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FIFTY SONGS
BY
EDVARD GRIEG

EDITED BY

HENRY T. FINCK

FOR HIGH VOICE

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BY EDVARD GRIEG

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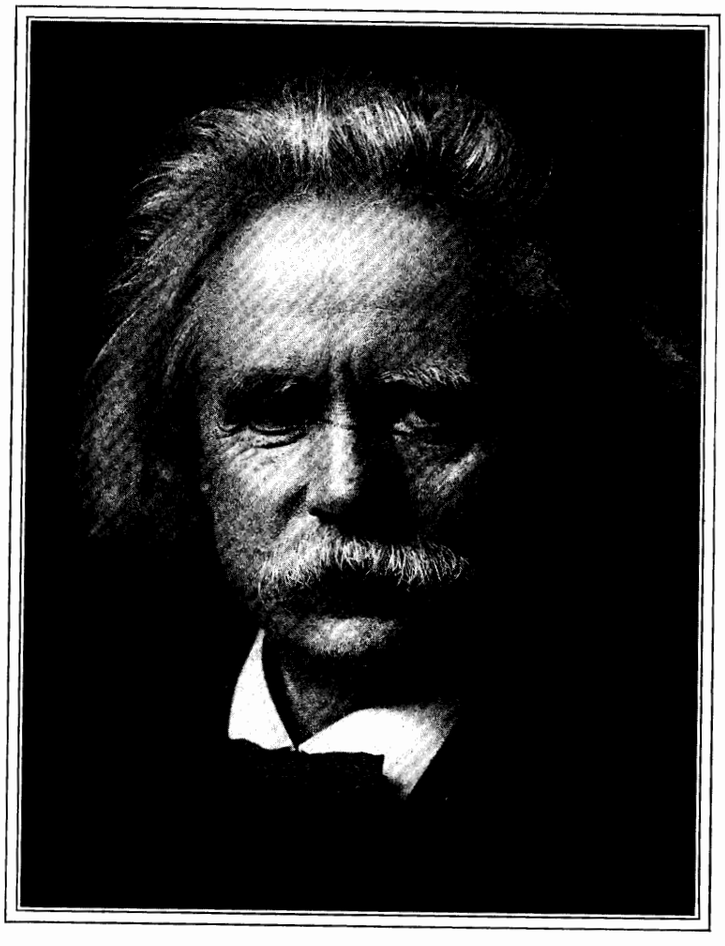

Edvard Grieg.

EDVARD GRIEG

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 Schjelderup, 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!

Edvard'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 bestirred 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 Hagerup, 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*, *Minstrel's Song*, *The Mountain Maid*, *At Mother's Grave*, *From Monte Pincio*. 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 1874, 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 Ibsen'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 Hop, 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 indignant at the contempt 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 equalled 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 *Hohenzollern*. 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, 1908, the ashes were deposited in a spot as romantic and moody as his music. From the villa Troldhaugen, 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.

"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 "fele." Then the great violinist transferred these wild airs, and played them, not only for the Griegs and the other Norwegians, but the world over, arousing 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 pianoforte pieces (op. 17, 35, 66, 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, *Solvejg'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 *rubato* pace, which characterize Norse music.[1]

[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 transplant*

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 luscious 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 gayety. 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 quoted approvingly 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 he had an 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 30, 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."

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 to 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.

Ffrangcon 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 Musicians 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 versâ*. 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* (*Morgenthau*). 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 Fels*). 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 *Aufenthalt* 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 one hundred and thirty-five 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 Troldhaugen 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 is this 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 *intime* character. But —the vocalist was Johannes 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 lulling 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 folk-songs, yet unmistakably Griegian. They speak for themselves.

9. *Margaret's Cradle Song* (*Margarethens 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 chorals 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 heart-rending dirge of No. 5 in our collection!

10. *Woodland Wandering* (*Waldwanderung*). 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* (*Mutterschmerz*). 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 Trygvason* (an operatic fragment), the men's chorus *Landsighting*, 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 Björnson's Heine-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* (*Dem 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 Norseman, who not only has missed the murmuring 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 discovers the secret is a favorite one with the poets. Björnson'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. *Solvejg's Song* (*Solvejgs Lied*). Grieg once wrote to the editor of this volume that *Solvejg's Song* was the only one of his songs which contains a borrowed melody. The allegretto section, in particular, has the lilt of a folk-song; but the harmonies are, of course, his own. None of Grieg's songs is sung oftener than this; even Patti added it to her repertory a few years ago. Solvejg (pronounced Solevīg) 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. *Solvejg's Slumber Song* (*Solvejgs 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 Solvejg 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 fathom 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 atoned for all the sufferings of his life. As the editor has said elsewhere: "This death song closes the quasi-operatic 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 Wasserlilie*). 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* (*Spielmannslied*). Another gem of the first water, Grieg in every bar, thoroughly Ibsenish 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 Sommerabend war's*). 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. Heed 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 *Volkstümlichkeit*, which was new at that time,—new in music, new in Grieg, as he himself has said.

27. *Springtide* (*Der Frühling*). 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 Pincio* 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 temper man: we had been brutes without you."

33. *On the Journey Home* (*Auf der Reise zur Heimath*). Vinje'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, weird 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 those 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 *Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh* (*O'er the Tree-tops all is at Rest*), known as *Wanderer's Night Song* (included in *Fifty 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 proposal, 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 Roses* (*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-Schaffy, 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 Messchaert (see the comments on No. 5).

42. *In the Boat* (*Im Kahne*). 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 (*Zickeltanz*—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 Tryst* (*Stelldichein*). A love-song with the warm blood of youth in its veins. Note the energetic pulse of the middle voices in the pianoforte part. Destined to become a favorite.

45. *Love* (*Liebe*). Another ardent love-song, with the hall-mark 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 Funebre* 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. *Eros*. 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* (*Lichte Nacht*); *Take Good Heed* (*Sieh' 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 T. Finck

New York, September 15, 1908.

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FIFTY SONGS
BY EDVARD GRIEG

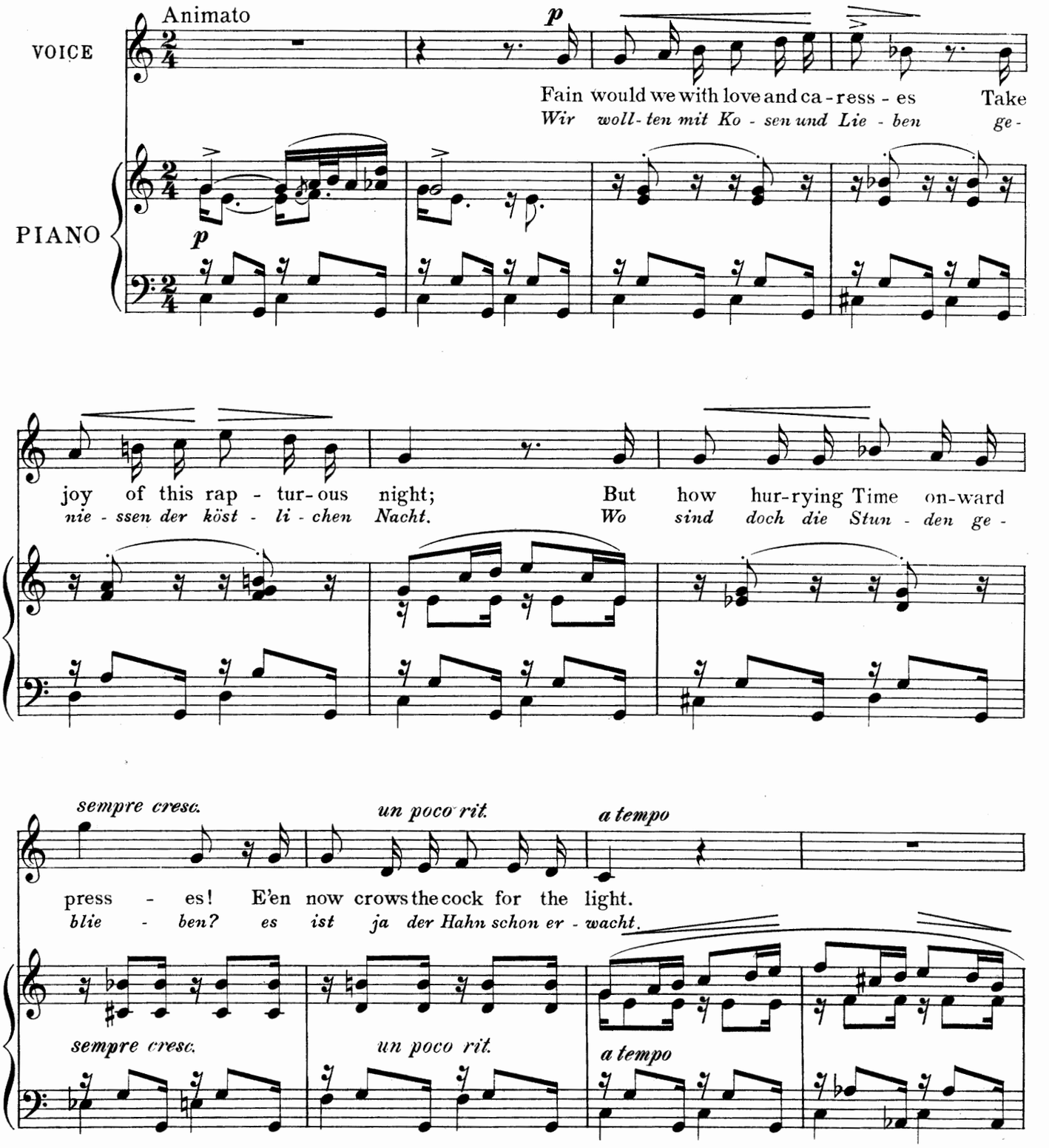
MORNING DEW

(MORGENTHAU)

(Composed in 1863)

(Original Key, A)

ADELBERT von CHAMISSO (1781-1838)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 4, № 2

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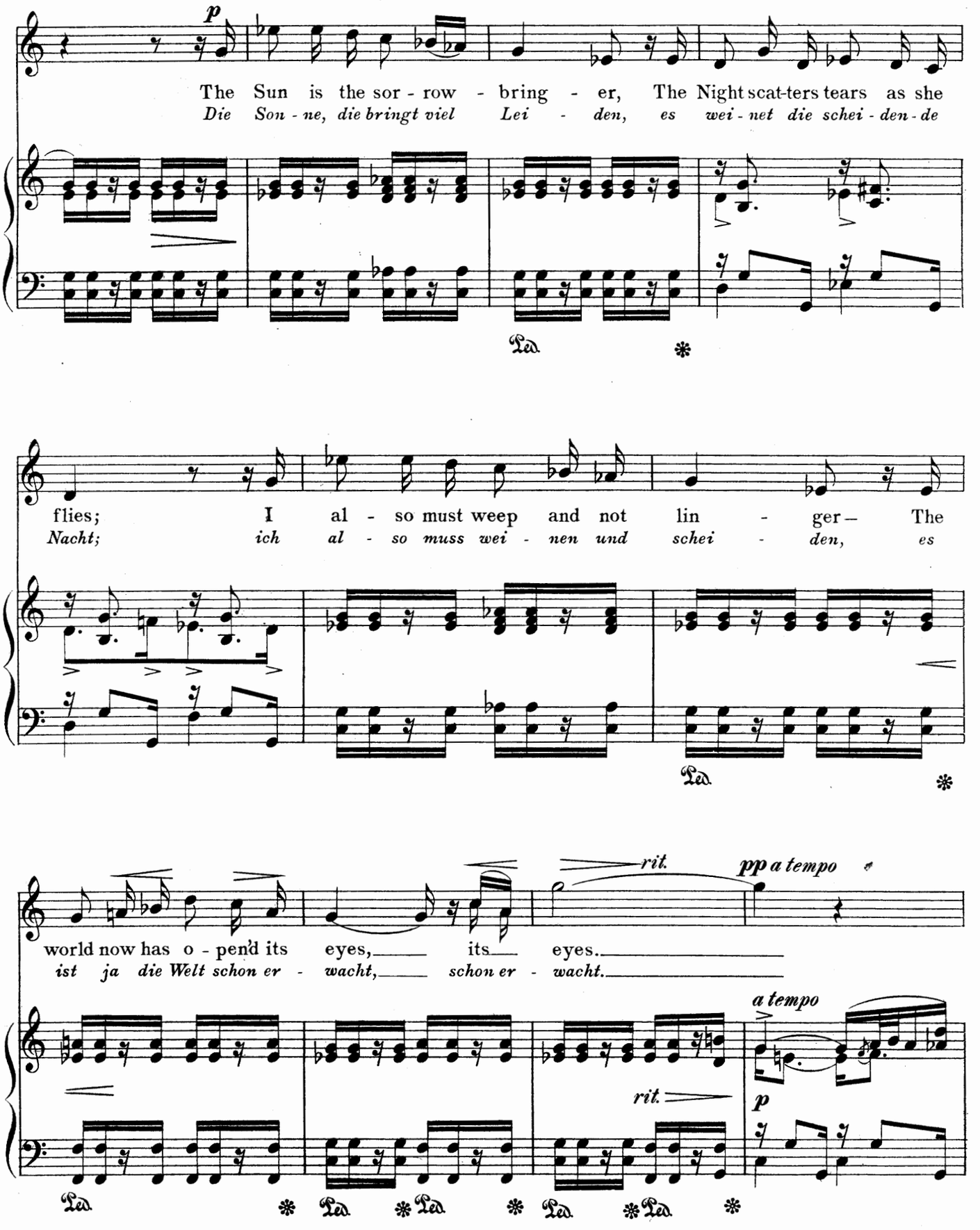
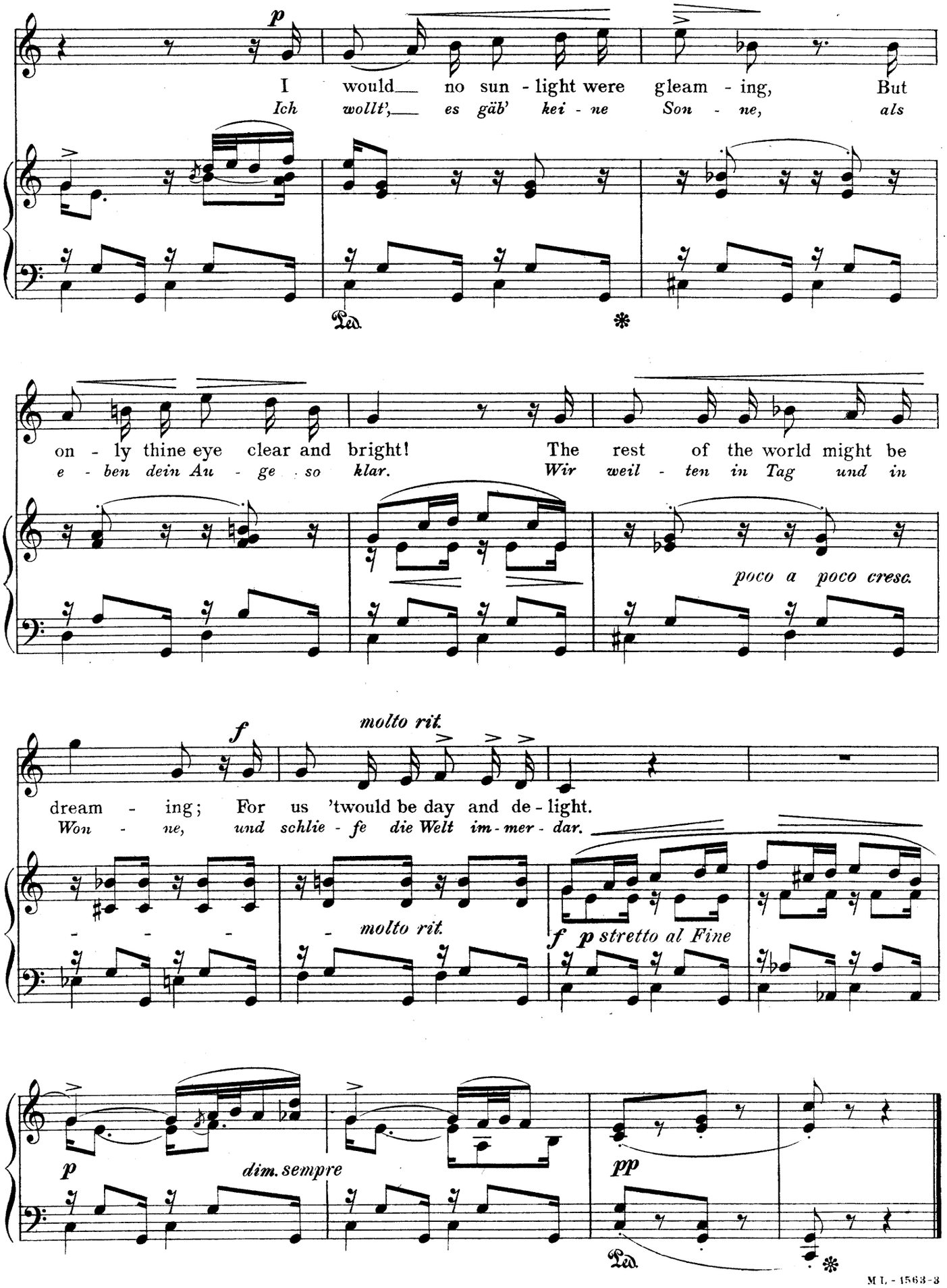
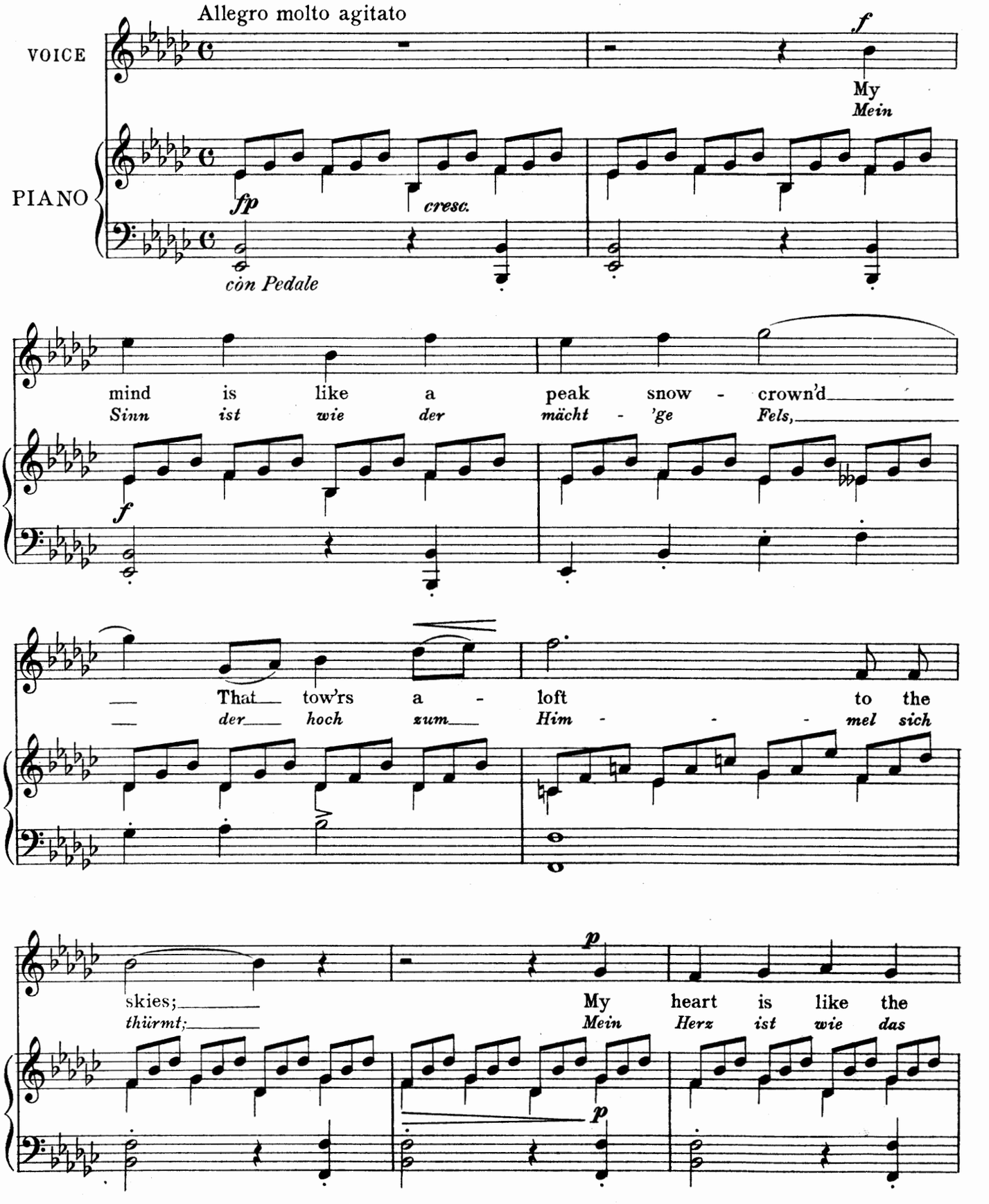

p
The Sun is the sor - row - bring - er, The Night scat-ters tears as she
Die Son - ne, die bringt viel Lei - den, es wei - net die schei - den - de
Ped. *
flies; I al - so must weep and not lin - ger— The
Nacht; ich al - so muss wei - nen und schei - den, es
Ped. *
world now has o - pen'd its eyes, its eyes.
ist ja die Welt schon er - wacht, schon er - wacht.
rit.
pp a tempo
a tempo
rit.
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

p
I would no sun - light were gleam - ing, But
Ich wollt', es gäb' kei - ne Son - ne, als
Ped.
*
on - ly thine eye clear and bright! The rest of the world might be
e - ben dein Au - ge so klar. Wir weil - ten in Tag und in
poco a poco cresc.
f
molto rit.
dream - ing; For us 'twould be day and de - light.
Won - ne, und schlie - fe die Welt im - mer - dar.
molto rit.
f p stretto al Fine
p
dim. sempre
pp
Ped.
*

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 F. von Holstein

(Composed in 1863)
(Original Key, C minor)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 5, No 4

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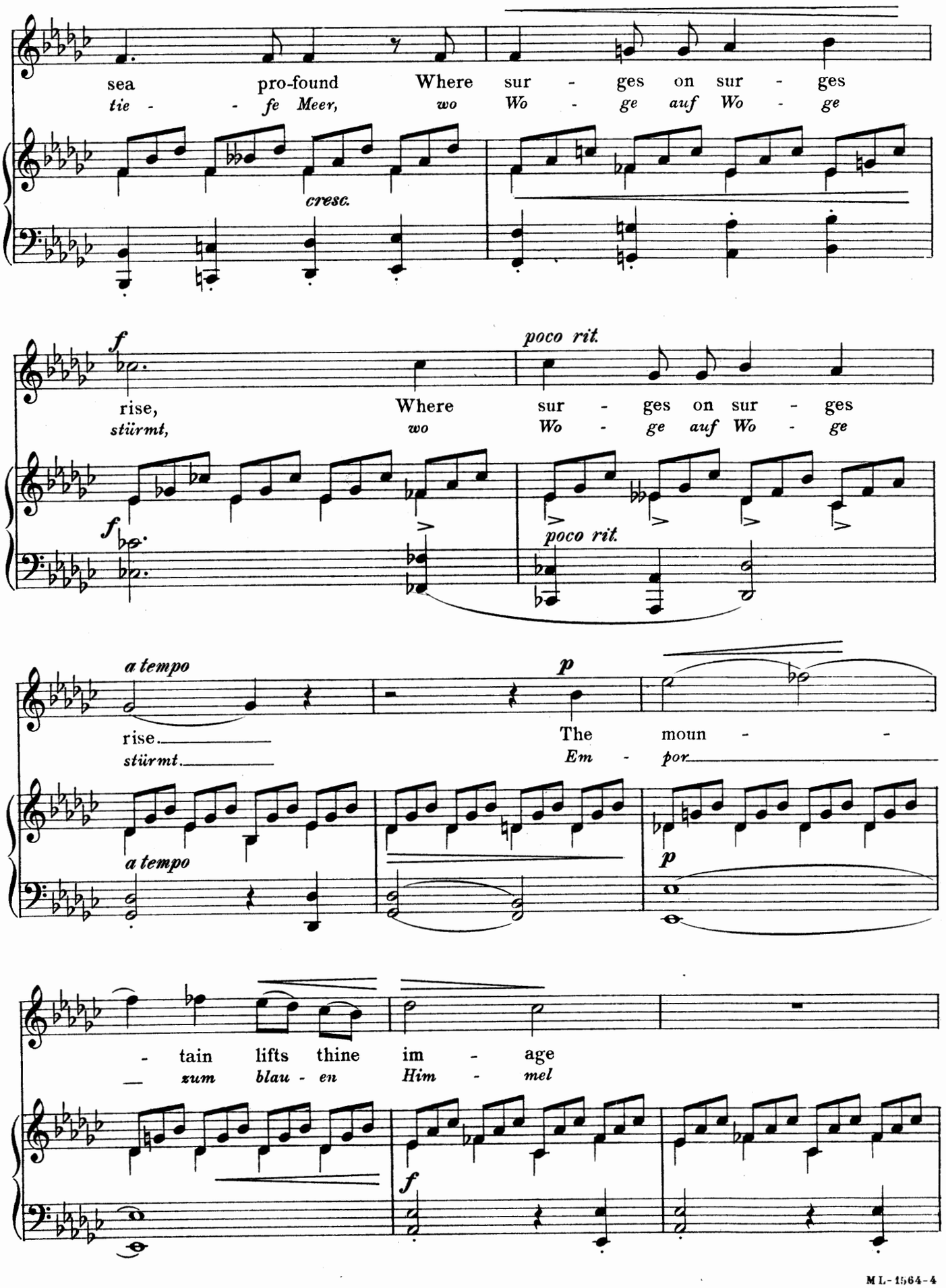
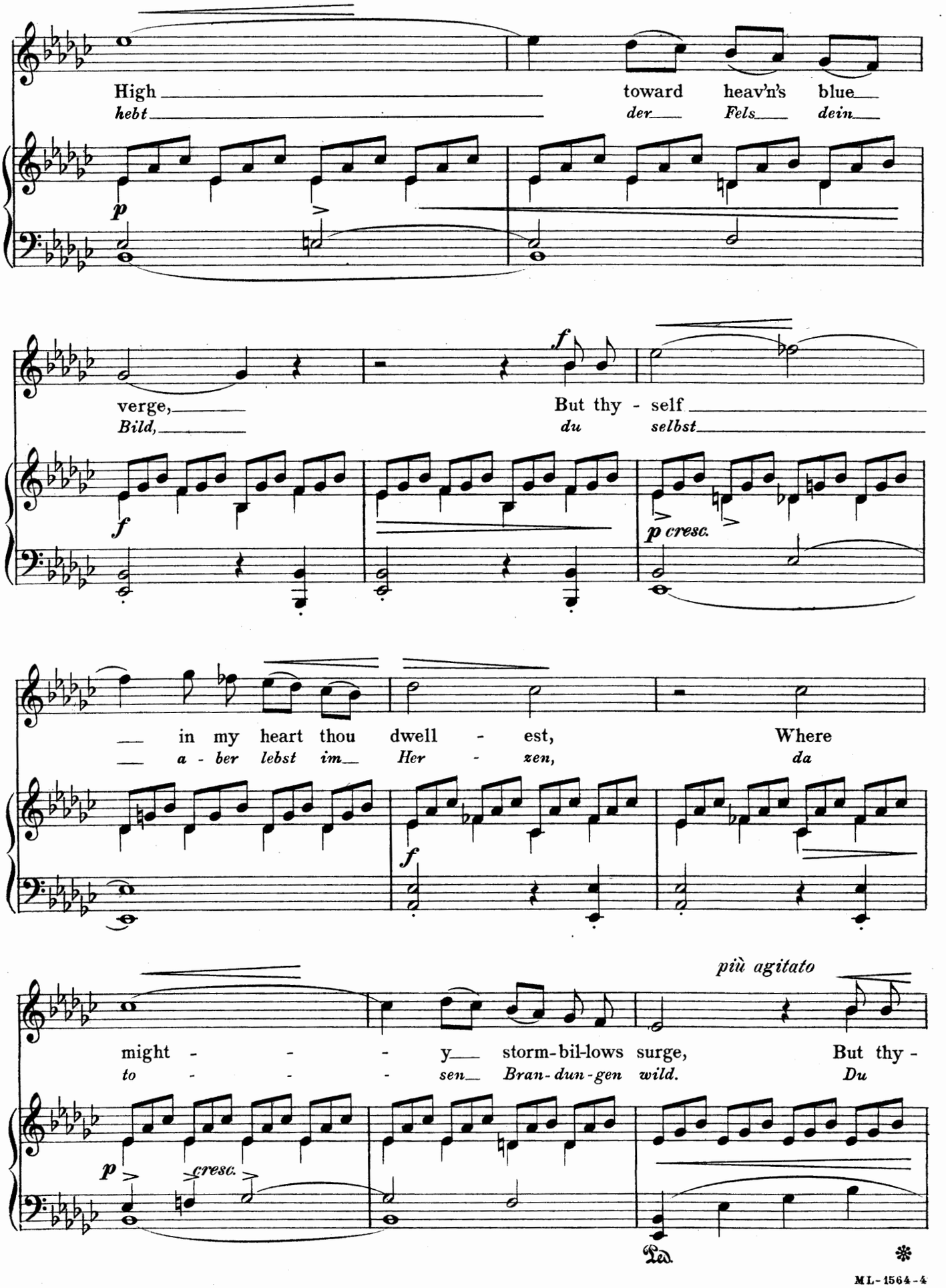
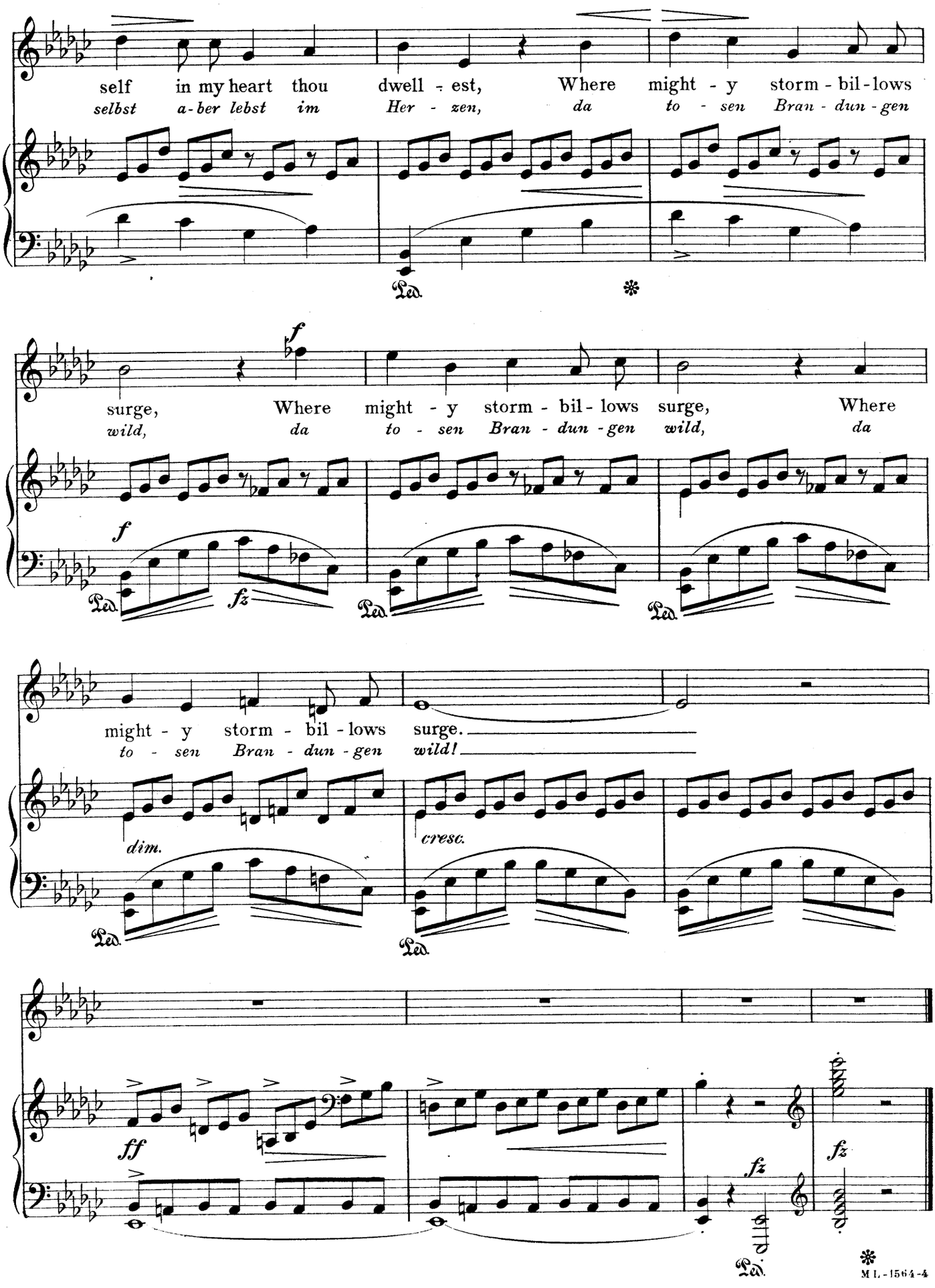
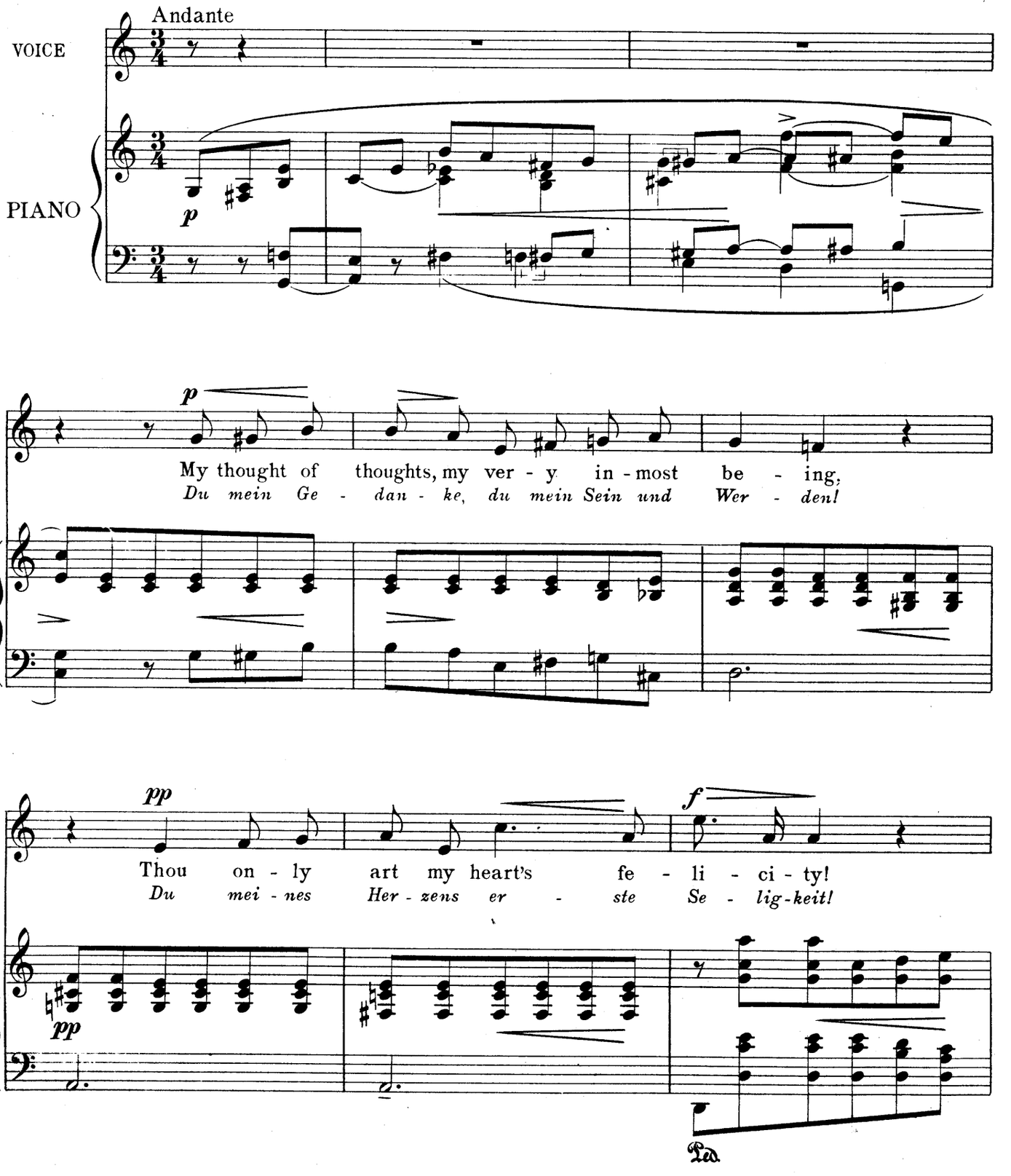

sea pro-found Where sur - ges on sur - ges
tie - - fe Meer, wo Wo - ge auf Wo - ge
cresc.
f
poco rit.
rise, Where sur - ges on sur - ges
stürmt, wo Wo - ge auf Wo - ge
f
poco rit.
a tempo
p
rise.
stürmt.
The moun - -
Em - por
a tempo
p
- tain lifts thine im - age
— zum blau - en Him - mel
f

High toward heav'n's blue
hebt der Fels dein
p
verge, But thy - self
Bild, du selbst
f
f
p cresc.
in my heart thou dwell - est, Where
a - ber lebst im Her - zen, da
f
più agitato
might - - - y storm-bil-lows surge, But thy -
to - - - sen Bran-dun-gen wild. Du
p
cresc.
Ped.
*

self in my heart thou dwell - est, Where might - y storm - bil - lows
selbst a - ber lebst im Her - zen, da to - sen Bran - dun - gen
surge, Where might - y storm - bil - lows surge, Where
wild, da to - sen Bran - dun - gen wild, da
might - y storm - bil - lows surge.
to - sen Bran - dun - gen wild!
dim.
cresc.
Ped.
*

I LOVE THEE
(ICH LIEBE DICH)

(Composed in 1864)

(Original Key)

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

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 5, № 3

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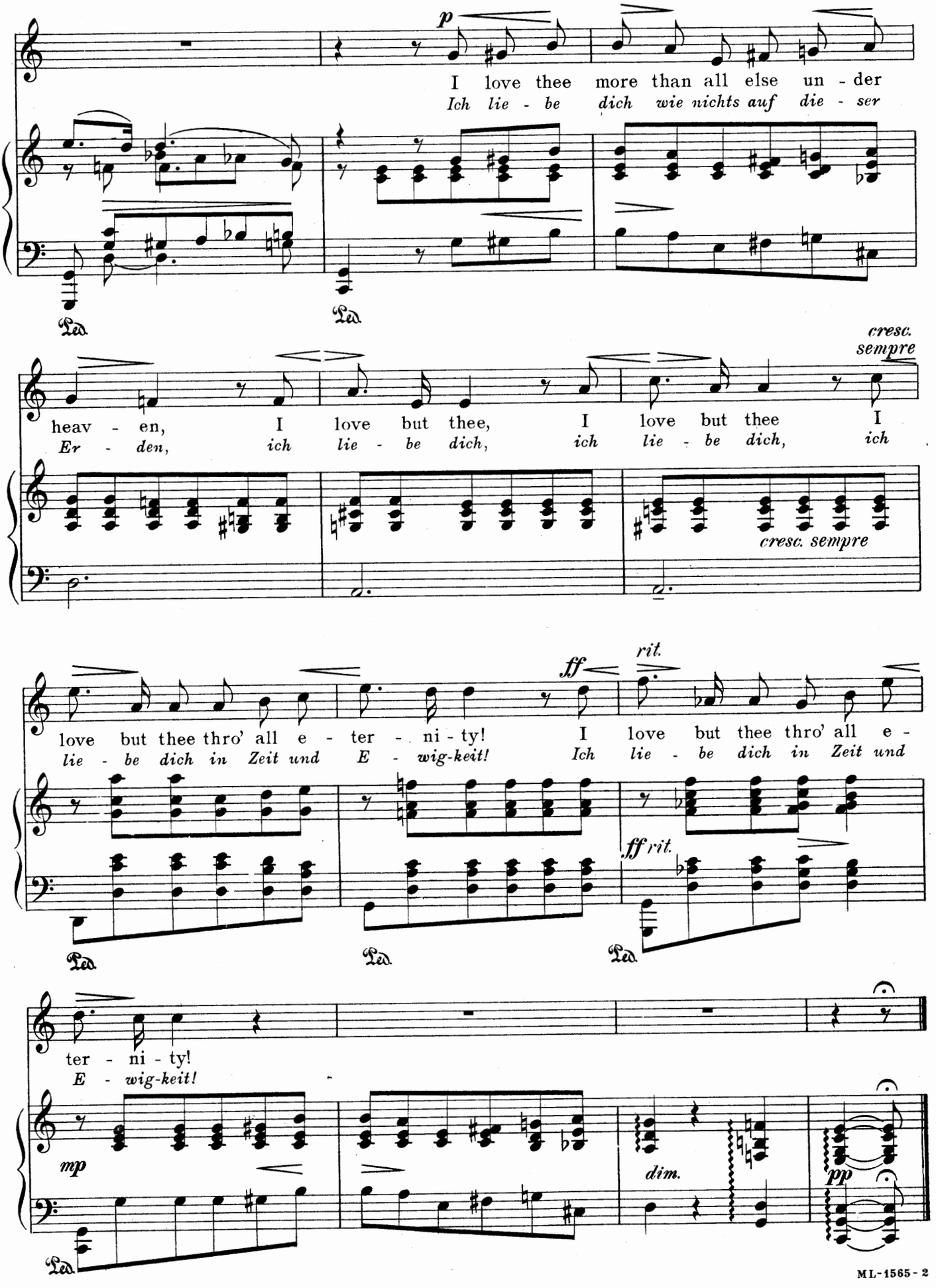
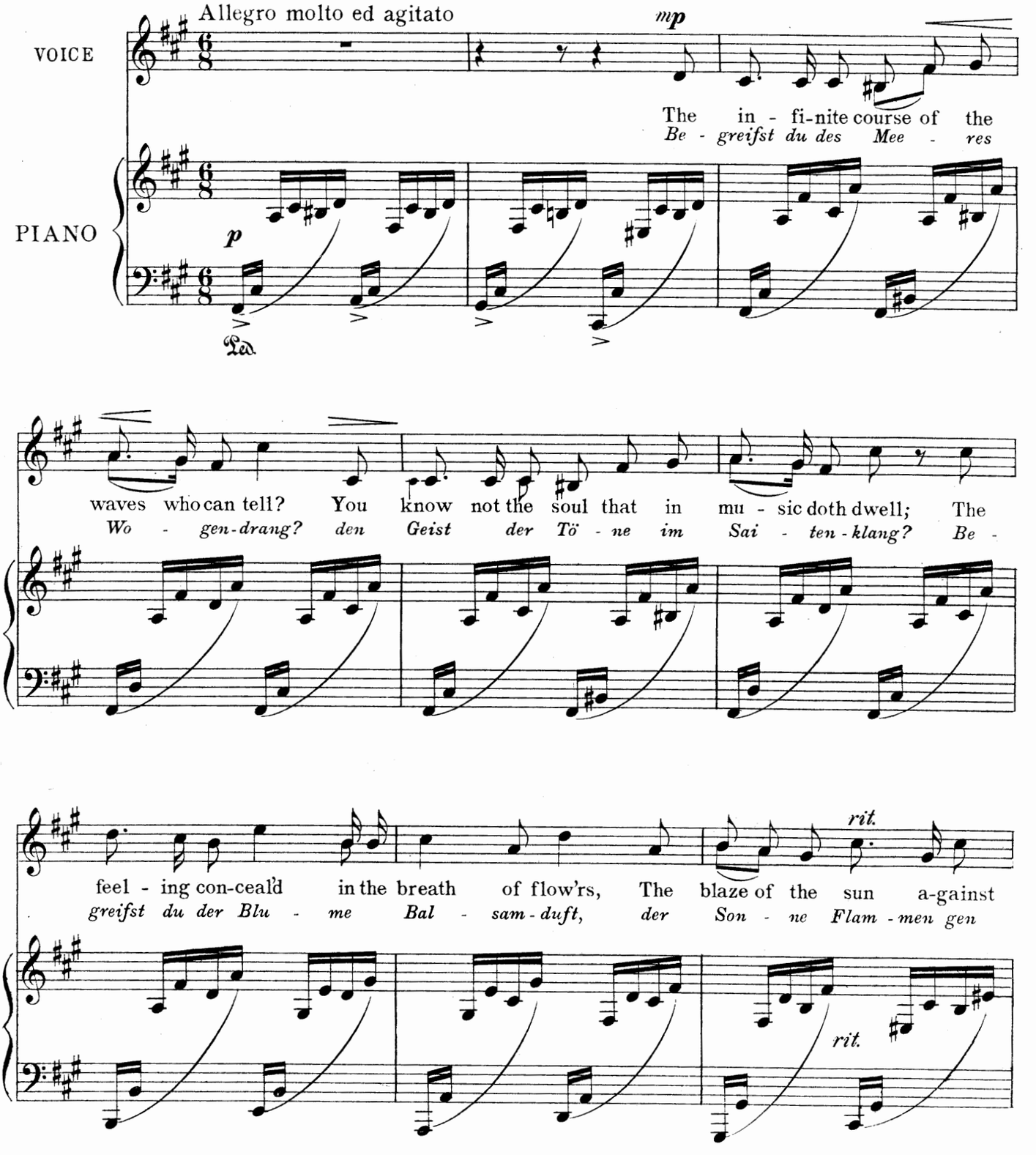

p
I love thee more than all else un - der
Ich lie - be dich wie nichts auf die - ser
Ped.
Ped.
cresc. sempre
heav - en, I love but thee, I love but thee I
Er - den, ich lie - be dich, ich lie - be dich, ich
cresc. sempre
ff
rit.
love but thee thro' all e - ter - ni - ty! I love but thee thro' all e -
lie - be dich in Zeit und E - wig-keit! Ich lie - be dich in Zeit und
ff rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
ter - ni - ty!
E - wig-keit!
mp
dim.
pp
Ped.

THE POET'S HEART
(DES DICHTERS HERZ)

(Composed in 1864)

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

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 5, №2

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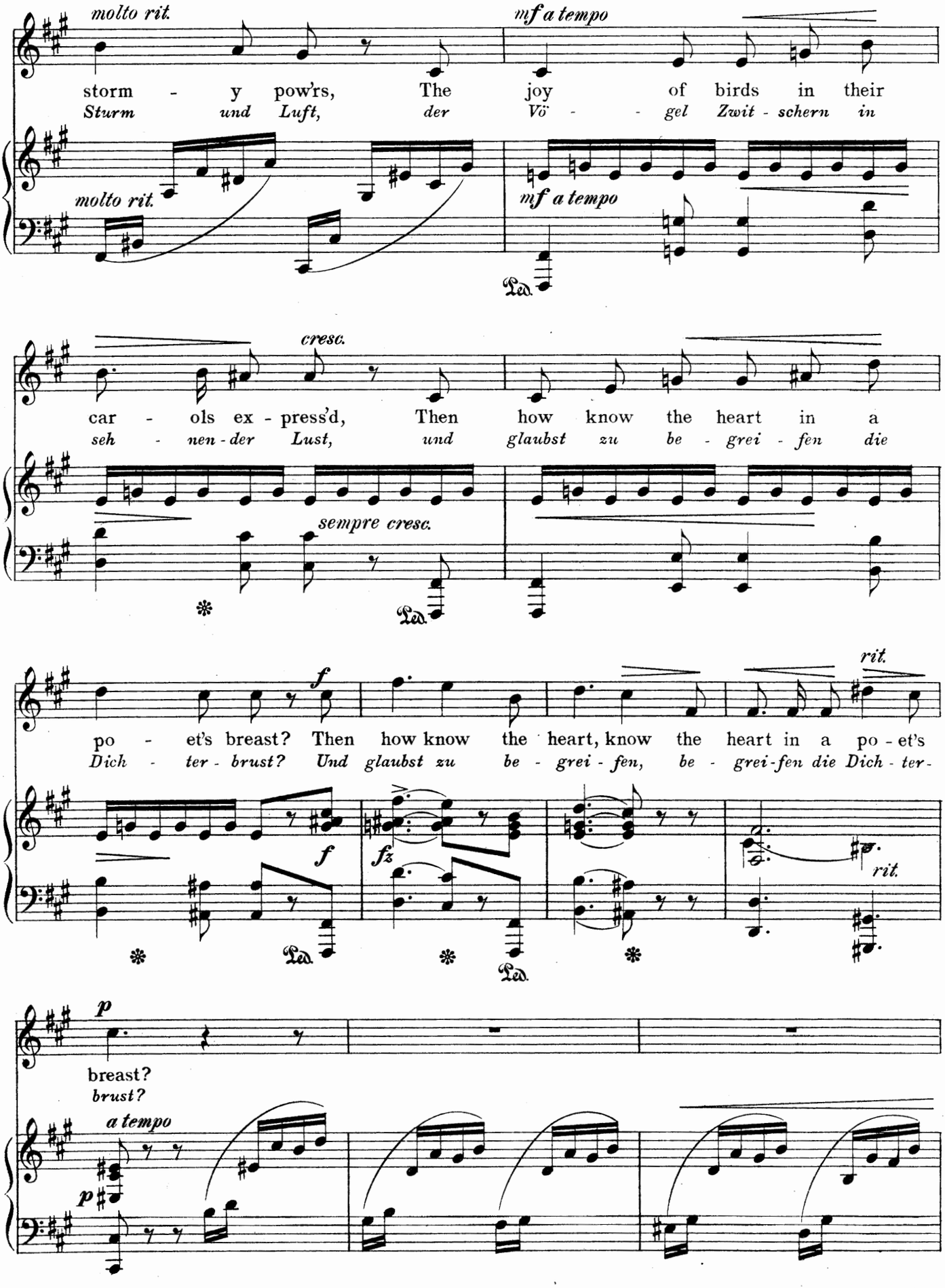
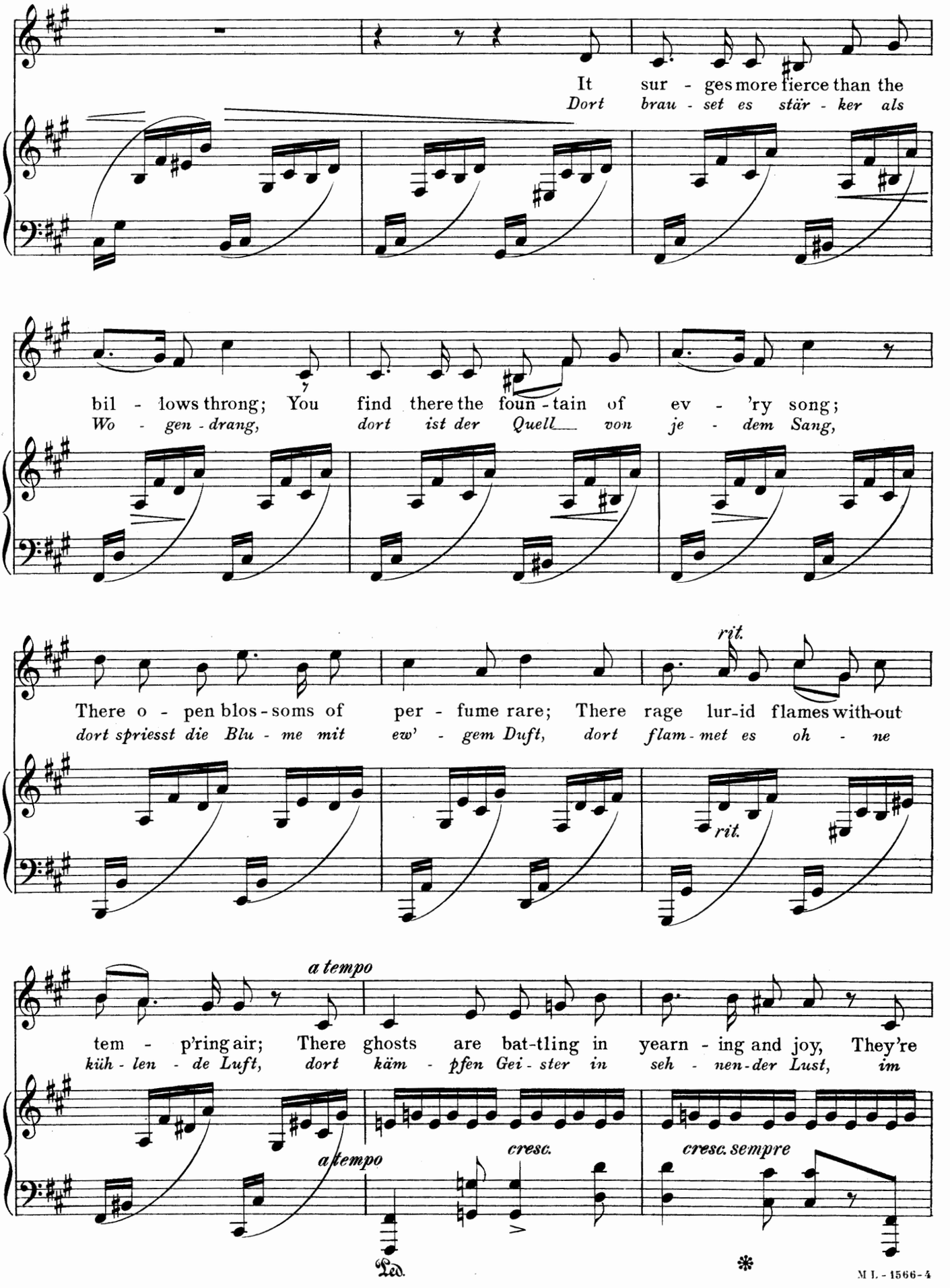
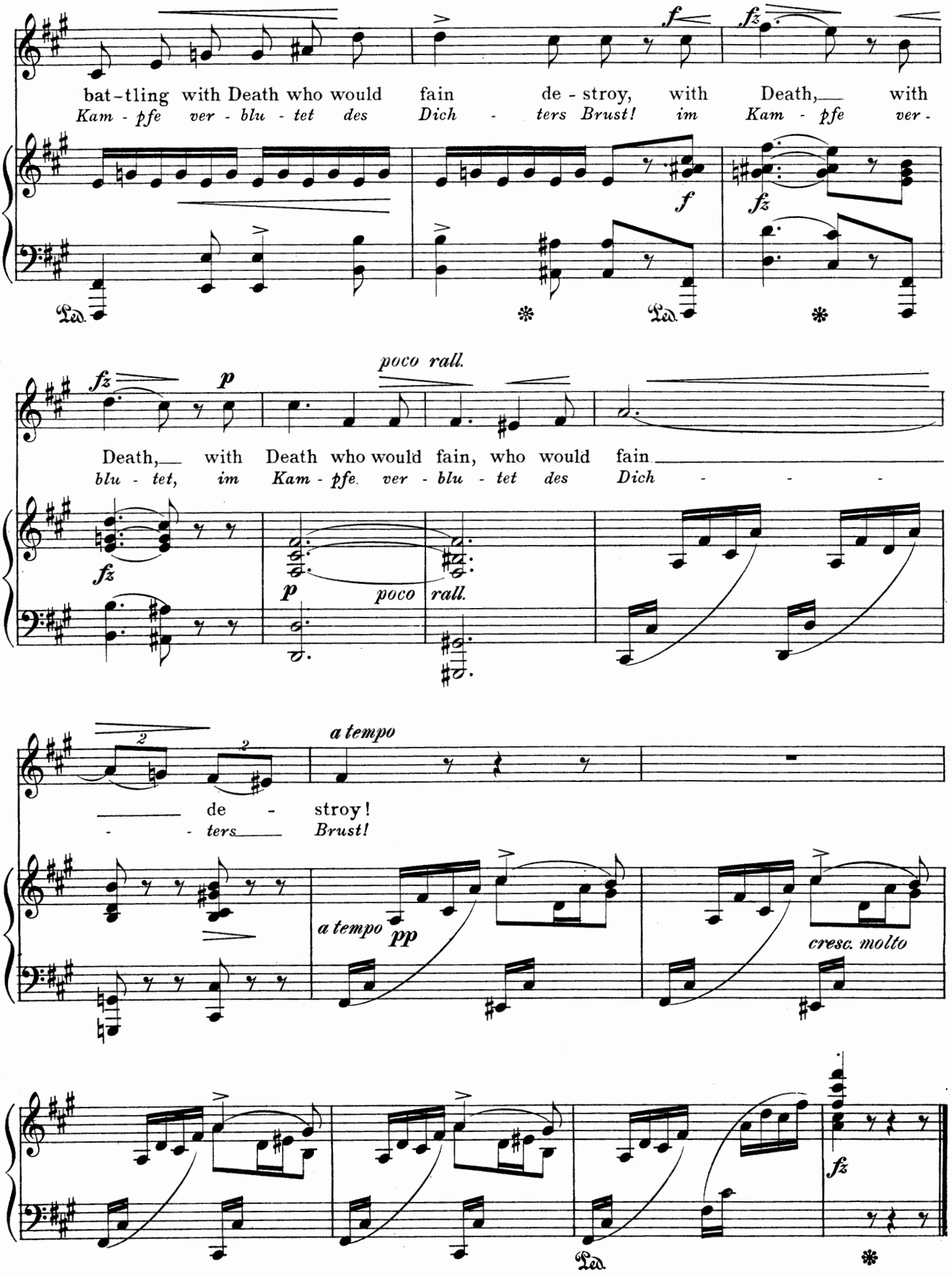

molto rit.
mf a tempo
storm - y pow'rs, The joy of birds in their
Sturm und Luft, der Vö - - gel Zwit - schern in
molto rit.
mf a tempo
Ped.
cresc.
car - ols ex - press'd, Then how know the heart in a
seh - nen - der Lust, und glaubst zu be - grei - fen die
sempre cresc.
Ped.
rit.
f
po - et's breast? Then how know the heart, know the heart in a po - et's
Dich - ter - brust? Und glaubst zu be - grei - fen, be - grei - fen die Dich - ter -
f
fz
rit.
Ped.
Ped.
p
breast?
brust?
a tempo
p

It sur - ges more fierce than the
Dort brau - set es stär - ker als
bil - lows throng; You find there the foun - tain of ev - 'ry song;
Wo - gen - drang, dort ist der Quell von je - dem Sang,
There o - pen blos - soms of per - fume rare; There rage lur-id flames with-out
dort spriesst die Blu - me mit ew' - gem Duft, dort flam - met es oh - ne
rit.
rit.
a tempo
tem - p'ring air; There ghosts are bat-tling in yearn - ing and joy, They're
küh - len - de Luft, dort käm - pfen Gei - ster in seh - nen-der Lust, im
a tempo
cresc.
cresc. sempre
Ped.
*

bat-tling with Death who would fain de-stroy, with Death, with
Kam-pfe ver-blu-tet des Dich-ters Brust! im Kam-pfe ver-
Death, with Death who would fain, who would fain
blu-tet, im Kam-pfe ver-blu-tet des Dich-
poco rall.
a tempo
de-stroy!
-ters Brust!
cresc. molto

CRADLE SONG
(WIEGENLIED)

A. MUNCH (1811-1884)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Edmund Lobedanz

(Composed in 1865)
(Original Key, G♯ minor)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 9, №2

Non lento, ma molto doloroso

VOICE

PIANO

1. Sleep, my son, oh, slum - ber well!
2. Sleep, my son, sleep pla - cid - ly!
3. Nev - er thy sweet morn - ing - joy
4. Dost thou feel thy moth - er dear

1. Schlaf,' mein Sohn, und schlumm' - re süss,
2. Schlaf,' mein Herz - chen, traüm' von ihr,
3. Nie soll sei - ne schwe - re Brust
4. Ob wohl dei - ne Müt - ter sich

Cra - dle works the sooth - ing spell; Ay, al - tho'___ the
Here thy fa - ther sits by thee, Rocks thee with___ un -
Shall his cru - el grief de - stroy; Nev - er shall___ thy
O'er thine in - no - cence hov - 'ring near? Dost thou see___ her

Wieg - lein ist dein Pa - ra - dies. Ach, die dir___ das
Va - ter sit - zet hier bei dir, wie - get dich___ mit
trü - ben dei - ne Mor - gen - lust, nie - mals soll___ dein
neigt im Schlum - mer ü - ber dich? Lachst ja oft___ so

grave so cold Doth thy gen - tle moth - er
prac - tised skill, Would pro - tect thee from___ all
mer - ry eyes Bit - ter tears in his___ sur -
in thy dreams When thy smile in an - swer

Le - ben gab, lie - get in dem kal - ten
treu - em Muth, schir - met dich mit Leib und
Kin - des - Glück schau - en sei - ner Thrä - nen
süss und rein, siehst du dann dein Müt - ter -

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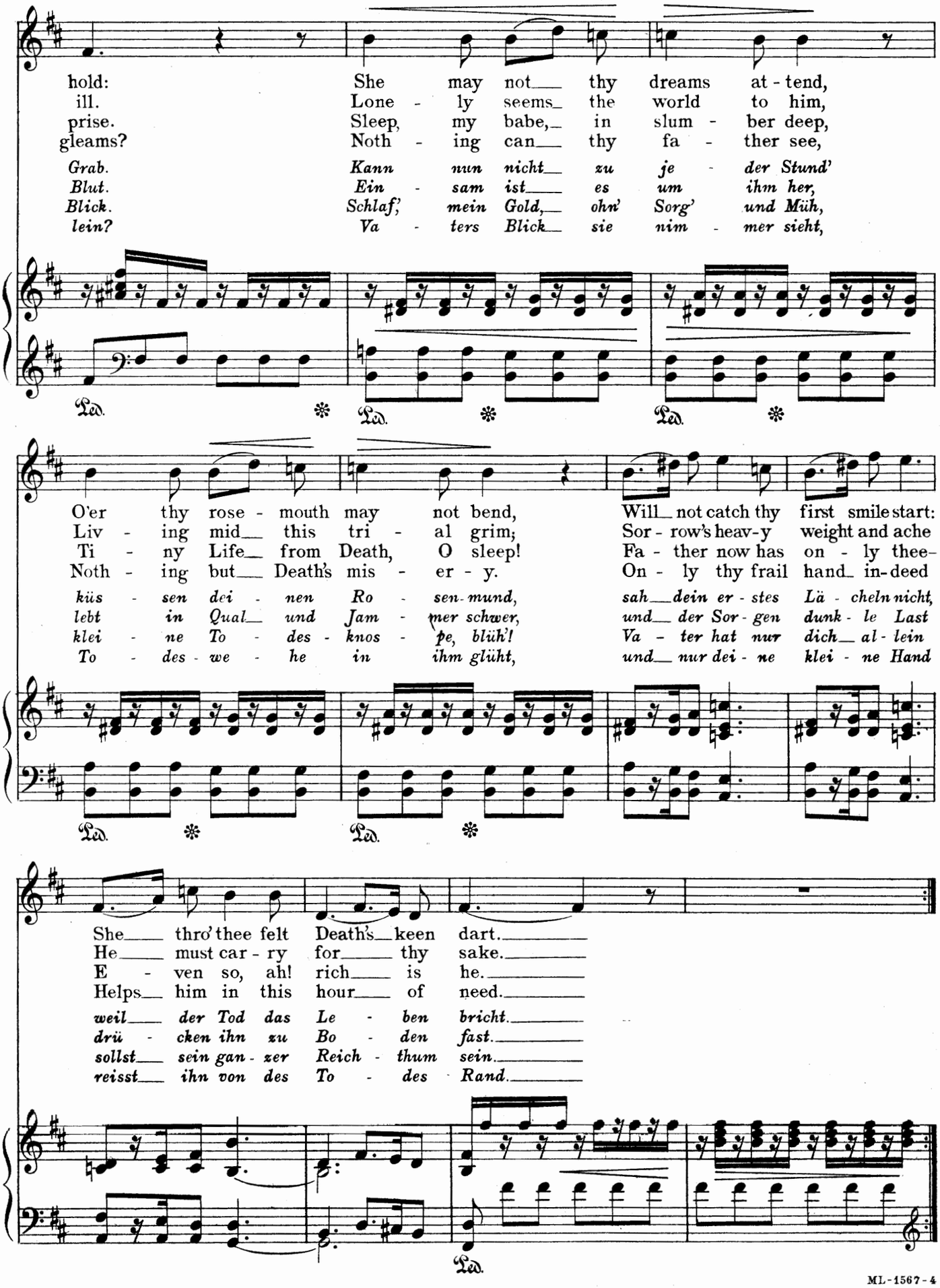
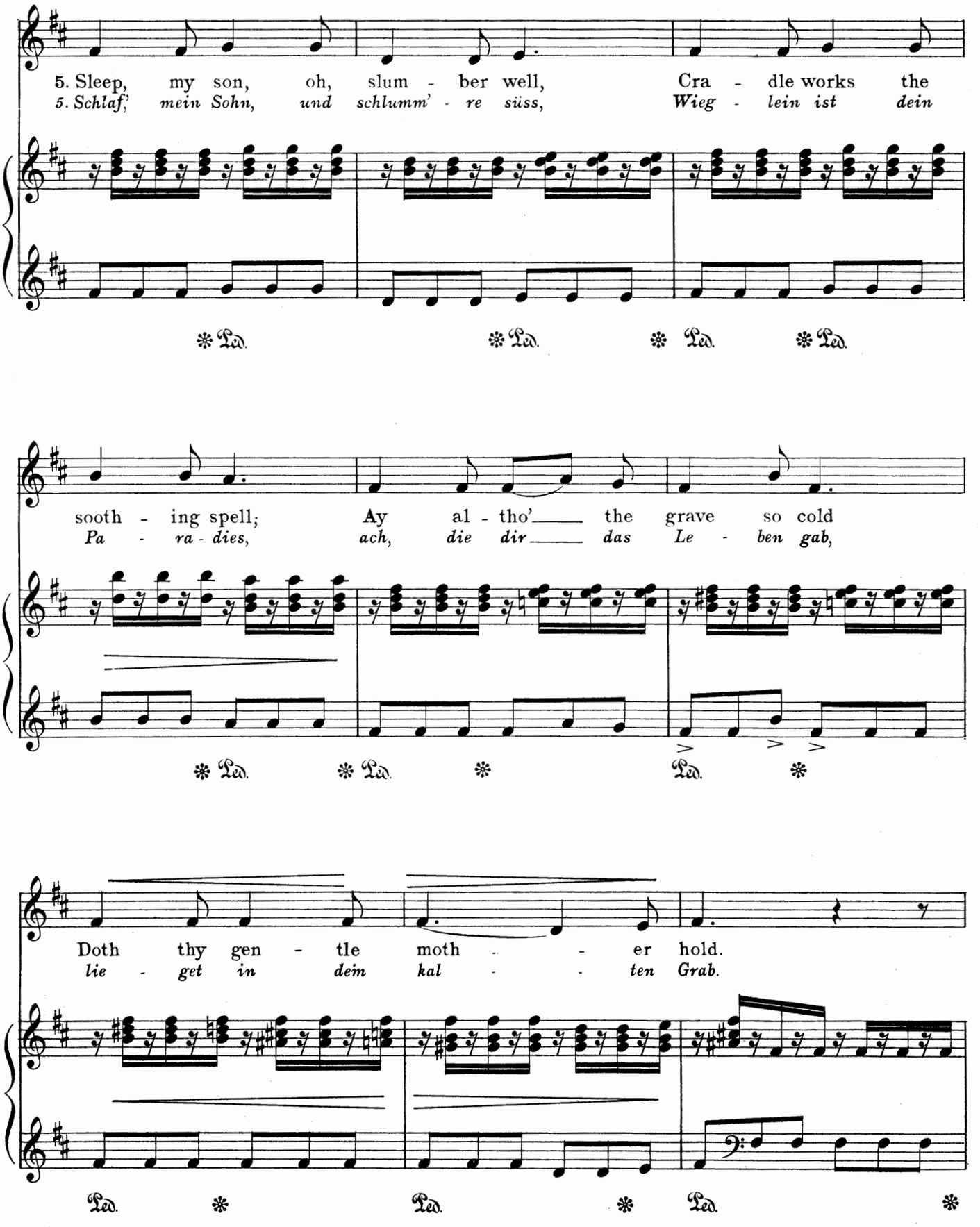
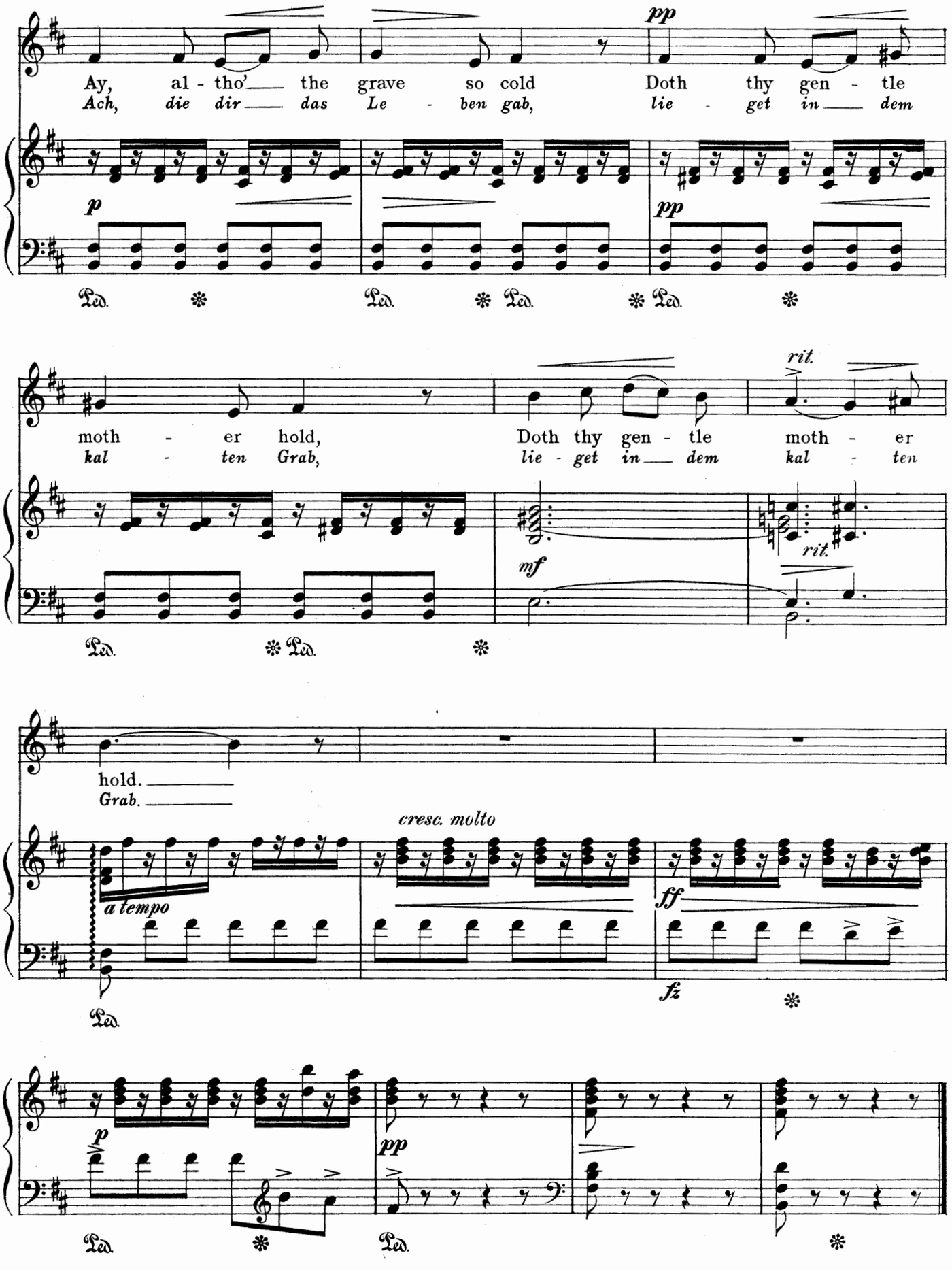
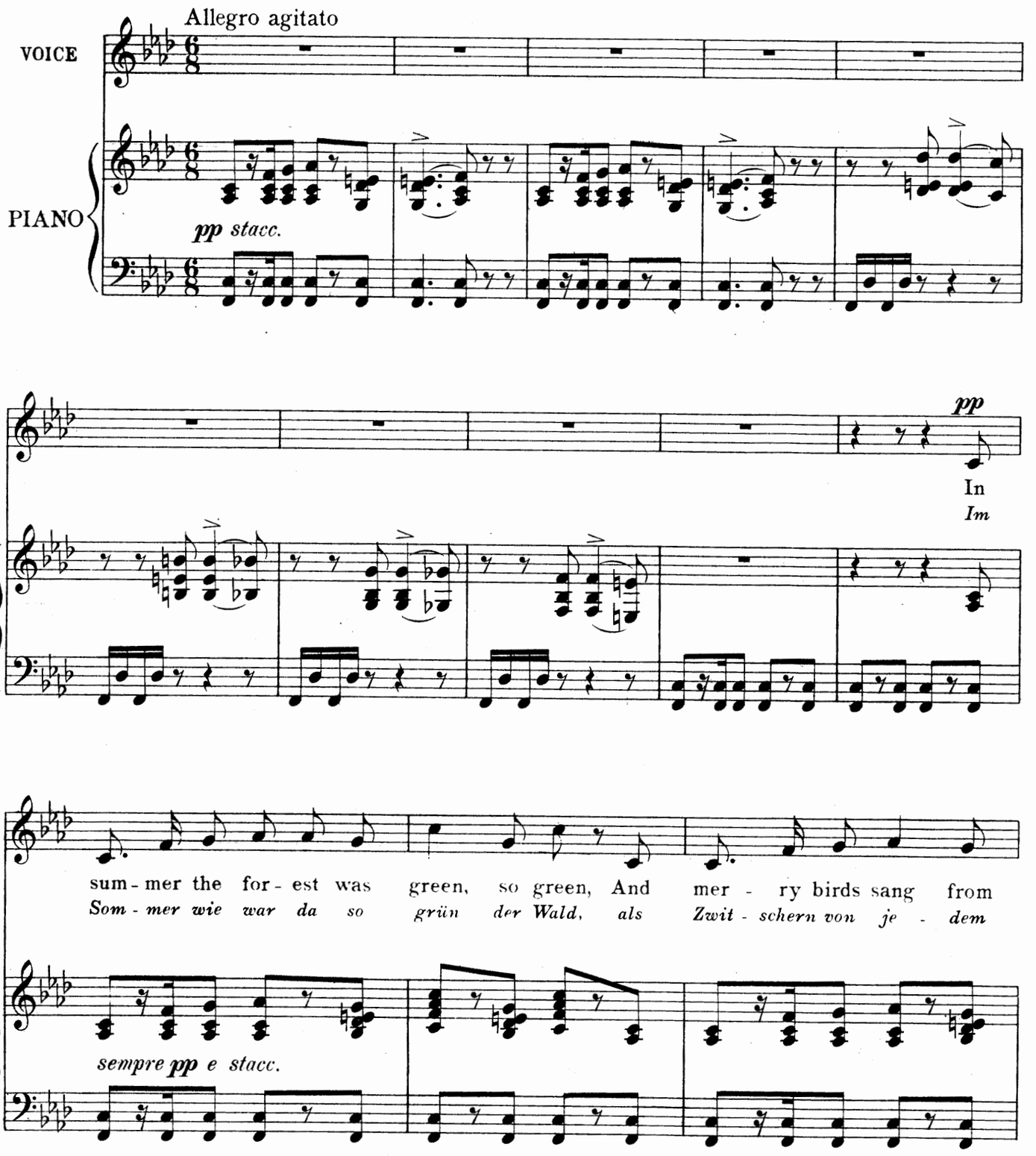

hold: She may not thy dreams at - tend,
ill. Lone - ly seems the world to him,
prise. Sleep, my babe, in slum - ber deep,
gleams? Noth - ing can thy fa - ther see,
Grab. Kann nun nicht zu je - der Stund'
Blut. Ein - sam ist es um ihm her,
Blick. Schlaf', mein Gold, ohn' Sorg' und Müh,
lein? Va - ters Blick sie nim - mer sieht,
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
O'er thy rose - mouth may not bend,
Liv - ing mid this tri - al grim;
Ti - ny Life from Death, O sleep!
Noth - ing but Death's mis - er - y.
Will not catch thy first smile start:
Sor - row's heav-y weight and ache
Fa - ther now has on - ly thee-
On - ly thy frail hand in-deed
küs - sen dei - nen Ro - sen-mund,
lebt in Qual und Jam - mer schwer,
klei - ne To - des - knos - pe, blüh'!
To - des - we - he in ihm glüht,
sah dein er - stes Lä - cheln nicht,
und der Sor - gen dunk - le Last
Va - ter hat nur dich al - lein
und nur dei - ne klei - ne Hand
Ped. * Ped. *
She thro' thee felt Death's keen dart.
He must car - ry for thy sake.
E - ven so, ah! rich is he.
Helps him in this hour of need.
weil der Tod das Le - ben bricht.
drü - cken ihn zu Bo - den fast.
sollst sein gan - zer Reich - thum sein.
reisst ihn von des To - des Rand.
Ped.

5. Sleep, my son, oh, slum - ber well, Cra - dle works the
5. Schlaf', mein Sohn, und schlumm' - re süss, Wieg - lein ist dein
sooth - ing spell; Ay al - tho'___ the grave so cold
Pa - ra - dies, ach, die dir___ das Le - ben gab,
Doth thy gen - tle moth - - er hold.
lie - get in dein kal - - ten Grab.
Ped.

