

Text and Translations

Franz Schubert

Die Schöne Müllerin, D. 795

When looking at the history of German art song, or Lieder, few have a greater or more long lasting impact than Austrian composer Franz Schubert (1797 - 1828). In his short life, Schubert composed over 600 songs, seven symphonies, a vast output of chamber music, and even several operas. Although Schubert's music did not have much of an impact beyond his musical circle in Vienna while he was alive, after his death interest in him and his work increased and his music was championed by composers such as Felix Mendelssohn, Robert Schumann, Franz Liszt, and Johannes Brahms. His influence in the German song tradition can be marked by his introduction and use of through-composed song, as opposed to strictly strophic song, as well as the increasingly active role that the piano played in the narrative of his pieces. *Die Schöne Müllerin* was his first large-scale song cycle, and first of two cycles based on the texts of Wilhelm Müller.

Much like Schubert, the German poet Wilhelm Müller (1794 - 1827) died very young, but made a profound impact on the artistic and musical world during his short life. Not only did his poems give life to Schubert's two great song cycles, *Die Schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise*, but his poetry influenced the styles of other German lyric poets such as Heinrich Heine. Although contemporaneous with the Romantic movement, his poems don't always fit neatly within the ideals of Romanticism, and their form frequently resembles forms found in German folk song traditions. This simple, Volkslied style can be seen in *Die Schöne Müllerin*, in particular its opening song *Das Wandern*.

The poetry for *Die Schöne Müllerin* developed first from a literary game that developed between Müller and his circle of artistic friends in Germany around 1816. The group would gather to jointly tell the folk story of a miller maid and her quest to choose a suitor, with each member of the group portraying different characters in the story through songs and poems. Müller's role as the ill-fated miller character later grew into a set of poems from the miller's perspective which he published in a collection of his own poetry in 1820. Schubert discovered these poems in 1822, and chose to set 20 of them to music for *Die Schöne Müllerin* in 1823.

Die Schöne Müllerin is told through the perspective of the Miller, a young man who has left home in search of something, content to wander until he finds it. The opening song in the cycle, *Das Wandern*, sets up his innocence and enthusiasm for his journey through its simple melody and strophic form. Immediately following this song, we are introduced to the secondary character of the cycle, the Brook. Throughout most of the cycle, the brook is embodied by the piano, often through the employment of flowing rhythmic patterns that resemble the gentle gargling of a small brook. Wohin sets up this relationship between the piano and vocal line, in stark contrast to *Das Wandern*, with its through-composed form and extremely active piano accompaniment. By the third song in the cycle, *Halt!* The relationship between the Brook and the Miller has deepened to the point where the sight of the shining mill causes the Miller to ask the Brook, "Lovely brook, is this what you meant to lead me to?"

Once employed at the mill, the Miller meets and immediately falls in love with the titular beautiful Miller Maid. He is at first hesitant to approach her, and in *Danksagung an der Bach* even afraid that he has somehow deceived himself in his wishful thinking. The feeling doesn't last very long, as he quickly grows frustrated in *Am Feierabend*, that his efforts to impress her have gone completely unnoticed. After watching her say goodnight to all the lads of the mill, he relents and in a moment of extreme vulnerability, pleads with the Brook to tell him if the Miller Maid loves him in *Der Neugierige*. After the vocal line ends, the piano finishes out the song with an extended major arpeggio, as if to say "she might!".

The emboldened Miller then sings three songs of pining. First, he confesses his love in the heart-racing song, *Ungeduld*, with a repeated cry of “my heart is yours, and so shall it stay forever”. This declaration is followed by *Morgengruss* in which he reverently watches the Miller Maid from afar as she wakes in the morning. Once morning has broken, he returns to the Brook in *Des Müllers Blumen* and imagines his romantic fantasy in the comfort of nature. In these songs the Miller doesn’t take any action; he dreams of how he would like to confess to her and the flowers he would give her, but he stays by the Brook, dreaming. By chance or by fate, she shows up by his Brook, and they sit together watching the sky reflect off of the still, mirrorlike surface of the water. The Miller is enchanted watching her eyes reflecting next to the blue flowers of the Brook, but *Tranenregen* ends with the still water being broken up by rainfall, sending the Miller Maid home again. In a moment of eerie foreshadowing, the Brook calls out for the Miller to follow it down into its dark depths and the song ends in the parallel minor key. Even so, the Miller is undeterred and sings to all of creation that nothing can rival his joy because the beautiful Miller Maid is his, in *Mein*.

