

## **Texts and Translations**

### **How Can I Keep from Singing?**

*Words and music by Robert Lowry*

My life goes on in endless song  
above earth's lamentation,  
I hear the clear, though far-off hymn  
that hails a new creation.

No storm can shake my inmost calm,  
while to that Rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is Lord of heaven and earth,  
how can I keep from singing?

Through all the tumult and the strife,  
I hear the music ringing.  
It sounds an echo in my soul,  
how can I keep from singing?

No storm can shake my inmost calm,  
while to that Rock I'm clinging.  
Since love is Lord of heaven and earth,  
how can I keep from singing?

### **Spring**

*Poetry by Thomas Nashe*

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
Spring! The sweet Spring!

### **Suleika**

*Poetry by Marianne von Willemer*

Ach, um deine feuchten Schwingen,  
West, wie sehr ich dich beneide:  
Denn du kannst ihm Kunde bringen  
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

Die Bewegung deiner Flügel  
Weckt im Busen stilles Sehnen;  
Blumen, Augen, Wald und Hügel  
Stehn bei deinem Hauch in Tränen.

Ah, of your moist wings,  
West Wind, how envious I am:  
for you can bring news to him  
of what I suffer in separation!

The beating of your wings  
wakes silent longing in my breast;  
flowers, eyes, woods and hills  
are tearful where you breathe.

Doch dein mildes sanftes Wehen  
Kühlt die wunden Augenlider;  
Ach, für Leid müßt' ich vergehen,  
Hofft' ich nicht zu sehn ihn wieder.

Eile denn zu meinem Lieben,  
Spreche sanft zu seinem Herzen;  
Doch vermeid' ihn zu betrüben  
Und verbirg ihm meine Schmerzen.

Sag ihm, aber sag's bescheiden:  
Seine Liebe sei mein Leben,  
Freudiges Gefühl von beiden  
Wird mir seine Nähe geben.

### **Er ist's**

*Poetry by Eduard Mörike*

Frühling lässt sein blaues Band  
wieder flattern durch die Lüfte;  
süße, wohlbekannte Düfte  
streifen ahnungsvoll das Land.  
Veilchen träumen schon,  
wollen balde kommen.  
Horch, von fern ein leiser Harfenton!  
Frühling, ja, du bist's!  
Dich hab' ich vernommen!

### **Du bist wie eine Blume**

*Poetry by Heinrich Heine*

Du bist wie eine Blume,  
so hold und schön und rein;  
ich schau' dich an, und Wehmut  
schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.  
Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände  
aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',  
betend, dass Gott dich erhalte  
so rein und schön und hold.

### **Widmung**

*Poetry by Friedrich Rückert*

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,  
du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,  
du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,  
mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,  
O du mein Grab, in das hinab  
ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!

Du bist die Ruh', du bist der Freiden,  
du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.  
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,  
dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,  
du hebst mich liebend über mich,  
mein guter Geist, mein bess'eres Ich!

Yet your mild gentle wafting  
is cooling to sore eyelids;  
ah, for grief would I have to die,  
should I not hope to see him again.

Speed then to my beloved,  
speak softly to his heart;  
but avoid troubling him,  
and conceal from him my agony.

Tell him—but put it simply—  
that his love is my life,  
and that the joyous feelings of both  
will his presence give me.

Spring sends its blue banner  
fluttering on the breeze again;  
sweet, well-remembered scents  
drift propitiously across the land.  
Violets dream already,  
they will soon begin to bloom.  
Listen, the soft sound of a distant harp!  
Spring, that must be you!  
It's you I've heard!

You are like a flower,  
so sweet and fair and pure;  
I gaze at you, and melancholy  
steals into my heart.  
It is as though I should gently  
lay my hands upon your head,  
praying that God preserve you  
so pure and fair and sweet.

You my soul, you my heart,  
you my bliss, O you my pain,  
you my world in which I live,  
my heaven you, to which I float,  
O you my grave, into which  
I eternally cast my grief.

