beautiful. And when the last bar had been sung, the audience expressed its satisfaction in an outburst of prolonged applause. Note the expression mark, "not too slow, but very mournfully." The piano part is pianissimo throughout; the accents must be very subtle, yet distinct. The intense grief, combined with the rilling tenderness that belongs to a cradle song, gives this Lied a unique place in musical literature. The author of the poem, Andreas Munch, enjoys great popularity in Norway; the parliament granted him an honorary pension. His best work is his Sorrow and Comfort, in which he bewails the death of his wife."

6. Autumn Storm (Herbststurm). Concert singers with dramatic gifts will find this a most effective number. It is longer than most of Grieg's songs and presents excellent opportunities for climaxing. The text, by the eminent Danish poet, Christian Richardt (who is particularly noted for his pictures of nature in diverse aspects), imperatively called for such a setting. It presents a vivid suggestion of the advent of winter in the North, and Grieg's music is equally realistic, recalling both the stormy aspect of approaching winter and its domestic comforts and consolations.

7, 8. Ragnhild; Ragna. In 1866 Grieg and the
poet Drachmann made an excursion to the Norwegian mountains. One day they became acquainted with some charming women who at once inspired the poet and the composer to utter their sentiments in joint song. The result of this collaboration appeared as opus 44, entitled From the Mountains and the Fjords, with the subtitle Souvenirs of a Trip in Norway. It consists of a prologue, an epilogue, and between them the two buoyant songs Ragnhild and Ragna, which are as tuneful and almost as simple as folksongs, yet unmistakably Griegian. They speak for themselves.

9. Margaret's Cradle Song (Margarethen Wiegenlied). Although the poem underlying this number is by the Norwegian Ibsen, the music seems like a reminiscence of the days Grieg spent as a youth amid the choral and folk-songs of Germany and the songs of Franz. But when we reach bars 10-18 we realize our mistake: it is a Norwegian baby, after all, that Ibsen and Grieg are singing about. The song is both a lullaby and a prayer—how different from the heartrending dirge of No. 5 in our collection!

10. Woodland Wandering (Waldwandergang). Here is a song of love and summer—a merry woodland song that everybody can understand and enjoy at first hearing, including even those men who never go to anything but “musical comedies.” The melody is so simple and trips along so lightly that one might fancy it had been invented by a shepherd boy instead of by the greatest master of subtle harmony since Wagner and Liszt.

11. Mother Sorrow (Mutter Schmerz). The poet who, in No. 6, took us to the heart of nature, here bares the heart of a poor mother who has lost her infant boy and prays for more tears to weep. It is a most tender, pathetic song. A grief like this came into the life of Grieg and his wife. In the words of his intimate friend, Frank Van der Stucken: “Grieg liked children very much, and used to speak about a child of his, a girl, that had died very young. How tenderly he would mention her name and relate incidents of her short life!” It was Mr. Van der Stucken who added a second German verse to Grieg's song I Love Thee for the Peters edition.

12. Good Morning (Guten Morgen). This song is a good illustration of how much the combined imaginative powers of a poet and a composer can make of the simple idea of daybreak. It is one of Grieg's most joyous songs.

13. First Meeting (Erstes Begegnen). Another Björnson song, on the dawn of love. This eminent poet has played almost as important a part in the political life of Norway as in its literature. He and Grieg were for several decades intimate friends; they collaborated not only in a number of songs but also in larger works, like Olaf Tryggvason (an operatic fragment), the men’s chorus Landseilinger, and the melodious and pathetic At the Cloister Gate, which cannot be too highly commended to music clubs commanding a women's choir and a soprano and an alto soloist.

14. From Monte Pincio (Vom Monte Pincio). The Pincio, in Rome, used to be known as the “hill of gardens.” Here two thousand years ago were the famous gardens of the millionaire Lucullus, and many memories of mediaeval events are associated with the place, too. At present it is a fashionable resort and drive, and in the evening, when there is music, it presents a gay scene. Björnson touches on the various points of view which occur to a poet’s observant and reminiscent mind on a visit to this picturesque place; and Grieg’s music, with a realistic art worthy of both Schubert and Liszt, reproduces all these aspects in his music—the glowing sunset, the swarming people, the domes of the city below, the mists calling up dim memories of the past and prophecies as to a future awakening of Rome to her former glory. Note how the opening chords conjure up the sunset mood; how the music grows funereal at the words “face of the dead;” note the echo-like sounds of the mountain horns; the fine contrast provided by the recurring gay melody (vivo); and many other exquisite details.
15. The Princess (Die Prinzessin). Another immortal mastersong—Griegish in every bar of the melody and harmony, as individual, as original almost as if no one had written songs before Grieg. Sing it, play it, twice, twenty times, two hundred times, you will like it more and more, and it will haunt you like the face of a beautiful girl illumined by love. How exquisitely Bjornson’s Heinze-like story of the princess in her castle overcome by the lay of the minstrel below is mirrored in the music! How grandly the chords near the close sink with the setting sun!

16. My Song to the Spring I proffer (Den Lenz soll mein Lied erklingen). With Monte Pincio and The Princess we entered the second phase of Grieg’s activity, in which his individuality manifests itself strongly, and Norwegian local color becomes more and more vivid. No. 16 also is thoroughly characteristic of its composer. To enter fully into the spirit of this greeting to spring, the singer should bear in mind that if the coming of spring is a joyous event to us who live in temperate latitudes, it is doubly so to the Norman, who not only has missed the nurturing of the brooks and the blooming of the flowers, but has not even seen the light of the sun, for months. Spring to him is like the release from a dark dungeon, and it begets that “unbounded joy and cheerfulness” which we have noted as a Norwegian characteristic.

17. At a Young Woman’s Bier (An der Bahre einer jungen Frau). There is a world of sorrow in the spectacle of a man standing at the bier of his wife, cut off in her youth—a world of sorrow which finds its most poignant expression in this deep-felt song. It is pathetic, tragic, to the end; but conspicuous for thrilling, tear-compelling beauty are the nine bars from the twelfth to the twentieth, which are like a vision of heaven granted to the mourner. Had Grieg written nothing but those nine bars he would still be one of the immortal masters.

18. Hidden Love (Verborg’ne Liebe). The story of a maiden and a youth who love one another while neither ever discover the secret, is a favorite one with the poets. Bjornson’s poem might have been written in any country, but Grieg’s setting of it is music such as the world never heard before he began to compose. It is Norse music, and the expert ear also detects melodic steps which illustrate the strange relationship between Scandinavian and Oriental art.

19. Solveig’s Song (Solveigs Lied). Grieg once wrote to the editor of this volume that Solveig’s Song was the only one of his songs which contains a borrowed melody. The allegretto section, in particular, has the lift of a folk-song; but the harmonies are, of course, his own. None of Grieg’s songs is sung oftener than this; even Pate added it to her repertory a few years ago. Solveig (pronounced Sorevig) is the heroine of Peer Gynt, Ibsen’s famous drama. She falls in love with Peer Gynt notwithstanding his rough peasant ways. But he has fantastic aspirations to become emperor of the world, and soon leaves her to seek adventures in diverse countries, including Arabia. She remains in the hut he had built for her in the Norwegian forest, and her song attests that her thoughts and her heart are with him always.

20. Solveig’s Slumber Song (Solveigs Wiegenlied). No more than No. 5 in our collection is this a cradle song in the usual sense of the word. It is the ineffably sad dirge which Solveig sings when Peer Gynt has at last returned to her, only to die in her arms. No singer, unless she is an artist of the highest rank or has suffered the same grief in her life, can fashion the depth of the sorrow here expressed in tones of exquisite tenderness. The creative thrill of delight which Grieg must have felt when he penned this song—especially the last twelve bars, which have not their equal in more than a dozen other songs ever composed—must have stoned for all the sufferings of his life. As the editor has said elsewhere: “This death song closes the quasi-operative score of Peer Gynt, and if there is, excepting Tristan and Isolde, an opera which has a more
deeply emotional or a more sorrowful ending, I have not heard it."

21. A Swan (Ein Schwan). This is not only one of the most popular songs in modern concert halls, but is also one of the grandest ever composed. No one should attempt to sing it unless endowed with sufficient dramatic feeling to bring out the deeper meaning of Ibsen's poem, the varied expression, and, especially, the superb climax where the swan, after a lifelong silence, sings at last. Grieg, in a letter to the editor, wished him to call particular attention to the fact that the words "Ja, da, da sangst du" should be sung "sempre fortissimo, if possible even with a crescendo, and by no means diminuendo and piano."

22. The First Primrose (Mit einer Primula Veris). Perhaps this is the best of all the Grieg songs for a first introduction to his style. Its ravishing melody enraptures the senses at a first hearing, and every one will agree that it is the loveliest of spring songs. All the delicacy of a flower, the fragrance of May, the buoyancy of youth, are in this song of a lover who offers the first primrose of the season to his beloved in exchange for her heart. "When I first heard it, I was affected as I was when I saw my first Mariposa Lily in California."

23. With a Water-Lily (Mit einer Wasserlilje). Ibsen's poems always inspired Grieg to his best efforts. One day when Madame Grieg had sung her husband's setting of Ibsen's songs for him, he shook hands with both and whispered one word, "Understood!" In the Water-lily song, as in the others, Grieg has musically "understood" his great countryman. It is aptly named an allegro grazioso, the melody poising on the chords as the lilies on their slender stems. The variety amid the unity of the accompaniment suggests the skill with which Schubert voices the brook in his songs of the Miller's Maid.

24. Minstrel's Song (Spielmannsnied). Another gem of the first water, Grieg in every bar, thoroughly Iøsenish and Norwegian. The poem embodies the favorite Norse legend of the river sprite teaching the magic love-compelling art of song in exchange for the singer's salvation. In this case the lover loses his beloved as well as his soul. The music starts in the manner of a legend and develops into a miniature drama. It is a song which afterwards haunted the composer himself; following the example of Schubert, he made it the theme of a piece of chamber music—his splendid string quartet, of which it colors three movements, and which, as he informed the editor of this volume, was written in the country after his soul had been harrowed by heartrending experiences.

25. 'Twas on a Lovely Eve in June (Am schönsten Sommernacht war'). In this poem by J. Paulsen, one of Norway's favorite bards, we behold a Norse maiden tending her goats, knitting and gazing dreamily over the fjord. The music is an exact echo of the poem, engendering the same summery mood. Hear the dolce e tranquillo! The last bars have a peculiarly haunting quality, and they illustrate one of the most captivating of Grieg's musical traits,—his utter avoidance of the commonplace, particularly at the end of a song or piece, where so many composers are careless, forgetting that all's well that ends well.

26. The Youth (Der Bursch). The high-water mark of Grieg's genius is represented by the nine songs from Nos. 26 to 34 in this collection. They belong in a group of twelve, concerning which Grieg wrote to the editor in 1900: "I was all aflame with enthusiasm when I became acquainted in the spring of 1880 with the poems of Vinje, which embody a deep philosophy of life; and in the course of eight to ten days I composed not only the songs contained in the fourth volume, but others by the same poet which are not yet in print. A. O. Vinje was a peasant by birth. He attempted with his prose works to enlighten the Norwegian people, and these writings, together with his poems, gave him a great national importance." Der Bursch is one of those songs which indicate that despair in the Far North, with its sunless winters, must be a more
hopeless feeling than elsewhere. And the music! How weird its melodic intervals, how disconsolate its strange harmonies! Here we breathe the very air of Norway; there is a tone of Norwegian Volks tümlichkeit, which was new at that time,—new in music, new in Grieg, as he himself has said.

