

Visions Intérieures

The Developing Song Cycle

Disc A

The Early German Song Cycle

Wander Lieder [1818]

(Uhland) [18:46]

- | | |
|----------|-------------------------|
| 1 | 1 - Lebewohl |
| 2 | 2 - Scheiden und Meiden |
| 3 | 3 - In der Ferne |
| 4 | 4 - Morgenlied |
| 5 | 5 - Nachtreise |
| 6 | 6 - Winterreise |
| 7 | 7 - Abreise |
| 8 | 8 - Einkehr |
| 9 | 9 - Heimkehr |

Brautlieder [1856-59]

(Cornelius) [15:05]

- | | |
|-----------|------------------------|
| 10 | 1 - Ein Myrtenreis |
| 11 | 2 - Der Liebe Lohn |
| 12 | 3 - Vorabend |
| 13 | 4 - Erwachen |
| 14 | 5 - Aus dem hohen Lied |
| 15 | 6 - Erfüllung |

Conradin Kreutzer

(1780-1849)

- | | |
|--|------|
| | 1:43 |
| | 2:24 |
| | 2:37 |
| | 2:30 |
| | 3:21 |
| | 1:28 |
| | 1:10 |
| | 1:53 |
| | 1:40 |

Peter Cornelius

(1824-1874)

- | | |
|--|------|
| | 1:31 |
| | 2:03 |
| | 2:40 |
| | 1:58 |
| | 2:23 |
| | 4:30 |

Sechs Deutsche Lieder [1833]

(Heine) [14:12]

- | | |
|-----------|------------------------|
| 16 | 1 - Lebe Wohl |
| 17 | 2 - Der Strom |
| 18 | 3 - Mitgefühl |
| 19 | 4 - Hass und Liebe |
| 20 | 5 - Die Thräne |
| 21 | 6 - Träumen und Wachen |

Sieben Gesänge aus dem Spanischen Liederbuch 1860]

(trans. Heyse and Geibel) [17:27]

- | | |
|-----------|--|
| 22 | 1 - Holde, schattenreiche Bäume |
| 23 | 2 - Mutter, ich hab' zwei Äugelein gesehen |
| 24 | 3 - Nelken wind' ich und Jasmin |
| 25 | 4 - Sie blasen zum Abmarsch |
| 26 | 5 - Unter den Bäumen |
| 27 | 6 - Es rauben Gedanken den Schlaf mir |
| 28 | 7 - Dereinst, Gedanke mein, wirst ruhig sein |

Die Temperamente bei dem Verluste der Geliebten [1816]

(Gubitz) [13:19]

- | | |
|-----------|----------------------|
| 29 | 1 - Der Leichtmütige |
| 30 | 2 - Der Schwermütige |
| 31 | 3 - Der Liebewütige |
| 32 | 4 - Der Gleichmütige |

Sigismund Thalberg

(1812-1871)

- | | |
|--|------|
| | 3:33 |
| | 1:47 |
| | 1:26 |
| | 2:12 |
| | 2:49 |
| | 2:25 |

Adolf Jensen

(1837-1879)

- | | |
|--|------|
| | 3:25 |
| | 2:34 |
| | 2:26 |
| | 2:25 |
| | 2:53 |
| | 1:46 |
| | 1:58 |

Carl Maria von Weber

(1786-1826)

- | | |
|--|------|
| | 4:04 |
| | 3:11 |
| | 2:45 |
| | 3:20 |

Georgine Resick, soprano
Andrew Willis, fortepiano

The Wanderer: The Song Cycle in Migration

Robaiyat de Omar Khayyam [1924]

(trans. Toussaint) [9:16]

- | | | |
|----------|---|--|
| 1 | 1 - Chaque matin | |
| 2 | 2 - Pourquoi | |
| 3 | 3 - Nuit. Silence. | |
| 4 | 4 - Quand tu chancelles sous le poids de la douleur | |
| 5 | 5 - Serviteurs, n'apportez pas les lampes | |

Jean Cras
(1879-1932)1:24
1:47
2:16
1:51
1:41**Bunte Lieder, Op. 22 [1910]**

[11:14]

- | | | |
|-----------|--|--|
| 6 | 1 - Einsiedel (Bulke) | |
| 7 | 2 - Lied des Mädchens am Fenster (Paquet) | |
| 8 | 3 - An kleine Mädchen (Faktor) | |
| 9 | 4 - Das hat die Sommernacht getan (Ritter) | |
| 10 | 5 - Bestimmung (Huch) | |

Karol Szymanowski
(1882-1937)2:04
2:57
2:28
1:53
1:37**Four sonnets, Op. 48 [1892]**

(Mickiewicz) [10:31]

- | | | |
|-----------|---------------------|--|
| 11 | 1 - Cisca Morska | |
| 12 | 2 - Dzieńdobry | |
| 13 | 3 - Ranek i Wieczór | |
| 14 | 4 - Do Niemna | |

César Cui
(1835-1918)2:25
2:32
2:43
2:38**Trois Chansons, Extraites de "La Petite Sirène" [1926]**

(Andersen/Morax) [2:27]

- | | | |
|-----------|---------------------------|--|
| 15 | 1 - Chanson des Sirènes | |
| 16 | 2 - Berceuse de la Sirène | |
| 17 | 3 - Chanson de la Poire | |

Arthur Honegger
(1892-1955)1:06
:55
:23**Hafvets sommar [1915]**

(Rangström) [18:38]

- | | | |
|-----------|---------------------|--|
| 18 | 1 - Gryning | |
| 19 | 2 - Solstänk | |
| 20 | 3 - Regnvisa | |
| 21 | 4 - I middagshettan | |
| 22 | 5 - Julidagen | |
| 23 | 6 - Efter strider | |
| 24 | 7 - Solnedgång | |
| 25 | 8 - Skymning | |
| 26 | 9 - Mänskensstyke | |
| 27 | 10 - Natt | |

Keepsake [1918]

(Jean-Aubry) [5:01]

- | | | |
|-----------|------------|--|
| 28 | 1 - Light | |
| 29 | 2 - Song | |
| 30 | 3 - Stream | |

Feuilles au vent (second series) [1910]

[19:26]

- | | | |
|-----------|-----------------------------------|--|
| 31 | 1 - La libellule (Gautier) | |
| 32 | 2 - En caïque (Grenier) | |
| 33 | 3 - Visions intérieures (Grenier) | |
| 34 | 4 - Hermanita (Grenier) | |
| 35 | 5 - L'Infini (Grenier) | |
| 36 | 6 - La veille du départ (Grenier) | |

Georgine Resick, soprano
Warren Jones, piano**Ture Rangström**
(1884-1947)1:12
1:07
:55
4:04
2:22
2:17
1:56
1:05
1:33
1:38**Gian Francesco Malipiero**
(1882 - 1973)1:18
1:21
2:16**Emile Paladilhe**
(1844 - 1926)3:18
3:17
3:36
2:32
1:21
5:01

Visions Intérieures

The Developing Song Cycle

The great flowering of the song cycle - related to the rise of the lyric cycle in the poetic realm - occurred in nineteenth century Germany and Austria. The first true example of the song cycle form has been generally agreed to be Ludwig van Beethoven's *An die ferne Geliebte*, composed in 1816. Song collections of a cyclic character had actually been composed as early as 1623, and thematically connected groups of songs had evolved by the late years of the eighteenth century. *Liederkreise* (lit. "song circles") - in which social groups of poets and musicians gathered together to perform and listen to thematically united groups of songs and try to discover the game or key to a puzzle contained within the work - were popular long before *An die ferne Geliebte*; Beethoven's cycle was innovative in that it was composed with transitional musical material leading from one song to the next, requiring an uninterrupted performance by one singer and one pianist.

The song cycle reached its peak in the great works of Franz Schubert (*Die Schöne Müllerin* and *Die Winterreise*, composed in 1823 and 1827 respectively) and Robert Schumann (*Liederkreise*, Op. 24 and Op. 39, *Dichterliebe*, and *Frauenliebe und -Leben*, all composed in 1840). Only recently has attention been focused on the generation of songs and song cycles preceding Franz Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin* and on those composed before and after the great works of Robert Schumann. Since one hears so little of the repertoire from these gap periods - aside from occasional performances of cycles by Carl Maria von Weber or Carl Löwe - one must wonder just who was responsible for the development and continuation of the song cycle form.

It is a romantic assumption that Schubert's great song cycles could have magically emerged, like Aphrodite rising fully formed out of the sea, from the imagination of a single composer working in isolation; one thereby loses sight of centuries of musical development which prepared the way for Schubert's particular genius. The song cycles of both Schubert and Schumann inspired numerous imitations, many of which, while not attaining the depth and breadth of their models, are charming and integrated works. Disc A: ***The Early German Song Cycle*** explores some of the best representations of the genre in this period in cycles by Carl Maria von Weber, Conradin Kreutzer, Sigismund Thalberg, Peter Cornelius, and Adolf Jensen.

By the late nineteenth century, the preference of the great German/Austrian song composers (Hugo Wolf, Gustav Mahler, and Richard Strauss, among others) for songs and song cycles with orchestral accompaniment was emerging. During this period the song cycle with piano accompaniment underwent a decline in the German-speaking countries, but was still developing elsewhere in Europe. Gifted composers of many lands turned their hands to the form with stunning and original effect, frequently by means of harmonic or chromatic experiments and often within an overtly nationalistic musical movement. For César Cui, Karol Szymanowski, Arthur Honegger, Ture Rangström and Gian-Francesco Malipiero, a restless musical rebelliousness was given scope and definition by membership - at least during their formative years - in a group of like-minded composers. Disc B: ***The Wanderer: The Song Cycle in Migration*** presents French, Russian, Swedish, Italian and Polish song cycles from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Visions Intérieures thus fills in lacunae in the recorded history of the song cycle, addressing both the early development of the form in its German/Austrian

home and its later transformation in the countries surrounding its birthplace. The performers hope to bring attention to the works of some *Kleinmeister* ("minor masters") who may not have achieved lasting fame, but who composed musical gems which were well received in their time and had some impact on subsequent musical developments. A sidelight is the presentation of neglected works by well-known composers writing outside their principal genre: Arthur Honegger and Karol Szymanowski, for example, were best known as symphonists, Carl Maria von Weber as an opera composer, Emile Paladilhe for his sacred choral works, and Jean Cras for his chamber music.

Each work in this collection was recorded on a keyboard instrument current at the time of its composition. The song cycles by Carl Maria von Weber and Conradin Kreutzer employ textures and harmonies that can be realized perfectly through the light, crisp tone of a six-octave fortepiano, in this instance a six-octave Neupert fortepiano after Dulcken (Munich, 1815-20). The cycles by Peter Cornelius, Sigismund Thalberg, and Adolf Jensen were composed with a richer, more chromatic harmonic language and fuller piano textures; to realize the subtle shading and contrast demanded by this music, the six-and-a-half octave Bösendorfer grand (Vienna, 1841) offers a deeper, more colorful tonal envelope. Piano builders like Dulcken and Bösendorfer sought to incorporate clarity, sweetness, flexibility, and a seamless blend with the voice into the very nature of their instruments. Both pianos speak a very different language from that of the modern nine-foot Steinway D concert grand piano on which *The Wanderer* was recorded. By the mid-nineteenth century, as the technology of piano-building developed and pianos gained in power and resonance, composers began writing songs which could take advantage of the instrument's expanded expressive palette. By the 1880s the "modern" piano was essentially

established; since that time, however, manufacturers have continued to introduce refinements which allow for more volume and resonance. The Steinway provides a depth, range of color, and dynamics unimagined in the early nineteenth century.

~notes by Georgine Resick



Andrew Willis and Georgine Resick

Disc A: THE EARLY GERMAN SONG CYCLE

In the early nineteenth century the song cycle tended to be either a collection of songs on a unified theme or the progress of a single character (often a physical journey as an analogy for progress through an emotional crisis). Ludwig Uhland's poetic cycle "Wander Lieder" grew out of the early nineteenth century tradition of the "Handwerkerlied" (journeyman's song), in which the young man "bids good-bye to the town, the master, the sweetheart, and promises not to come back and to find greener pastures." (Luisa Eitel Peake) Cycles on the *Wanderlieder* model appeared frequently throughout the nineteenth century.

In stark contrast to the sense of ensemble drama of Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin*, each of whose three roles was originally performed by a different singer, the protagonist in Conradin Kreutzer's (1780-1849) *Wander Lieder* of 1818 is a very solitary figure. Uhland's close collaboration with his young protégé in the musical setting of his poems resulted in a true melding of text and music into a cohesive whole: a musically simple but effective rendering of an engaging young man's physical and emotional journey. (Uhland's wanderer departs from the typical model in that he does eventually return "home," albeit with considerable trepidation.) It has been suggested that Kreutzer's and not Beethoven's cycle was the true forerunner of Schubert's cycles *Die Schöne Müllerin* and *Die Winterreise*, having inspired not only the composer but also his poet, Wilhelm Müller – some of whose poems Kreutzer had already set to music. To dismissive comments on Kreutzer's "Wander Lieder", Schubert is said to have replied, "I wish I had written them."

Over half of Peter Cornelius' (1824-1874) song output was produced between 1853 and 1856. In spite of valiant attempts to maintain his musical independence, his *Brautlieder* - composed from 1856-1859 in the shadow of Schumann's second Lieder period and in the midst of innovations in musical drama by Wagner and Liszt – incorporate the musical styles of all three composers. Cornelius himself wrote the texts for this and several of his other cycles, following his call for new poetry "founded in the real and material world." One of the few nineteenth-century cycles from a woman's point of view, *Brautlieder* offers a charming alternative to Schumann's often-performed *Frauenliebe und -Leben*.

