Twelve Songs for Voice and Guitar

dedicated to
Aspasia Craan
[1820-1825]



edited by JanW.J. Burgers

TREE EDITION

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TREE EDITION
Albert Reyerman

PREFACE

In May 2012 I obtained a small but beautiful manuscript, containing twelve songs with guitar accompaniment, and dedicated to 'mademoiselle Aspasie Craan'. After I had identified this lady, it became clear that the book should be located in the circles of the high society of Brussels and that it was made in about 1820-25. This attractive book is presented in this edition to singers, guitarists, and those interested in the cultural history of the Netherlands of the early nineteenth century.

I would like to thank to the two antiquarian book sellers Mathieu Chaleux (Librairie d'Âpre-Vent, Toulon) and Michel Saporta (Librairie Ancienne Ormara, Versailles), for their kind help in providing information about the book, René Genis for his assistance with the Polish and Greek texts, and Brian Jeffery for his commentary to the Introduction. Finally, René Genis corrected the English text.

Jan W.J. Burgers
Amsterdam, December 2012

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INTRODUCTION

I. Provenance and background of the manuscript

In April 2012 the Librairie Ancienne Ormara in Versailles offered in its Catalogue a song book with the following description:

> Twelve songs with guitar accompaniment [...] Small oblong book in-12, consisting of 17 leaves of paper ruled with music staves, with blind stamped margins typical of the 1820s, representing musical motifs and garlands of leaves. Plain red sheepskin binding, of a long-grained morocco imitation (label of the paper-seller Susse, passage des Panoramas in Paris). A collection of songs by Hurka, Schulz, Mozart, Naegeli, Mehul and Berton. Texts in German, Polish, English, French and Greek. Some leaves with texts are fastened with a pin. The scores are written with a steady and elegant hand, in a very beautiful and legible script. This is a charming relic of a musical apprenticeship. Without doubt, the owner of this small collection was Frédérique Wilhelmine Aspasie Craan, who in 1825 married Willem Frederik Comte de Bylandt, Lieutenant General of the Dutch army.[1]

The owner of the Librairie, Michel Saporta, kindly shared with me the little information he had about the provenance of the book, namely that it 'was bought in a lot of musical manuscripts from the estate of a late professor of mathematics who collected nearly everything available on this planet', and who had a library of over 10,000 books, most of which were of little interest. There were no other books with this provenance in the estate.[2] Two twentieth-century notes on the flyleaf, *h°-8-11744, 7230-1* and *164*, look like library shelfmarks, but it was not possible to identify the institution(s) that these could have belonged to.

There is however little doubt about the first owner of the book. On the first page there is a title and a dedication: *XII Ariettes avec accompagnement de guitare pour Mademoiselle Aspasie Craan*. Thanks to this combination of an uncommon first name and a rare surname, the dedicatee could easily be identified. Aspasie Virginie Frédérique Wilhelmine Craan[3] was born 14 October 1800 in Bergen op Zoom (the Netherlands) as the daughter of Willem Benjamin Craan (Batavia

1 Michel Saporta, Librairie Ancienne Ormara, *Catalogue* No. 10, p. 48: 'XII Ariettes avec accompagnement de guitare [...] Album in-12 à l'italienne contenant 17 feuillets de papier réglé dans des encadrements à froid typiques des années 1820, ornés de motifs musicaux et de guirlandes de palmettes. Reliure pleine basane maroquinée rouge à grains longs (étiquette du papetier Susse, passage des Panoramas à Paris). Recueil d'ariettes de Hurka, Schulz, Mozart, Naegeli, Mehul et Berton. Paroles en allemand, polonais, anglais, français et grec. Certains feuillets de paroles sont maintenus par une épingle. Les partitions sont notées d'une main sure et fine, d'une très belle et lisible écriture. Charmant souvenir d'apprentissage de la musique. La propriétaire de ce petit recueil fut sans doute Frédérique Wilhelmine Aspasie Craan, qui épousa en 1825 Will[e]m Frederik Comte de Bylandt, Lieutenant Général de l'armée Hollandaise.'

2 Email by Michel Saporta, 19 May 2012.

3 Variant versions of her name (Aspasie as the last element, and Virginie missing) circulate on the internet, but this is the form found in her wedding announcement (The Hague, Nationaal Archief, Familiearchief Van der Staal van Piershil (3.20.54), inv. no. 78).

1776–Schaerbeek near Brussels 1848) and Joanna Frederika Hahn (Leiden 1775–Brussels 1862). In 1825 Aspasia (to use the Dutch version of the name) was married to Willem Frederik van Bylandt (The Hague 1771–Princenhage near Breda 1855); Aspasia died 29 December 1879 in Brussels.[4]

Aspasia's father, Willem Craan, is well known. Born in 1776 in the Dutch East Indies, he studied law and mathematics at Leiden University, obtaining a doctorate of law on 27 August 1795.[5] Some weeks later he married Joanna Frederika Hahn on 4 October 1795 in Hillegom. Aspasia was born on 14 October 1800; she would remain the couple's only child.

Craan was not very interested in the legal profession, and dedicated himself mainly to mathematical studies, painting and music. At the same time, he endeavoured to make a career as a civil servant in the French Empire, which had annexed the Netherlands in 1795. In December 1810 he was appointed 'ingénieur géomètre' (cadastral surveyor) for the département of the Roer by the local prefect in Aix-la-Chapelle. He performed so well in this function that he was promoted on 15 September 1812 and put in charge of the Cadastre as 'ingénieur-vérificateur' of the département of the Lippe. The city of Munster became his place of residence. After the fall of the Empire in 1814 he was dismissed, and he travelled to Brussels, then the capital of the former Austrian Netherlands, which was about to become part of the United Kingdom of the Netherlands. The sovereign Prince of the Netherlands (the future king Willem I) appointed him as chief of the Cadastre of the départment of the Dyle on 21 October 1814.

In the following years, Craan published a number of scientific articles in Brussels newspapers, on the concordance of barometres, the height of tides,[6] and the determination of the meridian of Brussels.[7] He had considerable success with the publication of a large map with explanatory notes of the battle of Waterloo, in September 1816. For this he had interviewed several officers who had taken part in the battle, on both sides, and the publication met with general approval; Emperor Alexander I of Russia was so enthusiastic that he presented Craan with a precious ring as a reward. Another important publication by Craan was his map of Brussels, which saw the light in 1836. Craan had made the measurements already in 1821, using the scientific triangular surveying method.[8] In the 1810s Craan was also involved in introducing the new printing technique of lithography to Brussels. A brother of the inventor of the technique, Alois Senefelder, visited the city in 1817. He soon left for The Hague and left it up to his son-in-law and Craan to provide a steady footing for the new print shop. Later, in 1825, Craan helped to establish the first series of meteorological measurements in the Southern Netherlands by starting barometric soundings on the steeple of the Brussels city hall.

When Willem Craan moved to Brussels in 1814, he was able to mix with the upper circles 'thanks to his distinguished manners and his knowledge'.[9] There he introduced his daughter Aspasia, who was growing up into a young woman of great beauty; in the city she was to be known

4 Geneological information in: http://www.hamape.com/getperson.php?personID=I1008&tree=hamape&PHPSESSID=138d82eea398a338447872940992e80a (accessed May 2012).

5 On Craan see several reference works: *Nouvelle biographie générale depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à nos jours, avec les renseignements bibliographiques et l'indication des sources á consulter,* Tome 12 (Paris, 1855), p. 327; A.J. van der Aa, 'Craan (Willem Benjamin)', in: *Biographisch woordenboek der Nederlanden,* Vol. III (Haarlem, 1858), col. 805; and a good Wikipedia article: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Willem_Benjamin_Craan (accessed May 2012). Much of these were based on an informative obituary: Xavier Heuschling, 'Notice biographique sur Guillaume-Benjamin Craan, auteur du plan de la bataille de Waterloo, etc.', in: *Bulletin du Bibliophile belge*, série 1, tome 7 (Cologne-Bonn-Brussels, 1850; repr. Whitefish MT, 2010), pp. 73-90.

6 Published in the Journal de Bruxelles, 22 Februari 1825, p. 4, on the occasion of recent disastrous floodings in the coastal regions of The Netherlands.

7 *Plan du champ de bataille de Waterloo, avec notice historique* (Bruxelles, 1816).

8 *Plan géométrique de la ville de Bruxelles avec ses faubourgs et communes limitrophes* (in 4 folios, Bruxelles, [1836]).

9 Heuschling, 'Notice biographique', p. 6: 'ses manières dinstinguées et son savoir'.



Miniature portrait of Willem Frederik van Bylandt. Rijksbureau voor Kunsthistorische Documentatie (The Hague), via Wikimedia Commons.

known as 'la belle Hollandaise'.[10] Perhaps it was because of her charms that she attracted the attention of Count Willem Frederik van Bylandt, gouvernor of Brussels and the province of South-Brabant.[11] He was a nobleman, born in 1775 as the son of Admiral Alexander van Bylandt and Anna van der Duyn. Willem Frederik van Bylandt was a military man, who had left the Dutch army when the Netherlands were occupied by the French in 1795. Following this he fought in the British services in the West Indies and Ireland. After Napoleon's downfall in 1814 he rejoined the Dutch forces and he was an allied General-Major at the battle of Waterloo, where he was wounded. In 1816 he was created a count and he was also appointed commander of South-Brabant, a position he still held at the outbreak of the Belgian Revolution in 1830. On 20 June 1802 Bylandt married Mary Hughes, who was born in 1782 as a daughter of the English admiral Sir Christian Hughes. In 1818 Mary died, and Bylandt became a widower. After a couple of years he evidently took an interest in Aspasia Craan, twenty-five years his junior, who obviously was susceptible to his attentions. The couple married on 22 December 1825 in St. Joost te Noode near Brussels. Bylandt already had six children with his first wife; with Aspasia he would have four more. Their first children were the twins Alexander and Aspasia, born 13 November 1827 in Brussels. They were followed by Alfred in 1829; Lydia was born in 1833, but she would live only until 1850.[12] Bylandt himself died 25 October 1855. Aspasia survived him for twenty-four years and died on 29 December 1879.

10 A.J. van der Aa, 'Bylandt (Willem Frederik Graaf van)', in: *Biographisch woordenboek der Nederlanden,* Vol. II (Haarlem, 1854), cols. 1703-1705. In Craan's obituary by Heuschling, 'Note biographique', p. 7, there is a footnote that his daughter, whose name is not mentioned, was a 'rare beauty, the traces of which she retained for a long time'.

11 On Bylandt see Van der Aa, 'Bylandt', and J. Eysten, 'Bylandt (Willem Frederik graaf van', in: Nieuw Nederlandsch Biografische Woordenboek, Vol. III (Leiden, 1914), cols. 189-190; genealogical information in: http://www.hamape.com/getperson.php?personID=I1048&tree=hamape&PHPSESSID=a31c626e627bcbd7295d46ac495edfa4 (accessed June 2012).

12 [A.A. Vorstermann van Oyen], Genealogie van het geslacht Van Bijlandt, 's-Gravenhage: Genealogisch en heraldisch archief, 1891, pp. 91-96 (copies in The Hague, Nationaal Archief, Archief van W.F. graaf Van Bylandt en zijn nakomelingen, (1459) 1787-1924, Supplement 1 (1.10.90.01), inv. no. 1).

Aspasia's father Willem Craan was a lover of music.[13] She must have been similarly inclined and, assuming that the manuscript dedicated to her reflects her musical capability, she probably played the guitar and sang. Of course, music then was a nearly universal pastime in the circles of the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy. Willem Frederik Bylandt also seems to have had a taste for music: on 20 January 1803 he payed the considerable sum of 300 florins for a harp with seven pedals, with its case and covering.[14] Perhaps this was a present for his first wife Mary Hughes; the harp was bought just seven months after their wedding. It is tempting to speculate that the small but magnificent song book that is the subject of this edition was also a present by Bylandt, this time for his wife-to-be, Aspasia. Music continued to play a role in their household: when, at the end of his life, Willem Bylandt divided his luxury goods over his wife and children, there was a piano, owned by his daughter Aspasia, which had been a present to her from her grandmother.[15]

As our manuscript was dedicated to '*Mademoiselle* Aspasie Craan', we can be certain that at that time she was still unmarried, and that it was presented to her before December 1825. From its contents, namely songs in various languages other than Aspasia's mother tongue Dutch, and the French she must have learned thoroughly in Brussels – she may also have picked up German when she lived with her father in Aix-la-Chapelle and Munster between 1810 and 1814 – it can be inferred that the book was meant for a young adult, not a child. The manuscript was, then, probably made after c.1815. If indeed it was a gift by Count Bylandt for his fiancée, the manuscript must have originated in the 1820s.

As indicated by its title, the manuscript consists of twelve songs, mostly stemming from German songbooks from shortly before 1800. There are also a Polish and an English/Irish song, again obviously copied from popular printed songbooks. The original piano accompaniments were probably adapted for the guitar especially for this book.

Judging from the uniform style of these guitar settings, they seem to be the work of one single person, a skilled if not very imaginative musician, with a good knowledge of the instrument.[16] The settings all have an introduction in which melodic lines, often in consecutive thirds, are set over a bass; when the guitar starts accompanying the voice, the instrumental part is reduced to simple chord breaking, in which often identical arpeggio patterns are used. It seems that the arranger only took the harmonies of the piano accompaniments, but not the voice-leading. He probably also made the introductions. This assumption is fully confirmed by a comparison of these guitar settings with the original piano accompaniments that could be consulted.[17] It seems likely that all guitar parts were composed especially for this collection.

The book obviously has its original binding. According to a small label pasted on the flyleaf, this was done in Paris by the firm of Susse, housed in the recently opened Passage des Panoramas in the Grands Boulevards. Starting as suppliers of paper and artist's materials, the firm diversified into casting bronzes from 1839 onward. Later, Rodin was among their clients. It is probable that Susse also supplied the special paper with decorative blind stamped margins that was used in the book.

13 Heuschling, 'Note biographique', p. 6; ibid., p. 7, mentions that, in 1814, Craan was informed of his appointment as ingénieur-vérificateur in Cadaster of the départment of the Dyle by Baron van der Capellen, secretary of State, in a letter in which he also thanked him for the music (some Walses) he had sent him.

