

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Mein Freund ist Mein

Mein Freund ist mein, und ich bin sein.
Die Liebe soll nichts schieden.
Ich will mit dir in Himmels Rosen weiden.
Da Freude die Fülle, da Wonne wird sein.

My beloved is mine, and I am his.
The love cannot be extinguished.
I wish to, with you, revel in Heavens roses.
There we will find satiety and bliss.

Lascia ch'io pianga

Armida dispietata! Colla forza d'abisso
Rapimmi al caro Ciel di miei contenti,
E qui con duolo eterno viva mi tieni,
In tormentoso Inferno.
Signor! Ah! per pieta lasciami piangere.

Pitiless Armida! With fiendish force
You have abducted me from the blessed Heaven of
my happiness. And here, in eternal pain, you hold
me alive, Tormented in Hell.
Oh Lord, have pity, let me weep.

Lascia ch'io pianga mia cruda sorte
E che sospiri la libertà!
Il duolo infranga queste ritorte
De' miei martiri sol per pieta.

Let me weep my cruel fate,
And let me breathe freedom!
Let sorrow break these chains
Of my sufferings, for pity's sake!

Bel piacere

Bel piacere e godere,
E godere fido amor!
Questa fa content il core.
Di bellezza non s'aprezza lo splendor;
Se non vien d'un fido core.

'Tis great pleasure to enjoy,
To enjoy a faithful love!
This brings contentment to the heart.
Splendor is not measured by beauty,
If it does not come from a faithful heart.

Gefrorene Tränen

Gefrorene Tropfen fallen
Von meinen Wangen ab:
Ob es mir denn entgangen,
Dass ich geweinet hab.?
Ei Tränen, meine Tränen,
Und seid ihr gar so lau,
Dass ihr erstarrt zu Eise
Wie kühler Morgentau?
Und dringt doch aus der Quelle
Der Brust so glühend heiss,
Als wolltet ihr zerschmelzen
Des ganzen Winters Eis!

Frozen Tears

Frozen drops are falling
Down from my cheeks.
How could I have not noticed
That I have been weeping?
Ah tears, my tears,
And are you so tepid
That you freeze to ice
Like cool morning dew?
Yet you burst from the wellspring
Of my heart so burning hot,
As if you wanted to melt
The entire winter's ice!

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Der Lindenbaum

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;
Ich träumt. in seinem Schatten
So manchen süßen Traum.
Ich schnitt in seine Rinde
So manches liebe Wort;
Es zog in Freud. und Leide
Zu ihm mich immer fort.
Ich musst. auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab. ich noch im Dunkeln
Die Augen zugemacht.
Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier find.st du deine Ruh.!
Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad. ins Angesicht;
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
Ich wendete mich nicht.
Nun bin ich manche Stunde
Entfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör. ich.s rauschen:
Du fändest Ruhe dort!

Röselein, Röselein !

Röselein, Röselein,
Müssen denn Dornen sein?
Schlief am schatt'gen Bächelein
Einst zu süßem Träumen ein,
Sah in goldner Sonne-Schein
Dornenlos ein Röselein,
Pflückt' es auch und küsst' es fein,
"Dornloses Röselein!"
Ich erwacht' und schaute drein:
"Hatt' ich's doch! wo mag es sein?"
Rings im weiten Sonnenschein
Standen nur Dornröselein!
Und das Bächlein lachte mein:
"Lass du nur dein Träumen sein!
Merk' dir's fein, merk' dir's fein,
Dornröslein müssen sein!"

Erstes Grün

Du junges Grün, du fisches Gras!
Wie manches Herz durch dich genas,
Das von des winters schnee erkrankt,
O wie mein Herz nach dir verlangt!
Schon brichst du aus der Erde Nacht,
Wie dir mein Aug entgegen lacht!
Huer in des Waldes Stille Grund
Drück ich dich, Grün, an Herz und Mund.
Wie treibt's mich von den Menschen fort!
Mein Lied, das hebt kein Menschenwort,
Nur junges Grün ans Herz gelegt,
Macht, daß mein Herze stiller schlägt.

