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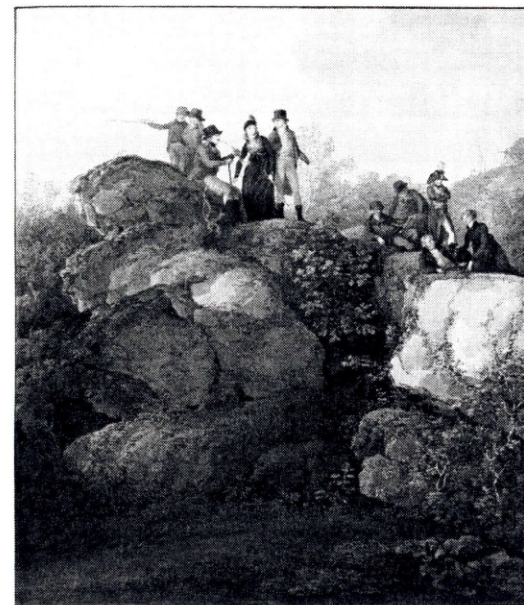
For the convenience of concertgoers the Garden Café remains open for light refreshments until 6:00 pm on Sundays.

Music Department
National Gallery of Art
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Washington, DC

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COVER: Johann Georg von Dillis, *A Royal Party Admiring the Sunset atop the Hesselberg Mountain*, 1801, National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC, Wolfgang Ratjen Collection, purchased as the gift of Ladislaus and Beatrix von Hoffmann



The Sixty-eighth Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
2,790th Concert

Randall Scarlata, baritone
Thomas Bagwell, pianist

Presented in honor of *German Master Drawings*
from the Wolfgang Ratjen Collection, 1580–1900

May 26, 2010
Wednesday, 12:10 pm
West Building Lecture Hall

Admission free

Program

Felix Mendelssohn (1810–1847)

- Auf Flügeln des Gesanges, op. 34, no. 2
- Venezianisches Gondellied, op. 57, no. 5
- Frühlingslied, op. 34, no. 3

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Der Wanderer, op. 4, no. 1

Robert Schumann (1810–1856)

Liederkries, op. 39

- In der Fremde
- Intermezzo
- Waldesgespräch
- Die Stille
- Mondnacht
- Schöne Fremde
- Auf einer Burg
- In der Fremde
- Wehmut
- Zwielicht
- Im Walde
- Frühlingsnacht

The Musicians

RANDALL SCARLATA

Hailed for his warm, expressive sound, consummate musicianship, and winning way with the audience, baritone Randall Scarlata has forged a career that encompasses opera, recital, chamber music, and works for voice and orchestra. His repertoire spans four centuries and sixteen languages. A sought-after interpreter of new music, he has given world premieres of works by Samuel Adler, George Crumb, Lori Laitman, Paul Moravec, and Ned Rorem as well as Thea Musgrave's one-man opera, *The Mocking Bird*. He has been a soloist with the Minnesota and Philadelphia Orchestras and the American, BBC, National, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Tonkünstler, and Ulster Symphony Orchestras. A frequent performer with early music groups such as the Wiener Akademie Orchester and Musica Angelica, Scarlata portrayed Siskov in Leoš Janáček's *From the House of the Dead*. He has appeared in many music festivals, including the Aspen, Bridgehampton, Edinburgh, Kingston, Kneisel Hall, Marlboro, Portland, Ravinia, Salzburg, Seattle, Spoleto (Italy), and Vienna festivals.

Scarlata's performances of *Songs of Tin Pan Alley* are favorites of both Art Song aficionados and lovers of popular music. He has performed the Schubert song cycles with pianists Jeremy Denk and Seymour Lipkin, and has given recitals in Europe and the United States with pianist Richard Goode. He has recorded for the Albany, Arabesque, Chandos, CRI, Gasparo, and Naxos labels. Recent and upcoming highlights include the Philadelphia Orchestra's Bernstein festival, the world premiere of George Crumb's *American Songbook VI*, Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* in Vienna and Los Angeles, Brahms' *German Requiem* and orchestral songs of Ravel and Stravinsky with the Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia, and Schubert songs for the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center.