Ay, al - tho'___ the grave so cold Doth thy gen - tle
Ach, die dir___ das Le - ben gab, lie - get in___ dem
pp
p
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
moth - er hold, Doth thy gen - tle moth - er
kal - ten Grab, lie - get in___ dem kal - ten
rit.
mf
rit.
Ped. * Ped. *
hold.___
Grab.___
cresc. molto
a tempo
ff
fz
Ped. *
p
pp
Ped. Ped. *

AUTUMN STORM
(HERBSTSTURM)

(Composed in 1865)

C. RICHARDT (1831-1892)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by F. von Holstein

(Original Key, D)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.18, No.4

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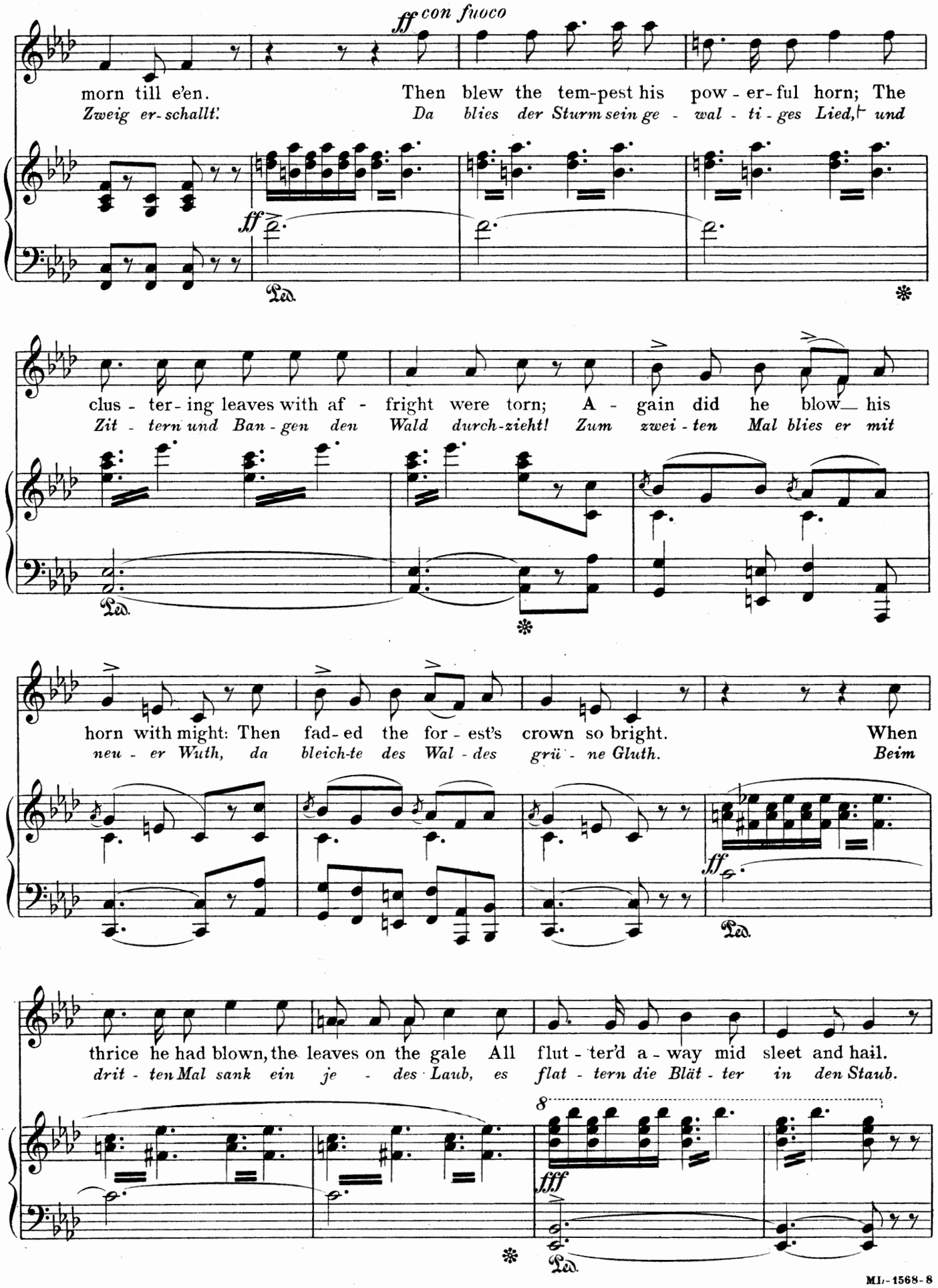
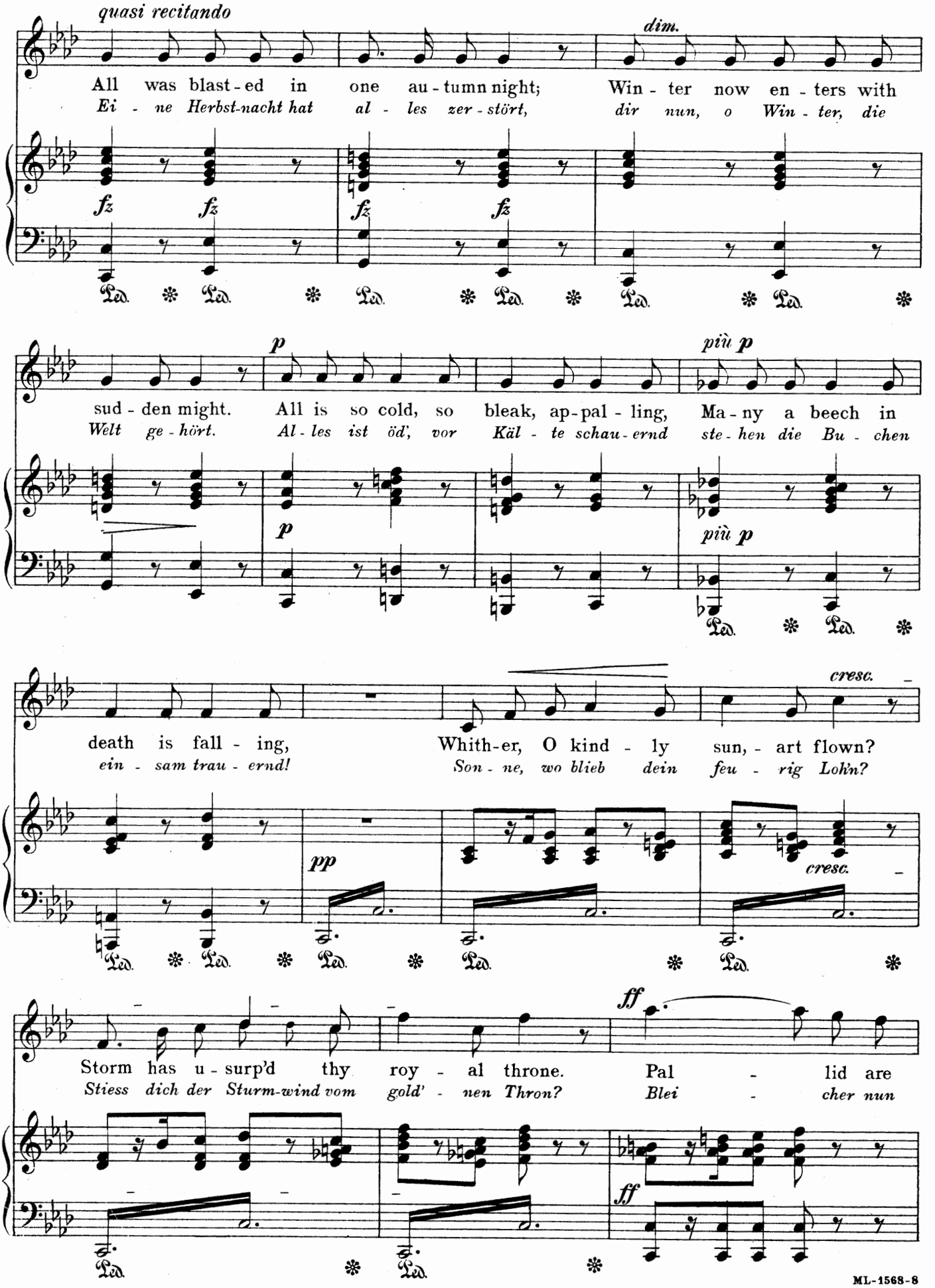
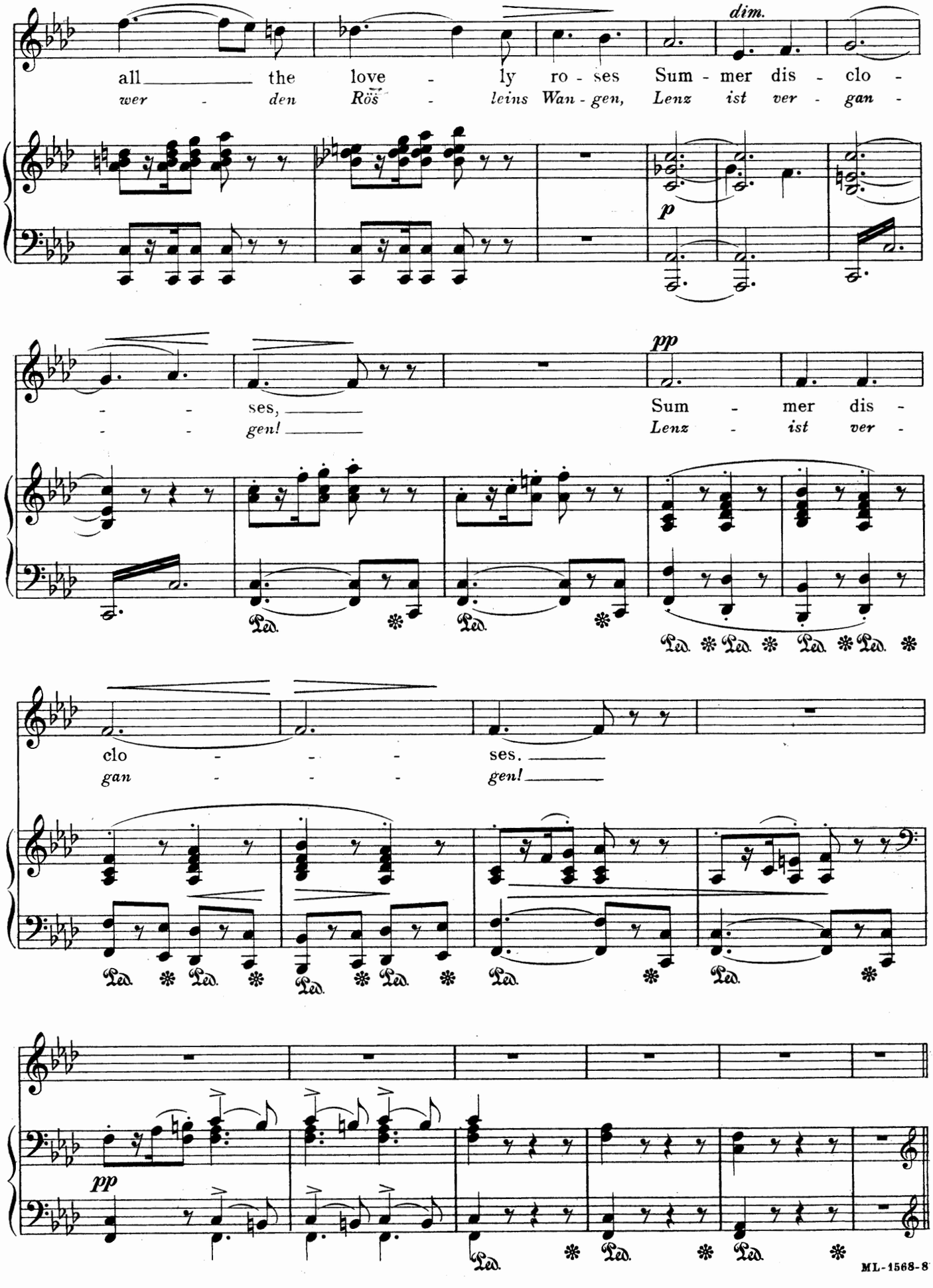
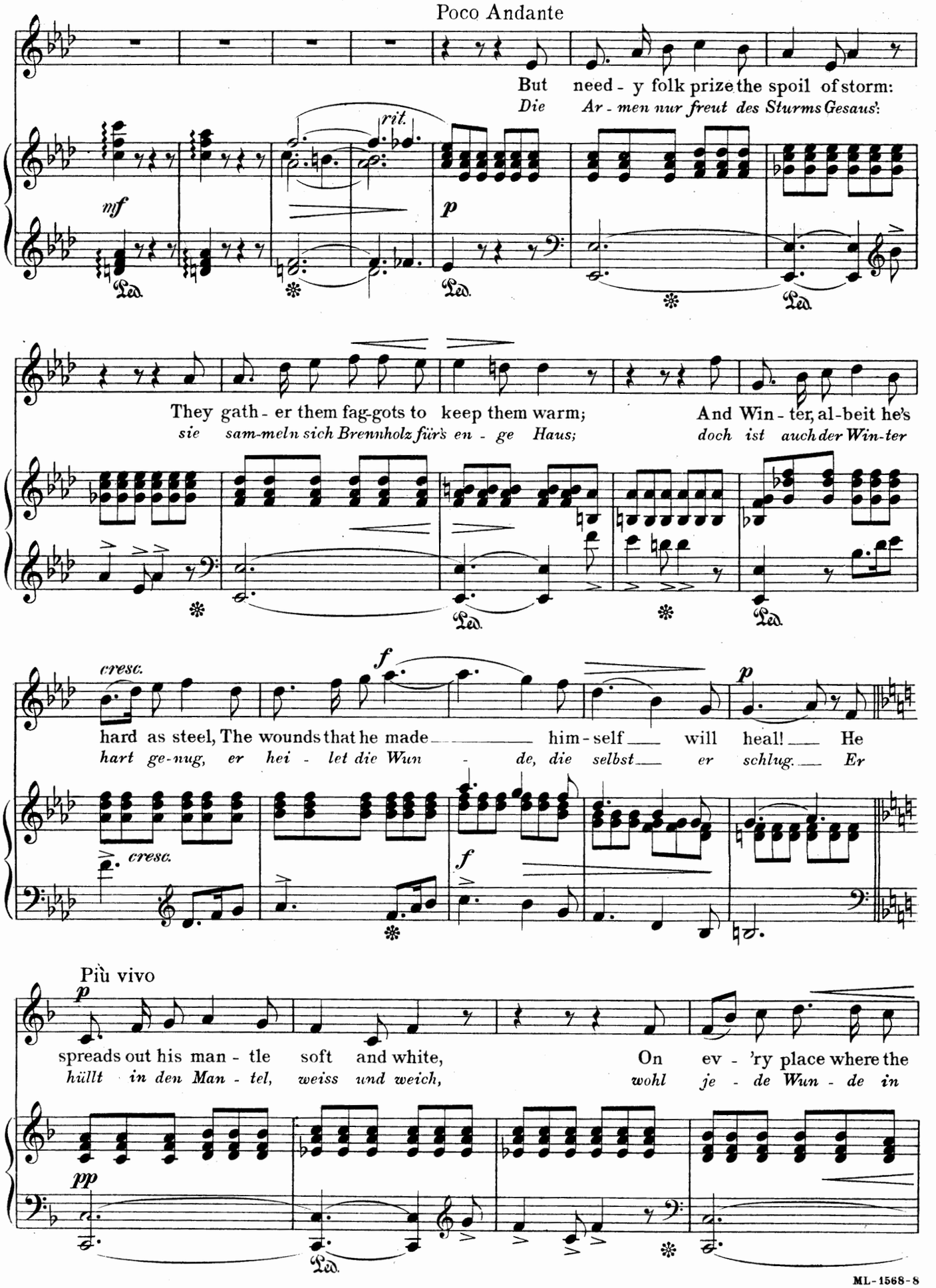
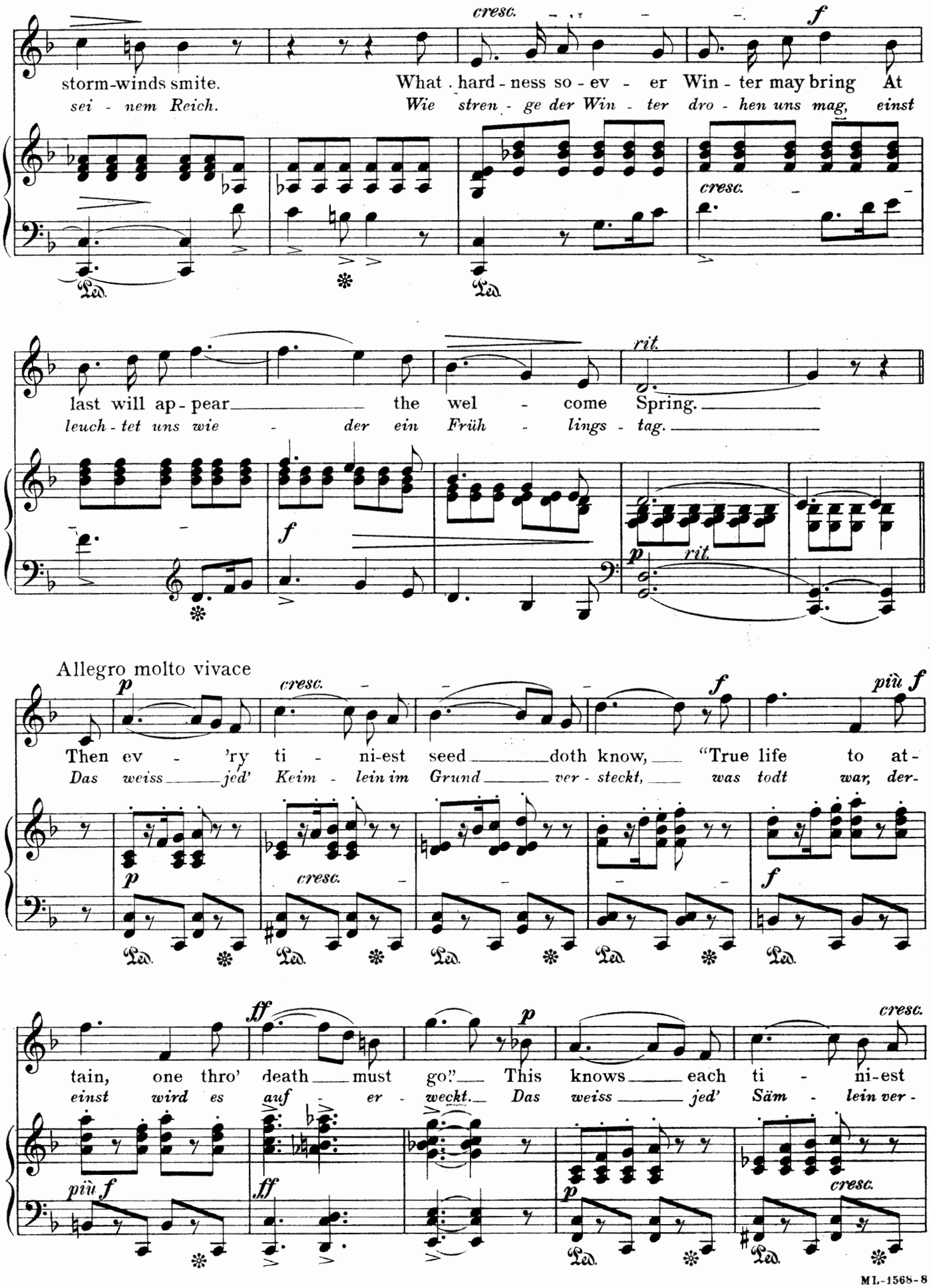
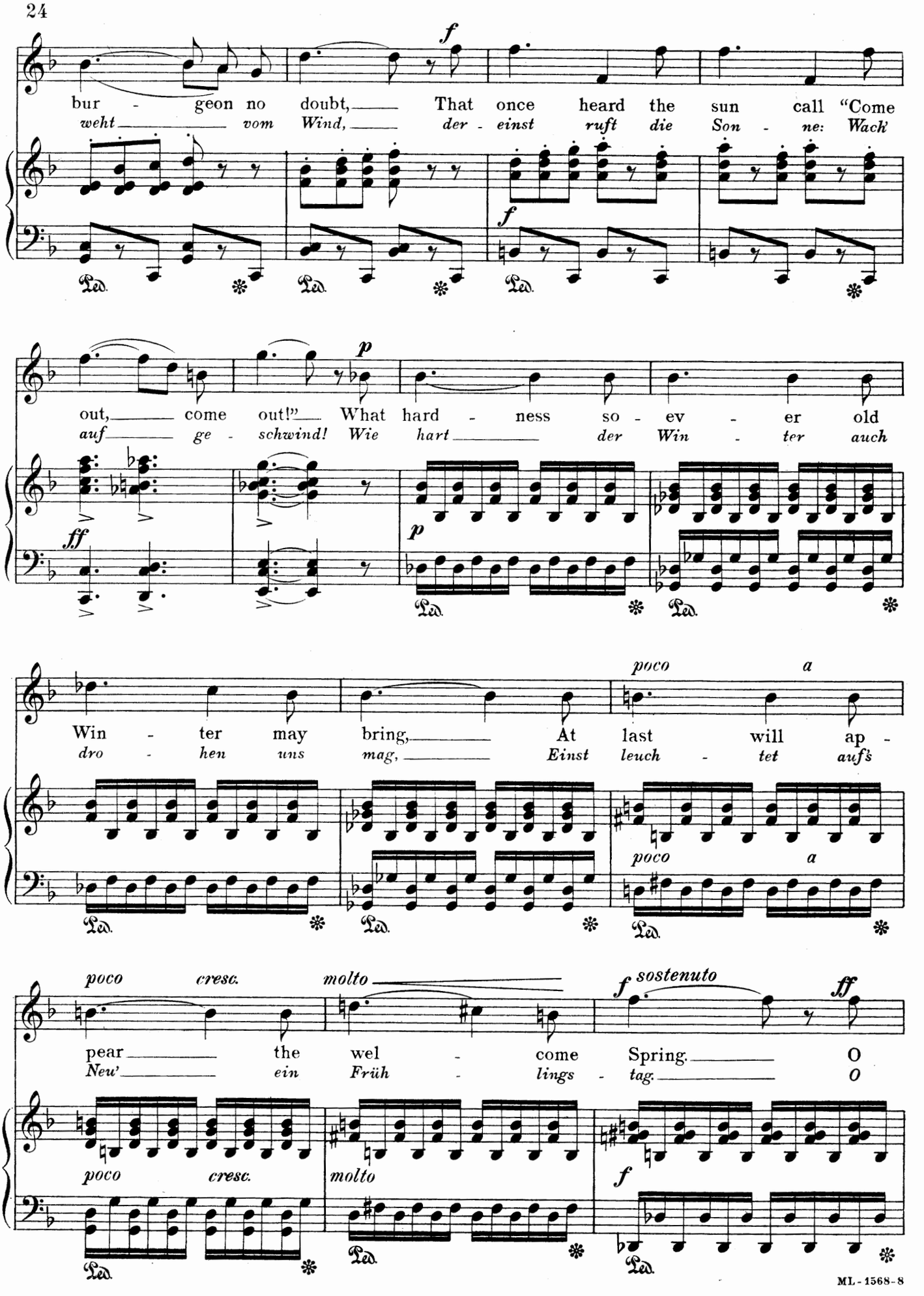
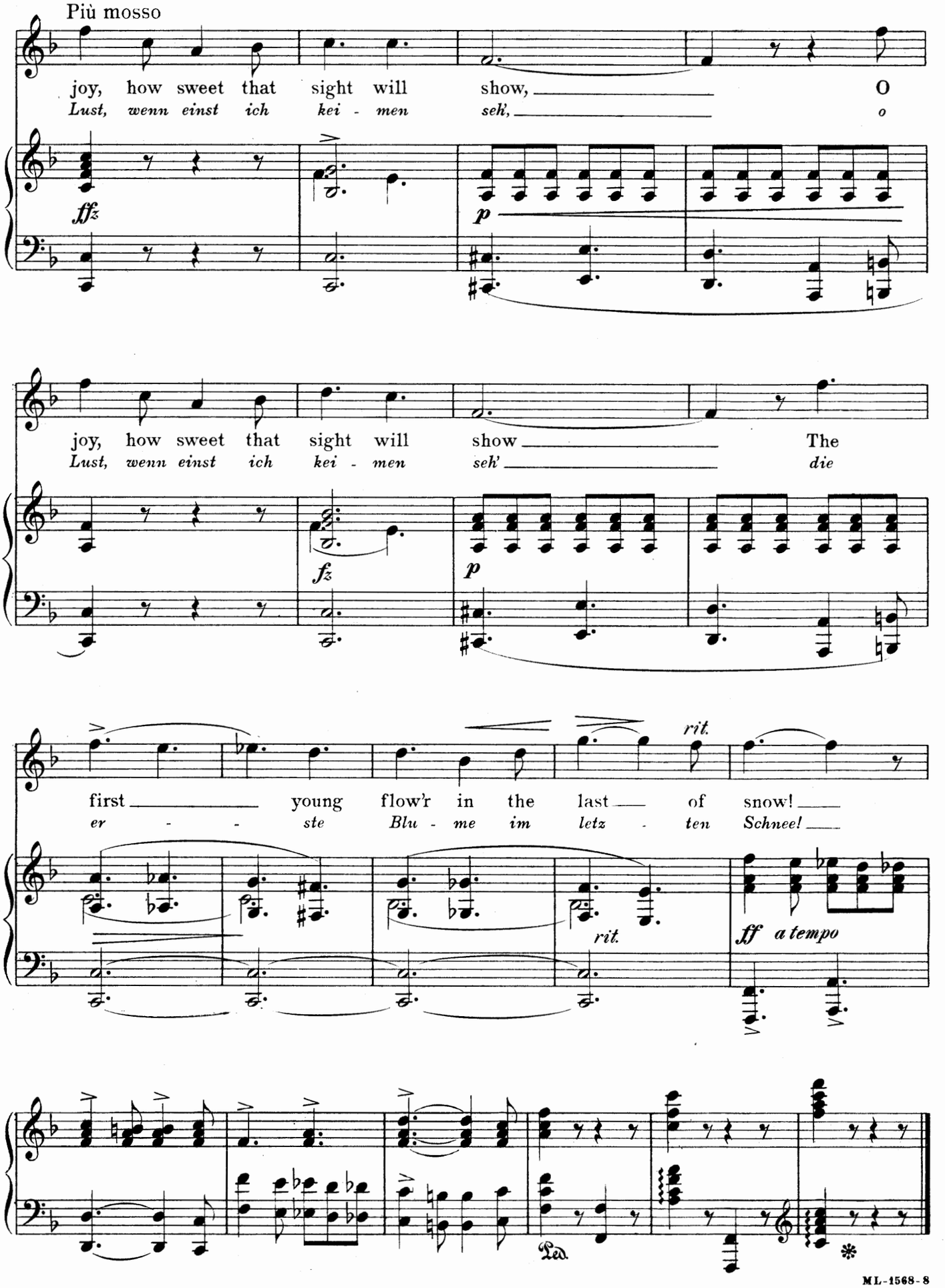

ff con fuoco
morn till e'en. Then blew the tem-pest his pow - er-ful horn; The
Zweig er-schallt! Da blies der Sturm sein ge - wal - ti - ges Lied, und
ff
Ped.
clus - ter-ing leaves with af - fright were torn; A - gain did he blow his
Zit - tern und Ban - gen den Wald durch-zieht! Zum zwei - ten Mal blies er mit
Ped.
horn with might: Then fad-ed the for - est's crown so bright. When
neu - er Wuth, da bleich-te des Wal - des grü - ne Gluth. Beim
ff
Ped.
thrice he had blown, the leaves on the gale All flut - ter'd a - way mid sleet and hail.
drit - ten Mal sank ein je - des Laub, es flat - tern die Blät - ter in den Staub.
8
fff
Ped.

quasi recitando
dim.
All was blast-ed in one au-tumn night; Win-ter now en-ters with
Ei-ne Herbst-nacht hat al-les zer-stört, dir nun, o Win-ter, die
fz fz fz fz
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
p più p
sud-den might. All is so cold, so bleak, ap-pal-ling, Ma-ny a beech in
Welt ge-hört. Al-les ist öd', vor Käl-te schau-ernd ste-hen die Bu-chen
p più p
Ped. * Ped. *
cresc.
death is fall-ing, Whith-er, O kind-ly sun, - art flown?
ein-sam trau-ernd! Son-ne, wo blieb dein feu-rig Loh'n?
pp cresc.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
ff
Storm has u-surp'd thy roy-al throne. Pal-lid are
Stiess dich der Sturm-wind vom gold'-nen Thron? Blei-cher nun
ff
Ped. * Ped. *

dim.
all the love - ly ro - ses Sum - mer dis - clo -
wer - den Rös - leins Wan - gen, Lenz ist ver - gan -
p
pp
ses,
gen!
Sum - mer dis -
Lenz - ist ver -
clo - - - ses.
gan - - - gen!
Ped.
pp

Poco Andante
But need - y folk prize the spoil of storm:
Die Ar - men nur freut des Sturms Gesaus':
rit.
mf
p
Ped.
They gath - er them fag-gots to keep them warm; And Win - ter, al-beit he's
sie sam-meln sich Brennholz für's en - ge Haus; doch ist auch der Win-ter
cresc.
f
p
hard as steel, The wounds that he made him - self will heal! He
hart ge-nug, er hei - let die Wun - de, die selbst er schlug. Er
cresc.
f
Più vivo
p
spreads out his man - tle soft and white, On ev - 'ry place where the
hüllt in den Man - tel, weiss und weich, wohl je - de Wun - de in
pp
Ped.

cresc.
f
storm-winds smite.
What hard - ness so - ev - er Win - ter may bring At
sei - nem Reich.
Wie stren - ge der Win - ter dro - hen uns mag, einst
Led.
cresc.
rit.
last will ap - pear the wel - come Spring.
leuch - tet uns wie - der ein Früh - lings - tag.
f
p
rit.
Allegro molto vivace
p
cresc.
f
più f
Then ev - 'ry ti - ni-est seed doth know, "True life to at -
Das weiss jed' Keim - lein im Grund ver - steckt, was todt war, der -
ff
p
cresc.
tain, one thro' death must go." This knows each ti - ni-est
einst wird es auf - er - weckt. Das weiss jed' Säm - lein ver -
più f
ff
p
cresc.

f
bur - geon no doubt, That once heard the sun call "Come
weht vom Wind, der - einst ruft die Son - ne: Wach'
f
Ped.
p
out, come out!" What hard - ness so - ev - er old
auf ge - schwind! Wie hart der Win - ter auch
ff
p
Win - ter may bring, At last will ap -
dro - hen uns mag, Einst leuch - tet auf's
poco a
poco a
pear the wel - come Spring. O
New' ein Früh - lings - tag. O
poco cresc.
molto
f sostenuto
ff
poco cresc.
molto
f

Più mosso
joy, how sweet that sight will show, O
Lust, wenn einst ich kei - men seh', o
fffz
p
joy, how sweet that sight will show The
Lust, wenn einst ich kei - men seh' die
fz
p
first young flow'r in the last of snow!
er - ste Blu - me im letz - ten Schnee!
rit.
rit.
ff a tempo
Ped.
*

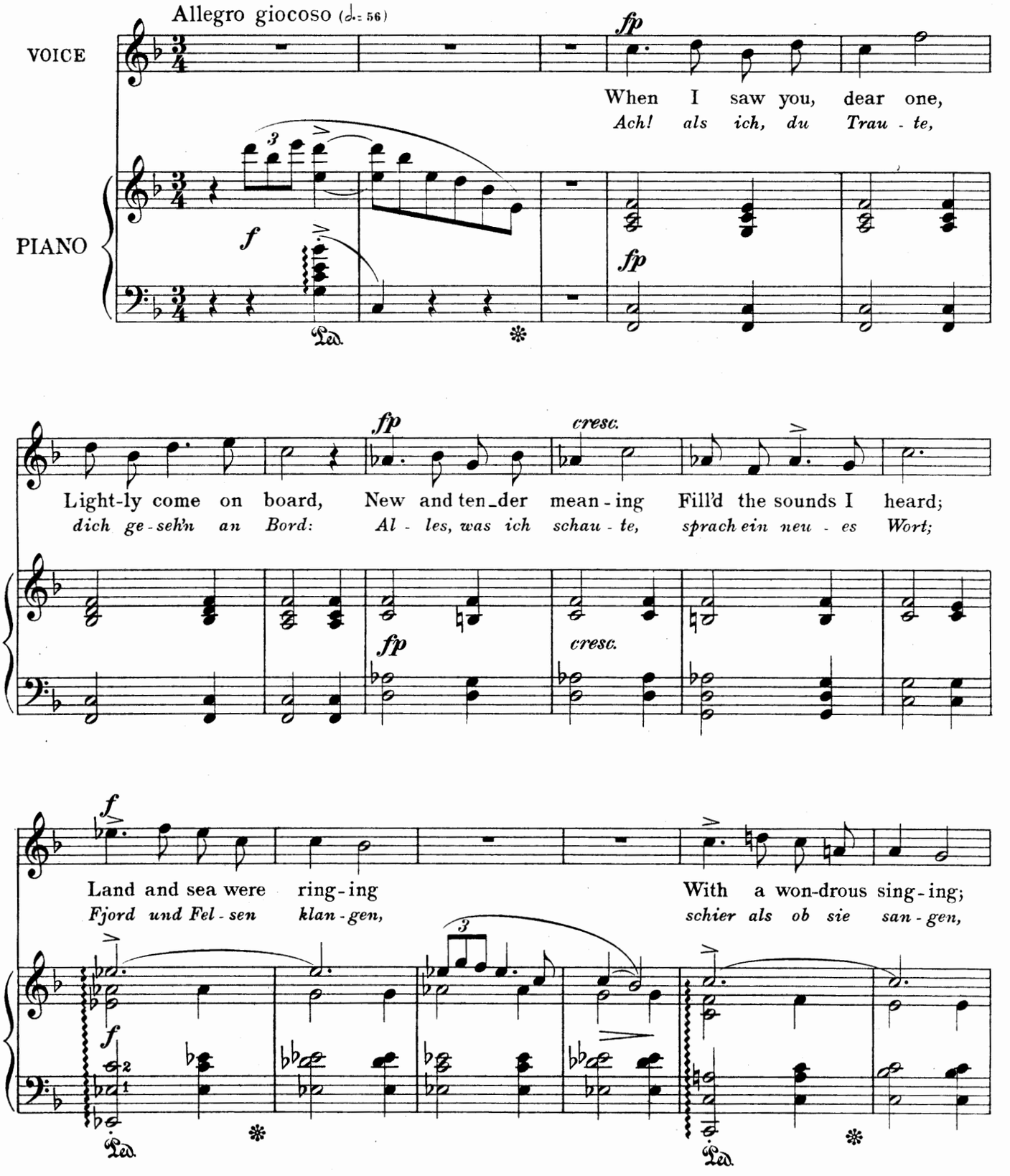
RAGNHILD

(Composed in 1866)

(*Original Key*)

HOLGER DRACHMANN (1846-)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney
German version by Wilhelm Henzen

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.44, № 3



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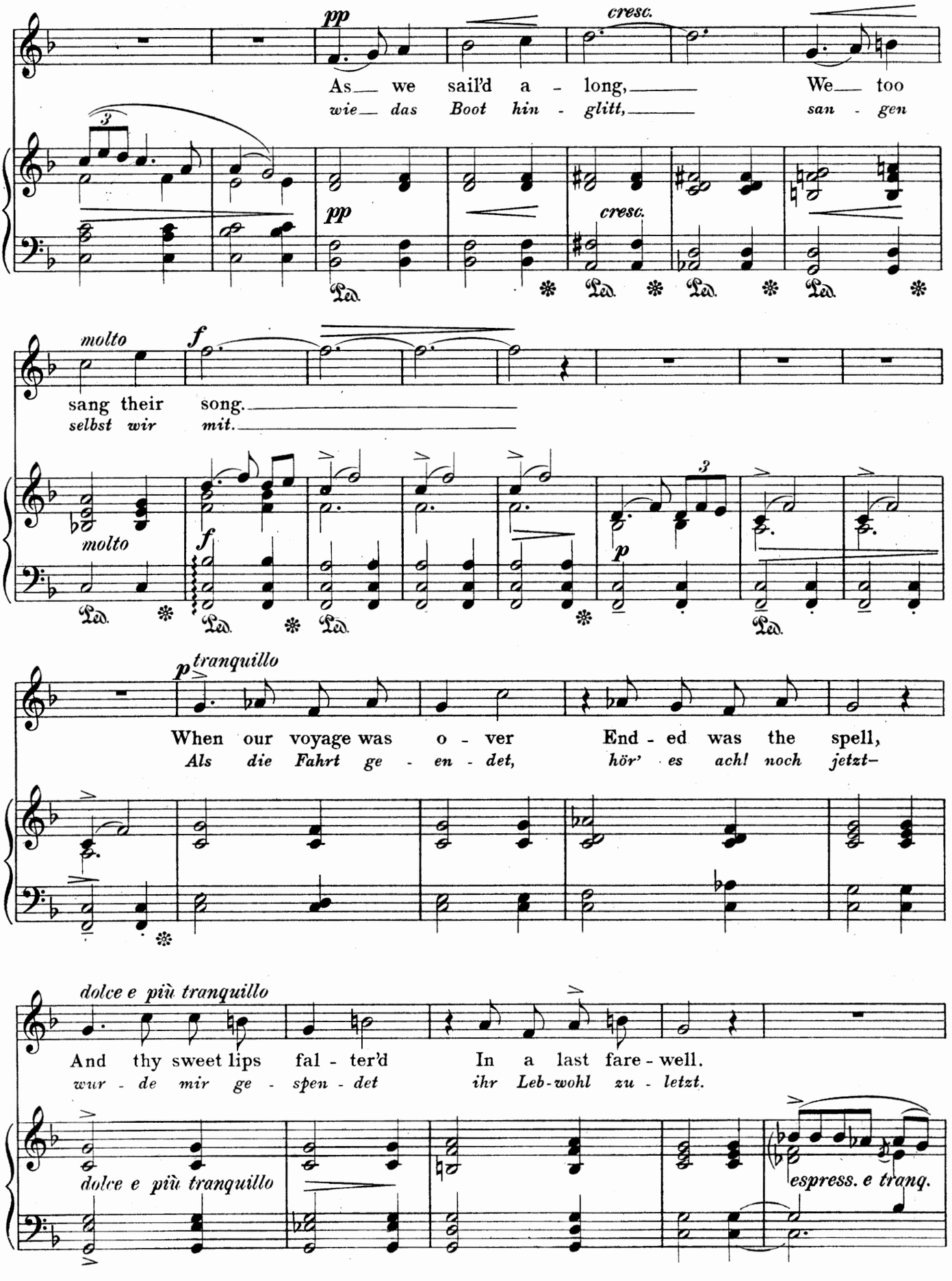
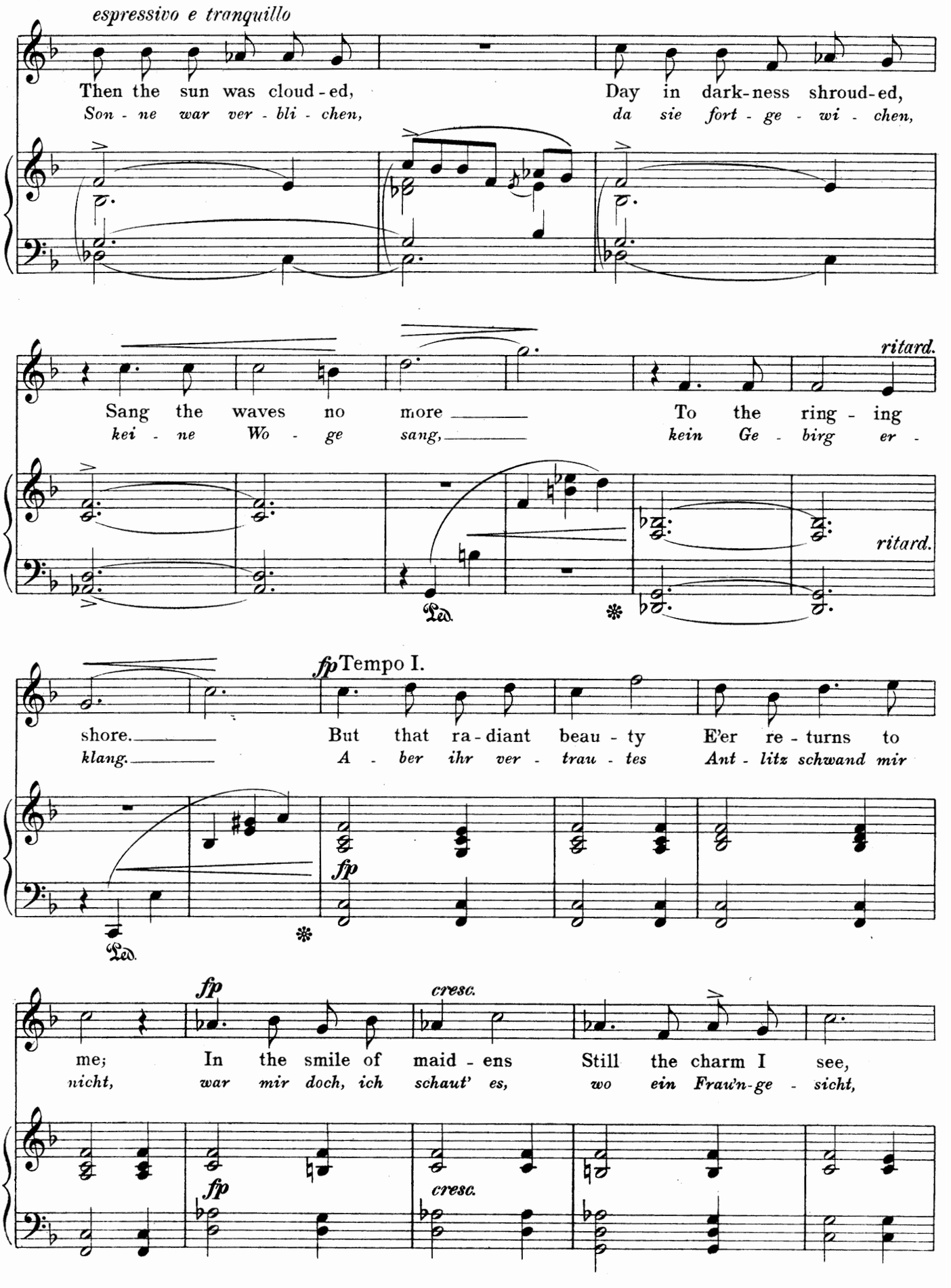
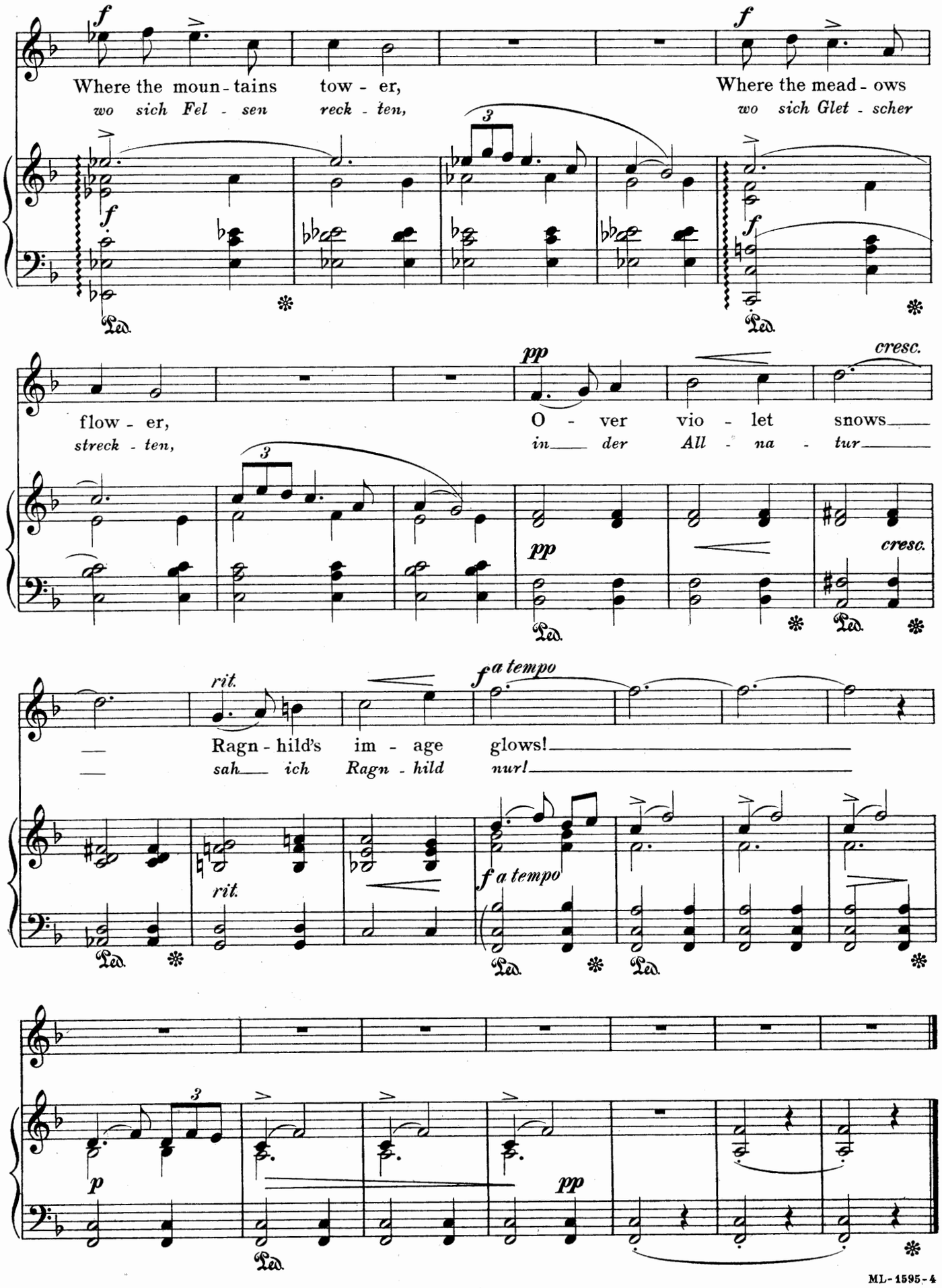
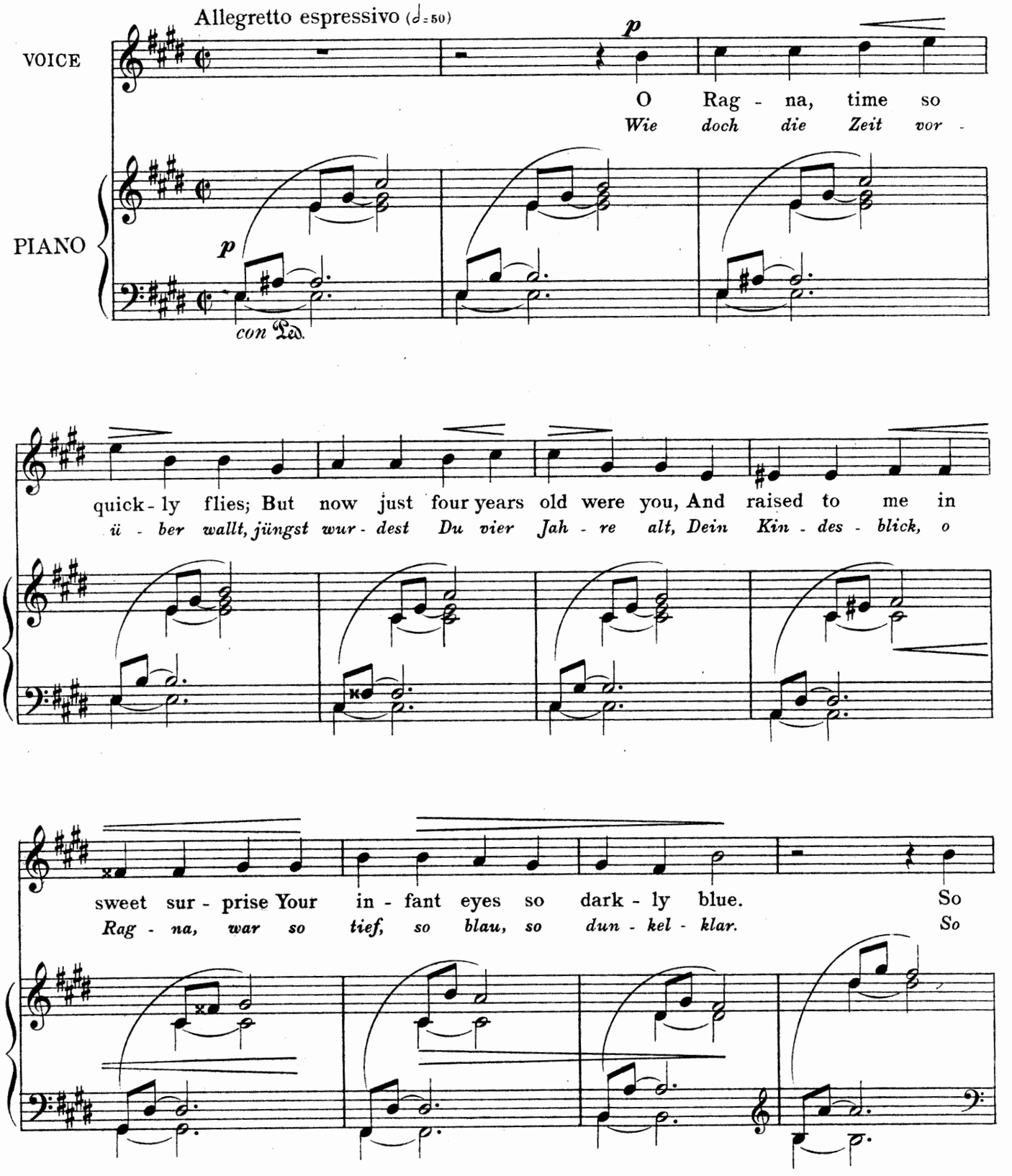

pp
cresc.
As we sail'd a - long, We too
wie das Boot hin - glitt, san - gen
molto
f
sang their song.
selbst wir mit.
p
tranquillo
When our voyage was o - ver End - ed was the spell,
Als die Fahrt ge - en - det, hör' es ach! noch jetzt–
dolce e più tranquillo
And thy sweet lips fal - ter'd In a last fare - well.
wur - de mir ge - spen - det ihr Leb-wohl zu - letzt.
espress. e tranq.

espressivo e tranquillo
Then the sun was cloud - ed, Day in dark-ness shroud-ed,
Son - ne war ver - bli - chen, da sie fort - ge - wi - chen,
ritard.
Sang the waves no more To the ring - ing
kei - ne Wo - ge sang, kein Ge - birg er -
ritard.
Led.
fp Tempo I.
shore. But that ra - diant beau - ty E'er re - turns to
klang. A - ber ihr ver - trau - tes Ant - litz schwand mir
fp
Led.
fp cresc.
me; In the smile of maid - ens Still the charm I see,
nicht, war mir doch, ich schaut' es, wo ein Frau'n-ge - sicht,
fp cresc.

Where the moun - tains tow - er,
wo sich Fel - sen reck - ten,
Where the mead - ows
wo sich Glet - scher
flow - er,
streck - ten,
O - ver vio - let snows
in der All - na - tur
Ragn - hild's im - age glows!
sah ich Ragn - hild nur!
rit.
a tempo
cresc.
Ped.

RAGNA

(Composed in 1866)

(*Original Key*)

HOLGER DRACHMANN (1846-)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney
German version by Wilhelm Henzen

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.44, № 5

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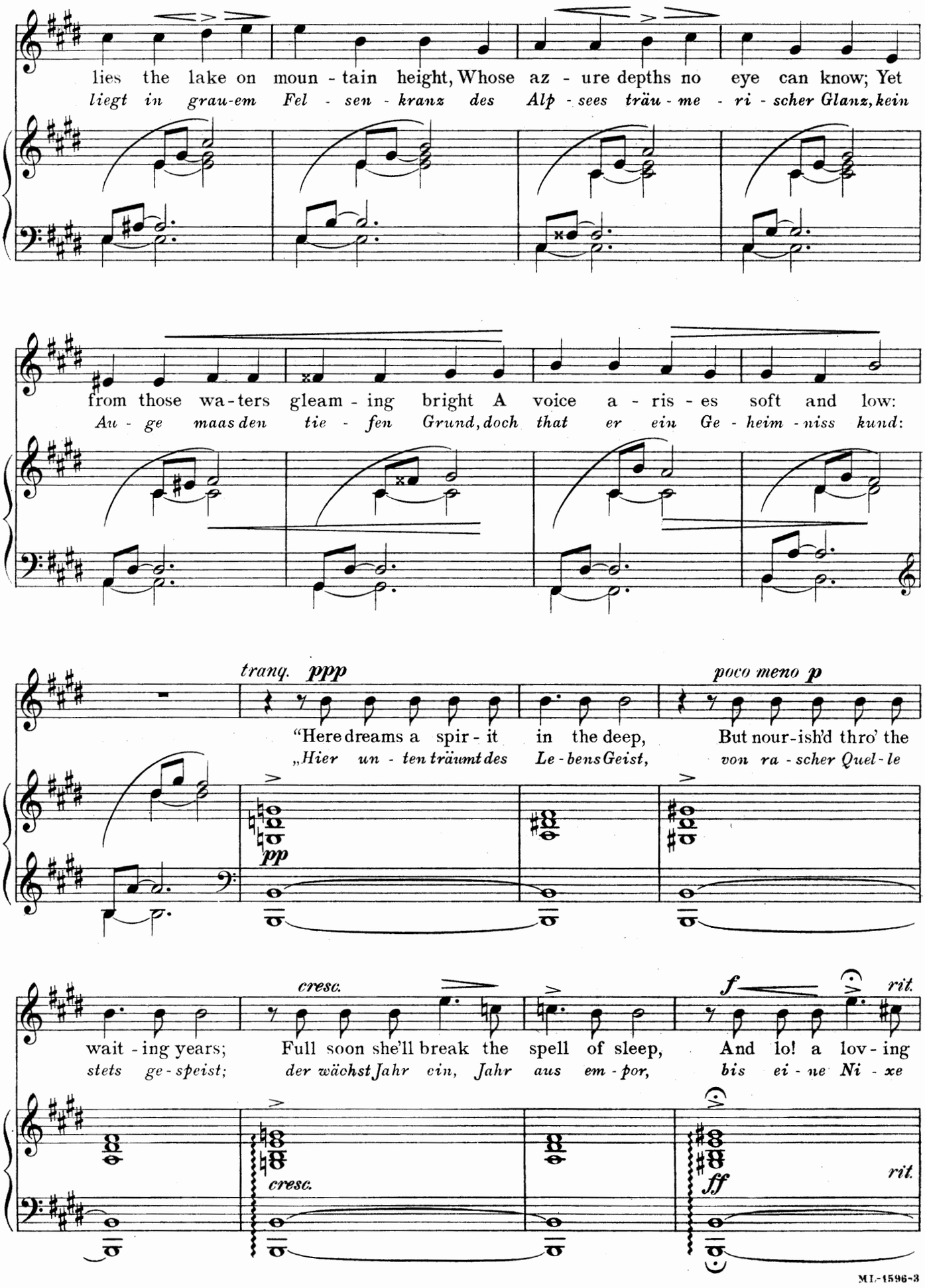
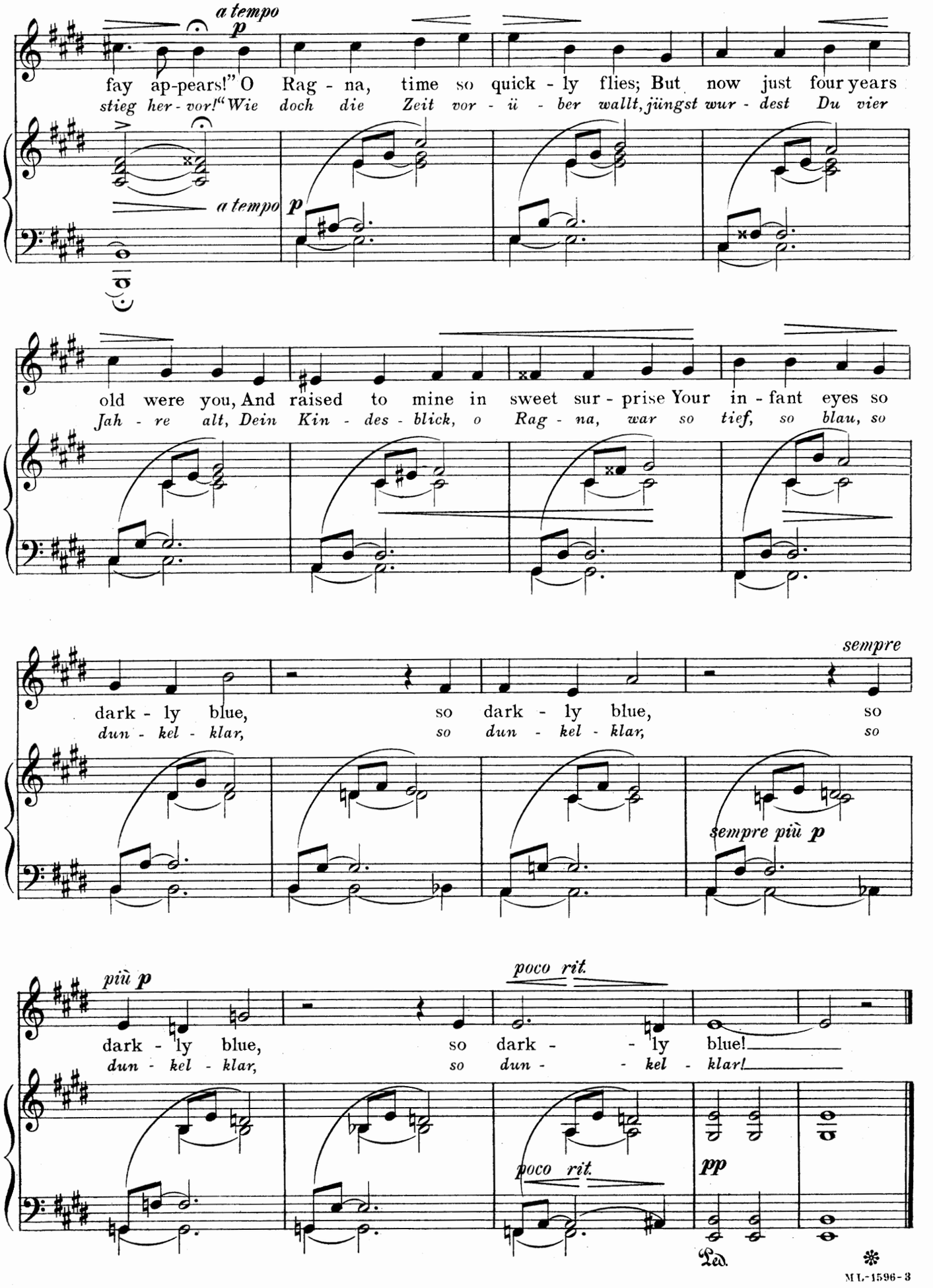

lies the lake on moun - tain height, Whose az - ure depths no eye can know; Yet
liegt in grau-em Fel - sen - kranz des Alp - sees träu - me - ri - scher Glanz, kein
from those wa-ters gleam - ing bright A voice a - ris - es soft and low:
Au - ge maas den tie - fen Grund, doch that er ein Ge - heim - niss kund:
tranq. ppp
poco meno p
"Here dreams a spir - it in the deep, But nour-ish'd thro' the
„Hier un - ten träumt des Le - bens Geist, von ra - scher Quel - le
pp
cresc.
f
rit.
wait - ing years; Full soon she'll break the spell of sleep, And lo! a lov - ing
stets ge - speist; der wächst Jahr ein, Jahr aus em - por, bis ei - ne Ni - xe
cresc.
ff
rit.

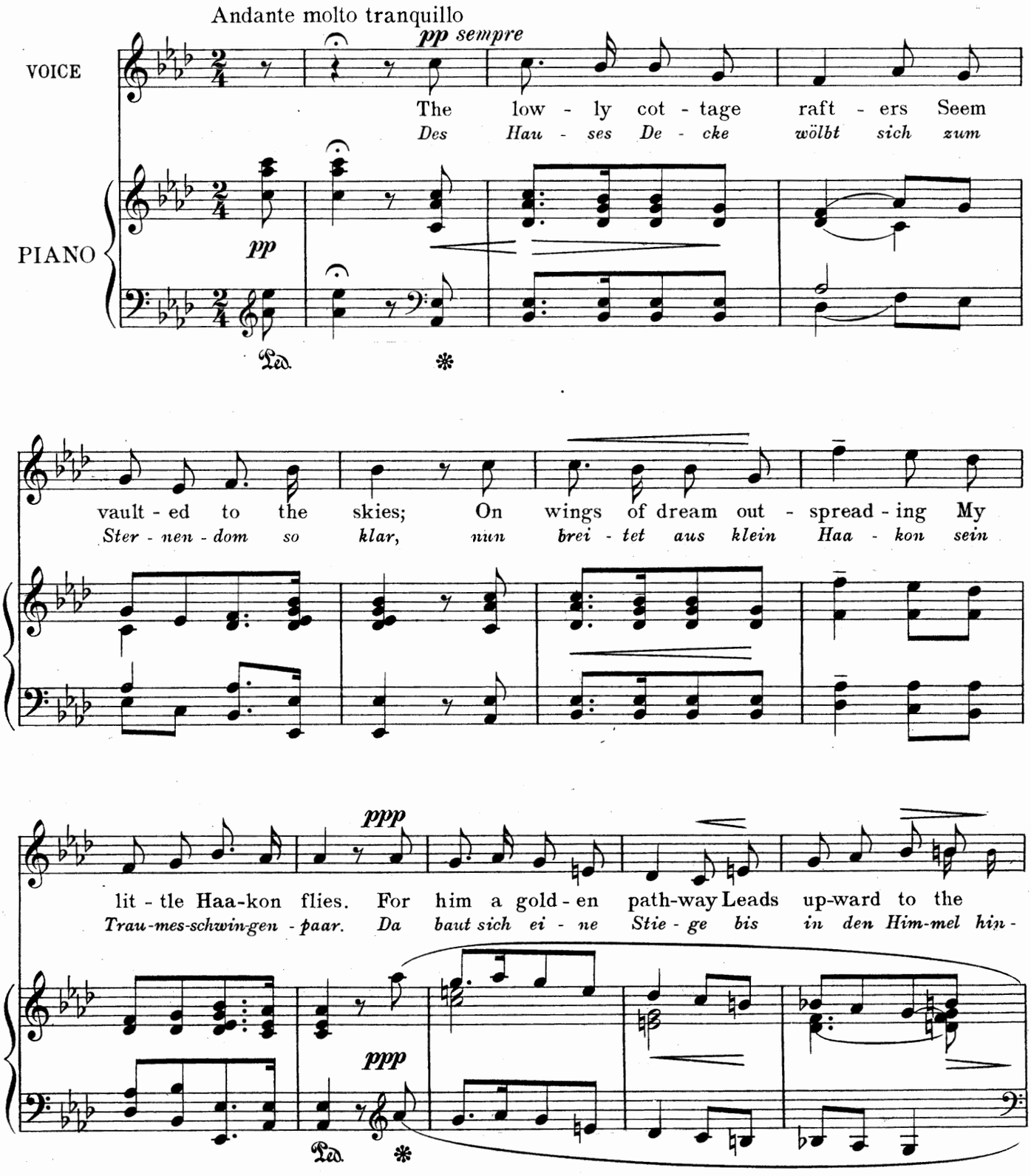
78894

a tempo
p
fay ap-pears!" O Rag - na, time so quick - ly flies; But now just four years
stieg her - vor!" Wie doch die Zeit vor - ü - ber wallt, jüngst wur - dest Du vier
a tempo p
old were you, And raised to mine in sweet sur - prise Your in - fant eyes so
Jah - re alt, Dein Kin - des - blick, o Rag - na, war so tief, so blau, so
sempre
dark - ly blue, so dark - ly blue, so
dun - kel - klar, so dun - kel - klar, so
sempre più p
più p
poco rit.
dark - ly blue, so dark - ly blue!
dun - kel - klar, so dun - kel - klar!
poco rit.
pp
Ped.
*

MARGARET'S CRADLE SONG
(MARGARETHENS WIEGENLIED)

(Composed in 1868)

(Original Key)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)
English version by Arthur Westbrook
German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 15, №1

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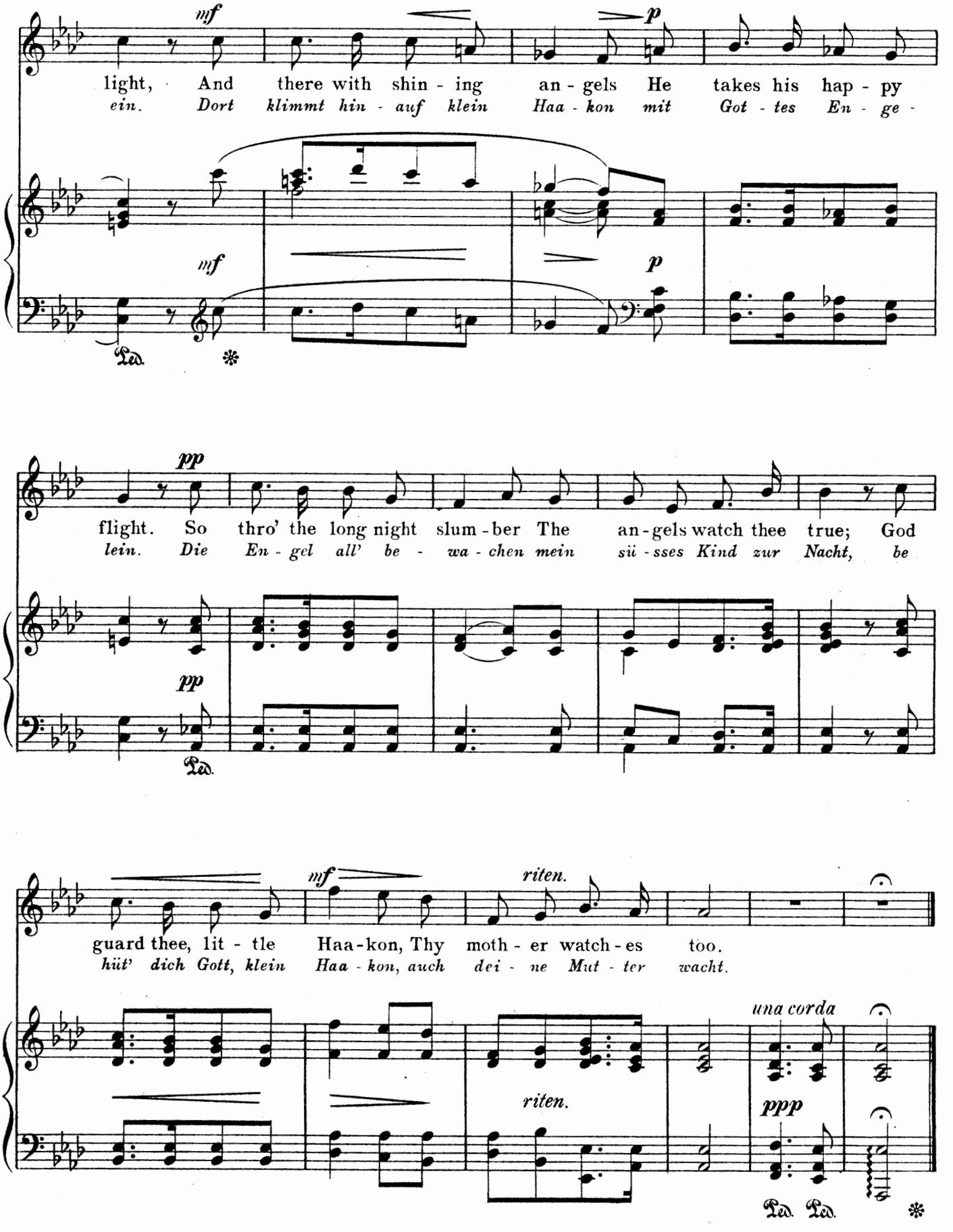
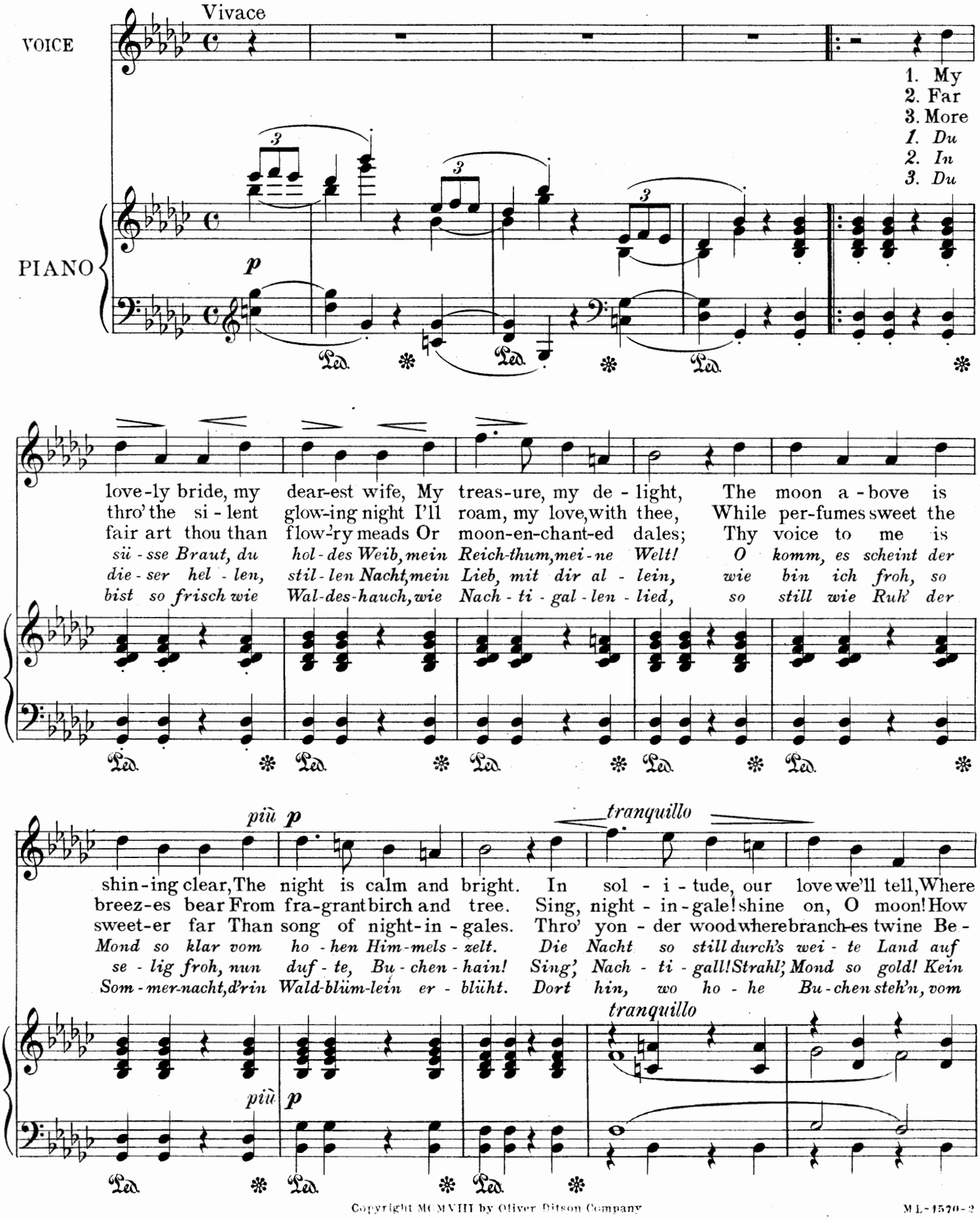

mf
p
light, And there with shin - ing an - gels He takes his hap - py
ein. Dort klimmt hin - auf klein Haa - kon mit Got - tes En - ge -
mf
p
Ped.
pp
flight. So thro' the long night slum - ber The an - gels watch thee true; God
lein. Die En - gel all' be - wa - chen mein sii - sses Kind zur Nacht, be
pp
Ped.
mf
riten.
guard thee, lit - tle Haa - kon, Thy moth - er watch - es too.
hüt' dich Gott, klein Haa - kon, auch dei - ne Mut - ter wacht.
una corda
riten.
ppp
Ped. Ped.

WOODLAND WANDERING
(WALDWANDERUNG)

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (1805-1875)
English version by Arthur Westbrook
German version by F. von Holstein

(Composed in 1869)
(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 18, No 1

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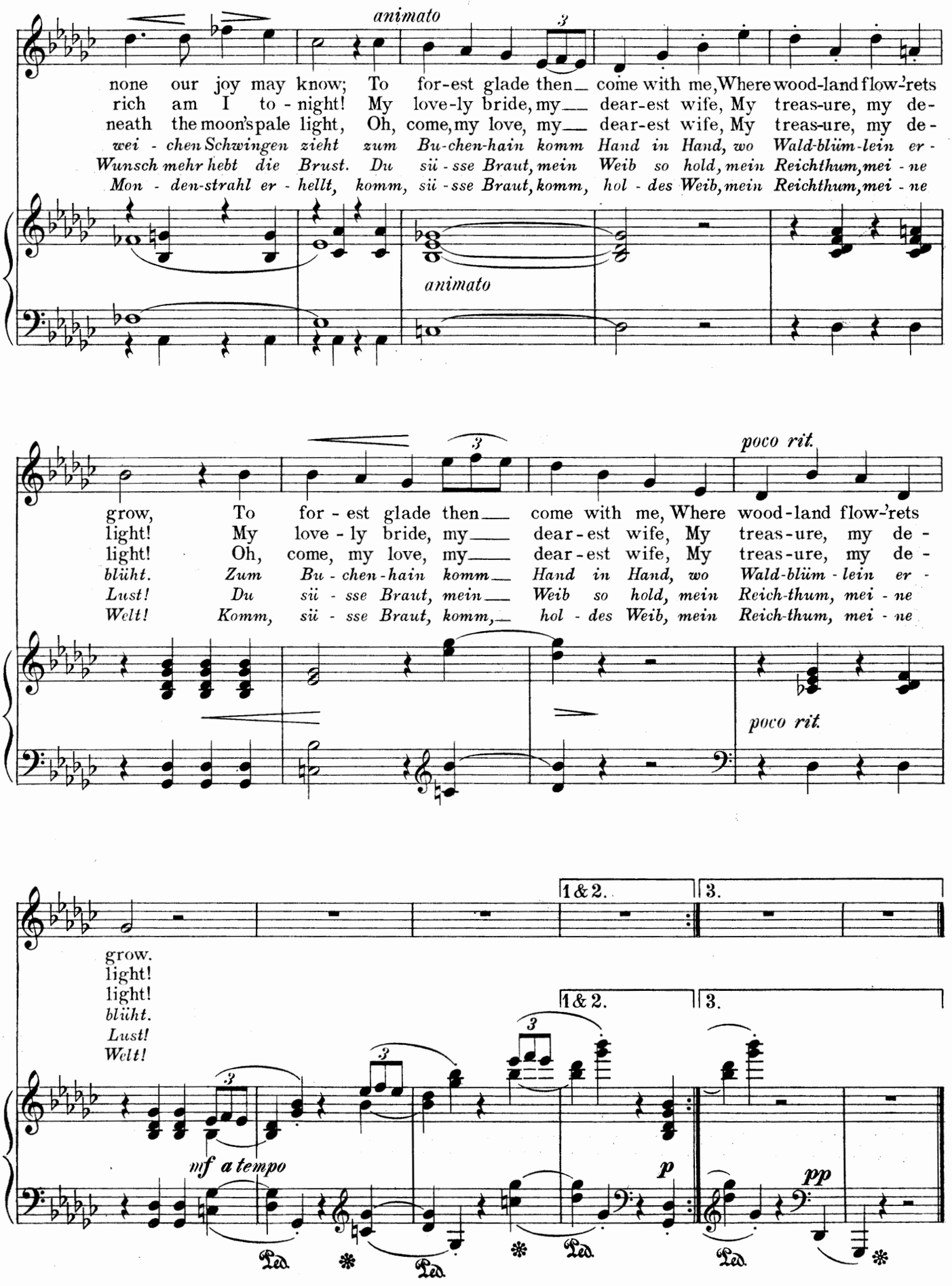
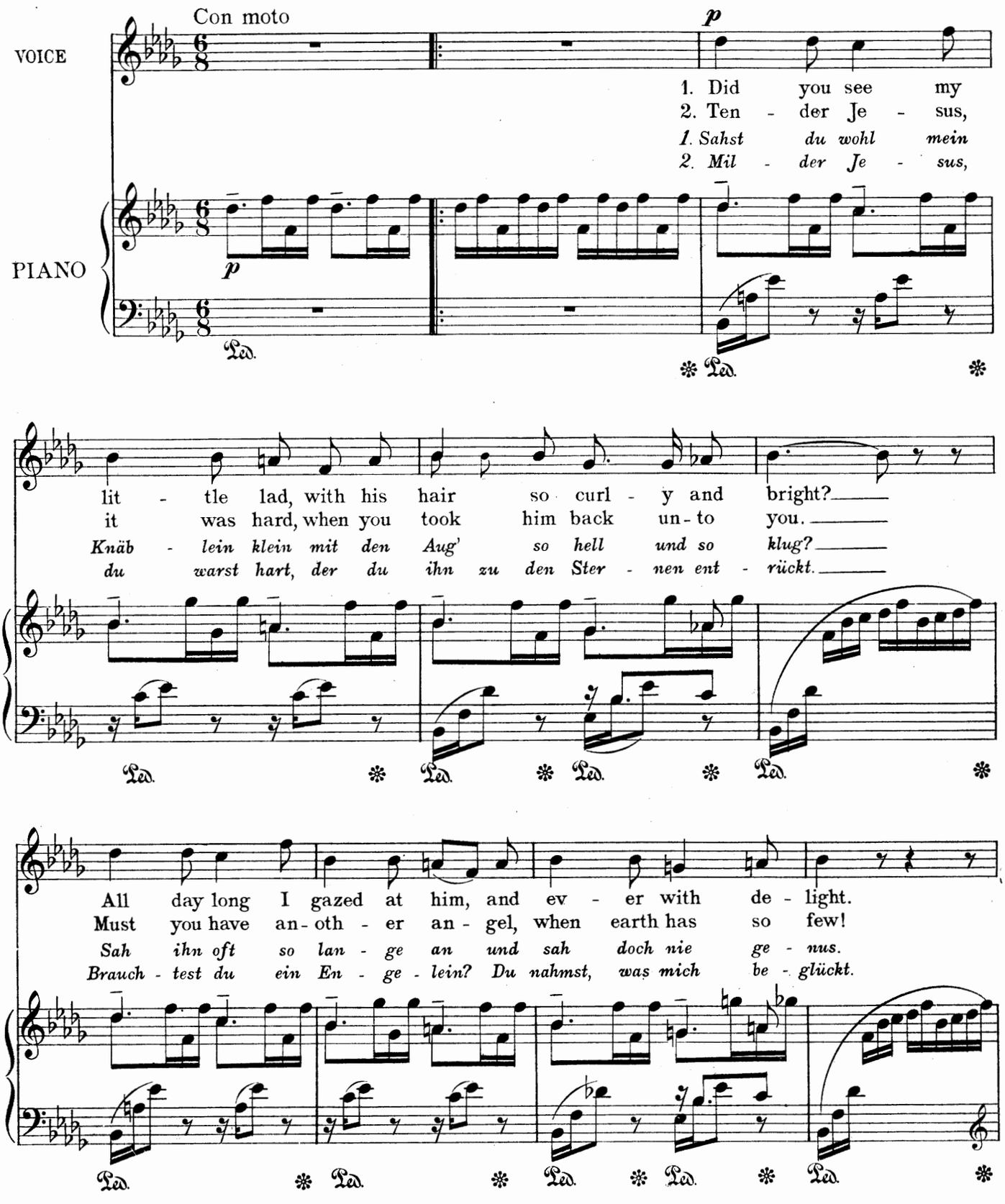

animato
none our joy may know; To for-est glade then come with me, Where wood-land flow'rets
rich am I to-night! My love-ly bride, my dear-est wife, My treas-ure, my de-
neath the moon's pale light, Oh, come, my love, my dear-est wife, My treas-ure, my de-
wei-chen Schwingen zieht zum Bu-chen-hain komm Hand in Hand, wo Wald-blüm-lein er-
Wunsch mehr hebt die Brust. Du sü-sse Braut, mein Weib so hold, mein Reichthum, mei-ne
Mon-den-strahl er-hellt, komm, sü-sse Braut, komm, hol-des Weib, mein Reichthum, mei-ne
animato
grow, To for-est glade then come with me, Where wood-land flow'rets
light! My love-ly bride, my dear-est wife, My treas-ure, my de-
light! Oh, come, my love, my dear-est wife, My treas-ure, my de-
blüht. Zum Bu-chen-hain komm Hand in Hand, wo Wald-blüm-lein er-
Lust! Du sü-sse Braut, mein Weib so hold, mein Reich-thum, mei-ne
Welt! Komm, sü-sse Braut, komm, hol-des Weib, mein Reich-thum, mei-ne
poco rit.
poco rit.
1 & 2.
3.
grow.
light!
light!
blüht.
Lust!
Welt!
1 & 2.
3.
mf a tempo
p
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

MOTHER SORROW
(MUTTERSCHMERZ)

(Composed in 1870)

(Original Key)

C. RICHARDT (1831-1892)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 15, No4

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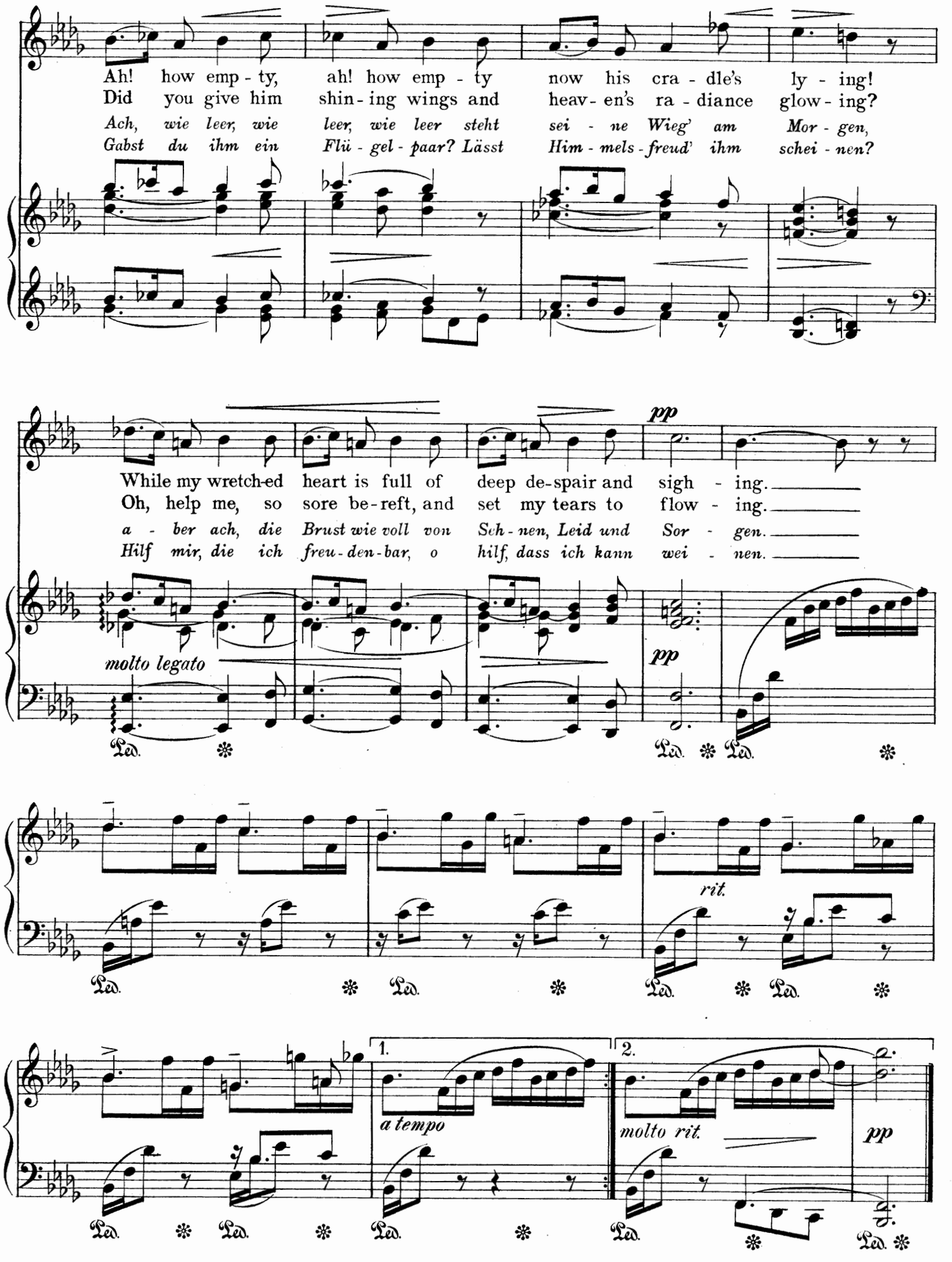
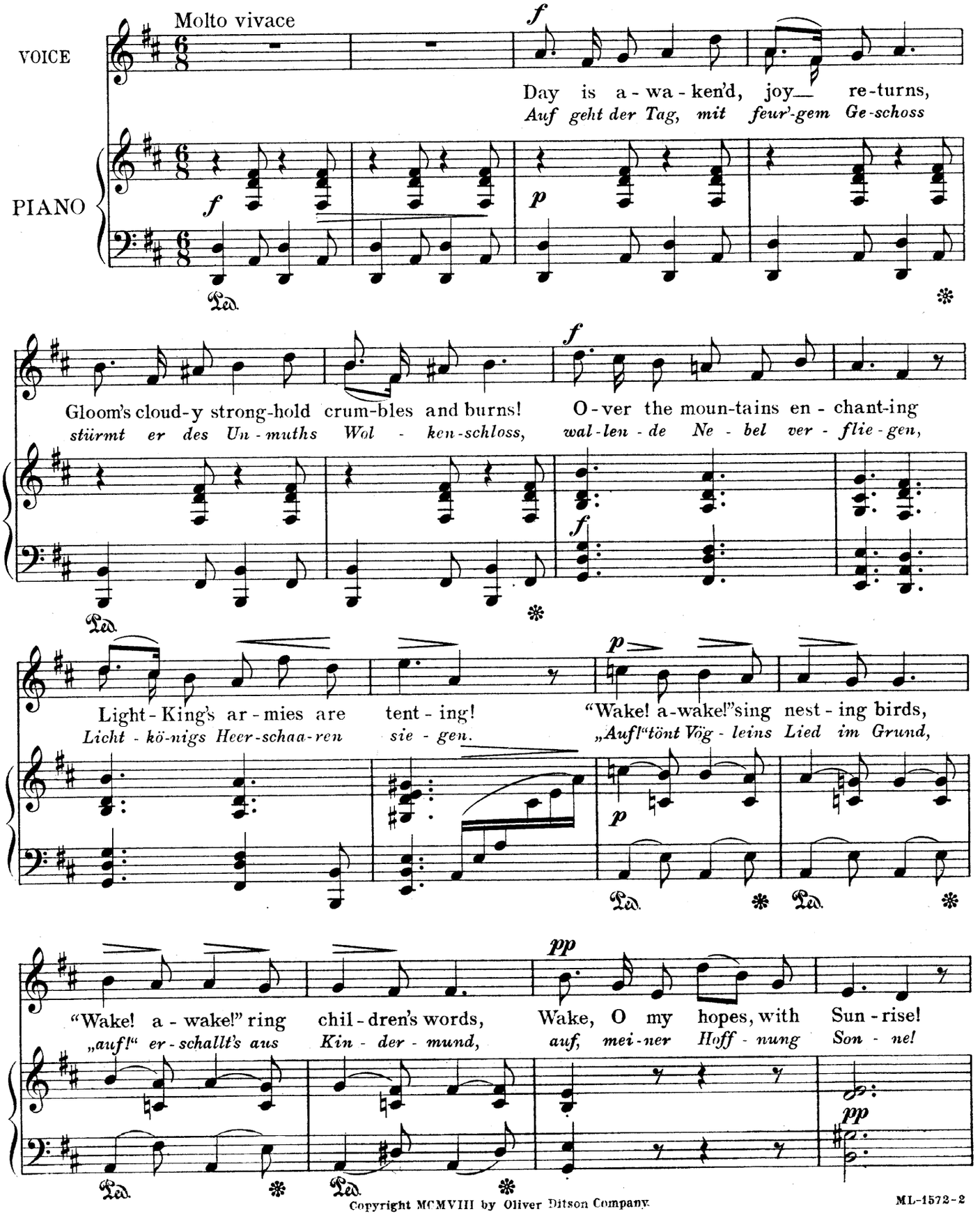

Ah! how emp - ty, ah! how emp - ty now his cra - dle's ly - ing!
Did you give him shin - ing wings and heav - en's ra - diance glow - ing?
Ach, wie leer, wie leer, wie leer steht sei - ne Wieg' am Mor - gen,
Gabst du ihm ein Flü - gel - paar? Lässt Him - mels - freud' ihm schei - nen?
While my wretch-ed heart is full of deep de-spair and sigh - ing.
Oh, help me, so sore be-reft, and set my tears to flow - ing.
a - ber ach, die Brust wie voll von Seh - nen, Leid und Sor - gen.
Hilf mir, die ich freu - den - bar, o hilf, dass ich kann wei - nen.
pp
molto legato
pp
rit.
1.
2.
a tempo
molto rit.
pp
Ped.

