PAUL HINDEMITH

TWO BALLADS

for high or medium voice and piano

→ La Belle Dame sans Merci (John Keats) — d♯-g

Bal des Pendus (Jean-Arthur Rimbaud) — c-f♯

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La Belle Dame sans Merci

John Keats

Paul Hindemith
1942

Pesante (♩ = 52)

Voice

Pesante (♩ = 52)

Piano

f

mf

"O what can ail thee, knight-at - arms, A-lone and pale-ly loi-ter-ing? The

p

mf

p

pp

sedge is wither'd from the lake, And no birds sing.

f

f

O what can ail thee, knight-at - arms, So hag-gard and so

p

f

mf

mf

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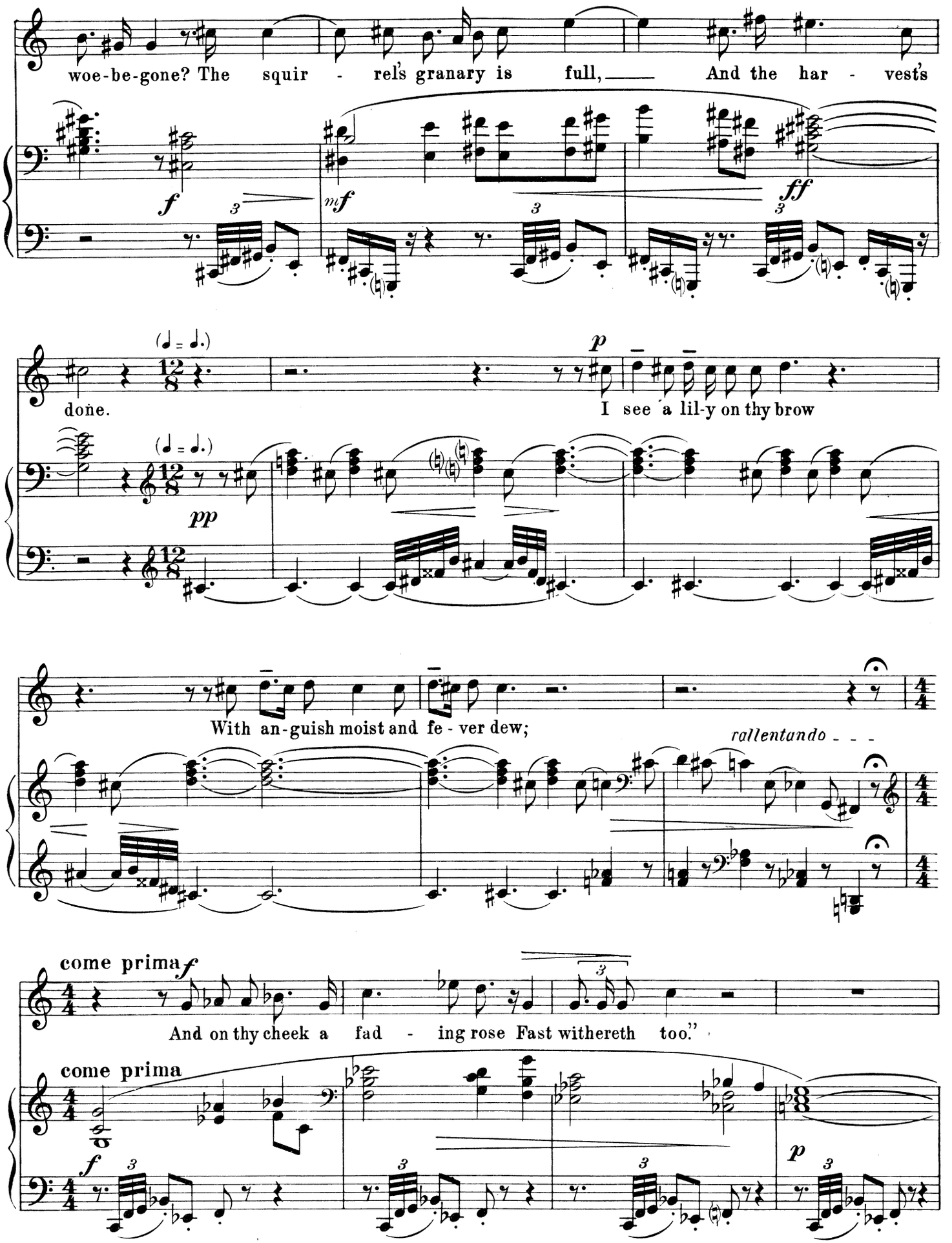
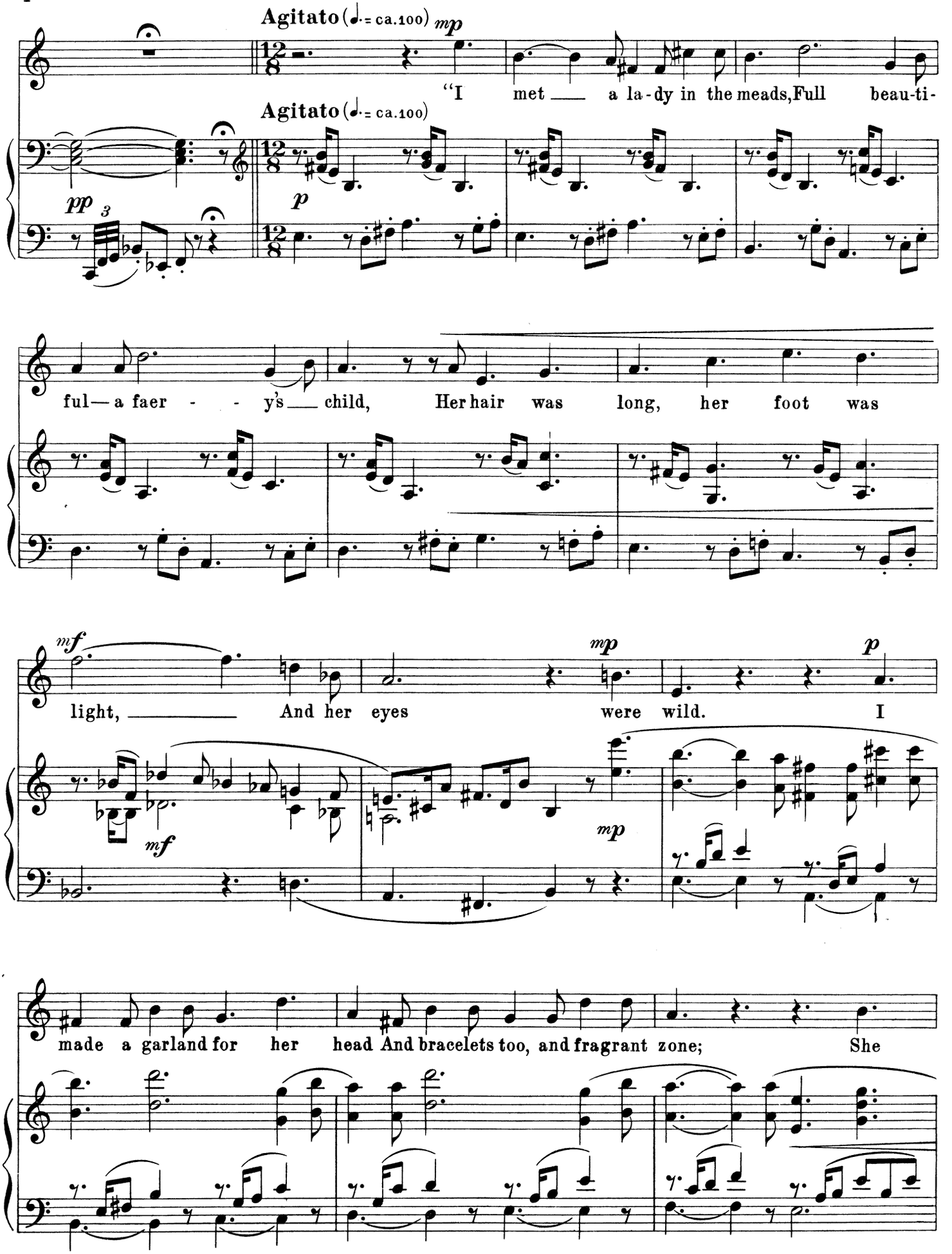
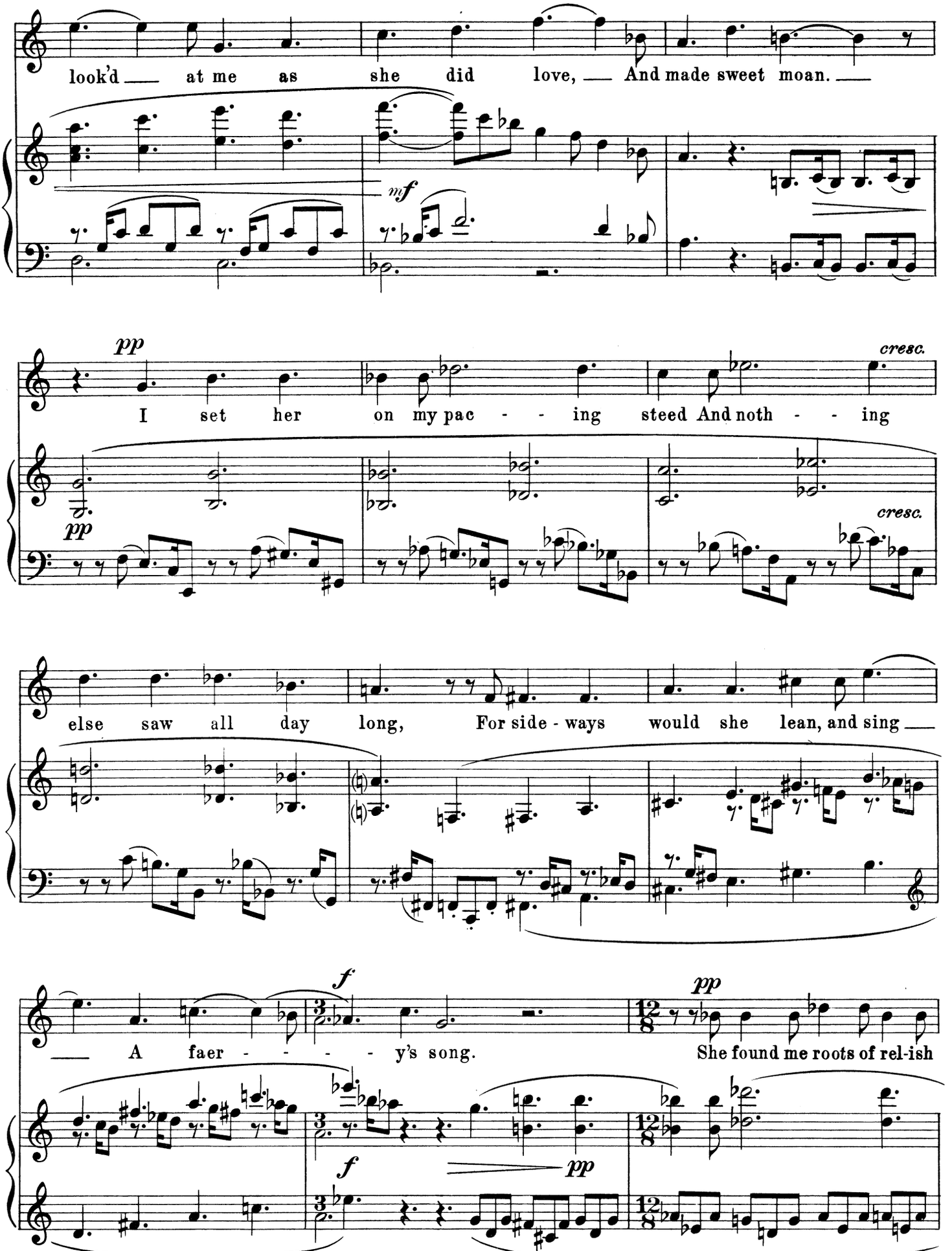