14 Archief Bylandt, Suppl. 1, inv. no. 7.

15 Archief Bylandt, Suppl. 1, inv. no. 31.

16 Occasionally he also added fingering numbers for the left hand: see p. 12, second stave, and p. 13, first stave.

17 In the case of Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 9.

As the book was made from paper supplied in Paris, and afterwards bound in Paris, it also seems likely that it was *written* there, by a local calligrapher; it does not seem to make much sense to bring it from Brussels to Paris just for the binding. Moreover, the writer was obviously not familiar with Aspasia, as he made a mistake when writing the name *Craan* in the dedication; an error he corrected by erasing the last letter and replacing it by *n*, and redrawing the other letters of the surname. Furthermore, this calligrapher was defenitely not the musician who made the arrangements. There are many mistakes in the musical texts, such as wrong notes and omitted crossbars in note groups. Most of these mistakes were corrected later: with a pencil the crossbars were added (rather clumsily),[18] and the wrong notes were crossed out.[19] Perhaps this corrector was Aspasia's music teacher, or even Aspasia herself.

Who commissioned the book for Aspasia? This almost certainly was not done by the musician-guitarist himself, or else his name would have been mentioned in the dedication – as is in fact the case in the second appendix to the manuscript, a single song by the French composer Berton dedicated to Aspasia: *à Mademoiselle Aspasie Craan. Romance, mise en Musique par Berton*. The fact that no name is mentioned in the dedication of the book, could indicate that the giver wanted it to be a surprise, and that he (or she) wanted to remain unknown, at least until after the present had been given. Again one cannot help of thinking that Willem Frederik Bylandt, suitor to the favours of Aspasia, was behind the commisioning of the book.

And who was the musician involved with the production of the collection? One could think that this was a guitarist from Paris, where the book probably was written and bound. Paris was of course one of the great centres of the guitar craze of the time. But the almost exclusively German contents of the book – French songs are lacking altogether – makes this rather unlikely. It seems more probable that a musician from Brussels collected the music and arranged the accompaniments for guitar; perhaps this was done by Aspasia's teacher. As elswhere, the guitar was en vogue with the bourgeoisie and aristocracy around 1820 in Brussels. The instrument was played, and music for it, mostly with the guitar in an accompanying role, was published in Ghent and Brussels. Unfortunately, names of local Brussels guitarists from the first half of the 1820s are not known. It was only after 1825 that prominent guitar players are known to have come to the city, some of whom resided there for a while. The guitarist Zani de Ferranti lived in Brussels for quite a long time, but it seems that he arrived in 1827, or slightly earlier.[20]

As was mentioned before, the repertoire in the book is not quite what one would have expected to be to the taste of a young woman from the highest circles of the mondain, francophone city of Brussels in the 1820s. All of the songs seem to stem from a number of popular songbooks from the German-speaking or German-dominated countries, including one song in Polish from Galicia. Much favoured by the person who made the selection was the composer Johann Abraham Peter Schulz (1747–1800), who is represented with three works from the second volume of his *Lieder im Volkston* (Berlin 1785), German 'folk songs' for voice with piano accompaniment.[21] The only non-German work is the last item, from the popular collection of *Irish Melodies* by Thomas Moore, published in ten volumes from 1804 onward. In our collection, this seems to be a rather recent song; as far as can be ascertained, most of the other items were rather old in the 1820s, stemming from the 1780s or early 1790s. One wonders if the person who collected the works was also an aged musician, perhaps himself a native German?

18 For instance on p. 11, staves 2 and 3.

19 For instance on p. 19, second stave.

20 For the history of the guitar in Flanders, and in Brussels, see Bart Van der Donck, 'De geschiedenis van de gitaar in Vlaanderen', thesis Lemmensinstituut-Hogeschool voor Wetenschap en Kunst, Departement Muziek, Dramatische Kunst en Onderwijs, 1999 (http://www.oocities.org/vienna/studio/2971/THESIS2.html#6, accessed June 2012).

21 Nos. 2, 3 and 4.

At the end of the day, much of the musical background of this songbook remains hidden. It seems most probable that in Brussels a guitarist, perhaps from German descent, was commissioned by a friend or admirer of the beautiful Aspasia Craan to collect a number of popular songs and arrange them for the guitar. His manuscript then went to Paris where it was transformed by a calligrapher and the papetier into a handsome book, which then was presented to Aspasia.

The Parisian connection is confirmed by the two appendices to the book, two double leaves containing two songs for voice and piano by French composers. These additions are not an integral part of the book: they are not announced on the title page and are not bound into the volume.[22] They were written by two different scribes. But these pieces were written on the same luxurious paper as the songbook itself, so they probably were produced in connection with it. The first addition, *39^{me} Ode d'Anacreon*, set to music by Étienne Méhul (1763–1817), is probably taken from an edition by Jean-Baptiste Gail (Paris 1799), which included the original Greek text, a French translation, and musical settings by Gossec, Méhul, Lesueur and Cherubini.[23] The second song was composed by Berton, possibly especially for the occasion, as it was also dedicated to Aspasie Craan.

From this last addition one could suspect that Berton was somehow involved in the production of the book; perhaps he was the intermediary between the Brussels party and the paper-seller Susse and the calligrapher in Paris. There were two musicians named Berton, father and son, in Paris circa 1820. The most prominent was Henri-Montan Berton (1767–1844), who at the time was professor of composition and a member of the exam committee at the Conservatoire. He was also a prolific composer of fifty operas, four ballets, five oratoria, cantatas, masses and orchestral works. But perhaps a more likely candidate is his natural son François Berton (1784–1832). He was a singing teacher, publishing songs for voice and piano, and from 1810 also larger scale works such as operas, which however met with little success. From 1821 to 1827 he was professor of vocalisation at the Conservatoire.[24]

II. Description and contents of the manuscript; commentary to the pieces

The book which is edited here is a small manuscript, made probably in Paris in 1820–1825, measuring 18 x 13,5 cm. It consists of one quire of 12 paper folio's; added are two loose double leaves. The leaves are ruled with six music staves (nine staves on the added leaves), and with decorative blind stamped margins; two further leaves without staves and stamps were pinned and sewed in. The leaves are not numbered or foliated; the pagination in the present edition was added by the editor. The binding is of plain red sheepskin imitation maroccan. The inside of the covers and the opposing flyleaves are painted green. The manuscript itself is entirely written by one scribe, with corrections in pencil by another hand. The additional leaves were written by two other scribes; a few notes in pencil were added by a modern hand.

On the first fly-leaf, verso, is a small pasted-in label, with the text: *Susse Papetier / Passage des Panoramas / No 7 A PARIS*. Beneath are notes in pencil, by twentieth-century hands: ho-8-11744 / 7230-1 / 164.

On p. 1 are the title and dedication: *XII ARIETTES / avec accomp.t de guitare / pour / M.^{elle} Aspasie Craan*. The following p. 2 was left blank. The twelve songs which are announced in the

22 The first annex is pinned to the last page of the book. The second addition is not attached to it; the brownish colour and the worn edges of its paper betray that this has been kept as a loose quire for quite some time.

23 See below the note to No. 13.

24 Fétis, Biographie Universelle (2 ed., Paris 1866), Vol. 1, p. 388-391.

25 At http://www.volksliederarchiv.de.

title are written on pp. 3-22. They are not numbered; the numbers 1-14 in the edition were added by the editor.

Most of the songs in the manuscript are accompanied by some information, consisting of the name of the writer of the text or of the composer, or of both, a tempo indication, and sometimes a title of the song or the tune – probably all taken from the exemplars from which the pieces were copied. These notes, and the first line of each song, are given in italics in the following commentary. Extra information on the pieces was found readily available on the internet, for instance in the valuable German Volksliederarchiv;[25] if the actual songbooks from which the pieces were taken could have been consulted, more particulars would probably have been found.

1

Andante / von Overbeck / Hourka / 'Das waren mir selige tage' (pp. 3-4).
'Die Schifffahrt', text by Christian Adolph Overbeck (1755–1821), mayor of Lübeck and poet. The poem possibly appeared in 1781, when Overbeck published collections of songs, one of them called *Fritchens Lieder*.

Music by Friedrich Franz Hurka (Hůrka) (1762–1805), who published a number of collections of German songs; in 1800 Adam Friedrich Böhme, Leipzig, published this particular song separately. A different(?) version for voice and guitar of this setting by Hurka is in Donaueschingen, Fürstlich Fürstenbergische Hofbibliothek, Don Mus.Ms. 2761 (olim No. 146. B), a manuscript with the title *ARIEN und DUETTEN | für | GUITARRE* (1840–1860), no. 5.

2

Adagio / Schulz / 'Beschattet von der pappelweide' (p. 5).
'Lied', text by Johann Heinrich Voss (1751–1826), a German poet who gained reknown by his translations of classical authors and Shakespeare into German. In 1785 and 1795 he published, in two volumes, a collection of original poems.

Music by Johann Abraham Peter Schulz (1747–1800), who wrote operas, stage music, oratorios, cantatas and piano pieces, and who published four collections of folk songs: *Gesänge im Volkston* (1779) and three *Lieder im Volkston* (1782, 1785, 1790). This song was published in the first volume as well as in the second. Modern edition: Johann Abraham Peter Schulz, *Lieder im Volkston*, hrsg. Regina Oehlmann und Arndt Schnoor (Lübeck 2005), p. 16.

3

Allegretto / Schulz / 'Mädel schau mir ins gesicht' (p. 6).
'Liebeszauber', text by Gottfried August Bürger (1747–1794), from his Lyrische Gedichte, published 1778. There exists another version of this poem by Bürger, in which a number of lines have a different text, but the reading of the fourth line of the first verse ('Gib mir Rede, wenn ich frage', and not 'Gib Bescheid auf meine Frage') makes clear which version was used in the the present songbook.

Music by Johann Abraham Peter Schulz (see no. 2), published in the first as well as the second volume of his *Lieder im Volkston*, Berlin, 1782, 1785 (voice and piano). Modern edition: Schulz, *Lieder im Volkston*, p. 22.

4

Allegretto / Arie / Schulz / 'Blühe liebes veilchen' (pp. 7-8).
'Der Knabe an ein Veilchen', text by Christian Adolf Overbeck (see no. 1).

Music by by Johann Abraham Peter Schulz (see no. 2), published in the second volume of his *Lieder im Volkston*, Berlin, 1785 (voice and piano). Modern edition: Schulz, Lieder im Volkston, p. 22.

26 At http://www.volksliederarchiv.de.

5

Larghetto / 'Ich seh' durch Thraenen baeche' (pp. 9-10).

'Sophie auf der See', a poem from the famous novel by Johann Timothaeus Hermes (1738–1821), *Sophiens Reise von Memel nach Sachsen* (6 Vols., 1769–1773; this text is in Vol. 5). In the present songbook two words differ from the original text as found in the novel: in the first line *seh'* reads *sah* in the novel, and in the third line *Sieht* reads *Blikt*.

The poem was written by Hermes on music composed by Johann Adam Hiller (1728–1804) to the words of 'Schon ist er bald entflohen, der Winter, meine Lust'. Hiller in his turn published *Lieder und Arien aus Sophiens Reisen*, Leipzig 1779, in which possibly this song to Hermes's text was included.

6

Andantino / Hoelthy / Mozart / 'Ueb' immer treu u(nd) redlichkeit' (p. 11).

Text by Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty (1748–1776); these are the first lines of his poem 'Der alte Landmann an seinen Sohn'. His *Gedichte* were published by his friends Count Friedrich Leopold zu Stolberg and J. H. Voss (Hamburg, 1783).

The text was set to music by Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart (1739–1791) in 1782. Schubart's melody was made famous by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791), who used it in his opera *Die Zauberflöte* (1791) for Papageno's aria 'Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen'.

7

Andante / Krakowianka / 'Niechódz do miasteczka' (p. 12).

Text by Wacław Michał Zaleski (1799–1849), a Polish poet, writer, researcher of folklore and politician. In 1833 he collected and published in Lviv *Pieśni polskie i ruskie ludu galicyjskiego* ('Polish and Russian songs of the Galician Nation'), which contained about 1500 works, including 160 with piano accompaniment composed by Karol Lipiński (1790–1861). On p. 125, no. 181, is the first couplet of this song, without music, and with a slightly variant text. The exemplar for Aspasia's songbook must of course have been an older publication, one that was set to music. The text in the present edition was established by René Genis, who also made the translation.

The composer of the music is unknown.

8

Andante / Hymne von Schiller / 'Freude schöner götter Funken' (pp. 13-14).

'Ode an die Freude', text by Friedrich von Schiller (1759–1805), published in 1785. In a re-edition in 1803, Schiller altered two lines in the first verse: *Deine Zauber binden wieder, / Was der Mode Schwert geteilt* was changed to *Was die Mode streng geteilt; / Alle Menschen werden Brüder*. It was this second version which was used by Beethoven in his *Ninth Symphony*. In the present songbook the first version is found. An English metric version was published J.G. Flügl, *Flowers of German Poetry* (Leipzig 1835), pp. 274-285, which is printed in the present edition.

The text was set to music by various composers, the present setting is by Johann Abraham Peter Schulz (see no. 2).

9

Andantino / Naegeli / 'Freut euch des Lebens' (pp. 15-16).

'Tischlied', text by Johann Martin Usteri (1763–1827), published first in 1794 in Zürich, as a song with an anonymous accompaniment of harp and piano.

The composer was Hans Georg Nägeli (1773–1836). The song was published again, with the name of the composer, in: *Auswahl von Maurergesängen mit Melodien*, Vol. 2, Berlin 1798, no. 59, and in *Göttinger Musenalmanach für 1796*, pp. 27-29. Later edition: *Erk's deutscher Liederschatz: eine Auswahl der beliebtesten Volks-, Vaterlands-, Soldaten-, Jäger-, Studenten- &*

Weihnachtslieder für eine Singstimme mit Pianofortebegleitung (Leipzig [ca. 1890]), Bd. 1, p. 47, No. 46.

10

Larghetto / Arie / Haydn / 'Ich habe viel gelitten' (pp. 17-18).
The text is ascribed to Christian Schubart (see no. 6), but this attribution is not fully secured. In the present edition, the text of the complete poem is given as it was printed in Flügl, *Flowers of German Poetry*, pp. 286-289 (see the commentary to No. 8), where the English version is also found.

Music by Franz Joseph Haydn (1732–1809), 'A prey to tender anguish (Ich habe viel gelitten)', Hob XXVIa/G1, published in London 1791; also published with text 'When I with pleasing wonder stand'. However, the attribution of the music to Haydn is also doubtful.

11

Andantino / Arie / 'Wo bleibst du hanchen doch so lange' (pp. 19-20).
No information was found about the poet or the composer of this song. A song with the same first line was published in: *Drey neue Arien. 1. Es trift mir mein Schicksal etc.; 2. Hartes Schicksal meiner Jahre etc.; 3. Wo bleibst du, Hannchen doch so lange etc.* [s.l., c.1830].

