Edward MacDowell

Six Poems After Heinrich Heine

1. From A Fisherman's Hut

Op. 31, No. 1

Wir sassen am Fischerhause
Und schauten nach der See;
Die Abendnebel kamen
Und stiegen in die Höh'.

Im Leuchtthurm wurden die Lichter
Allmählig angesteckt,
Und in der weiten Ferne
Ward noch ein Schiff entdeckt.

. . . . . .

Wir sprachen von fernen Küsten,
Von Süden und vom Nord;
Und von den seltsamen Völkern
Und seltsamen Sitten dort.

Am Ganges duftet's und leuchtet's,
Und Riesenbäume blüh'n,
Und schöne, stille Menschen
Vor Lotosblumen knien.

. . . . . .

Die Mädchen horchten ernsthaft,
Und endlich sprach Niemand mehr;
Das Schiff war nicht mehr sichtbar,
Es dunkelte gar zu sehr.

We sat by the fisherman's cottage,
O'er Ocean cast our eye;
Then came the mists of evening,
And slowly rose on high.

The lamps within the lighthouse
Were kindled light by light,
And in the farthest distance
A ship was still in sight.

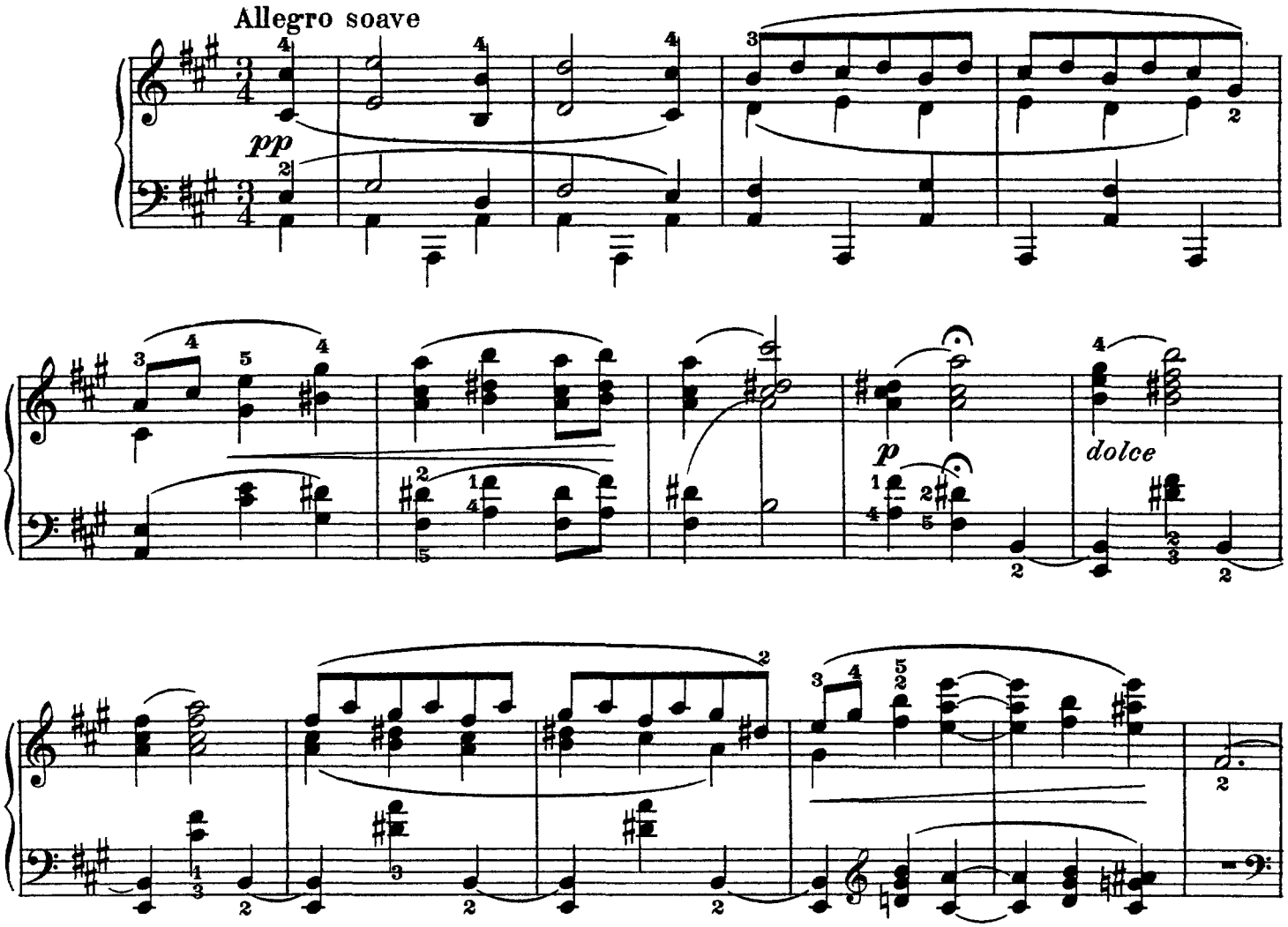
. . . . . .

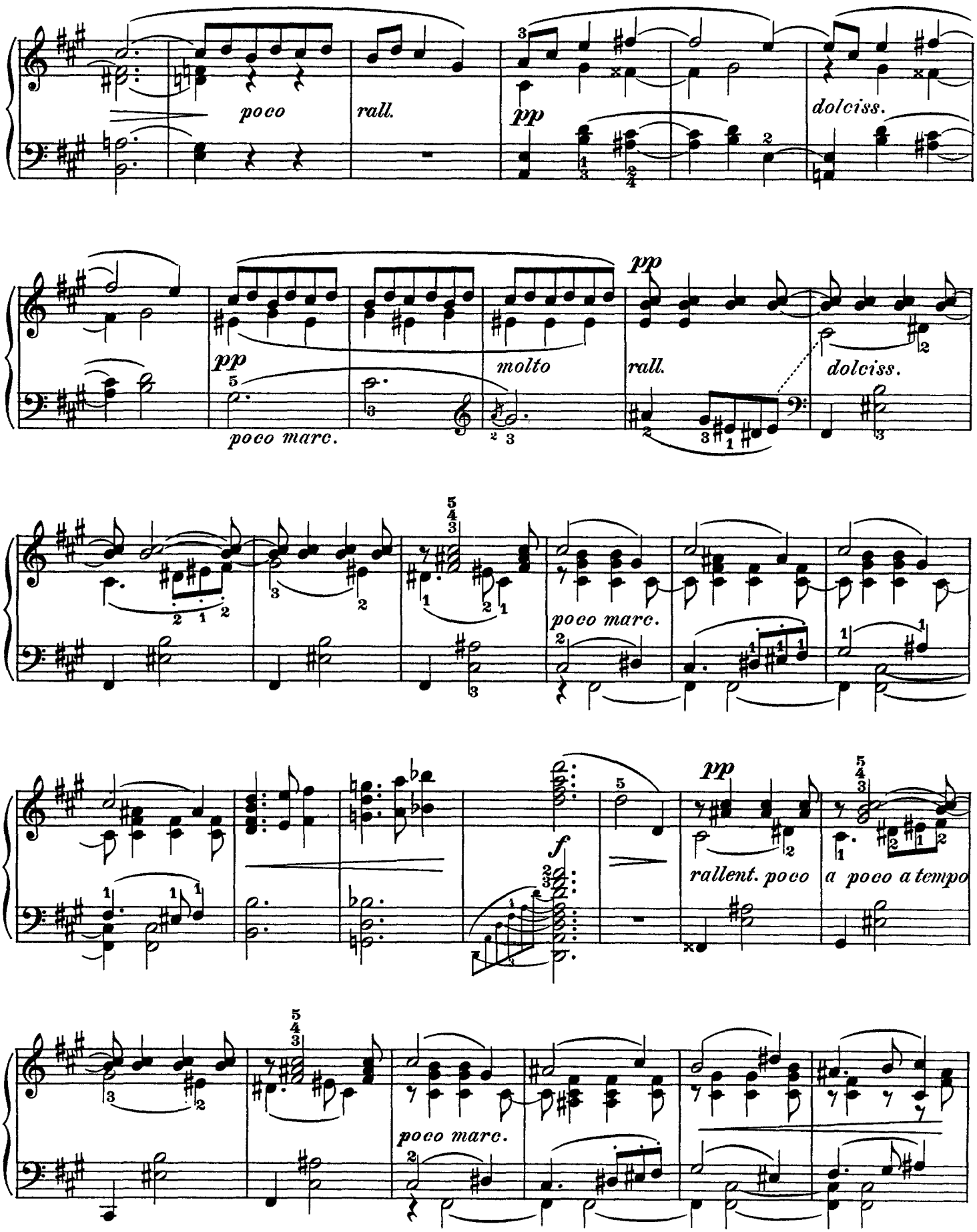
We spoke of distant regions,
Of North and South spoke we,
The many strange races yonder,
And customs, strange to see.

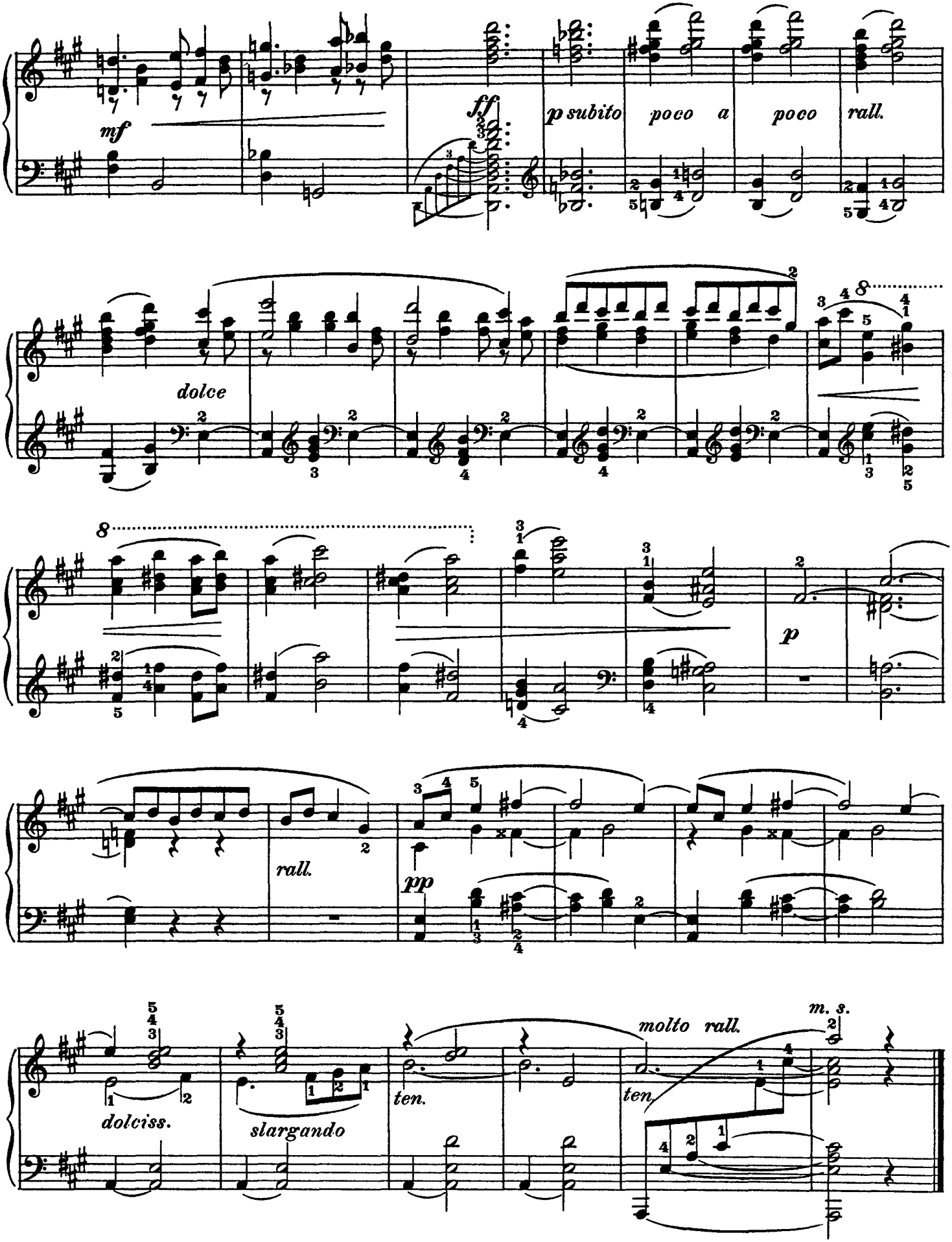
The air on the Ganges is balmy,
And giant trees extend,
And fair and silent mortals
Before the lotos bend.

