The Morning
The glittering sun
The bark
The village up
On that on the enamelled green
No gentle gales

Suleika
Suleika's zweites gesang
Florio - op 124
Delphine

Ah, non, non è l'ora...
Piu che non ama un angelo...
Ornera la truna chioma

(C'era una volta... ?!!!)

Chansons de Ronsard
A une fontaine
A Cupidon
Vus, vous, babillards
Dieux, vous gard

Survival Fragments
Westward
Greaser at night
Struggle
The kin
Branches

Vier Breitensiedler Lieder, op 68
Ländle - in der Nacht - amm - alle mi...
II. Delphine

Ah, what should I start before Love?
Ah how it pierces through my very soul!
See, youth, like my entire self, to you alone is dedicated.
O flowers, wilt, take care of yourselves whilst the soul learns love.
Nothing would I rather do, know or carry than thoughts of Love
which hold me so fast. Always I consider what
I could be doing with fervour, but too much
Love presses me, nothing releases me! Now
that I love, I want to start living, and I die.
Now that I love, I want to burn lights and they
flicker faster. Why should I water the plants, they
drop they're leaves. See how Love leaves me
powerless. The roses cheek fades, mine also.
Its newness falls away, like clothes wear out.
Ah, youth, your fault brings me such joy;
how can you sprinkle pain on my joy?

Florio

Now shadows lengthen and the wind wafts
sweatly, drawing sighs out of the soul as a
bow across a true string.
Thorn, the we both taste bitter Death in the
goblet we share, full of poison.
First wild tones, sweet as flutes, pain flows in
my veins; she wanted to see the sick one, and now
her intercession becomes his death.
Night, some wind about me the colorless darkness. Peace I seek from you, who do me such misery; I'll find it soon.

Suleika -

What does this stirring mean? Does the East Wind bring me happy news? The fresh motion of its wings cools the heart's deep wound. It plays with the dust, wafting it in light clouds; forces the insects out of the safety of the vineyards. The Sun shines soothingly, also cools my hot cheeks, kisses the grapevines in fleeing, that are resplendent on the hills, and brings me its soft whispered message, from my love a thousand greetings. Yet from the dusty hills, from my love a thousand kisses! So rush on your way to serve other lovers and rejected. There where the high walls gleam will I soon find my beloved!

Oh the true heart's news, beloved breath refreshes life. Were I but near him, who only can refresh me.

Suleika's greater gesang -

Oh how jealous I am, West Wind, of your moist wings, because you can bring him the news of how I suffer in this separation. The motion of your wings wakes quiet longing in the breast.
Flowers, meadows, forest and hill stand from your sigh, in tears. Yet your sweet mild breeze cools the wounded eyelids; oh, I would die of sorrow if I could not hope to see him again.

Hurry then to my love, speak sweetly to his heart, yet avoid causing him grief and keep from him my pain. Tell him, but say it modestly: his love is my life; joyful feelings from both, will bring me his nearness will give me.

Ah! rammenta o bella Irene

Ah, remember, beautiful Irene, that you swore to be faithful to me. Ah return to that first love. What comfort is left me, what hope, for what should I live if your heart is no longer mine!

Who knows the secrets of my soul if you do not know them, lovely eyes of my love? You, who, from the first instant when we loved, rewoke hidden fire, hidden love in my soul, you must know it!

L'amor funesto

More than anyone could love an angel, I loved you in my delusion, I joined my spirit to yours, breathed of your life. But a heart with no palpitation, a vow without faith, a smile without tears is what you, lady, gave to me.

Farewell! Distant is the grave that will embrace my bones; there will remain no trace of the pit for you to find, angel and demon of my tortured days.

Farewell, lady, Oh say "I love you" to a wretched one and the unhappy one will die.
He ornerà la bruna chioma

recit: Fulfillment of our greatest hope, today the enemy was scattered far, and not one stranger was left in his city. With ample spoils and treasure and the power Many of us carry back the treasure that the power and wealth of their world produced. Nevermore these shall these glittering gems adorn the dark hair of the warlike heathens from whom they were taken. And the daughter of the wilderness beautified herself with that which to gratify you please your eyes, And the necklace with which the daughter of the wilderness adorned herself is acquired to gratify your eyes.

