



Arizona State University

School of Music

GRADUATE RECITAL SERIES

JOHN DOOLEY

BARITONE

MATTHEW LARSON

PIANO

KATZIN CONCERT HALL
Tuesday, March 27, 2001 • 5:00 p.m.

PROGRAM

Leiderkreis, Op 39

Robert Schumann
1810-1856

1. In der Fremde
2. Intermezzo
3. Waldesgespräch
4. Die Stille
5. Mondnacht
6. Schöne Fremde
7. Auf einer Burg
8. In der Fremde
9. Wehmut
10. Zwielficht
11. In Walde
12. Frühlingsnacht

There will be a 10-minute intermission

Poème d'October

Jules Massenet
1842-1912

Prelude
Profitions bien...
Hélas! Les marronniers...
Qu'importe que l'hiver...
Belles frileuses...
Pareils à des oiseaux...

Let Us Garlands Bring

Gerald Finzi
1901-1956

Come away, come away, death
Who is Sylvia?
Fear no more the heat o' the sun
O Mistress mine
It was a lover and his lass

Drei Leider Op. 27

Richard Strauss
1864-1949

Cäcilie
Heimliche Aufforderung
Morgen!

* * * * *

This recital is given in partial fulfillment of the graduate requirements
for the degree Master of Music in voice performance.

John Dooley is a student of Jerry Doan.

John Dooley is a recipient of the Regents' Scholarship.

John Dooley is a recipient of the Miriam L. Wolfe Music Scholarship.

In respect for the performers and those audience members around you, please turn
all beepers, cell phones, watches to their silent mode. Thank you.

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ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

**THE KATHERINE K. HERBERGER
COLLEGE OF FINE ARTS
School of Music**

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**EVENTS INFORMATION
CALL 480-965-TUNE (480-965-8863)**

Graduate Recital Series

John Dooley

Baritone

Matthew Larson

Piano

Katzin Concert Hall

Tuesday, March 27, 2001

5:00pm

Robert Schumann – Liederkreis Op.39
12 songs on poems of Joseph v. Eichendorff

The *Liederkreis* Op.39 consists of twelve poems loosely related by several poetic themes but not at all a unified piece in the sense of *Frauenliebe und leben* or *Dichterliebe*. Eichendorff's poems, perhaps representing the essence of German Romanticism, sing of chivalry and love, of fairylands, and of nature's mysterious beauty. When Schumann set them to music in 1840, he had just married his beloved Clara; the wealth of songs written during that memorable year, their tender sentiments and bubbling youthfulness, bear testimony to the fact that theirs was a happy union.

Jules Massenet – Poème d'Octobre
6 songs on poems by Paul Collin

The cycle *Poème d'Octobre* was composed in 1876. Massenet was known for evoking deeply-felt emotions through music of considerable originality for their time. It was almost inevitable that Massenet's music should be both successful and influential, for not only did he write to please his public, but his musical gifts were of an order that could not fail to earn the respect of most musicians, notably Debussy. His music could be said to embody much that is associated with French music – in particular, a style in which suave and elegant expression seems more highly prized than that which communicates the profoundest levels of human experience.

Gerald Finzi – Let Us Garlands Bring
5 songs on texts by William Shakespeare

Let Us Garlands Bring was composed between 1929 and 1942. The work was dedicated to Ralph Vaughan Williams in honor of his seventieth birthday. In this homage as much to Shakespeare as to Vaughan Williams, he was filling a gap that had opened between the often forced jollity of the folksong ideal and the much more slick and sophisticated cheerfulness of the new urban light music for the radio, resort, and theater. The texts are drawn from *Twelfth Night* ("Come away death" and "O Mistress Mine"), *Two Gentlemen from Verona* ("Who is Sylvia?"), *Cymbeline* ("Fear no more..."), and *As you like it* ("It was a lover...")

Richard Strauss – Op.27
3 songs on texts by Julius Hart and John Henry Mackay

Strauss was one of the most prolific and popular songwriters who ever lived. He wrote his first song at the age of six, his last at 84. In between came 200 others. Heinrich Hart may have been longing for "Cäcilie", but Strauss was thinking of his betrothed Pauline. He quickly composed the song the night before their wedding. The songs to John Henry Mackay's words ("Heimliche Aufforderung" and "Morgen!") marked Strauss's first really great success as a songwriter.

Robert Schumann

Liederkreis Op.39

12 songs on poems by Joseph v. Eichendorff

In der Fremde

Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.
Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, da ruhe ich auch,
Und über mir rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier...

Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab'ich in Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund'!
Mein Hertz still in sich singet
Ein altes, schönes Lied,
Das in die Luft sich schwinget
Und zu dir eilig zieht

Waldesgespräch

'Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reit'st du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Die schöne Braut! Ich führ' dich heim!'

'Gross ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh'! Du weisst nicht wer ich bin.'

'So reich geschmückt ist Ross und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib;
Jetzt kenn' ich dich – Gott steh' mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Lorelei.'

'Du kennst mich wohl, von hohem stein
Schaut still mein Schloss tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Walt!

In Foreign Land

From my homeland, in the wake of red lightning
The clouds are drifting here,
But my father and mother are long dead,
No one knows me there anymore.
How soon, oh how soon will the quietude come,
When I too will rest, when I too will rest,
And above me rustles the lovely solitude of the woods,
And no one knows me here anymore...

Intermezzo

Your image wondrously blessed
I carry deep in my heart,
It looks so fresh and cheerful
Upon me all the time.
My heart sing silently within itself
An old, beautiful tune,
That soars into the air
And hurriedly flies to you

Dialogue in the Woods

'It is already late, it is already cold
Why do you ride lonely through the woods?
The woods is large, you are alone,
You lovely bride! I guide you home.'

'Great is men's cunning and deceit,
With sorrow my heart has been broken,
The hunter's horn sounds here and yon,
O flee! O flee! You know not who I am.'

'So richly adorned are steed and woman,
So wondrously fair, so wondrously fair the young body;
I know you now – may God help me!
You are the sorceress, Lorelei!'

'You know me well, from the rock on high
My castle looks silently into the Rhine.
It is already it is late, it is already cold
Nevermore will you leave this wood!'

Die Stille

Es weiss und rät es doch keiner,
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!
Ach wüsst' es nur Einer, nur Einer,
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen soll!
So still ist's nicht draussen im Schnee,
So stumm und verschwiegen
Sind die Sterne nicht in der Höh',
Als meine Gedanken sind.
Ich wünscht', ich wär ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis dass ich im Himmel wär'!

Mondnacht

Es was als hätt' der Himmel
Die Erde still geküsst,
Das sie im Blüten schimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müsst'.
Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis, die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.
Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und schauern,
Als machten zu dieser Stund'
Um die halb versunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund'.
Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
Im heimlich dämmernder Pracht,
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in Träumen,
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?
Es funkeln auf mich alle Sterne
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,
Es redet trunken die Ferne
Wie von künftigem grossen Glück!

The Silence

No one knows and no one divines it,
How happy, how happy I am!
Oh but if one knew it,
None other should ever know!
It is not as still out in the snow,
As silent and as hushed
Are not the stars on high,
As the secret thoughts of mine.
I wish I were a little bird
Flying over the sea,
Over the sea and further on,
Till in Heaven I would be!

Moonlight Night

It seemed as if the sky
Had silently kissed the earth,
That she in the shimmer of blossoms
Could only dream of him.
The breeze blew over the fields,
The grain stalks gently surged,
The forests rustled softly,
So starbright was the night.
And my soul unfolded
Its soft pinions so wide,
Flew over the silent lands,
As if it were flying home.

Beautiful Stranger

The tree-tops rustle and shiver,
As if at this time now,
By the half buried walls,
The old gods were making the round.
Here behind the myrtle bushes,
In the hidden dusky splendor,
What do you say, confused as in dreams,
To me, fantastic night?
The stars sparkle on me
With a burning glance of love,
Intoxicatedly the distance speaks,
As if speaking of future great happiness!

Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte Ritter;
Drüben gehen Regenschauer,
Und der Wald rauscht durch das Gitter.
Eingewachsen Bart und Haare,
Und versteinert Brust und Krause,
Sitzt er viele hundert Jahre
Oben in der stillen Klause.
Draussen ist es still und friedlich,
Alle sind ins Tal gezogen,
Waldesvögel einsam singen
In den leeren Fensterbogen,
Eine Hochzeit fährt da unten
Auf den Rhein im Sonnenscheine,
Musikanten spielen munter,
Und die schöne Braut, die weinet.

In der Fremde

Ich hör' die Bächlein rauschen
Im Walde her und hin,
Im Wlade, in dem Rauschen
Ich weiss nicht, wo ich bin,
Die Nachtigallen schlagen
Hier in der Einsamkeit,
Als wollten sie was sagen
Von der alten schönen Zeit.
Die Mondesschimmer fliegen,
Als sah ich unter mir
Das Schloss in Tale liegen
Und ist doch so weit von hier!
Als müsste in dem garten
Voll Rosen weiss und rot,
Meine Liebste auf mich warten,
Und ist doch so lange tot...

