

## Texts and Translations

### **Ständchen**

*Poetry by Adolf Friedrich von Schack*

Mach auf, mach auf! doch leise, mein Kind,  
Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken!  
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind  
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken;  
Drum leise, mein Mädchen, daß nichts sich regt,  
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!

Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht,  
Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen,  
Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht,  
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen!  
Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach  
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.

Sitz nieder! Hier dämmerts geheimnisvoll  
Unter den Lindenbäumen.  
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll  
Von unseren Küssen träumen  
Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht,  
Hoch glühn von den Wonneshauern der Nacht.

### **Das Veilchen**

*Poetry by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,  
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;  
Es war ein herzigs Veilchen.  
Da kam ein' junge Schäferin  
Mit leichtem Schritt und muntrem Sinn  
Daher, daher,  
Die Wiese her, und sang.

Ach! denkt das Veilchen, wär ich nur  
Die schönste Blume der Natur,  
Ach, nur ein kleines Veilchen,  
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt  
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!  
Ach nur, ach nur  
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!

Ach! aber ach! das Mädchen kam  
Und nicht in Acht das Veilchen nahm,  
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.  
Es sank und starb und freut' sich noch:  
Und sterb' ich denn, so sterb' ich doch  
Durch sie, durch sie,  
Zu ihren Füßen doch.

Das arme Veilchen! Es war ein herzigs Veilchen!

### **Serenade**

Open up, open up! But softly, my child,  
so that you don't wake anyone from sleep!  
The brook hardly murmurs, the breeze scarcely stirs  
a leaf on the bushes and hedges;  
now quietly, my love, so nothing shall stir,  
quietly lay your hand on the latch.

With footsteps as light as the steps of elves  
as they hop over the flowers,  
fly lightly into the moonlit night  
as you slip out to me in the garden!  
Around us the flowers slumber by the rippling brook,  
fragrant in their sleep; only love is awake.

Sit down! Here dusk is falling mysteriously  
under the linden trees.  
The nightingale above our heads shall  
dream of our kisses;  
and the rose, when she wakes at dawn,  
shall glow from the raptures of this night.

### **The Violet**

A violet was growing in the meadow,  
unnoticed and with bowed head;  
it was a charming violet.  
Along came a young shepherdess,  
light of step and happy of heart,  
along, along  
through the meadow, and sang.

“Ah!” thought the violet, “if only I were  
the most beautiful flower in nature,  
ah! for only a little while,  
till my darling had picked me  
and pressed me against her bosom!  
Ah only, ah only  
for a single quarter hour!”

But alas! Alas! The girl drew near  
and took no heed of the violet—  
crushed the poor violet underfoot.  
It sank and died, yet still rejoiced:  
“For though I die, at least I die  
through her, through her,  
and at her feet!”

Poor thing! It was a charming violet!

### **Je demande à l'oiseau**

*Poetry by Armand Silvestre*

Je demande à l'oiseau qui passe  
Sur les arbres, sans s'y poser,  
Qu'il t'apporte, à travers l'espace,  
La caresse de mon baiser.

Je demande à la brise pleine  
De l'âme mourante des fleurs,  
De prendre un peu de ton haleine  
Pour en venir sécher mes pleurs.

Ah! Je demande au soleil de flamme,  
Qui boit la sève et fait les vins,  
Qu'il aspire toute mon âme,  
Et la verse à tes pieds divins!

### **O that we two were maying**

*Poetry by Rev. Charles Kingsley*

O that we two were maying  
down the stream of the soft spring breeze  
like children with violets playing  
in the shade of the whispering trees.

O that we two sat dreaming  
on the sward of some sheep trimm'd down  
watching the white mist stealing  
over river mead and town.

O that we two were maying  
down the stream of the soft spring breeze  
like children with violets playing  
in the shade of the whispering trees.

### **Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme**

*Poetry by Victor Hugo*

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme  
Donne à quelqu'un  
Sa musique, sa flamme,  
Ou son parfum;

Puisqu'ici toute chose  
Donne toujours  
Son épine ou sa rose  
A ses amours;

Puisqu'Avril donne aux chênes  
Un bruit charmant;  
Que la nuit donne aux peines  
L'oubli dormant.

Puisque lorsqu'elle arrive,  
S'y reposer,  
L'onde amère à la rive  
Donne un baiser;

### **I ask the bird**

I ask the bird who passes  
over the trees without landing  
if he will carry to you, across the expanse,  
the caress of my kiss.