GOOD MORNING!
(GUTEN MORGEN!)

(Composed in 1870)

(Original Key)

BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSON (1832-)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 21, No 2

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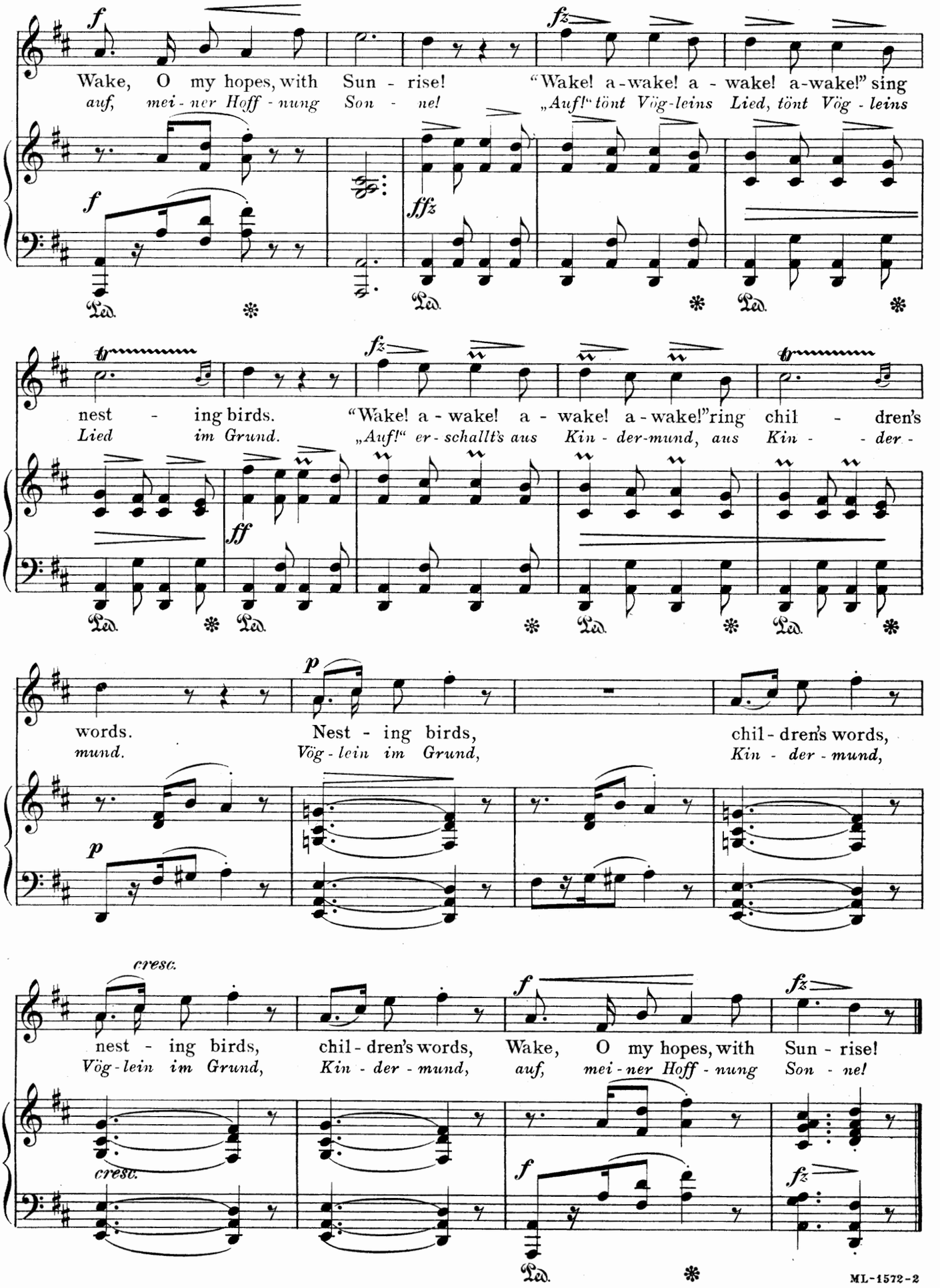
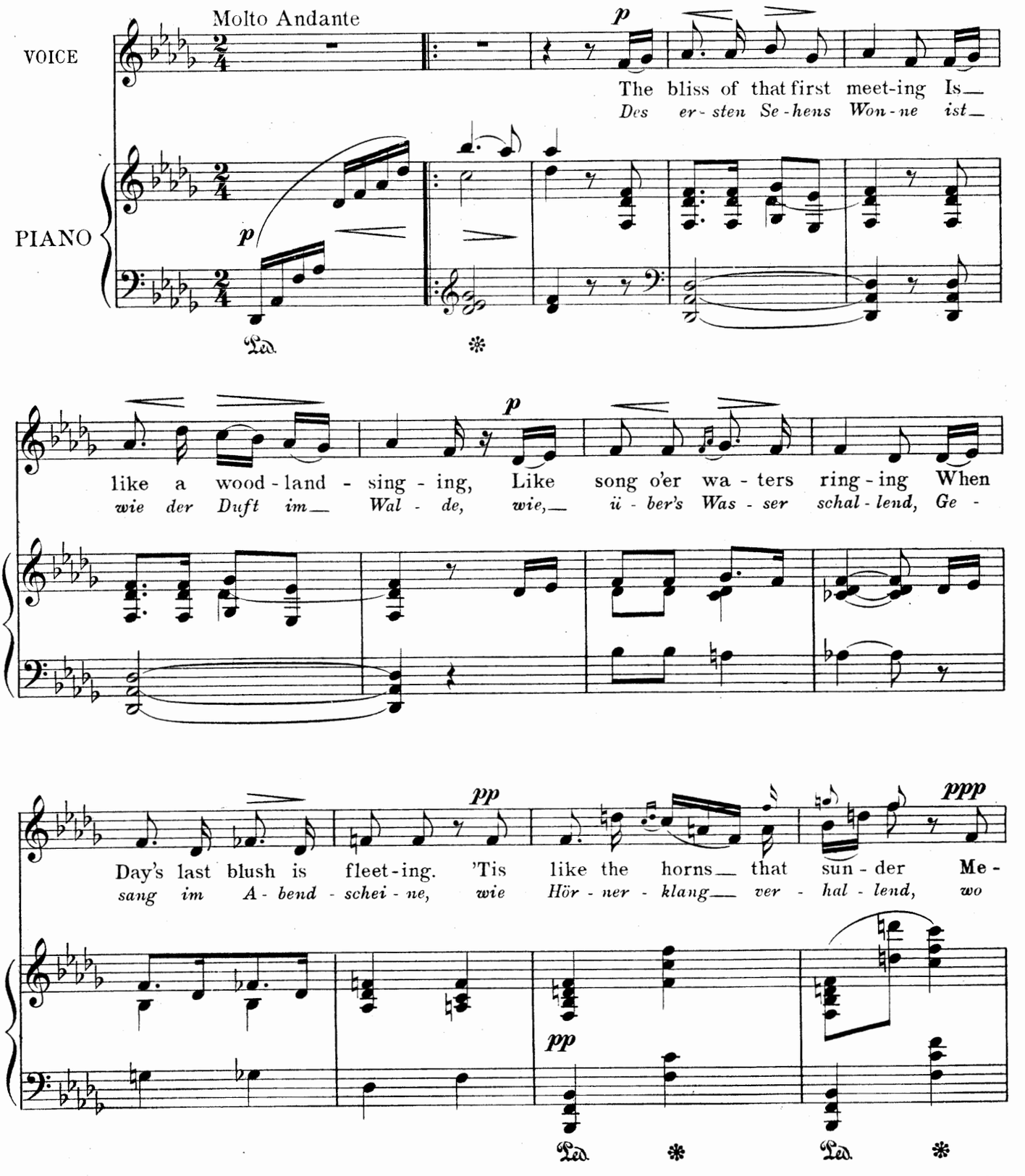

Wake, O my hopes, with Sun - rise! "Wake! a-wake! a - wake! a-wake!" sing
auf, mei - ner Hoff - nung Son - ne! „Auf!" tönt Vög-leins Lied, tönt Vög - leins
nest - ing birds. "Wake! a - wake! a - wake! a - wake!" ring chil - dren's
Lied im Grund. „Auf!" er - schallt's aus Kin - der-mund, aus Kin - der -
words. Nest - ing birds, chil - dren's words,
mund. Vög - lein im Grund, Kin - der - mund,
nest - ing birds, chil - dren's words, Wake, O my hopes, with Sun - rise!
Vög - lein im Grund, Kin - der - mund, auf, mei - ner Hoff - nung Son - ne!

FIRST MEETING
(ERSTES BEGEGNEN)

(Composed in 1870)

(Original Key)

BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSON (1832-)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 21, No. 1

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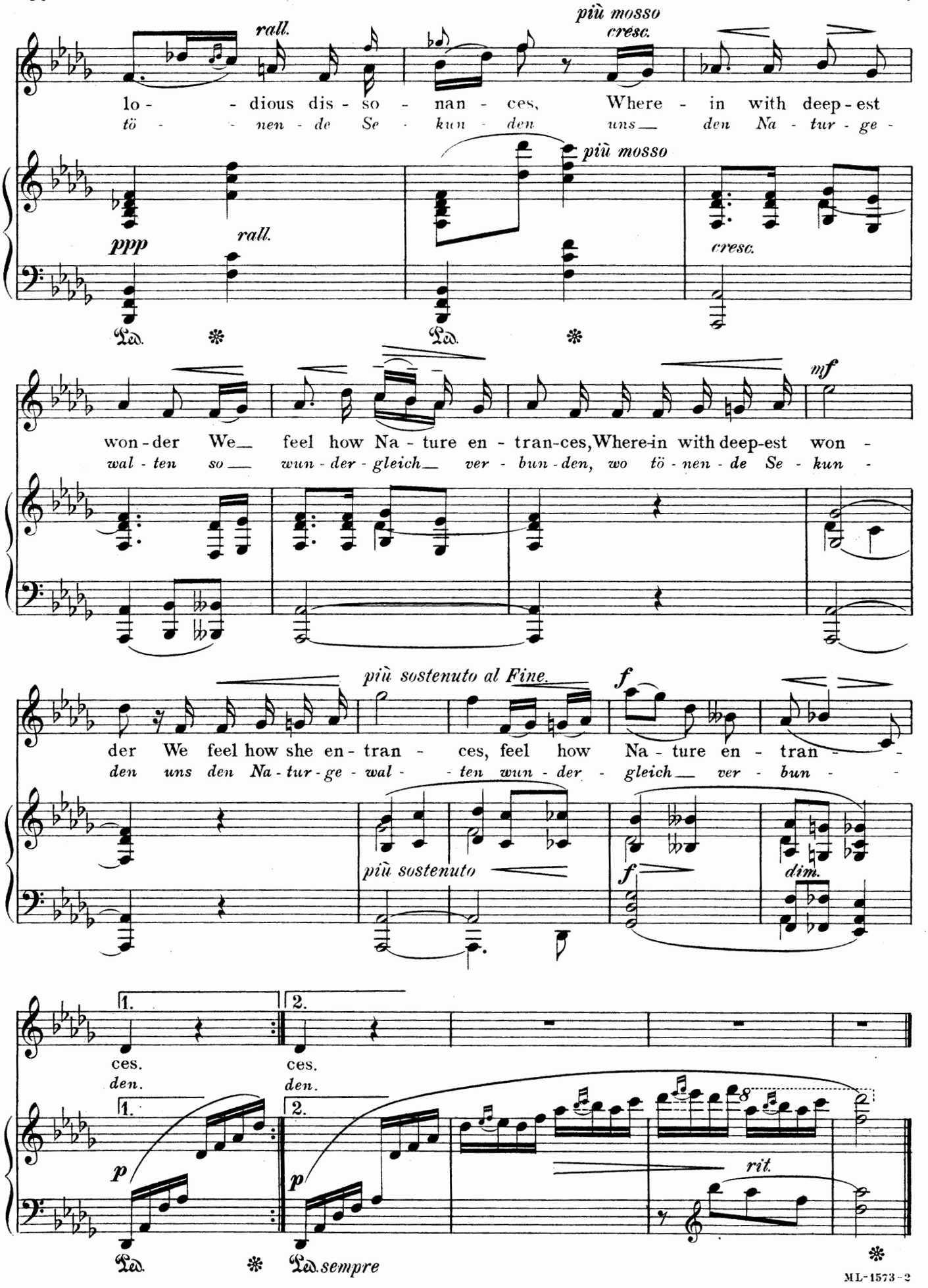

rall.
più mosso
cresc.
lo - - dious dis - so - nan - ces, Where - in with deep - est
tö - - nen - de Se - kun - den uns den Na - tur - ge -
ppp
rall.
più mosso
cresc.
mf
won - der We feel how Na - ture en - tran-ces, Where-in with deep-est won -
wal - ten so wun - der - gleich ver - bun - den, wo tö - nen - de Se - kun -
più sostenuto al Fine.
f
der We feel how she en - tran - ces, feel how Na - ture en - tran -
den uns den Na - tur - ge - wal - ten wun - der - gleich ver - bun -
più sostenuto
f
dim.
1.
2.
ces.
den.
ces.
den.
p
p
rit.
Ped.
Ped. sempre

FROM MONTE PINCIO

(VOM MONTE PINCIO)

NOCTURNE

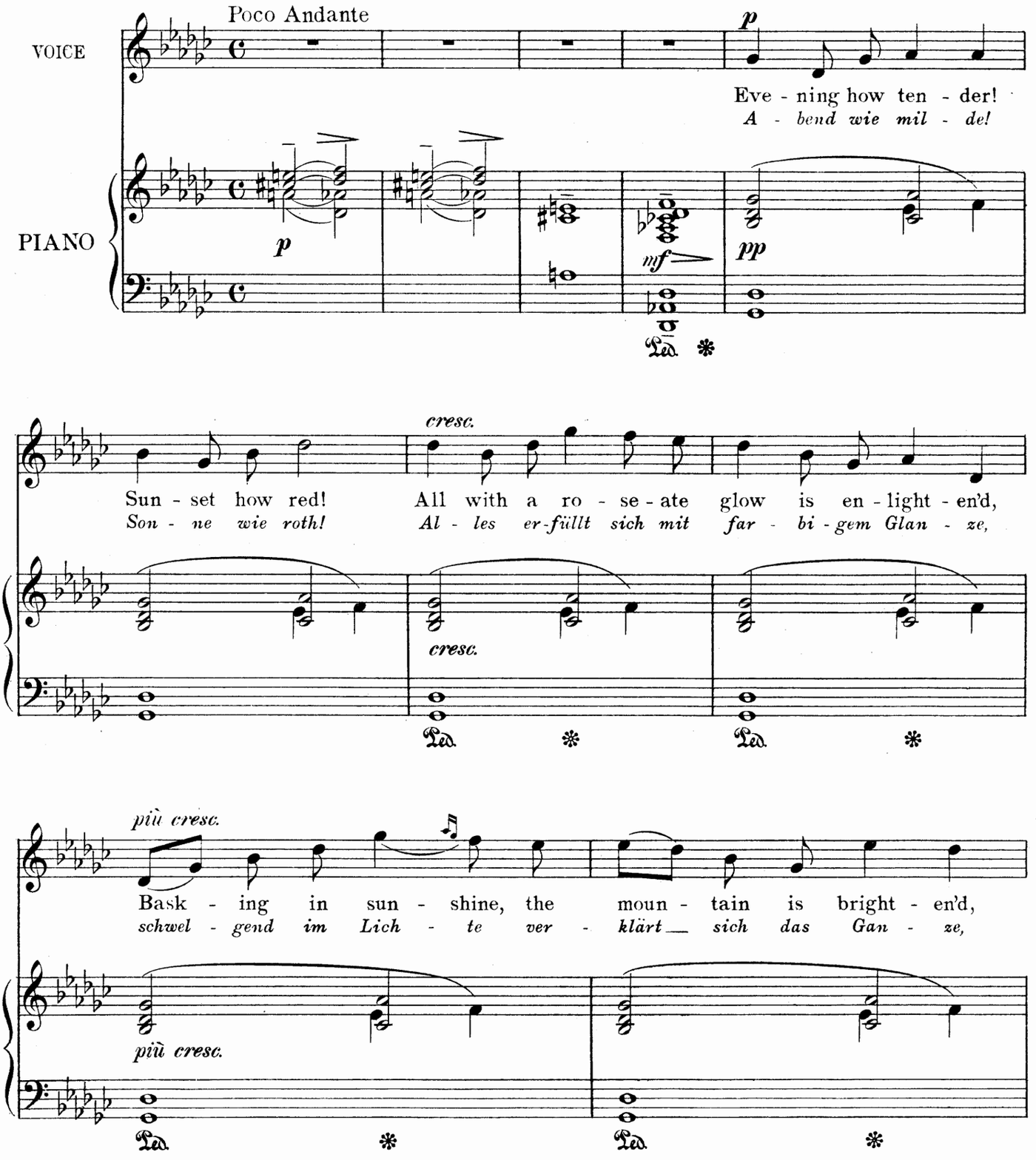
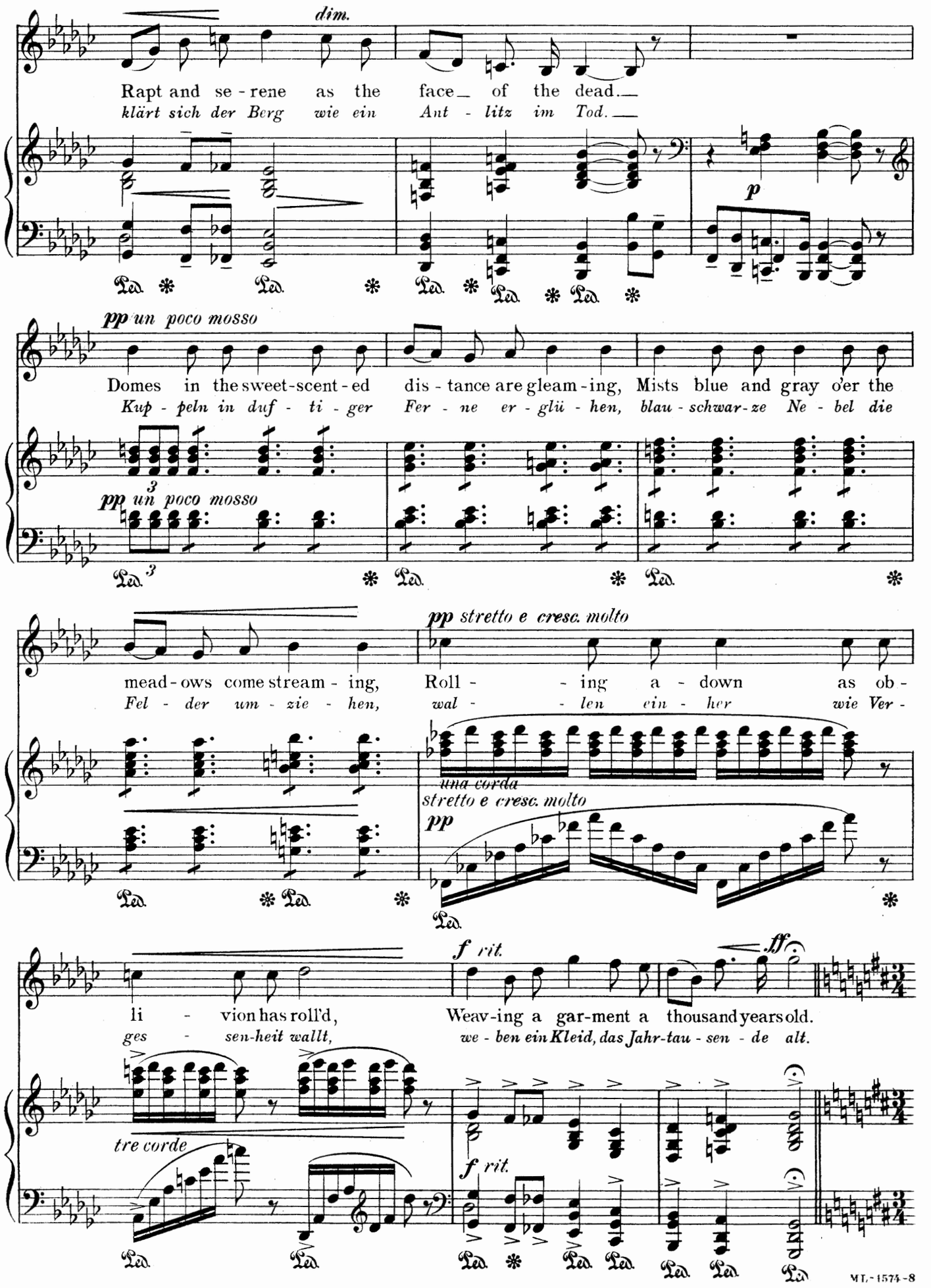
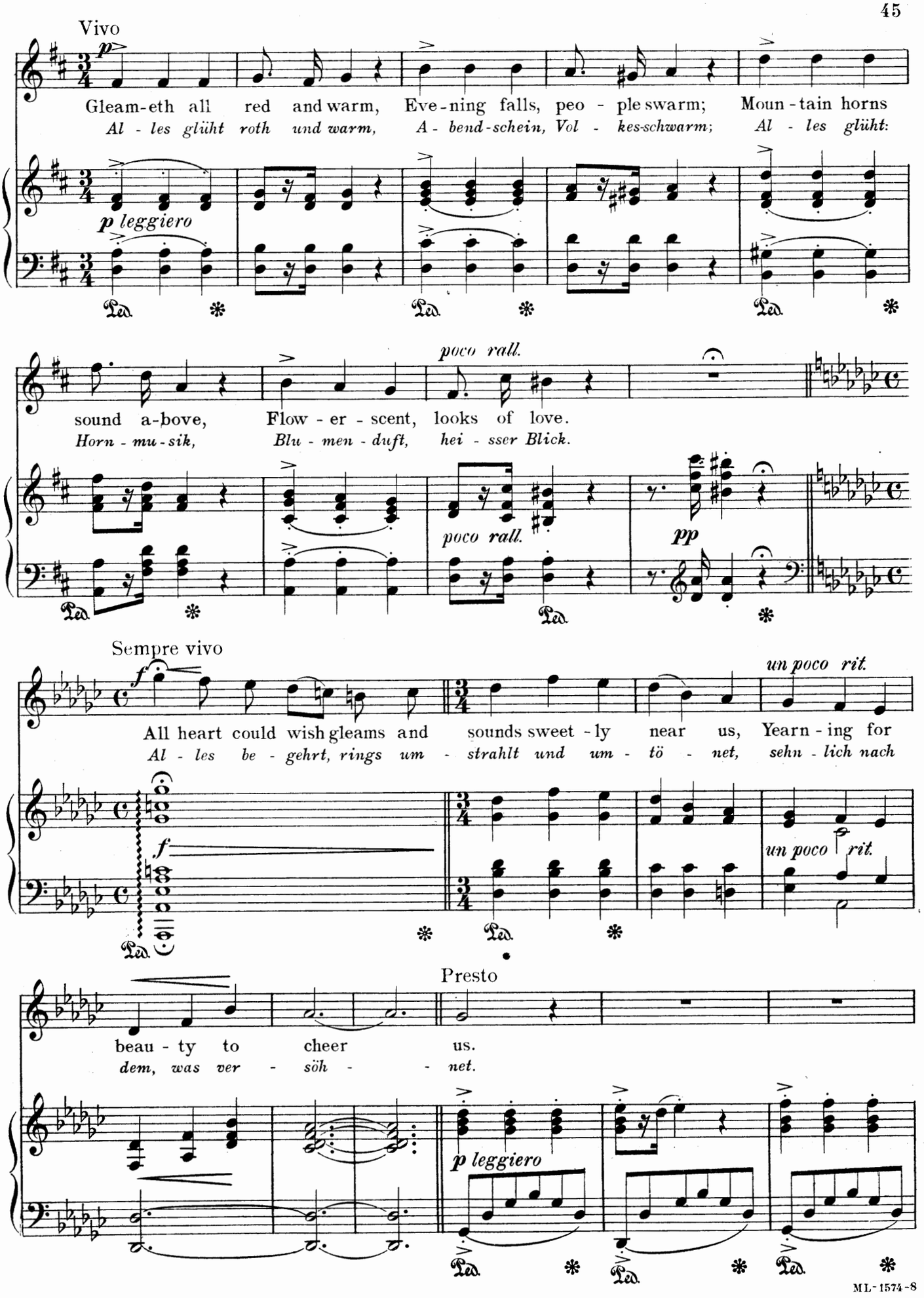
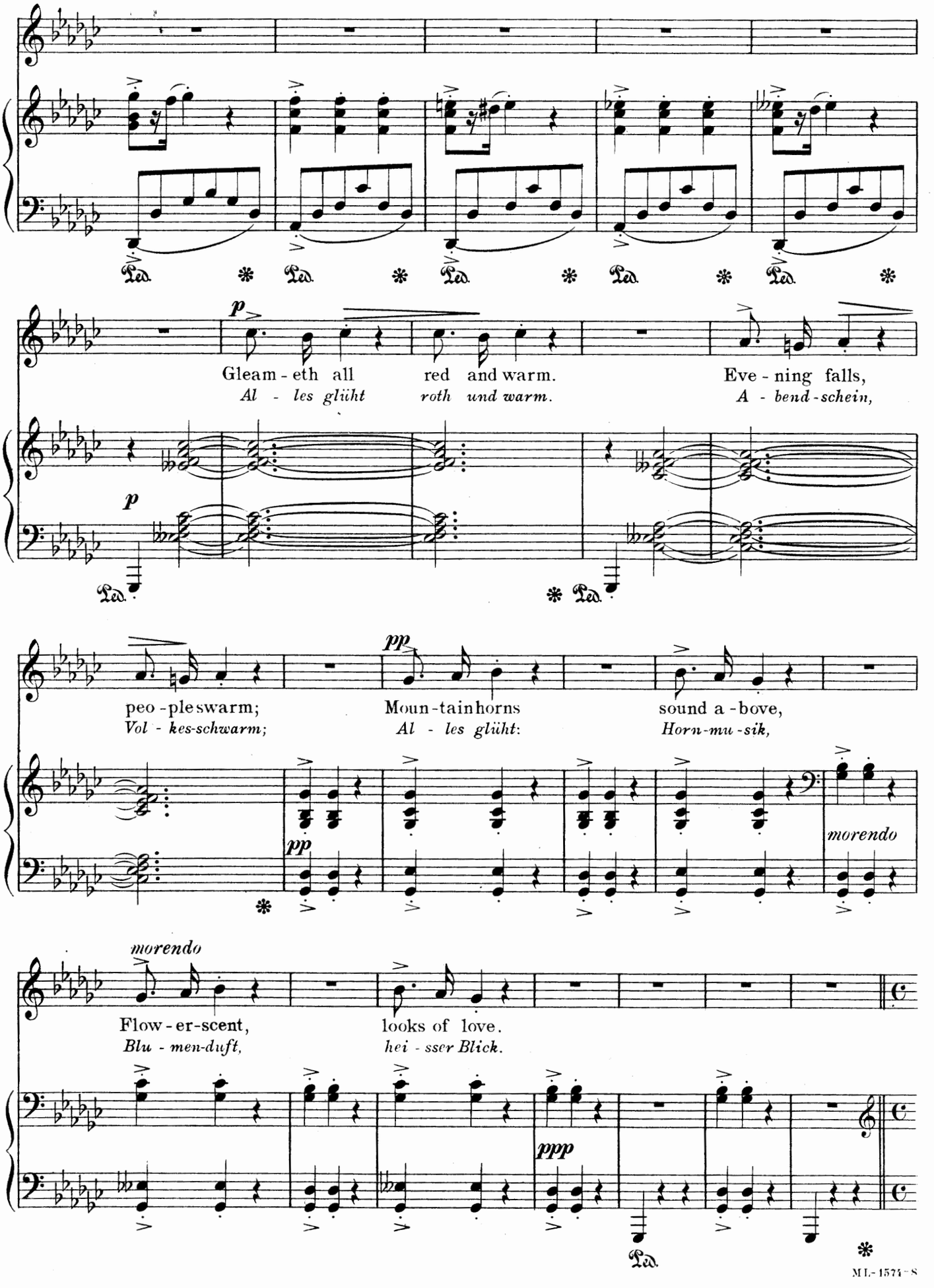
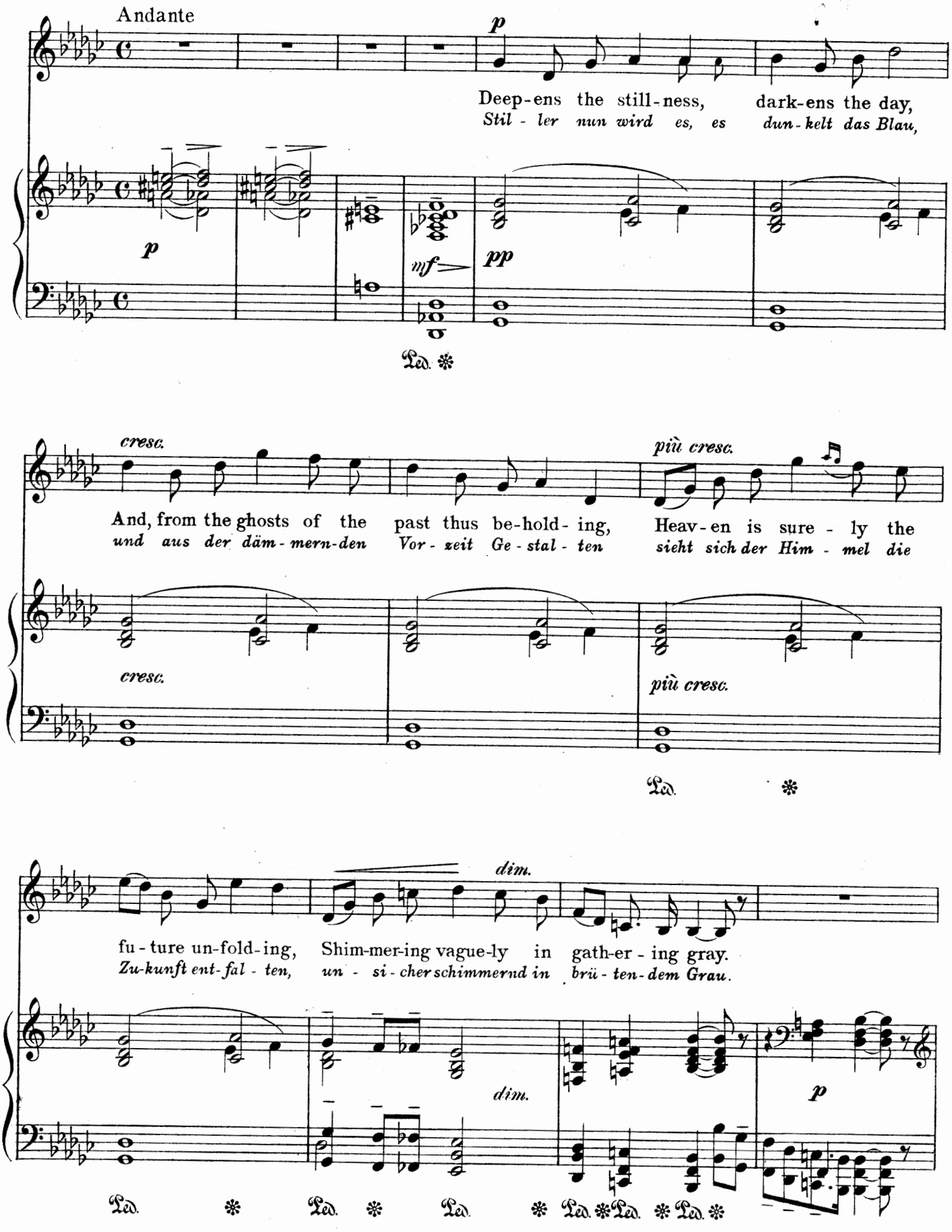
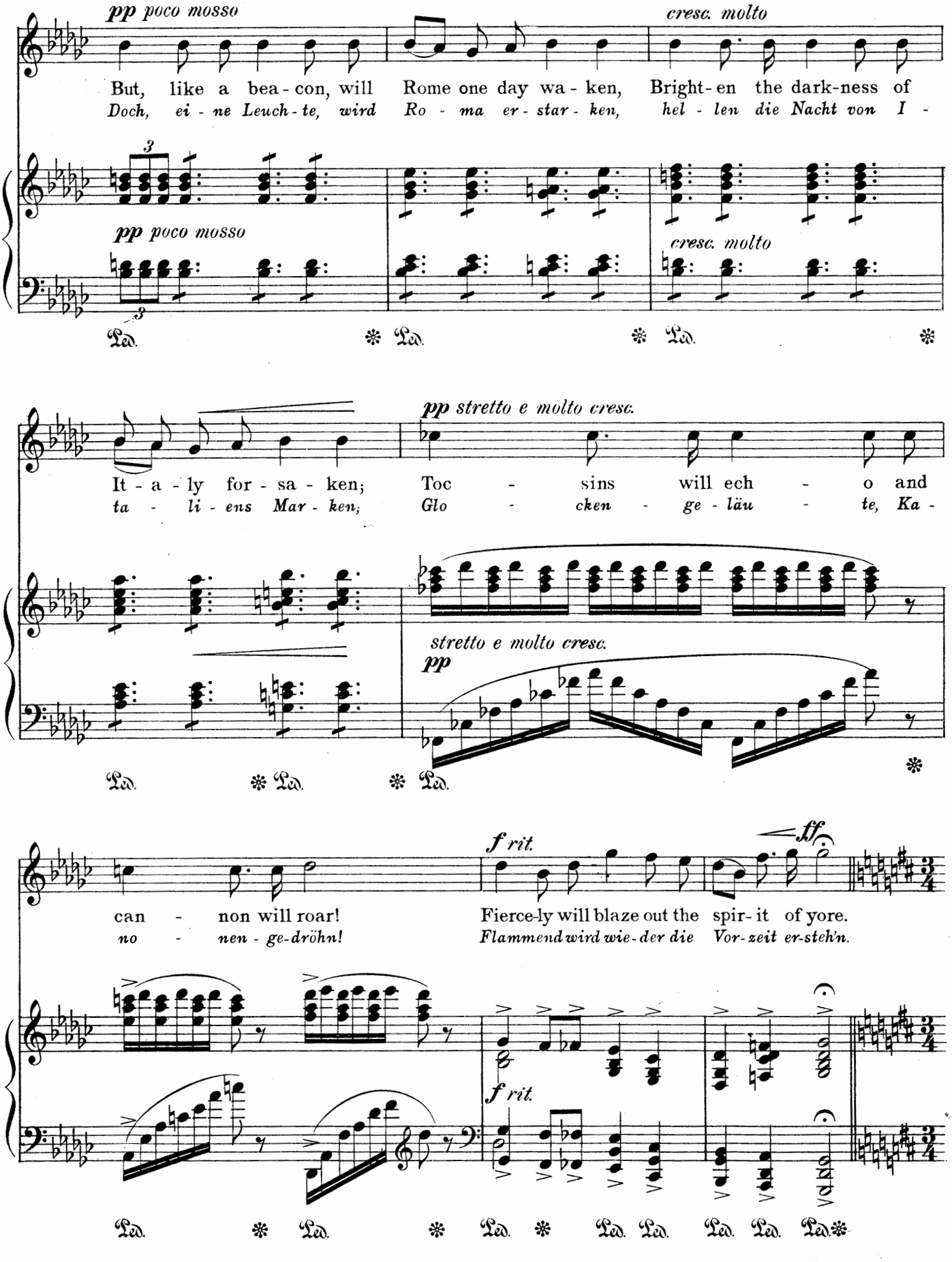
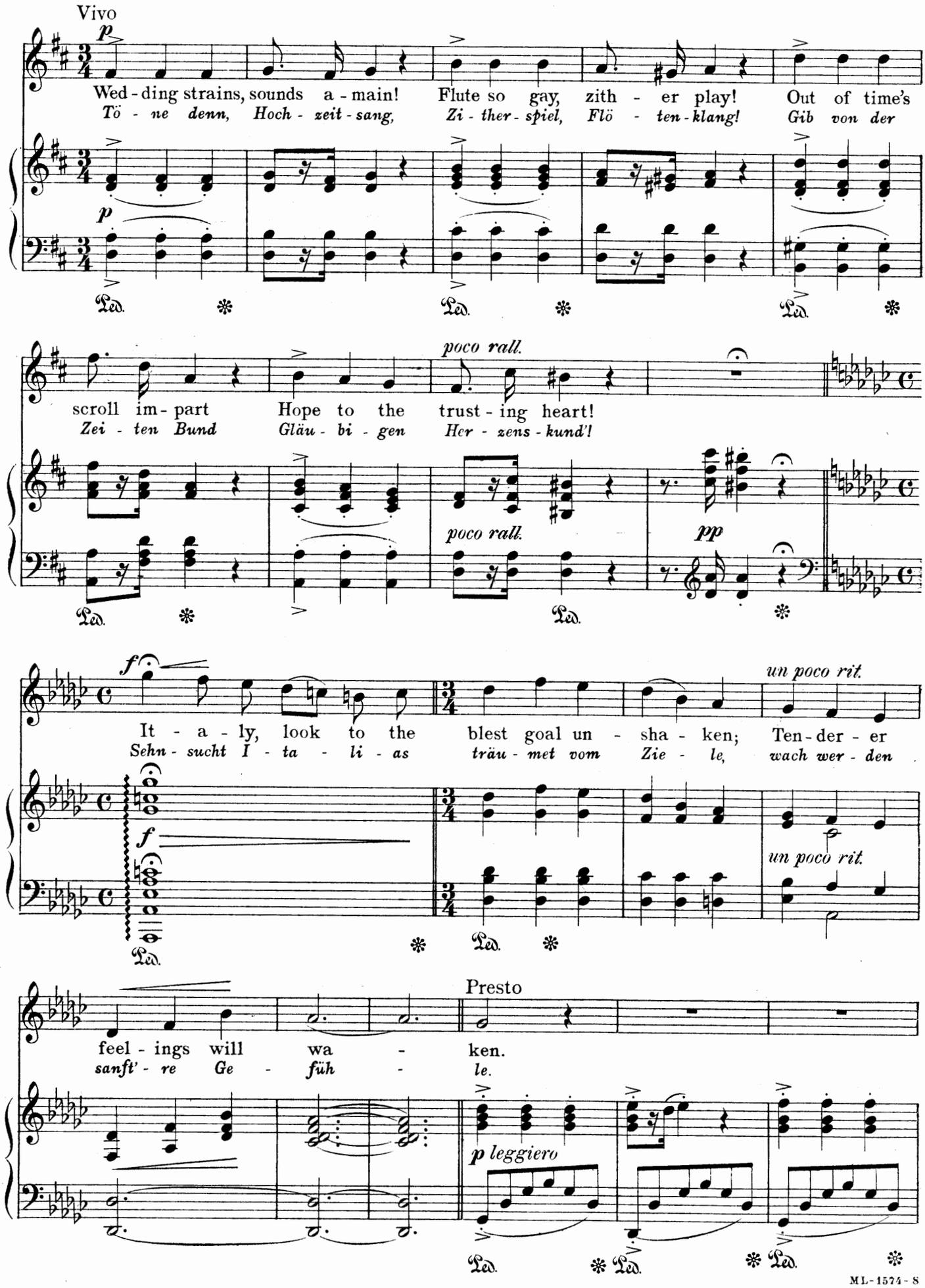
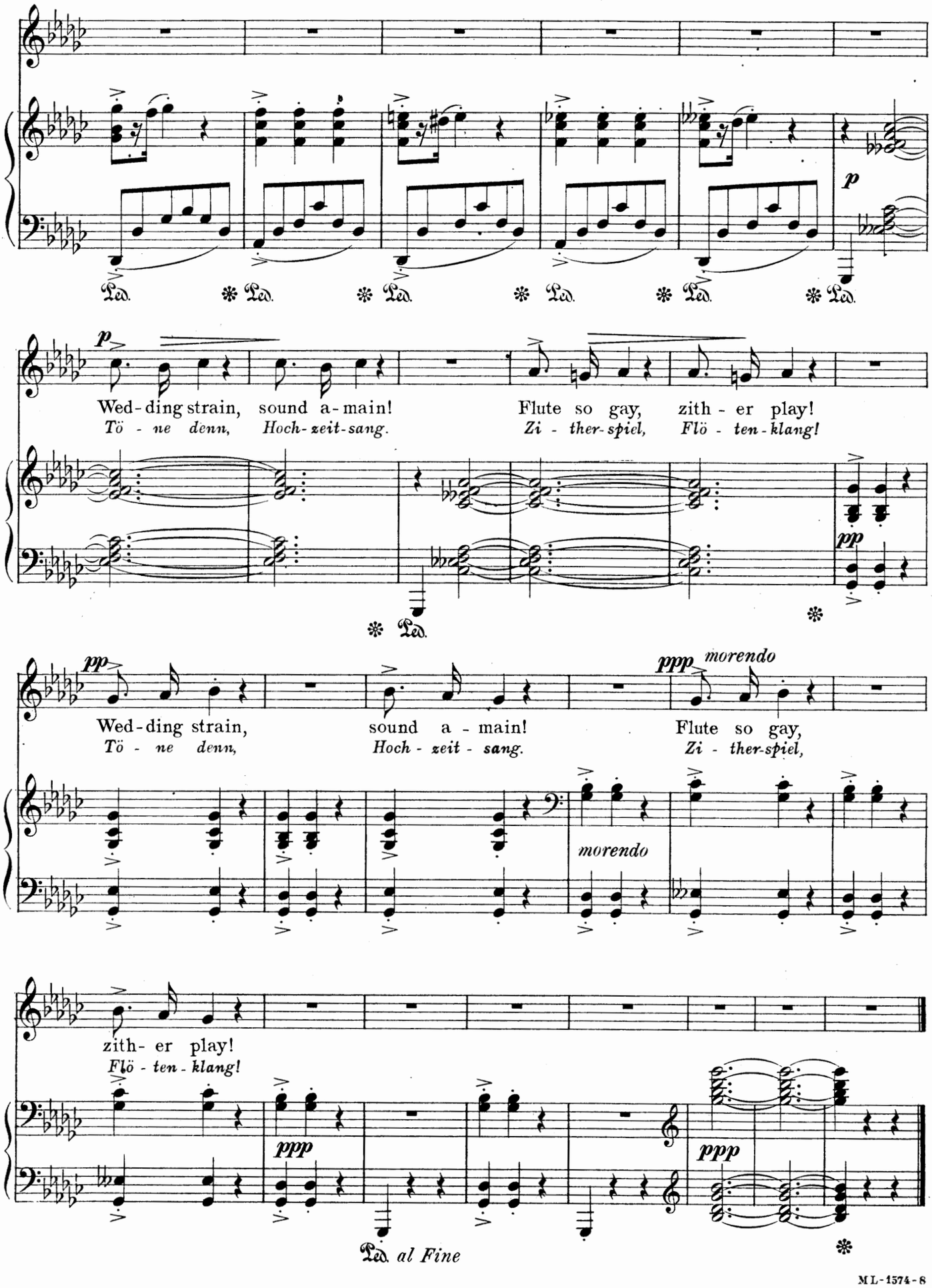
(Composed in 1870)

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON (1832-)

English version by F. Corder

German version by W. Henzen

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 39, № 1

dim.
Rapt and se - rene as the face of the dead.
klärt sich der Berg wie ein Ant - litz im Tod.
p
pp un poco mosso
Domes in the sweet-scent-ed dis - tance are gleam-ing, Mists blue and gray o'er the
Kup - peln in duf - ti - ger Fer - ne er - glü - hen, blau - schwar-ze Ne - bel die
3
pp un poco mosso
pp stretto e cresc. molto
mead-ows come stream - ing, Roll - - ing a - down as ob -
Fel - der um - zie - hen, wal - - len ein - her wie Ver -
una corda
stretto e cresc. molto
pp
f rit.
ff
li - vion has roll'd, Weav-ing a gar-ment a thousand years old.
ges - sen-heit wallt, we - ben ein Kleid, das Jahr-tau - sen - de alt.
tre corde
f rit.
Ped.
ML-1574-8

Vivo
p
Gleam-eth all red and warm, Eve-ning falls, peo - ple swarm; Moun-tain horns
Al - les glüht roth und warm, A - bend-schein, Vol - kes-schwarm; Al - les glüht:
p leggiero
Ped.
poco rall.
sound a-bove, Flow - er - scent, looks of love.
Horn - mu-sik, Blu - men - duft, hei - sser Blick.
pp
Sempre vivo
f
All heart could wish gleams and sounds sweet - ly near us, Yearn - ing for
Al - les be - gehrt, rings um - strahlt und um - tö - net, sehn - lich nach
un poco rit.
Presto
beau - ty to cheer us.
dem, was ver - söh - net.

p
Gleam - eth all red and warm. Eve - ning falls,
Al - les glüht roth und warm. A - bend - schein,
p
pp
peo - ple swarm; Moun - tain horns sound a - bove,
Vol - kes-schwarm; Al - les glüht: Horn-mu-sik,
pp
morendo
morendo
Flow - er - scent, looks of love.
Blu - men-duft, hei - sser Blick.
ppp
Ped.

Andante
p
Deep-ens the still-ness, dark-ens the day,
Stil - ler nun wird es, es dun-kelt das Blau,
p
mf
pp
Ped. *
cresc.
più cresc.
And, from the ghosts of the past thus be-hold- ing, Heav-en is sure - ly the
und aus der däm - mern-den Vor - zeit Ge - stal - ten sieht sich der Him - mel die
cresc.
più cresc.
Ped. *
dim.
fu - ture un-fold-ing, Shim-mer-ing vague-ly in gath-er - ing gray.
Zu-kunft ent-fal - ten, un - si - cher schimmernd in brü - ten-dem Grau.
dim.
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

pp poco mosso
cresc. molto
But, like a bea - con, will Rome one day wa - ken, Bright - en the dark-ness of
Doch, ei - ne Leuch - te, wird Ro - ma er - star - ken, hel - len die Nacht von I -
pp poco mosso
cresc. molto
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
pp stretto e molto cresc.
It - a - ly for - sa - ken; Toc - sins will ech - o and
ta - li - ens Mar - ken; Glo - cken - ge - läu - te, Ka -
stretto e molto cresc.
pp
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
f rit.
ff
can - non will roar! Fierce-ly will blaze out the spir - it of yore.
no - nen - ge-dröhn! Flammend wird wie - der die Vor - zeit er-steh'n.
f rit.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

Vivo
p
Wed - ding strains, sounds a - main! Flute so gay, zith - er play! Out of time's
Tö - ne denn, Hoch - zeit - sang, Zi - ther - spiel, Flö - ten - klang! Gib von der
poco rall.
scroll im - part Hope to the trust - ing heart!
Zei - ten Bund Gläu - bi - gen Her - zens - kund'!
pp
f
un poco rit.
It - a - ly, look to the blest goal un - sha - ken; Ten - der - er
Sehn - sucht I - ta - li - as träu - met vom Zie - le, wach wer - den
Presto
feel - ings will wa - ken.
sanft' - re Ge - füh - le.
p leggiero
Ped.

p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
p
Wed-ding strain, sound a-main! Flute so gay, zith-er play!
Tö - ne denn, Hoch-zeit-sang. Zi - ther-spiel, Flö - ten-klang!
pp
* Ped. *
pp
ppp morendo
Wed-ding strain, sound a - main! Flute so gay,
Tö - ne denn, Hoch - zeit - sang. Zi - ther-spiel,
morendo
zith- er play!
Flö - ten - klang!
ppp
ppp
Ped. al Fine
*

THE PRINCESS
(DIE PRINZESSIN)

(Composed in 1871)

BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSON (1832-)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by F. von Holstein

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 21, № 4

Allegretto semplice

VOICE

PIANO

High up in her bow'r sat a Prin-cess-maid; A youth in the vale on his horn sweet-ly play'd. "Why play - est thou al - ways? O lad, cease to play, It fet - ters my thoughts that would fly— far a-way, As the sun goes down, As the sun goes down." High

Es sass die Prin-zes - sin im Frau-en-ge-mach. Der Kna - be im Tha - le, er blies die Schal-mei. „Schweig' stil - le, o Klei - ner, du fes - selst mir, ach! all' mei - ne Ge - dan - ken, die schweif-ten so frei, wenn die Son - ne sank, wenn die Son - ne sank." Es

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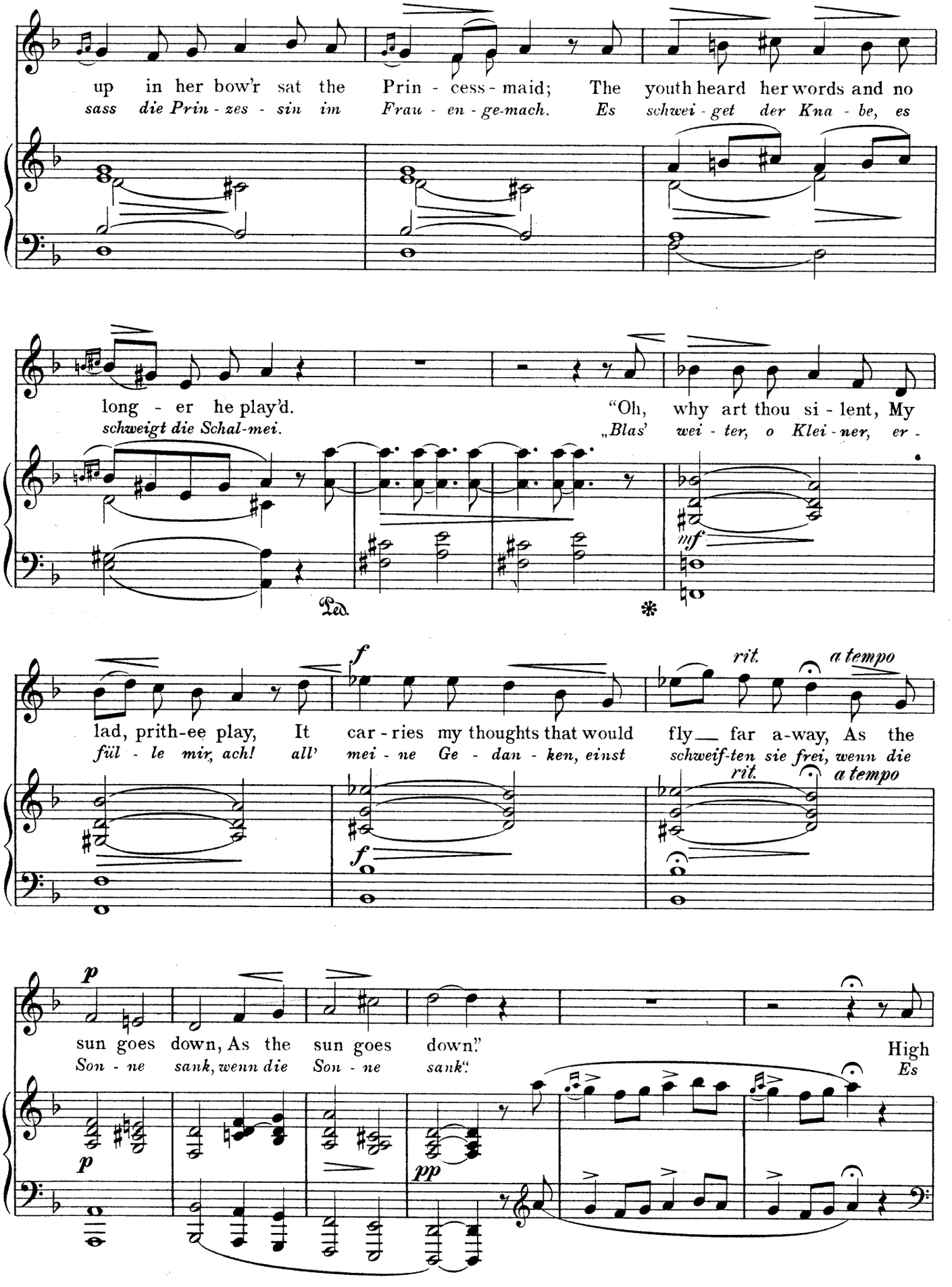
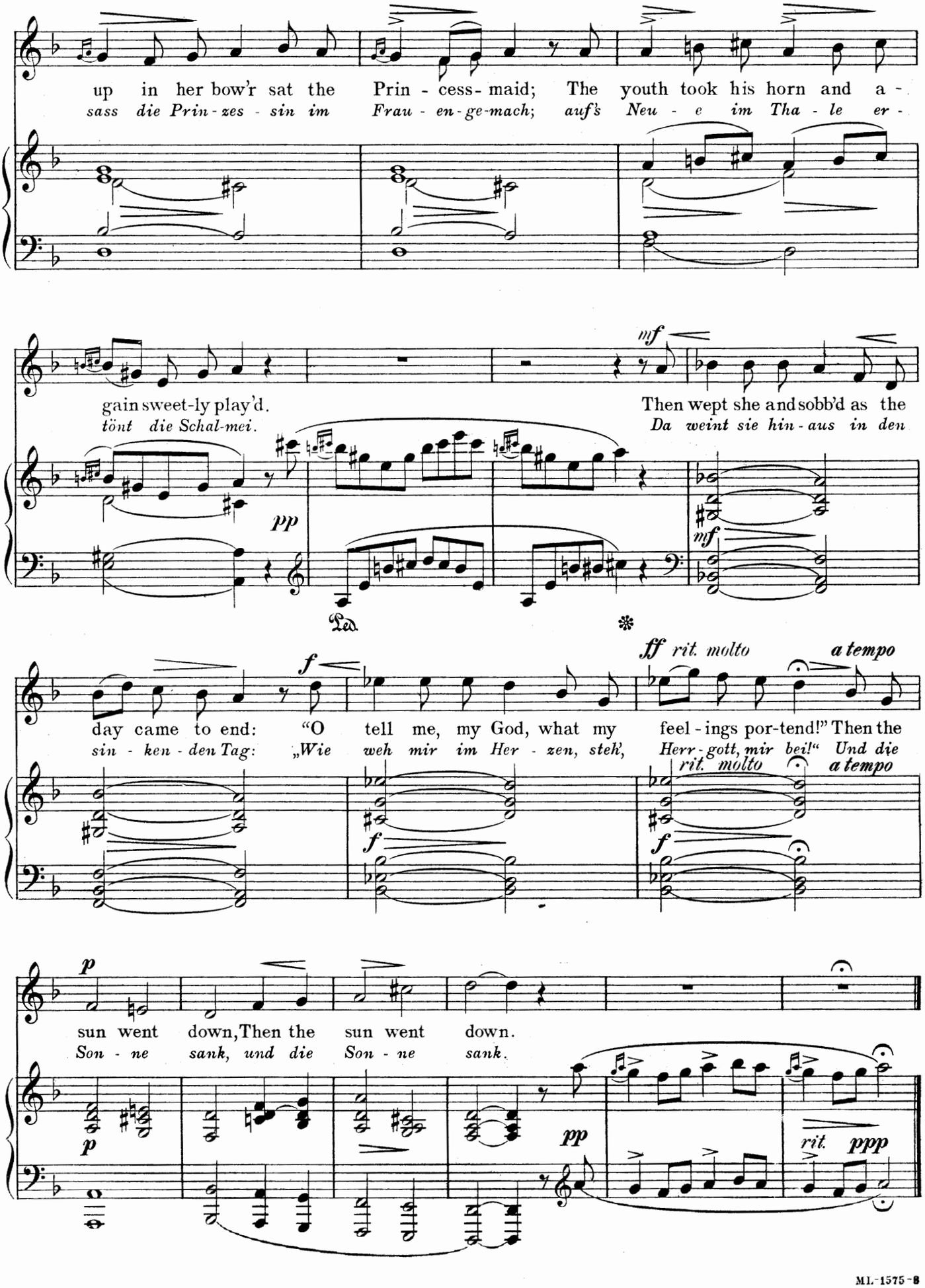

up in her bow'r sat the Prin - cess - maid; The youth heard her words and no
sass die Prin - zes - sin im Frau - en - ge-mach. Es schwei - get der Kna - be, es
long - er he play'd. "Oh, why art thou si - lent, My
schweigt die Schal-mei. „Blas' wei - ter, o Klei - ner, er -
Ped.
*
lad, prith-ee play, It car - ries my thoughts that would fly far a-way, As the
fül - le mir, ach! all' mei - ne Ge - dan - ken, einst schweif-ten sie frei, wenn die
rit.
a tempo
sun goes down, As the sun goes down."
Son - ne sank, wenn die Son - ne sank."
High
Es

up in her bow'r sat the Prin - cess- maid; The youth took his horn and a -
sass die Prin - zes - sin im Frau - en - ge - mach; auf's Neu - e im Tha - le er -
mf
gain sweet-ly play'd. Then wept she and sobb'd as the
tönt die Schal-mei. Da weint sie hin - aus in den
pp
mf
Ped.
f
ff rit. molto
a tempo
day came to end: "O tell me, my God, what my feel - ings por-tend!" Then the
sin - ken - den Tag: „Wie weh mir im Her - zen, steh', Herr - gott, mir bei!" Und die
rit. molto
a tempo
f
p
sun went down, Then the sun went down.
Son - ne sank, und die Son - ne sank.
p
pp
rit.
ppp

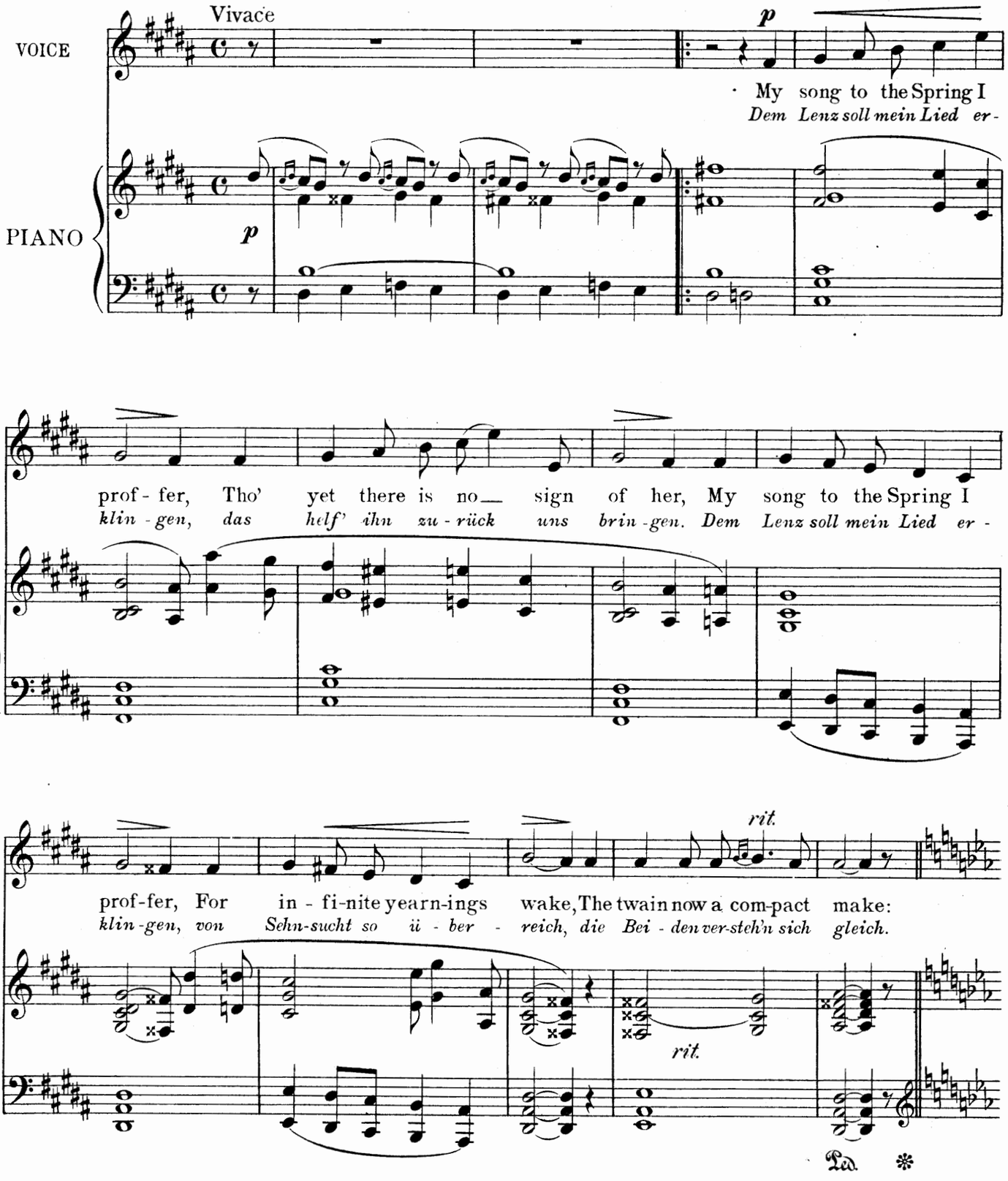
MY SONG TO THE SPRING I PROFFER

(DEM LENZ SOLL MEIN LIED ERKLINGEN)

(Composed in 1872)

(Original Key)

BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSON (1832-)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by F. von Holstein

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 21, № 3

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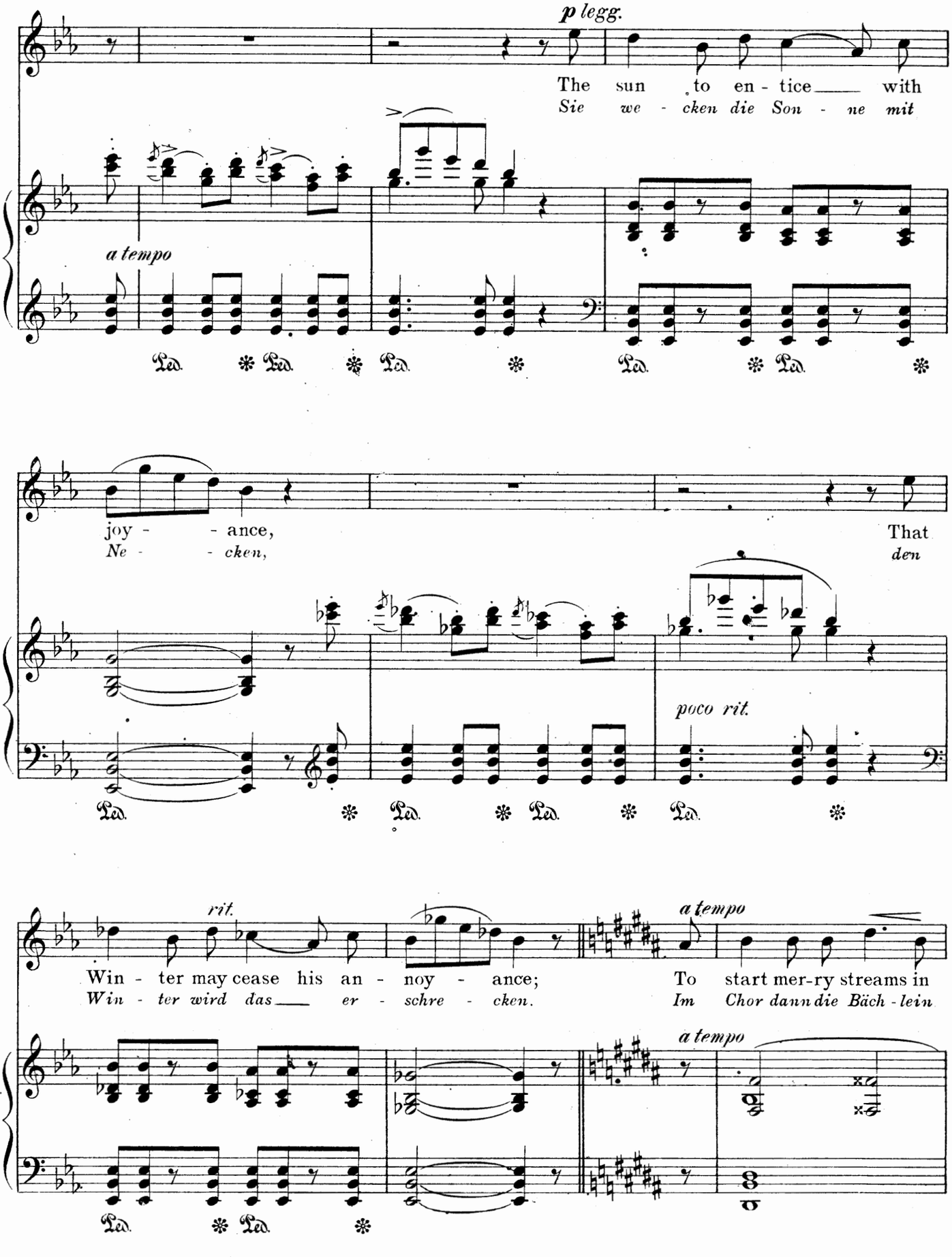
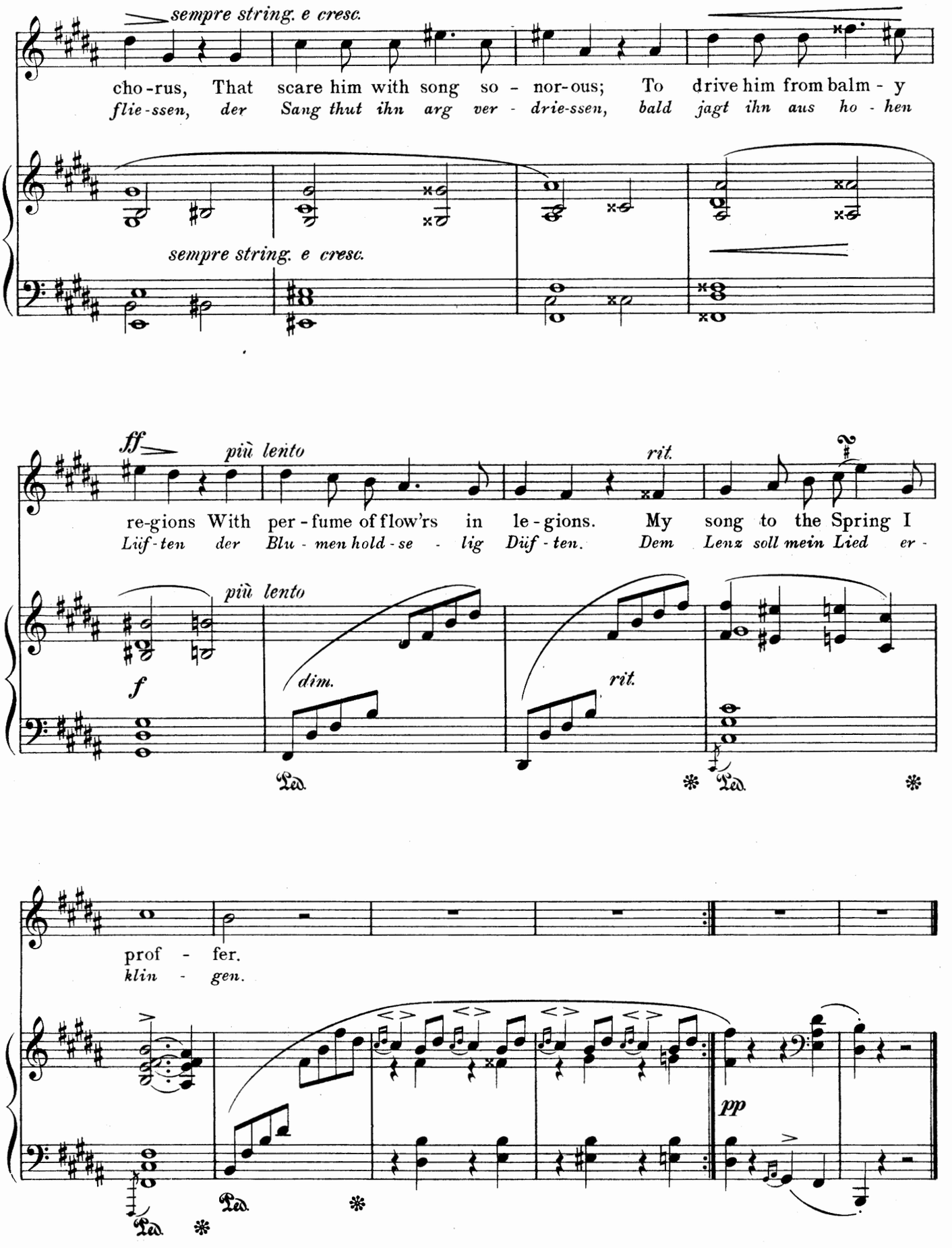

p legg.
The sun to en - tice with
Sie we - cken die Son - ne mit
a tempo
joy - - ance,
Ne - - cken,
That
den
poco rit.
rit.
Win - ter may cease his an - noy - ance;
Win - ter wird das er - schre - cken.
a tempo
To start mer-ry streams in
Im Chor dann die Bäch - lein
a tempo

sempre string. e cresc.
cho-rus, That scare him with song so - nor-ous; To drive him from balm - y
flie-ssen, der Sang thut ihn arg ver - drie-ssen, bald jagt ihn aus ho - hen
sempre string. e cresc.
ff
più lento
rit.
re-gions With per-fume of flow'rs in le-gions. My song to the Spring I
Lüf-ten der Blu - men hold-se - lig Düf-ten. Dem Lenz soll mein Lied er -
più lento
f
dim.
rit.
Ped.
Ped.
prof - fer.
klin - gen.
pp
Ped.
Ped.