In A Stronghold

Gone to sleep while keeping watch
Sits up there the ancient knight;
Over yonder rain is falling,
And the wood rustles through the trellis.
Inward grown his beard and hair,
Turned to stone his breast and ruffle,
He sits many hundred years
Aloft in the silent cell.
Outside it is still and peaceful,
Everyone has moved to the valley,
Little woodbirds lonely sing
In the empty window arches.
Down below a wedding party sails
In the sunshine on the Rhine;
The musicians play so gaily,
And the lovely bride is weeping.

In Foreign Lands

I hear the brooklets rushing
In forest here and yon,
In the forest, midst the rushing,
I know not where I am.
The nightingales are singing
Here in the solitude,
As if they wanted to tell
About the beautiful old days.
The moon's shimmering light is moving,
As if I could see below
The castle lying in the valley,
Yet it is so far away!
As if there might in the garden
Filled with roses white and red,
My sweetheart be waiting for me,
Yet she has been so long dead...

Wehmut

Ich Kann wohl manchmal singen,
Als ob ich fröhlich sei;
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,
Da wird das Herz mir frei
Es lassen Nachtigallen,
Spielt draussen Frühlingsluft
Der sehnsucht Lied erschallen
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.
Da lauschen alle Herzen,
Und alles ist erfreut,
Doch keiner fühlt die Schmerzen,
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

Zwielicht

Dämm' rung will die Flügel spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume,
Was will dieses Graun bedeuten?
Hast ein Reh du, lieb vor andern,
Lass es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger zieh' n im Wald und blasen,
Stimmen hin und wieder wandern.
Hast du einen Freund hienieden,
Trau' ihm nicht zu dieser Stunde,
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und Munde,
Sinnt er Krieg im tück' schen Frieden,
Was heut' gehet müde unter,
Hebt sich morgen neugeboren.
Manches geht in Nacht verloren
Hüte dich, sei wach und Munter!

Im Walde

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich höte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzen viel Reiter, das Wlad horn klang,
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!
Und eh' ich's gedacht, war alles verhallt,
Die Nacht bedeckt die Runde,
Nur von den Bergen noch Rauschet der Wald
Und mich schauert's im Herzensgrunde...

Melancholy

Sometimes I may be singing
As if I were full of joy,
But secretly tears are flowing,
And then my heart feels free.
The nightingales will sing,
When spring breezes play outside,
Their melody of yearning
Out of their prison's tomb.
Then all the hearts are listening,
And everyone is glad,
But none can feel the sorrows,
The bitter grief in the song.

Twilight

Twilight starts to spread its pinions,
Fearfully the trees are moving,
Clouds drift by like heavy dreams,
What does all this dreading mean?
If you dearly love a doe,
Do not let it graze alone,
Hunters roam in the woods, and blow their horns,
Voices yonder here and yon.
If you have a friend on earth,
Do not trust him at this hour,
Friendly with his eyes and lips,
He plots war in treacherous peace.
What today does down so tired,
Rises newly born tomorrow.
Many things are lost at night-time,
Be on guard, alert and watchful!

In the Forest

Along the mountain a wedding party moved,
I heard the singing of birds,
Many riders flashed by, the bugle called,
That was a merry hunt!
And 'ere I knew, it had all faded,
Night covers the land around,
From the mountains only the forest still rustles,
And I shiver in the depth of my heart...

Frühlingsnacht

Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervögel zieh'n.
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blüh'n.
Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mirs doch, als könnt's nicht sein!
Alte Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem Mondesglanz herein.
Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
"Sie ist deine, sie ist dein!"

Spring Night

Above the garden through the breezes
I heard the birds of passage fly.
That means the scents of spring are coming,
On the grounds the blossoms start.
I would like to shout for you, to weep,
It seems to me it cannot be!
Ancient miracles shine again
With the moonlight in my room.
And the moon, the stars proclaim it,
And the woods rustle in a dream,
And the nightingales are singing:
"She is yours, she is your own!"

Jules Massenet Poème d'Octobre

Prélude

Qu'il est doux d'éveiller
lentement les pensées,
que de l'oubli le coeur fidèle
a pu sauver;
et de ressusciter les ivresses passées.
O charme de fermer les yeux
et de rêver!

I.

*Profitons bien des jours d'automne,
où dans les cieux semble errer
la langueur plaintive des adieux!
Profitons bien des jours d'automne.

Je me souviens des tendres choses
que se racontaient les amants;
Ils faisaient d'éternels serments,
tout bas, quand fleurissaient les roses!

