

## TRANSLATIONS

### Ich wiege dich in meinem Arm!

Ich wiege dich in meinem Arm!  
Wovon ist dir dein Händchen warm?  
Ach! ist so warm von Liebe.

Wovon, mein liebes Mädchen, o!  
Wovon brennt dir die Wange so?  
Ach! brennt dir so von Liebe.

Wovon, mein liebes Mädchen, o!  
Wovon schlägt dir dein Herzchen so?  
Ach! schlägt dir so von Liebe.

Wovon, o Mädchen, schmeichelt so  
Dein blaues Auge mild und froh?  
Ach! schmeichelt so von Liebe.

Wovon ach! ist dein Kuß so süß,  
Wie Pisang war im Paradies?  
Ach! ist so süß von Liebe.

Und deiner Engelstimme Ton,  
Ach! flötet ja so süß, wovon?  
Ach! flötet so von Liebe.

Ich wieg' in meinem Arme dich;  
Sieh' her! mit Thränen freu' ich mich,  
O Mädchen! deiner Liebe.

*-Schmidt*

In the year 2013, I was asked by The International Beethoven Festival, a short lived production begun by George Lepauw in Chicago, to premiere a piece written by Beethoven and lost. I of course was shocked and honored to take on such a project! When it was found, Beethoven's work had completed the vocal line and much of the piano, and finished by A.W. Holsbergen. When the Lyceum approached me to produce this concert, and I focused in on wanting to celebrate Beethoven's 250th birthday, this song came to mind as something that has an interesting story, is very rarely done, and has a personal connection to me. Seemed ideal for this situation. Enjoy!

### Tanzlied

She:  
Eia, wie flattert der Kranz  
Trauter, komm mit mir zum Tanz!  
wollen uns schwingen, rasch uns erspringen,  
mitten im wonnigen Glanz,  
Trauter, komm mit mir zum Tanz!

### I cradle you in my arms!

I cradle you in my arms!  
What makes your hand warm?  
Oh! It is so warm with love

Of what, my dear girl, oh!  
What is your cheek burning from?  
Oh! It burns you so with love.

Of what, my dear girl, oh!  
For what does your heart beat?  
Oh! It beats so with love.

What, oh girl, is flattering  
Your black eye mild and happy?  
Oh! so flatters with love.

Of what! is your kiss so sweet  
As bananas in paradise?  
Oh! It is so sweet of love

And the tone of your angelic voice  
Oh! whistles so sweetly, of what?  
Oh! It whistles of love

I rock you in my arms;  
Look here! I am happy with tears,  
O girl! your love

### Dance song

She:  
Hey, see how the garland flutters.  
Beloved, come with me to the dance!  
Let us swing, rush into a whirl  
Amidst the ecstatic glow,  
Beloved, come with me to the dance!

He:  
Weh! weh, wie pocht mir das Herz,  
sage, was soll mir der Scherz!  
lass dich umschliessen, lass mich zerfliessen,  
ruhend in seligem Schmerz,  
sage, was soll mir der Scherz!

She:  
Eia, der Walzer erklingt,  
Pärchen an Pärchen sich schwingt,  
Mädchen und Bübchen,  
Schmelchen und Liebchen!  
Frisch! frisch! wo's am dichtesten springt,

He:  
Wehe, mir sinket der Arm,  
mitten im jauchzenden Schwarm,  
wie sie dich fassen, muss ich erblassen,  
möchte vergehen in Harm,

She:  
flatterig heute, morgen gescheute,  
morgen, o Trauter, dein ganz,  
heute für alle im Tanz

### **Er und Sie**

He:  
Seh' ich in das stille Thal,  
wo im Sonnenscheine  
Blumen prangen ohne Zahl,  
blick' ich nur auf Eine, auf Eine.