. . . . . .

The maidens earnestly listen'd,
At length not a word was said;
The ship from sight had vanished,
For darkness o'er all things was spread.




poco
rall.
pp
dolciss.
pp
molto
rall.
dolciss.
poco marc.
poco marc.
f
pp
rallent. poco
a poco a tempo
poco marc.

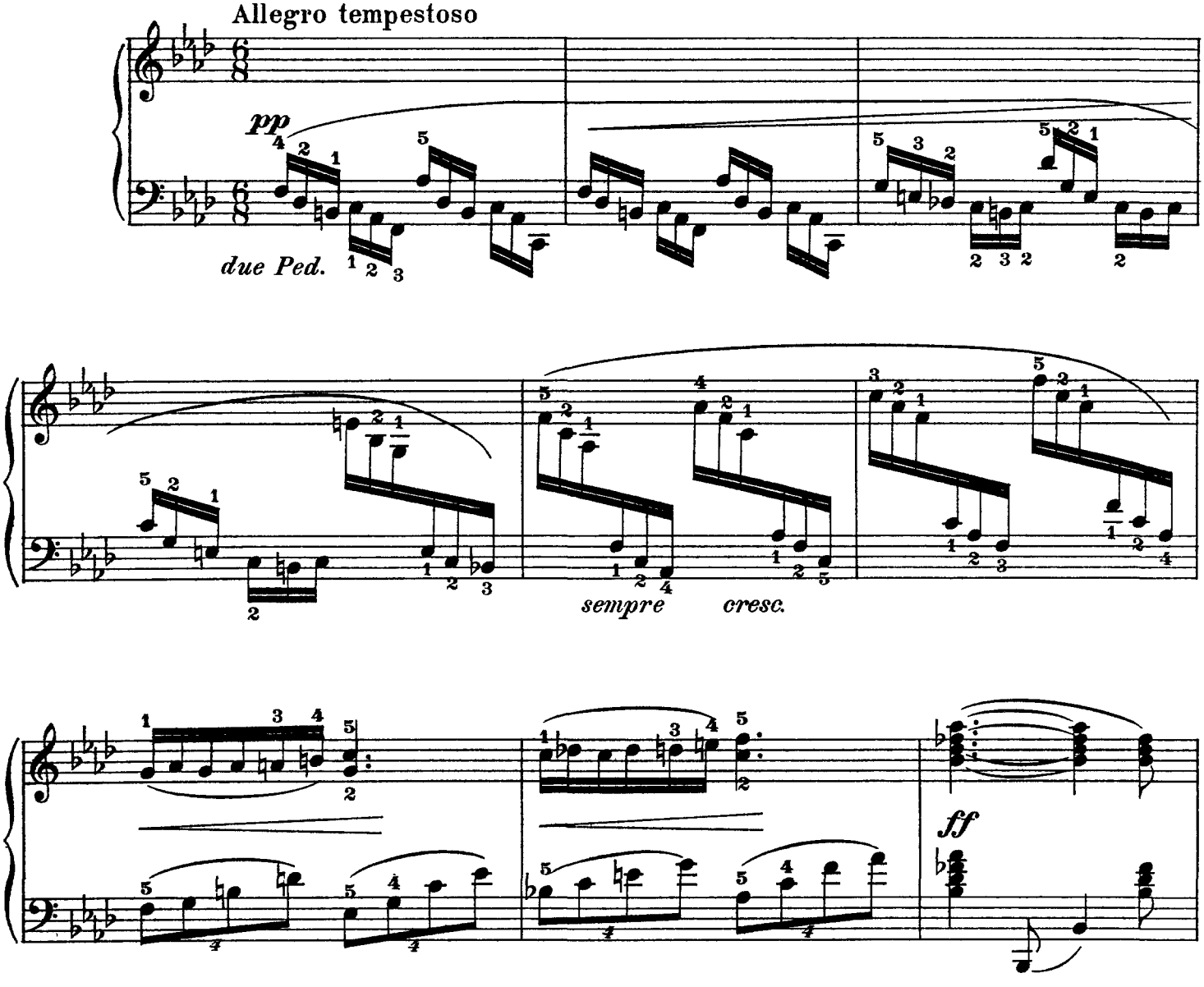

mf
ff
p subito
poco a poco
rall.
dolce
p
rall.
pp
molto rall.
m. s.
ten.
ten.
dolciss.
slargando

