

The Hurdy-Gurdy Man

D.911-24

Wilhelm Müller
English Version: Oliver Wright

Franz Schubert

Quite slow

Quite slow

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There be-yond the vil-lage stands a beg-gar man;
Grinds his hur-dy-gur-dy

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with his gnarled old hand;
Bare-foot on the cob-bles, shuf-fles to and fro;

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And his bowl stand emp-ty but for flakes of snow;
and his bowl stands emp-ty

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but for flakes of snow.
No-one list-ens to him,

The Hurdy-Gurdy Man, D.911-24

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no-bo - dy comes near;
Growl-ing dogs sur-round him, but he shows no fear;

No -thing mat-ters to him, what will be will be;
And his hur-dy-gur-dy

plays un-end-ing-ly,
and his hur-dy-gur-dy plays un-end-ing- ly.

Strange old wan-dring mins-trel,
we shall walk a - long,

To your hur-dy gur-dy, I shall sing my song. —