Scarlata received a Fulbright grant to study at the Hochschule für Musik in Vienna and holds a masters degree from the Juilliard School of Music. In addition, he spent several summers studying with the great French baritone, Gérard Souzay. He is a Sing for Hope artist, having been involved with the foundation for more than ten years, and serves on the faculty of the College of Visual and Performing Arts at West Chester University.

THOMAS BAGWELL

Thomas Bagwell is well known as a collaborative pianist in song recitals and chamber music. He has performed in Carnegie Hall, the Concertgebouw (Amsterdam), the Musikverein (Vienna), Wigmore Hall (London), and numerous halls across Canada, Japan, Puerto Rico, and the United States. He was an assistant conductor at the Metropolitan Opera for nine seasons, and has served in the same capacity for many seasons at the Opera Theatre of Saint Louis, the Santa Fe Opera, and the Washington National Opera. He has appeared in recital with renowned singers Renée Fleming, Susan Graham, Denyce Graves, Marilyn Horne, James Morris, Roberta Peters, and Frederica von Stade as well as with many rising young singers. In the field of chamber music, Bagwell has participated in the Marlboro Music Festival and has performed with violinists Midori, Scott Saint John, and Miranda Cuckson. In 2009 Bagwell and Cuckson performed Beethoven's ten sonatas for violin and piano at Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City. In Washington, DC, Bagwell collaborated with soprano Elaine Alvarez in a Vocal Arts Society concert at the Kennedy Center Terrace Theater, and with Renée Fleming in an invitational concert at the State Department. He also served as co-artistic director for an Austrian Lieder festival at the Austrian Embassy in 2007.

Bagwell received degrees from the Mannes College of Music and the Manhattan School of Music and has studied with Edna Golandsky, Graham Johnson, and Warren Jones. He pursued additional training with Elly Ameling and Rudolf Jansen at the Academie Musicale de Villecroze in Paris. He has been on the faculty of Yale University and currently teaches at the Mannes College of Music in New York City.

Program Notes

Over the course of three decades, Wolfgang Ratjen (1943–1997) assembled a stunning collection of drawings. The German drawings from his collection range from the seventeenth-century baroque and eighteenth-century rococo to nineteenth-century romanticism and realism. They include studies for soaring religious ceilings by some of the greatest South German artists, designs for rococo prints by artists who worked in Augsburg, landscape watercolors by Johann Georg von Dillis and Caspar David Friedrich, architectural watercolors and realist drawings by Adolph Menzel, who was an avid music lover and ardent admirer of Robert and Clara Schumann. *German Master Drawings from the Wolfgang Ratjen Collection, 1580–1900*, is the first exhibition of the remarkable highlights of this great collection. It remains on view at the National Gallery until November 28, 2010.

In the late eighteenth century and throughout the nineteenth, German-speaking countries saw a surge in romantic lyric poetry. At the same time, the rise in popularity of the piano brought new dimensions to the art of accompanying singers at a keyboard instrument. The confluence of these two developments was the flowering of the art form known as the *Lied*. The term *Lied* had been applied to songs, whether accompanied or not, already in the fifteenth century. Until the romantic period the poetry had a predictable meter, line length, and rhyme. Composers usually set the poetry with melodies that were simple and strophic and accompaniments that were harmonically precise. This is partly attributable to the view, prevalent in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that the music of a *Lied* should be subservient to the poetry. With the advent of Beethoven, Schubert, and Mendelssohn, the genre became much more subtle and took its place among high art forms. By the time these composers were old enough to read and enjoy poetry, there was a significant body of romantic verse in publication, most notably by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832) and Friedrich von Schiller (1759–1805), but also from such prolific writers as Joseph Freiherr von Eichendorff (1788–1857), Franz Grillparzer (1791–1872), and Heinrich Heine

(1797–1856). One of the marks of genius of the three composers represented on this program is that, even when they turned to poets who were less gifted than these, they created *Lieder* of lasting worth. Sublime melodies transform the texts, while the piano accompaniments provide variety and color through striking changes of key, tessitura, and texture.

