

und du singst

James Danner, tenor
Jason Wirth, piano

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presented in partial fulfilment of the Professional Studies Diploma
at the Mannes School of Music

program

Ariettes oubliées

Claude Debussy

Paul Verlaine

pause

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a note

The pandemic has occupied the bulk of—and extended—this degree and irrevocably altered the meaning of returning to singing, to opera and my aims as an artist, as I think is true for so many of us, no matter our field or focus. With that in mind, I set aside a number of conceptual projects and programs in favor of an evening where simply singing was at the fore.

Of course, themes and patterns emerge and connect these works to each other, and to the outside world, as with any attempt at breathing life into a blueprint, but I wanted to dispense with posture and, well, sing!

That said, in winnowing down this concert to an attractive length, I was moved by a sense of Beginning, of the process of minting anew a First Arrival, which I think stems as much from a desire to slough off these past diseased years and circumstance, as it does because of the rhyming sense of time in which I find myself, at yet another moment of embarkment.

So, welcome to this evening of music I hold dear, accompanied by the masterful Jason Wirth with whom I feel terribly lucky to work. I'll undoubtedly have more to say during the show, grab a drink and thank you for being here.

–Jamie

artists



James Danner, tenor, is a graduate of the Harvard-NEC AB/MM program, and imminent graduate of the Professional Studies Diploma from Mannes. A professional singer since the age of 5, James spent ten seasons at the Metropolitan Opera as a chorus member and soloist both there, and at many of the major halls of the Northeast (Carnegie, Symphony, Severance, Avery Fisher etc.). Equally at ease in tomorrow's music as old, James' current season encompasses Purcell and the Spanish Renaissance to new operas (Mazolli, Cerrone), with Rossini and Boieldieu in between. Upcoming engagements also include Teatro Nuovo and Dell'Arte Opera.

A Founding Director of arts non-profit, Amanda + James, he has worked with over 250 artists in a wide range of media over the past eight years as an executive and creative producer, curator and director. Producing credits include work at LaMama, Ars Nova AntFest and The Hotel Chelsea, among many others. As a curator under the A+J banner, he has programmed several years of chamber music for ongoing series *Sessions*, the *Pollinate* digital art exchange and the annual *Summer Happenings Festival*. He has also curated three consecutive editions of the celebrated performance art festival RAW POP UP MIAMI. As a director his work has been presented at venues such as the Loeb Experimental Theater at the American Repertory Theater in Cambridge; at the Bas Fisher Invitational in Miami, Florida,

and at venues across NYC: Christie's Auction House, Ludlow House, SHOWFIELDS on Bond Street, and Pioneer Works in Red Hook, Brooklyn.



"**Jason Wirth** [spun] a gossamer web of unusual sounds on the piano," writes the *The New York Times*. A versatile and intrepid performer, Jason draws on his varied interests to bring new perspectives into his music-making. Jason was born in Minnesota, and performed on the piano extensively from a very young age, including appearances with the Moscow Philharmonic and the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra as a soloist. His successful recording of Poulenc's *The Story of Babar*, with film actor Michael Douglas narrating, can be heard on iTunes and [Amazon/Audible](#). "[Plundered Hearts](#)", an album of songs by celebrated vocal composer Jorge Martín (*Before Night Falls*) with mezzo Heather Johnson and baritone Andrew Garland, is also available on [iTunes](#).

In the last year Jason performed with soprano Lynn Spurgat at Carnegie's Zankel, where they will return this November. He was honored to be a guest artist at workshops performances of Santa Fe Opera and Arizona Opera, presenting new works by Paul Ruders and Clint Borzoni. Educated at Mannes and the Yale School of Music, Jason is an expert performer of the operatic repertoire and has a deep love and affinity for art song, cabaret, musical theatre and jazz. His teachers include Alexander Braginsky (University of Minnesota) and Pavlina Dokovska (Mannes).

texts

Ariettes oubliées

I.

*Le vent dans la plaine
Suspend son haleine*

(Favart)

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

Forgotten Songs

*The wind in the plain
Holds its breath*

–Favart

It's languorous ecstasy
It's amorous fatigue
It's all the shivers of the woods
Among the grasp of the breezes
It's, amidst the grey branches
The choir of tiny voices.