27. Springtide (Der Frühlings). When Tchaikovsky heard Nina Grieg sing this heavenly song in Leipzig he was moved to tears; and he showed his gratitude subsequently for the great pleasure given, by sending her his own songs, with a cordial dedication. What melodic breadth, what exquisite tenderness, what superbly swelling harmonies and entrancing modulations from key to key, are in this Lied!

28. The Wounded Heart (Der Verwundete). This exquisitely Griegish song is closely associated with the foregoing, not only as following it in the same series, but because the composer arranged them for string orchestra, in which version they were published under the title of Two Elegiac Melodies. They are often heard in concert halls. In a letter to the editor, Grieg explained that while in the songs themselves the profound melancholy of the poems explains the sombre strains of the music, the orchestral version, having no explanatory verses, called for more significant titles, wherefore he called them The Last Spring and Heart-Wounds.

29. At the Brookside (An einem Bache). This is one of the best songs for studying—and enjoying—the peculiar melodic intervals and harmonies of Grieg. Every bar seems to have the five letters of his name stamped on it, and the charm of this original musical physiognomy grows on you like the expression of a face that indicates character as well as beauty. There are here melodic steps and harmonic progressions so strange that the uninitiated may almost suspect them to be misprints; but gradually, as the ear becomes habituated to them, they assume an unearthly beauty.

30. A Vision (Was ich sah). A song depicting the effect of love at first sight—love which failed of fruition and now lives on remembrance only.

31. The Old Mother (Die alte Mutter). A charming song of filial love and gratitude which shows that the romantic infatuation for a beautiful girl is not the only kind of emotion that inspires immortal tone-poems. Here the music is not so inseparably associated with the poem as in Monte Pincis or A Swan; but what a glorious melody, what quaint original harmonies! Original harmonies the composers of our time can still write; but who will pen a melody like this?

32. The Only Thing (Das Erste). This song might be considered a commentary on Otway's lines: "O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee/To tempt man: we had been brutes without you."

33. On the Journey Home (Auf der Reise zur Heimath). Yntje's poem gives expression to the emotions of one who has been away from home and returns to see again the familiar fertile valleys, the snow mountains, and to hear his mother-tongue once more. It struck a deeply responsive chord in Grieg's heart, which always remained in Norway when he resided for the time elsewhere,—patriotism and love of home being two of the strongest traits in his character. This whole song is of indescribable beauty. Attention is called particularly to the last four bars, in which the composer is overwhelmed with emotion as the memories of youth come back to him. These final bars are a fervent and glorious outburst of feeling, for which few parallels exist in the whole range of music. Note, further, the refreshingly unconventional and poetic ending.

34. Friendship (Ein Freundschaftsstück). The title of this song is obviously sarcastic, as the first four words indicate. All friends are false, the poet wails, because one has stolen away another's chosen spouse. Poignant grief has never been expressed more bitterly than in Grieg's setting of these lines. The strange, wend chords give the effect of an intensified minor. Among Grieg's songs this one occupies the same place that the gruesome Doppelgänger does among Schubert's.
35. *Greeting (Gruss).* Grieg had a habit of keeping some of his songs in his desk for years before he considered them ripe for the public. When he died, a considerable number, written in the years 1865-1905, were found among his manuscripts, and these are to be issued by Peters in Leipzig. The year of publication does not always coincide with that of composition, and that is the reason why some of these in our collection are undated. As regards opus 48, to which *Gruss* and the following five numbers belong, the fact that all of them are settings of German poems might arouse the suspicion that they are early songs, written while Grieg was still betraying German influences; but a glance at any page (especially in the first two) will show this guess to be wide of the mark, for these songs reveal Grieg in all the maturity and individuality of his genius. The first of them, *Gruss,* is a setting of one of Heine’s most famous poems.

36. *Ere Long, O Heart of Mine (Dereinst, Gedanke mein).* “The realm of harmony was always my dream-world”—these words of Grieg are vividly recalled by his wonderful setting of Geibel’s poem offering the peace of the grave as a solace for life’s disappointments. Musicians sometimes hear in their dreams harmonies which seem more delicious, more thrilling, than any ever heard by them when awake. This song contains such dream-world harmonies, especially in bars 10-17, which are like a vision of peace and bliss beyond the grave. Excepting Liszt’s setting of Goethe’s *Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh* (*Ober the Tree-tops all is at Rest*), known as *Wanderer’s Night Song* (included in *Fifteen Mastersongs*), there is perhaps in the whole realm of music no song so ethereal as this. But let no one try to sing or play it who ignores the least expression mark, who knows not the difference between *pp* and *ppp,* or who cannot subtly accent and increase or decrease a tone even when singing or playing *ppp.*

37. *The Way of the World (Lauf der Welt).* There are cases of infatuation where everything is understood without a formal proposai, and a kiss is granted as spontaneously as the first glance of love. Uhland’s poem tells of such a case, and Grieg has added a merry musical commentary as spontaneous as the glance and the kiss. Here, as in most of the Grieg songs, much of the effect depends on the artistic use of the sustaining pedal. This song will some day have a sensational success in concert halls. The singers have not discovered it yet.

38. *The Silent Nightingale (Die verschwiegene Nachtigall).* Walther von der Vogelweide was born about the year 1160, and he was the best lyric poet of mediaeval Germany, an inspired singer of *Minnelieder,* or songs of love. Grieg’s music is as full of bird twitterings and flowers and trees as the poem. Bars 19-22 are particularly Griegish.

39. *In Time of Ruin (Zur Rosenzeit).* This is the only Goethe song in our collection. Germany’s greatest poet was not free from jealousy, and there is reason to believe that he disapproved of some of Schubert’s settings of his songs, not because he did not think them good enough, but because he thought them too good; the beauty of the music was likely to eclipse the poems! He might have felt the same way about Grieg’s music to his *Rosenzeit*; yet such jealousy is foolish, for did not Schubert and Grieg simply translate the poems into music, retaining all their subtle charms and their moods?

40. *A Dream (Ein Traum).* To Friedrich von Bodenstedt, better known as Mirza-Schafl, Germany owes some of her choicest lyric poems. *Ein Traum* is a love song in the Heine vein; Grieg has made of it a *Lied* which is perhaps the most effective of all his songs for the concert hall, rising at the end to a stirring climax.

41. *The Mother Sings (Die Mutter singt).* When Grieg wrote this lugubrious heartrending song of the infant on the bier he was inspired by the mournful memories of his own daughter, who had died so young, and concerning whom Van der Stucken wrote: “How tenderly he would mention her name and relate incidents of her
short life!" Yet even the pain of a father’s wounded heart does not fully explain the quiet but intensely agonizing spirit of this music. There is in it also that national sombreness which makes even some of the dances of the Norwegians seem more like the dirges of other nations, and which in the case of an actual dirge like this becomes simply heartrending. It is significant that this song is dedicated to Johannes Messiah (see the comments on No. 5).

42. In the Boat (Im Kahn). Lilli Lehmann, Nordica, and Gadski often sing this song in the concert hall with splendid effect. It is a true song of the fjord, with glimpses of the water, the fishing, the dancing and love-making natives, the cries of the gulls. In No. 4 of this same opus, A Bird cried o’er the Lonely Sea, Grieg, as he informed the editor, embodied in the introductory bars a melodico-rhythmic motive which he heard from a gull in the Sognefjord; but as the music is on the whole less interesting, preference is here given to this other song of the fjord. It illustrates, among other things, the charm of Grieg’s unexpected modulations, in which he equals Schubert.

43. The Mountain Maid (Das Kind der Berge). Grieg suffered a great deal from ill health, especially in the later years of his life; it left him little energy for composing, and that is why he wrote comparatively little during the last two years of his life. Yet what he did write was often equal to the best of what he composed in his more vigorous years. "But oh! the nights!" he wrote to Oscar Meyer in 1897. "Not to be able to get a wink of sleep, and to be almost choked with phlegm! Life is truly delightful!" he adds sarcastically. The following year he sent this friend proof-sheets of his new songs, opus 67 (subsequently published under the title of The Mountain Maid), concerning which he added this interesting information: "Kindly inform X [the English translator] that the subject concerns a peasant girl, and that the original therefore presents a national or folk-lore style. What a pity that you cannot read, in the original, Garborg’s lovely pastoral, Hugtussa, from which these poems have been taken! It is a masterpiece, full of simplicity and depth, and indescribably beautiful in color. That these songs (opus 67) are essentially different from any of my former ones cannot escape your fine perception of such things." Of the eight songs in opus 67, five deserve a place in our collection, but two of them (Zickelzahn—another favorite of Lilli Lehmann—and Ein böser Tag) must reluctantly be omitted. No. 2, The Mountain Maid, is one of the very best of the Grieg songs, delightfully melodious, harmonically quaint and original. It combines the freshness of youth with the depth of mature genius, and a touch of the Norwegian melancholy.

44. The Trys (Stelldichein). A love-song with the warm blood of youth in its veins. Note the energetic pulse of the middle voices in the piano forte part. Designed to become a favorite.

45. Lied (Liebe). Another ardent love-song, with the hallmark of Grieg stamped on every bar. An unquenchable fire, like that of Tristan, warms this music. If all the world loves a lover, all the world cannot fail to love this love-song.

46. At Mother’s Grave (Am Grabe der Mutter). In 1900 Grieg wrote to the editor of this volume that he had ready for the autumn a further collection of songs which would be "of a cosmopolitan character." They show, as some of the songs of his second period do, that he had learned from Wagner (as he frankly admitted) to perfect his declamation. We have room for only two of them. In At Mother’s Grave we find the composer once more in his most mournful mood. This Lento Funèbre is really a funeral march, most poignant in its expression of grief. It would undoubtedly make an impressive orchestral dirge. The editor once wrote to Grieg suggesting he should make an orchestral funeral march of this song, but tore up the letter for fear Grieg might see something ominous in such a suggestion, at his age, and with his very poor health.
47. Dreams (Träume). This story of a lover who, failing to win the object of his fancy, finds consolation in dreaming of her, but loses even that pleasure on awaking, is not taken by the composer too seriously. There are plenty of fish in the sea! But it is good music, cosmopolitan, and with no suggestion of the fjord.

48. Erst. Concert singers will find this a valuable number for their purposes. There is less of the essence of Grieg in it than in most of these songs, but it has "go," and at the end there is an imposing climax.

49, 50. Radiant Night (Lichtr Nacht); Take Good Heed (Sich’ dich vor). While Number 49 is sufficiently cosmopolitan to please even that German critic who objected to Grieg because he "stuck in the fjord," No. 50 takes us back to the fjord, where most of us like him best,—the fjord, where he sang his loveliest melodies and dreamed his quaintest harmonies. As Leonard Liebling has aptly remarked: "It is stupid to reproach Grieg with being too national. Had he been less so he would not now be universal. That is a curious paradox in music. See Tchaikovsky, Dvořák, Smetana, Verdi, Wagner, and others,"—notably Chopin.

Henry J. Finck

New York, September 15, 1908.
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FIFTY SONGS
BY EDVARD GRIEG
MORNING DEW
(MORGENTHAU)

(Composed in 1860)

(Original Key, A)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 4, No. 2

EDLBERT von CHAMISSO (1781–1838)
English version by Nathan Haskell Doke

VOICE

p

Animato

Fain would we with low and car-ress-es
Wir woll-ten mit Kö-sen und Lie-ben
gœ-

Piano

joy of this rap-tur-ous night;
ne-ssen der köst-li-chen Nacht.
But how bur-ry-ing Time on-ward
Wo sind doch die Stun-den ge-

sempre cresc.

un poco rit.

a tempo

press-es! 'En now crowsthecock for the light.
blie-bein? es ist ja der Hahn schon er-wacht.

sempre cresc.
un poco rit.
a tempo

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M.I. – 569-8
The Sun is the sorrow-bringer, The Night's tears as she flies;
Die Sonne, die bringt viel Leid, es weint die scheidentod Nachts.
I also must weep and not linger, The world now has opened its eyes, its eyes.
 unmusstwehnenund schei
den,es
ist ja die Welt schon er wacht, schon er wacht.
I would no sunlight were gleaming, But only thine eye clear and bright!
The rest of the world might be eben dein Auge so klar.
Wir welten in Tag und in poco a poco cresc.

