



Die Nachtigall

The Nightingale ★

Folksong

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Allegretto

p *cresc.*

1. Sitzt a schöns Vö - gerl aufm Dan - na - baum, tut nix als sin - ga und
 2. Noan, mai Schatz, das is koan Nach - ti - gall, noan, mai Schatz, das darfst nit
 1. Look at yon bird in the fir - tree there, sing - ing and wag - ging his
 2. No, dear - ie, that is no night - in - gale, no, you can take it from

p *cresc.*

6 *f* *p*

schrain; was muß denn das für a Vö - gerl sain? Das muß a Nach - ti - gall -
 glaubn; koan Nach - ti - gall schlägt auf oa - nam Dan - na - baum, schlägt in a Ha - sel - nuß -
 tail; I won - der what kind of bird it is, must be a night - in -
 me; night - in - gales sing in the ha - zel bush, not in the Christ - mas -

f *p*

12

sain!
 - staudn.
 - gale.
 tree.

p *p*

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 NB The German text is in dialect.

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Marienwürmchen

Ladybird *

Folksong from 'Des Knaben Wunderhorn'

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

Andante

1. Ma-ri-en-würm - chen, set - ze dich auf mei - ne Hand, — auf mei - ne
 2. Ma-ri-en-würm - chen, flie - ge weg, dein Häus - chen brennt, - die Kin - der
 1. Sweet lit - tle la - dy - bird, come here, sit on my hand, — sit on my
 2. O lit - tle la - dy - bird, fly home, your house is burn - ing, your house is

4
 Hand, ich tu dir nichts zu - lei - de; es soll dir nichts zu - leid ge - schehn, will nur
 schrien so seh - re, ach, so seh - re; die bö - se Spin - ne spinnt sie ein, Ma - ri - en -
 hand, I would not hurt you, ne - ver, I ne - ver saw such pret - ty things, that shin - ing
 burn - ing, you must pro - tect your chil - dren, they are in ter - ror of the fire, the spi - der's

9
 dei - ne bun - ten Flü - gel sehn, bun - te Flü - gel, bun - te Flü - gel mei - ne Freu - de!
 - würm - chen flieg hin - ein, dei - ne Kin - der, dei - ne Kin - der schrei - en seh - re!
 coat, those paint - ed wings, love - ly crea - ture, thing of beau - ty, joy for ev - er.
 web, all tor - ments dire, O make haste then, hur - ry home, your chil - dren need you.



Santa Lucia

Enrico Cossovich

Teodoro Cottrau (1827–1879)

Andantino

7 *mp*

Sul ma - re luc - ci - ca, L'a - stro d'ar - gen - to, Pla - ci da e l'on - da,
 Now 'neath the sil - ver moon o - cean is glow - ing. O'er the calm bil - low

13

Pro - spe - ro e il ven - to. Sul ma - re luc - ci - ca, L'a - stro d'ar - gen - to.
 soft winds are blow - ing. Here balm - y breez - es blow; pure joys in - vite us.