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FOR LOW VOICE



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NOTE

The Jensen bibliography is not copious; the only important work is Adolf Jensen, by Arnold Niggli. Berlin: "Harmonie," 1900. On this I have depended exclusively for all the facts in the accompanying monograph. The critical opinions expressed therein are my own.

I am also responsible for the adaptation of the two songs from Op. 52 — Jock of Hazeldean and Lullaby of an Infant Chief — to Scott's original words. Jensen wrote these songs to German metrical translations, and the music, as it stands, often fits the English words but ill. I thought best to do in these cases what the composer would evidently have done himself: make his music fit the words, rather than garble the original poems to fit his music.

W. F. A.

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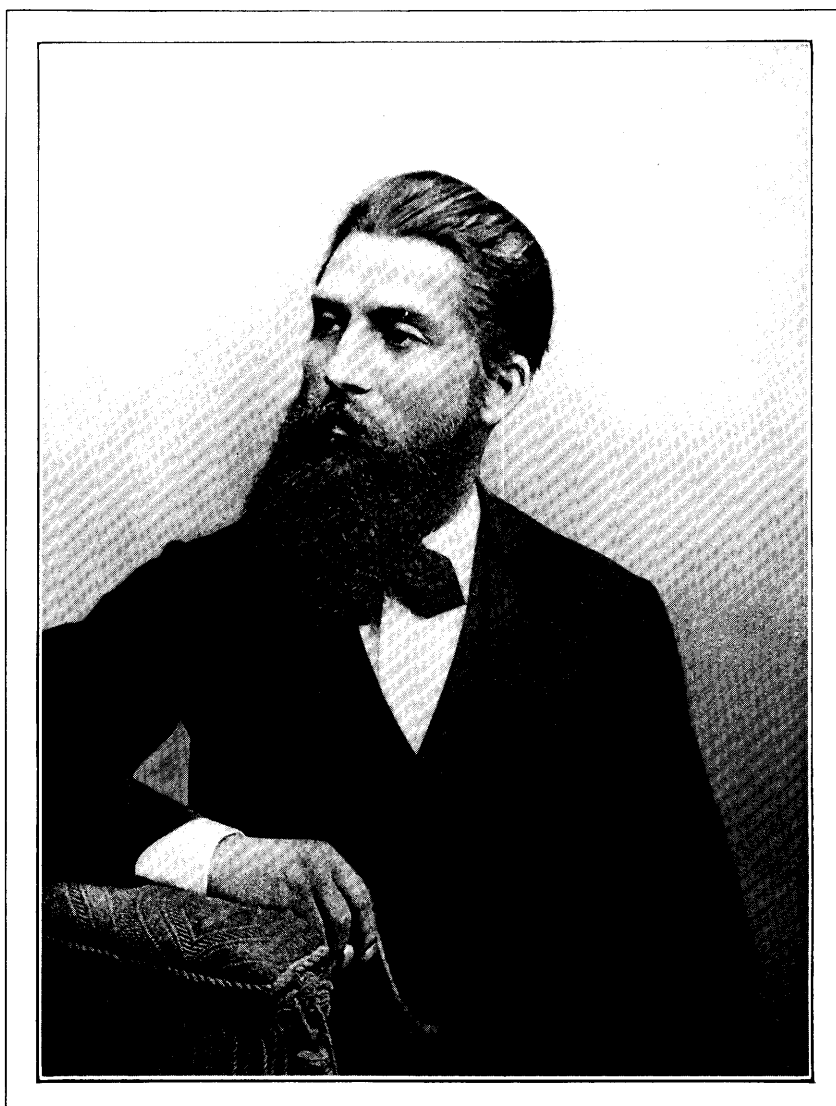
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Adolf Huey.

ADOLF JENSEN



ADOLF JENSEN was born at Königsberg, East Prussia, January 12, 1837. His family, as the final syllable of the name implies, was of Scandinavian origin; moreover, it was a family of musicians. It is probable that his forbears came from Sweden to Pomerania in the train of Gustavus Adolphus some time in the course of the Thirty Years' War. Adolf's grandfather, Wilhelm Martin Jensen, moved from Stolp in Pomerania to Königsberg when still a young man; he was a musician by profession, had studied under Johann Adolf Hasse and Karl Heinrich Graun (of *Tod Jesu* fame), and soon became favorably known in Königsberg as music director, organist, and teacher at the University. A hymn-book (*Choralbuch*) edited by him is still in use in East Prussia. One trait—rare in musicians in his day—is peculiarly noteworthy: although intending to have his three sons follow his own profession of music, he insisted upon their having a good general education; all three had to complete their courses not only at the Gymnasium, but at the University also; not till this had been accomplished were they allowed to take up their special professional training.

Eduard, the eldest, was at first an architect, then a tenor singer. After a successful career on the operatic stage, he returned to his native Königsberg, where he spent the remainder of his life as concert-singer and teacher of singing. A son of his, Paul Jensen, was singer at the Court Opera House in Dresden.

Wilhelm Martin's second son, Julius, studied theology at first, but soon turned to music. He married the daughter of a rich Königsberg merchant, Willutzki by name, who failed in business soon after the young couple's marriage, thus leaving them to their own resources. They had a hard time of it. Julius seems to have possessed less talent than other members of the family, for he never rose above the level of music teacher, and had even to eke out his narrow income with

pianoforte tuning and copying music. His young wife did her share, setting up a small millinery shop with the remains of her father's shattered fortune.

The eldest son of this couple was Adolf Jensen. He had two brothers and a sister. The elder of the two brothers went into trade, and died comparatively young; the younger, Gustav, studied music, at first under his father and Adolf, then at Kullak's Academy in Berlin. This Gustav was a capital violinist, and enjoyed some reputation as a composer; he taught harmony and counterpoint for many years at the Conservatory at Cologne. The sister, Helene Jensen, left the paternal roof in early life, and lived in Berlin.

Adolf was a delicate child, hard to rear. His grandfather, Wilhelm Martin, died soon after his birth, at a time when his parents were hardest up in a worldly sense; but his uncle Eduard (the tenor) took charge of him and of his education, having him stay at his house for weeks, and often months, together. Adolf's first musical impression was his uncle's singing of Schubert's songs. His musical education, begun under his father, was never methodically planned out, and continued to be of a rather happy-go-lucky sort to the end. When nine years old, he passed from his father's hands into those of one Sobolewski, conductor at the Königsberg Theatre. Sobolewski soon found out that the boy had a fine voice, which he turned to good account in church, young Adolf's promotion from the choir to solo-singing being rapid. Unluckily, Sobolewski, whose enthusiasm seems to have got the better of his judgment, kept his pupil singing all through the ticklish period of his voice changing; the result of which imprudence was that Adolf completely lost his voice—for a time, at least. It is also quite likely that the seeds of the disease of the throat and lungs, of which he finally died, were sown at this period. He also studied the

pianoforte under Szom, with whom he made his first public appearance (being then eleven) as a pianist at a concert at Pillau in 1848.

About this time his talent for composition began to show itself; in 1849 his father had a book of his songs published as Op. 1; but the edition was afterwards quashed by the composer. At the beginning of this year he had started the study of pianoforte and strict four-part composition under Louis Ehlert, which studies were, however, unfortunately interrupted by his master's leaving Königsberg for Berlin. Ehlert had hardly left Königsberg when Louis Köhler came to settle there, and soon got to know young Adolf. Köhler said of him: "The little boy, who, for matter of that, looked very blooming, played me something with his fat, pudgy little paws, in a self-taught way, but yet with the adroitness of a talent which, in spite of a tendency to gloominess, felt quite at home on the keyboard (like a new-hatched duckling in the water). As I was forced to suspect the coming professional pianist in him, I showed him the methodical position of the hand, touch, etc., and, as I myself was too overrun with lessons, and at the same time wished to procure some sound elementary teaching for the boy, I recommended him to a capable pupil of mine [Miss Marie Slopnik], who kindly accepted the task and performed its duties conscientiously for some time." In the fall of 1851 Jensen continued his practical and theoretical studies under Friedrich Marpurg (great-grandson of Friedrich Wilhelm Marpurg, the famous theoretician, and pupil of Mendelssohn and Hauptmann), who had just succeeded Sobolewski at the Königsberg Theatre. But these studies, too, were soon interrupted, Marpurg finding that his duties as conductor fully occupied him. From this time forward Jensen's musical education was cared for by himself; he left the Gymnasium when in the second class, so as to be no longer a burden upon his parents, and began giving pianoforte lessons.

Toward the end of 1855 the bass singer Dr. Fritz Weiss came from the Dresden Court Opera to join the Königsberg company; he and Jensen

soon struck up a warm friendship. However, they were not destined to be long together, for there was in Königsberg a sister of the governor of the province of Grodno in Russia, and this sister procured Jensen the position of music teacher in her brother's house in Brest-Litovsk, a town on the Russian-Polish border. Here was an opportunity for our young man to support himself, and leave his family unencumbered. He accepted the offer with enthusiasm, and set out for Brest-Litovsk in the spring of 1856. There he put the finishing touches to his real Op. 1, a set of six songs, which he had begun before leaving Königsberg.

It was probably largely owing to the haphazard character of his musical education that so much of his individuality is shown in these early songs. The young composer had not been through enough strict schooling either to overshadow for a while his own individuality, or fully to develop his musical technique. Like Robert Schumann, his favorite model, Jensen showed originality before he acquired a self-dependent style; the early musical teaching of both had been defective. The first song of this opus — the enormously popular *Lehn' deine Wang' an meine Wang'* — may truly be said to contain nearly the whole of Jensen *in parvo*; it is a condensed epitome of what is most characteristic of his peculiar genius. No doubt, there is also in it a something which was not characteristic of its composer at all: a streak of triviality and vulgarity. No song ever got to be as popular as this without a touch of vulgarity. But no composer of genius ever quite finds himself out and comes to his bearings at the first dash; a certain something will be sure to flow out of his pen in spite of all he can do, which something he will afterward have to cast out and eliminate before he can show himself to the world in his true colors. With most composers, with the well-schooled ones, this to-be-eliminated something is generally a reflection of some other, stronger mind: with Beethoven it was a touch of Haydn; with Mendelssohn, a bit of Weber, etc., etc. Both had to get rid of this influence before they could show themselves truly

individual and original. But Jensen, as a half-taught musician, could be individual at the outset; with him the to-be-eliminated something was just this slight taint of vulgarity, which was really as foreign to his nature as the Haydnish streak was to Beethoven's, or the Weberish one to Mendelssohn's. His was one of the most intrinsically aristocratic natures that ever had to do with the art of music; in fineness of mental fibre he is not to be surpassed. The touch of vulgarity in his *Lehn' deine Wang'* was but the result of the beginner's gaucherie. Jensen sent the book of songs to Liszt in Weimar, by whom they were very favorably judged.

Although his salary at Brest-Litovsk was 1000 silver rubles (about \$490) a year, Jensen soon found that a small Russian provincial town was no place for him; he was too isolated, quite out of reach of the contemporary musical movement in Germany. He was waxing more and more enthusiastic for Robert Schumann, and determined to devote his Russian savings to a trip to the Rhine, in the hope of being accepted as the great man's pupil. This plan was, however, knocked in the head by Schumann's untimely death in October, 1856. Early in 1857 Jensen was once more at home in Königsberg, and not long afterwards in Rostock, where he made the acquaintance of Hans von Bülow. Armed with an introduction from him, he went to visit Liszt in Weimar, and met with a very cordial reception. For a while he tried to settle down in Dresden, but could not succeed in getting foothold there; in September, 1857, he accepted the post of *Kapellmeister* at the united theatres of Posen and Bromberg. But this move soon proved as unfortunate as his going to Brest-Litovsk: he was so overwhelmed with work that he had neither time nor strength left for self-development and study. Accordingly, in April, 1858, he threw up his position, to accept a similar one at the newly founded German Opera in Copenhagen.

Here we have the young man of Scandinavian extraction back somewhere near the home of his ancestors. But what Scandinavian blood he might have in his veins was no effectual recommenda-

tion, as he soon found out. He was looked upon as a German, and was, moreover, visibly at the head of a German enterprise; and all manner of persons or things German were cordially hated by the Danes. Besides, he found the forces at his disposal at the Opera almost ludicrously defective; success was out of the question, and the institution was bankrupt in three months. Jensen wrote to Ehlert: "I have learnt to realize that no roses bloom for me in the theatrical career, and that a musician who is in earnest about his art will come to grief at this task." There were, however, some compensations. In Copenhagen he made the acquaintance of, and soon became intimate with, Niels Gade, who at once recognized the young man's extraordinary talent. He tried to get pianoforte pupils, but could not secure enough to make it pay. Playing the pianoforte at concerts worked better: he associated himself with one of his whilom colleagues at the German Opera, the tenor Anton Prelinger; the two made short concertizing tours together, getting once as far as Malmö in Sweden. Jensen also took active part in the concerts given at the Tivoli in Copenhagen by Hans Christian Lumbye (nicknamed the "Northern Strauss"), and even wrote a quadrille for him. If either score or parts of this composition are still extant, it would be not uninteresting to see how a man of Jensen's kidney acquitted himself of a task of that sort! Somewhat later Jensen went concertizing all over Scandinavia with the 'cellist Christian Kellermann.

In the early spring of 1860, through the intervention of Henri Vieuxtemps, the violinist, and Niels Gade, he was offered the conductorship of Prince Nicolas Youssoupoff's private orchestra in St. Petersburg. The salary promised was not large, but Jensen thought best to accept the position. He set out to return to Königsberg, probably *via* Hamburg, where the publisher Schuberth accepted some of his manuscript compositions. From Königsberg he proceeded toward Russia about the middle of July, although much pulled down by a severe cold, and altogether in no sunny mood. At the border station of Kovno

inflammation of the throat bade him pause; a physician was called in, who told the young man unmistakably that he could go no further on his journey. This dictum coincided with Jensen's secret wishes; for he thought less and less of his St. Petersburg venture, the farther he went on his trip, and, remembering Brest-Litovsk, was already aching to get back to Königsberg again. He appreciated more keenly than ever that being in the thick of the contemporary musical movement in Germany was the only thing for a man of his ambition, and that it would never do for him to be too far from headquarters. A medical certificate made it easy for him to annul his contract with Prince Youssoupoff with perfect honesty. As soon as he was in condition to travel at all, he returned to Königsberg.

Here we find him well settled in 1860, living with his parents, who had hired a house on the Schlossteich, and took in boarders. He composes more diligently than ever—things for pianoforte, a choral work, *Jephthas Tochter*, half an act of an opera, *Die Erbin von Montfort*. In February, 1861, he is offered, and accepts, the second conductorship of the Königsberg Musical Academy, although quite conscious of the antithesis between the conservative creed of that institution and his own progressive tendencies. Above all, he does much pianoforte teaching, of which he writes to Ehlert: "I cannot deny that it still fatigues me, but I shall doubtless get used to it in time." And it actually turns out that he soon finds these once onerous lessons far more attractive and interesting than his Academy conductorship; for he could put a great deal of himself into the lessons, whereas the inflexible pigtaildom of the Academy forbade his putting much of himself into that work. Still, he did manage to do at least something even there in the way of making propaganda for Schumann, Joachim Raff, and Dr. Leopold Damrosch. His enthusiasm for Schumann remained unabated, and he had become a good deal of a Wagnerite—neither of which enthusiasms did he lose to his dying day! He never got into real trouble at the Academy, but could not help

feeling his position there to be more and more abnormal, and resigned it in February, 1862,—just a year after accepting it. He was more and more favorably known as a concert pianist, and played on several occasions with Ferdinand Laub, the noted violinist, and the famous Müller Quartet. At one concert with this quartet, the program being made up wholly of works by Raff, his tone was so exquisite that a certain Mrs. von Janson was moved to buy the Bechstein grand upon which he had played, immediately after the concert; later she left it to him in her will.

His year's work at the Academy had sufficed to make his pecuniary circumstances easier; and this state of things continued, for he kept most of his pianoforte classes there, besides getting others, better paid. His intimacy with Louis Köhler grew apace; he was a regular "Hausfreund" (friend of the family, always welcome), and in November, 1862, became engaged to Frederike Bornträger, a cousin of Köhler's wife. The young couple were not married, however, until October 30, 1863. In spite of no little ill health on both sides, the union was a singularly happy one. "My wife," writes Jensen, "is a solicitous, loving angel, and my interests are wholly and unreservedly hers." His perfect contentment of soul is mirrored in his compositions about this time, which are among his best. A year later he writes to his old friend, Dr. Weiss: "My whole life is a restless working and striving forward. I have attained to clearness of vision, have become independent. If we are to draw wholesome conclusions from the Music of the Future, we still need not adopt them with all their needless, hollow, inartistic finery. In me the so-called Music of the Future still finds an upright devotee, as I swear allegiance to progress in general with my blood. But I love only the masters, not the talentless, poverty-stricken disciples and simian mimics. I must admit openly that not everything by Liszt seems to me valuable; I still honor him to the point of fanaticism, and he is truly a man to be admired—much by him, too, will live forever, *e. g.*, the *Faust* music, which I hold to be the most profound thing, the fullest of

genius, that has been produced in that genre. But infinitely higher than Liszt stands Wagner, whose personal acquaintance I had the never-to-be-forgotten happiness of making in Weimar. In him is to be descried necessity and the highest artistry, not only on a large scale, but in the smallest details. I feel at every measure as if a god had dictated it. Next these two, Bülow is the one to whom I pay my tribute of high admiration. He is the only reproductive artist of importance we have. His judgment is a wall of rock, his conception of the most various sorts of music, a model;—well, and his playing?—the most perfect in the world, in the most insignificant manifestations flooded through with a sea of nobility; but here I have reached the limit. The Weimar school may have brought forth quite respectable magnitudes besides, which have special strong sides to show for themselves: but, as a whole, No, thanks!—The foundation-pillars of music, of all that is past, surviving, and future, are eternally for me: Beethoven and Schumann. He who believes in them has life everlasting. Amen!"

In the summer of 1864, Jensen and his wife went to Rauschen, a watering-place on the Baltic where he had often been before, in his bachelor days. Their stay was prolonged by the unlooked-for arrival of a daughter—Elsbeth Jensen—in July, instead of in September, as expected. Like her father before her, Elsbeth was a delicate child, hard to rear; but the undying delight of both parents. Some months later, Jensen writes to Rübner: "The little angel is now a year and a quarter old, and the quintessence of beauty, refinement, delicacy, and the charm of innocence, our consolation in all trouble." Again (April 17, 1866), to Prelinger: "There is no telling what a blessing such a dear wife and so fascinating a child are; I find everything in them, and so much so that I never have a desire to seek the society of others. I live in hermit retirement, and my four walls contain all that seems to me of value."