I ask the breeze filled  
with the dying soul of flowers  
to take a little of your breath  
to dry my tears.

Ah! I ask of the burning sun,  
which drinks the sap and makes the wine,  
if it will breathe in all of my soul  
and pour it at your divine feet!

### **Because here on Earth every soul**

Because here on Earth every soul  
gives to someone else  
their music, their flame,  
or their perfume;

Because here every thing  
always gives  
its thorn or its rose  
to its beloved,

Because April gives to the oak trees  
a charming sound;  
and the night gives to our pains  
forgetfulness through sleep.

Because, as it arrives  
to find repose there,  
the bitter wave to the river  
gives a kiss;

Je te donne, à cette heure,  
Penché sur toi,  
La chose la meilleure  
Que j'ai en moi!

Reçois donc ma pensée,  
Triste d'ailleurs,  
Qui, comme une rosée,  
T'arrive en pleurs!

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,  
O mes amours!  
Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre  
De tous mes jours!

Mes transports pleins d'ivresses,  
Pur de soupçons,  
Et toutes les caresses  
De mes chansons!

Mon esprit qui sans voile  
Vogue au hazard,  
Et qui n'a pour étoile  
Que ton regard!

Reçois, mon bien céleste,  
O ma beauté,  
Mon cœur dont rien ne reste  
L'amour ôté!

### **Fidelity**

*Poetry by Anne Hunter*

While hollow burst the rushing winds  
and heavy beats the show'r,  
this anxious, aching bosom finds  
no comfort in its pow'r. No!

For ah, my love, it little knows  
what thy hard fate may be,  
what bitter storm of fortune blows,  
what tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the thread  
on which our days depend,  
and darkling in the checker'd shade,  
she draws it to an end.

But whatso'er may be our doom,  
the lot is cast for me,  
for in the world or in the tomb,  
my heart is fix'd on thee.

I give to you, at this hour,  
inclined over you,  
the most wonderful thing  
that I have in myself!

Receive, then, my thought--  
sad though it is,  
which, like a dew,  
reaches you as tear drops.

Receive my countless wishes,  
oh my love!  
Receive the flame or shadow  
of each of my days!

My raptures, passionate with drunkenness,  
pure of all suspicions,  
and all the caresses  
of my songs!

My spirit without a sail  
wanders directionless,  
and has nothing for a guiding star  
but your gaze!

Receive, my celestial one,  
oh my beauty,  
my heart, upon which nothing rests,  
for its love has been stolen away!

## **Du bist die Ruh**

*Poetry by Friedrich Rückert*

Du bist die Ruh,  
Der Friede mild,  
Die Sehnsucht du,  
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir  
Voll Lust und Schmerz  
Zur Wohnung hier  
Mein Aug' und Herz.

Kehr' ein bei mir,  
Und schliesse du  
Still hinter dir  
Die Pforten zu.

Treib andern Schmerz  
Aus dieser Brust.  
Voll sei dies Herz  
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt  
Von deinem Glanz  
Allein erhellt,  
O füll' es ganz.

## **Nocturne**

*Poetry by Frederic Prokosch*

Close, my darling, both your eyes,  
let your arms lie still at last.  
Calm the lake of falsehood lies  
and the wind of lust has passed.  
Waves across these hopeless sands  
fill my heart and end my day,  
underneath your moving hands  
all my aching flows away.

Even the human pyramids  
blaze with such a longing now:  
close, my love, your trembling lids,  
let the midnight heal your brow.  
Northward flames Orion's horn,  
westward th'Egyptian light.  
None to watch us, none to warn  
but the blind eternal night.

## **Auf einer Wanderung**

*Poetry by Eduard Mörike*

In ein freundliches Städtchen tret ich ein,  
In den Strassen liegt roter Abendschein.  
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,  
Über den reichsten Blumenflor  
Hinweg, hört man Goldglockentöne schweben,  
Und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor,  
Dass die Blüten beben,  
Dass die Lüfte leben,  
Dass in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten vor.

## **You are rest**

You are rest  
and gentle peace.  
You are longing  
and what quiets it.

Full of joy and grief  
I consecrate to you  
my eyes and my heart  
as a dwelling place.

Come in to me  
and softly close  
the gate  
behind you.

Drive all other grief  
from my breast.  
Let my heart  
be full of your joy.

