



# Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.





Fiedler A. 571

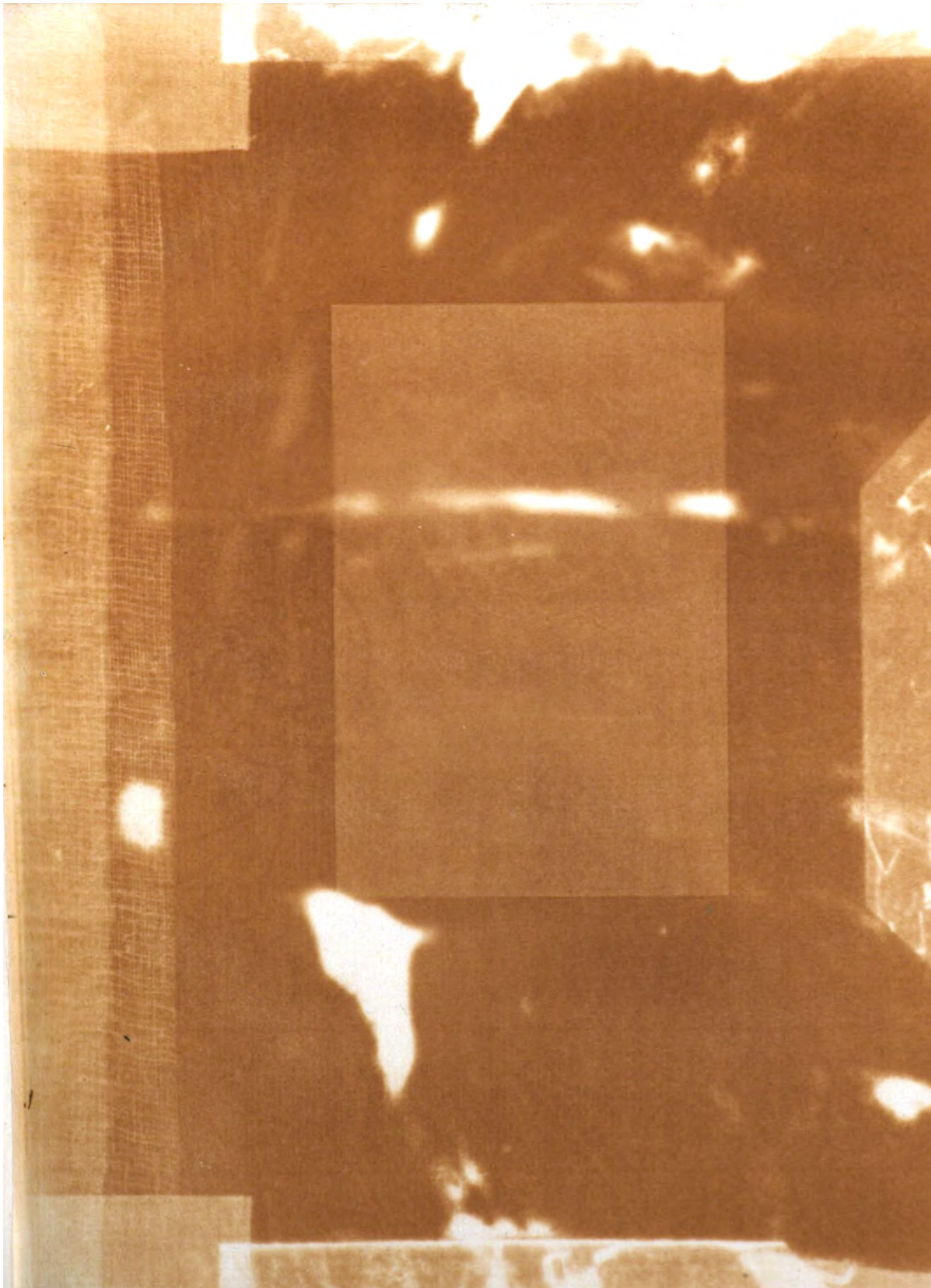


PRESENTED TO THE LIBRARY

BY  
MISS E  
PROFESSOR H. G. FIEDLER













A  
S U P P L E M E N T  
TO THE  
G E R M A N E R A T O,  
C O N T A I N I N G  
A C O L L E C T I O N O F F A V O U R I T E S O N G S,  
W I T H T H E I R O R I G I N A L M U S I C,  
T R A N S L A T E D B Y T H E S A M E H A N D.