12

Slow / Air – Banks of Banna / 'When thro' life unblest we rove' (pp. 21-22).
'On Music', published by Thomas Moore (1779–1852) in *A Selection of Irish Melodies*, Vol. 3 (1810). Pinned to p. 23 (pp. 23-24 were left blank) is a loose leaflet (of a different paper, without stamped margins and staves), with a title and the text of the second and third couplets: *Irish melodies Moore / 'Like the gale that sighs along'*.

The words of the poem were set to the traditional Irish tune *Banks of Banna;* the arrangement for voice and piano is by John Stevenson (1761–1833).

Pinned to p. 24, the last page of the book, there is a loose double leaf (pp. 25-28), of the same stamped paper as the book. It also has music staves, but on these pages are nine staves instead of the six as in the actual book. On this double leaf is one song, for voice and piano:

13

39eme ode d'Anacreon / Andante / Mehul / 'Ot' ego pioton inon' (fonetic Greek text, p. 25).
Around 1800, the odes of the classical Greek poet Anacreon were very popular; they were published in translation and set to music. This setting of the *39th Ode* could very well have been taken from the edition listed in F.A. Ebert, *A general bibliographical dictionary*, Vol. I, Oxford 1837, p. 51, no. 568: 'Odes d'Anacréon, trad. en fr. av. le texte grec, la version lat., des notes lat. critiques et deux dissertations; odes grecques mises en musique par Gossec, Méhul, Lesueur et Cherubini, et un discours sur la musique grecque. Par J. Bt. Gail. Par. 1799. 4°. with plates.' Jean-Baptiste Gail (1755–1829) was a Hellenist scholar, member of the Institut de France.

Pp. 26 and 28 are left blank; on p. 27 is the text of the Ode, now in Greek script, under the title *Ανακ(ρεον);* at the end are the letters *κ. α.*, the meaning of which remains unclear; possibly they stand for the initials of Aspasia Craan (Κρααν in Greek script).

The music is by the composer Étienne Méhul (1763–1817).

In the present songbook, the fonetic Greek under the music comprises only the first seven lines of the Ode; the Greek text on p. 27 gives the first eleven lines. According to the indication 'al segno pour la suite du texte grec' at the end of the music, after the seventh line, lines eight

to eleven should be sung to the same music as lines four to seven. The original Greek text is much longer. It is printed below, with its French translation, as published in J.B. [Jacques-Benjamin-Maximilien Bins, comte] de Saint-Victor, *Odes d'Anacréon, traduites en vers sur le texte de Brunck*, Paris 1810, pp. 98-101:

λθ΄. Ε᾽ΙΣ ῾ΕΑΤΟΝ.

῞Οτ᾽ ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
τότ᾽ ἐμοῦ ἰανθέν ἧτορ
Μούσος λιγαίνειν ἄρχεται,
῞Οτ᾽ ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
ἀπορίπτονται μέριμναι
πολυφρόντιδές τε βουλαὶ
᾽Ες ἁλικτύπους ἀήτας.
῞Οτ᾽ ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
λυσιπήμων τότε Βάκχος
πολυανθέσιν μ᾽ ἐν ὥραις
Δονέει, μέθῃ γανώσας.
῞Οτ᾽ ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
Στεφάνους ἄνθεσι πλέξας,
᾽Επιθεὶς τε τῷ καρήνῳ,
Μέλπω βιότου γαλήνην.
῞Οτ᾽ ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
μύρῳ ἐϋώδεϊ τέγξας
Δέμας, ἁγκάλαις δὲ κούρην
Κατέχων, Κύπριν ἀείδω.
῞Οτ᾽ ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
῾Υπὸ κυρτοῖσι κυπέλλοις
Τὸν ἐμὸν νόον ἁπλώσας
θιάσῳ τέρπομαι κούρων.
῞Οτ᾽ ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
Τόδ᾽ ἐμοὶ μόνον τὸ κέρδος,
Τόδ᾽ ἐγὼ λαβὼν ἀποίσω·
Τὸ θανεῖν γὰρ μετὰ πάντα.

XXXIX. SON IVRESSE

Quand je bois, mon cœur transporté,
Dans les accès de sa gaîté,
Aux Muses rend de doux hommages.
Quand je bois, de mon front rêveur
Dissipant soudain les nuages,
Au séjour des bruyants orages
Zéphire emporte ma douleur.
Quand je bois, mon ame charmée,
Au sein d'un nuage odorant,
Avec Bacchus va parcourant
De l'Ether la plaine embaumée,
D'un vol plus léger que le vent.
Quand je bois, sur mon front j'enlace
Les fleurs brillantes des Amours,
Et je chante alors avec grace
Le bonheur des paisibles jours.
Quand je bois, quand la folle ivresse
S'empare de mes sens émus,
Des parfums sur moi répandus
Baignant le sein de ma maîtresse,
Dans ses bras je chante Vénus.
Quand je bois, au fond de ma coupe
Je puise les ris et les jeux;
Et des danseurs mon pied joyeux
Anime l'agréable troupe.
Boire, m'enivrer, boire encor,
Est le seul bonheur que j'envie;
Je suis satisfait de mon sort,
Si je quitte en buvant la vie;
Car tout vient finir à la mort.

The English translation in the present edition was taken from [Thomas Gilpin], *The odes of Anacreon: literally translated into English prose* (York-London, 1796).

At the end of the book is another loose quire (pp. 29-34), which consists of a double leaf, again in the same stamped paper as in the book, with nine music staves per page, as on the other double leaf. Stitched in is a leaf of different paper, without stamped margins or staves (pp. 31-32); judging from the hole that is still visible, it was originally pinned to the double leaf. On p. 29 is a dedication and a title: *à Mad^{lle} Aspasie Craan / Romance / Mise en Musique par Berton*. This is followed by the song for voice and piano:

'Je vous salue ô lieux charmans' (pp. 30, 33-34).
Text by Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian (1755–1794), from his pastoral *Estelle*, published 1788. On the stitched-in leaf (pp. 31-32) is written the text of the third and fifth verses of the poem, with (incorrect) headings on p. 31: *2me Coup.t / 3me Coup.t* The text of these verses continues on p. 32, where there is also the fourth couplet, next to which is a note, written in a modern hand in pencil: *Continuation 2e Couplet / vient ensuite le 3me Ct / Seulement 4 Vers. / Fin*.

In Paris there were around 1820 two composers with the name Berton, father and son: Henri-Montan Berton (1767–1844) and François Berton (1784–1832); see above, p. 6.

In the songbook there are a number of variant readings compared to the text as published by Florian, which were perhaps introduced by the composer. These are signalled in footnotes. Also, a few notes were corrected in the present edition:

m. 4, fourth beat: natural added to *b* ;
m. 13, third beat: natural added to *a* ;
m. 15, fourth beat: *b* corrected from *c'* ;
m. 17, third beat: natural added to *a* ;
m. 27, third and fourth beats: sharps added to *d'*.

III. About the present edition

In the following edition, the – obvious – errors made by the scribe of the manuscript were corrected without further notice, as the original text can be studied in the facsimile. Most of these mistakes were already at the time corrected by a second hand; see above, p. 5.

In the edition, the spelling of the song texts is sometimes slightly normalised in accordance with the printed versions; again, in the facsimile the original spelling can be checked. Most of the time, the songbook just gives the first verse of each poem; the remainder of the text was added in the edition, except in the case of No. 11, of which no additional text could be found. The English translations (made by the present author, except for nos. 7, 8, 10 and 13) are intended to elucidate the meaning of the poems, not as alternative song texts; the only exception being Nos. 8 and 10, which are period metric English versions of the German poems.

IV. Translations of the song texts

1. A boat's journey

1
Those were blissful days;
Little boat sporting flags,
Please carry once again my love and me.
O, rock us lightly once again
From here to the world's end;
We want you to be our cradle.

2
We floated and floated on the waves,
Where from the water the shining
Siver fish jumped up;
We floated and floated along meadows,
Where the flowers let themselves be seen,
Where the lambs flocked together.

3
We played in the floating boat,
We had much to laugh about
And never stopped fooling around;
We let the flute sound,
We all began to sing,
And I held my love in my arms.

4
Those were blessful days!
My beloved girl, please say:
"They were blissful for me too."
Then I will find the little boat again,
Then I will sit down next to you
And journey through life with you.

5
And if I don't find the boat anymore,
Then we will walk loving and virtuous
By the fields and meadows;
And under the roof covered with moss,
With love and peace in our bosom,
Will our friend Amor easily lead us.

2. Song

1
In the shadow of the peplars,
at the pool covered with green reeds,
Sat Hedewig in a red dress,
and was knitting a small stocking;
And sang with a sweet tone a song,
I don't remember its contents.

2
There I went fishing at the brook
with my fishing pole,
And behind the alder bush
I heard my beautiful neighbour.
I left my pole at the brook,
and went to the lovely girl.

3
'So lonely, Maiden? May I disturbe?
Here one sits at a cool and fresh place.'
'Please do! I am gathering blueberries
in the bushes of this valley.
But the sun of midday burns,
And it's hardly worth the trouble.'

4
I sat down with an anxious mind,
I felt it in my bones;
And next to my foot
was her soft small foot resting,
Laying on grass and flowers,
and only covered to the heel.

5
We trembled like leaves in May,
and didn't know why;
We stammered about the crops and the weather,
and sat silent again,
And listened to the melodies
cried by the lapwing and the bittern.

6
Now bolder, I interfered with her knitting,
and took the clew from her lap;
But heartily she struck my fingers
with her needles:
And as this was to no avail,
so she used her little teeth.

7
Oh see, how through the leaves, my love,
the sun is illuminating you,
And now your mouth, now your cheek
and dimple colors in a purple glow;
On your face the light sparkles
as does the afterglow on a quiet river.

8
She smiled; her breast
heaved impetuously,
And from the hot lips
trembled a soft 'Oh'.
I came closer, and mouth on mouth
we sealed our union.

3. Love's enchantment

1
Maiden, look me in the face!
Rascal's eye, never blink!
Maiden, mark my words!
Answer me wenn I ask!
Hola ho! In the face!
Rascal's eye, never blink!

2
You're not ugly, that is true;
eyes you have, blue and clear;
Cheeks and mouth are like figs;
oh, and not to mention your breast!
Lovely, darling, that is true,
you are clearly lovely.

3
But lovely as you may be,
you are still not an empress;
Not the empress of the beautiful,
the only one worthy to be crowned.
Lovely as you may be,
you are still far from being an empress.

4
Certainly a hundred beauties,
a hundred, hundred! could be found
Who would be eagerly burning
to challenge your beauty.
There would be a hundred beauties,
and a hundred would beat you.

5
And still you wield imperial power
over your loyal servant,
Imperial power in his heart,
now for his bliss, now for his anguish.
Death and life, imperial power,
your loyal servant takes from you.

6
A hundred is a rather big number,
but, darling, let it once
Try a hundred thousand beauties
to chase you from your throne and empire!
A hundred thousand! What a number!
But they would all loose.

7
Rascal's eye, rascal's mouth,
look at me and tell me!
Hey, why are you mine?
You alone and no one else?
Look at me and tell me,
rascal's eye, rascal's mouth!

8
I ponder and keep asking myself,
what was it that gave me to you?
Ha! That I am forced thus by nothing at all,
would not happen if everything was normal.
Enchanting maiden, the deuce!
Where is your magic wand?

4. The boy to a violet

1
Blossom, sweet violet,
which I myself grew,
Blossom still a little while,
grow even more beautiful!
Do you know what I think?
As a present for Lotte
I will pick you soon.
Little flower, rejoice!

2
Lotte, you should know,
is my darling child!
If I lost Lotte,
I would cry my eyes out!
I like Lotte best
of all children
That I ever saw,
that I must confess.

3
Such a lovely girl
is nowhere to be found!
Gretchen from the neighbours
certainly has also a pretty face!
But I would say,
if I were asked:
'Would you court Gretchen?'
Surely I would say: 'No!'

4
But that girl there
is to my liking!
I will take no other
when I've grown older!
Oh, that sweet Lotte!
Next to the good Lord
There is nothing here
I love more than she!

5
Many, who know me,
now and then make fun of me;
Whenever they mention Lotte,
they look at me.

Do as you like, good little people;
Lotte will be my little bride!
One day you will join me
on the wedding!

6
But you, my little violet,
will be a present for Lotte!
Blossom for a while
here in the sunshine.
Soon I will pick you,
to decorate her breast.
Oh, she will kiss you,
and perhaps me also!

5. Sophie on the lake

1
Through a flood of tears I see you, moon,
you, image of peace!
On the surface of this lake
no one looks down but you.
In this solemn quiet,
you, god of the night,
Should be given the fullness
of the deepest melancholy as an offering.

2
Often I used to dance, unaffected by grief,
in your beautiful light.
Often your smiling face
invited me to a slumber.
But now I hate joy,
and full of fear I flee rest;
And perhaps you look
at my suffering with compassion.

3
Cast out by mankind, driven away,
I come to you.
See my tears! They never were shed
more abundantly than here.
Never my heart will succeed
to be as still as the night.
Never the nightly pains
broke as deeply into a soul.

4
You witness of my griefs!
Could you pass me over?
Oh, let me see in your rays
some deliverance!
Oh moon! When on the lake,
where your gaze often rested,
Would be a friend who could be my saviour,
please show him my boat!

6. Always practice faithfulness and honesty

1
Always practice faithfulness and honesty
until you rest in your cool grave,
And stray not even a finger's breadth
from God's paths.

2
Then you'll walk as on green meadows
through your pilgrim's life,
Then you can without fear and fright
look Death in the face.

3
Then the sickle and the plough
will become light in your hand,
Then you will sing at your water mug
as if wine had been handed to you.

4
For the villain everything is difficult,
whatever he does,
The day grants him no more joy,
the night no rest.

5
He does not enjoy the beautiful spring,
he does not enjoy a grain field,
He is keen on lies and deceit,
and desires nothing but money.

6
The whispering of the wind in the grove
and the leaves of the tree horrify him;
After the days of his life
he finds no peace in his grave.

7
So, always practice faithfulness and honesty
until you rest in your cool grave,
And stray not even a finger's breadth
from God's paths!

8
Then your grandchildren will visit your tomb
and shed tears on it,
And sunflowers, full of fragrance,
will blossom on those tears.

