

## “Love’s Messenger”

### Texts and Translations

#### **Liebesbotschaft**

Poetry by Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell,  
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell?  
Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du;  
Bringe die Grüße des Fernen ihr zu.

All’ ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt,  
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,  
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut,  
Bächlein, erquicke mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,  
Meiner gedenkend, das Köpfchen hängt;  
Tröste die Süsse mit freundlichem Blick,  
Denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,  
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.  
Rausche sie murmelnd in süsse Ruh,  
Flüstre ihr Träume der Liebe zu.

#### **An die Musik**

Poetry by Franz von Schober

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,  
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,  
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,  
Hast mich in eine beßre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,  
Ein süßer, heiliger Akkord von dir  
Den Himmel beßrer Zeiten mir erschlossen,  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

#### **Malinconia, Ninfa gentile**

Poetry by Ippolito Pindemonte

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile,  
la vita mia consacro a te;  
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,  
ai piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli Dei;  
m’udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,  
nè mai quel fonte co’ desir miei,  
nè mai quel monte trapasserò,  
nè mai trapasserò, no, no, mai.

#### **Ma rendi pur contento**

Poetry by Pietro Metastasio

Ma rendi pur contento  
della mia bella il core,  
e ti perdono, amore,  
se lieto il mio non è.  
Gli affanni suoi pavento  
più degli affanni miei,  
perchè più vivo in lei  
di quel ch’io vivo in me.

#### **Tidings of Love**

Murmuring brook, so silver and bright,  
do you hasten, so lively and swift, to my beloved?  
Ah, sweet brook, be my messenger.  
Bring her greetings from her distant lover.

All the flowers, tended in her garden,  
which she wears so charmingly on her breast,  
and her roses with their crimson glow,  
refresh them, brooklet, with your cooling waters.

When on your banks she inclines her head,  
lost in dreams, thinking of me,  
comfort my sweetheart with a kindly glance,  
for her beloved will return soon.

When the sun sinks in a reddish gleam,  
rock my sweetheart to sleep.  
With soft murmurings bring her sweet repose,  
and whisper dreams of love.

#### **To Music**

Beloved Art, in how many a gray hour,  
when I am caught in life’s tumultuous round,  
have you kindled my heart to the warmth of love,  
and borne me away to a better world!

Often has a sigh, escaping from your harp,  
a sweet, celestial chord from you,  
opened for me a heaven of better times.  
Beloved Art, for this I thank you!

#### **Melancholy, gentle nymph**

Melancholy, gentle nymph,  
I devote my life to you.  
One who despises your pleasures  
is not born to true pleasures.

Rivers and hills I asked of the gods;  
they heard me at last, I shall live satisfied.  
Not ever shall I cross that river with my desires,  
not ever cross that mountain.  
Not ever shall I cross—no, no, never.

#### **Only Make Her Happy**

Only make happy  
the heart of my beautiful one,  
and I will pardon you, love,  
if my own heart is not glad.  
Her troubles I fear  
more than my own troubles,  
because I live more in her  
than I live in myself.

### **Vanne, o rosa fortunata**

Poetry by Pietro Metastasio

Vanne, o rosa fortunata,  
a posar di Nice in petto  
ed ognun sarà costretto  
la tua sorte invidiar.

Oh, se in te potessi anch'io  
trasformarmi un sol momento;  
non avria più bel contento  
questo core a sospirar.

Ma tu inchini dispettosa,  
bella rosa impallidita,  
la tua fronte scolorita  
dallo sdegno e dal dolor.

Bella rosa, è destinata  
ad entrambi un'ugual sorte:  
là trovar dobbiam la morte,  
tu d'invidia ed io d'amor.

### **Excerpts from *Dichterliebe***

Poetry by Heinrich Heine

#### **Im wunderschönen Monat Mai**

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Knospen sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem Herzen  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,  
Als alle Vögel sangen,  
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

#### **Aus meinen Tränen sprießen**

Aus meinen Tränen sprießen  
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,  
Und meine Seufzer werden  
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,  
Schenk ich dir die Blumen all,  
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen  
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

#### **Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne**

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,  
Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;  
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,  
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.  
Ich leibe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine.

### **Go, o fortunate rose**

Go, o fortunate rose,  
to rest at Nice's breast  
and all will be forced  
to envy your fate.

Oh, if I could change myself  
into you, but for a moment,  
my heart would long  
for no greater happiness.

But you bow your head with spite,  
fair faded rose,  
your brow loses all color  
from disdain and pain.

Lovely rose, it is destined  
that we meet the same fate;  
we shall both meet death there,  
you from envy and I from love.

#### **In the lovely month of May**

In the lovely month of May,  
when all the buds were bursting,  
then within my heart  
love broke forth.

In the lovely month of May,  
when all the birds were singing,  
then I confessed to her  
my longing and desire.

#### **From my tears burst**

From my tears burst  
many blooming flowers,  
and my sighs become  
a chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,  
I'll give you all the flowers,  
and at your window shall sound  
the song of the nightingale.