In May, 1865, came one of the direst disappointments of his life. He had set out for Munich with Louis Köhler, for the first performance

of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, to be conducted by von Bülow. But Mrs. Schnorr von Karolsfeld, who was to be the Isolde, was suddenly taken sick, and the performance had to be postponed to June 10. Poor Jensen's funds gave out some time before that, and he was forced unwillingly to go home again on May 24. Was there ever a finer instance of the pathos of poverty? Two days after the performance, Schnorr von Karolsfeld (the Tristan of the occasion) wrote to him: "The deed was already done when we had the dress-rehearsal, four weeks before, but done only for the priests of our holy art: now, however, it is done for the people, the Word has gone forth with a mighty noise unto the ends of the world, no ear can close itself to the wondrous tale. We thought of you when we were at tea [Tristan and Isolde drinking tea!]
—after the deed was done—thought of you, and wished we had had you amongst the listeners."

Neither were disappointments destined to come singly. The next one was having his completed opera, *Die Erbin von Montfort*, returned with thanks by the theatre in Schwerin—with the criticism that the music, to be sure, was noble and by no means ineffective, but the action too commonplace and uninteresting, and the libretto, in a word, a failure. The worst of it was that Jensen himself soon saw the entire justice of this criticism. In emulation of Wagner, he had written his own text.

Disappointment number three was a terrific and pitiless article by Otto Gumprecht of Berlin on his *Jephthas Tochter*, which Julius Stern had brought out with his famous singing society there, in the course of the season of 1865–66. Stern had invited Jensen to come on and conduct the work in person; also to appear as pianist at the same concert—on February 3, 1866. But about the middle of January, Jensen began to suffer tortures from an abscess in his ear; for a fortnight he was stone-deaf, and it was six weeks before he could leave his room. The cure was not pronounced complete until the middle of March. A month later, he wrote to Dr. Weiss: "This time I have learnt unequivocally that my ner-

vous system is no longer any good; the least excitement, the most innocent pleasure, little colds, may have the direst consequences for me. I am 200 Thalers [\$143] the poorer for my sickness, which has turned my Berlin projects to water, and made all preparations for the same of no avail. So I have lost the winter season of 1865-66, a second working year gone without leaving a trace!" No state of mind to be in for the reception of Gumprecht's vitriol!

Still, the plan of settling in Berlin was not given up. Jensen had come to feel about Königsberg very much as he had felt before about Brest-Litovsk,—that the town was essentially provincial, too far removed from the larger musical centres to get the modern influence at first hand. He felt that, to do anything worth while, he must do it in the modern spirit and the modern way; he was intrinsically a Schumannite and a Wagnerite, nothing short of a great capital would do for him. The death of his father-in-law came to make Königsberg seem less desirable than ever as a place of residence, and to remove all obstacles to going to Berlin. Jensen's plan was to go to some watering-place in the Austrian Alps for the summer, and then move definitively to the Prussian capital. But the breaking out of the war with Austria frustrated the first part of this plan; moreover, as Jensen belonged to the Prussian complementary reserve (*Ersatzreserve*), it took a medical examination to prove him physically unfit, and get him, the most pacific of men, struck off the books of the Königsberg army corps. But Berlin was still possible. Some correspondence with Louis Ehlert and Waitzmann, who lived there, made that city seem more tempting than ever; at last came, through Waitzmann's mediation, an invitation from Karl Tausig to come to Berlin and teach at his newly founded School for Advanced Pianoforte Playing, with six lessons a week guaranteed from the first. Jensen accepted unhesitatingly. On September 5 he wrote to Ehlert: "I do not doubt for a moment that I shall become another man, as soon as I have Königsberg's walls behind me. I am inexpressibly rejoiced at the prospect of

meeting musical friends again; for I have too often experienced what a salutary effect this has upon my spirits." Tausig, too, expressed immense satisfaction at having won Jensen over to his School; and Tausig was given to being rather particular in the matters of pianoforte playing and teaching; he was at the time the most brilliant pianoforte virtuoso in Europe. Jensen set out from Königsberg with wife and child on October 1, arriving in Berlin on the next day at six A.M. Three wagon-loads of furniture and other household belongings accompanied them.

In Berlin, Jensen's relations with Tausig were of the friendliest description as long as the two worked together. Each appreciated the other. Tausig, though possessed of no genius for composition, was the strongest, most interesting, and appealing musical nature with whom Jensen had ever been intimate, and the Königsberger could never enough admire his artistic earnestness and honesty, the depth and wide scope of his culture, and, above all, the sure command this human volcano knew how to exert over himself. Indeed, poor Tausig had learned self-control at the expense of no little humiliating experience. It was from Tausig, too, that Jensen learned to read, and find soul-filling satisfaction in, Arthur Schopenhauer,—a philosopher whose writings exerted a very considerable influence over his subsequent life. The intimacy of the two men was to the advantage of both in a material way also: Tausig was much pleased with Jensen's playing, and found in him the assistant teacher he had wished for; the number of his weekly lessons grew apace.

To introduce himself to the Berlin public, Jensen gave a concert of his own in Arnim's Hall on January 5, 1867, the program being made up wholly of his compositions. Recitals had not come into fashion then, and he had the assistance of the singers Mrs. Franziska Wuerst and Miss Bertha Heese, the harpist Franz Ponitz, and several members of Stern's singing society. His playing was highly praised by the critics, who, however, frowned upon his compositions as heartily as they smiled upon him as a pianist.

Of all the "new" men of the day, Jensen was probably the least likely to please the then Berlin authorities. He was too moderate a comeouter to shock them into a scowling sort of admiration,—as Liszt and Wagner did,—while he had quit the classical and Mendelssohnian grooves enough to arouse their disapprobation. His peculiar sensuous tenderness, his love for the more languid chromatics, must have seemed weak and unworthy to those old Popes and Pagans. If there is one thing your Dryasdust abhors more than another, it is lusciousness! Curiously enough, considering his success as a pianist, and (at least, temporary) failure as a composer, Jensen played at only one more concert in the course of his whole stay in Berlin: at one given in the spring of 1867 by Bernhard Scholz, soon afterwards director of Hoch's Conservatory in Frankfort-on-the-Main.

While in Berlin he refuses two offers: that of a Kapellmeistership in Sondershausen, and the directorship of the then new Music School in Basel. He makes, too, several new acquaintances, the most noteworthy of whom is Paul Kuczyński, a rich banker and amateur musician, pupil of von Bülow. It was this Kuczyński who wrote, years afterwards: "Through Jensen's soul there blew a zephyr's breath, which wafted it aloft, hovering high above the earth. What of youthfully delicate enthusiasm, of artistic sense for poetry and lyricism lay latent within me, was brought to light and made sensible to me by Adolf Jensen." The summer vacation of 1867 is spent in Thuringia; he still keeps up making interesting acquaintances, and has another meeting with Liszt. In the fall he buys the score of Wagner's *Walküre*,—"an adorable work of art of the first rank." But, as usual, the excitement of studying this score brings on a nervous attack and consequent prostration. About Easter, 1868, he makes a flying visit to Dresden, in response to many invitations.

Upon the whole, he was getting tired of Berlin,—not of the friends made there, but of the city itself and of his work. It was not long before he began to feel that his duties at Tausig's School

left him too little time and strength for original composition; and this, not teaching nor pianoforte-playing, he looked upon as his real mission in life. All his moves had been influenced, in the end, by this one consideration: How could he best develop his talent for composition, and find opportunity for exercising it? At Brest-Litovsk, and afterwards in Königsberg, he had found himself too far from all progressive musical centres; now, in Berlin, he found the great centre, but not the leisure necessary for his favorite task. He saw clearly enough by this time that both conditions were indispensable; he must go elsewhere to get them. Neither was the Berlin climate good for him or for his wife; it was too severe for both. At first he thought of Heidelberg; then Dresden seemed the best place. But a trip to Switzerland was decided on first for his own and his wife's health. In July, 1868, the family set out, staying a week in Munich on the way; here Jensen heard *Die Meistersinger* under von Bülow. Thence they passed through Zürich and the Lake of Zug to Arth, the Rigi, and Scheidegg, where a six weeks' stay was made. A ten days' foot trip through the Bernese Oberland did much for Jensen's strength and general well-being. On the way back they made a longish halt in Heidelberg; but it was determined that Dresden should be the future home, after all. Jensen finally left Berlin for Dresden in October, 1868. Tausig was much chagrined at losing his friend and helper; Jensen's successor at the School was his former teacher, Ehlert.

Once settled in Dresden, Jensen began composing industriously; several new works were begun, and an opera was thought of—on a comic, even farcical subject this time. He asked Paul Heyse to write the libretto, and several subjects were discussed; but Jensen fell sick before any one of them could be settled on, and the project fell through. It was soon after the first Dresden performances of *Die Meistersinger*, under Julius Rietz, in January, 1869, that Jensen was violently attacked by the malady that was destined nevermore to leave him: a severe inflammation of the lungs and larynx threw him upon a sick-bed.

He himself attributed the trouble to his exertions in playing and singing *Die Meistersinger* to a circle of friends during the preceding winter; but it is quite likely that this was only an immediate cause, and that Sobolewski's criminal imprudence in letting him sing, as a boy, through the whole period of his voice changing, had rendered his vocal machinery abnormally susceptible to fatigue. He was soon out of danger, but the disease had taken too deep root for a complete cure to be thought of for some time to come. On April 1, 1869, he writes to Kuczyński: "I am now knotting the sad end on to the joyous beginning; that is, I am very ill. My throat trouble has entered upon a highly questionable stadium, and only in a mild climate can I still hope for a cure." By the end of the month Jensen reached Ems, after passing a comparatively cheerful day with Raff at Wiesbaden on the way. But a five weeks' stay in Ems seemed to do no good: the patient's health and spirits were alike overcast. By the end of July the family set out for Reichenhall in the Salzkammergut, with the intention of spending the winter at Meran.

The next four or five years—1869–73—were passed in the south in pursuit of health—mostly in Meran and Graz, but with excursions to various places, notably to North Italy. Jensen's health gradually improves in an intermittent sort of way, and he does some work composing, here and there. But every excitement has to be paid for by more or less severe attacks of nervous prostration. Moreover, the man has become morose and fond of solitude; with wife and child he is still sweetness itself, but it takes a terrible effort to drag him into the society of others. His wife ascribes his loss of spirits to his reading in Schopenhauer. Indeed, some years later he writes to his friend Otto Behrendsen: "The grandiose heartlessness that runs through the entire creation grows clearer to me every day, and, after such examples as we have, it is no longer inconceivable that humanity should grow ever more bestial and unfeeling. Therefore think only of yourself in this best of all worlds, of your youth, of your success, of the struggle for existence, which

the latter is hardly worth. Furthermore, it is a sacred duty to become callous in our feelings, however odd this utterance may sound. Otherwise we should soon founder in this boundless wretchedness, this hardly credible wealth of need and misery; and we at least wish to preserve ourselves for our own dear ones as long as possible." All of which is a fine reading of Schopenhauer upside down and hindside foremost; Mrs. Jensen had best not lay the flattering unction to that anxious soul of hers that Schopenhauer, and not consumption, is the matter!

In 1870 Jensen manages to get a score of *Tristan und Isolde*, and writes to Hugo Brückler: "For a week I have been revelling in delight." Which delight, however, is bought at the usual price of prostration; strangely enough, original composition is better for him than studying Wagner's scores; after all, excitement is worse for him than anything else. Still he persists in studying the works of the masters: Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin. His turning to Bach is significant. Some years later he writes to Dr. Potpeschnigg in Vienna: "I am glad that you busy yourself a good deal with music, especially that you are trying to enter into the spirit of Wagner's works. I can only advise you to persevere in your endeavors, as the only real ones, and also to play Bach as much as possible. In this way you will reach a rung of the ladder from the altitude of which you will look down in dizziness. Besides, a so noble occupation is a wonderful cuirass against all sorts of coarseness from without." Even shortly after his disastrous *Tristan* studies he had written to Dr. Müller: "As I can speak to you only from a distance, I will give you one more piece of very weighty advice: Play Bach, very much Bach, most of all, Bach! If you have him, you have all." It is better to read this than distorted reflections of Schopenhauer; Sebastian Bach is and has been the great mother's bosom from which all that are greatest in the world of music draw their best nourishment; and it is good to find our Jensen hard at it with the rest.

The breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war

in 1870 excited him tremendously; the more so because he was a staunch German at heart, and for the time being living, as it were, in exile, surrounded with people who sympathized with the French—not yet having forgotten '66. On July 10, 1870, he writes to Kuczyński: "The sublime and exalted mood that is now storming through all German lands fills me with jubilation, and I hope to God that our countrymen will fight bravely. God grant that the shameless, infamous, and impudent society which has brought on this war shall be so put to the sword that the stupid demon of insolence will pass out of it forever and a day! O unheard-of rodomontade, abyss of superficiality and lies! And the assumption, too, of strutting at the head of civilization, and wanting to grab *ad saccum* the tribute of admiration from worshipping nations! Let us hope that the hour of retribution has struck!" H'm! how these languid chromaticists can thunder, when put to it!

Better than this foaming is what he writes to the same friend on January 11, 1871: "Strange as it may seem, I have been subject here in Graz to curious fits of returning interest in the opera. If I had been able to make up my mind to accept the subject proposed by Rob. Hamerling, I should perhaps have even now the libretto of a grand (*i. e.*, spectacular) opera. In this connection, subjects like Byron's *Sardanapalus*, *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, by Thomas Moore, etc., have always hovered before my mental vision. . . . You know my enthusiastic Wagner-veneration; but just because it is so unbounded I am afraid to follow in his footsteps—and tell me, your hand upon your heart, who of all mortals can? To transfer the application of Wagner's ideas of 'Beauty and Truth' to smaller forms also has been my aim in all my last compositions, and, as it seems to me, successfully achieved. But can I venture to follow him in larger things as well? At all events, this struggle would wholly use up my last remnant of vital force—perhaps I may be glad to stake this once more." He had recently met the poet Hamerling, whose native town Graz was, and was setting some of his

poetry to music; but this new opera project never came to anything.

Shortly after the middle of July he receives news from Kuczyński of Tausig's death. "For art," he writes, "the loss is irreparable, and it is a pity and a shame that this man had to pass away in the blossom of his years, while blockheads seem to be immortal. May he rest in peace! He has not lived in vain. Though we had to make many an allowance for peculiarities in the man, we shall now cherish the transfigured artist's memory in loving and thankful remembrance."

In November, 1872, he has a visit from Hans von Bülow. By the following spring his health seems to have improved so much that he thinks of venturing upon a trip to South Germany, extending it perhaps as far north as Dresden. His friend Kuczyński was to be married by the end of March, 1873, and had promised to pay him a visit on his return from his wedding journey to Italy; so Jensen set himself to work and wrote the *Hochzeit-Musik*, for four-hand pianoforte, Op. 45, in honor of the wedding, sending on to Berlin on March 19. He himself found his health so encouraging that he determined to spend the summer in the north. Two days before the family left Graz came a flying visit from Johannes Brahms, with whom Jensen passed a pleasant, chatty hour or two. "After Wagner," he writes to Behrendsen the painter, "Brahms is at all events the greatest living composer."

On April 30, 1873, the family set out for Vienna, where they had been invited for a fortnight to the house of a friend; but, in spite of everything being made as easy as possible for Jensen, going to the theatre and opera, visiting galleries, and, above all, the great Universal Exposition, proved, as usual, too much for him; when he again set out northward, on May 12, he was seriously worn out. Passing through Prag, the party arrived in Dresden on the 15th, Jensen's oldest friend, Dr. Weiss, meeting them at the station. The intention was to spend at least a month in the Saxon capital, and then go somewhere in Thuringia for the summer; but Jensen's condition was so threatening that both friends and

physicians decided that he must immediately go to some watering-place in the Bavarian highlands for the summer, and return to Graz for the ensuing winter. On the way he made a two days' stop in Munich, where "only his being together with the genial Peter Cornelius made his stay endurable," the rain pouring down in torrents the whole time. From Munich the party went to Berchtesgaden, where they passed the summer. But a cold fall announcing itself even before the middle of September, they set out forthwith through the Salzkammergut for Graz, arriving there on the 18th, after a three days' stay in Ischl. It was only on May 24, 1875, that Jensen and his family finally left Graz for the north again.

After a carriage-trip through the Tyrol, and a summer spent in the Black Forest, they settled for the winter in Baden-Baden. Jensen could never get to like the place: house, furniture, and neighbors were all distasteful to his morbid fancy. "The narrowness of the valley weighs upon me," he writes to Gustav Müller. "Graz and Meran have got me used to wide, sunny valleys, with grand mountain surroundings, and I feel myself bodily and mentally hemmed in here. These may be winter feelings, which I hope will vanish with the good season." If anything, he dislikes the inhabitants still more; the robust South German joy of living, their sharp greed for material gain, disgust him, though he may find secret satisfaction in attributing them to the old French, gaming-table influence—Gallophobe that he is! Luckily his old friend Ehlert brings his consumptive wife to pass the winter months in Baden-Baden, and cheer up our misanthrope a bit, staying on to New Year's Day, 1877. Of his visit Ehlert writes: "The year I spent with Jensen in Baden-Baden belongs to my fondest recollections. With him one was in so incredibly pure an atmosphere. I believe he had hardly ever completely formed even a conception of real vulgarity, although there was no lack of well-qualified exemplars in our immediate neighborhood." Among the acquaintances made in Baden-Baden was Joseph Staudigl, the

Viennese baritone (son of the still greater basso of the same name), who sang many of his songs to him.

But his health did not improve; he did not even keep the gain he had acquired from his long sojourn in Meran and Graz. On April 8, 1876, he wrote to Freiherr Kurt von Seckendorff, in Stargard: "If I still desire to live on, it is truly not for my own sake, but for that of my splendid, virtuous, loving wife and my angelic girl, who is now nearly twelve years old; and finally, to carry out a string of musical works which just now hover before my mind's eye." The sudden news of the death of Dr. Körner, his Graz physician, came as a severe blow; even the spring, usually his good friend and benefactor, does him little good this time. He writes to Kuczyński (July 12, 1876): "If this curse of sickness is some day to be taken off from me, I hope my life will go with it, and that I shall be at last delivered out of this restless earthly torment." Indeed, everything points to the advisability of a speedy return to the south—if only for a while.

On August 19, by Raff's advice, the family moved to Ueberlingen on Lake Constance. Here Jensen followed with touching eagerness all the accounts he could get of the progress of the festival performances at Bayreuth;¹ it seemed as if Fate had forbidden him ever to see a Wagner *première*! "I can fancy," he writes to a friend, "that you are already at Bayreuth in thought, and find this flying out ahead quite conceivable. What awaits you there is the musical culminating point of your life, and the greatest musical event since the creation of the world.—Well, you will enjoy it joyfully and be thankful." To Prelinger he writes: "Here I do nothing as much as possible, and have completely forgotten the world around me. The few letters I get are from Bayreuth, and I really do not know if there is any place except Bayreuth that has had an interest for me for the last few weeks. If the thing is to be repeated next year, which is not impossible, I will go at all hazards, *if I am still alive!*"

¹ This was the first "*Nibelungen*" year.

