

## **Gurrelieder (“Songs of Gurre”) Arnold Schoenberg**

Arnold Schönberg (1874-1951) was one of the most controversial figures of music in the 20<sup>th</sup>-century. As a Viennese musical amateur he was, in his early compositions, greatly influenced by Wagner, Brahms and Mahler. He met the latter in 1903, shortly after the composition of the *Gurrelieder* but long before the completion of its orchestration, and they became great friends. He studied privately with Alexander von Zemlinsky, whose sister, Mathilde, he married in 1901. Also in that year he moved to Berlin where he became *Kapellmeister* of Ernst von Wolzogen's *Überbrettl*, a sort of artistic cabaret which produced works of Richard Dehmel and Frank Wedeking. In addition to his duties as *Kapellmeister* Schönberg did a great deal of operetta orchestration, which constantly interrupted his composition. In his works between the *Gurrelieder* and *Pierrot Lunaire*, Op. 21 of 1912, and the *Four Orchestral Songs*, Op. 22 of 1913-5, following a trend which was already implicit in his earlier works. Schönberg, by increasing use of the possibilities of chromaticism, had reached a stage of development where his music was almost entirely atonal, properly understood - i.e. a position where the normal tonal functions had almost entirely disappeared from his music. At about this time he took up painting. He studied with Oskar Kokoschka and painted in the expressionist idiom. With Schönberg's next composition, the *Five Piano Pieces*, Op. 23 of 1923, we find the first use of the “tone-row”, the first example of rigorous Twelve-Tone or *Dodecaphonic*, music. Traces of this technique, which was to be of such overwhelming influence on the development of music which followed, can be found in early Stravinsky (*The Song of the Nightingale*) and Bartók, and can even be traced back as far as Beethoven (the *Grosse Fuge*, Op. 133) and Bach (*Ein harmonisches Labyrinth*), but it was Schönberg who first raised it to an organizing principle to replace that musical organization previously provided by the tonal system. While Schönberg claimed that this principle was purely personal idiom, a personal solution to the organizational problems introduced by the exigencies of the transcendental trend of modern music, it has been codified by his followers, among them Alban Berg, Anton von Webern, Wenst Krenek, René Liebowitz and Luigi Dallapiccola, and representatives in almost every country of the world except those under the political influence of Russia, where the technique was regarded as decadent, and has been utilized to some extent by many composers, such as Hindemith, who not only are not dodecaphonists, but who vigorously deny the validity of the technique. It was in this idiom that the greater part of Schönberg's later works, such as the *Violin Concerto* (1936), the *Ode to Napoleon* (1942) and *A Survivor from Warsaw* (1947) were written, though the technique was used by Schönberg with a greater and greater degree of flexibility in his later years. Schönberg fled Hitler's Germany in 1933 and settled in the United States, where he died in 1951 a bitter man, widely despised for his innovations and his music, which are undoubtedly among the most important of the 20<sup>th</sup>-century.

The year 1900, during which Schönberg's first major work, the *Gurrelieder*, was begun and almost entirely completed, somehow seems the obvious - the fatal - year for this work to have been conceived. Whatever the validity of such an impression may be, the fact remains that the composer whose name will forever be remembered as the most representative composer, almost the very symbol, of the music of the first half of the 20<sup>th</sup>-century, created this immense portico on the threshold of the century, separating the two centuries which today are regarded in everyone's mind as two distinct eras, two different worlds. The *Gurrelieder* constitute both the final synthesis of the musical tradition of the 19<sup>th</sup>-century and the beginning of a new world of sound which was to become the specific acquisition of the musical activity of the 20<sup>th</sup>-century.

The extension of the melodic, harmonic and rhythmic idioms of the 19<sup>th</sup>-century which occurs in the *Gurrelieder* has been so minutely discussed by Alan Berg in his *Führer* to the *Gurrelieder* that only a few general remarks are necessary. The evolution of the tonal system has been based on the growing awareness of the totality of resources of the chromatic scale. This, too, is mainly due to the accomplishment of the romantic composers, and here again Schönberg's synthesis is complete. One may look at this and understand it from various points of view. In the realm of harmony, for example, Schönberg's most remarkable achievement (one which is already fully realized in the *Gurrelieder*) is the extension of the tonal regions revolving around the tonic center, as well as the extension and boldness of the harmonic structures as such.

Schönberg takes up Beethoven's boldest innovation, the inclusion within the symphony of the human voice. One of the reasons for this extension resides in the dramatic impulse of the work. There is, nevertheless, a purely musical reason for it also. The various human voices used here (two tenors, very different from each other, one soprano, one mezzo-soprano, one bass, a speaker, a male chorus, and a mixed chorus) extend the possibilities of tone color. In this respect the three main sections of the *Gurrelieder* show a careful planning of very subtle contrasts.

It is perhaps in the dramatic extension of the 19<sup>th</sup>-century symphonic form that is found in the *Gurrelieder* that we come to the most important aspect of the problem of its relationship to the past, for it is certainly the dialectical situation which embraces both the drama and the symphony in the music of the 19<sup>th</sup>-century which determines its essential aspect.

Dramatically, we find here all the romantic elements. The "plot" deals almost entirely with supernatural and legendary elements. Nature, again, plays an important part, and the *Liebstock* is perhaps one of its essential characteristics. Musically, the various structural elements are knitted together in such a way as to enhance the progression of the drama and, although there is comparatively small usage of the *leitmotiv* technique, the various characters in the plot are clearly defined in terms of contrasting themes or motives, and even in terms of a specific tone color. A full discussion of these matters appears in Berg's *Führer*.

Having discussed the various elements which characterize Schönberg's first major work in terms of the past, we must now analyze its significance as regards the new elements it contains. Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* is the first work in which a transgression of the limits of the classical symphony takes place. Beethoven's successors, however, still had to attach the problem of the symphony as such. We have seen that Schönberg's *Gurrelieder* which we have called a drama-symphony, cannot be called a symphony without the addition of many concepts the very essence of which are alien to the symphony. In other words, one may safely state that the symphonic form is here completely transcended.

As to the orchestra itself, it is very often treated in an entirely novel manner. We have already mentioned the specific use made here of autonomous groups of instruments, and we must now add that tone color is never sought for its own sake, but that it always fulfills a very precise constructional end. Alban Berg's analysis shows how every song is characterized by its own style of instrumentation as well as by certain sonorities. Many sections of the work prefigure Schönberg's later techniques which were to transform some of the most ingrown concepts of orchestration.

