

The Erl King

Published 1798 or possibly earlier.
Poem by Matthew Lewis (1775-1818),
translated from Goethe

A glee

John Wall Callcott (1766-1821)

Briskly

1st Treble *mf*

2nd Treble *mf*

Bass *mf*

Who is it that rides through the fo-rest so fast, Whilst night glooms a - round him, Whilst

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Accompaniment added by William Horsley (1774-1858)

Piano *mf*

8

chill roars the blast? The Fa-ther who holds his young Son in his arm, And close in his man-tle has

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chill roars the blast? The Fa-ther who holds his young Son in his arm, And close in his man-tle has

16

1st Treble solo

wrapped him up warm. My Fa-ther, my Fa-ther, the

2nd Treble solo

wrapped him up warm. Why trem-bles my dar-ling? why shrinks he with fear?

wrapped him up warm.

p

24

Erl King is near! The Erl King with his Crown, and his beard long and white. My Child you're de-ceived by the

My Child you're de-ceived by the

My Child you're de-ceived by the

p

32

va-pours of night, My Child you're de-ceived by the va-pours of night.

va-pours of night, My Child you're de-ceived by the va-pours of night. Bass Solo

va-pours of night, My Child you're de-ceived by the va-pours of night. If thou wilt, dear Ba-by, with

41

me go - a - way, I'll give thee fine gar - ments, we'll play a fine play; Fine flo - wers are

48

grow - ing, white, scar - let, and blue, On the banks of yon ri - ver, and all are for

1st Treble Solo

espressivo

54

My fa - ther, my Fa - ther, and dost thou not hear, What words the Erl King whis - pers soft in my
you.

62 *pp*

ear? Oh hush thee my Child, set thy bo-som at ease; Thou hear'st but the will-ows when mur-murs the

pp

Oh hush thee my Child, set thy bo-som at ease; Thou hear'st but the will-ows when mur-murs the

pp

Oh hush thee my Child, set thy bo-som at ease; Thou hear'st but the will-ows when mur-murs the

70 *cresc.* *dim.*

breeze, Thou hear'st but the will-ows when mur-murs the breeze.

cresc. *dim.*

breeze, Thou hear'st but the will-ows when mur-murs the breeze. Bass Solo

cresc. *dim.*

breeze, Thou hear'st but the will-ows when mur-murs the breeze. If thou wilt, dear Ba-by, with me go a -

79

way, My daugh-ter shall nurse thee, so fair and so gay; My daugh-ter, in

85

pur - ple and gold who is_ dressed, Shall love thee, and_ kiss thee, and sing thee to

91

1st Treble Solo
espressivo

My Fa - ther, my Fa - ther, and dost thou not see The Erl King and his Daugh - ter are wait - ing for

rest.
p

99

me_ Oh shame thee, my In - fant, 'tis fear makes thee blind, Thou see'st the dark will - ows which

Oh shame thee, my In - fant, 'tis fear makes thee blind, Thou see'st the dark will - ows which

Oh shame thee, my In - fant, 'tis fear makes thee blind, Thou see'st the dark will - ows which

106

dim.

wave in the wind; Thou see'st the dark will - ows that wave in the wind.

dim.

wave in the wind; Thou see'st the dark will - ows that wave in the wind.

dim.

wave in the wind; Thou see'st the dark will - ows that wave in the wind. I love thee, I doat on thy

dim.

Bass Solo
With energy

115

espressivo

My Fa - ther, my

fea - tures so - fine; I must and will have thee, and force makes thee mine.

espressivo

1st Treble Solo
espressivo

122

Fa - ther, oh hold me now fast, He pulls me, he hurts me, he'll have me at last.

129 *f* Very fast

The Fa - ther he trem - bled, he doub - led his speed, O'er hills and through fo - rests he

The Fa - ther, he trem - bled, he doub - led his speed, O'er hills and through fo - rests he

The Fa - ther, he trem - bled, he doub - led his speed, O'er hills and through fo - rests he

136 *p* Slowly

spurred his black steed; But when he ar - rived at his own Cas - tle door, Life throbbed in the

spurred his black steed; But when he ar - rived at his own Cas - tle door, Life throbbed in the

spurred his black steed; But when he ar - rived at his own Cas - tle door, Life throbbed in the

143

Espressivo

poor Ba - by's bo - som no more; Life throbbed in the poor Ba - by's bo - som no more.

Espressivo

poor Ba - by's bo - som no more; Life throbbed in the poor Ba - by's bo - som no more.

Espressivo

poor Ba - by's bo - som no more; Life throbbed in the poor Ba - by's bo - som no more.

p

Source: "A Collection of glees, canons and catches, composed by the late John Wall Calcott", edited (c. 1824) by William Horsley, volume 2.