---

L O N D O N,  
P R I N T E D F O R L. L A V E N U, N O. 29. N E W B O N D - S T R E E T,  
M U S I C - S E L L E R T O H I S R O Y A L H I G H N E S S T H E P R I N C E O F W A L E S.  
1801.





THE FAITHFUL KNIGHT.

*Dolce con tenerezza.*

*Zumsteeg.*

“Love, but such as brothers claim, dares my heart be -

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

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

hence de - part; 'gaint that soft in - fec - tious tear, must

— I steel my heart.<sup>4</sup> *fp.* *fp.* Dumb

*Più vivo.*  
grief the lov - er hears, lost in *fp.* fond

*fp.*  
may; clasps the dam - sel, checks his tears, mounts

*f*  
hies a - way: heads his trust - y vas - sal band, speeds t

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

*Tempo di marcia.*

ho - ly sign. *f* *fp.*

*fp.*

Per - ils



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

hel - met's plu - mage waves, where the bat - tle storms: an

name of Swit - zer - land scars the faith - less foe; yet

youth, by love en - chain'd, wastes with tend - er woe.

Twelve slow

moons he bore his grief; long - er could not

bear; vain - ly sighs for kind re - lief, then for - sakes the

war. Spies a bark on Iop - pa's strand, swell its spread - ing

sails; hies on board and seeks the land, where his fair

dwells: where his fair one dwells.

Now the wand' - rer at

*Recitativo.*

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

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

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

*Adagio.*

world she dy'd."



Straight he shuns his na - tive vale, shuns his fa

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

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

pry - ing eyes; sackcloth garb and bear

shorn, youth's fair prime dis - guise.

## VII.

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

## VIII.

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

## IX.

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

## X.

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

## S O N G.

*Andante.**Hurk*

De - light - ed, my fan - cy still wand - ers, where flows th

*p*

stream in me - and - ers; — still - paints the gay bark on its tide. —

paints the gay bark on its tide. — Dear bark, where with bliss all

la - ted, by Lu - cy, bright maid, I've been sea - ted, and  
 down the smooth current did glide, and down the smooth current did glide.

I.  
 DELIGHTED, my fancy still wanders  
 Where flows the clear stream in meanders; —  
 Still paints the gay bark on its tide. —  
 Dear bark, where with bliss all elated,  
 By Lucy, bright maid, I've been seated,  
 And down the smooth current did glide

II.  
 We sail'd on its soft-heaving billows,  
 And 'neath the cool shade of its willows,  
 Mark'd how the fish sported and play'd;  
 We mark'd the green margin so blooming,  
 As spring all its charms was resuming,  
 And saw the lambs skip o'er the mead.

III.  
 Sweet days! how I love to review them!  
 How fondly I long to renew them!  
 Dear maid, were they pleasing to thee?  
 If so, let us ship us together,  
 And steer through life's fair and foul weather;  
 And Cupid our pilot shall be.



## DEATH'S CRADLE-SONG.

*Adagio.**Humme*

How snug is my pil-low, my bed-ding how warm! To slumber

tempting, how shel-ter'd from harm! See spring, hap-py sea-son, new gar-

the bowers, and strew o'er my couch its first buds and its flowe

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line (treble clef) and two piano accompaniment lines (treble and bass clefs). The time signature is 3/8. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked 'Adagio'. The lyrics are: 'How snug is my pil-low, my bed-ding how warm! To slumber tempting, how shel-ter'd from harm! See spring, hap-py sea-son, new gar- the bowers, and strew o'er my couch its first buds and its flowe'. There are some markings like 'x' and 'xx' on the piano lines, possibly indicating fingerings or specific notes.

