107652

SCHICKSALSLIED

CHANT DU DESTIN. SONG OF FATE.

von

Friedrich Hölderlin

(Traduction française par Amédée Boutarel.)

für

Chor und Orchester

von

JOHANNES BRAHMS.

OP. 54.

Neue Ausgabe.

Partitur,	Mk 4,50 n.	Clavier-Auszug für Piano zu 4 Händen,	Mk 3_
Clavier-Auszug,	Mk 3,_ n.	Clavier-Auszug für Pianosolo,	Mk 1,50 n.

Orchesterstimmen, ... Mk 7,50
(Viol. I 80 Pfge Viol. II, Viola, Vcllo, Basso: à 50 Pfge)

Chorstimmen, *(jede à 80 Pfge)* ..... Mk 3,20

Verlag und Eigenthum für alle Länder
von
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1892

Lith. Anst. v. C. G. Röder Leipzig

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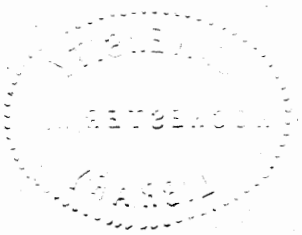
B81K

Hiram W Sibley



Schicksalslied.

Ihr wandelt droben im Licht
Auf weichem Boden, selige Genien!
Glänzende Götterlüfte
Rühren Euch leicht,
Wie die Finger der Künstlerin
Heilige Saiten.

Schicksallos, wie der schlafende
Säugling, athmen die Himmlischen;
Keusch bewahrt
In bescheidner Knospe
Blühet ewig
Ihnen der Geist,
Und die seligen Augen
Blicken in stiller,
Ewiger Klarheit.

Doch uns ist gegeben
Auf keiner Stätte zu ruh'n;
Es schwinden, es fallen
Die leidenden Menschen
Blindlings von einer
Stunde zur andern,
Wie Wasser von Klippe
Zu Klippe geworfen,
Jahrlang in's Ungewisse hinab.

Chant du Destin.

Vous, qu'environne l'air bleu, Génies emportés sur ses flots d'azur, l'or; ruisselant des astres, touche vos fronts.

Tel, l'artiste, d'un doigt léger, touche la harpe, et, des cordes qu'éveille son art divin, sortent des gerbes d'accords purs.

Libres comme l'enfant qui sommeille, subtils esprits de l'air, vous flottez sur la plaine odorante, quand, pour vous, s'exhale l'âme des fleurs; et, pour vous, se révèle, calme et sereine, l'Ame éternelle.

Pour nous, point de trêve, jamais de calme repos. Ils passent, ils meurent, les hommes en proie aux souffrances, hâves, tristes, sombres, aveugles toute leur vie. C'est comme l'eau, qui, de roche en roche, se brise, tombe, et trouve un gouffre sans fond.

Song of Fate.

Ye tread on pathways of light, thro' fields of azure, spirits beyond the skies. Soft balmy breezes lightly fan your white robes, like the fingers, that wake the harp's blest and benign inspiration. Free from Fate, like a babe in its slumber, the heavenly spirits breathe; in their hearts, like the rosebud enfolded, burns the flame divine for ever enshrin'd. And their vision celestial gazes serene on light everlasting. But we have been fated to find on earth no repose. They vanish, they falter, our suffering, sorrowing brothers; blindfold, from hour to hour, they are driven, like water is dash'd 'gainst the rocks by the tempest; darkly the Unknown lures us below.

7177 9684 7431

Schicksalslied.

SONG OF FATE.

von

Fr. Hölderlin.

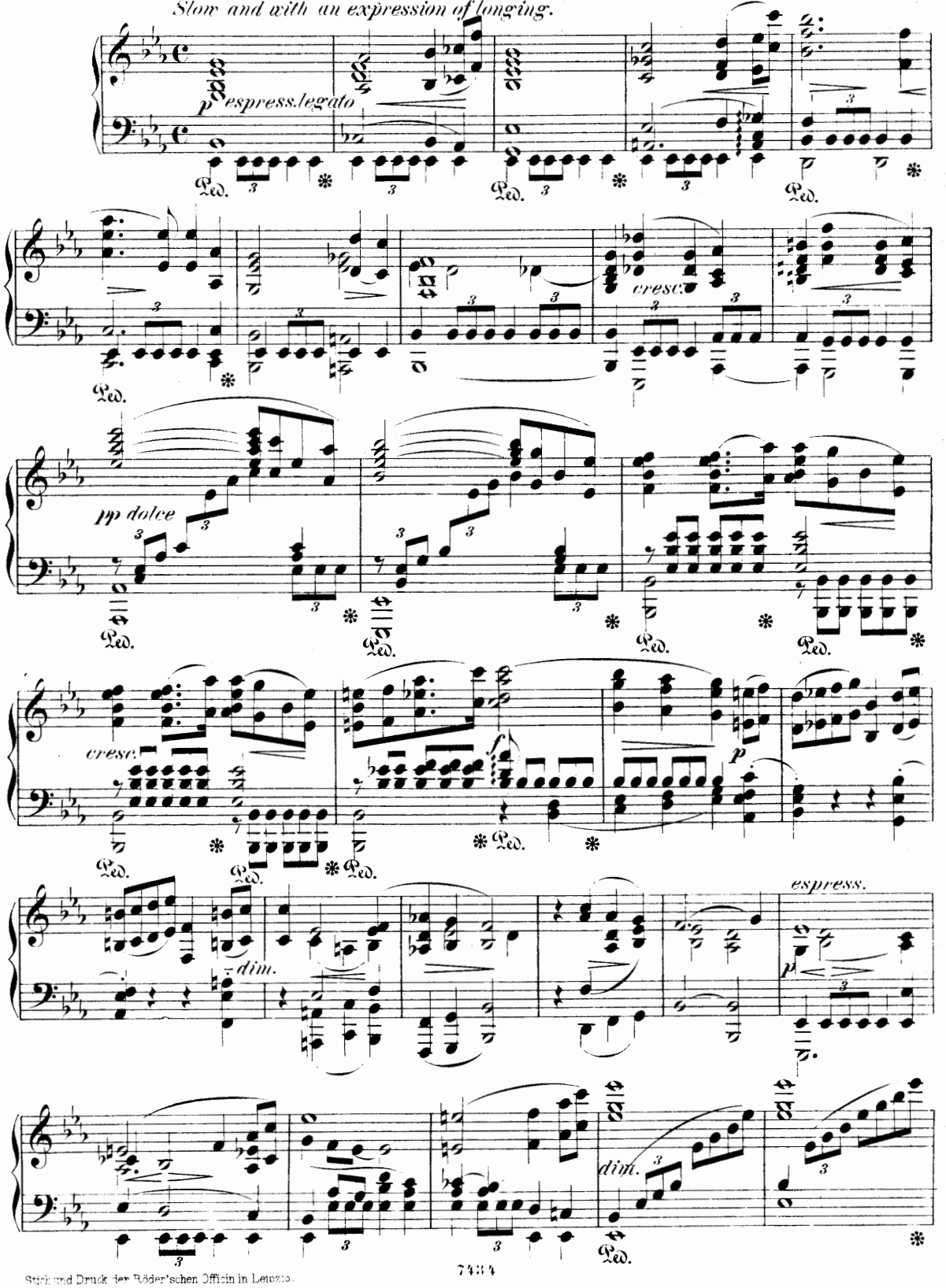
Johannes Brahms, Op. 54.