The second half of the cycle introduces the most important symbol of the story; the color green. Green is introduced in *Pause* as the color of the ribbon that holds the Miller’s lute on the wall. In contrast to the energetic song before it, *Pause* is calm and reflective as the Miller enjoys the warmth of his new found love, and looks forward to more happy days. *Mit dem grünen Lautenbände* brings the color green into focus when the Miller Maid remarks that she is fond of green, and so the Miller tears the green ribbon off the wall to send to her. Because she will wear his green ribbon, he vows to become fond of green.

Unfortunately for the Miller, this is where his rival, the Hunter, enters the story. *Der Jäger* differs from all of the songs leading up to it in its agitated vocal line and unending patter. The frustrated Miller reacts to this new character, who is the opposite of him in many ways, by desperately telling him to leave the mill in peace. The Miller grows jealous of the Hunter’s strength, swaggering masculinity and, as becomes clear in *Eifersucht und Stolz*, the attention it brings him from a certain Miller Maid. It is this song that brings the Miller once again back to the Brook; he cries his frustrations into it and asks it to carry a message to the Miller Maid from him. Unfortunately, along with his cries, the Brook also carries the sounds of the Hunter’s loud hunting horn across its waters.

After turning green with envy, the Miller focuses once again on his beloved’s favorite color as his suicidal ideations begin to take hold in the next two songs of the cycle. In the musically and emotionally exposed *Die Liebe Farbe*, the miller longs to be consumed by green earth because his sweetheart loves green so much. Then, in *Die Böse Farbe*, he curses the color green for its association with the Hunter, and begs the Miller Maid to take the green ribbon from her hair and send it back to him as a final goodbye. Although the Miller sings these two songs at the bank of the Brook, the hunting horn can be heard again in the accompaniment of *Die Böse Farbe*, a mocking reminder of his rival.

It is in *Trockne Blumen* that the Miller’s morbid fantasy takes a firm shape. The song is in binary form, beginning with a minor A section, and finishing in the parallel major in the B section. In stark contrast with the extremely active accompaniment in *Die Böse Farbe*, the piano accompaniment of this piece is very sparse, leaving the vocal line exposed and vulnerable as the Miller sings to the dried flowers, drawing parallels between the end of their lives and the passing of winter. As the song modulates to the major key, he imagines a future after his death where the Miller Maid wanders through the hills, sees the flowers blooming and knows that his feelings were true. The vocal line ends with a triumphant call for the return of spring, but the piano concludes the piece, defeatedly, back in the minor mode. In 1924, Schubert wrote a chamber piece for Flute and Piano based on this song, *Variations on “Trockne Blumen”* in E Minor, D. 802.

The penultimate song of the cycle gives voice to the Brook in text for the first time. After another sparsely accompanied opening section sung by the Miller, the Brook speaks through the vocal line to try and directly comfort the inconsolable Miller in the second verse of *Der Müller und der Bach*. The entrance of the Brook changes the key to the major mode, adds in a more active accompaniment, and extends the range of the vocal line, but is ultimately unsuccessful in changing the Miller's mind. He ends the piece back in the minor mode, but supported by the Brook's characteristic flowing accompaniment, asks it to sing his soul to rest. The Brook hears the Miller's request and ends the cycle with the hauntingly beautiful *Der Bacheswiegenlied*, to gently ease the Miller into his eternal slumber.

Die Schöne Müllerin is one of the finest examples of the song cycle as a storytelling form as each song is complete in its own right, but together the music flows and twists along the path of this ill-fated protagonist. It remains a staple in the canon as much for its exquisite storytelling as for its lively melodies. Today, over 200 years since Müller first wrote down the story of the wandering Miller, the themes of connection to nature and longing for the companionship of other people ring crystal clear in this year of social distancing and separation.

Das Wandern

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Ruh bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Laßt mich in Frieden weiter ziehn
Und wandern.

