

**Frühgang***Hermann Zilcher (1881 – 1948)**Poet: Detlev von Liliencron (1844 – 1909)*

Wir wandeln durch die stumme Nacht,  
 Der Tamtam ist verklungen,  
 Du schmiegst an meine Brust dich an,  
 Ich halte dich umschlungen.  
 Und wo die dunklen Ypern stehn,  
 Ernst wie ein schwarz Gerüste,  
 Da fand ich deinen kleinen Mund,  
 Die rothe Perlenküste.

Und langsam sind wir weiter dann  
 Weiss ich, wohin gegangen,  
 Ein hellblau Band im Morgen hing,  
 Der Tag hat angefangen.  
 Um Ostern war's,  
 Der Frühling will den letzten Frost entthronen,  
 Du pflücktest einen Kranz für mich  
 Von weissen Anemonen.

Den legtest du mir um die Stirn –  
 Die Sonne kam gezogen  
 Und hat dir blended  
 Um dein Haupt ein Diadem gebogen.  
 Du lehntest dich auf meinen Arm,  
 Wir träumten ohn' Ermessen,  
 Die Menschen all im Lärm der Welt,  
 Die hatten wir vergessen.

**Begegnung***Richard Strauss (1864 – 1949)**Friedrich Gruppe (1804 – 1876)*

Die Trepp' hinunter gesprungen  
 Komm' ich in vollem Lauf,  
 Die Trepp' empor gesprungen  
 Kommt er und fängt mich auf:  
 Und wo die Trepp' so dunkel ist,  
 Haben wir oftmals uns geküßt,  
 Doch niemand hat's gesehen.

Ich komm' in den Saal gegangen,  
 Da wimmelt's von Gästen bunt,  
 Wohl glühten mir die Wangen,  
 Wohl glühte mir auch der Mund:  
 Ich meint', es sah' mir's jeder an,  
 Was wir da mit einander getan --  
 Doch niemand hat's geseh'n.

Ich musste hinaus in den Garten,  
 Und wollte die Blumen seh'n,  
 Ich konnt' es nicht erwarten,  
 In den Garten hinaus zu geh'n.

**Morning Walk***Translation: Naomi O'Connell*

We wandered through the silent night,  
 The fuss of the day has faded away,  
 You nestled into my chest,  
 I hold you encircled in my arms.  
 And where the dark yew trees stand,  
 Grim, like a black scaffold,  
 There I found your small mouth,  
 The red pearl kiss.

And slowly we continued on,  
 I know, where we went,  
 A bright blue ribbon was draped across the morning,  
 The day had begun.  
 It was at Eastertime,  
 The Spring wants to throw the last frost from its throne,  
 You picked a crown of flowers for me,  
 Of white anemonies.

You placed it on my head –  
 The sun came out  
 And round your head  
 A tiara blindingly shone.  
 You leaned on my arm,  
 We dreamed without limits,  
 The people and the noise of the world,  
 We had forgotten.

**Encounter***Translation: Naomi O'Connell*

Bounding down the stairs  
 I come at full speed,  
 Up the stairwell bounding  
 He comes and sweeps me into his arms:  
 And there, where the stairwell is so dark,  
 We kissed many times,  
 But nobody saw us.

I came into the ballroom  
 Swarming with cheerful guests,  
 No doubt my cheeks were glowing,  
 No doubt my mouth was glowing too:  
 I thought everyone could tell  
 What we had done there together –  
 But nobody had seen us.

I had to go out into the garden,  
 And wanted to see the flowers,  
 I could barely contain myself  
 Until I got out into the garden,

Da blühten die Rosen überall,  
Da sangen die Vögel mit lautem Schall,  
Als hätten sie's geseh'n.

There the roses bloomed all around,  
There the birds sang with clamorous calls,  
As though they had seen us!