When he died in 1828 at age thirty-one, Schubert had only begun to acquaint himself with the second generation of great German romantic poets — Eichendorff, Heine, and Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866) — but he had contributed masterpieces to the Lied repertoire using texts by Goethe, Schiller, and Grillparzer, among others. Mendelssohn, however, had full access to their works, and turned to the poetry of Heine, not only for *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges* (On Wings of Song), but also for such songs as *Neue Liebe* (New Love), *Warum sind denn die Rosen so blass* (Why Are the Roses so Pale), and *Reiselied* (Traveler's Song). Well-read and a writer of beautiful letters as well as a composer of songs, Mendelssohn also turned to poetry by Eichendorff, Goethe, Grillparzer, and Schiller as well as the English poets Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832) and Lord Byron (1788–1824).

By far the most literary of the composers represented in this program, Robert Schumann was a prolific writer of prose. In addition to his private music studies, he studied law at the universities of Leipzig and Heidelberg and was an avid reader of the works of the novelist Jean Paul Richter (1763–1825) and the second-generation romantic poets. Before he reached age thirty, he was contributing music criticism to German newspapers. Depressed by the musical situation in Leipzig, he founded a *Davidsbund* (David's Club) of likeminded musicians and writers who would take up the cause of fighting artistic "philistines." Schumann published their writings in a periodical, *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (New Magazine for Music), which he edited for ten years. In his writings, he gave himself a dual personality — Florestan was his impetuous nature and Eusebius was his contemplative side. Schumann's songs have a special place in the romantic literature, not only because many of them were directly inspired by his love for the pianist Clara Wieck (1819–1896), who eventually became his wife, but also because they give a unique role to the piano as a wordless commentator on the message of the song.

Next Week at the National Gallery of Art

Karin Paludan, soprano
Danielle DeSwert Hahn, pianist

Songs by George Gershwin

Presented in honor of
From Impressionism to Modernism:
The Chester Dale Collection

June 2, 2010
Wednesday, 12:10 pm
West Building Lecture Hall

Texts and Translations

May 26, 2010

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges (Heine)

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,
Herzliebchen, trag ich dich fort,
Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges,
Dort weiß ich den schönsten Ort;

Dort liegt ein rotblühender Garten
Im stillen Mondenschein,
Die Lotosblumen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.

Die Veilchen kichern und kosen,
Und schau'n nach den Sternen empor,
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen ins Ohr.

Es hüpfen herbei und lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazellen,
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des heiligen Stromes Well'n.

Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmenbaum,
Und Liebe und Ruhe trinken,
Und träumen seligen Traum.

Venezianisches Gondellied

(Thomas Moore, translated by F. Freiligrath)

Wenn durch die Piazzetta
die Abendluft weht,
dann weißt du, Ninetta,
Wer wartend hier steht.
Du weißt, wer trotz Schleier
und Maske dich kennt,
Wie die Sehnsucht
im Herzen mir brennt.

Ein Schifferkleid trag' ich
zur selbigen Zeit,
und zitternd dir sag' ich:
das Boot ist bereit!
O komm jetzt, wo Lunen
noch Wolken umzieh'n,
laß durch die Lagunen,
Geliebte, uns flieh'n!

On Wings of Song

On wings of song,
my love, I'll carry you away
to the fields of the Ganges
Where I know the most beautiful place.

There lies a red-flowering garden,
in the serene moonlight,
the lotus-flowers await
Their beloved sister.

The violets giggle and caress,
and look up at the stars,
The roses tell each other secretly
Their fragrant fairy-tales.

The gentle, bright gazelles
pass and listen;
and in the distance murmur
The waves of the holy stream.

There we will lie down
under the palm-tree,
and drink of love and peace,
And dream our blessed dream.

Venetian Gondolier's Song

(Original Moore text)

When through the Piazzetta
Night breathes her cool air,
Then, dearest Ninetta,
I'll come to thee there.
Beneath thy mask shrouded,
I'll know thee afar,
As Love knows, though clouded,
his own Evening Star.

In garb, then, resembling
Some gay gondolier,
I'll whisper thee, trembling,
Our bark, love, is near:
Now, now, while there hover
those clouds o'er the moon,
'Twill waft thee safe over
yon silent Lagoon.