The night-ing-gale too her soft lay shall re-peat. — Thy slum-ber how  
sweet! Thy slum-ber how sweet!

## I.

HOW snug is my pillow, my bedding how warm!  
To slumber how tempting, how shelter'd from  
harm!

See spring, happy season, new-garnish the bowers,  
And strew o'er my couch its first buds and its  
flowers!

The nightingale too her soft lay shall repeat. —  
Thy slumber how sweet!

## II.

How snug is my pillow, my bedding how warm!  
How safe lies the sleeper from care and alarm!  
When winter, in storms and in darkness array'd,  
My couch with a carpet of snow shall o'erspread,  
Still thou shalt behold the rude tempest increase,  
Yet slumber in peace!

## III.

On earth is fair Virtue unsought and unknown,  
And heart-felt enjoyment from mortals is flown.  
There Hope shall deceive thee; and Love shall  
betray,

And torture thy bosom by night and by day.  
While here smiles an angel; — kind Death is  
his name,

And brightens thy dream!

## IV.

Come, then, weary pilgrim, nor startle with dread,  
My pillow is downy and warm is my bed:  
I'll bear thy hard burden, thy griefs will I share,  
And lull thee to slumber, and still thy despair.  
Ah come, and while Death thus invites to repose,  
Forget all thy woes!

## RURAL LIFE.

*Moderato.**Himmel.*

To ru - ral joys and pu - rer air, ye cit - y nymphs

swains re - pair. The whisp'ring grove, the garden's bound, each peaceful dwell

skirts a - round. No lord - ly pile ob - structs the way, nor veils

cheerful face of day, and free - ly o'er the flo - w'ry meads



## I.

TO rural joys and purer air,  
 Ye city nymphs and swains, repair.  
 The whisp'ring grove, the garden's bound  
 Each peaceful dwelling skirts around.  
 No lordly pile obstructs the way,  
 Nor veils the cheerful face of day,  
 And freely o'er the flow'ry meads  
 The moon her silver lustre sheds.

## II.

At early morn the villager  
 Resumes his daily pleasing care.  
 For him the vernal landscape blooms,  
 For him the hawthorn sheds perfumes;  
 His borders glow with many a flow'r,  
 The nightingale awakes his bow'r,  
 The bee prepares her nectar'd hoard,  
 And fair Pomona decks his board.

## III.

Then hither hie, ye courtly train,  
 And share the pleasures of the plain;  
 Forsake the city's irksome glare,  
 And leave behind each sordid care. —  
 Let Love alone your breast invade,  
 Fit inmate of the rural shade:  
 Haste here, your tender vows declare,  
 And soon shall yield the soft'ned fair.



S O N G.

Beczwarzowsky.

*Allegretto.*

Cu - pid, wan - ton source of pain, could I bind t

The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The time signature is 6/8. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *f* and *p*.

pin - ion; source of pain, could I bind

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a *pp* dynamic marking.

pin - ion; ev - er then shouldst thou re - main slave to my

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *f* and *p*.

min-ion. But in spring the night-ing - gale on - ly on - ly glads the  
 bower; — and the leaves that strew the vale, speak chill autumn's power.

## I.

CUPID, wanton source of pain,  
 Could I bind thy pinion;  
 Ever then shouldst thou remain  
 Slave to my dominion.  
 But in spring the nightingale  
 Only glads the bower; —  
 And the leaves that strew the vale,  
 Speak chill autumn's power.

## II.

Thus alas! but once in life  
 Blossom Love's sweet roses; —  
 Once while vernal joys are rife,  
 Ere youth's season closes.  
 Vainly then shall youth defy  
 Beauty's soft dominion; —  
 Vain the art that fain would tie  
 Cupid's silken pinion.

S O N G.