AT A YOUNG WOMAN'S BIER

(AN DER BAHRE EINER JUNGEN FRAU)

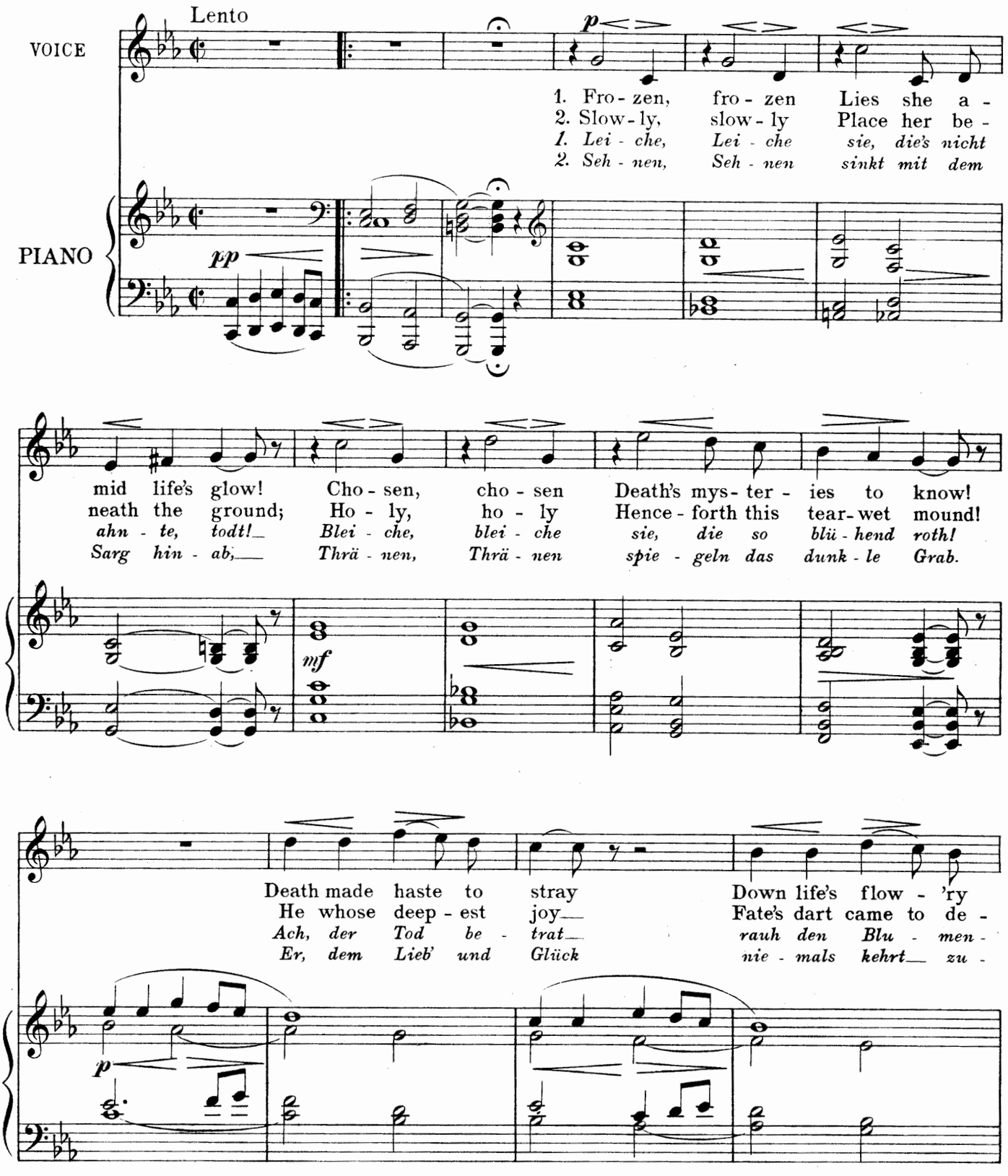
(Composed in 1873)

O. P. MONRAD

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

German version by Wilhelm Henzen

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 39, No 5

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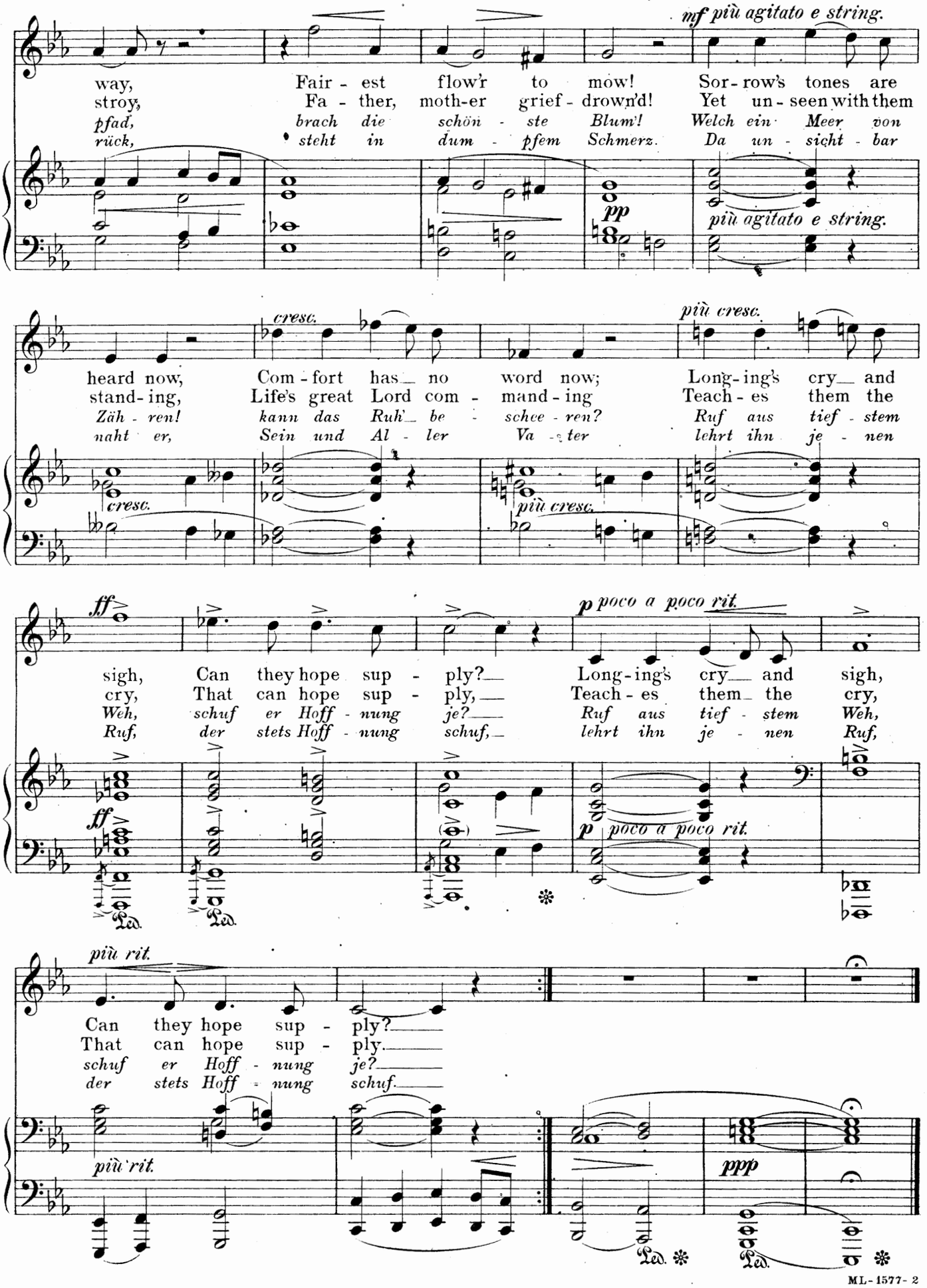
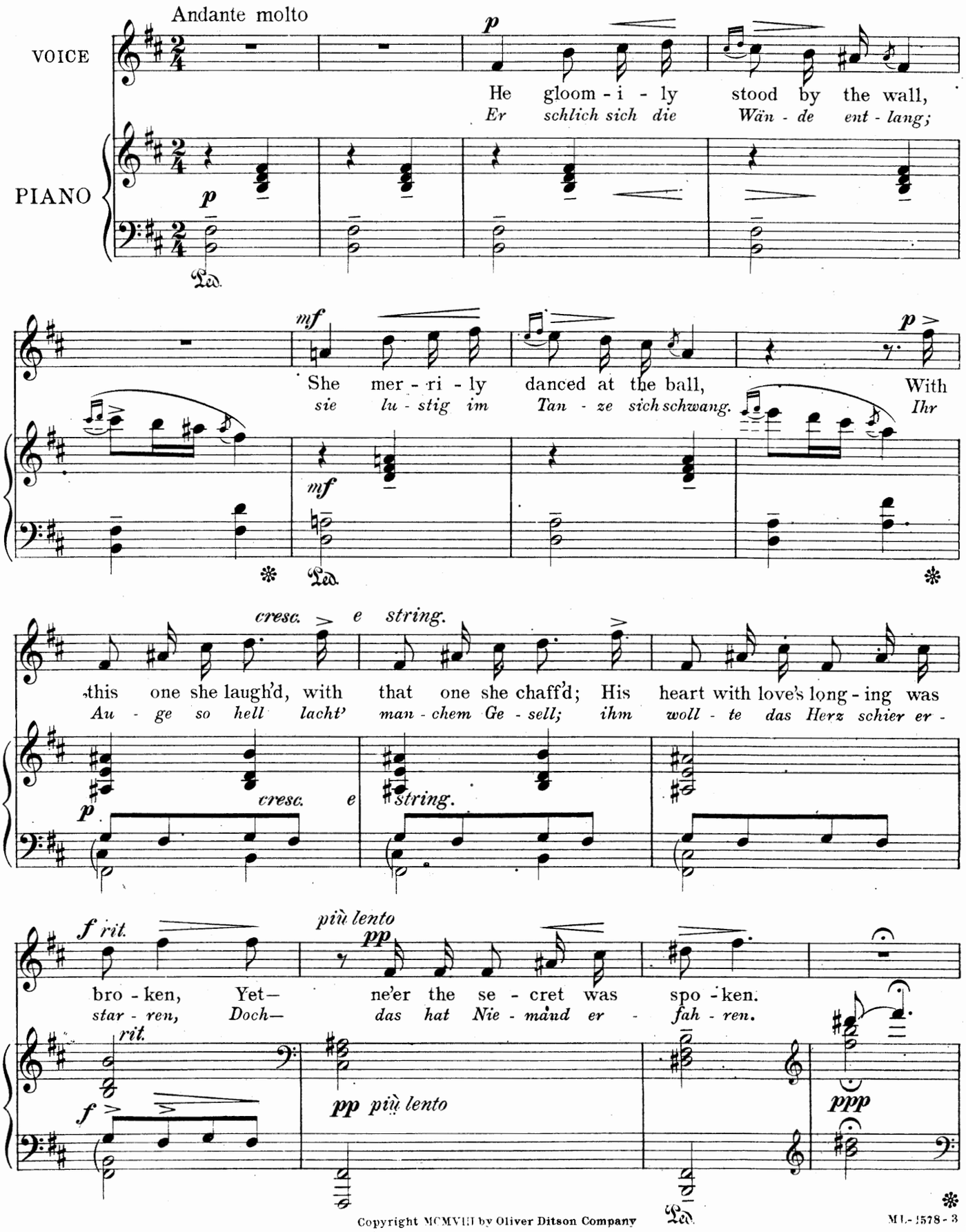

mf più agitato e string.
way, Fair - est flow'r to mow! Sor - row's tones are
stroy, Fa - ther, moth-er grief - drown'd! Yet un - seen with them
pfad, brach die schön - ste Blum'! Welch ein Meer von
rück, steht in dum - pfem Schmerz. Da un - sicht - bar
pp
più agitato e string.
cresc.
più cresc.
heard now, Com - fort has no word now; Long - ing's cry and
stand - ing, Life's great Lord com - mand - ing Teach - es them the
Zäh - ren! kann das Ruh' be - schee - ren? Ruf aus tief - stem
naht er, Sein und Al - ler Va - ter lehrt ihn je - nen
cresc.
più cresc.
ff
p poco a poco rit.
sigh, Can they hope sup - ply? Long - ing's cry and sigh,
cry, That can hope sup - ply, Teach - es them the cry,
Weh, schuf er Hoff - nung je? Ruf aus tief - stem Weh,
Ruf, der stets Hoff - nung schuf, lehrt ihn je - nen Ruf,
ff
p poco a poco rit.
più rit.
Can they hope sup - ply?
That can hope sup - ply.
schuf er Hoff - nung je?
der stets Hoff - nung schuf.
più rit.
ppp

HIDDEN LOVE
(VERBORG'NE LIEBE)

BJORNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON 1832-)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Wilhelm Henzen

(Composed in 1874)
(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.39,№2

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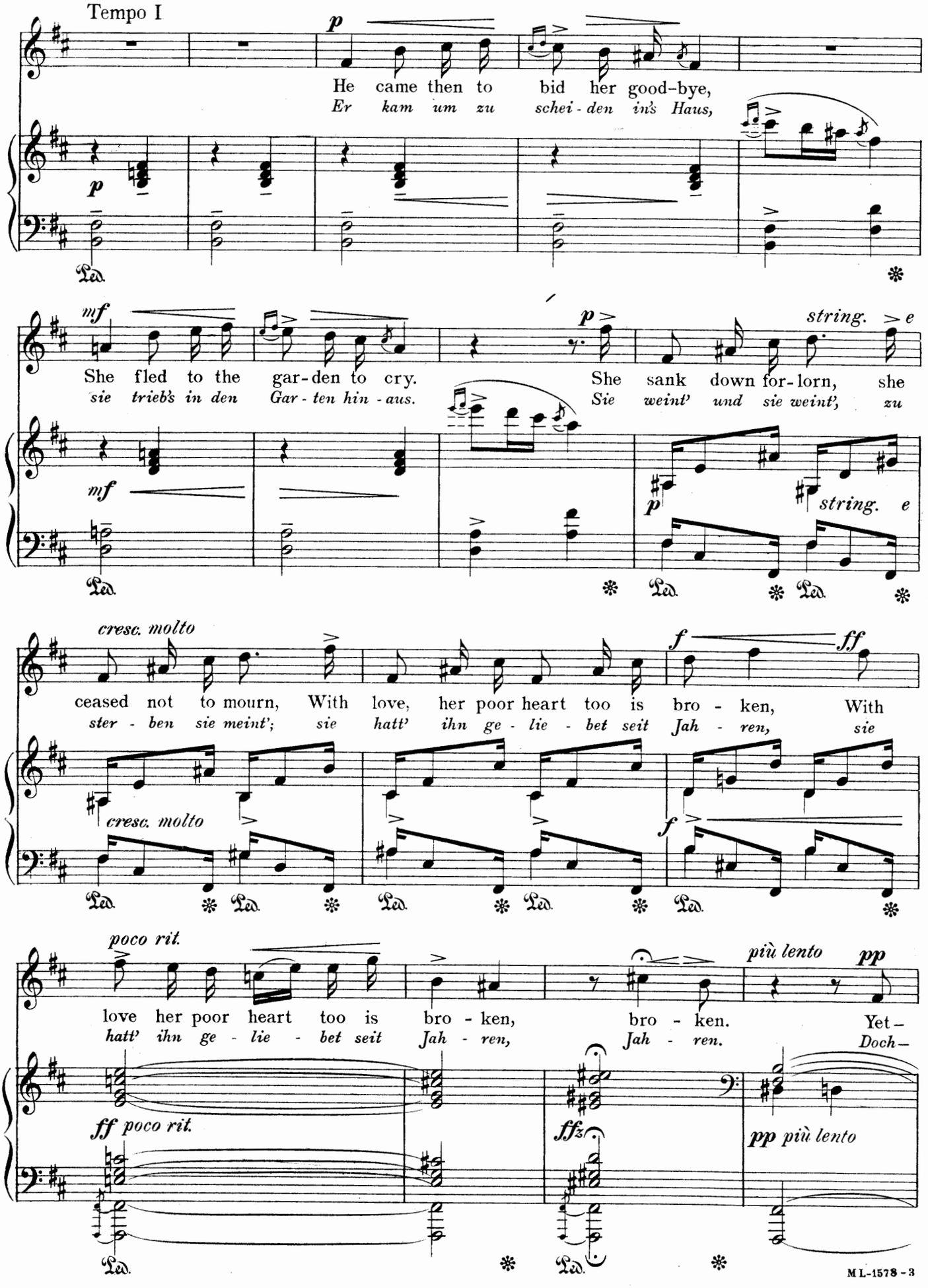
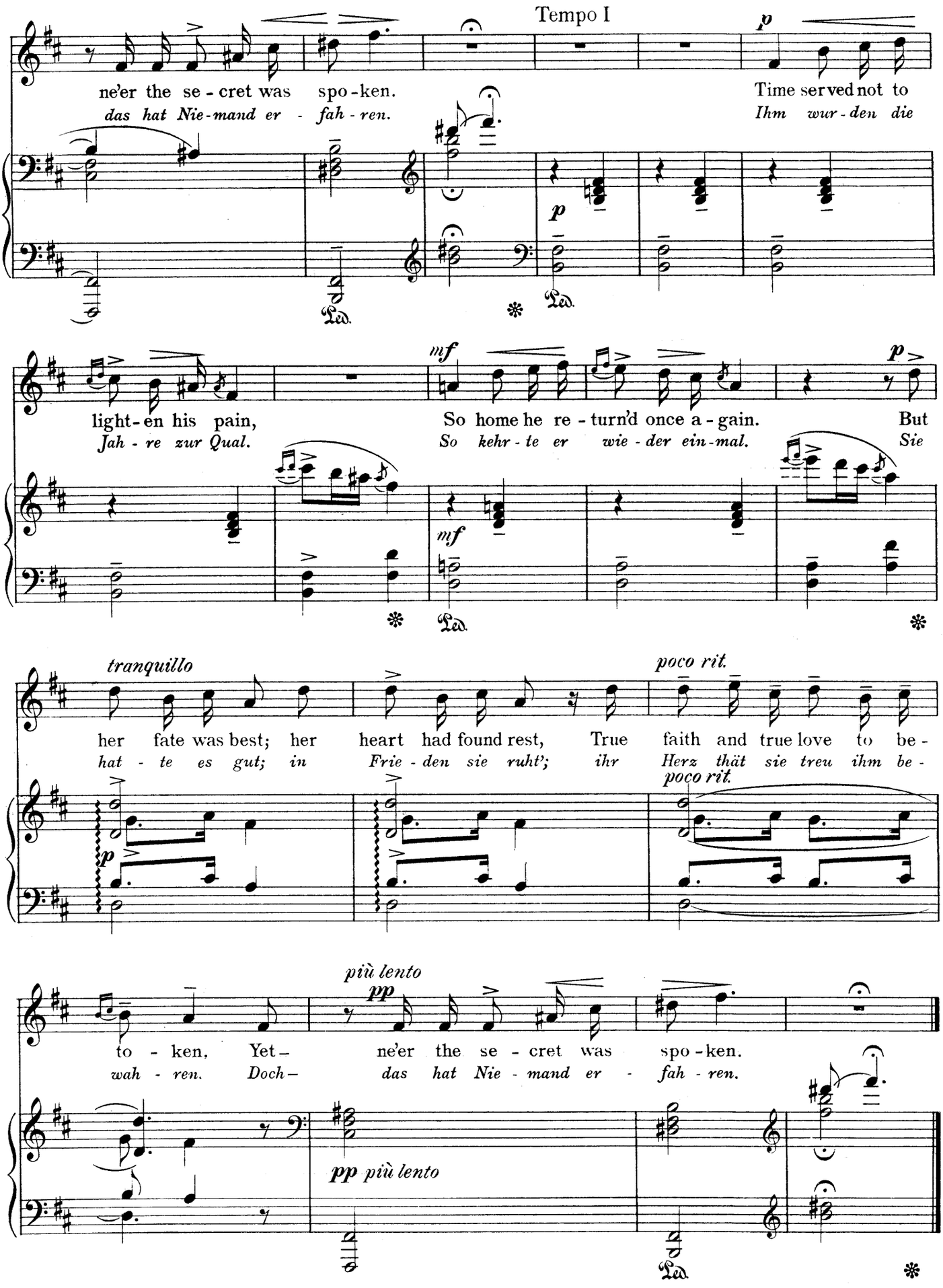
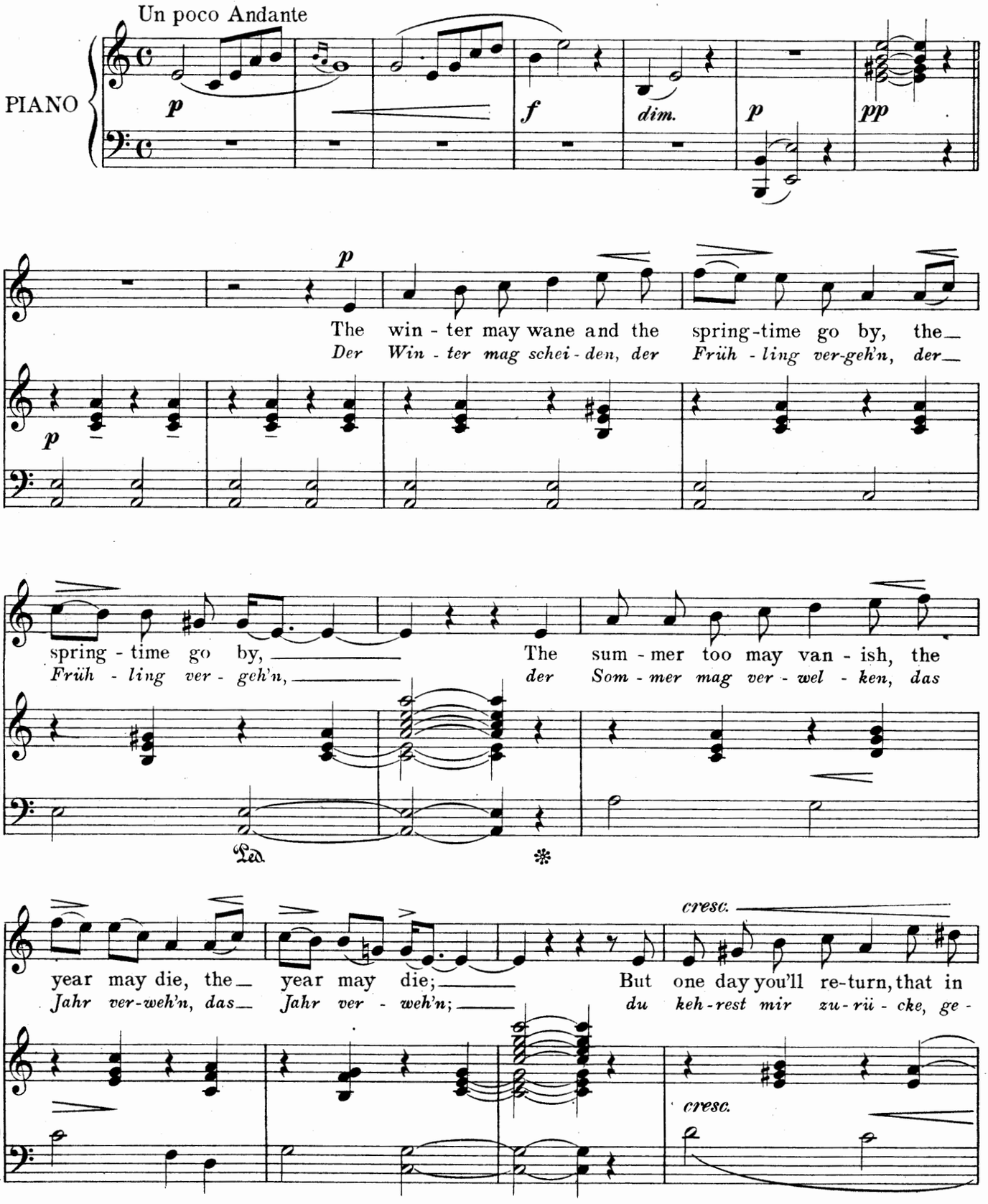

Tempo I
p
He came then to bid her good-bye,
Er kam um zu schei - den in's Haus,
mf
She fled to the gar-den to cry.
sie trieb's in den Gar - ten hin - aus.
p
string.
She sank down for-lorn, she
Sie weint' und sie weint', zu
cresc. molto
ceased not to mourn, With love, her poor heart too is bro - ken, With
ster - ben sie meint'; sie hatt' ihn ge - lie - bet seit Jah - ren, sie
f
ff
poco rit.
love her poor heart too is bro - ken, bro - ken. Yet -
hatt' ihn ge - lie - bet seit Jah - ren, Jah - ren. Doch -
più lento
pp
ff poco rit.
fffz
pp più lento

Tempo I
p
ne'er the se - cret was spo - ken.
das hat Nie - mand er - fah - ren.
Time served not to
Ihm wur - den die
mf
p
light - en his pain,
Jah - re zur Qual.
So home he re - turn'd once a - gain.
So kehr - te er wie - der ein - mal.
But
Sie
tranquillo
poco rit.
her fate was best; her heart had found rest, True faith and true love to be -
hat - te es gut; in Frie - den sie ruht'; ihr Herz thät sie treu ihm be -
poco rit.
più lento
pp
to - ken, Yet - ne'er the se - cret was spo - ken.
wah - ren. Doch - das hat Nie - mand er - fah - ren.
pp più lento

SOLVEJG'S SONG
(SOLVEJGS LIED)

(Composed in 1874)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)
English version by Arthur Westbrook
German version by W. Henzen

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 23, №1

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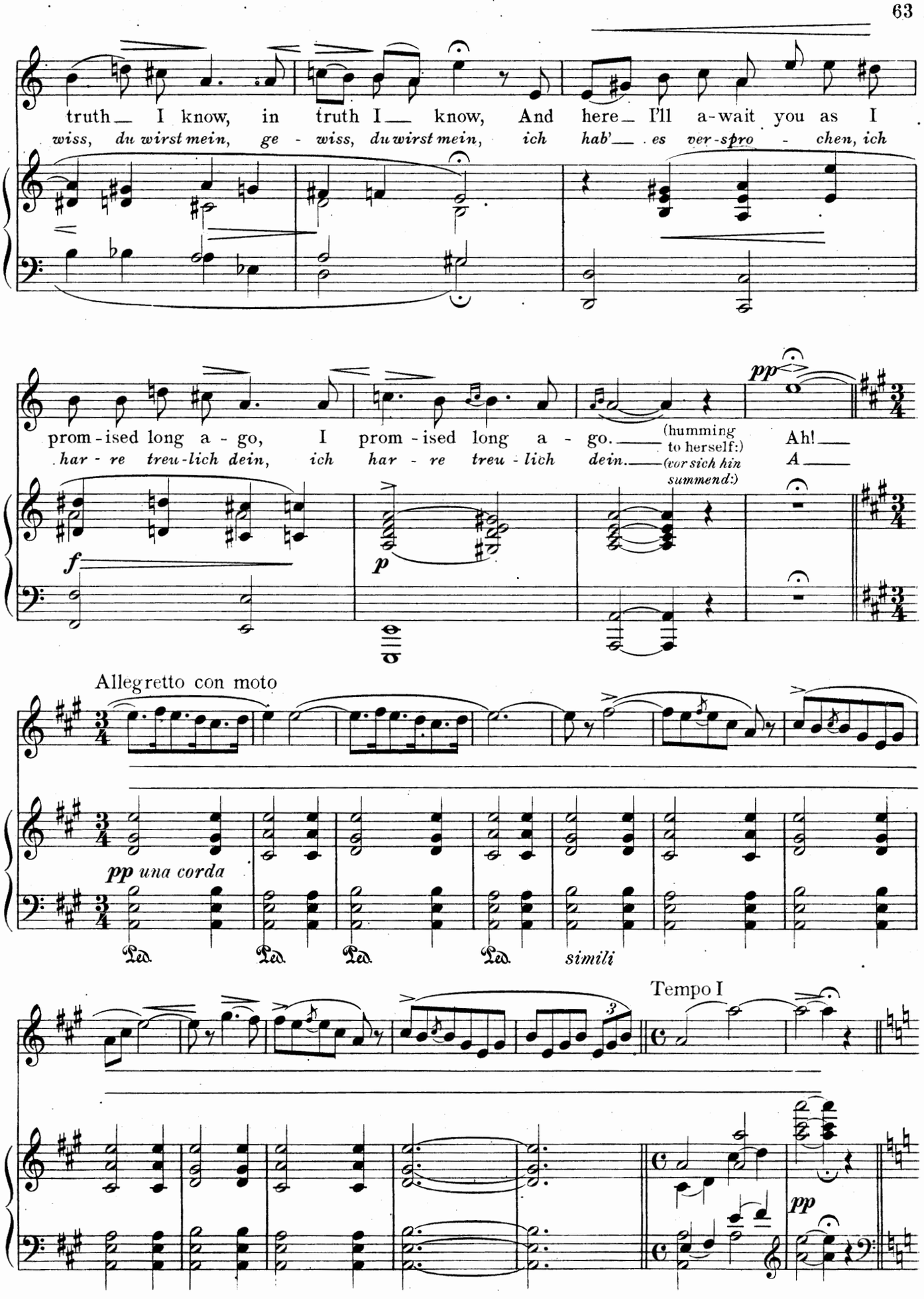
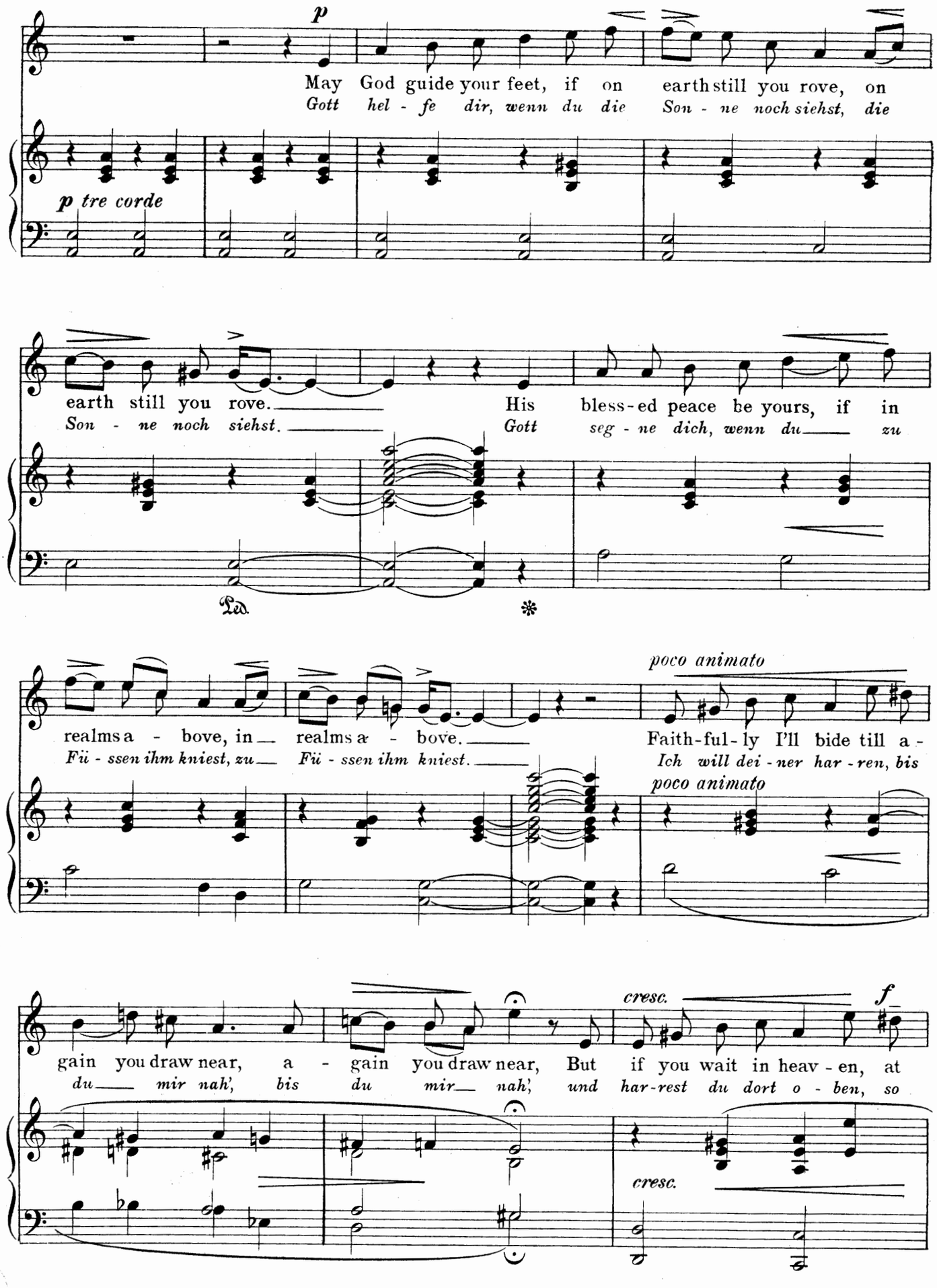
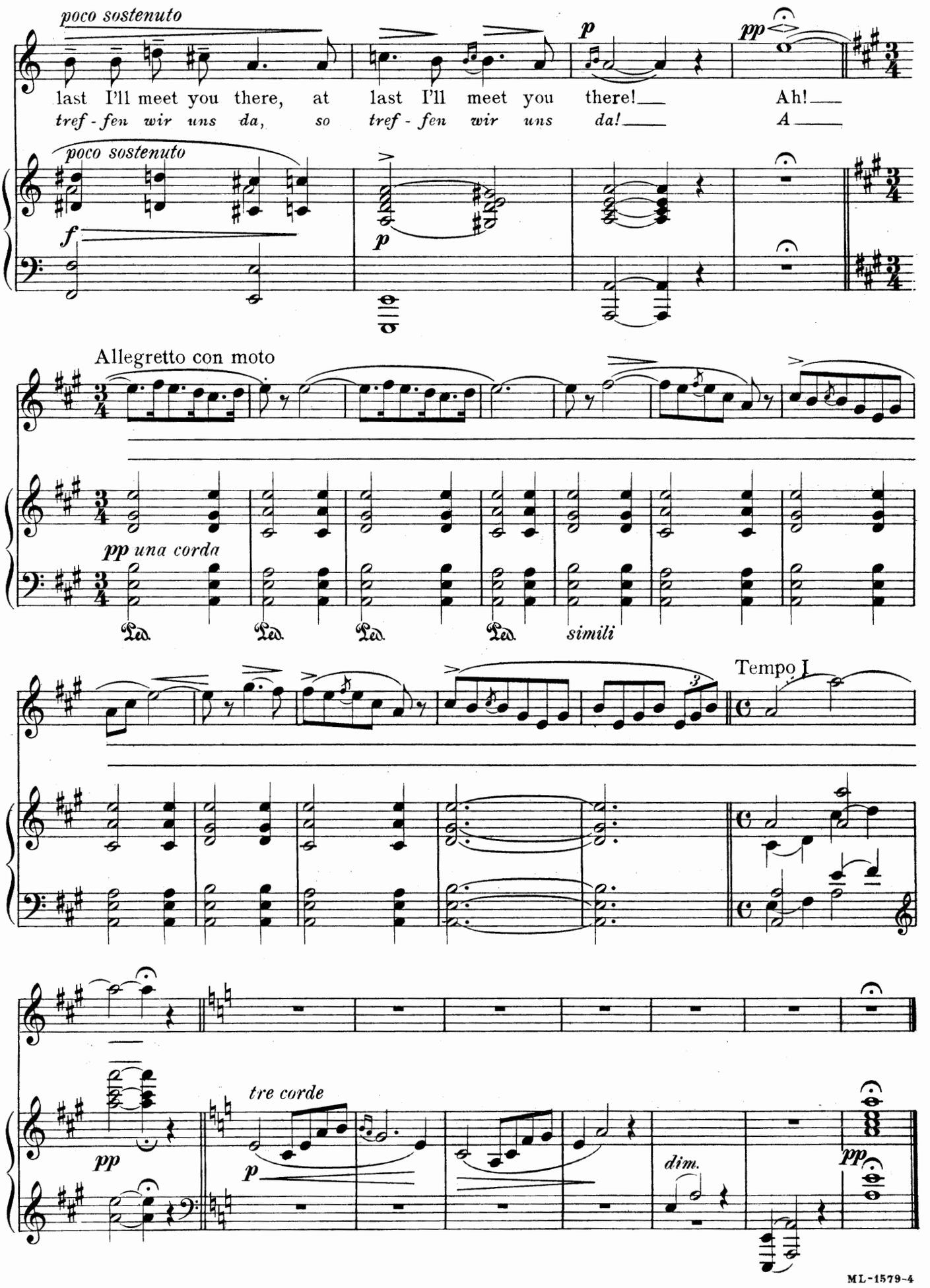

truth I know, in truth I know, And here I'll a-wait you as I
wiss, du wirst mein, ge - wiss, du wirst mein, ich hab' es ver-spro - chen, ich
pp
prom-ised long a - go, I prom-ised long a - go. (humming to herself:) Ah!
har - re treu-lich dein, ich har - re treu - lich dein. (vor sich hin summend:) A
f
p
Allegretto con moto
pp una corda
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. simili
Tempo I
pp

p
May God guide your feet, if on earth still you rove, on
Gott hel - fe dir, wenn du die Son - ne noch siehst, die
p tre corde
earth still you rove. His bless-ed peace be yours, if in
Son - ne noch siehst. Gott seg - ne dich, wenn du zu
Ped.
*
poco animato
realms a - bove, in realms a - bove. Faith-ful-ly I'll bide till a -
Fü - ssen ihm kniest, zu Fü - ssen ihm kniest. Ich will dei - ner har - ren, bis
poco animato
cresc.
f
gain you draw near, a - gain you draw near, But if you wait in heav - en, at
du mir nah', bis du mir nah', und har-rest du dort o - ben, so
cresc.

poco sostenuto
last I'll meet you there, at last I'll meet you there! Ah!
tref - fen wir uns da, so tref - fen wir uns da! A
p
pp
poco sostenuto
f
p
Allegretto con moto
pp una corda
Ped.
simili
Tempo I
tre corde
pp
dim.

SOLVEJG'S SLUMBER SONG

(SOLVEJGS WIEGENLIED)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney
German version by Wilhelm Henzen

(Composed in 1875)

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 23, №2

Lento (♩ = 72)

PIANO

pp sempre

con Pedale

dim.

p

Sleep and rest, dear-est
Schlaf', du theu-er-ster

ppp

Ped. ✻

boy of mine!
Kna-be mein!

I will cra-dle thee, I will watch thee.
Ich will wie-gen mein Kind und wa-chen.

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

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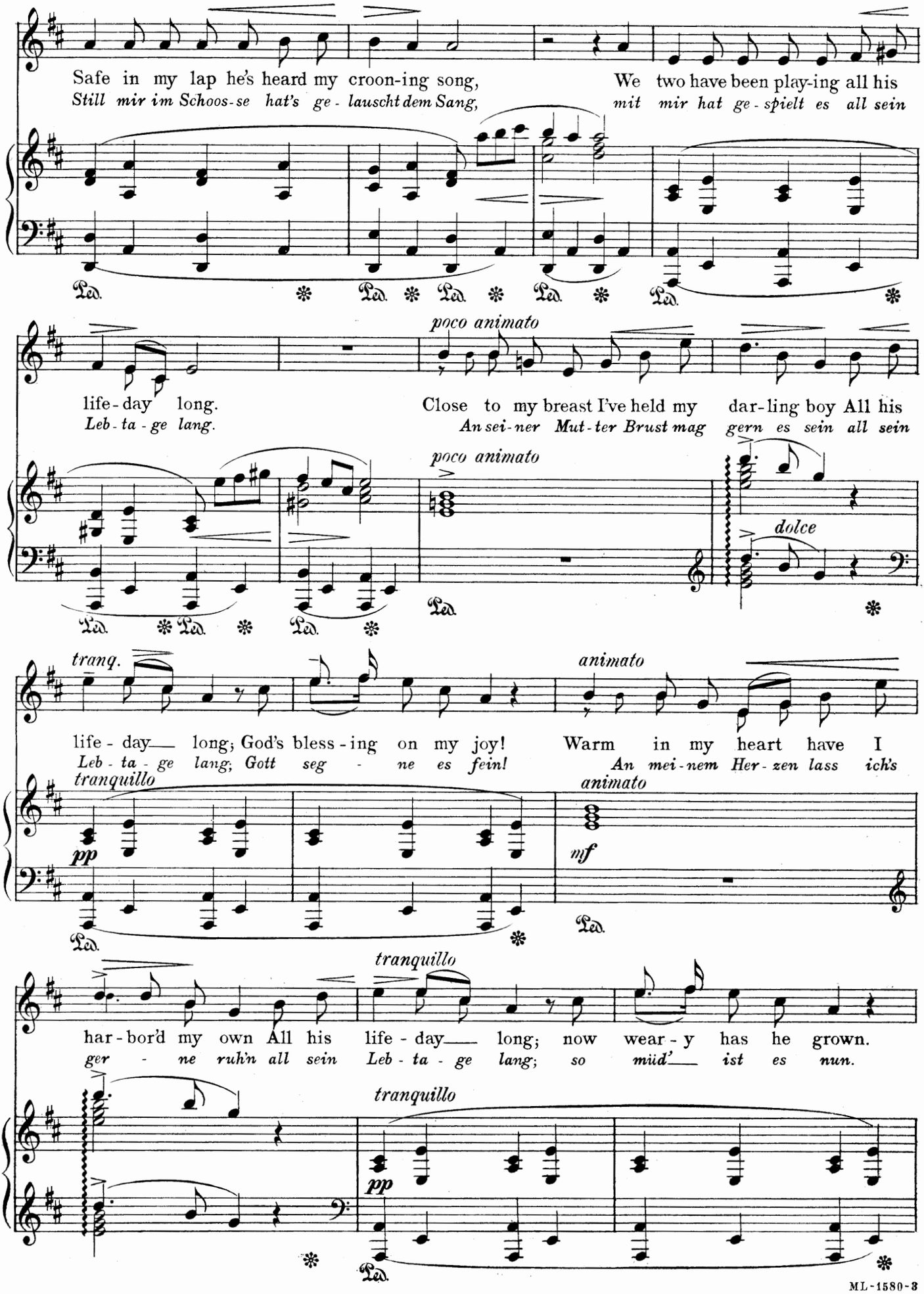
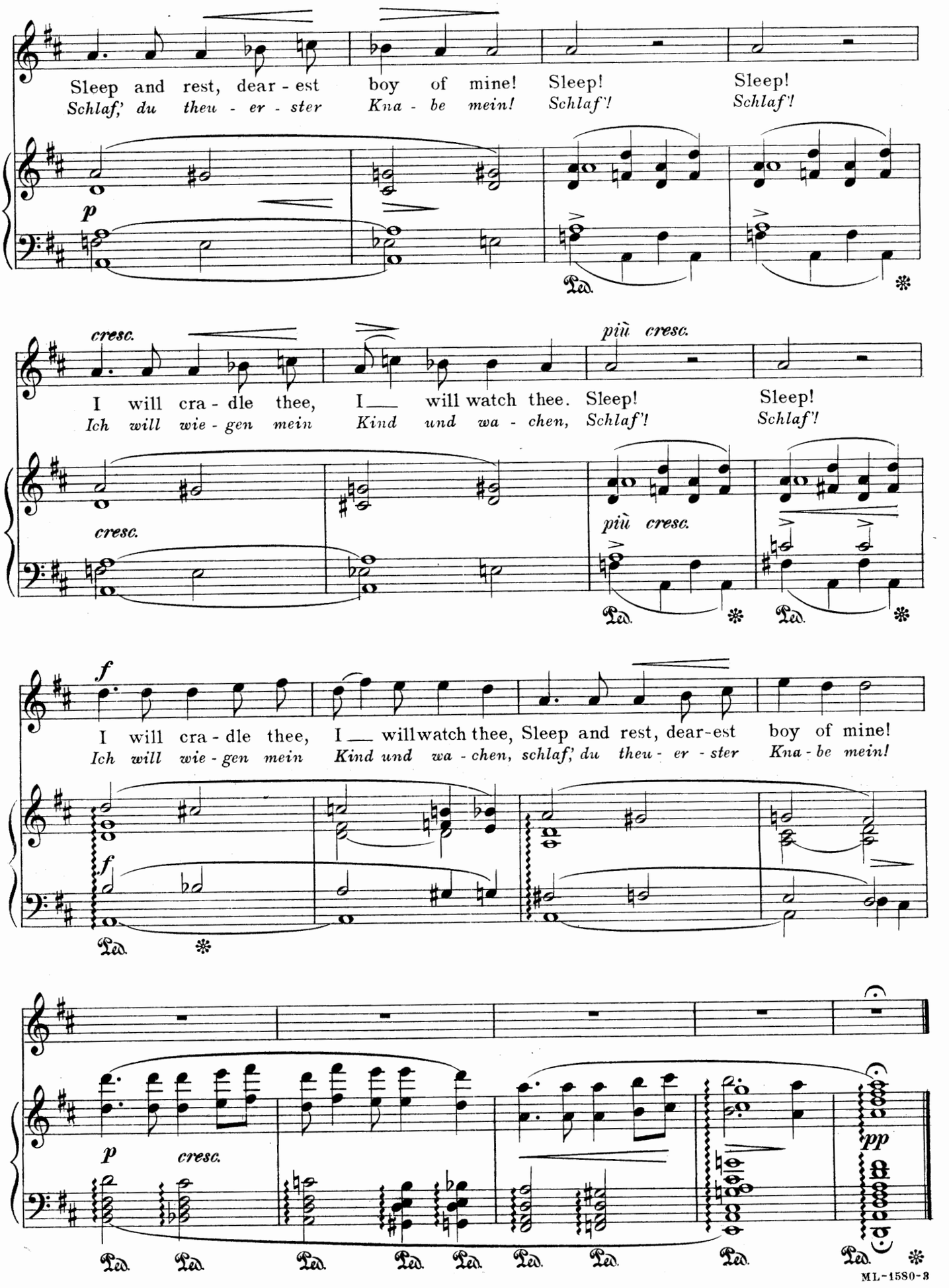

Safe in my lap he's heard my croon-ing song, We two have been play-ing all his
Still mir im Schoos-se hat's ge-lauscht dem Sang, mit mir hat ge-spielt es all sein
poco animato
life-day long. Close to my breast I've held my dar-ling boy All his
Leb-ta-ge lang. An sei-ner Mut-ter Brust mag gern es sein all sein
poco animato
dolce
trang.
animato
life-day long; God's bless-ing on my joy! Warm in my heart have I
Leb-ta-ge lang; Gott seg-ne es fein! An mei-nem Her-zen lass ich's
tranquillo
animato
pp
mf
tranquillo
har-bor'd my own All his life-day long; now wear-y has he grown.
ger-ne ruh'n all sein Leb-ta-ge lang; so müd' ist es nun.
tranquillo
pp

Sleep and rest, dear - est boy of mine! Sleep! Sleep!
Schlaf,' du theu - er - ster Kna - be mein! Schlaf'! Schlaf'!
p
cresc.
più cresc.
I will cra - dle thee, I___ will watch thee. Sleep! Sleep!
Ich will wie - gen mein Kind und wa - chen, Schlaf'! Schlaf'!
cresc.
più cresc.
Ped.
f
I will cra - dle thee, I___ willwatch thee, Sleep and rest, dear-est boy of mine!
Ich will wie - gen mein Kind und wa - chen, schlaf,' du theu - er - ster Kna - be mein!
f
Ped.
p
cresc.
pp
Ped.

A SWAN
(EIN SCHWAN)

(Composed in 1876)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)
English version by Frederic Field Bullard
German version by W. Henzen

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 25, №2

Andante ben tenuto

VOICE

PIANO

p

My swan, my treas - ure, With
Mein Schwan, mein stil - ler, mit

più p

snow - y - white feath - er, Of his songs sang me nev - er A sin - gle
wei - ssem Ge - fie - der, dei - ne won - ni - gen Lie - der ver - rieth kein

pp molto legato

meas - ure.
Tril - ler.

pp

Shy - ly fear - ing the
Ängst - lich sor - gend des

dolce
poco animato

pp

Ped.

cresc.

elves in the bush - es,
El - fen im Grun - de,

Glid - ed he, lis - t'ning
glittst du hor - chend all -

cresc.

Ped.

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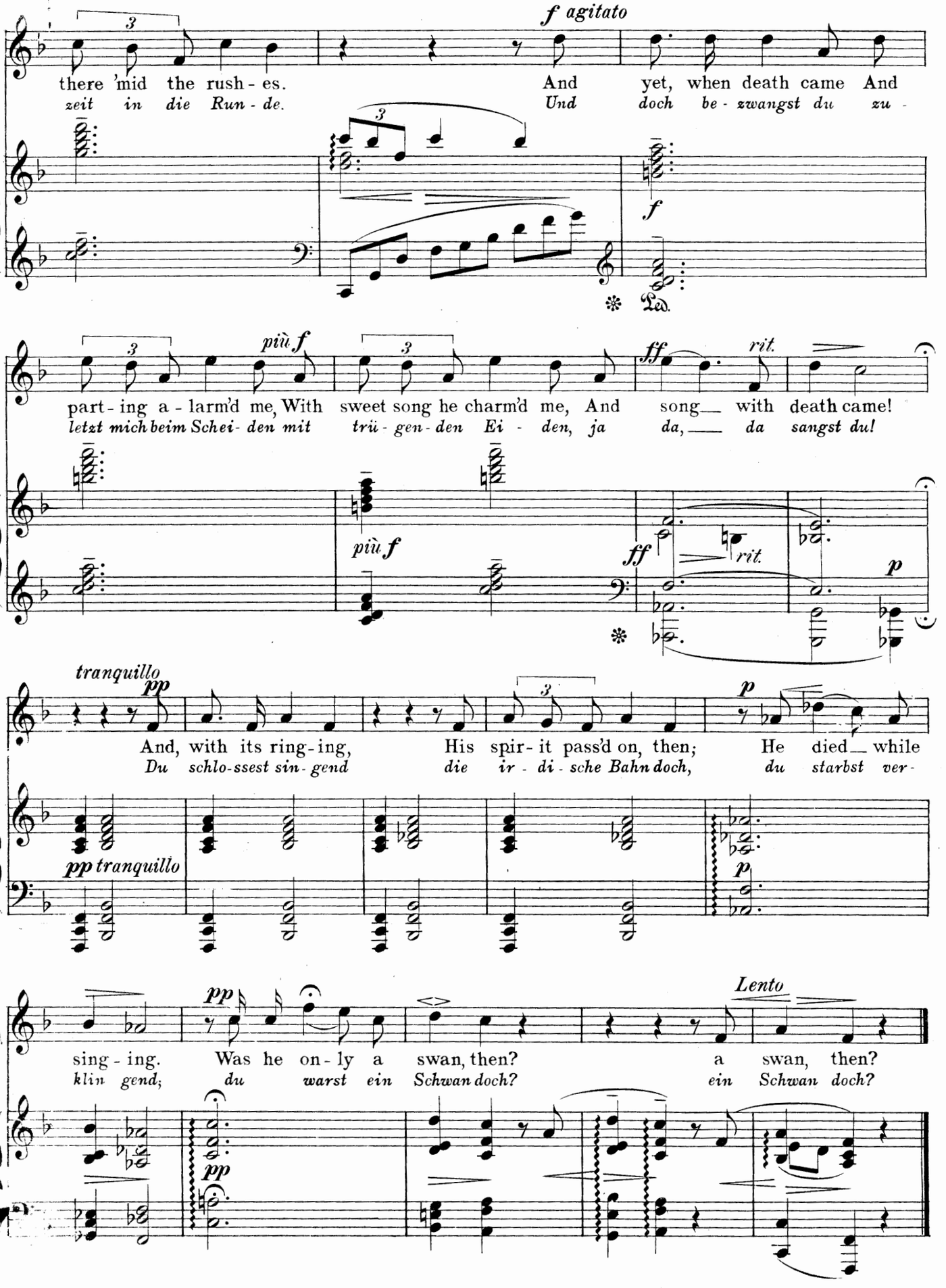
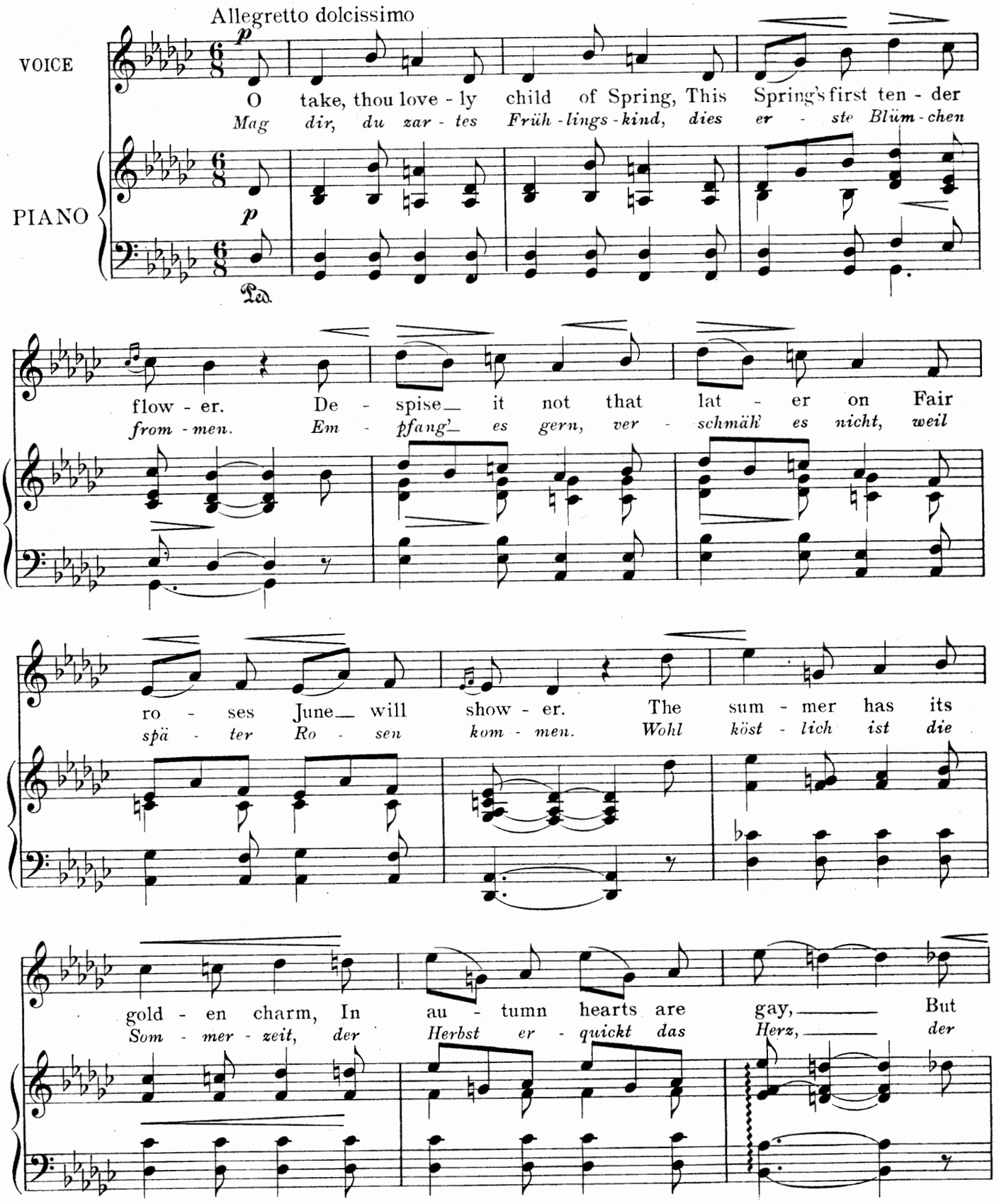
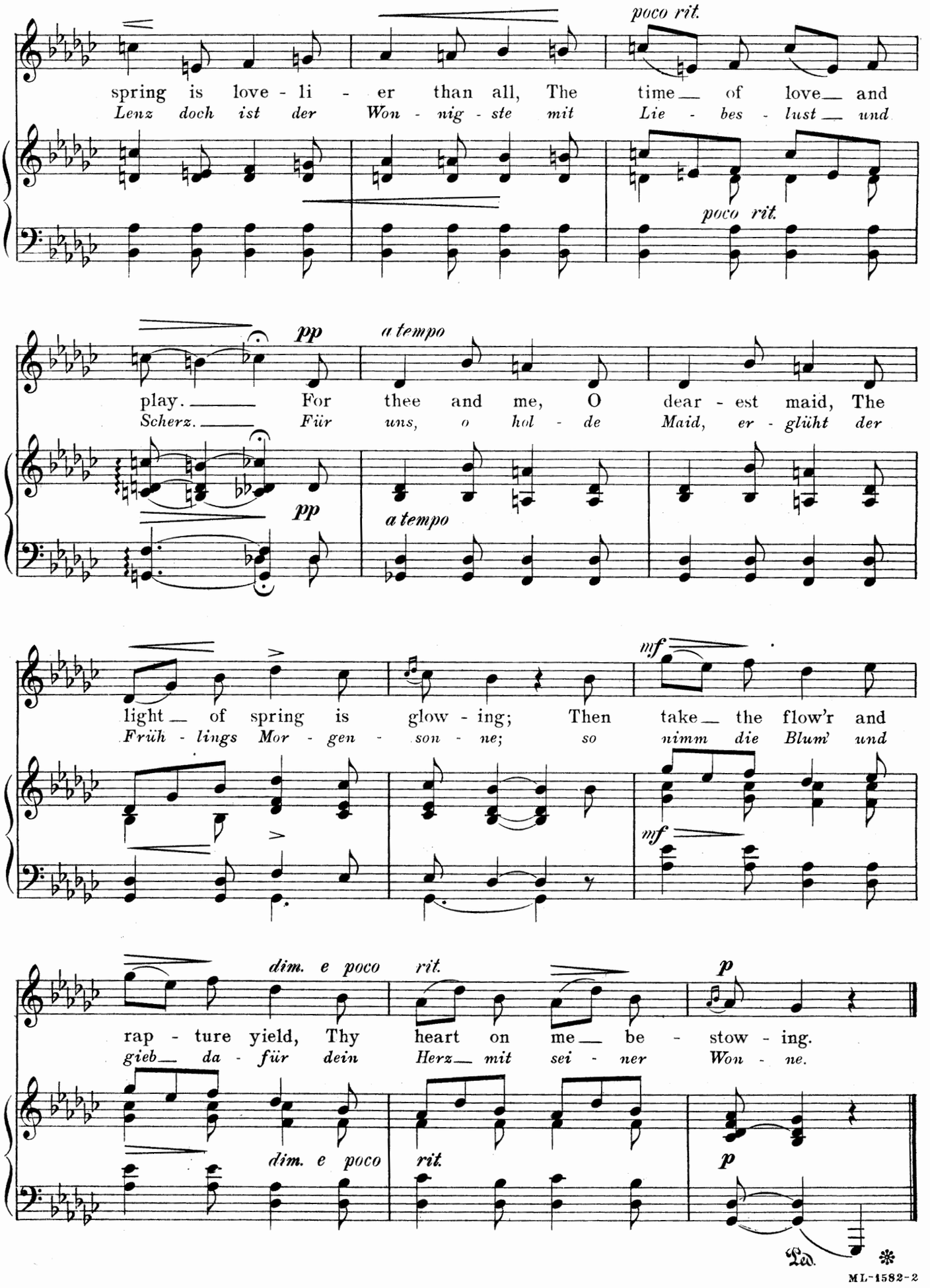

f agitato
there 'mid the rush - es.
zeit in die Run - de.
And yet, when death came And
Und doch be - zwangst du zu -
f
Ped.
più f
part - ing a - larm'd me, With
letzt mich beim Schei - den mit
sweet song he charm'd me, And
trü - gen - den Ei - den, ja
ff
rit.
song__ with death came!
da,__ da sangst du!
più f
ff
rit.
p
tranquillo
pp
And, with its ring - ing,
Du schlo - ssest sin - gend
His spir - it pass'd on, then;
die ir - di - sche Bahn doch,
p
He died__ while
du starbst ver -
pp tranquillo
p
Lento
pp
sing - ing.
klin gend;
Was he on - ly a swan, then?
du warst ein Schwan doch?
a swan, then?
ein Schwan doch?
pp

THE FIRST PRIMROSE
(MIT EINER PRIMULA VERIS)

(Composed in 1876)

(Original Key)

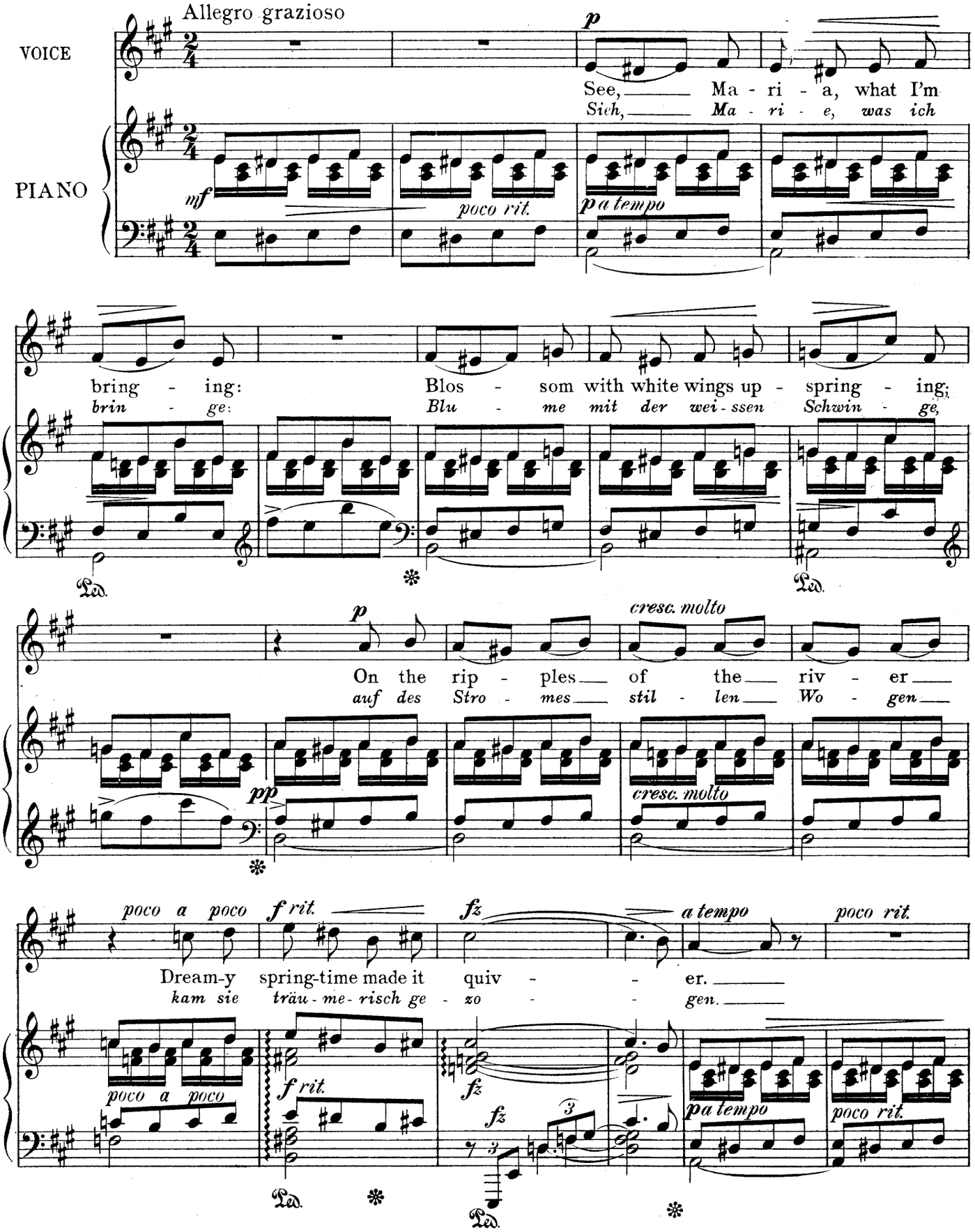
J. PAULSEN (1851 -)
English version by F. Corder
German version by W. Henzen

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 26, № 4

poco rit.
spring is love - li - er than all, The time of love and
Lenz doch ist der Won - nig - ste mit Lie - bes - lust und
poco rit.
pp
a tempo
play. For thee and me, O dear - est maid, The
Scherz. Für uns, o hol - de Maid, er - glüht der
pp
a tempo
mf
light of spring is glow - ing; Then take the flow'r and
Früh - lings Mor - gen - son - ne; so nimm die Blum' und
mf
dim. e poco rit.
p
rap - ture yield, Thy heart on me be - stow - ing.
gieb da - für dein Herz mit sei - ner Won - ne.
dim. e poco rit.
p
Ped.

WITH A WATER-LILY
(MIT EINER WASSERLILIE)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by W. Henzen

(Composed in 1876)
(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 25, No4

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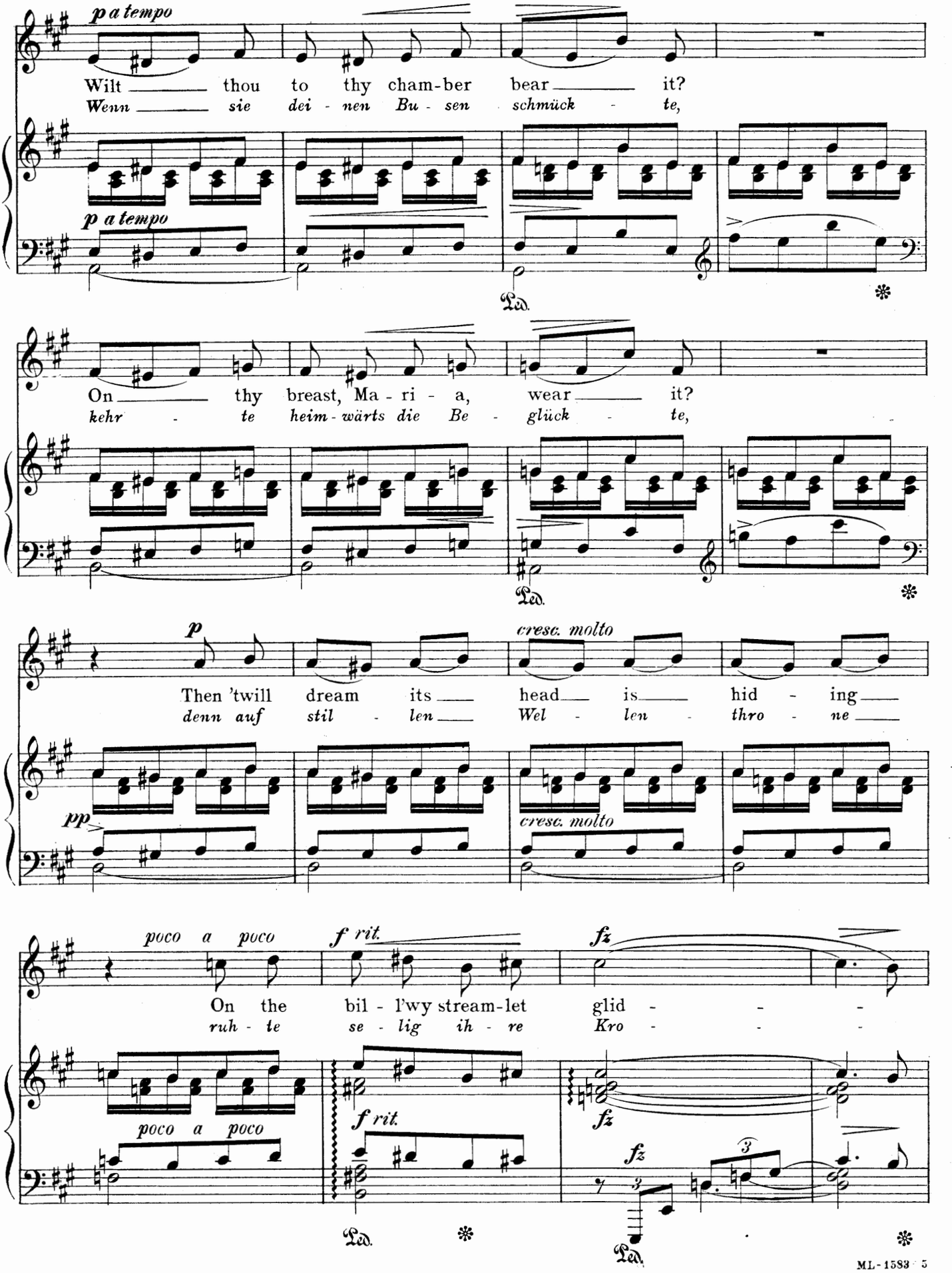
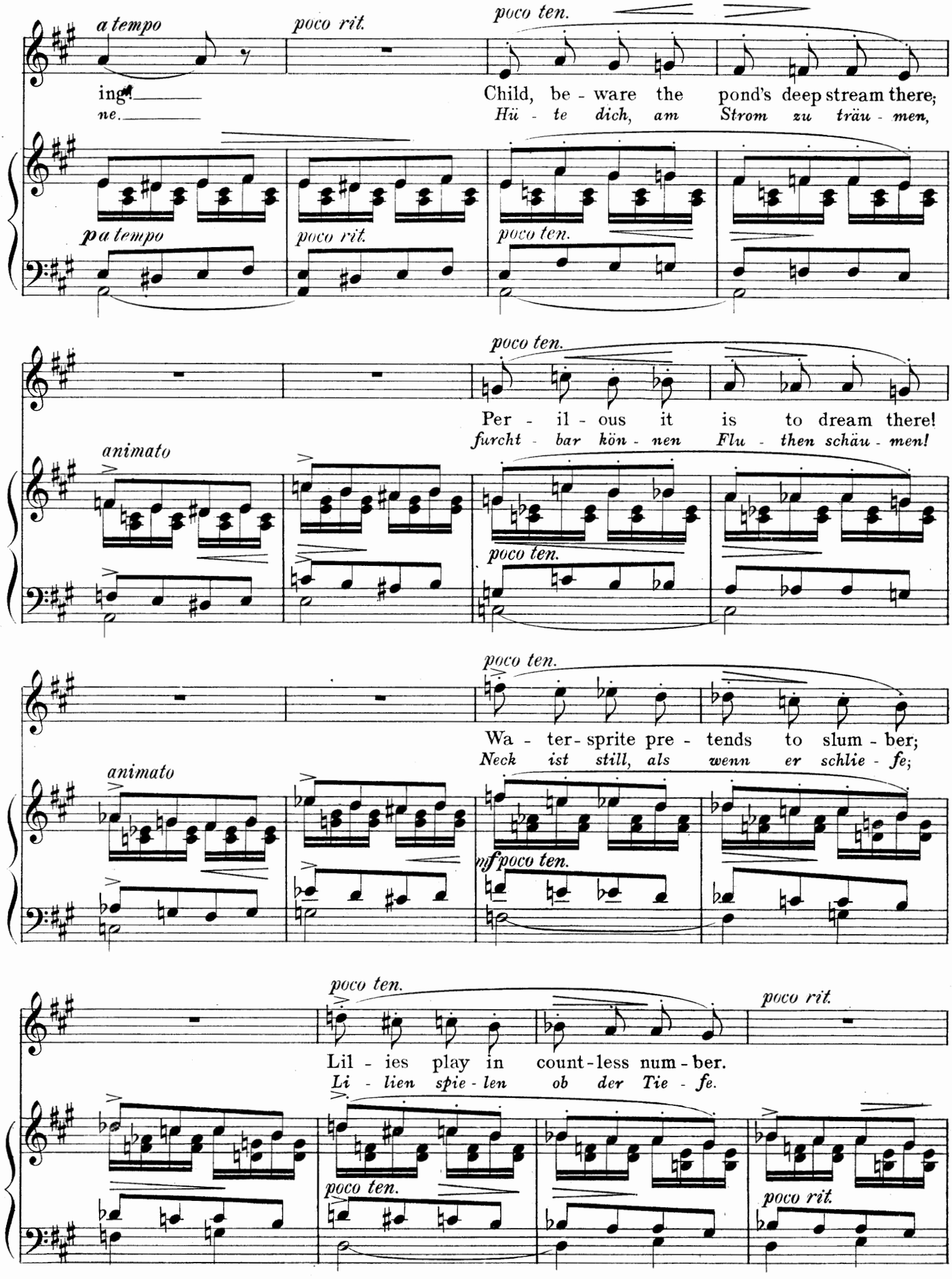
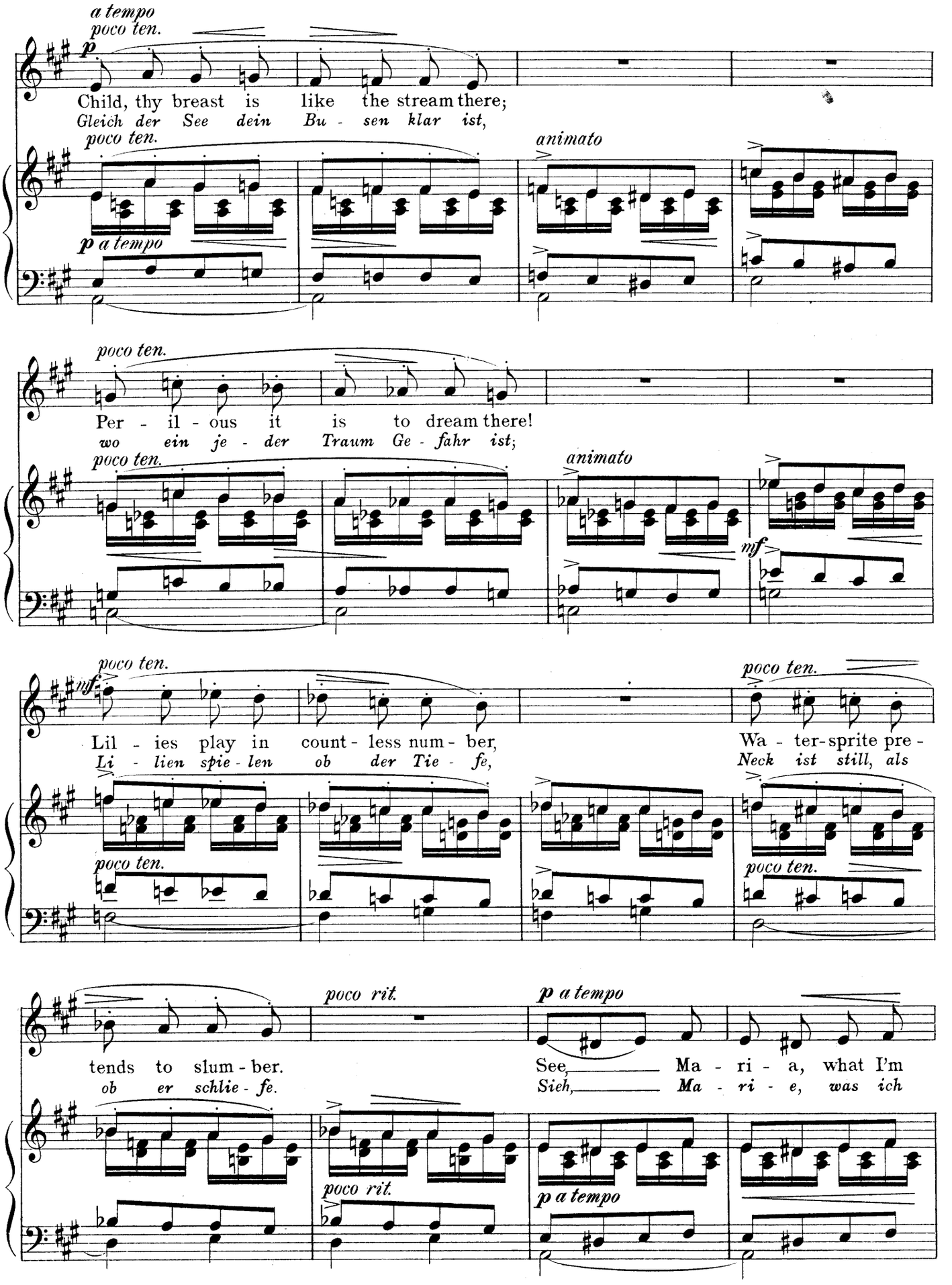
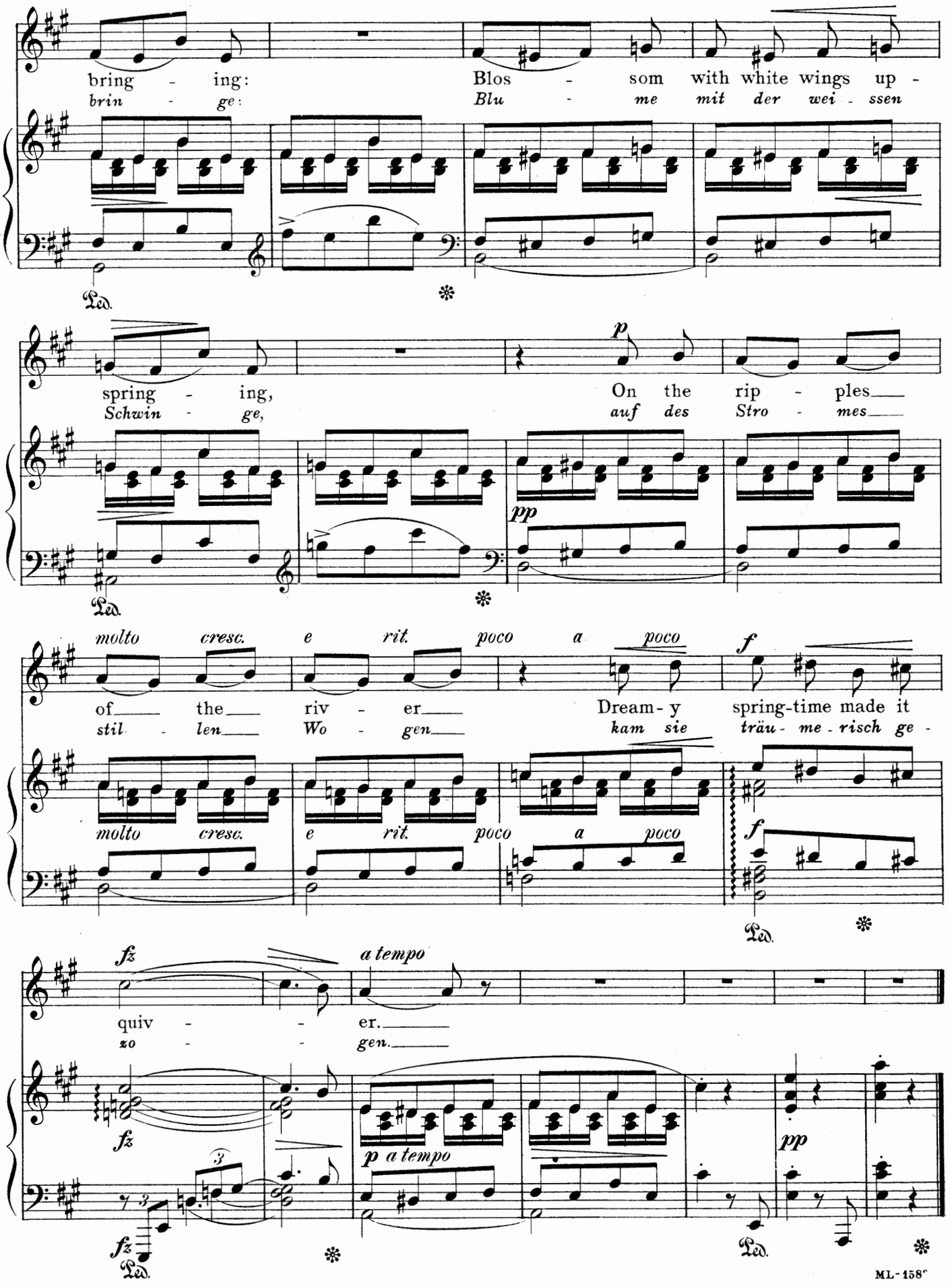
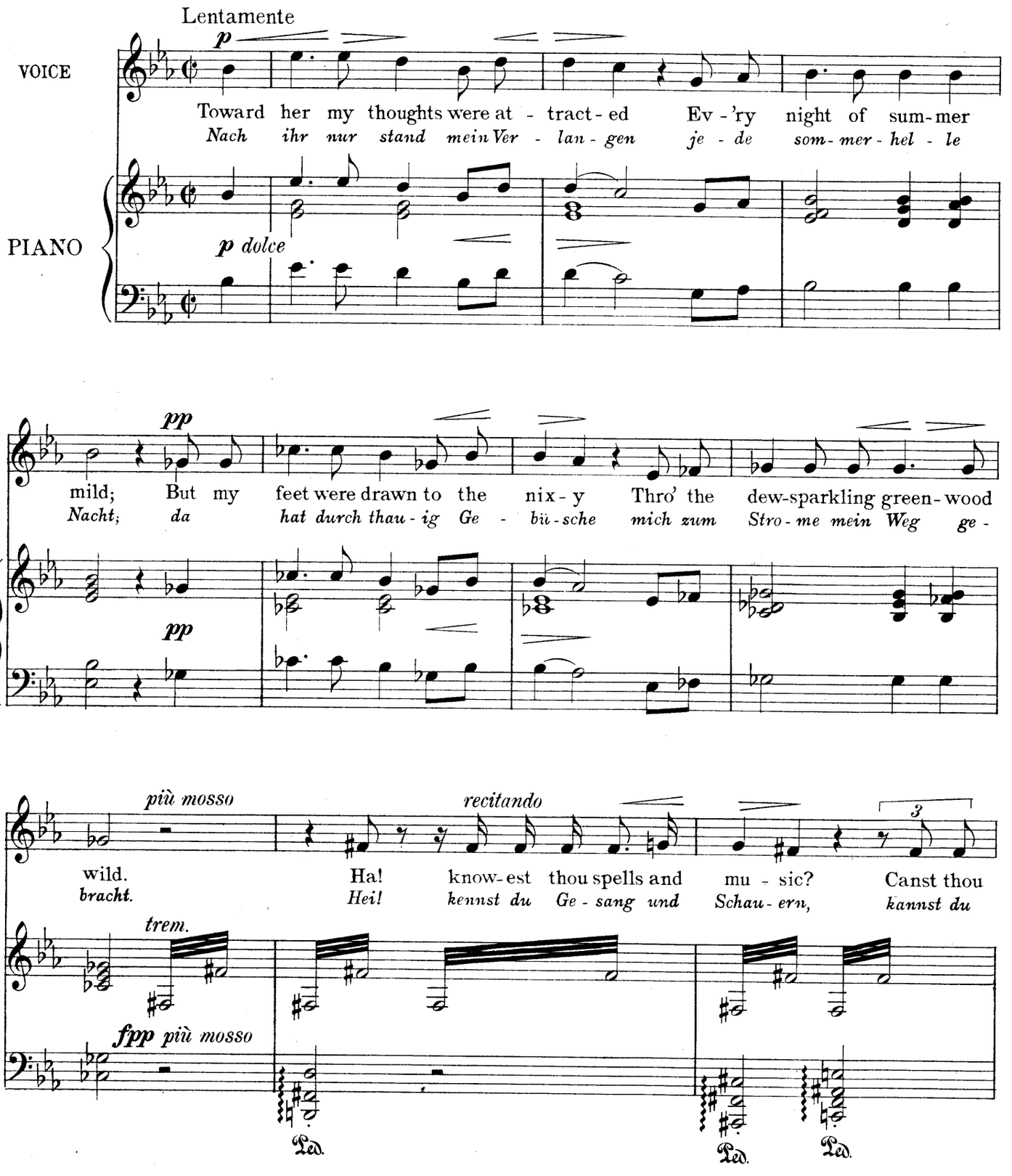

p a tempo
Wilt thou to thy cham-ber bear it?
Wenn sie dei - nen Bu - sen schmück - te,
p a tempo
Ped.
On thy breast, Ma - ri - a, wear it?
kehr - te heim - wärts die Be - glück - te,
Ped.
p
cresc. molto
Then 'twill dream its head is hid - ing
denn auf stil - len Wel - len thro - ne
pp
cresc. molto
poco a poco
f rit.
fz
On the bil - l'wy stream-let glid - - -
ruh - te se - lig ih - re Kro - - -
poco a poco
f rit.
fz
fz
Ped.
Ped.

a tempo
poco rit.
poco ten.
ing.
ne.
Child, be - ware the pond's deep stream there;
Hü - te dich, am Strom zu träu - men,
p a tempo
poco rit.
poco ten.
poco ten.
Per - il - ous it is to dream there!
furcht - bar kön - nen Flu - then schäu - men!
animato
poco ten.
poco ten.
Wa - ter - sprite pre - tends to slum - ber;
Neck ist still, als wenn er schlie - fe;
animato
nf poco ten.
poco ten.
poco rit.
Lil - ies play in count - less num - ber.
Li - lien spie - len ob der Tie - fe.
poco ten.
poco rit.

a tempo
poco ten.
p
Child, thy breast is like the stream there;
Gleich der See dein Bu - sen klar ist,
poco ten.
animato
p a tempo
poco ten.
Per - il - ous it is to dream there!
wo ein je - der Traum Ge - fahr ist;
poco ten.
animato
mf
mf
poco ten.
Lil - ies play in count - less num - ber,
Li - lien spie - len ob der Tie - fe,
poco ten.
Wa - ter-sprite pre -
Neck ist still, als
poco ten.
poco ten.
poco rit.
p a tempo
tends to slum - ber.
ob er schlie - fe.
See, Ma - ri - a, what I'm
Sieh, Ma - ri - e, was ich
poco rit.
p a tempo

bring - ing:
brin - ge:
Blos - som with white wings up -
Blu - me mit der wei - ssen
Ped.
spring - ing,
Schwin - ge,
On the rip - ples
auf des Stro - mes
molto cresc. e rit. poco a poco
of the riv - er
stil - len Wo - gen
Dream-y spring-time made it
kam sie träu - me - risch ge -
fz
a tempo
quiv - er.
zo - gen.
p a tempo
pp
ML-158

MINSTREL'S SONG
(SPIELMANNSLIED)

(Composed in 1876)

(Original Key, C)

HENRIK IBSEN (1828-1906)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by W. Henzen

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 25, No 1

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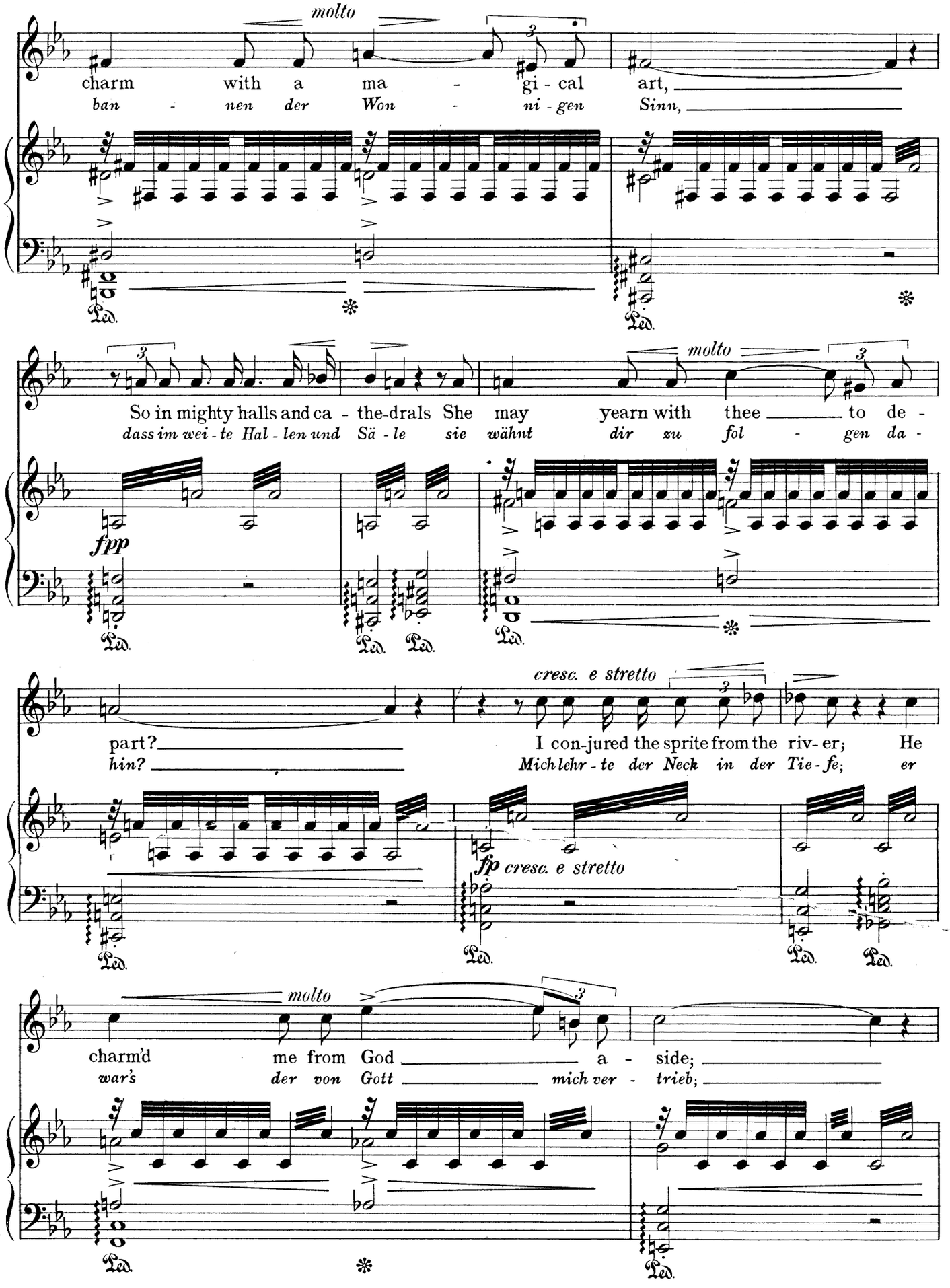
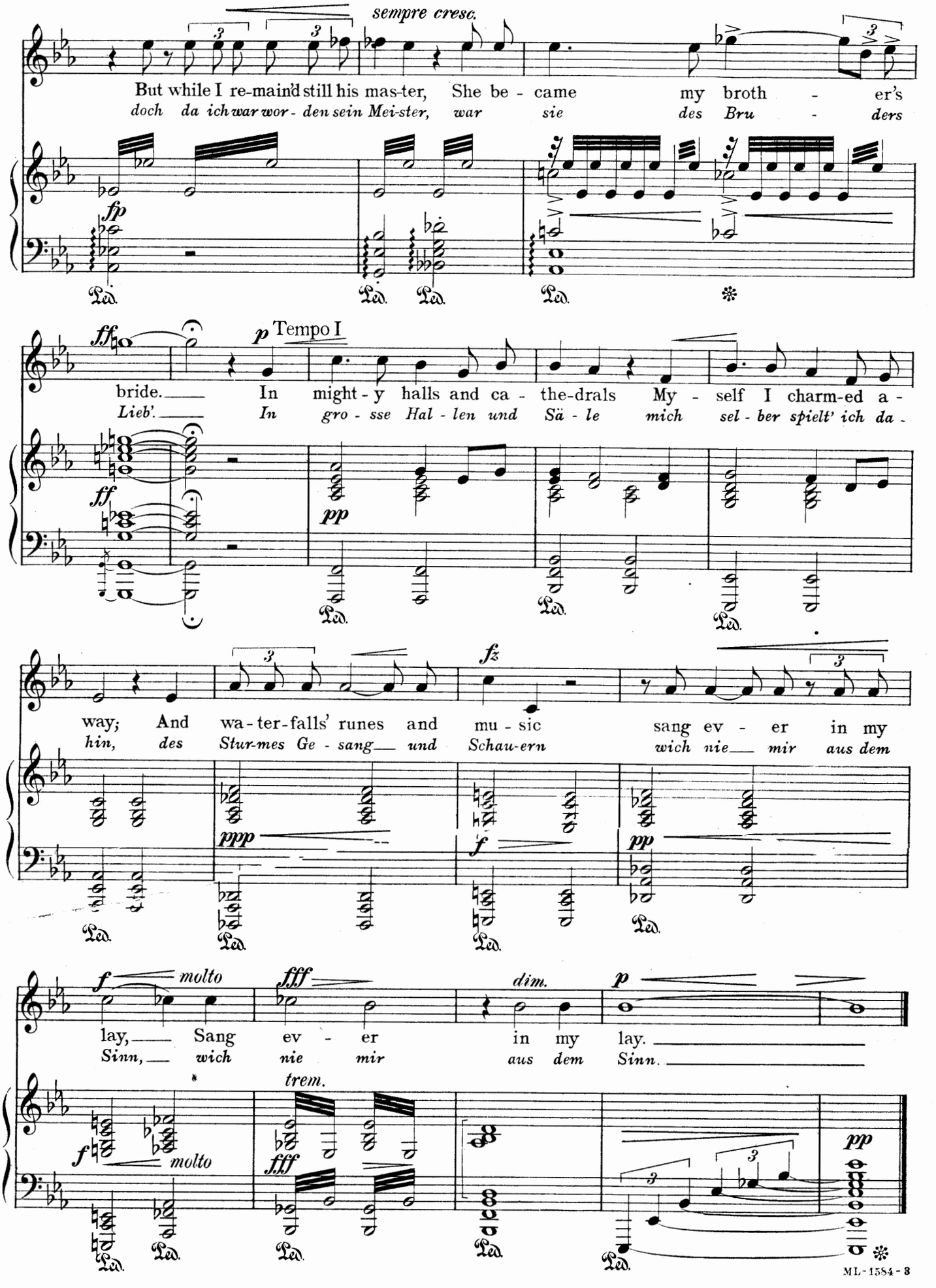

molto
charm with a ma - gi - cal art,
ban - nen der Won - ni - gen Sinn,
Ped.
molto
So in mighty halls and ca - the-drals She may yearn with thee to de -
dass im wei - te Hal - len und Sä - le sie wähnt dir zu fol - gen da -
fpp
Ped.
cresc. e stretto
part?
hin?
I con-jured the sprite from the riv- er; He
Mich lehr - te der Neck in der Tie - fe; er
fp cresc. e stretto
Ped.
molto
charm'd me from God a - side;
war's der von Gott mich ver - trieb;
Ped.

sempre cresc.
But while I re-main'd still his mas-ter, She be - came my broth - er's
doch da ich war wor - den sein Mei-ster, war sie des Bru - ders
fp
Ped.
ff
p Tempo I
bride. In might - y halls and ca - the-drals My - self I charm-ed a -
Lieb'. In gro - sse Hal - len und Sä - le mich sel - ber spielt' ich da -
pp
way; And wa - ter-falls' runes and mu - sic sang ev - er in my
hin, des Stur-mes Ge - sang und Schau-ern wich nie mir aus dem
fz
ppp
f
molto
fff
dim.
p
lay, Sang ev - er in my lay.
Sinn, wich nie mir aus dem Sinn.
trem.