Arr. für Pianoforte von R. Keller.

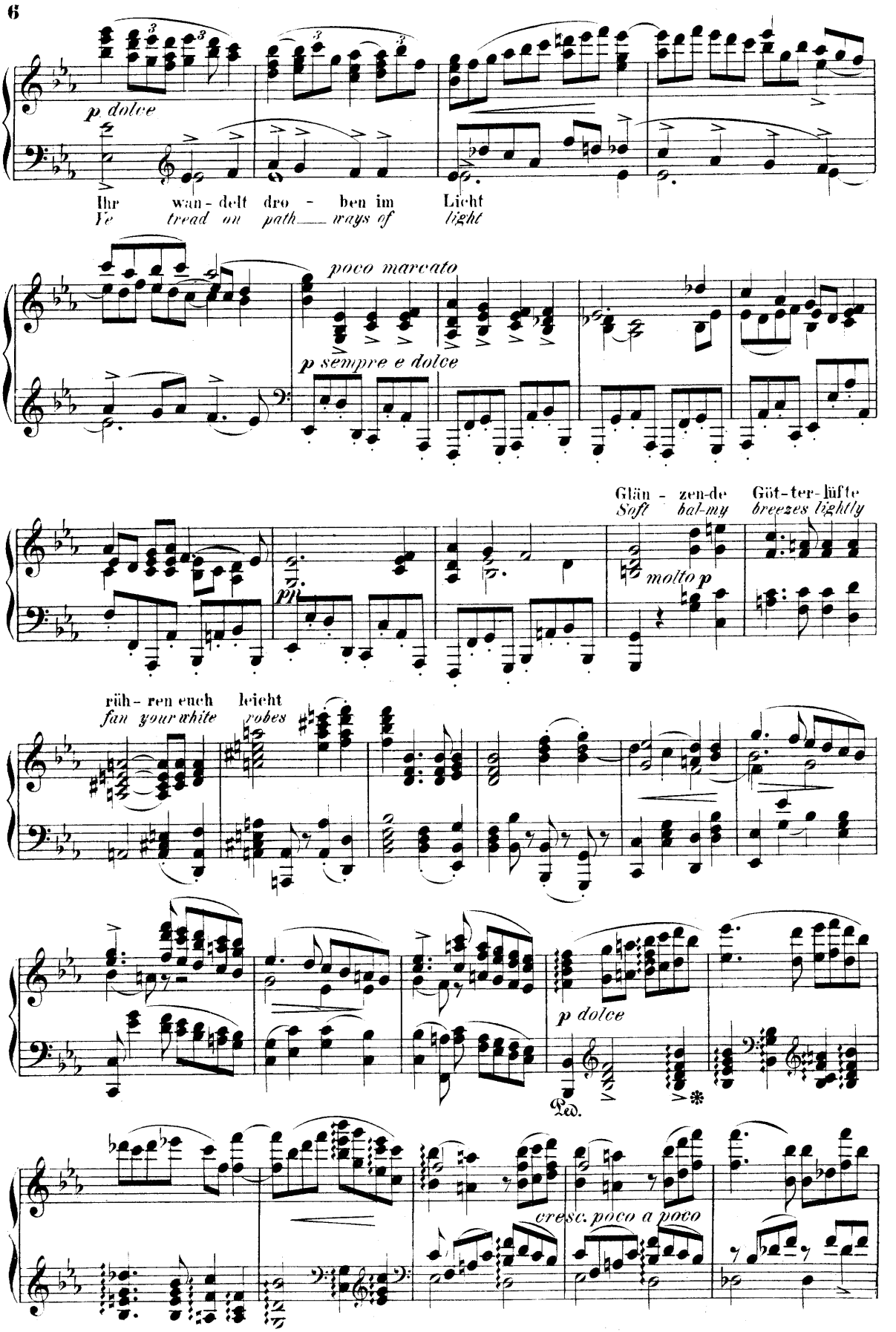
Adagio.

