

THE PAGE AND THE PRINCESS.

IN FOUR BALLADS.

By E. GEIBEL.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. Op. 150.

English Version by GEORGE L. OSGOOD.

No 5 of the Posthumous works.

FIRST BALLAD.

Animato. $\text{♩} = 100.$

ALTO SOLO.
The a - ged king to for - est rides, To hunt they
all are hie - ing! With cour - ser swift and bu - gle
ring, And pack of hounds a - cry - ing. Up a - way!
CHORUS. 1st TENOR. 2d TENOR. BASSES
Up a - way! To To
sad - dle. hun - ters, leap! A no - ble stag we'll cap - ture, Then on - ward ev - er
keep, A no - ble stag we'll cap - ture, Then on - ward ev - er keep, To sad - dle,

Vocal score with piano accompaniment. \$4.50.

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hun - ters leap! To sad - dle, hun - ters, leap! And on - ward, on - ward, on - ward, ev - er

keep. New day sends out her blush - es, The stag now leaves the plain,
her blush - es and the

way then to the bushes,

A - way to the bushes, Where he will pass.... a - gain! up a - way! up a - way! To
A - way to the bushes, Where he will pass..... a - gain! Up a - way! a - way!

sad - dle, hun - ters, leap! A no - ble stag we'll cap - ture, Then on - ward ev - er

keep, A no - ble stag we'll cap - ture, Then on - ward ev - er keep, The stag now

leaves the plain, A - way, a - way to the bushes, Where, yes where he'll pass a - gain!

Somewhat slower.

17 *ALTO SOLO.*

And as the sun at mid - day stood, With - in the thick range

hid - den, The pret - ty daugh - ter of the king Had lost the way she'd

rid - den. She am - bled on; and by her side The

page with gol - den hair, And had she not a prin - cess been, They'd have

passed for the lov - liest pair. He looks at her, his

cres.

heart is stirred, To gaze at him im - pels her; The col - or rush - ing

More quietly. PAGE. TENOR

to his face, With eyes a - glow he tells her! O

dear - est prin - cess in the world, I can bear this si - lence nev - er, My

youthful heart, it breaks with love, My heart, 'tis thine for - ev - er! for - ev - er! Thy

ro - sy mouth but once to kiss, But once; oh, grant per - miss - ion, I'd

be the hap - piest man a - live, Tho' death were the con - di - tion!

ALTO SOLO.

She said not yes! She said not no! She check'd her charg - er's mo -

. . . tion, He held her stir - rup as she sprang, The page was all de - vo - tion.

PRINCESS. *doles.* Come, let us wander with - in the woods! And hearest thou

PAGE. *doles.* Sweetly the shadows are fall - ing!

not the night-in-gale? O, see the love-ly, red, wild roses, How in the
And the turtle doves softly calling?

soft green moss they grow, See the love-ly, red, wild ros - es, See, I will
My love is like the red, wild roses, And in my heart doth grow!

pluck them for thee, dear! And how the nightingale can trill, My heart sweet
And to my heart I'll press them near! My heart sweet

joy and rapture fill, My heart sweet joy and rapture fill, My heart, my heart sweet joy and
joy and rapture fill, My heart sweet joy and rapture fill, My heart, my heart sweet joy and

rit. *a tempo.* **ALTO SOLO.** *mf*
-rap-ture, rap - ture fill! They rest up - on the

moss - y bank; They leave their hors - es graz - ing; No long - er they hear the
 night-in - gale, Nor the blast the bu - gles are rais - ing. Old King. take care, thy
Quicker.
 princess and page, A - mid the leaf - y bow - ers, For-getting thee and all the

Chorus from the distance.

world, Heed not the fleet - ing hours.

TENORS.
The stag now leaves the
 BASSES.
The stag now leaves the

plain, the stag now leaves the plain;... A - way then
 plain, the stag now leaves the plain;... A - way then

Gradually softer to the end.

to the bush - es, Where he will pass a - gain, pass a - gain.
 to the bush - es, Where he will pass a - gain, pass a - gain.

