

SEVEN SONGS

set to music

BY

FRANZ HÜFFER.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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Joseph Joachim-Nachlaß

A V I S A U C H A N T E U R.

A collection of "Songs" seems to require a word of explanation in this country, were it only to disclaim any kind of affinity or competition with the ebullitions, with which the muse supplies the Metropolitan Market every season with inexhaustible abundance. It is quite beyond the present composer's power and wishes to vie with the brilliancy and eventual popularity of these works of art, his modest desire being only to do musical justice to the poetical spirit of the words chosen by him. It has always seemed to him at once strange and deplorable, that the treasures of English lyrical poetry have scarcely ever found congenial interpreters in the sphere of music, for which they seem so eminently adapted, and, although fully aware of the inadequacy of his own power for this task, he hopes at least that his laudable intention may be found some excuse for the shortcomings of his execution. It is only the first step that is difficult, as the French proverb has it, and little harm is done by this "*premier pas*" proving a "*faux pas*," if there is hope that a more successful aspirant may follow in the wake of the first pioneer. What matters it if my own attempt at an artistic rendering of English lyrics remains abortive, as long as there is a chance that a composer of the future may be roused by my stammering to do for Mr. Tennyson and Mr. D. G. Rossetti, what Schubert, Schumann, Liszt, or Robert Franz have done for Heine and Lenau?

My object, to repeat it once more, has been chiefly to render as closely as possible the "poetical idea" of each song, that is, not only the sentimental keynote pervading the whole, but also the emotional changes in the single stanzas, not neglecting even isolated expressions as far as they seemed to be capable and suggestive of musical interpretation. However, I have not thought fit to relinquish a strictly strophic treatment of my songs, not out of any reverential awe for the abstract sacredness of "form," but because the structure of the poems in question did not seem to require, or even allow of such a deviation.

If the reader should find on perusing my music, that it has identified itself to some extent with the sweet quaintness of the Elizabethan love-song, or with the individualities of our modern poets, my boldest hopes will be realised.

One more word about the manner in which I wish my songs to be rendered. They require, first of all, a full entering into the emotional bearing, and, founded on it, a distinct enunciation, of the words. As to the strictly musical part of the declamation, I would wish my friendly interpreter to be guided, with regard to the time and the respective value of the single notes, more by his own feeling than by my indications, provided, however, that he or she has first perfectly realized the rhythmical structure of the whole composition.

F. HÜFFER.

No. 1.

WHEN I AM DEAD MY DEAREST.

WORDS BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

MUSIC BY FRANZ HÜFFER.

Voice. *ADAGIO.*

When I am dead my dear.....est Sing

Piano *p*

no sad songs for me Plant thou no ro....ses

poco Cres: *sf*

on my head Nor sha....dy cy--press tree.

Dim: *pp* *ppp*

(S.L.W. 187)

Be the green grass a bove me With

pp poco più mosso.

poco a poco Cres:

showers and dew drops wet. And

molta con espressione.

if thou wilt re men ber And

f

if thou wilt for get And

pp

if thou wilt for.

p

- get.

pp

poco Cres:

I shall not see the

pp

p

sha...dow I shall not feel the

(S. L. W. 187)

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rain, I shall not hear the night...in...gale Sing

on as if in pain, But dream . ing through the

ppp *meno mosso.*

twi light That does not rise nor

poco Cres:

set Haply I may re

molta con espressione, a Tempo.

f

mem ber And hap ly may for ..

get And hap ly

may for .. get .

smorzando.