Sigismund Thalberg (1812-1871) and Franz Liszt competed for the title of the greatest concert pianist of the mid-nineteenth century. Respected in many circles for his composition, Thalberg was best known for his long, virtuoso piano pastiches of Italian operas; he also wrote several sets of songs with piano accompaniment. One of many composers to gravitate to the lyricism of Heine's poetry, Thalberg constructed his cycle *Sechs Deutsche Lieder* out of excerpts from three different collections of Heine's early poems. The work focuses on the journey of a moody, bitter young man who, despite his attempts to forget his beloved, is forced in the end to acknowledge that his emotions are as fully engaged as they were at the outset. The inner sense of the poetry is admirably captured in Thalberg's musical settings: simple, yet with surprising harmonic twists and occasional passages of some virtuosity for the pianist.

The Lieder of Adolf Jensen (1837-1879) - a disciple of Schumann and Liszt and later an enthusiastic Wagnerite - won critical acclaim during his lifetime but were subsequently forgotten. He wrote several song cycles which are both lush and full of chromatic innovations. Jensen's *Gesänge aus dem Spanischen Liederbuch* (Opus 4) of 1860, modeled on the works of Schumann, are settings of

poems drawn from the same collection of Spanish poetry (translated by Heyse and Geibel) which inspired Hugo Wolf some thirty years later. Through careful selection, Jensen crafted a moving cycle detailing a tormented young woman's immersion in an unhappy liaison with a soldier.

Carl Maria von Weber's (1786-1826) *Die Temperamente bei dem Verluste der Geliebten* appeared in 1816, the same year as Beethoven's groundbreaking *An die ferne Geliebte*. Weber's cycle may be considered the satirical culmination of the four-affect song cycle which had already been appearing regularly for several decades: it is a witty and elegant compendium of the manner in which a man of each of the four temperaments (sanguine, melancholic, choleric, phlegmatic) might respond to the loss of his beloved. On the verge of beginning work on *Der Freischütz*, the masterful opera composer here turned his considerable dramatic gifts to thumbnail sketches of character and dramatic situation, defining with scathing wit a credible character for each of the songs in the cycle.

Disc B: THE WANDERER: THE SONG CYCLE IN MIGRATION

Diverging from the early German model of the journey or progress of a character, the song cycle by the end of the nineteenth century was often fashioned from works by a single poet on a given theme, a theme considered by a variety of poets, or a single unifying poetic form. Many of the works included in *The Wanderer* were directly influenced by early song cycle composers Franz Schubert, Robert Schumann, and Gabriel Fauré, or their successors Hugo Wolf, Richard Strauss, and Claude Debussy. In an interesting cultural crossover, *The Wanderer* presents songs by a Russian composer of French-Lithuanian descent composing songs in Polish, a German-influenced Polish composer setting

German poetry, a French-influenced Italian, and French composers setting translations of great texts from Persia and Denmark. This complex international web underscores Karol Szymanowski's commitment to what he called "Europeanism": "the ever-increasing reciprocation of interests undoubtedly taking place between the cultured classes of Europe."

Jean Cras (1879-1932), a "spiritual son" of Henri Duparc who later developed his own brand of Impressionism, is best known for his sophisticated chamber music. His *Robaiyat*, a technically superb and hauntingly evocative setting of five extracts from Omar Khayyam's famous collection of Persian poems, displays Cras's interest in the exotic. He expanded on the harmonic language of Debussy and Ravel and employed accompaniment figures which, while rhythmically reminiscent of Schubert and Beethoven, are cast in a sultry, drugged Middle Eastern atmosphere. A champion of the cyclic form, Cras consistently honored the integrity of the text. Although his music was often performed by leading artists in the 1920s, it subsequently was largely neglected; it is only in the last ten years that the value of Cras's work has begun to be recognized.

Karol Szymanowski (1882-1937), born into a landed-gentry family of Polish patriots and arts connoisseurs, was a founding member of Young Poland in Music, yet subsequently developed an essentially European outlook. His *Bunte Lieder* (Colorful Songs), Opus 22, from his Viennese Period (which included a temporary obsession with German literature), were deeply influenced by two great composers of the late German Romantic tradition: Arnold Schönberg and Richard Strauss. In his *Bunte Lieder*, however, Szymanowski pursued the development of his own distinctive path without losing his Romantic roots; the composer was at this point in the process of transforming

outside influences into an intensely personal and spiritual expression. Although Szymanowski published his *Bunte Lieder* - settings of his own collection of undeniably colorful poems by various poets - as a cycle, the songs display no unity of theme aside from an array of characters who rebelliously operate outside society's expectations (among them a renegade priest, a prostitute, and a suspiciously witchlike storyteller). The composer seems to have constructed a cycle of the greatest possible variety. Szymanowski's reputation for ecstasy is amply supported in the wide sweeps of melody and the fearless, almost reckless harmonies of these songs.

Despite his ambitious composition of a large number of stage works (all of which have fallen into obscurity), it was in the miniatures - short chamber works, songs, and piano pieces - of his later years that César Cui (1835-1918) found his claim to fame. A member of the Russian Five, he set texts in Polish, French, and German as well as Russian. In 1892 Cui composed *Four Sonnets* (Opus 48), a reminiscence of youth and a long-lost love in a far-away homeland. The composer took advantage of unity of poetic form in four sonnets from various collections by the great Polish poet Adam Mickiewicz, who had been exiled to the Crimea in the 1920s. Heavily influenced by Schumann, Chopin and Balakirev, Cui's beautiful, heartfelt settings are enlivened by experimentation with unusual harmonies.

Despite the fact that his reputation rested on his skills as a contrapuntist and symphonist, Arthur Honegger (1892-1955) composed many excellent songs. In 1926, during the composition of his large-scale dramatic works *Judith* and *Phaedra* and amidst the turbulence of his wedding to pianist Andrée Vaurabourg shortly after his illegitimate son was born to singer Claire Croiza, Arthur Honegger produced his charming *Trois Chansons* (originally set for chamber ensemble) for René Morax's marionette play of Hans Christian

Andersen's story, *The Little Mermaid*. This diminutive cycle, which bears the unmistakably insouciant stamp of Les Six, clearly shows his admiration for the work of Debussy, Ravel, and Fauré (who, in his turn, considered Honegger to be the most gifted composer of his generation), tempered by his flirtation with bi-tonality - here at the interval of a seventh.

A founding member of the Swedish Composers Society, Ture Rangström (1884-1947) was one of the last proponents of the Swedish National-Romantic movement developed near the turn of the century. His brash, exuberant early works earned him the nickname "Sturm und Drangström." By the 1914-15 season, when *Hafvets sommar* was completed, Rangström's unabashed dissonance led the Stockholm Concert Association to ban his music for being "too terrifyingly modern." He is now viewed as one of the most important Swedish song composers. Rangström's intensely expressive settings utilized "speech melody," his technique of developing a vocal line from expressively reading the text aloud. The composer's tendency toward programmatic music was given free reign in his 250 songs, particularly those (including *Hafvets sommar*) for which he wrote his own texts. *Hafvets sommar* adheres to the dramatic unities of time and place, set at the sea near Stockholm over the span of a single day. Rangström paints the seascape less in true poetry than in a series of visions, ranging from a bold, expansive sweep to delicate intimacy and dark Nordic melancholy; he thereby infuses the piano accompaniment with an almost orchestral range of color and rhythm. Rangström was almost totally self-taught, though shades of Hugo Wolf and Edvard Grieg haunt the pages of this cycle.

Gian Francesco Malipiero (1882-1973), born into an aristocratic Venetian family with deep musical roots, was profoundly influenced by the

music of Claude Debussy. In 1911 he formed the avant-garde Lega dei Cinque with Respighi, Pizzetti, and two other composers; however, it was his meeting with Alfredo Casella that provided him with the impetus for his quest to modernize Italian music. Though only marginally associated with the Italian futurist movement, he was a charter member of the Società Italiana di Music Moderna established in 1917. His cycle *Keepsake*, composed in 1918 in response to the turbulence of the wartime years (the period Malipiero himself pinpointed as his most formative) and to the wrenching break-up of his first marriage, utilizes the whole-tone scale to connote unrest. Malipiero was considered by many to be the most original and inventive Italian composer of his generation.

Emile Paladilhe's (1844-1926) *Feuilles au vent*, the second series in a lengthy cycle, was devised by the composer of poems by various poets on the rather vague theme of "leaves in the wind." Paladilhe's technical skill and musical elegance are exemplary, though the reversion of his *Feuilles au vent* to the mid-nineteenth century style of Fauré and Massenet was a Romantic anomaly in the progressive musical atmosphere of France in 1910.

Disc A - The Early German Song Cycle

Wander Lieder

1 - Lebewohl

*Lebe wohl, lebe wohl, mein Lieb!
Muss noch heute scheiden.
Einen Kuss, einen Kuss mir gieb!
Muss dich ewig meiden.*

*Eine Blüth', eine Blüth' mir brich,
Von dem Baum im Garten!
Keine Frucht, keine Frucht für mich!
Darf sie nicht erwarten!*

*Lebe wohl, lebe wohl, mein Lieb!
Muss noch heute scheiden.
Einen Kuss, einen Kuss mir gieb!
Muss dich ewig meiden.*

2 - Scheiden und Meiden

*So soll ich dich nun meiden,
Du meines Lebens Lust?
Du küssest mich zum Scheiden,
Ich drücke dich an die Brust.*

*Ach Liebchen! heisst das meiden
Wenn man sich herzt,
Wenn man sich küsst?
Ach Liebchen! heisst das scheiden,
Wenn man sich fest umschliesst?*

3 - In der Ferne

Will ruhen unter den Bäumen hier

Farewell

*Farewell, farewell, my love!
I must depart today.
Give me one kiss, one kiss!
I must leave you forever.*

*A blossom, a blossom break for me
From the tree in the garden!
No fruit, no fruit for me!
That I may not expect!*

*Farewell, farewell, my love!
I must depart today.
Give me one kiss, one kiss!
I must leave you forever.*

Parting and Absence

*So now I must leave you,
You, the joy of my life?
You kiss me in farewell,
I press you to my breast.*

*Ah, dearest! is it parting
When one caresses and kisses?*

*Ah, dearest! is it separation,
When one embraces fervently?*

From a Distance

I will rest here under the trees

Die Vöglein hör' ich so gerne!
Wie singet ihr so zum Herzen mir!
Von unsrer Liebe was wisset ihr
In dieser weiten Ferne?

Will ruhen hier an des Baches Rand
Wo duftige Blümlein spriessen.
Wer hat euch Blümlein hierher gesandt?
Seid ihr ein herzliches Liebespand
Aus der Ferne von meiner Süssen?

4 - Morgenlied

Nach ahnt man kaum das Sonnenlicht,
Noch sind die Morgenglocken
Nicht im finstern Thal erklingen.
Wie still des Waldes weiter Raum!
Wie still! Wie still!

Die Vöglein zwitschern nur im Traum
Kein Sang hat sich erschwungen.
Ich hab mich längst ins Feld gemacht,
Und habe schon dies Lied erdacht,
Und hab es laut gesungen.

5 - Nachtreise

Ich reit' ins finstre Land hinein,
Nicht Mond, noch Sterne geben Schein,
Die kalten Winde tosen.

Oft hab ich diesen Weg gemacht,
Wann goldner Sonnenschein gelacht,
Bei lauer Lüfte kosen.

Ich reit' am finstern Garten hin,
Die dürren Bäume sausen drin,
Die welken Blätter fallen.

Hier pflegt ich in der Rosenzeit,
Wann alles sich der Liebe weihet

I listen to the birds so gladly!
How they capture my heart!
What can you know of our love
From such a distance?

I will rest on the bank of the brook
Where fragrant flowers blossom.
Who sent you flowers here?
Are you a token of love
From my sweet one so far away?

Morning Song

One can scarcely sense the sunlight,
The morning bells have not yet
Sounded in the gloomy valley.
How silent the expanse of the forest!
How silent! How silent!

The birds twitter now in their dreams
Not yet awakened to song,
I am already underway,
And have written this song
And sang it out loud.

Night journey

I ride into the gloomy land,
Without light from moon or stars,
The cold wind blusters.

I have often come this way
When golden sunlight laughed
In the caress of mild breezes.

I ride into the dark garden,
The barren trees sigh therein
The withered leaves fall.

Here, in the time of roses
When all was devoted to love,

Mit meinem Lieb zu wallen.

Erloschen ist der Sonne Strahl,
Verwelkt die Rosen allzumal,
Mein Lieb zu Grab getragen.

Ich reit' ins finstre Land hinein,
Im Wintersturm ohn' allen Schein,
Den Mantel umgeschlagen.

Erloschen ist der Sonne Strahl,
Verwelkt die Rosen allzumal,
Mein Lieb zu Grab getragen.

6 - Winterreise

Bei diesem kalten Wehen
Sind alle Strassen leer,
Die Wasser stille stehen,
Ich aber schweif' umher.

Die Sonne scheint so trübe,
Muss früh hinunter gehn,
Erloschen ist die Liebe,
Die Lust kann nicht bestehn.

Nun geht der Wald zu Ende,
Im Dorfe mach' ich Halt!
Da wärme ich mir die Hände,
Bleibt auch das Herze kalt.

7 - Abreise

So hab' ich nun die Stadt verlassen,
Wo ich gelebet lange Zeit;
Ich ziehe rüstig meiner Strassen,
Es giebt mir Niemand das Geleit.

Man hat mir nicht den Rock zerrissen,
Es wär' auch Schade für das Kleid!
Noch in die Wange mich gebissen

I used to wander with my beloved.

The sun's rays are extinguished,
The roses altogether withered,
My love carried to the grave.

I ride into the gloomy land,
In a winter storm without brightness
My coat wrapped about me.

The sun's rays are extinguished,
The roses altogether withered,
My love carried to the grave.

Winter's Journey

In these cold snowdrifts
All the streets are empty
The water cold and still,
I, however, ramble about.