SECOND BALLAD.

Moderato. ♩ = 102. ALTO SOLO.

Two horse-men ride from the pal-ace gate, They towards the strand are
mak-ing; A-bout them whis-tles wild the wind, The surf on the shore is
break-ing. A-long the mar-gin of the beach Their
way they si-lent wend-ed. Blood-stains of some old con-test there, Where
foe with foe con-tend-ed. Now tell thy king, aye, tell me,
page, Speak tru-ly if thou dar-est; Who gave to thee the lit-tle rose That
on thy hat thou wearest? The rose my moth-er gave to me, When me she
left in sor-row; I put it in wa-ter ev-'ry night, It
blos-soms on the mor row. Whose is the lock of hair I
saw? Up-on thy breast 'twas hiding Just now thy jack-et open flew, When quick trot thou wast

Quicker. KING.

PAGE.

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PAGE.

rid - ing. It is my sis - ter's light-brown hair, As soft as silk her

tress - es And vio - let sweet; she wept there - on At my fare - well ca -

KING. *More passionately.*

- ress - es. Come, speak the truth, thy life de - pends, Boy,

tell me on thine hon - or! The gold - en ring that's on thy

PAGE.

hand, Now say, who was the do - nor? She gave her heart who

con fuoco.

gave the ring, As love's sweet pledge I wear it; So fair a maid with -

KING.

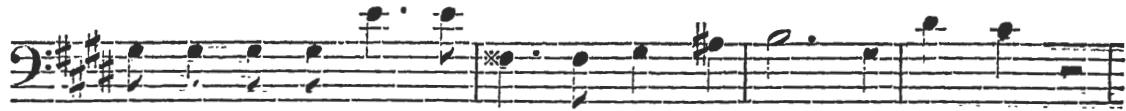
- in thy realm, Can-not be found, I'll swear it! The ring,

PAGE.

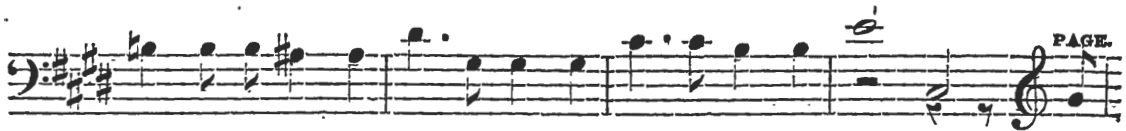
is sure my daughter's ring! I know it well, dost hearken? Woe!

KING.

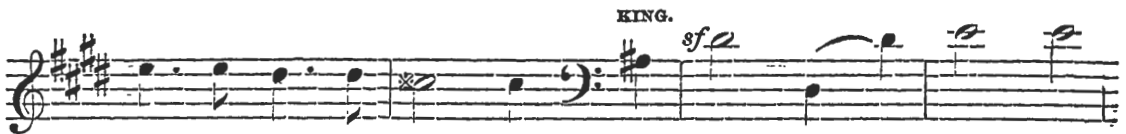
And art an - gry, Sire? With rage thy brow doth dark - en! Ha!



dar - est thou, im - per - ti - nence, To woo *her* love so mad - ly?



Young as thou art, I'll spare thee not: With thee it shall fare bad - ly! To



death wilt thou con - demn me? To death! on high my



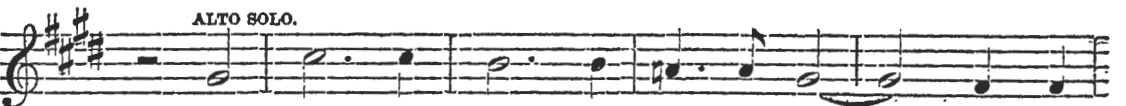
sword, And cool his heart too ar - dent! Woe! O,



