The use of cameras or recording equipment during the performance is not allowed. Please be sure that cell phones, pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Music Department
National Gallery of Art
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The Seventy-Third Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lammot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
3,020th Concert

Prague Philharmonic Choir
Lukáš Vasilek, Principal Conductor

October 31, 2014
Friday, 3:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free
Program

Antonín Dvořák (1841–1904)

*Moravian Duets*, op. 32 (selection)
- The Slighted Heart
- Parting without Sorrow
- The Pledge of Love
- The Maid Imprisoned
- The Ring

Dvořák

*Three Male Choruses on Folk Texts*, op. 43
- Sorrow
- Wondrous Water
- The Maiden in the Wood

Dvořák

*In Nature’s Realm*, op. 63
- A song went into my soul
  - Evening Bells
  - The Rye Field
  - The Silver Birch
  - With Dance and Song

Johannes Brahms (1833–1897)

*Liebeslieder Waltzes*, op. 52
- Rede, Mädchen
- Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut
- O die Frauen
- Wie des Abends schöne Röte
- Die grüne Hopfenranke
- Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel
- Wohl schön bewandt war es
- Wenn so lindt dein Auge mir
- Am Donaustrande
- O wie sanft die Quelle
- Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
- Schlosser auf, und mache Schlösser
- Vöglein durchauscht die Luft
- Sieh, wie ist die Quelle klar
- Nachtigall, sie singt so schön
- Ein dunkler Schacht ist Liebe
- Nicht wandle, mein Licht
- Es bebet das Gesträuche
The Musicians

PRAGUE PHILHARMONIC CHOIR

The Prague Philharmonic Choir, a choral ensemble of about seventy members, has been performing and recording worldwide for seventy-nine years. Formed in 1935 by Jan Kühn, it began as an amateur group called the Prague Radiojoumal Choir (later the Czech Choir). In 1951 the group affiliated itself with the Czech Philharmonic, and in 1990 it became an independent ensemble, leading to its stature today as one of the most popular choirs in Europe, regularly collaborating with international orchestras and conductors.

The Prague Philharmonic Choir performs a wide repertoire that focuses primarily on a cappella, cantata, and oratorio works from classicism to the present. Recently it has been invited to perform Renaissance and baroque music in various chamber combinations. An important part of the choir's repertoire is opera, both in concert and more intimate settings. In addition, the choir, with its distinctive, colorful sound and native Czech singers, is in high demand for its performances of both Czech music and that of other Slavic composers.

The choir performs some ninety concerts a year, most of them abroad. This season's tour includes Paris, Berlin, Munich, Bad Kissingen, Lugano, Torino, Reggio, Mexico City, Washington, DC, New York, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Since 2010, the ensemble has been choir in residence at the Opera Festival in Bregenz.

The choir's first recording was of Dvořák's Stabat Mater with the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra and Václav Talich in 1952. Since then it has produced more than one hundred titles for a number of global companies. The ensemble's most recent CD (2012) featured choral compositions by Leonard Bernstein, Zoltán Kodály, and Leoš Janáček and received outstanding reviews. The Prague Philharmonic Choir organizes its own choral concerts in the Rudolfinum's Dvořák Hall and in the former Church of Saint Simon and Jude. The dramaturgy of these concerts focuses on modern choral works, particularly on compositions from the twentieth century and works by contemporary composers. At its last concert in June 2014, the choir performed four Cantatas of the Highlands by Bohuslav Martinů in the Rudolfinum's Dvořák Hall.

LUKÁŠ VASILEK

Lukáš Vasilek has been the principal conductor of the Prague Philharmonic Choir since 2007. In addition to the preparation and management of individual concerts, he leads the ensemble in large cantata, oratorio, and opera projects, cooperating with the world's leading conductors and orchestras. Since 2010 he has regularly performed with the choir at the Bregenzer Festspiele opera festival. The performances of the Prague Philharmonic Choir under his leadership are captured on numerous CDs issued by Deutsche Grammophon, Naxos, Neos, Oehms Classics, and Supraphon.