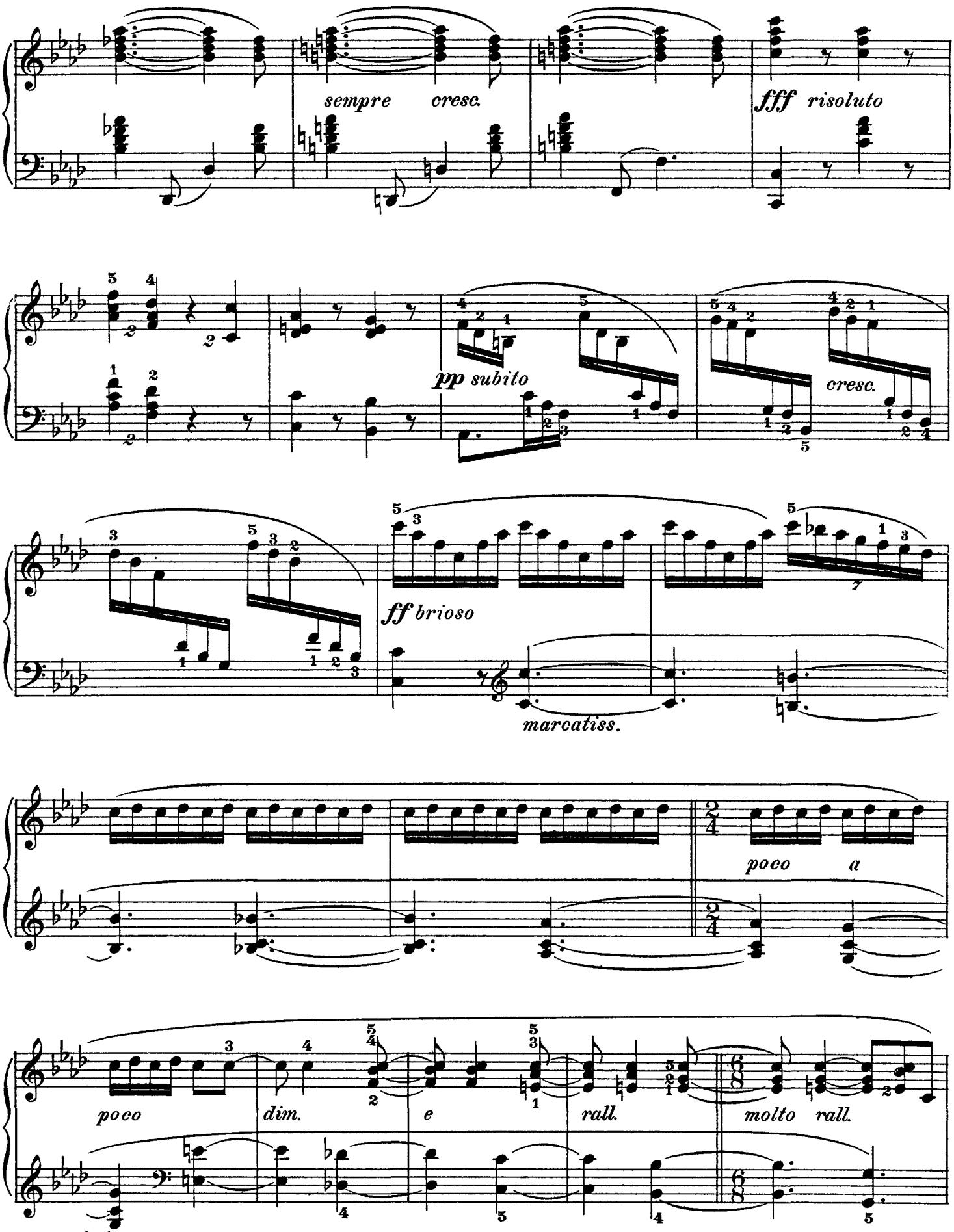
2. Scotch Poem

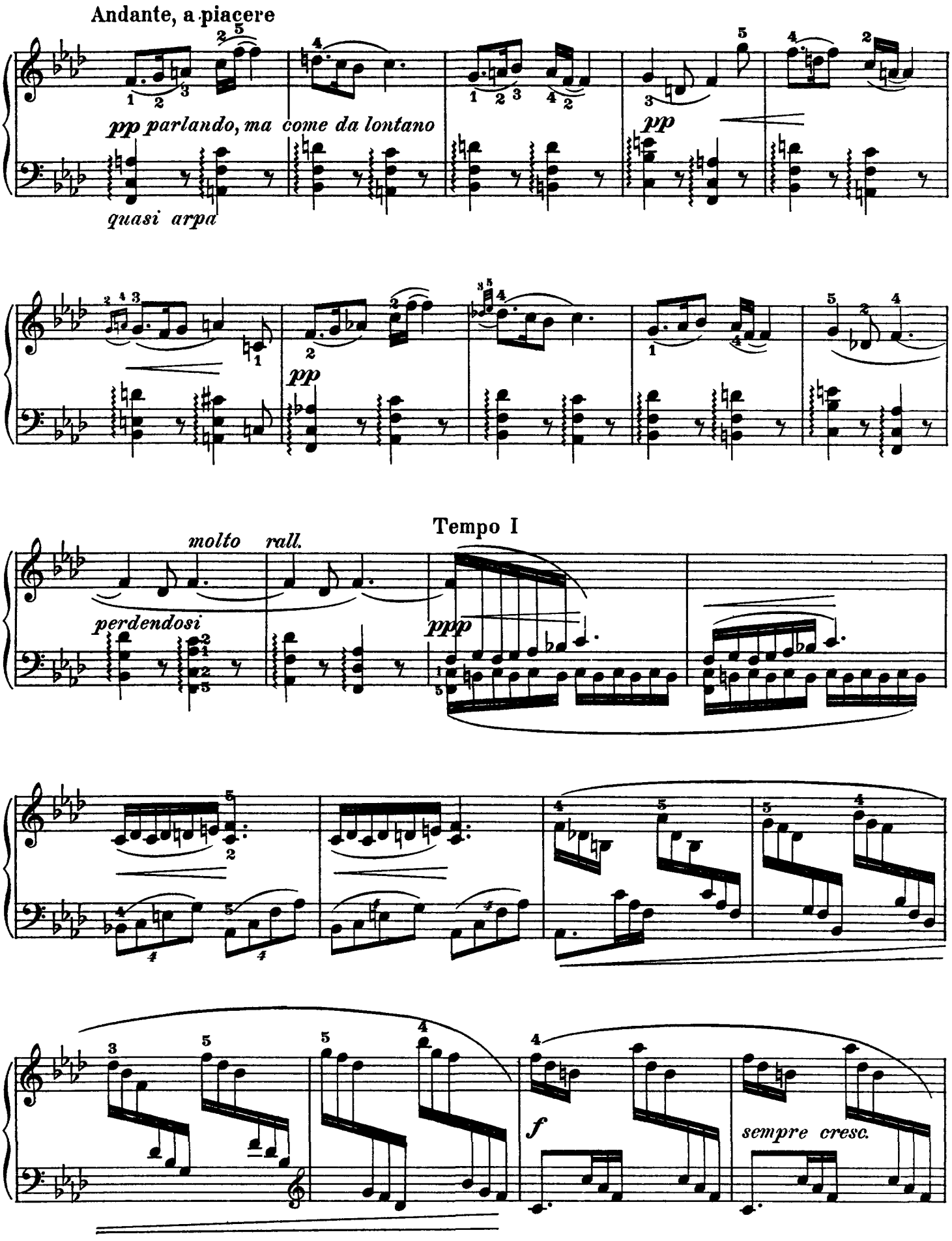
Op. 31, No. 2

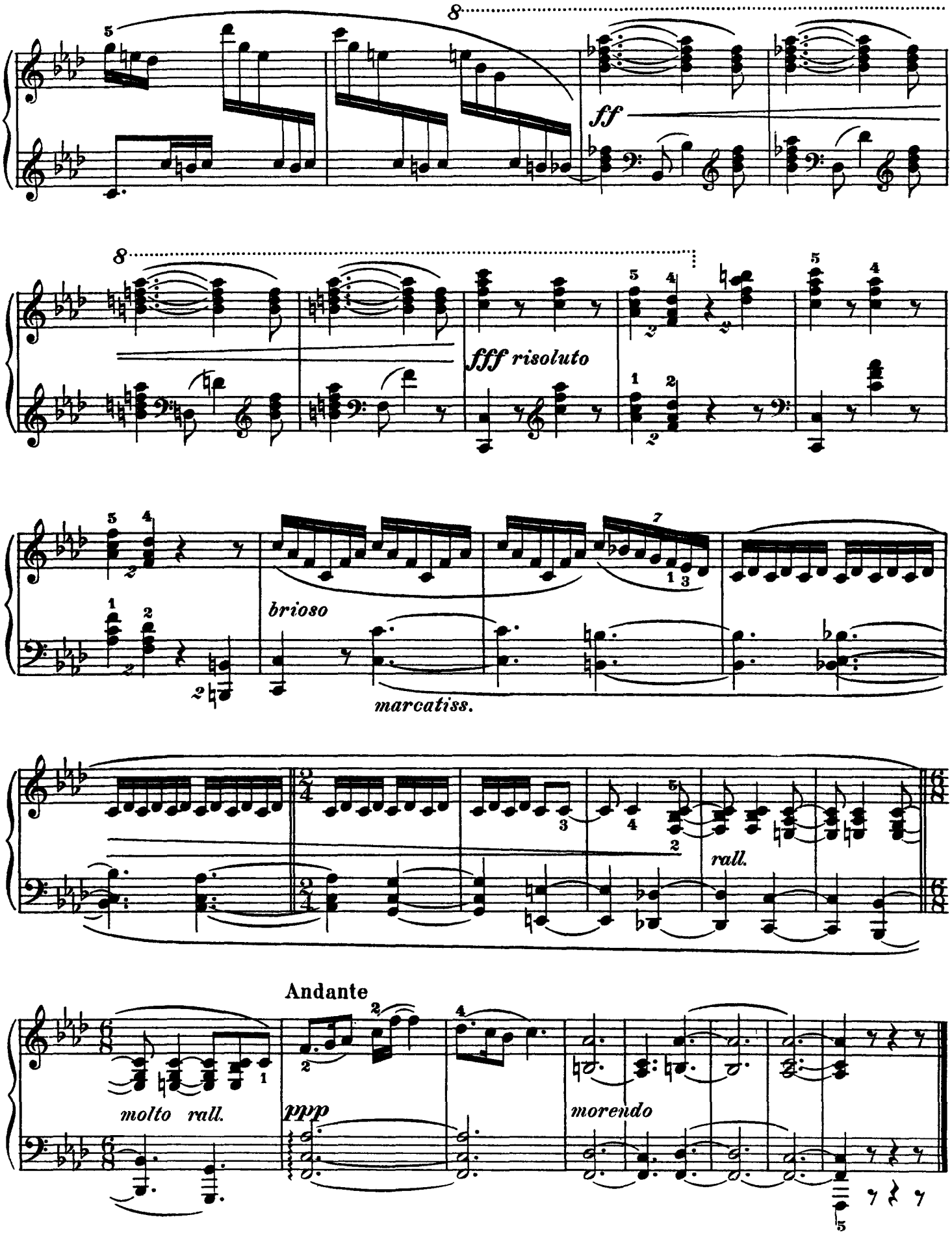
Fern an schottischer Felsenküste,
Wo das graue Schlösslein hinausragt
Über die brandende See,
Dort am hochgewölbten Fenster,
Steht eine schöne, kranke Frau,
Zartdurchsichtig und marmorblass,
Und sie spielt die Harfe und singt,
Und der Wind durchwühlt ihre langen Locken
Und trägt ihr dunkles Lied
Über das weite, stürmende Meer.

Far away on the rock-coast of Scotland,
Where the old grey castle projecteth
Over the wild raging sea,
There at the lofty and archèd window,
Standeth a woman beauteous, but ill,
Softly transparent and marble pale;
And she's playing her harp and she's singing,
And the wind through her long locks forceth its way,
And beareth her gloomy song
Over the wide and tempest-toss'd sea.




sempre cresc.
fff risoluto
pp subito
cresc.
ff brioso
marcatiss.
poco a
poco
dim.
e
rall.
molto rall.


Andante, a piacere
pp parlando, ma come da lontano
quasi arpa
pp
pp
Tempo I
molto rall.
perdendosi
ppp
f
sempre cresc.


8
ff
8
fff risoluto
brioso
marcatiss.
rall.
Andante
molto rall.
ppp
morendo

3. From Long Ago

Op. 31, No. 3

Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder,
Zwei Kinder, klein und froh;
Wir krochen in's Hühnerhäuschen,
Versteckten uns unter das Stroh.

. . . . . .

Des Nachbars alte Katze
Kam öfters zum Besuch;
Wir machten ihr Bückling' und Knixe
Und Komplimente genug.

. . . . . .

Vorbei sind die Kinderspiele,
Und alles rollt vorbei, –
Das Geld und die Welt und die Zeiten,
Und Glauben und Lieb' und Treu'.

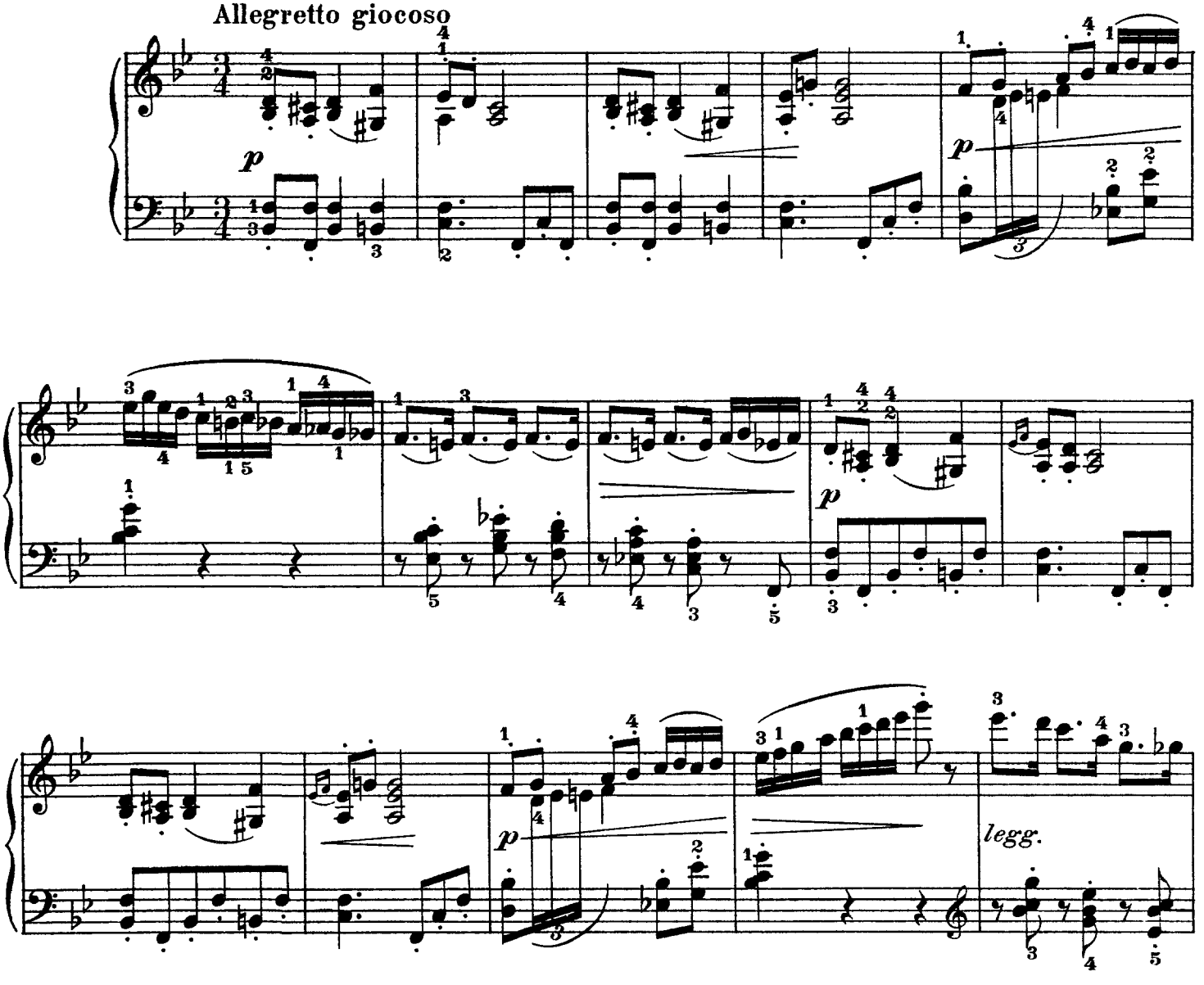
My child, we once were children,
Two children little and gay;
We crawl'd inside the henhouse,
And hid in the straw in play.

