Text and Translations

Amor, preparami

Amor, preparami altre catene,
ovvero lasciami in libertà.
Io vo'certissimo quel nodo
frangere ch'in laccio asprissimo
stretto mi tiene senza pietà.

Love, prepare for me

Love, prepare other chains for me,
Or allow me my freedom.
I want most certainly to break that knot
Which in most sever noose
Holds me tightly without pity.

Translation from Italian (Italiano) to English copyright © by Bard Suverkrop, from IPA Source

Amarilli, mia bella

Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,
Dubitar non ti vale.
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli è il mio amore.

My lovely Amaryllis

My lovely Amaryllis,
Don't you know, O my heart's sweet desire,
That it is you whom I love?
Believe in my love; and if fear besets you,
Don't doubt that it's true.
Open my breast and see written on my heart:
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis, is my love.

Translation from Italian (Italiano) to English copyright © by Paul Archer, from www.paularcher.net

Già il sole dal Gange

Già il sole dal Gange
Più chiaro sfavilla,
E terge ogni stilla
Dell'alba che piange.
Col raggio dorato
Ingemma ogni stelo,
E gli astri del cielo
Dipinge nel prato.

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun

Already, from over the Ganges, the sun
Sparkles more brightly
And dries every drop
of the dawn, which weeps.
With the gilded ray
It adorns each blade of grass;
And the stars of the sky
It paints in the field.

Translation from Italian (Italiano) to English copyright © by Emily Ezust, from lieder.net

Nimmersatte Liebe

So ist die Lieb! So ist die Lieb!
Mit Küssen nicht zu stillen:
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb
Mit eitel Wasser füllen?
Und schöpfst du an die tausend Jahr,
Und küssest ewig, ewig gar,
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

Die Lieb, die Lieb hat alle Stund
Neu wunderlich Gelüsten;
Wir bissen uns die Lippen wund,
Da wir uns heute küssten.
Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh,
Wie's Lämmlein unterm Messer;
Ihr Auge bat: „Nur immer zu!
Je weher, desto besser!"

So ist die Lieb! und war auch so,
Wie lang es Liebe gibt,
Und anders war Herr Salomo,
Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

Insatiable love

Such is love! Such is love!
Not to be quieted with kisses:
What fool would wish to fill a sieve
With nothing else but water?
And were you to draw water for some thousand years,
And were you to kiss for ever and ever,
You'd never satisfy love.

Love, love, has every hour
New and strange desires;
We bit until our lips were sore,
When we kissed today.
The girl kept nicely quiet and still,
Like a lamb beneath the knife;
Her eyes pleaded: "Go on, go on!
The more it hurts the better!"

Such is love! and has been so
As long as love's existed,
And wise old Solomon himself
Was no differently in love.

Translation from German (Deutsch) to English copyright © by Richard Stokes, from Oxford Lieder

Fußreise

Am frischgeschnittnen Wanderstab,
Wenn ich in der Frühe
So durch Wälder ziehe,
Hügel auf und ab:

Dann, wie's Vög'lein im Laube
Singet und sich rührt,
Oder wie die goldne Traube
Wonnegeister spürt
In der ersten Morgensonne:

So fühlt auch mein alter, lieber
Adam Herbst – und
Frühlingsfieber,
Gottbeherzte,
Nie verscherzte Erstlings-Paradieseswonne.

Also bist du nicht so schlimm, o alter
Adam, wie die strengen Lehrer sagen;
Liebst und lobst du immer doch,
Singst und preisest immer noch,
Wie an ewig neuen Schöpfungstagen,
Deinen lieben Schöpfer und Erhalter.

Möcht es dieser geben,
Und mein ganzes Leben
Wär im leichten Wanderschweisse
Eine solche Morgenreise!

A journey on foot

When, with a freshly cut stick,
I set off early like this
Through the woods
And over the hills:

Then, as the bird in the branches
Sings and stirs,
Or as the golden cluster of grapes
Feels the rapture
Of the early morning sun:

So too my dear old Adam
Feels autumn and spring fever,
The God-inspired,
Never forfeited
Primal bliss of Paradise.

So you are not as bad, old
Adam, as strict teachers say;
You still love and extol,
Still sing and praise,
As if Creation were forever new,
Your dear Maker and Preserver.

If only He would grant it,
My whole life
Would be, gently perspiring,
Just such a morning journey!