On September 10 the family set out to return to Baden-Baden, "while it rained cats and dogs, which made the farewell less painful." Almost immediately after arriving there Jensen was taken down with a severe attack of bronchial catarrh, the depressing effect upon his spirits being further aggravated by the unfavorable reception of his rather abstruse ballads, Op. 58, by public and press. But as a compensation came the high appreciation of his dramatic treatment of the text in his English songs¹ by Eduard Lassen and Johannes Brahms. On October 22, 1876, he writes to Ehlert: "Brahms is still here and has kindly called on us several times, and recently even forced me to sing a whole string of songs to him. As this is a rare mark of distinction from him (as I know him), I really could not refuse, although it was very hard on me. Next week he is to go away; the gods know whither. An enviable, happy nature, intellectually and bodily so thoroughly healthy." The Brahms friendship grew apace to the end; but von Bülow (who was much with Brahms at that time) began rather to pall upon him, the man's pyrotechnic causticity of wit and sarcasm ringing false in his sick ears.

But of Brahms he writes to Kuczyński: "In spite of his colossal subjectivity [*Innerlichkeit*], he is externally so simple, loyal, and upright that I always feel uncommonly well in his company." On September 24, 1877, he writes to von Seckendorff: "Day before yesterday Brahms called with a young musician; my wife received both. I joined them a little later, after getting up from my sofa of suffering—the triad were sitting together so cosily and genially while the afternoon sun poured his purest rays through our two best rooms. Afterwards, when the friendly chat was over, and I saw the two strong, carelessly cheerful men walk out into the sunlit landscape, and gazed sadly after them through the open window, the whole disconsolate consciousness of my own wretchedness came over me, and the violent excitement was of course followed by an exhausting fit of torturing cough-

ing, which returned again and again, and drove me to bed at half after seven. Brahms has often been to see me of late years, as he comes here annually. He is highly sympathetic, natural, and friendly, mostly cold and unfriendly toward strangers—but, if he recognizes a man's worth, he can be counted on."

Nevertheless, ill as he is, he keeps up composing with astonishing perseverance; the man positively cannot remain idle! Still his condition goes from bad to worse all through the winter of 1877; obstinately looking for some external cause of his ill plight, he insists upon it that the noisy situation of the house is at fault. In the spring the family accordingly move to a little villa outside the town, only two hundred paces from a wood. They hire the whole house (two stories, each one sufficient for their needs), so that "no one shall go tramping round over his head, no perambulator with iron-tired wheels shall be pushed to and fro, no sewing-machine shall rattle." On April 25 he writes to von Seckendorff that, for the first time in his life, he has found his ideal dwelling-place. The spring passes tolerably, on the whole; but on June 25, while paying an afternoon call, he is seized with so terrible a fit of spasmodic coughing that he has to be taken home. In spite of all, however, he continues working, and completes the manuscript of his songs, Op. 61, "with endless trouble." His coughing fits return daily, and by the beginning of December he and his are prepared for the worst. Weak as he is, though, his mind remains perfectly clear. His letters of the spring and summer of 1878 even show an extraordinary and successful solicitude for the elegance of style. On December 21 he wishes Kuczyński a merry Christmas and happy New Year: "I should so heartily like to write you at length; only, my strength will no longer permit it. I need the few crumbs that are left me, to live on."

On his birthday, January 12, 1879, he left his bed for the last time, and gazed with a tearful smile upon the flowers and fruit which still decked the Christmas table. Through the 16th

¹ Set to German translations from Scott, Tennyson, and Felicia Hemans, Op. 52 and 53.

and 17th he was drowsy, and remained for the most part in a state of semi-coma, waking therefrom from time to time to whisper a loving word or two to wife and child; on the 18th he began to have disquieting visions, which became worse at night; his sense of hearing had grown so acute that he could understand the softest word spoken three rooms off. On Thursday, January 23, he died.

For the better part of his life, Jensen looked like anything but the consumptive patient he was. Tall, broad-shouldered, and athletic of figure, with beautifully long, white, taper-fingered hands, notably graceful in his movements, he looked the picture of health up to the last few years of his life; then, to be sure, he grew—but even then only slightly—round-shouldered and bent. The most sharply characteristic and prominent quality in his habitual expression of face, pose, gesture, and tone of voice was, to use Charles Reade's expression, a refinement "beyond the wildest dream of dandies." He was scrupulously well dressed, and, like Beethoven, punctiliously clean; his full beard and longish hair were models of neatness. He was a born aristocrat in every good sense of the term, and an inveterate idealist. No composer in the whole list was ever more of a gentleman.

I shall consider him here only as a song-writer; for it is by his songs that he has always been, and permanently will be, best known. Counting Franz Schubert, Robert Schumann, and Robert Franz in the first rank of German song-writers, one may say that Jensen held the first place in the second rank. No doubt, certain individual songs by Grieg, Rubinstein, and others compare favorably with his best; but Jensen had a more sharply defined and unchanging musical individuality than they, and his very good things considerably outnumber those of any one of them. Jensen's best songs seem the most peculiarly his own, whereas the very good ones of most of his contemporaries appear more exceptional. He was a follower of Schumann rather than of Schubert; of all song-writers, his strongest antithesis was Robert Franz. He never even aimed at the

purely lyrical quality of Franz's songs; on the contrary, he habitually, and especially in his later period, aimed at a dramatic treatment of the poetic text, in the smaller forms he worked in, comparable with Wagner's on the larger scale of lyric drama.

Jensen's most conspicuous virtues as a composer were great elegance, charm, and spontaneity of melody, harmonic subtlety, warmth of emotional expression, and a southern richness of coloring. His handling of the pianoforte (in his accompaniments) was at once individual and masterly; like Chopin, he seems to have had an exceptional hand, and, also like him, to have written exactly as his fingers fell naturally upon the keys—with the result that some of his writing, especially his extensions, seems a little awkward at first to other players; an awkwardness that vanishes when one has caught the knack of it. But the glowing euphony of his *Klaviersatz* has never been surpassed.

His failings were: first, a besetting tendency to fall into the *salon* tone, to express himself with a certain *mondain* elegance that was not always very remote from artistic vulgarity; but he largely outgrew this in later years. Next, an unconquerable fondness for the more languid, Louis Spohr chromatics, rather than for the stronger, more manly, buoyant, and passionate Bach-Wagner chromatics. He was fonder of voluptuously descending minor thirds and sixths than of yearning, upward-striving augmented fifths. But this failing, too, was largely cured in his later period.

If there is one word which describes his habitual vein better than another, that word is "luscious"! The song *Murmeln des Lüftchen*, Op. 21, No. 4, is probably the most thoroughly characteristic thing he ever wrote, though by no means the best. Strangely enough, he had another diametrically opposite vein, but almost equally characteristic, which to a certain extent recalls the style of George Frideric Handel; though he could never wholly keep his sensuous chromatics out of it. After all, he could be nothing but himself. His best works are probably his Span-

ish songs, Op. 21, his ballads after Walter Scott, Op. 52, and, above all, his inimitable *Gaudeamus-Lieder*, after Victor Scheffel, Op. 40.

Of the songs in this collection, those from Op. 1-4, inclusive, were written before the composer's return to Königsberg in 1860; those

from Op. 6-30, in Königsberg, 1860-66; those from Op. 35, in Berlin and Dresden, between October, 1866, and July, 1869; those from Op. 40, in Meran or Graz, 1869-73; those from Op. 50-53, in Graz, 1873-75; finally, those from Op. 55-61, in Baden-Baden, 1875-79.

William J. Atchings

Boston, Mass., May 12, 1903.

FORTY SONGS
BY ADOLF JENSEN

PRESS THY CHEEK AGAINST MINE OWN

1

(LEHN' DEINE WANG' AN MEINE WANG')

(Composed in 1856)

(Original Key, E $\flat$)

HEINRICH HEINE (1797 - 1856)

Translated by Louis C. Elson

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 1, No 1

Slowly (*Langsam*)

PIANO



The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Slowly (Langsam)' and the dynamics are 'p'.

p appassionato

Oh, press thy cheek a - gainst mine own; To -
Lehn' dei - ne Wang' an mei - ne Wang' dann



The first system of the song features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is marked 'p appassionato' and includes the lyrics 'Oh, press thy cheek a - gainst mine own; To - Lehn' dei - ne Wang' an mei - ne Wang' dann'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and single notes.

geth - er our tears shall be flow - ing,
flie - ssen die Thrä - nen zu - sam - men,



The second system of the song features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics 'geth - er our tears shall be flow - ing, flie - ssen die Thrä - nen zu - sam - men,'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and single notes.

And press thy heart close to my heart, To - geth - er the
und an mein Herz, drück' fest dein Herz, dann schla - gen zu -

ff flames_ shall be glow - ing; And when in the
sam - men die Flam - men. Und wenn in die

glow - ing flames at last, The streams of tears are
gro - sse Flam - me fließt der Strom von un - sern

pp

throng - ing, And, when my arm shall en - cir - cle thee
 Thrä - nen, und wenn mein Arm dich ge - wal - tig um -

pp

p

fast, Then I shall die of long - ing.
 schliesst, sterb' ich vor Lie - bes - seh - nen.

p

pp like a sweet memory (*wie ein Hauch süsser Erinnerung*)

Oh, press thy cheek a - gainst mine own!
 Lehn' dei - ne Wang' an mei - ne Wang'!

pp

IN THE SHADOW OF MY TRESSES

(IN DEM SCHATTEN MEINER LOCKEN)

Translated from an anonymous Spanish poet
by PAUL HEYSE (1830 -)
English version by Arthur Westbrook

(Composed in 1856)
(Original Key, A minor)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 1, No. 4

Lively (Frisch und frei)

PIANO

mf

p

In the shad - ow of my tress - es Sleeps my lov - er, breath - ing
In dem Schat - ten mei - ner Lo - cken schief mir mein Ge - lieb - ter

low, Sleeps my lov - er, breath - ing low.
ein, schief mir mein Ge - lieb - ter ein.

ff

p *mf* *f* *rit.* *a tempo*
(nachsinnend) (zurückgehalten)

Shall I wake him now? Shall I wake him now? Ah, no! ah, no!
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? Weck' ich ihn nun auf? Ach nein! ach nein!

p *f* *rit.* *a tempo*
(zurückgehalten)

Vain - ly do I gath - er neat - ly Ev - 'ry morn my dusk - y tress - es,
Sorg - lich strahlt ich mei - ne krau - sen Lo - cken täg - lich in der Frö - he,

For the wind with rough ca-ress-es Soon dis-or-ders them com-plete-ly;
doch um-sonst ist mei - ne Mü - he, weil die Win - de sie zer - rau - sen;

rit.
(zurückgehalten)

a tempo

p

rit.
(zurückgehalten)

Thus em-bow-er'd, lull'd by breez-es, Sleeps my lov-er, breath-ing
Lo - cken-schat-ten, Win-des - sau - sen schlä - fer - ten den Lieb - sten

low,
ein, Sleeps my lov-er, breathing low.
schlä - fer - ten den Lieb - sten ein.

ff

as before
p (wie vorhin)

f rit.
(zurückgehalten)

Shall I wake him now? Shall I wake him now?
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? Weck' ich ihn nun auf?

a tempo

Exactly as before.
(Genau wie vorhin)

— Ah, no! ah, no! As so oft be-fore I've lis-ten'd I shall
— Ach nein! ach nein! Hö - ren muss ich, wie ihn grä - me, dass er

hear him tell his yearn-ing, Tell his love so hot-ly burn-ing
schmach - tet schon so lan - ge, dass ihm Le - ben gäb' und näh - me

rit.
(zurückgehalten)

For my eyes that star-like glis-ten'd.
die - se mei - ne brau - ne Wan - ge.

a tempo

rit.
(zurückgehalten)

As his "lit - tle snake" I'm chris - ten'd, Yet he slum - bers, breath - ing
 Und er nennt mich sei - ne Schlan - ge und doch schlief er bei mir

ped.

low, Yet he slum - bers, breath - ing low.
 ein, und doch schlief er bei mir ein.

p

ped. *

rit.
 (zurückgehalten)

Shall I wake him now? Shall I wake him now?
 Weck' ich ihn nun auf? Weck' ich ihn nun auf?

cresc.

rit.
 (zurückgehalten)

cresc.

pa tempo

Ah, no! ah, no!
 Ach nein! ach nein!

a tempo

p

ff

ped. *

SPRING NIGHT

(FRÜHLINGSNACHT)

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)

Translated by Isabella G. Parker

(Composed in 1856)

(Original Key, F)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 1, No. 6

VOICE *Vivace p*

O'er the gar - den's scent - ed bow - ers
 Ue - ber'm Gar - ten, durch die Lüf - te

PIANO *p*

Songs of birds are sound-ing sweet; Spring re - turns with fair - est
 hört' ich Wan - der - vö - gel zieh'n, dass be - deu - tet Früh - lings-

cresc. molto *f*

flow - ers Fresh - ly bloom-ing at our feet.
 düf - te, un - ten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.

f *dim.*

with great feeling
(sehr ausdrucksvoll)

Now for joy my
 Jauch - zen möcht' ich,

tears are flow - ing, Such de - light! ah can — it be?
 möch - te wei - nen, ist mir's doch als könnt's — nicht sein!

Old - en won - ders now — are show - ing In the moon-light soft to
 Al - te Wun - der wie - der schei - nen mit dem Mon - den-glanz her -

p rubato

me. Moon and stars — with joy are thrill - ing, Dream - y
 ein. Und der Mond, — die Ster - ne sa - gen's und in

a tempo *p* *molto*

- do groves — take up the tone, And the night - in-gale is
 Träu - - men rauscht's der Hain, und die Nach - ti - gal - len

f

trill - ing, "She — is thine, is thine — a - lone, —
 schla - gen's: sie — ist dei - ne, sie — ist dei - ne,

dim.

p

thine — a - lone!"
 sie — ist dein.

p

p

Spring — re - turns with fair - est
 Das — be - deu - tet Früh - lings -

p

flow - ers!
 düf - te!

pp

Ad.

LEAFY TREES WITH BOUGHS ENTWINING

(HOLDE, SCHATTENREICHE BÄUME)

11

Translated from an anonymous Spanish poet
by PAUL HEYSE (1830-)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Composed in 1860)
(Original Key, F#)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 4, No. 1

With ardent feeling (*Mit lebhafter Empfindung*)

PIANO

Leaf - - y trees with boughs en-twin -
Hol - - de, schat - ten - rei - che Bäu -

ing, Bend your bran - ches from a - bove; Soon will come the one I
me, nei - get, neigt die Zwei - ge dicht, naht das lieb - li - che Ge -

love — For whose face in dreams I'm pin - ing. Bend your
sicht, — das mir folgt in mei - ne Träu - me. Nei - get

bran - ches from a - bove; Soon will come the one I love, For whose
neigt die Zwei - ge - dicht, naht das lieb - li - che Ge - sicht, das mir

face in dreams I'm pin - ing. Stars, send forth your sil - ver
folgt in mei - ne Träu - me. Ihr Ge - stir - ne, de - ren

light, Ere the dawn your rays can cov - er; Shine with glan - ces clear and
Licht vor - ver - kün - det Ta - ges - schim - mer, wa - rum weckt ihr ihn denn

bright, Shine with glan - ces clear and bright,
nicht, wa - rum weckt ihr ihn denn nicht,

rubato *p*

That will wake my lag - gard lov - er. Night - in -
 schläft mein sü - sser Freund noch im - mer? Nach - ti -

rubato *p* *pp*

gale and lark so dear, Thro' the
 gall und Ler - che du, die ihr

dew - y thick - et wing - ing,
 singt zur frü - hen Stun - de,

Bear a mes - sage by your
 brin - get mei - nem Schatz die

pp

sing - ing: Tell my love I wait him here.
Kun - de, sei - ner harrt' ich oh - ne Ruh.

pp

cresc.

Dawn ——— ex - tends her ro - sy
Lei - - - se tagt es in der

cresc.

f

fin - gers, Day is break - ing,
Run - de ach, in - des - sen

f *mf*

The half measure equal to the whole in the preceding movement
 (Die halben Takte wie vorher die ganzen)

p with grief (schmerzlich) *f* *mf*

Kiss-ing rip-er lips he lin-gers, Me for - sak-ing! Me for -
hat er wohl an schö-nern Mun-de mich ver - ges - sen! mich ver -

p *f* *p* *mf*

Tempo I

sak - ing!
ges - sen!

p

mf

Leaf - y trees with
Hol - de, schat - ten -

boughs en-twin - ing, Bend your bran - ches from a - bove; Soon will
rei - che Bäu - me, nei - get, neigt die Zwei - ge dicht, naht das

come the one I love, — For whose face in dreams I'm pin - ing.
lieb - li - che Ge - sicht, — das mir folgt in mei - ne Träu - me.

f

p

p

Stars, send forth your sil - ver light, Ere the
 Ihr Ge - stir - ne, de - ren Licht, vor - ver -

dawn your rays can cov - er; Shine with glan - ces clear and
 kün - det Ta - ges - schim - mer, wa - rum weckt ihr ihn denn

frit. *p* *a tempo* *pp*

bright, Shine with glan - ces clear and bright, That will
 nicht, wa - rum weckt ihr ihn denn nicht? schläft mein

rit. *p* *a tempo* *pp una corda*

wake my lag - gard lov - er.
 sü - sser Freund noch im - mer?

ppp

TWO SPARKLING EYES I'VE SEEN

(MUTTER, ICH HAB' ZWEI AEUGELEIN)

17

Translated from Lope de Vega

by PAUL HEYSE (1830 -)

(Composed in 1860)

(Original Key, A minor)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 4, No 2

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

PIANO

Dreamily (Schwärmerisch) Δ

p *con Pedale*

Moth - er, two spar - kling eyes I've seen, Bright - est
 Mut - ter, ich hab' zwei Ae - ge - lein, schön und

decres. *p*

blue are their laugh - ing glan - ces; All my soul their light en - tran - ces,
 hei - ter und blau, ge - se - hen. Ach, um sie muss ich ver - ge - hen,

f

p *pp*

Yet they mock me in my pain! they mock my pain!
 und die Au - gen spot - ten mein, sie spot - ten mein!

pp

mf

In those eyes a ma - gic blight - ing Chan-ges all that meets their gaze; And in
 Zau - ber liegt in die - sen Au - gen, Al - les wan - delt ih - re Schau; und ich

mf

p

me their heav'n - ly rays Jeal - ous pangs of hell are light - ing.
 musst' aus Him - mel - blau Ei - fer - sucht der Höl - le sau - gen.

p

mf *f*

In their glance my death I've seen, Or my life is theirs to
 Sah in ih - rem lich - ten Schein so mein Le - ben, wie mein

mf *f*

f *f*

cher - ish, In their glance my death I've seen, Or my life is theirs to
 Ster - ben; sah in ih - rem lich - ten Schein so mein Le - ben, *f* wie mein

f

cher - ish. Ah, for them I faint, I per - ish! Yet they mock me in my
 Ster - ben, ach, um sie muss ich ver - der - ben, und die Au - gen spot - ten

f

p

pain! Tell me, who could ere be - lieve That de - ceit there-in you'd
 mein! Sagt, wer hätt' es je ge - dacht dass die Au - gen trüg - lich

mf

f *p* *mf*

find? All by love not strick - en blind Know full well they would de -
 sind? Doch wer nicht vor Lie - be blind, o wer hätt' es nicht ge -

p

p

ceive. Cap - tive in their depths I've lain, lain a
 dacht? Ich ver - lor mich ganz da - rein! Ich ver -

f *p* *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

f *p* *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

5

cap - tive, There a - lone to hope can wak - en, Life it - self from
 lor mich, muss auch dort mich wie - der fin - den. Ach, das Le - ben

me they've tak - en, Yet they mock me in my pain! they
 fühl' ich schwin - den, und die Au - gen spot - ten mein! sie

mock my pain!
 spot - ten mein! *With great expression*
 (mit höchstem Ausdruck)

mf *dim.* *pp*
 Ped.

