

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Winterreise (text by Wilhelm Müller)

Einsamkeit

Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heitre Lüfte geht,
Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:

So zieh' ich meine Strasse
Dahin mit trägem Fuss,
Durch helles, frohes Leben,
Einsam und ohne Gruss.

Ach, dass die Luft so ruhig!
Ach, dass die Welt so licht!
Als noch die Stürme tobten,
War ich so elend nicht.

Die Wetterfahne

Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne
Auf meines schönen Liebchens Haus.
Da dacht' ich schon in meinem Wahne,
Sie piff' den armen Flüchtling aus.

Er hätt' es eher bemerken sollen,
Des Hauses aufgestecktes Schild,
So hätt' er nimmer suchen wollen
Im Haus ein treues Frauenbild.

Der Wind spielt drinnen mit den Herzen,
Wie auf dem Dach, nur nicht so laut.
Was fragen sie nach meinen Schmerzen?
Ihr Kind ist eine reiche Braut.

Der Lindenbaum

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore,
Da steht ein Lindenbaum;
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten
So manchen süßen Traum.

Ich musst' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel
Die Augen zugemacht.

Ich musst' auch heute wandern
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,

Winter Journey

Loneliness

As a dark cloud
drifts through clear skies,
when a faint breeze blows
in the fir-tops;

Thus I go on my way
with weary steps, through
bright, joyful life,
alone, greeted by no one.

Alas, that the air is so calm!
Alas, that the world is so bright!
When storms were still raging
I was not so wretched.

The Weathervane

The wind is playing with the weathervane
on my fair sweetheart's house.
In my delusion I thought
it was whistling to mock the poor fugitive.

He should have noticed it sooner,
this sign fixed upon the house;
then he would never have sought
a faithful woman within that house.

Inside the wind is playing with hearts,
as on the roof, only less loudly.
Why should they care about my grief?
Their child is a rich bride.

The Linden Tree

By the well, before the gate,
stands a linden tree;
in its shade I dreamt
many a sweet dream.

In its bark I carved
many a word of love;
in joy and sorrow
I was ever drawn to it.

Today, too, I had to walk
past it at dead of night;

Da hab' ich noch im Dunkel
Die Augen zugemacht.

Und seine Zweige rauschten,
Als riefen sie mir zu:
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,
Hier findest du deine Ruh'!

Die kalten Winde bliesen
Mir grad' in's Angesicht,
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,
Ich wendete mich nicht.

Nun bin ich manche Stunde
Enfernt von jenem Ort,
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:
Du fändest Ruhe dort!

Cantata 209: Non sa che sia dolore

Recitative

Non sa che sia dolore
Chi dall' amico suo parte e non more.
Il fanciullin' che plora e geme
Ed allor che più ei teme,
Vien la madre a consolar.
Va dunque a cenni del cielo,
Adempi or di Minerva il zelo.

Aria

Parti pur e con dolore
Lasci a noi dolente il core.
La patria goderai,
A dover la servirai;
Varchi or di sponda in sponda,
Propizi vedi il vento e l'onda.

Recitative

Tuo saver al tempo e l'età contrasta,
Virtù e valor solo a vincer basta;
Ma chi gran ti farà più che non fusti
Ansbaca, piena di tanti Augusti.

Aria

Ricetti gramezza e pavento,
Qual nocchier, placato il vento,
Più non teme o si scolora,
Ma contento in su la prora
Va cantando in faccia al mar.

even in the darkness
I closed my eyes.

And its branches rustled
as if they were calling to me:
'Come to me, friend,
here you will find rest.'

The cold wind blew
straight into my face,
my hat flew from my head;
I did not turn back.

Now I am many hours' journey
from that place;
yet I still hear the rustling:
'There you would find rest.'

He knows not what sorrow is

Recitative

He does not know what sorrow is
who parts from his friend and does not die.
The child who weeps and groans
and then is more afraid,
his mother comes to console.
Go therefore at the signs from heaven,
fulfil now the zeal of Minerva.