The sun shines so cheerlessly
And sets early,
Where love is extinguished,
Joy cannot endure.

Now I reach the end of the wood,
I stop in the village.
There I warm my hands,
But my heart remains cold.

Departure

So now I have left the city
Where I lived for a long time;
I march briskly on my road,
No-one accompanies me.

No-one has either torn at my coat,
(It would be too bad for my clothes!)
Nor bitten my cheeks

Vor übergroßem Herzeleid.

Auch Keinem hat's den Schlaf vertrieben,
Dass ich am Morgen weiter geh;
Sie konnten's halten nach Belieben,
Von Einer aber thut mir's weh!

8 - Einkehr

Bei einem Wirthe, wundermild,
Da war ich jüngst zu Gaste;
Ein goldner Apfel war sein Schild,
An einem langen, langen Aste.

Es war der gute Apfelbaum,
Bei dem ich eingekehret
Mit süßer Kost und frischem Schaum
Hat er mich wohl genähret.

Es kamen in sein grünes Haus
Viel leicht beschwingte Gäste;
Sie sprangen frei und hielten Schmaus,
Und sangen auf das Beste.

Ich fand ein Bett zu süßer Ruh
Auf weichen grünen Matten;
Der Wirth, er deckte selbst mich zu
Mit seinem kühlen Schatten.

Nun fragt ich nach der Schuldigkeit,
Da schüttelt er den Wipfel!
Gesegnet sey er allezeit
Von der Wurzel bis zum Gipfel.

9 - Heimkehr

O brich nicht, Steg,
Du zitterst sehr.
O stürz' nicht, Fels,
Du dräuest schwer!

Out of exaggerated sadness at my leaving.

It has disturbed no-one's sleep
That I travel onwards tomorrow;
They may take it as they wish,
From One, however, it hurts me!

Lodging

I was recently the guest
Of a wonderfully gentle host;
A golden apple was his symbol
On a long, long branch.

It was the good apple tree
With whom I lodged
With sweet fare and fresh froth
He nourished me well.

Many slightly tipsy guests
Came into his green house;
They leaped about and held a feast
And sang as well as they could.

I found a bed for my sweet rest
On a soft green mat;
The innkeeper covered me
With his own cool shadow.

When I asked what I owed,
He shook his branches!
Blessed be he for all time
From his roots to his crown.

Homecoming

Break not, footbridge,
You tremble so.
Do not tumble down, cliff,
You threaten so!

Weil, geh' nicht unter,
Himmel, fall' nicht ein,
Eh' ich mag bei der Liebsten sein!

World, do not end,
Sky, do not fall in
Before I am with my love again!

Brautlieder

10 - Ein Myrtenreis

In meinem Herzen
Regte der Liebe Wunsch sich leis,
Da pflanzt' ich ein und pflegte
Ein zartes Myrtenreis.

In Leid und Lust
Erglühte der Liebe Flamme heiss,
Da wuchs empor und blühte
Mein zartes Myrtenreis.

Und nun mein Herz
Errungen der Liebe reichsten Preis,
Hat sich zum Kranz verschlungen
Mein zartes Myrtenreis.

11 - Der Liebe Lohn

Süss tönt Gesanges Hauch
Wenn Alles ruht,
Süss tönt das Rieseln auch
Perlender Flut;

Süss tönet Glockenklang
Vom fernen Bergeshang,
Und noch viel schönern Schall
Singet die Nachtigall ins Blütenall!

A Myrtle Sprig

In my heart
A wish for love gently stirred,
There I planted and nourished
A sweet sprig of myrtle.

In pain and joy
Glowed the flame of love,
There grew tall and bloomed
My sweet myrtle sprig.

And now my heart,
Having won love's greatest prize,
Has woven into a wreath
My sweet myrtle sprig.

Love's Reward

Sweetly sings the tuneful breeze
When all is at rest,
Sweetly sings also the pearly flood
Of the waterfall,

Sweetly sing the bell-tones
From the far-off cliff,
And with a yet more beautiful ring
Sings the nightingale in the heavens!

Aber der schönste Ton
War meiner Liebe Lohn,
Da du mich fest umschlangst,
Lieblich ins Ohr mir sangst wonnigen Laut:
"Sei meine Braut!"

Schön ist der Blume Glanz,
Schillernd im Tau,
Schön ist der Sternenglanz
Himmlicher Au;

Schön ist des Mondes Licht,
Das sich an Wogen bricht,
Und noch viel hellre Pracht
Wekket nach tiefer Nacht
Der Sonne Macht,

Aber am hellsten tagt,
Was mir dein Auge sagt,
Dass du dein Herz mir weihst,
Seliges Glück verleihst,
Alles mir gibst:

Dass du mich liebst!

12 - Vorabend

Nun, Liebster, geh' und scheid, e,
Die letzte Trennung leide,
Die noch uns trennet beide.

Nun lass uns ruhn und träumen,
Dass wir keine Stunde versäumen,
Die morgen kommen mag,

Nun, Liebster, geh, nun scheid, e,
Morgen is auch noch ein Tag,
Morgen!

But the loveliest tone
Was the reward of my love,
That you fervently embraced me,
Lovingly sang in my ear the joyful phrase:
"Be my bride!"

Lovely is the flower's glow
Glittering with dew;
Lovely is the glow of stars
In the meadow of heaven;
Lovely is the moonlight
That breaks over the waves

And the power of the sun
Awakens, after deepest night,
A yet brighter splendor,

But brightest of all is
What your eye tells me,
That you devote your heart to me,
Grant me blessed joy, give me everything:

That you love me!

The Evening Before

Now, beloved, go, now depart,
Endure the final separation
That still parts us.

Now let us rest and dream,
That we may not miss an hour of
What may come tomorrow.

Now, beloved, go, now depart,
Tomorrow is another day -
Tomorrow!

Nun, Liebster, geh, nun scheid, e,
Bis wir im Feierkleide
Uns wiedersehen beide,

Bis uns für immer einet
Das Licht, das morgen scheint,
Der schönsten Stunde Schlag,
Nun, Liebster, geh, nun scheid, e,
Morgen ist auch noch ein Tag,
Morgen!

13 - Erwachen

Die Nacht vergeht nach süßter Ruh',
Hör mein Gebet, Allmächt'ger, du!

Der du dein Bild, den Menschen, schufst,
Die Gattin mild ans Herz ihm rufst.
O, lass den Trieb der Liebe mein
Der ew'gen Lieb' ein Abbild sein,
Dass jeder Tag, mit ihm vereint,
Mir scheinen mag, wie dieser scheint.

Bis Liebe geht dem Himmel zu
Hör mein Gebet, Allmächt'ger, du!

14 - Aus dem hohen Lied

Mein Freund ist mein, und ich bin sein!
Den meine Seele liebt,
Ich fand ihn nun,

Es darf mein Haupt
Auf seiner Linken ruhn,
Und seine Rechte hegt mich kosend ein.

Mein Freund ist mein, und ich bin sein!
Ich zwang sein Herz,
Dass er mich lieben muss,

Now, beloved, go, now depart,
Until we see each other again
In festive raiment,

Until we are united forever
By the light that shines tomorrow,
By the chiming of the loveliest hour,
Now, beloved, go, now depart,
Tomorrow is another day -
Tomorrow!

Awaking

The night fades following sweet rest,
Hear my prayer, Almighty!

You who create man in your likeness,
Who calls the woman gently to his heart.
Oh, let the impulse of my love
Be a likeness of eternal love,
That every day, united with him,
May seem to me as this day seems.

Until love becomes a heaven
Hear my prayer, Almighty!

From the Song of Songs

My beloved is mine, and I am his!
Him whom my soul loves,
I have found him now,

May my head
Rest on his left arm,
And his right arm enclose me.

My beloved is mine, and I am his!
I seized him
And would not let him go,

Er küsse mich mit seines Mundes Kuss,
Denn seine Lieb' ist lieblicher als Wein.
Mein Freund ist mein, und ich bin sein!

Stark ist die Lieb',
ist mächtig wie der Tod,
Ein Gottesstrahl, dem kein Erlöschen droht;
Dem Gottesstrahl will unser Herz sich weih'n.

15 - Erfüllung

Nun lass mich träumen,
Lass mich schwärmen,
Mich ruhen still an deiner Brust,
Voll süßem Bangen,
Bitterm Härmen,
Ach, und unendlich hoher Lust.

O lass mich sinnend noch gedenken
Der sehnsuchtvollen Hoffnungszeit.
Erinnerung, lass die Flügel senken
Still über meine Seligkeit.

Ich träumte in der Kindheit Tagen
Das Märchen, das sich heut' begibt;
Zur Wahrheit werden Wundersagen,
Wenn sich zwei Herzen treu geliebt.

Und gleich ich nicht dem Königskinde,
Das, überdacht von Rosen, schlief,
Bis eine Stimme, süß und lind,
Zum Leben es aus Träumen rief?

Und dann ein freudiges Bewegen und Festgeläut,
Und Kuss auf Kuss,
Und lange Jahre Glück und Segen,
Das ist des Märchens schöner Schluss.

He kisses me with the kiss of his mouth,
And his love is more fragrant than wine.
My beloved is mine, and I am his!

For love is strong,
Strong as death,
A fiery beam which none may quench;
Our hearts will devote themselves
To this passionate flame!

Fulfillment

Now let me dream,
Enraptured, let me
Rest quietly on your breast,
Full of sweet worries,
Bitter sorrows,
Ah, and endless joy.

O let me pensively remember
The hopeful time of longing.
Remembrance, let your wings sink
Gently over my bliss.

I dreamed in my childhood days
The fairy tale that today comes to pass;
Fairy tales come true
When two hearts truly love each other.

And am I not like the princess
Who slept covered with roses,
Until a sweet, mild voice
Called her to life from her dream?

And then a joyful awakening and a festive peal of bells,
And kiss after kiss,
And ever after fortune and blessings,
That is the happy ending of the tale.

Sechs Deutsche Lieder

16 - Lebe Wohl

Schöner Wiege meiner Leiden,
Schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh',
Schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden,
Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
Wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
Lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
Wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Hätt ich dich doch nie gesehen,
Schöne Herzenskönigin!
Nimmer wär es dann geschehen,
Dass ich jetzt so elend bin.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erfeh't;
Nur ein stilles Leben führen
Wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen,
Bitter Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
Und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

Und die Glieder matt und träge
Schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
Bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
Ferne in ein kühles Grab.

Farewell

Lovely cradle of my suffering,
Lovely tombstone of my peace,
Lovely city, we must part,
Farewell! I call to you.

Farewell, you holy threshold
Over which my beloved ambles;
Farewell! you holy spot
Where I first saw her.

If I had never seen you,
Beautiful queen of my heart!
Then I would never
Be so wretched now.

I never wanted to stir your heart,
Never begged for love;
I wanted only to lead a quiet life
In the fragrance of your breath.

But you drag me away from my wish,
With bitter words from your mouth;
Madness rages in my senses,
And my heart is sick and wounded.

And my weak and sluggish limbs
I drag away on a pilgrim's staff,
Until I lay my weary head
Far away in a cold grave.

17 - Der Strom

Berg' und Burgen schau'n herunter
In den spiegelhellen Rhein,
Und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,
Rings umglänzt von Sonnenschein.

Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele
Goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;
Still erwachen die Gefühle,
Die ich tief im Busen hegt'.

Freundlich grüssend und verheissend
Lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;
Doch ich kenn' ihn, oben gleissend,
Bringt sein Inn'res Tod und Nacht.

Oben Lust, im Busen Tücken,
Strom, du bist der Liebsten Bild!
Die kann auch so freundlich nicken,
Lächelt auch so fromm und mild.

18 - Mitgefühl

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldnen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Die alle können's nicht wissen,

The River

Hills and castles look down
On the mirror-bright Rhine,
And my little ship sails merrily,
Surrounded by sunshine.

Peacefully I watch the play
Of golden ruffled waves,
Quietly awaken the feelings
That I sheltered deep in my breast.

With promising, friendly greetings
The beauty of the current lures one,
But I know it: shining on the surface,
Death and night within.

Outwardly joyful, spite in the bosom,
River, you are the picture of my love!
She can also nod charmingly,
Also smile so innocently and gently.

Sympathy

And if the little flowers knew
How deeply my heart is wounded,
They would weep with me,
To heal my pain.

And if the nightingales knew
How sad and sick I am,
They would let ring
Refreshing song.

And if the golden stars
Knew of my misery,
They would come from their heights
To give me solace.

They cannot all know it,

Nur Eine kennt meinen Schmerz;
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

19 - Hass und Liebe

Sie haben mich gequälet,
Geärgert blau und blass,
Die Einen mit ihrer Liebe,
Die Andern mit ihrem Hass.

Sie haben das Brot mir vergiftet,
Sie gossen mir Gift in's Glas,
Die Einen mit ihrer Liebe,
Die Andern mit ihrem Hass.

Doch die mich am meisten gequälet,
Geärgert und betrübt,
Die hat mich nie gehasst,
Und hat mich nie geliebt.

20 - Die Thräne

Was will die einsame Thräne?
Sie trübt mir ja den Blick;
Sie blieb aus alten Zeiten
In meinem Auge zurück.

Sie hatte viel leuchtende Schwestern,
Die alle zerflossen sind,
Mit meinen Qualen und Freuden,
Zerflossen in Nacht und Wind.

Wie Nebel sind auch zerflossen
Die blauen Sternelein,
Die mir jene Freuden und Qualen
Gelächelt in's Herz hinein.

Ach, meine Liebe selber
Zerfloss wie eitel Hauch!

Only one knows my pain;
She has herself torn,
Torn my heart to pieces.

Hate and Love

They have tormented me,
Vexed me to paleness,
Some with their love,
The others with their hate.

They have poisoned my bread,
Poured venom in my glass,
Some with their love,
The others with their hate.