Wandering

Wandering is the miller's joy,
Wandering!
He must be a miserable miller,
Who never likes to wander.
Wandering!

We've learned this from the water,
From the water!
It does not rest by day or night,
It's always thinking of its journey,
The water.

We see this also with the wheels,
With the wheels!
They don't like to stand still,
And turn all day without tiring.
With the wheels.

The stones themselves, heavy though they are,
The stones!
They join in the cheerful dance,
And want to go yet faster.
The stones!

Oh, wandering, wandering, my joy,
Oh, wandering!
Oh, Master and Mistress,
Let me continue in peace,
And wander!

Wohin?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Thale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rath mir gab,
Ich mußte auch hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter,
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer frischer rauschte,
Und immer heller der Bach.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag ich denn vom Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen
Tief unten ihren Reihn.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen,
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach.

Halt!

Eine Mühle seh ich Blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Süßer Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?

Where to?

I hear a brooklet rushing
Right out of the rock's spring,
Down there to the valley it rushes,
So fresh and wondrously bright...

I know not, how I felt this,
Nor did I know who gave me advice;
I must go down
With my wanderer's staff.

Down and always farther,
And always the brook follows after;
And always rushing crisply,
And always bright is the brook.

Is this then my road?
O, brooklet, speak! where to?
You have with your rushing
Entirely intoxicated my senses.

But why do I speak of rushing?
That can't really be rushing:
Perhaps the water-nymphs
are singing rounds down there in the deep.

Let it sing, my friend, let it rush,
And wander joyously after!
Mill-wheels turn
In each clear brook.

Halt!

I see a mill blinking
Out from the alders;
Through the roaring and singing
Bursts the clatter of wheels.

Hey, welcome, welcome!
Sweet mill-song!
And the house, so comfortable!
And the windows, how clean!

And the sun, how brightly
it shines from Heaven!
Hey, brooklet, dear brook,
Was this, then, what you meant?

Danksagung an den Bach

War es also gemeint,
Mein rauschender Freund,
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,
War es also gemeint?

Zur Müllerin hin!
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?
Zur Müllerin hin!

Hat sie dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möcht' ich noch wissen,
Ob sie dich geschickt.

Nun wie's auch mag sein,
Ich gebe mich drein:
Was ich such', hab ich funden
Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
Nun hab ich genug,
Für die Hände, für's Herze
Vollauf genug!

Am Feierabend

Hätt' ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könnt' ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könnt' ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könnt' ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Daß die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe thut mirs nach.

Giving thanks to the brook

Was this, then, what you meant,
My rushing friend?
Your singing and your ringing?
Was this what you meant?

To the miller-maid!
it seems to say...
Have I understood?
To the miller-maid!

Has she sent you?
Or am I deluding myself?
I would like to know,
Whether she has sent you.

Now, however it may be,
I commit myself!
What I sought, I have found.
However it may be.

After work I ask,
Now have I enough
for my hands and my heart?
Completely enough!

On the restful evening

If only I had a thousand
arms to move!
I could loudly
drive the wheels!
I could blow
Through all the groves!
I could turn
All the stones!
If only the beautiful miller-maid
Would notice my faithful thoughts!

Ah, why is my arm so weak?
What I lift, what I carry,
What I cut, what I beat,
Every lad does it just as well as I do.

Und da sitz' ich in der großen Runde,
In der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister spricht zu Allen:
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

Der Neugierige

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir alle nicht sagen,
Was ich erfähr' so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut so stumm!
Will ja nur Eines wissen,
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

Ja, heißt das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heißet Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen schließen
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderbar!
Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

Ungeduld

Ich schnitt' es gern in alle Rinden ein,
Ich grub' es gern in jeden Kieselstein,
Ich möcht' es sä'n auf jedes frische Beet
Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell verräth,

Auf jeden weißen Zettel möcht' ich's schreiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

And there I sit in the great gathering,
In the quiet, cool hour of rest,
And the master speaks to us all:
Your work has pleased me;
And the lovely maiden says
"Good night" to everyone.

Curiosity

I ask no flower,
I ask no star;
None of them can tell me,
What I so eagerly want to know.

