

Mc 60695

M 60.695/C

WEY SICHTEST THOU?

*Was seufzest du? :*

Stanzas by August Skelly Esq.

*The Melody by*

B. RANDHARTINGER

*Member of the Imperial and Royal chapel at the Court of Vienna.*

Composed for and dedicated to

MISS NINA GREIPEL.

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*32 d Work.*

*Price - 30 x C. M.*

VIENNA,

*printed and sold by Pietro Mechetti q<sup>m</sup> Carlo.*

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WHY SIGHEST THOU ?

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*Why sighest thou, my lovely maid,  
Why flows that tear of sorrow ?  
Dost thou not hope thy grief today  
Will vanish with the morrow ?*

*Though dark thy woe, this soothing truth  
Must chase despair away,  
"There's not in life an ill so great,  
But has one brightening ray !"*

*And sweet that joy which follows grief !  
As sun beams to the flower !  
Which droops awhile, then blooms again,  
More fragrant from the shower !*

*Then, sigh not thus, my lovely maid,  
Dry up those tears of sorrow,  
And hope with me an happier fate  
Awaits thine heart to morrow .*

P. M. N<sup>o</sup> 3270.

M. M. 60.695



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Gedicht von NUGENT SKELLY ESQ:

WHY SIGHEST THOU? Deutscher Text von A. BAUMANN.

( WAS SEUFZEST DU ? )

VOCE.

Andante.

mf

PIANO - FORTE.

Andante.

*p* sempre legato.

Why  
Was

sigh = est thou, my love = ly maid, why flows that tear of sor = row *p* dost thou not hope thy  
 seuf = zest du, o hol = de Maid, war = um dies Aug' voll Sor = gen? hoffst du nicht, dass dein

*p*  
 grief to = day will ra = nish with the mor = row *p* Though  
 Lei = den heut ver = schwin = de mit dem Mor = gen? Wie

darf thy woe, this soothing truth must chase despair a way —, „There's not in life an ill so great, but  
 tief dein Schmerz, dies süs = se Wort muss lin = dern dei = ne Qual —. „Kein Ü = bel giebt's so grosser Art ohn

has one brightening ray — !” And sweet that joy which fol = lows grief! As sun beams to the  
 al = len Hoffnungs = strahl — !” O süsse Lust, die folgt dem Schmerz, du Blum' im Son = nen =

*dolce.*

flow = er! Which droops awhile, then blooms a = gain, more fragrant from the show = er!  
 se = = gen, die halb ver = schmachtet neu er = blüht, mehr duf = tend nach dem Re = gen!

*p* *mf*

Piu mosso.  
mf

*f*

Then sigh not thus, my lovely maid, dry up those tears of sor = = row, and hope with me an  
 D'rum seuf = ze nicht, du hol = de Maid, er = heb den Blick voll Sor = = gen, und hoff, ein bess'res