Dearest love, I don't desire vain ornaments more than your presence. Beautiful seen of my love, I would fly to your breast. If you love me, I conquer each beauty.
IV. Chansons de Roland

1. Hear me, lively fountain, lift whom I've been revived so often, lying flat by your bank, idle in the fresh breeze when summer reaps the harvest of Care, broad breast, and the air resounds at the thrashing flails, groaning under the weight of the yield. May you ever be thus, a resting place for men and green beasts and water for their cattle. May the moon ever look down to see nymphs near your landmark dancing a thousand steps.

2. The day pushes the night, and the night pushes the day to obscure darkness. Autumn follows summer, and after the rage of winds, summer comes again. But the fever of love which torments me is living in me always and never relents. It was not me, gods, that you should have pierced; your arrows at another should have aimed; maybe at some lazy or gay, playful one but not me or any who love the Muses.

3. Shut up you babblers or well I'll pluck your wings, or clip the tongue that in the morning ceaselessly chatters and drives me out of my mind! I ask you, take my chimney and sing all day and night, but in the morning don't wake me when I'm dreaming Cassandra is in my arms.

4. God keep you, messengers of Spring, loves, nightingales and bee courous and all wild birds who animate the forest with their songs.

God keep you pretty sounds, lovely roses, little flowers and you bulbs of Oyax and Narcissus. And you, thyme, anise and melisse, you are welcome back.
God keep you troops of butterflies who now seek the sweetness of the herbs, and you swarms of bees who kiss the yellow and scarlet red flowers.

A thousand greetings to you set your lovely, sweet return.

O how I love this season with its sweet noises of the brooks, instead of the raging storms that had kept me locked in my house.

Lieber, Liebe Myrtle

Dear whispering Myrtle! How quiet it is in the world, the moon, the stars, shepherd on the clear heavenfield drives his cloud-sheep to the fountain of light.

Sleep, my friend, until I am by you again.

Whisper, dear Myrtle, and dream in Starlight, the turtle dove coos her brood to sleep, quietly the cloud sheep draw near the light fountain. Sleep my friend till I am by you again.

Hear how the spring rushes, hear how the cricket chirps? Quietly let us close our eyes, happy is he who in dreams passes into death. Happy he who from the clouds rock, to whom the moon sings a lullaby!

O how happy can he fly on the wings of dreams to the blue heavenfields to gather stars like flowers!

Dream, sleep, fly, I'll wake you soon and be made glad.

An deu Nacht

Holy Night! Starlocked heaven!

All that the light had divided is united, all wounds bleed in evening-red! Bjelbo's lance sinks into the heart of the drunk earth, which from the lap of heaven releases the scent of a rose from the lap of the drunk wind.
Holy Night, chaste bride! your sweet beauty veiled,
enjoy, when the wedding goblet fills and overflows, then it
flows from ancient Night into Day. Holy Night, Chaste
bride, Holy Night!

Amor.

On the fire set the child Amor and was blind,
with his little wings fanning the flames and he
laughing, fanning and laughing the cunning child.
Ah, the wings catch fire! Amor ran swiftly,
Oh, how the heat pains him! Beating wings, he
cries loudly, in the shepherd's lap he cries for
help, cunning child! And the shepherdess helps the
child Amor, afraid and blind. Shepherdess, lookout,
your heart catches fire, you didn't know the rogue.
See the flames spread quickly; guard yourself from the cunning child

Als mir dein Lied erklang -

Your song resounds! I've heard it, as was
drawn to earth through the roses, the butterfly.
Which colorfully flying in Spring, you have returned
like the innocent bees. My longing is for roses,
until I hear your song resounding.
The nightingale mourns with my sweet swansong.
To the moon, listening from the sky, to the stars and
roses I must complain, where has she gone, who sang this song?
Your song resounds! No song was in vain, the
entire Spring which sighs from love has, since you
sang, been plunged itself into longing flow of my
life, run's going down, since your song resounds.