### **Rote Rosen**

*Richard Strauss (1864 – 1949)*

*Karl Stieler (1842 – 1885)*

Weisst du die Rose, die Du mir gegeben?  
Der scheuen Veilchen stolze, heisse Schwester;  
Von Deiner Brust trug noch ihr Duft das Leben,  
Und an dem Duft sog ich fest mich und fester.

### **Red Roses**

*Translation: Naomi O'Connell*

Do you remember the rose that you gave me?  
The shy violet's proud, fiery sister;  
From your breast, its perfume still carried life,  
And I drank in the perfume, more and still more.

Ich seh Dich vor mir, Stirn und Schläfe glühend,  
Den Nacken trotzig, weich und weiss die Hände,  
Im Aug noch Lenz, doch die Gestalt erblühend voll,  
Wie das Feld blüht um Sonnenwende.

I see you before me, brow and temple aglow,  
The stubborn neck, the soft, white hands,  
Spring of youth still in the eyes, but the figure in full bloom,  
As the meadow blooms during the solstice.

Um mich webt Nacht, die kühle, wolkenlose,  
Doch Tag und Nacht, sie sind in eins zerronnen.  
Es träumt mein Sinn von Deiner roten Rose  
Und von dem Garten, drin ich sie gewonnen.

Night weaves around me, the cool, cloudless night,  
But night and day have melted into one.  
My senses dream of your red rose  
And of the garden, where I won it from you.

### **Seit ich ihn gesehen**

*Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856)*

*Adelbert von Chamisso (1781 – 1838)*

Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;  
Wo ich hin nur blicke,  
Seh' ich ihn allein;  
Wie im wachen Traume  
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,  
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,  
Heller nur empor.

### **Since I saw him**

*Translation: Naomi O'Connell*

Since I saw him,  
I believe I have become blind;  
Wherever I look,  
I see only him;  
As in a waking dream  
His image floats before me,  
Out of the deepest darkness,  
His image rises only brighter.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos  
Alles um mich her,  
Nach der Schwestern Spiele  
Nicht begehrt' ich mehr,  
Möchte lieber weinen,  
Still im Kämmerlein;  
Seit ich ihn gesehen,  
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

All else is lightless and colorless  
Around me,  
The games of my sisters  
I no longer desire to play,  
I would prefer to cry,  
Alone in my little room;  
Since I saw him  
I believe I have become blind.

### **Er, der Herrlichste von allen**

*Robert Schumann (1810 – 1856)*

*Adelbert von Chamisso (1781 – 1838)*

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,  
Wie so milde, wie so gut!  
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,  
Heller Sinn und fester Mut.

### **He, the most wonderful of all**

*Translation: Naomi O'Connell*

He, the most wonderful of all,  
So gentle, so good!  
Lovely lips, clear eyes,  
Bright mind and steadfast courage.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,  
 Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,  
 Also er an meinem Himmel,  
 Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen,  
 Nur betrachten deinen Schein,  
 Nur in Demut ihn betrachten,  
 Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,  
 Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;  
 Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,  
 Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen  
 Darf beglücken deine Wahl,  
 Und ich will die Hohe segnen,  
 Viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,  
 Selig, selig bin ich dann;  
 Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,  
 Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?

#### **Liebst du um Schönheit**

*Gustav Mahler (1860 – 1911)*

*Friedrich Rückert (1788 – 1866)*

Liebst du um Schönheit,  
 O nicht mich liebe!  
 Liebe die Sonne,  
 Sie trägt ein gold'nes Haar!

Liebst du um Jugend,  
 O nicht mich liebe!  
 Liebe den Frühling,  
 Der jung ist jedes Jahr!

Liebst du um Schätze,  
 O nicht mich liebe.  
 Liebe die Meerfrau,  
 Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

Liebst du um Liebe,  
 O ja, mich liebe!  
 Liebe mich immer,  
 Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

As there in the blue depths,  
 The bright, lovely star shines,  
 So he shines in my sky,  
 Bright and lovely, noble and distant.

