

10. Rest

D.911-10

Wilhelm Müller
English Version : Oliver Wright

Franz Schubert

Moderato

Now that I lay me down to rest I
find that I am - wea - ry. I ne - ver felt so while I walked though the way was hard and -
drea - ry. My feet did not de-mand I rest, nor did the cold al - low it. My
back - bone bore its - bur - den well; The wild wind on - ward blew me. My
back bone bore its - bur - den well; The wild wind on - ward blew me.

p *dim.* *quiet* *strong* *pp* *cresc.* *f* *pp* *strong* *cresc.* *f* *p*

34

In a ho - vel in a for - est glade some shel - ter I have ta - ken.

41

Still my poor limbs won't let me rest, so bad - ly are they a - ching. And

47

you, my heart in the howl - ing storm, were brave and un - comp - lain - ing; Now in the still - ness do you feel

53

the sav - age pain re - turn - ing? Now in the still - ness do you feel

59

the sa vage pain re - turn - ing?