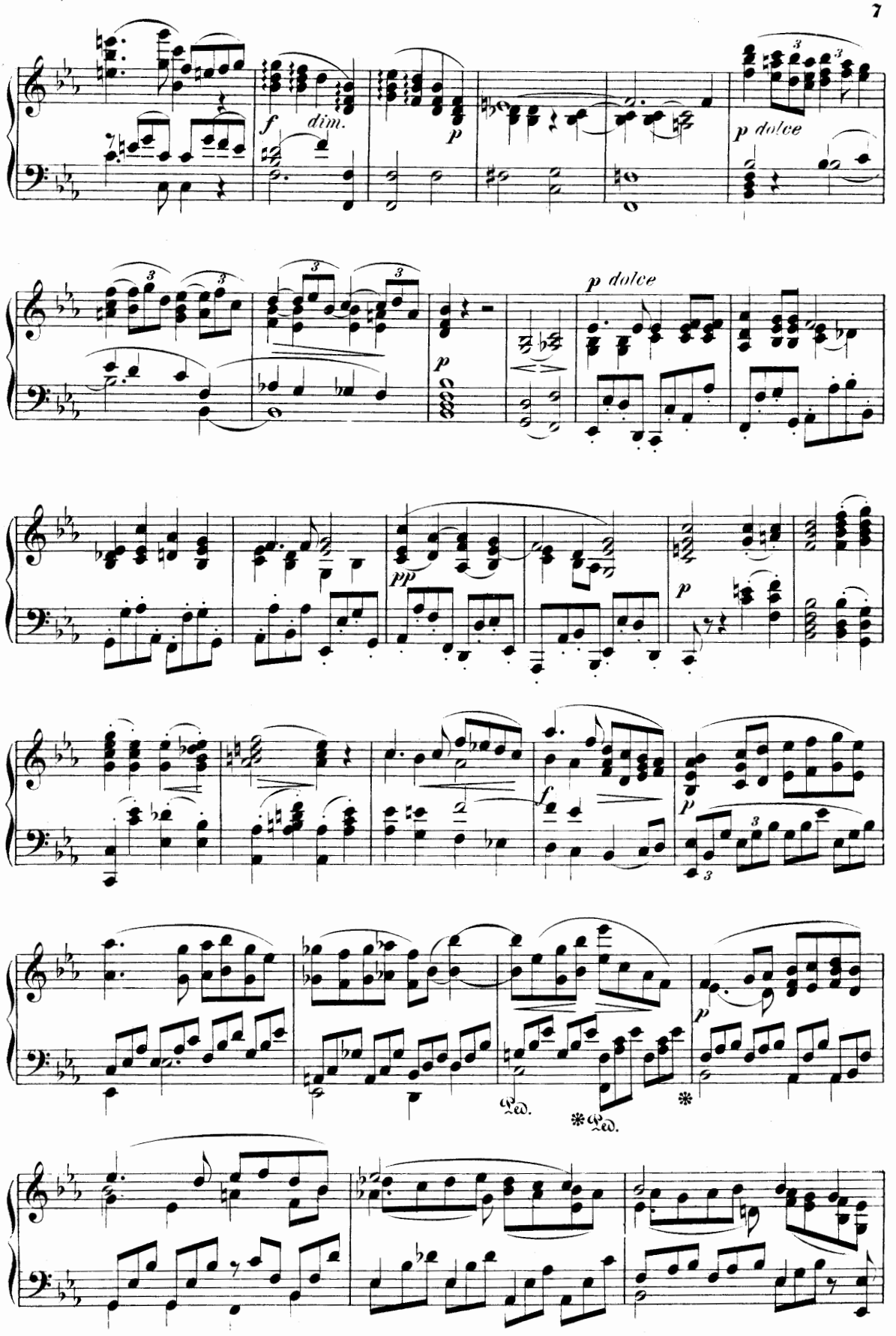
Langsam und sehnsuchtsvoll.