#### **The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun**

The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun—  
I once loved them all blissfully.  
I love them no more, I love only  
the little one, the fine one, the pure one, the rare One.  
She alone, most blissful of all loves,  
is rose and lily and dove and sun.  
Alone I love  
the one who is small, fine, pure, rare.

### **Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour**

From *Les contes d'Hoffmann*, libretto by Jules Barbier

Belle nuit, ô nuit d'amour,  
Souris à nos ivresses!  
Nuit plus douce que le jour,  
Ô belle nuit d'amour!  
Le temps fuit et sans retour  
Emporte nos tendresses,  
Loin de cet heureux séjour  
Le temps fuit sans retour.

Zéphyr embrasés,  
Versez-nous vos caresses,  
Zéphyr embrasés,  
Donnez-nous vos baisers!

### **Song to the Moon**

From *Rusalka*, libretto by Jaroslav Kvapil

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,  
světlo tvé daleko vidí,  
po světě bloudíš širokém,  
díváš se v příbytky lidí,  
po světě bloudíš širokém,  
díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli, řekni mi,  
kde je můj milý,  
měsíčku, postůj chvíli, řekni mi, řekni,  
kde je můj milý?

Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,  
mé že jej objímá rámě,  
aby si alespoň chvíličku  
vzpomenul ve snění na mne,  
aby si alespoň chvíličku  
vzpomenul ve snění na mne.

Zasvět' mu do daleka, zasvět' mu, řekni mu,  
řekni, kdo tu naň čeká;  
zasvět' mu do daleka, zasvět' mu, řekni mu,  
řekni, kdo tu naň čeká!

O mně-li duše lidská sní,  
at' se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!  
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni,  
měsíčku, nezhasni!

### **Schlagende Herzen**

Poetry by Otto Julius Bierbaum

Über Wiesen und Felder ein Knabe ging,  
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz,  
Es glänzt ihm am Finger von Golde ein Ring,  
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.  
"O Wiesen, o Felder, wie seid ihr schön!  
O Berge, o Täler, wie schön!  
Wie bist du gut, wie bist du schön,  
Du goldene Sonne in Himmelshöhn!"  
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.

### **Beautiful night, oh night of love**

Beautiful night, oh night of love,  
smile upon our joys!  
Night much sweeter than the day,  
oh beautiful night of love!  
Time flies by and carries away  
our tender caresses forever.  
Time flies far from this happy oasis  
and does not return.

Burning zephyrs,  
embrace us with your caresses,  
Burning zephyrs,  
give us your kisses!

Moon in the broad sky,  
your beams see afar,  
around the entire Earth you roam,  
you see into the homes of people,  
around the entire Earth you roam,  
you see into the homes of people.

Moon, pause for a moment, answer me,  
where is my love,  
moon, pause for a moment, answer me, answer,  
where is my love?

Tell him, oh pale moon,  
that my arms envelop him,  
so that he, for at least a moment,  
might see me in his dreams,  
so that he, for at least a moment,  
might see me in his dreams.

Give him your beams afar, tell him,  
tell that I wait for him here;  
give him your beams afar, tell him,  
tell that I wait for him here!

Oh, if his human heart dreams of me,  
let this vision awaken!  
Moon, stay with me, stay with me,  
oh, moon, stay with me!

### **Beating Hearts**

A boy was walking across meadows and fields,  
pit-a-pat went his heart,  
a golden ring gleamed on his finger,  
pit-a-pat went his heart.  
"O meadows, O fields, how fair you are!  
O mountains, O valleys, how fair!  
How good you are, how fair you are,  
you golden sun in heaven above!"  
Pit-a-pat went his heart.

Schnell eilte der Knabe mit fröhlichem Schritt,  
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.  
Nahm manche lachende Blume mit—  
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.  
“Über Wiesen und Felder weht Frühlingswind,  
Über Berge und Wälder weht Frühlingswind.  
Im Herzen mir innen weht Frühlingswind,  
Der treibt zu dir mich leise, lind!”  
Kling klang, schlug ihm das Herz.

Zwischen Wiesen und Feldern ein Mädels stand,  
Kling klang, schlug ihr das Herz,  
Hielt über die Augen zum Schauen die Hand,  
Kling klang, schlug ihr das Herz.  
“Über Wiesen und Felder, über Berge und Wälder,  
Zu mir, zu mir, schnell kommt er her!  
O wenn er bei mir nur, bei mir schon wär!”  
Kling klang, schlug ihr das Herz.

### **In the Clouds of Flowers**

Poetry by Dujin Park

Flower breeze, flower breeze  
Blow warmly from town to town  
Radiant flowers, apricot flowers, in a flower  
like a cloud, a flower cloud, a flower cloud, in a flower  
Sprinkling pollen  
Each village has a strong floral scent

Having suffered from cold and hunger,  
the people lived with shrieks and trembling,  
Sad talk, sad talk  
Alas, forget it and get drunk on the flower scent  
Far away, let him fall in a cloud of flowers  
Let it fall like a butterfly

### **Dongsimcho (Grasses of the Same Heart)**

Text by the Chinese poet Suldo, adapted by Anseo Kim

The petals are constantly falling in the wind  
The day for our union is a long way off  
No promised date at all  
Oh well, two hearts, having failed to tie the knot  
vainly and futilely, try to tie two blades of grasses

Flowers in the wind are falling, ah, time is fleeting  
The day of our union, a floating cloud  
No promised date at all  
Oh well, two hearts, having failed to tie the knot  
vainly and futilely, try to tie two blades of grasses

### **Lilacs**

Poetry by Ekaterina Beketova

In the morning, at daybreak,  
over the dewy grass,  
I will go to breathe the crisp dawn;  
and in the fragrant shade,  
where the lilacs cluster,  
I will go to seek my happiness . . .