Vasilek graduated in conducting from the Academy of Performing Arts in Prague and in musicology from the Faculty of Arts of Charles University. From 1998 to 2009 he was conductor of the Foerster Chamber Choir, which won international choir competitions in Klaipėda (2003) and Vienna (2006). In 2005 he received the Junior Conductor award from the Czech Choral Union for his achievements with the ensemble. At the same time, he was the second choirmaster of Prague's National Theatre opera ensemble, collaborating on several operas. In 2010 he created a jazz vocal ensemble to accompany Bobby McFerrin during his concerts in the Czech Republic. In the same year, he established the Martinů Voices chamber choir, focusing on twentieth- and twenty-first-century choral works. The ensemble performs under his leadership at notable music festivals, such as the Prague Spring, and records CDs for major companies. Vasilek has also performed with several Czech symphony orchestras, including Hradec Králové Philharmonic Orchestra, South Czech Philharmonic, Pilsen Philharmonic Orchestra, and North Czech Philharmonic.
Antonín Dvořák was born in Nelahozeves, a small Bohemian village near Prague, into a family of amateur musicians. At an early age, church organist Antonín Liehmann gave Dvořák lessons and encouraged him in his musical development. The young Dvořák was expected to become a butcher like his father, but with Liehmann’s help, he entered a school for organists in Prague. It was there that he met the composers Karel Bendl and Bedřich Smetana and became a violinist for the Prague Provisional Theatre (the temporary home of the National Theatre during its construction). He earned additional income by giving private music lessons. It was in the mid-1870s, while teaching in the home of the wealthy merchant Jan Neff, that Dvořák began to arrange a collection of Moravian songs. Neff and his wife enjoyed singing these songs with the composer at the piano. Dvořák took such pleasure in this work that he began to compose entirely new music, setting many pieces as duets, among them the three cycles of *Moravian Duets*. From a total of twenty-three duets with texts from Moravian folk poetry, today's program includes a selection from the largest group—opus 32—for female voices and piano. Between May and July 1876, Dvořák composed these duets for soprano and alto, adding more songs later.

Dvořák composed *Three Male Choruses on Folk Texts*, op. 43, with four-hand piano, in December 1877 and the beginning of January 1878. The male choruses with piano were soon extended by Dvořák’s friend, the scholar of Indian and Czech studies Josef Zubaty, who created piano extracts from Dvořák’s work and as a young man frequently performed Dvořák’s compositions. He also adapted the works for four-hand piano, and today’s version was published. There are two choruses from Slovak folk poetry, “Sorrow” and “The Maiden in the Wood,” and one from Moravian literature, “Wonderous Water,” from the collection by František Sušil.

Dvořák’s popular cycle of five mixed-voice choruses, *In Nature’s Realm*, op. 63, was composed in January and February 1882 and uses the poetry of Vítězslav Hálek from his collection by the same name. Dvořák had already come across Hálek’s poetry when writing his earlier compositions, the hymn “The Heirs of the White Mountain” and *Evening Songs*. He set the lyric poems about nature to music in a way that reflects the various moods of the seasons and at the same time distinguishes the compositions as unique cappellas of Czech origin at the close of the nineteenth century.

The composer, pianist, and conductor Johannes Brahms was born into a family of Viennese musicians and at an early age learned to play the piano, violoncello, and French horn. When he was seventeen, he became an accompanist to the famous Hungarian violinist Eduard Reményi. It may have been through this association that Brahms developed his interest in irregular rhythms, rubato, and the sesquialtera (juxtaposition of two beats against three). The violinist Joseph Joachim introduced Brahms to Liszt, and Schumann and Brahms wrote several compositions in honor of this meeting. Brahms went on to become friends with both composers.

Brahms held several professional positions: court bandmaster in Detmold, choirmaster at Vienna’s voice academy, and conductor for the Association of Music Enthusiasts. He also performed throughout Europe. He mentored Antonín Dvořák, helping him to launch his international career by recommending him to the publisher Simrock.