*Profitons bien des jours d'automne...

Hélas! Le destin qui nous pousse
est quelque fois si rigoureux!
Reviendrez-vous beaux amoureux,
quand reviendra la saison douce?

*Profitons bien des jours d'automne...

II.

Hélas! Les marronniers qui bordent les allées
dans leur ombre naguère abritaient bien des nids!
Leurs fronts sont déjà plus qu'à demi dégarnis
et les bandes d'oiseaux frileux sont envolées!
Adieu le doux concert des ramages finis!
Le vent murmure seul ses plaintes désolées.
Et nous verrons tomber aux premières gelées.
Le peu qui reste encor des feuillages jaunis.

Sur les illusions de ma chère folie
passe le doute amer et la mélancolie;
Et mon coeur a senti l'hiver tomber en lui!
Mes beaux rêves d'ardeur naïve et de jeunesse
plus vite que la feuille et que l'oiseau m'ont fui;
Hélas! Et sans espoir que le printemps renaisse!

Poems of October

Prelude

How sweet it is to awaken
slowly the thoughts,
which the faithful heart
has been able to save from oblivion;
and to revive the past raptures.
Oh the delight of closing one's eyes
and dreaming.

*Let us enjoy the autumn days,
where in the heavens seems to linger
the doleful languor of farewells!
Let us enjoy the autumn days.

I remind myself of the tender things
which lovers told each other;
They made eternal vows,
very quietly, when the roses were in bloom!

*Let us enjoy the autumn days...

Alas! Destiny which pushes us
is sometimes so rigorous!
Will you return beautiful lover,
when the fragrant season returns?

*Let us enjoy the autumn days...

Alas! The chestnut trees which border the alleys
in their shade lately sheltered nests!
Their tops are already more than half defoliated
and the flocks of timid birds have flown away!
Farewell the sweet concert of warbling now ended!
The wind alone murmurs its desolate laments.
And we shall see fall at the first frost.
The little that still remains of the yellowed foliage.

Over the illusions of my dear folly
passes bitter doubt and melancholy;
And my heart has felt winter fall upon it!
My beautiful dreams of naïve ardor and youth
more quickly than the leaf and the bird have fled;
Alas! And without hope that the spring will come again!

III.

Qu'importe que l'hiver éteigne
les clartés
du soleil assombri dans les cieux attristés.
Je sais bien où trouver encore
les brillants rayons d'une aurore,
plus belle que l'aube des cieux!
Toi que j'adore, c'est dans tes yeux!

Qu'importe que l'hiver ait
des printemps défunts
dissipé sans pitié, les enivrants parfums!
Je sais où trouver non flétrie.
Malgré la bise en furie
une rose encor tout en fleur!
Ô ma chérie, c'est dans ton coeur!

Ce rayon qui, bravant les ombres et la nuit,
toujours splendide et pur luit
au fond de tes yeux.
Cette fleur toujours parfumées
qui dans ton coeur est enfermée
et qui sait survivre à l'été.
Ma bien aimée, c'est ta beauté!

What does it matter that winter extinguishes
the brightness
of the sun darkened in the saddened skies.
I know well where to still find
the shining rays of a dawn,
more beautiful than the dawn of the skies!
You whom I adore, it is in your eyes!

What does it matter that winter has
of deceased springtimes
scattered without pity, the intoxicating fragrances!
I know where to find unwithered.
In spite of the raging north wind
a rose still all in bloom!
Oh my darling, it is in your heart!

This ray which, braving the darkness and the night,
Always splendid and pure gleams
in the depth of your eyes.
This flower always fragrant
which in your heart is enclosed
and knows how to survive until summer.
My well beloved, it is your beauty!

IV.

*Belles frileuses qui sont nées,
quand le soleil embrasait l'air;
Au premier souffle de l'hiver
es roses sont étonnées.

Au lieu des tièdes matinées
où riait l'azur frais et clair.
Pourquoi ce ciel couleur de fer?
Pourquoi ces brèves journées?

Courbant le front languissamment,
elles ont le pressentiment
de leur courte vie épuisée.
Un frisson passe dans leurs coeurs,
et je crois bien qu'à la rosée
elles mêlent parfois leurs pleurs!

*Belles frileuses qui sont nées...

*Shy beauties which were born,
when the sun warmed the air;
At the first breath of winter
the roses are astounded.

Instead of warm mornings
Where the azure smiled fresh and clear.
Why this iron gray sky?
Why these short days?

Bowing their head languishingly,
they have the foreboding
of their short life used up.
A shudder passes in their hearts,
and I believe that with the dew
they mix sometimes their tears!