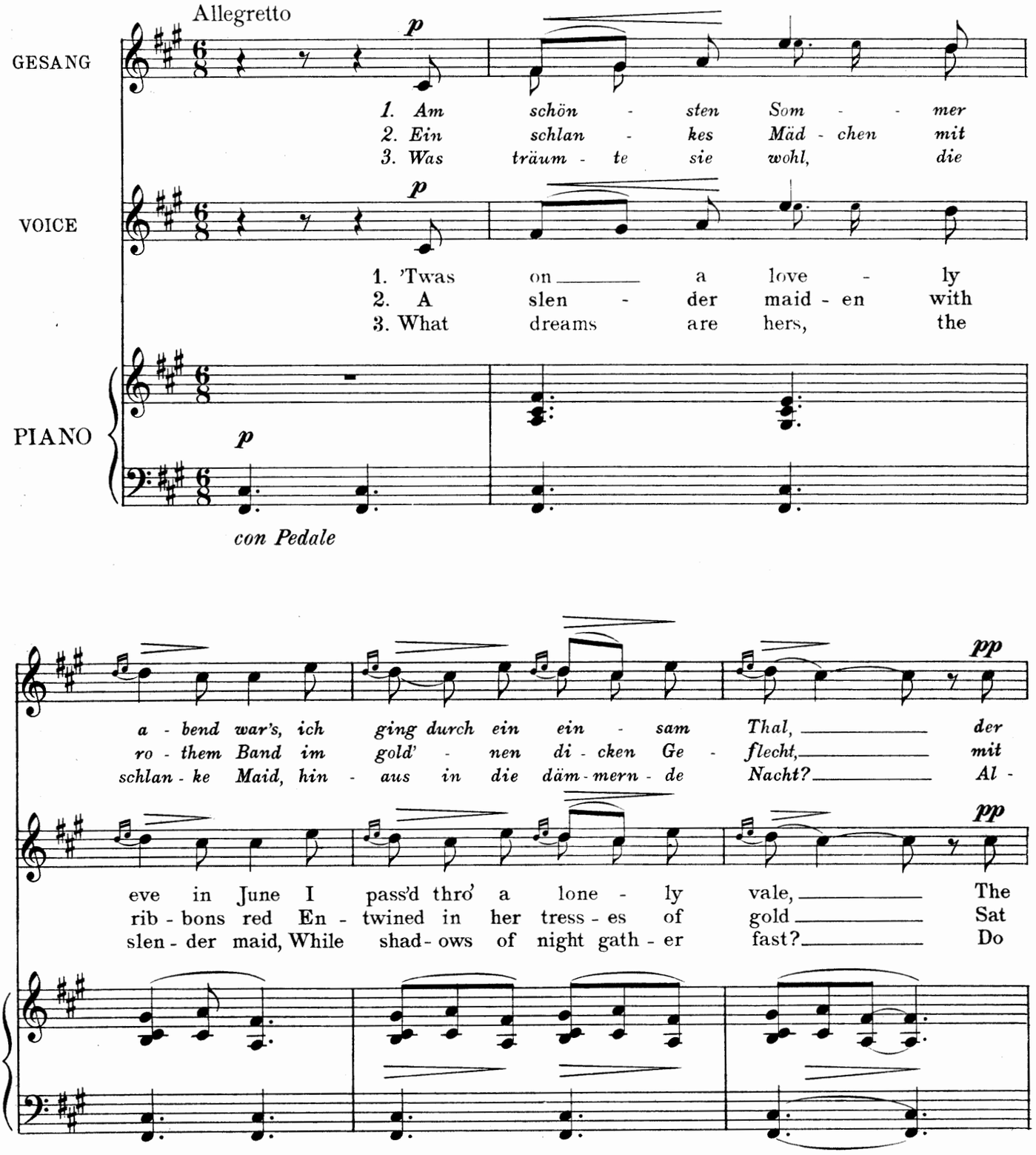
'TWAS ON A LOVELY EVE IN JUNE
(AM SCHÖNSTEN SOMMERABEND WAR'S)

(Composed in 1876)

(Original Key)

J. PAULSEN (1851-)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney
German version by W. Henzen

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 26, № 2



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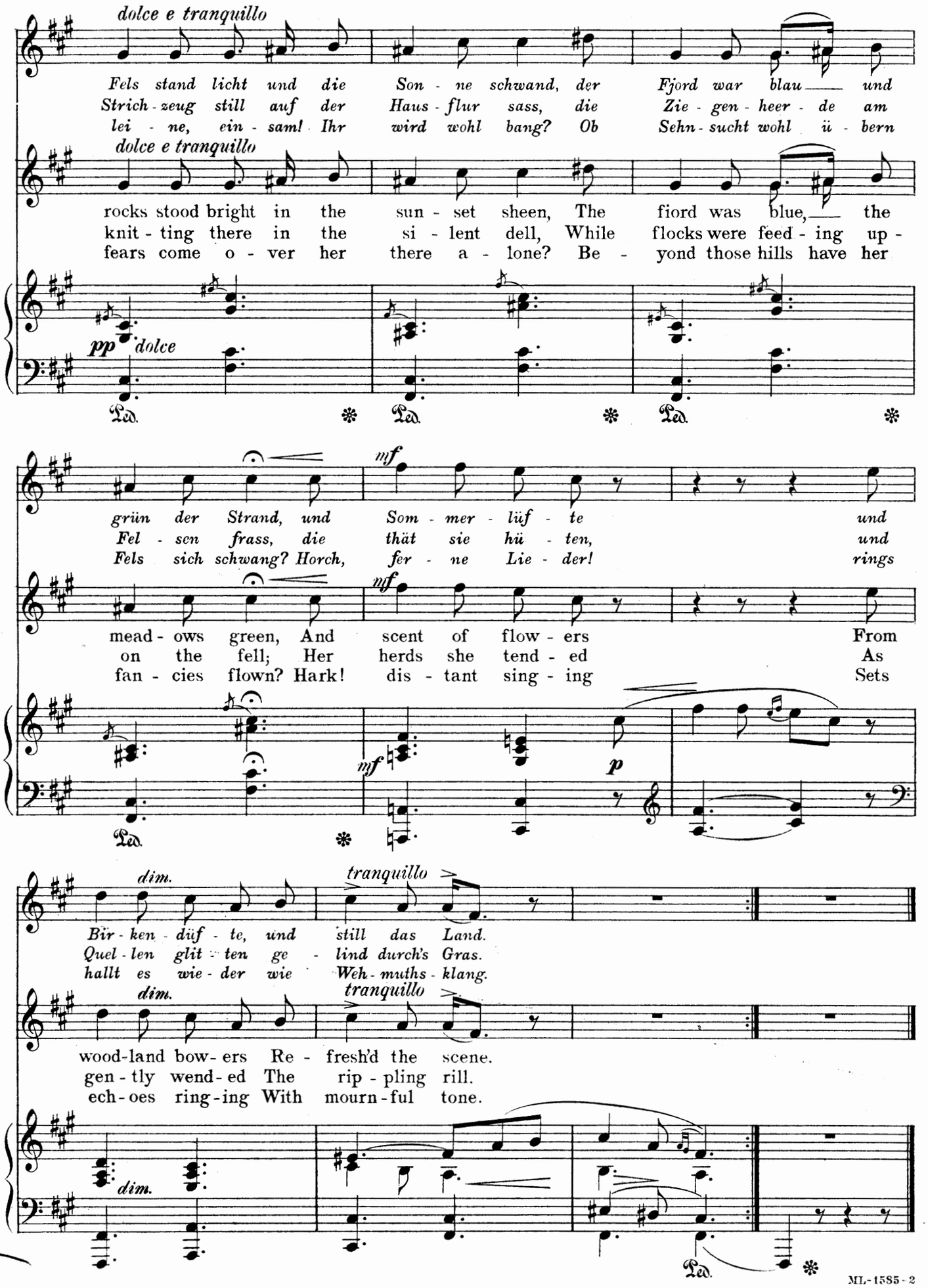
dolce e tranquillo
Fels stand licht und die Son - ne schwand, der Fjord war blau — und
Strich - zeug still auf der Haus - flur sass, die Zie - gen - heer - de am
lei - ne, ein - sam! Ihr wird wohl bang? Ob Sehn - sucht wohl ü - bern
dolce e tranquillo
rocks stood bright in the sun - set sheen, The fiord was blue, — the
knit - ting there in the si - lent dell, While flocks were feed - ing up -
fears come o - ver her there a - lone? Be - yond those hills have her
pp dolce
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
grün der Strand, und Som - mer - lüf - te und
Fel - sen frass, die thät sie hü - ten, und
Fels sich schwang? Horch, fer - ne Lie - der! rings
mead - ows green, And scent of flow - ers From
on the fell; Her herds she tend - ed As
fan - cies flown? Hark! dis - tant sing - ing Sets
mf
mf
mf
p
Ped. *
dim.
tranquillo
Bir - ken - düf - te, und still das Land.
Quel - len glit - ten ge - lind durch's Gras.
hallt es wie - der wie Weh - muths - klang.
dim.
tranquillo
wood-land bow- ers Re - fresh'd the scene.
gen - tly wend - ed The rip - pling rill.
ech - oes ring - ing With mourn - ful tone.
dim.
Ped. *

THE YOUTH
(DER BURSCH)

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

(Composed in 1880)
(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.33, № 1

Poco Andante (freely declaimed) *(frei declamirt)*

VOICE

PIANO

p

Thou'st trav - el'd far and thou art worn; Thy feet com -
Du wan - derst weit und du wirst müd', dein Fuss wird

fp

plain. Thy bit - ter tears (so thou dost mourn) Thy pil - low stain.
wund. Im Bet - te man dich wei - nen sieht so man - che Stund'.

fp

p

Thou wash - est out that salt of thine Till thou hast seen
Doch die - ser Thau er macht dich rein, dich klärt der Schmerz,

cresc. molto

ff

The bit - ing con - cen-trat - ed brine That makes life clean.
es drängt sich tief die schar - fe Pein dir in dein Herz.

cresc. molto

ff

p

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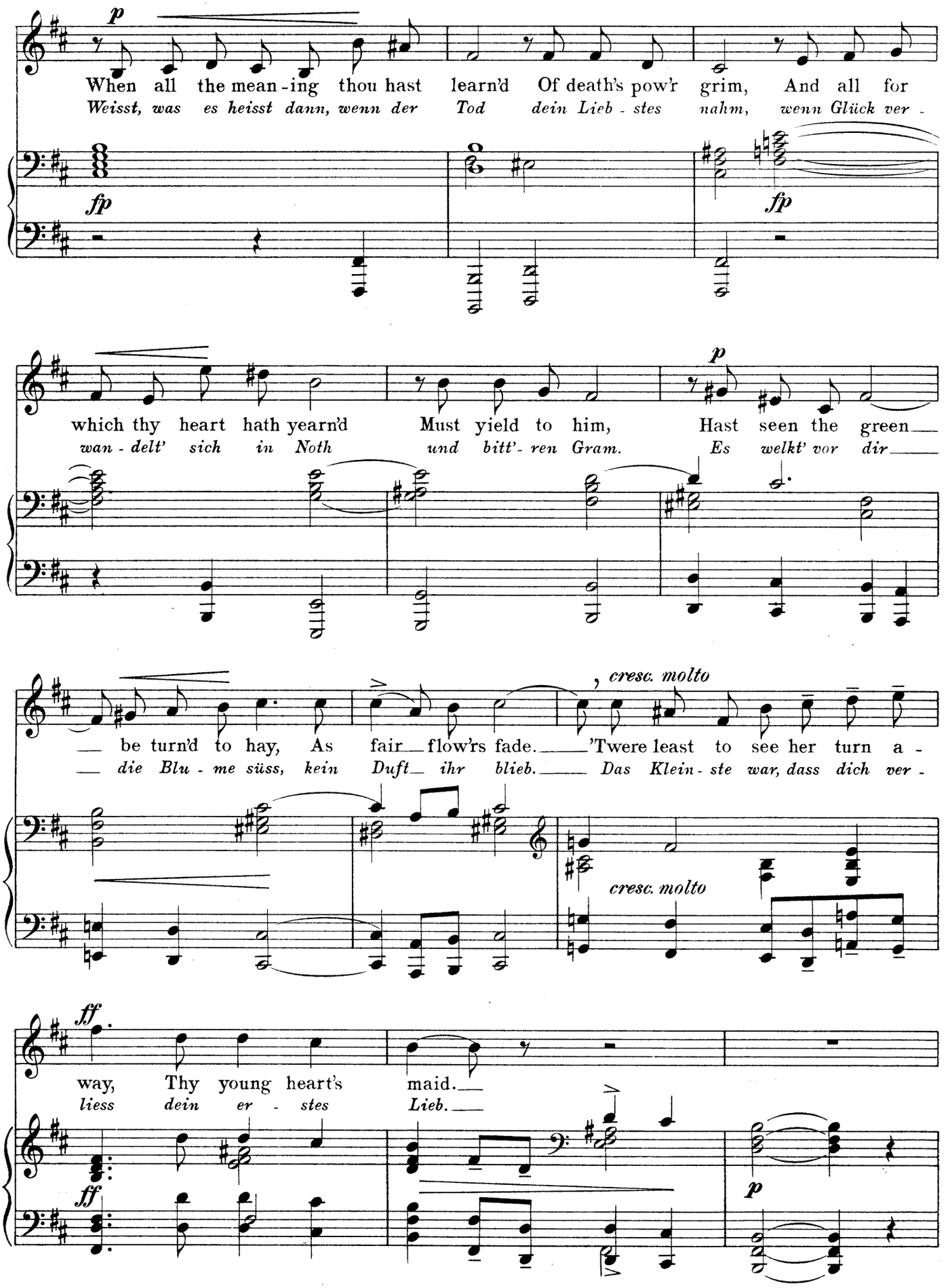
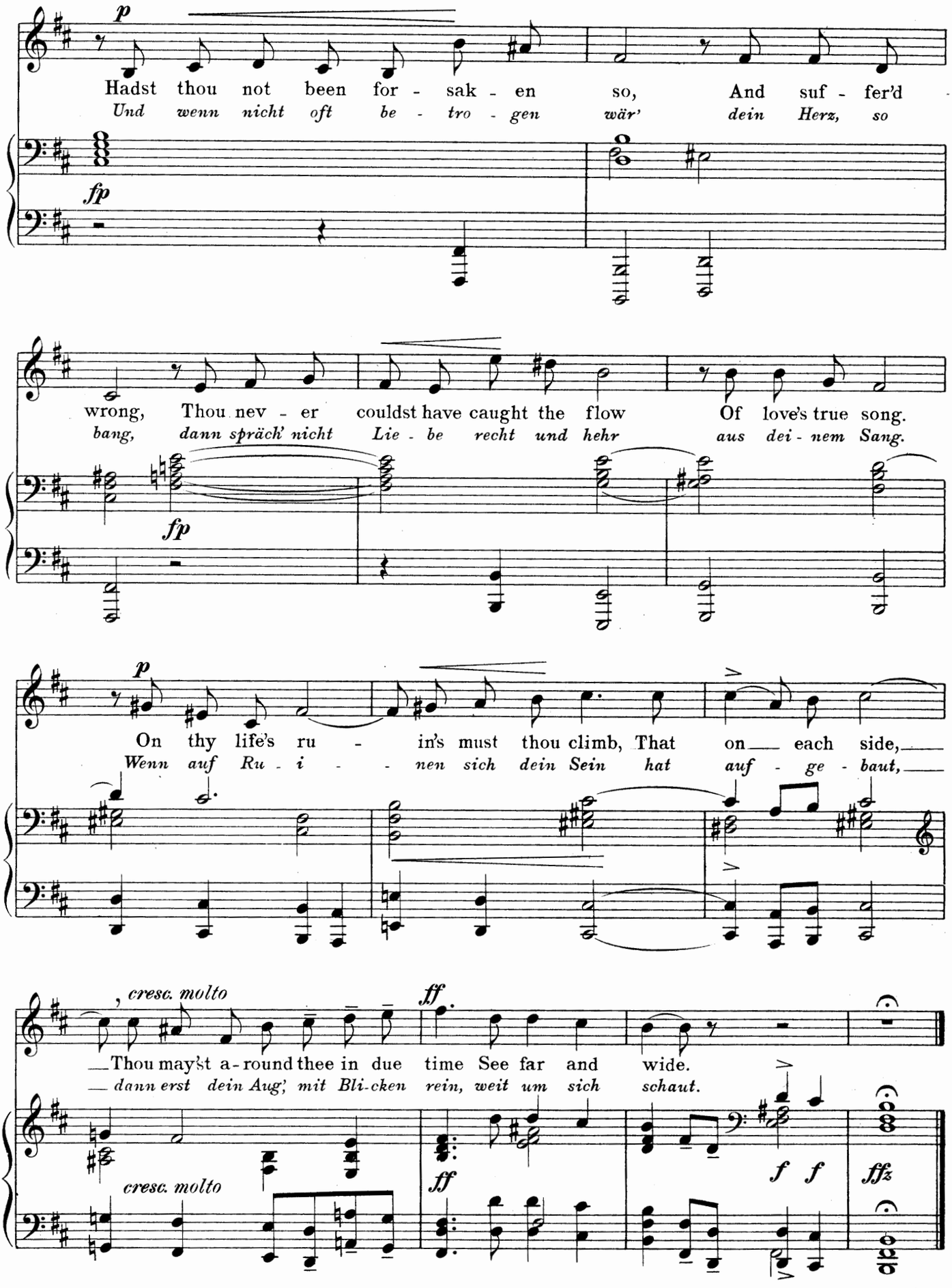

p
When all the mean-ing thou hast learn'd Of death's pow'r grim, And all for
Weisst, was es heisst dann, wenn der Tod dein Lieb-stes nahm, wenn Glück ver-
fp
fp
which thy heart hath yearn'd Must yield to him, Hast seen the green
wan-delt' sich in Noth und bitt'-ren Gram. Es welkt' vor dir
p
be turn'd to hay, As fair flow'rs fade. 'Twere least to see her turn a-
die Blu-me süss, kein Duft ihr blieb. Das Klein-ste war, dass dich ver-
cresc. molto
cresc. molto
ff
way, Thy young heart's maid.
liess dein er-stes Lieb.
ff
p

p
Hadst thou not been for - sak - en so, And suf - fer'd
Und wenn nicht oft be - tro - gen wär' dein Herz, so
fp
wrong, Thou nev - er couldst have caught the flow Of love's true song.
bang, dann spräch' nicht Lie - be recht und hehr aus dei - nem Sang.
fp
p
On thy life's ru - in's must thou climb, That on each side,
Wenn auf Ru - i - nen sich dein Sein hat auf - ge - baut,
cresc. molto
ff
Thou may'st a - round thee in due time See far and wide.
dann erst dein Aug', mit Bli-cken rein, weit um sich schaut.
cresc. molto
ff
f f
ffz

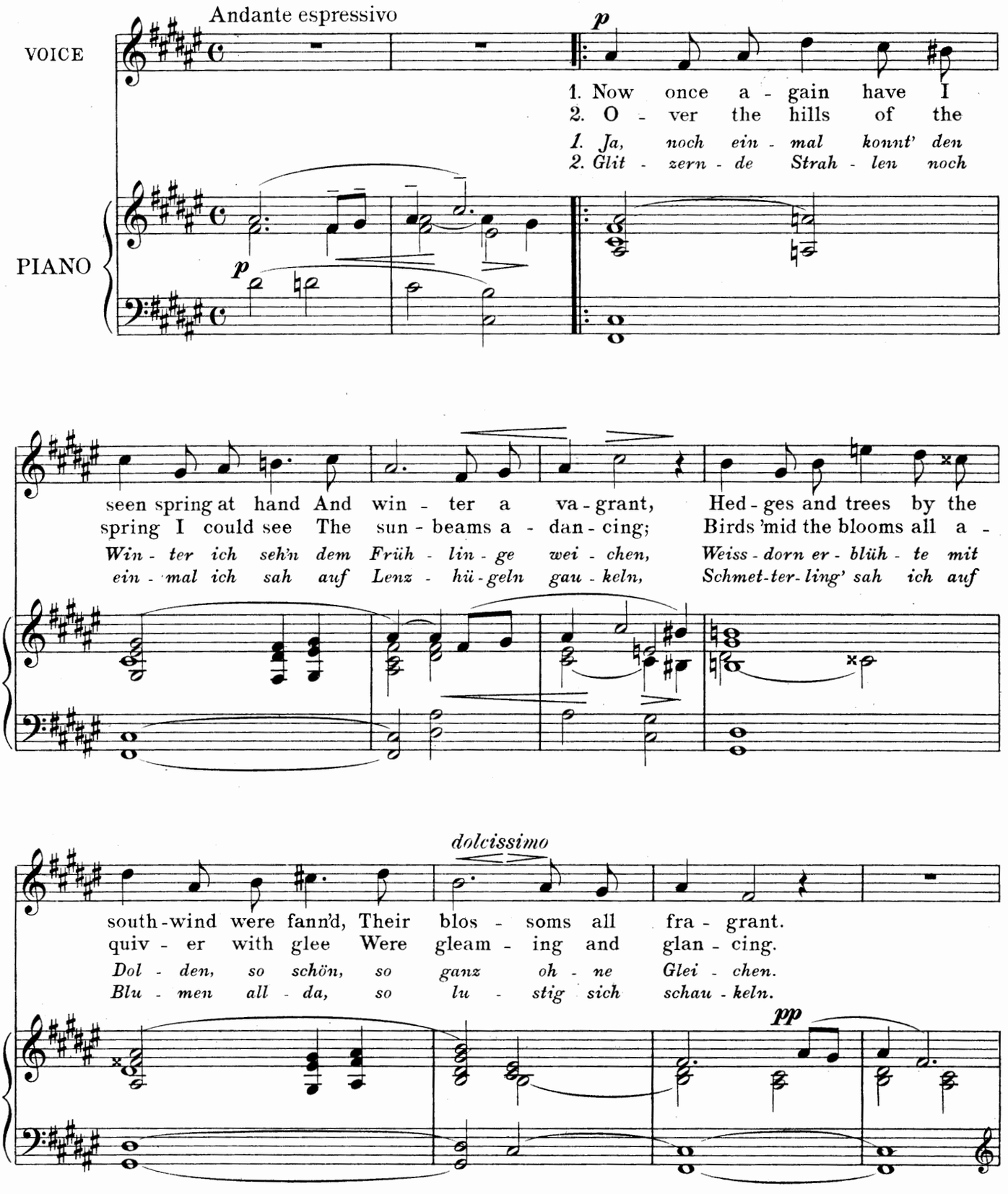
SPRINGTIDE
(DER FRÜHLING)

(Composed in 1880)

A. O. VINJE (1818-1880)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Edmund Lobedanz

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.33,№2



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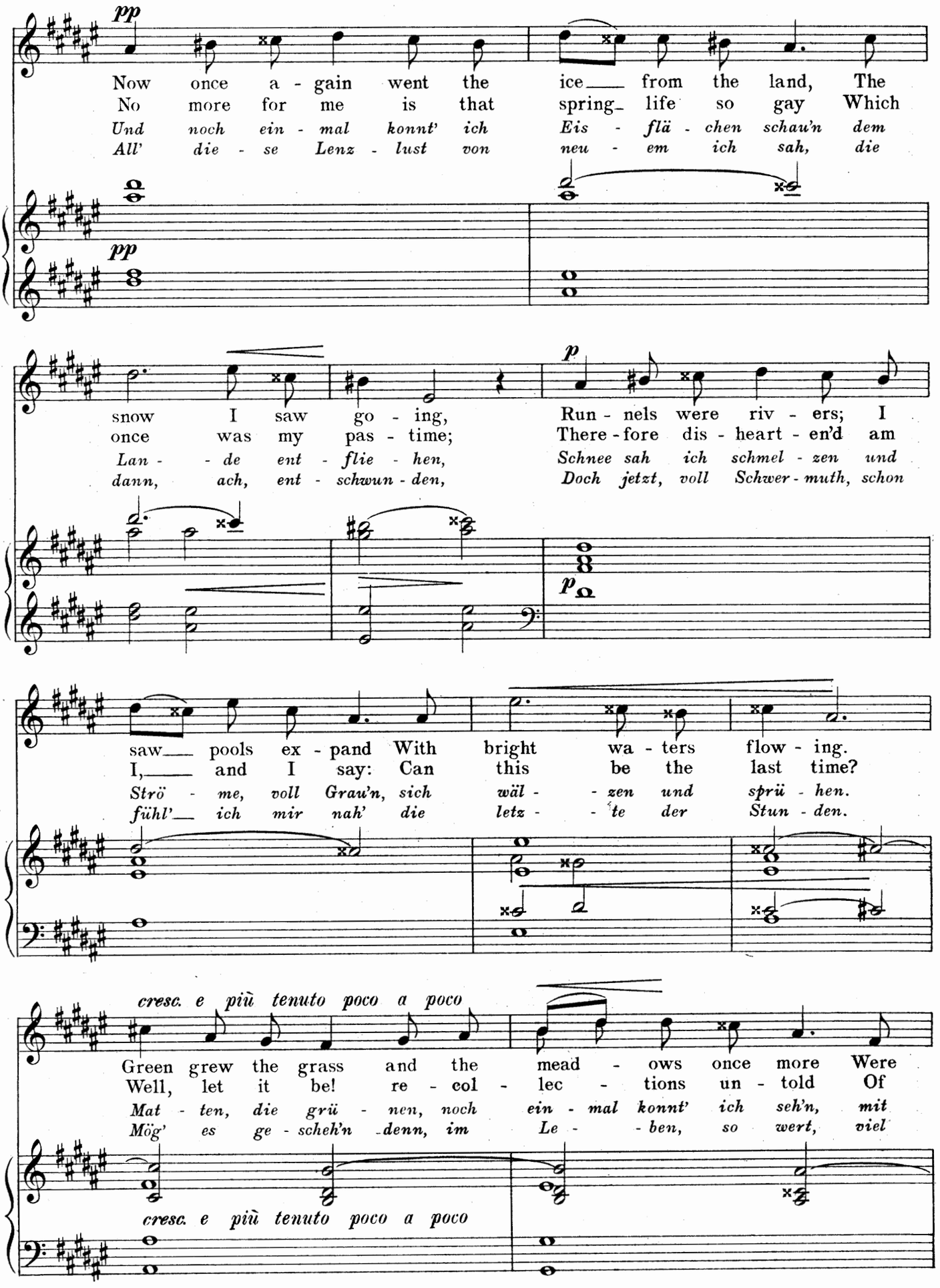
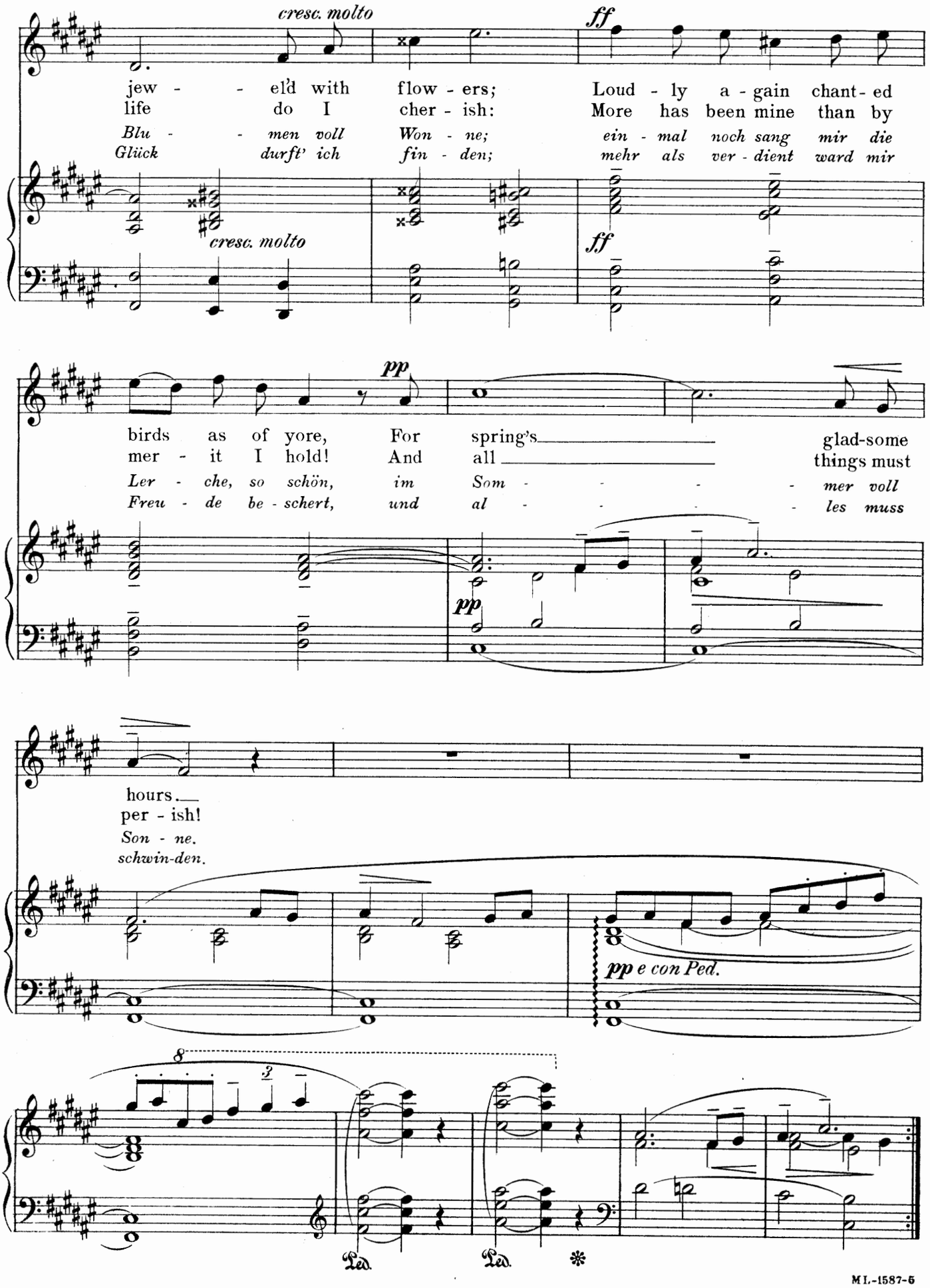
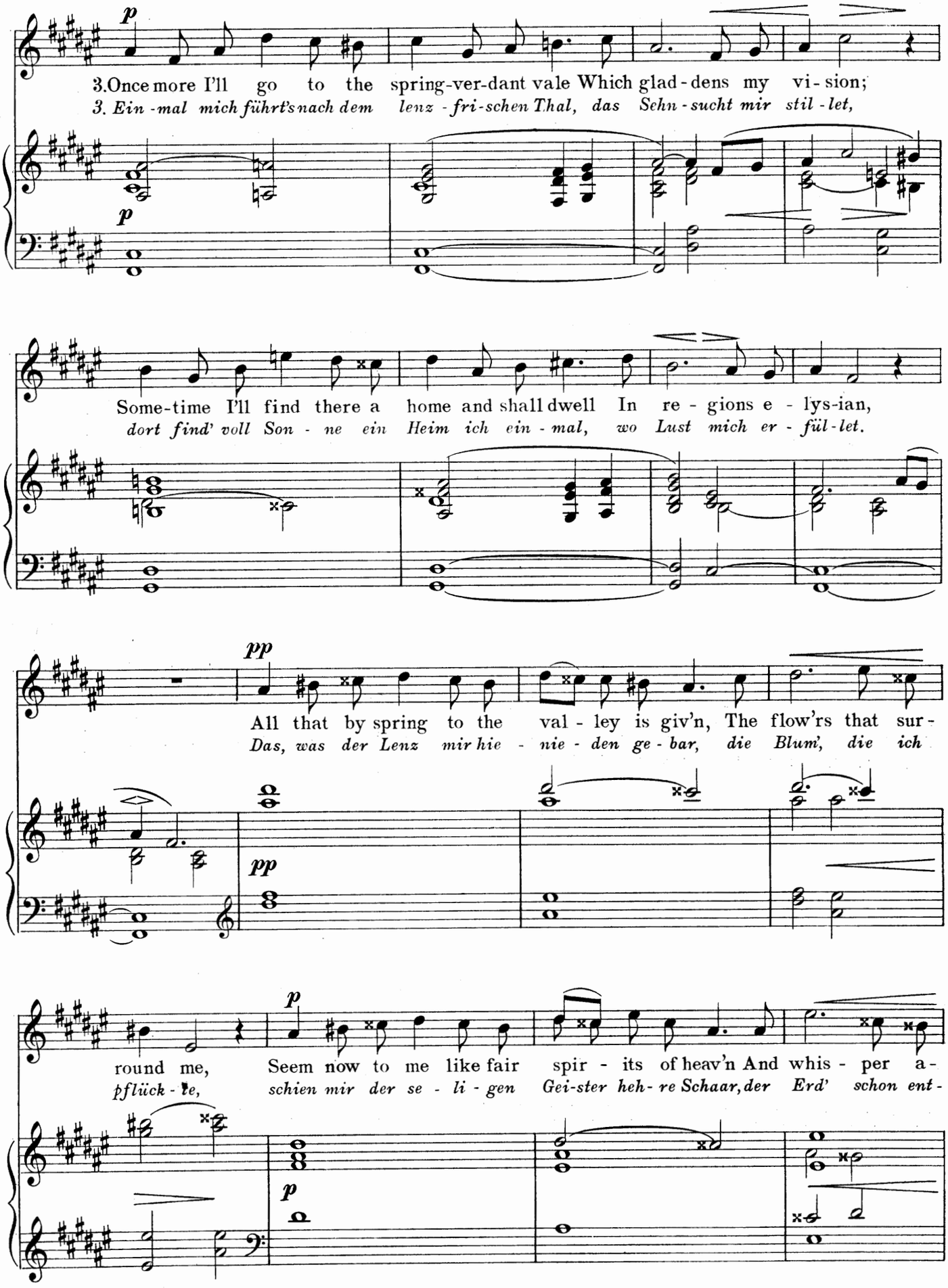
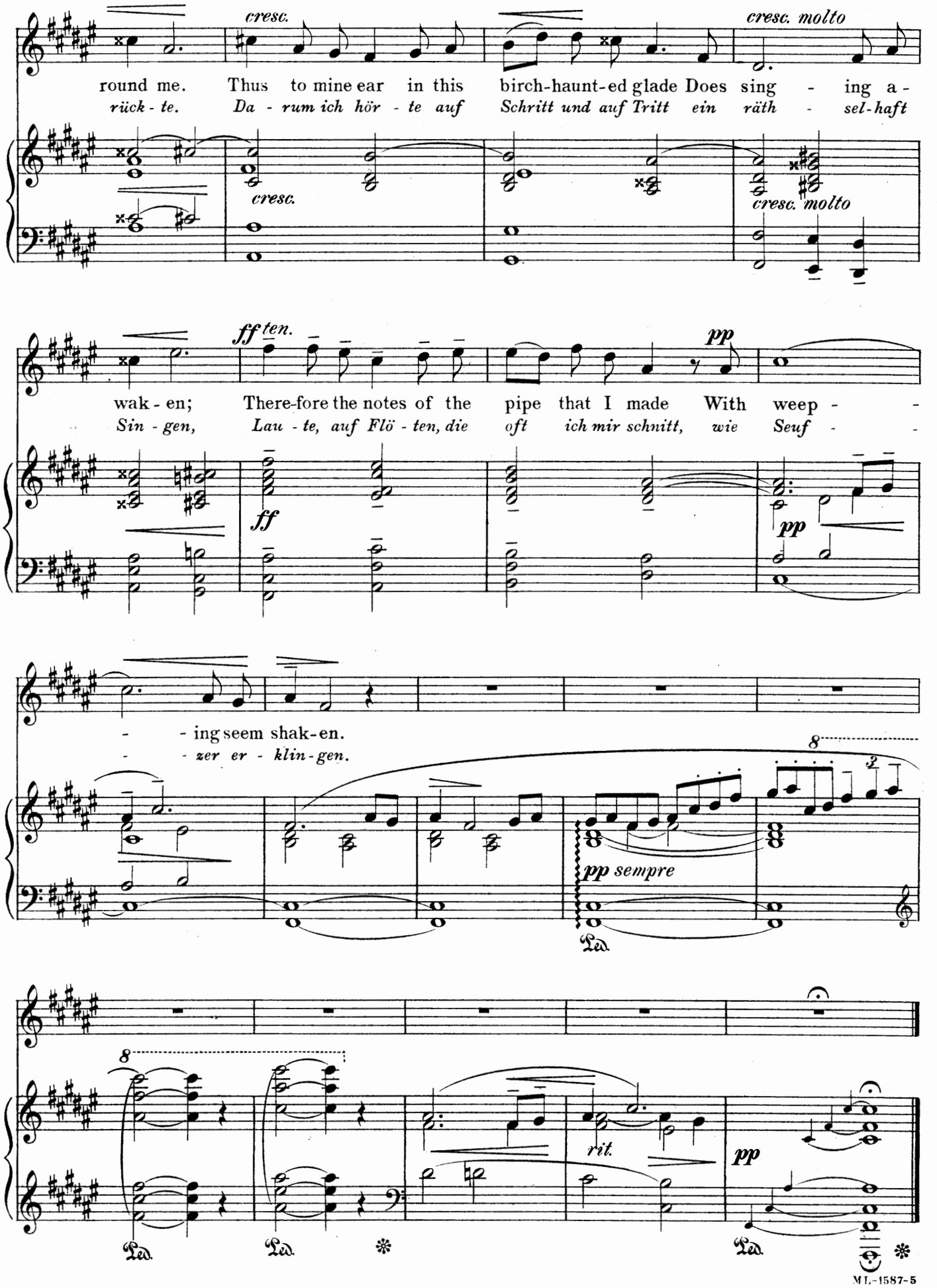

pp
Now once a - gain went the ice from the land, The
No more for me is that spring life so gay Which
Und noch ein - mal konnt' ich Eis - flä - chen schau'n dem
All' die - se Lenz - lust von neu - em ich sah, die
pp
snow I saw go - ing, Run - nels were riv - ers; I
once was my pas - time; There - fore dis - heart - en'd am
Lan - - de ent - flie - hen, Schnee sah ich schmel - zen und
dann, ach, ent - schwun - den, Doch jetzt, voll Schwer - muth, schon
p
saw pools ex - pand With bright wa - ters flow - ing.
I, and I say: Can this be the last time?
Strö - me, voll Grau'n, sich wäl - - zen und sprü - hen.
fühl' ich mir nah' die letz - - te der Stun - den.
cresc. e più tenuto poco a poco
Green grew the grass and the mead - ows once more Were
Well, let it be! re - col - lec - tions un - told Of
Mat - ten, die grü - nen, noch ein - mal konnt' ich seh'n, mit
Mög' es ge - scheh'n denn, im Le - - ben, so wert, viel
cresc. e più tenuto poco a poco

cresc. molto
ff
jew - - el'd with flow - ers; Loud - ly a - gain chant - ed
life do I cher - ish: More has been mine than by
Blu - - men voll Won - ne; ein - mal noch sang mir die
Glück durft' ich fin - den; mehr als ver - dient ward mir
cresc. molto
ff
pp
birds as of yore, For spring's glad-some
mer - it I hold! And all things must
Ler - che, so schön, im Som - - - mer voll
Freu - de be - schert, und al - - - les muss
pp
hours.
per - ish!
Son - ne.
schwin-den.
pp e con Ped.
8
3
Ped.
Ped.
*

p
3.Once more I'll go to the spring-ver-dant vale Which glad-dens my vi-sion;
3. Ein-mal mich führt's nach dem lenz-fri-schen Thal, das Sehn-sucht mir stil-let,
p
Some-time I'll find there a home and shall dwell In re-gions e-lys-ian,
dort find' voll Son-ne ein Heim ich ein-mal, wo Lust mich er-fül-let.
pp
All that by spring to the val-ley is giv'n, The flow'rs that sur-
Das, was der Lenz mir hie-nie-den ge-bar, die Blum', die ich
pp
p
round me, Seem now to me like fair spir-its of heav'n And whis-per a-
pflück-te, schien mir der se-li-gen Gei-ster heh-re Schaar, der Erd' schon ent-
p

cresc.
cresc. molto
round me. Thus to mine ear in this birch-haunt-ed glade Does sing - ing a -
rück - te. Da - rum ich hör - te auf Schritt und auf Tritt ein räth - sel-haft
cresc.
cresc. molto
ff ten.
pp
wak - en; There-fore the notes of the pipe that I made With weep - -
Sin - gen, Lau - te, auf Flö - ten, die oft ich mir schnitt, wie Seuf - -
ff
pp
- - ing seem shak-en.
- - zer er - klin - gen.
8
pp sempre
Ped.
8
rit.
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

THE WOUNDED HEART
(DER VERWUNDETE)

(Composed in 1880)

(*Original Key*)

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

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, №3

Allegretto espressivo

VOICE

PIANO

1. My heart in the con-flict of life has fought, And
1. Mein Her-ze war mit in des Le-bens Streit und

ma-ny a sor-row has grieved it; Sick and wound-ed sore, by the pain 'twas taught, And
Wun-den hat es em-pfan-gen; es lag krank, ver-wun-det, in Schmerz und Leid, und

sad-ly now a re-treat has sought From life's cru-el game which de-
den-noch ist es bis die-se Zeit dem Spie-le des Le-bens ent-

ceived it, From life's cru-el game which de-ceived it.
gan-gen, dem Spie-le des Le-bens ent-gan-gen.

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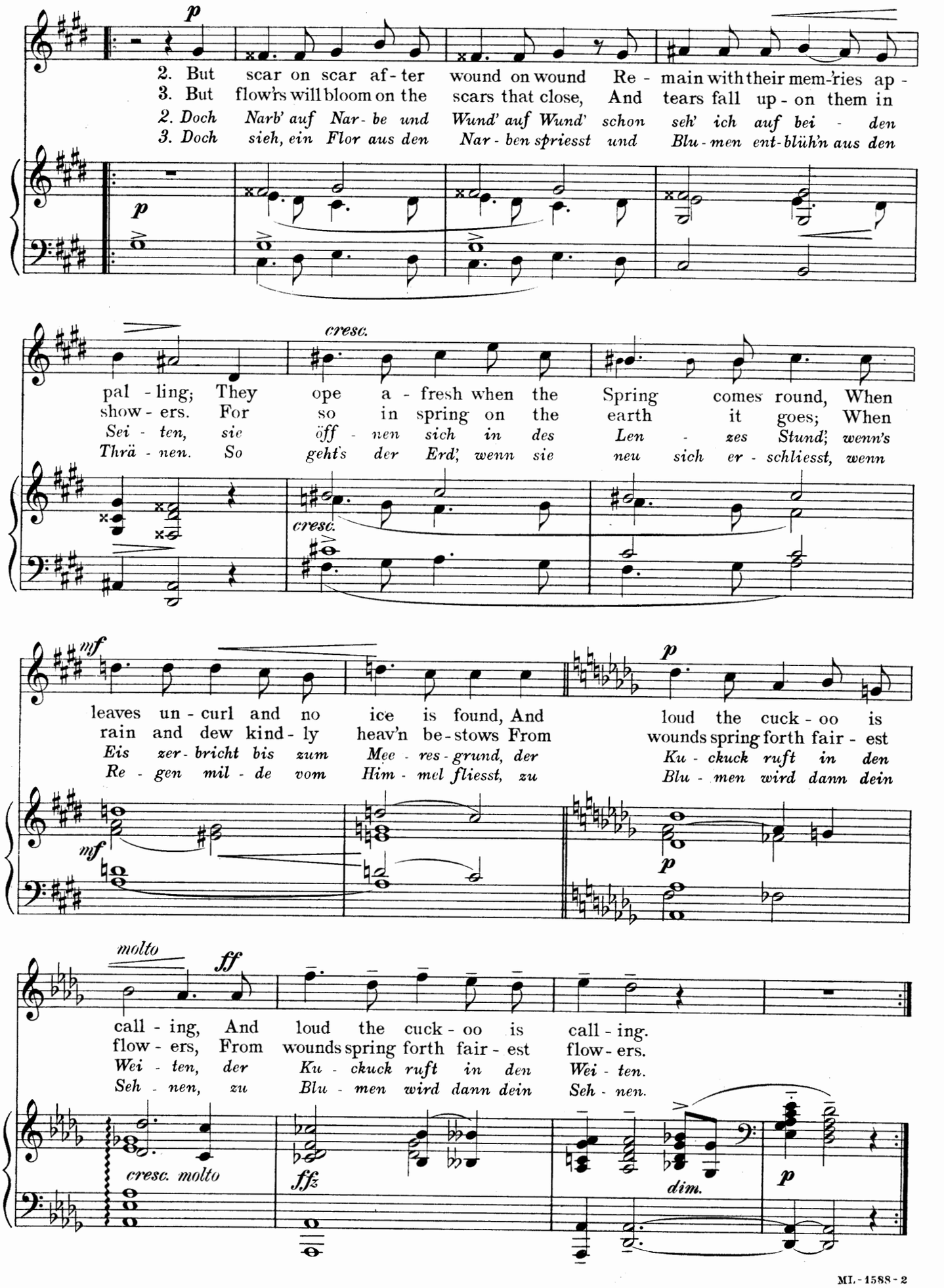

p
2. But scar on scar af - ter wound on wound Re - main with their mem-'ries ap -
3. But flow'rs will bloom on the scars that close, And tears fall up - on them in
2. Doch Narb' auf Nar - be und Wund' auf Wund' schon seh' ich auf bei - den
3. Doch sieh, ein Flor aus den Nar - ben spriesst und Blu - men ent-blüh'n aus den
p
pal - ling; They ope a - fresh when the Spring comes round, When
show - ers. For so in spring on the earth it goes; When
Sei - ten, sie öff - nen sich in des Len - zes Stund', wenn's
Thrä - nen. So geht's der Erd', wenn sie neu sich er - schliesst, wenn
cresc.
cresc.
mf
leaves un - curl and no ice is found, And
rain and dew kind - ly heav'n be - stows From
Eis zer - bricht bis zum Mee - res - grund, der
Re - gen mil - de vom Him - mel fliesst, zu
p
loud the cuck - oo is
wounds spring forth fair - est
Ku - ckuck ruft in den
Blu - men wird dann dein
mf
p
molto
ff
call - ing, And loud the cuck - oo is call - ing.
flow - ers, From wounds spring forth fair - est flow - ers.
Wei - ten, der Ku - ckuck ruft in den Wei - ten.
Seh - nen, zu Blu - men wird dann dein Seh - nen.
cresc. molto
ffz
dim.
p

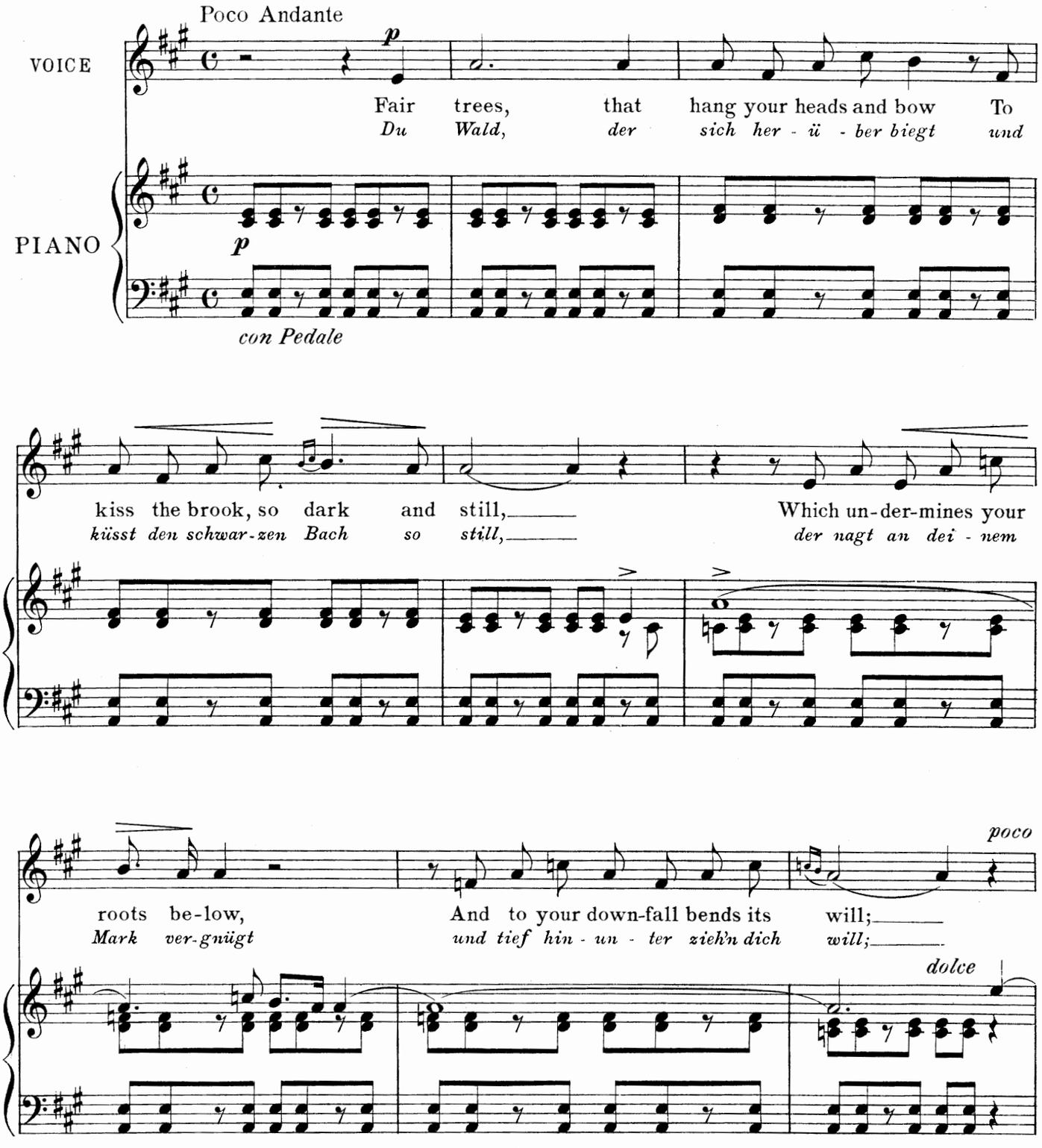
AT THE BROOKSIDE

(AN EINEM BACHE)

(Composed in 1880)

A. O. VINJE (1818 - 1870)
English version by Frederic Field Bullard
German version by Edmund Lobedanz

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, № 5

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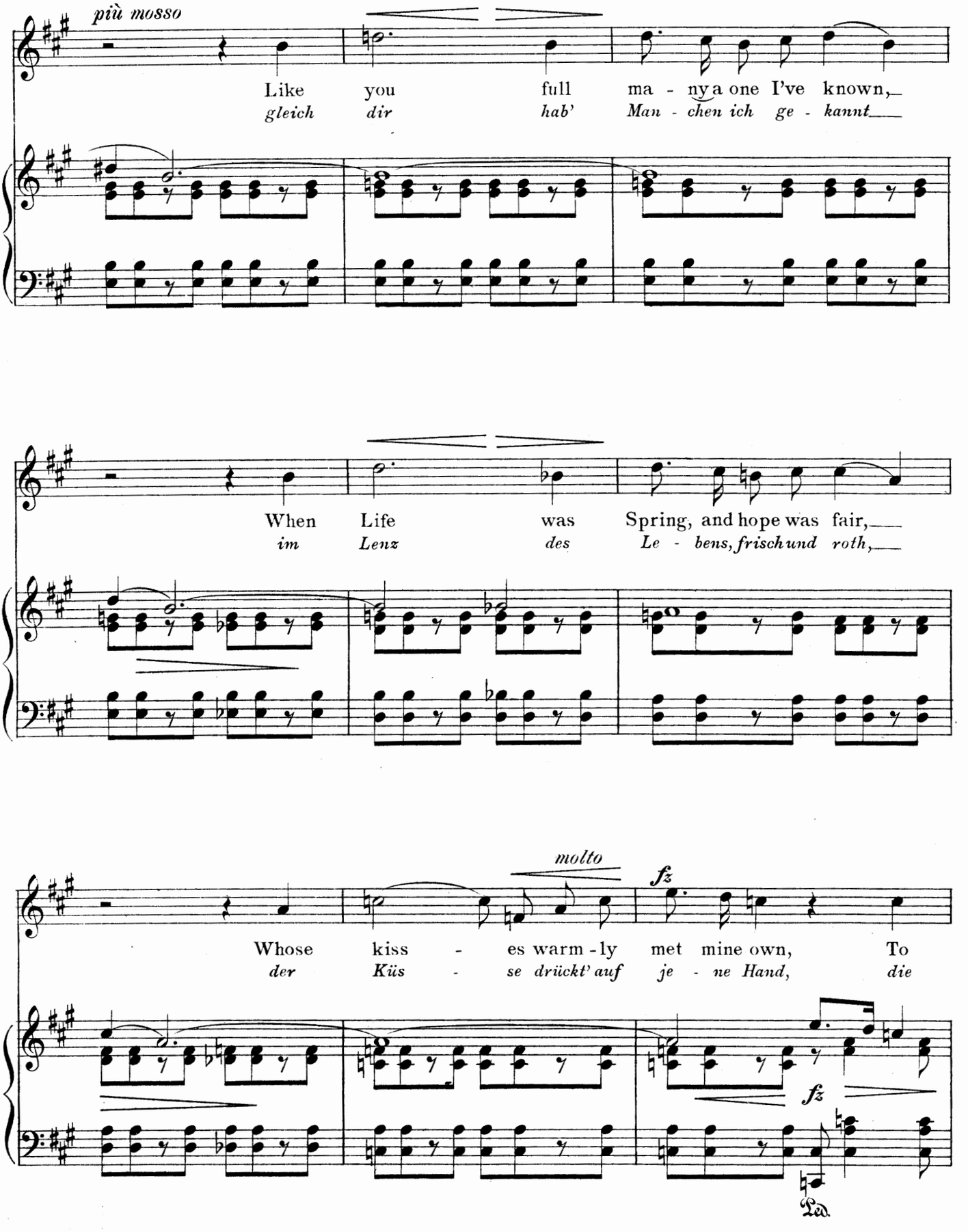
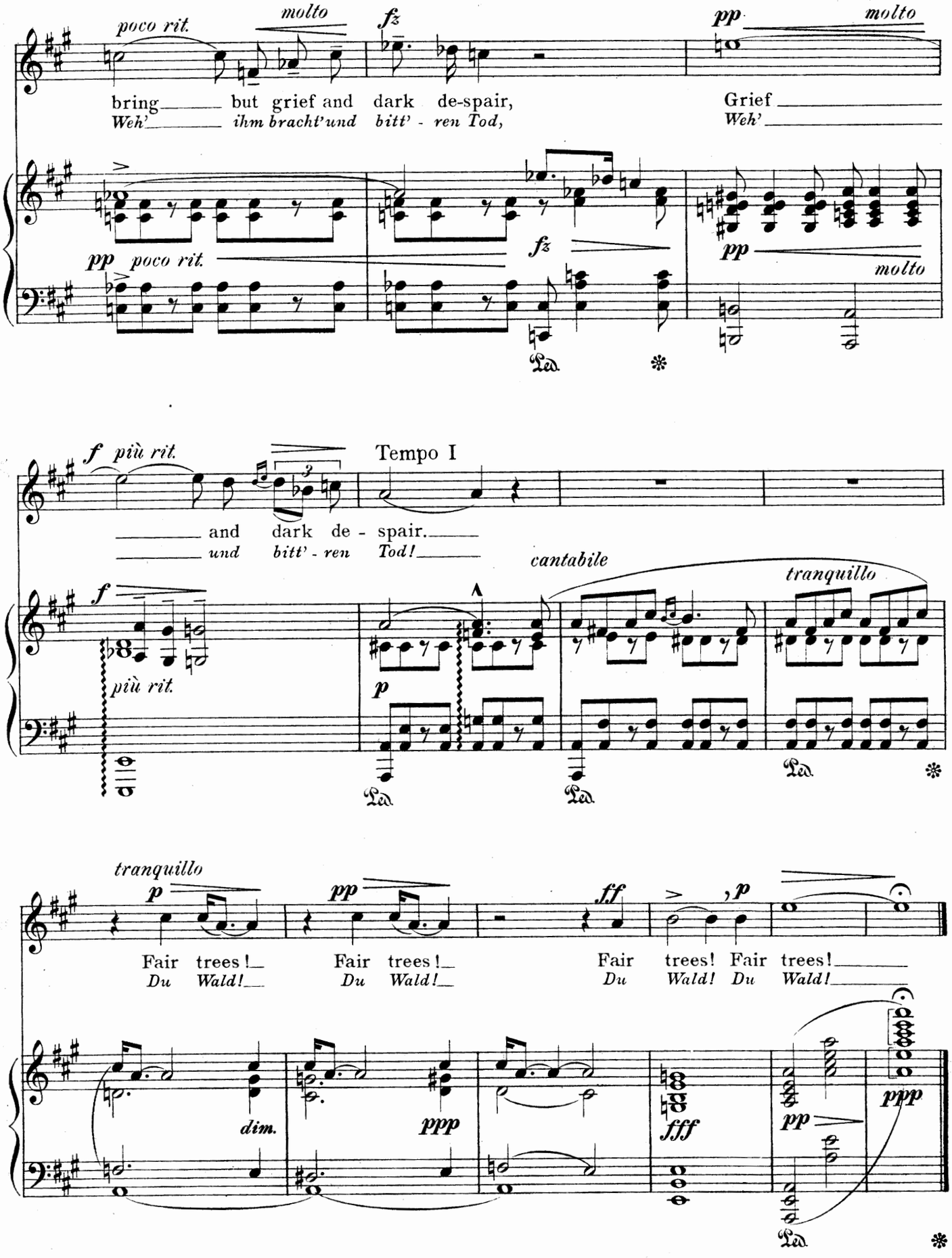
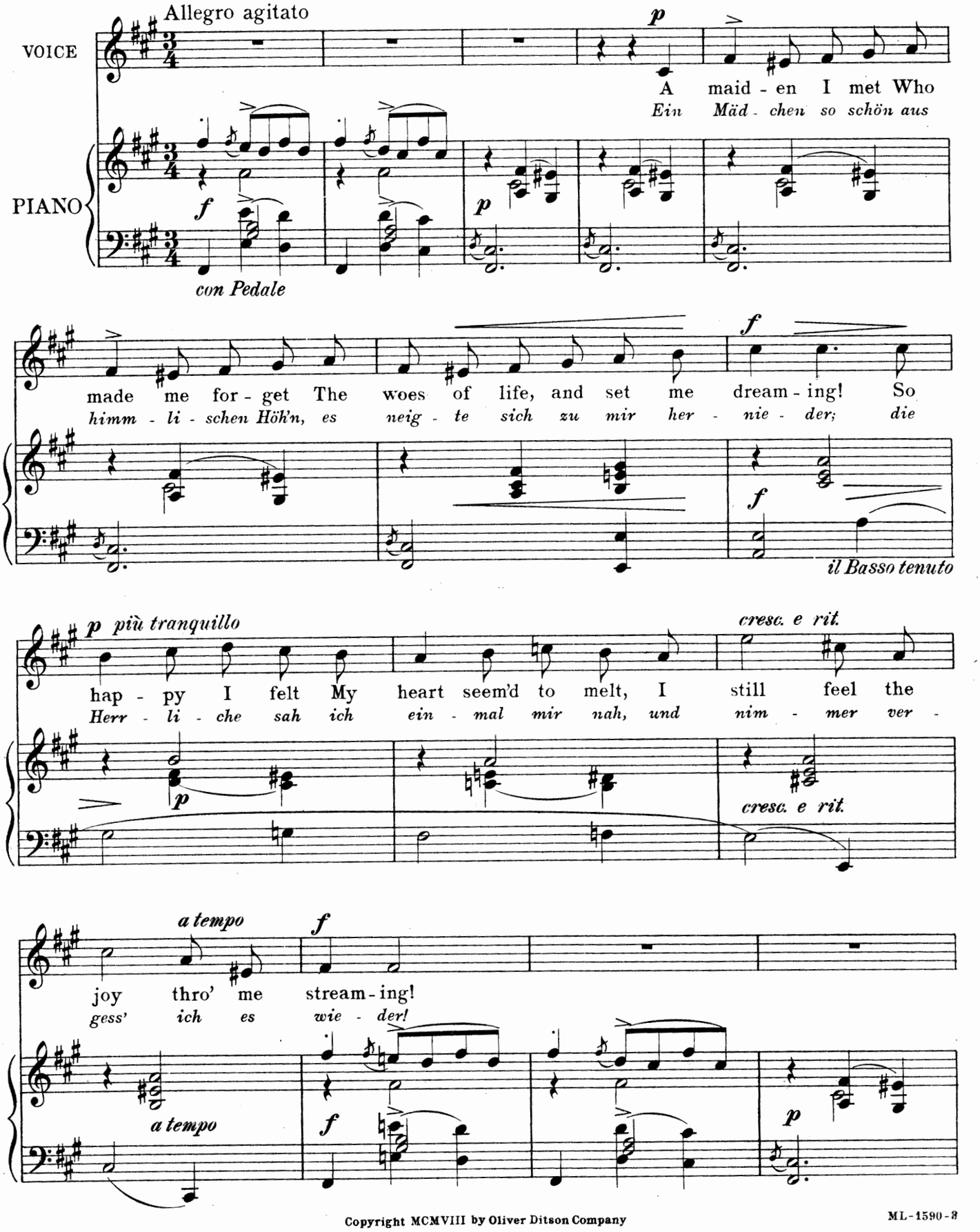

più mosso
Like you full ma - ny a one I've known,
gleich dir hab' Man - chen ich ge - kannt
When Life was Spring, and hope was fair,
im Lenz des Le - bens, frisch und roth,
molto
fz
Whose kiss - es warm - ly met mine own, To
der Küs - se drückt' auf je - ne Hand, die
fz
Ped.

poco rit.
molto
fz
pp
molto
bring but grief and dark de-spair,
Weh' ihm bracht' und bitt' - ren Tod,
Grief
Weh'
pp poco rit.
fz
pp
molto
Ped.
f più rit.
Tempo I
and dark de - spair.
und bitt' - ren Tod!
cantabile
tranquillo
f
più rit.
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
tranquillo
p
pp
ff
,p
Fair trees! Fair trees!
Du Wald! Du Wald!
Fair trees! Fair trees!
Du Wald! Du Wald!
dim.
ppp
fff
pp
ppp
Ped.

A VISION
(WAS ICH SAH)

A. O. VINJE (1818-1870)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Max Kalbeck

(Composed in 1880)
(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, № 6

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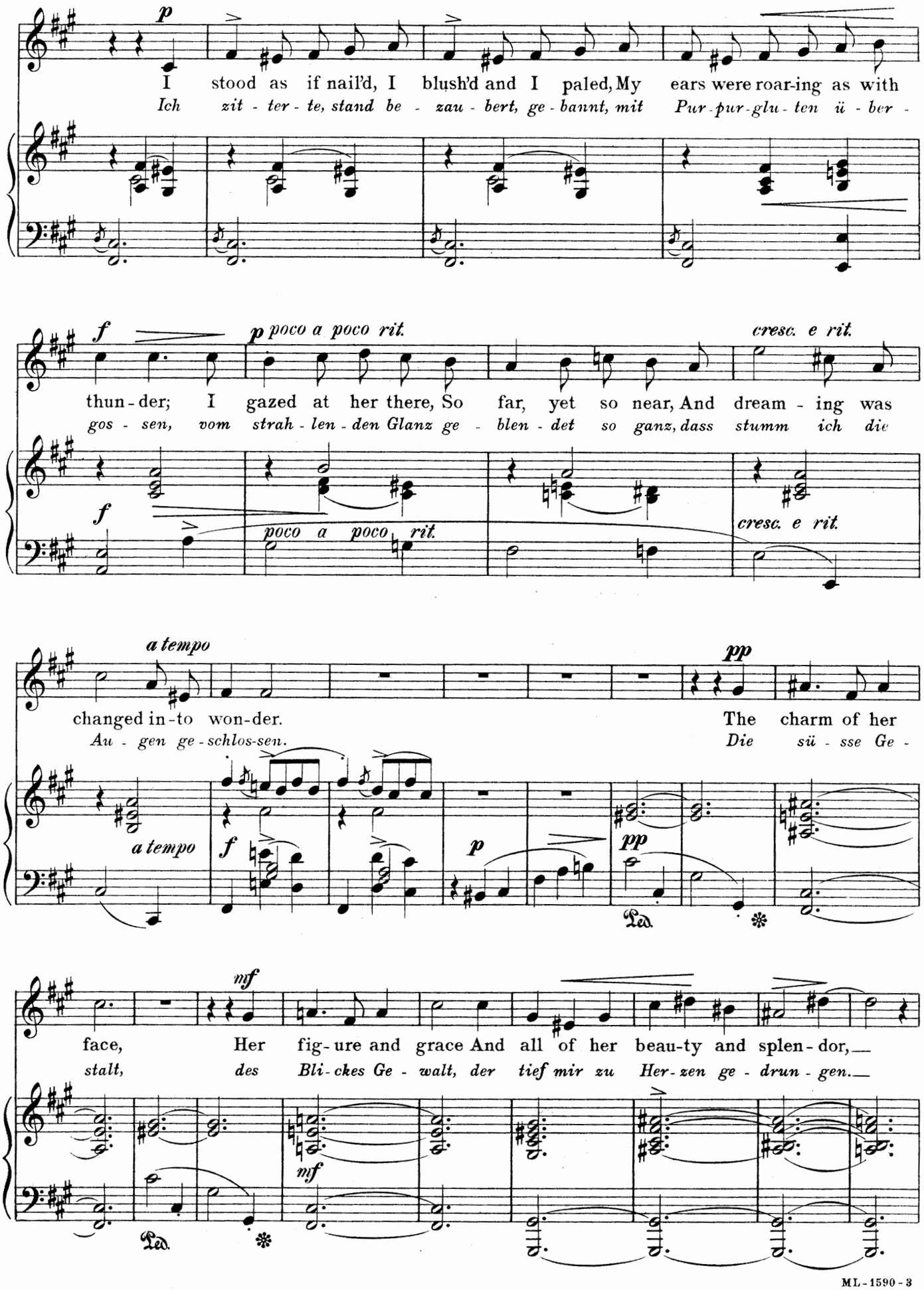
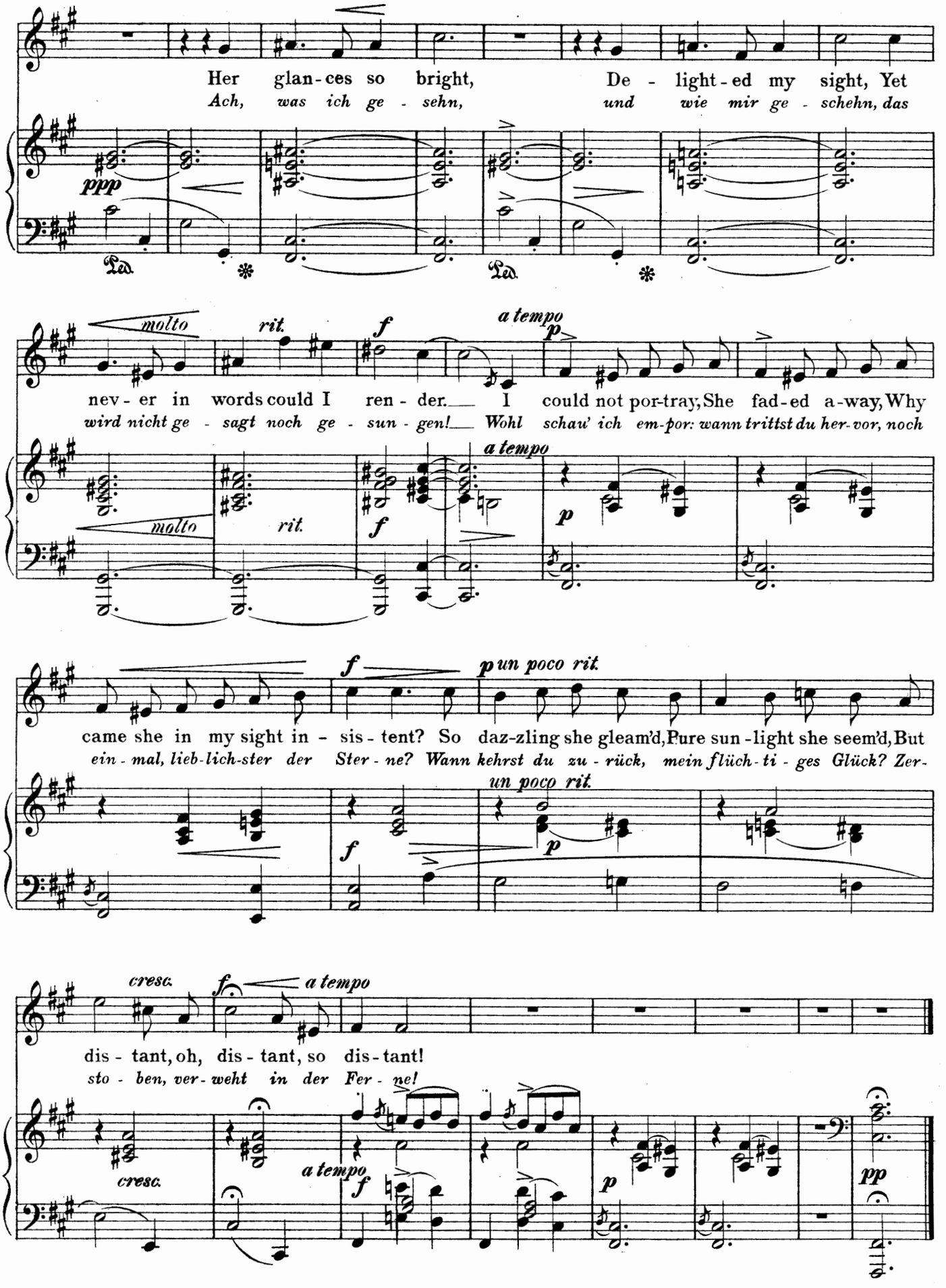

p
I stood as if nail'd, I blush'd and I paled, My ears were roar-ing as with
Ich zit - ter - te, stand be - zau - bert, ge - bannt, mit Pur-pur-glu - ten ü - ber -
f
p poco a poco rit.
cresc. e rit.
thun - der; I gazed at her there, So far, yet so near, And dream - ing was
gos - sen, vom strah - len - den Glanz ge - blen - det so ganz, dass stumm ich die
f
poco a poco rit.
cresc. e rit.
a tempo
pp
changed in - to won - der.
Au - gen ge - schlos-sen.
The charm of her
Die sü - sse Ge -
a tempo
f
p
pp
Ped.
mf
face, Her fig - ure and grace And all of her beau-ty and splen - dor,
stalt, des Bli - ckes Ge - walt, der tief mir zu Her - zen ge - drun - gen.
mf
Ped.

