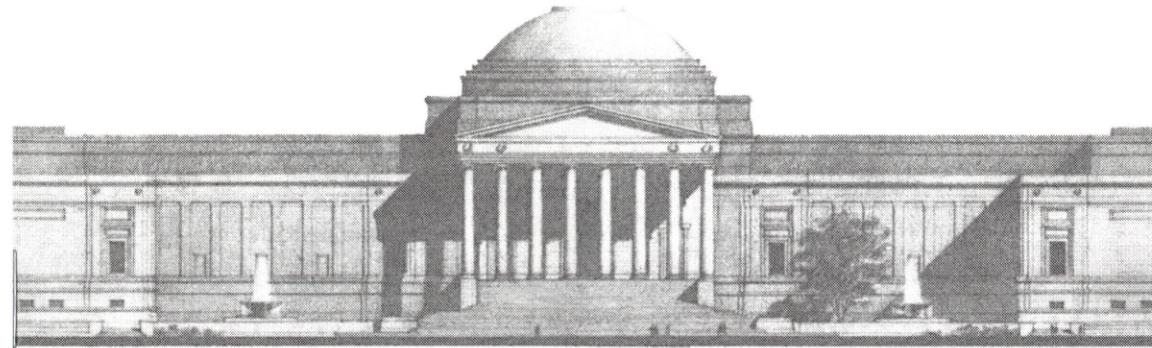


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The Seventy-Third Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lamot Belin
Concerts

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

Music Department
National Gallery of Art
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, DC

www.nga.gov

Concerts are made possible in part through the generosity of donors to the National Gallery of Art through The Circle. Reserved seating is available in recognition of their support. Please contact the development office at (202) 842-6450 or circle@nga.gov for more information.

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 Waltzer, 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

Vögelein durchrauscht 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 Radiojournal 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.

Program Notes

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 Zubatý, 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, "Wondrous 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.

Program Notes by Jan Pirner

Prague Philharmonic Choir

October 31, 2014

National Gallery of Art

Texts and Translations

Selections from Moravian Duets, op. 32

Voda a pláč

Okolo hájička teče tam vodička,
napoj mně, panenke, mého konička.
Já ho nenapojím,
já se tuze bojím,
že jsem maličká.

Před našimi okny roste tam olíva;
pověz mně, panenke, kdo k vám
chodívá.
K nám žádný nechodí,
mne se každý bojí,
že jsem chudobná.

Před našimi okny roste
z růže květ.
pověz mně, panenke,
proč tě mrzí svět?
Mne svět nic nemrzí,
mne srdenko bolí,
plakala bych hned.

Holub na javoře

Letěl holúbek na pole,
aby nazobal své vole.
Jak své volátko nazobal,
pod jaborečkem posedal.

Pod jaborečkem má milá
zelený šátek vyšívá.
Vyšívá na něm vineček,
že ju opustil syneček.

Vyšívá na něm z růže květ,
že ju opustil celý svět,
vyšívá na něm vineček,
že ju opustil syneček.

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.

All around thy cottage Spring her
blossoms spread...
Tell me, then, sweet maiden, why art
thou so sad?
Ne'er have I known gladness;
wed to grief and sadness,
tears my heart would shed.

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!"

Šípek

Šlo děvče na travu
na lučku zelenou.
Němohlo ji nažít
pro rosou studenou.
Po lučce chodilo,
žalostně plakalo.
Nadešlo tam šípek,
na tým šípku kvítek.
Kvítku, milý kvítku,
já tebe utrhnu.

Nětrhaj mne v zimě,
moja krása zhyně.
Nětrhaj mne v létě,
dy slunečko peče.
Nětrhaj mne v zimě,
moja krása zhyně.
Utrhni mne z jara,
moja krása stala.

Zajatá

Žalo děvče, žalo trávu
nedaleko vinohradu.
Pán sa na ňu z okna dívá,
on si na ňu rukú kývá

"Širuj, kočí, širuj koně,
pojedeme v čiré pole."
Čiré pole projíždžali,
až sa k děvčati dostali.

"Daj nám, děvče, daj nám záloh,
žes na pánském trávu žalo!"
Dávala jim svú plachtíčku,
pán ju pojal za ručičku.