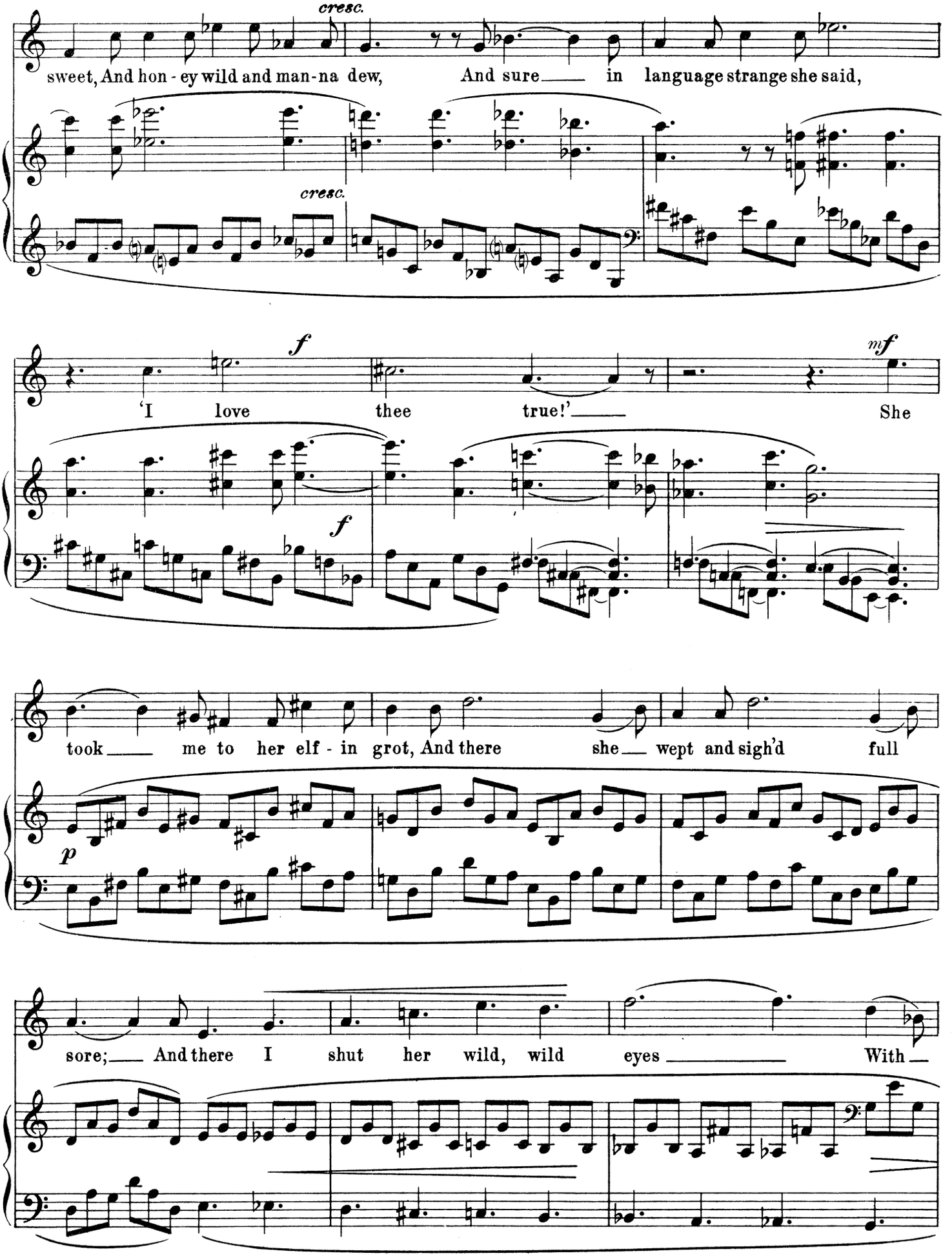
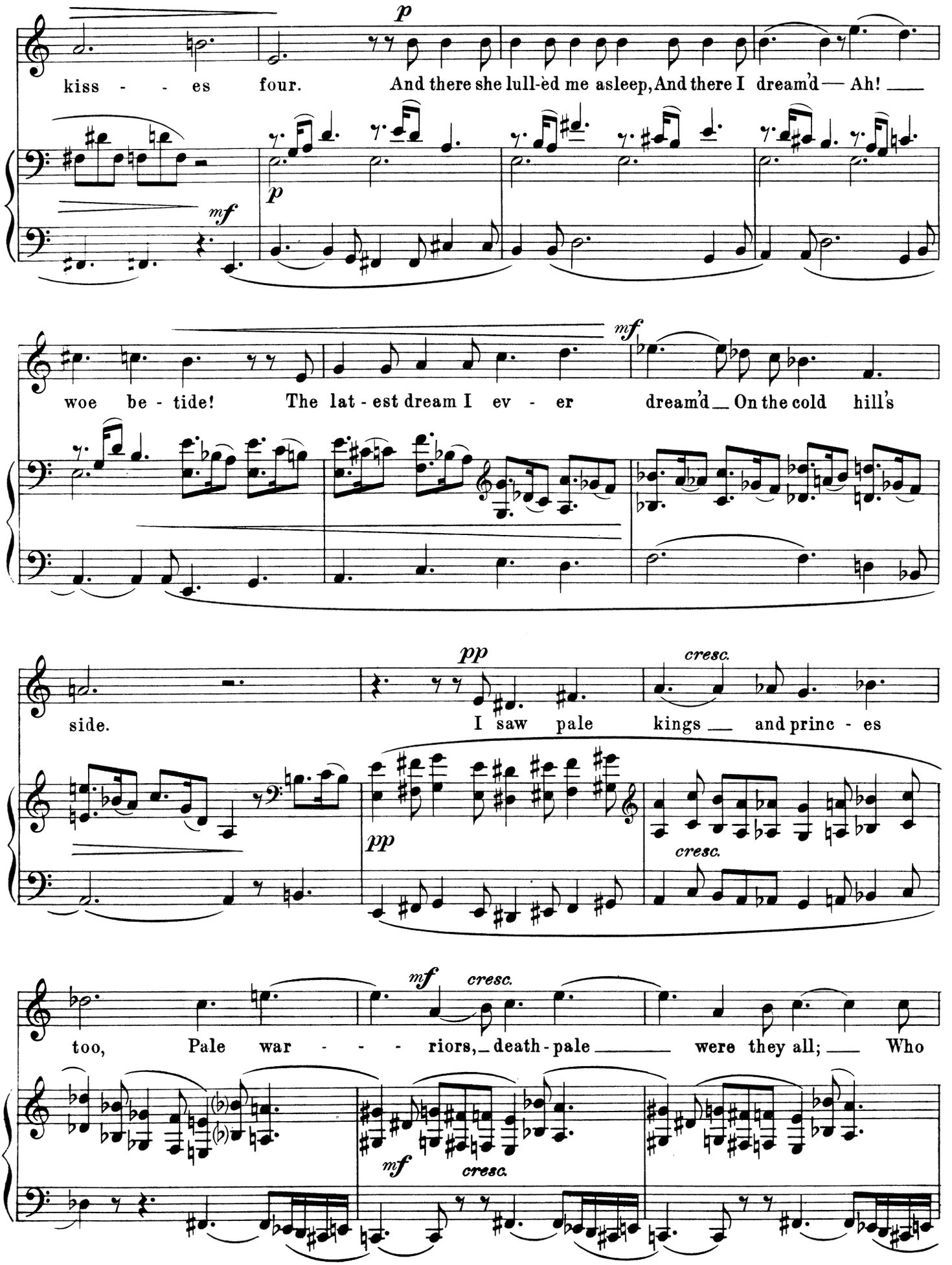
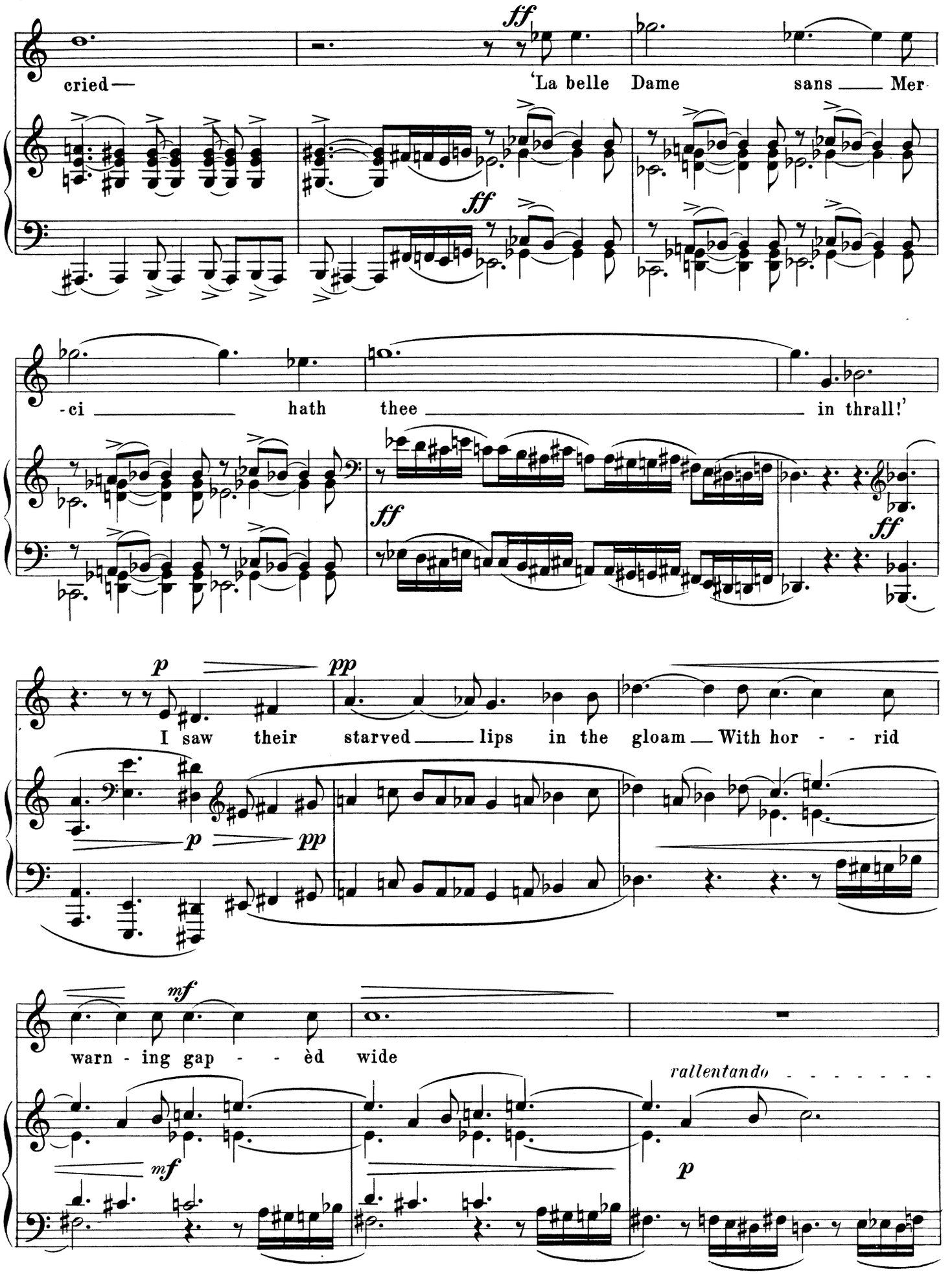