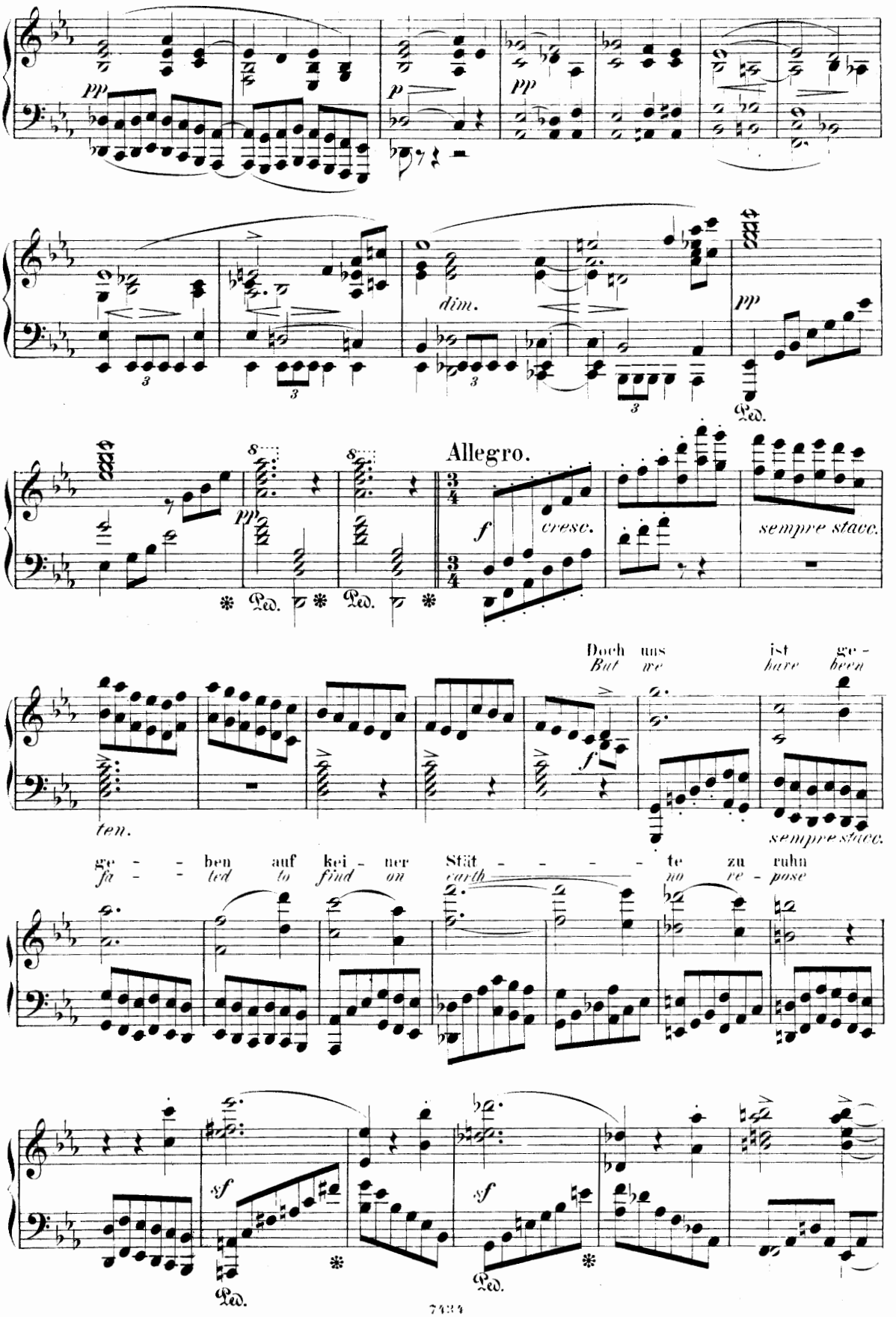
Slow and with an expression of longing.