The fact that the *Gurrelieder* present a series of dramatic structures within a rigorously organized symphonic continuity, or, vice versa, a series of symphonic structures within a rigorously organized dramatic continuity, is certainly a novelty of itself. Actually, it is in this aspect of the work that some of the essential features of Schönberg's future development lay. It seems obvious indeed that some of Schönberg's boldest innovations may be found in the realm of musical forms as such. Many of his later works, such as *Erwartung*, *Die Glückliche Hand*, *Pierrot Lunaire*, *Ode to Napoleon*, *A Survivor from Warsaw*, completely transcend any given formal category, and the quality which characterizes them most is their dramatic impulse. Schönberg may, with justice, be called the most dramatic composer of our time; although his actual operatic output is very small he has, in this respect, continued and developed the great musical-dramatic tradition of the 19<sup>th</sup>-century. Again, his merit does not stop at this for, once more, his essential contribution lies in the fact that he was able to renew the very possibilities of dramatic music. We now know that this renewal was due, to a large extent, to the symphonic organization of dramatic structures. However, there are other factors which contribute to this process, and at least one of these must be mentioned here, namely the invention of a new dramatic mode of expression, the *Sprechgesang* (spoken melody) which is used for the first time in the Speaker's melodrama in Part Three of *Gurrelieder*.

During the first years of the 20<sup>th</sup>-century the *Gurrelieder* obtained a unique reputation, even among the works of Schönberg whose music in general was known to a relatively small group of people. For many years those few who had seen this extraordinary score spoke of the marvels it contained, without, due to the overwhelming means required for its performance, ever expecting to hear it. Today many more people know of Schönberg's music, though it is still true that very few have heard the *Gurrelieder*.

The original Danish poem of the *Gurrelieder* by Jens Peter Jacobsen, the German translation for which Arnold Schönberg chose for the text of his most monumental work, derives from the medieval Danish legend of Waldemar and Tove. The original legend was based on actual personages and events of Danish history, but through the centuries it became overlain with Danish legendary and mythical elements, as well as elements derived from the corpus of European mythology in general, to become the great legend of medieval Denmark, in a sense the Danish *Nibelungenlied* or the Danish *Tristan*.

In 1157 Valdemar the Great married Sofie, a half-sister of the Danish King Knud Magnusson (Knud V) and the daughter of a Polish princess and a Russian prince. They had two sons, Knud and Valdemar, both of whom became kings, and six daughters. Sofie, who became Helvig in later versions of the story, is depicted in the legends as the embodiment of feminine vindictiveness; there is no historical basis for this, and contemporary sources speak of her in favorable terms.

Helvig was the wife of Valdemar Atterdag as well as the sister of Valdemar Dosmer, Duke of Schleswig. The marriage of Valdemar Atterdag and Helvig was part of a complicated series of negotiations which led to the coronation of Valdemar in 1340. The Chancellor of Valdemar Atterdag, his *Embedsmand*, was Henning Podebusk, who died in 1388. During the protracted absence of Valdemar, Henning took over as his deputy. Although originally a supporter of Otto, Valdemar's brother and rival for the throne, Henning was won over to Valdemar's faction and was never disloyal throughout a long period of service, extending even into the reign of Margrete.

There is historical evidence, although rather slight, for the existence of a real Tove. She lived in the 12<sup>th</sup>-century and was mistress of Valdemar the Great in his youth and mother of his illegitimate son, Kristoffer, who died young.

In the earlier versions of the story the locale varied widely; it was Rosenius who first localized it at Gurre. Legend had it that the castle of Gurre was built by Valdemar Atterdag, and that it was his favorite residence. It is known that he died there, although his body was taken to Soro for burial beside the other ancient kings of Denmark.

A number of medieval Danish ballads (*Folkeviser*) are about Tove and Valdemar. These Danish ballads, which were originally sung and danced to, as in the Faeroe Islands today, were not written down until the 15<sup>th</sup>- and 16<sup>th</sup>-centuries. According to the popular tradition preserved in the ballads the story is briefly as follows: Valdemar discovers Tove (or Tovelille – "Little Tove" – as she is almost always called) in a small castle all alone, enters and gains her love. She is the sister of Henning Podebusk. This meeting occurs in Rügen, an island in the Baltic, where Valdemar has gone to deal with his brother, Otto. After several days of passion, Valdemar returns to Sjaeland (Zealand) with Tove and her brother, and builds for Tove the castle of Gurre. This is to be the retreat, the isle of continuing. Valdemar's queen, Helvig, suffers her rival but waits for a moment of vengeance, which comes during an absence of Valdemar, as Tove is entering her bath. Helvig induces her lover, Folkvard Lavmandsson, to bolt the door of the bath-chamber and force live steam into the room. Tove dies, screaming in agony. On Valdemar's return an equally terrible vengeance is meted out to Folkvard, who is rammed into a barrel bristling with nails and rolled about until he is lacerated to ribbons. This gruesome episode is entirely typical of Danish folklore, which is heavily streaked with horror, acts of summary vengeance, and a loathsome fondness for serpents of all kinds. However, even in this there is a grain of truth, for a man named Folkvard Lavmandsson was indeed put to death in this manner, although for a different crime.

The sequel to the story is the withdrawal inwards of Valdemar, and his search for Tove, prolonged even beyond his death. The accursed huntsman must follow her phantom throughout eternity, striking fear into the countryside as he gallops through the woods and over the plains. Legends like that of Valdemar Atterdag's wild ride are extremely widespread in Europe, the protagonist varying from one country to the next.

Jacobsen's *Gurrelieder* appeared in German for the first time in 1899 in the complete edition of his works entitled and translated by Marie Herzfeld and Robert Franz Arnold (*Jens Peter Jacobsen: Gesammelte Werke*, 3 Volumes, Eugen Diederichs, Florence and Leipzig; the *Gurrelieder* appear in Volume I, *Novellen, Briefe, Gedichte*). Robert Franz Arnold (originally Levisohn) (1872-1938), who edited and translated the first volume, was Professor of Literature in Vienna and a noted translator and critic. Among his more important translations are works by Milton (*Lycidas* and *Il Penseroso*) and Jacobsen. His works of literary criticism covered many fields, e.g. *Renaissance Culture*, *The Modern Drama*, and a comprehensive *Bibliography of the*

*German Stage*. He prepared not only the first edition of the *Gurrelieder* for the Herzfeld edition of 1899 but a second version in 1921.

It is probable that Schönberg became familiar with the Jacobsen poem in Arnold's translation in the early part of 1899, or possibly even a few months earlier, since the volume of poems, letters and short stories was being edited in Vienna at that time. There are a number of discrepancies between the text of the first German edition and the text which Schönberg actually used, which would seem to indicate that Schönberg became familiar with the work while the translation was still in draft. These variations are occasionally nothing more than the substitution of a synonym, as for example *leise* for *milde*, but there are many such changes, and sometimes the alterations are considerable.