Frühlingslied (Karl Klingemann)

Es brechen im schallenden Reigen
Die Frühlingsstimmen los,
Sie können's nicht länger verschweigen,
Die Wonne ist gar zu groß!
Wohin, sie ahnen es selber kaum,
Es rührt sie ein alter, ein süßer Traum!

Die Knospen schwellen und glühen
Und drängen sich an das Licht,
Und warten in sehndem Blühen,
Daß liebende Hand sie bricht.
Wohin, sie ahnen es selber kaum,
Es rührt sie ein alter, ein süßer Traum!

Und Frühlingsgeister, sie steigen
Hinab in der Menschen Brust,
Und regen da drinnen den Reigen
Der ew'gen Jugendlust.
Wohin, sie ahnen es selber kaum,
Es rührt sie ein alter, ein süßer Traum!

Der Wanderer (Georg Philip Schmidt von Lübeck)

Ich komme vom Gebirge her,
Es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer.
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer, wo?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt,
Und was sie reden, leerer Schall;
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land?
Gesucht, geahnt, und nie gekannt!
Das Land, das Land so hoffnungsgrün,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blühen.

Wo meine Freunde wandelnd gehn,
Wo meine Toten auferstehn,
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
O Land, wo bist du? . . .

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,
Und immer fragt der Seufzer, wo?
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück:
"Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück."

Spring Song

Spring's voices break forth
In resounding dances,
They can no longer remain silent,
Their joy is too great!
They hardly know where they are headed;
An old, sweet dream seems to move them!

The buds swell and glow
And push themselves towards the light,
And wait in passionate blooming,
For a loving hand to pick them.
They hardly know where they are headed....

And the spirits of spring,
They enter humankind's breast,
And therein they lead the dance
Of eternal youthful desire.
They hardly know where they are headed....

The Wanderer

I come from the mountains,
The valley is damp, the sea roars.
I wander silently and am rarely happy,
And my sighs always ask "Where?"

The sun seems so cold to me here,
The blossoms faded, the life old,
And what they say resounds emptily;
I am a stranger everywhere.

Where are you, my dear land?
Sought, imagined, yet never known,
That land, so green with hope,
That land, where my roses bloom,

Where my friends wander
Where my dead ones rise again,
That land where they speak my language—
Oh land, where are you?

I wander silently and am rarely happy,
And my sighs always ask "Where?"
In a ghostly breath it calls back to me,
"There, where you are not, there is your
happiness."

LIEDERKREIS, op. 39 (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, wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauschet die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner mehr kennt mich auch hier.

Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis wunderselig
Hab ich im Herzensgrund,
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

Mein Herz 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 reitest du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du 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 Wald."

SONG CYCLE, op. 39 (Eichendorff)**In a Foreign Place**

From my homeland, behind the red flashes
of lightning come clouds,
But Father and Mother are long dead;
No one there knows me anymore.

How soon will that quiet time come,
When I too shall rest, and over me
the beautiful forest's loneliness shall rustle,
And no one here shall know me anymore.

Intermezzo

Your image, wonderfully blissful
I have in my heart's depths;
it looks so freshly and joyously
at me in every moment.

My heart sings silently to itself
an old, beautiful song
that soars into the air
and hastens to your side.

Conversation in the Forest

It is already late, it is already cold;
why do you ride alone through the wood?
The wood is vast and you are alone,
you fair bride! I will lead you home.

"Great are the deceit and cunning of men;
my heart has broken for pain.
The forest horn strays here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am."

So richly adorned are steed and lady,
so wondrously fair the young form;
now I recognize you - God help me!
You are the witch Loreley.

"You recognize me indeed - from the lofty
cliffs my castle gazes down upon the Rhine.
It is already late, it is already cold -
you shall never again 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 sollt!

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 wäre ein Vöglein
Und zöge über das Meer,
Wohl über das Meer und weiter,
Bis daß ich im Himmel wär!

Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
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 halbversunkenen Mauern
Die alten Götter die Rund.

Hier hinter den Myrtenbäumen
In 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 vom künftigem, großem Glück.