You are rest, you are peace,  
you are bestowed upon me from heaven.  
Your love for me gives me my worth,  
your gaze transfigures me in mine,  
you raise me lovingly above myself,  
my good spirit, my better self!

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,  
du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,  
du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,  
mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,  
mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

### ***Mädchenblumen***

*Poetry by Felix Dahn*

#### **Kornblumen**

Kornblumen nenn ich die Gestalten,  
die milden, mit den blauen Augen,  
die, anspruchslos, in stillem Walten,  
den Tau des Friedens, den sie saugen  
aus ihren eigenen, klaren Seelen,  
mitteilen allem, dem sie nah'n,  
bewußtlos der Gefühlsjuwelen,  
die sie von Himmelshand empfahn.  
Dir wird so wohl in ihrer Nähe,  
als gingst du durch ein Saatgefilde,  
durch das der Hauch des Abends wehe,  
voll frommen Friedens und voll Milde.

#### **Mohnblumen**

Mohnblumen sind die runden,  
rotblutigen, gesunden,  
die sommersproßgebraunten,  
die immer froh gelaunten,  
kreuzbraven, kreuzfidelen,  
tanznimmermüden Seelen;  
die unter'm Lachen weinen  
und nur geboren scheinen,  
die Kornblumen zu necken,  
und dennoch oft verstecken  
die weichsten, besten Herzen,  
im Schlinggewächs von Scherzen;  
die man, weiß Gott, mit Küssen  
ersticken würde müssen,  
wär' man nicht immer bange,  
umarmest du die Range,  
sie springt ein voller Brander  
aufflammend auseinander!

#### **Epheu**

Aber Epheu nenn' ich jene Mädchen  
mit den sanften Worten,  
mit dem Haar, dem schlichten, hellen  
um den leis' gewölbten Brau'n,  
mit den braunen seelenvollen Rehenaugen,  
die in Tränen steh'n so oft,  
in ihren Tränen gerade sind unwiderstehlich;  
ohne Kraft und Selbstgefühl,  
schmucklos mit verborg'ner Blüte,

You my soul, you my heart,  
you my bliss, O you my pain,  
you my world in which I live,  
my heaven you, to which I float,  
my good spirit, my better self!

#### **Cornflowers**

Cornflowers are what I call those girls,  
those gentle girls with blue eyes,  
who simply and serenely impart  
the dew of peace, which they draw  
from their own pure souls,  
to all those they approach,  
unaware of the jewels of feeling  
they receive from the hand of Heaven.  
You feel so at ease in their company,  
as though you were walking through a cornfield,  
rippled by the breath of evening,  
full of devout peace and gentleness.

#### **Poppies**

Poppies are the round,  
red-blooded, healthy girls,  
the tan and freckled ones,  
the always good-humored ones,  
honest and merry as the day is long,  
who never tire of dancing,  
who laugh and cry simultaneously  
and only seem to be born  
to tease the cornflowers,  
and yet often conceal  
the gentlest and kindest hearts  
as they entwine and play their pranks,  
those whom, God knows,  
you would have to stifle with kisses,  
were you not so timid,  
for if you embrace the minx,  
she will burst, like smoldering timber,  
into flames!

#### **Ivy**

But ivy is my name for those girls  
with gentle words,  
with sleek fair hair  
and slightly arched brows,  
with brown soulful fawn-like eyes  
that well up so often with tears—  
which are simply irresistible;  
without strength and self-confidence,  
unadorned with hidden flowers,

doch mit unerschöpflich tiefer,  
treuer inniger Empfindung  
können sie mit eigener Triebkraft  
nie sich heben aus den Wurzeln,  
sind geboren, sich zu ranken  
liebend um ein ander Leben:  
an der ersten Lieb'umrankung  
hängt ihr ganzes Lebensschicksal,  
denn sie zählen zu den seltenen Blumen,  
die nur einmal blühen.