THE TRUMPETS ARE CALLING

(SIE BLASEN ZUM ABMARSCH)

Translated from an anonymous Spanish poet
by PAUL HEYSE (1830-)
English version by Arthur Westbrook

(Composed in 1860)
(Original Key, F minor)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op.4, No. 4

In the style of a folksong
(Volksliederartig vorzutragen)

VOICE

mf *dim.* *p*

The trum-pets are call - ing with thrill-ing tone,— My
Sie bla - sen zum Ab - marsch, lieb Müt - ter - lein,— Mein

PIANO

mf

lov - er must leave me, must leave me— a - lone,— a - lone,— a -
Lieb - ster muss schei - den und lässt mich— al - lein,— al - lein,— al -

p

lone! Though
lein! Am

mf *p*

stars scarce are pal - ing in dawn's ro - sy
Him - mel die Ster - ne sind kaum noch ge -

light, Our sol - diers, sa - lut - ing, go
flohn, da feu - ert von fer - ne das

forth to fight. He starts in af - fright,
Fuss - volk schon. Kaum hört er den Ton,

f His knap - sack he fas - tens, *f* And from me he
sein Rän - ze - lein schnürt er, von hin - nen mar -

has - tens, *f* My heart with him
 schiert er, mein Herz hin - ter -

ff flown. *p* My lov - - er must leave - - me, must
 drein. Mein Lieb - - ster muss schei - - den und

leave me a - lone, a - lone, a -
 lässt mich al - lein, al - lein, al -

lone! *mf* Like
 lein! Mir

day reft of sun is my dark cloud of sor - row, Nor
 ist wie dem Tag, dem die Son - ne ge - schwun - den, Mein

mf

can ris - ing sun dis - pel it to - mor -
 Trau - ern nicht mag so bal - de ge - sun -

row, My joy is done; Ev - er - more — I
 den, Nach nichts ich frag', kei - ne Lust — mehr

f

lan - guish, In pain — and an - guish
 heg' ich, nur Zwie - sprach pfleg' ich

f

f *ff* *p*

I sad - ly moan. My lov - - er must
mit mei - ner Pein. Mein Lieb - - ster muss

ff *p*

Red. *

leave me, must leave me a - lone, a -
schei - den und lässt mich al - lein, al -

lone, a - lone!
lein, al - lein!

Red. *

ERE LONG, O HEART OF MINE

(DEREINST, GEDANKE MEIN)

EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815-1884)

(Composed in 1860)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 4, No 7

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key, E minor)

With quiet resignation
(In stiller Resignation)

VOICE

PIANO

p

Ere long, ere long, O heart of mine, shall peace be
Der - einst, der - einst, Ge - dan - ke mein, wirst ru - hig

p

thine. Tho' love's un - rest Doth still en - fold thee, Soon earth shall
sein. Lässt Lie - bes - gluth dich still nicht wer - den: in küh - ler

p

hold thee In slum - ber blest; No more in sor - row or love to
Er - den da schläfst du gut; dort oh - ne Lie - be und oh - ne

p

pine, Shall peace be thine, Shall peace be thine.
Pein wirst ru - hig sein, wirst ru - hig sein.

What life could nev - er To thee dis - cov - er, When life is
Was du im Le - ben nicht hast ge - fun - den, wenn es ent -

o - ver Is thine for - ev - er. Be - neath earth's cov - er No more thou'lt
schwun - den wird's dir ge - ge - ben. Dann oh - ne Wun - den und oh - ne

pine, O heart of mine, O ach - ing heart of mine.
Pein wirst ru - hig sein, wirst ru - hig, ru - hig sein.

pine, O heart of mine, O ach - ing heart of mine.
Pein wirst ru - hig sein, wirst ru - hig, ru - hig sein.

FOREST VOICES (WALDESGESPRÄCH)

(Composed in 1860)

(Original Key, C minor)

"The midnight tempest howls and raves
Like spirit voices from the graves."

„Der Mitternachtswind heult rauh und düster,
Gleich der Verstorbenen Grabgeflüster.“

JOSEPH von EICHENDORFF (1788-1857)

Translated by Arthur Westbrook

ADOLF JENSEN, Op.5, No 4

Allegro, alla ballata

(Schnell, balladenmässig)

The characters should be made distinct

(Die Charaktere sind genau zu unterscheiden)

VOICE

Turbulently and gloomily
(Rauh und düster)

PIANO

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

Ped.

*

whispering, somewhat flippantly
(flüsternd, etwas frivol)

The hour is late,
Es ist schon spät,

cold blows the breeze, — Who rides so lone-ly
es wird schon kalt, — was reit'st du ein-sam

*p**pp**pp*

mid the trees?
durch den Wald?

Why dost thou roam
Der Wald ist lang,

thro' for-est wide? — O fol-low me, and
du bist al-lein, — du schö-ne Braut, ich

*p**pp**pp*

be my bride!
führ' dich heim!

ff

ad. * *ad.* *

as a recitative; sadly
(recitativisch, schmerzlich)

p

"Men are de- ceit- ful, wom - en weak; With
„Gross ist der Män- ner Trug und List, vor

warningly
(warnend)

sf

wild de- spair my heart will break. Hark to the elf - horn
Schmerz mein Herz ge - bro - chen ist; wohl irrt das Wald - horn

pp

agitato
(dringend)

p

sound - ing near, O fly! 'tis death to lin - ger here!"
her und hin, o flich! du weisst nicht, wer ich bin."

sf

wildly (wild)

sf

p

Thy steed is brave, and well ar-ray'd,
So reich ge-schmückt ist Ross und Weib,

pp

p

How fair thou art, O love-ly maid;
so wun-der-schön der jun-ge Leib,

f (entsetzt auffahrend)

I know thee now—
jetzt kenn' ich dich—

p *f*

Ad. *

ff

dramatically (dramatisch)

God, hear my cry! Thou art the wick-ed Lo-re-
Gott steh' mir bei! Du bist die He-xe Lo-re-

ff

Ad. *

ley!
lei!

sf

dying away (verhallend)

f

Ad.

1

dolcissimo
(sehr zart)

pp

"Thou know'st me well! from rock - y steep My cas - tle views the
„Du kennst mich wohl von ho - hem Stein schaut still mein Schloss tief

dolcissimo
(sehr zart)

pp

fearfully
(schaurig)

pp

Rhine so deep. The hour is late, the cold winds roar;
in den Rhein. Es ist schon spät, es wird schon kalt,

gradually vanishing
(ganz leise verschwindend)

Thou'lt leave this for - est nev - er - more!"
kommst nim - mer - mehr aus die - sen Wald!"

pp

sf

ff

sf Led.

Led.

ppp

Led.

Led.

THOU GENTLE NIGHT OF SPRINGTIME

(DU FEUCHTER FRÜHLINGSABEND)

(Composed in 1860 - 66)

EMANUEL von GEIBEL (1815-1884)

Translated by Louis C. Elson

(Original Key, G)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 6, No 1

With gentle motion
(Leise bewegt)

VOICE

PIANO

p

p rit.

con Pedale

p

decresc.

Thou gen - tle night of spring - time, How art thou
Du feuch - ter Früh - lings - a - bend, wie hab' ich

a tempo

p

p

won - drous fair! From out the heav-en's cloud-cur - - tain
dich so gern — der Him - mel wol - ken-ver - han - - gen,

p

pp

A star peeps here — and there.
nur hier und da — ein Stern.

pp

L.H.

very tenderly
(äusserst zart)

As soft as lov - ers' sigh - ing
Wie lei - ser Lie - bes - o - dem

Red.

cresc.

Whis - - pers the balm - y breeze, And scent of
hau - - chet so lau die Luft, es steigt aus

mf

hid - den vio - lets Comes float - ing through the trees,
al - len Tha - len ein war - mer Veil - chen - duft

p

As soft as lov - ers' sigh - ing Whis - - pers the
wie lei - ser Lie - bes - o - dem hau - - chet so

p

Red. *

balm - y breeze.
lau die Luft!

Increasing in speed and tone
(Zunehmend in Zeitmass und Stärke)

pp

Red. *

p

I would a song im - a - - gine Like
Ich möcht' ein Lied er - sin - - nen, das

a tempo

p

Red. *

p

this en - tran - cing night, But can - not find a
die - sem A - bend gleich, und kann den Klang nicht

p

ca - dence So soft yet full of might, I
fin - den so dun - kel, mild und weich; ich

pp
can - not find a ca - dence So no - ble, so soft yet
kann den Klang nicht fin - den so dun - kel, so dun - kel,

pp *dreamily*
(vor sich hinträumend)
full of might. Thou gen - tle night of spring - time, How art thou
mild und weich. Du feuch - ter Frühl - lings - a - bend, wie hab' ich

won - drous fair!
dich so gern!
more slowly and softly
(leiser und langsamer)
ppp

NOW THE SHADOWS DARKEN

(NUN DIE SCHATTEN DUNKELN)

(Composed in 1860-66)

(Original Key, D $\flat$)

EMANUEL von GEIBEL (1815-1884)

Translated by Diana V. Ashton

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 6, No 2

With lively emotion
(In lebhafter Bewegung)

VOICE

PIANO

pp

Pedal at each change of harmony

p pensively
(wie träumend)

Now the shadows dark - en, Stars on stars a -
Nun die Schat - ten dun - keln, Stern an Stern er -

p

light, What a breath of long - ing
wacht: welch ein Hauch der Sehn - sucht

pp

pp

Floods the air at night; Thro' the sea of
 flu - tet in der Nacht! Durch das Meer der

ppp

fan - - cy Steer - ing with - out rest,
 Träu - - me steu - ert oh - ne Ruh',

cresc.

Seeks my soul thy spir - - it, Ha - ven, O how
 steu - ert mei - ne See - - le dei - ner See - le

cresc.

f *p*

blest! Take my heart's de - vo - - tion;
 zu. Die sich dir er - ge - - ben

f *p*

Thine it is a - lone! Ah, thou know'st that
 nimm sie ganz da - hin! Ach, du weisst, dass

p

pp

nev - er Have I been mine own, nev - er
 nim - mer ich mein ei - gen bin, nim - mer

rubato
 have I been mine own.
 ich mein ei - gen bin.

L.H.

ppp

*ped. * ped. * ped. **

dim.

*ped. **

IN THE MOUNTAINS

39

(IM GEBIRG)

(Composed in 1860 - 66)

(Original Key, D)

EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815-1884)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Munney

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 6, No 5

Briskly, and in a spirited manner
(Lebhaft, mit frischer Empfindung)

VOICE

PIANO

mf

p

The
Nun

breeze of morn - ing fresh - ly blows Thro' ev - 'ry bush and
rauscht im Mor - gen - win - de sacht so Busch als Wald - re -

p

tree; 'Tis thus that my long - ing day and night Takes
vier; so rauscht mei-ne Sehn - sucht Tag und Nacht, rauscht

p

p

flight — my love, to thee. So far thou art thou
im - mer-dar nach dir. Du merkst es nicht, du

p

canst — not hear, No word the winds con -
bist — so weit; kein Laut her - ü - ber

vey; O lag - ging hours no wings have I To
spricht; o schlim - me Zeit, ein - sa - me Zeit und

growing gradually louder
(nach und nach zunehmend)

bear — me swift a - way. From moun - tain
Flü - gel hab' ich nicht. Vom höch - sten

growing softer
(abnehmend)

peak my glan - ces sweep In vain to
 Berg mein Au - ge sieht um - sonst nach

f east and west; To greet thee near, thy song to
 West und Ost, ein Gruss zu dir, von dir ein

mf *passionately*
(leidenschaftlich)

hear, thy song to hear A -
 Lied, von dir ein Lied, das

p *mf*

lone can make me blest, To greet thee near, thy song to
 ist mein ein - zi - ger Trost, ein Gruss zu dir, von dir ein

f

hear A-lone can make me blest.
 Lied das ist mein ein - - z'ger Trost.

f

So while I roam thro'
 So sing' ich denn durch

wood and field All my heart is sing - ing
 Wald und Dorn mei - ne Weis' im Wan - der -

mf

still: "Thy love is such a
 zug: „Dei - ne Lieb' das ist mein

f won - drous wine I ne'er can
sü - sser Born, dess trink' ich

p

drink my fill, Thy
nie ge - - nug, dei - ne

f love is such a won - drous
Lieb' das ist ein sü - sser

f

Red. *

ff wine I ne'er can drink my
Born, dess trink' ich nie ge -

ff

Red. *

fill?
mug.

f *p* *f*

p

growing softer
(abnehmend)

pp

ML-2258

O FASTER, MY STEED!

(O SCHNELLER, MEIN ROSS, MIT HAST, MIT HAST!)

EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815-1884)

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Composed in 1860-66)

(Original Key, E)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 6, No. 6

Rather fast, with impatience
(Ziemlich schnell, ungeduldig drängend) *mf*

VOICE

O fast - er, my steed, — make
O schnel - ler, mein Ross, — mit

PIANO

p *increasing*
(*anschwellend*)

f

haste, make haste! — Thy fleet - est pace seems to
Hast, mit Hast! — Wie säu - - mig dünkt mich dein

f

mf

tar - - ry; To the woods — bear me hence — with my
Ja - - - gen, in den Wald — in den Wald — mei-ne

mf

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single staff with a treble clef and a 12/8 time signature. The piano part consists of two staves, treble and bass, also in 12/8 time. The score is divided into three systems. The first system begins with a tempo and mood instruction: 'Rather fast, with impatience (Ziemlich schnell, ungeduldig drängend)' and a dynamic marking of 'mf'. The voice part starts with a rest followed by the lyrics 'O fast - er, my steed, — make' and 'O schnel - ler, mein Ross, — mit'. The piano part begins with a piano dynamic 'p' and features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system starts with a forte dynamic 'f' and continues the vocal melody with lyrics 'haste, make haste! — Thy fleet - est pace seems to' and 'Hast, mit Hast! — Wie säu - - mig dünkt mich dein'. The piano accompaniment continues with a strong rhythmic pattern. The third system begins with a mezzo-forte 'mf' dynamic and features the vocal melody with lyrics 'tar - - ry; To the woods — bear me hence — with my' and 'Ja - - - gen, in den Wald — in den Wald — mei-ne'. The piano part continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, ending with a mezzo-forte 'mf' dynamic.

f *p* *pp*

bur - den of joy, My won - der - ful se - cret, O car - - - ry. A
 se - li - ge Last, mein sü - sses Ge - heim - niss zu tra - - - gen; es

growing louder
(zunehmend)

ro - sy flush from the set - - ting sun
 liegt ein trun - ke - ner A - bend - schein

pp *growing louder*
(zunehmend)

O - ver the moun - tain still hov - - - ers, While
 roth däm - mernd ü - - ber den Gi - - - pfeln, es

joy - ous and clear do the notes pro - long Of
 jauch - zen und wol - len mit fröh - lich sein die

bird - songs in leaf - y cov - ers.
 Vö - gel in al - len Wi - pfeln.

In a proud ecstasy of passion
(in stolzer Lust fortstürmend)

mf
 O could I rise with a
 O könnt' ich stei - gen mit

growing louder
(*stärker werdend*)

glad - - some cry, Like the lark to heav - en
Ju - - - bel - schall wie die Lerch, em - por aus den

growing louder
(*stärker werdend*)

soar - - - ing, I'd wak - - en to song all the
Grün - - - den und dro - - ben den ro - si - gen

f

f

flam - - ing sky, My joy, my joy out -
Him - - - meln all mein Glück, mein Glück ver -

ff

pour - - - ing; Or as the storm in bois - ter-ous flight, Far out to
 kü - - - den; o - der ein Sturm mit Flü - gel-ge-walt zum Meer hin-

mf *ff*

sea I'd be wing - ing, The rap - ture that fills all my heart with light To the
 brau - sen, dem blau - en, und dort was im Her-zen mir glüht und schallt den ver-

mf *ff*

mf

si - lent bil - lows bring - ing. To mor - tal ears I may breathe no word, A -
 schwie-g'nen Wel - len ver-trau - en! Es darf mich hö - ren kein mensch - lich Ohr, ich

mf

loft with the lark may not hover, Yet like the storm is my
 kann wie die Ler - chen nicht steigen, ich kann nicht wehn wie der

ff be - ing stirr'd *p* My se - cret joy to dis -
 Sturm em - por, und kann's doch nim - mer ver -

more quietly and slowly
(ruhiger und leiser)
 cov - er. O sil - ver - y moon, thou shalt
 schwei - gen. So wiss' es, du blin - ken - der

more quietly and slowly
(ruhiger und leiser)

know my bliss, Ye trees with your branches wide
 Mond in Fluss, so wisst es, ihr Bü - chen im

fling - - - ing: She is mine, she is
 Grün - - - de: Sie ist mein, sie ist

suddenly f (plötzlich)

mine! Her burn - ing kiss Up - on my lips still is
 mein! Es brennt ihr Kuss auf mei - nem se - li - gen

ff mf sf p

p

cling - ing.
Mun - de

p

growing slower
(*langsamer werdend*)

pp

In tones of melting tenderness
(*In zarter, ruhiger Stimmen verschmelzung*)

pp

A BREATH OF SPRING (WIE LENZESHAUCH)

53

ALBERT TRAEGER

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

(Composed in 1860-66)

(Original Key, Ab)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 9, No 1

In moderate time, with much feeling
(Mässig bewegt, sehr innig)

VOICE

A breath of spring, o'er me you've quick-'ning stray'd, When
Wie Len - zes - hauch hast Du mich stets er - quickt, was

PIANO

rage, and grief my ver - y soul were rend - ing; I touch'd your
wild und schmerz - lich mir die Brust be - weg - te, wenn Dei - nes

gar-ment's hem, the storm was laid, As tho' be - fore your gen - tle pow - er
Klei - des Saum ich nur er - blickt, war mir es schon, als ob der Sturm sich

bend - ing. And like a ben - e - dic - tion shows a -
 leg - te. Und ü - ber mich kommt ei - ne sü - sse

p

R.H.

p

new Your love - ly face, its beau - ty o'er me steal - ing. My heart in
 Ruh', schau' ich Dein Ant - litz an, das schö - ne, mil - de, voll An - dacht

deep de - vo - tion turns to you, As at his shrine the pil - grim
 wen - det sich mein Herz Dir zu: so kniet der Pil - ger vor dem

mf

mf

wor - ships kneel - ing. No stat - ue cold are you, full well I know,
 Gna - den - bil - de. Keinstei - nern Bild bist Du, fühl - los und kalt,

p

sfp

p

With life-less charm in vain to life ap-peal-ing: O'er oth-er
 mit tod-ten Rei-zen, die nur Le-ben lü-gen: zum Her-zen

sfp *p*

mf

hearts your own tri-um-phant casts The won-drous spell your fair face is re-
 spricht mit sie-gen-der Ge-walt das schön-ste Herz aus Dei-nen schö-nen

mf

p

veal- - ing, That your fair face, your fair face is re-
 Zü - - gen, das schön-ste Herz aus Dei-nen schö-nen

p

veal- - ing.
 Zü - - gen.

pp

ONCE BY THY BEAUTY KINDLED

(ALS EINST VON DEINER SCHÖNE)

SONGS OF HAFIS, No 1

(Composed in 1860 - 66)

Translated from the Persian

by G. F. DAUMER

(Original Key)

English version by Frederick H. Martens

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 11, No 1

Broad but not dragging, and throughout with much freedom

(Breit, nicht schleppend und durchaus frei vorzutragen)

VOICE

PIANO

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part begins with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The score is divided into three systems, each with a voice line and a piano line. The lyrics are provided in both German and English. The piano accompaniment features arpeggiated chords and flowing lines, with some measures marked with 'x' and 'o' symbols. The voice part is written in a single line with a treble clef. The tempo/style instruction at the top reads 'Broad but not dragging, and throughout with much freedom' and its German equivalent '(Breit, nicht schleppend und durchaus frei vorzutragen)'.

