

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten Op. 19 No. 4 (1885-8)

Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten,
Die Seligkeit, die uns erfüllt?
Nein, bis in seine tiefsten Falten
Sei allen unser Herz enthüllt!

Wenn zwei in Liebe sich gefunden,
Geht Jubel hin durch die Natur,
In längern wonnevollen Stunden
Legt sich der Tag auf Wald und Flur.

Selbst aus der Eiche morschem Stamm,
Die ein Jahrtausend überlebt,
Steigt neu des Wipfels grüne Flamme
Und rauscht von Jugendlust durchbebt.

Zu höherm Glanz und Dufte brechen
Die Knospen auf beim Glück der Zwei,
Und süsser rauscht es in den Bächen
Und reicher blüht und reicher glänzt
der Mai.

How could we keep it secret

How could we keep it secret,
this bliss with which we're filled?
No, into its deepest recesses
our hearts must be revealed to all!

When two souls have fallen in love,
nature's filled with exultation,
and daylight lingers on wood and fields
in longer hours of rapture.

Even the oak tree's rotten trunk,
that has survived a thousand years,
sends fresh flaming green to its crown
and rustles with the thrill of youth.

The buds, seeing the lovers' bliss,
flower more brightly and fragrantly,
and the brooks babble more sweetly,
and May gleams and blooms more
lavishly.

Translation by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.

Schlagende Herzen Op. 29 No. 2 (1895)

Otto Julius Bierbaum

Über Wiesen und Felder ein Knabe
ging,
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz,
Es glänzt ihm am Finger von Golde ein
Ring,
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz,
„Oh Wiesen, oh Felder,
Wie seid ihr schön!
Oh Berge, oh Täler,
Wie seid ihr schön!
Wie bist du gut, wie bist du schön,
Du gold'ne Sonne in Himmelshöh'n!“
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

Beating hearts

A boy was walking across meadows
and fields,
pit-a-pat went his heart,
a golden ring gleamed on his
finger,
pit-a-pat went his heart.
'O meadows, O fields,
how fair you are!
O mountains, O valleys,
how fair you are!
How good you are, how fair you are,
you golden sun in heaven above!
Pit-a-pat went his heart.

Schnell eilte der Knabe mit fröhlichem
Schritt,
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz,
Nahm manche lachende Blume mit,
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz,
„Über Wiesen und Felder
Weht Frühlingswind,
Über Berge und Wälder
Weht Frühlingswind.
Im Herzen mir innen weht Frühlingswind,
Der treibt zu dir mich leise, lind!“
Kling-klang schlug ihm das Herz.

The boy hurried on with happy
steps,
pit-a-pat went his heart,
took with him many a laughing flower,
pit-a-pat went his heart.
'Over meadows and fields
a spring wind blows,
over mountains and woods
a spring wind blows.
A spring wind is blowing in my heart,
driving me to you, softly and gently!
Pit-a-pat went his heart.

Zwischen Wiesen und Feldern ein
Mädel stand,
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz,
Hielt über die Augen zum Schauen die
Hand,
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.
„Über Wiesen und Felder,
Über Berge und Wälder
Zu mir, zu mir schnell kommt er her!
Oh wenn er bei mir nur, bei mir schon
wär!“
Kling-klang schlug ihr das Herz.

Between meadows and fields a young
girl stood,
pit-a-pat went her heart,
she shaded her eyes with her hand as
she gazed,
pit-a-pat went her heart.
'Over meadows and fields,
over mountains and woods,
to me, to me he's hurrying!
Ah! would he were with me, with me
already!
Pit-a-pat went her heart.

Translation by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.

Das Rosenband Op. 36 No. 1 (1897)

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock

Im Frühlingsgarten fand ich sie;
Da band ich sie mit Rosenbändern:
Sie fühlt' es nicht und schlummerte.

Ich sah sie an; mein Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an ihrem Leben:
Ich fühlt' es wohl, und wusst' es nicht.

Doch lispelt' ich ihr leise zu,
Und rauschte mit den Rosenbändern:
Da wachte sie vom Schlummer auf.

Sie sah mich an; ihr Leben hing
Mit diesem Blick an meinem Leben,
Und um uns ward Elysium.

The rose garland

I found her in the spring garden;
I bound her fast with a rose garland:
oblivious, she slumbered on.

I gazed on her; with that gaze
my life became entwined with hers:
this I sensed, and did not know.

I murmured softly to her
and rustled the garland of roses:
then she woke from slumber.

She gazed on me; with that gaze
her life became entwined with mine,
and Paradise bloomed about us.

Translation by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.

Ich trage meine Minne Op. 32 No. 1 (1896)

Karl Friedrich Henckell

Ich trage meine Minne
Vor Wonne stumm
Im Herzen und im Sinne
Mit mir herum.
Ja, dass ich dich gefunden,
Du liebes Kind,
Das freut mich alle Tage,
Die mir beschieden sind.