She:  
Tret' ich an mein Fensterlein,  
wenn die Sterne scheinen,  
mögen alle schöner sein,  
blick' ich nur auf Einen, auf Einen;

He:  
Ach! es blickt Ihr Auge blau jetzt auch, jetzt auch auf die Auen  
im Vergissmeinnicht voll Thau kann ich es erschauen

She:  
dortgen Abend blickt Er mild nach Himmelshöhen,  
denn dort ist ein liebes Bild in dem Stern zu sehen.

### **Ich denke dein**

Ich denke dein, wenn mid der Sonne Schimmer,  
vom Meere strahlt;  
Ich denke dein, wenn sich des Mondes Flimmer  
In Quellen malt.

He:  
Oh woe! How my heart is pounding  
Tell me, what is the jest!  
Let me embrace you, let me dissolve  
Resting in blissful pain,  
Tell me, what is this jest!

She:  
Hey, the waltz is sounding,  
Pair by pair they swing,  
Lassies and ladies,  
Rascals and sweethearts!  
Come! come where the dancing's the closest,

He:  
Woe my arm is heavy,  
Mid the rejoicing throng,  
how they hold you, makes me blanch,  
would expire in grief,

She:  
Flighty today, tomorrow wise,  
morning, oh darling, all thine!  
today for all the dance.

### **He and She**

He:  
If I gaze into the quiet valley  
Where beneath the sun  
Flowers gleam without number,  
I see but one alone.

She:  
If I lean out of my little window,  
At the hour when stars are shining,  
Though all of them be fairer,  
I see but one alone.

He:  
Ah! Her blue eyes now are also gazing at the meadows;  
I can see them in the dew-drenched forget-me-nots.

She:  
There at dusk he gazes gently up to Heaven,  
For a dear image is mirrored there.

### **I think of you**

I think of you, when the shimmering sun  
gleams from the sea  
I think of you, when the glittering moon  
Is mirrored in streams.

Ich send dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege  
Der Staub sich hebet;  
In Geiger Nacht, wenn auf dem schmalen Stege  
Der Wanderer bebt.

Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfem Rauschen  
Die Welle steigt.  
Im stillen Haine geh ich oft zu lauschen,  
Wenn alles schweigt.

Ich bin bei dir, du seist auch noch so ferne,  
Du bist mir nah!  
Die Sonne sinkt, bald leuchten mir die Sterne.  
O wärst du da!

### **Wiegenlied**

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,  
Wie du schläfst, so bist du brav!  
Draussen roth l'm Mittagsscheine  
glüht der schönsten Kirschen eine,  
wenn du aufwachst, gehen wir  
und mein Finger pflückt sie dir!

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,  
wie du schläfst, so bist du brav!  
Immer süsser kocht die Sonne  
deine Kirsche, dir sure Wonne,  
leicht bedeckt, bis der Durst nach ihr dich brav

Schlaf, Schlaf!

### **Liebhabs Ständchen**

He:  
Wachst du noch, Liebchen, Gruss und Kuss!  
Dein Liebster naht im Regenguss.  
Ihm lähmet Liebe Hand und Fuss;  
er möchte, er möchte so gern zu seinem Schatz.

She:  
Wenn's draussen noch so stürmisch ist,  
ich kenne junger Bursche List,  
geh' hin, geh' hin woher du kommen bist,  
ich lasse dich nicht ein,

He:  
O lass mich ein die eine Nacht  
Die eine, die eine Nacht,  
die Liebe ist's, die glücklich macht.  
(Steh auf und lass mich ein!)

Horch, wie die Wetterfahnen wehn!  
Sieh, wie die Sternlein untergehn!

I see you, when on the distant path  
Dust rises;  
In deep night, when on the narrow bridge  
The traveler trembles.

I hear you where, with muffled roar  
The wave rears up.  
In the silent wood I often hearten  
When all is silent.

I am with you, however far away you be,  
You are by my side!  
The sun sets, soon the stars will shine for me!  
Ah! Were you but here!

### **Lullaby**

Sleep, little child, sleep,  
As thou sleeps, so thou art good!  
Outside red in the noonday sun  
glows of the fairest cherries a one,  
when thou wakest we shall go,  
and my finger will pluck it off for you!