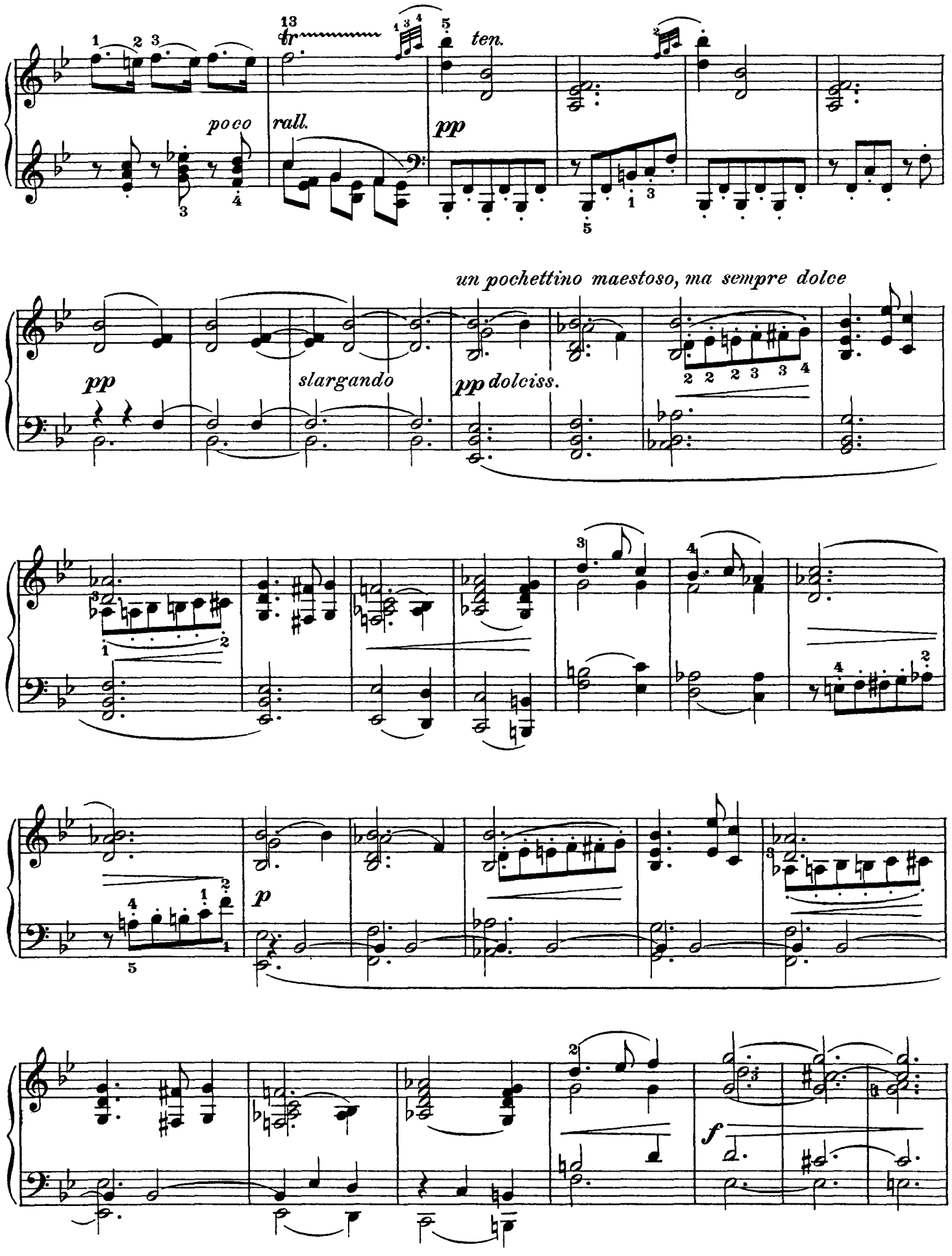
. . . . . .

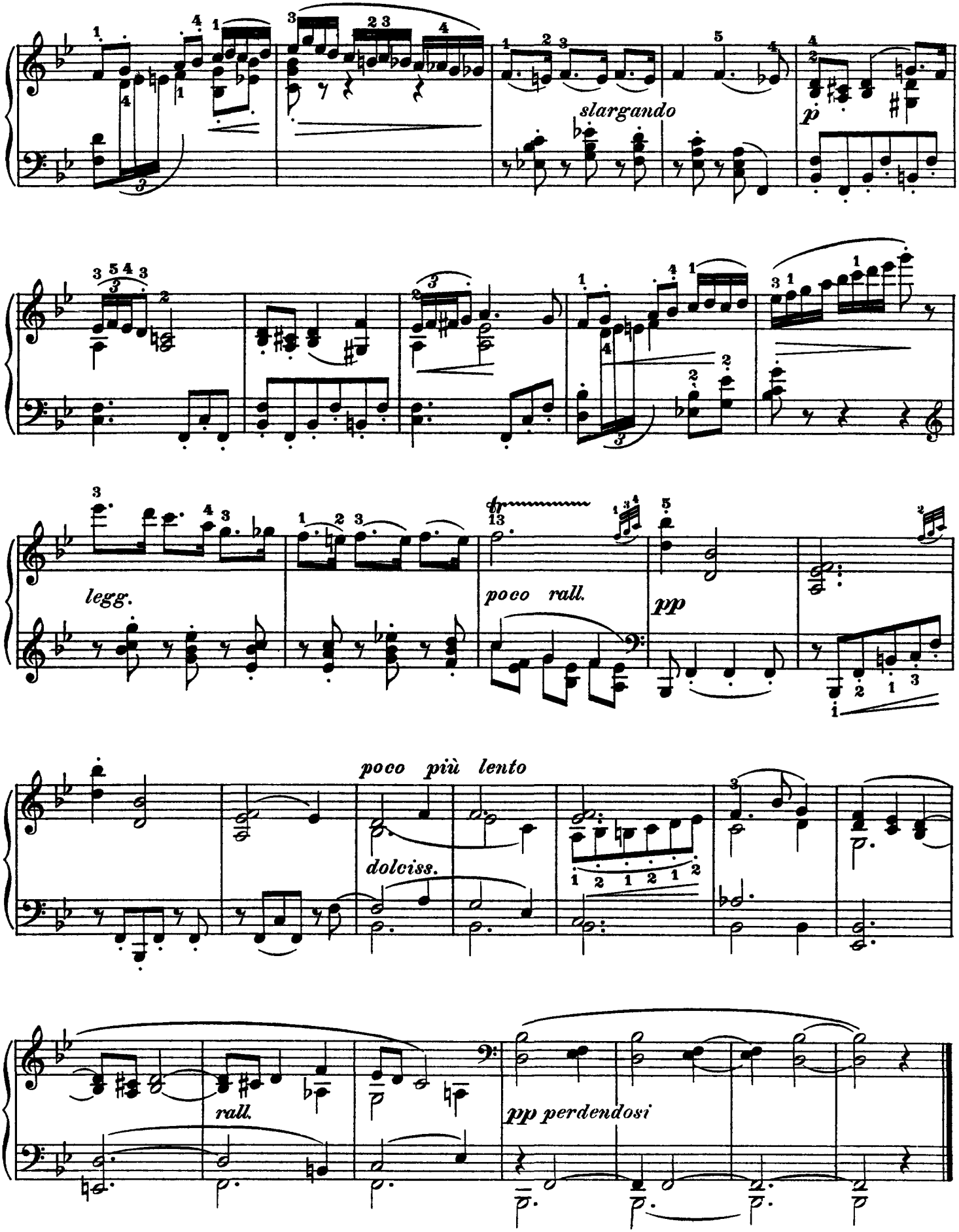
The aged cat of our neighbour
Came oft to visit us there;
We made her our bows and our curtsies,
And plenty of compliments fair.

. . . . . .

Those childish sports have vanish'd,
And all is fast rolling away;
The world and the times, and religion,
And gold, love and truth all decay.




poco
rall.
ten.
pp
un pochettino maestoso, ma sempre dolce
pp
slargando
pp dolciss.
p
f


