

from: Vier Lieder
no 1

1. LICHT IN DER NACHT.

Aufführungsrecht vorbehalten.
Droits d'exécution réservés.

(Bierbaum.)

B^b - G₂

Alma Maria Schindler-Mahler.
(1901)

Ernst.

Gesang.

Piano.

ein, za - ge flim - mert gelb fern her ein
black. film - like some strands of gold fall from a

Stern! ist mir wie ein Trost, ei-ne Stimme still,
star - As a qui-et voice, com-fort to me brings.

die dein Herz auf-ruft, das ver-zagen will. Klei - nes gel-bes
your heart sum-mons when I'm des-pair-ing. with a faint gold

Licht, — bist mir wie ein Stern überm Hau-
 light — You shine as that star. The same star that

einst Je-su Christ, — des Herrn — ausdrucksvoll und da löschte es
 bless'd Je-sus Christ the Lord Then it soon was

steigernd *sf*

aus! — Und die Nacht wird schwer!
 fast! Dense night to per-ceive.

pp *rit.*

Schla-fe Herz! Schla-fe Herz!
 Sleep on- heart. Heart, sleep on.

pp *dim.*

Du hörst kei-ne Stim-me mehr!
 When list'ning, no voice to heed.

ppp *p*

4 from: Vier Lieder
no. 2

2. WALDSELIGKEIT.

Aufführungsrecht vorbehalten. (Forest Solitude)

Droits d'exécution réservés.
Poet: Dehmel

Alma Maria Schindler-Mahler.
(1911.) 1879-1965

Geheimnisvoll, zart.

Gesang.

Der Wald beginnt zu rau-schen, den
'mid for-est there's a rust-ling, and night's

Bäu-men naht die Nacht, als ob sie se-lig
night's felt 'neath the trees, though wear-y they are

lau-schen, be-rühren sie sich sacht.
hark-ning when bend-ing in the breeze

Innig.
p dolce steigend

innig

Und un-ter ih-ren. Zwei - gen da bin ich ganz al - lein, da
 'neath trees I lone am stay - ing to oth-ers quite un-known, you

bin ich ganz mein ei - gen, ganz nur dein, ganz nur
 near to me are seem - ing mine a-lone I'm yours a-

hevorbrechend

dein, ganz nur dein!
 - lone, yours a-lone!
 ALONE

f *mp* *crescendo*

rit. *pp subito* *pp*

sehr langsam

pp

*) *glissando* auf den schwarzen Tasten.

3. ANSTURM.

(Dehmel.)

Aufführungsrecht vorbehalten.
Droits d'exécution réservés.

Alma Maria Schindler-Mahler.
(1911.)

In heftiger Bewegung. Rubato.

Gesang: *angry he not if my de-sires*
 O zür - ne nicht, wenn mein Be - gch - ren dun - kel aus sei - nen Grenzen
hine-den - some dark-ness

Piano: *sfz*

brings
 bricht, soll es uns sel - ber nicht ver - zeh - ren,
we can't el-low de-sires to sear us

UNS

Piano: *sfz*

Doppeltes Tempo. *fast gesprochen - 2-2 AS sf* Schnell. *(♩ = ♩) PS*

muß es her - aus *all that's bin, forth* ans

Piano: *f* *molto accel. -* *ff l. h.*

Tempo I.

Licht! *light* ans Licht! *to light*

Piano: *ff*

aus Sturm *+3* *+2* *-2*

Fühlst ja, wie all mein Inn-res bran-det,
of you, my ever-surge be feeling

3 *3* *p* *r.H.* *l.H.* *ff*

+3 *+3*

und wenn her-auf der
then when the top

p *l.H.*

P5 *Ruhr*

Auf - ruhr bricht,
mußt *rupt*

l.H. *cresc.*

suddenly over your freedom

jäh ü-ber dei-nen
surt - ly de-sire

molto *l.H.* *5* *15*

rit. *ansturm* *stranded,* *on your peace,*

Frie - den stran - det,

strand - ed

rit. *f* *ten.* *ten. mf accel.*

you grieve

dann bebst du -

then you will grieve

p *pp*

You are no longer angry with me,

a - ber du zürnst mir nicht.

but de - ny me no +,

l.H. *dolce espr.*

zögernd

pp

4. ERNTELIED.

9

Aufführungsrecht vorbehalten.
Droits d'exécution réservés.