Wander, wander your paths,  
 Only to admire your light,  
 Only to admire it with humility,  
 Only to be blessed and sad.

Do not hear my silent prayer,  
 Dedicated only to your happiness;  
 You cannot know me, a lowly maid,  
 You high star of glory.

Only the worthiest of all  
 May be your choice,  
 And I will bless the worthy one  
 Many thousand times.

Then I will be glad and cry,  
 Overjoyed, overjoyed I shall be;  
 Even if my heart should break,  
 Break, o heart, what does it matter?

#### **If you love for beauty**

*Translation: Naomi O'Connell*

If you love for beauty,  
 O, do not love me!  
 Love the sun,  
 She has golden hair!

If you love for youth,  
 O, do not love me!  
 Love the springtime,  
 Which is young every year!

If you love for riches,  
 O, do not love me.  
 Love the mermaid,  
 She has many clear pearls.

If you love for love,  
 O yes, then love me!  
 Love me always,  
 I shall love you forever.

**Allerseelen**

*Richard Strauss (1864 – 1949)*  
*Hermann von Gilm (1812 – 1864)*

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,  
 Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,  
 Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,  
 Wie einst im Mai.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke  
 Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,  
 Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,  
 Wie einst im Mai.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,  
 Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,  
 Komm an mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,  
 Wie einst im Mai.

**Träume**

*Richard Wagner (1813 – 1883)*  
*Mathilde Wesendonck (1828 – 1902)*

Sag, welch wunderbare Träume  
 Halten meinen Sinn umfängen,  
 Daß sie nicht wie leere Schäume  
 Sind in ödes Nichts vergangen?

Träume, die in jeder Stunde,  
 Jedem Tage schöner blühen,  
 Und mit ihrer Himmelskunde  
 Selig durchs Gemüte ziehn!

Träume, die wie hehre Strahlen  
 In die Seele sich versenken,  
 Dort ein ewig Bild zu malen:  
 Allvergessen, Eingedenken!

Träume, wie wenn Frühlingssonne  
 Aus dem Schnee die Blüten küßt,  
 Daß zu nie geahnter Wonne  
 Sie der neue Tag begrüßt,

Daß sie wachsen, daß sie blühen,  
 Träumend spenden ihren Duft,  
 Sanft an deiner Brust verglühen,  
 Und dann sinken in die Gruft.

**All Soul's Day**

*Translation: Naomi O'Connell*

Place the fragrant mignonettes on the table,  
 Bring the last red asters here,  
 And let us speak again of love,  
 As once we did in May.

Give me your hand, so I may secretly press it;  
 And if someone should see, it's all the same to me.  
 Just give me one of your sweet glances,  
 As once you did in May.

Today fragrant flowers adorn each grave;  
 The dead are free but one day in the year.  
 Come to my heart, so I may have you again,  
 As once I did in May.

**Dreams**

*Translation: Naomi O'Connell*

Tell me, what wonderful dreams  
 Hold my senses in such an embrace,  
 That they have not, like empty foam of the sea,  
 Disappeared into desolate nothingness?

Dreams, that with every hour,  
 Every day, bloom lovelier still,  
 And with their heaven-sent tidings  
 Blissfully draw through the aching soul!

Dreams, that like sublime rays of the sun  
 Become immersed in the soul,  
 To paint an eternal image there;  
 Forgetting all, thinking only of one.

Dreams, as when spring sunshine  
 Kisses the flowers awake from the snow,  
 So that with unforeseen joy  
 They greet the new day,

So that they grow, so that they bloom,  
 Dreaming, send out their fragrances,  
 Gently to glow and die away at your breast,  
 And then sink into the grave.

**Love went a-riding***Frank Bridge (1871 – 1941)**Mary Coleridge (1861 – 1907)*

Love went a-riding over the earth,  
 On Pegasus he rode . . .  
 The flowers before him sprang to birth,  
 And the frozen rivers flowed.

