

7. Sonntag

Sunday, Op.1

Robert Franz

Allegro moderato

Singstimme
Voice

Pianoforte

p

Die Nacht war kaum ver - bli - - het, nur ei - ne Ler - che
The night had fa - ded scarce - - ly, one tune - ful lark a -

4

cresc. *mf* *riten.* *a tempo*
p

sang die stil - le Luft ent - lang. Wen grüsst sie schon so frü - he? Und
- lone poured forth her mel - low tone. Whom greets she thus so ear - ly? High

cresc. *mf* *cresc.* *p a tempo*

9

drau - ssen in dem Gar - ten die Bäu - me ü - ber's Haus sah'n weit in's Land hin -
o'er the house, re - flect - ing the state - ly trees all stand gaze o'er the dis - tant

cresc.

14

mf *riten.* *a tempo*
p

-aus, als ob sie wen er - war - ten. In fest - li - chen Ge - wan - den wie
land, as if some one ex - pect - ing. The flow - ers all are stand - ing in

mf *cresc.* *riten.* *p a tempo*

ei - ne Kin - der - schaar, Tau - per - len in dem Haar, die Blu - men al - le
 ho - li - day at - tire, bright dewdrops in their hair, like chil - dren, some - thing

cresc.

24 *riten.* *a tempo*
p

stan - den. Ich dacht: ihr klei - nen Bräu - te, was schmückt ihr euch so
 want - ing. I thought: ye brides so ti - ny, why are ye decked so

p

riten.

29 *ad libit.* *Leise*

sehr? Da blickt' die ei - ne her: "Still, still, s'ist Sonn - tag
 gay? One look'd as if to say: "Hush, hush, to - day is

pp *p*

*Red. **

34

heu - te. Schon klin - gen Mor - gen - glo - cken, der lie - be Gott nun bald
 Sun - day. The mor - ning bells are peal - ing, soon will our gra - cious God

pp

*Red. ** *Red. **

39 *Tempo I* *mf*

geht durch den heil' - gen Wald." Da kniet' ich froh er - schro - cken.
 go through the sa - cred wood." I hear - ken'd, hum - bly kneel - ing.

mf