

New Artist Program Translation

Gretchen am Spinrade

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
Life's like the grave;
The whole world
Is turned to gall.

My poor head
Is crazed,
My poor mind
Shattered.

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
It's only for him
I leave the house.

His proud bearing
His noble form,
The smile on his lips,
The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
Of his words,
The touch of his hand,
And ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone
My heart is heavy;
I shall never
Ever find peace again.

My bosom
Yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
And hold him,

And kiss him
To my heart's content,
And in his kisses
Perish!

Translation by Richard Stokes

An Die Musik

And The Music

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,
when I am enmeshed in life's tumultuous
round,
have you kindled my heart to the warmth of
love,
and borne me away to a better world!

Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,
a sweet, celestial chord
has revealed to me a heaven of happier
times.
Beloved art, for this I thank you!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Der Tod und das Mädchen

Death and the Maiden

THE MAIDEN

Pass by, ah, pass by!
Away, cruel Death!
I am still young; leave me, dear one
and do not touch me.

DEATH

Give me your hand, you lovely, tender creature.
I am your friend, and come not to chastise.
Be of good courage. I am not cruel;
you shall sleep softly in my arms.

Translation by Richard Wigmore

Allerseelen
All Souls' Day

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,
Bring in the last red asters,
And let us talk of love again
As once in May.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.

Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Va! Laisse couler mes larmes
Oh, I cannot hold back these tears!

Oh, I cannot hold back these tears! It will do me good to cry.

They say that the ones we do not shed fall back inside us and wound the soul. And over time, as drop by drop, they batter, and burn, and so bruise it, with each new hurt the heart grows weaker.

It aches and suffers, in constant pain, becomes exhausted, is overwhelmed, and finally becomes so fragile that it just breaks!

Translation by Kenneth Jakobs

Après un rêve
After a dream

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

You called me and I departed the earth
To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens parted their clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendors, celestial fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me back your delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!

Translation by Richard Stokes

Mandoline
Mandoline

The givers of serenades
And the lovely women who listen
Exchange insipid words
Under the singing branches.

There is Thyrsis and Amyntas
And there's the eternal Clytander,
And there's Damis who, for many a
Heartless woman, wrote many a tender verse.

Their short silk coats,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their joy

And their soft blue shadows,
Whirl around in the ecstasy
Of a pink and grey moon,
And the mandolin prattles
Among the shivers from the breeze.

Translation by Emily Ezust