Yet she who has tormented me most,
Vexed and distressed me,
She has never hated me,
And never loved me.

Tears

Why this lonely tear?
It clouds my sight;
It is a residue in my eye
Left from old times.

It had many shining sisters,
Which are all already shed,
With my torment and my joy
Dispersed in night and wind.

Like fog are also dissolved
The little blue stars,
Which smiled into my heart
This joy and torment.

Ah, my love itself
Dispersed like empty breath!

Du alte, einsame Thräne,
Zerfließe jetzunder auch.

21 - Träumen und Wachen

Ich hab' im Traum' geweinet,
Mir träumte du lägest im Grab'.
Ich wachte auf und die Thräne
Floss noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum' geweinet,
Mir träumt, du verliesest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wärst mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Thränenfluth.

You old, lonely tear,
Dissolve now as well.

Dreaming and Waking

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you lay in the grave.
I awoke and the tears
Still flowed over my cheeks.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt that you left me.
I awoke, and still
Wept long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream,
I dreamt you were still good to me.
I awoke, and still
Gushed my flood of tears.

Nachtigall und Lerche du,
Die ihr singt zur frühen Stunde,
Bringet meinem Schatz die Kunde,
Seiner hartt' ich ohne Ruh.

Leise tagt es in der Runde,
Ach, indessen hat er wohl
An schöner'm Munde
Mich vergessen!

Holde, schattenreiche Bäume, etc.

Ihr Gestirne, etc.

23 - Mutter, ich hab' zwei Äugelein gesehen

Mutter, ich hab' zwei Äugelein,
Schön und heiter und blau, gesehen.
Ach, um sie muss ich vergehen,
Und die Augen spotten mein!

Zauber liegt in diesen Augen,
Alles wandelt ihre Schau;
Und ich muss' aus Himmelblau
Eifersucht der Hölle saugen.

Sah in ihrem lichten Schein
So mein Leben, wie mein Sterben;
Ach, um sie musst ich verderben
Und die Augen spotten mein!

Sagt, wer hätt' es je gedacht,
Dass die Augen trügl'ich sind?
Doch wer nicht vor Liebe blind,
O wer hätt' es nicht gedacht?

Ich verlor mich ganz darein!
Muss auch dort mich wieder finden.
Ach, das Leben fühl' ich schwinden,

You nightingale and lark,
Who sing in the early hours,
Take my love the message
That I waited impatiently without rest.

Quietly dawn unfolds all around,
Ah, in the meantime has he
For a prettier mouth
Forgotten me?

Lovely, shady trees, etc.

You stars, etc.

Mother, I have seen two eyes

Mother, I have seen two eyes,
Beautiful and cheerful and blue.
Ah, I could die for them,
And the eyes mock me!

Magic lies in those eyes,
Their glance changes everything;
And I glean from their heavenly blue
The hell of jealousy.

I saw in their luminous glow
Both my life and my death;
Ah, they will ruin me
And the eyes mock me!

Tell me, who would have thought
That eyes could be deceitful?
Yet who that was not blinded by love
Could not think of it?

I lost myself utterly within them!
And must there find myself again.
Ah, I feel my life fading.

Sieben Gesänge aus dem Spanischen Liederbuch

22 - Holde, schattenreiche Bäume

Holde, schattenreiche Bäume,
Neiget, neigt die Zweige dicht,
Naht das liebliche Gesicht,
Das mir folgt in meine Träume.

Ihr Gestirne, deren Licht
Vorverkündet Tagesschimmer,
Warum weckt ihr ihn denn nicht,
Schläft mein süßes Freund noch immer?

Lovely, shady trees

Lovely, shady trees,
Bend, bend your dense branches,
Protect that beloved face
That follows me in my dreams.

You stars, whose light
Presages the glow of day,
Why don't you wake him?
Is my love still sleeping?

Und die Augen spotten mein!

24 - Nelken wind' ich und Jasmin

Nelken wind' ich und Jasmin
Und es denkt mein Herz an ihn,

Nelken all, ihr flammenrothen,
Die der Morgen mir beschert,
Zu ihm send' ich euch als Boten
Jener Glut, die mich verzehrt,

Und ihr weissen Blüten werth,
Sanft mit Düften grüßet ihn,
Sagt ihm, dass ich bleich vor Sehnen
Dass ich auf ihm harr' in Thränen.

Nelken wind' ich und Jasmin.
Tausend Blumen thauumflossen
Find' ich neu im Thal erwacht,

Alle sind erst heut' entsprossen;
Aber hin ist ihre Pracht,
Wenn der nächste Morgen lacht;

Sprich, du duftiger Jasmin,
Sprecht, ihr flammenrothen Nelken,
Kann so schnell auch Liebe welken?

Ah, es denkt mein Herz an ihn!
Nelken wind' ich und Jasmin, etc.

25 - Sie blasen zum Abmarsch

Sie blasen zum Abmarsch,
Lieb Mütterlein,
Mein Liebster muss scheiden
Und lässt mich allein!

And the eyes mock me!

I Bind Carnations and Jasmine

I bind carnations and jasmine
And my heart dwells on him,

All you flame-red carnations
Which the morning bestows on me,
I send you to him as messenger
Of this ardor which consumes me,

And you dear white blossoms,
Greet him with gentle scent,
Tell him that I pale with longing,
That I impatiently await him in tears.

I bind carnations and jasmine.
A thousand blooms wet with dew
I find newly awakened in the valley;

All are newly sprung up,
But their splendor is already spent
When the next morning laughs;

Say, you fragrant jasmine,
Say, you flame-red carnations,
Can love also fade so quickly?

Ah, my heart dwells on him!
I bind carnations and jasmine, etc.

They Sound the Departure

They sound the departure,
Dear mother,
My beloved must depart
And leave me alone!

Am Himmel die Sterne
Sind kaum noch gefloh'n,
Da feuert von ferne
Das Fussvolk schon.

Kaum hört er den Ton,
Sein Ränzelein schnürt er,
Von hinnen marschirt er
Mein Herz hinterdrein.

Mein Liebster muss scheiden
Und lässt mich allein!

Mir ist wie dem Tag,
Dem die Sonne geschwunden.
Mein Trauern nicht mag
So balde gesunden.

Nach nichts ich frag,
Keine Lust mehr heg' ich,
Nur Zwiesprach pfieg' ich
Mit meiner Pein.

Mein Liebster muss scheiden
Und lässt mich allein!

26 - Unter den Bäumen

Unter den Bäumen
Ruht das Mädchen tief in Träumen.

Voll von liebendem Verlangen
Träumt sie von der Liebe golden,
Träumt sie sich zu ihrem Holden,
Träumt, doch nicht schlafbefangen.
Denn mein Mädchen voll Verlangen
Unter den Bäumen
Schlummert nicht in Liebesträumen.

The stars in the heavens
Have scarcely faded,
In the distance already
Fires the infantry.

Scarcely has he heard the sound
When he fastens his knapsack,
He marches away from here,
My heart following after.

My beloved must depart
And leave me alone!

It is like the day
That the sun disappeared.
My grieving may not be
Healed so soon.

I ask for nothing,
I cherish no more joy,
I only cultivate conversation
With my own pain.

My beloved must depart
And leave me alone!

Under the trees

Under the trees
Lies the maiden deep in dreams.

Full of loving longing
She dreams of her golden love,
Dreams of her charming one,
Dreams, but does not sleep.
For my maiden full of longing
Under the trees
Does not slumber in her dreams of love.

Ihre Brust walt in die Höhe
Bei dem süßen Traumgesicht;
Sieht sie, was sie träumt, auch nicht,
Träumt sie doch, was gern sie sähe.
Ach, es ist ein schlimmes Wehe,
Unter den Bäumen
Nie zu sehen, was wir träumen!

Traum ist Liebe, was du schickest,
Wenn du uns entziehst den Schlummer,
Da du uns für echten Kummer
Mit erfolgner Lust erquickest.
Wenn du Tags im Durst erstickest,
Lässt du Nachts Gelage träumen
Unter den Bäumen!

27 - Es rauben Gedanken den Schlaf mir

Es rauben Gedanken
Den Schlaf mir, o Mutter,
Kommen und wecken mich,
Kommen und gehn!

Trauergedanken von Freudentagen;
Aufdämmern die Plagen,
Die Freuden versanken.
Die Träume jagen vorüber, o Mutter.
Kommen und wecken mich,
Kommen und gehn!

Es wird mein Bette
Dem Kampf zur Wiege,
Dem bösen Kriege
Zur friedlosen Stätte.

Von Schatten ich liege
Geängstet, o Mutter,

Her heart wanders in the heavens
In a sweet vision;
She does not see what she dreams,
But dreams what she wants to see.
Oh, it is a terrible affliction,
Under the trees,
Not to see what we dream!

Dream is love, which you send us
When you rob us of slumber;
Since with false joy you awaken us
To true pain, during the day
When you choke with thirst,
Nights then, dream a feast
Under the trees!

My Thoughts Rob Me of Sleep

My thoughts rob me
Of sleep, oh mother,
They come and waken me,
Come and go!

Sorrowful thoughts from joyful days;
Dawn upon the misery,
The drowned joys.
The dreams race by, oh mother.
They come and waken me,
Come and go!

My bed becomes
The cradle of the battle,
The turbulent site
Of an evil war.

I lie frightened by shadows, o mother,

Kommen und wecken mich,
Kommen und gehn!

Stets mir im Blicke
Die Thränen beben,
Beweinend mein Streben
Nach falschem Glücke.

Bald sterben, bald leben,
Meine Qualen, o Mutter,
Kommen und wecken mich,
Kommen und gehn!

O Traum der Lust,
Bei dessen Scheiden
Erwacht das Leiden
Der wunden Brust!

In's Leben schneiden
Die Qualen, o Mutter,
Kommen und wecken mich,
Kommen und gehn!

28 - Dereinst, Gedanke mein, wirst ruhig sein

Dereinst, Gedanke mein,
Wirst ruhig sein,

Lässt Liebesgluth dich still nicht werden:
In kühler Erden da schläfst du gut;
Dort ohne Liebe und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

Was du im Leben nicht hast gefunden,
Wenn es entschwinden wird's dir gegeben.
Dann ohne Wunden und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

They come and waken me,
Come and go!

My tears tremble constantly
In my eyes,
Bewailing my striving
After false happiness.

Sometimes dead, at times alive,
My torments, o mother,
Come and waken me,
Come and go!

O dream of joy,
On whose borders
Awakens the suffering
Of the wounded heart!

The torments lacerate
My life, o mother,
Come and awaken me,
Come and go!

Some Day, my Thoughts, You Will be at Rest

Some day, my thoughts,
You will be at rest,

If love's ardor won't let you be peaceful,
In cool earth you will be at rest;
There, without love and without pain,
You will be at peace.

What you didn't find in life,
Will be given to you at its end.
Then, without wounds and without pain
You will be at peace.

Die Temperamente bei dem Verluste der Geliebten

29 - Der Leichtmütige

Lust entfloh und hin ist hin!
Blanda will mich nicht mehr lieben!
Ich wär ihr (so wahr ich bin!)
Noch acht Tage treu geblieben,
Kam ihr Hochzeit nicht zu Sinn;
Dafür hat mich Gott bewahrt!
Lebe wohl, mein Kind,
Ich wandre schon zu frischer Liebesfahrt!
Heute die und dann die andre:
Das ist so die rechte Art!

Scheiden macht mein Herz nicht schwer,
Weinen kann ich nicht noch fluchen.
Doch da kommt ein Mädchen her,
Schnell muss ich mein Glück versuchen;
Ohne Lieb ist alles leer!
Sprödes Kind, wirf ab dein Joch,
Lass von Himmelskost mich nippen;
Eh' wir bleichen, lebe noch!
Mädchen, reiche mir die Lippen,
Denn geküsst wirst du ja doch!

Sieh, man darf sich im Genuss
Für versehnte Träume rächen.
Lass der Seelen Genius
Aus dem Schlag der Herzen sprechen;
Doppelsprache ist der Kuss!
Ah, du magst mich nicht? Nun gut!
Mag ich's auch nicht gern ertragen,

Lighthearted

Desire fled and what's gone is gone!
Blanda doesn't love me any more!
I would have been (as sure as I live!)
Faithful to her for eight days yet,
If she had not been inclined to marry;
From that God protected me!
Farewell, my sweetie,
I am off on a fresh lovequest!
Today this one and then another;
That is the best way!

Parting doesn't make my heart heavy,
I can neither weep nor curse.
Yet if a maiden comes my way,
I must quickly try my luck;
Without love all is emptiness!
Prim child, throw off your yoke,
Let me taste heaven's feast;
Before we croak, let's live a little!
Maiden, give me your lips,
For you will be kissed anyway!

You see, one may in pleasure
Avenge oneself for mistaken dreams.
Let the genius of the soul
Speak from the heartbeat;
A kiss is a trifle!
Ah, you don't like me? All right,
I don't like rejection either,

Halt ich doch mir frischen Mut;
Morgen will ich wieder fragen,
Hast vielleicht dann wärmer Blut.

Wer wie ich, mein Lieb, gesinnt,
Kann nur liebend selig werden!
Fahr' ich einst zum Himmel, Kind,
Frag' ich gleich den Herrn der Erden,
Ob die Engel weiblich sind!
Wenn er etwa "Nein!" nun spricht,
Sag' ich keck und voll Vertrauen,
"Herr, dein Reich gefällt mir nicht;
Denn ein Himmel ohne Frauen
Ist die Sonne ohne Licht."

Hebt die Treue hoch empor,
Quälend Glück will ich euch schenken.
Schwätzt nur mir Moral nicht vor;
Bei der Liebe will ich denken,
Wenn ich den Verstand verlor.
Alle Wesen huld'gen ihr;
Liebe ist das Herz vom Leben,
Nur durch Liebe sind wir hier;
Liebe will ich wieder geben,
Mädchen all kommt zu mir!