7. Krakovian girl

1
Don't go to the little town,
don't seduce the boys,
Because you are a young girl;
you could hurt yourself!

2
Don't fall in love with me,
because that is pointless:
I love someone else;
you have no use for me!

3
I am a little girl
from the small town of Cracow,
I am eleven years old,
and I am a little girl.

8. Hymn to Joy

1
Joy, from source celestial springing,
Inmate of Elysian bow'r;
Touch'd by thee, with rapture glowing,
We invoke thy heavenly power.
Tyrant Custom's harsh distinctions
Sink before thy just award:
Beggars smile the peers of princes,
Where thy magic voice is heard.
Fellow myriads, far and near!
Hail, and take the proffer'd hand!
Sure a pow'r to mortals bland,
Dwells above yon starry sphere!

2
He whom happier fortune favours,
He who boasts a friend that's true,
He whom Love's soft transport kindles,
Let him join the gladsome crew.
But the wretch whose wayward fortunes,
Love and Friendship's boons restrain;
Let him quit the joyous banquet:
Weeping, quit the genial train!
Sacred pow'r of Sympathy!
All creation owns thy sway:
To the brighter realms of day
Thou shalt lift thy votary!

3
All that breathes through varied Nature
Sips the nectar'd cup of Joy:
Good and bad, with equal ardour,
Fondly crowd her roseate way.
Love, and wine, and Friendship's treasure,
Joy with lavish hand bestows:
Joy the abject reptile gladdens,
While on high the seraph glows!
Mortals, own the Deity;
Own the pow'r of Nature's lord:
Let the rapturous loud accord
Reach the blissful seats on high!

4
Joy, unceasing source of motion,
Animates the varied scene;
Potent spring of wide creation,
Joy impels the vast machine.
Buds to flow's her influence ripens,
Suns she draws from realms of day:
Rolls the spheres through boundless ether,
Far beyond the tube's survey.
Joyous as the rolling sphere
Wanders through etherical space,
Let us speed our mortal race;
Gayly speed our short career!

5
Smiling sweet in Truth's bright mirror,
Joy the Searcher's toil requites;
Joy, the prize of mild endurance,
Leads to Virtue's steepy heights.
See, on Faith's refulgent mountain,
High aloft het banners wave!
Joy pervades the choir of angels;
Joy shall reach the darksome grave.
Learn the ills of Life to bear,
Check the tear, and still the sigh;
Heav'n rewards the victory,
High above yon spangled sphere.

6
Nought requites indulgent Heaven:
Let us emulate its care.
Sons of Poverty and Sorrow,
Haste, and find a welcome here.
Fell Revenge and bitter Rancour,
Shun the social, gay retreat:
Here, be ev'ry foe forgiven;
Pardon ev'ry wrong await!
Jars and broils no more be heard;
Peace her olive-wand displays!
He, whose eye the globe surveys,
Soon shall judge as we award!

7
Sparkling high in flowing glasses,
Flights sublime shall Joy inspire,
Cannibals inhale soft mercy;
Wild Despair, heroick fire.
Now the foaming goblet circles;
Gayly quaff the gen'rous wine:
Wine, the gift of bounteous Nature!
Praise the pow'r that gave the vine!
He, whose praise the tuneful spheres
Chaunt in ceaseless harmony;
He, who dwells above the sky,
Gave the vine to soothe our cares!

8
Calmly bear the frowns of Fortune;
Soothe the heart oppress'd with woe:
Sacred keep the plighted promise;
True alike to friend and foe.
Manly pride display to Princes;
Give to modest worth its due;
Cherish truth and all its vot'ries;
Deprecate the perjur'd crew.
Closer knit our holy bands;
Low at Truth's bright altar bow:
Swear to keep the plighted vow;
Swear by Him, who all commands!

9
Wide may sacred Freedom triumph!
E'en may Pity Vice await;
Hope attend Life's latest glimmer;
Mercy ward the felon's fate.
Lo, the shrowded dead shall quicken!
Mortals, list, and Heav'n adore.
Ev'ry crime shall be forgiven;
Death and Hell shall be no more!
Peace, at Life's departing scene;
Soft repose beneath the tomb;
Looks benign, and gracious doom,
From the awful judge of men!

9. Table song

1
Enjoy life when the lamp is still glowing;
Pick the rose before she withers.
One is apt to indulge in worries and troubles,
Looks for thorns and indeed finds them,
And doesn't notice the violet
that blooms at the road.
Enjoy life …

2
When the creation hides timidly
And thunder roars loudly at us,
In the evening after the storm
the sun laughs so beautifully at us.
Enjoy life…

3
Who takes care to avoid envy and jealousy
And grows contentment in his little garden,
For him that will grow fast into a little tree,
bearing golden fruits.
Enjoy life…

4
Who practices honesty and faithfulness
And happily gives to the poorer brethren,
With him contentedness
likes to build her little house.
Enjoy life …

5
And when the path gets dreadfully narrow,
And bad fortune plagues and troubles us,
Then friendship reaches a sisterly hand
out to the honest.
Enjoy life…

6
She wipes his tears,
And strews flowers as far as his grave;
She changes night into dusk,
and dusk into light.
Enjoy life …

7
She is life's most beautiful bond:
Join heartily hands, brethren!

Thus one wanders joyfully, one wanders easily
into the better Fatherland.
Enjoy life …

10 Comfort in Sufferings

1
A prey to tender anguish,
Of ev'ry joy bereav'd,
How oft I sigh and languish!
How oft by Hope deceiv'd!
Still wishing, still desiring,
To bliss in vain aspiring,
A thousand tears I shed,
In nightly tribute sped.

2
And Love and Fame betraying,
And Friends no longer true:
No smiles my face arraying,
No heart so fraught with woe;
So pass'd my Life's sad morning:
Lost joys no more returning!
Alas! Now all around,
Is dark and cheerless found!

3
Ah! why did Nature give me
A heart so soft and true;
A heart to pain and grieve me,
At ills that others rue?
Thus, others' ills bewailing,
And inward griefs assailing;
With double anguish fraught,
To throb each pulse is taught.

4
Erelong, perchance, my sorrow
Shall find its welcome close;
Nor distant far the morrow,
That brings the wish'd repose:
When Death, with kind embracing,
Each bitter anguish chasing,
Shall mark my peaceful doom,
Beneath the silent tomb.

5
Then cease, my heart, to languish,
And cease to flow my tears;
Though nought be here but anguish,
The grave shall end my cares.

On Earth's soft lap reposing,
Life's idle pageant closing,
No more shall grief assail,
No sorrow longer wail.

11. Song

What did you keep so long, little Hans?
Why do you not stay here with me?
You make me worry and fret about you;
Say maiden, is that a proper thing to do?

Look, how flushed is your face,
How crumpled are your clothes,
Your hair and hairdo a mess;
Go, little Hans, I am angry with you.

13. XXXXIX. On himself

When I drink wine,
Then, my heart being cheered,
I begin to celebrate the Muses.
When I drink wine,
Care is driven away,
And over-anxious counsels,

To the gales which beat the sea.
When I drink wine,
Then sportive Bacchus,
Having exhilarated me with his draught,
Tosses me in flower-scented breezes.
When I drink wine ...

14 Romance

1
I greet you, oh charming places,
left behind with so much grief;
Cherished places where I see everywhere
the tokens of my loving.

2
When a terrible vindication exiled me
from that beautiful sojourn,
I have parted there from my love,
and left there my hope.

3
In other places I have found again
waters, flowers and trees;
But these flowers, these waters, these leaves
had no charm in my eyes.

4
One feels nowhere as well as in one's fatherland:
it is there that the brooks give pleasure,
It is there that the most beautiful trees
give the dearest shadow.

5
How sweet is it to end one's days
at the place where life started,

To grow old there close to one's girlfriend,
without changing roof nor love!

EDITION OF THE MUSIC

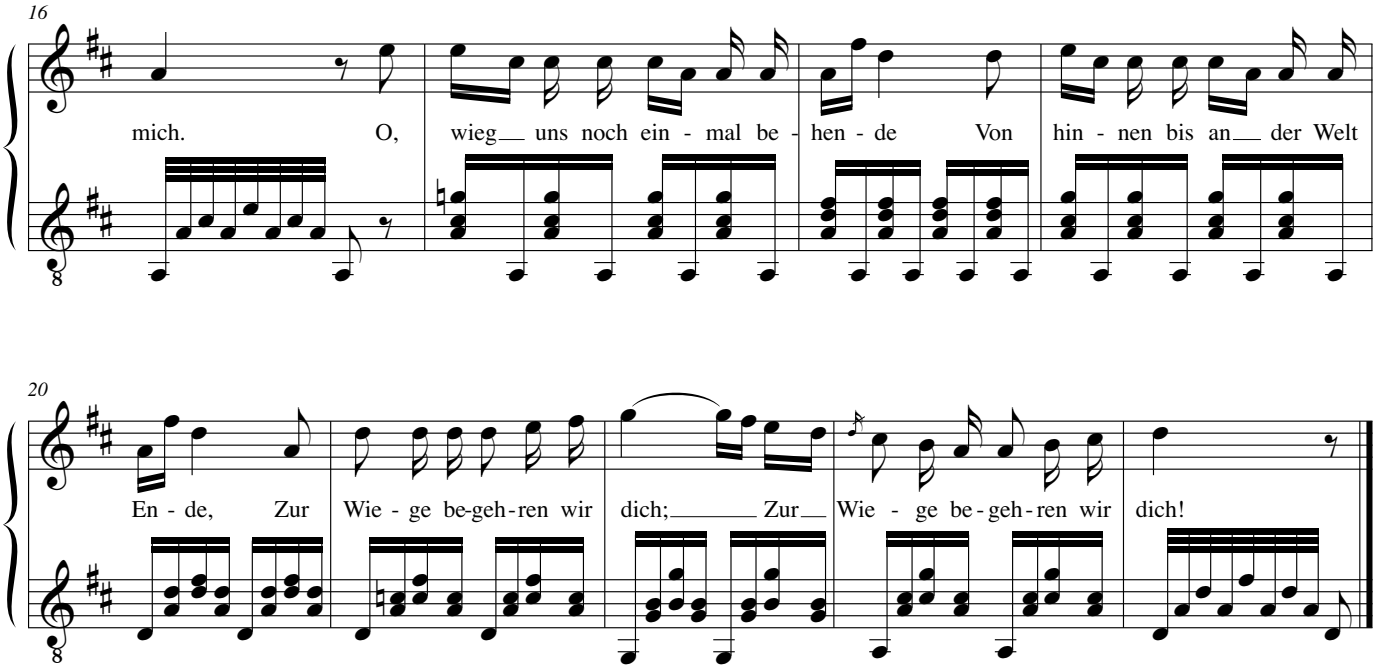
1. Die Schifffahrt

Christian Adolph Overbeck

Andante

Friedrich Franz Hurka





2
Wir fuhren und fuhren auf Wellen,
Da sprangen im Wasser die hellen,
Die silbernen Fische herauf;
Wir fuhren und fuhren durch Auen,
Da ließen die Blumen sich schauen,
Da liefen die Lämmer zu Hauf.

3
Wir spielten im treibenden Nachen,
Wir gaben uns Manches zu lachen
Und hatten des Spielens nicht Rast;
Wir ließen die Flöte erklingen,
Wir alle begannen zu singen,
Und ich hielt mein Liebchen umfaßt.

4
Das waren mir selige Tage!
Mein liebliches Mädchen, o sage:
Sie waren so selig auch mir.
Dann such' ich das Schiffchen mir wieder,
Dann setz ich mich neben dir nieder
Und schiffe durchs Leben mit dir.

5
Und find' ich das Schiffchen nicht wieder,
So wandeln wir liebend und bieder
Durch Fluren und Auen dahin;
Und unter dem Dache von Moose,
Der Lieb' und der Ruhe im Schoose,
Schifft leicht uns Freund Amor dahin.

2. Lied

Heinrich Voß

Adagio

Johann Abraham Peter Schulz



2
Da ging ich bis an dem Bach zu fischen mit meiner Angel hin,
Und hörte hinter Erlenbüschen die schöne Nachbarin.
Ich ließ die Angel an dem Bach, und ging dem lieben Mädchen nach.

3
So einsam, Mädchen? Darf ich stören? Hier sitzt man kühl und frisch.
O gern! Ich suchte Heidelbeeren in dieses Tals Gebüsch.
Allein die Mittagssonne sticht, auch lohnt es sich der Mühe nicht.

4
Ich setzte mich mit bangem Mute, mir lief's durch Mark und Bein;
Und neben meinem Fuße ruhte ihr Füschen, zart und klein,
Auf Gras und Blumen hingestreckt, und bis zum Zwickel nur bedeckt.

5
Wir zitterten wie Maienblätter, und wussten nicht warum;
Wir stammelten von Saat und Wetter, und saßen wieder stumm,
Und horchten auf die Melodien, die Kibitz und Rohrdommel schrien.

6
Jetzt kühner, stört' ich sie im Stricken, und nahm ihr Knaul vom Schoß;
Doch herzhaft schlug sie mit dem Sticken auf meine Finger los:
Und als sie hiermit nichts gewann, so setzte sie die Zähnchen an.

7
O sie, wie durch das Laub, mein Liebchen, die Sonne dich bestrahlt,
Und bald den Mund, bald Wang und Grübchen mit glüh'ndem Purper mahlt!
Auf deinem Antlitz hüpft die Glut, wie Abendrot auf sanfter Flut.

8
Sie lächelte; ihr Busen strebte mit Ungestüm empor,
Und aus den heißen Lippen bebte ein leises Ach hervor.
Ich nahte mich, und Mund an Mund versiegelten wir unsern Bund.

3. Liebeszauber

Gottfried August Bürger

Allegretto

Johann Abraham Peter Schulz



2
Bist nicht häßlich, das ist wahr;
Äuglein hast du, blau und klar;
Wang' und Mund sind süße Feigen;
Ach! vom Busen laß mich schweigen!
Reizend, Liebchen, das ist wahr,
Reizend bist du offenbar.

3
Aber reizend her und hin!
Bist ja doch nicht Kaiserin;
Nicht die Kaiserin der Schönen.
Würdig ganz allein zum Krönen.
Reizend her und reizend hin!
Fehlt noch viel zur Kaiserin.

4
Hundert Schönen sicherlich,
Hundert, hundert! fänden sich,
Die vor Eifer würden lodern,
Dich auf Schönheit 'rauszufodern.
Hundert Schönen fänden sich;
Hundert siegten über dich.

5
Dennoch hegst du Kaiserrecht
Über deinen treuen Knecht:
Kaiserrecht in seinem Herzen,
Bald zu Wonne, bald zu Schmerzen.
Tod und Leben, Kaiserrecht,
Nimmt von dir der treue Knecht!

