THE

FAITHFUL KNIGHT,

A BALLAD,

BY

F. SCHILLER,

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY THE TRANSLATOR

OF

THE GERMAN ERATO, ETC.

AND

SET TO MUSIC BY

J. R. ZUMSTEEG.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

LONDON,

SOLD BY L. LAVENU, NO. 29. NEW BOND-STREET,

MUSIC-SELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

1800.

Dolce con tenerezza.

"Love, but such as broth - ers claim, dares my heart be -

stow; more, dear youth, for - bear to name; more — were cause of

woe! Fain I'd see thee calm ap - pear, calm from

V. S.

hence de - part; see thee check the start - ing tear, still

— the troubled heart.“ Dumb with

fp. *fp*

Più vivo.

grief the lov - er hears, lost in fond dis -

fp.

may; clasps the dam - sel, checks his tears, mounts and

fp. *fp.* *fp.*

hies a - way: heads his trust-y vas - sal band, speeds to

f

Pa - les - tine: sons of hard-y Swit-zer - land, badg'd with

p

V. S.

Tempo di marcia.

ho - ly sign.

f

fp.

fp.

Per - ils

dire the he - ro braves, death - less deeds per - forms;

still his hel - met's plu - mage waves, where the bat -

tle storms: and the name of Swit - zer - land

V. S.

scars the faith-less loe; yet the youth, by love en -

chain'd, wastes with tend - er woe.

Twelve slow

moons he bore his grief;

long - er could not bear; vain - ly sighs for kind re -

lief, then for - sakes the war. Spies a bark on

V. S.

Jop - pa's strand, swell its spread - ing sails; lies on

board and seeks the land, where his fair - one dwells: where his

fair - one dwells.

Now the wand' - rer at her

Recitativo.

gate, thrills with tend - er fears. Ah! what bit - ter ills a -

V. S.

wait, when these words he hears: "She thou seek'st now bears the

veil, now is heaven's bride; yester-morn, at matins bell, to the

Adagio.

world she dy'd."

Straight he shuns his na - tive vale, shuns his fa - ther's

board, quits the scenes he lov'd so well, quits his steed and

sword; lives un - known, un-mark'd, for - lorn, far from

V. S.

pry - ing eyes; sackcloth garb and beard un -

shorn, youth's fair prime dis - guise.

VII.

And erelong, a simple shed,
Near yon slope he rears,
Where the cloister's tow'ry head
Oer the grove appears.
There, from morning's blushing sky,
Down to setting sun,
Hope still beaming in his eye,
Sat the youth alone: —

VIII.

Sat and ey'd the cloister's pile,
Ey'd its hallow'd bound; —
Eyes the window of her cell,
Till the casement s·und;
Till the lov'd recluse was seen,
Till the sainted maid
Cast a look, as heav'n serene,
Down the silent glade.

IX.

Then, at each returning night,
Sunk to soft repose;
Grateful hail'd the welcome light
When the morn arose.
Patient, still for many a day,
Many a year's long round,
Waits the ling'ring hour away,
Till the casement sound: —

X.

Till the lov'd recluse is seen,
Till the sainted maid
Casts a look, as heav'n serene,
Down the silent glade.
And as Death, one fated morn,
Ends his tender care,
Still his looks, all pallid, turn
To'ard the cloister'd fair!

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