"Už si, děvče, už si moje,
líbí sa mně líčko tvoje.
Tobě moje a mně tvoje,
líbijá sa nám oboje."

Pledge of Love

There was a bonnie lass
went 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!"

Cull'd neath cold winter's sky,
soon ev'ry rose must die
Neath summer sun's hot ray,
spare me, to live a day!
But when sweet spring is come,
cull me, and take me home!
But when sweet spring is come,
cull me, and take me home!

The Maid Imprisoned

Went a maiden fair amaying,
o'er the summer meadows straying;
cut the grass hard by the vineyard...
In the distance stood the landlord;
came ariding o'er the meadows,
toward the evetide's deep'ning
shadows;
till he stood beside the maiden,
by her cart with fresh grass laden:

"Tis my land that thou art mowing
hence a forfeit thou art owing."
With no look did he rebuke her,
by the hand he fondly took her:

"Maid, thou art my captive," said he;
"If thou love me, I will wed thee!"
Quoth the maiden: "If thou love me,
marry me, and I will love thee."

Prsten

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

A vy, formané, širujte koně,
a vy, družbové, sedajte, sedajte na ně!

Ztracila sem vínek,
můj žlätý prstýnek u mamičky mej.
U mej matery v truhle zamčený,
červeným jabúčkem
s milého srdečkem zapečacený.

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

The Ring

Lads and lassies gay, sing a merry lay,
gay as merry May,
love shall lead the way,
by the Danube river.

Harness horse and cart,
and away then start!
Do not wait for me, (sweet lasses,)
but at once depart!

I have left my wreathlet
and my golden ringlet,
at my love's behest,
in my mother's chest
sealed with my love's heart!

Haste ye now away,
lads and lassies gay,
sing your merry lay,
gay as merry May,
love shall lead the way!

**Three Male Choruses on Folk Texts
Op. 43**

Žal

Travička zelená, kadě já chodievám,
lebo ju já často slzami polievám.
Ústa mi spievajú, oči sa mi smējú,
Ale od srdéčka slzy sa mi lejú.

Nie preto si spievám,
bych veselá bola ale preto spievám,
bych žiale zabola.
Žiale moje žiale smutné,
osiralé, ako tá rosička na zelenej trávě;
ještě tu rosičku vetriček oduje
a mňa zarmúcenu nik něpolutuje!

Divná voda

Na tom našem dvoře, to je voda, bože!
Kdo se jí napije, zapomnět nemůže.
Napil se jí, napil, pěkný šohaj zrána;
nemohel zamponnět do svatého Jána.
Do svatého Jána, do svatě Trojice
nemohel zapomnět své švarné děvčice.

Děvče v háji

Viděl som dievčatko po háji zelěnom,
čo mu těkly slzy po líčku červenom,
žalostno plakala i lomila ruce,
němohla ukrotif svoje smutné srdce.

Ztratila som poklad od srdéčka mého,
ako ta hrdlička, čo ztrati milého,
ked' sa jei chce píti, létí na studničku,
trepoce krídlama, zamútí vodičku.

English translations by Stephen Ackert
and Robert Rehak

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.

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.

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.

V přírodě

Vítězslav Hálek (1835 - 1874)

Napadly písně v duši mou,
nezavolány, znenadáni,
jako když rosy napadá
po stěblokadeřavé stráni.

Kol se to mihá perlami,
i cítím dech tak mladý, zdravý,
že nevím, zda jsou radost má,
či plác mé duše usedavý.

Však rosu luna zrodila,
a není písním v duši stáni:
tekou cos last a slza má,
a den se chystá ku svítání.

Večerní les rozvázal zvonky
a ptáci zvoní k tiché skrejši,
kukačka zvoní na ty větši,
a slavík na ty libeznější.

Les každou větev písní kropí
a každý lístek jeho dítě,
na nebes strop jim lampu věši
a stříbrné z ní táhne nitě.

A každá nit na konci spánek,
sny jako jiskry v stromech skáčí,
jen laňka se sebe je strásá
a před lesem se v rose máčí.

Ted' usnuli i zvoníkové,
les dýchá v prvním zadřímnutí,
a jestli slavík zaklokotá,
to ze spánku je prokouknutí.