Und ob auch der Himmel trübe,
Kohlschwarz die Nacht,
Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe
Goldsonnige Pracht.

I bear my love

I bear my love
in silent bliss
about with me
in heart and mind.
Yes, that I have found you,
sweet child,
will cheer me all
my allotted days.

Though the sky be dim,
and the night pitch-black,
my love shines brightly
in golden splendour.

Und lügt auch die Welt in
Sünden,
So tut mir's weh –
Die arge muss erblinden
Vor deiner Unschuld Schnee.

And though the world lies and
sins,
and it hurts to see it so –
the bad world must be blinded
by your snowy innocence.

Translation by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.

Breit über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar Op. 19 No. 2

(1885-8)

Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Breit' über mein Haupt dein schwarzes
Haar,
Neig' zu mir dein Angesicht!
Da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar
Mir deiner Augen Licht.

Unbind your black hair

Unbind your black hair over my
head,
incline to me your face!
Then clearly and brightly into my soul
the light of your eyes will stream.

Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht,
Noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,
Ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht
Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

I want neither the glory of the sun above
nor the gleaming garland of stars,
all I want are your black tresses
and the radiance of your eyes.

Translation by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.

Ich liebe dich Op. 37 No. 2

(1898)

Baron Detlev von Liliencron

Vier adlige Rosse
Vor an unserm Wagen,
Wir wohnen im Schlosse
In stolzem Behagen.

I love you

Four noble steeds
we have to our carriage,
we live in the castle
in comfortable pride.

Die Frühlichterwellen
Und nächstens der Blitz,
Was all sie erhellen,
Ist unser Besitz.

First surging brightness
and lightning at night,
all they illumine,
all that is ours.

Und irrst du verlassen,
Verbannt durch die Lande;
Mit dir durch die Gassen
In Armut und Schande!

Though forlorn you wander,
an exile, through the world,
I'll walk the alleys with you
in poverty and shame.

Es bluten die Hände,
Die Füße sind wund,
Vier trostlose Wände,
Es kennt uns kein Hund.

Our hands will bleed,
our feet be sore,
the four walls cheerless,
not a dog will know us.

Steht silberbeschlagen
Dein Sarg am Altar,
Sie sollen mich tragen
Zu dir auf die Bahre,

If, silver-fitted,
your coffin's at the altar,
they shall bear me
on the bier to join you.

Und fern auf der Heide
Und stirbst du in Not,
Den Dolch aus der Scheide,
Dir nach in den Tod!

If away on the heath
or in distress you die,
then dagger I'll draw
and follow you in death!

Translation by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

Clairières dans le ciel (1913-14)

Francis Jammes

Translation by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP

Un Poète disait

Un poète disait que, lorsqu'il était
jeune,
il fleurissait des vers comme un rosier
de roses.
Lorsque je pense à elle, il me semble
que jase
une fontaine intarissable dans mon cœur.
Comme sur le lys Dieu pose un parfum
d'église,
comme il met du corail aux joues de la
cerise,
je veux poser sur elle, avec dévotion,
la couleur d'un parfum qui n'aura pas
de nom.

A poet once said

A poet once said that, when he was
young,
he blossomed with verse like a rose-
tree with roses.
When I think of her, an inexhaustible
fountain
seems to babble in my heart.
As God gave the lily a church's
scent
and set coral on the cheeks of the
cherry,
I wish devoutly to give her
the hue of a scent that shall have no
name.

Nous nous aimerons tant

Nous nous aimerons tant que nous
taurons nos mots,
en nous tendant la main, quand nous
nous reverrons.
Vous serez ombragée par d'anciens
rameaux
sur le banc que je sais où nous nous
assoierons.
Donc nous nous assoierons sur ce
banc tous deux seuls ...
D'un long moment, ô mon amie, vous
n'oserez ...
Que vous me serez douce et que je
tremblerai ...

We shall love each other

We shall love each other so, that we
shall be silent
as we hold out hands when next we
meet.
You will be shaded by old
branches
on the bench where I know we shall
both sit down.
And so we shall sit down on this
bench, we two alone...
For a long while, my friend, you will
not dare...
How gentle you will be with me and
how I shall tremble...

Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme

Vous m'avez regardé avec toute votre âme.
Vous m'avez regardé longtemps
comme un ciel bleu.
J'ai mis votre regard à l'ombre de mes
yeux ...
Que ce regard était passionné et calme ...

You gazed at me with all your soul

You gazed at me with your soul.
You gazed at me long like a blue
sky.
I set your gaze in the shade of my
eyes...
How this was passionate and calm...

Deux ancolies

Deux ancolies se balançaient
sur la colline.
et l'ancolie disait à sa soeur
l'ancolie:
Je tremble devant toi et
demeure confuse.
Et l'autre répondait: Si dans la
roche qu'use
l'eau, goutte à goutte, si je me
mire, je vois
que je tremble, et je suis
confuse comme toi.
Le vent de plus en plus les
berçait toutes deux,
les emplissait d'amour et
mêlait leurs coeurs bleus.