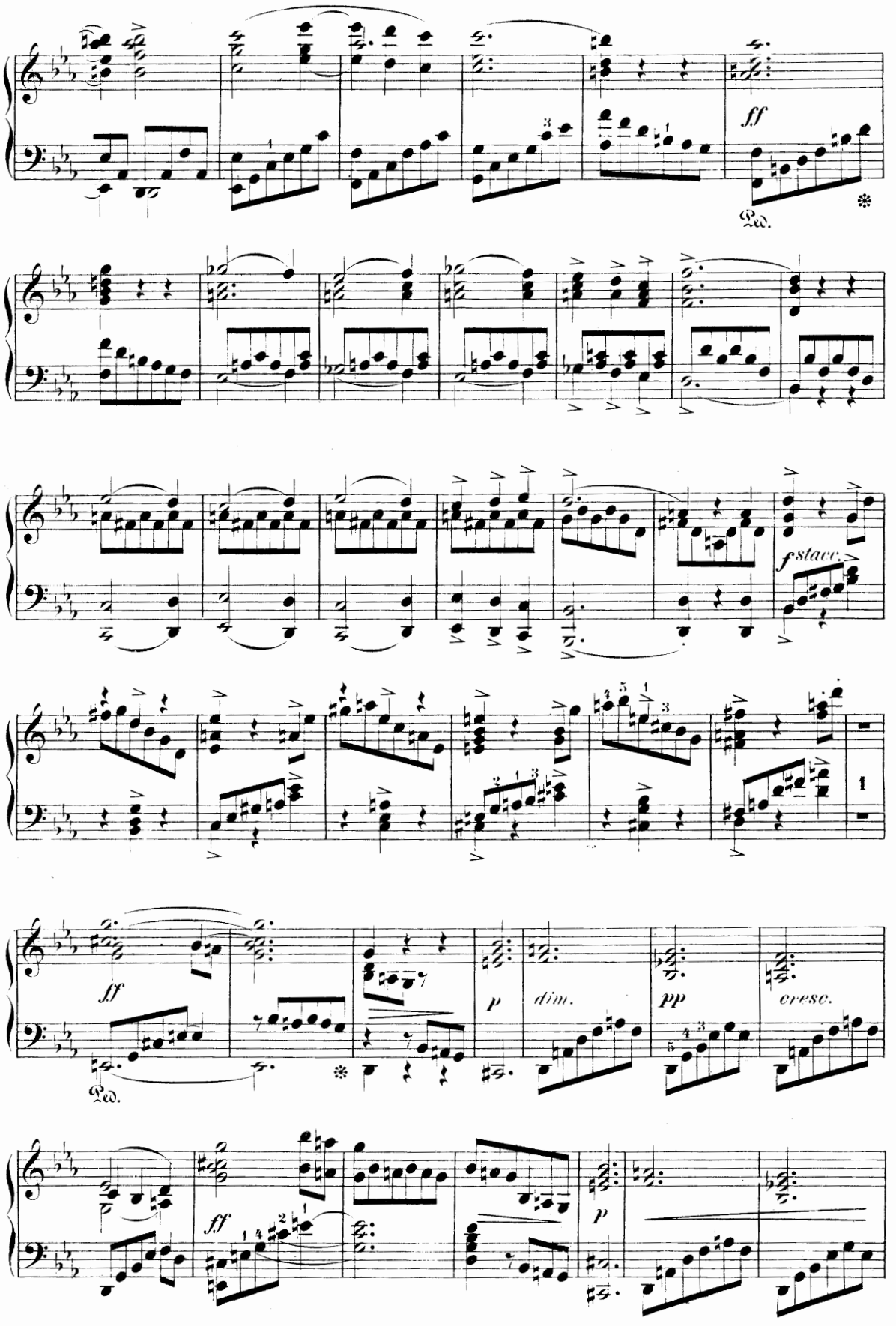


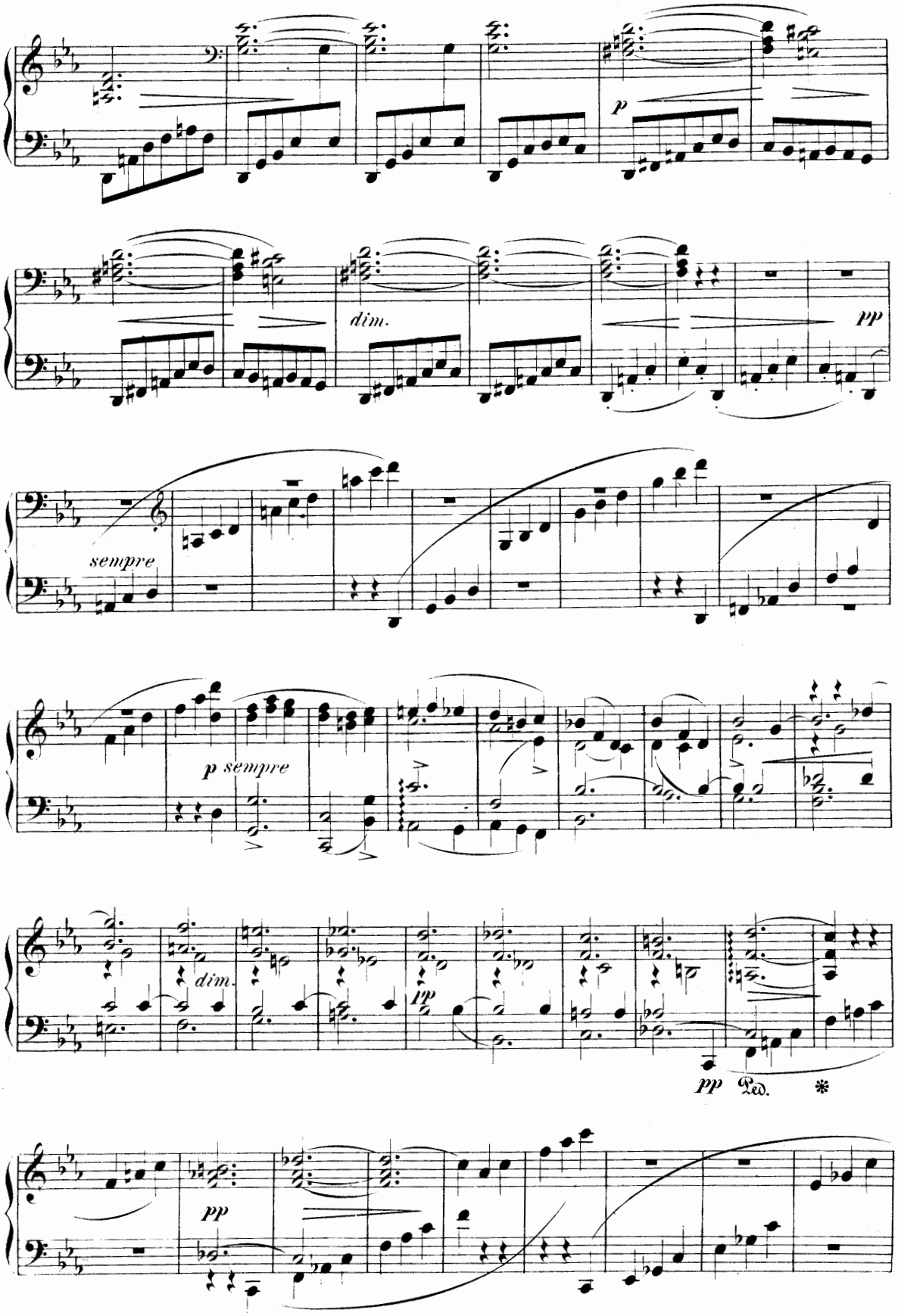
Stich und Druck der Röder'schen Officin in Leipzig.

