



Figures by J. D. Schöner Landscape by T. Bartholomew

Twelve Favorite Songs.

Sung by the

Tyrolese Family Kainer.

with

English Words,

Arranged with an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte

BY

I. MOSCHELES.

N^o 1

Ent^d Sta: Hall.

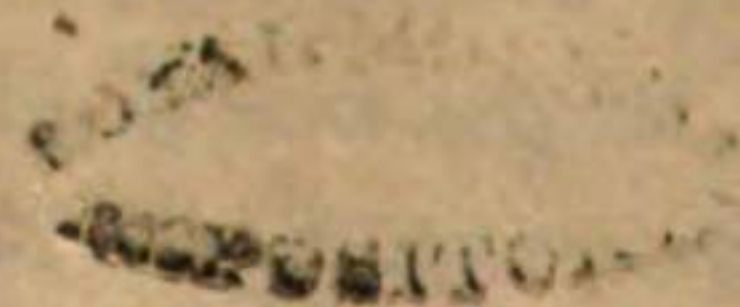
Price 6^s

London.

*Published by J. WILLIS & C^o Royal Musical Repository, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly,
& 7 Westmorland Street, Dublin.*

Where may be had.

*The Tyrolese Melodies, Vols. 1 & 2, for One or Four Voices:
with English and German Words, Arranged by I. Moscheles Price each, 15^s*



4^o Mus. P. 55807

Ignaz Moncheles

[ca. 1830]

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

47

Andantino.

VOICE.  Come, a.rouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss Boy! Take thy pail, and to la_bor a -

Accomp.  *p*

way. Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss Boy! Take thy pail, and to la_bor a -

way. The Sun is up, with rud - dy beam, The Kine are thronging

to the stream, Come arouse thee, arouse thee, my brave Swiss Boy! Take thy pail, and to la_bor a -

way.  *f*

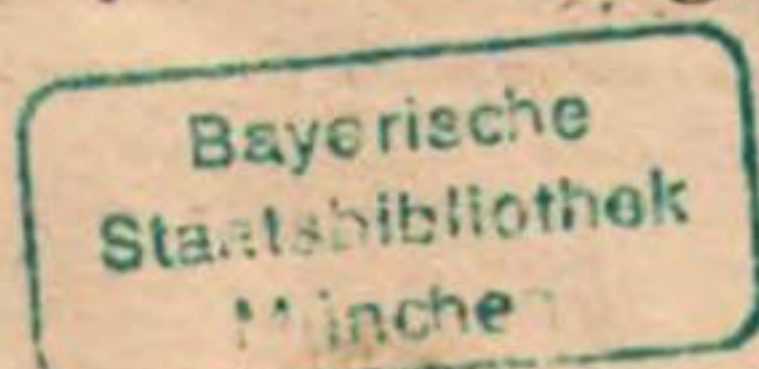
2

3

Am not I, am not I, say, a merry Swiss Boy, When I hie to the mountain away?
 For there a Shepherd maiden dear, Awaits my song with list'ning ear,
 Am not I, am not I, then a merry Swiss Boy, When I hie to the mountain away?

Then at night, then at night, Oh! a gay Swiss Boy,
 I'm away to my Comrades, away.
 The cup we fill, the wine is pass'd
 In friendship round, until at last,
 With "good night," and "good night" goes the happy Swiss
 To his home and his slumbers away? (Boy,

These Songs may be had arranged with English and German words for Four Voices, by I Moscheles. also the Second number of the Tyrolese Songs. Price 15^s each. (454)



And^{no} quasi Allegretto.

VOICE. *3/4*
Come Hun - ters come young and old! Lurelurel lu! Fo - rest - ers bold,
Care not for storm or for cold, Lurel urel lu! Fo - rest - ers bold!
Swit - zers stout, lurel urel lu! All must out! lurel urel lu! Drink, drink about!
lurel urel lu! Fo - rest - ers bold! From hill - side and hol - low, Come
fol - low, lads, fol - low, With lurelurel lu! lurel urel lu! Fo - rest - ers bold.

Accomp *3/4*
p *Cres.* *p*

2

Up! over Alp, over wold,
Lurel urel lu! Foresters bold!
Rouse the wild goat from his hold,
Lurel urel lu! Foresters bold!
Rouse and kill, lurel urel lu!
Shew your skill, lurel urel lu!
Aye, that you will, lurel urel lu!
Foresters bold! from hillside and hollow,
Come follow, lads, follow, &c.


3


Ere over vineyard and fold
Lurel urel lu! Foresters bold!
Day's parting signal hath told,
Lurel urel lu! Foresters bold!
Here again, lurel urel lu!
Shall our strain, lurel urel lu!
Sound, sound amain, lurel urel lu!
Foresters bold! from hill side and hollow,
Come follow, lads, follow, &c.