Oh the frail and fresh murmur!
That chirps and whispers,
That resembles the sweet cry
Which the ruffled grass releases...
It might be, say, the muffled rolling of the
pebbles, stirred under the water.

This soul which grieves
In this sleepy lament
It's ours, isn't it?
Mine, speak, and yours,
Breathing out the humble antiphony
In this thick night, so softly?

II

Il pleut doucement sur la ville

(A. Rimbaud)

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

III

*Le Rossignol qui du haut d'une
Branche se regarde dedans, croit
Être tombé dans la rivière. Il est
Au sommet d'un chêne et toute fois
Il a peur de se noyer.*

(Cyrano de Bergerac)

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les hautes feuillées
Tes espérances noyées!

II

It rains softly in the town

—A. Rimbaud

Crying in my heart
As it rains in the town;
What is this languor
Which imbues my heart?

O sweet sound of the rain
On the ground and the roofs!
For a heart which bores itself
O the sound of the rain!

Crying without reason
In this disheartened heart
What! No betrayal?...
This grief is senseless.

It is truly the worst pain
To not know why
Without love and without hate
My heart holds such pain.

III

*A nightingale which from the height of a
Branch sees itself therein, believes
To have fallen into the river. It is at the
Top of an oak and all the time
Fears to drown itself.*

—Cyrano de Bergerac

The shadow of the trees in the misty river
Dies like smoke
Whilst in the air, among the real branches,
The turtledoves cry.

How much, o traveler, this pale countryside
Watched you fade yourself,
And how sadly wept in the high foliage
Your drowned hopes!

paysages belges
Chevaux de bois

Par Saint Gille
Viens nous en
Mon agile
Alezan

(V. Hugo)

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!

Belgian Countryside
Merry-go-round

By Saint Gille
Let's head out
My nimble
Chestnut

–V. Hugo

Turn, turn, good wooden horses,
Turn a hundred turns, turn a thousand turns,
Turn often and turn forever,
Turn, turn to the sound of the oboes.

The child all red and the mother pale,
The dude in black and the gal in pink,
One at it, the other posing,
Each treat themselves to a bit of Sunday fun.

Turn, turn, horses of their heart,
Whilst amid your tourneys
Glints the eye of the wily rogue,
Turn to the sound of the conquering piston!

It's astounding how it intoxicates you
Going along like this in this ugly circus:
Nothing in your stomach and with a headache,
Wholesale discomfort, loads of fun.

Turn, hobby-horses, without ever needing
To use any lousy spurs
To command you to your galloping roundel:
Turn, turn without the hope of hay.

And hurry, horses of their soul,
Here already it's chow-time
Night falls and scatters the troupe
Of happy drinkers dying of thirst.

Turn, turn! The sky in velvet
The stars in gold dress themselves slowly
The church tolls a sad knell.
Turn to the sound of joyous drums!

aquarelles
I. Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

aquarelles
II. Spleen

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges,
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.

Je crains toujours,—ce qu'est d'attendre!—
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie
Et du luisant buis je suis las,

Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!

aquarelles
i. Green

Here the fruits, flowers, leaves and branches
And now here my heart which beats only for you.
Don't rip it up with your two white hands
And to your eyes so beautiful, let the present be sweet.

I arrive totally covered again in dew
Which the morning wind has frozen to my brow.
Let my weariness, at your resting feet
Dream of dear moments which will ease it.

On your young bosom let me envelop my head
All still resounds of your latest kisses:
Let the happy tumult subside
And that I might sleep a bit since you rest.

aquarelles
II. Spleen

The roses were all red
And the ivy was all black.

Dear, that you but move but a bit,
All my despair renews.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green and the air too sweet.

I'm always afraid—that's what it is to wait—
Some horrible flight of yours.