Although Arnold had done a considerable amount of research on the historical background of the *Gurrelieder*, and appended to the first edition a résumé of his researches on the subject, his knowledge of the Danish language was far from profound and his translation is inaccurate in detail, often grossly so. There are numerous places where the sense of the original is misrepresented, reversed or reduced to absurdity.

One can imagine the young Schönberg, at the beginning of his career and steeped in the world-view of the 19<sup>th</sup>-century, with only a few songs and one large-scale instrumental chamber work, *Verklärte Nacht*, to his credit, coming upon Robert Franz Arnold's translation of Jacobsen's *Gurrelieder*, probably still in manuscript, and finding a work which fairly cried out to him for musical treatment on the vastest of scales.

The work was not completed until 1911 – eleven years later – and produced its own black moments of despair for its creator, but it was, from the moment it was conceived in the mind of Schönberg, fated to be an end and a beginning, even as the subject itself, a glorious finale to a dying era and the embryo bearing in itself the potentialities of what was to come.

## I. Teil

### Orchester-Vorspiel

#### 1. Waldemar:

Nun dämpft die Dämm' rung jeden Ton  
Von Meer und Land,  
Die fliegenden Wolken lagerten sich  
Wohlig am Himmelsrand.  
Lautloser Friede schloß dem Forst  
Die luftigen Pforten zu,  
Und des Meeres klare Wogen  
Wiegeten sich selber zuh Ruh.  
Im Westen wirft die Sonne  
Von sich die Purpurtraht  
Und träumt im Flutenbette  
Des nächsten Tages Pracht.  
Nun regt sich nicht das kleinste Laub  
In des Waldes prangendem Haus,  
Nun tönt auch nicht der leiseste Klang,  
Ruh' aus, mein Sinn, ruh' aus!  
Und jede Macht ist versunken  
In der eig'nen Träume Schoß,  
Und es treibt mich zu mir selbst zurück,  
Stillfriedlich, sorgenlos.

#### 2. Tove:

O wenn, des Mondes Strahlen lese gleiten,

Und Friede sich und Ruh durchs All verbreiten,  
Nicht Wasser dünkt mich dann des Meeres Raum,  
Und jener Wald scheint nicht Gebüsch und Baum.  
Das sind nicht Wolken, die den Himmel schmücken,  
Und Tal und Hügel nicht der Erde Rücken,  
Und Form und Farbenspiel, nur eitle Schäume,  
Und alles Abglanz nur des Gottesträume.

#### 3. Waldemar:

Roß! Mein Roß! Was schleichst du so träg!  
Nein, ich she's es flieht der Weg  
Hurtig unter der Hufe Tritten.  
Aber noch schneller der mußt du eilen,  
Bist noch in des Waldes Mitten,  
Und ich währte, ohn' Verweilen  
Sprengt ich gleich in Gurre ein.  
Nun weich der Wald, schon she' ich dort die Burg,  
die Tove mir umschließt;  
Indes im Rücken uns der Forst zu finst'rem Wall  
zusammenfließt;  
Aber noch weiter jage du zu!  
Sieh! Des Waldes Schatten dehnen  
Über Flur sich weit und Moor!  
Eh'sie Gurre's Grund erreichen,  
Muß ich steh'n vor Toves Tor.  
Eh' der Laut, der jetzo klinget,  
Ruht, um nimmermehr zu tönen,  
Muß dein flinker Hufschlag, Renner,  
Über Gurre's Brücke drönen;  
Eh' das welke Blatt – dort schwebt es – ,  
Mag herab zum Bache fallen,  
Muß in Gurre's Hof dein Wiehern  
Fröhlich widerhallen...  
Der Schatten dehnt sich, der Ton verklingt,  
Nun falle, Blatt, magst untergehn:  
Volmer hat Tove gesehn!

#### 4. Tove:

Stern jubeln, das Meer, est leuchtet,

## Part I

### Orchestral Prelude

#### 1. Waldemar:

Now stills the twilight every sound  
On Land and Sea,  
The Far-sailing clouds are anchored now  
In harbor by Heaven's lee.  
Peace hath closed the woodland portals  
Silently, at Night's behest,  
And the Sea's long rolling waves  
Have cradled themselves to their rest.  
The westward skies are golden,  
Day sheds his dying beams,  
The morrow's radiant glory,  
On ocean's bed he dreams.  
No sigh is borne from out the forest,  
And silent stand leaf and boughm  
Nor falls the faintest sound on the ear;  
Rest now, my soul, rest thou.  
All power is lost in the magic  
Of the dreams that float over me,  
Every thought within my heart is still,  
All peaceful, sorrow-free.

#### 2. Tove:

Now, where the moon-beams' tender light is  
glowing,  
And quiet peace over all the world is flowing,  
No more like waves I see the ocean lies,  
No more like foliage stands the forest high,  
No clouds are they that float in splendor over me,  
Nor crag nor vale that lie outspread before me.  
And all the majesty of Earth's fair seeming,  
And all its glory, all are God's own dreaming.

#### 3. Waldemar:

Steed, my steed! Why lagging so slow!  
Nay, I see; the road doth go  
Swiftly under thy hoof beats flying.  
Faster and faster still must bear me,  
See the wood yet round us lying,  
I had thought, did I not tarry,  
Now would I in Gurre be.  
The wood grows light, now I behold the tower that  
Tove doth enfold,  
And see behind our feet the wood into one gloomy  
barrier rolled.  
But ever faster hasten thou on!  
See! The forest shadows spreading  
Wider over moor and lea;  
Ere to Gurre's land they reach forth  
Tove's portal I must see.  
Ere that call, that now is sounding,  
Dies, and never more to waken,  
By thy ringing hoofs, my charger,  
Gurre's arches must be shaken;  
Ere that withered leaf – dost see it? –  
Falls into the stream to vanish,  
Shall in Gurre's court thy neighing  
Loud the silence banish.  
The shadwos lengthen, the sound is hushed;  
So fall thou leaf and die alone,  
Volmer hath Tove beheld!

#### 4. Tove:

Stars are singing, the sea is shining,

Preßt an die Küste sein pochendes Herz,  
Blätter, sie murmein, es zittert ihr Tauschmuck,  
Seewind umfängt mich in mutigem Scherz,  
Wetterhahn singt, und die Turmzinnen nicken,  
Burschen stolzieren mit flammenden Blicken,  
Wogende Brust voll üppigen Lebens  
Fesseln die blühenden Dirnen vergebens,  
Rosen, sie mü'h'n sich, zu spä'h'n in die Ferne,  
Fackeln, sie lodern und leuchten so gerne,  
Wald erschließt sienen Bann zur Stell',  
Horch, in der Stadt nun Hundegebell.  
Und die steigendn Wogen der Treppe  
Tragen zum Hafen den fürstlichen Held,  
Bis er auf alleroberster Staffel  
Mir in die offenen Arme fällt.