Once by thy beau - ty kin - dled, O thou, my heart's a - dored one,
 Als einst von dei - ner Schö - ne, o mei - ne sü - sse Won - ne,

A ray of rap - ture wing - ing Sped thro' the heav - ens, fling - ing A
 ein Strahl ent - zück - ter Ah - nung durch al - le Him - mel hin, durch die

ra - diance like morn - ing; Of whose bright beams was born then
nun erst er - hell - ten, sich brei - te - te ge - bo - ren

p

Ped. *

In - stant a god - dess might - y, Fair Love! — — — whose
ward ei - ne neu - e Gott - heit; die Lie - be

f

L.H. mf

Ped. *

pow - er bends Heart of mine — — — to serve her ends. And o - ver the
war's, der Her - zen ge - wal - ti - ge Kö - ni - gin. Und ü - ber die

f

sf

f

Ped. *

spread - ing heav - ens stretch'd cor - us - cant the scep - tre Which mark'd her high com - mand;
Him - mel schwang sie den flam - men - sprüh - den Zep - ter mit ih - rer stol - zen Hand;

mf

Ped. *

p The an-gels chill, ig-nor-ing, *mf* Be-hold that scep - tre flame *pp* out - pour - ing,
al-lein die En-gel stan-den in mit - ten ih - rer Feu - er eis - kalt

Un - moved they stand.
und un - ent-brannt.

pp *mf* *accel. e cresc.* *p* *f* *f*

Then rage the
Da fass - te

mf *f* *f* *ff* *a tempo*

god - dess sei - zes! To earth by heav - en spurnd, And to man's re - spon - sive
Zorn die Göt - tin; sie flog zur Er - de nie - der, zu fuh - len-den Men - schen

f *p* *cresc.*

mf

heart her pin-ions' flight she turn'd.
Her - zen die Fit - ti - ge ge - wandt.

p *mf* *f*

Ad. ** Ad.* ***

p

And since that day — transcend - ing, And since that
Seit je - nem Ta - ge sprü - hen, seit je - nem

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

pp *accel. e cresc.*

day — transcend - ing, In glo - ry nev - er - end - ing Love
Ta - ge glü - hen die Flam - men ih - res Zep - ters durch

accel. e cresc.

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

f *mf*

waves o'er earth her wand! — And since that
al - les ird' - sche Land; seit je - nem

f *mf*

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

day — tran - scend - ing, And since that
Ta - ge sprü - hen, seit je - nem

Ad. *mf*

day — tran - scend - ing In glo - ry
Ta - ge glü - hen die Flam - men

Ad. *mf*

nev - er - end - ing Love waves o'er earth her
ih - res Zep - ters durch al - les ird' - sche

Ad. *Ad.*

wand! Land; And since that
Land; seit je - nem

f *p*

somewhat slower, with great expression
(etwas langsamer, sehr ausdrucksvoll)

Ad. *Ad.*

day, — — — — — ge, that day tran -
Ta - - - - - seit je - - - - - nem

scend - - - ing, Flash - ing, flam - ing, in glo - ry nev - er -
Ta - - - ge sprü - hen, glü - hen die Flam - men ih - res

end - ing Love waves o'er earth her wand!
Zep - ters durch al - les ird' - sche Land.

pp cresc. f

A FUTILE CANDLE FLAME AM I

(ICH BIN EIN ARMES LÄMPCHEN NUR)

SONGS OF HAFIS, No 2

Translated from the Persian

by G. F. DAUMER

(Composed in 1860-66)

(Original Key, B $\flat$)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 11, No 2

English version by Frederick H. Martens

Rather slowly, with much feeling

(Ziemlich langsam, schwärmerisch)

VOICE

p

A fu-tile can - dle flame am I, Un - cer-tain cast up-on the
 Ich bin ein ar - mes Lämp-chen nur, ein däm-mern-des in dun-klar

PIANO

p

Red. *

night;— But thou art like the dawn-ing light Rose - col - or'd
 Nacht;— du bist die lich - te Mor - gen - pracht auf - strah - lend

p

Red. *

in the sky. In glo - ry high
 im A - zur, Du strah - le nur,

mf

mf

L. H.
f

Red. *

mf

fill thou the sky!
du pran - ge nur!

mf *f*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

p

Tho' in thy won - drous ra - diance bright My ti - ny
Wie - wohl vor dei - nem An - ge - sicht des ar - men

p

flame be lost to sight, ——— With-out a trem-or it will
Lämp - chens Au - ge bricht, ——— ich be - be nicht, ich ban - ge

p

Red. * *Red.*

die!
nicht;

pp *p* *mf*

O gleam on high, O beam on high,
du leuch - te nur, du leuch - te nur,

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.*

For glad - ly will I die If with thy light thou fill the
und ich ver - ge - he, gern in dei - nem Licht, in dei - nem

sky;
Licht;

p O gleam on high,
du leuch - te nur,

p If with thy
und ich ver -

Red. *

light thou fill the sky I'll glad - ly, glad - ly die.
ge - he gern in dei - nem Licht, in dei - nem Licht.

mf *f*

Red. *

f *mf*

Red. *

HERE WHERE ROSE AND GRAPE ENTWINE

65

(ZU DER ROSE, ZU DEM WEINE)

(SONGS OF HAFIS, No 6)

Translated from the Persian by

G. F. DAUMER

(Composed in 1860-86)

(Original Key, B minor)

English version by Frederick H. Martens

ADOLF JENSEN, Op.11, No 6

Rather fast, with restless longing

(Lebhaft, mit unruhigem Verlangen)

PIANO

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B minor). The piano part features a strong, rhythmic accompaniment in the bass with triplets and chords, and a more melodic line in the treble. Dynamics include 'f' (forte) and 'sf' (sforzando). The second system continues the accompaniment with a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking. The third system features a 'sf' marking and a 'mf' (mezzo-forte) marking. The fourth system ends with a 'ff' (fortissimo) marking and a 'Ped.' marking. The score is written for piano and includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

f Here where rose and grape en-twine, O come! To this
 Zu der Ro - se, zu dem Wei - ne komm! Her zu

p

sound - hush'd grove of mine, O come! Gen - tle, still the yearn - ing
 die - sem stil - len Hai - ne komm! Mild zu stil - len mei - ner

mf

p

mf

which me sears, Even a stone would show me pit - y, come!
 Schn - sucht, Ach, denn es rührt ja selbst die Stei - ne, komm!

p

p
Just to stem the
Hold zu hem-men

mf

p

Red. *

flow-ing stream of tears, Which for thee so long I've show-er'd, come!
mei-ner Zäh-re Bach, die ich schon so lan-ge wei-ne, komm!

p

pp

Red. *

Leaf-em-bow-er'd here with me to find E-den's fi-nal joy and
Mir zu spen-den hier im Laub-ge-mach E-dens Heil in al-ler

p

p

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

mf

rap - ture, come! Ah, come soon, or else the drift - - ing
 Rei - ne, komm! Bald, o bald, dass nicht in A - - sche

p

Lead. * Lead. Lead. Lead. Lead. Lead.

mf

wind But my ash - - es dead will
 jach fal - le mein ver-kohlt Ge -

pp *mf*

Lead. Lead. Lead. Lead.

mf *p* *with emphasis (bedeutungsvoll)* *p*

cap - - ture, come! Yet de -
 bei - - ne, komm! A - ber

sf *pp*

Lead. Lead. Lead. Lead. * Lead.

69

lay, till day's bright sun - shine flee,
erst, wenn Tag und Son - ne schwach,

sf

mf

Come to me then se - cret-ly, O come!
a - ber heim-lich und al - lei - ne komm,

Come to me then
a - ber heim-lich

mf

mf

se - cret-ly, O come!
und al - lei-ne komm!

pp

Come then
heim - lich

se-cret-ly, O come!
und al - lei - ne komm!

p

pp

mf

p

sf

LAST WISH (LETZTER WUNSCH)

(Composed in 1860-66)

WILHELM HERTZ
Translated by Arthur Westbrook

(Original Key, E minor)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op 14, No 1

With simple delivery
(Mit einfachem Vortrage)

VOICE

PIANO

p

1. My love will wed to -
2. Two gar-lands shall ye
1. Mein Schatz will Hoch - zeit
2. Zwei Sträuss-lein sollt ihr

mor - row While near to death I lie, — And with me shall be bur - ied,
weave me, Place one up - on my brow; — To him whose vows are bro - ken,
hal - ten, ich lie - ge auf den Tod — und neh - me mit zu Gra - be,
bin - den, eins hef - tet mir an's Kleid, — eins sen - det mei-nem Kna - ben;

Tho' I have drain'd it dry, — My cup of bit - ter sor - row.
Car - ry the oth - er now, — It is my part - ing to - ken.
was ich in Schmerz und Noth — um ihn ge - lit - ten ha - be.
es ist für al - le Zeit — die letz - te mei - ner Ga - ben.

p

mf

There at my lit - tle
O might my spir - it
An mei-nem Fen - ster
O dürft' ich un - ge -

mf

win - dow My flow'rs are all in bloom; When from this life I've part - ed, O
hov - er A - bove the hap - py pair, And, while the bells are ring - ing, My
blü - hen Gelb - vei - gel und Ros - ma - rin; wenn ich von Lieb' und Jam - mer hin -
se - hen dem fro - hen Paa - re nah'n, und wenn die Glo - cken läu - ten, ihn

mf

ped. *

p

take them from the room — Where I was bro - ken heart - - ed!
fer - vent bless - ing bear, — A - bove him si - lent wing - - ing!
weg ge - schie - den bin — tragt still sie aus der Kam - - mer!
seg - nend noch um - fah'n, — und tre - ten still bei sei - - ten.

p

p

ped. *

TINKLE GAILY, MY PANDERO

(KLINGE, KLINGE, MEIN PANDERO)

(Composed in 1860-66)

Translated from the Spanish of
Alvaro Fernandez de Almeida

by EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815-1884)

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key, E minor)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 21, No 1

Rather lively, but with somewhat melancholy tone
(Ziemlich lebhaft, mit etwas schwermüthiger Färbung)

PIANO

p

con Pedale

dim. (abnehmend)

p

mf

p

Tin - kle gai - ly, my pan - de - ro, Yet my thoughts a - far are
Klin - ge, klin - ge, mein Pan - de - ro, doch an an - dres denkt mein

borne, Tin - kle gai - ly, my pan -
Herz. Klin - ge, klin - ge, mein Pan -

mf

de - ro!
de - ro!

Pret - ty toy, could you be
Wenn du, mun-tres Ding, ver -

mf

shar - ing
stän - dest

In the pain my heart is bear - ing,
mei - ne Qual und sie em - pfän - dest,

p

mf *cresc.* (zunehmend)

Ev - 'ry tone, would ring de - spair - ing
je - der Ton, den du ent - sen - dest,

f

With the cry of one — for -
wür - de kla - gen mei - - nem

mf *cresc.* (zunehmend)

p

lorn.
Schmerz.

mf

p

mf

For the dan - - cers' whirl - ing
Bei den Tan - - zes Drehn und

mf

pleas - ure Must I beat the rhyth - mic meas - ure;
Nei - gen schlag' ich wild den Takt zum Rei - gen,

mf

Had my thoughts a - las! no lei - sure O'er my bit - - ter fate to
dass nur die Ge - dan - ken schwei - gen, die mich mah - - nen an den

f rit. (zurückgehalten) *mf a tempo (im tempo)*

mourn. _____ Ah, my friends, while mu - sic mak - ing
Schmerz. _____ Ach, ihr Herrn, dann will im Schwin - gen

rit. (zurückgehalten) *a tempo (im tempo)*

p

Red. *Red.* *Red.*

mf Oft my heart is well-nigh break - ing; An - guish in my song is
 oft - mals mir die Brust zer - sprin - gen, und zum Angst-schrei wird mein

mf wak - - ing, For a - far my thoughts are borne, a - far my thoughts are
 Sin - - gen, denn an an - dres denkt mein Herz, an an - dres denkt mein

borne, are borne.
 Herz, mein Herz.

calando
 (ganz verhallend)

ppp

FROM SLUMBER AWAKEN

(UND SCHLÄFST DU, MEIN MÄDCHEN)

(Composed in 1860-66)

Translated from the Spanish of G. Vicente

by EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815-1884)

English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key, F)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 21, No. 3

In folksong style (*Im Volkston*)

VOICE *mf*

From slum - ber a - wak - en, And - rise now, my
Und - schläfst du, mein Mäd - chen, auf, - öff - ne du

PIANO *mf*

dear; For the hour is ap - proach - ing When we jour - ney - from
mir; denn die Stund' ist ge - kom - men, da wir wan - dern - von

here. Tho' shoes thou art - lack - ing, No - heed - we'll - be -
hier. Und - bist oh - ne - Soh - len, leg' - kei - ne - dir

mf

stow; Thro' wide rush-ing wa-ters Our path-way doth go. — Thro' the
 an; durch rei-ssen-de Was-ser geht un-se-re Bahn. — Durch die

f *mf*

p *mf*

deep flow-ing tide Of the Gua-dal-qui-vir, For the hour is ap-
 tief tie-fen Was-ser des Gua-dal-qui-vir; denn die Stund' ist ge-

p *mf*

f *p*

proach-ing When we jour-ney from here, For the hour is ap-proach-ing When we
 kom-men, da wir wan-dern von hier, denn die Stund ist ge-kom-men, da wir

f *p*

Ad. *

mf

jour-ney from here.
 wan-dern von hier.

mf *p* *L.H.*

Ad. *

MURMURING BREEZES

(MURMELNDES LÜFTCHEN)

(Composed in 1860-66)

Translated from an anonymous Spanish poet
by PAUL HEYSE (1830-)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Original Key, G $\flat$)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 21, No. 4

With gentle motion, as delicately as possible
(Leise bewegt, so zart als möglich)

VOICE

p

Mur - - mur - ing breez - es,
Mur - - meln - des Lüft - chen,

PIANO

pp

Ad.

scent - ed air, _____ Come from o - ver seas, _____ Thro'
Blü - then - wind, _____ der die schö - ne Welt _____ durch-

Ad. Ad. Ad. Ad. Ad.

rus - tling trees, _____ Sing a song _____ with the leaves _____ of the
wan - - delt, _____ sing' ein Lied _____ mit den Blät - - tern der

p

Ad. Ad. Ad. Ad. Ad.

lin - den, Sing a song with the leaves of the
Ul - me, sing' ein Lied mit den Blät - tern der

mf

mf

dim. (abnehmend)

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.*

lin - den, For she sleeps my maid - en
Ul - me, denn es schläft mein sü - sses

p *pp*

pp

Ad. * *Ad.* *

fair, For she sleeps my maid - en
Kind, denn es schläft mein sü - sses

mf

mf

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.*

fair.
Kind.

pp

Ad. * *Ad.*

p

Gen - tle zeph - yr from the west,
Heu - te sollst du, sanf - ter West,

p

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

p

Keep her hap - py sleep un - bro - ken,
Schlum - mer ii - ber die er - gie - ssen,

p

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.*

Though no word or lov - ing to - ken
die mich Frie - den nicht ge - nie - ssen,

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

Bids my tor - tured spir - it rest.
die mein Leid nicht schla - fen lässt.

p

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

pp *p* *pp*

Red. * *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

p

Rock her gen - tly, fra - grant air, Come from
Wie - ge sie mir ein ge - lind, Lüft - chen,

Red. *Red.* *Red.*

p

o - ver seas, Thro' rus - tling trees, Sing a
das die Welt durch - wan - delt, sing' ein

Red. *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

song with the leaves of the lin - den, Sing a
Lied mit den Blät - tern der Ul - me, sing' ein

Red. *Red.* *Red.* *

song with the leaves of the lin - den, For she
Lied mit den Blät - tern der Ul - me, denn es

p *pp*

mf *dim. (abnehmend)* *pp*

Red. * Red. Red. *

sleeps, my maid - en fair, For she sleeps, my
schläft mein sü - sses Kind, denn es schläft mein

mf

Red. * Red. * Red. Red. Red.

maid - en fair.
sü - sses Kind.

pp

Red. Red.

Through the leaf - y cov - erts turn - ing
Schwei - fest zwi - schen grü - nen Zwei - gen,

p *p*

* Red. * Red. * Red. Red. Red.

Tell her of the hope I cher-ish'd, Now, a-las! un-time-ly per-ish'd,
 lu-stig mur-melnd von den Won-nen, die mir al-le nun zer-ron-nen

Tho' my an-guish still is burn-ing. Cool-ing, per-fumed
 von dem Lied, das heut mein ei-gen. Küh-ler sanf-ter

mur-mur-ing air, Come from o-ver seas, Thro'
 plau-der-der Wind, der die schö-ne Welt durch-

rus-ting trees, Sing a song with the leaves of the
 wan-delt, sing' ein Lied mit den Blat-tern der

lin - den, Sing a song with the leaves of the
Ul - me, sing' ein Lied mit den Blät - tern der

mf

mf *dim.*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.*

lin - den, For she sleeps, my maid - en
Ul - me, denn es schläft mein sü - sses

p *pp*

pp

Red. * *Red.* *

fair, For she sleeps, my maid - en
Kind, denn es schläft mein sü - sses

mf

mf

Red. * *Red.* *Red.* *Red.*

fair.
Kind.

pp

Red. * *Red.* *

WHERE FLOWS THE BRIGHT RIVER

(AM UFER DES FLUSSES, DES MANZANARES)

Translated from an anonymous Spanish poet
by EMANUEL GEIBEL (1815-1884)
English version by Charles Fonteyn Manney

(Composed in 1860-66)

(Original Key, D)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 21, No 6

Spirited, and with delicate expression
(Lebhaft, mit durchaus zartem, anmuthigem Vortrage)

In the style of a Mandolin
(Durchweg leicht gestossen, in Art der Mandoline)

PIANO

una corda
(Verschiebung)

mf tre corde
(ohne Verschiebung)

mf

Where flows the bright riv - er, the Man - za - na - res, A maid wash-es
Am U - fer des Flus - ses, des Man - za - na - res, spült Lin - nen das

* *senza Pedale*
(ohne Pedal)

lin - en, And dries in the breez - es, the breez - es; Where flows the bright
 Mäd - chen und trock - net's im Win - - de, im Win - de; am U - fer des

p

Ad. *Ad.*

riv - er, the Man - za - na - res, A maid washes
 Flus - ses, des Man - za - na - res, spült Lin - nen das

p

Ad. * *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* * *Ad.*

lin - en, And dries in the breez - es. The lin - en she dips in the
 Mäd - chen und trock - net's im Win - - de. Und taucht sie das Lin - nen in's

p

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

wa - ter be - low, Where clear, sun - ny pools check the swift - riv - er's flow, And the
 Was - ser hin - ein, da hal - ten mit Rin - nen die Flu - then schon ein, und der

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

stone where she spreads it All spar - kling is seen, And the banks blos - som
 Stein drauf sie's win - det fängt hell an zu glühn, und das U - fer wird

f

Lead. * Lead. * Lead. * Lead.

green By Man - - za - na - res,
 grün am Man - - za - na - res,

Lead. Lead. * Lead. Lead. * Lead.