Allegretto.

VOICE.  Says the Girl, says she, "Theres a Lad!" says she, "Is he not" says she "quite a

Accomp: 

 Beau?" Says she, "has he got" Says she "a - ny shot?" Says she "I should like ve - ry much to



 know." Lal la ral la la I should la la ra la la la



 la says she la ral la la I should like ve - ry much to know.



2

Says the Lad, says he,
 "There's a Girl," says he,
 "That is she," says he "just below;"
 Says he, "would she be"
 Says he, "kind to me"
 Says he, I should like very much to know. lal la &c.

3

"All Tyrol," says she,
 "(Tis so droll," says she,
 "Seems to play methinks at Hart and Roe!"
 Says she "Is that rare?"
 Says he, "tell me where?"
 Says he, I should like very much to know. lal la &c.

THE SPRING TIME.

N^o IV.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

The sweet birds are wing-ing, From ar-bour to spray, from

Accomp:

ar-bour to spray, And cheer-i-ly sing-ing, Of springtime and

May: Merry May, merry May. Sing Shepherds! Sing with me, cheer-i-ly

cheer-i-ly; Sing, Shepherds! Sing with me, mer-ry, mer-ry May.

2

The Cattle are lowing,
 Come! up, from your Hay,
 Come! up, from your Hay,
 Lads! let us be going:
 The morning is May.
 Merry May, merry May!
 Sing, Shepherds! sing with me,
 Merry, merry May!

3

Our dear Girls to meet us
 Are now on their way,
 Are now on their way,
 With garlands to greet us,
 And Songs of the May.
 Merry May, merry May!
 Sing, Shepherds! sing with me,
 Merry, merry May!

THE CHAMOIS.

Nº V.

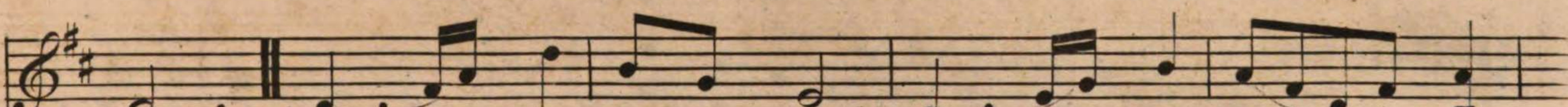
Allegretto.


VOICE. 
 Where, light - ly 'mid the moun - tain dew, Roams the Chamois

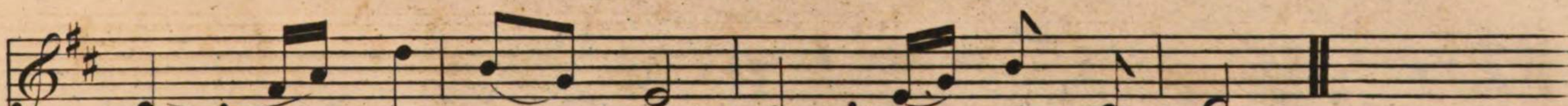
Accomp: 
dob.



 free, Oh! there With cho - - - ral Horn and ri - - - fle true, There's the path for




 me! Wild... kids bound - - - ing, Sweet... horns sound - - - ing,




 Friends... sur - round - - ing, These, oh! these for me!



2

Where some sweet Shepherd maiden sings,
 Merry as the Bee,
 Oh! there, where Echoes playful Music rings,
 There's the charm for me!
 Wild kids bounding, &c.


3

Where welcome waits the hunter's call,
 Sport, and native glee,
 Oh! there, where Love and Friendship circle all,
 There's the home for me.
 Wild kids bounding, &c.

HITHER FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS


N^o VI.

Andantino.

VOICE.  Hither Friends and Neighbors! leave ³ a while your la-bors With your


Accomp: 

 pipes and tabors come a-way! Laugh at care and sorrow, Think of those to morrow, Sound the



 rally for a Ho-li-day! While the Spring blossoms deck our bowers Come, come sing away, Come



 sing a-way! Twine your sweetest your fairest flowers for a Ho-li-day, Ho-li-day.



2

At the joyous warning,
Hill and vale adorning,
Comes the King of Morning, on his way!
Oh, his smile is pleasant,
To th'awaking peasant!
Hey! boys, hey for present Holiday!
While the Spring blossoms &c.

3

Now from store and dairy,
Dames, the best prepare ye:
Lads and Girls, a merry Roundelay!
Let the wine cup's treasure,
Dance and choral measure,
Crown the Shepherds pleasure, Holiday.
While the Spring blossoms &c.

THE SONG OF THE HUNTER.

7

N^o. VII

Andante.