### 5. Waldemar:

So tanzen die Engel vor Gottes Thron night,  
Wie die Welt nun tanzt vor mir.  
So lieblich klingt ihrer Harfen Ton night,  
Wie Waldemars Seele Dir.  
Aber stolzer auch saß neben Gott nicht Christ  
Nach dem harten Erlösungsstreite,  
Als Waldemar stolz nun und königlich ist  
An Tovelilles Seite.  
Nicht sehnlicher möchten die Seelen gewinnen  
Den Weg zu der Seligen Bund,  
Als ich deinen Kuß, da ich Gurren Zinnen  
Sah leuchten vom Öresund.  
Und ich tausch' auch nicht ihren Mauerwall  
Und den Schatz, den treu sie bewahren,  
Für Himmelreichs Glanz und betäubenden Schall  
Und alle der heiligen Scharen!

### 6. Tove:

Nun sag ich dir zum ersten Mal:  
"König Volmer, ich liebe dich!"  
Nun, küß ich Dich zum ersten Mal,  
Und Schlinge den Arm um Dich.  
Und sprichst Du, ich hät' es schon früher gesagt  
Und je meinen Kuß Dir geschenkt,  
So sprech' ich: "Der König ist ein Narr,  
Der flüchtigen Tandes gedenkt."  
Und sagst du: "Wohl bin ich solch ein Narr,"  
So sprech' ich: "Der König hat recht."  
Doch sagst du: "Nein, ich bin es nicht."  
So sprech' ich: "Der König ist schlecht."  
Denn all meine Rosen küßt' ich zu tot,  
Dieweil ich deiner gedacht.

### 7. Waldemar:

Es ist Mitternachtszeit,  
Und unsel'ge Geschlechter  
Steh'n auf aus vergess'nen, eingesunk'nen Gräben,  
Und sie blicken mit Sehnsucht  
Nach den Kerzen der Burg und der Hütte Licht.  
Und der Wind schüttelt spottend Nieder auf sie  
Harfenschlag und Becherklang  
Und Liebeslieder.  
Und sie schwinden und seufzen:  
"Uns're Zeit ist um."

Mein Haupt weigt sich auf lebenden Wogen,  
Meine Hand vernimmt eines Herzens Schlag,  
Lebenswellend strömt auf mich nieder  
Glühender Küsse Purpurregen,  
Und meine Lippe jubelt:  
"Jetzt ist's meine Zeit!"

Waves are caressing the shore's open breast.  
Hear the leaves murmur, the dew shines upon them,  
Sea-wind enfolds me in rude laughing jest!  
Weathercock sings, in the Tower a light dances;  
Lads go awooing with fire in their glances,  
Maidenly hearts with longing are beating;  
Life is too brief and our life all too fleeting.  
Roses awaking, their loveliness showing,  
Torches alight through the darkness are glowing;  
Wide the portals of wood and park.  
Lo, in the town I hear a dog bark.  
And the waves of the stairway that soar aloft  
To the harbor shall carry my King,  
'Til on the summit, here on the height,  
My Hero at last to my arms they bring.

### 5. Waldemar:

So danced never Angels before the Great Throne  
As the spheres now dance before me.  
So glad was never their golden harp tone  
As Waldemar's soul for thee.  
Not so proudly our Lord took His place on high  
When His sacrifice here was over,  
As Waldemar proud can catch the heavens outvie  
As Tovelille's lover.  
No weary soul has ever sought life immortal  
So longingly, pining for rest,  
As I longed for thee when I saw thy portal  
For Öresund's noble crest.  
I'd not change a stone of thy ramparts strong,  
Nor the gem that safe they are holding,  
For joys of hereafter, their glory of song,  
In splendor of Heaven unfolding.

### 6. Tove:

Now this first time I say to thee,  
"Royal Volmer, I love but thee."  
Now this first time I kiss thee too,  
And fold my loving arms round thee.  
And say'st thou, oh had I but told thee ere now.  
And long ago yielded my lips,  
So sing I, "The King is but a fool  
Who recks not of why nor of how."  
And say'st thou, "True, I am such a fool."  
Then say I, "The King hath said truth."  
But say'st thou, "Nay, so am I not,"  
Then say I, "The King says not sooth."  
For all my fair roses kissed I to death  
The while I thought on my King.

### 7. Waldemar:

'Tis the hour of midnight,  
When unholy spirits  
Do arise from their old-forgotten resting places;  
They are gazing with longing  
On the lamps of the Hall and the arbor-light.  
And the wind scatters, mocking, downward to them  
Harper's tones, a song of wine,  
And lover's music.  
And they vanish sighing,  
"All our day is over."

My head rests upon waves, rising, falling.  
Mine own hand may know thy heart doth beat;  
Life and rapture flow over my spirit,  
Rapt in the glow of royal kisses.  
And mine own lips crying,  
"Life is come to me!"

Aber die Zeit flieht,  
Und umgehn werd'ich  
Zur Mitternachtsstunde  
Dereinst als tot,  
Werd'eng um mich das Leichenlaken ziehn  
Wider die kalten Winde  
Und weiter mich schleichen im späten Mondlicht  
Und schmerzgebunden  
Mit schwerem Grabkreuz  
Deinen lieben Namen  
In die Erde ritzen  
Und sinken und seufzen:  
"Unsre Zeit ist um!"

### 8. Tove:

Du sendest mir einen Liebesblick  
Und senkst das Auge,  
Doch der Blick preßt deine Hand in meine,  
Und der Druck erstirbt;  
Aber als liebebeweckenden Kuß  
Legst du meinen Händedruck mir auf die Lippen.  
Und du kannst noch seufzen um des Todes willen,  
Wenn ein Blick auflodern kann  
Wie ein flammender Kuß?  
Die leuchtenden Sterne am Himmel droben  
Bleichen wohl, wenn's graut,  
Doch lodern sie neu jede Mitternachtszeit  
In ewiger Pracht. –  
So kurz ist der Tod,  
Wie ruhiger Schlummer  
Von Dämm'ung zu Dämm'ung,  
Und wenn du erwachst:  
Bei dir auf dem Lager  
In Neuer Schönheit  
Siehst du strahlen  
Die junge Braut.  
So laß uns die goldene  
Schale leeren  
Ihm, dem mächtig verschönenden Tod:  
Denn wir gehn zu Grab  
Wie ein Lächeln, ersterbend  
Im seligen Kuß!