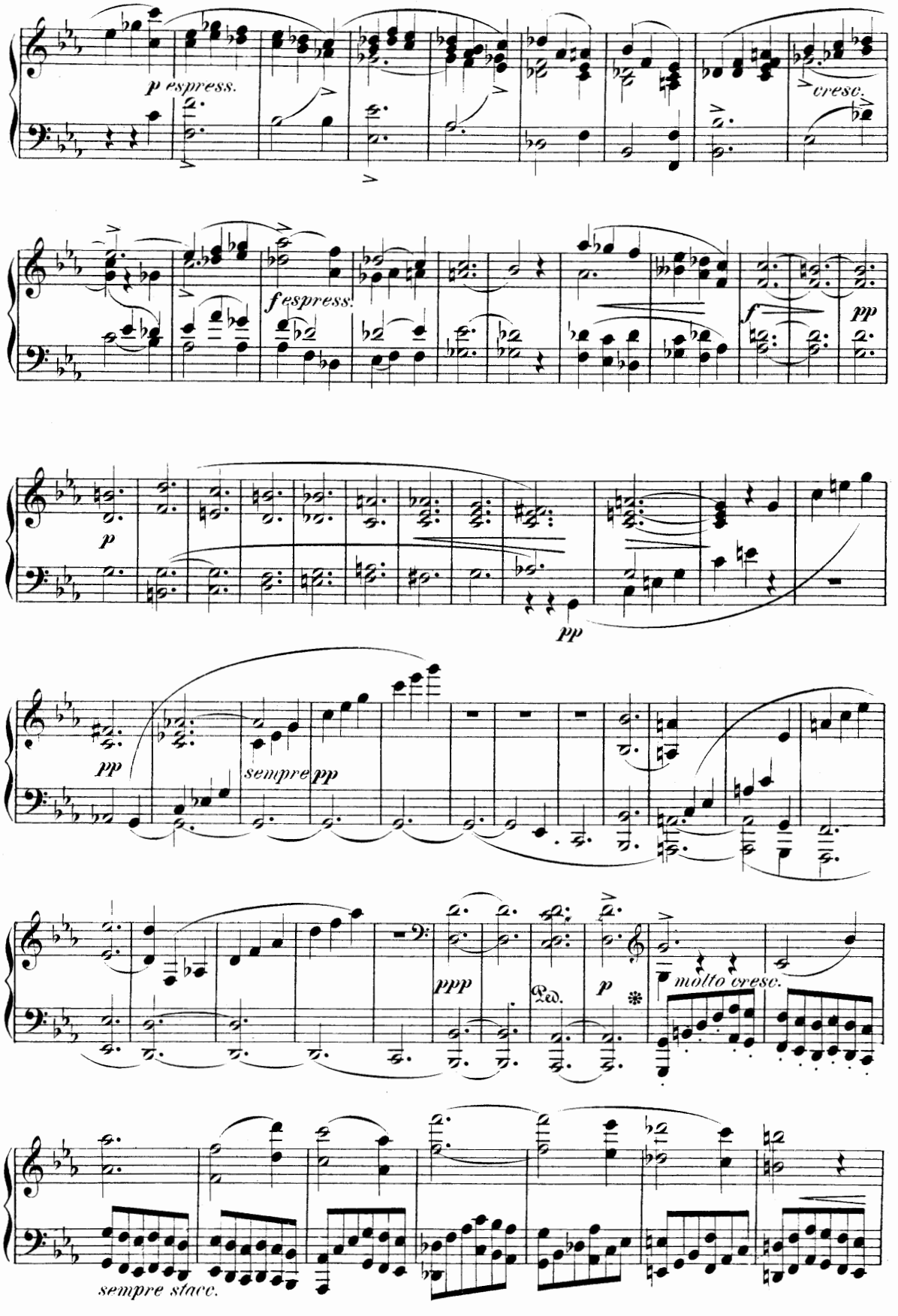

p dolce
Ihr wan - delt dro - ben im Licht
Ye tread on path ways of light
poco marcato
p sempre e dolce
Glän - zen-de Göt-ter-lüfte
Soft bal-my breezes lightly
molto p
rüh - ren euch leicht
fan your white robes
p dolce
Ped.
cresc. poco a poco