*Shy beauties which were born...

V.

Pareils à des oiseaux que leur aile meurtrie
ne peut plus soutenir dans l'azur, leur patrie,
et qui tombent sanglants et brisés sur le sol!
Brusquement arrêtés dans l'essor de leur vol,
précipités du haut de l'espérance morte,
les plus chers de mes vœux agonisent.

Qu'importe? J'ai souffert!
Qu'importe? J'ai pleuré!
Mais, je n'ai pas maudit.

Ne crois pas que l'amour
qui je t'ai donné meure!

Qu'importe? J'ai souffert!
Qu'importe? J'ai pleuré!
Mais, je n'ai pas maudit.

Je m'exile à jamais du bonheur interdit.
Mais la fidélité de mon âme demeure!

Similar to birds which their bruised wing
can no longer sustain in the sky, their homeland,
and which fall bleeding and broken on the ground!
Briskly halted in the soaring of their flight,
cast down from the peak of lost hope,
the dearest of my wishes are dying.

What does it matter? I have suffered!
What does it matter? I have wept!
But, I have not cursed.

Do not believe that the love
which I gave you is dying!

What does it matter? I have suffered!
What does it matter? I have wept!
But, I have not cursed.

I exile myself forever from forbidden happiness.
But the faithfulness of my soul lives on!

Gerald Finzi
Let Us Garlands Bring

Come away, come away death

Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there!

Who is Sylvia?

Who is Sylvia? What is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him with his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
 That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy wordly task has done,
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Fear no more the frown o' the great
 Thou hast past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
 To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
 Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownéd be thy grave!

O Mistress Mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

It was a lover and his lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
How that life was but a flower
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
For love is crownéd with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Richard Strauss Op.27

Cäcilie

Wenn du es wüsstest, was träumen heisst
Von brennenden Küssen, von Wandern
Und Ruhren mit der Geliebten,
Aug' in Auge und kosend und plaudernd.
Wenn du es wüsstest, du neigtest dein Herz!
Wenn du es wüsstest, was bangen heisst
In einsamen Nächten umschauert vom Sturm,
Da niemand tröstet milden Mundes kampfmüde Seele
Wenn du es wüsstest, du kämest zu mir.
Wenn du es wüsstest, was leben heisst,
Umhaucht von der Gottheit weltschaffendem Atem
Zu schweben empor, licht getragen zu seligen Höh'n,
Wenn du es wüsstest, du lebstest mit mir.

Heimliche Aufforderung

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein Herz gesund
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir heimlich zu;
Dann lächle ich und dann trinke ich still wie du...
Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns das Heer
Der Trunknen Zecher, Verachte sie nicht zu sehr.
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale gefüllt mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmende Mahle sie glücklich sein.
Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den Durst gestillt
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen Festfreudiges Bilt
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum Rosenstrauch;
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach altem Brauch,
Und will an die Brust dir sinken, Eh' du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehemals oft,
Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht;
O komm, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!

Cecily

If you but knew what it is to dream
Of burning kisses, of wandering
Of reposing with a loved one,
Gazing into each other's eyes, caressing, murmuring,
If you but knew it, you would let your heart consent!
If you but knew what it is to be afraid
Through the lonely nights, assailed by storms,
When the strife-weary soul is not soothed by gentle words.
If you but knew it, you would come to me.
If you but knew what it is to live
Enveloped in the immense breath of divinity,
To soar upwards, raised and carried to great heights,
If you but knew this, you would live with me.

Secret Invitation

Come, lift the sparkling cup to your lips,
And drink at the joyous feast to your heart's content.
and, as you lift it, Throw me a secret glance;
Then I will smile and then drink as quietly as you...
And quietly, as I do, examine the crowd about us
Of intoxicated drinkers, do not look down upon them,
No, lift the sparkling cup filled with wine,
And let them enjoy their noisy feast.
But after you've gaily dined and quenched your thirst
Then leave the festive scene of riotous merrymakers
And stroll into the garden towards the rosebushes;
There I will await you after the old custom,
And will recline against you breast 'ere you know it,
And drink your kisses, as in days of yore,
And entwine in your hair the splendor of a rose;
Oh, come, you wondrous, longed-for night!

Morgen!

Und Morgen wirt die Sonne wieder scheinen,
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen...

Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
And on the path that I follow,
It shall again unite us, happy ones,
Upon this sun-breathing earth...
And to the wide shore, with its blue waves,
We will quietly and slowly descend,
Speechless, we shall look into each other's eyes,
And upon us will descend the muted silence of happiness...