Aria

Depart then and with sorrow
leave to us sorrowing hearts.
You will delight your fatherland,
in its service you will do your duty;
Cross now from shore to shore,
may you see the wind and waves favourable to
you.

Recitative

Your knowledge contrasts with the time and age,
virtue and valour alone are sufficient to conquer;
but who will make you greater than you were
Ansbach, full of so many distinguished people.

Aria

Do away with anxiety and dread,
like the steersman, when the wind is calmed,
who no more fears or turns pale
but content on his prow
goes singing in the face of the sea.

Hillula (Text from the Kabbalah)

I am my Beloved's
His desire is upon me

Ah
All the days I have been alive
I have longed to see this day!
this day
All the days I have been bound to this world
this world
this world
I have been bound to this world
this world
I have been bound in a single bond
with the Blessed
Holy One
That is why
His desire is upon me
is upon me
upon me
Concealed of all
Concealed!
Concealed of all
Concealed
Separated from all yet not separate
All is attached to
It and
It is attached to all!
Ancient of all
Ancients
Concealed of all
Concealed!
Concealed!

Ah
Until now these words were concealed for I was
sacred to reveal
Reveal
I see that the Blessed Holy One and all the
righteous ones approve
I see all of them rejoicing in this, my wedding
celebration!
my wedding celebration!
Happy is my portion

All the days I have been alive I have yearned to
see this day!
Now my desire is crowned with success
This day itself is crowned!
This day will not miss its mark like the other
day, for this whole day is mine!
I have begun!
I will speak!
I have seen that all the sparks sparkle from the
High Spark
Hidden of all Hidden!
there is revealed what is revealed those lights
are all connected upon me one shining into the
other inseparable
one from the other
The light of each and every spark each one
shines into onto the light within within the light
within the light within
within me
As for you go to the end and take your rest
you will rise for your reward at the end
the end
the end
the end of days

Warble for Lilac-time (Text by Walt Whitman)

Warble me now, for joy of Lilac-time,
Sort me, O tongue and lips, for Nature's sake, and sweet life's sake –
and death's the same as life's,
Souvenirs of earliest summer – birds' eggs, and the first berries;
Gather the welcome signs, (as children, with pebbles, or stringing shells;)
Put in April and May – the hylas croaking in the ponds – the elastic air,
Bees, butterflies, the sparrow with its simple notes,
Blue-bird, and darting swallow – nor forget the high-hole flashing his golden wings,
The tranquil sunny haze, the clinging smoke, the vapor,
Spiritual, airy insects, humming on gossamer wings,
Shimmer of waters, with fish in them – the cerulean above;
All that is jocund and sparkling – the brooks running,
The maple woods, the crisp February days, and the sugar-making;
The robin, where he hops, bright-eyed, brown-breasted,
With musical clear call at sunrise, and again at sunset,
Or flitting among the trees of the apple-orchard, building the nest of his mate;
The melted snow of March – the willow sending forth its yellow-green sprouts;
– For spring-time is here! the summer is here! and what is this in it and from it?
Thou, Soul, unloosen'd – the restlessness after I know not what;
Come! let us lag here no longer – let us be up and away!
O for another world! O if one could but fly like a bird!
O to escape – to sail forth, as in a ship!
To glide with thee, O Soul, o'er all, in all, as a ship o'er the waters!
– Gathering these hints, these preludes –
the blue sky, the grass, the morning drops of dew;
(With additional songs – every spring will I now strike up additional songs,
Nor ever again forget, these tender days, the chants of Death as well as Life;)
The lilac-scent, the bushes, and the dark green, heart-shaped leaves,
Wood violets, the little delicate pale blossoms called innocence,
Samples and sorts not for themselves alone, but for their atmosphere,
To tally, drench'd with them, tested by them,
Cities and artificial life, and all their sights and scenes,
My mind henceforth, and all its meditations – my recitatives,
My land, my age, my race, for once to serve in songs,
(Sprouts, tokens ever of death indeed the same as life,)
To grace the bush I love – to sing with the birds,
A warble for joy of Lilac-time.