6
Hundert ist wohl große Zahl;
Aber, Liebchen, laß es 'mal
Hunderttausend Schönen wagen,
Dich von Thron und Reich zu jagen!
Hunderttausend! Welche Zahl!
Sie verlören allzumal.

7
Schelmenauge, Schelmenmund,
Sieh' mich an und thu' mir's kund!
He, warum bist du die Meine?
Du allein und anders keine?
Sieh' mich an und thu' mir's kund,
Schelmenauge, Schelmenmund!

8
Sinnig forsch' ich auf und ab:
Was so ganz dir hin mich gab? -
Ha! durch nichts mich so zu zwingen,
Geht nicht zu mit rechten Dingen.
Zaubermädel auf und ab,
Sprich, wo ist dein Zauberstab?

4. Der Knabe an ein Veilchen

Christian Adolph Overbeck

Allegretto

Johann Abraham Peter Schulz



2
Lotte mußt du wissen,
Ist mein liebes Kind!
Sollt' ich Lotte missen,
Weinte ich mich blind!
Lotte hat vor allen
Kindern mir gefallen,
Die ich je gesehen,
Das muß ich gestehen.

3
Solch ein schmuckes Mädchen
Gibt es weiter nicht!
Zwar hat Nachbars Gretchen
Auch ein hübsch Gesicht!
Doch muß ich's nur sagen,
Würde man mich fragen:
Möchtst du Gretchen frein?
Sicher sag ich: Nein!

4
Aber da die Kleine
Liegt mir in dem Sinn!
Anders nehm’ ich keine
Wenn ich älter bin!
Ach die süße Lotte!
Nächst dem lieben Gotte
Hab’ ich doch allhie
Nichts so lieb als sie!

5
Manch, die mich kennen,
Spotten dann und wann;
Wenn sie Lotte nennen,
Sehen sie mich an.
Tut es nur, ihr Leutchen;
Lotte bleibt mein Bräutchen!
Künftig sollt ihr schön
Mit zur Hochzeit geh’n!

6
Aber du, mein Veilchen,
Sollst für Lotte sein!
Blüh’ nur noch ein Weilchen
Hier im Sonnenschein.
Bald will ich dich pflücken,
Ihre Brust zu schmucken.
Ach dann küßt sie dich
Und vielleicht auch mich!

5. Sophie auf der See

Johann Timothaeus Hermes

Larghetto

Johann Adam Hiller (?)



2
Oft tanzt ich, frey von Kummer,
In deinen schönen Licht.
Oft winkte mir zum Schlummer
Dein lächelndes Gesicht.
Und itzt haß ich die Freude
Und flieh voll Angst die Ruh;
Und du siehst meinem Leide
Vielleicht mit Mitleid zu.

3
Von Menschen ausgestoßen,
Komm ich verscheucht zu dir.
Sieh Thränen! o sie flossen
Noch nie so hell, als hier.
Nie glückt es meinem Herzen,
Still, wie die Nacht, zu seyn.
Nie brach die Nacht der Schmerzen
So tief zur Seele ein.

4
Du Zeuge meiner Qualen!
Kanst du vorüber gehn?
Ach laß in deinen Stralen
Mich eine Rettung sehen!
O Mond! wenn auf dem Meere,
Das oft dein Blick durchlief,
Ein Freund mein Retter wäre,
So zeig ich ihm doch mein Schiff!

6. Üb' immer Treu und Redlichkeit

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

Christian Friedrich Daniel Schubart /
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart



2
Dann wirst du wie auf grünen Au'n,
Durch's Pilgerleben geh'n;
Dann kannst du sonder Furcht und Grau'n
Dem Tod ins Antlitz seh'n.

3
Dann wird die Sichel und der Pflug
In deiner Hand so leicht,
Dann singest du beim Wasserkrug,
Als wär' dir Wein gereicht.

4
Dem Bösewicht wird alles schwer,
Er tue was er tu,
Ihm gönnt der Tag nicht Freude mehr,
Die Nacht ihm keine Ruh.

5
Der schöne Frühling lacht ihm nicht,
Ihm lacht kein Ährenfeld,
Er ist auf Lug und Trug erpicht,
Und wünscht sich nichts als Geld.

6
Der Wind im Hain, das Laub im Baum
Saust ihm Entsetzen zu,
Er findet, nach des Lebens Raum
Im Grabe keine Ruh.

7
Drum übe Treu und Redlichkeit
Bis an dein kühles Grab,
Und weiche keinen Finger breit
Von Gottes Wegen ab!

8
Dann suchen Enkel deine Gruft
Und weinen Tränen drauf,
Und Sonnenblumen, voll von Duft,
Blüh'n aus den Tränen auf.

7. Krakowianka

Waclaw Michal Zaleski

Andante

Anonymous



2
Nie kocháy sie we mnie,
Bo to nadaremnie:
Ja kochám innégo;
Cóz ci przyidzie zemnie!

3
Jestem Panieneczka
Z Krakowa miasteczka,
Jedenáscie mi lat minęło,
I ieszczem dzieweczka.

8. An die Freude

Friedrich von Schiller

Andante

Johann Abraham Peter Schulz





2

Wem der große Wurf gelungen,
Eines Freundes Freund zu sein;
Wer ein holdes Weib errungen,
Mische seinen Jubel ein!
Ja - wer auch nur eine Seele
Sein nennt auf dem Erdenrund!
Und wers nie gekonnt, der stehle

Chor

Weinend sich aus diesem Bund!
Was den großen Ring bewohnet,
Huldige der Sympathie!
Zu den Sternen leitet sie,
Wo der Unbekannte thronet.

3
Freude trinken alle Wesen
An den Brüsten der Natur,
Alle Guten, alle Bösen
Folgen ihrer Rosenspur.
Küsse gab sie uns und Reben,
Einen Freund, geprüft im Tod.
Wollust ward dem Wurm gegeben,
Und der Cherub steht vor Gott.
Chor
Ihr stürzt nieder, Millionen?
Ahndest du den Schöpfer, Welt?
Such ihn überm Sternenzelt,
Über Sternen muß er wohnen.

4
Freude heißt die starke Feder
In der ewigen Natur.
Freude, Freude treibt die Räder
In der großen Weltenuhr.
Blumen lockt sie aus den Keimen,
Sonnen aus dem Firmament,
Sphären rollt sie in den Räumen,
Die des Sehers Rohr nicht kennt.
Chor
Froh, wie seine Sonnen fliegen,
Durch des Himmels prächtgen Plan,
Laufet, Brüder, eure Bahn,
Freudig wie ein Held zum Siegen.

5
Aus der Wahrheit Feuerspiegel
Lächelt sie den Forscher an.
Zu der Tugend steilem Hügel
Leitet sie des Dulders Bahn.
Auf des Glaubens Sonnenberge
Sieht man ihre Fahnen wehn,
Durch den Riß gesprengter Särge
Sie im Chor der Engel stehn.
Chor
Duldet mutig, Millionen!
Duldet für die beßre Welt!
Droben überm Sternenzelt
Wird ein großer Gott belohnen.

6
Göttern kann man nicht vergelten,
Schön ists, ihnen gleich zu sein.
Gram und Armut soll sich melden,
Mit den Frohen sich erfreun.
Groll und Rache sei vergessen,
Unserm Todfeind sei verziehn,
Keine Träne soll ihn pressen,
Keine Reue nage ihn.
Chor
Unser Schuldbuch sei vernichtet!
Ausgesöhnt die ganze Welt!
Brüder – überm Sternenzelt
Richtet Gott, wie wir gerichtet.

7
Freude sprudelt in Pokalen,
In der Traube goldnem Blut
Trinken Sanftmut Kannibalen,
Die Verzweiflung Heldenmut.
Brüder, fliegt von euren Sitzen,
Wenn der volle Römer kreist,
Laßt den Schaum zum Himmel sprützen:
Dieses Glas dem guten Geist.
Chor
Den der Sterne Wirbel loben,
Den des Seraphs Hymne preist,
Dieses Glas dem guten Geist
Überm Sternenzelt dort oben!

8
Festen Mut in schwerem Leiden,
Hülfe, wo die Unschuld weint,
Ewigkeit geschwornen Eiden,
Wahrheit gegen Freund und Feind,
Männerstolz vor Königsthronen -
Brüder, gält es Gut und Blut, -
Dem Verdienste seine Kronen,
Untergang der Lügenbrut!
Chor
Schließt den heilgen Zirkel dichter,
Schwört bei diesem goldnen Wein:
Dem Gelübde treu zu sein,
Schwört es bei dem Sternenrichter!

9
Rettung von Tyrannenketten,
Großmut auch dem Bösewicht,
Hoffnung auf den Sterbebetten,
Gnade auf dem Hochgericht!
Auch die Toten sollen leben!
Brüder trinkt und stimmet ein,
Allen Sündern soll vergeben,
Und die Hölle nicht mehr sein.

Chor

Eine heitre Abschiedsstunde!
Süßen Schlaf im Leichentuch!
Brüder – einen sanften Spruch
Aus des Totenrichters Munde!

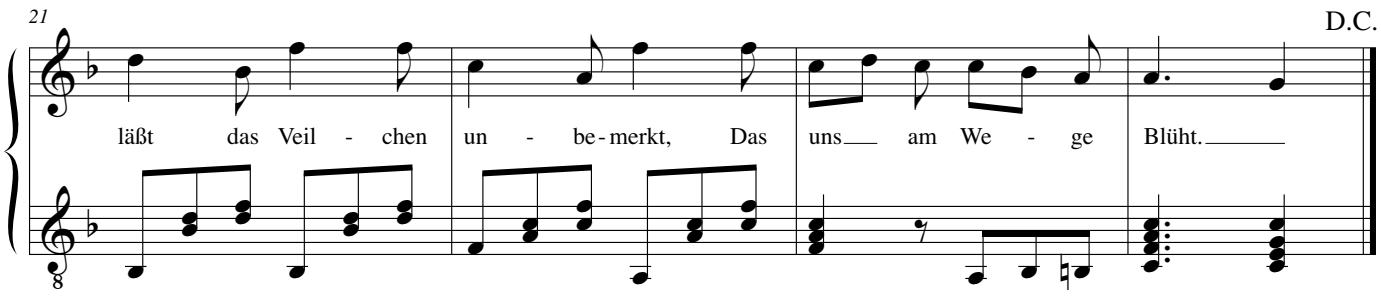
9. Tischlied

Johann Martin Usteri

Andantino

Hans Georg Nägeli





2
Wenn scheu die Schöpfung sich verhüllt
Und laut der Donner ob uns brüllt,
So lacht am Abend nach dem Sturm
Die Sonne uns so schön.
Freut euch des Lebens . . .

3
Wer Neid und Mißgunst sorgsam flieht
Und G'nugsamkeit im Gärtchen zieht,
Dem schießt sie schnell zum Bäumchen auf,
Das goldne Früchte trägt.
Freut euch des Lebens . . .

4
Wer Redlichkeit und Treue übt
Und gern dem ärmeren Bruder gibt,
Bei dem baut sich Zufriedenheit
So gern ihr Hüttchen an.
Freut euch des Lebens . . .

5
Und wenn der Pfad sich furchtbar engt,
Und Mißgeschick uns plagt und drängt,
So reicht die Freundschaft schwesterlich
Dem Redlichen die Hand.
Freut euch des Lebens . . .

6
Sie trocknet ihm die Tränen ab,
Und streut ihm Blumen bis ins Grab;
Sie wandelt Nacht in Dämmerung,
Und Dämmerung in Licht.
Freut euch des Lebens . . .

7
Sie ist des Lebens schönstes Band:
Schlagt, Brüder, traulich Hand in Hand!
So wallt man froh, so wallt man leicht,
Ins bess're Vaterland.
Freut euch des Lebens . . . .

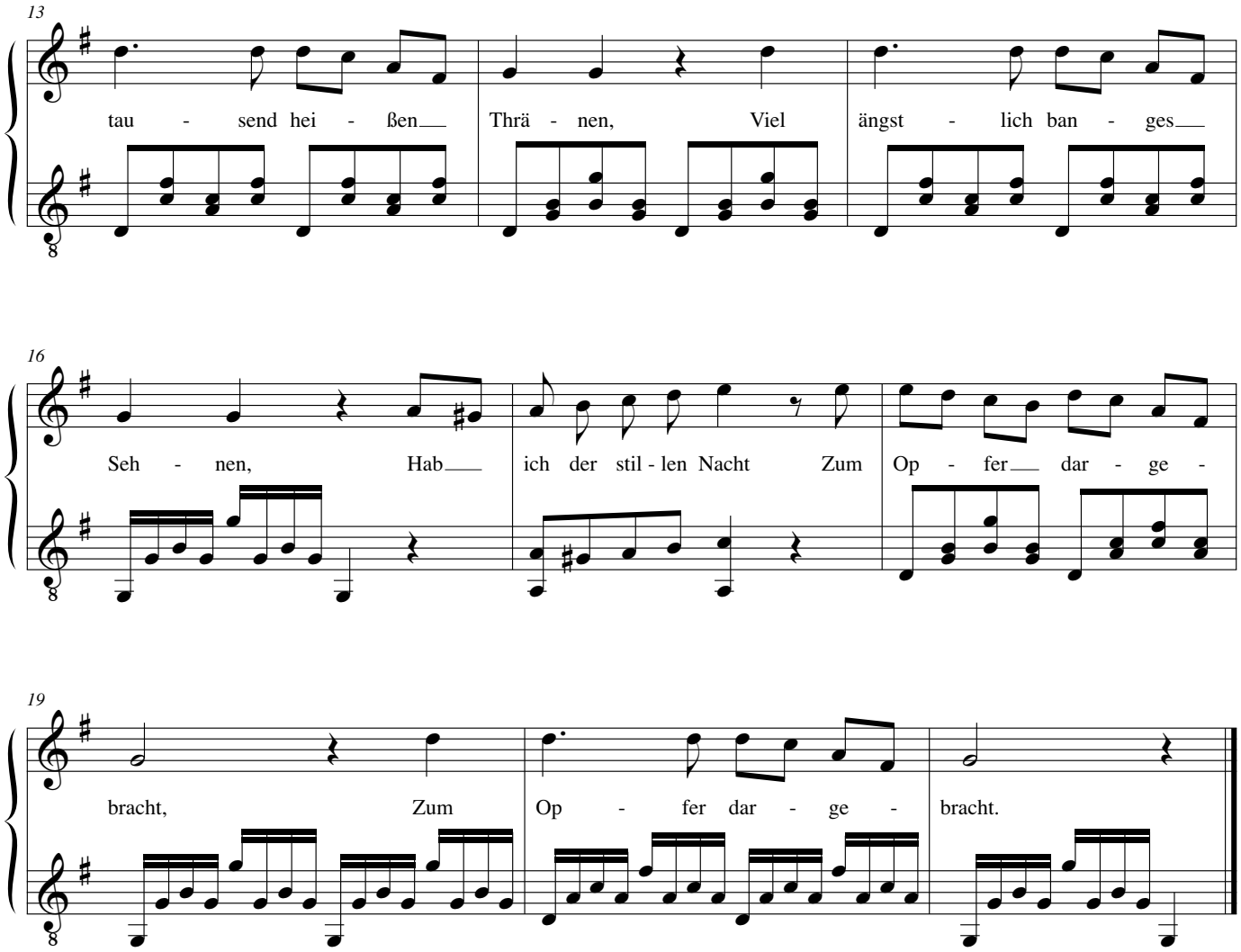
10. Arie

Christian Schubart (?)

