

The Soldier's Dream

Ludwig van Beethoven,
26 *irische Lieder*, WoO 152

Elaborazione di Sandro Filippi

Versi di Thomas Campbell (1777-1844)

Andante espressivo assai amoroso

p

Tenore I
1. Our — bu - gles sung
- thought from the

Tenore II
p
1. Our — bu - gles sung
truce, o —
2. (vocalizzare sulla o)

Basso I
p
1. Our — bu - gles
o —
2. (vocalizzare sulla o)

Basso II
p
1. Our — bu - gles
1. o —
2. (vocalizzare sulla o)

5

truce, for the night cloud had low'r'd, — and the Sen - ti - nel -
bat - - - tle field's dread - ful ar - ray, — far, — far — I — had —

9

- stars set their watch in — the — sky, and — thou - sands had
roam'd on a de - so - late — track; 'twas — au - tumn, and

13

sunk on the ground, o - ver pow'r'd, the wea - ry to
sun - shine a - rose on the way to the home of my

17

cresc. sleep, and the wound - ed to die. When re - pos - ing that
fa - thers, that wel - com'd me back. I flew to the

p

the wound - ed to die. When re - pos - ing that
that wel - com'd me back. I flew to the

the wound - ed, to die. Re - pos - ing that
that wel - com'd me back. I flew to the

the wound - ed to die. Re - pos - ing that
that wel - com'd me back. I flew to the

21

p

night on my pal - let of straw, by the wolf scar - ing
pleas - ant fields trav - ers'd so oft in life's morn - ing

night on my pal - let of straw, the wolf scar - ing
pleas - ant fields trav - ers'd so oft in life's morn - ing

night on my pal - let of straw, by the wolf scar - ing
pleas - ant fields trav - ers'd so oft in life's morn - ing

night on my pal - let of straw, by the wolf scar - ing
pleas - ant fields trav - ers'd so oft in life's morn - ing

25

fag - got that guard - ed the slain, at the dead of the
march, when my bos - om was young; I heard my own

fag - - - got the slain, the dead of the
march, my was young; I heard my own

fag - - - got guar - ed the slain, the dead of the
march, my bos - om was young; I heard my own

fag - - - got the slain, the dead of the
march, my was young; I heard my own

29

night a sweet vi - sion I saw, and
moun - tain goats bleat - ing a - loft, and

night a sweet vi - sion I saw,
moun - tain goats bleat - ing a - loft,

night a sweet vi - sion I saw, and
moun - tain goats bleat - ing a - loft, and

night a sweet vi - sion I saw,
moun - tain goats bleat - ing a - loft,

32

thrice ere the mor - ning I dreamt it a - gain. 2. Me
knew the sweet strain that the corn - reap - ers

thrice the mor - ning I dreamt it a - gain.
knew sweet strain that the corn - reap - ers

thrice the mor - ning dreamt it a - gain.
knew sweet strain that corn - reap - ers

thrice the mor - ning I dreamt it a - gain.
knew sweet strain that the corn - reap - ers

36

2. *p*

sung. We the wine— cup, and fond - ly I swore— from my

sung. We the wine— cup, and fond - ly I swore from my

cantabile

sung. 3. Then— pledg'd we the wine cup, and fond - ly I swore—

sung. and— fond - ly I swore my

41

home— and— my— weep - ing ne - ver part; my lit - tle ones

home— and my weep - ing friends ne - ver— to— part; my— lit - tle ones

from my home— and— weep - ing ne - ver part; my lit - tle ones

home and— my— weep - ing my— lit - tle ones

46

kiss'd— a thou - sand times o'er,— in— her

kiss'd me a thou - sand times o'er,— in her

kiss'd— me a thou - sand times o'er, in her

kiss'd a thou - sand times o'er, and my wife— sobb'd— a - loud— in

51

ful - ness of heart. Stay, — stay with us, rest, thou art wea - ry — and —

ful - ness heart. Stay, — with us, — rest, thou art wea - ry — and —

ful - ness — heart. Stay, — stay with us, rest, thou art wea - ry — and —

ful - ness heart. Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art wea - ry — and —

56

worn! And — fain was their war bro - ken — sol - dier — to —

worn! And fain was their war bro - ken sol - dier to

worn! And — fain was their war bro - ken sol - dier to

worn! And — fain was their war bro - ken — sol - dier to

60

stay; — but sor - row re - turn'd with the dawn - ing of

stay; — but — sor - row re - turn'd with the dawn - ing of —

stay; but sor - row re - turn'd the dawn - ing of

stay; but sor - row re - turn'd the dawn - ing of

64

morn, — and the voice — in — my — dream - ing ear — melt - ed a - way.

morn, — voice in my dream - ing melt - ed a - way.

morn, — voice in my dream - ing melt - ed a - way.

morn, voice in my dream - ing melt - ed a - way.

Our bugles sung truce, for the night-cloud had low'r'd,
 And the Sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
 And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpow'r'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;
 'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the cornreapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fullness of heart:

"Stay, stay with us, rest, thou art weary and worn!";
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Traduzione: Le nostre trombe suonarono la tregua, perché il velo della notte era calato, e nel cielo le stelle sentinelle avevano montato la guardia, e migliaia erano crollati a terra, sopraffatti; chi, stremato, per dormire, chi, ferito, per morire. Giacendo quella notte sul mio pagliericcio, presso il falò che teneva lontani i lupi dai corpi dei caduti, nel cuore della notte ebbi una dolce visione, e per tre volte la sognai prima del mattino. Mi pareva di aver vagato su un sentiero desolato lontano dall'atrocità del campo di battaglia; era autunno, e il sole sorgeva lungo la strada che conduceva alla casa dei miei avi, che mi diede il bentornato. Volai verso gli amati campi, così spesso attraversati nel fiore dei miei anni, quando il mio cuore era giovane; sentii le capre di montagna belare in alto, e riconobbi la dolce melodia cantata dai mietitori. Poi brindammo alla nostra salute, e commosso ho giurato di non separarmi mai più dalla mia casa e dai miei amici che piangevano; i miei piccini mi coprirono di baci, e mia moglie singhiozzò forte dal profondo del cuore: "Resta, resta con noi, fermati, sei stanco e sfinito"; e il loro soldato distrutto dalla guerra era lieto di restare; ma il dolore tornò con l'albeggiare, e la voce nel mio orecchio sognante si dissolse.