Of the glossy holly
And the gleaming boxwood I am weary,

And of the infinite country
And of all of it, save you, alas

The Undying Splendour
1. A lark above the trenches

Hushed is the shriek of hurtling shells: and hark!
Somewhere within that bit of soft blue sky,
Grand in his loneliness, grand in his ecstasy,
His lyric wild and free, carols a lark:

I in the trench, he lost in heaven afar,
I dream of Love, its ecstasy he sings;
Doth lure my soul to love till like a star
It flashes into Life: tireless wings

That beat love's message into melody —
A song that touches in this place remote
Gladness supreme in its undying note
And stirs to life the soul of memory —

'Tis strange that while you're beating into life
Men here below are plunged in sanguine strife!

2. Comrades

Those whom I've known, admired, ardently friended
Lie silent there wrapp'd in a soldier's shroud;
Death broke their dreams, their aspirations ended,
These sanguine youth, noble, brave and proud.

Slowly they bear them 'neath the dim star light
Unto their rest — the soldiers' cemetery:
The chaplain chants a low, brief litany;
The nightingale flings rapture on the night.

Back to their Mother Earth this night return
Unnumbered youth along the far-flung line;
But 'tis for these my eyes with feeling burn,
That Memory doth erect a fadeless shrine —

For these I've known, admired, ardently friended
Stood by when Death their love, their youth swift ended

3. Gallipoli

Upon the margin of a rugged shore
There is a spot now barren, desolate,
A place of graves, sodden with human gore
That Time will hallow, Memory consecrate.

There lie the ashes of the mighty dead.
The youth who lit with flame Obscurity,
Fought true for Freedom, won thro' rain of lead
Undying fame, their immortahty.

The stranger wand'ring when the war is over,
The ploughman there driving his coulter deep.
The husbandman who golden harvests reap —
From hill and ravine, from each plain and cover

Will hear a shout, see phantoms on the marge.
See men again making a deathless charge.

Calligrammes

I. L'Espionne

Pâle espionne de l'Amour
Ma mémoire à peine fidèle
N'eut pour observer cette belle
Forteresse qu'une heure un jour

Tu te déguises
 À ta guise
Mémoire espionne du cœur
Tu ne retrouves plus l'exquise
Ruse et le coeur seul est vainqueur

Mais la vois-tu cette mémoire
Les yeux bandés prête à mourir
Elle affirme qu'on peut l'en croire
Mon coeur vaincra sans coup férir

Calligrams

I. The Spy

Pale spy of Love
My memory hardly faithful
Had to observe this beautiful
Fortress but for an hour one day

You disguise yourself
 In your guise
Spying memory of the heart
You will no longer find again the exquisite
Trick and the heart alone is victorious

But do you see this memory
Eyes blindfolded, ready to die
It affirms that one can believe in it
My heart will win unopposed

II. Mutation

Une femme qui pleurait
Eh ! Oh ! Ha !
Des soldats qui passaient
Eh ! Oh ! Ha !
Un éclusier qui pêchait
Eh ! Oh ! Ha !
Les tranchées qui blanchissaient
Eh ! Oh ! Ha !
Des obus qui pétaient
Eh ! Oh ! Ha !
Des allumettes qui ne prenaient pas
Et tout
A tant changé
En moi
Tout
Sauf mon Amour
Eh ! Oh ! Ha !

II. Mutation

A woman who was crying
Eh! Oh! Ha!
Soldiers who were passing
Eh! Oh! Ha!
A lockkeeper who was fishing
Eh! Oh! Ha!
The trenches that were turning white
Eh! Oh! Ha!
Shells that were exploding
Eh! Oh! Ha!
Matches that were not taking
And all
Has changed so much
In me
Everything
Except my love.
Eh! Oh! Ha!

III. Vers le sud

Zénith
Tous ces regrets
Ces jardins sans limites
Où le crapaud module un tendre cri d'azur
La biche du silence éperdu passe vite
Un rossignol meurtri par l'amour chante sur
Le rosier de ton corps dont j'ai cueilli les roses

Nos coeurs pendent ensemble au même grenadier

Et les fleurs de grenade en nos regards écloses
En tombant tour à tour ont jonché le sentier

III. Towards the south

*Zenith
All these regrets
These gardens without limits
Where the toad varies a tender azure cry
The doe of the engulfing silence passes quickly
A nightingale bruised by love sings on
The rosebush of your body from which I've gathered
roses
Our hearts hang together on the same pomegranate
tree
And the pomegranate flowers in our blooming glances
While falling by turns have littered the path*

