ARThUR BERGH

Op. 23

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

RECITATION
WITH
PIANOFORTE

Poem by ROBERT BROWNING

$2.00

G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK: 7 EAST 43rd ST.  LONDON, W. : 18, BERNERS ST.
BOSTON: THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.
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THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN
(Robert Browning)

Hamelia Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover City.
The River Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its walls on the southern side,
A pleasant spot you never spied;
But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the legs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats.
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking!
"Tis clear," they cried, "Our Mayor's a doddy,
And as for the Corporation—shocking,
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dots that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry, civic robe, ease?
Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking;
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"

At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.
An hour they sat in council.
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a wise man:
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain;
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door, but a gentle tap.
"Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "what's that?"

With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat.
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous.
Only a scraping of shoes on the mat.
"Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!—"
Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger,
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No taint on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in.
There was no guessing his kith or kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire!
Quoth one, "It's as my great-grand sire,
Starting up at the trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"
He advanced to the council table,
And "Please your honours," he said, "I'm able
By means of a secret charm to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad, and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper!"

And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe
To match with his coat of the selfsame cheque:
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe,
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing
Upon the pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham
Last June from his huge swarm of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam"
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats;  
And as for what your brain beholders,  
   If I can rid your town of rats,  
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"  
"One? Fifty thousand!" was the exclamation  
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stepht,  
Smiling first a little smile,  
As if he knew what magic slept  
In his quiet pipe the while.  
Then like a musical adept  
To blow his pipe his lips he wrinkled,  
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled  
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled.  
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,  
You heard as if an army muttered;  
And the muttering grew to a grumbling,  
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,  
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling:  
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old pedlers, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers.  
Families by tens and dozens,  
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives,  
Followed the piper for their lives;  
From street to street he piped advancing,  
And step for step they followed dancing,  
Until they came to the River Weser,  
Wherein all plunged and perished,  
Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,  
Swam across and lived to carry,  
As he the manuscript he cherished,  
To Ratland house his commentary.  
Which was:

"At the first shrill notes of the pipe  
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,  
And yetting apples, wondrous ripe,  
Into a cider-press's gripe;  
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,  
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,  
And the drawing of corks of train-oil flasks,  
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks,  
And it seems as if a voice,  
(Sweeter far than by harp or psaltery  
Is breathed,) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!  
The world has grown to one vast dry-saltery.  
So munch on, crunch on, take your luncheon!  
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!  
And just as a bully sugar-puncheon  
Already staved, like a great sea shrieve,  
Gloomy, scarce an inch before me,  
Just as I methought it said, 'Come here me!  
I found the Weser rolling o'er me.'"

You should have heard the Hamelin people  
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple,  
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!  
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!  
Consult with carpenters and builders,  
And leave in our town not even a trace  
Of the rats?" When suddenly up the face  
of the Piper perked in the marketplace,  
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders."

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;  
So did the Corporation too.  
For council dinners made rare havoc  
With Claret, Moselle, Vin de Grave, Hock;  
And the money would replenish  
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.  
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow  
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!  
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,  
"Our business was done at the river's brink,  
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,  
And what's dead can't come to life, I think;  
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink  
From the duty of giving you something for drink,  
And a matter of money to put in your poke;  
But as for the guilders, what we spoke  
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke;  
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty.  
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,  
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside,—  
I've promised to visit by dinner-time  
Bagdad and accept the prime  
Of the Head Cook's potage, all he's rich in,  
For having left in the Caliph's kitchen  
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.  
With him I proved no bargain-driver,  
With you don't think I'll bate a stiver.  
And folks who put me in a passion  
May find me pipe to another fashion."  
"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook  
Being worse treated than a cook?  
Insulted by a lazy ribald  
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?  
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,  
Blew your pipe then till you burst!"

Once more he stepht into the street,  
And to his lips again  
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;  
And ere he blew three notes, (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician’s cunning
Never gave the enraptured air,
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowdsjustling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues clattering,
And like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running;
All the little boys and girls
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes, and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children, merrily skipping by;
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous cross at the Piper’s back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council’s bosoms beat
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast:
“He never can cross that mighty top!
He’s forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop.”
When lo! as he reached the mountainside,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountainside shut fast.

Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way,
And in after years if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,
“It’s dull in our town since my playmates left,
I can’t forget that’ I’m bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and close at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrow was brighter than peacocks here,
And the dogs outran our hollow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their sting,
And horses were born with eagles’ wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before
And never hear of that country more.”

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
There came into many a burgher’s pate
A text which says that Heaven’s gate
Open to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle’s eye takes a cannel in.
The Mayor sent East, West, North and South,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men’s lot to find him.
Silver and gold to his heart’s content,
If he’d only return the way he went
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw ’twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If after the day of the month and the year
These words did not as well appear:
“And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen Hundred and Seventy-six.”
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children’s last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper’s Street,
Where any one playing on pipe or tabour
Was sure for the future to lose his labour;
Not suffered they Hostelry or Tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn,
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column.
And on the Great Church Window painted
The same to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away.
And there it stands to this very day.
To my Wife

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

Robert Browning

Arthur Bergh, Op. 23

Copyright, 1914, by G. Schirmer
Hamelin Town's in Brunswick, By famous Hanover City. The River Weser, deep and wide,

Washes its walls on the southern side, A pleasanter spot you never spied;

But when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats! They fought the dogs and killed the cats, And bit the babies

in the cradles, And ate the cheeses out of the vats, And licked
the soup from the cook's own ladies, Split open the kegs of

salted sprats, Made nests inside men's Sunday hats, And

even spoiled the women's chats, By drowning their speaking

With shrieking and squeaking In fifty different sharps and flats. At last the people in a body

To the Town Hall came flacking!
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddle, And as for the Corporation,—shocking, To think we buy gowns lined with ermine For dolts that can't or won't determine What's best to rid us of our vermin!

You hope, because you're old and To find in the furry, civic robe, ease? Rouse up, Sirs! Give your brains a racking To find the remedy we're lacking, Or sure as fate we'll send you packing! At this the Mayor and Corporation Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council Adagio At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell; I wish I were a mile hence! It's easy to bid one rack one's brain;

Listesso tempo

I'm sure my poor head aches again, I've scratched it so, and all in vain.

Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap!

Just as he said this, what should happen At the chamber door, but a gentle tap.

Andantino

"Bless us!" cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle, green and glutinous.

Only a scraping of shoes on the mat.

"Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!
Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger,
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head Was half of yellow
Moderato grazioso

and half of red; And he himself was tall and thin, With sharp blue
eyes, each like a pin, And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin, No tuft on cheek,
nor beard on chin, But lips where smiles went
out and in. There was no guessing his kith or kin! And nobody could enough admire

23601
The tall man and his quaint attire!  

Quoth

one, "It's as my great-grand sire, Starting up at the He advanced
Had walked this way from trump of Doom's tone, his painted tombstone!" to the coun-

Larghetto

and table, All creatures living

And "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able By means of a secret charm to draw All creatures living

Moderato

beneath the sun That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,

That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,

After me as you never saw!

And I chiefly use my charm

On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad, and newt and viper; And people call me

mf poco più mosso

p a tempo rit.
Come prima

And here they noticed round his neck A scarf of red and yellow stripe To match

with his coat of the self-same cheque; And at the scarf's end hung a pipe, And his fingers,

they noticed, were ever straying, As if impatient to be playing Upon

this pipe, as low it dangled Over his vesture so old-fangled.
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am, in Tartary I freed the Cham Last June from his huge swarm of gnats:

Moderato, quasi andante

I eased in Asia the Nizam Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats, And as for what your brain bewilders, If I can rid your town of rats, Will you give me a thousand guilders?"