The temple of my eyes  
is lit  
by your radiance alone:  
O, fill it wholly!

## **On a walk**

I arrive in a friendly little town,  
the streets glow in red evening light.  
From an open window,  
across the richest array of flowers  
and beyond, golden bell-chimes come floating,  
and one voice seems a choir of nightingales,  
causing blossoms to quiver,  
bringing breezes to life,  
making roses glow a brighter red.

Lang hielt ich staunend, lustbeklommen.  
Wie ich hinaus vors Tor gekommen,  
Ich weiss es wahrlich selber nicht.  
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!  
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewühle,  
Rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch;  
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach, wie rauscht im Grund die Mühle,  
Ich bin wie trunken, irreführt –  
O Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt  
Mit einem Liebeshauch!

### **Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen, liebstes Leben**

*Poetry by Paul Heysse*

Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen, liebstes Leben,  
Zu lang ist's schon, dass wir in Fehde liegen.  
Wenn du nicht willst, will ich mich dir ergeben;  
Wie könnten wir uns auf den Tod bekriegen?  
Es schliessen Frieden Könige und Fürsten,  
Und sollten Liebende nicht darnach dürsten?  
Es schliessen Frieden Fürsten und Soldaten,  
Und sollt es zwei Verliebten wohl missraten?  
Meinst du, dass, was so grossen Herrn gelingt,  
Ein Paar zufriedner Herzen nicht vollbringt?

### **À Chloris**

*Poetry by Théophile de Viau*

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,  
Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,  
Je ne crois point que les rois mêmes  
Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.  
Que la mort serait importune  
De venir changer ma fortune  
A la félicité des cieux!  
Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambrosie  
Ne touche point ma fantaisie  
Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

### **Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques**

*Poetry by Michel Dimitri Calvocoressi*

Ô joie de mon âme,  
Joie de mon cœur,  
Trésor qui m'est si cher;  
Joie de l'âme et du cœur,  
Toi que j'aime ardemment,  
Tu es plus beau qu'un ange.  
Ô lorsque tu parais,  
Ange si doux  
Devant nos yeux,  
Comme un bel ange blond,  
Sous le clair soleil,  
Hélas! tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!

Long I halted marveling, oppressed by joy.  
How I came out through the gate,  
I cannot in truth remember.  
Ah, how bright the world is here!  
The sky billows in a crimson whirl,  
the town lies behind in a golden haze;  
how the alder brook chatters, and the mill below!  
I am as if drunk, led astray—  
O Muse, you have touched my heart  
with a breath of love!

### **Now let us make peace, love of my life**

Let us now make peace, love of my life,  
we have been feuding far too long.  
If you're not willing, I'll give in to you;  
how could we wage war to the death?  
Peace is made by kings and princes,  
why should not lovers crave the same?  
Peace is made by soldiers and princes,  
so why should two lovers not succeed?  
Do you think what such great lords can manage  
cannot be done by two contented hearts?

### **To Chloris**

If it be true, Chloris, that you love me,  
(and I'm told you love me dearly),  
I do not believe that even kings  
can match the happiness I know.  
Even death would be powerless  
to alter my fortune  
with the promise of heavenly bliss!  
All that they say of ambrosia  
does not stir my imagination  
like the favor of your eyes!

### **Song of the lentisk gatherers**

Oh joy of my soul,  
joy of my heart,  
treasure so dear to me;  
joy of the soul and of the heart,  
you whom I love with passion,  
you are more beautiful than an angel.  
Oh when you appear,  
angel so sweet,  
before our eyes,  
like a lovely blond angel  
under the bright sun—  
alas, all our poor hearts sigh!

## Ouvre ton coeur

*Poetry by Louis Delâtre*

La marguerite a fermé sa corolle,  
L'ombre a fermé les yeux du jour.  
Belle, me tiendras-tu parole?  
Ouvre ton cœur à mon amour.

Ouvre ton cœur, ô jeune ange, à ma flamme,  
Qu'un rêve charme ton sommeil.  
Je veux reprendre mon âme,  
Comme une fleur s'ouvre au soleil!

## The Leather-Winged Bat

*American Folk Song*

"Hi," said the little ol' leather-winged bat,  
"I will tell you the reason that,  
the reason that I fly in the night:  
I've lost my heart's delight."

Hi-o day-o diddle-o-down  
hi-o day-o diddle-o-day  
hi-o day-o diddle-o-down  
diddle diddle dum da day-o.