woe! Thy bod - y let the sea bear off! Wilt bet - ter thy con - di - tion,



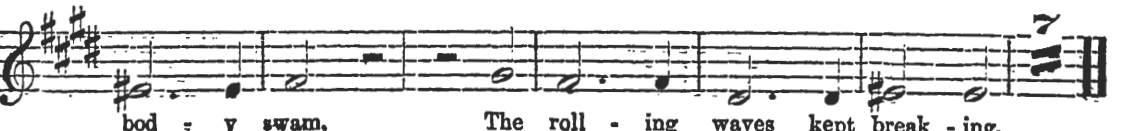
..... Pay court to the Nix - ie queen, And sate thy bold am - bi - tion!



A - long the strand a gloom - y king To the



pal - ace his way was mak - ing; And out to sea a



bod - y swam, The roll - ing waves kept break - ing.

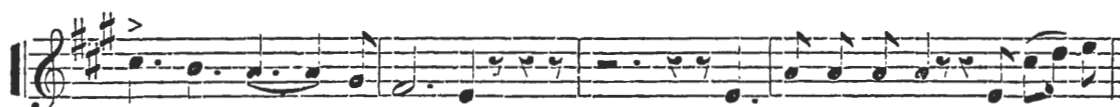
THIRD BALLAD.

Molto moderato. ♩ = 84.SOPRANO.
CHORUS.

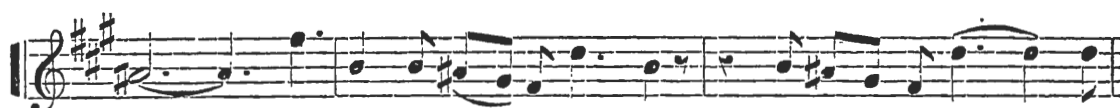
By the blood stain'd rock in..... the sum-mer night, The



nix-ies their revels are keep-ing; The sea in-tones, the night-breeze sings, The



moon high up - ward creep-ing. They splash, and they laugh, they rock and



sing, .. Like wa-ter lil-ies danc-ing; A-round them floats their



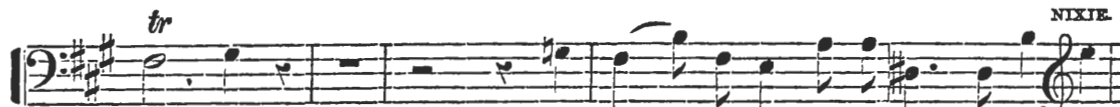
gol-den hair, Their limbs in the moon - light glanc-ing.



In his sea-weed beard the mer-man calls On his trum-pet-shell, all to



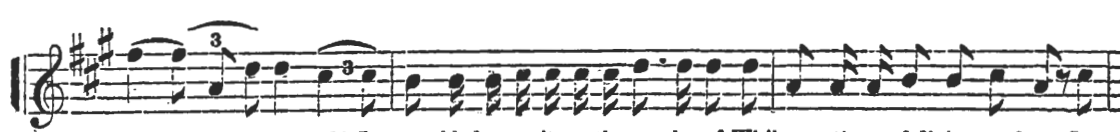
rall - y, The wa-ter-sprites gath-er quick-ly a-round; And gai-ly toward him



sal - ly. Then came the youngest and bab - bled out, O



see what a trophy I've captured! A sil-ver-y, glimmering corse of a boy, I'm fair-ly,



fair - ly cap-tured! I stum-bled upon it; on the coral reef, While sport-ing and diving un-der; It

colla parte.

QUEEN.