*Andante grazioso.*

*Hürka.*

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature, containing a vocal line with dynamic markings *p*, *cresc.*, and *f*. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature, containing a piano accompaniment line.

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature, containing a vocal line with dynamic markings *p* and *cresc.*. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature, containing a piano accompaniment line.

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature, containing a vocal line with lyrics: "soft - ned bo - som the gentler vir - tues sway, best claims t". The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature, containing a piano accompaniment line with dynamic markings *sf.* and *p*.

mu - se's fa - vour and breathes the sweetest lay; while sym - pa -

thy a - wa - kens at - ten - tion's read - y ear, and

spreads the soft in - fec - tion, and prompts the pleasing tear.

## I.

WHAT feels the soft'ned bosom  
 The gentler virtues sway,  
 Best claims the muse's favour  
 And breathes the sweetest lay;  
 While sympathy awakens  
 Attention's ready ear,  
 And spreads the soft infection,  
 And prompts the pleasing tear.

## II.

Let poets sing of heroes  
 And all the pomp of war,  
 And such as pant for glory  
 Attend with eager ear; —  
 Be mine an humbler triumph,  
 My theme the rural plain,  
 My boast, the simple numbers  
 That charm the village-train.

## III.

And would my blooming Daphne  
 But lend her ear the while,  
 And one kind look would deign me,  
 And one approving smile; —  
 I'd envy not the poet  
 Though wreaths adorn his brow,  
 And envy not the hero  
 That bade the numbers flow.

---



## THE DREAM.

*Andante.**Reichardt.*

Lull'd in slumber's down-y arms, 'neath the noon-tide  
grove I lay; Fan-cy im-ag'd Lau-ra's charms, beam-ing  
sweeter bright-er day.

I.

LULL'D in slumber's downy arms,  
'Neath the noon-tide grove I lay:  
Fancy imag'd Laura's charms,  
Beaming sweeter brighter day.

II.

Gaily dress'd in yielding smiles,  
Fancy imag'd Laura's face: —  
Hope each love-lorn pang beguiles!  
'Thrilling joys my bosom seize!

III.

Cupid, near in ambush laid,  
Chas'd the vision — wild I start,  
Seek in vain the matchless maid; —  
Find her only in my heart!

IV.

Each fond fairy image flies,  
Flies as fades the rapt'rous dream;  
All but conscious mem'ry dies, —  
All but Love's unwasted flame.

- S O N G -

*Allegro.*

*Andre*

With ver-dant wreaths the flow-ing bowl in - twine, and gai-

quaff it dry, and gai - ly quaff it dry. How bless'd the land that boasts

gen-'rous wine! What draughts with these shall vie! what draughts with these

vie!

## I.

WITH verdant wreaths the flowing bowl intwine,  
 And gaily quaff it dry.  
 How bless'd the land that boasts such gen'rous wine!  
 What draughts with these shall vie!

## II.

Nor need our steps to distant Hung'ry tend,  
 Nor yet to Gallia roam:  
 Let him who likes, so far for liquor send, —  
 We find it nearer home.

## III.

Our German hills the bounteous juice supply,  
 And hence its worth so rare!  
 Dear native land, beneath thy temperate sky,  
 What varied gifts we share!

## IV.

Nor yet through all Germania does it grow,  
 Where many a barren hill,  
 And many a rock uplifts its rugged brow,  
 Not worth the place they fill.

## V.

A plant there grows, Thuringia's heights among,  
 That like the vine appears; —  
 Its meager juice inspires no jovial song,  
 Nor soothes the toper's cares.

## VI.

Saxonia's hills in gay confusion lie,  
 Yet no rich vines unfold:  
 Their boasted rocks may silver ore supply,  
 And eke some paltry gold.

## VII.

Nor where the Bloxberg rears its blus'tring head,  
 Shall Bacchus' train appear;  
 Thence rise the winds, and thence the tempests spread; —  
 But not a grape is there.