The Quiet One

No one knows or guesses
how glad I am, so glad!
Alas, if only one person could know it, just
one - no other soul would have to!

The snow outside is not so quiet -
nor as mute and silent
are the lofty stars,
compared with my thoughts.

I wish I were a little bird -
I would fly over the sea,
Far across the sea and farther,
until I were in heaven!

Moonlit Night

It was as if the sky
Had quietly kissed the earth,
So that in a shower of blossoms
She must only dream of him.

The breeze wafted through the fields,
The ears of corn waved gently,
The forests rustled lightly,
So sparkling clear was the night.

And my soul stretched
its wings out wide,
Flew through the silent lands,
as if it were flying home.

Beautiful Foreign Land

The treetops rustle and shiver
as if at this hour
about the half-sunken walls
the old gods are making their rounds.

Here, behind the myrtle trees,
in secretly darkening splendor,
what do you say so strangely, as if in a
dream, to me, fantastic night?

The stars glitter down on me
with glowing, loving gazes,
and the distance speaks tipsily,
it seems, of great future happiness.

Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer
Oben ist der alte Ritter;
Drüber 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 dem 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 Walde, 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 im 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 lange tot.

At a Castle

Asleep on his watch
up there is the old knight;
above him move rain showers,
and the wood rustles through the trellises.

Beard and hair grown into one,
chest and ruff have turned to stone;
he has sat for many hundreds of years
above in his silent den.

Outside it is quiet and peaceful:
all have taken to the valley;
woodbirds sing alone
in the empty arching windows.

A wedding passes by below
on the Rhine, in the sunlight:
musicians play gaily
and the fair bride - she weeps.

In a Foreign Land

I hear the little brooks rushing
here and there in the wood.
In the wood, amidst the rushing,
I know not where I am.

The nightingales sing
here in the solitude,
as if they wanted to speak
of fine old times.

The moonbeams dart
and I seem to see below me
a castle lying in the valley -
yet it is so far from here!

It seems as if, in the garden
full of roses white and red,
my sweetheart were waiting for me -
yet she is long since 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

Dämmerung will die Flügel spreiten,
Schaurig rühren sich die Bäume,
Wolken ziehn wie schwere Träume -
Was will dieses Grau'n bedeuten?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor andern,
Laß es nicht alleine grasen,
Jäger ziehn 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 müde gehet unter,
Hebt sich morgen neu geboren.
Manches ist in Nacht verloren -
Hüte dich, sei wach und munter!

Melancholy

Sometimes I can sing
as if I were happy,
but secretly tears well up
and free my heart.

The nightingales,
when spring breezes play, let
their songs of yearning resound
from the depths of their dungeons.

Then all hearts listen
and everyone rejoices;
yet no one truly feels the anguish
of the song's deep sorrow.

Twilight

Dusk prepares to spread its wings,
the trees rustle ominously,
clouds approach like heavy dreams -
what does this horror mean?

If you have a favorite deer,
don't let it graze alone;
hunters roam the forest, sounding their
horns, their voices echoing time and again.

If you have a friend here,
do not trust him in this hour;
friendly might he seem in eye and mouth,
yet he plans for war in deceitful peace.

What today goes wearily down,
will lift itself tomorrow newly born.
Much goes astray at night -
beware - stay alert and awake!

Im Walde

Es zog eine Hochzeit den Berg entlang,
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das Waldhorn
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.

Frühlingsnacht

Über'm Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervogel ziehn,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blühen.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's 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!

In the Woods

Beside the mountain there passed a wedding
party. I heard the birds singing;
Then there blazed past many horsemen, their
forest horns sounding.
That was a merry hunt!

And just as I thought of it, everything had
died away and the night covered all.
Only from the mountains do the woods yet
rustle,
and deep in my heart I shudder.

Spring Night

Above the garden and across the sky
I heard migrating birds passing;
that means that spring is coming;
below, things already begin to bloom.

I could rejoice, I could weep -
I feel as though it cannot be!
Old wonders appear again
with the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,
and in a dream the grove murmurs it,
and the nightingales sing it:
she is yours! She is yours!