### **Wasserrose**

Kennst du die Blume, die märchenhafte,  
sagengefeierte Wasserrose?  
Sie wiegt auf ätherischem, schlankem Schaft  
das durchsicht'ge Haupt, das farbenlose,  
sie blüht auf schilfigem Teich im Haine,  
gehütet vom Schwan, der umkreiset sie einsam,  
sie erschließt sich nur dem Mondenscheine,  
mit dem ihr der silberne Schimmer gemeinsam:  
so blüht sie, die zaub'rische Schwester der Sterne,  
umschwärmt von der träumerisch dunklen Phaläne,  
die am Rande des Teichs sich sehnet von ferne,  
und sie nimmer erreicht, wie sehr sie sich sehne.  
Wasserrose, so nenn' ich die schlanke,  
nachtlock'ge Maid, alabastern von Wangen,  
in dem Auge der ahnende tiefe Gedanke,  
als sei sie ein Geist und auf Erden gefangen.  
Wenn sie spricht, ist's wie silbernes Wogenrauschen,  
wenn sie schweigt, ist's die ahnende Stille der Mondnacht;  
sie scheint mit den Sternen Blicke zu tauschen,  
deren Sprache die gleiche Natur sie gewohnt macht;  
du kannst nie ermüden, in's Aug' ihr zu schau'n,  
das die seidne, lange Wimper umsäumt hat,  
und du glaubst, wie bezaubert von seligem Grau'n,  
was je die Romantik von Elfen geträumt hat.

### ***Don Quichotte à Dulcinée***

*Poetry by Paul Morand*

### **Chanson romanesque**

Si vous me disiez que la terre  
À tant tourner vous offensa,  
Je lui dépêcherais Pança:  
Vous la verriez fixe et se taire.

Si vous me disiez que l'ennui  
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri d'astres,  
Déchirant les divins cadastres,  
Je faucherais d'un coup la nuit.

Si vous me disiez que l'espace  
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît point,  
Chevalier dieu, la lance au poing.

but with inexhaustibly deep  
true and ardent feeling,  
they cannot, through their own strength,  
rise from their roots,  
but are born to twine themselves  
lovingly round another's life:  
their whole life's destiny  
depends on their first love-entwining  
for they belong to that rare breed of flower  
that only blooms once.

### **Water-lily**

Do you know this flower, the fairy-like  
water-lily, celebrated in legend?  
On her ethereal, slender stem  
she sways her colorless transparent head;  
it blossoms on a reedy and sylvan pond,  
protected by the solitary swan that swims round it,  
opening only to the moonlight,  
whose silver gleam it shares.  
Thus it blossoms, the magical sister of the stars,  
as the dreamy dark moth, fluttering round it,  
yearns for it from afar at the edge of the pond,  
and never reaches it for all its yearning.  
Water-lily is my name for the slender  
maiden with night-black locks and alabaster cheeks,  
with deep foreboding thoughts in her eyes,  
as though she were a spirit imprisoned on earth.  
Her speech resembles the silver rippling of waves,  
her silence the foreboding stillness of a moonlit night,  
she seems to exchange glances with the stars,  
whose language—and nature—she shares.  
You can never tire of gazing into her eyes,  
framed by her silken long lashes,  
and you believe, bewitched by their blissful gray,  
all that Romantics have ever dreamt about elves.

### **Romanesque Song**

If you were to tell me that the earth  
with all its turning, offended you,  
I would dispatch Panza:  
you would see it motionless and silent.

If you were to tell me that you grew bored  
with a sky too flowery with stars,  
destroying the divine order,  
I would sweep the night away with one blow.

If you were to tell me that space  
thus emptied did not please you,  
god-like Knight, lance in hand,

J'étoilerais le vent qui passe.

Mais si vous disiez que mon sang  
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma Dame,  
Je blémirais dessous le blâme  
Et je mourrais, vous bénissant.

Ô Dulcinée.