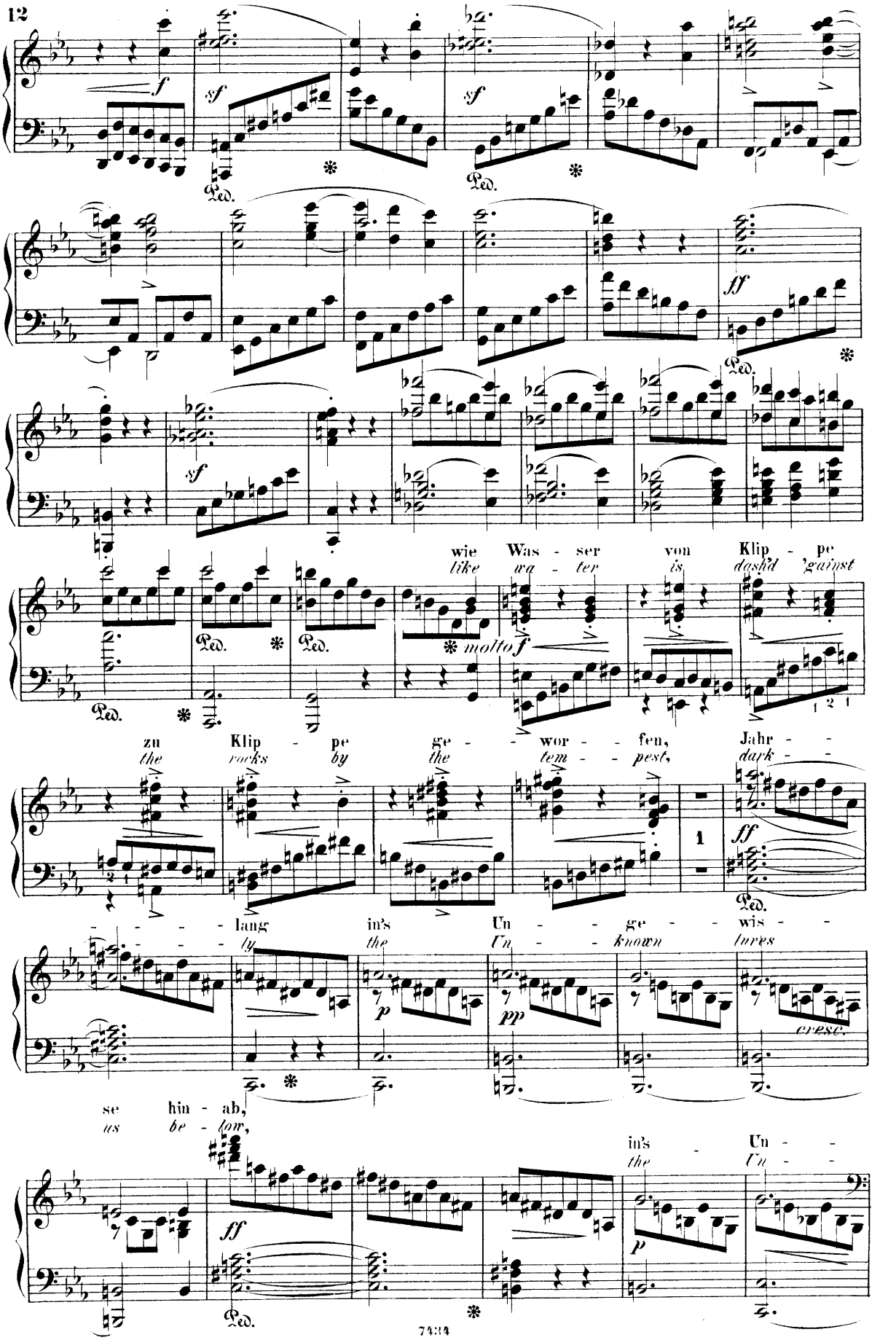

f
dim.
p
p dolce
p dolce
p
pp
p
f
p
Ped.
Ped.


pp
p
pp
dim.
pp
Ped.
Allegro.
f
cresc.
sempre stacc.
Ped.
Ped.
Doch uns ist ge -
But we have been
f
ten.
sempre stacc.
ge - - ben auf kei - ner Stät - - - - te zu ruhn
fa - - ted to find on earth no re - pose
sf
sf
Ped.
Ped.