30 - Der Schwermütige

Sel'ge Zeiten sah ich prangen
Und den Erdball glaubt ich mein,
Als mich Laura's Blick befangen
Unschuldklar wie Heil'genschein.

Als der Lippen Siegel sprangen,
Herrschte Gott nicht mehr allein;
Denn der Liebe Klänge schwangen
Siegend mich zum Himmel ein.

But I am in high spirits;
Perhaps tomorrow when I ask again,
Your blood will be a little warmer.

One who thinks as I do, honey,
Can only be happy when in love!
If I ever get to heaven, sweetie,
I will ask the Lord of the earth
If the angels are female!
If he should tell me, "No!"
I will say boldly and confidently,
"Lord, your I don't like your kingdom,
For a heaven without women
Is a sun without light."

Exalted be fidelity!
I give tormenting happiness to you!
Don't babble to me of morality;
I will think about love
When I have lost my sanity.
All creatures praise love;
Love is the heart of life,
Only through love are we here;
I would like to pass on love,
Maidens, come one and all to me!

Melancholy

Hallowed times I saw shining
And I believed the world was mine,
When Laura's glance met mine,
Innocent as a halo.

When her lips were unsealed,
God ruled no longer alone;
For the sounds of love catapulted me
Triumphantly to heaven.

Ach, die Wonnen all' zerklungen!
Ewig kann nicht Frühling sein!
Traum und Treue sind vergangen,
Ausgelöscht der Heil'genschein!

Fern von ihr muss ich verbangen,
Von der Welt ist nichts mehr mein;
Glühend fasset all Verlangen
Nur der Hoffnung Leichenstein.

Doch zum Todesengel drangen
Meines Herzens Od und Pein,
Liebend bald von Erd' umfangen
Wird der Himmel wieder mein!

31 - Der Liebewütige

"Verraten! Verschmähet!
Wer drängte mich aus?
Auf, Diener, umspähet
Heut' Abend ihr Haus;
Und wagt zur Megäre
Ein Einz'ger den Blick,
So fragt: wer er wäre?
Und brecht ihm's Genick!"

Don Marco trieb Alle,
Recht wachsam zu sein,
Dann stürmt ihn die Galle,
Bergauf und talein.
Er fluchte nun trabend
Hinein in die Luft,
Und passte am Abend
Noch selbst auf den Schuft.

Mit Hast spionieret
Das Dienervolk stumm;

Ah, my joys vanished!
Spring doesn't last forever!
Dreams and faith have vanished,
The halo snuffed out.

Far from her must I remain,
Nothing is left to me in this world;
All shining desire grasps
Only the gravestone of hope.

Yet the pain and solitude of my heart
Press me toward the angel of death,
Soon, lovingly embraced by earth

Heaven will be mine again!

Hot-Blooded

"Betrayed! Scorned!
Who forced me out?
Get up, vassals, tonight
Keep watch on her house;
And if anyone dares to so much as
Look at Megäre,
Ask him who he is,
And then break his neck!"

Don Marco urged everyone
To be vigilant,
Then his ire propelled him
Over hill and dale.
Trotting, he cursed
Up into the air,
And that evening himself
Looked out for the rogue.

The dumbfounded servants
Hastily played spy;

Don Marco begieret
Die Türen rings um.
Wie schleichend und sinnig
Im Dämmern er wallt,
Gebieten recht innig
Sechs Fäuste ihm: "Halt!"

"Wer sind Sie?" nach Regel
Klingt dies zum Gezerr.
"Ihr Lümmel, ihr Flegel!
Ich bin euer Herr!"
Und wie ihn am Toben
Die Diener erkennt,
Spricht Clara von oben:
"Das ist ja charmant!"

Die Eifersucht hordet schon
Söldner heran,
Der Argwohn ermordet,
Was Liebe gewann!
Drum hab' ich vernünftig
Den Leichtsinn bereut!
Nun quälen Sie künftigt
Sich selber gescheut!"

Nichts halfen Sonnette
Von Gram und von Grab.
Da riss er vom Brette
Die Flinte herab;
Er jagte mit Rasen
Zum Walde hinaus,
Und schoss -- einen Hasen
Zum lärmenden Schmaus.

32 - Der Gleichmütige

Nun, ich bin befreit! Wie behäglich!
Mir ist Zärtlichkeit unerträglich;

Don Marco patrolled
The doors on all sides.
And as skulking and slinking
He seethed through the dark,
Six fists begged him earnestly,
"Halt!"

"Who are you?" as ordered,
Rang out the challenge.
"You hooligans, you louts!
I am your master!"
And while his servants
Recognized him by his fuming,
Clara called from above:
"This is just charming!"

Jealousy already attracts
Mercenaries,
Suspicion kills
What love has won!
Therefore I sensibly
Repent of my rashness!
In the future
Go harass yourself !"

No help were sonnets
Of grief and the grave.
He tore from the shelf
His flintlock;
He furiously chased
Out of the woods
And shot - a rabbit
For the noisy feast.

Calm

Now, I am freed! How agreeable!
Tenderness is unbearable to me;

Treibt sie Keine lau,
Werde ich ohne Frau
Ruhig alt und grau.

Hätt' sie wohl gemocht so bei Festen:
Plumperpuddings kocht sie am besten.
Doch die Lust ward matt,
Denn am Ende hatt'
Ich die Puddings satt.

Sie gefiel mir gut so beim Wandern;
Und weil man gern tut, wie die Andern:
Bot ich mich zum Mann,
Und sie nahm es an,
Eh' ich mich besann.

Doch das gab ein Joch und ein Laufen!
Was nach Ausland roch, musst ich kaufen;
Und Tag aus Tag ein,
Und bei Mondenschein,
Auch noch zärtlich sein!

Ohne Ruh' und Rast musst' ich küssen.
Das ist Höllenlast: küssen müssen!
Drum recht eisig hart
Hab' ich sie genarrt
Bis mein Wunsch mir ward.

Aus dem Hause warf sie mich gestern
Und beliebte scharf noch zu lästern:
"Hätt' ich nicht viel Geld,
Wär ich Schlüsselheld,
Garnichts nutz der Welt!"

Doch mich macht der Hieb nimmer grämlich,
Denn die Liebe lieb' ich bequemlich;
Treibt sie Keine lau,
Werd' ich ohne Frau
Ruhig alt und grau!

If I can't find a lukewarm woman,
I'll calmly without a wife
Grow old and gray.

I liked her well enough at the feasts:
She makes the best puddings.
Yet desire faded,
For in the end
I had enough of puddings.

I liked her better while traveling;
And because one does as others do:
I offered myself as husband,
And she accepted me
Before I thought better of it.

Then came the yoke and running around!
Whatever reeked of foreign lands,
I had to buy her;
And day in and day out, and
By moonlight, even, to have to be tender!

Without peace or repose, I had to kiss her.
That is hell's burden: to be required to kiss!
Therefore quite coldly
I made fun of her
Until my wish came true.

Yesterday she threw me out of the house,
And chose to revile me as well:
"If I didn't have much money,
I would be a chocolate soldier
Good for nothing!"

Yet the blow did not depress me,
For I like love to be comfortable;
If I can't find a lukewarm woman,
I will calmly without a wife
Grow old and gray!

Disc B ~ The Wanderer: The Song Cycle in Migration *Robaiyat de Omar Khayyam*

(Quatrains persans du XIe. siècle)

1 - Chaque matin...

Chaque matin,
La rosée accable les tulipes,
Les jacinthes et les violettes
Mais le soleil les délivre
De leur brillant fardeau.

Chaque matin,
Mon coeur est plus lourd
Dans ma poitrine,
Mais ton regard le délivre
De sa tristesse.

2 - Pourquoi...

Pourquoi tant de douceur,
De tendresse, au début de notre amour?
Pourquoi tant de caresses, tant de délices, après?

Maintenant, ton seul plaisir est de déchirer mon coeur...
Pourquoi?

Each morning

Each morning,
The dew overpowers the tulips,
Hyacinths and violets
But the sun delivers them,
From their shining burden.

Each morning,
My heart is heavier in my chest

But your glance delivers it
From its sadness.

Why?

Why such sweetness, such tenderness,
At the beginning of our love?
Why so many caresses, so many delights, and
afterwards?

Now, your sole pleasure is to rend my heart.
Why?

3 - Nuit. Silence.

Nuit. Silence.
Immobilité d'une branche et de ma pensée.
Une rose, image de ta splendeur éphémère,
Vient de laisser tomber un de ses pétales.

Où est-tu en ce moment,
Toi qui m'astendu la coupe
Et que j'appelle encore?

Sans doute aucune rose ne s'effeuille
Pres de celui que tu désaltères làbas,
Et tu es privée du bonheur amer
Dont je sais t'enivrer.

4 - Quand tu chancelles sous le poids de la douleur...

Quand tu chancelles sous le poids de la douleur,
Quand tu n'as plus de larmes,
Pense à la verdure qui miroite après la pluie.

Quand la splendeur du jour t'exaspère,
Quand tu souhaites qu'une nuit définitive
S'abatte sur le monde,
Pense au réveil d'un enfant.

5 - Serviteurs, n'apportez pas les lampes...

Serviteurs, n'apportez pas les lampes
Puisque mes convives, exténués, se sont endormis.
J'y vois suffisamment pour distinguer leur pâleur.
Étendus et froids, ils seront ainsi
Dans la nuit du tombeau.

N'apportez pas lampes, car il n'y a pas d'aube chez
les morts.

Night. Silence.

Night. Silence.
Motionlessness of a branch and of my thoughts.
A rose, image of your ephemeral splendor,
Has just let fall one of its petals.

Where are you at this moment,
You who have held my cup
And whom I am still calling?

Without doubt, no rose is shedding its petals
Near the one whose thirst you are quenching there,
And you are deprived of the bitter happiness
With which I can intoxicate you.

When you waver under the weight of sorrow

When you waver under the weight of sorrow,
When you have no more tears,
Think of the foliage which glistens after the rain.

When the splendor of the day infuriates you,
When you wish that an irrevocable night would
Visit the earth,
Think of the waking of an infant.

Servants, do not bring the lamps

Servants, do not bring the lamps,
Since my exhausted guests have fallen asleep.
I see them sufficiently well to make out their pallor.
Sprawling and cold, thus will they be
In the night of the grave.

Do not bring the lamps,
Because there is no dawn in the house of death.

Bunte Lieder

6 - Einsiedel

Da droben am Berge, ei, seht doch 'mal an!
Unserm braven Einsiedel hat's der Mai angetan!

Da droben am Berge, wo die Nachtigall singt,
Da tanzt der Einsiedel, daß der Kuttenrock pringt!

Und nieder zum Dorfe, ei, seht, wie er läuft!
Da hat der Einsiedel sein' Kutte verkauft.

Ei, laßt ihn nur lachen, was nützt ihm sein Kleid?
Das Beten und Wachen hat alles sein' Zeit!

Will Fahrender werden, will Spielmann sein,
Und grün ist die Erden und rot ist der Wein!

Da steht der Einsiedel in Sonne und Glanz!
Jetzt hebt er die Fiedel, auf, Mäd'el, zum Tanz!

7 - Lied Des Mädchens Am Fenster

Ein Wand'rer in der Gassen,
Der acht' mein Fenster gar so wohl,
Ich tät ihn gern was fragen,
Weiß nit, ob ich's soll.

"Herr Wandrer in der Gassen,
Ich hab' kein' Ruh', kein' Ruh' habt Ihr.
Will mir's doch keiner sagen,
Ob Ihr wollt zu mir."

Hermit

Up above on the mountain, oh, just look
What the May has done to our worthy hermit!

Up above on the mountain where the nightingale sings,
There the hermit dances until his cassock bounces!

And down to the village, just see how he runs!
There the hermit has sold his cassock!

Oh, let him laugh, what good is his dress?
Prayer and vigils have their season!

He wants to be a traveler, a troubadour,
And the earth is green, and the wine is red!

There stands the hermit in sun and splendor!
Now he takes up his fiddle bow,
Up, girls, to the dance!

Song of the Girl in the Window

A traveler out in the street
Watches my window so closely,
I would like to ask him something,
But don't know if I ought.

"Oh, traveler out in the street,
I have no peace, nor do you.
Won't someone please tell me
If you want to come to me."

In meiner stillen Gassen,
Das war vom Mond, so hell und bang.
Im Schlummer wollt' ich warten,
Bis das Fenster klang.

Aus einer stillen Gassen
Der Wanderer kam von ungefähr,
In einem silbern Garten zu herzen mich
Und trösten sehr.

8 - An Kleine Mädchen

Ich weiß ihr liebt das Dunkel nicht,
In meiner Stub' ist wenig Licht
Und wenig Glück zu finden;

Drum wandert mir zur Stadt hinaus,
Ich bleibe unterdes zu Haus.
Wir seh'n uns unter Linden.

Bevor die Sonne schlafen geht,
Hab'ich mein Leid hinweggeweht,
Kann wieder Märchen sinnen.

Schließt um die Linden einen Kranz,
Die Füßchen hebt zum Ringeltanz,
Dünkt euch wie Königinnen.

Im Tanz verrinnt ein Stündchen schnell,
Eh' ihr es merkt, bin ich zur Stell'
Und klatsche in die Hände.

Ihr jubelt auf, setzt euch im Kreis,
Weil ich so viele Märchen weiß,
Und Märchen ohne Ende.

Ein Prinz, ein Fisch, ein blonder Hirt,
Ein Nixlein, das im Walde irrt,
Und was die Frösche munkeln,

In my silent street,
Bright and anxious in the moonlight,
I wanted to wait in my sleep
Until the window banged.

From the silent street
The traveler came by chance,
To caress me in a silver garden
And give much comfort.