woe-be-gone? The squir - rel's granary is full, And the har - vest's
done.
I see a lil-y on thy brow
With an-guish moist and fe - ver dew;
rallentando
come prima
And on thy cheek a fad - ing rose Fast withereth too."
come prima

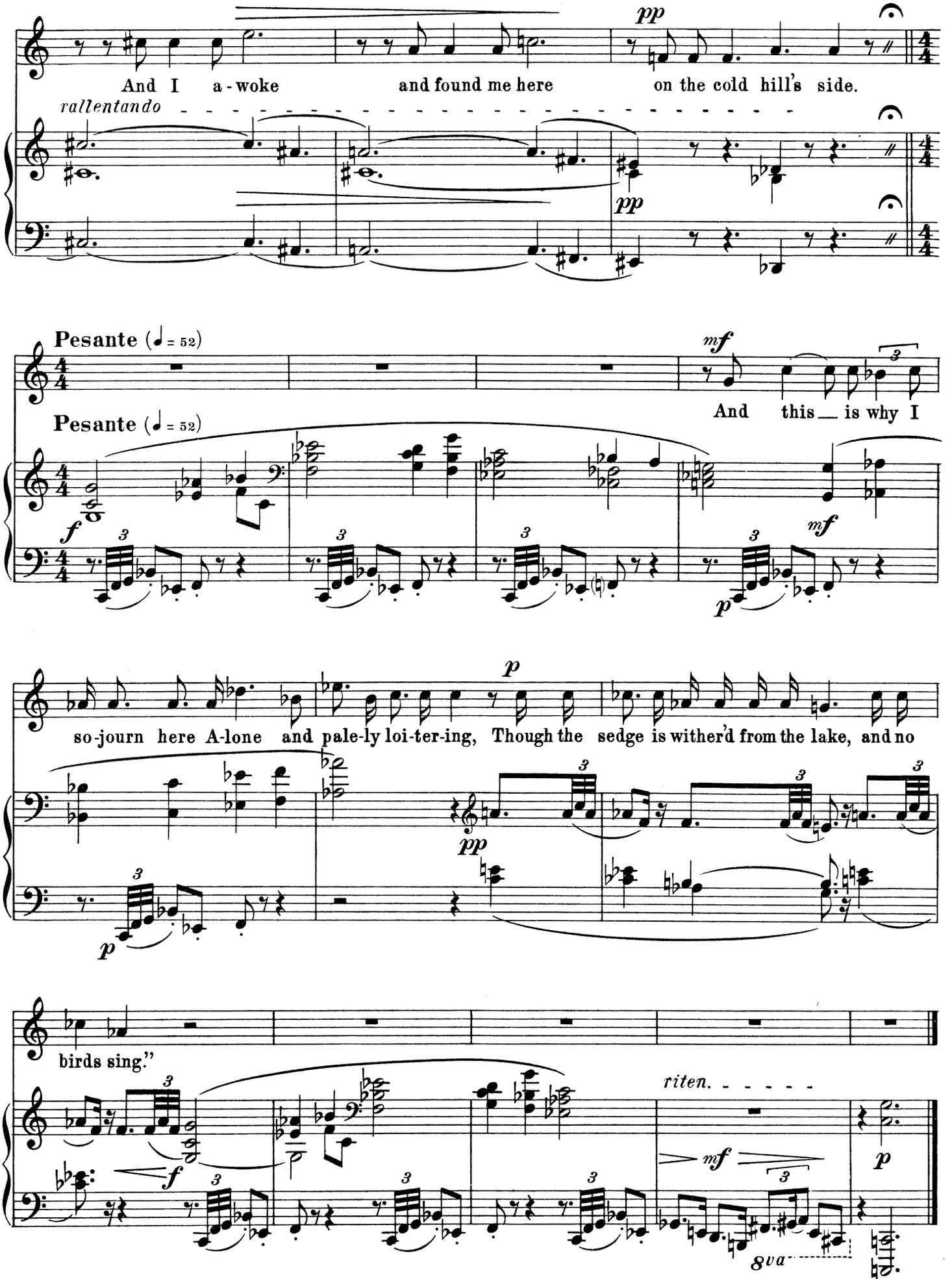

Agitato (♩. = ca.100)
mp
"I met a la-dy in the meads, Full beau-ti-
Agitato (♩. = ca.100)
pp
3
p
ful—a faer - - y's child, Her hair was long, her foot was
mf
mp
p
light, And her eyes were wild. I
mf
mp
made a garland for her head And bracelets too, and fragrant zone; She


look'd at me as she did love, And made sweet moan.
mf
pp
I set her on my pac - - ing steed And noth - - ing
cresc.
pp
cresc.
else saw all day long, For side - ways would she lean, and sing
f
A faer - - - - y's song.
pp
She found me roots of rel-ish
f
pp


cresc.
sweet, And hon - ey wild and man-na dew, And sure in language strange she said,
cresc.
f
'I love thee true!'
She
mf
f
took me to her elf - in grot, And there she wept and sigh'd full
p
sore; And there I shut her wild, wild eyes With


p
kiss - - es four. And there she lull-ed me asleep, And there I dream'd — Ah! ___
p
mf
mf
woe be - tide! The lat - est dream I ev - er dream'd __ On the cold hill's
pp
cresc.
side. I saw pale kings __ and princ - es
pp
cresc.
mf
cresc.
too, Pale war - - - riors, __ death - pale ___ were they all; ___ Who
mf
cresc.


cried—
'La belle Dame sans Mer-
-ci hath thee in thrall!'
I saw their starved lips in the gloam With hor - - rid
warn - ing gap - - èd wide
rallentando


pp
And I a-woke and found me here on the cold hill's side.
rallentando
pp
Pesante (♩ = 52)
mf
And this is why I
Pesante (♩ = 52)
f
mf
p
so-journ here A-lone and pale-ly loi-ter-ing, Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake, and no
p
pp
p
birds sing."
riten.
f
mf
p
8va