*Brahms’s Liebeslieder Waltzer*, op. 52, a cycle of eighteen waltzes for piano four hands and four voices, uses Russian, Polish, and Hungarian folk texts translated into German. The source of the texts was the Polydora collection, published by the German poet and philosopher Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800–1875). After the Viennese premiere in January 1870 the cycle became popular, inspiring Brahms to rearrange it again for piano two hands and voices, as well as arranging selected waltzes for the orchestra. The songs were performed both in solo and by choruses, and later Brahms finished a second series published under the title *Neue Liebeslieder* (*New Love Songs*), op. 65. Both cycles feature contrasting musical moods and witty texts full of energy, irony, and gentle humor through which the composer conveys the various forms of love.
Prague Philharmonic Choir
October 31, 2014
National Gallery of Art

Texts and Translations

Selections from Moravian Duets, op. 32

Voda a pláč

Okolo hájíčka teče tam vodička,
napoj mně, panenku, mého koničká.
Já ho nenapojím,
ja se tuze bojím,
že jsem malíčká.

Před našimi okny roste tam oliva;
pověž mně, panenku, kdo k nám
chodivá.
K nám žádný nechodi,
mne se každý bojí,
že jsem chudobná.

Před našimi okny roste
z růže květ,
pověž mně, panenku,
proč tě mrzi svět?
Mne svět nic nemrzi,
mne srdenko bob,
plakala bych hned.

Holub na javoře

Letel holubek na pole,
aby nazobal své volé.
Ják sve volátko nazobal,
pod jaborečkem posedal.

Pod jaborečkem má milá
zeleň šátek vyšívá.
Výšívá na něm vínček,
že ju opustil synček.

Výšívá na něm z růže květ,
že ju opustil celý svět,
výšívá na něm vínček,
že ju opustil synček.

The Slighted Heart

Through the grove a brooklet flows
in leafy shade...
Wilt thou water my exhausted steed,
sweet maid?
I am but a child, Sir,
and your steed is wild, Sir,
and I am afraid.
Purple roses, clust’ring, half conceal
thy door...
Sweet maid, surely thou hast lovers
galore...
Young men come and go, Sir,
but none stay to woo, Sir,
and my heart is sore.

Parting without Sorrow

Down from her nest a wild dove flew
toward a field where the ripe corn
grew,
filled her crop, then sought her nest,
high in the willow, there to rest.
There sits and weeps a maid so fair.
Hot tears trill thro’ her gold silken hair;
sits and broiders a wreath and two rings.
"Forsaken am I!" she softly sings,
Embroiders a rose, and makes sweet
moan:
"How could he leave me to die alone!"
Pledge of Love

There was a bonnie lass
twent to mow the meadow grass,
Dew fell so cold, alas!
she could not mow the grass.

Weeping, she turn’d away,
sad, she did homeward stray;

Down where the brooklet flows,
she spied a budding rose.
"Autumn’s last rose so fair,
Thou shalt adorn my hair!"

Netrhaj mne v zime,
moja krasa zhyne.
Netrhaj mne v lete,
dy slunecko peče.

Utrhni mne z jara,
moja krasa stala.

The Ring

Hraj, maziko, hraj,
z cicha na Dunaj,
budem sa ubírať na milého kraj.

A vy, formané, šírujte koné,
a vy, družbové, sedajte, sedajte na ně!

Ztracila sem vínek,
můj žlutozlatý prstýnek u maminky mej.
U mej matery v truhle zamčeny,
světelným jabůškem
s milého srdečkem zapečácený.

Hraj, maziko, hraj,
z cicha na Dunaj,
budem sa ubírať na milého kraj.
Three Male Choruses on Folk Texts
Op. 43

**Vášnivá voda**

Na tom našem dvore, to je voda, bože!
Kdo se ji napije, zapomnet nemoze.
Napil se ji, napil, pekny sohaj zrana;
A nemohel zapomnet do svateho Jana.
Do svateho Jana a do svate Trojice
Nemohel zapomnet svoje svarne devcice.

**Večerní les rozváhal zvonky**

Vecerni les rozvazal zvonky
A ptaci zvoni k tiche skrejsi,
Kukacka zvoni na ty vetsi,
A slavik na ty libeznejsi.