slargando
p
legg.
poco rall.
pp
poco più lento
dolciss.
rall.
pp perdendosi

4. The Post Wagon

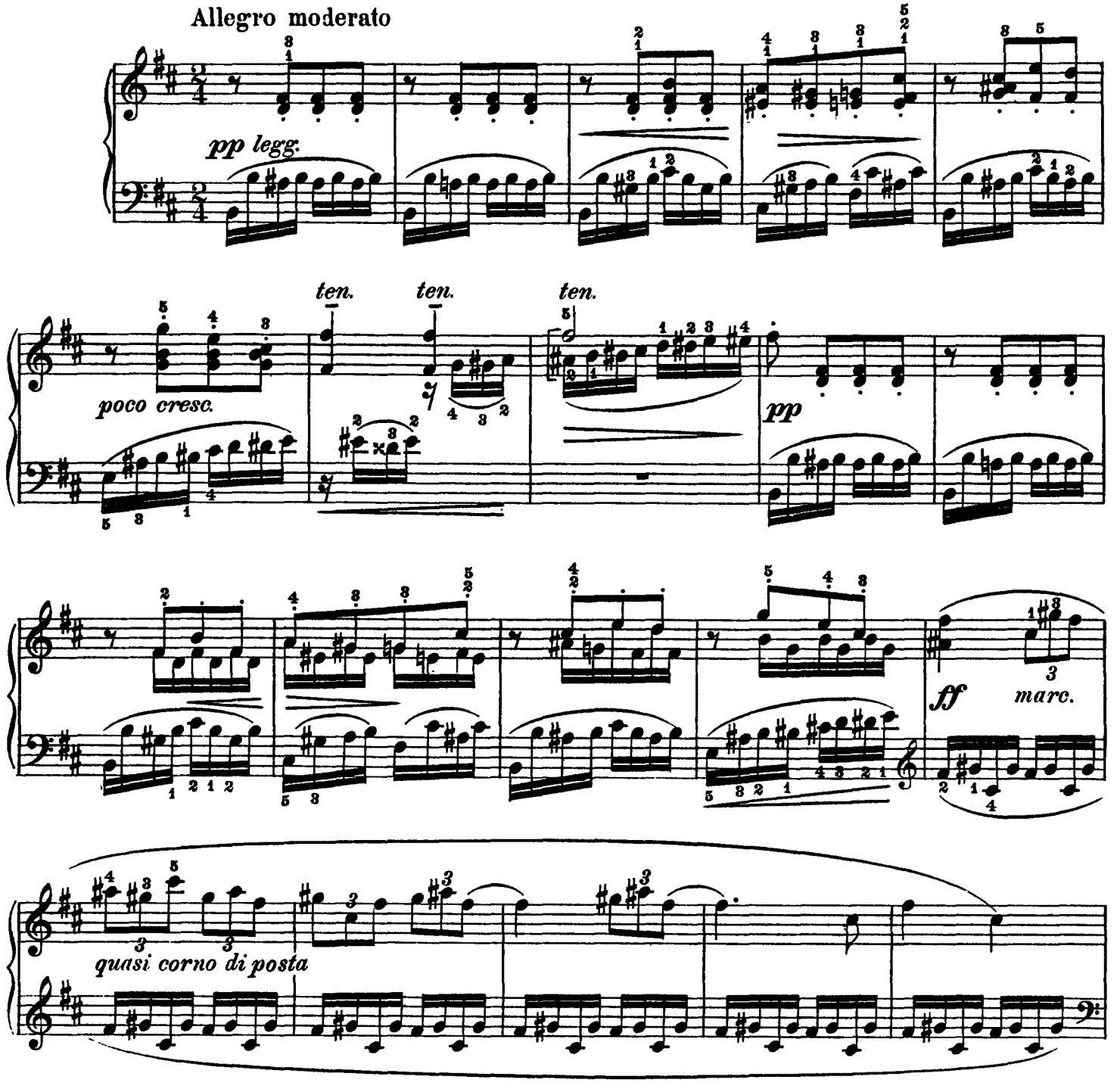
Op. 31, No. 4

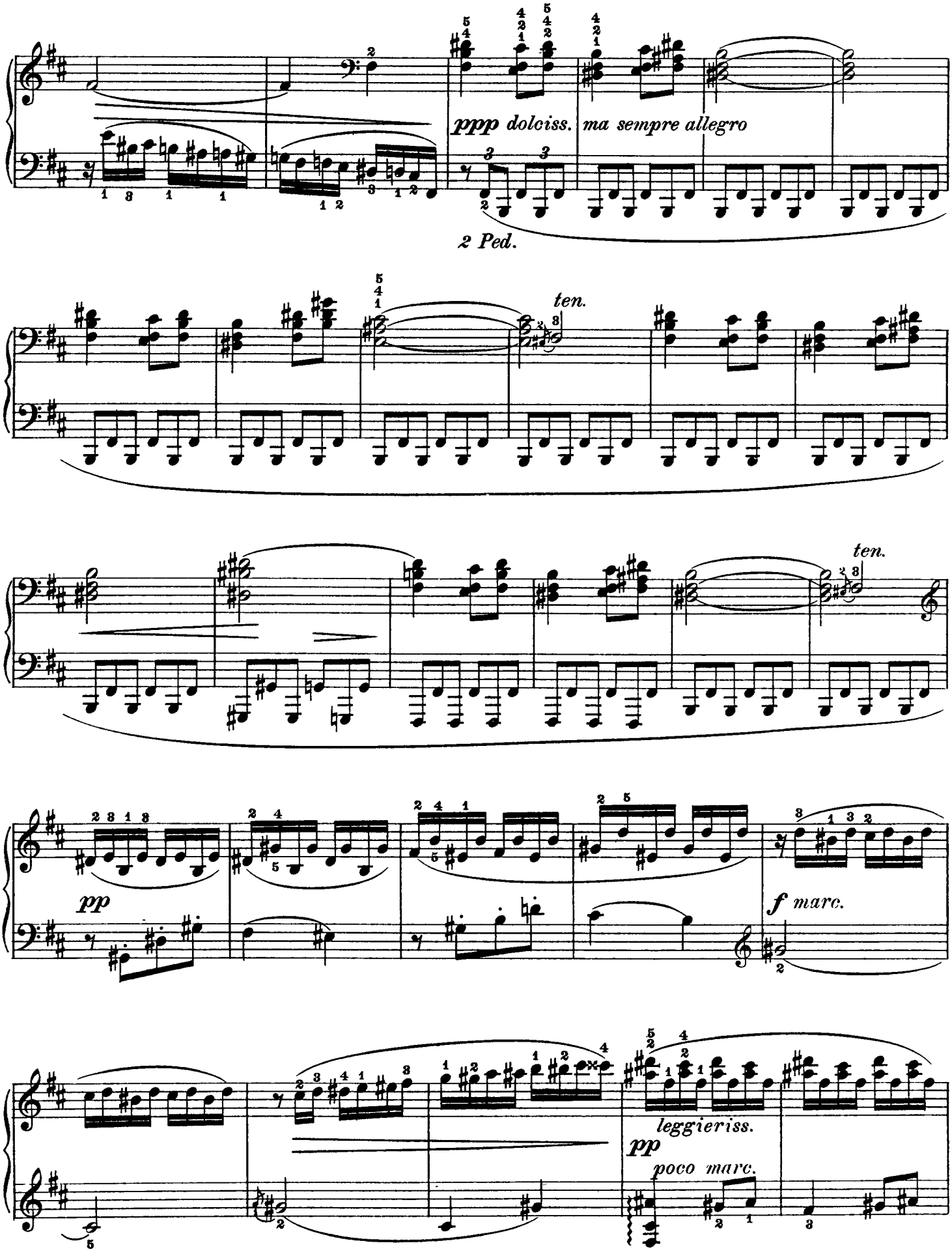
Wir fuhren allein im dunkeln
Postwagen die ganze Nacht;
Wir ruhten einander am Herzen,
Wir haben gescherzt und gelacht.

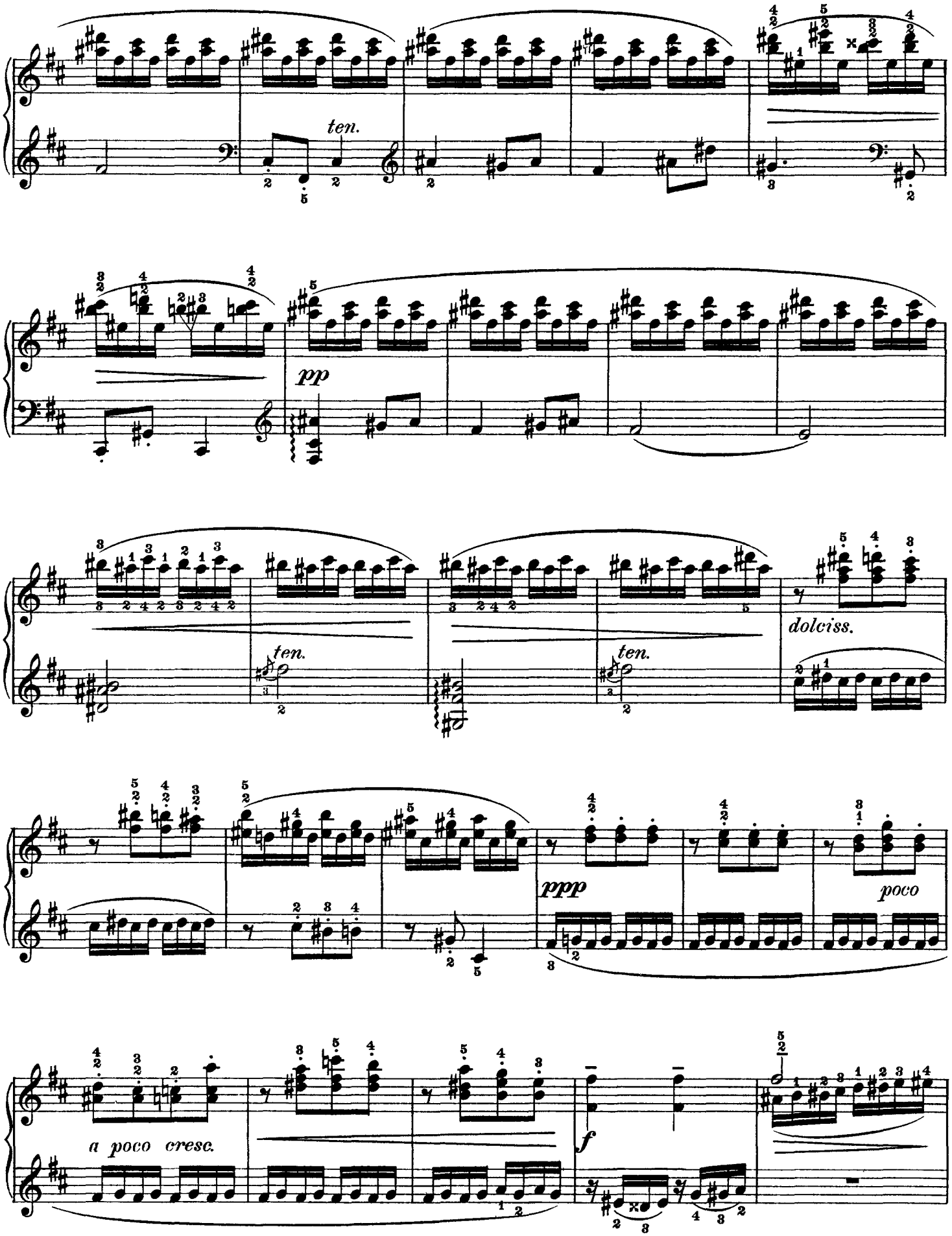
Doch als es Morgens tagte,
Mein Kind, wie staunten wir!
Denn zwischen uns sass Amor,
Der blinde Passagier.

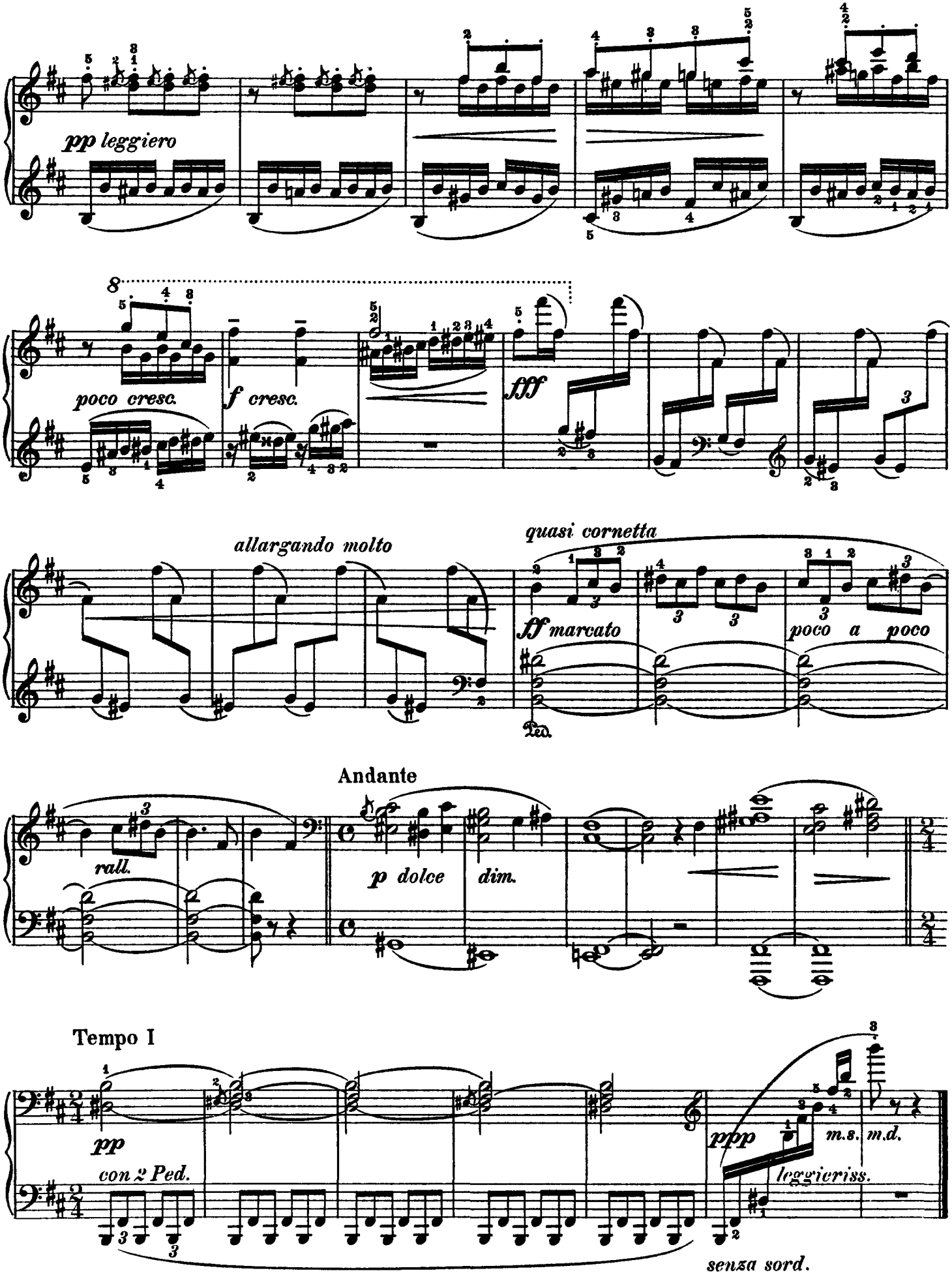
We travelled alone in the gloomy
Post-chaise the whole of the night;
Each lean'd on the other's bosom,
And jested with hearts so light.