Larghetto

Franz Joseph Haydn (?)





2
Es hat Glück, Ehr' und Liebe
Und Freundschaft mich gekränkt;
Mein Auge war stets trübe,
Das Herz in Gram versenkt,
So floh'n die Frühlingstage,
Voll Kummer und voll Plage!
Ach! öd' und freudenleer
Ist alles um mich her!

3
Weh mir, daß ich ein Herze
In diesem Busen trug,
Das auch bey fremden Schmerze
So warm, so zärtlich schlug!
Von eignen Kümmernissen,
Von fremder Noth zerrissen,
Bebt doppelt jeder Schlag
In jeder Nerve nach.

4
Doch bald ist’s überwunden,
Mein jammervolles Leid:
Vielleicht nach wenig Stunden,
Bis zu der frohen Zeit,
Wo endlich aus Erbarmen
Der süße Tod mich Armen,
Nach so viel harter Last,
Im kühlen Grab umfaßt.

5
Drum ruhig, liebe Seele!
Der Leiden sind zwar viel;
Doch in des Grabes Höhle
Ist aller Sorgen Ziel.
Dort stürmt kein banger Kummer
In deinen sanften Schlummer
Im mütterlichen Schoß
Auf deine Ruhe los.

11. Arie

Anonymous

Andantino

Anonymous



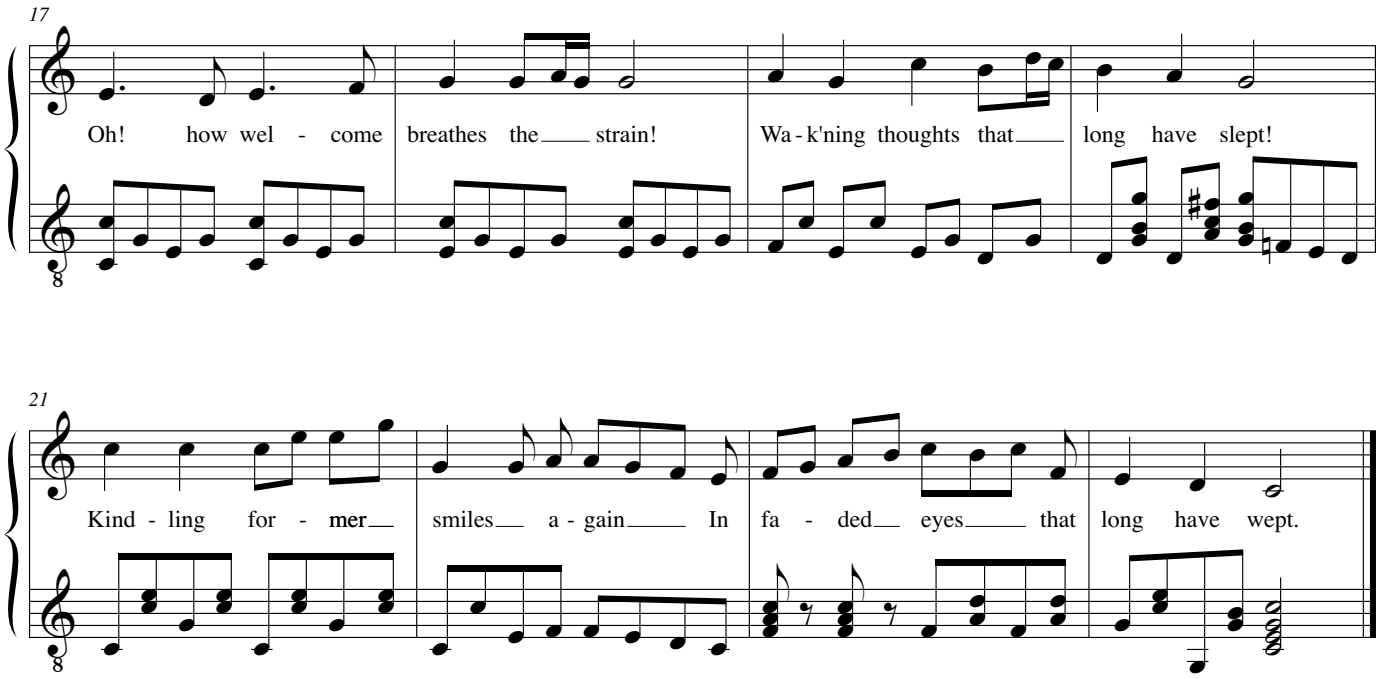
12. On Music

Thomas Moore

Slow

John Stevenson (arr.)





2
Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath.

3
Music! oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

13. 39eme Ode d'Anacreon



14. Je vous salue, ô lieux charmans
Romance

Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian

[François?] Berton




11
vec tant de tris - tes - se; Lieux ché - ris où de ma ten dres - se je vois par -
15
tout les mo - nu - mens. Lieux ché - ris où de ma ten - dres - se je vois par -
19
Fin
tout les mo - nu - mens. Lors - qu'u - ne sé - vè - re dé - fen - se m'e - xi -
23
la de ce beau se - jour, J'en par - tis a - vec mon a - mour, Et j'y lais -



2
Lorsqu'une sévère défense
M'exila de ce beau séjour,
J'en partis avec mon amour,
Et j'y laissai mon espérance[1].

3
J'ai retrouvé dans d'autres lieux
Des eaux, des fleurs[2] et de l'ombrage;
Mais ces fleurs, ces eaux[3], ce feuillage,
N'avoient point[4] de charme à mes yeux.

4
On n'est[5] bien que dans sa patrie:
C'est là que plaisent les ruisseaux;
C'est là que les arbres plus beaux
Donnent une ombre plus chérie.

5
Qu'il est doux de finir ses jours
Aux lieux où commença la vie,
D'y vieillir près[6] de son amie,
Sans changer de toit ni d'amour!

1 *first time:* existence *MS.*
2 Des fleurs, des fruits *MS.*
3 fruits *MS.*
4 plus *MS.*
5 On est *MS.*
6 aupres *MS.*

Facsimile

SUSSE Papetier
Passage des Panoramas
N.° 7 A PARIS.

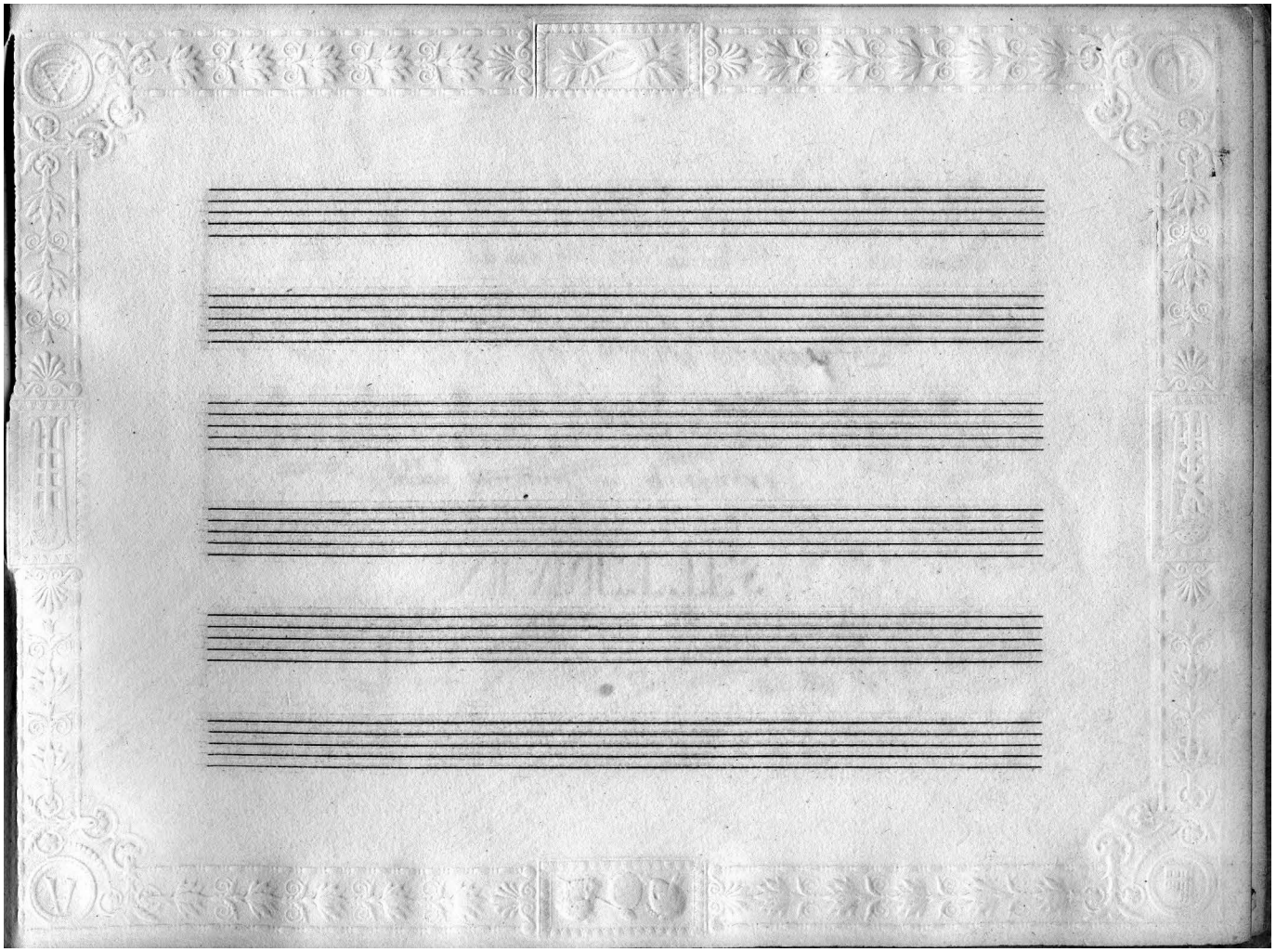
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XII ARIETTES.

avec accomp.t de guitare

pour

Mlle Aspasie Cramer




Andante
von Overbeck.
Kurka
Das wa-ren mir se-li-ge
ta-ge be-wim-pel-tes schiffchen o! tra-ge noch ein-mal mein lieb-chen u:


mich, noch einmal mein Lieb-chen u: mich O! wieg uns noch einmal be-
chen-de von him-men bis an der Welt en-de zur wie-ge be-geh-ren wir
dich! Zur wie-ge be-geh-ren wir dich!


Adagio
Schulz
Be-
sass
schattet von der pap-pel wei-de am grün be-schilf-ten sumpf
He-de-weg im ro-then klü-de u: strickt am klei-nen strumpf
Sie strickt und sang mit süs-sem ton ein lied ich weiss nicht mehr wo von.


Allegretto
Schulz
Mä-del schau mir ins ge-
sicht, schelmen au-ge blin-zeln nicht. mä-del mer-ke was ich sa-ge, ziele mir
re-de wenn ich fra-ge, hol-la! hoch mir ins ge-sicht, schelmen au-ge blin-zeln nicht.


Allegretto
Arie
Schulz
Blü-he lie-bes veil---chen, das ich selbst er-zog
blü-he noch ein weil---chen, wer-de schö-ner noch


Weist du was ich den - ke, Lot - ten zum ge - schen - ke
post'rirt' ich nach - stens dich. Blüm - chen grü - e dich!


Larghetto
Ich seh' durch Thrae - nen tau - che dich
Mond du bild der ruh auf dieser mee - res flau - che sicht


nie- mand him als du, In die- ser ersten stil- le sei
dir du gott der nacht der tiefsten weh- muth fül- le zum
Ops- fer dar- ge- bracht.


Andantino
Hoelty.
Mozart
p.
Lieb' im- mer treu d: red- lich- keit bis an dein stil- les grab, und
f
p.
wei- che kei- nen fin- ger breit von gott- tes we- gen ab.


Andante
Krakowianka
Nie chodz do miast-ecz-ka nie chciey chłopców zwo-dzić Boś młoda dzie-
wecz-ka możesz so-bie szkod-zić! możesz so-bie szkod-zić!
powu 2/ Nie kochay się we mnie
bo to nadaremnie
ja kocham innego
cóż ci przyjdzie zemnie!
3/ Jestem Panienecka
z Krakowa miasteczka
Iedenascie mi lat minęło
I iszczem dziewczecka.


Andante
Hymne von Schiller
Freu-de schöner göt-ter
Fun-ken töch-ter aus E-li-si-um! wir be-tre-ten feu-er trun-ken him-li-
sche dein hei-lig-thum. Dei-ne zau-ber bin-den wie-der, was der mode schwert ge-


theilt . bet = ler wer = den fur = sten brü = der, wo dein sanf = ter flü = gel weilt, Seid um =
schlun = gen Mil = li = o = nen ! die = sen Kuss der gan = zen welt . Brü der ü = bren stor = nen
Zelt muss ein lie = ber va = ter woh = nen .


Andantino
Naegeli
Freut euch des Le - - - bens weil noch das
Lämp-chen glüht, pflü = cket die Ro = se, eh' sie ver blüht.


Man schafft so gern sich Sorg' u: Müh, sucht Dor. nen auf, u: fin = det sie, und
läst das Veil = chon un = be = merkt, das uns am We = ge blüht.


