



UNIVERSITY OF
OREGON

SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND DANCE

Master's Recital

CARSON LOTT
tenor

assisted by

Veronica SooJung Lee, piano

Benjamin Gardner, violin
Ryan Ponto, viola da gamba
Margaret Gries, harpsichord

This recital is presented in partial
fulfillment of the requirements for
the
Master's of Music
in Vocal Performance

Carson Lott is a student of
Eric Mentzel

CANCELLED due to COVID-19

Beall Concert Hall
Monday, May 13th, 2020 | 6 p.m.

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Tre Ariette Vincenzo Bellini
(Composizioni da Camera) 1801-1835

- I. Il fervido desiderio
- II. Dolente immagine di Fille mia
- III. Vaga luna, che inargenti

Le Jaloux Louis-Nicolas Clérambault
(Cantates Françaises, 1er livre) 1676-1749

- I. Revien printems
- II. Je consens que la victoire
- III. Helas! pour mon cœur allarmé
- IV. Vains desirs
- V. Dieu des Amants
- VI. Amour, venge toy, venge moy
- VII. Revien printems

Benjamin Gardner, violin
Ryan Ponto, viola da gamba
Margaret Gries, harpsichord

Let us Garlands Bring, Op. 18 Gerald Finzi
(William Shakespeare) 1901-1956

- I. Come away, come away, death
- II. Who is Sylvia?
- III. Fear no more the heat o' the sun
- IV. O Mistress mine
- V. It was a lover and his lass

Dichterliebe, Op. 48 Robert Schumann
(Heine) 1810-1856

- I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
- III. Die Rose, die Lillie, die Taube, die Sonne
- IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
- V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
- VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
- VII. Ich grolle nicht
- VIII. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
- IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
- X. Hör ich das Liedchen klingen
- XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
- XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
- XIII. Ich hab in Traum geweinet
- XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume
- XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es
- XVI. Die alten, bösen Lieder

~INTERMISSION~

PROGRAM NOTES

Vincenzo Bellini (1801-1835)

Tre Ariette, from *Composizioni da Camera*

The *Tre Ariette* are three of the most well-loved and widely performed songs in the canon. In addition to their popularity, the *Tre Ariette* help to set the standard for the often-neglected genre of Italian song. They and the rest of Bellini's songs found in the posthumously published *Composizioni da Camera* strike a balance between the long *bel canto* phrases found in the Italian operatic repertoire and the delicacy found in the earlier genre of *arie antiche*. Favorites especially for the young singer because of their wide pedagogical applications, this small set provides a familiar and innocent introduction.

Louis-Nicholas Clérambault (1676-1749)

Le Jaloux, from *Cantates Françaises, 1^{er} livre*

This cantata for *haute-contre*, violin, and continuo comes from Clérambault's first of five books of cantatas, in which he wrote for *dessus*, *haute-contre*, *taille*, and *basse*. Today we call these voices soprano, alto, tenor and bass. The *dessus* was the only voice part expected to be sung by women. By the time of Berlioz's France, these names were largely out of use. Today, the *haute-contre* can be likened to an early high French tenor, and is distinct from the English countertenor with which it has often been confused. It was the French response to the Italian castrati, and a direct predecessor of the 19th century dramatic Italian tenor.

Born in 1676 on rue Saint-Antoine in Paris, Nicolas Clérambault was the son of one of the famous 24 Violons du Roi, and began composing for chorus as early as 13. He studied the organ with André Raison, composition with Jean-Baptiste Moreau, and the violin with his father, most likely. While Clérambault produced many grand motets and a wealth of harpsichord and organ repertoire, his prowess as a composer is most easily seen in his five books of cantatas. These books contain secular cantatas for every common voice type of the time, and demonstrate Clérambault's growth from the style of his teachers to his own unique voice.

Le Jaloux is unique in Clérambault's output, however, due largely to the nature of the text. While Clérambault's other cantatas, take *Pirame et Thisbé* for example, tell a linear narrative, *Le Jaloux* is more conceptual in its exposition. It is more a pure exploration of jealousy than a dramatic narrative. This difference manifests itself most prominently in the relative lack of recitative found in this cantata. There is only one section, compared to the four found in *Pirame et Thisbé*. This difference is rooted in the fact that recitative is a tool composers use to further the plot of their work. Arias, on the other hand, are snapshots in time, often focused on one powerful emotion. It follows that a cantata entirely focused on one powerful emotion, and containing little narrative exposition, would be comprised mostly of arias. *Le Jaloux* is also given cyclic unity by the reprise of the opening aria, *Revien printems*, at the end.¹