Dreaming; For us 'twould be day and delight.
Wonne, und schliesse die Welt immer-dar.

molto rit.

f streutto al Fine

p dim. sempre

pp
MY MIND IS LIKE A PEAK SNOW-CROWNED
(MEIN SINN IST WIE DER MÄCHT'GE FELS)

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805 - 1875)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by P. von Holstein

(Composed in 1864)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.5, No.4

Allegro molto agitato

VOICE

PIANO

My mind is like a peak snow-crown'd.

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ML. 1884-4
sea profound
thy tumfe Meer, wo
Where surges on surges
Wo ge auf Wo ge
cresc.

rise,

Where surges on surges
Wo ge auf Wo ge

poco rit

rise,

The moun

poco rit.

a tempo

rise

The Em

p

a tempo

tain lifts thine image
sum blauen

Himmel

M.L. 1564 4
self in my heart thou dwell'st, Where mighty storm-bil-lows surge.

selbst aber lebst im Herzen, da tosen Brandungen wild!

surge, Where mighty storm-bil-lows surge, Where
da tosen Brandungen wild, da

might-y storm-bil-lows surge.
tosen Brandungen wild!
I LOVE THEE
(ICH LIEBE DICH)

(Composed in 1866)

(Original Key)

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805–1875)
English version by Auber Foretier
German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 5, No. 3

VOICE
Andante

My thought of thoughts, my very inmost being,
Du mein Gedanke, du mein Sein und Werden!

PIANO

Thou only art my heart's felicity!
Du meines Herzens erste Seligkeit!

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ML-1545-2
I love thee more than all else under heaven,
Our love but thee, our love but thee,
I love but thee thro' all eternity!
I love but thee thro' all eternity!

Ich liebe dich wie nichts auf dieser Welt,
Unsere Liebe dich, unsere Liebe dich,
Ich liebe dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit!
Ich liebe dich in Zeit und Ewigkeit!
THE POET'S HEART
(DES DICHTERS HERZ)

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875)

English version by Nathan Haskill Doke
German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 5, No. 2

VOICE

 Allegro molto ed agitato

The infinite course of the
Begreifst du des Meeres

waves who can tell? You know not the soul that in music doth dwell;
The
gedrung? den Geist der Tü ne im Saiten-klang? Be-

feeling conceal'd in the breath of flow'rs. The blaze of the sun against

greift du der Blume Balsam-duft, der Sonne Flam-men gen
molo rit.

storm - y pow'rs, The joy of birds in their

Sturm und Luft, der Vogel Zweifachen in

credo.
car - ols ex-presa'd, Then how know the heart in a

seh - nen - der Lust, und glaubst zu be - grei - fen die

semper crede.

pot - et's breast? Then how know the heart, know the heart in a poet's


rit.

breast?
brust?

a tempo
bat-tling with Death who would fain de-stroy, with Death, with
Kam-pfe ver-blutet des Dic-h-ter's Brust! im Kam-pfe ver-

poco rall.

Death, with Death who would fain, who would fain
blu-tet, im Kam-pfe ver-blutet des Dic-

poco rall.

a tempo

des-troy! Brust!

a tempo pp crec. molto

fe
CRADLE SONG
(WIEGENLIED)

A. MUNCH (1856-1907)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Reinhold Lobdanz

(Original Key G minor)

EDWARD GRIEG, Op. 9, No. 2

Non lento, ma molto doloroso

1. Sleep, my son, oh, slumber well!
2. Sleep, my son, sleep placidly!
3. Never thy sweet morning joy
4. Dost thou feel thy mother dear

1. Schlaf mein Sohn, und schlumm're süß,
2. Schlaf mein Herzchen, traum' von ihr,
3. Nie soll sie schwe von der Braut
4. Ob wohl dein Mut ter sich

Cradle works the soothing spell; Ay, althy the
Here thy father sits by thee, Rocks thee with un-
Shall his cruel grief destroy? Nev'er shall thy
O'er thane innocence hovering near? Dost thou see

Wieg dein ist dein Pa-ra-dies. Ach, die dir das
Vater sitzet hier bei dir, nie gibt dich mit
Wintern sie deiner Morgenlust, nie mehr soll dein
Wacht im Schlummer, ob mich wohl? Lachst ja oft so

grave so cold, Doth thy gentle moth er
practised skill, Would protect thee from all
never thy eyes Bitter tears in his sur
in thy dreams When thy smile in an swer

Lieben gab, lie get in dem kal ten
treue em Math, schirn dich mit Leib und
Kins des Glück, schau en sey nern Thür neun

süsen und rein, stehst du dann dein Mut ten

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ML. 1567-4
Hold;
ill.
prise.
gleams?
Grat.
Blät.
Blück.
lein?

She may not thy dreams attend,
Lone-ly seems the world to him;
Sleep, my babe, in slumber deep,
Nothing can thy farther see,
Kann nun nicht zu der Stund',
Ein sam ist es um ihm her,
Schlaf, mein Gold, oh! Sorg' und Müh,
Waters Blick sie immer sieht,

O'er thy rose-mouth may not bend,
Will not catch thy first smile start;
Living mid this trial grim,
Sorrows heavy weight and ache;

Nothing but Death's misery,

On thy frail hand in deed

kiss den dienen Rosen, mand,

Lächeln nicht

lebt in Qual. und Jammer wahr,

und der Sor-gen dunkl, Last

tol den Tod das Le brenn, bricht

Weil, der Tod das Sein gen, zer Reich thun sein

Es den ihn zum des To - des Rand.

She thro' thee felt Death's keen dart,
Hes must car-ry for thy sake.
Even so, all rich is he,
He helps him in this hour of need.


den Tod der Le - bun bricht,
drücken ihm zu Bo - den fast.
sollet sein gan, zer Reich thum sein.
voisst ihm von des To - des Rand.
5. Sleep, my son, oh, slumber well, Cradle works the
soothing spell; Ay although the grave so cold
Doth thy gentle methert hold.

3. Schlaf, mein Sohn, und schlimmere süß, Wieglein ist dein
Paradies, ach, die dir das Leben gab.
Liegt in dein kalten Grab.

ML-1067-4
Ay, al-tho' the grave so cold
Ach, die dir das Leben gab,

Doth thy gentle mother
lieget in dem kalten Grab,

pp

m. f.

rit

hold.
Grab.

cresc. molto

a tempo

f

ML-1097-4
AUTUMN STORM
(HERBSTSTURM)

C. RICHARDT (1831-1882)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by K. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 18, No. 4

(Composed in 1882)

(Original Key, G)

VOICE

Allegro agitato

PIANO

pp stacc.

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ML-1548-8
morn till e'en. Then blew the tempest his powerful horn; The Zweig erschallt.

Da blies der Sturm sein gewaltiges Lied, und

The clustering leaves with affright were torn; Again did he blow his Zittern und Bogen den Wald durchsicht! Zum zweiten Mal blies er mit

hath with might. Then faded the forest's crown so bright. When neuer Wuth, da bleich te des Waldes grüne Gluth.

thrice he had blown, the leaves on the gale All flutter'd away with sleet and hail. dritten Mal sank ein jegliches Lamm, es flatterd die Blueten in den Staub.
quasi recitando

All was blast-ed in one au-tumn night,
Win-ter now en-ters with

dim.

sud-den might.
All is so cold, so bleak,
ap-pal-ling,
Man-ly a breech in

p

Welt ge-hört.
Al-les ist öf, vor Käl-te schau-erud ste-kes die Bu-chen

più p

dea-th is fall-ing,
Whith-er, O kind-ly sun-art flown?

crec.

Ein-sam trau-erad!
Son-ne, wo blieb dein feu-rig Lohn?

pp

Storm has a-sur-pld thy roy-al throne.
Pal-lid are

ff

Stiess dich der Sturm-wind vom gold-men Thron?
Blei-cher nun

ML-1549-8
All the lovely roses, summer dis\-clo\-ser, den \-sen Wau\-gen, Lenz ist ver\-gan.

All the lovely roses, summer dis\-clo\-ser, den \-sen Wau\-gen, Lenz ist ver\-gan.

All the lovely roses, summer dis\-clo\-ser, den \-sen Wau\-gen, Lenz ist ver\-gan.

All the lovely roses, summer dis\-clo\-ser, den \-sen Wau\-gen, Lenz ist ver\-gan.
But need: y folk prizethe spoll of storm:

They gather them faggots to keep them warm;

And Winter, albeit he's hard as steel, the wounds that he made himself will heal! He

spreads out his mantle soft and white, On every place where the

hüllt in den Mante, weiss und weich, wohi je de Wunde in
storm-winds smile.  

last will appear

Allegro molto vivace

Then every tiniest seed doth know, "True life to attain, one thro' death must go". This knows each tiniest
burgeon no doubt.

That once heard the sun call "Come

out, come out!"

What hardness so ever old

aufge schwind! Wie hart
der Winter auch

Winter may bring.

At last will ap-

poco a

poco cresc.
molto.

poch the well

Spring.


New.
ein

Frühlings

tag.

poco cresc.
molto.
Piú mosso

joy, how sweet that sight will show,

O

Lust, wenn einmal ich keinem seh'

die

The first young flow're in the last of snow!

er ste Blume im letzten Schnee!

ff a tempo

ML-1548-8
When I saw you, dear one,
Ach! als ich, du Trau-te,

Lightly come on board,
New and wunder meaning
Fill'd the sounds I heard;
dich gesehen an Bord:
Alles, was ich schau-te,
sprach ein neues Wort;

Land and sea were ringing
With a wondrous singing;
Fjord und Felsen klangen,
schier als ob sie sangen,
As we sailed along,
wie das Boot hinglith,
We too sang their song.

molto
sangt die Fahrt.

molto
sobald wir mit

tranquillo
When our voyage was over, Ended was the spell,
Als die Fahrt geendet, hör' es auch noch jetzt-

dolce e più tranquillo
And thy sweet lips fell In a last farewell,

espress. e trang.

dolce e più tranquillo
wurde mir gesendet ihr Leb'wohl zuletzt.
espressivo e tranquillo

Then the sun was cloud-ed,
Son-ne war ver-blö-chen,
Day in dark-ness shroud-ed,
da sie fort-gewi-chen,

Sang the waves no more
kein Woge sang,
To the ring-ing
kein Gie-ßer.

Tempo I.

shore.
But that ra-diant beau-ty
clang.
Aber ihr ver-trau-tes

me;
In the smile of maid-ens
nicht, war mir doch, ich schaut es,
Still the charm I see,
wo ein Fraun-ge-sicht,
Where the mountains tower,
Where the meadows
wo sich Fel sen
wo sich Blät scher

flower,
O ver vio let snows
streck ten,
in der All na tur

Ragn hild's im age
glows!
sah ich Ragn hild
nurl!

ML-1885-4
Allegretto espressivo (d:so)

O Ragna, time so quickly flies; But now just four years old were you, And raised to me in sweet surprise Your infant eyes so darkly blue.