(Gustav Falke.)

Alma Maria Schindler-Mahler.
(1901)

Leicht bewegt.

Gesang. *Begleitung so undeutlich als möglich.*

Der gan - ze Him - mel

Piano. *p*

glüht in hel - len Mor - gen - ro - sen;

mit ei - nem letz - ten lo - sen Traum noch im Ge - müt

trinken meine Augen diesen Schein, trinken mei - ne Au - gen die - sen Schein.

Wach und wa-cher wie Ge-ne-sungs-wein.

und nun kommt von je-nen Ro - sen-hü - geln Glanz des Tags und Wehn von sei-nen

Flü - geln, kommt erselbst und alter Liebe voll,

daß ich ganz an ihm ge - ne - sen soll

accelerando

f a tempo
 Gram der Nacht und was sich sonst ver - lor

f
 ruft ermichan sei-ne Brust em-por,

espress.

p
 ruft ermichan sei-ne Brust em por!

f

pp
 Und die Wälder und die Fel - der klin - gen und die Gärten he - ben an zu

pp

sin - gen. Fern und dumpf rauscht das erwach - te Meer, *klingen lassen*

pp

Se-gel-seh'ich in die Son-nen-wei - ten, wei-ße Segel fri - schen

Win-des glei - ten, stil - le, gold - ne Wol - ken o - ben, Wol - ken o - ben.

rit.

her und im Blau sind es Wan - derflü - ge? Schweig, o

See - le, hast du kein Ge - nü - ge?

p *cresc.* *p*

f Sieh, ein Königreich hat dir der Tag verliehn *ff* Auf! Dein Wir-ken prei-se

ihn! Ah,

ah, ah, ah!

ppp

pppp *morendo* *pppp*

In Praise of Day

Enthelied

(Falle)

ables

Who

The entire heaven glows in bright rosierness of morning
The entire glowing heavens in the vast red of morning
with one last (vague) dream still in my mind ^{nots}
with insistent, gratify dream still mind soul
yet.
my eyes drink in this splendor
my eyes drink in this light

More and more awakened as from a wane of convalescence
awake - sit-up - low recovery from tears.

And now from you mound of roses, comes the day's brightness
and now comes from (jehem) but of roses,
and drifting from its wings comes he himself [the day] filled
Brightness of days + blow away from your wings
with old love, that I may through him recover fully
as it turns on itself and aging love filled.
Grief of night, and what I otherwise lost, he calls
this whole ^{to} at him get well is obliged.
me upward to his bosom.

Grief of night, and what himself otherwise, lost

summons him to my breast. ^(on high?) empot

And the winds and fields resound, and the gardens
and the woods + the fields complain

begin to sing. Distant and muffled roars the
And the garden rises ^{from} its singing
awakened sea

Distant + ^{heavy} damp rauscht this snow-like sea (Wane)

Sails
Canvases I see in vast sunlight
~~fresh sails, gliding white sails, fresh gliding winds~~
white canopies, fresh which holds the wind
clouds above, above there
glides still golden. Clouds open

and in blueless the wandering "flights" sail (?)

Be silent
Silence O soul

Have you not enough?
Do you have no content?

See, a kingdom has bestowed this day on you
See, the kingdom has directed the day to cease

Up! your works praise him
Rest, your reward for work is this

Entitled
In Praise of Day

addressed to "Day"

The entire glowing heavens in the vast red of morning
with a last vague dream still in my thoughts

my eyes drink in this splendor (light)

As I awaken, as tho from too much wine (tears)

(It seems as tho) from a heap of roses is born day's brightness

This brilliance comes as tho blowing from your wings

Thru the love of him, I may fully recover

from the grief of night, as he calls me to his bosom,

and the winds + fields also resound

The gardens begin to sing

Distant + muffled roars are awakened in the sea

where the foam of the waves are like snow

white sails — in full sunlight, glide on fresh winds

white clouds above wandering in the blue-ness.

Be silent, O, soul, are you not content?

see, the kingly helm has bestowed this day on you

Rest is o'er. Arise! Your works praise him.