Sleep, little child, sleep,  
As thou sleeps, so thou art good!  
Ever sweeter prepares the sun  
the cherry for your delight  
lightly bedecked till the thirst for it awaken thee

Sleep, Sleep!

### **Lover's Serenade**

He:  
Are you still awake, my love? Kisses and greetings!  
Your lover draws near in the pouring rain,  
Love has bound him hand and foot,  
He longs to be with his sweetheart.

She:  
However stormy it is outside,  
I know how cunning young men are.  
Go back, go back to where you came,  
I shall not let you in

He:  
O let me in for just one night,  
Just this single night,  
It is love that brings happiness  
(Get up and let me in!)

Listen to the weather-vanes!  
Look how the stars are vanishing!

Lass mich nicht hier im Regen stehn,  
Mach auf dein Kämmerlein.

She:

Der Sturm nicht, der in Nächten droht,  
Bringt irrem Wanderer grössre Not,  
Als einem Mädchen jung und rot  
Der Männer süsse Schmeichelei'n.

He:

Wehrest du, Liebchen, mir solche Huld,  
So tötet mich die Ungeduld,  
Und meines frühen Todes Schuld  
Triffst dich allein, ja dich allein.

She:

Nein, nein, nein, nein,  
Ich lass dich nicht ein.  
Das Vöglein auch, das singt und fliegt,  
Von Vogelstellers List besiegt,  
Zuletzt in böse Schlingen fällt, ruft:  
O traue nicht dem Schein!

### **Unter'm Fenster**

She: Wer ist vor meiner Kammerthür!

He: Ich bin es, ich bin es!

S: Geh', schier dich fort, was suchst du hier?

H: Gar Süsses, gar Süsses!

S: Du kommst im Dunkeln wie ein Dieb!

H: So fang' mich!

S: Du hast mich wohl ein wenig lieb?

H: Von Herzen, von Herzen!

S: Und öffnet' ich nach deinem Wunsch?

H: O öffne, o öffne!

S: Da wär' ja Schlaf und Ruhe hin!

H: Lass' hin sein, lass' hin sein!

S: Ein Tauber du im Taubenschlag?

H: Beim Täubchen!

S: Du girrtest bis zum bellen Tag?

H: Wohl möglich, wohl möglich!

S: Nein, nimmer lass' ich dich herein!

H: Thu's dennoch, thu's dennoch!

S: Du stellst wohl dich täglich ein?

H: Mit Freuden, mit Freuden!

S: Wie keck du bist und was du wagst!

H: So darf ich!

S: Dass du's nur keiner Seele sagst!

H: Gewiss nicht, gewiss nicht!

Don't let me stand here in the rain,  
Let me into your little room.

She:

Storms that threaten in the night  
Cause wanderers who have lost their way  
Less danger than the sweet flattery of men  
Causes a young and ruddy girl.

He:

If you don't grant me such a favor, my love,  
Impatience will be the end of me,  
And you alone, yes, you alone  
Will be the cause of my early death.

She:

No, no, no, no,  
I shall not let you in  
The little bird that sings and flies,  
When he falls prey to the Fowler's wiles,  
And is finally trapped in his evil snares, cries:  
Appearances are deceptive!

### **Beneath the window**

Who is at my bedroom door?

It's me! It's me!

Be off with you, what do you want here?

Something very sweet!

You've come in the dark just like a thief.

Why not catch me, then?

Don't you love me just a little?

With all my heart!

And what if I opened the door as you ask?

Open it!

That would be the end of sleep and rest!

Let them be!

Are you a dove in a dovecote?

With its mate!

Will you coo until dawn?

Most likely!

No, I'll never let you in!

Do it all the same!

I'll bet you'd want to come each day?

I'd love to!

How presumptuous and brazen you are!

Then may I?

As long as you don't tell a soul!

Of course not!

## Die tausend Grüsse, die wir dir senden

Die tausend Grüsse,  
Die wir dir senden,  
Ostwind dir müsse  
Keinen entwenden!