Where a maid her lin - en wrings and dries in the breez - es, — Where she
 - wo das Mäd - chen Lin - nen spült und trock - net im 'Win - de. — Wo sie

mf *p*

Lead. * Lead. *mf* *p*

wades in the wa - ter With her feet white as snow The waves gleam like
 tritt in die Wel - le mit dem schnee - i - gen Fuss, da scheint auf der

Lead. Lead. Lead.

crys - tal And pause in their flow; Bright pearls deck the ros - es When her
 Stel - le kry - stal - len der Fluss, Perl - mut - ter die Ro - sen, wo die

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

cloth strews the strand, Like a gar - den the land Near Man - za - na - res,
 Tü - cher sie spannt, und ein Gar - ten das Land am Man - za - na - res,

f *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

mf *poco rit.*
 (etwas zurückgehalten)

Where a maid her lin - en wrings, and dries in the breez - es.
 wo das Mäd - chen Lin - nen spült und trock - net im Win - de.

mf *poco rit.*
 (etwas zurückgehalten)

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

a tempo
p una corda
 (Verschiebung)

Ped. * *Ped.* *

pp molto dolce
(sehr leise)

The cloud-lets ca - ress her When pass - ing be - neath, And the
Die Win - de, die lau - en, ver - hal - ten den Hauch, und der

pp molto dolce
(sehr leise)

rit.
(zurückgehalten)

*Ad. * a tempo*

breeze holds its breath, The sky bends to bless her And the
Him - mel ruht auch, ihr Ant - litz zu schau - en. Und es

rit.
(zurückgehalten)

a tempo

cresc.
(anschwellend)

*Ad. **

mir - - ror - like wa - - ters Re - flect clear and
spie - - geln die Was - - ser so klar und so

tre corde
(ohne Verschiebung)

cresc.
(anschwellend)

Ad.

bright The love - li - est sight In Man - za -
mild, das rei - zen - de Bild im Man - za -

f

Ad.

na - res, As the maid her lin - en wrings and
na - res, wie das Mäd - chen Lin - nen spült und

mf

mf

Ped. Ped. *

poco rit.
(etwas zurückhalten)

dries in the breez - es.
trock - net im Win - de.

a tempo

poco rit.
(etwas zurückhalten)

p *una corda*
(Verschiebung)

Ped. with each measure
(Ped. in jedem Takt)

Ped.

Ped.

BARCAROLE

(Composed in 1860-66)

(Original Key, F)

J. L. HEIBERG

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 23, No 2

Andantino quasi Allegretto

VOICE

PIANO

p dolce *f*

Dear - est night! how si - - lent
Sü - sse Nacht! Wie schwei - - get

seems the air a - dream! Morn her spells de -
rings die Luft so lau! Mond sein Ant - litz

vis - ing, While from wa - ters ris - ing Sil - ver
 nei - get, aus dem Was - ser stei - get lei - se

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

mist - wraiths gleam, — Sil - ver mist - wraiths gleam.
 auf der Thau, — lei - se auf der Thau.

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *Ad.* *f* *Ad.*

p
 Songs the waves are sing - ing — Lull us with de -
 Wel - len - me - lo - di - en — wie - gen ein - das

p *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

light, _____ Sor - row from us driv - ing,
Herz; _____ Klag' und Seuf - zer flie - hen,

Ad. * *Ad.* *

Ten - der breez - es striv - ing Sky-ward bear in
mil - de Lüf - te zie - hen, stre - ben him - mel -

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

flight; _____ Sky-ward bear in flight.
wärts, _____ stre - ben him - mel - wärts.

mf *f*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 30, № 1.

[illegible]

p

What wrong, my
Was ist's, o

mf

p

pp

Ped. *

p

fa - ther, is it I've wrought? You've bro - ken my
Va - ter, was ich ver - brach? Du brichst mir das

p

Ped. *

heart, nor gave it a thought. My love I re -
Herz und fragst nicht dar - nach. Ich hab' ihm ent -

Ped. *

mf

nounced, as you bade me
sagt nach dei - nem Be -

mf

Ped. *

mf

do; Yet, still un - for -
 fehl, doch nicht ihn ver -

mf

Leg.

mf

got - ten, to him I am
 ges - sen, ich hab' es nicht

mf

Leg.

mf *f*

true. He lives on in me, and I
 Hehl. Noch lebt er in mir, ich selbst

mf cresc. *f*

Leg. *Leg.*

p *mf*

— am dead, Who've bow'd be-neath your stern com - mand - ment my head.
 — bin todt, und ü - ber mich schal - tet dein stren - ges Ge - bot.

p *mf*

Leg.

p

Ah, when at length heart and mind find rest,
 Wann Herz und Wil - le ge - bro - - chen sind,

p

Lead.

Grant to me then — but this last re - quest: That
 bit - tet um eins — noch dein ar - - mes Kind, Wann

Lead.

cre - - - - - scen - - - - -

when in fi - nal slum - ber I
 bald mein mü - des Au - - ge, mein

cre - - - - - scen - - - - -

Lead.

- do

soon shall close wear - y eyes, — And tears in your
 mü - - des Au - ge sich schliesst, — und Thrä - nen viel -

p

- do

Lead.

rit.

own, per - chance — may rise,
leicht das dei - - ne ver - giesst:

rit. *pp*

Led. *Led.* *Led.* *Led.*

p Più lento, dolce

In the church-yard fair, Where the
An der Kirch - wand dort, beim Hol -

p

Led. *

p *pp*

el - ders bloom O'er my moth - er's grave — You'll soon lay me there, Where my
lun - der - strauch, wo die Mut - ter liegt, — da le - ge mich auch, an der

p *pp*

Led. *

moth - er, where my moth - er lies.
Kirch - wand beim Hol - lun - der - strauch.

ppp

Led. *

MOTHER MINE, NOR RAIN NOR DEW

99

(NICHT DER THAU UND NICHT DER REGEN)

№ 3 from the "DOLOROSA" Cycle

(Composed in 1860-66)

ADALBERT CHAMISSO

(Original Key, C# minor)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 30, №3

Gloomily agitated, with wild grief

(Düster belebt, mit dem Ausdruck wilden Schmerzes)

VOICE

PIANO

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is C# minor (three sharps: F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 6/8. The score is divided into three systems. The first system shows the voice part with a whole rest and the piano part with a melody starting on a half note G#4, followed by eighth notes. The piano part is marked *mf*. The second system features the voice part with the lyrics 'Moth - er mine, nor rain nor dew Are' and 'Nicht der Thau und nicht der Re - gen'. The piano part continues with a melody marked *decresc.* and *p*. The third system shows the voice part with the lyrics 'fall - ing now_ up - on thy grave,' and 'drin - gen, Mut - ter, in dein Grab,'. The piano part continues with a melody marked *p*. The score includes various musical notations such as rests, notes, beams, and dynamic markings.

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

Red. * Red. *

Red. *

Red. Red.

p

Tears that burn are call - ing, Tears that yearn for pit - y
 Thrä - nen sind es, Thrä - nen dei - nes ar - men Kin - des

Lead. * *Lead.* *

p

fall - ing, Fall - ing on thy grave, Burn - ing
 rin - nen heiss zu dir hin - ab, rin - nen

cresc. *Lead.* * *Lead.* *

tears that pit - y crave.
 heiss zu dir hin - ab.

p *Lead.* * *Lead.* *

mf

And I dig with help - less fin - gers, 'Neath my nails the red drops
 Und ich gra - be, gra - be, gra - be; von den Nä - geln springt das

mf *

rise, To thee bring - ing With a
 Blut, ach! mit Schmer - zen, mit zer -

heart that pain is wring - ing, With a heart that pain is
 riss - nem, blut' - gem Her - zen, mit zer - riss - nem, blut' - gem

wring - ing What a - bove all else - I prize, What a -
 Her - zen bring'ich dir hin - ab - mein Gut, bring'ich

bove all else I prize. 'Tis my ring - to thee - en -
 dir hin - ab mein Gut. Mei - nen Ring, - sollst mir - ihn

ML-2271-

trust - ing, Moth - er mine, I yield for aye!
 wah - ren, gu - te Mut - ter, lie - be - voll:

f *p* *mf*

Ad. *

'Tis an - oth - er ring up - on me they are thrust - ing
 ach! sie sa - gen, dass ich ei - nen an - dern tra - gen,

mf

Ad. *

And my own they tell me
 ei - nen an - dern tra - gen,

mf

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

I must cast, must cast a - way. O my
 weg den mei - nen wer - fen soll. Ring, mein

rit. *a tempo* *p*

rit. *p* *a tempo*

Ad. *

ring, my dear - est treas - ure! Tho' from me thou ban - ish'd
 Ring, du theu - res Klei - nod! muss es denn ge schie - den

p

Lea *

art, — sein? — Well I
 sein? — Ach! ich

accel.

p

Lea * *Lea* * *Lea* *

know That I'll be com - ing soon to seek —
 wer - de bald dich su - chen, bald dich su -

mf

Lea * *Lea* * *Lea* *

thee In thy grave be - low, in thy
 chen in der Er - de, in der

p

Lea * *Lea* *

mf

grave be - - low Where we nev - er -
 Er - - - de und du wirst dann

mf

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

more - - - shall part.
 wie - - - der mein.

f *p*

ped. * *ped.* *

pp

ped. *

ped. * *ped.* *

IT SEEMED IN MY DREAM

105

(ICH HAB' IHN IM SCHLAFE)

№5 from the "DOLOROSA" Cycle

(Composed in 1860-66)

ADALBERT CHAMISSO

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

(Original Key, F# minor)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 30, № 5

Very fast, and with feverish agitation
(Sehr schnell, in fieberhafter Unruhe)

mf

VOICE

PIANO

It seem'd in my
Ich hab' ihn im

dream that he rose to my sight,
Schla - fe zu se - hen ge - meint,

My ter - ror, still haunts me, no
noch sträubt vor Ent - se - tzen mein

peace will al - low: I'd
Haar sich em - por, o

mf

p *cresc.*

rath - er have wept thro' a sleep - - less
hätt' ich doch schlaf - - - - los die Nacht durch -

mf

Leg. * *Leg.* * *Leg.* * *Leg.* *

night, Such nights as I've wept thro' ere
weint, wie man - - che der Näch - - te zu -

decresc.

Leg. * *Leg.* * *Leg.* * *Leg.* *

now! vor! He Ich

p

Leg. * *Leg.* * *Leg.* *

seem'd to me strange, and pal - lid and worn,
sah ihn ver - stört, zer - ris - sen und bleich,

p

Leg. * *Leg.* * *Leg.* *

mf

In the sand he wrote, his head down-bow'd; He
 wie er in den Sand zu schrei - - ben schien, er

mf

Lead. * Lead. * Lead. *

wrote both our names, this could I have sworn, And
 schrieb un - sre Na - - men, ich kannt' es gleich, da

f

Lead. * Lead. * Lead. * Lead. *

then did I cry a - - -
 hab' ich wohl laut ge - - -

Lead. Lead. Lead.

loud, cry a - - -
 schrien, laut ge - - -

Lead. Lead. Lead.

loud!
schrien.

p

ped. *

p

He
Er

shrank and start - ed to hear my cry, His
fuhr zu - sam - men, vom Schrei er - schreckt, und

ped. *

glance on me fell, no word did he say,
blick - te mich an, ver - stummt wie das Grab,

p

ped. *

p *cresc.* -

ped. *

mf *f*

My arms yearn-ing plead - ed with him to draw nigh, But
 ich hielt ihm die Ar - me ent - ge - gen-ge-streckt, und

mf

Red. *

p

he, he turn - ed a - way,
 er, er wan - dte sich ab,

mf *p*

Red. *

he turn - ed a - way.
 er wan - dte sich ab.

pp

Red. *

pp

Red. Red. Red. *

WHY SO PALE

(WIE SO BLEICH)

No 6 from the "DOLOROSA" Cycle

(Composed in 1860-66)

ADALBERT CHAMISSO

(Original Key, B)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

ADOLF JENSEN, Op.30, No 6

Rather slowly, with resignation
(Ziemlich langsam, ergebungsvoll)

VOICE

Why so pale and so
Wie so bleich ich ge -

PIANO

pp

p

pp

p

wan I've grown? Ah, — does it move you? Reap the
wor - den bin? Was — willst du fra - gen? Freu - e,

pp

p

mf

p

joy that your deeds have sown, I'll not re - prove you.
freu - e dich im - mer hin, ich will nicht kla - gen.

mf

p

pp *poco a poco*

Yours the hall and the mead - ow lands, The
Hast das Haus und die Fel - der auch, und

pp

Leg. *

cresc. *f* *p*

gar - dens lord - ly, Could you not where the el - der stands A
hast den Gar - ten, lass mich un - term Hol - lun - der - strauch den

cresc. *f* *p*

Leg. *

sempre p

plot af - ford me? Deep the place, yet not broad, I crave, Where
Platz er - war - ten. Tief das Plätz - chen und lang und breit nur

sempre p

Leg. *

soon I'm go - - ing, Ly - ing there in my si - lent grave
 wen' - ge Schu - - he leg' ich dort mich zu gu - ter Zeit

At last rest know - ing.
 und hal - te Ru - he.

p

ped. *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *

pp

ped. *ped.* *ped.* *

OLD HEIDELBERG, THOU FAIREST (ALT HEIDELBERG, DU FEINE)

113

(Composed in 1866-69)

(Original Key)

JOSEPH VICTOR SCHEFFEL
Translated by Mary A. Robinson

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 34

Allegro assai, vigoroso
(Ziemlich bewegt, kräftig)

VOICE

PIANO

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked 'Allegro assai, vigoroso' with the German equivalent '(Ziemlich bewegt, kräftig)'. The piano part begins with a forte (f) dynamic and includes various musical notations such as 'ten.' (tension), 'dim.' (diminuendo), 'p' (piano), 'sf' (sforzando), 'f' (forte), and 'legato'. The voice part enters with the lyrics 'Old Heidelberg, thou' and 'Alt Heidelberg, du'. The piano accompaniment features a recurring bass line with a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking and asterisks. The score concludes with a 'mf' (mezzo-forte) dynamic and a 'dolce' (sweet) marking for the final piano passage.

Old Hei - del-berg, thou
Alt Hei - del-berg, du

fair - est, With hon - or rich - ly crown'd, Be -
fei - ne, du Stadt an Eh - ren - reich, am

side the Rhine and Neck - ar Thy like can ne'er be found, No, thy
 Ne - kar und am Rhei - ne kein' an - dre kommt dir gleich, kei - ne,

f

Lead. *

like can ne'er be found.
 kei - ne kommt dir gleich.

ten.

p *f*

Lead. *Lead.* *

mf

Thou town of joy - ous com - rades, With wis - dom fill'd and wine,
 Stadt fröh - li - cher Ge - sel - len, an Weis - heit schwer und Wein,

p *mf* *R.H.*

p *cresc.*

— With wis - dom fill'd and wine, Clear flows thy gleam - ing
 — an Weis - heit schwer und Wein, klar ziehn des Stro - mes

f *p* *cresc.*

Lead. *

f

riv - er, Blue eyes re-flect its shine,
 Wel - len, Blau - äug - lein bli - tzen drein,

Blue eyes re-flect its shine.
 Blau - äug - lein bli - tzen drein.

dolce
 (etwas weicher)

And when from sun - ny south - land The
 Und kommt aus lin - dem Sü - den der

p

Spring's ap-proach we hail, She weaves for thee of
Früh - ling ü - ber's Land, so webt er Dir aus

blos - soms A glis - t'ning bri - dal veil, A glis - t'ning
Blü - then ein schim - mernd Braut - ge - wand, ein schim - mernd

bri - dal veil. With -
Braut - ge - wand. Auch

lento, largamente e con espressione
samer, breit und ausdrucksvoll

in my bos - om al - so As bride I hold thee dear, And
mir stehst du ge - schrie - ben in's Herz gleich ei - ner Braut, es

ML-2274-

cresc. *f*

sweet as love's a - vow - al Thy name en - chants my ear, How thy
 klingt wie jun - ges Lie - ben dein Na - me mir so traut, klingt so

cresc. *f*

Ad. *

name en - chants my ear!
 traut, ach, so traut. *Tempo I* *ten.*

f

Ad. *

mf

And when life's thorns shall sting me, And all grows bleak and pale,
 Und ste - chen mich die Dor - nen, und wird mir's drauss' zu kahl,

p *R.H. mf*

p *cresc.*

— And all grows bleak and pale, I'll spur my steed and
 — und wird mir's drauss' zu kahl, geb' ich dem Ross die

f *p* *cresc.*

Ad. *

f

seek me The Neck - ar's love - ly vale,
 Spor - nen und reit in's Ne - ckar - thal,

f

Red. *

Red. *Red.* *Red.*

The Neck-ar's love - ly vale.
 und reit in's Ne-ckar - thal.

Red. *Red.* *Red.* *

sempre f

Old Hei - - del - berg, thou fair - est, With
 Alt Hei - - del - berg, du fei - ne, du

sempre f

Red. *

f

hon - or rich - - ly crown'd, Be - side the Rhine and
 Stadt an Eh - - ren reich, am Ne - ckar und am

mf *f*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Neck - ar Thy like can ne'er be found, No, thy
 Rhei - ne kein' an - dre kommt dir gleich, kei - ne,

ten.
ten.

Ad. *

like can ne'er be found,
 kei - ne kommt dir gleich,

cresc. molto

Ad. *

ff rit.

No, can ne'er be found.
 kei - ne kommt dir gleich.

a tempo

ff rit.

Ad. *

ten.