Than all the youths and the maidens cried,  
 "Stay here with us, King of Kings!"  
 But Love said, "No! for the horse I ride,  
 For the horse I ride has wings."

Love went a-riding over the earth,  
 On Pegasus he rode.

**O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad***Arr. Thomas Swift Gleadhill (1827 – 1890)**Robert Burns (1759 – 1796)*

Chorus:

O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad,  
 Tho' father and mither an' ae should gae mad,  
 O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad.

But warily tent when ye come to meet me,  
 And come nae unless the back yet be a-jee;  
 Syne up the back style, and let naebody see,  
 And come as ye were na comin' to me,  
 And come as ye were na comin' to me.

Chorus

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a flee;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

Chorus

Aye vow an' protest that ye care na for me,  
 An' whiles ye may lightlie my beauty a wee;  
 But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,  
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

**My lover is a farmer lad***John Jacob Niles (1892 – 1980)*

My lover is a farmer lad who comes to me at twilight.  
 Meanwhile my other suitors woo me while it is yet daylight.  
 A butcher's boy, a cavalier,  
 And one of his Majesty's most magnificent dragoons.

But my lover is a farmer lad who comes to me at twilight.  
 Meanwhile my other suitors woo me while it is yet daylight.  
 The keeper of a public house, a commissioner,  
 And one of his Majesty's most magnificent dragoons.

My farmer lad loves his farming and he loves the rising moon,  
 And he cunningly watches my garden gate for that pompous, proud dragoon.  
 Oh, my lover has neither city clothes, nor a comb for his tousled hair,  
 But his handsome hands are strong and brown, and his manner is debonaire.

My lover is a farmer lad who comes to me at twilight.  
 Meanwhile my other suitors woo me while it is yet daylight.  
 A butcher's boy, a cavalier,  
 And one of his Majesty's most magnificent dragoons.  
 But my lover is a farmer lad who comes to me at twilight.

**Silent Noon***Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 – 1958)**Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828 – 1882)*

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -  
 The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:  
 Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms  
 'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
 Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge  
 Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.  
 'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly  
 Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -  
 So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.  
 Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
 This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
 When twofold silence was the song of love.

**Twilight Fancies***Frederick Delius (1862 – 1934)**F.S. Copeland after Bjørnsterne Bjørnson (1832 – 1910)*

The Princess look'd forth from her maiden bow'r.  
 The horn of a herd-boy rang up from below.  
 "Oh, cease from thy playing, and haunt me no more,  
 Nor fetter my fancy that freely would soar,  
 When the sun goes down."

The Princess look'd forth from her maiden bow'r.  
 But mute was the horn that had call'd from below.  
 "Oh, why art thou silent? Beguile me once more.  
 Give wings to my fancy that freely would soar,  
 When the sun goes down."

The Princess look'd forth from her maiden bow'r.  
 The call of the horn rose again from below.  
 She wept in the twilight and bitterly sighed:  
 "What is it I long for? God help me!" she cried.  
 And the sun went down.

**Heart, we will forget him!**

Aaron Copland (1900 – 1990)  
 Emily Dickinson (1830 – 1886)

Heart, we will forget him!  
 You and I, tonight!  
 You may forget the warmth he gave.  
 I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,  
 That I my thoughts may dim;  
 Haste! lest while you're lagging,  
 I may remember him!

**Sure on this shining night**

*Samuel Barber (1910 – 1981)*  
*James Agee (1909 – 1955)*

Sure on this shining night  
 Of star-made 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 wand'ring far alone  
 Of shadows on the stars.

**Now sleeps the crimson petal**

*Roger Quilter (1877 – 1953)*  
*Alfred Tennyson (1809 – 1892)*

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;  
 Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;  
 Nor winks the gold fin in the porph'ry font:  
 The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.  
 Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
 And slips into the bosom of the lake:  
 So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
 Into my bosom and be lost in me.