Translations
(Please hold applause until the end of each group. Thank you.)

II.

Schön Blümelein (Pretty Little Flower)

I went outside in the early morning. The little flowers were resplendent. I had never seen them so beautiful. I dared to pluck one of them, because it pleased me so much. Yet, as I bent over to pick it, I saw a lovely little game. Butterflies and bees, bright and shiny beetles, They all paid homage to the little flower with a merry morning song; They joked about and kissed the little flower on the mouth; They took pleasure in it for an hour. And how they showed off their game of here and there, The little flower bowed with delight to and fro. I did not pluck it, for it would have been dead tomorrow, I only said, “Farewell, little flower!” And the butterflies and bees, the bright and shiny beetles, They sang a lovely thank-you with happy expressions to me.

Gruß (Greeting)

Wherever I go and look, in field and forest and valley, From the mountain down into the meadow, I greet you a thousand times.

In my garden I find many flowers, beautiful and fine. I bind many garlands with them, And a thousand thoughts with greetings, I weave into them.

I must not give one to her. She is too noble and lovely. Next to her, they all fade. Only love without equal, stays forever in the heart.

Phänomen (Phenomenon)

When Phoebus joins with the wall of rain, A beautifully-shaded bow appears. Within the clouds I see an identically-drawn circle. Indeed, the bow is white; yet it is heaven's bow. So you should not worry, cheerful old man, Even though your hair is white, you shall still love.

III.

Pleurs d’or (Tears of Gold)

Tears hanging from flowers, Tears of lost spring waters in the mossy hollows of the rocks, Autumnal tears spread; tears of horns heard in the great sad forest. Tears of Latin bells, Carmelites and Feuillantes nuns...
Fervent voices in the belfries.
Tears of starry nights,
Tears of muted flutes,
In the blue of the sleepy park.
Pearl-drop tears on eyelashes,
Tears of lovers flowing
Into the soul of the beloved.
Tears of ecstasy, deliciously grieving,
Let nights fall! Let flowers fall! Let eyes close!

Belle nuit, ô nuit d’amour (Beautiful Night, Oh Night of Love)

Beautiful night of love, smile on our intoxication.
Night sweeter than day, oh beautiful night of love!
Time flees without return, carrying away our tenderness,
Far away from this happy place time flees without return.
Breezes embrace us; shed upon us your caresses.
Breezes embrace us; give us your kisses.

IV.

Calm Waters (poetry by Christine Isley-Farmer)

Calm waters reflect the fading glory of fall colors.
On the smooth surface everything appears peaceful.
Beneath it all stir the dramas of interacting forces.
Water surfaces muddy, no longer focused and clear.
Speedily shifting, these waters hurtle over stones.
Cascading white foam splatters over rocks,
As the waters continue downward.
Some waters swirl into eddying pools; others journey onwards.
Gradually slowing, their hectic pace begins to gently subside.
A fisherman, seated on a white bucket, holds a rod.
White string dangling in the water, tackle box at his side.
Human experience is mirrored in these moments in time.
We move through life reflecting calm to the exterior world.
Underneath it all we seethe, love, loathe, rage, mourn, hunger.
Something urges us forward; we can no longer contain ourselves.
Suddenly, we meet a barrier unable to turn around.
Facing the inevitable, we crash, fall, and emerge again.
Some of us must swirl in the whirlpool for a while,
Until we are ready to move forward again.
Others move forward, gradually finding grace,
In a return to calm waters.
Like the fisherman, all of us dangle the rod of hope,
Waiting and enduring.

V.

Der Ring (The Ring)

Let my song sound out clearly along the Danube,
Let the loved ones joyfully welcome us.

Hastily, the men harness the horses!
Their companions sit excitedly waiting.

I forgot my little wreath.
Ah, the little gold ring is at my mother’s house,
In the colorful trunk.

It is locked in the colorful trunk,
With a red ribbon it is sealed
With my love’s heart.

**Die Gefangene (The Captured Bride)**

A maiden went to cut grass near a vineyard.
The owner, in the distance, stands at his window.
He observes her nimbleness as she mows the grass.
He beckons his coachman and says,
“Harness up the horses to the wagon.
I want to ride out into the fields.”
Across the field they go, until they reach the maiden.
To her he says, “You have cut grass on my land,
So you must now give me a pledge.”
She unties her head scarf and gives it to him.
He then takes her hand and says,
“Beautiful girl, I have captured you. Your cheeks please me.
If you will be mine, I’ll be yours. May love always unite us.”

**Die Bescheidene (The Modest Girl)**

You are beautiful, my sweetheart, like rosemary.
Fragrant like a violet, you are my dear bride.

I am no rosemary; I am not a fragrant violet.
I am only your bride, my adoring love.

**Grüne, du Gras! (Green, You Grass!))**

Green, green, young grass!
Green, grass in the forest.
Ah, if I turn green now,
I will dry up soon.
Green, grass in the groves
Ah, how can I turn green,
If the sickle cuts me?
Green, beautiful tulips!
Your colors will soon glow.
Ah, the leaves already wither,
They will soon be gone.
You will probably leave me today,
My handsome love?
Look up at the pear tree,
See how bare the branches are!
When it begins to green,
I will await you.Look, my love,
Look at the dry fir trees.
When they begin to green,
Then I will be yours.
I have already been looking,

Translations by Christine Isley-Farmer