In life only one happiness  
was fated for me to discover,

The boy hurried on with happy steps,  
pit-a-pat went his heart,  
took with him many a laughing flower,  
pit-a-pat went his heart.  
“Over meadows and fields a spring wind blows,  
over mountains and woods a spring wind blows,  
a spring wind is blowing in my heart,  
driving me to you, softly and gently!”  
Pit-a-pat went his heart.

Between meadows and fields a young girl stood,  
pit-a-pat went her heart,  
she shaded her eyes with her hand as she gazed,  
pit-a-pat went her heart.  
“Over meadows and fields, over mountains and woods,  
to me, to me he’s hurrying!  
Ah! If only he were here with me already!”  
Pit-a-pat went her heart.

and that happiness lives in the lilacs;  
in the green boughs,  
in the fragrant bunches,  
my poor happiness blossoms . . .

### **The Daisies**

Poetry by James Stephens

In the scented bud of the morning O,  
When the windy grass went rippling far!  
I saw my dear one walking slow  
In the field where the daisies are.

We did not laugh, and we did not speak,  
As we wandered happily, to and fro,  
I kissed my dear on either cheek,  
In the bud of the morning O!

A lark sang up, from the breezy land;  
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;  
As he and I went, hand in hand,  
In the field where the daisies are.

### **Sure on This Shining Night**

Poetry by James Agee

Sure on this shining night  
Of starmade shadows round,  
Kindness must watch for me  
This side the ground.

The late year lies down the north.  
All is healed, all is health.  
High summer holds the earth.  
Hearts all whole.

Sure on this shining night  
I weep for wonder  
Wandering far alone  
Of shadows on the stars.

### **My True Love Hath My Heart**

Poetry by Sir Philip Sidney

My true love hath my heart and I have his,  
By just exchange, one for the other given.  
I hold his dear and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven.  
My true love hath my heart and I have his.

His heart in me keeps me and him in one.  
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides.  
He loves my heart for once it was his own,  
I cherish his, because in me it bides.  
My true love hath my heart and I have his.

### **Excerpts from *Canciones clásicas españolas, Vol. 1***

#### **Al Amor**

Poetry by Cristóbal de Castillejo

Dame, Amor, besos sin cuento  
Asido de mis cabellos  
Y mil y ciento tras ellos  
Y tras ellos mil y ciento

#### **To Love**

Give me, Love, kisses without count,  
grabbing my hair,  
give me one thousand and one hundred of them,  
and one thousand and one hundred more,

Y después . . . de muchos millares, tres!  
Y porque nadie lo sienta  
Desbaratemos la cuenta  
Y . . . contemos al revés.

### **Con amores, la mi madre**

Poetry by Juan Anchieta

Con amores, la mi madre,  
Con amores me dormí;  
Así dormida soñaba  
lo que el corazón velaba.  
Que el amor me consolaba  
Con más bien que merecí;  
Adormecióme el favor  
que amor me dió con amor  
Dió descanso a mi dolor  
La fe con que le serví.  
Con amores, la mi madre,  
Con amores me dormí.

### **Del cabello más sutil**

Poetry by Unknown Author

Del cabello más sutil  
Que tienes en tu trenzada  
He de hacer una cadena  
para traerte a mi lado.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,  
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,  
Para besarte en la boca  
Cuando fueras a beber. Ah!

### **Love's Philosophy**

Poetry by Percy Bysshe Shelley

The fountains mingle with the river  
And the rivers with the ocean,  
The winds of Heaven mix forever  
With a sweet emotion.  
Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a law divine  
In one another's being mingle  
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high Heaven  
And the waves clasp one another;  
No sister-flower would be forgiven  
If it disdained its brother;  
And the sunlight clasps the earth  
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,  
What are all these kissings worth  
If thou kiss not me?

And then . . . many more thousands, and three more!  
And so that no one may know,  
let's forget the tally  
and . . . count backwards.

### **With love, my mother**

With love, my mother,  
with love I fell asleep;  
while sleeping I dreamed  
of what the heart watched.  
That love consoled me  
with more good than I deserved;  
I was lulled to sleep through the favor  
of your love given to me lovingly;  
I was allowed to relax from my pain  
through faith which supports me  
due to your love, my mother,  
with love, I fell asleep.

### **From the finest hair**

From the finest hair  
that you have in your braids  
I wish to make a chain  
to bring you to my side

A pitcher in your house,  
little girl, I would like to be,  
to kiss you on the mouth  
whenever you go to drink. Ah!