The Linden Tree

At the well by the gate
There stands a linden tree;
I dreamed in its shadow
Many a sweet dream.
I carved in its bark
Many a word of love;
In joy and in sorrow
I was always drawn to it.
Again today I had to travel
Past it in the depths of night.
There even in the darkness
I closed my eyes.
And its branches rustled,
As if they called to me:
Come here to me, friend,
Here you'll find peace!
The cold winds blew
Right into my face;
The hat flew off my head,
I didn't turn around.
Now I am many hours
Distant from that place,
And I still hear it whispering:
You'd find peace here!

Rose, Rose!

Little rose, little rose,
Must you have thorns?
I fell asleep once by a shady brook,
And had such a sweet dream,
I saw in the golden sunshine
A rose without thorns.
I picked it and delicately kissed it
"Thornless rose!"
I woke up and looked around,
"If only it were here, where can it be?"
All around in the sunlight
There were only roses with thorns!
And the brook laughed at me:
"Leave off with your dreaming!
Mark this well, mark this well,
Roses will always have thorns!"

First Green

You young green, you fresh grass!
How many hearts have recovered through you,
After falling ill from winter's snow?
Oh, how my heart longs for you!
Already you are growing from Earth's night;
How my eye laughs to gaze towards you!
Here in the forest's mute grounds
I press you to me, green, to my heart and my lips.
How driven am I to leave mankind!
My sorrow can be lifted by no human word;
Only young grass lying upon my heart
Will make my heart beat more calmly

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Ablösung im Sommer

Kuckuck hat sich zu Tode gefallen
An einer grünen Weiden,
Kuckuck ist tot! Kuckuck ist tot!
Wer soll uns denn den Sommer lang
Die Zeit und Weil vertreiben?

Ei, das soll thun Frau Nachtigall,
Die sitzt auf grünem Zweige;
Die kleine, feine Nachtigall,
Sie singt und springt, ist allzeit froh,
Wenn andre Vögel schweigen.

Wir warten auf Frau Nachtigall,
Die wohnt im grünen Hage,
Und wenn der Kukuk zu Ende ist,
Dann fängt sie an zu schlagen!

Scheiden und Meiden

Es ritten drei Reiter zum Tor hinaus,
Ade!
Feins Liebchen schaute zum Fenster hinaus,
Ade!
Und wenn es denn soll geschieden sein,
So reich mir dein goldenes Ringelein.
Ade! Ade! Ade!
Ja, scheiden und meiden tut weh.

Es scheidet das Kind wohl in der Wieg,
Ade!
Wenn werd ich mein Schätzel wohl kriegen?
Ade!

Und ist es nicht morgen,
ach, wär es doch heut,
Es machte uns beiden wohl große Freud,
Ade! Ade! Ade!
Ja scheiden und meiden tut weh.
Ade!

Relief in Summer

Cuckoo has fallen to his death
On a green willow
Cuckoo is dead! Cuckoo is dead!
Who now shall all summer long
Help us pass the time?

Ah, it should be Mrs. Nightingale
Who sits on a green branch;
The little, fine nightingale,
She sings and springs, is always joyous,
When other birds are silent

We wait for Mrs. Nightingale,
Who lives in the green glen,
And when the cuckoo's call had ended,
Then she begins to sing!

Departure and Separation

There ride three horsemen out through the gate,
Farewell!
A dear beloved looks out through the window,
Farewell!
And if we must be parted,
So give to me your little golden ring.
Farewell! Farewell!
Yes, departure and separation causes pain

The child will leave already in its cradle,
Farewell!
When will my sweetheart be mine?
Farewell!

And if it won't be tomorrow
Would that it were today,
It would make us both so joyful,
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!
Yes, departure and separation causes pain.
Farewell!

Little David, Play On Your Harp

Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu,
Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu.
God told Moses, O Lord!
Go down into Egypt, O Lord!
Tell ole' Pharaoh, O Lord!
Loose my people!

Oh, Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu,
Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu.
Down in the valley, O Lord!
I didn't go to stay, O Lord!
My soul got happy, O Lord!
And I stayed all day!

Oh, Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu,
Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu.
Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu,
Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu.