Wie doch die Zeit vor

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lies the lake on mountain height, Whose azure depths no eye can know; Yet liegt in grauem Felsenkrantz des Alpsees träumerischer Ganz, kein

from those waters gleaming bright A voice arises soft and low: Aus gequadnen tiefen Grund, doch that er ein Geheimsinn kund:

"Here dreams a spirit in the deep, But nourished through the
Hier unten träumt des LebensGeist, von rächer Quelle

waiting years; Full soon she'll break the spell of sleep, And lo! a loving
stets ge-geist; der nächste Jahr ein, Jahr aus em-pon, bis eine Ni-xe
O Ragna, time so quickly flies. But now just four years old were you, And raised to mine in sweet surprise. Your infant eyes so darkly blue, so darkly blue, so darkly blue.

Jahre alt, Dein Kindesblick, o Ragna, war so tief, so blau, so dunkel klar, so dunkel klar, so dunkel klar.
Andante molto tranquillo

The lowly cottage rafters seem
Des Hauses Decke wölt sich zum

vaulted to the skies; On wings of dream outspreading My
Ster - nen - dom so klar, nun brei -tet aus klein Haakon sein

lit - tie Haakon flies. For him a golden path-way Leads upward to the
Traum - schwingen - paar. Da baut sich ei - ne Stie - ge bis in den Him - mel hin

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ML-1549-2
light, And there with shining angels He takes his happy

Dort klimmt hinauf klein Haa-kon mit Gottes Engel.

flight. So thro' the long night slumber The angels watch thee true; God

Die Engel all' bewachen mein süßes Kind zur Nacht, be

guard thee, little Haa-kon, Thy mother watches too.

hüt' dich Gott, klein Haa-kon, auch deine Muttermacht.
WOODLAND WANDERING
(WALDWANDERUNG)

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875)
(Composed in 1869)
(English version by Arthur Westbrook)
(German version by Evang. Holstein)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 18, No. 1

VOICE

1. My love-ly bride, my dear-est wife,
The moon a-bove is shining clear.
The night is calm and bright.

2. Far from fra-grant birch and tree.


1. My fair art thou than sil-se Braut, du hel-des Weib, mein Reich-thum, mein-

2. In the si-lent still-len Nach-dein Lieb, mit dir al-lein, wie bin ich froh, so-

3. Thy voice to me is Mond so klar vom ho-hen Him- mel-s zelt.

Piano

1. My love-ly bride, my dear-est wife,
The moon a-bove is shining clear.
The night is calm and bright.

2. Far from fra-grant birch and tree.


1. My fair art thou than sil-se Braut, du hel-des Weib, mein Reich-thum, mein-

2. In the si-lent still-len Nach-dein Lieb, mit dir al-lein, wie bin ich froh, so-

3. Thy voice to me is Mond so klar vom ho-hen Him- mel-s zelt.

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ML-1579-7
none our joy may know; To for-est glade then come with me. Where wood-land flow-rets
rich am I to-night! My love-ly bride, my dear-est wife, My trea-sure, my de-
neath the moonspale light, Oh, come, my love, my dear-est wife, My trea-sure, my de-
wei - chen Schwingen sieht zum Bu-chen-hein kom-m Hand in Hand, wo Wald-blüm-lein er-
Wunsch mehr kehre die Brust. Du sü-sta Braut, mein Weib so hold, mein Reich-thum, mei-ne
Mon - den-strahl er - heit, kom-m, sü-sta Braut, kom-m, hol-des Weib, mein Reich-thum, mei-ne

poco riten

grow, To for - est glade then come with me. Where wood-land flow-rets
light! My love-ly bride, my dear-est wife, My trea-sure, my de-
light! Oh, come, my love, my dear-est wife, My trea-sure, my de-
blüht. Zum Bu-chen-hein kom-m Hand in Hand, wo Wald-blüm-lein er-
lieb! Du sü-sta Braut, mein Weib so hold, mein Reich-thum, mei-
lieb! Komm, sü-sta Braut, kom-m, hol-des Weib, mein Reich-thum, mei-

poco riten

grow.
light!
light!
blüht.
lieb!
Weib!

mf a tempo

1 & 2. 3.
MOTHER SORROW
(MUTTERSCHMERZ)

C. RICHARDT (1831-1902)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by P. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 15, No. 4

(Original Key)

Con moto

1. Did you see my
   ten der Je sus,
   I Sahst du wohl mein
   Mü der Je sus,

2. Little lad, with his hair so curly and bright?
   It was hard, when you took him back unto you.
   Knäblein klein mit den Augen so hell und so klug?
   Du warst hart, der du ihn zu den Sternen entrückt.

All day long I gazed at him, and ever with delight.
Must you have another angel, when earth has so few?
Sah ihn oft so lange an und sah doch wie gemein.
Brauchtest du ein Engellein? Du hast, was mich beglückt.

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ML-1071-2
Ah! how empty, ah! how empty now his cradle's lying!
Did you give him shining wings and heaven's radiance glowing?
Ach, wie leer, wie leer, wie leer steht weise Winz' am Morgen,
Gibt du ihm ein Flügelpaar? Lässt Himmelsfried ihm scheinen?

While my wretched heart is full of deep despair and sighing,
Oh, help me, so sore bereft, and set my tears to flowing.
aber ach die Brust wie voll von Schmerz, Leid und Sorgen.
Hilf mir, die ich freidenbar, o hilf, dass ich kriegen.

molto legato

rit.

a tempo

molto rit. pp
GOOD MORNING!
(GUTEN MORGEN!)

BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSON (text)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 21, No. 2

(Original Key)

Molto vivace

Day is a-waken'd, joy returns,
Auf geht der Tag, mit feur'gem Geschoss

Gloom's cloudy stronghold crumbles and burns!
Over the mountains enchanting

Stürmt es des Unmuths Wolken-schloss, walen de Nebel verjüng'en,

Light-King's armies are tenting!

"Wake! a-wake!" sing nesting birds,
"Auf! tönt Vog. leins Lied im Grund,

"Wake! a-wake!" ring children's words,
Wake, O my hopes, with Sunrise!

"auf! er-schall's aus Kinder-mund, auf, mei-ner Hoffnung Son-ne!

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Wake, O my hopes, with Sun-rise!

nest - ing birds.

Nest - ing birds,

chil - dren's words,

Vög-lein im Grund, Kinder-mund,

Vög-lein im Grund, Kinder-mund, auf meiner Hoff-nung Son-nel
FIRST MEETING
(ERSTES BEGEGNEN)

(Composed in 1880)
(Original Key)

BIJÖNSTERN BJÖRNSON (1824-1910)

English version by Nathan Hinkel Dolé
German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 21, No 1

VOICE

Molto Andante

The bliss of that first meeting Is—
Der er-sten Se-hen-Won-ue ist—

like a wood-land-sing-ing, Like song o'er wa-ters ring-ing When
wie der Duft im Walde, wie, ü-ben's Was-ser schal-lend, Ge-

Day's last blush is fleet-ing. Tis like the hor-nas that sun-der Me-

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M1-1578-2
ludicrous dissonances. Wherein with deepest

astonish. Wherein with deepest

wonder we feel how Nature entrances. Wherein with deepest wonder we feel how Nature entrances.
FROM MONTE PINCIO
(VOM MONTE PINCIO)

NOCTURNE
(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 39, No. 1

Voice
Poco Andante
Evening how tender!
Abend wie milde!

Piano

Sunset how red!
Sonne wie rot!
All with a roseate glow is enlightened,
Alles erfüllt sich mit farbigen Glanz,

Basking in sunshine, the mountain is bright end,
schweigend im Lichte verwirrÉtat sich das Gänse,

Oliver Ditson Company
ML 1574-18
Rapt and serene as the face of the dead.

Klingt sich der Berg wie ein Ausruf im Tod.

Domes in the sweet-scented distance are gleaming, Mists blue and gray over the

Köpfe in duftiger Ferne erblühen, blau-schwarze Nebel die

meadows come streaming, Rolling a-down as" ob-

Felder umziehen, rollen einher wie Ver-

li- vion has roiled, Weaving a garment a thousand years old.

ges-senheit wall, wenn ein Kleid, das Jahrtausende alt.

tre corde
Vivo

Gleam-eth all red and warm, Evening falls, people swarm; Mountain horns

Al-les glüht roth und warm. A-beu-schein, We-keschwarz. Al-les glüht:

p leggiero

sound a-bove, Flower-scent, looks of love.
Horn-mu-sik, Blu-men-äus, kei-ser Blick.

poco rall.

Sempre vivo

All heart could wish gleams and sounds sweet-ly near us, Yearning for

Al-les be-green, rings um-strahilt und um-tö-net, seh-lich nach

un poco rit.

Presto

beaut-y to cheer us.

dem, was ter-söh-net.

p leggiero

un poco rit.

ML-1534-8
Gleam-eth all red and warm.
All glisters roth und warm.
Evening falls,
A - bead - shein,

peo-pleswarm;
Moun-tainboms
Sound a - bove,

morendo

Flow-er-scent,
Blu-men-duft,
Looks of love,
Hei - sser Blick,

morendo

ppp
Andante

Deepens the stillness, darkens the day,
Stiller nun wird es, es dunkelt das Blau,

And, from the ghosts of the post thus beholding, Heaven is surely the
und aus der dunklen Zeit Ge- stalten sieht sich der Him- mel die

future unfolding, Shimmering vaguely in gathering gray.

ML-1574-6
But, like a beacon, will Rome one day awaken, brighten the darkness of
Doch, eine Leuchte, wird Rom starken, hel len die Nacht von I

It is the Salem; Tocsins will echo and
Tä fi ens Marken, Glo cken ge las te, Ka

Fiercely will blaze out the spirit of yore.
Flamment wird wie der Vor still erstehn.
Vivo

Wedding strains, sounds a-main! Flute so gay, zither play! Out of time's

poco rall.

scroll impart Hope to the trusting heart!
Zeiten Bund Glauben gen Herzens-kund!

un poco rit.

italy, look to the blest goal unshaken; Tenderness
Suchsucht Itali as träumet von Ziele, nach werden

Presto

feelings will awaken.
unref Ge - fah - te.
Wedding strain, sound a-main!
Töne denn, Hochzeit-sang.

Flute so gay, zither play!
Zither spielt, Flöten-klang!

Wedding strain, sound a-main!
Töne denn, Hochzeit-sang.

Flute so gay, zither play!
Zither spielt, Flöten-klang!
THE PRINCESS
(DIE PRINZESSIN)

(Composed in 1871)

Björnstjerne Björnson (1832 -)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by E. von Holstein

High up in her bow'r sat a Princess-maid;
Es sass die Prin-zes-sin im Frauen-ge-mach.

Allegretto semplice

"Why youth in the vale on his horn sweet-ly play'd.
Kna-Be im Tha-le, er blas die Schal-me.

play-est thou al-ways? O lad, cease to play,
Stil-le, o Klei-ner, du festes mir, aeh!

Fly far a-way, As the sun goes down, As the sun goes down;
Schwei-fen so frei, wenn die Son- ne sank, wenn die Son- ne sank;"
up in her bow’r sat the Princess-maid; The youth heard her words and no

lady, prith-ee play, It carries my thoughts that would fly far a-way, As the

sun goes down, As the sun goes down?"
up in her bower sat the Princess-maid; The youth took his horn and a-

gain sweet-ly play'd. Then wept she and sobb'd as the
tout die Schal-me.

Then the sun went down, Then the sun went down.

sin-kun-den Tag: "Wie weh mir im Her-zen, steh; Herr, gott, mir bleib!" Und die

sun went down, Then the sun went down.

