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LEONORA,

A BALLAD,

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER,

TRANSLATED BY THE AUTHOR

OF

THE GERMAN ERATO, ETC.

AND

SET TO MUSIC BY

J. F. REICHARDT.



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BERLIN,

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1800.

L E O N O R A.

Verses 1. 2. and 3.

Reichardt.

From sickly dream sad Le - o - nor' up - starts at morning's ray: "Art

*Harpichord. p*

faithless, William? or no more? how long wilt bide a - way?" He march'd in Fred'rick's

warlike train, and fought on Prague's en sanguin'd plain; yet no kind tidings tell, if

V. S.

Verses 4 - 12.

William speeds him well. From rank to rank, now

The first system of music features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "William speeds him well. From rank to rank, now". The piano accompaniment includes a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a bass line.

see her rove, o'er all the swarm - ing field;

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics: "see her rove, o'er all the swarm - ing field;". The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and rhythmic patterns.

and ask for ti - dings of her love; but

The third system concludes the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics: "and ask for ti - dings of her love; but". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

none could ti - dings yield. And when the

boot - less task was o'er, her beau - teous ra - ven

locks she tore; and low on earth she lay,

V. S

and rav'd in wild dis - may, With

*After verse 12.*

*verses 13—24.*

Now

hark! a courser's clatt'ring tread, a - larms the lone re - treat; and

straight a horseman slacks his speed, and lights be-fore the gate. Soft rings the

bell; the startled maid, now lists, and lifts her languid head; when lo, distinct and

clear, these accents reach her ear.

After verse 24.

Lo, where the

*rf. p. rf. p. rf. p. rf.*

gib - bet scars the sight, see round the go - ry

wheel, a shadowy mob, by moon's pale light, dis-port with 'light - some

The musical score consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The first system shows the vocal line starting with the lyrics 'Lo, where the' and the piano accompaniment featuring dynamic markings *rf.* and *p.* in a 3/4 time signature. The second system continues the vocal line with 'gib - bet scars the sight, see round the go - ry' and the piano accompaniment. The third system concludes with 'wheel, a shadowy mob, by moon's pale light, dis-port with 'light - some' and the piano accompaniment. The piano part includes various textures such as chords, arpeggios, and single notes, with dynamic markings like *f* and *p*.

heel. "Ho! hi-ther, rab-ble, hither come, and haste with me to bridal home. There

dance in grisly row, when we to bridebed go. There dance in grisly row,

when we to bridebed go.

*pp dim. pp*



## I.

FROM sickly dream, sad Leonor'  
 Upstarts at morning's ray:  
 "Art faithless, William? — or no more?  
 How long wilt bide away?"  
 He march'd in Fred'rick's warlike train,  
 And fought on Prague's ensanguin'd plain;  
 Yet no kind tidings tell,  
 If William speeds him well.

## II.

The king and fair Hungaria's queen  
 At length bid discord cease;  
 Each other eye with milder mien,  
 And hail the grateful peace.  
 And now the troops, a joyous throng,  
 With drum and uproar, shout and song,  
 All deck'd in garlands fair,  
 To welcome home repair.

## III.

On ev'ry road, on ev'ry way,  
 As now the crowd appears,  
 See young and old their path belay,  
 And greet with friendly tears.  
 "Praise God!" each child and matron cry'd;  
 And, "Welcome;" many a happy bride:  
 But, ah! for Leonor'  
 No kiss remains in store!

## IV.

From rank to rank, now see her rove,  
 O'er all the swarming field;  
 And ask for tidings of her love,  
 But none could tidings yield.  
 And when the bootless task was o'er,  
 Her beauteous raven-locks she tore;  
 And low on earth she lay,  
 And rav'd in wild dismay.

## V.

With eager speed the mother flies:  
 "God shield us all from harms!  
 What ails my darling child?" she cries,  
 And snatch'd her to her arms.  
 "Ah! mother, see a wretch undone!  
 What hope for me beneath the sun!  
 Sure heav'n no pity knows!  
 Ah! me, what cureless woes!"

## VI.

"Celestial pow'rs, look gracious on!  
 Haste, daughter, haste to pray'r.  
 What heav'n ordains is wisely done,  
 And kind its parent care."  
 "Ah, mother, mother, idle tales!  
 Sure heav'n to me no kindness deals.  
 O, unavailing vows!  
 What more have I to lose?"

