

# Longing

## Sehnsucht

Hugo Distler

Eduard Mörike  
(1804-1875)

Mörike Chorliederbuch, op. 19

### Part I

\*) **Rasche [fast]**

S

1. On this bright win - ter morn - ing I feel — so strange - ly bright!  
2. The rocks and cliffs are glow - ing, the vil - lage and the woods,  
3. With bus - y - ness I'm har - rowed, my spir - its lift - ed, fair;  
4. I'd storm the gates of cas - tles and leap — up - on the walls,  
5. I'd rush to fol - low af - ter the vic - to - ry pa - rade!

A

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B

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5. I'd rush to fol - low af - ter the vic - to - ry pa - rade!

9

O morn - ing sun — I'm glow - ing, warmed by your youth - ful light,  
and drunk - en clouds — are roll - ing down val - ley like a flood,  
thoughts fly like gold - en ar - rows and van - ish in the air,  
I'd sing great songs — of bat - tles and fight for ev - 'ry cause,  
The harp was long — since shat - tered that just for love was made,

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\*) All the composer's settings in op. 19 are originally without key signature. [Ed.]

\*\*) All sing stems down for vss. 2, 3, and 4 at this point; stems up for vss. 1 and 5.

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Source: Bärenreiter Ausgabe 1537

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O morn - ing sun, I'm glow - ing, warmed by your youth - ful light!  
 and drunk - en clouds are roll - ing down val - ley like a flood.  
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**Part II**

**Nur wenig langsamer (only a little slower)**

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6. What? Rav - ing with - out rea - son. Heart, have you not giv'n - thought, have  
 7. Ah, well! The son with - in me is but the bliss of love; the  
 8. What helps, what helps my long - ing? Be - loved, if you were here, in



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 7. Ah, well! The son with - in me is but the bliss of love;  
 8. What helps, what helps my long - ing? Be - loved, if you were here,

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you in haste for - got - ten what made you so be - sot, have  
 tan - gled notes are creep - ing back soft - ly to their trove, the  
 thou - sand joy - tears throng - ing, the world would dis - ap - pear, in

you in haste for - got - ten what made you so be - sot, have  
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 in thou - sand joy - tears throng - ing, the world would dis - ap - pear, in

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 tan - gled notes are creep - ing back soft - ly to their trove.  
 thou - sand joy - tears throng - ing, the world would dis - ap - pear!

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