Zu dir im Schwarme  
Zieh'n die Gedanken.  
Könnten die Arme  
Auch dich umranken!

Du in die Lüfte  
Hauche dein Sehnen!  
Lass deine Düfte  
Küsse mich wännen.

Schwör' es! ich hör' es:  
Dass du mir gut bist,  
Hör' es! ich schwör' es:  
Dass du mein Blut bist.

Dein war und blieb' ich,  
Dein bin und bleib' ich  
Schon vielmal sang ich's,  
Noch vielmal sing ich's,  
Dein war und blieb' ich,  
Dein bin und bleib' ich.

### 1. To the Aeolian Harp

Harp of the winds! In airy measure  
thy strings when viewless fingers move,  
unfolding all thy tuneful treasure,  
thy cadence wild I dearly love.

*Ref:* The sounds, all earthly sounds excelling,  
our wand'ring thoughts to heav'n recall,  
now softly sighing, loudly swelling,  
lost in many a dying fall

Harp of the winds! While pensive musing,  
I mark thy deep impassion'd strain,  
When trees their summer beauty losing,  
With yellow leaves bestrew the plain *Ref*

Harp of the winds! while, faintly beaming,  
Yon moon hangs o'er the ruined tower,  
And flitting shadows dimly gleaming  
Seem subject to, thy magic power  
The sounds, all earthly sounds excelling,  
Our wand'ring thoughts to heav'n recall. *Ref*

## The thousand greetings

The thousand greetings  
That we send you,  
O East Wind, you must  
Steal none of them!

Thoughts  
Throng to you.  
Could arms  
Also entwine you!

Oh! Breathe into the air  
Your longing!  
Let me take your fragrance  
For kisses.

Swear! I shall hear it:  
That you love me,  
Listen! I swear it:  
That you are my very blood.

I was yours and remained yours,  
I am yours and remain yours;  
Many times I've sung it,  
Still many times I'll sing it:  
I was yours and remained yours,  
I am yours and remain yours.

### 2. He promised me at parting

He promised me at parting,  
to meet me at the springtime here,  
yet see yon roses blooming,  
the blossoms how they disappear.  
Return my dearest Durmot!  
Or sure the spring will soon be o'er;  
fair long have blown the breezes,  
o when shall I see thee more?

He went to look for treasures,  
They're found they say in London town  
and tis for me he means them,  
both golden store and silken gown,  
I want but thee my Durmot,  
nor silken gown nor golden store,

Why go to that great city,  
Oh why so fair from Norah roam,  
Return to those that love thee  
There's little love so far from home,  
Thou art not faithless, Durmot,  
yet sure the Spring is almost o'er,

### 3. Oh! would I were but that sweet Linnet

Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet!  
That I had my apple tree too!  
Could sit all the sunny day in it,  
with nothing but singing to do!  
I'm weary with toiling and spinning,  
and Dermot I never can see,  
nor sure am I Durmot of winning,  
there's never good luck for poor me!

I tried with my sweetest behavior  
to tell our good priest my distress  
and ask him to speak in my favor  
when Durmot came next to confess  
but he said I was but a beginner,  
and from love and temptation must flee  
so if love should but make me a sinner,  
there's never good luck for poor me!

Ye Saints and the Virgin believe me  
I join with the priest in your praise,  
Contrive but my Durmot to give me  
and I'll love you the length of my days!  
In vain would they bid me be wiser,  
and never my Durmot to see,  
bad luck to advice and adviser,  
good luck to dear Durmot and me!

### 4. Wife, Children, and Friends

When the blackletter'd list to the gods was presented  
the list of what Fate to each mortal intends,  
at the long string of ills a kind Goddess relented,  
and slipt in three blessings, wife, children, and friends.  
In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,  
for justice divine could not compass its ends,  
the scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated  
for earth becomes Heaven with Wife, Children, and Friends.