Ted' všecko spí, i laňka dříma,
i zvonky visí do vybdělé,
noc kráčí jako všeho dozvuk,
tak příroda si k spánku stele.

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.

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
glimmer,
While through the trees moonlight is
pouring
to fill the woods with silver shimmer.

Nodding in slumber flowr's are
dreaming,
Song birds are dreaming in the
treetops.

Only the timid doe still lingers
to drink of the crystalline dewdrops.
Now she is gone, and her departure
leaves silence reigning in the forest;
Ah, let the distant nightingale sing,
for such beauty can trouble no rest.
Now even she has ceased her warbling.
Veiling the woodland, darkness has
spread.
Thus slowly all the realm of Nature
is enfolded in quiet and peace.

Žitné pole, žitné pole

Žitné pole, žitné pole,
jak to zraje vesele!
Každý klásek muzikantem,
klasů jak když nastele.

Hedbávným to šatem šustí,
větřík v skočnou zadupe,
slunce objímá a líbá,
je nto v stéblu zalupe.

Za motýlkem včelka šeptem,
zda kdo v chrpě nevězí,
a ten cvrček posměváček
s křepeličkou pod mezí.

Žitné pole, žitné pole,
jak to zraje vesele,
a má mysl jako v tanci,
jak když písni nastele.

Vyběhla bříza běličká

Vyběhla bříza běličká,
jak ze stáda ta kozička,
vyběhla z lesa na pokraj,
že prý už táhne jara báj.

Vyběhla jako panenka,
Tak hebká a tak do tenka,
že až to lesem projelo,
a vše se touhou zachvělo.

A táhne šumem jara báj,
vzduch jak na housle, na šalmaj,
vzduch samá vůně, vzduch samý květ,
a mladý úsměv celý svět.

Hned každý strom zelený šat,
svátečně jme se oblíkat,
a každá haluz, každá snět
chce novou řečí rozprávět.

A jak by hodům zavolal,
přilítli hosté z blíž i dál,
a za den, za dva širý kraj,
a celý svět byl jara báj.

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'd by breezes,
to and fro, toss'd 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.

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;
whisp'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.

Buds form and swell, leaflets unfold,
till all spring's glory we behold,
while branches stir and gently wave,
joining in praise of their Maker.

Building their nests in ev'ry tree,
birds sing again their roundelay,
And all of Nature soon will be greeting
the lovely month of May.

Dnes do skoku a do písničky

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

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

Na nebi zapalují svíce,
na západě panenské rdění,
a slavík již to ohlašuje,
ten velkněž, u velebném znění.

Dnes velká kniha poesie
až dokořán je otevřena,
dnes každá struna všehomíru
na žert i pravdu natažena.

A nebe skví se, vzduch se chvěje,
dnes jedna píseň světem letí,
dnes zem a nebe jeden pohár,
a tvorstvo při něm ve objetí.

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 kühle,
 hat geschleudert mit dem Blicke
 diese wilden Glutgefühle!

Willst du nicht dein Herz erweichen,
 willst du, eine Überfromme,
 rasten ohne traute Wonne,
 oder 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,
 heftig angetrieben;
 wer da nicht zu seufzen weiß,
 lernt es unterm Lieben.

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

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

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 höbe sich die Ranke,
 der keine Stütze Kraft verleiht?
 Wie wäre die Dirne fröhlich,
 wenn 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,
 ich täte so wie der.

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

Der Vogel kam
 in eine schöne Hand,
 da tat es ihm,
 dem Glücklichen, nicht and.
 Wenn ich ein hübscher,
 kleiner Vogel wär,
 ich säumte nicht,
 ich täte 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 noch so dicht
 Vor'm Auge stehe,
 Es merkt's sein Auge,
 Sein Herze 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 schauet,
jede letzte Trübe flieht
welche mich umgrauet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vögelein 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.
Liebe mich, geliebtes Herz,
küsse mich im Dunkeln!

Ein dunkler Schacht ist Liebe,
ein gar zu gefährlicher Brunnen;
da fiel ich hinein, ich Armer,
kann weder hören noch sehn,
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 überströmt sind dort die Wege,
die Stege dir;
so überreichlich tränkte dorten
das Auge mir.

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

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!

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

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 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.