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Let us Garlands Bring, Op. 18

(William Shakespeare, from *Twelfth Night*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Cymbeline*, and *As You Like It*)

The bulk of Finzi's output was scored for solo voice with accompaniment, and a majority of that can be classified as song. While he is also known for his choral output and a handful of concerti, Finzi stands with Vaughan Williams, Gurney, and Britten as a 20th century master of the English song. Whether writing for solo voice, orchestra or chorus, but especially in his song output, Finzi's style is best described

¹ Jean Saint-Arroman, liner notes from *Clérambault: Cantates Françaises*, Reinould van Mechelen & A Nocte Temporis, Alpha Classics/Outhere Music France, CD, 2017.

by Carol Kimball as “solidly traditional.”² Broad, sweeping and often jagged (yet always singable) vocal lines are grounded by piano accompaniment rooted in counterpoint, a deep sense of texture, and masterfully fluid harmonic progressions.

Let us Garlands Bring is one of Finzi’s most popular song collections. Borrowing sonnets from throughout Shakespeare’s catalogue that deal with themes of youth, love, and the inevitability of death, Finzi follows his life-long pattern of setting the best English poetry to music. This is a trend that he explored further with Shakespeare, William Wordsworth, and most notably with Thomas Hardy, setting over fifty of his poems to music. Finzi was admired by his fellow English composers, befriending Ralph Vaughan Williams and championing the works of Ivor Gurney. At its premiere, *Garlands* was dedicated to Vaughan Williams on his 70th birthday, October 12th, 1942.

Garlands was originally composed for baritone. There is a high voice transcription from Boosey & Hawkes, but unfortunately Finzi’s original key relationships are not maintained in this edition. To combat this inconsistency, songs II and III have been taken down a half step from the B&H high voice edition. In restoring Finzi’s original key relationships, the tritone (Δ) transition from songs I to II is reintroduced (d->Ab), and the upward trajectory of fourths from songs II-IV is maintained (Ab->Db->Gb). This makes not only for a more accurate representation of the collection, but preserves tonal intrigue which is otherwise absent from the comparably diatonic key relationships in the B&H transcription.

Detailed here for comparison:

Song:	I		II		III		IV		V
Original Low Key:	b	Δ	F	4	Bb	4	Eb	m2	E
B&H High Transcription:	d	5	A	5	D	4 ^o	Gb	m2	G
New High Transcription:	d	Δ	Ab	4	Db	4	Gb	m2	G

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

(Heinrich Heine, from *Lyrisches Intermezzo*)

Dichterliebe is universally held in the top tier of the song cycle genre, sitting comfortably with *An die ferne Geliebte*, *Die schöne Müllerin*, *Winterreise*, *Frauenliebe und –leben*, and the orchestral cycles of the late Romantic period, as well as entries from the French and English canons. If the German song cycle tradition emerges from Beethoven and comes of age with Schubert, in Schumann it reaches full maturity (and ages heartily in the hands of Mahler).

Schumann’s innovation comes primarily from his treatment of the piano as its own independent voice, which allows for subtle tonal ambiguity and illustration of mood not seen in the works of his predecessors. The postludes found throughout the cycle are another element of this independence, and are arguably the cycle’s most defining feature. In every song, when the vocal line ends, the piano continues telling the story, often introducing new motivic or harmonic material in the process. This is displayed in full force and most heartbreakingly at the end of the cycle, when the piano reintroduces the descending nature theme from song XII and the ornamental turns found in *Er, der Herrlichste von allen* from *Frauenliebe und –leben*, Schumann’s Op. 42. These ornaments symbolize the good nature of the beloved man in *Frauenliebe*, and appear nowhere in *Dichterliebe* except this extended postlude, suggesting that our narrator the Poet is able to redeem himself after moving on from his unfortunate experience with one-sided infatuation.

² Carol Kimball, *Song: A Guide to Art Song Style and Literature*, Rev. Ed, (Milwaukee, WI: Hal Leonard, 2005), 388.

