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To
Rev. J. Weiss.

# By the stream a youth was sitting

(Der Jüngling am Bache)

A

BALLAD

WORDS BY

SCHILLER

Set to Music by

Wulf Fries.

3

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Published by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland

# DER JÜNGLING AM BACHE.

German Words by SCHILLER.
Translated by Rev. J. WEISS.

*Andante.*

*cresc.*

1.—*An der Quel - - le sass der Knabe, Blu - men wand er*
1.—By the stream a youth was sit - ting, Ro - - ses weav - ing

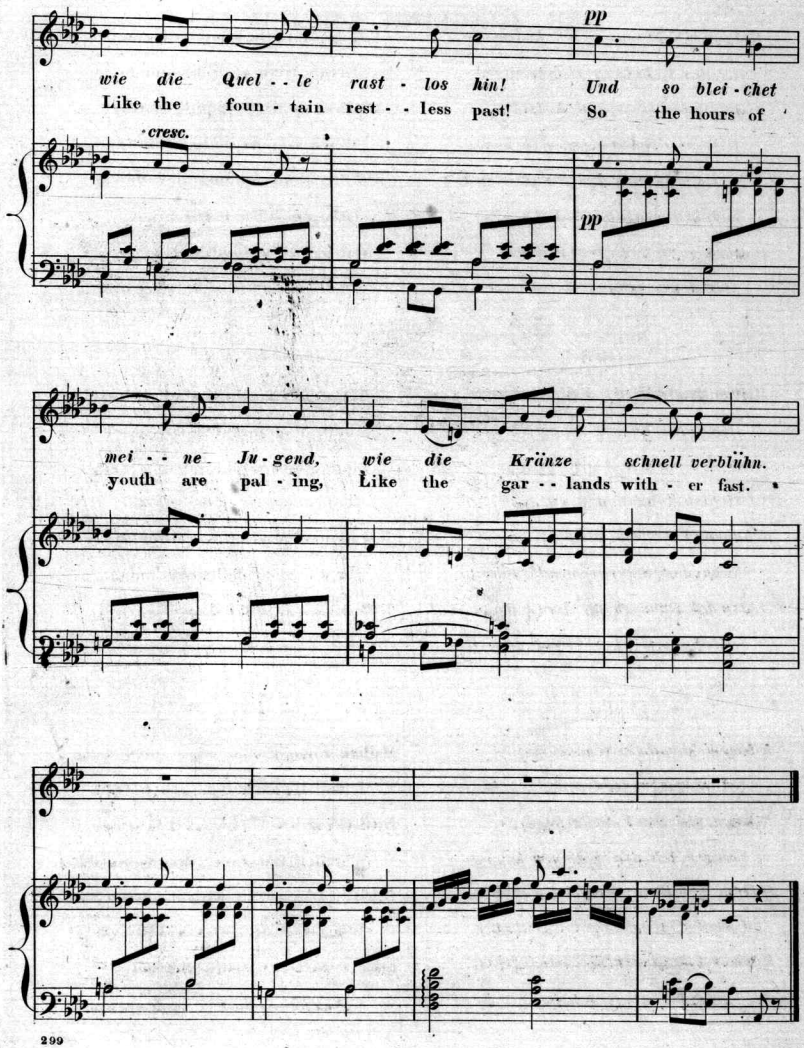
*p* *cresc.*

*p*

*sich zun Kranz, und er sah sie fort - ge - ris - sen*
for a crown, And he saw them on the rip - ples

*dolce.*

*Treiben in der Wel - len Tanz, Und so flie - hen meine Tage*
Dancing, caught and hurried down. So a - las! my days are slipping,


pp
wie die Quel - le rast - los hin! Und so blei - chet
Like the foun - tain rest - less past! So the hours of
cresc.
pp
mei - ne Ju - gend, wie die Kränze schnell verblühn.
youth are pal - ing, Like the gar - lands with - er fast.

2

*Fraget nicht warum ich traure*
*In des Lebens Blüthenzeit!*
*Alles freuet sich und hoffet,*
*Wenn der Frühling sich erneut.*
*Aber die tausend tausend Stimmen*
*Der erwachenden Natur*
*Wecken in dem tiefen Busen*
*Mir den schweren Kummer nur.*

3

*Was soll mir die Freude frommen*
*Die der schöne Lenz mir beut!*
*Eine nur ist's die ich suche*
*Sie ist nah, und ewig weit.*
*Sehnend breit' ich meine Arme*
*Nach dem theuren Schattenbild*
*Ach ich kann es nicht erreichen,*
*Und mein Herz bleibt ungestillt.*

4

*Komm herab du schöne Holde*
*Und verlass dein stolzes Schloss*
*Blumen die der Lenz geboren*
*Streu ich dir in deinen Schoos*
*Horch, der Hain erschallt von Liedern*
*Und die Quelle rieselt klar*
*Raum ist in der kleinsten Hütte*
*Für ein glücklich liebend Paar.*

2

Ask me not wherefore I sorrow,
In my time of blossoming!
All save me is hoping blithely,
When renews herself the Spring.
But the many thousand voices
In reviving nature's air,
Only in my hidden bosom
Wake to life the heavy care.

3

What avail to me the pleasures,
Gifts of graceful spring that are?
'Tis but one whom I am seeking,
She is near and ever far.
I extend my arms with longing
For the dear delusive shade,
But alas! attain I cannot,
And my heart is unallayed!

4

Hither come, thou charm and beauty,
And desert thy haughty hold!
In thy lap the flowers I'll scatter,
Which the days of spring unfold.
Hark! the grove with song is singing,
And the streamlet ripples clear!
Love within the smallest hovel
Maketh room for us and cheer.

# Scanning Target

## Edison Sheet Music

**Item no.:** **100006091**

**Title:** **Der Jüngling am Bache**
(By the stream a youth was sitting)

**Box no. and finding aid no.: 26/1846**

**Cover to be scanned in color:** ND

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