"Hi," said the woodpecker sittin' on a fence,  
"once I courted a handsome wench,  
she got sassy and from me fled,  
and ever since then my head's been red!"

Hi-o day-o diddle-o-down  
hi-o day-o diddle-o-day  
hi-o day-o diddle-o-down  
diddle diddle dum da day-o.

"Hi," said the bluebird as he flew,  
"once I courted a young gal, too,  
she got sassy and wanted to go,  
so I tied a new string to my bow."

Hi-o day-o diddle-o-down  
hi-o day-o diddle-o-day  
hi-o day-o diddle-o-down  
diddle diddle dum da day-o.

"Hi," said the robin as he flew,  
"when I was a young man I'd court two.  
If one didn't love me the other one would.  
Now don't you think my notion's good?"

Hi-o day-o diddle-o-down  
hi-o day-o diddle-o-day  
hi-o day-o diddle-o-down  
diddle diddle dum da day-o.

## Open your heart

The daisy has closed its petals,  
darkness has closed the eyes of day.  
Will you, fair one, be true to your word?  
Open your heart to my love.

Open your heart to my ardor, young angel,  
that a dream may charm your sleep—  
I wish to recover my soul,  
as a flower unfolds to the sun!

## **At the Mid Hour of Night**

*Poetry by Thomas Moore*

At the mid hour of night when stars are weeping, I fly  
to the lone vale we lov'd when life shone warm in thine eye;  
and I think that if spirits can steal from the region of air,  
to revisit past scenes of delight; thou wilt come to me there,  
and tell me our love is remembered even in the sky.

Then I'll sing the wild song, which once 'twas rapture to hear,  
when our voices, both mingling, breathed like one on the ear,  
and, as Echo far off thro' the vale my sad orison rolls,  
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of souls  
faintly answering still the notes which once were so dear!

## **The Jungle Flower**

*Poetry by Laurence Hope*

Thou art one of the jungle flowers, strange and fierce and fair,  
palest amber, perfect lines, and scented with champa flower.  
Lie back and frame thy face in the gloom of thy loosened hair;  
sweet thou art and loved — ay, loved — for an hour.  
But thought flies far, ah far, to another breast,  
whose whiteness breaks to the rose of a twin pink flower,  
where wind the azure veins that my lips caressed  
when Fate was gentle to me for a too-brief hour.

## **Big Lady Moon**

*Poetry by Kathleen Easmon*

I can see you up on high,  
Big Lady Moon!  
Sweetly shining in the sky,  
Big Lady Moon!  
Is it 'cos you're glad I'm here?  
Like to feel that I am near?  
That you shine so bright and clear?  
Big Lady Moon!

Hark! I hear my nurse calling,  
Big Lady Moon!  
For she says the dew is falling,  
Big Lady Moon!  
So you see I'll have to go,  
I hope you won't be lonely though,  
'Cos I love you ever so,  
Big Lady Moon!

## **A White Rose**

*Poetry by John Boyle O'Reilly*

The red rose whispers of passion,  
and the white rose breathes of love;  
O, the red rose is a falcon,  
and the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud  
with a flush on its petal tips;  
for the love that is purest and sweetest  
has a kiss of desire on the lips.

## **We Have Tomorrow**

*Poetry by Langston Hughes, entitled "Youth"*

We have tomorrow  
bright before us  
like a flame.

Yesterday  
a night-gone thing,  
a sun-down name.

And dawn-today  
broad arch above the road we came.

## **Love Let the Wind Cry . . . How I Adore Thee**

*Poetry by Sappho, rendered by Bliss Carmen and based on the prose translation of H. T. Wharton*

Love let the wind cry  
on the dark mountain,  
bending the ash trees  
and the tall hemlocks  
with the great voice of  
thunderous legions.  
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent  
in the blue canyon,  
murmuring mightily  
out of the gray mist  
of primal chaos  
Cease not proclaiming  
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm  
of crunching rollers,  
breaking and bursting  
on the white seaboard.  
Titan and tireless,  
tell, while the world stands,  
How I adore thee.

Love let the clear call  
of the tree cricket,  
frailest of creatures,  
green as the young grass,  
mark with his trilling  
resonant bell-note,  
How I adore thee.

But, more than all sounds,  
Surer, serener,  
Fuller of passion  
and exultation,  
Let the hushed whisper  
in thine own heart say . . .  
How I adore thee.