What shall we do with

lay in the branches, I drew it out, Now how shall we use it, I wonder?

a tempo.

such a prize? Thou askest so de - mure-ly. The handsome youth is white and fine, A

harp we'll make of it sure - ly, Come, come, now old mu - si-cian thou, Such things, they

are thy pas - sion, I'll give thee a sword-fish for a horse, If there-of a

harp thou'lt fash - ion! To the Mer - man then de - liv - er it, O - ver

MERMAN. *poco ritenuto.*

Thanks, Mer - man!

such he wil - ling-ly ling - ers, He'll make of the breast-bone a hand - some frame, And the

Thanks, Mer - man!

pegs he will make of the fing - ers. Give me, queen, of the

gol - den hair, I'll stretch it a - cross for strings.

gol - den hair, I'll stretch it a - cross for strings.

O yield, pretty harp, silv'ry sounds a - far; Stop breaking, ye waves without

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num - ber; O halt, thou wind blow - ing swift - ly by, And list - 'ning sink in
 slum - ber. Ye sea - gulls, fly to land; Swim up, ye fish - es en -
 rap - tured, Now lists the air, and lists the sea By the mag - ic sounds they're
 cap - tured. By the mag - ic sounds are cap - tured.
 Hark! Hark! Now yield - eth the harp sil - very
 sounds a - far, No more break the waves with - out num - ber, The
 wind has paused that was blow - ing by: And list - 'ning sinks in slum - ber, The
 sea - gulls fly to land: The fish - es swim up en - rap - tured; the air,
 lists the air, now lists the sea, By the mag - ic sounds they're captured, By the
 mag - ic sounds are cap - tured. Hark! hark!
 hark! hark! hark! hark! hark! By the mag - ic sounds are
 cap - tured Hark! hark! hark! hark!

FOURTH BALLAD.

SOP. & ALTO.

f Gaily.

CHORUS, The halls to flutes and to vi - ols

TENOR and BASS.

ring, Sur - ren - dered to mirth and to pleas - ure, sur -

ren - dered to mirth and to pleas - ure; To - day the

to pleasure, to pleas - ure,

daugh - ter of . . . the king Is danc - ing the wed - ding

Is danc - ing the

meas - ure, The daugh - ter, daughter of the

wed - ding meas - ure, The daugh - ter of . . . the

ALTO SOLO.

king Is danc - ing the wed - ding meas - ure. She

wears in her hair a myr - tle wreath, Yet sad - ness her

man - ner dis - clo - ses, The ro - ses she wears on her

breast are so white, But her face is whiter than ro -

ses. She danc - es with him, the for - eign prince, Of a

no - ble name . . the bear - er, But dear - er the

boy in the pa - ges' garb, And thou - sand, thou - sand times fair - er.

Hail! Hail! to the bride! the bride! the

CHORUS.

love - ly bride! The halls,..... re -

love - ly bride! The halls..... re -

- sound with mirth and with pleas - ure, re - sound with mirth and with

- sound with mirth and with pleas - ure, with

pleas - ure, re - sound with mirth and with pleas - ure.

mirth and with pleas - ure, re - sound with mirth and with pleas - ure.

CHORUS. SOPRANO & ALTO.

At the gold - en ta - ble twelve maid - ens

stood, To wreathe the bright wine with their bow -

CHORUS. TENOR & BASS.

ers; Twelve pa - ges cir - cle a - round the

Softer.

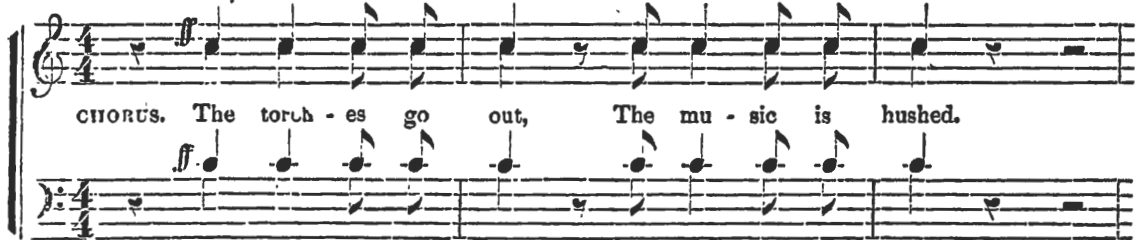
MERMAN. *from the distance.*

pair, With torch - es a - flame and with flow - ers. Ho, love - ly



pal - ace by the sea, Hark to the harp of the Mer - man!