Larghetto
Arie
Haydn
Ich
ha = be viel ge lit = ten in die = ser schoe = nen welt, So
man = chen kampf be = strit = ten, so man = chem wunsch ver = fehlt. Viel

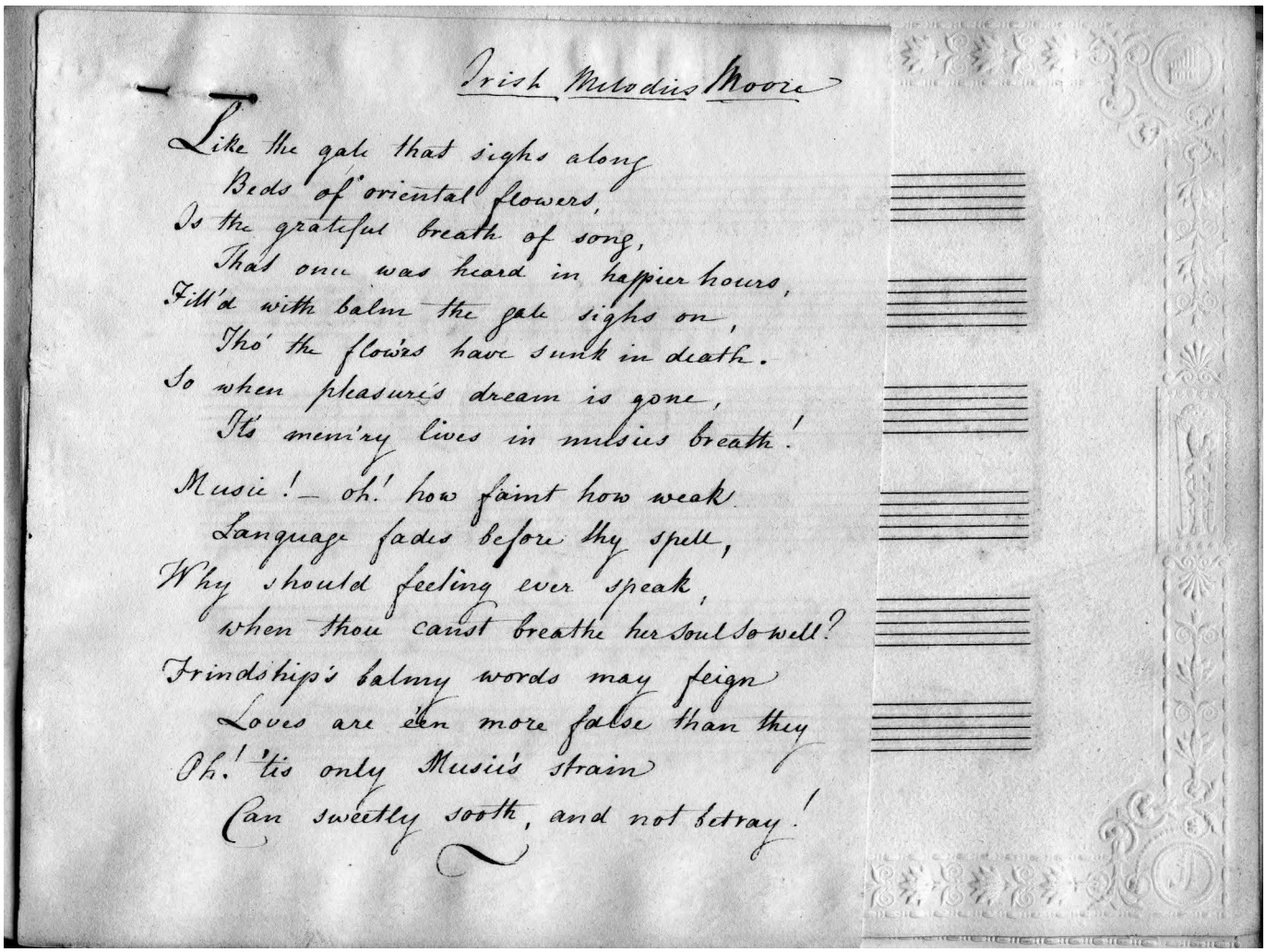

tau - send heis - se thrae - nen viel aengst - lich bang - es
Seh - nen hab ich der stil - len nacht zum op - fer dar ge
bracht. zum op - fer dar - ge bracht.

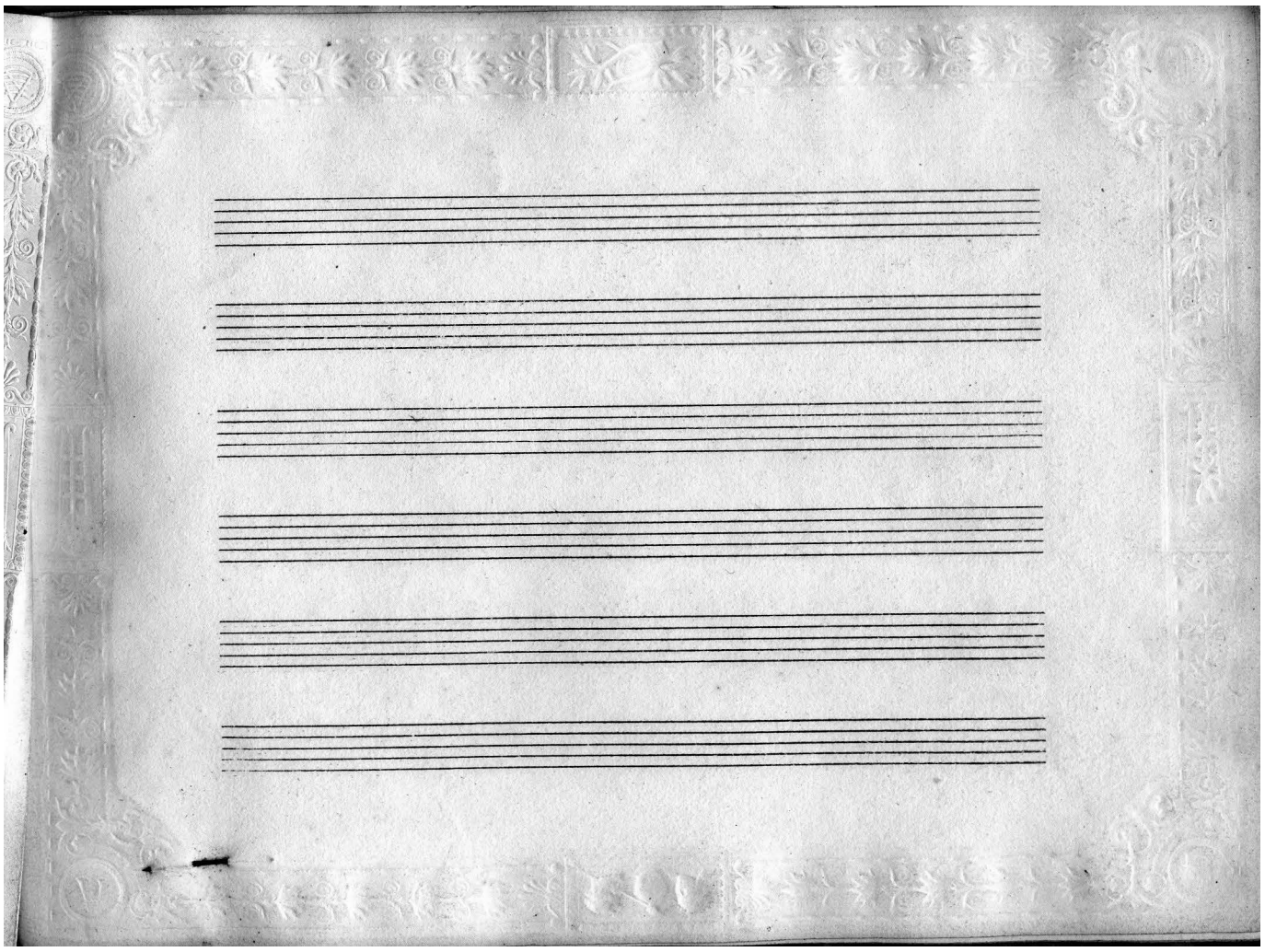

Andantino
Arie
wo
machst
bleibst du han - chen doch so lange, wa - rum bliebst du nicht hier bei mir
mich um dich be sorgt und bange, sag maed - chen ist's wohl recht von dir.


Da capo la 1ma parte Seh' wie er - hizt ist dein gesichte - dein
an - zug wie unordent - lich - - - dein haar und kopf - pur
so zu - richte, geh' hanihen ich bin boes auf dich. -


Slow
Air - Banks of Banna
When thro' life un - blest we rove, losing all that made life dear,


tr.
Should some notes we us'd to love in days of boyhood meet our Ears
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain, waking thoughts that long have slept
Kindling former smiles again in faded eyes that long have wept.

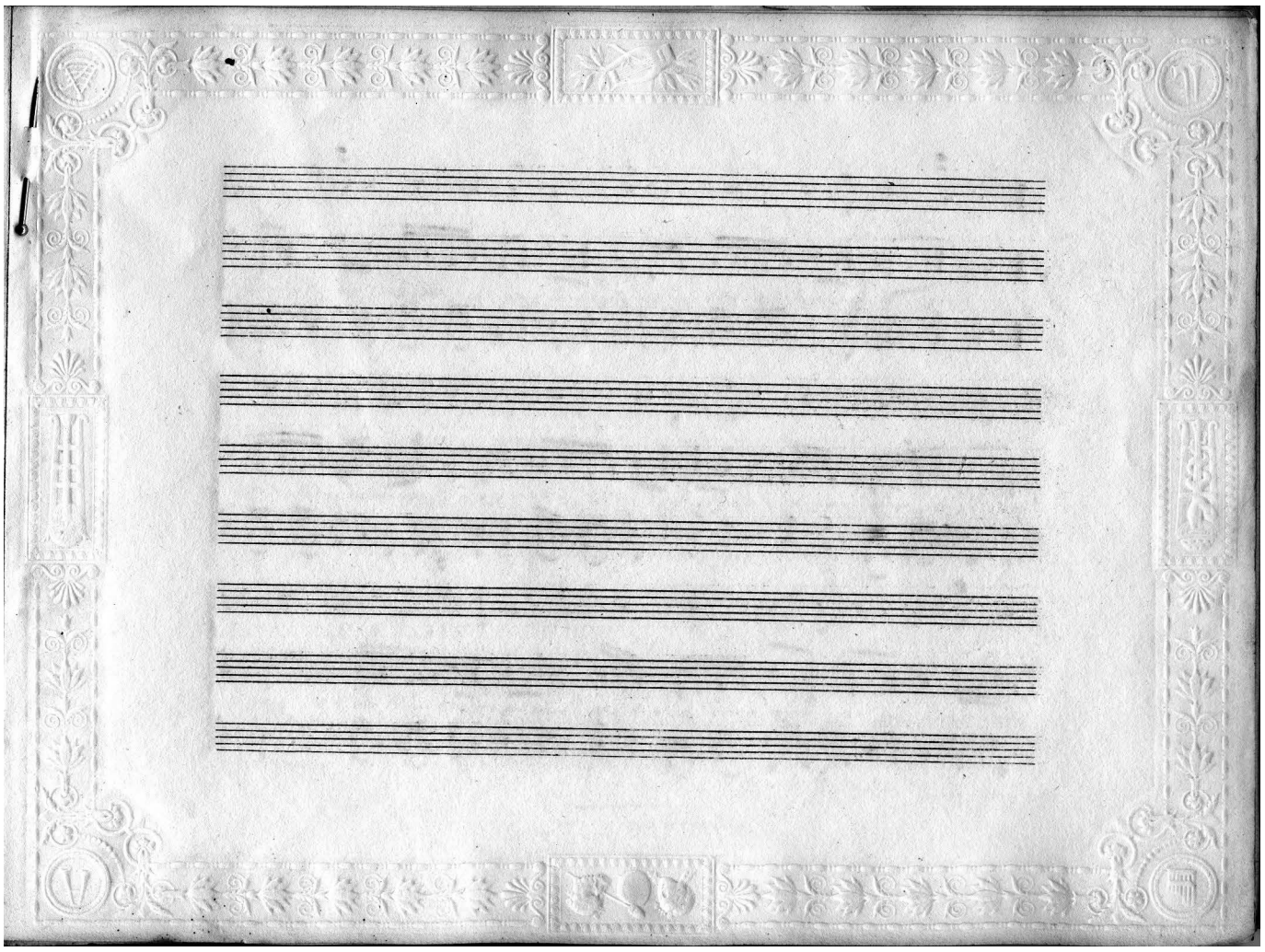

Irish Melodies Moore
1
Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours,
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
Tho' the flowers have sunk in death.
So when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath!
Music! — oh! how faint how weak
Language fades before thy spell,
Why should feeling ever speak,
when thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign
Loves are ev'n more false than they
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly sooth, and not betray!