Her glan-ces so bright, De - light-ed my sight, Yet
Ach, was ich ge - sehn, und wie mir ge - schehn, das
ppp
molto
rit.
f
a tempo
p
nev - er 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! Wohl schau' ich em-por: wann trittst du her-vor, noch
molto
rit.
a tempo
came she in my sight in - sis - tent? So daz-zling she gleam'd, Pure sun - light she seem'd, But
ein - mal, lieb-lich-ster der Ster - ne? Wann kehrst du zu - rück, mein flüch - ti - ges Glück? Zer-
un poco rit.
cresc.
a tempo
dis - tant, oh, dis - tant, so dis - tant!
sto - ben, ver - weht in der Fer - ne!
pp

THE OLD MOTHER
(DIE ALTE MUTTER)

(Composed in 1880)

A. O. VINJE (1818-1870)
English version by F. Corder
German version by Edmund Lobedanz

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.33, №7

Allegretto espressivo

VOICE

PIANO

p

My dear old moth - er, poor thou art, And toil - est day and
Du al - te Mut - ter bist so arm, und schaffst im Schweiss wie

mf

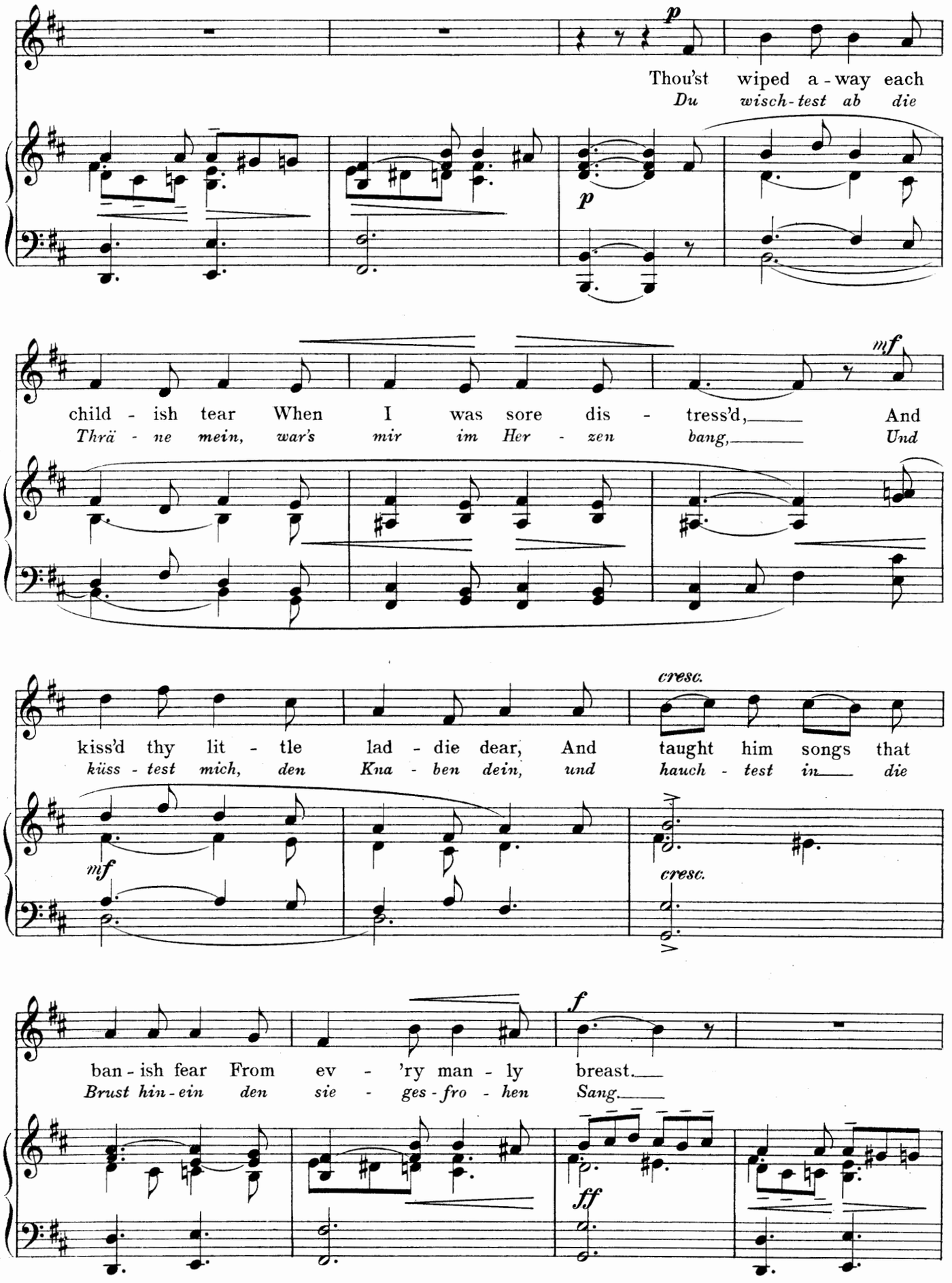
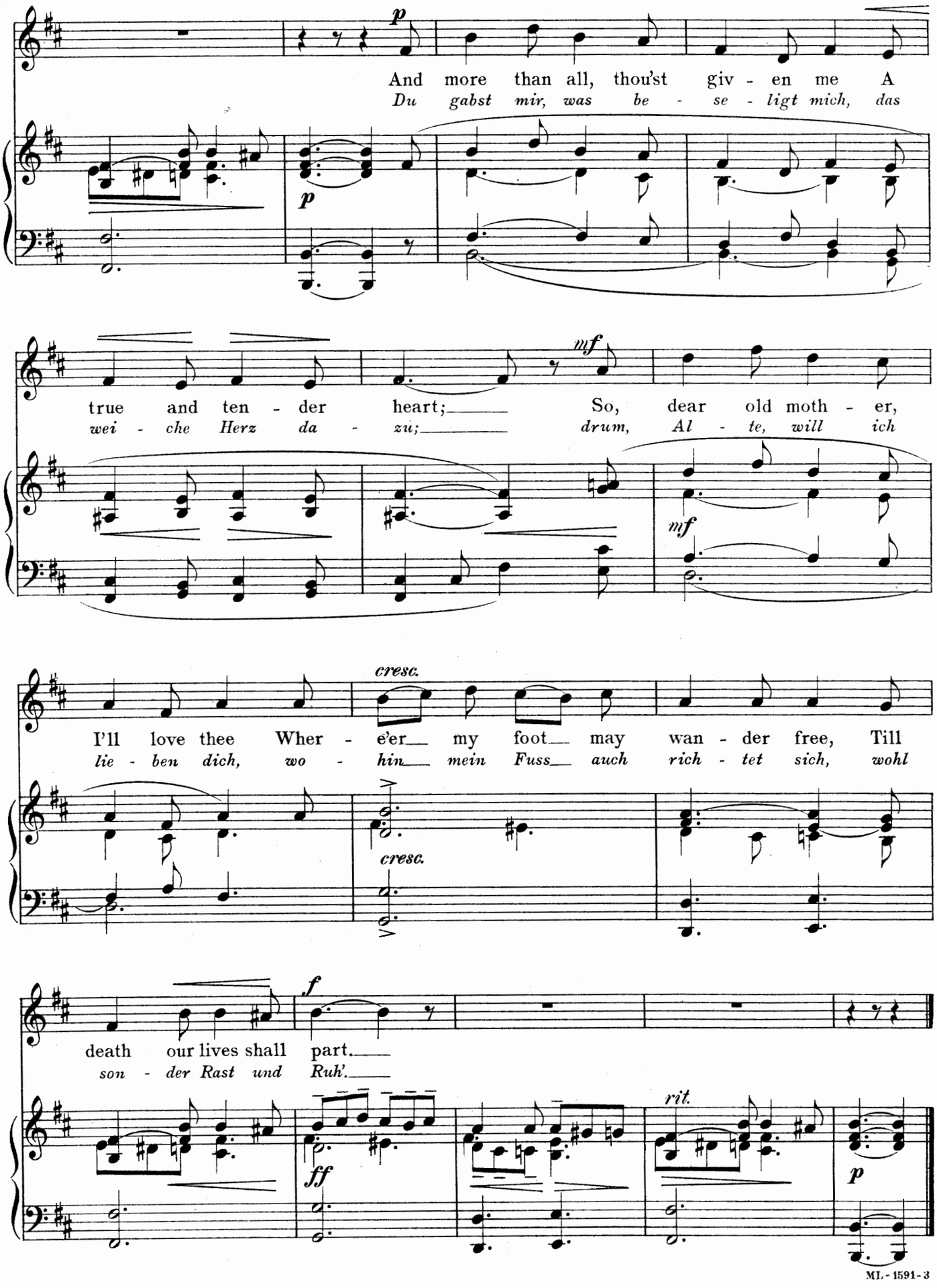
night, But ev - er warm re - mains thy heart, 'Twas
Blut, doch im - mer noch ist's Herz dir warm, und

cresc.

fz

thou my cour-age didst im-part, My arm of stur - dy might.
du gabst mir den star - ken Arm und die - sen wil - den Muth.

cresc.

ff

p
Thou'st wiped a - way each
Du wisch - test ab die
p
mf
child - ish tear When I was sore dis - tress'd, And
Thrä - ne mein, war's mir im Her - zen bang, Und
cresc.
kiss'd thy lit - tle lad - die dear, And taught him songs that
küss - test mich, den Kna - ben dein, und hauch - test in die
mf
cresc.
f
ban - ish fear From ev - 'ry man - ly breast.
Brust hin - ein den sie - ges - fro - hen Sang.
ff

p
And more than all, thou'st giv - en me A
Du gabst mir, was be - se - ligt mich, das
p
mf
true and ten - der heart;
wei - che Herz da - zu;
So, dear old moth - er,
drum, Al - te, will ich
mf
cresc.
I'll love thee Wher - e'er my foot may wan - der free, Till
lie - ben dich, wo - hin mein Fuss auch rich - tet sich, wohl
cresc.
f
death our lives shall part.
son - der Rast und Ruh'.
rit.
ff
p

THE ONLY THING
(DAS ERSTE)

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

(Composed in 1880)
(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, No 8

Un poco Andante

VOICE

PIANO

1. The on - ly thing left for thee, O man,
2. And there - fore firm - ly the heart should stay
1. Das Er - ste, was du thun musst, Mann:
2. Und da - rum als Hoch - stes auch ich preis'

Should be to die, When love for fair maids no
As pas - sion's thrall; And there - fore must a man
wähl' dir den Tod, wenn nie dein Herz mehr
des Her - zens Schlag, und d'rum der Mann auch

long - er can Thy joy sup - ply! For
love o - bey Till death end all. And
lie - ben kann die Maid, so roth! Denn
lie - bet heiss zum To - des - tag. Und

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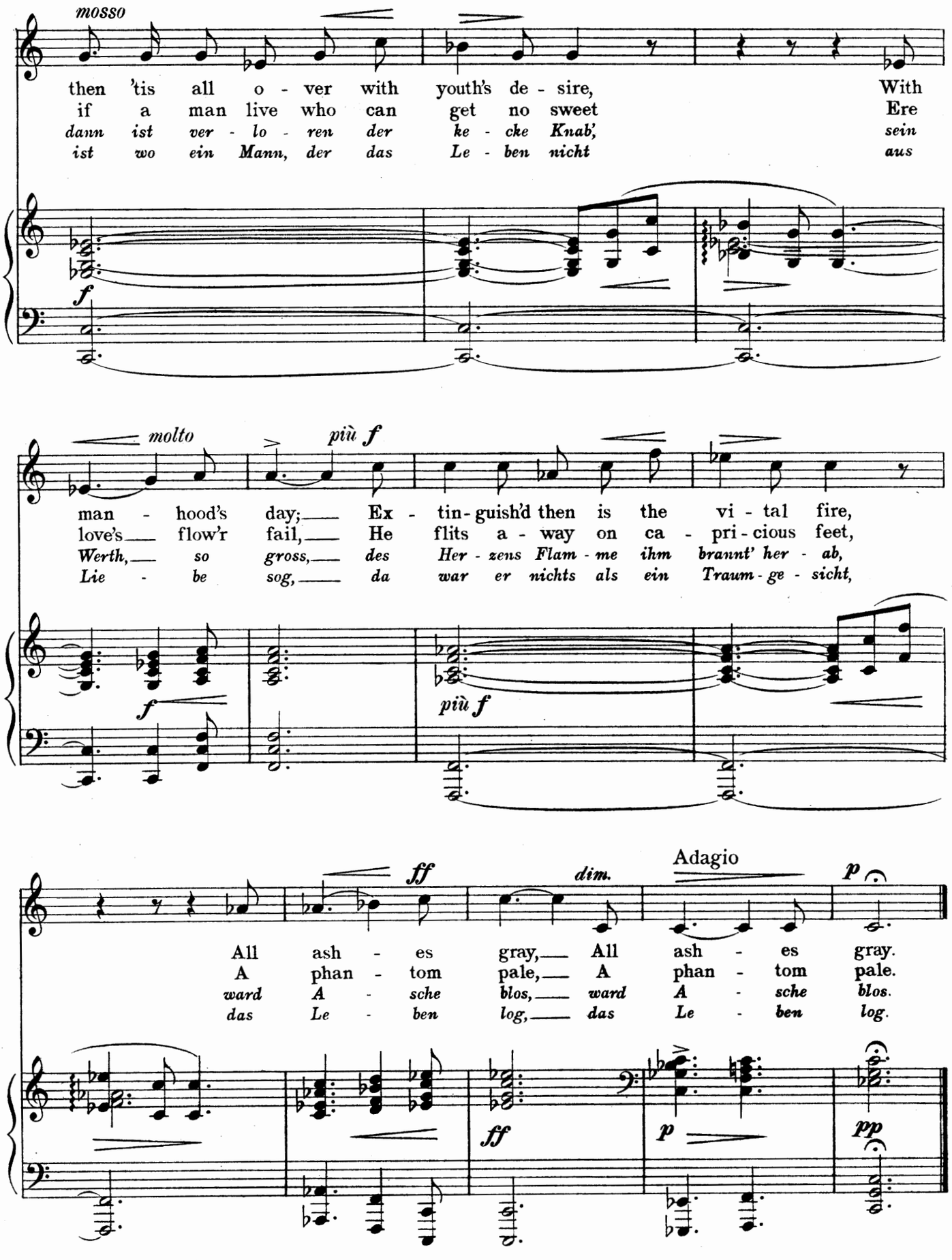
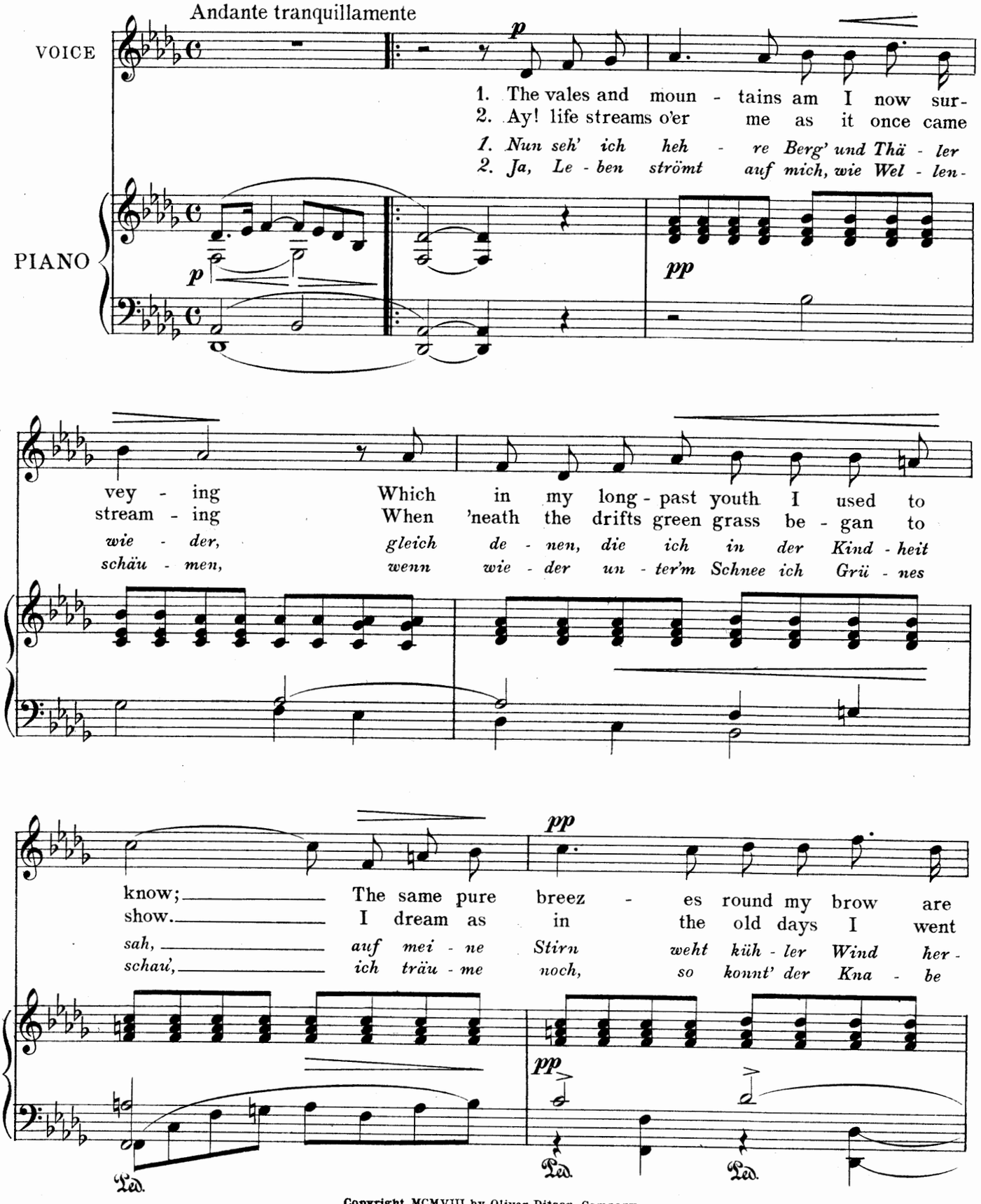

mosso
then 'tis all o - ver with youth's de - sire, With
if a man live who can get no sweet Ere
dann ist ver - lo - ren der ke - cke Knab', sein
ist wo ein Mann, der das Le - ben nicht aus
f
molto
più f
man - hood's day; Ex - tin - guish'd then is the vi - tal fire,
love's flow'r fail, He flits a - way on ca - pri - cious feet,
Werth, so gross, des Her - zens Flam - me ihm brannt' her - ab,
Lie - be sog, da war er nichts als ein Traum - ge - sicht,
f
più f
ff
dim.
Adagio
p
All ash - es gray, All ash - es gray.
A phan - tom pale, A phan - tom pale.
ward A - sche blos, ward A - sche blos.
das Le - ben log, das Le - ben log.
ff
p
pp

ON THE JOURNEY HOME
(AUF DER REISE ZUR HEIMATH)

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

(Composed in 1880)
(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, №9

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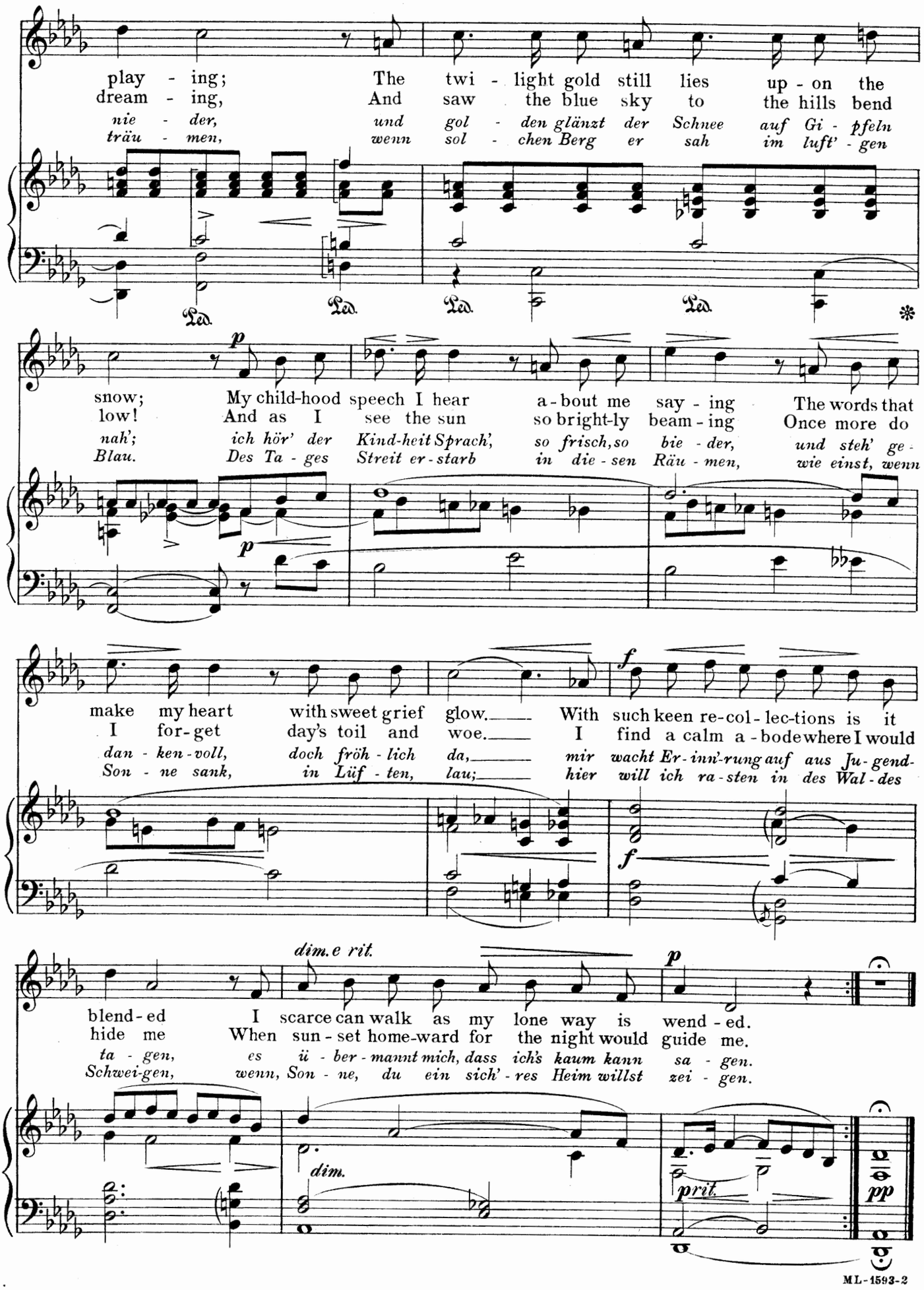
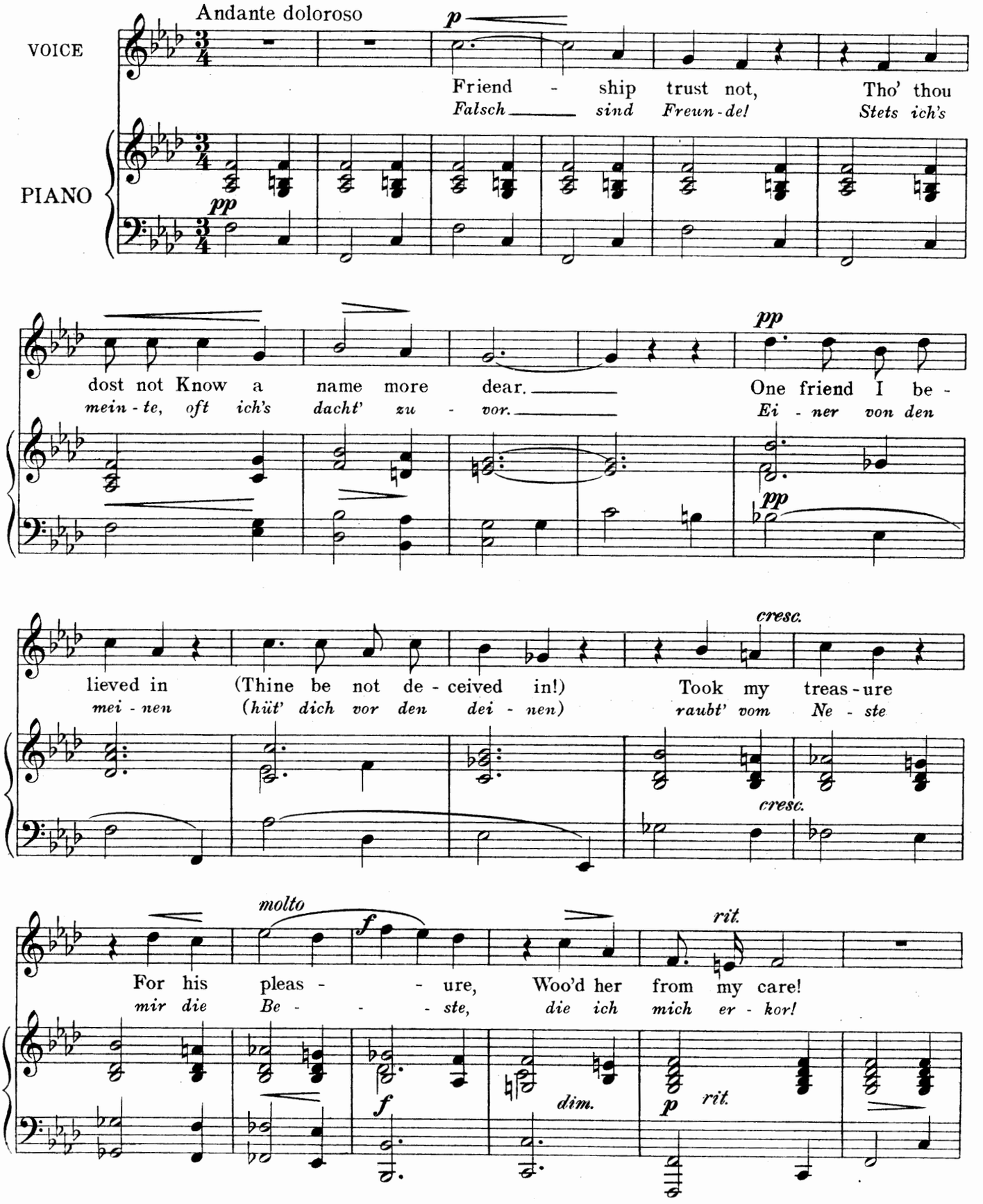

play - ing; The twi - light gold still lies up - on the
dream - ing, And saw the blue sky to the hills bend
nie - der, und gol - den glänzt der Schnee auf Gi - pfeln
träu - men, wenn sol - chen Berg er sah im luft' - gen
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *
p
snow; My child-hood speech I hear a - bout me say - ing The words that
low! And as I see the sun so bright-ly beam - ing Once more do
nah'; ich hör' der Kind-heit Sprach', so frisch, so bie - der, und steh' ge -
Blau. Des Ta - ges Streit er - starb in die - sen Räu - men, wie einst, wenn
p
make my heart with sweet grief glow. With such keen re-col - lec-tions is it
I for-get day's toil and woe. I find a calm a - bode where I would
dan - ken - voll, doch fröh - lich da, mir wacht Er - inn'-rung auf aus Ju - gend-
Son - ne sank, in Lüf - ten, lau; hier will ich ra - sten in des Wal - des
f
f
dim. e rit.
p
blend - ed I scarce can walk as my lone way is wend - ed.
hide me When sun - set home-ward for the night would guide me.
ta - gen, es ü - ber - mannt mich, dass ich's kaum kann sa - gen.
Schwei-gen, wenn, Son - ne, du ein sich' - res Heim willst zei - gen.
dim.
prit.
pp

FRIENDSHIP
(EIN FREUNDSCHAFTSSTÜCK)

(Composed in 1880)

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

(Original Key, D minor)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 33, № 10

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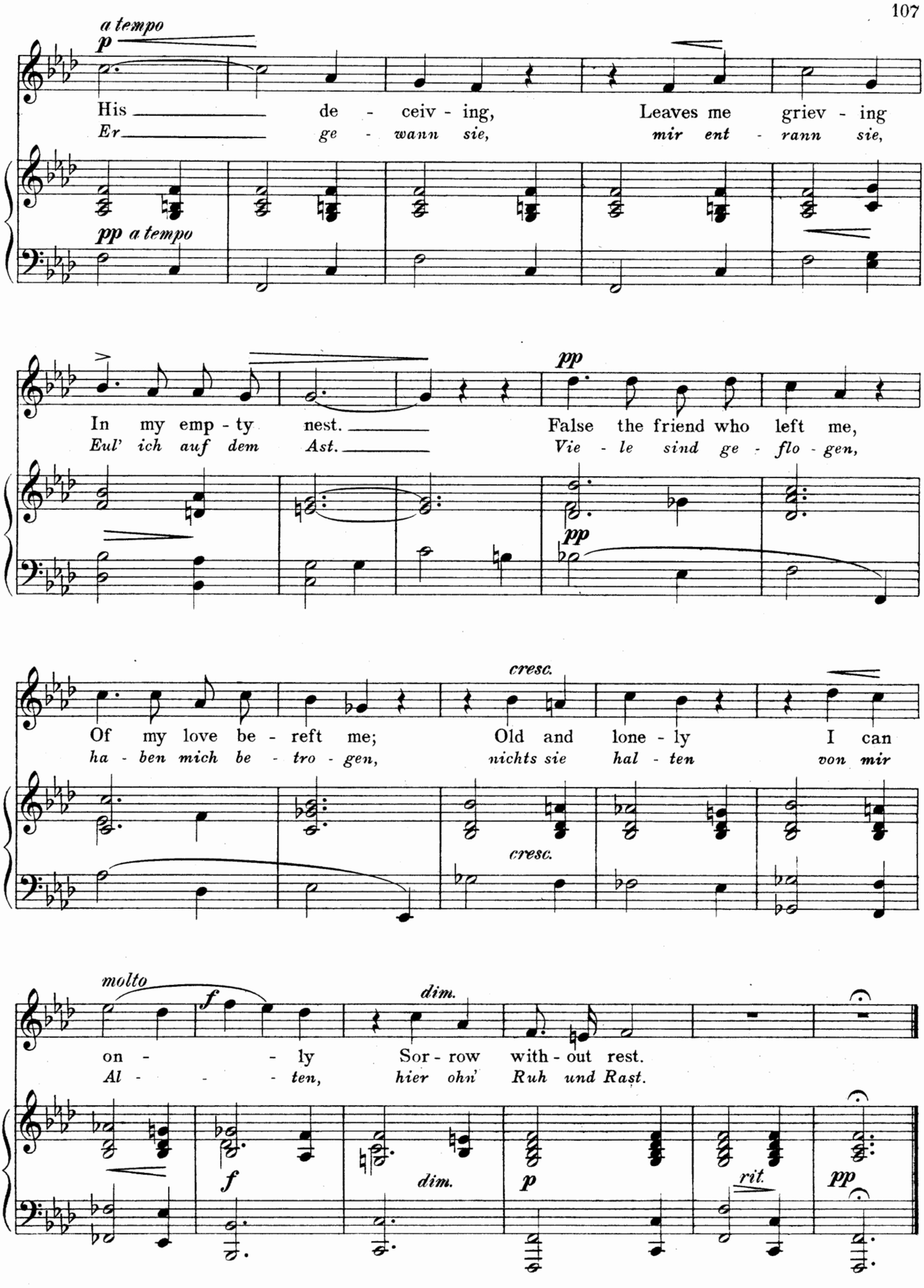
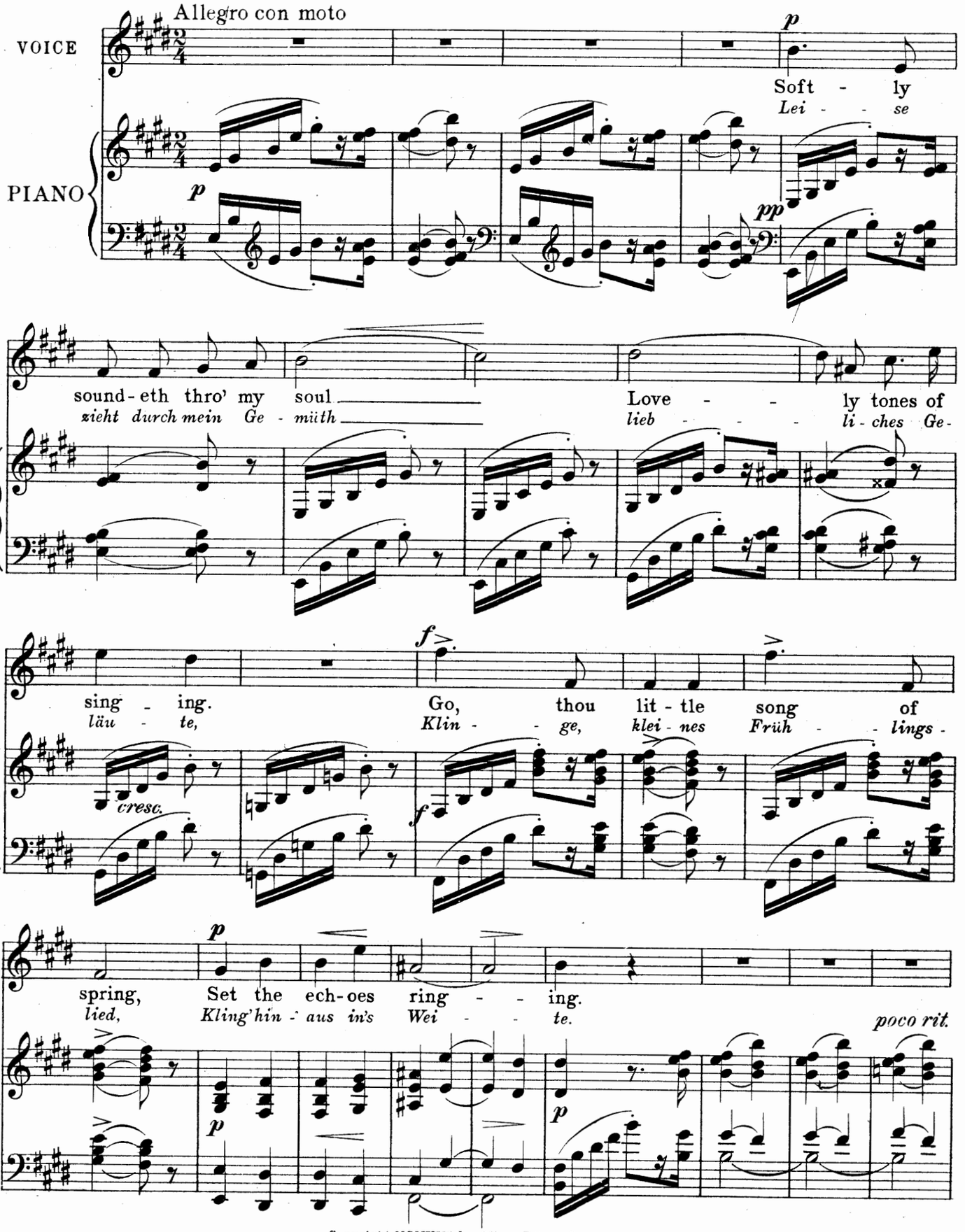

a tempo
p
His de - ceiv - ing, Leaves me griev - ing
Er ge - wann sie, mir ent - rann sie,
pp a tempo
In my emp - ty nest. False the friend who left me,
Eul' ich auf dem Ast. Vie - le sind ge - flo - gen,
pp
pp
Of my love be - reft me; Old and lone - ly I can
ha - ben mich be - tro - gen, nichts sie hal - ten von mir
cresc.
cresc.
molto
f
on - - ly Sor - row with - out rest.
Al - - - ten, hier ohn' Ruh und Rast.
dim.
f
dim.
p
rit.
pp

GREETING
(GRUSS)

(Original Key)

HEINRICH HEINE (1799-1856)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 48, No 1

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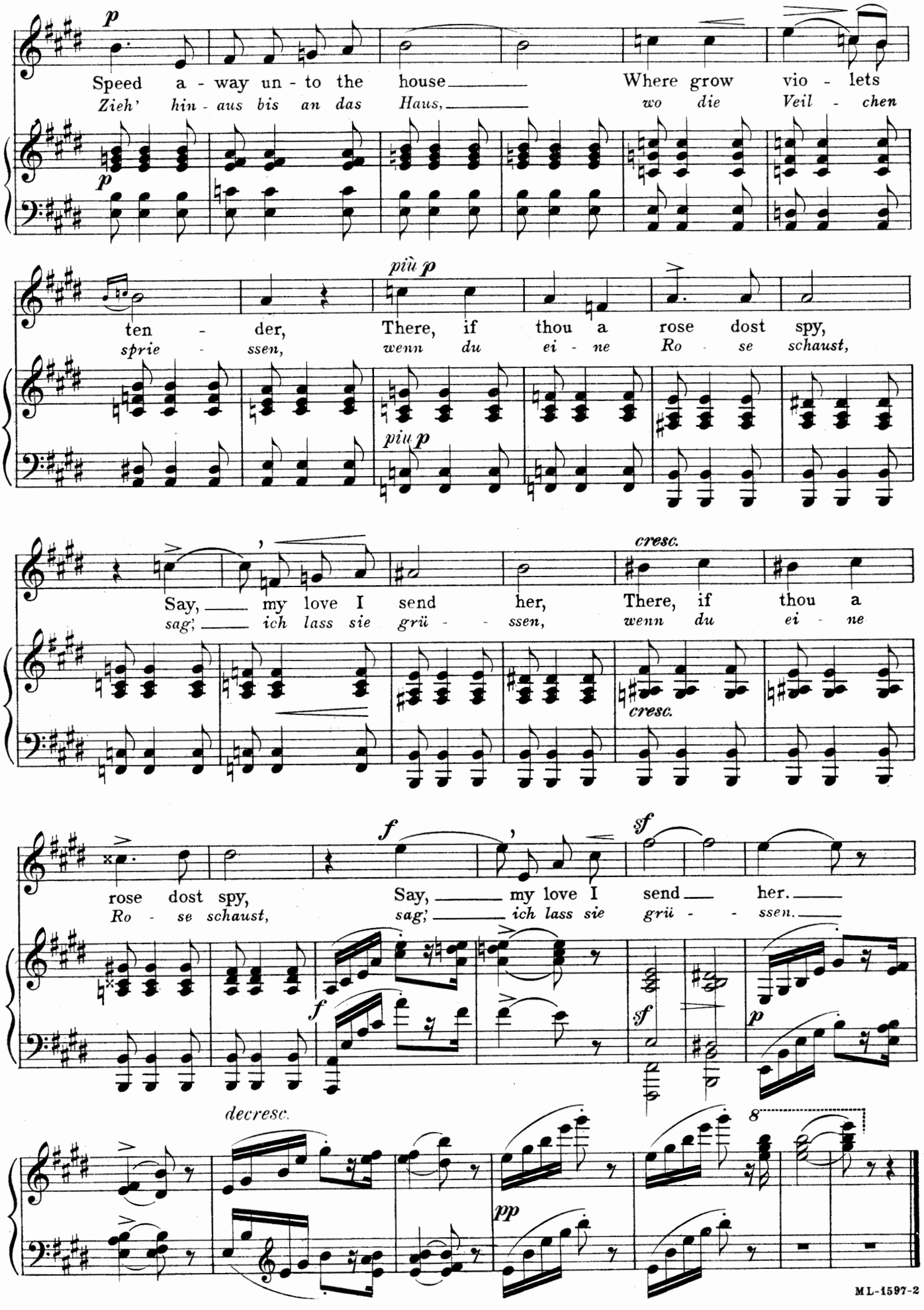
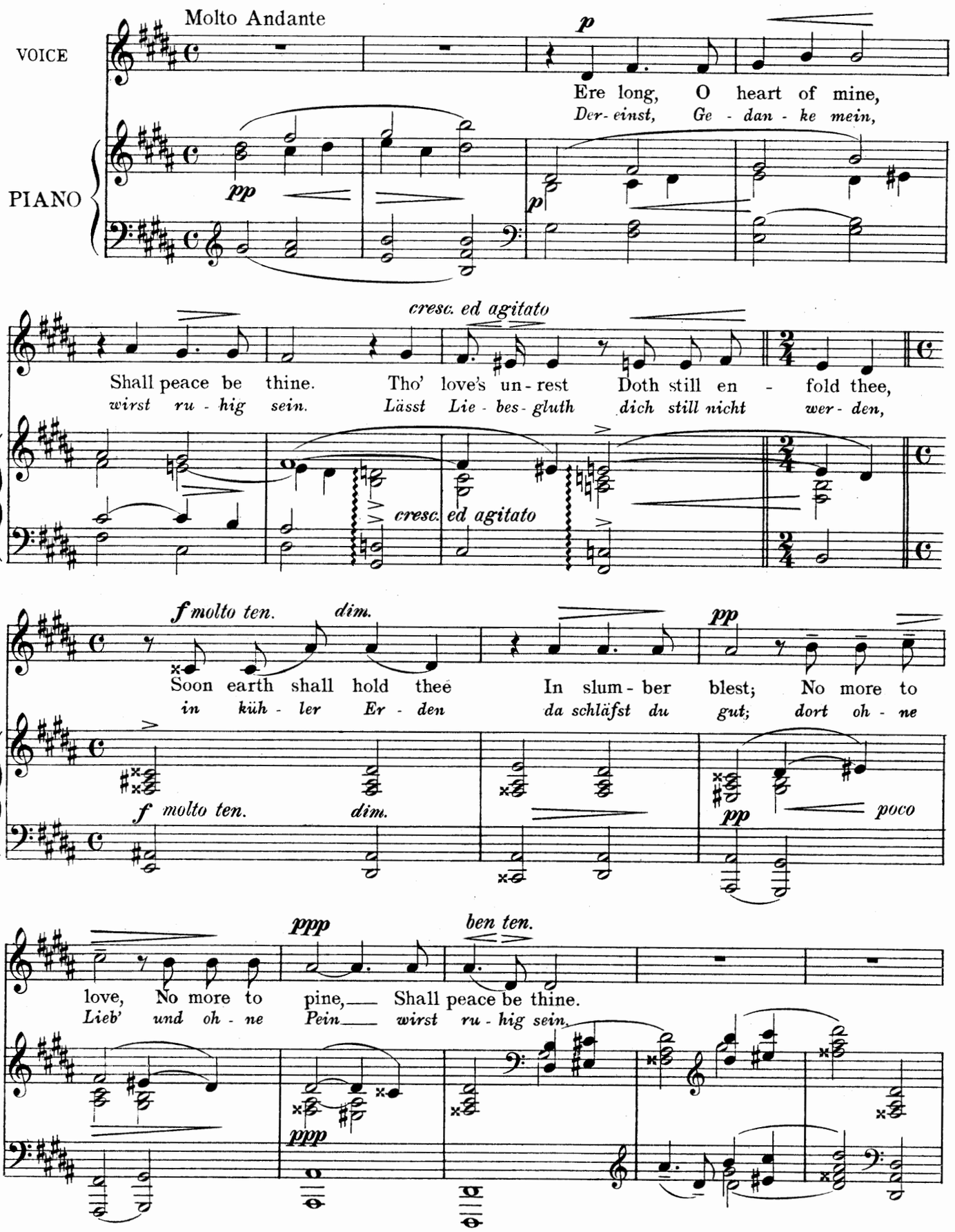

p
Speed a - way un - to the house Where grow vio - lets
Zieh' hin - aus bis an das Haus, wo die Veil - chen
p
più p
ten - der, There, if thou a rose dost spy,
sprie - ssen, wenn du ei - ne Ro - se schaust,
più p
cresc.
Say, my love I send her, There, if thou a
sag', ich lass sie grü - - ssen, wenn du ei - ne
cresc.
f
sf
rose dost spy, Say, my love I send her.
Ro - se schaust, sag', ich lass sie grü - - ssen.
f
sf
p
decresc.
8
pp

ERE LONG, O HEART OF MINE

(DEREINST, GEDANKE MEIN)

(Original Key)

EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815-1884)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 48, №2

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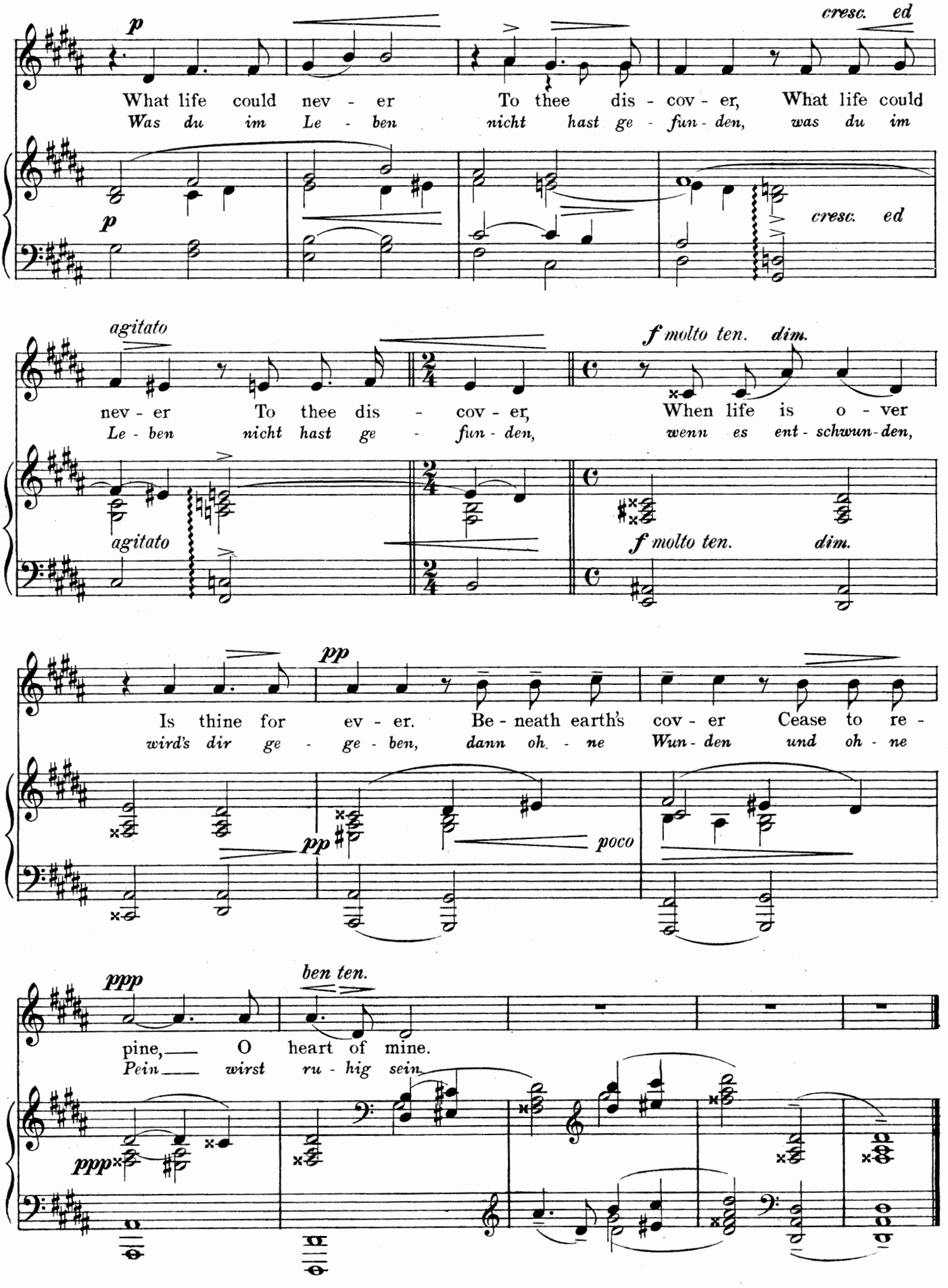
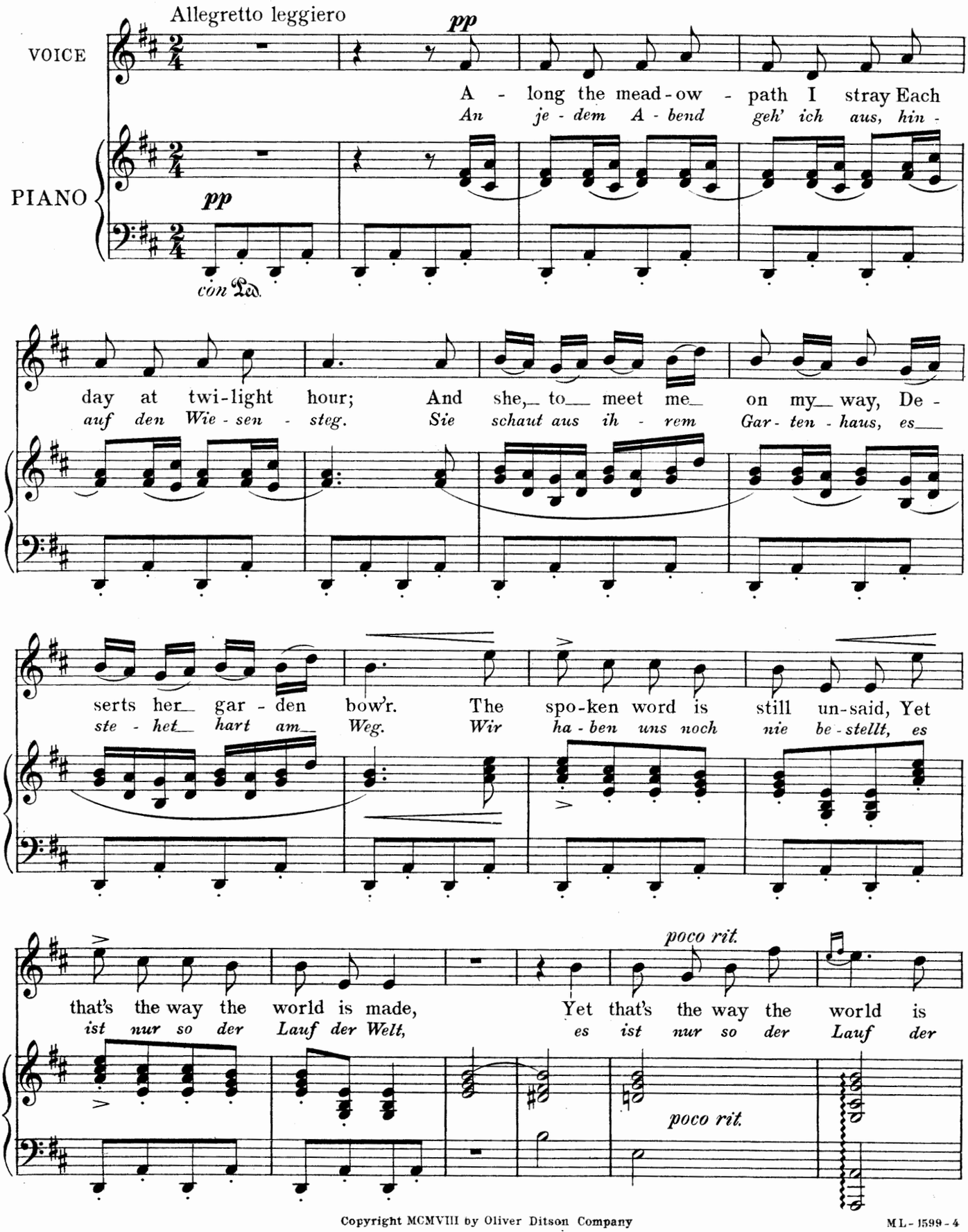

p
cresc. ed
What life could nev - er To thee dis - cov - er, What life could
Was du im Le - ben nicht hast ge - fun - den, was du im
p
cresc. ed
agitato
f molto ten. dim.
nev - er To thee dis - cov - er, When life is o - ver
Le - ben nicht hast ge - fun - den, wenn es ent - schwun - den,
agitato
f molto ten. dim.
pp
Is thine for ev - er. Be - neath earth's cov - er Cease to re -
wird's dir ge - ge - ben, dann oh - ne Wun - den und oh - ne
pp
poco
ppp
ben ten.
pine, O heart of mine.
Pein wirst ru - hig sein.
ppp

THE WAY OF THE WORLD
(LAUF DER WELT)

LUDWIG UHLAND (1787-1862)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op.48, №3

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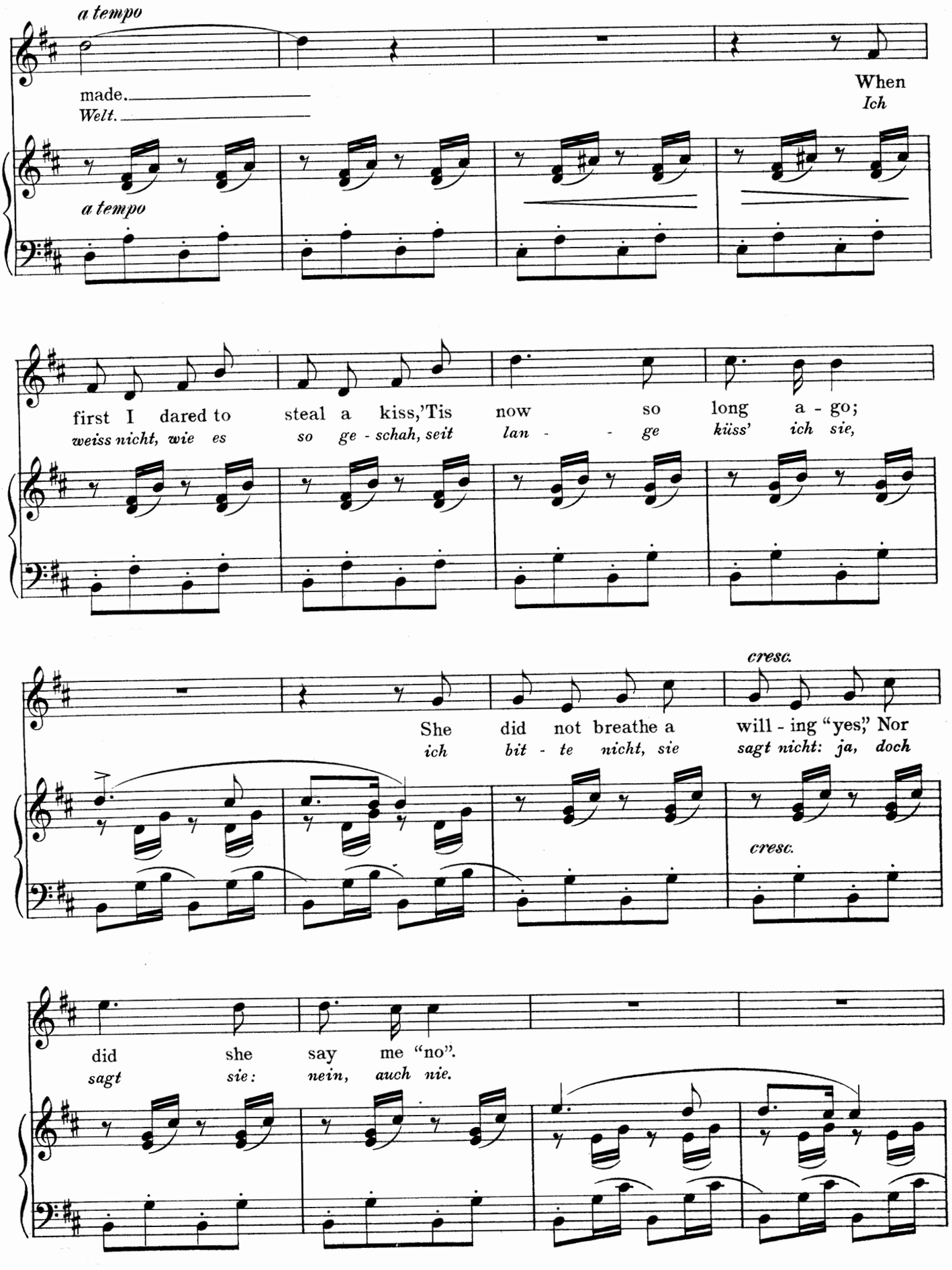
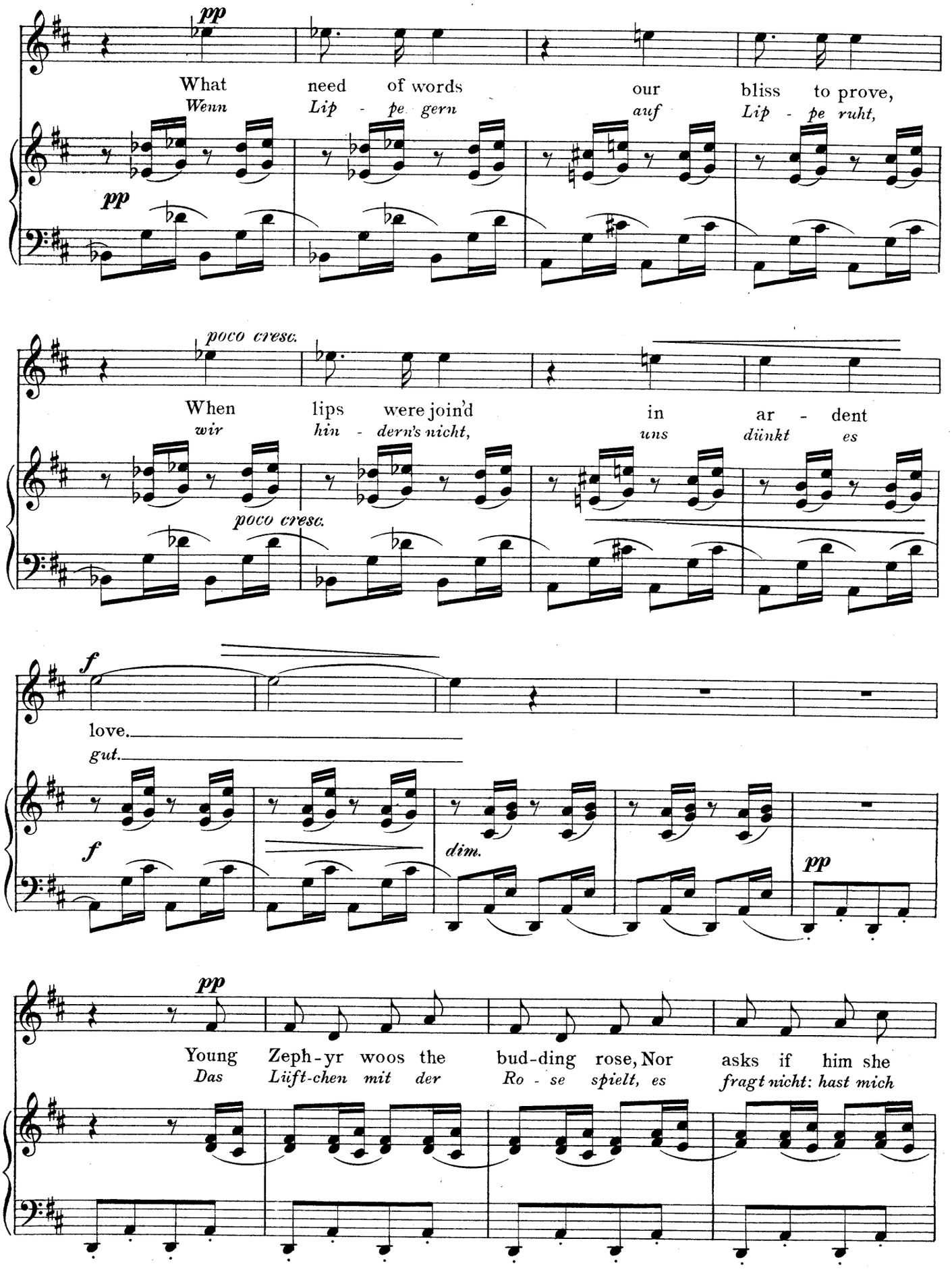
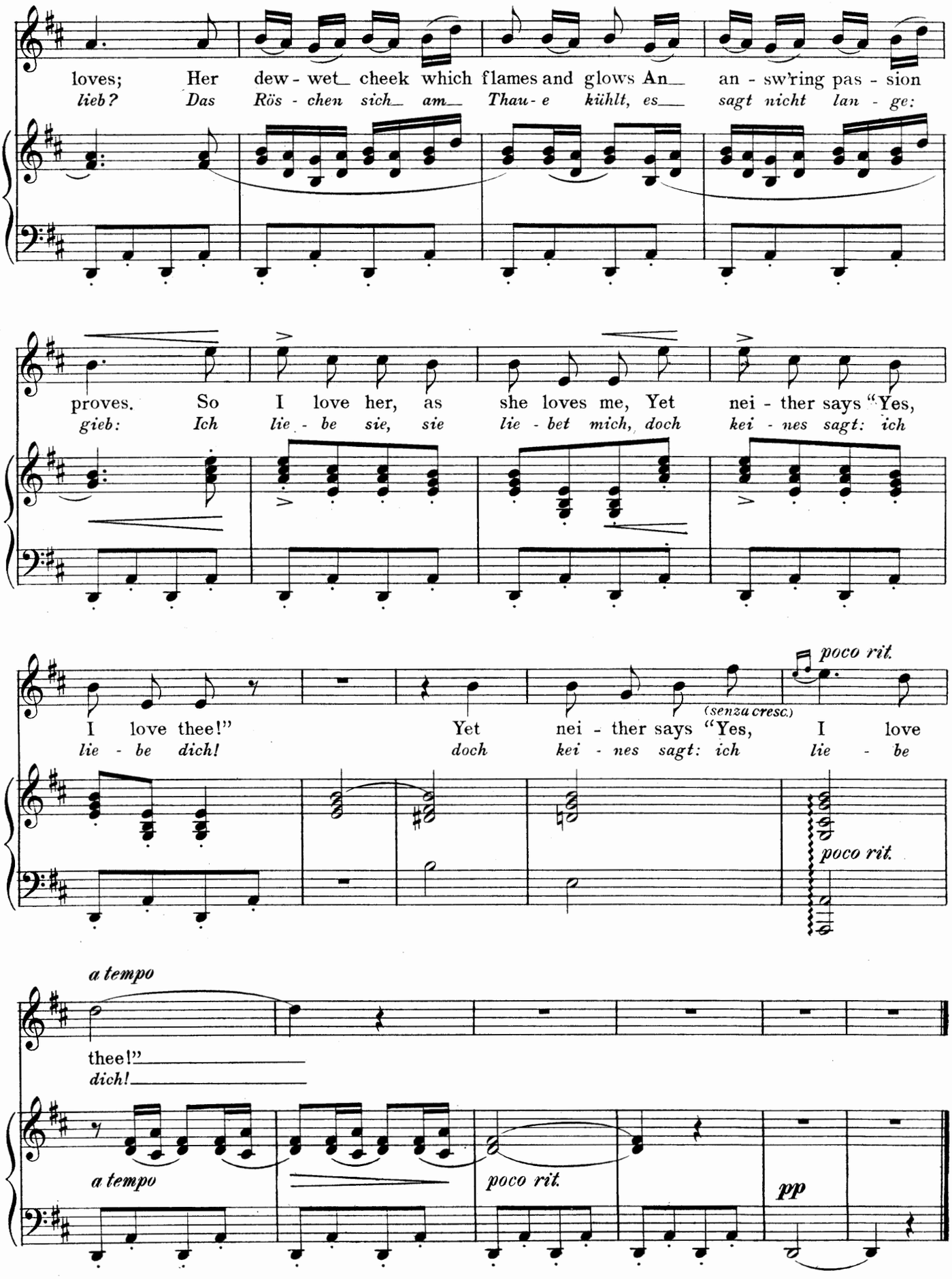
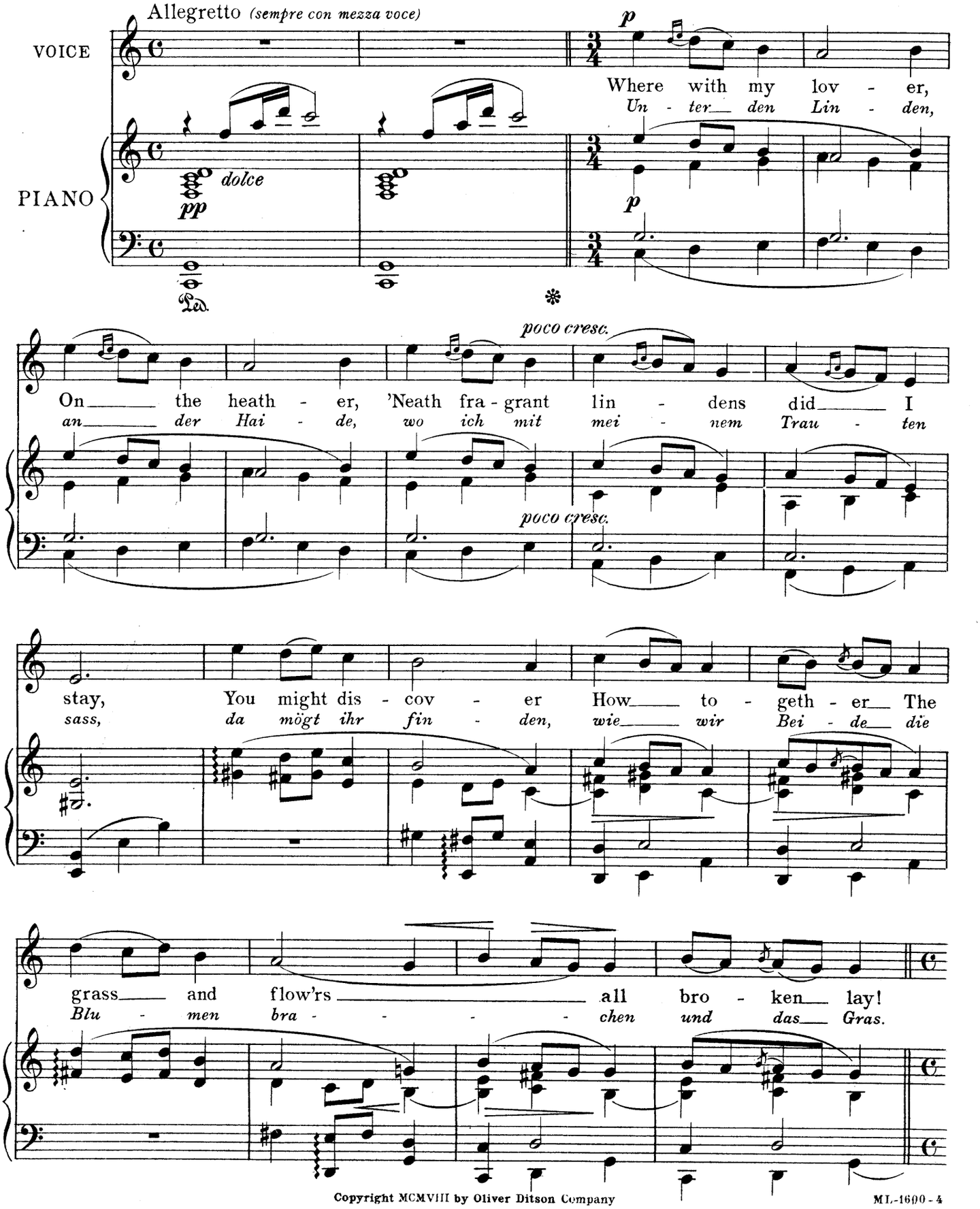
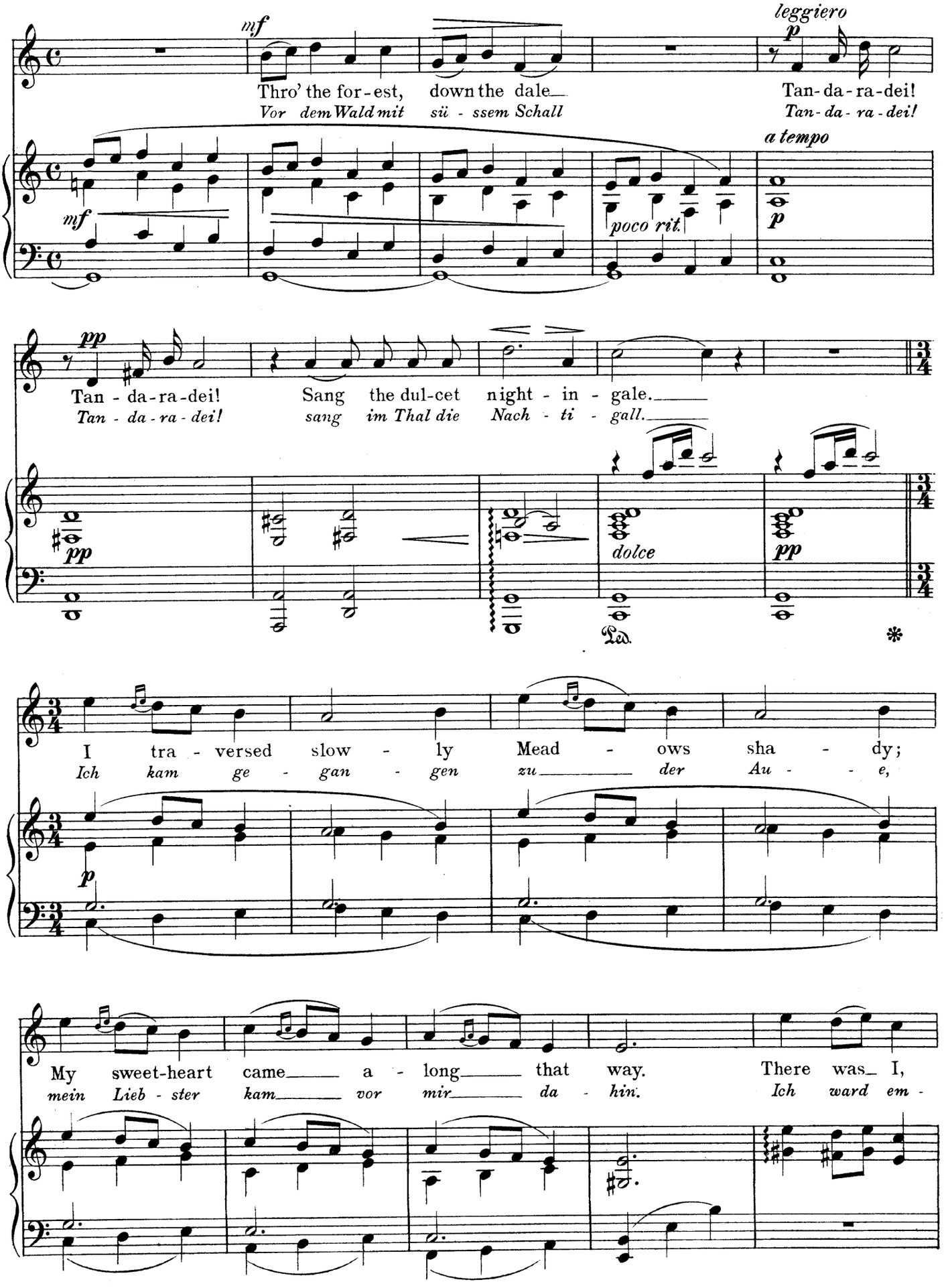
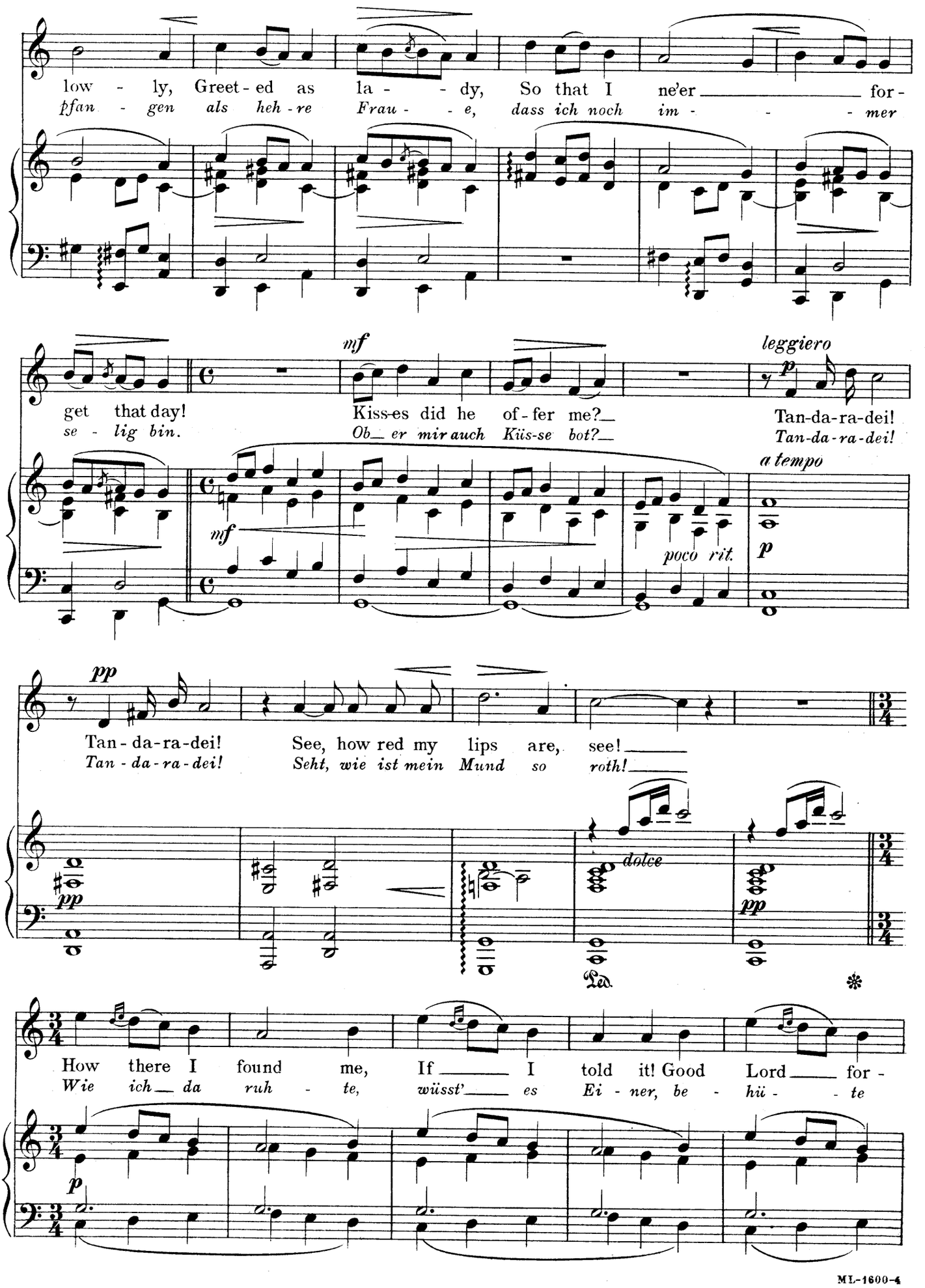
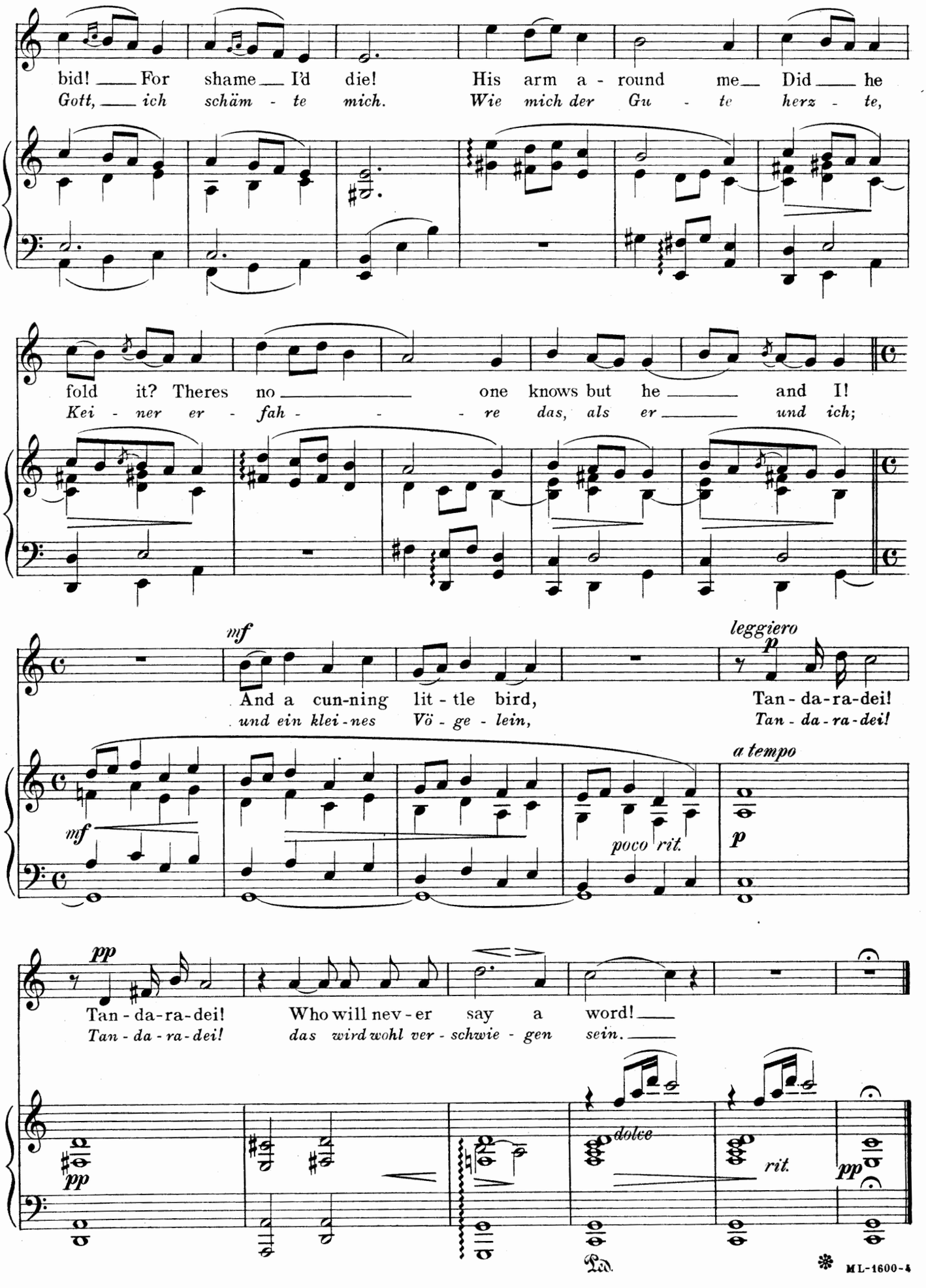

a tempo
made.
Welt.
When
Ich
a tempo
first I dared to steal a kiss,'Tis now so long a - go;
weiss nicht, wie es so ge - schah, seit lan - - ge küss' ich sie,
cresc.
She did not breathe a will - ing "yes," Nor
ich bit - te nicht, sie sagt nicht: ja, doch
cresc.
did she say me "no".
sagt sie: nein, auch nie.

pp
What need of words our bliss to prove,
Wenn Lip - pe gern auf Lip - pe ruht,
pp
poco cresc.
When lips were join'd in ar - dent
wir hin - dern's nicht, uns dünkt es
poco cresc.
f
love.
gut.
f
dim.
pp
pp
Young Zeph-yr woos the bud-ding rose, Nor asks if him she
Das Lüft-chen mit der Ro - se spielt, es fragt nicht: hast mich

loves; Her dew - wet_ cheek which flames and glows An_ an - sw'ring pas - sion
lieb? Das Rös - chen sich_ am_ Thau - e kühlt, es_ sagt nicht lan - ge:
proves. So I love her, as she loves me, Yet nei - ther says "Yes,
gieb: Ich lie - be sie, sie lie - bet mich, doch kei - nes sagt: ich
poco rit.
I love thee!" Yet nei - ther says "Yes, I love
lie - be dich! doch kei - nes sagt: ich lie - be
(senza cresc.)
poco rit.
a tempo
thee!"
dich!
a tempo
poco rit.
pp

THE SILENT NIGHTINGALE
(DIE VERSCHWIEGENE NACHTIGALL)

(Original Key)

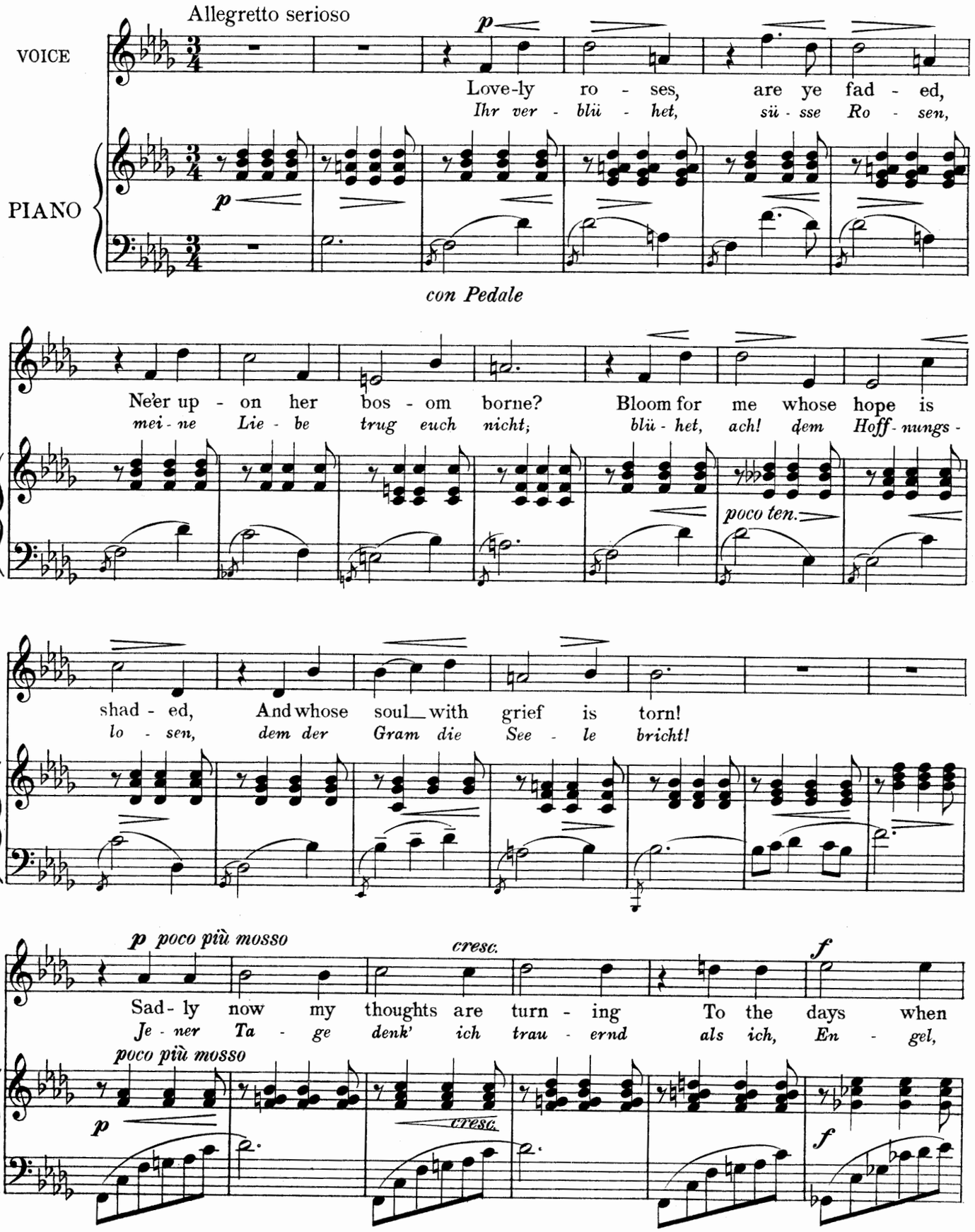
WALTHER von der VOGELWEIDE (died about 1227)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