VOICE. *dot.*

Brightly speed the hours O'er the hunters way! Freedom blithely

Accomp.^t *p*

pours There her dearest lay: While the glad echoes vying, Through

sf *p* Ped *p*

all their wild reign, Salute him replying Again and again.

p

2

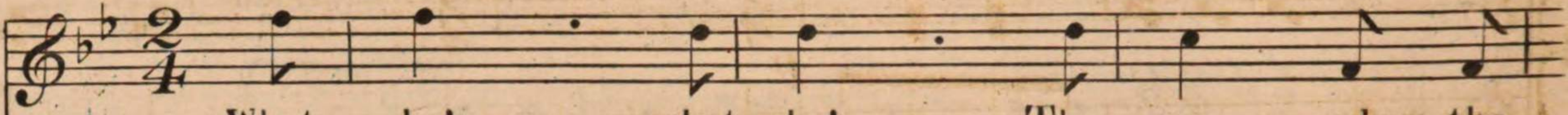
Alp on Alp ascending,
 He with wakeful horn
 Sport with labour blending,
 Hails the upward morn:
 While the glad echoes vying
 Through all their wild reign,
 Salute him, replying
 Again and again!

3

Sweetly to reward him
 Then, at day's soft wane,
 Oh, what strains accord him
 Welcome home again!
 While the glad echoes vying
 Through all their wild reign,
 Salute him, replying
 Again and again!

THE TYROLESE WAR SONG.


N^o VIII


VOICE.  What ho! what ho! The cry wakes the

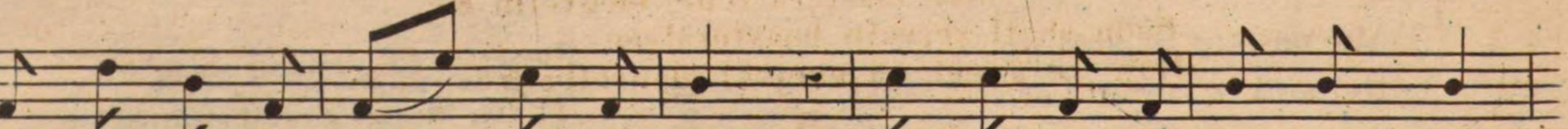
Accomp:  *f*

 land! El - eu - rel - lu el - eu - rel - lu! Ty - ro - lians y' ho! The

 *p* *f*

 lead's in the tube, the butt in the hand: El - eu - rel - lu el -

 *p*

 eu - rel - lu! Ty - ro - lians! y' ho! From your Guns an answer fling,

 *f*

Bid the thund'ring echoes ring, El - eu - rel - lu el - eu - rel - lu! Ty - ro - lians! y'

ho! How we hail a com - ing foe, Shout! and let th'in -

vad - er know. El - eu - rel - lu el - eu - rel - lu! Ty - ro - lians! y' ho!

2

What ho! what ho! ye threat'ners declare!
 Eleurellu eleurellu! Tyrolians! y' ho!
 A troop, or a host, what think ye, we care?
 Eleurellu eleurellu! Tyrolians! y' ho!
 Here our little rifles view,
 Ever to their masters true! eleurellu &c.
 Soon shall ye, vain boasters! see
 How we greet an enemy! eleurellu &c.

3

What ho! what ho! the wild horn resounds!
 Eleurellu eleurellu! Tyrolians! y' ho!
 The foe! he retreats! though the forest he bounds!
 Eleurellu eleurellu! Tyrolians! y' ho!
 Scarcely forth the bullet hies,
 Ere the turning braggart flies! eleurellu &c.
 Gallant Comrade! join with me
 In the shout of victory! eleurellu &c.

WHEN THE MATIN BELL.

N^o. IX


Moderato.


VOICE. 
 When the Ma - tin bell is ring - - - - ing U - re - li.


Accomp: 



 u - re - li ho! u - re - li ho! From my rush - y pal - let




 spring - ing, U - re - li u - re - li ho! u - re - li ho! Fresh as




 morning light, Forth I sal - ly With my sic - kle bright Through the val - ley



To my dear one gai-ly sing - - - ing U - re - li ho! u - re - li

ho! Fresh as morn - - ing light Forth I sal - - ly With my

sic - kle bright Through the val - - ley U - re - li u - re - li u - re - li

u - re - li u - re - li u - re - li ho! u - re - li ho! u - re - li ho!

2
 When the day is closing o'er us,
 Ureli ureli ho! ureli ho!
 And the landscape fades before us,
 Ureli ureli ho! ureli ho!
 When our merry men leave their mowing,
 And along the glen horns are blowing,
 Sweetly there we lead the chorus,
 Ureli ho! ureli ho!

3
 Oh! my chosen maiden treasure,
 Ureli ureli ho! ureli ho!
 How my bosom beats with pleasure
 Ureli ureli ho! ureli ho!
 When we thus, by vale, hill, or mountain,
 Rock or hollow dale, rill or fountain,
 Mingle with the tuneful measure!
 Ureli ho! ureli ho!