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Death of an Old Seaman

We buried him high on a windy hill,
But his soul went out to sea.
I know, for I heard, when all was still,
His sea-soul say to me:
Put no tombstone at my head,

For here I do not make my bed.
Strew no flowers on my grave,
I've gone back to the wind and wave.
Weep not, weep not, weep not for me,
For I am happy, happy, with my sea.

Monica's Waltz

Bravo! And after the theater,
supper and dance.
Music! Umpapa, umpapa,
Up in the sky someone is playing
a trombone and a guitar,
Red is your tie,
and in your velvetine coat
you hide a star.
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz,
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz.
Follow me, moon and sun,
keep time with me, one two three one.
If you're not shy,
pin up my hair with your star,
and buckle my shoe.
And when you fly,
please hold on tight to my waist,
I'm flying with you.
O, Monica, Monica, dance the waltz,
Monica, Monica, dance the waltz.
Follow me, moon and sun,
Follow me, follow, follow me,
follow me, follow, follow me.

What is the matter, Toby?
What is it you want to tell me?
Kneel down before me,
and now tell me...

Monica, Monica, can't you see,
that my heart is bleeding,
bleeding for you?
I loved you, Monica,
all my life,
with all my breath,
with all my blood.
You haunt the mirror of my sleep,
you are my night.
You are my light and the jailor of my day.
How dare you, scoundrel,
talk to me like that!
Don't you know who I am?
I'm the Queen of Aroundel!
I shall have you put in chains!

You are my princess, you are my queen,
and I'm only Toby,
one of your slaves,
and still I love you and always loved you
with all my breath,
with all my blood.
I love your laughter,
I love your hair,
I love your deep and nocturnal eyes.
I love your soft hands,
so white and winged,
I love the slender branch of your throat.

Cantares de mi Valle

Del valle donde nací traigo cantares de amor que a
la brisa oí decirle a un hermoso ruiseñor con notas
de cristal y resos de ilusión.

No hay nada en el mundo igual a la ternura de amar.
No hay nada en el mundo mejor que los dulces
sueños en flor. No hay perlas que brillen más que
lágrimas de amor.

Del valle donde nací traigo cantares y sol del aire y
la luz, del agua, del cerro y de la flor, del altivo
cardón y el rezo del pastor.

Como una flor de amanca y como una flor de
cardón, como el alegre despertar en la mañanita el
sol, así es valle aquel cuna de mi ilusión.

Songs from my valley

From the valley where I was born, I bring songs of
love to the breeze that I heard tell a beautiful night-
ingale with crystal notes and prayers of illusion.

There's nothing in the world equal to the tenderness
of love. There's nothing in the world better than the
sweet dreams in bloom. There are no pearls that
shine more brilliantly than the tears of love.

From the valley where I was born, I bring songs and
sun from the air and the light, from the water, from
the hill and from the flower, from the arrogant cactus
and the prayer of the shepherd.

Like a flower from Amanca and like a flower from
the cactus, as the happy one awakes in the early
morning of the sun, thus is valley that holds the
cradle of my illusion.

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Ecos de Tupac

Tu imperio ya pasó Tupac no volverás la queja
que nació de tu dolor si vivirá. Jamás te olvidará
tu raza que al luchar soñando va por conquistar su
libertad.

Canta tu ilusión con notas de dolor ai a Indio Tupac
ai a Indio Tupac.

Silbando siempre igual tu quena que aún está, si
tiene que llorar llora por tí Manco Tupac. Tu sueño
no murió tu queja quedará para decir de tu valor al
que vendrá.

Echoes of Tupac

Your empire already passed, Tupac will not return,
the complaint that was born from your pain will live
on. You will never be forgotten, your race fights,
dreaming it will conquer your freedom.

Your illusion sings with notes of pain to Indio Tu-
pac.

Your flute that still remains is always whistling, it
cries for you Invalid Tupac. Your dream did not
die, your complaint lingers to speak of your value
and that which will come.

Bright Is The Ring of Words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them.
Still they are caroled and said --
On wings they are carried --
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

The Road Side Fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.
I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the
broom;

And you shall wash your linen and keep your body
white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.
And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.