Sen-ne sank, und die Son-ne sank.
MY SONG TO THE SPRING I PROFFER
(DEM LENZ SOLL MEIN LIED ERKLINGEN)

(Original key)

VIVACE

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 21, No. 3

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ML-1510-2
The sun, to entice.
Sie wecken die Sonne mit

Joyance,
Necken.

That
den

Winter may cease his annoyance;
Winter wird das er schecken.

To start merry streams in
Im Chor dann die Bäcklein
sempre string. e cresc.

chorus, That scare him with song so-nor-ous; To drive him from bal-my
floess, der Sang that ihn aug ver-driesser, bald jagt ihn aus ho-hen

sempre string. e cresc.

ff

più lento

regions With per-fume of flow’rs in le-gions. My song to the Spring I
Luften der Blu-men hold-se-ten Düf-ten. Dem Lenz soll mein Lied er-

più lento

dim.

rit.

prof-

ker-

klun-
gen.
AT A YOUNG WOMAN'S BIER
(AN DER BAHRE EINER JUNGEN FRAU)

O. P. Monrad
(Composed in 1872)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Wilhelm Henschen

Edvard Grieg, Op. 39, No. 5

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ML 1577-2
HIDDEN LOVE
(VERBORGNE LIEBE)

BIORNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON (1832-
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Wilhelm Hensen

(Composed in 1874)

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 39, No. 2

VOICE

Andante molto

He
gloom-
ly
stood by the wall,

Er
schlicht sich die
Wände entlang;

PIANO

She
merrily
danced at the ball,
sie
lustig im
Tanz sich schwung.

With
Ihr

mf

 Cresc.

string.

dthis one she laughed, with
that one she chaffed; His

Auges so hell
lacht manchem Geschäft;

ihr

wolle
das Herz schmerzen.

mf

Cresc.

string.

brocken;

Yet-
ne'er the secret was

star-a-
Doch-
das hat Niemand er-


rit.

pp

più lento

PP

più lento

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Tempo I

He came then to bid her good-bye,

Er kam um zu scheiden ins Haus,

She fled to the garden to cry.

Sie trieb in den Garten hin-aus.

She sank down forlorn, she ceased not to mourn.

Sie weint und sie weint, sie
cess not to mourn, With love, her poor heart too is broken,

sterben sie weint; sie hatt' ihn geliebt seit Jahren,

With love her poor heart too is broken, broken-

hatte ihn geliebt seit Jahren, wurde.

Yet broken.

Doch

poco riten

più lento

pp

ff poco riten

pp più lento
ne'er the secret was spoken.
das hat Nie-mand er-fah-ren.

lighten his pain,
Jah-re zur Qual.

her fate was best; her heart had found rest,
hat-te es gut; in Frieden sie ruht; ihr Herz hat sie treu ihm be-

yet ne'er the secret was spoken.
doch das hat Nie-mand er-fah-ren.

true faith and true love to be-
poco r. l.

poco r. l.

più lento

pp

mm.1578-8
SOLVEJG'S SONG
(SOLVEJGS LIEB)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)

English version by Arthur Westbrook

German version by W. Henzen

Un poco Andante

PIANO

The winter may wane and the spring-time go by, the...
truth I know, in truth I know, And here I'll await you as I wiss, du wirst mein, ge-wiss, du wirst mein, ich hab' es über-sprochen, ich

promised long ago, I promised long ago. (humming to herself) Ah!

harrve treu-lieh dein, ich harrve treu-lieh dein. (whispered to him) A

Allegretto con moto

pp una corda

simile

Tempo I

ML-1579-4
May God guide your feet, if on earth still you rove,
His blessed peace be yours, if in realms above,
Gain you draw near, again you draw near,
But if you wait in heaven, at

Gott hel-fe dir, wenn du die Son-ne noch sehest, die
Gott seg-ne dich, wenn du zu

Faith-ful-ly I'll bide till a-
Ich will dei-ner har-ren, bis

du mir nah', bis du mir nah'; und har-ren du dort o- ben, so
SOLVEJG'S SLUMBER SONG
(SOLVEJGS WIEGENLIED)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)
English version by Charles Farnegn Manse
German version by Wilhelm Henzen

Lento (4:72)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.28, No.2

Sleep and rest, dearest
Schlaf, du treuer Ster

boy of mine!
Knu - be mein!

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ML. 1589-3
Safe in my lap he's heard my crooning song,
Still mir im Schoos se hat's ge lau chtdem Sang,
We two have been playing all his
mit mir hat ge spielt es all sein

life-day long.
Leb-ta ge lang.

Close to my breast I've held my darling boy
An sei ner Mutter Brust mag
gern es sein all sein

Warm in my heart have I
An mein em Her zen lass icks

har-bord my own All his life-day long; now weary has he grown.
ger ne ruhn all sein Leb-ta ge lang; so muid ist es nun.
Sleep and rest, dearest boy of mine! Sleep!
Schlaf, du deuer ster Kind mein! Schlaf!
Sleep! Schlaf!

I will cradle thee, I will watch thee. Sleep!
Ich will wiegen mein Kind und wachen, Schlaf!
Sleep! Schlaf!

I will cradle thee, I will watch thee, Sleep and rest, dearest boy of mine!
Ich will wiegen mein Kind und wachen, schlaf, du deuer ster Kind mein!
A SWAN
(EIN SCHWAN)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)

English version by Frederic Fields Ballard
German version by W. Henzen

(Composed in 1887)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 28, No. 2

VOICE

My swan, my treasure,
With
Mein Schwan, mein stiller,
mit

Andante ben tenuto

PP molto legato

snowy white feather,
Of his songs sang me never
A single
wet stern Gesichte,
dei se ne un ngen Lieder
verblichen

measure.
Triller.

pp animato

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ML-1501/2
there midst the rush-es, And yet, when death came And
sett in die Ran-de. Und doch be-sangst du zu.

part-ing a-<hruf me, With sweet song he charm'd me, And seng with death came!
leat mich beim Schei-den mit treu-gen-den Bi-den, Ja da, da sангt du!

And, with its ring-ing, His spár-it pass'd on, then; He died while
Du schlo-sset ein gen-d Du sche-int die er-di sche Bahn doch, du sterb' ver-

sing-ing, Was he on-ly a swan, then? a swan, then?
kich gen-d, du marst ein Schwan doeh? ein Schwan doeh?
The First Primrose
(Mit einer Primula Veris)

J. Paulsen (1817 - )
English version by E. Cordey
German version by W. Henschel

Allegretto dolcissimo

O take, thou lovely child of Spring, This Spring's first tender

Mag dir, du sanfte Frühlingskind, dies erst Blümchen

flow-er. Dis- pise it not that lat- er on Fair

from-men. Empfang'- es gern, ver- schnüre es nicht, weil

ro-ses June will show-er. The sum- mer has its

später Rosen kommen. Wohl köstlich ist die

gold-en charm, In au-tumn hearts are gay,

Sommerzeit, der Herbst erquickt das Herz,

But

Oliver Ditson Company
ML-1588
spring is lovelier than all,
The time of love and

For thee and me, O dearest maid,
The

Light of spring is glowing;
Then take the flow'r and

Rapture yield, Thy heart on me bestowing.

ML-1882-2
WITH A WATER-LILY
(MIT EINER WASSERLILIE)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by W. Hensel

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op 25, No 4

VOICE
Allegro grazioso

PIANO

See, Maria, what I'm bringing:
Blossom with white wings upspringing.
On the ripples of the river:
Dreamy spring-time made it quiver.

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Wilt thou thy chamber bear it?

On thy breast, Maria, wear it?

Then twill dream its head is hiding

denn auf stillen Wellen thronen

On the bilowy streamlet glides

ruhte selig ihre Kro
Child, be-ware the ponà's deep stream there,
Hu-te dich, am Strom zu träumen,

Per-il-cous it is to dream there!
forcht bar kön-nen Flu-then schau-men!

Wa-ter-sprite pre-tends to slum-ber;
Neck ist still, als wenn er schlie-ße;

Lil-ies play in count-less num-ber.
Li-lien spie-len ob der Tie-fe.
Child, thy breast is like the stream there;
Gleich der See dein Busen klar ist,
Perilous it is to dream there!
wo ein jeder Traum Gefahr ist,
Lilies play in countless number,
Li lien spilen ob der Tief en,
Tends to slumber.
ob er schlitte fe.

See, Maria, what I'm
Sich, Maria, was ich
MINSTREL'S SONG
(SPIELMANNSLIED)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)
English version by Nathaniel Haskell Dole
German version by W. Benzon

Lentamente

Toward her my thoughts were attracted

Nach ihr war mein Verlangen

Ev'ry night of summer

je de sommer helle

Nacht, das hat durch thausig Gebueche

mild;

Thro' the dew-sparkling woodland

mein Weg geht.

wild.

Hal! knowest thou spells and music?

Canst thou

bracht.

Heil kannst du Ge - sang und Schauer,
kannst du

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So in mighty halls and cathedrals She may yearn with thee to de-
part? I conjured the sprite from the riv-er; He
hin? Mich lühr-te der Neck in der Tie-fe; er
charmed me from God a-side;
warz der von Gott mich ver-trich,
But while I re-main still his mas-ter, She be-came my broth-er's
doch da ich wur-den sein Meister, war sie des Bru-ders

bride... In might-y halls and ca- the-dral My- self I cham-ed a-

way, And wa-ter-falls' runes and mu-sic sang ev-er in my
hin, des Stur-mes Ge-sang und Schauern ich nie mir aus dem

lay, Sang ev-er in my lay.
Sinn, ich nie mir aus dem Sinn.
'TWAS ON A LOVELY EVE IN JUNE
(AM SCHÖNSTEN SOMMERABEND WARS)

J. PAULSEN (1831-)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Munney
German version by W. Henzen

EDWARD GRIEG, Op. 26, No. 2

(Composed in 1858)

(Original Key)

Allegretto

GESANG

1. Am schönsten Sommer
2. Ein schlankaes Madchen mit
3. Was traumte sie wohl, die

VOICE

1. Twas on a love ly
2. A slender maid en with
3. What dreams are hers, the

PIANO

con Pedale

a - bend war, ich ging durch ein sam Thal, der
ro - them Band vm gold - nen di - chen Ge flecht, mit
schian - ke Maid, hin - aus in die dam - mern - de Nacht? Al -

eve in June I pass'd thro' a lone ly vale, The
rib - bons red En - twized in her tress - es of gold Sat
slen - der maid, While shadow - s of night gather fast? Do
rocks stood bright in the sunset sheen, The fiord was blue, the knitting there in the silent dell, While flocks were feeding up fears come over her there alone? Beyond those hills have her meadows green, And scent of flowers From on the fell; Her herds she tended As fancies flown? Hark! distant singing Sets wood-land bow-ers Refresh'd the scene gen-tly wend-ed The rip-pling rill ech-oes ring-ing With mourn-ful tone.
THE YOUTH
(DER BURSCH)

A. O. VINJE (1815-1875)
(Composed in 1868)
English version by Nathan Field; Dale
German version by Edmund Lobdowiez

EDWARD GRIES, Op. 33, No. 1

Poco Andante (freely declaimed)

VOICE

Du wanderst weit und du wirst müd; dein Fuss wird

Thou'rt trav'led far and thou art worn; Thy feet com-

plain. Thy bit-ter tears (so thou dost mourn) Thy pil-

wund. Im Bet-te man dich weinen sieht so man-

Thou wash-est out that salt of thine Till thou hast seen

Doch die-ser Thau-er macht dich rein, dich klärt der Schmerz;

The bit-ing con-cen-trat-ed brine That makes life clean.