### 9. Waldemar:

Du wunderliche Tove!  
So reich durch dich nun bin ich,  
Daß nicht einmal mehr win Wunsch mir eigen.  
So leicht meine Brust,  
Meine Denken so klar,  
Ein wacher Frieden über meiner Seele.  
Es ist so still in mir,  
So seltsam stille.  
Auf der Lippe weilt brükeschlagend das Wort,  
Doch sinkt es wieder zu Ruh.  
Denn mir ist's, als schlug in meiner Brust  
Deines Herzens Schlag,  
Und als höbe mein Atemzug,  
Tove, deinen Busen.  
Und uns're Gedanken she'ich  
Entsteh'n und zusammengleiten,  
Wie Wolken, die sich begegnen,  
Und vereint wiegen sie sich in wechselnden Formen.  
Und meine Seele ist still,  
Ich seh'in dein Aug' und schweige,  
Du wunderliche Tove.

### Orchester-Zwischenspiel

But time flees.  
And I must perish  
At midnight's coming,  
And then, as dead,  
Shall draw over me my shroud of white linen,  
Fearing the cold wind's anger;  
And on my way I go by night, by moonlight,  
A captive of grief;  
With sorrow's emblem,  
Thy beloved name,  
When in the earth I've graven,  
I sink then, sighing,  
"Now our day is gone."

### 8. Tove:

Thine eyes meet mine in a lover's glance,  
Then close their eyelids,  
And thy hand was pressed in mine,  
With that glance, now thy clasp is faint,  
But like a love-awakening kiss  
Thou layest again my hand-clasp on mine own lips.  
And thou canst yet sigh as thou wert Death  
foreboding,  
Though a glance shines in thine eyes  
Like a bright flaming kiss?  
The light of the stars in the heavens yonder  
Pales before the dawn,  
But ever anew when the night is at hand they shine  
Still as bright.  
So brief is our death,  
Like calm-breathed slumber,  
From twilight to twilight;  
And when thou awakest  
Thine eyes will behold me  
In new-won beauty  
Robed, and glowing,  
Thy fair young bride.  
Then pour out the gold-foaming  
Wine and quaff to  
Him, the mighty, the brave-smiling Death;  
To the grave we go,  
Brave-eyed, smiling; our dying is  
A rapture, a kiss.

### 9. Waldemar:

Thou'rt wonderful, my Tove!  
So rich, so proud hast made me,  
Nought in the world do I prize beside thee.  
So light is in my heart,  
My spirit so free,  
A new-born peace within my soul is reigning.  
My thought is all at rest,  
So strangely quiet,  
To my lips there come words that almost break forth,  
Yet sink again into silence.  
'Tis as though there beats within my breast  
Only thy dear heart,  
As were mine the breath breathing in,  
Tove, to thy bosom.  
And thy thought and mine, I see  
Them arise and together journey  
As clouds that meet and merge themselves and unite,  
Molding visions of wonder and beauty.  
And my spirit is still;  
I gaze in thine eyes and speak not,  
Thou wonder-maiden Tove.

### Orchestral Interlude

**10. Stimme der Waldtaube:**

Tauben von Gurre! Sorge quält mich,  
 Vom Weg über die Insel her!  
 Kommet! Lauschet!  
 Tot ist Tove! Nacht auf ihrem Auge,  
 Das ist Tove! Nacht auf ihrem Auge,  
 Das der Tag des Königs war!  
 Still ist ihr Herz,  
 Doch des Königs Herz schlägt wild,  
 Tot und doch wild!  
 Seltsam gleichend einem Boot auf der Woge,  
 Wenn der, zu deß' Empfang die Planken  
 Huldigend sich gekrümmt,  
 Des Schiffes Steurer tot liegt,  
 Verstrickt in der Tiefe Tang.  
 Keiner bringt ihnen Botschaft,  
 Unwegsam der Weg.  
 Wie zwei Ströme waren ihre Gedanken,  
 Ströme waren ihre Gedanken,  
 Ströme gleitend Seit' an Seite.  
 Wo Strömen nun Toves Gedanken?  
 Die des Königs winden sich seltsam dahin,  
 Suchen nach denen Toves,  
 Finden sie nicht.  
 Weit flog ich, Klage sucht' ich, fand gar viel!  
 Den Sarg sah ich auf Königs Schultern,  
 Henning stützt' ihn;  
 Finster war die Nacht, eine einzige Fackel  
 Brannte am Weg;  
 Die Königin hielt sie, hoch auf dem Söller,  
 Rachebegierigen Sinns.  
 Tränen, die sie nicht weinen wollte,  
 Funkelten im Auge.  
 Weit flog ich, Klage sucht' ich, fand gar viel!  
 Den König sah ich, mit dem Sarge fuhr er,  
 Im Bauernwams.  
 Sein Streitroß, das oft zum Sieg ihn getragen.  
 Zog den Sarg.  
 Wild starrte des Königs Auge, suchte  
 Nach einem Blick,  
 Seltsam lauschte des Königs Herz  
 Nach einem Wort.  
 Henning sprach zum König,  
 Aber noch immer suchte er Wort und Blick.  
 Der König öffnet Toves Sarg,  
 Startt und lauscht mit bebenden Lippen,  
 Tove ist stumm!  
 Weit flog ich, Klage sucht' ich, fand gar viel!  
 Wollt' ein Mönch am Seile ziehn,  
 Abendsegel läuten;  
 Doch er sah den Wagenlenker  
 Und vernahm die Trauerbotschaft:  
 Sonne sank, indes die Glocke  
 Grabgeläute tönte.  
 Weit glog ich, Klage sucht' ich und den Tod!  
 Helwigs Falke  
 War's, der grausam  
 Gurre's Taube zerriß!

**II. Teil****Waldemar:**

Herrgott, weißt Du, was Du tatest,  
 Als klein Tove mir verstarb?  
 Triebst mich aus der letzten Freistatt,  
 Die ich meinem Glück erwarb!  
 Herr, Du solltest wohl erröten:  
 Bettlers einz'ges Lamm zu töten!  
 Herrgott, ich bin auch ein Herrschern,

**10. Voice of the Wood-Dove:**

Wood-doves of Gurre! Woeful tidings I bear  
 Over the island sea!  
 Come then! Listen!  
 Dead is Tove! Night hath closed her eyelids,  
 That was day for Tove's King!  
 Still is her heart,  
 But the King's own heart is strong,  
 Dead and yet strong!  
 Strangely, like unto a boat on the water  
 That comes in to the shore and hands  
 Reach out to welcome it there;  
 No boatman steers, he lies dead,  
 And seaweed hath bound him fast.  
 No man may bring him greeting,  
 Lonely lies he there.  
 Like two water-brooks their thought flowed together,  
 Streams that glided side by side then.  
 Where flow they now, fair thoughts of Tove?  
 And the King's thought wanders alone on its way,  
 Seeking to twine with Tove's,  
 Finding it not.  
 Far flew I, sorrow sought I, grief I found.  
 The bier saw I on Kingly shoulders;  
 Henning stayed it;  
 Gloomy was the night. Only one lifted torch-flame  
 Shone by their way;  
 The Queen herself held it, high on the rampart,  
 Vengeance aflame in her heart.  
 Tears she strove to hold back from falling  
 Shone bright on her eyelids.  
 Far flew I, sorrow sought I, grief I found.  
 The King did I see, with the bier beside him,  
 In peasant smock.  
 His war-horse that oft in battle had borne him  
 Drew the bier.  
 Willyd flashing the King's bright eye did seek  
 Just one glance.  
 Strangely spoke and faltered,  
 Striving to find a word and a kindly glance.  
 Henning spoke to the King,  
 But he still sought a word and a glance.  
 The King then opened Tove's bier,  
 Stared and listened, trembling and silent –  
 Tove is mute!  
 Far flew I, sorrow sought I, grief I found.  
 Evensong the monk would ring,  
 Held in hand the bellrope;  
 Then he saw the bier come slowly  
 And he heard the mournful tidings.  
 Sank the sun, the bell rang out  
 In solemn tone of mourning.  
 Far flew I, sorrow sought I, Death I found.  
 Helwig's falcon  
 It was that hath slain  
 Gurre's dove!