EDVARD GRIEG, Op 48, №4

Copyright MCMVIII by Oliver Ditson Company

mf
leggiero
p
Thro' the for-est, down the dale
Vor dem Wald mit sü - ssem Schall
Tan-da-ra-dei!
Tan-da-ra-dei!
a tempo
mf
poco rit.
p
pp
Tan - da-ra-dei!
Tan - da-ra-dei!
Sang the dul-cet night - in - gale.
sang im Thal die Nach - ti - gall.
pp
dolce
pp
Ped.
*
I tra - versed slow - ly Mead - ows sha - dy;
Ich kam ge - gan - gen zu der Au - e,
p
My sweet-heart came a - long that way. There was I,
mein Lieb - ster kam vor mir da - hin. Ich ward em -

low - ly, Greet - ed as la - - dy, So that I ne'er for -
pfan - gen als heh - re Frau - - e, dass ich noch im - - - mer
mf
leggiero
p
get that day!
se - lig bin.
Kiss-es did he of - fer me?
Ob er mir auch Küs-se bot?
Tan-da-ra-dei!
Tan-da-ra-dei!
a tempo
mf
poco rit.
p
pp
Tan - da-ra-dei!
Tan - da-ra - dei!
See, how red my lips are, see!
Seht, wie ist mein Mund so roth!
dolce
pp
pp
How there I found me, If I told it! Good Lord for -
Wie ich da ruh - te, wüsst' es Ei - ner, be - hü - te
p

bid! For shame I'd die! His arm a - round me Did he
Gott, ich schäm - te mich. Wie mich der Gu - te herz - te,
fold it? Theres no one knows but he and I!
Kei - ner er - fah - re das, als er und ich;
mf
And a cun-ning lit - tle bird,
und ein klei - nes Vö - ge - lein,
leggiero
p
Tan - da-ra-dei!
Tan - da - ra - dei!
mf
poco rit.
a tempo
p
pp
Tan - da-ra-dei!
Tan - da - ra - dei!
Who will nev - er say a word!
das wird wohl ver - schwie - gen sein.
pp
dolce
rit.
pp
Ped.
ML-1600-4

IN TIME OF ROSES
(ZUR ROSENZEIT)

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE (1749-1832)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 48, №5

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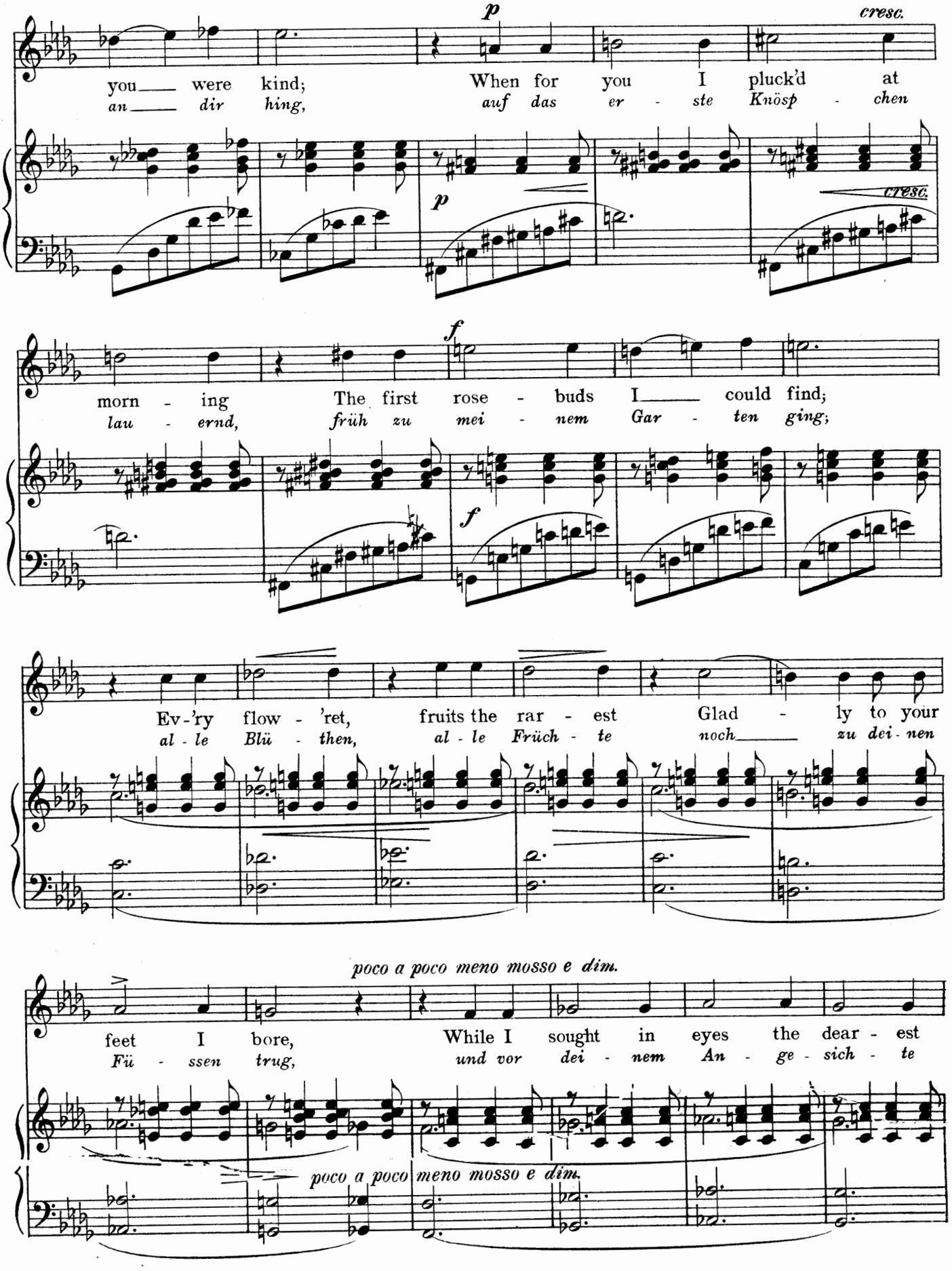
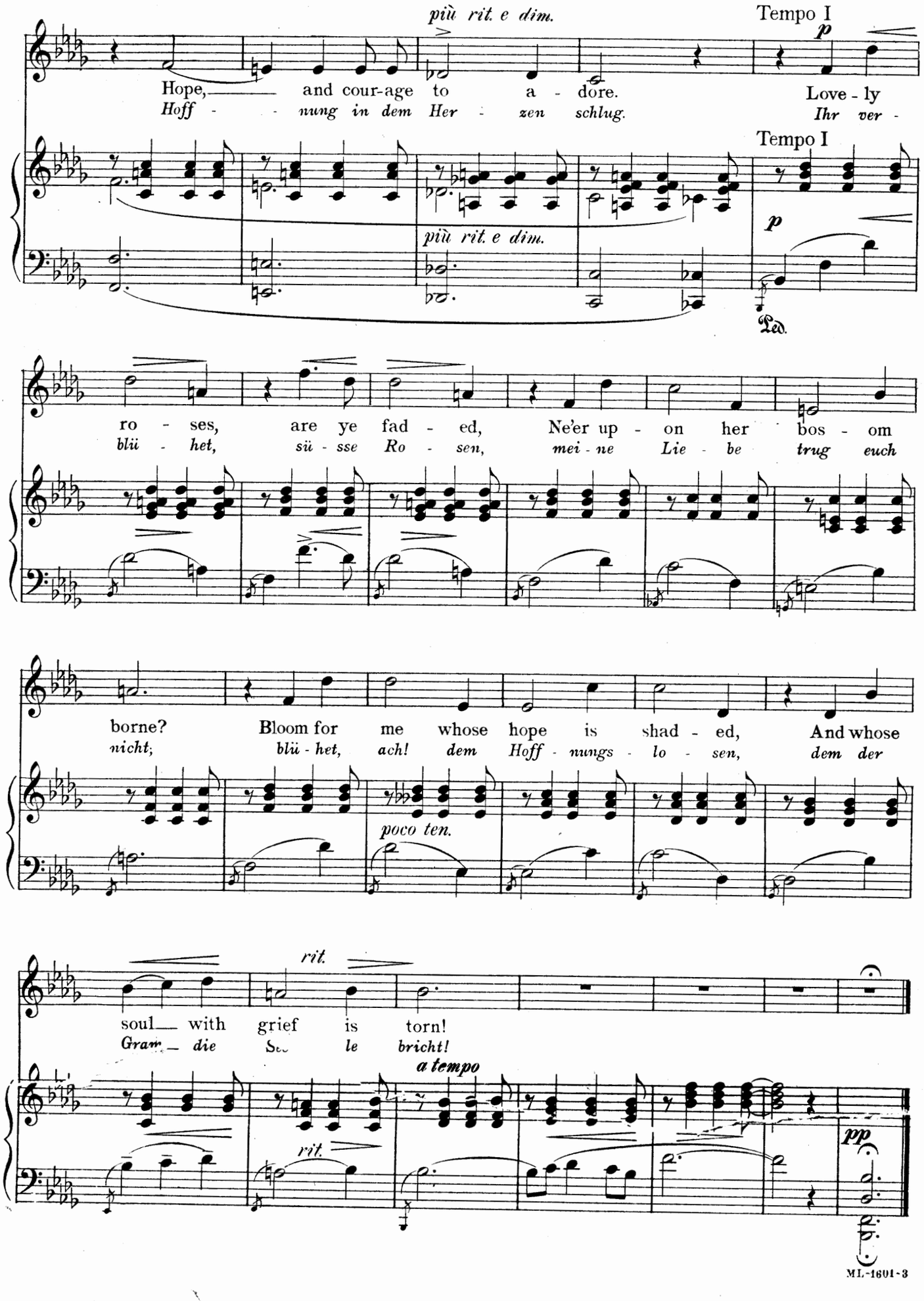
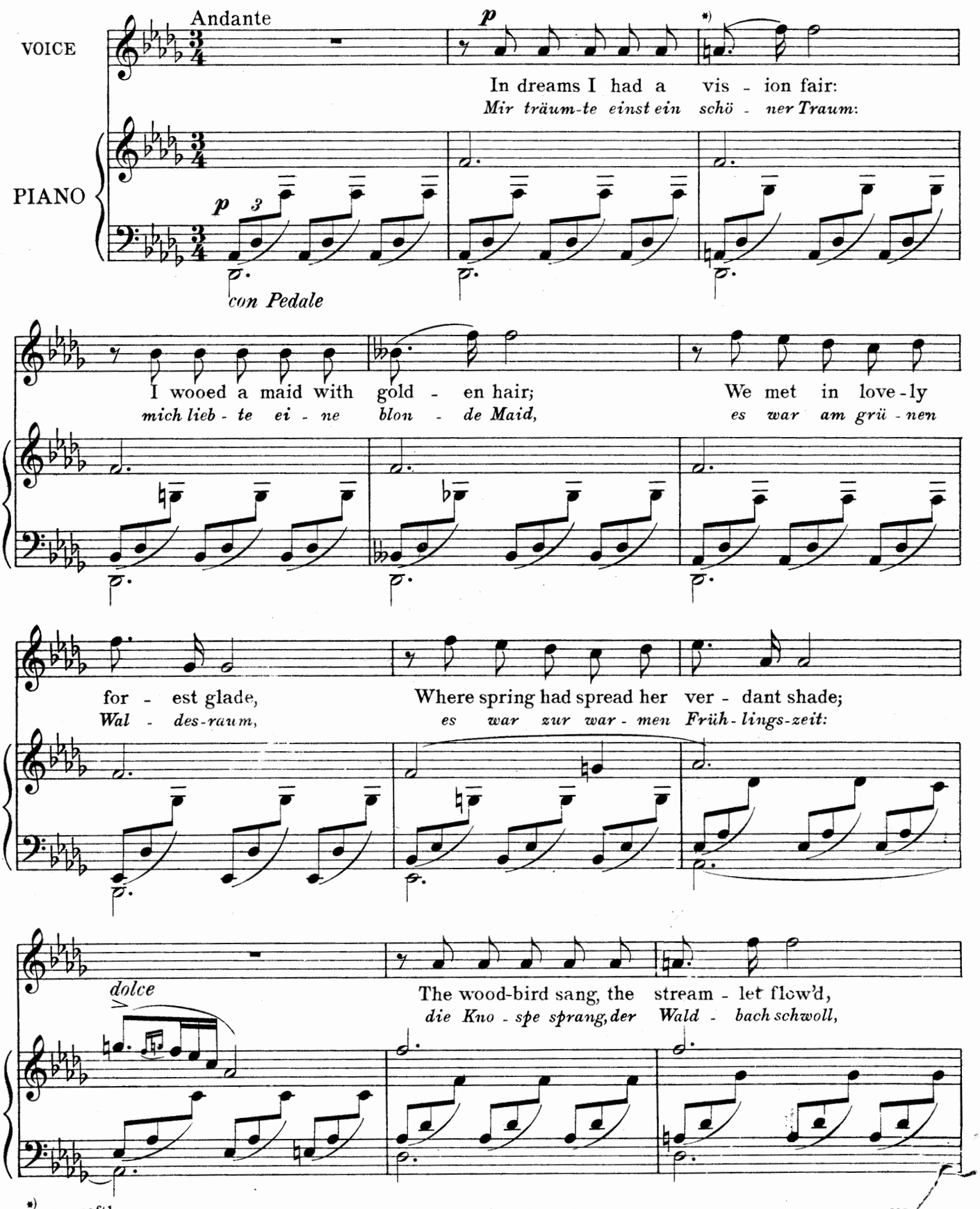

p
cresc.
you were kind;
an dir hing,
When for you I pluck'd at
auf das er - ste Knösp - chen
p
cresc.
f
morn - ing
lau - ernd,
The first rose - buds I could find;
früh zu mei - nem Gar - ten ging;
f
Ev-'ry flow - 'ret,
al - le Blü - then,
fruits the rar - est
al - le Früch - te
Glad - ly to your
noch zu dei - nen
poco a poco meno mosso e dim.
feet I bore,
Füssen trug,
While I sought in eyes the dear - est
und vor dei - nem An - ge - sich - te
poco a poco meno mosso e dim.

più rit. e dim.
Tempo I
p
Hope, and cour-age to a - dore. Love - ly
Hoff - nung in dem Her - zen schlug. Ihr ver -
Tempo I
più rit. e dim.
p
Ped.
ro - ses, are ye fad - ed, Ne'er up - on her bos - om
blü - het, sü - sse Ro - sen, mei - ne Lie - be trug euch
borne? Bloom for me whose hope is shad - ed, And whose
nicht; blü - het, ach! dem Hoff - nungs - lo - sen, dem der
poco ten.
rit.
soul with grief is torn!
Gram die Seele bricht!
a tempo
rit.
pp

A DREAM
(EIN TRAUM)

FRIEDRICH von BODENSTEDT (1819-1892)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 48, №6

*) very softly

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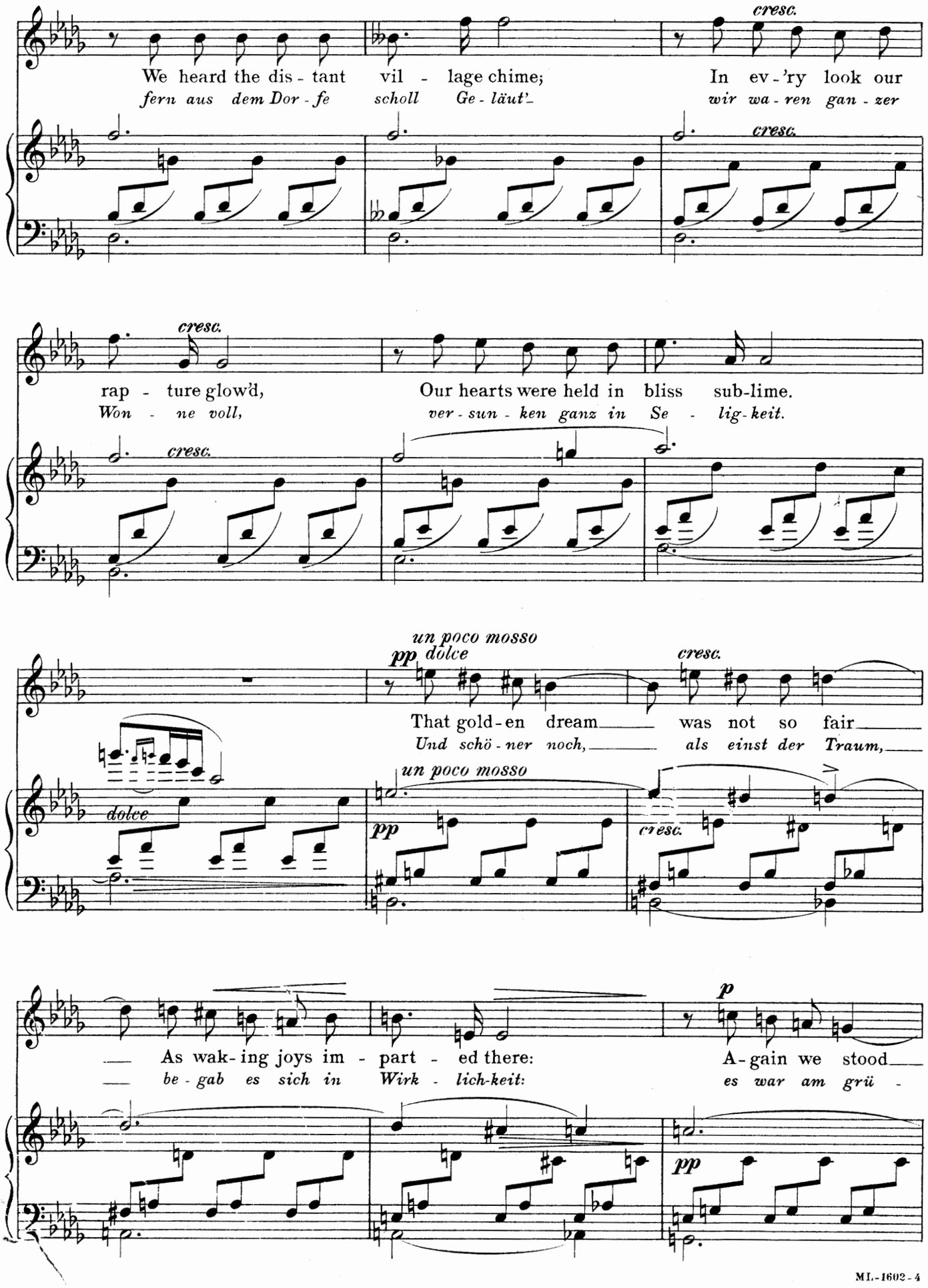
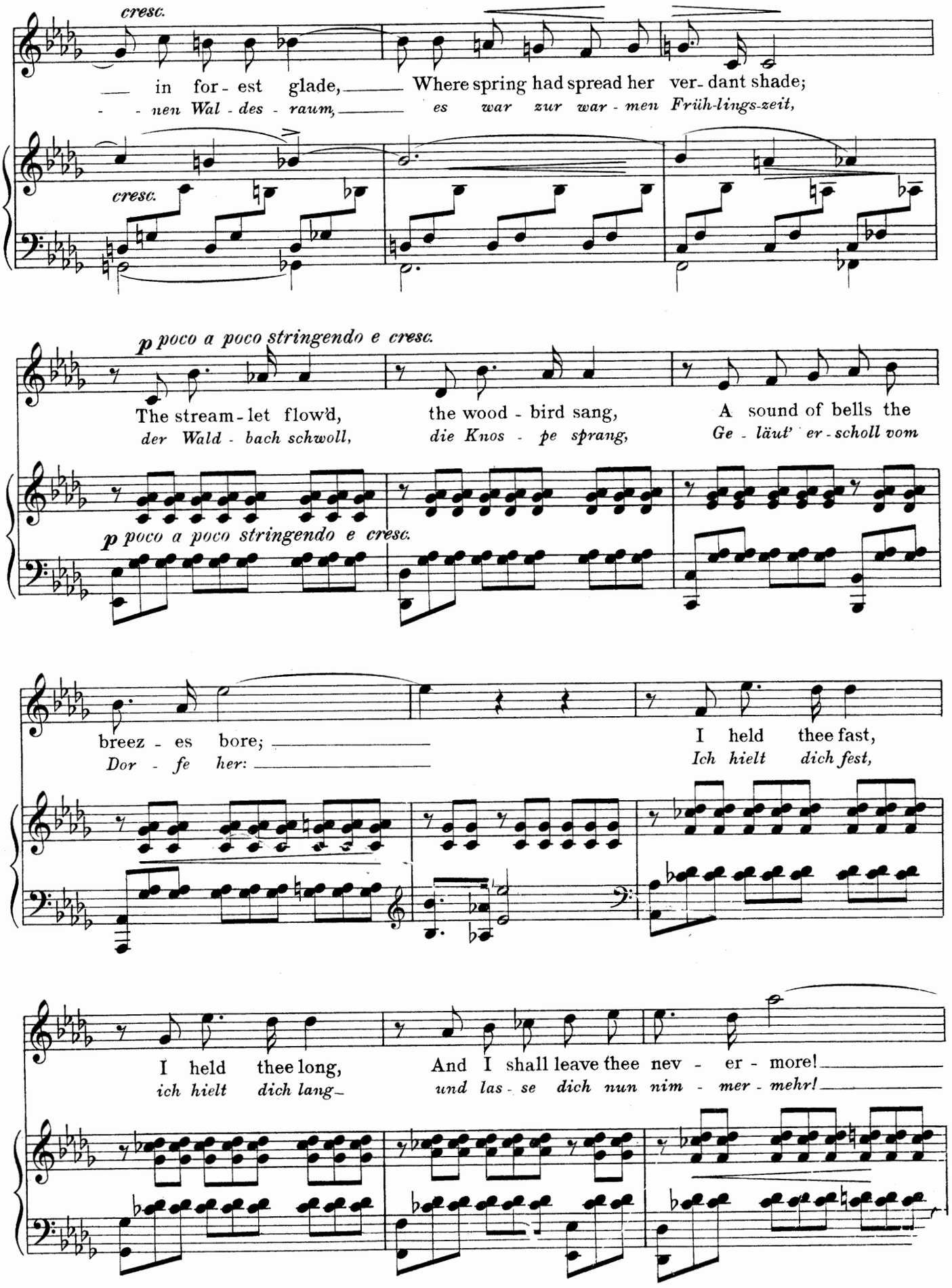
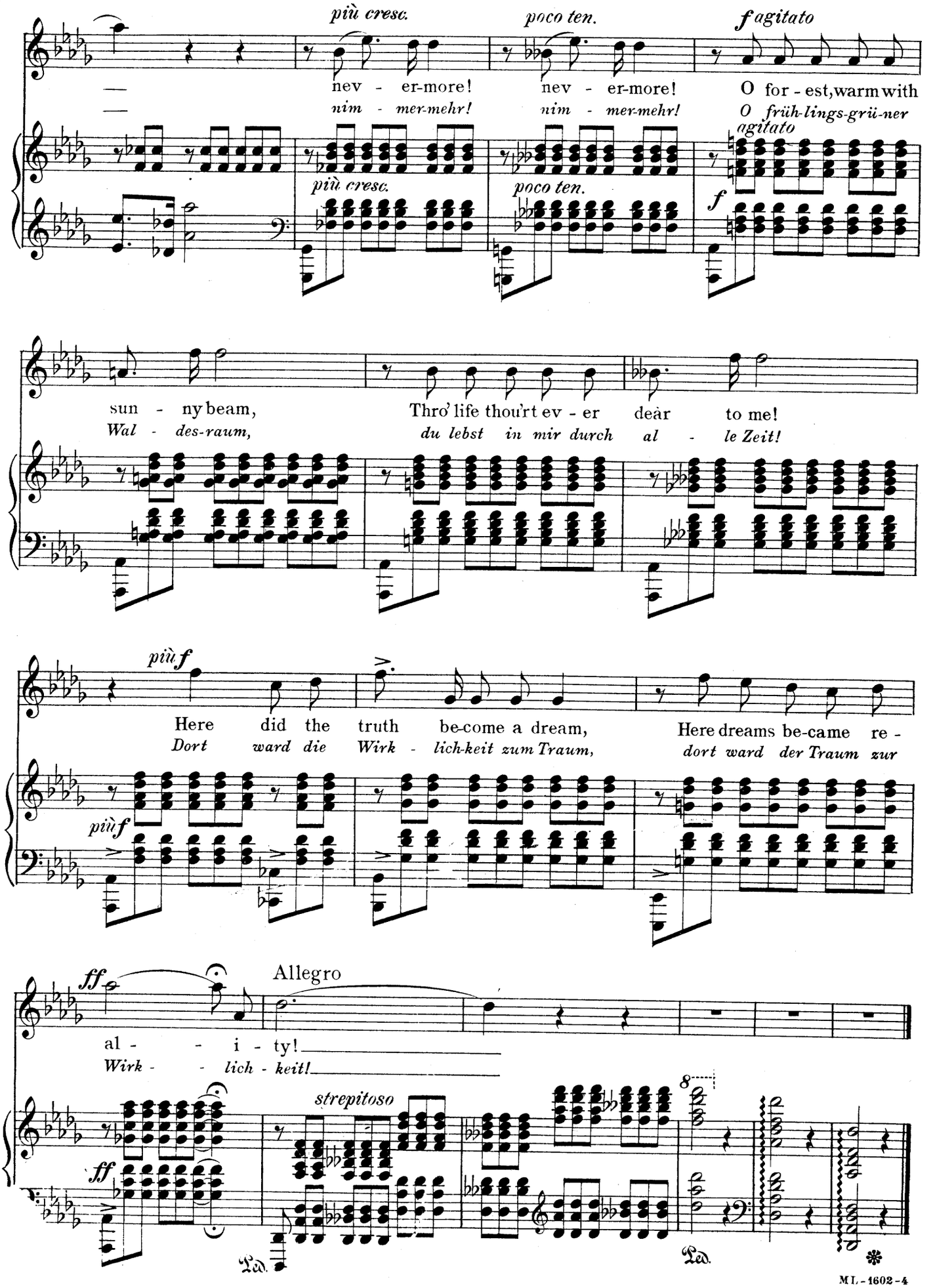
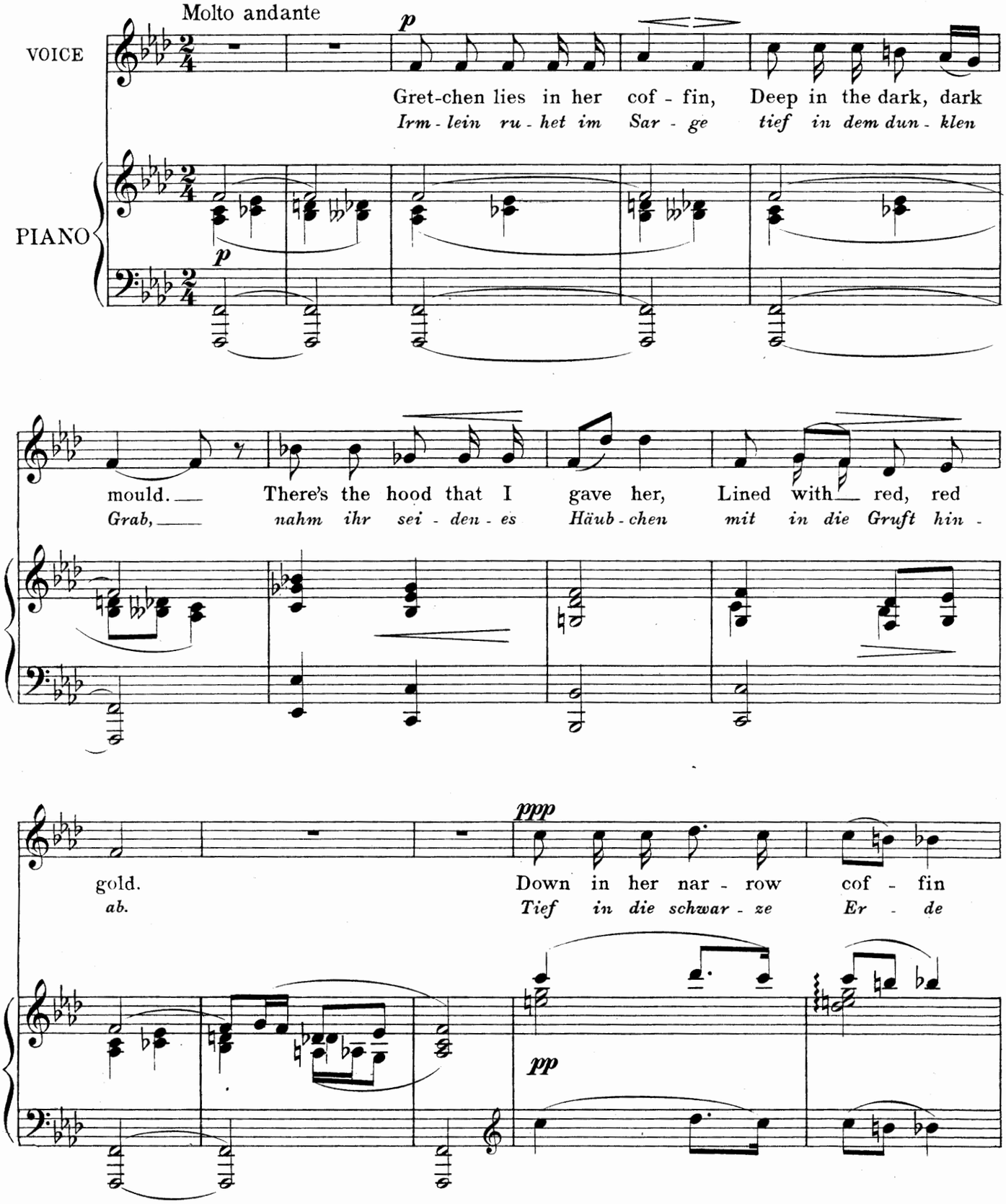

We heard the dis - tant vil - lage chime;
fern aus dem Dor - fe scholl Ge - läut'
In ev - 'ry look our
wir wa - ren gan - zer
cresc.
rap - ture glow'd,
Won - ne voll,
Our hearts were held in bliss sub-lime.
ver - sun - ken ganz in Se - lig - keit.
un poco mosso
pp dolce
That gold - en dream was not so fair
Und schö - ner noch, als einst der Traum,
dolce
pp
As wak - ing joys im - part - ed there:
be - gab es sich in Wirk - lich - keit:
A - gain we stood
es war am grü -
p
pp

cresc.
in for - est glade, Where spring had spread her ver - dant shade;
- - nen Wal - des - raum, es war zur war - men Früh-lings-zeit,
cresc.
p poco a poco stringendo e cresc.
The stream - let flow'd, the wood - bird sang, A sound of bells the
der Wald - bach schwoll, die Knos - pe sprang, Ge - läut' er - scholl vom
p poco a poco stringendo e cresc.
breez - es bore;
Dor - fe her:
I held thee fast,
Ich hielt dich fest,
I held thee long,
ich hielt dich lang-
And I shall leave thee nev - er - more!
und las - se dich nun nim - mer - mehr!

più cresc.
poco ten.
f agitato
nev - er-more! nev - er-more! O for - est, warm with
nim - mer-mehr! nim - mer-mehr! O früh-lings-grü-ner
agitato
più cresc.
poco ten.
f
sun - ny beam, Thro' life thou'rt ev - er deàr to me!
Wal - des-raum, du lebst in mir durch al - le Zeit!
più f
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
più f
ff
Allegro
al - - i - ty!
Wirk - - lich - keit!
strepitoso
ff
8
Ped.
Ped.

THE MOTHER SINGS
(DIE MUTTER SINGT)

VILHELM KRAG (1871-)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key, Eb minor)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 60, № 2

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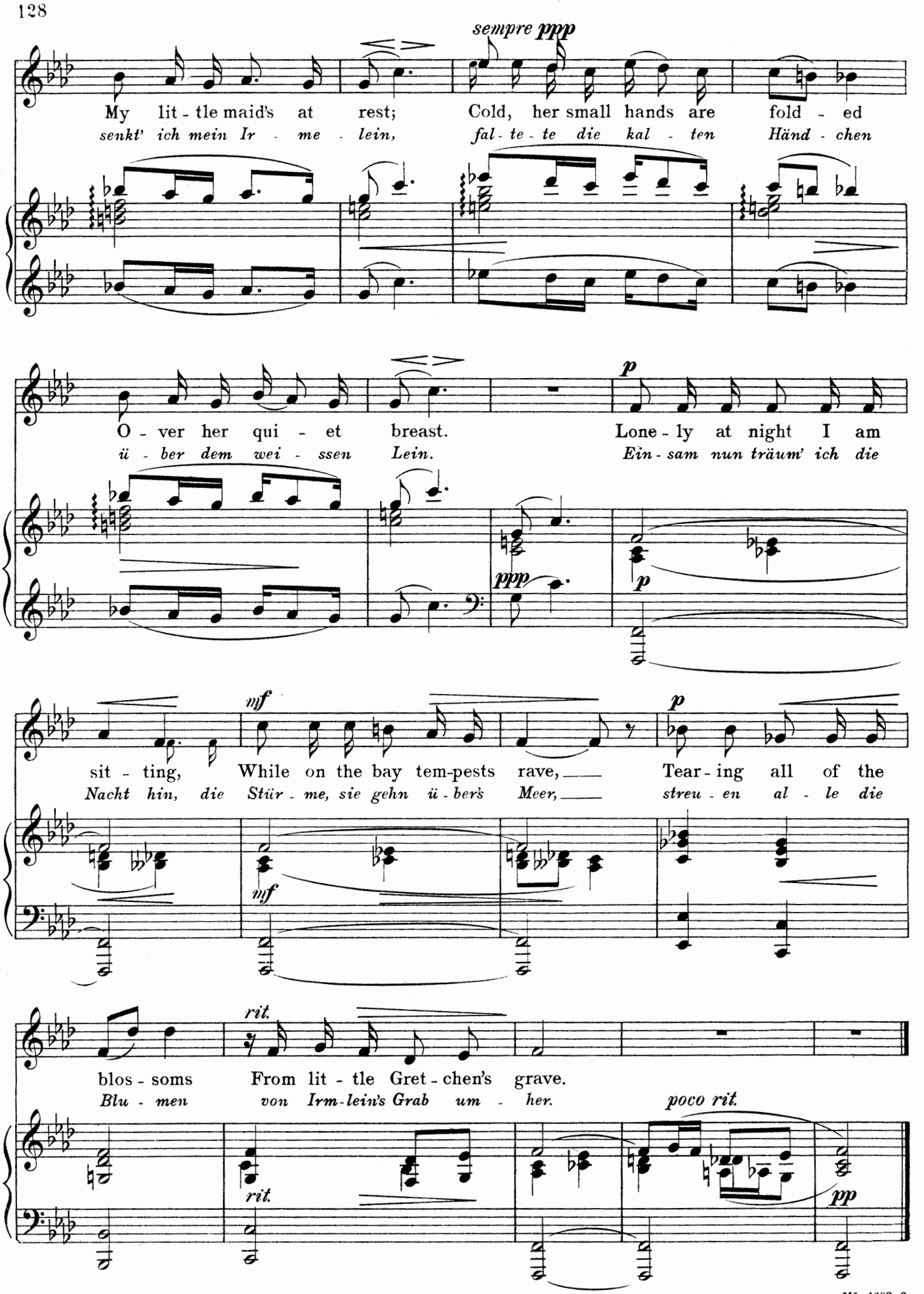
sempre ppp
My lit - tle maid's at rest; Cold, her small hands are fold - ed
senkt' ich mein Ir - me - lein, fal - te - te die kal - ten Händ - chen
O - ver her qui - et breast. Lone - ly at night I am
ü - ber dem wei - ssen Lein. Ein - sam nun träum' ich die
sit - ting, While on the bay tem-pests rave, Tear - ing all of the
Nacht hin, die Stür - me, sie gehn ü - ber's Meer, streu - en al - le die
blos - soms From lit - tle Gret - chen's grave.
Blu - men von Irm-lein's Grab um - her.
poco rit.
rit.
mf
p
ppp
pp

IN THE BOAT
(IM KAHNE)

VILHELM KRAG (1871-)
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 60, №3

Allegretto grazioso

PIANO

p

Ped. Ped. *simili*

p

Sea - gulls, sea - gulls with plum - age snow - y!
Mö - ven, Mö - ven in wei - ssen Flo - - cken!

Sun - light gay! Gos-lings with yel - low
Son - nen - schein! En - ten stol - zie - ren in

pp *slent.* *pp*

a tempo
tranq. sempre p

stock-ings show-y Strut a - way. Row, row to is-lands fair,
gel - ben So - cken schmuck und fein. Fahr; fahr' zum Fi-scher - strand,

un poco rit.

pp a tempo

Ped.

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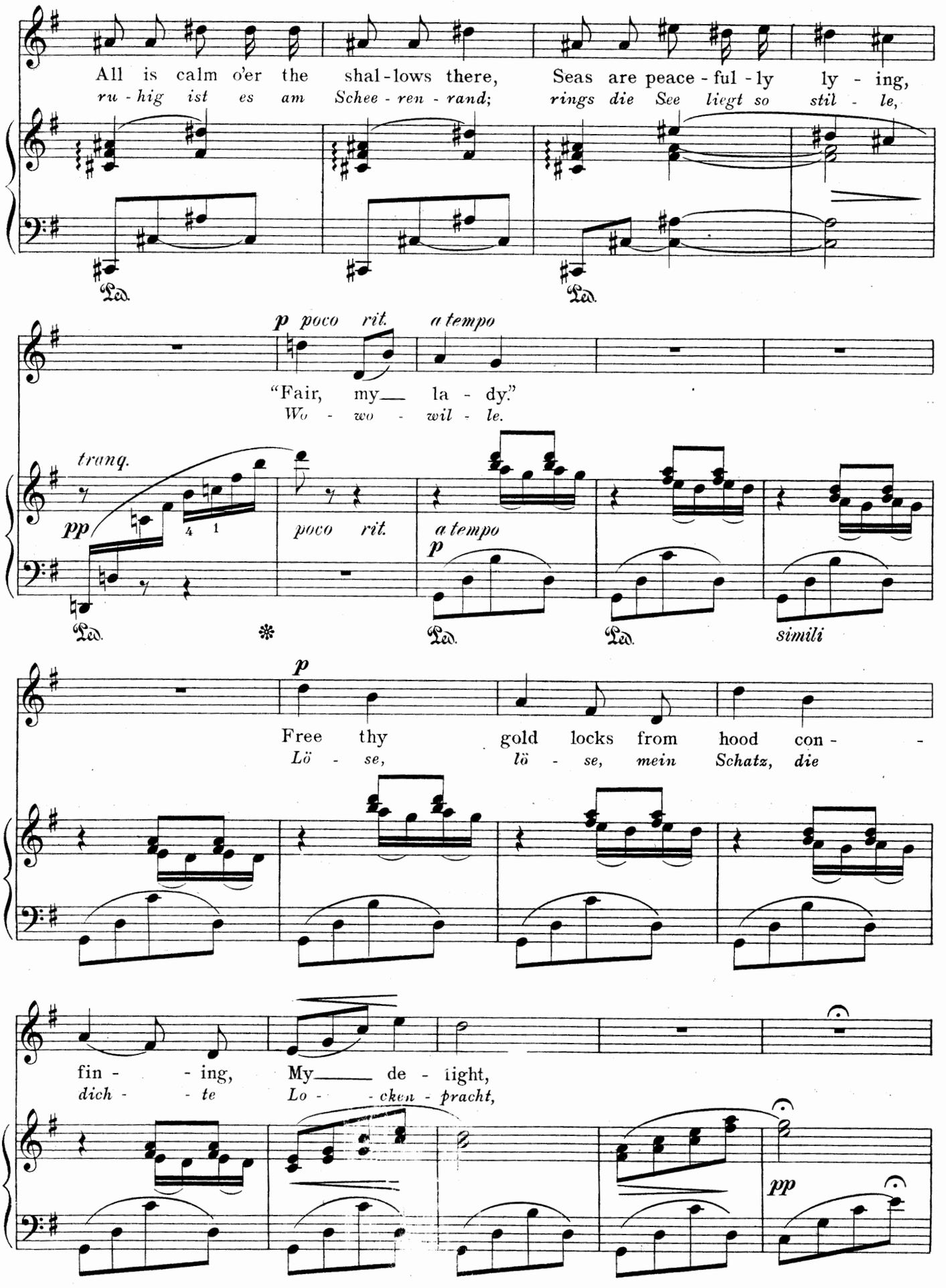
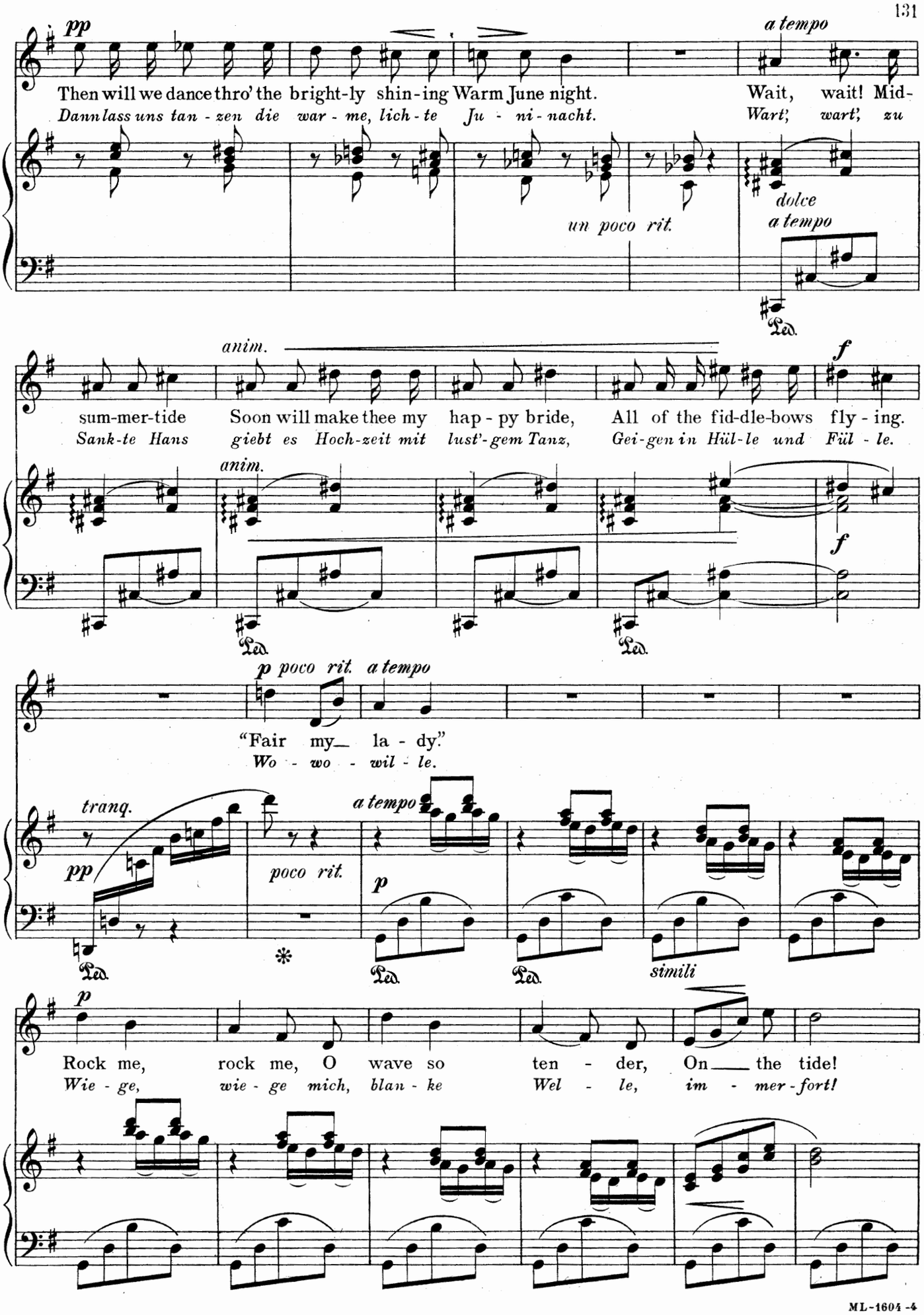
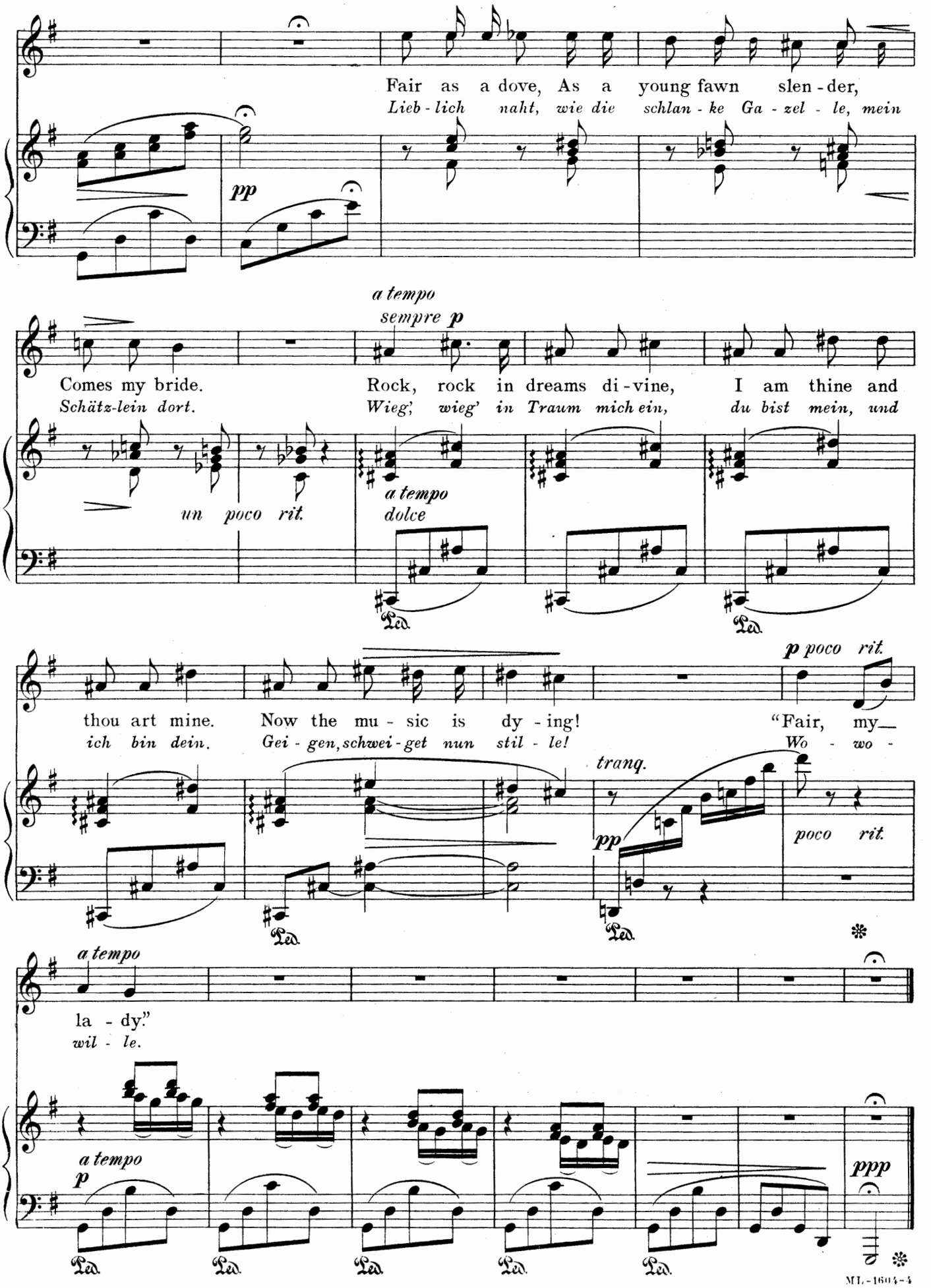

All is calm o'er the shal-lows there, Seas are peace-ful-ly ly-ing,
ru-hig ist es am Schee-ren-rand; rings die See liegt so stil-le,
Ped.
p poco rit. a tempo
"Fair, my la-dy."
Wo-wo-wil-le.
tranq.
pp
poco rit.
a tempo
p
simili
p
Free thy gold locks from hood con-
Lö-se, lö-se, mein Schatz, die
fin-ing, My de-light,
dich-te Lo-cken-pracht,
pp

pp
a tempo
Then will we dance thro' the bright-ly shin-ing Warm June night.
Wait, wait! Mid-
Dann lass uns tan-zen die war-me, lich-te Ju-ni-nacht.
Wart', wart', zu
un poco rit.
dolce
a tempo
Ped.
anim.
f
sum-mer-tide Soon will make thee my hap-py bride, All of the fid-dle-bows fly-ing.
Sank-te Hans giebt es Hoch-zeit mit lust'-gem Tanz, Gei-gen in Hül-le und Fül-le.
anim.
f
p poco rit. a tempo
"Fair my_ la-dy."
Wo-wo-wil-le.
tranq.
pp
poco rit.
a tempo
p
Ped.
simili
p
Rock me, rock me, O wave so ten-der, On_ the tide!
Wie-ge, wie-ge mich, blan-ke Wel-le, im-mer-fort!

Fair as a dove, As a young fawn slen - der,
Lieb - lich naht, wie die schlan - ke Ga - zel - le, mein
pp
a tempo
sempre p
Comes my bride.
Schätz-lein dort.
Rock, rock in dreams di - vine,
Wieg', wieg' in Traum mich ein,
I am thine and
du bist mein, und
un poco rit.
a tempo
dolce
Ped.
thou art mine.
ich bin dein.
Now the mu - sic is dy - ing!
Gei - gen, schwei - get nun stil - le!
p poco rit.
"Fair, my—
Wo - wo -
tranq.
pp
poco rit.
a tempo
la - dy."
wil - le.
a tempo
p
ppp

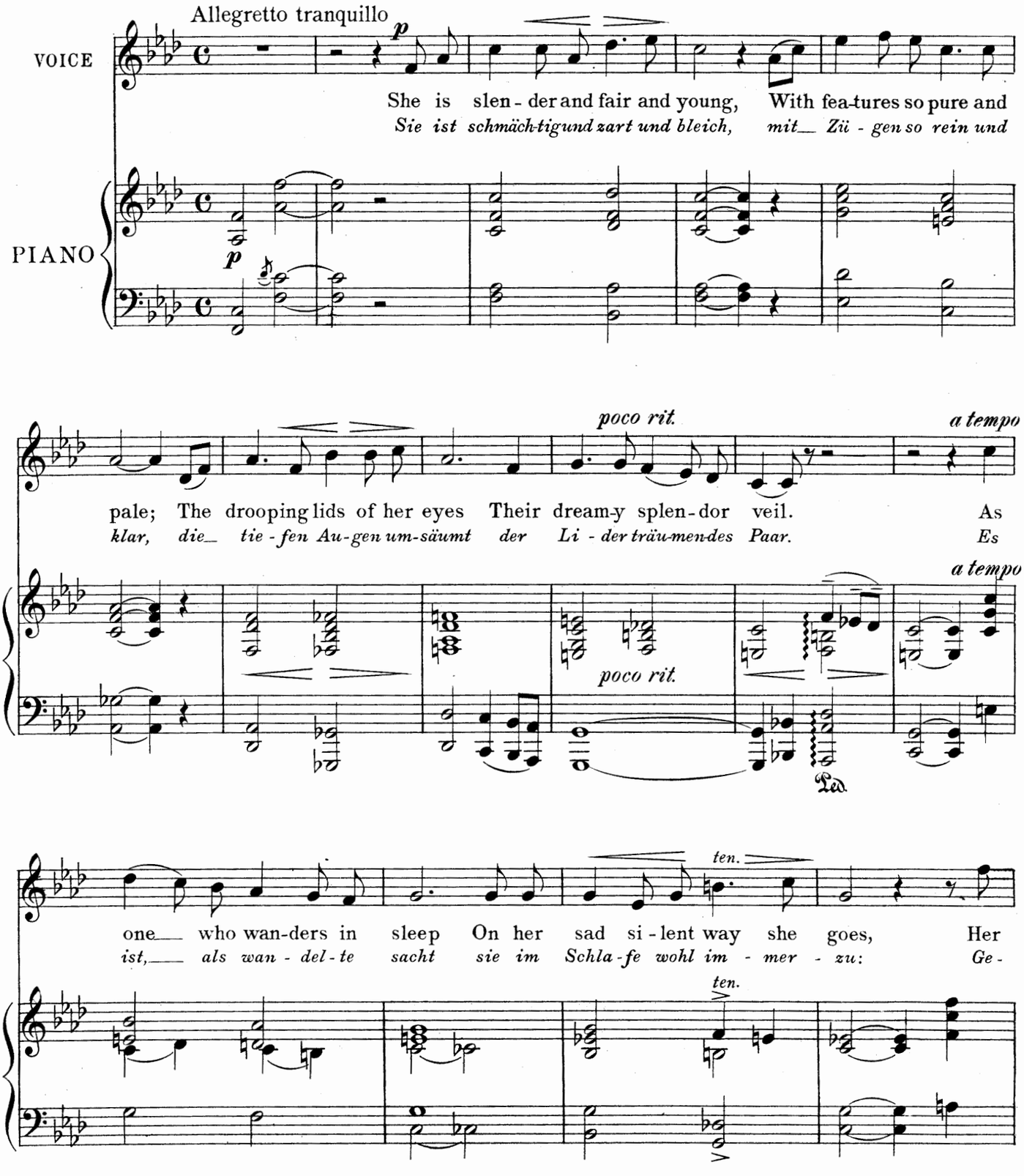
THE MOUNTAIN MAID

(DAS KIND DER BERGE)

(Composed in 1898)

ARNE GARBORG (1851-)
English version by Arthur Westbrook
German version by Eugen von Enzberg

(Original Key, E minor)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 67, №2

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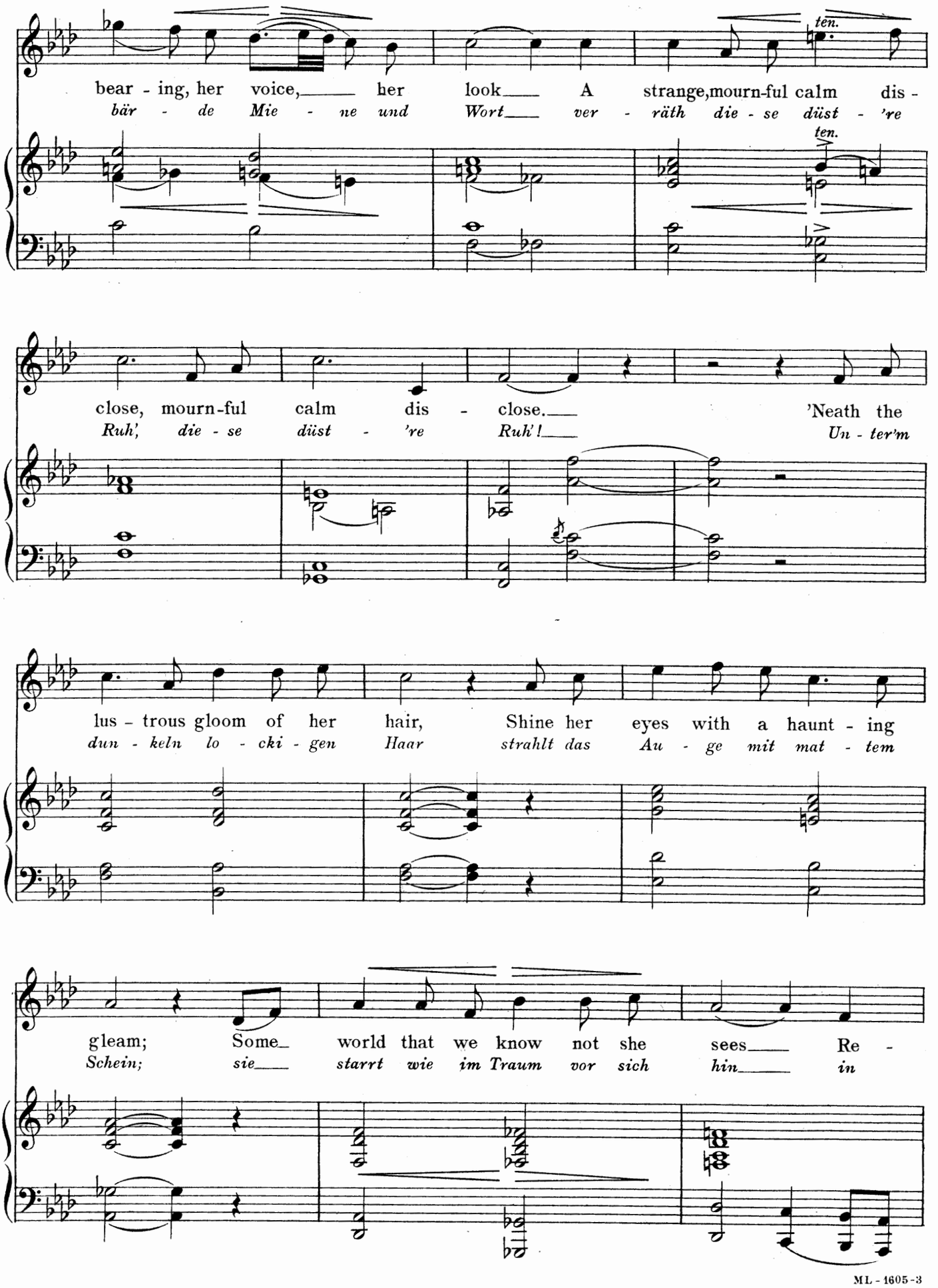
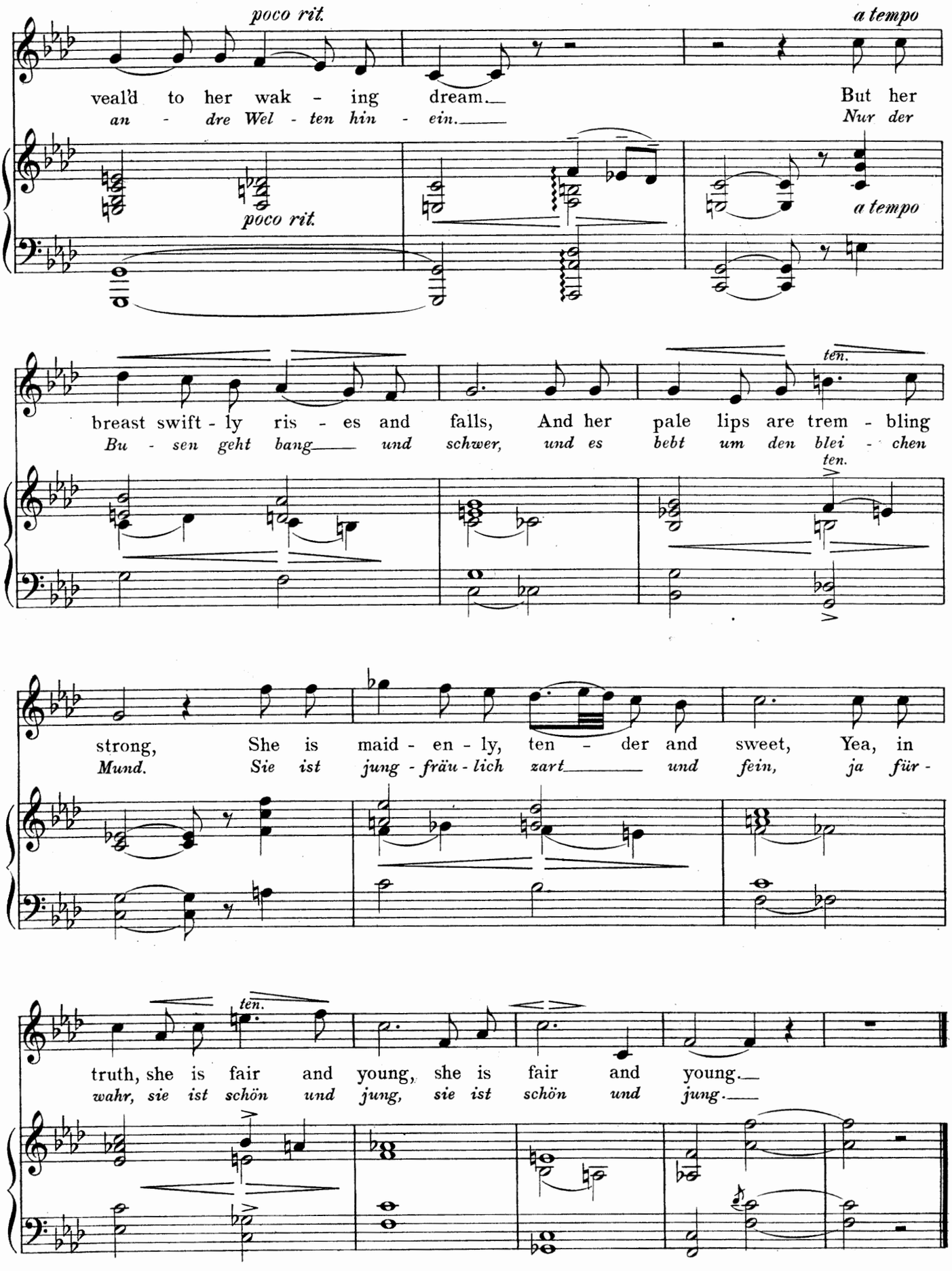
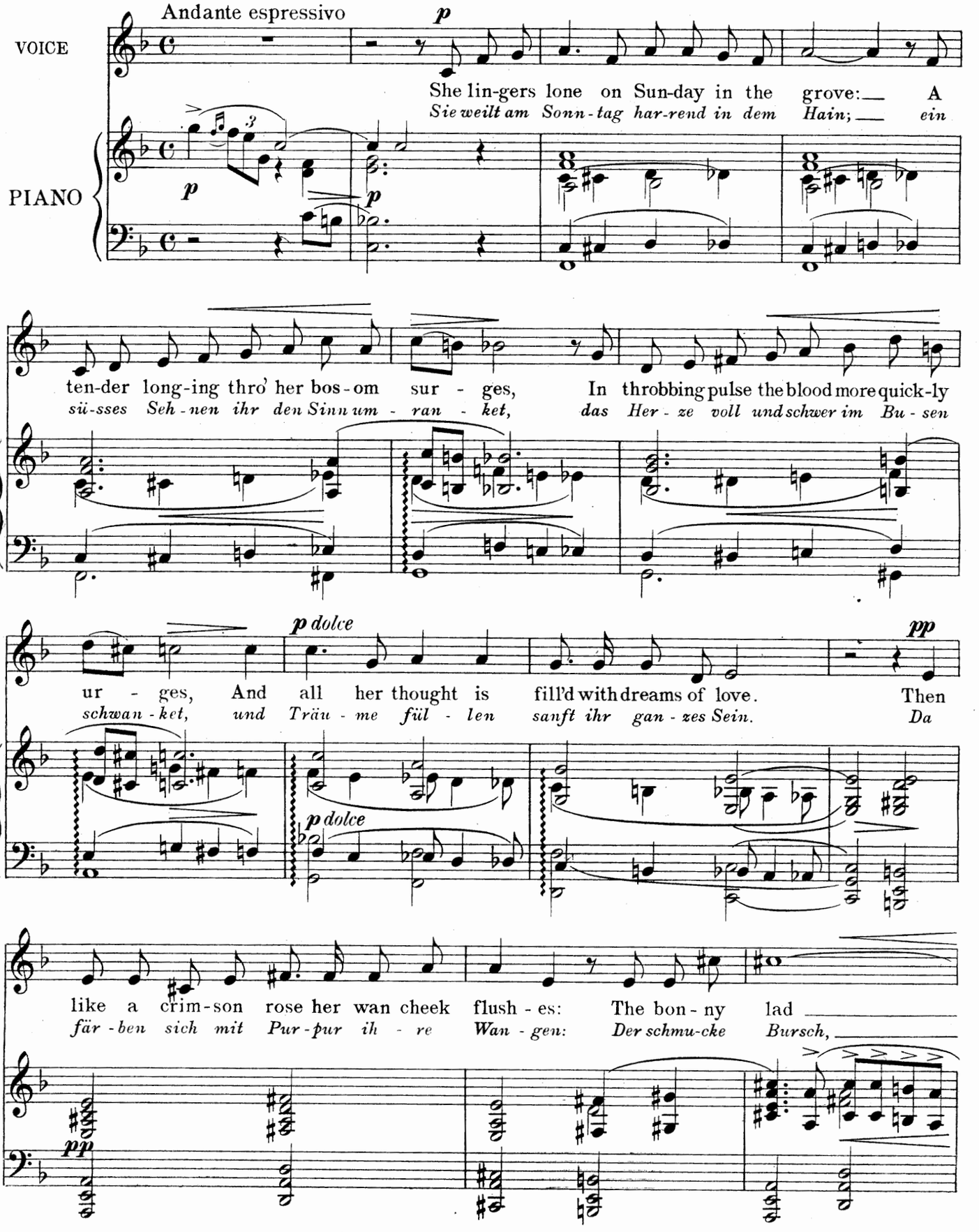

ten.
bear - ing, her voice, her look A strange, mourn-ful calm dis -
bär - de Mie - ne und Wort ver - räth die - se düst - 're
ten.
close, mourn-ful calm dis - close. 'Neath the
Ruh', die - se düst - 're Ruh'! Un - ter'm
lus - trous gloom of her hair, Shine her eyes with a haunt - ing
dun - keln lo - cki - gen Haar strahlt das Au - ge mit mat - tem
gleam; Some world that we know not she sees Re -
Schein; sie starrt wie im Traum vor sich hin in

poco rit.
a tempo
veal'd to her wak - ing dream.
But her
an - dre Wel - ten hin - ein.
Nur der
poco rit.
a tempo
ten.
breast swift - ly ris - es and falls, And her pale lips are trem - bling
Bu - sen geht bang und schwer, und es bebt um den blei - chen
ten.
strong, She is maid - en - ly, ten - der and sweet, Yea, in
Mund. Sie ist jung - fräu - lich zart und fein, ja für -
ten.
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)

(Composed in 1898)

(Original Key)

ARNE GARBORG (1851-)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney
German version by Eugen von Enzberg

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 67, № 4

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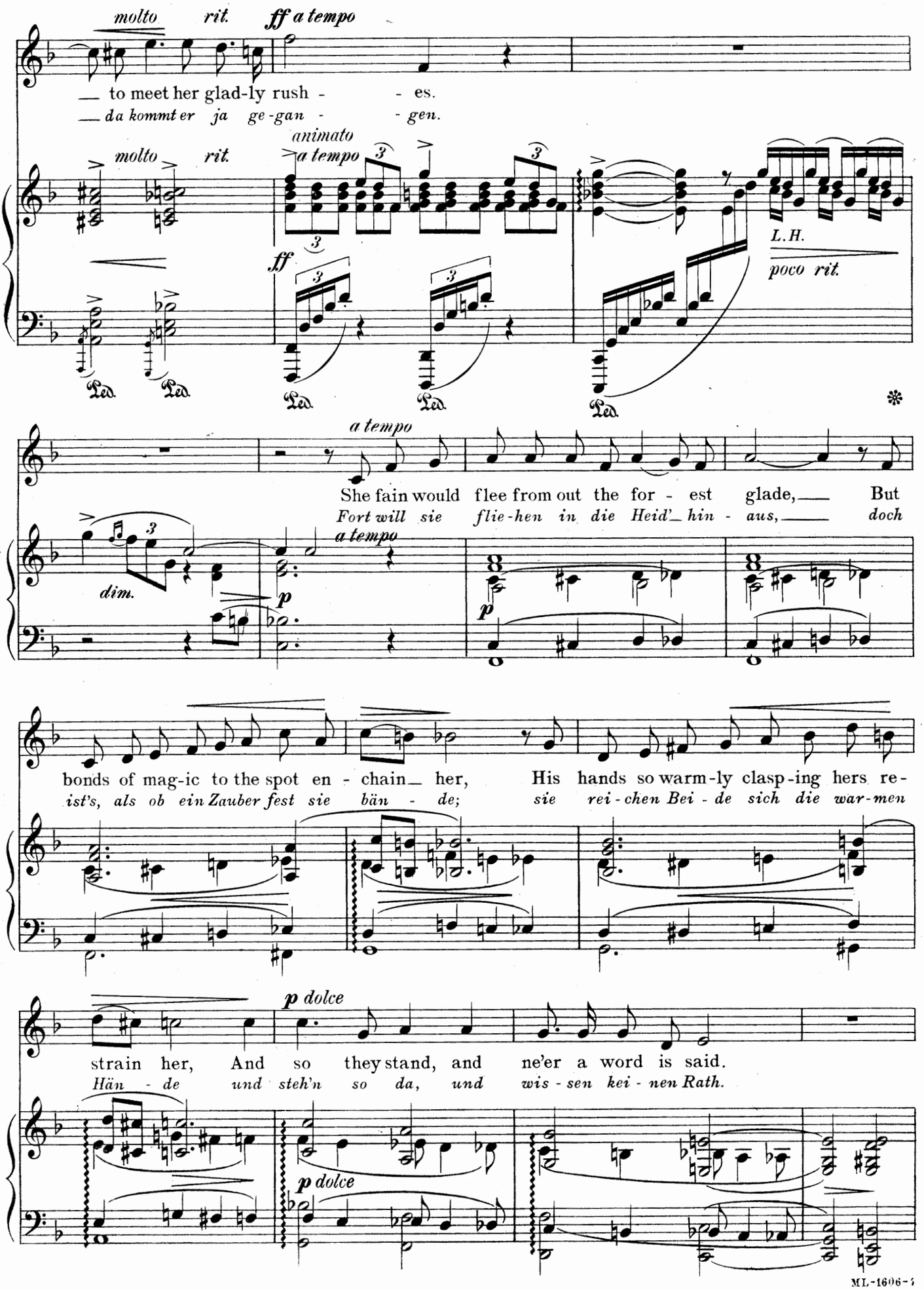
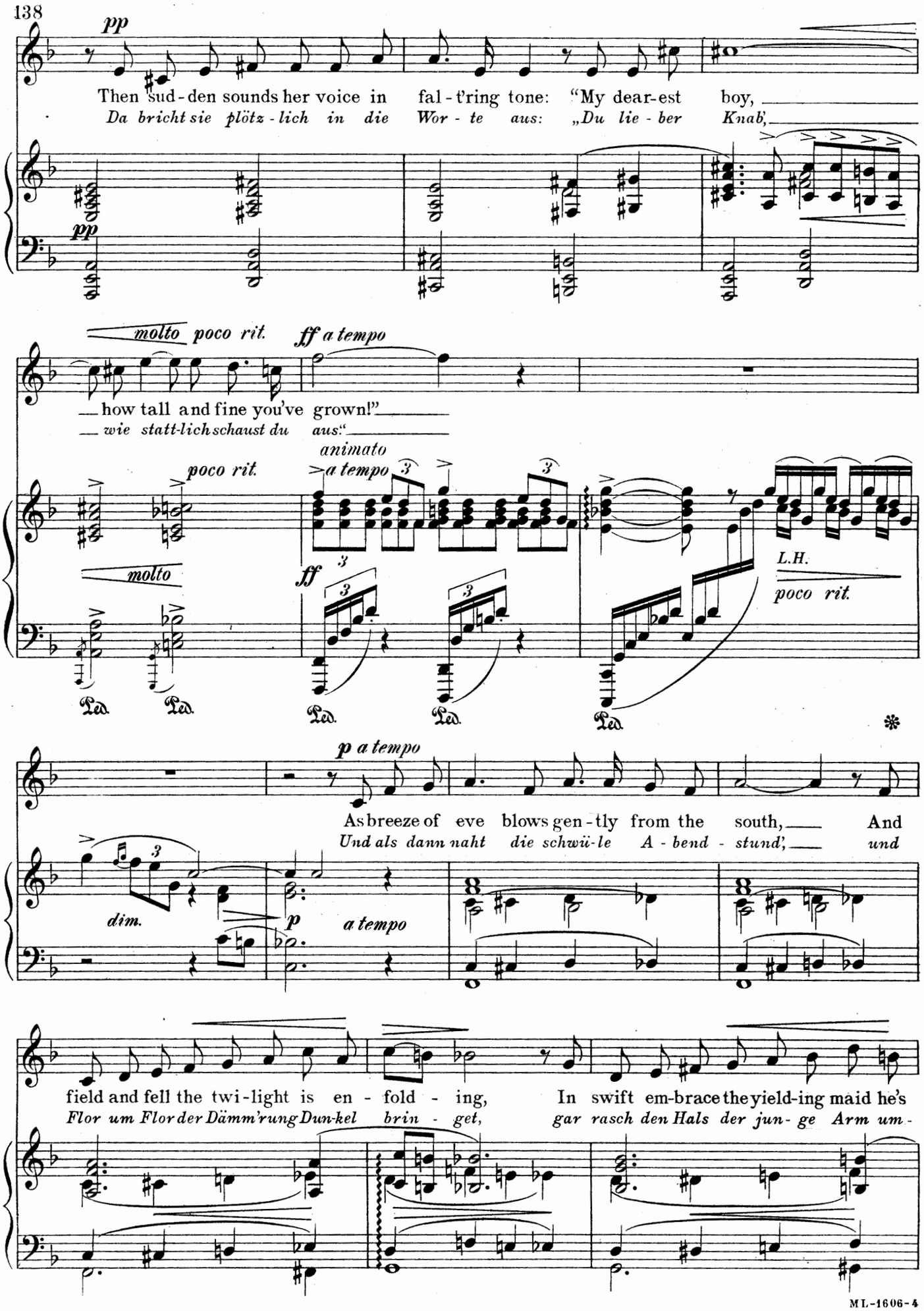
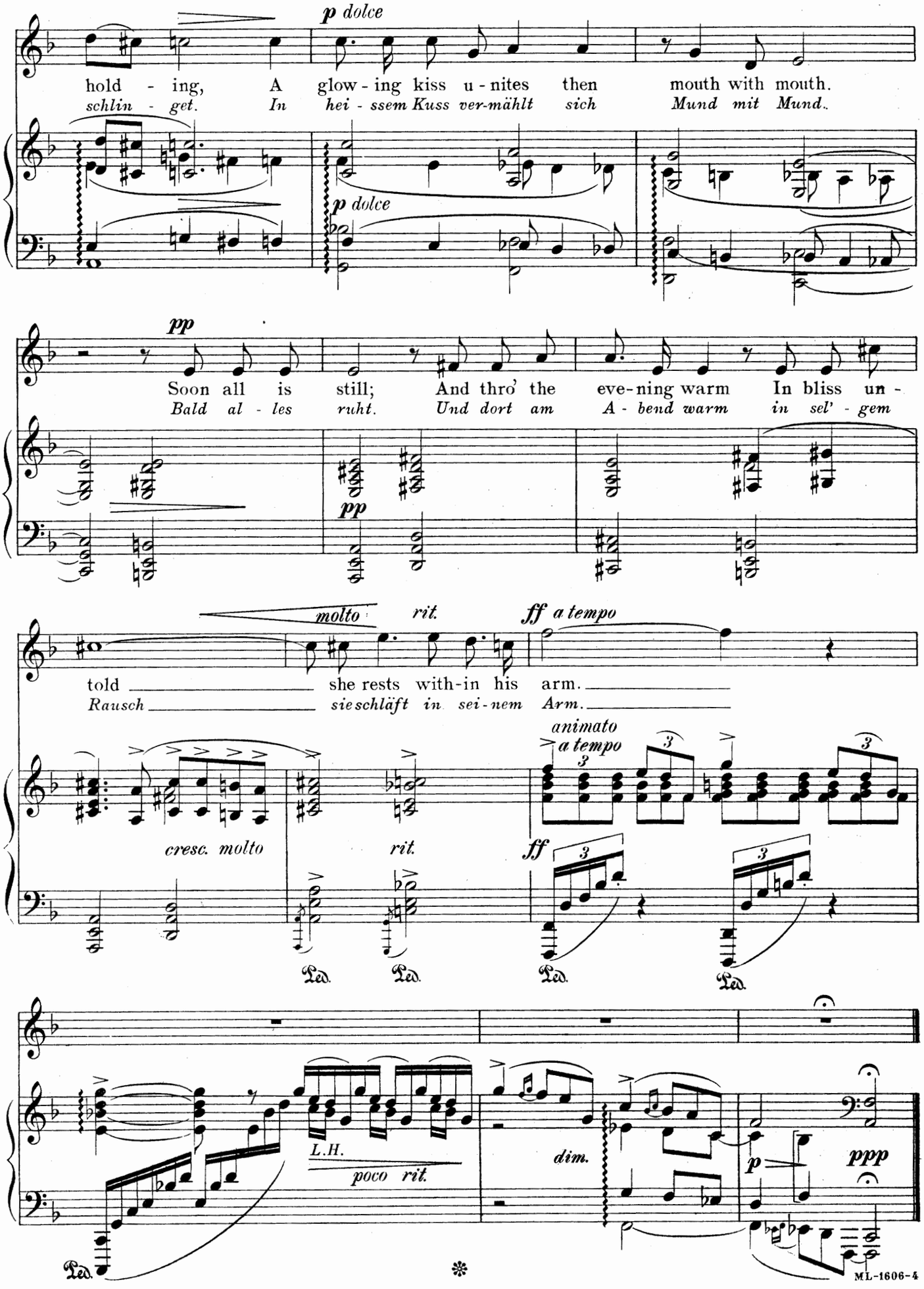
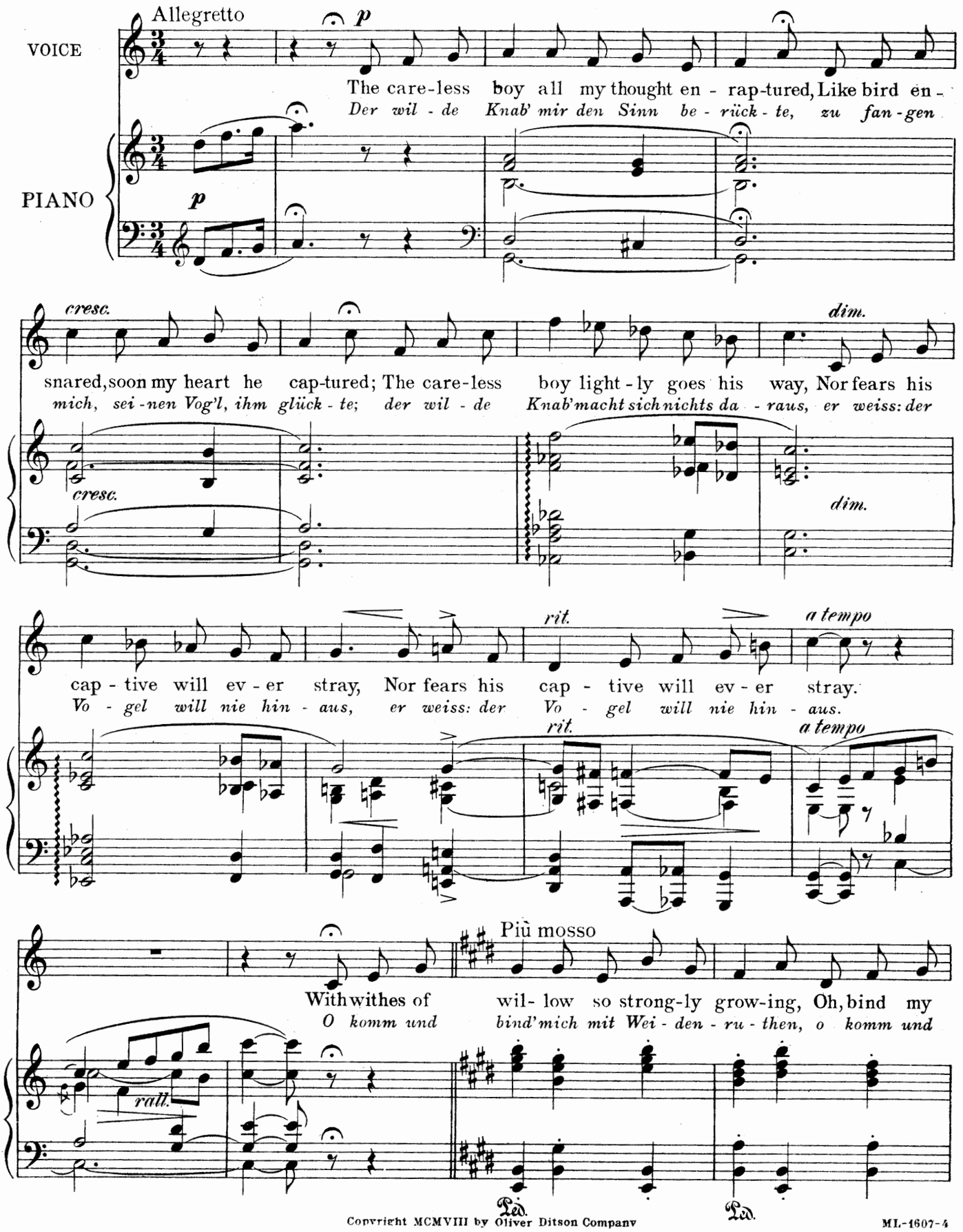

molto rit.
ff a tempo
— to meet her glad-ly rush - - es.
— da kommt er ja ge-gan - - gen.
molto rit.
animato
a tempo
ff
L.H.
poco rit.
Ped.
a tempo
She fain would flee from out the for - est glade, — But
Fort will sie flie-hen in die Heid'_ hin - aus, — doch
dim.
a tempo
p
bonds of mag-ic to the spot en - chain_ her, His hands so warm-ly clasp-ing hers re-
ist's, als ob ein Zauber fest sie bän - de; sie rei-chen Bei - de sich die war-men
p dolce
strain her, And so they stand, and ne'er a word is said.
Hän - de und steh'n so da, und wis - sen kei - nen Rath.
p dolce

pp
Then sud-den sounds her voice in fal-t'ring tone: "My dear-est boy,
Da bricht sie plötz-lich in die Wor-te aus: „Du lie-ber Knab',
molto poco rit.
ff a tempo
how tall and fine you've grown!"
wie statt-lich schaust du aus:"
poco rit.
animato
a tempo
molto
ff
L.H.
poco rit.
Ped.
p a tempo
As breeze of eve blows gen-tly from the south, And
Und als dann naht die schwü-le A-bend-stund', und
dim.
p
a tempo
field and fell the twi-light is en-fold-ing, In swift em-brace the yield-ing maid he's
Flor um Flor der Dämm'rung Dun-kel brin-get, gar rasch den Hals der jun-ge Arm um-

p dolce
hold - ing, A glow - ing kiss u - nites then mouth with mouth.
schlin - get. In hei - ssem Kuss ver-mählt sich Mund mit Mund.
p dolce
pp
Soon all is still; And thro' the eve-ning warm In bliss un -
Bald al - les ruht. Und dort am A - bend warm in sel' - gem
pp
molto rit.
ff a tempo
told she rests with-in his arm.
Rausch sie schläft in sei-nem Arm.
animato
a tempo
cresc. molto
rit.
ff
Ped.
L.H.
poco rit.
dim.
p
ppp
ML-1606-4