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N1-1584-3
When all the meaning thou hast learnt
Of death's pow'r grim,
And all for

Which thy heart hath yearned!
Must yield to him,
Hast seen the green

— be turned to hay,
As fair flow'r's fade.
Twere least to see her turn a

die Blu-me süß, kein Duft-thr blieb.
Das Kleinst war, dass dich ver

way,
Thy young heart's maid.
liess dein er-stes Lieb.
Hast thou not been forsaken so, And suffered wrong.

On thy life's ruins must thou climb, That on each side,

Thou mayst around thee in due time See far and wide.
SPRINGTIDE
(DER FRIHLING)

(Composed in 1886)

A.O. VINJE (1838-1888)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Edward Lohse

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.38, No.2

VOICE

Andante espressivo

1. Now once a-gain have I
2. O-ver the hills of the

1. Ja, noch ein-mal kren" den
2. Glit- zern-de Strah-lon noch

PIANO

seen spring at hand And win-ter a va-graan, Hed-ge and trees by the
spring I could see The sun-beams a-dan-cing; Birds'mid the blooms all a-
ein-mal ich sah auf Lenu-hü-geln gau-keln, Schmet-ter-ling' sah ich auf

dolcissimo

south-wind were fann'd, Their blossoms all fra-grant.
quiv-er with glee Were glean-ing and glan-cing.
Dol-den, so schön, so ganz oh-ne Glei-chen.
Blu-men all-da, so lu-stig sich so-lau-keln.
Now once again went the ice from the land,
The no more for me is that spring life so gay Which
Und noch einmal konnt' ich Eis flü chen schaun dem
All' die se Lenz lust von neu em ich sah, die

snow I saw going,
Once was my past time;
Lande ent flie hen.
Dann, ach, entschwan den.

saw pools expand With bright waters flowing.
I, and I say: Can this be the last time?
Ströme, voll Graun, sich wäl zen und spüren.
fühl' ich mir nah' die letzte der Stun den.

Green grew the grass and the meadows once more
Well, let it belt recol lec tions un told Of
Matten, die grü nen, noch einmal konnt' ich seh'n, mit
Mö' es ge soh'n denn, im Leben, so wert, viel

cresc. e più tenuto poco a poco
cresc. e più tenuto poco a poco
jew-ell with flow-ers;  Loud-ly a-gain chant-ed
life do I cher-ish; More has been mine than by
Blu-men voll Won-ve; ein-mal noch sang mir die
Glück durft' ich fin-dev; mehr als ver-dient ward mir

birds as of yore, For spring's glad-some
er-mit I hold! And all things must
Ler-che, so schün, im Som-
Freu-de be-sekert, und al-

hours per-ish!
Son-ne,

M1-1587-6
3. Once more I'll go to the spring-verdant vale Which gladdens my vision;

3. Ein-mal mich führe's nach dem lenz-fri-schen Thal, das Schnuth mir stil-let,

Some-time I'll find there a home and shall dwell In regions e-lysian,

dort find' voll Son- ne ein Heim ich ein-mal, wo Lust mich er-fül-let.

All that by spring to the valley is giv'n, The flow'rs that sur-

Das, was der Lenz mir kie-nie-den ge-bar, die Blum', die ich

Round me, Seem now to me like fair spirits of heav'n And whis-

pfückte, sich mir der se-li-gen Geister heh-re Schaar, der Erd' schon ent-
round me. Thus to mine ear in this birch-haunted glade Does singing a-
rück-te. Da-rum ich hör-te auf Schritt und auf Tritt ein rüh-sel-haft

waken; Therefore the notes of the pipe that I made With weep-

ing seem shaken. zer er-klin-gen.

pp sempre
THE WOUNDED HEART
(DER VERWUNDETE)

A. O. VINJE (1818-1879)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Edmund Lobedanz

Allegretto espressivo

VOICE

1. My heart in the conflict of life has fought, And
   Mein Herz war mit in des Lebens Streit und

   many a sorrow has grieved it; Sick and
   Wunden hat es empfängen, es lag krank, verwundet, in

   sadly now a retreat has sought From
   dennoch ist es bis diese Zeit dem

   received it, From life's cruel game which deceived it.
   gegan, dem Spiele des Lebens entgan-gen.

EDWARD GRIEG, Op. 33, No. 3

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ML-1350-9
2. Doch Nar' auf Nar' be und Wand auf Wand schon seh' ich auf bei den
3. Doch ich, ein Flor aus den Nar'ben sprüsst und Blumen entblüht aus den

pal-lung; They open fresh when the Spring comes round. When
show-ers. For so in spring on the earth it goes. When
Sei-ten, sie offen sich in des Len-ses Stund; wenn's
Thrä-ne. So geht's der End, wenn sie neu sich er-schiess, wenn

leaves uncurl and no ice is found, And loud the cuckoo is
rain and dew kindly heaven bestows From wounds spring forth fair-est
Eis zer-brecht bis zum Meeres-grund, der Ku-chuck ruft in den
Re-gen mil-de vom Him-mel fliess, zu Blu-men wird dann dein

call-ing, And loud the cuckoo is call-ing,
flow-ers, From wounds spring forth fair-est flow-ers.
Wei-ten, der Ku-chuck ruft in 'nen Wei-ten.
Sch-nen, zu Blu-men wird dann dein Sch-nen.
AT THE BROOKSIDE
(AN EINEM BACHE)

A. O. VINJE (1818-1879)
English version by Frederic Field Ballard
German version by Edmund Lohr-Adler

EDWARD GRIEG, Op. 33, No. 5

Poco Andante

VOICE

Fair trees, that hang your heads and bow
To

Du Wald, der sich herüber biegt und

PIANO

Kiss the brook, so dark and still,
Which un-ders-mines your

küssst den schwarzen Bach so still,
der nagt an deinem

con Pedale

roots below,
And to your down-fall bends its will;

Mark vergnügt
tief hinunter ziehen dich will;

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più mosso

Like you full many a one I've known,

gleich dir hab' Manch'en ich ge.kannt.

When Life was Spring, and hope was fair,
im Lenz des Lebens frisch und roth.

Whose kisses warmly meet mine own, To
der Küss se drückt' auf je ne Band, die

M.I.1889-3
A VISION
(WAS ICH SAH)

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A. D. VIEJE (1813-1879)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dele
German version by Max Kalbeck

(Composed in 1868)

(Original Key)

EDWARD GRES, Op. 33, No. 6

A maiden I met Who
Ein Madchen so schön aus

made me forget The woes of life, and set me dreaming! So
himlich Bohn, es neigte sich zu mir herzüber, die

happy I felt My heart seemed to melt, I still feel the
Herrliche sah ich einmal mir nah, und immer ver-

joy streaming! Gesch ich es wieder!

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I stood as if nailed, I blushed and I paled, My ears were roaring as with
Ich sit - ter - te, stand be - zu - kerl, ge - baunt, mit Für - por - glau - ten ü - ber.

thunder, I gazed at her there, So far, yet so near, And dream - ing was
gos - sen, vom strah - len den Glanz ge - bie - det so ganz, dass shumm ich die

changed into wonder.
Augen ge - schlos - sen.

face, Her figure and grace And all of her beauty and splendor,
...stalt, des Blit - tes Ge - walt, der tief mir zu Her - sen ge - drun - gen.
Her glances so bright, De-light-ed my sight, Yet
Ach, was ich ge-sehn, und wie mir ge-schehn, das

molto rit. f a tempo
never in words could I ren-der. I could not por-tray, She fad-ed a-way, Why
wird nicht ge-sagt noch ge-sun-gen! Wollt schau‘ ich em-por: wann trittst du her-vor, noch
a tempo

f pun poco rit.
came she in my sight in-sist-ent? So daz-zling she gleam’d, Pure sun-light she seem’d, But
ein-mal, lieb-lich ster der Ster-ne? Wann kehrt du zu-rück, mein fisch-ti-ges Glück? Zer-
un poco rit.

cresc. f a tempo
dis-tant, oh, dis-tant, so dis-tant!
clo-sen, ver-weht in der Fer-ne!

cresc. a tempo pp
THE OLD MOTHER
(DIE ALTE MUTTER)

(Composed by 1883)

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 38, No. 7

A. O. VINJE (1818-1878)

English version by F. Corder

German version by Edmund Lehdenan

Voice

Allegretto espressivo

My dear old mother, poor thou art, And toil'st day and night,

Du alte Mutter bist so arm, und schaffst im Schweiss wie
doch immer noch. ist's Herz dir warm, und
thou my courage didst impart, My arm of sturdy might.

Du gabst mir den starken Arm und diesen wil - den Muth.
Thou'lt wiped a-way each 
Du wischtest ab die
childish tear When I was sore dis-tress'd, And
Thrunne mein, war's mir im Herzen bang, Und
kiss'd thy lit-tle lad-die dear, And taught him songs that
crisscriss kissest mich, den Knaben dein, und huchtest in die
banish fear From ev'ry manly breast.
Brust hin ein den sieges-frohen Sang.
And more than all, thou'lt given me
Du gabst mir, was be-se-ligt mich, das

true and tender heart;
weiße Herz da-zu;

I'll love thee Wher-ever my foot may wander free, Till
die-len dich, wo-hin mein Fuß auch rich-tet sich, wohl

death our lives shall part.
son-der Rast und Ruh.
THE ONLY THING
(DAS ERSTE)

A. O. VINIE (1818-1870)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Edmund Lobedanz

Voice

Un poco Andante

1. The only thing left for thee, O man,
2. And therefore firmly the heart should stay

1. Das Erste was du thun musst, Mann.
2. Und darum als Heuchelstes auch ich freue

Piano

Should be to die,

As passion's thrall,

wähle dir den Tod,

des Herzens Schlag,

longer can love obey

lieben kann

liebet heiss

Thy joy supply!

Till death end all

die Maid, so ruth

zum Todes tag

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then it's all over with youth's desire, with
if a man live who can get no sweet ere
then ist verloren der kecke Knab', sein
ist wo ein Mann, der das Leben nicht aus

manhood's day, Extinguish then is the vital fire,
love's flower fall, He flies away on precious feet,
Werth so gross, des Herzens Flamme ihm braucht herab,
Liebe sog, da war er nichts als ein Traumgesicht,

All ashes gray, All ashes gray,
A phantom pale, A phantom pale,
warst A sche bloe, wurd A sche bloe,
das Leben log, das Leben log.
ON THE JOURNEY HOME
(AUF DER REISE ZUR HEIMATH)

A. O. VINJE (1858-1946)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Edmund Lobodnitz

(Composed in 1888)
(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, No. 9

Andante tranquillamente

VOICE

1. The vales and mountains am I now sur-
2. Ay! life streams o'er me as it once came
1. Nun seh' ich heh're Berg' und Thäler
2. ja, Leben strömt auf mich, wie Welle-

VOICE

veying

STREAMING

Which in my long-past youth I used to
When 'neath the drifts green grass began to

WIEDER.

WIEDER GLEICH DEMEN, DIE ICH IN DER KINDHEIT
WENN WIEDER UNTERM SCHNEE ICH GRÜNES

KNOW;

The same pure breezes round my brow are
I dream as in the old days I went

SCHAU.

