

10. Rest

D.911-10

Wilhelm Müller
English Version : Oliver Wright
Moderato

Franz Schubert

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* *quiet* *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?