When morning dawn'd upon us,
My child, how we did stare,
For the blind passenger, "Amor,"
Was sitting between us there!




ppp dolciss. ma sempre allegro
2 Ped.
ten.
ten.
pp
f marc.
leggieriss.
pp
poco marc.


ten.
pp
ten.
ten.
dolciss.
ppp
poco
a poco cresc.
f


pp leggiero
poco cresc.
f cresc.
fff
allargando molto
quasi cornetta
ff marcato
poco a poco
Ped.
Andante
rall.
p dolce
dim.
Tempo I
pp
con 2 Ped.
ppp
m.s.
m.d.
leggieriss.
senza sord.

5. The Shepherd Boy
Op. 31, No. 5

König ist der Hirtenknabe,
Grüner Hügel ist sein Thron;
Über seinem Haupt die Sonne
Ist die grosse, goldne Kron!

Ihm zu Füssen liegen Schafe,
Weiche Schmeichler, rothbekreuzt;
Kavaliere sind die Kälber,
Und sie wandeln stolzgespreizt.

Hofschauspieler sind die Böcklein;
Und die Vögel und die Küh;
Mit den Flöten, mit den Glöcklein,
Sind die Kammermusici.

Schläfrig lallt der junge König;
„Das Regieren ist so schwer;
Ach, ich wollt', dass ich zu Hause
Schon bei meiner Kön'gin wär'!

„In den Armen meiner Kön'gin
Ruht mein Königshaupt so weich,
Und in ihren schönen Augen
Liegt mein unermesslich Reich!"

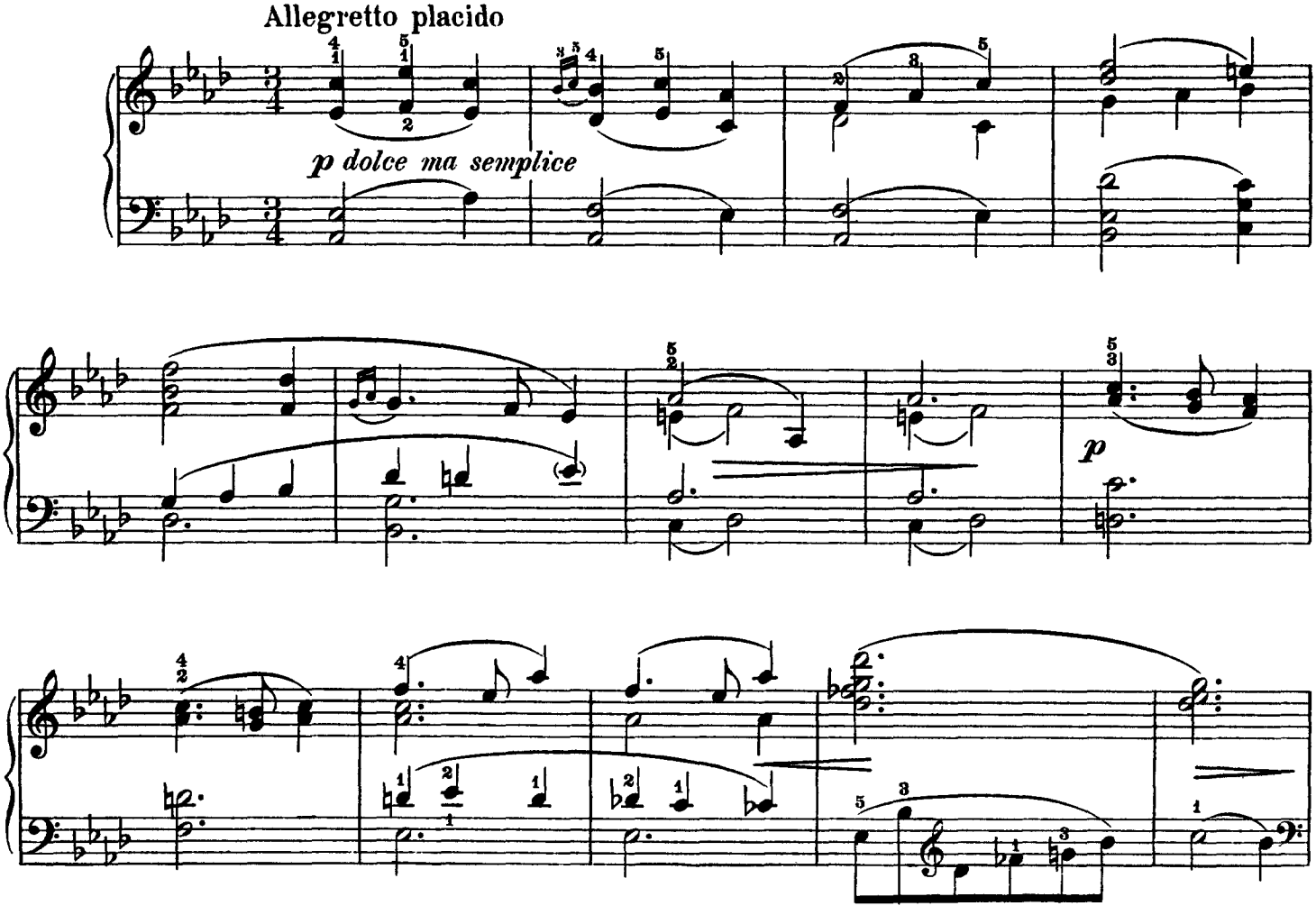
Shepherd-boy's a King, on green hills
As a throne he sitteth down,
O'er his head the sun all radiant
Is his ever-golden crown.

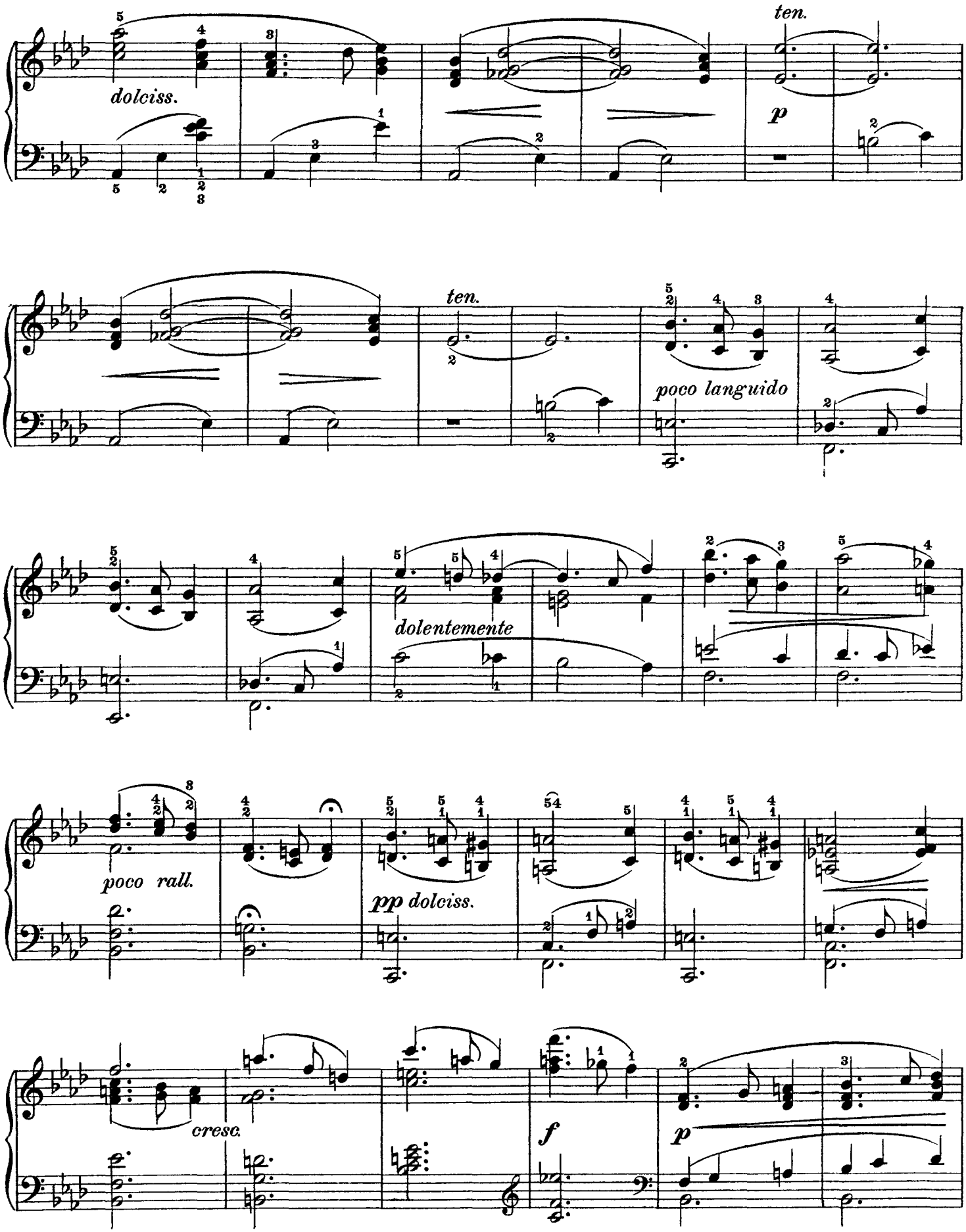
At his feet the sheep are lying,
Gentle fawners, streak'd with red;
Calves as cavaliers attend him,
Proudly o'er the pastures spread.

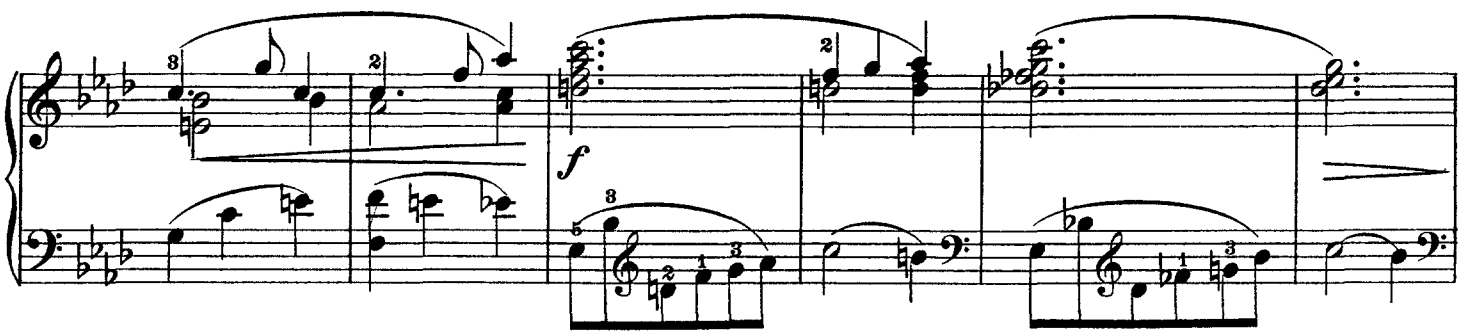
Kids are all his court performers,
With the birds and cows as well,
And he has his chamber-music
To the sound of flute and bell.