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

(All translations edited by Mr. Lott)

Tre Ariette

(Anonymous)

I. *Il fervido desiderio*

*Quando verrà quel dì
Che riveder potrò
Quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?*

*Quando verrà quel dì
Che in sen t'accoglierò,
Ah, bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?*

II. *Dolente immagine*

*Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
Perché sì squallida mi siedì accanto?
Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto
Io sul tuo cenere versai finor.*

*Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri
Io possa accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace;
È inestinguibile l'antico ardor.*

III. *Vaga luna*

*Vaga luna, che inargenti
Queste rive e questi fiori
Ed ispiri agli elementi
Il linguaggio dell'amor;*

*Testimonio or sei tu sola
Del mio fervido desir,
Ed a lei che m'innamora
Conta i palpiti e i sospir.*

*Dille pur che lontananza
Il mio duol non può lenire,
Che se nutro una speranza,
Ella è sol nell'avvenir.*

*Dille pur che giorno e sera
Conto l'ore del dolor,
Che una speme lusinghiera
Mi conforta nell'amor.*

Three Ariettas

Translation by Jonathan Retzlaff³

I. The fervent wish

When will that day come
When I may see again
The one whom my loving heart so desires?

When will that day come
When to my heart I may hold you,
Ah, Beautiful flame of love, my soul?

II. Sorrowful image

Sorrowful image of my Phyllis,
Why so downcast do you sit behind me?
What more do you desire? Streaming tears
Have I poured onto your ashes.

Are you afraid that, forgetting sacred vows,
I could be sparked by another flame?
Shade of Phyllis, rest in peace;
It is inextinguishable, our old passion.

III. Lovely moon

Lovely moon, you shed silver light
On these rivers and these flowers
And breathe into the elements
The language of love;

You are now the only witness
Of my fervent desire,
And for her who fills me with love,
Count my heartbeats and sighs.

Tell her also that distance
Does not soothe my pain,
That if I cherish a hope,
It is only for the future.

Tell her also that day and night,
I count the hours of pain,
That a hope, a tempting desire
Comforts me in my love.

³ Jonathan Retzlaff, *Exploring Art Song Lyrics: Translation and Pronunciation of the Italian, German & French Repertoire*, (Oxford University Press: 2012), 5-11.

Le Jaloux (Anonymous)

I. Revien printems,
*R'ameine les beaux jours.
R'appelle aux champs de Mars⁴
Un rival qui m'allarme.
Que les trompettes, les tambours
L'obligent de quitter
La beauté qui le charme.*

II. Je consens que la victoire,
*Couvre son front de lauriers.
Qu'il puisse égaler la gloire
des plus celebres guerriers.*

*Sa renommée immortelle
Ne me rendra point jaloux
Mon destin est assez doux,
Si mon Iris⁵ m'est fidelle.*

III. Hélas! Pour mon cœur allarmé
*De son éloignement quel sera l'avantage?
Je me le cache en vain sans doute il est aimé,
Mes craintes, mes soupçons me l'ont trop confirmé,
N'importe, son depart punira la volage,
Je n'en seray pas plus heureux,
Mais avec moy du moins ils souffriront tout deux.*

IV. Vains désirs, vrvole vengeance!
*L'espoir de se revoir flatra leur amour,
Ils veront succeder aux tourments de l'absence
Les plaisirs du retour.*

V. Dieu des Amants prens ma deffence,
*Mon rival te fait une offence
En partageant son cœur entre Bellonne⁶ et toy.*

*Peux-tu souffrir sous ton Empire
Un cœur qui suit une autre loy.
Et negliger le mien qui pour toy seul soupirei?*

VI. Amour, venge toy, venge moy.
*Punis ce fier Rival, sers toy de son absence
Pour l'effacer du cœur qui m'a manqué de foy.
Et rends ce cœur a ma constance.*

VII. Revien Printems...

The Jealous Lover *Translation by Marvin P. Regier⁷*

I. Return, Springtime.
Bring back the joyful days.
Recall to the battlefield
The rival who threatens me.
Let the trumpets and the drums
Oblige him to abandon
The beauty that has charmed him.

II. I concede to his victory.
Bestow his brow with laurels.
May his glory be equal to that
Of the most celebrated warriors.

His immortal renown
Will not inspire any jealousy in me.
My destiny is sweet enough,
So long as my Iris is faithful.

III. Alas! For my beating heart,
What will be the advantage of his departure?
I deceive myself in vain – without a doubt, he is loved.
My fears, my suspicions are only too confirmed.
No matter – his departure will punish her fickleness.
I will not be happier,
But with me, at least, they both will suffer.

IV. Vain desires, frivolous vengeance.
The hope of their reunion flatters their love.
The torments of absence will succeed over
The pleasures of reunion.

V. God of Lovers, come to my aid.
My rival does you offence
In dividing his heart between Bellonne and you.

Could you allow in your Empire
A heart that knows another law,
And neglects me, who is loyal to you alone?