## VII.

"O, trust in God! — Who feels aright,  
 Must own his fost'ring care;  
 And holy sacramental rite,  
 Shall calm thy wild despair."  
 "Alas! the pangs my soul invade,  
 What pow'r of holy rite can aid?  
 What sacrament retrieve  
 The dead, and bid them live?"

## VIII.

"Perchance, dear child, he loves no more;  
 And, wand'ring far and wide,  
 Has chang'd his faith on foreign shore,  
 And weds a foreign bride.  
 And let him rove and prove untrue!  
 Ere long his gainless crimes he'll rue.  
 When soul and body part,  
 What pangs shall wring his heart!"

## IX.

"Ah, mother, mother, gone is gone!  
 The past shall ne'er return!  
 Sure death were now a welcome boon:  
 O had I ne'er been born!  
 No more I'll bear the hateful light;  
 Sink, sink, my soul, in endless night!  
 Sure heav'n no pity knows:  
 Ah! me, what endless woes!"

## X.

"Help, heav'n, nor look with eye severe,  
 On this deluded maid;  
 My erring child in pity spare,  
 She knows not what she said.  
 Ah! child, all earthly cares resign,  
 And think of God and joys divine.  
 A spouse celestial, see: —  
 In heav'n he waits for thee."

## XI.

"O, mother, what are joys divine?  
 What hell, dear mother, say?  
 'Twere heav'n, were dearest William mine;  
 'Tis hell, now he's away.  
 No more I'll bear the hateful light:  
 Sink, sink, my soul, in endless night!  
 All bliss with William flies;  
 Nor earth, nor heav'n I prize!"

## XII.

Thus rav'd the maid, and mad despair  
 Shook all her tender frame;  
 She wail'd at providential care,  
 And tax'd the heav'ns with blame.  
 She wrung her hands and beat her breast,  
 Till parting daylight streak'd the west;  
 Till brightest starlight shone  
 Around night's darksome throne.

## XIII.

Now hark! a courser's clatt'ring tread  
 Alarms the lone retreat:  
 And straight a horseman slacks his speed,  
 And lights before the gate.  
 Soft rings the bell, — the startled maid,  
 Now lists, and lifts her languid head;  
 When lo, distinct and clear,  
 These accents reach her ear.

## XIV.

"What, ho! what, ho! ope wide the door!  
 Speak, love; — dost wake or sleep?  
 Think'st on me still? — or think'st no more?  
 Dost laugh, dear maid, or weep?"  
 "Ah! William's voice! so late art here?  
 I've wept and watch'd with sleepless care,  
 And wail'd in bitter woe!  
 Whence com'st thou mounted so?"

## XV.

"We start at midnight's solemn gloom;  
 I come, sweet maid, from far.  
 In haste and late I left my home;  
 And now I'll take thee there!"  
 "O, bide one moment first my love,  
 Chill blows the wind athwart the grove;  
 And here, secure from harm,  
 These arms my love shall warm"

## XVI.

"Let blow the wind and chill the grove;  
 Nor wind, nor cold I fear.  
 Wildstamps my steed; come, haste, my love: —  
 I dare not linger here.  
 Haste, tuck thy coats, make no delay;  
 Mount quick behind, for e'en to-day,  
 Must ten-score leagues be sped  
 To reach our bridal bed!"

## XVII.

"What, ten-score leagues! canst speed so far,  
 Ere morn the day restore?  
 Hark! hark! the village clock I hear: —  
 How late it tells the hour!"  
 "See there, the moon is bright and high,  
 Swift ride the dead! — we'll bound, we'll fly.  
 I'll wager, love, we'll come,  
 Ere morn, to bridal home."

## XVIII.

"Say, where is deck'd the bridal hall?  
 How laid the bridal bed?"  
 "Far, far from hence, still, cool and small;  
 Six planks my wants bestead."  
 "Hast room for me?" "For me and thee!  
 Come, mount behind, and haste and see.  
 E'en now the bride-mates wait,  
 And open stands the gate."

## XIX.

With graceful ease the maiden sprung  
 Upon the coal-black steed,  
 And round the youth her arms she flung,  
 And held with fearful heed,  
 And now they start and speed amain,  
 Tear up the ground and fire the plain;  
 And o'er the boundless waste,  
 Urge on with breathless haste.