I am surely not a gardener,
The stars stand too high;
My brooklet will I ask,
Whether my heart has lied to me.

O brooklet of my love,
Why are you so quiet today?
I want to know just one thing -
One little word again and again.

The one little word is "Yes";
The other is "No",
Both these little words
Make up the entire world to me.

O brooklet of my love,
Why are you so strange?
I'll surely not repeat it;
Tell me, o brooklet, does she love me?

Impatience

I would carve it fondly in the bark of trees,
I would chisel it eagerly into each pebble,
I would like to sow it upon each fresh flower-bed
With water-cress seeds, which it would quickly
disclose;

Upon each white piece of paper would I write:
Yours is my heart and so shall it remain forever.

Ich möcht' mir ziehen einen jungen Staar,
Bis daß er spräch' die Worte rein und klar,
Bis er sie spräch' mit meines Mundes Klang,
Mit meines Herzens vollem heißen Drang;
Dann säng' er hell durch ihre Fensterscheiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Den Morgenwinden möcht' ich's hauchen ein,
Ich möcht' es säuseln durch den regen Hain;
O, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!
Trüg' es der Duft zu ihr von nah' und fern!
Ihr Wogen, könnt ihr nichts als Räder treiben?
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Ich meint', es müßt' in meinen Augen stehn,
Auf meinen Wangen müßt' man's brennen sehn,
Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen Mund,
Ein jeder Athemzug gäb's laut ihr kund;
Und sie merkt nichts von all' dem bangen Treiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es ewig bleiben.

Morgengruss

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!
Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,
Als wär' dir was geschehen?
Verdrießt dich denn mein Gruß so schwer?
Verstört dich denn mein Blick so sehr?
So muß ich wieder gehen.

O laß mich nur von ferne stehn,
Nach deinem lieben Fenster sehn,
Von ferne, ganz von ferne!
Du blondes Köpfchen, komm hervor!
Hervor aus eurem runden Thor,
Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

Ihr schlummertrunknen Äugelein,
Ihr thaubetrübten Blümelein,
Was scheuet ihr die Sonne?
Hat es die Nacht so gut gemeint,
Daß ihr euch schließt und bückt und weint
Nach ihrer stillen Wonne?

I would like to raise a young starling,
Until he speaks to me in words pure and clear,
Until he speaks to me with my mouth's sound,
With my heart's full, warm urge;
Then he would sing brightly through her windowpanes:
Yours is my heart and so shall it remain forever!

I would like to breath it into the morning breezes,
I would like to whisper it through the active grove;
Oh, if only it would shine from each flower-star!
Would it only carry the scent to her from near and far!
You waves, could you nothing but wheels drive?
Yours is my heart, and so shall it remain forever.

I thought, it must be visible in my eyes,
On my cheeks it must be seen that it burns;
It must be readable on my mute lips,
Every breath would make it loudly known to her,
And yet she notices nothing of all my yearning feelings.
Yours is my heart, and so shall it remain forever.

Morning Greetings

Good morning, beautiful miller-maid!
Why do you so promptly turn your little head,
As if something has happened to you?
Do you dislike my greetings so profoundly?
Does my glance disturb you so much?
Then I must go on again.

O let me only stand from afar,
Watching your dear window,
From afar, from quite far away!
Your blonde little head, come out!
Come out from your round gate,
You blue morning stars!

You slumber-drunk little eyes,
You flowers, troubled with dew,
Why do you shy from the sun?
Has night been so good to you
That you close and bow and weep
for her quiet joy?

Nun schüttelt ab der Träume Flor,
Und hebt euch frisch und frei empor
In Gottes hellen Morgen!
Die Lerche wirbelt in der Luft,
Und aus dem tiefen Herzen ruft
Die Liebe Leid und Sorgen.

Des Müllers Blumen

Am Bach viel kleine Blumen stehn,
Aus hellen blauen Augen sehn;
Der Bach der ist des Müllers Freund,
Und hellblau Liebchens Auge scheint,
Drum sind es meine Blumen.

Dicht unter ihrem Fensterlein
Da will ich pflanzen die Blumen ein,
Da ruft ihr zu, wenn Alles schweigt,
Wenn sich ihr Haupt zum Schlummer neigt,
Ihr wißt ja, was ich meine.