## VIII.

On Rhine's fair banks the envied clusters grow;  
 Then sacred be the Rhine;  
 And bless'd those banks whose sunny heights bestow  
 The life-preserving wine.

## IX.

Then drink amain, cast all our cares away,  
 Let mirth the moments cheer;  
 And knew we where a son of sorrow lay,  
 We'd bid him welcome here.

S O N G.

*Larghetto.*

*Reichard*

My love I seek, but seek in  
vain, he flies nor heeds my tend -  
pain; and now a prey to sad d'

spair, I call on death to end my

care. Yet,

## I.

MY love I seek, but seek in vain;  
 He flies, nor heeds my tender pain;  
 And now a prey to sad despair,  
 I call on death to end my care!

## II.

Yet, perjur'd youth, one moment stay,  
 Let pity prompt a short delay:  
 Canst thou the last sad boon deny,  
 To stop, and catch my parting sigh?

## III.

Ah, no! still urge thy cruel flight,  
 And still my proffer'd fondness slight!  
 Another maiden's dearer charms  
 Allure thee from my constant arms.

## IV.

May softest peace thy bosom prove,  
 And blessings crown thy new-born love!  
 Yet spare, how blest so'er thou be,  
 One thought for her who dy'd for thee!



S O N G.

*Allegretto.*

*Reichardt*

Be - side a faon-tain's bordér, where wanton zeph-vrs rove

a nymph in sweet dis - ord - er, now sleeps in yon -

grove — now sleeps in yon - der grove. If thus her beau

charin me all sleeping as she lies, what ills, a - las! shall harm me,

when once she opes hes eyes. what ills, a - las! shall

harm me, when — once she opes — her eyes!

## I.

BESIDE a fountain's border  
 Where wanton zephyrs rove,  
 A nymph, in sweet disorder,  
 Now sleeps in yonder grove:  
 If thus her beauties charm me,  
 All sleeping as she lies;  
 What ills, alas! shall harm me,  
 When once she opes her eyes!

## II.

On her white arm reposing,  
 Reclines her lovely cheek,  
 Far sweeter tints disclosing  
 Than May's sweet mornings deck.  
 What tender fears alarm me!  
 What tender hopes arise! —  
 Alas! what ills shall harm me,  
 When once she opes her eyes!

## III.

And fain would I discover  
 What pains my breast invade;  
 But ah, too timid lover!  
 My lips refuse their aid.  
 May Love with boldness arm me,  
 And check desponding sighs,  
 Or, oh! what ills shall harm me,  
 When once she opes her eyes!

## I N D E X.

---

<b>L</b> ove, but such as brothers claim, Delighted, my fancy still wanders, How snug is my pillow, my bedding how warm! To rural joys and purer air, Cupid, wanton source of pain, What feels the soft'ned bosom, Lull'd in slumber's downy arms, With verdant wreaths the flowing bowls intwine, My love I seek, but seek in vain. Beside a fountain's border,	( <i>Ritter, treue Schwesterliebe,</i> ) ( <i>Das waren mir seelige Tage,</i> ) ( <i>Ich habe ein Bettchen so dicht und              so warm,</i> ) ( <i>Ihr Städter, sucht ihr Freude,</i> ) ( <i>Losser Knabe, konnte ich dir</i> ) ( <i>O das nur was im Busen</i> ) ( <i>Dans le bosquet de Cythère</i> ) ( <i>Bekränzt mit Laub den liebe vollen              Becher,</i> ) ( <i>Io ti cerco, e non ti trovo.</i> ) ( <i>Sul margine d'un rio,</i> )	from Schiller. <b>III.</b> Anon. <b>XII.</b> <b>XIV.</b> Sander. <b>XIV.</b> Voss. <b>XVI.</b> Anon. <b>XVIII.</b> Müchler. <b>XX.</b> Boufflers. <b>XXIII.</b> <b>XXIV.</b> Claudius. <b>XXIV.</b> Alborghetti. <b>XXVI.</b> Anon. <b>XXVIII.</b>
---	--	---

---