## XX.

Now on the right, now on the left,  
 As o'er the waste they bound,  
 How flies the heath! the lake! the clift!  
 How shakes the hollow ground!  
 "Art frightened, love? the moon rides high,  
 What, ho! the dead can nimbly fly!  
 Dost fear the dead, dear maid?"  
 "Ah! no, — why heed the dead!"

## XXI.

Now knell and dirges strike the ear;  
 Now flaps the raven's wing;  
 And now a sable train appear;  
 Hark! "Dust to dust," they sing.  
 In solemn march, the sable train  
 With bier and coffin cross the plain.  
 Harsh float their accents round;  
 Like night's sad bird the sound.

## XXII.

"At midnight's hour, the corpse be laid  
 In soft and silent rest!  
 Now home I take my plighted maid,  
 To grace the wedding feast!  
 And, sexton, come with all thy train,  
 And tune for me the bridal strain.  
 Come, priest, the pray'r bestow,  
 Ere we to bridebed go!"

## XXIII.

The dirges cease — the coffin flies,  
 And mocks the cheated view;  
 Now rattling dins around him rise,  
 And hard behind pursue,  
 And on he darts with quicken'd speed:  
 How pants the man! — How pants the steed!  
 O'er hill, o'er dale they bound;  
 How sparks the flinty ground!

## XXIV.

On right, on left, how swift the flight  
 Of mountains, woods and downs!  
 How fly on left, how fly on right,  
 The hamlets, spires and towns!  
 "Art frightened, love? — the moon rides high.  
 What ho! the dead can nimbly fly!  
 Dost fear the dead, dear maid?"  
 "Ah! leave, ah! leave the dead!"

## XXV.

Lo, where the gibbet scars the sight,  
 See round the gory wheel,  
 A shadowy mob, by moon's pale light,  
 Disport with lightsome heel.  
 "Ho, hither, rabble! hither come;  
 And haste with me to bridal home,  
 There dance in grisly row,  
 When we to bridebed go!"

## XXVI.

He spoke, and o'er the cheerless waste,  
 The rustling rabble move:  
 So sounds the whirlwind's driving blast,  
 Athwart the wither'd grove.  
 And on he drives with fiercer speed;  
 How pants the man! how pants the steed!  
 O'er hill and dale they bound;  
 How sparks the flinty ground!

## XXVII.

And all the landscape, far and wide,  
 That 'neath the moon appears;  
 How swift it flew; as on they glide!  
 How flew the heav'ns, the stars!  
 "Art frightened, love? — the moon rides high,  
 What, ho! the dead can nimbly fly!  
 Dost fear the dead, dear maid?"  
 "O heav'ns! — Ah! leave the dead!"

## XXVIII.

"The early cock, methinks I hear:  
 My fated hour is come!  
 Methinks I scent the morning air:  
 Come, steed, come haste thee home!  
 Now ends our toil, now cease our cares: —  
 And, see, the bridal house appears.  
 How nimbly glide the dead!  
 See, here, our course is sped!"

## XXIX.

Two folding grates the road belay,  
 And check his eager speed;  
 He knocks, the pond'rous bars give way,  
 The loosen'd bolts recede.  
 The grates unfold with jarring sound;  
 See, new-made graves bestrew the ground,  
 And tomb-stones faintly gleam,  
 By moonlight's palid beam.

## XXX.

And now, O frightful prodigy!  
 (As swift as lightning's glare)  
 The rider's vestments piecemeal fly,  
 And melt to empty air!  
 His poll a ghastly death's head shews,  
 A skeleton his body grows;  
 His hideous length unfolds,  
 And sithe and glass he holds!

## XXXI.

High rear'd the steed, and sparks of fire  
From forth his nostrils flew;  
He paw'd the ground in frantic ire,  
And vanish'd from the view.  
Sad howlings fill the regions round;  
With groans the hollow caves resound;  
And death's cold damps invade  
The shudd'ring hapless maid!

## XXXII.

And lo, by moonlight's glimm'ring ray,  
In circling measures hie  
The nimble sprites, and as they stray,  
In hollow accents cry:  
"Though breaks the heart, be mortals still;  
Nor rail at heav'n's resistless will.  
And thou, in dying pray'r,  
Call heav'n thy soul to spare!"

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