Und wenn sie thät die Äuglein zu,
Und schläft in süßer, süßer Ruh',
Dann lispelt als ein Traumgesicht
Ihr zu: Vergiß, vergiß mein nicht!
Das ist es, was ich meine.

Und schließt sie früh die Laden auf,

Dann schaut mit Liebesblick hinauf:
Der Thau in euren Äugelein,
Das sollen meine Thränen sein,
Die will ich auf euch weinen.

Tränenregen

Wir saßen so traulich beisammen
Im kühlen Erlendach,
Wir schauten so traulich zusammen
Hinab in den rieselnden Bach.

Der Mond war auch gekommen,
Die Sternlein hinterdrein,
Und schauten so traulich zusammen
In den silbernen Spiegel hinein.

Now shake off the gauze of dreams
And rise, fresh and free
in God's bright morning!
The lark warbles in the sky;
And from the heart's depths,
Love calls away suffering and worries.

The Miller's Flowers

By the brook, many small flowers stand;
Out of bright blue eyes they look;
The brook - it is the miller's friend, -
And light blue shine my darling's eyes;
Therefore, these are my flowers.

Right under her little window,
There will I plant these flowers,
There will you call to her when everything is quiet,
When her head leans to slumber,
You know what I intend you to say!

And when she closes her little eyes,
And sleeps in sweet sweet rest,
Then whisper, like a dreamy vision:
Forget, forget me not!
That is what I mean.

And early in the morning, when she opens up the
shutters,
Then look up with a loving gaze:
The dew in your little eyes
Shall be my tears,
Which I will shed upon you.

Rain of Tears

We sat so comfortably together
Under the cool roof of alders,
We gazed so quietly together
Down into the murmuring brook.

The moon was already out,
The stars after her,
And we gazed so quietly together
In the silver mirror there.

Ich sah nach keinem Monde,
Nach keinem Sternenschein,
Ich schaute nach ihrem Bilde,
Nach ihren Augen allein.

Und sahe sie nicken und blicken
Herauf aus dem seligen Bach,
Die Blümlein am Ufer, die blauen,
Sie nickten und blickten ihr nach.

Und in den Bach versunken
Der ganze Himmel schien,
Und wollte mich mit hinunter
In seine Tiefe ziehn.

Und über den Wolken und Sternen
Da rieselte munter der Bach,
Und rief mit Singen und Klingen:
Geselle, Geselle, mir nach!

Da gingen die Augen mir über,
Da ward es im Spiegel so kraus;
Sie sprach: Es kommt ein Regen,
Ade, ich geh' nach Haus.

Mein!

Bächlein, laß dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stellt eu'r Brausen ein!
All ihr muntern Waldvögelein,
Groß und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!
Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut' ein Reim allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!
Mein!

Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?
Ach, so muß ich ganz allein,
Mit dem seligen Worte mein,
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein!

I sought to see no moon,
Nor the star's shine;
I looked only at her image,
At her eyes alone.

And I saw her reflection nod and gaze
Up from the blissful brook,
The flowerlets on the bank, the blue ones,
They nodded and gazed right back.

And into the brook seemed sunken
The entire heavens;
And seemed to want to pull me under
Into its depths as well.

And over the clouds and stars,
There murmured the brook
And called with singing and ringing:
Fellow, follow me!

Then my eyes filled with tears,
And made the mirror ripple:
She spoke: "The rain comes,
Farewell, I am going home."

Mine!

Little brook, let your gushing be!
Wheels, cease your roaring!
All you merry woodbirds,
Large and small,
End your melodies!
Through the grove,
Out and in,
Let only one song be heard today:
The beloved miller-maid is mine!
Mine!

Spring, are all of those your flowers?
Sun, have you no brighter shine?
Ah, so I must be all alone
With my blissful word,
Incomprehensible to all of Creation!

Pause

Meine Laute hab' ich gehängt an die Wand,
Hab' sie umschlungen mit einem grünen Band -
Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz ist zu voll,
Weiß nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen soll.