Though spice breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,  
though round him Arabia's whole fragrance ascends,  
the merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover  
the bower where he sat with wife, children, and friends.  
The dayspring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,  
alone on itself for enjoyment depends:  
but drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow  
no warmth from the smiles of Wife, Children, and Friends

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish  
the laurel which o'er her dead favorite bends;  
o'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,  
bedewed with the tears, of wife, children, and friends.  
Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and graver,

to subjects too solemn insensibly tends;  
let us drink, pledge me high, Love and Virtue shall flavor  
the glass which I fill to Wife, Children, and Friends!

### 5. Constancy

Tho' cruel fate should bid us part as far's the pole and line,  
her dear idea round my heart would tenderly entwine.  
Tho' mountains frown,  
and deserts howl,  
and oceans roll between;  
yet, dearer than my deathless soul,  
I still would love my Jean.

### 6. The Dream

Last night worn with anguish that tortured my breast,  
when my senses benumb'd I at length sunk to rest;  
the passion that waking had ruled o'er my mind  
still woke in my dreams where it rov'd unconfined.

Methought that my fair one o'er come by my pain,  
assented at length to reward her fond swain,  
and soon at the altar she stood by my side,  
to the priest I already, 'I will', had replied!

Her reply I awaited with transport of soul,  
when death to my hopes did the matin bell toll!  
I started awoke and with horror I found,  
Twas' a dream that maliciously fled at the sound!

### 7. Love without Hope

Her features speak the warmest heart,  
but not for me its ardour grows;  
in that soft blush I have no part  
that mingles with her bosom's snows.  
In that dear drop I have no share  
that trembles in her melting eye;  
nor is my love the tender care  
that bids her heave that anxious sigh.

Not Fancy's happiest hours create  
visions of rapture as divine,  
as the pure bliss which must await  
the man who's soul is knit to thine.  
But ah! farewell this treacherous theme,  
which, though 'tis misery to forego  
yields yet of joy the soothing dream,  
that grief like mine thou ne'er shalt know.

## 8. Enchantress, farewell

Enchantress, farewell, who so oft has deceived me,  
at the close of the evening, through woodland to roam,  
where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me,  
seek out the wild scenes he was quitting for home.  
Fare well, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking,  
the language alternate of rapture and woe:  
Oh! none but some lover whose heartstrings are breaking,  
the pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou couldst't double and when there came sorrow,  
or pale disappointment, to darken my way,  
what voice was like thine that could sing of tomorrow,  
till forgot in the strain was the grief of today!  
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,  
the grief, Queen of numbers, thou can'st not assuage;  
nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,  
the langour of pain and the chillness of age.

Twas thou that once taught me in accents bewailing,  
to sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,  
and a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,  
and held to his lips the cold goblet in vain.  
As vain those enchantments, of Queen of wild numbers.  
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,  
and the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers,  
Farewell then, Enchantress! I meet thee no more!

## 9. The Soldier in a foreign land

The Piper who sat on his low mossy seat,  
and piped to the youngsters so shrill and so sweet,  
the far distant hum of the children at play,  
and the maiden's soft carol at the close of the day.

Ah! This was the music delighted my ear,  
and to think of it now was so sad and so dear!  
Ah! to listen at ease by my own cottage door,  
to the sound of my own native village once more!

At night as I keep on the wearisome watch,  
the sound of the westwind I greedily catch,  
and the shores of dear Ireland then rise to my sight,  
and my own native valley, that land of delight.

Divided so far by a wide stormy main,  
shall I ever return to our valley again?  
Ah! to listen at ease by my own cottage door,  
to the sound of my own native village once more!

## 10. Good Night

Ere yet we slumbers seek, blest Queen of Song, descend!  
Thy shell can sweetest speak good night to guest and friend.  
'Tis pain, 'tis pain to part for e'en one fleeting night;  
but Music's matchless art can turn it to delight.

How sweet the farewell glass, when Music gives it zest!  
How sweet their dreams who pass from harmony to rest!  
Dark thoughts that scarce repose, at Music's voice give place,  
and Fancy lends her rose, sleeps poppy wreath to grace.