**Part II****Waldemar:**

Know'st Thou, God, how Thou didst wound me  
 When fair Tove pined and died?  
 From the last stronghold Thou dost drive me,  
 Where I hope and joy descried!  
 Lord, a shameful would Thou makest,  
 Poor man's one ewe-lamb Thou takest!  
 Lord God! I too rule my people;

Und es ist mein Herrscherglauben:  
Meinem Untertanen darf  
Ich nie die letzte Leuchte rauben.  
Falsche Wege schlägst Du ein:  
Das heißt wohl Tyrann, nicht Herrscher sein!  
Hergott, Deine Engelscharen  
Singen stets nur Deinen Preis,  
Doch Dir wäre mehr vonnöten  
Einer, der zu tadeln weiß.  
Und wer mag solches wagen?  
Laß mich, Herr, die Kappe Deines Hofnarr'n tragen!

### III. Teil "Die Wilde Jagd"

#### 1. Waldemar:

Erwacht, König Waldemars Mannen wert!  
Schnallt an die Lende das rostige Schwert,  
Holt aus der Kirche verstaubte Schilde,  
Gräulich bemalt mit wüstem Gebilde.  
Weckt eurer Rosse modernde Leichen,  
Schmückt sie mit Gold, und spornt ihre Weichen:  
Nach Gurrestadt sied ihr entboten,  
Heute ist Ausfahrt der Toten!

#### 2. Bauer:

Deckel des Sarges klappert und kappt,  
Schwer kommt's her durch die Nacht getrabt.  
Rasen nieder vom Hügel rollt,  
Über den Gräften klingts hell wie Gold.  
Klirren und Rasseln durch's Rüsthaus geht,  
Werfen und Rücken mit altem Gerät,  
Steinegepolter am Kirchhofrain,  
Sperber sausen vom Turm und schrei'n,  
Auf und zu fliegt's Kirchentor.  
Da fährt's vorbei! Rasch die Decke übers Ohr

Ich schlage drei heilige Kreuze geschwind  
Für Leut' und Haus, für Roß und Rind;  
Dreimal nenn' ich Christi Namen,  
So bleibt bewahrt der Felder Samen,  
Die Glieder noch bekreuz ich klug,  
Wo der Herr seine heiligen Wunden trug,  
So bin ich geschützt vor der nächtlichen Mahr,  
Vor Elfenschuß und Rolls Gefahr.  
Zuletzt vor die Tür noch Stahl und Stein,  
So kann mir nichts Böses zur Tür herein.

#### 3. Waldemars Mannen:

Gegrüßt, o König, an Gurre-Seestrand!  
Nun jagen wir über das Inselland,  
Holla! Vom stranglosen Bogen Pfeile zu senden,

Mit hohlen Augen und Knochenhänden,  
Zu treffen des Hirsches Schattengebilde,  
Holla! Daß Wiesentau aus der Wunde quillt.  
Holla! Der Wallstatt Raben  
Geleit uns gaben,  
Über Buchenkronen die Rosee traben,  
Holla! So jagen wir nach gemeiner Sag'  
Eine jede Nacht bis zum jüngsten Tag.  
Holla! Hussa Hund! Hussa Pferd!  
Nur kurze Zeit das Jagen währt!  
Hier ist das Schloß, wie einst vor Zeiten!  
Holla! Lokes Hafer gebt den Mähren,  
Wir wollen vom alten Ruhme zehren.

#### 4. Waldemar:

Never yet for mine own pleasure  
From a servant did I take  
Away his last remaining treasure.  
False Thy way and false Thy heart;  
Thine a tyrant sway, no Lord art Thou.  
Lord God, all the hosts of Thy  
Bright angels, singing, praise Thy name,  
Thou hast rather need of one  
Before Thy face to tell Thy shame.  
And who so bold as dare it?  
Give me, Lord, Thy Fool's cap; 'fore Thy Throne I'll  
wear it!

### Part III "The Wild Hunt"

#### 1. Waldemar:

Arouse ye, hear Waldemar's royal word!  
Gird now on your loins the rusty-red sword,  
Take from their holy place shields all battered,  
Fly on your standard, colors all tattered.  
Wake from your tomb your mouldering courses;

To Gurre then ride through the valley,  
There today shall dead men rally!

#### 2. Peasant

Hark to the rattling coffin, oh hark,  
Slow on its way, and the night is dark.  
Down from the hillsides great rocks are rolled,  
Over the valley they ring like gold.  
Clatters and rattles the arsenal,  
Lances and cannon in warring heaps fall;  
Stones of the grave o'er the churchyard fly,  
Howling hawks on the spire do cry,  
To and fro the church door flies.  
It passes by! Stop the ears and close the eyes!

I draw threefold sign of the cross on my breast  
For home and kin, that they be blest;  
Thrice be Aves now recited  
That so the harvest be not blighted.  
I cross my hands, my feet, my head,  
Where the holiest wounds of our Saviour bled.  
So am I defended from ghosts of the night,  
From elfin darts and goblins' might.  
Then bolted and barred be door and gate;  
So am I protected from evil fate.

#### 3. Waldemar's Retainers:

O King, we greet thee by Gurre's seastrand!  
Now hunt we all over the sea-girt land.  
Holla! Unstrung are our bows, our arrows  
unfeathered.

Our eyes are sightless and bones our fingers,  
Our quarry the stag's intangible shade.  
Holla! Let dew flow out from the wound we've made.  
Holla! The warring raven  
His aid hath given,  
Over highest tree-tops our steeds have striven,  
Holla! So hunt we now in our olden way,  
All and every night till the Judgement Day.  
Holla, hie on hound, hie on steed!  
Our time is brief, so make good speed!  
As long ago, here stands the castle!  
Holla! Loki's oats shall feed our horses,  
Still as of old shall we ride our courses.

