The Erl King

Published 1798 or possibly earlier.
Poem by Matthew Lewis (1775-1818),
translated from Goethe

Briskly
A glee

John Wall Calcott (1766-1821)

Accompaniment added by William Horsley (1774-1858)
wrapped him up warm.

My Father, my Father, the

wrapped him up warm. Why trembles my darling? Why shrinks he with fear?

Erl King is near! The Erl King with his Crown, and his beard long and white. My Child you're deceived by the

va-pours of night. My Child you're deceived by the va-pours of night.
me go_ a_ way, I'll give thee fine gar-ments, we'll play a_ fine play; Fine flo- wers are
grow-ing, white, scar-let, and blue, On the banks of_ yon_ ri-ver, and all_are for
My fa- ther, my Fa- ther, and dost thou not hear, What words the Erl King whis-pers soft in my
you.
Oh hush thee, my Child, set thy bosom at ease; Thou hear'st but the willows when murmurs the breeze.

If thou wilt, dear Baby, with me go a-
purple and gold who is dressed, Shall love thee, and kiss thee, and sing thee to

My Father, my Father, and dost thou not see The Erl King and his Daughter are waiting for

Oh shame thee, my Infant, 'tis fear makes thee blind, Thou see'st the dark willows which

Oh shame thee, my Infant, 'tis fear makes thee blind, Thou see'st the dark willows which
wave in the wind; Thou see'st the dark will-ows that wave in the wind.

wave in the wind; Thou see'st the dark will-ows that wave in the wind. Bass Solo

wave in the wind; Thou see'st the dark will-ows that wave in the wind. I love thee, I doat on thy

1st Treble Solo

My Fa- ther, my fea-tures so fine; I must and will have thee, and force makes thee mine.

Fa- ther, oh hold me now fast, He pulls me, he hurts me, he'll have me at last.
The Father he trembled, he doubled his speed, O'er hills and through forests he spurred his black steed; But when he arrived at his own Castle door, Life throbbed in the

spurred his black steed; But when he arrived at his own Castle door, Life throbbed in the

spurred his black steed; But when he arrived at his own Castle door, Life throbbed in the
poor Ba-by's bo-som no more; Life throbbed in the poor Ba-by's bo-som no more.

Source: "A Collection of glees, canons and catches, composed by the late John Wall Calcott", edited (c. 1824) by William Horsley, volume 2.