Two columbines

Two columbines swayed on
the hill.
And one columbine said to its
sister columbine:
I tremble before you and feel
abashed.
And the other replied: if in the
rock, worn away
drop by drop with water, I
mirror myself, I see
that I am trembling, and feel
abashed like you.
The wind rocked them both
more and more,
filled them with love and
mingled their blue hearts.

Joseph Marx (1882-1964)

Nocturne (1911)

Otto Erich Hartleben

Süß duftende Linden-blüthe
In quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüthe
Ist mir in Sinnen erwacht.

Als klänge vor meinen Ohren
Leise das Lied vom Glück,
Als töne, die lange verloren,
Die Jugend leise zurück.

Süß duftende Linden-blüthe
In quellender Juninacht.
Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüthe
Ist mir zu Schmerzen erwacht.

Selige Nacht (1912)

Otto Erich Hartleben

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen wir selig ein,
Am offenen Fenster lauscht der
Sommerwind,
Und unsrer Atemzüge Frieden
Trug er hinaus in die helle Mondnacht.

Und aus dem Garten tastete zagend sich
Ein Rosenduft an unserer Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle Träume,
Träume des Rausches – so reich an
Sehnsucht!

Nocturne

Sweet fragrance of lime-blossom
in a flowing night of June.
Rapture from my soul
has woken up as lust.

As though the song of joy
softly sounded to my ears,
as though long lost youth
softly made itself heard again.

Sweet fragrance of lime-blossom
in a flowing night of June.
Rapture from my soul
has woken up as pain.

Translation by Richard Stokes.

Blissful night

In love's arms we fell blissfully asleep,
the summer wind listened at the open
window,
and carried the peace of our breathing
out into the moon-bright night.

And from the garden a scent of roses
came timidly to our bed of love
and gave us wonderful dreams,
ecstatic dreams – so rich in
longing!

Translation by Richard Stokes.

Hat dich die Liebe berührt

(1908)

Paul Heyse

Hat dich die Liebe berührt,
Still unter lärmendem Volke,
Gehst du in gold'ner Wolke,
Sicher von Gott geführt.

Nur wie verloren umher
Läßest die Blicke du wandern,
Gönnt ihr Freuden den
andern,
Trägst nur nach einem Begehrt.

Scheu in dich selber verzückt,
Möchtest du leugnen vergebens,
Daß nun die Krone des Lebens
Strahlend die Stirn dir schmückt.

If Love has touched you

If Love has touched you
softly amid noisy mankind,
you will walk on a cloud of gold,
led safely by God.

You gaze about you
as though you are lost,
you do not begrudge others their
happiness,
only one thing do you desire.

In shy and rapt introspection,
you deny in vain
that life's gleaming crown
now adorns your brow.

Translation by Richard Stokes

Traditional/Irish

The Last Rose of Summer

Thomas Moore

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Seven Elizabethan Lyrics Op. 12 (1908)

No. 2 My Life's Delight

Thomas Campion

Come, O come, my life's delight!
Let me not in languor pine:
Love loves no delay, thy sight
The more enjoyed, the more divine.
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee.

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss:
Beauty guards thy looks: the rose
In them pure and eternal is.
Come then! and make thy flight
As swift to me as heavenly light!

3 Songs of William Blake Op. 20 (1917)

William Blake

No. 1 Dream Valley

Memory, hither come
And tune your merry notes;
And while upon the wind
Your music floats,

I'll pore upon the stream,
Where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass
Within the watery glass.

I'll drink of the clear stream,
And hear the linnets' song,
And there I'll lie and dream
The day along;

And when night comes I'll go
To places fit for woe,
Walking along the darkened valley,
With silent melancholy.

Three songs Op. 3 (1904-5)

No. 2 Now sleeps the crimson petal

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.
Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

Frederick Delius (1862-1934)

Seven Songs from the Norwegian (1889-90)

Twilight Fancies

Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson

The Princess look'd forth from her maiden bow'r.
The horn of a herd-boy rang up from below.
"Oh, cease from thy playing, and haunt me no more,
Nor fetter my fancy that freely would soar,
When the sun goes down."

The Princess look'd forth from her maiden bow'r.
But mute was the horn that had call'd from below.
"Oh, why art thou silent? Beguile me once more.
Give wings to my fancy that freely would soar,
When the sun goes down."

The Princess look'd forth from her maiden bow'r.
The call of the horn rose again from below.
She wept in the twilight and bitterly sighed:
"What is it I long for? God help me!" she cried.
And the sun went down.

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Seven Elizabethan Lyrics Op. 12 (1908)

No. 7 Fair House of Joy

Anonymous

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:

Yet when this thought doth come
'Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!'
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.

Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.