Meiner Sehnsucht allerheißesten Schmerz
Durfte ich aushauchen in Liederschmerz
Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,
Glaubt ich doch, mein Leiden wär' nicht klein.
Ei, wie groß ist wohl meines Glückes Last,
Daß kein Klang auf Erden es in sich faßt?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh' an dem Nagel hier!
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,
Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,
Da wird mir so bange und es durchschauert mich.

Warum ließ ich das Band auch hängen so lang?
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit seufzendem Klang.
Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

Mit dem grünen Lautenbände

“Schad' um das schöne grüne Band,
Daß es verbleicht hier an der Wand,
Ich hab' das Grün so gern!”
So sprachst du, Liebchen, heut zu mir;
Gleich knüpf' ich's ab und send' es dir:
Nun hab' das Grüne gern!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiß,
Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,
Und ich auch hab' es gern.
Weil unsre Lieb' ist immer grün,
Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen blühen,
Drum haben wir es gern.

Nun schlinge in die Locken dein
Das grüne Band gefällig ein,
Du hast ja's Grün so gern.
Dann weiß ich, wo die Hoffnung wohnt,
Dann weiß ich, wo die Liebe thront,
Dann hab' ich's Grün erst gern.

Pause

My lute I've hung upon the wall,
I've tied it there with a green band;
I can sing no more, my heart is too full.
I know not how to compel the rhymes.

The hot pain of my yearning
I once could exhale in jesting songs;
And when I complained, so sweet and fine,
It seemed to me my sorrows weren't small.
Ah, but how great is my joy's weight,
That no sound on earth can hold it?

Now, dear lute, rest on this nail here!
And if a breeze flutters over your strings,
And if a bee grazes you with its wings,
It makes me anxious and I shudder through and
through.

Oh, why have I left that ribbon hanging there so long?
Often it stirs the strings with a sighing sound.
Is it the echo of my lovelorn pining?
Shall it be the prologue to new songs?

With the Green Lute-ribbon

“It's a pity for that pretty green ribbon,
That it fades here on the wall;
I like Green so very much!”
So you said, sweetheart, today to me;
I shall untie it and send it to you:
Now be fond of Green!

Even though your lover is white with flour,
Green shall still have its praise;
And I also like green.
Because our love is evergreen,
Because Hope's far reaches bloom green,
We are both fond of green.

Now pleasantly entwine in your locks
This green ribbon;
You are so fond of green.
Then I will know where Hope dwells,
Then I will know where Love is enthroned,
Then I will be really fond of green.

Der Jäger

Was sucht denn der Jäger am Mühlbach hier?

Bleib', trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!

Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes, für mich.

Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,
So laß deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,
Und laß deine klaffenden Hunde zu Haus,
Und laß auf dem Horne den Saus und Braus,
Und schere vom Kinne das struppige Haar,
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das Rehlein fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu,
Und ließest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh'.
Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen Gezweig?
Was will denn das Eichhorn im bläulichen Teich?
Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain,
Und laß mich mit meinen drei Rädern allein;

Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich machen beliebt,

So wisse, mein Freund, was ihr Herzchen betrübt:
Die Eber, die kommen zu Nacht aus dem Hain,
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein,
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:
Die Eber, die schieße, du Jägerheld!

Eifersucht und Stolz

Wohin so schnell, so kraus, und wild, mein lieber Bach?

Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen Bruder Jäger nach?
Kehr' um, kehr' um, und schilt erst deine Müllerin
Für ihren leichten, losen, kleinen Flattersinn.

Sahst du sie gestern Abend nicht am Thore stehn,
Mit langem Halse nach der großen Straße sehn?
Wenn von dem Fang der Jäger lustig zieht nach Haus,
Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den Kopf zum Fenster
'naus.

Geh', Bächlein, hin und sag' ihr das, doch sag' ihr nicht,
Hörst du, kein Wort, von meinem traurigen Gesicht;
Sag' ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich eine Pfeif' aus Rohr,
Und bläst den Kindern schöne Tänz' und Lieder vor.

The Hunter

What, then, does the hunter seek at the mill-brook
here?

Remain, presumptuous hunter, in your own
hunting-grounds!

Here there is no game for you to hunt;
Here dwells only a little doe, a tame one, for me

And if you wish to see the tender doe,
Then leave your guns in the woods,
And leave your barking dogs at home,
And stop the horn from blowing and hooting,
And clip from your chin your shaggy hair;
Otherwise the doe will hide itself away in the garden.