**In Nature’s Realm, op. 63**

English text by Harold Heiberg

A Song Went into My Soul
all in a moment it came unbidden.
You would not ask the grass to know
whence come the diamonds that bedew it?
‘Round me the world grows still and clear
as Nature greets the new day’s sunrise;
now beauty fills my soul with joy,
now tender sadness moistens my eyes.
Dew drops from moonlit sky appear;
and from a heart that’s filled with joy
and sorrow! Come the songs we love to hear,
And thence comes all hope for a bright new morrow.

The Maiden in the Woods

I saw a little girl in a green grove;
Tears spilled on her red cheek;
She wept in sorrow and wrung her hands.
She could not silence her sad heart.
I lost the treasure from my beloved’s heart;
Like the dove who has lost her mate.
When she wants to drink, she flies to the well;
She troubles the water with her wings.

A každá nit na konci spánku,
Sny jako jiskry v stromech skáči,
Jen latka se sebe je strasa
A před lesem se v rose mäci.
Teď usnuti z vzonikové,
Les dýchá v prvním zadímnutí,
A jestli slavik zaklhotá,
To se spánku je prokouknuti.

Veľký les rozváhal zvonky

Evening Bells ring, evening is falling.
The birds of day are hushed and silent.
Only one cuckoo still is calling,
And deep in shadows nightingales sing.

Stirred by the west wind’s gentle caressing,
The trembling leaves with dew drops glisten,
While through the trees moonlight is pouring
to fill the woods with silver shimmer.

A každá nit na konci spánku,
Sny jako jiskry v stromech skáči,
Jen latka se sebe je strasa
A před lesem se v rose mäci.

Ztratila som poklad od srđčka mého,
ako ta hrdlicka, zo ztratí mlého,
keď sa je chce piti, létí na studničku,
trepece krídlima, zamíti vodičku.

Dívá voda

Na tom našem dvore, to je voda, bože!
Kdo se ji napije, zapomnet nemože.
Napil se ji, napil, pekny sohaj zrana;
A nemohel zapomnet do svateho Jana.
Do svateho Jana a do svate Trojice
Nemohel zapomnet svoje svarne devcice.

Devce v háji

Vidél som dievcatko po háji zelenom,
Co mu tekly slzy po licku cervenom,
Zalostno plakala i lomila ruce,
Nemohla ukrotil svoje smutne srdce.

Ztratila som poklad od srđčka mého,
ako ta hrdlicka, zo ztratí mlého,
keď sa je chce piti, létí na studničku,
trepece krídlima, zamíti vodičku.

**Sorcery**

The grass on which I walk is green
because I water it with my tears.
My mouth is singing, my eyes are laughing,
But from my heart the tears are streaming.
I am singing to myself
Not because I want to be glad,
But I am singing to myself to forget that I am sad.
Sorrow, O my sorrow,
Only you are like the dew on green grass;
The wind blows on the dew but my sorrow does not pass.

**Wondrous Water**

In our courtyard there is such water—
Oh, my God! Whoever will drink it will never forget it.
A youth drank of it, drank in the early morning;
and he could not forget it, even until the feast of Saint John,
Until the feast of Saint John and the Holy Trinity he could not forget his beloved.

**Sorrow**

The grass on which I walk is green
because I water it with my tears.
My mouth is singing, my eyes are laughing,
But from my heart the tears are streaming.
I am singing to myself
Not because I want to be glad,
But I am singing to myself to forget that I am sad.
Sorrow, O my sorrow,
Only you are like the dew on green grass;
The wind blows on the dew but my sorrow does not pass.

**V prirode**

Vitezslav Hâlek (1835 - 1874)

Napadly pisne v dusi mou,
nezavolany, znenadani,
Jako kdyz rosy napada
po steblokadeve strani.

Kol se to miha perlami,
I citim dech tak mlyny, zdravy,
Zda jsou radost ma,
Ci plac me duse usedavy.

A song went into my soul
all in a moment it came unbidden.
You would not ask the grass to know
whence come the diamonds that bedew it?
‘Round me the world grows still and clear
as Nature greets the new day’s sunrise;
now beauty fills my soul with joy,
now tender sadness moistens my eyes.
Dew drops from moonlit sky appear;
and from a heart that’s filled with joy
and sorrow! Come the songs we love to hear,
And thence comes all hope for a bright new morrow.