"One? Fifty thousand!" was the exclamation Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept, Smiling first a little smile, As if he knew what magic slept In his quiet pipe the while. Then like a musical adept To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled. And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered; And the muttering grew to a grumbling,

Allegretto

And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,

And out of the houses the rats came tumbling:

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats, Brown rats,

black rats, grey rats, tawny rats, Grave old plod.
ders, gay young friskers, Fathers, mothers,
uncles, cousins, Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens, Brothers, sisters, husbands,
wives, Followed the Piper for their lives;
From street to street he piped advancing, And
step for step they followed dancing, Until they came
to the River Weser, Wherein all plunged and
perished,
Allegro moderato

Save one, who, stout as Julius Caesar, Swam across and lived to carry,
As he the manuscript he cherished, To Ratland home his commentary. Which was:
"At the first shrill notes of the pipe
Andante moderato
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a ciser press's grips.

And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,

And the drawing the corks of train-oil
flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks,
And it seemed as if a voice, (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery Is breathed,) called

out, 'Oh rats, rejoice! The world is grown to So munch on, crunch on, take your luncheon!
one vast dry-saltery.

Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon! And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon

Already staved, like a great sun shone, Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it
said, Come bore me!
rolling o'er me.

Andante moderato

You should have heard
the Hamelin people

Ringing the bells till
"Go! cried the Mayor," and get long poles! Poke out the nests and block
they rocked the steeple.

up the holes! Consult with carpenters and builders, And leave in our town

not even a trace Of the rats!" When suddenly up the face Of the
Piper perked in the market place,
With a "First, if you please, my
thousand guilders!"
The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin de Grave, Hock;
And the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink,
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think;
So friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke;
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"a
The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside,—

I've promised to visit by dinner-time Bagdad, and accept the prime Of the Head Cook's

pottage, all he's rich in, For having left in the Caliph's kitchen Of a nest of

scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargainer-driver; With you don't think I'll bate a silver. And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."b

Presto
"How?" cried the Mayor; "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow?

Do your worst,
Allegro
Blow your pipe then

Till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street
And to his lips again

Andante

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes, (such sweet Soft notes as yet musician's cunning Never gave the enraptured air;)

25001
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling Of merry crowds justling

Allegretto

at pitching and bustling. Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering, Little hands

clapping and little tongues chattering. And like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scat-
boys and girls With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls, Tripping and skipping

ran merrily after The wonderful music with shouting and

The Mayor was dumb and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children, merrily skipping by;
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However, he turned from South to West, And to Koppelberg

Hill his steps addressed, And after him the children pressed;

Great was the joy in every breast. "He never can

cross that mighty top! He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop.

When lo! as he reached the mountain-side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,

As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;

And the Piper advanced and the children followed,

Did I say all?

And when all were in to the very last
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.

25001
No!

Moderato quasi allegretto

One was lame, And could not dance

the whole of the way, And in after years if you would blame His sadness, he

was used to say, "It's dull in our town since my playmates left, I can't forget

that I'm bereft Of all the pleasant sights they see, Which the Piper also promised me. Joining the town and close at hand,

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land.

Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew, And flowers put
forth a fairer hue, And everything was strange and new; The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here, And their dogs outran our fallow deer, And honey bees had lost their stings, And horses were born with eagles' wings; And just as I became assured My lame foot would be speedily cured, The music stopped and I stood still, And found myself outside the hill, Left alone against my will, To go now limping as before of that country more.
Alas, alas for Hamelin! A text which says that Heaven's gate Opes to
the Rich at as easy rate As the needle's eye takes a camel in. The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South,

To offer the Piper by word of Wherever it was men's lot to find Silver and gold to his heart's con-
dolce, cantabile tent, mouth,

If he'd only return the way he went And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never Should think their records dated July
If after the day of the month and year These words did not as well appear, -
"And so long after what happened here On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen Hundred and Seventy-six." And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat, They called it -
the Pied Piper's Street,

Where any one play-
ing on pipe or labor

Was sure for

the future

Nor suffer'd

they Hostelry or Tavern To shuck with

But opposite the place of

the cavern

mirth a street so solemn,

They wrote the story on a col-

umn, And on the Great Church

Window painted The same to make the world

acquainted How their children

were stolen away.

And there it stands
to this very day. Andantino