Translation from German (Deutsch) to English copyright © by Richard Stokes, from Oxford Lieder

Verborgenheit

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Seclusion

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.

Often, I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
Let this heart keep to itself
Its rapture, its pain!

Translation from French (Français) to English copyright © by Richard Stokes, from Oxford Lieder

Air romantique

J'allais dans la campagne avec le vent d'orage,
Sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages bas,
Un corbeau ténébreux escortait mon voyage
Et dans les flaques d'eau retentissaient mes pas.

La foudre à l'horizon faisait courir sa flamme
Et l'Aquilon doublait ses longs gémissements;
Mais la tempête était trop faible pour mon âme,
Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses battements.

De la dépouille d'or du frêne et de l'érable
L'Automne composait son éclatant butin,
Et le corbeau toujours, d'un vol inexorable,
M'accompagnait sans rien changer à mon destin.

Romantic song

I walked in the countryside with the stormy wind,
Beneath the pale morning, beneath the low clouds,
A sinister crow followed me on my way
And my steps splashed though the water puddles.

The lightning on the horizon unleashed its flame
And the North Wind intensified its wailing;
But the storm was too weak for my soul
Which drowned the thunder with its throbbing.

From the golden spoils of ash and maple
Autumn amassed her brilliant plunder,
And the crow still, with inexorable flight,
Without changing anything, accompanied me to my fate.

Translation from French (Français) to English copyright © by Richard Stokes, from Oxford Lieder

Air champêtre

Belle source, je veux me rappeler sans cesse,
Qu'un jour guidé par l'amitié Ravi,
J'ai contemplé ton visage, ô déesse,
Perdu sous la mousse à moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré, cet ami que je pleure,
O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,
Pour se mêler encore au souffle qui t'effleure
Et répondre à ton flot caché.

Pastoral song

Lovely spring, I shall never cease to remember
That on a day, guided by entranced friendship,
I gazed on your face, O goddess,
Half hidden beneath the moss.

Had he but remained, this friend whom I mourn,
O nymph, a devotee of your cult,
To mingle once more with the breeze that caresses you,
And to respond to your hidden waters!

Translation from French (Français) to English copyright © by Richard Stokes, from Oxford Lieder

Air grave

Ah! fuyez à présent,
malheureuses pensées!
O! colère, ô remords!
Souvenirs qui m'avez
les deux tempes pressées,
de l'etreinte des morts.

Sentiers de mousse pleins,
vaporeuses fontaines,
grottes profondes, voix
des oiseaux et du vent
lumières incertaines
des sauvages sous-bois.

Insectes, animaux,
Beauté future,
Ne me repousse pas
Ô divine nature,
Je suis ton suppliant

Ah! fuyez à présent,
colère, remords!

Song of grief

Ah! be gone now,
unhappy thoughts!
O anger! O remorse!
Memories that oppressed
My two temples
With the embrace of the dead.

Paths full of moss,
Vaporous fountains,
Deep grottoes, voices
Of birds and wind,
Fitful lights
Of the wild undergrowth.

Insects, animals,
Beauty to come –
Do not repulse me,
O divine nature,
I am your suppliant.

Ah! begone now,
Anger, remorse!

Translation from French (Français) to English copyright © by Richard Stokes, from Oxford Lieder

Air vif

Le trésor du verger et le jardin en fête,
Les fleurs des champs, des bois
éclatent de plaisir
Hélas! et sur leur tête le vent enfle sa voix.

Mais toi, noble océan que l'assaut des tourmentes
Ne saurait ravager,
Certes plus dignement lorsque tu te lamentes
Tu te prends à songer.

Lively song

The treasures of the orchard and the festive garden,
The flowers of the field, of the woods
Burst forth with pleasure
Alas! and above their head the wind swells its voice.

But you, noble ocean whom the assault of storms
Cannot ravage,
You will assuredly, with more dignity,
Lose yourself in dreams when you lament.

Translation from French (Français) to English copyright © by Richard Stokes, from Oxford Lieder

Nature, the gentlest mother

Nature, the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest,—
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon,—
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep
She turns as long away
As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

Why Do They Shut Me Out of Heaven?

Why do they shut Me out of Heaven?
Did I sing too loud?
But I can say a little "Minor"
Timid as a Bird!

Wouldn't the Angels try me
Just once more
Just see if I troubled them
But don't shut the door!

