

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai

In the wondrous month of May,
When buds were bursting open,
Then it was that my heart filled with love.

In the wondrous month of May,
When the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her my longing and desire.

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen

From my tears burst many full-blown flowers,

And my sighs become a nightingale chorus.

And if you love me, little one, I'll give you all the flowers,

And at your window shall sound the song of the nightingale.

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Rose, lily, dove, sun – all once I blissfully loved.

I love them no more, I only love one who
is small, fine, pure, rare;

She, the most blissful of loves,
is rose and lily and dove and sun.

I only love one who is small, fine, pure and rare.

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'

When into your eyes I look, all my sorrow flies;
But when I kiss your lips, then I am wholly healed.

When I recline upon your breast, over me steals heavenly bliss;
But when you say: "I love you"! Then bitter tears I must shed.

Ich will meine Seele tauchen

My soul will I bathe in the lily's chalice;
The lily shall breathe a song of my beloved.

The song shall tremble and quiver like the kiss her lips
Bestowed on me once in a sweet and lovely hour.

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome

In the Rhine, the holy river, mirrored in the waves, with its
great cathedral is great and holy Cologne.

The cathedral has a picture, painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness friendly rays it has cast.

Flowers and angels float about Our Lady dear;
Eyes, lips, cheeks are the exactly the same as my love's.

Ich grolle nicht

I bear no grudge, though my heart breaks,
My love forever lost!

I bear no grudge, however you may gleam in diamond splendor,
No ray falls into the night of your heart
I have long known.

I bear no grudge, though my heart breaks.
For I saw you in my dream, saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent gnawing at your heart,
saw, my love, how wretched you are.
I bear no grudge.

Und wüssten's die Blumen

If the little flower knew how deep my heart is hurt,

They would weep with me to heal my pain.

If the nightingale knew how sad and sick I am,

Joyously they'd let sound refreshing song.

And if *they* knew my grief, the little golden stars,

They'd come from the sky and console me.

But none of them can know, only one knows my pain;

For it was she who broke my heart, broke my heart in two.

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen

What fluting and fiddling and blaring of trumpets!
There, dancing her wedding dance, will be my dearest love.
What a clashing and clanging, drumming and piping;
And sobbing and groaning of delightful angels.

Hör ich das Liedchen klingen

When I hear the song my love once sang,
My heart almost breaks from the wild rush of pain.
Vague longing drives me up to the high forest,
Where my immense grief dissolves into tears.

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen

A boy loves a girl, she chooses another;

The other loves another and he weds her.

The girl, out of spite, takes the first man to come her way;

The boy's badly hurt.

It is an old story, though it remains ever new,

And he to whom it happened, his heart is broken in two.

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

One bright summer morning I walk in the garden.

Flowers whisper and speak, but I walk silently.

Flowers whisper and speak, and gaze at me in pity;

“Be not angry with our sister,

Sad, pale man”

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet

I wept in my dream, I dreamt you lay in your grave.

I woke, and tears still flowed on my cheeks.

I wept in my dream, I dreamt you were leaving me.

I woke, and wept on long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream, I dreamt you loved me still.

I woke, and still my tears stream.

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich

Nightly in my dreams I see you, see your friendly greeting,

And weeping loudly, hurl myself at you sweet feet.

You look at me wistfully, shaking your little fair head;

From your eyes steal tear-drops of pearl.

You whisper a soft word to me, and give me a bouquet of cypress,

I wake, the cypress is gone, and the word forgotten.

Aus alten Märchen winkt es

A white hand beckons from fairy tales of old,
There are songs and sounds of a magic land.
Where colorful flowers bloom in golden evening light
And, sweet scented, glow with bride-like faces.
(And the green trees sing old, old melodies,
Stealthy breezes murmur, and birds warble;
And misty shapes rear from the earth, and dance airy dances in a
fantastical chorus;
And blue sparks blaze on every leaf and twig,
And red fires race in mad wild circles;
And loud springs burst from living marble, and in the brooks a
strange reflection shines.)
Oh, could I but go there, there restore my heart, from all pain
removed, blissful and free.
Oh , that land of joy, in dreams I see it often, but, come the
morning sun, it's gone like foam.

Die alten, bösen Lieder

The bad old songs, the dreams are wicked and bad,
Let us now bury them - fetch a big coffin.

I will lay much in it, though what I won't yet say;
A coffin must be bigger than the Vat of Heidelberg.

And fetch a bier and planks, firm and thick;

The bier must be longer than the bridge at Mainz.

And twelve giants fetch me, who shall be even stronger than
Christopher the Strong in the Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall bear off the coffin, and sink it in the sea;

For such a big coffin belongs in a big grave.

Do you know why the coffin should be so heavy and big?

I must put my love and my sorrow within it.

Do not sing to me, beautiful maiden

Beautiful maid, do not sing the songs of Georgia in my presence.

They remind me of another life and a distant shore.

Alas, your cruel refrains remind me of

The steppe and the night and the moonlit face
of a poor maiden who is far away.

Seeing you, I can forget that dear, fateful vision.

But you sing – and it looms again before me.

A. Pushkin

Oh no, I beg you, forsake me not

Oh no, I beg you , do not leave!

All pain is meaningless in the face of parting.

I am too happy in my misery. Press me harder to your breast.

Say “I love you”.

Once again I return to you, unwell, exhausted and pale.

Look how weak and wretched I am, how much I need your love.

I await new torments as I would caresses and kisses,

And I make only one sad request: Oh, be with me, do not leave me!

D. Merezhkovsky

The soldier's wife

I fell in love, to my great sorrow, with an ill-starred orphan boy.

Such is the fate that has befallen me.

Powerful people separated us and took him away to be a soldier.

And it seems that I will grow old in someone else's home,

The wife of a soldier all alone.

Such is the fate that has befallen me. Ah!

A. Pleshcheev

None but the lonely heart

No, only he who has know longing for his beloved
Can understand how I have suffered and I still suffer.
I gaze into the distance.....I am powerless, my eyes dim.
Ah, the one who knew and loved me best is far away.
No, only he who has known the longing for his beloved
Can understand how I have suffered and suffer still.
My heart is burns with pain.....

Goethe

In the silence of the night

Oh, in the silence of the night, how I long for
Your guileful utterances, your smile, your chance gaze
Your thick braid of hair, so obedient to my fingers.

They leave my thoughts and yet return again,
The whispers and past words amended
Of conversations with you, so laden with shyness.

A. Fet

Morning

“I love you’ whispered the dawn to the day and,
Embracing the sky, blushed from the admission.

And the sun’s ray, lighting up all of nature,

With a smile sent the dawn burning kisses.

But the day could not believe his most cherished dream
had come true.

M.Yanov

Lilacs

In the morning at dawn, through the dewy grass,
I will go out to breathe the fresh morning air.
Into the fragrant shadows where the lilacs cluster,
I will go to seek my happiness.
In this life, my fate is to find nothing but happiness,
And that happiness dwells in the lilacs.
On green branches, in fragrant clusters,
my modest happiness blooms.

E. Beketova

Spring Torrents

There are still spots of snow in the fields,
But the waters are already murmuring of spring.

The rush along, rousing the sleepy shore,
Glistening and proclaiming for all to hear –

‘Spring is coming! Spring is coming!

We are youthful Spring’s messengers.

She sent us on ahead “Spring is coming....”

And after her will come the bright and rosy

May-day crowds dancing merrily after her.

F. Tiutchev