Ad. *

O STAY THY PASSING, GOLDEN MOMENTS

(O LASS DICH HALTEN, GOLD'NE STUNDE)

(Composed in 1866-69)

(Original Key, E)

OTTO ROQUETTE

Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 35, No. 3

Very quietly and with great expression

(Sehr ruhig und ausdrucksvoll)

VOICE

O stay thy pass-ing, gold - en mo-ments That ne'er will come so
O lass dich hal - ten, gold' - ne Stun - de, die nie so schön sich

PIANO

p

fair a - gain! See where the moon - - light with its ra - diance
wie - der beut! Schau, wie die Mond - - nacht in die Run - de

Strews pal-lid ros - es o'er the plain. The sounds of day a - far have
all ih - re wei - ssen Ro - - sen streut. Des Ta - ges Stim-men fern ver -

p

f

fad - ed, All song is si - lent, not a word Dis - turbs our hap - py souls u -
 hal - ten, nicht Wor - te stö - ren, nicht Ge - sang, des still - sten Glü - ckes in - nig

f

Ad. *Ad.* * *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

p *mf* *f*

nit - ed, By speech - less rap - ture on - ly stirr'd. So heart on heart, my own for
 Wal - ten, nach dem die gan - ze See - le drang. So Brust an Brust, so ganz mein

p *mf* *f*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *Ad.*

mf

ev - er, Thy form be - loved — my arms en - fold! The night is
 ei - gen, so halt' ich dich, — ge - lieb - tes Bild! Es rauscht die

mf

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *

mute, our lips are si - - lent, And soul meets soul in
 Nacht, die Lip - pen schwei - - gen, und See - le tief in

Ad. * *Ad.* *

f *p* *cresc.* (zunehmend) *rit.*

bliss pro-found. I am thy joy, thou art my glo-ry, I am thy life, thou
See - le quillt. Ich bin dein Glück, du mei-ne Won-ne, ich bin dein Le - ben,

f *p* *cresc.* (zunehmend) *rit.*

a tempo *p* *con molto espress.* (mit höchstem Ausdruck) *mf*

art my light. What reck we now of day or sun-shine? O leave us
du mein Licht, was soll uns Tag, was soll uns Son - ne? Du schö - ne

f *p a tempo* *mf*

not, thou love-ly night, O leave us not, thou love-ly night,
Nacht, ent-flich' uns nicht, ent-flich' uns nicht, du schö - ne Nacht,

p *f*

— thou love-ly night.
— ent-flich' uns nicht.

p *una corda* (Verschiebung) *pp*

THE LINDEN

(AN DER LINDEN)

(Composed in 1866-69)

(Original Key, Ab)

OTTO ROQUETTE

Translated by Louis C. Elson

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 35, No 4

Quickly, with tender expression
(Schnell, mit zartem Ausdruck)

VOICE

PIANO

una corda
Led. * Led. * Led. * Led. *

p
Full of leaves is the
So viel Laub an der

mf *p tre corde*

cresc.
lin - den - tree, Full of blos - soms and fra - grance as well,
Lin - den ist, so viel Blü - then im Dief - ten sie treibt,

marcato *cresc.* *marcato*

Led. Led. *

Full of rose-buds is all the lea, Full of song-sters is
 so viel Hol - des zu fin - den ist, als der Mai auf die

mf

mf

Red. *

p all the dell; But in my heart a joy I hold
 Ro - sen schreibt: ach, so viel hun - dert - tau - send - mal

mf

p

mf

Red. *

Full-er than these by a thou-sand fold. Soon in my arms I'll en -
 jauchz'ich und schau' ich hin - ab in's Thal, denn auf dem Platz bei der

mf

p

mf

p

Red. *

mf

fold her, Un - der this tree be -
 Lin - - - den, will mich mein Schatz heut'

mf

ped. *ped.*

f

hold her! her!
 fin - - - den!

f *decresc.*

ped. *ped.* *ped.*

p

Ah, why am I not as
 Ach, wa - rum bin ich nicht

p

ped.

cresc.

fair as she? Why have I not of bright gold a store?
 schön und reich, ach, wa - rum hab' ich nicht Pracht und Gold?

p *marcato* *cresc.* *marcato*

ped. *ped.* *ped.*

That I might more her e - - qual be, That I might deck my queen
 Dass ich mein Schatz, an Schön-heit ihr gleich, schmü - cken mir könn - te so

ev - er-more! Tell me, O lin - den, what charm can be?
 wie - ich wollt! Sag mir, du Lin - de, o sag mir an,

What can she cher-ish in you and me? She priz-es noth-ing a -
 was ihr an uns nur ge - fal - len kann, weiss ja nichts Schö-nes zu

bove us, Why does she so deep - - ly
 fin - - den, nichts an mir, noch an der

mf *p* *mf* *p* *mf* *p* *mf* *p*

Lead. * *Lead.* * *Lead.* * *Lead.* * *Lead.* * *Lead.* *

f
love us!
Lin - den!

f *decresc.*

p
Down in the dale — where the wood - path
Drun - ten im Thal, — wo der Wald - weg

p

lies, Where round the boul - ders the brook foams
geht, wo durch die Fel - sen der Wild - bach

pp

mf
white, — See — she is
bricht, — seh' — ich sie

p

com - ing with lov - ing eyes, O
 kom - men, von Wind um - weht, o

f

cresc.

f

Red.

— thou, my dar - ling, my an - gel, my
 — du mein Le - ben, mein Lie - ben, mein

f

Red.

light, O thou, my dar - ling, my
 Licht, o du mein Le - ben, mein

mf

Red.

an - gel, my light! Now I'm rich, far be -
 Lie - ben, mein Licht! Ach, wie bin ich so

f

p

f

Red.

yond — all gold, Her to cher - ish, her form — to
reich, — so reich, ach, wie weiss — ich nichts Schön - 'res zu -

hold, — This joy — of all — is the rar - - est,
gleich — als auf — dem Platz — an der Lin - - den,

My dar - ling comes! My
an Herr - lich - keit zu

fair - est!
fin - den!

Musical score for "The Song of the Old Man" (No. 10). The score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major (two flats), and consists of three systems. The first system features a vocal line (Soprano) and a piano accompaniment (Treble and Bass). The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics: "Now I'm rich far beyond all gold, Ach, wie bin ich so reich, so reich,". The piano accompaniment features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *And.* (Andante).

Her to cher-ish, her form — to hold, This of all joys is the
 ach, wie weiss ich nichts Schön - 'res zu-gleich als auf dem Platz an der

Ped. *p*

rar - est, My dar - ling comes, my fair - - -
 Lin - den an Herr - lich - keit zu fin - - -

mf *f*

mf *Ped.* *

est!
den!

decresc.

p

* Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ML 2276-8

MARGRETA

(MARGRETH AM THORE)

131

OTTO ROQUETTE

Translated by Louis C. Elson

(Composed in 1866-69)

(Original Key, D $\flat$)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 35, No 5

Comodo (Gemächlich)

VOICE *mf*

A tav - ern — stands be - side the gate, The
Das be - ste — Bier im gan - zen Nest, das

PIANO *mf*

Red. *

beer is fresh and foam - ing; 'Tis gai - ly pour'd by —
schenkt Mar - greth am Tho - re, der - weil das frisch den —

PIANO *f*

Red. *

my Mar - gret, How oft to her I'm roam - ing. There
Gau - men nässt spricht hold Mar - greth zum Oh - rel Steht

PIANO *p*

very (sehr zart)

Red. *

tenderly
stands a spread-ing lin - den - tree,
vor der Thür ein Lin - den - baum,

tenderly

And as I drink she sits by me,
da schenkt sie mir den köh - len Schaum,

p
Mar - gret, my own Mar -
Mar - greth, Mar-greth am

p

mf *p*
gre - ta, my own Mar - gre -
Tho - re, Mar-greth am Tho -

*mf*One
Jüngst

tal
re.

sf *p* *mf*

Lea. *

sum - mer night, op - press'd with care, When slum - ber was de -
näch - tens hatt' ich kei - ne Ruh, mir war so weh, so

p

Lea. *

nied me, I wan-der'd to the lin - den there, And
ban - ge, da wan-dert' ich der Lin - de zu, mein

p *f* *p*

Lea. *

called Mar-gret be - side me. The moon look'd down with kind - ly face,
Lei - den währt nicht lan - ge! Der Mond ging auf so wun - der - sam,

p

Lea. *

She met me at the
Mar - greth, steh' auf! Mar -

tryst - ing - place!
greth sie kam,

Mar - gret, my own Mar -
Mar - greth, Mar-greth am

gre - ta, Tho - re, my own Mar - gre -
Mar - greth am Tho -

ta! re! Some Und

ML - 2277-6

poco più lento, molto espress.
(etwas langsamer, sehr ausdrucksvoll)

135

day my path shall wan - der free And ma - ny
wandr' ich ein - stens wie - d'rum aus das gan - ze

p poco più lento
(etwas langsamer)

La. * La. La.

ties will sev - er, But Gret - chen and the lin - den - tree
Nest ver - gess' ich, Mar - greth - lein hold im Lin - den - haus,

mf *p*

La. * La. La.

Rest in my heart for ev - er! The moon and ev - 'ry star a -
dein denk' ich un - ab - lās - sig! Der Mond, da - zu die gold - nen

accel. (bewegter) *p*

accel. (bewegter) *p* *cresc.*

La. * La. * La. * La. * La. *

bove Shall still re - mind me of my love,
Stern', ach könn - ten sie's, sie sag - ten's gern,

p **Tempo I**

La. La. La.

Shall still re-mind me
ach könn-ten sie's, sie

ped. *ped.* *ped.* *ped.*

of my love, sag-ten's gern, Mar -
Mar -

rit.
(etwas zurückgehalten)

ped. *ped.* *ped.* *ped.*

a tempo *mf* *p*

gret, my own Mar-gre-ta, my own Mar-gre-
greth, Mar-greth am Tho-re, Mar-greth am Tho-

p a tempo *mf* *p*

ped. *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.*

- ta!
- rel

p *rit.*

ped. *ped.* *ped.* *ped.*

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ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 39, No 2

P

ML - 2278 - 5

p dolce

dal - qui - vir. See the
dal - qui - vir. Sieh, der

p *cresc.* *subito p*

Red. *

cresc. *mf*

moon is soft - ly shin - ing: Hark! a - sound!
Mond ist auf - ge - gan - gen: lei - se, horch!

cresc. *mf*

Red. *

f *dim.* *p*

Gui - tar is play'd, 'Gainst her bal - co - ny — re -
Gui - tar - ren - ton, ei - ne Maid in Ju - gend -

sf *p*

Red. *

clin - ing See a beau - teous dark - eyed maid.
pran - gen steht ge - lehnt auf dem Bal - kon.

Red. *

p

Blos - soms and flow'rs
Nächt - li - cher Duft

cresc. *p*

Ped. *

mf

Per - fume night's hours, While roams and foams the Gua - dal - qui -
weht durch die Luft, es saust, es braust der Gua - dal - qui -

Ped. *

cresc. *f* *p*

vir, While roams and foams the Gua - dal - qui -
vir, es saust, es braust der Gua - dal - qui -

Ped. *

espressivo *p*

vir. Loos - en now thy soft man - til - la, Beam on
vir. Nimm vom Na - cken die Man - til - la, wie der

espressivo *p*

Ped. *

[illegible]

Blos - soms and flow'rs Per - fume night's hours, While
 N cht - li - cher Duft weht durch die Luft; es

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.*

roams and foams the Gua - dal - qui - vir, While roams and
 saust, es braust der Gua - dal - qui - vir, es saust, es

Red. *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *Red.* *

cresc.

foams the Gua - dal - qui - vir.
 braust der Gua - dal - qui - vir.

f *mf*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

cresc. *mf* *p*

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.*

DEPARTURE

(AUSFAHRT)

No 1 from the "GAUDEAMUS" Songs

(Composed in 1869-73)

JOSEPH VICTOR SCHEFFEL

Translated by Alice Matullath

(Original Key)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 40, No 1

Not too fast, tenderly
(Nicht zu schnell, zart)

VOICE *mf*

Dawn ra-diant is glow - ing, Spring green-er is grow - ing In
Berg - gi - pfel er - glü - hen, Wald - wip - fel er - blü - hen vom

PIANO *mf*

for - est and lea; Birds north-ward are wing - ing
Lenz - hauch ge - schwellt; Zug - vo - gel mit Sin - gen

p *mf*

And joy-ful-ly sing - ing; The wide world for me! The
er - hebt sei-ne Schwin - gen, ich fahr' in die Welt, ich

f *cresc.* *f* *p cresc.*

wide world for me!
fahr' in — die Welt.

f *p*

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.*

poco rit. mf a tempo

Sun — will not for — sake me; Wher —
Mir — ist zum Ge — lei — te in

poco rit. a tempo

mf p mf

Ad. *Ad.*

e'er I — be — take me, My com — rade 'twill be. It roams — with my
licht — gold' — nem Klei — de Frau Son — ne be — stellt; sie wirft — mei — nen

p mf

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

shad — ow O'er flow — er — ing mead — ow The wide — world to
Schat — ten auf blu — mi — ge Mat — ten, ich fahr' — in die

f *cresc. f*

Ad. *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

see, _____ The wide world to see.
Welt, _____ ich fahr' in— die Welt.

p cresc. *f* *p*

Ad. * Ad.

Sweet Mein

poco rit. mf *poco rit.* *mf* *p*

Ad. * Ad. * Ad.

a tempo *f* *mf*

ros - es I'm reap - ing On moss - y bed sleep - ing, 'Neath
Hut - schmuck die Ro - se, mein La - ger im Moo - se, der

a tempo *mf* *f*

Ad. * Ad. * Ad. * Ad. * Ad. *

p

heav'n I'm free. The cap - tives I pit - y In
Him - mel mein Zelt: mag lau - ern und trau - ern wer

p *p*

Ad. * Ad. * Ad. * Ad. *

cres- - - cen- - - do e

house and in cit - y; The cap - tives I pit - y In
will hin - ter Mau - ern, mag lau - ern und trau - ern wer

cres- - - cen- - - do e

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

stringendo ff a tempo

house and in cit - y; The wide world for
will hin - ter Mau - ern, ich fahr' in die

stringendo ff a tempo ten.

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

f mf cresc. f

me, The wide world, the world,
Welt, ich fahr' in die Welt,

f mf dolce p

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

mf

The wide world for me.
ich fahr' in die Welt.

sempre dolce

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

OLD ASSYRIAN SONG

(ALTASSYRISCH)

No 3 from the "GAUDEAMUS" Songs

JOSEPH VICTOR SCHEFFEL

Translated by Alice Matullath

(Composed in 1869-73)

(Original Key)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 40, No 3

With movement and humor
(Bewegt mit Humor)

VOICE

At As - ca - lon, in the old Black Whale, Three days a to - per sat,
Im schwar - zen Wall - fisch zu As - ca - lon da trank ein Mann drei Tag,

PIANO

Un - til as stiff as a broom he fell Be - neath the ta - ble flat. At
bis dass er steif wie ein Be - sen - stiel Am Mar - mor - ti - sche lag. Im

ten.

ten.

tr.

ped.

As - ca - lon, in the old Black Whale, The land - lord said: "Here, here! Of
schwar - zen Wall - fisch zu As - ca - lon, da sprach der Wirth; „Halt ein! Der

cresc. *mf*

cresc. *mf*

ped.

date - juice that one had too much; More than he'll pay, I fear." At
 trinkt von mei - nem Dat - tel - zaft mehr als er zah - len kann." Im

p *mf*

p *p*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

As - ca - lon, in the old Black Whale, The wait - ers by the score Now
 schwar - zen Wall - fisch zu As - ca - lon, da bracht' der Kell - ner Schaar in

Ad. *

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* *

brought his bill in cu - ne - i - form, On six large bricks, or
 Keil - schrift auf sechs Zie - gel - stein dem Gast die Rech - nung

decresc.

more. At As - ca - lon, in the old Black Whale, The
 dar. Im schwar - zen Wall - fisch zu As - ca - lon da

p

Ad. *

guest ex - claim'd, "Too bad! I spent while down at
 sprach der Gast: „O weh! Mein baa - res Geld ging

mf *p*

mf *p*

mf *p*

Nin - e - veh What read - y cash I had!" At As - ca - lon, in the
 Al - les drauf im Lamm zu Ni - ni - veh!" Im schwar - zen Wall - fisch zu

p *very softly*
 (sehr leise)

very softly
 (sehr leise)

old Black Whale, 'Twas half - past three, a - bout; The Nu - bian boun - cer with -
 As - ca - lon da schlug die Uhr halb - vier, da warf der Haus - knecht aus

cresc. *mf*

cresc. *mf*

out a - do Then kick'd the stran - ger out. At
 Nu - bier - land den Frem - den vor die Thür, Im

p *rit.* *f* *Slower*
 (*Langsamer*)

p *rit.* *f* *p legato*

contemplatively
(beschaulich)

quick
(schnell)

As - ca - lon, in the old Black Whale, Proph-ets are held as trash, And
 schwar - zen Wall - fisch zu As - ca - lon, wird kein Pro-phet ge - ehrt, und

he who wants a lit - tle fun, *p* And
 wer ver - gniigt dort le - ben will, und

mf *p*

Leg. * *Leg.* * *Leg.* *

cresc. *mf* *f*
 he who wants a lit - tle fun Must pay for it in cash.
 wer ver - gniigt dort le - ben will, zahlt baar, was er ver - zehrt.

cresc. *mf* *p* *ten.* *mf*

Leg. * *Leg.* *

ten. *ten.* *ten.*
ten. *f* *ten.* *ff* *ten.*

Leg. * *Leg.* * *Leg.* *

WHEN THROUGH THE PIAZZETTA

(WENN DURCH DIE PIAZZETTA)

(Composed in 1874)

(Original Key)

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

German translation by Ferd. Freiligrath

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 50, No 3

Con velocità
sempre p e segretamente

VOICE

When thro' the pi - az - zet - ta Night breathes her cool
Wenn durch die Pi - az - zet - ta die A - bend - luft

PIANO

una corda sin' al fine
p dolce

air, Then, dear - est Ni - net - ta, I'll come to thee
weht, dann weisst du, Ni - net - ta, wer war - tend hier

there. Be-
steht. Du

cresc. *mf* *p*

cre - - scen - - do

neath thy mask shroud - ed I'll know thee a - far,
 weissst, wer trotz Schlei - er und Mas - - ke dich kennt,

poco marcato *cresc.*

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

— As love knows, tho' cloud - ed, His own eve - ning
 — wie A - - mor die Ve - nus am Nacht - - fir - ma -

mf *p*

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

star, As love knows, tho' cloud - ed, His own
 ment, wie A - - mor die Ve - - nus am Nacht - -

mf *p*

Red. * Red. *

eve - ning star.
 fir - ma - ment.

leggierissimo

Red. * Red. * Red. * Red. *

sf p

Le. * Le. * Le. * Le. 3 2 1 2 1 * Le. * Le. *

p

In
Ein

Le. * Le. * Le. * Le. * Le. *

p

garb then re - sem - - bling Some gay - - gon - do -
Schif - fer - kleid trag' ich zur sel - - bi - gen

Le. * Le. * Le. * Le. * Le. *

lier, I'll whis - - per thee, trem - - bling: Our
Zeit, und zit - - ternd dir sag' ich: das

Le. * Le. * Le. *

bark, love, is near.
 Boot ist be - reit!