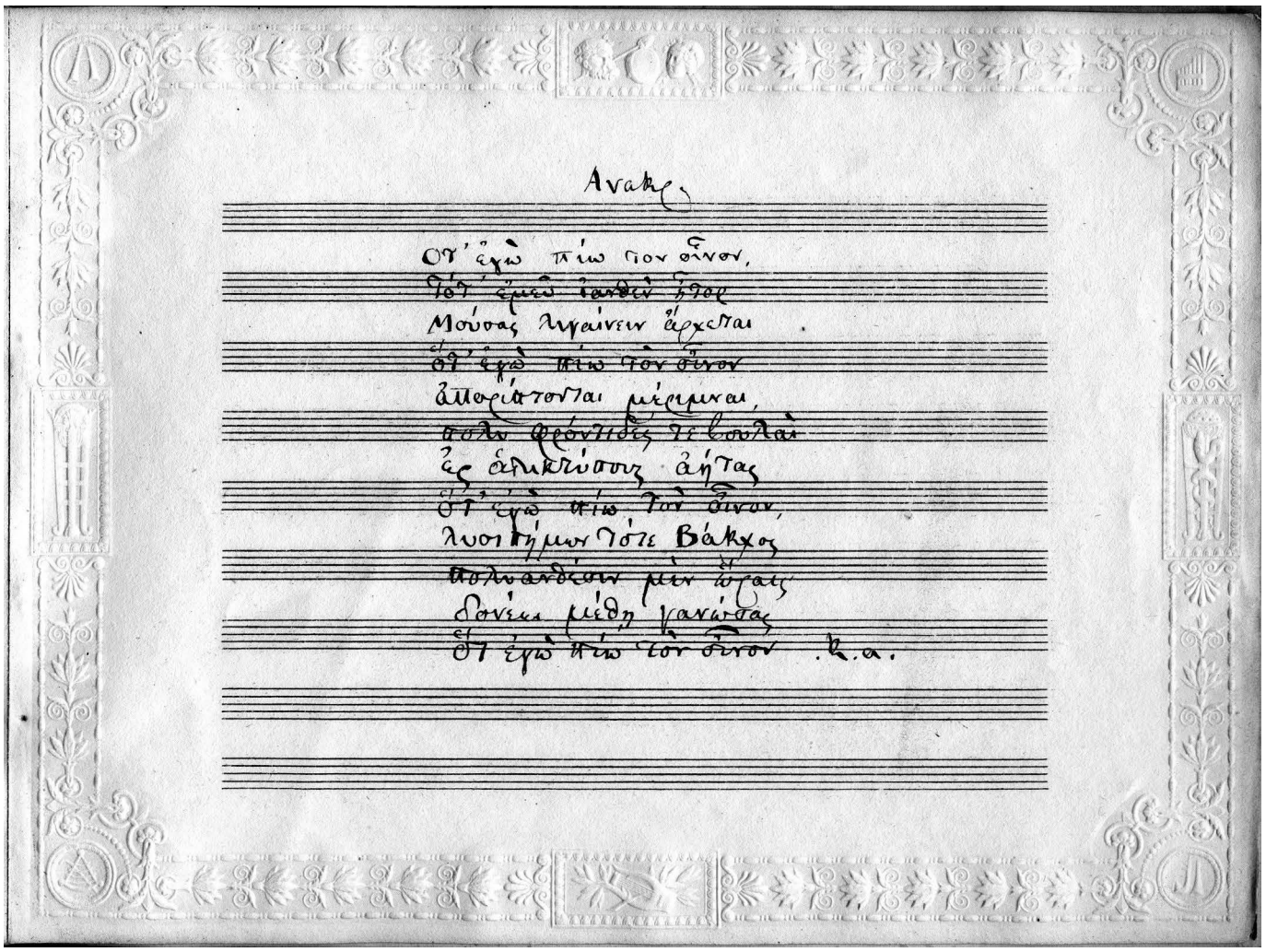


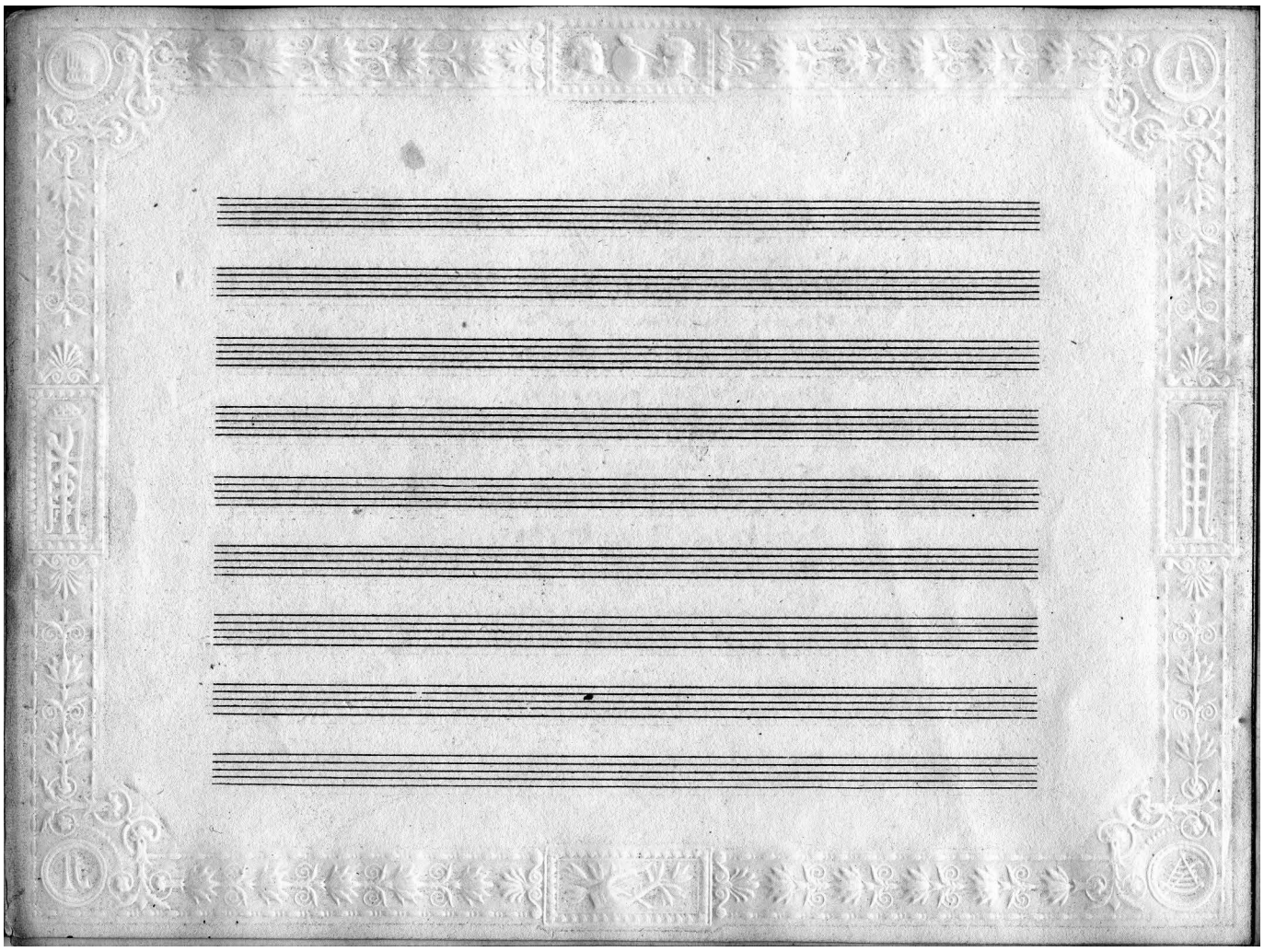
3ème ode d'Anacreon

Méhul.






Ανάκρ.
Οτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
τότ' ἐμοὶ ἁνδὰν ἥδομαι
Μούσας λιγαίνειν ἄρχεσθαι
οτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον
ἀπορίπτονται μέριμναι,
πολὺν φρόντιδές τε βουλαὶ
ἐς ἀλικρύπτους ἀήτας
οτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον,
λυσιπήμων τότε Βάκχος
πολυανθέων μὲν ὥραις
δόνακα μέδῃ γανύσας
οτ' ἐγὼ πίω τὸν οἶνον .κ.α.




à Mad^me Aspasie Caan....
Romance
Mise en Musique par Berton



2.me Coup.t

Si retrouvons dans d'autres lieux,
Des fleurs des fruits et de l'ombrage;
Mais ces fleurs ces fruits ce feuillage
sage,

3.me Coupl.t

Qu'il est doux de passer ses jours
Aux lieux où commença la vie
d'y vieillir auprès de son amie
—mie.

2me Coup. — laige
N'avoit plus de charmes à mes yeux.

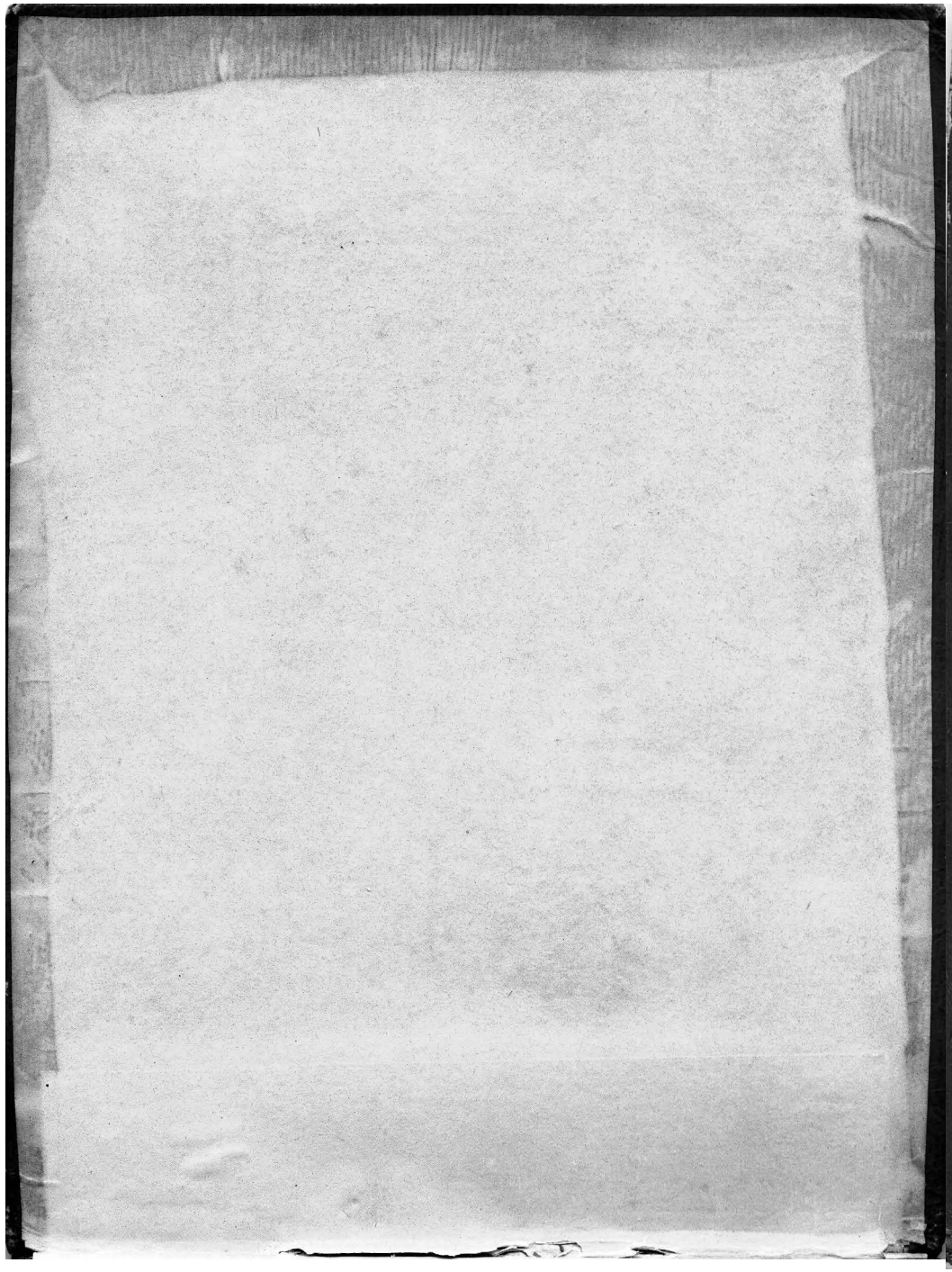
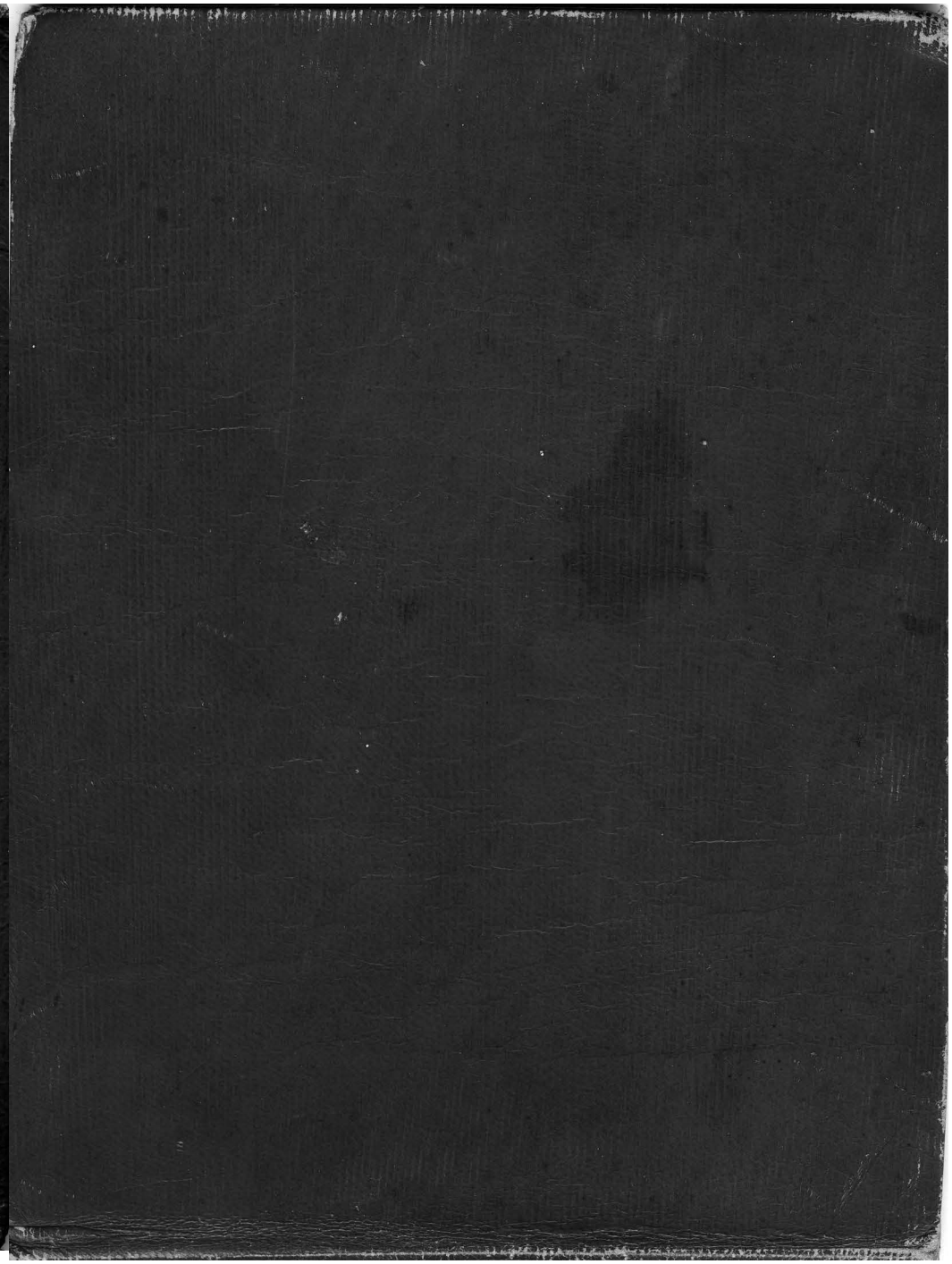
On est bien que dans sa patrie,
C'est là que plaisent les ruisseaux,
C'est là que les arbres plus beaux,
D'ornent une ombre plus Chérie.

} continuation 2e Coup. vient ensuite le 3me Coup. Seulement Le Vers.

3me Coup. — miel,
Sans changer de toit ni d'amour. Fin




avec mona mouchoir j'y l'ai fait mon espé - ran - ce
j'ai espérance



TREE EDITION