**In Nature’s Realm, op. 63**

English text by Harold Heiberg

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Dew drops from moonlit sky appear;
and from a heart that’s filled with joy
and sorrow! Come the songs we love to hear,
And thence comes all hope for a bright new morrow.
**Žitné pole, žitné pole**

Žitné pole, žitné pole, jak to zraje vesele! Každý klasek muzikantem, klasu jak když nastele.

Hedvábým to šatem šustí, větrík v sokočnou zadupe, slunce objímá a líbá, je ně v stěhlu zalupe.

Za motýlkem včelka šeptem, zda kdo v chrpe nevezi, a ten cvrček posměvacek s krepelickou pod mezi.

**The Rye Field**

Golden sunlight, golden sunlight shines upon the rip'ning grain, warm winds whisper in the cornfields, harvest time has come again.

Flax and barley, toss’ed by breezes, to and fro, toss’ed by breezes and the kernels of wheat and rye grow heavy in the sunshine’s bright glow.

Yellow butterflies are dancing to the buzz of bumblebees, whistling quail and chirping cricket fill the air with melodies.

Golden sunshine, golden harvest, wondrous world of golden hue, this our song of harvest sunshine joyously we sing to you.

**Dnes do skoku a do písničky**

Dnes do skoku a do písničky! Dnes pravá veselka je boží, dnes celý svět a všecko v páru se vedou k svatebnímu loží.

Ve zvonku květném mušky tančí, pod travou brouček křídla zvedá, a vody říční, lesy voní, a kdo je nemá, srdecko hledá.

Za motýlkem včelka šeptem, zda kdo v chrpe nevezi, a ten cvrček posměvacek s krepelickou pod mezi.

**The Silver Birch**

Slender young birch, how straight you grow, green and silver, there on the hill, banishing thoughts of winter snow, promising rose and daffodil.

Birch tree, your feath’ry robe of green shyly bids the breezes to play; whisper’ring, they tell of things they’ve seen while wand’ring through this April day.

What could that magic tone have been, sounding like shawm or violin? ’Tis the enchanting carol of spring through all of Nature echoing.

To watch the mayflies gaily dancing insects are perched on leaf and blossom, while through the forest Brooks are rushing, filling with longing ev’ry bosom.

See how the heavens turn to crimson: sunset’s flaming torches are burning. Hear how the lovely nightingales sing their rapt’rous songs of love and yearning!

**Dnes do skoku a do písničky**

Na nebi zapalují svíce, na západě panenské ředně, a slavík již to ohlasuje, ten velknez, u velebném znění.

Dnes velká kniha poesie až do konce je otevřena, dnes každá strana všechnoří na žert i pravdu natažena.

A nebe skvě se, vzduch se chvěje, dnes jedna píseň světem letí, dnes zem a nebe jeden pohár, a tvorstvo pří něm ve objeti.

A nebe skvě se, vzduch se chvěje, dnes jedna píseň světem letí, dnes zem a nebe jeden pohár, a tvorstvo pří něm ve objeti.

**With Dance and Song**

This day was made for great rejoicing, this day is truly God’s creation! The universe delight is voicing, all Nature joins the celebration.

To watch the mayflies gaily dancing insects are perched on leaf and blossom, while through the forest Brooks are rushing, filling with longing ev’ry bosom.

See how the heavens turn to crimson: sunset’s flaming torches are burning. Hear how the lovely nightingales sing their rapt’rous songs of love and yearning!

The world resounds with wondrous music as each fulfils the joyous duty of giving thanks for countless blessings: Peace and contentment, truth and beauty.

Radiant in moonlight, glitt’ring with starlight, glowing with rapture and emotion, now earth and heav’n form a chalice: drink of the boundless joy of Nature!
Liebeslieder Walzer
Georg Friedrich Daumer (1800-1875)

Rede, Mädchen, allzu liebes,
das mir in die Brust, die kühl,  
hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke  
diese wilden Glutgefühle!

Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen,  
willst du, eine Überfüllung,  
rasten ohne traute Wonne,  
or willst du, daß ich komme?