VI. Love, avenge yourself and me,
Punish this proud rival, avail yourself of his absence.
To banish the heart that has been unfaithful
And return my heart to constant affection.

VII. Return Springtime...

⁴ Mars: Roman God of War

⁵ Iris: winged messenger of the Gods, symbol of the rainbow

⁶ Bellonne: Roman Goddess of War

⁷ Marvin Paul Regier, *The Haute-contre Voice: Tessitura and Timbre*, (DMA diss., University of Oregon, 1996), 164-165.

Let us Garlands Bring

(Shakespeare)

I. Come away, come away, death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:

A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!
(*Twelfth Night*)

II. Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.
(*Two Gentlemen of Verona*)

III. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,

Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!
(*Cymbeline*)

IV. O Mistress mine where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further pretty sweeting.
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love, 'tis not hereafter,
Present mirth, hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.
(*Twelfth Night*)

V. It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass.
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a
ding; Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.
(As You Like It)

Dichterliebe (Heine)

I. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
*Als alle Knospen sprangen
Da ist in mienem Herzen
Die Liebe auf gegangen.*

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

II. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
*Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigalenchor,*

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

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

IV. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
*So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh;
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.*

*Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.*

A Poet's Love *Translations by Lois Phillips⁸*

I. In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the buds were bursting,
Then it was in my heart
That love sprang up.

In the wondrously beautiful month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then had I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

II. From my tears spring forth
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs become
A choir of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I will give you all the flowers,
And before your window shall sound
The song of the Nightingale.

III. The rose, the lily, the dove, the sun,
I have loved them all in love's delight.
I love them no more, I love only
The little one, the fine one, the pure one, the only one;
She herself is the wellspring of all love,
She is the rose and the lily and the dove and the sun.

IV. When I look into your eyes,
So vanishes all my suffering and pain!
But when I kiss your mouth,
I become wholly and completely well.

When I lay myself on your breast,
It comes over my like Heaven's light.
But when you say: I love you,
I must weep bitter tears.

⁸ Lois Phillips, *Lieder Line by Line*, (Oxford University Press, 1996), 194-204.

V. Ich will meine Seele tauchen

*In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.*

*Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
Im wunderbar süßer Stund.*

VI. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,

*Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n,
Mit seinem großen Dome,
Das große heilige Köln.*

*Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf goldenem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.*

*Es schweben Blumen und Englein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wänglein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.*

VII. Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
*Ewig verlorn'es Leib! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du ach strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.*

*Das weiß ich längst – Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzes Raume,
Und sah die Schlang', die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.*

VIII. Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,

*Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.*

*Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie ließen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.*

*Und wüssten's sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämten aus ihre Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.*

V. I will plunge my soul

*Into the vase of the lily,
The lily shall breathe
A song of my love.*

*The song will tremble and quiver,
Like the kiss from her mouth
Which she once gave to me
In that wondrously sweet hour.*

VI. In the Rhine, in the sacred river,

*There reflects itself in the ripples
The great cathedral –
The great sacred Cologne.*

*In the cathedral stands a portrait
Painted on golden leather,
Into my life of wilderness
Has it cast a kind gleam.*

*Flowers and little angels hover
'Round our dear Lady,
The eyes, the lips, the cheeks,
They resemble my beloved exactly.*

VII. I bear no grudge even as my heart breaks.
*Love lost forever... I bear no grudge.
Although you may shine in diamond-splendor,
No ray can pierce the night in your heart.*

*I know it long ago. I saw you in a dream,
And saw the night in your soul,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart,
I saw, my love, how wretched you are.*

VIII. And if the little flowers knew

*How deep are the wounds in my heart,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.*

*And if the nightingales knew
How sad and sick I am,
They would gladly let resound
A refreshing song.*

*And if they knew my pain,
The little golden stars,
They would come down from their height,
And speak comfort to me.*

*Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz,
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.*

IX. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
*Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.*

*Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Puaken und ein Schalmei'n.
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.*

X. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
*Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.*

*Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort lost sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergroßes Weh.*

XI. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
*Die hat einen Andern erwählt,
Der Andre liebt eine Andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.*

*Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen,
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.*

*Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu,
Und wem sie just passiert,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.*

XII. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen,
*Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.*

*Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
'Sei unser Schwester nicht böse,
du trauriger balsser Mann!'*

They all cannot know it,
Only one knows my sorrow.
She herself has indeed
Broken my heart.