#### 4. Waldemar:

Mit Toves Stimme flüstert der Wald,  
Mit Toves Augen schaut der See,  
Mit Tove Lächeln leuchten die Sterne,  
Die Wolke schwillt wie des Busens Schnee.  
Es jagen die Sinne, sie zu fassen,  
Gedanken kämpfen nach ihrem Bilde.

Aber Tove ist hier und Tove ist da,  
Tove ist fern und Tove ist nah.  
Tove, bist Du's, mit Zaubermacht  
Gefesselt an See's und Waldespracht?  
Das tote Herz, es schwillt und dehnt sich,  
Tove, Tove, Waldemar sehnt sich nach Dir!

### 5. Klauss-Narr:

“Ein seltsamer Vogel ist so'n Aal,  
Im Wasser lebt er meist,  
Kommt doch bei Mondschein dann und wann  
Ans Uferland gereist.”  
Das sang ich oft meines Herren Gästen,  
Nun aber paßt's auf mich selber am besten.  
Ich halte jetzt kein Haus und lebe äußerst schlicht  
Und lud auch niemand ein und praßt' und lärmte nicht,  
Und dennoch zehrt an mir manch unverschämter  
Wicht,  
Drum kann ich auch nichts bieten ob ich will oder nicht,  
Doch – dem schenk ich meine nächtliche Ruh,  
Der mir den Grund kann weisen,  
Warum ich jede Mitternacht  
Den Tümpel muß umkreisen.  
Daß Palle Glob und Erik Paa  
Es auch tun, das verstedh' ich so:  
Sie gehörten nie zu den Frommen;  
Jetzt würfeln sie, wiewohl zu Pferd,  
Um den kältesten Ort, weit weg vom Herd,  
Wenn se zur Hölle kommen.  
Und der König, der von Sinnen stets, sobald die  
Eulen klagen,  
Und stets nach einem Mädchen ruft, das tot seit  
Jahr und Tagen,  
Auch dieser hat's verdient und muß von Rechtes  
wegen jagen.  
Denn er war immer höchst brutal,  
Und Vorsicht galt es allemal  
Und off'nes Auge für Gefahr,  
Da er ja selber Hofnarr war  
Bei jener großen Herrschaft überm Monde.  
Doch daß ich, Klauss Nar von Farum,  
Ich, der glaubte, daß im Grabe  
Man vollkomm'ne Ruhe habe,  
Daß der Geist beim Staube bleibe,  
Friedlich dort sein Wesen treibe,  
Still sich sammle für das große  
Hoffest, wo, wie Bruder Knut  
Sagt, ertönen die Posaunen,  
Wo wir Guten wohlgenut  
Sünder speisen wie Kapaunen. –  
Ach, daß ich im Ritte rase,  
Gegen den Schwanz gedreht die Nase,  
Sterbensmüd im wilden Lauf,  
Wär's zu spät nicht, ich hinge mich auf.  
Doch o wie süs soll's schmecken zuletzt,  
Werd' ich dann doch in den Himmel versetzt!  
Zwar ise mein Sündenregister groß,  
Allein vom meisten schwatz ich mich los!  
Wer grab der nackten Wahrheit Kleider?  
Wer ward dafür geprügelt leider?  
Ja, wenn es noch Gerechtigkeit gibt,

'Tis Tove's voice I hear through the woods,  
With Tove's bright eyes shines the lakes,  
'Tis Tove's smiling laughs in the starlight,  
The clouds from all their whiteness take.  
My spirit is weary for her dear image.

But my Tove is there, and Tove is here,  
Tove is far and Tove is near.  
Thou, my Tove, dost hold me fast  
By thy magic power through life is past?  
Though dead my heart it glows and calls thee,  
Tove, Tove, Waldemar longs yet for thee.

### 5. Klauss the Fool:

“How strange is the bird we call an eel,  
'Tis water he likes best,  
Yet now and then, when moons are bright,  
He comes to land to rest.”  
That sang I oft while the guests were drinking'  
Now of myself when I sing it I'm thinking.  
I have no house or hall and live as best I may,  
No guest may I invite about my board to stay,  
  
Yet shameless wights there be would take my crust  
away;  
So have I nought to offer, would I yea, would I nay.  
  
Yet I would give away my night's repose  
To any man who tells me.  
What is't that every midnight round  
This pool to roam compels me?  
That Palle Glob and Erik Paa  
Must wander, that I understand;  
They were never counted as holy;  
They'll throw the dice, still as of old,  
For the coolest place, far from the crowd,  
When they go down to Hell.  
And when the King there, he was always mad,  
Whene'er the owls were crying.  
For aye would call one maiden's name who long ago  
lay dying;  
He too earned his lot, his never ending nightly  
hunting,  
For he was always harsh, unfair,  
And we, his people, did beware,  
Or blows had each man had his share;  
He was himself the Court Fool there  
To yonder noble Lordship in the Heavens.  
But that I, Klaus Fool of Farum,  
I, who sought my grave believing  
There would be an end of grieving,  
That my soul would be at rest there,  
Still as birds within their nest there,  
Calm, preparing for the last great Court Feast,  
Where, as Brother Knut tells,  
Are noble trombones blaring,  
Where we warch the bad men roasting  
The while we're nobly faring.  
Ah, still I ride, never ending,  
Face to my horse's tail I'm bending,  
Deathly sweat upon my brow;  
Wer't not too late I'd hang myself now.  
But oh, how sweet to know this all past  
When I may find heavenly home at last!  
Great sinner though I be, yet have I  
Ofttimes escaped through some ready lie!  
Who gave the naked truth its clothing?  
Who'll suffer punishment and loathing?  
Ah, Right will yet prevail at the last

Dann muß ich eingeh'n in Himmels Gnaden...  
Na, und dann mag Gott sich selber gnaden.

### 6. Waldemar

Da strenger Richter droben,  
Du lachst meine Schmerzen,  
Doch dereinst, beim Auferstehn des Gebeins  
Nimm es dir wohl zu Herzen:  
Ich und Tove, toir sind eins.  
So zerreiss' auch unsre Seele nie,  
Zur Hölle mich, zum Himmel sie,  
Denn soust gewinn ich Macht,  
Zertrümm're deiner Engel Wacht  
Und spreng mit meiner wilden Jagd  
Ins Himmelreich ein.

### 7. Waldemars Mannen:

Der Hahn erhebt den Kopf zur Kraht,  
Hat den Tag schon im Schnabel,  
Und von unsern Schwertern trieft  
Rostgerötet der Morgentau.  
Die Zeit ist um!  
Mit offnem munde ruft das Grab,  
Und die Erde saugt das lichtscheue Rätsel ein.