Rasten ohne traute Wonne,  
nicht so bitter will ich büßen.  
Komme nur, du schwarzes Auge.  
Komme, wenn die Sterne grüßen.

Am Gesteine rauscht die Flut,  
leicht angetrieben;  
wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,  
lemt es unterm Lieben.

O die Frauen, O die Frauen,  
wie sie Wonne tauen!  
Wäre lang ein Mönch geworden,  
waren nicht die Frauen!

Wie des Abends schöne Röte  
möchte ich arme Dirne glühn,  
Einem, Einem zu gefallen,  
sonder Ende Wonne sprühen.

Die grüne Hopfenranke,  
sie schlängelt auf der Erde hin.  
Die junge, schöne Dirne,  
so traurig ist ihr Sinn!

Du höre, grüne Ranke!  
Was hebst du dich nicht himmelwärts?  
Du höre, schöne Dirne!  
Was ist so schwer dein Herz?

Wie höhre sich die Ranke,  
der keine Stütze Kraft verleihet?  
Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich,  
enn ihr das Liebste weit?

Love-Song Waltzes

Speak, maiden, whom I love all too much,  
who hurled into my once aloof heart, with only one glance,  
these wild, ardent feelings!

Will you not soften your heart?  
Do you wish to be chaste  
and remain without sweet bliss,  
or do you want me to come to you?

To remain without sweet bliss -  
I would never make such a bitter penance.  
So come, dark-eyes,  
come when the stars greet you.

Against the stones the stream rushes,  
powerfully driven:  
those who do not know to sigh there,  
will learn it when they fall in love.

O women, O women,  
how they melt one with bliss!  
I would have become a monk long ago  
if it were not for women!

Like the evening's lovely red,  
would I, a poor maiden, like to glow,  
to please one, one boy -  
and to then radiate bliss forever.

The green hops vine  
winds along the ground.  
The young, fair maiden -  
so mournful are her thoughts!

Listen, green vine!  
Why do you not raise yourself heavenwards?  
Listen, fair maiden!  
Why is your heart so heavy?  
How can the vine raise itself  
when no support lends it strength?  
How can the maiden be merry  
when her sweetheart is far away?

Ein kleiner, hübscher Vogel  
nahm den Flug  
zum Garten hin,  
da gab es Obst genug.  
Wenn ich ein hübscher,  
kleiner Vogel wär,  
ich säumte nicht,  
itäte so wie der.

Leimruten-Arglist  
lauert an dem Ort;  
der arme Vogel  
könnte nicht mehr fort.  
Wenn ich ein hübscher,  
kleiner Vogel wär,  
ich säumte doch,  
itäte nicht wie der.

Der Vogel kam  
in eine schöne Hand,  
da tat es ihm,  
dem Glücklichen, nicht und.  
Wenn ich ein hübscher,  
kleiner Vogel wär,  
ich säumte nicht,  
itäte doch wie der.

Wohl schön bewandt  
War es vorehe  
Mit meinem Leben,  
Mit meiner Liebe;  
Durch eine Wand,  
Ja durch zehn Wände,  
Erkannte mich  
Des Freundes Sehe;  
Doch jetzo, wehe,  
Wenn ich dem Kalten  
Auch no eh so dicht  
Vor'm Auge stehe,  
Es merkt's sein Auge,  
Sein Herz nicht.

A small, pretty bird  
took flight  
into the garden -  
there was fruit enough there.  
If I were a pretty,  
small bird,  
I would not hesitate -  
I would do just as he did.

Malicious lime-twigs  
lurked in that place;  
the poor bird  
could not escape.  
If I were a pretty,  
small bird,  
I would have hesitated,  
I would not have done that.

The bird came  
into a pretty girl's hand,  
and it caused him no pain,  
the lucky thing.  
If I were a pretty,  
small bird,  
I would not hesitate --  
I would do just as he did.

Quite contented  
was I previously  
with my life  
and with my sweetheart;  
through a wall,  
yes, through ten walls,  
did my friend's gaze  
recognize me;  
But now, oh woe,  
if I am with that cold boy,  
no matter how close  
I stand before his eyes,  
neither his eyes  
nor his heart notices.
Wenn so lind dein Auge mir
und so lieblich schaue,
mit jedem letzten Trubel
die mich umgrauet.