To the little girls

I know you don't like the dark,
In my hut there is little light or joy to be found;

So go out towards the town,
I'll stay at home in the meantime,
We'll see each other under the lindens.

Before the sun goes to bed,
I will have blown away my sorrows,
And be able to spin fairy tales again.

Form a circle around the lindens,
Lift your feet in a ringdance,
Pretend you are queens.

An hour passes quickly while dancing,
Before you know it, I'll be there clapping my
hands.

You will shout for joy, and settle in a circle,
Because I know so many tales,
Tales without end.

A prince, a fish, a white hart,
A water nymph lost in the forest,
And what the frogs mumble,

Ein dummer Bär. Ich werd' nicht müd,
Bis euch die Wangen hell erglüht,
Bis euch die Augen funkeln.

9 - Das Hat Die Sommernacht Getan

Die Nacht ist keines Menschen Freund!
Was flüsterst du von Treue?
Der Mond verblaßt, der Morgen graut,
Am Bette sitzt die Reue.

Die Reue ist ein häßlich Weib
Und möcht' mich wohl verderben!
Reiß mir das Herz nicht aus dem Leib,
Ich will ja noch nicht sterben.

Mein Blut ist heiß, dein Mund so süß!
O Gott, wie kannst du küssen!
Das hat die Sommernacht getan,
Daß wir versinken müssen.

10 - Bestimmung

Was ist in deiner Seele,
Was ist in meiner Brust,
Daß ich mich dir befehle,
Daß du mich lieben muß?

Vom Haus, wo ich gewohnt
Und zart behütet bin,
Ziehst du mich, wie der Mond,
Nachtwandelnd zu dir hin.

A foolish bear. I will not tire
Until your cheeks are glowing,
Until your eyes sparkle.

That is what the summer night has done

The night is no friend to man!
What are you whispering about fidelity?
The moonlight fades, the morning pales,
Regret sits on the bed.

Regret is an ugly hag
And would like to drag me down!
Don't tear the heart out of my body,
I don't want to die yet.

I am so hot-blooded, your mouth so sweet,
Oh, God, how you can kiss!
That is what the summer night has done,
So that we must founder.

Destiny

What is in your soul,
What is in my breast,
That I commit myself to you,
That you must love me?

From the house where I have lived
And been gently watched over,
You draw me, like the moon,
Sleep-walking towards you.

Four Sonnets

11 - Cisza Morska

(Na wysokości Tarkankut)

Już wstążkę pawilonu wiatr zaledwie muśnie;
Cichemi gra pierściami rozjaśniona woda;
Jak marząca o szczęściu narzeczona młoda
Zbudzi się, aby westchnąć, i wnet znowu usnie.

Żagle, naksztalt chorągwi gdy wojnę skończono,
Drzemią na masztach nagich; okręt lekkim ruchem
Kotysa się, jak gdyby przykuty łańcuchem;
Majteck wychnął, podróżne rozśmiało się grono.

O morze! pośród twoich wesolych żyjątek
Jest polip, co śpi na dnie, gdy niebo się chmurzy,
A na ciszę długimi wywija ramiony.

O myśli! w twojej głębi jest hydra pamiętek,
Co śpi wpośród złych losów i namiętnej burzy;
A gdy serce spokojne, zatapia w niem szpony.

12 - Dzieńdobry

Dzieńdobry! nie śmiem budzić, o wdzięczny widoku!
Jej duch napoty w rajskie w zleciał okolice,
Napoty został, boskie ożywiając lice,
Jak słońce napół w niebie, pół w srebrnym obrotu.

Dzieńdobry! Już westchnęła, błysnął promyk w oku,
Dzieńdobry! Już obraża światłość twe zrenice,

The Calm of the Sea

(Off Cape Tarkankut)

The flag hangs limply in the dying breeze.
The bosom of the sunlit main stirs quietly
Like a young bride, dreaming of happiness,
Sighs, wakes, and smiling, dreams again.

The sails, like war flags after battle,
Rest upon the masts; the ship in light movement
Sways leisurely, as if chained to the quay;
The sailor rests, travelers amuse themselves.

Oh, sea! Amidst your joyful creatures, down deep
Under the storm an octopus lurks,
Quietly waving its long tentacles.

O thought! In your depths a hydra of memories
Also slumbers through evil fate and passion's tempest,
But wakens out of the heart's rest to sink in its talons!

Good morning

Good morning! I don't dare wake her, lovely sight!
Her spirit has in part flown up into paradise,
In part stayed here to enliven her divine face,
Like a sun half in the sky, half in the silver cloud.

Good morning! She sighs, her eyes shine with light,
Good morning! Now the sun offends the pupils of her eyes,

Naprzykrzają się ustom muchy swawolnice,
Dzieńdobry! Słońce w oknach, ja przy twoim boku.

Niosłem słodszy dzieńdobry: lecz twe senne w dzięki

Odebrały mi śmiałość. Niech się w przody dowiem:
Z łaskawem w stajesz sercem, z orzeźwionem
zdrowiem?

Dzieńdobry! Nie pozwalasz ucałować ręki?
Każesz odejść? odchodzę: oto masz sukienki,
Ubiierz się i wyjdź prędko – dzieńdobry ci powiem.

13 - Ranek i wieczór

Słońce błyszczą na w schodzie w chmur ognistych
wianku,
A na zachodzie księżyc blade lice mroczy,
Róża za słońcem pączki rozwinięte toczy,
Fijolek klęczy z gięty pod kroplami ranku.

Laura błysnęła w oknie, ukląknęłam, na ganku;
Ona muskając splety swych z złotych warkoczy:
«Czemu, rzekła, tak rano smutne macie oczy,
I miesiąc, i fijolek, i ty, mój kochanku?»

W wieczór przyszedłem nowym bawić się widokiem;
Wraca księżyc, twarz jego pełna i rumiana,
Fijolek podniósł listki orzeźwione mrokiem;

Z nowu stanęła w oknie moja ukochana,
W piękniejszym jeszcze stroju i z weselszym okiem;
Z nowu u nóg jej klęczę - tak smutny jak z rana.

14 - Do Niemna

Niemnie, domowa rzeko moja! Gdzie są wody,
Które niegdyś czerpałem w niemowłęce dłonie,

Playful flies vex her lips,
Good morning! Sun at the window, I by your side.

I was bringing a sweeter good morn, but your
dreamy charms
Have stolen my courage. Let me learn first
Whether you wake refreshed and with a receptive
heart.

Good morning! So you won't let me kiss your hand?
Your order me to go; I am leaving, your clothes are here,
So dress and come out quickly - I'll say good morning again.

Morning and Evening

In the east, Sun is shining through flaming golden
clouds,
And in the west, Moon's pale face is fading,
A rose turns her blossoming buds toward the sun,
A violet kneels under the dewdrops of morning.

Laura gleams in the window. I kneel on the porch;
Touching the plaits of her golden tresses, she asks:
Why do you three look so sad in the morning,
The moon, the violet, and you, my lover?

In the evening I come to enjoy a new outlook.
The moon returns, its face round and rosy,
The violet stretches its leaves, refreshed by the twilight;

My beloved stands by the window again,
More beautifully clad, with even more joy in her eyes.
I kneel by her feet again - as sad as in the morning.

To the Niemen

Niemen, my home river! Where are those waters
Which as a small child I scooped up with my palms,

Na których potem w dzikie pływałem ustronie,
Sercu niespokojnemu szukając ochłody.

Tu Laura patrząc z chlubą na cień swej urody,
Lubiła włos zaplatać i zakwiecać skronie;

Tu obraz jej, malowny w srebrnej fali tonie,
Łzami nieraz mąciłem, zapaleniec młody.

Niemnie, domowa rzeko! gdzie są tamte źródła,
A z niemi tyle szczęścia, nadziei tak wiele?
Kędy jest miłe latek dzieciennych wesele?

Gdzie miłsze burzliwego wieku niepokoje?
Kędy jest Laura moja? Gdzie są przyjaciele?
Wszystko przeszło – a czemuż nie przejdą łzy moje.

On which, years later, I swam to secluded spots
To calm my unquiet heart?

There, Laura looked with pride on the image of her beauty
As she braided her golden tresses and adorned her
temples with flowers;
There, her image painted on the water's silver belly;
I, impetuous youth, my eyes often blurred with tears.

Niemien, my home river! Where did those springs go,
And with them so much happiness, so much hope?
Where is the pleasant gaiety of my childhood years?

Where are the sweet woes of youth?
Where is my Laura? Where my friends?
All have gone, so why do my tears still remain?

Trois Chansons

15 - Chanson des Sirènes

Dans le vent et dans le flot
Dissous toi fragile écume
Dissous toi dans un sanglot
Pauvre cour rempli d'amertume

Prends ton vol dans le ciel bleu
Vois la mort n'est pas cruelle
Tu auras la paix de Dieu
Viens à nous âme immortelle

Song of the mermaids

On the wind and the wave,
Dissolve, fragile foam
Dissolve in a sob,
Poor heart filled with bitterness

Take wing in the blue sky
See, death is not cruel
You will have the peace of God
Come to us immortal soul

Note: At the end of Andersen's original fairy tale, Ariel does not win the love of the prince and so dissolves into sea-foam, deprived of a soul (as were all merfolk). As this happens, she sees above her creatures of the air who invite her to win a soul by joining them in good works.

16 - Berceuse de la Sirène

Danse avec nous dans le bel Océan
Le matin ou le soir sous la lune d'argent.
Plonge avec nous dans le flot transparent,

Chante au soleil dans l'écume et le vent
Mer berce nous dans tes bras caressant
Mer berce nous sur ton coeur frémissant
Ah...

17 - Chanson de la Poire

C'est l'histoire d'une poire
On la cueille dans les feuilles
On la tape tant et tant,
Qu'elle en claque en trois temps d'une attaque

Il faut boire à la poire
Un bon coup un bon coup
Il faut boire à la poire
Il faut boire, boire, boire, boire, boire, boire
Et c'est tout.

Hafvets sommar

18 - Gryning

Se, natten brister!
Morgon rister vinge öfver haf.
Stick ut, mot haf!
En hamn, en graf blir vår.

Hör, vingen susar!
Skumhvit brusar dagen öfver haf.

The Mermaid's Lullaby

Dance with us in the beautiful ocean
In the morning or in the evening under the silver moon.
Dive with us into the transparent wave,

Sing to the sun in the spray and the wind
Sea, rock us in your caressing arms
Sea, rock us on your quivering breast
Ah...

Song of the Pear

This is the story of a pear
One picks it in the leaves
And squeezes it over and over
So that it breaks in three from the assault.

One must drink a stiff shot to the pear

One must drink to the pear
One must drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,
And that's all.

Dawn

See, night is giving way!
Morning shakes its wing over the sea.
Strike out towards the sea!
A harbor, a grave will be ours.

Hear the wing swish!
Foam-white, the day roars over the sea.

Stick ut, mot haf!
En hamn, en graf blir vår.

Blif vår, du dröm, som står
I glans af stank och skum kring haf,
Blif vår, du lifvets dröm
En solröd morgon gaf!

19 - Solstänk

En mås i skyn, en tärna öfver skäret, en sommarsyn!

En sommarton, som klingar i tärnans lock, i måsens skri.

En sommarsky, som flinger solhvit snö kring haf.

I blod från röda tången,
I eld från rostgul
Laf om klippans ringar stiger sommarsågen.

Hör tärnans lock, hör måsens skri!
Hör spofvens skrämde rop, som bär ett gällt:
Förbi, förbi,
Till allt, som klingar,
svingar öfver skäret.

20 - Regnvisa

Sila, sila regnets strömmar.
Hvila, hvilå hafvets drömmar.
Hvilår drömmen i det grå,
Drömmen skall du aldrig nå.

Sofva, sofva drömmens frågor.

Strike out towards the sea,
A harbor, a grave will be ours.

Be ours, dream which rests
In the glow of spray and foam around the sea
Be ours, life's dream,
Given by a sun-red morning!

Sunspray

A gull in the sky,
A tern over the skerry,
A summer vision!

A summer tone,
Which sounds in the tern's call, in the gull's scream.
A summer cloud,
Which makes sun-white snowflakes over the sea.

In the blood from the red seaweed,
In the fire from the rusty yellow lichen
Around the rings of the cliff
Rises summer's song.

Hear the tern's call, hear the gull's scream.
Hear the frightened curlew call,
"It's over, it's over,"
To all that resounds or takes wing over the skerry.

Rain Song

Trickle, trickle, streams of rain.
Rest, rest, dreams of the sea.
Suspended is the dream in grey,
A dream you will never reach.

Sleep, sleep, dream-questions.

I lofva, lofva hafvets vågor
Sommarsol i hafvets blå;
Solen skall du aldrig nå.

21 - I middagshettan

Här dröms-
En dröm i hvitt, en dröm i grönt-
All tjärnets tysta glömska.
Trollporsens doft och callans brygd
Och darrögd ängsulls blom
Står skum om nattlig brädd.
Från lummerns däfna bädd
En nattens helgedom
I granars skygd
Steg upp med syner, trolska, drömska.
I skärets helgedom
Bor stilla död och glömska.

Här dröms-
en dröm i hvitt, en dröm i grönt,
All skärets dolda drömmar.
Vildfågels rop och sol och vår
Och rymdens yra vind
I dunkel tystnad slöts.
Hvar sorg, hvar fröjd, som bröts
Af våg mot klippans kind,
Hvart skratt, hvar tår,
Sjönk djupt bland tjärnets döda drömmar.
Ur fjärran, evigt,
Endast hafvets vaggång strömmar.

22 - Julidagen

Solrök öfver gylline vågor!
Vällukt bäres tunn och fin,
Skogens mjöd och ängens vin,

Öfver vågor.

Promise, promise, waves of the sea
Summer sun in the blue of the sea;
The sun you will never reach.