IV. Il pleut

Il pleut des voix de femmes comme si elles
étaient mortes même dans le souvenir
c'est vous aussi qu'il pleut merveilleuses
rencontres de ma vie ô gouttelettes
et ces nuages cabrés se prennent à hennir
tout un univers de villes auriculaires
écoute s'il pleut tandis que le regret et
le dédain pleurent une ancienne musique
écoute tomber les liens qui te retiennent
en haut et en bas

IV. It rains

It is raining the voices of women as if
they were dead even in memory
It is you also that it rains, marvelous
encounters of my life, oh droplets
and these rearing clouds bring themselves
to neigh an entire universe of auricular cities
listen if it rains while regret
and disdain weep an ancient music
listen to the falling of the bonds that restrain you
from top to bottom

V. La grâce exilée

Va-t'en va-t'en mon arc-en-ciel
Allez-vous-en couleurs charmantes
Cet exil t'est essentiel
Infante aux écharpes changeantes.

Et l'arc-en-ciel est exilé
Puisqu'on exile qui l'irise
Mais un drapeau s'est envolé
Prendre ta place au vent de bise.

V. Exiled Grace

Go on, go on my rainbow
Get going charming colors
This exile is essential for you
Princess of the changing scarves

And the rainbow is exiled
Since we exile what shines
But a flag blew away
To take its place in the north wind.

VI. Aussi bien que les cigales

Gens du midi gens du midi vous n'avez
donc pas regardé les cigales que vous
ne savez pas creuser que vous ne savez
pas vous éclairer ni voir
Que vous manque-t'il donc pour voir aussi bien que
les cigales
Mais vous savez encore boire comme
les cigales ô gens du midi gens du soleil
gens qui devriez savoir creuser et voir
aussi bien pour le moins aussi bien que les cigales
Eh quoi! vous savez boire et ne savez plus
pisser utilement comme les cigales
le jour de gloire sera celui où vous saurez
creuser pour bien sortir au soleil
creusez voyez buvez pissiez comme les cigales
gens du midi il faut creuser voir boire pisser
aussi bien que les cigales pour chanter comme elles
La joie adorable de la paix solaire.

VII. Voyage

Adieu Amour nuage qui fuis et n'a pas chu pluie
féconde
refais le voyage de Dante.

Télégraph
Oiseau qui laisse tomber ses ailes partout

Où va donc ce train qui meurt au loin
Dans les vals et les beaux bois frais du tendre été si
pâle?

La douce nuit lunaire et pleine d'étoiles
C'est ton visage que je ne vois plus.

VI. As well as the cicadas

People of noon people of noon you have not
thus watched the cicadas that you
do not know how to dig up that you do not know
how to enlighten yourselves nor to see
So, it's what you're missing to see as well as the
cicadas
But you still know how to drink like
the cicadas oh people of noon people of the sun
people who must know how to hollow out and see
as well as at the least as well as the cicadas
And what! you know how to drink don't yet know
to piss usefully like the cicadas
the day of glory will be the one when you know
to dig up out in order to go out well into the sun
dig see drink piss like the cicadas
people of noon you must dig see drink piss
as well as the cicadas to sing like them
The darling joy of the solar peace.

VII. Voyage

Goodbye Love cloud that flees and has not dropped
fertile rain
remake the voyage of Dante.

Telegraph
Bird that lets fall its wings all over

Where then goes this train that dies far off
In the valleys and the beautiful fresh woods of the
tender summer so pale?

The sweet night lunar and full of stars
It is your face that I no longer see.

An die ferne Geliebte

To the distant love

I.

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich spähend
In das blaue Nebelland,
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liebesklang entweicht
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

I.

On the hill I sit, peering
Into the misty blue landscape,
Towards the distant pastures looking
Where, my love, I found you.

Widely separated from you am I,
Sundering lie Mountain and valley
Between us and our peace,
Our happiness and our torment.

Ah, you cannot see the glance
That to you so fervent rushes,
And my sighs, they blow away
In the space that divides us.

But does nothing want to press on to you,
Naught to be love's messenger?
I shall sing, sing songs
That cry to you of my pain!

