

VII. Hannchen, lieb Hannchen mich nimmer erhört etc.

Singstimme.

Pianoforte.

Mit lin-dem Ge - flü-ster die Westwin - de wehn, in glän-zen-dem Grü-ne die Bäu-me er-

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (top) is in G major, 3/4 time, and features a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment (bottom) consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a steady eighth-note pattern.

stehn. Früh geh' ich, den Lenz zu be - grüs-sen, wald ein, es zwit-schern und sin-gen die Vö-ge-lein klein. Doch

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a melodic line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, featuring chords and eighth notes.

grü-nen - de Waldung und la-chende Flur, ver - gebens ach! schmückte sie Mut - ter Na - tur. Denn mir hat die

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, featuring chords and eighth notes.

Lie-be den Fri-s-den ge - stört, weil Hannchen, lieb Hannchen mich nimmer er - hört

Ihr Mächte dort oben, o lindert den Schmerz,
 Ich geb' euch mein Leben, o gebt mir ihr Herz!
 Lasst Hannchen nicht fürder so abhold mir seyn.
 O lasst mir ihr Lieben vergelten die Pein!

Wir würden ein niedriges Hüttchen beziehen,
 Da würden uns fröhlich die Stunden entliehn.
 In seliger Stille, bei gnüglichem Mal
 Wär Leben und Liebe und Freud' ohne Zahl.

JENNY WAS FAIR AND UNKIND.

*When west winds did blow with a soft, gentle breeze,
 And sweet blooming verdure did clothe all the trees,
 I went forth one morning to hail the new spring,
 And hear the sweet songsters all warble and sing;
 I saw the green forest, I saw the gay plain,
 But nature to me was delightful in vain;
 For love had invaded the peace of my mind,
 And Jenny, dear Jenny! was fair and unkind.*

*Ye powers, who reside in the regions above.
 Deprive me of life, or inspire her with love!
 Make Jenny's fair bosom to feel for my pain,
 That I may sweet peace and contentment regain.
 Then in a retreat with my dear I would dwell;
 Contentment should guard us in some humble cell;
 Remote, we'll live happy, tho' simple our fare;
 Our health all our wealth, and to love all our care,*