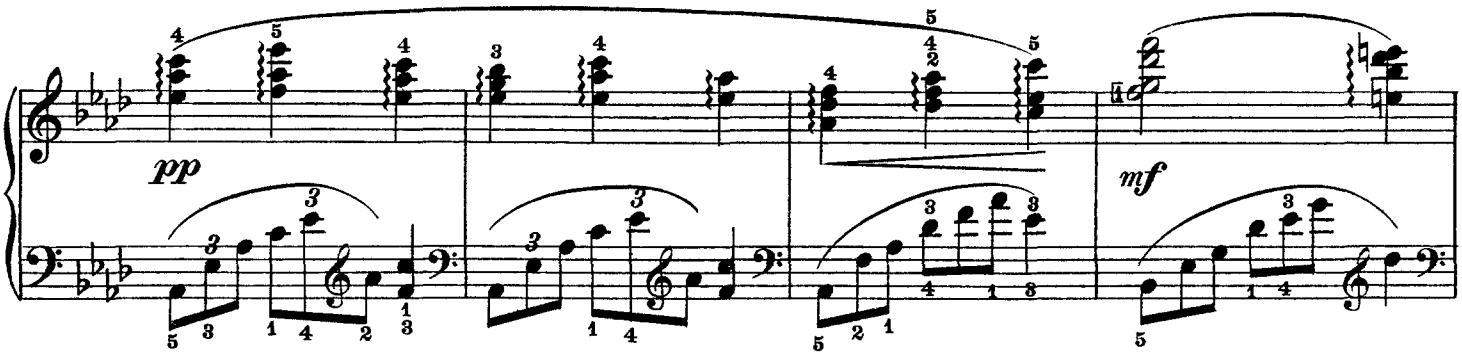
Sleepily the young King murmurs,
"'Tis a heavy task to reign;
Ah! right gladly would I find me
With my queen at home again!

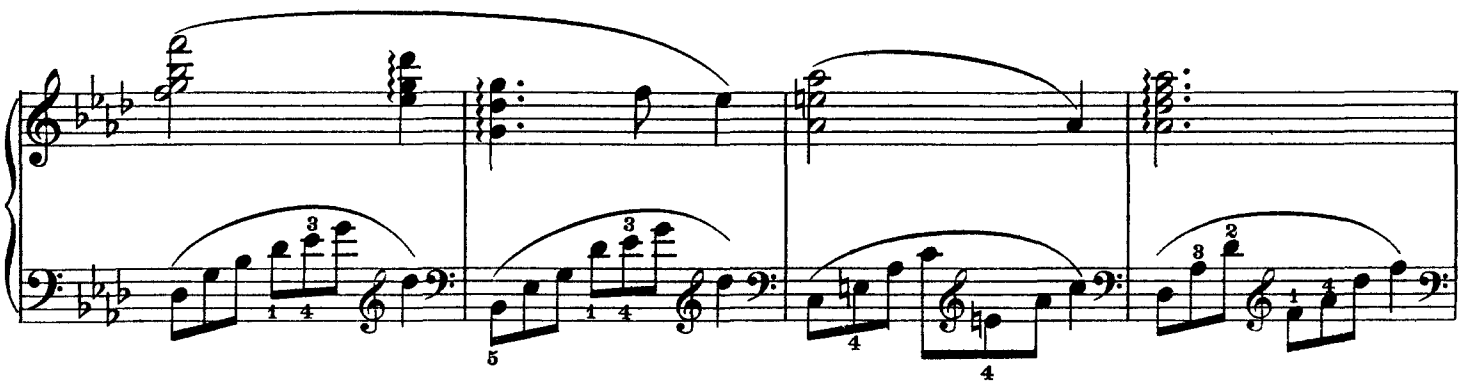
"In my queen's arms soft and tender
Calmly rests my kingly head,
And my vast and boundless kingdom
In her dear eyes lies outspread."

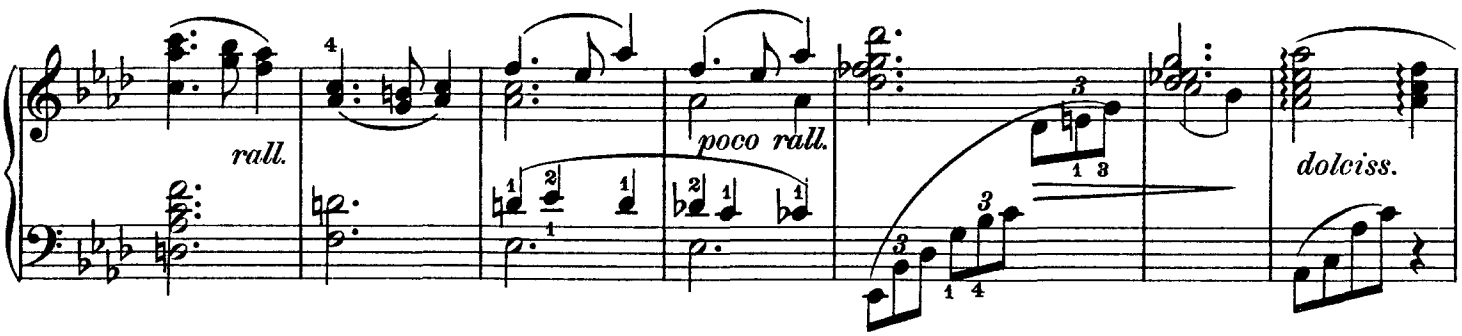


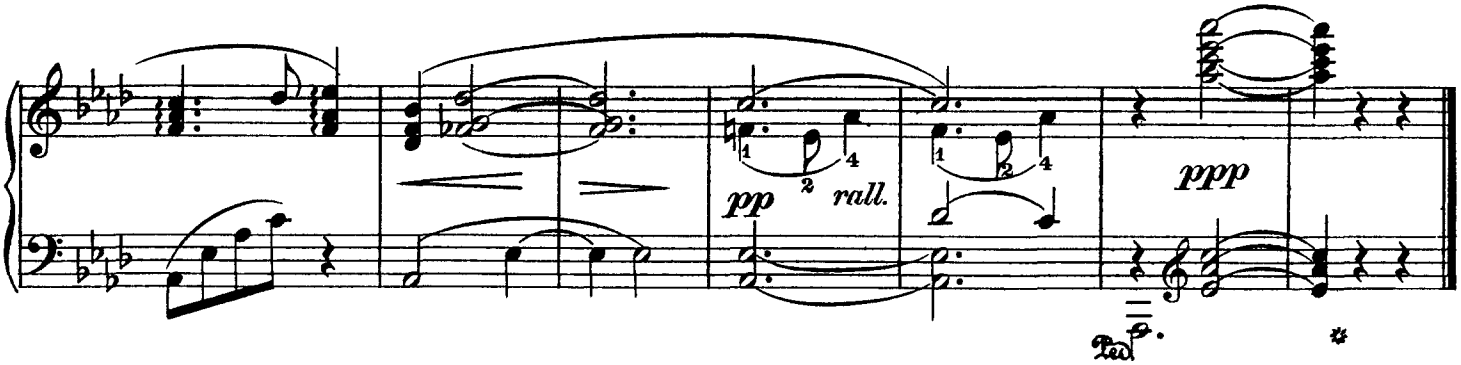

dolciss.
ten.
p
ten.
poco languido
dolentemente
poco rall.
pp dolciss.
cresc.
f
p


f


pp
mf




rall.
poco rall.
dolciss.