Oh, if I were the Gentleman
In the "White Robes"
And they were the little Hand that knocked
Would I forbid?

Why do they shut Me out of Heaven?
Did I sing too loud?

The World Feels Dusty

The World feels Dusty
When We stop to Die
We want the Dew then
Honors taste dry

Flags vex a Dying face
But the least Fan
Stirred by a friend's Hand
Cools like the Rain

Mine be the Ministry
When they Thirst comes
Dews of Thyself to fetch
And Holy Balms

Der Hirt auf dem Felsen

Wenn auf dem höchsten Fels ich steh',
In's tiefe Tal hernieder seh',
Und singe,

Fern aus dem tiefen dunkeln Tal
Schwingt sich empor der Widerhall
Der Klüfte.

Je weiter meine Stimme dringt,
Je heller sie mir wieder klingt
Von unten.

Mein Liebchen wohnt so weit von mir,
Drum sehn' ich mich so heiß nach ihr
Hinüber.

In tiefem Gram verzehr ich mich,
Mir ist die Freude hin,
Auf Erden mir die Hoffnung wich,
Ich hier so einsam bin.

So sehnend klang im Wald das Lied,
So sehnend klang es durch die Nacht,
Die Herzen es zum Himmel zieht
Mit wunderbarer Macht.

Der Frühling will kommen,
Der Frühling, meine Freud',
Nun mach' ich mich fertig Zum Wandern bereit.

The Shepherd on the Rock

When I stand on the highest rock,
Look down into the deep valley
And sing,

From far away in the deep dark valley
The echo from the ravines
Rises up.

The further my voice carries,
The clearer it echoes back to me
From below.

My sweetheart lives so far from me,
Therefore I long so to be with her
Over there.

Deep grief consumes me,
My joy has fled,
All earthly hope has vanished,
I am so lonely here.

The song rang out so longingly through the wood,
Rang out so longingly through the night,
That is draws hearts to heaven
With wondrous power.

Spring is coming,
Spring, my joy,
I shall now make ready to journey.

Translation from German (Deutsch) to English copyright © by Richard Stokes, from Oxford Lieder

Prayers by the Roses

Rose, rose, my dear roses,
Blossoming under the clear blue sky.
Rose, rose, my lovely roses,
Blossoming under the glazed railing.

I wish they would be protected from the jealousy
Of the ruthless rain & breeze;
I hope they would be spared from the amorous hands
Of the affectionate passers;
I pray for the innocence
On my fair complexion
Would stay, and so would my youth days.

Translation from Chinese to English by my beloved friend Wycee Liu

Sunflowers by My Lover

Dating with someone I love,
Praying for a red rose he'll bring;
Oh no, no roses that I can see,
Only a bundle of round-faced sunflowers.

How sweet are his loving words,
Sunflowers are his first-grown;
Oh, sunflowers, my little sun,
Glowing in his loving hands.

Alas, this bundle of sunflowers,
As treacly as the honeycomb;
The sweetness of our love,
He planted for me by the sill.

Smiling, the face of him loving me,
Waving, the hands of him missing me,
Oh, the sunflowers brought by my lover,
Sunflowers, the flowers of love.

Translation from Chinese to English by my beloved friend Wycee Liu

In My Dreams

They said I was found by the side of a road
There were tracks all around, it had recently snowed
In the darkness and cold with the wind in the trees
A girl with no name, and no memories but these

Rain against a window, sheets upon a bed
Terrifying nurses whispering overhead
"Call the child Anya, give the child a hat"
I don't know a thing before that

Traveling the back roads, sleeping in the wood
Taking what I needed, working when I could
Keeping up my courage, foolish as it seems
At night all alone in my dreams

In my dreams shadows call
There's a light at the end of a hall
Then my dreams fade away
But I know it all will come back
One day

I dream of a city beyond all compare
Is it Paris? Paris...
A beautiful river, a bridge by a square
And I hear a voice whisper
"I'll meet you right there in Paris"
Paris...

You don't know what it's like
Not to know who you are
To have lived in the shadows
And travelled this far
I've seen flashes of fire
Heard the echo of screams
But I still have this faith
In the truth of my dreams!

In my dreams it's all real
And my heart has so much to reveal
And my dreams seem to say
"Don't be afraid to go on
Don't give up hope, come what may"
I know it all will come back
One day!