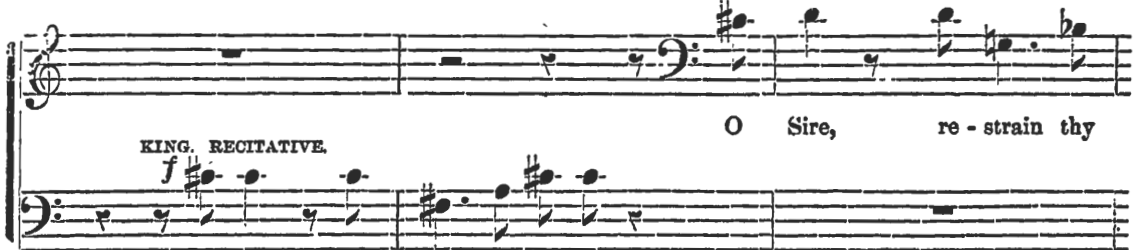
Twice as rapid.



CHORUS. The torch - es go out, The mu - sic is hushed.

The torch - es go out, The mu - sic is hushed.

A PLAYER.



KING. RECITATIVE.

O Sire, re - strain thy

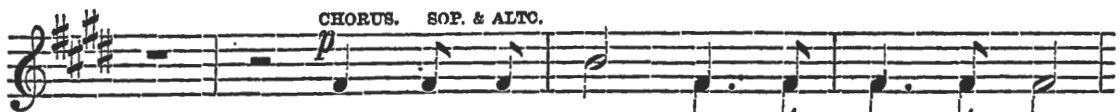
Now say, what means this si - lence?



wrath: Our mu - sic no more may we ren - der; The Mer-man harps by the



pal - ace walls, To the Mer - man we must sur - ren - der.



CHORUS. SOP. & ALTO.
Hark! how the sounds from the sea a - rise!



O sweet, mys - te - rious meas-ure!

How soft it comes in the

pp
 night, Creeps through the halls of pleas - ure. It stole so soft to the

ears of the bride, Some sound in the harp ap - palled her, She

felt so sure her lov - er From the sea . . had called her.

PRINCESS.
 That song! how sweet it is, It breaks my heart!

Fine tho' he be, this cav - a - lier Of a no - ble name, the bear - er, Ah,

cres.
 dear - er the boy in the page's garb, And a thou - sand, thousand times fair - er!

SOPRANO.
 See! from her

A little faster.
 CHOR. BASS. *pp*
 How soft it steals thro' the fall - ing night,

dimin. p ritenuto. a tempo.
 tres - ses the myr - tle wreath falls at her feet all withered.

And in - to the pal - ace of pleas - ure. . .

Half as fast.
ALTO SOLO.

The king shudders in eve-ry limb, In ter - ror flees from the

ta-ble, The for - eign prince, too, takes to flight, And runs for his horse in the sta - ble.

SOPEANO. *p*

The bride a-mid her flowers, Her.. spir-it with her lov - er; The

ALTO. *p*

The bride a-mid her flowers, Her.. spir-it with her lov - er; The

TENOR. *p*

The bride a-mid her flowers, Her.. spir-it with her lov - er; The

BASS. *p*

The bride a-mid her flowers, Her.. spir-it with her lov - er; The

morn - ing gray thro' the case-ment dawns, The Merman's song now is o - ver.

morn - ing gray thro' the case-ment dawns, The Merman's song now is o - ver.

morn - ing gray thro' the case-ment dawns, The Merman's song now is o - ver.

morn - ing gray thro' the case-ment dawns, The Merman's song now is o - ver.