

# The Drunken Song

(Das trunkne Lied)

From Zarathustra by Friedrich Nietzsche (English version by Henry Grafton Chapman)

Composed for Soli, Chorus and Orchestra
Op. 11



Vocal Score

NEW YORK : G. SCHIRMER BRESLAU : JULIUS HAINAUER

## Music

M 1533 .F92 T8 C47 Lancker 6-25-60

Authorized Edition

		•		
·				
	-			
	•			

#### THE DRUNKEN SONG

OME! come! come! Let us go a-wand'ring! This is the moment. To rove thro' the night, come ye!

Ye menfolk, 'tis nigh on midnight now,
And now have I something in your ear to whisper,
Low! low!
Such things are heard now, as by daylight
None dare speak aloud;
But now, when the air is cool,
When even the throb of your heart has died away,
'Tis now they speak, 'tis now they're heard,
Now glide they by on their nocturnal watch:
The Spirits. Canst thou not hear
How its secret heart to thee is speaking,
So old, so deep, the Dead of Night?

Hear ye aright!
What saith the ancient Dead of Night?

Woe is me! Whither has Time fled? Sank I not beneath the waters? The world sleeps. The moment doth ask: "Who shall the lord of Earth be?"

> The hour draws nigh: Hear ye aright! What saith the ancient Dead of Night? It bears me away, and my soul doth dance. Who shall the lord of Earth be? Who? Who? The moonlight's cold, the wind's hushed. Ah! ah! Ye worthy dancers! So, then, pleasure is no more. Dregs the wine was, And the winecups are shattered! The graves are quaking! Come, raise ye the dead, then! Bid the corpses awake! The hour approaches! Ah!ah!

The world is deep!... Lyre of sweetness! I love that tone of thine How distant soundeth thy tone, Far from the wellsprings of passion!

[ iii ]

Thou Bell of Ages, thou Lyre of sweetness!
Every grief struck at thy heart,
And thy message waxed ripe as yellowing harvests
And afternoontide.
Thus sayest thou:
The world, also grown ripe,
Now longs to perish, of joy—perish.
A mysterious perfume wells aloft!
It breathes eternity of ancient pleasure,
Of drunken, death-revelling, midnight pleasure,
And it sings: The world is deep,
Aye, deeper than the Day had dreamed.

Leave me! I am too pure for thee,
Therefore, touch me not.
Was not my world just come to fulfilment?
The purest souls shall the earth inherit,
The unapproachable, the spirits of midnight,
That brighter and deeper are than any day.
O Day, did'st grope after mine enjoyment?
O World, did'st want me?
Nay, then, Day and World,
Seek a joy that is deeper,
A deeper unhappiness;
Strive not for me:
My sorrow, my joy, are deep—
Deep is their pain.

Pain of God is deeper! How wonderful the world! Strive for pain of God, Not for me! what am I?

E'en a lyre that is sweet and drunken.

Long gone! long gone! O Youthtide!
O Noonday! O Afternoon!
Comes the Evening, and Dead of Night!
Her pain she crushes back in dreaming—
The deep and ancient Dead of Night,
And still more her desire.
Joy, e'en though pain be deep, too,
Joy is deeper far than heartfelt pain.

Thou grapevine, why worshipest me? I cut thee down! I am cruel, thou bleedest: Whatever is ripe and perfected, would perish! Thus dost thou speak: Pain saith: Depart! Pain, begone, then! Ah! but all things that suffer, Would live until they grow perfect, Longing still for distant things,

Higher, more luminous. Joy, tho', cares naught for heirs or for offspring, Joy lusts for self, immortality, Would live again. Pain cries: Depart! What ho! Good cheer, O mine aged heart! Pain cries: Depart! Ye mortals, what think ye, then? Dreamer of dreams am I? Drunk with wine? A drop of dew? The perfume of eternity? Hear ye not, how my world had attained perfection? New from beginning, all eternal! Ah! thus would ye have the world: Eternal are ye, eternal ye wish the world: Then say ye, too, to Pain: Depart!-And yet return! For every joy would live for aye! All desire, for all things craves eternity. What would not Joy? More profound is Joy than any pain. She lusts for self-lusts for love And lusts for hate, Is more than rich—gives, squanders. So rich is Joy, that e'en for pain she thirsteth, For Hell and Hate—the World, for e'en this world. Ah! ye know it well! Ye mortals, for you Joy desires and longs; Unconditioned of spirit she, She craves your pain! For all desire will its being, Therefore wills your agony! O Joy! O Grief! O break, Heart! Joy for all things would eternity, A deep eternity!

Have ye now learned my song?
And have ye guessed what it means?
Good cheer! Keep heart, ye mortals;
So sing me now my roundelay.
Sing me the song, whose name shall be: "Yet once more,"
Whose meaning: "For all eternity."
Sing, ye mortals, Zarathustra's roundelay!

Hear ye aright!
What saith the ancient Dead of Night?
I slept. From depths of dreams have I awaked!
The world is deep,
Aye, deeper than the Day had dreamed.
Deep is her pain,
Joy deeper far than heartfelt pain:
Pain saith: Depart!
All joy desires eternity,
A deep eternity!

### NOTICE

THE COPYING OF EITHER THE SEPARATE PARTS OR OF THE ENTIRE COMPOSITION BY ANY PROCESS WHATSOEVER IS FORBIDDEN AND SUBJECT TO THE PENALTIES PROVIDED UNDER SECTION 4965 OF THE COPYRIGHT LAW.

RIGHTS OF PERFORMANCE CAN ONLY BE SECURED BY THE PUR-CHASE OF A COPY OF THIS SCORE BY EACH AND EVERY SINGER TAKING PART.

# The Drunken Song.

From "Zarathustra," by Friedrich Nietzsche.



























































































































