Versinket! Versinket!  
Das Leben kommt mit Macht und Glanz,  
Mit Taten und pochenden Herzen,  
Und wir sind des Todes,  
Der Sorge und des Todes,  
Des Schmerzes und des Todes.  
Ins Grab! Ins Grab! Zur träumeschwanger'n Ruh.  
O, könnten in Frieden wir schlafen!

### “Des Sommerwindes Wilde Jagd” Orchester-Vorspiel

### 8. Sprecher:

Herr Gänsefuß, Frau Gänsekraut \*, nun duckt euch  
nur geschwind  
Denn des sommerlichen Windes wilde Jagd beginnt.  
Die Mücken fliegen ängstlich aus dem  
schilfdurchwachsenen Hain,  
In den See grub der Wind seine Silberspuren ein.  
Viel schlimmer kommt es, als ihr euch nur je  
gedacht;  
Hu, wie's schaurig in den Buchenblättern lacht!

Das ist Sankt Johannswurm mit der Feuerzunge rot,  
Und der schwere Wiesennebel, ein Schatten bleich  
und tot!

Welch Wogen und Schwingen!  
Welch Ringen und Singen!  
In die Ähren schlägt der Wind in leidigem Sinne.  
Daß das Kornfeld tönend bebte.  
Mit den langen Beinern fiedelt die Spinne,  
Und es reißt, was sie mühsam gewebt,  
Tönend rieselt der Tau zu Tal,  
Sterne schießen und schwinden zumal,  
Flüchtend durchraschelt der Falter die Hecken,  
Springen die Frösche nach feuchten Verstecken.  
Still! Was mag der Wind nur wollen?  
Wenn das welke Laub er wendet,  
Sucht er, was zu früh geendet:  
Frühlings blauweiße Blütensäume,  
Der Erde flüchtige Sommerträume  
Längst sind sie Staub!  
Aber hinauf, über die Bäume

And I shall go home to Heaven's garden,  
Then, and then may Heaven, not I, seek pardon.

### 6. Waldemar:

Thou Judge enthroned in harshness,  
Thou laughest o'er my sorrow,  
But that day, when we shall rise from the tomb,  
Do Thou beware that morrow.  
I and Tove, we are one;  
If our soul should e'er divided be,  
And I to Hell, to Heaven she,  
Then I shall rise in might,  
Destroy Thy heavenly angels bright,  
And break through with my unearthly horde  
Thy Paradise gate.

### 7. Waldemar's Retainers:

Now Chanticleer hath raised his voice  
And the day is proclaiming.  
From our weary sword-blades drips,  
Rust encarmined, the morning dew.  
Our time is over!  
With gaping maw the grave now calls,  
Earth receives again the light-fearing shades of  
night.  
Now sink we!  
For life is full of shining power  
Of great deeds, of hearts that beat loudly.  
And we are but shadows  
Of death and bitter sorrow,  
Of death and bitter grieving.  
O grave! Thy rest is full of dreams.  
O could we in silence be sleeping!

### “The Wild Hunt of the Summer Wind” Orchestral Prelude

### 8. Speaker:

Sir Ganderfoot and Mother Goose \*, now hide you,  
quickly hide,  
Now the unruly summer wind sets out upon his ride.  
The crickets flee in terror from the meadow newly  
mown,  
And the wind on the water his silvern threads hath  
sown.  
More woeful doom is nigh than any man conceives;  
Hark! That shudder in the trembling forest leaves!  
That was Saint John's dragon, see how his fiery  
tongue is red,  
And the meadow mists low-lying are shadows pale  
and dead!  
What waving and swinging!  
What dancing and singing!  
In the corn stalks hear the wind go by like a rider  
Till the cornfield, sighing, bends.  
With her slender legs now fiddles the spider,  
And the web she was weaving she rends.  
Dew drips loud to the vale below,  
Stars shoot downward, and silently go.  
Water birds affrighted break the tall sedges  
Startling the frogs to their watery ledges.  
Still! What may the wind be seeking?  
As the withered bough be bended  
Sought he what too soon hath ended:  
Springtide's blossoming flowers a-gleaming,  
The Earth's fugitive summer-dreaming –  
Long ago dust!  
But look above, see the wind flying

<p>Schwingt er sich nun in lichtere Räume,  Denn dort oben, wie Traum so fein,  Meint er, müßten die Blüten sein!  Und mit seltsamen Tönen  In ihres Laubes Kronen  Grüßt er wieder die schlanken schönen.  Sieh! Nun ist auch das vorbei,  Auf luftigem Steige wirbelt er frei  Zum blanken Spiegel des Sees,  Und dort, in der Wellen unendlichem Tanz,  In bleicher Sterne Widerglanz  Wiegt er sich friedlich ein.  Wie still ward's zur Stell!  Ach, war das licht und hell!  O schwing dich aus dem Blumenkelch,  Marienkäferlein,  Und bitte deine schöne Frau um Leben und  Sonnenschein!  Schon tanzen die Wogen am Klippenecke,  Schon schleicht im Grase die bunte Schnecke;  Nun regt sich Waldes Vogelschar,  Tau schüttelt die Blume vom lockigen Haar</p> <p>Und späht nach der Sonne aus.  Erwacht, erwacht, ihr Blumen, zur Wonne!</p> <p><b>9. Gemischter Chor:</b>  Sehut die Sonne,  Farbenfroh am Himmelssaum,  Östlich grüßt ihr Morgentraum!  Lächelnd kommt sie aufgestiegen  Aus den Fluten der Nacht,  Läßt von lichter Stirne fliegen  Strahlenlockenpracht!</p>	<p>Over the tree-tops, heavenward hieing.  Surely, as in a dream he knows  Always there a new fragrance blows!  And with strange music ringing  He hears the blossoms singing,  Greets them tenderly, swaying, swinging,  See! Now he has passed them by;  On wide spreading wings he hies him to smooth  The white mirror of the lake,  And there, in the laughing waves' unending dance,  In paling star' be mirrored glance,  Cradles himself to sleep.  How still were all things there!  Ah, how clear was the air!  O ladybird, come hie thee forth from out thy flowery  nest,  And ask of thy dear lady life and laughter and  sunlight blest!  White horses all over the lake are prancing  And through the meadow are crickets dancing;  The woodland singers all arise,  And from their shining locks the flowers shake the  dew  And raise to the sun their eyes.  Awake, awake, ye blossoms, to gladness!  <i>Folk names for flowers: corn-poppy and amaranth</i></p> <p><b>9. Mixed Chorus:</b>  See the sun rise,  Goldenhued in Heaven he gleams,  Lights the East with morning dreams!  Smiling climbs he high and higher  O'er the waters of night,  Decks his shining brow with flying  Golden locks of light.</p>
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**Text by Jens Peter Jacobsen**

**German Translation from the Danish by Robert Franz Arnold**