### **Chanson épique**

Bon Saint Michel qui me donnez loisir  
de voir ma Dame et de l'entendre,  
bon Saint Michel qui me daignez choisir  
pour lui complaire et la défendre,  
bon Saint Michel veuillez descendre  
avec Saint Georges sur l'autel  
de la Madone au bleu mantel.

D'un rayon du ciel bénissez ma lame  
et son égale en pureté  
et son égale en piété  
comme en pudeur et chasteté:  
Ma Dame.

Ô grands Saint Georges et Saint Michel  
L'ange qui veille sur ma veille,  
ma douce Dame si pareille  
à Vous, Madone au bleu mantel!  
Amen.

### **Chanson à boire**

Foin du bâtard, illustre Dame,  
qui pour me perdre à vos doux yeux  
dit que l'amour et le vin vieux  
mettent en deuil mon cœur, mon âme!

Je bois à la joie!  
La joie est le seul but  
où je vais droit . . .  
lorsque j'ai bu!

Foin du jaloux, brune maîtresse,  
qui geind, qui pleure et fait serment  
D'être toujours ce pâle amant  
qui met de l'eau dans son ivresse!

Je bois à la joie!  
La joie est le seul but  
où je vais droit . . .  
lorsque j'ai bu!

I would stud the passing wind with stars.

But if you said that my blood  
is more mine than yours, my Lady,  
I would blanch at the reproach,  
and I would die, blessing you.

Oh, Dulcinée.

### **Epic Song**

Good Saint Michael, who gives me the liberty  
to see my Lady and to hear her,  
good Saint Michael, who deigns to choose me  
to please her and defend her,  
good Saint Michael, I pray you to descend  
with Saint George upon the altar  
of the Madonna of the blue mantle.

With a beam from heaven, bless my sword  
and its equal in purity  
and its equal in piety  
as in modesty and chastity:  
my Lady!

O great Saint George and Saint Michael  
the angel who watches over my watch,  
my sweet Lady who is like  
you, Madonna of the blue mantle!  
Amen!

### **Drinking Song**

A fig for the bastard, illustrious Lady,  
who, to shame me in your sweet eyes,  
says that love and old wine  
will bring misery to my heart and my soul!

I drink to joy!  
Joy is the sole aim  
that I pursue . . .  
when I've drunk!

A fig for the jealous fool, dark-haired mistress,  
who whines, who weeps and vows  
ever to be this pallid lover  
who puts water into his intoxication!

I drink to joy!  
Joy is the sole aim  
that I pursue . . .  
when I've drunk!

## Apparition

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs  
Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs  
Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes  
De blancs sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles.  
—C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser.  
Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser  
S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse  
Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse  
La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli.  
J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli,  
Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue  
Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue  
Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté  
Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté  
Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées  
Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

The moon was growing sad. Seraphims in tears  
dreaming, bows at their fingers, in the calm of hazy  
flowers, were drawing from dying viols  
white sobs that glided over the azure blue of the corollas.  
—It was the blessed day of your first kiss.  
My fantasy, glad to torment me,  
grew skillfully drunk on the perfumed sadness  
that—without regret or vexation—  
the harvest of a Dream leaves in the heart that gathered it.  
And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old paving stones,  
when, with sunlight in your hair, in the street  
and in the evening, you appeared before me laughing  
and I thought I saw the fairy with her cap of light  
who once in my lovely dreams as a spoiled child  
passed by, letting fall like snow from her half-closed hands  
white bouquets of perfumed stars.

## *Three Browning Songs*

*Poetry by Robert Browning*

### **The Year's at the Spring**

The year's at the spring,  
And day's at the morn;  
Morning's at seven;  
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd;  
The lark's on the wing;  
The snail's on the thorn;  
God's in His heaven—  
All's right with the world!

### **Ah, Love, But a Day**

Ah, Love, but a day,  
And the world has changed!  
The sun's away,  
And the bird estranged;  
The wind has dropped,  
And the sky's deranged;  
Summer has stopped.

Look in my eyes!  
Wilt thou change too?  
Should I fear surprise?  
Shall I find aught new  
In the old and dear,  
In the good and true,  
With the changing year?