When your eyes look at me
so gently and lovingly,
you chase away every last anxiety
that troubles my life.

Dieser Liebe schöne Glut,
laß sie nicht versterben!
Nimmer wird, wie ich, so treu
dich ein ander lieben.

The lovely glow of this love -
do not let it disappear!
No one else will ever love you
as faithfully as I.

Am Donaustrande,
da steht ein Haus,
da schaut ein rosiges
Mädchen aus.

On the banks of the Danube,
there stands a house,
and looking out of it
is a pink-cheeked maiden.

Das Mädchen,
es ist wohl gut gehegt,
zehn eiserne Riegel
sind vor die Türe gelegt.

The maiden
is very well-protected:
ten iron bolts
have been placed on the door.

Zehn eiserne Riegel
das ist ein Spaß;
die spreng ich
als wären sie nur von Glas.

But ten iron bolts
are but a joke;
I will snap them
as if they were only glass.

O wie sanft die Quelle
sieh durch die Wiese windet!
O wie schön, wenn Liebe sieh
zu der Liebe findet!

O how gently the stream
winds through the meadow!
O how lovely it is when Love
finds Love!

Nein, es ist nicht auszukommen
mit den Leuten;
Alles wissen sie so giftig
auszudeuten.

No, there's just no getting along
with people;
they always make such poisonous
interpretations of everything.

Bin ich heiter, hegen soll ich
lose Träume;
bin ich still, so heißt's, ich wäre
irr aus Liebe.

If I'm merry, they say I cherish
wild abandon;
if I'm quiet, they say
I am crazed with love.

Schlosser auf, und mache Schlosser,
Schlosser ohne Zahl;
denn die bösen Müäler will ich
schließen allzumal.

Locksmith - get up and make your
locks,
locks without number;
for I want to lock up
all the evil mouths.

Vögelin durchrauscht die Luft,
sucht nach einem Aste;
und das Herz, ein Herz, ein Herz
begehrt's,
wo es selig raste.

Sieh, wie ist die Quelle klar,
blickt der Mond hernieder!
Die du meine Liebe bist,
liebe du mich wieder!

Nachtigall, sie singt so schön,
Wenn die Sterne funkeln.
Lieber mich, geliebtes Herz,
küss mich im Dunkeln!

Ein dunkler Schacht ist Liebe,
ein gar zu gefährlicher Brunnen;
da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,
kann weder hören noch sehen,
nur denken an meine Wonnen,
nur stöhnen in meinen Wehn.

Nicht wandle, mein Licht,
dort außen
im Flurbereich!
Die Füße würden dir, die zarten,
zu naß, zu weich.

All überstromt sind dort die Wege,
die Stämme dir;
so überreichlich tränkte dorten
das Auge mir.

Es bebet das Gesträuche,
gestreift hat es im Fluge
ein Vögellein,
In gleicher Art erbebet
die Seele mir, erschüttet
von Liebe, Lust und Leide,
gedenkt sie dein.

Die Füße würden dir, die zarten,
zu naß, zu weich.

All überstromt sind dort die Wege,
die Stämme dir;
so überreichlich tränkte dorten
das Auge mir.

I can neither hear nor see,
I can only think about my bliss,
I can only moan in my woe.

The bushes are trembling;
they were brushed by a
little bird in flight.
In the same way,
my soul trembles,
overcome by love, pleasure and
sorrow,
as it thinks of you.

The little bird rushes through the
air,
searching for a branch;
and my heart desires a heart, a heart
on which it can blessedly rest.

See how clear the spring is
when the moon gazes down!
You who are my love,
you love me back!

Love is a dark shaft,
a very dangerous well;
and I, poor man, fell in.
I can neither hear nor see,
I can only think about my bliss,
I can only moan in my woe.

Do not wander, my light,
out there in the field!
Your feet, your tender feet, would get
too wet, too soft.

All flooded are the paths there,
and the bridges,
so profusely there
did my eyes weep.

The nightingale sings so beautifully,
when the stars are twinkling.
Love me, my beloved heart,
kiss me in the dark!