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.*

cresc. *mf*

cre - - - scen - - -

Now, now, while there hov - - er Those
 O komm! jetzt, wo Lu - - nen noch

p *cre - - - scen - - -*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.*

do clouds o'er the moon, 'Twill waft thee safe o - -
 Wol - - ken um - zieh'n, lass durch die La - gu - -

mf *p*

do *mf* *p*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.*

p *mf*

ver Yon si - - - lent la - goon, 'Twill
 nen, mein Le - - - ben, uns flieh'n, lass

p *mf*

Ad. * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.* * *Ad.*

de - - cre - - scen - - do *p sempre*

waft thee safe o - - ver Yon si - - - lent
durch die La - gu - - nen, mein Le - - - ben,

de - - cre - - scen - - do *p sempre*

* Ped. *

la - - goon. *flick'n!*

uns

leggierissimo

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

sfp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

pp

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN (JOCK VON HAZELDEAN)

155

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)
German translation by Ferd. Freiligrath

(Composed in 1873-75)
(Original Key, Ab)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op.52, No.1

Allegro

VOICE

PIANO

f

dim.

f

p

cresc.

f

p

cresc.

f

dim.

f

cresc.

f

p

mf

cresc.

mf

6

Why
„Sprich,

weep ye by the tide, la - die?— Why weep ye by the tide? I'll
Fraü-lein, wa - rum härmst du dich? sprich, wa - rum weinst du laut? Mei-nem

wed ye to my young - est son, And ye shall be his bride,
jüng-sten Sohn ver - mahl' ich dich, ihm geb' ich dich zur Braut!

And ye shall be, la - die, his bride, Sae come-ly to be seen." But
Mein jüng-ster Sohn wird dein Ge-mahl, und du, mein Kind, freist ihn!" Doch

Oliver Ditson Company

ML-2282-7

aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock of Ha - zel-dean,
 ih - re Thrä - nen flos - - sen, ach! um Jock von Ha - zel-dean,

For Jock of Ha - zel-dean..
 um Jock von Ha - zel-dean.

"Now let this wil-ful grief be done, And dry that
 „Bald, Mäd-chen, ist dein Trotz ent-flohn, ver-siegt der

cheek so pale; Young Frank is chief of Er - ring-ton, And lord of
 Thrä - nen Quell! Mein Frank ist Herr von Er - ring-ton, ist Lord von

p *cresc.* *mf* *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *p* *f* *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *p*

Led. *

mf *cresc.* *f*

Lang-ley-dale; His step is first— in peace-ful ha' His sword— in bat - tle
 Lang-ley - Dale! Er ist der Er - ste fern— und nah; gern— mag das Schwert er

cresc. *f*

Red. *

p

keen." But aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock of
 ziehn!" Doch ih - re Thrä - nen flos - sen, ach! um Jock von

mf *p*

Red. *

cresc. *mf*

Ha - zel-dean, For Jock of Ha - zel-dean.
 Ha - zel-dean, um Jock von Ha - zel-dean.

cresc. *mf*

Red. *

p

"A
 „Ich

f *dim.* *p*

Red. *

chain of gold ye sall not lack, Nor braid to bind your
ge - be dir ein gold-nes Band wohl in dein brau - nes

p *mf*

ped. ** ped.* ** ped.*

hair; Nor met - tled hound nor man - aged hawk,
Haar, und ei - nen Fal - ken auf die Hand,

p *cresc.* *f*

ped. ** ped.* ** ped.* *f*

Nor pal - frey fresh and fair, And you, the fore - most
und ei - nen Zel - ter gar! Als Jä - ger - für - stin

p *mf*

ped. ** ped.* ** ped.* ** ped.* ** ped.* ** ped.*

o' them a', Shall ride, our for-est queen? But
sollst du dann den Forst mit uns durch - ziehn! Doch

p *decresc.*

ped. ** ped.* ** ped.* ** ped.* ** ped.*

aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock of Ha - zel-dean,
 ih - re Thrä - nen flos - - sen, ach! um Jock von Ha - zel-dean,

For Jock of Ha - zel-dean. The
 um Jock von Ha - zel-dean. Die

kirk — was deck'd at morn - ing - tide, The ta-pers glim - mer'd
 Kir - - che prangt im Sonn - tags - staat früh bei des Mor - gens

fair; The priest and bride-groom wait the bride, And dame —
 Graw'n, Der Prie - ster war - tet im Or - nat, und ed -

p *cresc.* *mf* *mf* *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *p* *cresc.* *mf* *cresc.* *mf*

and knight are there.
- le Herrn und Frau'n.

Ad. *cresc.* *f*

Più mosso *p* *cresc.* *f*

They sought — her both by bow'r and ha'; The la - die
Doch nir - gend wo die Braut! man sucht sie

p *f*

Ad. *cresc.* *f*

was not seen!
ü - ber - all,

sf *f* *sf* *sf*

Ad.

p

rit. e calando She's doch

dim. *mf* *dim.*

Ad.

Tempo I

o'er the Bor - der and a -
kühn hat ü - ber die Gren - ze

p

Ad. *

sempre p e dolce

wa' Wi' Jock, — she's far a - wa' wi'
sie ent - führt ihr Jock, — hat sie ent - führt ihr

sempre p e dolce

Ad. *

rit. e cresc. f lento dim. a tempo p mf

Jock of Ha - zel - dean, — Wi' Jock of Ha - zel - dean.
Jock von Ha - zel - dean, — ihr Jock von Ha - zel - dean.

rit. e cresc. dim. p a tempo

Ad. *

f dim. p

Ad. *

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

(WIEGENLIED)

(Composed in 1873-75)

(Original Key, C minor)

Sir WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

German translation by Ferd. Freiligrath

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 52, No. 2

VOICE *Con moto* *p*

O, hush thee, my ba - bie, thy
Schlaf, Söhn - - chen! Dein Va - ter war

PIANO *p*

cresc. *mf* *dim.*

sire was a knight, Thy moth - er a la - dy, both
ei - sen - um - hüllt ein Rit - ter; dei - ne Mut - ter war

cresc. *mf* *dim.*

p *mf* *p* *mf*

gen - tle and bright; The woods and the glens from the tow'rs which we
lieb - lich und mild! Vom Thur - me sieh' nie - der: des Wal - des Re -

p sempre

ped. *

p *cresc.* *f*

see, They all are be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee, They
 vier, die Schluch - ten, die Ber - ge, sie pran - gen nur dir; die

cresc. *f*

all are be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to thee.
 Schluch - ten, die Ber - ge, sie pran - gen nur dir! 0, 0,

decresc. *p* *mf*

fear not the bu - gle, tho' loud - ly it blows, It
 fürch - te das Horn nicht, wie laut es auch dröhnt; den

cresc. *f*

calls but the ward - ers to guard thy re - pose; Their
 Wäch - tern nur die dich be - schü - tzen, es - tönt; sie

f *decresc.* *mf*

ML-2283-4

risoluto *cresc. molto* *ff*

bows would be bend - ed, their blades would be red Ere the
 span - nen den Bo - gen, ihr Schwert raucht von Blut, eh'

mf *cresc. molto*

decresc. *mf*

step of a foe - man draws near to thy bed.
 feind - lich ein Bu - be dir Lei - des an - thut.

ff *p*

cresc.

O, hush thee, my ba - bie, the time will soon—
 Schlaf, Söhn - chen! Die Zeit kommt, wo san - zer - be -

mf *dim.* *p*

come When thy sleep shall be bro - ken by trum - pet and
 deckt das Horn und die Trom - mel vom Schlum - mer dich

mf *dim.* *p sempre*

mf *p* *mf*

drum. — Then hush — thee, my dar - ling, take rest — while you
 weckt! — Drum schla - - fe, mein Lieb - ling, noch darfst — du es

p *mf* *cresc.* *f*

may, — For strife — comes with man - hood, and wak - ing with
 thun; — als Mann — musst du käm - pfen, kannst nim - mer - mehr

mf cresc. *f*

day, — and wak - ing with day.
 ruhn, — kannst nim - mer - mehr ruhn!

p

più p *pp*

SWEET AND LOW

(SÜSS UND SACHT)

SLUMBER SONG

ALFRED TENNYSON

German translation by Ferd. Freiligrath

(Composed in 1873-75)

(Original Key)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 53, No. 2

Allegretto grazioso *sempre p e dolce*

VOICE

PIANO

sempre p e dolce

Sweet and
Süss und—

low, sweet and low, ——— Wind of the west - ern sea, —
sacht, sacht - te weh', ——— Wind du, vom west - li - chen Meer; —

Low, breathe and blow, ———
sacht, wis - pre und weh', ———

cresc.

mf Wind of the west - ern sea! *p* O - ver the
 Wind du, vom west - li - chen Meer! Ue - ber die

mf *p*

roll - - ing wa - - ters go, *poco cresc.* Come from the dy - - ing
 rol - len - den Was - ser geh', komm vom sin - ken - den

poco cresc. *poco cresc.*

moon — and blow, *mf* Blow him a - gain — to me;
 Mond — und weh', weh' ihn wie - der mir her;

mf *p*

While my lit - - - - - tle one,
 nun, mein hol - - - - - de - stes,

p

cresc. - - *mf* *rit.* *p a tempo*

while my pret - - - ty one, sleeps.
nun mein Her - - - zens-kind schläft.

cresc. - - *mf* *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

Ad. Ad. Ad. *

sempre p

Ad. * Ad. * Ad. *

sempre p

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, — Fa - ther will come to thee
Schlaf' und ruh', schla - fe fest, — Va - ter ja kommt zu dir

Ad. Ad. Ad. Ad. Ad. Ad.

mf *p*

soon, Rest on moth - er's breast, —
bald; fest an's Herz mir ge - presst, —

cresc.

Ad. Ad. Ad. Ad. Ad. Ad.

mf Fa - ther will come to thee soon; *p* Fa - ther will
 Va - ter ja kommt zu dir bald. Va - ter kommt

poco cresc. come to his babe in the nest, Sil - ver
 su - chen sein Büb - chen im Nest; un - ter dem

più cresc. sails all out of the west, Un - -
 sil - ber - nen Mond aus West, sil - -

f *decresc.* *p* der the sil - - - ver moon:
 bern sein Se - - - gel nun wallt:

cresc.

Sleep, my lit - - - tle one, sleep, my
 schlaf, mein hol - - - de - stes, schlaf, mein

cresc.

Ad. *Ad.* ** Ad.* *Ad.* *Ad.*

mf *rit.* *p a tempo*

pret - - - ty one, sleep!
 Her - - - zens-kind, schlaf'!

mf *rit.* *a tempo* *p*

Ad. ** Ad.* ** Ad.* ** Ad.* ***

Ad. ** Ad.* ** Ad.* ** Ad.* ***

decresc. *pp*

Ad. ** Ad.* ** Ad.* ** Ad.* ***

NOW ARE THE GLORIOUS, HALCYON DAYS

(NOCH IST DIE BLÜHENDE GOLDENE ZEIT)

171

(Composed in 1875 - 79)

(Original Key, D)

OTTO ROQUETTE

Translated by Louis C. Elson

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 55, No 2

Lively and gay (*Lebhaft und frisch*)

PIANO

p *mf* *p* *mf*

p *cresc.* *f*

mf *f*

Now are the glo-ri-ous, hal-cy-on days, When the earth is kiss'd by
 Noch ist die blü-hen-de gol-de-ne Zeit, o du schö-ne Welt, wie

mf *mf*

life-giv-ing rays, And my heart is as full and as
 bist du so weit! Und so weit ist mein Herz, und so

p

bright — as the sky, While the lark — sings her prais - es to
 blau — wie der Tag, wie die Lüf - - te, durch - ju - - belt von

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *

cresc. *f* *poco rit.*
 God — on high. Ye hap - py ones sing, Sing the loud an - them of praise.
 Ler - - chen-schlag! Ihr Fröh - li - chen singt, singt weil das Le - ben noch mait:

f *poco rit.*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *

a tempo
 Now — are the glo - rious, the hal - - cy - on days, Now —
 Noch — ist die schö - ne, die blü - - hen - de Zeit, noch —

a tempo
mf espressivo

Ped. *

is the time— of the ros - - es, Now is the time— of the
 sind die Ta - ge der Ro - - sen, noch sind die Ta - ge der

ten.

p *f* *p* *f*

*La. La. La. ** *La. ** *La. ** *La. **

p

ros - es!
 Ro - sen!

p *mf* *p* *mf*

*La. ** *La. ** *La. ** *La. **

f

Free — is the heart, — free — is the song, —
 Frei — ist das Herz, — frei — ist das Lied, —

f

*La. ** *La. ** *La. ** *La. **

cresc. ⁴ *decresc.* *p*

Free — is the wan - - d'rer who pass - - es a - long! And a
frei — ist der Bursch, — der die Welt — — — durch-zieht! Und ein

cresc. *ff* *decresc.*

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* *

dolce

ro - sy-lipp'd kiss to the youth is free, No mat - ter how bash - ful the
ro - si - ger Kuss ist nicht min - der frei, so spröd und ver-schämt auch die

p *dolce*

sempre p

maid may be. Where a kiss we take, or a song we raise,
Lip - pe sei. Wo ein Lied er-klingt, wo ein Kuss sich beut,

sempre p

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

un poco cresc.

'Tis there the wan - - d'rer halts and says: _____
 wo Lied und Kuss _____ sich beut, da heisst's: _____

un poco cresc.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

mf espressivo

Now _____ are the glo - rious, the hal - - cy - on days, Now _____
 Noch _____ ist die schö - ne, die blü - - hen - de Zeit, noch _____

mf espressivo

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

p

— 'tis the time _____ of the ros - - es.
 — sind die Ta - ge der Ro - - sen,

ten.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Now 'tis the time— of the ros - es!
 noch sind die Ta - ge der Ro - sen!

f *p*

f *p*

Lead. * Lead. * Lead. *

mf

In the heart's deep re - cess - es all feel - ings can
 Ja, im Her - zen tief in - nen ist Al - les da -

mf *p* *mf*

Lead. * Lead. * Lead. *

f *mf*

grow, The seeds of joy or the germ — of woe. But
 heim, der Freu - de Saa - ten, der Schmer - zen Keim. Drum

p *f*

Lead. * Lead. * Lead. *

keep — the heart pure, and con - tent - ed the mind, And
 frisch — sei das Herz und le - ben - dig der Sinn, dann

p

nev - er a tem - pest its en - trance shall find! Then
 brau - set, ihr Stür - me, da - her und da - hin! Wir

f sempre

— for - ward we wan - der sing - ing our an - them of praise, —
 — a - ber sind all - zeit, all - zeit zu sin - gen be - reit: —

ff

mf

Now are the glo - ri - ous,
 Noch ist die blü - hen - de

decresc. *mf*

ML-2285-8

hal - cy - on days, Now is the time, yes, the
 gol - de - ne Zeit, noch sind die Ta - ge, die

p *p*

decresc.

Lead. * *Lead.* * *Lead.* *

time of the ros - es, Now is the time of the
 Ta - ge der Ro - sen, noch sind die Ta - ge der

cresc. *rit.*

p *cresc.* *rit.*

Lead. * *Lead.* * *Lead.* * *Lead.* *

ros - es!
 Ro - sen.

f *a tempo*

f *p* *mf* *p* *mf*

Lead. *Lead.* * *Lead.* *Lead.* * *Lead.* *Lead.* * *Lead.* *

p *cresc.* *f* *ff*

Lead. * *Lead.* * *Lead.* * *Lead.* * *Lead.* * *Lead.* * *Lead.* * *Lead.* *

SWISS SONG

(SCHWEIZERLIED)

179

JOHANN WOLFGANG von GOETHE
Translated by Louis C. Elson

(Composed in 1875-79)

(Original Key)

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 57, No. 6

Simply
(Einfach)

VOICE

PIANO

p *mf*

On a
Uf'm

hill - side I was sit - ting, Saw the birds in ea - ger quest; They were
Berg - li bin i g'säs - se, ha de Vög - le zu - ge - schaut; hänt ge -

p *mf*

sing - ing, they were spring - ing, And build - ing their
sun - ge, hänt ge - sprun - ge hänts Näst - li ge -

p

nest. In a gar - den I was stand - ing, Saw the hon - ey - bees ar -
 baut. In ä Gar - te bin i g'stan - de, ha de Imb - li zu - ge -

p

rive! They were thrum - ming, And were hum - ming And
 schaut! Hänt ge - brum - met. hänt ge - sum - met, hänt

p

mf

mak - ing a hive. I wan - der'd
 Zel - li ge - baut. Uf d'Wie - se

cresc. *mf*

Red. *

on a mead - ow And the but - ter -
 bin i gan - ge, lugt? i Sum - mer -

Red. *

decresc. *p*

flies — were there, Soft — ly stray — ing,
rög — le a, hänt — ge — so — ge,

decresc. *p*

Gen — tly play — ing In pairs
hänt — ge — flo — ge, gar — z'schön

p *mf*

through the air. Soon my love stood be —
hänts ge — than. Und da kommt — nu der

p *mf*

side me, And we watch'd the bright game, Caught its
Han — sel, und da zeig i em froh, wie sie's

light - ness and its bright - ness,
ma - che, und mer la - che

mf *p* *mf*

mf And then did the same,
und ma - che's au - so,

f *Ped.*

f And then did the same.
und ma - che's au so.

p *Ped.*

p *Ped.*

IN THE HILLS (AUF DEN BERGEN)

183

(Composed in 1875-79)

CARL LEMCKE

(Original Key)

Translated by Frederick H. Martens

ADOLF JENSEN, Op. 61, No. 4

Not too fast
(Nicht zu schnell)

VOICE

In the hills, — in the hills Ech-o caught the joy — of my
Auf den Ber - gen, den Ber - gen hab' ich ge - jauchzt voll

PIANO

p

Red.

*

Red.

*

song, — In the hills, O in the hills Ech-o bore my mourn-ful sighs a -
Lust, — auf den Ber - gen, auf den Ber - gen hab' ich ge - seufzt aus tie - fer

f

decresc.

p

Red.

*

Red.

*

Red.

*

long, In the hills, — in the hills, love, Your face at first I
Brust. Auf den Ber - - gen, den Ber - gen da hab' ich dich ge -

cresc.

cresc.

Red.

*

Red.

*

f

saw; In the hills, O in the hills I gave you my heart for ev - er -
 seh'n; auf den Ber - gen, auf den Ber - gen war's um mein jun - ges Herz ge -

f

ped. * *ped.* * *ped.*

p

more; In the hills, in the hills Love taught me joy for a
 seh'n, Auf den Ber - gen, den Ber - gen trug die Lieb mich em -

p

* *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.* *

mf *un poco rit.* *p*

day;— In the hills, O in the hills There I lost the heart of love for aye.
 por;— auf den Ber - gen, auf den Ber - gen war's, dass ich all mein Glück ver - lor.

mf *un poco rit.* *p*

ped. *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* *ped.* * *ped.* * *ped.*