pp
rall.
ppp

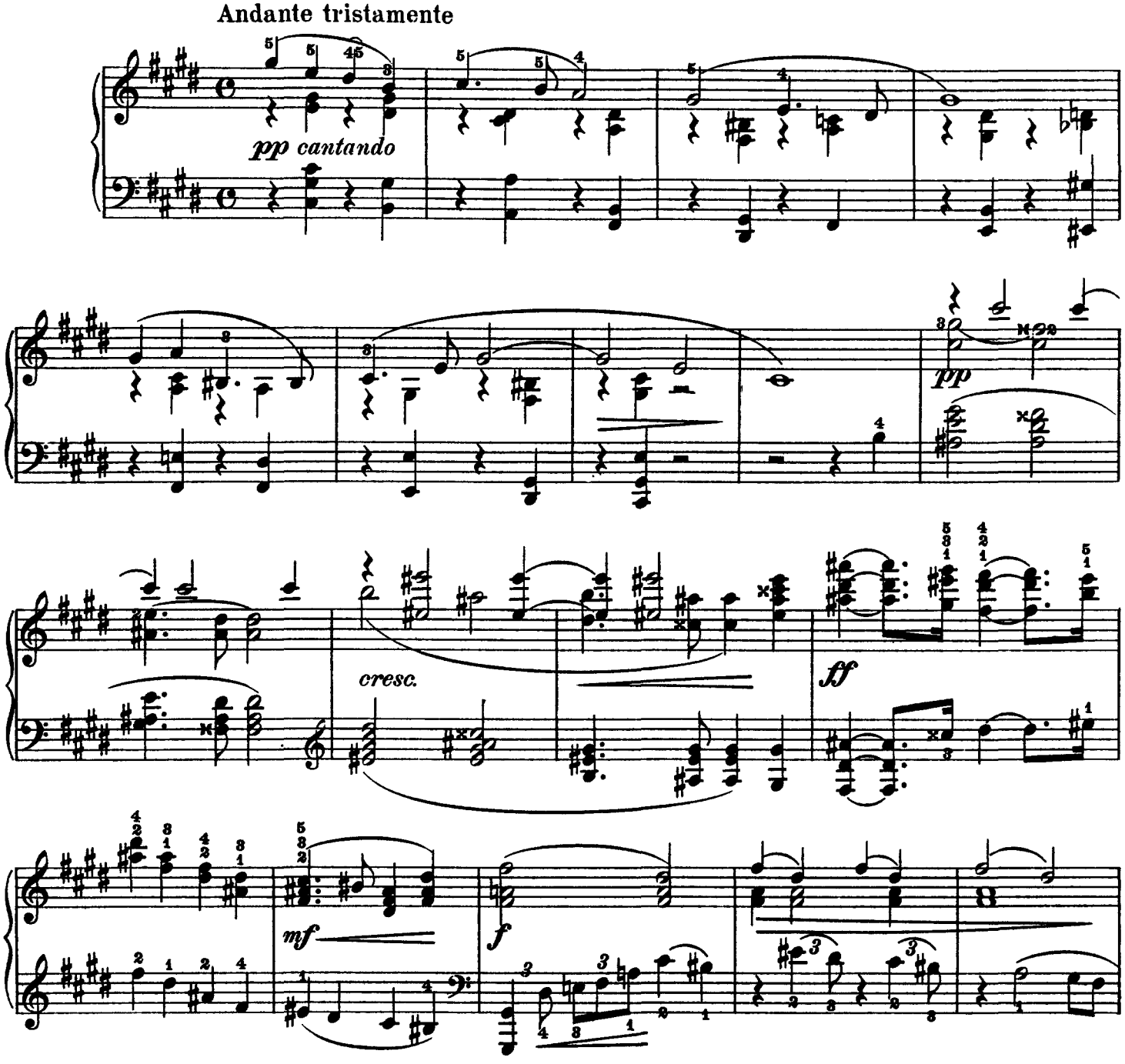
6. Monologue
Op. 31, No. 6

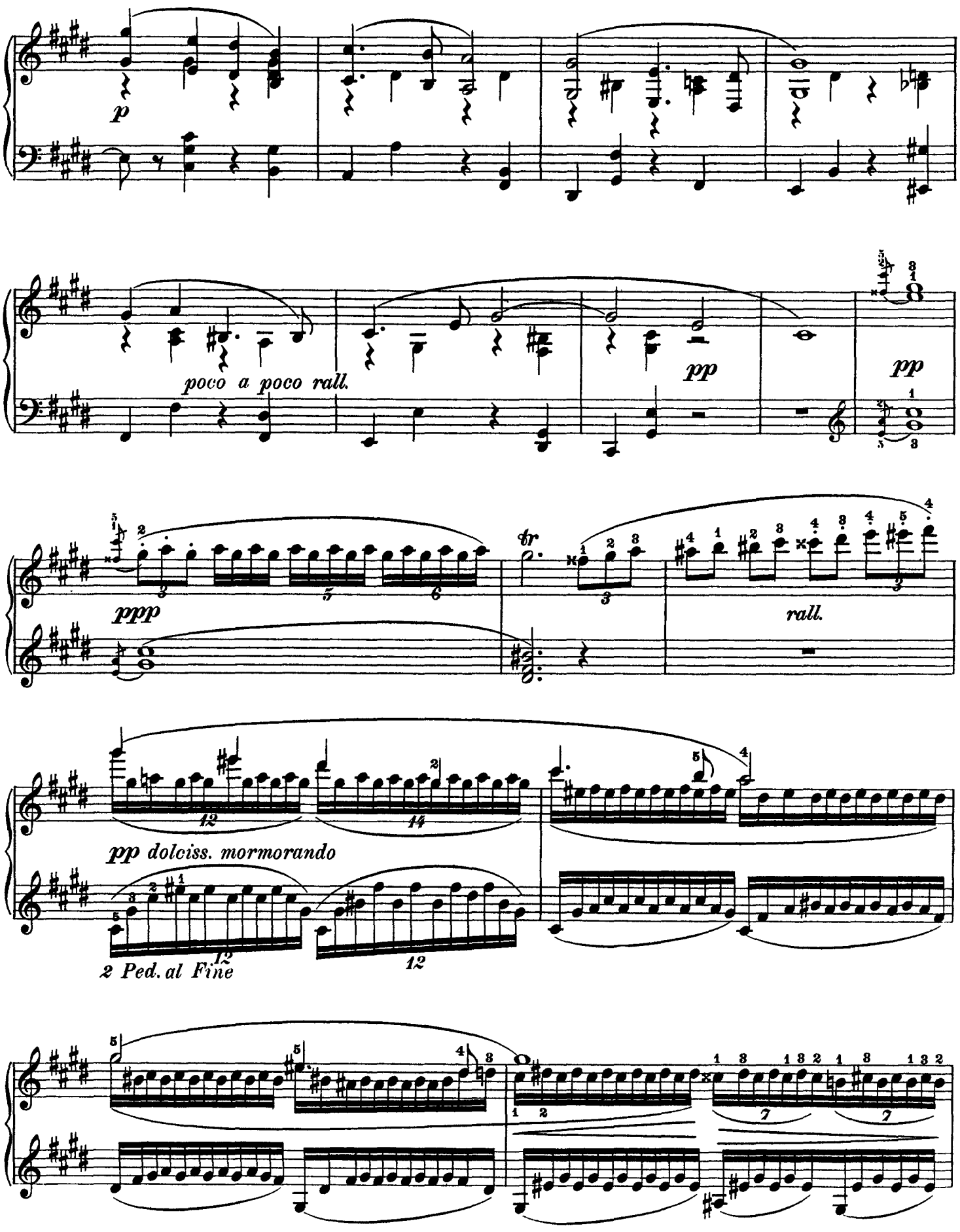
Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag,
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
Der Tag hat mich müd' gemacht.

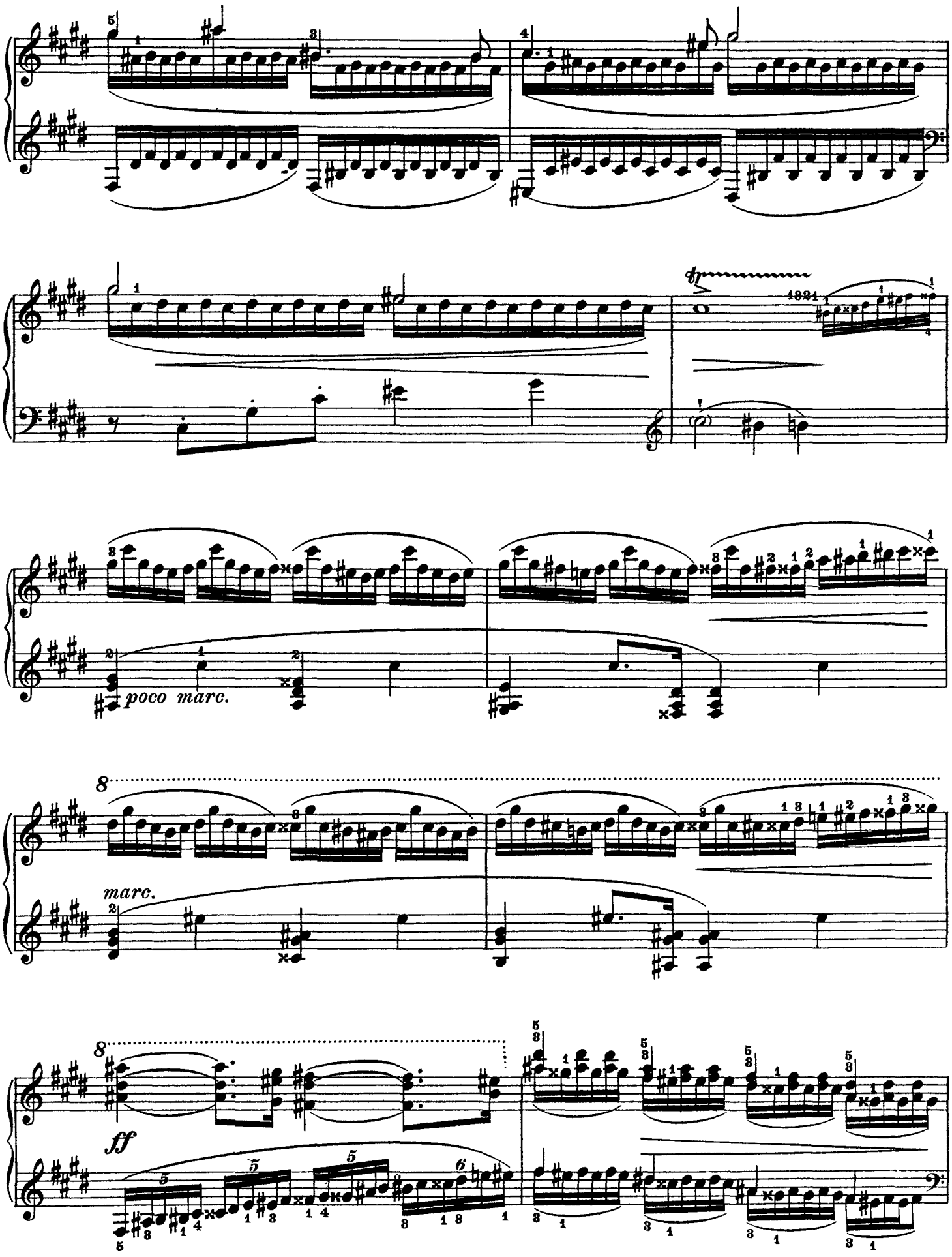
Über mein Bett erhebt sich ein Baum,
Drin singt die junge Nachtigall;
Sie singt von lauter Liebe,
Ich hör' es sogar im Traum.

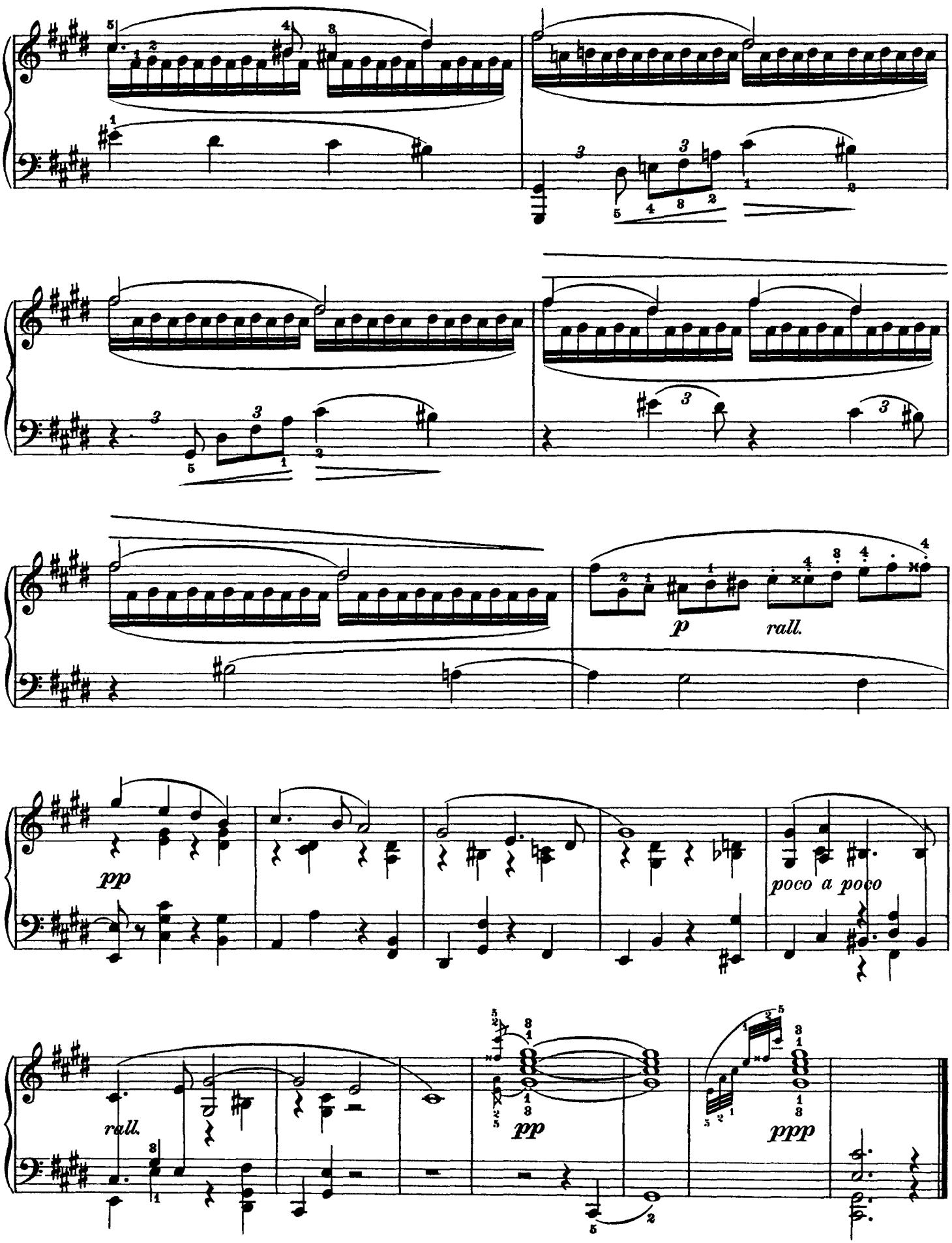
Death nothing is but cooling night,
And life is nought but sultry day;
Darkness draws nigh, I slumber,
Wearied by day's bright light.

Over my bed ariseth a tree,
There sings the youthful nightingale;
She sings of love exulting,
In dreams 'tis heard by me.




p
poco a poco rall.
pp
pp
ppp
tr
rall.
pp dolciss. mormorando
2 Ped. al Fine


poco marc.
marc.
ff


p
rall.
pp
poco a poco
rall.
pp
ppp