Since the sound of song put to flight
All space and all time;
And a loving heart may reach
What a loving heart has consecrated!

II.

Wo die Berge so blau
Aus dem nebligen Grau
Schauen herein,
Wo die Sonne verglüht,
Wo die Wolke umzieht,
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.
Wo im Gestein
Still die Primel dort sinnt,
Weht so leise der Wind,
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,
Innere Pein.
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir
Ewiglich sein!

II.

Where the blue mountains
From the misty grey
Look out towards me,
Where the sun's beam burns out,
Where the clouds move by –
Would I were there!

Yonder in the peaceful valley,
Silent are wounds and anguish.
Where in the topsoil
The primrose ponders in silence,
And the wind blows so softly –
There would I be!

I am pulled to the musing wood
By the power of love,
Inner pain.
Ah, nothing could drag me from here,
If I were able, my love,
To be with you eternally!

III.

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,
 Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,
 Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,
 Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen
 Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,
 Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen
 In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,
 Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl.
 Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,
 Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen
 Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl
 Meine Seufzer, die vergehen
 Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,
 Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,
 Treu in deinen Wogen sehen
 Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

IV.

Diese Wolken in den Höhen,
 Dieser Vöglein munterer Zug,
 Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.
 Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen
 Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,
 In den seidnen Locken wühlen. –
 Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln
 Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.
 Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,
 Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

III.

Light swifts on high,
 And you, narrow streamlet,
 Should you espy of my little love,
 Greet her a thousand times.

Should Clouds, you see her walking
 Thoughtful in the silent valley,
 Let my image arise before her
 In the blustery halls of heaven.

Should she be standing by the bushes
 Autumn has turned fallow and bare,
 Pour out to her what has happened to me,
 Pour out, you little birds, my anguish.

Still west winds, bring in the gusting
 Thither to my hearts chosen one
 My sighs, which fade away
 Like the sun's last ray.

Whisper to her my love-pleas,
 Let her, narrow little brook,
 Truly see in your waves
 My tears without number!

IV.

These clouds on high,
 This cheerful flight of birds
 Will see you, O gracious one.
 Take me with in the light flight!

These west winds will play
 Frolicking about your cheeks and breast,
 Will ruffle your silken hair. –
 Would I might share that joy!

Thither to you from each hillock
 this brooklet hastens eagerly
 Should her image be reflected in you,
 Flows back to me without delay!

V.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au,
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,
Geschwätzig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, die kehret zum wirtlichen Dach,
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich Gemach,
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig von kreuz und von quer
Manch weiches Stück zu dem Brautbett [hierher]¹,
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.

Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen so treu,
Was Winter geschieden, verband nun der Mai,
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au.
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinnen.

Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling vereint,
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling erscheint,
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen

VI.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,
Singe sie dann abends wieder
Zu der Laute süßem Klang!

Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann ziehet
Nach dem stillen blauen See,
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,
Was mir aus der vollen Brust
Ohne Kunstgepräg erklingen,
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

Dann vor diesen Liedern weicht
Was geschieden uns so weit,
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht!

V.

May sweeps in, the meadow blooms,
The breezes they blow so softly, so mildly,
Garrulous, the brooks now run.

The swallow, that returns to her charming roof,
She builds, so busily, her bridal chamber,
Love shall dwell there.

She brings, so busily, from all corners,
Much soft stuff for the bridal bed,
Many warm bits for the little ones.

Now live the couple together so faithfully,
What winter has separated is united by May,
What loves, it knows to unite.

May sweeps in, the meadow blooms,
The breezes they blow so softly, so mildly,
Only I cannot draw hence.

When all that loves, spring unites,
Only for our love no spring appears,
And tears are our only consolation.

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VI

Take then, hither these songs
Which I, for you, Beloved, sang;
Sing them again at evening
To the lute's sweet twang!

As the twilight-red draws in
Towards the calm blue lake,
And its last beam burns
Behind each mountaintop;

And you sing, what I sang
What to me from a full heart
Without artfulness sounded,
Only aware of longing itself:

Then, before these songs shall soften,
What parts us so wide,
And a loving heart shall be reach
What a loving heart has hallowed!