

The Elf King

Erlkönig

Franz Schubert

Who rides at night through wea - ther wild? It

is a fa - ther with his small child. He holds the boy with his stur - dy

arm to keep him warm and safe from harm.

My son, why d'you hide your face as if in fear? Oh

fa - ther don't you see? The Elf King co-ming near? The Elf - in King with

crown and cloak? My son that's just a wisp of smoke.

You hand - some child, come go with me! I'll dress you up in

fi - ne - ry, we'll play such games as you've ne - ver known and you'll

sit with me on my gol - denthrone Oh fa - ther, oh fa - ther, Oh do you not

hear what the Elf-in King is whisp' ring in my ear? My child there's no

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harm in that sound, the wind is rust-ling the leaves on the ground Oh
 beau -ti -ful boy won't you come a - long? My daugh-ters will sing you a wel com-ing song, as they

74

lead all the elves in the night time dance, they sway and they swing and they spring and they prance, they
 78

sway and they swing and they spring and they prance My fa - ther, my fa - ther, don't
 82

you see them there? The Elf King's daugh-ters with long stream-ing hair My
 87

son, my son there's no need for fright. The wil-lows are cat-ching the moon's pale
 93

light. I love you, I want you to live as my
 99

son! And if you're not wil - ling I'll force you to come! Oh fa - ther, oh
 106

fa - ther, I feel his cold hand! The Elf King is ta - king me to his
 112

land. Now fear grips the fa-ther, he rides fast and wild. He
 118

holds in his arm the whim - per - ing child. At last he
 124

reach - es the home-stead. But in his arms_ the child is dead.