"WAS IT NOW AT ONE"
DUETT.

N^o X

Allegro.

VOICE

She. *p*

Was it, now, at One? Tell me, was it Two? Was it at one or two?

Accomp. *p*

ritard:

To another you vow'd homage true? Think on what you've done, Think on what you've done.

ritard:

He. *a tempo.*

Well, love, I do. Yet oh! there's no-thing dear, No-thing to

tell or hear, But that this heart of mine, dear, Beats e- - ver thine.

p

She. *mf*

Is now your conscience clear? Have I no guile to fear,

He. *mf*

Oh! no, there's no-thing, dear, Nothing to tell, or hear,

And does that heart of thine dear, Beat tru-ly mine? Our
But that this heart of mine dear, Beats e-ver thine. Our

minstrels sing, That lovers' hours Are April like, in smiles and showers; Ah!
minstrels sing, That lovers' hours Are April like, in smiles and showers; Ah!

can ye not, ye lovers, say, Find less of March and more of May?
can ye not, ye lovers, say, Find less of March and more of May?

(She) Was it, now, at Two?
Tell me was it Three?
Was it at two or three?
How could you be so false to me?
Think on what you do,
Think on what you do.

(He) Stay, let me see:
Oh, no! there's nothing, dear,
Nothing to think or fear:
Freely this heart of mine dear,
Beats ever thine.

(She) Nay, tell me truly dear,
Have I no harm to fear?
And does that heart of thine, dear,
Beat truly mine.
Our minstrels &c.

(He) Nay, tell me truly dear,
Have I no harm to fear?
And does that heart of thine, dear,
Beat truly mine. Our minstrels &c.

(She) Was it, now, at Three?
Tell me was it Four?
Was it at three or four?
Ah! I am sure - nay say no more,
Better silent be,
Better silent be.

(He) Spare I implore!
Oh, no! there's nothing, dear,
Nothing to say, or hear,
But that this heart of mine, dear,
Beats ever thine.

(She) Carl! deem me not severe,
'Tho' I began to fear:
'Trust me, this heart of mine, dear,
Beats ever thine.
Our minstrels &c.

(He) Oh, no! there's nothing, dear,
What should my Lena fear?
'Truly this heart of mine, dear,
Beats ever thine. Our minstrels &c.

THE VILLAGE LAY.

N^o. XI.

Allegretto.

VOICE.

"Father dear! listen, pray," Thus I heard a Shepherd say, "Fa-ther dear,

Accomp.^t

On-ly hear, Give me store give me Kine; Let me make the Maiden mine,

Father say not Nay." So the stream flows, So the rills play; So the

world goes, Merri--ly a-way, Hey! Hey! merri--ly a--way! So the

stream flows, so the rills play, So the world goes, mer-ri-ly a-way!

Hey! merri-ly merri-ly merri-ly merri-ly merri-ly a-way.

2

"Mother dear! listen, pray,"
(Thus I heard a Maiden say,

"Mother dear, only hear —

When may I this courship close?
See how fast my sweetheart grows!
Like the second Hay?"

So the winds blow, so the leaves play: } bis
So the world goes merrily away.

3

Neighbours dear, listen, pray,
As we troll our village lay,
Neighbours dear, kindly hear:
'Time like theirs' once was ours!
Let us wish them joyous hours,
Happy be their day!

So the blade grows, so the kids play, } bis
So the world goes merrily away.

"UP TO THE ALPS".

N.º XII

Allegro.

VOICE.

mf

Up Up! to the Alps, Lads! the day is be-

Accomp.^t

mf

fore ye: Hil-li - - ho! hil - li - - ho! ho! hil - li - - ho! Their

crys - ta - line summits are streaming with glo - - ry, Hil - li - - ho!

hil - li - - ho! ho! hil - li - - ho! Up! up to the sport, where the

18 Specimen of the mode of singing called **JODELN**, among the Swiss and Tyrolese, passages of this kind are frequently sung by a single Voice, and are introduced in the Glee's of the Peasantry where they are substituted for an Instrumental Accompaniment.

VOICE. *Tempo di Valse.*

Dia doi doi dia doi doi dia doi doi dia doi do dia doi di dia doi doi

Accom: *mf*

dia doi doi do. Di dl o-u o-u o-i do do ui do do dui do

di dl o-u o-u o-i do ui do do. do di ri di di doi doi dia doi doi

p

di doi doi do di ri di dia doi doi dia doi doi do dia doi doi dia doi doi

dia doi doi dia doi doi do di ri di dia doi doi dia doi doi do.

ROYAL-MUSICAL
454
REPOSITORY
Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

(Ca 1820) 65