Or better yet, remain in the forest
And leave the mills and the miller in peace!
What use are fishes in green branches?
What would the squirrel want in a blue pond?
Therefore stay, presumptuous hunter, in the meadow,
And leave me with my three wheels alone!

And if you would like to make yourself liked by my
sweetheart,

Then know, friend, what troubles her heart:
The boars, they come at night from the grove
And break into her cabbage-garden
And tread and wallow around in the field.
The boars - shoot them, you hunter-hero.

Jealousy and Pride

To where are you going so quickly, so ruffled and wild,
my dear brook?

Do you hurry full of anger for the arrogant hunter?
Turn around and scold first your miller-maid,
For her light, loose, little flirtatious mind,

Didn't you see her standing at the gate last night,
Craning her neck toward the large street?
When the hunter returns gaily home from the catch,
No decent girl sticks her head out the window.

Go, brooklet, and tell her that; but tell her not,
do you hear? - tell her no word of my sad face.
Tell her: he is carving a pipe of cane
And plays pretty dances and songs for the children

Die liebe Farbe

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,
In grüne Thränenweiden,
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,
Eine Haide von grünem Rosmarein:
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen Jagen!
Wohlauf durch Haid' und Hagen!
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.
Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der Tod,
Die Haide, die heiß' ich die Liebesnoth:
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.

Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,
Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen,
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.
Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein Blümlein bunt,
Grün, Alles grün so rings und rund!
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Die böse Farbe

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,
Hinaus in die weite Welt,
Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär'
Da draußen in Wald und Feld!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all'
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all'
Weinen ganz todtenbleich.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
Was siehst mich immer an,
So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
Mich armen weißen Mann?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Thür,
In Sturm und Regen und Schnee,
Und singen ganz leise bei Tag und Nacht
Das eine Wörtchen Ade!

The favorite color

In green will I dress,
In green weeping willows;
My sweetheart is so fond of green.
I'll look for a thicket of cypresses,
A hedge of green rosemary;
My sweetheart is so fond of green.

Away to the joyous hunt!
Away through heath and hedge!
My sweetheart is so fond of hunting.
The beast that I hunt is Death;
The heath is what I call the grief of love.
My sweetheart is so fond of hunting.

Dig me a grave in the turf,
Cover me with green grass:
My sweetheart is so fond of green.
No black cross, no colorful flowers,
Green, everything green all around!
My sweetheart is so fond of green.

The hateful color

I'd like to go out into the world,
Out into the wide world;
If only it weren't so green, so green,
Out there in the forest and field!

I would like to pluck all the green leaves
From every branch,
I would like to weep on all the grass
Until it is deathly pale.

Ah, Green, you hateful color, you,
Why do you always look at me,
So proud, so bold, so gloating,
And me only a poor, flour-covered man?

I would like to lay in front of her door,
In storm and rain and snow.
And sing so softly by day and by night
One little word: farewell!

Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagdhorn schallt,
So klingt ihr Fensterlein,
Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,
Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab
Das grüne, grüne Band,
Ade, Ade! und reiche mir
Zum Abschied deine Hand!

Trockne Blumen

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab,
Euch soll man legen
Mit mir in's Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle
Mich an so weh,
Als ob ihr wüßtet,
Wie mir gescheh'?

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wie welk, wie blaß?
Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wovon so naß?

Ach, Thränen machen
Nicht maiengrün,
Machen todte Liebe
Nicht wieder blühen.

Und Lenz wird kommen,
Und Winter wird gehn,
Und Blümlein werden
Im Grase stehn,

Und Blümlein liegen
In meinem Grab,
Die Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab.

Und wenn sie wandelt
Am Hügel vorbei,
Und denkt im Herzen:
Der meint' es treu!

Hark, when in the forest a hunter's horn sounds -
Her window clicks!
And she looks out, but not for me;
Yet I can certainly look in.

O do unwind from your brow
That green, green ribbon;
Farewell, farewell! And give me
Your hand in parting!

Dry Flowers

All you little flowers,
That she gave me,
You shall lie
With me in my grave.