In the midday heat

Here one dreams a dream in white,
A dream in green
All the silent forgetfulness of the tarn.
Troll-herbs' scent and lily-brew
And the trembling cotton-grass flower
Stand mistily along the edge of night.
From the moss' musky bed,
In the shelter of spruces
A twilit sanctuary arose
With visions mystical and dreamlike.
In the sanctuary of the skerry
Live quiet death and forgetfulness.

Here one dreams a dream in white,
A dream in green,
All the skerry's hidden dreams.
The wild bird's call and sun and spring
And the whirling wind of space,
Were enclosed in dusky silence.
Every sorrow, every joy was shattered
Like a wave against the cheek of the cliff,
Every laugh, every tear sank deeply
Amongst the tarn's dead dreams.
From far away, eternally,
Only the sea's lullaby streams.

July Day

Sun-smoke over golden waves!
Fragrance carried thin and fine,
The mead of the forest,
The wine of the field,
Over the waves.

Solrök öfver gyllne vågor!
Rus och doft kring hafvets ström.
Hjärtat bär en gyllen dröm
Öfver vågor.

Öfver gyllne vågor
Står en fjäril i det blå.
Svinner så,
I sommarhafvets lågor.

23 - Efter strider

Brustna, brutna,
hemskt i stenen gjutna
nätters kval och stormars fasa,
stå i sommarvägens hvita blå
De svarta hällarna mot hafvet.

Sargade hällars bryn
Resas i drömtyngd syn-
Dröm af eld som brann och lif som brunnit,
Dröm om lif som svunnit...
Sargade hällars bryn i hafvet.

Efter tusen år af vinterfrusen
död och natt
Steg dagens rikedom
för svarta hällarna i hafvet.
Nu bär skäret vilda rosor, sommarblom...

24 - Solnedgång.

Så sjunker trollglans öfver hafvets värld
Och syner flockas emot natten.
Se ut! Nu fälles solens gyllne svärd,

En strimma blott af eld,
Ett skimmer öfver tysta vatten.

Sunsmoke over golden waves!
Intoxication and scent in the current of the sea.
The heart carries a golden dream
Over the waves.

Over the golden waves
Hangs a butterfly in the blue,
Which then disappears
In the glow of the summer sea.

After battles

Cracked, broken,
Gruesomely cast in stone,
Night's suffering and storm's horror,
In the blue-white of summer's wave,
Stand the black cliffs against the sea.

Lacerated cliff edges
Raised in a dream-weighted vision,
Dream of fire that burns and life that burned,
Dream of life gone by...
Lacerated cliff edges in the sea.

After a thousand years of frozen winter,
death and night,
Rose the abundance of day
from the black cliffs of the sea.
Now the skerry bears wild roses, summer flowers.

Sunset

Now sinks the troll-glow over the sea world
And visions flock against the night.
Look out there, now the sun's golden sword is
lowered,
A mere streak of fire,
A shimmer over quiet waters.

Sin bro af guld och blod, af drömmars ljus,
Mot hafvets drömvärld hjärtat väster.
Du träder ut! Känn kvällens vemodssus
Och hör den sista fågelstämman,
Klagande i väster.

25 - Skymning

Hafsskummets svanor
glida med rullande dyning
hän öfver vikarnas tång.

Hafsskummets svanor
Glida hvita,
lysta med strömmen.

Somna, drömma i nattens fång.
I vikarnas klyftor de bida
morgon och gryning.

Brista och svinna som drömmen.

26 - Mänskensstycke

Svarta skogar sofva öfver stranden.
Tungt i fjärran hafvet bryter.
Sälen ryter.

Spöklikt drömma skyarna och landen.
Långt hän mumla vilda röster.
Djupt i öster

Stiger genom nattens död
Ur hafvet månen hemsk och röd.

The heart is building, out of gold and blood
From the light of dreams, its bridge
To the sea's dream world.
You emerge, feel evening's melancholy whisper,
And hear the last bird voice, mournful in the west.

Dusk

The sea-foam swans
glide with the rolling swells
Away over the seaweed of the inlet.

The sea-foam swans
glide mutely white
with the current,

Sleep, dream, in night's embrace.
Near the cliffs of the bays,
They wait for morning and daybreak.

Burst and disappear like a dream.

Moonlight piece

Black forests sleep on the shore.
The ponderous sea breaks in the distance.
The seal is roaring.

Ghostly dream, sky and land.
Far away mumble wild voices.
Deep in the east,

In the dead of night
The moon rises from the sea,
Horrible and red.

27 - Natt

Öfver djupens evigtgröna skogar
Styra vi.

I hafvets skogar sofva de,
De döde.

Mot djupens evigtgröna skogar
Styra vi.

Där--engång--
Sofva vi.

Night

Over the eternally green forests of the deep
we steer.

In the forests of the sea they sleep,
the dead.

Towards the eternally green forests of the deep
we steer.

There, one day,
we will sleep.

Des larmes ont coulé, que n'ai-je su comprendre?

Mais pouvais je m'attendre à ce ciel étoilé?

29 - "Song."

Un chant s'élançe,
Fleur du silence,
Soupir du soir.
C'est une flamme qui tremble,
Une âme qui craint l'espoir
La voix se brise:
l'âme s'est prise au bon plaisir d'une tendresse
Qui ne lui laisse aucun désir.
Aimer, se taire: tout le mystère
Vient s'apaiser au simple charme
Né d'une larme et d'un baiser!

30 - "Stream."

La légère ondulation des feuilles
Berce des lacs d'ombre sur le gazon;
Il semble, en tes yeux voilés,
Que tu veuilles absorber la torpeur de l'horizon.

Sur l'herbe, étendu, comme à la dérive,
Je me laisse voguer à tes côtés,
Sans me soucier d'atteindre une rive
En cet archipel d'ardentes clartés;

Et je sens, venus de profondeurs calmes,
Germer des désirs ardents et confus,
Où se vont unir sous l'arceau des palmes,
Ce que je veux être et ce que tu fus.

*Tears have flowed,
What have I not understood?
But could I have anticipated this starry sky?*

Song

A song soars upwards,
Flower of silence,
An evening sigh.
It is a flame which quivers,
A soul which fears hope
The voice falters:
The soul is gripped in the joy of a tenderness
Which does not allow for any other desire.
To love, to fall silent:
All the mystery comes to subside in the simple charm
Born of a tear and a kiss!

Stream

The slight swaying of the leaves
Lulls the lakes of shadow on the lawn;
It seems, in your half-closed eyes,
That you would like to absorb the torpor of the horizon.

On the grass, sprawled as if drifting,
I let myself float at your side,
Without worrying about reaching a shore
In this archipelago of passionate light.

And I feel, originating from calm depths,
Ardent and confused desires germinating,
Where that which I wish to be and that which you were
Will unite under the arch of the palm trees.

Keepsake

28 - "Light."

Des larmes ont coulé d'un coeur secret et tendre

Qui se crut exilé
Que n'ai-je su comprendre, quand je m'en suis allé,
Ce coeur secret et tendre?

Une bouche a parlé.

Triste douceur d'entendre aujour d'hui révélé
Ce coeur secret et tendre!

Light

Tears have flowed
From a secret and tender heart
Which believed itself exiled
What did I not understand, when I had departed
This secret and tender heart?

A mouth has spoken.

Sad sweetness to hear
Today revealed this secret and tender heart!

Sur cet océan d'herbe chaude et molle
Ne puis-je longtemps naviguer, sans peur,
En n'ayant pour pilote et pour boussole
Que tes pâles yeux voilés de langueur?

On this ocean of grass, hot and soft,
May I not sail for a long time, without fear,
Having for a pilot and a compass
Nothing but your pale eyes, veiled with languor?

Feuilles au vent (second series)

31 - La Libellule

Sur la bruyère arrosée
De rosé,
Sur le buisson d'églantier

Sur les ombreuses futaies,
Sur les haies
Croissant au bord du sentier;

Sur la modeste et petite
Marguerite
Qui penche son front rêvant;

Sur le seigle, verte houle
Que déroule
Le caprice ailé du vent;

Sur les prés, sur la colline
Qui s'incline
Vers le champ bariolé

De pittoresques guirlandes;
Sur les landes,
Sur le grand orme isolé;

The Dragonfly

On the heather sprinkled with dew,
On the wild rose bushes;

In the shadowy forests,
In the hedges growing at the edge of the path;

On the simple little daisy which bends its head
dreamily;

On the rye, a green wave which unfurls
The winged fancy of the wind;

On the meadows, on the hill
Which leans toward the multicolored field

Of picturesque garlands;
On the moors, on the great solitary elm;

La demoiselle se berce,
Et s'il perce,
Dans la brume, au bord du ciel,

Un rayon d'or qui scintille,
Elle brille,
Comme un regard d'Ariel,

La demoiselle nacrée,
Diaprée
De reflets roses et verts.

Bientôt elle vole et joue
Sous la roue
Du jet d'eau qui, s'élançant

Dans les airs, retombe, roule
Et s'écoule
En un ruisseau bruissant.

Et quand la grise hirondelle
Auprès d'elle
Passe, et ride à plis d'azur,

Dans sa chasse circulaire,
L'onde claire,
Elle s'enfuit d'un vol sûr.

Bois qui chantent, fraîches plaines
D'odeurs pleines,
Lacs de moire, coteaux bleus,

Ciel où le nuage passe,
Large espace,
Monts aux rochers anguleux;

Voilà l'immense domaine,
Où promène
Ses caprices, fleur des airs,

The dragonfly reposes,
And if a sparkling ray of gold

Pierces through the mist at the edge of heaven,
She shines like a glance of Ariel,

The pearly dragonfly,
Mottled with glints of pink and green.

Before long she flies and plays
Under the wheel of the fountain spray which,

Soaring into the air, falls back, rolls,
And flows out in a noisy stream.

And when the grey swallow passes near her
And ruffles folds of blue,

On her roundabout route, the transparent wave,
She flees from him safely.

A grove which sings, fresh plains
Full of odors, iridescent lakes, blue vineyards,

Sky where the clouds pass, broad space,
Mountains of angular rocks;

See the immense domain where her fancies,
Flowers of the air, promenade,

La demoiselle nacrée,
Diaprée
De reflets roses et verts.

32 - En Caique

Sais-tu ce que le vent soupire
Et veut dire,
Quand il pleure, glisse et s'enfuit
Dans la nuit?

Sais-tu pourquoi, quand l'onde arrive
A la rive,
Elle y laisse avec chaque flot
Un sanglot?

Sais-tu pourquoi Bulbul se pose
Sur la rose,
Et chaque jour chante à la fleur
Sa douleur?

C'est que partout la loi suprême,
Veut qu'on aime,
Et qu'ici-bas tout sans retour
Vit d'amour!

Sais-tu pourquoi le coeur bat vite
Et palpite,
Sans pouvoir contenir son sang
Frémissant?

Sais-tu pourquoi, sous leurs longs voiles,
Les étoiles,
Croisent dans l'air leurs millions
De rayons?

The pearly dragonfly,
Mottled with glints of pink and green.

In a boat

Do you know that which the wind sighs
And wishes to say,
When it weeps, glides and flees
Through the night?

Do you know why, when the wave arrives
At the shore,
It leaves a sob behind
With each wave?

Do you know why the bumblebee places himself
In the rose
And each day sings his sorrow
To the flower?

It is because everywhere the divine law
Wants us to love,
And that here below on earth,
Without return, we should live by love!

Do you know why the heart beats rapidly
And throbs
Without the power to contain
Its shivering blood?

Do you know why, under their long veils,
The stars
Cross in the air
Their millions of rays?

Sais-tu pourquoi,
Quand tout sommeille,
Dieu seul veille
Et couve d'un regard béni
L'infini?

C'est que partout la loi suprême,
Veut qu'on aime,
Et qu'ici-bas tout sans retour,
Vit d'amour!

33 - Visions Intérieures

Si je ne vois plus l'aube éclore
Tous les matins,
Ni le couchant quand il colore
Les monts lointains;

Si je ne dois plus voir les roses
S'épanouir,
Et la beauté de toutes choses
Me réjouir;

Terre, soleil, fleur, femme, étoile,
Ce que j'aimais,
A mes regards si tout se voile
Et pour jamais;

Je garde encore une lumière,
Et dans ma nuit,
Sous ma morne et fixe paupière,
Un jour me luit;

Un jour suave qui rayonne
De visions,
Un doux soleil qui m'environne
De chauds rayons.

Do you know why,
When everything sleeps,
God alone watches
And protects infinity
With a blessed regard?

It is because everywhere the divine law
Wants us to love,
And that here below on earth,
Without return, we should live by love.

Inner visions

If I never again see the dawn burst
Each morning,
Nor the sunset when it colors
The distant mountains;

If I can no longer see the roses blossom,

And the beauty of all things
Which delight me;

Earth, sun, flower, woman, star,
That which I loved,
If at my glance everything were veiled forever;

I will hold fast to the light still,
And in the night
Under my dull and fixed eyelid,
Will illuminate me;

A mellow, sweet day which gleams with visions,

A gentle sun which surrounds me
With warm rays.

Et cette atmosphère de flamme,
Cette clarté,
C'est ton image, ô jeune femme!
C'est ta beauté.

C'est ta grace, c'est ton sourire,
Ô chaste enfant!
C'est ton cœur naïf qui soupire
Et se défend.

C'est surtout cette larme pure,
Ce pleur sacré,
Et qui m'a fait une blessure
Dont je mourrai.

Perle de tes yeux, cette larme
Me reste encore.
J'en ai su faire par un charme
Un anneau d'or.

Depuis ce jour ma vie est tienne,
Depuis ce jour
Je n'ai plus rien qui m'appartienne,
Sauf mon amour.

34 - Hermanita

Tombe, neige légère, tombe...
Tombe sans bruit du haut des cieux!
D'un voile blanc couvre sa tombe
Sous tes flocons silencieux!