AUF MEINE Stirn weht kühler Wind her-
ICH TRÄUME NECH, SO KÖNNT DER KNEE

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ML-1593-3

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ML-1593-3
FRIENDSHIP
(EIN FREUNDSCHAFTSSTÜCK)

A. O. VINJE (1818-1870)
(Composed in 2590)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Edmund Lohnhans

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, No. 10

Voice: Anplante doloroso

Piano:

 dost not Know a name more dear. One friend I be-
mein-te, oft ich's dacht' zu vor. Ei-nen von den

lieved in (Thine be not deceived in!) Took my treas-ure
mei-neu (hast dich vor dem dein-nen) raubt' von Ne-ste

molto

For his pleas-ure, Woo'd her from my care!
mir die Be-ste, die ich mich er-kor!

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His deceiving, Leaves me grieving

Er gewann sie, mir entvann sie.

In my empty nest.
Eul'ich auf dem Ast.

False the friend who left me,
Vieles sind geflogen.

Of my love bereft me; Old and lonely I can
haben mich betrogen, nichts sie halten von mir

Can on - ly Sorrow without rest.
Alten, hier ohne Ruh und Rast.

M1-1564-2
GREETING
(GRÜSS)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797-1856)

English version by Charles F. R. Franca

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 48, No. 1

Vocal line: Allegro con moto

Music notation:

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ML-1597-2
Speed away unto the house
Where grow violets

Zieh hinaus bis an das Haus,
Wo die Veilchen

Tender, there, if thou a rose dost spy,
spreisst, wenn du eine Rose schaust.

Say, my love I send her,
Say, ich lass sie grüssen,

There, if thou a rose dost spy,
Wenng du eine Rose schaust,

Ro - se schaust,
ich lass sie gru - ssen.

Say, my love I send her.

Say, ich lass sie gruss en.

decresc.
ERE LONG, O HEART OF MINE
(DEREINST, GEDANKE MEIN)

EMANUEL GIEBEL (1825-1888)
English version by Charles Fonteyn-Monney

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 48, No. 2

VOICE
Molto Andante

Ere long, O heart of mine,
Der eind, Ge - dan - ke mein,

PIANO
cresc. ed agitato

Shall peace be thine. Tho' love's unrest,
Lass' Liebe's glück Dich still nicht werden,

f molto ten. dim.

Soon earth shall hold thee in kühler Er - den,
In slumber blest; No more to
da schläfst du gut; dort oh - ne

f molto ten. dim. ppp poco

love, No more to pine— Shall peace be thine.
Lieb' und oh - ne Pin— wirst ru - hig sein.

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ML-5508-2
agitated

Is thine for - ev - er. Be - neath earth's cov - er Cease to re - wind's dir ge - ge - ben, dann ob - ne Wan - den und oh - ne

ppp

pine. O heart of mine.

Pein. wirst ru - hig sein.
THE WAY OF THE WORLD
(LAUF DER WELT)

LUDWIG VIBLAND (1843-1908)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Mannay

EDWARD GRIEG, Op. 48, No. 3

Original Key:

Allegretto leggero

VOICE

PP

Along the meadow path I stray
An jedem Abend geh' ich aus, hin-

day at twilight hour; And she to meet me on my way,

den Weg. Sie schaut aus dem Gartenhaus, es

serrts her. garden bow'. The spoken word is still unsaid, Yet

stehet her am Weg. Wir haben uns noch nie bezahlt, es

that's the way the world is made, Yet that's the way the world is

ist nur so der Lauf der Welt, es ist nur so der Lauf der

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ML-1504
When I first I dared to steal a kiss, 'Tis now so long ago;
weiss nicht, wie es geschah, seit lange kiss' ich sie,

She did not breathe a willing "yes," Nor sagt nicht: ja, dooh

Did she say me "no", sagt sie: nein, auch nie.
What need of words our bliss to prove,

When lips were joint
dew's nicht,

in ardent love.
gut...

Young Zephyr woos the budding rose,

Das Luftchen mit der Rose spielt, es fragt nicht: hast mich
loves; Her dew-wet cheek which flames and glows An an-swering pas-sion
lieb? Das Rös-ch'en sich am Thau-e kühlt, es sagt nicht lan-ge:

proves. So I love her, as she loves me, Yet nei-ther says "Yes,
gisch: Ich lie-be sie, sie lie-bet mich, doch kei-nes sagt: ich

I love thee!" Yet nei-ther says "Yes, I love
lie-be dich! doch kei-nes sagt: ich lie-be

a tempo
thee!" dich!

a tempo poco rit. poco rit. pp
THE SILENT NIGHTINGALE
(DIE VERSCHWIEGENE NACHTIGALL)

WALther von der Vogelweide (died about 1227)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

EDVARD GRIEG, Op 48, No 4

VOICE
Allegretto (sempre con mezza voce)

PIANO
dolce

Where with my lover,
Unter den Linden,

On the heather,
'Neath fragrant lindens did I

stay, You might discover How together

grass and flowers all broken lay!

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Thro' the forest, down the dale
Vor dem Wald mit süßem Schall
Tan-da-ra-deil
Tan-da-ra-deil

Sang the dul-cet night-ingale.
Sang im Thal die Nachtigall.
Tan-da-ra-deil
Tan-da-ra-deil

I traversed slowly the shady
Ich kam gegen gen zu der Au e,
Meađows

My sweet-heart came along that way. There was I,
mein Lieb ster kam vor mir dahin. Ich ward em.
low - ly, Greet-ed as la - dy, So that I ne'er for-

get that day! Kiss-es did he of-fer me?

Tan-da-ra-dei!

Tan-da-ra-dei!

See, how red my lips are, see!

Tan-da-ra-dei!

Seh! wie ist mein Mund so roth!

Wie ich da ruh - te, wüs - steel! Good Lord for-

es Ei - ner, be - kü - te
bid! For shame! I'd die! His arm around me Did he fold it? There is no one knows but he and I! 

Kein er - füh - re das, als er und sch; 

And a cunning lit - tle bird, 

und ein klei - nes Vö - ge - lin, 

Tan - da - ra-deilTan - da - ra-deil

Who will never say a word! 

Was wird wohl ver - schwie - gen sein.

Tan - da - ra-deil
IN TIME OF ROSES
(ZUR ROSENZEIT)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)
(Original Key)

English version by Charles Panseym Monney

EDUARD GEIGER, Op. 48, No. 5

Allegretto serioso

con Pedale

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VOICE

poco più mosso

crem.
you were kind; When for you I pluck’d at
an dir king, auf des er ste Knöpf chen

morning The first rose buds I could find,
lau erst, früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Ev’ry flow’ret, fruits the rarest Glad ly to your
al le Blüthen, al le Früchte noch zu dein nen

feet I bore, While I sought in eyes the dearest
Fü sse trug, und vor dein nem An ge sichte

poco a poco meno mosso e dim.

poco a poco meno mosso e dim.
Hope, and courage to adore.

Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlügt.

Leova–ly
Ihr ver–

Roses, are ye faded, Neer upon her bosom

Kühe, süße Rosen, meine Liebe trug euch

Bloom for me whose hope is shaded, And whose

Nicht, Kühe, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen, dem der

soul with grief is torn!

Grom, die Seele bricht!
In dreams I had a vision fair:
Mir träumte ein schöner Traum:

I woosed a maid with golden hair,
Ich liebte eine blonde Maid,

We met in lovely forest glade,
Es war um den Frühlingszeit:

The wood-bird sang the stream let flow'd,
Die Knaüte sprang der Wald bach schwoli.

*very softly
We heard the distant village chime;
In every look our
Wohnung voll,
Our hearts were held in bliss sublime,
That golden dream was not so fair.

As waking joys imparted there.
A-gain we stood.

As

be-gab es sich in Wirklichkeit:
es war am grün.
in forest glade, Where spring had spread her verdant shade;

den Wald des raum, es war zur warmen Frühlingszeit,

The stream let flow, the wood bird sang, A sound of bells the

der Wald bach schwillt, die Knospe sprang, Ge läut er scholl vom

breezes bore; I held thee fast,
Dorfe her. Ich hielt dich fest,

I held thee long, And I shall leave thee nevermore!
ich hielt dich lang, und lasse dich nun nimmermehr!
più cresce. poco ten. s agitato

nev er-more! nev er-more! O för est, warm with
nim mer-mehr! nim mer-mehr! O früh linger grü aer

sun ny beam,
Thro’ life thou’rt ev er dear to me!
Wal des-raum, du lebst in mir durch al le Zeit!

Here did the truth be-come a dream,
Here dreams be-came re-

Dort ward die Wirk lich keit zum Traum, dort ward der Traum zur

Allegro

al i ty!
Wirk lich keit!

strepitoso
THE MOTHER SINGS
(DIE MUTTER SINGT)

VILHELM KRAG (1831- )

Edvard Grieg, Op.60, No. 2

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

Molto andante

VOICE

Gretchen lies in her coffin. Deep in the dark, dark

Irmlein ruht im Sarfge tief in dem dunklen

mould. There's the hood that I gave her. Lined with red, red

Grab, nahm ihr seidenes. Häubchen mit in die Gruft hin

gold.

ab.

Down in her narrow coffin

Tief in die schwarze Erde

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My little maids at rest;
Cold, her small hands are folded

O'er her quiet breast.

While on the bay tempests rave,
While on the bay tempests rave,

Tearing all of the

From little Gretchen's grave.

Blossoms From little Gretchen's grave.

With their white linen linen

With their white linen linen

Ev'n the cold linen

Over the white linen

Nacht hin, die Stürme, sie gehn über's Meer,
Streu'en all' de die

Blumen von ihrer Grab um her.

Poco rit.

Poco rit.
IN THE BOAT
(IM KAHNE)

VILHELM KRAG (sct.)

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.60, No 3

Allegretto grazioso

PIANO

Sea-gulls, sea-gulls with plumage snowy!
Mücken, Mücken in weisse Flocken!

Sunlight gay!
Sonnen schein!

Goslings with yellow
Enten stolzieren in

stockings showy
gebeaten Socken schmuck und fein.

Strut away.
Row, row to islands fair.

un poco rit.

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All is calm o'er the shallows there, Seas are peacefully lying,
ru- kig ist es am Scheer-rand; rings die See liegt so still-te.

"Fair, my lady."
Woo-wil-le.

Free thy gold locks from hood con-
Lo-se, lo-se, mein Schatz, die

fin- ing, My de-light,
dick-te Lo-eck-en-pracht,
Then will we dance thro' the bright-ly shin-ing Warm June night.
Wait, wait Mid-summer-tide
Soon will make thee my hap-py bride, All of the fiddle-bows fly-ing.
"Fair my-lad-y" Wo-
Rock me, rock me, O wave so ten-der, On the tide!
Wie-ge, wie-ge nick, blau-ke Wel-le, im-mer-fort!
Fair as a deer, As a young fawn slender.

Comes my bride, Rock, rock in dreams divine, I am thine and
Schätzlein dort. Wieg'! wieg' in Traum mich ein. du bist mein, und

thou art mine. Now the music is dying!
ich bin dein. Gie - gen, schwei - get nun still - le! "Fair, my -

lady."

lady.

a tempo
a tempo
poco rit
a tempo
poco rit
a tempo
poco rit
a tempo

trnq.
THE MOUNTAIN MAID
(DAS KIND DER BERGE)

(Composed in 1898)

ARNE GARBORG (arr.)
English version by Arthur Westbroek
German version by Eugen von Bezburg

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 67, No. 2

Voice: Allegretto tranquillo

She is slender and fair and young,
With features so pure and

She ist schmächtig, zart und bleich,
Mit Zügen so rein und

Piano

poco rit.

pale; The drooping lids of her eyes Their dreamy splendour veil.

klar, die... tie-fen Aug'en um-säumen der Li... der träumendes Paar.

As

Es

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ML-1089-3
bär de Mien ne und Wort ver rüh dich se düste ten.

close, mourn-ful calm dis close.