Thou art a man,  
But I am thy love.  
For the lake, its swan;  
For the dell, its dove;  
And for thee — (oh, haste!)  
Me, to bend above,  
Me, to hold embraced.

## **I Send My Heart Up to Thee**

I send my heart up to thee, all my heart  
In this my singing,  
For the stars help me, and the sea, and the sea bears part;  
The very night is clinging  
Closer to Venice' streets to leave one space  
Above me, whence thy face  
May light my joyous heart to thee, to thee its dwelling place.

## **Li'l Gal**

*Poetry by Paul Lawrence Dunbar*

Oh, de weathah it is balmy, an' de breeze is sighin' low,  
Li'l Gal.  
An' de mockin' bird is singin' in de locust by de do',  
Li'l Gal;  
Dere's a hummin' an' a bummin' in' de lan' f'om eas' to wes',  
I's a sighin' fo' you honey an' I never knows no res';  
Fo' dey's lots o' trouble stewin' an' a-brewin' in my breas',  
Li'l Gal.

Don't you let no dandy fool you, 'cause de clo'es he waihs is fine,  
Li'l Gal.  
Dey's an' hones' heart a-beatin' underneaf dese rags o' mine,  
Li'l Gal.  
Cose dey ain't no use in mockin' what de birds an' weathah do,  
But I's sorry I cain't 'spress it when I knows I love you true;  
Dat's de reason I's a-sighin' an' a-singin' now fo' you,  
Li'l Gal.

## **The Glory of the Day Was in Her Face**

*Poetry by James Weldon Johnson*

The glory of the day was in her face,  
The beauty of the night was in her eyes.  
And over all her loveliness, the grace  
Of Morning blushing in the early skies.

And in her voice, the calling of the dove;  
Like music of a sweet, melodious part.  
And in her smile, the breaking light of love;  
And all the gentle virtues in her heart.

And now the glorious day, the beauteous night,  
The birds that signal to their mates at dawn,  
To my dull ears, to my tear-blinded sight  
Are one with all the dead, since she is gone.

## **If I Could Give You All I Have**

*Poetry by Spencer*

If I could give you all I have  
it would not be enough.  
If all my life I'd grasp and save  
it would not fill this love.  
All men living, all men dead

conceiving of love,  
in all the words their hearts have said,  
have not said enough  
to make the whole star reach of sky  
they might be thinking of,  
deep as this simple you and I.  
Your love, my love.

### **On the Way to You**

*Poetry by Rim Huh*

If, love, it is too far for you to come, I'll come to you.  
On this lovely night, I'm missing your voice and words, sitting in front of you.  
I would like to quietly listen to your dreams and make you hear my words of love.  
Perhaps nostalgia is the scent that has been lost so long ago.  
On a day when I miss something warm in my life,  
My love, I will run to you first and stand there like a flower.

### **I Live in the Green Mountains**

*Poetry by Yeon Jun Kim*

I'll live in the thickly wooded green mountains  
So my heart may be azure, I'll live in the green mountains.  
The mountains are dyed green this spring again.  
I'll live in the green mountains to forget the pangs of worldly desire.  
Although everything in the world has changed during this long, long time,  
The green mountains remain as they ever were. I'll live in the green mountains.

### **Mountain Village**

*Poetry by Kwang Suk Lee*

The sound of the cart turns 'round the mountain ridge,  
The maiden drawing water appears gentle as a flower.  
I push open the brushwood gate and look out over the field,  
The various crops brim over in the brilliant morning sunlight.  
Ah, through the village wafts the aroma of gourd flowers;  
Innumerable years have been enjoyed here. What is there to dislike?

The sound of the colt's cry goes over the knoll,  
Clouds say not a word among the flowing brook waters.  
Looking forward to a plentiful crop as the rice wine ferments,  
Each sweat-soaked face brims with a smile.  
Ah, through the village wafts the aroma of gourd flowers.  
Innumerable years have been enjoyed here. What is there to dislike?