Why do you all look
At me so sadly,
As if you had known
What would happen to me?

You little flowers all,
How wilted, how pale!
You little flowers all,
Why so damp?

Ah, tears will not make
the green of May,
Will not make dead love
bloom again.

And Spring will come,
And Winter will go,
And flowers will
grow in the grass.

And flowers will lie
in my grave,
all the flowers
That she gave me.

And when she wanders
Past the hill
And thinks in her heart:
His feelings were true!

Dann Blümlein alle,
Heraus, heraus!
Der Mai ist kommen,
Der Winter ist aus.

Der Müller und der Bach

Wo ein treues Herze
In Liebe vergeht,
Da welken die Lilien
Auf jedem Beet.

Da muß in die Wolken
Der Vollmond gehn,
Damit seine Thränen
Die Menschen nicht sehn.

Da halten die Englein
Die Augen sich zu,
Und schluchzen und singen
Die Seele zur Ruh'.

Und wenn sich die Liebe
Dem Schmerz entringt,
Ein Sternlein, ein neues,
Am Himmel erblickt.

Da springen drei Rosen,
Halb rot, und halb weiß,
Die welken nicht wieder,
Aus Dornenreis

Und die Engelein schneiden
Die Flügel sich ab,
Und gehn alle Morgen
Zur Erde herab

Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
Du meinst es so gut:
Ach, Bächlein, aber weißt du,
Wie Liebe thut?

Ach, unten, da unten,
Die kühle Ruh'!
Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
So singe nur zu.

Then, all you little flowers,
Come out, come out,
May has come,
Winter is over.

The Miller and the Brook

Where a true heart
Wastes away in love,
There wilt the lilies
In every bed;

Then into the clouds must
The full moon go,
So that her tears
Men do not see;

Then angels
shut their eyes
And sob and sing
to rest the soul.

And when Love
conquers pain,
a little star, a new one,
shines in Heaven;

three roses,
half red and half white,
which never wilt,
spring up on thorny stalks.

And the angels cut
their wings right off
and go every morning
down to Earth.

Ah, brooklet, dear brook,
You mean it so well,
Ah, brooklet, but do you know,
What love does?

Ah, under, yes under,
is cool rest!
Ah, brooklet, dear brook,
please just sing on.

Des Baches Wiegenlied

Gute Ruh', gute Ruh'!
Thu die Augen zu!
Wandrer, du müder, du bist zu Haus.
Die Treu' ist hier,
Sollst liegen bei mir,
Bis das Meer will trinken die Bächlein aus.

Will betten dich kühl,
Auf weichen Pfühl,
In dem blauen kristallinen Kämmerlein.
Heran, heran,
Was wiegen kann,
Woget und wieget den Knaben mir ein!

Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt
Aus dem grünen Wald,
Will ich sausen und brausen wohl um dich her.
Blickt nicht herein,
Blaue Blümelein!
Ihr macht meinem Schläfer die Träume so schwer.

Hinweg, hinweg
Von dem Mühlensteg,
Böses Mägdlein, daß ihn dein Schatten nicht weckt!
Wirf mir herein
Dein Tüchlein fein,
Daß ich die Augen ihm halte bedeckt!

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!
Bis Alles wacht,
Schlaf' aus deine Freude, schlaf' aus dein Leid!
Der Vollmond steigt,
Der Nebel weicht,
Und der Himmel da oben, wie ist er so weit!

The Brook's Lullaby

Good rest, good rest,
Close your eyes!
Wanderer, tired one, you are home.
Fidelity is here,
You shall lie by me,
Until the sea drinks the brooklet dry.

I will bed you cool
On a soft pillow,
In the blue crystal room,
Come, come,
Whatever can lull,
rock and lap my boy to sleep!

When a hunting-horn sounds
From the green forest,
I will roar and rush around you.
Don't look in,
Blue flowerets!
You make my sleeper's dreams so troubled!

Away, away
From the mill-path,
hateful girl! That your shadow might not wake him.
Throw in to me
Your fine handkerchief,
That I may cover his eyes with it!

Good night, good night,
Until all awake,
Sleep out your joy, sleep out your pain!
The full moon climbs,
The mist fades away,
and the heavens above, how wide they are!