'un term

lustrous gloom of her hair, Shine her eyes with a haunt ing
dun kein to cki gen Haar strahlt das Auge mit mat tem

Schein; she starrt wie im Traum vor sich sein in
veal to her waking dream,

But her

breast swiftly rises and falls, And her pale lips are trembling

strong, She is maidenly, tender and sweet, Yea, in

Mund. Sie ist jung-fränlich zart und fein, ja für-

truth, she is fair and young, she is fair and young,

wahr, sie ist schön und jung, sie ist schön und jung.
THE TRYST
(STELLDICHEIN)

ARNE GARBOG (see -)
English version by Charles Beatyn Muirsey
German version by Eugen von Enzberg

EDWARD GRIEG, Op. 67, No. 4

VOICE

Andante espressivo

She sings alone on Sunday in the grove:

A tender longing thro' her bosom surges,
In throbbing pulse the blood more quickly

süßen Schen ihr den Sinn um ran-ket,
das Herz voll und schwer im Busen

ur - ges, And all her thought is fill'd with dreams of love. Then

schwan-ket, und Trümme füllen saft ihr ganz - ses Sein.

like a crimson rose her wan cheek flushes: The bonny lad

far - ben sich mit Fur - far th - re Wan - gen: Der schmucke Bursch,
— to meet her glad-ly rush-
es.
— da komme jü ge-gan-gen.

She fain would flee from out the for-est glade,
But
Fort will sie fli-en iv die Heil-hin-aus, doch

bonds of mag-ic to the spot en-chain her, His hands so warm-ly clasp-ing kers re-
ist’s, als ob ein Zauber-fest sie bän-de; sie rei-chen Bei-de sich die war-men

strain her, And so they stand, and ne’er a word is said,
län-de und stein so da, und wis-sen kei-nein Rath.
Then sud-den sounds her voice in fal-ling tore: "My dearest boy,
Du bricht sie plötz-lisch in die Wor-te aus: Du lie-ber Knab.

molto poco rit. ff a tempo

how tall and fine you've grown!
wie statt-lisch aush aus.

poco rilt. >a tempo

molto

As breeze of eve blows gen-ly from the south, And
Und als dann naht die schwie- le A-bend stund, und

dim. p a tempo

field and fell the twi-light is en-fold-ing, In swift embrace the yield-ing maid he's
Hof um Flur der Dämmerung Donkel brin-get, gar rasch den Hals der jun-ge Arm um.
holding, A glowing kiss unites then mouth with mouth.

Soon all is still; And tho the evening warm in bliss un-

Rausch Sie schlaf in seinem Arm...
Allegretto

The care-less boy all my thought en-rapt-ured, Like bird en-

Der wil-de Knab wir den Sinn be-rück-te, zu fan-gen

snared, soon my heart be cap-tured; The care-less boy light-ly goes his way, Nor fears his

mich, sei-ten Vogl, ihm glück-ti; der wil-de Knab macht sich nichts da-raus, er weiss: der

cap-tive will ev-er stray, Nor fears his cap-tive will ev-er stray.

Ve-gel will nie hin-aus, er weiss: der Ve-gel will nie hin-aus.

With-withes of wil-low so strong-ly grow-ing, Oh, bind my

O kom-men und bind-mich mit Wei-den-ru-then, o kom-men und

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MI-1607-4
hands till the blood is flowing! Oh, come and hold me so close to thee
That sun and moon I no longer see!
Is there no magic the power possess-es To guide me straight to thy soul's recesses? I'd enter deep to thy deepest heart, And never dwell from my love a part!

O the image my mind is ein zig beim Liebsten mein!
O du, der wohn-net im Her-zen
holding, Each thought and longing of mine enfold ing, My heart is

beating for thee alone, Each throb is thine, dear, is all thine

own! dir!

molto e stretto dim.

dolce pp poco rall.
And when the sun mounts to highest heaven, I think to
see, I fain would know if thou'rt true to me, I fain would
know if thou'rt true to me!

Sch' hoch em-por ich die Son- ne stei-gen, ich wäh'n', dass
dir sie sich nur will zei-gen. Und neht der A-bend und dem-mert'

sacht, wüsst' gern, ob mein du in Treu ge-dacht! wüsst' gern, ob

rit. a tempo

rit.
AT MOTHER'S GRAVE
(AM GRABE DER MUTTER)

OTTO BENZON

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Hans Schmidt

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.66 No.3

Lento funebre (♩=40)

Calmly sleep, O mother blest,
Schatze süß, lieb Mutterlein,

Sleep the sleep that has no dreaming,
Heedless how our

schlaf' im stil len Sarg ge drin nen, schwere, ban ge

tears are streaming As we lay thee in earth's breast.

Thür men rin nen nie der auf den dunk len Schrein.

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ML-1608-3
Dim thy glad some eye hath grown, Hush'd thine acc cents
Nie su rick mehr keh ren kann, was mit dir ge

mild and ten der, Ah, but we shall al ways ren der
gan gen nie der, nie mehr klingt dein Wort uns wie der.

Love for all the love thou'rt shown. Nev er throbb'd a
nie mehr blickt dein Aug' ans. Nie mehr schlägt ein

kind er heart, Nev er kind er heart ceased giv ing, Ne'er was kind er
Hera uns treu, deinem gleich auf die ser Er den, ach, kein Trost kann

crea e poco streitto
Mother living, Thee God gave and His thou art!

pp Tempo I

Sleep, dear mother, there in peace; Thanks for what thy life has taught us, Thanks for all that thou hast brought us

From thy loving deeds' increase! From thy loving deeds' increase!
DREAMS
(TRAUME)

OTTO BENZON

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Hans Schmidt

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 69, No. 5

Allegretto con moto (♩= 76)

VOICE

You're all that I treasure, my
dear est de light, My care and my glad ness, by day and by
reich mich ge macht, mein Sor gen, mein Freu en bei Tag und bei

Nacht

night

You fill all my mind, you en-

Du full est die See le mit

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chain my desire; My life do you deluge with

Won ne mir ganz, du gabst meinem Leben die

poco rit.

glory and fire!
Wei he, den Glanz.

a tempo

poco rit.

poco agitato

I know but too well you will never be
Wohl wusst' ich, dass nimmer du mein wirstest

mine;
sein, But sometimes in dreams,
dahermen die Träume,
you have said "I am thine!"

und da warst du mein!

O ra-di-ant
Glück-se-li-ge

vis-ion, when you were so near,
And blush'd in con-fess-ing:
"I
Träu-me, so fern, ach so fern! Ich lag dir zu Fü-ssen, du poco rit.

love thee my dear!"
hat-test mich gern.

E-den in dream-land, your stay was too brief,
And
bald nur ver-lo'r ich mein Traum-pa-ra-dies,
der

poco tranquillo

pp poco tranquillo
harsh disillusion o'er-whelm'd me with grief!

Wirk-lich-keit Stren-ge mich rauh draus ver-stiess.

pp

An-oth-er than I by your love you have crown'd,
Nicht mir war be-grieb den dein Herz, de-ine Hand.

pp un poco rall.

Now morning is
es grau- le der
dawn-ing the dreams false are found.
Mor-gen, das Traum-bild ent-schwand.

Tempo I

Fare-well, then, ye vis-ions that quick-en my care!__Fare-

fff un poco rall. Fahrt wohl denn, ihr Träu-me, die reich mich ge-macht, die

pp
well, then, my Empress of dreaming so fair!
hold mich um-fangen bei Tag und bei Nacht!

bright-shining jew - elneath night's magic spell, My joy
dewohl, dein Leben, mein Gluck, mein Idol, mein Ein

part - ed, fare - well, fare - well!
Al les, fahr' wohl, fahr' wohl!

M1:609-5
EROS

OTTO BENZON

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Hans Schmidt

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.70, No.1

Allegro con passion (♩=144)

Andante (♩=69)

Hear me, ye north-ern-born hearts cold as snow,
Hört mich, ihr fro sti - gen Her - zen im Nord,

Ye who seek peace in re -

th, die ihr Glück im Ent -

nour - cing re - sign'd - ly,

sa - gen wollt fin - den,

Ye wan - derblind - ly,

uh euch, ihr Blin - den,

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Ye'll gather roses where roses ne'er grow.
Time speeds his horses,
die ihr sucht Rosen, wo Alles ver- dorrt.
Jahe, sie schwinden.

Paint fall your forces! Where are the snows of a year ago?
flüchtig gleich Win- den, und nehm- en Ju- gend und Lust mit sich fort!

Never comes the past at your yearning returning,
O säumet nicht, eu- ren Kranz euch zu bin- den,

So then be learning my words as they flow:
prügt in den Sinn euch ein fest mein Wort:

poco rit. a tempo

poco rit. a tempo	trem.
Cherish her who is wholly thine own,

Cherish the one thou lov'st alone!

Love thy darling with all the fire,

limitless longing, Which in thy fast-beating heart must glow.

Haltet um-fasst sie, die ganz-sich euch gibst.

Haltet um-fasst sie, mit all der Gluth.

flammen-den Seele, die hoch das Herz euch in Seligkeit schwelt,
This is the greatest, naught else can compare!
das ist das größte, nein, mehr noch als das!

This is the only one perfectly boundless
das ist das einzigste, wirklich große

Joy men may
Glück diesser

Tempo I.
know! Welt!

* * *
RADIANT NIGHT
( LICHTE NACHT)

(Original Key)

OTTO BENZON
English version by Nathan Hooke: Dale
German version by Hans Schmidt

EDWARD GRIEG, Op. 70, No. 3

Andantino con moto \( \frac{4}{4} \)

VOICE

Was it so long ago the sun hid behind the far mountain ranges,
Sank nicht die Sonne kaum erst zum Meer in
duftiger dunkler Ferne,

PIANO

cresc.

dim.

pp poco più mosso

Since the stars with their maze changes
Saw their image the waves amidst
sahe kaum erst Mond und Sterne
noch ihr Bild daraus
schimmern her?

pp poco più mosso

Is it the past day's gold that dyes
Yes:ter sun's

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lava brightly streaming
Over the mountain-hill lowers during
skies?
Has it all past, the night's lengthdreaming?

Ein? Ist es vorbei mit Nacht und Träumen?

Come so late, must thou deserve

Eaum er dunkelnd, schon wie der

Radiant night, how swift-winged thou art!

Sommer-nacht, wie schnell du schnell!
TAKE GOOD HEED
(SIEH' DICH VOR)

(Original Key)

OTTO BENZON

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Hans Schwedt

EDWARD GRIEG, Op. 70, No. 4

Allegretto espressivo (L.81)

Take good heed where thou choos'est thy way,
Sich' dich vor, oh du wählst dein Weg,
Oft the road cross-es
mancher Pfad führt hin-

mi- ry mo-rass-es; Run no chance on the brink to stay,
aus in die Wei- te; ei- ner nur ist der si- che- re Seg,
Paths that one knows, there one

cross passes.

Oft in sor-row ends mer-riest play.
In- dam drän en Ge- strüpp und Ge- hege,
Take good heed where thou choos - est thy
Sich' dich vor, oh' du wählst dein- nen
lei- te.

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Take good heed where thou settest thy foot!
Sich' dich vor, eh' du settest den Fuss,

Look out well where paths are the cleanest;
Dass die richtige Bahn er beschreite, fes-
ten Boden be-treten er muss,

If 'gainst thine own self thou sinnest!
Dass er nicht strau-chle noch gleite. Soutz zu spät kom-
men Reu' dir und Buss,

Take good heed where thou settest thy foot.
Sich' dich vor, eh' du settest den Fuss.