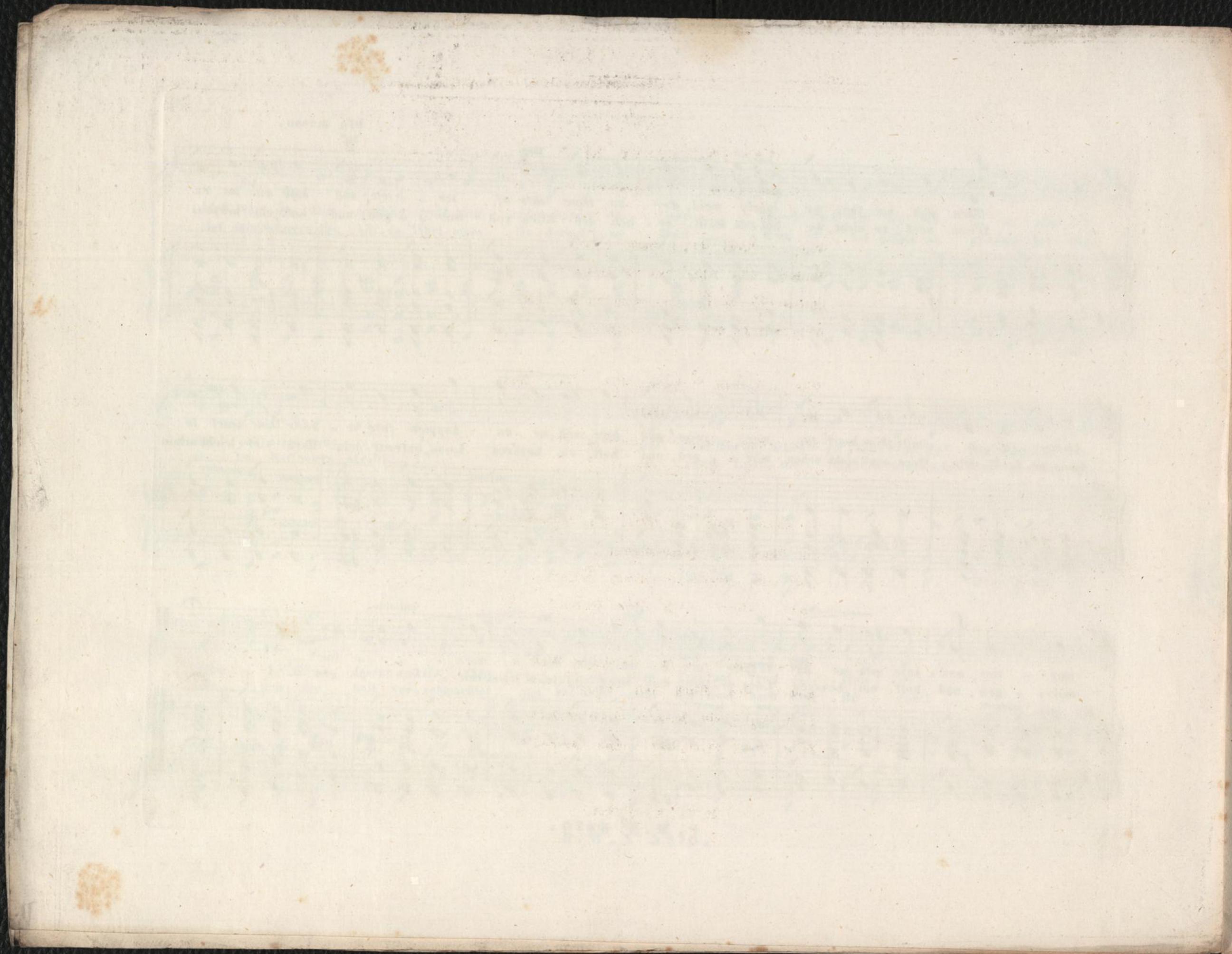
*f*

happier fate, a = waits thine heart to mor = row! and hope with me an happier fate, a = waits thine heart to  
 Loos er = freut dein Herz vielleicht schon mor = = gen, und hoff, ein bess'res Loos erfreut dein Herz viel = leicht schon

*f*

mor = row, and hope with me an happier fate, a = waits thine heart to mor = = row — !  
 mor = = gen, und hoff, ein bess'res Loos er = freut dein Herz viel = leicht schon mor = = gen — !

*fz* *calando.* *Ped.*



## WAS SEUFZEST DU ?

\* \* \*

Was seufzest du, o holde Maid,  
Warum dies Aug' voll Sorgen?  
Hoffst du nicht, dass dein Leiden heut  
Verschwinde mit dem Morgen?

Wie tief dein Schmerz, dies süsse Wort  
Muss lindern deine Qual.  
"Kein Uebel giebt's so grosser Art  
Ohn' allen Hoffnungsstrahl! „

O süsse Lust, die folgt dem Schmerz,  
Du Blum' im Sonnensegen,  
Die halb verschmachtet neu erblüht,  
Mehr duftend nach dem Regen!

Drum seufze nicht, du holde Maid,  
Erheb' den Blick voll Sorgen,  
Und hoff', ein bessres Loos erfreut  
Dein Herz vielleicht schon morgen!