IX. There is a playing of flutes and fiddles,
And trumpets resounding therein.
There, dancing the wedding dance
Is my own dearest love.

There is a ringing and droning,
A beating of drums and shawms,
And between them, sob and groan
The sweet little cherubs.

X. I hear the sweet song
That my dearest once sang,
Upon hearing it my heart wants to burst
From wild, violent grief.

A dark longing drives me
To the tall woods,
There, in tears overflows
My infinite sorrow.

XI. A young lad loves a girl
Who has chosen another,
The other loves another,
And has married her.

The girl, out of annoyance,
Takes the first good man
She encounters
Our young lad is worse off.

It is an old story
But it is forever new,
And to whom it happens
It breaks his heart in two.

XII. On a bright summer morning,
I walk about in the garden.
The flowers speak in whispers,
I but wander silently.

The flowers speak in whispers
And gaze at me in pity:
'Be not angry with our sister
You sad pale man!'

XIII. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet.

*Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floss noch von der Wange herab.*

*Ich hab' im Traum geweinet.
Mir träumt', du verließest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.*

*Ich hab' im Traum geweinet.
Mir träumte, du wärst mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.*

XIV. Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich,
*Und sehe dich freundlich grüßen,
Und lautaufweinent stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.*

*Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen,
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perlentränentröpfchen.*

*Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort,
Und gibst mir den Strauß von Zypressen,
Ich wache auf, und der Strauß ist fort
Und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.*

XV. Aus alten Märchen winkt es
*Hervor mit weißer Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland,*

*Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im golden Abendlicht
Und lieblich duftend glühen
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht.*

*Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte Heimlich klingen
Und Vögel schmettern drein.*

*Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;*

XIII. In my dream I was weeping.

*I dreamt you laid in your grave.
I awoke, and the tear
Still flowed down my cheek.*

*In my dream I was weeping.
I dreamt you had forsaken me.
I awoke, and I wept
Longer still, and bitterly.*

*In my dream I was weeping.
I dreamt that you cared for me still.
I awoke, and even still
I drowned in tears.*

XIV. Each night in dreams I see you,
*And I see you kindly greeting,
And loudly weeping I throw myself
At your sweet feet.*

*You look at me sadly,
And shake your sweet fair head,
From your eyes steal away
Tears drops like pearls.*

*You tell me secretly a gentle word,
And give me a wreath of cypress,
I awake, and the wreath is gone,
And I have forgotten the word.*

XV. From old fairytales
*Beckons forth a white hand,
There is sing and ringing
From a magic land.*

*Where colorful flowers bloom
In golden evening light,
And glow, sweetly scented
With bridal appearances.*

*And green trees sing
Old melodies,
The breezes secretly sound,
And birds softly warble.*

*And misty figures rise
Up from the Earth,
And dance airy dances
In strange harmony.*

*Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis,*

*Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein,
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Weiderschein.*

*Ach, könnt' ich dorthinkommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen
Und frei und selig sein.*

*Ach, jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.*

XVI. Die alten bösen Lieder,
*Die Träume böse und arg,
Die lässt und jetzt begraben,
Holt einen großen Sarg.*

*Hinein leg' ich gar Manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was.
Der Sarg muss sein noch größer
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.*

*Und holt eine Totenbahre,
Und Bretter dick und fest;
Auch muss sie sein noch länger
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.*

*Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch starker sein,
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.*

*Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken in's Meer hinab;
Denn solchem großen Sarge
Gebührt ein großes Grab.*

*Wisst ihr warum der Sarg wohl
So groß und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein!*

And blue sparks glitter
On every leaf and twig,
And red lights run
In a crazy, whirring circle.

And loud springs gush
From rough marble rock,
And strangely in the stream
Shines forth my reflection.

Ah, if I could only go there,
And gladden my heart,
And take away all anguish,
And be free and blissful.

Ah, this land of delight
I see in dreams.
But when the morning sun rises,
It vanishes like foam.

XVI. These old bad songs,
These dreams, bad and evil,
Let us fetch a great coffin,
And bury them.

In it I lay many things,
But I will not yet say what.
The coffin must be larger
Than the Heidelberg Tun.

And fetch a funeral bier,
And planks fat and firm,
For they must be larger
Than the Mainz Bridge.

And fetch me twelve giants,
Who must be stronger
Than the strong Christopher
In the Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall carry away the coffin
And sink it in the ocean's depths,
For such a mighty coffin
Deserves a mighty grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so huge and heavy?
Because I sank all my love
And all my grief therein.

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