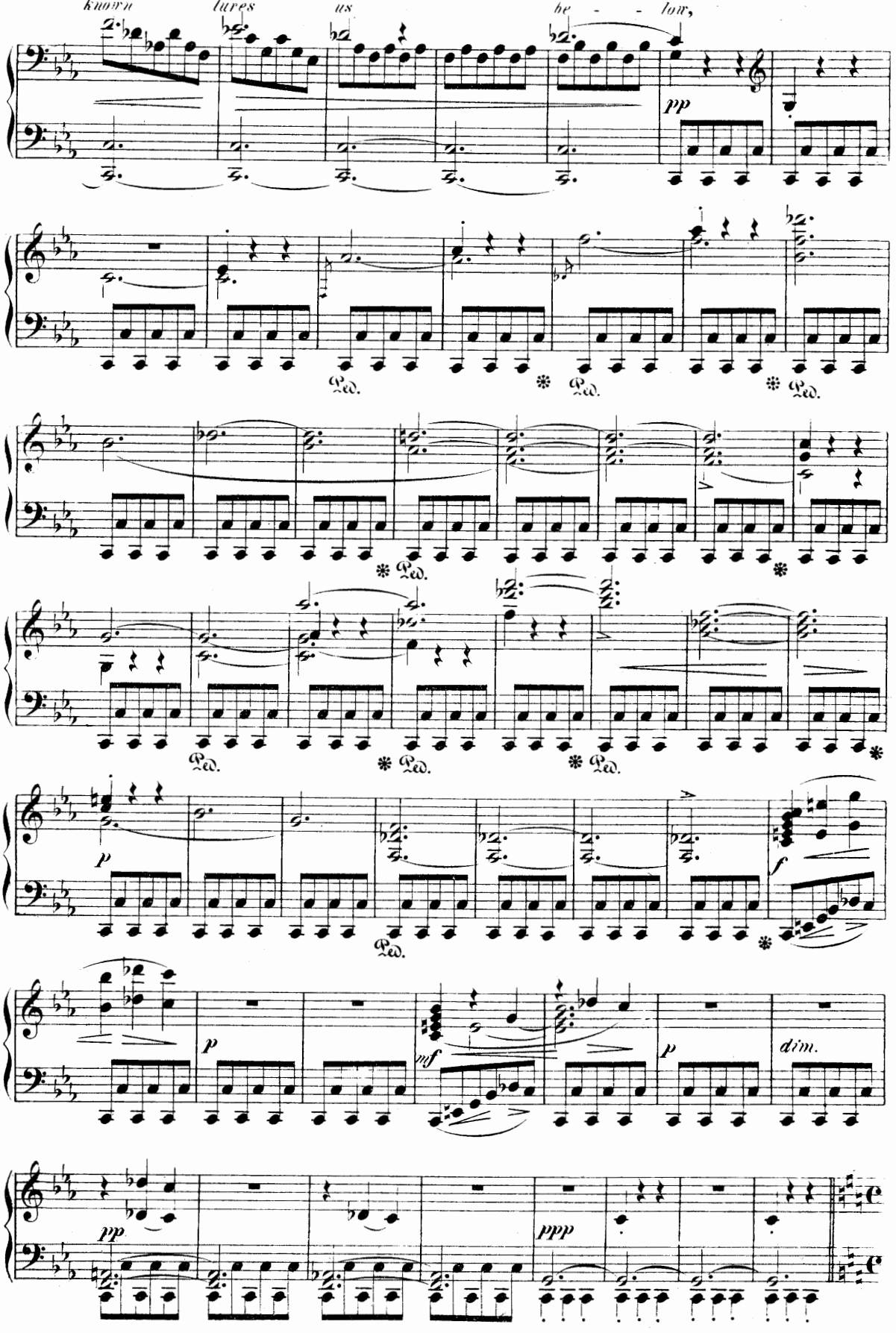

ff
Ped.
fstacc.
ff
Ped.
p
dim.
pp
cresc.
ff
p

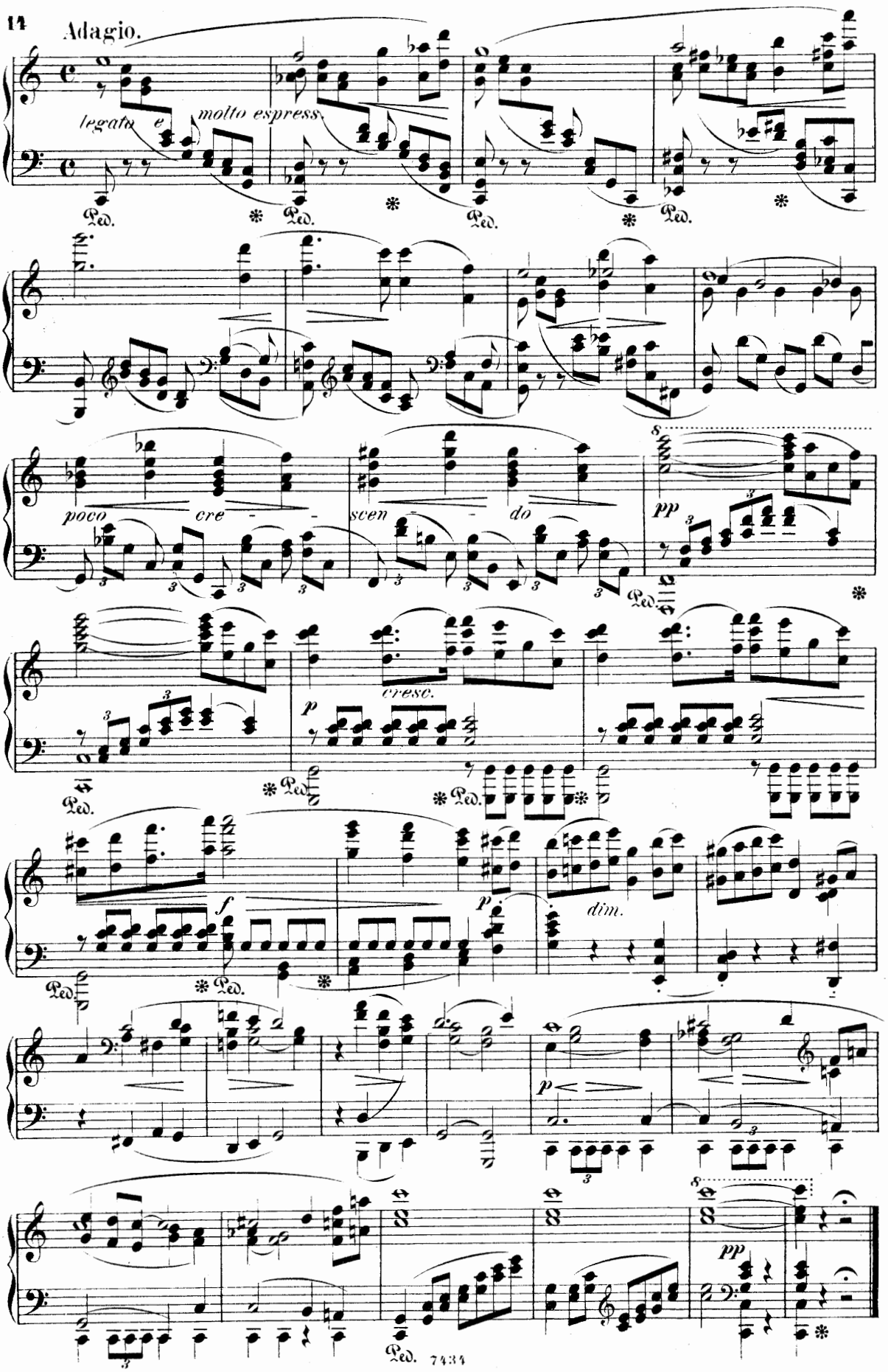

p
dim.
pp
sempre
p sempre
dim.
pp
pp
Ped.
*
pp


p espress.
cresc.
f espress.
f
pp
p
pp
pp
sempre pp
ppp
Ped.
p
molto cresc.
sempre stacc.


f
sf
sf
Ped.
Ped.
ff
Ped.
sf
wie Was - ser von Klip - pe
like wa - ter is dash'd 'gainst
molto f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
zu Klip - pe ge - wor - fen, Jahr - -
the rocks by the tem - pest, dark - -
ff
Ped.
- - - - lang in's Un - ge - wis - -
- - - - ly the Un - known tures
p
pp
cresc.
se hin - ab,
us be - low,
in's Un - -
the Un - -
ff
Ped.
p

ge - - - wis - - se hin - - ab,
known loves us he - - low,




Adagio.
legato e molto espress.
poco cre - scen - do
pp
cresc.
p
f
p
dim.
p
pp
Ped.

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