LOVE
(LIEBE)

(Composed in 1898)

ARNE GARBORG (1851-)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney
German version by Eugen von Enzberg

(Original Key)

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 67, № 5

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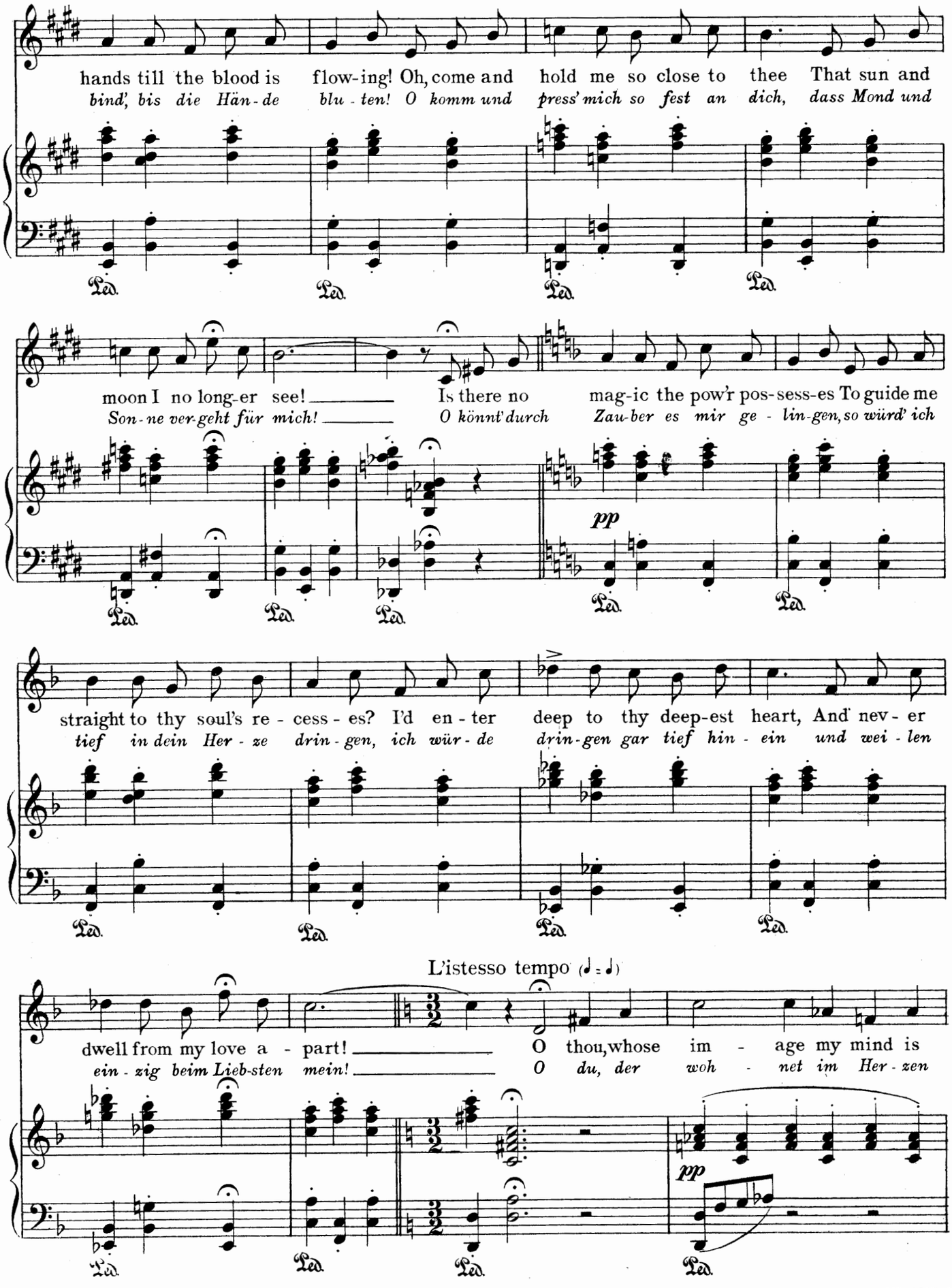
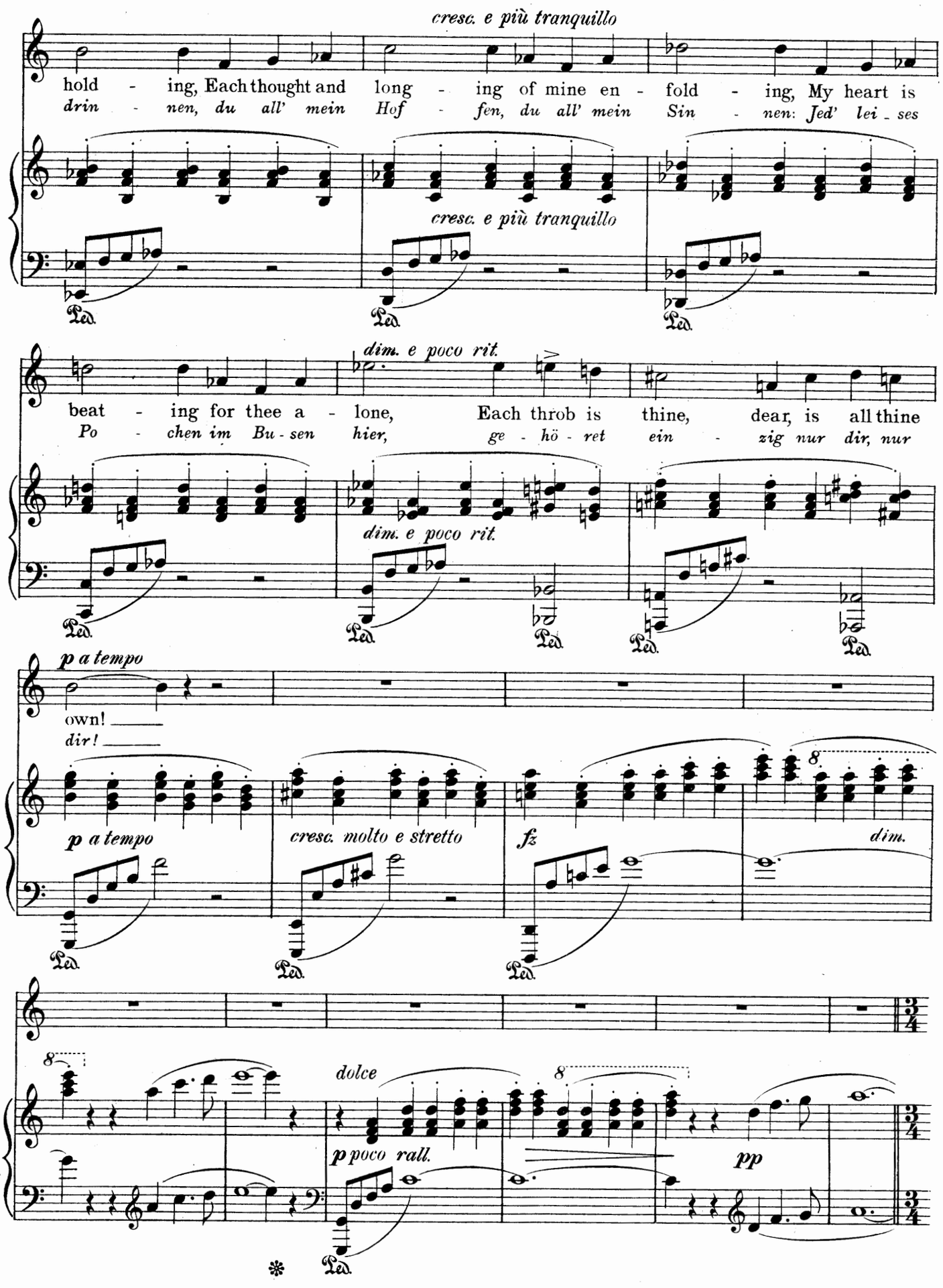
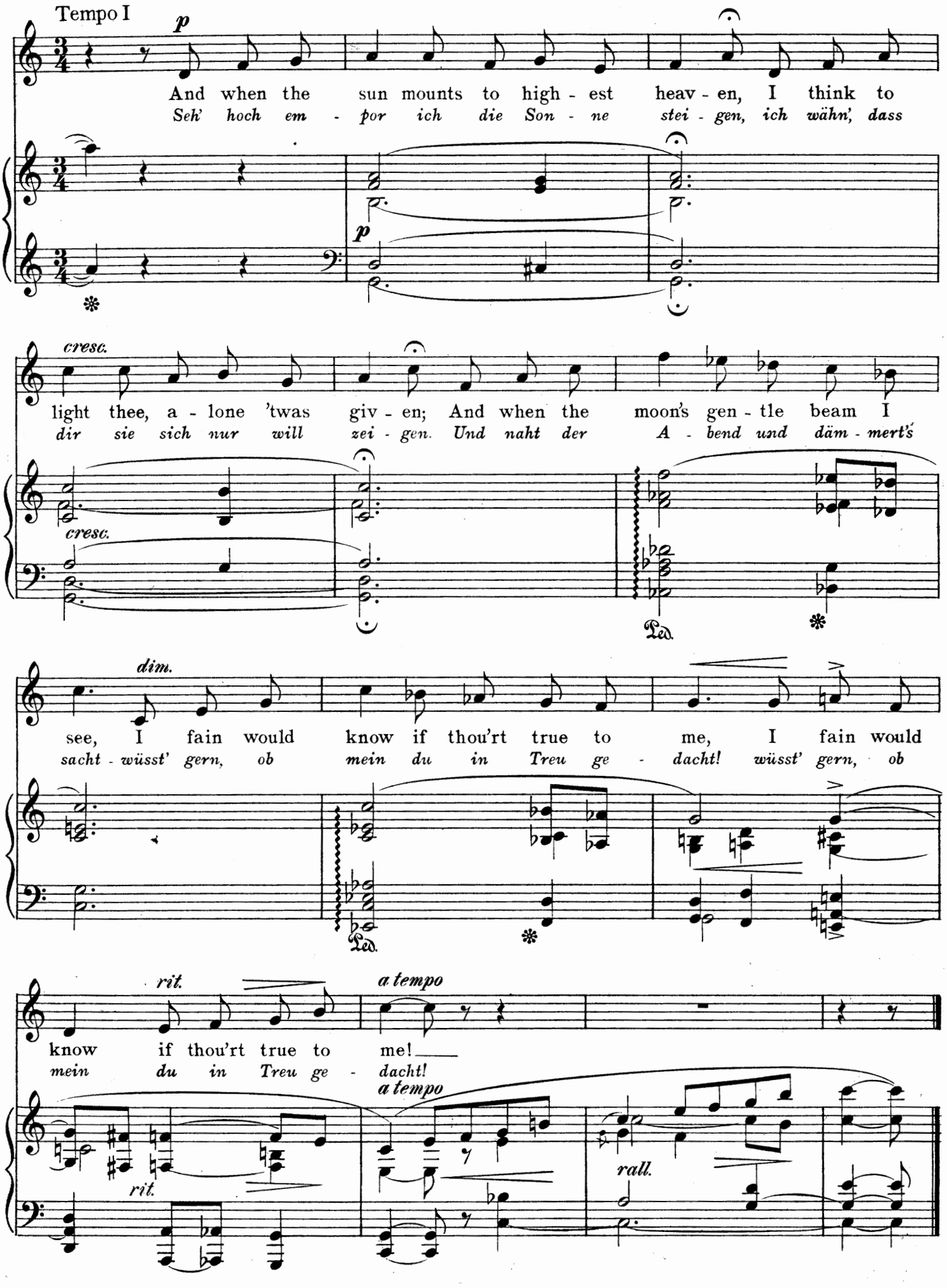
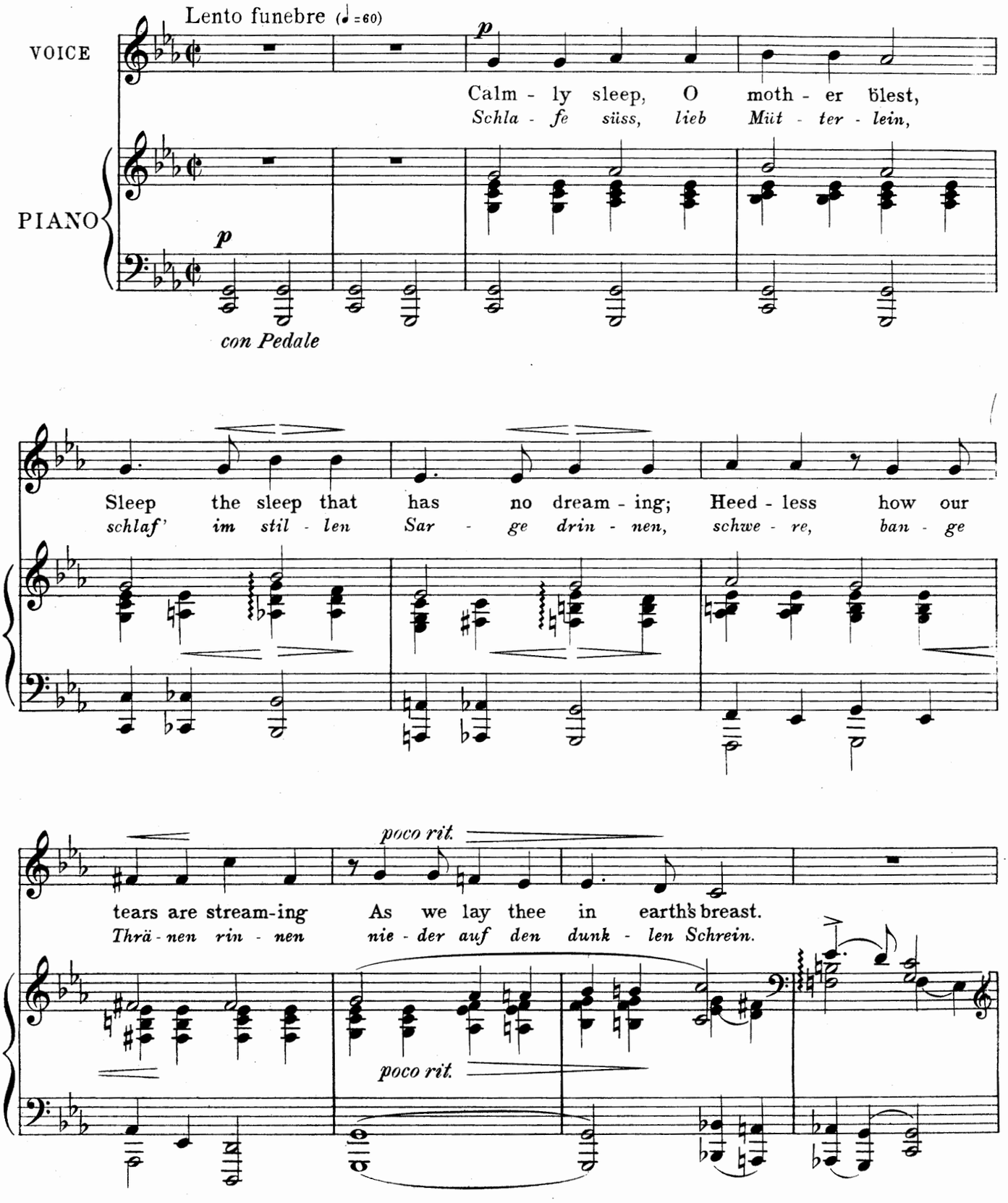

hands till the blood is flow-ing! Oh, come and hold me so close to thee That sun and
bind', bis die Hän-de blu-ten! O komm und press' mich so fest an dich, dass Mond und
moon I no long-er see! Is there no mag-ic the pow'r pos-sess-es To guide me
Son-ne ver-geht für mich! O könnt' durch Zau-ber es mir ge-lin-gen, so würd' ich
pp
straight to thy soul's re-cess-es? I'd en-ter deep to thy deep-est heart, And nev-er
tief in dein Her-ze drin-gen, ich wür-de drin-gen gar tief hin-ein und wei-len
L'istesso tempo (♩ = ♩)
dwell from my love a-part! O thou, whose im-age my mind is
ein-zig beim Lieb-sten mein! O du, der woh-net im Her-zen
pp
Ped.

cresc. e più tranquillo
hold - ing, Each thought and long - ing of mine en - fold - ing, My heart is
drin - nen, du all' mein Hof - fen, du all' mein Sin - nen: Jed' lei - ses
cresc. e più tranquillo
dim. e poco rit.
beat - ing for thee a - lone, Each throb is thine, dear, is all thine
Po - chen im Bu - sen hier, ge - hö - ret ein - zig nur dir, nur
dim. e poco rit.
p a tempo
own!
dir!
p a tempo
cresc. molto e stretto
fz
dim.
dolce
p poco rall.
pp

Tempo I
p
And when the sun mounts to high - est heav - en, I think to
Seh' hoch em - por ich die Son - ne stei - gen, ich wähn', dass
p
cresc.
light thee, a - lone 'twas giv - en; And when the moon's gen - tle beam I
dir sie sich nur will zei - gen. Und naht der A - bend und däm - mert's
cresc.
Ped.
dim.
see, I fain would know if thou'rt true to me, I fain would
sacht - wüsst' gern, ob mein du in Treu ge - dacht! wüsst' gern, ob
Ped.
rit.
a tempo
know if thou'rt true to me!
mein du in Treu ge - dacht!
a tempo
rit.
rall.

AT MOTHER'S GRAVE
(AM GRABE DER MUTTER)

(Composed in 1900)

(Original Key)

OTTO BENZON
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Hans Schmidt

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 69, No. 3

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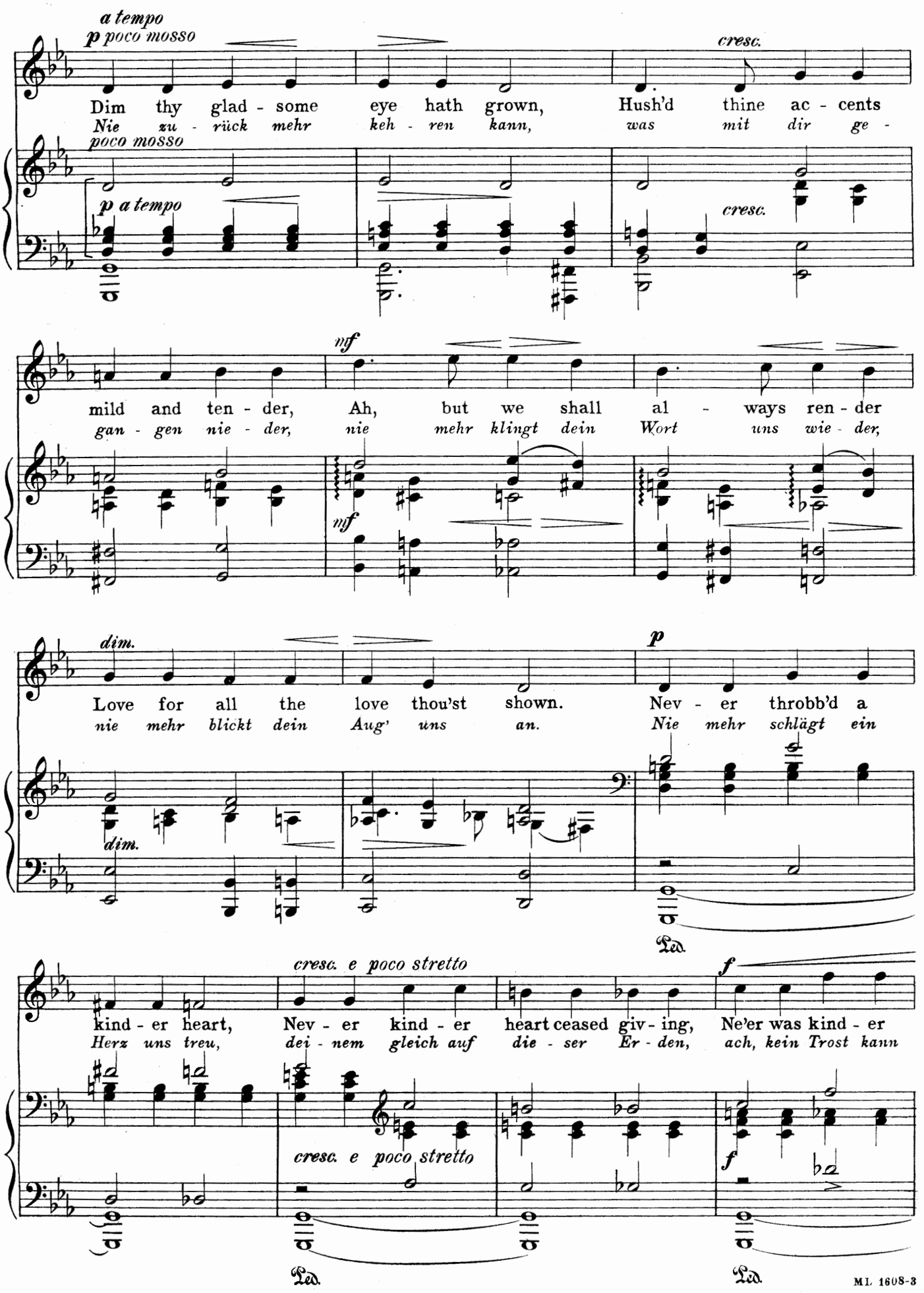
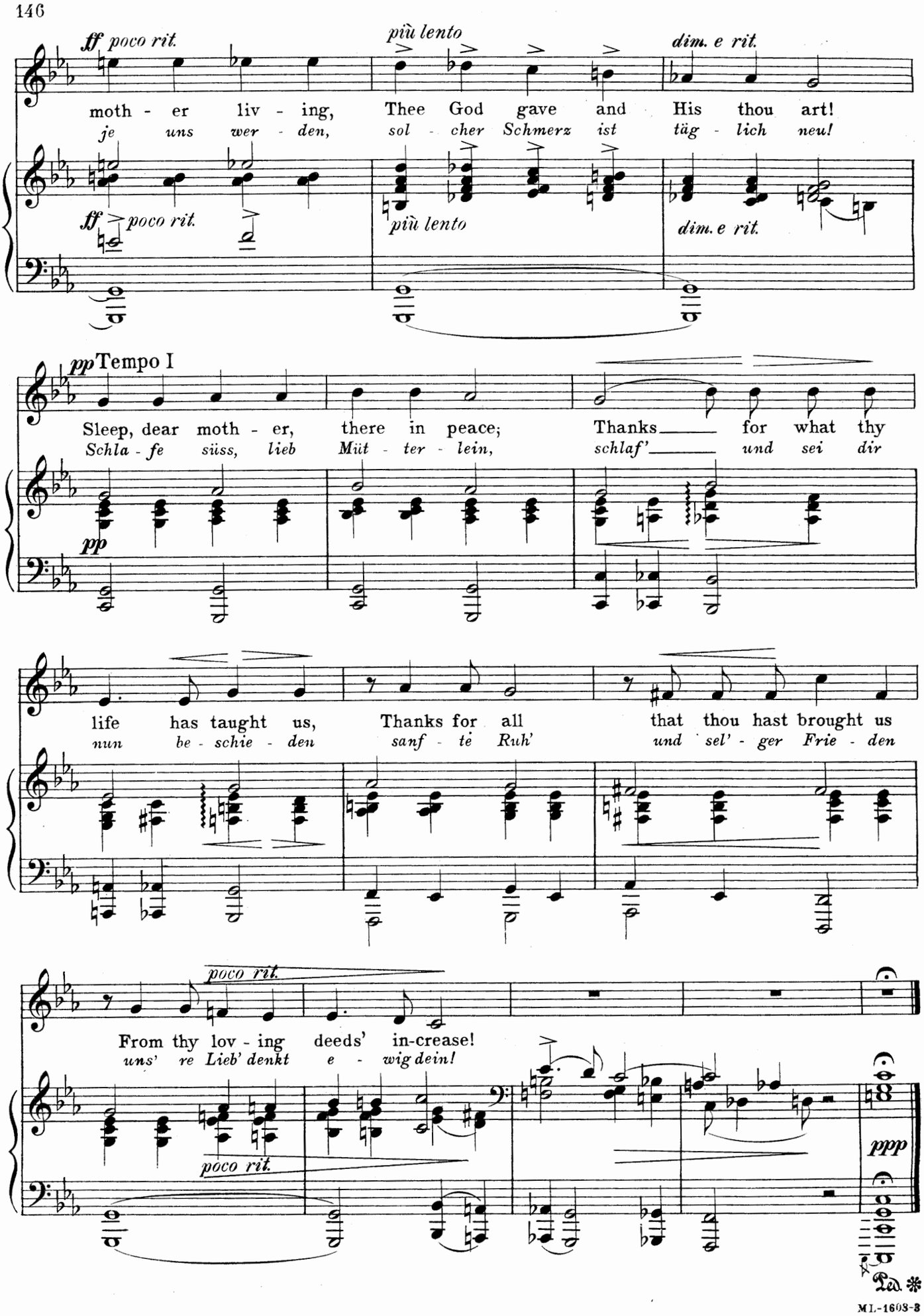
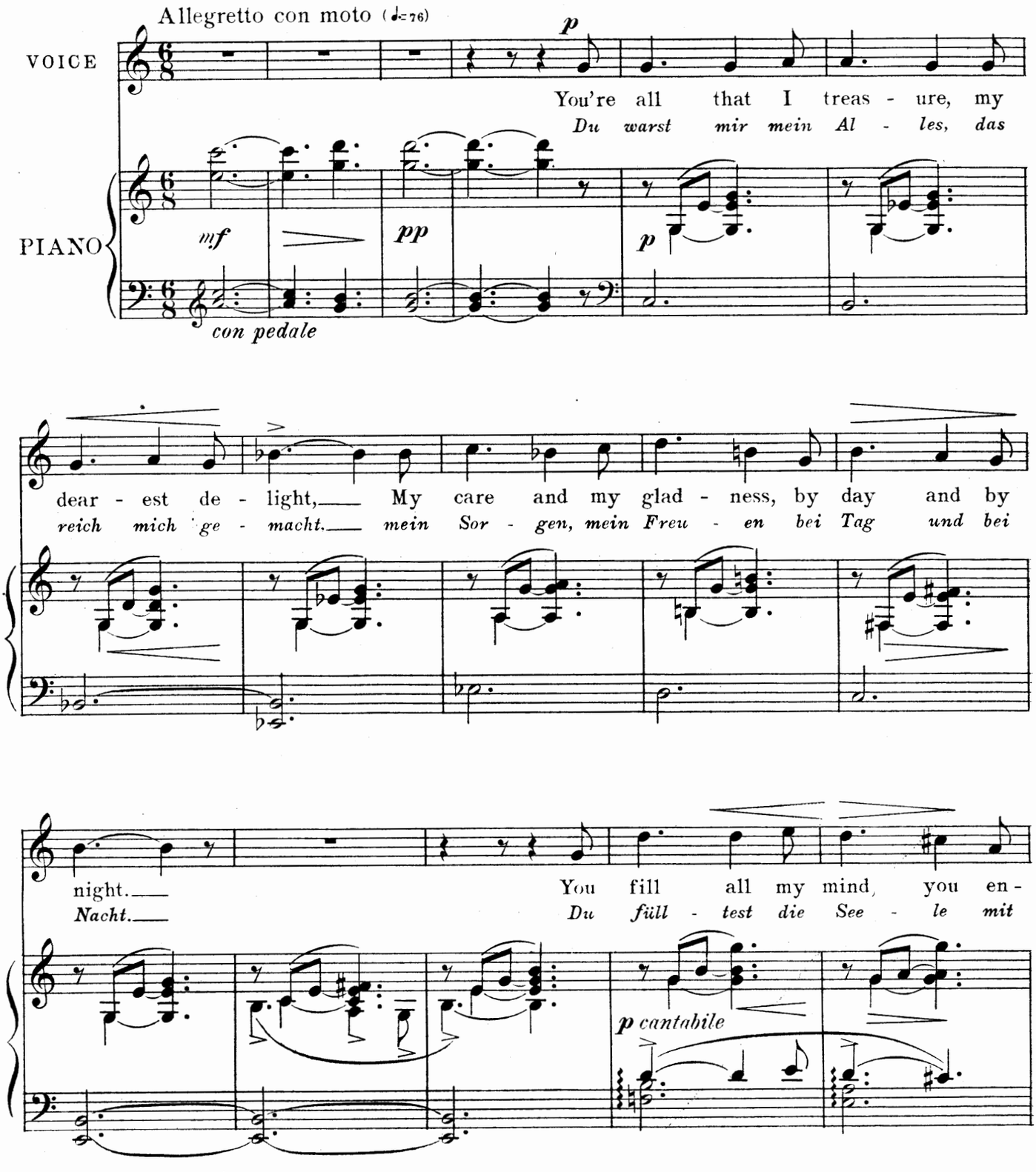

a tempo
p poco mosso
cresc.
Dim thy glad - some eye hath grown, Hush'd thine ac - cents
Nie zu - rück mehr keh - ren kann, was mit dir ge -
poco mosso
p a tempo
cresc.
mf
mild and ten - der, Ah, but we shall al - ways ren - der
gan - gen nie - der, nie mehr klingt dein Wort uns wie - der,
mf
dim.
p
Love for all the love thou'st shown. Nev - er throbb'd a
nie mehr blickt dein Aug' uns an. Nie mehr schlägt ein
dim.
Ped.
cresc. e poco stretto
f
kind - er heart, Nev - er kind - er heart ceased giv - ing, Ne'er was kind - er
Herz uns treu, dei - nem gleich auf die - ser Er - den, ach, kein Trost kann
cresc. e poco stretto
f
Ped.
Ped.

ff poco rit.
più lento
dim. e rit.
moth - er liv - ing, Thee God gave and His thou art!
je uns wer - den, sol - cher Schmerz ist täg - lich neu!
ff poco rit.
più lento
dim. e rit.
pp Tempo I
Sleep, dear moth - er, there in peace; Thanks for what thy
Schla - fe süss, lieb Müt - ter - lein, schlaf' und sei dir
pp
life has taught us, Thanks for all that thou hast brought us
nun be - schie - den sanf - te Ruh' und sel' - ger Frie - den
poco rit.
From thy lov - ing deeds' in-crease!
uns' re Lieb' denkt e - wig dein!
poco rit.
ppp
Ped.

DREAMS
(TRÄUME)

(Composed in 1900)

(Original Key)

OTTO BENZON
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Hans Schmidt

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 69, №5

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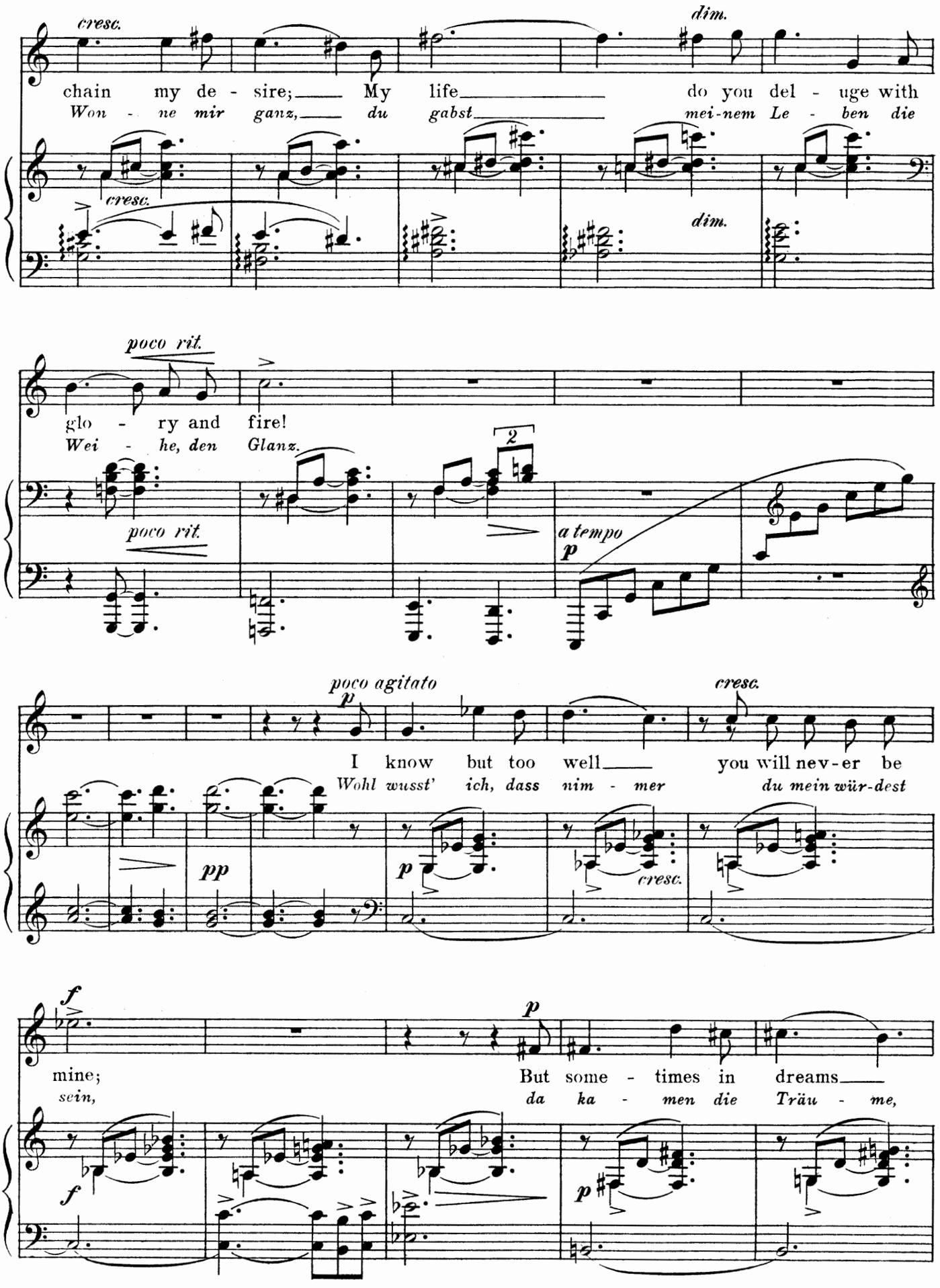
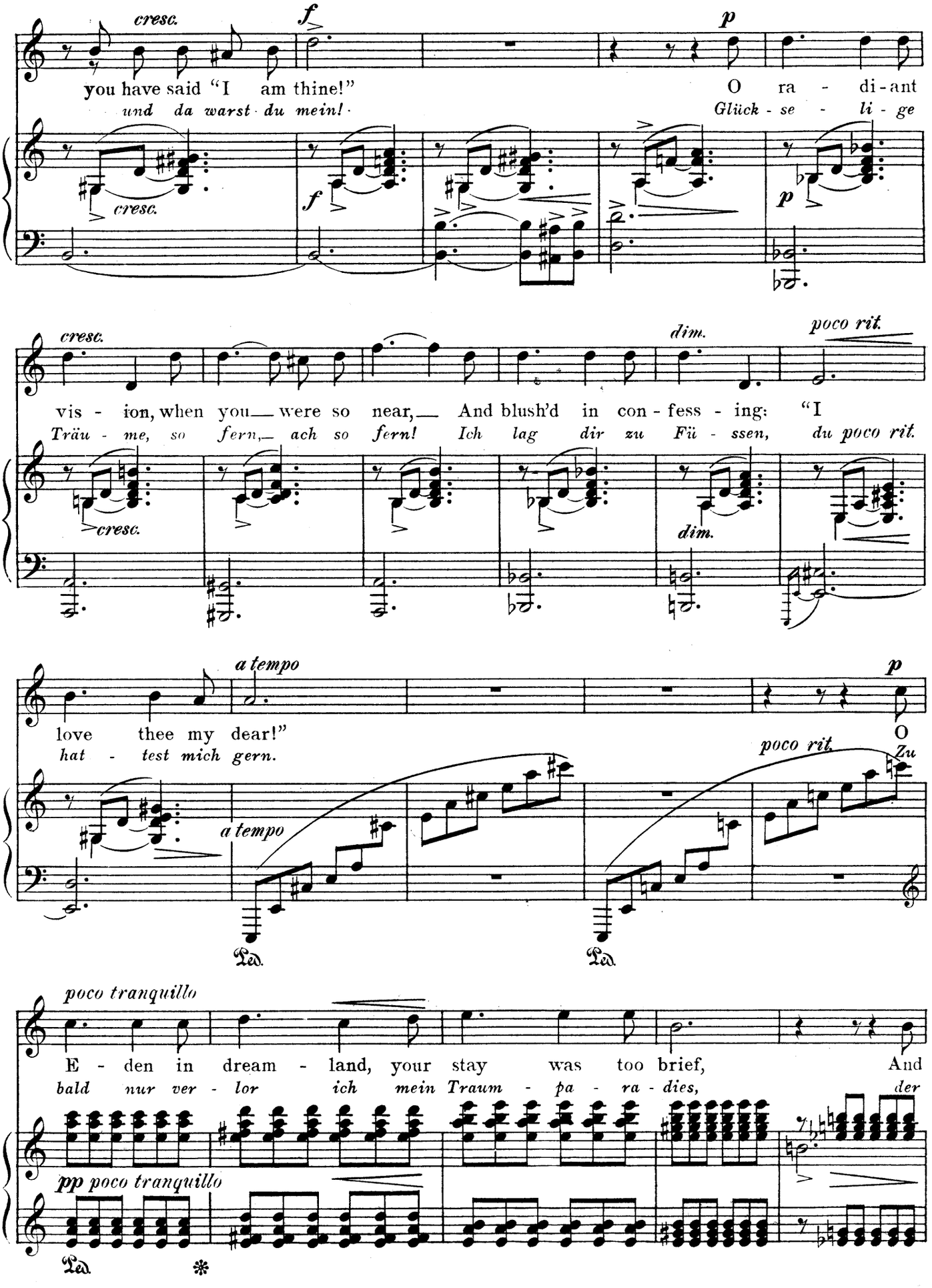
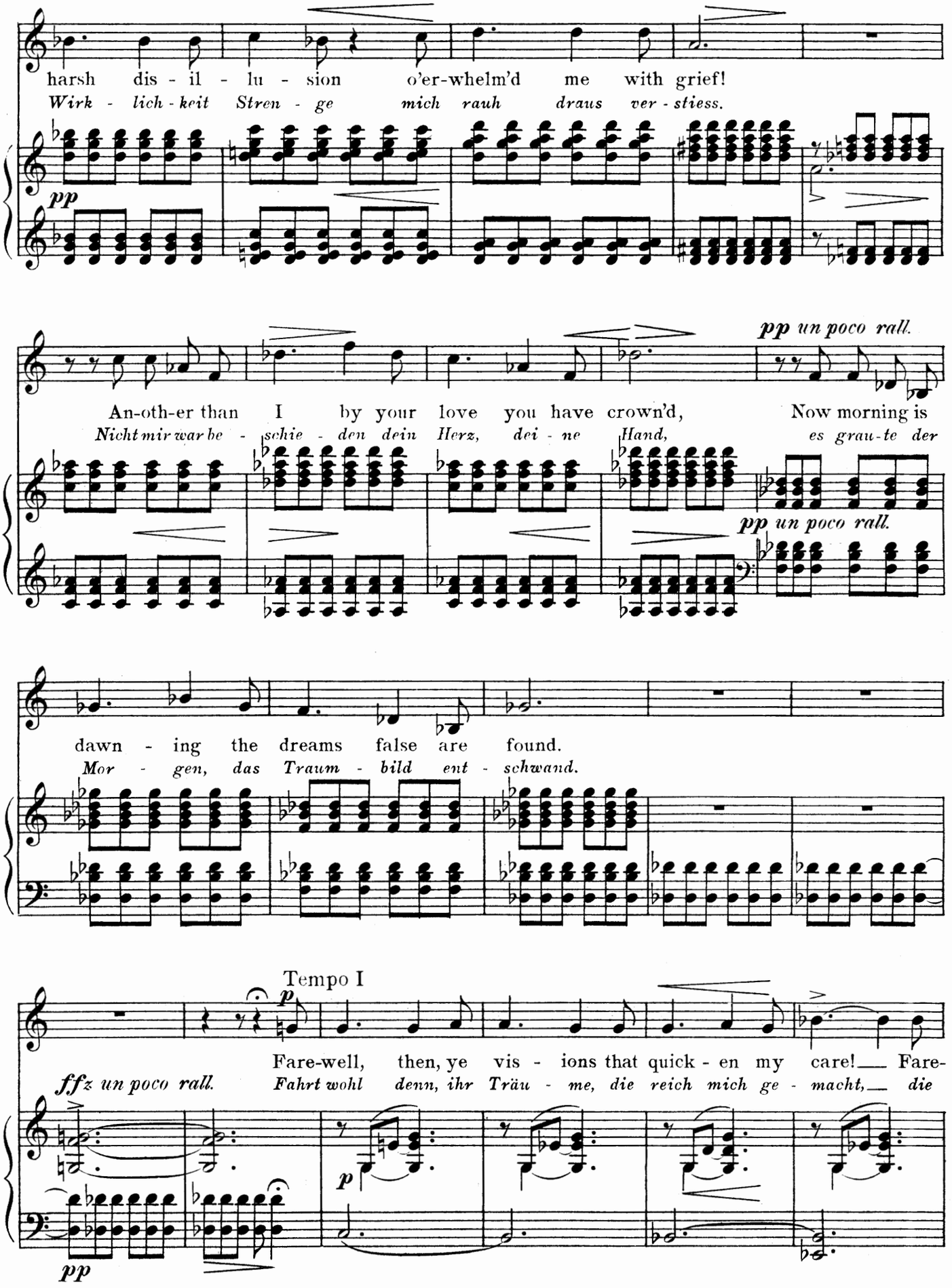
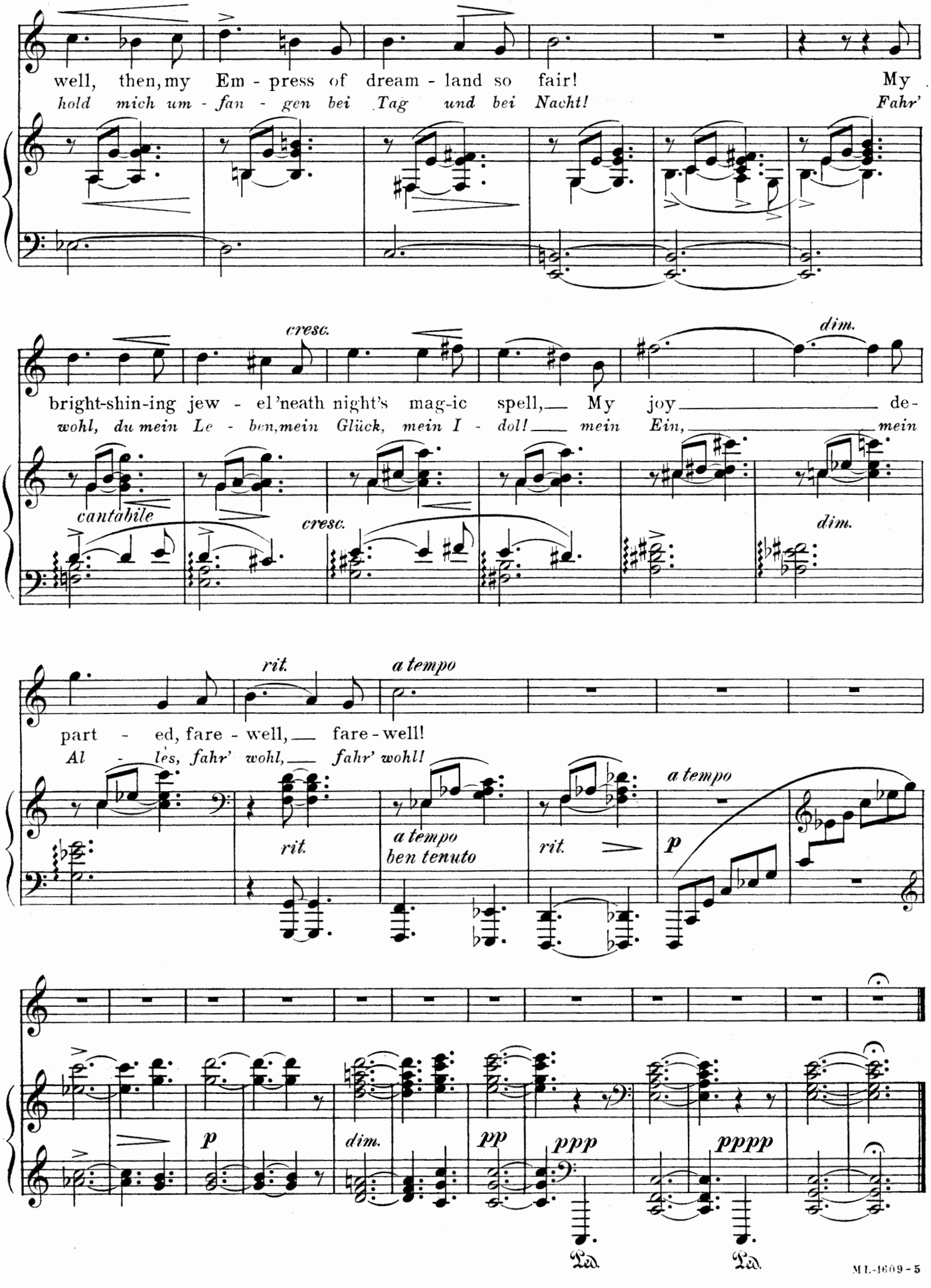
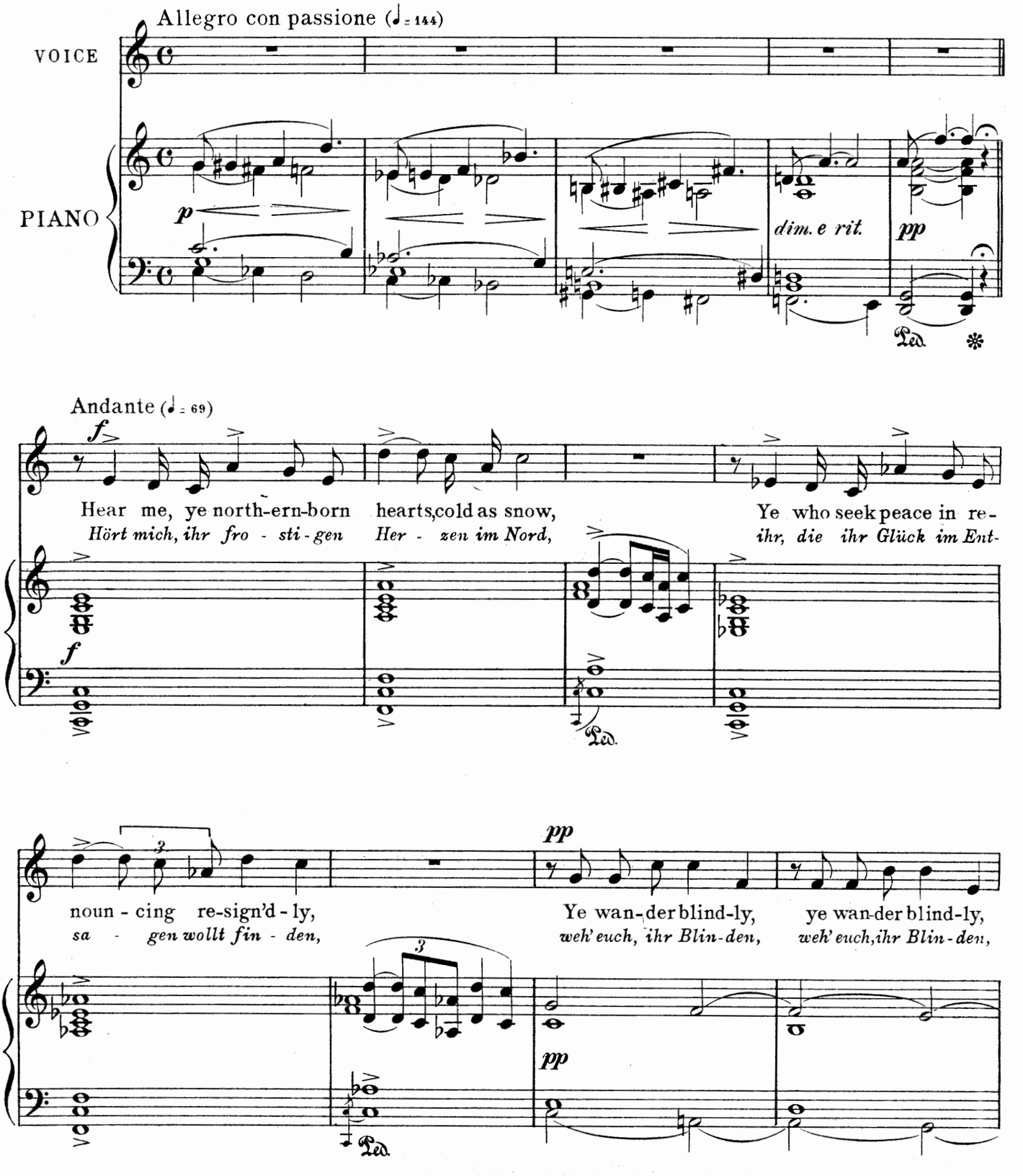

cresc.
dim.
chain my de - sire; My life do you del - uge with
Won - ne mir ganz, du gabst mei-nem Le - ben die
cresc.
dim.
poco rit.
glo - ry and fire!
Wei - he, den Glanz.
2
poco rit.
a tempo
p
poco agitato
p
cresc.
I know but too well you will nev-er be
Wohl wusst' ich, dass nim - mer du mein wür-dest
pp
p
cresc.
f
p
mine; But some - times in dreams
sein, da ka - men die Träu - me,
f
p

cresc.
f
p
you have said "I am thine!"
O ra - di-ant
und da warst du mein!
Glück - se - li - ge
cresc.
f
p
cresc.
dim.
poco rit.
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.
cresc.
dim.
a tempo
p
love thee my dear!"
O
hat - test mich gern.
poco rit.
Zu
a tempo
Ped.
Ped.
poco tranquillo
E - den in dream - land, your stay was too brief, And
bald nur ver - lor ich mein Traum - pa - ra - dies, der
pp poco tranquillo
Ped.
*

harsh dis - il - lu - sion o'er-whelm'd me with grief!
Wirk - lich - keit Stren - ge mich rauh draus ver - stiess.
pp
pp un poco rall.
An-oth-er than I by your love you have crown'd, Now morning is
Nicht mir war be - schie - den dein Herz, dei - ne Hand, es grau-te der
pp un poco rall.
dawn - ing the dreams false are found.
Mor - gen, das Traum - bild ent - schwand.
Tempo I
p
Fare-well, then, ye vis - ions that quick - en my care! Fare-
ffz un poco rall.
Fahrt wohl denn, ihr Träu - me, die reich mich ge - macht, die
p
pp

well, then, my Em - press of dream - land so fair! My
hold mich um - fan - gen bei Tag und bei Nacht! Fahr'
cresc.
dim.
bright-shin-ing jew - el 'neath night's mag-ic spell, My joy de-
wohl, du mein Le - ben, mein Glück, mein I - dol! mein Ein, mein
cantabile
cresc.
dim.
rit.
a tempo
part - ed, fare - well, fare - well!
Al - les, fahr' wohl, fahr' wohl!
rit.
a tempo
ben tenuto
rit.
a tempo
p
p
dim.
pp
ppp
pppp
Ped.
Ped.

EROS

(Original Key)

OTTO BENZON

English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Hans Schmidt

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 70, No 1

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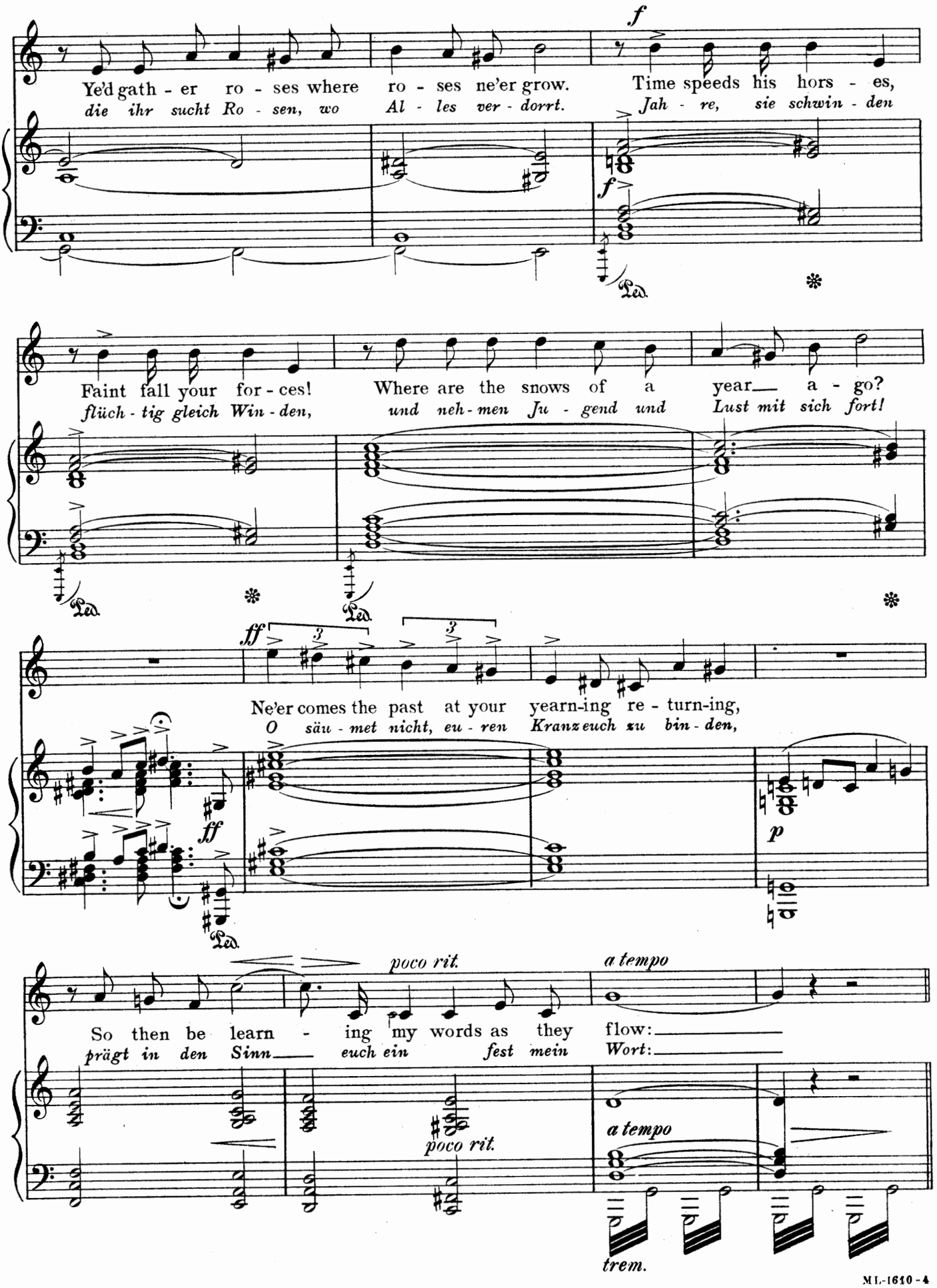
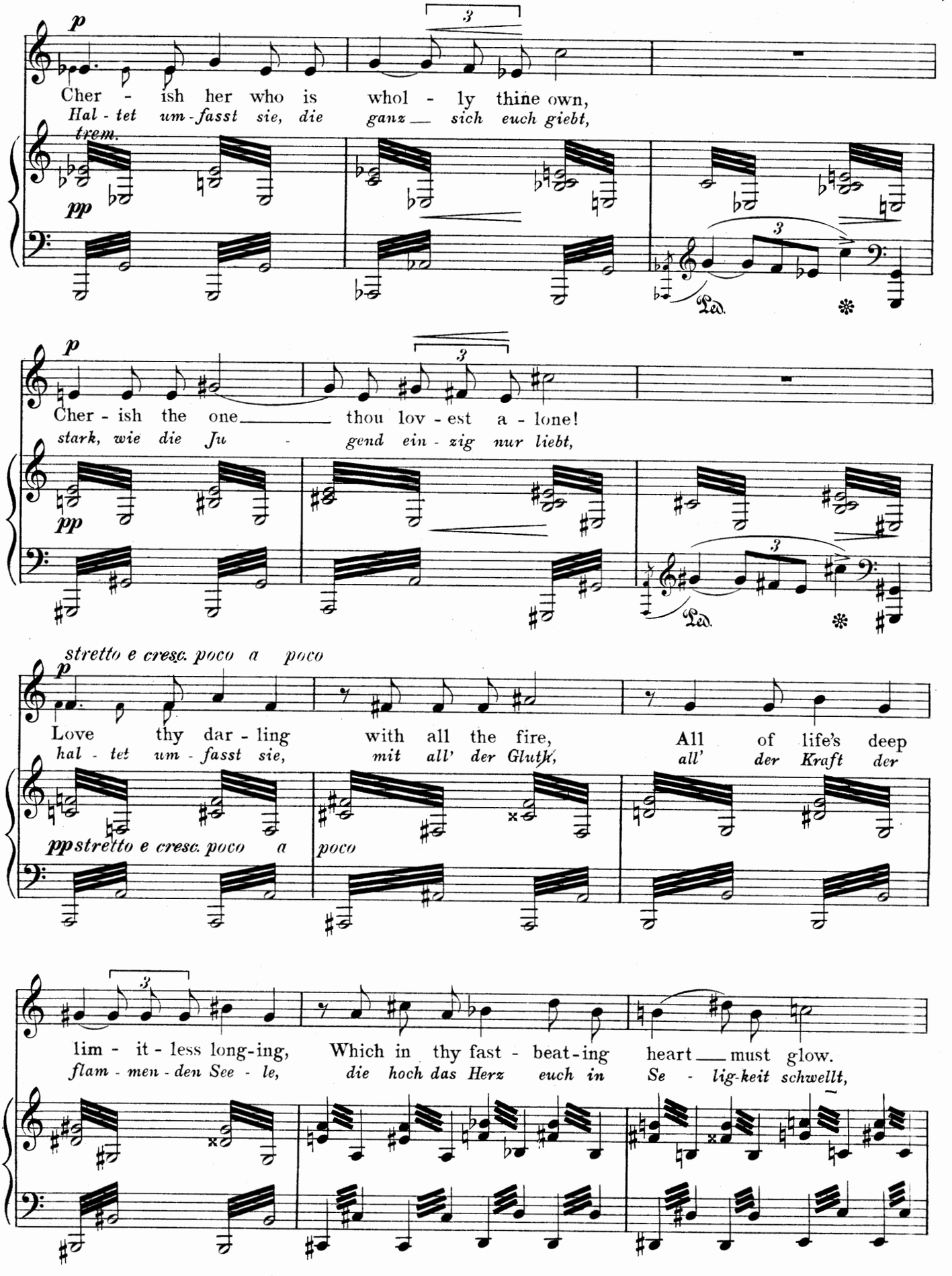
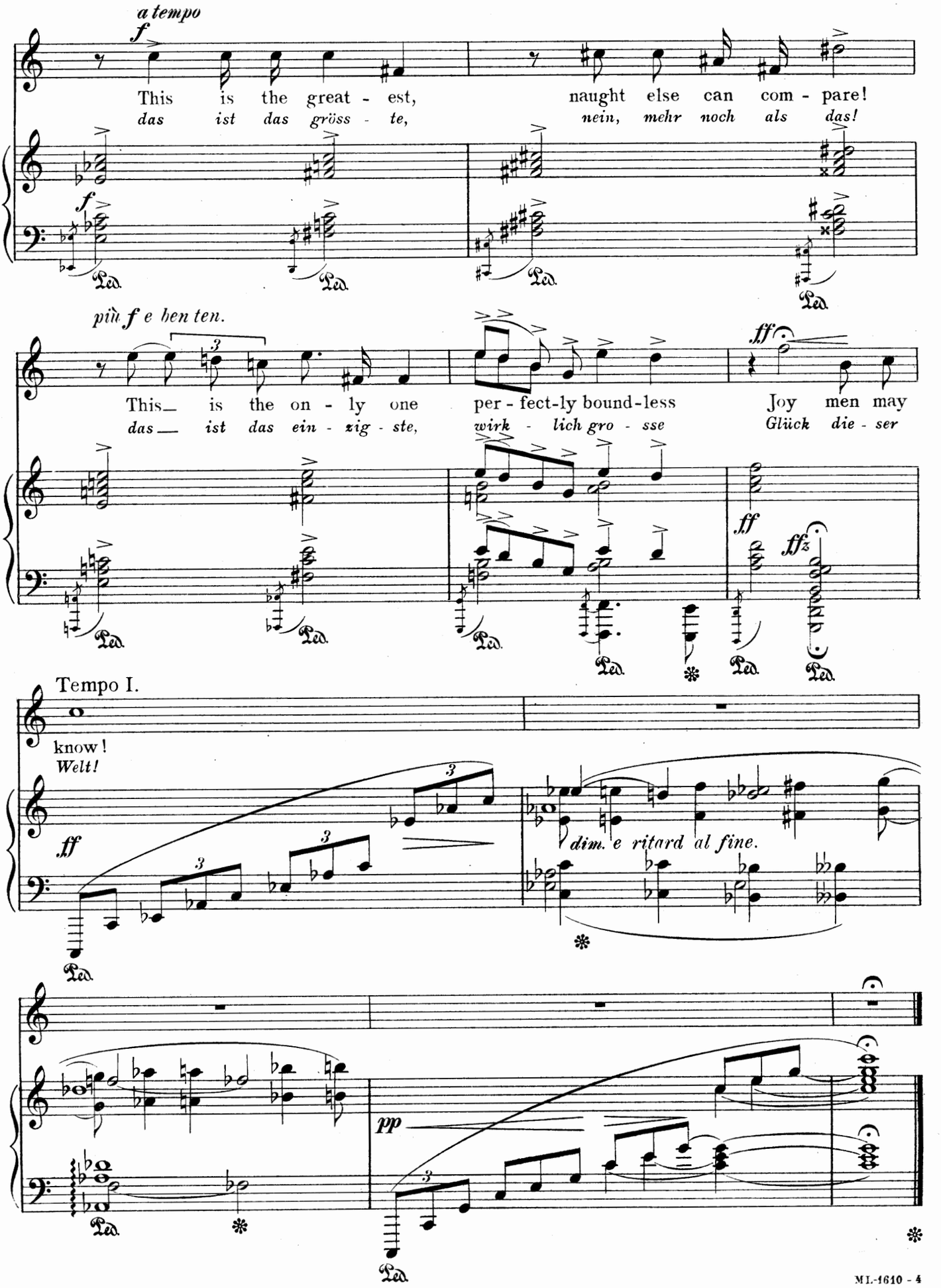

f
Ye'd gath - er ro - ses where ro - ses ne'er grow. Time speeds his hors - es,
die ihr sucht Ro - sen, wo Al - les ver - dorrt. Jah - re, sie schwin - den
Faint fall your for - ces! Where are the snows of a year a - go?
flüch - tig gleich Win - den, und neh - men Ju - gend und Lust mit sich fort!
ff
Ne'er comes the past at your yearn-ing re - turn-ing,
O säu - met nicht, eu - ren Kranz euch zu bin - den,
p
poco rit.
a tempo
So then be learn - ing my words as they flow:
prägt in den Sinn euch ein fest mein Wort:
poco rit.
a tempo
trem.

p
Cher - ish her who is whol - ly thine own,
Hal - tet um - fasst sie, die ganz sich euch giebt,
trem.
pp
Ped.
p
Cher - ish the one thou lov - est a - lone!
stark, wie die Ju - gend ein - zig nur liebt,
pp
Ped.
stretto e cresc. poco a poco
p
Love thy dar - ling with all the fire, All of life's deep
hal - tet um - fasst sie, mit all' der Gluth, all' der Kraft der
ppstretto e cresc. poco a poco
lim - it - less long-ing, Which in thy fast - beat-ing heart must glow.
flam - men - den See - le, die hoch das Herz euch in Se - lig-keit schwellt,

a tempo
f
This is the great - est,
das ist das gröss - te,
naught else can com - pare!
nein, mehr noch als das!
più f e hen ten.
This_ is the on - ly one
das_ ist das ein - zig - ste,
per - fect-ly bound-less
wirk - lich gro - sse
Joy men may
Glück die - ser
ff
fffz
Tempo I.
know!
Welt!
dim. e ritard al fine.
pp
Ped.

RADIANT NIGHT
(LICHTE NACHT)

(Original Key)

OTTO BENZON
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Hans Schmidt

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 70, № 3

Andantino con moto (♪ = 112)

VOICE

PIANO

p

Was it so long a - go the sun hid Be- hind the far moun - tain ran-ges,
Sank nicht die Son- ne kaum erst zum Meer in duf - ti - ger däm-mern-der Fer- ne,

cresc. *dim.* *pp poco più mosso*

Since the stars with their ma-zy chan-ges Saw their im-age the waves a - mid?
sa - hen kaum nicht erst Mond und Ster - ne still ihr Bild da-raus schim-mern her?

Is it the past day's gold that dyes Yes-ter sun's
Ist es schon neu - en Ta - ges Schein, der hin-ter

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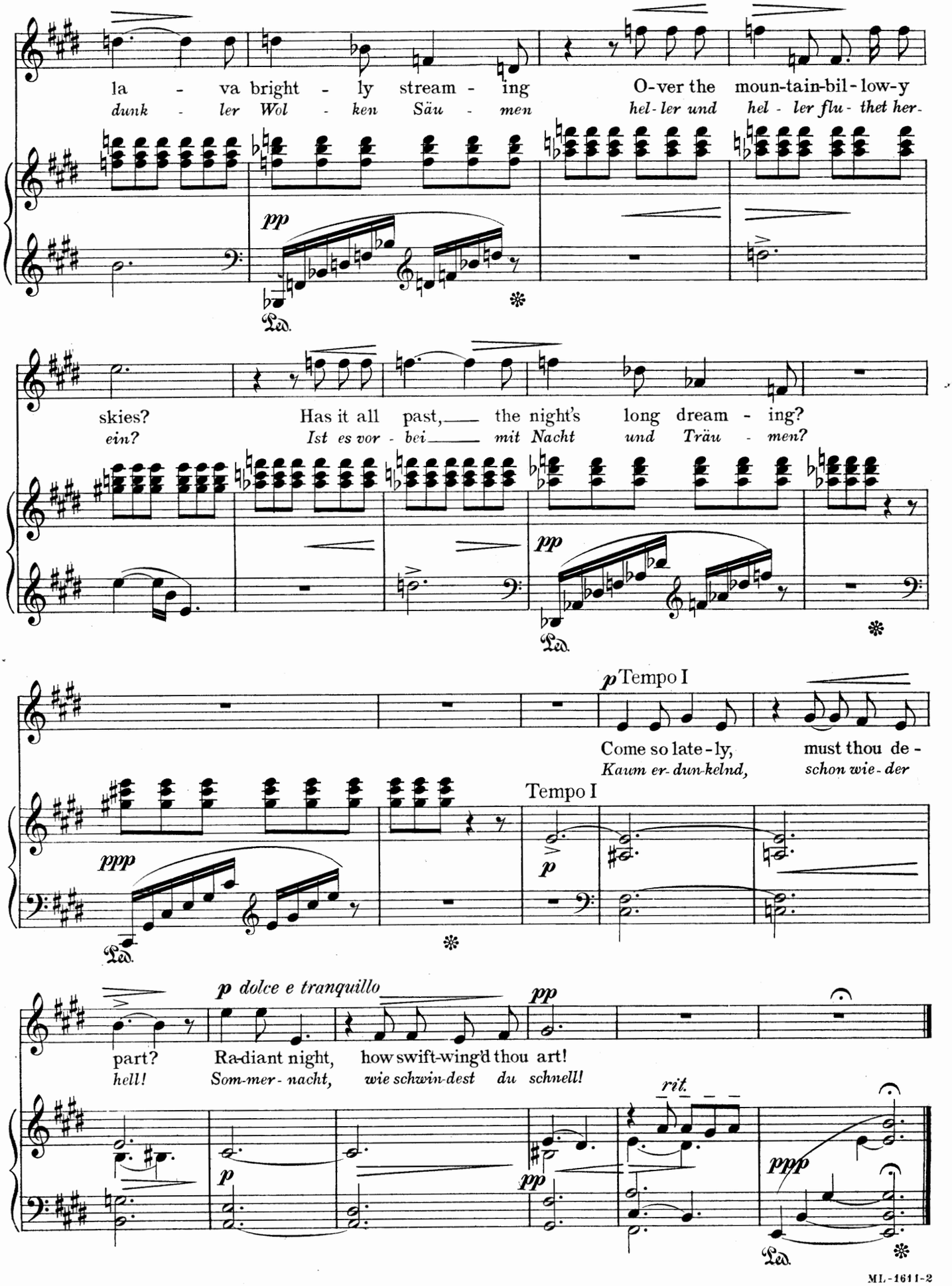
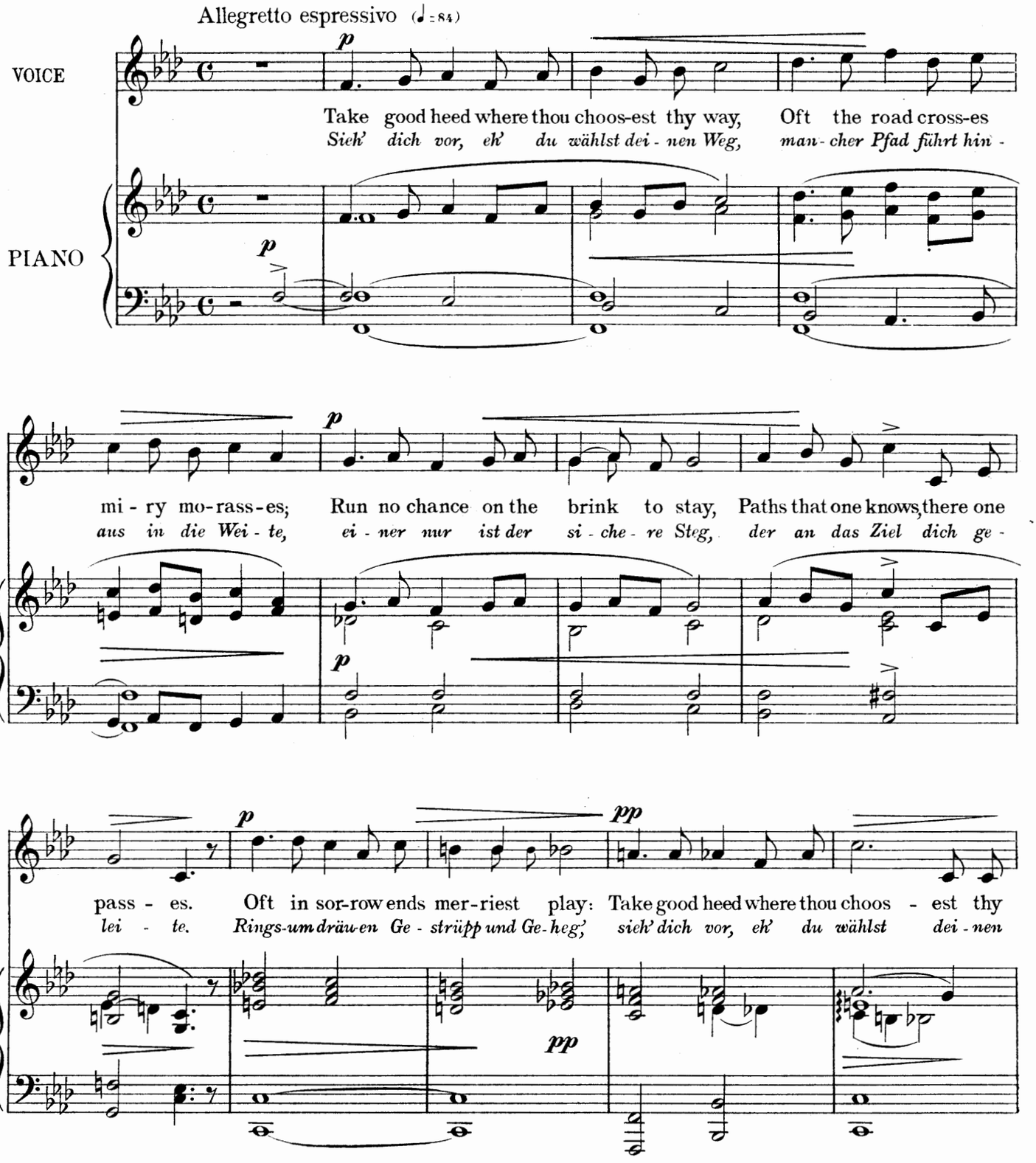

la - va bright - ly stream - ing O-ver the moun-tain-bil-low-y
dunk - ler Wol - ken Säu - men hel-ler und hel - ler flu-thet her-
pp
Ped.
skies? Has it all past, the night's long dream - ing?
ein? Ist es vor - bei mit Nacht und Träu - men?
pp
Ped.
p Tempo I
Come so late-ly, must thou de -
Kaum er-dun-kelnd, schon wie-der
Tempo I
ppp
Ped.
p dolce e tranquillo
pp
part? Ra-diant night, how swift-wing'd thou art!
hell! Som-mer-nacht, wie schwin-dest du schnell!
rit.
p
pp
ppp
Ped.

TAKE GOOD HEED
(SIEH' DICH VOR)

(Original Key)

OTTO BENZON
English version by Nathan Haskell Dole
German version by Hans Schmidt

EDVARD GRIEG, Op. 70, № 4

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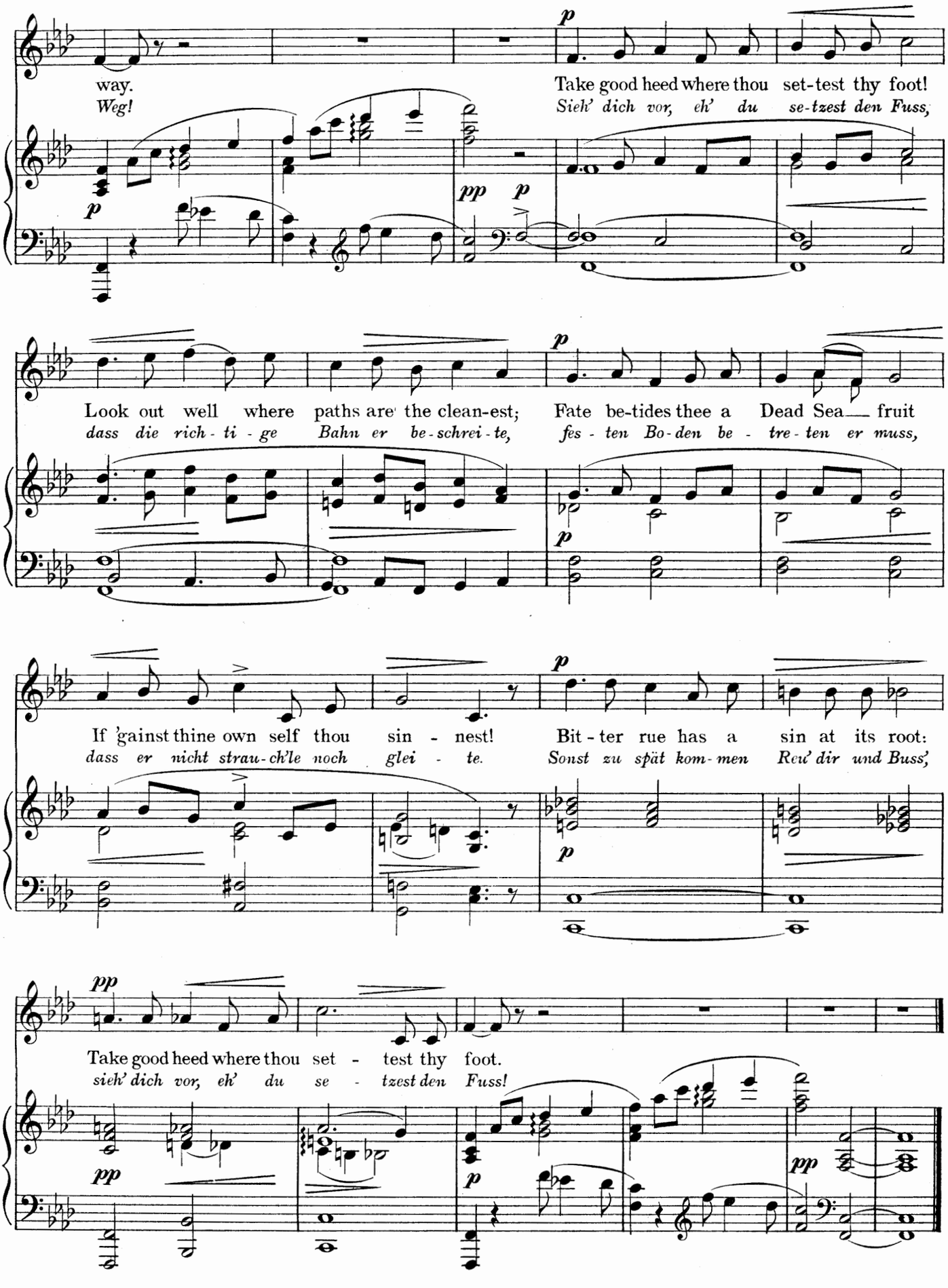
way.
Weg!
Take good heed where thou set-test thy foot!
Sieh' dich vor, eh' du se-tzest den Fuss,
Look out well where paths are the clean-est;
dass die rich-ti-ge Bahn er be-schrei-te,
Fate be-tides thee a Dead Sea fruit
fes-ten Bo-den be-tre-ten er muss,
If 'gainst thine own self thou sin-nest!
dass er nicht strau-ch'le noch glei-te.
Bit-ter rue has a sin at its root:
Sonst zu spät kom-men Reu' dir und Buss',
Take good heed where thou set-test thy foot.
sieh' dich vor, eh' du se-tzest den Fuss!