Comme toi, blanche, chaste et pure,
Elle effleura notre séjour;
Comme toi, tombant sans murmure,
Elle n'a duré qu'un seul jour.

And this enflamed atmosphere,
This brightness,
Is your image, oh young woman!
It is your beauty.

It is your grace, your smile,
Oh, innocent child!
It is your innocent heart which sighs
And protects itself.

It is above all this pure, blessed tear

From which I will die.

A pearl from your eyes, this tear
Remains for me still.
By this charm I was able to fashion
A golden year.

Since that day, my life is yours,
Since that day, I have nothing more which
Belongs to me,
Except my love.

Little sister

Fall, light snow, fall...
Fall silently from the heights of heaven!
Under a white veil cover her grave
With your silent flakes!

Like you, white, innocent and pure,
She scarcely touched our sojourn
Like you, falling without a murmur,
She lasted only a single day.

Comme toi du ciel descendue,
Elle y retourna sans effort...
Le soleil te rend à la nue,
Et Dieu nous reprend par la mort.

tombe, neige légère, tombe,
tombe sans bruit du haut des cieux!
D'un voile blanc couvre sa tombe
Sous tes flocons silencieux!

35 - L'Infini

Insondable et plein de mystère,
L'Infini roule triomphant
Et dans son sein porte la terre
Comme une mère son enfant.

La terre, à son tour, dans l'espace
En glissant sur l'immense éther,
Sans la verser porte avec grâce
La coupe verte où dort la mer;

Et la mer porte sur ses ondes
Le vaisseau qui se rit des flots,
Et la nef sous ses voiles rondes
M'emporte avec les matelots;

Et moi, pauvre oiseau de passage
Que le sort loin d'elle a banni,
Je porte en mon cœur, je porte son image
Où je retrouve l'Infini.

36 - La Veille du Départ

L'air était lourd, la nuit voilée,
Quand nous allâmes au jardin;
Le sable qui jonchait l'allée
Nous montrait seul notre chemin.

Like you, descended from heaven,
She returned there without effort...
The sun returns you to the clouds,
And God takes us back through death.

Fall, light snow, fall...
Fall silently from the heights of heaven!
Under a white veil cover her grave
With your silent flakes!

Infinity

Unfathomable and full of mystery,
Infinity rolls on triumphantly
And on its breast carries the earth
Like a mother her infant.

The earth, on its circuit,
Sliding in space on the vast ether,
Without spilling, it carries with grace
The green bowl of the slumbering sea;

And the sea carries on its waves
The ship which scoffs at the surf,
And the vessel under full sail
Carries me with the sailors;

And I, poor bird of passage
Whom fate has exiled far from her,
I carry in my heart her image
Where I rediscover infinity.

The day before death

The air was heavy, the night overcast,
When we went to the garden,
Only the sand which strewn the path
Showed us our way.

Quelque temps ainsi nous marchâmes,
En rêvant au bruit de nos pas;
Nous nous taisions, mais nos deux âmes
Ne s'en parlaient que mieux tout bas.

Trouble, regret, angoisse, crainte,
Devant l'avenir hasardeux,
Dans l'étau de la même étreinte,
Nous serrait le coeur à tous deux.

Ah! partir! dire qu'on se quitte!
Qu'il faudra vivre seul, à part!
Un malheur arrive si vite!
Quel déchirement qu'un départ!

C'est la vie, ô ma pauvre mère!
Vainement l'homme s'en défend.
Dieu veut que tout soit éphémère,
Même le bonheur d'un enfant...

Oui, demain, cette nuit peut-être,
Loin de mon coeur tu peux mourir!
Grand Dieu! n'étais-tu pas le maître
De nous faire un peu moins souffrir?

Dans ta providence suprême,
Dieu bon! ne pouvais-tu donc pas
Laisser l'homme avec ceux qu'il aime
S'endormir d'un commun trépas?

Non, tu sépares dès ce monde
Ceux que tu viens d'y réunir,
Et dans ta sagesse profonde
Nous devons encore te bénir!

C'est ainsi qu'au jardin plus sombre,
Guidant ma mère pas à pas,
Le coeur serré, l'esprit plein d'ombre,

For some time we walked thus,
Dreamily in the sound of our footsteps;
We were silent, but our two souls
Understood each other that much better.

Confusion, regret, anxiety, fear
Of the dubious future,
The grasp of the same embrace
Wrenched both our hearts.

Ah! to part! to think that we are separating!
To have to live alone, apart!
Misfortune comes so quickly!
What a wrenching, this parting!

That is life, oh my poor mother!
Man defends himself from it in vain.
God wishes that all should be ephemeral,
Even the happiness of a child...

Yes, tomorrow, tonight perhaps,
Far from my heart, you may die!
Great God! were you not the one
Who could have eased our suffering?

In your supreme Providence,
Dear God! Couldn't you then
Leave a man with those whom he loves
To die together?

No, you separate from this earth
Those whom you have just reunited,
And in your profound wisdom
We must still bless you!

It is thus that in the darker garden,
Guiding my mother step by step,
My heart broken, my spirit gloomy,

le marchais en pressant son bras;

Et, roulant la funèbre idée
(De mon âme éternel tourment!)
Je pris sa vieille main ridée,
Et la baisai tout doucement.

I walked pressing her arm;

And, pushing aside the gloomy thought,
(The eternal torment of my soul!)
I took her wrinkled old hand
And kissed it tenderly.

Georgine Resick, a native of Pennsylvania, is an internationally recognized soprano in both the operatic and concert fields. She made her operatic debut as Sophie in Massenet's *Werther* with the Washington Opera with Nicolai Gedda in the title role. A protégée of the late George London, she received two National Opera Institute Young Artist Awards before spending six years as principal lyric soprano at the Cologne Opera; she then moved on to the same position at the Deutsche Oper am Rhine in Düsseldorf. She has sung a wide variety of leading roles with the Vienna State Opera, the Chicago Lyric Opera, the Paris Opera, the Houston Grand Opera, and with opera companies in Rome, Nice, and Berlin, among others. Renowned for her Mozart and Strauss interpretations, Ms. Resick has appeared at the festivals of Salzburg, Edinburgh, Lucerne, and Schwetzingen, where she made a film of Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. A favorite at the Drottningholm Court Theater in Stockholm, her L'Oiseau Lyre recording with them of Despina in Mozart's *Così fan Tutte* won the Grand Prix du Disque. Ms. Resick appears frequently as soloist with orchestra and has been Soprano in Residence at the Marlboro Music Festival, the Fontana Festival, and at the Strings in the Mountains Festival. Recent appearances include Zerlina in gala performances of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* for the Israel Philharmonic's 50th Anniversary Season, conducted by



Daniel Barenboim, and performances of *The Four Last Songs* of Richard Strauss with the San Diego Symphony.

Ms. Resick holds the post of Professor of Voice at the University of Notre Dame, where she founded *con tempo*, a contemporary chamber music ensemble. She has taught at the New England Conservatory in Boston and the American University in Washington, D.C. She holds a Bachelor of Music (magna cum laude) from American University in Washington, D.C., and the Artist's Diploma from Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore. Other awards she has received include: American University Performing Arts Hall of Fame, Howard Foundation Fellowship, Lilly Foundation Fellowship, the Outstanding Development Prize of the State of North Rhine/Westphalia, and the Martha Baird Rockefeller Young Artist Fellowship. Ms. Resick speaks German, French, Italian and Russian, and also sings in Spanish, Swedish, Polish, Portuguese, and Czech.

An adventurous recitalist, Ms. Resick has in recent years championed unknown and neglected song literature. She has sixteen recordings on such labels as Deutsche Grammophon, L'Oiseau Lyre, and Schwann, including the solo compact discs "Songs of Alexander Grechaninov" and "Men's Songs, Women's Voices" on Bridge Records. Ms. Resick has recently completed a recording of the songs of Charles Koechlin and will soon record the complete song cycles of Leo Smit.



Pianist **Andrew Willis** performs in the United States and abroad on pianos of every period. His recordings on early pianos include a Beethoven Op. 106 that was hailed by The New York Times as "a 'Hammerklavier' of rare stature." He has appeared as soloist with The Apollo Ensemble, The Mozart Orchestra, and the Philadelphia Classical Symphony and in recital under the auspices of the National Music Museum, numerous universities and festivals, and early music societies in San Diego, Los Angeles, and London. Recently, the frontiers of his historical pianism have expanded both toward the present (an 1848 Pleyel for music of Chopin and Fauré) and toward the past (a piano in the Florentine tradition of the 1730's for music of early eighteenth-century Italian masters and J. S. Bach). He has also demonstrated a commitment to the piano music of our time by commissioning, premiering, and recording Martin Amlin's *Sonata No. 7* (1999).

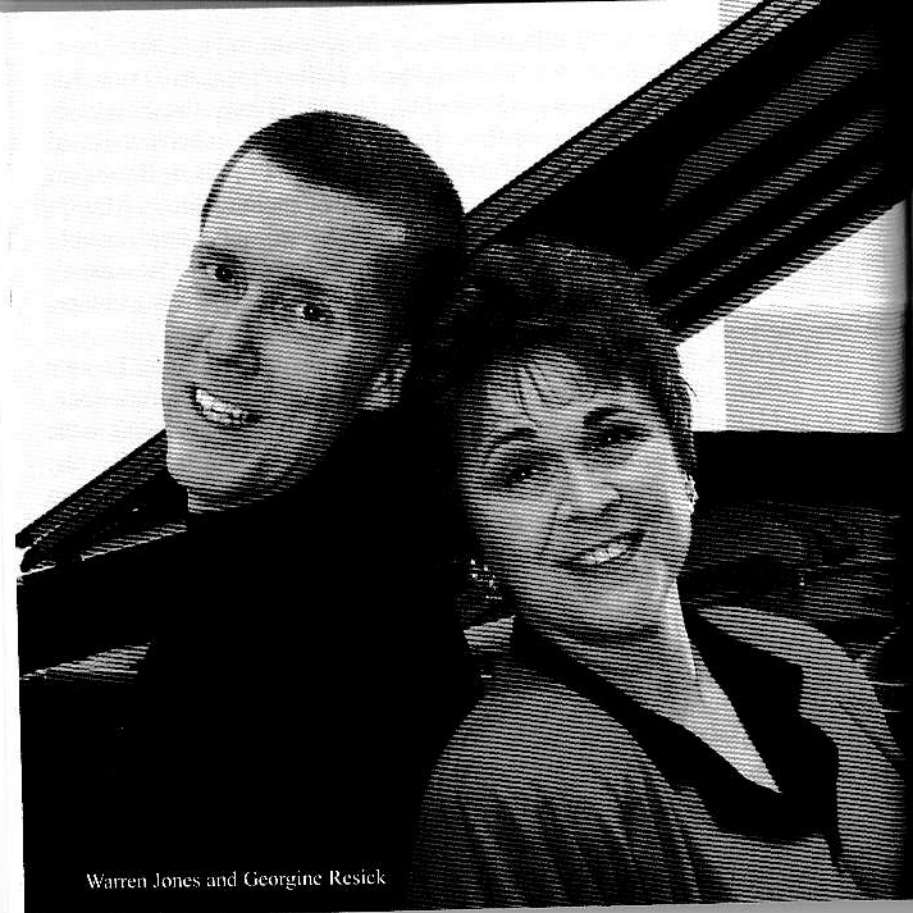
At the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, where he is a member of the keyboard faculty, Willis serves as Director of the biennial Focus on Piano Literature. Before investigating historical performance under the guidance of Malcolm Bilson at Cornell, he studied piano with Mieczyslaw Horszowski at The Curtis Institute of Music and with George Sementovsky and Lambert Orkis at Temple University.



Warren Jones frequently performs with many of today's best-known artists, including Stephanie Blythe, Denyce Graves, Håkan Hagegård, Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, Ruth Ann Swenson, Bo Skovhus, Samuel Ramey, James Morris, John Relyea, and Anthony Dean Griffey. In addition, he has collaborated with instrumentalists Joseph Alessi and Michael Parloff and the Juilliard, Borromeo, and Brentano Quartets. In the past he has partnered such great singers as Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, and Martti Talvela. The Boston Globe termed him "flawless"; The New York Times, "exquisite"; and The San Francisco Chronicle said simply, "He is the single finest accompanist now working."

Mr. Jones has often been a guest artist at Carnegie Hall and in Lincoln Center's Great Performers Series, as well as the festivals of Tanglewood, Ravinia, and Caramoor. His international travels have taken him to recitals at the Salzburg Festival, Milan's Teatro alla Scala, the Teatro Fenice in Venice, the Maggio Musicale in Florence, the Opéra Bastille in Paris, London's Wigmore Hall and Queen Elizabeth Hall, the Konzerthaus in Vienna, Suntory Hall in Tokyo, and the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires. Mr. Jones' recordings on Sony, Decca, RCA Victor, EMI, and Deutsche Grammophon have garnered widespread critical acclaim.

Mr. Jones is a member of the faculty at the Manhattan School of Music in New York City and teaches and performs each summer at the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara, California. For ten years he was Assistant Conductor at the Metropolitan Opera and for three seasons served in the same capacity at San Francisco Opera. Mr. Jones was born in Washington, DC, grew up in North Carolina, and currently resides in New York City.



Warren Jones and Georgine Resick

Disc A - The Early German Song Cycle

Producer: Evan Richey

Engineer: Dennis Hopson

Editor: Silas Brown

Mastering Engineer: Adam Abeshouse

Recorded: May 26-28, July 28-30, 2003, at the Music School of the University of North Carolina,
Greensboro, NC

Disc B - The Wanderer: The Song Cycle in Migration

Produced and engineered by Judith Sherman

Engineering and editing assistance: Jeanne Velonis

Recorded: June 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 2003, in the Recital Hall of the Performing Arts Center,
SUNY Purchase, NY.

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